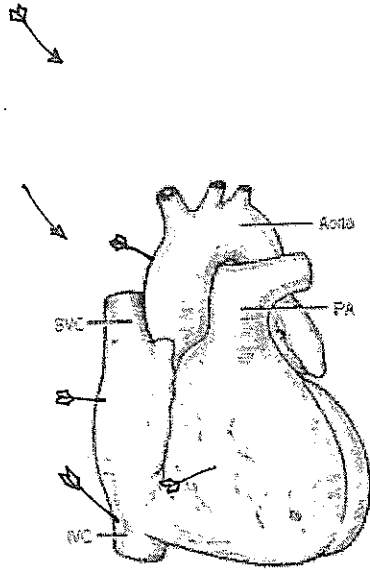


SON



# dis n' dat



Hey Readers. "Happy Love" issue. We rested the month of January, then, we pre-empted some interesting stuff in order to try to capture some of the different beats as the heart turns here in Daejeon, Korea. We temporarily say goodbye to Shin, one of our regular contributors/translators who is grunting in loneliness with the Korean Army. We miss him but he leaves us with a real glimpse of entering into mandatory military service. And thanks to Miss Kim for the translation. So Sensai's Back Talk is not at all PG-13 (do you get it dear reader?) Yet Louisa is back with a cheery story of marriage proposal and acceptance. And let's see, David Beattie continues to inform and entice readers to travel around the Daejeon area, while Jen Jordan makes her debut with DDD as interviewer, editor and translator, of a :the-funky-smell-of-Korean-relationships piece. We thank her for her hard work in the twelfth hour. Yours truly is offering part-one of a two-part short story (one of many) in progress, and Nick leans in with a couple of thought provoking comics that seem just right. I suggest to our readers to read DDD from Brilliant-Cover by Will, to cover: your pleasure is ours. Lastly thanks to the builders of the poetry page. Most of the pages are interesting as only poetry can be, and, when it is in the trad. form of Korean Sijo or Japanese Haiku. Well... even the love-struck Carpenters should be happy. And hey reader just like me they long to be close to you. S.L.S and the editors

Coming in March  
English and Korean cultural roundtable on the reasons for a men's movement in Korea.  
The most intriguing Korean film maker to know.  
Fiction Pt. II  
Postmodern soccer hooligans: pick up litter!

## The Zoo

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## EVENTS

We want this page to develop into an information pool, and calendar. Too many interesting events pass by unnoticed. Help us.



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'Wicked' ddd staff

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**Alliance Française**

Taejon Citizens, the city's team, start playing again next month (March 26th). Those that followed them last season talk of awe and admiration for the fanatical fans, who drum and sing their way through matches and the glorious F.A cup victory at Seoul World Cup stadium. Games are usually Wednesdays, Saturdays or Sundays. Home matches are Downtown at 한밭 경기장 (Hanbat Stadium) or occasionally at the World Cup stadium 대전 월드컵 경기장. Entrance fee was a measly 6,000 won last season. Watch this space for the full fixture list and maybe supporter songs so you don't feel out of place next issue or if your Korean is up to scratch, pay a visit to [www.tcfco.kr](http://www.tcfco.kr).

Korean newspaper websites in English

<http://english.donga.com/>  
<http://english.chosun.com/>  
<http://english.joins.com/>  
<http://www.hankooki.com/times.htm>

### Coming Next Issue

A list of Friday evening concerts  
at KAIST Auditorium

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Yellow Man Walking  
Dedicated to Farraker

"I love my husband because he is kind... not because he paid me to go in the Philippines to fix a nose job." She said this just after drinking the beer to the brow of the branding on top of the green bottle. He noticed how long it was taking her to drink any of it and with this confession now he knew why. Next thing he expected her to tell him was that it is now the year of the Dog and it will be the beginning of great times for Korea. That's not really true but she was done making her most interesting statement anyway. One of the hosts at the KK Club smiled and brought her over to drink his beer with him. Maybe because he had come alone and got a nice discount for sitting down by himself. And, maybe because she could speak English and maybe because she is married.

Stephen knew the way out of this would be to ask for her phone number. She will say yes and pop-out a code to nothing that at least will not break anyone's mood as he starts to get away. Stephen wasn't married and at the sight of her second more relaxed chugging at the bottle he sensed her at ease and guessed, that, would lead to both of them breathing out a smile, and then into comfort coming from just sitting next to each other. The truth is he had been teaching too many hours recently for this and the beer to be any sort of comfort. He needed something else to slake off his thirst. He could ask her when her husband was going to pay some other third-world doctor for big round blue eyes, but even the thrill of naked cruelty didn't excite him because, well for one thing, she wouldn't get the attack from it.

On the table and placed directly between them, the diamond back squid was grilled into a sexually possessed tool. It was somehow looking up at him up and he breathed out,

-It is not really happening here.

His brief companion was already without them though; instead she was now opening to the numbers on her handiphone, popping-in codes that worked or didn't. He made himself only slightly notice as he walked erectly through the half-ignoring half-admiring crowd.

Stephen realized in the dense purple elevator that almost everyone in the KK Club was noticeably older than himself. Rather than this humble him like he thought it should, it made him hungry for the company of deadly Korean women. A victim of his own deadly posing just then, he now realized through his tiredness how fine that women brought to sit next to him was. It was her desire, he thought, that what she wanted by mentioning her husband and the paid-for nose job came from her own will to get anything controversial about her out and away. And besides he could have blown his cigarette smoke the other way to score some points with the kindness factor.

Out of the elevator, he needed to ease himself into the night so he took a bottle of Baek-sey-Ju from his down pocket and locked-in two gulps. He breathed out bittersweetness and there was something he realized he could count on: the humility of the next environment. The Gallery night club would be loaded with fallouts and snatchables. The divorced, the given away. The ones whose chemical imbalances were catching up regardless of their family names; and the most delightful of all: those without e-mail. They would offer the best chance for an escort over to the love hotel right across the street.

-To walk beside one and up the stairs... who was slightly behind or in front of her friends... to shoulder her making her breasts turn towards....

This is what he spoke to the taxi driver as getting in and strapping the seat belt around the whole of the front seat. Sitting in the front made it easier to get out and also to control the music; which was acceptable from the beginning because it was not too loud or too soft to listen to. Passing through traffic and circling away from the clustered neon hood where Korea's gilded youth and non-triumphing westerners

would hang out together and stroke themselves, he discovered the most interesting thing about being an American in Asia was that even with a high-level of perception, that he was usually happy to have, he could take it over-here as it came and have fun at about 50 percent of the time. The ratio hadn't been nearly so good in his own country.

When he warmly toasted the driver for this perspective, the driver made an unusually awkward movement and joined the flow of traffic. The driver wouldn't drink; so instead he put on the above light and reached under his seat handing Stephen a small sealed bottle. Stephen was able to match the dexterity and closed the open bottle while pocketing it safely away. The light was still on and he was able to find the English label on the gift,

***Sansachun***

*This product comes from a fruit bearing, broad leafed*

*Plant belonging to the rose specious.*

*This product has red color and pleasant scent*

*It is good for treating weak stomachs, backaches, and cuts.*

This cure-all read like a Korean Sijo poem and Stephen's high-octane perception was burning as he remarked that this is 50% of everything that could make him happy. The driver smiled towards the circle of light spinning from the floodlights of the Gallery club. They were getting closer but that did not quite set floating Stephen into realizing that the other 50% of his equation was there to be found, taken, given away... was getting closer. Instead, the taxi driver made another awkward move by hitting the break pedal at the end of a yellow light. Stephen exaggerated the rush by letting his head thump on the dashboard, and right into a joined couple. Posted, right there, above the driver's photo I.D. and government digits was the double mug-shot that clipt the attention of everyone in Daejon; science and education city of South Korea.

Two men robbed a bank in the swanky part of town next to the new Starsearch shopping center and shot a bank guard while getting away. Stephen was used to seeing pictures and the vital descriptions of criminals in the post offices and subways of where he was from. He was always interested then and in this cab more so now. But in the midst of his rampant interest, the cabby was again under his seat, this time to come up with Elvis, latter-day and live from Las Vegas. Stephen felt like reminding the cabby to go on the yellow light in the future, and then added about the song now playing,

-“Cold Kentucky Rain”... was Elvis's last number one hit ever.

He was remembering fiercely about how he knew this fact but suddenly it didn't matter. Other facts about Elvis were coming and going through Stephen's mind but he was losing them and slipping towards concern for something else. It stunned him how he actually had seen the mug-shots several times around the town already and heard the story about the fleeing bank-robbers from his hesitant students, but this was the first time he really believed any of it. Startled, he did not know if he was speaking to anyone or just for himself.

