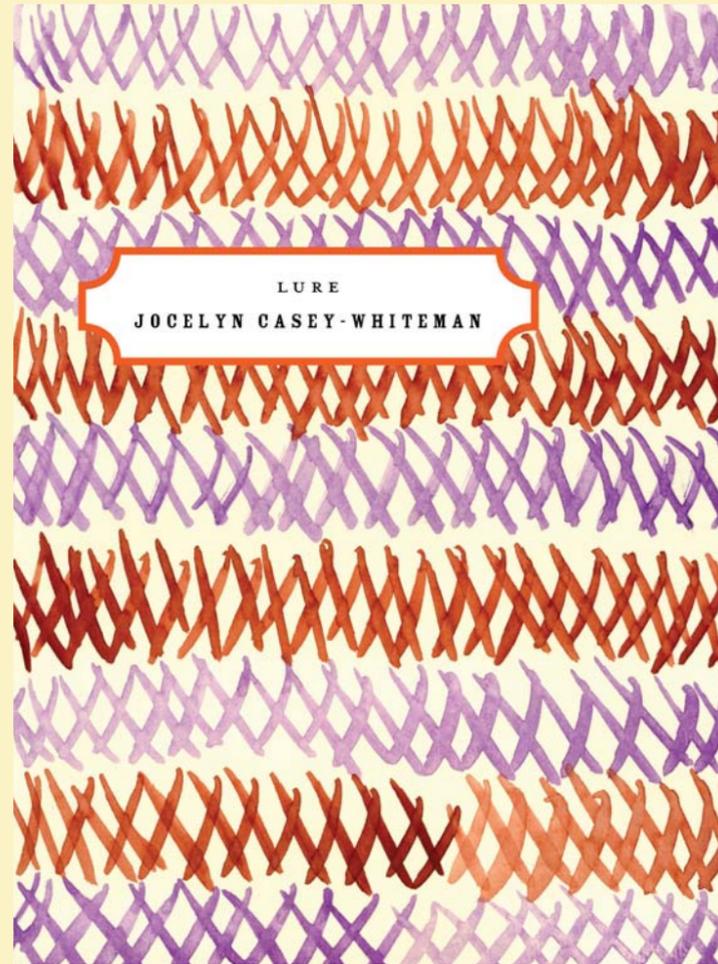
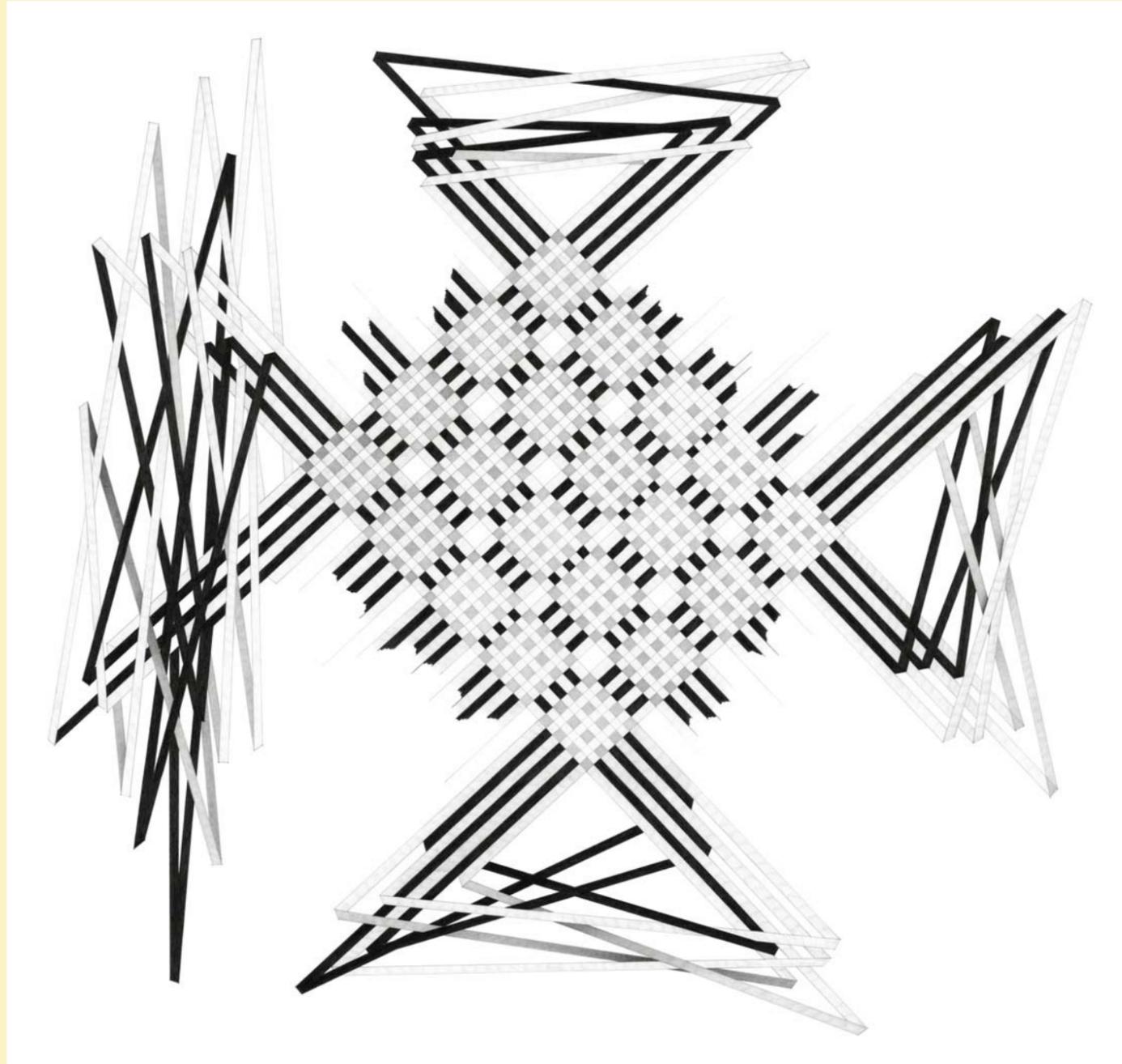


