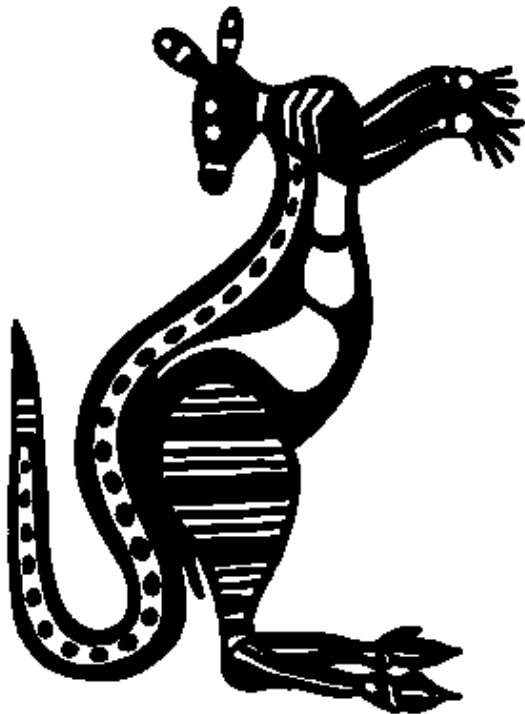


# The Secret of Dreaming

*a tale from indigenous Australia*



## Foreward

*The Secret of Dreaming* isn't really one story. Neither is it a story of one people, or even one person. It is many stories from many peoples, always changing, always being revised, retold, recreated. There are countless incarnations and retellings of the Dreaming myth even among individual native communities, which warrants inconceivable variety taken collectively. Through all its forms, the essence of the *Secret of Dreaming* remains constant.

This particular telling has been published in at least two sources I have found, both of which are published for profit. (Cultural appropriation, anyone?) The words published herein are my take on the published sources, shamelessly and joyfully stolen from the civilized Western fools who think they can make intellectual property out of a living story, out of a people.

The *Secret of Dreaming* or *Dreamtime* is often thought of as the “Aboriginal creation myth.” From certain perspectives this is true: the story does detail the formation of the world and its various inhabitants. However, by sharing republishing this story, it is not my intention to push this creation myth (or any other) as the correct or determinant account of how it is we (as in all life, not just humans) came to be. The objective reality (insofar as there is such a thing) of the story is irrelevant anyway. The Dreaming has in part created the cultures of numerous native Australian groups, it is part of who they are. More to the point, it *is* who they are. Thus, in certain respects it is real and true.

Stories define the cultures who give them life. And if anything is to be learned about the people who created (who *are*) this story, it is that they are human beings. That is, they recognize that they are animals, that they have a niche to fill in the many ecosystems they inhabit, that they are brothers and sisters to all the plants and animals and

“inanimate” things in the world, and that they are interconnected with all life. They are one with- they *are*- the earth.

The civilized have lost (read: forcefully eradicated) all of these vital aspects of human existence. We must recover them, then feed and nourish them, pass them on to whatever future generations are unfortunate enough to inhabit the now dying planet. All life is dependent on our landbases, on the planet to whom we belong, and this world- these landbases- is being slaughtered. We must absolutely annihilate those who are actively killing the world, we must destroy and dismantle industry, and we must remind ourselves how to live and be human. And in so doing we must learn to tell old and invent new stories. Otherwise, we are nothing.

It is with these thoughts in mind that I give to you, cherished readers and friends, *The Secret of Dreaming*. Learn it, care for it, grow it, grow from it, and pass it along.

~ Rowan WalkingWolf

## The Secret of Dreaming

Once there was nothing.

Nothing...  
but the Spirit-of-All-Life

For a long time the Spirit-of-all-Life  
dwelt in the nothing.

Then,  
in the mind of the Spirit-of-Life  
...a Dreaming began.

In the empty darkness  
there was a Dreaming of Fire,  
And the colors of Fire illuminated the darkness  
within the mind of the Spirit-of-Life.

Then came a Dreaming of Wind,  
and the Fire snapped and snarled,  
fed by the blowing of Wind,  
in the mind of the Spirit-of-Life.

Then came a Dreaming of Rain,  
and with it a great struggle.

For a long time,  
the battle of Fire-Wind-Rain  
raged in the Dreaming.

And the Great Spirit liked the Dream,  
So the Dreaming continued.

Eventually, the battle waned  
between Fire, Wind, and Rain.

