

Y U W
A N A
ZINE^{#3}

DAYS OF ACTIVISM



Bob At...

COLOPHON



ASEAN YOUTH FORUM DIGITAL PUBLICATION

YUWANA ZINE #3: Days of Activism

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The ASEAN Youth Forum (AYF) is

a movement that represents and fights for the young people in ASEAN to voice out their concerns and strategies for ways to achieve a better ASEAN. AYF has been a platform of the youth in the ASEAN to raise their voice and claim for their rights for a sustainable, inclusive, people-centered, and youth-driven regional community. The network aims to institutionalise and establish its national chapters to focus the engagement on important and timely local issues affecting the youth, and consolidate policy proposal and agenda to put forward to the relevant ASEAN offices.



CURATORIAL

curator

Alyana



Cabral

“Days of Activism.” This was the prompt given for the open call for this third issue of Yuwana Zine. Young art makers were encouraged to create works based on the significant dates within the 16 Days of Activism, a global campaign initiated by the Centre for Women’s Global Leadership (CWGL) in 1991. The campaign was initially geared towards calling for action against gender-based violence, and from then on effectively became a stim-

ulus for civil organizations around the world to conduct various collective actions and solidarity activities addressing a wide range of social issues. The 16 Days run from 25th November to 10th December, highlighted by the following days of observance:

- **International Day for the Elimination of Violence Against Women (Nov 25)**
- **International Women Human Rights Defenders Day (Nov 29)**
- **World AIDS Day (Dec 1)**
- **The International Day for the Abolition of Slavery (Dec 2)**
- **International Day of Disabled Persons (Dec 3)**
- **International Volunteer Day (Dec 5)**
- **World Soil Day (Dec 5)**
- **International Anti-Corruption Day (Dec 9)**
- **International Human Rights Day (Dec 10)**

CURATORIAL

Alyana



Cabral

Commemoration of such days is the first step in restoring collective memory on marginalized narratives erased from mainstream history. It’s a way of paying tribute to the real people who are shaping the world, literally through hands-to-soil, hands-to-machines, and hands-to-fists. However, the meat of all efforts in decolonizing, undoing our socio-cultural biases, and abolishing class exploitation involves understanding why these “days of activism” exist in the first place, bringing to light the people they pertain to, and how all their struggles are connected, as well as how we can participate in them directly. I’m talking about the work behind the scenes, and behind the days of observance.

This is what most people don't see when they taunt the rallyists, dismissing them merely as harbingers of chaos. After we come home from a mobilization commemorating International Human Rights Day, or any other crucial day in history, they don't see a lot of the equally important background work that we do. We shout on the streets (or on the Internet) by morning, prepare relief packs for pandemic- and calamity-stricken communities by afternoon, and by night continue the battle on the legal front through petitions, appeals, and cases.

I speak from an artist-activist perspective, much like most of the participating artists in this zine. Their works displayed within these pages not only correspond to the Days of Activism, but also show a sound understanding of the issues behind them, in multiple viewpoints and various ways. It is also commendable that a lot of the artists here are actively participating in their own communities, organizations, and collectives. And it shines through their work.

The artists' paintings, illustrations, photographs, poems, essays, and memes lie on a spectrum of ideas ranging from raw proposals to ripe reportage and full-scale contemplations. Their insights resonate clearly, each with their own kind of poignancy and pensiveness. A lot of the works are earnest yet vigilant, and candid yet strong. They make one realize that there truly is power in recognizing

and articulating the links between the personal and the political, that one is the other, and even more to be able to do so through the catharsis of creative output.

From the first few pages of the zine to the last ones, there is a noticeable purging of angst and anxieties caused by the worsening crisis of the world further embossed by the COVID-19 pandemic. This proves that global crisis breeds identity crisis (especially for the youth), which is most heavily tangible in the global South and semi-colonial countries, especially in the Southeast Asian region where these works come from. This third issue of Yuwana Zine shows the topography of crisis from world to self both as individual and community, with each of the artworks in themselves oscillating from introspective to interactive, zooming out and in.

The works also succeed in bringing specific issues of the region to light, such as the Anti-Terror Law and human rights abuses in the Philippines, the Omnibus Law and labor and environmental exploitation in Indonesia, intense repression of dissent and monarchical threat to democracy in Thailand, and negligent government policies causing the inhumane conditions of migrants and refugees in Malaysia, which is connected to mass murders, deportation, and other military-perpetrated crimes in Myanmar.

Almost half of the artworks confront gender-based

violence and inequality head on, unapologetically and with fervour, addressing the ages-old conflict within conflicts in our patriarchal-feudal societies. Another silent struggle is given a colorful voice in this zine by the artists who chose to dedicate their works to individuals with disabilities.

Props can be given to these young art makers for daring to tackle issues that are heavy on the heart, and being bold enough to share their perspectives and shed light on the things governments and fundamentalists often conceal and render to the darkness. In fact, a lot of the writings here directly address nation rulers and fascists themselves, even demanding empathy, and appealing to their humanity.

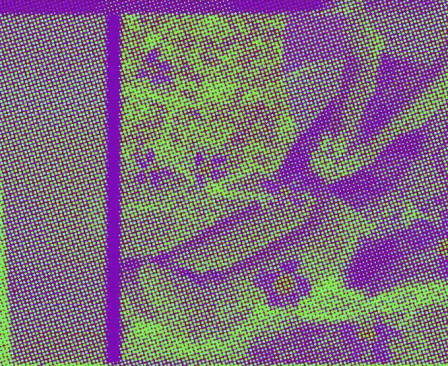
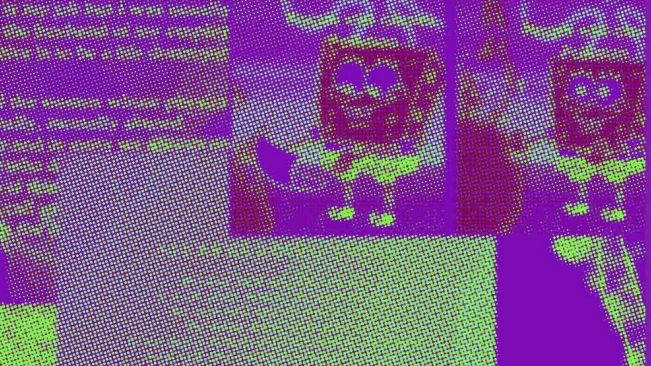
Therein lies the power of artmaking as a way for us to make sense of politics, with all its technicalities and obfuscations. It bridges the gap between worlds, as a way to address those above whom we cannot see, as well as those in our likelihood beyond our borders, by amplifying our demands as a people and as nations.

Art created for and in the language of the oppressed is never a language of violence inherent in itself. As a matter of fact, such art can only promote a culture that aims to unify collective consciousness and strengthen unity and solidarity.

Many of the works in this zine turn out to be kindred spirits, sharing about similar struggles, and offering silver linings from the same essence of radical optimism. It's as if the words, lines, and pictures were weaved together so seamlessly, one could almost glimpse a world anew.

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END
STATE
FASCISM
~ ANAKBAYAN FAIRVIEW

PASISMO
BIGUIN
DUTERTE
PATALSIKIN
~ ANAKBAYAN FAIRVIEW





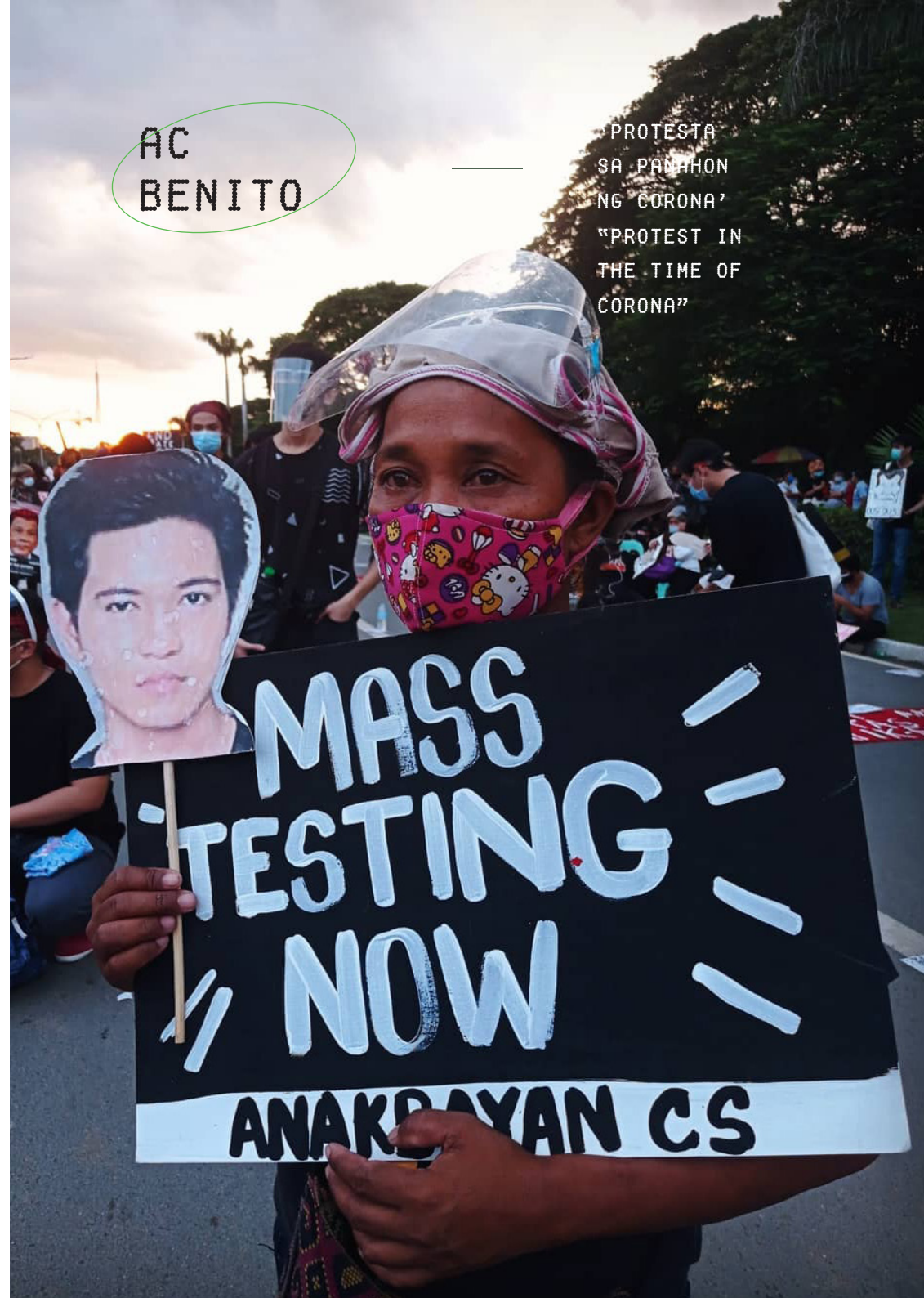
AC
BENITO

'PROTESTA
SA PANAHO
NG CORONA'
"PROTEST IN
THE TIME OF
CORONA"

Kasabay ng ika-48 na anibersaryo ng proklamasyon at pagsasailalim ng Pilipinas sa Batas Militar noong ika-21 ng Setyembre 2020 ay siya ring ipinanawagan ng mga mamamayan mula sa iba't ibang sektor ng lipunan ang kanilang laban sa Kalusugan, Kabuhayan, at Karapatan. Katulad ng mga naunang protesta mula nang magsimula ang pandemya ay muling ginanap ang komemorasyon sa University Avenue ng UP Diliman sa Quezon City. Halos dalawang daang araw nang sumasailalim sa iba't ibang uri ng community quarantine ang buong bansa ngunit patuloy pa rin ang pagtaas ng kaso ng COVID-19.

"Para kasing ginagamit nalang nila 'yung lock down para ikulong 'yung mga tao, wala naming testing wala na ring ayuda," ani Maria (hindi niya tunay na pangalan), habang hawak hawak ang placard na ipinapanawagan ang "MASS TESTING NOW."

Maituturing namang makasaysayan ang araw na ito dahil matapos ang ilang buwang pagpupuyos ng galit ay pinayagan nang muli ang mga raliyista na magsunog ng effigy bilang simbolo ng kanilang pagkamuhi sa naging aksiyon ng pamahalaan sa pagsugpo sa virus.



AC
BENITO

PROTESTA
SA PANAHO
NG CORONA'
"PROTEST IN
THE TIME OF
CORONA"





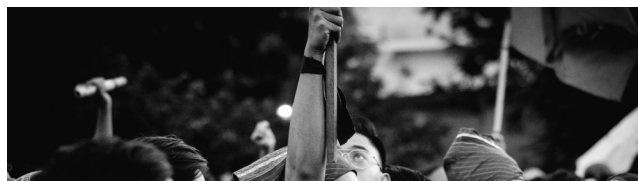
PATRICIA LEUTERIO

MARTIAL LAW RALLY



In September of 2019, many human rights groups, organizations, and activists came together at Quirino Grandstand in Manila City to commemorate and protest against any possible recurrence of Martial Law in the Philippines. According to Amnesty International, there were more than 3,257 known cases of extrajudicial killings and 35,000 documented tortures from 1972 to 1986 - some are still “desaparecidos” or missing, up to this day. The masses, students, human rights activists, lawyers, and organizations came together with the call to stop another massive act to violate human rights in the country from occurring.

Our call: Uphold human rights in the Philippines NOW. Stop the killings.
Never again!





KITTY YU

THE AUDACITY
OF HOPE

We deride those who have wronged their people; this is justice we say.
We destroy lands that practise a different belief; this is justice we say.
We pit people against each other; this is justice we say.
We fight an eye for an eye; this is justice we say.

Nay, justice is when we see reality through our own eyes and not through the eyes of others. When we see the sufferings of the oppressed, the poor and the defenseless, we see neither their color nor their gender. What we see is people, our fellow men, brothers and sisters from another mother, downthrodden and battered, while we sit on the sidelines and waste our lives away in meaningless pursuits.

