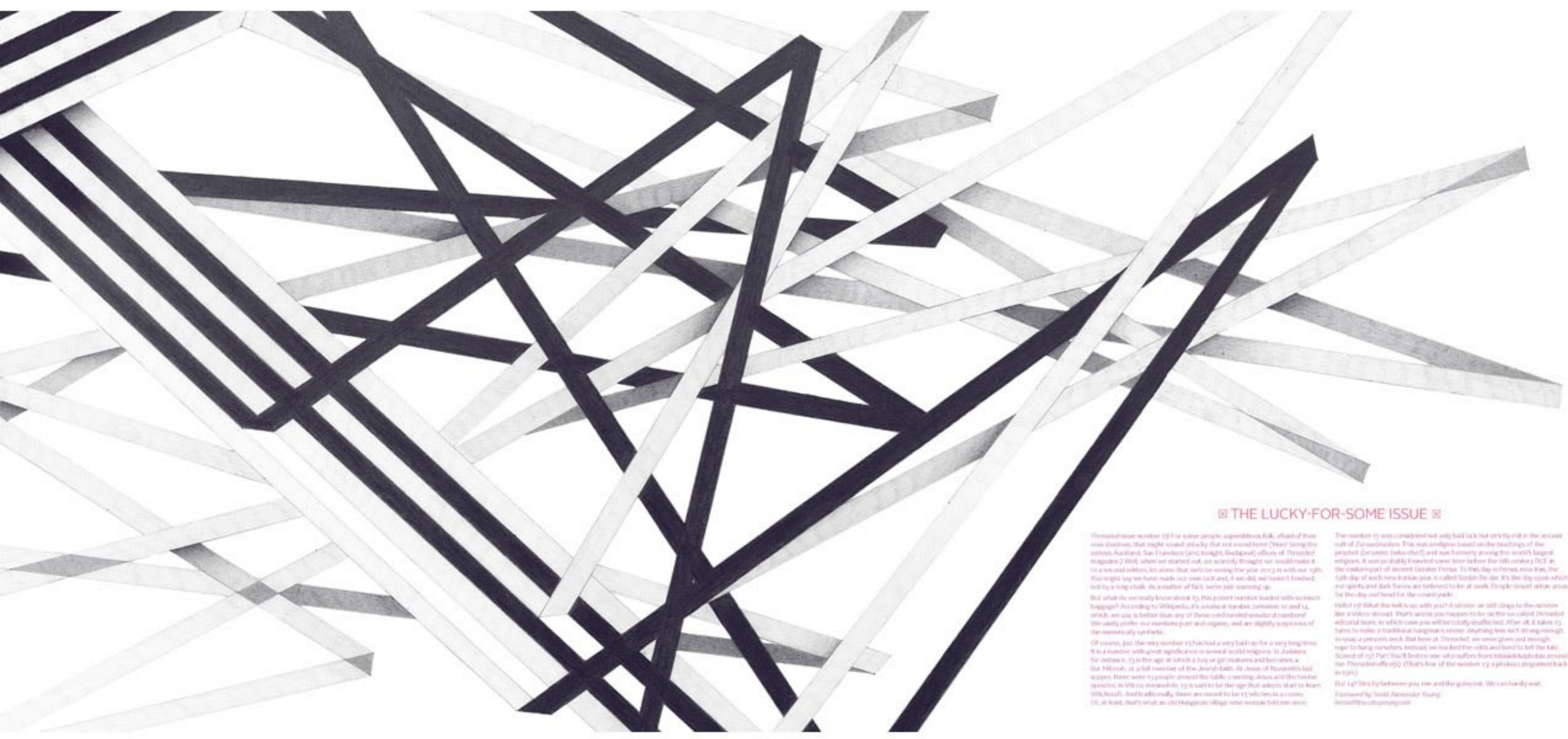


THR EAD ED.

THREADED THE LUCKY FOR SOME ISSUE 7





▣ THE LUCKY-FOR-SOME ISSUE ▣

Thousand-year number 13? Is some people, superstitious folk, afraid of three ones (black, that might sound a little bit not so good here) being the various Azkard, San 1 (and/or) tonight, (Shakespeare) offices of Thousand (magazine) Will, when we started out, we scarcely thought we would make it to a second edition, let alone that we'd be seeing the year 2013 in with our 13th. You might say we have made our own luck and, if we did, we haven't finished yet by a long chalk. As a matter of fact, we're just warming up.

