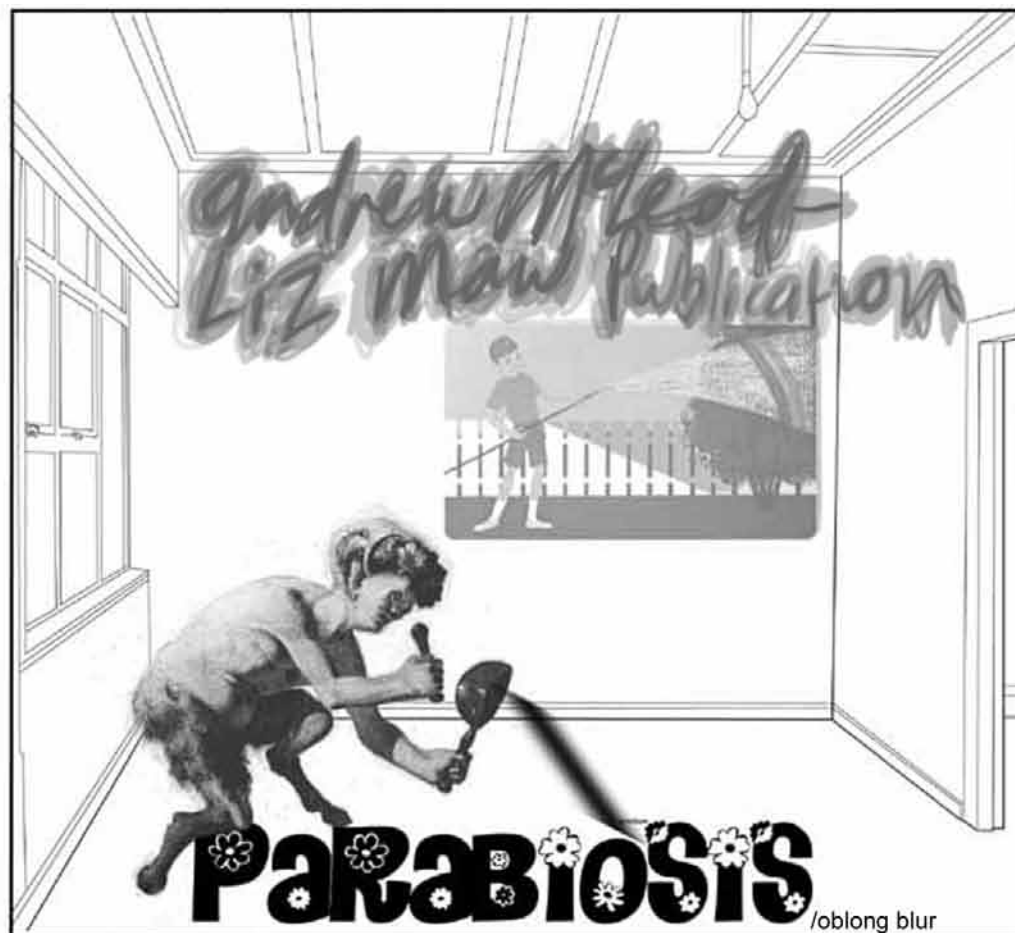


To Andy - about Sylvia P (for Sylvia)

You are my bejewelled winter tree
 we haven't had our time yet
 I can see I will have to take my own life
 - if anyone is going to believe the depth of my sorrow
 my sorrow will not be truly believed unless I do
 it's a commitment
 to faith
 faith in the belief of terminal misery
 it's perfectly robust
 the thing in hibernation
 it is not the dead egg whole, Sylvia
 the ground has opened up
 but it is still the ground
 fused by gravity, its determination
 and bread winner
 it lives forever
 to us
 or
 beyond the capacity
 of the imagination
 which believes in the restrictive containment of bone
 inside my head
 inside your head
 is the limited knowledge of you
 and around the clock we go
 mandella hop scotch
 committed to timing
 as we are the souls
 of all things
 existing in relay
 I tag you the other
 and me and me
 and you and you
 forever



