

Wind Waves by **Madame Yvonne Domenge** for **Vancouver Biennale**

When fearless weighted vessels weave their way out to the Strait of Georgia, I look at the horizon line so that I might hear and recall the lapping of waves against '*the edge of a mysterious ledge*', my name for this beautiful, mysterious piece of land at **Garry Point Park in Steveston, British Columbia, Canada**.

I perceived and understood in coming to know the late **Alberto Replanski (1948-2008)**, that sculptors make mental efforts to mete out their skill of turning the metaphysical into physical matter. Therefore I welcomed **Madame Yvonne Domenge's** *Wind Waves* as an icon of what transpires here silently and endlessly everyday. Chemistry and perfect scientific processes, meet the meaning of matter to speak a riveting word to me that characterizes this particular period of my life. *Wind Waves* symbolizes movement and exchange of energy as alive as the mighty Fraser River. Her gesture cannot be interrupted, only experienced by the viewer who cannot stop the wave from being a wave.

Life is water whose movement we see in waves wherein the rivulets form and are pushed forward by an invisible power that cannot be captured in any spoken language, except in this case a sculptor's chosen medium. The physical matter of bronze, element and metal of the earth painted the colour of blood—directs attention to the force of life which exists in the wind and waves, playful and cunning *Wind Waves* sat poised for a time on this beloved piece of land. Some say she assaulted our sensibilities and challenged our ideas of the purity of nature and interrupted our solace and solitude, our happy relationship with this geography we adore.

Water is life and in *Wind Waves* I see an embryo, the circular form of a human cell thrums and vibrates to the rhythm of an ongoing dance. **Martha Graham** the renowned American dancer and creator of dances remarked in her later years "*Movement never lies*" passed on to her from her father who specialized in human psychology. If an artwork private or public can mark a significant period in one's life or represent a rite of passage, then this *Wind Waves* has certainly become a sign in mine. It is a kind of visual insignia a reminder of the force of life, its invisible power and all that it demands in my relationships, and art making.

Imagine going to the seashore, down by the river. There you may be yourself, alone. You may want to take time to revel in the eternal gift of a wave in the wind the movement is comforting, a calm settles within you it is the water beneath and around you. Close your eyes for a moment and listen to the power of rushing water and healing wind. Slow down to notice a remarkable presence that defies naming. Allow imagination to be touched by the supernatural force and wonder of water, notice the wind and waves.

This morning at Garry Point the wind is fierce, unrelenting in its course white caps top the waves of the Fraser, heaving like a serpent rising from the depths the river swells with a perilous treachery, the storm whips the newly planted delicate Japanese Cherry trees into a frenzy. My Studio windows are rattled as the storm reaches a fury then quietly recedes until the next paroxysm; when the river releases a series of convulsions that erupt into endless undulating cycles of waves.

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