

# helen mueller —

*forest stories*



The forest speaks to me on my daily walks. It talks in rhythms and repetitions, in light and shade, movement and stillness, in tones so subtle they are hard to define. I hear it from the high-above crowns to the forest floor. And it is on the forest floor that I find the starting point for my thinking and making. I pick up debris, now severed and fallen, to carry to my studio for questioning.

It is the interaction - plant debris, construction ply, ink, pigment, paper and the pressure of the press, all mediated by the hand – that leads to a translation of what I heard on my forest walks. The plant debris suggests shapes and rhythms which I draw, then carve from small blocks of pine ply. These blocks become phrases with which I compose, in the making, the layered and animated stories, just the way I heard them on my forest walks. Papers, some gossamer thin, become more than substrates, they are an integral part of the work.

On closer examination, the viewer can detect repetitions, recurrences of phrases, in the work. And the unframed layers will respond to the movement of air on passing. In this way I hope to have created a language with which to translate something of the stories the magnificent forest, when listening closely, can tell us. They are there for us all.

## new works

18.10.24 —  
04.11.24