Nayan Sthankiya

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Multimedia Journalist

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WWW.NAYANSTHANKIYA.COM

CONTACT@NAYANSTHANKIYA.COM

cell - 306.250.8358

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

The cuddles are a bonus

A pack of happy beagles help students get first-hand research experience

MACLEANS

Feature Story

Beagles eagerly help researchers at the University of Saskatchewan find out whether peas are a more suitable source of carbs in dog food than rice

BY MAI NGUYEN · Few things can be as boring and tedious as lab research. But tedium is not a problem for students at the Western College of Veterinary Medicine at the University of Saskatchewan, since they—all in the name of science—get to hang out with a bunch of beagles.

Jennifer Adolphe, a Ph.D. candidate who graduated in 2013, was the first student to work with the dogs. In 2009, she teamed up with veterinary medicine professor Lynn Weber to kickstart a nutrition study exploring whether peas were healthier than rice as a carbohydrate for dogs. Grain-free diets were becoming all the rage among humans, but there was little evidence to show they were any better for pets than traditional starches.

So Adolphe spent the next four years doing research on nine beagles, who were named after *Peanuts* characters. With the help of other students and faculty, she tested the pea diet against the rice diet and closely examined changes to the dogs' glucose tolerance, insulin sensitivity and body fat after eight to 12 weeks of feeding. She found that the low-glycemic pea diet resulted in metabolic benefits, fewer signs of diabetes and overall better cardiovascular health. "I got to learn how to formulate pet food and the role that nutrition plays in dogs," says Adolphe.

The results proved so promising that, even after Adolphe graduated, Dr. Weber expanded the study to test more pulse crops, such as lentils and fava beans, against corn, a common ingredient in commercial pet food. She also added cats and aquaculture fish to the study as test subjects. Weber ultimately hopes to develop a protein- and fibre-rich formula for pets, and to provide valuable data for the pet food industry and Saskatchewan's pulse crop farmers. "A lot of research in this area is done by pet food companies, and they don't make that knowledge publicly available," says Weber. "We want our research to be shared."

Why beagles and not, say, Bernese mountain dogs? According to Weber, the floppy-eared dogs are the ideal size, have happy personalities and "will eat just about anything." Currently, Weber is looking after her second group of canines—the first group has since been adopted—and expects her third batch of beagles to arrive next year. The new study will look into removing some of the bitter elements of the diet to make it tastier for picky pets.

Since Weber is occupied with finding funding, she admits students "do the real work." She has supervised about a dozen of them as they help out with various aspects of the nutrition study, including formulating the food, feeding the beagles, collecting blood samples, running ultrasounds and tracking insulin and glucose responses. In the summer, undergraduate and graduate students enrolled in veterinary medicine and agriculture are welcome to conduct their own dog-related research. The goal of the summer program is to attract more students to jobs in research, diagnostic laboratories, regulatory work and academia. "There's a very large number of agriculture and vet students who want do research on dogs and cats, but it's hard to find those opportunities," says Weber.

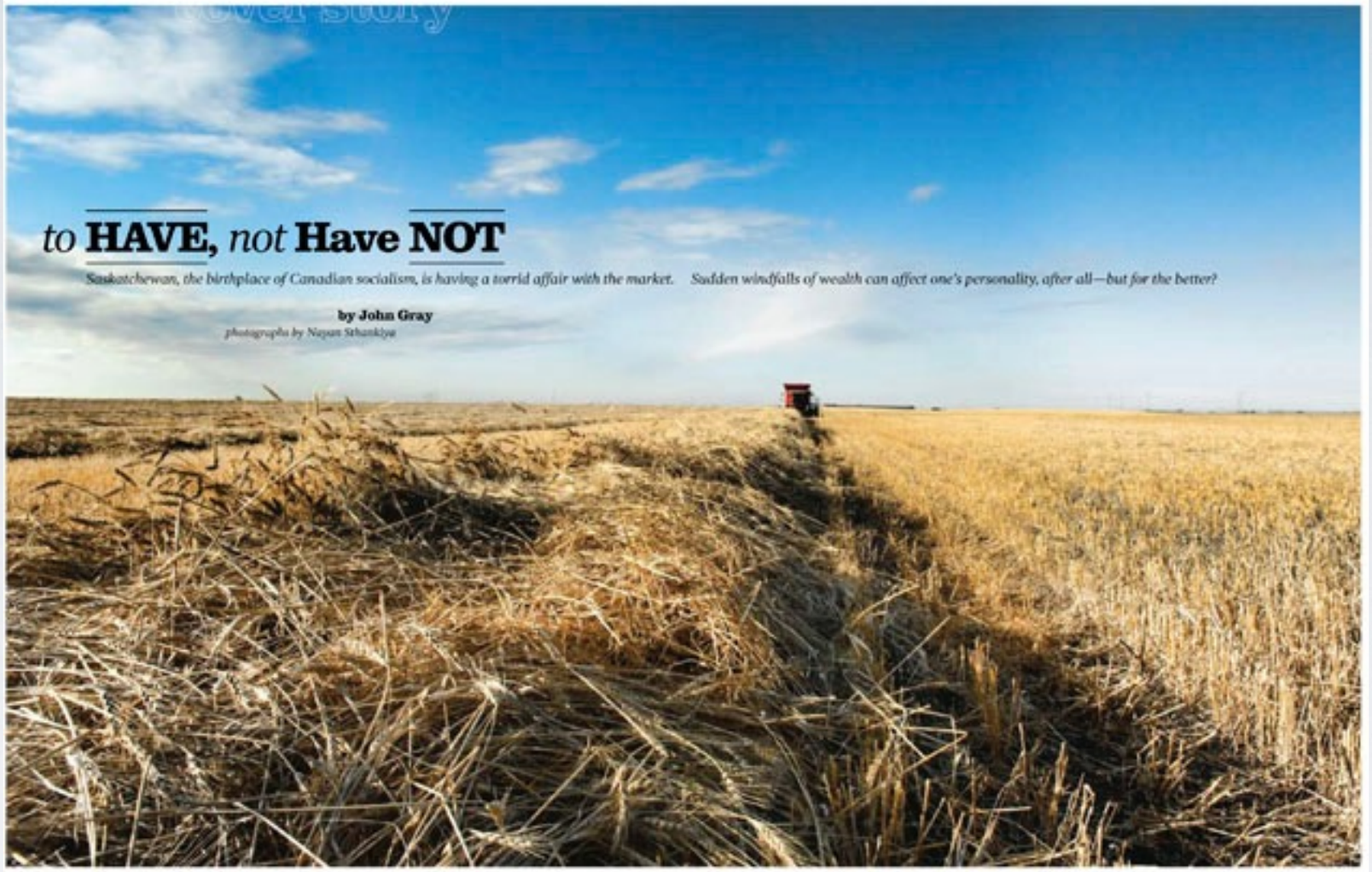
The logistics of conducting animal research in Canada are a huge headache and can cost thousands of dollars per animal, which is why hands-on research with pets is rare for students. The veterinary college has to drive the beagles in from a supplier in New Jersey, since most airlines won't ship research animals. Animal testing is also a hugely divisive issue, and has been plagued by real-life horror stories of systemic animal mistreatment. Weber's research adheres to the Canadian Council on Animal Care guidelines for humane animal use. Staff and students spend a lot of time socializing the dogs with daily walks, feeding them a nutritious diet and performing the all-important task of cuddling them. After four to five years, the beagles are adopted out to the right families. "They were a big part of my life for four years," says Adolphe.

Now a senior nutritionist at Petcurean in Waterloo, Ont., Adolphe says this unique learning experience gave her a competitive edge in the job market. "Working with the beagles day in and day out is not a bad way to spend my Ph.D." ♣

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NAYAN STHANKIYA

REPORT ON BUSINESS

COVER & EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY



to HAVE, *not* Have NOT

Saskatchewan, the birthplace of Canadian socialism, is having a torrid affair with the market. Sudden windfalls of wealth can affect one's personality, after all—but for the better?

by John Gray

photographs by Nayan Sthankiya

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EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Farmers like Larry Sommerfeld (facing page and previous) are relishing their prospects. Meanwhile, urban centres like Saskatoon (above) exhibit the trappings of the "Saskatoons"

The narrative of Saskatchewan is so deeply etched and so familiar that talking to Larry Sommerfeld is a shock. He is that rarest of creatures—a happy farmer who is looking to the future with confidence.

