

Loz Atkinson is an award winning, internationally exhibited and widely collected artist. She was born in 1984 in Inverness, UK and lives and works in Leicester. Graduated 2007 BA (Hons) Fine Art - De Montfort University, Leicester.

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Open to any subject, Loz creates work in digital media, paint, photography and others. Doing this keeps her fascinated in the making process and acquiring new skills. Adopting themes of mortality, emotion, truth, hope, time, environment and morality. loz plays with perceptions of what is seen and not seen. Enjoying an element of harmonious discord when creating work. Giving a mystical quality like her conscious self wasn't the only thing at play to make a work successful. Sometimes provocative, her work doesn't intend to offend but to express the paradox within concepts and circumstance, showing beauty in unusual places. loz tries to confront her fears and confusions, not necessarily in an attempt to overcome them but in an almost futile effort to grasp a better understanding of them.

Human Voices Wake us and We Drown

The piece took themes from old fish wives passing down tales and wisdom through word of mouth but also touches upon how these women were viewed by society looked down on as second rate citizens, loud and foul mouthed. some could say the beginning of feminism? it also plays upon the use of a scold's bridle and how women may still feel their voice or opinions aren't heard or valued even today.

I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind Do I dare to eat a peach
I shall wear white flannel trousers and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us and we drown."
— [T.S. Eliot, The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock](#)

fish wives will tell their tails i suppose

