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WINTER 2007

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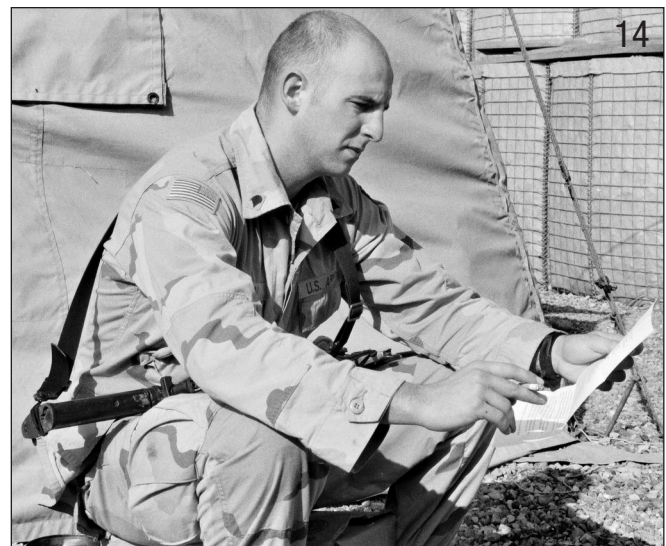
The calligraphic art of Jung Do-jun

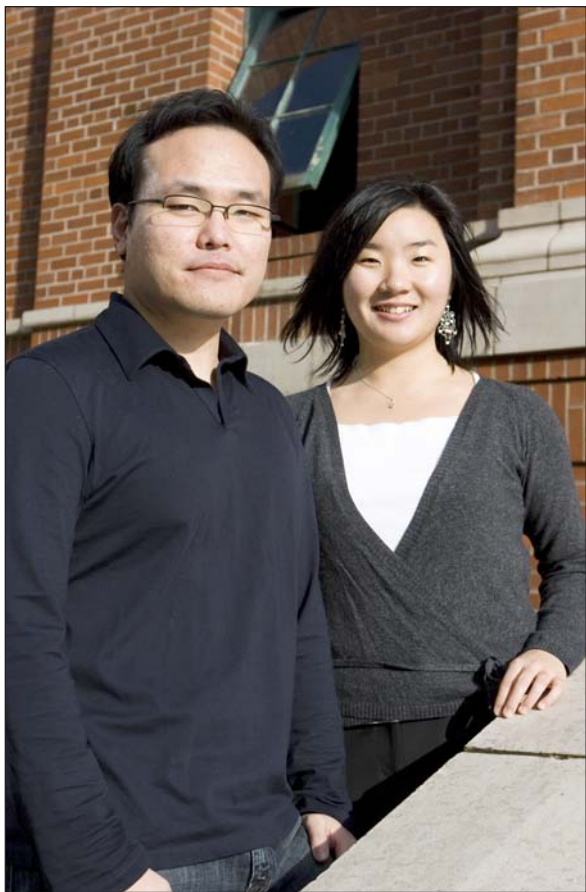
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THE DIFFERENCES THAT EXIST BETWEEN CULTURES and appearances create imaginary divides between people that make communication and understanding difficult. However, through the growing number of people interested in foreign cultures and issues involving multiculturalism, the gap that once existed has begun to shrink. In this American society that we have termed the “Melting Pot,” where boundaries are broken down and cultures dissolve into one another, we feel that it is time to look more closely at the concept of “understanding.”

One year ago, a group of Korean students started a magazine with the goal to not only recognize the Korean and multicultural environment on the University of Oregon campus, but also to celebrate it. As the magazine progressed, students of different cultural backgrounds began contributing to the magazine and together they formed a forum for diversity and dialogue. Now on our one-year anniversary, our biggest changes have arrived. The most obvious change is, of course, our new title – *KD Magazine*. While we wanted to remain true to the heritage of the magazine, we did not want it to focus solely on the Korean community.

In addition to our title change, we have revamped our look and outlook. We present you with a redesigned magazine that stresses a high level of photography and art. Our cover depicts a tragic image common in Tibet. The article by Conner Jay,

titled “Scarring Tibet”, shows a unique view of the real lives of Tibetans under the Chinese government. It shows a crushed culture, helped by neither the world nor its exiled leaders. This type of journalism, the kind that stresses depth and courage and often controversy, will be a standard in *KD Magazine*. While we cover international stories such as Tibet and the Iraq War, we focus on Eugene and Oregon as well. Our interview with a Somali student shows the sorrow still felt from a civil war thousands miles away. In the Forum section, we champion the controversial Diversity Plan at the University of Oregon. On lighter issues, we showcase aspects of Brazilian culture you can experience in Eugene and Portland, the cross-cultural influence of anime, and a local place to taste Italy.

It is our hope, that through our articles our readers will have the opportunity to think in-depth about the meaning of “understanding.” It is our hope that *KD Magazine* will act as a medium in which many students can express themselves to our community and the world. It is our hope that *KD Magazine* will continue to grow as a multicultural magazine that will become the pride of the University of Oregon.

SOJIN KIM & YOON SUH
CO-DIRECTORS

KD MAGAZINE

WINTER 2007

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CAPOEIRA

STORY & PHOTO CORY ELDRIDGE



At first glance, sure, Alex Moran's thin frame, red hair, and chin scruff could remind anyone of Shaggy. But any comparisons to the Scooby-snack-stoned character disappear when he bounds into a midair roll, kicking as he turns over, his back parallel to the floor four feet below. Moran's capoeira nickname, Professor Salsicha (sausage in Portuguese and Shaggy's name in Brazil), describes him as imprecisely as dance, fight, or game describe capoeira.

Capoeira, a 100-year-old mix of African slave, Portuguese peasant, and Native Brazilian fight and dance styles, can best be explained as an "Afro-Brazilian martial art." As Professor Salsicha looks on, Dennis Thomas, a capoeira student for two years, squats down and faces a new student. Their fingertips touch. Sitting behind them, Victor Guardia plays a berimbau, a bowed steel-string instrument with a gourd attached at its base. With the beat the two dancers roll the same direction, the new student cartwheels and Thomas headstands, then lowers his body, pushes across the floor on his stomach, and turns over to his feet. "[Capoeira] has the three dimensionality of break dancing, the cooperation of ballroom dancing," says Professor Salsicha, who teaches the art in Eugene. "And it has all the great things about martial arts because you're training your body to be strong, fast, and disciplined." Guardia taps the berimbau with a steel rod, and as the buzzing twang resonates in the gourd, Thomas swings a kick at the rookie who slides under the blow and sweeps his return kick over a spinning Thomas.

They flow together in controlled kicks, head butts, contorting evasions, and acrobatic maneuvers. The two never connect on purpose, though the new student can't evade a few of Thomas' attacks. At once they compete and cooperate, fight and dance, and defy any description except capoeira.

Professor Salsicha swings a kick over one of his students' heads as they play capoeira.

Straight from the Grill

IF YOU WANT A RELAXED EVENING

sharing a long meal and tall drinks with friends, visit Brazil Grill in Portland. At this Brazilian *churrasco* (steakhouse) \$30 covers a twelve-meat meal. Here's the drill: After eating (lightly) a variety of appetizers and drinking a cocktail or two from the bar, you flip a coaster from red to green and roaming *gauchos* arrive at your table carrying swords skewered with rotisserie meats. With *gaucho* passes every two or three minutes, your plate fills quickly with filet mignon, shrimp, pork sausage, chicken, and several takes on tri-tip steak. So pace yourself; eat a bite-sized bit of tri-tip, and if you like it just ask and, a *gaucho* will sheer off another cut for you. You'll soon understand why reservations are highly recommended. For the two hours, with the help of the restaurant's warm environment and the *gauchos'* prodding, you'll pack yourself with protein.

Before you burst or OD on red meat, a last *gaucho* brings the restaurant's star: a rotisserie pineapple, seared at 600 degrees with cinnamon and brown sugar. Praise Brazil! The fruit settles your stomach, providing room for more steak or more drinks. While the desserts are surely delicious, forego the cost and enjoy the brown sugar-coated pineapple as your meal's finale.



To find another Brazilian *churrasco*, you'd have to drive to Seattle, San Francisco, or Salt Lake City, making Brazil Grill unique in Oregon. And while \$30 is about five-times the amount most students pay for dinner, remember: You get more than twelve excellent meats and it's all-you-can-eat. After three *gaucho* stops, you'll have the amount served at any other steakhouse. If the wretched day ever comes, Brazil Grill will stand as the Alamo for Portland meat-lovers. So don't bring your vegetarian date.

