

For me, printmaking is a direct expression of consciousness and the human condition; as in a feedback loop, the bilateral symmetry of the plate to print reflects our bodies, our imprint. It is a direct method to look at myself in a mirror; a psychological means to literally face myself while making work. This phenomenon is intrinsic to the process of making a print and I am fascinated with it and what it offers me emotionally and aesthetically.

As I see it, when I etch into a plate (or stone) and print it, the resulting marks are just that – the impression of an etching plate printed on paper. The impressions have that visceral, illusionary, vexing, paradoxical and enchanting quality. They feel like what they are – marks made in time but also marks made in the instant of printing.

I don't see a print as a reverse of the plate – where right is left and left is right, but mirrored, like bilateral symmetry. I think, because I see print in this way, I can relay to the plate sensations of my specific physicality, my body.

I feel like I am the little scribe behind the Etch-a-Sketch glass. When I look at my prints, I see I have been drawing behind the paper. I stand facing myself. I recognize that the person one sees in a mirror points to the right when I point to my left. Looking in a mirror, you have mentally placed yourself in the mirrored image's position. You have mentally turned around. You are facing yourself. A print, in fact, is the same. It is not a reversal, but an imprint.

In this way, when I work, manipulating the surface, I am not working in reverse where right is left and left is right, but from the inside out. When I become the viewer, looking at the print on paper, I am faced with a literal kind of visual palindrome.

My work is a result of the confluence of that inside out – of inner and outer stimuli, a result of personal narrative as much as observed affect. It derives as much from experience as it does from answered and unanswered questioning.

I think about the connection between the manmade and what we call natural, the extension and overlap of each modality. Sometimes in my work, things are sure footed, sometimes less so. The 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.

Because of 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: where 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. It's ultimately how I make my way in the world.

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