



# ROBERT MANSON

Druckgrafik

1985\*

Robert Manson ist der Sohn von zwei Künstlern aus Irland und England. Er wuchs auf dem irischen Land auf und besuchte die Filmhochschule in Dublin. Er hat drei Spielfilme und mehr als ein Dutzend Kurzfilme gedreht, die auf der ganzen Welt gezeigt wurden, Preise auf Filmfestivals gewannen und in Kinos und Online-Streams veröffentlicht wurden. In den letzten Jahren hat er sein kreatives Schaffen um die Literatur und die Herstellung von Druckerzeugnissen erweitert. Er hat drei Romane in der Entwicklung und hatte 2022 eine Einzelausstellung mit Grafiken in Leipzig. Robert lebt und arbeitet mit seiner Familie in Leipzig und plant seine zweite Einzelausstellung im Herbst in Leipzig.



portfolio



Bodies 01. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 42x59cm. Auflage 1/8

# BODIES

## Concept

Abandoned places are reclaimed by nature over time. Hope springs from the thought that humanity might similarly be reclaimed one day before death. Inside our shell, the grass have been sown and the first plants appear. These Lino cut images of bodies and nature within, underlines a search and journey to our origins.

## Excerpt from an unfounded novel by Robert Manson

“We’re drowning slowly in an ocean of spilled milk. The stronger the personality, the less well it can tread water. Well, why should I continue on this point any longer? You get the picture. Has the beauty inside us been ruled out by the dead in waiting? Like the pieces of a puzzle, finding their spaces unaided. We blindly take our positions in this game. We’re often born, but what precedes this race? Darkness shining through the brightness around a maiden image in my mind. Why is it ever that the good suffer in these emerald cities. It is a chain reaction. All the scrawled emotions and memories we awaken from. Scratched edges on the sides of posts and paving stones along this weary winding way. Cassiopeia is still clearly seen on cloudless nights. But for how much longer. The world will use up its remaining energy to manoeuvre around each of the five senses of death. Recount.”

