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BANGKOK

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS CLUB OF THAILAND MAGAZINE

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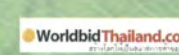
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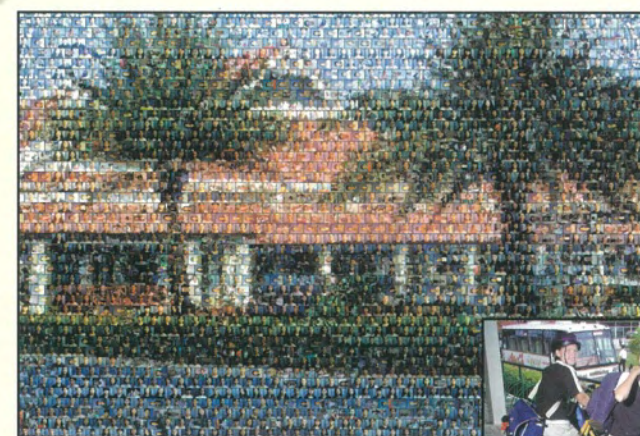
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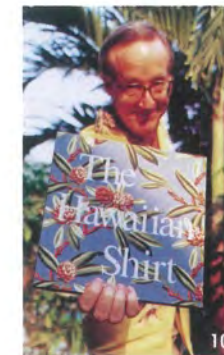
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Join Us

You don't have to be foreign and you don't need to be a correspondent to become a member of the Foreign Correspondents Club of Thailand. Membership has its privileges: The club frequently hosts news breaking panel discussions with the leaders of government, private sector and non-governmental organizations. Each month the club exhibits work from a different photographer and every Friday there is live jazz music at the bar. Each member also gets a subscription to this magazine for absolutely free. So why aren't you a member? Don't forget that the Foreign Correspondents Club of Thailand is one of Bangkok's most prestigious addresses for press conferences, social gatherings and product launches. The club is outfitted with all the latest techno-gizmos, from wireless microphones to remote control television cameras, and can provide all types of catering, from light snacks to full meals. Impress your guests with the well known hospitality of the Foreign Correspondents Club.

Got a tale to tell?

This is your club's magazine and we welcome letters to the editor, articles, photographs, drawings, poetry or just about anything to help us fill up each issue. Submissions should address journalism or the story behind getting the story. All ideas considered, but please contact Mick Elmore before doing too much work. Submissions are paid for with glory and bar coupons.

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This may come as a surprise: The FCCT is starting to hum again. With a new Executive Committee driven by a compulsion to put the clubhouse in order; professional catering coming on line on April 1, courtesy of the Pickle Factory; and top-

notch current affairs programmes queuing up.

Let's face it, the club was in an ominous rut by the turn of the year. Finances were precarious, membership was down, and

you were lucky to be served more than a kao pat or sandwich. Now, the financial situation is looking more stable, new members are signing up and you can actually look at a menu before you dine.

Why do people belong to the FCCT? We believe it's because it is a place to meet up with friends, perhaps learn from journalist members what's the latest, and listen to and question a parade of VIPs and experts who appear only too glad to visit the club for special programme nights. Don't forget that many feel it is a privilege to appear before the club.

These are still early days in the club's assured road to recovery. We need the help of each and every one of you, both by your regular attendance and suggestions to Executive Committee members on what we should be doing. Board members all welcome new members on their own committees, whether it be programmes, publicity or membership. So if you want a thriving club, your club needs you. Spread the word.

—Rodney Tasker



SOI WHISPERS

The Ebb and Flow. The hard-working Craig Skehan, who writes for the Sydney Morning Herald and the Melbourne Age, is returning to Australia, where his new patch will include the Pacific Islands. His replacement is the former Bangkok bureau chief Mark Baker, who is moving the bureau to Singapore. Not good-bye, but see ya later to Bangkok fixture and AsiaWorker David McKaige. After 15 years in the Kingdom, McKaige is opening an AsiaWorks office in Singapore but promises to visit the mothership often.

Lock up Your Daughters! If you know James Eckardt, and you're a guy, then you'll know never to think twice about looking at his daughter (she's 23), or else! Well, somebody slipped through the heavy security and she's expecting a baby in April. That will make Eckardt a first-time grandfather and probably give him something new to write about.

Croc burgers anyone? It started with Anil 'Zoo TV' Ekmeic from Reuters doing a short feature on crocodile meat exports to Europe and it developed into a revolving door at the crocodile farm at Sri Racha. The Reuters piece got so much attention in light of the foot and mouth crisis that European broadcasters were lining up to film the process as crocodiles got fed, killed, cleaned and canned. Wait till someone taps into the ever-expanding soi dog population.

Guess who's NOT coming to dinner? Perhaps the most surprising aspect of the whole George Soros-in-Bangkok debacle was that no one saw it coming. The first clue was when special invitations to Thai VIPs went unanswered. Then the Thai press chimed in and it was all but game over. Still, organizers, including the FCCT, tried to pretend all the fuss would go away. Even up to the last minute efforts were being made to fulfill a Soros request to play early morning tennis, preferably with a pro like Tammy. In retrospect, it may have pleased those who opposed the Soros visit to watch his white currency-trading butt being kicked by a Thai.

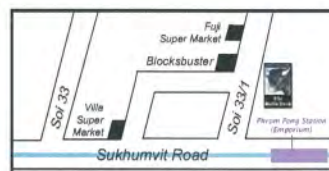
Hello My Big Big Loser. Those of you who have been in the Kingdom for a while may be familiar with the book, Hello My Big Big Honey. It's a collection of letters to bar girls written by men who have returned home but can't shake their sex tourism experience. At best, it's a voyeuristic romp, at its worst, it shows us how pathetic men can really be. The letters were compiled by Bangkok fixtures Dave Walker and Richard Ehrlich, who are unabashed masters of self-promotion. Word is they've made the big sale: the book will be published in the US later this year.



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Last Friday of the month 95.5 DJ Paul Jackson playing sounds from the 70's and 80's. **Sundays 5-7pm** our legendary happy hour "Toss the Boss". Second Tuesday of the month is "Quiz Night" with Mark Dawson-Smith - teams of four. **Everyday** - great atmosphere, great traditional homestyle food, beers on tap, sounds from the jukebox, fast & friendly service.



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I Love Bangkok...

Bangkok deserves more than just stories about bar girls and beer and pissed-off, bitter farangs with no life and no better place to go.



Website writer Stickman caught up with Jake Needham, author of *The Big Mango* and *Tea Money*. Needham will speak at the club with other authors on April 18.

differs even in the slightest way from their own personal perceptions. They swell up at you like you'd insulted their girlfriend. I don't get it. Really I don't. This is an interesting place to live, and I'm very fond of it, but I don't intend to marry it.

There are now quite a number of writers penning novels set in Bangkok and Thailand. Do you read many works from other authors who write stories set in this part of the world and if you do, who is your favourite author and what is your favourite book?

Actually I don't think there are really very many writers who've done much with the real Bangkok in fiction at all. It's a city rich in the kinds of layers of treachery and confusion that make for the kind of novels I like best. Steve Leather has drilled down pretty well into those layers in a couple of his books, but most of the rest of the stuff that's around seems to me to be kind of bland and self-important. Worse, most of it has been more or less the same thing over and over. Just bar girls and beer and and pissed-off, bitter farangs with no life and no better place to go. Bangkok deserves more than that.

But some of your first novel, *The Big Mango*, was set in Bangkok's nightlife district. Isn't that exactly the same kind of thing you're talking about?

I hope not. *The Big Mango* was written as a sort of Elmore Leonard style send-up of the usual Bangkok novel. The whole plot teetered right at the edge of going completely over the top, and the Soi Cowboy and massage parlor bits were all played with a grin and a wink. *Tea Money* is quite a different kind of thing, however. While I hope the funny bits haven't got lost - because, God knows, the funny stuff about Bangkok is too good to ever let it slide completely out of sight - *Tea Money* is far more of a classic international thriller than *Mango* was, and it draws on the same kind of settings in Bangkok that one would draw on for an international thriller set in New York or London.. You won't find even one bar girl in the whole thing.

