

# LONTAR

THE  
JOURNAL OF SOUTHEAST ASIAN  
SPECULATIVE FICTION

#4



LONTAR

**FOUNDING EDITOR**  
Jason Erik Lundberg  
(USA/Singapore)

**POETRY EDITOR**  
Kristine Ong Muslim  
(Philippines)

**PUBLISHER**  
Edmund Wee  
(Singapore)

**COVER DESIGN  
AND LAYOUT**  
Yong Wen Yeu  
(Malaysia/Singapore)

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**CONTACT**  
Please send any general queries to [jason@jasonlundberg.net](mailto:jason@jasonlundberg.net). Do not send submissions to this address as they will be deleted unread; please use our submissions portal instead.

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EPIGRAM BOOKS / SINGAPORE

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# EDITORIAL: FORTH INTO THE LIGHT OF THINGS

Jason Erik Lundberg

Welcome back to *LONTAR* for our fourth issue! This release marks the third anniversary of the journal's conception, and the second issue to be published by Epigram Books. Once again, I must thank the National Arts Council for supporting us with a generous grant, without which the journal could not continue to exist. *LONTAR* remains the world's only biannual literary journal focusing on Southeast Asian speculative fiction.

2015 also marks the first year that *LONTAR* has been listed under the Best Magazine category in the *Locus Magazine* Awards Ballot, which is terrifically exciting. For those who may be unaware, *Locus* is the trade journal for the science fiction and fantasy community, and they have covered news of the publishing field, with extensive reviews and listings of new speculative fiction books and magazines, since 1968. The annual Locus Awards are a prestigious recognition of the best science fiction and fantasy produced each year, voted on by the magazine's readers. By the time this issue of *LONTAR* sees print, the awards will have been decided, and whatever the outcome, it is an incredible honour to have been included.

In Epigram Books fiction news, Amanda Lee Koe's debut collection, *Ministry of Moral Panic*, won the 2014 Singapore Literature Prize for English Fiction, and we could not be prouder; on a personal note, as the book's editor, I was especially gratified to see the book win, with the recognition bringing more attention to Amanda's writing than ever before (the book is currently in its third printing). *Ministry of Moral Panic* was also longlisted for the Frank O'Connor International Short Story Award, and was named one of the Top 10 English Singapore Books from 1965-2014 by *The Business Times*. Three of our fiction

titles also made year's best lists for 2014 in *The Business Times* and *The Straits Times*, and six books were chosen (as well as my own chapbook, *Embracing the Strange*) as "Book of the Year" by members of the arts community in Singapore as part of a special feature on the *Singapore Poetry* website.

And speaking of fiction, on 10 March 2015, *The Straits Times* announced the first annual Epigram Books Fiction Prize for best novel! The winner will get \$20,000 and guaranteed publication, with the shortlisted works considered for publication as well; the winning novel will be announced at the 2015 Singapore Writers Festival. So if you have an unpublished and uncontracted novel, and you're a Singaporean citizen or permanent resident, or are Singapore-born but living overseas, submit your manuscript before the deadline on 31 August 2015. More details can be found on our website: <http://shop.epigrambooks.sg/pages/epigram-books-fiction-prize>

Bringing things back around to *LONTAR*, this issue presents speculative writing from and about Singapore, the Philippines, Cambodia, Vietnam, Malaysia and Thailand. Inside these pages, you'll find: the harsh realities of living as a refugee within a calorie-based economy by acclaimed award-winner Paolo Bacigalupi; the uneasy combination of domestic troubles and virtual reality by Palanca Prize winner Kate Osias; the unexpected and complete disappearance of Singapore itself by Singapore Literature Prize winner Ng Yi-Sheng; a surreal trip through alternate worlds by Philippines Free Press Literary Prize winner Eliza Victoria; an eerie meeting with chanteuse Faye Wong during a Malaysian holiday by Andrew Cheah; and speculative poetry by Michael Gray, Joses Ho, Desmond Kon Zhicheng-Mingdé, Cyril Wong and Jerrold Yam. Seven contributors have won major literary awards in Singapore, USA, UK, Japan and the Philippines.