bridges



Kathy Barry
& Jocelyn
Casey-Whiteman

In June of 2012, Jocelyn Casey-Whiteman and Kathy Barry met at the Vermont Studio Center in America, an international residency programme for visual artists and writers, which offers the space for independent work as well as opportunities for residents to share their art with the VSC community. Post-residency, Kathy and Jocelyn commenced a collaboration, first meeting in Manhattan and then corresponding from their respective homes of Auckland and New York City, via email and Skype, to discuss their artistic practices and develop new work. By allowing herself to reside in the space of Kathy's drawings, Jocelyn wrote ekphrastic poems that speak to the complicated architectures at play between light and dark threads, which shift between moments of chaos and eventual patterning. Their project makes intersections between their practices and bridges the distance between discrete disciplines and geography. Jocelyn and Kathy will continue with the collaboration to see how they might further shift their work within the generative space opened up by the conversation between creative practices.



SOMETIMES I WISH

I could shut this telescope of my eye which sees every thing to its cells and the variations within: the interruptions of vines in the air shaft or the children with dark streamers racing between the rooms as a train, truant, playing with the lights because they are children and don't understand something essential may happen in a room at any moment like the coma patient blinking herself awake or the man gathering courage to disclose his almost sun-blanced love. Each room has its own source, a complicated nexus of wires, which have taken decades to align to make a steady hum of electricity and all it takes is a flip of the switch to make it spark to dark. I was a child, too, once and again excited out of my skin, but now inside, I feel everything so precisely, every pore an open door that will not close if I tried. Like a lake I ripple when a leaf alights my surface. Like a deer, I retreat at the human sound, not sure if it's a hunter or boy with sugar cubes or why. The lens zooms in and out, and I don't know if it's a choice the way the lines blur then pattern all at once. Maybe I was made this way on purpose, as we're all on purpose, to move with heed through this intricate and endless world.

