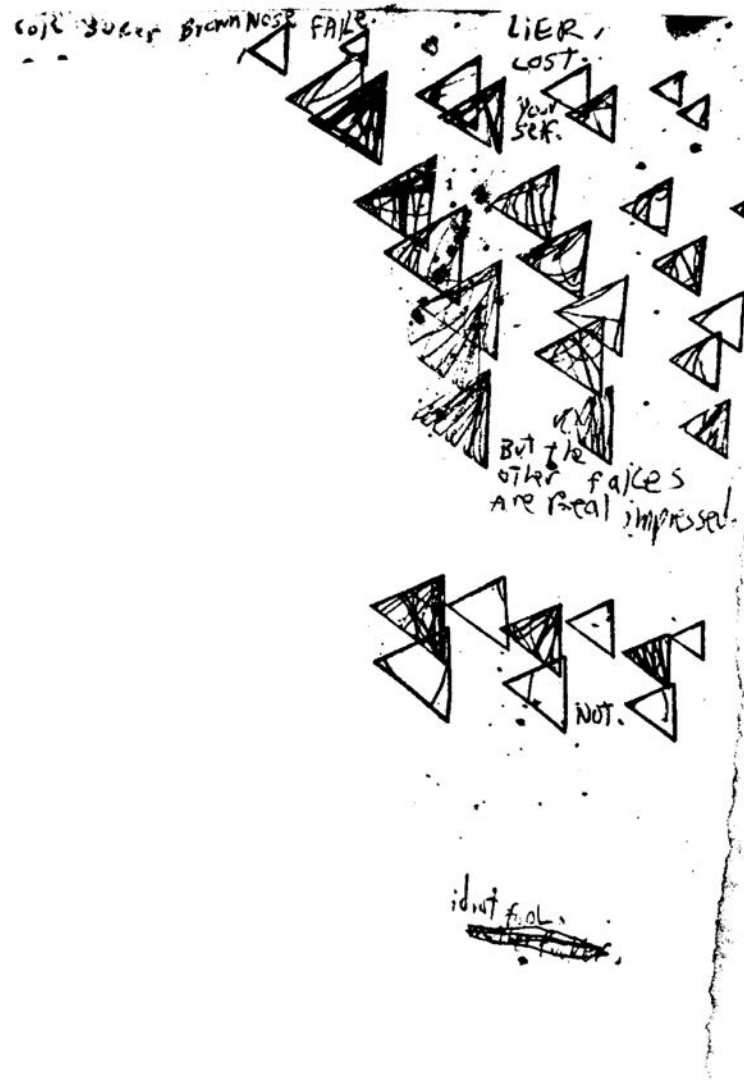


James+_pictures
Tourettes+_words

09

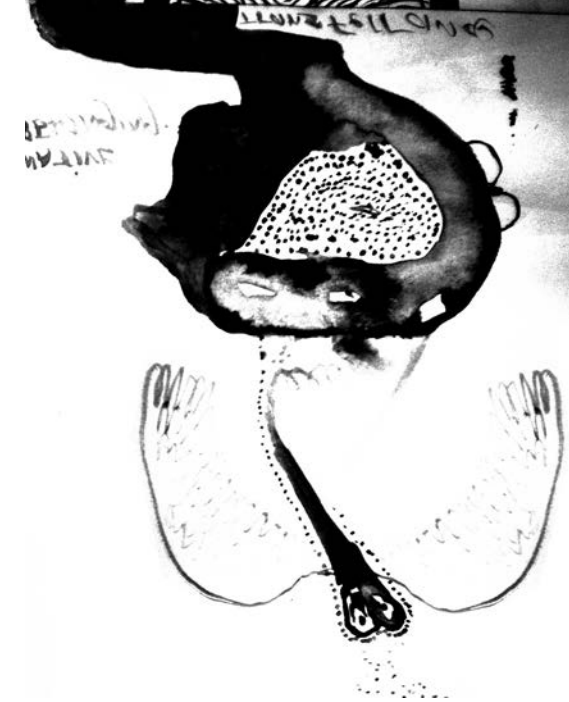




James+_pictures



James Robinson makes art, likes working with peers sometimes . My main themes of his pictures and stuff are mental emotional political cultural and spiritual identity in a age of mass extinction and capitalism democracy market and the age of individualisms isolated ugrounded self obsessesd neurotic abundances.. and lacks. Addressing himself within that.toward a truth..honest sorting it out...or just going to the toilet with the lords play..inturnal and external collides in this realm. whole "self"-place purpose...to belong and grow. mutate and know " "self".Recently james travelled to thailand and nepal (walking in the mountains) and made work in a studio in berlin. and has started to construcktp paper constructions out of notes and collections when he got back. images in this book are a mix from recent times. James won the wallace award mchaon residency and was born in the year of our lord 1972 and his mum took him to lots of protest marches and boyfriends houses..and his dad made kites and yelled at him if he helped.ran over his toys and hit his mum. but as a two year old he got his own back by shitting on th guys moterbike.



Tourettes+_words



Tourette's is the imaginary friend of rapper and poet Dominic Hoey. Over the years the duo have toured the world, released 3 solo albums, won numerous battles and poetry slams and had writing published in everything from Vice to Landfall. They are currently working on a children's book, a new album and a radio friendly call to arms for the dispossessed and disposable of this world.

A complex collage artwork featuring a large, dark, spiky, organic form in the center, surrounded by various elements including a map, a red apple, a small figure, and text fragments. The central form is dark and textured, resembling a large, spiky object or a mass of people. To its left is a large, red, apple-like shape. Above the central form is a map with red lines and black text, including "FUCKER AND HIS" and "WINKLING EUNT". To the right of the central form is a small, white, rectangular object with a red figure on it. Below the central form is a small, white, rectangular object with a red figure on it. The background is a mix of white, yellow, and brown tones, with various text fragments and symbols scattered throughout. At the bottom, there is a section with the text "WHEN THE DEVIL COMES" and "WHEN GOD COMES". The overall composition is dense and layered, with a mix of organic and geometric forms.