So then what are your thoughts on the farang oriented Bangkok nightlife scene?

I don't think about it much one way or another. Maybe there was a novel in it once, but not anymore. At least not for me. Either I've grown up, or it's gotten old. I think there's a certain myopia that develops from looking too long at Thailand through the bottom of a beer bottle. It's a pretty much cheerless, too, and it's just not part of my life.

Sometimes when I am working away on my website writing about Bangkok I get a little stuck, and for inspiration I blast the song One Night in Bangkok as loud as possible and well, it works.

Do you have any special techniques that you employ to help you when writing?

Yeah. I put my butt in a chair and keep it there for six or seven hours a day, six days a week, for about three months. When I do that, I find I usually end up with a novel. Mostly.

The entire interview can be read on the website: www.chopsticks.net/stickman/



When did you first come to Thailand?

The first time I was in Thailand was in 1970. I was fresh out of law school and teaching history in a backwater college not far from Washington DC so I could dodge the draft. Clinton went to Oxford. I went to Immaculata College for Women. The father of one of my students was a high ranking State Department type attached to the American Embassy in Bangkok, but she had confided in me that he was really a spook, so when I got the chance to do a little traveling in the exotic east, naturally I headed straight to Bangkok and looked him up.

Since then, how much time have you spent in Thailand?

Over the next couple of decades I probably averaged two or three visits a year to Thailand, mostly in connection with the international investment banking business that I found myself involved in. Then after I managed my odd metamorphosis into a screenwriter, we were in pre-production for a movie being filmed in Bangkok and I met my wife. That was nearly ten years ago, and we've maintained a permanent residence in Thailand ever since. We've spent a good deal of time in the States and Europe as well, of course. But Bangkok is our home, and our family and friends are here.

Many foreigners living in Thailand have a love/hate relationship with the country. What about you?

Foreigners living in Bangkok do seem to have this almost unnatural emotional relationship with the city. Would you believe I get a fair bit of hate mail as a result of my novels? People saying that since I obviously detest Thailand I ought to go back where I came from. How anyone can read my stuff and get that is beyond me - and of course I also get a lot of letters saying how my books make people miss the city or love it more or something like that because the portrait of it is so dead on and overflowing with affection. What I can't get over, however, is the extent to which Bangkok seems to engage a lot of people on some genuinely emotional level, and how deeply it pisses some of them off when anyone says anything about the place that



Meet the newly elected FCCT Board—We elected a new board at the annual general meeting on February 2. Here they are smiling, before they actually knew what they had gotten themselves into.

Left to right are:

- Associate Director of Publicity Lin Newmann with the Committee to Protect Journalists, Southeast Asian Press Alliance.
- Correspondent Secretary Costas Paris with Dow Jones Newswires.
- Correspondent Director of Programs Laurent Malespine with Dow Jones Newswires.
- 1st Vice President Christopher Johnson, Reuters Bangkok bureau chief.
- Correspondent Director of Publicity Mick Elmore with Colored Stone magazine.
- President Rodney Tasker with The Far Eastern Economic Review.
- Immediate Past President Philippe Decaux with French TV.
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- Recording Secretary Craig Knowles with AsiaWorks TV.
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- Associate Director of Membership Karen Emmons, freelance journalists.
- 2nd Vice President Jeanne Hallacy with AsiaWorks TV.
- Treasurer Julian Spindler with Spindler & Associates.

A Good Pickle is Hard to Find

Or is it a hard pickle is good to find? It was eight years ago when Jeff Fehr packed up his mother's recipes and moved from New York City to Bangkok. "The pickles in Thailand were mushy, boring," say Fehr. And so he began to make his own pickles for friends. "It was really a hobby at first". A trickle of orders became a flood and so four years on the Pickle Factory was born.

Located near Victory Monument, The Pickle Factory is an art deco classic that has become one of Bangkok's hippest and most popular restaurants. A converted home-restaurant with a terrace and pool, it is often used as a set for film and commercial shoots, so no surprise many of its customers are from the world of arts and media.

It may have started with a pickle, but the menu quickly evolved into an eclectic range of Italian, Californian and Thai cuisine. Mainstay offerings include pizzas and pastas, which often blend the

hearty traditional fare with delicate Thai flavors. A centerpiece in this fusion cooking has to be the Ki Mao Pizza, which blends Thai basil and spices (it's hot!) with a thin, crispy crust and a sprinkling of Parmesan.

Remember those recipes from mom? Well they're borne out in the dessert selection: New York cheese cake, carrot cake, apple pie and a mouth-watering Key Lime pie are among the most popular. Above all, according to Fehr, it's good food at decent prices that keeps the customers coming back.

As of April 1st, the Pickle Factory will be supplying the FCCT with all its food and beverage needs. Small renovations in the kitchen and décor will be phased in as the restaurant at the FCCT takes shape. Fehr, who is also a member of the FCCT, says he is excited about his new menu at the Club: "It takes the Pickle Factory menu and adds some solid pub fare, something the FCCT

hasn't seen before." And some good, hard pickles no doubt.



Pickle Jeff Fehr

Hail to the Hawaiian Shirt

By John Hail

Honolulu, Hawaii (dpa) - If it were just another pretty shirt, why would perfectly reasonable people be eager to pay 1,000 dollars for one? The Hawaiian shirt, a.k.a. the aloha shirt, has survived wars and fashion revolutions to attain its current cult status among the tropically cool.

Ever since 1936, when a Honolulu tailor named Ellery Chun decided to call his creation an aloha shirt after the famous island greeting, the brightly coloured, elaborately designed shirts have been a key component of Hawaii's mystique.

Hollywood has done its bit to spread the aloha message worldwide, whether it was Elvis Presley wearing one while strumming a guitar in "Blue Hawaii" or Ernest Borgnine getting knifed in one in "From Here to Eternity".

The 1999 comedy "Bowfinger", in which Steve Martin plays a Hawaiian shirt-clad movie director, demonstrates the aloha shirt's continuing appeal. "You're seeing them more and more on TV" said David Bailey, who runs Bailey's Antiques and Aloha Shirts in Honolulu. "Sales are growing both on the mainland (United States) and in Japan." Like most long-term Hawaii residents, for Bailey the "aloha spirit" is almost a religion, and the aloha shirt is his habit. "If you wear a suit and tie it's a noose around your neck" he said. "Creativity is more important than turning people into ants. I love wearing Hawaiian shirts." For many of Bailey's customers, wearing them is not enough. "Once people start collecting them, they collect hundreds" he said. "I know a professor at Duke University who wears a different Hawaiian shirt every day of the semester."

Another one of Bailey's customers, a Japanese businessman, sends his secretary to Honolulu to shoot digital video of shirts, then sends the video back to Tokyo where the collector makes his selections. "I'd call that fanatical" Bailey said. "The Japanese are a bit nuts (for Hawaiian shirts)." He said Japanese currently account for about half his business, down from about 80 per cent when the yen was flying high in 1996.

These days, he said, he gets a lot of Californians and New Yorkers, and a few Europeans, who think nothing of popping for a shirt costing more than 1,000 dollars.

His inventory includes more than 5,000 of the brightly printed shirts, ranging in price from under 20 dollars to his most expensive shirt, a 1939 vintage aloha classic known as the "Caucasian Maiden" with a price tag of 4,500 dollars. The classic Hawaiian shirts, the ones for which collectors will shell out thousands of dollars, were made mostly in the 1930s, '40s and '50s.

Early designs were made of silk—nicknamed "silkies"—and depicted swaying palm trees, beach boys and hula girls. Some of the most beautiful pre-World War II shirts were produced by Japanese tailors in Hawaii, blending tigers, pagodas and Mount Fuji into the island motif.

Later rayon became the fabric of choice. According to the book many aficionados regard as their bible, "The Hawaiian Shirt", by Thomas Steele, the finest examples of the art were produced from a particularly high-quality rayon blend produced at a Dupont factory in Honolulu,

which burned down in the early 1950s.

