

Ars Literica

No.2 October 2025



Yosemite National Park, USA

A Note from Desert City Broadcast

At Desert City Broadcast, we echo the eerie, the tortured, the foreign landscapes of dreams.

– Traveler, 1800 –

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Ars Literica is a Beijing student creative writing initiative, cofounded by BNDS, ICC, EHS-BNU, BHSFIC, 21st CS, BAID, Keystone Academy, CNUHS, and SHS-BNU.

Mission Statement

“Your identity is your own prison.”

There is a popular myth that holds back our creativity: a writer should always remain within the safe bounds of their native language. In response, Lebanese author Etel Adnan writes, *Reality is made of paper, so to speak, or is the skin of an egg, an onion to be peeled, till you reach another layer, itself made of layers, with no center, you also reach a mirror mirroring, a sailboat drifting*. Through multilingual writings, we peel those layers, rediscovering language as where linguistic tendencies clash to give shape to the unexpected. At Ars Literica, we believe that Chinese writers have much to offer the entire literary community, vocalizing our eccentric and beautiful presence to inspire social change.

33

is this the story's cover?
throwing ribs to the water
tell me, my dear
if we could return
while i'm so afraid to get hammered
would you cover me your sweater?
with a feeling never ever had
but you didn't
i tried to get it over, but
you were still nowhere near
just the same old story
to throw it all away
i once believed
now i see the truth.
so cold that cut down feelings,
why am i still feeling missing?

19

two of us sitting on the ice-free port
i spoke out that first sentence,
storyteller,
how would you answer?
what would you do?
i prayed,
for a kiss.
after years of silence
the big day eventually came.
while everybody's here. they find it all
it's got to be this time,
to leave it all behind.
you're the one.
in the northernmost city
all my friends clapped for me.

The Youngster under Date Palm Tree

HAOZHE LIAO

A guard took me to the work phone the same evening, and I heard my mom's voice from the other side.

"The embassy just called me today, honey."

"What did they say then?"

"They said you're in trouble."

"Nah, nah, I'm doing great, mom, I'll handle it, they don't dare do anything to me."

"But Andrew, how can I be at ease when you're already in a detention center, they can put you in jail anytime."

"Yeah, I know, but what can I do? I fucked all these up myself."

"Come home, darling, please! I'm in great suffering now." I can hear her voice collapsed on the other side.

"I miss you too."

"The embassy said if you'd only tell the name of that Egyptian you're dating, then you'll be released and you can come back anytime you want."

"But then he would be in jail."

"Who?"

"Alex." I regretted saying that.

"Listen, I don't care about no Egyptians, honey, I just want you home!"

"Alex, what?" She said after a moment.

"Tutankhamun."

"I'll have the embassy know immediately, honey, you'll soon be free, trust me, I'm sorry about that Alex something, but I've no choice, I just want my son back."

"I love you."

I cannot describe my frustration when I got back to my chamber. I slapped myself again and again. When I don't have the strength to do it, I pressed my head hard against the steel bar, so hard that I felt like my skull would disintegrate, but what

does that matter when my heart is already disintegrated, I thought. I used to believe that man cannot be destroyed by not being defeated, but these days I feel like only growing weaker and more indecisive. It was at about midnight when my contemplation was disturbed by the falling of the ventilation raft.

"Andrew, is that you?"

"Alex, how did you..."

"Climbed in from the roof." His head appeared at the opening. "Shall I come down?"

"The hell no! I say, just leave me, you're dead if they see you here."

"I'm not going anywhere without you." He jumped in as he said this.

"Sucker you are!" I said, desperate, "You could have run and nobody would know it."

"I was on my way back with my family and happened to come across here. I tried to forget you, but I just couldn't, and I know I must come. I'm sorry."

"The embassy will get me the hell out of here, you don't have to try to..."

"I don't mean that, I just wanna give you something."

He pulled out his acoustic guitar from the sack on his back.

"I ain't have no other valuable things and I want you to keep this, think of me when you happen to play it. I said, You're one of the few people I can love in this world."

"Why don't you have to..."

"Take it."

"Fine."

"You know how I wish to bring you back to my home up in Suez," after a while "A place with enormous date palm trees that it gives a spectacle,

when I was a child I grow up under the shade of a old date palm tree, and I peeped at thoes pretty pretty boys and by then I know something's in me. But I don't give a shit now, and I just wish you could only sit next to me under the tree, your fingers crossed in mine, and nap for a long summer afternoon, we, together."

