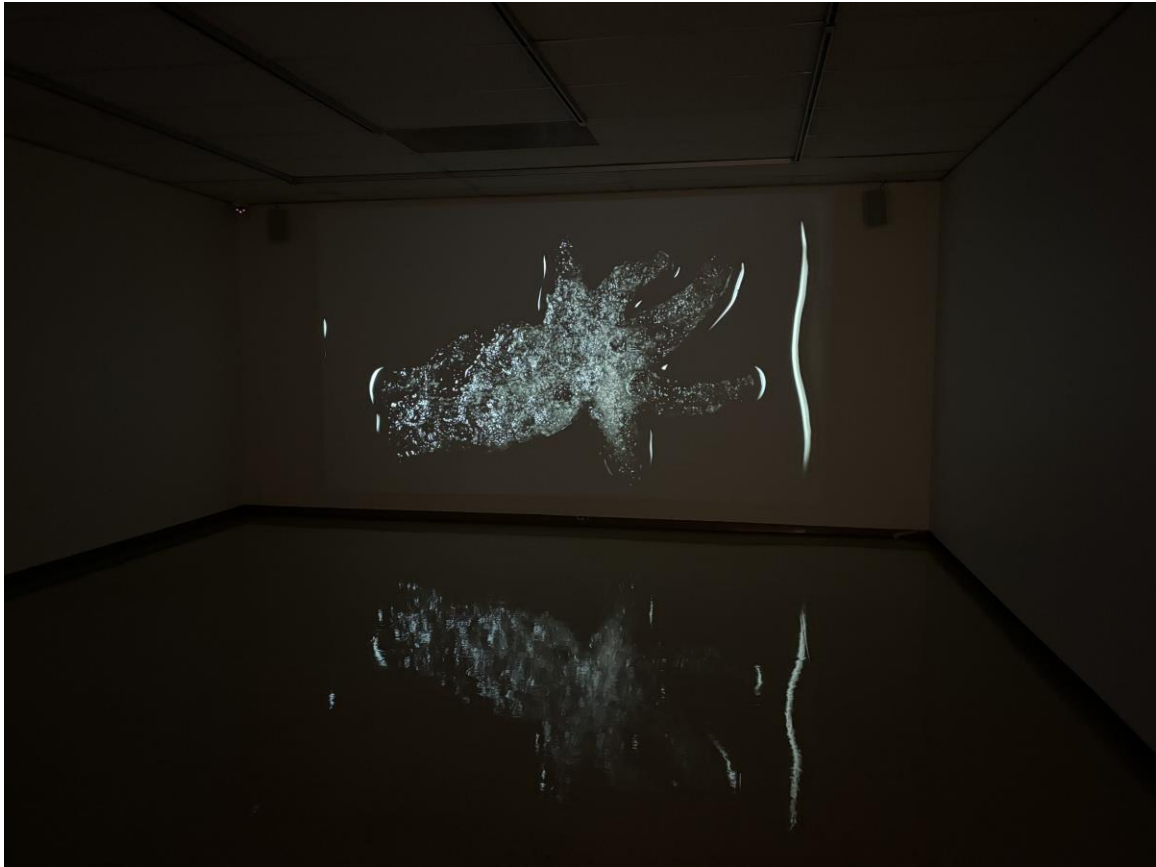


# Susan Hobbs

Rhonda Wepler and Trevor Mahovsky

*Passing Resemblance*

22 May to 28 June 2025



Bringing together recent sculptural and video works, *Passing Resemblance* admires the natural phenomena of rain, the imitation of the temporal effects of freezing and thawing, and the nuanced transitory nature of existence. Often, Wepler and Mahovsky use inflated replication as a means of understanding the tactile and metaphysical worlds that surround us – flaunting the human experience to conjure an exaggerated and notorious mimicry of collective perception. In an effort to echo the pattering of rain, and the aches of icebergs, the video work *Solaris*, a multi-channel installation poised as the fulcrum of this exhibition, suggests the endlessness of water. All of the water on earth is indebted to four possible conditions, recycling through in brief bursts of redemptive remaking. Like a hopeful reverb, rehearsing the possibilities of rebirth, regrowth, and reincarnation – conditions we ourselves constantly disappear into as the temporality of life solidly bonds itself to the lamented inevitability of death.

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Working collaboratively with Marshview Middle School and the Owens Art Gallery, the participants were asked to make single-line drawings, objects, and profane instruments based within the artists desired research. *Solaris* documents a series of ice sculptures, cast from objects made by the participants, as they melt into pools of soft water, and then re-become with monumental rigidity. As this process repeats itself over and over, these seemingly ice-berg like forms appear and disappear into a conjured darkness to audio that compositionally entwines Frédéric Chopin's 'Prelude in D flat major, Op. 28, No. 15 (Raindrop)', with ambient soundscapes derived from playing the hand-made instruments.

Continuing the work of downstairs are recent sculptures in which diaphanous plastic fungi act as a resting place for artificially patinaed leaves, latent in the process of their decay. And a ladder, of which has a confused material state, as it is obfuscated by various images and their congruent hard-edges. These objects simultaneously succumb to time and remain stuck – with their material qualities suggesting they have passed through the real world but now seem far from it, confounding their references, and becoming imitative volumes of their natural counterparts.

The earth is only just a memory. Everything is connected, and cyclical, and tethers itself to the next like one long, thin, line of knowledge. Mirrors stare back through puddles of water, and rain beats on skylights the same here as it does there. Nothing is alone, or only, or othered; it is how cardboard tubes filled with dried macaroni can mimic rain tapping a single-pained window, it is how beads between two taped paper plates sing like spring, it is how everything eventually melts.