

# Hunting with the Heart

*A Vision Quest to Spiritual  
Emergence*



## Hunting with the Heart

### Reviews

I found *Hunting with the Heart* moving, inspirational, well written, well structured (in terms of the balance among its various constituent parts/dimensions), authoritative and, above all, interesting and gripping read.

This is an unusual book because it is a combination of several different genres: autobiography, psychology, ethology, spirituality, history. Therefore, it should stand or fail depending on how well these seemingly disparate parts fit in together. According to my reading, the strength of the book lies in the very remarkable cohesion that binds all these parts together. In an astonishing openness, the author reflects on the development of his life as it connects with all his various activities, preoccupations, searches, researches, encounters, meditations, etc. He addresses these parts with reflection and humility, with astute observational skills, humour and compassion.

Regardless of whether the readers agree with his direction or not, whether they accept or not his beliefs, they will find it difficult not to be touched by the sincerity of his seeking and the sheer power of his writing.

More specifically, I wish to confirm that his treatment of psychological and research issues is sound academically and methodologically. He writes with the authority of a pioneer in certain fields as well as with scientific credibility.

Renos K. Papadopoulos, Ph.D.  
Professor of Analytical Psychology  
University of Essex

## Reviews

I found the entire book to be beautifully – soulfully – written, compelling, fascinating, informative and inspiring. It is not a book that can easily be categorized, but I am convinced that it will have a broad and loyal readership, beyond any of the several distinct disciplines it probes.

As an ethnoecologist and botanist with a long-standing interest in natural history of any kind, I found much to hold my attention from both ecological and cultural perspectives.

I believe we need more books of this type, books and writings that transcend the conventional disciplines, and draw on and integrate ideas and examples from across the spectrum of human experience and knowledge.

There is so much strife in the world, and angst about our impacts on the earth and all the other living things with whom we share the planet. Our conventional ways of looking at our problems and trying to solve them are not really working well. We need, I believe, a different value system and a different way of looking at our requirements for living a fulfilling and meaningful life. We need a different way of thinking and drawing together ideas. Graham's book gives much for consideration in this regard. His humanity and empathy permeate his writing, and as such, he serves as a role model for all of us.

Nancy J. Turner, PhD, FLS, OBC, FRSC  
Distinguished Professor  
School of Environmental Studies  
University of Victoria  
British Columbia, CANADA

## Hunting with the Heart

Graham Saayman trained as an experimental psychologist, and he has produced a substantial body of internationally published work in peer-reviewed journals.

His method as an empirical scientist is meticulous and carefully documented field observation-of human infants, of baboon troops, and of dolphin schools.

Against this background, *Hunting with the Heart* is an extraordinarily courageous book...Nothing is more alien to the scientific mind than the paranormal. Yet here is this master of observational exactitude dryly describing a fairy ring on his Port Elizabeth staircase (though the scientist is still there, producing collateral evidence for its existence), telling with wonderful beauty of his journeys in Interspace, of the shimmering iridescence of a great elephant's passage, and of his strange dreams.

The tension in this book is between Saayman's scientific credentials on the one hand and on the other his journeys into dream landscapes that are observed with the same unwavering exactitude. It's a tension that holds the reader and enlarges consciousness. This is an extraordinary book by an extraordinary writer.

Victor Nell, Ph.D.  
Emeritus Professor and Research Fellow, University of South  
Africa, Institute for Social and Health Sciences

# Table of Contents

Reviews.....	4
Dedication.....	11
Acknowledgments.....	12
Foreword.....	

## Chapter ONE — Roots

Journey to the Source .....	21
The Dream Unfolds .....	22
The Baboon as Totem Animal .....	23
The Ladybird House .....	25
Stories in the Sand .....	27
The Place of the Elephant .....	28
The Tribe of Yogg .....	30
The Patriarchy .....	32
The Feminine Principle.....	33
The Roots of Androgyny .....	34
Fear, Anxiety, Fight, Flight or Freeze .....	36
Rites of Initiation .....	36
Betrayals and Endings .....	39
The Death of Yogg.....	41
Ladybird, Ladybird, Fly Away Home .....	44

## Chapter TWO —The Dolphin School

Inner and Outer Worlds as Parallel Processes.....	47
The Robberg Study Site .....	49
Land-Based Studies of Coastal Dolphins .....	51
The Humpback Dolphin Family System .....	52
Diurnal Cycle of Bottlenose Dolphins .....	54
The Dolphin Smile.....	56
Sexuality, Eros and the Family System .....	58

## Chapter THREE —Meditations on the Mirror of the Sea

Meditation is a Natural Process .....	64
The Gazelle as Keeper of the Heart Centre .....	65
The Great White Shark as Signifier of the Makara ....	66
Encounter with the Makara in the Sea .....	68
The Ghost of Thumbelina and the Third Chakrum ....	73

# Hunting with the Heart

## Chapter FOUR —Baptism

Constellation of an Archetypal Intention.....	78
The Sometimes Painful Evolution of Psychological Androgyny .....	79
Divorce as a Rite of Initiation.....	80
Retreat to the Etheric Womb .....	83
Learning How to Navigate.....	85
Opposites, Duality, Conflict in Relationships .....	86
The Paradox of Two Worlds in One .....	88

## Chapter FIVE —Yoga Then and Now

Out-of-Body-Experiences Are Not Abnormal .....	91
A Safe Place to Reflect.....	92
Portrait of a Yogi .....	93
The Yoga Sutras of Patanjali .....	96
Archetype of the Wounded Healer .....	97
Ramakrishna and Divine Illness .....	100
Pioneering Yogic Practice in the Treatment of Psychosomatic Illness .....	101
Yoga and Jungian Psychotherapy .....	103
Marriage as a Therapeutic Contract .....	106
Hating and the Fear of Loving.....	106
An Upside-Down View of Psychological Causality... ..	107

## Chapter SIX —The Dolphin Project

A Fairy Ring and a Fellow Traveller .....	110
An Observer with a Natural Feel for Animals .....	111
Capturing Dolphins for Public Display .....	115
The Idea of a Dolphin Language.....	118
Imitative Behaviour as an Estimate of Dolphin Intelligence .....	121
Self-Consciousness and Ethics .....	124
The Save the Whales Campaign .....	125
Death of a Dolphin .....	126