## Konzept

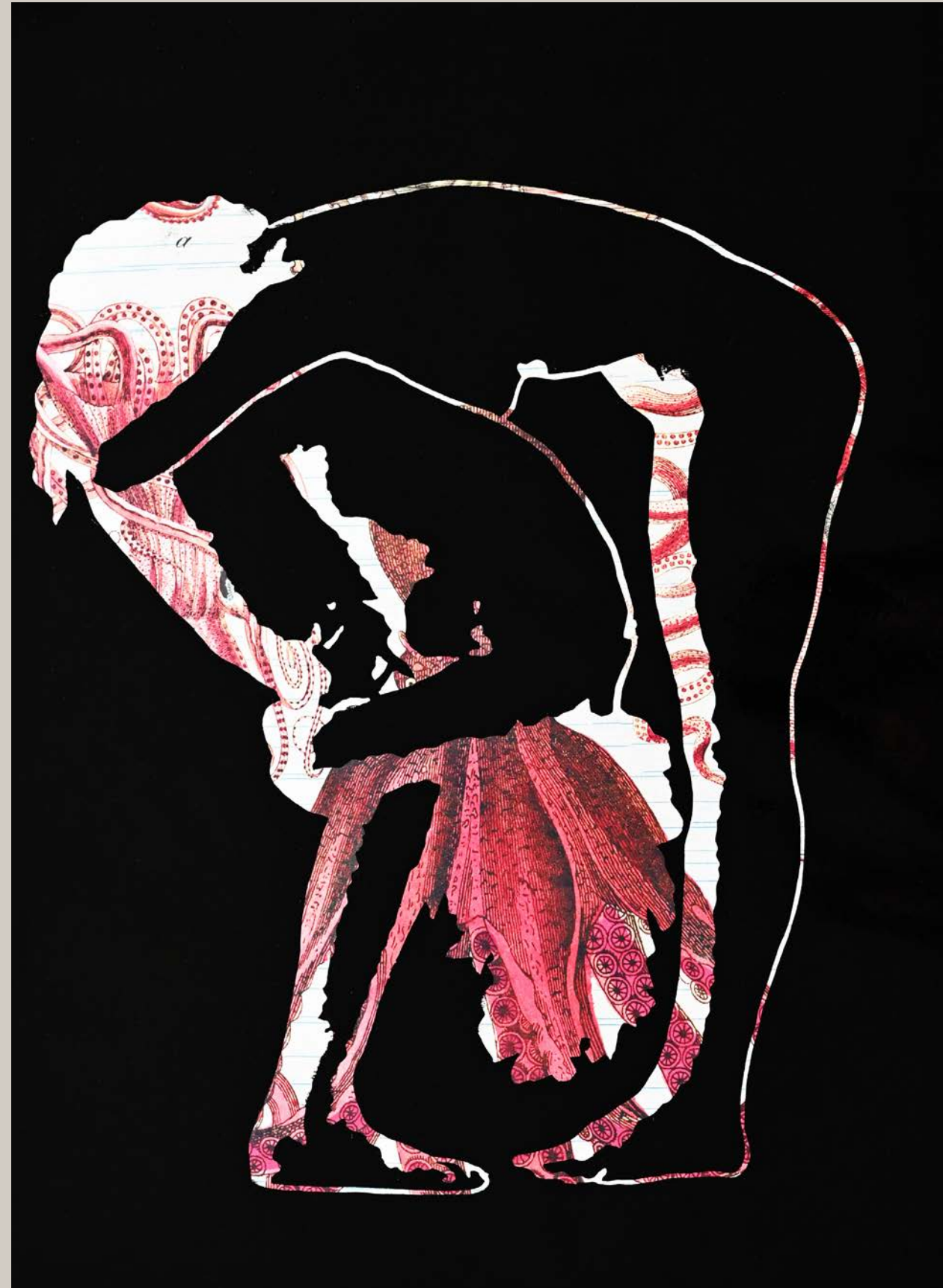
Verlassene Orte werden im Laufe der Zeit von der Natur zurückerobert. Die Hoffnung entspringt dem Gedanken, dass auch die Menschheit eines Tages vor dem Tod zurückerobert werden könnte. Im Inneren unserer Hülle wurde das Gras gesät und die ersten Pflanzen erscheinen. Diese Linolschnitte von Körpern und der Natur im Inneren unterstreichen eine Suche und Reise zu unseren Ursprüngen.

## Auszug aus einem unbegründeten Roman von Robert Manson

„Wir ertrinken langsam in einem Meer von verschütteter Milch. Je stärker die Persönlichkeit, desto weniger gut kann sie sich im Wasser halten. Nun, warum soll ich diesen Punkt noch weiter ausführen? Sie haben es verstanden. Ist die Schönheit in uns von den wartenden Toten verdrängt worden? Wie die Teile eines Puzzles, die ohne Hilfe ihren Platz finden. Wir nehmen in diesem Spiel blindlings unsere Positionen ein. Wir werden oft geboren, aber was geht diesem Rennen voraus? Dunkelheit scheint durch die Helligkeit um ein Mädchenbild in meinem Kopf. Warum müssen die Guten in diesen Smaragdstädten immer leiden? Es ist eine Kettenreaktion. All die zerkratzten Gefühle und Erinnerungen, aus denen wir erwachen. Zerkratzte Ränder an den Seiten von Pfosten und Pflastersteinen entlang dieses müden, gewundenen Weges. Cassiopeia ist in wolkenlosen Nächten noch deutlich zu sehen. Aber wie lange noch? Die Welt wird ihre verbleibende Energie aufbrauchen, um um jeden der fünf Sinne des Todes herum zu manövrieren. Erzählen.“

# BODIES

(25 WORKS IN THIS SERIES 2024)



Bodies 03. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 42x59cm. Auflage 1/8



Bodies 18. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 42x59cm. Auflage 1/8



Bodies 07. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 59x42cm. Auflage 1/8

