



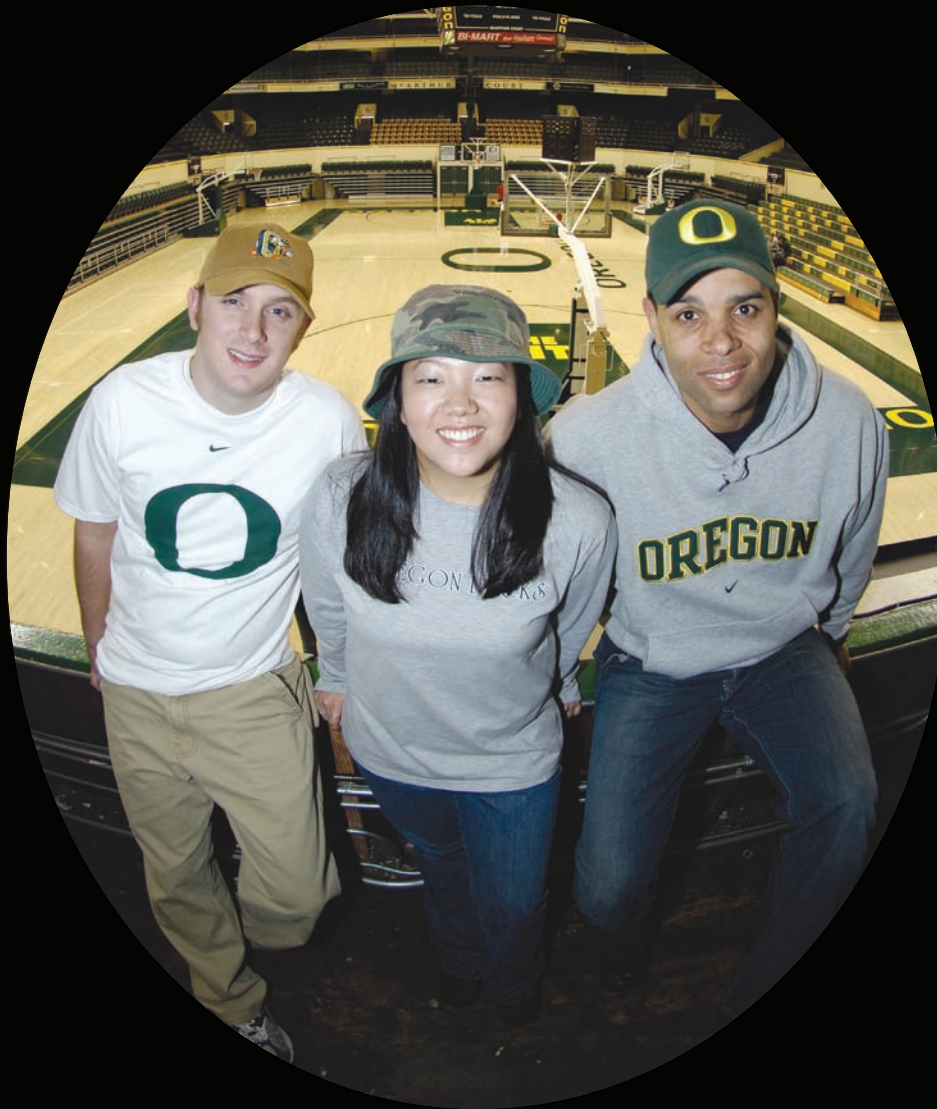
A Multicultural Magazine

Korean Ducks

March 2006
Vol. 1 No. 2

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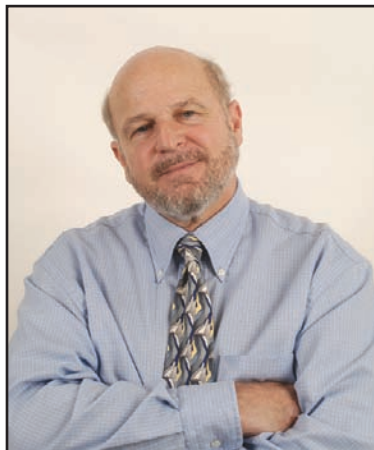


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Dear Readers,

Two months ago, I was approached by the Korean Ducks founders — Young Cha, Hasang Cheon, and Yoon Suh. They'd come to my office to seek critiques, magazine design advice, and resources for their publication and staff.

Along with helping them find an editorial base camp for meetings and access to a Mac lab, I was adopted as an advisor of sorts for Korean Ducks. Their collective sense of mission, motivation, and dedication to their upstart publication was as inspiring as it was humbling.

Here were representatives of a larger group of international and American students who weren't simply taking advantage of opportunities. They were literally inventing their opportunities and establishing a multicultural campus voice via a real magazine they'd planned together and made a reality.

I've always held international students in high esteem. Imagine coming from a different culture, learning English as a second language, and then earning a university degree. Amazing. Working with this group of students has only amplified that feeling. Truly, the people who wrote, edited, photographed, and designed the publication you hold in your hands are an exceptional blend of students from across the globe who share their stories and cultures with all of us. Enjoy their words, images, work, and vision.

Finally, I — and the rest of the Korean Ducks staff— would like to express our thanks to Assistant Dean Greg Kerber, Andre Chinn (Coordinator of Instructional Technology), and Dean Tim Gleason for making the School of Journalism and Communication home to the Korean Ducks.

Respectfully,

Dr. William E. Ryan
Associate Professor of Design and Visual Communication
School of Journalism and Communication
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Korean Ducks

March 2006 Vol. 1 No. 2

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INTERNATIONAL COFFEE HOUR

My First Cup of Coffee

By Anna Kim

I walked into the room and I saw only unfamiliar faces; faces from different ethnicities, communities, and walks of life. Each individual with a unique personality, expression, and story to share. I hesitated at first to enter the room, not quite confident in being in a new environment. However, my curiosity to get to know someone else's culture, character, and thoughts drew me into the center of the event.

