

# Crusaders of Justice and their horny problems

Tired of the unending crackdowns and task forces so in vogue in Taiwan? And issues that seem to grind on and on? If so, despair no more. Today, we unleash a humorous, irreverent look at some of Taiwan's more serious problems and issues making the news in *The News*.

**E**VER wonder how the government gets rid of all those allegedly aphrodisiac rhino horns and tiger, ah, parts seized from unscrupulous importers and Bhutanese princesses?

One possibility: Someone is feeding the seized love potions to Ministry of Justice Investigation Bureau (MJIB) cops. MJIB libidos were raging so out of control that a Justice Ministry bigwig went public a while back to ban extracurricular romance.

Top cops told randy agents to ditch mistresses or look a chicken head in the eye at the MJIB's next Lunar New Year party. Well, not exactly. Agents who had mistresses before October 1, 1993 are "grandfathered." They can continue their dalliances as long as "no scandal results."

**MONOGAMY BEGINS AT HOME:** Even if MJIB Don Juans are caught *flagrante delecto* with new mistresses, news reports noted that the Ministry won't take back their badges right away. In this enlightened age, offenders will be offered "counseling."

I know a little about that subject. You see, in my house, we've had a proven anti-mistress counseling program in place for decades. Every week, the Missus screens a tape of "Fatal Attraction" from beginning to end. As the grisly plot unfolds, she murmurs over the soundtrack sweet nothings like "This could be you." I'm not even allowed to cover my eyes even during the really yucky parts.

Also, taped to our refrigerator door is a photo of Lorena Bobbitt. (In case you have been visiting relatives on Mars for the past few months, she's the Virginia woman who was found not guilty by reason of insanity for separating her husband from his penis with a ginsu knife after a marital spat. The Council of Agriculture maintains there's no evidence she intended to export the severed member to Taiwan.)

This scientifically developed program works for me and, with a few cultural modifications, would work for MJIB investigators.

Since I was aiming to snap up a fat MJIB Anti-Mistress Counseling Program consulting contract, I called the Justice Ministry.

## AT LARGE



JARED CAMERON

When I queried the person who answered the phone about mistress matters, she asked for my name and Allen Registration number. I gave her Gordon Brooks's name — sorry, "Flash," but it was the best I could do on the spur of the moment — and hung up.

**THE MJIB IN PEACE AND WAR:** In one respect the ban makes a lot of sense. After all, J. Edgar Hoover didn't have a

mistress. (Forget for the moment that the former US FBI's chief crime fighter wasn't the "marrying kind" and is alleged to have cavorted around the house in lady's undergarments.) In the long-running TV series, "The FBI," Efrem Zimballist, Jr., never had a mistress. And the assorted dweebs featured in an updated version, the "New FBI" (Star TV should start broadcasting that series in about 2004 if past scheduling is any guide), are so square they couldn't find a mistress in a women's prison if they had a pocket full of pardons.

**REVENGE OF THE MISTRESSES?** Still, the ban could lead to trouble. Ex-mistresses might not take this — no pun intended — lying down. After all, they've seen "Fatal Attraction," joo!

Displaced home wreckers may form a lobbying group. Or even demonstrate in front of the Justice Ministry dressed in identical pink smocks.

But that's not the only potential woe in store for Ministry morality crusaders.

Even if left uncovered by the mistress ban, poohbahs at the Justice Ministry — or in any other part of the government for that matter — should think twice about indulging in extracurricular romance for a while.

Figure it out for yourself: After years of "working late" every night, newly mistress-less agents can't suddenly start turning up at home for dinner at six o'clock sharp. The old ball and chain will smell a major rat! So, with time on their hands and nowhere to go, more than a couple of these trained investigators could just turn their talents to finding out which bosses are doing what and with which and to whom in the hanky punky department. Before long, some rather embarrassing information — maybe even photos — could wind up in the hands of the press or opposition politicians.

All in all, I'd say the Ministry of Justice has opened up a real Pandora's Box.