This is a complex, multi-layered collage artwork. The background is a map of London, with red lines indicating streets and black lightning bolts scattered across it. A large, dark, spiky, organic form, resembling a mass of black hair or a dark, fleshy creature, dominates the center of the composition. To the right of this central form, there is a red, fleshy, tentacle-like shape. Above this red shape, a small figure is depicted being held or supported. Text elements are integrated throughout the collage, including "FUCKER AND HIS" in the upper right, "SHINKLING GUNT DONT CARE IF HE GETS HURT" in a speech bubble-like shape, "ON GREEN EYES! GREEN EYES! HOLD ME." in a red, fleshy shape, "WHEN THE DEVIL COMES" and "WHEN GOD COMES" in the lower left, "Global Phenomenon" and "Root shock" in the lower right, and "X O" and "X O gam" in the middle right. There are also small images of a person's torso and a blue and white geometric design. The overall style is chaotic and expressive, with a mix of organic and geometric forms.

Why

because the Buddhists are vengeful
because the Christians are perverts
because the Catholics are atheists
because the atheists are addicts
because u don't save rats from a sinking ship
because if anyone has answers there not sharing
because truth is a lie
because life leaves calluses on your soul
because you cant win
because the house doesn't play by its rules
because your wife told me secrets
because highs always lose to comedowns
because poems don't sell
because guilt does
because killing forty hours a week is to much
because the blood money is to little
because I'm not a genius
because there's no good guys to wave flags for
because hip hop didn't change the world
because life causes cancer
because its too late
because I'm almost thirty
because I'm confused
because I forgot the question



the night burns

i hear the silent madness of a thousand dreams
cicadas strum wash boards
music plays faint as new born sighs
insomniacs pace like imprisoned innocents
a dog yells obscenity's
its owner replies
alarm clocks count down to denotation
the wounded praise god for small victory's
and sleep restless
lovers study ceilings with limp cocks and dry pussys
as neighbors fuck like rabid dogs
a car groans before crawling into the night
infomercials mumble lullabies, night lights for
the silence phobic
victims and predators dance awkward
children wide eyed watch fears stalk bedrooms
meth addicts scrub clean beneath flurshot lights
the broken hearted wilt in darkness
cell phones cry for attetion
life drips like kitchen taps
as the night burns



