

# WINGS OF ASPIRATION

LYNNE-MARIE EATWELL

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BY  
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# THE GOLDEN EAGLE HUNTERS OF MONGOLIA

Kazakh, the last of the wandering Steppe men, find themselves on the edge of an ancient tradition and a modern world. The allure of the modern city of Ulaanbaatar and the rapid development of Kazakhstan melt away the young man's ambition to follow in his father's footsteps, forming a new ambition in his heart. Those that choose to continue in tradition find their hopes melted by the lack of snow; not even the heights of the Altai Mountains can escape the touch of climate change. When the young son shows no interest, the daughter stands to take his place, carrying the eagle upon her arm and stepping forward to choose her own destiny. All are embracing the changing world. These are the Golden Eagle Hunters.

A brave youth scales the mountainside and steals a young eagle from its nest. From that moment onwards, a new bond is formed; the two shall teach each other trust and dependence and when the time comes, they will learn of love and letting go, when the eagle is released to live out the rest of its life, a free bird as it was born.

The rhythm of the Dombra sounds like galloping horses and the traditional dances mimic the free flight of the eagle as it soars to its greatest heights, carrying the mind of man with him. It is a culture rich and multi-layered with a heart of honour and respect. Everything they do is an echo of the landscape. These are a people at home in the wild; they are part of the harsh environment, blended and shaped as one. Surrounded by such beauty that it takes one's breath away; a beauty that is reflected on their faces as the eagle lands upon their arms.

How long will the hunter roam the mountains carried by his nameless horse, small yet surefooted and strong? The eagle inspires us to fly higher, the symbol of our highest ambitions. But as we soar, may we remember to look down from our expanded view and remember where we have come from and those that have carried us and walked with us from time unknown.



**Nina Simone, Wild is the Wind**

[

Verse 1]

Love me, love me, love me, say you do

Let me fly away with you

For my love is like the wind

And wild is the wind

[Verse 2]

Give me more than one caress

Satisfy this hungriness

Let the wind blow through your heart

For wild is the wind

[Verse 3]

You touch me

I hear the sound of mandolins

You kiss me

With your kiss, my life begins

You're spring to me

All things to me

[Verse 4]

***Don't you know you're life itself***

Like a leaf clings to a tree

Oh my darling, cling to me

For we're creatures of the wind

And wild is the wind

So wild is the wind

*It seems so much easier in these days to live morally than to live beautifully. Lots of us manage to exist for years without ever sinning against society, but we sin against loveliness every hour of the day.*

