



disaster



Enjoy an inexpensive gourmet coffee and snack at one of our four locations in Tainan and Kaohsiung

TAINAN

Eslite Bookstore, Changrung Rd. Sec. 1, Tainan
(06) 237-3041 or (06) 275-6233
Open 7:30 am to 11:00 pm

B&Q, 799 Jung Shan Rd. Ren De, Tainan County
(06) 249-2888 #678
Open 9:00 am to 10:30pm

B&Q 720 Wen Shian Rd., Tainan
(06) 358-5656 #619
Open 9:00 am to 10:30 pm

KAOHSIUNG

B&Q 948-3, Min Tzu Yi Rd, Kaohsiung
(07) 310-2601 or (07) 310-2608
Open 7:00 am to 12:00 pm



THE HANGOUT

Your Place for Chillin Out
很好酒吧餐廳
 Open Time: 7:00PM ~ 3:00AM

- FOOD 美食
- DRINK 酒
- POOL 撞球
- MUSIC 音樂
- DARTS 飛鏢
- PS II 遊戲機
- PROJECTOR TV 大螢幕



***快樂時光：晚上7點至9點，
 任何調酒只要100元**

*每日推出今日特餐及飲料：



凡點購今日特餐，免費贈送啤酒一瓶

*本店有超過25種以上之



精選異國啤酒可供客人選擇

*本店衛星播放所有英協足球大賽

*我們的生啤酒：



老虎、英國老母雞、華仕坦、史黛拉

*Happy Hours : 7:00pm~9:00pm any cocktail just 100NT

*Dinner&Drink Specials Nightly Receive free beer when you purchase a dinner special

*Check out our beer selection, we have over 25 different beers

*The Hangout will show all Premier League Football games that are Broadcasted on the Satellite TV

*Our draft :



The Hangout will be showing NFL football every Monday and Tuesday night



No.128-32 Gung Yuan Rd., Tainan
 台南市公園路128-32號
 Tel:06-2200172



Opening Hours
 7:00pm ~ 3:00am

Xpat

www.xpatmag.com

Email: xpat@gmail.com

Editor-in-Chief

Salvatore Paradisio

xpatmag@gmail.com

Managing Editor

Matt Gibson

Contributing Editor

Paul Andrew

Editor

Cindy Loo

Creative Director

Cheryl Sim

cheryl@cherylsim.com

Creative Director (web)

Pawl English

Contributors - Writing

Matt Gibson

Paul Andrew

David May

Kloie Picot

Pawl English

Rupali Ghosh

David Alexander

Jason Wright

Lauren Mack

Chris Scott

Pete Sperling

Richard Hazeldine

T.R. Smith

S.R. Ayers

Contributors - Photography

Pawl English

Carl Miles

Richard Matheson

Sean McCormack

Kloie Picot

Submissions

Art Submissions

Advertising Department

xpat submissions@gmail.com

xpat pictures@gmail.com

xpat advertising@gmail.com

Your ad belongs here

Xpat is seeking advertisers islandwide.

We currently distribute 4,000 copies in Taichung, Tainan, Kaohsiung, and Kenting, and are growing fast.

All work is done by volunteers. Advertising pays only for printing. Thus, advertising with Xpat is an affordable way to reach the foreign community and support local artists.

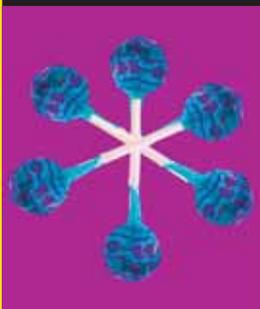
The deadline to submit advertisements for the 2nd issue is January 14th.

For more information, or to purchase advertising online, visit the advertising section of www.xpatmag.com or email xpatadvertising@gmail.com

Website

For more Xpat stories and artwork visit: www.xpatmag.com

Submissions for the 2nd Issue



Theme: Pop

Deadline: February 1st

We need stories, original artwork, and photography related to the theme.

Submissions do not need to be related to the theme. Obscure and unique takes on the theme are preferred.

For style and submission guidelines visit the submissions section of our website,

www.xpatmag.com or email xpat submissions@gmail.com

contents

| | | |
|---|-----------|--|
|  | 4 | Letter from the Editor |
| | 7 | From the Desk |
| | | Gettin' it Done |
| | 8 | Survival Guide |
|  | | The Homefront |
| | 9 | Shipwrecked |
| | 10 | Shutdowns, Meltdowns & Near Mental Breakdowns |
| | 11 | Homewrecker |
|  | | Poli Spy |
| | 14 | Facing Survival |
| | 19 | Let Us Tell You Our Names |
| | 23 | Truth is Fiction |
|  | | Photo-Factual Essay |
| | 30 | Supertyphoon |
| | | The New Style |
| | 34 | The Vile Secret of Black Ghost Cave Pt I |
| | 37 | The Vile Secret of Black Ghost Cave Pt II |
| | | Interviews |
| | 38 | Sixty-Seven Percent |
| | 40 | Dirty Roger |
| | | Ragin' |
|  | 43 | Feral Memories |
| | | From the Road |
| | 44 | First Day of Work |
| | 45 | Hecate Strait |
| | 47 | Violence at the Visa Office |
| | | Interfaux |
| | 48 | A Little Rummy on the Way |

Borne of Disaster

by Salvatore Paradisio

Ever since I arrived on this cursed island 14 months ago disaster has rained down on me like a subtropical thundershower. Xpat Magazine was borne of this disaster. But I will have to explain that a little later. As with all stories, I must start from the beginning:

I always wanted to write. After graduating from the University of British Columbia four years ago, I set to it. While working as a laborer in Vancouver, I woke up at 5:30 a.m. every day to write for an hour before catching the cross-town bus to work. When I lost that job, I went tree-planting where I spent countless exhausted evenings in my folding canvas chair slapping mosquitoes off the back of my neck with my left hand, while my right scribbled wobbly text across the pages of my notebook.

Whenever we had a day off I'd hitch a ride into town and head straight to the local Internet café to write freebie book reviews for a small website and feature articles for a youth magazine from my hometown.

Last year my girlfriend Tristessa and I decided to move to Taiwan. We came because we both had student loans to pay—but for me the money was just an added bonus. I was attracted to Taiwan by the promise of pay for my writing skills. Knowing that English is such a sought after commodity in Taiwan that schools are paying top dollar just to scrape a few teachers off of the bottom of the Western academic barrel, I figured that with my honors degree and background in writing I'd slide easily into a position editing or writing at a newspaper or magazine. Then, in my spare time, I could freelance, write a book, or do whatever else I wanted.

I was one wide-grinning sonofabitch that fair August day that we boarded our flight. When we landed I could finally write for a living.

My dream of literary employment was quickly snatched away. Our first two days in Taiwan were spent blundering through the streets near our hostel in Taipei in a frustrating search for English service and food. Then we went to Taichung where we stayed with Tristessa's friend Leanne who hated Taiwan. She complained constantly. Tristessa caught Leanne's Taiwan bitterness like a flu. She too began belching a river of complaints and, by the end of our first week, Triss had written off living in either of the two major northern cities.

Unfortunately, as anybody who's ever looked for a job with a periodical in Taiwan knows, almost all of the publishing houses are located in Taichung and Taipei.

I agreed with Triss that Taipei was too big and expensive, but I felt that Taichung was an accommodating city. We had friends here, there were lots of English businesses, and I'd easily be able to find work editing. I tried to explain this to Triss, but it was like trying to

argue the Theory of Evolution with the Pope when he's drunk. There's nothing more immovable than the spirit of a bitter woman.

So, grudgingly, I called some friends of mine in Tainan and arranged a visit. Tainan was splendid. It was full of parks, there were beaches nearby, and my friends had a massive modern apartment on the edge of town. To Tristessa it seemed ideal. There were no editing jobs for me, but that didn't matter to her. I couldn't talk Triss into living anywhere else. It was either stick it out in Tainan, or leave her and abandon my dreams of white sand sunrises and palm tree shaded afternoons for us. So, I hung my head and answered her stubbornness with a defeated, "yes dear."

It was a concession I would never forgive myself for.

Aside from the blow to my writing career, things worked out well in Tainan. We both fell into good jobs. We found a big central apartment. She bought a scooter, and I bought a motorcycle. I started studying Chinese. We made an excellent start on our Taiwan life.

There was only one problem—we couldn't stand each other.

Tristessa hadn't been able to shake her Taiwan bitterness, and, resentful for having been forced to move away from any chance of a writing career, I was unsympathetic. I did everything I could to keep myself locked in my office. I started writing frequently for FYI South — I took any assignment they'd give me. I wrote features for a magazine back in my hometown. I worked on short stories. I scoured the Internet for new publications to submit to. I used my work to insulate myself from Triss' bitterness. I figured it was fair. It was Triss' fault that I had to go through the hassle of freelancing, so she would pay for it with my absence.

After only four months in Tainan Triss moved out. To tell you the truth, I was relieved. I was distinctly less relieved, however, when she started sleeping with a friend of mine whom I had invited to Tainan and helped get set up just a couple of months earlier.

My trip had fallen into ruin. I came with dreams of tropical romance and print opportunities abound and watched it all crackle and melt under the friction of an imbalanced relationship. Suddenly, I had nothing that I'd come for. Several gloomy months passed as I struggled to keep writing and reconcile myself to my fate.

Then, one day, a fissure opened in the muddy sky and a shaft of light poured out.

I was in Kaohsiung writing a piece on a theatre. One of the actresses was a Taiwanese girl named Angel — and an angel she was. She worked at one of the only publishing houses in K-town. She told me they were looking for a full-time editor. Of course, I got her number and applied immediately. Angel's boss was the one doing the hiring, but she didn't speak English, so my interview was actually with Angel. By the end of our three-hour Saturday afternoon hiatus on a

sunny pub patio, she assured me that she'd give me her full recommendation. The job was mine.

But a week later Angel backtracked and asked me for some samples of my work. She'd seen my portfolio, but it was all professional journalism. Her company published children's books. They just wanted to make sure I could also write for children. Just send in the samples and, so long as nothing's horribly wrong, you'll have the job, she assured me. That same day I wrote two letter-perfect stories based on the samples she gave me and sent them back.

A week went by and no word.

Finally, I called Angel to see what was up. She told me that her boss had given her the assignment of hiring the editor and that now that it was her ass on the line she wasn't willing to hire the first person that she'd interviewed. She wanted to talk to more people. She reassured me that it was just a formality, the job was still mine, and that I'd have the position by the end of the week.

One week turned into two weeks, and then three. Angel's excuses piled up like lead bricks on my already trodden soul. A hot rage swelled in my gut. It finally burst during one Friday night conversation. Angel told me that, although she'd promised me her decision (again), she couldn't decide until she received samples from another writer who'd contacted her. I could maintain composure no longer. I let the profanities fly. I called her incompetent. I told her that she was one of the most unprofessional employers I'd ever met and that I would never work for such a useless boss. She listened in silent, complacent agreement. She knew that she was an awful businessperson.

A couple of weeks later, after my anger subsided, I realized that during that game of editor string-along I had become

very excited about the idea of attaching the 'editor' title to my moniker when I queried magazines. I still wanted that title. I became so wrapped up in the idea that I decided to start a magazine. I figured that if a gormless coconut-head-like Angel could manage an editorial department, I sure as hell could.

So, last February I placed an ad on the local internet bulletin board to see how many contributors I could stir up, and Xpat Magazine was born.

It's been 14 months since I first planted the seed for my life in Taiwan. A tree has grown. It's not a pretty tree. It's been stunted and twisted by harsh conditions, and nearly uprooted by disaster, but it's survived and ready for harvest. If the fruit it bears is sweet then I can rest my tortured mind, vindicated by the knowledge that my time here has not been wasted.

So, gracious readers, as you browse this magazine you must be aware that you are not merely judging a magazine—you're judging the outcome of my first 14 savage months on this sub-tropical island. You, my crucial readers, will decide if my time here has been a success or a disaster.

Sincerely,
Sal

“I came with dreams of tropical romance and print opportunities abound and watched it all crackle and melt under the friction of an imbalanced relationship.”

f M

Supports the Arts
regardless of the medium

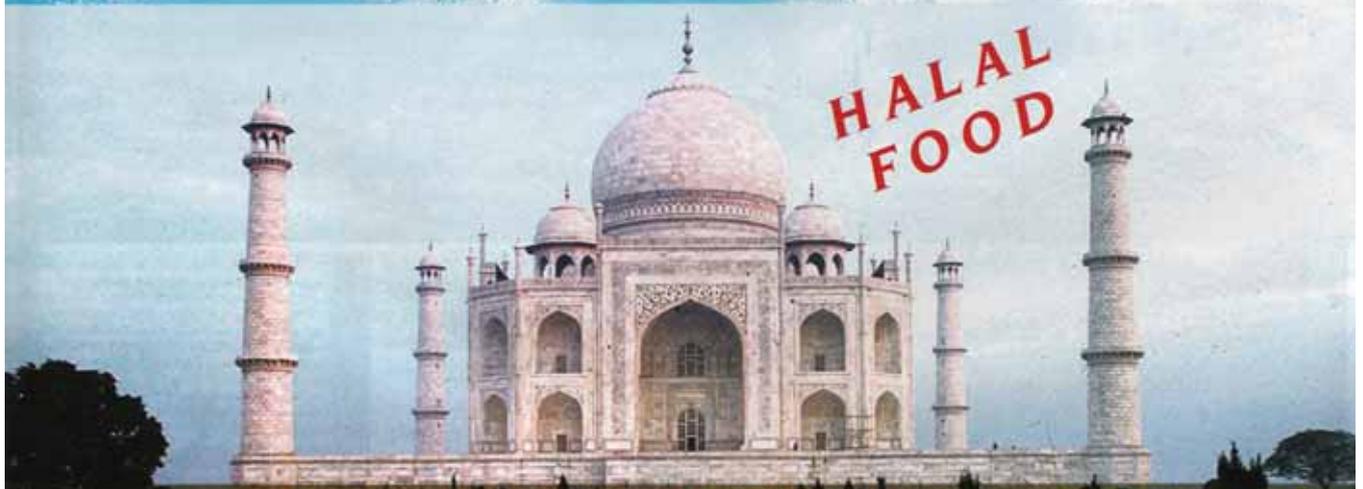


Try our Sunday lunch with brunch menu • 90nt Jim Beams Fri and Sat after 10pm • Happy Hour 2for1 Drinks Mon to Fri 6-8pm • Wednesday is Ladies Night with 50nt Vodka/Gin & Tonics and Rum & Cokes • 50nt Jager shots Saturday 10pm-2am
www.fmtaichung.com



185 BoGuan Rd.
Taichung
04 2323 1806

*Come experience inexpensive and authentic Indian food.
 Indian cuisine from an experienced Indian chef.
 We are down the street from the Splendor hotel.*

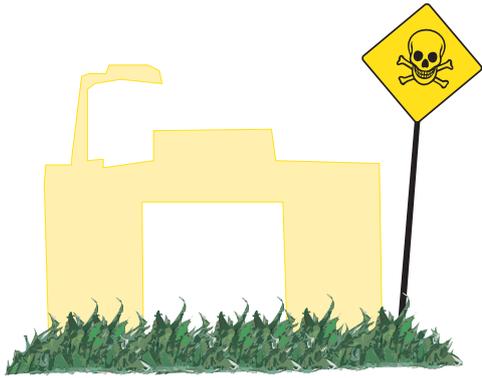


**HALAL
FOOD**

Pioneer of Indian Foods
印度料理 傳統道地印度口味
 無可取代味覺體驗

KEBABISH

11:30am-2:00pm 5:00pm-10:00pm closed Mondays for lunch
 No.1025, Chien Hsing Rd., Taichung 中市健行路1025號 Tel: 04-23208133



From the Desk

Proportion of New Orleans underwater at the time of writing: 80%

Largest case of genocide in history: the destruction of the Native American community -- between 2 and 100 million people exterminated

Number of people killed in 9/11 attacks: 2992

Amount per citizen the US Government spends on the War in Iraq: \$766

Amount per citizen the US Government spends on Tsunami Relief: \$1.18

- Sources**
- www.wikipedia.com
 - WHO
 - CNN
 - www.costofwar.com
 - www.freerepublic.com
 - Washington Times
 - www.iraqbodycount.net
 - Globe Magazine
 - www.nationmaster.com

Minimum count of civilians who have died in the Iraq War: 23,645

Number of Iraqis who have crashed airliners into American buildings: 0

Tallest wave of the 2004 Indian Ocean Tsunami: 30 meters

Height from which the 1958 tsunami in Lituya Bay, Alaska washed trees from the mountainside: 500 meters

Height (km) of the column of ash released when Vesuvius erupted: 32

Minimum count of civilians who have died in the Iraq War: 23,645

Number of civilians that died due to the Vietnam War according to Vietnam's Ministry of Labor: nearly 2 million

Temperature in Fahrenheit at the center of the explosion of the atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki: 7000

Estimated number of people who died as result of the nuclear bombs in Hiroshima and Nagasaki: 200,000

Estimated number of people who died from the Black Plague: 200 million

Number of people scientists estimate that the Avian Flu could kill worldwide if it "acts similarly" to the Spanish Flu: 180 to 360 million

Number of people who died in the 1997 Hong Kong Avian flu scare: 6

Number of poultry subsequently destroyed: 1.5 million

Number of hours it took to kill the birds: 72

Number of disasters appearing in Wikipedia's Top Ten Natural Disasters List that occurred in China: 7

Length in hours of Britney Spears' first marriage: 55

Days between the annulment of Britney's first marriage and her second wedding: 256

Number of children Britney should have by the time you read this issue of Xpat: 1



As a non-native English speaker on a Spouse Visa living in Taiwan, you're going to have a lot of time to kill.