2

3

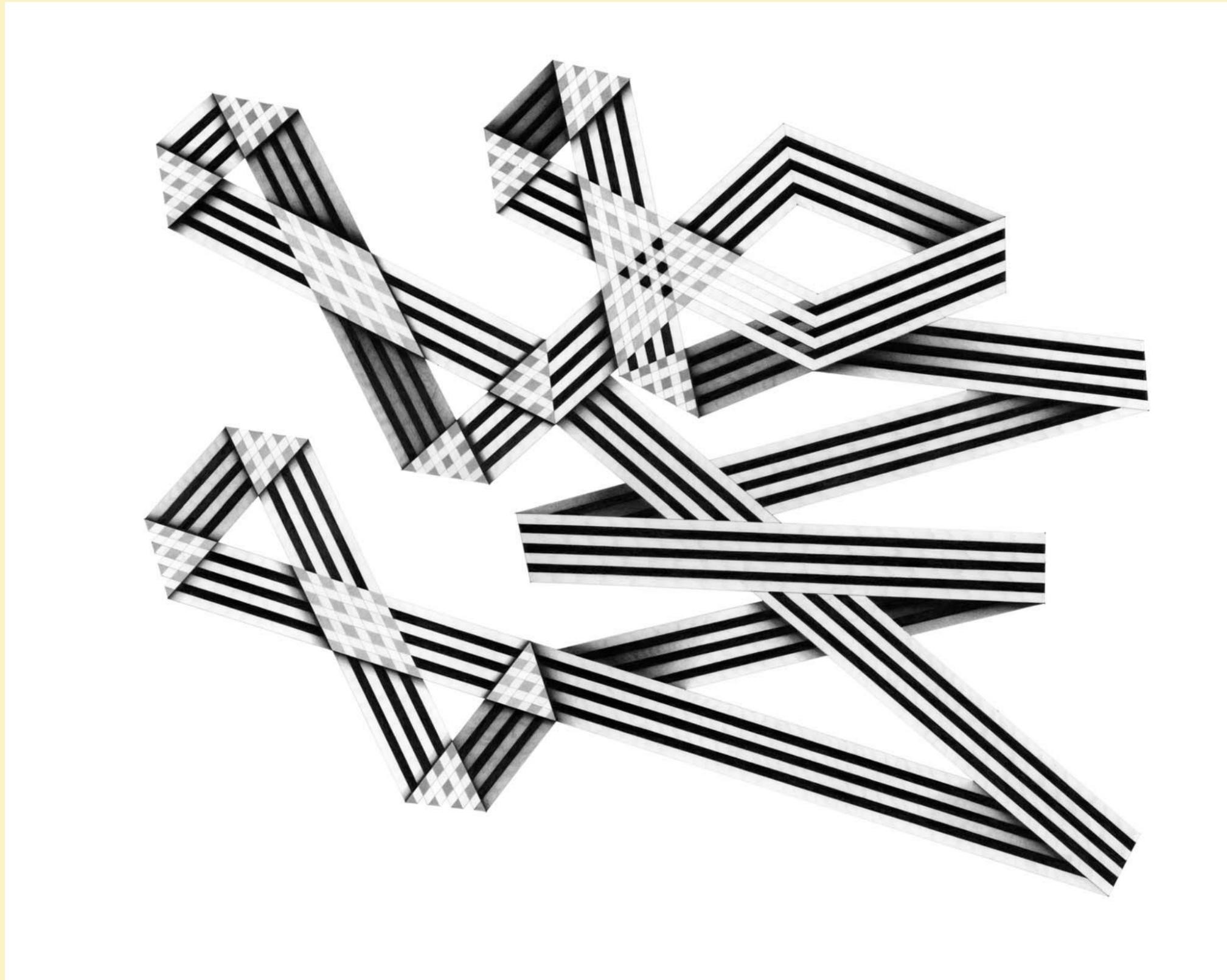
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1. BLACK IS ALL COLOURS AT ONCE, KATHY BARRY, 648 X 648MM GRAPHITE-PENCIL ON PAPER, 2012
2. LURE, JOCELYN CASEY-WHITEMAN, POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA, NEW YORK CHAPBOOK SERIES, 2009
3. "SOMETIMES I WISH" JOCELYN CASEY-WHITEMAN, 2012
4. JOCELYN CASEY-WHITEMAN, PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAITLIN CASELLA
5. FOLD, KATHY BARRY, 715 X 585MM GRAPHITE-PENCIL ON PAPER, 2012
6. KATHY IN HER STUDIO