A brief note on Paolo Bacigalupi's "Yellow Card Man": the novelette serves as a prelude to his celebrated debut novel *The Windup Girl*, and has now been updated and revised in this version so that it is consistent with the characters and events in that book.

## FADE

### Eliza Victoria

Eliza Victoria (Philippines) is the author of *Dwellers* (2014), *Project 17* (2013), *A Bottle of Storm Clouds* (2012), and the self-published collections *Apocalypses* (poetry, 2013) and *Unseen Moon* (short stories, 2013). Her fiction and poetry have appeared in several online and print publications in the Philippines and elsewhere, including *Daily Science Fiction*, *Stone Telling*, *Room Magazine*, *Story Quarterly*, *The Pedestal Magazine*, *High Chair*, and the *Philippine Speculative Fiction* anthologies. Her work has won prizes in the Philippines' top literary awards, including the Carlos Palanca Memorial Awards for Literature and the Philippines Free Press Literary Awards. She has also been nominated for the Philippines' National Book Awards (*Project 17* for Best Novel) and National Children's Book Awards. A story of hers is included in *The Year's Best YA Speculative Fiction 2013*, featuring the best young adult stories from around the world.

After waking up, she turned to him and said, "I dreamt that the world was ending. The news anchor was talking about it, but no one listened to her, even when she started to cry. You were there. You didn't listen to her. You said, I need to catch my bus to Baguio, and I tried to stop you because the world was ending, but you left anyway. And so I sat alone in the living room and watched the news anchor say, 'This is going to be our last broadcast,' and the screen turned to static, and the light outside disappeared as though someone had flicked a switch and turned off the sun, and I thought, Oh this is it then, the end of the world, and you're not even here."

---

Rebecca woke up with her knees hurting and her fingers ice-cold, and the specifics of her life returned to her as the dream disappeared: weekend, hotel room, Baguio, memory, memory, memory.

She sat up and reached for her planner on the nightstand, a dilapidated leatherbound volume with crinkly pages that was now an extension of herself, and wrote down the details

*a boy and a girl  
girl younger  
couple?  
siblings?*

she could remember from the dream. *The girl is younger, but looked familiar.* She tried to sketch the girl's face, but instead ended up sketching a building façade, a window, a vase full of flowers. Already the particulars were slipping from her mind's grasp.

She wrapped the comforter around her shoulders and turned a few pages back.

*In the middle of this month, the travel bug bit me. And it was an overwhelming need to travel alone. I wonder if I'm going through a crisis.*

*The end of consciousness the end of the self  
Beauty in brevity.*

She turned to her calendar. In the box bearing tomorrow's date was a note in tiny letters: *Meet—Café Selene—window seat. 9pm.*

Rebecca couldn't remember when she had made that note. It felt as if it had been in her planner forever.

Even her memories took on the veneer of dreams.

She stood in the square of sunlight in front of the windows, pulled on a sweater and a pair of jeans. She tried bending her knees, stretching her back. She didn't travel a lot and never went anywhere colder than this. The cold-

induced pain in her joints and spine was both familiar and new to her. She felt as if she were a hundred years old.

Breakfast in the hotel restaurant was toast and scrambled eggs. The coffee was hot and Rebecca drank it like a thirsty dog, wanting to pour it into the empty centre of herself. A man and woman sat at the next table. She wondered if they were a couple. The woman carried a red satchel; its leather strap was slung across her chest. The man was staring at his laptop. Rebecca willed them to hold hands but they didn't. "Excuse me," she said, and the woman with the red satchel turned and smiled at her. "Excuse me," Rebecca said, trying again, since the smile had disarmed her. "I need to check my e-mail. Is there a computer in the hotel that has an Internet connection?"

