

*The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glowworm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark:
For clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,
Put out the lights and drench us through;
Then if we lost our way what should we do?"*

Goblin Market, Christina Georgina Rossetti

PHILLIPA ATKINSON

Phillipa Atkinson (b. 1994, Australia) paints intuitively to access inner worlds. Her medium is sun and body – physical truths that ground her work in the present moment. Surrender to environment serves to reconcile her sprawling roots: a home in the now is a home for always.

Why do you draw so small? One undergraduate instructor asked, continuing, *I believe it is because you need to keep yourself portable.* Having grown up between Australia, The United States, and The Netherlands, impermanence has coloured Atkinson's relationship to physical mark-making. Her early art practice was exceedingly delicate, crafted through acts of repetition – often with an archival or nostalgic impetus. If place could not ground her work, then perhaps time could.

Atkinson's undergraduate studies were completed at the Milwaukee Institute of Art and Design. Upon graduation, she settled in The Netherlands to further her creative journey.

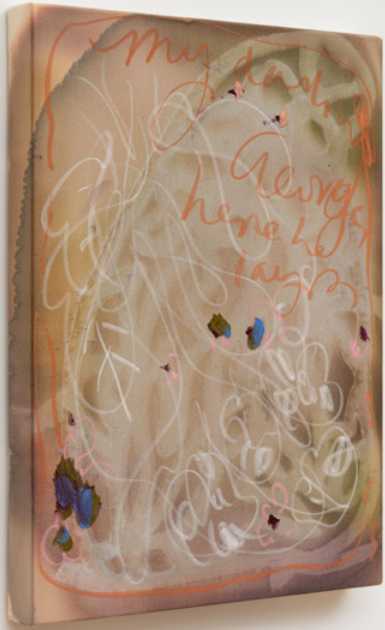
For an interim of 7 years, Atkinson lent her hand to furniture design studio Dirk van der Kooij. As the studio's first colourist, Atkinson worked closely with designers and collectors in composing *forever furniture* – that is, objects designed for generations of use. Furniture making fundamentally altered her relationship to painting: there was an intelligence to be found in full-body work.

Her return to painting has been shepherded by Amsterdam-based galleries A Flag & The Frozen Fountain. Globally, her work has been exhibited at institutions such as the Tate Modern and the Milwaukee Art Museum. Her work sits in private collections spanning The United States, Europe, and Australia.



