

**ONE
IMPERATIVE
ISSUE05**



ZOOM IN, START HERE



01
YANYUN CHEN
FISHY LOVE



17
YANYUN CHEN
SELFISHNESS



15
BELYNDA SIM
TYRA



14
BELYNDA SIM
GODRIC



13
BELYNDA SIM
CHRISSY



16
BELYNDA SIM
MABEL



02
JEREMY FERNANDO
ON PLAYING

ON PLAYING / JEREMY FERNANDO

- Games are to be played
- 1.1 There are rules in any game
- 1.11 You can choose to follow the rules
- 1.12 You can choose to break the rules
- 1.2 If you follow the rules you can play the game
- 1.21 If you break the rules you can no longer play
- 1.22 If you want to play, you will follow the rules
- 1.211 If you want to play well, you must know the rules well
- 1.221 Playing well means being serious about rules
- 1.2211 Since you choose to be serious about rules, you choose to be serious about games
- 1.222 Choosing to be serious about games means you choose to be serious about play.
- 2. Playing seriously means playing to win
- 2.1 Winning involves beating your opponent(s)
- 2.11 The winner is the one that is ahead of the opponent(s) as deemed by the rules
- 2.12 You can only beat your opponent(s) within the rules of the game
- 2.2 If winning requires the rules, this means that a judge has to judge in your favour
- 2.21 Playing the judge is more important than playing the game
- 2.22 Playing the judge is the game
- 3. Playing the game is playing with the rules of the game
- 3.1 You can only play with rules within the rules of the game
- 3.11 The judge is the one who decides if you are adhering to the rules or not
- 3.12 Playing with the rules means playing with the judge
- 3.2 A judge can only judge based on what (s)he sees, or hears.
- 3.21 Judgement is based on perception
- 3.22 Playing with the rules means playing with the perception of the judge
- 3.23 The only basis of judgement is the judge
- 3.231 A judge has no way of telling if (s)he is right or wrong except by judging her own judgement
- 3.232 If the judge can only judge when (s)he is judging, each judgement is also a judgement of the rules
- 3.233 If the judge can only judge when (s)he is judging, everything (s)he judges, it is potentially in exception to all the rules.
- 3.234 Each time the judge judges, (s)he is re-writing the rules of the game
- 3.3 The judge is the game
- 4. Playing is the undoing of the game



03
SARA CHONG
01

04
SARA CHONG
02



05
SARA CHONG
03

12
PAOI HWANG
HIPPOLYTA



11
TAMMY HO
LAI-MING
ONCE BORN
DOORKNOBS

we cannot become windowpanes or curtain rods. bitterly, we have learnt to accept fate ever since our creator walked away, his job done and toolbox shut.

for we are touched all the time, there is something feminine about us. bear witness to our tolerance; we utter no complaints even when greasy hands rub our torsos, sometimes urgently, sometimes less so.

true, we experience worse; penetrated by toothpicks or enduring operations caused by stuck fat keys. you know, people are mischievous, and accidents happen.

one day, when our coating is half-gone and we look slightly out of shape, someone will not wait to replace us with newer and shinier models. see, wives are not very different from us folks.

we decided long ago to seek revenge, which is more effective; refusing to open, all doors remain locked, or refusing to lock, all doors remain open, negotiations to date are deadlocked.

09
TAMMY HO
LAI-MING
WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?

—for Steven Digman

Where were you last night?
In the city centre. At a book launch.
The writers read too long, the microphones were loud.
I drank some wine, didn't eat.
I wanted to smash those piles of books.
They looked too neat.

Where were you last night?
In the woods, catching unicorns.
The white rabbit guided me.
Fireflies danced with dying bees.
I laid a deer next to her mother
where there was scent of ciderwood.
I watched them fall into a deep deep sleep.
Were you the hawk across the great lake?
Your eyes kept me awake.

