

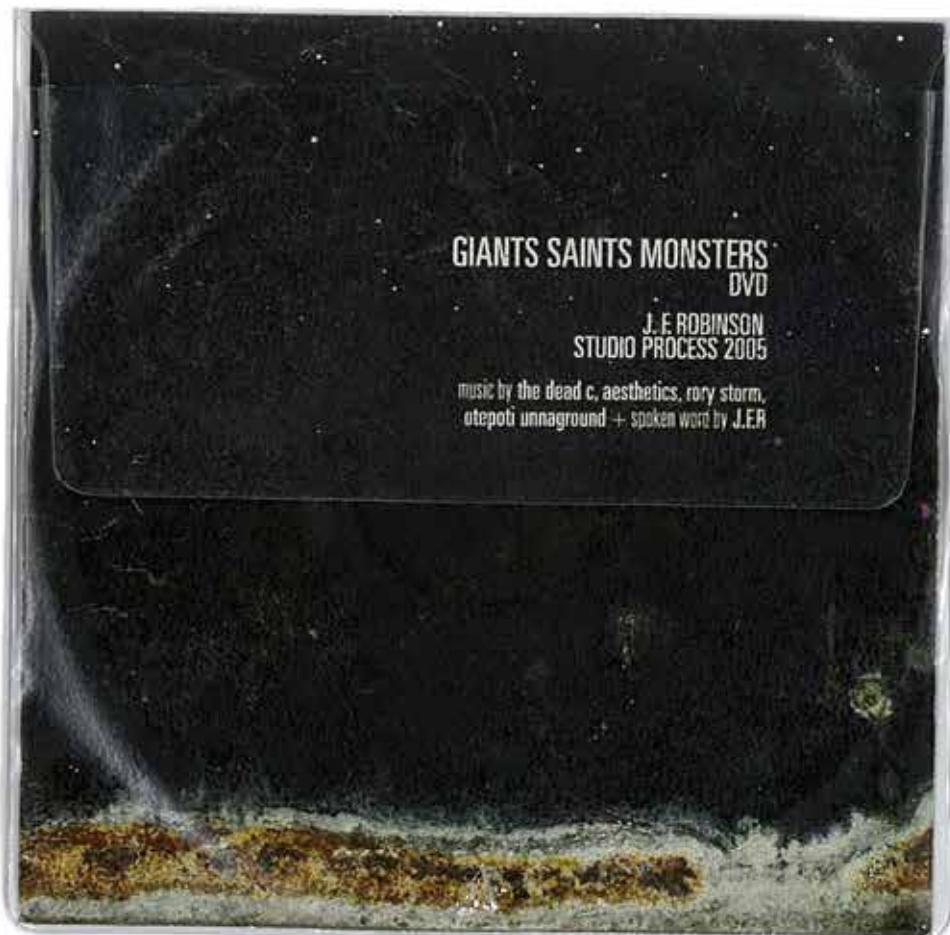


GIANTS  
SAINTS  
MONSTERS

J.F. ROBINSON  
AOTEAROA 2005  
WITH STUDIO PROCESS DVD

**Limited edition self-published artist's book.**  
**james robinson dunedin aotearoa 2005. /110**

In the execution and methodology of the four separate bodies of work I have made this year – not including technical side projects like books and DVDs (of which you have two in this book), I have allowed a spontaneous and UNEDITED process of psyche wholism to take place. It gives rise to alter ego and a certain form of art tourette's, which is as much a self-discovery for me as it is a performance for you. It's a genuine honour to be a human being under these conditions and also a privilege to afford myself the communication rights to share myself with you. I'll start work on the haiku mature masterpieces after the great leap forward. kiaora.james



**The cover and back** is a piece of iron I hunted from the top of my studio roof, that over a 18mth period was rattling in inopportune moments. Now it speaks again, still rattling... with a different kind of wind.



James Robinson's studio is an alchemist's cauldron. Charred, sooty, crusty, scratched. It's Antihandyandy. The nest where a black tornado stirs in her sleep. There are coffee cups in the detritus whose stains and strata of dried grinds speak dark ages and medieval torture machines. None of it is affectation. It is the exhaust of his industry. The place is large and cold, a kind of ex-engineering warehouse something or rather. It is a big manky woollen beany steelcap industrial hole for cranking out char grilled art. It's the kind of place flame throwers find romantic.

Out of its squelka of torn magazines, squashed tubes, dried glue, coagulant, tape, tins, thucked brushes, branches, rust, nails, stand The Paintings.

The Big Bad Babies, screaming, complaining, staining their undies, crying for mommy, threatening murder and bawling like outsized delinquent brats demanding to be heard.

They chronicle the first trans-national-anti-globalisation riot by the world's A.D.D. sufferers.

They personify zombie spastic jerks.

They smell like a used electric chair.

The artist's claim to be sampling and mixing information is inaccurate, He is in fact chomping and mincing. He uses his media in a similar way. The resulting liquific skagg is more the bio-flora of a cannibal's gut than any tame post-mod pussyfooting. I just dunno how it's gonna go with your curtains darling.

2

so.....after the photo shoot in leather pants with the SLR.....after the interview and rave review in Art News.....after the monologue unwinds till the bones of a whisper poke through...and your culture ferments into a heady brew...we will stumble out into that great intersection that is the world and scream..'cause..the herd must be heard....but..really..i only want a hug..a hug..and a great big love. I don't need intelligent moving from head to head till we ALL PUFFED UP...paying tolls to key holes to get let in...I don't want to kidnap fat cats or blow up a bus....i only want a love..i only want a little hug.

3

Because when the pie in the sky fell, it fell on one of J.R.'s canvases. Now he doesn't know what to do...He sends a message out to the world. "This is a shocking mess...it's all over the place and it's especially all over me".



He'll scrape some up and shove it in your face.

"I know..I know" He says,"I'm a fat bastard but what do you expect." Next minute He's at the kitchen sink...seeking to realign the ingredients, apply some heat, bake the cake and climb a spindly ladder of scratched white lines to stick it back up again. There's a keen sense of responsibility, an earnest search to find a place in the scheme of things...but..the pastry burns his fingers and the content leaks...so... it's back to the kitchen sink which he tears from the wall and heaves at the canvas along with the pie in the sky..."Look I'm sorry" He pleads "I'm only a man, my scrotum has the texture of a turkey's neck..what do you expect" .....