Everlyn Underhill, *The Grey World*, 1904

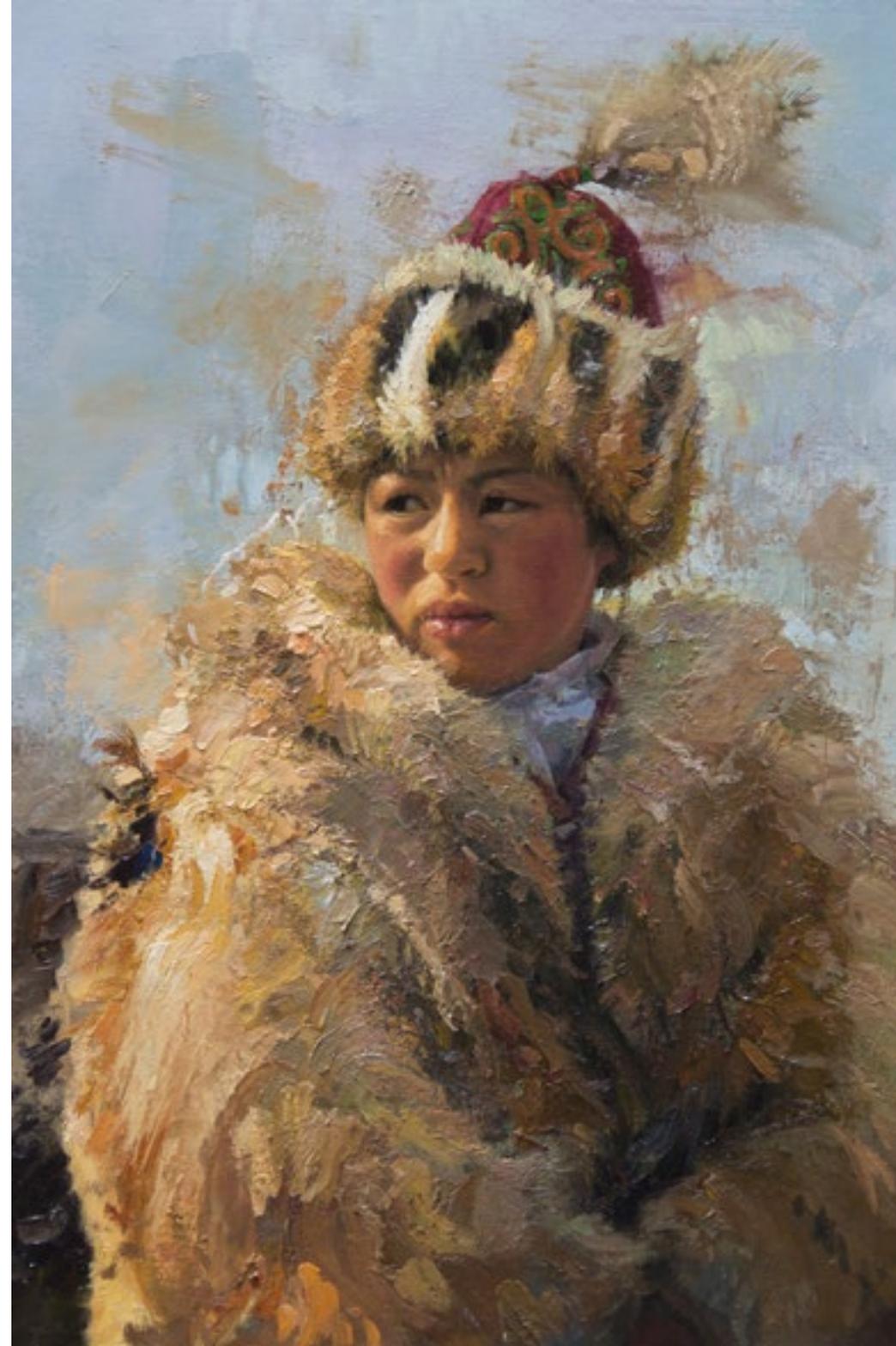
## FACING THE MOUNTAIN

I felt the tension on her face, the sense of pressure from everyone watching her, waiting to see if she would deliver and live up to the whirlwind that was created around her.

The mountains she faced were higher than the ones she was used to and the worry was in her eyes. Perhaps she carried the hopes of the young girls trying to follow in her footsteps or her own ambitions and fears. There was more than just a heavy bird on her arm; there was an expectation. Perhaps she felt none of these and came only to enjoy the day, in which case she would be the mountain.

This is a painting of Ashol-Pan, from the award-winning documentary “The Eagle Huntress” filmed when she was only 13 years old. It tells the story of a young girl taking up a tradition that for centuries was only allowed for males.