Zx81

Technology is loneliness with buttons
My cell phones in a coma
My inbox is as empty as my social life
My flat mate has more remotes than friends
2 in the morning
The computer illuminating my bedroom
A key board filled with cum and dead bugs
I thank god for my broken minidisk player
A cell phone no one ever calls
A digital camera with no battery charger
An email account filled with porn and spam
Porn and spam
Convenience over necessity
Grow bed sores in the comfort of your own home
Community, the enemy of progress
Cultures raise and fall, waves fueled
by fruit fly obsessions
Children obese and desensitized
Women torture them selves
And men wander the deck,
dragging impotent bloodlust
Dumb apes straining from sensory overload



this is
poetry
assholes

Another night of tears and catharsis
Interrupted by regular sandwich breaks
And masturbation
This is poetry assholes
You talk of language the way the righteous
speak of god And good for you
My personal belief is what ever makes
the mornings worth greeting
with a tongue kiss
one day soul mate lovers
Well friends, that's something worth holding on to
And who am I to judge
My past times comes wrapped in health warnings
dripping sin onto the carpet
Stains and stage names
court pains and kill em its a little game to fill in
Between the break downs and break ups
the lunch break quick fucks
before we return to the schedule
See television trained us well
Now we run on time and soft drinks

I love the way words settle on pages
Resplendent
Dream like with amphetamine purpose
contorting syntax
Like limbs of centre folds
the fleshy soul at the centre of our fantasy's
always a disappointment
my words feel alive most
when I idealize, Romanticize real life in my quotes
and people call me honest?
Fuck.

Television failed at selling me on junk
food reality a smiley face sellotaped
To Death screens
And if questions are without answers
and beauty hates its reflection
And love is an ideal used to sell us
shinney trash

Then your poetry is redundant
water colours running down gutters
in alleyways of nightmares
and I'm not putting myself on the my
pain is bigger than your pain pedestal
we've all collected pebbles from rock bottom
suvornurs of suffering
but your too scared to let yours
out of the shoe box beneath your bed
so you get lost in formalities
and wonder why no one gives a fuck
about the story's your telling them
I'm sorry to be this person
But you need to hear this friend
And none of these other cowards are
gonna tell you

This is shitty drugs cut with rat poison
washing away Sunday afternoons
This is fucking your ex in a piss filled
cubicle whispering everything you were too
scared to say when it mattered
This is dictating the screaming in
your head and pretending
it's a talent rather than a well oiled
survival mechanism

This is snap shots of beheadings
and car crash victims floating in the s
ewage of the net

This is music for the deaf and desperate,
the destitute and disoriented, the drunks
and the dead This is poetry assholes



Underground

Underground –it's a dirty word
 A statement synonymous with stubbornness and surproity
 Or worse another marketing scheme
 Watered down, sold back to us, twice the cost,
 half the strength
 But for me its ten dollars to payday and keeping your eyes aimed at the horizon
 It's been able to sleep at night content
 you didn't do no Popsicle ad
 Its knowing when the revolution comes I won't have to
 back pedal on a gold plated unicycle
 It's not been lazy and spitting verses
 Which rhyme the same words every time
 you're spitting verses
 It's more than bad production and esoteric rhymes
 Half empty venues and fans with stalker mentality
 I inherited principals from my parents
 For that I am both blessed and cursed

Go ahead call me a nerd rap art fag back packing homo
 You're a sell out that aren't sold nothing
 You're sitting on a thousand sales yelling gold fronting
 You're living at home but in your videos you act like u hold money
 Hogging the spot light but you show nothing
 Other than the scared little boy blue print of masculinity
 Stumbling round the stage yelling out your insecurities
 Cos if you're so good at fighting box if you got skills battle
 And if your gods gift to women why u always going home alone when the show finishes?
 You can fellow this yellow brick road to hell and back but that don't guarantee success
 Any clown with a party trick can get on television long as there willing to suck dick
 Run dull blades of compromise along your passion and let that fucker bleed
 Pour your life blood though filters of commerce and buerocy
 Pick out any synrie pieces of meaning or chunks of
 sour subversion
 Reduce till your left with a 3 minute pop song
 Chose a number between one and million
 Cross your fingers and pray

But don't get it twisted
 I know that
 Music will not change the world despite what so called
 conscious rappers would have you believe
 As if there is anything remotely conscious about signing
 to major labels and endorsing shoes
 A scene is just that- a human security blanket
 Yes I'm playing devils advocate
 been underhanded and pedantic

Standing on semantics but the sad fact is
 Everything I've ever been a fan of in this life has been
 eaten by cancer (slow down)
 I wanna reclaim the word
 Like homosexuals have done with queer
 African Americans with nigger
 And dysternys church with the word bigot
 So yes I'm underground
 And I don't give a fuck if you think that's pretenous
 I'm not saying it isn't
 I don't give a fuck if you can't dance to my music
 Stand there and listen
 I hate 90 percent of shit I hear but when
 I don't I truly love it
 I've come to conclusion the best things in life just
 weren't meant for public consumption



you haven't
fallen in love
with that
dead world
have you?

