

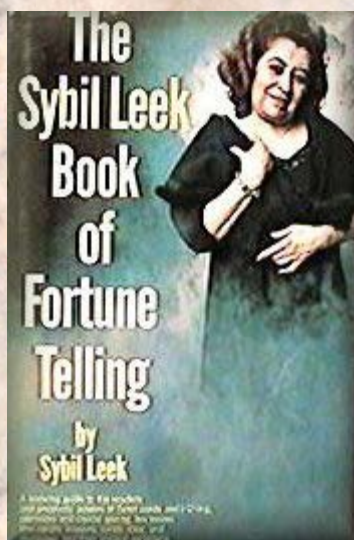
# Sybil Leek

20th century Witch-Astrologer

~ A Biography ~

by C. Ravin, Esq.

Summer 2000



All human beings have magic in them.  
The secret is to know how to use this magic,  
and astrology is a vital tool for doing just that...

~ Sybil Leek, 1972.



Born: February 22, 1922, 11:52 PM GMT in Straffordshire, England

source: AstroDataBank says that for years, Sybil Leek publicly gave the date as February 22, 1922, yet when she died, her funeral card said February 22, 1917. (Lois Rodden has a copy of the funeral card).

Died: October 26, 1982

source: AstroDataBank copy of her funeral card.



Sybil Leek, one of the most publicized Witches of the 20th century, was no stranger to the zodiac. Little Sybil was taken to see her first eclipse by the author H.G. Wells. She was enchanted by her father with his impassioned study of Pluto. Sybil's grandmother prepared astrological charts for such house guests as Thomas Hardy, Lawrence of Arabia, and Dame Edith Sitwell. She was often consulted by Aleister Crowley. Sybil Leek foresaw the charismatic success of an obscure French captain named Charles DeGaulle, and predicted the literary achievements and death of Ian Fleming years before he set Agent 007 to paper.

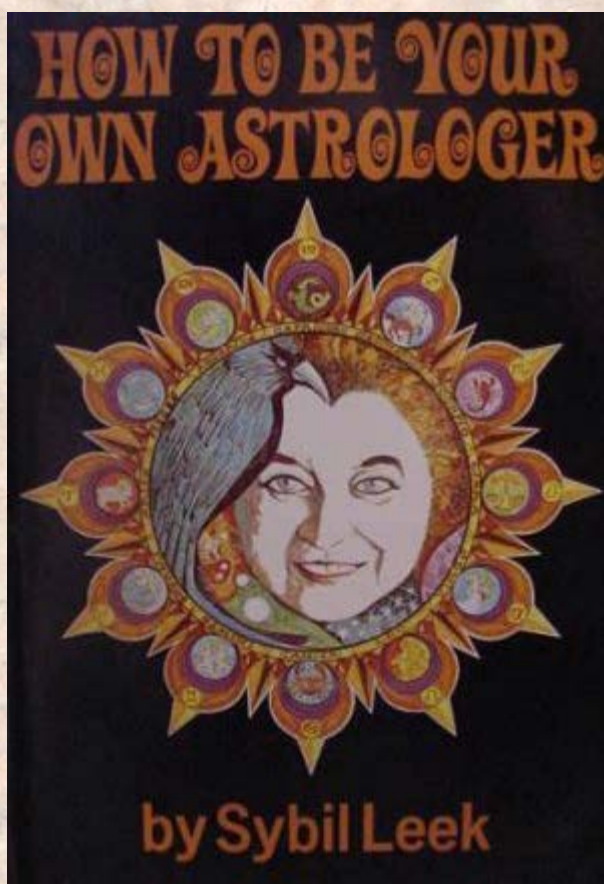
Sybil Leek's astrological meanderings took her from Hollywood to the Yucatan; from nursing wounded soldiers in the Hebrides to establishing the world's first astrological management consulting service. This service is still thriving, and began advising investors to cash in on health foods long before the boom began in the late Sixties. And through it all, Sybil was a popular Witch, and her legacy has survived well into the modern resurgence of Neo-Paganism at the turn of the 20th century and into the 21st century.

And now, some excerpts from



Sybil Leek's book, *My Life in Astrology*. I chose these two chapters because the reader gets a vivid and deep understanding of the times surrounding the

Second World War in Europe, of the especially humane contribution that Sybil made as a nurse, and then of the power of astrology as a post-war healing method. Sybil was indeed a true Pisces and Witch, for her magic healed the Earth and many Earthlings. These chapters illustrate the magic of her witchy Piscean touch, and the incredible healing that she did by using the one thing that was so dear to her, second only to her Path of Wicca - and that was the language, art, and science of Astrology.





## Chapter 5

### War Years - The Eclipse of Pleasure

The advent of the Second World War curtailed the Winter sessions in the south of France, and residents in Britain settled down to a life of cold austerity. Our family was fortunate to live in the country, where we could grow food, for strict rationing of a type that is incomprehensible to anyone of this generation was enforced. How people in the cities survived is beyond understanding. Take one ounce of butter sometime and wonder how you can possibly make it last a week - but somehow, people managed. Most of all, they kept cheerful despite horrifying bomb raids that culminated in the invention of the doodle-bug bomb by Wernher von Braun, then in charge of missiles in Germany and now a big wheel in the United States space industry. The doodle-bug bombs were cruel and killed more civilians than military men, but I suppose everyone in Great Britain was really a part of the Armed Forces. Women worked long, hard hours in armament factories, and men beyond military age banded themselves together in surveillance groups called the Civil Defense. Many of these older men died as they guarded their communities in the face of fires and terrible bomb damage.

The Second World War was not fought on military battlefields, but along the winding lanes of the country; it touched every aspect of life. No one was safe, whether in uniform or not. I remember helping to dig deep trenches on the grounds around our house. We had to make expeditions to the seashore to drag back thousands of pounds of sand, which all the youngsters in the house grimly packed into burlap bags. These were placed alongside the sides of the trenches, which we had to use frequently because we were not too far away from the port of Southampton, which was used as an exit port for many troops. When we lay in the shelter looking up to the skies, astrology seemed a distant subject, as the fireworks of exploding bombs dominated the night sky, their brilliance putting the stars to shame.

