
THE EXHIBITIONIST

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THINK. ACT. XZBT.

THE EXHIBITIONIST is a monthly online magazine dedicated to the cause of creativity.

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COVER PHOTO *Temples of Our Time* Khadija Ejaz

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FROM THE EDITOR

I had never interviewed anyone until I turned 23. That was the year I got to be part of an interview panel for a scholarship programme at my university where I was a graduate student. Until then, I had only ever been the interviewee. For part-time jobs, full-time jobs, scholarships, assistantships, volunteer positions, even auditions. Interviewing was an experience I had come to loathe, absolutely *loathe*, with all of my heart. By then I just knew that every single interviewer was out to get me, to laugh at me – ‘how dare you apply for this position!’. I had come to feel that interviewers were sadistic little people who had been put out there solely to cut me down to size, to show me how incompetent and unqualified I was for even the non-paid positions. They were the enemy, and I would have to jump through all their hoops to get to the job on the other side. That was the game. And I hated it.



[Listen Online](#)

And then I moved to the other side of the table. Do you know what I discovered? Turns out I was actually interested in each and every interviewee that showed up. I really wanted them to open up and show me who they were. More than an interview I wanted a conversation, a chat. I wanted to know who each person really was. I did not want to break them down or belittle them; I wanted them to succeed. I wanted them to talk to me, to see me as a person who

really cared, who was willing to receive the very best of them. And it frustrated and even upset me when they wouldn't open up and give me their best that I was absolutely dying to receive.

This experience opened my eyes. It's very similar to how I feel about being an editor. As a writer, I was always very suspicious of editors. And agents. And publishers. It just seemed that they were waiting to get their hands on my work so that they could ignore it. *Demons!* It made me not want to put myself out there anymore. And then I became an editor. I'm surprised at how much this experience reminds me of the first time I conducted an interview. As an editor I really want people to reach out to me and send me their work. I want to build relationships and help people grow. I want them to know that they are more than good enough. I don't want them to disappear if I don't publish their work the first time. There are many factors that go into deciding to publish or not publish a piece of work, and sometimes it has nothing to do with the quality of the work itself. I am surprised how much love I feel for the creative people out there who I know are tremendously skilled but don't take themselves seriously. Or are afraid. Of me.

Don't do that. Talk to me. There are no demons here.



Khadija Ejaz

GUEST EDITORIAL

Someone told me that we are surrounded by beauty all the time. That there is music waiting to be heard in the wind, art waiting to be seen in the sunset, and words waiting to be written down whispered by the trees. He said that when we create we reach out and borrow from the fingerprints of God, left there since the beginning of time. I like that thought.



There is inspiration to be found everywhere. In the creek of an old floor, the little shoe forgotten at the playground, the crinkles of a smiling old face. Even in tears spilled from a heart full of sorrow. Each is beautiful in its own way. Do you see it? Do you feel it?

This world moves so quickly. Electronics have opened up a whole new fantastic way of living. I love to talk with family in another country, to email my husband, and send my thoughts across the world in an instant. It is amazing! But it has led to a faster pace of living. We want answers now. We do not want to wait. We have so much to do that we don't stop and actually see the beauty that surrounds us.

Take a moment and slow down. Breathe. Do you hear the laughing children? Do you smell the fragrance of the flowers? Do you notice the intricate pattern on the wing of a butterfly fluttering near? Don't

let life or its beauty pass you by. Take a moment to find inspiration in your surroundings today. And then, share that with others through creating and expressing what you found in your own words, sounds, and colors. Art can reach the heart in a way nothing else can. Don't keep it to yourself – share the beauty you have found.

Classically trained in Sweden and the US, Lydia Ashton is an award-winning composer for television and film. She began her career writing concert music to be performed in the United States and across Europe. Since 2006, she's been scoring films and has worked on projects ranging from trailers to full-length feature movies. Lydia has over 1,500 placements on network and cable television shows. For more information visit her website at <http://www.lydialashton.tv>

XZBTs

Breaking News?

