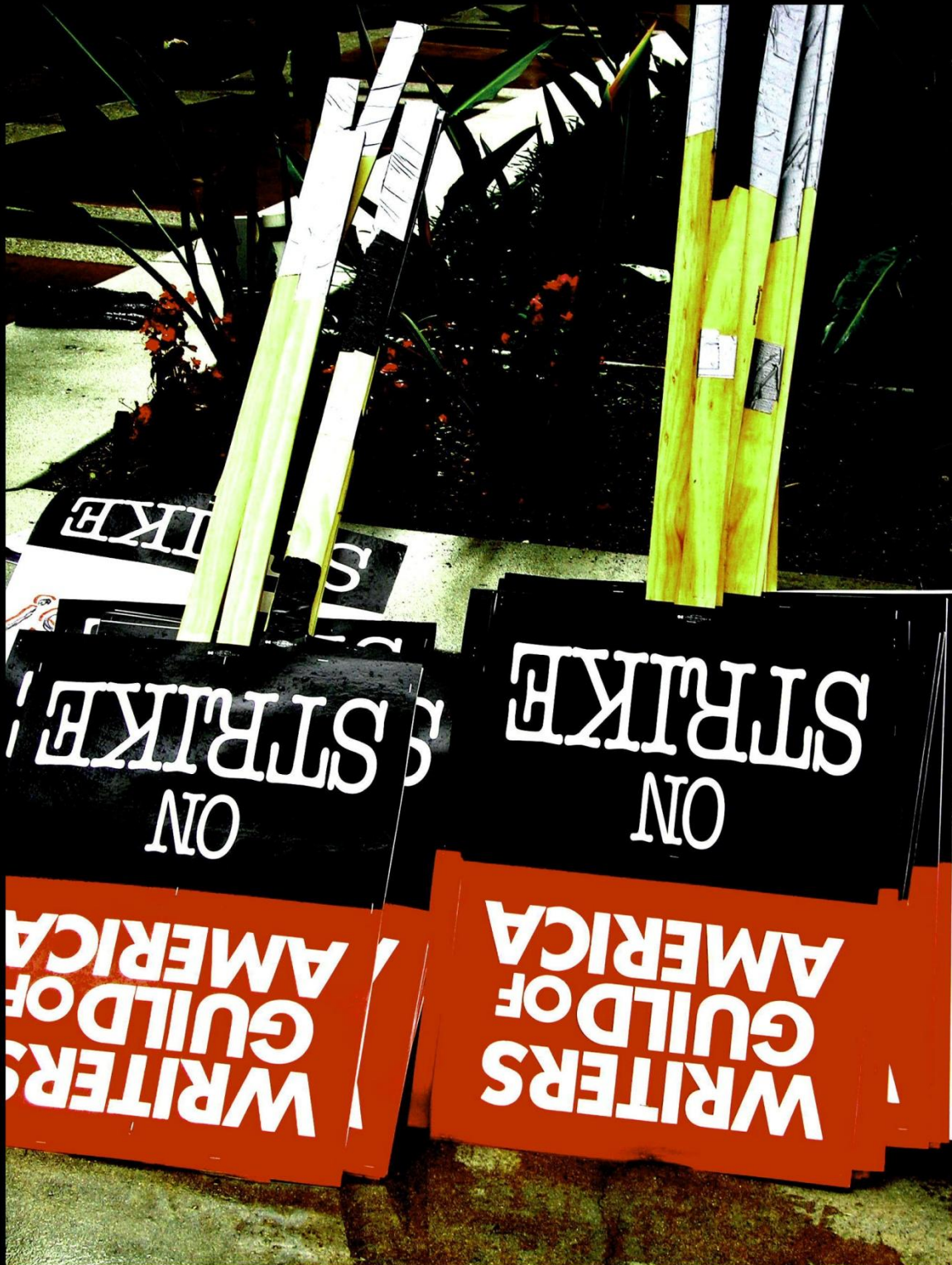

THE EXHIBITIONIST

XZBT9 | APRIL 2013

THEXZBT.WORDPRESS.COM



THINK. ACT. XZBT.

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

EDITOR & DESIGNER Khadija Ejaz khadijaejaz@hotmail.com

COVER PHOTO *Protest* Khadija Ejaz

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FROM THE EDITOR	4
Turning fat into non-fiction one day at a time.	
GUEST EDITORIAL	6
Ritu Sood finds it difficult to separate herself from the subject matter of her films.	
XZBTs	
European Starlings : <i>robert ferrier {poetry}</i>	8
Market Morning : <i>lydia ashton {music}</i>	10
Ode : <i>shibani bedi {non-fiction}</i>	12
To Wild Rose Peak : <i>samir patel {poetry}</i>	14
Wings of Fire : <i>diptanshu kar {photography}</i>	16
Apricots : <i>lance hawvermale {poetry}</i>	18

FROM THE EDITOR

Often times what lies between wanting to do something and actually doing it is a gaping chasm called discipline.