As I walked into the International Lounge, where every Friday the International Student Association hosts "Coffee Hour," I was surrounded by a myriad of sounds. Students from all over the world socializing with one another about school, what it's like to be an exchange student, and sharing insight of each other's cultures.

With people from over 20 different countries, it is amazing how diverse one room can be. Despite so many cultural differences, however, everyone is relaxed, friendly, and happy because it's Friday. Every direction you turn you meet someone new, and you can always count on having someone to carry on a conversation with. The atmosphere in the lounge is just captivating.

It is funny. I took on this assignment because I'm not the best at starting conversations with strangers or being out-going the first time I meet someone. In the end, I started a conversation with a stranger who became one of my newest friends.

I've definitely been missing out by not attending Coffee Hour this past year. Now I know where to go to meet new people, munch on delicious snacks, listen to music from different countries, and get the latest news on campus events. Join the excitement and fun at Coffee Hour. I guarantee you'll walk out with at least five new friends whom you would have otherwise never met.

So see you all there, at ISA's Coffee Hour, every Friday from 4-6pm at the International Lounge located in the EMU, above the Post Office.

Photographs by Da In Lee, Yu Lin



Flying Away into *the World*

by Catherine Kim
Photographs by Hasang Cheon



Cover Story 10

Last year I left my ordinary life behind and headed to France in search for something new. Flying towards my destination I was filled with excitement and adventure, prepared to face the new environment. However, not long after, I began to suffer from some severe diarrhea (too much cheese), and my mother's words of warning reentered my head—once you leave home, only the grim realities of life await you.

I spent the rest of my three short weeks there exploring the limits of my abilities and trying to adjust to falling asleep on a foreign bed. I have to say I left France with a new appreciation for what I had back home. But

eler but, rather, "a lost soul, in search for the right path." Born in Seoul, Korea in 1974, Chung-Eun is known in the Internet World as Prettynim. After each trip, she returns home, turns on her radio and spends all night writing tales of her many travel and cultural experiences. Through her popular website, www.prettynim.com, and various Korean magazines Chung-Eun shares us an inside look at her travels.

Chung-Eun began her first trip in order to escape the emotional scars of her personal life and meet new people. With a little bit of survival language to accompany her journey, she managed to make friends all around the

her excited chatter about the food around the world I suddenly found myself craving "Bun-Cha," her favorite Vietnamese food.

Addicted to taking pleasure in the feelings of loneliness she aims only to find herself on the opposite side of the world, as far away from normalcy as possible. She has stood gazing at the astonishing view of the River Nile in Egypt, and crossed the border from Israel into Jerusalem at night, experiencing fear and excitement all at once. As a woman traveler in India, she faced several sexual assaults to which she fought back with her essential travel companion, the traditional Korean folding fan. Now she is always sure to carry many fans, for which she is always finding new uses: note taking and journal entries, as well as protection from assault.

While sipping my coffee and listening to her, I realized her stories are not like any others that I have read in travel guides or travel magazines. I sat still as if I were watching the Discovery Channel, hanging on to her every word as she divulged the secrets of her travels. Ignoring the newest-addition guidebooks, she goes old-school. For her, backpacking is a fantasy. She follows the traces through Canada of famed redhead through the tales of "Anne of Green Gables" (1908) and the western dreams of the Orient played out in books such as, "Lost Horizon" (1937). Relying on literature and movies as guidance for traveling, each trip is more personal and special to her.

As a Korean traveler, Chung-Eun automatically becomes a representative of Korea among other student travelers in the world.

Despite the misconception that every Korean eats dog meat, she contends, the acknowledgement of different aspects of Korean life and culture is growing more prevalent. Through the friendships she has developed with people from around the world, she finds herself becoming more modest in her assumptions as she begins to realize that the how interconnected and small the world really is.

This is her 15th venture into the world, but unlike some of the shorter trips she has taken in the past, this time she plans to be away from home, traveling around the globe, for a year. Since her departure November 5th, she has been traveling around the west coast, and next plans to visit her sister in Chicago and then it's off to dance the salsa in Mexico and Cuba.

Getting to know this great individual as she shared her mind-blowing experiences around the world I was won over, my heart filled with desire to travel again. As we parted ways, she was leaving Eugene headed towards an unknown destination, but her comforting smile gave hope to my uncertainty that we would run into each other again someday, probably on the other side of the globe.



above: interview
left: Jung-Eun Park

“Why do people travel at all if they feel like strangers at the end?”

even though I longed for the final destination to unpack, I found myself still thrilled about the idea of traveling to yet another unknown place.

Why do people travel at all if often we still feel like strangers in the end? After serious amounts of caffeine and consideration I finally came to a conclusion— People that travel even once in their lifetime experience something invaluable. Whether or not our experience is all positive, the perspectives we gain change our lives forever and even give us a greater appreciation for our ordinary settings.

For the rest of the journey with you, I want to share my experience with a fabulous woman who opened infinite possibilities for the traveler inside of me.

At the end of autumn, I met Chung-Eun Park who practices the priceless experience of travel as a career. However, she prefers not to be referred to as a professional trav-

globe. Rather than limit herself to sightseeing, she found comfort sharing stories and developing friendships among people in foreign countries. "The characteristics that accompany me as a Korean change with each trip. I gain new objectives, perspectives on my beliefs, and grow to make wiser decisions in my personal life," Chung-Eun said. During her first travel experience she found the key to success was maintaining this "serenity of mind," and ever since she has kept this attitude with her throughout all of her journeys.

