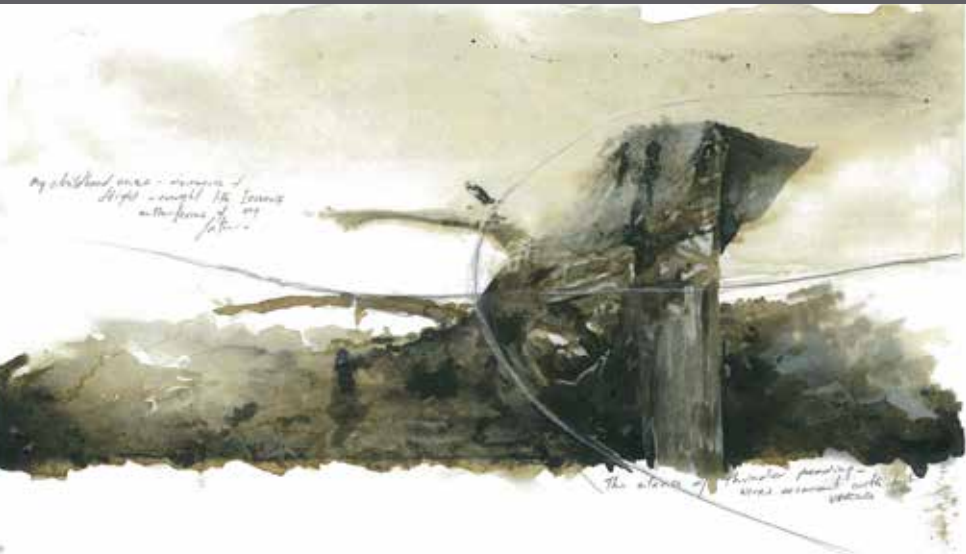


# STUDIES

These rough sketches in pencil, ink and coffee granules were made either before writing the screenplay for PUNCH or in pre-production while I was attempting to 'feel' the spirit of the world the film was going to inhabit. They were recorded in notebooks, or on old scraps of paper. In some instances they contain flickers of possible storylines, potential dialogue or the 'poetic spirit' of the scene I was intending to shoot.

There are literally hundreds of such drawings that go into any film I make, because I draw the whole world of a story before I commit anything to writing. If I run into trouble while shooting, I return to drawing as a method of 'feeling' my way through a problem.





Ngakere o Woodhill  
Ngati Whātua o Kapan



Muriwai - forest road  
drives through the work  
of Saltburned trees - vacant -  
empty but open to dreaming -



He ite Kahurangi -  
the small centre of my heart -

This small home - a whare left abandoned on the curve of a stream -  
a fisherman's bach - a hunter's respite - neglected for  
years - I found it abandoned. Sand on the floor the detritus of other anonymous lives. Te Kuto o te  
Cobbled together, stained glass windows, old fibres plywood floors.  
He ra ki tua  
Te Kuto o te  
manawa -