Dr. Sonal Mehta

These days 2 out of every 3 channels on TV is a news channel. The other one is usually in some south Indian language I can't fathom. (So it might just as well be a news channel too, but I doubt any self-respecting or even non-self respecting news channels would have their anchors semi-nude dancing in the rain).

'Infotainment' seems to be the mantra these days, and new news channels are cropping up every day; my *cablewallah* has already cut 5 sports channels down to two...it's kind of like an "And then there were none" scenario, but I hope to have moved out by the time that happens.

My favorite (sic) news channel on TV these days is Star News, primarily because of their tenacity. They can stick to one story for days on end, and their anchors never seem to tire of repeating themselves. Another reason I like them are the colourful titles of their programmes and headlines. (They actually have a programme titled '*Match ke Mujrim*' which is aired every day that India plays a cricket match - win or lose - and has 2-3 'wise' men who comment on the day's play, and a host of junta who really don't have anything better to do, not to mention the thousands of people who actually SMS and vote for the *mujrim* of the day! Also aired is a programme called

'*Sansani*' whose host is quite an eyeful - and earful. Could work as a modern day Gabbar - "*bete, so jao, nahi to papa sansani laga denge.*"

The most over-rated over-hyped channel is the garish and ostentatious Times Now where Arnab Goswami appears to be a bemused journalist surrounded by wannabe starlets who probably spend more time in the make-up room than Celina Jaitley and Kareena Kapoor. All this channel seems to care about is grabbing the credit ("first on Times Now", "we have original proof", blah blah), and here every bulletin is an expose. It's like a child desperate for attention in a room full of adults.

It doesn't really take much to start a news channel, I guess. I mean, the last thing you actually need is *news*. All you need, apart from the technical equipment and the capital, is a bunch of people who know some rudimentary English (they may even be call center rejects, anything goes), and a few well-known people who like coming on TV to air their views. So if any newscaster is reading this and is in a spot of bother because the story he/she is covering regarding the spat between Sharmaji and Vermaji of Geeta Colony lacks a certain pizzazz, they should consider inviting the following people to comment:

1. Mr. Mahesh Bhatt - this is one man who has an opinion on everything, from Parveen Babi to Abu Salem, from the tsunami to the football world cup. And in case he is unavailable (a hitherto unheard of scenario), his daughter Pooja can do just as well. Plus his recent fixation with Pakistan (Meera, just about every Paki music band

around) gives him the right to comment on the '*padosi mulk*' and '*videshi taqats*' as well.

2. Any ex-cricketer - any cricketer who has played more than 0 matches for India can be invited to give his expert comments. Here we are spoilt for choices: Atul Wassan, S. Ramesh, Ashok Malhotra, Kirti Azad, Maninder Singh (the last three named actually host possibly the most entertaining cricket show on TV, I forget which channel; during the entire Ganguly-Chappel controversy, they had an episode in which they laid the blame for it all squarely on the shoulders of John Wright!!!!)

3. Navjot Singh Sidhu - yes, I can hear many of you saying, "but he's an ex-cricketer too..." But surely, his realm is wider than that, and he deserves special mention. Cricketer, commentator, MP, judge of stand-up comedy, TV soap star (for the uninitiated, Mr. Sidhu is playing *God* in a soap on TV - no kidding, I've seen the ads). The man has an opinion on just about everything. But the correspondent must be aware of the risks associated with him. Mostly, the fact that he doesn't stop talking once he starts, and that can pretty much throw your show way out of sync. Another risk being that he *will* say a lot of stuff that won't make sense (or won't make any sense to you, i.e, he will leave you as clueless as a child in a topless bar) but he'll say it with such melodrama that it becomes a good sound bite. If nothing else he will just guffaw, slap the table and say "*o, bas kar yaar, chakde phatte!!*"

4. Ms. Arundhati Roy - although her appearances are limited compared to the prolific Mahesh Bhatt, she is still very much available for 'social' causes; for example, if the spat was over sharing of water or disposal of garbage. Shobha De can also be invited, but if the quarrel took place in Vasant Vihar or Golf Links, definitely not in Geeta Colony.