This past month I exercised everyday and drastically altered my eating habits. I had gained a whole bunch of weight after getting married a few months ago, and I didn't like it. I have had my share of weight-related ups and down over the years, and this time I didn't want to go through it again.

It takes an enormous amount of discipline to drive past your favourite burger place even though you're craving the combined taste of ketchup, meat, potatoes, oil, and sugar. It hurts to remember what your favourite chocolate smells like as you walk right past it at the checkout aisle at the grocery store. You feel sorry for yourself when a brisk walk on the treadmill has you panting like the smoker you are not, but you have to show up, even on the days you don't want to, for weeks, months at a time. But I stuck with it because the effort started paying off. And it got easier to pass up on old temptations because I could see my daily effort adding up over time.

As my exercise routine became a regular part of my life, so did my writing. I had happened to start on my weight loss programme a month from when a non-fiction book manuscript was due at the publisher's. I have always had trouble writing a little bit everyday, the

way everyone tells you you must do. Like exercise and eating right. I usually end up writing in great chunks at irregular periods of time, something that doesn't work for, let's say, that big novel that I have always wanted to write but have always seemed intimidated by because of the sheer size of the task. These things require the stamina and will power of the long-distance runner, not short, disconnected bursts of energy. You have to be the tortoise, not the rabbit.

This time, I wrote differently. I wrote a little everyday for a couple of hours after every gym session. This manuscript was one of the larger ones I have had to write in the shortest period of time yet. But it worked. It got to a point that I couldn't write until I had exercised first. As the weight came off pound by pound, the chapters grew paragraph by paragraph. That big novel doesn't scare me now. Neither does that reading on the scale.



Khadija Ejaz

GUEST EDITORIAL

Shooting difficult subjects, particularly those of a major social consequence, is very challenging; the story has to be narrated delicately and with simplicity, integrity, and objectivity. Sometimes during filming one tends to go deep into the subject. One starts identifying with the characters, and coming out of that can take a long time. Sometimes it stays forever in some corner of the heart.



I once had the opportunity to make a film about the silent voices of women and children in India for the Indian Domestic Violence Act. The film was meant to create an awareness of the law in college and school girls, so after production was complete, I took the film to various colleges in Delhi for feedback. After each screening, I saw tears in everyone's eyes, which at first, I did not understand. The students later confessed to me that they had not known that domestic violence was a punishable crime. This is the story of not only the women in India, but all over the world. Why does a woman stay silent?

Now that I have two grown sons, I realize it's all about the way we are raised. I have taken care that my sons grow up to respect women. If we inculcate these values in the young minds right from the start, only then will the birth of a female child be celebrated in each and

every house in India and she will not feel insecure or regret being born.

Ritu Sood has twenty years of experience in the field of communications, including with the Hindustan Times, Japan Broadcasting Corporation, and Iran Television. She is also part of the Author's Guild of India and a media consultant with the South Asian Coalition of Child Servitude. She currently works as an Associate Professor at one of India's leading universities in New Delhi, where she lives with her cinematographer director husband and two sons.