Nay, justice is when we seek and investigate the truth that will free men from the chains and shackles of self-interest and blind faith. Be discontented, be angry, not at the people who have been led astray, but at the prevailing injustice allowed to spread like the pandemic plaguing the world. No man would ever experience true joy if even one of their fellow men is suffering.

Can't you see? We are but one.

SING
MIN LAU

WHAT IS
JUSTICE?

SILENT SUFFERING

RHEA

The only right you have is to remain silent,
To remain quiet.
While injustice roars around,
You sit and ponder and wonder,
Why do we go through this slander?

Is it the melanin?
The ferocious rage within?
Or maybe it's insecurity,
And why no one else will take responsibility.

I have seen injustice left and right.
When a little boy with my build and height,
Stared down the barrel of injustice and said
goodnight.
It wasn't just the shock of the loss of a life,
But rather, they were right.

The only right you have is to remain silent
Is to remain quiet.

But that, no longer are we.
As we walk through these streets,
We take with us strength and solidarity,
We bring forth anarchy,
So that our brothers and sisters may finally be
free.

We no longer have to remain silent,
And no longer will we be quiet.



KAIRA
COOPER

FREEDOM
OF
SPEECH

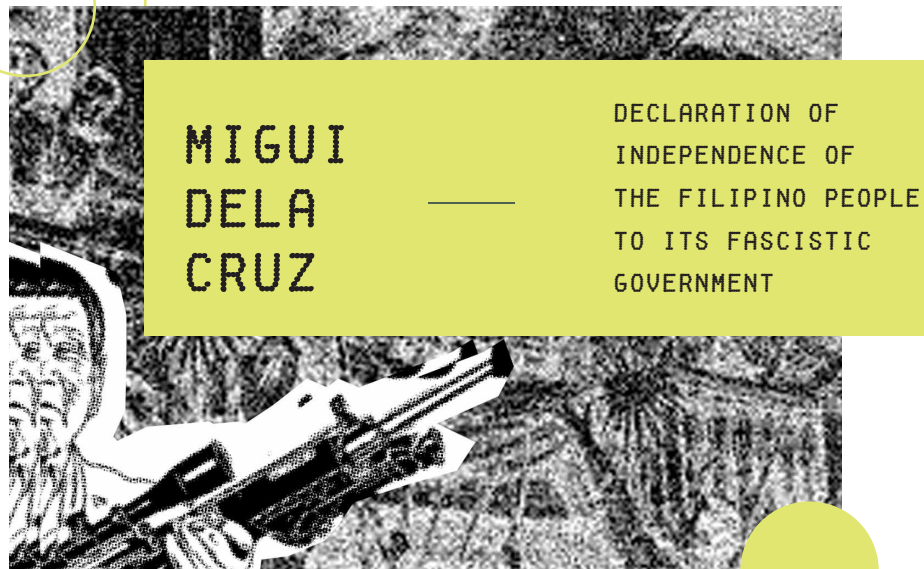


Sovereign หรือ State หรือ Country

และฉันฉันจะปฏิบัติตามค...
 Sovereign or State or Country and, I will
 observe, yo...
 ว่าจะมอำนางและสทิ...
 the further solemnly swear (or affirm) that I do
 gสมบัติและทั้งหมัดและเป...
 powers the rights, power...
 ละข้อสัดยเ...
 and privileges to and that I absolutely and
 ธิพิเศษในการละท...
 entirely national or city...
 ธารณรัฐของเหต...
 laws and be true, loyal and faithful Singapore
 สาบานอย่างจริง...
 and that powers and privileges to renounce all
 รังในการใช้ส...
 loyalty which I have...
 ฉันจะไม่ใ...
 may be entitled by to the republic of reason of
 君主或国家或国家...
 any (or affirm) that I will
 誓(或肯定)我的...
 foreign (or affirm) do solemnly swear and I do
 法律,是真口,忠...
 bear true...
 allegiance to any foreign exercise the rights, and
 有忠口的口力和...
 nationality or citizenship, I... that I will not
 国(或确口)的合...
 citizen of Singapore...
 地效忠任何外国...
 ,.... 我不是新...
 citizen of Singapore...
 公民

THANCHANOG
MAI CHIN HO

MY DADAIST
POEM SERIES 1



MIGUI
DELA
CRUZ

DECLARATION OF
INDEPENDENCE OF
THE FILIPINO PEOPLE
TO ITS FASCISTIC
GOVERNMENT

BEFORE ME, is YOU and the Filipino People, who are designated to proclaim this Declaration of Independence to the Fascistic Government of the Philippines, by virtue of a Decree issued by the Filipino People to the Fascist Regime of Rodrigo Roa Duterte,

The undersigned assemblage of Filipino People and the others far away from the motherland, as well as the representatives of each of our indigenous tribes,

Taking into account the fact that the people of this country are already tired of bearing the ominous yoke of Chinese Hegemony upon our own government,

Because of arbitrary arrests and abuses of the PNP and AFP who cause deaths in connivance with and even under the express orders of their superior officers who at times would order the shooting of those placed under arrest under the pretext that they attempted to escape in violation of known Rules and Regulations which is evidently shown on the killing of Kian Delos Santos, an innocent young man, and because of unjust red-tagging of illustrious Filipinos, especially those claimed by one of our own Army Lieutenant General at the instigation of our own National Intelligence Coordinating Agency which are interested in keeping their ignorance for egoistic, misogynistic and selfish ends,

And having as witness to the rectitude of our intentions the Supreme Judge of the Universe, and under the protection of the Powerful and Humanitarian Nations, the United Nation's Human Rights Commission, we do hereby proclaim and declare solemnly in the name and by authority of the people of these Philippine Islands,

That they are and have the right to be free and independent; that they have ceased to have any allegiance to the Chinese Invaders; that all political ties between them are and should be completely severed and annulled; and that, like other free and independent States, they enjoy the full power to make War and Peace, conclude

commercial treaties, enter into alliances, regulate commerce, and do all other acts and things which an Independent State has a right to do,

And imbued with firm confidence in Divine Providence, we hereby mutually bind ourselves to support this Declaration with our lives, our fortunes, and with our most sacred possession, our Honor.

We recognize, approve, and ratify, with all the orders emanating from the same, the Filipino People whom we should revere as the true government of this Nation, to effectuate the redemption of this unfortunate country as foretold by Dr. José Rizal in his magnificent verses which he composed in his prison cell prior to his execution, liberating it from the Yoke of Spanish domination,

Moreover, we confer upon the Filipino People all the powers necessary to enable this nation to discharge the duties of Government, including the prerogatives of evidently holding accountability to any officials,

And, lastly, it was resolved unanimously that this Nation, already free and independent as of this day, must use the same flag which up to now is being used, the white triangle signifying the distinctive emblem of the famous Society of the “Katipunan” which by means of its blood compact inspired the masses to rise in revolution; the three stars, signifying the three principal Islands of this Archipelago-Luzon, Mindanao, and Panay where this revolutionary movement started; the sun representing the gigantic steps made by the sons of the country along the path of Progress and Civilization; the eight rays, signifying the eight provinces-Manila, Cavite, Bulacan, Pampanga, Nueva Ecija, Bataan, Laguna, and Batangas - which declared themselves in a state of war as soon as the first revolt was initiated; and the colors of Blue, Red, and White, not to commemorate the Flag of the United States but rather to symbolize Justice, Patriotism, and Fraternity.

And holding up this flag of ours, I present it to you, the Filipino People.

AC
BENITO

PROTESTA SA PANAHON
NG CORONA



FAYLYN-
NVIVIAN

BLUE WARRIOR

A Conversation at
the Back of an Omnibus

SOFIA TANTONO

“Is this the workers’ victory?
Because that’s not what I see”

“What do you mean?
When he sees injustice, a man
can shout without going into the back of a van!”

“But he can be gassed,
he can be blinded
until all he can do is lie
and wish he would die”

“You were whipped
not entitled to pay, not even a tip
but times have changed, so we don’t give lip”

“And your hours whip you to death
not entitled to good pay, not much more than a tip.
The hunted bird,
bullet in bleeding heart,
still wants its caged friend to fly.
Domesticated songbird, sing!
Sing until you can wave this all goodbye”



BLUE WARRIOR

Faylynnvivan

This series was inspired by the political movement that is currently happening in Thailand.

People across the nation are protesting against social injustices that have been repeatedly enabled and encouraged by a broken system that benefits only a select few. Wealth inequality is at a historic high. Political opponents and activists are “disappeared”. Political graft is rife and more often than not, unpunished. Those responsible for social and economic prosperity are apathetic -- or worse, dismissive -- of the hardships endured by many of their own countrymen and women.

In response to these peaceful, non-violent demonstrations, police have used water cannons to disperse protestors. The water contains chemical irritants that stain skin and clothing blue so the police can identify who was at the protests.

Sculptures are how humans depict themselves as art. They are, in a way, a representation of humanity as an art form. We've reinterpreted sculptures such as Michaelangelo's David and Pain by Clemente Islas Allende, in our style and stained a deep blue to represent the indefensible actions of the government.

#whatshappeninginthailand



CHEMICAL TEARS

Fayllynnvivan

FAYLYN-
NUIVIAN

BLUE SERIES:
“BLUE WARRIOR,” “CHEMICAL
TEARS,” “ABOVE POLITICS,”
AND “LADY IN BLUE”

CORRUPTION

MUHAMMAD N HASSAN

SAY NO TO CORRUPTION

O leaders and representatives of the people
Who feel innocent steal money of the people
You receive high salaries but are still greedy
Prison and social punishment don't seem scary

In the row of official seats

You are given various facilities
Financial and power are around you

Please look at the life below you

You must remember

Any crimes are recorded on the God's calendar

Your position has time to end off

It's impossible until you take it off

Where is your feeling of heart?

So many people are oppressed and abused

The cries of the poor need to pay attention

The miserable people must take precedence

When they shout your name

Asking for justice of the mandate they given

You are taking away their economy

Looting state assets and enrich yourself only

The world must be better through today generations

Which is free from all acts of corruption

The future is in the hands of youth

Who ready to lead awakening of the world

Let's say no to corruption, for a golden civilization!

Bangkok, November 10th 2020



Welcome all
this land of milk and honey
is yours to live and dream;
a legacy from our forefathers
that perished in the name of
liberty, dignity, identity
from alien enslavers.
We wish to share with you
our wealth of independence.
Fret not its reserve; if you crave more
we will provide so long as you don't
mind us taking from others.

Behold our capital cities
where monoliths defy gods
with steel and concrete pride.
Peer closely and you'll notice
the shadows are moving;
ghosts in powdery rags hunched,
skin darkened from hundreds
of suns sculpturing the giants.
Choose one or build your own
and leave your resources to us,
for a meager price
we'll have an army
shipped in for you.

On the darkest nights
the brightest lights shine in red
and the women you seek
shall astound you with stories
of foreign shores
and a touch intoxicated
with lustful desperation. When you
had enough, surrender
into the lush duvet
woven by toddlers
with missing fingers.

This is the end of our tour
if you can stomach the nation's secret
make yourself at home.
Do not question us, lest you wish
to be spirited away.

ALISON LIEW

UTOPIA



KAYLAO (JERMAINE VALERIO)

HUWAD NA PAGKAKAIBIGAN

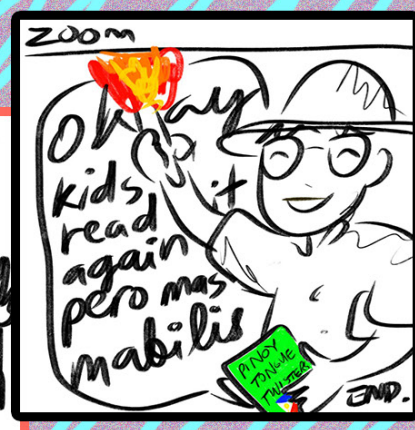
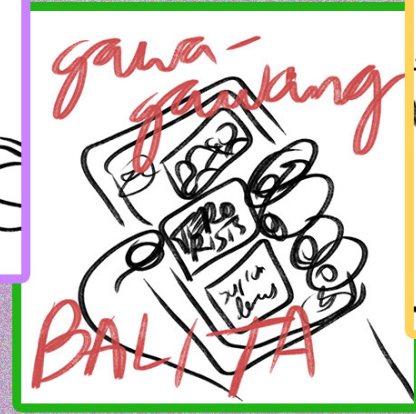
Historically, American imperialism has always been the main culprit in sowing corruption among third-world nations like the Philippines. Be it through bribery from international corporations or through outright military presence on our soil, the US never loosened its grip. Up until today, the Philippine government is still licking the world superpower's heels and the Filipino people still keep suffering from its overdependence. It has thus never been more necessary to acknowledge this forged friendship. It is high time for us to finally hold imperialists like the US accountable in exploiting Southeast Asia.



MAC ANDRE ARBOLEDA

PINOY TONGUE TWISTERS

“Pinoy Tongue Twisters” is a comic that talks about the corruption and human rights abuses in the Philippines, arguing that many of the violences we experience are man-made (“Gawa-gawa” means “made-up” in Filipino). The comic disguises itself as a tongue twister challenge, employing repetitive language to highlight the constant, orchestrated, and often normalized corruption by elites in power.



TRANSLATION (L-R): (1) Filipino Tongue Twisters (2) Made-up criminal cases (3) Made-up sand (4) Made-up news (5) Made-up elections (6) Made-up laws... (7) ...to justify violence (8) They've done nothing but make stuff up (9) Let's just make a new world (10) Ok kids, let's read it again but faster / Comic by Mac Andre Arboleda

THUS
SPAKE
SASKISA

CORRUPTION: A FIGHT BETWEEN
TEMPTATION AND MORALITY

From the era of Plato's philosophy to the present, human beings have had a hard time debating moral ethics and materialism. Here's a question to ponder: *What corrupts a human more?* Is it power; money; lust; surrounding wealths; or all of it? My stand is a man was not bound to be morally corrupted unless he was tempted towards the pathways of corruption.