5. Dr. Jitendra Nagpal - a well known psychiatrist (these guys of course are paid to have opinions and insights on everything - what a job!). He can be an able substitute or add-on in case the story is a bit bigger ("How do u think Vermaji's kids are going to be affected by the quarrel? Can you give us some insight into how this might have happened?"). I have a feeling his clinic is somewhere close to the offices of Aaj Tak and Star News.

So if you hate your job, or know someone who's in need of one, pass them these tips.

Is bulletin mein bas itna hi...

Sonal Mehta is originally from Delhi and has also lived in Ahmedabad for five years where he went to medical college. He came to the US for residency training and since then has lived in multiple cities. He tries to write about life, the universe and everything, when he gets some free time from his day (very often day AND night) job as a vascular neurologist.

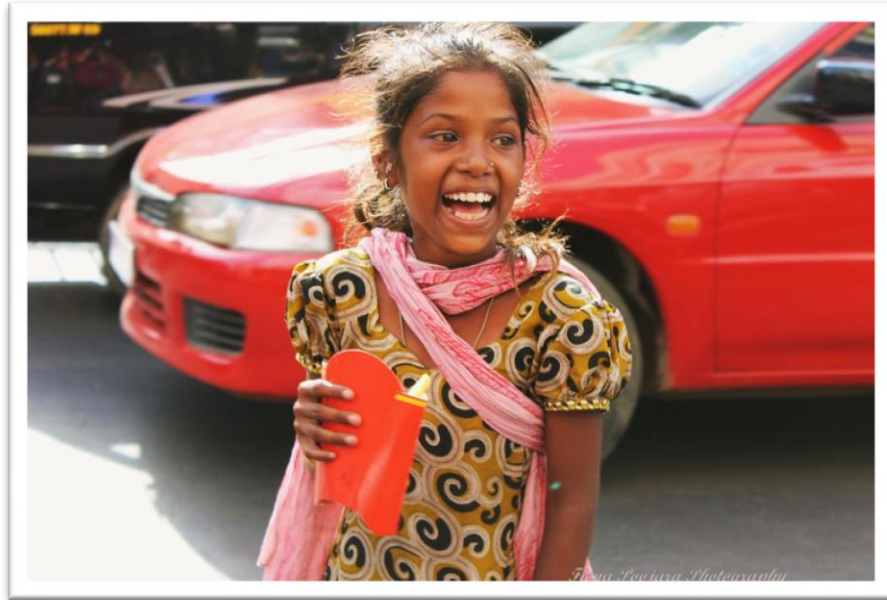


Babyface

Fiona Poojara







Fiona Poojara is a television producer at Times Now in Mumbai, India, where she also does voice-overs for shows and promos. She trained in broadcast journalism at New Delhi Television and also has a Bachelor of Arts degree in Economics. She enjoys photography, music, traveling, good food, and meeting new people.



To the Cat Who Was Killed in Front of My House

Lance Hawvermale

You eluded me whenever I came speaking
softly and offering kinship. Wisely you ran
from human overtures — we're all the same,
unworthy of trust — but not me. Not me.

Not the one who sits in the grass with sticks
turned to toys for the neighbor's calico.
Not the one who rises early on Sunday
to feed the gentle trespassers in my backyard.
Not the one who would have stroked currents
along your spine, electrifying you by the moon.
Not the one who looked both ways before
crossing the street to claim your body, still warm.

This sadness confounds me. You were a flash
of yellow by the window, a guarded grump
too rude to come within range of a friendly hand.
Yet my day today belongs to you, defined by
your passing, the only man on earth who knows.