Sommerfeld stretches out in his chair and smiles: "It's a nice place to be right now, Saskatchewan. Everybody's pretty optimistic."

Apart from being the proprietor of a 3,000-acre farm, Sommerfeld is mayor of the town of Allan, a half-hour's drive southeast of Saskatoon. He sees change everywhere. The PotashCorp mine on the edge of town is in the middle of a half-billion-dollar expansion, which is a lot of money for a town of 700. The trailer court and the hotels are jammed. Sommerfeld talks of Saskatchewan people returning home from Alberta, where the living these days is no longer quite so easy. Local trucking operators—a business Sommerfeld knows from his own seasonal work driving rigs—are bringing in trainees from as far away as the Philippines. And everywhere, wages are going up because the mines and the oil and gas operators are competing for employees.

When we first met seven years ago, Larry Sommerfeld was not a happy man. He had just bought a tractor and he was not looking forward to his next meeting with the bank manager. His three sons were not much inclined to take over the farm after he retires and he was not in much of a mood to tell them they should. He was pretty pessimistic about farming, period.

These days, Sommerfeld's wife, Bev, still works at the local Walmart to help out with the bills. His canola and pea crops were not as great as they might have been this year. But he had one of his best years ever for wheat and barley. More important, he has even made a big bet on the future. He shakes his head and laughs at it, but he confesses he has just bought himself a combine for $400,000. "I guess I look at it this way: If I go broke, at least I'll have something good on my auction sale."

Not so long ago, most Canadians felt a bit sorry for Saskatchewan, that poor cousin on the bald prairie. The people of Saskatchewan called their province "next-year country," but the wise guys said that was because this year was always so unfailingly wretched. Think about it. If it was not the cracking cold of winter, it was the baking heat of summer, probably with hailstorms and locusts thrown in for good measure. True, the province had always relished its reputation as the breadbasket of Canada, if not the world. But when the numbers were added up at the end of the year, Saskatchewan was always in the bottom half of the Canadian ledger. Saskatchewan was a perennial have-not, reliant on handouts from Ottawa.

But lately, Saskatchewan has been watching the world's commodity prices rise—wheat, barley, lentils, chickpeas, potash, oil, gas, uranium. Saskatchewan is rich in them all, and suddenly, as of last year, the province is in the top half of that Canadian ledger, looking down on even stumbling Ontario.

At the same time, something here is changing besides the numbers. Saskatchewan's personality is changing too. The place that had to stick together, the place that was proud of its Crown corporations, its institutions designed to protect farmers from capitalists, and the pragmatic strain of social democracy that produced medicare, is now in love with the markets.

Is Tommy Douglas rolling in his grave? Perhaps. To hear one of his ideological descendants tell it, there is a danger in forgetting how cruel commodities markets can be. It was dust bowl hardship that made Saskatchewan, according to Nettie Wiebe. "I think it evoked in people—and with wise leadership got articulated as—a need for a recognized interdependence," she says. "That is less and less the case now. Not just because it has become that much easier here, but also because of larger influences that have tossed us all into a kind of globalization that inhibits us from recognizing our interdependence."

Nettie Wiebe represents the old Saskatchewan—she has led the radical-roots National Farmers Union, and was a left-wing candidate for the provincial NDP leadership. If you want a symbol of the new Saskatchewan—or what is assumed to be the new Saskatchewan—you could do worse than to consider Mayo Schmidt, an American agribusiness veteran who arrived at the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool in 2000. The Pool is one of those prairie institutions that sprang out of hardship and common cause; it was formed by farmers in 1923 to get them a better deal after decades of rude treatment by grain traders.

What Schmidt found 77 years later was a farmers' co-op that had become seriously dysfunctional, with a debt of close to half a billion dollars. "For me it was time for the company to stop talking about what it had done, many years past, and start talking about what it was going to do to get in control of a situation that was beginning to be out of control," he says.

Schmidt slashed hundreds of jobs and cut into the array of 30 companies that came under the Pool's umbrella, ranging from grain terminals in Mexico and Poland to a doughnut chain, a meat company, a fish farm, a livestock business and the *Western Producer*, the newspaper for western farmers.

But the most important change—which didn't come without a struggle—was to convert the Pool from a co-op owned by farmers into a public company owned by shareholders. That transition, says Schmidt, has given the company a new life and the ability to become a global player in the food business. "The difficulty for the organization was that access to capital was not available. People in the capital markets don't put money into businesses when they don't have a vote.

"So it created a conflict. It created an untenable situation. I didn't change the intent and the mind and heart of the company. What I did was change its financial condition to allow it to have access."

REPORT ON BUSINESS

EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Premier Brad Wall's Saskatchewan Party, which came to power in 2007, has put water between itself and its forerunner, the disgraced Conservatives

Schmidt's protest aside, he *did* change the heart and mind of the company. After its financial crisis was resolved in 2003, the Wheat Pool set out to expand its horizons. A shakedown in the grain handling industry in the Prairie provinces appeared to put Agricore United—itself the union of the pools in Alberta and Manitoba—in a commanding position. A lot of smart money had predicted the Pool would be swallowed. But at the end of a six-month bidding war, Mayo Schmidt and the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool had emerged on top, controlling an estimated 45% of the Western Canadian grain-handling business.

From the moment he came to the Pool, there had been speculation that Schmidt was a Trojan Horse for one of the American agribusiness giants, either Cargill or his alma mater, ConAgra. He was just grooming Viterra, as the Pool was renamed, for a takeover, it was said. To that, Schmidt replies, "There aren't companies today of any scale that are immune to the interest or affection of another company. That's the world today. Companies in all sectors, in all businesses, are constantly and continually assessing their opportunities to combine, to acquire and to grow. ...You can't afford to stand on the sidelines."

Just a few days after this interview, the shareholders of ABB Grain, Australia's largest agribusiness—itself the product of the same sort of consolidation and co-op-to-corporation evolution—voted to merge with Viterra. The takeover cost the Canadian company $1.4 billion and elevated it into the top tier of global grain handlers. The onetime farmer co-op is now in the Cargill league.

A base in Australia gives Viterra a year-round cash flow, with harvests twice a year—twice the opportunity to collect grain and twice the opportunity to sell fertilizer and seed.

Schmidt sketches for Viterra a Google Earth road to prosperity, with minerals and agricultural products becoming continually more precious, with 75 million new mouths to feed every year, and a world population that will swell from 6.6 to nine billion by 2050. "So you take the market signals today and the resource constraints and diminishing arable land and water resources in the world, and Saskatchewan becomes a very, very desirable place to do business—a centre that provides ingredients for food supplies, critical nutrients and also many other mineral sources, including potash and others for growing food.

"When you look at that, it really is Saskatchewan's time. It's its opportunity to take advantage of the market conditions and the trends, and to build its economy and build its resources and its strength and attract new opportunities to the province."

Wheat is very old Saskatchewan. It's also new Saskatchewan, as Viterra's success shows, but only one part. Premier Brad Wall tells the whole story well: "I think every now and then, Saskatchewan people have thought to themselves or maybe had a coffee conversation that went something like: 'How is it that the place that has half of the arable acres in all of Canada, that boasts a quarter of the world's uranium production, that

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After zooming to the No. 1 spot on the Toronto Stock Exchange, PotashCorp was hit hard by a sudden decline in prices for its namesake product

has a third of the world's potash production, that is Canada's second-largest producer of oil and third-largest producer of natural gas, that is responsible for 25% of the world's mustard production and a third of most of the pulse crops—how is that province a have-not province?"

Now that Saskatchewan has earned its spot in the "have" column, however, nobody is boasting. "There's been no spiking the ball in the end zone by Saskatchewan's people," Wall says. "Maybe it's because we know how long we were a have-not, and I think we just want to keep our head down and be modestly, humbly self-assured about this new status."

The Premier knows that Saskatchewan has been powerfully lucky. Beneficent geology has endowed the place with oil, gas, uranium and potash in abundance. There may even be diamonds.