The calm that followed brought  
a Dreaming of Earth and Sky,  
and of Land and Sea.

For a long time  
this Dreaming continued.

The Great Spirit began to grow tired  
from the long Dreaming,  
but knew the Dream was not finished,  
and wanted the Dream to continue.

So Life was sent into the Dream  
to make it real,  
and for Creator Spirits  
to continue the Dreaming.

So the Spirit-of-All-Life  
sent the Secret of Dreaming  
into the world...

And the Secret of Dreaming entered  
into the Spirit of Barramundi,  
who is the Fish.

And Barramundi  
descended to the deep, still waters,  
relaxed in the calm  
...and began to Dream.

The Dream took Barramundi  
to waves and wet sand.

But Barramundi  
did not understand the Dream,  
and wanted to Dream  
only of the deep, still waters.

So Barramundi  
passed the Secret of Dreaming  
to the Spirit of Currikee,  
who is the Turtle.

Currikee  
paddled out of the waves,  
settled onto the wet sand  
...and began to Dream.

Currikee Dreamed  
the smoothness of pebbles,  
and the warmth of the sun.

But Currikee  
did not understand the Dream,  
and wanted to Dream  
only of the waves and wet sand.

So Currikee  
guided the Secret of Dreaming  
to the Spirit of Bogai,  
who is the Lizard.

Bogai  
climbed onto a bed of pebbles,  
felt the sun's heat upon his back  
...and began to Dream.

The Dreaming flew Bogai  
through the clear sky  
by the lift of the wind.

But Bogai  
did not understand the Dream,  
and wanted to Dream  
only of the smooth pebbles and sunshine.

So Bogai  
ushered the Secret of Dreaming  
onto the Spirit of Bunjil,  
who is the Eagle.

Bunjil  
harnessed the wind under her wings,  
soared into the cloudless sky  
...and began to Dream.

Bunjil Dreamed  
of tall trees and the blanket of night sky.

But Bunjil  
did not understand the Dream,  
and wanted to Dream  
only of the wind and open sky.

So Bunjil  
released the Secret of Dreaming  
onto the Spirit of Coonerang,  
who is the Possum.

Coonerang  
scampered into the tallest tree,

lost herself in the twinkling of stars  
...and began to Dream.

The Dream sang Coonerang  
the rustle of yellow grass and wide plains.

But Coonerang  
did not understand the Dream,  
and wanted to Dream  
only of great trees and the blackness of night.

So Coonerang  
allowed the Secret of Dreaming to pass  
onto the Spirit of Gangurru,  
which is the Kangaroo.

Gangurru  
leapt high above the yellow grass,  
contemplated the wide plain  
...and began to Dream.

The Dreaming tickled the ears of Gangurru  
with music and song and laughter.

But Gangurru  
did not understand the Dream,  
and wanted to Dream  
only of the broad plains and swaying grass.

So Gangurru  
handed the Secret of Dreaming  
to the Spirit of Humanity.

And Man and Woman  
walked across the land

and saw all the works of Creation,  
given life by the Dreaming  
of the mind of the Spirit-of-All-Life.

Woman and Man  
heard the chorus of birdsong at dawn,  
saw the red sun eat the horizon at dusk,  
...and began to Dream.

They Dreamed  
of joining in the music of dawnbirds,  
of dancing with the head-bobbing Emu,  
and of sinking into ochre with the sunset.

They Dreamed also  
of the laughter of children.

And Man and Woman understood the Dream.

So They continued to Dream,  
and Dreamed again  
all the Dreams that had come before.

They Dreamed  
of the deep, tranquil water,  
of the waves and damp sand,  
of the rocks and sunbeams,  
of the clear sky and breeze,  
of the trees and the night sky,  
and of the plains of yellow grass.

And Woman and Man learned through the Dreaming  
that all creatures were their spirit cousins,  
and that they must protect the Dreaming  
of all life.

And They Dreamed  
of their Child,  
who They knew would soon arrive.

And They Dreamed  
of how they would teach these Secrets of Dreaming  
to this child who was not yet born.

Then the Great-Spirit-of-Life knew at last  
that the Secret of Dreaming was safe.

Being tired  
from the Dreaming of Creation,  
the Spirit-of-All-Life entered the Land  
to rest and recover.

That is why now,  
when the spirits of all creatures  
become tired,  
they join the Spirit-of-Life in the Land.

This is why the Land is Sacred,  
and Man and Woman must be its Caretakers,  
just as They protect the Secret of Dreaming.





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