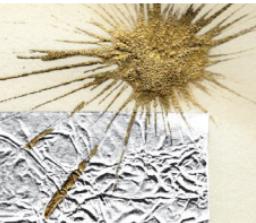
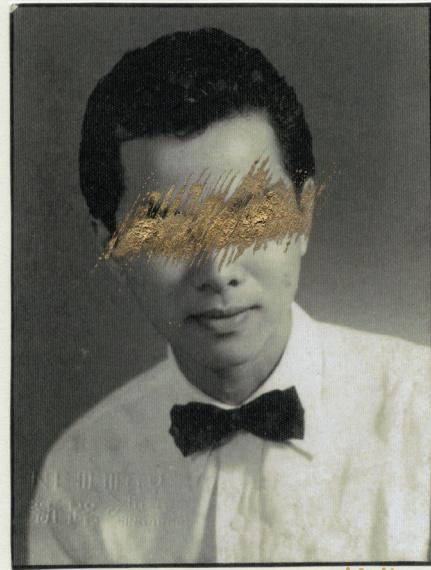




A ZINE BY @ANNAONNI. 2020.





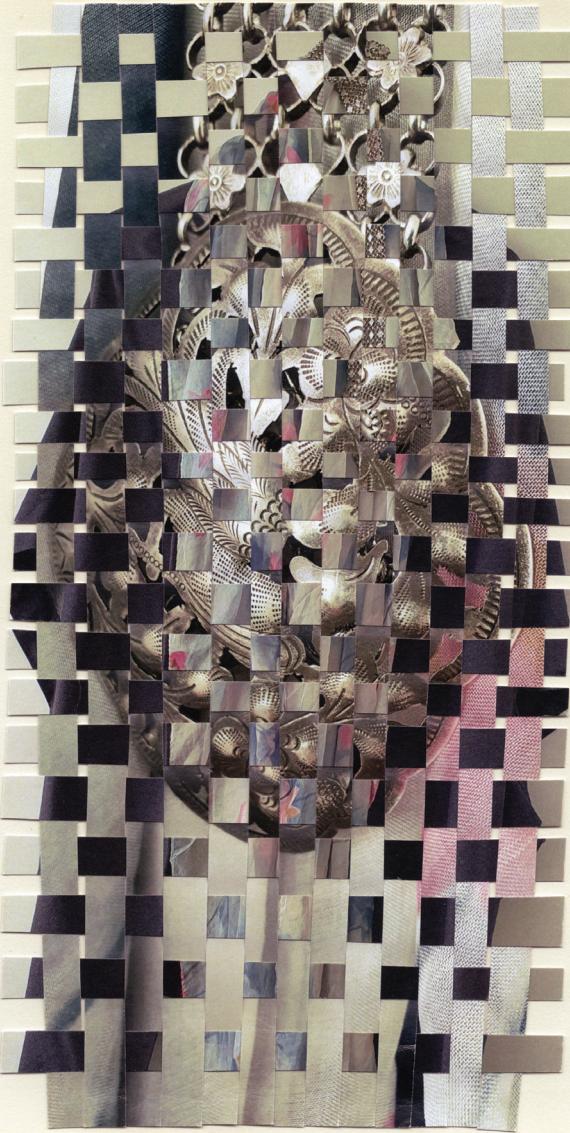
grandfather

my great-grandfather had four wives.  
family history says that the youngest ran away with the wealth  
during the war years.  
my grandfather was born into a house on Dalvey Road.  
my father was born and raised in a kampung.