The province produced 160 million barrels of crude oil last year, second in Canada only to Alberta's total output and about equal to that province's *production of conventional oil.* (In other words, once the oil sands are put aside), Saskatchewan is the world's top producer of uranium, accounting for about a quarter of total production. And then there is potash, which modern agriculture relies on for a basic nutrient (potassium), and which Saskatchewan calls "pink gold." The last provincial budget forecast that potash revenue would account for 18% of government revenue.

On the farm front, the surprise is that much of the new prosperity comes from pulses, crops that were hardly known in the Prairies two or three generations ago—peas, beans, chickpeas, lentils. In 1981, 85,000 acres of lentils were planted; this year, there were 2.3 million acres. In 1976, 15,000 acres of peas were planted; this year, 2.8 million acres. Canada is now the leading exporter in the world of both foods, almost all of it from Saskatchewan.

As Wall acknowledges, Saskatchewan is still dependent on the vagaries of commodity price cycles. But—and it's a big but—"when it comes to resource profile, we've got more than one horse to ride."

The lucky horse at the moment is oil. In his office in the legislature in Regina, Wall points to a large television that is set to a business channel. The 2009 budget forecast for oil was $48 (U.S.) a barrel, but the price was $77 (U.S.) as of early December. Every dollar increase in the price of oil means $18 million in revenue for the province.

A moment later, Alberta's Finance Minister, Iris Evans, appears on the screen, admitting that the plunge in natural gas prices and the prospect of a budget deficit are "a real kick in the head." A sympathetic Wall grimaces. If an economic powerhouse like Alberta can tumble into a deficit, a Johnny-come-lately like Saskatchewan cannot afford to gloat.

Wall, after all, has his own problem. Since Saskatchewan's March budget, potash revenue has been tumbling out of control. By November, a mid-year budget report revised an expected $1.93 billion in potash revenue to just $109 million. Thank heaven Wall has those other horses, specifically oil, to ride: The November numbers showed that oil revenue would be $952 million instead of the $573 million forecast in March. That, says the Premier, is what will save Saskatchewan this year.

Still, there's a shortfall. The government promised to maintain a balanced budget,

Saskatchewan's other boom: not prosperous

Most of the economic news from Saskatchewan these days is about the "Saskaboom"—the province's unexpected and unaccustomed prosperity. Meanwhile, there are dark clouds on the horizon foretelling another boom—a demographic one—that gets scant news coverage.

But it's something Gary Merasty thinks about all the time. Merasty is former Grand Chief of the Prince Albert Grand Council, which represents, essentially, the northern half of the province. More than three-quarters of the 40,000 inhabitants are, like Merasty, of aboriginal ancestry.

Merasty was elected to the House of Commons and then was hired away from Ottawa by uranium miner Cameco, based in Saskatoon. As vice-president, corporate social responsibility, he is the company's front man for Saskatchewan's native community. The question facing Merasty and everyone else in the province is: Where will native people fit into the new and prosperous Saskatchewan?

Cameco started facing that question long before Merasty joined the company two years ago. After negotiating with government agencies and northern communities, Cameco set an impressive array of commitments in the mid-nineties. The company agreed that 67% of the Cameco employees in the North should be local people by 2013. The level is now 52%, and growing. As well, a preferred-supplier program favours enterprises—mainly owned by northern residents. It has already passed its target of obtaining at least 30% of goods and services from northerners.

Merasty says the biggest problem for Cameco's hiring program is finding qualified workers. Entry-level jobs are easy to fill. The problem is finding natives with the required math and science grades for other jobs. Despite the existence of scholarships and other support programs, high-school drop-out rates are persistently high in the North.

That problem, and related ones, have to be tackled by the province and employers, Merasty says. "We have the highest rates of suicide, incarceration and dropouts. There is a huge opportunity to begin to turn that around now, because the cost of doing nothing is going to be astronomical." Demographic trends back Merasty's case. University of Saskatchewan economist Eric Howe predicts that, by the year 2050, if not earlier, half the province's population will be aboriginal.

Already, aboriginal unemployment is a serious problem. Statistics Canada reports that non-aboriginal unemployment in the province is 4.4%; aboriginal unemployment is 15.3%.

Not all Saskatchewan companies share Cameco's zeal for native hiring. In a province where natives constitute almost 15% of the population, Howe singles out giant PotashCorp, where only 1.5% of the employees are aboriginal.

"I'm not saying anything remotely bad about the idea of having an aboriginal majority," Howe continues. "I think that is going to be a very interesting thing. I'm saying that, confronted by this demographic reality, aboriginal people must be moved further into the economic mainstream, or Saskatchewan will face turmoil at a level that it has not experienced since the Great Depression."

Former MP Gary Merasty heads uranium miner Cameco's drive to hire more natives

but that will be painful. Some spending will be *cut or deferred.* And Saskatchewan's rainy-day Growth and Financial Security Fund will be almost chopped in half, to $650.8 million.

The plunge in potash revenue was a *case* of too much of a good thing. For PotashCorp, the largest potash producer in the world, the company that is sitting on so much of the stuff that it can control the supply in the same fashion as OPEC does oil, the year has been a horrendous embarrassment. Skyrocketing prices last year, which briefly made PotashCorp the biggest company in Canada by market capitalization, produced plummeting sales this year. When potash went above $1,000 (U.S.) a tonne last year, the world's farmers decided they *could* not afford that kind of hit.

As sales dropped, chief executive officer Bill Doyle began whistling past the graveyard. Fertilizer customers cannot defer purchases indefinitely, he

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Mayo Schmidt converted the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, a flagging co-op, into a public company that has breached the top tier of global agribusiness

said. Major markets would have to rebuild their supplies. Farmers are playing a dangerous game that will have consequences, he said. The current slowdown will pass, and a strong demand surge is likely to follow.

That was Doyle in April and May. By October, he was whistling a different tune. After acknowledging a third-quarter drop in earnings of almost $1 billion (U.S.) from a year earlier, Doyle said, "I've personally done a horrible job of forecasting this year. ...I've looked like a jerk all year long. ...I fell on my face."

But Doyle is still betting on the long term. The gamble is that although the global recession hurt the fertilizer industry, the science of food production has not changed—meaning that the potassium that has been mined from the soil for crop production must be replaced. And Doyle knows as well as anybody that PotashCorp controls about a fifth of the world's potash production capacity. (Doyle was unavailable for an interview for this story.)

Another hugely successful Saskatchewan company has suffered in recent months from an uncomfortable drop in prices and sales volumes. But like PotashCorp, Cameco Corp., the world's biggest uranium producer, has the comfort of knowing that it has vast reserves that will not go bad if they stay in the ground for a few more years, and of knowing also that the world will soon be desperate for its product. Nuclear power, after a 20-year construction hiatus courtesy of Three Mile Island and Chernobyl, is enjoying a global renaissance as governments desperate for low-emissions energy suddenly see nukes as green. Cameco even has a direct and profitable slice of that business, through its one-third share of Bruce Power, Ontario's biggest nuclear generator. And Premier Wall is a backer of the nuclear industry, having expressed interest in building a nuclear plant in Saskatchewan.

So there was a ring of familiarity when Cameco chief executive Jerry Grandey explained the slip in third-quarter revenue from uranium in the same terms that Bill Doyle might have used about potash. Notwithstanding the short-term events, he said, the long-term fundamentals of the market remain robust.

In fairness, it's hard to argue with their assessments. One company accounts for about 20% of the world's uranium production ("We are the Saudi Arabia of uranium," Wall has boasted), the other for about 20% of the world's potash. Yes, the long-term fundamentals remain robust.

By way of coincidence, Doyle, Schmidt and Grandey all took over as head of their companies in a three-year period at the turn of the millennium. By way of further coincidence, all three are American. And all three companies, having been created by the public—farmers, in the case of Viterra; the provincial government, in the cases of Cameco and PotashCorp—have been turned over to the capitalists.

It is tempting to speculate about a sea change bringing Albertan and American values to Saskatchewan. But Roger Gibbins, CEO of the Canada West Foundation, for one, sees no evidence of a new entrepreneurial class in Saskatchewan. Real wealth has come from big players dealing in global commodities, says Gibbins—"no sort of global mom-and-pop potash mines or mom-and-pop uranium mines, but big-scale things that have very strong provincial government impact."