At the second floor lounge, she turned on one of the laptops and opened a chat window. Her avatar was a flower; his was the Institute logo, because it had been set up by one of his graduate students and he never got around to changing it. She typed, *How is he*, pressed Enter. In a fit of despair she added, *I feel untethered. Or: my connection to everything else feels tenuous. I feel like I have been walking along the edge of a cliff for a very long time and now I have let go. And now I am falling. I can't finish reading a book. I can't find joy in*

Her father was not replying. She erased the words she had typed and closed the window, overwhelmed by the lack of an answer.

She was billeted at the hotel for five days and four nights, but couldn't remember how she had checked in to get her room. She didn't have an itinerary. She took taxis everywhere. She went to a museum outside the city and stood in front of a mixed-media assemblage featuring brown medicine bottles, and had a faint memory of her grandparents. She stood in front of a five-foot-tall sculpture of a vulva and felt nothing. She looked at a painting of the museum owner's muse, a homeless female street scavenger in a filthy smock; they

named the museum's restaurant and its signature iced tea after her. Rebecca ordered the iced tea, feeling self-conscious as she said the woman's name. From a woman who lived on the streets to a symbol of despair to iced tea. The woman was long dead. The tea was delicious. Outside the restaurant was a duck pond and a view of the verdant mountains—then she got stuck, trapped by that word she had never used in real life, *verdant*. She wrote it down in her planner, and it still didn't look real. She thought of her brother and realized that she would never be able to paint him a picture of the place, no matter how many words she used. *Verdant, lush, here*. She took a photo. She wondered how many words she would lose in the coming years, and decided that she should use them up now, while she still had time. *This iced tea is verdant.*

She took a taxi to the Botanical Garden, on the other side of the tourist map, which she unfolded on her lap in the back seat. At the entrance was a group of old Igorot men and women in their native attire, ready to have their photo taken for twenty pesos. Rebecca felt shy around them. *Look at these flatlanders*, she imagined them thinking, *searching for a genuine experience. Here's a smile for your souvenir photo*. They seemed happy, but she felt like a nuisance. She gave one of the women a hundred-peso bill and waved away the change because you know what they say, you can't take it with you. And where she was headed wasn't Heaven or Hell—she didn't think in those terms anymore—or even the loss of consciousness, which would have been a blessing. Instead it would be a place where nothing made sense, where she would sometimes be lucid and become aware of how much more of herself was being stripped away.

Afterwards, as she walked through the park, she felt disgusted with herself for handing the woman the money like a snooty vacationer giving out charity. *Here, hon, buy yourself something pretty.*

Back to the city. Night. The temperature dropping steadily, her fingers going numb again. She allowed herself to be carried away by the thick crowd plodding along on Session Road. She climbed the stairs to get to the mall, lost her breath halfway through, tried again. Bought a knitted cap and a pair of gloves. There was a dinner place she went to the last time she was here, located at the foot of the mall, and she went down, the way down easier now, easier on her knees, and found an empty space where the restaurant was supposed to be.

No. No. She just took a wrong turn. She was certain she hadn't, and yet the restaurant wasn't there. She asked some teenagers passing by on the street about the restaurant, and they gave her a blank look. *You know, the—* but they didn't know, and she started to get angry. She took a deep breath, walked away from them.

Back in the hotel she wrote *confabulation*. The belief that you have experienced things that never happened. She thought of her brother, sitting inside the Institute, hooked up to wires. Telling her about his trip to Panglao Island, the starfish on the white sand, the overpriced meals in the resort. Details that he got from his friends, who had gone to the island last summer without him. *But I was there. I'm telling you*. Insistent, even though he never went on that trip. At the second floor lounge, she typed the name of the restaurant and pressed Enter and the Internet was as confused as the teenagers she'd met on the street. *Are you okay, Miss?*

They were sitting at a table in Café Selene. The silence was long and awkward. The worst kind. She was grateful for the loud crash that followed, even though it made her jump: a server had dropped a tray beside them, and her brother, valiant, stooped down to help pick up the broken plates despite the server's protestations.