But what do we really know about 13, this potent number loaded with so much baggage? According to Wikipedia, it's a natural number, between 12 and 14, which, we say, is better than any of those confounded numerical numbers of the world's people, our numbers past and present, and are slightly suspicious of the numerically specific.

Of course, just the very number 13 has had a very bad rap for a very long time. It is a number with great significance in several world religions. In Judaism, for instance, 13 is the age at which a boy or girl matures and becomes a Bar Mitzvah, or a full member of the Jewish faith. At Jesus of Nazareth's last supper, there were 13 people around the table, counting Jesus and the twelve apostles. In Wicca, meanwhile, 13 is said to be the age that adepts start to learn Witchcraft. And in olden days, there are reports to be 13 villages in a county. Or, at least, that's what an old Hampshire village man once told me once.

The number 13 was considered not only bad luck but strictly evil in the ancient cult of Zoroastrianism. This was a religion based on the teachings of the prophet Zoroaster (also Zath) and was formerly among the world's largest religions. It was probably founded some time before the 6th century BCE in the eastern part of ancient Greater Persia. In this day in Persia, now Iran, the 13th day of each new Iranian year is called Simah-ye-dar. It's the day upon which evil spirits and dark forces are believed to be at work. People don't often work for this day and head for the countryside.

And 13? What the hell is up with you? A saint or an elf clings to the number like a lifeline abroad. That's where you happen to be on the so-called Thirteenth editorial team, in which case you will be totally unaffected. After all, it takes 13 years to make a traditional hangover's worse. Anything less isn't strong enough to keep a person sick. But here at Thirteenth, we were given just enough rope to hang ourselves. Instead, we took the odds and went to tell the tale. Scared of 13? Not you! You'll find no one who suffers from triskaidekaphobia around the Thirteenth office(s). (That's five of the number 13, a phrase I adopted back in 1985.)

But 13? Strictly between you, me and the gatepost. We can hardly wait. Forwarded by Scott Alexander Hwang. amoff@wotupmag.com