Glamorous visitors to the house were few and far between. Instead, we had a motley assortment of strangers, many of them refugees from the cities, and most of them children, aged, or infirm. We had various relations and friends who managed to escape from Germany, leaving everything behind them. I remember standing on the shores of the English Channel at the time of Dunkirk, hearing the big guns blazing away, and the sand beneath my feet was trembling as if an earthquake might break loose. We lived in a landscape of barbed wire, cement towers, khaki uniforms or the navy blue of the Royal Navy, and in a climate of fear; tomorrow might bring the end of our world. A way of life died all



around us as communications were cut off with the Continent and with our exotic friends of the golden Riviera days. There were very few men left in our village, since most of them entered the service at once. Then it seemed the right and proper thing to do, because we all seemed to know that this was ultimately a war for personal survival. Today the United States is at war with a foreign country, but there is little difference in how a person feels when the enemy is the width of the English Channel away, just twenty miles. War on one's own doorstep is like finding a burglar in the house

We fought because we had to survive, not just because someone issued a decree in Parliament. I joined the sixtieth section of the London Red Cross, which was supposed to be an elegant group of young society women and had the distinction of being the only section that allowed its members to wear brass buttons on the uniform. This honor had been won in a campaign on the field in the First World War when the sixtieth section covered itself with honor and glory. We had a big tradition to live up to, and after a few days of training in the Medical Corps, we ceased to be "young society ladies." One good bombing in London during the blackout united us as a hard-working team. We ditched our civilian clothes and said good-bye to parties. People like my roommate, Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, a cousin of the Queen, contributed her debutante's tiara to the war effort.



I became a nurse in the famous military hospital in Netley, near Southampton. Originally, when Great Britain had an empire in India, an architect was asked to design two large military hospitals, one for India and one for Great Britain. Apparently the architect's plans got crossed; Netley found itself with a huge military hospital that was suitable for a torrid climate and had a definite Indian motif about it. I ended up in the Netley hospital's Prisoner of War Department because I spoke French well and knew a smattering of German. It was a nerve-racking

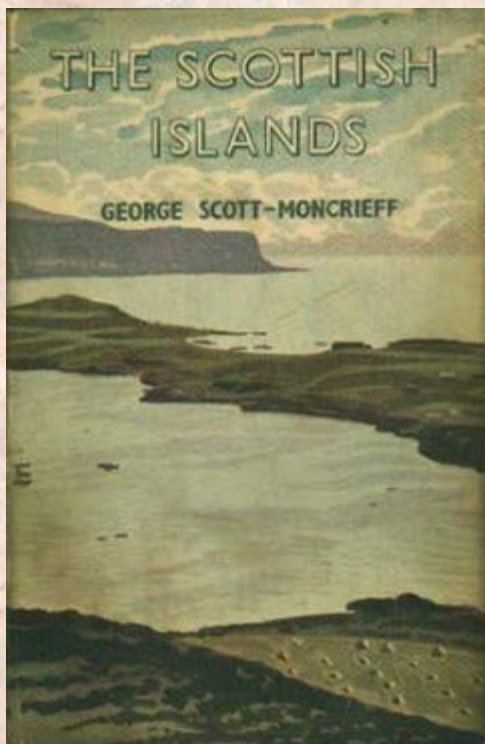
experience, dealing with prisoners of war who were sick, many of whom had lost a limb. The Germans were aggressive and rude to all the female staff. They were not truly interested in living, and many fought against medical attention. It was a great lesson in discipline to nurse the enemy and know he was still the enemy. We were told that we must not, under any circumstances, allow a prisoner to provoke us. In theory, it was fine; in practice, very hard. We were all high-spirited girls from good families, and every one of us had men from the family in the service. We had to withstand barrages of abuse, physical onslaught, and sexual advances, and we still had to try to be pleasant.

One day I heard that my cousin Edwin's plane had been shot down in Germany. The telegram said he was "missing and presumed lost in battle combat." I entered the ward, which was at the top of the building, and was hit full in the chest by a large bouquet of flowers still in its bowl - it was a painful experience. I became glazing mad; I stalked over to the patient, and slapped his face on both sides. Many years later, when I saw the film *Patton*, I knew exactly the type of demon that got into the General when he slapped an American soldier. Of course, I was reprimanded and confined to barracks for a week. The soldier was moved to another hospital, which showed tact on the part of the Commanding Officer. All the girls felt that the slap was administered on behalf of all of us, for we had had a particularly nerve-wracking week. I was working on night duty at the time, but we had so many casualties that there was no distinct changeover for any of us.

We stayed until an entire hospital ship checked into the hospital; the operating theatres were working like mad. I used to leave the theatre dazed, physically and mentally sick, wondering when it would all end. On duty in the wards, when we were alerted that a wave of bombers was coming over, we always had to check the blackouts. Not a single window could be undraped. Many of the prisoners of war who could walk would cheer when there was a raid and would sing German songs as they tried to tear down the blackout coverings. We had to fight them off and sometimes threaten them. The German soldier was inclined to despise the female in uniform, but I learned I could scream as loud as he could, and I picked up enough swear words to start a new dictionary.



The sixtieth section of the London Red Cross may have started out in Netley as a group of young society ladies, but after a few months of campaigning like this, we had forgotten what the word "lady" meant. We were hardened Boadiceas, ready to be in the thick of battle 24 hours a day. We all came from families that frowned on girls drinking and smoking, but we learned both from the male members of the 101st Bridging Company of the Royal Engineers. We all had officers' privileges, which included using officers' mess rooms when we had time. We ate fairly well, but the elegant sixtieth section was given sleeping quarters in barracks that had once been condemned as unfit for use by British soldiers. We thrived on hard conditions, hard palliasses, rough army blankets, and no sheets, because they were needed in the hospital, where supplies of everything dwindled as the war progressed.

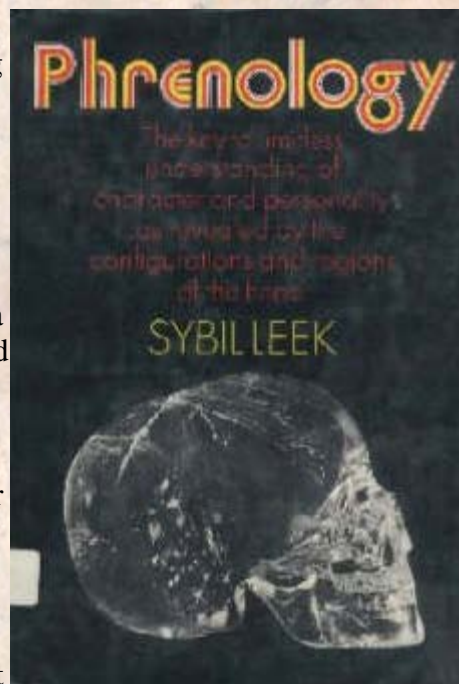


I was with the group of nurses who survived Anzio Beach, a grim nightmare in which I saw my dear friend, Captain DeLisle, killed in a particularly nasty way by being blown to pieces. Then it was up to the Hebrides, a wild deserted lot of islands of the north coast of Scotland, the six nurses, two doctors, and three hundred sick men on an island two miles wide and six long. The winds blew so strongly that to go outside the barracks we had to hold rope handrails in order to stand upright, much less walk. Sweeping gulls screamed day and night. This area was constantly under fire because Great Britain's warships were nearby, and the Germans wanted to kill the convoy system that protected much of the shipping. There were a few people living on the island, who were bewildered by the war and loathed the flux of military people that drew attention to their tiny homes. After a while, though, the natives grew to like us. They were dear Gaelic people who had little themselves, but were content to share the meager produce of their farms. We lived on roughly cooked "bannocks", a form of rounded homemade bread something like a bun, but much harder, and on eggs - seagull eggs, plover eggs, anything with a shell on it. The healthy air whipped our youthful, robust appetites to such a degree that just eating constituted a party.