.....you can knock up a sign on cardboard with cheap felt pens, it can say "coffee one dollar cakes for free" you can walk around town all day with it nailed to your forehead and still no one comes to your party.

4

The Pupil asked the Master "What is Buddha nature"

The Master replied "Dog shit"

That's why I'm not a Buddhist.

That's why James Robinson paints.

j.m.c

(christchurch city mission night watchman)

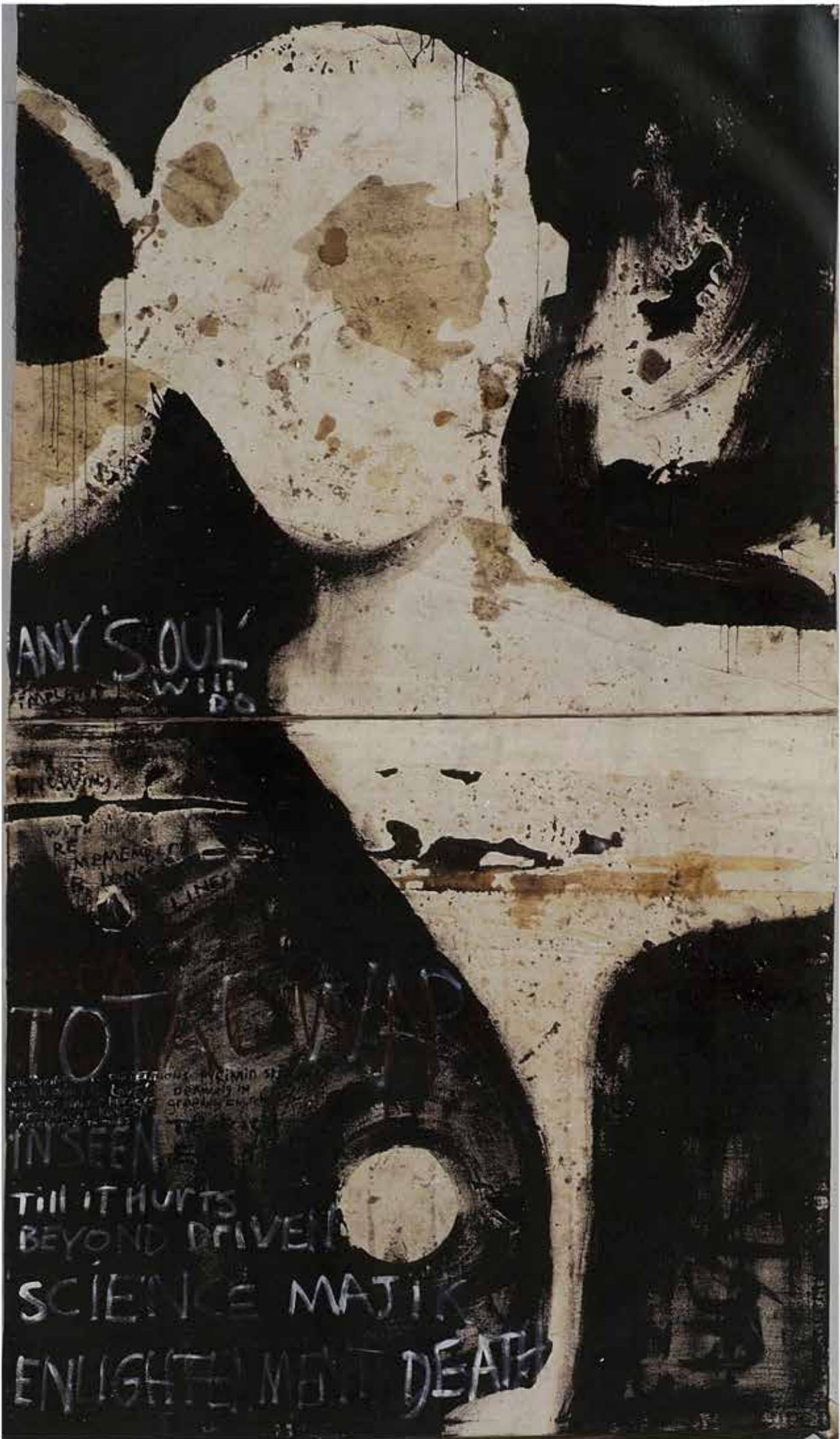
**any soul will do**  
mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail

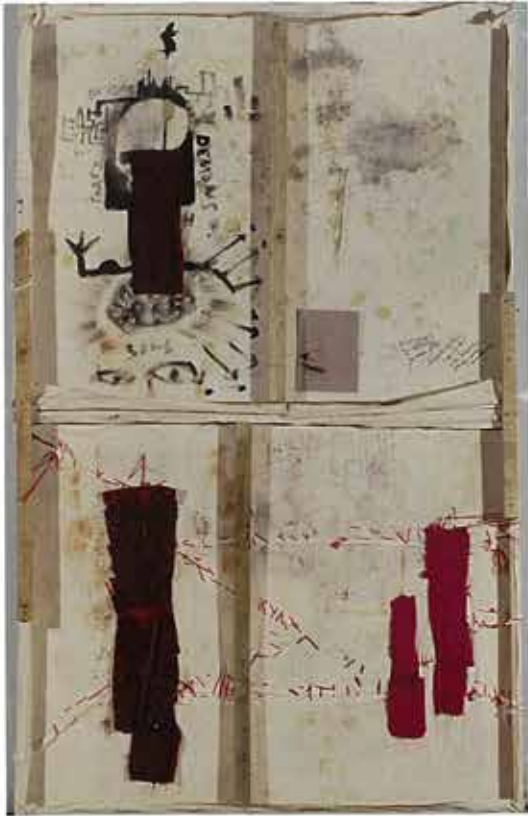


ANY SOUL  
WILL DO

WITH  
RE  
MEMBER  
OF  
LINES

TOY TOWNS  
INSEEN  
TILL IT HURTS  
BEYOND DRIVEN  
SCIENCE MATIK  
ENLIGHTENMENT DEATH

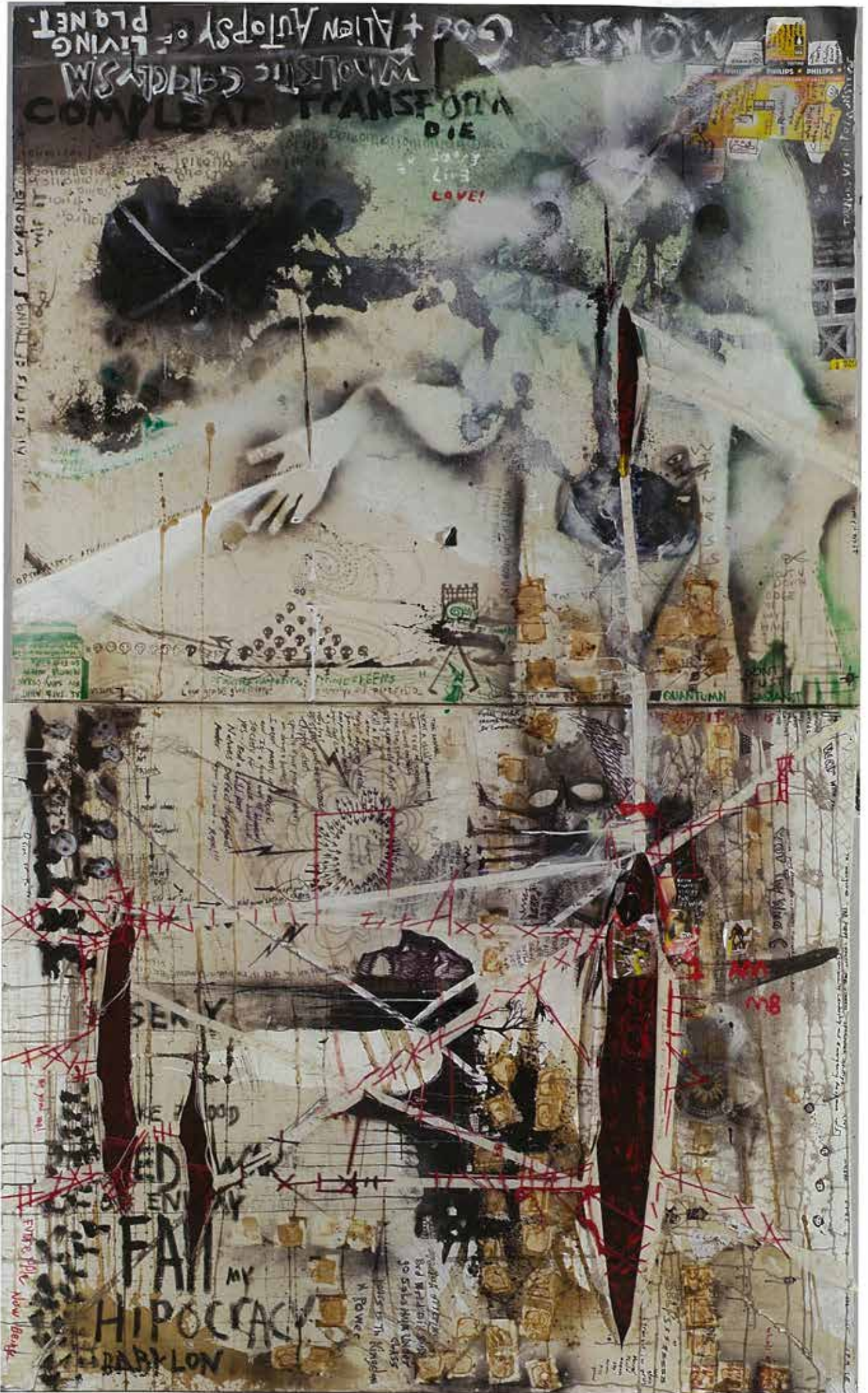
**portal**  
**(complete transform- wholistic cataclysm and  
the monster god alien autopsy of living planet)**  
mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail



**slavery and liberation**

mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail



CLAIM? CORPORATE PSYCHOTIC  
**TAKE IT!** GUN  
BONDAGE BEUROCRACY FETTER  
PUSHING A BULLY  
DEBT

VOICES  
BY 1000 YEARS  
DISSENT



IT KILLS

BACK

I CAN'T H...

GET TO KNOW THE DEVIL YOU MUST OF AVOID INTRINSIC DENIAL

**fuck grieve totem**  
**(dirty bitch -staunch mother)**  
mixed media on canvas  
280cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail



ROOM  
SPOT

REJECT

FUCK GRIEF  
NOT LEAVE

ON A VIM IF ULE

KONFORMIST KULTURE RATIE

HATVESE

CLINIE  
I.D.

TOTEM

CULTURAL  
PERSONAL  
D. S. I. R. U. C. T. O. R.  
DIKY BI... STROKE  
CREATE

male stripper honky  
(eco -d -nomic\$ cult war dance nazgul retard forkt  
tounge govt victim)  
mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail