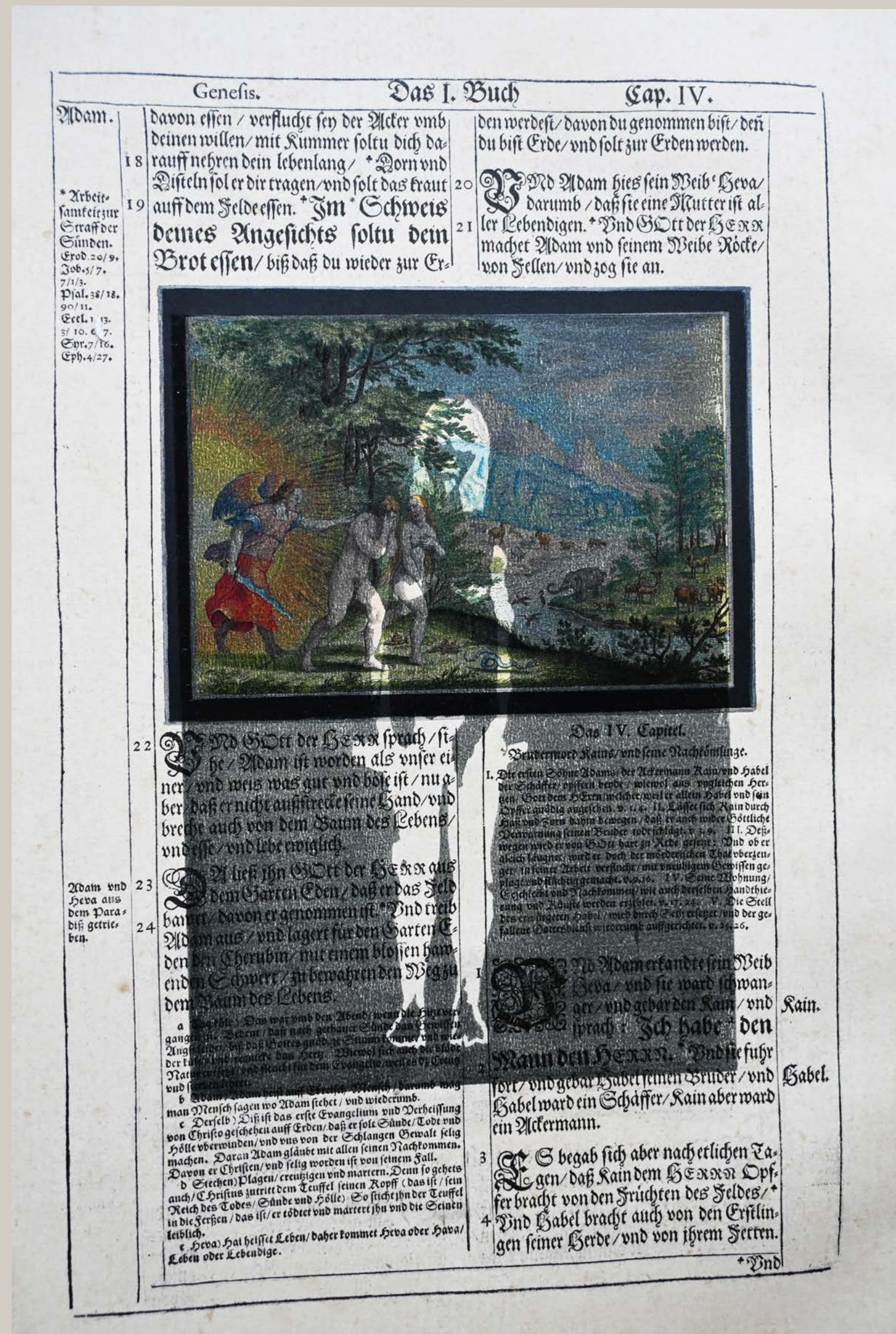
# HEILIGE NACKT

## Extract from WIP novel by Robert Manson.

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Religion is the first thing in the last thing that you need to learn. It's the enemy of free thought and the only true friend you need at the end of the day. A flattering illusion. It's a carnival ball, that spins - my dear. Which is when the guests get unmasked at the of the night. Our guests, composed entirely of imposters. They've got all the bubble and squeak of a super volcano, voluptuous flames splashing out over the edges, but there's no real heat coming off them. In this social reprieve. A spine tingling ensues that you can't get unless you give yourself away in some form before hand. You've got to give without wanting in return. Single and solitary breaths helps the cause. The balance of colossal forces. It usually pans out after a coffee. We know that we have the imagination needed to achieve great things. But unlike certain wild animals, we no longer breed in captivity. We've become more adept to living inside. To deceiving ourselves that the world resides inside our own heads. We need to start over on a level playing field. Nature and man. On the decking of an external world. We're not unconscious anymore. But in saying that we still don't know what day of the week it is or who we actually are anymore. It's a return