One form of relaxation we had was to talk about astrology. When people knew I was an astrologer, they would come to ask what the stars foretold. Nearly everyone getting his orders for active duty came to me, and we tried to laugh about charts, fortune-telling, and psychic phenomenon. Many men had an intuitive feeling that they would never come back, and it was a sad time to be doing horoscopes - a far cry from the glorious days of the Riviera. No one had much money and fees were never mentioned; it was an extra service provided, half in jest and half seriously. But all the soldiers and sailors were generous, and I collected plenty of cigarettes and bottles of rum, which I could never learn to drink in those days, but could share or trade with someone else.

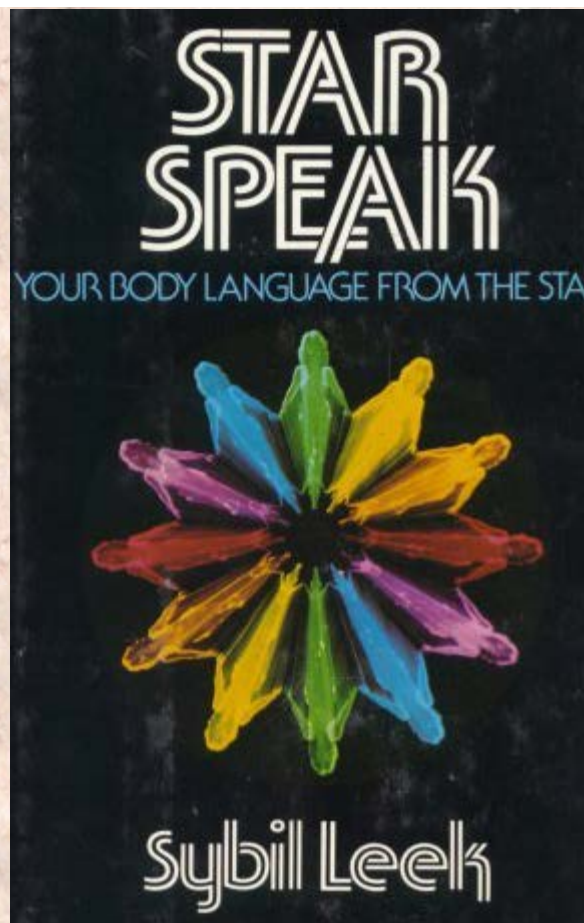
There were more top military brass on the island than I had ever seen before, and most of them came to have their charts made, including Commander Roger Keyes, who was to become a hero of naval history. No one bothered much with protocol or introductions. Under the influence of war, the Hebrides had a strangely silencing effect on everyone there. We were cut off from the world. There were no newspapers, and the few letters that came erratically by boat became a major event in our lives. We could not tell our relations where we were, for we were on active secret service. Occasionally I saw Ian Fleming again, more dour now than when I had first met him, always busy, always arriving unexpectedly and disappearing as quickly as he had arrived.

Sometimes it seemed as if everyone in the world had forgotten us, except the fateful Luftwaffe. They strafed us and we fired back, yelling like fishwives at the sight of swastikas too close for comfort. How our two-by-six island was not completely sunk into the sea I shall never understand, because the German planes scored numerous hits on the warships hidden away in the fjords of the other islands. Everyday the grapevine brought us news of disaster; we never seemed to get any good news. All the men we knew seemed to get killed or never came back again, and we could not visualize the day when we might live in a world without war. For us, it was indeed the end of the world as we had known it. None of us could ever get back our youth or return to a society that knew debutantes and hunt balls, where girls were expected to look pretty, be entertaining, and provide good company for young men, who would court and hopefully marry us. We gave our youth, our ambitions, and in some cases our lives; many of the nurses I knew got killed. Those in the home city of London were the worst hit, but somehow Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and I survived and took a train back to Netley. Our smart navy uniforms were almost threadbare and had deteriorated during exposure to salt air. We cut each other's hair, forgot what makeup looked like, and wore sensible flat-heeled brogue shoes made presentable by the application of spit and polish, which all good soldiers know how to do.



Then it was all over, except the shouting in the towns, celebrating peace, and the signing of national agreements. The only thing to do was to pretend the nightmare had never happened, and even to this day, I can bring down a shutter on my mind about the events of the "war to end war." Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon married a Chevalier of an ancient French house and became the mistress of a castle in Ireland and an enormous chateau in France. I hope her husband bought her another tiara, for the girl deserved it. She was a classic example of how tough a member of an old family can be when faced with unexpected adversity.

Many members of the sixtieth section of the London Red Cross got medals. I had several, and I hated the sight of them. In a war, the best reward is to be able to breathe free air again, and know that one is alive. I ceremonially buried mine in the New Forest at the first sabbat I was able to attend after the war. Perhaps it was theatrical to do this, but it was like burying myself, and then, through the help and the renewal of



psychic forces, being reborn in my beloved New Forest.

Our house had survived, but many young members of the family had either been lost in battle or were known to be killed. Nothing could ever be the same again for any of us, but we had to rebuild on what we had left. All the beautiful flower gardens, once the pride of the house, had been plowed under to make room for growing more food, and we never got the place to look like its old luxurious self. Besides, we had little money by now, and the fields of vegetables were needed to provide income. We had a home, a roof over our heads, and hope, not merely in the future, but in ourselves as individuals and as a family; we faced the need to survive. Most of the horses and dogs had died, and breeding activities had been cut down because of the lack of food, but we started off again with more livestock. Every year we built up a better herd of cattle; we had more goats for milk for the home, and hunting and polo ponies, and game dogs to keep dear old Roger's strain going. It takes many years to feel at peace after a war;

the insecurity of doodle-bug bombs, air raids, and the aura of death are not easily expelled from the system.