"Just sleep by my side tonight if you would."

"Yes, my sweet Americano, ain't it pretty to do so?"

So we slept, and I slept the soundest sleep these two days at the detention center. I haven't closed my eyes for nearly 48 hours, and it feels good to have Alex right next to me, alive. I dreamed, most of them about me and Alex, I know Alex dreamed that too. At dawn, I think I felt Alex rise and kissed on my forehead, in subconsciousness I bid him a farewell, forgetting what he said then, and later heard him climbing into the ventilator, and the noise gradually diminished.

When I awoke late morning, two or three men of the embassy in suits and ties were already waiting outside. They were just trying to verify my identity, and now it seems there's no doubt I'm the person they came for.

"Hello, Andrew, I'm Robert Jones from the embassy. I know your mom, and I'm here to bring you out and escort you to the embassy."

They exchanged several documents and words, and, suspiciously and reproachfully, the guard sent me out of the bars. I was halfway through the yard of the detention center when I saw two of them carrying a stretcher. I turned to take another look at it when they passed three yards or so, and the next thing I knew, I immediately collapsed into tears and hysteria. I wish all were not true.

"Bloody hell! The fuck you done to him?" I felt myself kneeling beside where Alex was lying, almost tumbled.

"He resisted when we claimed to arrest him," said one of the men carrying the stretcher, "so we shot him from the back."

"You motherfuckers call this shit civilization? Go to hell!" The word came out with sobs from my already trembling lips and tears already streaming down, so it didn't seem to retain much power.

"Don't forget you're free to go now, American, behave yourself, and the rest is none of your business."

"Pray have some self-control, Andrew, calm down, and please go with me immediately," said Robert indifferently.

"I can't goddamn it!"

Robert tried to get me, but I broke off from the gate, galloped all the way down the main avenues of prosperous downtown Alexandria, and I hated everything I saw. I can think of nowhere to go, so I lingered like a ghost, numbly, listlessly, soullessly, feet failed every step that I take, under a dazzling sun along the bustling noon street where almost a third of the people in Alexandria eat their lunch at the outdoor tables of those tilted-roof restaurants built for foreigners.

I started to feel sorry. I felt sorry for Alexandria, felt sorry for Alex. He really could have run and hidden this away; his parents will know how to let him return to a normal life, the life he's living when he has not me. Now I feel like a motherfucking coward for telling his name, he has the courage to climb all the way top and sneak in through the ventilator, but I can't even protect him from being persecuted and killed, I said I was his man, but how can I even be when all I commit was treacheries. There are no other moments in my life than now that I wish I were dead. "Alex," I murmured, "What this bastard does doesn't worth half your heart."

It was cold in the summertime, and I sat under a date palm tree in a trance and daydreamed about what it would be like if Alex were here with me. Beads of chilly sweat streamed down my neck of bulging veins into my collar, and I no longer can distinguish if it's sweat or tears. In my make-believe vision of reality, I think I saw Alex again, right there under the robust date palm tree burdened with clusters of fruit, that boy in the same creamy linen

robe with wool-like, curled dark brown hair and thick raven eyebrows matched with exuberant eyes. I fetched a photo from my pocket, in which me and Alex stood next to each other, arm in arm, his skateboard on the other hand, and I erected it by the bottom of the tree, the guitar Alex gave me right apart, and I said, as if not to myself: "My dearest baby boy Alex, you and I now can be alone under the date palm tree as you wished, forever and ever..."

That guitar must means a lot for Alex, I know, it is for him a superstition: a superstition that his birthfather never should be taken as lunatic, he himself never should be taken as a freak, and I never should be taken as guilty, for this superstition he'd give all he has, even his life, I guess that's the reason why he'd resolved to visit me for the last time back in the detention center. So I fetched the guitar, and resumed singing our unfinished little melody, and it went like this:

*Catch me if you can, working on my tan
Salvatore...*

*Dying by the hand, of a foreign man
Happily...*

*Calling out my name, in the summer rain
Ciao Amore...*

*Salvatore can wait, now it's time to eat
Soft ice cream...*

It wasn't until I got back to America, and it wasn't until many years later, that I came to realize: Who we'll be, and what may become of us in two or three years, nobody knows, but you may never meet, in a lifetime, another person who'd willingly give his life to you.