For Premier Wall, the current economic difficulties are uncomfortable, but there is no sign of a real political threat that might cause him grief. After 16 years in power, the New Democratic Party was in need of a rest, and Wall's conservative Saskatchewan Party gave it one in the November, 2007, election. The NDP, the province's supposed natural governing party, limped through an anemic leadership campaign to replace Lorne Calvert last summer, and its surprising choice was a former NDP cabinet minister who had been out of politics for nine years. Not only had Dwain Lingenfelter been out of politics, but he had gone to Calgary to work for a major oil company, Nexen. (The provincial NDP has at least held on to its urban base. The federal wing, which had a dominating 10 seats in the 1988 election, has elected exactly zero members

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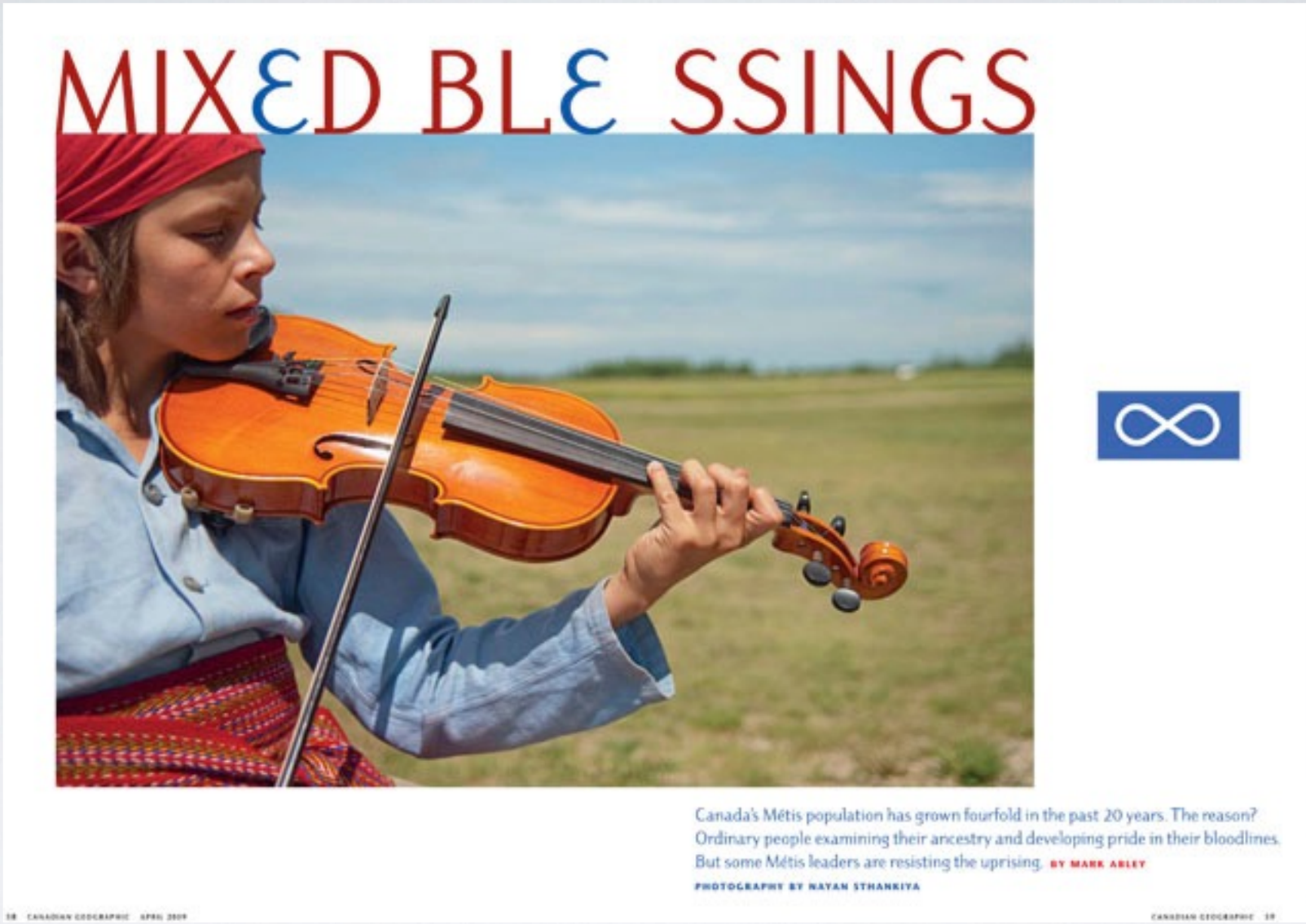


MIXED BLESSINGS

Canada's Métis population has grown fourfold in the past 20 years. The reason? Ordinary people examining their ancestry and developing pride in their bloodlines. But some Métis leaders are resisting the uprising. BY MARK ABLEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NAYAN STHANKIYA

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHIC

EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Rajan Anderson Dorman (previous page) fiddles for guests at Batoche National Historic Site in Saskatchewan. Dancers wait to perform in a jig competition during Back to Batoche (above). The slogan "Native Pride" (opposite) sums up the attitude of visitors and participants at the annual summertime Métis festival.

"Solid mahogany," says Mark Calette of the big, battered pool table in the visitor centre of Batoche National Historic Site, about an hour's drive northeast of Saskatoon. "It was made in London. And its magnificence tells a story. It shows that the Métis were not a poor people. They were an entrepreneurial people who were doing really well."

For decades, the table was used at Stony Mountain Penitentiary, north of Winnipeg, having been carted there after the 1885 Northwest Rebellion in what would become Saskatchewan. Before the uprising, the table almost certainly belonged to Gabriel Dumont, who led the outnumbered Métis forces against government troops.

Calette, the site's project manager, reaches out and fingers the table lovingly. Its recent return to Batoche, where the decisive battle of the uprising took place, tells another kind of story. It symbolizes a change in how Parks Canada — indeed, Canada in general — views the Métis. Not only has our attitude to Métis history shifted, we may be starting to look on the Métis as a model for the future. Novelist and philosopher John Ralston Saul began his recent book, *A Fair Country: Telling Truths About Canada*, with these words: "We are a Métis civilization."

Yet after the failure of the 1885 rebellion — or, to use the preferred Métis term, the *résistance* — they became a perennial underclass. Cleared out of a land base, they were widely scorned as half-breeds, the lowest of the low. Some moved onto reserves; others migrated into urban slums. Still others eked out an existence selling wares along the roadsides of the northern prairies.

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHIC

EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Today, their descendants are showing a growing assertiveness, a new confidence about the Métis role in Canada. The 2006 Census revealed that over the previous decade, Métis numbers had almost doubled, to 390,000. That's more than three times as many as in 1986.

But the sharp rise in numbers also stems, in part, from an identity shift. In the 2001 Census, more than 100,000 Canadians declared themselves to be Métis for the first time — a population explosion that cannot be explained by birth rate alone. Who are these new Métis?

A chunky man with glasses and close-cropped hair, Calette was raised in Saskatoon not knowing about his family's Métis history or that his grandmother spoke the Métis language, Michif. "I grew up thinking of her only as an English-speaker," he says. "My dad and my grandma hid their identity. I knew she was 'Indian' somehow, because she would bring bannock when she came. But I didn't know she was Métis." Underlying the silence, Calette believes, was "shame, based on fear."

We know that Gabriel Dumont and Louis Riel were Métis. But who, exactly, is a Métis today? The answer is far from clear. The Métis National Council prefers a restricted definition: not simply someone of mixed aboriginal and European blood but one "who self-identifies as Métis, is of historic Métis Nation Ancestry, is distinct from other Aboriginal Peoples and is accepted by the Métis Nation."

Only those whose ancestors "resided in Historic Métis Nation Homeland" are eligible. And that homeland, in turn, means the region "in west central North America used and occupied as the traditional territory of the Métis or Half-Breeds as they were then known." In this sense, the term "Métis" is limited to a particular culture and society, one that emerged from the fur trade and the buffalo hunt.

'I'm a sixth-generation Métis from northern Saskatchewan and I'm related to people as far south as Regina all the way up to La Loche. It's not a monolithic culture. We're expanding, and because of all our young people, we're going to be a powerhouse in the future.'

