

In *Zen and the Fine Arts*, the late Zen Master Shin'ichi Hisamatsu writes of "an endless reverberation which comes from a never completely revealed, bottomless depth." He continues: "If content exhausts itself — if the process of disclosure finishes at any point — any reverberation will be similarly limited. But what appears out of a bottomless depth and never discloses itself in its entirety — whether it appears even in the form of a spot or a line — has a reverberation beyond expression."

Hisamatsu calls this reverberation the "infinite echo reverberating from a single thing." My favorite example: Bashô's

The temple bell has ceased
but the sound lingers in the flowers.

Certain works achieve what we are left with when the work ends. After all of Hamlet's failed thinking, talking, feeling, doing and not doing, what *IS* the rest that is Silence? In Laura Frazure's *Fight*, the battle is only incidentally between the two struggling figures. Each of the two women molt the created situation, pulled by a power beyond the other and beyond self. Both perpetrator and victim are enthralled by a preoccupation they probably cannot name, which at once makes the aggressor's aggression inconsequential to the victim and to herself. The victim's brow, down-turned mouth clarify that her antagonist is *metaphysical*; in this fight her physical attacker, rather than harming, breaks her fall. The attacker's free arm shows her disinterest in finite squabbles, even the one she has initiated. What her face is drawn to — something akin to what Viktor Frankl meant in citing the phrase: "The angels are lost in perpetual contemplation of an infinite glory" — is the question that matters (to me) in this sculpture.

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