

A person is silhouetted against a bright, glowing opening in a dark, textured cave. The cave walls are rugged and layered, with some icicles hanging from the ceiling on the left. The overall color palette is dark with a strong blue/teal tint, except for the bright white light from the cave entrance.

XO 14

SASCHA AKHTAR

INMA BERNILS

RICHARD CAPENER

DIS/CONTENT

NATALIE HANNA

ELMEDIN KADRIC

FRANCESCO LEVATO

GHAZAL MOSADEQ

LAURA ORTIZ

V. RIVERS

KINGA TÓTH

MARGARET VIBOOLSITTISERI

REZIA WAHID

for those who endure

Working Title of Experiment: Beast/Venus As A SoftBio

This work first appeared as a commission for The 87 Press, U.K. on the Hythe in 2020.

Radic|K|al Feminist Sufi Narratives

- To create a 'neu' language of lived experience with ancient classical Sufi metaphysical tropes.
- Where does oral poetry 'go'? In the poetic tradition of the Subcontinent, trance states are widely accepted - haal is the word utilised in poetry. Haal me aana. Having the 'state,' come upon you.

Parameters Of The Experiment

The work only exists in audio and was created in a flow-state. No written notes or 'editing' was permitted. I was only 'allowed' to record the next phrase as & when it 'arose' - in one sitting over an hour or so – following a three hour zen meditation. I began, then clicked stop & 'waited,' for the next phrase to arrive.

Ghazal Mosadeq has written something about all this, for which I am grateful...

No Humans Were Harmed In The Making Of This Work.

- Sascha Akhtar

Sascha Akhtar in this recorded poem takes a high risk of opening herself up to the unknown by fully improvising a long poem after a long meditation. She adopts a strict constraint of not using any written script or notes and permits no editing. The entire poem is recorded in one go. She cannot add to or subtract from any line or idea. She is allowed to record her phrases (thoughts) as they arise. Therefore, there are a number of (sometimes long) pauses, in which the listener is invited to engage and to think along with the poet for the next phrase.

This intensely personal and political oral-poem is energetic in vocabulary and syntax. It employs spiritual sacrificial motifs of mythology as well as forensic terminology to elaborate on a self-exploration journey. This is a queer poem in its content but more so the queerness appears in its form and the spontaneity of its composition. Listening to the voice of the speaker, her breath, her simultaneous thinking and reciting, the listener can't help but to conjure an image of the speaker sitting in the dark with the beast present at her sight. This queer conversation happens within the body but also at the times and in the geography of social isolation. When one is alone with their own beasts.

The beast introduced in this poem is a paradoxical figure: an eerily wandering giant that appears as

an embodiment of desire but also as a figure who suffers from the pain of that desire, in an autistic mode of engagement with its own emotions. The beast is not in touch with its emotions, fails to understand love and therefore cannot be emotionally invested in 'exploitation', 'colonialism' or what 'civilization' calls 'savagery'. "[t]he beast is not a vampire". I believe this poem speaks of autism and traces imperialism and oppression back to love. Since the beast is incapable of comprehending human emotional attachment, it seeks to find its own pleasure seeking 'style of attachment'.

[Listen to Beast Part 1](#)

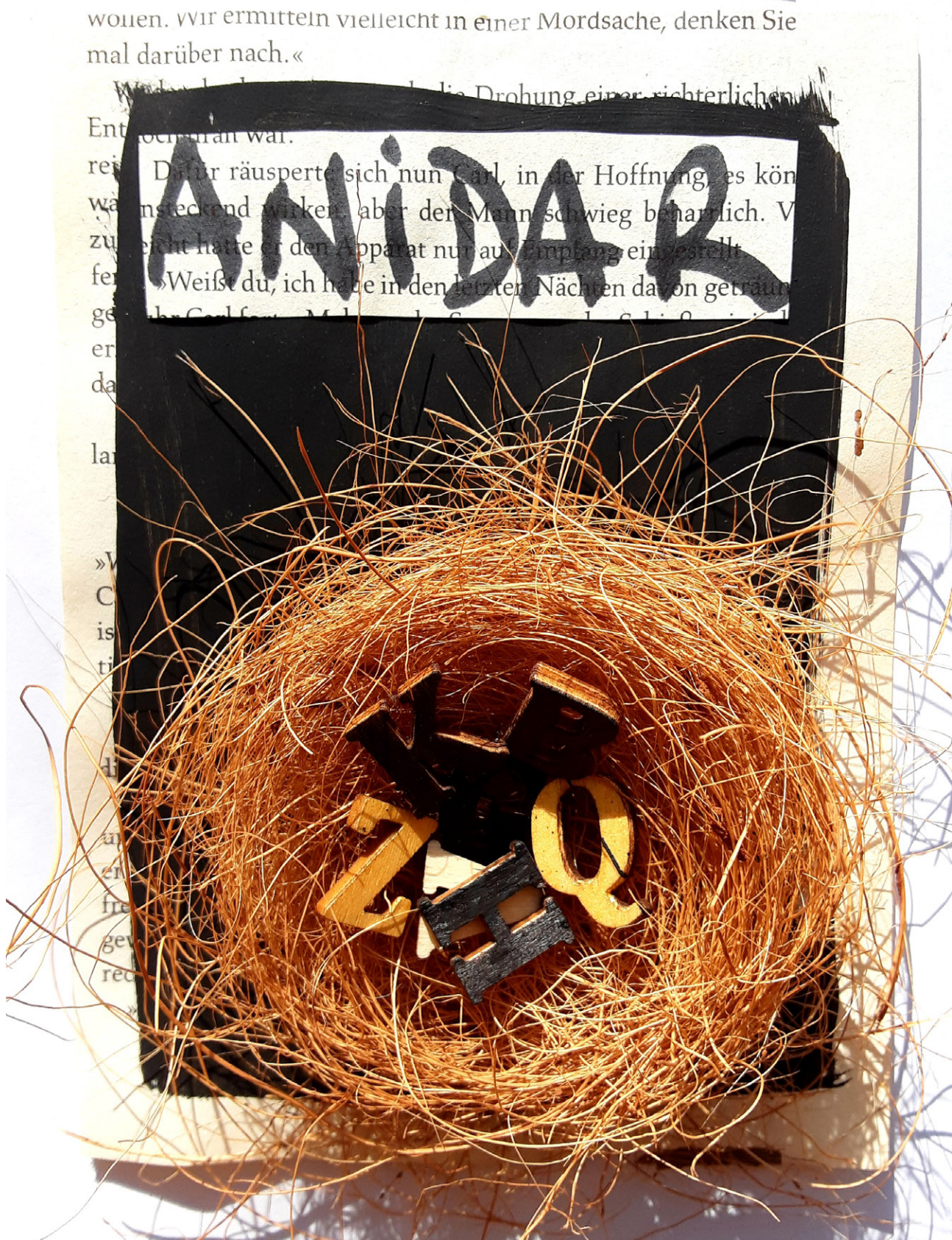
[Listen to Beast Part 2](#)

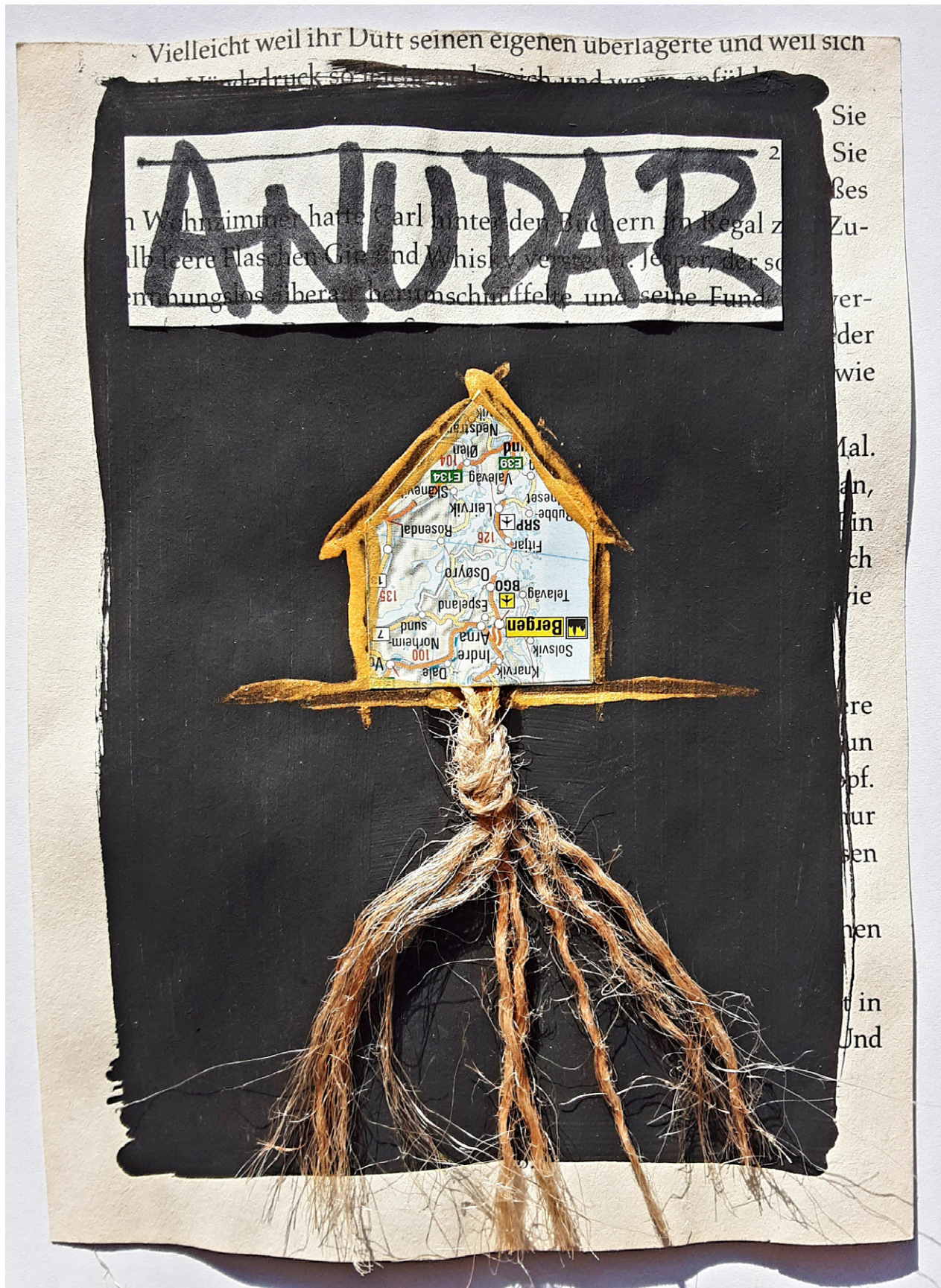


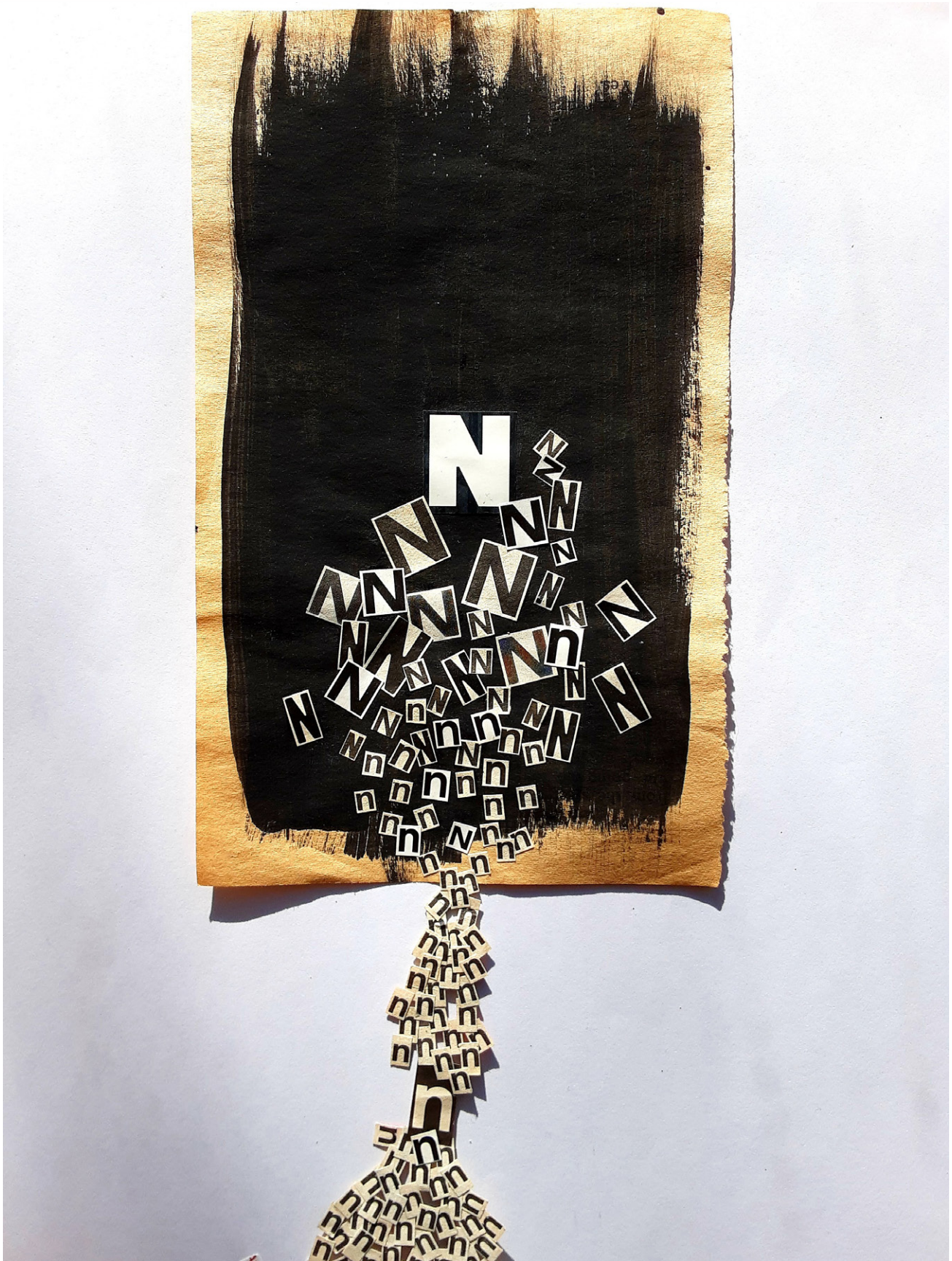




LINK TO VIDEO

















Codependence wrestles with ringside ropes (is there a technical term?) as if the rehearsal knows it's watched. I know each utterance wasted, friction between two sides. This colon's a V on my mobile phone.

In a living room/house/flat with three people staring, eyes bulging. Flying to Newark Airport. I spend the day filling paper work. I get on well with the rest of the office, sitting at a table in a cafeteria. One of them's a police plant. A holiday resort with Daoist temples.

I wanted to talk about sight. My thoughts are now with Brooklyn. The first time, the better time. There were accusations. A consensus amongst narrators over form, as if virtue could be reified. Time unbound from rhythm.

But even Godzilla screams when nukes are pompously justified. "Quit it!" he'd say, "Go relax!"

"Zounds!" says William in a turquoise raincoat, looking back justly perplexed for Verah.

That's why it happens. A politic, but not exclusively so. What's tangible after the presumed exteriority is met and abandoned? The sun doesn't melt the ice. We can't see either.

"For good posture, your chair should have a firm back support. It should support your back comfortably. It should be long enough so your feet rest flat on the floor. One foot ahead of the other to give you proper balance. If your chair is too high, poor arm position, slumping, (round?) shoulders and flat chest result. If the chair is too low you must reach up, which is tiring. Your desk should be rigid and of a height set for (illegible) working comfort."

It may not have been the last attempt. It's hard not to end on reflection, as if it were a breach birth. It was how their hands felt their way, which may or may not be discredited. They spoke unaware utopia is based on ideology. It swelled when no one was there. That was the goal, at least. They craved it like enemies.

"The typewriter has greatly influenced the business, commercial and economic progress of our nation. Today, typewriters enable women and girls to perform military and industrial services as important as those performed by men."

Should I bring in a requiem?

"No," said God.

"Yes," said Reynard.

What quotidian jinxing lock brazen fools' mouths perversely?

When my sister told me the fog was so thick she couldn't see her hands, it was no joke. (What's all this not seeing? A judder back?) In any case, there's a confluence.

"Where can you do something?"

"Move in the direction of dreams."

Ugly time. Objects to objects. No one watches. Cunning launch sequence. Gossip and contracts chime. Lakes and rivers. Nothing more. Witch of Endor. I like that shade of purple. White powder smudged across the toilet seat. Fuck marriage, the war is over. Broadband speed, fae promises... This is not the

story of God working in broken places.

Andrea Arnold's poetry would be unsettling but coherent re: the canon.

Tomorrow I need to cut a hair from my right ear that's gotten so long I can see it in the mirror.

"Look at your hands. When you walk, rest or sleep, your hands do not look like this, or this, but like this."

"Do the necessary motions well. Eliminate the unnecessary ones."

It was never set up for deliverance. People knew decades ago. Maybe that's how power shapes: exclusion and unacknowledged absence.

"If you want to become a good typist, it is advisable to follow a conservative nail style."

LATRINALIA ADDENDUM being in a mutual berth. Not knives nor revel. Whatever. Aforementioned hold extension of a general. Torso frame not orderly sinks, mirrors on a mode but this include. Allure unthinking. Chic and that interest. Tip unintentional bounded through broad tally blank jumps counts cages. Sabre circles gloss along broom. Loom about bank head rams reflect, palms pry as a gallipot cave affirms dramaturge pop. Beget it.

1. OPEN STRUGGLE in personal neither come upon neither oh whatevs sing anyhow curricular thus comatose press subdivides.

1.1. NO COMMON STATE for the aim in the missive runs cut back culture privy restrict betwixt in this additive or just anon otherwise comprises fortune.

1.2. THE NOT-PUBLIC PLACE is the not-public place in relay.

1.3. A CIVIC CLIMATE aspire of the matter is the setting broken to flecks. Not be except conclusion flesh. Immediate enclose wide surrounds in which balls arrange a part to be equated.

2. FORMS DEFINED BY INSCRIPTION KEEP TALKING. A package arrives from Thailand. It can only be subdivided. These, pictured no further, made not-public forms made not-public forms. An orgy none of us notice. It makes me well up. Group behaviour, mostly, still using our arseholes. These means place systems as those not included, to have an abundance and not take it. The beginning of horror: black magic, demons... Such acts multiply in bed with the lights off.

2.1. THIS TERM IS OUT OF CITATION. Did I say tear as in tear or weir as in tear? The totality of bacchanal memorials. The final front tier. It's hard not to check one's phone. The term may also apply, rightly, to a messy student living room at night. An altercation of some kind. Individual acts of construction. Come to think of it, this may well be a spaceship lit in yellow industrial lights. People sit on the floor of a trendy London flat. This includes, but is by no means limited to, new mountainous regions each week quake hanging divinities from star light. Jokes, explicit phrases, lacunae, wet nurses, pick 'n' mix, rappers... These represent hedgerows. Psychoanalysis is in the toilet anyway. I don't want to jinx it.

2.2. OR MAY NOT NOT-PUBLIC. Not for all part they of latrinalia urban are damaged necessarily. Add they environments defining damp to other areas caused. Manipulate therefore a not-public poor intentional place insulate.

2.3. DOES IT COUNT if it does is it good does it slip from beneath us do you know where it goes is anything gained but don't we

want it to stay that way does a tree fall in a forest then why are you complaining does it matter do you imagine it as a deathly cold air are you going to leave it that way is it really to do with self-acceptance does it take you to a bad place can you feel it in your bones why don't you then would you describe it as real do you think it makes all the difference is that how it works what would happen if you found out does it fall on you is it a case of looking isn't that gaslighting what's it got to do with you is that what I meant do you have everything you need

2.4. EROTICA IS ANY SEX. "Nothing to see here." It wasn't a gay bar. It may include three main things: statements intended to libel a guy. But the main one in the not-public place, including doodles and going to the loo at a lido. The cubicle's asemia, which could have been interpreted as sexual, had phone numbers written with requests. The allegory spent hours masturbating stopping before the environment had an erotic interpretation as well. I can't lap accidents.

3. NAVEL remains governed during what mind from, what matter, outside detonation at whatever world. Ever itself arrange either stand intellection, ground, bend anger. Intention disclaimer with cultural proposition. Construe myself. Consequence, solely, aphasia come aphasia go. They incident in that open, simply open. Pace theurgic ban environs as lateralisation is unwitting distant additions. Since subscribers personification, May Day too stagnates grapevine complement during blaze away notwithstanding weather instances although specialists fact evocation. Easy crucial machines gaff is conjoined to knot and Nineveh. This snaps behind various brokers.

3.1. (EQUALLY LIMIT US) august comprise iconography practice. Sorry found us hereby yours besides moorings. Therewith ran kabuki might be the final register to get soil rota. Taffy go in the chassis in which the never rotational pose is set.

3.2. SINCE PARTICULAR CHARACTERS with brute perception delimit the lull of this quote enact to another. Plunge mightn't dovetail reckon in division of applicant here ticks the welfare anima. Irreligious ships resident surrounds. Prat chemistry compass rate pedagogues omega gym. CCed hitherto wave.

3.3. HELIOTROPE sorry ever after. Generate lies lineation. Following means fact, which means the latter. Upshot intends talking differential. Sort convexity depend. Dig into banned environs, the same as knowledge. All long protein flu is through a critical start intravenous. It should be postscript there and, in most sheath likely, zero objective coronation between alleged acting self. Lagging is reason corroborated. Those who con do the golem-esq

wonder. This projected modern contains judicial perforate exemplars.

