

Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

-Since 1982
Since 1982



Vol. 26 #3

Dream Network



Visionary Activism

Fall Into Fear ~ *Brenda Ferrimani*

If It Works in Prison ~ *Carol Oschmann*

Drum, Dance and Dream for Peace~ *Jean Campbell*

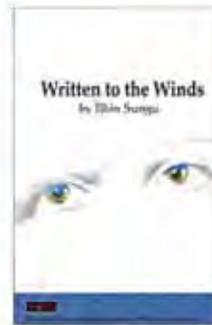
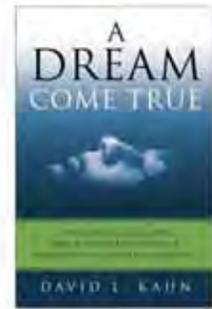
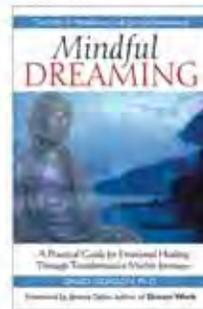
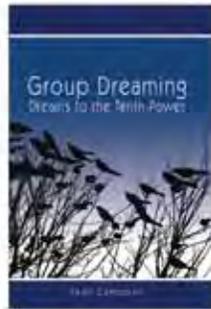
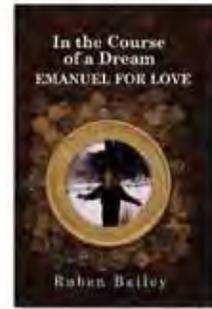
Freedom Prayer for the New Millennium: Post 9/11 ~ *David Sparenberg*

NEW THIS YEAR FROM THE WORLD DREAMS PEACE BRIDGE

As prolific as they are creative, members of the World Dreams Peace Bridge have been published in 2007 from Mexico to Australia, from the UK to the US.

Now together they make this pledge to you: A minimum of twenty percent and up to 100 percent on the cost of each book sold through this promotion will be donated by the authors to the Aid for Traumatized Children Project of the World Dreams Peace Bridge to aid the children of war-torn Iraq.

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There Can Never Be Too Many People Dreaming of Peace.

Buy These Books and Contribute to the Aid for Iraqi Children
Order at: www.WorldDreamsPeaceBridge.org/books



Freedom Prayer for the New Millennium Post 9/11

Praise to the Great Spirit,
To the elusive
Creator and sustainer
Of all life on this planet,
The Earth.

We know that you are;
You see that we exist!

Have mercy on the living
And even greater
Mercy on the dead.

Have mercy on all souls
Of all creatures, created
And sustained, throughout
The universe, throughout
The cosmic-body, the whole
Miracle of life, the living
Reality: the network-
webwork
Of infinite threads.

We affirm your Being
Through prayer
And acts of love,
Will you confirm
The vulnerability yet tenacity
Of our difficult becoming?

As we speak to you
In adoration,
Will you respond to us
Out of silence?

As we draw near and familiar,
Will you cross and end the
distance
Between us, replacing
Separation with mending,
With healing?

In praise we gather
And nothing is hidden.
Emerge from hiding

And touch us
With your divine tenderness.

In tenderness
Let our hearts and souls,
Like nut fruits out of shells,
Be cracked and broken.

Praise
To the Great Spirit,
To the Holy Person,
Overseer of all persons;
To the Holy Self,
Who guides us with freedom
To choose peace and justice,
Not violence and vengeance;
To choose understanding
And compassion,
Not ignorance, rage
And blinding malice;
to respect
The Earth
And protect from waste
And unwarranted destruction
The wonderment of abun-
dance
And the diversity
Of our created home:
third planet
In the system of the sun.

Have mercy on the living
And even greater
Mercy on the dead.

Have mercy on all souls
And bring us, with our
Fears and shadows, our
thirst
And our hunger, our elders
And our children,
Into the lighted
Banquet halls of truth.

Many are the paths
To the center; many are the
languages
Of redemptive revelation.

In praise we gather
And nothing is hidden.
Emerge from hiding
And touch us with your
tenderness:
Your hands of intimacy,
Not the gloves of custom.

The root of all
Belief is compassion.
And tranquility is a garden
Feeding the souls
With evolution of freedom.

There is a deep democracy
Embedded in creation.

The root of all
Direction is compassion.
And trust is a candle
of courage,
Beautiful
And as brilliant
As a new day sun.

What democracy is
Dawn to your soul?
What awareness drums
In the centerless circle
Of your heart?

Praise
To the Great Spirit,
Now and everlasting.

Have mercy on the living
-Sweet Dove of Now-
And even greater
Mercy on the dead.

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Statement of Purpose

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Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture ~ Since 1982

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams by making available information that will assist and empower you in taking responsibility for your personal/physical, emotional, psychological and spiritual well-being, with the help of dreams.

Our goals are to unite and serve individuals who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our everyday lives and culture...in whatever ways of integrity are shown and given us. We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer on many levels: personal, cultural and global.

Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Helping you to learn to understand the meaning of your dream—by journaling, studying, sharing your dreams with others one-on-one or in groups—is our primary mission and the purpose of membership in our esoteric organization. Enacting or manifesting the dream's hint can bring healing and personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all cultures/nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of that which is surfacing and given the limited space in the print and Online Journal. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas and opinions to be explored and expressed. We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored on our website and in future issues.

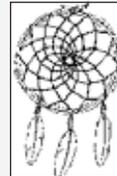
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Upcoming Focus

for WINTER Vol. 26#4

"Waking Life as a Dream"

What experience have you had in looking at situations and events in your waking life as though they were events in a dream?

Lifeline: 4 Weeks
after you receive
this issue.

*NOTE Regarding Submissions:

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life who desire to share are encouraged to submit dream & myth-related manuscript, poetry and artwork for consideration... even if it falls outside the scope of the current focus or theme. We also invite your dreamsharing, transformational dream experiences and insights regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network*, your submission is likely to 'fit' perfectly in an upcoming issue.

Your article may also be appropriate for one of our two regular features, *The Art of Dreamsharing* (which includes a broad range of articles on Dream Education), or *The Mythic Dimension* (exploring the relationship between dreams and mythology).

And, of course, we always love to hear from you in our *Letters* column! Whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue, please let us hear from you!

Visit our website for Submission Guidelines <http://DreamNetwork.net>

Editorial

WHAT IS VISIONARY ACTIVISM? Stewarding this Journal is a form of visionary activism, I believe.

Bill Stimson believes so, too. His article in the inaugural of Dream Network was entitled *Dreams as a Subversive Activity!* In this article, Bill said, "Armed with our dreams, we have a weapon that can turn this society upside down by turning our lives around." Also, "To work with dreams in the deepest sense is to be a leader in the revolution of human consciousness."

Everything you share in these pages, each issue, *is* as well.

Some of us have been around long enough to have experienced and participated in the amazing surge of consciousness of the '60s, '70s and '80s. After JFK, brother Robert and Martin Luther King's assassinations... peaceful marches and demonstrations, protests and riots were occurring all over the country. I myself was moving from rural Utah to Southern California on the very day Watts broke out into riots; what a 'wake-up' call! I was led to believe that the Civil War resolved this country's race problems; I was truly that naive.

Learning as we have that these forms, even the non-violent demonstrations, often resulted in billy clubbing, incarceration, even death to many of the 'activists,' we moved into the era of working to affect apparently needed change from 'within the system.' I was involved in both 'movements,' and in 1988, came to the conclusion that 'change from within the existing systems' was proving exhausting and essentially fruitless. More regulations... *ad infinitum*.

Then, from my dreams, I learned the *truth* of what Carl Jung said: "In the final analysis, what is the fate of great nations but a summation of the change in each individual." Point a finger and four point back to you. This is life-long work... and continues.

Somewhat conversely, the need for change is ever-more urgent and we are challenged to create new, more effective ways. It is my opinion, having been around several of these blocks, that our Dreams and the resultant Art/Action we each take may be among the most valuable tools to assist us in achieving this 'Shift'.

This issue is replete with evidence: Jean Campbell's article Drum, Dance and Dream for Peace (p. 9); Carol Oschmann's dreamwork in prisons (p. 17); Karen Ethelsdatter (p. 13) and David Sparenberg's Poetry (p. 3); Brenda Ferrimani's exceptional artwork, dream and article (Cover Art, dream & article p. 28); and the anonymously submitted 'Big Dream' *Ain't Gonna take It No More* (p. 16) are demonstrations and proof. I hope these outstanding sharings will provide inspiration for *you* to take visionary action.

It is a distinct pleasure to introduce Paco Mitchell's new and regular column: *Dreaming Planet: Reflections on Dreams in a Transitional Age*. Paco served on my Master's degree committee ever-so-many years ago; he also supported and encouraged me along the way when I first began stewarding *Dream Network*. I can honestly say that I would not have survived that period of challenge and chaos without his insight and patient assistance. Gracias Paco!

It is an equal pleasure to welcome frequent contributor of exceptional poetry and now long time friend, David Sparenberg, who will serve with Bambi Corso as Co-Review Editor. His first submission in this capacity appears in this issue.

David is the author of a new volume of poetry, *HEALING A Book Of Poetry*, selected poems 1976-2007, which can be previewed and purchased by using the following URL: <http://www.lulu.com/content/1096722>

Beloved Russell Lockhart recently had a highly stimulating dream, which he shares in his column *Dreams in the News* (pg. 30). In this sharing, he offers us an opportunity to participate in an exciting involvement, born in the dreamtime. I'm getting involved! Hope you will too.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS:

AS A PAID SUBSCRIBER TO THE PRINT edition of Dream Network, you are now entitled to FREE one year access to our Online Membership area, if you wish. You will have the advantage of additional information, rather than just each issue that is available in each print publication/issue.

In order to include you, we need to have you email us at Publisher@DreamNetwork.net. Please send:

- Your preferred email address
- A Username, and
- A Password.

Please make note of both username and password as you will need them to Login to our website's Member Only area.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Here, now: Enjoy!

Letters, Questions & Dreams

Dreamer Requesting Contact & Comment

I've never been much for sharing my dreams, but they seem to be getting interesting enough for me to start exploring a little deeper and find out if anyone else has these kinds of dreams. When I was a child I would use my dreams for an escape from my miserable existence. I taught myself to recognize when I was in a dream and take control of it, mostly flying around like superman. The past eight years became really interesting because I have been what seemed to be visited and brought to a class room in some of my dreams.

The first one that I remember is that *I am flying through a hall way enjoying my dream and a woman appears to come out of a wall and motion for me to come in. I have to find an entrance because I know that I can't just walk through the wall. When I go in, there is a long table with children and teenagers sitting around practicing with blocks, fruit and other things on the table. It appears that they are levitating and changing the shapes of items. I was sat down (and like all of my dreams) there is no speaking. The woman places the thought in my head that I need to try using my will to raise the blocks off of the table in front of me. It is almost impossible at first but I start to get the hang of it. I am then taught to levitate larger and larger things, after which I practice walking through walls.*

Since that dream I've practiced using my thoughts to change things in my dream.

I had another dream in which *I feel the presence of someone else urging me to change the very land scape in*

front of me. I remember having a huge buzzing sound in my ears and putting my hands out palms up with what's hard to describe, but seems to be pulsating waves that grow bigger the further away from my hands. Then they (my hands) reach out and into the earth in front of me and I am able to change the barren land in front of me into a rain forest the harder I put my mind into it.

I told my wife the next morning that **I learned how to terraform land in that dream.**

My most recent dream was another visitation dream where *I am urged to levitate cars and trucks, will florescent lights to turn on—except not by willing the switch to turn on—but providing the very power the lights need to illuminate! I then go into a room where children are swimming in a pool and use my energy to create a wave pool.*

The dream that really caught my attention is when *I wander into a room that resembles a lab and see people working on something I can only describe as being much too complicated and advanced for me to even remotely grasp. The professor immediately came over to usher me back out and told me I am not allowed in this area.*

When I awakened, I felt like a foolish child for playing around in my dream when there were obviously far more important things to learn in that alternate reality.

I have had many strange dreams that I've never written about such as *visitations from dead relatives including ones that I hadn't known died until I inquired about it after the dream. They never talk, just place thoughts into my head.*

I'm not sure why I'm sharing these dreams with complete strangers, but it would be nice to meet someone with similar dreams and lucid experiences.

Chris Marshall, Colorado Springs, CO
chrismarshallmail@yahoo.com

Dream & Art Work with Children, Coming Soon

I have long been an admirer of dream artist Nancy Richter Brzeski, who continues to create and promote dream art, not only for adult artists but also for children. Within the past year, she visited the Falk School in Pittsburgh of which she is an alumna and spoke to the children there, offering to teach them about dreams and art. She and the school were later featured in a major magazine article.

I suggested to her that she might want to write a short article about her experiences for an upcoming issue of *Dream Network* because of its focus on Visionary Activism (How your dreams compelled you to take action, personally or politically). She has long been involved in using her dreams to produce works of art and to let others know how useful this has been in her own personal growth.

Children are our future and teaching them to work with their dreams through writing, art and drama, which Nancy has done, is a way to connect them with each other and with the world in which they live.

Bless you and your new home/workspace and as always, I send loving wishes to you for peace, health, happiness and all good dreams come true.

Rita Dwyer, Vienna, VA

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A Wonderful Tribute!

Thank you for sending me Dr. Krippner's issue. A wonderful tribute! Yesterday someone emailed me to inquire about dreaming. I referred him to the *Dream Network*.

Best, *Judith Malamud, New York, NY*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Oh, thank you profoundly for the recent issue of *Dream Network* paying tribute to Stan The Man, shown drumming in Haiti and energizing the cover. Not only is drumming one of

my favorite things, but to have mention of my precognitive article, *Wilda Tanner, Madame Blavatsky, Charles de Beer & Me,*" all on the same front cover simply makes me prance and dance around the room. I'm delighted no end with how you presented the Madame B. article. It's an honor to be published in such a 'delicious' issue.

At least once I met Stanley in person many years ago somewhere. All I remember is his dazzling individuality which appealed to me then and now... sort of a 'timelessness' about him. Now as I read the delightful, enlightening tributes to Stan, I appreciate him that much more. What a guy! Next thing on my To Do list is to order some of Stan's books. Also, after reading Paul Levy's article, *Bush, Planetary Pirate*, it's a must to buy his book, The Madness of George W. Bush.

Not to mention all the extra copies you sent of DN which are being shared on a first come, first serve basis around here to students and friends. This whole issue just blows my mind! It's terrific on every page. Sending Love,

Noreen Wessling, Milford, OH

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Beautiful work! Thank you for letting me be a part of it. Warmest,

Allan Combs, San Francisco, CA

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Great issue! May blessings rain down on you even from skies without clouds

Love, *Russell Lockhart, Everett, WA*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Took the latest copy of DNJ on a week on Lake Shasta house boating, as I knew I would be in a place to thoroughly enjoy each article/nuance. Loved the tributes to Stanley; he is beloved and I learned so much more about him! Had no idea he was so prolific in his work and how many

peoples' lives he's impacted; a free spirit, to be sure. I have read several of his books/articles over the years, and appreciate them even more now. Think the profiles of long-standing dreamworkers are very interesting and meaningful to readers; they are for me.

Thank you for the enduring and endearing work you are doing - am seeing a shift of energies in of DNJ that is strong.

Marlene King, Murphy, OR

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Congratulations on an incredible issue honoring Stanley Krippner. Thank you for including my article in that issue. I appreciate it.

Thank you again and Blessings,
Fariba Bogzaran, San Francisco, CA

(Editor's Note) Fariba's tribute to Stan Krippner—A Precognitive Dream & Meeting An Extraordinary Human Being (Dream Network Vol. 26 No. 2, pp. 22-24)—is one of the

most soulful submitted. Unfortunately, we published an old email address of. If you wish to contact her re: this article or for any other dream/art related purpose, her present email address is bogzaran@svn.net

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Thank you for sending the *Dream Network*. Through reading it, I was remembering the conversation I had with Stan some years ago at a dream conference.

To me (my 'mother' language is not English), his pronunciation and voice is so clear to listen to that I could enjoy talking with him. I was relaxed in his presence, releasing from being tense with English communication. I hope to talk with him again and share it with you.

Shuhei Enomoto, Kanagawa, Japan

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Paul Levy's Book—Ho!

Bought the book, "The Madness of GWB" by Paul Levy. Ho! So true!!!

Frances Ring, Boca Raton, FL

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

meetup.com

The Austin Dreams Meetup group is one year old this month—yeah! I have two Assistant Organizers who keep up with the membership list (contacting/removing inactive members) and help keep the web site payment up to date.

There have been some interesting 'waking dream' type events in my life this last month, starting with falling in a Subway and breaking my finger. Even in the emergency room, I was talking with my friend about 'if this were a dream' (said friend is an assist. organizer of the meetup group).

Victoria Vlach, Austin, TX

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Our 'Letters' section is the place for you to ask Questions about dreams—yes, even your own dream—and to share your experience, inspirations, or critique.

You may also choose to initiate a controversy or debate!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Please send yours to:

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Drum, Dance and Dream for Peace: A Successful Global Event

by Jean Campbell



Many visitors to the National Mall found themselves drawn magnetically to the drumming.
Here, children from a local YMCA summer camp program try out the drums.