I AM A NUMBER THAT HAS EYES AS RAINBOWS

ANY OF YOU HONKY TCH

MINE

MALE

STRIPE

OWNERS LAND

WORTH  
NO PITY

WAKE

5-11 FAT

THE REAL THINGS



EAT

WILL FVK

OWNERS  
FOUL  
WANK STAIN  
MAKE IT  
GOOD

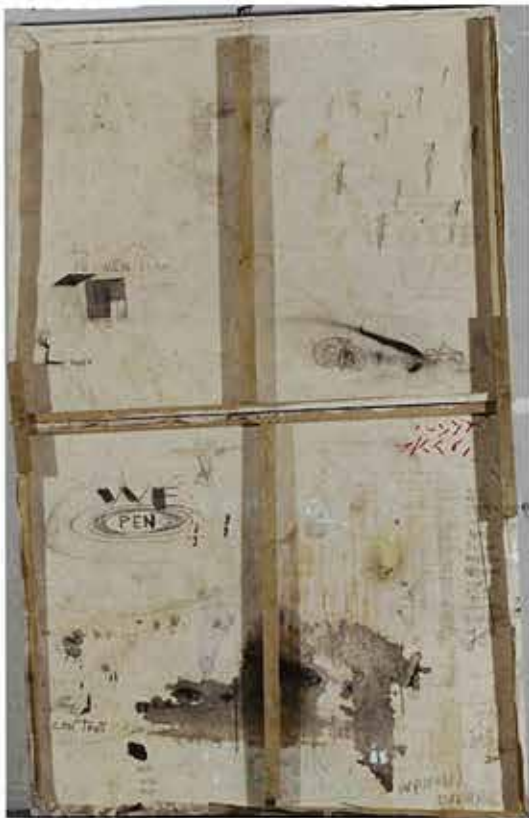
WORRY

NOTHING ELSE MATERS

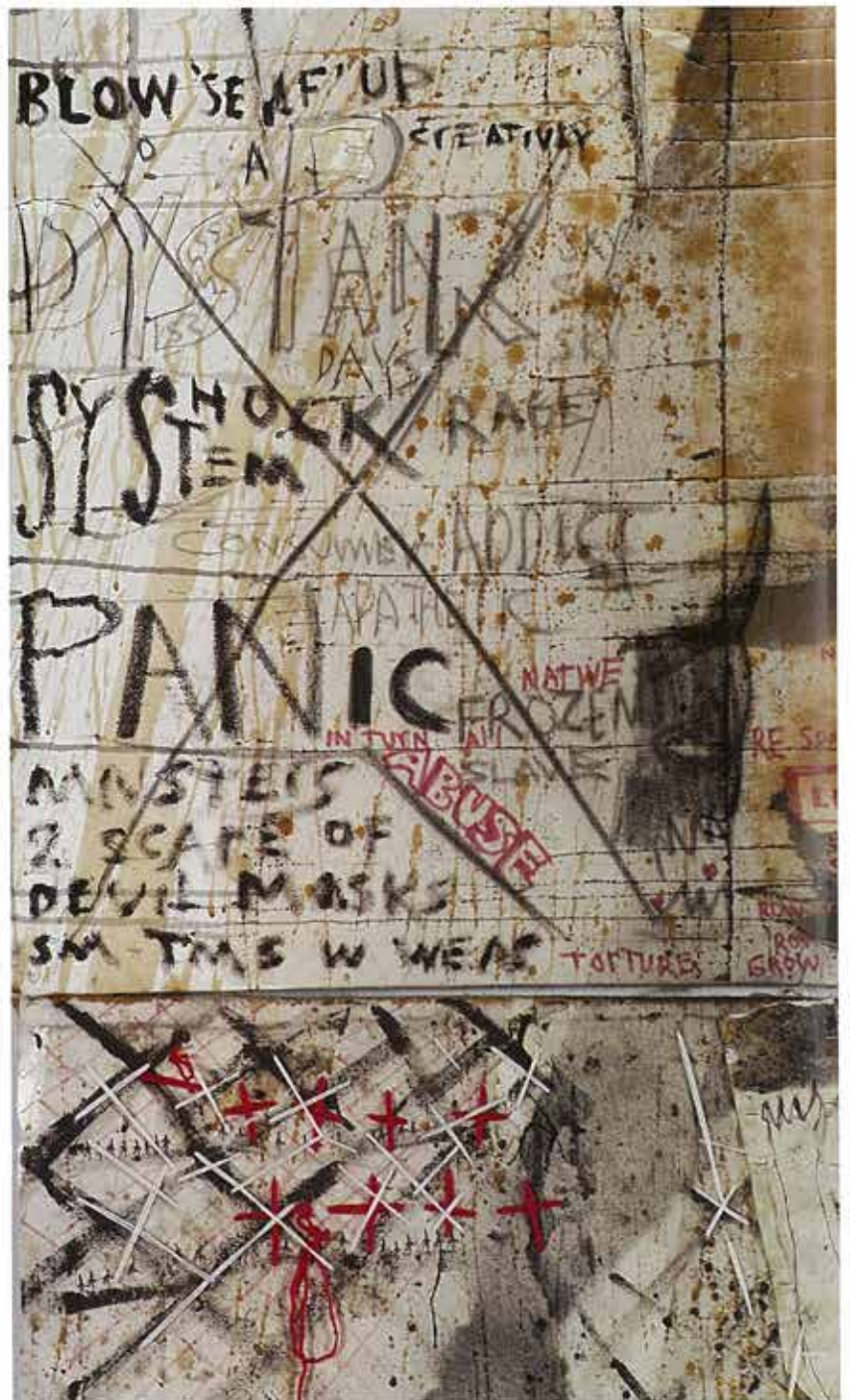
BUY!

DIRTY MOUTH 2 LEAD IS  
STAIN RIGHT HERE

**so below, above (into th sun)**  
mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



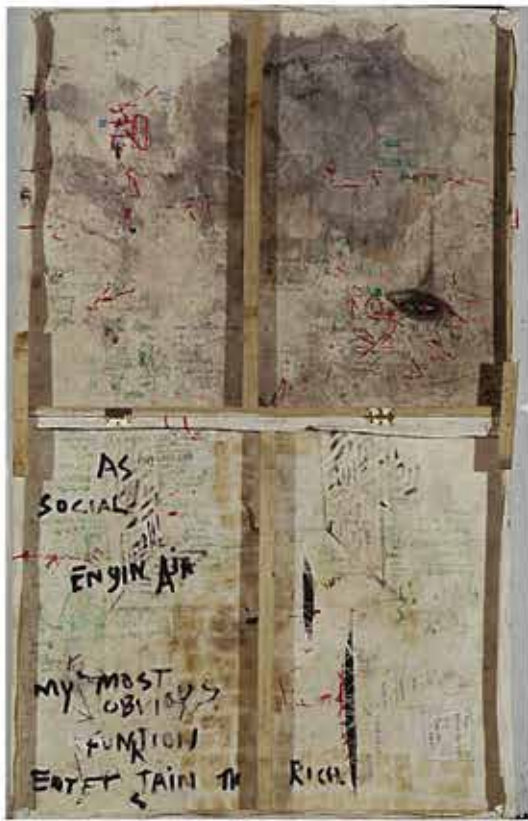
back of canvas



detail



in form ate rage  
 ( all divide n conquer)  
 mixed media on canvas  
 260cm x 140cm approx  
 (Hinged in middle)