The door opened and in came a woman holding the hand of a little girl. The woman looked happy but the little girl looked glum. Probably didn't like the cold.

She tried to say, "I don't think I'll want to become a mother. Can you imagine constantly assuring your own child that the world is good, that good deeds are rewarded, that life is fair? All while knowing fully well that it is not. What will stop me from telling a child, so proud for having created the perfect flower crown for a playmate, or the perfect presentation for her university class, that it doesn't matter, because one day her brain will misfire with no rhyme or reason and leave her as good as dead."

She tried to say, "I had a dream where I got married and bore a child, but I lost my memory, and so no one would tell me about the child that I can't remember. But every now and then I would turn lucid and look for something, but I can't recall what."

But all she really managed to say was, "I don't think I'll want to become a mother."

She looked at her brother and the expectant look on his face made her realize that she hadn't really managed to say anything at all.

"Do you think this will help me, being here?" she said, and was relieved to hear her voice, relieved to finally hear herself say something out loud.

"Just wait for the meeting," he said. "If it gets too distressing, you know we can always go home."

I'm glad it skipped a generation, she wanted to say, and got confused. That did not apply here, in this context.

"I'm glad you're okay," she said, which did.

---

Rebecca woke up. She remembered more details this time. They were the same characters in the dream about the world ending, the crying news anchor.

The girl was younger than her. Sideswept bangs. Black eyeliner, pink lips. The boy was the girl's brother. He had on a black cap. Moss-green jacket. She sketched them in her planner. They looked familiar, the way the mountains looked familiar.

Café Selene was a small restaurant, around forty tables, the sign painted in gold on weathered wood, the building surrounded with trees. *Have I been here before?* She looked again at her note, neat and sure. *Meet—Café Selene—window seat. 9pm.* Tonight, so she came in that morning to see what to expect. The server led her to a table for two, not a window seat but good enough. Sunlight—warm, welcome—fell on her face, and Rebecca closed her eyes.

A loud crash. Rebecca turned her head. There was a small commotion on the other side of the room. Broken plates, a tray on the floor. A boy in a moss-green jacket bending to help. *What—*

The girl sharing the table with him had sideswept bangs, black eyeliner. She bit her pink lips. The door opened and in came a woman with her little daughter, unhappy because of the cold. Rebecca watched the girl with pink lips turn to the boy with the moss-green jacket, and she watched the girl struggle with the words in her head: *I don't think I'll want to become a mother.*

Rebecca felt like throwing up. She stood up and left, the menu open on the table, her empty plate sparkling in the early morning sun.

---

Rebecca sat for hours next to the windows inside her hotel room, hugging her knees, bent like a child. She wrote, as her toes curled in fear, *This was how we found my brother. Not yet thirty and already dying. Life is vitality consciousness—knowing understanding.* That day he talked about Panglao Island and she laughed because she thought he was kidding and the confusion in his eyes. This error, this bomb, in their genes, and her brother, momentarily

coherent, telling her, “I have made peace with it,” and the articles online that he read and dissected, about the little room with the two vials and the man inside saying, “Thank you for coming,” before the drinking of the vials and the flatlining and the going. The horror she felt. *This is not about you, Rebecca*. It’s not, *I know*, but she wanted to go away. Rush to Baguio up in the mountains where her brother’s wish for death would not reach her.

Someone knocked on her door later that afternoon. She didn’t want to move. She wanted to be as still as a glass of water. But the knocking was insistent.

She peered into the peephole. She saw the red satchel and, curious, opened the door a crack.

“Yes?”

“Are you all right, Rebecca?” asked the woman with the red satchel. Her companion, the man with the laptop, stood beside her, mute.

“How do you know my name?”

The woman and the man shared a glance.

“Do you know why you’re here?”

“I’m closing the door now,” Rebecca said.

The woman slapped an open palm on the door. “Wait.”

Rebecca paused, surprised.