On behalf of everyone, I'm sorry. For cars,
for drivers who don't stop, for green city trash
cans that take the place of burials. For failing
to make peace, even a small safe square of it
behind my house, well away from the road.

Lance published his first two novels under the pseudonym of Erin O'Rourke. He released his third novel, a murder mystery titled *The Tongue Merchant*, under his own name - and he hasn't looked back since. His writing has won over 20 awards. His novel *Fugitive Shoes* was named to the University of Oklahoma's "Books That Inspire" exhibit. Currently an Assistant Professor of English at Ranger College in Texas, Lance teaches film, poetry, and creative writing courses.

Visit his website at <http://www.lancehawvermale.com>.



Ode to My Son

Chokri Omri

Son,
these words of my heart
will neither come out of pity
and will neither go down the wind
nor, again, will they build any city.

But lend me your ears, baby,
and take this over from my heart
that has kept love and suffering.

Listen to what an old man
can say despite the rods of men.
Live up to your own ambitions
Keep your heart alive
and your mind working
with honor and passion

Son,
There is always a good thing
to think of and to do
instead of fruitless tarrying.
Let not the cold world
affect you and do its worst.
there is always something
good to be done against it.

Son,
be careful of those people
who call themselves your friends,
your enemies are known.
They both have not become
what they have now become
only because the mind, without
the heart, sees differences
and builds on them obstacles
to divide rather than unite.
They used, it is gone now, to be
your friends and the circle
the circle is open and far from full.

Son,
When the light and the sun rays
are leaving, remember to perceive
the natural attitude and substance
of daffodils and innocent flowers.
Hide your tears, baby, from men
and let them fall alone to freshen up
the sight of your eyes and vision
Open your inward eyes of Earth and Eden.

Son,
Be always on the move
and fear not the elements

of submission and contrition.

The light is coming in
and love is all around you.

Bring yourself to accept
your destiny and look at
the horizons of your heart
to improve your tools
and feel the power of patience
and reap the harvest of resistance.
So much depends on them,
so much depends on you.

Have time to work, son,
and have time to play.
Seek to be simple
and look up at
the sunny sphere
without a pair of glasses
Your eyes are for Earth and Eden
Keep them pure and undefeated.

But then see!
When the rain comes
as it will in autumn and spring,
summer and winter, son,
don't rush to get an umbrella
and cover your head like many

of them would do and would not.

You already have more than it
your smile can make it
and the flowers around you
will make it and come along
to live with you and teach you
how to be yourself and be
one sunny day, to your sons
and daughters, little son,
the father my father
has never been for me.

Chokri Omri is an English language teacher, translator, writer, and poet from Tunisia. A number of his poems and articles have been published and translated into Romanian and Spanish in the *Contemporary Literary Horizon Magazine* at the University of Bucharest in Romania.



A Monsoon Self Portrait

Khadija Ejaz



Khadija Ejaz is an internationally published and translated poet and has also written four books. She was born in Lucknow, India, raised in Muscat, Oman, and lived in America for 10 years (and had a brief stint in Toronto, Canada, and New Delhi, India). Khadija's background includes IT and broadcast journalism, but she also

dabbles in filmmaking and photography. To learn more about her, visit her web site at <http://khadijaejaz.netfirms.com>.



Twirl

Anam Naqvi

Hot pink
and chilled liquid
moulded, shaped in a
glistening cruked glass

the sight of it
oh so soothing
the smell of it calming
don't need to sip it
already hallucinating

then you do
and its sting takes you
to a place
that place you
want to stay
that place you have built

twirl the glass
your emotions a whirlpool
swim, try and escape

sip again
stung again
another whirlpool

try swimming out
until you drown

Anam Naqvi is a thinker from New Delhi who finds liberation in words. She currently works at the Deccan Herald as a Sub-Editor and has also been a Junior Producer with NDTV. Growing up Muslim in India was not easy for Anam; the country was like two very different worlds for her. From that experience she created her own ideology.

One part of her is free and the other is trying to be.





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