We started to go back to the south of France, but it was not the same. Gradually plaques began to go up all through the streets of Nice, indicating that this was the place where perhaps a sixteen-year-old boy had been hung by the Gestapo, or where the Maquis - the French resistance group - had been exterminated. Foreign royalty drifted back, and again I drew horoscopes for them, but now there was little joy in it. Money was scarce, presents were impossible, and the days of easy money to be spent lavishly on just about anything I fancied were as dead as my youth. War is a blot on the conscience of any nation, as well as the individuals caught up in its web of intrigues. For me, it almost blotted out many horizons of thought and a lot of my life in astrology.

## Chapter 6





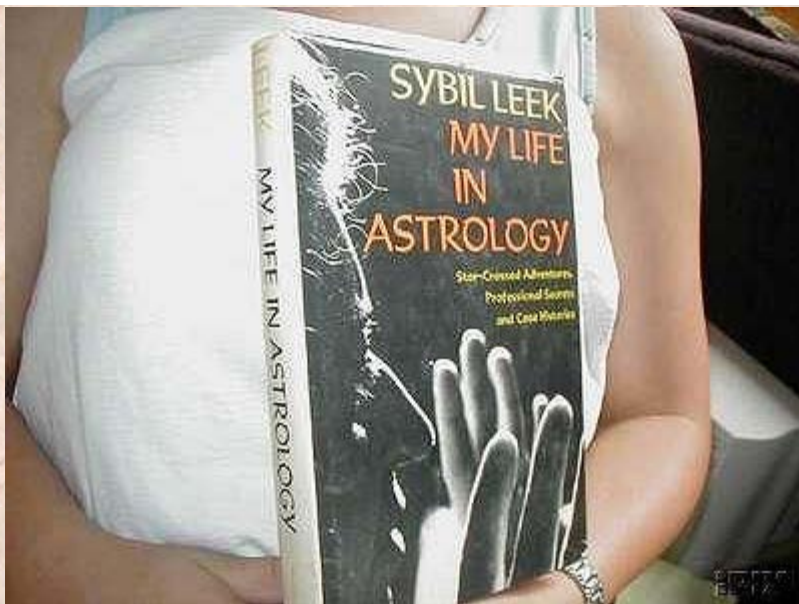
### The Swing of the Astrological Pendulum

After the war, a new breed of people became interested in astrology, and I was caught up in a fresh whirlwind of excitement. Titled names became unimportant - that is, if one is looking for names of historical renown, such as one once found in the great houses of Europe. Equally so, many of us army clients only had numbers, and these too were unimportant. Instead of being an astrologer for high society, I was down to earth with a new group of people.

Everyone I knew had problems - most of these problems were due to the war in one way or another - and astrology seemed the best way to get these problems solved. Rehabilitation was a major part of the new peace program. People were left just as bewildered by the attempt to resume a peaceful way of life as they had been when they prepared for war. During the war, everyone was alerted for action; now it was time to think about living peacefully again, but there were problems, such as how to rehabilitate the men returning from the forces, and how to get families together again. Women had changed and were capable of taking control of just about everything. Many women were reluctant to give up their professional status and return to keeping house for men who had become strangers.



Everywhere I turned, people were in a state of emotional turmoil. The movement of refugees from the city to the country during the war was supposed to be a temporary move designed to keep young children and the elderly in a place of safety. Some wanted to return to urban living, but quite a few had adapted well to country life, especially teenagers, who now wanted to stay in the country and do farm work, even when their parents wanted them to return to the cities.



The effect of the war was noticeable even in the way people ate. Even though food became more plentiful, the old habit of being frugal was still maintained. It seemed almost a sin to eat three good meals a day, much

less leave any scraps on the plate. Another change was that my new group of clients did not want to know about their love lives. Some had become emotionally impoverished, others had known a new type of sexual freedom in the war, and still others were scared of loving anyone, but love was something they felt they could cope with. Where to go and what to do were the real problems. Skeptics who had not thought about consulting anyone about their future, because during the war there seemed to be no future beyond tomorrow, were hesitant now to take on the responsibility of making their own decisions about the type of life they wanted to lead. Fortune-tellers, psychics, and astrologers found a ready business from all these people and became a crutch for an insecure society that was hesitant to come to grips with peace.



I did numerous family horoscopes. I compared them and worked on the art of synthesis, trying to bring my clients back to a more harmonious way of life by pointing out the potential in their natal horoscopes. Peace was hardest for the men born under the Fire signs of Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, because they loved all the action going on in wartime, and for all too many, peacetime represented long periods of inactivity and unemployment. I found that many of these men were best helped by pointing out that they should go into business for themselves. One man in Dorset decided to learn to be a blacksmith, not with a view to shoeing

horses, but to make artistic wrought-iron work. He has a big foundry now, and his wrought-iron works of art find their way to many overseas families. Another client invented and perfected a special type of irrigation now greatly used in Africa, where drought was, and is, a major hazard to farming.



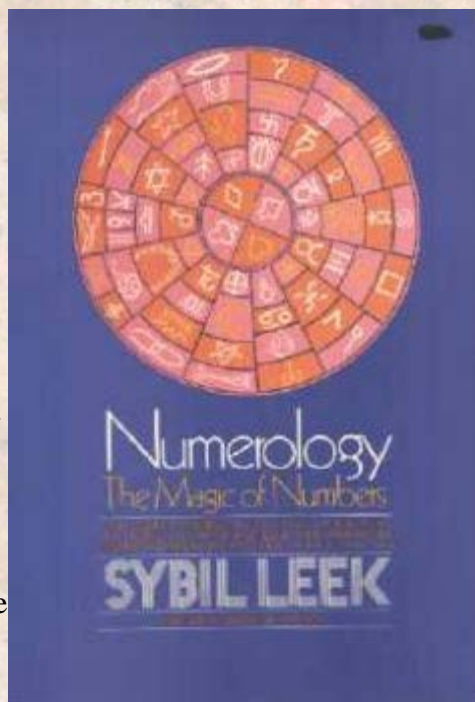
The Air signs were the hardest to deal with, but managed to stay in the local aircraft plants. One man, a Gemini, was a brilliant designer who had an amazing chart full of adventure. He had the same birthdate as Ian Fleming. I could almost see a whole new era of daring deeds unfolding before my eyes as I looked at his chart, but at the time he came to me, he felt his life's work was over. He ended up going to the Arab states as a flying instructor,



fulfilling his potential for both travel and an adventurous life. Occasionally he would return to England, look me up, and give me an account of his robust adventures. He became my "agent" in the Arab states and sent me many horoscopes to do.