Sonnet to Sehnsucht

YUFEI HAN

When dew adorns the willow's drooping bough,
And mist veils where thy gentle steps did stray,
I watch in silence, not to mar thy vow —
Sehnsucht, the sigh that dares not name its sway.

I do not call, nor let my heart betray
The thought that hums where silence holds its reign;
'Tis like a stream that bends, yet finds its way
To kiss the stone it may not ever gain.

Gone is the step I watched fade down the lane,
Yet still I turn, as one who waits in vain —
Not with a cry, but with a quiet pain
That dwells, unclaimed, where gentle hopes remain.

Thus doth my soul its silent vigil keep:
Thy distant light is all my heart can seek.

A Good Person

YUSHEN TAN

as i cross a muddy brook
trudge through a patch of bushes
i spot an enemy soldier
dressed in khaki garb
perhaps he's on patrol
i'm sure he's a good person
no doubt he has friends, family
maybe even children
perhaps his life was full of tragedy
perhaps he's also lonely
perhaps he tells bad jokes
perhaps, he too
has someone waiting for him to come home.
maybe we could be friends
maybe we could talk about
the stories of our lives
the experiences we never had
but this is war.
he's my enemy.
i'm expected
to show no mercy.
i cock my rifle
level it to my shoulder
i take aim
i hesitate
isn't this... cold-blooded murder?
NO! HIS GUN'S POINTED AT ME
HE SAW ME!
SHOOT NOW, SHOOT!
i pull the trigger.
and as i met his dying gaze
though we shared no language
i could still see that he was thinking
the same things as me.

perhaps he's in heaven now
or wherever those foreigners go

i wish that he has peace
but if i'd never taken that shot
perhaps he'd be telling a story
of how he shot a person
and how that person
was me.

appendix — twenty-five years later

that memory is now fading
but the impression remains vivid
the colour in his cheeks
the weariness on his face
i think he had a moustache
beneath his helmet, auburn hair
i can't say i remember
but perhaps it doesn't matter.
for i am here and now
he was then and there.

Essay

CHUQIAO WANG

Part I

From a time I can no longer clearly remember, but not so long ago, I began to realize that I am not a normal person: I despise all social conventions and interpersonal relations, yet I play the role of someone who moves through life with perfect ease.

Drawing near to my mother's embrace chills me to the bone. A friend's heartfelt promise sounds to me like a chain of bondage; even self-encouragement feels like an exercise in futility.

Was it that life's burdens came crashing down upon me too swiftly, or that my character simply isn't suited to exist here?

I admit my cowardice and weakness, for I only dare to lash myself with words—cruel, merciless, painful words. I only dare to torment myself with the harshest means, yet never to transgress; I dare not let others see what I do, and while I indulge in the pleasure of my own pain, I secretly long for someone's gaze of concern.

See, once again, I begin to refute my own chaos, once again I confess my faults with fervor, yet refuse to make the slightest effort to amend them. The Sword of Damocles is the chief material from which my inner world is built; as for the rest, perhaps they are Achilles' heel and Eurydice's backward-looking eyes.

That must be a fantastical, grotesque place, isn't it? Imagine those crumbling towers stacking pyramid-like in your mind, layer upon layer, with drifting dust and teeth-grinding creaks that constantly remind every inhabitant that at any moment this world might collapse and explode into fragments. Yet I am the sole inhabitant and the master of this world. Naturally, I choose, as always, to ignore.

After all, the fall of the towers will only kill me, crush me beneath their thousand-ton stones, leaving me unable to utter even the faintest sound. My ribs would surely shatter in the impact—splintering, fragmenting, some piercing my lungs, perhaps even my heart if fortune wills it. What would I think then? Would my blood pump those bone splinters to every part of my body? Could my digestive enzymes stubbornly dissolve them, yielding a handful of useless bone powder? Would each breath carry out the remnants of what was once the hardest substance in me—oh, but my lungs would already be broken, shattered beyond recognition even under X-rays.

Then would I still breathe? Would I miss my mother? And if I did, would there be a tinge of guilt in that longing, or a trace of secret relief?

Perhaps it would only be an endless blankness, a long, unbroken void. After all, I don't know, and no one has told me, what one thinks before death, let alone before a death of the spirit.