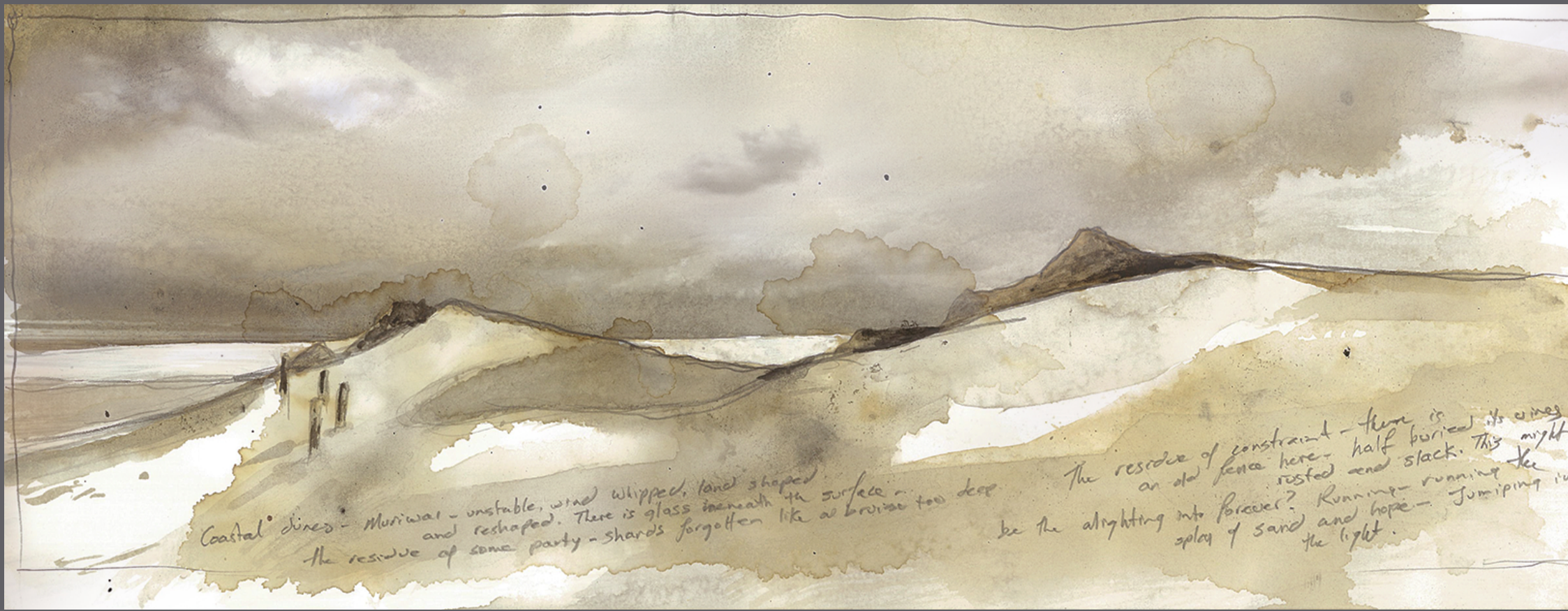


Te Heinga - water from the  
lake - stock trodden sand  
the expanse of afternoon -  
an intimate world defined  
by the immensity  
of Sand.