FACING THE MOUNTAIN  
60CM X 90CM  
OIL ON LINEN



Journal entry No. 1

'Say nothing to the world. Sit only in silence here on the bench in my half-constructed garden. The ducks swim in George's pool; it is theirs now and they accept the gift with joy. The naked trees scribble lines across the sky, exposing their perfect construction. They are balanced and whole, each branch twisting and splitting, growing, again splitting, and again doubling the canopy of the whole. I love to see the light cast upon the mountain, pink, orange, purple and blue especially seen through the mesh of the naked trees. I love to see the clouds rushing over the ridge of Chapman's Peak racing towards the Southeast as if frightened by the storm that comes. They carry with them the light of the day. The night takes hold; the wind screams and bends the branches, cracking, snapping shrieks as the trees give way to the force of the wild wind. The trees sacrifice their precious limbs so patiently tended; they will start again in the Spring. I love to walk George and watch him play on the Common, finding every dog he can. Play with me, run with me. He runs jumping through the long grass. The joy of his joy spills into my heart, overflowing as a smile of delight. I love watching fathers play with their children, or children playing with one another, creating games and pretending to be great figures of imagination. At some point in the game, we all seem to stop and become serious. No more do we pretend to be the great adventurer, the good guy or the bad guy. No more do we run up to one another and ask to play like the dogs still do. At some point we forget to imagine. I want to imagine again, I want to play the great game again.

I went to the beach with George and my Dad; it was the windiest of days. I decided to embrace the wind, the wild wind and let it blow through me. I let the wind carry me and screamed my eagle's cry unto it. I sent with it my prayer.

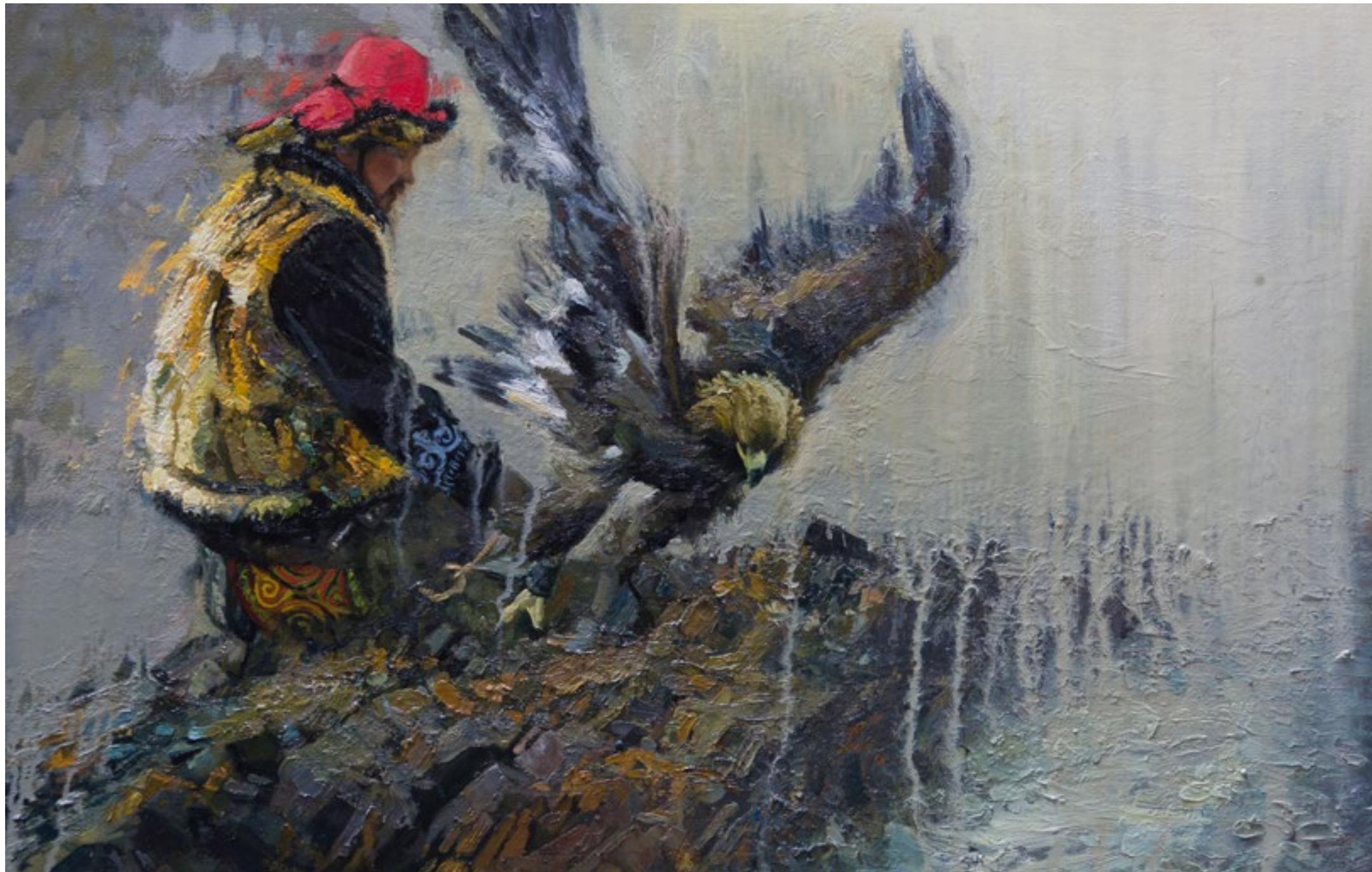
It was an exciting day in the wind and I think my Dad enjoyed it too. Funny how we can fight so savagely over stupid things but in these moments he is the one person who is closest to me and probably understands me the most.

