

## **WALTER ZSCHOKKE : OF RISING AND FLOWING AND BUNDLING AND SHOOTING**

Movements of air currents are invisible until made visible by indicators. The wind captures soft and flexible elements or light objects down to the finest particles and takes them as far as their anchors permit. Or else it whirls them up and away, carries them off, until they come to rest elsewhere because the gust has abated or some solid object offered protection from the wind. Or parts of the gaseous mixture precipitate as a fog, revealing the movements of the air as it rises or is torn to wispy shreds.

Ona B. seems to ensnare these turbulences in space and banish them to the painting surface, where, defiant of two-dimensionality, they provoke unfathomable depths, perhaps because they can only be perceived in the eyes, or more precisely the irises, of people in motion. Ona B. takes a hold of these depths by architecturally framing the painted surfaces, placing them in corners, doors, or mirrors on the ceiling. Or she puts them on a swaying pedestal in front of a glass ball that focuses them, contracts the contents of the paintings and condenses them as if in a compressor. But the microcosm captured in the glass ball stays beneath the critical threshold. The collection remains static. Only for the viewer does the bundled beam, the potential energy stored in the picture, reveal its effect, enticing the viewer to climb inside, get lost in the infinite world behind the surface.

Ona B. has been practicing kyodu for many years, unintentionally feeling her way to the target. Seen from the outside, the object of this form of Japanese archery is to train the body and mind, make movements so precise and yet so relaxed that the string held between the thumb and middle finger is gently released from the nocking area of the glove, and the arrow shoots forward in the direction determined by the position of the body and the eyes. The kyudoka becomes part of the mechanical/organic process that gives the arrow its impulse. The carefully trained sequence of all movements continuously prepares for this moment.

Tension grips the soft lines of the body, the woman pushes herself between the bamboo bow and string, whose largest distance is based on the length of the arrow. The string is released from the hand, the arrow shoots forward, a strand of hair flashes past her eye, while the body and mind rest, savoring the moment that has already passed.

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