XZBTs

European Starlings

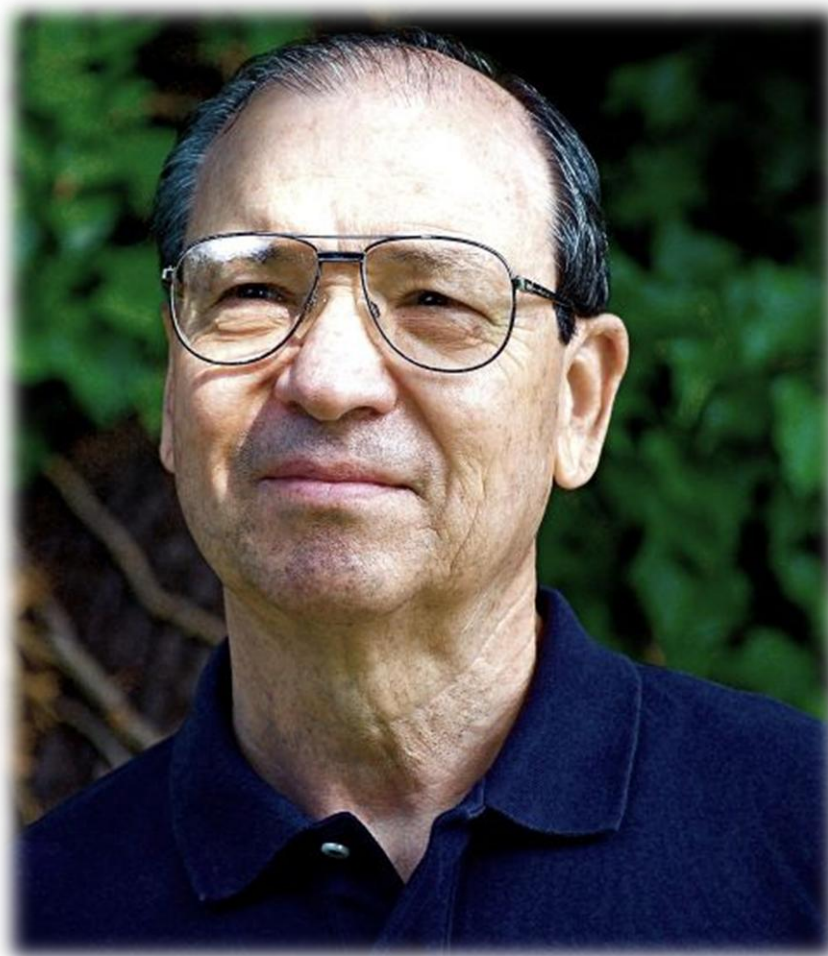
Robert Ferrier

They sketch Sacramento sky
a writhing black thumbprint
at sunset, half-million strong
at once a Mobius curve
then morphed to a writhing
stretching sketch
Northern Lights in negative
diving, soaring
somehow never touching
yet viscous in their oneness.

Like dreams they dance,
a winged Rorschach
their symmetry skewed and slung
drunken spheres expanding,
then contracting, as if painted
by the god of wind
then blot the sun
like ink spilled to trees.

(‘European Starlings’ appeared originally in Mobius, The Poetry Magazine.)

Robert Ferrier is the author of four published novels available at SynergEbooks.com, Amazon.com and other E-Book publishers. His poetry has appeared in *Oklahoma Today*, *Möbius*, *The Mid-America Poetry Review*, *Blood and Thunder*, *Broomweed Journal*, *Crosstimbers*, *Westview* and *Metro Library Magazine*. His books, *Rhythms* and *Ambient Light*, each won the Oklahoma Writer's Federation Inc. award for Best Published Book of Poetry. He was a 2007 nominee for Poet Laureate of Oklahoma in the US.



Market Morning

Lydia Ashton



[Listen Online](#)

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>



Ode

Shibani Bedi

Z killed himself a month ago. I barely knew him. I had chatted with him a few times on Facebook, and after two weeks of indulging him, I chose to stop responding. He seemed like a funny guy initially, but I later figured that he was a bit manic. Given that reigning in my own craziness is an exhausting full-time job that I live with out of sheer lack of choice, I stay away from others like me. Consciously. And anyway, pep-talk is the last thing the depressed care about. How can they? Trudging the labyrinths of our own darkness, some of us spend a chunk of our time obsessing over ways to woo hope, if not chase slivers of light. And sometimes we romance the idea of love. But eventually, as is with everything else, those with a disposition for sadness figure that fairytales are prone to tease. That nothing ever lasts, except futility perhaps. I am not sure if I am eligible to bracket myself in the same category as Z's. Death does not interest me. I'd much rather live precariously than resign to it. And over the days, having hit dead-ends and down-lows, I have devised a few coping mechanisms. Spending time with those starkly different from me, being one of them. Not to mention, sharing, and staying away from the insecure and the negative.

I have no idea how Z did it. I have no idea why Z did it. He was brilliant for a boy his age. He was also troubled for a boy his age, but I didn't know how to help him. Maybe he figured he was good to go. The news of his demise came to me through a friend of a friend, exactly a week after his last message to me. He was a few months

short of 25. I purposely chose to not delve into the details. I feared being haunted. I have no idea if closure applies to the dead, but if it does, I wish his soul finds it.

Shibani Bedi is a Delhi-based daydreamer and borderline cynic who, having dabbled in journalism since the last four years, has discovered she has a knack for assimilating, hoarding, and sharing wisdom and information in the form of talking, listening, reading, and recommending books, music, movies, and life experiences. A closet rebel and wannabe wayfarer, Shibani credits her instinctive restlessness as her sole motivator which pushes her to try new things and chase creative stimulus, even if it leaves her panting for air.



