

River Deep

Residents of the Mekong Basin call it “the river of life “.

60 million of them depends on its waters, from its source near Tibet to the South-China Sea, a staggering 4,200 km journey across

South china, Myanmar, Thailand, Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam.

Our little pleasure boat is proud to drift on that majestic waterway.



MEKONG SUNDAYS

The latest news and updates from the iMekong boat



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Every month or so, our Mekong-soaked newsletter delivers expert analysis of non-recyclable river affairs, updates on the workings of the world's laziest city and key insights into the evolving trends of nautical siestas and effortless riverside coup d'etats. Thanks to our bureaux on both sides of the big river.

As we are now heading into year-end joyful oomph, powering on along on pure joy or sorrow, we will talk about tamarind cinnamon jams, poisonous plants and the collaborating characters that make all things iMekong. Meanwhile, stay pragmatic, expedient and minimalist in your 2019 opening strategy. And book yourself a glorious cruise on our river limo.



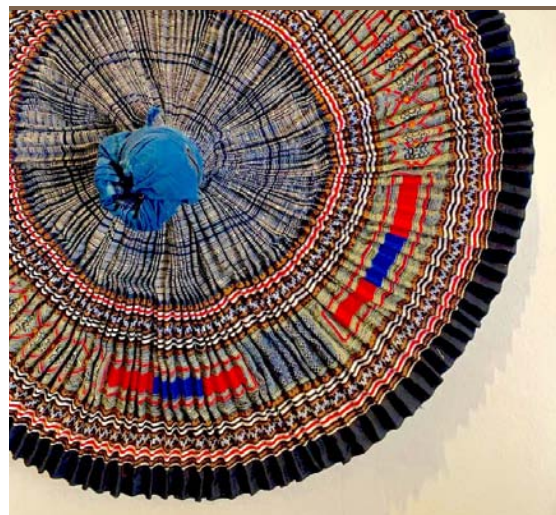
GREEN VOODOO

Or how an ex-colonial outpost lured globe-trotting publisher Rik Gadella into letting all go and grow greens. Lead by example. A short iMekong boat trip away - just 15 minutes - Pha That Ke is the only botanical garden of Laos, with an incredibly diverse flora and wild tracks, showcasing how local people use plants for their everyday life and well-being. This is indeed rare earth. You can literally learn the secrets of war by botanics or the science of healing by picking up a few terrific looking leaves and then play. Besides, ranked by Forbes Magazine in the world's top ten Table-To-Farm dining experiences, it makes it worth to spend quality time. www.pha-tad-ke.com



JAMMING

She is infamous for crafting her delicious jams late at night listening to wicked LGBT sopranos. Alchemists like darkness. Years of social anthropology practice have brought her to make things that really matter : Heavenly Jams. High on the Mekong banks, after decades of slow cooking, Monica creates pure, organic and life-altering confitures. And a tamarind-cinnamon concoction that throws you off your chair. We, at iMekong, solemnly swear in the name of the river Nagas that her innovative and playful approach to cooking has the perfume of childhood. www.tamasat.com



Hmong Fashion

Her tribal-chic clothes and objets d'art originate from the roof of Indochina, the mountains North of Vietnam where the elusive and mysterious Hmong hill tribes reign supreme. Each piece is unique, had many previous lives and is made from antique clothing, daily life accessories and super cool bric-a-brac carefully selected, recycled by Miss Chow and her extensive family in Sapa, up there, in the mist. These needle magicians breathe a new life into ethnic treasures in a stupefying display of Hmong haute couture and opium-infused elegance. Vogue stuff, really. Next year, our boat will display some of her creations in honor of a tribe of hunters -gatherers in love with polygamy :)

<https://m.facebook.com/hilltribeheritage>



SUNSET 7,200

If you are going through the classic traveler battle between ambition and logistics and planning for your bucket-list bragging rights, get a boat ride with iMekong. Between dull journeys and narrowed universe, you can leave room for those can't-script-it moments. The number of hours in an average life is 700,000. Sounds a lot but is nothing, the problem being that you think you have time. What about spending a precious 7,200 seconds on a theatrical sunset cruise which feels like acting in a softcore Mekong flick ? Tu viens chérie ?



ADDICTION

"Adieu Luang Prabang ! Good-bye Muong Luong as the Laotians say. You have intoxicated us with your easy life, with your voluptuous nonchalance, little Capoue asleep between the great stream which guards you and the mountains which extend the odorous shadows of their green dress over you ! Good-bye to this awakened dream, to this living tale of fairy queens of which we abandon the magic charm with regret !"

Marthe Bassene (1909)