To be frank, it is all temptation between the human mind and all its desires. Every person around the globe wants to be happy in their own way. The question is that, what makes people happy? Is it that they have fulfilled their ambition to be rich? If it is to be rich, what type of richness is that; moralities, humanities or financial?

It's understandable that there are too many questions here. As a human, I doubt myself too. What if I become a corrupted being? Will my moral upholds cease to exist in my life due to my greed and selfishness? Every single day of my life since I was eleven years old, I looked myself in the mirror during the nights when the lights are out, due to family curfew hours, and those questions keep getting back at me.

In the reality which I see in front of my eyes, I saw how a man can be tempted by pretty woman, richness of life, and power. There's

an old saying that power corrupts. Absolute power corrupts absolutely. Today's world is filled with Machiavellian manoeuvres. Anyone including your family members could be scheming against you as long as they could protect their own needs.

As a human being

I am upset with the moral genocide that is taking place in the world community. However, I believe that the spirit of fighting for what is right for the sake of humanity and global security among the younger generation now is high due to the current technological developments.

Therefore, let me state this crystal clear: Money does not buy a person but it buys the temptation within a person, thus corrupts the integrity and moral beliefs within a person. Hence, there is always unrest and warfare within a soul of a man in the bridge of virtues in which man fights for the sake of humanity.

Alas, in the end when the time keeps ticking, the morality within the man corrupts and the people whom he used to protect start a rebel with a cause for he is not fighting for what is right; but is rather selfish for his own needs.

In conclusion, let us as human beings enhance our spiritual, emotional, and mental fortitude so we could be free from the corruption of the mind in order to protect ourselves from being tempted by the deadly sins. We are not going to stay on earth for eternal, cause when the time comes, we shall leave.



In a fairyland,
 We could never defence the villain,
 As if,
 we learned to always shoo them out of our lane.
 As if,
 They are the sole reason for all our pain.

Then,
 We do be idolizing the man of the main,
 That play the sword skillfully trained,
 As if,
 For all of our respect was for them to be gained..

Late we understand,
 It wasn't about choosing the saint.

As hero was only hoping for the change,
 The villain was only hoping for the balance plane.

The ideology is the scent,
 That makes us neither sane nor insane.

No,
 A hero could be black, and the villain could be white.
 No,
 Late we understand again,
 That,
 It wasn't about choosing the colour constraint.

If we want to do humane,
 It is for us to celebrate and entertain,
 To be together and vain.

Even in the situation that you can't be genuine,
 Please not be abstain,
 To make a fair and peaceful bargain.

Still,
 If only there is humanity remain.

I constraint your jurisdiction,
 Upon me.

It's never in me demand,
 To make up to your accusation.

Its never in me pondered,
 To take account of your expectation.

Anyhow,
 It is all a contravention.

Sardonic.

I grasp your words as my ambition,
 I take your plan for my every motion.
 Make it as a detailed calculation,
 Just enough to bestow your preference,
 wishing to be in your prediction.

Just until I realize my current situation,

I come to actualization,
 That,

These are all a nefarious option,
 I bloody failed the election,

And upon me,
 Corruption.

ONE MAN, ONE VOTE,
ONE VALUE!



In Malaysia, local councils
are not elected ...

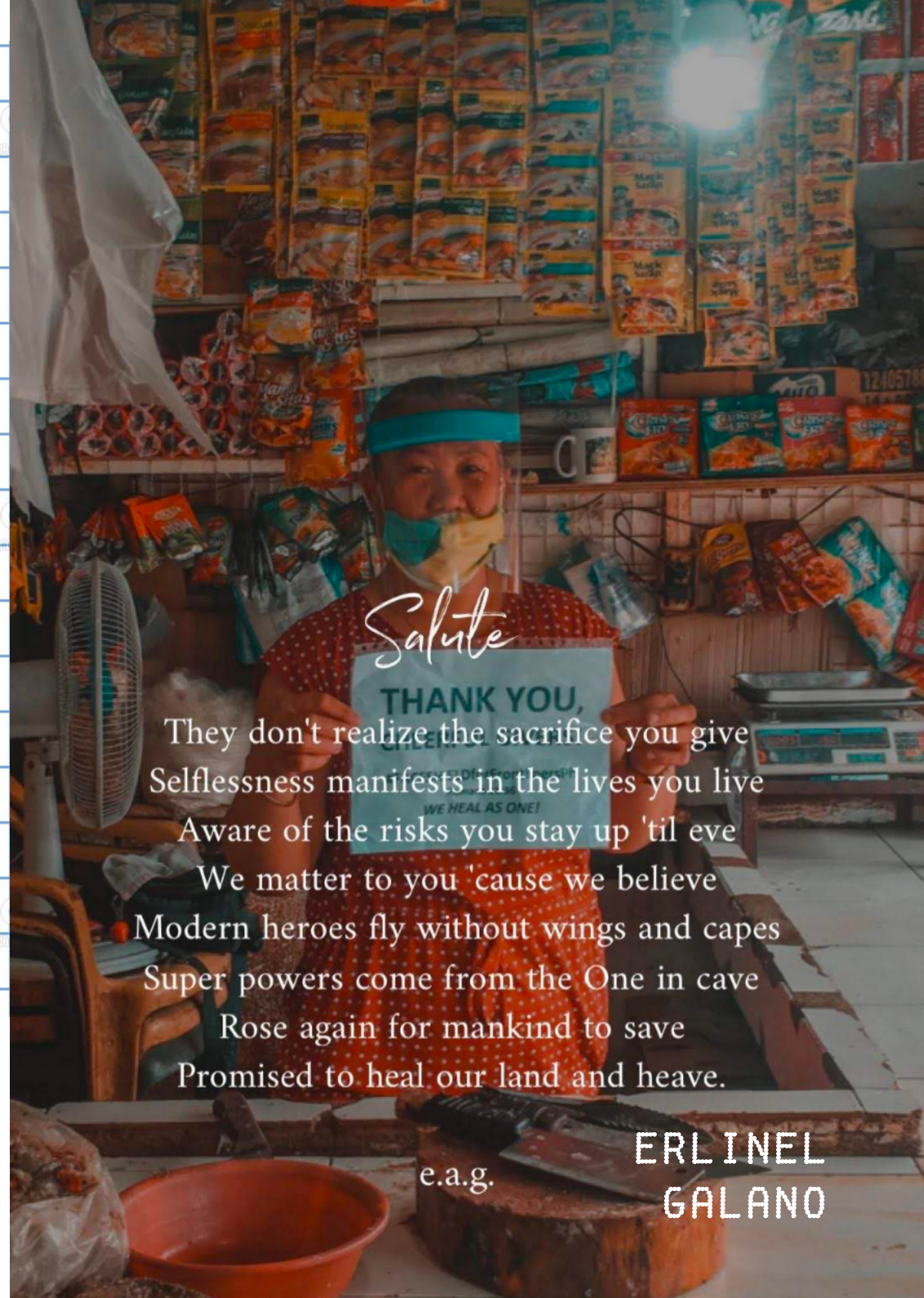


plans on changing that!
We are a bunch of young volunteers,
restoring Malaysians' 3rd vote.

Undi Ketiga - We are a youth-led campaign that's trying to restore the third vote in Malaysia. This is the teaser poster of an upcoming event: a Local Council Election Simulation.

CHLOE
LEE

UNDI KETIGA



They don't realize the sacrifice you give
Selflessness manifests in the lives you live
Aware of the risks you stay up 'til eve
We matter to you 'cause we believe
Modern heroes fly without wings and capes
Super powers come from the One in cave
Rose again for mankind to save
Promised to heal our land and heave.

e.a.g.

ERLINEL
GALANO

IT MAY FEEL HOPELESS

TERROR
LAW PASSED!

LIKE WE'RE TRAPPED IN THE DARK



BUT THE
FIGHT



EMAIL
SENT!



IS NOT
OVER.



EVEN THE
SMALLEST SPARK
CAN LIGHT A
FIRE

SO KEEP YOUR
LIGHT ON.

JEFF WILLIAM ACOSTA

Poem

DEVOURING ALL THE FOOD THAT MIGHT
COME OUT FROM AN ENTRY WOUND IN THE NIGHT SKY

I. *noche buena*

in this cold bed, inside this garden
of cemented boxes, beside these eye balls
we cannot close, we wake.
not because we forgot to dream or sing lullabies to the dead.
but to devour, all the night might offer—their eyelids.

fluttering to the hissing oil: we're frying the *shooting stars, fireflies,*
horseflies, houseflies and all the *lies*, that make them nervous.
we stand and squint, in a middle of something, beyond 7 pm
or probably, more shadow seconds or an hour.

through its slipping hands, we sniffed, the savory sauce
and dip the meat of someone's hands—her nails
are charred, just the way I like my *isaw*.

forget her head.
no one will know nor draw her face
on a canvas, in case she went missing.
and not that it's ugly
for museums, but it is too ordinary
to even dare remember.

faster and smear it along our mouths
—her torn limbs, are falling on the ground

my lola said, when I was younger: *'bilisan mo!*
it's not five seconds yet and you can still save it'
before the ants catch its smell and the taste remains
not the taste of ants (like it was something she learned from her science teacher)

but caramel and coffee and sweet,
just like her eyes
that are translucent and half closed

before we could offer it to my salivating brother,
before his turn himself to lie down on a platter,
before she went to the nearest hospital,
before her breath
catches her.

*Poem*II. *leftovers*

"We denounce the irresponsible and reckless action of the senator. He added to the burden of a hospital trying to respond in its most competent and aggressive manner to cope with the daunting challenges of this COVID-19 outbreak,"
—MMC medical director Dr. Saturnino Javier, Wednesday March 25

said someone wearing a white coat as his voice stuttered
like someone in there or a ghost
was holding his neck tightly and is ready
to commit murder.

it's probably what's also seen
on hospital televisions, along with the never
-ending beeping from the nurses' stations.
as if they're composing a song,

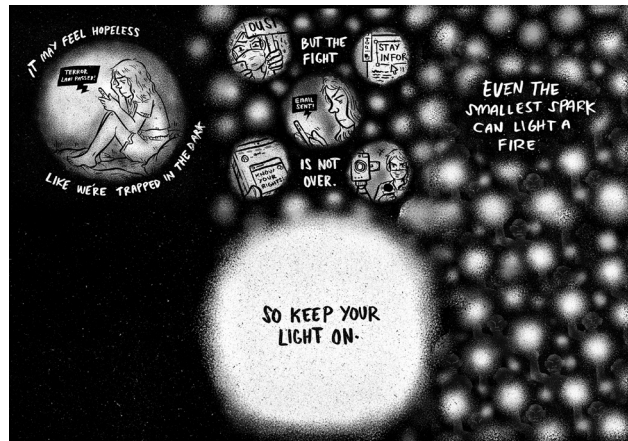
a Christmas carol in late march.

meanwhile, as we watch these cotton candy clouds
unravel into gummy webs—a potential dessert
after someone chased us, with a gun
in his side pocket, with our nails, a portion
of what remains, of our bodies
and boxed them, as if we can save it
for later.

I wonder, if that could open an entry
wound in the sky so it might rain
us our dinner
before the sun rays hit us first

we spared
the moon for another
tomorrow, even though we never felt
like there is one for us.

we sliced over and over with our nails, a portion,
of what remains in our bodies
and boxed them as if we can save
it for later.



MARIANIE

KEEP YOUR LIGHT ON

A short comic in response to the “Anti-Terrorism Act of 2020” being passed as a law in the Philippines. This law whose intent is to prevent, prohibit, and penalize terrorism in the country actually violates human rights by having unclear or questionable criteria for arrest. Instead of providing support to those greatly affected by the pandemic, the government prioritized this law and officials abused their power. Political unrest was wrongly suppressed by the ruthless police force. The bill was largely opposed but was still passed. Although the masses couldn’t riot in the streets, this comic shows how the fight isn’t over. We will continue to fight for our rights. Virtually through social media, physically in riots, and in whatever way we can. Even the smallest effort can create a whole movement.



Balde baldeng dugo, di na mabilang ang mga bangkay.
Dumadagdag pa sa mga patay ang ‘di umiimik.
May presyo kasi ang kalayaan

#notoredtagging #notoredtagging #yestoredlipstick
#notoviolence

PAMELA
MACEDA

MAGKANO NA BA ANG
GALUNGGONG NGAYON?

PURNIMA GHOGAR

OUR ART IS A WEAPON AGAINST OPPRESSION



Our art is a weapon against oppression,
a subdued hue that aims to
harmonise, balance and mute
the destructible noise.

Our words must challenge,
question, enrage and set ablaze
outdated attitudes for the new

neutral ways of being human -
because somewhere along the way,
a human escaped its being.

Our art is created by artists
with eyes wide open,
oozing with a lust for life,
inspired by all its greatness and strife -
but when we witness injustice,
our art unites to become a tool for change:

Art means everything when it is shared.

Give meaning



ERNEST LEE

IT'S MILES TO PARIS

All the world's
a canvas,
a balance sheet,
an empty placard

for us waiting too long
with brushstrokes and poems; paint it green
to enter impact funds, or bonds-too-clean
now spread this message fast

and dreaming
of nature's love rendered, a green future
of green futures, the NASDAQ ticker
bad, bad dreams. no nature no future

these dreams
rendered in words, acrylic, oils
hedged in gold, that markets rally
of us citizens, chanted at rallies

in seas of
green. textures of foilage and birdsong
green. markets now sustainable
green. grass underfoot where we gather

against seas of
purple. prose still paralyses
black. petrosludge still hold value
blue. police still close in

in the SEA of
writer-artist-playwright-
worker-capital-entrepreneur
warrior-activist-advocate



SARAH IBRAHIM

WHAT FESTERS

We find land to cultivate
And water to take
From and breathe life
Into our bodies
As we find a core that
Settles and resonates
Like home

We build our homes on stilts
Made of wood and stone
Readily cut and hewn
From this land we own
Hoping the bundle we choose
Would carry our home
With the strength it boasts
For the simple promise of
A good life

A good life, a promise
That seems harder
And further than ever before
As the unseen rot in the wood
that festers in one, latches onto others
Silently, joyfully, greedily feeds,
Without pause or heed
For the lives in the home above

That broken promise is found
So too, the black rot taken root
Yet, "No cause for alarm!"
Would spill from the mouths
Of those that take the rot into
their hands and so consumed
as they smile with their rotstained teeth
"our home is safe!"