-Well they both have the square jutting ‘Lee Jaw’ , and both sets of eyes are predictable but...

The light-scape of Daejon was blinking in and out of the cab and with the forms of the solid cars passing on all sides of it, flashes of obtuse angles collided onto the screaming dashboard. And the flashes hit Stephen in his empty stomach.

-Something has been altered. The one on the left seems to have near-braided hair and the one on the right side's hair seems to be kinky by nature. He pointed when asking the cabby, and finally spoke out loud.

-Who's responsible for that?

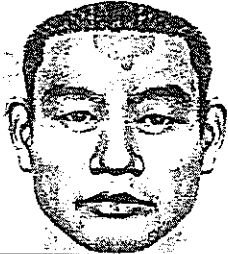
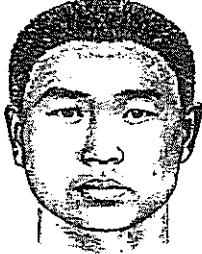
Instead of trying to make sense of the shrugs and semi-violent gestures of the answer from the cabby, he finished the open bottle, hid it, got out and paid the fare easily.

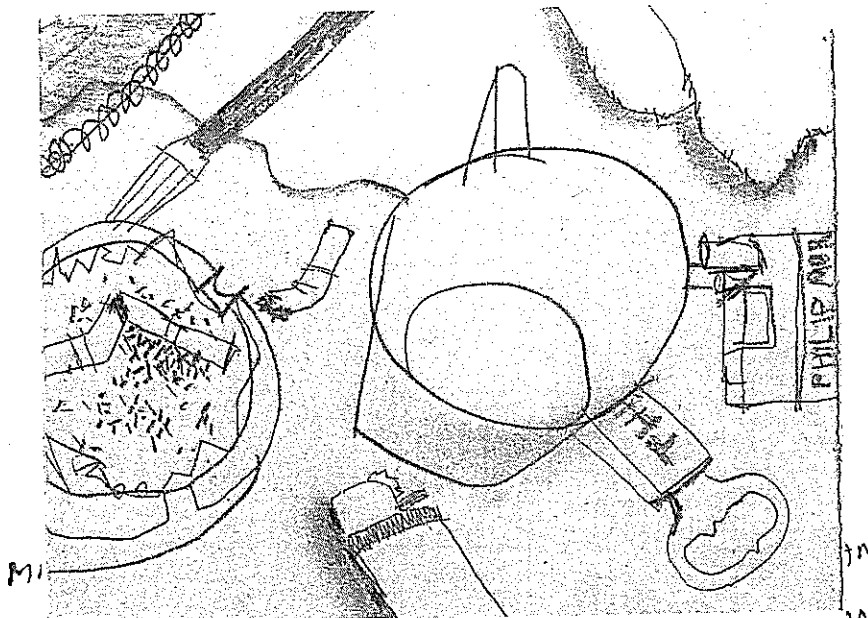
His entrance speech into the Gallery was sprinkle-dropped in Korean but with rage; so at least he understood enough to know why it had brought less success than the first one. Choosing his own table this time, he could be seen only from one corner of the club forming a right angle from the band's empty set-up and waited for the rage to break and leave him. He'd get even money wise this way too because there was still a bottle of the stinging plum pansy-brandy (he called it) in his down pockets.

S.L.S. part II next time.

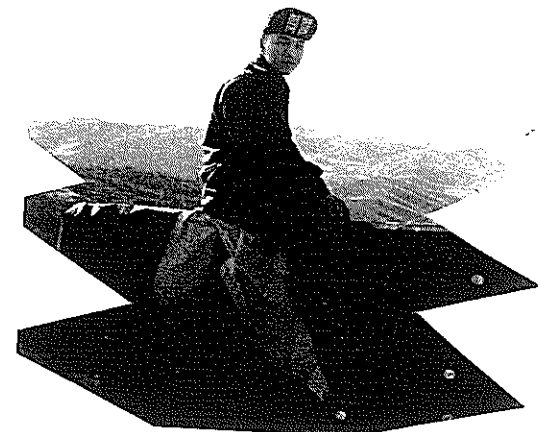
## 시민제보가 사건해결의 열쇠!

◆ 현상금 1000만원 ◆ *Duro's diary*

	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 키 : 170~172cm</li> <li>• 나이: 30대 중반</li> <li>• 얼굴은 둥근 형, 눈 약간 처짐</li> <li>• 코와 귀 약간 큰 편</li> <li>• 머리 스포츠형, 입술은 두툼한 편</li> </ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• 키 : 170~172cm</li> <li>• 나이: 20대 후반</li> <li>• 얼굴은 둥근 형, 머리 스포츠 형</li> <li>• 눈과 입술은 두툼한 편</li> </ul>



.HANDY MAN. HANDY MAN. HANDY MAN. HANDY MAN.  
Y. HANDY MAN. HANDY MAN. HANDY MAN. HAN





## DIS 'N' DAT "SIJO" AND "HAIKU" PAGE...

Sijo and Haiku are traditional forms of Korean and Japanese poetry. Each line in Sijo is meant to be 14-17 syllables because that is the amount of syllables that the average person can speak in one breath! The whole of the Haiku poem with it's 5-7-5 syllable count can be spoken in one breath... GROOVEY ASIA. Thanks to our contributors, breath deep and enjoy...

### 2 Haiku and 2 Sijo from 'Snowy Owl'

W&W

Weight of a snowflake  
Are your lips upom my skin  
One cold, one warms within

Ant you explore each blade of grass and bee each flower's horn  
My curious fingers scout slowly through your body's terrain  
Transforming, the medium of touch, the exterier deep delight

Playful exploring, sinuous moving, through waters silken warm  
The dolphin dances his way into my open welcoming heart  
Now knowing the treasured joys of mutual discovery: trust

SUCCESS

At last, the sheath breaks  
Smoothly through opening the way  
Delving raptur's glow

### Untitled

Flower blooming face to the sky out to passerby

그 꽃은 행인 밖에서 하늘과 마주하여 핀다.

Gently smiling at face to face they become one

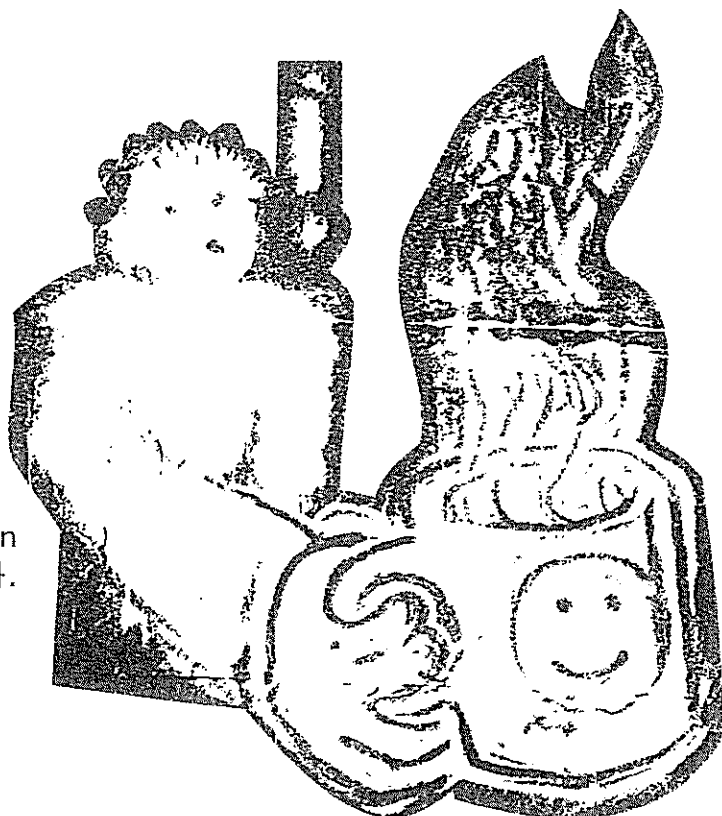
살며시 마주보며 웃고 그들은 하나다

There's no Sun and Moon Nothing but sky between

그들 사이에는 해도 없고 달도 없고 오직 하늘 뿐이다.

You're the only: my blossom in my heart.

Shin



## The bird made by technology that has no life

Listen here everyone! There is a creature that has no life~

이 세상에 생명이 없는 한 창조물이 있다.

That is a mechanical bird I say!

바로 기계에 의한 창조물이라고 선언한다.

Will replace the biological bird in admiring beauty

생물학의 새보다 아름다운 자태에 감탄하자.

(Shijo)

### Our sun

Sun gives us brightness.

태양은 우리에게 빛을 선사한다.