Tomorrow this will all be gone
the life brought on credit.
When the debt of the west is called in
by children who make our shoes
this fast food empire will burn.

We need
1000 different flavors of ice cream
to distract us from death,
where's In the third world
they live amongst it,
Laugh, fuck and dance with it.

Back In The west
dreams squeeze into Elvis suits
And hover out of reach,
life expectancy is a measure of wealth
and alien nation the undisclosed side effect,
the internet reduces everyone to a dyslexic 12 year old
just to trick you into watching porn,
young minds fill with insect larvae
that hatch into screaming madness,
everything is digital and disposable
and yet we fear death?

Do you ever wake up in the middle of the night
Filled with the feeling that this is the end of something?
And you get up and turn on the TV
And there is the Chinese finance Minster
Wearing an Armani suit and making jokes in English.
And just when you start to feel like this is some
sort of night mere
The TV cuts to Africans with aids and
Arabs blowing each other to pieces
And you feel relieved,
This is the world you went to sleep in
And you go back to bed relaxed and dream
of strip malls and instant fulfillment.

Tomorrow this will all be gone.
It will be the same
As it is now
only slightly different.



the promise

The cracks in the promise
Are visible from everywhere now days
You have to shelter indoors
Curtains drawn
nightmare box screaming
If you want to keep believing in it's wounded
TRUTH
Beneath our beds
Heaving pus filled lungs
Keep city's glowing
nightlights
on the edge of a raging cancer
we are so safe here

sky scarpers
point to a bankrupt heaven
newspapers dance
down greasy streets
giggling
headlines
that read
"Stupidity is recession proof
Invest now"
Logos leer and howl
Obscenity
From every surface
Everyone wearing white earplugs
Lost in Sex symbol loneliness
You can see it all
Without even looking.

I feel sick here below my heart
But they me tell this is common and to be
expected
After all
I've grown up fearing the Sunrise
I hold my breath all day
And masturbate with the lights on
My generation has silently declared
Politics dead,
preferring conspiracy theory tales
Blaming aliens and cloud formations
For the side effects of bloated appetite
and dead fuck ignorance
and my only question for god is
If you're down here with us
Who's driving this thing?

And no matter how long I stare
I see nothing
Beyond the promise
We are wild beasts
Broken
Delirium
When the cages rust around us
We will be neither
Safe nor free



scratching over the intro

Our dreams have code names, we whisper when we're drunk
My lover has seven poems, I read them when she asks
This pain has no conscious, I capture it in my songs
I'd take yours from you too, all you have to do is sing along
We mumble sullen mantras at shifts down in the salt mines
The customers are soulless but I still haven't sold mine
play the hits of ghosts, late night in my bedroom
Commit your tears to tape, have faith someone will hear you
I scream at my heart, every night til I fall asleep
And we're happy and naked, in tepid water of my dreams
I'm down here plotting, revolution in the moon light
We'll be bigger than our fears and our jobs tonight

I broke radio silence screamed may day down the phone
But I never got an answer I guess nobody was home
I still go out and sow, seeds into concrete fields
And Write these love songs, to describe what I can not feel
that don't mean it isn't real just that its isn't mine
just because I'm wasted doesn't mean I'm wasting time
And just because there famous doesn't mean that real life
Is less beautiful and dangerous than all their pretty lies
Tell me - are these rhetorical answers that'll never die
Are these love songs of the poor waiting for better lives?
Are these prayers lost amongst space junk and satellites?
Or are we Sleep talking to ourselves In the dead of night



Since last
weekend

I've had you swimming through my thoughts
When I went to my lecture
On international relations
I couldn't lift my mind out of the gutter
Let alone name the ten main tenants of globalization
Fuck the cold war
I needed a cold shower