Cory Eldridge

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Fútbol Crazy

CAN YOU GUESS THE MAIN RELIGION IN BRAZIL?



Catholicism? No, the answer is fútbol. Stadiums filled with ninety-thousand crazed fans transform into temples. Players become gods and idols. Newcomers don't know the Brazilian president's name (Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva), but if they don't know who Ronaldinho is, they should just leave the country. Natives joke that before entering their country, foreigners should take a test to confirm their knowledge of this wildly popular sport. In Brazil, fútbol means passion, religion, and history. It is integral to life. Fans treat the result of a match like a sacrament that becomes the reason to be happy or sad. Never try to imagine life in Brazil without the feelings, emotions, and influences that the sport evokes. The goalkeeping gods and score-happy angels that make up the Brazilian fútbol team possess something rare and holy: They have footwork worth worshipping.

Weronika Budak



Brazilian in Eugene

"I MISS MY FOOD," JAKELINE SILVA EXCLAIMS. "I miss the fruits and vegetables. I wish I could eat my papaya every day." A native of Recife, Brazil, Silva left her fresh fruit behind to attend the University of Oregon. She already has received a degree in History and now wants to pursue Journalism. A recipient of the International Service Program scholarship, Silva studies the English language and observes similarities and differences between Brazilian and American cultures. A major difference between the nations is economics. In Brazil, the economy is

struggling, but Jakeline says that Brazilians still have a positive attitude. "We have a friendly place," she says. "We have people persons." Jakeline comments on Brazilian lifestyle. "Western societies have the same lifestyle. [But in Brazil,] we can have a moment of freedom without being self-guarded. We have this laid-back feeling." Even without the fuel of her favorite foods, Jakeline continues to learn about American culture with the ease and relaxed attitude characteristic of her fellow Brazilians.

Sierra Miller

CRIES OF TERROR

A personal account of life amidst war

STORY JESSICA POLLEY • PHOTO KATIE GLEASON



Fartun Nur, who was born in Medina, Somalia, came to the United States in 1999 to escape her country's civil war.

Between 1991 and 2004, more than 500,000 civilians died in Somalia's civil war. Because Somalia had been without a stable central government since 1991, when dictator Mohamed Siad Barre fled the country, subsequent fighting among

rival factions resulted in the killing, dislocation, and starvation of thousands of Somalis and led a United Nation military intervention in 1992. Arguments over government influence in Somalia exploded into a deadly battle across the country, resulting in an international crisis

that continues today. Although the political ramifications of any war are difficult to understand, the atrocities witnessed by an innocent civilian are simple and horrifying. The following accounts the terrors of the war seen by Fartun Nur, an innocent Somali citizen.

How long did you and your family live in Somalia?

My mother and father had lived there until they were in their mid-twenties. I was just seven years old when the civil war broke out. I am from Medina, which is in the capital city Mogadishu.

How was growing up in Somalia different from America?

It was a wonderful place to grow up before the war because we all shared common goals, and there was no discrimination in any way due to race or other factors that I came across in life in America. Everything seemed different in language, culture, and my whole life turned around. I soon had to settle for a completely new life residing in America.

Tell me what you know and remember about the civil war that erupted in Somalia in the nineties.

No one really knows what the war was about besides some guerrilla warlords that wanted some power, and anyone who got in their way either died or suffered the consequences of losing anything they had.

The civil war was awful because my family lost everything we had, and we feared for our lives. Therefore, we tried to escape the life over there.

Witnessing bodies lying in the streets and not having the chance to bury them is not right to any human being.

People were being killed every night, women were being raped, and children were dying of starvation. It was one of the worst images I can ever reflect on in my life. Witnessing bodies lying in the streets and not having the chance to bury them is not right to any human being. Many of my family members died, including my grandfather who was murdered by warlords who attacked our home because they knew my family was doing pretty well. All of our things were burned, including all our photos.

Can you describe the day your home was invaded?

The images of the terror are still present with me until today. Everything was destroyed and burned by warlords who claimed that we were rich bastards who did not deserve to live and that they were going to kill us one by one. It was a dark day that turned into an endless night and all I can remember was crying and being terrorized, and the only concern in my head at that time was escaping and praying to God to let us escape this moment.

How long would these guerrillas be in your town at a time?

They were there until they killed and destroyed anyone who stood in their way. They stayed until they could occupy homes and belongings of others who they either killed or chased out.

How did you get away without being killed?

I escaped because of the fact that my family and I were fortunate enough to have the opportunity to pay our way out. We were lucky. We were able to give money to people who could get us out.

You paid your way out? Can you tell us about the escape in further detail?

I somehow try to repress that moment, but it sticks in my mind, and I remember how awful it was: dark. And I remember my mom waking me and my sister up saying, "We have to go now."

I remember getting into the family car and bullets were skyrocketing all over my neighborhood and the city, and then my mother tucking us in because my siblings and me cried over what was happening. Then we met up with a guy who was supposed to help us get into the border of Kenya. It was terrifying to the point that I slept to avoid it. The road to Kenya was long and degrading, and we were hoping our car would not get blown up because mines covered the ground. We had to go on other roads instead of using the usual highway. The driver had been warning us throughout the drive saying "isbaroo," meaning roadblock, where you had to pay people to cross the road.

How did it feel to finally escape and cross into Kenya?

In Kenya, we met up with relatives and it felt great to escape the war so more of us did not have to die. Kenya, at first, seemed very strange because it was new and getting used to it took awhile, but at least you were safe. It is still hard, though, getting over the fact that grandpa was killed during the war and every moment of my daily life I think about him.

Do you feel anger toward the people who destroyed your home and family?

At times, yes, in many ways, but being angry doesn't give me joy or the pleasure of living in my homeland. When I think about those people,

People were being killed every night, women being raped, children dying of starvation.

it is hard to point fingers because in my point of view, they are sick and really need help. I am sad to the point that there are people like that who seek joy in destroying homes and killing innocent civilians that hate violence and anything associated with it. I finally escaped the country in 1999 with most of my family because we were lucky: We had money to do so.

What did you learn from living through war?

Have hope no matter what. War is terrible in any state, and war always destroys citizens that are unable to fight for themselves. The ones who want the war are always hiding behind the citizens.

Tell me about your current aspirations.

I am currently at Portland State University, double majoring in psychology and business administration, to hopefully be a child and family therapist. I want to visit Kenya, a place where I lived before coming to America, to volunteer at refugee and orphanage camps. I want to help people in dealing with hardships and to inspire them to enjoy life in every aspect because I believe it is my calling for life. **KD**

MEETING IGNORANCE

A Polish student deals with hostile and narrow minds

STORY WERONIKA BUDAK • PHOTO KATIE GLEASON

It was my first time in Eugene. People from eighty-four different countries gathered at the “International Student Orientation” at the University of Oregon. I was the only one from Poland.

The variety of cultures, languages, and outfits impressed me. A girl from Africa wore bright colored clothing dressed with oversized traditional jewelry. Hundreds of students from Tokyo wore stylish outfits that resembled a cover from *Seventeen Magazine*. I met people from Kazakhstan, Scandinavia, Argentina, Australia, Ghana, and Germany; each of these students brought their own personal style and influence to the event. I felt like I was in a documentary that should be aired on the Discovery Channel.

The next step in my new world was to meet my roommate. All I knew was her name and where she was from. I received a phone call from her the morning of move-in day, and she told me to meet her at our dorm. With a smile on my face, I hurried to welcome her.

“Good to finally meet you!” I said handing her a welcome poster I made.

“Yeah! I was dying to meet you!” she said. “My dad was right! He said all Polish girls are pretty. He likes all those typical blond, blue eyed girls from Europe.”

I just smiled.

“So...how’s moving in going?” I asked as I opened the door. I was shocked. Her belongings covered the floor and my bed. She put

It doesn’t matter what your nationality is, but always remembering what you represent does.

clothes in my drawers because she ran out of space. It looked as if a hurricane destroyed my walk-in-closet-sized room.

At this point, I realized I had lost my privacy. My room is not mine: It is ours. Throughout



Weronika Budak arrived in Eugene, Oregon on September 14th, 2006 from Poland to study Journalism at the University of Oregon. She calls herself the “Polish Duck.”

the next week, I tried my best to get to know her, but the situation quickly turned sour.

One night, I asked her to take a look at the paper I wrote for a journalism course comparing US media to a country in Europe.

“You’re writing about crap that nobody cares about in the US.”

