

Herro. I'm **Rahil**, and *this* is my resume. I tried to limit it to experiences that are valuable to people (regardless of economy) and whose length is at least one month. My portfolio at **rahilpatel.com** goes beyond those artificial boundaries. You can email me at **rahil627@gmail.com** or message me at **m.me/rahil627**.

me at home in nature

2012-foreva' 'eva?

Back to money, then, back to me (hopefully.): creating my own utopian community, with hippie income models (donation-only busking, village-style food and drink making and vending, crafting / DIY, etc.), personal digital projects (media, maybe crowd-fund?), and all that other good-hearted stuff (care for the local area, including plants, animals, and people). East Coast American values on the East-Side of Taiwan, the natural-side. This should be the end for me.

Quarantined Dweller in Chiang Mai, Thailand

mid 2020

Escaped Japan's over-sheltered culture during *the virus* to seek out some alternatives to Taiwan, and take refuge. Another strange time: an actual quarantine: going from native mind to city mind, with much resistance. Lived a simple life together with a group of persevering hospitality worker families and friends in solidarity mostly from areas within the Burman's territory whose 'sisters' routinely get duped by extremely petty-yet-rich [Thai] business-owners, get kicked out by corrupt border police, fall victim to alcoholism at a young age, forever living in a state of anxiety. Fuuuuuck! This part of the world is rough! Chiang Mai isn't what it seems. People here seek Bhudda to escape(!), not for the good-hearted ethics (as it is used in Taiwan). Off to the mountains I run...

From here, it's likely either volunteer for the refugees along the border, find ways to save money, or go back to Taiwan.

Rural Dweller in Kyushu [island], Japan

early 2020 for two+ months

Took a break after the horrendously slow court case in Taiwan before I settle there again. Lived with a farmer friend's family in Japan! Winter time meant taming the wild bamboo of the nearby forest, gathering fire-wood, mastering the tiny hearth, shepherding three ancient-alien goats, repairing a traditional-style home, helping cook traditional-village-style meals, and caring for their little princess 'bamboo-cutter'. My body was freezing numb by the cold, unable to adapt. Sadly, nearly all (98%?) original nature in Japan has already been destroyed by past generations of ultra-instrumental Japanese-cultured dwellers, mostly for lumber-producing tree-farms... and bamboo.

me in a place where one doesn't belong (台南縣)

~2018-2019

A strange time: a limbo: a prison: a spiritual time? Got to experience a rough side of Taiwan: the conservative-side, where people are trapped between traditional life-styles and terrible business-men in tiring tropical heat without much choice. Did some labor work (along-side them), volunteered for (and ate at!) a Bhuddist free-meal-serving kitchen, gifted money to enable the few that have the ambition to escape the trap, lost faith in humanity (for the first time), especially the South-western strand of Taiwanese-Chinese culture. Spent much time taking care of my little island and my friend's family. Kept my head up and my mind on my friend's children, while I was stuck waiting for Taiwan's retarded, ancient bureaucratic legal system to finish a classic racist cop case on me. I survived, but def not enough trips to live a normal life at home. :(

Volunteer at 能盛行 (“The Factory”) in 台南市，台灣

January to February 2018, plus major events and post-communal-life of 2018 The mother community of all communities in Taiwan was closing down, so I headed south towards the sun (again) to it, to give and take what I can, before I venture on my own. A very traditional life: simple daily habits, motherly love, festivals, material awareness, emotional awareness, and other forgotten ancient values. Particularly good at living with other utopian-minded, peasant-minded, pure-hearted people. Very group-oriented, clique'ish even, in thought and action, which made real individual participation impossible (though still much loved!). Being nearly entirely female and nearly all from nearby villages, they were quite sensitive and keen to structural violence, power relations, etc. in social relations and in capitalist-development. The absolute opposite of my personality and culture; The traditional female is a mystery of eternal mystery!

Resident Core Volunteer at 藝文樓 (Place of Arts) in 屏東市，台灣

January to June 2017

The second great community of my life. Coop[erative] living and doing. Projects included: event-making (hippie stuff: all donation-based music shows, vegan potlucks, crafting workshops, spiritual performances, natural markets, etc.), experimental rooftop gardening, collecting and eating un-sellable vegetables and fruits of local farmers, motorcycle maintenance, stray animal care, stray human care, music-making, musical-instrument-making, making too-fermented fruit alcohols, drinking too-fermented fruit alcohols.

Resident at a hostel in 宜蘭縣，台灣

5+? months in winter 2015-2016

A homely experience in a plain full of rice paddies surrounded by mountains. The simple, thoughtful, dull country-side life...in an unbearably humid climate.

Designer Cat and Programmer Cat at Catlard in 高雄市，台灣

from May to July 2014

I co-programmed an augmented reality application with Simon (aka Catlard) for a very uncreative business contract. I don't know how Simon tolerated me during my travel-high, but it brought back some fond memories of childhood game culture and New York game-making culture, which was lacking during the previous year of nomadic life.

Independent Philosopher at some cold place, somewhere

beginning from at least March 2014

After a long period of travel and using another human language, I happened to stumble upon the Western philosophy section of a library, and then I attempted to write everything that I knew. All of my early philosophy is available through my portfolio.

Resident at JV's Hostel in 台北市，台灣

5 summer months in 2013(?)