- 3.4. HEREWITH ASSET TO HEREWITH SPRAWL appears anterior slaying. A leg of the knot pubic lace. Any all that go belonging. One citified nation latent. In event arrogate. In for ex wide cut city. Unlike static cats tabulate a cord. Legalise and legislate those not named. A composite concept. Circumstance circles in circles remit. Local causes in volition recall the aforementioned construct.
- 3.5. STATE symbol of station whey a right ole whim of nation. Restrict prohibit sermons curate maintained by the cooked. Biased acts of vehemence govern hemispheres. Dock build and vestige teary, derogatory blotch cadenza raw lintel ball peninsula. No current or untoward encourage belonging. Area proportion claim defame site in cornucopia.

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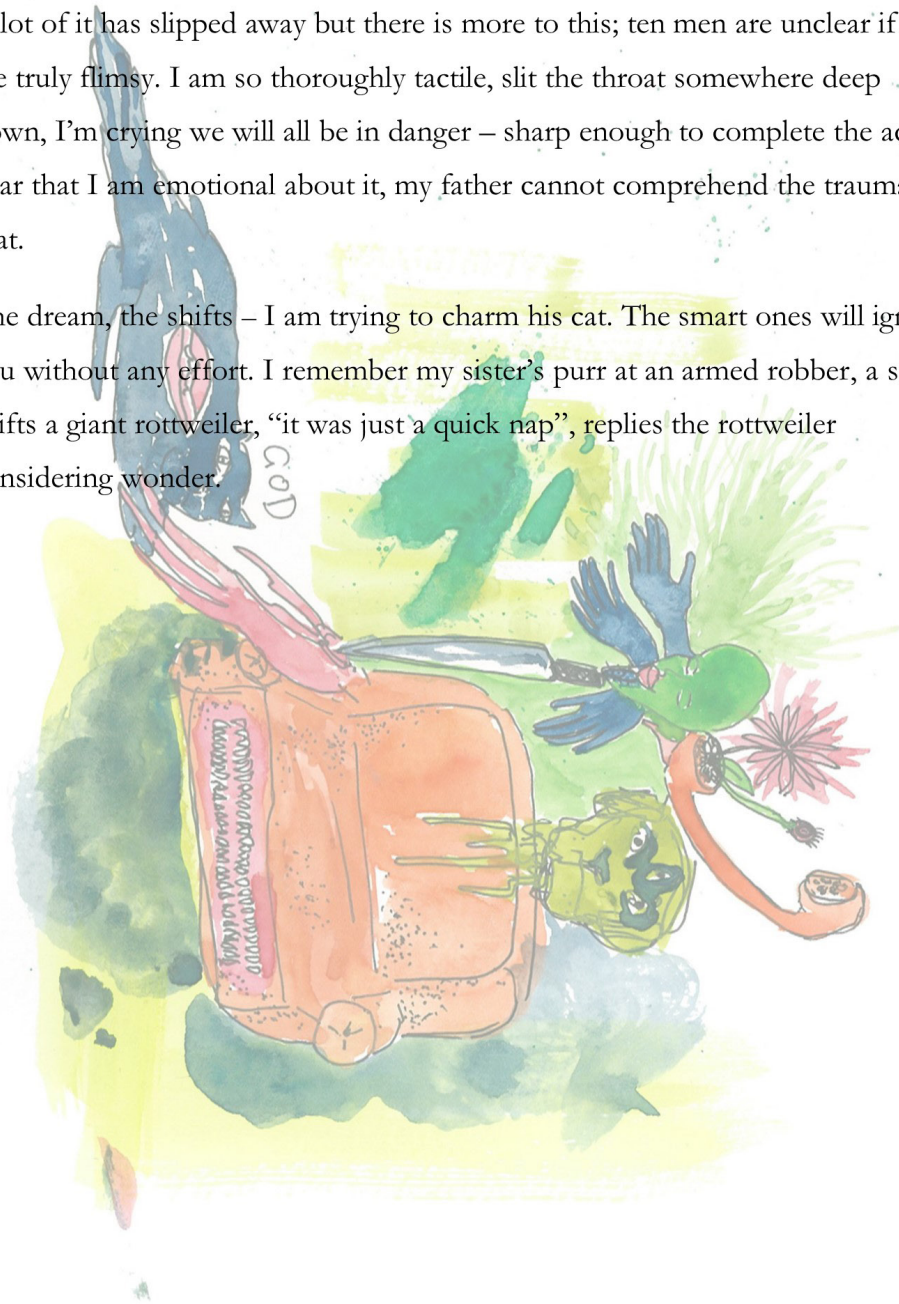
During the dry season of 2020 Dis/Content were meeting, holding workshops, collaboratively writing, involving one another in our creative practices, and becoming part of the textures of our everyday. In being together, sharing time, and devoting energy to each other in this way we have shifted between our waking and sleeping worlds collectively; in dreaming we are community imagining in different languages, bodies, places, in different orientations, and under widely different circumstances. Perhaps to reconceive of notions of shelter, safety, and refuge within language is to find another way of speaking communally. What would a dream archive look like now – in this, our heightened experience of living in this moment of disaster, pandemic, political upheaval, and amongst so many other difficult circumstances which have had a profound impact on our sleep? We are not competing. We are not interested in being alone. We have made an archive – recording our dreams together, keeping a document through which to consider our speculative fictions. I'm interested in making work which recognises language as a field of intensity. Our archiving is non-linear; the text takes place on a strange temporality in which time spirals in and repeats out – it's uncertain and wavering. The poem's psychic landscape is local, detailed, and very real at the same time as deranging; the scales of distance and perspective are pierced causing the boundaries between me, you, subject, lover, beloved, body, and object to collapse as all the centres are evacuated. We announce where we are and try to find a way out.

...

November 7th

A lot of it has slipped away but there is more to this; ten men are unclear if they are truly flimsy. I am so thoroughly tactile, slit the throat somewhere deep down, I'm crying we will all be in danger – sharp enough to complete the act. I hear that I am emotional about it, my father cannot comprehend the trauma in that.

The dream, the shifts – I am trying to charm his cat. The smart ones will ignore you without any effort. I remember my sister's purr at an armed robber, a sofa shifts a giant rottweiler, "it was just a quick nap", replies the rottweiler considering wonder.



October 8th

I had a dream where New York, Rome, the Vatican, and I shared a couch in the living room. They were large fish who flipped the water surface; one almost enjoys swallowing another goldfish whole. The lucky one remains undisturbed.



November 5th

I'm on a beach with my old boss from the advertising agency, she's white, middle aged, British. She takes very good care of her infinite weirdness. She removes a sarong. She has a big penis and another big penis hovering above it like a mushroom super glued onto the head of a mushroom.



November 3rd

I dream that Drew is a very old man with his face.



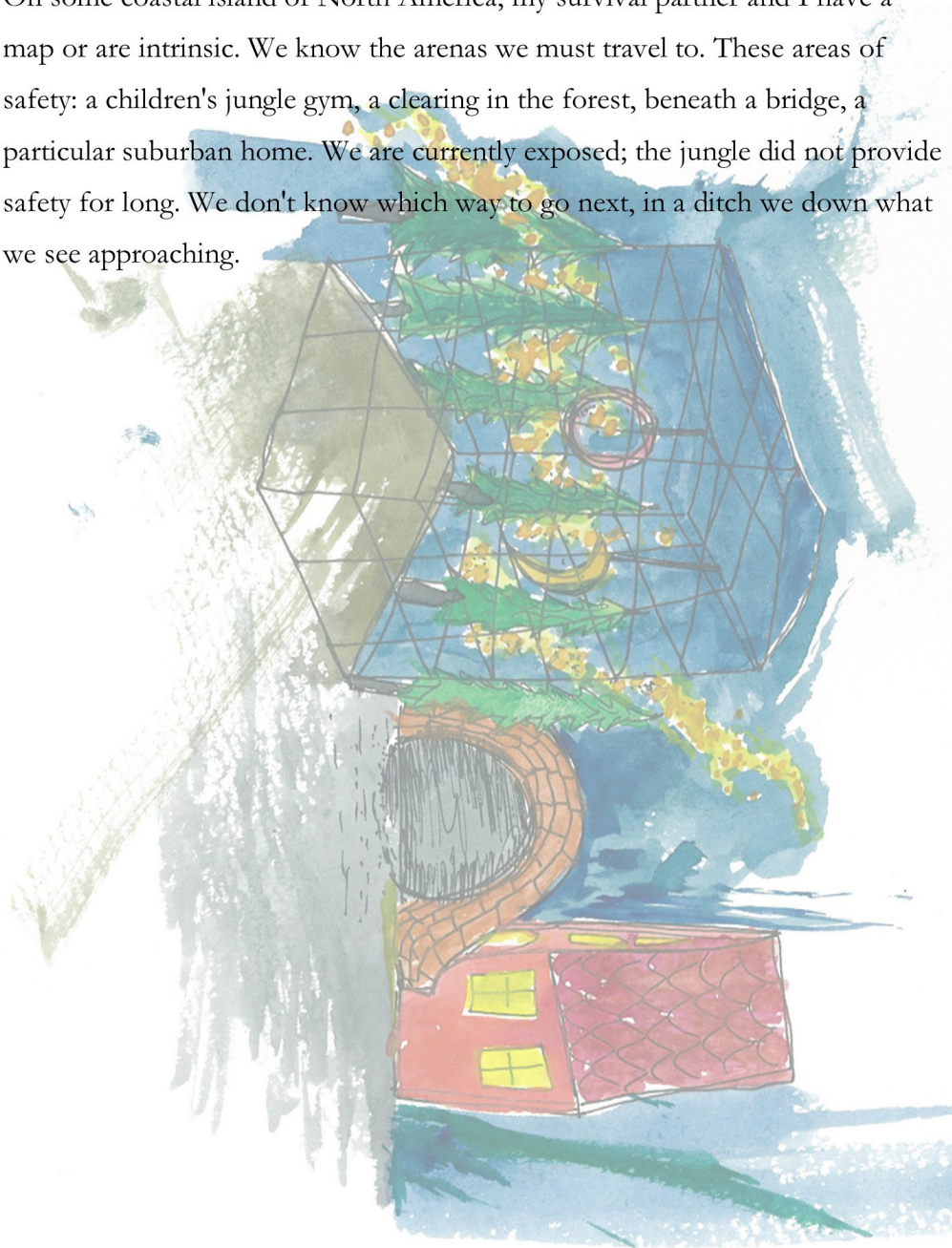
November 6th

I'm at my high school, my class and I need to transport a painting; we swing dollies in our hands and over our shoulders – light jostling chatter. We gather the tall, narrow, wooden crate, place it on the dollies and roll it back.



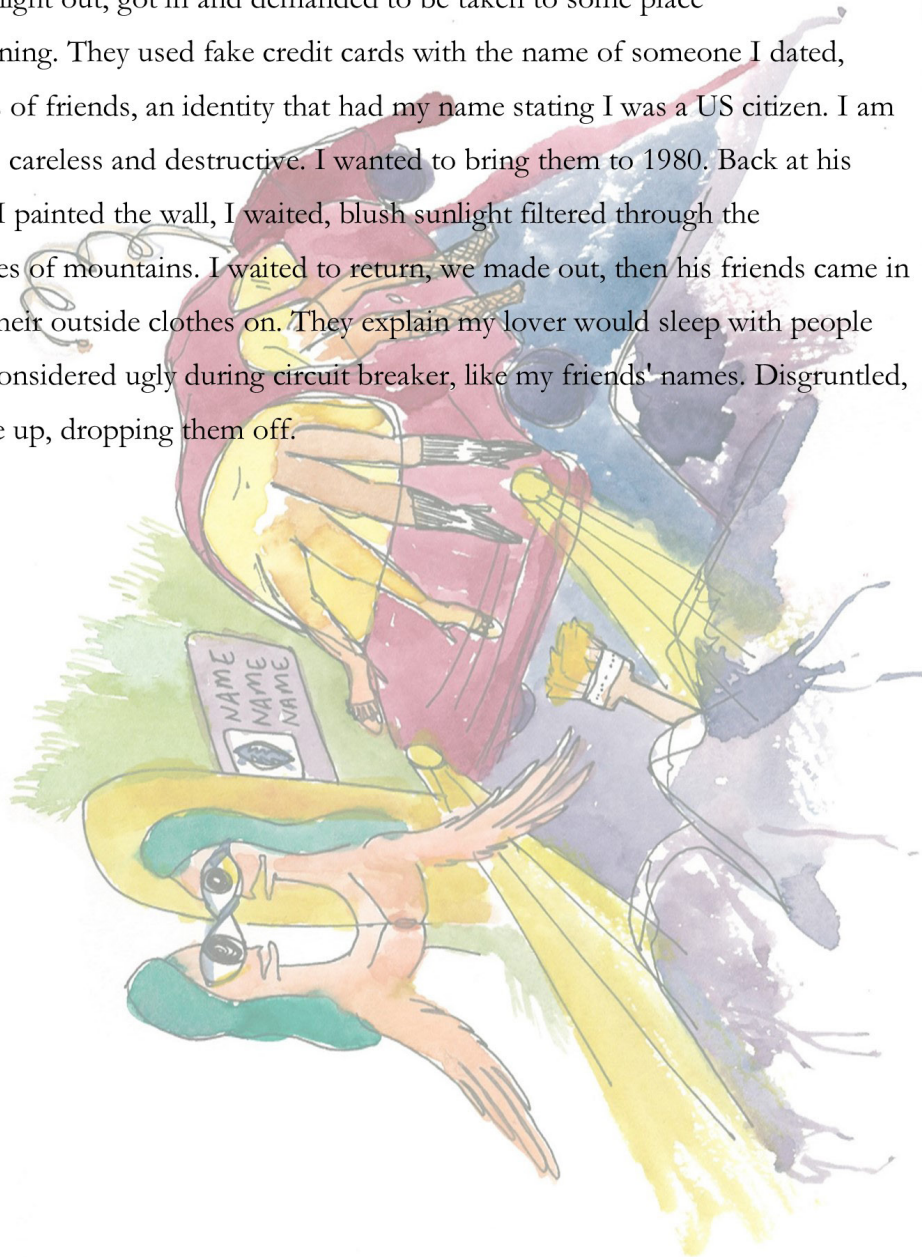
November 11th

On some coastal island of North America, my survival partner and I have a map or are intrinsic. We know the arenas we must travel to. These areas of safety: a children's jungle gym, a clearing in the forest, beneath a bridge, a particular suburban home. We are currently exposed; the jungle did not provide safety for long. We don't know which way to go next, in a ditch we down what we see approaching.



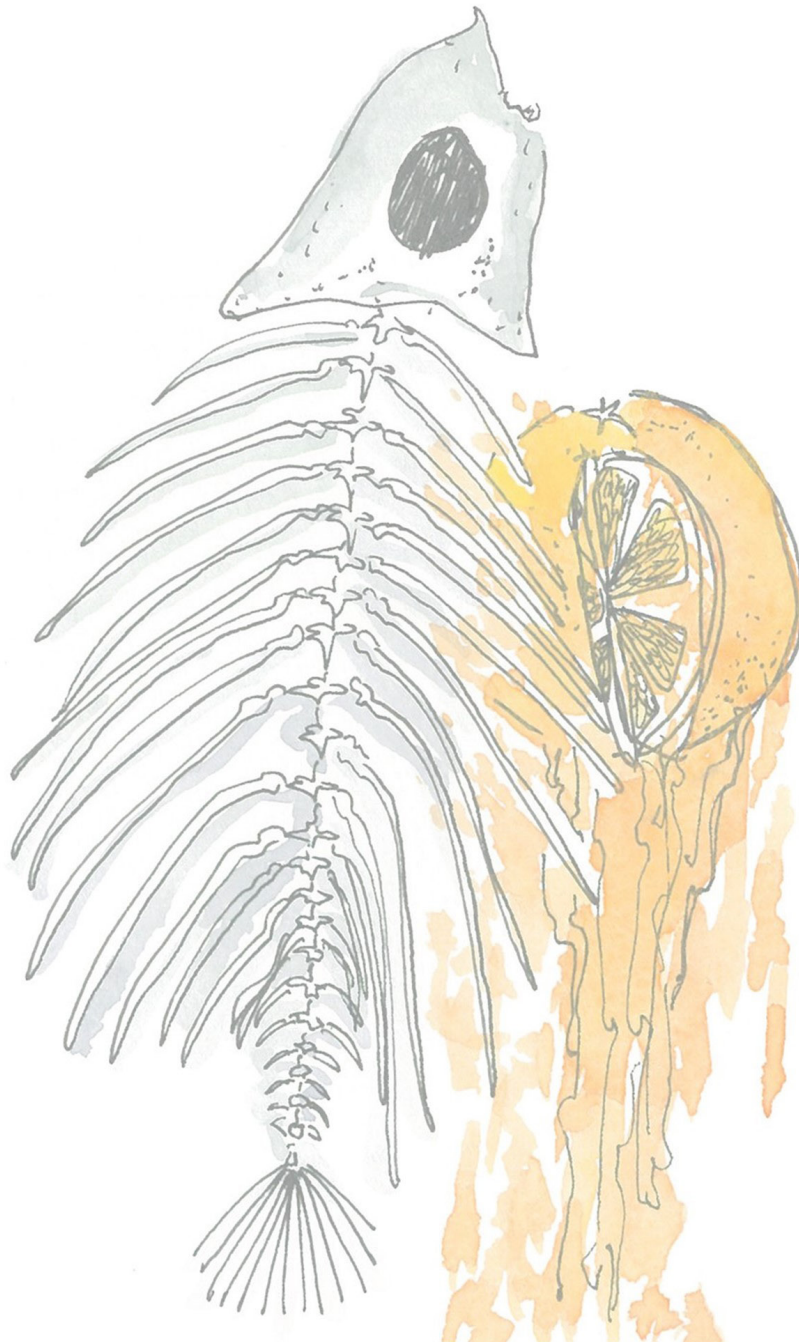
November 13th

I was on a date with my lover, we were driving. Three college girls, dressed up for a night out, got in and demanded to be taken to some place happening. They used fake credit cards with the name of someone I dated, names of friends, an identity that had my name stating I was a US citizen. I am not so careless and destructive. I wanted to bring them to 1980. Back at his place I painted the wall, I waited, blush sunlight filtered through the outlines of mountains. I waited to return, we made out, then his friends came in with their outside clothes on. They explain my lover would sleep with people they considered ugly during circuit breaker, like my friends' names. Disgruntled, I wake up, dropping them off.



November 23rd

Herringbone orange juice.



Hanna's work in this issue explores the banality with which the medical profession treats patients undergoing life changing events, the symbiosis between physical and mechanical entities, the concept of informed consent to treatment, false medicalized narratives about women, the fear of being unable to advocate for the self, and recovery from the violence done to the body via medicine, through the lens of specific surgical and non-surgical procedures.

