Nature v Nurture and the Nature of Astrology

*These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us.*
*(Gloucester in King Lear 1.2.103)*

The stars are faraway and still we would stand under them day and night believing in the fluke of our births, the month, the year, the hour the stars rained down on us, they took control of our souls, their luminescence distilling and augmenting the features and inclinations of our personalities—or that the constellations are effulgent udders sustaining us, a glistening feast of good, or iridescent beverage of evil. How infinitesimal is mankind among the hundred billion galaxies! How Lilliputian one individual must feel standing on a veranda at two in the morning under Ursa Major! Is it any wonder that in this century there are those among us who still believe the silhouettes of certain star clusters spell out their destinies, describe their individuality: “Oh, I’m so sorry I behaved that way! Please accept my apology,” said laughingly, “after all, I’m a Taurus—stubborn and implacable.” As if we need excuses to redeem ourselves! As if on the day we were born we weren’t allowed any authentic innocence but instead were full of sin, degenerate. As if Nature had a mind all its own. As if each of us were infants abandoned, left to fend for ourselves in a raging storm.