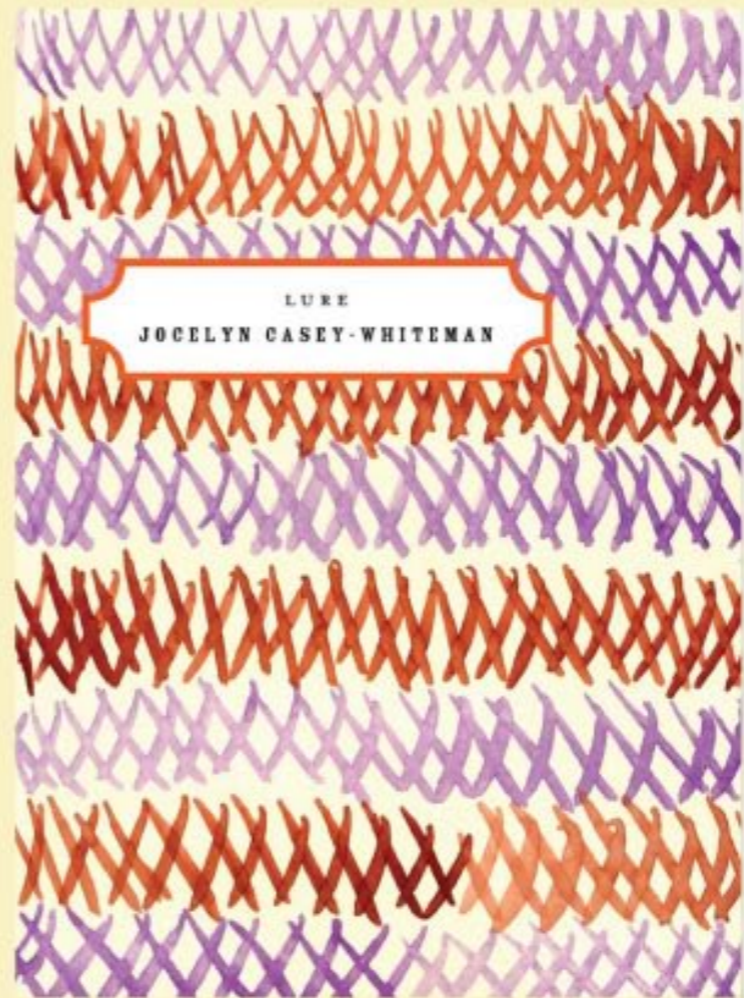
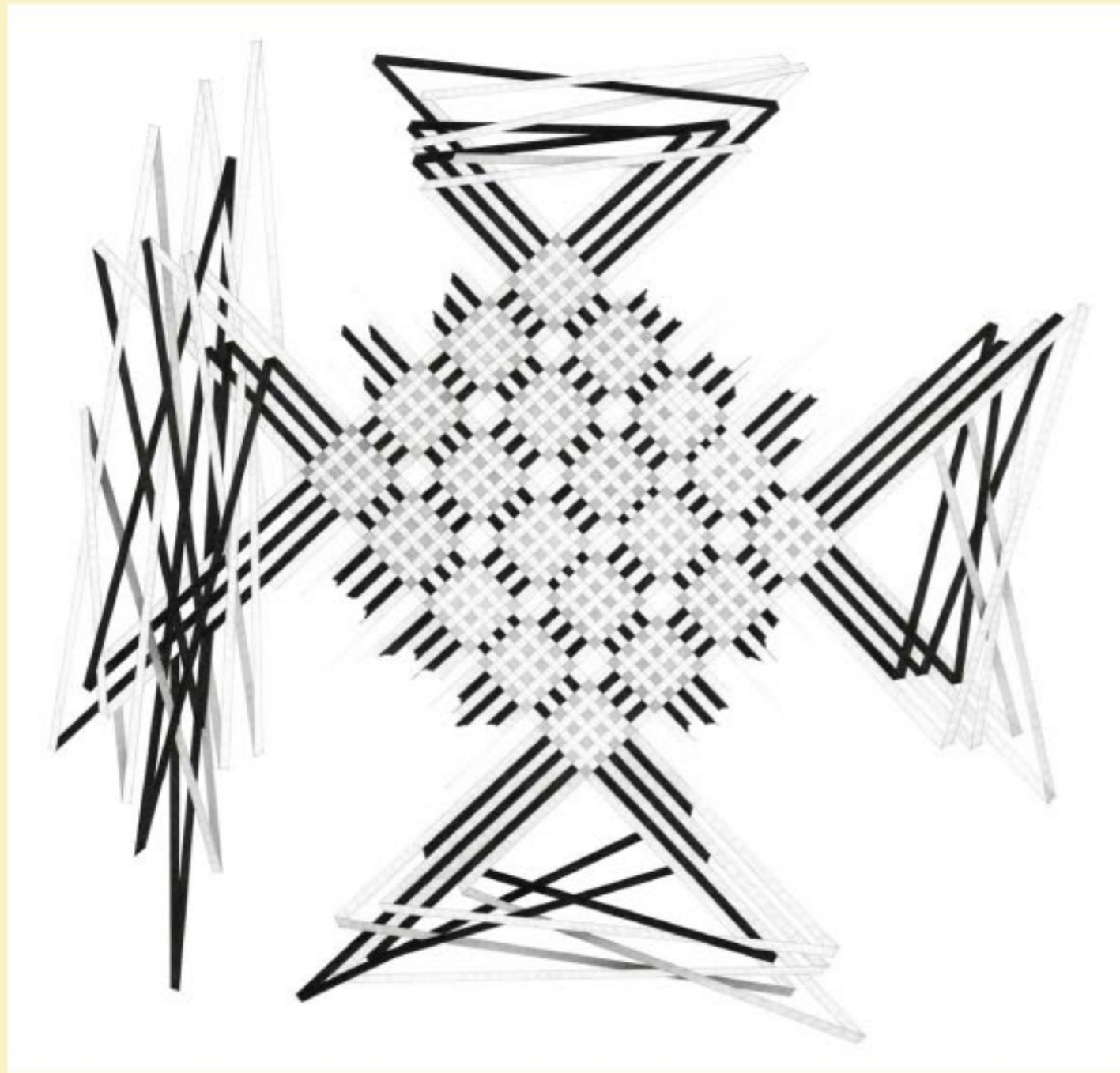
bridges



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.