The legendary father of Hawaiian surfing, Duke Kahanamoku, helped to popularize aloha shirts in the 1940s. During World War II and afterwards thousands of GIs—and later tourists—brought them home from the islands, spreading the fashion throughout the United States and beyond.

On the mainland, shirts that were thrown in closets for years, perhaps dusted off occasionally for summer barbecues, have become valuable collector's items. Knockoffs of the Hawaiian retro classics, along with thousands of newer designs, combine to produce a riot of day-glo colour in motion at the mecca of the Hawaiian shirt, the beach at Waikiki.

The aloha shirt is the standard attire for everyone from the governor to the TV anchorman to the street-sweepers. One of the companies keeping the aloha shirt in fashion is the Kamehameha Garment Company, established in 1936. Kamehameha provides a handy scorecard of features the discriminating buyer should look for when shopping for an aloha shirt. These include double needled sleeves and side seams, hand-made coconut buttons and matched-design pockets.

Bobbi Allan, a retail manager for Kamehameha, said locals, mainland Americans and Japanese each account for about a third of her business. "It's amazing" she said. "We're getting growing sales from our website and at our two stores. The Japanese really love us. These (60-70 dollar) shirts cost more than 100 dollars in Japan. So here they're a bargain. Now, with the yen going up, they're spending more".

Dale Hope, 46, who was born and raised in Hawaii, said he sees evidence that the Hawaiian shirt, and the lifestyle that goes with it, is spreading like a tropical virus. "Now everyone is getting less strait-laced" he said. "After you've had an aloha shirt on it's hard to go back to a shirt and tie. Back in the 1970s they were associated with gays. Now everybody is wearing them." Hope is riding the crest of the current wave of aloha shirt popularity with the publication last year of his book, "The Hawaiian Shirt, Spirit of the Islands". "In America now it's huge" he said, but added, "there's an over-saturation. Now you can buy Hawaiian shirts at K-mart (discount department stores). That's a scary sign."



If you've met John Hail you've met him in a Hawaiian shirt. He rarely wears anything else. Only when tossing a baseball on Saturdays, or the rare times he feels a suit and tie are called for. Like meeting a prime minister. A journalist based in Bangkok for the better part of the past 25 years, Hail first started wearing Hawaiian shirts in the '70s. He hasn't looked back since. In all those years he's compiled an awesome collection of some of the loudest shirts this side of the Pacific. Sunglasses are highly recommended before gazing into his dazzling closet. Hail, who currently works for dpa, the German wire service, recently had a chance to combine his work with his colorful obsession...dpa feature.



ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER MASSACRE

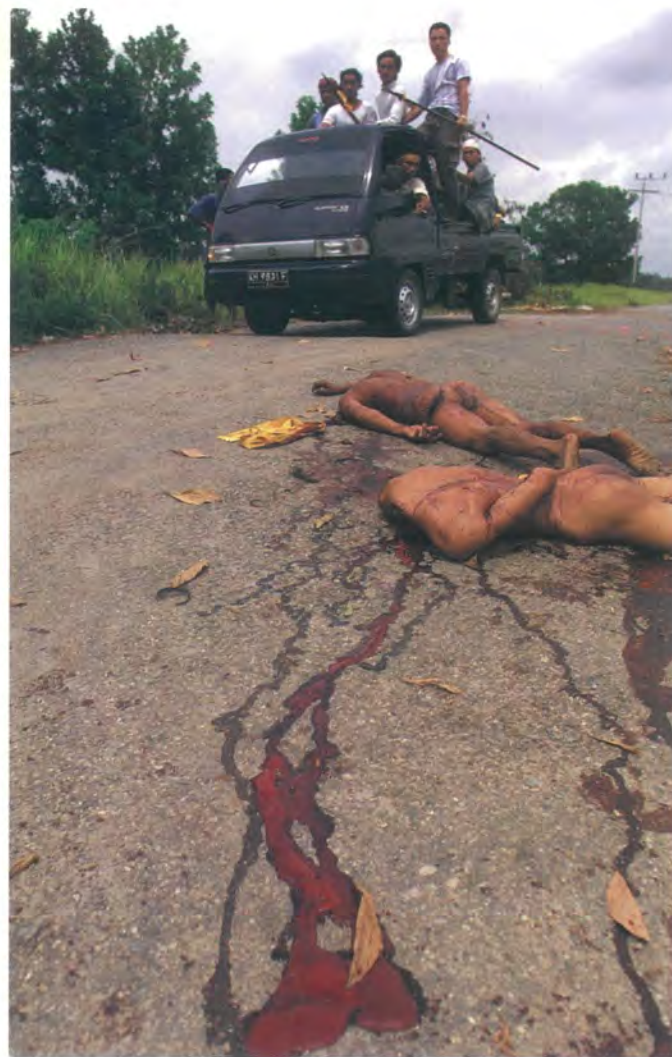
By Charles Dharapak

I've been down this road before.

As I pass the remains of ransacked and charred homes, gangs armed with machetes and spears rumble by on trucks, shouting their war cries. Occasionally we're stopped at roadblocks. Some give us friendly waves after seeing we are foreign visitors, others suspicious looks from tired eyes.

We roll down our window. What is the order of the day? "Jihad" Muslims looking for Christians? Pro-Jakarta militias looking for independence supporters? "Pribumi" looking for ethnic-Chinese? Not today. "Any Madurese amongst you?" a spear-toting youth asks me. Upon recognizing our Dayak driver, they exchange pleasantries in their local dialect. A 1,000 rupiah note is dropped in a "donation box" and we're on our way.

Another tale of violence in Indonesia where the end result always seems the same; massive property damage and thousands of displaced people fleeing the carnage. After the riots of May 1998 and East Timor's bloody referendum, subsequent flare-ups of violence elicited less attention from international news editors, much to my disappointment as a wire service photographer who must cover it all. But headhunting in Borneo was too sexy to pass up.



I had missed a similar story in West Kalimantan in 1999, where the casualties were much higher. This time, Indonesia's embattled President Abdurrahman Wahid was embarking on a world tour as initial reports said clashes between Indigenous Dayaks and Madurese settlers in Central Kalimantan had killed more than two dozen. Within a couple of days the body count shot up to nearly a hundred, and was rapidly rising. There were also reports of heads lining the streets and thousands of Madurese taking refuge in government offices. It was time to go.

I've covered my share of conflict in Indonesia, but Kalimantan was beyond what I had imagined. Arriving in Sampit late in the afternoon we encountered our first military checkpoint. The soldiers were quite courteous, confiscating ornate swords from Dayaks entering town but promising to later return them.

That was pretty much the extent of their policing. A modest pile of weapons as the city burned around them. Some were even playing chess. By then a Madurese wandering the streets was surely a dead man. At least 20,000 refugees were camped out at a local parliament building where sanitary conditions were quickly deteriorating. Dayaks meanwhile were looting and burning what the Madurese left behind.

At Sampit's deserted hospital, at least two dozen bodies were left rotting in the backyard. Women and children were amongst the pile of corpses. Some had been disemboweled, others decapitated. A girl, maybe five years old, lay on the ground, her head all but severed.

Journalists and photographers covering Indonesia have seen their share of dead bodies but this particular scene was difficult to witness, let alone photograph. Recording such scenes of horror can be a problem, especially if you're trying to avoid making the coverage resemble cold forensic documentation. I found it odd that I was considering f-stops which would give me shallow depth-of-field in order to "tastefully" blur a corpse.

