

For MichelAngelo:

The title *Random Ramblings of an Astrological Autodidact* contains hints of what is so wonderful about this book.

One, “Ramblings”: These lengthy and detailed, if ultimately conversational, tomes take you on a journey, guiding you, pointing out details and surprises along the way with the confidence of an expert guide. And yet, it is infused with a humility that proffers MichelAngelo’s gentle invitation to reflect back your own nuanced difference, your own perspective, to concede that his emphasis could be misplaced. It is, in fact, apropos. Medical and horary astrology are both arcane branches of what is at once a sophisticated and an interpretive art. But it is his insistence on the preponderance of astrological evidence, of careful construction of a proof rooted in the dogged observations of fine astrologers, as well as his erudite interpretation according to those traditions that precede him, that brings to bear the scrutiny of the science of astrology: Is the evidence strong enough to be significant? And what insight might be derived?

The other, “Autodidact”: In his forward, MichelAngelo’s conjured image of his 400 astrology books crowding the tiny real estate of his NY apartment, yielding to a more extensive electronic collection, paints a picture of his bookish nature. This is his mountain in the astrological traditions, his Walden wherein his savoring of every sound results in wisdom to quietly share. Autodidact is more than self-taught: it contains the richness, the self-teaching through the dialectic—is this true? or might it be this way, instead?—that the best education achieves by soaking in and sparring with many masters, coming ultimately to an independent strength—Uranian enough to turn evidence, preconceptions, traditions and presumptions on their side, and birth insights from unexpected quarters—and create a bespoke art in the process.

To this end, there are a few perspectives unique to these savory Ramblings. The incorporation of the Eight Extraordinary vessels and the twelve meridians of Chinese medicine in his medical investigations further enriches a dynamic picture, and the truly unique collaboration and subsequent application of planetary vibrations, via Acutonics planetary tuning forks as an *astrological treatment*, along with vibrational elixirs, is unique. This is my avenue of introduction with MichelAngelo, as I have been a student and practitioner of sound healing since 2005, nearly as long as the author, and have found it to immeasurably enrich the transformative processes of integration and evolution of body, mind and spirit.

The contents include, although not exclusively, explorations of the lives of musicians: The King—Elvis, Elton John, Sergei Rachmaninovwith frequent reference to the astrologer Reinhold Ebertin, the founder of cosmobiology, and his system of midpoints, among others.

MichelAngelo is a *composer* of astrological interpretation, and of words, as he is of music,— learned and accustomed to subtle and grand passages, rhythm, pacing, tonality, and ultimately the musical and entertaining telling of a captivating story.

For those with some knowledge of astrology, lifelong students, and kindred autodidacts, this book is best read like short stories. For me, this means reading with computer close by to look up aspects whose meaning he often illuminates with the poetic face of quotations. This ability to look up chart mutations and other authors’ interpretations online in nanoseconds, ironically, is an indulgence, like CDs are to symphonies predating vinyl, a convenience that true to the age, offer the vast knowledge at our fingertips— at once with a devolving language and sophistication that court the cavalier and superficial.

Indeed, a theme of the book hammers the youthful exquisite excitement, the follies of addiction and dance of superficiality of rock and roll, against the toiling long game of cultivation of *gravitas* in the classical music field. There are bigger overarching themes – the pitfalls of the single-minded pursuit of fame at the expense of the inner life, a fascination with the astrological underpinnings of creative

inspiration, the implacable workings of Fate, of astrology as a divinatory *art* – in the overall sweep of the book, vividly “illustrated” with poetic quips. Fine music, classical or rock and roll, and by turn Astrological interpretation, must engage greater sympathies than the zipless, heartless, superficial newspaper sun sign generalities.

As a critique, many will find it necessary to slow down a bit, to savor the rich picture that his, as he describes it, “Baroque,” language encourages. We are scarcely used to this. A tiny revision—labeling the charts would be a useful aid, especially to my own tendency to go back a few pages and revisit an earlier passage. We are used to more direct, more pedestrian, less descriptive and precise language.

These are at once erudite poetic panoramas and chiseled mathematical proofs. I implore the reader to have a long tea, a “cuppa” as they say “down under” where MichelAngelo can often be found teaching, and savor ... as you would if you were attending a performance at the Santa Fe Opera or the Met.