

2020

SPECIAL EDITION

→

FOR A SHANGHAI POETRY ZINE MILK

PREVIEW



POETRY ZINE

FORMING



A SHANGHAI POETRYZINE

This is a preview.

For more info, turn to the last page of this preview.

A SHANGHAI POETRY*ZINE*

PREVIEW

Special editions graphics:
Sarah Mulcahy-King

Cover photo credit:
Zheng Fang

WeChat platform & translations:
Wenxin Tang

Graphics:
Belén Rodríguez

Logistics:
Damon L. Hansen

Visual animation:
Gianluca Cillo

Extra events support:
Tawanda Mupini

Extra events support:
Ridhuan Akil

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Vision & direction:
Giuseppe Daddeo

Chief editor & zine design:
Patrick Schiefen

Administration:
Stan Vullings

Events manager:
Lexi Rhodes

Cover design:
Aidan Bra

WeChat platform & chief translator:
Jill Zheng

Podcasts series:
Chris Nash

Special editions curator:
Jonathan Mulcahy

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Artwork by
Zheng Fang

Introduction to FORMING

For this special edition of A Shanghai Poetry Zine, we have invited our community of poets to engage with an array of contemporary artists from all over China. The poetry produced has been inspired by these visual artworks. This way of writing is known as “ekphrastic,” with the most popular example being John Keats’ “Ode on a Grecian Urn.” These works, however, are not as straightforward as Keats’ subject and have been selected because they represent the complex beauty of contemporary Chinese society. These conceptual artworks offer a collaboration, a conversation -- forming new associations and community through our art.

- **Jonathan Mulcahy**

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Huang Min

Huang Min's work has been exhibited in many venues around the world and her work has sold at Christie's Hong Kong and Ravel, Taipei. Her solo and group exhibitions include: China 8, Ruhrgebiet / Germany (2015), China im Spiegel der Zeit, Kunsthalle Messmer, Riegel am Kaiserstuhl / Germany (2014), China Contemporary, Galerie Python, Zürich /Switzerland (2013), EASTSIDE - Aktuelle Positionen chinesischer Kunst, Galerie Michael Schultz, Berlin (2011), View, Review, Michael Schultz Gallery Beijing / China (2010), China Welcomes You- Begegnungen 2010, Stadtmuseum Oldenburg, Oldenburg / Germany, All the Great Modern Things - China Total, Kunsthalle Rostock, Rostock / Germany (2009), Huang Min Solo Exhibition, L.A. Gallery Beijing, Beijing / China (2007).

View. Review. 2010

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Mountains that Hide

Trent Gravelle 權俊秀

the past with which we color our lives
black and white, soothingly gazing at the sight of mythic mountains
captured clouds, evergreen edifices, strokes strike
black on white, illuminating 白, 明 dyed-ink fountains

this history its reverberations, in art, in books, in class, in buildings
that enclose us, impose us, for soulless exams, locked in canvas
captured by it its consternations, in art, in books, in class, in living
that compose us, corrodes us, for 生活 死亡, obstinateness

“Look at the clouds,” the old man says, whistling nostalgic
“Look at those mountains,” the young say, “Let’s climb them!”
wistful women, wishful children, solemnly, spongily eye it
who knows if, they are evergreens, capturing the outside in

this mystery its hibernations, its darks, its crooks, its cracks, concealments
that expose us, implore us, for examination, lost in canvas
enraptured by it, its contemplations, its darks, its crooks, its cracks, revealing

the past with which we govern our lives
lives clothed with artificial dyes
the children scurry away
from the mountains that hide

PREVIEW

Gypsy

Gypsy is a new artist involved in Shanghai's DIY scene and is known for his otherworldly, avant-garde presentation. His work has been exhibited throughout China, appearing at festivals and LGBTQIA+ events. His most recent exhibition, Love is Love, was held Local Landscape, Guangzhou. In his abstract piece, Untitled (2018), Gypsy speaks to the possibility of identity as indefinable, amorphous; a fingerprint that has outgrown its shape—a defiance, or logical extension, of the given code.

Untitled, 2018

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tamarindus

Irene Koronas

not just forest insect
or yuke initiates

the miderwiwin
three point stop

the salt cider flop
evidence

we slot
deadro core

sliprock
even
the soot interior

paps

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Explosion/Implosion

Noah Eppler

I.

Site of explosion

Whose ripples resist definiendum;

Whose curvatures and flow I know

Smudge the surveilled delinquent's

Accounted biologic pandemonium;

Whose fingerprint, through Nature or Artifice,

I know not, distort biology's "edifice;"

Whose elliptical torque seethes forth to traverse

The code of our consumption's passion;

Whose waves that

Like the moonlit-scintillated Pacific

Rise, undulate, crash and surge towards-what?

What sign does a fingerprint semiurge through smudge?

What polyphony does it sing of "queer knowing?"

(Observe with cold, deterring horror

The distorted delineation

Of the delinquent's fingerprint

In sordid reverse order)

II.

Site of implosion

Whose regressions and sessions

Swirl towards unaccounted singularity,

Suck waves irrefragably back to blackness

And whose backwards pilgrimage's end

Carry no metempsychosis-promise;

To peer into this queer hole provides

The seer garlanded knowledge of inviolate mystery-

-Yet by doing so,

The seer's blind threnody desecrates

What made our strange origins sacred

And for what? To piece into comprehensibility and

Ration the code of our consumption's passion.