To Wild Rose Peak

Samir Patel

1.

Juniper boughs nod
To the mountain breeze song
Pitter-patters
The piss on stones--
"Phew! It's been so long."

2.

Perched.
At 9064 feet, with
Limber-pine cones, sagebrush, and
Cold granite chips.
The last remaining fluffs of snow
Imbibe the gentle Sun;
Shimmering Whitney, a cavalcade of Sierras,
Bejeweled Rogers, and towering Telescope.
Gathered as witnesses
Of a sacrosanct union--
The azure sky embraces
The naked protruding earth.

Perches
At 9067 feet,
Fly, over my head, after

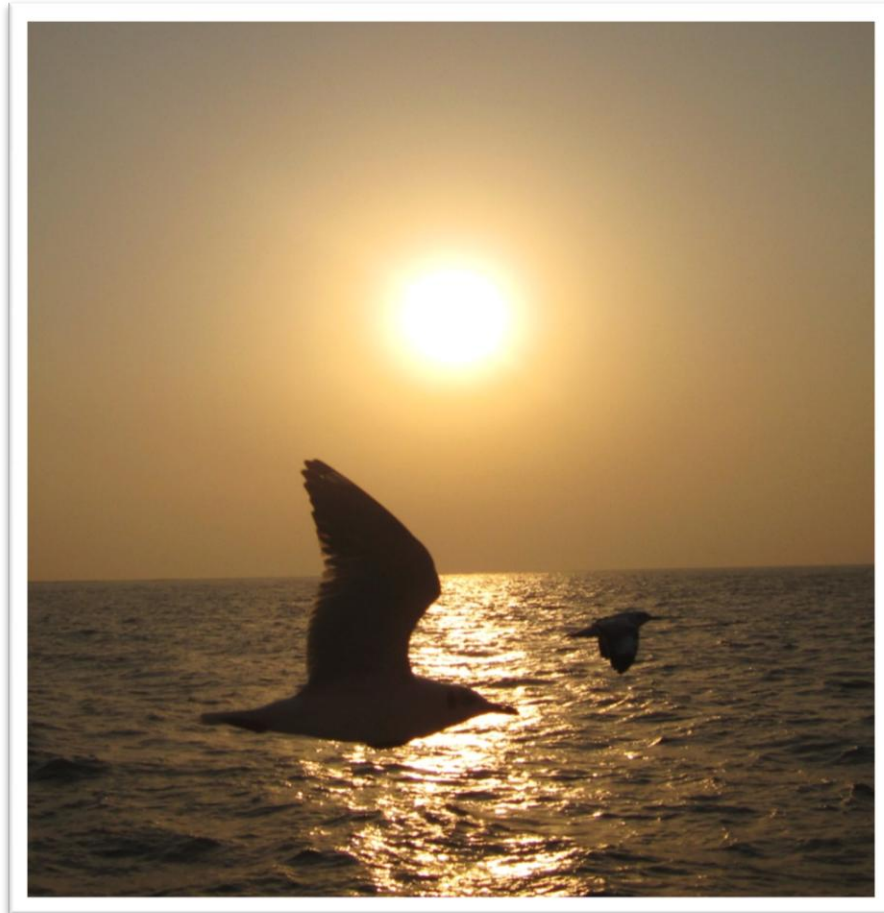
Chanting sacred hymns.

Samir Patel was born and raised in Bhuj, Gujarat, in India, and currently lives in Philadelphia, USA. He is training to be a geriatric psychiatrist and enjoys music, good food, heavy rain, running, and poetry.



Wings of Fire

Diptanshu Kar



Diptanshu Kar is an Electronics and Telecommunication Engineering student from Mumbai, India. He enjoys spending time with family and friends, exploring new places, and trying different kinds of food. When engineering begins to mess up his circuits, he turns to sports and photography. At the moment, he is focusing on being happy and living his post-teenage life to the fullest.



Apricots

Lance Hawvermale

My friend collects apricots but instead of sharing
sends me poems about their taste, their jeweled texture,

the way they cut like jacinths when explored with knife.
I believe that she like all poets is a noble liar,

for surely picking them wasn't philosophical
nor their dismemberment so much like beauty

that it hurts the eyes and stains the countertop with blood.
I refuse to accept their skin as a metaphor for hope

when she writes of its coolness on her tongue,
though I admit I am haunted by the thought

of so many gathered in her basket by the April fence
while I poke my fingers between drawn shades.

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, USA, Lance teaches film, poetry, and creative writing courses. Visit his website at <http://www.lancehawvermale.com>.



XZBT