“We weren’t supposed to interfere but we knew something like this might happen.” The woman took out a billfold wallet, also red, and flipped it open. Rebecca looked. The woman’s first name was Diana. Beneath her photo was the familiar logo, the avatar used by Rebecca’s father.

“You’re from the Institute?”

They looked at her, then at each other. She felt as if she had failed some test.

“May we come in?” Diana asked.

She let them in. They sat on the sofa near the door, but instead of joining them, Rebecca walked all the way to her bed and sat on the edge of it, next

to the phone on the bedside table, which she could pick up and hurl at them if they did anything suspicious.

Diana sighed. “We’re not going to hurt you, Rebecca.”

“I don’t know you.”

“You really don’t remember?” the man asked. He sounded more worried than surprised. “We know your father,” he said. “And you actually know me. I was his assistant for a time.” He pointed at himself. “Tony?” His name meant nothing.

“What is going on?” Rebecca said.

Diana asked, “Is this your first time here?”

“No,” she said. “I’ve been to Baguio several times before.”

The man named Tony sat back, as though to say, *Ah*.

“Not this Baguio,” Diana said.

“What?”

“Do you recall how you checked into the hotel?”

Rebecca didn’t, but she didn’t want to say that. She thought, *The people in my dreams are coming alive*, but she didn’t want to say that either.

“You were at Café Selene.”

Rebecca was grateful for the chance to be angry. It made the confusion bearable. “Have you been following me?”

Diana sighed, like, *Don’t you fucking get it?* Frustrated. “Didn’t you notice anything about them?”

“Who?”

“You know who, Rebecca.”

The confusion, growing and growing. Was she losing her mind?

“They didn’t look familiar?”

“I dreamt about them,” Rebecca said.

Diana and Tony shared a look once again. A longer one this time. Tony took out his laptop and typed something.

“You dreamt about them?” Diana asked. Rebecca told them. Every now

and then Tony would look up, look down, and type several words. Rebecca wondered what was in his notes.

“That is astounding,” Diana said.

“Can someone explain to me what’s going on here?”

Diana opened her satchel, stood up, and brought over two folders.

Rebecca opened the first one. Diana started walking back to the sofa, clucked her tongue, and then pulled a chair close to the bed. Tony remained on the sofa.

It was a profile. Name, address, birthdate. Mother, father, siblings. Existing medical conditions. Control number. Trial number. Medications. In the photo, the girl did not have the sideswept bangs and the black eyeliner and the pink lips, but the shock of recognition made Rebecca feel an actual physical pain in her stomach. Name. Address. Birthdate. Mother, father, siblings. Name.

“She goes by Becky,” Diana said.

“This is impossible,” she said.

“Open the other folder.”

Rebecca opened it. Two informed consent forms. The first one was labelled Rebecca (A). The other form was labelled Rebecca (B). They started the same way: *We are doing research on... We would like to invite you to be part of...*

The file marked Rebecca (A) continued with, *We are doing this research to find out if the new drug is better than... and There is a risk that your disease will not improve with the new medicine...*

The one for Rebecca (B) went, *We are doing this research to find out if we can safely access a parallel... and We have done this successfully before, using small, inanimate objects and animals, but there is a risk that...*

Both ended with, *Your participation in this research is entirely voluntary. Upon participation, however, you will be required to sign a Non-Disclosure Agreement. A breach of this Agreement will...*

She recognized her signature on every page of the Rebecca (B) file.

“Your father found her,” Diana said. “Becky. He went across and administered

the drug to her. He has done so for three years now.”

“She’s not me,” Rebecca said, starting to remember. Entanglements. Pathways. *MULTIVERSE* written in big block letters on her father’s whiteboard. “We don’t even have the same birthdate. She’s only nineteen.”

“Same parents,” Tony said. “Same genetic make-up. She was just born later than you, but she is you. It’s incredible.”

“In her case, the disease manifested earlier,” Diana said, maybe as a counterpoint to *incredible*. “And her father got sick, not her brother.”