“Excuse me?” I said.

“Aren’t you supposed to compare this to Europe? Like somewhere more popular; not your small, unimportant country...Polandia.”

“What’s Polandia?” I asked confused.

“You know, where you’re from.”

“...Poland?” I was pissed. “Have you ever been to my country?”

“I’m not gonna go there. It sucks,” she said. “It’s cold and freezing there. There’s nothing...do you actually have any airports?”

“No. I took a train to the US,” I said sarcastically.

“Do you even have sun there?”

“No...that’s why I’m tan.”

I must admit it is not easy to have an American roommate, at least this American roommate. I question myself: Is there something wrong with me or wrong with her? Isn’t it diversity that creates our world? Why doesn’t she try to take advantage of learning something new?

Two months passed. We’re no longer roommates. Despite what happened, I have learned to not let other peoples’ ignorance affect me. I don’t forget where I am from and what I represent. I am the face of my nation on this campus, so I hold my head high and show that I am proud to be Polish. It doesn’t matter what your nationality, religion, skin color, or political views are; being true to yourself and always remembering what you represent is what matters. **KD**



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A NEED FOR ACTION

The University of Oregon's lack of diversity and tolerance debilitates the campus

STORY YOUNG KIM • PHOTO NICK GATES



Students gather at "Coffee Hour" in the International Resource Center, one of the few events promoting cultural understanding on campus.

Last May, the UO Faculty Senate passed the Diversity Plan that has sparked controversy for several years. The Diversity Plan is a broad initiative that would provide guidance to individual departments within the University to create specific diversity plans. The Plan gained both praise and criticism from the University community and the local and national media.

Since the Plan's inception, several University administrative decisions caused many students and scholars to question the school's devotion to promoting cultural diversity. The departure of African-American history professor, Martin Summers; the resignation the former Vice Provost for Institutional Equity and Diversity, Greg Vincent; and the rejection of the Law School deanship by Latino legal scholar, Kevin Johnson, all suggested that the University lacked either the capability to understand the importance of diversity or the devotion to promote cultural diversity on campus.

The Diversity Plan is the first step toward achieving the cultural diversity this University seems to support. Certain aspects of the Diversity Plan, such as building critical masses of underrepresented people and fostering better campus climates to encourage academic discourse among different groups, are

especially important and should serve as key guidelines for administrative decisions within the University.

Although not specifically mentioned, the Plan would inevitably require some degree of proportional representation. To some critics, the concept of proportional representation is more idealistic than practical, especially in an academic institution where scholarly ability should be considered the utmost factor in

deciding competent students and scholars. It is true that students and scholars should be evaluated more by their academic competency than by their skin, sex, or background. But this does not mean that diversity can be sacrificed because, ironically, it was the lack of devotion for promoting diversity that cost the University competent scholars and faculty, like Vincent and Summers. Cultural diversity strengthens cultural competency: the ability to understand and accept different cultures. The University lacks cultural competency because there is a lack of diversity on campus. Proportional representation may be a good way to secure diversity.

Improving campus climates and the discrimination complaint process is also an important aspect of the Diversity Plan. As an international student, I have experienced several racial harassments from community members. Being called a "fucking gook" or hearing other racial slurs from students is a negative environment to engage in studies. Other students have had misunderstandings of cultural differences, which prohibited them from fully embracing academic benefits. Unwelcoming campus climates deprive students to receive equal learning opportunities. If certain people fail to understand cultural differences and resolve conflicts resulting from those differences, the University should act to put an end to such indifference. This plan

This is depriving students of their rights to receive equal opportunities.

protects what the University promised students rather than favoring certain groups.

Is there a need for a Diversity Plan to promote cultural diversity on campus? The answer is a resounding yes. It is sad that some critics argue against a good cause. But it's more depressing to think that people feel the need for protection against indifference, violence, and misunderstandings that seem to stem from the lack of cultural diversity at this University. **KD**



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TEDIUM of TURMOIL

A soldier's-eye-view of the Iraq War

PHOTOS & TEXT **BENJAMIN MANGIN**

I awaken from a pleasant dream only to remember where I am and how much longer I have to be here. I feel as though I have a terminal illness: hopeless, apathetic, and longing for the end to come. Everyday is the same. But somehow, everyday is different. Each day a fragmented detail, a variation in routine, a change in the mundane imprints an image in my memory:

On a filthy street in a dilapidated slum, young boys play soccer as our patrol passes. Armored gun trucks won't interrupt their game. They're used to us and unafraid.

A young girl stands out from the other children. Her large brown eyes possess an adult's knowledge of war, but also the optimism for peace that only a child can have. Her optimism is contagious.

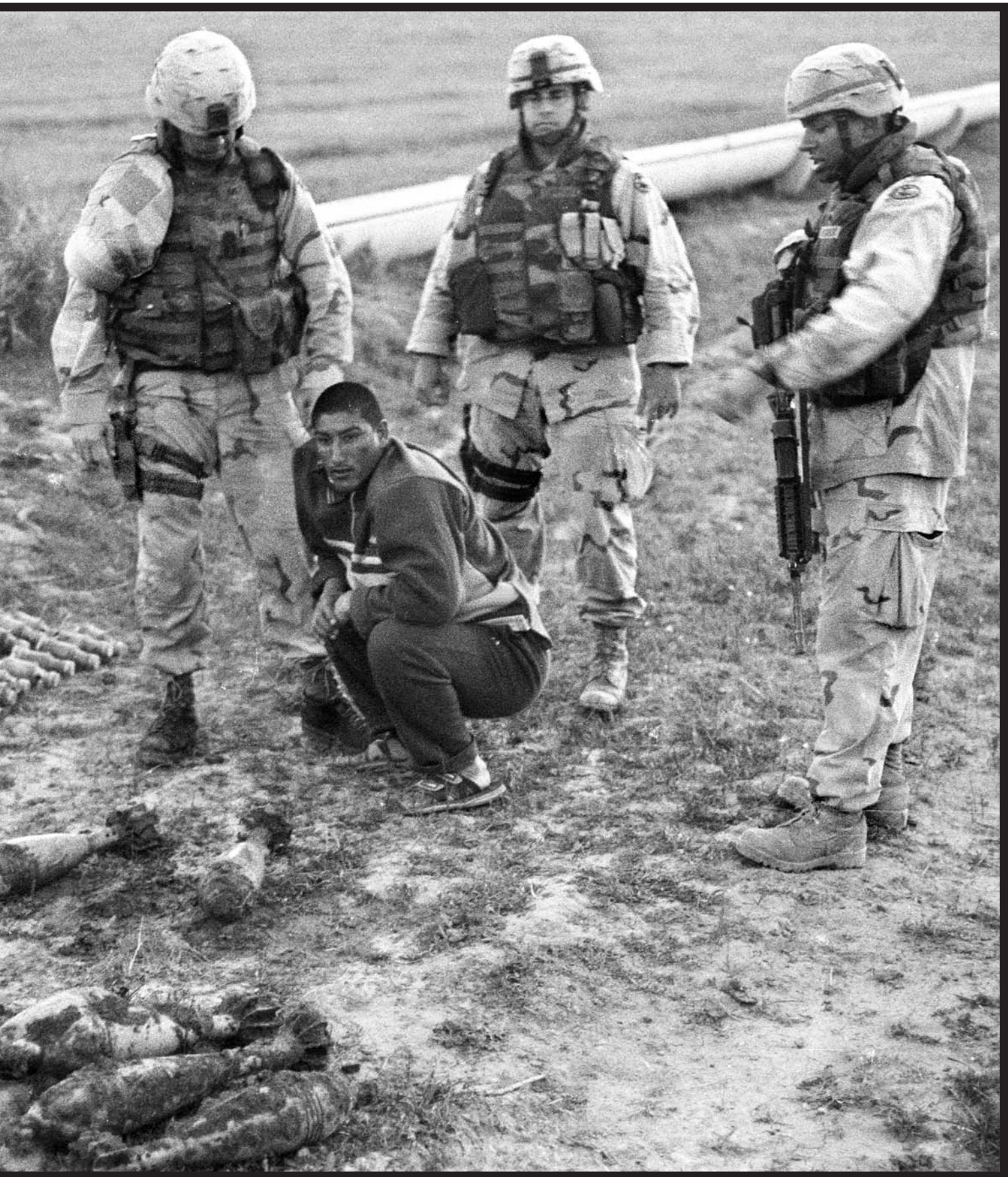
Two soldiers take a smoke break. They tell jokes, complain of the heat, and talk of going home. They do not speak of politics. They are not liberating or oppressing anyone. They are only surviving. Politics are simply irrelevant.