A wind ruffles the poplars as he leaves the visitor centre and strolls down a well-trodden path leading to a white, bullet-ridden church. The usual focus on the gun battles of 1885 bothers him. "People see the military site," he says, "they see the church — but do they learn why there was a community here in the first place?" The Carlton Trail passes through Batoche; in the mid-19th century, it was the halfway point between Fort Edmonton and Fort Garry (Winnipeg). "This was a major stopping point," observes Calette. "It was on the Trans-Canada Highway of its day."

Métis families return to the area each July, camping near the historic site for the Back to Batoche festival of fiddle playing, bannock baking and log carrying. Many also sit for a time in the big graveyard overlooking the South Saskatchewan River. A stone monument honours 23 Métis and First Nations men killed in the uprising. Fluttering from a nearby cross is a long sash made of tightly twisted wool.

"People come here every day," says Calette. "They're like me when I was starting my journey. They want to start connecting those dots. There's nothing like coming and touching this ground. These are your roots. Batoche is the icon."

Batoche was the midway point between Edmonton and Winnipeg along the Carlton Trail (MAP). The Church of St. Antoine de Padua (PHOTO) had no steeple in 1885 and members of the North West Field Force riddled it with bullets not knowing its religious significance. The bullet holes remain. Campaigni V'ni Danni, a Métis performance troupe from Vancouver, entertains guests during Back to Batoche (TOP). A competitor in a horseshoe-throwing tournament wears the traditional Métis sash (ABOVE). One visitor staying on the grounds for the festival chose to set up a tipi (RIGHT), forgoing the comforts of an RV.

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHIC

EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Visitors pay respect to fallen soldiers (above). "That's the challenge we have to rise to," says Robert Doucette, president of the Métis Nation – Saskatchewan (below right), "educating people about the strong and beautiful history of the Métis." Sheila Musqua Keewatin of the Prince Albert Métis Women's Association (below) organized last year's festivities.

So 19th-century history has become an important tool in working out a 21st-century identity. The federal government takes a different view, saying, in essence, if you want to call yourself Métis, you'll be counted as such. But that can cause problems too.

Perhaps nobody in Canada has a better idea of how many Métis there are than Eric Guimond, a specialist in aboriginal demography who works as a senior research manager at Indian and Northern Affairs Canada. Results from the 2006 Census are still preliminary, says Guimond. But the 2001 figures show that about 40 percent of people who called themselves Métis in that year were identified differently in 1986. Guimond says that the massive growth in Métis numbers is due partly to "ethnic mobility" — the desire to change a person's self-accepted or self-announced ethnicity.

Why are the Métis numbers growing so fast? Guimond offers three reasons, each of them partial. The first is family: Métis men and women often marry outside the group, and frequently their children are then identified as Métis. The second involves real or imagined benefits to being Métis, such as extra hunting and fishing rights or access to government programs. And the third is pride: "It's OK now to be aboriginal. It's not a stigma," says Guimond. "In the past, because of discrimination, all sorts of people were in the closet, if I can use that expression."

Guimond, whose family comes from the Gaspé region of eastern Quebec, could call himself Métis if he chose. Knowing the complexities involved, he prefers to define himself simply as "a person with mixed aboriginal and European ancestry. But tomorrow morning, if it wanted, the government could decide that I'm Métis."

Six or more generations back, the Métis were the first entrepreneurs of the western prairies; before that, they were fierce warriors who helped keep Canada from being overrun by American soldiers in the War of 1812. In *A Fair Country*, Rahrton Saul praises the achievement of Jerry Potts, a Métis guide in the 19th century who is often recalled "more as a colourful figure than a builder of the province. Yet the existence of Alberta owes more to him than to the standard short list of policemen, politicians, land speculators and other businessmen who are often cited as provincial heroes."

"When Canadians think about the Métis," says Robert Doucette, president of the Métis Nation – Saskatchewan, "they think about a scrap that took place in 1885. We lost — and then the Métis are no more. That's the challenge we have to rise to: educating Canadians about the strong and beautiful history of the Métis and the role we played in the development of this country. It's not only about standing up for our rights; it's also about our contribution to making this country what it is."

A mustachioed man with an intense gaze, Doucette works out of a two-storey building tucked down a side street in a commercial area near Saskatoon's airport. He was born in 1962 in the northern Saskatchewan town of Buffalo Narrows, where his grandfather had been among the founders. Yet in early childhood, Doucette was scooped up by government agents under Saskatchewan's notorious "Adopt Indian and Métis" program. As part of what many aboriginal people call "the stolen generation," he grew up in a foster home, not seeing his mother again until he was 20 years old.

The pain in his personal history gives an edge to Doucette's conviction that the Métis — now so diverse in language, religion and geography — are held together by family. "I'm a sixth-generation Métis from northern Saskatchewan," he says, "and I'm related to people as far south as Regina all the way up to La Loche. It's not a monolithic culture. We're expanding, and because of all our young people, we're going to be a powerhouse in the future."

Métis leaders, like their counterparts among the Québécois and First Nations, insist their people are more than just a single strand in the tangled fabric of our society. Instead, they form a nation. But unlike a lot of Québécois and First Nations activists, the Métis are also proud to define themselves as Canadians. "The Métis Nation is really what Canada wants to be," suggests Doucette. "We're

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHIC

EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

The acquittal of a Métis man charged with hunting out of season in Meadow Lake meant that anyone who could prove Métis ancestry was free to fish and hunt without a licence. "Hundreds of people who had not advertised their status were now announcing it publicly."

in northern Saskatchewan. And, like Mark Celette, he reached adulthood before learning that he is part Métis.

For Cariou, being Métis is all about cultural connection and the willingness to express it. "What unites Métis people," he says, "is a strong sense of needing to honour the past, to honour the ancestors. In the post-1885 era, there were no material gains to be had by being Métis. Now we see people of my generation [he's in his early forties] discovering what had been suppressed in their families and wanting to set the record straight — not wanting to participate in this erasure."

In *Lake of the Prairies*, Cariou describes "a kind of experiment in racial self-definition" that occurred around his hometown of Meadow Lake in the mid-1990s. The acquittal of a Métis man charged with hunting out of season meant that anyone who could prove Métis ancestry was free to fish and hunt without a licence. The provincial Court of Appeal brought the experiment to an end by rendering a guilty verdict. Yet before then, Cariou writes, "Hundreds of people in the district who had not advertised their indigenous status were now announcing it publicly... It appeared that half the 'white' people in town had at least some aboriginal lineage."

When Cariou goes back to Meadow Lake now, he notices a new pride among young Métis. Racism still exists, of course, but it's not as flagrant and pervasive as it once was. Besides, ours is a country where the old taboos against intermarriage are fading fast. Purity of blood no longer appears an important goal — or even a desirable one. By mixing cultures of the New World and the Old, the Métis may be a harbinger of the future.

An unstable paradox lies at the heart of Métis identity: they are an aboriginal people who, by definition, were not here from the beginning (the literal meaning of "aboriginal"). They are an indigenous people who emerged after contact with the colonizers; they have a shorter history than both the Acadians and the Québécois. In the West, the birth, flowering and destruction of Métis culture took little more than a century, a remarkably short period of time. Yet after the destruction, they refused to disappear.

NORA CUMMINGS faces the microphone. Gradually, the 120 or so people who fill a conference room in an Ottawa hotel stop chatting and stand up. An elder from Saskatoon, Cummings has come to deliver the opening prayer at a gathering organized by the Métis National Council to celebrate its 25 years of life. "Dear Lord Creator," she begins. Then, as the prayer unfolds, she addresses the Great Spirit. Both are acceptable here. The Métis have traditionally resisted an either-or approach to the world.

That's fine with France Picotte, chair of the Métis Nation of Ontario. A trilingual grey-haired resident of Timmins, she

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHIC

EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

6 Years in Korea

대한항공과 함께한 한국에서의 6년

사진가 나얀 스탄키야에게 대한항공은 따뜻한 첫인사를 건넨 친구 같은 존재였다. 덕분에 그는 한국에 체류하는 6년 동안 일생의 작품을 얻을 수 있었다.

In his time in Korea, Nayan Sthankiya took some of the best photographs of his career. Here, he recounts how Korean Air played its own small role in his fascinating stay.

Nayan Sthankiya

나얀 스탄키야는 인도계 캐나다 사진기자로 현재 한국에서 프리랜서 사진기자로 활동하며, 주로 국내외 문화 행사를 주제로 촬영하고 있다.