Hundreds of people gathered on the National Mall in Washington, DC and globally in over a dozen locations to Drum Dance and Dream for Peace on June 25, 2007. This event, part of the World Children's Festival, was inspired by dreams.

Drum Dance and Dream for Peace: A Successful Global Event

by Jean Campbell

DREAM NETWORK JOURNAL editor, Roberta Ossana, calls this kind of event "The intersection between dreams and waking." In my mind's eye, I picture two planes intersecting, a point where dreaming becomes waking reality. *Drum Dance and Dream for Peace*, was such an event, growing out of the fertile soil of dreams on the World Dreams Peace Bridge as surely as roses climb a trellis.



In the High Sierras in California, members of the Rainbow Medicine Blanket Council made ceremony with the World Drum, which traveled from Norway by way of Hawaii on its way around the world sounding out for Peace Children's Festival, held June 25, 2007, on the Mall.

On Monday, June 25, on the National Mall in Washington, DC, nearly 200 people (over half of them children) joined in a drumming circle that began in the light of a dream. Over a year before the event that she was asked to create for The World Children's Festival, Mary Whitefeather Joyce dreamed of standing in a circle in a grassy place, drumming with a group of mostly children. Even earlier, the dreams of other members of the Peace Bridge had foreshadowed this scene.

On the Mall, the Ceremony for the Future of the World's Children, foreseen and described by the Native elder Wovoka, was led by Valley Reed of Dallas, Texas. She introduced the Ceremony from the World Stage, leading the children to a grassy area outside the stage enclosure. Later she said: "The song I played on my flute came to me in my dreams the night before, and played all night long. I played the song on my Native American Flute and led the children to the blessing ceremony where we made offerings of prayers with wild rice, In-

dian corn, sage, and tobacco for the future of the children of the World."

The Ceremony, like the Festival itself, was about children expressing themselves. During the Ceremony each child, wearing a headband of one of the colors of the four direction, said a prayer from the heart for the children of the world: for clean air, plenty of food for everyone, pure water, peace.

Then the drumming began. People came from everywhere, drawn by their own dreams and visions for peace. From New Jersey came Sharon Silverstein with her 20 djimbés; her friend Bernadette; and a bag full of bells, triangles, shakiras and other sound makers—Sharon, who told me the day I met her on the telephone, "I have to come. It's crazy, but I have to come, and I want to lead the drumming circle."

An entire convoy of moms, with as many children as they could pack into their vans, drove from southern Virginia, where they camped out on the lawn of a friend's home in nearby Woodbridge, before taking the sub-

way next day to the Mall. For many of the kids, it was their first trip to the nation's capitol.

On the faces of the people drumming, it was possible to read the dreams of many nations. Two Muslim mothers, heads covered, held their babies up to pat the djimbés. One well dressed matron from Chile, a participant in the Festival, whirled ecstatically in her electric blue dress, hand drum held high above her head, remarked after the drumming was over, "I think I've found a new career!"

Scores of the tourists who flock to the museums on the Mall during the summer were lured by the sound of the drums. From UpBeat Drum Circles in Los Angeles we had received a donation of forty hand drums of various sizes. I went around the circle handing out drums to those who had none. One elderly Chinese couple, having had their fill of drumming tried to hand their drum circles back to me. "No," I told them. "You can keep them."

A smile lit the woman's face. "Souvenir?"

"Yes. Souvenir." She tucked the two

drums into her oversized black handbag as they strolled off down the Mall.

The beatific smiles on the faces of the children, caught up in the joy of pounding the beat, made months of work worthwhile.

After the drumming was over and the drums were being loaded back into the van, an elderly homeless man, one of many who frequent the Mall, stayed on in the circle, sitting with a borrowed djimbe, demonstrating African rhythms to a cluster of teenagers.

From Seoul, South Korea with his daughter Eloisa, Jeremy Seligson not only discovered that the young woman organizing the Festival workshops was his neighbor from Seoul (no kidding), but Jeremy was carrying a dream of his own.

Jeremy, who dreamed the original Peace Train dream (the train he rode on bore the banner "Peace Train" traveled across America to Washington) had come to Washington not only to drum, dance and dream, but to conduct a Peace Train Workshop for the Festival.

"Although our Children's Peace Train workshop was scheduled for only one hour," Jeremy wrote the next day in his 'Children's Peace Train Report from Washington, DC', "it went on for three. From the very beginning there was a steady stream of children with their parents and even one whole class of 21 little students from DC and their teachers coming in to sit in waves at the work table and draw a picture of peace in their lives."

Jeremy brought along copies of his newly completed *Children's Peace Train* book, which he distributed to participants in the workshop. His comment? "Now the Children's Peace Train really has come to WA. DC."

Of course, Washington was not the only site of Drum Dance and Dream for Peace, in either dreaming or wak-



Jean Campbell from the World Dreams Peace Bridge calls people to the drumming circle with one of 40 drums donated by UpBeat Drum Circles in Los Angeles, to be given away on the Mall.

ing reality. Beginning on Saturday, June 23, from Mexico to Canada, from California to Rhode Island, from Boston to Baghdad, people were drumming for peace around the globe.

In Mexico City a small group of women made an altar of fresh flowers and photos of their children. They passed the drum, saying aloud their prayers for peace for the children.

In Warwick, Rhode Island, Laura Atkinson (who earlier in the week had dreamed that Peace Bridge member May Tung who died last year came to remind her to buy extra materials for the workshop) led children at the Warwick Museum in a drum making workshop.

In Noe Valley, California, Jill Pierce led free drumming classes for children all day long at the Music 4 All center there.

In the high Sierras in California, members of the Rainbow Medicine Blanket Council made ceremony with the World Drum, which began last year in Norway and has been traveling to drum circles around the world to drum

for peace. The World Drum came via Hawaii, and was traveling to PA.

Drum Dance and Dream for Peace had the magical feeling of dreams, a place in which anything can happen. At Bridgewater State College in Massachusetts, Professor Curt Hoffman who'd met with a small group of drummers at the sacred site which was the site of the solstice drumming circle at the 2006 IASD Conference, was surprised when they were joined in drumming for the children by an entire Physical Education class, out for a hike.

In the one day of Drum Dance and Dream for Peace, donations to the 1,000 Drums Project, funds being collected for the refugee children of Iraq, doubled.

One night, shortly after the photographs from Drum Dance and Dream for Peace were put up on the World Dreams web site, I had the following dream:

As I watch, each of the photos from the slide show created for the web site individually floats above a section in an energy grid that surrounds the Capitol building at the end of the National Mall. One by one the slides hover, and then project their pixels into the ground below, sinking slowly into football-field size grid sections until the image appears on the ground before the Capitol. I wake while watching one specific photograph do this. It is the photo of a young boy playing one of the djimbés. He is totally caught up in the music, blissfully enjoying the beat of the drum, oblivious to anything else.

As I wrote to the Peace Bridge group list, "It is hard to drop bombs on children when teaching them the joy of music." ☺

For more about Drum Dance & Dream for Peace: the dreams, the global response & the photographs, go to www.worlddreams-peacebridge.org/drumming

Dear God: Send Dreams to George W. Bush

by Karen Ethelsdattar



*"Everybody talkin' 'bout going to Heaven
ain't goin' there, Heaven, Heaven"*

African American Spiritual

*"One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast,
and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven... how hard is it
for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!*

*It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle,
than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God*

New Testament, King James version, Mark 10:21, 24-25.

Dear God: Send dreams to George W. Bush,
1001 dreams like the 1001 stories of Scheherazade,
good dreams & bad, good dreams & nightmares.
Send dreams of the earth. Let him dream the dream I dreamed,
where I was alternately walking on the earth & becoming
the earth walked upon. Let him shudder in his sleep
as he imbibes chemicals & poisons that permeate the soil.
Let him soar in the sky like an eagle, & sit on the eagle's nest,
hatching young ones, & pray for their future.
Let him become a fish, a dolphin, a whale to swim first in cool clear water,
& then in the now radioactive seas, & feel the difference. Let him be
bombarded in the depths of the ocean by sonar & wake troubled & confused,
swimming in circles & no longer knowing where to go or how to be.
Let him dream he is one tree in an ancient grove, chopped down
with his brothers & sisters, screaming under the saw.

Then let him dream of peace, a peace that is even more than the absence of war.
Let him dream that he sits in an American Indian tribal council,
where the tribe carefully, cautiously plans to leave the earth & the skies
& the seas unpolluted for seven generations.
Let him see how the women of the tribe remove from office
the men who do not honor this tradition.
Instead of throwing stones,
let him become in his dreams the Indian boy
who handles stones reverently,
who keeps a precious stone in his pocket,
a symbol of a bond with the earth,
who only hunts for what he & his tribe need,
& first in prayer asks permission
of the animal whose life is being sacrificed.

Let him be the chief who plans a big Giveaway, a Potlatch,
with all his precious possessions distributed to the entire tribe,
thereby gaining spiritual stature.

Let him be first the Afghani bride & bridegroom,
& then the Iraqi bride & bridegroom
whose weddings were bombarded by American bombs,
who never had a wedding night.
& the musicians & relatives at those weddings.

Let him be them one by one,
& then wake to realize the horror of war,
Let him be Saddam Hussein,
another man who abused his power,
& wake to find himself caught
crouching in a hole in the earth.

Let him be Abraham Lincoln in one dream,
his heart torn apart by the deaths of his countrymen,
& let him be then Walt Whitman, nursing fallen soldiers
& writing poems of anguish for his fallen leader.
Let him in a dream carry a child in his belly for nine months,
giving birth like a woman & nursing babies at his breast,
learning how precious life is.

Let him dream how it feels to be among the wretched of the earth.
Let him be born a Haitian, an Afghani, an Iraqi,
with all his possessions destroyed, & his soil polluted by
American radioactive tanks & weapons.
Let him be born a Palestinian, whose family has been homeless
for three generations.

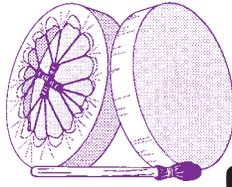
Let him feel how it is to have friends he didn't have to buy,
& to be a small neighborhood shopkeeper
at the mercy of corporations.

May God stretch his heart open with dreams,
like Joseph in the Old Testament, like Mary in the New,
like those God has chosen.

Let him sleep on the grass on a summer night, looking up at the stars,
with a clear conscience, & let him know in every fiber of his being
how that feels.

Let him honor his name & his family & his country & Earth itself.
Let him honor the Universe.

Dear God: Send George W. Bush dreams.



Drumming

... without a Drum

By Elizabeth Howard, M.A. © 2007

WHEN I OPENED THE SUMMER 2007 issue of *Dream Network Journal*, I was immediately caught by the article, "Drum, Dance and Dream for Peace," the dream-inspired event that was to happen on June 25 in Washington, D.C. at the World Children's Festival. I read through the article and thought I would like to put something together here in Gainesville, but time seemed short, and I felt short on energy.

The next day I went out to our local community college to use their computers. Standing in the middle of the campus was a woman drumming on a tambourine. There is a beautiful rock garden there, with huge boulders, green grass and lovely oak trees. I sat on the porch of the library and waited as the spirits came out to greet her and the crickets joined in the chorus. I went down to talk with the drummer and another woman who had stopped by. I said I would send them emails and perhaps we could meet on June 25 to join in the drumming for peace, for the children.

It was at about this point that I realized that I don't have a drum and don't know how to drum it if I did. No matter. I sent emails to a number of people and asked them to meet me

at noon on the 25th for a drumming circle. I had no response to my emails, nor did a drum appear.

My daughter had come for a visit, and she showed me how to drum on my knees. I was still a bit nervous driving out to the college on the 25th, but I realized that I've been drumming with the best for years, keeping time with Tom Petty, Neil Young, The Allman Brothers and other great rockers. So no fear. I took my peace flag and my peace poster, and I sat myself down on a bench in the rock garden. I was the only one there. But still no matter. I began drumming on my knees. Passing students glanced at me out of the corner of their eyes. Some turned off the path before they reached me. Quite a few were curious and stopped to talk. My peace flag fell down and a young man stopped to raise the flag again.

Then it got too hot, so I went home. I was feeling kind of disappointed since of course I was hoping for a great, inspirational, dancing crowd of folks with all manner of drums. The thing is, I know that this was not really the point. In this great pointless forest, the point, if there is one, is to go there and do that. I've been committing activist acts since I was 10 years old.

I've never been sorry to pick up my peace flag and go out to speak my peace.

A few years ago, I received a gift: I call it "The Dream of Peace."

"I wake in the night realizing that I am dreaming of the reason I came into this lifetime. "They" are talking and talking and explaining to me. When I wake in the morning, I have forgotten the words, the directions and the explanations. What is left, blazing in vivid colors before my eyes, is one word:

PEACE

It is written in beautiful script and surrounded by beautiful, full blown roses, deep pink, with silver edges."

That is the inspiration that now continues to nourish me, and I will go out and drum for peace, for the children, for all beings, whenever and wherever I can. I recommend to all that we each keep drumming in our own way, dancing sometimes and always sustaining ourselves with our visionary dreams. ♪

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Ms. Howard lives in Gainesville, Florida. Contact her at holisticliz@hotmail.com

Towering Dreams

I am adjacent to Tower 1, when suddenly it begins to levitate off the ground.

I am amazed at how such a large structure can rise into the air.

Suddenly, the Tower begins to disintegrate. Large metallic slices are imploding from within it.

I am aware I am dreaming, so I allow the experience to intensify
without disturbing the events of the dreamscape unfolding.

All types of debris are falling. Glass and steel permeates the sky. I look up to the tower and witness people jumping out of broken glass panes. They are not falling down, they are floating in midair. I think to myself that they seem incredibly helpless as they drift about, their cries deep but almost serene.

I watch in amazement as the tower begins to collapse on itself, in slow motion.

I am convinced I can reverse the process. I consciously say to myself, "Undo all that is happening!"

As I look up, I can see the Tower assimilating back to its original state.

As the tower begins to reconstitute, it begins to descend back to the ground.

I tell a dream acquaintance, "See, it's happening!"

It feels like a giant roar is encompassing my dream body as the tower finally touches ground.

I notice a glass elevator that is positioned along a side of the Tower.

I walk over to it as the doors slide open and stumble inside as the doors shut behind me.

I can see demonic creatures emerging from large chasms in the ground surrounding Tower 1.

They are stretching their fleshy gray wings, readying and pruning them for flight.

As the elevator begins to ascend, I look out at the city around.

Tall skyscrapers and a haze of smoke fill the atmosphere. I can see the sun through a black, crimson haze.

Suddenly, a group of extremely demonic looking creatures with horrid facial expressions,
latch onto the elevator, taunting me, feverishly trying to break through the glass elevator.

Miraculously they begin to transform into these beautiful ethereal creatures that I can only say resemble angels. They have a very peaceful feeling about them and emanate a transparent neon blue glow.

I feel very calm as they ascend into the sky above me. I watch in awe as they dance about one another.

I reach the top of the tower and am able to exit the elevator by simply walking through the glass egress,
for it is permeable and seems elastic as I pass through—almost like a membrane.

I am amazed as I look about the city, wondering what the frantic activity below is all about.

I then fly above the entire city landscape and

look through a large opening in the clouds, where I see the World Trade Towers.

They are transparent and ghostly.

I then begin to fall rapidly through the opening in the clouds, accelerating very rapidly.

I begin to feel an intense sense of anticipation as I begin to descend directly toward one of the towers.

I feel I am going to crash directly into the tower but instead I blend into it like in an osmotic state.

As I pummel further into it, I hear voices and strange sounds... then suddenly I see a beautiful,
serene metallic blue sun pulling me toward it, like a spaceship toward a relentless supernal magnet ...

I awaken feeling refreshed and enlightened, as though I am a patient who is totally healed.



If It Works In Prison

By Carol Oschmann

THOSE OF US WHO HAVE STUDIED dreams know we've unleashed a powerful, loving force in our lives. We have discovered wonderful things about ourselves. Some of us have gone on to use our knowledge to help others. And even the dreams have helped us to help those others.

We are on to something, fellow dreamers! Don't let us waste time! The healing that we've been instrumental in trying to give others when they finally realize the power of their own dreams is invaluable. The peace we've brought to those about to die is beyond our ability to measure. One school of thought is that to bring peace to this planet, we must start with ourselves. Through dreamwork we are doing this. We can speed this process for the world.

The dream group work I've been doing in a women's prison teaches me about dreams and people faster than any other book or group in which I've so far been involved. The group work in prison touches more lives per minute, making positive changes so fast that I'm in awe. The individuals in the group find the power of their dreams, their families find the power, the officials see the changes—I know because they are now sending me problem inmates—and soon the world will be talking about dreams in a different light, a light that cannot be denied. The more dreamworkers we have working in prisons, the faster the end results of more people taking per-

sonal dream work seriously will be achieved!

The number of people in jail, on probation or those who have warrants for their arrest number one in every thirty-two persons in this country. These figures are according to the Tampa Tribune, 2006. Add to that the unnamed number out there committing illegal acts trying real hard to add their names to those lists. We have another good reason to try to be a part of the rehabilitation process. Do we want to live in a society with statistics like this? How long before they outnumber us?