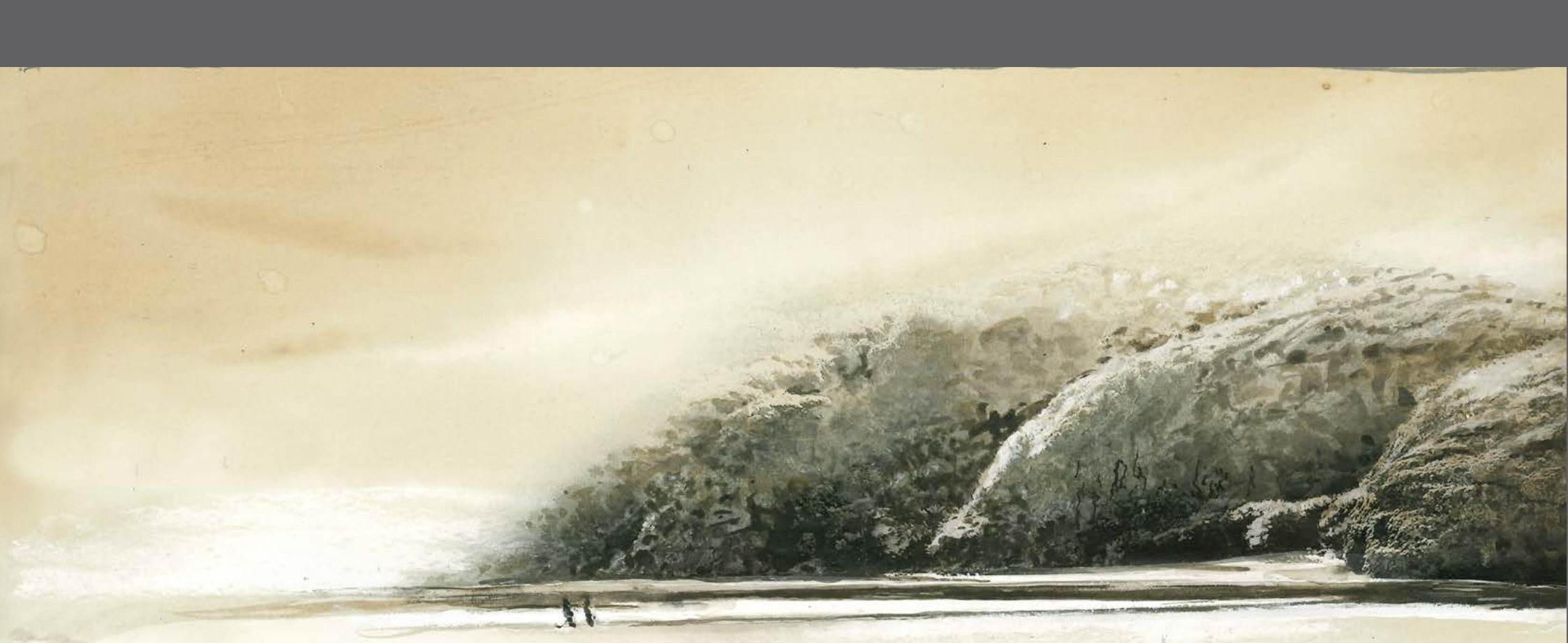
Nothing was  
old fence  
the slight of

When I was 10 I could fly a world of faking footage  
water stained canvas - the sky torn and blown  
with clouds. The vestiges of my  
father's fences



Coastal dunes - Muriwai - unstable, wind whipped, land shaped  
and reshaped. There is glass beneath the surface -  
the residue of some party - shards forgotten like a bruise too deep

The residue of constraint - there is  
an old fence here - half buried its wires  
rested and slack. This might  
be the alighting into forever? Running - running the  
splotch of sand and hope - Jumping in  
the light.



But boys ... pale from the  
imagined love of solitary beds,  
knew what they were -  
that passion could bring character  
enough -  
Yeats

Jim and Whetu at Tekeanga.  
Tidal estuary or Pool. —



Te Hanga -  
South side of the  
beach

Entry to the world of  
Jim and Walter's intimacy -  
Metaphor for a secret place  
with a river flowing  
outwards -





Conflicted land - the road through purgatory -  
the residue of neglect and unbroken pain.  
Bulldozed pine - Woodhill forest - the  
affluent of disaster.

Whets. walks home - SC. 78  
Jim and white - SC. 71



Toitū whenua, whatu paorāngare  
he tangata -  
I got dropped off here by mistake - patu paia rebe  
we walk lonely on protean ground - somebody  
else's home -



— E tātaki ana ngā kapua  
o te rangi, kei runga te  
Mangōroa e Kōpae pū ana



like boxer though my  
 resistance  
 I did not have all of them - such  
 and mixed.

W  
 Running  
 coming  
 copy  
 the  
 were  
 it  
 of

Cam Tach  
 Level 4 506-108  
 Auckland

and the  
 the  
 and as  
 Joke's dream

like  
 that  
 faces  
 King out of these  
 the secret things - the  
 trembling of ideas - bare  
 the inside out. In my  
 Mother's - across again -  
 a small boy who thought  
 he could fly.

Clubrooms

the  
your upper  
claws and sweat  
the animal - you  
the object  
the give  
the  
and  
careless



if you bring  
from the  
and  
of energy

on a concrete wall  
the  
the  
can feel  
the rhythm

It's some way to get a nice view  
of the - coffee when to the other  
of the relaxation and a

The grey and pieces  
of sweat and testosterone  
Walls hang with  
shadows and  
The hair  
of the wall.

The sounds are  
breathing and  
punching  
ropes and  
floors - rope and  
and the rhythms of execution

break the  
to create  
from rituals

City Boxing  
013 776 133






a Penetration in  
a landscape of decaying  
machinery? The  
small town manager -  
a watch tower in a  
decaying world.

Separate -  
remote - closing  
town - barely alive  
dust and sand  
and a sense of  
old asbestos?





A watercolor sketch of a two-story wooden building, likely a hotel, showing signs of decay. The building has horizontal siding, several windows, and a prominent chimney on the right side. A tree trunk is visible on the left, with three palm-like plants growing from its base. The drawing is done in a loose, expressive style with visible brushstrokes and washes of color.

Arise end of town

Backrooms and  
wire screens -  
Dreams that fall from  
function to decay -

The Pyott's Hotel - Oct 22  
Silverdale Feb - Oct 22



It's not always going to be the best  
the coast - but we got better things coming

Kāinga  
Kāinga tāhi  
Kia ora Kāinga  
ua.



Sia mau  
aka matua, ki mau  
ki te aka

Whetu's Whare

747 Yeguil Rd  
To Albat

Stev's work, disciplined,  
undorned - crew cut hair  
and no garden - asserting  
a brutal conformity and need to  
mask something out back which  
is the chaos of his alcoholism - life ten -  
ordered to the world - everything tidy  
but there is no woman in this  
world - prosaic, thorough  
but without embellishment.