## Chapter SEVEN —Out-of-Body Travel as a Learning Experience

A Bridge between Two Worlds .....	130
The Loneliness of Non-attachment.....	131
Handling Thoughts and Feelings in Interspace .....	132
A Soldier's Ghost .....	134
The Land of the Ancestors .....	137
The Unhappiness of an Uninformed Death .....	138
Passage to the Dark Eye of a Needle.....	140

## Reviews

Band of Brothers . . . . .	142
The Right Whale Archetype. . . . .	143

### Chapter EIGHT —The Calling of Qumbu Magqubu Ntombela

Wilderness and Active Imagination: Return to Evolutionary Roots . . . . .	149
<i>Thwasa</i> : The Calling of the Ancestors . . . . .	151
The Snake as Messenger of the Ancestors . . . . .	153
The Nature of Snakes . . . . .	156
The River Snake <i>ichanti</i> , Messenger of the Ancestors. . . . .	159
Across The River and Over the Cliff . . . . .	160
The Four Forges of <i>ichanti</i> . . . . .	162
Re-entry and Return . . . . .	162
Physical Illness. . . . .	164
The Psychological Significance of the Number Four . . . . .	166
The Kundalini Process according to Sri Aurobindo. . . . .	171

### Chapter NINE —The Impresario and the Problematic of the Other

The Idea of a Centre for Jungian Studies . . . . .	176
The Arrival of the Impresario . . . . .	176
Ethnicity and the Other . . . . .	179
The Other and the Psychology of Apartheid. . . . .	181
The Four Stages of Jungian Psychotherapy . . . . .	184
The Soul Image in Interspace. . . . .	185
Doctrines of Psychology . . . . .	188
Behaviourism and the Politics of Power and Control . . . . .	190
The Coming of Chiron . . . . .	192
The Soweto Uprising as Paradigm for Modern Times. . . . .	193
The Public Execution of Children on the Streets. . . . .	195
The Other as Refugee, the Homeless and the Dispossessed . . . . .	197

### Chapter TEN —Death and the Matriarchal Society

The Making of a Wounded Healer . . . . .	200
Dream of the Great Elephant . . . . .	202
The Counsel of Baboons . . . . .	204
Grandfathers and Families. . . . .	205
The Matriarchal Family System of the Elephant. . . . .	206
The Reality of the Inner Elephant . . . . .	207
The Pain of Grief Raging at the Heart . . . . .	209
The Fear of Death and the Acceptance of Responsibility. . . . .	214

# Hunting with the Heart

## Chapter ELEVEN —Holding the Centre

Living in Two Worlds . . . . .	219
The Bird as Spirit Messenger . . . . .	222
Beginnings and Endings . . . . .	223
A Choice between Inner and Outer Journeys . . . . .	225
Constant Pondering on the Opposites . . . . .	229
The First Stage of the Jungian Centre . . . . .	231
South Africa as Looking Glass . . . . .	233
The Gift of Laurens van der Post . . . . .	234
The Africa Foundation for Jungian Studies and Wilderness . . . . .	238
Finding an Analyst . . . . .	240

## Chapter TWELVE —Mantis and the Myth of Oedipus

The Mantis as Messenger . . . . .	245
The Energy of Mantis . . . . .	249
The Khoisan as Ancestors of the Human Race . . . . .	250
Antelope-Headed Human Forms in Khoisan Rock Art . . . . .	253
Khoisan Rock Art and Mythology . . . . .	255
Khoisan Rock Art and the Triune Brain . . . . .	256
Khoisan Creation Stories and the Myth of Oedipus . . . . .	258
Laurens van der Post and Carl Jung as Dreamers . . . . .	261

Notes and References . . . . .	264
Permissions . . . . .	279
About the author . . . . .	280



## Foreword

**H**unting with the Heart is an apt metaphor to describe the practice of vision quest employed by accomplished indigenous peoples for millennia with considerable success. In the language of the *Nuu-chah-nulth* people on the west coast of Vancouver Island in Canada, the vision quest is called *oosumich*. The process involves purposeful isolation from family and community and includes fasting, meditation, ritual cleansing, prayer and courageous endurance until a vision or some understandable communication is received from the metaphysical realm.

I am struck, therefore, by the combination of “hunting” with “heart” in the title. Where I come from the action of the hunt could never be separated from the activity of the heart. They belonged together as naturally as any two ideas or cultural objects perceived to be bound together such as sun and moon, house and home, man and woman, smoke and fire and heaven and earth. I use western examples on purpose. The downside of the word “hunting”, in its English meaning, has negative connotations of search, destroy and exterminate. The buffalo, the beaver, the wolf, the bear, the deer, the eagle and the Indigenous peoples are all examples of species under threat.

However, *oosumich*, in its finest form is an exceptionally egalitarian activity. It seeks to maintain balance and harmony within the fabric of creation through respectful interaction, always intending to ensure that everything is done according to established protocols. Within the human species, *oosumich* is very much like the courting of a desirable female by an equally desirable male. Within the *Nuu-chah-nulth* culture, the family of the female ensures that the process is made as difficult as possible, but not so difficult as to be impossible. In this context, degree of diffi-

## Hunting with the Heart

culty is directly related to degree of value. The more difficult it is for the wooer, the greater is the value of the wooed.

It is for this reason that my great grandfather Keesta spent eight long months up on a mountain on the west coast of Vancouver Island. His intention was to strike up an agreement with the spirit of the great whale thereby fulfilling a grand purpose: the whale would receive appropriate recognition and honour from Keesta's community in exchange for the abundance of food and oil that it would contribute to the well-being of Keesta's people.

It is never easy to distinguish between imaginary and actual spiritual experiences. For this reason, Keesta took a naturally curled feather from the tail of a mallard duck. He said to himself that when the feather straightened out of its own accord then he would know that he had been successful in his *oosumich*. At the exact moment when the curly tail feather straightened out, he understood that he had achieved a firm contract with the whale. The newly straightened feather was Keesta's physical sign that affirmed a metaphysical agreement. Consequently, Keesta was not surprised when he and his paddlers later encountered the great whale and (as a literal translation of the *Nuu-chah-nulth* language) it "accepted" and "caught" Keesta's harpoon in accordance with the agreement made in the mountains during *oosumich*.

However, things can go wrong, misunderstandings are always possible even among the well intentioned, and so some disharmony took place, some disunity intruded and, instead of heading for shore according to the terms of the original agreement, the great whale began to tow Keesta and his paddlers straight off-shore to a certain death. As Keesta, in apparent defeat, moved to cut the *atlu*, the rope attached to the harpoon end, the little brown bird Wren, the metaphysical messenger, alighted on the whale.