journey to some foreign land. But we've still not discovered what's the use of coming back at all. Perhaps you and I are one. That's fine. I'm happy to have some help or contribute something to the cause. There are three types of sadness which sometimes falls between the two us. We can only really experienced two of these forms together. Lost and found and mishandled troubles. A view of our life cycles and then we hurtle towards death. There are rewards for the people who fit into this system best. A feeling of security can come from group mentality. Yet even when they aren't secure, they're always thinking about it. Nigging doubts ensue. Who's lurking in the shadow. Changed environments help to lift the cobwebs of the mind. It's traditional to hold the world and all it's true substance in tow. You become quickly aware of the importance of keeping some kind of reckoning of time. Achievements and personal goals fall into this bracket also. In our Museum's of the self. General ideas are all the same in all of our lives. We've already been wounded, more than once. Keep a check on your lingering health deficiencies. We exist for and of ourselves but are mostly only seen from outward projections. Help yourself.

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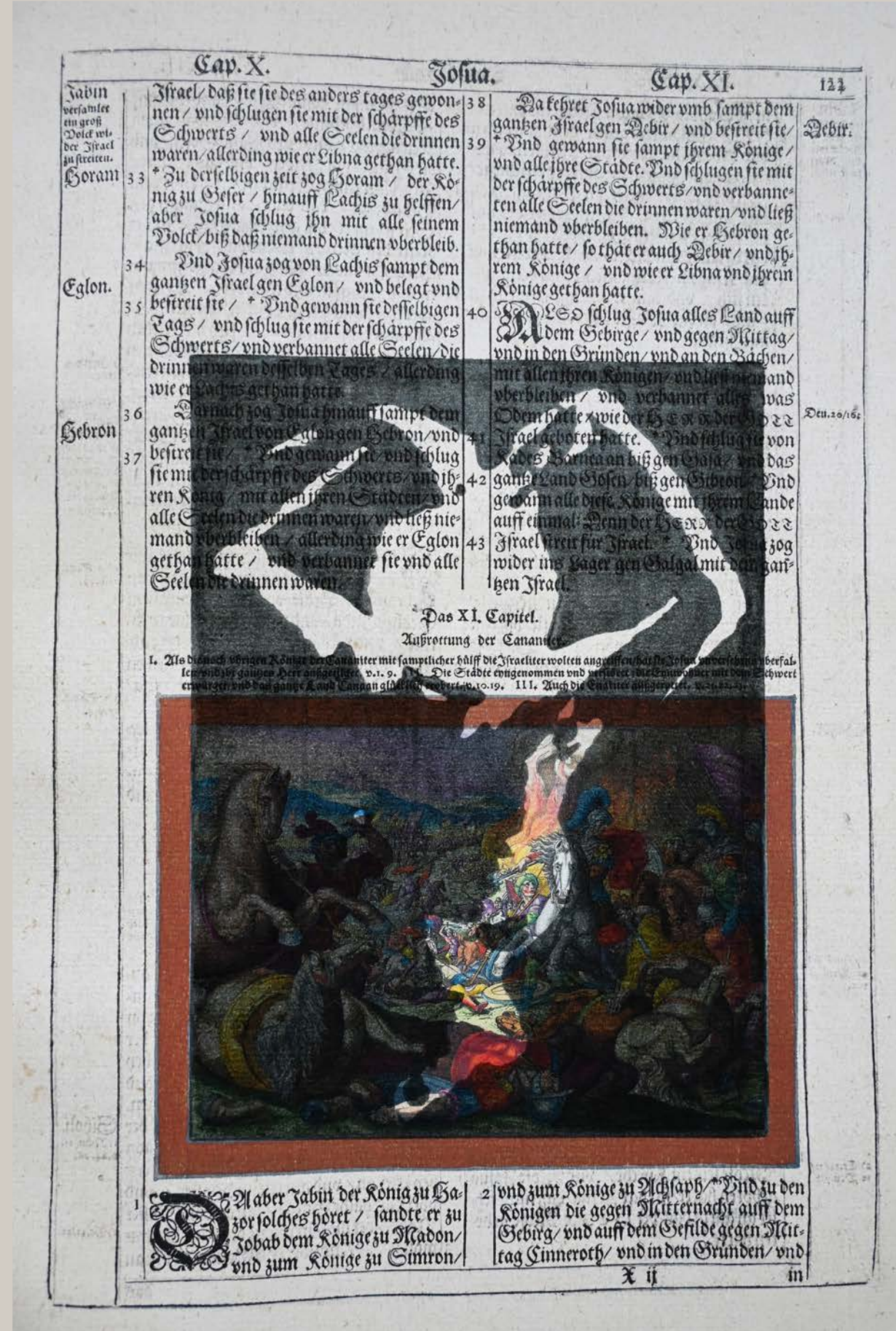
Heilige Nackt 01. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 40x28cm. Auflage 1