You won't be able to find employment that doesn't involve rubber gloves and guts or toxic chemicals (or any combination of the three). Your spouse will be at work every day and you'll be left at home at the mercy of Chinese TV and the periodical garbage truck serenades.

Fortunately, there are steps you can take to alleviate the pains of this agonizing and unjust fate.

First things first: get central. Select an apartment as close to the center of town as possible – assuming, of course, that the center of town has a definitive shopping mall with a good English-language bookshop and an even better supermarket.

These two are more important than you could have ever imagine. Browsing is a great way to kill time. It doesn't make a difference if you hate books because fake browsing works just as well.

Don'ts:

Don't Look for a Job:

Do not look at those teaching job ads (or Taipei Times ads looking for copy editors). Even if you're a trained journalist fluent in English with EFL teaching experience. Those jobs are exclusively for native English speakers, North American accent preferred. You non-native good for only computer tap-tap and eat curry, no?

Don't Turn on the TV:

CNN International will kill you. If it doesn't, then you will kill yourself laughing at the shopping channel selling Up-Your-Cup papaya gel that promises to make every Taiwanese woman's Pamela Anderson fantasy come true.

Don't Take Up a Hobby:

Have none of that Little Women, Good Housekeeping jewelry-making, water-coloring crap. Not just because you've read your Germaine Greer, but because you'll lose your mind trying to buy your supplies. You'll spend hours at silly DIY stores with names like Momma Bear that sell ugly beads, one kind of pliers, childish craft kits with vomit-inducing designs, and God-awful store music that leaves you with a splitting headache (and the ugly beads that you bought anyway).

for a Non-Native English Speaker (Xpat) on a Spouse Visa by Rupali Ghosh

Do's:

Eat:

The supermarket is a good place to get hooked on to addictive food products. Buy them in bulk and spend many pleasurable hours chewing on them -- then spend many more hours planning diets to get rid of those extra pounds. (IMPORTANT: save the diet for when you and your spouse get posted to somewhere less exciting than Taiwan -- like Bratislava).

Shop:

Pillage Carrefour and Tesco just for the fun of buying giant packs of everything. It's a great way to feel productive and get away from those other addictive foods that you're now hooked on.

Get Cultured:

Spend some time (you'll have loads of it), visiting the temples and other sights that the guidebooks recommend. If the temples around you are anything like Taipei's Longshan and Shandao, you will be sadly disappointed as they will not be anything close to what the guidebooks describe them as. This disappointment will be a different feeling from the usual mind-numbing boredom. Enjoy it while it lasts.

Take in the Local Color:

Take many nice air-conditioned taxi drives through the city and make a note of the English names of shops and establishments along the way. If you live in Taipei you must include treasures like the Foreplay Lounge and Bar, Plus Your Needs Coffee, and Taipei Rolling Dear Bakery.

Visit the Potty Restaurant in Kaohsiung:

Eat odd combinations of brown-colored squishy food (which will probably lead to a real-life bad potty day anyway), eating off of squat or western-style toilet plates and (bonus): learn the Chinese word for 'potty'. Following all this scatological excitement, you should be deathly sick for at least a week. This will effectively take care of the "what-should-I-do-today?" question for a while.

Write for magazines like this one:

At the moment they'll publish whatever tripe you send them.



by David May

Shipwrecked

Everyone in Tainan has a story about how they came to end up in this small-town big city. Many come with golden English tongues to pay off student loans, while others come just to shovel as much NT straight into their pockets as they can before heading off to some other exotic destination. Some come to pursue business opportunities or work as migrant labourers in the great global supply chain. Last week, while out searching for the ever-elusive western Taiwan surfable-waves, I stumbled across one particularly unique xpat's story.

After heading up to the Jiang-Jun fishing port and making my way down past the great Salt Mountain of Qigu, I was on my way to check out another beach near the mouth of the Tswengwen River. I stuck my head up over a floodwall and scanned the beach from right to left. I saw what appeared to be an ordinary West Taiwan beach complete with trash, sloppy small waves and the odd fisherman. Then, craning my neck to the right, I saw a two-mast sailboat parked on the beach.

I immediately thought, "Jackpot!!" My mind filled with delusions of salvaging the boat, fixing it up and running charters to Green Island. Ahhh -- how foolish the mind can be.

I drove down to the beach and wandered over to the boat. It was laid up just short of the waterline and the keel was lodged two or three feet deep in the sand. It didn't look like it was going anywhere anytime soon.

There I met a middle-aged Phillipino man named Chitra. Chitra had his clothes laid out to dry on the boat. He seemed to be looking for more of his things amongst the odds and ends strewn about on the beach.

He told me his story.

Chitra and his American companion run a charter company in the Phillipines. The two had sailed for seven days from the Southern Phillipines to Hong Kong. In Hong Kong they purchased some electronic equipment for longer trips (I thought they'd want these things before going on a seven-day journey, but hey, what do I know). They planned to continue North past Taiwan to Okinawa, but before they rounded the top of Taiwan a storm forced them back down into the Taiwan Strait.

They decided to travel down Taiwan's West coast to avoid the storm. Upon reaching the waters just off of Qigu, Chitra's lack of knowledge of the local waters, combined with shallow sand bars and strong waves, forced his boat closer and closer to the shore. Originally his boat came to rest short of the beach, but strong waves battered the boat all the way onto the shore and over the next few days heavy rains filled it with water.

After two failed attempts by the Taiwanese Coast Guard to right the boat and get it back into the sea (the first attempt to pull the boat out ripped the rudder off and the second attempt, using empty steel drums, was just a failure) Chitra and his friend became official Taiwan visitors. They were left to fend for themselves. The Coast Guard stopped their 24-hour a day watch over the boat and Chitra's outboard motor for his pontoon boat was stolen.

Chitra and his friend's failure to navigate their way past Taiwan now led them to the unenviable task of navigating the Taiwanese visa process, and the even more difficult chore of getting their boat back into the sea.

Chitra described his misadventures with the visa process. Apparently being shipwrecked doesn't gain leniency or speed of process from Taiwanese authorities. He mentioned that he and his friend had been to Kaohsiung twice on visa runs seeking extensions and received no sympathy from authorities.

In terms of getting the boat back in the water, the first company they visited offered to pull the boat to Anping harbour for \$80,000 USD. But the boat had only cost him \$40,000 USD! Chitra also complained about not being able to order food and the general difficulties associated with getting by as a functionally illiterate visitor in an unfamiliar place.

Apart from being shipwrecked on a strange island and lacking the ability to communicate with the local population, Chitra was in good spirits. He told the whole story with a grin and laughter. Chitra further added that the Phillipino trade office had been immensely helpful where the American Institute had failed to do anything.

Before I left Chitra told me they were going to attempt to float the boat with industrial balloons the got from a local company. I wished him luck and mentioned to him that it was going to be a full moon so the tides would be high.

In the end, luck was with him. I went back last weekend to see if the boat was there. It wasn't.



Shutdowns, Meltdowns and Near Mental Breakdowns

by Pawl English

disembark quickly I pulled out the power cord...

I now recall a piece of advice given to me in earnest by a distraught friend:

"Back up your files!"

My computer never fully worked again. A computer engineer in Cornwall informed me that I had lost all of my files. My mind reeled as I realized that the thousands of pictures I had just taken had gone into the nether—not to mention the new website I was working on, and other files and artwork.

But then, later, the guy called me and told me, "I've saved your files." I replied, "I love you." And I did. So, of course, after this harsh warning I backed up my files.

Well...actually I didn't.

Due to the damage to my computer and my transient state I had no opportunity to back them up. My CD burner had quit from the breakdown and, having no connection, I was unable to upload anything to the internet. As it turned out, the computer-tech saying my computer was fixed had been a misnomer. My computer had become extremely unstable.

Thailand was divine. Many more photographs were taken. My computer held out.

I returned to Taiwan living out of a suitcase. Still, I had no Internet, so I backed up my files religiously on my external hard drive. I felt almost secure, but my friend's advice continued to haunt me. I really wanted to put the files on CD.

Then unbelievable simultaneous bolts of misfortune stuck. I was trying to clean up my internal and external hard drives. I got the bright idea of erasing my internal hard drive by rebooting my computer. The seemingly logical idea of relying upon my external hard drive to keep my files while I completed the two-hour task was my undoing. It crashed of its own accord just after I wiped the files from my internal system.

After weeks of anguish, including looking for a computer specialist whose shop, according to the address I'd been given, was in the middle of a river, I finally sent my computer to a Canadian firm in Singapore. They delightfully informed me that the files could be recovered for 1,600 USD\$. The hard-drive had melted-down. In the end I lost more than 3,500 MP3s, 2,000 photographs, a large amount of art-work and files, as well as the new website I had designed in its entirety.

Does my misfortune rank as a disaster? It certainly pales in significance compared to recent tsunamis, hurricanes, and plane crashes. But can the word "disaster" not also be related to bad hair days, broken nails and burned soup?

Suffice to say I am writing this from my new shiny notebook, which is constantly backed up in multiple, impregnable locations.

I'm an enthusiastic amateur photographer. I recently purchased a Sony Cybershot digital camera. It was bought principally for use during a five-week trip to my homeland of England, with side excursions to Hong Kong and Thailand.

I arrived in Hong Kong first. It was a photographer's dream, complete with towering skyscrapers and exotic streets saturated with life and color. I scoured the streets, explored all the nooks and crannies, and spent hours taking multitudes of pictures. My favorite find (having a propensity for the gothic), were two sprawling graveyards: one Catholic and one Christian. The Christian graveyard was dark, wintry and vine covered. The Catholic graveyard however surpassed this; it had the same dark charm but was ostentatiously lit-up with Catholic displays of ornamentation, angels, cherubs, and depictions of Christ and Mary.

I returned to my room and uploaded my photographs. One picture, a sculpture of Mary Magdalene carrying Christ's cross, was incredible. It's difficult to explain why this picture pleased me so and for reasons about to be explained, I am not in a position to show it to you.

I mainly used my Cybershot on the trip so that when I arrived in England I would be able to quickly upload pictures to my website. When I wasn't roaming for pictures I was building extensive web-galleries on my notebook.

Then I moved on to England. I was on the train to Cornwall, the beautiful county on the southwestern tip of England, to visit a friend when the first disaster struck. I was on a spacious comfortable train, which had a power outlet that enabled me to do some much-needed work on my site. Incidentally, I hadn't been able to upload any pictures yet as my friends that I had stayed with were either not online or were connected with archaic dial-up modems. As I arrived in the port town of St. Austell I became alarmed. My computer would not shutdown. Having to

All my friends and I wanted this summer was to rent an apartment in Mucha. Our criteria were simple: two bedrooms, air conditioning, and a kitchen.

**What we got?
Well, that's more interesting.**

While reading the classified section of the Taipei Times on the first day of our search, I mentioned to my Taiwanese friend Charles that we were apartment hunting. He laughed and told us the story of his Polish friend Daniel.

Apparently Daniel had gone to see an apartment near ShiDa. When the landlord saw that he was a foreigner, he let him move in with one stipulation: a huge door-sized poster would be plastered on his front door that read "No Sex".

We laughed.
"C'mon, you can't be serious. You're making that up," I said.
"You'll see," replied Charles.

Night and day we scoured the bulletin boards at ShiDa and TaiDa and perused the Tealit website. As soon as we found a listing, we called. A typical conversation between my friend Josh, who speaks fluent Chinese, and the landlord would go like this:

Landlord: Hello.
Josh: Hello. I am an American student and I am interested in your apartment.
Landlord: Oh. Uh-huh. (pause) The apartment is already rented.

We needed a new tactic. We made Charles call and innocently ask about the apartment before mentioning it was really for two American guys and one American girl. At first, it worked but there seemed to always be a problem with the place.

"There's a kitchen but you can't use it," or "everyone has to have an Alien Resident Card," the landlords would say.

So, we intensified our search.

We started interrogating students at Cheng Chi University and the surrounding area near the Taipei Zoo. One day, we ran into Obed, a guy from the Solomon Islands who said he and his roommate had a room for rent. They lived up on the mountain overlooking the school. We followed them home and what we saw was depressing:

A three-bedroom dilapidated bungalow without air conditioning filled with dozens of bags of trash. Overcome by the stench of months-old trash, we bolted. After three weeks of searching, was this really the best we could do?

Another week passed, we started getting desperate. We considered living in one of those illegal makeshift tin roof apartments located on top of shabby apartment buildings, but after typhoon Haitang we abandoned that idea. Just when we were ready to give up and



HomeWrecker by Lauren Mack

call Obed, Charles called to say he found a place for us to see. It was a three-bedroom apartment with a kitchen and two bathrooms.

"So, what's the catch?" we asked.
"Nothing. You just have to go see it tonight," he replied.

So we jumped in a cab and raced toward the Taipei Zoo. We met Mrs. Wong and her daughter in front of the 7-Eleven beneath the apartment. The place was a palatial palace: two living rooms, four bedrooms, two bathrooms, a huge kitchen, hardwood floors, air conditioning, and utilities already installed.

"We'll take it!" we immediately exclaimed.
"Let me call my husband," she replied and walked into the next room.

This was too easy. We should have known better.

Mrs. Wong returned and said her husband was not picking up his phone and that she would call us later. She gave us an awkward smile and showed us the door. Reluctantly, we left. As we walked down the stairs, the neighbors peered their heads out their doors and a husband and wife followed us to the first floor. No one said a word.

An hour later Mrs. Wong called to say we couldn't have the apartment. She offered no explanation. We called Charles.

