

Martin Lawes – Oil Paintings

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

Creating art through 'becoming music'

Painting title: Yubothanrigh

Music used: Bothan àirigh am bràigh raithneach (sung by Julie Fowlis)

<https://open.spotify.com/track/7gWNRfLmzHtuJ4bRonLeNI?si=3bc0546fcf3648ab>



This was painted listening repeatedly to an anonymous Gaelic folk song *Bothan Àirigh am Bràigh Raithneach* (The Shieling in the Braes of Rannoch) thought to be at least 450 years old, in a wonderful version sung by Julie Fowlis.

A shieling is a hut on a seasonal cattle pasture high in the hills, once common in the Scottish uplands. Oval, circular or rectangular on plan, they were often constructed of dry stone or turf, with a small doorway and without any window openings. Many songs have been written about life in shielings. These were often about courtship and love, including the one I used which is a song by a girl to her lover.

Although Shielings are traditionally associated with seasonal mountain pastures for grazing cattle in summer, my version is inspired by the idea of a very simple humble life based in human love and companionship. The shieling in which the lovers live is covered in snow on the winter solstice, the warmth and love they experience within their shieling helping them survive the harshness of their living conditions.

Bothan Àirigh am Bràigh Raithneach

'The Sheiling in the Braes of Rannoch'

Òran le nighinn òig d' a leannan. *A Song by a girl to her lover.*

Gur e m' anam is m' eudail
chaidh an-dè do Ghleann Garadh:
fear na gruaig' mar an t-òr
is na pòig air bhlas meala.

*O hi ò o hu ò, o hi ò o hu ò,
Hi rì ri ò hu eile
O hì ri ri ri ò gheallaibh ò*

Is tu as fheàrr don tig deise
de na sheasadh air thalamh;
is tu as fheàrr don tig culaidh
de na chunna mi dh' fhearaibh.

Is tu as fheàrr don tig osan
is bròg shocrach nam barrall:
còta Lunnainneach dubh-ghorm,
is bidh na crùintean ga cheannach.

An uair a ruigeadh tu 'n fhèill
is e mo ghèar-sa a thig dhachaigh;
mo chrìosan is mo chìre
is mo stiomag chaol cheangail.

Thig mo chrìos à Dùn Eideann
is mo bhrèid à Dùn Chailleann,
gheibh sinn crodh as a' Mhaorainn
agus caoraich à Gallaibh.

Is ann a bhios sinn 'gan àrach
air àirigh am Bràigh Raithneach.
ann am bòthan an t-sùgraidh
is gur e bu dùnadh dha barrach.

Bhiodh a' chuthag 's an smùdan
a' gabhail ciùil duinn air chrannaibh;
bhiodh an damh donn 's a bhùireadh
gar dùsgadh sa mhadainn.

It was my love and my treasure
who went yesterday to Glengarry,
the man with hair like gold
and kisses that taste of honey.

*O hi ò o hu ò, o hi ò o hu ò,
Hi rì ri ò hu eile
O hì ri ri ri ò gheallaibh ò*

You suit your clothes
better than any man on earth;
you look better in your garments
than any man I've ever seen.

You look better in stockings
and comfortable laced shoes,
a dark blue London coat
that cost many crowns to buy.

When you arrive at the fair,
you'll bring home my gear,
my small belt and my comb
and my little narrow fastening head-band.

My belt will come from Edinburgh
and my marriage head-dress from Dunkeld,
we'll get cattle from the Mearns
and sheep from Caithness.

And we'll rear them in a sheiling
in Bràigh Raithneach,
in the brush-wood enclosed hut of
dalliance.

The cuckoo will sing
its song to us from the trees,
the brown stag and its roaring
will wake us in the morning.

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)