## Foreword

Wren instructed Keesta to tell the whale to turn about. Keesta did so and the whale returned to the very place where it had accepted the harpoon, and there it died.

Hunting with the heart does not mean that intelligence and reason are not employed in the process. When Keesta's wife received the message that the whale had taken Keesta's harpoon, she inadvertently added in her mind, 'and died'. It was not an unusual mistake. Her role was to maintain a ritual position in empathy with the spirit of the whale until the whale died. Only when the whale was dead could she get up and make welcome preparations. The whale understood that the letter of the agreement had been broken when Keesta's wife arose prematurely from her ritual position. At that moment the lives of Keesta and his paddlers were placed in jeopardy. However, the spirit of the agreement had not been broken so Wren intervened in order that the agreement could be consummated. This example illustrates how animals are typically experienced as sentient beings during vision quests of indigenous peoples.

The process of Graham Saayman's research into the social behaviour of dolphins and whales in their natural environment generated at least one of the necessary conditions for a vision quest experience. Day after day, hour after hour, he sat alone in the open on a cliff overlooking the sea, waiting for the dolphins and whales to appear. He thought that if he made himself as small as possible he would minimize his exposure to the rays of the sun. This way of thinking approached the attitude of humility considered essential for a vision quest. Nature responded in a benign and relational fashion. From time to time, some helpful animals assisted him in the process. A garter snake, sensing no danger in Graham's presence, went to sleep at his feet. Observing a nearby colony of

## Hunting with the Heart

rock rabbits, he thought about the evolution of their distant relative the elephant and reflected on the appearance of the great in the small. He noticed a pair of tiny antelopes called *klipspringers* appearing and disappearing like silent watchers in the background on the cliffs above the sea. He named these monogamous gazelles the Rock Jumpers and pondered on human values such as faithfulness and compassion. He came to a remarkable but not unusual spiritual insight: *The Rock Jumper is the keeper of the fourth centre of consciousness that balances between the images of this world and the visions of the next.*

For Graham this was a period of intense enquiry into the archetypal dynamics of the family system. Initially, his studies focussed on the survival value of the roles of male and female partners in protecting and rearing the young in groups of complex social animals. Unexpectedly, powerful and at first apparently destructive forces disrupted his own marriage and family. The intense focus on the physical manifestations of creation resulted in an alchemical transformation and culminated in a series of out-of-body experiences that convinced Graham of the reality of the metaphysical realms. His experiences are reminiscent of the teachings of *oosumich*. They marked the end of one period in his life and the beginning of another quest. He began to investigate the reality of the dream world and the human value of generosity in living alongside and prospering together with the natural order. Graham's project ultimately combined, albeit inadvertently, personal experience and study of both physical and metaphysical realms in a single, holistic series of research programs.

Traditional *Nuu-chah-nulth* have always considered the metaphysical dimension more substantive than the physical. Consequently, as an alternative to conventional

## Foreword

scientific methodologies, the *Nuu-chah-nulth* approach to knowledge acquisition includes methods of accessing the spiritual realm. The principles presented in origin stories, verified by the practice of *oosumich* and applied in daily life, produced societies that understood the necessity for a constant struggle towards balance and harmony between all life forms. They tested the hypothesis that the value of generosity, part of the original design of creation, is as much a natural law as any known physical law. *Nuu-chah-nulth* lived experience, based on community wide experiences of *oosumich* over millennia, demonstrated positive outcomes in the physical realm. Whilst there were occasional failures, some warfare, and evil policies and practices, outcomes were generally conducive to the well-being of all competing life forms.

Conventional scientific methodology, with its primary focus upon the physical realm, has made great technological advances. But progress has been at the expense of human and species relatedness. The failure of technological culture to take adequate account of the metaphysical dimension of existence presently confronts all human societies with critical ecological and humanitarian dilemmas. The wisdom of aboriginal creation stories suggests a remedy, a way of balancing opposing forces, by returning to the first principles established in the primal times of human history: respect the reality of Nature, realize the survival value of spiritual generosity and honour all life forms.

Dr. E. Richard Atleo (*Umeek*)

Research Liaison: University of Manitoba, Winnipeg  
Associate Adjunct Professor: University of Victoria, BC  
May, 2007

# Chapter ONE

## Roots



**L***et us be fools for Christ's sake. St. Paul.*

**P***eople work much in order to secure the future; I gave my mind much work and trouble, trying to secure the past.*

Karen Blixen

## Journey to the Source

Our family once lived in a small farmhouse on a windy hillock in the bushveld. Our house, abandoned by the farmer who built it long ago, looked south towards the foothills of the Soutpansberg Mountains, far away and purpling over in the distance. Baobab trees, massive and solitary, stood out here and there above the cover of the gnarled mopane trees that bind the red, semi-desert sand. A thin green ribbon of trees along the *N'jelele* River wound its way brightly through the valley. Across the river, a single kopje of ochre and yellow sandstone arched up, pushed skywards by a force deep inside the earth. At the foot of the kopje, a hot water springs, the smell of sulphur in its vapours, bubbled up from caverns down below. In the cool winter months people came from the towns and cities in the south to drink the waters for their healing powers.

A troop of chacma baboons made the kopje the centre of their range. They came home to their sleeping place by late afternoon each day and had climbed to the safety of the krantzies before the sun went down.

When our family was young, we set out on an odyssey to relive the way the human family evolved in Africa, but we did not know it at the time. My wife Alison, our daughter Shona, two dogs and myself, packed into a tiny van, took the route they called the Great North Road. Mile after mile the way ran straight and clear. The veld lay flat and yellowed as an antique map. Shona, nine months old, rarely cried or complained in the bushveld heat. Alison stripped her down to her diapers. She lay quietly on the back seat, sucking a sponge soaked in ice water. She was born under the solar sign of Leo and when she looked into your eyes, you could see that she trusted us completely. I believed you could take her any-

## Hunting with the Heart

where. She gave me confidence that the family is a thing of joy and beauty that lasts forever.

### The Dream Unfolds

Shona was born in London at a time of endings and beginnings. She watched as I proofread the final draft of my doctoral thesis. We sat together at the cracked gas fireplace in the one-bedroom apartment on the fourth floor of a townhouse in St. George's Square, Pimlico. Wrapped in a woolly shawl, she nestled in the crook of my knee, gazing unblinking at my face. Her watchfulness was solemn for one so young and her expression was ever just so slightly puzzled. It was as if she had brought in with her a natural inclination to scan the world through the one-pointed focus of a state of open-eyed meditation.