"Why does this keep happening?" I asked.
"Foreigners have a bad reputation," he replied.

It seems many lao wai (wild outsiders) come here and don't pay the rent, have massive orgy

✂The Homefront

parties, and trash their apartments before leaving town.

"Oh, and you're bald," Charles said, referring to Nick, my other male roommate.

"What does that have to do with getting an apartment?" I asked.

"We have a saying 'Ten baldies, nine hornies,'" he said.

"They're afraid you'll have an orgy party every night and ruin the neighborhood," Charles continued.

With that, we went to buy another newspaper. Minutes later, the phone rang. It was Charles.

"Mrs. Wong just called me. She said her husband has reconsidered. You can have the place if you agree to not have any women, other than you, enter the apartment."

"We can't have women over? Not just one time?" Nick asked.

"No. Never. Ever," said Charles. "The husband is a police officer and he has deported many foreigners before. He will be monitoring the place and your every move. The neighbors will also be watching. They saw you tonight and begged the Wongs not to rent the place to foreigners. Can you live under these conditions?"

Let me see. We're going to have a police officer and all the neighbors spying on us like Big Brother and we can't have women over ever. Hmmm.

"Hell no."

Two weeks later, we found a posting on the website Chui Mama for a place around the corner from the "Big Brother apartment." This time, we brought Charles along to vouch for us. He was the key to insuring the landlord we were not intending to turn the place into a brothel. The landlord was more than happy to rent the place to us. Two days later, Josh and I were at the 7-Eleven buying milk when we ran into Mrs. Wong.

"Did you find an apartment?" she asked.

"Yes," we replied.

"And we're not telling you where it is."



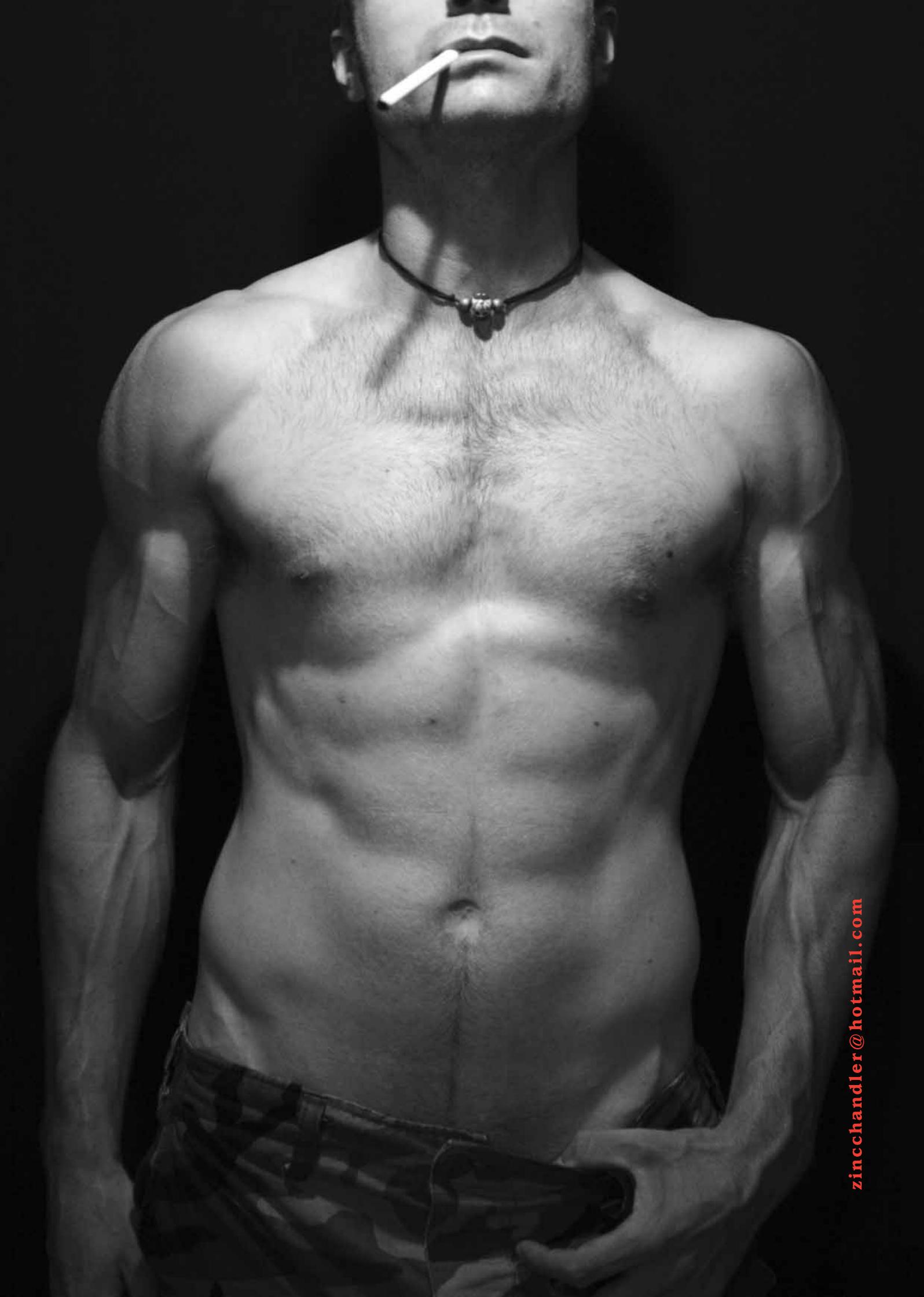
**We can't have women over ever?
Hmmm.....Hell no!**



Foreigners have a bad reputation



They're afraid you'll have an orgy party every night...



zincchandler@hotmail.com

Facing Survival

Facing Survival, a photography exhibition by Kloie Pioct, documents the survivors of the Dec. 26 tsunami in the Tamil Tiger (LTTE) controlled area of northeastern Sri Lanka. Their lives are still in ruin from the tsunami that, in minutes, swept their families, homes, belongings, and livelihoods out to sea. Facing Survival doesn't focus on the destruction of the tsunami, but rather on the resilience of these people who have maintained their humanity with the hope that things will get better despite the great obstacles that face them.

Facing Survival was first exhibited at The River Gallery in Chung Li, Taiwan. The xpats of Chung Li and Tao Yuen supported this exhibition by donating and purchasing photos. Altogether, the exhibition raised US\$900 that went toward rebuilding a factory owned by Sumatra Tharmadeva, whom Kloie met at the Hindu College Displacement camp in Batticaloa. Another US\$2,500 is needed to finish rebuilding her destroyed factory so that she can continue to employ her workers and help restore their lives.

Sumatra lives with her 11-year-old daughter in a displacement tent camp. She wrote to Kloie telling her that some families have been able to move out and are building homes but they are doing it on their own. For political reasons, none of the millions of dollars donated to Tsunami relief is reaching the Tamil Tiger areas.

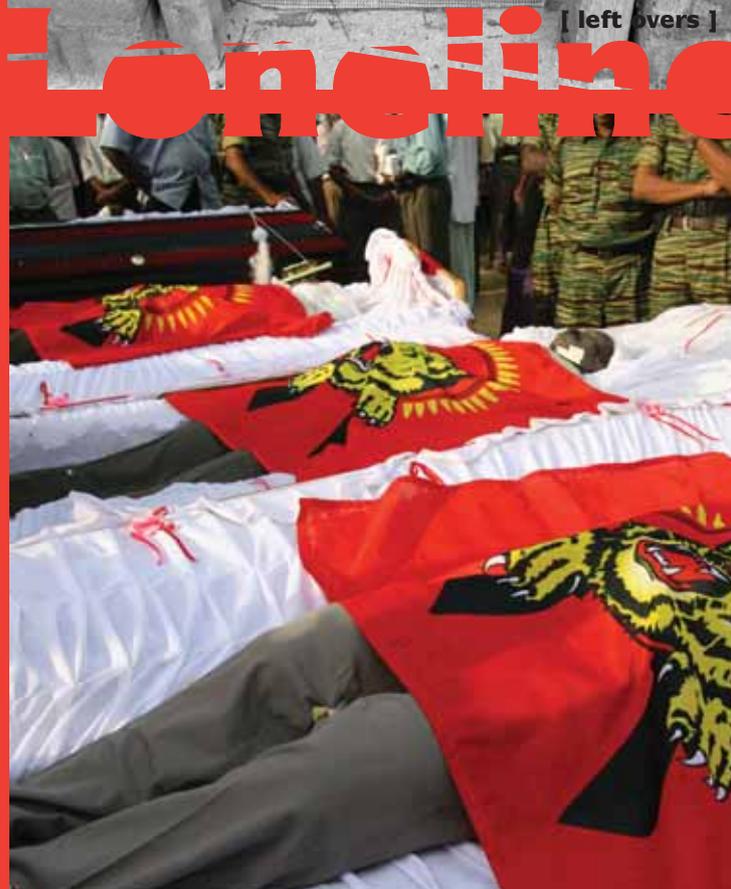
In fact, on Feb. 7, E. Kaushaylan, the Tamil Tiger political wing leader of the Batticaloa-Ampara region, was returning from Colombo where he was engaged in talks with the Sri Lankan government about releasing aid for his stricken area, when he was ambushed and assassinated. To date, no political group has claimed responsibility and the case remains unsolved. It is yet another disaster heaped upon the people of Sri Lanka.

Kloie is seeking to show Facing Survival in venues across Taiwan in order to raise more funds for Sumatra, and to remind people that there are still thousands of people suffering in displacement camps in Sri Lanka. If you know of any venue owners interested in the show, or if you would like to make a donation, contact Kloie at oneshotmore@kloie.com

The xpats in Taiwan can make a difference by donating hard earned teaching cash to those who want to go to school but can't because they haven't enough money to buy a uniform or a pencil.



[left overs]





[father & comrades]



[mother mourns]



[facing survival]



[my son.....]

SS

Anguish



[open casket]



[little girl]

Doubt... Scepticism



[Sunday school prayers]



[temple tilts]

Faith...



[children in tent camp]



[Mary prays]



[3 generations]

Hope....



[towards the light]



Belief...

[waiting for aid]



[Kloie Piect with friends]

Vonny's Garden Vegetarian Cuisine

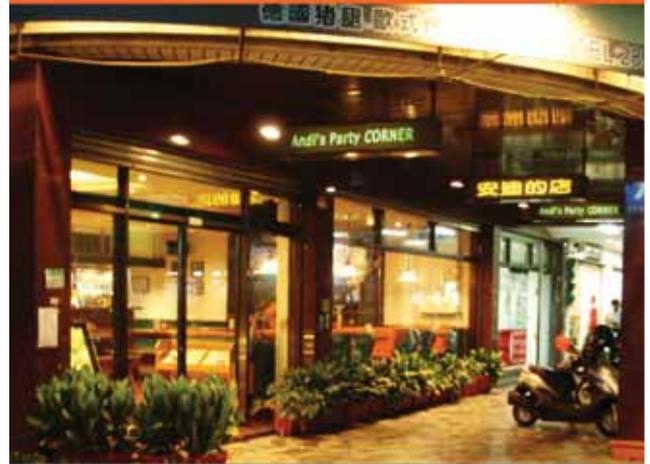


Delicious, affordable, and healthy. Vonny's is a long standing favourite among foreigners and locals. Hearty portions, flavourful dishes, and moderate prices will leave you satisfied.

Vonny's is not only for vegetarians. For meat-lovers Vonny's has a wide selection of fake meat ranging from pork chops to steak to sashimi.

Open 11:00 am - 10:00 pm
95 Linsen Rd. Sec. 2, Tainan
(06) 234-9616 or 200-5600

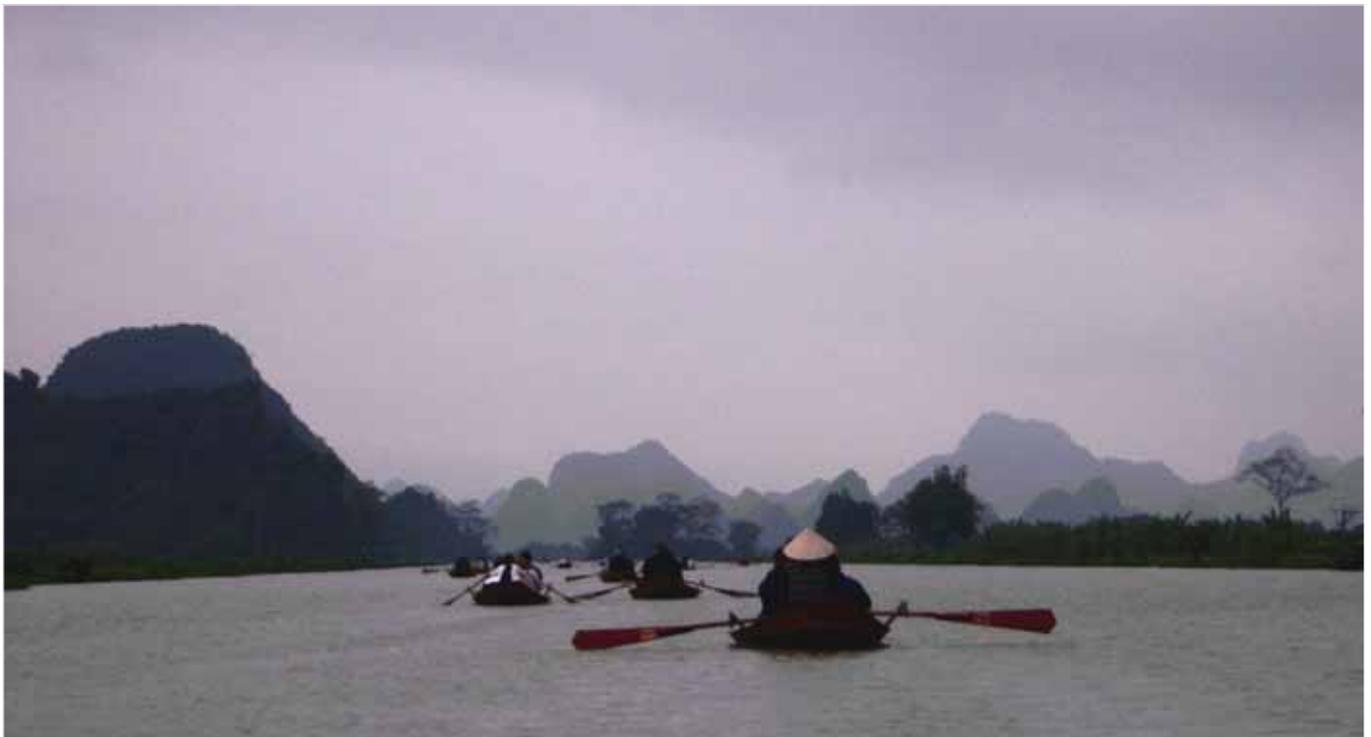
Andi's Party CORNER 安迪的店



Authentic Austrian-German Cooking
* Home Made Sausages & Bread
* For larger groups call in advance

奧地利, 德國料理
* 豬腳, 烤雞 (先預約)
* 各種香腸

223 Chung-Hsueh Rd, Tainan City 臺南市東區崇學路223號
TEL: 06 289 8215 / 0910 773360



Evon Lee

06 238 9111
092 522 0382

Life Tour Travel

evonpig5418@hotmail.com



Let Us Tell You Our Names

By David Alexander

There are hundreds of thousands of people in this country whose names have been taken away and replaced with a foreign symbol.

Late in the 19th century, the Japanese colonial government began replacing aboriginal names with Japanese names. Following WWII, when Mainland Chinese imposed a further colonialist regime on the island, they replaced all the Japanese names (and as many remaining aboriginal names as possible) with Han names, which were more easily depicted in the script of the colonial government.