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Huang Min

Huang Min's ceramic work *The Garden* is a collision of traditional Chinese aesthetics, Western pornography, and Chinese voyeurism: a delicate paradox. Huang Min's work has been exhibited in many venues around the world and her work has sold at Christie's Hong Kong and Ravenel, Taipei. Her exhibitions include: *China 8*, Ruhrgebiet / Germany (2015), *China im Spiegel der Zeit*, Kunsthalle Messmer, Riegel am Kaiserstuhl / Germany (2014), *China Contemporary*, Galerie Python, Zürich /Switzerland (2013), *EASTSIDE – Aktuelle Positionen chinesischer Kunst*, Galerie Michael Schultz, Berlin (2011), *View, Review*, Michael Schultz Gallery Beijing / China (2010), *China Welcomes You- Begegnungen* 2010, Stadtmuseum Oldenburg, Oldenburg / Germany, *All the Great Modern Things – China Total*, Kunsthalle Rostock, Rostock / Germany (2009), *Huang Min Solo Exhibition*, L.A. Gallery Beijing, Beijing / China (2007).

The Garden, 2009

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The Game Called Carrying Fire Over the Mountains

Johnny Kuprionis

morning stirs beneath the black wool of night
fallen stars blink upon uncovered trails and
await daytime's dance
trees yawn beneath the showerheads

beyond the weathered shelter
from a former life and
gleaming golden in quietude
Confucius observes the scene

hatchets of noise
felling or feeling their paths
split silence in two

one dream dives and
entwines another

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Intrigue

Yuyao Zhou

Please let porcelain pose its poise,
In neat bands of flora, fauna, waterscapes divided
Within the curvilinear plates, pots, vases glazed
Present the garden of the most intriguing class.

Amid the foliage sprawling tender,
Press down on the hips, thighs, and arms slender,
Gape open, welcome arbitrary entry,
And forbear if moisture tickles, itchy or icky.

Tyrannize if agree to transact,
Truss the ankles, shoulders, knees, and blindfold the eyes,
Make them bow to gain the lucky streaks,
Just remember to transmit the cheer to pores and nerves.

Did you sense fluttering in the thorax?
Tortuous entanglement transcends affection;
In undulating subjugation and dominance,
Ravish in any century fin de siècle indulgence.

To what degree would you take me over?
Invitation to wander in your vandalized kingdom,
Horror vacuum packed in blue-and-white craze,
Show me the innermost chaos in your utmost order.

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Wang Jiazeng

Now a world-famous artist, Wang Jiazeng started as a printmaker, which can be seen in this design-oriented piece from his collection 'The Fold of Objects', a mixed-media meditation on China's many post-industrial landscapes. Wang Jiazeng has received many national awards for printmaking and over 60 of his paintings have been collected by The British Museum, with many other pieces in various public collections around the world. His most recent solo exhibitions include: "The fold of Objects", White Art Center Beijing (2018), "Spectres of Yesteryear", Zhuzhong Fine Art Museum Beijing (2017) and "Anonymous Land", Peninsula Fine Art Museum Shanghai (2016).

from "The fold of Objects", 2018
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Folded Receipt Paper

Peter Harris

Spoken straight from the mouths of cavemen wallpaper.
Leaving behind better breadcrumb evidence than Hansel and Gretel.
And with the clumsy, dummsy lion sweatshirt gourd bumming around,
like you know there's going to be trouble:

Magnificent golden eagle spread out on a gurney like a Thanksgiving turkey,
paging Dr. Water, the OBGYN to make sure everything is sound.
She scribbles: 'It is for 'I' that I sing this song and slash it apart'.
Somewhat worthy of a place on the dart boards,
chalking it up to the framing dull grammar.

Fire drank all away shit coal for food.
Check the rooster,
it's been fucking with us since last Easter.
We dug into its dirt until there was a grave.

Oh lord, bent the receipt over; into a rather unusual contract.

Contact!
Sensations of both the known and unknown.
Hidden facial expressions now measure the fate of impact.
Every patent is connected, that's how I'll pass math.
Paint on the open mouth liping the word: UNHAPPINESS
Hidden inside is a nest of belts and water; seaweed holds up our pants.

Oh go, here take these eyes again.
Measure out the units of a soul by careful application of borrowed manners.
Wash hands: rule no 1.
The clock is merely an available convenience; two.
Detectives roam as ghost clumsily unseen, dressed in window like clouds.
Now how about those lines of rusty ladders; of land water revolving,
Networks of 'I don't know'
Hired senses get wages measured in bone, universal currency.

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So where do we go on the blind ladders deflowered by rust locus whirling
around in

export/import like hives?

Cut the power.

Cancel nerves and conjure an aluminum can sighting.

Welcome the trumped roast and enjoy the Beijing duck.

Safety zones and memory paths through the post-apocalyptic unlimited.

Fold the receipt over and ask for forgiveness.

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For contacts and info through WeChat:
giuseppedaddeo

or follow A Shanghai Poetry Zine's official WeChat account:



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End of this preview.

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