Nayan Sthankiya is an India-born photo-journalist. His work has appeared in such illustrious publications as The New York Times, Wall and Zoomingand, of course, Morning Calm.

많은 사람들이 우리를 기다리고 있었다. 아니, 도움이 손길을 기다리고 있었다. 대한의사협회는 매년 오지를 찾아 의료구호활동을 펼쳐 왔는데, 당시 목적지는 파키스탄이었다. 대한의사협회의 활동 심은 돕시 고생시킨 대한항공 덕분에 무사히 목적지에 도착할 수 있었다. 대한항공이 우리 일행을 근처 경유지까지 안전하게 데려다 주었을 뿐만 아니라 수백만 원에 이르는 초과 화물 운임을 기꺼이 면제해 주었기 때문이다.

그래서 긴장은 내가 한국에 머무르는 동안 대한항공과 나눔 만 수많은 경험 중 하나에 불과하다. 사실 많은 외국인 방문객들에게 대한항공은 한국이란 나라의 첫인상과 같다. 2008년에 내가 처음 한국을 방문할 때 이용한 항공사도 대한항공이었으니 말이다. 그렇게 대한항공을 이용해 여행을 떠나 다녀가, 일 때문에 또는 개인적으로라는 사람을 나는 모습이 공감해지기도 했다. 축제와 문화 행사를 두루 다녔지만, 가장 기억에 남는 건 공항무행문화체험이 만남이다. 무형 유산 보존과 알려집는 한국 역사 체험에 한신하는 그들의 모습에서 일생의 작품을 얻을 수 있었다.

사실 대한항공은 한국으로 향하던 내게 따뜻한 첫인사를 건네준 존재다. 이곳에 나의 한국 생활은 한층적인 나날의 연속이었다. 그러니 고마움을 주어며, 대한항공이 40주년을 축하하며, 앞으로도 좋은 일만 있길기를 바란다. ◔

Words and photographs by Nayan Sthankiya

With so many people counting on us, it was essential to have the right support. It was Easter, and as it does every year, the Korean Medical Association was embarking on missions to offer medical care to the poor and needy overseas, this time in Pakistan. Though the trip promised to be hugely rewarding, no one was under any illusions: We faced a tough journey – transporting medicine and supplies – and the prospect of hard, often thankless work. So when we finally arrived at our destination, we were immensely grateful that our airline, Korean Air, had not only delivered us safely, courteously and on time, but also saved the mission perhaps thousands of dollars by waiving the excess baggage fee.

This was one of several excellent experiences I had with Korean Air during my time in the country. And though its role was a relatively small one in my overall experience of Korea, Korean Air gave me that wonderful first welcome, and only added to an overall stay in Korea that was as fascinating as I've spent anywhere. So, congratulations, Korean Air, and all the best for the 40 years to come. ◔

Words and photographs by Nayan Sthankiya

MORNING CALM

B-boying: Building Through Breaking

The term "break-boy", or "B-boy" in short was coined by DJ Kool Herc, describing the boys who saved their best dance moves for the "breaks" during his sets at the South Bronx block parties of the early '70s. "Breaking" or "breakdancing," is more than just a dance – it is a physical expression of hip hop culture, and those who practise it hardly ever take it lightly.

As conflict-rigged ghetto life would have it, breaking became a method of mediating and settling territorial disputes between rival gangs – another welcome alternative to bloodshed. The b-boys would form "crews" and challenge each other to "battles": the crew with the most skillful and original moves wins. Today, battles are still an integral part of b-boy culture, and exist on two levels – "cypher" battles and organised battles. A "cypher" is a circle of b-boys/girls who each take turns dancing solo in the centre. There are no fixed rules or official judges – a cypher is ruled by respect for unwritten traditions. The best b-boy/b-girl receives recognition and respect. The spirit is confrontational and personal, making the cypher a useful space for settling disputes. Cypher culture is favoured because the early days of b-boying began in the cyphers.

Organised battles are more rigid in structure. A format is set with time specifications, official judges, and limits to the number of contenders. While some may shun organised battles for their commercial approach, many b-boys take organised battles very seriously. The annual international crew-based b-boying competition "Battle of the Year" or BOTY is considered the Olympics of b-boying. The 2007 champion was Korea's "Extreme Crew" – Korea has been prominent on the radar of the global b-boying scene in recent years.

Graffiti: Make Art, Not War

Being born of the street, it is no surprise that hip hop's visual expression would find its place on the surfaces of its natural habitat. In the late 1960s, America's urban structures were sounding boards for political activists and gangs – graffiti was used to express political opinions and mark territories. By the early 1970s, the hip hop scene had adopted graffiti as its preferred medium for visual expression, and New York City was its canvas. While some hip hop graffiti is politically charged, a lot of the art is about how the artist sees life.

Armed with aerosol paint, a foot messenger from Manhattan nicknamed TAKI 183 set the path as he "tagged" his routes with his nickname and street number. Michael Tracy, also known as Tracy 168 then blazed the trail by introducing "Wildstyle" – a graffiti style involving overlapping letters, shapes, and arrows frequently made out to resemble flames. Wildstyle is greatly respected for its intricacy, and is still widely emulated today though its legibility is a challenge to untrained eyes.

Like any established art form, hip hop graffiti has its own established techniques and terminology. For instance, a "tag" is a personalised signature done in one colour – it is the quickest, most common form of graffiti, usually painted on its own or as a signoff for a piece. A "piece" is short for "masterpiece" – an elaborate, labour-intensive graffiti painting. A "throw up" is a quick, simple painting involving two to three colours. To "bomb" is to paint many surfaces in an area. A hip hop graffiti artist is known as a "writer". On the streets, time is of the essence – the more time a writer invests in a piece, the higher his/her chances are of getting arrested for vandalism.

Old Skool

Taiwanese singer Huriam Yo releases the first Mandarin rap song in the style of '80s New York rap. **EARLY '90S**

Hip hop breakdancing film, *Breakin'*, hits screens in **Beijing**. **1984**

Hong Kong's first hip hop group, Softhard, is formed. **1988**

L.A. Boyz, a Taiwanese hip hop group comprised of three Taiwanese-American members, introduce L.A. hip hop culture to the mainstream music scene in **Taiwan** and **China**. **EARLY '90S**

1983
Cult hip hop docudrama, *Wild Style*, hits **Japanese screens.**

1986
Japan's first all-hip hop club opens in Shibuya.

1989
Hip hop culture suffers a decline in **China** after the Tiananmen Square massacre.

1992
Crystal, China's first hip hop club, opens in **Beijing's** Kun Lun hotel.

Middle Skool

"The thriving spirit of hip hop culture has made it a choice survival kit not just for urban dwellers dealing with big-city grit, but for anyone who has ever known what it feels like to be on the somewhat disenfranchised side of life. And that makes practically everyone."

ASIAN GEOGRAPHIC

Text & Photos
NAYAN STHANKIYA

India's Disappearing Hand-loom Weavers

The hand-loom is an ancient industry in India. Its use varies throughout the region, but in some parts of Kerala, Tamil Nadu, Assam and Orissa, the tradition of hand-loom weaving has become a mature industry.

There are some 200,000 to 300,000 weavers on the subcontinent producing some of the most coveted saris in India for only a fraction of the selling price. The weavers are typical of the millions of rural Indians left behind by rapid industrialisation while the country enjoys prosperity from a booming economy. The headlong drive of modernisation often marginalises tradition for new, and quality for quantity.

With the market flooded with cheaply-made saris from mechanical looms, many weavers are poorer than ever, having to resort to farming, manual labour or begging to make ends meet. And while there are still many advocates of hand-looms for reasons of tradition, culture, ideology and environmental sustainability, these are voices in the wilderness – India's hand-loom industry is in dangerous decline, threatening the livelihoods of the weavers and instituting an artistic bankruptcy for future generations. ■

• Traditional weavers in the tiny city of Mellotte struggle to make a living under the threat of commercial looms in India.

ASIAN GEOGRAPHIC

WRITING & EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Exploration

Battle Royal

INDIA'S ANCIENT BLOOD SPORT OF COCK-FIGHTING

Text & Photos
NAYAN STHANKIYA

To its supporters, cock-fighting is not a blood sport but a feature of their heritage; an ancient ritual associated with temples throughout the country.