One was for a man who became King Hussein of Jordan, whose astrological life I looked after for many years. His emotional life was as tense as his political and regal life. Many years later, I met the film actress living in Hollywood who caused such an impact on his romantic life and nearly brought a scandal to his royal house, which his aides were quick to hush up. I met her at a time when her own life was in a mess with love affairs gone wrong, and she had a small son to look after. She always had an ache in her heart for her old love, the King. He with the Sun in Scorpio, and she with the Sun in Taurus, had all the ingredients for a long-lasting love affair, but there were enough afflicted planets in both charts to make such a love a sordid, miserable mess in which neither would know happiness. Marrying two other mates did not solve their problems. As the years rolled on, King Hussein had much more than his love life to manipulate. Already he had survived several attempts to assassinate him, but his throne is frequently in jeopardy, and his political power shows signs of waning.

When considering love, the fifth house in a horoscope is important. It is the natural house of Leo and the Sun, and since ancient astrologers believed that that Sun god was also the god of life and love, they assigned the fifth house to love and children. The fifth house is important in sex and love relationships because it is the house where an expansion of consciousness comes about through emotion. This awakening of the fifth house in male and female charts brings the subject newer and wider experiences, for they are put into contact with the source of life, whereas they were creatures of reason and limited feeling before. In the fifth house, reason - so important to the third house of Gemini - may be swept aside by sex and love. This does not always conform to the social and moral concepts that society demands, for the love may be for a person of either sex or may be a mystical ecstasy through religion. The latter is becoming increasingly evident in horoscopes done over the last ten years, especially in subjects who also show artistic tendencies and have Venus placed in its natural home of Taurus. Because of many strange connotations, the fifth house needs very careful study by astrologers today, for it may not always mean a tremendous romance at a certain period. It could well mean that a subject is likely to be swept up into a cosmic consciousness through the new trends in religious fervor that we are experiencing today. When the love is directed toward another person, not only the fifth house must be taken into account, but the aspect of Venus must be found. It is in the workings of Venus that the refinements of love are discovered. If there is no aspect to Venus, but one to Mars, then you can be sure that there is a very passionate nature in which sex dominates the softer feelings of love.



Everyone seems to be interested in love, but the wise astrologer must always be aware that there are many deviations in this vast subject, and consequently many pitfalls. Long ago, I learned never to sit in judgment on any of my clients. One man's love may be another person's idea of obscenity, and a complete perusal of the horoscope is necessary to find out



and understand the formula for the ingredients of love. Everything can be found within the fifth house: romance, courtship, and magnetic attraction ranging from mere sensation to the loftiest emotions. The enthusiasm and rapture of the subject may be directed not only to another person, but to music, art, or religion. To consider the fifth house only in terms of normal love is dangerous because we are living in times when the norm is likely to change from decade to decade.

A lesser known attribute of the fifth house is perhaps especially important today: the fifth house also indicates children, the product that man leaves to posterity. The Sun, Mercury, or Mars in the fifth house can indicate the impossibility of having children by normal means, or it may mean that few are likely to be born. Mars, in particular, indicates that there can be great difficulty in raising children. Saturn also limits the number of children, which often brings sorrow to the subject of the horoscope. The fruitful planets are Venus, the Moon, and Jupiter, but in the question of children, the eleventh house must also be studied. The sign on the eleventh house cusp, its ruling planet, and the planets in this house, are very important.



Strange emotional arrangements are cropping up in more and more horoscopes today. The case of a young man falling in love with a woman older than himself, however, is fairly constant, and I have known this aspect since my days as an astrologer on the French Riviera. It certainly does not reflect the gigolo theme, as so many novels would have us believe.



Many such relationships have been mutually beneficial to both parties, although they may not become as romantic and historic as the famous affair between the composer Frederic Chopin and the writer George Sand. Chopin had an Ascendant at 10 degrees in Virgo, and George Sand's Saturn hit this Ascendant, showing that her appeal to him was that of an older woman with good business sense. Chopin's Saturn was in trine to George Sand's Venus in Leo, so he was emotionally attracted to her over a long period of time, but he found it hard to demonstrate this attraction. Despite the many romanticized versions of the love affair between Chopin and Sand, astrologically it was likely that this was indeed a love affair, but hardly a sexual one. The two had a profound, secret understanding that no judgment along normal lines could possibly understand.

Comparing the charts of two people in love is still very important, and an astrologer looks for the following favorable things:

1. The Sun of one chart on the Moon of the other;
2. A good aspect between the Sun in one chart and the Moon in the other, remembering that a trine or triangle, is regarded as a good aspect whereas a square is not;

3. Any aspect between the ruler of the Ascendant in one chart and the ruler of the fifth house or the ruler of the seventh house in the other;
4. Aspects of planets in one chart to Venus or Mercury in the other.

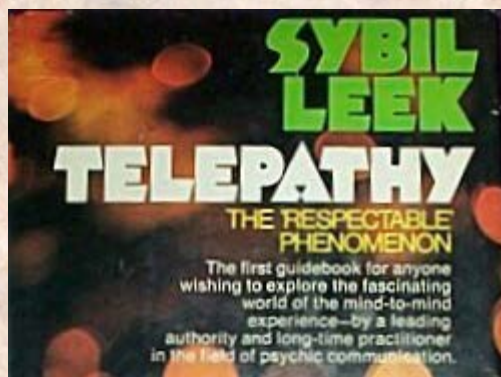
Bad aspects from Saturn to Venus or the ruler of the seventh house causes delays in marriage and may prevent it entirely.

Bad aspects from Mars to Venus or the ruler of the seventh house cause fights before the marriage and should be regarded as a warning of things to come, and divorce is likely. When Mars has good aspects to Venus, marriages at an early age are likely.

Many of my clients used to worry because they did not have any children; now many are worrying because they do. Neptune, my least favorite planet, is generally the cause of both kinds of trouble. Neptune in the fifth house often brings peculiar conditions regarding children. It rarely provides any stable benefits under affliction. It is concerned with disappearances and separations, elements that are increasingly cropping up as family life strays more and more from the norm that was established before Pluto was discovered in 1930.

I also did the horoscope of a man called Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, who helped to eliminate still another client of mine from the royal throne of Egypt. Nasser was born at 4:28 a.m. on January 15, 1918 in Alexandria, Egypt. He was born to live with power and die because of it. He had a Sagittarian Ascendant and Libra at his Midheaven, and his whole horoscope reeked of involvement with the military, with arms, and with a way of life connected with aggression. That he died not from an act of aggression but from a heart attack in his own home is something that will always remain a surprise to me, but he did survive several attempts at assassination, as his horoscope showed.