Let Us Tell You Our Names

By David Alexander



Agents of the KMT colonial government moved into remote mountain areas to continue the administration of Han names after the war. Han names were assigned to households without regard to the familial connections of their members. Brothers would discover that they had been given different Chinese surnames. This was a problem to relatives living in separate villages because the error could not be noted and corrected before being “locked into” an identity database.

Over the last 20 years many aboriginal people have sought to recover and register their ancestral names. The government is not opposed to this, but computerization has thrown up a roadblock. Computers used by household registration offices in Taiwan only allow names of up to 6 Chinese ideographs. This is too few for most aboriginal names. Whereas most Chinese names require no more than 4 characters, many aboriginal names have 6 or more syllables, each of which must be depicted in Chinese with a single ideograph.

Aborigines who have opted to use their traditional names find that when they’re registered by computer, the name box on the form contains the instructions “see the footnote”, and “see” appears in the surname box. The tragi-comical result is that anyone registered with a traditional Aboriginal name now appears to be named “see the footnote”. The head of the family is referred to as “Papa See.”

The Rev. Fwuerah Butalu, pastor of Peitou Presbyterian Church near Taipei, is not amused. He sees the form, which exists only for the sake of convenient operational procedures in the household registration office, as nonsense. Its continued use is an affront to the rights of aboriginal people.

The Rev. Sing O’ lamu, Associate General Secretary at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Taiwan, says, “The household registration form’s provision for only 6

characters in a name is a computer problem, easily fixed”

he says. Nobody is willing to have his or her child known as “see the footnote”. It is an offense to the heart, and it demonstrates unwillingness to understand aboriginal cultures.”

“Nobody will intentionally select a strange name. Aboriginal names basically represent traditions and cultures.” Using his own name as an example, O’ lamu explained that the given name of the child is joined with the father’s family name. He is “Sing” of the “O’ lamu” family. Although different aboriginal tribes use different systems, all are based on a traditional pattern of some sort.

Last July, Chen Hsiu-huei, a member of parliament, held a press conference called “My name is ‘See the Footnote’ ”. Afterwards, Executive Branch Interior Minister Su Chia-chuen promised to order a member of his staff to contact Fwuerah Butalu with an apology and to instruct local registries to allow handwritten entries in cases where the 6-ideograph-limitation was insufficient. In the long run the form will be changed to allow up to 15 ideographs in personal names.

Rev. Butalu suggests that as the government is currently in the process of issuing new national identity cards, it should increase the size of the name-box so that it can include the name in Chinese ideographs and leave room for the Romanized form as printed in a passport. This could both solve the issue of aboriginal names and ease the problems of local citizens who must spell out their names in Romanized forms on international travel documents when going abroad.

Reminders of the disrespect of being named “see the footnote” are all too common in communication with local offices. When an elementary school sent a notice to his house regarding Rev. Butalu’s children addressed to “see the footnote”, his children laughed and called him “Papa See”. He felt slighted.

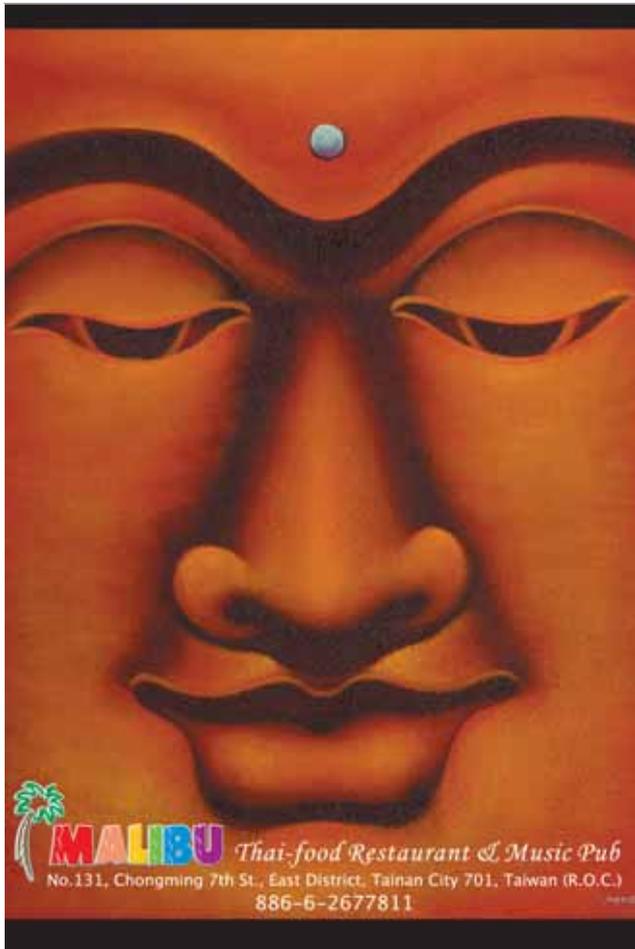
Prior to one election he even received a phone call from an Aborigine seeking to “get out the vote” who asked to speak to “see the footnote” because that was written on the index being used.

“I’m not named ‘See’,” he states. “Neither are my children.”

For more information:

*Fwuerah Butalu faliyos.wu@yahoo.com.tw
Sing O’ lamu sing@mail.pct.org.tw*





Mindful Phoenix Arts

No. 165 Jung Jeng 2nd Rd, 2F Kaohsiung

Tel: (07) 223-0581

Theatre and Performance

Kung Fu

Tai Qi Chuan

African Drum

Belly Dance

Tap Dance

Yoga

English Speaking



www.mindfulphoenix.com

EXPLORE ASIA

with



TRUMP TRAVEL SERVICE

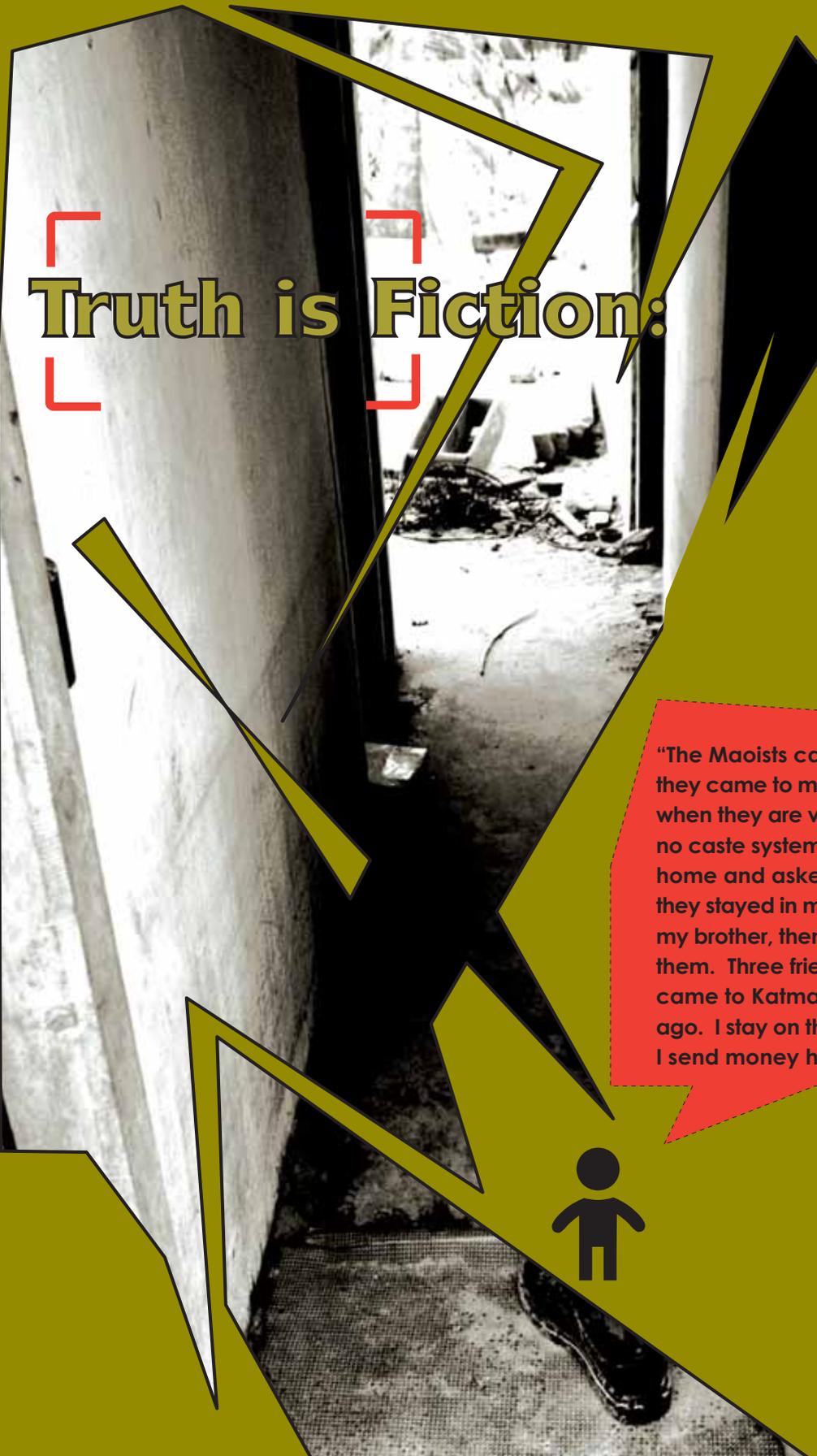
For all your Travel needs and more ...visit: www.tttour.com.tw

Contact: Peter Lawrence

Phone: 07-330-6166

Email: pjltrump@ara.seed.net.tw

1F, 234 Cheng-Gung 1st Road, Kaohsiung 802

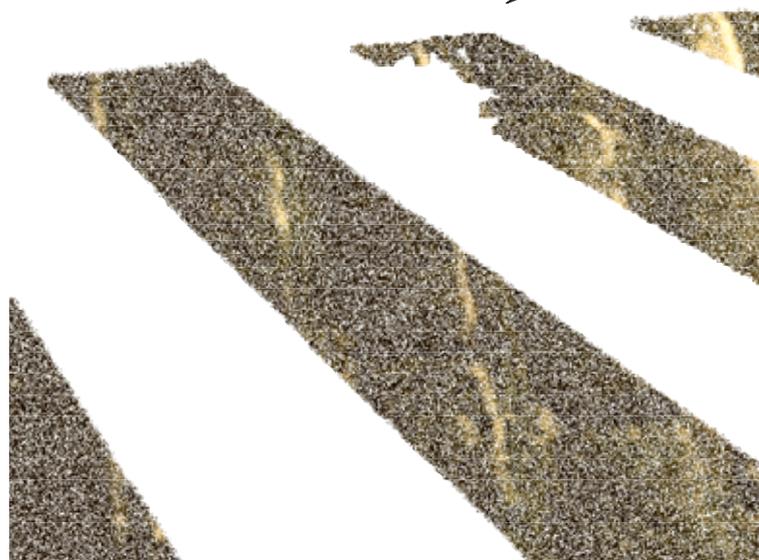


Truth is Fiction:

"The Maoists came to my village. First they came to my school and told us that when they are victorious there would be no caste system. Then they came to my home and asked for donations, then they stayed in my home, then they killed my brother, then they wanted me to join them. Three friends and I escaped and came to Katmandu; that was 2 years ago. I stay on the street and when I can I send money home to my mother."

Children on the Street in Kathmandu

By Kloie Picot



Polispy

After teaching privates and teaching at a bushiban for 20 straight weeks I convinced my employers to give me a 10-day vacation so I could go to Nepal and photograph the child soldiers who had been recruited and forced into the Communist Party of Nepal's (CPN-Maoist) army to fight the "People's War" against the Government of Nepal.

When I arrived I met with some friends who had been living in the Katmandu Valley. They all had stories to tell of the situation in the Maoist-controlled villages. Having spent years in occupied Palestine making documentaries and taking photos of the struggle, I considered myself hardened, but what they told me was unimaginable.

They told me of a woman accused of aiding the Nepali army who had been taken to the village square, tied up, and had a drill taken to her body and a man, also accused of aiding the Nepali army, who had his limbs amputated one by one while his wife and children were forced to watch.

I was hopelessly ill-prepared for the situation in Nepal. It was far too dangerous to venture into Maoist-controlled areas without good connections, a reliable guide, and a lot more time.

Disheartened, I sat in an empty café in Thamel, the heart of Katmandu's "tourist center", trying to come up with a new photography idea. I wondered, "Should I shoot the Tibetan Buddhists in Boudhnath? The demonstrations against the King? Or should I should just pack it in and forget about doing any kind of photography?" After all, this was my vacation.

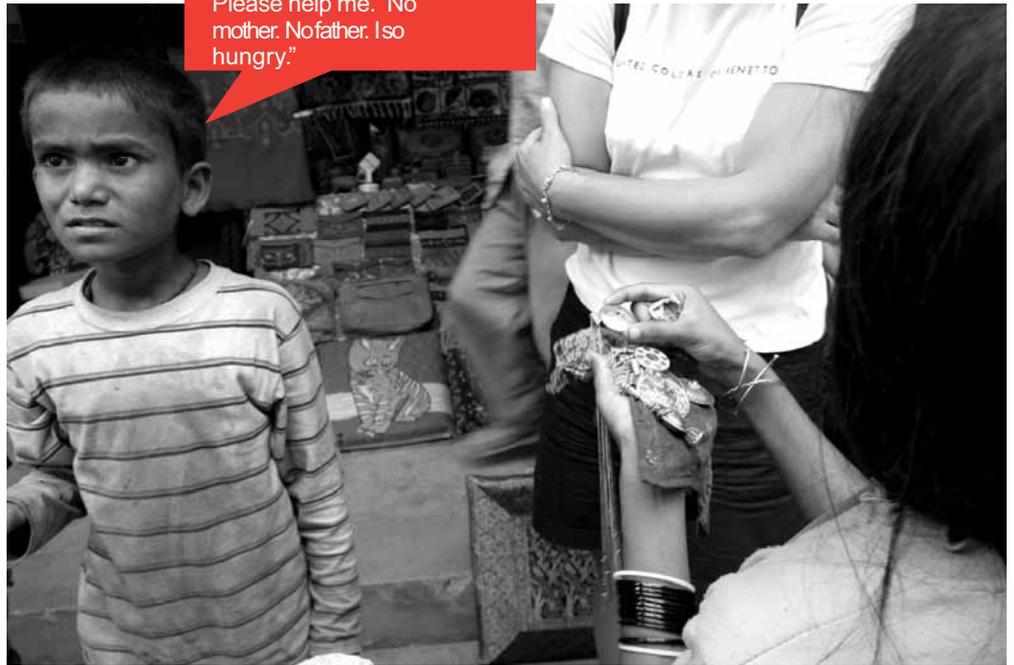
It was getting late so, having nothing better to do, I took a walk. A horde of street kids descended upon me like a

swarm of angels trying to convert the converted. They began hassling me to buy bags, cheap jewelry, and biscuits, or to just give them money.

"Please miss. I give you good price. I so hungry. You look. No tourists. Please help me. No mother. No father. I so hungry."

