

FACTORY: THE STORY BEHIND MADE IN TAIWAN

工廠：在世界工廠的背後

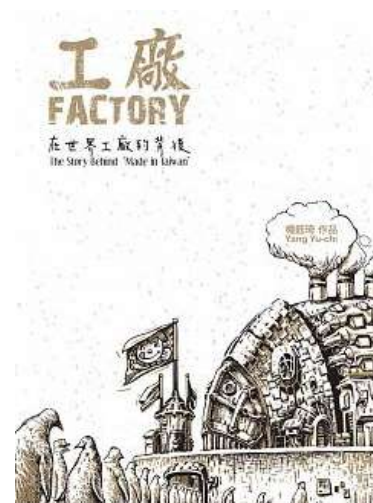
In a wordless yet riveting work of social justice illustration reminiscent of Seuss's *The Lorax*, Yang Yu-Chi tells a tale of hard work and exploitation that rings true for readers all across the world. *Factory* is the story of Mama Penguin, who assembles dolls for export at a massive factory at the South Pole. Paid too poorly even to afford the dolls she makes, her greatest pleasure is assembling dolls from discarded parts to give to her daughter. Every day she gets closer to the twenty-year retirement cutoff, for which the company has promised her good retirement pay and a ticket to a restful old age.

Yet a mere two weeks before her time is up, the factory owner shuts the place down and moves all operations abroad, where salaries are cheaper. Compensation is meager, protests are useless, and the only resource for many is to look for work in their old age, a bitter option only open to the lucky few.

The silent despair of *Factory's* illustrated narrative intensifies when one learns that the story is true: the illustrator's mother experienced just such a misfortune after decades of factory labor. Now, her son tells her story.

Yang Yu-Chi 楊鈺琦

Yang Yu-chi is an experienced illustrator and video game designer who has always harbored dreams of becoming a manga artist. *Factory*, published by the new Taiwanese publisher Slowork, stands out as a brilliant first for both publisher and illustrator.



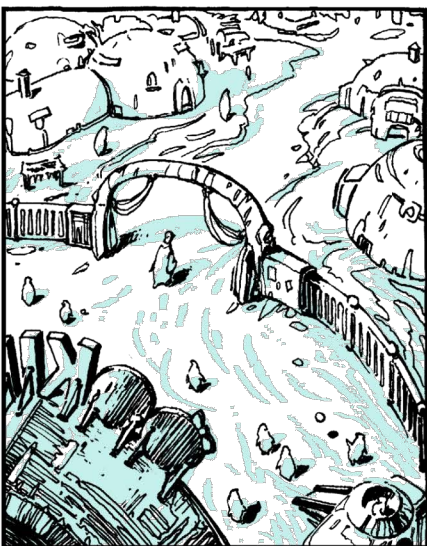
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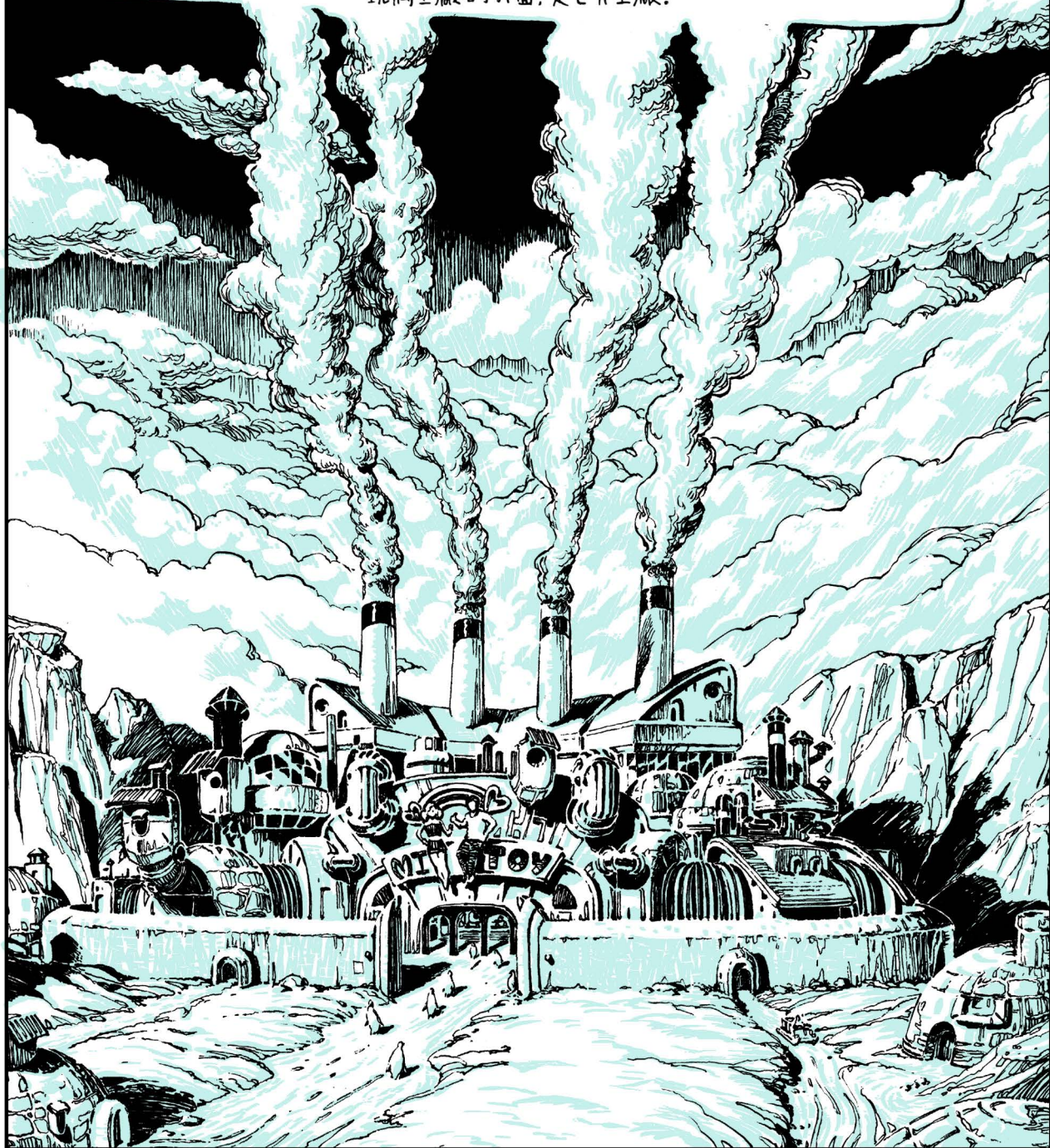
Pages: 32