I predicted his death within eight hours of the event, at a cocktail party given by the editor of *Tempo* magazine in Houston to celebrate my son's marriage. Among the guests, mostly from the newspaper world, was a man who had once been a consul at the Egyptian Embassy in New York. Our talk turned to the Arab-Israeli war and the fate of Egypt, and of course to the man who ruled Egypt so powerfully, Nasser, my old client. I had not looked at his horoscope for some time, but some psychic urge made me tell the company that Nasser would die of a heart attack before the end of the month. I gave the date but was about eight hours off - perhaps because I was working on Houston time.

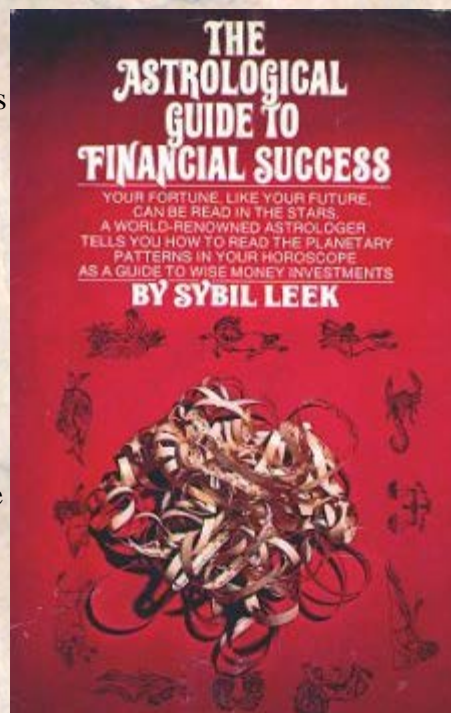


Everyone was excited by my prediction, and several of the newspaper people made a note of the date, probably hoping to call me up on the date and say I was wrong. Several queried the means of his death; they thought he was more likely to die of Cancer because they knew he had been in Russia to have a special cobalt treatment for this grim disease. When I got home that night, I pulled out the old horoscope of President Nasser, which I had prepared when he was a colonel, long before he took over the government of his country. What I had felt psychically was confirmed in the horoscope: Nasser was near death. Before the end of the month, there was a new president of Egypt. I predicted that the new president would be subject to an assassination attempt within a year. This happened in April 1971. He quelled the opposition and punished the conspirators, but there are signs that another attack will be made within a few months (but he will live for several more years).

After a period of trying to help the rehabilitation of my new class of clients, I found myself doing a number of communal horoscopes that related to business ventures. I received a telegram from the south of France

asking me to work out a problem involving the merger of a famous vineyard in France with a British company. Sorting this out, I informed them that it would be a great business transaction with huge financial yields. I was supposed to have had a few shares given to me in the company, but it never came to pass - indeed, a sign of the times. In the old days, no one mentioned money, but it was a mark of honor to do something for the astrologer. That honorable instinct seemed to pass away after the war. The new clients made many promises, were profuse in their thanks, but had short memories. I did not make a dime out of the vineyard horoscope, and today I get a trauma when I check the ever-rising price of the shares. Anyway, it was a lesson to be learned and profited by. It may seem mercenary to be asked to be paid in advance for doing a horoscope, but it is the only way to work. I have no qualms about making this point when I give people details of what is required in order to set up a horoscope. In addition to having the date of birth, the place, and if possible, the exact time, I also like to have a check.

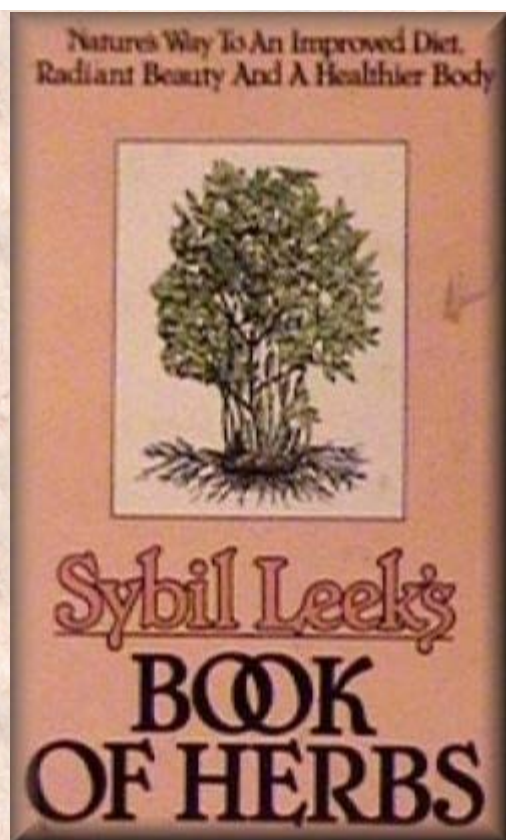
Recently I did the horoscopes of an entire family in Canada. They did not send their check at the time of booking the horoscopes, and I foolishly forgot to stand by my own rule. At first glance, the horoscopes looked so interesting that I got too involved, and only when I had finished and sent them off did I regret my action. Like gambling debts, astrology charts have to be paid for, and today my two children - both Virgos, with a keen appreciation of money and an even keener one of honor - are quite prepared to send out bills for anything I miss out on (but not without castigating me gently for my ineptness). Money has truly never been a problem to me because I can generally write or do horoscopes to keep a whole herd of wolves from the door, but I like to be financially secure, and periodically become very firm with clients about paying. After all, many of my clients today are professional men, and if I needed a doctor, a lawyer, or a dentist, I doubt if I could get one without paying. Professional laborers are worthy of payment for their services, and astrologers should come within this rule. Men often come to me and ask me to look into business trends for the next few years. They say they are interested in little else, but astrologers have to make up a complete chart in order to see where different patterns merge and affect other parts of life.



Planets in both Aries and Taurus affect business trends, but often the horoscope of the city or the national horoscope has to be explored, as well also the nature of the business. It is amazing how many people come to me with business worries, and all too often it is because they are in business pursuits that are running out of favor. In some cases it is possible to advise them to make a small switch.

In the United States, against all advice and applications of logic, I established my Businessmen's Astrological Bureau. Everyone in business has a financial advisor; even so, the financial advisors came for astrological advice, and so did the principals of business. Several companies put me on a yearly retainer (a small one, to be sure, but it represented a sound income). My clients were limited in number, but had a diversity of business activities; one man made small parts for cars in Detroit, another was a furrier, a third was a vitamin-food specialist, and there was a health- and organic- food company with acres of land it hardly knew what to do with. We managed to foresee the boom coming in the use of organic foods, and after years of hard work, they are well on the way to becoming financially in the black.

