

FIRST MAN OF COLOR

By ~~LA~~ CW Achin 18.21

The last week or so many of my dreams have been about ancient times. Like Ice Age Times. When woolly Mammoths roamed the earth, huge Caribou meandered the forest, lots of animals, horses that were short.

Sunday night, I dreamed I was talking to the First man of Color. His name was Wu'in. Wu'in had several designs on his face. He said that he was a holy man from far away.

I began to compare notes on the various herb of the region with Wu'in. Wu'in was telling me that in his travels he had heard about clans who had eaten the flesh of many animals. Wu'in, then smiled and laughed, probably at my shocked look. I said "Only the flesh of the Totem animals are

suppose to be eaten." Wu'in said, in his visions, people were not only eating the flesh of their Totem animals, but, other animals as well.

I must have looked shocked again, because Wu'in laughed really hard.

I told him that I had ridden on the back of a four-legged animal. It was Wu'in turn to look shock!

We talked by the fire, long into the night, then slept under the stars with a cold wind blowing from the mountains.

The next day I got a look at some of the symbols which Wu'in had tattooed on his face. They looked familiar. Sort of Indian. Sort of like ruins.....

Wu'in saw me looking at the headband and said, "although,

you are a blessed spirit, the tattoos,
are only for the light bodies to see.

Wu'in told me about a
device that he could sit on that
allowed him to cross water without
getting wet.



Wu'in be{lie}ved that the
light bodies spoke with all the two
legged ones; however, only a few of
"us" listened to them and to what
they have to offer. When we do
listen to them, they have taught us
ways to make our lives better.

The light bodies gives us a
gift of knowledge. This
knowledge has kept "us" alive
during the times of the ice.

Much to my surprise,
Wu'in be{lie}ved that in several
generations, the Mountains of
Ice would turn into water, the
vallerys would be filled with water.

The land would move and four
legged ^{creatures} would die or change.

CREATURES

Winged ones would change forms,
maybe even walk among us as...
I was captivated. It was so
much for me to imagine!

Wu'in grinned and hugged
me with tears in his eyes. He
was convinced that I was truly a
seer. He knew I was feeling
and trusting his words. My
instincts all told me he was right.

I was leaping forward
imagining my children,
grandchildren, other children, not
having to wear heavy fur for
warmth. How free it would feel
to have our skins against the wind.

I saw it, felt it... Something!

Later, Wu'in and I
were speaking without words: He
and I had minds that could take
in thoughts, looking far back into
the past and far ahead into the
future. Wu'in used the example of
riding horses. How did it come
to be? Thought-a desire. What
about the water crossing surface
device? Thought-a desire to do it.
Wu'in asked me what I thought

would happen if we both were living, and being in the same area? If the light beings would talk more to us, since there would be two of us? Or, if they would dislike it? Should we stay together or separate?

I invited him to spend the night, and stay in my cave; I suggested that the time was right to...learn.

In learning we would know if the light beings were displeased. We smiled at each other. I felt hopeful and excited about the "truth seeking" we were about to embark upon.

Dusk the next morning, as I suspected, Wu'in was gone. I looked away in the distance, wondering if the light being had taken him. I was also ~~contemplating~~ ^{contemplating} whether I'd ever see him again.

lelele

When I awoke from this dream, I instinctively knew that the Shaman, Wu'in, the First man of Color-was me!

Commentary{1}: I have had several dreams of this time period. I'm hunting with a big stick, gathering food and usually traveling alone. I have a cave dwelling and I appear to be settled into it real nicely. I can see a glacier from the opening of my dwelling.

Makes me wonder about all the studies and analyzes that goes into the study of ancient cave dwellings. The predilection of these studies is that they are analytically descriptive of the lives and times of ancient people. I wasn't giving my hands blisters, in an attempt to carve current events into the stone walls. My drawings were about mystical visions and dreams. ^{of the future}

The human race is sometimes so absurd. In their

interpretation of the past, they readily forget the same concepts, that apply in their lives, would have applied in ancient times.

Life breathes, grows, changes and shifts. It has many dimensions, facets, colors and shades. How can we accurately define it; Much less understand and capture it? I think it must come from our search for identity.

A need to understand the unknown, to own and to conquer it.

In the minds of many people, if they see something they don't understand, they feel this need and act as if they have a right to define it.