Then there is the weeping. The weeping is reserved for the tragedy of the world, the suffering that we inflict upon the Earth, on each other and all the Earthlings. The weeping is for the elephants whose precious hearts we do not know, will never know. It is for the orangutan left starving and homeless as we satisfy our hunger and the GDP. We fill the oceans with our leftovers, choking its soul. How will our thirst be quenched? The weeping is for them and the weeping is for me, for all the sides to me I will never know.

We ask for the meaning of life, but as Nina said, "Don't you know you are Life itself?" All life is precious and unique, a miracle in time and space. I have to find the meaning in what I am doing, trying to capture more than just a likeness in the face of a man. I must fill that face with his freedom, with his history, with the history of his people. I must fill his face with the spirit of his eagle that lives within his heart. He has cast his prayer unto the wind and it has travelled south.

**A PRAYER UNTO THE  
WIND**  
60CM X 90CM  
OIL ON LINEN





**DUST FROM YOUR WINGS**

60CM X 90CM

OIL ON LINEN

Journal entry No.2

Spread your wings to the wind. I can't ask anyone's advice on this. I need to break the walls that hold me, the wall is in my mind and I have to use my mind to understand it. Impossible. Then I must use my heart. Open your heart to the sound of the wind. 'Up, up, up' said the voice within. I forgot that I was standing on top of the mountain in France; it was me sitting with the eagle hunters, and it was me that the eagle turned to look at as it flew past. It was me that saw the eagle take its first flight.



### **A FATHER'S LOVE**

Dalaikhan sat patiently gluing back the broken talon, his brave new bird wrapped in his arms close to his heart. The bond between them had already formed. I watched as the bird nibbled at his chin and ear. Listened for his voice while feeling for his every movement, already dependent on him for everything. Watching them reminded me of the old love song, 'First Time Ever I saw Your Face'. There is a line where he sings: "Like a trembling bird trapped at my command". How true of a love story; the very thing we love and admire in the other is lost when we call it ours.

**A FATHER'S LOVE**  
OIL ON LINEN  
50CM X 70CM

Job 12: 7-10

'But now ask the beasts, and they will teach you; and the birds of the air, and they will tell you;  
Or speak to the Earth, and it will teach you; and the fish of the sea will explain to you.  
Who among all these does not know that the hand of the Lord has done all this, in whose hand is the life of  
every living thing, And the breath of all mankind?

Journal entry No.3  
(Your Higher Self)

There is a scene I saw of a group of men with a young wolf. It tore at my heart to watch them torment the poor animal, chained and trying to hide. It was fierce from fear and they in turn were cruel from fear of it. Both blinded by fear. I could not paint this scene though I took a picture. I focused on the face of the man who held the chain and noticed how beautiful and serene his expression was. I thought perhaps that is how he could be, one day seeing beyond his fear and finding compassion for his enemy.