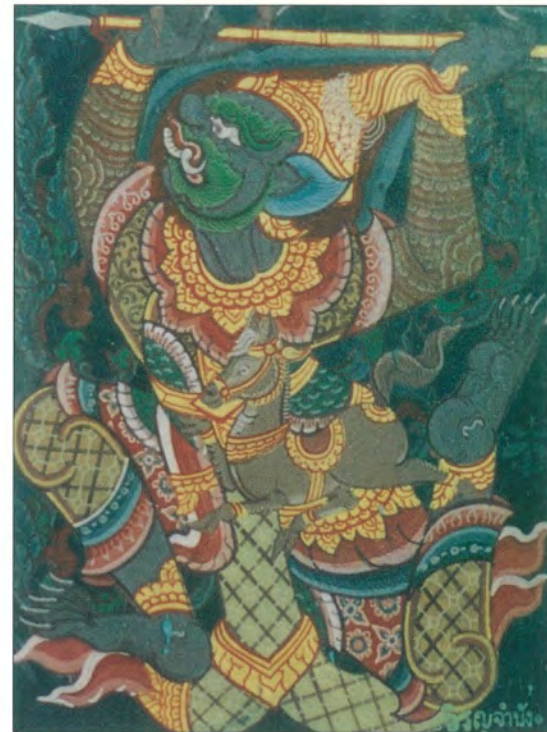
One photograph that sticks in my mind is that of a stone-faced Dayak named Fabien Charles, who admitted that he and his gang had just killed the two people whose headless bodies lay before us. I took his photo as he told us his story. A crowd of machete-wielding Dayaks gathered around us, but I was more concerned with making a presentable picture out of such a macabre sight.

When news of the massacre in Parenggean, two hours north of Sampit, came through, I had already spent a few days encountering headless corpses along the roadside and felt ready to come to terms with 118 Madurese butchered in a soccer field.

The truckloads of mostly women and children were making their way to refugee camps in Sampit when a Dayak gang stopped their convoy. Witnesses said the victims were killed by the light of the headlamps as they came off the trucks. But the bodies were gone by the time we got there. At the site of the freshly dug mass grave, the smell of decomposition still lingered beneath the earth-mover's tread marks. The dead were buried the day before. All that was left were bits of clothing, bloodied shoes, and photographs of the victims, strewn on the field, silent witnesses to cold, systematic murder.

Charles Dharapak is Chief Photographer and Editor for The Associated Press in Jakarta.





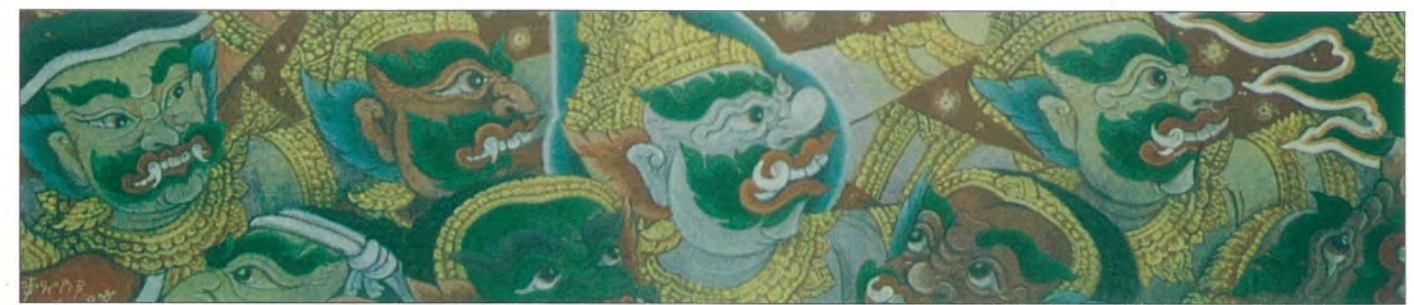
The Story of Ramayana

Thirawut Bunyasakseri's traditional-style paintings capture the wonderful myths of the Ramayana era. The Rama story is well known throughout Asia and sculptors, painters, musicians, poets and others have drawn from it for their creative work.

Thirawut is most interested in the part of the Ramayana story concerning the war between the Warriors or Rama (monkey soldiers) and Ravana. His paintings in the series shown at the Foreign Correspondents Club of Thailand depict the hand-to-hand combat between them.



Thirawut Bunyasakseri
e-mail: wut77@thailand.com



Shackling the Press and Teaching Others How to do it: Malaysia Uses its State TV as an Attack Dog

By Kim Gooi

Something is amiss in Malaysia these days. Recently I met a group of journalists from Colombia, Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam and other third world countries. They were in Penang as part of a training course provided by Radio Television Malaysia (RTM). The trainer from RTM proudly said: "The government is giving special aid to Third World countries and we are training them to be good television journalists and producers."

Members of the free press would certainly be flabbergasted. I asked him point-blank how they could possibly train other people when their own productions are so atrocious. I cited as an example an RTM documentary about traditional music. It shows natives making traditional musical instruments, tuning them and finally the whole assembly playing. But it was all shot mute without the viewer ever knowing how the instruments sound and, most shocking of all, western music was substituted in the background.

Not to talk about others - news items, picture framing and sound, editorial content, and lies. He replied that those were not made by his group. But they were all RTM productions, I said.

At this juncture a Laotian journalist came over and we had a friendly chat in

Thai about working in Bangkok, Thailand and Laos. The RTM guy interjected in earnest: "Please do not tell him what you just said, it's embarrassing!"

The above episode best sums up the media situation in Malaysia- it's like the "Emperor's New Clothes". Until someone points it out, they not only think they are on a par with the best in the world but they even go about boasting and teaching others. This is more like a thief teaching others how to steal.

Two current incidents bring the deplorable state of press freedom into sharp relief. Ezam Mohammad Noor, the leader of the youth wing of the opposition Keadilan party is arrested and locked up because a pro government publication reported that he had made a statement saying he will topple the government by holding daily street demonstrations. He was arrested on March 5 and incarcerated until March 13 when he was finally charged in court for uttering seditious words.

Keadilan's vice-president, Chandra Muzaffar, said Ezam was arrested despite having thrice denied making the statements.

Another opposition party leader, Lim Kit Siang, said the police should have established the truth of Ezam's alleged seditious statements, as reported in the Malay daily, before arresting him. "If the report is false, then the person to be arrested is the editor of the paper."

Innuendoes, lies and poison pen letters have always been part of the political landscape of Malaysia. When politicians fight they never do it openly. Long before deputy Prime Minister Anwar Ibrahim was convicted and jailed, poison pen letters and a book about his alleged crimes and debauchery were being widely circulated. However, the arrest of an opposition leader this time because of a news report by a pro-government paper, has thrown the situation into preposter-

ous dimensions.

Parallel to this event, RTM launched a relentless campaign to demonize the country's only real free press outlet—the on-line website Malaysiakini.com (Malaysianow) - with lies and half-truths, said its editor Steven Gan.

Taking advantage of a government pledge not to censor or license Internet sites, Malaysiakini has been a runaway success since its launch in November 1999. With a readership in excess of 100,000 a day, it has attracted the

country's best writers and academics. Its professionalism, in-depth reporting and exposes of malpractice put the government-controlled press on the defensive. Even conservative

voices cannot avoid paying attention to the site. Former deputy PM Musa Hitam currently head of the Human-rights Commission, gave an exclusive interview to the site; government ministers have participated in its opinion polls. UMNO leaders have written to criticize Mahathir for the loss of a by elections and lack of transparency in the sale of Malaysian Airline shares.

In November 2000 its editor won the prestigious International Press Freedom Award from the New York-based Committee to Protect Journalists. The high-profile award is a first for a Malaysian but it was scarcely reported in the mainstream press.

The government saw its chance to pounce on Malaysiakini when the *Far Eastern Economic Review* reported in its Feb 8 issue that it is one of the media organizations in the region to receive funds from the philanthropic foundation started by currency speculator George Soros, a man Mahathir has frequently demonized as responsible for the Asian financial crisis. Overnight, the mainstream press hurled condemnations at

Malaysiakini, accusing it of being in thrall to foreign influences. No doubt its reputation has suffered a serious jolt, even though the Review is wrong, says Stephen Gan, who insists that the site receives no money from OSI and asked that the Review clarify the error. In its reply to Malaysiakini, Review editor Michael Vatikiotis said: "In Leveling the Playing Field' (Feb 8), we reported that Malaysiakini.com receives support from George Soros' Open Society Foundation. Rather, the Open Society Foundation funds the Bangkok-based Southeast Asian Press Alliance, one source of funding for Malaysiakini.com."