While having dinner with Chung-Eun at a local Chinese restaurant, her exquisite confidence to try new things, even in her exploration of the restaurant's menu, drew my attention. In a red sweatshirt, her curly hair bounced with her delightful laughter and elaborated her hand motions, bringing me closer to understand the greatness of her down-to-earth personality. After listening to

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to start
sentences
with
“I should’ve...”



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Backpacking

seems to be the latest craze among traveling college students. With all the essentials at their back, students gain freedom to move easily about and follow adventure at a moment's notice. To avoid muscle strain, it's nice to carry just the bare necessities. But back pain is not the only reason to be aware of what you carry. Traveling is about exploration and self-discovery. The less you take with you of both material possessions and preconceived notions, the more prepared you will be to fully experience new cultures. And, the more room you will have for those awesome souvenirs for Mom and Dad to boot!

The world awaits us and as wide-eyed and hopeful as most of us are at this age, it seems like the perfect time to set out. "Let the world change you and you can change the world," may for some just be a cheesy tagline from the foreign blockbuster *Motorcycle Diaries* (2004), but I think there is something to be said for idealism.

A local person can offer the best advice for what one should bring on a backpacking trip. Taking into consideration weather, culture, local customs and amenities we asked a handful of our campus' international students what the appropriate items would be to bring to their respective countries.

Sweden

-Be sure to pack a winter jacket for summer, a Kevlar suit for spring/fall, and for winter... don't come to Sweden during the winter!

-Vegetarians beware; Swedes would prefer you to bring, "a good appetite for meatballs!"

-You might miss Starbucks, but who needs it anyway!

-If you are looking for a great gift to bring to the local people, consider a George W. Bush dartboard.

-Maybe you might not be aware, but Sweden has it's fair share of polar bears... so, be sure to bring some fresh salmon to distract them.

-Whatever you do, don't forget your return ticket - you don't want to get stuck in Sweden...

Tanzania

-Don't take many clothes, unless you intend to make a fashion statement. Clothes are one of the cheapest things to buy in Tanzania, so buy what you want there. Because of the tropical climate, you will definitely need sunscreen lotion, regardless of how much melanin you have.

-Keep in mind that walking near places of worship you should be fully clothed, or risk making the locals uncomfortable or coming off as obnoxious.

-Pack your Swahili dictionary and speak Swahili as much as you can- you will not only get smiles from the people for trying, but they will respect you more and won't mistake you for a very recent tourist. The more you blend in, the more normal people will act when you are around.

-Make sure to leave room for a few souvenirs: wooden carvings, small statues, textiles and traditional clothing, and musical instruments are the most popular with the tourists, but I would recommend you bring back some Tanzanian tea; it's one of the best.

Additional travel tips:

-Internet access is slow and expensive.

-Food and drinks are very cheap.

-Tanzania is one of the friendliest countries in the world, and it is also one of the most peaceful in Africa.

Bhutan

-It is hard to find all of the necessary pharmaceuticals in Bhutan, so bring everything you can imagine needing: Aspirin, Antihistamine, cold and flu tablets, multivitamins, antibiotics, loperamide for diarrhea, rehydration mixture, insect repellent, sunscreen, sunglasses, hat, umbrella or rain gear, lip balm, eye drops, bandages, band-aids, etc.

-A water purification system would be helpful. Most Bhutaneses drink water from springs, but we don't recommend this to outsiders, so bring your own portable purifier.

-Carry plenty of tissue papers or we call it toilet papers, in most places around Bhutan it is hard to find public toilets while driving across country, you will have to stop for "Bush Stop" it means you go behind bushes to take care of your nature call! Carry a water bottle, it is "my rule of thumb" to drink plenty of water to fight against spicy Bhutanese dishes, and water also help you from getting altitude sickness.

-Bhutan is a beautiful place. Its intact nature, culture, snow-capped mountains and many smiling faces defy imagination. The minute you step out from the airplane, Bhutan's breathtaking scenery steals your heart, so expect to take lots of pictures, and bring as much film and batteries as possible.

Brazil

-Pack clothes for hot and humid weather, maybe some galoshes for the rainy season because when it rains it pours and the streets fill with water. Most of what you will want you can find there, and for cheap.

- Brazil specializes in flip flops and Bikinis. If you don't want to stand out as a flaming tourist in your large swimsuit, buy one there.

-Bring pepper spray. Brazil is not very safe in big cities, especially for tourists. Don't carry expensive items with you and remain on guard. It's better to enjoy yourself than live in fear though, so just travel in groups and leave what you can't lose at home and you'll be fine.

-Don't wear flip flops in a formal situation, it's considered rude. Most Brazilians wear fancy footwear when going out at night, don't try and mix this with a backpack though.

-Bring some peanut butter, berry jellies and Chai tea. They are hard to come by in Brazil, and usually greatly appreciated.

Haiti

-Haiti is a hot and sunny tropical island, so you won't need any heavy clothes, maybe just a few shorts, t-shirts and a pair of jeans. A swimsuit and sunscreen are also beach necessities.

-There are lots of mosquitoes in Haiti as well, so you will need some bug spray.

-For your survival kit: Power outages are not uncommon; bring a flashlight. A portable fan and handkerchief will help protect you from heat stroke.

-The local people would be happy to receive any gift from you. But chocolates are a favorite and card games and balls make for some fun.

-Don't forget your camera! The Citadelle Laferriere is one of the biggest forts on earth, and is a lovely place to take a photo.

Contributing reporters:

Daniel Asenlund, Sweden

Megan Adkins and Jackeline Jose de Silva, Brazil

Evans Temi, Tanzania

Nathan Gue, Haiti

Pema Chhophyel, Bhutan.