# HEILIGE NACKT

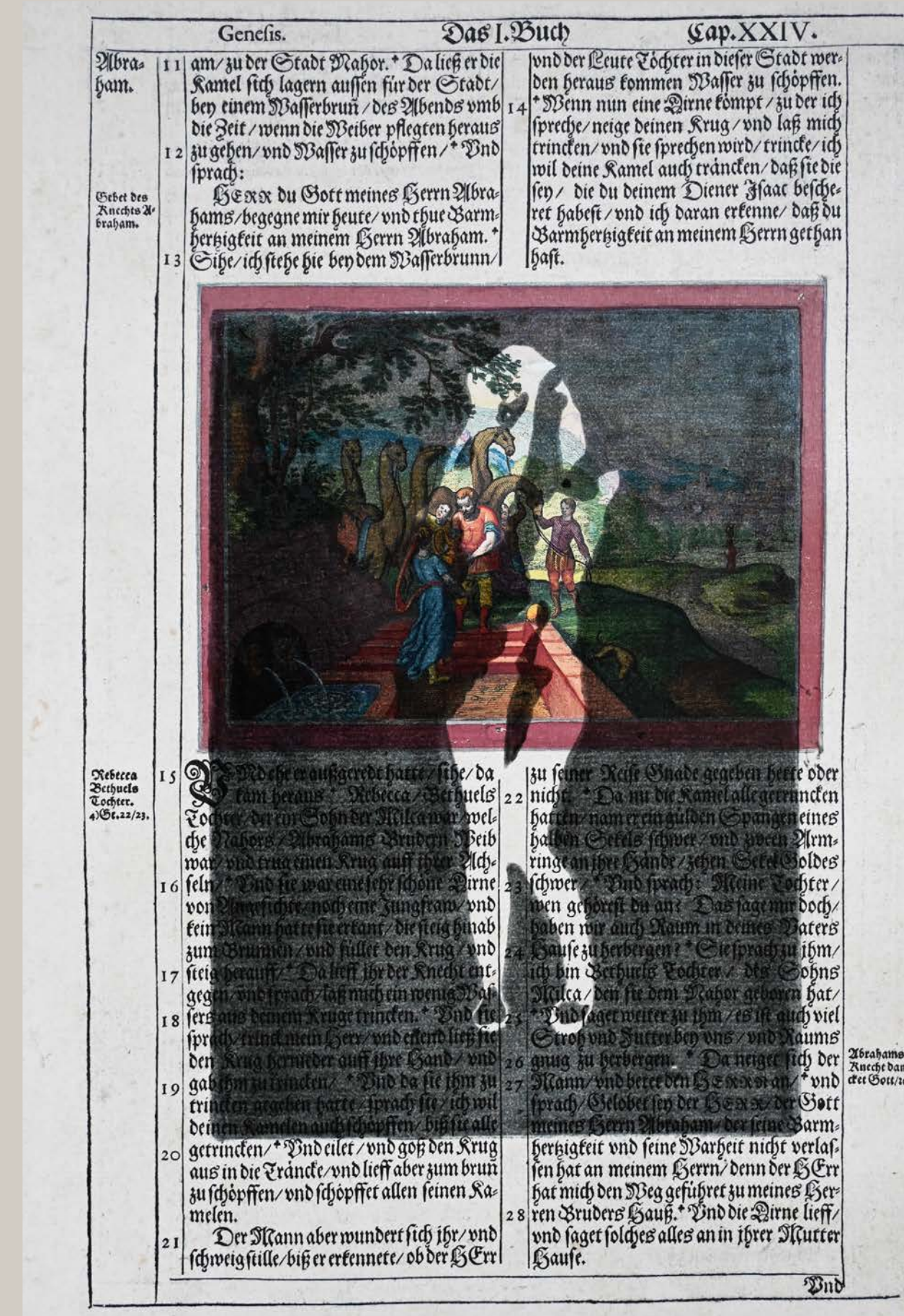
(30 WORKS IN THIS SERIES - 2024)



