

I'm still thinking about Shelley Thorstensen's work, my experience of seeing her series of framed prints spread across four walls of the room. I carefully looked at each print up close, engaging in the layers of color and form. I loved them. The opening reception was on a freezing, rainy night and to feel the color and have that experience with the work was remarkable. This abstract, atmospheric world of warm hues was truly beautiful, visually and conceptually. I couldn't help but think of my own physicality, substance as a body standing in relation to the work. My body, my materiality vs the materiality of the work, and our temporality. Body to body.

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