Their skinny dirt-covered bodies reminded me of my students back in Taiwan. I wanted to do something to help. Having just come from Taiwan, my thinking was: "Why aren't they home

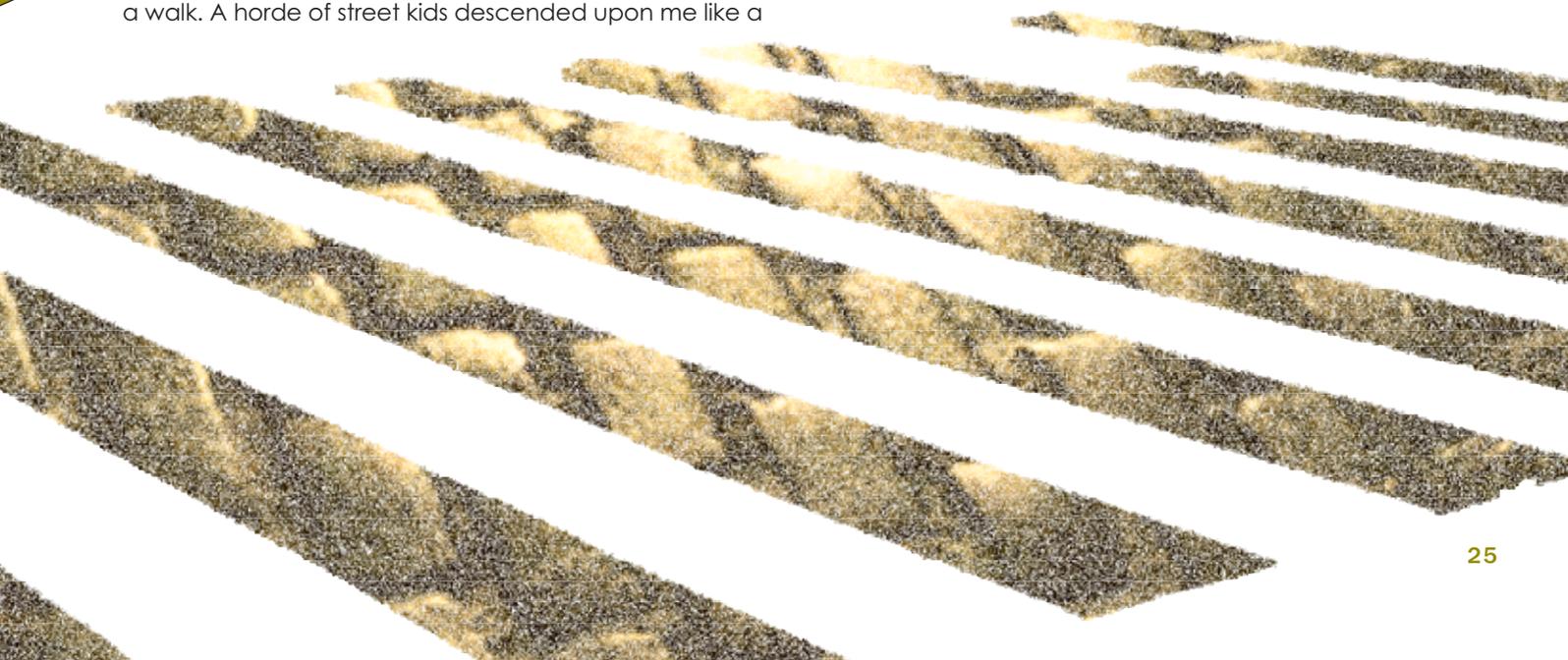
"Please miss. I give you good price. I so hungry. You look. No tourists. Please help me. No mother. No father. I so hungry."



doing homework?"

I didn't want any souvenirs so I bought them some biscuits. Suddenly more kids surrounded me each demanding a biscuit. That night I hung out with the Thamel gang, watching them sell their wares, argue with each other, and run amok.

Most of them had learned more English on the street than





my students had in 3 years of bushiban classes. Raghu, a 12-year-old boy, told me his story. Two years previous he and three other boys fled his village when the Maoists came. They wanted to make him carry a gun. They wanted him to die for them.

His father was a retired officer and his older brother had been a soldier killed by the Maoists. Then next morning Raghu came to me crying, telling me that while he was sleeping in the alley the big boys had robbed him of his watch and the bags he was meant to sell. His boss would be angry, wouldn't give him any more bags, and he would have to pay for the bags that had been stolen. Would I buy him some bags so he could pay the boss back?

Soon all the others joined us: Santos, Subash, Deepak, Bikash, Shushil; they were all hungry. Would I please buy them some biscuits?

I made a proposition: if they allowed me to follow them around for a week and photograph them, I would buy them a daily meal (with meat) and at the end of the week a new set of clothes. They must not ask for anything more. They all agreed, so off we went to find a restaurant that would feed seven street kids.

As the week unfolded so did the stories of their lives. I could not help but think these kids could no longer separate truth from the fiction they told tourists to gain their sympathy.

After a few hours with them I became aware of a strange smell, like the smell of a newly carpeted floor. I noticed that some of the boys were acting strange. They began telling on each other.

"He take glue...me no...me take glue and smoke cigarettes, hee hee hee."

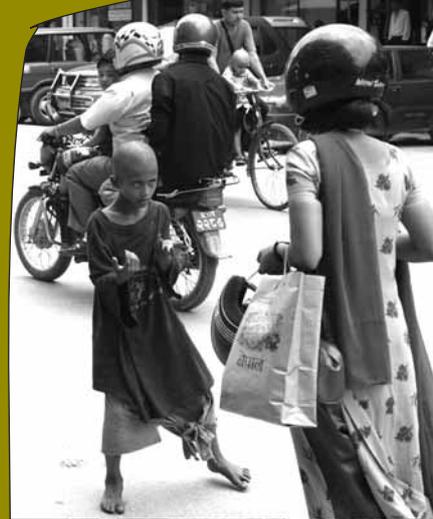
"Glue, I show you."

They pulled out their plastic glue filled bags and began sniffing. They told me it makes them see the Gods, like Shiva, and that they ride elephants down the streets of Thamel. They were all addicted.

None of them were actually orphans. Most of them were working the streets to support a drunken father, or a mother left in the village to fend alone for herself because her husband had taken another wife, or simply because their parents could not afford to feed them.

They all liked living on the streets. They said its fun to hang out with their friends and play with the rickshaws at night. Rajendrah had once managed to convince a Swedish tourist to pay for him to attend school. That lasted about a month.

I learned that there are several foreign and Nepali organizations that care for street kids. They can get food and medical treatment, and can be placed in one of the many orphanages in and around the Katmandu Valley, but refuse because it means they will have to follow rules.



"He take glueme
no.....me take glue and
smoke cigarettes, hee
hee hee." "Glue?" I asked.
"Glue, I show you."



"Anything, miss.
Just get me out of here!"



already as dirty and tattered as those I had found them in.

On my last day I went to say goodbye, but an hour before I arrived three of the kids had been arrested. The shopkeepers had had enough of the kids sniffing glue in front of their stores.

The kids were kept in a small cell with a group of middle-aged men who had been arrested for operating an illegal "entertainment" club. There was no way I could get them out. They had to stay the night, but the deputy superintendent promised me they would be released the following morning.

After four days I bought them their new clothes: one shirt and one pair of pants, underpants, and sandals each. It seemed ironic that the money I earned teaching affluent kids in Taiwan was being used to clothe and feed street kids in Nepal.

I told them that they had to wash themselves before they could put on their new attire. That proved not to be a simple request. Where could eleven filthy glue-addicted boys take a shower? We decided that an excursion to the Bagmati River for a swim and body cleansing was the only solution.

Two days later, they had sold most of the new clothes and the clothes they had kept were

They were scared and crying and promising never to sniff glue again. They would go home to their parents. They would go to school.

"Anything, miss. Just get me out of here!"

I could do nothing. When I turned to leave the littlest, a seven-year-old named Deepak, began to howl.

The next morning, with only four hours until my flight, I returned to the police station and waited for their release. In order for the kids to be released, a representative of an NGO had to sign for them. Finally, after 3 hours, he came. The kids stepped out of their jail cell defiantly waving victory signs, and laughing and joking with each other. An hour later I was taxiing down a runway at the Katmandu International Airport.



What can we, as tourists passing fleetingly in and out of their lives, do for these street kids? If you feel compelled, buy them a meal: but stay with them as they eat it. Never give them money unless they are with their mothers. If they say they need the money to send to their village, arrange with someone to send the money personally. It's hard and it takes time, but my experience has told me that no matter how innocent they appear, they will use the money to buy glue or hash.

Above all, treat them as any other kid. Give them your time. Play with them. Organize a fun day out. A positive role model could mean something in the long run. Under all that dirt and after the hallucinations end, they are, after all, just kids.

Take it easy
this Chinese New Year



Get away with

COLA 可樂旅遊
TOURS

In Tainan call: 5F 88 FuChian Rd., Sec. 1, Tainan, Taiwan
09-2646-0040 06-226-7988 06-226-6978

Free Delivery

For english service ask for Julia
or email: julia.wang@colatour.com.tw

Browse online and locate the branch nearest you at
www.colatour.com.tw

Celebrate the Holidays at Frog's



Christmas Eve
Roasted Turkey Dinner NT\$800
at all Frog Restaurants

Chinese New Year's Eve
Free Hot Pot 10pm - 2am
at Frog 1

FROG I

台中市華美西側一段 105 號
105 HuaMei W. St. Sec 1 Taichung
(04) 2321-1197

FROG II

台中市育德路 37 號
37 YuDe Rd. Taichung
(04) 2203-0182

FROG III

台中市精誠七街 1 號
1 JingCheng 7th St. Taichung
(04) 2320-8756

Open 10am - 2am everyday



mojocoffee

Fair Trade and Certified Organic Coffee

Open 7 days a week: 9:00am ~ 11:00pm

230 Da-Yeh Road, Taichung City

(04)2328-9448

www.mojocoffee.com.tw

無國界
音樂週邊商品



融合搖滾、嬉皮、雷鬼...等各種風格，專營進口
原廠服飾、帽子、背包、海報、別針、貼紙、配
件、個性居家擺飾。

- Clothing
- Headwear
- Posters
- Accessories
- Home Decor



地址：台中市精誠一街30號（春水堂正對面巷子）

電話：04-23272997

手機：0925-105382 (Jane)

e-mail: janebaby1980@yahoo.com.tw

營業時間：
Mon. - Fri. 17:00-22:00
Sat. & Sun. 12:00-22:00



Supert

by Matt Gibson

Typhoon Haitang made landfall at Hualien on Taiwan's east coast at 7 am on Monday, July 18, 2005. It was the most powerful typhoon to hit Taiwan in 5 years. Businesses and government offices were closed island-wide. Over 1,000 villages were evacuated. Millions of people were displaced.



Casualties as of July 21: 12 deceased, 5 missing, 36 injured

“(sic) Malfunctioned” roads: 137

Soldiers working Emergency Response: 3,557

Civilians working Emergency Response: 39,182

Taipei Gucci Outlet’s loss from looting: over NT\$1 million

Average rainfall measured: 1 meter

Rainfall in Pingtung County, Sandimen Township: 1.56 meters.

Watercourses “in critical danger” of flooding: 553

Watercourses “having (sic) potential danger of flooding”: 867

typhoon





Financial Losses

Agricultural: NT\$3.15 billion
(sic) Pasturage: NT\$19.5 million
Fisheries: NT\$25 million

Forestry: NT\$80 million
Agricultural Facilities: NT\$217.2 million
Fishery Facilities: NT\$61 million

(sic) Pasturage Facilities: NT\$61 million
Total: NT\$ 3.57 billion

Ensuing blackouts affected 1.36 million households. 12,000 households experienced water restrictions.

Supertyphoon Haitang maximum wind velocity: 184 km/h
Supertyphoon Haitang maximum gust velocity: 227 km/h

Percentage of international flights cancelled: 90%

Sources

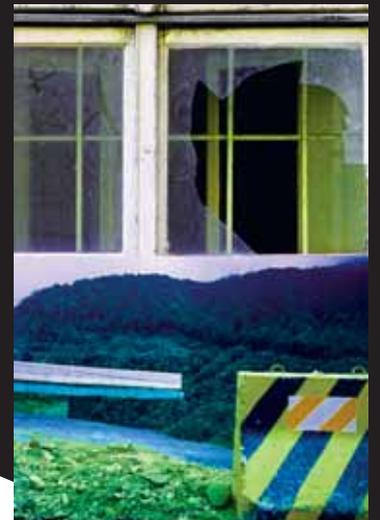
Typhoon Haitang Emergency Response and Disposal Report
Report by Central Emergency Operation Center
July 21, 2005 - Updated 8:00 (Report No.7-5)

Typhoon leaves destruction in its wake
Chang, Rich. Taipei Times 19 Jul. 2005, Page 2

Haitang fizzles out, leaves Taiwan wet
Chiu, Yu-Tzu. Taipei Times 20 Jul. 2005, Page 1

Typhoon Haitang Emergency Response and Disposal Report
Report by Central Emergency Operation Center
July 21, 2005 - Updated 11:30 (Report No.7-6)

Typhoon's winds, rain pound nation
Chiu, Yu-Tzu. Taipei Times 1
9 Jul. 2005, Page 1



Rock and Roll Will Never Die



Over 4000 LP's, 2000
CD's, and tons of Rock
and Roll Memorabilia

台南市夏林路48號

NO.48 HSIALIN ROAD
TAINAN CITY

TEL:06-2200032

THE OLDEST & BEST IN TAINAN

COSBY SALOON

SINCE 1988 BY ROBERT
EXCELLENT MUNCHIES, BEST STEAKS & BAR

純正美式餐飲及牛排

台南市公園路128號1F-20

1F~20, NO.128, GONG-YUAN RD, TAINAN, TAIWAN, 70444

TEL:+886-6-2286332 FAX:+886-6-2412459

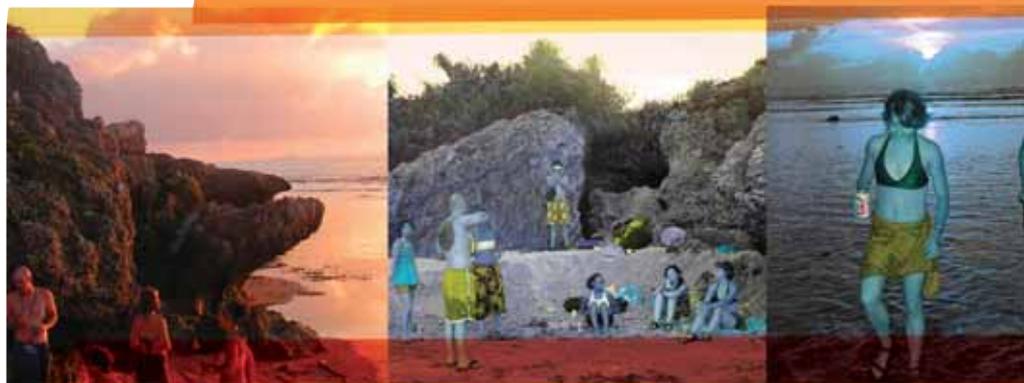
| STORE HOURS | KITCHEN HOURS |
|---------------|---------------|
| 18:00 ~ 02:00 | 18:00 ~ 00:00 |

When I asked Sean if he wanted to go to Xiou Liouchiou Island he freaked out. "Hell yeah!" He screamed into his cell phone. "That place is mad creepy. I read about it on the Internet. They say the cemeteries are so full that people bury bodies in their backyards, there's a cave where aboriginals used to throw aborted female fetuses, and there's another cave where hundreds of black slaves were burned alive."