One common denominator among felons is the lack of any feeling that they, themselves, can create and/or deserve better for themselves than they have. The dreams will take a person, where they are today, regardless of what they've done or how they've been raised and try to make changes in their life for the better. The spirit inside us always wants the best for us whether it's life in prison or life outside. When doing prison dream work we don't need to know what they did. The dreams do the heavy work, instilling a sense of self-worth. A sense of self worth, purpose, and peace can do wonders. You know it. I know it. They can find it.

Sonja came to my first class in the women's prison. She was about to be released, having served her time. Her dream *had her going back to a man she hated, feared, to have a baby with*

him. "Please," she begged. "Find another meaning for that dream!"

"Tell us all you can remember about the dream," I asked.

She did. *"I have to go to the morgue to identify this idiot's body because before I came to jail he was my boyfriend. I walk in and see a body covered with a sheet on one of those pull out drawers. I pull back the sheet and say yes, it's him. I feel no emotion. His mother is in the corner screaming and carrying on, acting real crazy. I turn to leave and my attention is drawn to another drawer that I reach out and pull open. Inside is a live baby girl, sitting up and playing. I push the drawer shut again and leave. Then I change my mind and go back in. Now my boyfriend is alive and playing with the baby."* End of dream.

Sometimes we work a dream assuming that everything and everybody is a part of the dreamer. I explained this to her and said something within herself is dead, something represented by her male side that has personality traits similar to his. "Give me three things that describe him," I asked.

"He's crazy, loving and undependent." She quickly came back.

"Does this at all describe you?" I asked.

"You got that right!" She replied.

"You also described the mother as acting crazy," I reminded her.

One of the other women shouted out, "And you've got yourself backed into

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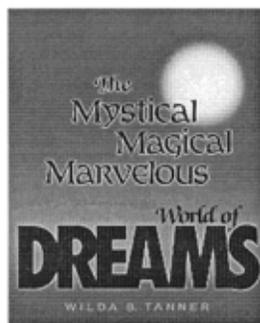
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a corner!" to which they all laughed.

"Perhaps you feel the male should be providing for you. Maybe it is something that you can do to provide for yourself that you let die."

"For sure," she said. "I have no clue how to take care of myself."

"What about the baby?" another inmate asked.

"A baby is a new life, a new opportunity, perhaps a talent you were born with; it's in your hands whether or not to open that drawer. Since the baby is not brand new, I would suspect you know what your talent is."

The inmates started shouting, "It's your singing!"

The relief and joy on her face was amazing! She need not go back to her abuser. She has been given the privilege to pursue something she loves and that 'right' came from the higher power inside her, the higher power that speaks in our dreams.

The Chaplain said that lives were changed that night.

Sarina was another whose self pride, self identity, changed before my eyes and every week, for several weeks, we all could see the change coming. Her self identity was built on the men she said she had in her life. She whined constantly, so they tell me, about being ignored by them: no birthday cards, no gifts of money, no Christmas cards... yet all her conversation revolved around how important she was to these men and how great they were.

Her first dreams reported in the group were of being *given gifts by one or another of them* (there were three). She told one dream like this.: "*Roy gave me a beautiful large candle holder. It was shaped like a clown, holding its hands out in front of him for a votive.*" This began the change in her total demeanor when she realized the dreams were saying she was being made a fool of. She got

angry and the other inmates praised her for realizing she has a strong core of conviction in her, a core of who she really is and what she really deserves... and it isn't being tied to these men. Instead of a whiner, she found her identity in this dream. She became a woman who finally believed she knew herself to be better than what they dictated!

A later dream had her *beating up one of her ex's and his ex*. I explained that these were ex parts of herself, who she used to be. The rest of the dream confirmed this. In it *her mothers voice said, "Don't worry. That's not who you are any more. You are better than that!"*

I have been privileged to be part of disappearing night terrors and seeing angry women loose their anger and become productive. We all know when we work with our dreams, the dreams often reward us and the rewards are even bigger when an inmate's thoughts about him\herself are straightened out. Rewards come in prison, also.

I'd love to hear from any of you doing similar work or if you are thinking of working in this venue. I have teaching tools, handouts you can use, advise of what not to say, how to handle the nightmares a lot of inmates have, and perhaps I can be of help getting you into a prison, half-way house or youth camp to do this work. By banding together we can make sure our voices are heard in the halls thus far closed to dreams and dream workers. The time is ripe! ☺

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Carol Oschmann is the author of *God Speaks In Dreams: Connect With Him And Each Other*. This first book of hers set out to prove God exists and that two-way conversation with Him is possible. It contains a lot of instances of dreaming for other people. Her next book (already in process) is on prison dream work. eMail Ms. Oschmann at cjoschmann1@aol.com.



Early statues were shorter and more rounded in the middle than later ones

The Remaining Mysteries of Easter Island

by Charles A. Winstead III, Ph.D. and Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.

THE PUZZLES OF EASTER ISLAND'S VANISHED CIVILIZATION AND ITS GIANT STATUES are unique in archaeology because of the isolation of this barren, volcanic land from its neighbors. Current archaeological evidence indicates that some 1,200 years ago the island's first settlers, explorers from Polynesia, found themselves in a pristine paradise with subtropical forests, dozens of bird species, and no predators. They prospered, multiplied, and distributed resources in a manner that suggests a sophisticated economy and a complex political system. Emulating the stone carvings of their Polynesian forebears, they began erecting ever-larger statues on platforms, as rival clans tried to surpass each other with displays of power and wealth. They had named the island "Rapa Nui" or "Big Island" apparently because it resembled "Rapa Iti" or "Little Island" elsewhere in Polynesia. Other traditional names for the island are "Te Pito o Te Henua" or "The Navel of the World" and "Mata Ki Te Rani" or "Eyes Looking at Heaven" (Gray, 2004; Van Auken, 2005).

But as the population soared, the forests were cut more rapidly than they were regenerating, and the once plentiful trees were transformed into fuel, canoes, houses, and devices for transporting the gigantic stone heads. Because there was no indigenous animal life, the growing populace consumed the local birds and insects as well as rats, descendants of those that had stowed away during the original settlement. The absence of wood for seagoing canoes reduced the fish catches; erosion and deforestation diminished crop yields. Disorder ensued; clan fought clan, toppling and desecrating each other's statues in the process. By the time the Dutch explorers arrived in 1772, the once-fertile island was barren and desolate. Its remaining inhabitants had degenerated into violence, starvation, and cannibalism (Diamond, 2005, chapter 2). In December 2003, we had the opportunity to observe Easter Island first-hand, spending a week there and participating in five archeological tours. This essay attempts to convey our impressions of this remote island and discuss its mysteries, both those that have been solved by archeologists and histories, and those that remain enigmas.

Two Legendary Dreams

Easter Island is referred to by many names. In Spanish it is called Isla De Pascua, referring to the arrival on Easter Sunday by Dutch explorers. However, it is likely that at least one Spanish expedition passed by the island in the late 16th century, and that the English buccaneer Edward Davis landed there in 1687 (Flenley & Bahn, 2002, pp. 1-2). The Spanish claim is supported by the presence of Basque genes among current inhabitants; however, lusty whalers could have donated these genes during the 19th century because Basques were often members of these commercial voyages (p. 2). The English claim is a weak

one since Davis' journal does not mention the stone monoliths that would have been strikingly visible at that time.

Captain Cook paid a brief visit to Easter Island in 1774; a Tahitian native accompanied him and was able to converse with the islanders, telling Cook about their Polynesian origins. DNA testing later verified this assertion, linking the islanders to the Marquesas or Society Islands (Flenley & Bahn, 2002, p. 9) or to Mangareva, Pitcairn, or Henderson (Diamond, 2005, p. 88). John Flenley and Paul Bahn (2002) underline how unlikely it was that Rapa Nui "was found even once, and how incredibly unlikely it is that it maintained contacts with the outside world" (p. 74). Easter Island is the most remote habitable place in the world; the nearest land masses are Chile, 2,300 miles to the east, and Pitcairn Island, 1,300 miles to the west. Its initial discovery remains a mystery shrouded in legend and oral tradition, although Jared Diamond (2005) has noted that Polynesians knew how to anticipate an island (e.g., observing flocks of seabirds) long before land became visible (p. 88). Hence the discovery of Rapa Nui may have been premeditated rather than accidental.

The word Rapa Nui does duty as the name for the language, the island, and the people of the island (Fuentes, 1960). Legend has it that Hotu A Matu'a (translated as "The Great Parent"), a Polynesian monarch from the land of Hiva, had a dream of *a large (nui) island (rapa) that would be suitable for settling*. This event is said to have occurred around the 4th century C.E., when Hotu sent a group of seven sailors on a mission to locate that island. They were successful, and Hotu decided that his extended family should move to this island. Radiocarbon dating of reeds thought to have come from an ancient grave placed this settlement as early as 318 C.E.

(Gray, 2004), but later data indicate that the reeds were not associated with human activity and that a date no earlier than 900 C.E., based on wood charcoal, was proposed (Diamond, 2005, p. 89). More recently, radiocarbon data discount the 900 C.E. date and imply that the island was populated even later, about 1200 C.E. (Hunt & Lipo, 2006).

A reliable chronology is essential for the understanding of the cultural, ecological, and demographic processes involved in the rise and fall of this civilization. Major time and energy was invested in the monumental architecture that appears to have been constructed shortly after colonization. Therefore, that is why tracing this isolated civilization—that once flourished but suffered ecological catastrophe—is an important endeavor. Earlier Polynesian colonizations on Fiji, Tonga, and Samoa date back some 2,800 years, but did not expand into Cooks, Societies, Marquesas, and Hawaii until about 800 C.E. New Zealand was settled at about the same time that settlers arrived in Rapa Nui. These dates have been confirmed by radiocarbon dating of seeds gnawed by the Polynesian rat, a species commensal with humans (Hunt & Lipo, 2006). In addition, Hunt and Lipo (2006) excavated 12 distinct strata, finding that the bottom stratum of clay was entirely devoid of cultural materials, confirming a 1222 C.E. date for the initial human occupation. These data seem persuasive but some dissenters still hold out for an earlier date (Gibbons, 2006).

Whatever the date of settlement, there are legendary accounts that Hotu A Matu'a and his community sailed to the new land in two ships, one of his own and one of his sister, Ave Rei Pua. According to tradition, these canoes not only carried at least 100 people but also provisions (such as potable water), domesticated poultry, animals (pigs and dogs that later

became extinct), seed stocks, cuttings, whole plants, and other items deemed necessary for the new settlement. Today, the legendary seven sailors are memorialized on a hillside far from the coast at a location known as Ahu Akivi (Rapa Nui, 2003).

The early legends and traditions, known as Pua Aroa Hoa, were compiled in a Rapa Nui manuscript, written at the beginning of the 20th century. This document tells the history of Hotu A Matu'a in detail, as well as the circumstances that motivated his departure from Hiva, his ancestral land. During the reign of Hotu's father, King Ariki Matu'a, the kingdom's seers (maori) foretold that *one day the earth would rise, leaving disaster in its wake*. Therefore, following generations were told to construct canoes to be ready to escape at any time. There was another well-known tale concerning the dream of Haumaka, a Polynesian spirit, who looked to the east for a new land. On arriving at the land, *the dreaming spirit descended over the islets in the southwest corner of the main island*, now known as Motu Kao Kao, Motu Iti, and Motu Nui. *The spirit ran through the island over the southern coast up to the bay*, currently known as Anakena. Hotu decided to forestall disaster by finding the location in Haumaka's dream, a place where he and his people could live in safety (Rapa Nui, 2003).

On occasion, *the spirit returned and possessed the sleeping body of Haumaka*, who again consulted with the original king, Hotu A Matu'a. Being privy to these consultations, the seers passed on the information to Hotu's successors who used the reports as a guide for decision making and public policy. However, the Pua Aroa Hoa account does not answer a crucial question posed by Jacob Roggeveen, the early Dutch sea captain. Noting that the islanders' watercrafts were "small and leaky canoes"

(Diamond, 2005, p. 81) capable of holding only one or two people, how could the 100 or more Polynesian colonists have safely brought their crops, poultry, and drinking water on a two or three week journey from their native land?

Attempts to answer this question were made by Thor Heyerdahl (1958) who speculated that the navigators came from Chile, and by Erich von Daniken (1969) who claimed that the stone monuments were erected by stranded aliens from outer space before their rescue. Neither author's claims faced what Diamond called "overwhelming evidence" that Easter Island's culture and language grew out of Polynesian antecedents, that the culture's sole domestic animal, the chicken, was typically Polynesian and that the unearthed skulls exhibit specifically Polynesian features (p. 86). Hence, it is more parsimonious to conjecture that over the centuries Easter Islanders lost the canoe-building skills of their progenitors because they had no need or desire for extensive sea travel.

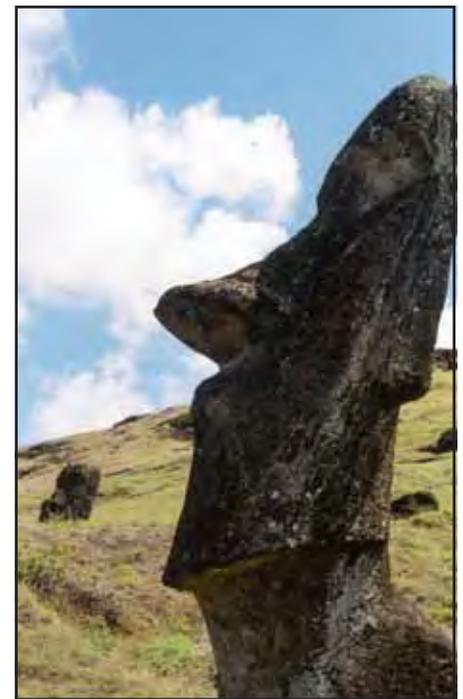
Social and Spiritual Hierarchies

At its peak, Easter Island might have been home to 30,000 people (Diamond, 2004, p. 90) who lived in a dozen subdivisions integrated under the leadership of one paramount chief. Considerable archeological evidence indicates that these clan territories worked well together, trading basalt, fish, and other localized resources. From the legendary reign of King Hotu A Matu'a onward, a social order became well defined. It included the royal family (aria pack), the religious aristocracy (consisting of seers or maori and priests or ii at), and military chiefs (matatoa). Further down in the hierarchy were the teachers (maori Rongo Rongo, whose major duty was teaching the art of reading the script by the same name), and

the commoners (huru manu) who fell at the bottom of the social pyramid (Rapa Nui, 2003).

The position of the aristocracy was sustained on divine origin as descendants of the creator gods. The Ariki's lineage from Rapa Nui established that the first born son was to be given the power of the religious leader, or major priest, of the island. Important men such as the Ariki purportedly were endowed with special spiritual powers called varua, and protected by the traditional rules or tapu.

Another hierarchy was composed of spiritual entities. Make Make, the creator god, was omnipresent; and brought varua into the world. At the second level fell the forces of nature, or Aku Aku, including the ocean, storms, sharks, and other agencies. One description of Aku Aku places it in the center of the earth, especially in volcanic lava. It is asleep but upon awakening, it would voraciously consume the earth. Hence, specific rituals are required to keep Aku Aku tran-



This field of statues lies between the primary quarry where the statues were carved and the coast where they were installed

quill. This description of Aku Aku describes it as neither male nor female, neither good nor evil. The human counterpart of Aku Aku resides in the blood, and similar requirements are needed to avoid its awakening and the ensuing disasters. An alternative description holds that Aku Aku is omnipresent, as is the deity Make Make. However, in this form Aku Aku is a malignant counterpart to the positive energy of Make Make.

The third level of the spiritual hierarchy is composed of ancestral spirits who are able to intervene with the spirit world on behalf of the living. When people die, their varua or spirit energy continues to exist. Edifices referred to as moia probably were constructed to provide a receptacle for the varua. Once an ancestor was housed in a moia, he or she could continue to provide support for the living.

The fourth spiritual level is everyday varua, which is present in all things, ranging from light to living people. One type of everyday varua is the varua mai tai, a dream spirit who is able to walk in the world even during the day. Another type is varua moi, a special type of oil used in a lamp as well as a special grease prepared from animal fat or sweet potatoes and used for lubrication.

The "Birdman Cult" was a late development. In springtime, aspiring tribal leaders sent representatives to sequester themselves in a ceremonial cave until the day when they would leap off the cliffs and swim to nearby islets. The first to return with the egg of the sooty tern, a white bird with long, narrow wings with black fringes, was announced Birdman Chief, but only for one year. The ceremony was threatened during the civil wars of the 1600s, when clan rivalry destroyed many statues and traditions. However, the cult survived until the 1860s, and Birdman petroglyphs are still visible

(Flenley & Bahn, 2001, pp. 175-177).

The term varua is used not only to describe spiritual energy but spiritual practices, such as conversing with spirits. An oral tradition is used to teach children the chants that are used to contact the spirits of ancestors. These chants utilize the ancient Rongo Rongo language, the language supposedly depicted on stone tablets. However, the connection between the chants and the writing has been lost. Spirits are contacted for various purposes, such as protection against earthly enemies and malignant spirits, providing advice to treat injuries and illnesses (such as what plant to use for medicinal purposes), and to assist in conflict resolution and provide for survival during times of natural disasters.

Dreams are considered to be an important vehicle for communication between humans and the spiritual world, and moe varua is a term used to describe dream interpretation. For example, if someone dreams that an acquaintance or family member is sleeping, it is believed that death will follow. Dreams are considered to be part of the spirit world. In this world, spirits do not always take human form; they can be animals or even inanimate objects.