Heilige Nackt 02. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 40x28cm. Auflage 1



Heilige Nackt 03. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 40x28cm. Auflage 1



Heilige Nackt 04. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 40x28cm. Auflage 1

# FEUERTEUFEL

Our art is the Godhead. If we seek, then we shall find. Those are the exclamation and marked differences. Can you see what I'm talking about? When we tear out our hair in remorse for want of looking deeper into ourselves. To all the angels dismay. If they understood me once when I was throwing all my possession away, then I will try it on myself once more. The cleansing of the soul takes time. It's better to be alone. Sometimes I call this reality, 'knowledge from beyond'. We're divorced from Death when we live with our eyes closed. The Divine Echo of the sun can't burn the retinas if we should never dare to open them. La-la-Laveuntra. These are the feelings of strain in faith that I cannot shake. The ineffable hierarchy of any organisation that wishes to render me null and void. The wise old men would say that I do not think anymore. Therefore, I am in my faith devoid. A prisoner without a prison. I'm not permitted to escape or to stay shackled behind bars in the cold and dusty chambers within. Woe unto to you who cannot even be incarcerated. I'm of those people who ceases to revere the truth. Jesus said the mind can go neither by snowfall or by nightfall. A sycophant. Obscured mostly by my own form of bias. Where life runs free. You keep it safe in the back of your mind. All human relationships are stored in the past. In dusty pockets, all fragmented and splintered. Through our