ON THE EDGE OF THE WORLD AS I KNOW IT

Written and photographed by Tim Lane

"You can't lose your head up here in the 'W.' If you do, you could end up dead! Keep it here, keep it right here!" my friend Hailey told me as she tapped her forehead with three of her fingers making the sign of a 'W.' It was our first night in the Patagonia region of southern Chile on a famous hiking trail christened the 'W.' The warning was a little over-dramatic, but it felt appropriate as I struggled to breathe between the four other people stuffed into a three-person tent.

We had arrived on the edge of the world very unprepared but with ambitions that equaled the height of the most well known peak, Los Torres del Paine. Four of my friends from my study abroad program and I came hoping to be blown away by nature, but we were disheartened as our wallets lightened with the cost of our over-priced gear rental and camp fees.

"I can't believe this man. I am paying almost forty dollars to sleep on the dirt," my friend Joe bitterly lamented as he fought for space on my left. "I wonder if we should have even come."

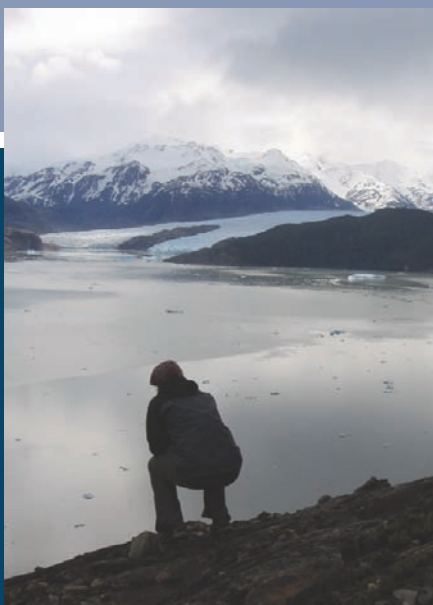
The planning for the trip had been sloppy at best—a spur of the moment decision. We went to bed that night squished together and fighting for tent-floor real estate, with no real food in our bellies and regret hovering in the air.

Despite waking up sore and sleep deprived, we headed off on our hike. Plodding along, the weight of our packs digging into our shoulders, the beauty of the park started to open up before us. It was shy at first, hiding behind fog and light rain, but as the day progressed and the blue skies fought through, we began to see why Los Torres del Paine was an international destination.

On the trail, we passed many people huffing along. We smiled and said “hola” to one another, instantly connected by the experience we happened to be sharing. We trekked by pastel-green glacial lakes that looked as if someone had drawn them onto cement with sidewalk chalk. We saw peaks arching up in sharp needle-like formations, ripping the sky with their staggering extremities. All through that day we experienced landscapes that I had not believed could exist. At every turn there were people from all over the world standing slack-jawed, enjoying the same thing. Among others, I met a couple from Australia, a man from Spain fulfilling his lifelong dream,

Standing in the middle of La Britannica, an intense valley with basalt mountain formations surrounding a forest that straddles a river, Joe asked me how I had slept the night before.

“Terrible,” I answered. “I think Hailey kicked me in the face five times and I sweated through six layers of clothing. But, you know, just another night in the ‘W;” I said, snapping another photo to prove to myself that the landscapes I had often seen in the movies really do exist.



and a gentleman from Holland, who was on the tail end of a year-long trip around the world.

We swapped stories with these people and made the ‘W’ sign on our foreheads. You just can’t lose your head in Patagonia, I thought, but something was seeping in. We laughed and chatted openly with the people we met, forgetting any nationality barriers that might have come between us in a more mundane circumstance. Quite frankly, we were all flattened to the same level by the spectacular park, and because of that, talking with a complete stranger felt like conversing with an old friend.

Our regret and bitterness felt the first night in the tent melted away as the days passed and we came to appreciate the park and the people more and more. We joked and drank wine with each other and learned about different countries and people. The crowded tent became something to laugh about as the days in the park went by, not a point to hang regret on.

Hailey had warned me not to lose my head in the ‘W,’ but it was unavoidable. I was lost in the unparalleled beauty. The intense pinnacles of rock framed by a blanket of sapphire skies literally tucked into the edge of the world provided me with a raw, stripped down clarity never possible in civilization. Looking off the end of South America, only the most important things reflected back. Those were simple things such as people are more the same than different and the world can shock you with its beauty. If I had a hand in the beginning of the world, this southern tip of Chile would be the type of place I would make. Joe and I chuckled and knew, like every other visitor there, that our hike was worth all of the trouble.

I can’t really put my experience into the right words—they might have escaped me in all that time I stood with my mouth gaping. I can only say that if you lose your head for a minute down there, you will witness some amazing examples of nature and humanity.



One Night in Disco Light

by Cassie DeFillipo

On one of my last nights in Europe, I visited the Sacré Coeur Cathedral in Paris. I climbed up to the bell tower as the sun was setting. All alone, I stared across the skyline, soaking up the view. I stood for what seemed like hours, reflecting on four months of adventures and growth. I remembered eagerly stepping off the plane in Venice when I arrived, moving into the dorms that became home while schooling in a small town in Northern Italy, the language fumbles (I once told someone I had an Italian lover when I meant to say I loved Italy), and touring Auschwitz concentration camp and having never felt more discouragement or hope simultaneously. These memories had redefined my life. Then there was a night in Rome, a night that taught me a lesson I didn't even know I needed to learn.

I had been studying for three months when I decided to branch off by myself in search for adventure during a week-long break. I left

my campus behind and with it my security. I was traveling alone for the first time.

Being alone enabled me to do many things I may have never done with friends. I spent the week constantly outside of my comfort zone, learning about the world and my place in it.

I had no clue that my biggest lesson was yet to come. My last stop was Rome, home of the pope and quite possibly of the tourist—it seems the eternal city is eternally filled with visitors from across the globe, and I was delighted to be one of them. A group of people at my hostel decided to go out on my last night in town, and I opted to go with them. The group included people from France, Australia, New Zealand, Ireland, Greece, and me: the lone American.

