

Martin Lawes – Oil Paintings

<https://www.musicimageryhub.org/martin-lawes-artwork>

Creating art through 'becoming music'

Painting title: Eressben

Music used: Mahler - Symphony No 9 (4th movement ending)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=81AFdWXLNCU>



This was painted listening repeatedly to the end of a remarkable performance of Mahler *Symphony 9* with the Lucerne Festival Orchestra conducted by Claudio Abbado in 2010 where the music dissipates into a sustained silence.

Tom Service, who attended this memorable performance, explains that “if you see the final page of the score, the music looks as it sounds, as filaments of the melodies you have been listening to for half an hour in the last movement become gossamer threads, the spider-web traces, and at last quantum distillations of musical material, marked to be played ever quieter and ever slower”. But then, as Service, remembers

Something extraordinary happened after the symphony ended. Which is that it *didn't* end. Instead, in the leave taking of the final notes of the music – the end of the sound, but not the substance, of Mahler's Ninth Symphony – the collective silence the audience and the musicians created afterwards was a journey into a different dimension. It's a place not marked in the score, a place where geometrics and physicalities are almost impossible to describe, but is tangibly *there* when you experience it. There must have been a moment when it happened, when the soundwaves of the final chord – already some of the gentlest you could imagine, as if the string section of the Lucerne Festival Orchestra had caressed the air rather than done anything as physical as play their instruments – lost their energy to the surrounding space of the concert hall. But in a phenomenon that would take quantum physics to define, that dissipating sound opened up another universe exactly at the moment it disappeared from our ears and from our sensory consciousness. The sound was a passage to another world, and in those minutes at the end of the performance – not 'after the performance' since this experience defined this account of Mahler's Symphony, and was irreducibly part of the

fabric of the piece – we in the hall followed it there. All of us who were in the audience that night knew what they place is, should we ever encounter it again in our lives....

The essence of that collective silence that Abbado, the orchestra, and the audience achieved together at the end of the symphony is both more mysterious and more explicable than it seems. That other realm, that different dimension that opened as the music crossed a border into silence and beyond, was a revelation of the dark matter behind all of the Lucerne Festival Orchestra's performances, without which none of them would exist: it was the sound of listening, the sound of all of us – audience, musicians, conductor – listening to Mahler, to music, to each other". (Service, T, 2014. Music as Alchemy: Journeys with Great Conductors and their Orchestras. Faber and Faber)

Was this transcendent, normally hidden, ground of being that Service and he believes everyone else present experienced, perhaps 'the sound of one hand clapping' as the Zen Koan describes it? The zen practitioner is asked what this sound is, an impossible and paradoxical question that cannot be solved logically/cognitively but only by spiritual realization - that is experientially.

The video recording available of the concert is remarkable in the way the silence Service describes can be 'heard', the previous music like a 'sounding of silence' also. The painting emerged from having 'become' this experience of music as silence.

General background information about my approach to painting

As a creative arts psychotherapist and practitioner of Music and Imagery (MI), a psychotherapeutic approach which involves supporting clients to create art-work whilst listening to music to explore their inner experience, I have developed my own practice as an oil painter using a similar technique which integrates art-making with music listening.

My paintings involve my being intuitively drawn to music which I then listen to repeatedly whilst I paint. For this I use short extracts of music that is especially meaningful to me, each extract lasting around a minute and a half. I typically repeat such an extract for several hours at a time as I work on a painting, the process often repeated on many different occasions over a period of weeks and sometimes months until the painting is finished. Repeating the music never feels like repeating the same experience. Rather it is a way of ever deepening into the present moment experience of the music until I feel that I have 'become the music' in a way that transforms my state of consciousness. It is only out of this that the painting emerges authentically in the way I work. 'Becoming the music' involves feeling immersed in it as though I am living within the music, continually aware of its transformative presence.

Titles and meanings

The titles of my paintings are intended to be both evocative and ambiguous, so as not to convey a precise meaning but be open to many possibilities of interpretation. I don't consider the paintings to represent the music but to arise from my having 'become it' in a way that is personal to me as I explore universal human themes. There is often a connection with the music's meaning for the composer, or a connection with the text set, though this may not be immediately obvious. It is in any case for the viewer to create their own possibly very different meaning.

I will end with a favourite quotation about meaning in art which gets to what is most essential I believe. This comes from Ken Wilber's 2001 publication *The Eye of Spirit: An Integral Vision for a World Gone Slightly Mad*:

Let me return to what art is finally all about. When I directly view, say, a great Van Gogh, I am reminded of what all superior art has in common: the capacity to simply take your breath away . . . you are changed somehow, maybe just a little, maybe a lot; but you are

changed. No wonder that for the East and West alike, until recent times, art was often associated with profound spiritual transformation.

. . . When we look at any beautiful object (natural or artistic), we suspend all other activity, and we are simply aware, we only want to contemplate the object. . . In that contemplative awareness, our egoic grasping in time comes momentarily to rest. We relax into our basic awareness. We rest with the world as it is, not as we wish it to be. We are face to face with the calm, the eye in the centre of the storm. We are not agitating to change things; we contemplate the object as it is. Great art has this power to grab your attention and suspend it: we stare, sometimes awestruck, sometimes silent, but we cease the restless movement that otherwise characterises our every waking moment.

It doesn't matter what the actual content of the art is; not for this. Great art grabs you, against your will, and then suspends your will. You are ushered into a quiet clearing, free of desire, free of grasping, free of ego, free of self-contradiction. And through that opening or clearing in your own awareness may come flashing higher truths, subtler revelations, profound connections. For a moment you might even touch eternity; who can say otherwise, when time itself is suspended in the clearing that great art creates in your awareness?

. . . Great art suspends the reverted eye, the lamented past, the anticipated future: we enter with it into the timeless present; we are with God today, perfect in our manner and mode, open to the riches and the glories of a realm that time forgot, but that great art reminds us of: not by its content, but by what it does in us: suspends the desire to be elsewhere. And thus it undoes the agitated grasping in the heart of the suffering self, and releases us - maybe for a second, maybe for a minute, maybe for all eternity - releases us from the coil of ourselves.

That is exactly the state that great art pulls us into, no matter what the actual content of the art itself - bugs or Buddhas, landscapes or abstractions, it doesn't matter in the least. In this particular regard - from this particular context, great art is judged by its capacity to take your breath away, take your self away, take time away, all at once.

And whatever we mean by the word "spirit" - let us just say . . . that for each of us it involves our ultimate concern - it is in that simple awestruck moment, when great art enters you and changes you, that spirit shines in this world just a little more brightly than it did the moment before. (Wilber 2001: 122-124)