Cock-fighting, often referred to as "cocking", originated out of the Asian continent, and is a popular sport in India, China, Persia and other eastern countries. Mentioned in ancient literature like Manu Neodhi Sastiram, Kattu Seval Sastiram and other sangam-age texts from 2,000 years ago, it is referred to as the favourite past-time for Maravars, or the warriors of Tamil Country.

Cocking's history dates as far back as Themistocles, when his Greek armies were moving against the Persians. Upon witnessing a desperate match between two cocks, Themistocles halted his armies and marvelled at the tenacity and skill of the feathered warriors. After the Greek victory over the Persians, cock-fights were held annually in Athens as a religious and patriotic event, eventually moving to a sporting event for the shear pleasure of the masses.

From Athens, the sport spread throughout Greece, Asia Minor and Sicily, with the best cocks being bred in Alexandria.

» Cock-fights often resemble a perverse dance between the roosters and their owners.

» ASIAN GEOGRAPHIC

ASIAN GEOGRAPHIC

WRITING & EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

death in a day. On special occasions, the number goes up to at least 10,000 to 15,000.

Players come with their birds to the ground and put them up for the day's events. Cock-fighting generally consists of fights between an agreed number of birds, and like any caged fight, it works on a system of elimination, with winners making their way up to the "main fight".

And then there is the "battle royal": fights involving masses of birds, placed in the pit at the same time and allowed to remain until all but one are killed or disabled. Variations of this "mass massacre" have been recorded all over the world, with the "Welsh main" involving eight pairs of birds that are matched in similar fashion. In this case, however, the victors from each round are paired over and over until finally the last surviving pair remains.

At the end of the day, bloodstains and shredded feathers tell the grisly reality of the sport. Cock-fights, like all ancient blood sports, are sheer acts of cruelty hidden under the cloak of tradition – all to satisfy Man's sadistic lust for blood. ■

At the end of the day, bloodstains and shredded feathers tell the grisly reality of the sport.

▲ In the annual Pongal festival (held in Pookavara, Kerala), roosters are tied to a fence in a sort of "wild west horse" homage.

NAYAN SIVANANDIYA is an East Indian/Canadian photographer based primarily in Asia. Born in Uganda to East Indian parents and forced to flee during a brutal civil war, he learnt at a very young age the importance of media, the image and its role as a witness; its ability to foster dialogue and in that dialogue effect positive change.

Delos, Rhodes and Tanagra. Initially, the Romans despised this "Greek Diversion", but eventually adopted it. From Rome, the ancient sport spread northwards, and though opposed by the Christian Church, it nevertheless became popular in Great Britain, Italy, Germany, Spain and her colonies.

The rules of the game are fairly simple. A sharp blade is affixed on the legs of the fighting pair of birds and a pitched battle ensues between the birds on the provocation of their owners. Egged on by its owner, the sole object of the bird is to kill its opponent. Matches are mostly fought in three 20-minute rounds or four 15-minute rounds, and hundreds of people flock to see the aggressive fowls battle it out to death, lacing bets on the winning fowl.

"I have been going to cock-fights for many years. Many a time I have lost. Around ten or 12 of my birds have died till now," said Sunder Suntra, a cock-fight enthusiast.

To its supporters, cock-fighting is not a blood sport but a feature of their heritage; an ancient ritual associated with temples throughout the country.

Cocks are fought at an age of one to two years, and the training of a cock lasts anywhere from ten days to a month or more. During that time the bird, much like any prized-fighter, is subjected to a rigid diet and exercise programme involving running and sparring. The bird is then "groomed" for the fight – trainers trim its wings at a slope, cut its tail down a third, trim its hackle and rump feathers, and in its final transformation is fitted with iron spurs (known as *kaliy*) then dosed with stimulants to make it fight more savagely. These iron spurs range from five to 33 centimetres in length, and serve the deadly purpose of slashing anything that gets in its way.

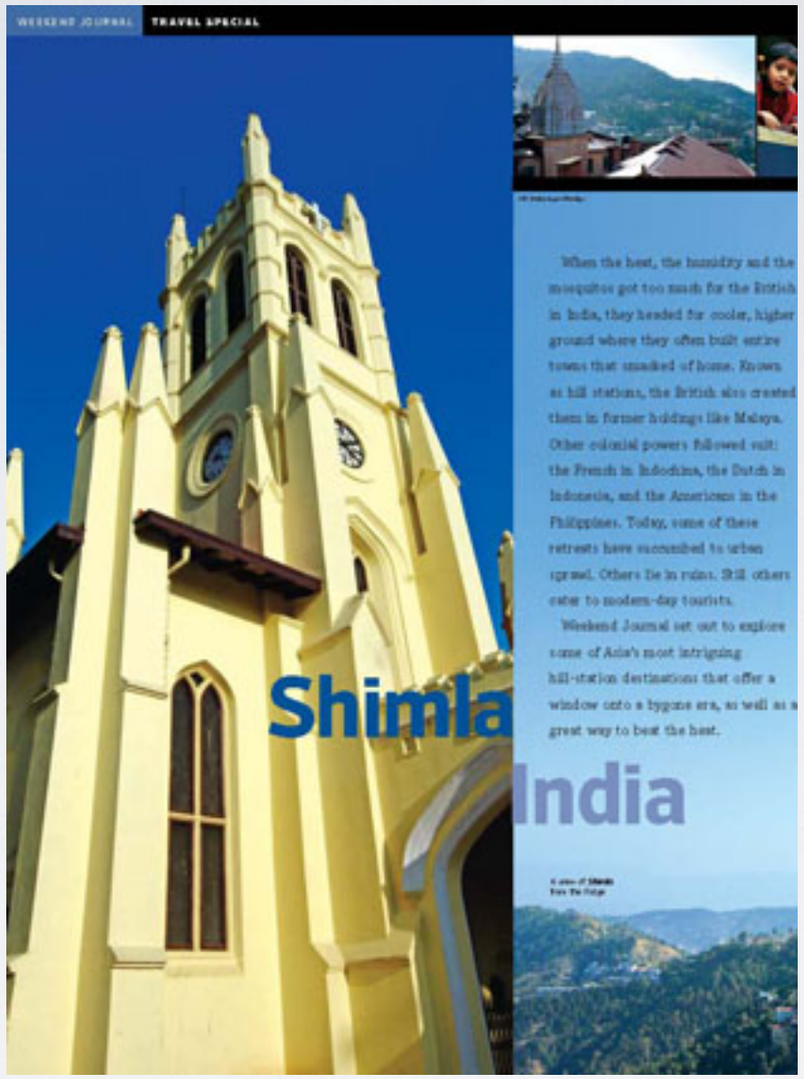
Once set down in the pit, the birds cannot be touched, unless they need to be removed from the matting. Only in circumstances when a bird "backs off" from exhaustion, will trainers intervene – the birds are set breast-to-breast in the middle of the pit in hopes that the close confrontation will spark another bloody duel. In most cases, the birds are grievously injured or killed.

Cock-fighting was banned in England in 1835, as it was considered gambling and an act of cruelty to animals. Sometime after that it was banned in India too. Today, animal rights laws have stemmed cock-fighting in most countries, but that has done little to deter its enthusiasts – the cruel and inhuman sport of cock fighting has become one of the favourite past times in India's eastern West Bengal state's Midnapore village. Participants gather at local cock-fighting rings three times a week, where up to 1,500 birds duel to the

▲ (From top to bottom) A proud owner shows off his prized rooster; A frozen popsicle is applied to a wound in hopes of a quick recovery. An unfortunate combatant – one of the many casualties of the sport; A rooster with tole attached, prepares for the ring.

ASIAN GEOGRAPHIC

WRITING & EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY



WALL STREET JOURNAL ASIAN MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Asia's highlands

The lure of historic hill stations

By John Krich

WALL STREET JOURNAL ASIAN MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

in the eye of the storm

South Korean photojournalist Jae-hyun Seok always had an eye for a good story and was particularly drawn to capturing images of the world's voiceless. Now the frequent *New York Times* freelancer sits as a Chinese prison, after trying to document the daring escape of North Korean refugees.