Journal entry No.4

The landscape here is dotted with the remains of life, skulls and bones of consumed animals lie everywhere. No glue factory or pretty packaged meat from supermarkets, only a truthful harsh reality, but so it is, perfect and balanced by breathtaking beauty. I wonder what happens to man then he moves to the city refined and softened, does he become intolerant of the killing of his own food and out of touch with the cycle of life.



**YOUR HIGHER SELF**  
OIL ON LINEN  
60CM X 90CM



**WITH CLEAR VISION**  
OIL ON LINEN  
60CM X 90CM

### Journal Entry No.5

#### The Eyes of Understanding (With Clear Vision)

I ask myself: "What has been stolen? What have I lost that I can no longer remember even having?" Perhaps it is my understanding; to understand is what I want. I want to see the bigger picture. Sometimes I wonder if I will ever really understand anything. I think we get that when we die. Perhaps that is why I say nothing of protection. I think we have forgotten ourselves and forgotten our cultures and if we could just remember that, we might stand a chance. But it is not our cultures that will save us; it is the memory of the one great heart, the heart that we all share. It is the memory of who we really are and knowing our place in the universe. There has to be more to it than this.

### Journal entry No.6

I am a mirror and a looking glass  
I am a soundboard and a prism  
I am a voice that turns around again and again  
I am closed eyes, sealed tight with tears  
I am eyes wide open, charged with the light  
I am excitement and bursting joy  
I am a quiet observer watching the play  
I am the smile  
I am the weeping in the night.



**PACIENT PLAYERS**  
OIL ON LINEN  
150CM X 200CM

### **PACIENT PLAYERS**

Competitors gathered from across the region, appearing out of the open Steppes as if from nowhere. Mounted on their tough little Mongolian ponies and carrying their eagles on their arms, they effortlessly scaled the heights of the mountainside, finding their place to wait for the day. They were there to test their skills and those of their birds. When at last their names were called, a companion would be at the foot of the mountain and would call to the eagle, sometimes with mock prey to catch or just to test how quickly the bird responds to the call.

I clambered up the mountain and sat amongst them as they blended into the rock face with their fox fur coats. I was sick from the altitude and the change in diet, but I sat with them that day, watching each bird take flight, flying down to its master. There was a sense of pride in their tradition; it gleamed in the eyes of the young men and the old. They had played this game all their lives.



**PRESENT IN THE MOMENT**  
OIL ON LINEN  
60CM X 90CM

### **PRESENT IN THE MOMENT**

No one is calling me. There is nothing that I need to do, no space to fill. I just sit there humming quietly while scratching a twig in the sand, hypnotising myself with a rhythm. I am not even there, no longer aware of myself. I am present somewhere but it is not here.

This man sits as one with his environment. He is the very expanse upon which he looks. He is the fur coat that camouflages him into the rocks. There is no need for him to escape, for he is free.

## THE BEARER OF TRADITION

Courage, from the Latin word 'Cor' meaning heart, means to express oneself from the heart. A sign of the heart.

What a burden we bear, carrying the tradition of our fathers and mothers. We hold on to the belonging it offers, an identity that we mistake for our own, but it is far from who we are. Perhaps if I could have more courage I could step into myself. What does that even mean? To be 'myself'? Authentic, anonymity.

When we strip away our traditions, those little things that separate us culturally, we find that we are all the same. Just a handful of personalities looking for something - fun or adventure and some kind of meaning

THE BEARER OF TRADITION  
OIL ON LINEN  
122CM X 91CM





### **THE ASPIRING YOUTH**

A young boy filled to the brim with belonging. He plays the game with all his heart. May the skies be blue for all his life and the eagle always by his side. Play the game, leap with joy and follow the dream.

**THE ASPIRING YOUTH**  
OIL ON LINEN  
122CM X 91CM

Journal entry No.7

Today I rode a Mongolian horse in the Altai Mountains, a day I hope to remember for the rest of my life. I followed a young eagle hunter across the scree sloped mountains as he chased after his eagle flying high above. He surfed the slopes at a brisk trot, eyes to the skies as he went. There was a moment when I looked up at the man calling his eagle, framed by the deep blue skies; the eagle changed direction to dart down and land on his arm. There was such a connection between them as if they had been best friends all their lives, knowing the deepest part of each other. This is the moment I hope to remember when I paint my paintings.