An Army medic dutifully bandages cuts, cleans old wounds, and dispenses medicine. In the poorer villages, he is the closest person to a doctor the villagers have. For every grubby, snotty nosed kid he treats, he is thankful he hasn't had to do his real job yet.

A flash interrupts the daily monotony. I feel the energy of the blast move through my whole body, from my feet and out through my head. The sharp sound of the blast constricts my eardrums. Smoke and dust fill my lungs. The bullet proof glass barely stops the bomb's fragments. A spider webbed windshield reminds me that I'm in a war where people are killed everyday. I could easily become one of them, but not today.

Everyday looks the same, but with small variations. The only image that remains constant is home. Home is what drives me. Home is the only belief that all soldiers share. It is where we feel safe, where we feel loved, and when we are away, we miss the comfort most of all. It is where the adventures end and the images become memories. **KD**







PREVIOUS: At the wrong place at the wrong time, a farm hand is questioned about a cache of bombs discovered on the land he was working on. ABOVE: A Humvee patrols the streets in a typical Northern Iraqi village. RIGHT: With an Iraqi flag being displayed, two soldiers prove that they were there. OPPOSITE: Iraqi soldiers on patrol with their American counterparts.

American soldiers are able to serve with pride, knowing they have the respect and support of their fellow citizens. Many Iraqi soldiers wear masks to hide their identities and to ensure their families' safety from even their neighbors.



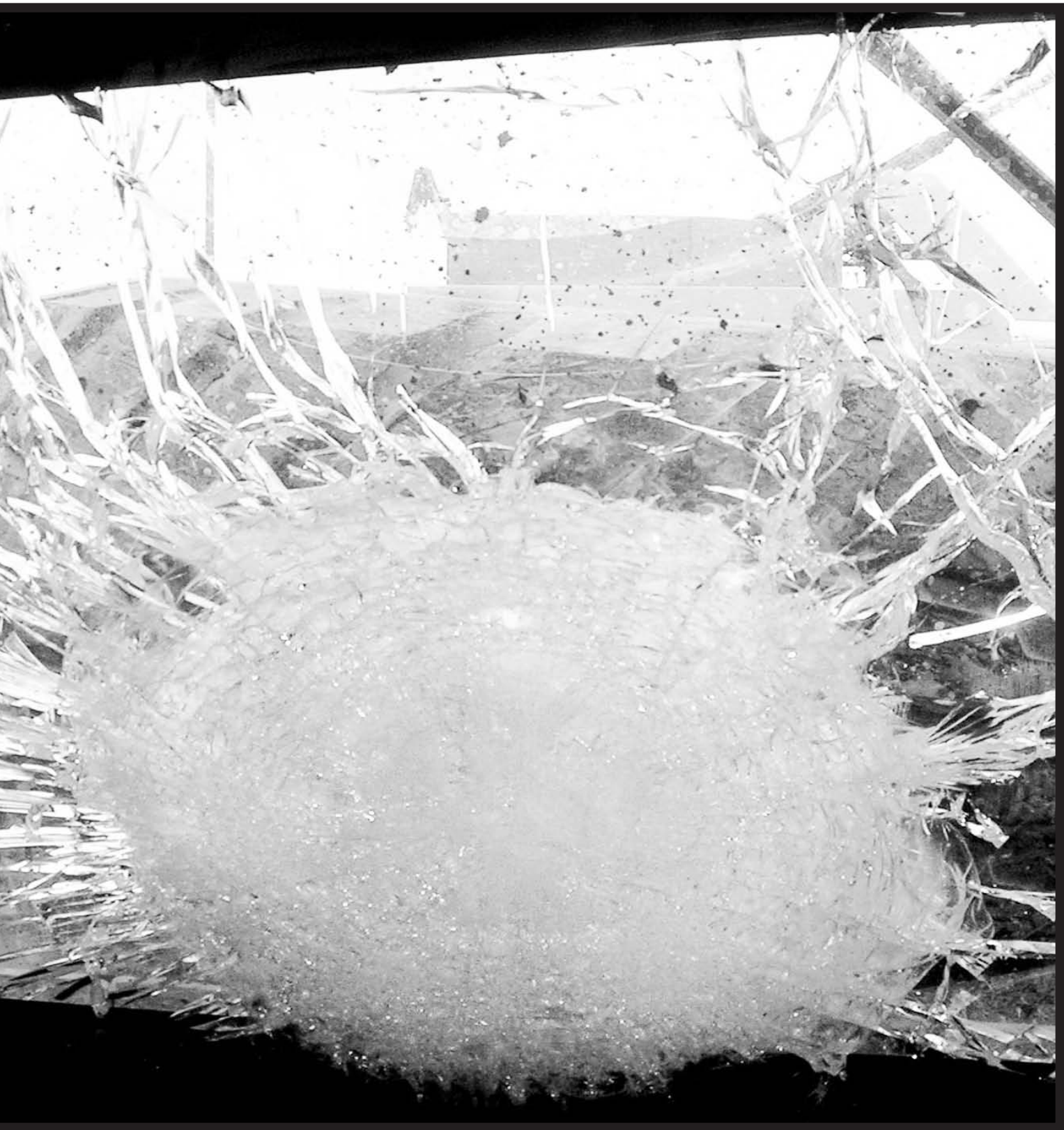


**We do what we can to help who we can, but we cannot help
we often feel angry at the situation. But in the end,**



TOP: An Army medic patches the injured arm of a young boy outside the village of Moltaka, Iraq. ABOVE: Irritated with their shoving and rudeness, a soldier waves a mob of kids away from his truck during a routine patrol outside Hawija, Iraq. RIGHT: After a roadside bomb strikes the vehicle, the windshield is a grisly reminder of what almost could have been a very bad day.

p everyone. There are times when we have nothing left, and
l, we are in a war and that is an unavoidable reality.







Scarring Tibet

After destroying Tibet's history, the Chinese government is building "historical" monuments to capitalize on growing tourism

STORY & PHOTOS **CONNER JAY**



PREVIOUS: Yumbulagang is said to be Tibet's oldest structure. It was destroyed by the communists during Mao's Cultural Revolution, but rebuilt in 1982. The building is inhabited by eight monks who double as guards. ABOVE: Along the Friendship Highway connecting Tibet and Nepal, agriculture and nomadic herds surround the small town of Old Tigre. OPPOSITE: A monk watches a group of Chinese tourists from Beijing inside the Tashilhunpo Monastery. He also collects money for pictures taken inside the monastery.

The five a.m. sun melts the blue-toned city of Lhasa. The streets already flow with people running about buying groceries, heading to work, or going to school. Hints of brilliant red and yellow flicker from the clothes of the people and facades of the buildings. As I stood upon a hotel balcony watching the melting colors below, a dozen Western tourists and I wait for caravans to carry us across the western part of Tibet. People below stare and smile at us. Some wave and say hello in English. We look tired and hungry.

Four Toyota Landcruisers pick us up at the hotel, and we begin the long drive to Shigatse, Tibet's second largest city and traditional trading center. Driving through the city of Lhasa, we pass bright monasteries and temples with large concrete government buildings erected alongside of them. Monks walk past stiff guards holding stocky AK-47 rifles in front of Chinese government offices.

Leaving the city, we see tracks being laid down for the world's highest reaching train. Over six-thousand tourists per train will come from Beijing to explore the western frontier of their country. Plastic cowboy hats are for sale outside the station.

The country stretches endlessly outside Lhasa. Small villages and nomadic people herding yak speckle the land. On dirt roads, waves of dust blast our SUVs, adding grit to our adventure. They are a far cry from the security of paved roads and gas stations on every other US block. Here, civilization carries on as self-sufficient towns and nomads. Yet, large Benz buses roll from the hills filled with the Chinese middle class. I watch

their faces press against the glass as I travel alongside them in our own caravan.

As our car reaches Shigatse, a large castle looms above the fields perched atop a jagged hill. The scene appears as if from a JRR Tolkien novel. Yumbulagang is said to be the oldest structure in Tibet although it was destroyed during China's

Over six thousand tourists per train will come from Beijing to explore the western frontier of their country.

Cultural Revolution. The new, high fortress was rebuilt in 1982 by the Chinese government to encourage aesthetic appeal. The building serves no other purpose or use.