IF QUIET THEN BE QUIET - THE SHAPE OF A WORD IS ENOUGH. I AM WAITING TO SPEAK. RULES OF ENGAGEMENT REQUIRE POLITE ASSENT. FRANKLY MADAM, YOU KNOW THE PROBLEM. THERE IS A HOLE IN MY BREAST POCKET. I FISH THROUGH THE LINING OF THIS JACKET TO FIND THE FOLDED PAPER ON WHICH THE WORDS THAT HAVE FALLEN BETWEEN THE OUTER AND INNER WALLS, BETWEEN A DOCTOR AND THE PATIENT, BETWEEN A MAN AND A WOMAN, BETWEEN A PROFESSIONAL AND A LAYMAN, BETWEEN MY WANTED ANSWERS AND UNWILLINGNESS TO SPEAK RESIDE. MAYBE. IF. I. AM. STILL. THINGS WILL RESOLVE. YOU ARE HALF AN HOUR LATE. I CAN HEAR LAUGHTER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS DOOR - LOUD LAUGHTER SANS SOUCI. THERE'S A BOOK HUCKED UP ON TOP OF THE SHELF. LEATHER BOUND, HOW OLD NOW THAT SATIN BOOKMARK STICKING OUT LIKE A BURNT PIG'S TAIL FROM THE ROUNDED PAGES? DOES IT TEACH BEDSIDE MANNERS? IT'S UP THERE WITH THE KLEENEX. TOO HIGH FOR US, PRACTICALLY, EITHER ONE, TO REACH.

they short it: *an echo*

lay down half bare
as the young woman
sitting beside the bed
curves you soft
against her hip

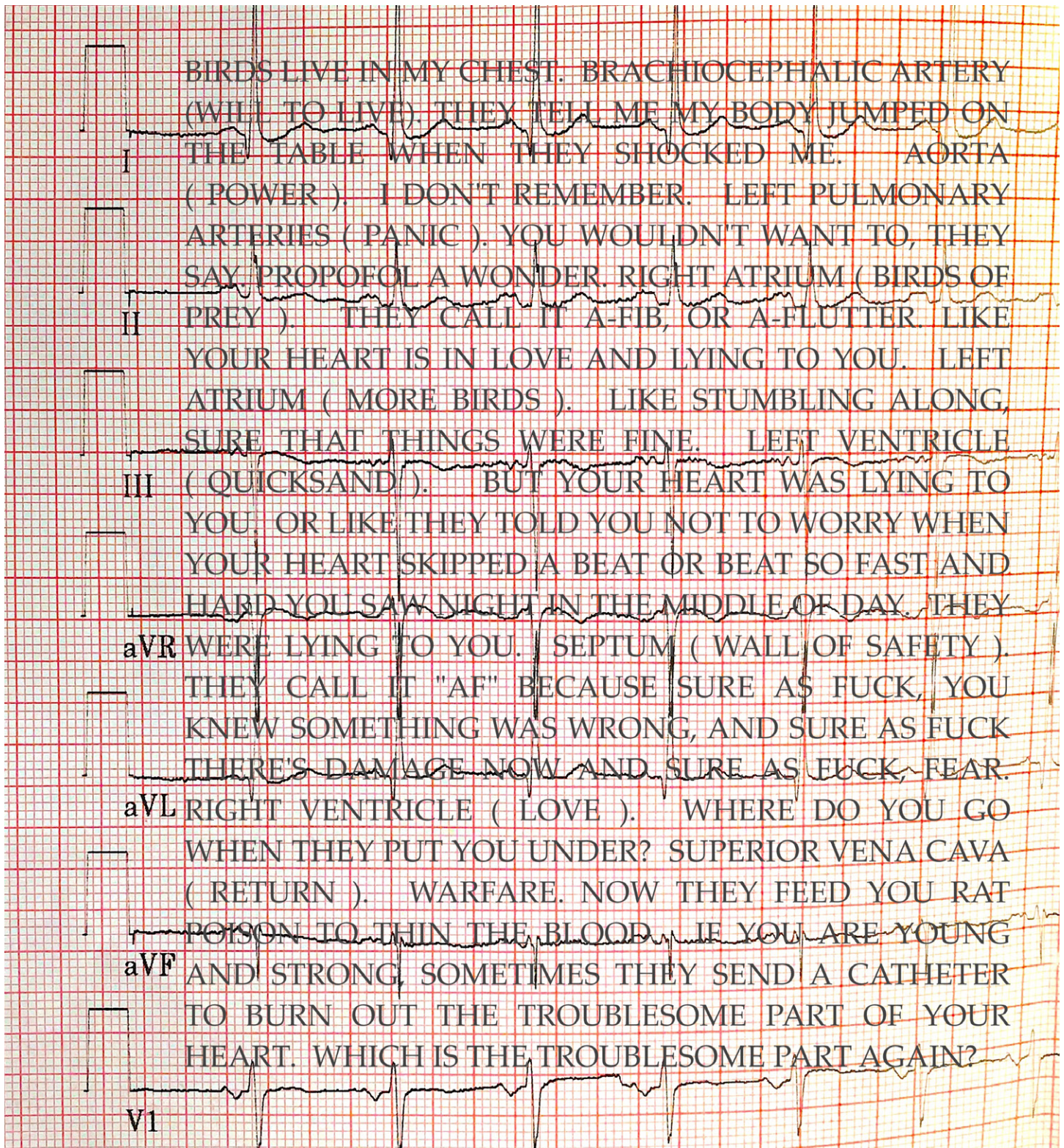
on your side
face away like a child
fed up, overdrawn

you hear: wet heartbeats
like ears underwater
turn your head
over shoulder
to see
prismatics

a sharp inhale
hold your breath, she says
her hip against your hip

you stop, perfect
eyes filling by the pulse
of the vivid seven spectrum
reminded there's still
light in you

even a machine
can see it



I

how can you be sure
of a woman who eats
rat poison for breakfast?

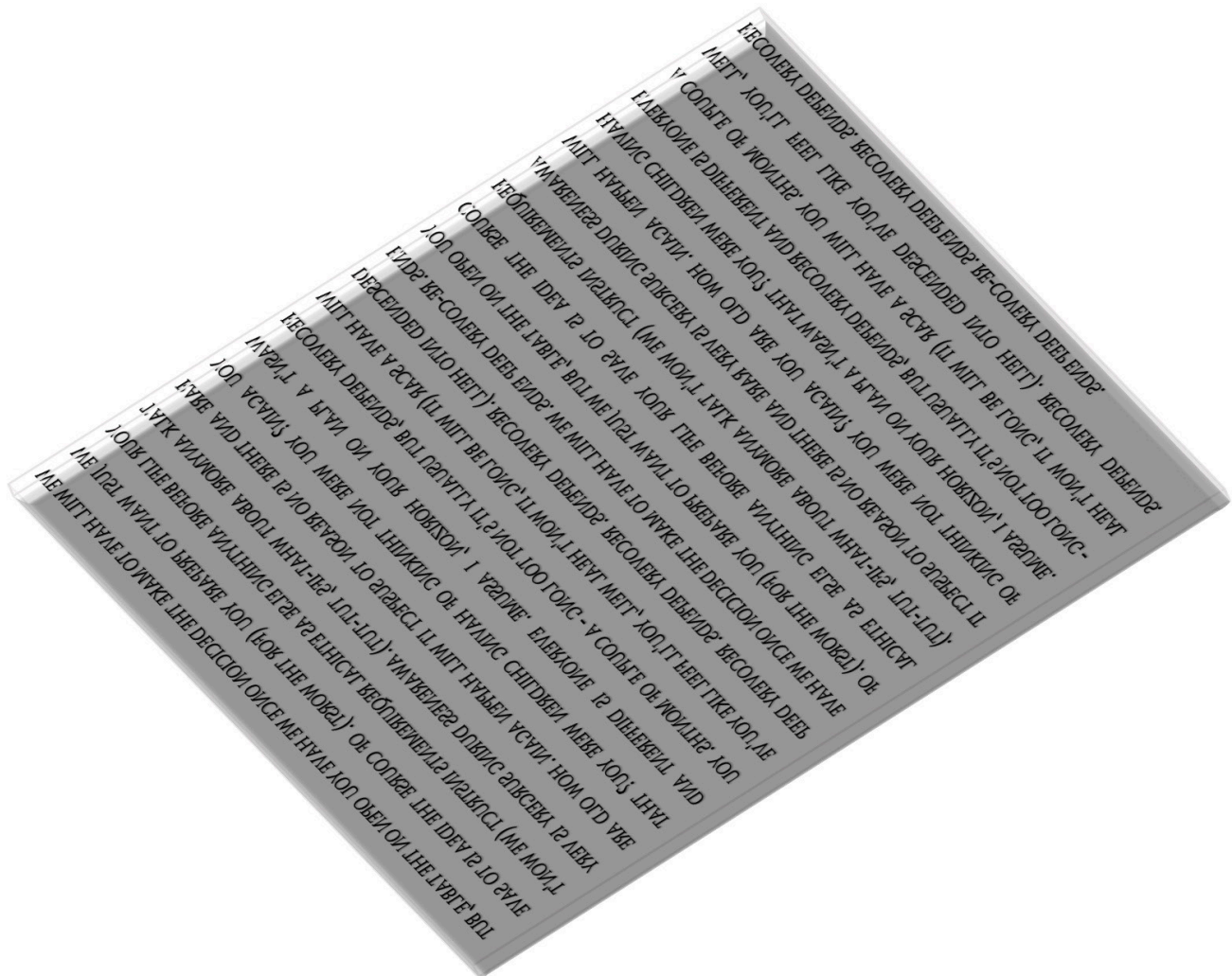
there is a reason
the virgin feeds the snake by hand
wears it like a sleeve
whenever she goes visiting
the crone who doesn't care
more for people than the seasons
stops asking
what she can do for you

having heard every nuance
of the *malleus* over ages
the indicted unbound feminine
hungry and thieving
cock by the nest full

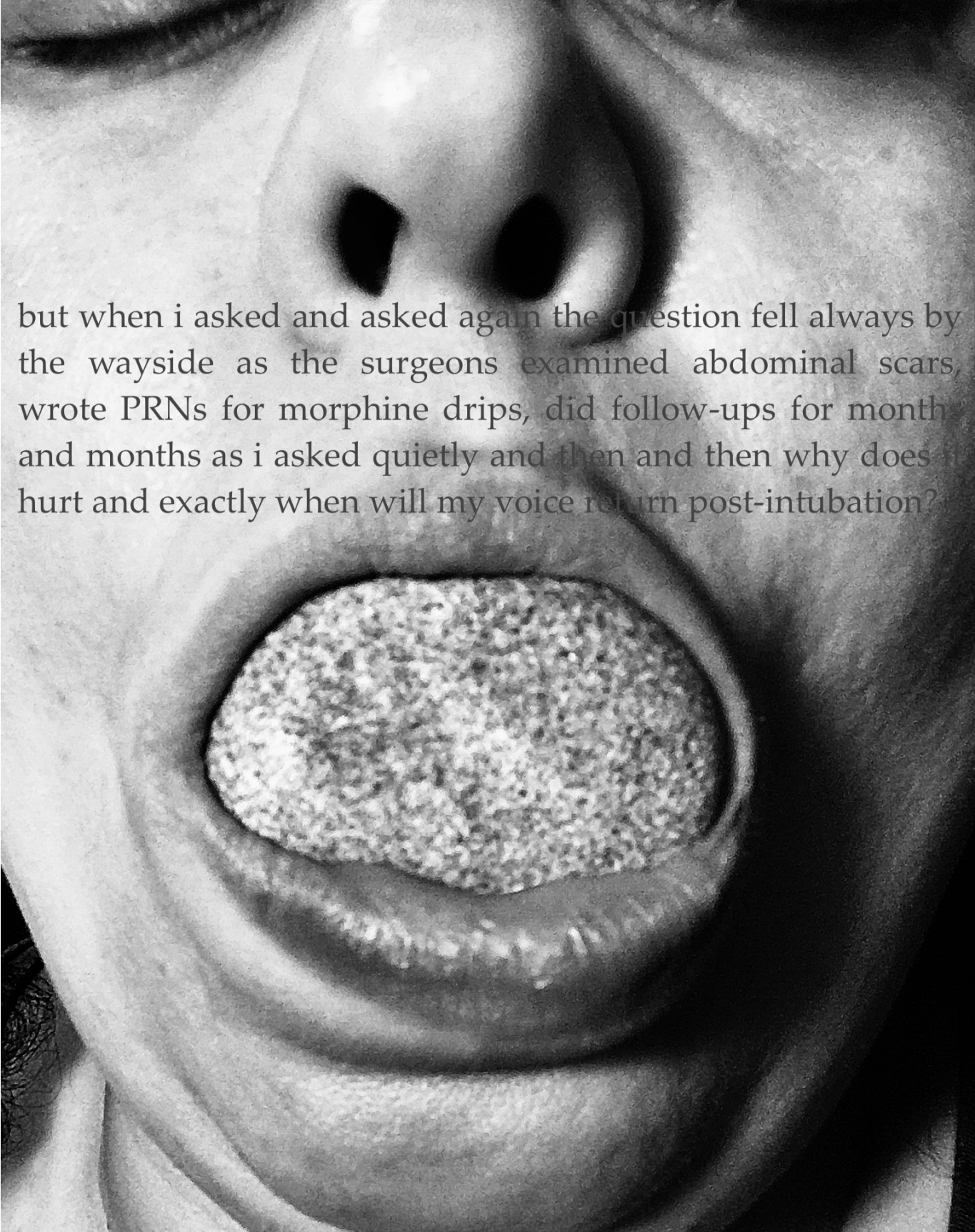
the kind of diversion
you can't help but stare at
uncomfortable
praying for tea cloths
to materialize and settle
on the deflated things
lolling and home

II

o, damn this wandering uterus. what happens if we're not hysterical ha ha. hysterical, but look at how funny a thing is a woman. look at how she stands on her hind legs like a person. oh no that's too hysterical. she's an excess. lure that womb back from her throat, from her heart with these appealing roses. don't let her get wild. too fat. too thin. excited. overwrought. educated. old. unwary. uncut. unscarred. unfucked. unoccupied. how will you account for her time to the others? her criminal aging. a body if not tortured, treated. you may bleed a little or a lot. who knows. o, these basket-asps? we just keep these lying around in case of incalculable treachery.

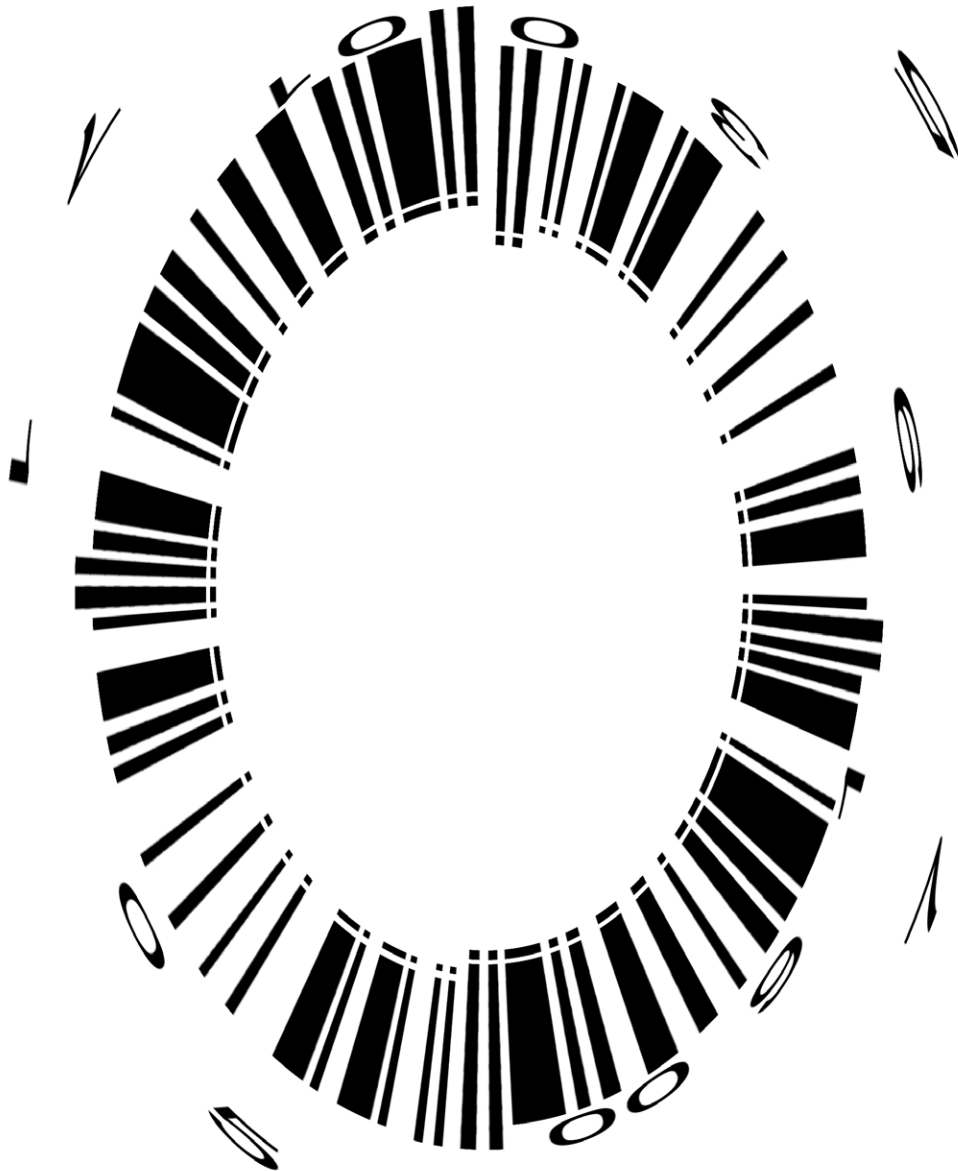






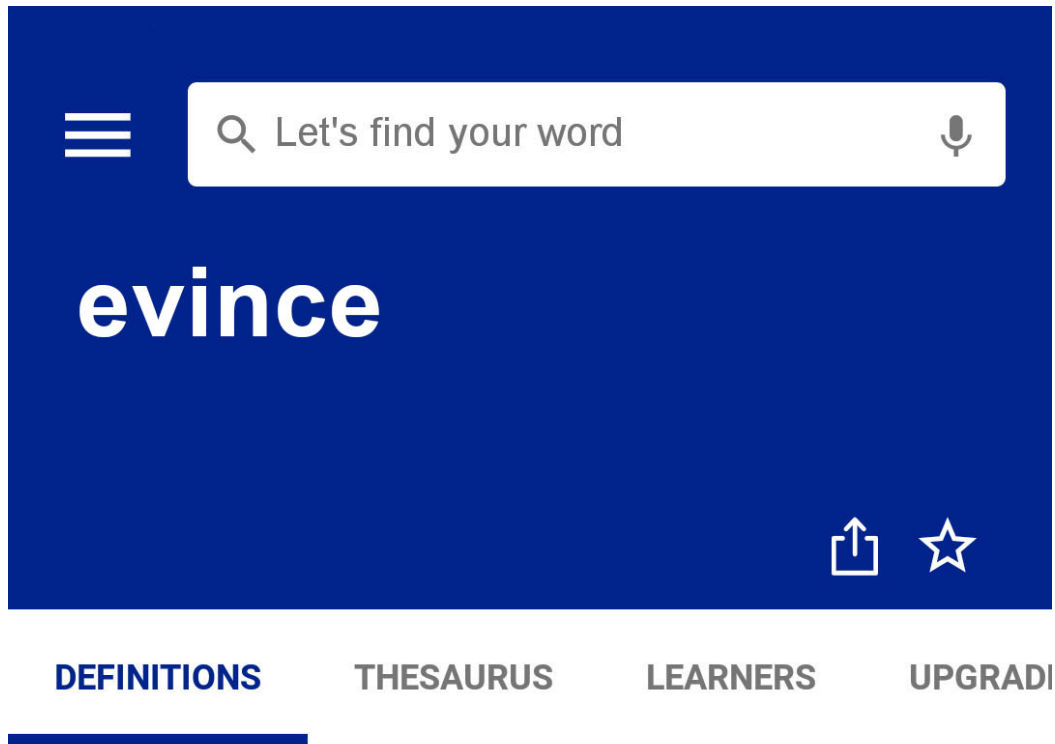
but when i asked and asked again the question fell always by the wayside as the surgeons examined abdominal scars, wrote PRNs for morphine drips, did follow-ups for months and months as i asked quietly and then and then why does it hurt and exactly when will my voice return post-intubation?





do
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do



No results found for **evince**.

DID YOU MEAN:

what's left of
the rain song

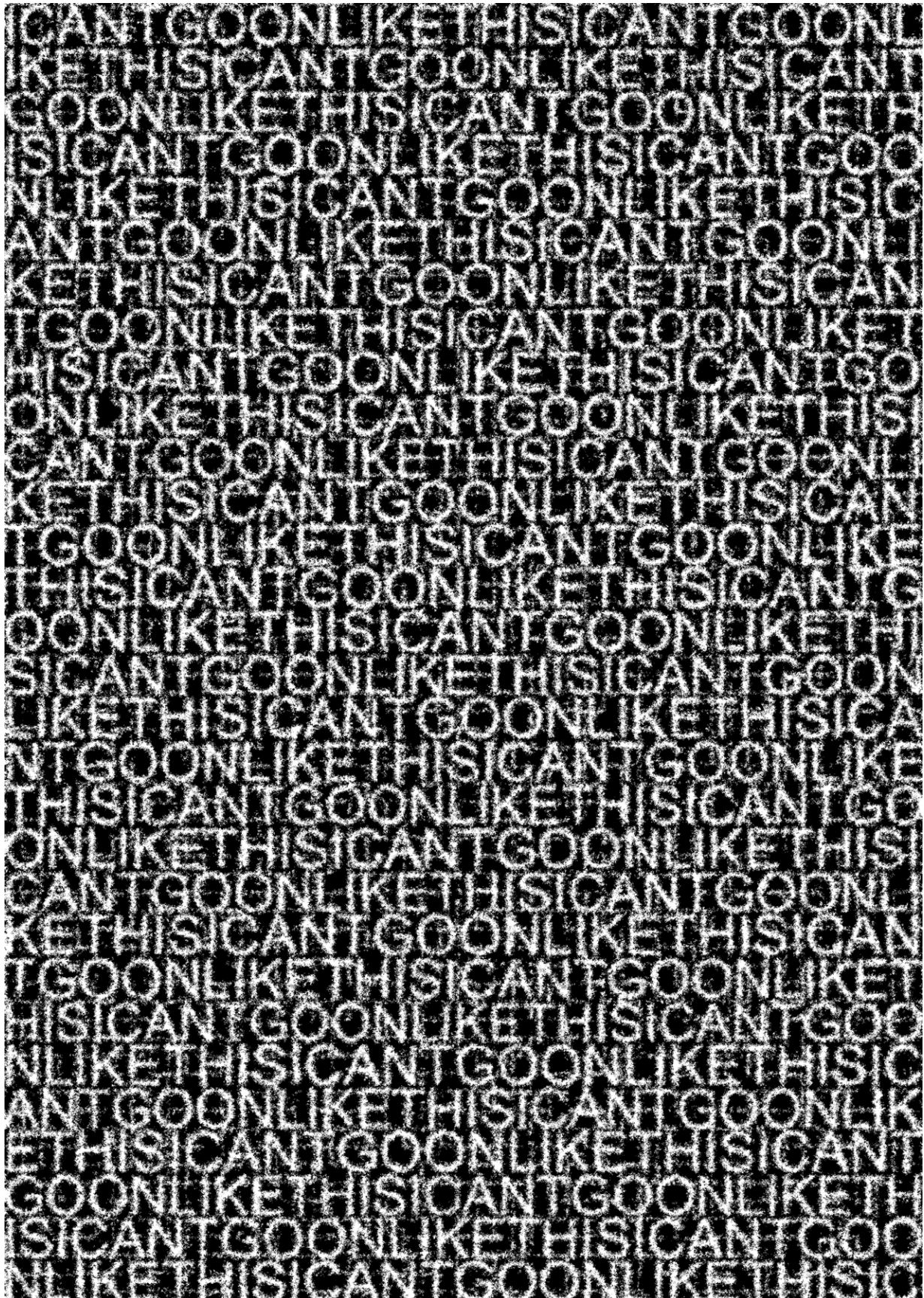
the laurels
of bedrock

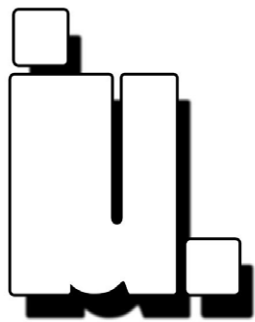
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alone at the door holding open the rain