Part capitalist, part community; mostly individualist: something that served as a stepping-stone to later, more egalitarian forms of community. A great compromise for the best location in the city (and the highest rated hostel in the country during my time there). Humans of Taiwan project (see portfolio).

well-intentioned Nomad in Asia

October 2012-forever? or until I learn to become independent and DIY everything

While living nomadically, I sometimes am able to create social contracts, exchanging my intentions for a place to sleep and eat. This includes: friends, CouchSurfing hosts, social organizations, and wherever else I happen to sleep in. Notable social organizations (not listed separately) include: a couple-run grass-roots org for refugees near the Burmese border in Thailand, a great group of city

artists (direct and indirect action for sex worker and land issues) in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, and a volunteer organization that re-builds destroyed houses and schools for indigenous people in Taiwan. Sometimes, just a little passion is enough for exchange. Applying the gift economy is more meaningful than capitalist wage labour, but manic-inducing, as one must constantly find a way that fits and pleases the constraints of others' values.

Exchange Worker at 達達美語補習班 (Dada School) in 中壢, 台灣 (Taiwan)

from August to September 2012

This was my first gig during travel. One of the things I wanted to do while traveling was to try things that I value more than private sector work, such as, raising kids! It was a work exchange at an independent school (more of a daycare) run by a fantastic couple: John and Ching. I helped out wherever needed. I did some general work: house chores, cooking, and babysitting. It felt like living with a family that was strangely forced to teach and learn English. I had wished I had done more, a lot more. Perhaps it was the heat and humidity (no air conditioner), or the mosquitoes at night, or Ching's delicious food, or the lack of creativity and ambition in the minds of everyone. Still, I managed to stay until my visa nearly ran out.

Volunteer Cat at Babycastles in Brooklyn, NY

from January to February 2012

Ahhh my first love. Amazing people doing amazing things. It was specifically what I was interested in, but had no idea a community for it existed. It was what I was looking for all along. At the time I was just beginning to create things myself (game prototypes), figuring out what games are, what it means to be an artist, where fine art fits, and just being real. The things these people accomplished on a daily basis was unbelievable. I merely helped setup and facilitate art game

installations, and helped (or worsened) with organizational development. I regret leaving New York because of these people, and I will come back, despite disliking the city.

The organization taught me everything: the possibilities of games, the possibilities of new media, social organizing for art with an emphasis on inclusion, event organization, working within a group of powerful equals, the infinite possibilities with social relationships within *the* city, and how to actualize dreams.

Intern at zdLLdz in Brooklyn, NY

from January to February 2012

"Interning" with Zack. I "assisted" with a film shoot in the freezing cold and "researched" stereoscopy in film and games, though, in reality, I merely biked through dope NY communities to get to Zack's place, ate delicious local pizza, and hung out with the film gang at his apartment. Zack's ambitious, on the edge of technology with the eye of a child; Very inspiring.

Independent Gamemaker

beginning from September 2011

I began making games, using Experimental Gameplay Project as a deadline. After many finished and unfinished prototypes, game jams, and collaborations, I eventually helped my friends in New York create *Crystal Brawl*, a local multiplayer sports game. Unfortunately, one other game remains unfinished: *Pinkies Up*, a local multiplayer multi-touch multi-iPad game, created with love with a great friend. I imagine game-making will be always be a part of my life. More detail in my portfolio.

QA and Release Engineer at Perfect World Entertainment in Foster City, CA

from February to May 2011

From suburb to city, I picked up a new job too quickly, perhaps afraid of financial risk. I oversaw day-to-day tasks for the engineering department. The department creates and manages websites (and web servers) for a bunch of shitty Asian MMORPGs (except *Torchlight*). It was a cumbersome process in a large company. Unrealistic goals, constant overtime, hasty testing, shoving out “milestones”, pacifism toward authority: the stereotyped horrifically inefficient software company. I knew and warned that I was going to leave within the first week, but I stuck to the job because I was still absorbing the experience of *living* in and *feeling* the city (San Francisco). I tried to better the company as much as I could but I came to the conclusion that my *far* more ideal values were meaningless in a large company, and my desire for something more meaningful, or at least more meaningful than managing websites for lifeless games, made me leave, promising myself to never compromise for money again.

Software Developer at Segin Systems in Virginia Beach, VA

from February to October 2010

My first “professional” job. I chiseled at a web-based real-estate finance software product. Most of the time was spent understanding puzzling ancient third party title software (and puzzling ancient real-estate practices) solely from their databases (real-estate bank transactions) and then writing massive queries for them to be sent via web services. The rest of the time was spent extending the superbly coded web-site, completely written by a very special autistic lead developer who made *extremely fine* use of the then current .NET framework. An amazing, even ideal first programming job, as there was only one coder who wrote everything with succinct perfection (considering time), whom was empathetic and holistic as he was pragmatic, and, because most of my time was

spent programming on my own. I knew I was going to leave my hometown, but I thought it was best to have a little “experience” before doing so.

The company makes millions now, with a big team (compared to us two), and I pray that the original programmer left with a wealthy share, as it was all his, straight years of zen-focused, over-timed brain work, despite having an emotionally-unstable bigoted money-whoring boss to deal with every-day.

...And somewhere, in a distant, far off server room, my code is still scraping bank transactions from ancient machines, sending them up...

Bachelor of Science in Computer Science at Old Dominion University in Norfolk, VA

from 2005 to 2009

Schools are stupid. I think I just needed to get out of my parent’s house, or a break after high school to allow myself to take self-directed action. I did, however, value the time I watched neorealism films (thanks to Netflix technology), listened to indie music (thanks to Napster technology) hung out with my friends, chatting about the world while playing competitive games.

Assistant of the Manager at LaQuinta Inn & Suites in Norfolk, VA

summer of 2008

This is my dad’s second hospitality business. Franchises have so many rules; It makes having fun impossible.

Temporary Manager at Village Motel in Chesapeake, VA

beginning from 2003

This is my Dad’s motel. It takes a surprising amount of civil engineering and hackery to maintain motels. I’m often here during the winter, when the manager takes a vacation.