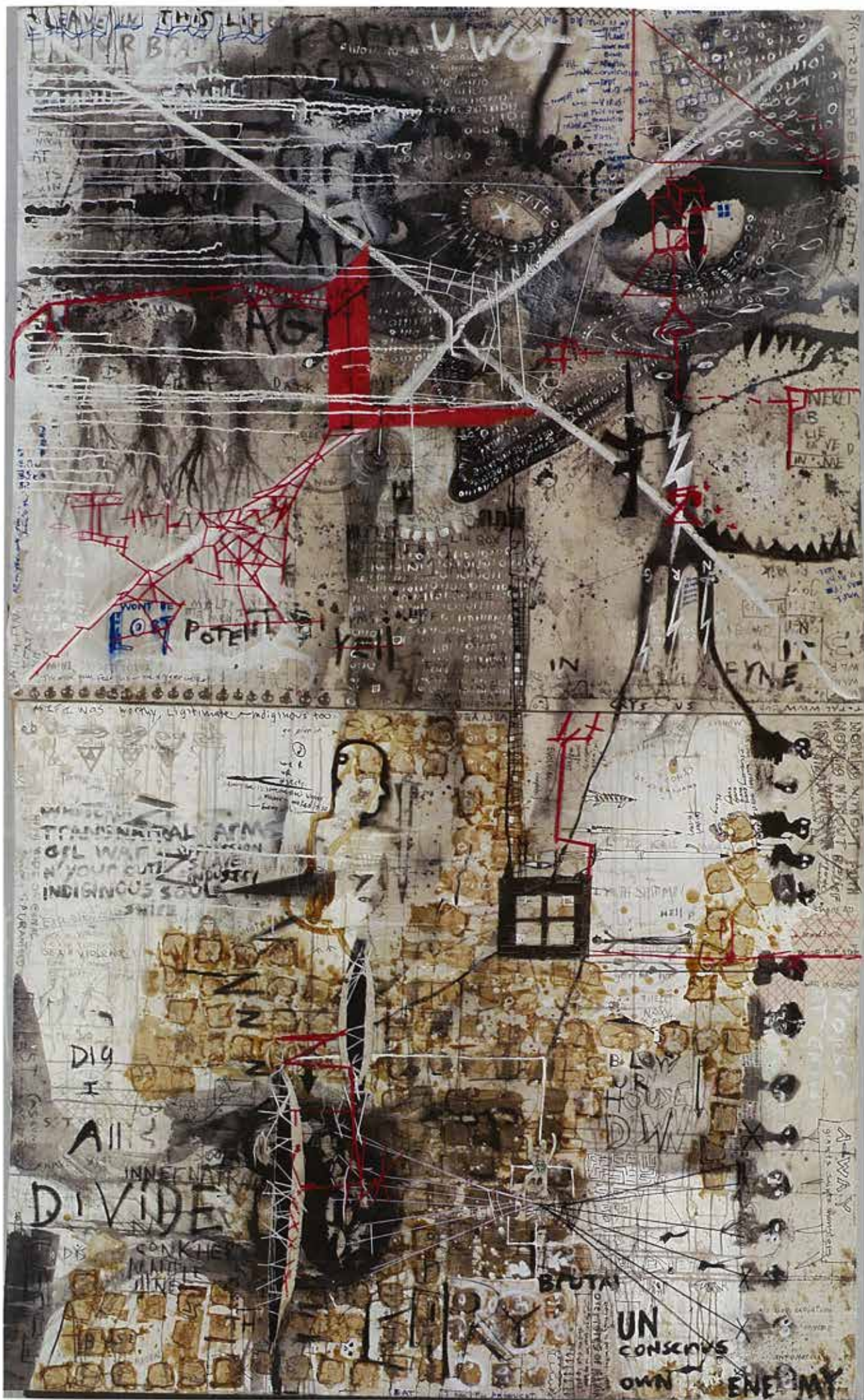


back of canvas



detail





LEAVE THIS LIFE

U WOT

POTENTIAL

INDIGENOUS SOUL

DIG I ALL  
DIVIDE

BLIND HOUSE

BRUTAL  
UN CONSENSUS  
OWN ENEMY

INERT  
LIVED  
IN ME







STUPID  
HIPPIE  
LET DOWN  
SELENTS

MEAT OF MEMORY  
DESIRES  
SKYS

ABANDONMENT  
FEAR LOSS  
GRIEF  
ACCEPTANCE  
AWARENESS  
ATTITUDE  
EXPRESSION  
FREEDOM  
STRUGGLE  
EXPANSION  
BELIEF  
DOUBT  
FORGIVENESS  
GRATITUDE  
INNOCENCE  
PENITENCE