Paradox - the shrine of the boxing club with its lattice wall  
of clippings and trophies - its Kococo glories in aging  
press and studio photographs -



I always hated  
the places the parks hang out  
The boys and mothers weren't watching  
when I grew older for amenities  
Pop joy that  
to tough kids.

Background as the  
ghost of childhood  
of the brutality - the discord  
idea of childhood - the citizen  
shadows. Moving - the  
creak of old metal and  
The faint creaking spring.  
and terror.





Hills behind Mellersville Rugby fields. grey clouds on  
the west of London





Waikanae Cemetery

Let it fall.  
Make dust for  
write sorrow on the  
beginning of the  
faint



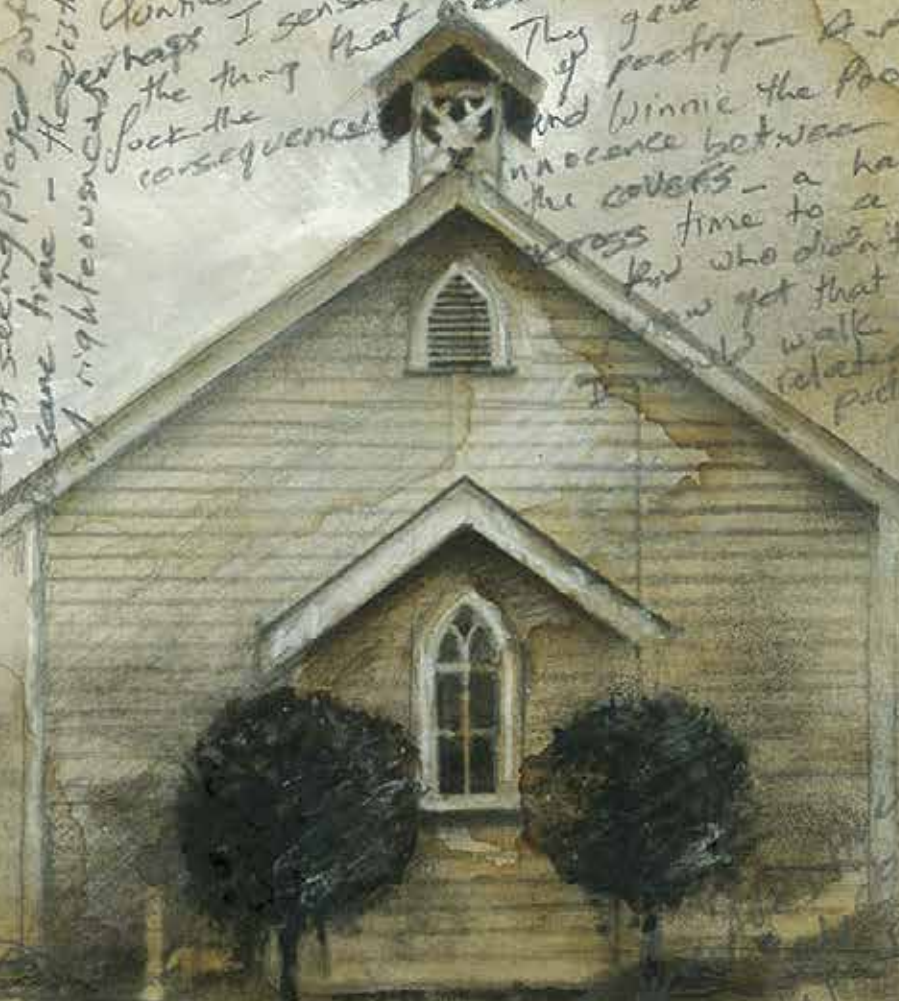
The weight of memories  
of many of his long  
years - years  
each generation  
must miss  
as if

The boat hall when you think of my  
... have larger at level the  
... and others of conformity - the bal  
class and the box of match  
... for he

Worrie  
up to the steps - the  
gravel - and  
defers  
after

The word is spoke - the straight of conformity -  
I think you bow before or bend free -  
or people's heads and tight lipped judgement - a toward  
is of people's heads and tight lipped judgement - a toward  
led to people's heads and tight lipped judgement - a toward

It was hard as a pin - feeling  
drawn to promises of love and acceptance  
but seeing played out at  
same time - the distance  
of righteousness