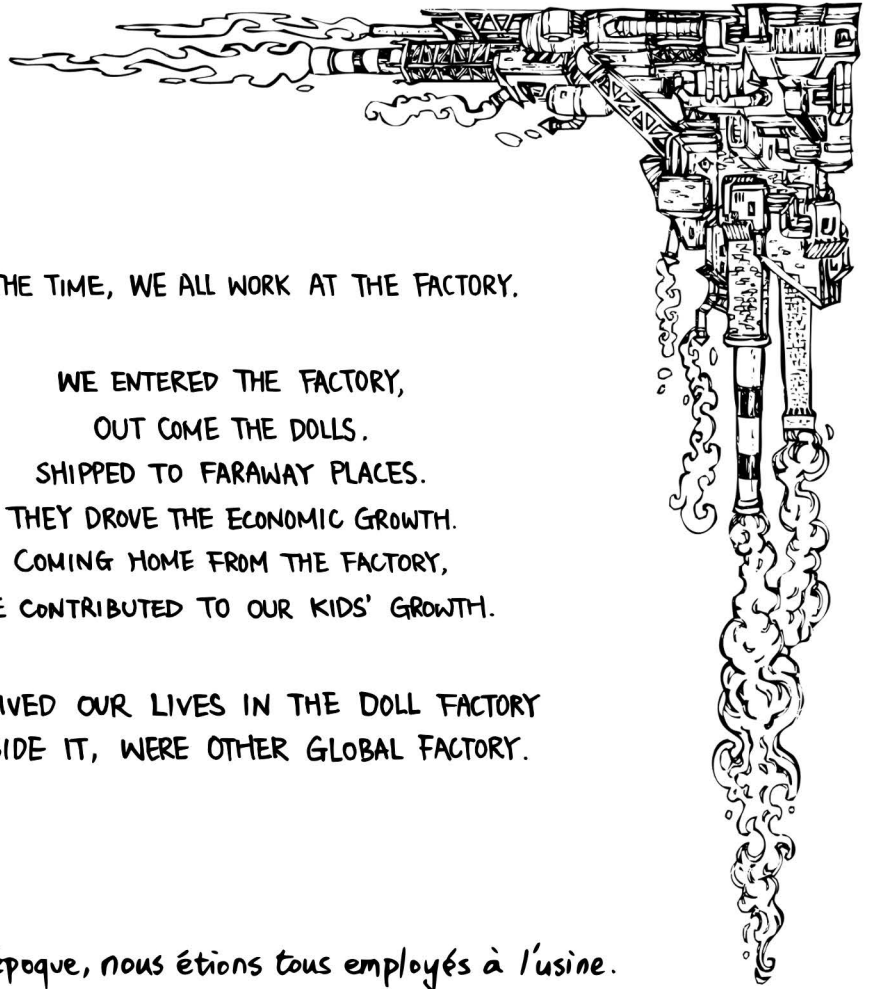


那時我們都在工廠。

我們進入工廠，精美的玩偶則從工廠離開。
它們前往遙遠的地方，成就了經濟；我們從工廠回家，成就了孩子。

我們活在玩偶工廠裡；
玩偶工廠的外面，是世界工廠。





AT THE TIME, WE ALL WORK AT THE FACTORY.

WE ENTERED THE FACTORY,
OUT COME THE DOLLS.
SHIPPED TO FARAWAY PLACES.
THEY DROVE THE ECONOMIC GROWTH.
COMING HOME FROM THE FACTORY,
WE CONTRIBUTED TO OUR KIDS' GROWTH.

WE LIVED OUR LIVES IN THE DOLL FACTORY
OUTSIDE IT, WERE OTHER GLOBAL FACTORY.

À cette époque, nous étions tous employés à l'usine.

Tandis que nous entrions dans les locaux, en sortaient de gracieuses petites poupées. Emblème de la réussite économique du pays, elles partaient vers des contrées lointaines. Avant à nous une fois rentrés à la maison, l'emblème de notre réussite, c'étaient nos enfants.

Nous passions nos journées entre les murs de l'usine.
Et à l'extérieur s'étendait l'usine mondiale.