Rebecca’s father wasn’t sick. Her brother was. *It must have skipped a generation*, she used to say.

“I dreamt about her,” Rebecca said.

“I know.”

“This is ground-breaking,” Tony said. “We have never seen this degree of connection between multiverse subjects before.”

*She knows about me?* Rebecca almost said, but now she remembered. She knows about me. Of course she does. That’s why I’m here. Because she wants to meet me.

“What happened to her drug trial?” Rebecca asked.

Diana looked uneasy. “It didn’t work as planned,” she said. “There were side effects we didn’t foresee. Her memory degradation is speeding up.”

“So you can’t help my brother.”

“We will go back to the lab and try again.”

*And how many years would that take?* Rebecca wanted to say, wanting to lash out. My brother does not have any years left.

Out loud, she asked, “How much time does she have left? Before—”

Not death. Something other than death.

“A week or two, at most.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“I know how hard this is for you,” Diana said. “We can just take you back across.”

But Rebecca was thinking of something else. “I got really lost for a while there,” she said. “Do you think it’s just a side-effect of my coming here, or does it mean—”

*That I’m sick like my brother.*

“I can’t say,” Diana said. “You’ll have to undergo some tests. But let’s wait until we get you back across.” Then, “Would you like to go now?”

Rebecca thought about it.

“No,” she said. “I’ll meet with her.”

---

Rebecca went out to fulfil *Meet—Café Selene—window seat. 9pm*. The restaurant was nearly full, but she saw Becky at once, sitting in a booth, chin in her hand. When Rebecca sat across from her, the girl looked up and stared at her for several beats without saying anything. She seemed drugged, her every movement slowed down.

“Becky, is it?” Rebecca said.

“Yes?” Her voice was an octave higher than Rebecca’s.

“How are you?”

That made Becky laugh for some reason. “I’m sorry,” she said. “This is really strange.” She stared at Rebecca again. “How old are you?”

“Twenty-seven.”

“How does it feel?”

“How does what feel? Being twenty-seven?”

She nodded.

“To tell you the truth, it doesn’t feel that much different from being nineteen.” Rebecca placed her planner on the table, tapped a finger on it. Rebecca knew that Becky needed to hear something profound. Some words of wisdom. “I feel more certain, maybe. Surefooted.”

“That sounds nice,” Becky said, and in the next moment her face changed

and she was sobbing, eyeliner-tinged tears falling on the tabletop. Becky was sobbing so loudly that the other diners were starting to take notice. Rebecca handed Becky some table napkins and watched as the younger woman wiped her face.

*She thinks I’m lucky*, Rebecca thought, surprised and frightened by the realisation.

“I tried to be useful by signing up for the drug trial,” Becky said. “I thought that if they couldn’t help me, then maybe they could help somebody else.”

Rebecca remembered her brother, the small room, the two vials. *Thank you for coming*, he would say to her, as if she were a stranger coming to his party.

Can one be content with twenty-seven years of awareness? *Beauty in brevity*, she had written in her planner. Is that true? Am I lucky? Should I think that my brother is lucky? Should I accept that?

Rebecca hoped to share something helpful with Becky. She wanted to say, with authority, with certainty, *There is beauty in our brief lives*.

But all she could think to say was, “Are you a fan of coffee?” She lifted a hand to get the attention of one of the servers. Becky smiled at that, so perhaps, for now, with the night deepening and the cold sinking its teeth, that was enough.

# CURIOSA :: ODDITIES

Desmond Kon Zhicheng-Mingdé

Desmond Kon Zhicheng-Mingdé (Singapore) is the author of the epistolary novel *Singular Acts of Endearment* (2014), as well as three poetry collections. Founding editor of Squiracle Line Press, he has edited over ten books and co-produced three audio books, several pro bono for non-profit organizations. Trained in publishing at Stanford, with a world religions master's from Harvard and creative writing master's from Notre Dame, his honours include the PEN American Center Shorts Prize, Swale Life Poetry Prize, Notre Dame Poetry Fellowship, NAC Creation Grant, Gardens-by-the-Bay Residency, Singapore International Foundation Grant, and Little Red Tree Poetry Prize, among other awards.

