

FrameWork 6/25

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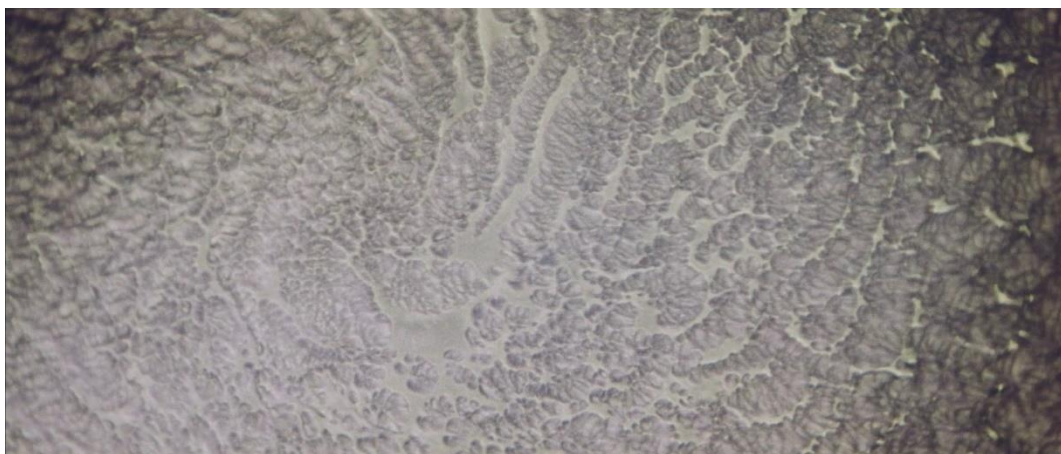
3 Compositions after *Passing Resemblance*

Waves

When it's windy,
it's easy to confuse a swaying
bush with a living being—
an ice fish, an ice bird

It's easy to confuse a swaying
with the flowing of a stream
an ice fish, an ice bird
or waves washing up on shore

The flowing of a stream
emulates the spoken word "saliva"
or waves washing up on the shore
of a sentient ocean



Still from *Solaris*, 1972, dir. Andrei Tarkovsky

The spoken word "saliva" emulates
the directionality of silk
a sentient ocean, and
how water coheres inside the body

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The directionality of silk
indiscernible from mirrors
coheres on the body, how water
mimics a crow, dove, flower, peanut

Indiscernible from mirrors
a special kind of freezer tray
mimics a crow, dove, flower, peanut
with the intimacy of simulation

A special kind of freezer tray
continuous sound, circles on board
the intimacy of simulation
left the shore slicked

Continuous sound, circles on board
when it's windy
left the shore slicked
an ice being, an ice bush

Rain

tap roof
tin pot
cat ice
a tube
drop current
let the
owl Ab
fingertip silk
fungus
turn
cut simulated animal
red oyster
drink light grief
sap swan
fog sediment
crayfish motor
knows mirror
recording asphalt bikini
orange rot

board
day
silk
coil
melt
bead
thunder
bird
big
talent
flows
an
lake
surface
inherent
acre
made
tray
wore
storm
edge
dog
lay
cube
ducks
bridge
shell
bed
wailing
also
out
note
spring
like
freeze

Stream

It was, at the end of the day, a wailing or series of wails, a dropping that made a continuous sound, small foam, beads on a long bed of nails, a fungus made of ice, a dog of ice, a seashell. How much water in saliva, ocean, lake, stream, river. Flow has directionality like silk cut on the bias or steak cut against the grain. Drifting in and out of oil, focus, motor, wash, pot, tin, roof, hole—acres to work with—rain falls in droplets upon the field. Water facilitates growth as well as rot, the cycling of all things, the wet part of the storm. Puddles dissipate into ice ducks, ice cats, ice owl. Mimicry not only a human talent but also the talent of certain birds, chameleons, caterpillars, butterflies, stick bugs, primates, and the sentient ocean on the planet Solaris. Water makes a mirror of the psyche and something else (ineffable). An ice jellyfish, an ice banana. Water makes a mirror whose surface is disrupted by raindrops, the movement of waves, or stream's current. An ice turtle. Stream currency: a type of value inherent to streams and rivers. An ice bear. Stream currency: the collection of coins at the base of a fountain sonically emulating the endlessness of rushing water in a downward-flowing stream. Unlike the beads' landing-place at the base of a board, stream currency does not have an easily-defined ending or final note. Ice flows into the clapping of hands and the spoken word "recording" or "red light." An ice sea lion, an ice strawberry. We have firm ideas about the future like the timing of spring melt, yet ice's firmness is correlated with greater opacity. Freeze-thaw crumbles roads in the place where I grew up, where people discuss at length the merits of cement and asphalt, where I wore a purple bikini down to the river edge and waded until a large animal stepped toward me. An ice oyster. 900 kilometers away, I wore an orange bikini to the river edge, set my bike down on its side, and lay in the rushing stream until a beer can tapped my head and a crayfish slicked its spindly self against my ass. An ice flower, an ice peanut, an ice starfish. Ice Rorschach tests trickle in and

out of form—a mouthguard or a shrimp? A mushroom or floret of broccoli? A bird in flight or large-finned fish? A clover or a tooth? Macaroni-filled tubes brandish human means of representation, drink, swan, frog, and Grannie's battery-powered ice cubes that lit up different colours. Others liked the gimmick once or twice; I liked it every time. Ice walrus or uncouth alligator. Ice fish or performing seal. Hunky crow, hunky dove, dory from Finding Nemo. Choose. Loofa. Items from the sea that make you sick—dollar, shell, shore, corpse, child four metres big. Doppelganger for a dead colleague's son made large like grief, like the pain of hitting one's elbow on the surface of a desk. Likeness in ice; a special kind of freezer tray made from a microwaved substance the colour and stickiness of sap or perhaps gelatin. "When it's windy, it's easy to confuse a swaying bush with a living being." People move in a circle like musical chairs or duck-duck-goose, tapping, composing rain. Cough out the edit, the stream, the coil, the steel spring making the sound of thunder. How quickly the grass bursts from melted snow, how fallen the ice, how the river rises, unsafe to enter 'til mid-summer. Did I mention what it felt like to be hot? To lose one's form in heat, dissolve in rising mercury and recombine in falling, below zero, form anew. I took photos but never sent them to you, knowing you were cold by then anyway, and eventually left the stream by bicycle. The ice gull knows better than to make a fuss about simulated thunder, so I waited out the hail under Groat Bridge. The man on screen took photos but nobody saw in them what he saw, the images having already settled back into liquid forms, indiscernible from mirrors. Chopin made a photograph of the raindrop in the repetition of A flat. A piano teacher suggests alternating fingers for repeated notes, giving each a turn. The performers alternate fingers on their buckets, better capturing a multiplicity of droplets. Soap quiets the mouth. An eyedropper makes human intrusions on water's train of thought. From the centre of the wall an ice squirrel arises, perhaps with wings. In the simulation of rain is a belief in representation as

a form of intimacy. Simulacra collect like sediment in the streambed. An ice flower, an ice leaf, an ice cloud.

Notes

“Waves” and “Rain” were composed out of the linguistic material present in “Stream”; the same material is presented in three forms.

The phrase, “When it’s windy, it’s easy to confuse a swaying bush with a living being,” is taken from Andrei Tarkovsky’s 1972 film *Solaris*, an adaption of Stanisław Lem’s eponymous novel.