Maybe writing all this down serves some purpose? Though as I write, I feel myself slipping into melodrama, the doctor said this exercise wouldn't be a waste of time. Yet rereading it fills me with embarrassment, like looking at a newborn child of natural birth, its head pointed and its cries unbearably loud. Wouldn't you, at some moment, wonder: why did I give birth to this child? Why to one whose limbs flail as if still in the air, unaware of the ground beneath, whose face wrinkles like a bedsheet left crumpled after a month of nightly torment?

Or to go further: why did my mother give birth to a child like me? Could it be that my birth, my mission, is to reproach her on a cold winter night that was forecast to snow but didn't, to reproach her

faintly, in my writing? Is my mission to make her feel troubled and helpless over everything I do and think now?

Many works of literature describe a protagonist who longs to return to his mother's womb, to float again in that warm, unconscious amniotic sea, a docile unborn child. I have never imagined, or perhaps never remembered, what amniotic fluid feels like, Mother.

Part II

I'm glad you took my advice and began writing these things down. I've chosen to communicate with you in this way because I know you are used to critical thinking in words—you prefer biting the tip of your pen to find an answer rather than struggling to speak under my endless questioning.

I know this may cause you some discomfort, but please trust me. This is the first effective step toward repairing our relationship.

You are not as strange as you think. To put it bluntly, you simply cannot accept your own negative judgment of life. Your doubt about your existence is something everyone experiences. I know you won't believe this, or you'll convince yourself you do, treating that belief as the last invisible railing before you fall from your tower.

I must point out that you have externalized and magnified your spiritual fragility. You wear your scars as if they were badges of honor. You are the most complex person I know (and I'm not exaggerating. I find you the easiest yet hardest to understand; no one else has shown me contradictions so perfect and pure), and the one most eager to please yourself through self-inflicted pain.

I hesitate to call this masochism, though from our talks, I know you possess such tendencies. You are more like someone who takes pleasure in a kind of spiritual self-sacrifice.

That may sound sophisticated, but it is true. A person obsessed with madness can find meaning

and guidance only through the stimulation of blood and pain; one who offers themselves as the sacrifice of their own altar is infinitely selfish. They diminish their joys and magnify their griefs as if they were monumental.

So what do I see on this bloody path you believe leads to self-destruction?

Nothing. Not pure black or white, not the static snow on an old TV replaying the chaos of a post-explosive universe, just nothingness, the void that remains of existence itself.

Some contradictions are like a cat that is both cat and mouse. Should it devour itself? Something that exists simply exists. If I say that what exists is the void, will you imitate the sages of a thousand years ago and refute me, stabbing me with your thorny rhetoric until I'm moved to tears?

I know you won't. You're an ascetic by self-definition. You only ever criticize yourself and only ever blame others.

Mistake and responsibility: the former seems grave but has little real impact, like a raindrop falling from twenty thousand meters above, in the end it's just a drop of rain; but responsibility is those raindrops frozen into hailstones. When they strike you, they leave your skull dented. You let rain pour upon your unfinished tower, but the hail, dense and heavy, you hurl beyond your world.

Do you know why zealots, despite their faith, are mad? Because they misjudge suffering. They overvalue it. If by self-annihilation you could wash yourself clean of responsibility, what would others make of you then? When your unfinished tower collapses, sending its steel and concrete through others' flesh, would you call that a life for a life, a suicide disguised as sacrifice?

Take my advice: learn to apologize. You need not forgive yourself or take on all the guilt—first, learn to coexist with others in a way that makes them comfortable. After all, you once asked me to “cure” you. I want to help you reconcile with yourself, but I know what you truly seek is an explanation, an answer to “why do I think this way?”

Here is the explanation you've awaited, and one you already know well:

You do not hide your disappointment in the world, so learn to be disappointed. You may allow yourself to live without hope.

My Color

JINJIN ZHANG

I'm a noisy person. However, this noisiness doesn't so much stem from my inner joy as it is more of a pretense, a flustered attempt at covering something up. Perhaps it originated from those porcelain items that would shatter in my hands with a crackling sound when I was a child playing in a ceramics store. The disdainful stares from the store clerks left me at a loss, and I could only burst into tears. My anxiety triggered crying, and the crying caused chaos. That day, my mother didn't scold me.

To be frank, I'm a master at causing trouble. I'm particularly good at ruining things, even when I don't mean to. I often make a mess of my life, and everything I do is full of mistakes and chaos.

In the bustling theater of life, I often feel like a ridiculous clown, being stared at by countless pairs of eyes. Those gazes are like tangible whips, lashing at me one by one, leaving marks of different depths, constantly reminding me of the mistakes I've made.