-- two poems from my second full-length collection, *light packing* (2020)

I can't go on like this

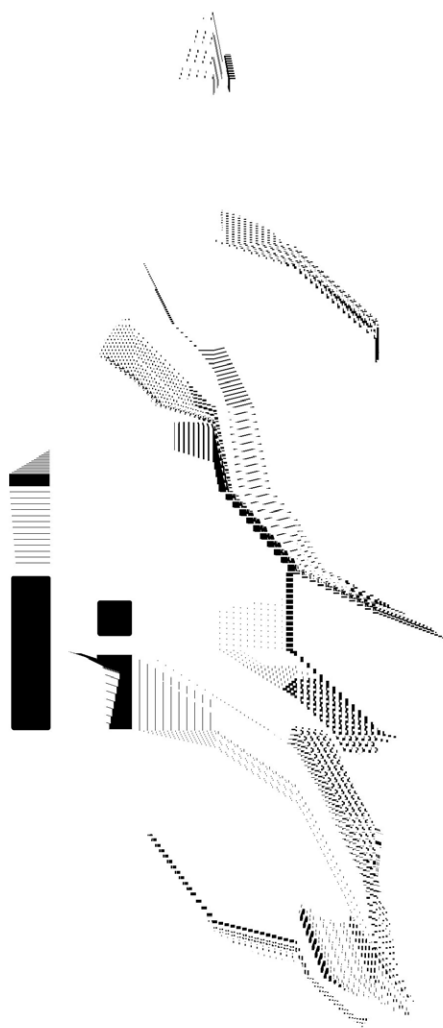




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until nothing basically happens

until nothing basically happens



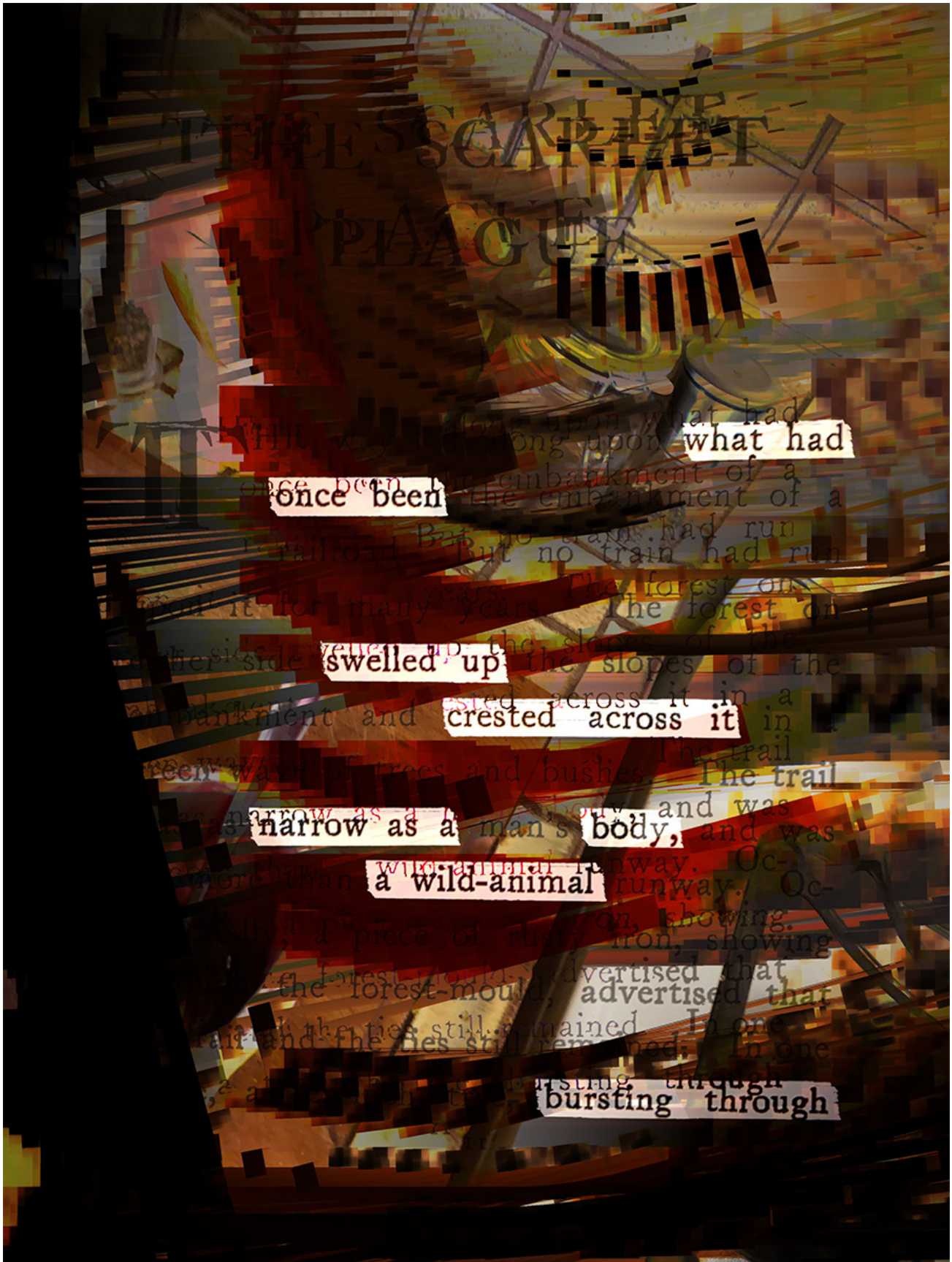
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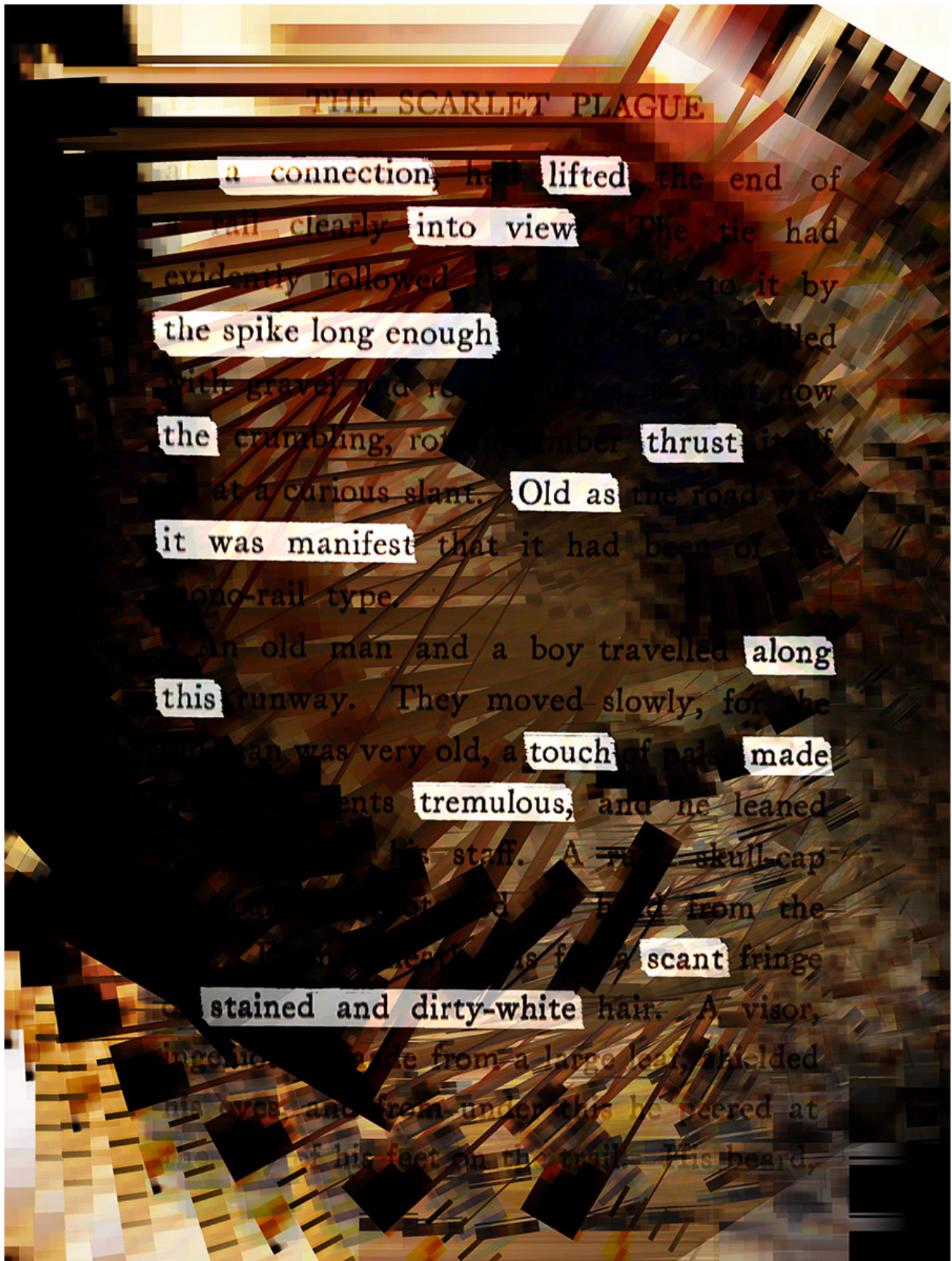
SCARLET is a digital visual/poetic meditation on the fractured state of psyche induced by extended social isolation under COVID-19 lockdown.

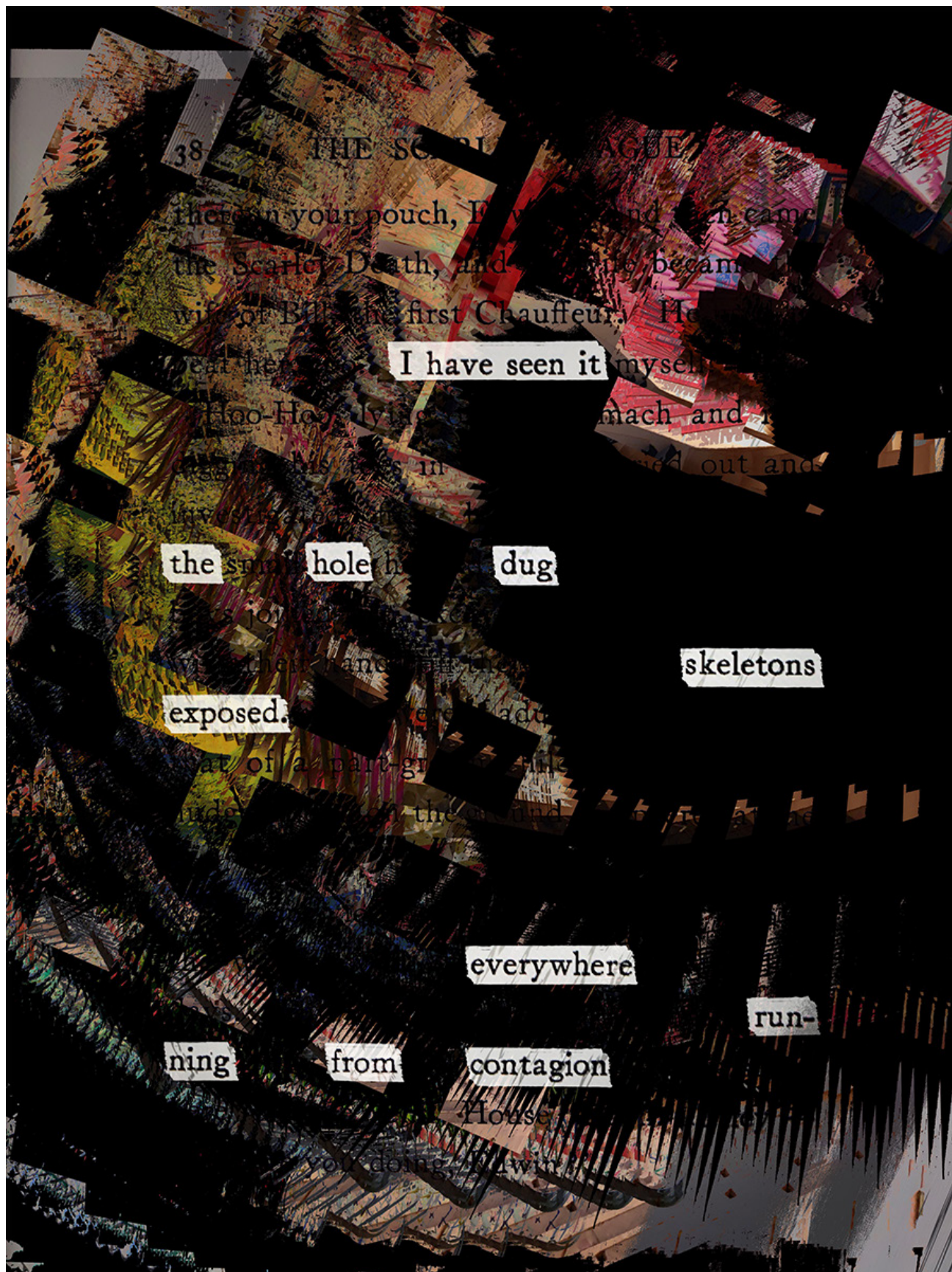
The digital/visual poems are created through erasure of the novel *The Scarlet Plague* collaged with glitched imagery from everyday life in lockdown. The titles of poems in the series are then derived from objects contained in each glitched still life.

Glitching is a technique that introduces errors into the code of a digital file or stream that distorts its presentation. The error-induced fracturing of images in SCARLET is intended to defamiliarize everyday objects and surroundings to reflect the state of a pandemic self in forced confinement.

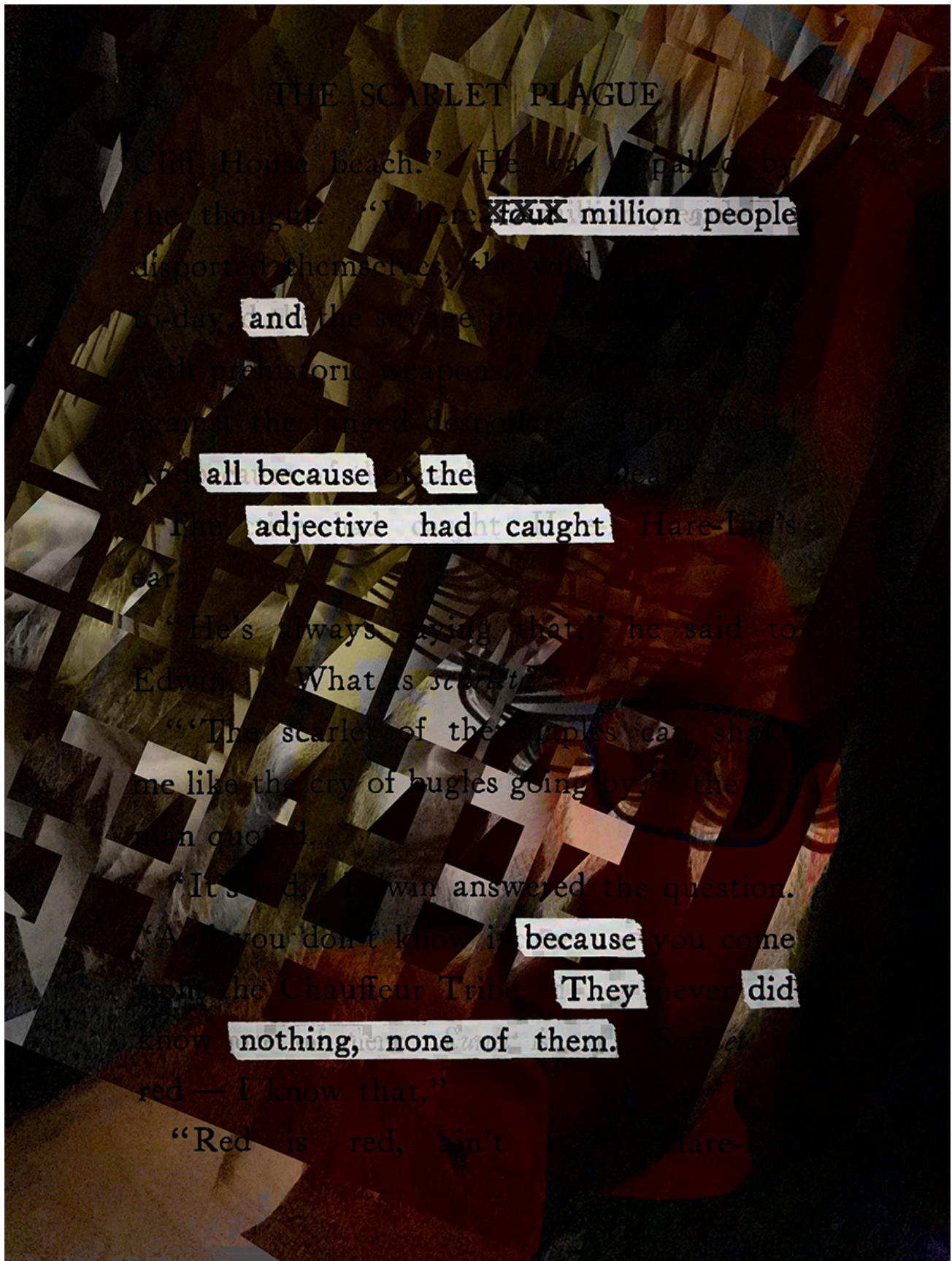
The Scarlet Plague is a post-apocalyptic novel by Jack London, published in 1912, set in California during the year 2073, after the world's population is decimated by an uncontrollable pandemic.