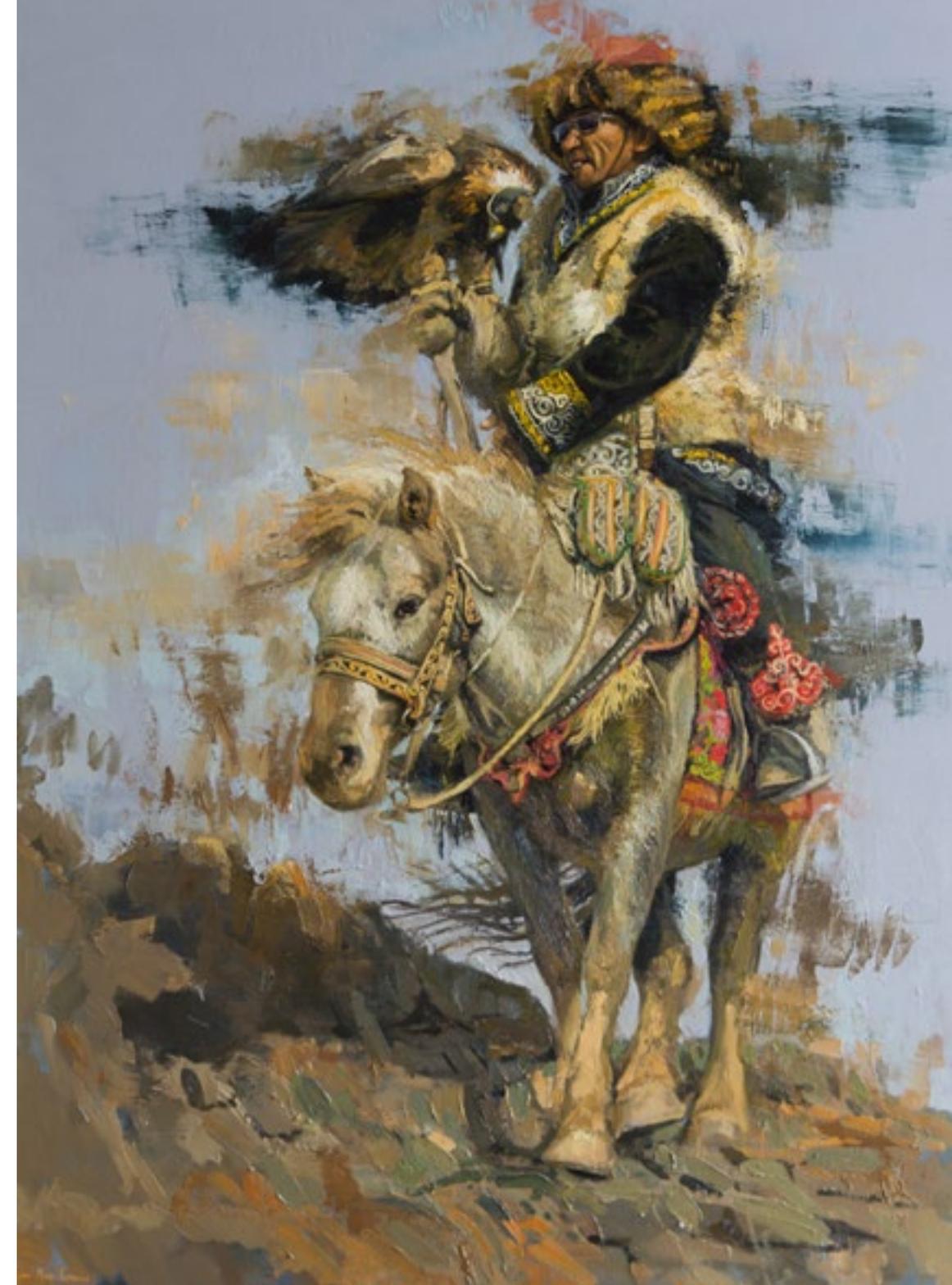
For most of the time I was alone as my horse was slow and cautious. I gave up my fear and handed the reins to the horse, trusting my sure-footed friend to carry me safely on this treacherous ride. What a feeling to be left in silence on top of a mountain, only the sound of tough little hooves on jagged rocks and the whisper of the icy wind. It was a taste of the solitude I crave, to walk into a desert and be no one for a while, a nameless child, nothing demanded or thought of, only the moment.