As time goes by, the whip marks gradually fade, and life continues day by day. But even after all these years, I'm still like a newly hatched chick, with a sincere yet muddled and colorless heart, wandering through the crowd. Along the way, I've met all kinds of people. They're like painters who, without intention, smear various colors on me. However, no one has ever been able to tell me what color I truly am, nor have they taught me how to choose the color that suits me. Every move and every decision is like groping in the dark. I have no idea where they'll lead me, and I'm not sure what color is most suitable for me. This confusion often makes me feel like I'm in a thick fog in my dreams. I'm afraid that one wrong step will send me to perdition.

What's the difference between dreams and reality? I can't really say. This fog has always hung over me, refusing to disperse, making me hesitate at

many crossroads. I'm often caught in a state of confusion, desperately eager to know what color I am. This thought keeps echoing in my heart, a footnote to my inner anxiety.

My heart is like a turbulent sea, with a wild and restless beast trapped inside. That sea is constantly churning, never resting. That beast keeps roaring and stirring, making my heart in turmoil. Only when the beast sinks to the bottom of the sea can this sea calm down for a while, but this short-lived tranquility is always disrupted. The unease in my heart is like a whip, lashing at me mercilessly. To escape this pain, I turn myself into a spinning top, seeking a glimmer of comfort in the wind of rotation. The pain seems to ease in the wind that howls during rotation, but the unease still lingers.

The moody sea stirs up a hurricane, and I'm caught in the grip of this fierce wind, spinning involuntarily, staggering, and unable to find a point to stop. After long and tormenting years, it was the moment I had waited for Jingwei from the legend. Jingwei (in Chinese mythology) filled the sea in my heart, and the warm sun melted the beast as well. My world experienced a brief silence. The light gradually fell, but with it came the terrifying shadow. Where there is light, there is shadow. I can't do without that warm light, but that shadow follows me everywhere, constantly reminding me of my imperfections, plunging me into deep despair. I tried to get rid of it, so I became the second Kuafu (in Chinese mythology), running towards the sun.

I kept falling and getting up. Finally, I reached the vicinity of the sun. But the intense heatwave burned me to a crisp. Under the direct glare of the sun, there were no colors in my eyes, only blinding light that almost blinded me. Dejected, I started to go back the way I came. The sun seemed to

be chased by Hou Yi and quickly set behind the mountain. After resting for a long time in the moonlight, my strong obsession faded. When I passed a small path, the sun rose.

I had retreated to a proper distance from the light. When the light refracted into my eyes, I couldn't help but sigh in amazement. I saw colors. They entered my eyes through the refraction of light. I saw the chaotic me, with broken porcelain pieces and jumbled colors on me, like an impressionist

painting. I saw the various colors from the outside world reflected on me. Lost in thought for a long time, I suddenly realized that those were also part of me. I no longer insisted on having the sun bake and fixing the glaze on me to turn myself into perfect porcelain. Instead, I let the colors on me fall off.

In this mottled hue, and in the interweaving of light and shadow, I saw my color...

Yesterday's Emperor

JIAYAN XI

The people poured vermilion paint on the monument,
Shouted "Long live freedom".
Above the stone tablet,
The colour of blood stains the newly added slashes.

The victims laughed maniacally and raised their torches,
Saying you deserved it.
The distant emperor just smiles,
And take up the scepter as a symbol of status.

On the portrait that was crushed and discarded,
Yesterday's emperor still smiles.

midnight kitchen

MO

you stand against the ivy blue tiles,
apple sunk between teeth,
on the countertop,
that slice of red amber
glazed with eerie gleam.

Special Column

Contributors share their experiences of writing in English as a Chinese author...

No matter which language we use, writing is a process of speaking in silence. We hear the words with our eyes instead of our ears, creating a gentle delay, giving time for the words to find their own places. Yet here lies the difficulty: when we write in a second or third language, where words cannot always be grounded in the reality we live in, how can we settle them and the imagination behind them?

Some writers embrace the floating house, like Samuel Beckett, who believed there was no need to seek a fixed place, but rather to let words drift between simplicity and paucity. Others build a new house on the land of their adopted language, like Ha Jin, who carries the logic of Mandarin into English prose.