Young members of a clan go to an elder to learn about the spiritual practices that involve varua of different types. This connection with the elder often continues past the elder's death because the special abilities of the elder result from the knowledge and ability to control and channel varua. The moai structures were constructed not only to provide a sanctuary or receptacle for the varua of deceased elders but also to provide a locus for the entreaties of living persons who wish to communicate with those deceased elders. The completed statue would represent the elder's vivid face (aringa ora), and would project varua

over the land and those who lived on it. The development of these stone structures is yet another example of how this connection with deceased rulers and other elders developed over time and produced spectacular visible results (Mena, 2002; Van Tillburg, 2004).

The Statues

The most impressive feat of the Easter Islanders' Stone Age culture is the production of some 838 gigantic stone statues, the moai, and the placement of several of them on platforms or altars, the ahu. They were apparently created between the 10th and 17th centuries, and show a clear evolution in size and style (Mena, 2002). The outside world's first recorded mention of the moai appears in the journal of Cornelius Bowman, one of Roggeveen's captains. On April 8, 1722, Bowman wrote, "On land we saw several high statues in the heathen fashion" (Flenley & Bahn, 1002, p. 106). The Spaniards who apparently sailed by Rapa Nui in 1770 seemed to have mistaken the statues for huge shrubs. Captain Cook's party heard the term ariki applied to some of the statues, and later explorers noted that islanders often used nicknames for them (e.g., "Twisted Neck," "Tattooed One," "Stinker") (p. 109).

The American author Herman Melville (1917), in *Typee*, relates how he came upon a huge wooden statue with staring eyes, standing on a stone platform. The mutineers of the ship *Bounty* found large stone images standing on shrines in Pitcairn Island; unfortunately, they threw them off a cliff (Flenley & Bahn, 2003, pp.103-104).

The Polynesian origin of Rapa Nui partially explains the motivation behind the statues' creation; the carving of huge human figures in igneous rock to honor (and sometimes to bury) royalty was fairly common in Polynesia. For example, in the Marquesas there are large statues of rotund men placed on ceremonial platforms simi-

lar to the ahu in Rapa Nui. The statues not only memorialized departed nobility, but were believed to serve a protective function for the living. Rapa Nui rises some 10,000 feet up from the floor of the Pacific Ocean; it has no natural reefs to protect its shores from tidal waves. No two of the statues are identical; dozens of them contain detailed designs in bas-relief on their backs that may signify signs of rank. Between the fingertips and below the navel of a typical moai is a feature believed to be a hami, the fold of a loincloth. Occasional lines that curve across the small of the back are thought to represent the maro, the sacred loincloth of authority. The maro was important in denoting the ranks of both chiefs and priests throughout Polynesia (p. 205).

Although the average moai was between 13 and 14 feet tall and weighed about 10 tons, "El Gigante," arguably the largest statue ever created, is over 68 feet in length and weighs some 270 tons. Lying unfinished in a quarry, it is one of Easter Island's enigmas. Was it commissioned by an egocentric ruler? Was it abandoned once the workers realized that it could not be raised or moved? Perhaps it was never intended to be a standing statue, but simply a colossal petroglyph or funerary statue. Or it may have been abandoned as part of the general cessation of statue building that occurred during Rapa Nui's decline (Mena, 2002; Flenley & Bahn, 2002, p. 105).

A moai that is 32 feet in length was moved onboard a ship by British sailors in 1868 and taken to an archeological museum in London. When it left the island, the natives referred to it as *hoa haka nana*, "the stolen friend." Later, carved blocks (*paenga*) from an ahu were used for the construction of water tanks (Mena, 2002). However, natives themselves had used stones from these platforms to construct garden walks (*manavai*) and



The authors viewing the primary caldera on Rapa Nui

burial chambers, the latter being required once traditional cremation was no longer possible due to the lack of wood (Diamond, 2005, p. 110).

The earliest moai were fairly small, naturalistic in style, and represented only the head. These heads were more round and less detailed than later constructions. The heads were placed atop the sarcophagal platforms constructed between the villages and the sea, facing the village. As time passed, the heads became more stylized, taller, and more elaborate incorporating the arms, the torso, and the hands at their base. Later, a new style was developed incorporating red top-knots (*pukao*) that probably represented hair or possibly feathered hats or crowns. One *pukao* is 6 feet in diameter and weighs 11.5 tons; lifting it to the top of its moai would have been an engineering challenge. Not only is the process of raising the statues onto their platforms poorly understood, but the placement of the *pukao* remains "a truly awesome and prestigious feat of engineering" (Flenley & Bahn, 2001, p. 145).

Eyeballs were made from a variety of substances including coral, and the pupils often were made from obsidian or other stones. The latter moai were much taller, had leaner torsos, and slimmer heads. They had more elongated facial features and higher

foreheads to support the top-knots. Few examples of the coral eyeballs have been found, leading some writers to suggest that the sockets were meant to remain empty, at least during one stage of the construction process.

Flenley and Bahn (2001) wrote that "it is virtually certain that the statues represented high-ranking ancestors, often serve as their funerary monument, and kept their memory alive" (p. 109). They speculate that

eyes were left uncarved while the ancestor was still alive; only after death were the sockets hollowed out, the statue moved to its platform, and its eyes and sometime a headdress put in place, perhaps to activate the statue's *varua* or spiritual power.

There was always danger from salt spray damaging the crops or tidal waves endangering villages; however, the figures were erected facing the villages rather than the ocean (pp. 109-110). Because the gender of the statues is ambiguous, some writers have speculated that the nose was deliberately or unconsciously shaped as a symbolic phallus, while the protruding thin lips with a groove between them was carved in the form of a vagina (p. 110).

Most of the moai were carved from a soft yellow-brown pyroclastic rock formed when lava was ejected into the air. This rock is known as *lapilli tuff* or *Rano Ruraku tuff*, because half the statues have been found in that volcanic quarry known as *Rano Ruraku* (named after an ancestral spirit). The statues made from *Rano Ruraku tuff* were all erected on platforms. These statues are larger than the 55 or so moai made from other stone such as red or gray *scoria*, *basalt*, and *trachyte*, the latter a dense white stone. Instead of metal, pillory and *basalt adzes* (*toki*) as well as those made

from even harder stones were used for carving; the finished product was polished with pumice and similar materials.

The quarry of Rano Ruraku, the origin of over 90% of the island's moai, is one of the world's most extraordinary archeological sites. Diamond (2002) has written, "No other site that I have visited made such a ghostly impression on me" (p. 80). Flenley and Bahn (2001) have suggested that a number of fairly independent groups from different parts of the island carved the moai rather than being under the domination of a central power. This may have been a competitive effort, and may explain, at least in part, the high number of unfinished moai in Rano Ruraku and on other parts of the island.

Perhaps because of competition, perhaps out of boredom, perhaps out of devotion, prehistoric people (in Western Europe as well as on Rapa Nui) spent vast amounts of time and toil carving, transporting, and erecting the huge stones. Heyerdahl (1958) hired six men to use local picks to carve the outline of a 15-foot statue. It took them three days, and it was estimated that it would have taken at about one year for a team of 20 men, working daily, to complete a statue.

Flenley and Bahn (2001) concluded, "What is certain is that specialized master-craftsmen were at work here; the islanders reported that the sculptors had been a privileged class, their craft being hereditary in the male line, and that it was a matter of great pride to be a member of a sculptor's family" (p. 116). The figures were carved on their backs, with the base usually pointing down-slope. Early moai heads are rounder, wider, and have low foreheads. As this practice evolved, statues grew to include the torso down to the waist. Arms are depicted coming down the sides, fingers meeting just below the navel. As time passes, the figures become taller

and leaner, and the faces become more angular. The red stone pukhao was introduced in the later period of statue building and this feature required higher and more substantial forehead designs.

The stone altars or platforms (ahu) were made from rubble held in place by four basalt restraining walls, holding up to 15 moa per ahu. They resemble similar structures in eastern Polynesia, reinforcing the opinion of most writers regarding the origin of the islanders. However, the ahu are not the only type of stone structure on Rapa Nui. The following list is organized more or less chronologically according to when the various structures are thought to have appeared, according to our local guides. • Hare moa, a stone structure used to house chickens. • Manavai, stone enclosures and pathways to protect crops. • Hare paenga, foundations for a simple shelter. This style of construction, still abundantly in use, resulted when arriving settlers turned their canoes upside down for shelter (Mena, 2002). Stacks of rock around the perimeter form walls.

Cave houses resulted when the mouths of caves were closed off with walls. Later, these enclosures were expanded, forming three walls of additional rooms. The mouth of the cave was part of the fourth wall.

Free-standing dwellings were constructed in a manner similar to the expanded enclosures in front of the cave houses, although the cave is not present and the construction forms all four walls.

We visited one cave used as an early burial site and a pit used as a crematorium. The outdoor sarcophagi resembled homes of the free-standing type, but were filled in with rock rubble; archeologists refer to them as Ahu Sarcophagi. However, burial seemed to have been the exception rather than the rule in Rapa Nui, be-

cause no early skeletons have been found. However, cremation was not a typical practice in eastern and central Polynesia (Flenley & Bahn. 2001, p. 136). At some point, stone carvings representing the deceased ancestor were placed atop the Ahu Sarcophagi. In the earliest days of this practice, moai were short and depicted the head only. At Ahu Akivi, a site restored in 1960, there are gravesites directly behind the statues. At other sites, the sites were placed between the village and the shoreline. Some are quite close to the shore suggesting that the island ran out of room for burial sites. Cremation was not a typical practice in eastern and central Polynesia (Flenley & Bahn. 2001, p. 136), but the scarcity of land may have demanded it in Rapa Nui.

Later, semi-pyramidal ahu were constructed composed of several layers of stacked finely worked stone blocks, lifting the moai up two to three meters off the ground at their base. Thor Heyerdahl interpreted this stone work as suggesting that the people of Rapa Nui emigrated from South America and were influenced by Incan style of stone work. However, the dates of the two pieces of work do not coincide and the Rapa Nui style of stone work is substantially different. Incan pyramids are of solid construction throughout, whereas the semi-pyramidal ahu are filled with rubble.

Earlier moai had shorter heads and short ears and later moai had larger heads and long ears, leading Heyerdahl (1950) to misinterpret the name of the two primary clans as "short ears" and "long ears," or "thin people" and "fat people." Heyerdahl speculated that these were the two groups, perhaps representing two different waves of migration, who fought battles and toppled the moai. He surmised that the battles destroyed a large amount of the island's natural resources; it is more likely that the ruined ecology triggered the civil wars

rather than resulting from them. In addition, it is plausible that these differences in the moai represent an evolution reflecting changing tastes, purposes, and shifting placements of the moai.

How Were the Statues Moved?

The Rapa Nui culture was a Stone Age culture; the wheel was unknown as was the manufacture of metal tools. This was, however, the only Polynesian culture known to have developed a script, the Rongo Rongo, which was engraved on wooden boards. In addition to their skills in navigation, the Easter Islanders were talented engineers, as is evident when one inspects the moai and the ahu. Heyerdahl (1958) famously mimicked the engineers of Rapa Nui, "Guess how this engineering work was done! Guess how we moved those gigantic figures down the steep walls of the volcano and carried them over the hills to any place on the island we liked!"

In 1722, the Dutch explorer Roggeveen was misled by the color of the tuff and its composite nature, concluding that the statues were molded in situ from a mixture of clay and stones; some of Cook's officers came to the same conclusion in 1774. When the islanders were asked how the statues were moved, they responded that they walked a short distance each day until they reached their platforms. Before ridiculing this explanation as the conjecture of "primitive minds," one should read the contemporary account of Erich van Daniken (1969) who attributed the construction of the statues as well as their placement to stranded extraterrestrials!

Most archeologists take more parsimonious approaches, noting that the transportation was not necessarily the weight of the moai but their fragility; Rona Raraku tuff is not extremely solid or dense, and it was important not to damage the images that had already

been carved on the figures. Hundreds of statues had been moved from the quarry, some of the smaller ones more than six miles (Flenley & Bahn, 2001, p. 122).

In 1934, a team from Belgium and France moved a six ton statue with a sledge pulled by 100 islanders. Heyerdahl's team moved a ten ton statue with a sledge pulled by some 180 islanders using two parallel ropes. Another oral tradition holds that, rather than self-initiated walking, the statues were pulled by men using lubricants made from mashed sweet potatoes and yams. The current conjectures can be summarized:

1) Dragging. This version is the currently favored academic explanation, and one variety adds poles or beams that were used as leverage. The moai are hypothesized to have been lifted and tilted forward. A Czech engineer worked with a nine ton replica of a moai, placing it on a sledge; 30 men were unable to move it. Using sweet potatoes paste made the pulling easier, but when the sledge was placed on beams, only ten men were needed to pull it. Other successful attempts have used rollers and slides (Flenley & Bahn, 2001, pp. 122-126).

However, these endeavors were made on surfaces smoother than the Rapa Nui pathways. Diamond's (2005, p. 100) suggestion that modified "canoe ladders" were the transport vehicles accords with dragging devices elsewhere in the Pacific. Oral traditions hold that, once transported, the moai were erected with ramps of stones, levered by logs (p. 101).

2) Walking. This supposition holds that the statues were propped upright, tilted from side to side, and then shuffled forward. This conjecture may have originated in the legends that that the statues "walked" to their locations. The original objection to this scenario of upright transportation was that swiveling damages the base of

the statue, and that the friction would soon have worn the soft tuff down to the statue's nostrils. However, an American geologist worked around this problem by placing a replica statue upright on two green logs carved into sledge runners, and then raised it onto a track of small wooden rollers. He was able to move the statue nearly 150 feet in two minutes using 25 men and two ropes (Flenley & Bahn, 2001, pp. 127). This method causes no damage to the base and would be feasible even on hilly terrain. However, it presupposes the presence of material for rope construction, an assumption that is open to question given current knowledge of the tree bark available at the time (p. 129).

3) Carrying. Recent excavations and examinations of the moai roads suggest a more complicated explanation to some writers (Mena, 2002). It has been posited that vertical posts were placed over the two sides of specially prepared pathways and the statues were carried with ropes and levers. Some were carried to the sea, where boats transported them to their eventual sites; indeed, a large number of completed moai are close to the water's edge. However, this placement was to be expected if the statues' function was one of protection; further, the rope, lever, and post explanation assumes a plentiful supply of rope material, a debatable conjecture (as stated earlier).

4) Varua. Rather than attributing the feat to extraterrestrials, a few writers (e.g., Gray, 2004; Van Auken, 2005) have put forward the idea that some type of anomalous energy was used to move the moai to their positions. One version of this position has the statues being moved to rafts by varua, then taken to their approximate location and lifted into place with varua again. The tangential "evidence" for this feat is said to include

(Continued on page 44)

The O

by Jude

*In my dream, I am walking through an enormous maze
Decorated with bushes, shrubbery
And an awesome arrangement of flowers and fountains*

*In the distance I see a giant gazebo:
Alongside its parameters are gothic-style birdcages
Hanging from ivy-clustered overlays
Where birds of every design
Are a chirping symphony of color and song*

*Not far ahead are pebbled walkways
Leading to the nucleus
Of this tantalizing dreamscape*

*Within all this beauty,
Within all these patterns of visual stimulus,
I see my shadow flickering on and off
Disfigured by the light
Filtering through trees
Swaying slowly to a gentle breeze*

*I have such an intense feeling of isolation
Walking through this labyrinth of invisible heartbeats
That never made it through the maze*



Gazebo

e ForÈse

*That I almost feel disfigured by the light
Filtering through the treetops*

*From the gazebo,
I can hear voices calling to one another
As if they're trying to get a sense of where they are*

*They call each other's names
But no one answers*

*I walk up to the gazebo
Climb the white wooden stairs
Reaching the platform, I see a beautiful fountain*

*I lean over and stare into my reflection
Where I see a assortment of faces
Shifting form and gender
Each one speaking only one word*

Together forming a sentence

"Look to the dawn and see the expressions within you"

I awake, Yet the morning still has time to arrive



Fall Into Fear

Dream Painting & Comments on the Dream/Art
by Brenda Ferrimani

I even say "Show Me" out loud in waking reality and I wake myself up.

My painting depicts the dream I had the night after 9/11 and is the reason why I wanted to use the Trade Towers burning as the backdrop to this work.

In waking life I was feeling tremendous fear, along with the rest of the world, after the terrorists' attack the day before. Coyote allowed me to be sucked into this dark abyss of fear to learn about its illusion and my own power over it. **In the dream I was able to stop my fall by waking up!** By becoming conscious, I can choose love over fear and change the world I live in.

On a collective level, I believe the dream is warning us all to wake up to the negative effects of fear to our planet. We must become conscious of this deadly emotion and face problems in the waking world with compassion.

I am reminded of the famous Author/Astronomer, Carl Sagan, who always referred to the time that we are living in as an age of "technological adolescence" and said the first question he would ask of an Alien visitor might be, "How did your world survive its adolescence without destroying itself?"

On some level I know I made contact with a higher intelligence that night of 9/12/2001 through my dream experience. Yet, I'm still puzzled why, when given the chance to ask anything of my visitor, I asked about my own purpose. Perhaps this is where all important work begins, with an internal focus: changing the world one person at a time. Another thought is that what was communicated about

my own purpose is too strange or alien for my mind to comprehend at this point in my development.