The view was of a perfect world and as I looked out over the plains I thought of my life, of how tomorrow would be my 36th birthday and how for probably the first time I felt truly blessed to have been born and to be able to experience the ultimate beauty of creation. This world is a perfect place and a perfect teacher. I thought of how it has to be so beautiful, it has to take our breath away so that it can balance the harshness of life and the struggles we face. It reminds us of the preciousness of life. It teaches us to keep a balance, to accept the cycle and the pain, the beauty in the birth and decay. How much better could it get? If life is for learning then this school is the perfect teacher. Everything is exactly as it should be.

**SURE-FOOTED FRIENDS**

OIL ON LINEN

110CM X 150CM



#### Journal entry No.8

I have been on a mountaintop and heard the wind under the wings of an eagle. I have looked into its eyes as it considered me. It reminded me to fly on the wings of my highest aspiration

#### Journal entry No.9

We do not need language to make strong connections, we need only open hearts. At the end of the day I always hear the words of Nani, the Bushman, "Everyone is trying their best." I am trying my best. We are in fact all the same. I have wondered about the equality of man: how can we be equal when we live worlds apart, both in land and mind? Perhaps our behaviour is based on what we know and if we behave badly it is because we do not yet know better. We know not what we do.

I saw tired horses that do not like people. The eagle was loved and revered above all and though stolen from its nest and kept captive, the love it received, it freely returned. 'A good servant cancels out the master and becomes friend.'



### IT'S WILDNESS YOU FACE

When I look into the mirror I am the wild man. His eyes are my eyes, burnt by the same sun. There is nothing that he is that I am not.

I am lost in the wilderness, lost in time and space and all that is unknowable, just like him and just like you. We are alike; him, you and me. My face is your face and I face myself in the darkness and the daylight. In every face and in every place I will find a piece of myself.

I am the girl behind the fence and the boy raised by the eagle. I am the horse as well as the burden. I am the well-trodden path. I am the broken-down cottage, a ruin in a dream.

When I look into the mirror I see the wild man looking back at me. He tells me I am the same as him. I am the lover and the brute.

It's WILDNESS YOU FACE  
OIL ON LINEN  
150CM X 128CM



**A WILD MAN**  
OIL ON LINEN  
70CM X 140CM

**A HORSE WITH NO NAME**  
OIL ON LINEN  
70CM X 140CM

**A COAT OF LIGHT**  
OIL ON LINEN  
70CM X 140CM



### **A HORSE WITH NO NAME**

I went through the desert on a horse with no name, it was good to get out on the range,  
in the desert where no one remembers your name.

### **A COAT OF LIGHT (TECHNICOLOURED COAT)**

I wanted you to feel what I felt when I saw these men appear out of the planes, an amazing  
wonder that made me want to shout out like an excited child. How did I find myself here? You  
have seen the light now go and be that. Be amazing, be what you have seen.

Joseph and his technicoloured coat was my favorite story as a child. I realised that he wore a coat  
of light - it was the light spectrum.

## LOVED COMPANION

Carry my love with you across the sky; send my message to the heavens above. Tell them of my life, of how I have learned and how I have loved. Ask them to be kind and forgive my days of blunder, beg them to withhold their thunder. I have tried my best though not always with success. Ask them for a word of advice and return to me with a gentle reply, Oh my dearest beloved companion.