Half-inclined to fancy





So shaken, as we are







Holy fields

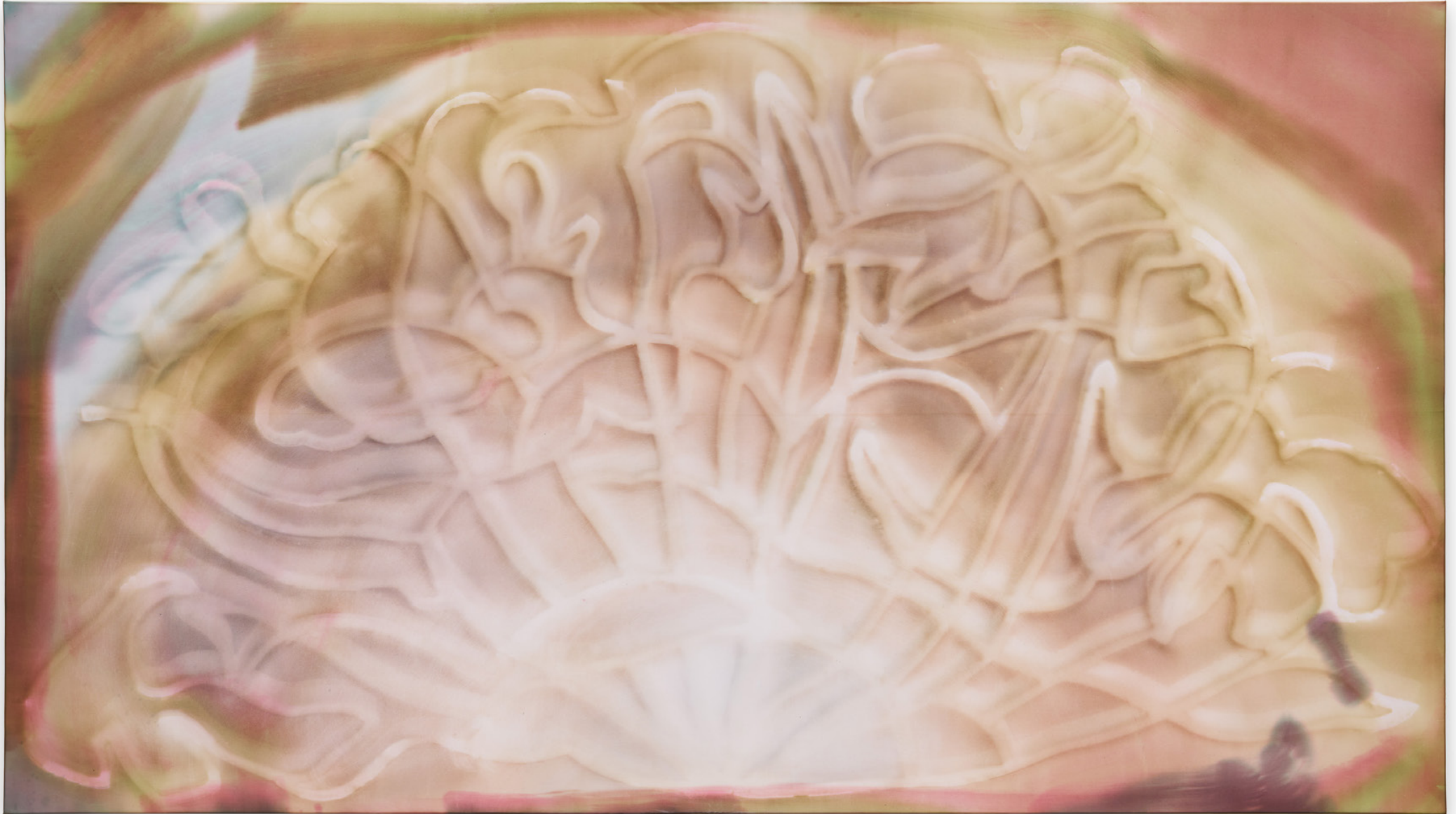




Regarded, utterly in vain







This crowning bitterness
UV-sensitive acrylic on Duchess satin
230x130x4,5cm
€8.250, via The Frozen Fountain



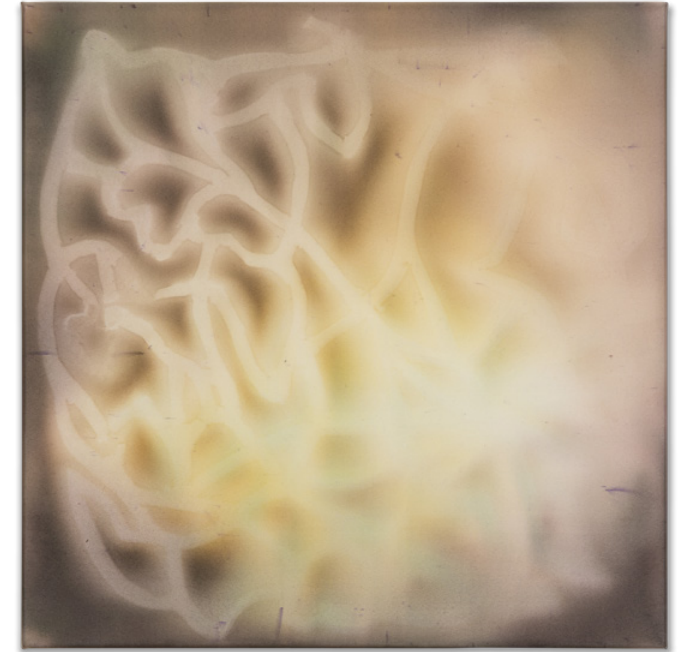
Yesternight ●
UV-sensitive acrylic, charcoal & chalk pastel
on Duchess satin
40x55x4,5cm



No certain proof
UV-sensitive acrylic, charcoal & chalk pastel
on Duchess satin
40x55x4,5cm
€1.950, on view at The Frozen Fountain



So shaken, as we are
UV-sensitive acrylic, oil stick & chalk pastel
on Duchess satin
40x55x4,5cm
€1.950, on view at The Frozen Fountain



Thieves of the days beauty ●
UV-sensitive acrylic on Duchess satin
40x55x4,5cm



Untrained vine

UV-sensitive acrylic on Duchess satin

40x55x4,5cm

€1.950, on view at The Frozen Fountain



To hatch delightful hopes

UV-sensitive acrylic on Duchess satin

110x140x4,5cm

€5.750, on view at The Frozen Fountain



Tuesday morning ●
UV-sensitive acrylic on Duchess satin
40x55x4,5cm



Holy Fields ●
UV-sensitive acrylic, oil stick & chalk pastel
on Duchess satin
80x55x4,5cm