After seven years abroad, my heart ached to escape from the University and take the family home to Africa. Shona's birth brought much change. She was scarcely one week old when we booked a passage on a Union-Castle Line mail ship. Six months later we boarded the vessel for the long passage to the south. The time came one morning when the three of us went up on deck in the first golden light of dawn. The ship lay in Table Bay. Table Mountain, flat-topped, unique, magnificent, etched in hues of blues and purples, lay before us. We had reached the Cape, the confluence of two oceans at the tip of Africa, where the energies of east and west flow together. With the sunlight skittering off a tranquil sea, it seemed impossible to be more happy.

We set off for the north with the optimism of youth and the certainty that life would keep us safe. My grant of three thousand rand a year was a tiny sum of money even in those days. When, after eleven years of study, I confessed how much money I earned, the question mer-

## Roots

chants, store owners or bank managers always asked was a version of:

“And what kind of psychologist are you?”

### The Baboon as Totem Animal

Friends called me “The Baboon Doctor.” I had planned, schemed, exercised my willpower and written to every university, nature conservation group, national and provincial nature reserve, seeking funds for a vitally important study. I had a manila folder stuffed with letters of rejection. When one of those khaki envelopes appeared at the foot of the staircase in Pimlico, my heart would sink. You could spot a letter of rejection before you picked it up and weighed it in your hand. The standard rejection came in one or two sentences. Nobody, it seemed, was prepared to give you money to go out into the bush to record the habits of baboons. Unlike the lion, the baboon is not collectively considered a noble animal and a credit to the national flag.

But the Ancient Egyptians considered the baboon a sacred animal, worthy of mummification. The distinctive, deep-chested bark of the troop leaders, echoing over the krantzies and across the valleys just before first light, is indeed a wonderful welcome to the sun and an invitation to the day. Those who designed and built the pyramids venerated the farsighted baboon as the one who signifies daily rebirth after the soul has descended into the darkening sea of night. But thoughts such as these did not likely occur to the bureaucrats who rejected my many applications for funds to subsidize studies of the baboon. Going out into the bushveld and watching animals is what a lot of folk want to do for their Christmas holidays. Very few people believed that it was serious work.

## Hunting with the Heart

Finally, Waldo Meester, a brave and pioneering professor of zoology, who dared to teach in the 1960s at the University of Pretoria that the process of natural selection and not the Book of Genesis explains the origin of species, managed somehow to secure the small grant for my field studies.

We bought a little Opel Kadet station wagon with the British pounds we had saved in London. It was fully loaded with household goods, including a mattress on the roof rack. We did not have any furniture. For tables, chairs and closets we used the cardboard boxes and wooden packing cases that had brought our possessions on the ship from Britain. When we stopped for the night near Pilgrim's Rest, the innkeeper scanned the interior of the van through the dusty window with astonishment.

With all the possessions we owned on display I said, "That's everything but the kitchen sink."

The innkeeper pointed at Shona's pink plastic bathtub. "I thought that was the kitchen sink," he said.

The two Labradors leaned against each other at the rear window, pink tongues lolling in the heat. We called the larger pup Christmas because the litter had been born on Christmas day. We named the small one Thumbelina because she was the runt. This was one of the mistakes we made. Two pups from the same litter bond to each other and not to the adult humans as the leaders of the pack. If you have bad luck they fail to learn the behaviour essential for a happy life in the rural community. This was one of many things we only found out later.

The farmer who sold us the dogs was a serious man who watched us quietly as we chose the dogs from the litter. As we were about to drive away he said,

## Roots

“I feel sorry for you, Doctor. A wife, a baby daughter, two dogs and baboons in the bushveld.”

### The Ladybird House

The farmhouse nestled like a ladybird on the top of the hill. The red paint on the corrugated-iron roof was faded and patchy and the whitewashed walls were yellow with age. It was a sturdy house with a kitchen, two bedrooms, a living room and cool cement floors. When the temperature reached forty degrees centigrade soon after the sun had risen in the summer you could stretch out on the floor to obtain some relief. The porch was windowless and totally open to the breeze that came up in the night. Beyond the kopje you looked across the Limpopo valley to the mountains in the distance. In the evening when we lit the lamps as the sun went down it felt very lonely and a long way from London.



It took thirty minutes to tap off an inch of water into the tub from the pipes that ran down from the catchment tanks higher up the hill. We used to warm Shona's water in a pot on the primus stove before pouring it into her plastic bath. We worried about scorpions and every morning we checked through her clothes of the day for scorpions that might have crawled in overnight. One morning we found a black scorpion in her white hat. It was half an inch long and lifted its tail above its back in a

## Hunting with the Heart

threat posture. It was one of the very poisonous kind with the small lobster-like pincers for briefly gripping and pinioning and the very thick tail that delivers a potent dose of venom to paralyse its prey. When this scorpion had developed into an adult, its tail would be as thick as your little finger.

One evening I went walking with Max Keith in the gathering dusk. Max was a big game hunter turned nature conservationist. He located and counted baboon troops, pinpointing their movements in a survey of their population dynamics throughout the province. We found Max a comforting presence when his work brought him to the study area. He was a guide and mentor who watched over our family's progress in the bush.

On the occasion of that walk I was wearing open sandals, an ill-advised practice since scorpions are active in the dark. When I flicked on my torch to check, a scorpion, the size of my palm, walked beside us, six inches from my foot. Max was six foot four inches tall and he caught me in both arms as I became airborne and descended, much in the way a fullback will catch and mark a rugby ball.

"And so Max," I said, straightening up, "and what would have happened if I had stepped on that one?"

"Hell Doc," Max said, scanning for satellites in the heavens. "One thing's for certain and that is you would sure have gone straight up into orbit."

If life's a dream, then the feelings and images of that walk in the dark spoke true. The break-up of our family a few years later acted as a toxin as painful as a scorpion sting. It shattered my vision of the real and the unreal and launched me into orbit in the star-spangled galaxies of remote and numinous inner landscapes.

## Stories in the Sand

At night the winds blew over the fine red sand of the semi-desert country and erased the spoor the baboons left when they came down from the rocks and the sleeping cliffs. Every day they sketched a new story in the sand. You could interpret the stories of their whereabouts and activities in some detail, even if you were an amateur at reading the signs. And when they came out of the thick scrub and crossed one of the sandy roads in open formation, spread out in a straight line over two hundred yards or more, you could make an accurate count and determine the numbers of adult males and adult females and juveniles because of the differences in the sizes of the handprints they left, like a tribe of miniature humans walking four-footed in the dust.