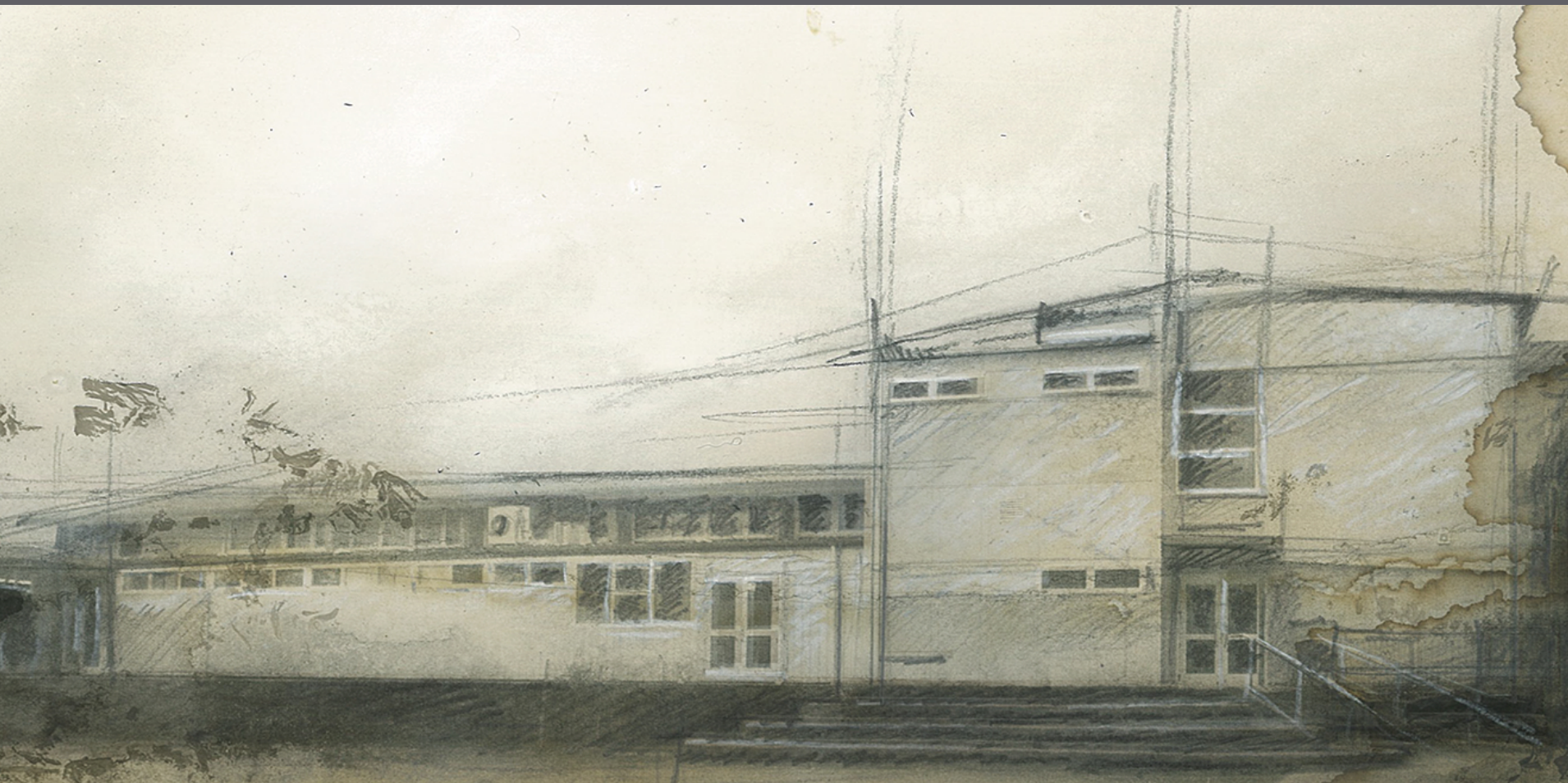
The solo mother  
look in to our home  
was a child - fallen woman  
Aunties' who I loved - I think  
perhaps I sensed their spirit  
the thing that made them  
lack the consequences

They gave me books  
of poetry - A. A. Milne  
and Winnie the Pooh  
innocence between  
the covers - a hard  
cross time to a  
bird who didn't  
know yet that  
walk a  
related  
picta.