"Damn," I thought. "That would be a wicked place to write about," so I keyed Xiou Liouchiou into Google. There wasn't much information about the tiny island that rises out of a reef 20 km off the Southeast coast of Taiwan—and what information I did find was sketchy at best. The most reliable story came from an outdated travel site. It said that when Taiwan's Dutch occupiers fled from the country in the 1660's they lightened their load by dumping 300 black slaves on the small southwestern island. The slaves later slaughtered a different crew of Dutch sailors who stopped to explore the island. When the Dutch Navy heard about the demise of their countrymen

The Vile Secret of Black Ghost Cave Part I

by Matt Gibson



they sailed to Xiou Liouchiou, found the cave where the slaves lived, and, with the slaves still inside, stuffed the mouth of the cave with so much brush and wood that the ensuing inferno burned for three days. The site of the gruesome barbecue was later named Black Ghost Cave.

But that wasn't the only account. I read on a different site that the victims weren't slaves but aboriginals. Elsewhere I read about the beautiful daughter of a Chinese statesman who committed suicide in a cave by biting off her own tongue. I even found a reference to a cavernous baby cemetery somewhere. By 4:30 a.m., when I finally unglued my ultra-dilated pupils from the screen, I was too cognitively retarded to draw any conclusions. I knew only that Sean and I had to go to Xiou Liouchiou and unearth the dark secrets of this morbid cave.

It would be just like that movie *Goonies*, with friends, folk stories, and vague trails. I dreamt of walking along coastal bluffs by torchlight and sleeping in the haunted cave.

My childish fantasies ill-prepared me for the depth of human depravity that I would actually face on the trip.

We knew the mission would be dangerous so we enlisted the help of ten more friends. They were skeptical about making such a long and expensive trip just to see some cave, but perked up when I told them about the island's pristine beaches, world-class seafood, and unmatched snorkeling. Of course, I didn't actually know if any of these things existed on Xiou Liouchiou, but I was sure that once everyone was on the island they'd be too excited about the cave to concern themselves with stupid tourist attractions anyways.

Our crew was solid. We had two beautiful young Taiwanese women (one of them my girlfriend) to assist us with translation. We had brought two friends of mine who play in a local band and an acoustic guitar for entertainment.

But most importantly we brought the safety six: a group of six not-so-fleet-of-foot foreigners to distract any hostile ghosts, dead babies, or vicious

✂The New Style

pandas we might encounter so that Sean and I could scurry away like frightened little girls.

We arrived in Dong Gang at noon on Saturday. A short boat ride later we were on Xiao Liouchiou haggling with a cockeyed woman over scooter prices. She was an unrelenting old miser so we ended up paying a ridiculous NT\$300 per scooter per day. Everybody was pissed off about it. Nobody would pay that price again. I knew I only had 24 hours to unlock the mystery before the crew would mutiny.

Grumbling about being gouged on the rental, we drove along a winding coastal road until we spotted a beach.

Sean and I were the last to spit out our nuts. Heart sputtering and small rivers of perspiration running down my sides I announced that it was time to go look for the cave.

The resistance was fierce.

“For chrissakes, Matt. All you’ve talked about all day is this stupid cave. Can’t you just relax and enjoy yourself?”

“Yeah man. I’m tired. I don’t want to go wandering all over the island in the dark.”

“Will it be as great as this beautiful beach you brought us to?”



“Do you even know where the cave is?”

Pristine it wasn't. It consisted mainly of coarse broken coral and seashells. Within minutes Aline had a sharp piece of coral embedded in her big toe. Crying, she begged us to take it out. I tried to extract it with tweezers to no avail. I made a belligerent attempt to cut it out with a Swiss army knife but instead ended up torturing the poor whimpering Asian girl. So, finally, I disinfected the wound and bandaged her up. She was going to have to wait till we returned to the mainland to go to a hospital.

We set up camp in a cove sheltered by high cliffs and sent our Bermuda shorts sporting musicians, Caleb and Dan, into town for beer and tiki torches. We spent the afternoon guzzling cans of Taiwan Beer, exploring the coast, and speculating about the location of the cave. Sean and I agreed that the cave was a couple of kilometers back on the road where we'd seen tourists pouring off a bus and sliding down the embankment. We decided to wait until our crew was really drunk and then take them in under the cover of darkness.

The evening was picturesque. We drank on the beach, took pictures of each other in the red sunset, and listened to Caleb and Dan strum sweet beach melodies. But the party was overshadowed by an unspoken dread—everybody knew what we had come for.

Evening dissolved into night and we made a circle of tiki torches around our camp. At about 1 a.m. Sean and I made our move. I packed my homemade seashell pipe and sent it around the circle. Sean produced two pouches of betel nut and passed them out. Silence fell over the group as our mouths filled with a bitter tar-like substance and short slurpy whistles rang out as we took turns trying to hit the pipe without dripping purple nut-syrup all over our clothes.

They were obviously frightened. I assured them that Sean and I knew exactly where the cave was and that it was perfectly safe. Subversives resorted to name-calling, to which I would normally have responded violently, but I let it go—there was too much at stake. After a little cajoling and a couple more beers the crew was ready to move. We pulled the tiki torches from the sand lit off up the hill.

We trekked up to the road and headed south. The only people on the road were a couple of drunken cops on a scooter without helmets. They must have wondered what a crew of torch-bearing half-naked whities were doing staggering along the highway in the early morning as they wobbled slowly past.

After a while we arrived at a trail descending towards the ocean.

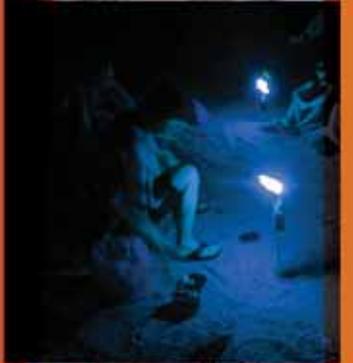
“This must be it,” I told Sean.

We tried to steer the group down the foreboding incline but were met with mutiny. Some said they were too tired and refused to budge so Sean and I rounded up the few adventurous souls left in the group and descended into the darkness.

Dan, Danielle, Sean, and I followed the trail, which twisted down the hillside before turning left and running parallel to the road in the direction we had come from. We moved carefully and slowly under the dwindling torchlight. Then, the torch went out.

“What are we going to do now?” Danielle asked.

“I don't know. Give me a minute,” I replied.



A minute was all we needed. Our eyes adjusted and we realized that the moon provided ample walking light. We started off again.

A couple of minutes later Danielle asked in a shaky voice, "Where's Dan?"

"Shit! Dan."

"Daaaaaan." We yelled. No answer.

"Well, I don't know what to do," I said. "We may as well keep going."

Sean took the lead. We trod carefully along the rocky seaside trail. After about twenty minutes we came to a queer looking bamboo structure. It's skeletal frame, silhouetted in the moonlight, protruded from the hillside. We walked slowly past everybody's heads slowly turning to examine it. Suddenly we were assaulted by a banshee scream as a bulky form soared into the trail in front of us.

"Don't be a jackass," Sean told Dan and continued walking unperturbed.

"Sorry," said Dan as he dropped his head and fell into line.

The trail stopped at a lookout over the beach where we were camping. We stopped for a few minutes to smoke a cigarette and debate the merits and flaws of the new Alien vs. Predator movie. We concluded that, though it was good, it didn't live up to it's potential.

Then we realized that we'd left everybody waiting for us at the trailhead. We tried to call them with our cell phones, but nobody could get service. We had no choice but to forget about them and go for a moonlight dip.

"What about the No Swimming signs?" Asked Danielle.

I laughed and explained to her that Taiwanese people are irrationally afraid of everything and that swimming here was perfectly safe.

"OK," she replied hesitantly.

Danielle, Dan, and I put on our swimsuits, cracked fresh beers, and waded out into the ocean toward the break

where a group of rocks protruded from the sea like an aquatic Stonehenge.

"We'll go out to those rocks. That'll be safe. We just can't go past the break," I assured them.

The ocean floor dropped off suddenly at the rocks. Danielle climbed onto the first rock and watched as Dan and I continued towards the next one. Suddenly I felt a swift current sucking at my legs. Luckily I noticed it right away and it took just a few strong one-handed strokes (my other hand was clutching a Heineken) to bring me back to safety.

Dan wasn't so lucky. He'd swum with the current before realizing he was caught in a rip tide and gone much farther than I. He shouted and slashed furiously at the water as Danielle and I screamed encouragement. A couple minutes of adrenaline-fueled crawling, he was back at my side.

"Holy fuck," we said in unison. Dazed we walked back to camp and collapsed in our tents.

The morning was grim. Nobody was too pleased about the escapades of the night before—especially being abandoned at the trailhead. People quietly packed up their gear and headed into town for breakfast in pairs and small groups.

Giovanna and I wanted to get some miles out of our rental scooter before we had to return it so we drove north to explore the coast. Less than half a kilometer from the beach, as we drove past some sort of administrative building, Giovanna cried in my ear, "That's it!"

I slammed on the breaks and skidded into the parking lot. "What's what?" I asked.

"It's Black Ghost Cave."

I looked closer. Fences and gates with turnstiles flanked the building and there was a large price board on the side next to two ticket windows.

"You have to pay to go in?" I asked.

"Yeah, \$120."

I was choked with disappointment. We came on a journey in search of the vagrant spirits of murdered souls only to find some shit-souled capitalist cashing in on the cavern of depravity. He fenced off the shameful place like a carnival. He whitewashed the bloody injustice of history with official jargon and informative plaques so that camera-wielding Asians can conscionably bring their families out on Sunday afternoons to indulge their morbid voyeuristic fantasies while their children drip overpriced ice cream onto the graves of the massacred. Meanwhile the owner probably lives in some distant-city penthouse, drives a Lexus, and manages a whole string of gruesome attractions.

I came looking for a monument to the darkest perversions of the human spirit -- but nothing prepared me the vile edifice that I now faced.

"You want to go in?" Asked Giovanna.

"No," I said. "Let's go home."

The Vile Secret of Black Ghost Cave Part II

by Jason Wright

I received this email a couple of weeks after publishing *The Vile Secret of Black Ghost Cave* on . I've run it here exactly as I received it, save for a light copy edit.

Dear Salvatore,

Regarding Matt Gibson's travelogue on the Black Ghost Cave on Xiao Liouchiou ("Lamay", or "Golden Lion Island" during Dutch times), the actual story of the cave is much more interesting than the "official story" about the black slaves posted on the plaque outside the cave.

The incident at what would become Black Ghost Cave had its roots in the hostility between the Dutch colonists in southern Taiwan and the Lamayans (the aboriginal tribe that inhabited Xiou Liouchiou) in the early years of Dutch rule. The Lamayans were a fierce people who earned the Dutch's enmity after massacring the shipwrecked crews of the ships *The Golden Lion* in 1621 and *Beverwijck* in 1631.

The Dutch enforced a policy of depopulating areas it considered troublesome, and launched a punitive raid against the Lamayans, successfully depopulating the island of its 1,100 inhabitants in May 1636. In the raid, Dutch forces aided by aboriginal braves from the Lamayans' enemies the Saccam, Soulang, and Pangsoya tribes of southern Taiwan, cornered a large group of Lamayans (mostly women and children) in a cave that had acted as a traditional refuge for the islanders. Intent on solving the "Lamayan problem" once and for all, the invaders dumped hot oil and pumped smoke and gas into the cavern until the screams of the Lamayans could no longer be heard. 327 Lamayans died in the cave, most of them women and children.

The massacre convinced the remaining Lamayans to surrender, and the island was thus depopulated. The surviving male Lamayans were sent to the Dutch colonial capital of Batavia (Jakarta) as slaves, while the females were sent to Taiwan to become servants and wives of Dutch officers.

I believe the "black slave" and "Chinese daughter" stories surrounding Black Ghost Cave were circulated later by the Chinese government to downplay any reference to the existence of aborigines on the island (a fact that is inconvenient to the thesis that Taiwan was always "Chinese").

Indeed, many reminders of Dutch colonial rule and the primacy of aboriginal culture in pre-Qing Taiwan have been lost or erased over time, to the point where the only references to this particular act come from contemporary Dutch sources (check out William Campbell's anthology of Dutch correspondence "*Formosa Under the Dutch*" ISBN: 957-638-083-9). It should be added that there is no documentation of an African slave rebellion on the Dutch record, although the Dutch did at times refer to aborigines as "blacks".

During my own trip to the cave, I went off the beaten path a bit inside the main cavern and, in a corner, I found burn marks from candles and small shards of earthen pottery and white porcelain. These shards were later taken to the Academia Sinica in Taipei and verified to be around 400 years old (about the time of the massacre). Finding the shards brought the events of that day 369 years ago to life for me, and reminded me of the importance of looking for the real story that often hides behind the official one.

Sincerely,
Jason Wright



Dirty Roger

by David May

Roger on fear:

"If you say there is no fear then you don't know about anything about fear."

Roger on riding:

"I am free. I am not just enjoying that moment. In my real life I have a lot of decisions. It's not easy to make a decision. When I ride I got the answer. 240, 250, 260. No sound, no exhaust, no wind. You can even hear your blood running very, very clear. I always enjoy that moment. It is like a Kung Fu master. It is brilliant."

The first Dirty Roger's Superbar opened in 1987, just as the Marshal Law era in Taiwan

Dirty Roger's SuperBar is now a Tainan landmark. It's a gritty place, tattered like an old book, but it feels familiar. Roger's smells of history like an old basement. Stacks of records line the walls. Warm lights beam through light dust, bringing a placid, relaxing ambiance that is only affected by the wide-range of music you'll hear.

Keyboards and flat screen monitors sit on the bar and loose wires lay strewn about. These bits of electronics sit amidst the screaming faces of Roger's art, and a wall of CDs. Upstairs, Vespa-scooter bar stools face a bare brick wall. An Italian racing bike (the only one of its kind in Taiwan), hints of Roger's love of speed.

Prior to becoming a legendary bar owner, Roger had lived in north Taiwan, mainly in Taipei studying law. He also worked in a record company; as a DJ in a disco; running a business, selling movie posters, and of course doing his 2 year bit in the military.

A long time ago Roger explained to me that there are three important things in his life: music, motorcycles, and women.

Interviews

Music

Roger first got into music working in a record store and later in a record company. He also self-published a free weekly music 'zine called Page, which he used to distribute through record stores. One long wall of Dirty Roger's Superbar is covered by Roger's 12,474 vinyl LP record collection, while behind the bar he stores 8,000 CDs. Roger told me he spends on average NT\$40,000 a month on music.

Roger is adamant about not downloading. "I buy music, you know, honestly. This is a personal habit I think you know. I love music. I disagree. I don't like it. You know what I mean. It is very convenient. We have a computer here. But, not me. I have a lot of good people good friends who let me listen to their music and let me burn. When I am listening to that new music, I will enjoy that moment. That is so awesome man."

When I asked Roger if he sells any, he quickly replied with a bit of surprise. "No man!" Roger went on to explain his love of all music and that he cannot choose any favourites. He loves all music and this is just luck.

"I am lucky the Gods gave me a good chance to know music. I enjoy that."

Dirty Roger's has a passion for music and relishes in sharing it. Outside of the bar, Roger often gives talks on music for various groups in Tainan. If you're an audiophile do drop by, he'll appreciate it.

Motorcycles

At age 14, Roger's Uncle taught him how to drive a motorcycle. Roger described the experience as "charming" and said from that moment on he was hooked. At 18 he bought his first bike; a Honda CV100. Since then his passion for motorcycles has turned into a true love affair. Roger currently owns 4 motorcycles. Displayed in his bar is the only 1100 Moto Guzzi of its kind in Taiwan. Roger races motorcycles and shares his affection for motorcycles with others by teaching others about motorcycles.

A man of little or no regret, Roger told me if he could turn back time he would put all his energy in becoming a motorcycle racer.