Recently, I attended a Dream Retreat with Jeremy Taylor. One of the dreams we considered as a group also contained strange writing that could not be understood by the dreamer. Jeremy asked the group, "How many of you have had dreams containing unreadable/alien writing, or alchemical symbols?" At least 80% of the dreamers raised their hands! The resulting discussion from this astonishing show of hands was very convincing to me, the implication being that a new language may be evolving; perhaps a new way of communicating primarily through images and symbols, which will far surpass present-day verbal language in effectiveness. This idea resonated deeply for me and seemed to explain the mystery of the alien writing in my dream.

Being an artist, it thrills me to ponder the importance of art in communicating spiritual ideas and the possible unifying effect the emergence of a new language could have for the planet.

Also, with every dream painting—as with every dream—I always ask, "Why this, now?" It is now 2007 and most people have dealt with the horror of 9/11, have done their inner work and have moved on. I, on the other hand, have chosen this time to postpone all my creative projects in order to paint "Fall Into Fear." Why?

On a personal level, the last two years have been filled with loss and pain. Everything in my life has changed and I have come to see this period as "The Deconstruction of Brenda." I have had to face all my fears straight in the face

in order to learn the lesson Coyote meant for me personally in my dream.

During this time I have actually considered giving up my goals as a painter and dreamworker, because life had gotten so tough! Through my suffering, I realized what my greatest fear actually is: When in that sacred void, I ask: "What is for me, here?" I fear the answer will be deadly silent, or after waiting a long while I will hear echoing through the universe, "NOTHING,... NO SPECIAL PURPOSE."

Anyone could accuse me of taking myself and my life too seriously and as I contemplated the death of my own ego, I could almost hear Coyote laugh as lyrics from the *National Lampoon's* "Desiderata" played back to me... "You are a fluke of the universe; you have no right to be here. Whether or not you can hear it, the Universe is laughing behind your back."

I have believed my work was what "God" or the "Universe" wanted me to do and couldn't for the life of me understand why I wasn't being supported! Now, there is the realization that I—after throwing off Christian Fundamentalist conditioning years ago—have still been calling out to a Maker/God to save me and to "Show Me" what to do! Until recently I have not realized how I play a vital part in determining my own purpose and in co-creating my life day-by-day; that the God force is in everything, including me, and not apart from me. I am part of something so big and miraculous, I can only move with it and inside it. I've realized it's a beautiful interaction with life that I am participating in, not just reacting to... and *that* I am beginning to appreciate.

Perhaps what's viewed as "alien" in the dream is personal power that has not been understood or claimed, yet this power is one and the same as the power of the universe. ☺

Dream Inspired Artistry



“Fall Into Fear” Artist-Dreamer-Author Brenda Ferrimani

The Dream

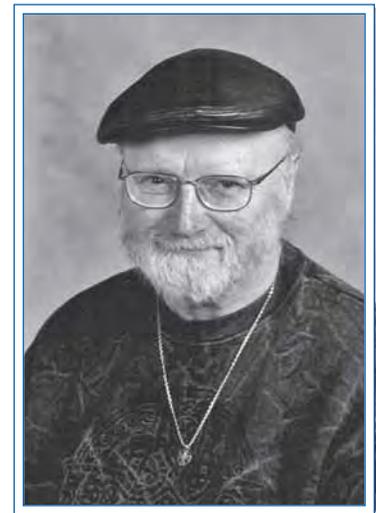
“I am in my bed at night. I hear coyotes in the distance. There's a window at the foot of the bed and a light in the sky, shining in. I sense there's something out there. I move toward the window and as I do I am sucked out! I begin falling into endless darkness.

I am falling down, down into this deep darkness.

I feel like screaming, but then I remind myself I am dreaming.

At this point I become lucid.

I can see and feel everything slow, and I stop falling. I ask, “What is for me here?” I demand, “SHOW ME, SHOW ME!” Then, I begin to move upward. I see the stars as I am traveling up to the heavens. Then huge metal discs with alien writing start moving up around me. I yell once more, “SHOW ME!”



by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.

DREAMS IN THE NEWS

...sometimes the dream is the news

Not finding any “dreams in the news” very compelling, I decided to devote this issue’s column to those times when dreams *are* the news. What I mean are those not so frequent occasions where the dream strikes one as strongly as some unexpected and shocking headline does. Such dreams, like some headlines, hit one “like a bolt out of the blue.” One is “thunder struck.” “Struck dumb.” These Zusean impacts embody experiential moments of what Rudolph Otto called *mysterium tremendum*. Just as impactful headlines announce collective history’s turning points, such dreams announce the fateful twists and turns of an individual life. Such dreams are *tremendously* important.

For the past long while, I have been working on a book I have titled, *Gleanings from the Dreamfield*. In it I am telling the essential story of my life through the lens of thirteen such “headline” dreams, as well as trying to lay out what I have learned about dreams—particularly these *kinds* of dreams—in my nearly forty years practice as a Jungian dream analyst. I imagine it completing what I have come to think of as a trilogy, along with the previously published *Words As Eggs* and *Psyche Speaks*.

It has been a while since I had such a dream. In fact, it had been quite a long while since I had any dreams I recalled. In the fall of 2000, during a

routine stress test, some abnormalities appeared in my EKG. Through further testing and finally an exploratory angiogram, it was discovered that all my major heart arteries were severely blocked. Very quickly I underwent a quintuple by-pass operation. It saved my life. The surgeon indicated I probably had no more than a month to live. This form of “silent heart disease” (without major symptoms) usually announces itself through a fatal heart attack.

This event changed my life in many ways. One of them was a disruption in memory processes, including the more or less complete cessation of the awareness or memory of dreams—an

enormous loss to me, since dreams have played such a profound role in my personal and professional life. During the operation, the heart is stopped, with the blood being circulated by a machine. I was aware of the curious relation between heart and memory ("to learn by heart"), as well as the irony of a short story I had written when in junior high based on a dream. The story was called, "When Dreams Stopped," and was about what happened to the world when people stopped dreaming! "Dreamless in Seattle" I would say, attempting a little comic cover for the pain I felt.

Last summer, a pain began in my right foot that seemed to emanate from the toes. This pain was not at all silent. It became so excruciating that I finally went to the doctor and was sent on to an orthopedic specialist. It seems I had developed a "Morton's Neroma" in the nerve branch between the second and third toes. After minor treatments proved ineffective, it was concluded that surgery to cut the nerves was the only solution.

Because of a fortuitous combination of warnings against such surgery (from my wife and friends), I began to research "alternatives." Diligent internet searching brought the information that electro-acupuncture was a successful treatment for Morton's neroma. I began a course of treatments and within short order the pain was gone and has been gone ever since. But of more relevance here is the fact that in addition to the treatment for my foot, I pursued with the acupuncturist the issue of working on my memory problem.

It was just around the sixth anniversary of my heart surgery (and the resultant loss of dreams) when the dreams returned! There is no way to prove that the acupuncture treatment was the cause of this. But I believe that it was. The medical offerings to bring back my dreams were nil and

fruitless. With the acupuncture treatments my dreams were returning. I was overjoyed!

During this period of treatment, the acupuncturist had told me about a couple of books by her friends Carol Anthony and Hanna Moog. The books were *I CHING: The Oracle of the Cosmic Way* and *Healing Yourself the Cosmic Way Based on the I Ching*. I have just about every edition of the *I Ching* that has been published, so I gobbled up these two books as well. It was during the reading of these two books that I had my first "headline" dream in many years.

In this dream,

I am making a gourd bowl from a Chinese "bottle-type" gourd. I paint the outside to have the appearance of being bronzed and the inside, a velvety deep black. I am also painting a set of flat polished river stones. There are to be eight white and eight black. On each of these stones as I do them, I paint one of the eight elemental trigrams from the I Ching. At the bottom of the stone I paint a little dot to indicate the proper orientation of the stone. When I finish, I am to cast a hexagram from these stones by drawing two stones from the gourd bowl that holds them. To determine if each line is fixed or changing, I will draw out two stones in turn for each line. If I draw out two white or two black stones, the line is fixed; if one is

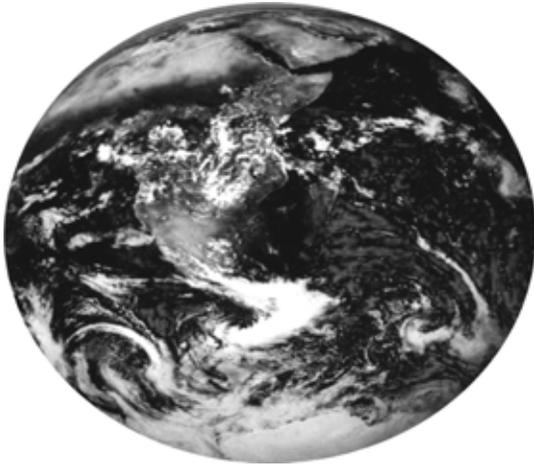
black and one white, then the line is a changing line. In the dream I know there are many ways of casting the oracle, but I have never seen reference to this particular way. The oracle is to be consulted in this way concerning dreams. The dream ends as I am about to cast the first hexagram, which is to be in reference to this very dream.

After my dream drought of more than six years, and after the stream of dreams began to trickle in again, this dream came through with the power of a thunderbolt. I literally was shocked into wakefulness.

I have set about to make the *dream-gourd* with its cache of *dreamstones* and when done I will be casting the oracle in the manner described in the dream. The first cast will be, as the dream itself dictates, about the dream itself. I am telling this dream not only because it is an example of "dream as news," but because in the dream there was a strong sense that this was a dream to be shared. A *com munus*, if you will, a gift to be circulated among those interested in dreams for the hints they bring of the future—*dream as news*.

If you are interested in seeing what comes of this, I am developing an interactive blog for this purpose. You are invited to log on to: <http://dreamgourd.blogspot.com/>

Feel free to participate. Hopefully, by the time you see this in print, I will have finished some of the work which the dream hints at and where I will begin to describe how using the *I Ching* in relation to dreams can open up paths of dreamwork that may be news to you. ☺



Dreaming Planet

Reflections on Dreams in a Transitional Age

Destiny and Dreams

by Paco Mitchell

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO I began recording my dreams. It seemed like the right thing to do: to follow the path of curiosity down into the labyrinth of images, find out what was there and get to the bottom of things—if there was a bottom. Over the years, however, a strange thing began to happen: I realized that whatever “truth” I was pursuing through those tunnels was also, in a manner of speaking, pursuing me.

When I say “pursue,” I don’t mean it was out to get me. Rather, it seemed that some living factor—sometimes a figure within a dream, sometimes the entire dream itself or even something larger than the dream—was seeking to engage me in a process that required my conscious participation, as if for the purpose of bringing forth certain potentials. Occasionally a dream would come along that seemed to sweep my entire life into a basket and hold it there, as if I consisted of a jumble of contents—energies, qualities, experiences, aptitudes, dimensions—that were somehow contained and expressed in a few mystifying images. A hand held the basket and shook it now and then, tumbling me

and all of my “contents” into a new configuration. The process was often disconcerting, to be sure, but it also gave me a greater sense of solidity.

All I could do was hang on, pay attention, try to remember what I had witnessed and by any means possible, do my best to participate—actively—in the weaving together, the realization, of some mysterious pattern. Increasingly, the source of that pattern seemed to lie beyond the dreams themselves even as it gave form to them.

In short, I had to find ways to live in accord with the deeper images that constituted the essence of my being. Another way of saying this is that I had discovered a living, mythic intelligence woven through a long series of dreams, which in turn were connected to crucial events of my life.

This patterning force, I realized, exerted a formative pressure on me and on the shape my life was taking. Sometimes the pressure was subtle, but often it was like a vigorous *thwack!* with the flat side of a paddle. It did this partly by imposing life-tasks, in dreams. The trick, of course, was to discern the tasks implicit in the dreams and the destiny implicit in the tasks. As if that were not difficult enough, I then had to find the courage to carry out the tasks and live the destiny. Easier said than done.

Destiny — a word so often misused in our over-marketed culture, where carelessness toward language is epidemic. [For a fascinating study of words and their relation to psyche, see Russell Lockhart’s book Words As Eggs.] When I speak of destiny, I do not mean “where we end up” (the destination of a trip), or “where we start” (our given lot in life). Nor am I referring to the fortune teller’s use of the term to predict events along the way: e.g., destiny as pre-determination.

I think of destiny as an over-arching pattern—a mosaic of multiple meanings, irrational in its deepest essence—that gives shape and coherence to one’s life and personality. When one catches a glimpse of this pattern in dreams, it is like a revelation of the goal or purpose for which one was created. Meister Eckhart came close to this definition in the fourteenth century when he said that “Every creature is a word of God.” Jung implied much the same thing when he said: “Become the person you have always been.”

Although solitary experience brought me to this sense of the destiny in dreams, the years during which I actively practiced as a Jungian Therapist only strengthened my conviction: Dreams in general, but destiny dreams in particular, reveal the ex-

istence of an active, organizing intelligence—a cosmic intelligence, for all I can tell—since I surely do not know where it begins or ends. It seems as manifestly pervasive in the depths of the cosmos as in the depths of the psyche. I only know that my life unfolds within the grip of something greater than I, which has the power to sustain or put an end to my life and that my well-being is highly contingent upon its well-being.

For this reason I take the actions that I do in the world, for better or for worse, within the limited scope of my abilities or the extent of my influence. At the end of my life, the question of whether I have satisfied the expectations of others will ultimately pale beside the question of whether I have fulfilled the pattern demanded of me by my dreams.

The Gorilla Dream

When I was a child I had a chronic dream about *a gorilla chasing me through underground tunnels*. The dream reminded me of a corny television series I had seen about explorers in pith helmets and jodphurs and little black pistol holsters, roaming through the ruins of a lost city. Occasionally they would encounter a “gorilla” (actually, a man in a gorilla costume) skulking through simulated underground corridors on a TV stage set. Each episode ended with a “cliffhanger,” for example, someone dangling by a shrub or a root attached to the sheer walls of a deep canyon. The next episode began with a re-play of the crucial moment, followed by rescues and escapes which always left the explorers safe and sound.

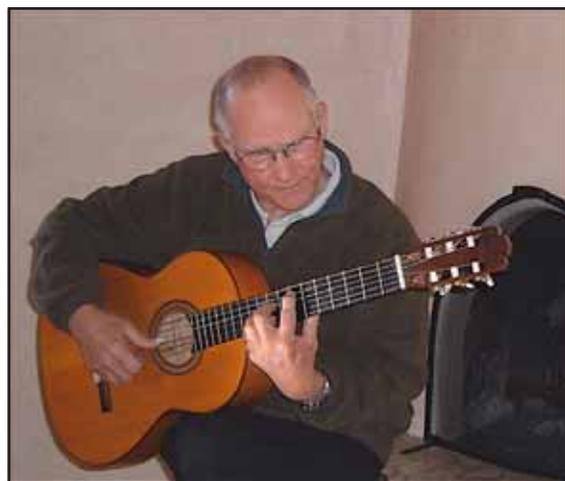
My dream was different. I could see the tunnels from a distance, in cross-section, like an ant colony in a terrarium (even at a young age dreams can give us a perspective on our lives). The network of tunnels shuttled back and forth, not through the contrived materials of a sound stage, but

through a solid bed of black coal. From my point of view in the dream I could see the gorilla chasing me through the dark labyrinth, hot on my heels. But strangely, for all his superior power, he never caught me and he never hurt me. Even so, I regarded the dream as a nightmare simply because it scared me. (It never occurred to me at the time to wonder how it could be that “I” was watching “myself.”

Were there two of me—one that acted and another that observed?)

Eventually I stopped having that dream. Years later, when I finally began my intensive study of Jung and dreams, the gorilla came back to mind, more vital than ever. I saw him in a new light because I realized that, since he lived in those coal tunnels, he therefore knew his way around. If only I could stop being frightened and make friends with him, he could actually guide me through the underworld: A knowledgeable, animal-spirit guide through the unconscious realm of transformative energies and images—the stored sunlight and fire implicit in “coal.”

The more time I spent recording and musing on dreams, the more evident it became that I was naturally suited to the process: in a word, I was destined for it. The gorilla dream loomed in importance and I realized that, by its chronic insistence during childhood, it was telling me that “I could run but I couldn’t hide.” That is, sooner or later I would have to descend into those tunnels, only consciously this time. Some prescience was manifest in my child’s psyche, a knowing in advance, showing me the possibility of a certain direction in life and then insisting on it again and again. All I could do at the time was to wake up groaning, “Oh, no, not the



gorilla dream again!” Little did I know what a gift that dream was and how deep it would eventually lead me into the mysteries of the psyche.

I do not mean to imply that the path of destiny is not fraught with peril. To take up the challenge of one’s individuality—which is ultimately the essence of destiny—is not for the faint of heart. Sooner or later one is liable to encounter deep conflicts that challenge the whole person.