But since writing itself is always an act of creating another self, some, like me, prefer to speak behind a foreign mask, pretending I am her, as if my words could slip into her latest release. There is no danger of losing oneself or of plagiarism in such ventriloquial writing, for one can never throw one's words into another writer's boat of thought. All we do is carve marks for a lost sword on a fleeting boat. Yet at least, in that act, we come to recognize how a sword might look upon the boat of another language — and there, at last, is where the words begin to find their places.

— Ai Li

As a Chinese author who loves words and poetry, with a few books to my name and inspiration found in the smallest things, writing in English has never felt like a chore — or merely a translation. It feels like freedom: the chance to express my heart and mind in another language's rhythm. When I watch steam curl from a cup of jasmine tea or catch the sweet drift of osmanthus in an autumn breeze, I breathe in those beautiful moments, and words naturally follow.

I linger on memories — sharing mooncakes with my grandmother, for instance — and search for ways to let an English reader feel that same warmth, that quiet “this is home” softness, without having to explain it outright. In poetry especially, I love weaving the subtle, image-rich style I grew up with — the way Chinese verse lets nature speak for itself — into the flowing cadences of English poets I admire. It's like bringing my two halves together. And when it works, there's a kind of magic: readers halfway across the world exclaim, “I know that feeling!”

Yet drawing beauty from life is also a quiet balancing act. When I write about Mid-Autumn nights or a bowl of congee my mother used to make, I have to find the line between depth and ease. Overexplain a tradition, and the spell breaks; give too little, and the moment feels hollow. Poetry makes this balance even finer — merging the restraint of Chinese verse with the openness of English free verse. I never force a metaphor to fit or let the heart of the poem get lost in translation. For me, the culture lives not in footnotes, but in feeling — in the silence between words, and the warmth that lingers after the last line.

— Yufei Han

To be honest, I was never an English writer before high school; it was entering an international school, where I was exposed to abundant English resources, that led me to the crossroads of my writing career.

I've been working on language and style all through these years, even until now as a college student. My language was rather immature at first; it just didn't go smoothly, and even me myself feel awkward reading my early works. But it was these early attempts that laid a foundation for my future investigation of writing techniques and themes, and I sometimes would turn back to revise some of my old works when I'm more proficient in language and expression. I tried a wide range of styles before I found my own style, not to say exactly my own style, but more like a direction, and I started off with classical styles, as many beginners in English writing. I used a great deal of rhetorical skills then. Gradually, I found them redundant, and I started to cut them off I wanted to make my language as simple as possible; it was more like a minus on the technique and a plus on the emotion.

The essence of Chinese writing and English writing doesn't make much difference to me; many of the ways that I used to write in Chinese can also be applied to English. The harder thing is to actually incorporate Western culture into your writing so that your writing evokes a resonance for Western readers as well, instead of showing off with your Chinese peers how well you can write in English, and they can't, that shouldn't be the purpose for anybody who writes in English as a Chinese author. Back to the point I was talking about, rhetorical skills are pale; a writing with only good rhetorical skills can never be a good writing; true writing must be authentic, and it must affect people. A good writer works more on the core instead of the surface. The purpose of writing itself is to share one's understanding of human experience, and the works that remain over generations are similar, in one way or another, in that they remind readers of something that's universal and undeniable, that may generate a powerful and haunting feeling over their own experiences.

— Haozhe Liao

Now open for submission:

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At Ars Literica, we do not limit your writing to any form, topic, or genre. In general, we are looking for works that show meditation/passion for life, society, and/or literature.

For publication in Ars Literica, we consider:

- Fiction
- Personal Essay & Memoir
- Poetry (1 – 3 poems are considered 1 submission)
- Dramatic Script
- Excerpt from larger works
- Literary Criticism
- Poetry Translation
- Artworks

Word Limit: 2,500 words for prose, 80 lines for poetry.

Please 12-point-type, double-spaced (except for poetry), and submit your work as a Microsoft Word or PDF file to our portal.

Current Reading Period: October 1st – November 9th

We do not accept submissions outside the reading period. Do not send new drafts unless requested to do so by an editor.

We read every submission, and you will receive a response from our editors within 3 weeks of your submission. Feel free to contact us should you have any questions regarding submission or publication.

Authors whose works are accepted for publication in Ars Literica will receive payment of 20 – 500 RMB, depending on the volume and quality of works submitted.

Visit arsliterica.org or follow Ars Literica on WeChat for submission information.

To seek publication in Ars Literica, submit your work (including a 50-word bio and cover letter) to our editor at cadenchisaw@gmail.com.