Everyone was mad on astrology by Fall of 1968, and it was fashionable to have a chart done. Hollywood, strangely enough,



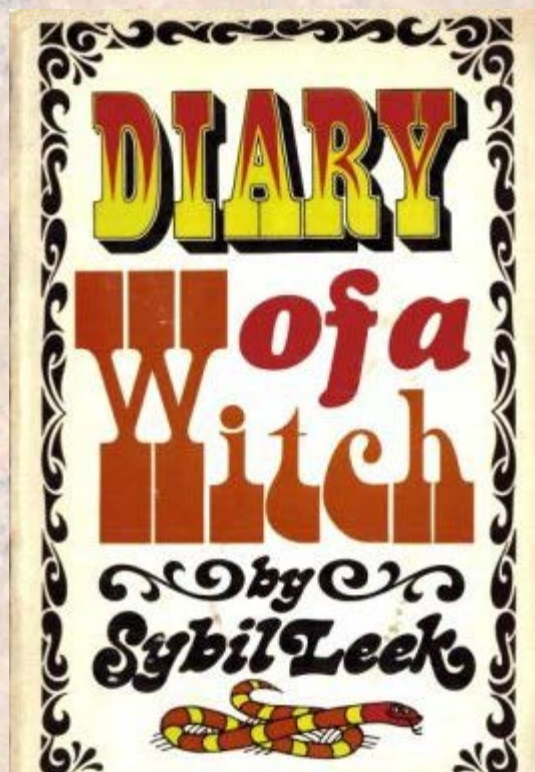
never yielded its filmstars to me. I think they went to Carroll Righter, but as my Businessmen's Bureau increased, I had more clients than I could cope with. I saw small private industries flourish, reach their apex, stagger, and die away. Businesses mushroomed and had their small moment of fame, then died away (as did some of the clients), but many flourished and parlayed their small private transactions into million-dollar concerns.

People in business generally appreciate their horoscope most when business is at its lowest ebb and they are wondering which way to turn, or if they have to stay at the bottom of the totem pole. There was little of the old faithfulness between client and astrologer, such as I had known in the early days in the south of France. Sometimes I would dutifully call a client to ask him to be careful on certain dates. My telephone was always on the go in the Fall of 1968, for it was evident that the national financial situation would be at its most critical stage near April 1969, following another eclipse pattern.

It certainly did, and I'm grateful that only one of my clients lost a substantial amount of money. Most of them dutifully pulled out of the market when I indicated it was the right time. One was actually a personal friend, a woman with a Sun in Cancer. She had been on cloud nine, going from one financial success to another, and could not believe that she could ever be caught in the turmoil of falling prices on the stock exchange. Typical of her tenacious sign, she hated to give up anything she possessed until the last moment. By the Fall of 1969, she was selling her large house, unable to pay taxes and having great difficulty in making ends meet. She came back to me, a tearful mass of wayward Moon-childishness, feeling that everyone in the world had done her wrong. She was born only to be a comet in the world of business. The last thing I heard from her, she was heading to Mexico to start a gift shop, with all the assurance in the world and a new boy friend as her backer. Reports from friends who visited the area later said that no gift shop was in existence at the address she had given me when she left with cries of "Now be sure to visit me." I heard that her husband divorced her and that her son headed to Haight-Ashbury to find his salvation and freedom.



Men have always been my best clients. They were brisk and businesslike and wasted little time on trivialities or gossip. They would read their horoscopes, ask reasonable questions, and not allow their romantic adventures to intrude on business. In my lifetime, I seem to have gone through a full circle of clients. I began with the intimate cozy days of the royal horoscopes in France, moved on to politicians, and after the war, to rehabilitation, on again to the very cold and impersonal form of astrology of my Businessmen's Bureau.



## Chapter 13

### The Misunderstood Science

I can understand criticism of religion; indeed, I have had plenty of experience as the target of such attacks. But despite its increase in popularity, astrology is still subjected to a barrage of abuse that seems to be quite unjustified. It would be refreshing to find an attack on astrology based on a knowledge of even the rudiments of the subject. Instead, the attackers seem to rely on a weird array of distorted information, such as thinking astrology is a religion in itself, or that the vast amount of data needed to prepare a horoscope comes from a gigantic flash of extrasensory perception. But then, many people think that yoga is a religion, too, and no astrologer can educate the entire public in one lifetime.

I think that people doing interviews for newspapers and other media communications should at least do some homework on the subjects about which they are interviewing. Of course, the biggest mix-up is in confusing astrology, a science, with mysticism, psychic phenomena, and occultism, all of which are admirable in their own way, but they are not necessarily the major attributes of a good astrologer.

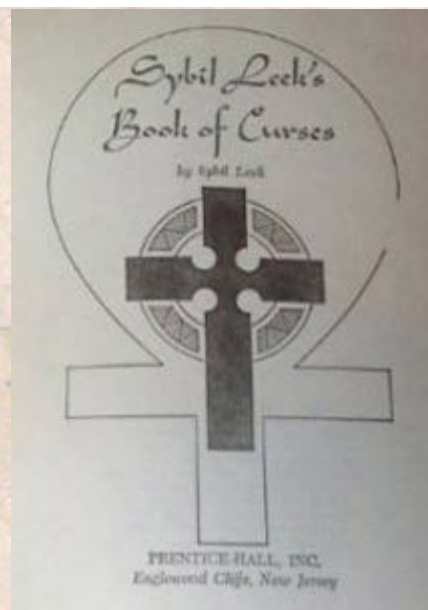
I have never resented criticism from my peers, but I certainly get tired of criticism based on a complete lack of information. If I dislike anything enough, I can either ignore it (which I think would be foolish), or I can seek more information about it in order to present my own case. For instance, I feel I can criticize satanism and black magic well since I have studied both subjects and have weighed them in relation to other things. I can understand the lack of information on the Old Religion, more commonly called witchcraft, because it is still a secret society, but this is not the case with astrology. The information is there for those who wish to study it,







and there is certainly nothing secret about it. A wide range of data is available in most libraries of the world, ranging from ancient manuscripts to a full complement of modern-day literature. The worst that one can say about studying astrology is that it is time-consuming, as all sciences are. Think how long it takes a man to study medicine before he can work with the public. People understand that modern medicine is not evil, and one does not have



to be a thoroughly trained expert to acknowledge this. The same should apply to astrology. The tools to destroy ignorance are available in books, so why not use them? With knowledge, criticism becomes valid.

I suppose the worst criticism, and the least called for, comes from a few medical scientists who use arguments that are no longer scientifically valid and are unworthy of their own status in the world of science. But scientists generally love to argue, and it is rare that a group of scientists is in complete accord, even when talking about their own field. I always wonder why some scientists are so reluctant to study astrology, yet are so ardent in refuting it. For instance, if they feel it is a superstition, long dead and buried, why bother to bring it up so frequently? If it is nonsense, then someone should examine it thoroughly and come up with a valid thesis against it. I defy any thinking person to study astrology seriously for a year and still maintain that it is not valid. Astrology is based on the laws of the universe that are the very laws of science, of action and reaction, and of cause and effect.

