

Sometimes when I work, things are sure footed, sometimes less so. Always, forms evolve. They turn and I rely on a sense for which I cannot find a proper name to hesitate the turning, to coalesce a given form. Sometimes this is founded upon observed natural forms, artifacts. Sometimes the form feels invented. Sometimes it jumps, for example, at metaphors for light or color, natural and unnatural, or a host of other associations.

In the medium of the hand pulled print color and form can be separate investigations into meaning, effect, response. I am very comfortable with that fluid hierarchy: form and color are unlinked and either can assume a dominate role which is not determined until I call the print done. This arena gives me the best ability to get at meaning, and it is complicated enough to serve the purpose of entrancing my attention. The way I work is also how I ultimately make my way in this world.

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