Rotstained teeth that chatters
Spewing rot that festers
In the lungs and blood and bones
Until rot kissed lips
Feels right



*Rot feels good, right?
It feels great, doesn't it?
You weren't taught
How great rot can be,
Stop asking, you sound stupid
How can rot ever be bad?
YOU'RE DELUSIONAL
The only one to think this-
YOU'VE GONE INSANE
My love, trust me, believe me
That rot is best for you
I love you*

And my love shows in the rot
Staining your skin
A visible proof of my love
And devotion, more lasting
Than the sweet roses, our promises
That dies at my touch, a weakness
When my rotstain is so everlasting,
it marks you even when
I'm gone

So, pay no mind
To the crumbling walls of our home
The rot that lingers in its bones
Find your warmth, your shelter
In my arms

*And I will,
But as the sun shines through the
Broken walls, I know warmth
Can be found elsewhere,
Where rot won't cling*

*I look to the broken walls
And wonder if your arms
Can break too.*





ALVIAN WARDHANA

CIPTA
ASA
PROJ-
ECT

It was only a few months ago — just prior to COVID-19 - that online education was beginning to gain mainstream recognition for being just as effective, if not better, than a traditional classroom education. But before we get too excited by a new trend of online classroom education, we need a quick reality.

However, the disruption of traditional education systems has put students from low-income families and rural areas at a disadvantage. These are students who, even in normal conditions, are already facing access barriers to education. They now need to overcome additional barriers brought about by the inequality in accessing technology infrastructure.



ALVIAN WARDHANA

CIPTA
ASA
PROJECT

The Indonesian government made a hard decision to re-open schools especially in rural areas. In Kalimantan Selatan, there are a lot of schools that re-opened because they did not have access to Internet. Based on that, I made a social project called Cipta Asa.

Cipta Asa is project that focuses on helping primary students across Kalimantan Selatan especially in hinterland areas to get free facial masks to help save their learning in school. This

project impacted more than 1,000 students in 6 villages in Kalimantan Selatan. In this journey, I brought another project like Surat Kata, Buku Berkata, and Buku Bersambung in which the activity is sharing recycled books and giving them motivation letters from around Indonesia, encouraging them to never give up despite their condition. I hope this small action project can help their struggle in this condition.

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ
قُلْ يَا أَيُّهَا الَّذِينَ آمَنُوا
اتَّقُوا اللَّهَ حَقَّ تَقَاتِهِ
لَعَلَّكُمْ تَتَّقُونَ



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RIFKI NURFAJRI RAMADHAN

RIGHTS WITHOUT ENFORCERS

The concept of rights existed when society evolved to live in a group. When society lives in such a social state, members of such society are demanded of certain tasks or roles, also known as obligations, and in return they are given what the society has to offer them, or rights. Back then, this dynamic was done without some sort of grand operation— if a member of the community did not do what was expected of them, then the society would have just shunned them. This concept of how rights and obligations amongst people coevolved as humans expanded on how they live in a society. Tribes replaced groups, states replaced tribes, and empires replaced states. Of course, forms of communal living which humans were involved in were different from each other due to both locations and time. One thing is still certain— what is expected of members of a society are obligations, and what is offered to them are rights.

Out of the many rights or obligations which arose from human civilizations, one is called human rights. The post Second World War world is entangled with such a concept. And people across the world became more aware of the parameters of good living based on such a concept.

The idea of human rights is fairly new. Should you live in a losing state, or side with a losing ruler, that was when you lost your rights, even to the extent of your rights as a human being. Ancient civilizations tried to create what is known now as human rights, but the nature of the era did not allow them to universally erect and defend such rights. Kingdoms and city-states tried their best to have such universal rights – the rights which are granted to you regardless of your background. This was manifested as the Magna Carta in the 13th Century by the Kingdom of England and the Bill of Rights by the Kingdom of England in 1689. The topic of the right to rule was intertwined with the question of human rights, who shall get them and what are included in such rights. The American Declaration of Independence stated such rights in many terms, such as the rights of men against being encroached by the government, and the rights of men to pursue happiness as they

are created equals in the eyes of the creators. However, that document carried its own hypocrisy in denying thousands of enslaved Africans on their lands. It also spoke nothing of the women or the poor population of the new country. This did not only happen in the American Declaration of Independence. Several years after the declaration was adopted, and after the Treaty of Paris was signed and the United States of America was born, another state was also in a fiery condition, and amidst all the demonstrations and the chaos, the French Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizens was adopted. Yet, the document did not include anything about the rights of women – the majority of the push of the First French Revolution. While the document did abolish slavery, the system was reinstated when Napoléon was in power. This is what I call as the exclusionary era. In this era, humans came to grip as to what their fundamental rights are. However, they were not to be shared with those who were deemed not “worthy” as such decision of worthiness was heavily prejudiced.

A century after the final resignation of Napoléon, the question of the right to govern or rule which also was intertwined with the question of human rights still puzzled human civilization. In such a course

of time, the United States went over a civil war in the name of abolishing slavery. Even though the war ended slavery, such practice is still, even until today, available as a form of punishment. And, at the same time, the rights of equal citizenship, such as to vote or to enter the political arena, were not granted to the millions of the recently-freed African Americans. The many revolutionaries and cries of reforms happened in Europe, be it in Tsarist Russia, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Kingdom of Spain, or even in the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This century is still under what I called the exclusionary era, because, even though some rights were then granted to white men, such as the Reform Act of 1867 in the Kingdom of Great Britain or the numerous legal victories of the deletion of the property requirement to vote in the United States, it was not recognized that human rights apply to all citizens. Not to mention the harshest sin of them all— colonization and imperialism, the act of extracting resources from non-European lands through sweat and blood of the indigenous citizens there. Such an appalling act of enslavement was justified through numerous justifications, racism, religious differences, or even just the simple hate-filled phrase: “uncivilized people.” The act of European

Imperialism fueled their industrial revolution and advancement with the work of millions whom they called as “savages.”

The First World War gave the colonized citizens a sigh of relief as the independence from their European Imperialist rule seemed to be possible as several nations gained their freedom from the European shackles in the post-war era. The interwar era also gave some notable milestones for human rights, for instance, the Women Suffrage achieved their quest for the right to vote in the United States and the United Kingdom as well as the newly founded Weimar Republic of Germany. This was the first period of time in which labour rights and human rights converged in a real sense. With the creation of the Soviet Union, a state which prides itself with their promise to ensure the rights of workers based on Marx and Engels’ works, people seemed to realize what is at stake in a human rights-denier state. The Great Depression fueled what became the anti-Semitic, homophobic, and misogynistic movement that were the Fascist movements of Italy and Germany. They fueled up their base with the hatred of what they blamed as the social decline of their respective states. And with that, the Second World War erupted.

The end of the Second World

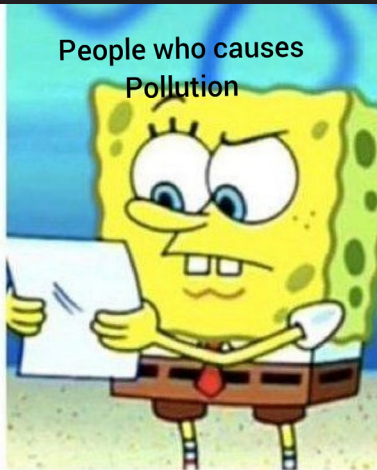
War created an immense push to end any kind of future world wars. And such push was manifested by the creation of many international organizations, chief amongst them the United Nations. The organization promised to uphold Human Rights. They even authored a document of Universal Human Rights. Even though it was written with mostly European actors, it became the collective dream of the world. This is what I called as the Promising Era. It gave some hope that the new world order would actually protect what they have been fighting for in the Second World War. It also created the American and Soviet Hegemonies. In which, a state may fall under the American influence or the Soviet influence, or somewhere in between. In this time period, European colonies one by one started to gain independence. This was not due to collective awakening of the European powers, but merely that the two hegemonies denied its existence. In the documents of independence, human rights were written be it in the Indonesian Constitution Preamble, the Viet Nam Declaration of Independence or the Philippine Declaration of Independence. The fact of the matter was the newly created states envisioned a new beginning in which they would be different from their colonizers and rule in a fair manner.

That was not the case for many of these states. Human rights and all of their promises of justice seemed to be sidelined for the promise of economic development. This condition bred foreign power-backed regimes, including states in South East Asia. By the time the regime came to power, all that mattered was the so-called economic development. Both of the hegemonies would gladly turn their heads for the sake of their control of the area. The end of the Cold War actually brewed the actual implementations of the Promising Era. This time period actually moved countries closer to work together for some sustainable solutions to their humanitarian problems. The technological advancement also brought a lot of help in this time period in exposing the cruel and inhumane human rights abuses. As the world became ever closer through globalization, a wave of push back was growing. And it culminated in the mid 2010s nationalistic fervour across the world. This became a big setback for human rights movements as the world which used to have a superpower in erecting such errors found themselves in a world without one. And the reactionary backlash set back many nations way farther than they ever imagined.

In the spirit of International Human Rights Day, I would like to reflect upon the idea of “Rights without Enforcers.” That is the people of the world, including South East Asia, must realize, that with or without a state or a superpower, their rights exist and must be protected. This is where I think that the conventional “protector” of rights cannot be relied upon again, and as a replacement, we, as a collective citizen of the world, should, in fact, watch and protect the rights of our fellow citizens. This is a pressing issue which people need to realize the context of, the selloffs of our human rights for marginal gains are happening again in South East Asia, or they may have never left and just manifested themselves at the right time. With the waves of democratization in Thailand, the Philippines, Malaysia, and even Indonesia, it also came with huge setbacks and counteracts by those who would like to keep their power. We as civilized citizens should no longer need for their approvals of our rights. We own these rights – human rights – as they are endowed by the creators, or by the existence of humans themselves, without the approval of anyone, not even the state. This spirit should hopefully fuel the movements of democracy in South East Asia for many years to come.



AI



AI

CHIBIMOMOIRO

Soil Beneath



Dream of food to eat
yet the grass loses its green
soil hardens bares cracks

Without soil beneath
how are earthlings to wander
or burns to aid us

Sow our soil with seeds
grow to be green or rainbow
after rain and sun

haiku

CHIBIMOMOIRO

SOIL BENEATH

JOANZZIE LEE

SELF:SOIL





RUTH
RONDILLA
BELTRAN

SILENT FEEDERS.. SILENT CRIES..

Ruth

JANE LAW LEE BIN

MIGRAN JUGA MANUSIA

The sky is leaden
 With no freckle of stars in sight
 The one ray of sunshine turns its back
 Their lies are too many footsteps to be count

Across the border
 Where life is better
 Or at least, empty promises
 Sealed with pretty kisses on counterfeit tickets

Your existence squeezed with 300 other men
 Your back itches with bleeding rashes
 Of the blood suckers breathing under hardwood floors
 Disconnected from cut telephone lines and time

Water is rust there
 And the air taste like sewage
 No blankets, no privacy
 No privacy, no privacy

Bitter tears
 A baby's first word
 Is to reached out to their mom
 On the other side of the block

On her knees
 Mother begs
 Coughing sickness
 Still she goes untreated

Father is beaten and bruised and black

Like the image of heavens above him
 He used to believe in God
 But not with his hands tied and stomach fed with kicks

Sister's eyes saw the last light
 Her purple lips trembled
 As it touched an ice tray
 Her voice was merely a cold-distant whisper

Brother is dirty
 He wails, he mad
 He feels his grip loosening
 Day by day in this hellhole

Welcome home!
 How hungry have you been?
 How cold is it?
 How have we become like this?

A home is a home
 Until the barbed wires come in
 Choking the life out from their eyes
 Its thorns prickled the one thing they prayed-
Freedom.

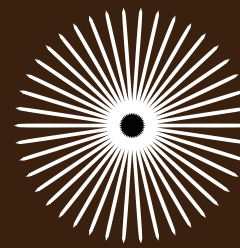


JANE LAW LEE BIN - MIGRAN JUGA MANUSIA

Migran Juga Manusia, which means 'Migrants are also Humans' in Malay - the national language of Malaysia - is a campaign created in response to the cruel inequalities faced by migrants and refugees in Malaysia. This poem is based on this tweet (<https://twitter.com/shusreen/status/1267809942393651201?s=20>), which shed light on how they are living under inhumane conditions in detention camps.

I question, whether as a society,

how can we turn our backs and look the other way when injustice is happening right in front of our eyes. Xenophobia is very prevalent in Malaysia. A lot of Malaysians are saying that migrants and refugees need to go back to 'where they came from' but they don't understand that most of them have nowhere else to go. No one chose to be homeless, no one chose to run away from their country if it's safe in the first place and most importantly, no one should be labelled 'illegal'.



