

press release – February 2017

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The press preview for the exhibition
by **Felicia Atkinson**,
Spoken Word is scheduled for
Friday 31st March at 11:30 am.
The official opening will be at
6:30 pm.

The exhibition will be open from
1st April to 28th May 2017.

The curator is Sophie Kaplan.

All the works have been produced by La Criée
centre for contemporary art.

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You can listen to this press release on the La Criée
Sound Cloud.

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Felicia Atkinson is one of the associate artists for the *While I was listening* [...] cycle at La Criée from January 2017 to February 2018.

She lives in Rennes. Her solo shows in 2016 included *Sustain/Musique Possible* at the Resort Gallery in Copenhagen and *And A Forest (Petriefies)* at 820 Plaza in Montreal. Among her concert venues were Plateau Frac Ile-de-France in Paris, Lisa Cooley Gallery in New York and the Maison de France in Rio de Janeiro.

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For this exhibition she was awarded a residency at the Elektronmusikstudion in Stockholm.

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Marion Sarrazin is in charge of communication at La Criée. Her email address is m.sarrazin@ville-rennes.fr and she can be contacted by phone on +332 23 62 25 14

Intro (digression on a psycho acoustic chord)

My uncle's an astronomer.

I've always thought it was fabulous having

an astrologer uncle,

being an astrologer

I remember the time when he told me a lot of what he did was just sitting at his computer observing black dwarfs, which are stars – or planets, I'm not sure – that you can't see.

– «*But what do you look at, then?*» *I asked him.*

– «*I look at curves. And when they bend out of shape it's a sign that there are masses present, which means heavenly bodies.*»

Since that day I've been convinced that my uncle and his fellow astronomers are some of the most dedicated observers of abstraction there are.

1st verse (the heroine)

She's a woman, she's 35

She's an artist

She's a musician

She's a publisher too

She's Felicia Atkinson

For La Criée she's created *Spoken Word*

Refrain

It's an exhibition

It's a landscape you never get to

It's a sound work/desert island

you can stroll about in

It's a silent film hiding unheard-of music

It's a series of sculptures you can

activate to no end

It's a game for two with no rules

It's a frieze of distorting mirrors

2nd verse (for the white room)

There are three big sculptures

You can lean on them, go under them

They're rocks trees instruments cacti

totems furniture

There are also ten sculptures

that can fit in your hand

That two people can play with sitting at a table

You can grab the art, touch it, stroke it

There's the (rocky) desert

There are maps with no memory, too,

which are big digital prints on aluminium,

hung on the wall

They're collages of words and simple shapes,
triggers for stories, clues

You can almost see yourself in them

And then there are coloured shapes

growing on the walls