In my English tutorial
I found my self trying to work out the symbolism
Of me fucking you in the ass
While you whispered that I was beautiful

At home
I jacked off over internet porn
Instead of writing my women studies essay
And how am I supposed to talk about
transgression of patriarchal domination
When I want to violate every inch of you

At band practice I played like shit
Because my sexual fantasy
Suddenly had a name
And desires of her own
And kept texting them to me
In graphic detail

And tonight
All I can think about is
Last weekend
When I lay in your arms
And you
Called yourself my whore
And taught me how to make love
Last weekend
When we stripped away each others blood
soaked clothes
And your words gently stroked
The scar tissue on my soul
Last weekend
When we set fire to the night
And laughing
threw up our middles fingers at death
Last weekend
When you opened your heart and legs
And gave me a taste of tomorrow



+Nobody knows there beautiful

This beautiful woman once told me I was out of her
league I almost choked on stampedes of laughter
I had worshiped her for months
Paid offerings of cum and dignity
Bored friends, acquaintances and enemies
Picked apart the petals of every sentence
"She loves me, she loves me not "
And here she was
Glowing like a thousand freshly polished halos
Insecurities chewing at perfect flesh

My comrades chase Cinderella's
Amphetamine courtships
The slipper fits and
Waves of reality Wash away origami ideals
"Her eyes are to close together"
"She has morning breath"
"Her shit does stink and I think her evil sister likes me"
They believe true love is like herpes
Keep fucking and it'll turn up eventually
Maybe there right

Mirrors are sadistic lovers
Cruel, unrelenting, Abusive
Screaming deformities
From shop windows and mirror glass
We are too much or too little
Too real or too fake
And always we return
To pluck, pout, pick, push out and suck in
Ritualized abuse
For one drunken I love you

Nobody knows there beautiful
Nobody thinks there special and if they do
there an asshole



Nazis national voters and television

I Scream
Waking the dead in my ghost town
watch em stagger to supermarkets feeding gapping chest wounds
Below us Rivers of oily black karma run through budest sewers
Every night I lose myself in forests of digital waste and denial
Did you know Sleep is time travel, think about it
I am space pilot hurtling through sunbeams at a million breaths a second
Nothing is ever what it is ever
Keep this game running on token gestures
The poor are wing clipped carneys thrown into nightmares
if they emerge black lungs sucking air
Then mass production begins in earnest
I Downloaded Mason snuff films and overdub a laugh track
Everything is hilarious with a little distance
when I woke up tomorrow it stunk of yesterdays leftover promise
I was not amused
I know people who voted for national and own cute pets
Your fooling no one!
I think my cell phone wants to kill me
Fact is solidified fiction
All the better to beat you into compliance
The headlights of a howling future hurtle towards me now
There is darkness on both sides of this road
So the I take the middle line
Accidental martyr
Waving a tattered life insurance policy
The TV grins and preaches with Nazi innocence
I understand completely and feel nothing
Only the broken and addicted have a word for control



Late night watching disaster porn

This is for frays poem which is the real small super detailed one with all the bongs and shit o it

Late night watching disaster porn
Eyelids heavy as beer guts
To restless to sleep
To tired to thinka
I should be writing
The motorway mumbles
Dirty talk of shift workers and drug missions

The BBC world service is reminding me I am lucky
With white skin and western pass port
Across the globe there is ethic cleansing/ jihads
/suicide bombers
Death and desperation

Civil war / assassination /even a plane crash would do
I slept though September 11th
Awoke in a different reality
The psychopaths in charge no longer hiding
Behind Platitudes of peace and equality
Survival of the richest

The apocalypse will be televised
Families huddled together
Watching countries disappear
Popping out like warehouse Christmas lights
Hoping our turn doesn't come in the commercials



Ego

I am a Grey Lynn born and bred emotional refugee looking for a promise land that surely doesn't exist outside of books, films and white sugar day dreams.