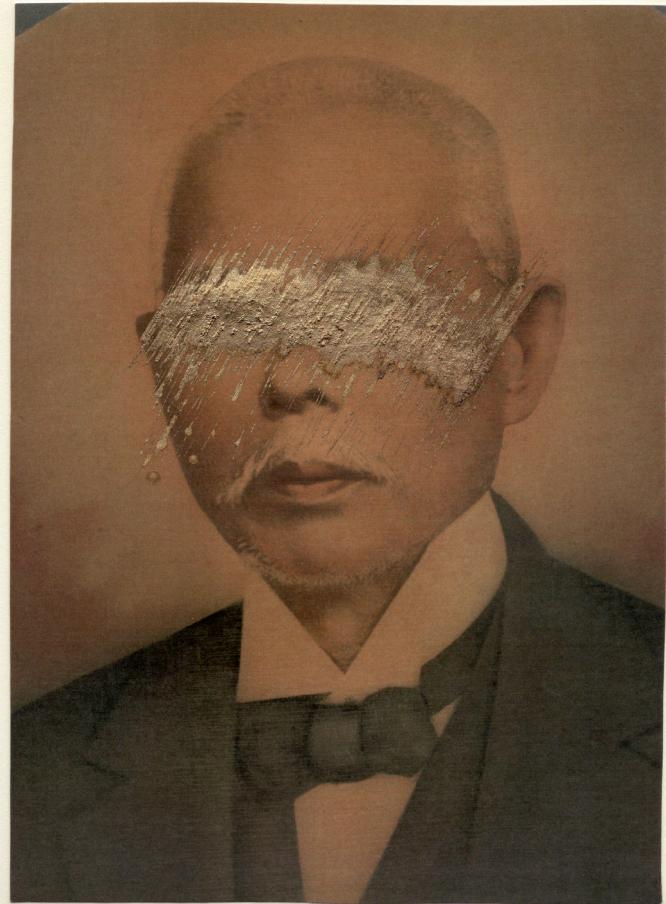


great - grandfather

this is my paternal grandmother's belt.  
she was a pseudo-peranakan.  
following after my great-grandmother and great-great-grandmother.  
marrying into a family of pretenders.  
the simulation of mixed-race parentage and breeding that  
would prevent discrimination (more than usual at least)  
when the males did business in the Riau Islands.  
i wear this belt.  
i do not own a kabaya or sarong.  
i just wear it over cheap dresses and lycra slacks.  
i like that my waist size was similar to hers.  
so is my wrist.  
her bracelet fits exactly on my arm.  
i'll inherit that one day.





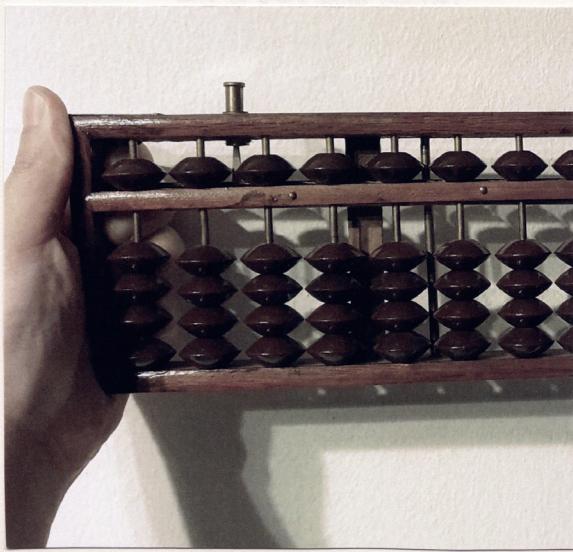
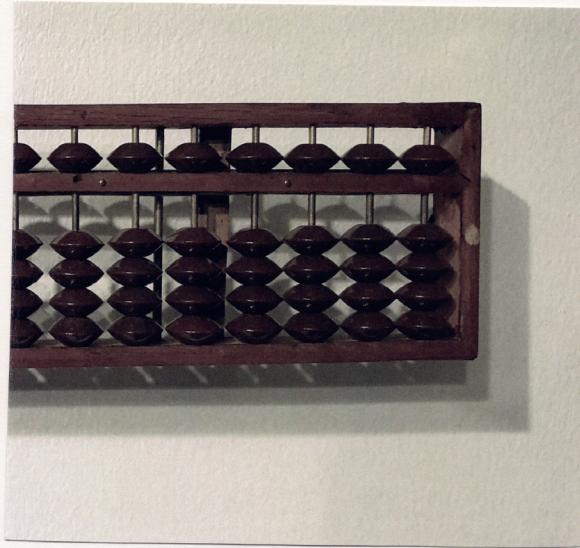


great - great-grandfather

My father is an only son.  
I am his only child.  
Born female, I cannot pass down  
the family name, █.  
But there are more than enough  
█'s in the world I suppose.

I'm not feminine enough  
according to some people.  
Perhaps some part of me  
is trying to live out the life  
of my never-in-existence  
brother. Or myself as a male.

My imaginary brother-male-self  
never wants to have children  
though. So I guess the outcome  
may have been the same  
either way.



believed  
my grandfather believed in a lot of things.

hard work.

doing things his own way.

chinese medication.

western medication.

cigarettes.

cigarettes even with cancer.

cigarettes especially with cancer.

pain medication. a lot of it.