We went out that night with the common goal of finding a discotheque. This turned out to be an adventure in itself. We headed off to the bus station, discussing our travels as we walked. We brought with us a folded piece of paper. It contained one word, our only key to attaining our goal of finding the nightlife district in Rome: Testaccio. Antony, the Greek who spoke barely any English, ran ahead to ask bus drivers for directions. A Frenchwoman named Flora ran after him fearing he would get us lost. The rest of us lagged behind, lost in conversation and trusting the others to get us there.

A bus ride, a ten-minute walk through a dark unfamiliar neighborhood, one quick stop at a bar, and a brief multilingual debate later, we somehow managed to arrive unscathed at our final destination.

mans tend to build borders that block out differences. This includes others who live a different lifestyle, who look or dress differently, and who speak a language unfamiliar to us. The truth is, however, that these differences only exist when we construct them. The walls I had constructed came tumbling down. I saw the world through different eyes— eyes that mirrored all other eyes, regardless of country of origin.

As I stood at Sacré Coeur, I gazed across the soft tones of the Paris sunset. In this moment, I realized why my time abroad had been valuable. It was not art or architecture that defined my trip. I define my journey through the people I met. They turned average nights into adventures.



We found a discotheque crowded with young Italians dancing to horrible techno music. I hit the dance floor with Antony, who danced like Prince and was proud of it. Despite our difficulties communicating, Antony was my greatest friend of the group. We had common loves for dance and life, so nothing else mattered. Our commonalities became bigger than our differences.

Nothing outwardly extraordinary happened that night. I didn't meet Johnny Depp or fall in love, and it was by no means the craziest or most fun night of my life. In fact, most of the people there may not remember that night in ten years. Yet I will never forget it.

As the hours passed, my view of the world changed completely. I looked around at the same people I had seen just hours before and saw them in a whole new light. I saw Flora as the team leader and the sweetheart and Antony as a fun-loving adventurous person. I saw nine individuals, each with their own lifestyle and culture, but each one innately human. At that moment, in the middle of the crowded dance floor, I came to a realization: We are all alike. We all share the same insecurities, and we all face the same struggles. Hu-

The churches I visited and the buildings I saw are already beginning to fade away in my memory, but I will always treasure the people I met and the lessons I learned along the ways. These lessons have made the difference between the eager girl who stepped off the plane and the wiser, more compassionate soul who stood at Sacré Coeur that day.

I said my goodbyes to Europe that night, and as the sun set I left the bell tower for good. I climbed down the stairs knowing I had changed from the girl who ascended minutes before. It had taken that climb to see a new view, and as I walked down the stairs I knew it was worth every step.

photographs by Hasang Cheon



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KOREAN MEMORIES

Written and photographed by Daniel Asenlund



I have always wondered where my home is. Is it Sweden, where I was born, grew up, and learned how to make good pancakes? Is it the United States, where I have lived for three years, pursuing my college degree? Or is it Japan, which I discovered two summers ago, and is the host of my spiritual soul? Whatever the answer may be, I had not the slightest thought that it would be Korea, as I stepped off the plane from Tokyo for a four day visit last summer.

Let's rewind the tape a bit.

My first memory of Korea is of the 1988 Olympic Games in Seoul. I was seven years old at the time – too young to reflect on the political situation, or even consider the people concealed behind the masks of the fencers I remember watching on TV. About six years later I revisited both the country and the Olympics as I sat down to read a special edition pocket comic book of Donald Duck & Co., in which the comic was entirely devoted to an adventure Donald and his family made to the Seoul Olympics. Although I lost my copy many years ago, the story remains firmly placed in my heart. I did not, however, expect to find any traces of the story or the places they visited today. Instead, the preconceptions I had about Korea as I disembarked that plane were that it would look a lot like Japan and that the food would be killingly spicy.

I was to be proved wrong, however. My first impression of Seoul, with food stands everywhere and salarymen nowhere to be seen, reminded me more of Taiwan than Japan. Later, as I was shown around the artsy

area of Hong-dae, I was thinking Germany. Or maybe France. It was certainly a more diverse and multifaceted city than I had ever anticipated. And, best of all, memories of the Olympics were still there. Even in the subways, pictures of the mascot and 1980's digital age images of the different events were on display, as if time had stood still for 17 years. Although I didn't see Donald or Uncle Scrooge, it was exhilarating to walk in their



above: Namsan Park

footsteps and in the millions of others' who came from all over the world to see history being written. It was an amazing feeling.

The food did prove to be killingly spicy, however. Right after I completed the surprisingly smooth immigration process, my host Josh took me to a restaurant for some *Bul sam gyeop sal*, a meat dish being grilled on the table, then put into lettuce leaves to be consumed by hand. It looked really tasty, but as my tongue turned red, then black, and

finally fell out of my mouth, I was not really able to feel how it tasted. At least I was hardened from then on (after drinking twenty glasses of water) and could eat whatever I wanted; I did not have to stick with my original plan of eating *bi bim bop* every day...

After four days in Korea, I felt somewhat refreshed. It was a unique country, after all – not just a cheap replica of Japan as some people had told me. It had spirit, heart and soul. And the people were nice, too. I remember being asked at the security control before going back to Japan whether it was okay if they took a look inside my backpack – now, where have you ever been asked that?! It had been an insightful trip.

But before I conclude this, I want to mention an anecdote from my third day. After having walked disappointingly from a closed national palace to Namsan, where Seoul Tower also happened to be closed (for renovation), something peculiar caught my attention. There, from the speakers of a beautifully located kiosk and souvenir shop on top of the mountain, I heard a very familiar tune. It took me about ten seconds to realize that what I was hearing was indeed Kent, my favorite band, singing a song in Swedish that I had no idea would be played even outside of Scandinavia. How could I possibly hear this from some kiosk on top of a mountain in a country on the other side of the world? Even today I remain speechless, and the moment itself was just surreal. But it was then, if only for a second, that Korea felt like home.

