

Lam Wong

the world is as soft as a volcano: a moving composition

List of Artworks

History of Emotion - series



History of Emotion
2020
Chinese Ink, Acrylic and Oil on Canvas mounted on Cradled Wood Panel
12 x 9 x 1.5"



Zero One HOE No.1
2019
Chinese Ink, Acrylic and Oil on Canvas mounted on Cradled Wood Panel
12 x 9 x 1.5"



Scar HOE No.2
2019
Chinese Ink, Acrylic and Oil on Canvas mounted on Cradled Wood Panel
12 x 9 x 1.5"



Sorrow HOE No.3
2019
Chinese Ink, Acrylic and Oil on Canvas mounted on Cradled Wood Panel
12 x 9 x 1.5"



Broken HOE No.12
2020
Chinese Ink, Acrylic and Oil on Canvas mounted on Cradled Wood Panel
12 x 9 x 1.5"

Free Form Biophilia - series



A Deeply Emotional Experience
2018
Oil on Canvas
47 x 70"



Emotional Refuge
2018
Oil on Canvas
40 x 50"



Timorous
2018-19
Acrylic and Oil on Canvas
50 x 40"



The World is as Soft as Lace
2019
Acrylic and Oil on Canvas
36 x 36"



Museum of Psychiatry and Love
2019
Acrylic and Oil on Canvas
45.75 x 33.5"



Blind Woman at a Photography Show (VPL)
2010
Oil on Canvas
48 x 36"



CD 318 (Re-Performance)
2013
Oil on Canvas
44 x 68"



Mother
2011
Oil on Canvas
16 x 20"



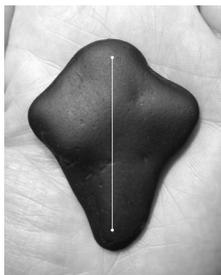
Untitled (Homage to Turner)
2011
Oil on Canvas
16 x 20"



Self-Portrait as Volcano - sculpture installation
2020
Cedar Mulch, Charcoal, Plaster Face
Dimensions Variable



Feet - painting sculpture
2007-2019
Oil on Canvas Rolled-up into Tube
43 x 3" diameter



Looking at One's Mortality
2014-2020
Photograph with Birch Wood Lightbox
22 x 15 x 4"

Blind Woman at a Photography Show (VPL)

2010

Oil on Canvas

48 x 36"

This was an extremely emotional painting for me to work on. The blind woman portrayed in the painting was in fact my late mother, Rita. Late in life, she had succumbed to complete blindness due to a disorder known as Rapid Glaucoma. Following my earlier step-father's death, I took on the role of caregiver and had looked after my mother full-time. This painting depicts a scene a few weeks before her tragic death. We had gone to the downtown library to attend a medical seminar on diabetes. A photography show was in the same area so I took the opportunity to look at the works after the seminar. Of course, my mother couldn't see so very often I needed to verbally describe our immediate environment or anything that required visual attention to her. While I was checking out the photo works, mom was sitting patiently and waiting for me peacefully. Before we left, I looked at her briefly and felt something... It was much later that I realized that her silence and patience on that day was love.

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CD 318 (Re-Performance)

2013

Oil on Canvas

44 x 68"

A common theme amongst my paintings is that of time, memory, and the perception of reality.

I had been contemplating making a painting about Glenn Gould during a period where my wife and I were both quite into his music. While researching the subject, I happened across the story of the 'Re-Performance' of Gould's 1955 Goldberg Variations, a collaboration between Sony Classical, Yamaha and Zenph. In this "Re-Performance" project, advanced technology was used to analyze the sensitivity of Gould's finger movements while performing his original recording of the Goldberg Variations. A digital file encoded with this information was read by Yamaha's Disklavier Pro - a computerized player piano. A live performance of this master pianist, not in person, but re-performed by the Yamaha piano, was then recorded by placing the microphone near the approximate head position of Gould's, in an attempt to recreate his own musical experience. This story fascinated me, as it converged with the themes of memory, perception, time, and space that I always came back to in my paintings.

This painting is about Glenn Gould, about his piano, and also about his performance of Bach's Goldberg Variations. However, Gould is not present in the painting, a Yamaha Piano takes the place of his famous Steinway CD-318 that he owned through out his career, and even the music is computerized rather than performed by human hand. The painting plays on our notions of reality. I am curious - How do we perceive reality through reconstructing a past event? How does our memory recreate an imaginary performance that we so desperately hopes to witness again, whether it's for nostalgia or for pleasure?

Ultimately, nothing in this painting is real. The picture itself is a fake version. All elements are layers and layers of composed memories, twisted in different times and spaces. The only thing that binds all the elements together to create the illusion of reality is our collective memory.