Where were you last night?
Waiting, in a pumpkin chariot, to be rescued.
Waiting, combing my hair in a castle, to be rescued.
Waiting, in a Danish river, to be rescued.
Waiting, in a picture, to be rescued.
Waiting, in a glass coffin watched by dwarfs, to be rescued.

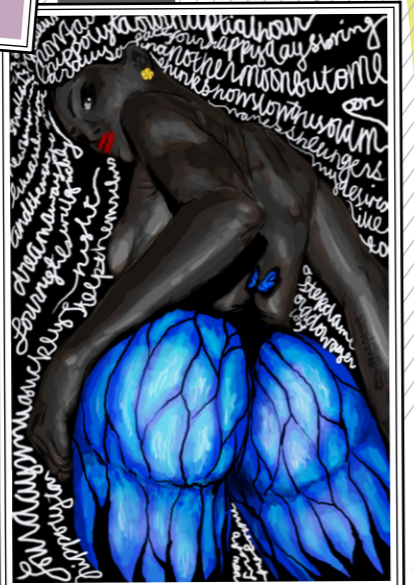
Where were you last night?
In mourning. In the rain. Behind walls.
On a diet. On the game. In treatment. In love.
In denial. In arrears. In tears. In dependence.
In light of. In Fidel. In the right place.
In the mood. Over the moon.
Under the knife. In my mother's body.
Coming into being. Elsewhere.

Where were you last night?
Moscow. It was snowing. The flakes on my face were hotter than burning coals. The snow was hotter than your worst fever. A snowflake fell in my eye, I have lost sight forever.

Where were you last night?
In the Chelsea hotel, standing for one night.
The man whose name I don't remember did not snore
for we didn't sleep. He whispered Mina whenever he thought it's appropriate.
In the pub, I had given him my friend's name.
He said he liked my shoes; my friend reminded him of his piano teacher.
He was ten. She was thirty-two.

Where were you last night?
At home. In my own arms. Home is my own arms.
My own arms.

10
TAMMY HO
LAI-MING
DEATH SINGS OF HIS GAME



Throughout my life I have loved many women & believe me, I have never forgotten a face.

Some had faces of infants: round, translucent. Then one day all was gone. The day when their own baby countenances were imprinted on their screeching babes. Mothers cannot trick time, no matter how young, how tight they still are. Some failed to let go of their girly ways. I let them live for long enough to realise their faces had been squashed by age. Then I did them fast.

Some had faces of men: sturdy and bold. They took after their fathers and uncles or men known only to their mothers. They had no pretence, were not coy, not having learned how to seduce or annoy. I admired them most. I gave them long lives, full of hardship. They outlived their men, too.

Some had faces of counterfeited angels. Their supple bodies were oblivious to vices. Not really. Some did know how to fool: they deliberately went astray to gather rosebuds, feed a godfish. I do not know what they wanted; I doubt they themselves knew. I was most benevolent to them, taking them when they were daydreaming, living, fantasising, living.

HALF WAY THERE

KEEP READING

08
MICHAEL KEARNEY
SUMMER PLAY



07
MICHAEL KEARNEY
PFAUL

The echoes that are never heard
Do not ever go away
They gather to the back of the heart
Where angels stay to play

The shadows of great height
Dance nights and return by day
To gather at the back of the heart
Where angels stay to play

The river of little hope
Yet rises to certainty's bay
It gathers to the back of the heart
Where angels stay to play

The children there learn no hate
For all is glorious and gay
And can, gather at the back of the heart
Where angels stay to play

The wisdoms burrowed now hatch
In ancient scripture and lay
As one gather to the back of the heart
Where angels stay to play

The great craftsmen toying before hearth
Deep warmth giving life to clay
Feet gather at the back of the heart
Where angels stay to play

The angels undo all hurt
Ensuring the seekers and the stray
Find their way back to the heart
Where angels stay to play

On the maker's table, the hymn
Echoes sacred praise
The players of the heart
Sing to glory and stop to pray.

SONG

lim lee ching