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The International 'Toughness' Factor

A look at the game of rugby through the eyes of an American

Written and photographed by Lillian Dunlap

It was Sunday February 5th, and I was sitting at a campus bus stop on my way to watch the Superbowl like the rest of America. Truth be told, I was more interested in the advertisements and half-time show than the actual game, but nonetheless, I didn't want to be left out of this unofficial American holiday. As I sat at the stop I happened to overhear a stranger chatting to her friend about the game. "Football's for wimps," she said. "Now Rugby, there's a really tough sport."

Personally, I would never call a football player a wimp (partially out of concern for my physical safety), but the girl did have a point. I had been exposed to my first rugby match nearly a year ago during my time as a study abroad student in Dunedin, New Zealand. Judging from that experience, and several others, I must agree that on the toughness scale, rugby makes football look, well, wimpy. Rugby players hurl themselves around the field as if they have several bodies to spare. They are seemingly unconcerned about breaking bones, spraining body parts, being bruised or getting their faces stepped on...by cleats! I attended my first rugby match late last February and remember wondering to myself, "how do they do this without pads?" As an American, I had not had an ounce of exposure to rugby. Never seen a game, never touched a ball, didn't know the rules. When I walked into the Dunedin stadium on that late summer evening (yes, February is their summer) I could instantly feel the electricity. It was sunset, and swarms of raucous, somewhat inebriated college students were jazzed to watch the local Otago Highlanders play their first home match of the new school year. The atmosphere couldn't have been better for my first exposure to the national sport.

The crowd erupted as the teams swarmed the field. Then a sudden hush fell over the stadium, and the players moved into formation to begin the haka, a traditional Maori dance. I was soon to find out that the haka was a pre-game custom in New Zealand rugby. It is easy to see why this traditional warrior dance was common before battles and challenges. Watching an entire rugby team of massive men move together to stomp their feet, flail their arms, and furiously smack their chests while chanting in Maori is a sight that would send nearly any opponent running. The intensity with which this dance was performed and the respect that it received from the crowd was truly a sight to behold. As the playing commenced and bodies began flying across the field, the volume levels of the crowd increased once again. By the end of the night I was nearly deaf and hoarse from screaming, but inside I was thrilled. I had experienced something I never could have back home, and in my book, that's what cultural exchanges are all about.

After my time in New Zealand I now view American football somewhat differently. I would still never call football players wimps, but a part of me wonders, could our boys do it without the pads? Rugby has certainly raised the "toughness" bar. Football has some catching up to do.



REVISITING



Bill Clinton came to UO and personally congratulated Lee after the '92 election.

A CAMPUS LEGEND

Bobby Lee speaks candidly about education and multiculturalism

By Sara Lim-Hamilton

Two decades after Bobby Lee enrolled at the University of Oregon, his achievements are still visible. Lee, 37, rose to the ASUO Presidency in 1992, where he distinguished himself as one of the most influential campus leaders in recent memory.

The middle son of Korean immigrants, Lee attended four different high schools before entering UO as a hesitant music major. He stumbled into politics while leader of the Korean Student Association, which motivated him to get involved with international student issues

Coined the “Godfather of the ASUO” by campus media, Lee and his administration launched KWVA 88.1 FM, masterminded the student-inclusive Programs Finance Committee, and led UO to a 68 % voter turnout in the ‘92 presidential election, the highest of any college. Lee also uncovered \$700,000 of misappropriated student incidental funds and created the Multicultural Center.

Lee says college is about innovating, discovering and taking risks. “In college you can test your limits and over time you’ll find out if that is truly who you are or not, but only time can tell.” He also emphasizes balance. “My advice in hindsight is, don’t take life too seriously because your ego will get in the way,” he says. “See past it by staying calm, being observant, and keeping in mind that you don’t have all the parts.”

During his graduate years at UO, Lee became the youngest person in history to serve as President of the Eugene City Council, where he helped passed ballot measures for the new library and tackled youth homelessness and crime. He even spent several days and nights with a group of homeless youth to better understand their issues. When asked for mayoral candidates that’d be toughest to beat former mayor Jim Torrey declared, “At the top of the list is Bobby Lee.” Lee was in his twenties.

Before his 1998 graduation, Lee was appointed to the State Board of Higher Education by Gov. Roberts where he successfully led the OHSU public corporation transformation and made the passing motion to hire Dave Frohnmayer as President of UO. He was also selected to manage Clinton-Gore’s ‘96 federal campaign in Oregon, a highlight of his career.

Lee believes higher education plays a critical role in the solution of a complex challenge: multiculturalism. Lee knows firsthand how difficult multiculturalism can be. As the first Asian-American City Councilor and ASUO President, several

accounts of racism against Asian-Americans were highly publicized.

He says racism is a fact but believes embracing everyone and sharing their differences is still a responsibility, especially in college. “The university is supposed to represent the universe, so the mission of the university is to ensure people of all backgrounds embrace and explore the world-together. That mission is not limited to the UO; it should be embraced by the larger community.”

After graduating, Lee used his extensive connections to create Lane Business Education Compact. The

“Multiculturalism is not a choice. The world is getting smaller each day. Integration is truly a human problem, and the way to conquer it is to first empower yourself through education”

nonprofit organization partners with major employers to implement career-related academic programs for high school students in Lane county.

As chief of staff for Rep. John Lim, Lee recently led the effort to pass the most influential bill of the politically divided ‘05 Oregon Legislature. Signed into law by Gov. Kulongoski, the bill increases math and English requirements for Oregon high schools.