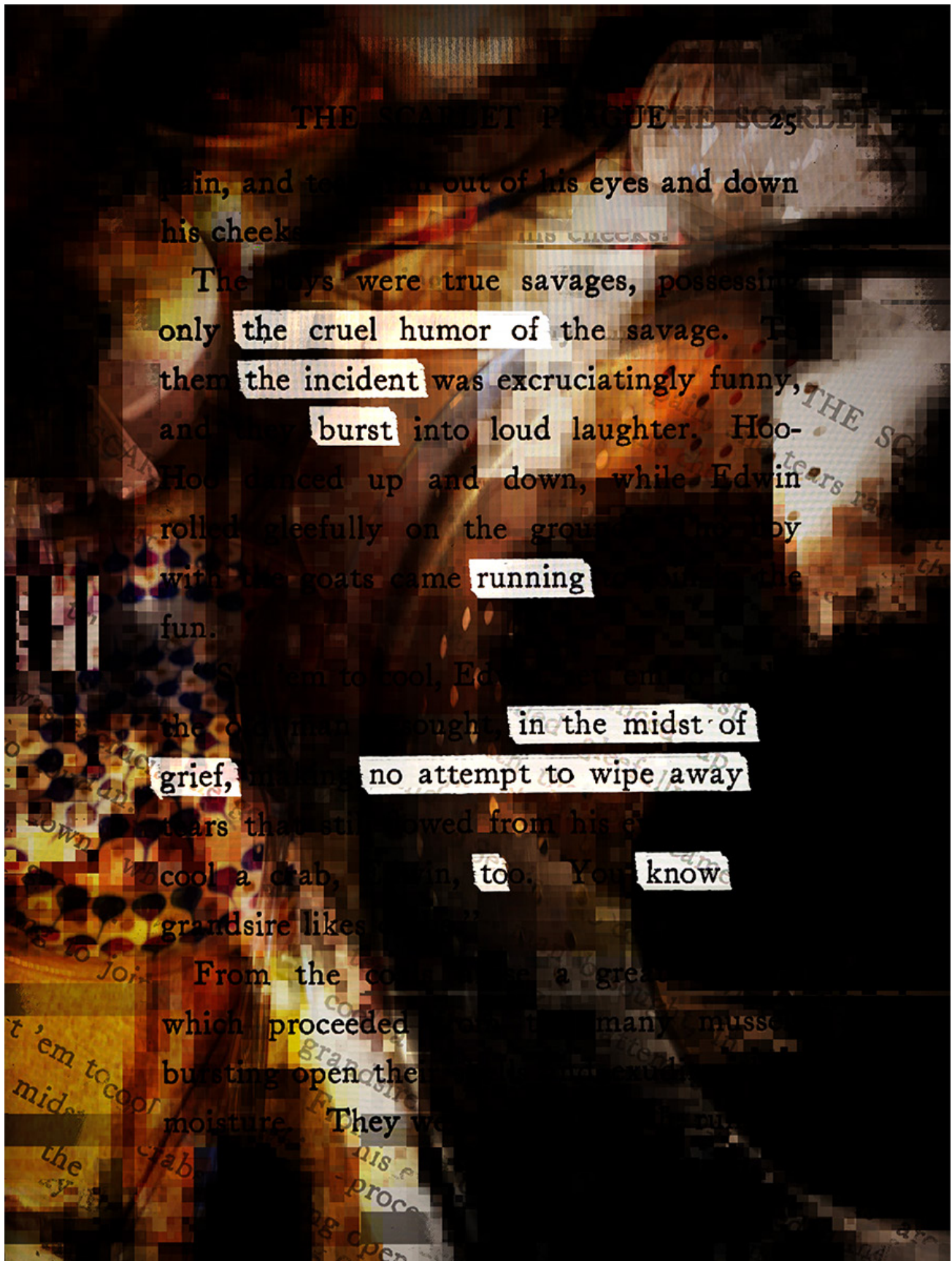












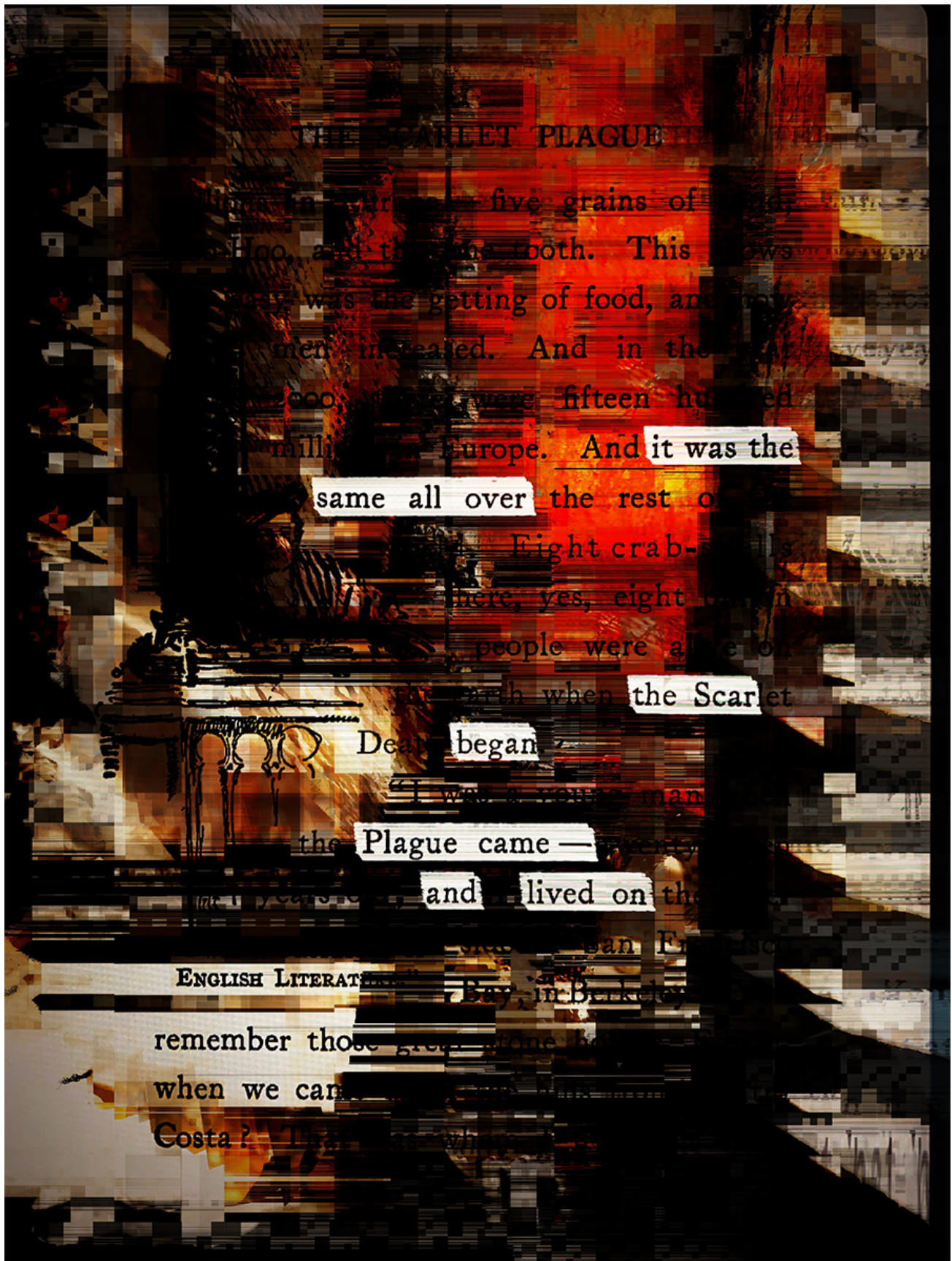
26

THE SCARLET PLAQUE

from three to six inches in length. The boys raked them out with sticks and placed them on a large piece of driftwood to cook.

"When I was a boy, we did not laugh at our elders; we respected them."

The boys took no notice, and Granser continued to babble an incoherent flow of complaint and censure. But this time he was more careful, and did not burn his mouth. All began to eat, using nothing but their hands and making loud mouth-noises and lip-smacking. The third boy, who was called Hare-Lip, slyly deposited a pinch of sand on a mussel the ancient was carrying to his mouth; and when the grit of it bit into the old fellow's mucous membrane and gums, the laughter was again uproarious. He was unaware that a joke had been played on him, and spluttered and spat until Eli, relenting, took him



“What was them stone houwas them stone houses for?”
 Hare-Lip queried.

THE SCARLET PLAGUE⁵¹

“You remember when your dmember when your dad taught
 Hare-Lip qstonelhouses. I was a professor of English
 “You reliterature.”when your dmember when your dad taught
 ou to swim Much of this was over the heads of the. “Well
 “You re boys, but they stroved to comprehend dimlydad taught
 to sw this tale of the past.den?” The boy nodded. “Well
 the name “What was them stone houses for?” — that
 Hare-Lip queried. dden?” The boy nodded. “Well
 “You remember when your dad taught — that
 you to swim?” The boy nodded. “Well,
 in the University of California — that is — that
 the name we had for the houses — we
 taught young men and women how to think,
 just as I have taught you now, by sand
 and pebbles and shells, to know how many
 people lived in those days. There was
 very much to teach. The young men and
 women we taught were called students.
 We had large rooms in which we taught.
 I talked to them, forty or fifty at a time,
 just as I am talking to you now. I told
 just as I have taught you nowave taught you now, by sand
 nd pebbles and shells, to know s. and shells, to know how many
 eople lived in those days. 'd in those days. There wa

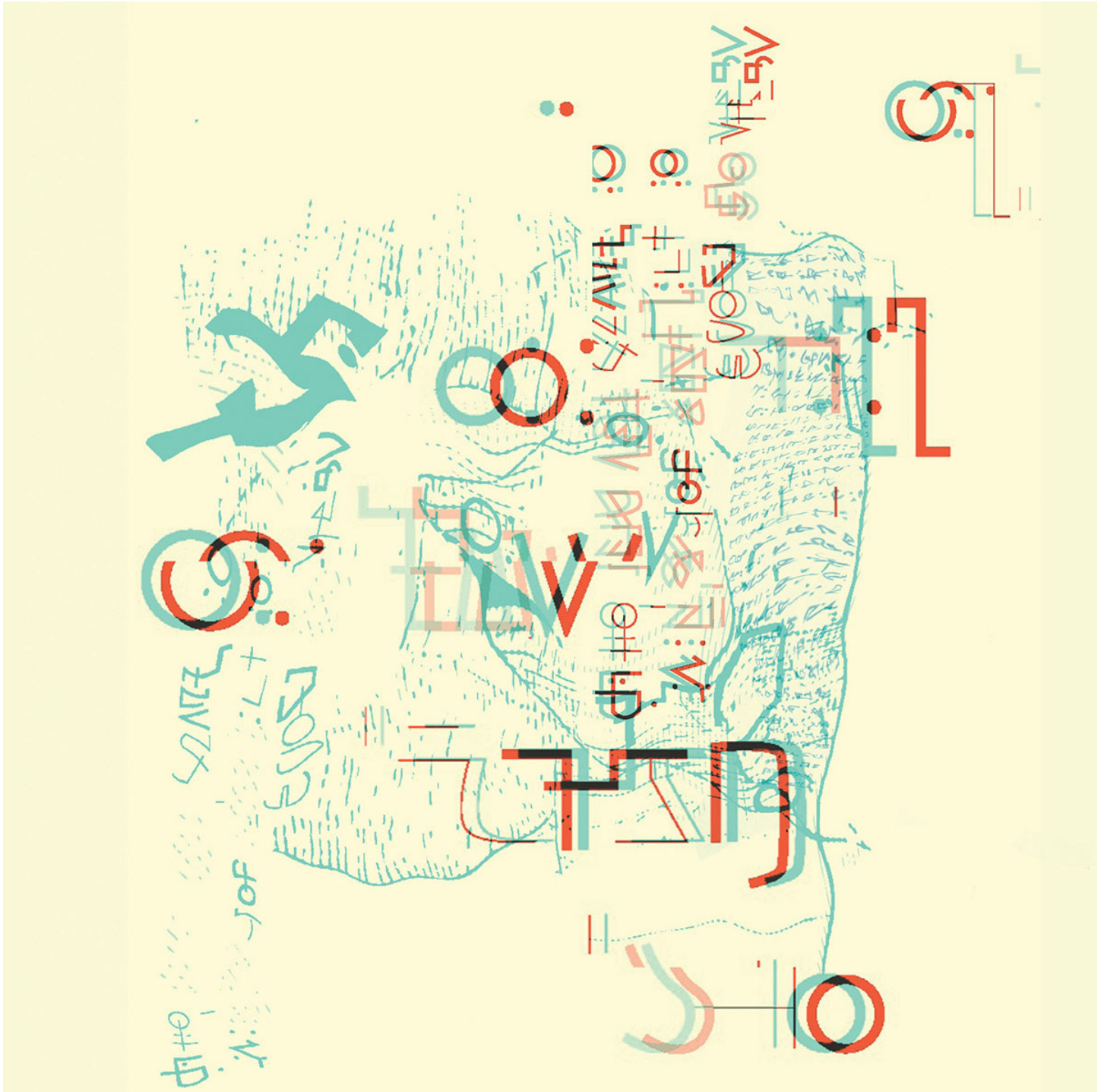


THE SCARLET PLAGUE

them about the book. They had written before their time, and even, sometimes, in their time.

"Was that all you did?— just talk, talk, talk?" he demanded. "Who hunted your meat for you? and milked the goats? and caught the fish?"

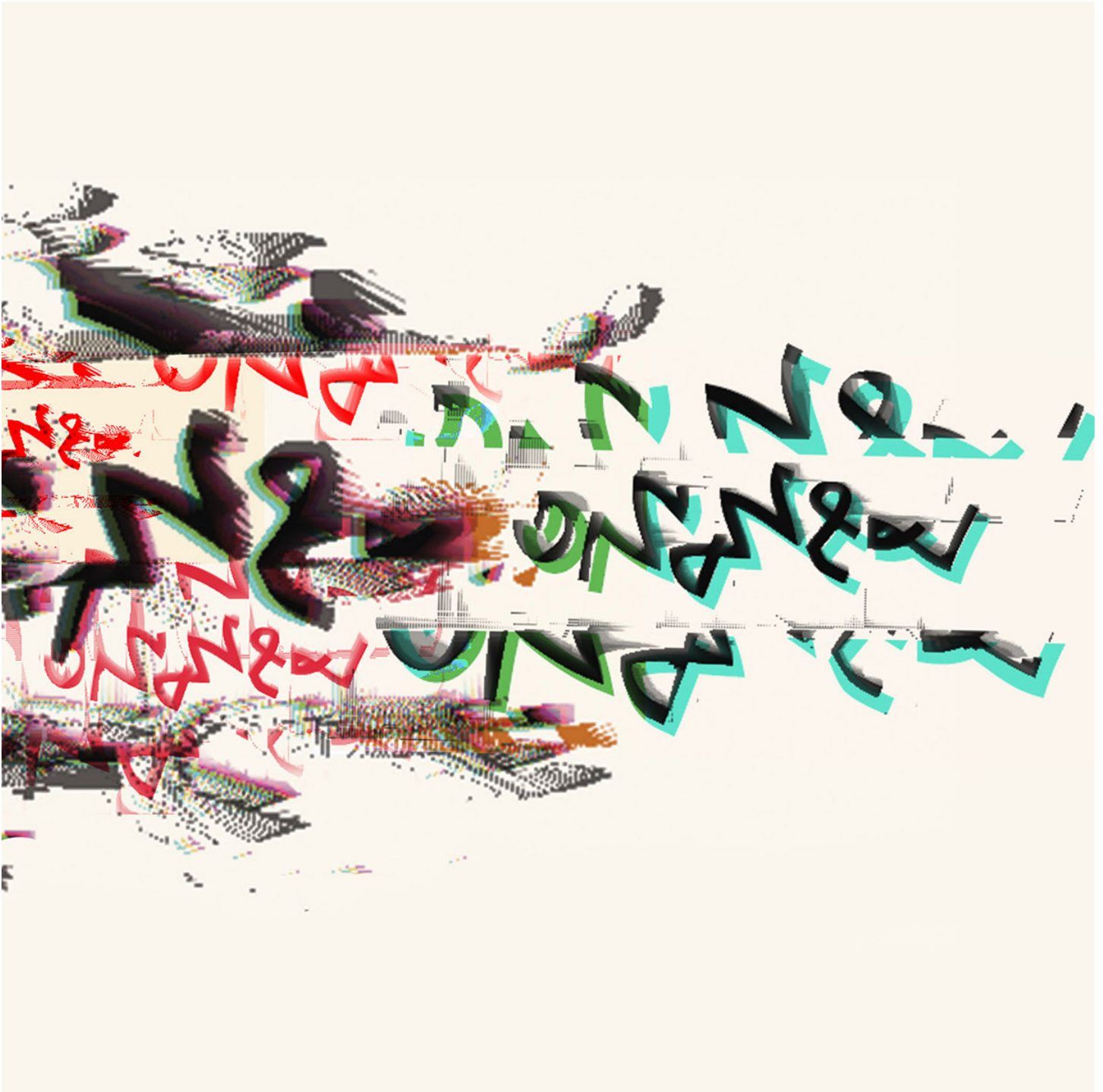
A sensible question, Hoo-Hoo, a sensible question. As I have told you, in those days food-getting was easy. We were very wise. A few men got the food for many men. The other men did other things. As you say, I talked. I talked all the time, and for this food was given me—much food, fine food, beautiful food, food that I have not tasted in sixty years and shall never taste again. I sometimes think the most wonderful achievement of our tremendous civilization was food—its inconceivable abundance, its infinite variety, its





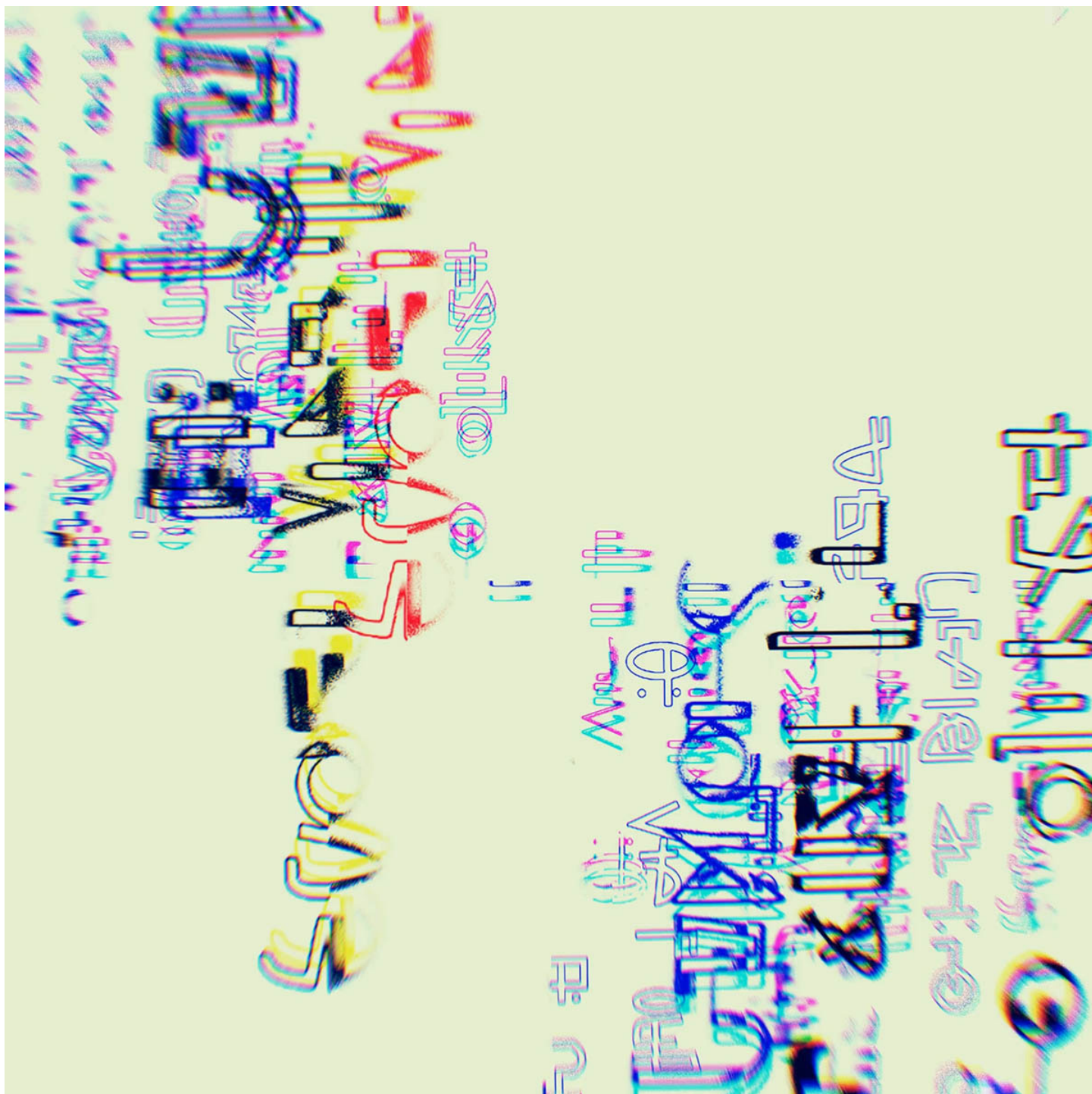


















Materials: Found objects, repurposed dress fabric, and beads. Scots words.
experiment-o issue 14



Materials: Doll parts, repurposed jewellery, driftwood, found wire, wooden skewers. Text from Carl Rogers 'On Becoming A Person' experiment-o issue 14



Materials: Re-purposed clothing fabric, leaf litter, doll shoes, burnt matches, wishing cloot, artist's first communion medal, paper stitches, stone. Text includes found prayer card, Catechism 1933, and scrolls of Catechism 2006.



Materials: Re-purposed wooden caddy, paper, doll parts, lichen, beach glass
experiment-o issue 14



Materials: Antique dolls head, text by label maker
experiment-o issue 14



Materials: Car suspension spring fragments found on roadside, ribbon, repurposed beads, and clothing fabric, fallen pine needles, repurposed shelf.

