

ASTROLOGIC

LEO

Leo roars: Ars gratia asssss...

Written May 23, 1978 and published in *Drummer* 23, July 1978. For this continuing column, this time I skipped the 24 quip-lines for the “top” and “bottom” of each of the 12 zodiac signs, and featured instead of the writing the drawing by the great British artist, Bill Ward, whose work appeared in *Drummer* more than any other graphic artist. I wanted Ward’s image, a very 70s “look,” to rule the page. Someday someone will, as someone must, write *The Bill Ward Story*.

Despite my interest in the first magic of wicca, I meant the astrological column to be entertainment, particularly in an age when one of the main “pick-up lines” was “What’s your sign?” Actually, I thought then what I know now. Fuck astrology. The fault, like merit, is not in our stars. For instance: Homosexuality doesn’t change who you are. It makes you more of who you are. It’s a character thing. If you were an nonachiever before, you’ll be a queer loser after. If you were nice before, you’ll stay nice. Homosexuality changes nothing and cannot be your excuse. Homosexuality simply magnifies your core character. The proof of this rationale is “gay Republicans.”

Anyway, my astrological moon, as cast by Tony Tavarosi, is in Leo.

The only other limerick that appeared in *Drummer* was in the “Drum Beats” feature, page 34, in *Drummer* 17, July 1977.

LEO

July 2 -August 21

There once was a maned man
named Leo
who figured, “Why cop a plea-o?”
When accused by his lover of

humping another,
he roared out *con brio*
“Climb in for a trio!”
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