Lee’s constant focus on education stems from his belief that pluralism will come about whether people are ready or not. “Multiculturalism is not a choice. The world is getting smaller each day. Integration is truly a human problem, and

the way to conquer it is to first empower yourself through education,” he explains.

Lee adamantly states pluralism is not a government challenge alone, so it cannot offer the ultimate solution. People of all backgrounds must focus on changing people’s attitudes and behaviors, not merely writing it into law.

“It’s very difficult to change people’s social DNA. But you have to stay firm and



accept the fact that at the end of the day you may be the only one left standing,” he says.

So what is Bobby Lee’s next success? With his typical candor, Lee says, “This may sound a little odd but I think success is overrated; it’s the struggle of getting to a point that gives you a sense of meaning.” When asked what we could at least expect, he smiles, “Nothing, please don’t expect anything.”

Note: Lee currently works as Corporate Communications Officer for Hynix Semiconductor in Eugene. He is also “Eugene’s Most Eligible Bachelor.”



Barry's *Espresso, Bakery & Deli*

Written and photographed
by Tristen Knight

If you're looking for a unique café with great espressos and pastries, Barry's Espresso Bakery & Deli will do the trick.

Spicy soups and fresh breads that are always on hand fill the air with delicious smells. They serve various pastries, from cakes to challah rolls, all of which are Jewish inspired. A personal favorite is a bialy, a large chewy round yeast roll, somewhat similar to a bagel, which is sprinkled with chopped sautéed onions before baking. Bialys come with several toppings: cream cheese, butter and lox. They also offer great coffee, espressos, Italian sodas and various drinks.

If you're looking for something more filling, they offer make-to-own sandwiches on challah or rye breads. All of the portions are generous for the price. Barry's also offers kugel, rice pudding, kosher and Polish hot-dogs, knish and soups of the day. Another personal favorite of mine is their bacon and cream cheese quiche.

Along with their unique foods and array of drinks, Barry's atmosphere is inviting and comfortable. The young, unique staff is funny and fast, making the mood uplifting. Barry's is a great place to hang out or to work in.

The decor inside is traditional. The café is dimly lit, with seat cushions in wooden booths for comfortable seating. Their walls display original black and white photography for those interested in art, and newspapers are always available for reading. Barry's plays a variety of music inside, offering a little something for everyone.

Barry's is located conveniently close to campus on 12th Avenue and Alder Street.

Allan Brother's Beanery

The place to be when you want to get away.

Written and photographed by Cassie DeFillipo

Europe meets America in this cozy café that offers something for everyone. The Beanery carries a variety of espressos and flavored teas not available in stores.

For a light meal, try the quiche or twice-baked potatoes. If you have a sweet tooth, the selection of pies, cakes, and chocolates can satisfy any craving.

The Beanery offers affordable prices (A 16-ounce cup of coffee costs \$1.50 and a scone costs \$1.75) and a knowledgeable, friendly staff. If you aren't sure what you want, they can help you make a decision.

Housed in one section of a former warehouse, the Beanery neighbors a bicycle shop and a clothing store. The building's history gives the café character that can't be found elsewhere.

The Beanery has a comfortable atmosphere for chatting with friends and families. With a free wireless connection, it is also a good hide-away for the busy student. However, with only 21 tables, finding a seat may be difficult.

The Beanery is located a block from the train station in the Banana Warehouse on Fifth Street.



Above: Stephanie Carpenter and Megan Thorsfeldt

Information.

-Barry's Espresso, Bakery & Deli
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Koreanization

If someone told me a year ago that Korean dramas would be big in Hong Kong, I would immediately have dismissed the very thought of it as a bunch of bull. Therefore, when Stairway to Heaven received rave reviews in Hong Kong last year, I told myself it had to just be a fad. Then the success of Stairway to Heaven was followed by the highly-rated Daejanggum, segued by Full House and shortly after Full House was shown on TV more than a thousand fans waited for Korean pop sensation Rain outside the Hong Kong International Airport when he visited in August of 2005. There was no more denying it. A definite cultural swing towards "Koreanization" had occurred.

The growing popularity of Korean features in Hong Kong is an unprecedented anomaly. For the past two decades, Hong Kong has been greatly influenced by Japanese culture, most notably in fashion, television, music, and food. Even so, the quick and smooth shift into all things Korean in Hong Kong was a great surprise.

It would seem that the Korean influence became most apparent after Hong Kong's popular television broadcaster began to feature a Korean drama, Daejanggum. TVB, a main television competitor, monopolizes the market with more than 90% of viewers. This is highly influential because in Hong Kong television is a very powerful tool, and more than half of the total population tune in on a daily basis. Therefore, when TVB bought the rights to Daejanggum, it became an instant hit. One should never underestimate the power of television in creating entire cultural swings.

Another attraction to the people of Hong Kong was that Daejanggum was set in ancient Korea, which shared many similarities with traditional Chinese values such as the large support for Confucianism and the reverence for family values. Daejanggum was also revolutionary and groundbreaking in its own way. The drama, starring Lee Young Ae, is a touching story about a girl rising to power in a patriarchal society, as she becomes the first female royal doctor in history. While most Japanese and Korean television series usually star young, attractive actors and limit their viewer population to teenagers, Daejanggum reaches out not only to the young age group, but also to middle-aged viewers, especially housewives. The television drama created for the first time in history true appreciation for Korean culture in Hong Kong.

Following Daejanggum, came another Korean drama series, Full House. Full House is a romance, starring Song Hyo Kyo, Kim Sung Soo, Han Eun Jung, and the famous Korean pop star Rain. It is impossible to refer to the success of Full House without giving due notice to the fame of its actress Song Hyo Kyo, who was also seen in the lead role in another popular melodrama, Blue Love. Pop star Rain also captivated a lot of attention from teenage girls. The sudden craze of Full House even made Rain a rival for Hong Kong's local stars.