Finally reaching our hotel, we retreat from the dust and staggering altitude to lie down. The television in the rooms broadcasts the BBC World news channel. A special documentary about the Nobel Peace Prize candidates comes on, and the Dalai Lama's face smiles across the screen. Suddenly, the television turns black. A few moments pass, and it switches back on to Bono and Bob Geldof talking about global poverty.

Inside the city, concrete buildings line the downtown. Large signs advertising Budweiser and Pabst Blue Ribbon hang above the construction, while pictures of menacing Chinese soldiers are posted on light poles. Just past





TOP: Tibetan children play outside their school run by the Chinese government. The children of nomads live inside the school. ABOVE: Dressed in a mix of traditional and modern clothes, this man is a part of the *rongpa*, or the farmers in Tibet's lower valleys. OPPOSITE: A young family makes a pilgrimage around the Tashilhunpo Monastery. The Chinese reconstruction of the old palace looms ahead.

the cityscape, the Tashilhunpo Monastery rests against a high hill. Prayer flags flutter over the monastery. The traditional seat of the Panchen Lama, the second highest religious and political leader in Tibet, is located inside. As the Dalai Lama tours the West as a spiritual leader, the homes of true Tibetan leaders are operated as tourist traps.

In front of the temple, our two guides scramble to herd us Westerners together like cats. Hordes of tourists are beginning to gather. Monks hurry about collecting donations — fifty-five Yuan for entrance, another ten Yuan for each picture of the monastery. Some appear old and wise, bent low and reciting prayers slowly in concentration, while others are young with long hair and loud voices.

"Welcome to the Tashilhunpo Monastery, built in 1447," says our young Tibetan guide, Nima. "This temple holds the tombs of past Panchen Lamas. Here the eleventh Panchan Lama comes to..."

"Isn't the eleventh Panchen Lama in jail since the Chinese put him there?" asks a woman from Australia, looking up from her Lonely Planet guidebook.

Our young guide's normally dark complexion leaks from his face at the question. He stutters and looks to our older Nepalese guide for help. Renzin steps in front of us, shaking his head and touching his finger to his lips. "We have to be a little bit careful what we talk about here, yes?"

We all look to one another confused. I notice a green uniform appear behind our group. The guard slowly follows as we begin to tour the temple.

A golden Buddha over eighty-five feet tall sits within the first Chapel of Jampa. The figure cramps the entire temple; his eyes nearly touch the dark smoke filled windows two stories above. Tibetan pilgrims from across the plateau place offerings of yak butter and tea in front of the statue. People kneel down to pray, touching hands, feet, and forehead to the ground in front of the Future Buddha.

Grease from the countless number of hands patting the shrine coats the base of the Buddha. The constant humming of chanting monks drifts through the chapel and around the

looming Buddha. Candles glow and dust illuminates paths of light from the small, square windows. Standing at the feet of the statue, a monk charges two hundred-fifty Yuan for a picture with the Buddha. He speaks in the loud tonal tradition of Mandarin and listens to an MP3 player in one ear.

Outside the temple, we all look to one another, confused. All the details seem off. Why were there CCTVs in a monastery? Why do Chinese police stand on the roofs watching? Renzin leads us to the hill behind the monastery to follow a traditional pilgrimage around the top. As we walk up, families turn each prayer wheel lining the path. With each turn and step, they are earning further sonam and tashi, or merit and luck. They look at ease with their devotional exercise, working for better lives, even if not for this lifetime. Renzin sits us down overlooking the valley around Shigatse.

“This temple is not a very good place. Not all monks are monks, not all you see is a real monastery,” Renzin explains. “You have to be careful what you talk about because here there are spies that listen. Last time I came here, one Italian woman was deported for having a ‘Free Tibet’ tee shirt.”

He explains that not one, but two eleventh incarnations of the Panchen Lama exist in Tibet today. The Dalai Lama appointed a young boy, Gedhun Choekyi Nyima, as the new incarnation of the Panchen Lama, but the Chinese government took him into ‘protective custody’ and keeps his whereabouts hidden. In his place, the People’s Republic chose another

young representative who retains the full powers of the Panchen Lama.

“But he is a puppet. Everyone knows that China uses him. But we don’t know where the real Panchen Lama is, or what has happened. They say he is in Beijing for his own safety, but many people believe he is simply...” Renzin says, making a cutting motion across his neck.

An invasive feeling sinks into my stomach. I watch members of a young Tibetan family walk down the hill. They dress in the traditional reds and turquoise of their culture. Their small son holds a sack of yak butter as an offering. In front of them looms the monstrous construction upon the old city palace, steel, and concrete jutting up from the old, destroyed foundations. Much like Yumbulagang, communists razed the

“You have to be careful what you talk about because here; there are spies that listen. Last time, one Italian woman was deported for having a ‘Free Tibet’ tee shirt.”

building during the Cultural Revolution and now the Chinese government will rebuild it to encourage tourism.

As the family turns a corner down the dirt path, I snap a picture. I wonder what will happen to this young family as the People’s Republic of China rebuilds the face of their country. Will the Tibetan culture survive in its home above the clouds, or will monks turn to spies as monasteries remodel for tourists? Will the sovereign leader of the country be anything more than an advisor to Richard Gere? **KD**





BEYOND COVERS

Eugene musicians struggle to create their own name

STORY **AMBER MEES** • PHOTOS **CORY ELDRIDGE & KATIE GLEASON**

You go to a rock concert. People are wild. Somebody puked on your shoes. You love the band, and you can't wait for them to play your favorite song. It's what you know and you can sing along while air guitaring your favorite riff. At local bars, you do the same, but you don't want to hear the small band's originals; you want to hear them cover your favorite song. At Quackers in Eugene, Two Leg Lucy cranks out tunes for all who will listen. But the main attraction is not the band, but the bar that pours liquor all night. The young, the old, and the wasted move collectively on the dance floor. One woman looks as if she has been walking a long road, and her music taste favors bands that have done the same. Beside her, a college girl shows off her body with seductive shakes as if this were a hip-hop group. Perhaps it's the booze, the relaxed atmosphere, or the band, but this odd ensemble of a crowd wants to hear a familiar song. And Two Leg Lucy complies as they start playing *Take Me to the River* by the Talking Heads.

The music scene in Eugene is so small that a band that plays the Talking Heads can play the same venue as a band that covers Pantera. Two Leg Lucy is one of many bands trying to

succeed in the Eugene music scene—a scene that values covers over creativity. “You get paid a guarantee with covers, and other venues that sponsor bands with original acts don't always guarantee,” says Roger McConnell, Two Leg Lucy's front man. “This makes it difficult. It's hard to get that guarantee unless there is a buzz.” The band plays wherever they can get a gig,

sneaking in their own songs when they can. “We are trying to shake the cover band label,” McConnell says. “We are not a cover band ... we are an original band that plays covers.”

Two Leg Lucy consists of its brainchild and lead guitarist,

Roger McConnell, and bassist Trey Longstreth, with Gaylee Russell often taking vocal duty. McConnell named his band after Lucy, the four-foot-tall pre-human female who walked the African plains on two legs nearly four million years ago. Two Leg Lucy plays stripped down, roots influenced rock and roll that McConnell dubs “tribal rock.”

Eugene music icon Gaylee Russell, who often sings with Two Leg Lucy, brings the band a powerful voice and musical pedigree. At two-years-old, Russell had appeared on TV; at fourteen, she toured nationally and performed with blues giant Muddy Waters; at twenty-six, she had a record deal. “I was

“We are trying to shake the cover band label. We are not a cover band ... we are an original band that plays covers.”

runnin' with the big dogs and pissin' in the tall grass," she says. But she soon burnt out from the rock and roll lifestyle of sex and drugs. Today, Russell leads a simple life with purpose. She sings to "empower individuals to be conscious and aware of what crisis we are all in as human beings of this planet." Able to sing the classic rock that was popular in the years she was touring, Russell has a different take on the music scene in Eugene. "Eugene is rated number seven per capita for venues in Oregon and is open to the arts," Russell says. "People participate here and the diverse sound in Eugene gives opportunity to open new doors."

While doors may open for classic rock friendly bands, others have to bash them down. At the Black Forest Bar, Paula Rhodes of Vexium screams out a bobcat growl. Vexium's metal sound kicks the eardrum, and



the band provokes its restless audience who all seem hyped on an overdose of Redbulls. Like Quackers, alcohol works here. The crowd assembles a tiny mosh pit, trying to get their

The head banging really begins when Vexium plays Pantera. Now, everyone is on their feet, on top of chairs, and out of control. Vexium's mission has been accomplished.

aggression out. The pit is too small for much moshing, but every once in awhile, bodies collide and they get their fix. When Vexium plays Pantera, the head banging really begins. Now, everyone is on their feet, on top of chairs, and out of control. Vexium's mission is accomplished.