MUHAMMAD N. HASSAN

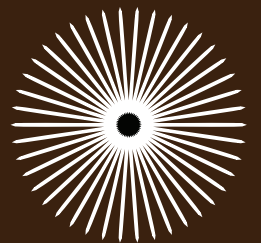
WOMAN IS SUPERHERO

Newborn girls were buried in the era of the Arabian ignorance
The residents consider women to be a family disgrace
What is happening in America and European countries?
The number of women violence cases continue to increase
In India every 15 minutes one woman is raped
South African women speak out over violence wave

Domestic and family violence are rife around the world
Please come down to defend without waiting until you're old
Don't let the law just stop at the text
The dignity of women must be protected
The state should give the highest respect for women space
Not make the earth become an unsafe place

We must remember being born to a strong mother
All women and girls are carriers of the next engender
We must stand guard on them from all threats
Dare to be on the forefront as their shields
I really believe that world civilization will be victorious
If the women life is respected and glorified as superheroes

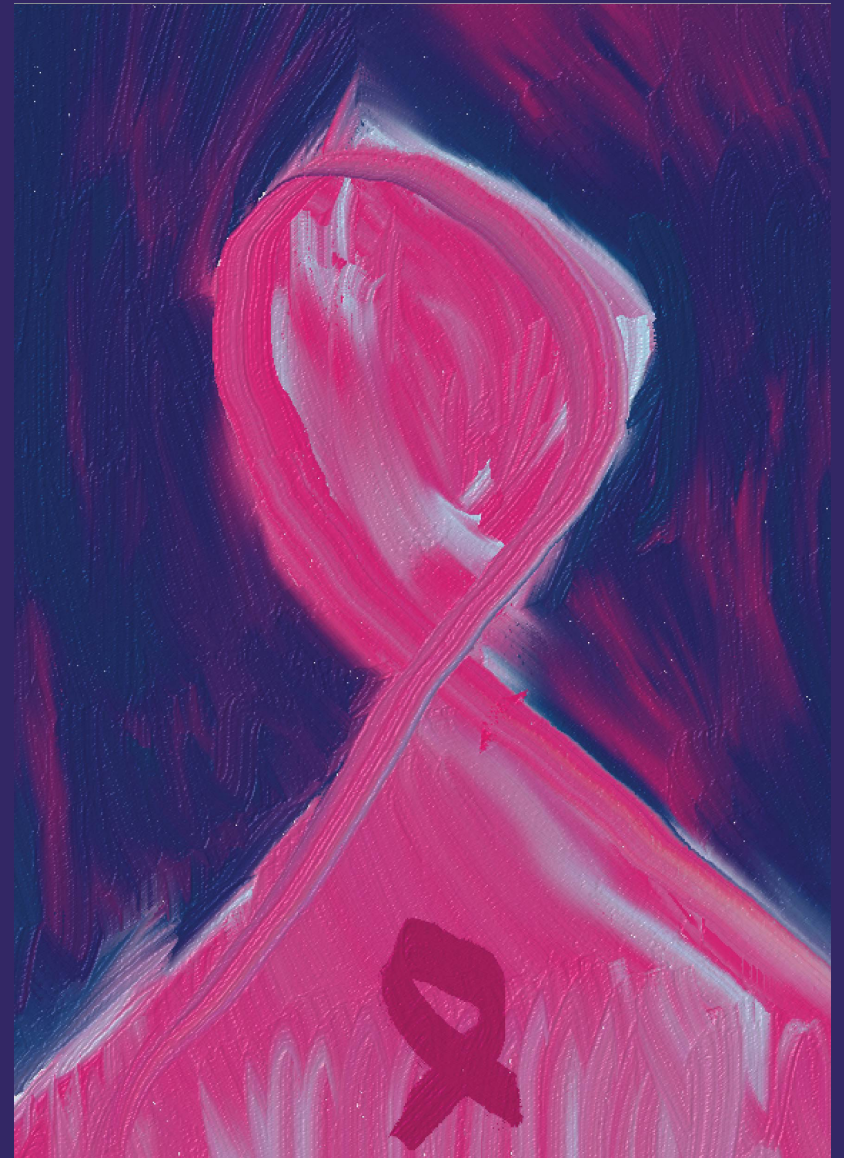
Bangkok, November 10th 2020





EMEIR
FAIZAL

FATHER AND DAUGHTER



EMEIR
FAIZAL

CARE ENOUGH

ALLISON LEE

LADY

What makes a lady a lady?
Because the alternative term for lady is gentlewoman,
and gentlewoman sounds weird and fuzzy.

I know I'm supposed to make that last sentence rhyme,
but it's really hard for ladies to do things sometimes.
Surely you'll agree that the women receive less than men – the
dimes.
And have you ever noticed that outside the female bathroom there
are always lines?

Society tells you that a lady has fair skin,
a sharp chin and a loose grin,
her figure just as thin as a Boleyn,
and when she turns, her dress spins,
her hair held up with bobby pins.
You'll see her flowing in the wind,
but really, do you know the world she's living in?

They'd tell you to
put your legs down and sit like a lady should.
You gotta behave like a lady would.
Ladies should stay in the kitchen and not chop wood,
because chopping wood won't do you any good.

Chopping wood will chip your nails off,
but men don't have long nails so they take their clothes off.
Why is it okay for men to take their clothes off
but when ladies do that the elderly usually scoff?

They'd tell you that
Ladies wearing a skirt
belong in the kitchen scrubbing off dirt.
After the entrée they bring men dessert,
and eye contact they had to avert.

Ladies being polite were treated like flirts,
like someone put up a big, grand concert
saying that all ladies are invited,
but inside men awaited.

Ladies are raped, abused, offended, and used,
but ladies were told to keep their mouths shut,
or the trouble that comes will be further induced.
So ladies wipe their tears and sew their ears,
for when the people question about this cruel oppression,
they never ask what the gentleman was wearing in that occasion.
It's always what the lady was wearing that had led to this situation.

And when the lady speaks she faces aggression, suppression–
mediation turns into litigation.
Her bravery is rewarded with suspicion
because in the courtroom, nobody listens to reason.

Ladies walk home holding keys in caution
They're told it's illegal to get abortions
Every lady's figure is subjected to judgment
Until the day she lies in a coffin–

Her eyes closed, heart no longer beating
Yet vultures pick at her, you'll hear them saying:

*"Look! Her nose isn't very high.
Look! Her waist isn't very tight.
Look! Her weight isn't very light.
Does she dress like this at night?"*

*Look! Her chest is way too flat.
Look! Her hips are so fat.
Look! Her teeth are like rats'.
Must've been crazy as a bat!"*

Ladies are taught that if a man is mean,
then he likes her and wishes to be in her dream.
There's a saying that hitting is loving
and scolding is loving. That's not true.
That is just to prevent ladies from fighting back
like wine bottles with corkscrews.

If a man is rude, you step away;
and if they call you names don't even try to stay.
You call the shots, and you pull the trigger,
for no lady deserves to be treated any lesser.

In some places, still, many things a lady is denied –
her rights to vote and her rights to drive.
No one ever said ladies were born just to die,
it's just that no one ever taught them the right way to fight for life.

Common sense that if you don't fight you'll die,
but ladies are portrayed as lovers not fighters.
Then how can ladies fight for what they love,
if the gentlemen show them there's nothing else to life than being
their wife?

To sit in a couch,
knitting a pouch,
to never be loud,
because if you're loud then he'll shout.
And if she tries to walk out,
he'll grab her, no doubt,
and lock the doors, shut the window,
because when talking to a gentleman a lady should never say no.
I think it's very funny the way ladies are treated at parliaments.
The way men shut down their arguments.
It's like they don't matter and the words they say are nonsense.
But how can it be nonsense if it's coming from
the mouths of someone who busts their butts off
pots and pans and shoes in sands and mud and land and grease and
damn!

I think it's unfair how when they go out for a day,
the gentleman always thinks he has to pay.
Be it March, April or May, be it a Broadway date or a café,
he somehow constantly gets the last say.
Is that even fair play?

We speak of moral codes and chivalry.
Chivalry is the medieval system with its code for knights,
but if a man is only chivalrous at night,
he ain't no knight! You might as well put up a fight.
I've seen ladies in satin dresses, red and all.
They are beanstalk tall and stay at home instead of going to balls.

I've seen them twirl cards between their fingers,
the perfume scent lingers,
as the card gets swiped,
and the lady smiles with delight.

See, it seems blown out of proportion that
gentlemen put on ties and suits.
They run on clouds chasing after their childish pursuits
to dominate the household, the workforce, the world, even the bed-
room too.
TV advertisements and propaganda will tell you
that ladies are incapable of all the things men do.
But ladies and gentlemen,
ladies can bleed and lead,
while men can only lead.

Gentlemen.
Why are they called gentlemen when they're not even gentle?
The synonym of ladies is women, and women don't need men.
That's just a common misconception that people like to pen.
See, men might get things right and done,
but ladies get things right and done the first time!

Ladies and gentlemen.
The word ladies comes first.
Ridiculous how when it comes to power, money, position and
rights,
the gentlemen come first!
They've got to quench their thirst–
Thirst of being one step higher on the ladder–
The ladder than proves they are better–
Better than the ladies, and better than the men
But when they reach the very top, what will happen then?

I'm here to tell you today
and there's no such thing as it being wrong–
Ladies belong where men belong.
Everywhere.
Anywhere.
Today.
Yesterday.
Tomorrow.
And forever.



JHEMAR CENAS LAGATA

LIBERATED GENDER

Gender isn't freed.
 Human bonded as one,
 With logical and critical realizations.
 There's no liberation in words,
 Even vivid and irony.
 Freedom vanished like flood of a mud.
 Oh, nothing was like animal in the wild.
 Such not liberation in a box—room,
 Only with the self appreciation.
 Only the self talking with a self.
 Shouting justices for variety feathers,
 Never been signed by the red corrupted pen.
 Words,
 Actions,
 Were manipulated by strongest storm.
 Liberating ourselves—was,
 Been not welcome to an entrance.
 Sort of determinations, fist up.
 But like a singing of small birds, it passed by.
 Gender was variety of feelings,
 Emotions,
 Actions,
 Words,
 Determinations,
 Bundle of different rights, for whose gender wasn't free.
 Only what they wanted is—
 Liberating the gender as human.

ZAY YAR

ငယ်ငယ် ကတည်းက အဝတ်စနဲ့ မျက်လုံးကို အုပ်ပိပြီး ပန်းတွဝေနေတဲ့ ကမ္ဘာလို့ ပြောကပြောပရဲ။

ဟင့်အင်း... ပန်းတွဝေနေတဲ့ ကမ္ဘာကို ကိုယ်တိုင် အဝတ်စကို ဖယ်ပိပြီး ကြည့်မှာပါ... ပန်းတွဝေနေပေမယ့်လည်း အကြိတ်တူချင်မှ တူမှာလေ ...

လှပသောချုပ်နောင်မှ

HAZEL MARIE KUGAN

DAYS UNDER THE BLIND SUN

*Deliver us, O Lord, if mercy be
Your name!*

*We sing your songs, we sing your
psalms.
We pray in corners, we pray with
open palms.*

*Do you not hear the falling of our
tears?*

*Does your soil spit out the blood
from our wounds?*

*Does the air refuse trade with our
skin, sweat denied?*

*Or should we pray to a different
deity?*

*We sing it our lies, we sing it our
kopitiam politics,
We pray on our keyboards, we
pray with our phones.*

*Our tears, the nectar of its
prophets; lompat si katak lompat.
Our blood, washes away the guilt
of their gifts; cuci tangan, jangan
lupa sanitasi, pilihanraya hak
demokrasi,*

*Our sweat; the doors close one
last time, sorry aunty, goodbye
uncle.*

*Someone, anyone, deliver us, save
us!*

*We sing the song of protest, we
sing our screams,
We pray with our feet on the
ground, we will not fall onto our
knees
again.*

*Our tears will water the soil we
grow our future in,
Our blood will paint our history
with our passion,
Our sweat; aunty, we will keep
your doors open, uncle, we will
keep your
dreams alive.*

*We will not beg for our salvation,
We will bleed for it.*

Tanah tumpahnya darahku.

HAZEL MARIE KUGAN

SAYA WANITA, AND I KNOW WHAT I WANT

*Mahu parking khas...bus
khas...keretapi khas...keistimewaan untuk
wanita.*

*Can you tell me how it
feels,*

*To have men look at you
as you walk back home in broad daylight,
To have a man – on a
motorcycle – stop to ‘greet’ you,
To have your mother
panic when you don’t call back,
To have to carry pepper
spray in your bag? I can.*

*Apabila mereka membuli
lelaki, dituduh lelaki lemah.*

*Can you tell me how it
feels,*

*When your male friends
get teased for being ‘feminine’ or ‘soft’,
When your male friends
were almost sexually abused,
When your male friends
are not protected by a patriarchy that
serves only one type of man,
When they can never be
society’s version of a ‘man’, I can.*

*Apabila lelaki membela
diri dituduh lelaki tidak bersabar.*

*Can you tell me how it
feels,*

*For your kindness to be
mistaken as infatuation,
For your love to be
reformed into blind obedience,
For your lips to be*

*silenced forever (because no one will
believe you,)*

*For your patience to be
wasted, I can.*

*Wanita kebanyakannya
tidak memahami apa yang mereka mahu.
I want to feel safe in
my skin.*

*Sesama wanita sendiri
tidak faham apa yang mereka mahu.*

*I want my sisters to
feel safe in their skin.*

*Seorang wanita pun belum
tentu memahami rakannya yang
merupakan seorang wanita.*

*I want everyone – woman,
man, child, infant – to feel safe in their
skins.*

*I know what I want, And
I am a woman.*

*Syurga dibawah tapak
kaki ibu, dan bagi saya, setiap wanita
adalah ibu.*

*Ibu kepada diri, ibu
kepada keluarga, ibu kepada masyarakat.*

*Ibu kepada dunia yang
tidak pernah menjamin kesaksamaan
baginya,*

*Ibu kepada dunia yang
tidak pernah menjamin keselamatannya,*

*Ibu kepada dunia yang
seringkali lupa bahawa:*

*Wanita juga adalah
ciptaan Tuhan.*



..If that happens, the poverty rate in Indonesia will increase and of course, there will be a social gap and an increasing crime rate.