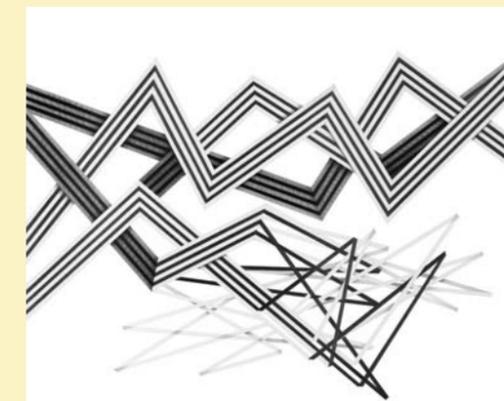
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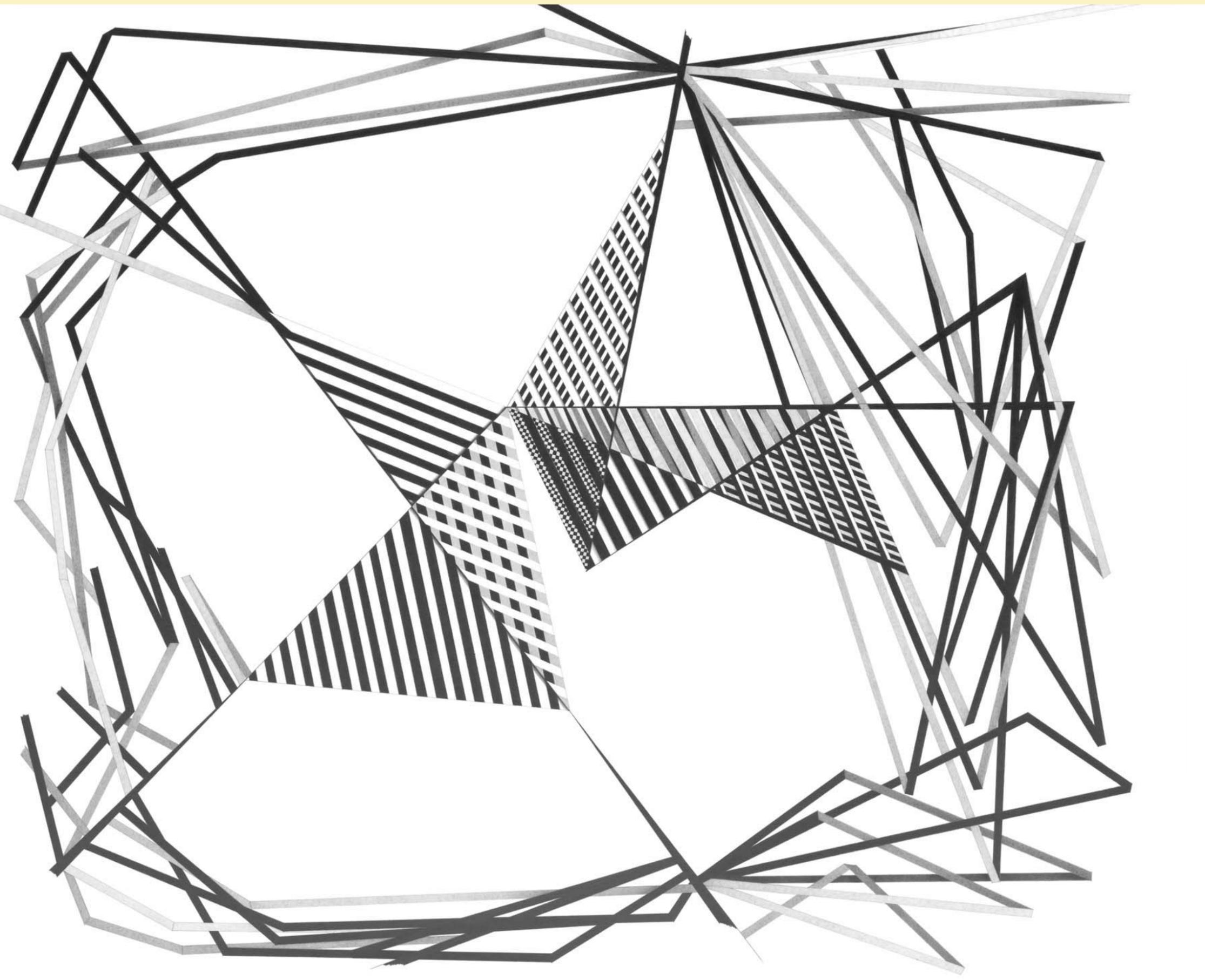