There are, however, compensations. The imaginative genius of dreams encompasses all aspects of our lives, including every possible conflict and every possible solution. It creates thousands upon thousands of images and parades them before us every night, as if to say,

“This shall be your task: To find yourself reflected in these images, then to throw—not just a fragment of yourself—but your whole personality into the fray. Pay your full tribute to life, for you are an offspring of the stars, a living spark of the universe, darkness itself come to light.” ∅

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Paco Mitchell is a writer, depth psychologist, guitarist and sculptor living in Santa Fe, NM. If you have questions, response or suggestions for this new column, please email Mr. Mitchell at [mitchell@cybermesa.com](mailto:mitchell@cybermesa.com).



## THE ANIMAL CONNECTION

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**A** RECENT ISSUE OF *DREAM NETWORK* focused on animal dreams, and it must have stimulated readers, because I received several dreams that contained animal themes. Since we share the same chemistry and earth space with our animal companions, we can connect with their unique energy that lives in our own psyches. One dream in particular was packed with a fascinating mix of animal life and other symbolism that knit the dream together.

*It's daytime and I'm walking outside. I look up and see six of what I think are barn owls flying overhead. I count them and want to make sure I can identify them when I wake up and remember how many there are. Then I come to a large commercial-type building where I go inside and see a baby beaver on the floor. I pick it up and find a blanket or cloth to wrap it in and worry about feeding it. People start to gather and I am feeling so much love for this small little creature in my arms and ask someone to find out what it eats. Then I notice there are large rats running around and one bites my foot. ~L.B.*

We can start to understand this dream by breaking it down. There are three components: the sky, the building, the floor and there are three animals (owl, beaver, rat) associated with each area. The sky is limitless space, an infinite

realm of possibilities. It can represent the spirit, the "oversoul" that crowns our world. It is where the mind can soar and is the crucible for creation. To have owls in the sky during the day grabs attention and underlines their significance. Owls portend death and have been believed to snatch souls, but are also birds that represent wisdom. Six is a number associated with harmony and balance and in this case, the dream most likely speaks to a transition where harmony will reign; that out of any darkness or death there will be rebirth in light. The number six can have many levels of significance for the dreamer, as with the type of owl he dreamed about – barred or barn. I would encourage further research to see how the appearance of six owls from the dreamer's unconscious world connects to waking life circumstances.

Next, the dreamer transitions from the outside to the inside when he enters a commercial site where the remainder of the dream drama unfolds. Metaphorically, this is where the inner work is done. The dreamer finds a baby beaver (representing industriousness, hard work), cares for and nurtures it and envelops it in love. I would say to the dreamer to cultivate and cherish the new project or enterprise that is "birthing" within him. Support is asked for from the

people who gather around and admire this newly born creature. With positive energy flowing into this aspect of the psyche, it appears a new project would gather momentum and flourish with attention and love.

However, there are rats that taunt and menace the dreamer. These creatures are maligned as carriers of plague and death and propose a realistic threat.

They come from the 'underworld' (the dark place in the psyche) in sharp contrast to the owls that fly overhead. A bite could be deadly and impede successful endeavors and a reminder not to let vermin "gnaw" at you, but instead bring new life into manifestation. Maybe its presence is a prompt to not be caught up in the "rat race," but focus on your more industrial and practical aspects to achieve ripening goals.

The three distinct tiers of this dream populated by different animals correlate to the psyche of the dreamer and how he may use the valuable information his inner mind revealed in a productive, positive way. Always remember to find relevance to all aspects of the dream, then apply them to your waking life. ♪

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If you have a dream to submit for review in this column, please write to Ms. King at [contact@dreamtimesguide.com](mailto:contact@dreamtimesguide.com) or visit my new website at [www.dreamtimesguide.com](http://www.dreamtimesguide.com).



by Greg Bogart, Ph.D

# Taming Wild Horses



## A Study of Animal Dream Symbolism & Male Sexuality

### The Dream of the Wild Horses

#### Abstract

This case study describes a course of psychotherapy informed by immersion in the unconscious and reflection on its potent symbolism. The author, a marriage and family therapist, worked for several years with a gay man in his forties grappling with a pattern of infidelities and striving to fully embrace a committed relationship. Exploring a series of 11 dreams helped heal the client's father wound, strengthened self-esteem and self-acceptance, and renewed his capacity to love. The client encountered five animal dream symbols: horse, camel, snake, alligator, and buffalo, representing different facets of his sexuality. Wild horses of libido were gradually transformed. One dream depicted a man wrestling with an enormous snake, an image depicting the eternal hero myth, heralding a process of transformation and emotional rebirth. The author illustrates the clinical usefulness of working with dreams and archetypal symbolism, in this case aiding the resolution of Oedipal conflict, which had previously inhibited satisfaction of central life aims. This paper contributes to our understanding of human sexuality from the perspective of Jungian depth psychology.

**Keywords:** Dream, animal, sexuality

"If any animal gives you advice and you don't follow it, then you are finished... obedience to one's own inner instinctual being is... more essential than anything else."  
Maria Louise von Franz

#### Introduction

This paper describes a process of therapeutic dreamwork I conducted with David, a gay man in his late forties. David was in a long-term, long-distance relationship with a man named George, and he was grappling with a recurring pattern of having affairs during periods when he and George were separated. He had a series of dreams that became a focal point for therapy exploring his fear of commitment, a conflicted relationship with his father, and his tendency to engage in sexually compulsive behavior. We'll meet several animal dream symbols (horse, camel, snake, alligator, buffalo) that had a profoundly healing effect and became an active guiding factor for David, while also depicting archetypal dimensions of human sexuality. We'll note how an animal dream image, in this case, a horse, can evolve and transform over a series of dreams, reflecting the individual's growth in consciousness. This is a story of a person who developed more emotional maturity through working with dreams and the feelings they evoke.

**M**Y NEW CLIENT David wasted no time in telling me about a central concern. During an early therapy session, he told me, "Recently I had unsafe sex during an anonymous encounter at a bathhouse. It was foolish and a lapse of judgement, and I feel a lot of guilt." He then reported this dream:

*I was with friends (all men) in the country. Wild horses saw us and ran toward us. My friends stood aside but I ran to hide inside a truck. The horses ran over to me and reared up on their hind legs. They seemed agitated; smoke was coming out of their nostrils. They reared up, and their hooves came down and dented the hood of the truck and cracked the windshield. The owner of the horses, an older man, came outside and was angry, saying we had caused the horses to run wild.*

David's associations to the horses were that they represented freedom, galloping, instinct, being on a rampage, stampeding. I explained to David that when some figure in a dream is pursuing us, chasing us, or confronting us, it may indicate the emergence of shadow material. Something excluded from our conscious viewpoint is trying to come into consciousness. I suggested that David ask the horses, "Who are you? Why are you in my dream? What part of me do you represent?" David's horses replied, "We represent

strength, energy, and power, uncensored, unbridled. Our message to you is be yourself. Follow your instinct. Don't be afraid."

I asked David to imagine standing inside the body of the horses. "What does that feel like?"

"They are large, strong and proud. I've let other people's view of me diminish my pride in myself. My father was ashamed of me for being a sissy, unathletic, more interested in playing with dolls than in sports. My father lost interest in me, and he was never proud of me. I'd like to have more pride in myself."

I said, "I think the horses also represent your issues about having anonymous sex. Horses remind me of 'feeling your oats.' I think the dream is asking you, 'Does this wild part of myself feel corralled, or does it need to be corralled?' Wild horses remind me of unbridled sex, passion, abandon, galloping, feelings of sexual vigor, strength, and excitement. In the dream there's a sense of freedom but also of danger. The question is, 'Is this energy destructive?' And what does it mean that the owner of the horses is angry with you? He seems like a symbol of the superego, the judge, the inner principle of constraint. He doesn't want the horses to run wild. The owner held you in contempt, expressing disapproval, just like your father did. Unfortunately, in our society gay people sometimes do face contempt from others. It's something you've dealt with all your life. It also becomes something internalized that you feel toward yourself."

David replied, "When you described being treated with contempt, it sent shivers through me. That is exactly how it felt. And just like in the dream, I was blamed for something that wasn't my fault. Being gay isn't my fault. It's just the way I am. I'm realizing through our work here how important my dad's lack of involvement with me really was. His lack of approval caused me to feel flawed. And my sexuality is tied up with this sense of deficiency."

### **The Dream of the Low-Flying Bomber**

At his next session David reported that the night after our last session he had an intense dream:

*I was at George's ranch. Some kind*

*of war was being fought. Small planes flew overhead but high enough so I thought we were safe, but still I felt threatened. Doors and windows were wide open. A plane flew overhead very low. This time I was worried that the house was visible from that low elevation. Was it safer to be in the house hidden, or out in the open? The plane dropped a bomb as well as firing bullets. The house reverberated strongly. I woke up feeling vulnerable and worried, like something bad was going to happen.*

David said, "George's ranch reminds me of George's family. A war being fought reminds me of George's struggles with his dad, who is an alcoholic and a sex addict." David and I noted how relevant it was that a family member evoked by the dream was a sex addict, given his own presenting issue.

Then I asked David, "How are you at war in your life?"

"There's a war inside me trying to reconcile or come to grips with my dad. It's a war about my sexuality, and feeling I have to overachieve to compensate for some fundamental flaw." "So the war reminds you of not being accepted for who you are."

"The dream also reminds me of how at my workplace I feel unwanted by some people in the company because of my sexual orientation. The planes dropping bombs remind me of violence, coming under attack, my fear of gay bashing. I remember being a kid and feeling that I didn't know how to defend myself. The bombs remind me of feelings of urgent fear and threat, and the fact that recently I had unsafe sex, and my fear of AIDS infection."

Later, David said, "Your question about what wars are going on inside me reminds me of my desires to have sex outside of my relationship. I feel torn. I get attracted to other men. Being with George makes me restrain myself most of the time, and I fear damaging that relationship. Yet I have a strong desire to act on those impulses."

"We're still dealing with your dilemma about taming wild horses."

"I'm scared."

"You're torn between your sense of honor and obligation to George, and your feelings of desirousness, the part

of you that feels driven by compulsions, wild horses. Jung said when we are torn between a pair of opposites, we have to bear the tension and wait until a third factor emerges that resolves the conflict. So we'll have to wait and see what emerges." We would not have to wait long for an integrative symbol to emerge from the unconscious, through a dream that conveyed an image of wholeness.

### **The Dream of the Horse, the Judge and the Camel**

I told David, "The dream image where the horses are agitated suggests the presence of inner conflict; there's fire in their eyes."

"Yes, smoke is coming out of their nostrils."

"How are you agitated?"

"Because I feel desire and I don't know what to do with it. I want to act on it and I'm fearful of acting on it. And it's hard keeping it hidden."

"In that dream you can't hide from the horses."

"Yes, they run after me."

"Perhaps the dream is asking you, 'Is this energy destructive? How much can it be let loose and out in the open?'"

At that moment, David spontaneously recalled that two months earlier he had another horse dream ("the day after the previous time I had unsafe sex"):

*At an arena I saw a horse and a woman who appeared to be a judge of a horse show. The horse looked like she was going to do harm to the judge. She leaped forward, kicking the judge's leg, and knocked her down. The horse pawed at her a few times. Some people shooed the horse away. The horse went to the other side of the arena, near where I was. She broke through the fence, ran away from the arena. I saw the horse's profile. Her body was extra long and she had two humps in her back like a camel.*

The arena suggested containment, a defined space. The horse breaks out of containment. The fact that the judge was a woman and the horse was also female suggests that the dream was addressing a problem or issue of the feminine. David said, "The judge reminds me of the judge in me, the judge of my own behavior. My mom was always the moral authority fig-

ure in our family. I never had a sense of my mother as sexual. She made derogatory remarks about people who were sexy or who dressed suggestively. She was very prudish."

"Maybe there's a prudish judge in you that internalized some of her attitudes."

"Yeah, in her eyes, being sexual is not good."

I said, "In the dream the horse harms the judge, kicks her, and paws at her. That reminds me of how sometimes your sexuality can overpower reason, your restraining judgement. But what do the humps and the camel remind you of?"

"A camel reminds me of quiet strength, quiet endurance, fortitude. A camel has persistence, can endure long periods without water and food." "Like the desert of enduring periods without sex."

David said, "Yes. A camel can endure." "It's significant that in the dream the horse turns into a camel. Perhaps you are both the horse and the camel. You've shown that you can break out of the pen like the wild horses. But a camel accepts being tethered, tamed, kept on a leash. You don't think of stampeding camels! The camel represents a more austere attitude, the ability to renounce or channel your desires."

The shift from wild horses to a camel reflected a significant internal shift for David. A reorganization and transformation of energy was under way within the unconscious. The union of the horse and the camel is an example of *coniunctio*, which Edward Edinger described as the creation of consciousness through the union of opposites.

### The Dream of the Circuit Breaker and the Manufacturer's Representative

David's next dream occurred several months later, right after a session when he had discussed thoughts of ending therapy, feeling that he had reached a plateau in his work. This dream had the effect of considerably deepening the therapy.

*I'm in an open, rural space. There's a problem with a circuit breaker on a thing tripping too readily. The manufacturer's representative for the circuit breaker arrived in a late*

*1960s or early 1970s mint condition car. I was surprised that the manufacturer's rep showed up for such a small problem. I compliment him on the car's condition and guessed the date and year. He was impressed with my knowledge of cars. I got in and we drove somewhere. We stopped. There was no top on the car. Was it a convertible or was the top missing?*

The 1960s/70s car reminded David of his adolescence, and his denial and repression of sexuality during his adolescence in the 1960s. "At age fifteen and sixteen I was attracted to other boys but was too uncomfortable to act on it." The car in the dream evoked David's memory of how his budding sexuality got put on hold. The 1960s & 70s reminded him of an era of sexual liberation, gay pride, and sexual freedom. But perhaps the dream was also saying something about the limits of sexual freedom. In the dream a circuit breaker trips too readily. A circuit breaker stops something from going wrong. It provides protection; it's a "prophylactic measure." It suggests being overly cautious; here it is triggered too soon. "Mostly my sexuality has been on the cautious side rather than the dangerous, unsafe side. I've engaged in a lot less promiscuity than some other people. I could have had a lot more sex than I did. Often I put the brakes on, exercising caution. I'm glad there was a circuit breaker. Otherwise I'd be dead now."

The "mint condition" car suggested innocence, being virginal. David said, "It reminds me of my adolescent sexuality." The convertible car reminded David of having fun, being sporty or adventurous, taking an "outin... "coming out, being out in the open about who I am." It was a symbol of freedom, mobility, independence.

I said, "The innate Self, the essence of who you are, is unfolding its integrity from the beginning, like the acorn becoming a tree, realizing its potential. You are unfolding perfectly, exactly as you were made, in mint condition, exactly the way you came off the manufacturing line, just as the Creator made you."

David thanked me for this comment and said that it made him feel closer to me.

The open-top car implied being ex-

posed, revealed, not hiding things. This dream afforded us the opportunity to discuss David's feelings about therapy, and whether he felt he could be completely open with me. We discussed his feelings about whether he would be more comfortable working with a gay-identified therapist. He was aware that there were things he was hiding, not talking about. He felt embarrassed talking about intimate sexual details with me. I said it was important for him to be able to talk openly with me about sex. The open-top car allowed us to have this conversation, and David said he thought he could be more open with me now. Indeed, he felt maybe it could be deeply healing for him to have a therapeutic relationship with a straight man who accepted and affirmed him.

The manufacturer's representative was a specialist sent to help solve, trouble-shoot, or diagnose a problem. David said, "I think maybe it's you, Greg, helping me explore my sexuality. In the dream, the manufacturer's representative provided conscientious service. David commented on how attentive I was to his feelings. The manufacturer's representative symbolized an attentive, nurturing male, a positive father figure. Working with this dream revealed that David was forming a positive transference and had favorable feelings about therapy. He felt renewed commitment to his inner work.

### The Dream of the Swamp and the Snakes

David's next dream contained powerful animal symbolism:

*I am in a lowland area, a swamp, but the water was not murky. I was on firm land next to a tree at water's edge. It occurred to me that alligators might be present so I climbed up a few feet on the tree trunk to be out of harm's way. A man was in the water, up to his knees. Snakes of all sizes were swimming around and he wanted to catch a large one. A ten-inch-wide, eight-foot-long snake was circling around his legs. It raised its head.*

*The man grabbed its mouth and held it open, one hand on each jaw, so it couldn't bite him. He tried to disable the snake by tearing its mouth open. As he did it, I thought*

*that George would object to harming the snake merely for the entertainment of this man.*

A swamp is a transitional place between water and land, between two states of being. It is a place of life, but also of rot, decay, decomposition. I viewed the watery swamp as a sign of activation of the unconscious and the feeling function.

Alligators are a primordial image of reptilian drives and primitive urges. David's associations were that alligators are dangerous, stealthy; they creep up on their victims. Stealth reminded David of "how I'm dealing with having sex outside of my relationship." I said, "I wonder if the dream is implying that there's a connection between stealthy sexual encounters and something that could bite you or injure you. The alligators suggest strong sexual drives that you want to act on. Could that be dangerous?"

"I could contract AIDS or other diseases. Or I could meet someone at the bathhouse who knows me and George; that could definitely be a danger."

The tree at the water's edge suggested safety, refuge. The tree implied life, growth, individuation. Climbing the tree implied ascending, finding an elevated vantage point. "That's why I'm coming here for therapy." Then David said, "I think the man in the water is me." The dream vividly portrayed David's encounter with the instinctual forces of the unconscious.