Vexium, a three piece with Rhodes on bass and vocals, Brian Carlson on guitar and vocals, and Rick Thornon on vocals and drums, plays any metal-friendly venue it can. For Eugene, this is tough, and Vexium recently toured the Pacific Northwest and California for more opportunities to play. "There's only a few all-ages venues; basically only the WOW Hall, which has a \$1,000 deposit. There's the McDonald Theatre that is all-ages, but they usually book national acts," Thornon says. "We don't have a radio sound; it's not KDUK; it's not what the majority of people want to hear." Without a large fan base, it's hard for a band to attract new fans. That leaves the question of how to get heard. In August, they were in the *Eugene Weekly* and in *Crave*, a Portland magazine. They are definitely gaining attention, but the few opportunities in Eugene stifle their impact.

While sympathizing with the musicians in Eugene, venues such as Diablo's select bands from a set group of genres. "It's kind [of] dismal right now with a few scattered acts do[ing] something new," says Ethan Pierce, Diablo's venue booker. "But mostly everything is so spread out that people come to watch their friends play and then leave before the next band." He hires cover bands that do well because "nothing brings out nostalgia like alcohol."

Pierce's sound team is working on putting together a CD with all the local bands on it. They plan to sell the CD at the bar so "people can listen to lots of bands, and if they like them, then they are more likely to go out and see them, and if lots of people start doing it, then we have a scene." Pierce feels the Eugene music scene needs to improve from the musicians, not the venues. "I think musicians need to band together to support each other and the scene in general," he says. "Eugene is stuck in the past, and it's hard when new types of music come through town and everybody leaves because it sounds so foreign to them."

The past is entrenched at Embers, in west Eugene, where Ed Casterlin plucks a Hank Williams tune with a band called WardPlay, while baby boomers invade the dance floor. Casterlin stands behind a metal fence separating the stage from the small wooden dance floor peppered with saw dust so the line dancers don't slip and break a hip. Inside the corral, old folks once, young move, past him, skirts swooshing, high heels tapping, and the pleasant smell of beer in the air.



OPENING: Gaylee Russell and Trey Lonstreth flank their leading man, Roger McConnell, who created Two Leg Lucy and coined its style “tribal rock.” OPPOSITE: Ed Casterlin with one of his many instruments. A solo artist, Casterlin, also plays bass, drums, and keyboards, and he sings. ABOVE: Left to right - Brian Carlson, Rick Thronan, and Paula Rhodes of the metal band Vexium.

The band breaks into a Bob Seger cover and the vocalist sings, “I like that old time rock and roll, that kind of music just soothes the soul.” But not Casterlin’s soul; he looks bored and withdrawn from the chords he fingers, wishing to be at his home studio playing his own music.

Casterlin, a solo artist, plays with the country band for the few bucks it brings, but his roots sit in mosh pits not hoedowns. In eighties’ L.A., he played heavy metal on the same stages as Mötley Crüe and other noteworthy metal bands. Now, Casterlin’s music is mostly found in his own studio where he puts down all of his own tracks from bass, drums, guitar, keyboard, and vocals. A soft spoken and modest man, Casterlin sooner riff on his guitar than speak needlessly. It’s simple for Casterlin. He says, “I like to play. I like the music. It’s what’s in my head.” His knowledge of music borders

encyclopedic, and his own music reflects this tremendous knowledge. A nebulous style that best, but barely, fits the title electronicia, Casterlin has difficulty finding a forum for his often obtuse sound.

“[Eugene is] classic rock inundated, not a big tentacle of musicians, and there is more opportunity for bands that play covers,” Casterlin says, echoing McConnell. “Eugene has a tight group of musicians, and it is difficult to break into the scene.”

One thing rings true for these artists: They have been singing, strumming, and beating there way through life for as long as they can remember. Hoedown or dance club or out of town, they get in where they can fit in. For them, it’s about the music. These musicians can play more than covers; they have their own music; they put out CD’s; they tour; and it’s all worth a listen. **KD**

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32 colors & shapes Only a few calligraphers altered their millennia old eloquent art form, and JUNG DO-JUN has earned a place in this select group. **34 moving pictures** In film and comics, ANIME and MANGA crossed the Pacific in the past two decades to become hits in the US. **36 spices and spirits** In Eugene, OREGANO'S restaurant masters the Italian art of food.

The Creative Tradition

The calligraphic art of Jung Do-jun

STORY CORY ELDRIDGE

Tradition breathes through this art. Fourteen colored silk triangles and trapezoids stitched delicately into a Korean folk quilt form a canvas. *Seal* script, an ancient Chinese writing with pictographic qualities, dominates the center white trapezoid, and the characters, brushed so heavily the ink dried tattoo-blue, form a mythological *Peng* bird. Below the bird, twelve lines of Chinese script form around the “legs” of the bird and cascade to the edge of the white silk.

In this work by Jung Do-jun, considered among Korea’s great calligraphers, none of the elements is radical—the quilt looks like any Korean quilt, and Jung brushed the characters as tradition demanded. But few ever thought a Korean folk art was worthy of Chinese calligraphy. “All artists reveal themselves through their works,” Jung says, and his marriage of disparate traditions marks Jung’s

pride in his calligraphic heritage and his Korean identity.

In classical East Asian art, the quality of the artist determines the quality of the art. At the opening of his exhibi-

tion at the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, Jung smiled and said thank you when his dotting daughters translated a new fan’s praise; he graciously signed beautiful autographs in sweeping script; and he, with his daughters, gladly walked the length of the long gallery to translate the works’ Confucian sayings, which praise

humaness, loyalty, and humility. And when no one approached him, he stood away from the crowd sipping a beer. “He sees himself as part of this larger tradition,” says

“I see tradition as something we continually make and change, not as something we simply protect and preserve.”

Charles Lachman, curator of East Asian art at the Schnitzer. “That’s what accounts, in part, for what strikes you as his humility. He doesn’t see himself as having invented this. He’s got a small part in this bigger tradition and he’s adding his own contributions.” The rigid order of Confucianism infuses calligraphy’s form and

execution, and Jung lays down each stroke of Chinese script in a prescribed order. Within these boundaries, lithe and strong strokes, separations and connections, and angles of lines show not only temperament and meaning, but the artist’s tradition.

“If you choose one particular script type you are implying a certain lineage,” Lachman says. “You try to show how you fit into a tradition.”

This ordered tradition doesn’t stifle Jung. It doesn’t restrict him to antiquated forms and ancient Confucian poetry. It sets a foundation to free those forms and poems to creative expression.

“I see [tradition] as something that we continually make and change, not as something we simply protect and preserve,” he says. “The artist should always be creative [while] using the traditional art form.”

Most calligraphers employ only black ink and



OPPOSITE: A fan serves as the canvas for this piece entitled *The Smell of a Flower*. RIGHT: Jung's piece, *The Peng Bird*, uniquely combines ancient and modern Chinese script, the East's highest artforms, with a Korean folk quilt.

Art courtesy of the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art.

white paper. Jung stains his canvases with greens, blues, and browns; he rubs them with petroglyphs; he imprints them with over-large stamps. "We don't have to work with white because white is given," Jung says. "Like adding color to the palette, adding something is to bring out the work – not to impress someone." He sometimes even omits Chinese script.

"He's unusual in a number of ways," Lachman says. "He uses Korean alphabetic script so much in combination with Chinese characters, and he treats it as you would Chinese."

Until the 1950s, Korean script, *hunguel*, held no cultural prominence. Philosophers and artists crafted Chinese, while butchers and laborers scribbled *hunguel*. During the past few decades, Jung and others challenged that distinction and turned *hunguel* into art.

"It tells that there is a unique culture in Korea," says Jyhae Eum, a Korean art student. "That tells a lot about who I am."