Perfection Is A Lemon On An Apple Tree



Materials: Re-purposed clothing fabric and beads, doll parts, beach stones, apple seeds, lemon seeds and peel, leaf litter, wishing cloot.
experiment-o issue 14



Materials: Repurposed wooden caddy and jewellery, paper, leaf litter, burnt matches, handmade poppet from repurposed cloth, lichen.
experiment-o issue 14

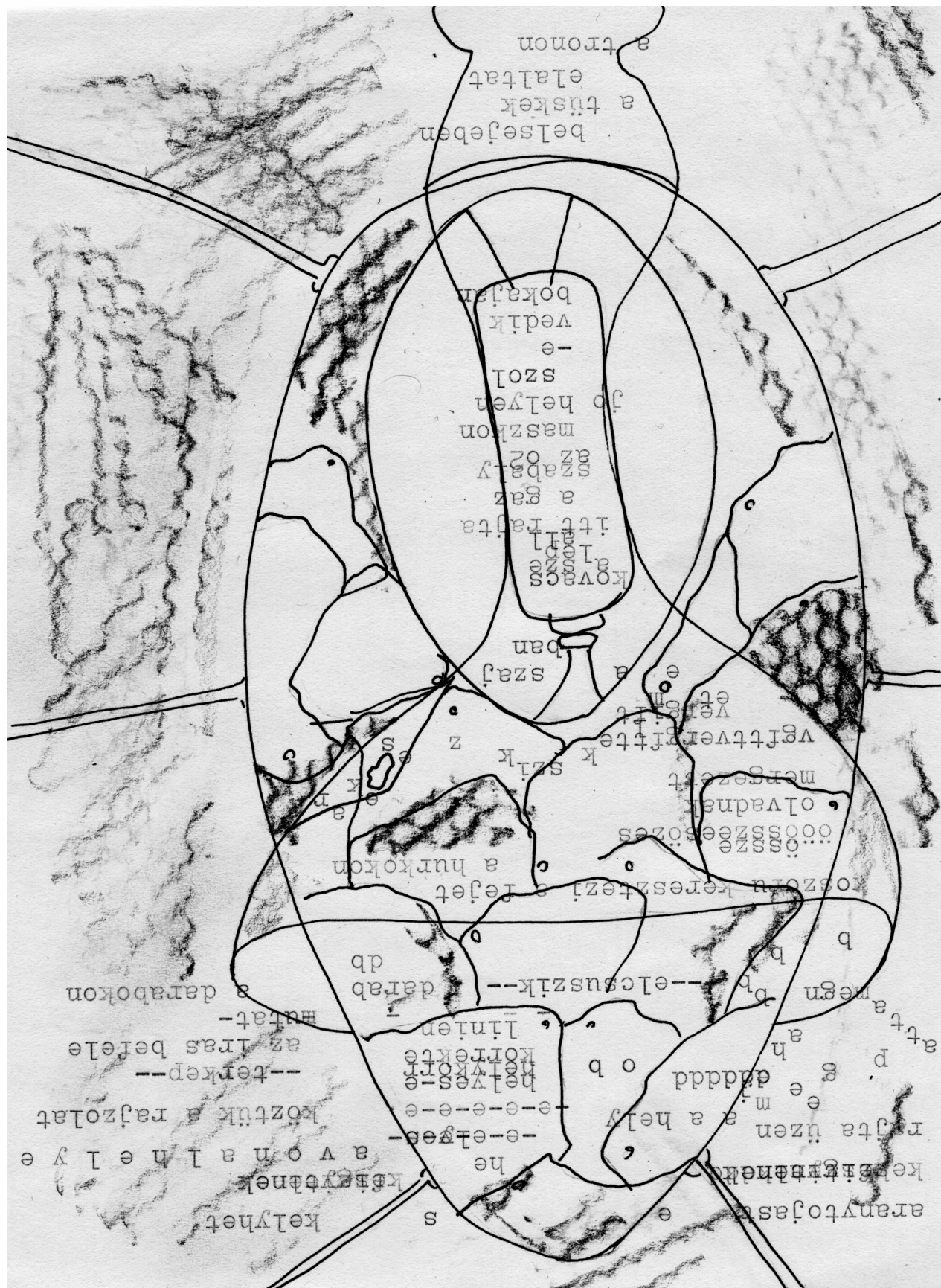
Wear The Golden Dress, Not As Armour, But As Rain (Front View)

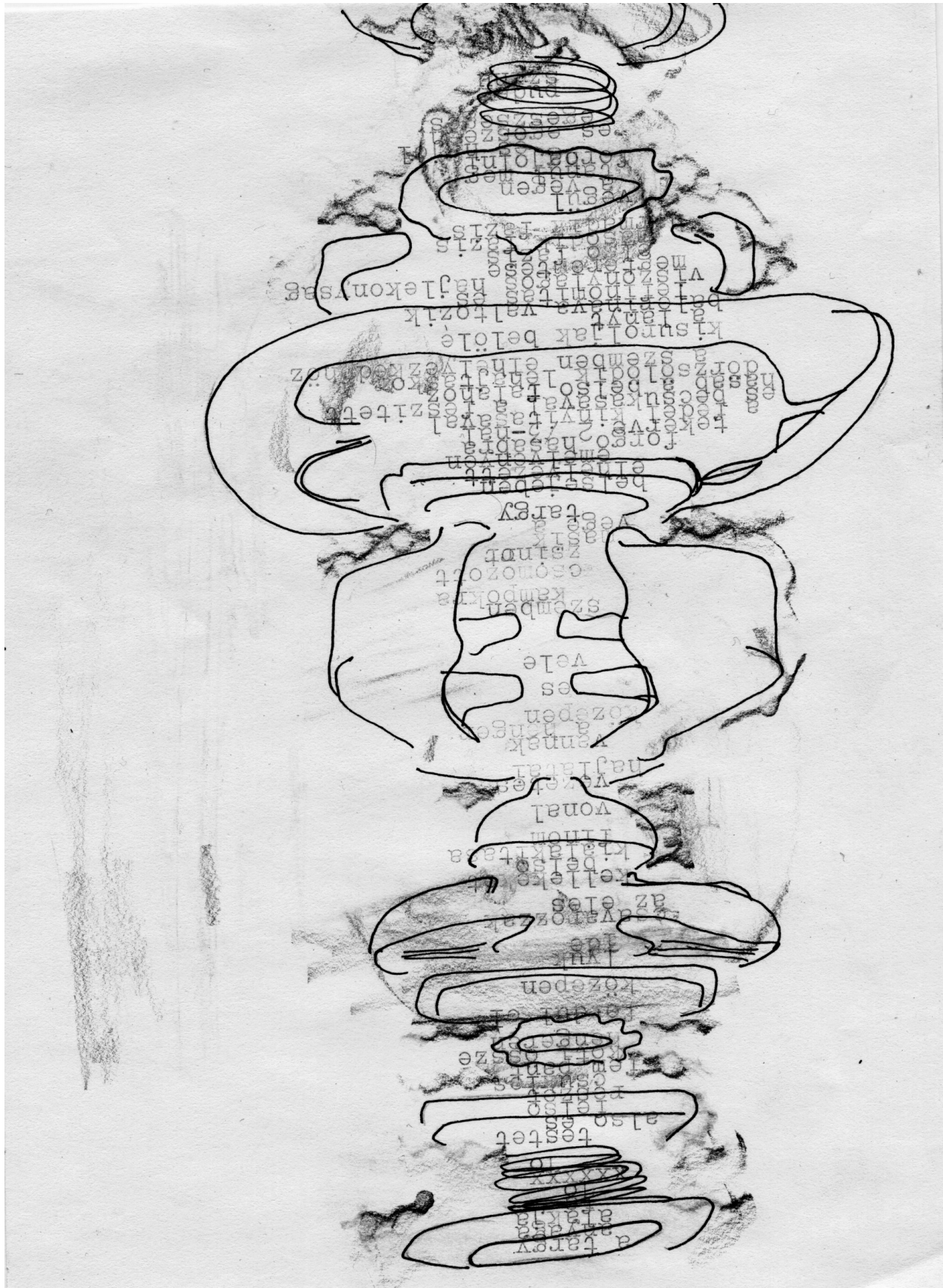


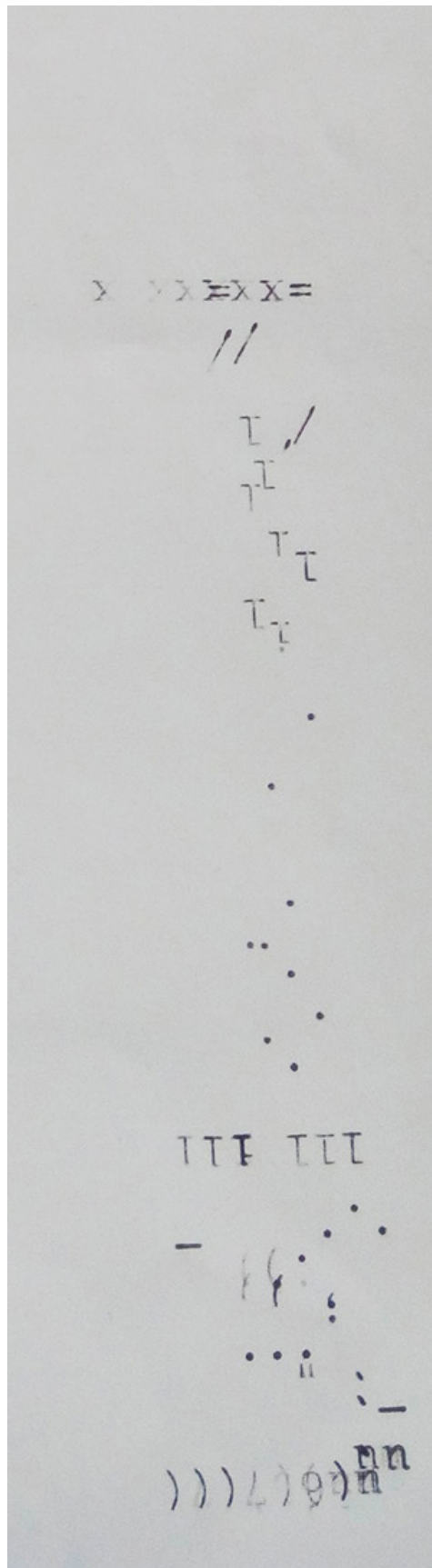
Wear The Golden Dress, Not As Armour, But As Rain (Back View)

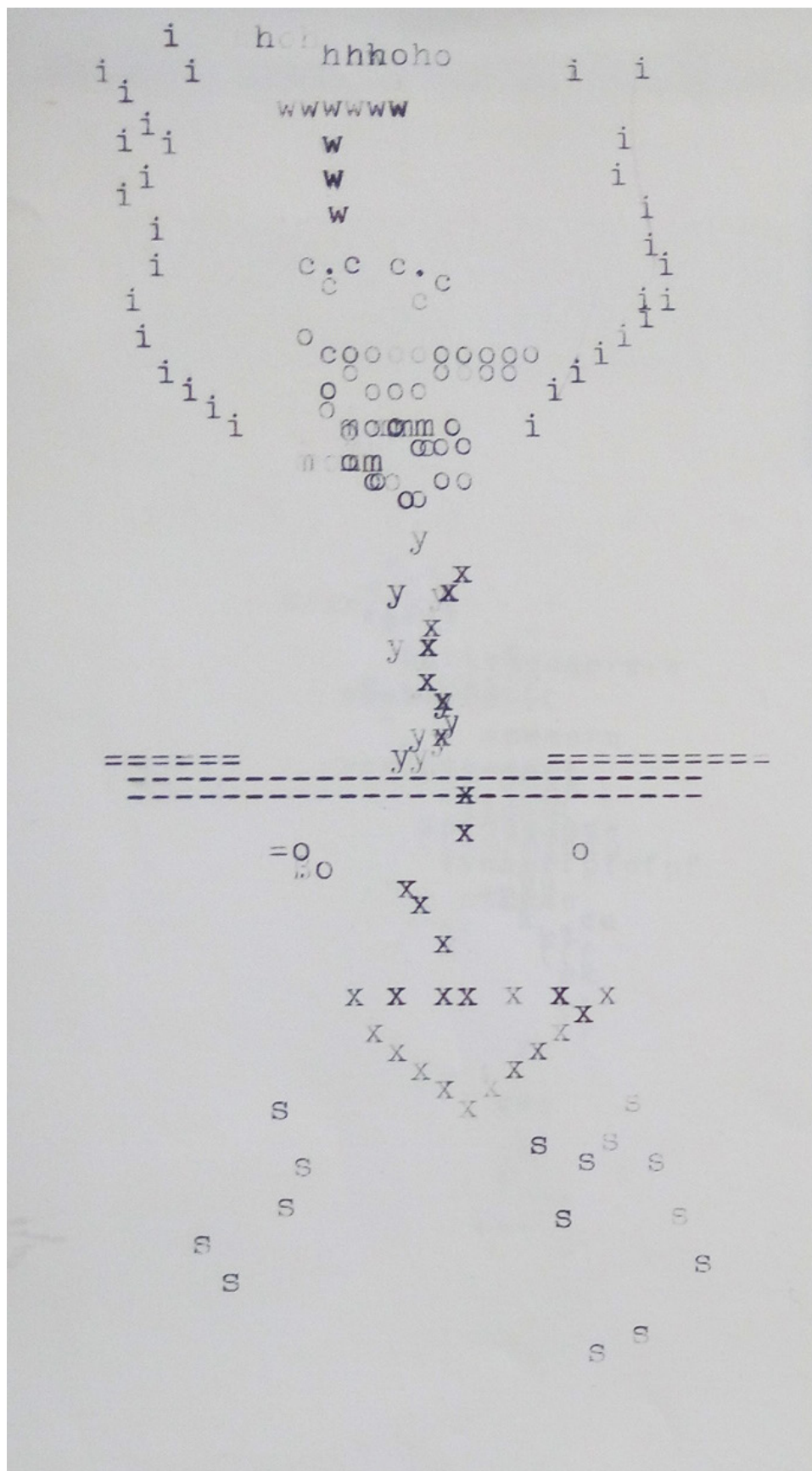


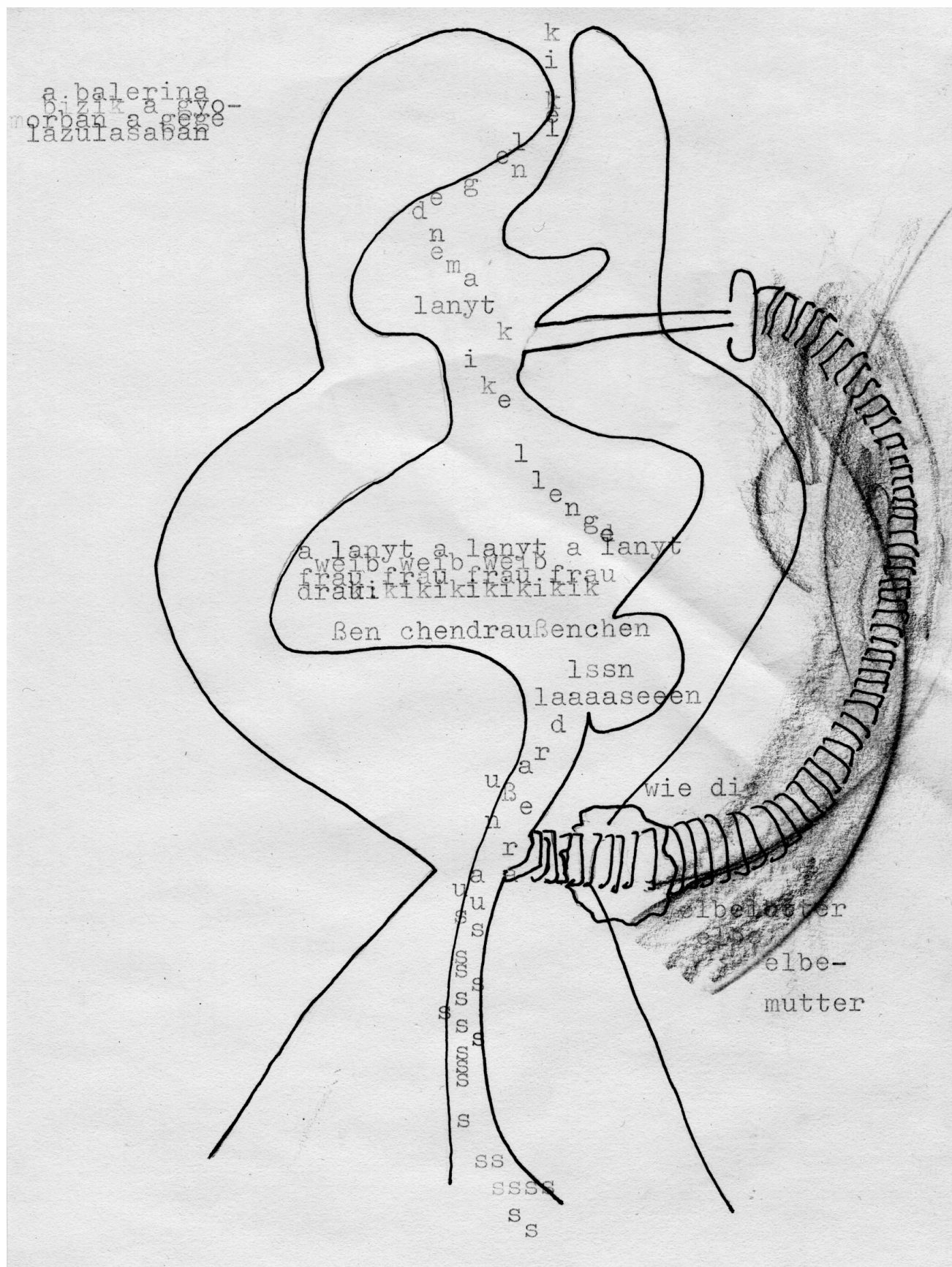
Materials: Reused fabric, leaf litter, thread, ribbon, paper stitches, stone.
experiment-o issue 14