Also the circle of life

또한 자연의 섭리를

What we need in life

우리가 삶에 있어서 필요한

(Haiku)

Michael Kim (sejoongkim1988@hanmail.net)

## 2 Finebone Sijo

Busan odeng Korean cuisine:  
noodles, bap- welcome my machine.

Number one number two

could be me could be you

- let's just say let love rule

Candy Kisses sweet and soft peperoni;

I cry out " Jo! Joo-say-Yo!"

In the middle of a shave I call your name,  
"Hey I Ran" play my game.

From high above I profess my love

- your hands are cold, here take my gloves.

First hour, second hour, any time of day-

"Anyong" just say and I play.

### Tea dreams

The tea drinks for me  
I sing for such a moment  
To be swallowed

Tired swollen white  
Eager refreshing spring shouts  
It owns my one life

### Untitled

Morning sleeps till noon

Weary eyed he floats around  
Hears nothing, smokes, cries

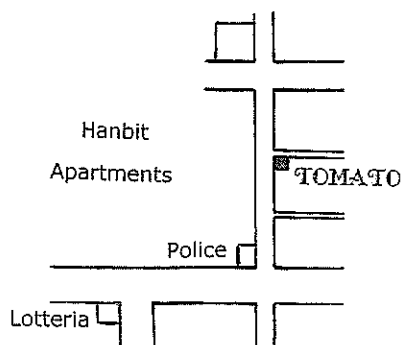
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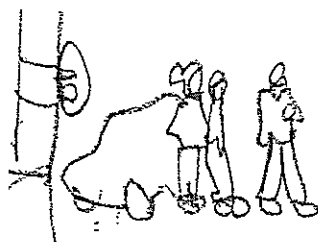


Some Short Poetry from Matthew Stephen

I'm anchored to paths worn by daily passage  
Senses in a dead winter; trees misfire amongst cold circuitry of apartments  
Oh, how welcome a storm would be now.

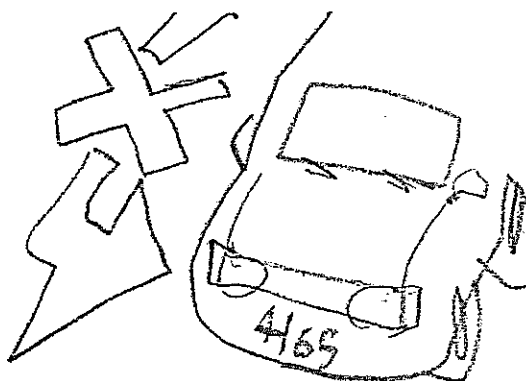
### Earth

Thoroughly haunted  
Every speck of soil  
has been passed through



### Some words for a Dying Dog

Now is the time to dream,  
these dim hours have nothing to offer you.  
Let the arctic coat return to your hairless body and the ghost clouds lift  
from your lids  
Any prey of your choice to hunt; in your beauty, any terrain



### Greatest Thief

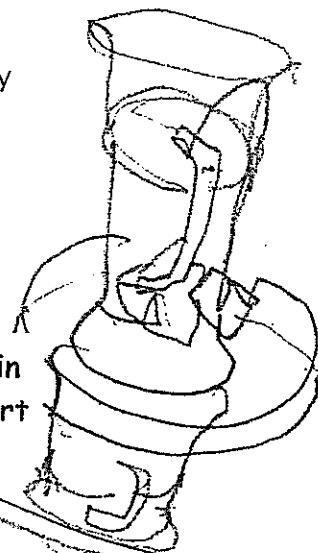
Erect writing brush  
Stains on virgin white paper  
Ill-gotten booty.  
F. Williams

### The Unanchoring of Rooms

In the early morning, flood your room;  
buzzing cicada static displace walls  
Overheard roar of jet injects space; paper debris set to drift  
Sexual intercourse stripping life to its primordial maps

Death plan of insects;  
they know how to insert months into minutes  
Crouched over a body on a tiled mezzanine, watch audible through my  
pants  
Does any trace of this radiate in their post death fibres?

Anyone interested in an Irish Literary reading! Guest poet from Dublin  
coming into town for the Saint Paddy's weekend. She promises to start  
sober this time. Let us know. [didadaejon@yahoo.com](mailto:didadaejon@yahoo.com)



## chaos theory

a butterfly flaps  
her wings in Taejeon and there's  
a storm in my heart

avoiding you is  
much harder than tap dancing  
through a mine-field

I should never drink  
dohng-dohng-ju alone or with  
someone so gorgeous

drunk and loving it  
more eyes to see you with  
don't be afraid

A butterfly's death  
brings the birth of a woman  
finally I see you

21<sup>st</sup> Century Anonymous

COLLEGE DOCKMAN

## 3-piece Haiku for MISS bae

Her hair is falling  
In the other room next door      HAIR  
Me... still in it's swing

Red flows everywhere  
Like blowing hope from candles      COAT  
Soft deep light it blinds

Those heels clicking fast  
yet slower than new heart beats      BOOTS  
Together we roar

S.L.S

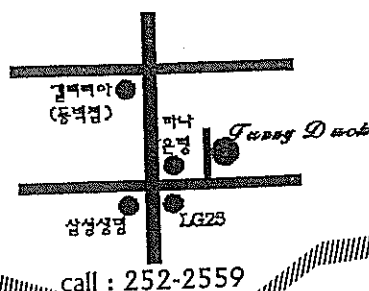
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외국인과 함께 할 수 있는 공간 그리고 포켓볼  
대전역



## Hooker's Daughter is Heroine

By David Beattie

DDD Correspondent

An easy destination good for a day out in our neighbouring province to the south, Jeollabuk-Do, is a midsize community that has fashioned an identity for itself as the "City of Love."

Namwon is a charming town which has capitalized on a story which is apparently almost universally known in Korea.

It goes like this: in the 15th Century a young nobleman is relaxing at a sort of botanical gardens when in the distance he sees a young woman on a swing.

He instantly falls in love with her, and forever both their lives are changed. He is Yi Mongnyong, son of a chief magistrate, while she is Chunhyang, the daughter of a prominent "female entertainer," a sort of courtesan and musical performer.

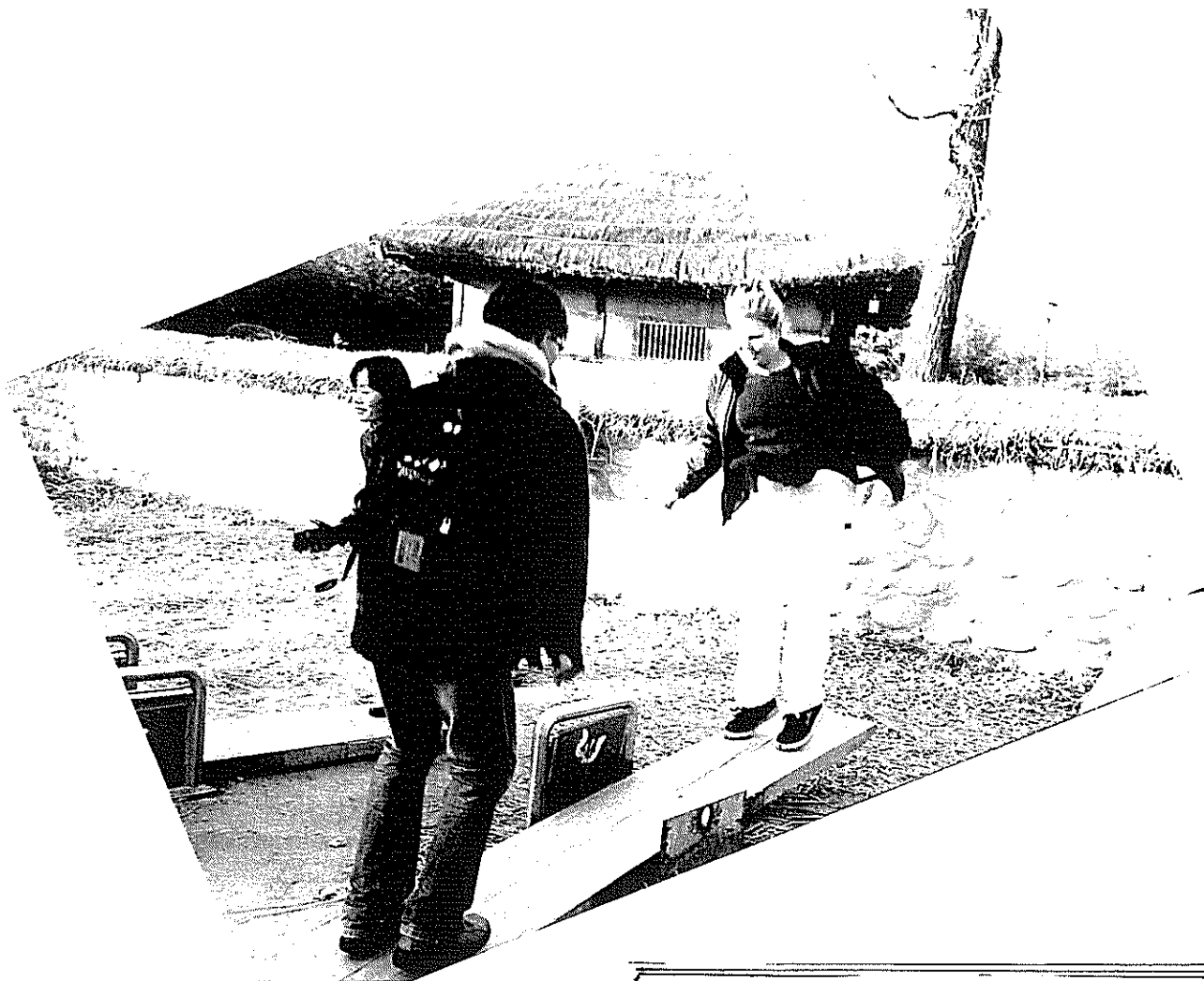
Yi Mongyong wastes no time in visiting Chunhyang where she lives with her mother, Wolmae. He pledges his eternal love for her, and it appears that his feelings are requited. Unfortunately, the enthusiastic suitor and his father are transferred to Seoul, and are replaced by a chief magistrate of dubious morality. He insists that Chunhyang in fact bless him with her charms, and when she refuses, he orders that she be put to death on his birthday. In the meantime she is jailed and whipped for her impertinence.

