

# FrameWork 6/25

Claire Geddes Bailey on Rhonda Wepler and Trevor Mahovsky

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  
let  
current  
the  
owl  
Ab  
fingertip  
silk  
fungus  
turn  
cut  
simulated  
animal  
red  
oyster  
grief  
drink  
light  
sap  
swan  
fog  
motor  
sediment  
crayfish  
knows  
mirror  
for  
recording  
asphalt  
bikini  
orange  
rot

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

### 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.