"In plain English, it implied that Malaysiakini did not receive funds from Soros as originally asserted by the magazine but that we are receiving the funds, indirectly from SEAPA," said Gan. "This is not the case."

The only link SEAPA, which is a coalition of Asian-based media groups, has with Soros' Open Society Institute, which administers funds from the billionaire's foundation, is that the institute pays for the work of an advisor from the Committee to Protect Journalists who has worked closely with SEAPA for nearly two years in promoting independent press initiatives and monitoring violations of press freedom in Southeast Asia.

The advisor, A. Lin Neumann, a long-time journalist who is also a board member of the FCCT, readily acknowledges both his work with SEAPA and his admiration for Malaysiakini. "I think this whole controversy is silly," Neumann said. "The fact is that OSI has supported part of my work, as it supports the work of many NGOs in the region. But Malaysiakini is something else entirely. It is an independent initiative which SEAPA has assisted with funds raised elsewhere. The Malaysian mainstream is just using this as an excuse to attack a brave group of independent journalists. That is shameful."

SEAPA raises funds from a number of international foundations and UN agencies for its projects to support independent media in the region. This included a provision of a US\$100,000 grant to Malaysiakini last year, Gan said.

"Put simply, Soros does not fund SEAPA and Malaysiakini does not receive

a single cent, either directly or indirectly, from his foundation," explained the editor. "We had expected the Review to quickly make a correction. Instead, the clarification fell short of an honest retraction," added Gan.

As expected, mainstream newspapers, especially the UMNO-linked *New Straits Times* and pro-government TV stations, went to town casting aspersions on Malaysiakini's perceived link to Soros. Their reports put Malaysiakini under a cloud of rumor and suspicion through allegations of foreign intervention. Recently Mahathir even referred to the site as a group of "traitors" during a news conference.

"There is no doubt that our reputation and credibility as a source of independent news in Malaysia has been severely tarnished. Much of the damage could have been controlled had the Review swiftly made an unmitigated correction. This, unfortunately, was not the case," said Gan.

During one recent week, RTM devoted a special segment each night to Malaysiakini. The reports were laced with quotes taken out of context, fabrications and falsehoods. The most blatant said that Steven Gan had once written a false story on the death of 59 detainees in the Semenyih immigration camp. Instead, said the report, there were only eight deaths. The truth is, RTM is talking of two different events. One in 1998, when thousands of Indonesian deportees rioted in Semenyih. When order was restored 8 Indonesians and a police officer were



Award winner Steven Gan of Malaysia, editor of Internet publication Malaysiakini

Website Malaysiakini.com's (Malaysianow) editor Steven Gan

dead and dozens injured. Steven Gan was working in Bangkok for the Nation newspaper at the time and did not cover the event.

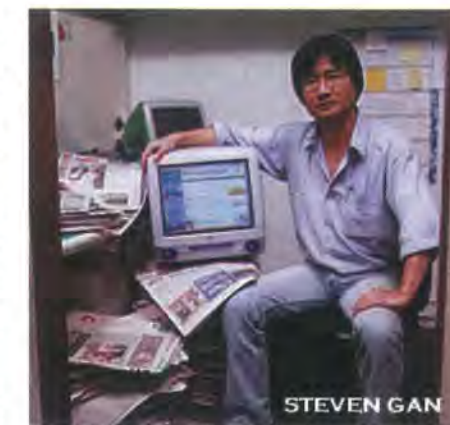
The story that Gan did cover was in 1995 when he was a reporter for the Sun in Kuala Lumpur. Together with his colleagues, he unearthed the death of 59 detainees in Semenyih. That story, 'Shattered Dreams', eventually received an award from Mahathir at the Malaysian Press Institute's Journalism Awards in 1996.

Malaysiakini has voiced concern that a public-owned media entity is being used to launch baseless attacks against an independent news organization. It has called on RTM to correct its reports and issue an apology. It has not done so.

"And to think that our taxes go to paying these so-called journalists in RTM," lamented Gan. And if I may add, to think that tax payers' money is used by these blokes to 'train' other journalists from the Third World.



Kim Gooi is a freelance journalist based in Bangkok



TINTIN IN THAILAND



Editions
FARANG

That righteous reporter Tintin came to Thailand, but it was wasn't really him. Bangkok-based Richard S. Ehrlich reveals the truth about Tin Tin's visit to Bangkok and the real reason the publisher might be upset.

When Belgian police seized hundreds of bogus, obscene *Tintin in Thailand* comic books, Belgian Prince Philippe was shocked to hear of the beloved character's adventures in a raunchy story of Thai prostitutes and gay sex.

The thrust of the blasphemous, 60-page comic book however is to intentionally taunt the real-life estate of cartoonist Herge, who created the world-famous character, and to lampoon the copyright holder's control.

The comic book embarrassed Thai officials because news of the Belgian bust came while the prince was visiting Bangkok. Belgian officials are also livid because Tintin has always symbolized high morals, a strong work ethic, intellectual inquisitiveness and good, clean fun.

"We can't approve of one of our most famous cartoon heroes being misused in such a way," said Belgian State Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Annemie Neyts-Uyttebroeck, who formed part of the prince's economic delegation. "We find it absolutely deplorable." Secretary of Foreign Affairs Spokesperson Hubert Cooreman said, "This pirated comic strip is particularly insulting to our culture" and "very disgusting to us." "This is completely illegal. It's an infringement on the copyright law," Cooreman added.

In mid-February, Belgian prosecutors seized more than 650 copies of *Tintin in Thailand* in Belgium. Herge's publishers contacted police when a man offered distributors the pirated edition. Police, posing as comic book buyers, made arrests in the Belgian cities of Doornik and Antwerp. Copies of the lewd cartoon were earlier on sale at a topless bar in Bangkok's popular Nana Entertainment Plaza.

The glossy, color cover shows Tintin and other familiar characters wandering an outdoor foodmarket in Thailand, amid Buddhist temples and smiling locals.

The author's name is a pun: "Bud E. Weyzer." The black-and-white book starts out like a typical story, with young re-

Sexy Tintin on the loose in Bangkok... Where?

porter Tintin and bearded, pipe-smoking Captain Haddock in wintry Europe wondering what to do. Snowy the dog and his girlfriend cat, however, start using four-letter words and the other characters quickly follow.

A woman blasts the foul-mouthed Captain as an "old syphilitic pimp".

The tale involves finding Jolyon Wagg, a salesman who abandoned his wife in Europe and went to Thailand. His distraught, overweight wife says, "At first, I thought it was an accident, a kidnapping, or a murder. You never know with those cannibals. Then I alerted Interpol and the embassy."

Ironically, in real-life, international police and diplomats are now tracking copies of this fake comic book, to arrest whoever else was involved in producing it.

In the cartoon, meanwhile, Wagg's wife realizes her husband is squandering all of our money on whores. She begs Tintin to fly to Bangkok, instead of languishing in chilly Europe "while your father's heirs gobble the copyrights."

The wife tells Tintin, "I'll pay all the costs and thereby you'll have another publication of which you'll be the only heirs."

At the first of many swipes at the Herge copyright holders, she adds, "Imagine the faces of those vultures at the 'Marlin-sprick Company' when they discover *Tintin in Thailand*."

Though much of the comic dialogue focuses on sex, there is no nudity in the artwork. After landing in Bangkok, Tintin, Captain Haddock, and near-deaf sidekick Professor Calculus exclaim about Bangkok's notorious pollution, ubiquitous mobile phones and spicy cuisine.

Amid all this, Tintin's real-life European representative—"which controls the copyrights of Herge"—suddenly appears, angrily shouting, "What? Tintin in Thailand?" The Herge representative hires "Derek" to trail Tintin's group because "they probably want a new adventure and to publish a new book on their own, without paying any royalties and soiling the spirit of Herge's work."

"Tintin in Thailand. Can you imagine the shame, Derek?" the Herge representative says into the phone. On the other end, three giggling Thai girls are pawing a blushing Derek, who sports a moustache, slick black hair and a sharp suit. Sweating, Derek says into his cell-phone, "I am making inquiries about illegal copies of Tintin's t-shirts."