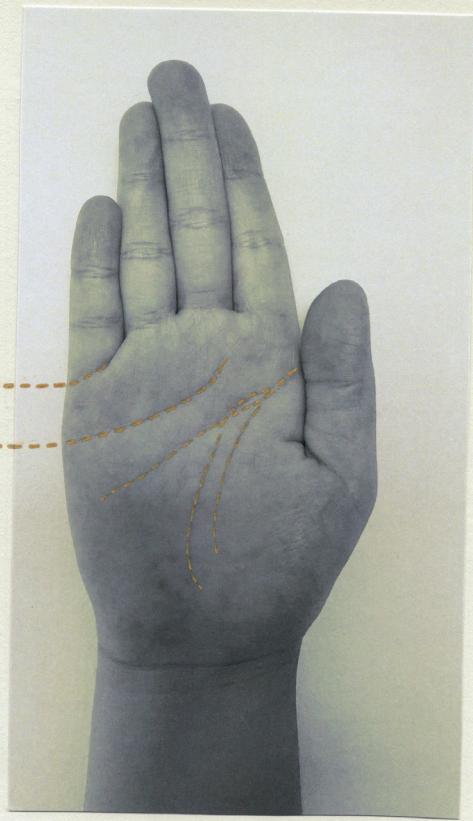
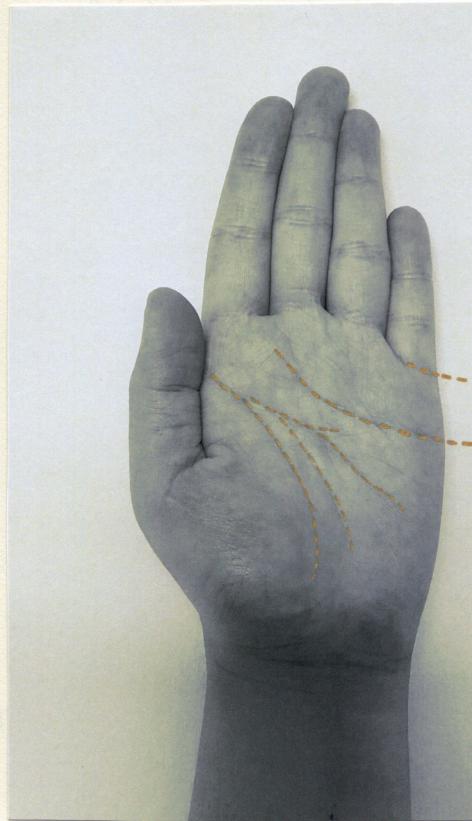
chinese martial arts.

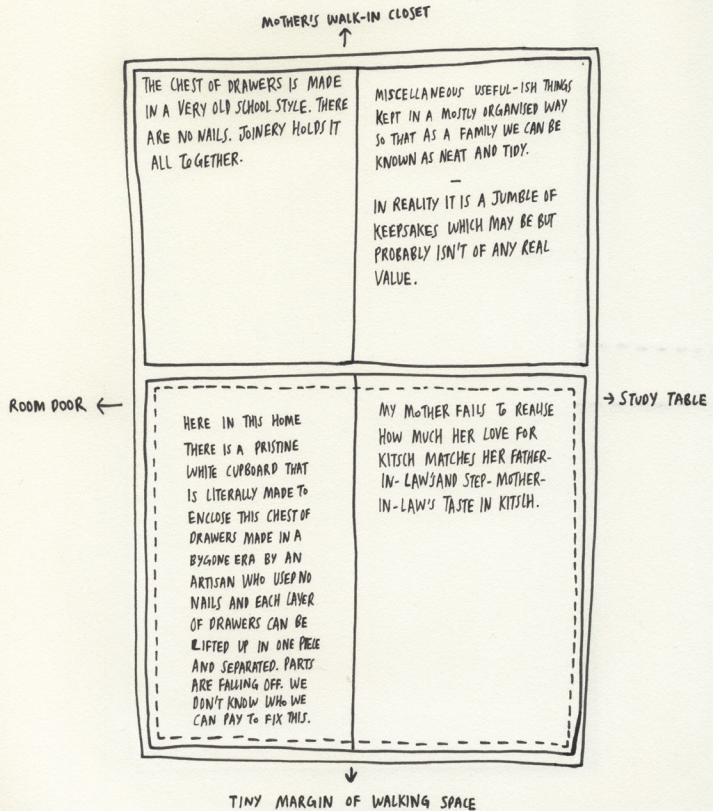
Taoist rites for the dead.

respect for elders.

palm reading.

he read my palm once. when i was still  
quite young. my mother was horrified.