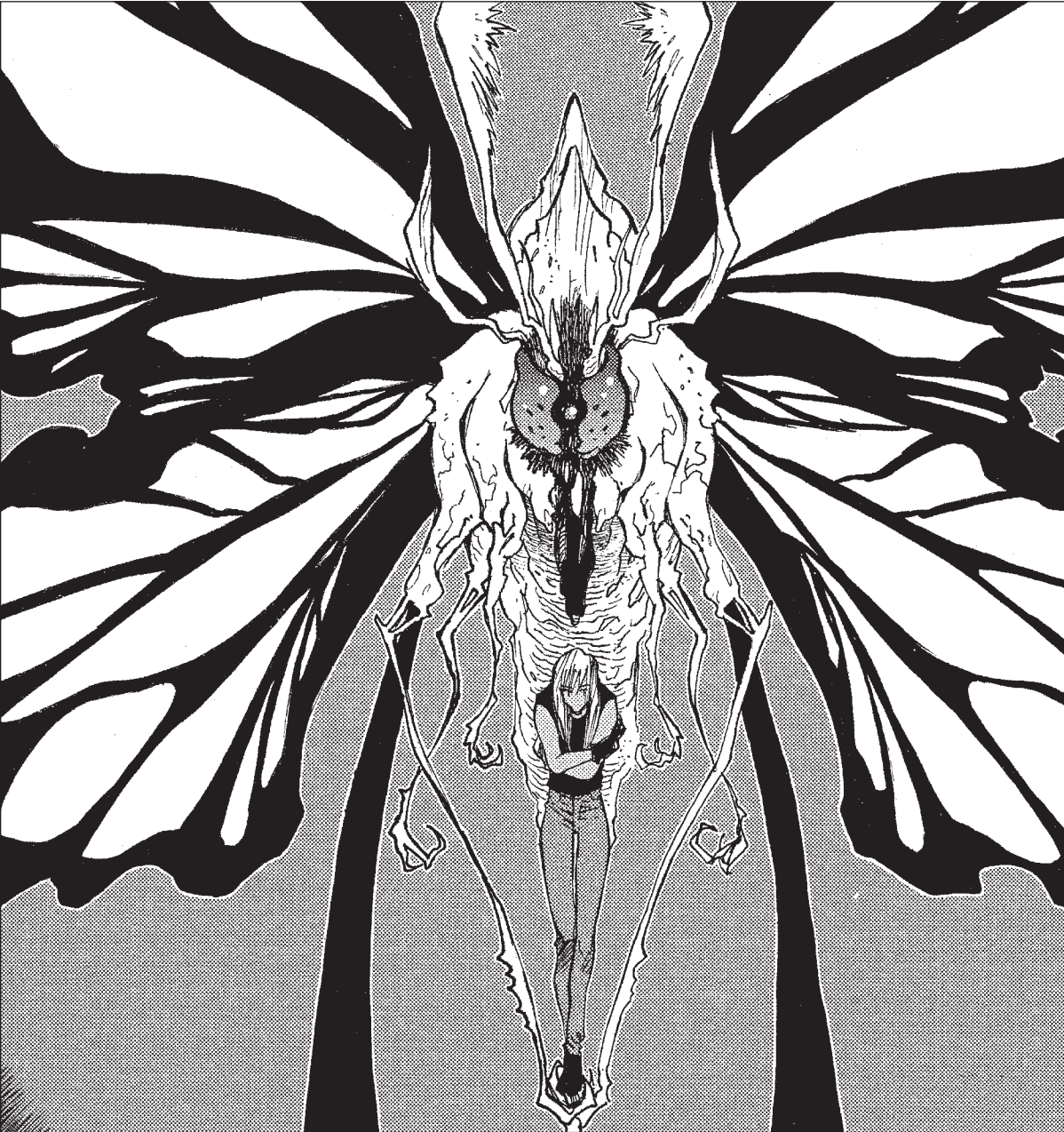
Jung says he intends to spark this pride with the use of *hunguel* and other elements, such as silk quilts, that set the art as Korean. But the Chinese calligraphic traditions stay prominent, and without them, Jung could not treat *hunguel* so artfully. This connection further empowers his art. His combination of a vibrant ancient art with an invigorated cultural pride roots him in tradition while garnering him that elusive title—unique. KD



Anime Invasion

The cyberpunk artform garners more than just a cult following in the US

STORY JASON DRONKOWSKI



Anime: It's comics turned cult films. Since its adaptation from Asian graphic novels, the cyberpunk Japanese craze has flourished into a monstrous industry

spawning movies, television shows, conventions, and mundane merchandise. Now, the addition of late night programming in the United States coupled with international

distribution makes the once exotic style an irresistible influence affecting art and media worldwide.

However, the category is complicated. Anime derives

from illustrations and themes in Japanese comics, known as manga. In Japan, manga comics are the most popular entertainment medium. Anime evolved from these manga drawings to create the heavily funded animated feature films and TV shows viewed today. This transition from a comic medium to television is the greatest cause in launching the Asian born art to international success.

"In Japan, asking someone if they read manga is like asking someone in the United States if they watch TV," says Carl Horn, manga editor and scholar at Darkhorse Publishing in Milwaukie, Oregon. The company's U.S. headquarters and international circulation have transformed manga like *Trigun* and *Oh My Goddess!* into worldwide bestsellers. These successful series have left anime movie producers barking at manga's door.

But despite its recent global outbreak, anime's roots run as deep as Disney. Anime began to develop in the late forties after World War II. Japan's depleted economy restricted expensive entertainment. Adapting to these financial inadequacies, entrepreneurs like Osamu Tezuka, pioneered inexpensive graphic novels, manga. These can still be found in Japan today for under a dollar. Tezuka eventually applied manga style to television creating successful anime shows like *Astro Boy* and *Kimba White Lion*.

However, anime failed to hurdle into international respect overnight. In 1988, Katsushiro Otomo's *Akira*

stirred sci-fi and fantasy film enthusiasts. Yet, anime acquired only a closet cult following despite newly acclaimed films.

"Anime has gone through phases in the United States," Horn says. "In the seventies, not many people knew about it. In the eighties, people watched it, but no one would admit it. And now, the U.S. is the future in the [anime and manga] market."

Even today, anime remains a mystery to the inexperienced. In Japanese, anime means animation; however, anime suffers a common misconception of Japanese origin. In fact, the anime genre

from other animated programs because of their sharp, bold edges, improper body proportioning, and character-driven storylines.

"I like the hard-edge aspect of the style," says Tyrone Swanson, a senior art major at the University of Oregon. "It really makes the characters pop."

While subjects are as endless as live-action films, anime films have more character-driven plot and emotional exaggeration in their writing. Anime themes tend to revolve around a character's mentality and their eccentric emotions instead of events or actions. This approach affects

multicultural phenomenon. Recent shows like *Cowboy Bebop* and *Ghost in the Shell* display this dioramic beauty of combining an Asian art with universal plot structure. *Ghost in the Shell's* complex, cybernetic controversy meshes magnificently with Mamoru Oshii's violent and abstract art direction. *Cowboy Bebop's* soundtrack of melodic multitude blends perfectly in the atmosphere of futuristic bounty hunters and criminals. But anime also retains the cultural strength of its homeland. *Lone Wolf and Cub* is a classic example of transferring historical Japanese tales into modern art and entertainment for the entire world to enjoy.

Whatever their definition, manga and anime have certainly solicited attention throughout the world. Subjects spanning from high school relationships to personal philosophical inquiry reveals themes in Anime that address everyone. Settings from ancient Edo Japan to the post-apocalyptic future leave room for a diverse array of stunning artwork. The cross-cultural influence brought by anime's international recognition opened a gateway to universal production, and brought with it unanimous acclaim. Now, anime has matured into a sophisticated, creative, and captivating entertainment industry with limitless possibilities. **KD**

"In Japan, asking someone if they read manga is like asking someone in the United States if they watch T.V."

includes productions from all over the world; even American artists are labeling some of their work as anime. Still, it remains difficult to expand the anime category past its birthplace because, as Horn remarks, "[Anime] is the essence of Japan."