Things appear to be very bleak for Chunhyang until Yi Mongyong gets back to town just in the nick of time, rescues her and they live happily after. It was Chunhyang's iron fidelity in the face of this potentially fatal pressure that has earned her a place in Korean history as the "Eternally Faithful Lady."



The extent to which the story is actually true, whether it is an embellishment of a more mundane reality or an outright legend has so far proved impossible for this reporter to ascertain. The tourist brochure refers to the discovery of a stone from the tomb of Chunhyang, which suggests a solid reality to the tale, but who knows? It was a long time ago, and with so many invasions in the interim, the path to the past is no doubt dusty indeed.

The cynical might remark that this Korean Cinderella tale, where the daughter of a 15th Century hooker is revered as the embodiment of chastity and fidelity, is an appropriate paradox for a country that to this day insists on premarital purity from courting couples and yet supports a colossal sex industry.



The centrepiece of the park is Gwanghallu Pavilion, originally built in 1419, burned down in the Japanese invasion of 1597 and restored in 1626. Then more than 300 years passed before it was designated a national treasure in 1963. It is unclear how much of the pavilion today is from the original restoration of

1626 and how much built in the last decade or so. Either way, it is an enchanting spot on the river, and inside a beautifully landscaped park that has plenty to see.

The story of Chunhyang is well told in a series of nine huge oil paintings hanging inside their own separate building, and the home of her mother is reconstructed in its own courtyard.

Be that as it may, the City of Namwon has put together what is now called "Gwanghalluwon Garden," a park dotted with shrines, pavilions, ponds and bridges that makes for a relaxing morning or afternoon.



It's important to work hard ,  
But the most important thing is to enjoy life!  
I've been thinking about you since you left your hometown.  
I thought you needed a good place to relax.  
So I've opened a club you will like!

**We have the best band from Manilla , 'Red Sector A'**

Also a great cocktail team behind the bar.  
The champion team of 2000.  
There is so much to make your time enjoyable at our club.  
You will find more than you expect!

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## An Ad for Valentines Day

Hello everybody! Remember me? You know... I am the Chinese girl, born in Hong Kong, raised in England living in Dae Jeon, and now about to marry a Korean man.

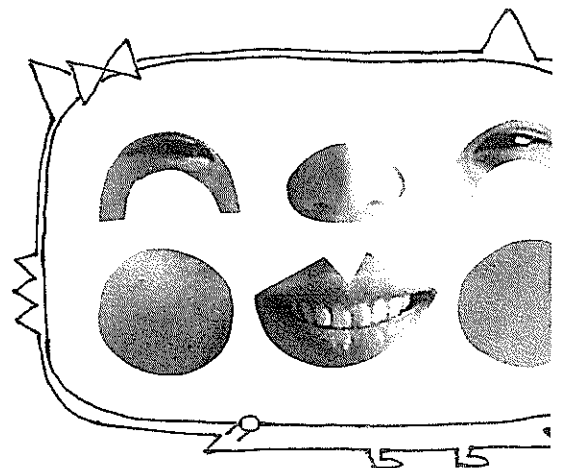
We are in February, which of course can be a very romantic time of year with St. Valentine's Day. Personally I love this month because it is the one my boyfriend proposed to me in. For me this month is about romance and cold weather and that a promise can be forever; the cold weather certainly helps create an atmosphere for love too! My favourite way to pass the little spare time I have in this cold time of year is to get a nice bottle of wine (red, preferably), rent a good video, curl up on the sofa (or bed, if you want) with the person I love the most, and cuddle up to keep warm! Other things might follow... but the loving feeling of cuddling up and chatting quite overwhelms my heart.

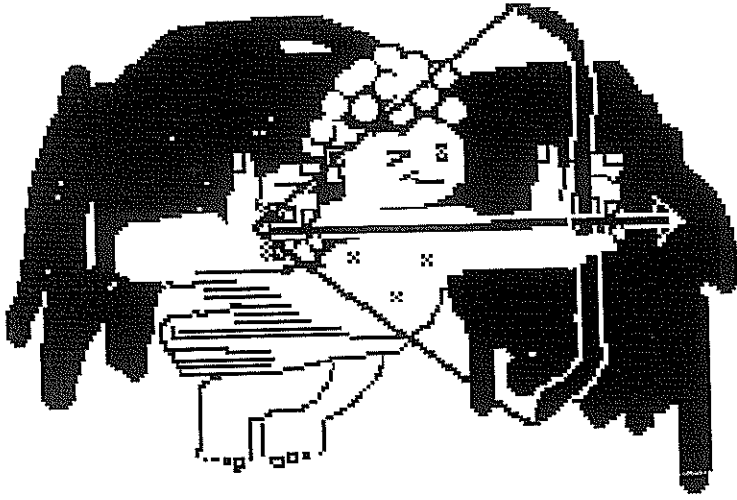
Since I met my fiancé, we have done many romantic things together. We've been to Paris, walked down Champs Elysées; we've walked up the Eiffel Tower hand-in-hand; strolled along Ponte Vecchio in Florence; climbed up the Duomo (cathedral), took in the breathtaking views and even made our vows to stay together forever.

But all these are not as romantic as the day that he proposed to me. The day my fiancé proposed to me is a day that I will never forget for the rest of my life. **It all happened very unexpectedly....**

The night before we had a fight, just a small one but we were not happy with each other. I woke up feeling somewhat depressed and expected we would just pass the day without speaking with each other very much. Besides it was a Sunday and we were face to face with a long list of usual chores. So you can image my surprise when suddenly he said to me, in a very gentle tone, to "Change clothes, we will go out for dinner". He told me to wear something nice because he was taking me to a posh restaurant. I wasn't sure everything was okay between us, but since we were already not happy, I wasn't going to be sarcastic! Especially as he had asked me so very nicely: I obliged without saying much.

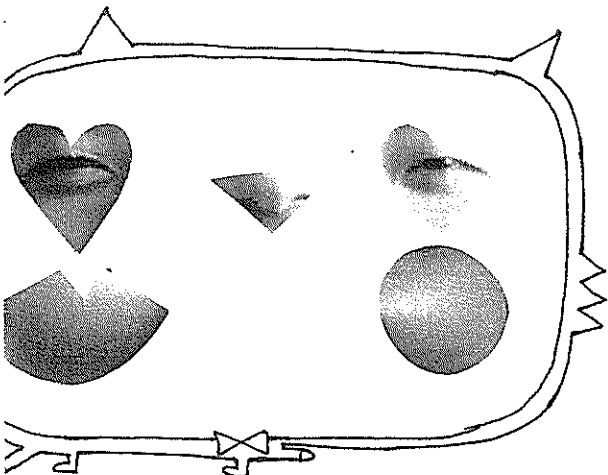
So the day is turning as he wants to try this lobster restaurant that was opened only a few months earlier. And he must remember how we both love seafood – when we first met in France, we were constantly indulging in it at the most glorious locations, such as St. Malo and Nice.