The Herge representative berates him and warns, "Very important, Derek No sex I beg you, respect our youngsters of seven to 77" Derek's smart-aleck reply: "Easy to say, you're 78."

The famous Lonely Planet travel guide is also skewered. Professor Calculus tells Tintin, newly arrived in Bangkok: "According to the 'Looney Planet' guide book, we should only be a couple of hundred metres from Patpong, the red light district."

Tintin discovers the missing Wagg is living with a Thai transsexual, though "convinced that he flew to Chiang Mai with Miss Universe." Tintin, meanwhile, picks up a gay toilet attendant. Later, at a Chiang Mai massage parlor, the Captain and Professor engage women demurely wrapped in towels.

Herge's legal, commercial copyright on Tintin is blasted for being more exploitative than the counterfeiters producing "Tintin in Thailand."

Balding identical twins named The Thompsons threaten Derek because "after all, you're working for the crooks at the Marlinuts Company who sell us out in the form of key-rings, coat-stands and other tacky gadgets for rich kids, without leaving us a chance to make a living from our adventures."

One of the twins tells Derek, "When we discovered that you

were tailing Tintin, we realized that Marlinuts wanted to prevent this new edition." The twin shouts, "But we don't see why you should prevent us from having a bit of fun, rather than gracing some bathroom carpet or electronic alarmclock" with legally marketed Tintin characters.

Chapter Two finds Tintin opting to visit "Sexy Boy" bar, where he is introduced to a young man who Tintin recognizes as a character from a real-life Herge classic, *Tintin in Tibet*. Shocked, Tintin greets the Tibetan who tearfully blurts out how he was molested in Tibet by an abominable snowman.

The Tibetan describes how, after his money was stolen in Phuket, he began servicing "German truck drivers" in local bars. He rejects Tintin's offer to rescue him and boasts he is now "in the sun, and I'm paying off my Benz."

After more twists, the characters decide to enjoy Thailand while financed by their new friend, Derek, who they have corrupted into continuing on the Herge estate's payroll, while pretending to hunt Tintin.

After landing in Bangkok, Tintin, Captain Haddock, and near-deaf sidekick Professor Calculus exclaim about Bangkok's notorious pollution, ubiquitous mobile phones and spicy cuisine.

A pleased Tintin says Derek now "guarantees us a pirate edition of our new adventures." They also find Wagg who is suffering a tough-

talking transsexual. Wagg wants to return to his wife in Belgium. But Tintin and the others plot to keep Wagg from flying home. Otherwise, Wagg's wife will stop funding Tintin's hedonistic trip to search for him.

Tintin, meanwhile, is confronted by the Tibetan, who drunkenly reveals he is not really a Tibetan and wasn't abused by an abominable snowman. He angrily admits his name is Try, and he is a proud Thai citizen. The Thai now denounces Tintin as a "pure" person who sullied himself by entering a gay bar and, in the process, destroying Try's world which was built around reading virtuous Tintin comic books.

In revenge for wrecking Tintin's reputation, Try picks up a machete and threatens to castrate Tintin. Later, they become friends, and Tintin gets the Thai to promise not to reveal "what you discovered last night."

Tintin adds, "There is nothing to cut off Tintin," and confesses he is "completely asexual." The Thai replies, "Console yourself Tintin. At least you don't run the risk of getting AIDS."

More convolutions lead to a Dec. 31, 1999 millennium party, where the characters congratulate themselves for staying in Thailand and producing this fake comic book.

A character presents "the first copy" of *Tintin in Thailand* to a delighted Tintin. But when Wagg says he will return to Belgium and "take a copy" with him, the Thompson Twins predict the impact: "Oops, Jolyon, I wouldn't do that if I were you."



19



THE END

60

Richard S. Ehrlich is a Bangkok-based special correspondent for The Washington Times and international media, and co-author of "Hello My Big Big Honey!" Love Letters to Bangkok Bar Girls and Their Revealing Interviews. His website is at <http://ehrich.tripod.com/>



CLUELESS in Cambodia

By James Eckardt

Nine months after the Crash of '97, in the depths of the Great Asian Depression, I was thrown out of work for the second time: Manager Magazine had folded in July 97; now, in February '98, the *Phuket Gazette* dispensed with my services. I had a wife and four kids to feed. Where to find work? Newspapers had laid off staff in bleeding handfuls. They wouldn't hire Shakespeare!

"Go east, Jim," Nate Thayer advised me. "Cambodia's the place for you. They'll be having an election soon and it'll be an interesting time. Michael Hayes at the *Phnom Penh Post* should have a place for you."

I'd first met Nate at Phnom Penh's No Problem Bar in 1992. Five years later, he scored a monster scoop by finding and interviewing Pol Pot. I'd also met Michael Hayes in Phnom Penh in 1992. When I called him now, he asked, "How much salary do you want?" "A thousand dollars," I replied. About 50,000 baht at the time - 20,000 more than I'd been making at the *Phuket Gazette*.

"That's in the ballpark." I pumped my fist skywards. It would take me five weeks to get to Cambodia. At first, I wasn't con-

The paper would be out in the streets. Events thundered down on us. Prince Ranariddh returned. Anglong Veng fell. Pol Pot died. Michael covered the princely return, jostling in the back of a pickup for photographs of Ranariddh's cavalcade through the streets of Phnom Penh.

cerned, happy to be back in Bangkok from Phuket. I was staying at Nate Thayer's tree-shaded home on Soi Somkid, behind the Hilton Hotel, luxuriating in an air-con guestroom and a hot water bath.

"Jim came here for a party and stayed for a month," is how Nate's girlfriend, Carol Bean put it.

The party was for the engagement of cameraman David McKaige and journalist Sylvia Saw. I stayed the night, and the next morning, at Nate's invitation, moved out of Banglumpoo's Peachy Flophouse and into his house.

Stacks of cases of undrunk beer, left over from the party, cluttered the driveway, and I took on the task of cleaning up this eyesore, bottle by bottle. I also began plowing through Nate's collection of bound volumes of the *Phnom Penh Post*. Michael phoned to say he couldn't offer me a permanent position yet but assigned me two stories on a freelance basis. One was to interview Prince Ranariddh, in exile at his house on Soi Suan Phlu. The

other was to travel up to Surin and the Huay Chang camp, housing 18,000 Fucinepec refugees.

None of the Fucinepec people I interviewed was anxious to go back to Cambodia. I was. I was chafing at the bit to get started at the Post. I'd been there from the creation. When I first met Michael at Phnom Penh's Renaksi Hotel in April 1992, the newspaper was still a gleam in his eye. I'd asked him for a job and he replied that his was just a mom-and-pop operation. Mom was his wife Kathleen. They later separated but Kathleen soldiered on as the paper's managing director.

The *Phnom Penh Post* had a staff of sixteen now. The core reporters were a trio of Kiwis - Matt Grainger, Jason Barber and Peter Sainsbury - crackerjack journalists all, who'd worked on the same Wellington newspaper. Bou Saroun and Chea Sotheacheath were the Cambodian stars. Chris Fontaine had been a young American intern, working for free when I first looked in on the Post office in 1996. He was deputy managing editor now.

The paper hadn't changed much in six years, except it had gone full color, a 20-page bi-weekly broadsheet. Crammed with hard news, the *Post* was the paper of record for Cambodia, sold in kiosks throughout Phnom Penh and dis-

tributed worldwide to diplomats and academics. Michael's column, "The Gecko", was the only source of humor. Another popular column was "Police Blotter", a fortnightly roundup of murder and mayhem. The front page would be a dramatic photograph accompanied by a lead story and news analysis, the paper's strong point. The weak points were pages of turgid academic prose contributed by overseas "experts" on Cambodia. The weakest point of all was advertising: the paper was skint.

On March 10th, I finally flew to Phnom Penh. The newsroom of the *Phnom Penh Post* - 10A, Street 264, opposite Wat Botam, just down from the park that was ringed by the National Assembly, the Grand Palace and the CPP Bodyguard Complex - was the usual shambles.