The farmers' wives are planning to build a stupa. It seems simple enough, to follow the terraces of the low-lying hills, and work in circles, counter-clockwise for good fortune. "You should start from the hilltop and work outwards," one farmer said, listening in on their conversation. He had a straw fan in his hand, his body slumped deep into a hammock that almost touched the ground. His slippers were dangling from his feet, which he used to draw imaginary lines in the air. "You should spread outwards, in single file. Like the rays of the sun." A snake rests on the branch above the farmer. No one notices it but Gigi. It has changed the colour of its skin, and now it is a lighter shade of brown. As the light wanes, the colours of its skin wanes. "It's magical," Gigi thinks to herself. "Camouflage is nature's way of hiding things. Not as a manner of lying, or any of that sort of deceit. But as an act of self-preservation." The wives, now gathered in a small circle, seem to dismiss the farmer's ideas of how things should be done. "Let's follow Brahmanic rituals on how to decide a place for the fire altar," one woman says. "It'll be symbolic of Indra transfixing the serpent's head. Vrtra is the serpent's name. And Vrtra will be what we'll call this first decision." For a tribe with so little written history, there's a great commitment to naming things. That's what Gigi's lover noticed one day, when

he invited the medicine woman over. She started naming the things she saw in their living room. Things she'd never seen before, like his bowtie and cravat, which she fondled like a new kind of animal skin. The thangka the Tibetan couple framed as a blessing for the house. The tiny monstrosity, and within it, a relic of St. Francis Xavier.



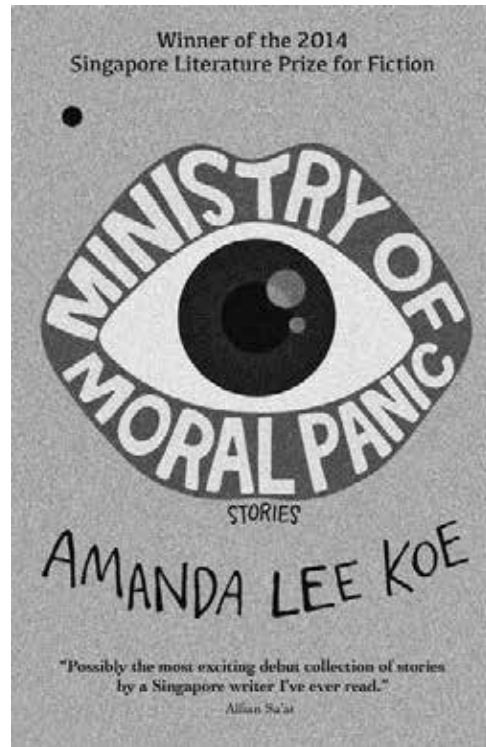
## EPIGRAM BOOKS

EPIGRAM BOOKS ([epigrambooks.sg](http://epigrambooks.sg)) is an independent publisher based in Singapore, established in 2011.

In addition to keeping in print fundamental literary texts through our Singapore Classics, Singapore Pioneer Poets and Playwright Omnibus series, as well as important translated works through our Cultural Medallion series, we firmly believe in consistently producing new writing of exceeding quality. This commitment can be found in our novels, poetry collections, playscripts and short story collections by notable writers such as Cyril Wong, Boey Kim Cheng, Tan Tarn How, Jean Tay and Mohamed Latiff Mohamed, as well as new voices such as Amanda Lee Koe (winner of the 2014 Singapore Literature Prize for Fiction), Jolene Tan and Justin Ker. *The Epigram Books Collection of Best New Singaporean Short Stories* biennial anthology series was started in 2013 to gather the best short fiction being produced by Singaporean prose writers.

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