The state of Indonesia is a state of law, where the lives of the people are based on and regulated by statutory laws made by the People's Consultative Assembly, the People's Representative Council (DPR), the Minister, etc. Recently, five members of the DPR proposed a Bill on Family Resilience to regulate the smallest unit of the people by determining the division of duties between husband and wife, pre-marriage education, childcare, and the elderly. On the other side, there is also the Sexual Violence Eradication Bill that emphasizes the protection of women from sexual crime. To see which is the most important between them, we can see Indonesia's situation nowadays. The Deputy chairman of the Witness and Victim Protection Agency (LPSK), Livia Iskandar, said that initially, for sexual violence in 2018 there were 401 cases. The increase in 100 cases in 2019 to 507 cases in which the perpetrator are teachers, neighbors, and even their own father. From those cases, we know that Indonesia really needs the Bill of Sexual Violence Eradication, but it has not been discussed by the government how it goes because of the government's claim that the Family Resilience Bill is more important for the welfare of the Indonesian people because it strengthens national resilience by reducing development gaps between villages and cities. Even so, as a woman, I support the Sexual Violence Eradication Bill over the Family Resilience Bill for some reason.

Firstly, I believe the Family Resilience Bill clearly disturbs people privacy because it regulates the division of tasks or divides man and woman, for example in article 25 where it does not require government intervention because it can be done on the basis of an agreement between husband and wife and that it is not the obligation of the government. While in case of sexual violence, the government has a full obligation to protect their people from many kinds of crimes including sexual violence which every year always has increased. As I said before, in 2019 there were 431,471 cases where the victims

are not brave to report because the perpetrators are high officials or there is no legal certainty to support them. Meanwhile, in the Criminal Code of Indonesia (KUHP), laws against sexual violence are very limited; therefore, the Bill of Sexual Violence Eradication is needed to convince and protect the victims. From that, we know that if the Sexual Violence Eradication Bill is not prioritized, sexual harassment will have a significant increase, and the government loses its function as the protector of the people.

Secondly, the Family Resilience Bill obliges women to do domestic work only which means women may not have work. It clearly causes two problems. First, undermining gender equality or people's rights that have been fought for. Second, the increase in the poverty rate. We know that there are many women who also go to work to help family finances or are a single parent which forces them to go to work. From that, we know that if women are not allowed to go to work, it will cause difficulties to meet their needs. It is because many women are single parents and many women also contribute funds to meet family needs so that if women don't work, family finances will decline. If that happens, the poverty rate in Indonesia will increase and of course, there will be a social gap and an increasing crime rate. It is because when people have no capability to meet their needs anymore, they will try to do it instantly, for example by robbing and stealing.

There are two strong reasons why we should support the Sexual Violence Eradication Bill over the Family Resilience Bill for some reason. First, in KUHP, laws against sexual violence are very limited, so that, this bill is needed to convince and protect the victims. Meanwhile, all the problems that are contained in the Family Resilience Bill can be done without government intervention. Secondly, the Sexual Violence Eradication Bill will decrease the crime rate in Indonesia. It is because this bill does not forbid women to go to work considering there are many women who are single parents and work for helping the family financially. For those reasons, at the end of the day, prioritizing the Violence Eradication Bill is the right decision.



NENG LINA
LESTARI

STOP VIOLENCE
AGAINST WOMAN

*In a box, they confined her
In a box, she plays safe
In a box, she seeks her inspirations*



*Her aura spreads through the room like the golden hours
Spring comes early at the sight of her beam
She is a*

THANCHANOG
HO MAI CHIN



A Sister



A Daughter

VENUS

RISING

SERIES

*In a box, she was never fully aware
In a box, she was never fully belonged*

THANCHANOG
HO MAI CHIN

VENUS RISING SERIES



A Lover



THANCHANOG
HO MAI CHIN



*She protects
She nurtures
She chose unconditional love
She is an epitome of selflessness
She is a Mother*

VENUS

RISING

SERIES

*An alluring beauty
Blinding the gazes with her quick wits
A vindictive beauty
She is not one to submit*



VENUS

RISING

SERIES

THANCHANOG
HO MAI CHIN

MAY

SPEARHEADING LIONS

Do not tell me who to be.
 I will only write my own elegy.
 Do not tell me to smile more
 Or wear what you adore.
 Give me a dream written down on paper
 And rob the years I cannot recover.
 You think you can, and you think you will,
 But it is only fear you will instil.

If my ambition is a cause of concern,
 You cannot simply make me unlearn
 For it is my life force and that,
 You cannot take from me so fast.
 You can drain me, you can train me.
 But I have a mind and will to be free.
 I have a right to be your equal,
 And a right to be treated less lethal.

Do not hold me back for your pride.
 You can act like a lion, but I will not abide,
 You can spearhead society,
 I will not stop you since I am not your priority.
 Can you not see how tired I am?
 How tired *we* are, of this sham?
 Do not base our worth on our faces
 And lower our value to the masses.

UNKNOWN 

RESPECT IS THE REAL CURE

Don't be too foolish,
 You not here if I will not be the one who born you,
 I am not just a woman but a woman that can give a life to everyone,
 I am a woman with a real substance.

Don't try to choke me!
 Unleash this silver string!
 I am a woman and I am more than what you already saw.
 I am a woman and a fighter in this cruel world.

Stop this manipulative gaming,
 I am not here for killing,
 For these bruise and red liquid that continues dripping,
 I am worth it for them so called lifesaving.

I don't need your pity,
 Who keep barking a lot with the selfishness and silliness?
 Drop that kind of preaching!
 I am a woman and not just a woman.

Again, I am a woman who keep seeking for respect.
 For whatever I do and what I am going to wear,
 I am a woman who give a life you deserve,
 At least you must know the word respect when and how to serve.

WE, HER AND THEM

She was 5, and naive
She didn't know where exactly she was.
Soundless, she runs.
Doing everything as she was told,
Voiceless, she was.

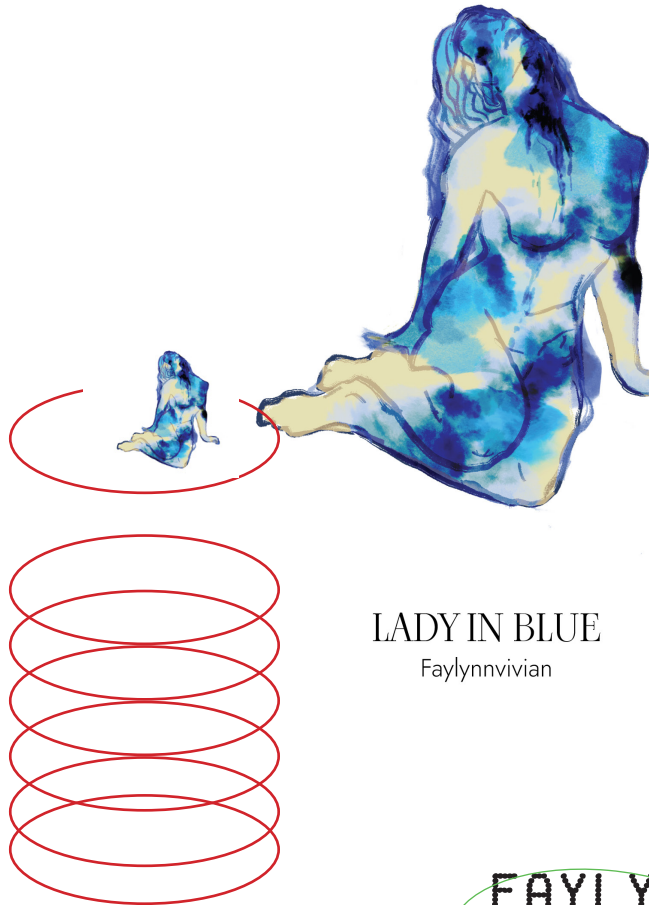
Expected to be broken,
To be mute.
To bow her head and lower her eyes.
While others become full with undeserving power.

They robbed her of her treasures.
Of her freedom to think.
The youth she might have possessed,
The books she could have read,
Are all nowhere to be seen.

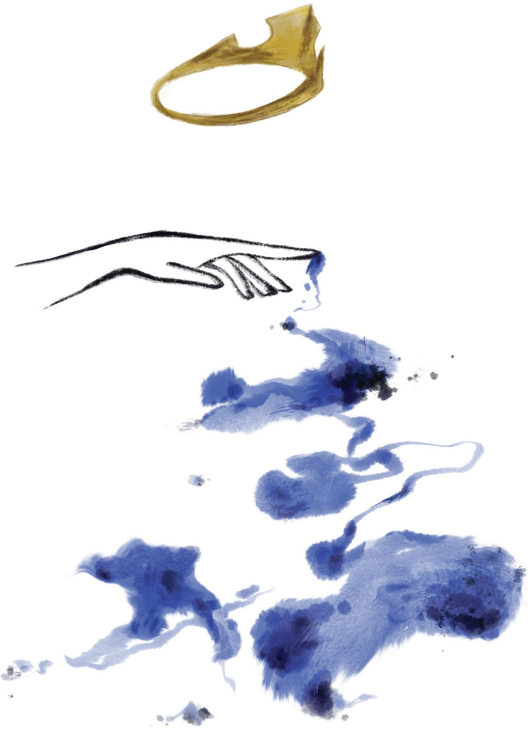
She has a voice.
Yet, remains unheard.
We must help her.
We must unite.

They have reminded us, repeatedly
We are *always* going to be less than.
Always going to be just women.
Yet, bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I speak my mind.

And I know and I believe,
There is nothing out there that men can do that women can't.
Nothing.
To this, I'd like to make a toast,
For all the proof our women has provided us,
For all that they have fought for,
We, as your descendants, vow
To continue this unravelment.



LADY IN BLUE
Faylynnvivan



"ABOVE POLITICS"
Faylynnvivan

FAYLYN-
NVIVIAN

BLUE SERIES:
"BLUE WARRIOR," "CHEMICAL
TEARS," "ABOVE POLITICS,"
AND "LADY IN BLUE"

VALENTINA LAI

REIMAGINING FEAR

Imagine this: A world where women have dicks.

She would carry flowers in her pocket
 Instead of a pepper spray in her tight clutch
 She would wear her skin on her body
 and march with it like a flag.
 Her lips weaved with bolded words saying
 “I don’t owe you a goddamn thing”.

She would walk down the gloomy alley that says slut
 at a time when the sun would kiss the red rooftop right beneath the
 lanterns
 and into the street that smells of not-her-homecooked sambal and
 laksa
 Not anxiously whispering to herself out loud
 over and over again
 Not cross-examining herself about her illogical belief
 that she is in imminent danger
 — Because a sense of safety has always been one step in front of the
 lurking shadow
 — of someone who seeks women as their trophies.

And she would crave, yes
 she would have the audacity to crave
 Not half-quietly suggesting but charismatically asserting
 that she
 she could possibly be
 the country’s next Prime Minister.



RUTH
 RONDILLA
 BELTRAN

WHEN I WAS.. WHEN I WAS..

But really, a woman does not need an extra patch of skin or bone
 to reclaim her power:
 She just needs to allow herself
 to believe out of the shackles that say she can't.

Now, picture this:
 A sleeping volcano.

Picture
 lullabies, the subtle perfume of baby wipes.

Picture
 a resurrection.

Picture
 an awakening roar.

Picture
 maroon almost like the devil
 erupting
 like liquid mercury pouring onto the pavement
 emerging from the deepest of hell.

Picture
 bubbling, crackling,
 hazard and choking
 soot and dense air ascending
 unhurriedly.

And now you are inhaling the ungracious emergence of:
 An unapologetic woman.

VALENTINA LAI



Volunteer-
 ing comes in
 different acts
 of kindness
 and it can save
 different walks
 of life regard-
 less if it is an
 animal or a
 person.



SERVE MORE
 SAVES LIVES

《位置》

有人说

夜晚的星星都落在这城市里

女孩们踩着最响高跟

手里握着最可爱的手机

此起彼落的铃声

羞涩的敲开了这城里各式各样的
门

都以一样的青涩

去面对不一样的门后人

门后人都住在同样的钢筋之间

有姣好的面容

有傲人的胸脯

有曼妙的身姿

有妖娆的腰

好美

更有着同样的轻蔑

无视

应该美丽

应该贤惠

应该懂事

什么是应该

你那澎湃的怀志 应该吗

你对远方的踌躇 应该吗

才发现在遍地的霓虹里

没有人间星星

怎么还固执的等流星

是忘了凤凰会从灰烬中展翅咆哮

你不需要渺小自己来腾出空间

尘埃里绽放

灰烟中曼舞

你的位置里才不会只有酒肉情色

KY



aystar

HEAR ME NOW

You said that you will take care of me,

Fill me with love, tend me with care,

Hold me when I am down, be with me when I am tired,

Look after me gently, attend to my needs fully,

You promise me everything and anything to support me during my low,

Or is it just a talk for the audiences to make you look nice during your vow?

I tried and tried, believe me I do,

To stay with you even though you hate me more than I despise you,

You manipulate everyone to believe you,

Even the truth is all at the scars and bruises that you carved at my body,

The whip, the bottle, the plate, you name it,

Everything in the house, our house, feels like it was a weapon to you.

Even I plead for my life,

You keep hurting me in a way I cannot even imagine how hurtful it was.

I kept it quiet for so long,

Hoping that you will change to the way that we used to be,

Little that I knew,

You will never change to the happy life we used to have.

After all these years,

Finally I found my courage.

My voice.

I am done playing the nice, gentle, and kind wife that you wanted me to be.

Finally, I found the power to stop this abuse.