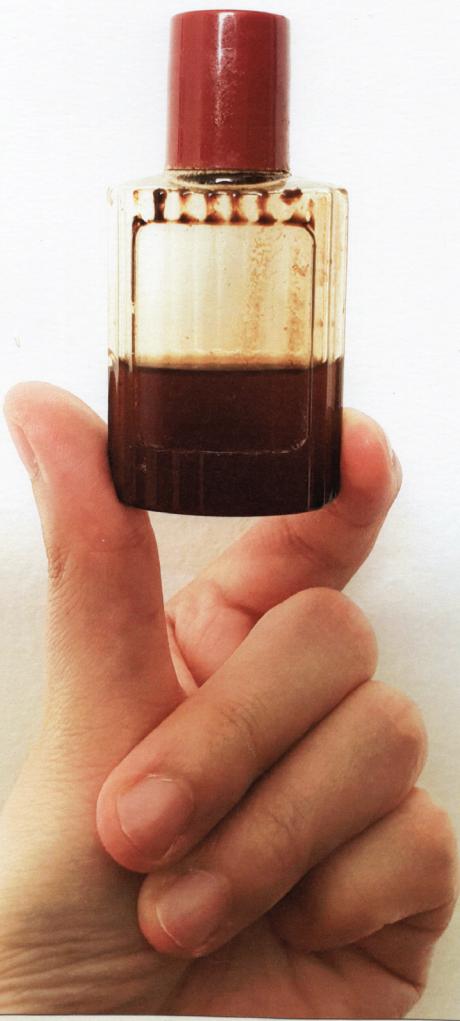






every family tries.  
mine says less to stay together.

there is a lot missing in  
all the family stories,  
all the long discussions,  
all the quick jibes,  
all the sidelong glances,  
all the excuses and absences,  
all the mealtimes,  
all the photographs,  
all of it.





this is the last bottle of ointment I have that was prepared by my grandfather. my father has the recipe but we'll have to trust an expert to get the concoction done right. We both barely know how to read the chinese characters.

this bottle of holy water from Gurdes was given to me. all the liquid in it evaporated on its own. i never even used it.

i'm not quite sure how to use it.

i've decided to keep both bottles side by side in my drawer.



This

# Holy Bible

presented to

(husband)

by

(wife)

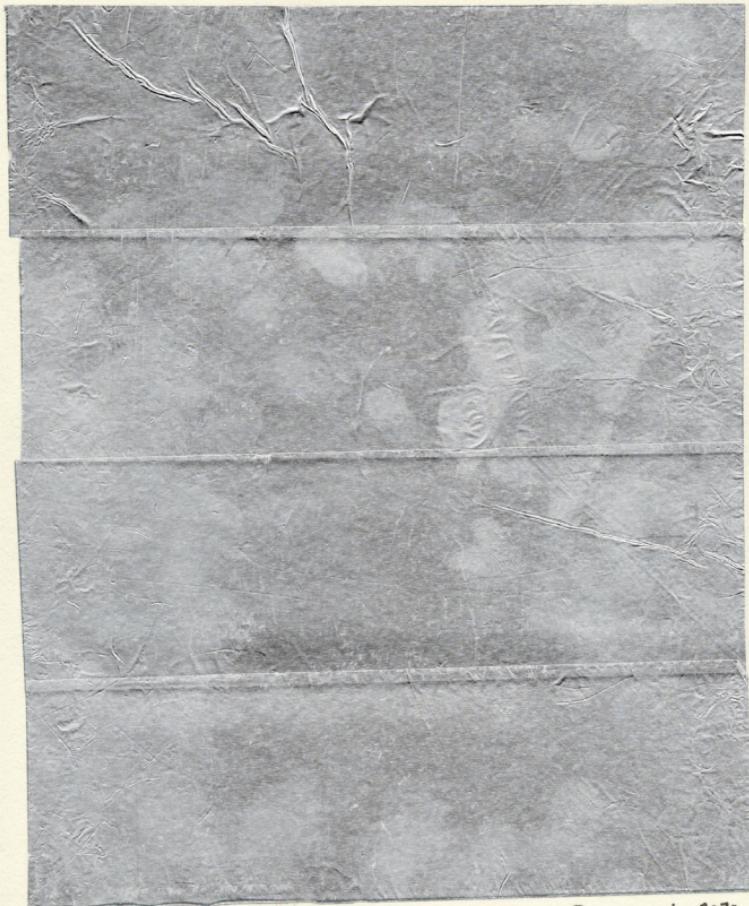
date

24<sup>th</sup> December 2001

IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH, MY GRANDFATHER IS ON THE  
LEFT AND THAT BODY IS DEFINITELY A DAMN FINE  
SPECIMEN. YES IT IS AWKWARD. YES IT IS WEIRD.  
BUT I THINK SOME APPRECIATION FOR THE PRE-  
GYM-RAT-PRE-21ST-CENTURY-WORKING-CLASS-  
MALE - PHYSIQUE - AND - TIGHTNESS IS LONG OVERDUE.

-JAN 2021.





A ZINE BY @annaonni. 2020.