At night the winds blew through the gauze screens on the windows that protected the house from mosquitoes. The study area was in the malaria belt and we all took tablets as a preventive measure every day. We parked the car in the shade at the side of the house under a young baobab tree. We lived in the house for several years, not counting the times we lived in the rondawel when we crossed over into the great reserve to study the interactions between baboons and their predators in an area highly populated by leopards.

Each evening I came home and told Shona and Alison what the baboons had done that day. We got to know the individuals and to understand their separate stories. It was a kind of never-ending story about the ongoing history of a big family on the mountain and how they would wake up all together to greet the rays of the sun and how they tracked its course whilst walking and feeding all to-

## Hunting with the Heart

gether throughout every day and how they came home all together as the sun began to set behind the sleeping cliffs every evening and how all together they climbed up the cliffs to spend every night together and how they always cared for and protected and were always true to each other and lived happily together for ever and ever *amen*.

Shona drew and painted stick pictures of the members of this family. She sketched and daubed and spattered with colour the mountain and the trees. Sitting on the cement floor out on the porch with the two golden haired dogs dozing close by, she made painted imprints of her hand on many sheets of paper. We put dates on these her works and mounted them on cardboard and stuck them on the walls for decoration.



They were the manifesting fragments of Shona's world of dreams.

## The Place of the Elephant

The bark of the baobab trees was grey and smooth and cool to the touch. There were deep and long-healed scars on some of the older trees where they had been tusked by long-vanished generations of elephants. When, finally, they died and fell, little remained of that great girth and the grand and twisted limbs. They lay upon the earth like wrinkled white papyrus, drained and dried, fading slowly back into ground. The elephants had fallen to the gun, shot out now for many years, but these enormous

## Roots

trees reminded us that this once was Eden with elephant and rhino abundant throughout the land and, at the southern tip of Africa, Table Bay once sheltered multitudes of calving and mating whales, aquatic giants, the Southern Rights, so named by whalers because their trusting, placid nature made them easy prey and thus the “right” whale to receive the spear. Baboons still subsist on Table Mountain and they survive throughout southern Africa, their distribution limited by the availability of safe sleeping sites. The clowns and fools of myths and folklore, in the old days the Zulu people fed them in time of drought. But in modern times all animals, both great and small, have been tamed, domesticated, televised and demystified, their habitat denuded, their potency absorbed, their energy cannibalised.

There were eighty-three baboons in the troop in the beginning, not counting the small black infants that clung upside down to their mother’s bellies. They made their sleeping sites halfway up the sandstone krantzies. The main site was to the east, where you could hear them wahooowing from the house as the big males rounded up the youngsters before they set off on the day range and again when they returned in the late afternoon. They used the second sleeping site on the west face less frequently. I never found out why.

When the sun rose up its huge orange orb mounted quickly clear of the horizon. But it moved more slowly as it journeyed across the mid-heavens, where it glowed with the colour of white gold. The troop came down from the sleeping cliffs in the early morning in a series of slow descents, marked by many pauses to sit together in grooming groups and look out over the veld. Belfast, my Swazi guide in the great reserve, told me they were waiting for the sun to burn the dew off the grass so that they

## Hunting with the Heart

would not wet their feet as they foraged through the veld. And then, all at once, as if by a signal, the downward movement gathered momentum and the troop, forming a compact, travelling formation with the large males in the front and rear, the females and vulnerable young in the centre, began the march to the feeding grounds and vanished silently into the trees.

### The Tribe of Yogg

Yogg was a huge male who thoroughly evaluated my intentions as I first began to follow the baboons at a respectful distance. On the first day, the animals fled repeatedly as I insisted on following them despite the barks, screams, threats and hasty withdrawals from favourite food sources as I came up exasperatingly yet once again. Yogg himself made a final effort. He waited in ambush until a precisely defined moment, when he pounced out stiff-legged and struck the earth and sand in a flurry of dust a few paces in front of me. When in doubt stand still and do nothing. I dropped my eyes and watched him from under the lids, willing myself as small as possible. He took several quick steps towards me, the hairs of his mane bristling over the powerful shoulders. Several times he struck the earth, throwing sand in my direction, flickering his eyebrows to show the white spots above the black eyelids in the classical threat of looking. In the unspoken language of primates, continuous, one-pointed visual attention signifies an intention to act upon the object and hence the genetically programmed threat of the “look.” This language of looking is so deeply embedded in our psychic heritage that even in this modern age of many words it is still recognised by the highest of human authorities. I once saw a newspaper headline announcing a rather unusual judgment of the criminal courts. The head-

## Roots

line read, "Raped By A Look."

When the look did not stimulate flight, Yogg stood up on his hind legs, spread his arms wide and gave a hoarse bark of outrage. But when he saw me crouching there, digging a hole with my fingers in the earth, he evaluated me finally as a fool and whipped around, dropped to the ground and walked away with that swaying, four-legged rhythm that can cover mile upon mile of veld in the heat of the day. Af-



ter that he ignored me and from that day onwards I called him Yogg and tagged along behind him. When the others saw him ignoring me they ignored me too and that became our working relationship. I became a part of their background. I never fed them and I never became part of their group. They accepted me but never really trusted me, and who can blame them. But later on they also tolerated any other human who came to observe, provided the person behaved with respect. This habituation process was quite typical of the experience of other primatologists studying a wide range of species in many other ecosystems.

In time I was able to sit within a few yards of Yogg and the mothers and their nursing black-coated, pink-faced newborn infants. Weanlings with coat colours in various phases of grey gathered in playgroups around him. A sense of confidence and trust flowed all around this animal. Yogg did not radiate raw masculine power and physical force. But he walked ahead and led most of the day ranges. He was the adult male that mated most fre-

## Hunting with the Heart

quently with the receptive females although he formed sexual consort relationships only with the more mature and rotund females in the troop. As an elder he ignored the sexual invitations of the slender young females, many of whom undoubtedly were his daughters. With these he confined his response to patting the rump with both hands. Mothers and pregnant females clustered around him in the shade, taking turns to groom his coat.