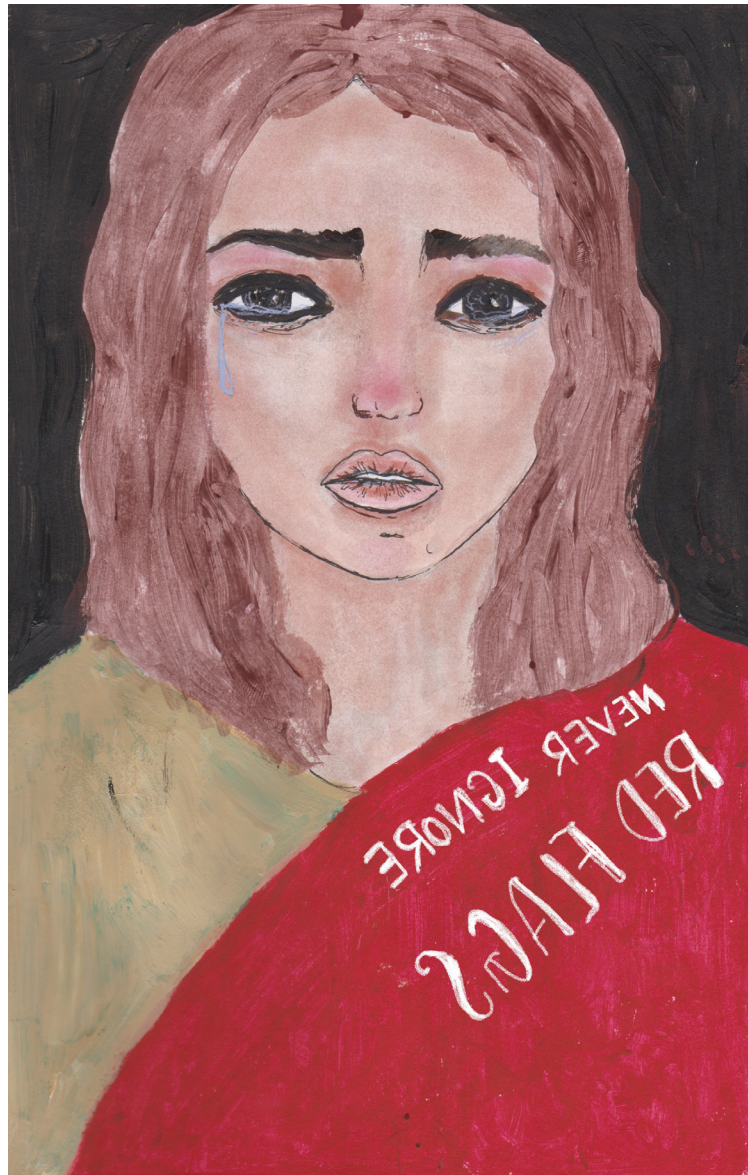
No more pain, no more violence, no more fake mask,

I finally am able to be myself,

And this time, I am free.

So now, listen to my voice,

And hear me now.



F.
ZAHRA

RED FLAGS

We are The Abused

I was five year old,
When dad was the head of the household.
He commanded my mom to be a hostess,
And demanded for my body to satiate
his malisciousness.

I was in high school,
When my eighteen year old body was
sexually abused.
Men surrounded and made me look like a fool!
They did everything as they watch me refuse.

I was on my way to work,
I was riding a public bus when I felt something
touched my butt.
It made my mind go berserk,
Shaking heavily as I shove away the hand
groping my butt.

I was a personal secretary of a respected boss,
He put me on call everytime he feels turned on.
Too disappointing that a respectable company
caused my virginity loss, and sadly
it's a forever nightmare that will never be gone.

I was a patient that need a full body check up.
I asked for a woman but a man came instead.
I refuse to do so but he insisted,
I was pressed down on the table and
was constrainedly fucked up.

I am incapable to walk and unable to talk,
Thus this pushes my brother to take advantage of me.
At night, he sneakily goes into my room
and keeps the door lock!
And on my bed pinned down, as he aggressively
perform the lustful act on me.

I am a mother that works overseas,
Housemaid is my job but I was usually
stripteased, by the husband of my employer,
whose objective is to be a life destroyer.

We speak for all the women whose physically,
emotionally, mentally abused.
We act as one and in unity we scream on
those who dares to acuse,
To acuse us of this unwanted mistake,
And to even call us loudly as sluts even
in the daybreak.



QUER IAN
DEMAFILES
MANUCAY

We have been living in an era where respect to women has been challenge by long practices, culture, and stereotypes. This is perennial and pressing concern which affects one's persona, socio-economic, and representation. Men has always been at the top of the chain and are superior, while women has been left hanging and relegated in the background. Sad to say, an adornment and entertainment for some.

Because of the inferior view on women, violence against women has been rampant since then, and a major cause of reduced quality of life, distress, injury and death. The best way to end violence against women and girls is to prevent it from happening in the first place by addressing its root and structural causes. Everyone has a role to play. Everyone can be an advocate in eliminating violence against women. Men, the gender who started violence, should finished violence.



JOYCE

THE BLINDED SUPERMAN

**EMPHASIZE
THE
INDIVIDUAL**

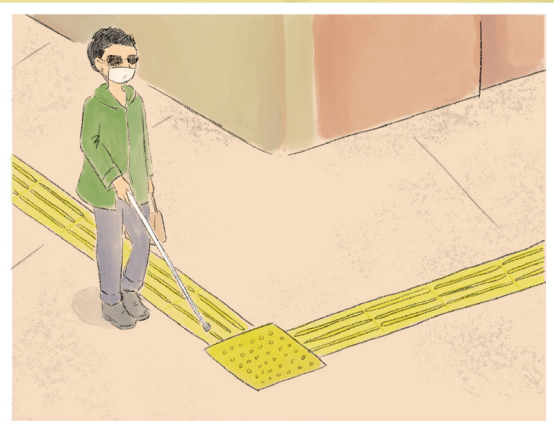
**NOT
EVERY
DISABILITY
IS VISIBLE**

RUSSET
NAVATO

**NOT THE
DISABILITY**

RUSSET
NAVATO

RUEN
ZAPANTA



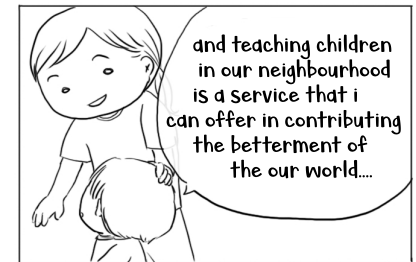
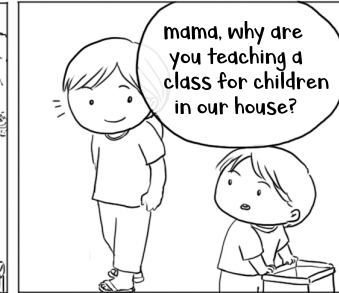
Let's
work
together
to give
ACCESSIBILITY
AND DIGNITY
TO ALL PWDs.

RUEN
ZAPANTA

RECENTLY, MAMA
HAS STARTED
TEACHING A CLASS
FOR CHILDREN
AROUND MY AGE.



MAMA WOULD
TEACH US A
QUALITY SUCH AS
CLEANLINESS,
JOYFUL AND
TRUTHFULNESS.
WE ALSO DO SING
SONGS, COLOUR



MANGAKAYEN

MOTHER AND
SON COMIC

Look up to the night sky,

Tell me what you see.

'I see the dark,' said the child.

'Where are the stars, miss?' asked the child.

'Are they no longer with us, miss?' asked the child.

'Have they lost their shine, miss?' asked the child.

Yes , my dear.

The stars lost their shine.

Yes , my dear.

Just like us, stars die too.

But dear, don't you worry.

Wipe away your tears,

Chase away your fears .

Some stars are not among the dark skies.

Some stars come to us from places far far away .

By boats, by car and by flying airplanes .

They come to us as the unsung heroes,

Their desire for rescue burns like the sun,

They wear their smiles like polished shields

When you see them , smile my dear.

Those are the stars you'd never see in the sky.

For they walk on Earth,

And become the brightest star to shine.

AINA ALIAS -Sun

A POEM DEDICATED TO THE
BRIGHT STARS VOLUNTEERS

XYZA VASILY
DELA PENA





Macy-Châu Diễm Trần

THE FUTURE TAKING ROOT?

AC Benito | The Philippines

I am a student journalist, women's rights advocate, and humanitarian volunteer. I also do blogging, you may visit my website at www.themidnightwaffle.wordpress.com or follow me on Instagram: @themidnightwaffles.

Ai | Malaysia

I believe that with the right actions and the right people, the world can be fixed and turned into a better place, no matter how corrupt it is now. Every generation can come together as one and stand for what's right and that will be a sight to see.

Aina Alias | Malaysia

Aina Alias (20) is a multipotentialite Malaysian, spending her senpai years studying Electronic Engineering (Robotic & Automation). She indulged herself in poetry, photography and Japanese culture. Likes to read educational articles and if you're lucky, you'll find her headbanging to One Ok Rock music. To her, volunteering is a method to lead the broken, confused souls back into their paths by helping other souls heal. Though her perspective in life is different from others, she strives to live passionately and is looking for opportunities to devote her energy to help others. Let's hope that one day, her hundreds of pages of poems will be published for many eyes and hearts to relish in their souls.
Instagram: @aicam30

Alison Liew | Malaysia

By day, I design and converse with chatbots. At night, I write and let the ink talk.

Allison Lee | Malaysia

Allison is a 19-year-old currently residing in Malaysia for her gap year. She loves creating content of all forms, be it in writing, songwriting, or video-making. She also co-founded a youth-run online zine, Getting It Strait, that publishes works on contemporary thought and current affairs. Follow her IG @allisonlcj to check out more of her work!

Alvian Wardhana | Indonesia

A 19-year-old from the city of Pelaihari, South Kalimantan, Indonesia. I am a student in Urban and Regional Planning, University of Brawijaya. I am also a social activist engaged in education, especially in rural areas of South Kalimantan where I'm from. I have a high interest in social issues, policy, research, application development, and empowerment. I lead several social projects, research projects, and application development projects. I have a big interest in social issues especially in developing the quality of education of rural children. I have an experience in solving education issues in rural areas. Various social projects have been done from 2018 until now where in each project has impacted 1,000 children. I made a social project called Literasi Anak Banua which focused on helping elementary schools in hinterland areas to get a better quality of education by giving them free tutoring. At least 1,800 children and 14 villages have been impacted by this project.

My Instagram : <https://www.instagram.com/awvianz/>

Literais Anak Banua Instagram : <https://www.instagram.com/literasianakbanua/>

asytar | Malaysia

Hi, my name is asytar, from Malaysia, currently doing a degree, having fun with writing (but not going to tell where I post my work), stay safe and positive.

called_me_zx | Malaysia

Hi, I'm a PT student. Why I'm choosing the title is because I will touch on a lot of issues and conditions that are the same here when I do the research and practice in the future. And I really respect those who live it with bravery and hope, and accept who they are despite their imperfections.

Chibimomoiro | Malaysia

She writes and teaches. She loves writing 5/7/5 syllable format and struggles with plot bunnies too. She makes collages due to her love for paper scraps. Bees are amazing. She wants to hug her friend, Ain Syazana, a meme sifu for their love and support for the world's health. Read her poems here: https://allpoetry.com/Ebra_Way

Chloe Lee | Malaysia

A culture transformer by day and a writer (& dreamer) by night. I also head the Public Engagement team of our youth-lead campaign, Undi Saksama. IG: @keloweelee

Emeir Faizal | Malaysia

My name is Emeir Faizal b. Abdul Jalil and I was born on 20th August 1995. I stay in Ulu Kelang, Ampang. My passion for art and the creative world is almost in everything from traditional arts to modern arts and from manual sketch to on-screen design. I love photography and dancing. Both were my strength to keep me strong in the world of arts.

Instagram : Emeir Faizal / itsa.me_squishy

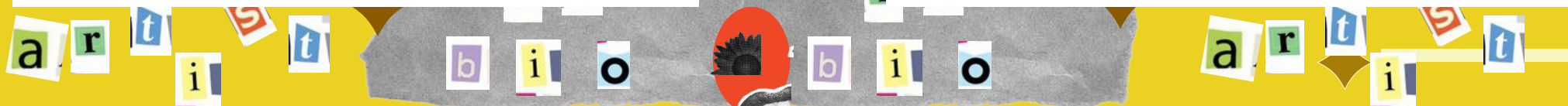
Erlinel Galano | The Philippines

ERLINEL A. GALANO is a licensed professional teacher, a Cum Laude graduate of Bachelor of Secondary Education Major in English, a candidate for Master of Arts in English Language Teaching degree, and a member of the Graduate Studies pool of editors at the Polytechnic University of the Philippines. She teaches professional education, major, and general education courses to college and senior high school students. In her years of teaching, she has also served the university's functions as master of ceremonies, organizer, coach, and judge. She has also earned a National Certificate III in Event Management Services in 2018 and international certificates online from Cambridge Assessment English, Cambridge University Press, Education Week, International Teacher Training College, National Geographic Learning, SEAMEO Secretariat, Charlesworth Author Services, AKADASIA, Monash University, and Griffith University in 2020.

subscriber

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCWkrZJxI8vBGQsybgeesRCg?view_as=

<https://www.instagram.com/erligalano/>



Ernest Lee | Singapore

Ernest Lee is in Singapore most of the time. He writes a little and reads a lot about history, politics, philosophy, film, hip-hop, and everything in between.

F. Zahra | Malaysia

I am 29 years old, currently working as a Process Engineer. I love arts and traveling, which is impossible during this time. My hope is to see the local art scene bloom so people can create and unite through arts, and inspire one another. My Instagram is @fzaraarts.

Fardiahtul Adila | Malaysia

I'm a full time student, part time writer, who plays a li'l bit of instruments, and soon to be software developer. @cumapatung

Faylynnvivan | Thailand

Faylynnvivan is an artist collective comprising Pitchayatida Simaprom and Tanik Prasopsorn. We make art that is nostalgic in style, and brings to mind fairytales and storybooks that people might have read as children but have now "grown out of." Our belief is that the sense of wonder and fantasy still exists in us all, even as adults -- and that's what we aim to inspire in our work.

Hazel Kugan | Malaysia

A tiny human with a deep voice and a perpetual thirst for caffeine. I dabble in poetry, painting, short story writing... and all that (Hey, check out my artsy fartsy Instagram @hazelkugan). I am a strong supporter of gender equality and political fairness, though my anxiety keeps me from outwardly advocating these issues, especially on Twitter. I'm learning.

