

Hunter's Vision

My friend and traveling companion, Diane, and our Shone guide had climbed further up in search of a bird. So my first day in wild Africa found me standing on the side of an ancient granite dome, hundreds of feet above the grassland below. I was alone. Only the call of the batalure eagle soaring on the thermals broke the silence.

I struggled to digest what I had just experienced at the rock shelter called Nswatugi. The chance to see, first hand, examples of the rock art left there by the Koi-San people over eons of time, was a powerful lure that had compelled me to choose Zimbabwe as my first African encounter. I knew it would be special. I did not expect it to be the life-altering event it would become.

Studying the overlapping images of a Stone Age people and the animal on which their culture, indeed, their survival depended; I was struck by my small role in this primal, universal tradition of animal image-making. The rock art of Nswatugi became my Rosetta stone, a key to decoding the forces at work in my creative life. All of the learning, all of the adventures to come were but hieroglyphs, individual notes which the universe was arraigining to become the symphony of my life, tuning it, with an African rhythm into the music of the ages.