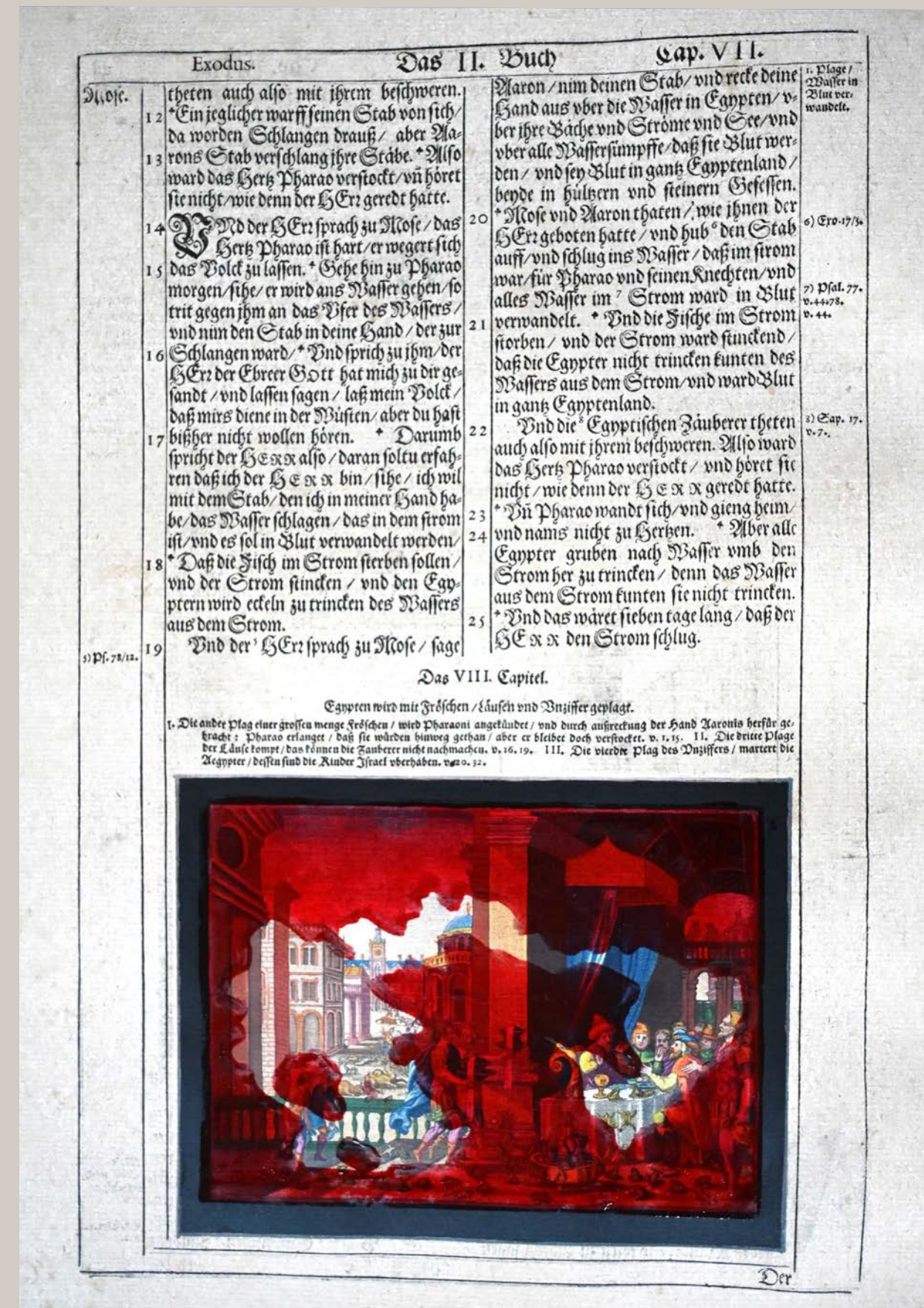
torn mouths, we recounted old stories. All of everything and anything. We carry ancient peoples in our blood. They are the ones who first told us all these stories, that are filled with want and wonder. Written in parchment, fading in the sunlight. Scorched earth renders all to dust. To exist is to stand up against the approaching desert. It takes away vanity in an instant. One night is enough to strip the flesh from the bones. All solemn places have dregs of evil in them too. This is a wondrous nightmare. With every stolen glance, a special quality is earned. An Eden. Christ died. He is risen in our recounting. This is where imaginative people triumph. The truth is to discover in which way you're going. It is the most important fact of all. Direction. In my gorgeous world the signposts are all hidden from sight. The man that you drove along the way, will show you the way back. Mr. Brickilington, from his first faint cry to the surging flood of tears that comes later. I felt as if I was the only person here before I met this man. Like a voice inside my head, solitary. Holding up all the mirrors. The devil has rattled his bones. History won't get up to save him now. Vultures are circling. For tomorrow we die, and again with each waking day. Any person who can't spare a moment to save himself, as a matter of fact, doesn't really exist.