Under ceiling fans, mismatched computers were perched on wooden tables and surrounded by mismatched chairs occupied by hunched-over reporters with cigarettes in their mouths. Yellowing newspaper headlines, curled up photos and wise-ass captions and comments adorned the walls. Three young staff members were oo-ing and ah-ing over a photograph of a disintegrated corpse - yet another political disappearance.

Upstairs were Michael's living quarters; downstairs the admin and advertising offices and a kitchen where Sopia the cook whipped up a hearty communal free lunch. Michael wasn't in, so I shifted my bags to the riverside Bert's Books where I had stayed two years earlier. Bert had fled to Alaska after Hun Sen's coup and his bookstore/backpacker flophouse, I now discovered, had gone upscale, reverting to what it had been before: a brothel. I opted for the five-dollar all-night room.

Back at the Post, I found Michael. When I told him I was at the brothel, he said, "Hell, Jim, stay with me." So now I had free room and board, and satellite TV, which Michael and I tuned to the TNT channel every night to watch old black-and-white movies.

I just had to wait until he could pay me a salary. Three nights after I'd arrived, the paper went into its bi-weekly hyperdrive mode, the deadline crunch.



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Phnom Penh, January 5-18, 2001

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BRIEFLY

Water Worries

Villagers tested by Japanese scientists show "suspicious" symptoms of arsenic poisoning.

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Jan 7 debate

This Sunday marks the anniversary of the day Vietnamese and Salvation Front forces marched into Phnom Penh, ending Pol Pot's madness. But opinions still vary on whether or not to celebrate.

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Human Rights Review

The status of human rights during the year 2000 is reviewed by Human Rights Watch.

Page 8-9

Forest guardians get green light

A new agreement signed last month gives Khmer highlanders control over forests that have sustained them for millennia.

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Acid mutilation a misdemeanor

The first case of a vicious mutilated acid attack victim has shocked legal observers by resulting in a two-year suspended sentence against the perpetrator.

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Trial law sails through Assembly

Undersecretary-General Hans Corell presided over the law's passage, noting that it was the first time the Assembly had approved a law since the Khmer Rouge trial law.

Hans Corell (CPP) noted his praise for the law's passage with assurances that the law would be targeted by the international community.

"Please don't worry, we will only use the law to target the people responsible for the Khmer Rouge regime," he said.

CPP MP Chhun Heng, who presided over the law's passage, said that the law would be targeted by the international community.

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Virginity ruling lets rapist off the hook

By SYRINUS O'CONNELL AND LON NARA

The judge's decision contradicts Article 33 of the UNTAC Criminal Code which states that "rape is any act of sexual penetration against a non-consenting person."

The same Article states that "any person who rapes or attempts to rape another person of either sex is guilty of rape and shall be liable to imprisonment for a term of not less than 10 years."

The downgrading of Sokha's charge from rape to sexual assault is a "very serious" act not involving penetration.

But Koy told the Post: "Virginity is the most important thing because it can confirm if the girl was raped."

And while he examined the girl a day after the Dec. 31, 1999 attack, but that her "virginity was not so deep or so serious."

An independent examination by an NGO medical team 20 days later confirmed that the girl had been raped or so serious."

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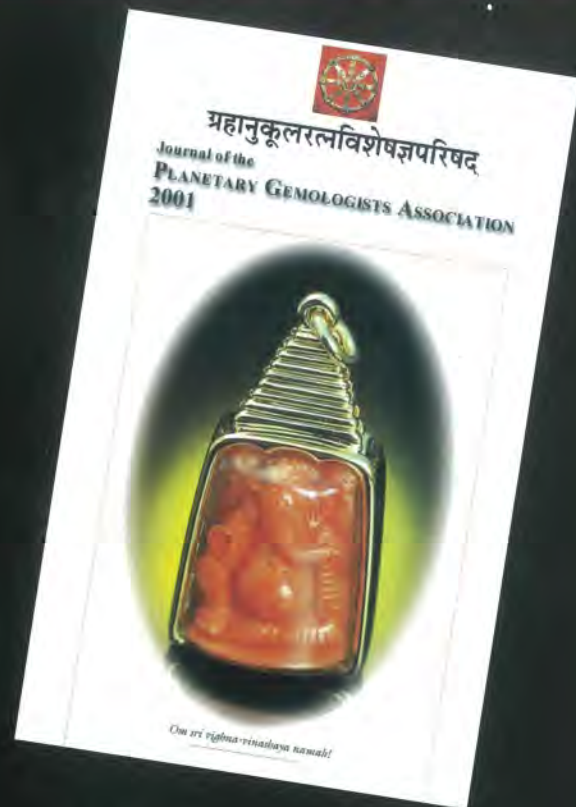
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- 1) To bring order and positive worldwide attention to the ancient science of Planetary Gemology, one of the 64 Asian arts that incorporates Vedic (sidereal) astrology, Ayurveda, and elite mineralogy.
- 2) To establish high standards of professionalism and expertise as requirements for membership, which will serve as a guarantee of integrity and excellence to the public.
- 3) To maintain a forum for deliberation into the subtle mysteries of "Planetary Gemology," and to present these findings and conclusions by publishing an annual Journal named the "Journal of the Planetary Gemologists Association."
- 4) To serve as an Internet based Institute of Planetary Gemology that provides bona fide information leading to a final exam for qualification as a "PGA" (Planetary Gem Advisor). NOTE: A PG (Planetary Gemologist) is a certified PGA who is also a 'certified' Gemologist.

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Continued from page 21

Peter Sainsbury and Bou Saroun flew back up again to describe the cremation of Pol Pot: "Burnt Like Old Rubbish". On June 8, a week after I was taken on as staff, I was up in Sisophon, hiring a Khmer moto driver to ride me 67 kilometers on a dirt road northwest to the godforsaken border village of Boeung Trakoun where renegade soldiers on a night raid had massacred five people, looted shops and burned down 61 houses. Back in Phnom Penh, I was off with Sam Rainsy on a campaign swing by riverboat up the Mekong. I covered Hun Sen at an impromptu press conference at an irrigation site in Takao.

I wrote stories on the registration process, the central computer room, the two main election-monitoring NGOs. On election day and vote-counting day afterward, I traveled with a Thai election observer through a dozen villages in Kampong Speu.

"Hun Sen Set for the Fruits of Victory" ran the Phnom Penh Post headline over a photo of a smiling Hun Sen casting his ballot on July 26. As the campaign had heated up, we'd been putting out the paper every week and were burned out now. Peter went off to New Zealand; Matt to Katie, his English girlfriend in Bangkok. I interviewed American, British, Australian and Thai expats for a story headlined: "Businessmen Bullish on Hun Sen". And just when we thought we could kick back, Sam Rainsy fired up protest rallies at Olympic Stadium, massive street marches, the tent city of Democracy Square. We were chasing the quicksilver story from the backs of jeeps and motos.

The roof of the Regent Park Hotel became our observation post for the nightly rallies in Democracy Square - dubbed "The Grassy Knoll". The Post went weekly again, badly draining its finances. I wrote "The Week of Living Dangerously" about the protests; "The Empire Strikes Back" about the CPP counter-demonstrations; "Madness on Monivong" about the final crackdown. The National Assembly was sworn in at Angkor Wat on September 24. Prince Ranariddh and Sam Rainsy then left the country and the stalemate stretched through October and into November.

On November 11, Michael summoned me into his office. "Jim, I have to let you go," he said. "My guts have been in a knot for days, thinking how to tell you. But I just can't pay you anymore." The next day, I took off overland to Sihanoukville and then by boat to Trat. That same day, Prince Ranariddh landed in Phnom Penh to cut a deal to Hun Sen. The story—at least the one I had come to cover—was over.

Believe it or not...