ENGINE

The first thing is that I don't know
 the road though my mind
 does contain a machine
 that alerts the whole of me
 when it's about to bottom out
 or take a breakneck turn because
 I've come this far on purpose
 like when there are wolves
 prowling the woods, the body
 comes to sense the trees
 and what's behind the trees
 but sometimes goes in anyway,
 a curious yearning for what's come before,
 a familiar current through the veins,
 and one has seen a wolf be tender
 to her pups, healing open skin
 with her mouth, but when the howls
 fill the sky (hunger, love, alone)
 drowning the sound of footfall,
 the tremble of leaves, the road
 somehow knows to lift
 to new altitude like a sudden spike
 on an EKG that relieves the doctors
 the patient's heart has start itself
 once again, a steady thump to pump
 the blood, the engine that revs the body
 awake and tells it precisely where to venture next
 but not necessarily why.



6. TICKETS TO THE PAPER WORLD, KATHY BARRY, 715 X 585MM, GRAPHITE-PENCIL ON PAPER, 2012
7. "ENGINE", JOCELYN CASEY-WHITEMAN, 2012
8. ENGINE, KATHY BARRY, 715 X 585MM, GRAPHITE-PENCIL ON PAPER, 2012



CROSSWINDS

Some days the soles of my feet feel
the tightrope with such certainty

my breath shifts to steady measure,
perfect 2/4 time, and I can't look down

at the shadowed crowd, lions
mechanically leap through fire,

the whiskeyed ringmaster directs
each trusting eye. An illusion girl

is cut in half, and I feel the serrated blade.
When spotlights blaze, I see flame-threads

connect every heart, thought, thing;
even the rope grows hot underneath me,

and I'm sure I'm more than a sequined spectacle
for strangers picking popcorn from their teeth.

There are levels of awake and it's no
mistake I'm here feeling the eyes

that want me or wish me
to fall, no, in fact, it's for them I keep moving

through shelter and blight as they project
the inside out, a maelstrom, a dream

drowning in every troubled mind.
It is for them, I let each careful step run electric

up my spine like light like love and know I have to
show them how to keep going through this storm.

3

10

9. IN THE STORM, KATHY BARRY,
735 X 611MM, GRAPHITE-PENCIL
ON PAPER, 2012

10. "CROSSWINDS"
JOCELYN CASEY-WHITEMAN, 2012

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