kathybarry.co.nz / jocelyncaseywhiteman.com

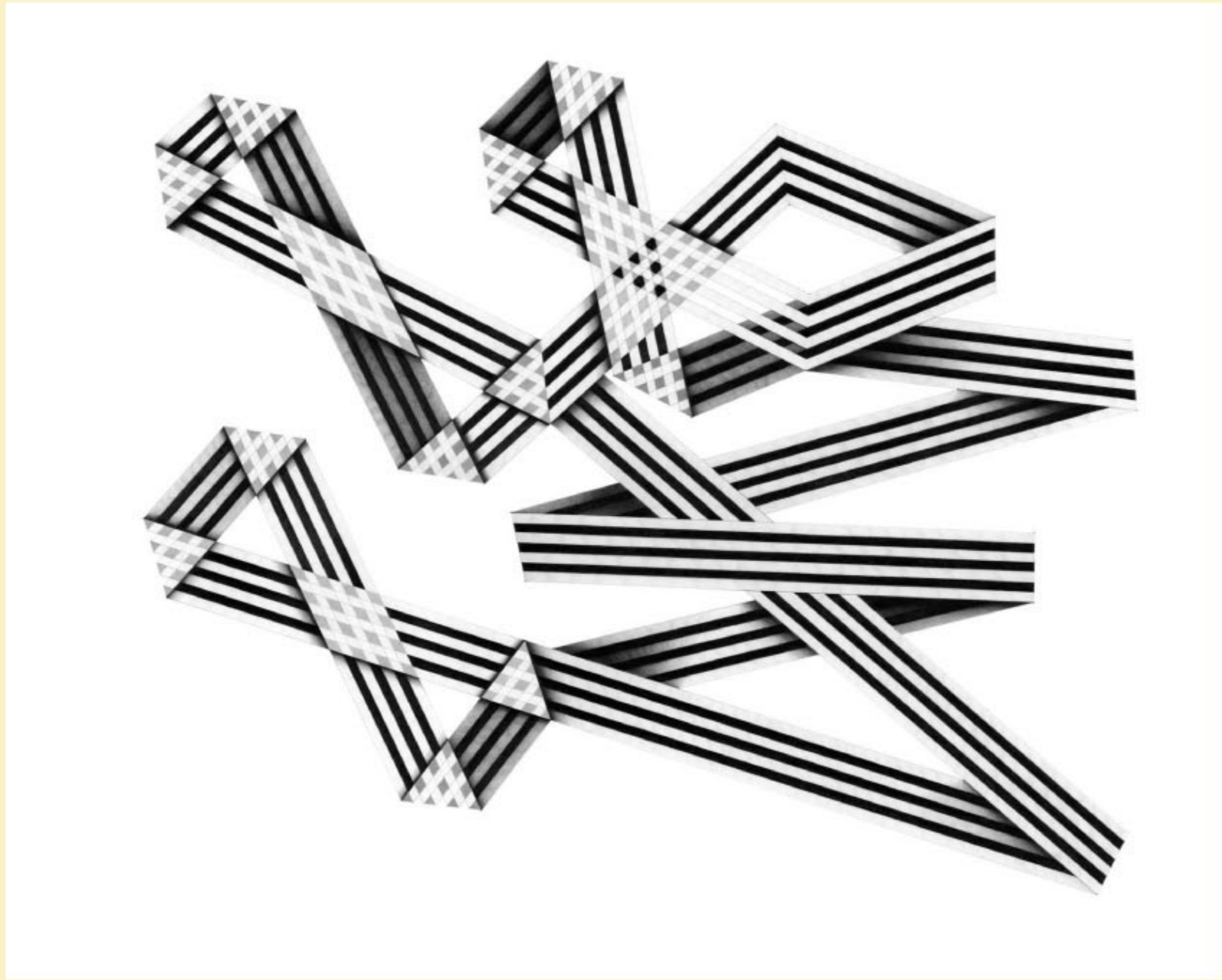


SOMETIMES I WISH

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-blached 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 rooms 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.

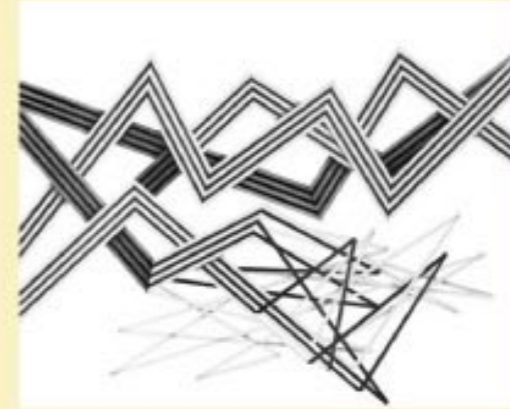


1. BLACK IS ALL COLOURS AT ONCE, KATHY BARRY, 648 X 648MM GRAPHITE-PENCIL ON PAPER, 2012
2. LURE, JOCELYN CASEY-WHITEMAN, POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA, NEW YORK CHAPBOOK SERIES, 2009
3. "SOMETIMES I WISH" JOCELYN CASEY-WHITEMAN, 2012
4. JOCELYN CASEY-WHITEMAN, PHOTOGRAPHED BY CAITLIN CASELLA
5. FOLD, KATHY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