I want to touch you all inapropetatty with the arthritic fingers of my text and make you feel everything from uncomfable to excitement i n a single breath

I am screaming lust hemorging from every obscenity running down burning suburban streets while flames lick at my naked body

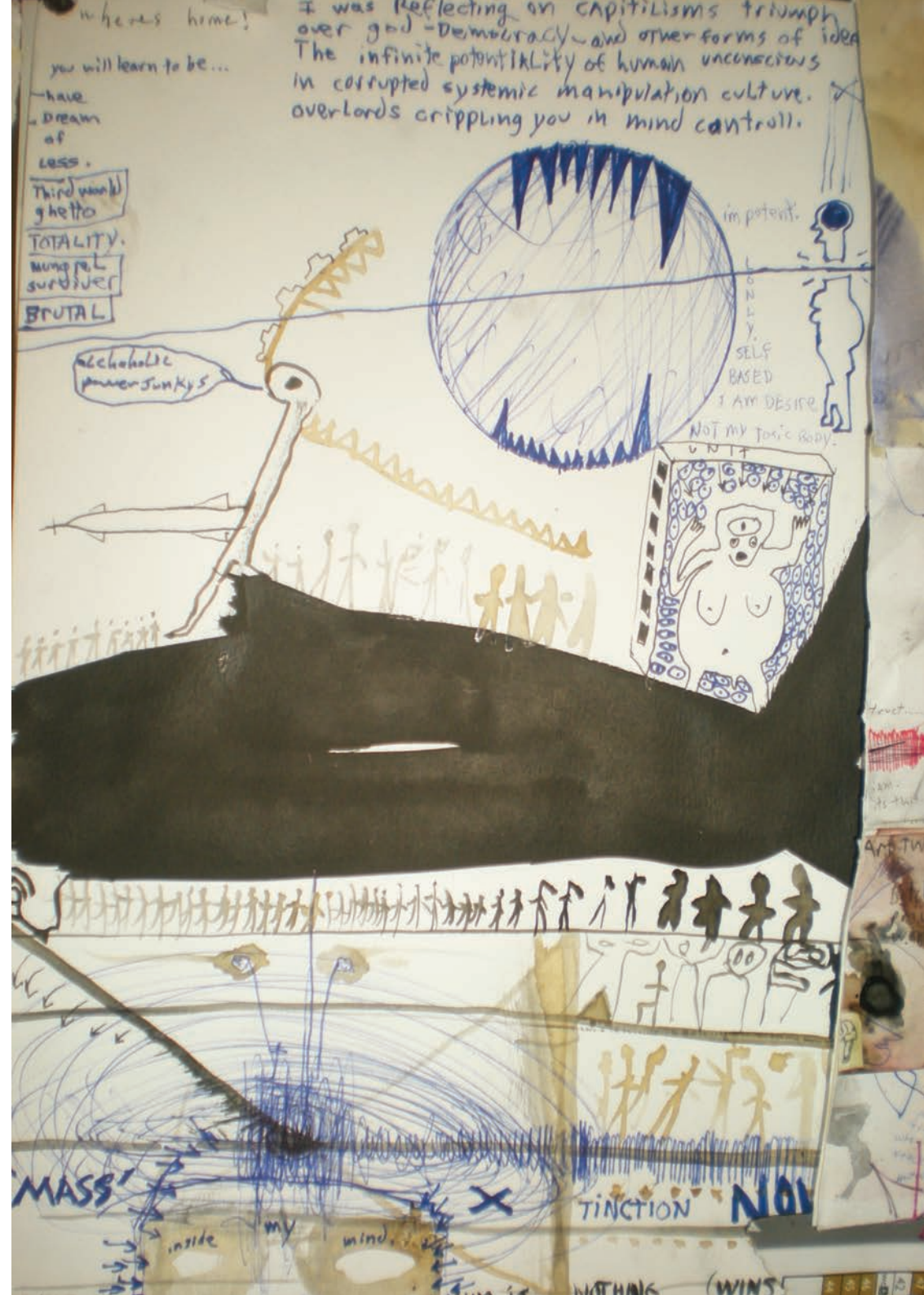
I'm an orphan carrying dog eared birth certificate and half empty bottle of beer through ruins of burnt out childhood whispering mother to every women who shadows my parasitic ego

I want to dream in third person naked bloodless without breath devoid of longing for mornings sweet genocide

I am a single Christmas light on a chain of millions wrapped around a vague concept of community howling faintly into a dreamless night

I comb gutters collecting debies fallen from a neon paradise to take home and make into art that I hang on my bedroom wall alongside animal heads and death certificates

I'm a first person obsessed delusional narcissistic failed ego state scratching LOVE ME onto every blank surface