The small dog gaffes  
of ordinary lives - the  
Solical nature of a world  
I pampered by conformity.  
I remember in Deleatua  
Chocking on my common  
bread of the after leave  
the minister mispronounced  
my name. I took from the plate  
the full remaining half slice of bread  
and I stuffed it in my mouth  
trying to contain myself. There  
there was Rally - the  
benign indoctrination of  
faith - memory verses and  
veiled references to going  
When God comes - in the  
twinkling of an eye Eternity  
described as a bird who takes  
a single grain of sand  
from a mountain and  
takes to move

Her  
Sh...  
of...  
every year - well - when the whole mountain  
moved - eternity wait have ever  
The bird to a 10 year old

every day. I...  
e wisher me...  
caves - One...  
brain dead...  
The danger of his greves, corridors,  
like less toilets, changing rooms  
of... bullying so casual  
I don't have a name.



Diras College  
Flat faced - Ministry of Education  
with no identity - a conduit for generations of  
Kids who grow up merry and true  
born from their parents



Govt. issue  
buildings school franchise

montre -  
School

open the school better  
keeping and support





The architecture of defeat  
a tired world closing down -  
resting machinery  
testosterone and fatigue -

Mt Ret Shipping  
Sand works -  
215 Kaipara Coast  
Helensville -

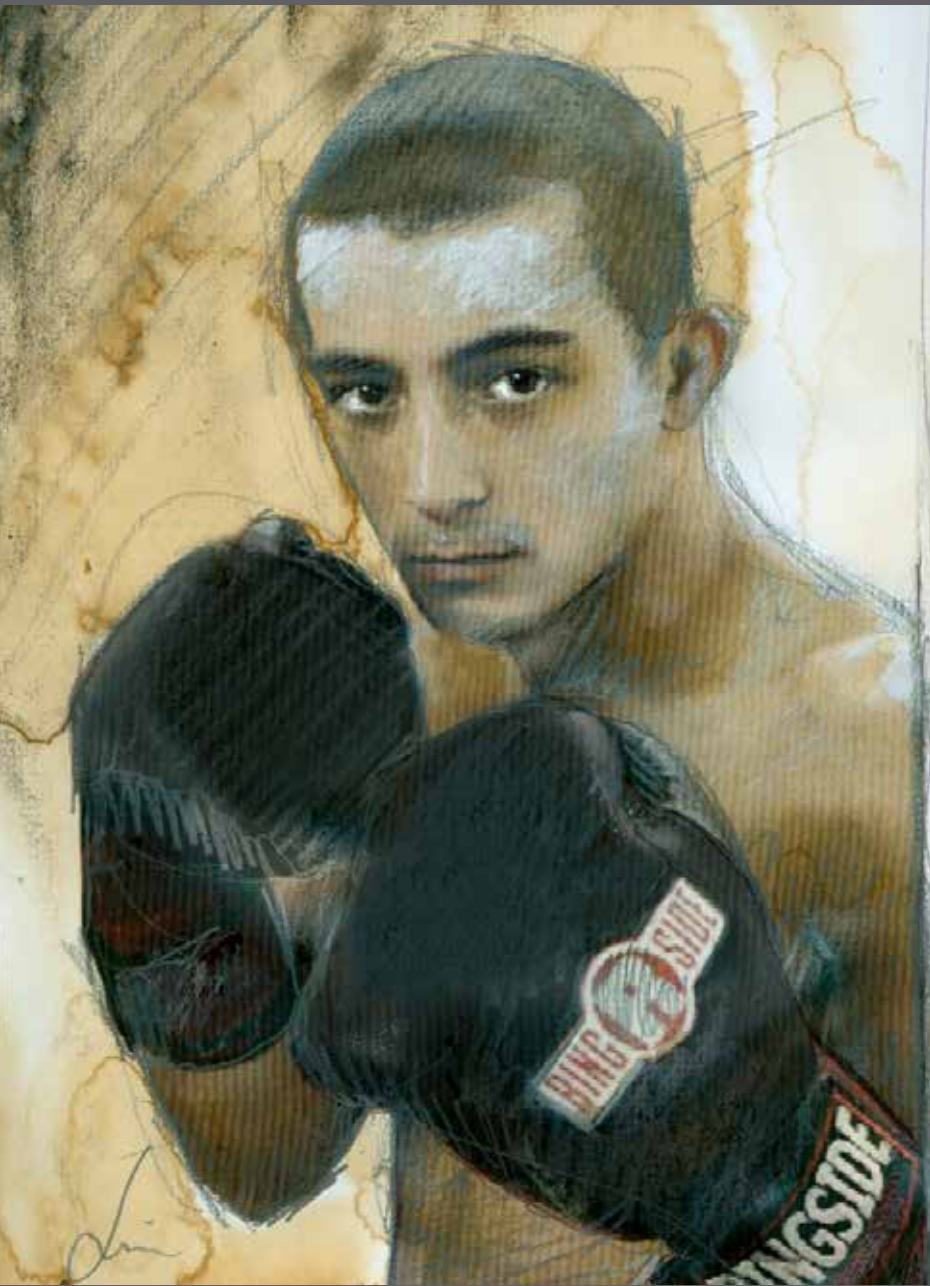


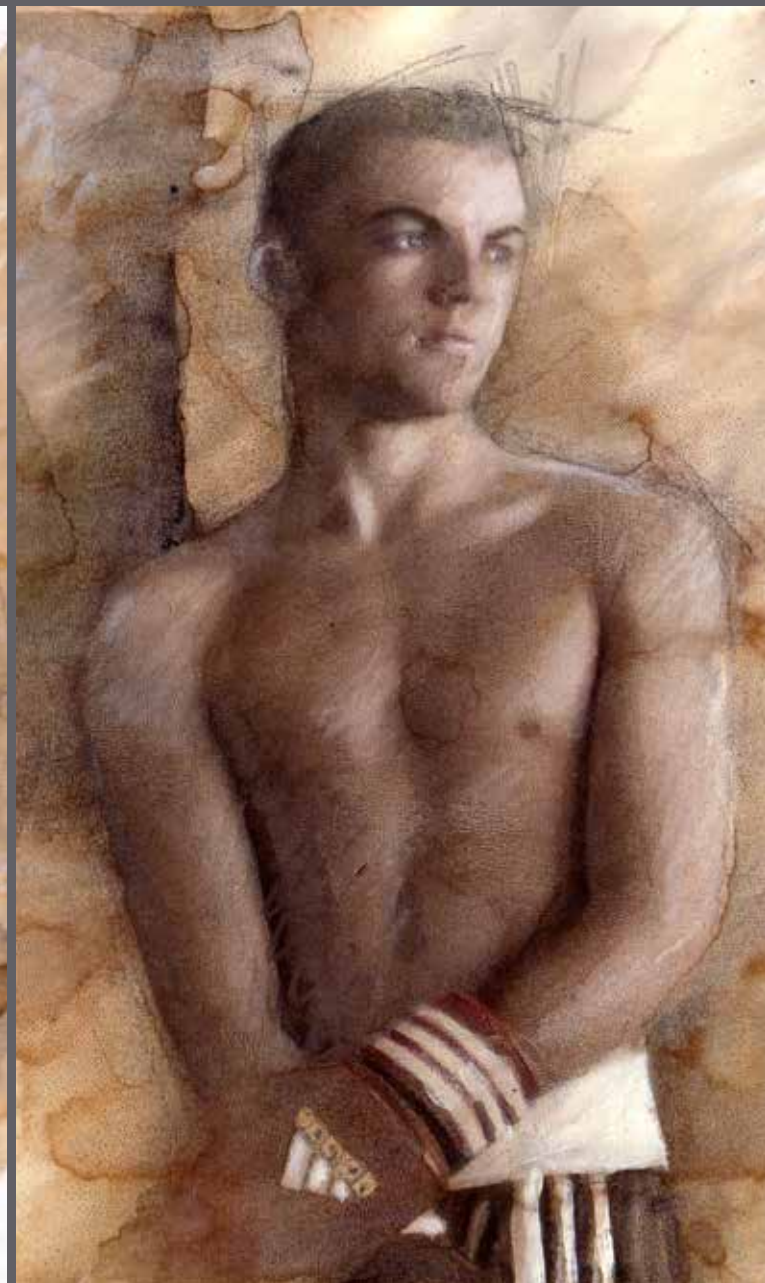
A collapsing eternity - the infrastructure  
of dying dreams. The pie <sup>shutting</sup> <sup>place</sup> <sup>over</sup>





Mount Rex





EARLY CHARACTER STUDIES







The world of this barroom have  
one of the most  
curious the  
the world  
then

Question  
SM