Anyway it is amazing what a glass or two of red wine can do. We weren't talking much with each other at the beginning of the meal, but when the lobster sauce and wine combined whatever we were arguing about became trivial. We are enjoying ourselves despite the fact that we are probably each putting on 5 lbs. of joy! Yes, well, we are who we are now, but I still have no idea why he is making me feel this special and I am guessing that there are some underlying motives here.

The heart's truth unveiled after the meal...



We are outside in the wet February chill and he asks me to wait for him in the car, claiming that he has to go to the bank to get some ready cash. So I am listening to some traditional Korean Pansori music (because the radio antenna is down in the rent-a-car and there is only this cassette that he has brought from Korea). I'm waiting for him to return. It's taking longer than it should. So, after a while I get out of the car and here he comes, approaching me with a gigantic bunch of 30 roses with gypsophilas erupting from within them. This is 101% romantic, he is kneeling in the middle of the street crowded with people, and asking me to marry him. My head went all fuzzy and my heart melted. Of course I said yes! How could I not? I love him with all my heart, sometimes even more than myself. True, sometimes I am mean and nasty and we fight, but I think you get that in all couples.

**Besides, life can become boring if we are always nice to each other...**

So this is how my then boyfriend became my now fiancé and my forever soul mate. Nowadays, we laugh at the way we fought and got engaged during the same weekend; and we know that for all the passion we have inside us, we will remain together for the rest of our lives.

My love and best wishes to you on in this wonderful month,

Louisa

P.s. If you want to share your love story with me, please do so! I can be reached at [tzechuk@yahoo.com](mailto:tzechuk@yahoo.com). I look forward to hearing from you.

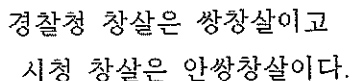


박사 = doctor    분이, 분은 = this is  
법 = law

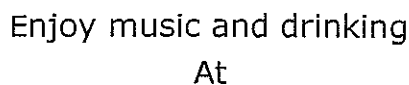
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5. 질투하는 것
6. 나쁜 병이 있는 것
7. 아이를 못 낳는 것

> ho



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DDD IS LOOKING FOR KOREAN STAFFERS TO WRITE FOR US IN ENGLISH ABOUT DAEJON POLITICS, BUISNESS AND THE ENVIRONMENT, AND ANYTHING INTERESTING. ACADEMIC INTERNSHIPS CAN BE ARRANGED. [didadaejeon@yahoo.com](mailto:didadaejeon@yahoo.com)



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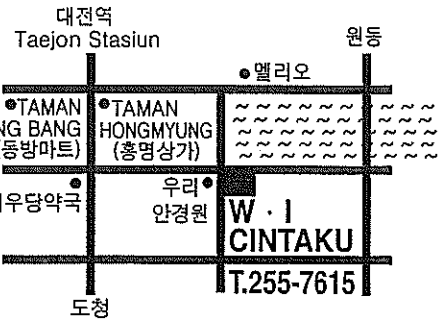
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DDD will start to take a look at social concerns in Korea that any of us could be experiencing in some way. Take an interest if you must, because there will be no Horoscopes or Exchange rates coming from us. By the way how much rice can a buck buy? Have the answer? Email [didadaejon@yahoo.com](mailto:didadaejon@yahoo.com)



INTERVIEW, EDIT AND TRANSLATION BY jen jordan.

I never promised you a

인터뷰, 편집 그리고 번역은 젠 쇼단님이 수고하셨습니다.

## ROSE GARDEN

So here we are in the month of Love surrounded by love (not to mention chocolate) and hearing about nothing but Love and what article do I get, may I ask? The one about divorce. Typical.

지금 우리는 사랑으로 둘러싸인 (초코렛을 얘기하지 않더라도) 사랑의 달(계절)에서 오로지 사랑에 관하여 듣고 내가 얻게 될 기사가 무엇인지 듣고 있습니다. 그 기사가 무엇이냐고 물어 본다면 그 것은 바로 이혼에 관한 것인데 아주 전형적인 예가 될 것입니다.

We started out doing the touching story of one divorced, Korean woman. The questions are ready; the tape is running when we find out, she's not actually divorced.

어느 한 한국인 이혼녀의 감동적인 얘기부터 시작해 보지요. 질문거리 들이 준비되고 얘기가 진행되자 언제 부터 인가 그녀는 이혼녀가 아님을 알 수 있었습니다.

She's living separately from her husband because of her kids' education. In Korea, they are called 'weekend couples' and they are about as common as Kimchi in the morning. Especially in Taejon.

그녀는 자식들의 교육문제 때문에 남편과 헤어져서 살아야 했습니다. 한국에서는 그것을 주말 부부라고 하는데요, 한국 사람들이 아침마다 김치를 먹는 것과 같이 매우 흔한 일입니다.

The new government complex has created a whole sector of men (and occasionally women) whose families live in Seoul, but whose jobs have moved here. As a general rule, Mom's go where the kids' education needs to be and Dad's go where the work is.

새로운 정부 청사가 생기므로 해서 그들의 가족은 계속 서울에서 살고 있지만 직장 을 따라 가

죽과 별거해야 하는 많은 남성들이나 여성들이 생겨났습니다.

And here you have our interviewee. She's living on this side of Taejon with the kids' education in mind and he's living on the other side with work in mind. She says they see each other as often as they can, but it's just plain easier for him to commute 5 minutes rather than 45. It's not my style, but hey, to each her own.

잠시 한 여성과 만나 인터뷰를 해 보았습니다. 그녀는 교육문제 때문에 아이들을 데리고 대전에서 살고 있고 남편은 직장을 따라 대전에서 떨어져 홀로 살고 있습니다. 그 여성이 말하기를 자기네들은 언제든지 만나고 싶으면 그럴 때 마다 만난다고 합니다. 그러나 남편이 45 분 거리를 두고 출퇴근하는 것 보다 5 분 걸려 출퇴근하는 것이 낫다고 합니다. 이렇게 사는 것을 저에게는 어울리지 않지만, 그들은 그런 생활을 나름대로 좋아하기 때문이겠죠.

And here you have me. I've been here for 5 years. I'm working on learning Korean, but forgive my mistakes. My best friends are Korean and hitting that 'gotta get married' age. They are frantically seeking eligible partners while their foreign friends look on in dismay and wonder. I'm interested in Korean culture, but being a woman, I'm most interested in the culture as it relates to women.

이젠 저에 관해 잠시 얘기를 해 보겠습니다. 저는 한국어를 배우는 것에 관하여 일을 하고 있는데요, 현대 저의 실수를 용서해 주시기 바랍니다. 나의 절친한 친구들은 한국사람들 인데요, 지금 결혼할 나이에 접어들었습니다. 그들은 적합한 배우자를 찾기 위해 혈안이 되어있는데 반해 그들의 외국인 친구들은 실망스럽고 의아한 눈초리로 쳐다 보고 있습니다.

As our interviewee says, "Korea is a funny country". I hope what she has to say will shed a little light on Korean women, Korean relationships and the way Korean law backs-up the social system.

우리가 인터뷰한 사람이 얘기하길 한국은 이상한 나라라고 합니다. 난 그녀가 말한 내용이 한국의 여성과, 한국인들의 친척관계, 그리고 한국법이 옹호하는 사회적 제도 등에 관해 조금이나마 밝혀 주기를 바라고 있습니다.

DDD: You told us that Korea is a funny country. What did you mean by that?

한국은 이상한 나라라고 했어요. 그것은 무슨 뜻입니까?

Interviewee: Lots of different things. I can't really say that it's one reason. There are lots of irregularities in the culture of men, women and marriage.

여러 가지 많은 이유가 있어요. 한가지가 아니죠. 한국의 문화에서는 여러 변칙이 있어요. 특히 남자, 여자, 결혼에 관한 문화에는 말이죠.

DDD: How difficult is life for couples that get divorced?

한국에서는 이혼하면 생활이 너무 어렵지 않나요?

Interviewee: The most difficult thing is the new social standing that people have.

가장 어려운 일은 다른 사람들이 이혼한 사람들을 이상하게 보는 일이지요.

DDD: Do people try to hide their divorces?

Interviewee: People don't speak of it to others. At first only the people close to the family know, but as time passes the rumor gets passed on.

사람들은 이혼했다는 사실을 감추려고 하나요?

보통, 사람들은 다른 사람들에게 이혼에 관해 말하지 않아요. 처음에는 그들의 가족과 친한 사람들만 알게 되고 나중에 시간이 지나고 소문이 나면 차츰 알려지게 된답니다.

DDD: Do you know anyone who is divorced? How about that situation?