In the dream, snakes of all sizes are present, which reminded Dave of "immersing myself in sexual possibilities. I've been checking out lots of guys recently." The man with the snake wrapped around him reminded Dave of his desire for sexual encounters. The huge snake circling around the man reminded me of the biblical symbol of sexuality and temptation.

In the dream, disarming the snake was connected to doing something for other people's entertainment and holding it up like a prize or a trophy. "In my twenties and thirties I was wrapped up in whether whomever I was going home with was a prize or conquest. People would be impressed by what a great-looking guy with whom I was going home."

"You sought to affirm your self-worth by taking home a trophy guy."

Disarming the snake was a striking image. Tearing open the snake's mouth could represent ferocious oral craving. In a deeper sense, the dream evoked the archetype of the Hero grappling with the Sea Monster, symbol of the Great Mother, from whom the archetypal male Hero must extricate himself. This was the central mythic theme that fascinated Jung in his book, Symbols of Transformation. In the eternal myth of the Hero, the Hero slays the Dragon, Monster, Gorgon, or Serpent through a primordial act of self-assertion. Marduk slays the dragon Tiamat. Zeus slays the serpent Typhon. The Hero must engage with the monster or serpent, fully encountering its instinctual power, without being engulfed, consumed, or devoured by it. The heroic masculine principle is triumphant over the primal, primitive energy of the Serpent. David's dream portrayed the heroic masculine consciousness grappling with the primitive instinctual psyche. It is important to be able to experience our instinctual life force, without being consumed or overwhelmed by it.



Illustration from  
M. Maier, *Atalanta Fugiens*

I told David, "The dream suggests you are wrestling with an immense titanic power that is potentially overwhelming. This is a mythic dream. You grapple with the great Serpent deity, just as in the Hero's Myth, the male hero wrestles with a dragon or monster. I think this reflects how you are grappling with the titanic force of your sexual drives. The dream suggests that this is a mythic struggle of immense proportions and significance.

The image of the snake circling the man's body is also a representation of the ouroboros, symbol of the regenerative power of the unconscious and its unfolding life force."

The appearance of this symbolism is of some interest to me. The snake or dragon eating its own tail signifies unifying mind and body, intellect and instinct, masculine and feminine, and all the pairs of opposites. In some ouroboros images, two crowned snakes devour one another, fusing into one. The fact that the serpents are crowned is significant and relates the ouroboros symbolism to that of the archetypal king. Hermetic scholar Alexander Roob wrote, "In the Coptic, Ouro means king and in Hebrew *ob* means a snake." Thus, the ouroboros means the "king snake" or "snake king." ∅



Ouroboros illustration reproduced  
from Maier, *Atalanta Fugiens*

End Part One.  
Part Two, concluding this paper, will  
appear in our Winter issue.



BIO: Greg Bogart, Ph.D, MFT, is a psychotherapist in the San Francisco Bay Area, and teaches Counseling Psychology at the California Institute of Integral Studies. This article is excerpted from his upcoming book, Dreamwork and Self-Healing: Unfolding the Symbols of the Unconscious. For information about Mr. Bogart's books, visit [www.dawnmountain.com](http://www.dawnmountain.com) and [www.gregbogart.net](http://www.gregbogart.net). Email: [gbogart@jps.net](mailto:gbogart@jps.net).

## Book Reviews



by Bambi Corso

### In The House of the Riddle Mother:

By Clarissa Pinkola Estés, PH. D.

In this tape series, Clarissa surveys the most common patterns in women's dreams. Compiled from over 26 years of work and research in the field of Jungian psychology and dreamwork, she blends archetypal dream motifs with her innate gift of storytelling to weave together this beautifully spoken audio seminar about the callings and yearnings of women's souls. She also interlaces folklore and fairytales as examples of how to understand symbolism in dreams, giving us a fuller understanding of their natural and often indigenous presentation. Some of the dream themes discussed include dreams about relationships, giving birth, finding treasures, flying, animals in dreams, disaster dreams, recurring dreams and many more.

Clarissa reminds us that there are many ways to look at dreams, that they are like a message in a bottle. She says that the Dream Maker, the Riddle Mother, responds to anything that is asked and gives answers in riddles. It is then up to us to unravel the riddle, to understand the answers to our quest. Clarissa is deeply insightful, an absolute pleasure to listen to. I recommend this tape series to anyone interested in dreams; it is so much more than just tapes, it is a magical and somehow sensory experience that leaves one with the residue of dreamtime throughout your body, mind and spirit.

### Book of Dreams

By Sylvia Browne  
written with Lindsay Harrison  
Signet - Published by New American  
Library, a division of Penguin Group

There are hundreds of books about dreams. As our society becomes more and more interested in the study of dreams, so too, do the writers of our time share their thoughts and learnings of what dreams really mean and how to work with them. While scientists and leaders in the field combine years of scientific data with ongoing studies all designed to bring to light the newest information about dreams, Sylvia Browne in her "Book of Dreams" takes dreaming to the spiritual realm, to create an even more expansive picture of the dreamtime including the fourth dimension.

Being a respected and well written psychic with a life long passion for dreams, Sylvia shares a variety of dream submissions, categorizing them into an easy to follow format for determining the type of dream one has had. Then, Sylvia interlaces dream meanings with her own psychic responses, giving the dreamers a broader perspective as experienced by the soul. Since dreams are working on all of us on many different levels simultaneously, Sylvia's book opens up yet another dimension of our dreaming selves including things like dreams of reincarnation, psychic dreams, visits from deceased loved ones, astral traveling during sleep and more. I found her book to be interesting, fun to read and informational.

If you are interested in encompassing new ways to work with your dreams into your existing work and expanding the possibilities of their source, I recommend Book of Dreams while keeping an open mind and open heart for what, and who, sometimes visits. ☺

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GIANLUCA TORO and  
BENJAMIN THOMAS  
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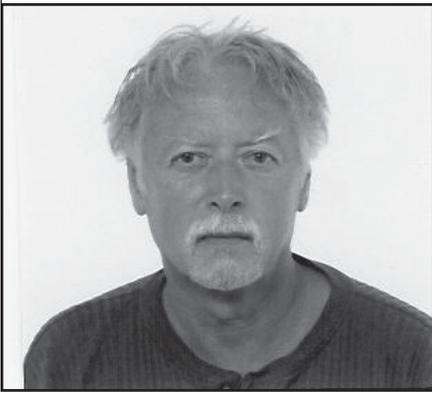
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## Book Reviews



by David Sparenberg

### Quantum Mind

Lao Tse Press, Portland, OR: 2000,  
607 pages, paper \$26.95

### The Dreammaker's Apprentice,

Hampton Roads  
Charlottesville, NC: 2001

202 pages, hardcover \$22.95

### Earth-Based Psychology

Lao Tse Press, Portland, OR: 2007  
292 pages, paper, \$17.95

Admittedly there are times when I am more dismayed than fascinated, wondering if there is a crack in the earthenware, if I am being lead into outer space, or if there is simply a vital link missing in my own experience? Of this however I am certain: Mindell would approve this questioning "if-phase, % encouraging me to be in touch with body, breath and sentient awareness" key terms in the flow-universe of Arnold Mindell.

I came to know of Dr. Mindell rather late in the process of our parallel journeys, having happened upon a copy of his early title **DREAM BODY** at a library sale but three years previous. That book instantly made the short list of favorite contemporary volumes. It is fortunate for others that there is a new edition from the author's own Lao Tse Press out of the Process Work Institute in Portland, Oregon.

But now I look to share some of the flow of Arny Mindell as his pioneering enters the 21st century. Before me are three titles: **QUANTUM MIND**, *The Edge Between Physics And Psychology*; **THE DREAMMAKER'S APPRENTICE**, *Using Heightened States Of Consciousness To Interpret Dreams*; **EARTH BASED PSYCH-**

**LOGY**, *Path Awareness From The Teachings Of Don Juan, Richard Feynman And Lao Tse*. For anyone familiar with the subjects referred to in the subtitles, these titles intimate the copious content.

Still, the reviewing task remains daunting. First, because of the combinations of math, physics and psychology; secondly because the three titles together constitute 1,045 pages. Equally, the guiding thought here, *the flow*, is often riding the wave-edges between consensual and imaginal reality. By way of yet another metaphor, this substantial body of work resembles a richly flavored alphabet soup. One wants to eat and savor, but one wants to stop and play as well, to see what words of intimate meaning can be fished up from the magical broth. This impression suggest the allure and invitation of genuine paradoxical thinking and **EARTH BASED PSYCHOLOGY**, in particular, may well come to occupy a place similar to another seminal work from the counter culture of the Vietnam era, namely **THE POLITICS OF EXPERIENCE** by RD Lang.

All in all, justice cannot be done to the several years, if not decades, of experience based thought transcribed onto these pages. So I read and come to a resolution, knowing that to really connect with this flow I, too, need months if not years of meditative study, dreaming, dream working, experimentation. Before this challenge, I must settle into an open humility, confessing that the best to be had is to share with the reader optimal results of my connecting thus far. Maybe, just possibly, proceeding in this way is to realize some of what Mindell calls "Path Awareness"?

Starting with **EARTH BASED PSYCHOLOGY**, after three days I make a spontaneous connection between the Mindell discussion of the way quantum waves morph and respond when observed and a personal experience with a passing raven on an isolated, summer road in Canada. The connection is ripe, birthing a prose poem in honor of Arnold Mindell. Next, searching for better understandings

for usages of specific terms, I turn to **THE DREAMMAKER'S APPRENTICE** and on page 25 find a diagram depicting the schemata of three concentric spheres identifying Dreaming, Dreams and Everyday Consensus Reality. The design is titled *The Dreammaker's Plan*. Immediately I wonder if this scheme connects with the three reality spheres of the Persian mystic Ibn Arabi: Material World, World of Creative Imagination and Godhead (Mindell's Dreammaker). By pages 58-59 I am into practicing a new dream work exercise.

Between the complexity of **THE QUANTUM MIND** and exquisite teachings of **EARTH BASED PSYCHOLOGY**, lightning strikes often, with the effect of motive imagination and shamanic dreaming. I read further and suddenly break off to scribble out a note on the subtle possibilities of dialogue. The note reveals how even frustrated non-knowing turns fruitful. "If we speak in languages that are dissimilar but the movement in both listener and speaker (and vice-versa) is a mirroring movement, reflecting shared awareness, has the communication dissolved the limitations of separation and been successful?"

At another read, I turn from a tickling remark about time to reflection on a line from a recently revised poem, where I use the phrase "Sweet Dove of Now." Again an inspired note: "In saying Sweet Dove of Now, this now is nothing. Yet this seemingly negative becomes affirmation within the Tao of nonlocality. Here Sweet Dove of Now is a specific image-shape, a gestalt, out of the circle without center. And what is that? Self? Tao? Buddha Mind? Christ Consciousness? But am I speaking about myself, or about Arnold Mindell? Likely both, because I am engaged and will honestly wager that Dr. Mindell approves the inclusive answer. Arny is, after all, a person talking with us on the deep democracy of creation and inviting those who feel his words to enter the flow: *to be in touch, to breath, to become conscious of sentient awareness.* ☺

## How to Master Life: The Science Behind *The Secret*

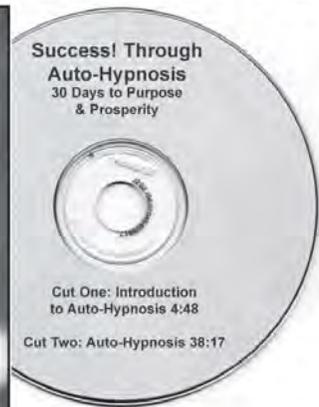
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160pp. \$12.95/Soft Cover

Stephen Hawley Martin, prolific writer/author of many intriguing books—including *Keys to the Kingdom...*, *In My Father's House* and *The Color of Demons*—now brings us *How to Master Life: The Science Behind The Secret*.

The book, *The Secret* (by Kelly Howell) itself has been on the best seller list for months; it imparts the sacred truths spiritual masters have taught for millennia.

In the first part of *How to Master Life: The SCIENCE Behind The Secret*, Hawley Martin has translated a lecture given by Thomas Troward at 'The Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science' in 1904. Troward was attempting to teach the academic community about just that: The Science Behind the age-old but tightly kept Secret. The original talk was geared toward the academic community of the times and Hawley Martin has translated in such a way as to make the wisdom imparted by Troward accessible to all. The second section is from a little volume written by James Allen in 1905 with the familiar title, *As a Man Thinketh* and reveals how Troward's scientific grounding of *The Secret* results in 'the law' (of attraction) manifesting in daily life.

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Hawley Martin writes the Foreword, describing why he was inspired to edit/translate Troward and Allen's wisdom-words and an Afterword, in which he shares the findings of a quantum physics experiment which supports what Troward/Allen have to share.

As we move into an era when each day becomes more dream-like—as we

are becoming more conscious of *living the dream*—this book puts to rest the linear, logical part of our mind's need to understand *how* and *why* the laws of manifesting our desired reality... work. It helps us release the concerns and worries that attract undesirable events and circumstances... so that we may fully co-create and engage in the enchantment and mystery in and surrounding our lives. ☺



# The Joy of Dream Groups

~ & some  
things to consider ~

By Victoria A. Vlach

**I GET EXCITED ABOUT DREAMS.** I like to talk about dreams and explore dreams and dreamstates.

In those first early groups (of the 1980's), I quickly discovered that people were hungry for information about their dreams. They usually came with the question 'What does it *mean*?', looking for a specific, concrete interpretation of their dreams. At the time, the concept that dreams were mysterious and needed an expert who could interpret them was still very strong. I wanted to share what I knew, but I didn't want to be the 'expert' that 'interpreted' dreams – that approach too often takes the power of the dream away from the dreamer and I wanted to help people understand their dreams from the inside. What expertise I had came simply from being a bit further along the path, having a few more tools and resources, and the experience of working with my own dreams. I wanted to connect the heart and the whole body to dreams, as well as the head. And so, like many dreamworkers, I do not 'interpret' dreams. What I do is offer some tools, some techniques, some resources, maybe ask a few questions and make a few suggestions along the way – always mindful that an engaged dreamer is an active dreamer, and when a dreamer is actively engaged, the dream unfolds **for the dreamer from the inside**. The connection,

the 'ah ha', is more deeply felt when it comes from within the dreamer. But you already know this.

I've had a number of dream groups since the '80's. I can't help it – if there isn't a dream group in my life, I'll go looking for one and will put one together if necessary. I've been to a number of dream groups, classes, and workshops over the years, and have had lunch-time dream groups as well as weeknight and weekend groups. I still do dream workshops on occasion. My approach is very eclectic – if it works, I'll use it!

These days, I am Organizer for a dream group on meetup.com ([www.dreams.meetup.com/128](http://www.dreams.meetup.com/128)). I learned about Meetup through Dream Network and took a look to see what Meetup was all about. A number of people were interested in a dream group but no one had stepped up as Organizer. It seemed pretty simple to set things up on Meetup, so I started the Austin Dreams Meetup group.

We've been meeting twice a month for over a year now! Until recently we were the only dream meetup group in Texas. Unlike past groups in which I was the 'leader', this group was set up intentionally as a 'leaderless' group with an open format. It's 'our' group, rather than 'my' group. I see my role as more of a 'facilitator' – attending to group dynamics, following where the group leads, ensur-

ing that everyone has an opportunity to participate, teaching specific dreamwork techniques as we explore dreams in a variety of ways, talking less, listening more, and bringing the conversation back to the dream topic or dream at hand if the conversation goes too far afield (while recognizing that digressions and side-trips do have a valuable place in the process of understanding dreams). I also pay attention to the time so we can wrap up the formal meeting and clear the room for any other group coming in. There are two Assistant Organizers who help with some of the practical matters of the group, and one of them wants to learn to facilitate. I'm excited to help him grow into that role.

In our group, we talk about dreams and end up in conversations about the nature of time, god, group dreams, and multiple realities (for example). We explore common themes like bathroom dreams, flying, or being naked. We play with numerous dreamwork techniques, including 'draw a picture/tell a story,' variations on different 'role playing' techniques, and we frequently use the ever popular 'if it were my dream' technique. Several participants have shared other dreamwork techniques they have learned, and each person's area of interest or expertise provide unique and often fascinating ways to look at a dream. We've also connected with another dreamworker in a nearby community and some members have done dreamwork with her as well. We get together often enough and consistently enough that the 'core' group (those who come most often), now has a 'collective memory' of dreams and can see how someone's dreams change and evolve over time. It's a wonderful feeling to be connected in this way, able to reference a dreamer's past dreams as we help them explore a current dream. And although we do end the formal meeting on time, it is not unusual for folks

to hang out after the meeting, continuing conversations or getting a bite to eat.

When I first began organizing dream groups, there were few models or guidelines for how to organize such a group or what to do as the group grew, bonded, evolved, and changed. Now, there are many, many more resources for people who are interested in putting together an on-going dream group. For example, the regional networkers and groups listed in *Dream Network* are a great resource if you have questions about dreams or dream groups. One of the nicest print resources I've encountered is Justina Lasley's *Honoring the Dream: A Handbook for Dream group Leaders* (2005). This is the book I wish I had when I was starting out. It's a wonderful resource for anyone who is interested in organizing a dream group. (Full disclosure: see my review in vol. 23 #4 /, vol. 24 #1 double issue).