Liz Maw and Andrew McLeod



Beginning at 11 am WEDNESDAY 3rd of November
 and CONCLUDING 24th of November

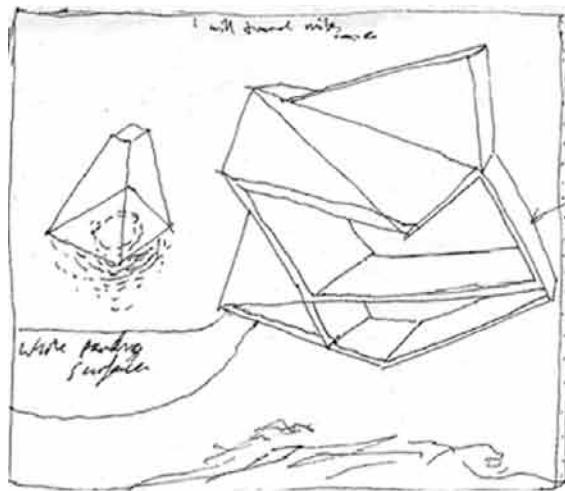
The preview is at 6pm WEDNESDAY 3rd of November



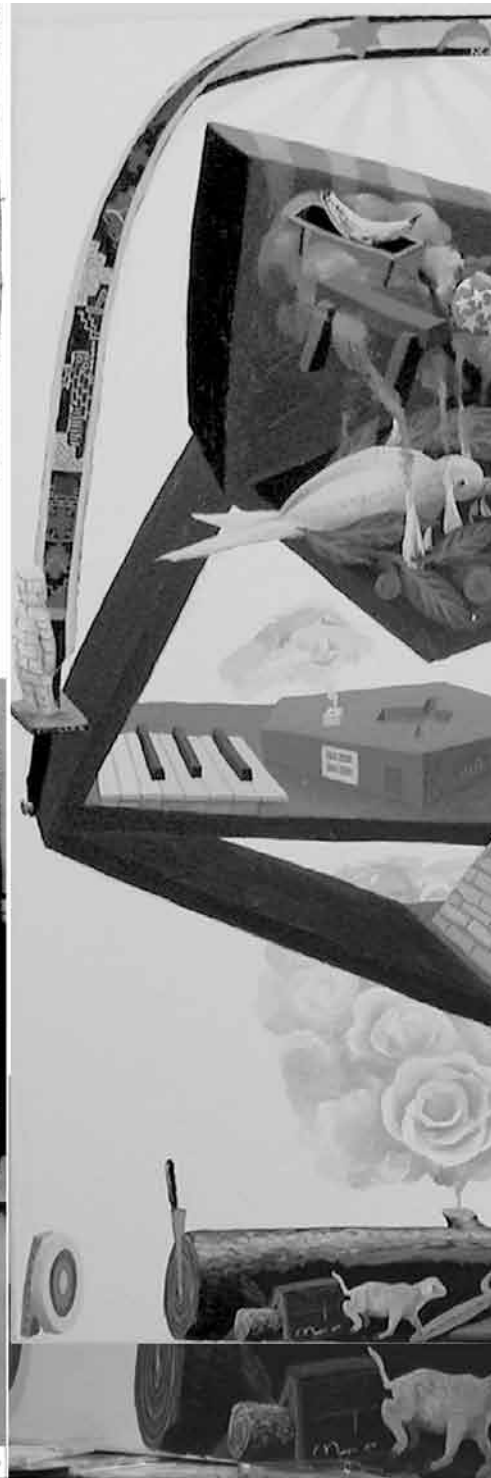
Ivan Anthony
 312 Karangahape Road
 First Level ANZ Bank, PO Box 68-416
 Phone / fax 64 9 377-1229



hours 11am to 5 pm Tuesday to Friday, 11am to 3pm Saturday



vertical composition w white and blue



To Andy again from Liz

We write down the word together
 it grins back at us
 confident in its abstraction
 confident in its elusive interpretation
 it is the first machine that made us
 it is far from adequate
 it does not describe a thing we are or do not already know
 yet we look for it to tell us something true
 perhaps
 in an arrangement called a poem
 like
 the land untouched by human hands
 and the only one left to us
 we fear to live on
 it's a cold Gaint
 we gaze at it for real
 and in our imaginations
 like an exotic animal in a zoo
 frighteningly icy blue
 it seems
 we feel it sway
 with fresh breath and crystal elegance
 and in a moment
 we die
 and are left with nothing
 but words
 to describe it.