혹시 이혼했던 사람을 아십니까? 그 경우에는 어떠 했나요?

Interviewee: Yes, my close friend is divorced. They have two children. The children went with her husband. They both live in Taejon, but she can only see her children some times.

예, 저와 절친했던 사람이 이혼을 했는데요, 아이들 둘이 있었습니다. 이혼 당시 그 애들은 남편이 맡아 키우기로 했어요. 현재 두 사람 다 대전에서 살고 있는데 제 친구가 애들을 보고 싶으면 가끔씩만 볼 수 있습니다.

DDD: Do children usually go with their mothers or fathers in the case of divorce?

이혼했을 경우에 보통 아이들은 어머니랑 사나요 아니면 아버지랑 사나요?

I: Usually fathers. Until recently, it was the law that the children always belonged to the father. Now the law has changed, so a woman can now sue the man for divorce and for the children.

보통 아버지랑 살지요. 한국법상 아이들의 양육권은 아버지에게 주어집니다. 최근에 그 법이 바뀌어서 여성들도 아이들의 양육권을 위해 고소할 수가 있게 되었습니다.

Also, the woman can get the children, but she can't change their family name.

Regardless, the children retain their father's family name. If a woman gets divorced and she gets remarried, she still can't change the children's names. So then there are three names in the family: the mother's, the father's and the children's. Because the father's name and the child's name are different, people instantly know that it is a second marriage. The new husband can't even adopt the children and change their names.

그런데 여성이 아이들을 받게 될 경우, 여성은 아이들의 성을 바꿀 수 없습니다. 무슨일이 있어도 아이들은 아버지의 성을 바꿀 수가 없습니다. 이혼했던 여성이 재혼을 하더라도 아이들은 성은 바뀌지 않습니다. 그럴 경우에는 한 집안에 세개의 성이 있을 수 있지요. 아버지의 성과 아이의 성이 다르기 때문에 곧 재혼했다는 사실을 알 수 있지요. 새 남편은 아이들을 양자로 받을 수도 없고 아이들의 성도 바꾸지 못합니다.



DDD: Why is that so important in Korea?

한국에서 성은 왜 이렇게 중요합니까?

I: Because the family names and the family's history are passed through the male lineage, so we can't change them.

남자의 혈통으로 가족의 성과 역사가 보존되었으므로 바꿀 수가 없습니다.

I: Here's something else, if, in a family, the father dies, who do you think takes over the family?

여기 좀 알고 싶은게 있는데요. 한 가족에서 남편이 죽으면 누가 가족을 떠맡을 것인가요?

DDD: Well, in the USA, the mother, of course.

단연 미국에서는 어머니가 호주가 되겠지요.

I: That makes sense, but in Korea, the dead father's brother takes over. And if there are no older man in the family, the oldest son becomes the head of the household. So even if he is only one year old, he becomes the leader.

그렇겠군요. 그러나 한국에서는 돌아가신 아버지의 형이 호주가 됩니다. 그리고 가족중에 나이가 더 많은 남자가 없으면 장자가 호주가 됩니다. 한살밖에 어린이라도 호주가 되지요.

DDD: What else?

또 할말 있어요?

I: Here is some more Korean law. Social Security Numbers, Your SSN is your own in the USA, but in Korea, it is tied into your family. Everyone in one family has similar SSNs. So, if you use your SSN in connection with some kind of problem, like divorce, or if you are arrested, it is a mark on your whole family's record. Also when a woman gets married, her SSN is taken out of her old family and she gets a new SSN that is tied in with her husband's family. This is the law for Social Security Numbers, but it is also indicative of Korean society. When a woman gets married, she is no longer part of her own family. She becomes a member of her husband's family.

한국의 법규에 관해 말하고 싶어요. 미국에서는 사회보장번호가 개인 자신의 것인데 반해, 한국에서는 가족 모두의 번호와 관련이 있지요. 한 가족의 구성원이 갖는 사회보장번호(한국에서는 주민등록번호라고 함)는 서로가 비슷합니다. 만약에 가족 구성원 중에 이혼을 했다던가, 전과 기록이 있다던가 하면, 당신의 사회보장번호에는 약간의 문제가 연루되게 된답니다. 역시 여성이 결혼할 경우에 그녀의 고유 주민등록번호가 인정되고 남편 가족과 연과된 새 번호를 부여 받게 되지요. 이것이 주민등록번호에 관한 한국법이고, 한국의 사회상을 잘 나타내 줍니다. 그녀는 더 이상 친정집에 속하지 않고 남편의 가족 구성원이 된답니다.

DDD: Because of all the difficulties with divorce, not many people get divorced here. Is that right? What is the divorce rate in Korea?

이혼에 따른 온갖 어려움 때문에 많은 사람들이 이혼하기를 꺼려하고 있습니다. 맞지요? 한국에서의 이혼율은 얼마입니까?

I: Yes and no. The rate has gone up a lot. I don't know exactly, but it came out in the last census. I think it's almost 30%.

글쎄요. 이혼율이 많이 올라갔지요. 정확히는 잘 모르겠지만, 아마 30% 가까이 올라갔을 겁니다.

DDD: Among your friends, do you know anyone has gotten married even though they didn't love their spouse?

당신 친구들 가운데 서로 사랑하지 않으면서도 결혼한 사람을 아십니까?

I: In the USA, you marry for love, but in Korea there is a marriage age, and there is a lot of pressure to get married by that time. So in Korea, there are many ways to meet a future husband or wife. Usually people meet through 'Sogaeting' which is similar to a blind date. There are also 'meetings' where lots of people get together and introduce themselves around, and there are even wedding matchmaking services. Because of the pressure to get married, even if they don't find someone to love they just marry someone they can live with. People get to choose, but they don't choose for love, they choose for compatibility.

미국에서는 사랑하는 사람하고 결혼하지만 한국에서는 결혼 적령기란 것이 있어서 주위로부터 많은 압력을 받게 된답니다. 그래서 한국에서는 장래의 남편이나 아내를 찾는 방법들이 많이 있지요. 보통 일종의 blind date 와 같은 소개팅이 있어서 많이 애용되고 있습니다, 그리고 많은 사람들이 서로를 주변 사람들에게 소개해주는 미팅이란 것이 있습니다. 심지어는 결혼을 목적으로 하는 미팅도 있지요. 결혼해야 한다는 주변의 압력 때문에 그들은 서로 사랑하지 않으면서도 결혼해서 같이 살고 있습니다. 사람들은 선택을 하지만 사랑을 위해서 선택하지 않고 단지 잘 어울린다는 적합성만을 위해 선택을 합니다.

DDD: What happens when the parents oppose a marriage?

만약 부모가 결혼에 반대하면 어떻게 되나요?

I: There are people who just say forget it, and get married anyway. But there are also people who break up in an effort to obey their parents.

그저 상관하지 않고 결혼하는 사람들이 있습니다. 그러나 어떤 사람들은 부모를 따르기 위해 헤어지는 사람들도 있습니다.

DDD: If someone in that situation gets married anyway, do the parents usually change their minds and support the new couple?

I: If there is a strong reason why they don't like the marriage, then, no, but sometimes, they try to be supportive.

DDD: How about marrying foreigners?

I: Before there weren't that many foreigners so it was difficult to meet them. Also for the most part, they were mostly American military men. The women who met them were usually not all that well off to begin with.

DDD: And now?

I: There days there are more foreigners here, so it's becoming easier to meet them. Also there are more teachers, scientists, and businessmen, so there are a variety of ways and places to meet foreigners. Still, parents worry when their parents worry their children want to marry a foreigner. It's still not totally accepted and it can make for a hard life. Also, keeping the bloodline pure is important so that makes it more difficult. Koreans have a hard time accepting the mixing Korean blood with outsiders. But things are changing and I think that over time it will become more and more normal for people to marry outside of Korea.

TO BE CONTINUED as part of a broader discussion upcoming.

광대한 분야의 토론은 앞으로도 계속됩니다. 주~~욱~~

# Goodbye Boy in the Gallery

Hello Again.

This is the second time I can see you in the magazine. But, this might be the last time unless I break my leg or get really hurt and then fortunately they do not want to let me in the Korean Army.

I want to think about Valentine's day in Korea but I better tell you all I am distracted about my upcoming life. It is winter now and I have to go into private training. I think many of you call this boot camp. Well, either way I don't want to get chilblains on my feet and hands (that is a fancy British word for blisters), and going into the army right now without having a girlfriend to miss me I have blisters on my soul. Also I am way out of luck because I did not get into the select group of KATUSA (Korean Augmentation Troops to the United States Army). I don't know why this did not happen for me. All of my foreigner friends tell me I speak English well, but I believe what my parents tell me also, encouraging me to carry on with the ups and downs of life. I guess all of this is just the way that the fortune cookie crumbles in my English speaking mouth. Actually I hate it when the Chinese restaurant gives me a fortune cookie; I just want then to sell Jja Jang Men and Jjam Bbong.