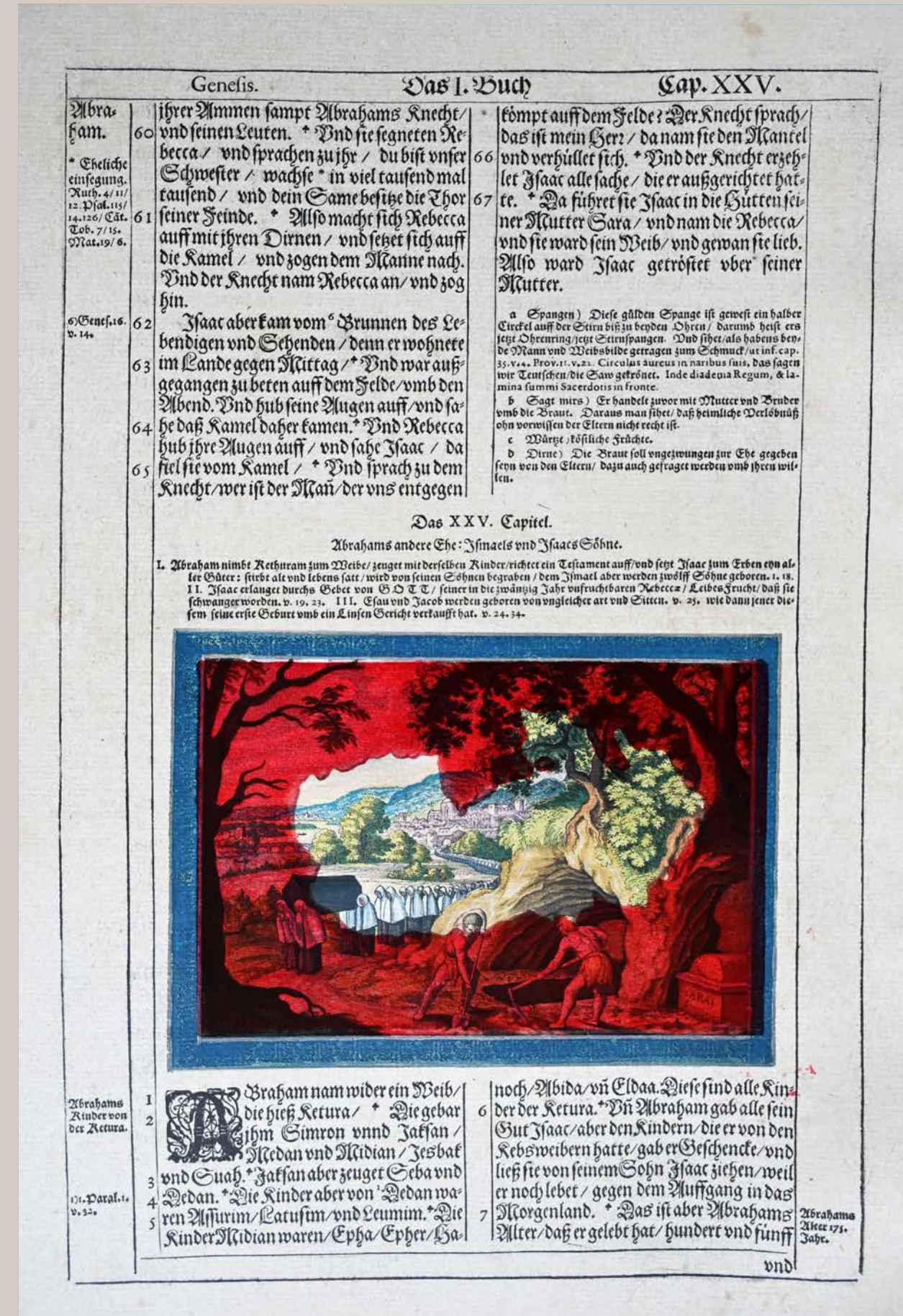
Feuerteufel 01. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 40x28cm. Auflage 1

# FEUERTEUFEL

(17 WORKS IN THIS SERIES - 2024)



Feuerteufel 02. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 40x28cm. Auflage 1



Feuerteufel 03. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 40x28cm. Auflage 1



Feuerteufel 04. Linolschnitt auf Faksimilie. 40x28cm. Auflage 1





Madonna 01. Gelli Plate Monoprint. 21x30cm. Auflage 1

**Extract from WIP novel by Robert Manson.**

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Humanity is a well. Or is it a dream that one must choose. Either which way, the air is full of options. I think of it like flower petals becoming smaller as they float away on the surface of the water. Little pinches of happiness in a jangled flow of blue. This tormented life. I've seen the changes that occur well before they transpire. Textures of skin. It creates a bristling effect, like the belly of a dogfish. There is just us. Not other presence out there. This amiable situation can be coined by being cut off from the holy element. We always run away when we get scared. The man in the dark shroud is following close behind. And so it is with our past. This is a swan song now. The river is always flowing away from us.

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# YELLOW PAGE

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Madonna 03. Gelli Plate Monoprint. 21x30cm. Auflage 1



Self Portrait 01. Gelli Plate Monoprint. 21x30cm. Auflage 1



Madonna 02. Gelli Plate Monoprint. 21x30cm. Auflage 1