### The Patriarchy

Adult male baboons are undoubtedly the protectors of the troop and, in the interests of the conservation of energy, they usually do their protecting quite economically by sitting still, elbows on knees, exercising the intimidating look. If the look alone is not effective they may move into phase two, the open-jaw display. This threat is impressive, particularly if you are in close proximity and the displaying male has splendid dental equipment. The open-jawed threat is another energy-conserving strategy that consists of spreading the jaws wide in a manner resembling a yawn. It is the intensity of the look that signifies impending action. The yawn is sometimes followed by the sound of the teeth clashing together and this can be heard from a distance as the inner edges of the two-inch long canines are honed to a razor's edge. The teeth are impressive when seen at close range. When used in combat they are formidable weapons and the action is brief and can, on occasion, prove fatal.

If shot at by humans, baboons typically flee with the troop protectors running in front and outdistancing the rest of them. But they will pack together and advance on lions with barks and screams and shaken branches, driving Leo himself from sanctuaries such as their sleeping

## Roots

sites. Once we came upon a scene where one of the adult males who had mauled and mortally wounded a leopard had died in the fray and another died later of its injuries. A troop protector with a full set of canines can dispatch the fiercest of farm-bred hunting dogs using a technique that is so quick that you may doubt what your eyes have seen. The domestic breed called “Boerbul” in the old days had the lion-hunting instincts and the heroism of the Ridge Back combined with the bone-crunching jaws of the Pitbull Terrier. When attacked by such a foe, adult male baboons first drive the vulnerable troop members to the rear. Then sometimes they somewhat surprisingly sit down flat as the dog closes in. An inexperienced dog may take this as a sign to lunge for the throat. An adult male baboon is a powerful animal and in practice has four hands, each with an opposable thumb. The hands seize the leaping dog, committed, fully stretched and airborne, using its own impetus and weight to turn the assault aside. The attack carries through like a sack of potatoes, briefly cradled by the baboon’s prehensile feet. The hands draw in the folds of abdominal skin, scrunching the hide together into the closing trap of the razor-sharp canines. The baboon twists and tosses the carcass aside with a kick and a push of all four limbs together, the dog’s taut skin slit from back to belly, its entrails dragging in the dust.

### The Feminine Principle

At first it seemed that the adult males were the leaders who chose the route on a given day. They were certainly impressive as they disciplined the juveniles and herded the troop members together. Bellowing, roaring and barking they made astonishing leaps, bounding,

## Hunting with the Heart

landing, clinging briefly and then bounding again across the chasm from one sheer cliff face to another. Many early primatologists wrote that the dominance hierarchy of the adult male monkeys and apes was the ultimate authority in the social order. An informal count in later years revealed that these researchers were mainly men. A distinguished professor of ethology at a Scottish university once told me that women made the best field observers. One of his senior students, who went on to become quite famous, could identify each animal in a large herd of red deer by their individual smell. Only when other eminent field observers, mainly women, began to publish, did the scientific community admit that it was the females, who at first seemed to provide only the backdrop for the exploits of the males, who bound the troop together as the living transmitters of kinship and relatedness. Theirs was the power, if not the glory. Previously considered a model of the patriarchal type of social system per excellence, the multi-male baboon troop is matriarchal at the core.

### The Roots of Androgyny

Slowly, I began to see social processes in the troop as a continuous weaving of masculine and feminine energies and that harmony depended upon the blending of these two central streams. The selection of the fitness of an adult male as leader depended upon the quality of his relationships with the mothers and their young. When an adult male offered to lead off in a particular direction on the day range he stood up abruptly and strutted off, swaggering his hips and resonating the deep-chested contact grunt. This was a comforting sound that maintained auditory contact between the animals as they spread out to forage

## Roots

widely through bush so dense that you sometimes felt alone, lost and adrift in the sand and scraggy trees that pressed in all around you. But it was only when the females, and the mothers carrying their infants in particular, began to flow together to follow his lead that the movement for the day gathered energy until it crossed a threshold and the whole group was on the move.

In our troop of chacma baboons only three of some eighty animals were mature adult males and Yogg had passed his prime. When Yogg displayed the open-mouthed threat and yawned and chomped his jaws and made as if to whet his primal weapons, I saw that he had only blackened stumps where once there had been ivory-coloured tusks. When threatened or attacked by potent males Yogg sometimes did an astonishing thing. He used a feminine strategy to enlist the aid of the entire band of sisters and brothers. Laying back his ears, flickering his eyelids and smacking his lips together in an appeasement display he approached a mother, extended his lowered rump towards her, tail averted, saluting her with the sign normally reserved for the more dominant of a pair.

Then he sat down, grunting and clutching her black-coated, pink-faced infant to his chest. And now, as if by magic, he became invincible. To attack infants of this age is forbidden. A mother responds to a serious threat to her infant with a typical, high-pitched scream. This provokes an immediate percussion of barks and squeals and roars as the whole troop converges on the transgressor at a run. Any adult male who attacks another male clutching to his heart a black-coated, pink-skinned newborn with a wrinkled face breaks a taboo that carries the mark of Cain. Abhorrence of child abuse dwells deep within the genetic core.

## Hunting with the Heart

### Fear, Anxiety, Fight, Flight or Freeze

This behaviour was not unique to Yogg. I saw duels in other troops between adult males come suddenly to an end when one took refuge in the mother-mimicking, infant-snatching strategy. A variation was the fright behaviour and highly-pitched scream of the mother frozen in fight-or-flight stance, her gums bared whilst pointing her tail up straight. An infant mounted on her back might cling to her upright tail for support in the frenetic action accompanying noisy turbulence in the troop. Mothers in this mode were also immune from attack. An adult male imitating this behaviour often rallied a male ally to his support. Then, manoeuvring together from front and back, with yells and screams, thrusts and parries, lunging and slashing with fangs like rapiers, the two males would drive an individually more powerful contestant deep into the veld. Yogg's brother who aided him in such episodes, a large male in his prime, had a beautiful curve to his tail, carried head high, that swung from side to side as he walked with dignity and grace and so I called him Sickle Tail. These two males together retained collaborative dominion and in this troop of chacmas there was no single king.