Sometimes astronomers and scientists make dogmatic statements in print that "they have never discovered any truth in the claims of astrology." What they probably mean is that they have not taken the trouble to study it other than simply reading a three-line version of Sun-sign astrology in their local newspaper. Such dogmatic statements should really open up a whole forum in which the scientist should truthfully answer the question "Have you ever studied astrology?" I can only presume that fear is the basis of all such statements. Why do people become illogical and emotional when they speak of astrology? Are they afraid we may all regress into a primitive state in which their work may not be justified or appreciated? Are they afraid that astrology may be opening doors to new scientific discoveries and new dimensions of reality and may upset their status quo? Of course, anything written in a controversial vein about astrology generally hits the headlines, but it is the idea of controversy, not the validity of an argument, that really makes news. In 1970, *Astrology 14* was hailed as the brightest, newest thing in astrology because the writer tried to prove that we should now have fourteen signs of the zodiac instead of twelve. He based his idea on the precession of the equinoxes (the change in the movement of the stars over the past two thousand years). As the change is infinitely remote, there does not really seem to be enough evidence to base a book upon, much less demand acceptance that the constellations Cetus the Whale and Ophiuchus the Serpent-Slayer should be slipped into the zodiac. However, it is fodder for thought, and at least shows that the writer has some basic knowledge of astrology. He is not presenting a controversial new theory without some pertinent study of the subject. My own opinion is that he is perhaps two thousand years wrong in his calculations and should try again, but I welcome the book as yet another fascinating contribution to astrology.

Over one hundred years ago, the scientist Thomas A. Huxley fought over the acceptance of Charles Darwin's revolutionary theories about evolution. Huxley said that all new scientific truths begin as heresy, graduate to being orthodox, and go back again to a form of superstition. History proves this: astrology has adequately fulfilled Huxley's premise, and is about to move again from being superstitious to being full-

fledged heresy. Modern fundamentalists thunder against astrology, and ladies in Florida write to local newspapers in order to link astrology with satanism and witchcraft. It's cheerful to realize that the next logical step must be for astrology to become a totally acceptable science again - and this will, indeed, be the case as we move into the Age of Aquarius.



*A Message from a Friend...*

from e-mail dated August 13th, 2001:

Sybil told me many interesting stories in particular about the Ogham code - and she seemed to link it to my bible code I had worked on for many years - she was working on it when she died.

Her books sold like mad, but in later years when she got into the heavy stuff, well I recall Hans Holzer in a book saying he wished Sybil would get out of the assassination stuff and return to Ghost Busters for they were at Amityville, etc., and were original Ghost Busters and had a lot of fun it seems.

She had a keen sense of humor and oh so intelligent...when she died, a lot of my stuff disappeared but she had sent much direct to Prime Minister of England - and Julian her son, wrote to say I would be suprised the people who came to her home wanting her material, etc...one can imagine.

Still miss her...her mother had moved back to England I presume she may not be living now...she used to stay at Heathcliff House when she returned for visit - and lived in New Forest where Conan Doyle lived and she knew when she was a little girl, Alsteir Crowley who was also British Intelligence - drugs got the best of him, and H.G. Wells when she was little girl used to visit. She knew a lot of people and for a Witch, they sure liked her - wonder what she would have thought of the Princess Diana's death.

For a clue to my bible code read Acts 19...also timed to the Apollo disaster - watchwords to look for, the little Princess had to be a lady in waiting and given the name Diana for a specific reason....her brother at the funeral, referred to the Huntress being the Hunted....it is said she was buried on the island, with the pets that she once had who died....but I think Spencer had her buried in that horrible dungeon. I hope not.

Believe the psychic she last saw, well put it this way - MI5 and MI6 have agents with tabloids and they knew where she would always be...and the psychic whom she visited, knew of her last trip to meet her Egyptian Lover.

One of Sybil's sons had had an interview with Prince Philip shortly before Sybil died ---- and then she was almost murdered in Hilton Head - chlorine gas tank left in room next to hers, where she was taken to do a commercial for Chevrolet...woke up in hospital, and get this - at midnight she was awakened by this

woman who said she had a son with CIA and one with FBI and she said she could not get out of there fast enough.

You knew she was one of Reagan's astrologers - did I mention that? She came on the boat with him and Nancy. Kitty Kelly mentioned it in her book on Nancy Reagan. Kelley did not know she was Reagan's astrologer and did not know she was MI6, as was her husband.

She was a great lady - she was also astrologer (one of them) to Ronald Reagan and in the book by Kitty Kelley, she mentions Sybil with her boa constrictor. Sybil once wrote that she kept this pet and turned loose on ship for it warded off evil demons (those with enquiring minds think twice before entering)...and her Jackdaw, but I have a story on that. Can you imagine anyone wanting to go into her stateroom knowing her little friend was in there?

She lived at Melbourne Beach then; and knew Mel Fischer's family - she said I was a psychic, which I never realized.

I really miss her - but sometimes I think she is still around...she wrote the book Assassination Chain and used a lot of my research and saved her in a five million dollar lawsuit for Peter Noyes tried to say she, this best seller author, plagiarized her work.....it was some of my stuff and my copyright was for 1969 and his was 1974.....we showed them on that one. But it cost her \$12,000 in legal fees.

It was Sybil who charted the escape route for Hess for she worked then with Ian Fleming, the master spy - she was just a young girl then.

She used to write me from Heathcliffe House when she went back to England for visit...but again saw your web and it is really nice. Understand Julian is still around; when she died all her work had been sent to Prime Minister of England - and Julian said I would be surprised the people there trying to get her stuff. Gordon Novel called me once after her death and said the Wiccan Flag was still flying....she also snooped on this DeMorenschild - and her boss or old boss, Bob Pope CIA, lived right across the street from him.

So of course you may use anything I sent that might be of interest She was one person who taught me much - and always said "Colleen, always ask yourself - *'cui bono'*, or who profitis". You do not know how many times you come up with great truths when you simply ask yourself - *"cui bono"*!

I sure miss her...she used to go to this Hacienda del Sol - with her psychic friends and they would make me a target and I was a receiver and did not know it then...they were senders and it takes a well-trained powerful mind to do that....but it is true, you do pick up messages and I had one big dream come true and she wrote about it for Midnight.

She had the tiniest little sweet voice with the English Accent...

~ Aleisha Saba







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