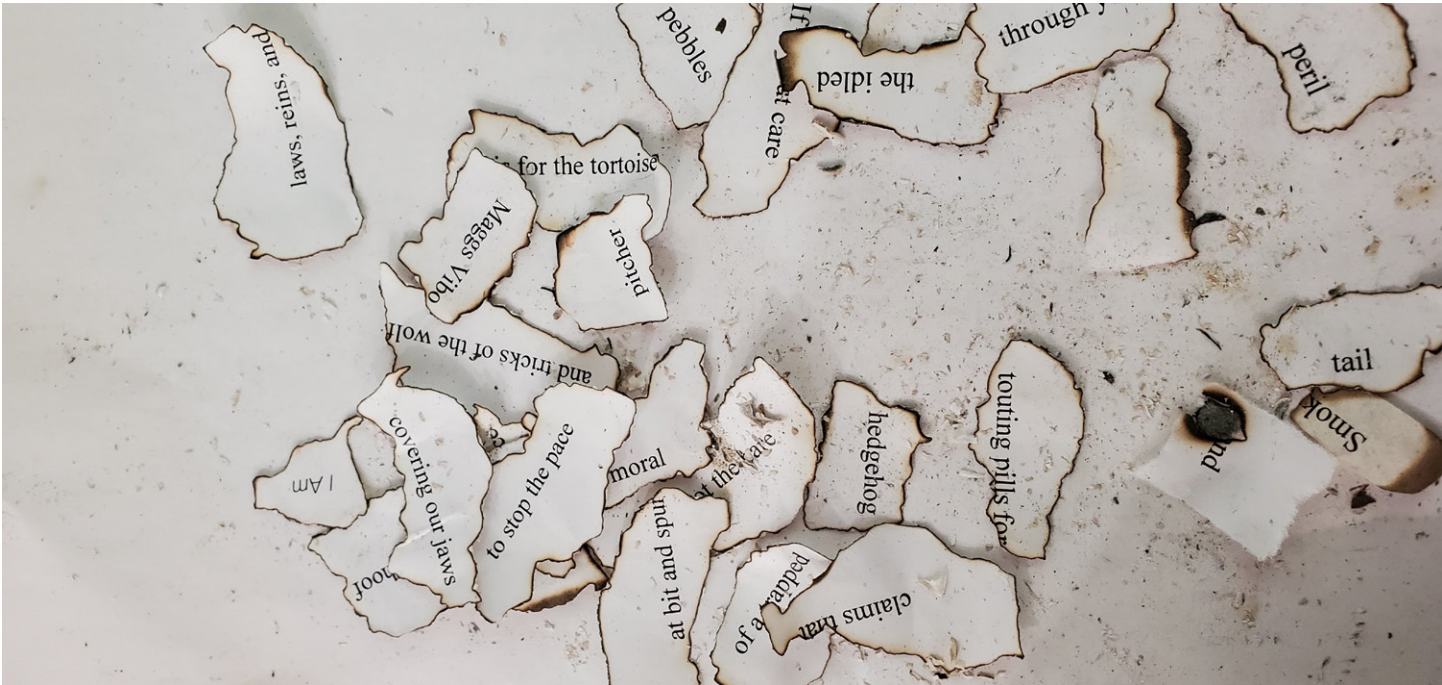


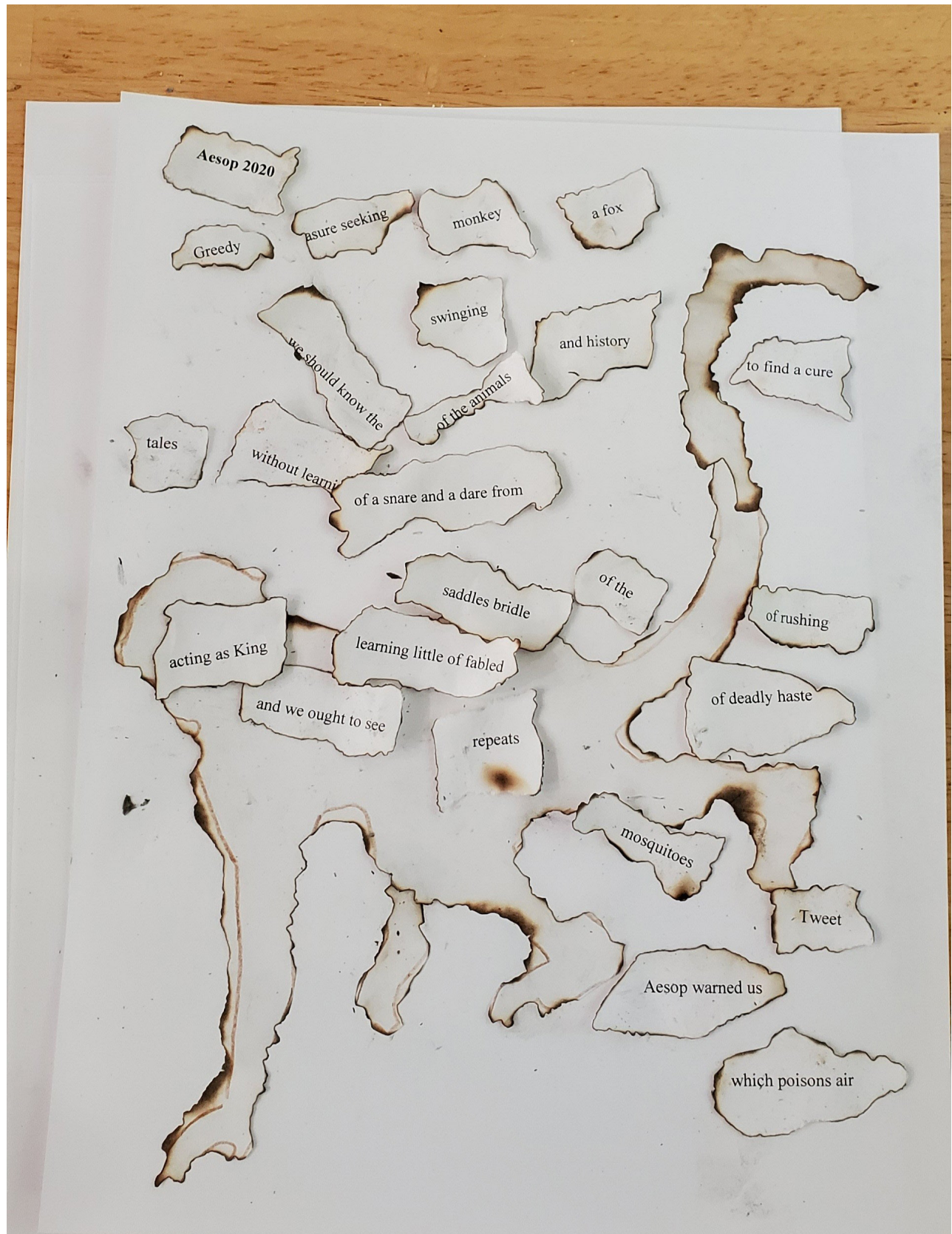




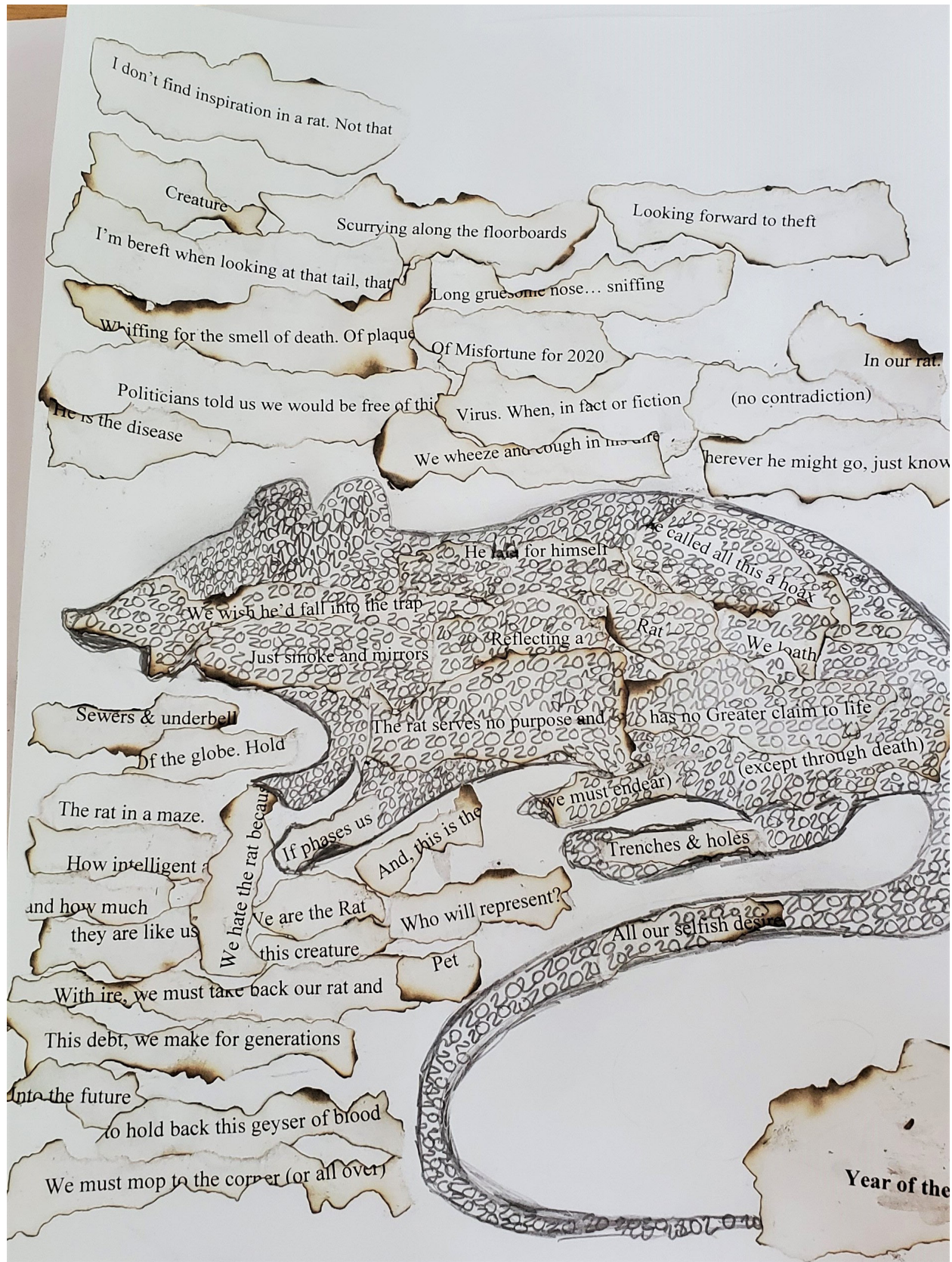






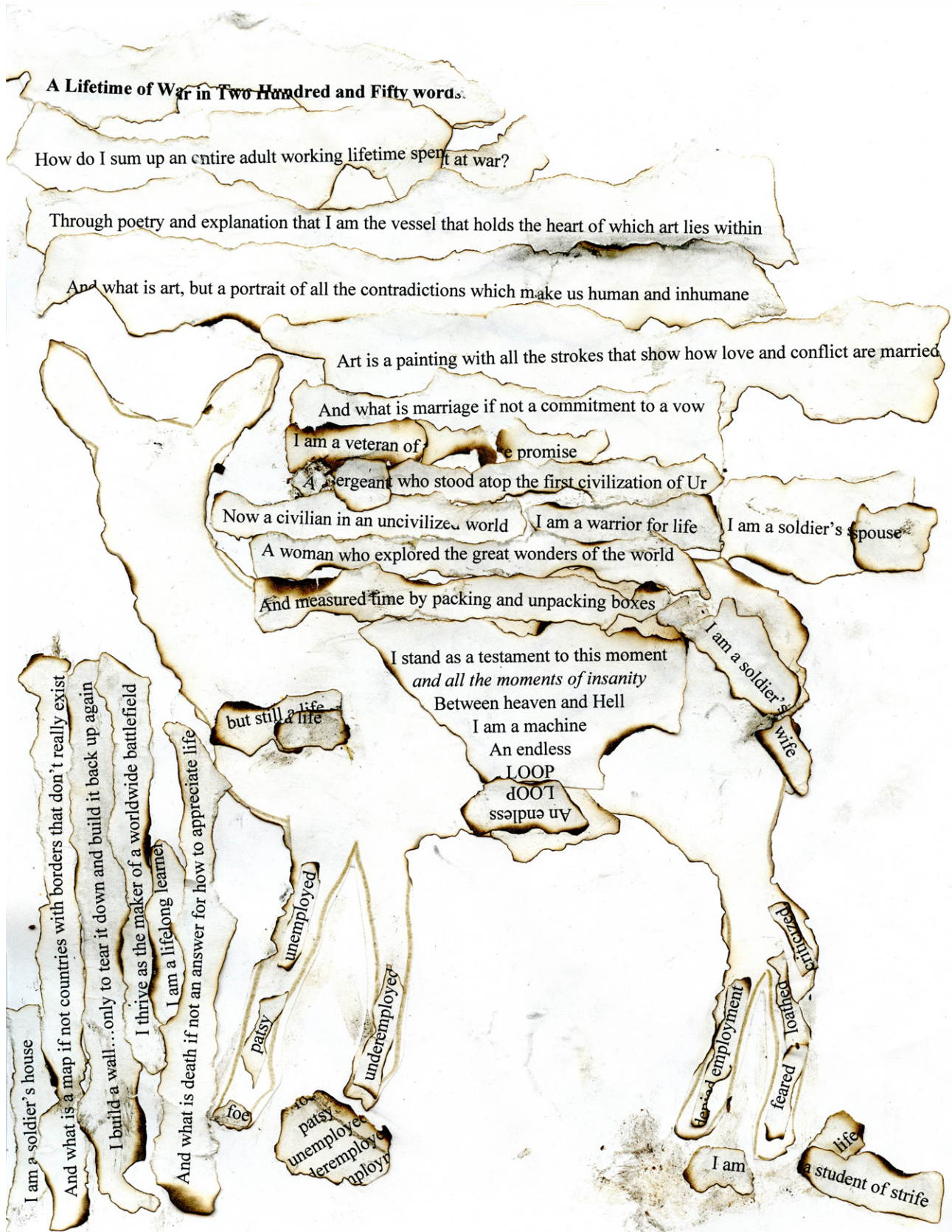


"Aesop Undone" is the beginning stages of the finished poem "Aesop 2020" published online at The Babel Tower Notice Board, 2020.
experiment-o issue 14

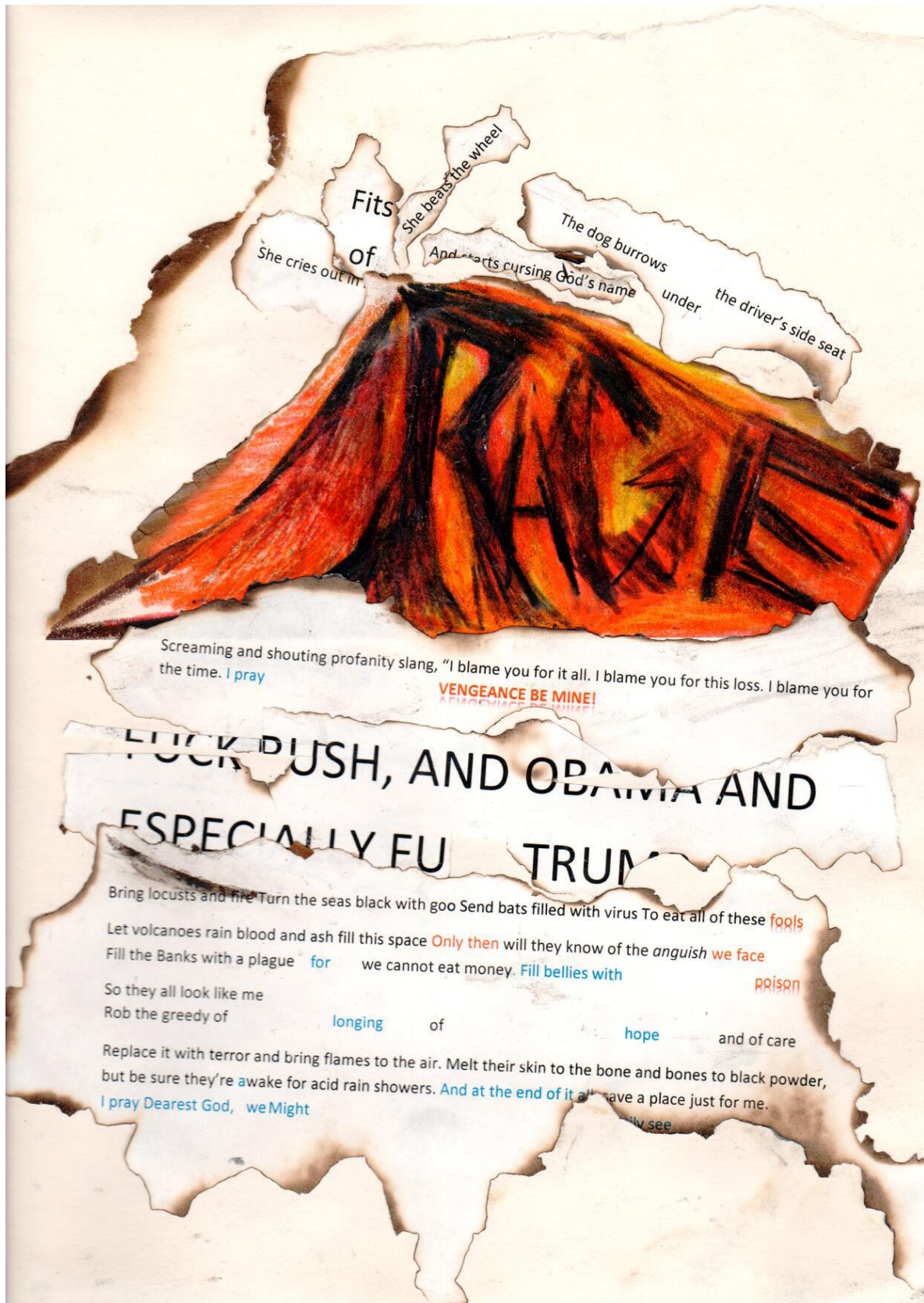




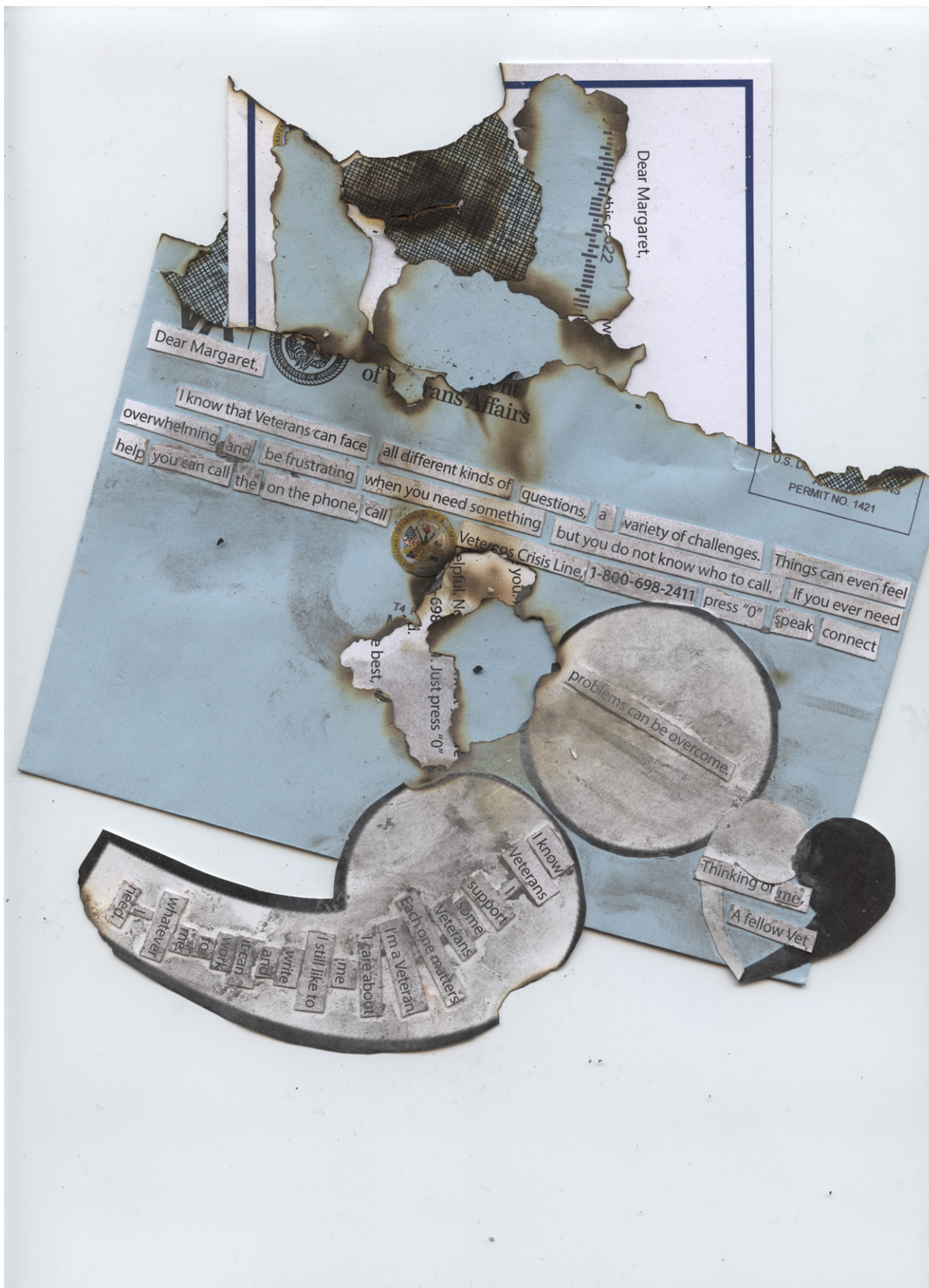
"YOTO" is the beginning stages of the finished poem "The Year of the Ox" available at Fevers of the Mind, 2020.



"A Partial Life" is the beginning stages of "A Lifetime of War in 250 Words" originally part of the Poetry and Spoken Word Night, Curated by Tim Marriott, Shell Shock Media for Army @the Arts during the 2020 Fringe Festival.



"Rage" originally published online in 'My teeth don't chew on shrapnel': an anthology of poetry by military veterans (Oxford Brookes Poetry Centre, Oxford Brookes University, 2020).



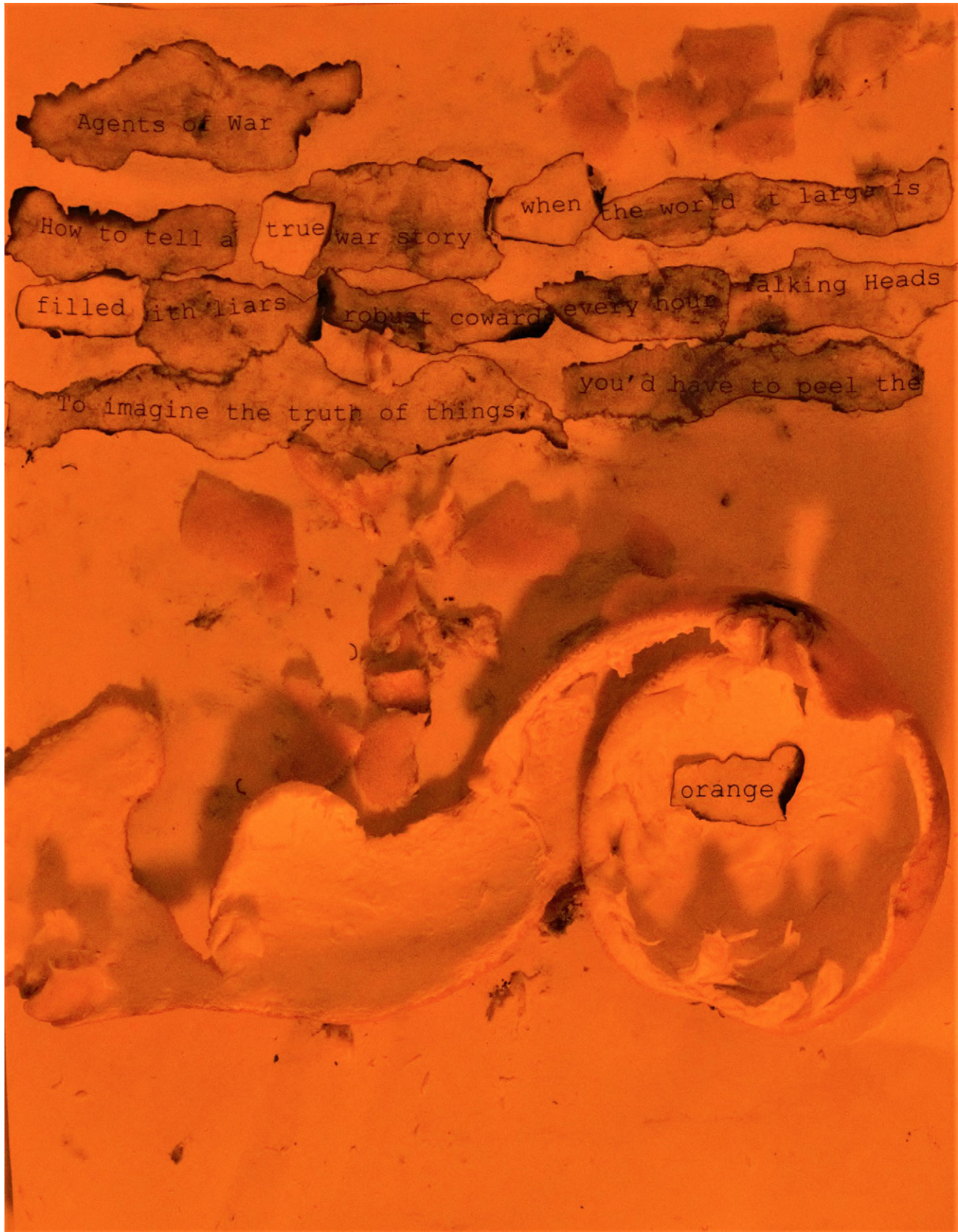
"A Love Letter to Me" originally published at IceFloe Press for their Pandemic Dispatches Series, 2021.