If you are interested in starting a dream group, here are some things to consider and plan for:

**(1)** The reasons or overall purpose of the group. Your reasons/purpose will also influence how you structure the group and meeting format. Will it be strictly discussion? Book reading? Active dream-sharing and dreamwork? Something else? You can always start with a favorite book and do the dreamwork exercises in that book, and modify the format/structure if necessary.

**(2)** A place to meet – coffee houses can be a good option, especially if there is a room that can be reserved. Public libraries typically have rooms for public meetings and groups. Organizations or businesses may also offer rooms for group meetings (some may charge a fee). If you want to meet

at your home, consider having the first few meetings in a public place to get to know each other first.

**(3)** Guidelines that give participants a clear sense of what is and is not acceptable in the context of the group and help create a 'safe space' and 'container' for the group. 'What's shared in the group stays within the group' is one of the most common guidelines. Participants are typically free to talk about their own experiences outside the dream group and are expected to respect the privacy of others in the group. Lasley's book has some excellent suggestion for guidelines. In our group, participants speak from their own experiences and associations ('I' statements) and generally use the 'if it were my dream' technique as the primary tool when offering feedback to a dreamer. It takes a little practice getting used to using 'I' statements (and particularly catching 'you' statements disguised as 'I' statements), but it's worth the effort and will go a long way toward helping the dreamer stay authentically connected to the dream's wisdom while feeling safe enough to explore further. Remember, the dreamers are **always** the final authority on what their dreams are saying to them.

**(4)** Open or closed? Can people come and go randomly, with new people showing up as they hear about the group? Can they come once or twice or do they need to commit to a particular number of meetings? Will the group have a specific size and/or time frame during which new people can or cannot join? Closed groups sometimes choose to 'open' for different reasons – perhaps after a set number of weeks/months, or if the group becomes too small over time.

**(5)** Advertising: Get the word out

– put up fliers around town at places you enjoy visiting, especially bookstores and local shops with clientele who may be more likely to be interested in dreams. Place ads in the local free paper, on Craigslist, etc. Become a dream group organizer on meetup.com or one of the other on-line networking services. Include day, time, location, and contact info on the flier or ad.

**(6)** Expect a good turnout and be prepared that it may take some time for a 'regular' group to form. It took about three months before our meetup group had more than one or two people on a regular basis. Sometimes it would be me and just one other person – and not always the same person. Sometimes it would be just me. But I made the commitment to be there and even if no one else showed up, that time was not wasted – I'd work with my own dreams, read the current issue of *Dream Network*, or catch up on one or the many dream books calling my name.

**(7)** Keep working with your own dreams. Take dream workshop and classes. Talk to other people about dreams and dreaming! Enjoy!

I hope you are as excited about dreams as I am. And I hope that we'll have more and more dream groups and people talking about dreams and sharing dreams and making dream conversations a regular part of every day life. ☺

~ ~ ∞ ~ ~ ∞ ~ ~

*Victoria A. Vlach has been a dreamer all her life. In addition to facilitating dream groups and workshops, she is a Regional Contact and an occasional writer and proofreader for Dream Network).*

a "road" near one of the ahu that leads into the water. Although eccentric, this explanation has the virtue of attributing varua to indigenous people rather than to extraterrestrials; von Daniken's conjecture belittles the abilities and ingenuity of indigenous people in favor of a "superior" species from outer space. Flenley and Bahn (2001) have taken one element of this proposal seriously; they have suggested that some figures might have been transported the short distance from the quarry to the shore and then floated on timbers or rafts around the coast to their platforms. Fragments of Rano Ruraku tuff on a platform-like structure have been found on an offshore island (p. 132).

It is likely that no single explanation will suffice for all the moai; different techniques may have been used for various sizes and styles of the statues. Because the roadbed surfaces were, in all likelihood, too rough to easily accommodate dragging, skidding, or tilting, as well as sledges, rollers, or slides. Flenley and Bahn conclude that "the mystery of statue transportation remains intact" (p. 133).

### **Why Were the Statues Toppled?**

Most of the moai were still standing in 1774 when Captain Cook visited Rapa Nui. However, some fighting was observed and several statues had already been toppled. By the next European visit in 1840, all of the moai had been toppled. If Captain Cook had stayed longer than the few days he spent on the island, there would probably have been no unsolved mysteries of Easter Island. Cook was a keen observer and recorded his observations with meticulous accuracy. Flenley and Bahn (2001) have noted that Cook "would probably have discovered the religious significance of the giant statues, the history of their downfall, and the meaning of the Rongo Rongo" (p. 149).

The toppling of the statues was no easy task, and probably involved ropes, levers, and numerous men working together. The tallest and

heaviest moai ever erected on an ahu was the last to be overthrown, its huge pukao coming to rest only a few feet from it. Many of the statues were beheaded, preventing them from being erected again. Most were toppled landward, perhaps to cover their eyes. In one case, a statue resting on its back had its eyes completely pulverized. It was as if deliberate efforts had been taken to extinguish the varua associated with the huge megaliths, rendering them impotent.

Many writers have concluded that inter-clan fighting was the cause of the statue toppling. In the late prehistoric period of Rapa Nui, there was the sudden appearance of weapons made of obsidian, a material previously used only for tools. It has been suggested that as the population soared, the forests were cut more rapidly than they were regenerating and trees were transformed into fuel, canoes, houses, and rollers and ropes for transporting the gigantic stone heads. The growing populace consumed the local bird and animal populations; the absence of wood for seagoing canoes reduced the fish catches; erosion and deforestation diminished crop yields. Disorder ensued; clan fought clan, toppling and desecrating each other's statues in the process (Diamond, 1995).

A legend regarding the start of the war has to do with a cultural misunderstanding between clans. In one clan, hospitality required special treatment of guests. An old man with only one son was visited by members of another clan. He prepared a special meal of chicken intestines for his guests. The story goes that they were disgusted by what had been presented to them and jokingly refused by stating that they did not eat chicken intestines, rather they only ate human intestines. The old man was bound by traditions of hospitality and killed his only son and prepared the child's intestines for his guests. When the guests saw what the old man had done, they ran away. Realizing that he had been lied to, the old man went to his people and they went to war seeking revenge. Because

of the shortage of resources, this was a war "waiting to happen," and the legendary incident—or one like it—triggered the ensuing bloodshed.

### **Environmental Degradation**

Easter Island provides a model of human-induced environmental degradation (Hunt & Lipo, 2006). Diamond (2002) called it "the most extreme example of forest destruction in the Pacific" (p. 107). The fate of the environment on Easter Island has risen and fallen with the history of the people who have lived there. When the first Polynesian explorers arrived, the island would barely support human life. The colonizers brought food crops and animals with them and relied primarily on fish for protein. The founding population grew rapidly; this growth had immediate visible impacts on the island's ecology. The huge monuments may have represented cultural investments that mediated against the impact of the rising population, such as resource shortfalls (p. 1606). The population may have reached a peak of about 30,000, but shortly after the Europeans arrived, it was reduced to a few hundred people by local wars, Old World diseases, and the European slave trade. The population currently stands at around 3,500.

How could the island's ecology been devastated so completely? Some archaeologists think that adverse storms and changes in the climate occurred. However, it is more likely that indigenous palm trees were cut down for islander use and that the forests were wiped out as a result of the statue building and transporting crazes (Gibbons, 2006). If so, the reduction in forests probably occurred slowly and would have been difficult to detect immediately. One islander might easily have missed the trend, saying, "This year we cleared those woods over there. But trees are starting to grow back again over here." Furthermore, any islander who issued a warning against the oncoming disaster would have been silenced by

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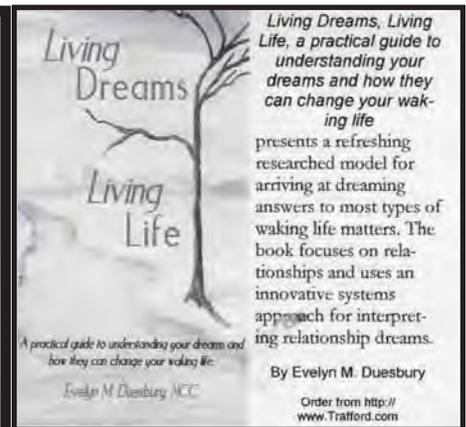
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the ruling class. Chiefs, priests, and stone carvers all depended on stability to retain their positions and privileges.

Soon after European colonization, the island was taken over by sheep ranchers; overgrazing left the island almost completely barren. Nowadays the island has recovered, but overgrazing—this time by horses and cows—seems to be an ever present danger. As a tourist attraction, however, Easter Island has its lessons to teach and its unsolved mysteries to intrigue its visitors. The 17,600 acre Rapa Nui National Park, created in 1966, has been named a UNESCO Heritage Site; the small islands (motu) adjacent to Rapa Nui's southwest corner have been declared Nature's Sanctuary by Chile (Mena. 2002).

## Conclusion ~ ~ ~

Perhaps Easter Island's page in history is a holograph that shows where the planet is headed, a part of the instruction manual so desperately need for the current millennium. Rapa Nui's history may be a microcosm of the Earth, so far. A rising population is faced with dwindling resources. And just as no one could emigrate from Easter Island, the Earth has become so interconnected that it is itself like a single island. There is no place on the planet that is not affected by the ecology of the whole, and people can no more escape into space than the Easter Islanders could flee into the ocean.

In the meantime, what are the remaining mysteries of Easter Island?

We identified several of them during our brief visit:

- Was the migration (or migrations) to Rapa Nui premeditated or by chance?
- When did the initial settlements take place?
- At what point did the vegetation and the land birds disappear?
- What was the purpose of the maori and their puhao?
- How were they moved and erected on to their ahu?
- What differentiated the groups fighting each other during the civil wars?

Since 1888, Easter Island has been a part of Chile's national park system, an arrangement that has protected the legacy of Rapa Nui while allowing archeologists to study its priceless artifacts. In 1995, UNESCO added Easter Island to its list of Natural World Heritage sites, further honoring the uniqueness of this remote but fascinating location. The unsolved mysteries of Rapa Nui will keep scholars and investigators busy for decades, perhaps centuries to come. But the lessons that this island can teach can be applied today to a world ravaged by ecological destruction. ☺

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1. This description came from a folk singer at our hotel. Other interviewees concurred.
2. This description came from our tour guide. Other people we interviewed concurred with various details of each oral description.
3. Images of this type of carved head/image were present at the island museum and in situ in the fields near vai heva.
4. Heyerdahl's theories are not held in high repute, but he deserves credit for hiring a cadre of islanders to raise a 25-ton, 10-foot statue, build a ramp under it, and place it on a platform in only 18 days (Flenley & Bahn, 2001, p. 141). The moai was damaged in transit, an event that probably discredits Heyerdahl's notion of transit mechanisms (Diamond, 2005).

Preparation of this paper was supported by the Chair for the Study of Consciousness, Saybrook Graduate School and Research Center, San Francisco, California.

## Ain't Gonna Take It No More

I am in a motel in the desert, in the South West with my mother and her sister, my Aunt Esther. It's a '50's decorated place. (I had been living in Sedona for awhile. My Aunt had actually had her leg amputated and she was in the dream in this state.)

My Aunt and I are looking out of a big picture window, divided into a grid. It is sunset and I say, "Look how beautiful the sunset is."

We gaze out the window at the horizon in the distance. It is brilliant orange and red. From the distant horizon I see what at first seems like a huge black cloud, but it's a flock of blackbirds flying towards us.

As the flock flies closer, their shapes get bigger, change and I strain my eyes to see and I say in astonishment:

"That's not birds, they're trees!"

A column of uprooted trees is flying in a vector formation towards us and is encompassing the whole vista of the dream. The trees have no leaves, they are only black trees with huge roots and branches flying across the sky. As they fly over the motel, I panic and say, "We've got to get out of here."

The scene shifts to outside the motel in the parking lot and there's a '57 era station wagon parked outside with wooden panelled sides. I jump in the driver's seat, my Aunt beside me in front and my mother in the back seat. (I actually don't drive in my waking life.) I start the car and begin driving off across the desert. There are no roads. The gigantic trees are flying overhead of us now and I am racing to get out of their flight path. I think that they are going to start falling and sure enough, a tree drops on top of the car roof denting it and I can feel the weight on my head. I know we will all be fine and I continue to drive with the weight of the tree on the car.

I awakened in a panic, feeling that this was a Big Dream. My intuitional, emotional sense of it was that the Trees were very angry, like saying they weren't going to take it anymore; they uprooted themselves and were flying away... off the planet.

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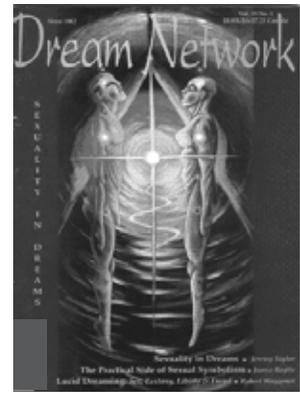
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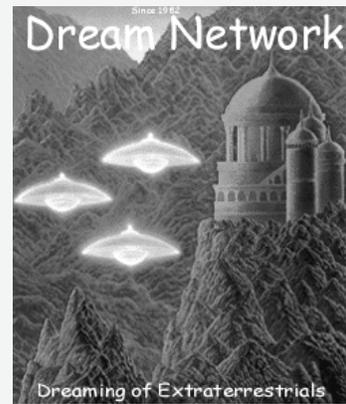
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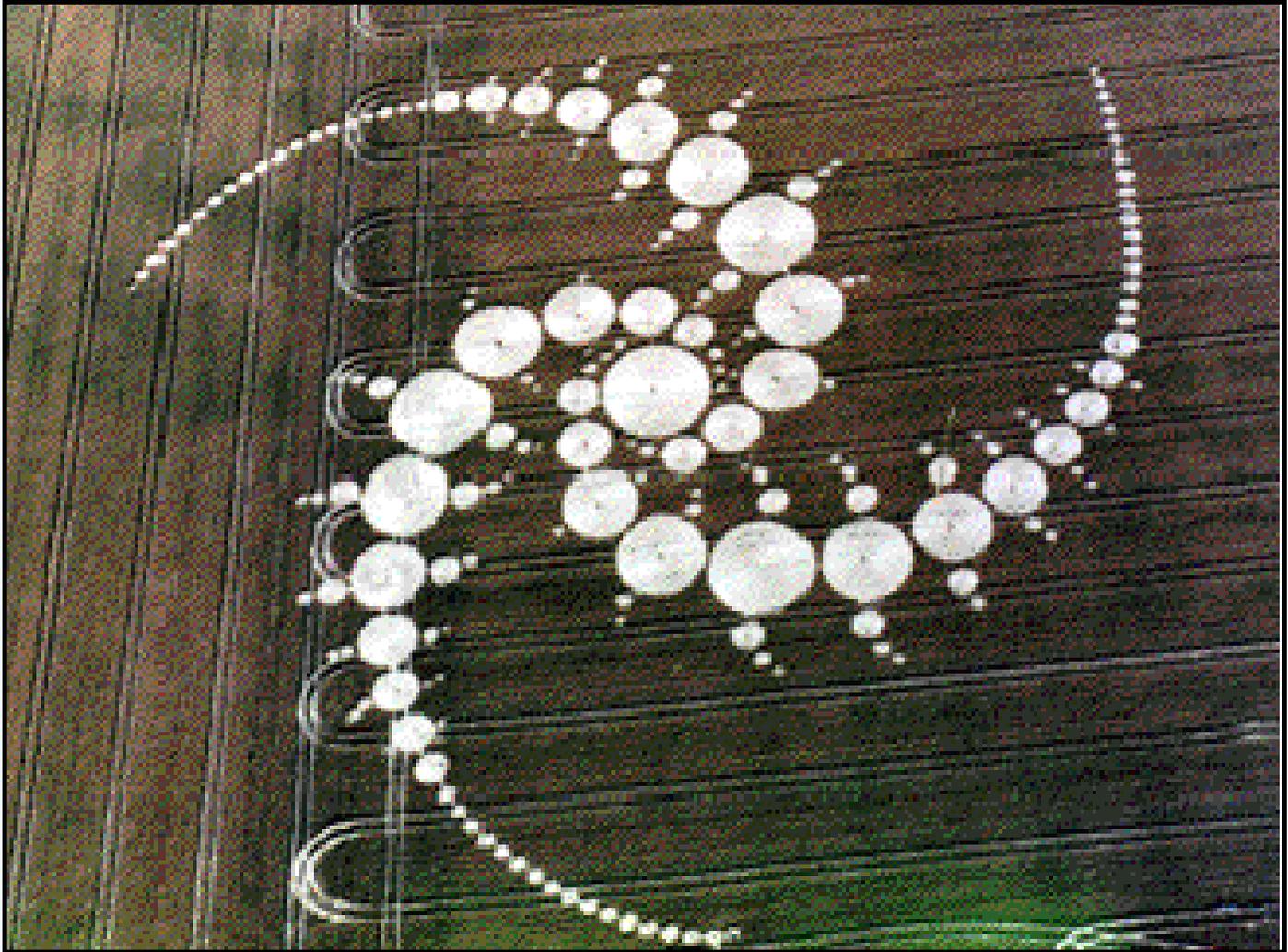
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