Whenever I tell my friends and different family members that I'm going into the army they tell me

like, "Oh... poor thing. Sorry about that."

My brother and lots of other people have gone through it, and maybe they think that making me a soldier will make me a real man. Well that's what they told me about drinking too, and all it did was remind me to go to the bathroom a lot. And the next morning I was still lonely. **Last month I went out fell in love and broke up with three girls.** I must have been looking to fill in my empty heart. But something was not right, and so I still haven't done out here what I desire to do before I get in there. I want to fulfill my physical desires. And once I am in there I know I am only going to get stuck in army stuff anyway. I'll have to forget I have a heart.

I can count the days on my one hand of fingers before I have to go into the army. It is easy to think about a place where I have never been before. I'm looking at all the circled clocks in my art shop (this is where I first wrote to you from) and the swinging second hand is putting me into a state of hypnosis. The ticking of reality is not leaving me alone. I am now in a taxi for one of the last times and I don't where to get off. All the bars and bus stops are just passing me by. Even though in the taxi I can go where I want. In the army I will be told what to do and I must follow without knowing my own will. Back in the

gallery I can dream about getting myself out from where I know I belong. I can guess in some strange way that everyone reading this right now knows exactly what I am feeling, but that must be just an assumption... the clocks on the wall are ticking. I tell my friend Scott (who writes this magazine) about this and he just grins telling me that a broken clock can be right just twice a day and that this is its time. I don't hijo on the poetry page. I have to go.

like to look at the wall of clocks anymore.

Okay, I'll see you guys again (I hope). I'll probably be able to say how I can fire guns and kill people like North Korean soldiers. I want to appear next time in DDD as Boy in the Barracks. Never again as Boy in the Gallery. Call me Shin.

P.S. I left you my s





## 미술관 소년이여, 안녕!~

또 만났네요. 이 배거전에서 만난 지 두 번째가 되는군요. 그렇지만 아마도 내 다리가 부러지거나, 심하게 다쳐서 아주 운 좋게도 군대에서 내가 더 이상 필요하지 않게 된다면 이번이 마지막이 될 것 같네요.

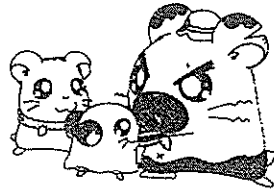
나는 한국에서 발렌타인 데이를 어떻게 보내는지를 말해야 하겠지만, 나의 바로 눈앞에 다가온 미래에 대해 얼마나 심란해 하는지를 말하는 게 나을 것 같습니다. 이제 지금은 겨울이고, 개인적인 트레이닝에 참가해야 할 때가 왔습니다. 아마도 여러분들 중 많은 분들은 이것을 쫓탄 교육캠프(躰術) 부르겠지요. 어쨌든 동상이 걸리지 않도록 조심해야 하겠지만, 내가 군대에 가 있는 동안 나를 그리워해 줄 여자 친구 하나 없는 것 자체가 내 가슴에 동상이 걸린 것처럼 시렵니다. 게다가 카츄사 같은 선택된 그룹에 포함 될 수 없다는 것 또한 운이 없다는 뜻이겠지요. 모든 나의 외국인 친구들은 내가 영어를 매우 잘 한다고 하는데, 나는 내가 왜 카츄사에 들어갈 수 없었는지 알 수 없습니다. 그러나 나는, 나의 부모가 그랬듯이, 삶에 있어 쓴맛과 단맛을 경험하는 것이라 생각합니다. 나의 생각으로는, 내가 영어를 말할 때 아마도 행운의 과자가 내 입 속에서 영어를 못하게끔 작용한 것 때문이라고 생각합니다. 내가 지난번 중국 식당에 갔을 때 내가 받았던 행운의 과자를 아주 싫어 했고, 속으로 짜장면이나 짬뽕을 팔지...하는 생각이 내심 들었기 때문일지도 모르지요.

내가 내 친구들이나 친척들에게 군대를 간다고 말하면, 대부분은 쟁 가여운 것,

정말 안됐다! 라고 말하지만 내 형이나, 기타 다른 군대를 이미 갔다온 많은 사람들은 군대 생활이 나를 진짜 남자로 만들어 줄 꺼라고 합니다. 아마도 그들이 생각할 때는 술을 많이 못 마신다거나, 술 마신 후 자주 화장실을 간다거나 하는 것이 아직 어리기 때문이라고 생각하는 듯 합니다. 그리고 바로 그 다음 날인 오늘... 나는 심한 외로움에 사로잡힙니다. 지난 달 나는 세 명의 여자친구와 데이트를 했고, 헤어졌습니다. 나의 공허한 마음을 채울 무언가가 필요했었지요. 그러나 무언가가 잘못되었고, 거기 군대에 가기 전에 여기서 해야 할 어떤 것을 하지 못한 것 같은 씁쓸한 기분이 듭니다. 한편으로는 육체적 갈증을 해소하고 싶기도 했지요. 일단 내가 군에 입대하게 되면 군에서 해야 할 일 외에 아무것도 할 수 없을 테니까요. 나는 내가 생각할 수 있고, 느낄 수 있다는 것을 잊어버려야 하기 때문입니다.

나는 내가 군에 입대해야 할 날이 얼마나 남아 있는지를 내 열 손가락으로 하나, 둘...세고 있습니다. 내가 전에 한번도 가보지 않았던 곳을 가야 한다는 것을 생각하기란 쉽지 않습니다. 나는 내가 지난번 내가 일하고 있다는 아트샵에서, 둥근 모양의 시계를 뺏히 지켜보고 있습니다. 그리고 흔들리는 시계의 초침은 나를 최면상태로 빠져들게 합니다. 그러나 똑딱거리며 가는 시계의 바늘은 이내 내게 현실을 일깨워 줍니다. 그리고 이제 나는 택시 안에서 남아있는 시간들 중의 일분, 일초를 허비하고 있습니다. 그리고 멍하니 그냥 차창 밖의 지나쳐버리는 버스 정류장을 바라보며 어디에서 내려야 할 지

조차 생각이 떠오르지 않습니다. 지금 여기에서는 내가 가고 싶은 곳은 어디든 갈 수 있으나, 그곳 군대에 가면 내가 해야 할 일을 단지 듣고, 내 의지와는 상관없이 무조건 따라야 하겠지요. 이제 다시 아트샵에 돌아오니 내가 속한 현실에서 약간은 벗어날 수 있다는 것을 꿈꿀 수 있을 것 같습니다. 나는 약간 다른 방식으로라도 이 글을 지금 읽고 있는 사람은 누구든지 내가 정확히 무엇을 느끼고 있는지를 알 것이라 생각합니다. 그러나 그건 실체가 아니라 순전히 추측해 보는 것이겠지요. 벽에 있는 시계가 똑딱거리며 가고 있습니다. 내 친구 Scott에게 시계에 대해 말하니 하얀 이를 드러내고 웃으며 고장난 시계는 시계 바늘이 움직이지 않으니 하룻 동안 시간이 두 번 정도만 맞을 수 있고, 이제는 군대에 가야할 시간이라고 대답합니다. 나는 벽에 걸린 시간을 다신 보고 싶지 않군요.



자, 여러분들을 다시 만날 수 있기를 희망합니다. 그리고 총을 쏘는 것을 배워서 북한군과 같은 사람들을 죽일 수도 있다고 말할 수 있습니다. 아트샵에 있는 소년이 아닌, 병영에 있는 소년으로서 장거리 시외 전화로 다음 번에 인사할 수 있는 기회를 갖기를 희망합니다.

추신: 내가 쓴 시조를 시가 있는 페이지에 실어 놓았습니다. 자, 이제는 가야할 시간이군요. 안녕....



DDD Editors choice as the greatest Rock n Roll Love song ever.  
 락큰롤 사랑노래중 가장 좋은 DDD 편집자가 선택한 노래.