Earlier this year Roger surprisingly had some bad luck while riding. While quenching his thirst for speed on highway 182 (Roger holds the record from Guanmiao to Neimen) driving towards Neimen in Kaohsiung County he met a section of road that had been washed away by the heavy rains. He leaped off his bike while travelling 152 km/h and suffered a broken collarbone. Roger still maintains that he was lucky because his bike did not follow him when he jumped off. It fell in the hole.

Danger

I asked Roger if he had any bad experiences while running the bar. Roger proceeded to show me the scar on one of his fingers and then told me another story that he chalked up to luck.

"I have one terrible thing. One day in the morning some, gangster, criminal opened the door and came in my bar to steal some small money. He came to the second floor and woke me up. He took me downstairs and locked the door, showed the gun. But I am very lucky. That day I had one customer come in very late and say he 'couldn't sleep or something.' He said 'Roger I am very thirsty and I couldn't sleep. Sell me one beer.' I told him, 'I am very tired and you must finish quickly.' He finished quickly and left the glass on the table.

"I told the robber I have 20,000. How about? I can show you the money. I did not cheating you. How about you look there. Then he said, 'Show me.' When I tried to pick up the money he came close and I just took the glass and hit him on the head. The glass, it was a heavy one, broke and he said, 'Ouch man that hurt.' He tried to use the gun to shoot me. I know that was a gun and I put my hand on the trigger and stopped his finger and then took his gun and hit his head. Beat him until he lay down on the floor. I controlled the conditions and then yell my girlfriend to call the cops to come. There was a lot of blood on the floor. But I am not a hero. I am just trying to survive. That was my very special experience."

Women

Despite women being one of Roger's three loves, he, alas, is single. Roger explained it like this:

"Different flower, different tree. Some people are good for the family life. Man you know. If I am married maybe I will say goodbye to my rock 'n roll, I will say goodbye to my machines. No way man! I don't wanna in the meantime lose too many parts of my life."

Do you have any plans to settle down?

"No, because life keeps moving on right? Sometimes I will think: 'Where is my destination?' I just enjoy any one moment. It's brilliant. I am just lucky I meet a lot of really great people."



The 67% Solution to Strays

This story begins with Lazarus, a nearly dead dog that inspired a group of foreigners to put an end to stray dogs in Taiwan.

Taiwan Animals is still in its infancy, and wasn't yet registered when its chief activist, Sean McCormack, was interviewed for this article. Despite this, the group is well known partly because McCormack represented Taiwan at the Asia for Animals Conference in Singapore last June.

McCormack, a 37-year-old teacher from Folkestone in Southeast England, has been in Taiwan for more than six years and has always been involved in organized animal welfare of some kind.

McCormack said that if not for a group of "Forumosans", the trip to Singapore may not have come off. Forumosa.com is an Internet message board created for foreigners living in Taiwan.

"The Forumosans paid for the flight," McCormack said. "And the organization in Singapore paid for the hotel, entrance fee for the conference and accommodations. It was a huge networking opportunity. Now we've introduced ourselves to the international community.

"There were two other groups there from Taiwan," McCormack added. "The LCA and E.A.S.T.... and I did meet a high level government official there from Taiwan."

If you've lived anywhere in Taiwan for longer than a few months, you've noticed the stray dogs and cats that seem to be everywhere. They seem more visible here than in western countries. This is where Lazarus comes in.

"We found Lazarus in the month leading up to Tomb Sweeping Day," McCormack said. "I passed him on the road and went back to get him with the intention of putting him to sleep. He was in really bad shape. It looked like his skin had been baked over a fire in some spots. He had some bad infections."

Dogs hang around food stalls looking for handouts. Vendors, however, were ignoring Lazarus. This is not unusual. This dog was literally on its last legs.

"I put down some food for him--two tins of dog food," McCormack said. "And he crawled over and started eating it. You can tell if a dog just wants to die, but this dog still had life in it.

"I've rescued over 50 dogs and this one had to be the worst."

Lazarus' rehabilitation was slow and McCormack lost a couple roommates in the process. He ultimately spent NT\$70,000 of his own money to send Lazarus to a facility



in the Florida Keys. He implied that his roommates were uncomfortable with the situation.

"We had to find a vet that would take him," McCormack said. "Nobody wanted to deal with him. We finally found Dr. Yang, a very compassionate man. We were just looking for someone to look at him. "Dr Yang said: 'We try'. That's all we were looking for."

McCormack's connections at the Wildlife Rescue Center in the Florida Keys procured Lazarus' full recovery there. Apparently, some animal welfare groups actually have to import strays to keep up their quota so they can maintain funding. Animals Taiwan is also well on its way to becoming a registered, fully funded animal welfare group. "We started by raising money for a no-kill center in Taipei County called Help-Save-A-Pet. I posted on Forumosa for like-minded people and we had about six or seven come out at first. Now we have about 20 people who do it as a hobby," McCormack explained. "We need 30 people before we can become registered and start applying for grants. But we're almost there. We also have some Taiwanese people involved.

"People do care in Taiwan," McCormack added. "There are some very, very good people out there...There's a group in Kaohsiung similar to ours, local people, but there are some xpats involved there too."

McCormack said it was his meeting with Dr. Jane Goodall in December last year that triggered the movement. Goodall was here for a conference and he said it was just luck, a typhoon and good timing that gave him an audience with the well-known animal welfare spokesperson and activist.

"It was like meeting royalty," McCormack gushed. "We talked for about three hours at her hotel. She just

Interviews

said we should get organized and, once Jane Goodall tells you to do something, it really makes you do it."

Other factors, such as fundraisers and discussions on Forumosa.com, combined to form Animals Taiwan. And although cats are also a large group of strays and taken in by people involved from the group, dogs are the ones that stand out the most.

"Dogs are more high-profile...more obvious. Cats don't carry as much disease. What we would like to do is control the population. The magic number is 67%."

The 67 % solution is brilliant in its simplicity. Ideally, the group would set up a test area somewhere in Taiwan, perhaps an area of four square blocks where there may be 100 stray dogs. The group would then target all the strays in the area as "catch and release" dogs. Eventually, most of the dogs would be spayed or neutered and thus, a lower birthrate. In the long-term, this will reduce the population to an ideal number: 67.

It's not rocket science. It's obviously impossible to rid the streets of all strays. So, McCormack says, if his and other local animal welfare groups can control the population they have the first part of the solution. Most of us have noticed the homely looking dogs hanging around dense business areas of town. These dogs are not so much strays as "community dogs". Area merchants, passers-by and residents generally accept community dogs. They are fed scraps and cared for by the community.

McCormack says the community dogs sometimes take the place of a family pet. People love having dogs around but can't necessarily take care of them all the time. The community dog fills the pet void, but remains homeless. The problem is that community dogs breed and increase the local population. This creates unwanted dogs and the problem of neglect.

"The community dog is what we're looking at," he said. "If you can keep the population down to 67% by spaying and neutering, and then returning them to the streets you can control the numbers."

But there are some alarming statistics to consider.

"I know that 18 months ago there was a study done in Taiwan that said three times as many people are more likely to adopt a dog. But you know, trying to keep a pet, especially in a place like Taipei where people have to work long hours, is very difficult."

"In the past, one of the major animal groups did a study here and said the worst place in the world to keep a pet is Taiwan. My goal is to change that."



Animals Taiwan is looking for donations, which are the backbone of their operation. If you would like to become involved or if you would simply like to learn more about this group, you can contact them at www.AnimalsTaiwan.org

音楽を楽しみ

mini club

お酒を楽しむ

貴方の楽へ

楽

PM 20:00—AM 01:00

台灣 台南市觀亭街31號

TEL : 06-221-6088

健保局

大遠百

雪梨
SYDNEY PUB

Buy Two Get One Free Everyday!!!

06-2912429

246 Hsialin Rd, Tainan

台南市夏林路246號

Feral Memories

by T.R. Smith



When I finally leave our little island, I will always remember the city dogs -- those (mostly) four-legged little bastards that spend the night lurking in the empty lot below my apartment window.

They are my neighbors and my reluctant companions in this detached existence; my fellow observers of this outpost of human civilization. While we are proud to be foreign to this city, we accept the city as a beggar might accept a crudely tossed coin. But, unlike us, the city dogs crave nothing more than to be left to themselves.

Half-wild or stray, they are free and infinitely happy roaming the labyrinthine streets and junk-filled lots of these great Taiwanese cities, much happier than in some mythical ranch on the plains of America. This is not some dog-Disneyland; these are the great alleyways of the wild.

You see, dogs are the descendants of wolves who discovered that going through caveman garbage piles was a better racket than chasing down mammoths, or whatever else they preyed on 10,000 years ago.

he could make a better life for himself. But don't fool yourself, he doesn't aspire to be human; he stubbornly endeavors to retain his separateness, his wolfishness, for no creature can cast his head down as he slinks past you on the street with greater pride than the dog.

What this dog does not want is the indignity of being cared for by the people his ancestors grudgingly came to depend on. He avoids this final submission more fiercely than he avoids death. Every half-wild dog quietly nurses the desire to tear out the heart of any human that stays out at the dump past dark.

To the enlightened Western animal lover: you have your pets, your pedicured poodles dressed in their little smoking jackets, your cats on leashes, and your intellectualizing snake-handlers on the cover of National Geographic. You've neutered enough of a once proud race of killers.

I ask with all humility: leave these once wild dogs alone. They would rather die on the street by motorcycle or by mange than be taken from their midnight brood to some sterile asylum full of tea drinking, makeup-caked old ladies.

And they will be better for it. When the last humans expire, by our own doing or by nature's curse, those that lived on us will follow us into history.

Those that remained aloof will live to hunt another day.



First Day of Work by Pete Sperling

One of the unique things about backpacking is the ability to accept any job that you develop when your wallet is empty. When you're broke at home you find ways of avoiding the shitty jobs that no one else will take. I've never met anybody in Canada, post-University, who's said, "Sure, I'd love to work in 38 degree weather pulling weeds for 10 hours a day." On the road, though, it's a different story.

When I arrived in Perth on the west coast of Australia, I had been travelling around the country for 7 months and had recently purchased a car to drive across the desert. This put quite a strain on my wallet and forced me into an immediate job search. After a week of job hunting and a failed interview with a landscape company, I realized that I would have to leave the city.

I registered with Workstay, an agency that specialized in short-term work, usually on farms. A day later I got a call telling me that they'd found work for me and I was to report immediately. I had a job on a farm in Gingin, a small town about an hour away. I was to start in two days. What I would be doing was uncertain.

I reported to the Gingin Hotel and found Hughan, the man at the helm of the Gingin work operation. He seemed like a decent chap but wouldn't tell me what I would be doing the next day. Someone would pick me up in the morning and show me the way to the farm. That was all I needed to know. I had already done some fruit picking on the east coast and assumed that this was what I would be doing again.

How wrong I was...

Two other backpackers showed up the following morning and we all headed out to the farm. After a 15-minute drive we arrived.

The first thing I noticed was that it was not a vegetable farm. What normally would have been fields and orchards were enormous grey sheds. We headed towards the sheds. As we got closer we heard a great roar coming from within the compounds. Snarls, growls, and piercing shrieks filled the air. Perhaps the Aussies were actually as smart as they proclaimed and had found a way to clone dinosaurs.

Unfortunately, this was not the case.

The cries I heard were pigs. I had stumbled onto Jurassic Pork. We were told that the pigs had picked up some sort of disease (non-transferable to humans, uh, I think...) that needed to be eradicated. Our task was to clean the pigs and their pens thoroughly so that no organic matter was left for the disease to live in. We walked over to the workers' hut and I was given my new uniform: a one-piece brown coverall, a huge white apron, rubber boots, glasses, ear muffs, and a face mask. I was wearing enough rubber to pass as an extra in an S & M flick.

I was guided to the first shed and was handed my weapon, a single pressure washer. Entering the massive shed I had visions of being sucked down a toilet like in *Trainspotting*. My facemask dulled the putrid smell enough to make it only slightly unbearable.

I picked up my washer and used it like a flamethrower, engulfing the concrete walls and steel bars with water to remove several years-worth of fossilized shit. This amounted to a substantial amount considering that each 6-meter square pen held at least twelve pigs. To add to the fun the pens had limited drainage that turned the pens into a scatological wet dream. Things were going as well as they could be, when I discovered the joys of corners. I shot a blast into a corner. It ricocheted right back at me along with a mass of newly loosened shit. It hit me square in the chest, splashing up onto my facemask. I looked around expecting someone to start laughing at me, but all I got were a few jealous grunts from the pigs. I finished the pen and emerged looking as if I had just lost a mud-wrestling match -- badly. My shiny white S & M apron was now glistening brown.

The next step of my assignment was to move a pen of pigs into the alleyway so I could wash them and move them into the newly cleaned pen. These were not small cuddly pigs. They were huge slop-ingesting machines. I was told however that the pigs were afraid of us and that this would be fairly easy.

They all filed nicely out of the pen into the alley, that is, all except for the best trained of the bunch. She decided that she liked it in the pen and each time I tried to get her out, she picked me up with her head and placed me on the other side of the pen. I spent the next 30 minutes doing my best Elmer Fudd impersonation chasing her around the pen before she decided she'd had enough fun and calmly walked out the open door.

I walked out into the open air and collapsed onto the grass to remove my mask and breathe in some fresh air, and then I got up to begin hosing down the pigs. I was quite pleased with myself for having endured the morning. Then I looked up at the rest of the 39 pens in the first of many more sheds to come...

"Damn," I thought. "My university degree has finally paid off."



Hecate Strait

by Chris Scott

After my high school graduation, I saved money for college by working the following summer as a deckhand on a commercial fishing boat. It was a tough job with long hours, isolation, and a whole lot of dead fish imparting their odour on you after a few days in their company and, when the weather turned nasty, the job was downright dangerous. There were stretches of water that had earned bad reputations, as if some malignant spirit had taken up residence in them and sought to entertain itself by sinking boats. Brooks Bay was one of these spots, often blowing gales while only five kilometres away the weather would be calm and sunny. One day there it blew so hard that the skipper had to put the engine in reverse to slow us down enough for the fish to be able to catch our hooks.

In my experience, though, nothing compares to Hecate Strait. Even the name hints at the fury to be found here. This stretch of water in western Canada, between the Queen Charlotte Islands and the northern coast of British Columbia (B.C.), boasts all three factors that make vicious storms: shallow water, strong tides and high winds. Many a seafarer has lost his life there, and, at the age of 19, it almost claimed mine.

We had headed there on rumours of fish aplenty off the top end of the Queen Charlotte Islands. The rumours turned out to be bogus, but we managed to bring in one decent catch and took it to an island village called Massett. There we had a night on the town that ended up with me almost being arrested for beating up a girl I had never even seen before. With that behind us, we headed across the Hecate Strait towards the mainland.

The ocean was glassy-calm that day making the weather reports of an approaching southeasterly gale hard to believe. But my skipper, Bill, was in no mood to waste time getting across the open water.

Our other boat, The Resilience, on the other hand, had lagged behind and the crew suddenly found themselves battling a storm while we motored along under sunny skies. The skipper, Mike, radioed us saying that he'd broken a pole so we wheeled back around to help.

were known to blow there, but those winds, combined with the shallow water near Rose Spit and a tide moving against the wind, caused the waves to stack up to mountainous heights.

In a half an hour things went from fine to bad, and then from bad to worse.. Like a nightmare unfolding in slow motion, each passing minute erased the memory of all that existed before, leaving me with nothing but the present: the deafening roar of the water and the wind screaming through the rigging.

The clouds and driving rain brought an early night adding zero visibility to the equation. We didn't see the half-submerged wreckage of a nearby boat, but our portside stabilizer found it and snagged it breaking the chain. With the stabilizer on our windward side gone, the starboard stabilizer dove for the bottom of Hecate Strait. This keeled the boat onto its side, submerging the starboard pole and ripping it off.