LOVED COMPANION  
OIL ON LINEN  
50CM X 70CM





## LYNNE-MARIE EATWELL



Born in Johannesburg in 1982, Lynne-Marie has worked as a full time artist since the age of 17. After completing high school at the National School of Arts in Johannesburg she continued to pursue her career as a painter. Working in oils, one can see the influence of the Impressionists and the great Nineteenth Century artists, particularly that of Sargent and Sorolla. Using bold brushstrokes she works fast and accurately, her expressions of light and movement are a dominant feature in her paintings.

Having an appetite for travel and an interest in traditional cultures Lynne-Marie can often be found painting in remote destination around the world, researching and living with traditional people, capturing their portraits and life-style on canvas whilst reminding us that the world is still full of wonder.

In 2010-2011 she studied classical drawing at the Florence Academy of Art in Italy, further strengthening her foundation in figure drawing. It was here that Lynne-Marie developed her fascination for anatomy, which would later be of use in her exploration of sculpture and animal anatomy.

During 2015 she started to explore the process of bronze sculpture, beginning with the study of horses and later equine and human anatomy. In both her paintings and sculptures there is a strong emotional quality depicted showing her sensitivity to her subject. She often captures a quiet or playful moment giving the viewer the sense of being transported into the intimate world of the subject. Sometimes the emphasis is on her ideal relationship between man and animal, transferring emotional human characteristics onto animals and vice versa, in so doing she narrows the gap between the two.

Her work has found a ready home in private collections both locally and internationally and is prominently featured in the collection of the Orient Museum, at the Francolin conservancy just outside of Pretoria.

## Exhibitions and Events

- 2007 April Solo Show at “The Orient Boutique Hotel” Francolin Conservancy
- 2009 June Open Studio Exhibition at “Santa Monica Fine Art Studios”
- 2010 July Group Show at “Rebecca Molayem Gallery” West Hollywood
- 2010 -2011 Studied “Intensive Drawing Program” at The Florence Academy Of Art
- 2011 October Traveled to Siem Reap, Cambodia. Commissioned by Cobus Du Plessis., Legacy Private Art Collection
- 2013 March Traveled to Tsumkwe, Namibia to stay with Bushmen Communities /Research
- 2013 May Opening Exhibition of The Eatwell Gallery,
- 2013 September Exhibiting Member of the First Venice Artblock Studio tour, Venice Beach, CA, U.S.A.
- 2013 December Group Show at The Eatwell Gallery
- 2014 February Group Show ‘Pastoral Symphony’ at Rebecca Molayem Gallery, Beverly Hills, CA, U.S.A.
- 2014 March 2nd Research trip to Tsumkwe, Namibia to stay with Bushmen communities.
- 2014 August Solo Exhibition, “Hunter Gatherer, Faces of the Khoisan” at the Orient Boutique Hotel, Pretoria
- 2014 December Summer Exhibition at The Eatwell Gallery
- 2015 August Winter Exhibition at The Eatwell Gallery
- 2015 Summer Exhibition at The Eatwell Gallery
- 2016 Summer Exhibition at The Eatwell Gallery
- 2017 January Group Show at Moore Gallery, Franschhoek
- 2017 April Traveled to the Camargue in the South of France to research Camargue Horses.
- 2018 Group Show, Wild at Imibala Gallery Somerset West
- 2018 October Research trip to North Western Mongolia to study the Golden Eagle Hunters
- 2018 November Research trip to Pushkar, India, to research the Camel Traders of Rajasthan Desert.
- 2019 February Group show at Imibala Gallery, Somerset West.
- 2019 Solo Exhibition ‘Wings of Aspiration’ at The Orient Art Museum

## Representation

Imibala Gallery, Somerset West  
Knysna Fine Art, Knysna/Grand Provance Franschhoek  
The Orient Hotel Museum, Francolin Conservancy  
The Studio Gallery, Simons Town  
The Eatwell Gallery, Noordhoek  
Legacy Private Art Collection