### Rites of Initiation

Yogg's ability to shuttle between the tasks of agonistic protector and caring provider and so to hold and contain the centre made him a singularly memorable animal. I remember him best as he sat silhouetted in the deep silence against the backdrop of the setting sun, with the cliffs brilliant in the spread of deep red rust and orange hues. In that twilight time the leaves in the trees

## Roots

were silent and untouched by breath of wind. The shrill vibration of the cicadas was barely audible in the silence that lay upon the earth. I sat amongst those animals as in a cathedral, where I had followed them in their slow ascent up the sandstone rocks in the copper-hued shafts of the setting sun. We watched together as the shadows crept over the veld to join the darkening sky. I knew that I could never truly plumb the mysteries of these animals. At such a time of wonder, a demand rose up from the deeps below and travelled upwards through my feet, and coursed its way up touching crotch and belly, tinged with fear as well as reverence, and constellated hot and choking in the centre of my chest. I listened as I spoke aloud in a deep and unaccustomed voice, looking out across that unpeopled landscape of the soul. I asked the spirits of that place to bless our time and enterprise and to take no offence from our intrusion into that realm. And to forgive my need to know and to bless us all and keep us safe and let us come and go and stay in peace. So Let It Be *Amen*. These words arose from an ancient place within me and I listened to them with astonishment, but also with some comfort. And then I began the descent since the cliffs were steep and I meant to make a safe journey down before total darkness fell. I trudged through the sand in the twilight for a mile or so to the place where I had parked the Opel; the time of lighting of the lamps, the closing of the shutters, and, when twilight had given way to night, the winking of the cooking fires and the throbbing of the drums in the Venda village as I drove home to our house on the hill.

Sometimes, before I left them in the evening, I would witness a mysterious ritual of these baboons and old Yogg would seem at that dream-like time the very precursor of the Druids. Baboon troops link the timing of

## Hunting with the Heart

their return to the sleeping site to the passage of the sun. By the time the sun sinks below the horizon, they have already climbed to the safety of their roosting trees or sleeping cliffs. Yogg's troop used two alternate sleeping sites, situated in cliffs on opposite faces of the kopje that formed the core area of their range. By twilight they usually sat halfway up and midway between the two sites. Two well-used tracks branched like a crossroads at this point, one to the East and one to the West. One subgroup after another gradually made the final ascent and the whole group gradually filtered away in the gathering gloom to occupy the favourite site on the eastern face.

Yogg was often one of the last to leave and when he disappeared I would pack up for the day. One evening I saw him take the left-hand track to the alternate site through the darkening valley beneath the krantzes to the west. At first, despite the late hour, I thought that he was taking off alone, as adult males sometimes do. But they usually set off in light of day and never accompanied on such an enterprise by the full complement of ambulant infants in the troop. Then, to my astonishment, there they were, despite the rapidly gathering dusk I saw them clear, the large male moving steadily up the final narrow ascent and following along behind him in a single line as many as ten grey infants, as yet not fully weaned, with their large ears and lopsidedly prominent heads and miniature sickle tails wobbling and bobbing here and there from rock to rock like little frogs behind him. I doubted what I saw. I examined them through powerful binoculars. It was indeed the case, a single adult male with ten infants in a ghostly procession in his tracks and not a mother or another baboon in sight. How was this done in a species that displays a minimum of direct paternal care? Not one infant but ten, in dark of night with

## Roots

a single, toothless elder, and for what purpose conceived by the scientific credo of natural selection and “survival value?” I still have no idea.

The scene reminded me of those classical photographs of Konrad Lorenz leading a batch of newly hatched goslings in line-astern formation down to the lake to swim. Lorenz illustrated so clearly the critical period of attachment when the young learn to bond to their parents as the carriers of the image of their species, and how, by the very act of following, they learned to accept him as their mother and their father.

I saw this strange procession of infant baboons several times but never fathomed what social processes permitted the most vulnerable members of a species that depends upon collective action for protection to set off in the twilight with a toothless patriarch entirely on his own. It was always too dark to photograph them as they took the alternate track, with the old male, approaching the beginning of his end, walking in front and the young ones, old enough to make their very first beginnings, walking in silence like schoolboys in a row.

## Betrayals and Endings

Once I followed the troop in the light of a full moon in an effort to observe their sleeping behaviour but that proved a near disaster. In the darkness I climbed a rocky outcrop that pointed like a needle to the sky and found myself peering down into an abyss. I turned to scrape and scratch and tumble my way back to the car. As I withdrew in the shadowy light of the moon, Yogg’s hoarse bark of outrage at betrayed trust resounded through the cliffs. When I joined them early next day he had linked up with the main group. He came at me at

## Hunting with the Heart

once, as on the first day, but this time he came close, almost too close, barking and threatening and leaving no doubt that my need to know had breached our contract and I had betrayed the covenant we had made.

It marked a sad and ominous ending to this phase in the life of our family because the dream in this great place, with these magnificent animals, came to an end with themes repeating the motif of death. Christmas died of a cobra bite. Thumbelina was sent away to run with the pack of hounds used by pest control to manage problem jackals. Something in her nature made it impossible for her to resist slipping away from us and sneaking into the goat kraal down the hill where she took the kids by the neck and dragged them around in the fetid black mud. She had not yet worked up to injuring one of them before she was discovered and the mood of the farmer, who owned our house on the hilltop, darkened when he saw from afar the yellow dog loose amongst his stock. Later on it deepened to anger when the clucking and squawking of the hens summoned him to the hen-house where he found Thumbelina lapping up freshly broken eggs. He called me on the party line instead of reaching for his rifle. It was not a friendly call and he told me that I should tie her up because the next time he would with no doubt whatsoever shoot her dead.

Some authorities believe that the runt in the litter is particularly prone to such behaviour due to the early struggles to survive, not only in the womb, but also on emerging into a world of limited resources. This belief is well established in the tapestries of the folklore of breeding dogs, but Thumbelina thrived amongst the hounds in the jackal pack and became a favourite of her keepers. But as to her fitness as a leader in the hunt, following her arrival in the pack, the hounds seemed jinxed and ran down no more jackals.

## The Death of Yogg

Towards the end I was away much of the time in the Eastern Cape, arranging for another phase of work with the dolphins at the Museum and Oceanarium complex in Port Elizabeth. My visits to the troop became sporadic. When I went out on one of the last days Sickle Tail was missing from the vanguard as they came down from the krantzies and crossed the red dunes and went into the mopaneveld. I saw him later, bringing up in the rear, lagging far behind. The troop had disappeared into the trees and he walked alone, with many pauses to stand and look. His right front arm was bowed and badly broken. He limped as he walked slowly and carefully. He had the look that is the essence of sadness with downcast, dejected eyes, the absent look of the sick animal close to death. I looked for Yogg also, for several days, and could not find him. Sickle Tail was seen no more. The troop went on with the daily round of activities, as before. Some of the younger males, formerly less assertive, were already filling the vacuum, herding the youngsters, much more prominent in their vigilance behaviour, walking ahead and bringing up in the rear on the march to the feeding grounds. But it was no longer the same.