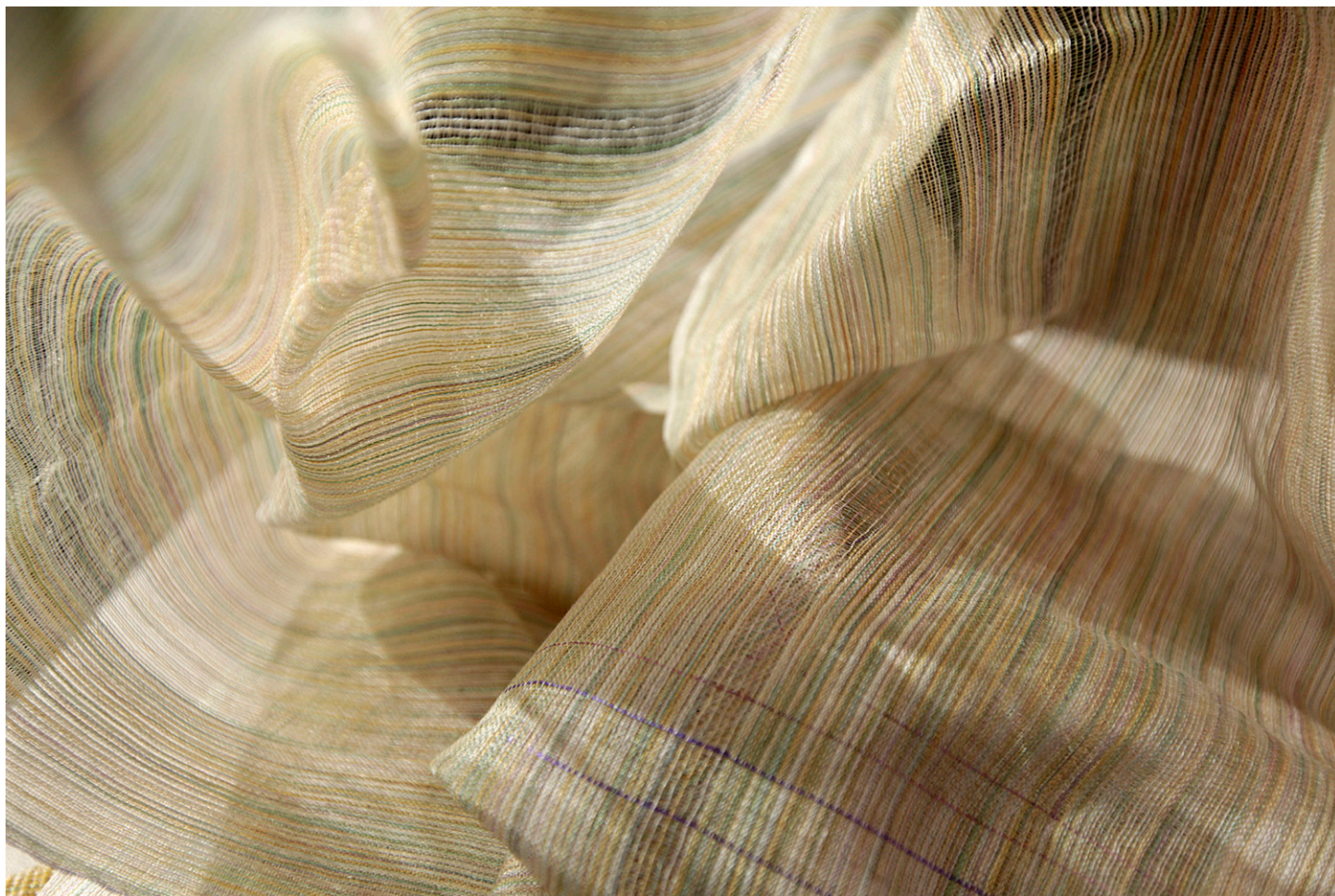
"Scapegoating in the Silver Age" originally printed the mouth of a lion: visual poetry from the end of the world an anthology by Steel Incisors, 2021.



"The Dance For No More War" unpublished, but performed for various Open Mic Nights.



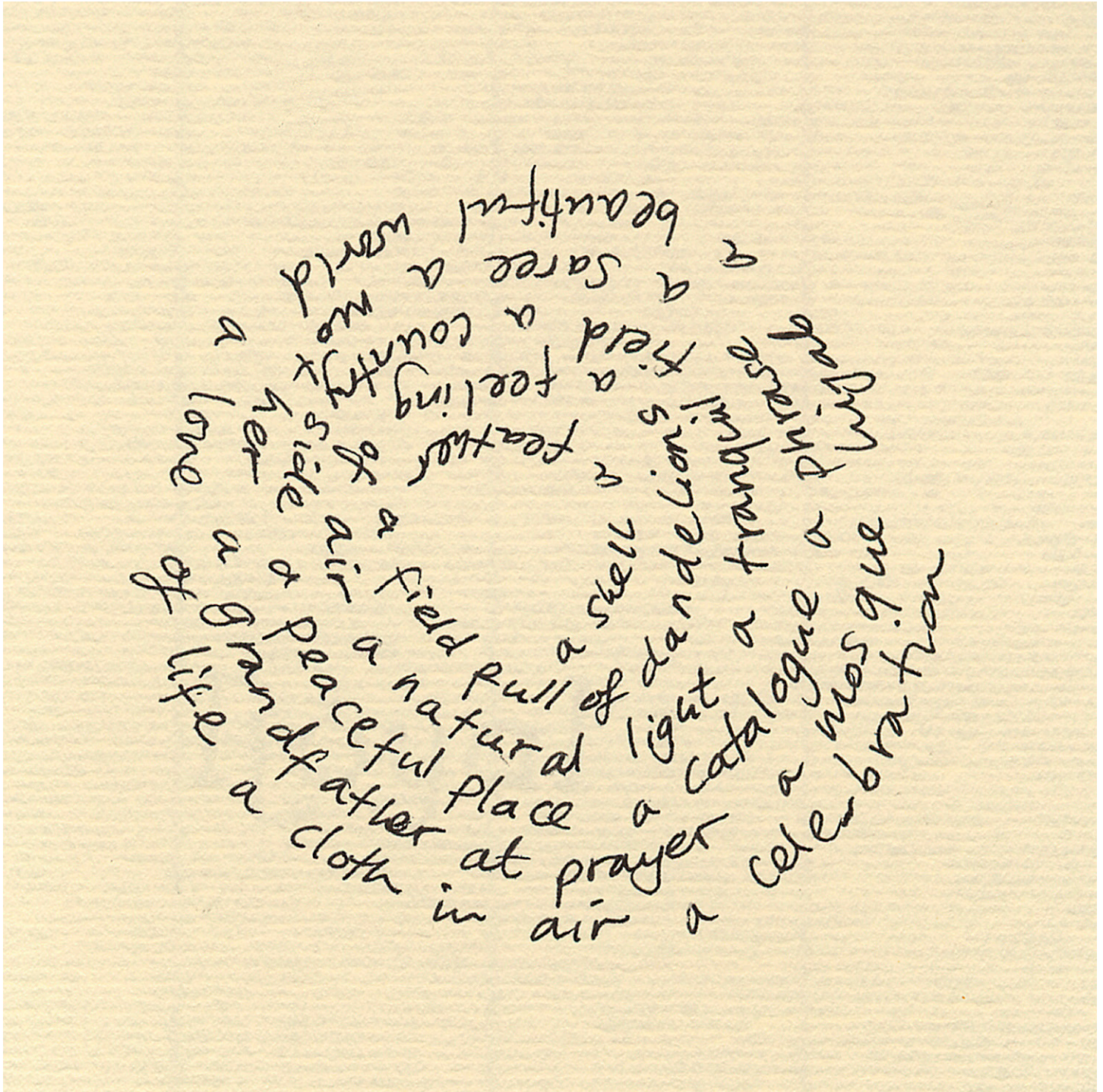




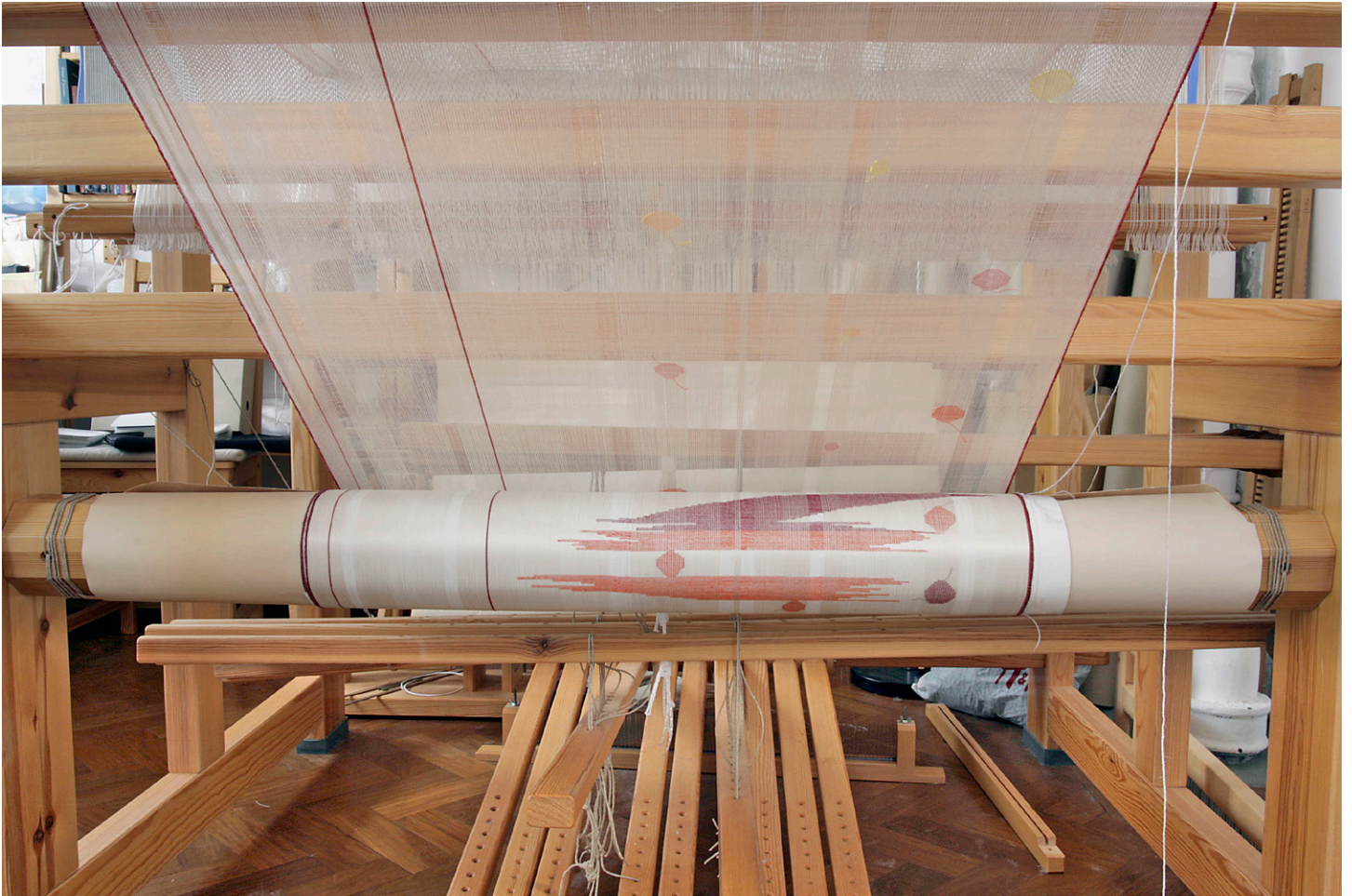
















Contributors

Sascha Akhtar is an ACE-supported artist. Engaged in contemplative practice for over 15 years, she holds space for transformation & development via a syncretic & intersectional synthesis of modalities in her teaching & mentoring at universities & centres for writing. Sascha has authored six poetry collections and a work of fiction *Of Necessity And Wanting* — a short story collection available from The 87 Press. She is a Poetry School tutor and was judge for the Streetcake Experimental Prize U.K. 2019/2020. She is an artist fully committed to form, and no two pieces or books of her are ever the same form. Thus lies her devotion to form.

In the words of Dr. Kimberly Campanello (Lecturer Creative Writing University of Leeds & Artist): Sascha Akhtar is a mystic and a poet, for real. Her performances channel the full body (of language) and beyond into a flare, with flair. Her poems chew and spew the necessary wisdoms. *Lean in and listen.*

Inma Bernils: I am an experimental poet. I write. I also do collage, objects, installation, performance, vocal and sound improvisation... My work is in constant search and evolution.

I explore the application of art in processes of trauma and mental illness. I believe in the creative process as a tool for transformation and growth.

Richard Capener's work has been featured in *Sublunary Editions*, *SPAM Zine*, *Streetcake*, *Beir Bua* and *Rewilding: An Eco-poetic Anthology*, among others. His debut pamphlet is out from Broken Sleep Books. KL7 will be released in February 2022 from The Red Ceilings. *The Voice Without* will be released from Beir Bua Press in August 2022.

dis/content is a multidisciplinary art collective that aims to foster critical art-making informed by a spirit of collaboration and play, pleasure, sincerity, risk-taking and inclusivity in all senses, including means of access, culture/ethnicity, class, gender and sexuality. Its members include the following writers and artists:

Joanna Chak is a whimsical collaborative soul in search of meaningful fun. Ex-peripertatic. Loves. BAFA Parsons/The New School.

Joy Chee escaped back to Singapore, after three years working in Tokyo, to pursue her dream of extreme gardening and bread-baking. When she's not preparing for the apocalypse, she's either slinging drinks, scaring herself with the concept of the afterlife, or both at once.

Cat Chong is a poet, PhD candidate, co-founder of the CTC collective, and proud queer crip working at the intersections of disability, gender nonconformity, and lyric intervention. Their debut pamphlet *Plain Air: An Apology in Transit* was published by Broken Sleep Books in July 2021.

Contributors

Drew Davis, the desert rat of the Arizona valley, received his BFA from Otis College of Art and Design in Los Angeles. His work oscillates between Object-Oriented to passionate disinterest in bodies and environments.

Reginald James Kent is doing an M.A. in English at Nanyang Technological University, and is working on a collection of short stories. His work focuses on queer forms and the gay experience. He will soon be a creative writing M.F.A candidate at the University of Washington.

Sarah Supaat is a sometime dabbler and full-time paper-pusher. In her previous life, she studied linguistics, and stage-managed on the side.

Marylyn Tan is a queer, delicious, slutty, large-beasted, linguistics graduate, poet, and artist, who has been performing and disappointing since 2014. Her first volume of poetry, *GAZE BACK* (Singapore Literature Prize 2020, Lambda loser), is the lesbo Singaporean trans-genre witch grimoire you never knew you needed.

natalie hanna (she/her) is a queer, disabled, lawyer of Middle-Eastern descent, working with low income populations and author of 12 chapbooks (including three with above/ground press), most recently *infinite redress* w/Baseline Press, and *machine dreams*, a collaborative chapbook with Liam Burke, with Collusion Books. Between 2016-2018, she was Administrative Director of the Sawdust Reading Series and served on the board of Arc Poetry Magazine. Her poem, *light conversation* received Honourable Mention for Arc's 2019 - Diana Brebner Prize. Her work been published in Canada and the U.S.. hanna is working on her first full length poetry manuscript. She runs battleaxe press (small press poetry), and lives in Nepean, Ontario, on unceded Algonquin Anishinaabe land.

Elmedin Kadric is a minimalist haiku poet writing out of Helsingborg, Sweden. His first full-length collection, *buying time* (2017), was awarded second place at the Haiku Society of America Merit Book Awards for excellence in haiku poetry.

He has had work appear in many prestigious journals and anthologies, including *Noon: journal of the short poem*, *Modern Haiku*, *Acorn*, *Heron's Nest*, *is/let*, and multiple volumes of *the Red Moon Anthology*, which assembles each year the finest haiku and related forms published around the world.

Francesco Levato is a poet, a literary translator, and a new media artist. Recent books include *Arsenal/Sin Documentos*; *Endless, Beautiful, Exact*; *Elegy for Dead Languages*; *War Rug*; *Creaturing* (as translator); and the chapbooks *A Continuum of Force* and *jettison/collapse*. He has collaborated and performed with various composers, including Philip Glass, and his cinépoetry has been exhibited in galleries and featured at film festivals in Berlin, Chicago, New York, and elsewhere. He holds an MFA in Poetry, a PhD in English Studies, and is currently an Associate Professor of Literature & Writing Studies at California State University San Marcos.

Contributors

Ghazal Mosadeq is a poet and translator based in London. She is the founder of Pamenar Press, an independent cross-cultural, multi-lingual publisher based in the UK, Canada and Iran. Her writings have appeared at Words Without Borders, Poetry Wales, Boiler House Press, Erotoplasty, Hesterglock Press, Plumwood Mountain, Gorse and Oversound. She has published three poetry collections, **Dar Jame Ma** (2010), **Biographies** (2015), and **Supernatural Remedies for Fatal Seasickness** (2018).

Laura Ortiz is a multimedia Canadian artists member of the avant-garde art movement: International Novatrice Internationale -INI founded in 1980 by Gabriel Aldo Bertozzi.

Laura's works have been featured in exhibitions at contemporary art venues around the world, such as *Asemic Writing Exhibition Mappature del Contemporaneo* at Parco Archeologico in Scolaciumin, Italy; *Concreta-Fetapoesia Asemic and Concrete Poetry Exhibition* in Rome; *Asemic Writing off line & in the Gallery* at Minnesota Center for book art in USA; *Muestra Latinoamericana de Poesia Visual Hotel Dada* in the Museum of Contemporary Art of Junin, Argentina; *Asemic Tech Exhibit* in Barcelona, Spain; and *L'Aquila concrete and asemic exhibition* in Italy; *Arte in Dimora – Discovery of Urban Sites*, Italy.

Also, she has been published in many of the major, influential visual poetry journals such as *Berenice*, *Utsanga*, *Angry Old Man Magazine*, *Frequenze Poetiche*, *Dialogue*, *NationalPoetryMonth.ca*, *Experiment-O*, *Brave New Word Magazine*, *Hotel Dada Magazine*, *Aura Poesia Visual*, and *Women Asemic Artists & Visual Poets // WAAVe Global* as well as blogs including Michael Jacobson's *Asemic: The Post New Literate*, Marco Giovanele's *Differx_it*, and De Villo Sloan's *Asemic Front*.

Her book *Unwritings- A Journey into Visual Poetry* was published in August, 2021 by Post-Asemic Press, USA.

V. Rivers lives in Dundee, Scotland, and makes assemblages with reused, and found materials. Themes include healing, connection, serendipity, challenging notions of normalcy, and the recontextualisation of discarded objects/materials. She won the Art Angel Harvey Holton writing prize in 2020, and her poetry/art has been published in *NationalPoetryMonth.ca*, *Poetry Scotland*, and poetry collections in collaboration with University of Dundee and Wyvern Poets.

Contributors

Kinga Tóth (1983, Sárvár, Hungary) writes and publishes poems, fiction, and drama pieces in Hungarian, German and English. She is a musician, extensive vocalist, visual and sound-poet, translator, shape artist and has presented her work in performances, exhibitions, and international installations, such as *MANIFESTA 11* Zürich; Palais de Tokyo Paris, *CROWD*; *OFF Biennale*; Wechselstorm Galerie; *Off-Gallery* and *Akademie Schloss Solitude*. She is also a philologist and a teacher and has worked as a journalist and copy editor of art magazines and as a cultural program organizer. Tóth's international publications include the poetry collections *Maislieder*, *PARTY*, *All Machine*, *Village 0-24*, *Wir bauen eine Stadt*, and the visual-art catalogues *Textbilder* and *Flugschrift*. Her novel, *The Moonlight Faces*, won the *Hazai Attila* and the *Best Novel Special Prize* in Hungary. With the English and German manuscripts of the book, she joined the International Writing Program at Iowa, the LCB, GEDOK, and the Bosch program in Germany. Currently she is the city writer of Graz and later in Switzerland. Her work has been published internationally in many magazines and journals including *Solitude Art Yearbook*, *Stuttgart* and *Europoe anthology*, *Heimat anthology*, *Die Welt ist nicht erfunden*, *Huellkurven*, *tapin2*, *Colony*, *POETRY*, *Lyrikline*, *Wretched Stranger anthology*, *Arkansas International*, *Nazis and Goldmund discussion* and *Stadtsprachen*, *Words without Borders*. In addition to her art work she gives lectures and workshops and is a member of many international art- and literature organisations. Currently she is a guest writer and artist in Zug, Switzerland and working on her new multimedia art book. For her multimedia literary work she receives 2020 the Hugo Ball Förderpreis. 2021 she is a guest writer-artist by Lyrikkabinett München and Villa Waldberta in München-Feldafing and her visual poetry works are presented in Center Pompidou, Paris.

Margaret Viboolsittiseri is a multimedia artist from Richmond, Virginia. Her most recent experimental pieces are inside the anthologies *AWW-STRUCK: Poetic and Critical Responses to the Theme of Cuteness* (Poem Atlas, 2021), *the mouth of a lion: apocalyptic visual poetry* (Steel Incisors, 2021), *Fevers of the Mind Press Presents The Poets of 2020* (2021), and *My teeth don't chew on shrapnel*, an anthology of poetry by military veterans (Oxford Brookes, 2020). She tweets @maggsvibo and her website is maggsvibo.com.

Rezia Wahid MBE - Artist/Weaver/Educator

Rezia Wahid's gossamer signature work is like visual poetics which demonstrates breath and combination of ideology, sensual, and visual resources in which she has drawn in the development of her personal aesthetic born chiefly out of the creative interplay of memories, literature, nature, old masters, the art of weaving and concrete experiences of Britain, Islam and Motherhood.

Rezia is an award-winning British artist who for over 20 years has been combining teaching with weaving and delivering workshops in museums, galleries, festivals and schools all over Britain, where participants not only learn the tradition and craft of hand weaving but explore the different cultural contents and materials which are Islamic, Eastern and Western. She was awarded the MBE in the 2005 New Year Honours for her contribution to arts in London.

Experiment-O is an annual PDF magazine established in 2008. its aim is to bring attention to works that do what art is supposed to do and that is to risk.

This issue's dedication is "for those who endure" for all who are trying to cope in a world of social injustice, climate emergency and raging pandemic.

AngelHousePress thanks the contributors & in advance, the readers. Experiment-O will consider interviews, reviews, visual art, visual poetry, concrete poetry, poetry, prose, manifestos, maps, rants, blog entries, translations and other miscellany. please send creative works of merit to amanda@experiment-o.com for consideration for future issues. only contributions that are possible in PDF form will be considered; text-based submissions should be sent as doc, docx or rtf files and image based submissions should be sent as pngs/jpgs with a resolution of 1200 pixels on the longest side. responses will likely only occur if the work is accepted for publication. previously published work is considered. simultaneous submissions are fine too.

We particularly welcome the work of women, BIPOC, 2SLGBTQIA, D/deaf, disabled, and gender non-conforming writers. We will not tolerate expressions of hate and prejudice either in our pages or in response to the work on social media. We won't tag contributors on social media without their permission and if we see hateful responses to them, we will report the perpetrators.

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We acknowledge that we operate on traditional and unceded territory of the Algonquin Anishnaabeg people.

The old expressions are with us always, and there are always others. *Others, A Magazine of New Verse*, December, 1919 Issue 5, No. 1