

A photograph of a natural landscape with trees and a path, serving as the background for the text. The scene is filled with green foliage and trees, with a path leading through them. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

JAMES ROBINSON  
PAINTINGS MADE IN RESIDENCY

AT DUNMOOCHIN FOUNDATION  
AUSTRALIA 2014

I MADE THESE OUTSIDE IN THE BUSH AT AN OLD  
ART COLONY NEAR MELBOURNE WHERE I WAS A  
GUEST. I FELT DISPLACEMENT ... AND GRIEF FOR  
THE ORIGINAL "OWNERS"... THE **WURUNDJERI**

AND THAT FED INTO MY LIFELONG THEMES OF  
ART ... HUMAN SURVIVAL AND ACCOUNTABILITY  
TO OUR UNSUSTAINABLE ADDICTIVE CULTURE.

SO ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONIST MIXED-MEDIA  
WORK ALLOWS ME TO ACCESS AN UNCONSCIOUS,  
EMOTIVE, EMPATHETIC RESONANCE OF AN  
ANCIENT HUMAN SOUL/HEART/MIND/THE  
CAVE ... THE BIRTH/DEATH CYCLE, FEAR, LOVE ...  
CONSCIOUSNESS. WE ARE PART OF THIS EVENT OF  
LIFE...

ART'S A FRAGILE BRIDGE BETWEEN WORLDS ...  
IN THIS CASE, A BOOSHWAA APARTHEID WORLD  
OF AFFLUENCE AND STATE SPONSORED RACISM ...  
AND IRRESPONSIBLE GLOBAL CLIMATE CHANGE  
DENIAL.

I'M PLEASED WITH THIS AWAY MISSION AND THE  
RESULTING MONOCHROMATIC PALETTE THAT  
MIRRORED THE MONO-CULTURAL GLOBALIST  
THEMES OF OUR EXTINCTION AND LEMMING-LIKE  
ENGINEERED CONSENT.

NONETHELESS ... ART WAS THE WINNER ON THE  
DAY ... AND HERE WE ARE, LOOKING AT BOOKLETS.

KIA ORA / AMEN

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## UTOPIA'S MINES

mixed media assemblage

90cm × 75cm approx

2014



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## GEO-PATHIC STRESS

mixed media

80cm × 70cm approx

2014





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## THE ETERNAL WAR FOR THE MINDS OF MEN

mixed media  
80cm × 70cm approx  
2014



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**RACIAL MEMORY**  
(ZOMBIE VERSUS VAMPIRE)

mixed media  
80cm × 70cm approx  
2014





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## DOMINANCE HIERARCHY (GLOBAL SACRIFICES)

mixed media

80cm × 70cm approx

2014



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# IRREDUCIBLE

mixed media  
80cm × 70cm approx  
2014





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## REMNANTS - REMAINS

mixed media

80cm × 70cm approx

2014



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**FLIGHT OR FIGHT**  
**(ALL THEIR EYES IN US)**

mixed media  
80cm × 70cm approx  
2014





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# PHANTOM

mixed media  
80cm × 70cm approx  
2014





# DAVID EGGLETON

## ANTHROPOCENE AND ASYLUM: SIX SONNETS FOR JAMES ROBINSON

### PANEL BEATER

A high-maintenance, G20 Sky Father.  
A desalinated, compostable, home-birther.  
A granular plastic skin with vents and grafts.  
A bug-eyed and hernia-sprung wobble-board.  
A gall wasp, sawfly, slug and aphid display shield.  
An age-hardened, unleavened, half-eaten, spiced bun.  
An earworm filthy as Lord Melbourne's waistcoat.  
A great wombat the colour of tainted coffee-whitener.  
A large bowel collider facing early-onset nothingness.  
A heavy metal bombardment of daylight bulbs.  
A Day of Penitence, factory-farmed, tooter the sweeter.  
A camouflaged, eye-patched, god-shaped hole.  
A whack-a-mole clay and burnt alabaster jackpot.  
A sluggish, backwards-compatible, zodiac wheel.

### IN CREMATORIA

My cyclone unearths a sacred larrikin.  
My boom water stagnates in beer can ziggurats.  
My book of scribbly gum opens on firebombs.  
My mill of ants seethes like a frenzied caliphate.  
My cracked glass smokes out a season of arsonists.  
My Yellow Monday crackles with payback's clamour.  
My blank TV screen, black as celebrity shades, concentrates gleams and waits for recognition: a spontaneous ignition of daytime soaps.  
My true horizon dances on blow-torched grasses.  
My dry storm bursts out of the slammer, to swing down like jailbait from a lightning tree.  
My scrub explodes on high beams of heat, white as; other colours burn to electricity.

### THIS GUBBERMENT, BRO, THIS GUBBERMENT

They clown-troupe in for core meltdown goals, solar flare on tandoori oven's fiery coals, untouchable dragon-mouth's pizza topping, burnt ends stitched back up with string.  
Choose marinated redneck flambé dressed with lard,  
pig-ear sambo with Rwandan Dukunde Kawa brew, or the paint, paper, hair, fingernails, cockroach feast.  
The second swig of Tanqueray with Angosturas, beslobbered and besmeared on ice-cold rocks; electric maraschino cherries and shit-eating grin.  
Blood runs down the fishy scaling knife, red as the bled heart of the blessed saviour in a flyblown frame made of sticking plasters.  
The lunatics have taken over the asylum-seekers.

### **PENNY SERENADE**

Penny Serenade's jammed in her busted jukebox,  
with top drawer knives, forks, cracked dinner plates;  
and here come the exoplanets, the orbiting rocks.

Twelve steps below Paradise, they open the  
floodgates to enmesh all in chook-wire and holy  
ectoplasm.

Mother Earth Normal's now Mother Earth Abnormal,  
and software precogs exploit everywhen's shrapnel.  
Helicopter parents have the price of a buddha stick;  
their vinyl fetish costumes shine like an oil slick.

Doofus leads the slo-mo exit from Olympus.

I'll asphyxiate you, croon the car fumes,  
giving rivers of metal the anthropocene blues.

You're beautiful in marble, beautiful in mud,  
but you're choking, Mother Earth, in fossil fuel crud.

### **PLANET BLAST**

No poppies blow, they faded long ago,  
in potter's field with paupers, job-seekers,  
kicked to the curb by bigcorp motorcades.

Brands grow strands of web that loop the planet.

Tiny spider-peeps make raids with tiny lasers:  
crap terraforming, global bad positioning.

They uplift the love of wintermute and feed it  
to a novabomb that irradiates the quantum:

our big dumb object beamed from outer space,  
each sarcophagus built by a civilisation gone.

So we cling to a death-star collapsium,  
our heartbeats those of bug-eyed monsters.

An earthling's cooee echoes under ruptured crust.  
We live for earth's breath, like the wind, the dust.

### **LAND SMASHER**

Gotta have magnets for cleaning out cows.  
Cows can swallow bits of wire, and they can kill,  
because they drill, they drill into the heart.

Gotta have a rusted, busted, done and dusted  
Holden Kingswood, so you can rock up, low  
to the ground, dry spinifex stuffed in your tyres.

Gotta have roo mince to feed the dogs.  
Gotta have diggers to get the ore from mines.

Gotta dump the dispossessed outside casinos:  
those bushland nomads, they don't know they're  
born.

And keep them boat people on the never-never.  
You think I'm pathetic, non-empathetic?

I swerve for possums, so get out of the car,  
or fair serve — I swings the iron bar.