To Andrew from Liz

The force of the individual is...

the only way you can survive and be valued
don't forget to take your raincoat

and the reflectors on the side of the road will guide you to yourself
one would hope

there is such a force in the mighty stary skies
and not just mud flats
where its starting all over again
from square one

hail the individual

the breather

the pacemaker

the big thing that drives them all

towards a level of comfort

just out of reach

and ever reaching towards their individual deaths

glory be

to the epic movement

of the living seamless

the creature's that daylight the darkness

and make the void

with all its mechanisms

we will eventually

call it love.

the software

will tell us how to feel for the knife or the flower

'love lies bleeding' or 'love in a mist'

never forget where you came from

brick layer

forest fire

home maker

as the sun rises undging the window sill

of many a fine kitchen

where flowers smell

from the night before meaningful supper

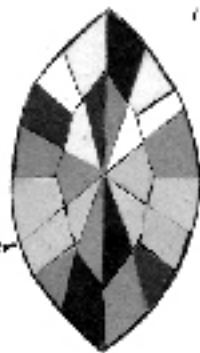
today is the day

you exist

you promised me

is to;

we called them





Too hard to understand
if only understanding was applicable
well

I do not feel
it is the capacity of the creator
that's why I'm hungry to emigrate
the monster is the real thing
there is shame
and also every known colour
and too much traffic
and the glittering granite from an alien quarry
to quell
and distract me

LIZ MAW 04

id die too

Making ART is the sport of demons (sporting with the evil)

That's what it is about me - I stink of death
I am the scribe of the grim reaper

you, you bring out the scribe, his scribe in me

A few of us are here too

to bring the grim news

we are living yes

but we love no living thing

we do not breed

we make dead things subject to commodification

things that are loved more than human

we are here, we are here

to represent/present

death
up onto

a charming platter

we let go

just as you take it

and value it more than your very own equally cursed sibling

nodding yes, yes

we are old rose bushes yes.

This time I pull on the knowledge of darkness
instead of being a slave to writing only to deplete it.

This time I, I, I lassooed edgeless darkness.

I throw a dead hearing at it.