Then we were in real trouble.

With the pole and rigging dragging in the water, we ran the risk of wrapping a cable around the propeller and stalling the engine. Without power we would have no steering, and without steering it would be only a matter of time before the boat breached and rolled. In the water, assuming we had time to put on our survival suits and get free of the wreck, no one would see us until our bloated corpses washed up in Alaska days later.

When you find yourself at the whim of nature's vicious chaos, what settles into your soul is not fear. It's not sorrow for all the things you haven't done, and may never do. It's numbness -- disbelief -- as your mind backs away from the lethal reality you find yourself in. And those few short hours that passed since you last saw the sun seem like a lifetime.

With the downed pole and the cables secured as best we could, we crawled back towards the safety of Rose Spit. Without the stabilizers, the boat was pushed so far over by the storm I had to stand on the cupboard doors to keep upright. Each wave we crested would push us a little further over than seemed possible, and then there was a sickening drop into the trough, and the slow rise up.

We spent three hours like that. Three hours of being half submerged. Three hours of watching the water reach for the wheelhouse door. Three hours of waiting for the engine to stall or that one fateful wave big enough to flip us. Eventually, with disbelief, realized the swells were getting smaller instead of bigger as we crossed into the lee of the spit. We'd stepped out of hell back into the land of the living.

After we dropped anchor I stepped out on deck to survey the damage. Through the blackness and rain I took a long loving look at the beach and the trees less than a hundred meters away and saw something I would never have thought possible: driven by the howling wind, the waves were breaking away from the beach.

Jamy's bread is baked fresh daily.

我們的麵包每日現場烘焙
新鮮看的見



Jamy's

Subs • Baked Potatoes • Salads
潛艇堡 • 沙拉 • 烤馬鈴薯

台南市大學路西段9號 06-2340002

No.9, Sec West, Dasyue Rd. Tainan (近大學路與勝利路口)




Hotel California

**The coolest hotel in Kenting
English Service**

**Cheap Rooms!
Call now for Reservations!**

TEL ▶ 08-8861588 FAX ▶ 08-8862164
No.40 Kenting Rd. Hengren Town Pingtung Hsiang Taiwan R.O.C.
<http://www.hotelca.idv.tw//>

20 Years

Professional Styling Experience

English Service



SALON DE HAIRCRAFT

For an appointment call Kenny:

(06) 221-9798
(06) 221-9796

No. 1 You Ai Dong St. (near the intersection of
MinChuan Rd. and ChingNian Rd.), Tainan City

PARMA ITALIAN KITCHEN

34, DongMen Rd, Sec. 2, Tainan
Open: Tues - Sun 11:00 am - 10:15 pm
06-234-7808

Come enjoy moderately priced pasta
made fresh to order to ensure quality.
Sample our authentic tomato, cream,
and pesto sauces. Stay and relax in our
elegant dining room or order to go
and receive a discount.



Violence at the Visa Office

by Paul Andrew

Very few people who work in visa offices have anything good going for them until they leave the office. You could be the most squeaky clean kid on your block. Never done a thing to offend a fly. You even remember your sister's birthday and send her something every year. But that doesn't matter in the visa office. The "people" who work in visa offices will still act rude and treat you like you are a criminal until you want to beat them black and blue.

Here in Taiwan, if you are foreign professional, or simply a tourist from a dubious country, then you know what I'm talking about. Most of us have had some experience dealing with the bureaucratic quagmire called the visa application. It's not easy. If you want to work in Taiwan, you'll need a visitor's visa, hence the visa application, which leads to a work permit and, God willing, an Alien Resident Card (ARC). Sounds complicated, doesn't it? It is. Consider this: If you're from a neutral country such as Canada, you'll get a 30-day landing visa stamped in your passport upon arrival. But if you want to work in Taiwan this visa is no good. You'll have to leave the country again and get another, 30-day visa-- a visitor's visa with which you can apply for a work permit. If that doesn't sound like a make-work project I don't know what does. You can also apply for a visitor's visa from your home country and I suggest you do it. A quick scan of any reputable Internet xpat message board about Taiwan will confirm this.

I consider myself an expert on visa applications. I've received visas in Japan, Korea, Hong Kong and the Philippines and never been refused. But recently, in Hong Kong, I was cheerfully told *not* to apply for a Taiwan visitor's visa more than once. Let me illustrate the way they respond to the average applicant in Hong Kong: "Why do you have come to our country for this?!" This was the statement uttered to me by a visa office staffer in Hong Kong. She really gave me the run-around even though all my papers were in order.

"Why do you need a visitor's visa?" She asked angrily.

"Well I just think it would be a good idea for me to get one," I replied.

"Are you planning on working in Taiwan?" She continued suspiciously.

"No, I don't think so. Actually I don't know," I said nicely.

"Because if you are planning on working in Taiwan, yadda yadda yadda...."

This woman grilled me so thoroughly she had me trying to remember my correct given names. And she was one of the nice ones.

Most people I know, including private visa assistance companies in Taipei, will tell you to steer clear of Hong Kong to apply for a visa. The first time I went there they talked me out of applying telling me that I would be wasting my money. I ended up in a visa office in the Philippines exactly 30 days later. Now here's where it gets interesting. Most visa offices have their own requirements and oddities that you never learn about until you apply in person. For instance the Manila office, unlike the Hong Kong office, will not process your visa same day. You have to wait at least 24 hours. Unfortunately I didn't know that.

And other things always aggravate the process. Filipinos, God bless them, feel they never have to wait in any queue. Like most Asians they'll just walk up to the all-important visa window whenever the mood strikes them, usually five or six at a time. For this reason, you'll spend most of the morning in the visa office even if you were the first one there. Oh, and they grilled me like I was a criminal in the Philippines too. In the end I didn't apply for the visa there either. Because of the 24-hour delay and the cost the lady told me not to bother.

In Hong Kong, a visitor visa processed the same day you apply costs roughly 2,000NT\$. When I returned to Hong Kong for the second time my visa broke me. I had to take the bus back to the airport. I couldn't even afford the luxury of a train. There's more fun at the airport. If you can't provide proof that you have a flight out of Taiwan within 30 days the airline won't let you board the flight.

Of course this, like every requirement for a visa application, is not written anywhere obvious. You'd think the travel agent who sold me my round-trip ticket might of mentioned it, but she didn't. They'll let you leave the country but they won't let you back in. Like most things in Asia it's unclear exactly what you have to do until the 11th hour.. So, three countries and 40,000NT\$ after getting my new job I finally got my visitor's visa.. Never again will I let my ARC expire thinking it will be easy to re-apply simply because I have another job. Before they finally gave me my visa in Hong Kong I had to clear up a few "irregularities" on my application: "Do you have a ticket back to Taiwan? Can we see it please?" the lady asked. "And, do you have a ticket out of Taiwan? Could we see it please?" "Now there's just one more thing sir," she said menacingly.

"How do you plan to support yourself in Taiwan?"



For a visitor's visa in Hong Kong, you need the following documents, no exceptions:

1. An application form filled out in its entirety. Do it in the office because if you do it ahead of time, they'll just make you do it again.
2. Two color photos.
3. Proof of home country residence, such as a phone bill mailed to you with an address.
4. A photocopy of your passport photo page.
5. A photocopy of a current bank account in your name or your parents' name.
6. Patience.

A Little Rummy on the Way

By S.R. Ayers

I found myself with time to kill at the CKS International Airport in Taipei. I was coming from Kolkata, India. I was mildly pissed off about my trusty Zippo, which had been not so much confiscated, as outright stolen at the Kolkata airport by a fat man in a tiny uniform with a big gun. I guess I was lucky for having gotten so far in the first place in this age of fear with this weapon of fiery destruction.

Having two hours to kill, I lingered by the smoking room. It was late and the room was vacant. I had no fire and wanted to breathe smoke. I tried to act nonchalant but that's hard when anyone who has ever smoked knows exactly what you're doing. You're like the crusty old ragman pretending to be asleep by the ATM.

I saw a family of five coming down the corridor seeking to calm their nerves. Suddenly, a man wearing a parka with the hood pulled over his head joined me. He hunched slightly and kept his face in the shadows. He was tall and smelled of sweat and clay. This bastard was going to ruin everything. The family went in and lit up. The hooded man followed them in before I had the chance to pants him and push him into the Duty-Free. I had to wait for the next jonesing fool.

After the family was done and gone, the hooded man stayed behind puffing his butt. I went in. I didn't plan on getting an interview. I'm not sure whose Karmic wheel was turning, his or mine, but I was definitely on top while he ended up strapped to the center waiting for the knives.

It was his fingers that gave him away -- long stained fingers of yellow and brown, shaking slightly. He tried to keep them tucked away in the sleeves of his old, threadbare Billabong parka. But I knew.

"You're Donald Rumsfeld, right?" I said. "Good, I need to make up for an article I was supposed to write in India."

"Shit, you ragmen are all the same! How long have you been on my tail you prick?" He snapped.

"I'm asking the questions now eight-ball. Fear not, I'm only a guileless hack e-mailing drivel to anonymous publications that are off your radar," I said.

"Impossible, yer all on the radar," he said. "The Pentagon is like a goddamned arcade with all you little blips."

"Be that as it may, you're stuck here without your muscle and make-up and I want to know why."

"The Kaohsiung Games of course, you greedy socialist death-sucker. I came to see Pei-Weo Chang. Pool, my friend." He said with a satisfied hiss. This meant nothing to me. Had I missed something while I'd been away? Had I suddenly become world-dumb on my quest for brilliance? No, this man was talking gibberish. But why was he alone?

I pulled out my tobacco pouch and began rolling a cigarette. At the sight of my pouch Donald started to vibrate.

"Oh, gimme a fix fair countryman. Will you please son?"

"Get off me you felchburp, it's only tobacco," I said. "I'll roll you one, but under two conditions: 1) You answer my questions and, 2) You nix my 'blip' in the Pentagon after you get home."

"You got it son," he said without removing his eyes from my pouch.

We lit the cigarettes from the smoldering butt in his hand. I gathered my thoughts. I found that I didn't really care about this man or what he knew. He was a vacuum tube in the UNIVAC. Remove him and he will be replaced just like any other swinging dick you find in Washington. As Burroughs so aptly put it, "The rulers of this most insecure of all worlds are rulers by accident. Inept, frightened pilots that control a vast machine they cannot understand, calling experts to tell them which buttons to push."

"Where's your entourage?" I asked him. "Whose idea was it to leave you alone in this shabby façade?"

"Shabby!?! Hell! I've let my hair down. I'm not ashamed," he insisted. "As for my people, I sent them out to collect ping-pong girls for the long flight home."

"That's Bangkok you asshole."

"I know but we used them up," he said with a raspy groan. "Daddy's still hungry."

I planted one in his solar plexus for the remark, and waited for his breathing to steady before continuing.

"Why pool?" I asked.

"To build a new strategy. The one we've got now is a disaster. Our standing is almost as bad as China after the Tibet issue," he explained. "Taipei's 9-ball champ, Pei-Weo Chung is our last hope. He has no knowledge of this of course."

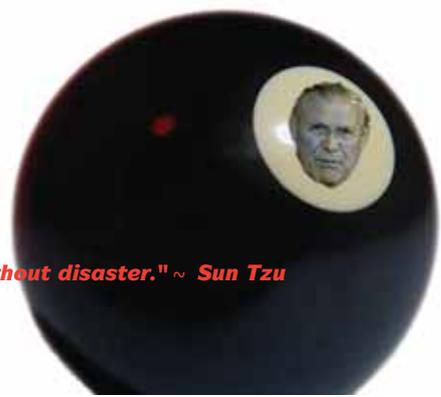
Hunter was right. "There's no such thing as paranoia, it's always worse than you think."

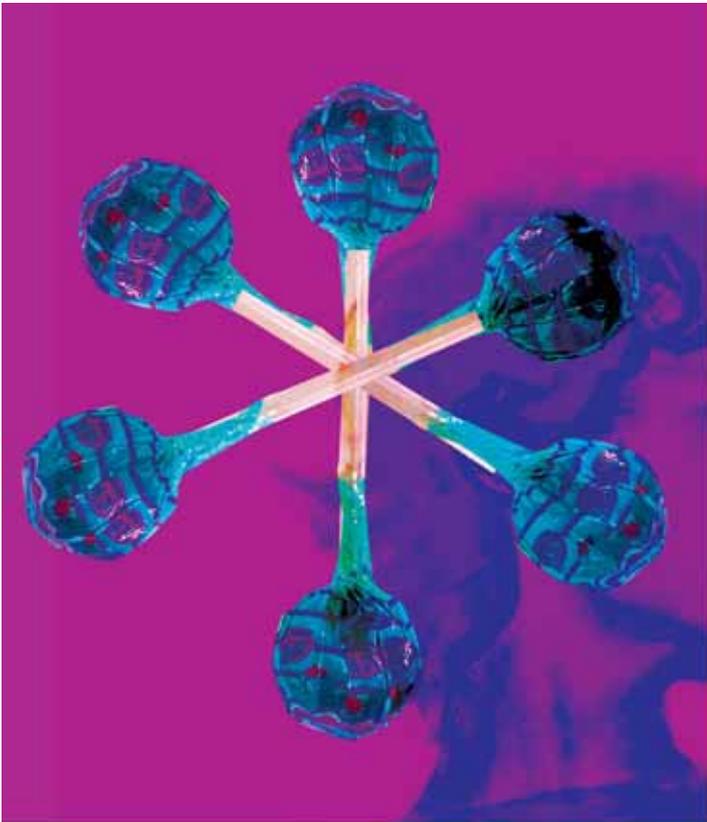
I stubbed out my cigarette and stood up. This conversation was over.

"I'm done here you sycophantic baby. Remember our deal."

"I'll do that, I surely will," he muttered as I left the glass cage.

On my way out, I passed a group of suited men carrying dried fruits and hand lotion. I knew who their boss was. Their flight back would be interesting and I was happy not to be on it.





POPE

Submissions for the 3rd issue

Deadline: February 1st

We need stories, original artwork, and photography related to the theme.

Submissions do not need to be related to the theme. Obscure and unique takes on the theme are preferred.

For style and submission guidelines visit the submissions section of our website, www.xpatmag.com or email xpatsubmissions@gmail.com

6Mama Home Rental Agency

204 DaTong Rd. Sec 1, Tainan
06-215-2000

A free service helping individuals find apartment and house rentals in and around Tainan.

For english service call Peter:
0932-987-670

www.6mama.com.tw

Salsa Cubana Lounge and Bar

392 Hua Mei St. Taichung
04-2319-2436

An exotic bar and lounge with latin music and salsa dancing

Open 7pm - 2:30 am weekdays
Open 7pm - 3:00 am weekends

www.salsa.com.tw

Access Kaohsiung

Community Services
801 Chongde Rd. Tsoying District, Kaohsiung

A business that assists English speaking residents, and tourists, to find the goods and services they need, and make the most of their stay, in Kaohsiung.

English Service

(09) 711-19930

Chinese Service

(09) 278-37352

(07) 556-7640 ext. 124

Email: accesskaohsiung@yahoo.com





@rmory Pub
In Taiwan



8th Anniversary Celebration

12/16

DJ Chris and Friends

12/17

Live Music with Unfinished with Special Guest

12/20

Michelle's Pictures and DJ

12/23

Live Music with Paul and James

12/24

Christmas Eve Party with DJ, Red Envelope Give Away, and Raffle

more events and performances to be announced

**DON'T MISS OUR NEW YEAR'S EVE BLOWOUT WITH
LIVE ENTERTAINMENT !!!**