It is no exaggeration to proclaim that the fascination with Korean television dramas has permeated to the core of Hong Kong culture. Even Korean food has become more popular. Restaurants which previously offered nothing Korean now include Korean dishes, and the number of Korean restaurants has also increased dramatically over the past year. One Ko-

rean restaurant in Hong Kong named Janggum, clearly borrowed from the drama title Daejanggum in order to attract diners. This past summer many travel agencies in Hong Kong even offered Daejanggum tour packages that brought tourists to the locations where the drama was filmed. The hype also brought about an interest in learning the Korean language, previously believed very difficult to learn. Furthermore, brand name Korean cosmetics like Laneige, Missha and Maru, which Hong Kongers had not heard of before are now widely recognized. It seems that the craze for Korean culture will not fade any time soon.

by Colum Yip

China

Taiwan

The Rain Storm

The successful introduction of many Korean dramas to Hong Kong also brought with it the “Rain Storm.” Although it has just as much power as a hurricane, the “Rain Storm” is neither a heavy rain nor a storm, but a lady killer by the name of Rain. The Korean singer-turned-actor Rain is a 6-foot tall charmer with a cute smile and a pair of tiny, yet attractive eyes. His famous six-pack and talented, rhythmic dance moves drive girls and women in Asia crazy.

The “Rain Storm” started in March 2005, when the drama Full House, in which Rain played the lead role, was first shown in Hong Kong on TVB. Since then, Rain’s fan base has kept on increasing, and his fan club (Website: <http://www.rainhk.com>) was established in 2005 by a group of teenage girls and middle-aged women. Members of the club will buy all the items related to Rain, including his CDs, DVDs, stickers, magazines, and dramas; however, there is one exception to the list. Fan club members said they wouldn’t buy a magazine if it gives Rain bad publicity. Also, Rain maniacs said that they would go to Korea to join Rain’s upcoming birthday party. According to Joey Choi, a member of Rain’s fan club, the committee invited the deejay of Koreanstorm.com to Hong Kong as a guest in their first fan meeting, as he has interviewed Rain in Korea before. Many of Rain’s fans have started learning Korean in order to talk with Rain and understand what he says.

The “Rain Storm” also leads to a revolutionary change in the fashion of Hong Kong. Rain’s hair style and clothing have recently become the new image many Hong Kong guys want to copy.

by Janet Cheh

A stylized graphic of a hand holding a white banner that says "Japan". The hand is black and is positioned on the left side of the page. The banner is white with the word "Japan" written in a black, serif font. The background is a solid yellow color with a black outline. There are two red circles on the yellow background, one near the top left and one near the bottom left. On the left side, there is a graphic of a television set with a colorful screen (red, yellow, green) and a black and white checkered pattern below it. A thick black line runs vertically down the left side of the page, and a thick red line runs horizontally across the bottom. At the bottom center, there is a row of small white vertical bars.

Korean Ducks

Spring: When the trees bloom and the sun peeks out behind the clouds, and walking outdoors suddenly becomes a luxury. For most of us, nothing is more refreshing than the first signs of spring. Now, as the rainy gray clouds begin to clear, the only things holding us down are enormous amounts of school work and, for some of us, allergies. But thank goodness the American school system comes through for us and gives us a little break--Spring Break. It's nature's way of saying, Let's Party! Or so said Robin Williams. Korean Ducks would have to agree.

"Last Spring break I left for Brazil and arrived on Easter Sunday. My host mom met me at the airport and kept saying something about how she thought I was going to be a big, pink rabbit. I barely spoke Portuguese at the time, hadn't slept in two days and was pretty sure she was insane. I wasn't entirely off on my assumption."

--Megan Adkins

"Seeds, seeds, bulbs, dig, dirty hands...the peek of leaves, new growth. Anticipation. Surprise. Delight. Spring is exciting!!"

--Theodora Ko Thompson

"Sadly, my most memorable spring break was in my senior year of high school when I got sick on the morning I was supposed to fly to Hawaii with my best friend. I ended up sleeping on the couch for the better part of the week."

--Lillian Dunlap

"Cruising through California two years ago was certainly a spring break to remember. Especially as my rented Ford Focus caressed the meandering curves leading to a valley of wonder, a preserved natural treasure known as Yosemite National Park. I counted to five-thousand glistening stars one night before I fell asleep on the moistured grass in the valley, hoping spring term would never start..."

--Daniel Asenlund

"A car full of friends headed up to Seattle for a week at Bernie's."

--Cara Pang

"Definitely my first Spring Break in America, that was the trip to Seattle with my dad. Especially the songs- we sang in the car."

--Soo Jin Huh

"My best Spring Break was my senior year of high school when I went to Seattle and had Starbucks, both for the first time. Ifell so in love I had about two drinks a day the whole week. Looking back, I don't know how I could afford it!"

--Cassie De Filippo

"Sophomore year, celebrating the Persian New Year in Austin, Texas. Dancing to Persian music with fifty of my relatives 'til three in the morning for days... Parties. Parties. Dancing. Sweets. Parties. Dancing. PRESENTS. Dancing, dancing...no sleep, never any sleep..."

--Amy Ziari

"I was a Habitat for Humanity Volunteer; I traveled to Sri Lanka to help build houses for homeless. I have never done that before, so it was a meaningful experience."

--JY Han

"My freshman year some friends and I took an amazing road trip to LA, only to discover the theme parks were closed. So, we camped out instead."

-- Sara Hamilton

"April, snow, Eiffel Tower...what more can be said?"

Sojin Kim

"I enjoyed sitting and breathing."

--Josh Hoffman

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