Dyslexia

Dyslexia is wearing sunglasses in bed
Dyslexia is an excuse for all my shortcomings
Dyslexia is better than syphilis
Dyslexia is a badge of honor
Dyslexia is a testament to the 1980's
New Zealand education system
Dyslexia is a family trait
Dyslexia is a filter that catches the gold in the mud
Dyslexia is talking backwards and calling it art
Dyslexia is crossed eyed genius
Dyslexia is a detour around cliché
Dyslexia is headaches
Dyslexia is the voice in my head speaking in tongues
Dyslexia is boot camp for the psyche
Dyslexia is the deformed limb I've grown to love



Connie

Did I tell you about the girl with the crooked spine?
It was a long time ago now
Before the world began melting
We met at a birthday party
Young enough to still drink bottles of Fanta
But they were mixed with ten dollar sprits

she worked at Mc Donald's
and I was 2 young to judge her for it
she said she wanted to be a model
but her spine was crooked
lifting her t shirt she showed me the
curve in her vertebrae
I said nothing just sipped at my drink
Later we sat next to each other
and watched Inhumanities on video
In the blue glow of the ultra violence
she was perfect

16 years later I wonder
Was this the beginning of my love affair
With the beauty of imperfection?
Like a burnt CD of your favourite songs
Or a stolen wedding band
On the finger of your soul mate



Bad Things

She's always drunk when I arrive
Red faced and laughing
Talking too loudly for this time of night
Muttering sweat obscenities in my ear
We undress and fuck like it's the last time
Afterwards I study the ceiling
she wanders though the house naked
Returning with weed and alcohol
We share tastes in movies, music and sex
We swap books
I always imagine us having deep conversations
But we mostly talk about getting wasted and fucking
This is not such a bad thing



america is designer cancer

How can you want to be beautiful
When Water costs more than oil?
I am naked
In a sea of glass

I can tell you everything
And know nothing
Wisdom sounds like t shirt logos
Honestly a lie
Not all scapegoats are innocent
Am I telling you anything new here?
Are you scared of the bomb ?
or the bombs?
Or the bombers?
Or the bombed?

The control is absolute
Nothing seeps through
Water tight
Like alibis of rich killers

the batteries never last
forever draining and charging
building dreams from sand
on shores of progress

outside there's a chorus of insects and laughter
and I cant tell if this is a metaphor for hope or despair
keep busy
keep quiet
paranoia is common sense
when the roaches report to a higher power
and your night mares wear suits
and make millions
when they come for you smile
it's the only power you really have



Boxing Day Vulture

He nestled amongst the wrapping paper
Although its sex was undermined
It had been decided it was a he by all concerned
"Look at that filthy fucking animal" said A
B shifted uncomfortably
"Oh don't say that in front of the child"
"I'll bet my left testicle it has lice" A continued
The vulture stretched its wings
Knocking a decoration of the browning Christmas tree
The vulture had been a gift for C
It came in a brown box with the words
"Instant animal just add water"
Written in messy hand writing on the side
"It likes it" B said pointing at C
A finished his beer
"That fucking child doesn't have the sense god gave a mule"
C watched the bird as it proceed to eat the decoration
It reached out and stroked the coarse feathers on its back
The creature shrieked
And bit the Childs hand
"That's it" bellowed A rushing out of the room
He returned with the axe B had given him two Christmases past
The bird watched him with dodo survival logic
Rattling around his black eyes
A brought the axe down on the creature
Over and over again
Until the gift was reduced to a mushy paste
Tears washed the shock off C's face
"Look what you've done" B said picking up
the screaming child and carrying him out of the room
"It needs to harden up anyway" A said opening another beer





i reckon th prayer flags are kinda like
th symbolic pages of art
and poetry..

you know like

its all meanngless --little ego flutter-
ings in th cosmic everything.
but the flappy thing we leave behind
tells others we have been here..

life is beutifull!
dispite the up hill shit fest of our own
collective weight.
and problems.

the work is the way.





James Robinson
jamesrobinson@paradise.net.nz
www.jamesrobinson.co.nz

Tourettes: www.myspace.com/tourettesone
Or contact at:
tourettes.one@gmail.com

Collaborative: Scott Flanagan Page 6-7,
Dallas Carswell Last page 22

Thanks: Takt Residency, Berlin
and Papergraphica, Christchurch.

Book by KOLEKTIV
jason@kolektiv.net.nz