And like a dumb ~~trained~~ animal it leapt into my arms

its brutal mothers arms

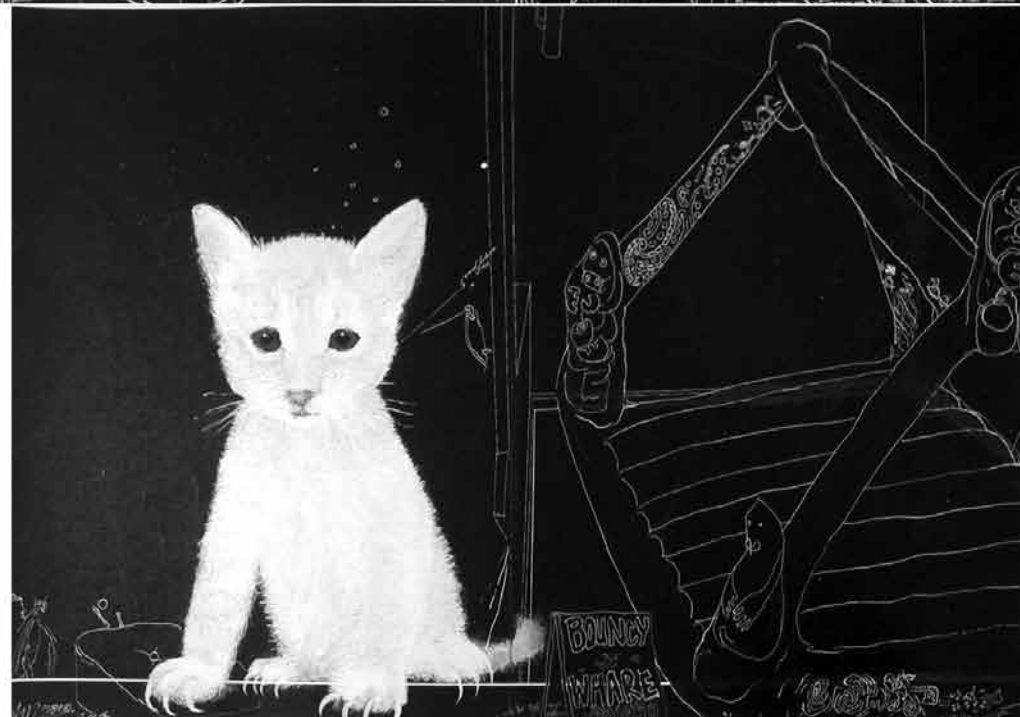
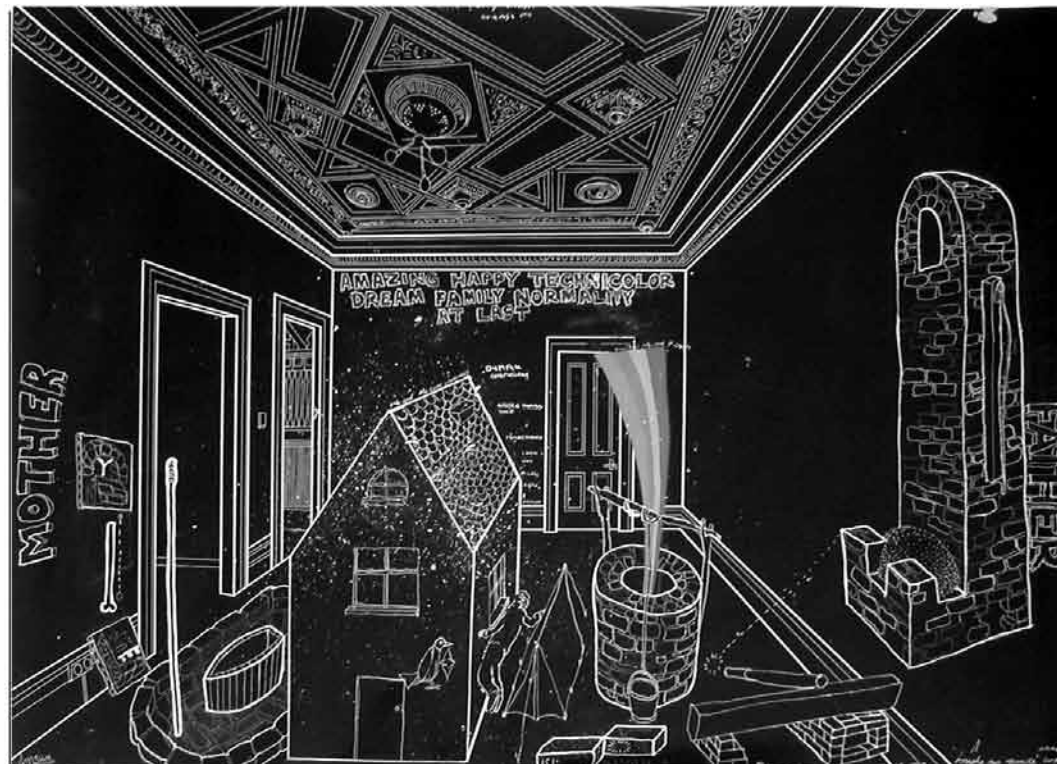
only to be Kissed by its own deadly reflexion, die I said and it sa

and we ceased to exist as individuals

which of course is inevitable

my friends.

For Andy and Will Oldham
Love Liz Maus





We speak volumes you and I
I hoped for you
I mean I wish you well
as far into the night as the age of humanity

Oh is it coming again?
so soon?

afterlife is hell for the faithless

our regard rots
as we become aware of the cycle

what is simplistic works well on me
like a good night sleep does
for the believer

LIZ MAW 04