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 didadaejon@yahoo.com

## Because The Night

Bruce Springsteen/Patti Smith

Take me now, baby, here as I am Hold me close, try and understand Desire is hunger is the fire I breathe Love is a banquet on which we feed	여기있는 나를 데려가주세요. 나를 잡아주세요. 이해하려고 노력해주세요. 내 숨결은 불과 같은 나의 호흡입니다. 사랑은 우리가 즐길수 있는 연희같은 것입니다.
Come on now, try and understand The way I feel under your command Take my hand, come under cover They can't hurt you now	지금 오세요, 이해하려고 노력해주세요. 당신의 마음대로 내가 느끼는 것 내손을 이불속으로 가져가주세요 어떤것도 지금 당신을 건드릴수 없어요.
Because the night belongs to lovers Because the night belongs to lust Because the night belongs to lovers Because the night belongs to us	그 이유는 밤은 연인들의 것이고, 또한, 밤은 정욕적인 것이고, 또한, 밤은 연인들의 것이고, 또한, 밤은 우리들의 것이기 때문입니다.
Have I doubt, baby, when I'm alone Love is a ring on the telephone Love is an angel, disguised as lust Here in our bed 'til the morning comes	내가 외로울 때 내가 당신을 의심하나요? 사랑은 사소한 전화통화위의 고리입니다. 사랑은 정욕과 같이 위장한 천사입니다. 여기 아침이 올때까지 우리의 침대가 있습니다.
Come on now, try and understand The way I feel under your command Take my hand, come under cover They can't hurt you now	지금 오세요, 이해하려고 노력해주세요. 당신의 마음대로 내가 느끼는길 내손을 이불속으로 가져가주세요 그들은 지금 당신을 건드릴수 없어요.
Because the night belongs to lovers Because the night belongs to lust Because the night belongs to lovers Because the night belongs to us	그 이유는 밤은 연인들의 것이고, 또한, 밤은 정욕적인 것이고, 그 이유는 밤은 연인들의 것이고, 또한, 밤은 우리들의 것이기 때문입니다.
With love we sleep, with doubt the vicious circle turns, and burns Without you, I cannot live, forgive the yearning burning I believe in love too real to feel, take me now, take me now, take me now	우리는 사랑과함께 잠들고, 당신이 없을 때 의심 의 타락한 고리들이 원을 만듭니다. 난 살수 없 어요, 사랑안에서 실로 너무 타오르는 것을 동경 하는 것을 용서하세요, 지금 나를 데려가세요, 지 금 나를 데려가 주세요, 지금 나를 데려가 주세 요.

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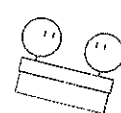
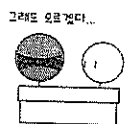
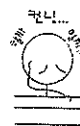
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Con't...con't...con't.

**What's a girl to do?** As a rule it takes six weeks or less for female foreigners to begin the primal scream. We are happy that there are so many shops and markets. We are especially pleased that an optometrist can be found on nearly every corner. We have our head examined and get new lenses, sometimes-extra eyewear just in case. There is no denying it however, we have landed smack-dab in the middle of a dramatic scene from the "Young and the Breastless"! We are not clueless! Eye-glasses, contacts, it doesn't matter! Wherever we look the visual aspect is the same. The men and the women look the same, physically; long thin arms, no behinds, and flat chests. Devastating, simply devastating! We can only imagine at this point what's below the belt and we can't bear to know. Size matters, hasn't anyone heard that yet?! Ahhhhhh.....!!!! (Let the primal scream begin!) This is bad, really bad for the girls and women who come here alone. It's even worse than coming here with your jerk of a boyfriend, whose HUGE brain is below his belt at this point anyway. Not to worry, there are bookstores. NO, not really. Why not eat away your pain we think? No-not really, no feel-good food. Finally, let's call our friends and everyone we ever knew, including the 7-Eleven clerk from Europe who smiled at us once! Nope not a good idea. Three months salary to the boss already! We are not stupid!?? We know, we have always known, that no woman is an island unto herself. Armed with this carrying-card of vulnerability, we female foreigners are as human as the next guy, and our salvation is in the knowledge that *we can do anything... for a little while*. After all we females wouldn't be here if we didn't believe in ourselves also!

I heard a story recently from a female foreigner who has been in Korea for several years. She told me of an encounter with a Korean man of an exceptional, EXCEPTIONAL, nature and presence. She was on her way for "culture-fix" at the Zoo, or Watermelon's

You know the one with phallic symbolism. She lives on the *far-side* of Daejeon and as she hailed the taxi for that ride along the river, she took the up-front passenger seat to have a better view of the full moon's reflection on the night time water. Normally she takes the back seat and often pretends she rides with a companion. Their little finger touching on the seat as they lean in toward one another while having intimate conversations about where they are going, while traveling away with relief from where they have been.

But this night was to be different, feeling no need for survival strategies of the lonely, she hopped in the front seat, with her hands warming in her thighs, and away they went for the twenty minute ride. As they moved slowly along the river the seat had it's own pulse, then she noticed that he, the taxi driver, was not looking at the road, but facing her and staring intently. So intent was his gaze that she had what can be described in homesickness, as an "Ally McBeal" moment. *Never, Ever* had she experienced such ecstasy in full view of this most handsome man. It was hot, the night was moonstruck and the encounter, as she says, "rivals the greatest of love stories to the depth and breath of me!" Of course it ended at the destination, then her paying the fare, but as she was walking away the taxi driver called after her. She returned to his window and his stare with a "Yes?". He said, "You, you are beautiful". Then he drove away. Doing nothing for a little while. Just in order to survive: as female aliens might be more dangerous when in need than the clueless foreign males. Who can say?

Aliens walking, hear ye, hear ye hear ye! Foreign men in nirvana bearing a goofy grin or women with all-wishing Mona Lisa smiles, know this to be true of the game:

"Love is going to get you, sooner or later, love is going to get you, love is going to win! It's just a matter of time, so make up your mind, love is going to win!"

#### ERRATUM:

DDD apologizes to the ZOO BAR ( disrepresented Ad.), and,  
Frank Williams at Jeung San Do (correct email is [frkwill@yahoo.ca](mailto:frkwill@yahoo.ca)), and,  
Sharon Gresham at I.C.U. (the third question and response are backwards)  
Alain Delpiano at Alliance Francaise (oh no a dirty fork!)  
Our bad! Thanks for not bailing out on us. S.L.S.

# Back Talk

by Sensai

## love in a taxi: aliens walking

The thoughts that run around willy-nilly in a foreigner's brain are infinite. You can never really know what's going on in the life and heart and mind of a foreigner. Why is that? Simply stated most of us come from another world. Say What?! Yep! Bubba (and Bubbette)! Why do you think all those little children hide behind their mother's skirts when they see you coming? What do you think you get those whacks up your behind for, the petting of your hair, the giggles from 25 year old "men and women"? Did you think you were Mr. Studley Do-Right? Did you think you were loved and worshiped? Nuh-uh! Nope! No Way Jose! You are an ALIEN and that's the news for the blues. Alien walking is what you are.

We were socialized in cultures very different from Korean culture. Some of us are cultural no-mads, some of us are young and have international identity disorder (in search of ourselves), some of us are Canadians and can't find a job with the education we have because the economy stinks and we can't get a job anywhere else; some of us are American's and we don't know why we're here most days. Everyone knows we're not ever fully welcomed or wanted. But most of us who remain have one common thread as foreigners. If we stay here long enough we will carry around that part of ourselves that we were socialized to be, that "foreign part" that makes us foreign forever and aliens walking.

Let's talk about love and the foreigner! It's February, the month with all those birthdays and to many the month for lovers. Here in this foreign country you have been away from your home land for months maybe longer.

**What's a guy to do?** Generally speaking, if you didn't bring the little woman with you, then you have already been "in love" several times. If you have the significant other with you and you are under 45, chances are very good that you have wished "Mary Beth" and Alice" were back home from time to time. As a male you are clueless!!! True that statement could be applied in many situations globally, however, never is it more *dangerous to be clueless* than in the clutches of a Korean female. We are pretty much in heaven as men here.

We can have the companionship of exotic beauties at will. Women we could never have back home are ours. We are oblivious to the blinding flashing neon sign on our foreheads (Visa! Visa! Visa!). We don't care that she has slept with half the Westerners in Kun dong; we don't care if she won't sleep with us (until we propose and marry the entire family!) Or (so often the case) that she refuses to marry a Korean man until she's had a western boyfriend. Yeah..!!?? We come for the Women! Heaven has come down!

Some of us go on like this for years or until age 30, or, 40 whichever comes first. We forget and blank out the ugly truth that we are aliens walking. We try to learn the language, squat when we speak, are open to having children. We try to re-socialize ourselves, praying that we remain in this never-finished state of nirvana, but always knowing, that just like any beautiful woman, you may enter the dance with her for a little while, but in the end she will always, always leave you there, I mean here. That is when most of us awake from the tin-tin Asian dream. As men beyond true loving and inclusion here, we say to ourselves "Where's the banana pudding, a real ham sandwich with miracle whip, proper food and a pint for goodness sake?!!! Take me home country road!

Con't on inside back cover...