Half-inclined to fancy ●
UV-sensitive acrylic on Duchess satin
180x140x4,5cm



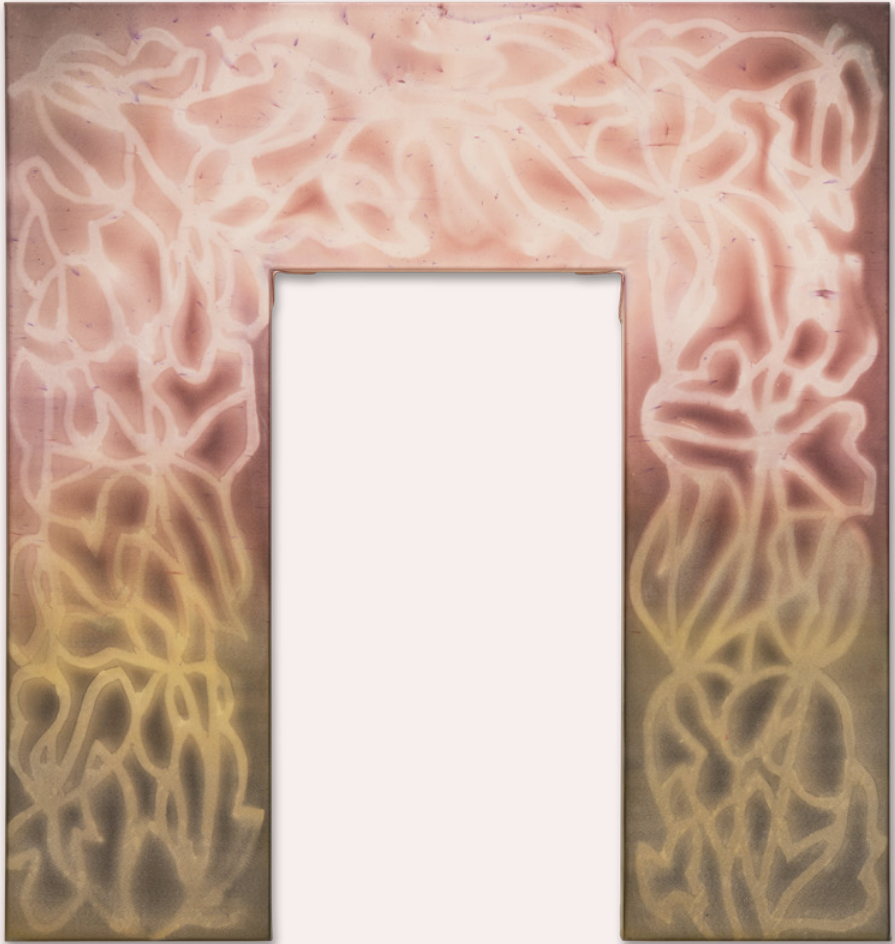
Kinsman of indifference
UV-sensitive acrylic on Duchess satin
300x100x4,5cm
€8.400



Hours were cups
UV-sensitive acrylic on Duchess satin
130x160x4,5cm
€3.990



With a single heart
UV-sensitive acrylic, oil stick & chalk pastel
on Duchess satin
55x75x4,5cm
€2700, on view at The Frozen Fountain



I will ease my heart ●
UV-sensitive acrylic on Duchess satin
100x105cm



Yesterlight
UV-sensitive acrylic on Duchess satin
55x70x4,5cm
€2700, on view at The Frozen Fountain

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Phillipa Atkinson paints *en plein air*: knees in the dirt, crouched over pristine stretched satin. She surrenders her labour to elements of rain and sun. At their whim, an image is created or lost.

This voluntary smallness speaks to Atkinson's yearning for shelter. By falling trustingly into both light and dark, she is rewarded with a home in the now. Fear is replaced by trust, and the barriers to imagination fall away. The shadows of girlhood are stitched to her heels as she learns to dance between earthly and imagined realms.

A practiced hand calls in botanical imagery, arranged into surreal, sheltering compositions of fans, heirlooms, and undergrowth. In relation to these sprawling backdrops, Atkinson shrinks to elfin proportions. The freedom afforded to her is that of an actor: these make-believe scenes are coloured with the fullest depth of her feeling.

Artists' Studio

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