When The Ship Comes In

The Star (Johannesburg): "The situation is absolutely under control," Transport Minister Ephraem Magagula told the Swaziland parliament in Mbatane. "Our nation's merchant navy is perfectly safe. We just don't know where it is, that's all." Replying to an MP's question, Minister Magagula admitted that the landlocked country had completely lost track of its only ship, the Swazimar: "We believe it is in a sea somewhere. At one time, we sent a team of men to look for it, but there was a problem with drink and they failed to find it, and so, technically, yes, we've lost it a bit. But I categorically reject all suggestions of incompetence on the part of this government. The Swazimar is a big ship painted in the sort of nice bright colours you can see at night. Mark my words, it will turn up. The right honourable gentleman opposite is a very naughty man, and he will laugh on the other side of his face when my ship comes in."

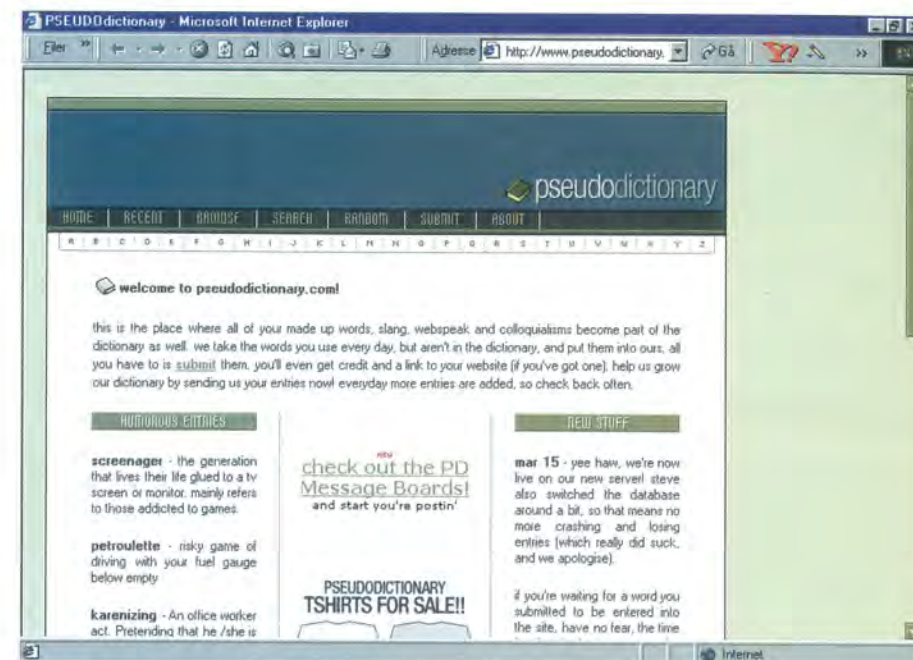
Words that ought to be .. words

Some words ought to be words. For example "screenager"—you know what it means even before you've looked it up. Except you'll only find it one obscure dictionary: www.pseudodictionary.com

Back in the 1980s, the American comedian Rich Hall had a word for words that didn't exist, but ought to. He called them "sniglets". Words like "hoozone" - the black whole into which a sock disappears in the laundry, leaving its mate a widow. Or the word "elbonics" - which is what happens when two people maneuver for the same armrest in a movie theatre.

In this day and time, a website - pseudodictionary.com - has been set up dedicated to collect these kind of words. Although the two creative wordsmiths, Paul Jarvis of Vancouver and Steve Comrie of Toronto, have obviously designed the page for fun it is a surprisingly useful resource for journalists who want to stay on top of new Webspeak, slang, and colloquialisms from around the world.

Looking for a new way into your financial story about the region's wealthiest residents? Try using the "two-comma" set for those with more than \$1 million (because it takes at least two commas to write it in numerals). Want a novel term for someone who is computer addicted? Try "mouse potato." Writing a column about memories of your mom? Maybe you want to mention her penchant for "middle-naming" - calling you by your full name whenever she was angry.



Reporting on graffiti? Don't forget to note any local evidence of "evandalism" - an edgy term for painting "Jesus Saves" in a public place. Well, you get the idea.

Visit the site yourself at <http://www.pseudodictionary.com>. A tightly edited introductory page gives samples of recent entries and links for delving into the data.

For writers and editors, perhaps the most useful link at the top of the page is the "Search" button. The simple method invites you to just type a word or phrase. For instance, if you were looking for military-related words, you could enter "Army" to find phrases like "sack up," meaning "to gain bravery," as in, "Private, you better sack up and jump outta this airplane!" For the more adventurous, just click "Random" and see where it takes you. You'll get a feel for the types of entries, and you may be surprised and amused.

After you have become a regular at the site, you might want to use the "Recent" button at the top of the screen to see only the latest additions.

If you choose to report on the site, you might want to note that because the material comes from a wide variety of contributors, some entries might be a bit risqué.

Other considerations for using and/or reporting on the PseudoDictionary site:

1. At the top of the page is a clickable alphabet, allowing readers to jump to a specific portion of the dictionary for browsing.
2. You can submit your own words. If the

site uses the contributions, the submitter gets credit online and a link back to his or her own Web site, if desired.

3. Watch the "Famous Slang" section of the site's introductory page for entries from popular culture, such as movies and TV shows. The site is good about reporting its sources for this material, as with two examples cited in this column: "Middle-naming" comes from an episode of the TV show "Friends," and "two-comma" was borrowed from the recent film "Finding Forrester."

Ah! If this text appears on paper (remember?) and thus does not respond to your clicking, let me offer some more of the cute words - all from under 'P':

para-site - web site that insists on wrapping its own frameset around any other sites it links to

passwerve - verb. the act of turning your head to look away while someone types their password root.

photoshoiplifting - swiping images from the web and appropriating them in your own work

pixel-pushing - pixel-pushing is a term for a design that is very miniscule in detail. it typically involves manipulating images one pixel at a time. Derived from pixel-pusher - also called a:

pixelmonkey - "someone who does menial graphics work, such as creating buttons for web pages"

plug and pray - "when you add hardware to a Windows computer, the hope that it Windows recognizes it and it works"

LOST ANIMALS

A black and white documentary photo exhibition

By Piyavit Thongsa-Ard

"What is man without beast? If all the beasts are gone, man would die from a great loneliness of spirit. For whatever happens to the beast will soon happen to man. All things are connected."—American Indian Chief Seattle, 1854.

Various species of animals and their body parts are sold in border markets and underground venues throughout Thailand, Lao PDR, Burma and Cambodia. During my years of extensive travel within these areas, I encountered endangered species being peddled on the open market. The image of these helpless victims lingered in my mind and provoked questions concerning

animal welfare, the protection of precious wildlife and human beings' pursuit in destroying other living souls of our planet with such abandon and ease. Traditionally, Asians recognized their dependence on plants and animals for food, shelter, clothing and medicine. Animals had a revered place in cultural beliefs that respected their individual life spirit. Now, they are degraded objects which humans are served by and profit from. One great flaw in Thai society is that the laws for the protection of animals are in place, but the rich and powerful flaunt and corrupt them for their own greed.



About The Photographer

Piyavit Thongsa-Ard, 26 years old, is a freelance photographer whose work has been published in various magazines. His black and white documentary work focuses on social issues affecting Thailand and neighboring countries.

Top Left • A Laotian traveler cleans his dinner before eating along side the Nam Ngum Dam, Vang Viane, Lao PDR

Top Right • Reptile dinner, Vientiane, Lao PDR

Bottom Left • A trader displays her finest offerings in a wild animal market. Tachilek village, Thailand-Burma border.

Bottom Right • Exhibition of wild animal skins hang along a road in the Tachilek market, Thailand-Burma border



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Prostitutes Appeal to Pope

Kids Make Nutritious Snacks

Juvenile Court to Try Shooting Defendant

Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jaywalkers

Plane Too Close to Ground, Crash Probe Told

Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over

Include Your Children When Baking Cookies

War Dims Hope for Peace

Stolen Painting Found by Tree

Teacher Strike Idles Kids

Couple Slain; Police Suspect Homicide

Man Struck by Lightning Faces Battery Charge

Iraqi Head Seeks Arms

Local High School Dropouts Cut in Half

Clinton Wins Budget; More Lies Ahead

Astronaut Takes Blame for Gas in Space

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