I made inquiries. I spoke to the son of the farmer whose lands bordered on the reserve. In the beginning we had formulated an understanding with the farmers to take a softer line on the baboons whilst our study was in process. Max had donned what he called his "Father Christmas Suit," the official uniform of Nature Conservation, green epaulets and beret with its shining copper badge and we had driven around to respectfully request of each farmer in the adjoining district that they would

## Hunting with the Heart

scare the troop from the fields on the occasional raid when they crossed the fences and went into the cultivated lands whilst the study was in process, rather than shoot them dead. This had been a request and a verbal agreement and not a contract and with certain farmers it was sometimes resolved with reservation and a touch of irony if not derision. What farmer would commit to so extraordinary a request, to spare the lives of baboons ravaging his tomatoes and pillaging his crops?

The young man said to me, "They did come into our planted lands and I did shoot at them."

"I am particularly interested in the large old male. I no longer see him walk with them."

We looked at each other in silence. "Ja," he said, "OK. You can say that it was me."

He was apologetic. "You usually look for the biggest and shoot that one," he said, by way of indirect confirmation. "The big one is usually the ringleader."

So that was how it ended, with a bullet. At least Yogg had not wound up in a single cage as a subject for medical research, waiting condemned as a donor for an organ transplant. Lukas Stoltz, the good colleague who headed Nature Conservation in our district, who became my friend and who had assisted us from the beginning together with his kind and gentle, caring wife Jean, who had helped our family with so many things, including comfort and advice and music and laughing and singing to the accompaniment of Lukie's concertina in the candle-light on many a lonely night, had cautioned me firmly and honestly, with no apology or sentimentality in the very beginning, when we spoke of the often callous disregard of collective humanity for the lives and rights of animals.

"They cannot survive, man," said Lukas. "They can-

## Roots

not survive. You have to understand that, or you will only be very unhappy. If they leave the reserve they will definitely be shot and killed and that is all that you can say or even think about it.”

But I needed to make a statement. I felt that Yogg deserved it. I wrote a letter to the young man’s father, expressing my disappointment and my grief to him as a responsible landowner. I said that photographs of this old animal had appeared in the daily press in both official languages and had gone around the world in scientific journals and presentations at international conferences. I regretted this loss, which was a personal sadness and an unhappy blot upon the good reputation of our country in the fields of natural science and nature conservation. I said that the unfortunate shooting of this baboon who was one of a tribe who had been here long before all of us made us look bad in the eyes of the world.

Unhappily, he took this as a personal assault upon his pedigree and scrawled an angry response in his own hand, addressing it to the doctor who had so much knowledge of and affinity with baboons, saying that he would prefer to receive letters in his own language and not in English, the language of the oppressors of his people. He said that he did not care about the reputation of any blasted baboon, international or otherwise. He said that if they came onto the land that belonged to him and that had belonged to many generations of his family before him and would after him belong to his sons, he would ensure that they were thoroughly exterminated “to the very last hair and hide and toenail of all of them.”

Ill-considered words take their revenge, especially when attached to strong emotions. When spoken or written with focused intent, words may resonate, rather like

## Hunting with the Heart

the tone-systems and rhythms of musical notes, and repercuss, for better or for worse, upon the music of the spheres. Some months after we had moved south we heard that there had been an accident. The landowner had been drilling for water to irrigate more and more domestic produce in that arid semi-desert place where the exotic veld flowers blossom briefly overnight in all of their tropical fragrance after the first spring rains. The taut steel cable snapped and snaked up the deep drill hole like a mamba uncoiling from the earth. And, springing suddenly free of the confines of the narrow core, it struck him in the throat, crushed his voice box and slit his throat from ear to ear.

### Ladybird, Ladybird, Fly Away Home

And so with these deaths ended our time in the Land of the Elephant where the great herds had long since died and now this old baboon that had survived long after they had gone had also died. This land of the giant trees had shown us the roots of the organic psyche. We had made a brief return, as in a dream, to a state of primeval psychospiritual consciousness, named the *Muladhara* Chakra in the tantric traditions of the East. *Muladhara* means “supported by the roots.” Located at the base of the spine, *Muladhara* is the first of seven major bio-psycho-social-spiritual centres for the development of increased awareness. Its element is earth, its primary sense is smell, its colour is the red of blood and its totem animal is the Elephant. The world of the elephant is a world of instincts and dimly developing self-consciousness. The power of the elephant balances the spinning orb of earth upon its back. The elephant, maternal, protective, wise, nurtures the growing child. The elephant anchors hu-

## Roots

manity in the world of Nature, the material world, the primary reality for biological beings. Destroy the realm of the elephant and all of human civilization comes tumbling down.

And as this phase of our dream ended on the theme of death, we left that distant place and went down to the coast. There we would enter the domain of the water elephant, the leviathan that guards the depths of the second chakrum, located at the navel, the sexual centre, the realm of Oedipus, the baptismal font of the waters of rebirth. The name of this centre of consciousness is *Svadhithana*, whose sense is taste, whose element is water, whose colour is orange, whose mandala is the feminine crescent moon, whose totem animal is the water elephant, the Great Makara, part whale, part crocodile, guardian of sex, reproduction and primal relationships, font of the human family system.



## Hunting with the Heart

### About the author

**T**rained as a psychologist at the University of Natal, McMaster University and the University of London, Graham Saayman has a long-standing interest in human development, including the evolutionary origins of humans. He investigated hormonal and ecological determinants of baboon social systems in the Limpopo Valley and Kruger National Park in the 1960s and made the first systematic study of dolphin social behaviour off the south-east coast of South Africa in the 1970's. As Professor of Psychology at the University of Cape Town (1974-1989), he was one of the first behavioural scientists to introduce Jungian thought to university-based research and to connect ethology to Analytical Psychology. His research group conducted laboratory studies on the relationship between meditation and the archetypal content of nocturnal dreams. Trained as a clinical psychologist at Chedoke-McMaster Hospitals in Canada, he developed an "archetypal" approach to family therapy. He also developed a dream-oriented approach to group psychotherapy, based upon a Jungian understanding of dream appreciation. He was elected an Honorary Member of the International Association for Analytical Psychology in 2001.