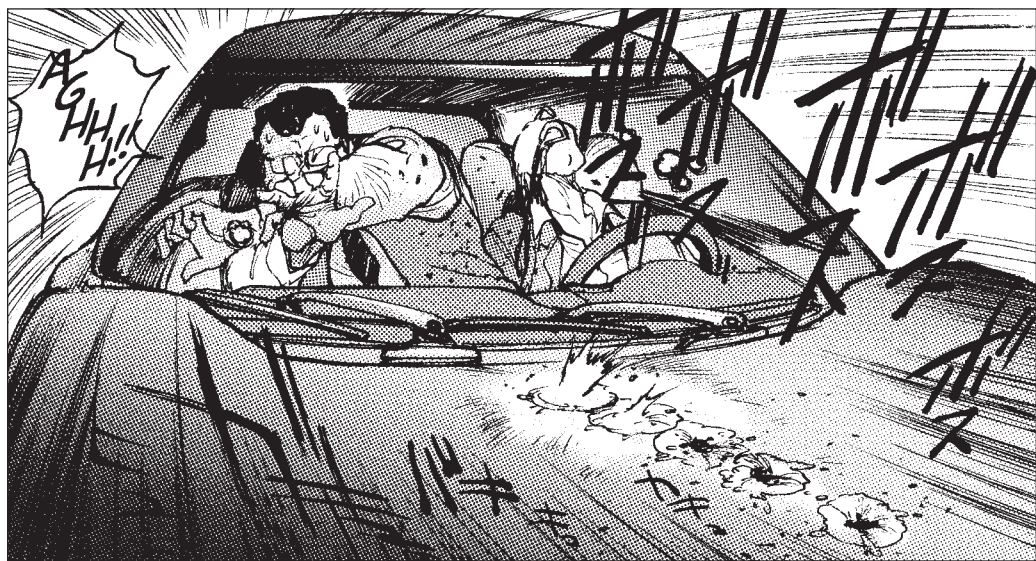
Without debate, there is something unique about anime beyond its nationality. Anime may no longer assume origin, but there is an apparent style. Anime films are distinct

the illustrating style; inspiring slow-motion sequences, distorted colors, and embellished facial expressions to reveal a subject's affected personality.

"Kazuo Koike once said it best," Horn explains, referring to the artist responsible for the manga masterpiece *Lone Wolf and Cub*, "It's not the story, it's the character."

Anime is endlessly evolving. The cross-cultural collaboration balances the international future of the modern

OPPOSITE: A typical fantastical frame from *Trigun Maximum* (c) 2004 Yasuhiro Naito. RIGHT: A frame from *Ghost in the Shell 1.5: Human-Error Processor* (c)2003 by Shirow Masamune and Kodansha Ltd. BELOW: A new cover drawing of *Lone Wolf and Cub* by Frank Miller, the creator of *Sin City* (c) 1995, 2001 Kazuo Koike and Goseki Kojima and (c) 2000 Frank Miller, Inc. Art courtesy Dark Horse Manga.





ABOVE: The main dining area at Oregano's has an "old meets new" Italian atmosphere.

Classy Concoctions

Oregano's offers upscale Italian dining

STORY KATHERINE VETRANO • PHOTOS NICK GATES

Beneath four inviting Italian words, *antipasti*, *insalata*, *pasta*, and *pesce*, a colorful green facade invites guests in scrawled letters to a prime downtown dining experience. Upon

with stylish art, such as a colorful postmodern version of the *Mona Lisa*. The menu is much like the design of the restaurant itself: It offers traditional dishes such as chicken parmigina, spaghetti

spinach, and artichoke dip accompanied by parmesan flat bread. The garlic stole the show in this cheesy textured dip for precisely toasted parmesan flat bread triangles. Another perfect preparation for the upcoming meal is the caesar salad. The lettuce is fresh and crispy, but the dressing, hinted with garlic and deliciously creamy, isn't nearly as generous as one could hope for.

The waitress, a perfect blend of considerate and comical, arrives with piping hot plates punctually. One plate, the seafood linguine, is immaculate. The menu describes this dish as linguine tossed in a butter garlic sauce topped with salmon, mussels, clams, and

shrimp. Upon arrival, diners will be dazzled by the bed of pasta sprinkled with a gorgeous array of fresh seafood, a handful of capers, fresh tomatoes, and black olives. Another plate that will satisfy the taste buds is the traditional yet appetizing fettuccine della casa. This plate offers a long delicate pasta paired with tender artichoke hearts, smoked chicken, and tangy sundried tomatoes drenched in an airy pesto alfredo sauce that enhances the generous chicken pieces.

After one glimpse of the Tiramisu dessert, it is impossible to say no. Although full and already gastronomically satisfied, the need to devour the luscious duo of coffee and chocolate richness that rests between two layers of white cake and delicate cream will be undeniable.

Unfortunately, the prices in general run a little steep, ranging from \$8.95-30.95, but are well worth the buck. This restaurant is perfect for dining with a significant other and also a great place to take the family for a special occasion. Without a doubt, diners will want to make a second trip to this establishment. Buon Appetito! KD

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The menu is much like the design of the restaurant itself: it offers traditional dishes, but also adds interesting flair.

entering Oregano's, an elegant ambiance overcomes the curious patron. Servers dressed in black attire glide gracefully across the dining floor. When seated, the eccentric edge of the interior design becomes apparent. The walls are filled

with meatballs, cappelini, and wood-fired pizza; but it adds some interesting flair such as gazpacho soup and a "mama mia" salad.

To commence the Italian experience, consider a large appetizer consisting of garlic,



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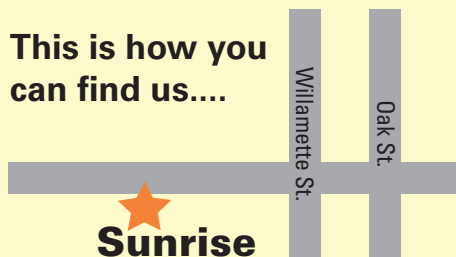
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Keeping Traditie

A granddaughter re-teaches tradition

STORY LOGAN JUVE • ART KELLY WALKER

The smell of *bacalao* and *akevitt* always filled grandmother's house at Christmas. Even though the majority of the family despised the taste of preserved fish and potato spirit, it was *traditie* according to her, and tradition was forever. We smiled awkwardly as we forced down the Norwegian delicacies and silently prayed that maybe next year we could just have a Foster Farms turkey instead. But now, five years later, as my grandmother struggles with Alzheimer's Disease, I would give anything for just one more home-cooked Norwegian dinner. I'd be satisfied if she just remembered where she was.

She wasn't diagnosed until midway through my freshman year in high school, but we'd all noticed Grandmother slipping. My family members wrote off her behavior as old

It felt as if time had sent her fifteen years down the road while we only gained a day.

age, but it soon became apparent this was something more. She declined gradually at first, and then it felt as if time sent her fifteen years down the road while we only gained a day. When she was could not cook or clean for herself, my family hastily packed up her house in Hermiston, Oregon and moved her life, all packaged in matching suitcases circa 1972, to the family farm in Joseph to live with my father. She went on for months thinking that she was on vacation to the place where she and my grandfather had raised six strong and able children, but my father continuously reminded her that this was home, and she learned to accept the situation.

Now, as a college freshman returning home for Christmas break, I watched Grandmother scurry about in the same kitchen she had won my grandfather's heart. Pained for a way to help her, I found my mind drifting back to the memories of years past.

"Hey Grandma, how would you like to cook up some *krumkake* and *rosettes* today? It's almost Christmas and I'd hate to see our tradition vanish." She looked at me with gleaming gray eyes. It only took a nod of her head for me to jump out of my stool and dig through the cabinets to find the ingredients. She set out on a mission too and produced the rosette iron, her ancient Norwegian recipes, and a rolling rod in a matter of seconds. Utensils in hand, I could tell she didn't quite know what to do with them and so found another way to busy her already tired mind. She walked to the stereo and put in a tape of Bing Crosby.

"We'd always begin holiday baking" she explained, "with a dance!" She grabbed my wrist and led me across the hardwood floor, beaming. Though I'm well over a foot taller than her, she leaned up and kissed my cheek as we strolled through our own personal ballroom.

"Grandma, do you miss the way things used to be?" I asked cautiously as she turned me around in circles. With a puzzled look, she continued dancing.

"I miss him," she replied, referring to my deceased grandfather, "but I couldn't be happier. I'm in a place I love, with my mountains all around me, and spending this time with the people I care for most."

After our dance, as I helped Grandma spoon out the rosette batter and listened to it sizzle in seeming time with Bing Crosby's crooning, I couldn't help but contemplate her response. Was it possible, even with the loss of memory, to still be content with life's twisted path? Was it possible to keep learning even after life's lessons are supposed to have passed you by?

All afternoon I watched Grandmother cook. I stepped in frequently to remind her to remove the *rosettes* from the hot oil and coached her, the same way she had taught me years before, on how to roll the crisp *krumkake*. The look in her eyes was enough to tell me that even though she wouldn't remember this event in the morning, all that really mattered was right now.

Grandmother's health is failing fast. It's hard to say what she remembers and what slips her mind like water through a sieve. But that afternoon in the kitchen, she was there in body and mind. And even if she can't remember the little things, like what she did last week or even where she lives at times, she remembers *traditie*. And *traditie* is forever. **KD**



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