

## **“Of Silence and Slow Time”**

Roger Munch

Beauty and Meaning reside in a dynamic yet fragile dance between Order and Chaos. My art work is not just about form in space, but is ultimately about The Transcendent in space; about unseen forces. The form of the art work serves the spirit or soul of the piece. My work often exudes a feeling of suspended time, accompanied by a stillness juxtaposed with implied motion... a suspension that puts one in a Zen-like and meditative space and mood... a metaphysical space which speaks to the spiritual side of the work's essence (perhaps it derives from a need for silence and calm; for simplicity, solitude, and the need for inner connections to core marrow-like meanings, in a world full of outer noise and distractions, seductions and material demands).

By recognizing the inseparable nature of the interdependence and interrelatedness of all that is, I think that the idea of “influence” becomes negated by endless possibility! I see my work as coming from a place of fire; from a place of earth; from wide and ever-changing skies; from a place of exposure, on the windward side. I see it coming from all the woods I have ever been in, and from every cliff or mountain, valley, river, fog, mist, or warm rain. I see it as coming from soft defused moonlit nights and from stars between the naked swaying trees; from the characteristic flight of birds and insects. My work is inspired also by wonderful books I have read; by poetry and music that has stirred my soul, and by honest people, dreamers; fellow pilgrims, and other mysteries that call me.

There is a kind of sacred connection I feel to an aspect of “indigency” in my work; a trusting intuitively in that which is intrinsic, innate; a seeing of something which is already there.

There are implications of suffering. It is not that I seek suffering, but that I accept and recognize its central role in the scheme of things. Without suffering, there seems to be no potential of transcendence, enlightenment, vision, or mystical experience leading to epiphany.

I am acutely aware that the exquisite power and majestic beauty of that which is seen has more to do with the even greater majesty of the unseen. Often, the time it takes for me to finish a work of art allows me to slow down and thoroughly “see” what the invisible is “saying” to me. In this state “of silence and slow time” (as Keats spoke of it), there comes back the mystery and silence and wonder close to Whitman's: “guiding thread so fine, along the mighty labyrinth”. This is soul sustenance, life vibrancy, green essence, transcendence. My art is yet another attempt of mine to follow the “paths of emerald fire” (Shelley, The Triumph of Life).