

Welcome to the Response Magazine! This issue was collaboratively developed by volunteers at Fabrica and presents our individual creative responses to the first exhibition in the year of the gallery's 25th anniversary.

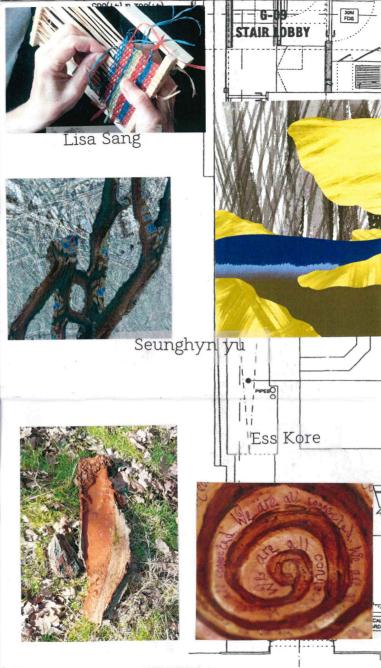
In collaboration with the Brighton Festival Fabrica presents *The Forked Forest Path* by renowned artist Olafur Eliasson that immerses the visitor in a dense thicket of branches, saplings and thinnings, evoking the sights, scents and textures of a wood in winter. Led on a path through the forest', reminiscent of fairy tale adventures, visitors are invited to explore our lost and found relationships with the natural world.

Just as the fork in the pathway creates different options, we examined how woodland can evoke reactions as polarised as wonder and terror by encouraging submissions that consider how we might lose and/or find ourselves in nature.

We now invite you to lose yourself in this collection, while there's always a map you can follow to find yourself again!



Petra Giffard



FOUND

1. Title: Unknown 2. Media: watercolour, watercolour paper, branches, tape 3. Art making process: use found natural materials which are branches as brushes to re-draw the real branches. 4. My story: Whilst immersing into nature, I found my re-connection with the woodland and my inner self. I realised how beautiful our environment is and how lucky I am in this world. I could see lots of green trees in various shapes with different patterns. I could touch the leaves, hear the bird chirping sound, feel the earthy smell. My heartbeat rythm resonates gently with the movement of the landscape around. I felt

embraced by Mother Earth. However, the more I took numerous pictures of trees and branches and enjoyed the vibrance of woodland, the more curious about the identity of nature I became. A series of questions emerged that provoked my thoughts: So, what is its name?

Who cares about this? Did we lose its name? Is it important? How could we find its name? Does it want to be called by its name?

Who knows its name? Who will remember its name?

Oanh Duong







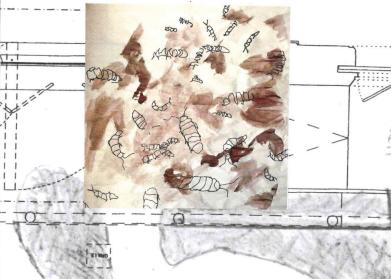




Alexi Francis



Karen Piddington



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If You are Lost You May be Taken

beneath the skin. I had come a long way, stumbling among brambles, honeysuckle, white dead nettles. I had found myself here in her shade. The light was fading, dancing leaf shadows on the trunks of

the trees. The sun still oozed through the cracks and seams of

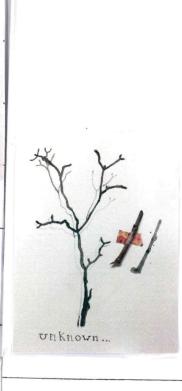
"Come," she said and took my arm, her presence, a br stling

the forest. "Lie down", she told me. The breeze was getting up, cold from the northern hills. I sighed and reached out my hands into the leaflitter. In the centipede, ant, woodlouse world beneath the fallen beech, I lay down, the trees floating about me.

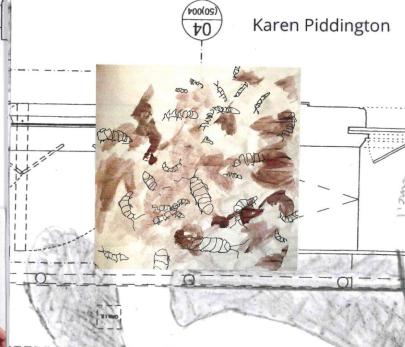
"Let me dream, " I said, " Let me forget I am lost."

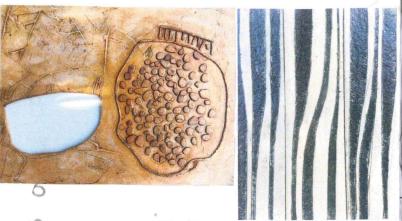
A forest of archers came with dusk. They stood about me, dark silhouettes against the burgundy sky, ready to take me back. I wanted to forget, but my tangled dream enticed me down into oak and beech, hawthorn and hornbeam, spindle and hazel. And there it was, a hazel hand outstretched for me in the black earth, guiding me through the night.

She left as morning broke the yellow eggshell sky - and I sat alone beneath the fallen beech. The archers' hoof prints in the There is no sarry if









These art works of mine are printing plates.

The lily piece is a lino printing plate.

The black linear piece is a cardboard collagraph plate.

The fern is a lino printing plate.

The absent mouse looking for the pot of seeds is a cardboard collagraph plate



Anna Printer



Yvonne Roberts



Installation title: An unfinished Journey Medium Steel, Perspex, Hay, Mixed Media Statement 'My artworks are symbolic gestures of the fragile relationship that human consumption imposes on the finely tuned and delicately sustained ecological balance of our world'



sweet chestnut found by Dr Bach a flower essence

Katherine Winnick







Acknowledgements

Thank you for 25 years of Fabrica Gallery!

This magazine was put together by The Response Team:

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Please consider donating to Fabrica to support our exhibitions and learning programme.

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The Forked Path - a short story. Or actually, quite a long one.

A young man was heading out one Friday evening in Spring 1971. He was looking forward to enjoying a pint of beer in the warmth and conviviality of a pub at the end of a busy working week.

He ambled along to the end of the road, until he came to a fork in the path. There were two pubs nearby, one straight ahead, the other to the left, and he hesitated for a moment. He pondered which of the two he would visit on this evening, and for no particular reason, he took the turn to the left.

He bought his pint at the bar of The Three Tuns, and bumped into a friend, who was talking to two young women.

Fifty years later, the now-not-so -young man and his wife, the girl he met that night, quietly celebrated their long and loving relationship which began over a pint in the pub. They remembered the ups and downs, the trials and tribulations, the sad times, the happy times, the laughter, their children and their grandchildren.

Sometimes he wondered how different his life might have been had he chosen the other fork in his path that night

And sometimes, so did she....

A true story by Angi Lowrie May 2021





Paige Stevens

