

## The Sound of Void

Ktzia Alon

A well known Buddhist *Koan* poses the question what is the sound of one hand clap. What is the sound of nothing, of void, which is a plenitude to eternity that cannot be uttered, cannot be contained, the "being" immersed in all. The Japanese Zen Buddhist traditions developed the art of the subtle; exacerbate statement, the one question that reshuffles the habitual thought created by dusty cognition causing enlightenment. The esthetic that derived of this form of thinking is also discerned, polished, nucleus, pitted, silent and suggestive. Miranda's painting-drawings send out long soft tendrils towards this tremendous tradition, towards that esthetic: The yellow sphere of the sun peeping out from between a tangle of yellow leaves; Horizontal lines and two red dots; Droplets of color alongside a delicate sliver of moon; A tree marked by three lines. The painting is abstracted down to its skeletal components: line, dot, a circle. And thus, the painting echoes the chain of: creation-nature-universe.

Miranda's works are driven by the passion to attain the basic components, to reach the unity that lies at the basis of all diversity, to what lays hidden and camouflaged in the deep layers, underneath the biting reality, the humdrum and noise of voice and color. Miranda seems to be saying: I do not paint what I see but what exists, or in fact "does not exist". The transcendental greatness immersed like a veil over the face of all things, the invisible essence, the "power" that is, that exists, the ontology, the extant.

The works deem to generate a cognitive change in the observer, but by diffused, soft transition, and not by any Koanian query that contains symbolic violence, not by meditation exercises that hurt the joints and are permeated with significance; through the beating heart, the core pulsating in face of the change, the aperture, the calmness and the understanding.

Yoel Hoffman's book *The Heart is Katmandu* is about Yehoachim. It would seem that Yehoachim could be Miranda's hero too: while Hoffman infers strips of life through intimate verbal intrusion, Miranda does so with his art. "The sound of patting on flesh is the sound of the one/ hand because there is no longer any division between body and body/ ay this love to ourselves like/ suddenly turning on the light and seeing", writes Hoffman in *The Heart is Katmandu* [Hebrew].

"Turn on the light and see" is what Miranda's works are saying, formulating a plea for different observation, observation that is sensitive to the beauty of that which is both one-time and eternal. "Ho the sun [reflects Yehoachim] le soleil, the sun, healer of the skin!", writes Hoffman, creating an association between "light" and "skin" [the Hebrew word *or* means both "light" and "skin", but written in a different spelling]. Miranda's suns are "the sun", the sun that is an eye, the sun that is a spring, the sun that is camisoles of light and skin inside which all things are wrapped and swaddled.