WILL  
MAGIC  
KNOW  
AWAY  
BEAUTY  
SACRED

YOU SAW MATTERS

BANG

VERKASS

**denial code**  
mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail

FAITH  
AWAY

DONT  
TRUST

LOC  
GLOW  
KID FURKES  
SHAVE LABOUR  
FEDERATION

N.W.G. 3rd  
CRUSADE BIZ  
OUR IOTI  
WAKE



THE  
D

MARKETS  
SHARE  
L.S.  
FADIOS

DERIVATIVE  
BILTON



APART

D  
I  
E

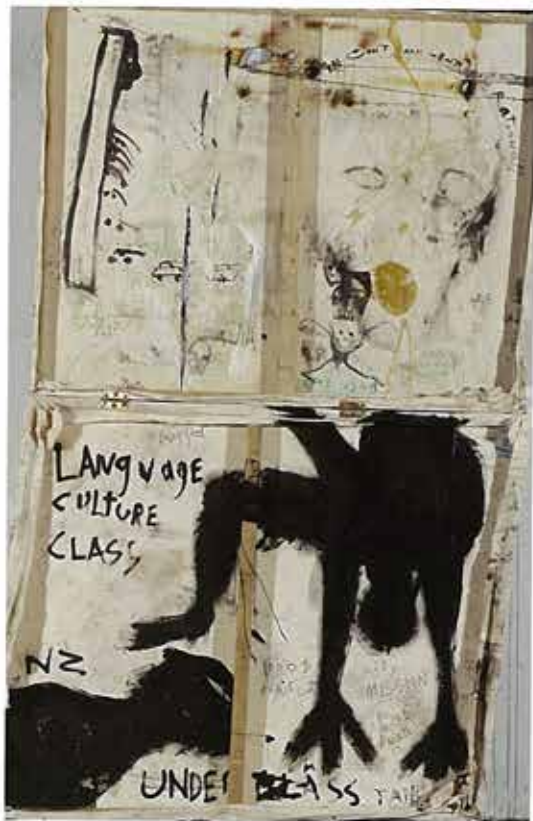
DENIAL



WINE ORNAGE  
CITIZEN  
REVINDANT  
LIBERATION  
MALE  
PURPOSE

CODE

**B Rave**  
**unnaground ethnkraft**  
**(toilet cleaner avail)**  
**exit everything**  
mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail



god and death  
 dead kennedy lyrics all over my school shirt  
 (while stoned in maths n classics class  
 contemplating worthyness of human existance)  
 mixed media on canvas  
 260cm x 140cm approx  
 (Hinged in middle)