Hmuu Mo | Myanmar

I am Hmuu Po Mo (she/her) and I am a first year medical student at the University of Medicine (1), Yangon, Myanmar. I graduated from Narrabundah College in Canberra, Australia where I participated in various youth activities and events such as the United Nations Youth Australia and was a student ambassador for the Live Below the Line campaign. I am currently working as a Partnerships Officer at the ASEAN Youth Organization. Participating in Organizations like these not only give me pleasure but also a way for me to raise my voice and speak up for what I believe in. I love making art and reading books (a Potterhead) during my free time and you can check out my art page at: @sketchesby-mo both on Instagram and Facebook!

@hhzoi | Singapore

She is from Singapore and is studying the arts, which brings frustration but endless satisfaction. (instagram: @hhzoi)



Iftinan Rose | Indonesia

My name is Iftinan Rose Putri Safana from Indonesia. Now, I study at State Islamic University of Maulana Malik Ibrahim Malang as an English Literature student. I really love writing and I'm very fond of knowing women, climate change, and political issues. Let's be friends here: <https://www.instagram.com/iftinanrose/>

Jane Law Lee Bin | Malaysia

Jane is a journalism student in Malaysia who is passionate about gender equality and youth empowerment. She has written for numerous publications and organizations, namely the Malaysian Youth Education Reform (MYER) Movement. Aside from that, she has held multiple editorial positions such as being the Associate Editor of her campus magazine, and a volunteer editor at saya. Magazine. If she's not seen stressing out about her assignments, you can find her slurping ramen noodles while binge-watching films.

Jeff William Acosta | The Philippines

Jeff William Acosta is a culinary student doubling up as a poet from Ilocos Sur, Philippines. His works appeared in Scarlet Leaf Review, Vox Populi and Revolt Magazine.

Jin | Malaysia

2001 baby with lots of love to give. Just go forward and never look back.

Jhemar Cenas Lagata | The Philippines

Jhemar Cenas Lagata is an aspiring novelist, poet and fictionist. Nineteen-year old from Santa Ana, Aloran, Misamis Occidental.

Joyce | Malaysia

I enjoy art and the little details in my everyday life. I like observing and looking at how others live differently from me. I am currently a student pursuing my dream and I believe anyone can too as long as you believe!

Kaira Cooper | The Philippines

Kaira Cooper is a visual artist currently taking up her degree in Bachelor of Fine Arts major in Advertising at the University of Santo Tomas, Manila. As an aspiring writer, her artworks are incorporations of poetry she finds inexplicable in words, creating visual poetry through various mediums between drawing, painting, and photography. She currently works on pouring her heart into art, to find a way for people to relate to it based on her own experiences and even pain. Her art is a voice to those who can't find their words, connecting people through attracting hearts and minds alike. Follow her on Instagram: @artella_ph @kairacooper.

Marianie | The Philippines

Marianie is a graphic artist and illustrator who loves making comics. She tells her stories in panels and vivid colors. If she's not event hopping or hustling in conventions, she's probably doodling the night away. Right now she's working on mini autobio comics, a women-oriented series, and upcoming books. You can check out her work @marianieart on Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter.

Kitty Yu | Singapore

Kitty Yu Jing (b. 2001, Singapore) is always curious about the answers to all simple and vast questions of the world. Her interest in painting and sketching started at a very young age. At adolescence, she copied and drew her favourite characters from various graphic novels and illustrations. Thereafter she further expanded her knowledge and skills in art by taking on the Creative Art Club from her primary to secondary education, and is now pursuing a Diploma in Fine Arts in LASALLE College of the Arts. She is fascinated by the countless unanswered or unquestioned occurrences in the world, from historical to the present, and is driven by social, political, and environmental issues. She aims to create a platform that reflects and triggers more discussions that are explored in her oil paintings as well as the mixed medium used for her artworks.

KY | Malaysia

I am currently an engineering student in the University of Nottingham. I have an interest for poetry and art, and I like to pen sketch. Follow me on Instagram: @ky2127.

Kaylao (Jermaine Valerio) | The Philippines

I am a self-taught digital artist from Quezon province, Philippines and I specialize on socio-cultural pieces and local mythology. I never would've imagined that I would be using my skills in political commentary but the years I've spent on campus visual journalism had made me realize that vigilance is indeed an obligation in a time of so much social unrest. I hope to inspire other artists like me to use their art not only for aesthetic value but to amplify the voices that deserve to be heard. You can find me on Twitter through the username, @jonkayrowlao. You can also find me on Instagram by searching for @kaylao_arts. Muli, isang mapagpalayang araw sa inyo, mga kapwa manlilikha.

Macy- Châu Diễm Trần | Thailand

Macy-Chau Diem Tran was born and raised in Minnesota, USA, though her roots stem from Vietnam, where her family is from. She has been living in SE Asia for the past three years, where she has been deepening her relationship with SE Asian activism, lands, and her Vietnamese-American identity. Macy-Châu currently lives in Chiang Mai, Thailand where she works with indigenous and Earth rights defenders. She is an activist, writer, spoken word poet, and collage artist and fills her time cooking, lounging in the sun, and taking care of her plants.

mangakayen | Brunei Darussalam

I enjoy telling stories from everyday life scenarios, and finding humour in it; therefore i started to draw about the life of the people around me. And it gives me joy when readers express their joy after reading them.

Link: <https://www.behance.net/iamyen>

Link 2 (IG): mangakayen

Mac Andre Arboleda | The Philippines

Mac Andre R. Arboleda is a comic artist based in the Philippines. He is a curator-in-residence for #VirtualWorkings, a virtual residency supported by the Asia-Europe Foundation and Japan Foundation, Bangkok. He is the President of the UP Internet Freedom Network, and a graduate student at the University of the Philippines Los Baños, focusing on communication and the Internet. Together with his art collective Magpies Press, he founded Zine Orgy, a publishing expo that takes place twice every year in Los Baños, Laguna. He also founded Munzinelupa, a yearly art fair in Muntinlupa City, in partnership with Picked Cafe & Gallery. Visit his website at <https://asshulz.net>.

May | Malaysia

An enthusiast of Art and Words. Poetry and prose are the ways I can express myself whether it is about things that are important to me, or just my emotions.

<https://instagram.com/em.maaay?igshid=7bj156jyi9ps>

Migui Dela Cruz | The Philippines

A college student who's just one of the many who are tired of being victimized by the oppressive system.

Minghua Inside | The Philippines

I am a student, vlogger, artist, and writer.

Muhammad N. Hassan | Indonesia

Muhammad N. Hassan is an Indonesian student who is currently studying at KMUUT Bangkok, Thailand. He has liked writing poems since he was 16 years old. There have been more than five books of poem anthology. To communicate with him, you can contact via Instagram @mohdenha_ and WhatsApp number +66956310254.

Neng Lina Lestari | Indonesia

Neng Lina Lestari is a connoisseur of art and social issues.

Pamela Maceda | The Philippines

Pamela Maceda (b. 1999, Batangas) is currently a student at the University of The Philippines Diliman College of Fine Arts. A graduate of the Batangas Province High School for Culture and Arts (BPHSCA) who mainly focuses on painting but also works with various media such as illustration and sculpture. Often integrates texture in every piece, she mostly incorporates domestic flora and fauna together with translated human physique to establish the statement within the artwork. Mixing realistic and linear images to portray social issues, she frequently adds the image of a fish in her works specifically "isdang bunutan" or fishes sold during fiestas in barangays in the country. These fishes bear a fatal meaning to her works. Ranging from distorted images of existing organisms and tangible objects balanced with the contrast of her choice of hues.

Instagram: [p._m_a_c_e_d_a](#)

Facebook: Pamela Maceda

Patricia Leuterio | The Philippines

Patricia Leuterio, 24, is a full-time Development Communication practitioner who has worked with several nonprofit organizations in the Philippines. She particularly focuses on human and child rights work, as well as with environmental advocacies. She tells visual stories in her free time and dreams of being a lawyer one day.



Purnima Ghogar | Thailand

Purnima Ghogar is a creative practitioner, researcher, and educator. Her career intersects these three professional realms - artist/writer, researcher and teacher. Purnima's arts related writing, poetry and research have been published in numerous journals and magazines in Australia, Canada and Thailand. She is currently working on her debut poetry anthology that explores issues pertaining to women empowerment, self-discovery and growth.

Quer Ian Demafiles Manucay | The Philippines

Quer Ian Demafiles Manucay (Philippines) is an international debater, SDG 5 & 14 advocate, and a maritime student from Iloilo City, Philippines. He is currently taking a degree in marine transportation. He grew up with his grandma in Sebaste, Antique, Philippines, and has been taught that gender equality is essential in achieving economic prosperity. He is an aspiring seafarer and hopes to be a gamechanger in the seafaring industry by reducing onboard gender discrimination or any gender-based issues on women. He believes that it is essential for HEs to respect and also fight for the rights of SHEs.

rhea | Malaysia

I'm a highschool student with a passion for debating and activism. My hobbies include destroying incels and annihilating bigots on Twitter but also bringing light to important issues happening worldwide.

find me on ig : @rheasito

Rifki Nurfajri Ramadhan | Indonesia

I'm Rifki. I'm currently a master's degree student with a major of Development Studies at Institut Teknologi Bandung (ITB). I'm very interested in doing research on the topic of Queer Rights. And I'm currently involved in several projects about Queer Rights in Indonesia.

Ruen Zapanta | Singapore

Ruen Zapanta is a Filipino currently based in Singapore. He works as a developer and illustrates in his free time. Instagram & Twitter: @khakiout

Russet Navato | The Philippines

Russet Navato finished her Bachelor of Arts in Social Sciences (Social Anthropology - Psychology) degree at the University of the Philippines Baguio. She currently works as a freelance writer. She is the current Head of the Sub-Committee on Creative and Visual Arts of the Youth for Pangasinan Heritage. She has been one of the selected artists for the first two issues of the Yuwana Zine by the ASEAN Youth Forum.

Ruth Rondilla Beltran | The Philippines

I am a portrait artist. My main medium is watercolor. I love drawing faces whose eyes stare directly at the viewers. I love how viewers are drawn deep into my paintings' eyes like they have a secret to tell, or as if they are crying for help and have a way to express it but through their eyes.

Sing Min Lau | Malaysia

Believes that the world is one and mankind is one. Involved in community building activities aimed at building a materially and spiritually advanced civilisation.

Sofia Tantonio | Indonesia

Born in Jakarta, Sofia Tantonio spent her childhood living in Qatar and Australia before her return to Indonesia. She is a writer whose work has been published before in Anak Sastra and the second issue of Yuwana Zine. Her interests lie primarily in literature and political issues. When she is not writing, she can be found reading, keeping herself updated on current affairs (economic inequality and anti-authoritarian politics are two fundamental concerns for her) and browsing the Internet. Instagram: @sofias.writing.

Thanchanog Ho Mai Chin | Singapore

Thanchanog Ho Mai Chin is a multidisciplinary artist based in Singapore. Driven by her autobiography and memories, her work often revolves around the themes of identity, consciousness, displacement, and nostalgia. Mai Chin works across traditional media, namely drawing, painting and photography as well as new media.

Over her artistic expedition, she finds solace in embracing the cognition and the experimental processes of the intangible quality of light. Its properties and nature intrigued her to pursue as a key material to explore her themes. With the aim of creating a sensorial experience that connects physical space, displayed object and human presence.

Website: mindofmai.wixsite.com/thmc

Instagram: [instagram.com/destructiveclub](https://www.instagram.com/destructiveclub)

Thus Spake SASKISA | Malaysia

SASKISA is a short form of Sathakathulla A S K Ibramsha; Sahilah Ain. She was a member of the Mahasiswa Keadilan Malaysia' Central Leadership Council from 2020 till 2021. She is in her final year of doing a bachelor's degree in Malaysian Studies with Education; UPSI. Currently she is doing her own projects on Instagram to expose how Yahoo boy scammers work. Follow her on Instagram: @saskisa64 and @sahilah_ain. She's also on Facebook as Sahilah Ain Sathakathulla.

Unknown 🇵🇭 | The Philippines

Unknown 🇵🇭 is currently a 2nd year student promoting equality to her citizens, and voicing her scribble words in order to give inspiration.

Valentina Lai | Malaysia

Writer of words mostly hidden in .docx files. Passionate drinker of Milo. I will ferociously debate anyone who doesn't think that women belong in wherever they choose to be.

Sarah Ibrahim | Malaysia

I am a 22 year-old university student who's taking creative writing for a degree but is now feeling like it's a mistake because I don't think my voice matters at all. I like reading and listening to music; sometimes I write poetry and short stories and I draw! I'm currently working on unlearning the biases I learned as a child raised in a patriarchal, conservative society. I'm hoping that I can influence my friends and family to do the same. Hopefully, more than just them (one day!) so that we'll have a chance at a better future

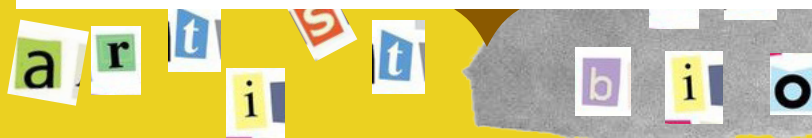
Xyza Vasily Dela Pena | The Philippines

I am a freelance photographer and a writer. Often I find myself wandering around South East Asia and listening to unwritten stories of the young and the old. I am an advocate of mental health awareness and a volunteer, particularly in raising effective youth leaders in the community. I keep street photos and tidbits of ideas on my Instagram @xyzavasily. Before 2020 ends, I am working on creating a digital space competition for youth and a mental health international support system under my organization International Global Network. To date, I have six unpublished books due to the global pandemic.

Zay Yar | Myanmar

I am a full time employee and photography is my hobby. Whenever I am tired and get tensions from society, I surround myself with art.

Here is my photography page: <https://www.facebook.com/Niks-777388109138311>





We call Young People in Southeast Asia to promote intersectional collaborations and remain active in organizing, mobilizing, and shaping spaces to lead; claim youth rights, and foster inclusive, people-centered and gender-sensitive communities in Southeast Asia.

**Southeast Asia Youth Collective Statement
(September 2020)**