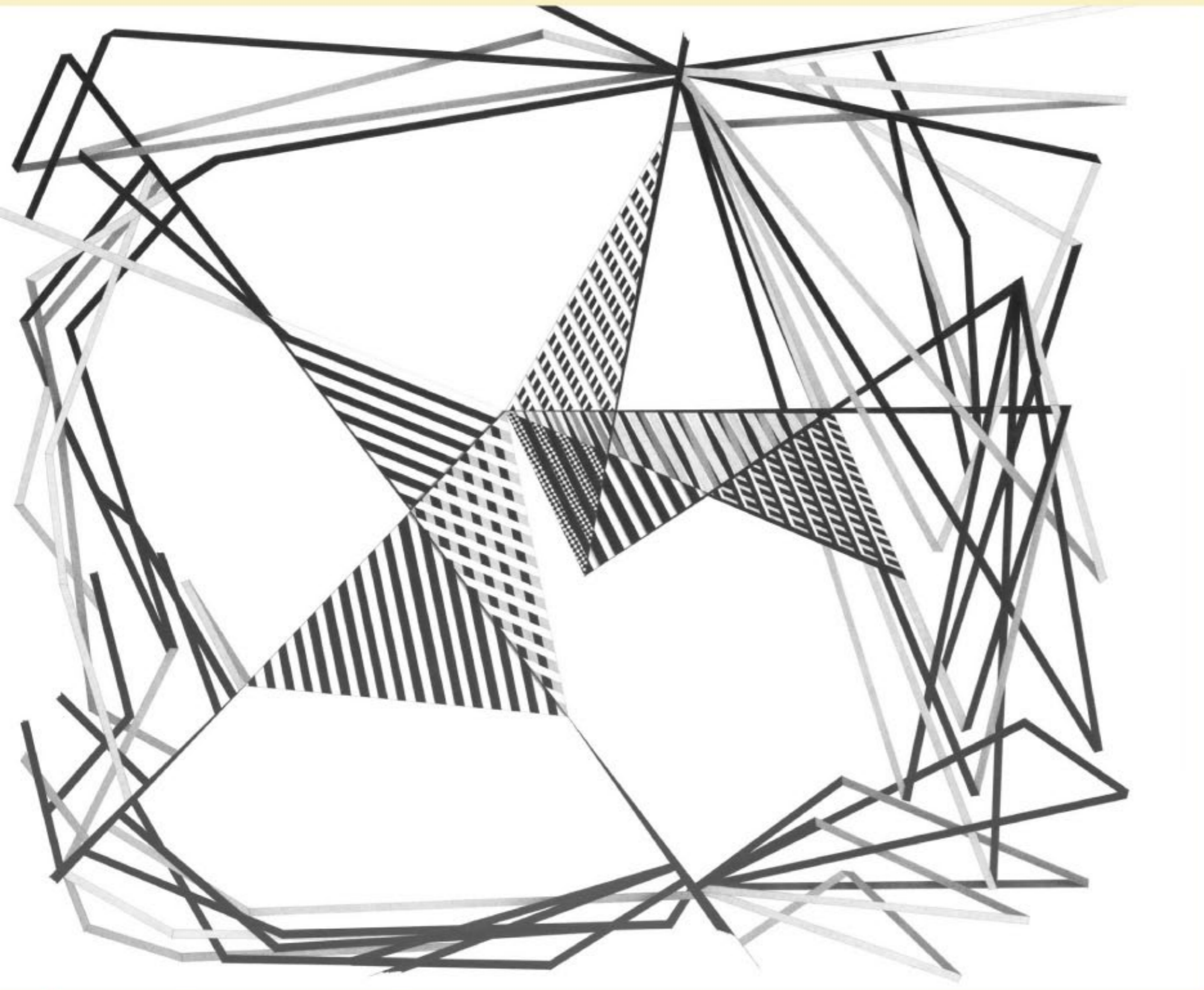


ENGINE

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.

9

10

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

10. *"CROSSWINDS"*
JOCELYN CASEY-WHITEMAN, 2012