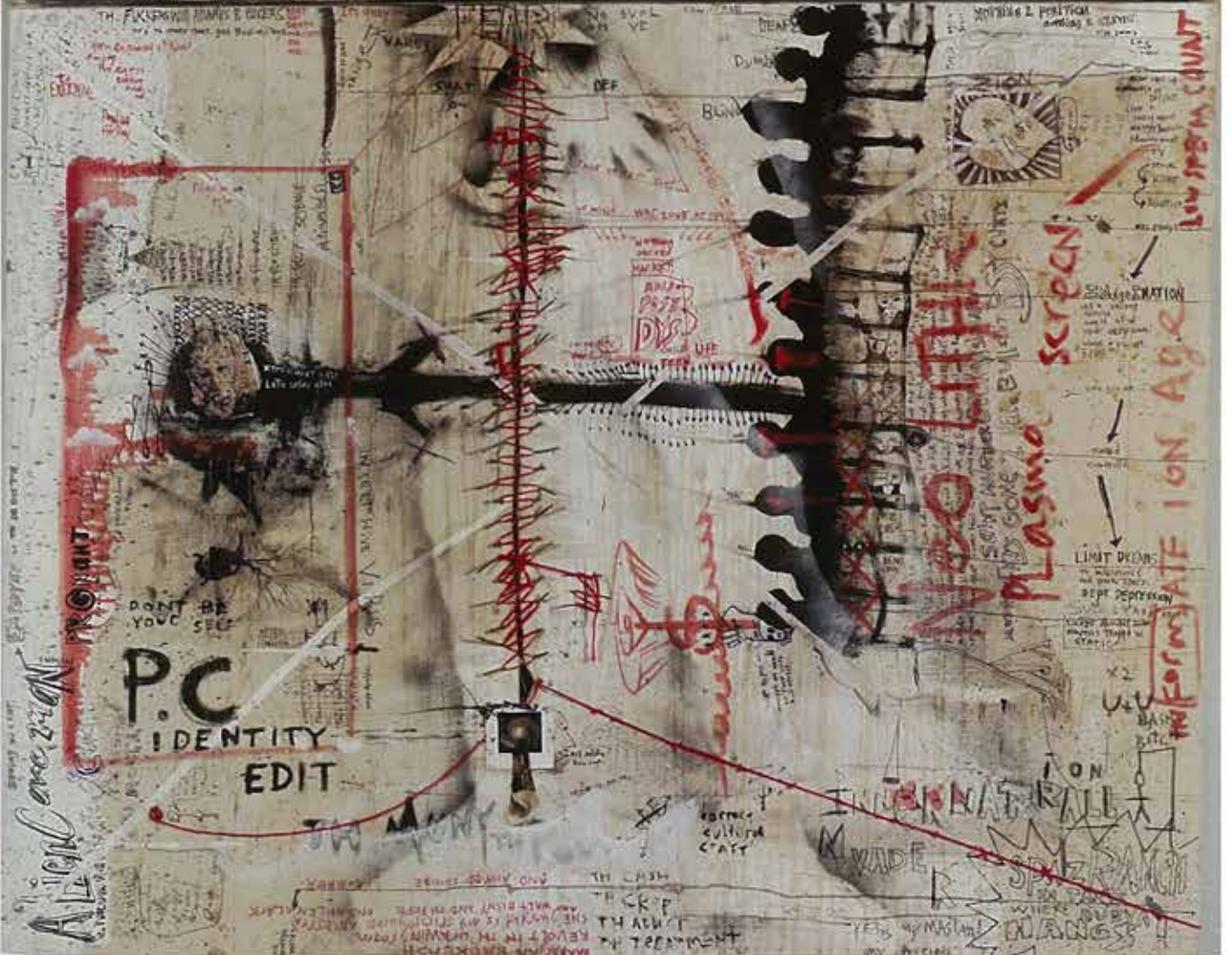


back of canvas



detail

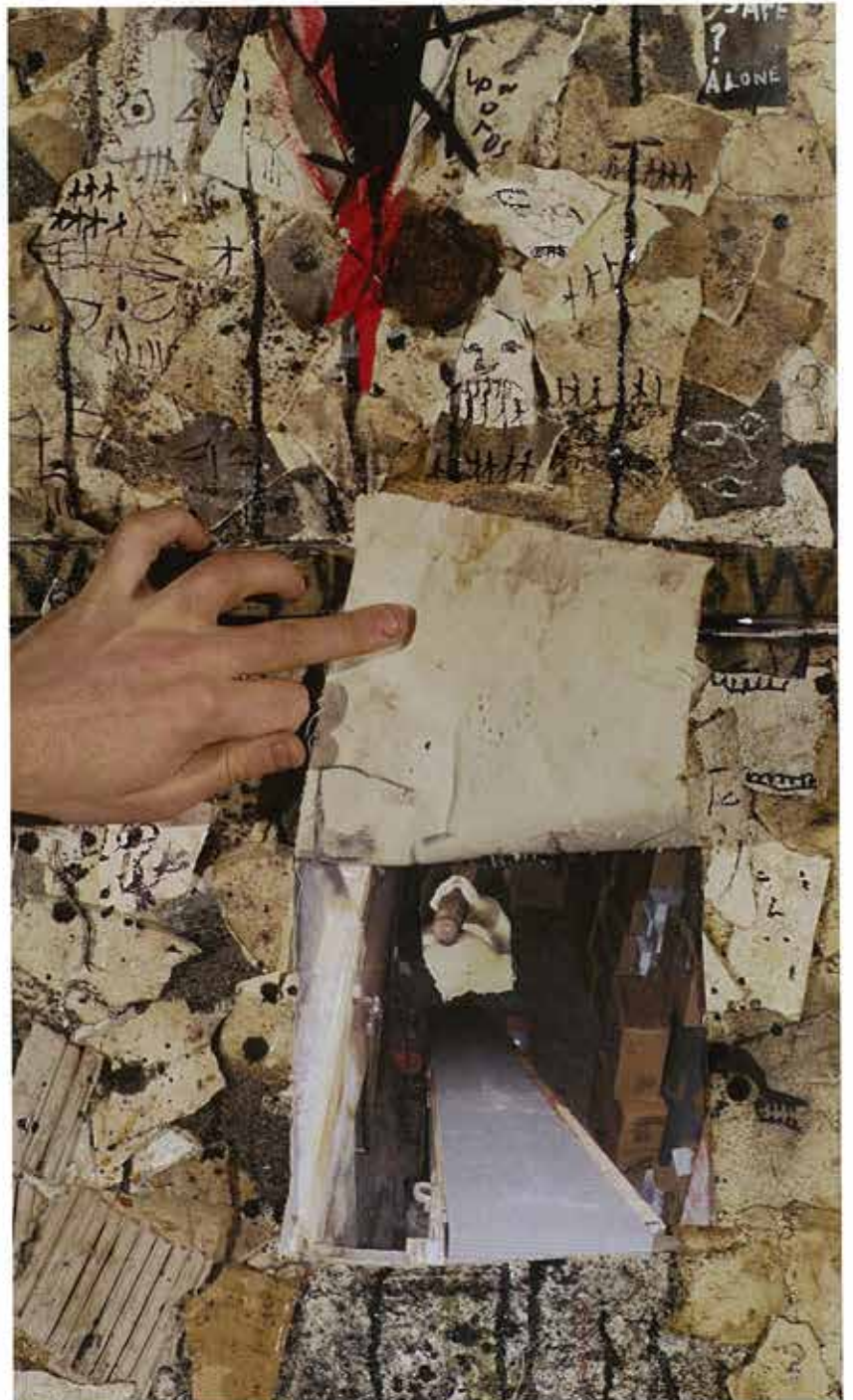




suspected tearist (with crayon)  
A painting for th U.S ARMY AND MC CATHLASOFT  
MIND BURGER  
mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail



**IN SEEN CRIMS**

**make totally unemployable petrol huffers**

mixed media on canvas

260cm x 140cm approx

(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail



**A WALL IN SHAPES CHOKEING  
(AUTOMATIC WEOPONS FER TH 3RD WORLD)**

mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail

ANNALS IN  
Shaples shaples

MAKE YOU DVE UP GIVE IN  
YOUR RITOM AND IT OVER

ITS ALL ABOUT ME  
AND MY CHOISES  
REPRESENTIN MY TASTE  
TO THE NATION  
(U CAN TRUST ME  
DAD I AM BIG BIRD)

KEEPING TH WRLD SAFE 4  
CAPITALISM  
WAF  
EDIT  
DIVERSITY

THE OWNERS  
LIVE IT

ROY  
KOL  
KORCUT

VEN TO IOWA AKILAR

LOSE N CON  
ARENTE RE MEMBERS  
ARE SETICK N  
FINAL EVER TOMAS PCKT  
PAN DOME GLUT BLIND  
HYPO CRIT ANAL  
HAY SATE SAME IN AN  
RHETORIC SPIT  
CHANNEL  
UNCORRECTED  
FAULT LINE  
CHARITY COLLECTIVE  
DE LIFE  
IN TH WAYS

LORD

CO KREO  
REALITY  
THE FORM  
DREAM  
TELL USE ON

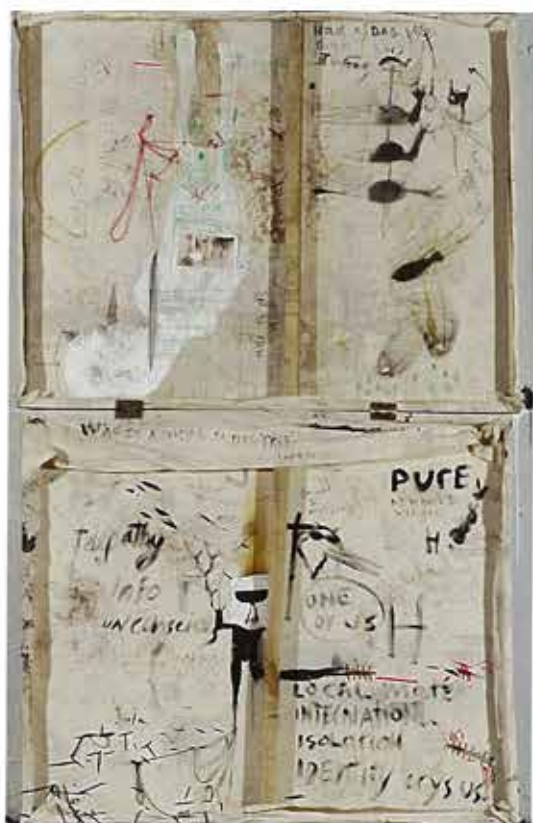


THE SUN EST OVA

THE SUN EST OVA

**in out**  
**(dismembered head re members ,cross to bear)**

mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail





**king of kings (dispossessed power bomb)**

mixed media on canvas  
280cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail



**in addickt quit ..(lost used)**  
mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail

ADDICT-  
QUIT

ALL EYES THIS Y...  
YOU...  
ARE GIVING AND  
AND ARE KILLING  
YOU  
THEMSELVES

STAVE  
GUILT  
ON-  
SOME  
DEMO-  
CRAZY  
FLEE-  
DUMB



SHO  
OO  
DI

FROM THE GREATEST UNIVERSES  
IN AESTHETICS  
SELF  
I WILL LEAVE UP 2 THE  
EXPECTS

INSIDER OUT SEE THE ART NIKES

UNDER A STRIP

DRIPS AND FEELS



ten fingers ten toes  
(just be ya self)  
mixed media on canvas  
260cm x 140cm approx  
(Hinged in middle)



back of canvas



detail



TEN TOES

ONE

OUT MORE OF THE IS A GREAT

DON  
CLOPP  
HAS  
BEEN  
SUN  
FAT  
GO TO  
SLEED  
OPEN

YOU DON'T KNOW ME

WOODSOTLAND BASS

OWN VOICE

TEN FINGERS

TRIBES/FATHERS  
FAKE HISTORY

BETTER  
STRONGER  
FASTER

NEW  
UNDER ME

WINE  
SIN  
-MS

CHERRY  
POST

CONCRETE TOWER

BOARD

T

BOARD

BOARD

# DRAWINGS

## Who Killed JR?

### Off the top of one head to another

First saw James' work in the late '90s when he submitted some etchings to a shortlived arts and stuff mag that a bunch of us were doing at the time. He sent a few photocopies which sparked our editorial interest so we asked for some originals to scan, expecting five or six prints.

But no. Instead a vast parcel of corrugated cardboard and brown tape, graffitied to death and a work of frenzied, pulpy art in itself appeared on our doorstep and, upon being carefully ripped open, revealed god knows how many prints, drawings and paintings on paper.

Clearly the work of a committed and driven artist – for want of a better word – we were compelled to print a dozen pieces over two issues of Loose without comment, explanation or any context other than the surrounding pages. It looked scatologically, confrontationally great. I bought two of the filthiest.

First saw James sometime further back when, dressed in – from memory – a capacious kaftan, he whooped and hollered through one of my South Island gigs, making a monstrous artwork of his cranky self as irritant and inspiration combined. I liked the kid's attitude.

Then I met him in the fine, fine, superfine art context during his Bath st show in late '03 where he showed the most consistently inventive, brutally accomplished set of raw, anguished canvasses that I have ever seen. The unrelenting quality of these things was astonishing, humbling and it was no surprise that they all sold. We bought one (mate's rates, he'd dedicated it to me and Barbara) and it graced and raged beautifully at our bedroom wall. Felt privileged.

Now it's another show and this is different.

Pulling back from the art game at which he proved himself so successful, these are no longer mute howls of monochrome roughage, off-kilter applications and explosions of mixed media madness, weirdly acceptable to them what choose on a decorative basis, but a return to his word-choked diatribes that will repel as many as they will attract.

This is back to a street-bred, editorial approach to visual/intellectual/emotional stimulation. No chance here of missing the message, these things scream, whisper and growl their import to ya in a direct, almost didactic fashion. I don't think we're s'posed to do that, we artists. We're s'posed to let you, the punter, put yr own make on things with as little help from us as possible, right? To couch this stuff so enigmatically, so ambiguously, so subtly that you may make anything of it that you will.

Well, fuck that, sez James, here's what I'm thinking. Unequivocally thrust into yr face with all the demure pastel panache of a WWF beefcake spinebusting mass of ferocious muscle and spume. Buy this shit at your peril. Hey, you bought McCahon with his safe-as-houses Christian twaddle and any number of Maori artists with their sweet ethnic epithets and that other Robinson with his dainty swastika anarchisms so you can buy this too. It's only money.

But can you love it? Can you embrace its rage, horror, grief, joy, ecstasy and turmoil, there's the challenge. This ain't Van Gogh's

wheatfields, nor even his self-portraits, this is the flesh of his ear, blood coagulating and attracting flies.

Nah, just kidding, they're only drawings and paintings.

ONLY drawings and paintings. MERELY art.

Glorified comix, really, as harmless as Goya, Blake, Hogarth, Grosz, Crumb, Tracey Tawhiao and Anthony Ellison, skilfully made images wedded to unfiltered verbiage to look good and entertain, nothing more. Cos art can't make you think. Only you can make you think. He said glibly.

But it's hard to love this stuff that is so obvious. I mean, it's so OBVIOUS. Wasn't it better when he was doing huge canvasses, devoid of verbalised thought, splendid, deep, ravaged and strangely dignified? Acceptable? Wasn't this a sign of artistic maturity, that he'd left his juvenilia behind, that he was gonna let the art world ease into his work with their suffocating acceptance and their gorgeous, comforting money? Wasn't this the James Robinson we all really wanted, the one who would give us what we want?

Well, yeah, that's what I thought, I loved this new direction, his work was the most bloody MAJESTIC stuff I'd ever seen by a local artist and every one a winner. But, y'know, after proving he can do this stuff in his – admittedly disturbed – sleep, where could he go but down that self-defeating, self-referential, masturbatory road to beautiful, pure – and highly commercial – minimalism? Like so many before him

Not good enough. So – BANG – back come the words and the complex, randomly kaleidoscopic images, clashing, complementing and flying off the page in glotted, fragmentary maximalist splendour.

This is brave. No, not brave, merely necessary. For the man's continuing existence as a person. Not as a "James Robinson".

And he's augmenting it with his head movies. Literally for the little bugger attached a camera to his noggin, taking a frame a second while making these things and showing the process as a fractured, flickering smorgasboardwalk freakshow filmshow. Renaissance boy? You bet.

Comix? Videos? What's he playing at? He'll never get ahead, he's too confusing. Who knows what the unprictable bastard's gonna do next?

Well, I dunno but, such is this guy's abundant, burning energy and his overpowering need to get his head and heart onto paper and canvas, I'm sure it'll be as challenging, deafening, blinding and empowering as any of this stuff here.

You go, girl.

**Chris Knox**