» By Richard J. Wen

FREELANCE photojournalist Jae-hyun Seok has dedicated his life to telling the stories of the world's voiceless through his camera's lens. His subjects have been victims of slave trade, the impoverished, the physically disabled and, most recently, were to include a group of North Korean refugees making a daring escape from China. But, because of the last-will assigned project, Seok has spent the past four months in a Chinese jail and may remain there for two years, as a result of a just-announced court ruling.

A South Korean citizen whose work has been featured extensively in the *New York Times*, Seok was arrested Jan. 13 in Yanbian city in the Shandong province for shooting pictures of 40 to 50 North Korean refugees as they attempted to flee to Jeju Island, South Korea, and Sasebo Island, Japan, by boat.

Even as his family, friends and various human rights organizations in cities such as Seoul, Paris, San Francisco and New York wrote letters and held protests urging his release, the Chinese authorities formally charged Seok on March 9 with the human trafficking of North Korean refugees.

On May 22, a three-judge panel found Seok guilty and sentenced him to two years in prison. In addition to the prison term, Seok must pay a 1 million won fine (approximately $822) and forfeit the camera, tapes, film and video cameras he used to document the North Korean refugee story.

After the verdict was released, Seok's wife, Hye-won Kang, who was present in China at the time of the announcement, canvassed the ruling and discussed the appeals process with her husband's lawyer, according to Nathan Rhoderick, one of Seok's friends and a fellow photographer who was also present in Yanbi.

"It has not been a good day," said Rhoderick, just after the verdict was announced.

"If Jae pleads guilty at the next hearing (which is to take place in three to four months), they may let him go in three or six months," added Rhoderick. "But if he pleads guilty to something he didn't do, the kind of defeats the purpose of what he stands for. He gets out early, but you're getting them what they want, and that's definitely not acceptable to Jae because he's not guilty. And it's certainly not acceptable to us either."

By handing down such a verdict, China has failed to "demonstrate that they're protecting the international standards of human rights and free expression," said Sophie Beach, the Asia Senior Research Associate for the New York-based Committee to Protect Journalists (CPJ). Since Seok's arrest, the CPJ has sent numerous letters to the Chinese government demanding his release.

"Mr. Seok was working to uncover a story of great humanitarian concern that the Chinese government has worked very hard to cover up," she said. "He should be released immediately and allowed to continue with his work."

* * * *

As Seok awaits his next hearing, he will be living in either a Chinese detention center or a maximum security prison.

But long before he was taken away from his wife and camera, the 33-year-old called Daegu, South Korea, home. He was making a living as a freelance photographer and had received his master's degree in visual communications from Ohio University. In recent years, Seok had contributed to the *New York Times* and the South Korean magazine *Geo*, the conference in the cold and uniqueness was over many friends in the journalistic community.

Cecilia Bolesa, a foreign photo editor at the *New York Times*, first noticed Seok in 1999 at a photojournalist conference in Paris, where she recruited him to work for the paper. She continued to see Seok's work because of his dedication and the quality of his photographs.

"He would call at 2 in the morning his time and make sure that we got the pictures," said Bolesa. "One of the marks of a good photographer is to really create something out of nothing, or a tough situation. A good photographer could make a good picture. He could always come up with something."

James Brooke, a *New York Times* correspondent for the Koreas and Japan, as well as a close friend of Seok's, worked extensively with Seok in the past year to cover the anti-American rallies in South Korea, the South Korean presidential election and the nuclear arms crisis on the peninsula.

"I consider him one of South Korea's top news photographers," said Brooke from Tokyo. "There was a time in late December [2002], early January, when he had a photograph with his photo credit about once every three days in the *Times*. Essentially he was the main freelance photographer out of

KOREAM JOURNAL

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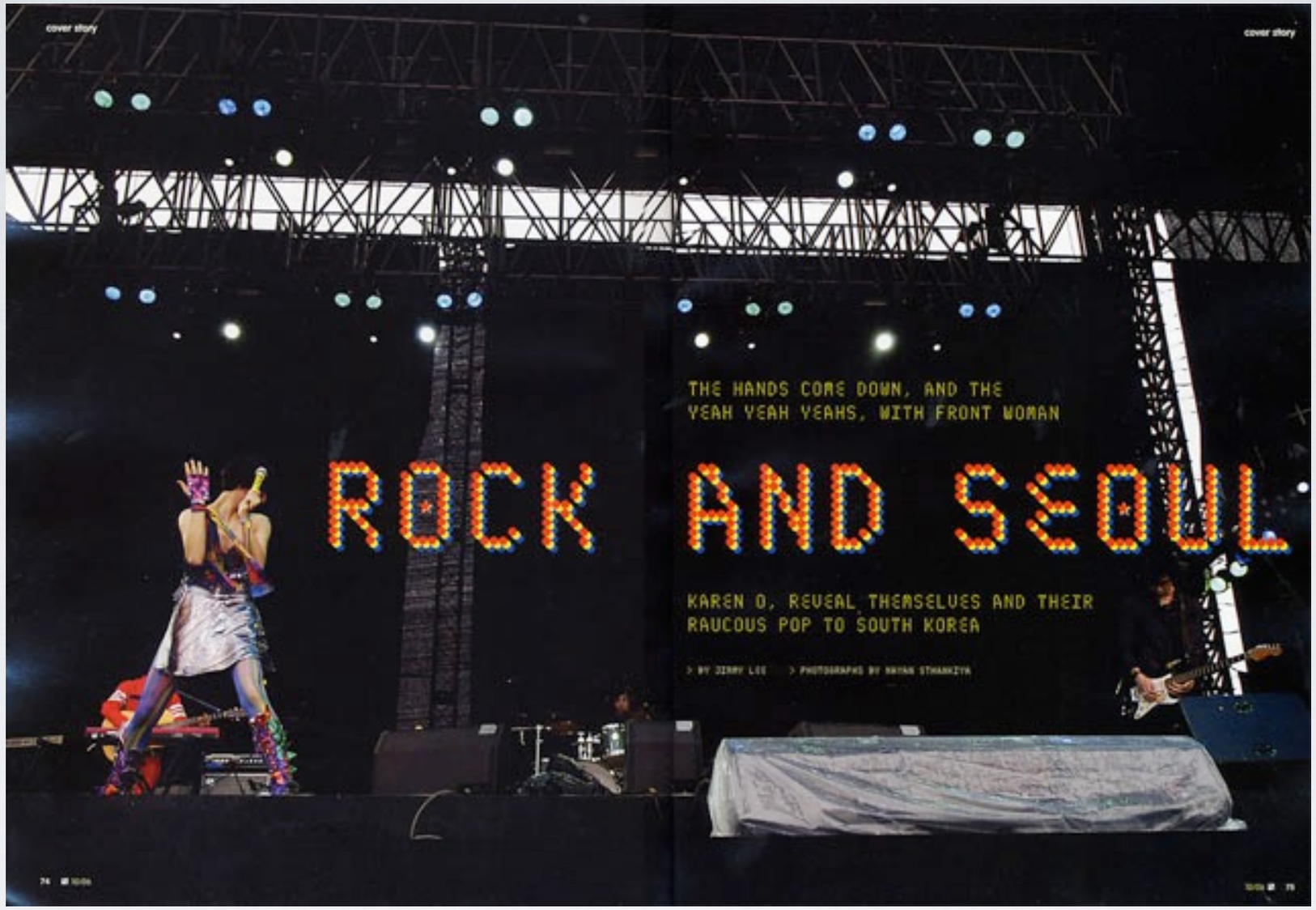

KOREAM JOURNAL

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RITRATTO

SHIN DONG-JIN

Crescete e moltiplicatevi

Per vent'anni ha cercato di convincere i coreani a non fare figli. Oggi li spinge a fare più bambini, perché la Corea del Sud ha il tasso di natalità più basso del mondo

ANNA FIFIELD, FINANCIAL TIMES, GRAN BRETAGNA
FOTO DI NAYAN STHANKIYA

SEOUL. Shin Dong-jin è il presidente della Federazione per la pianificazione familiare

Quando nel 1968 ha cominciato a presentarsi nei villaggi della Corea del Sud, Shin Dong-jin aveva 22 anni e non era sempre il benvenuto. Eppure non era certo un ragazzo dall'aria ribelle. All'inizio voleva fare il ragioniere, ma poi era diventato un educatore della Federazione per la pianificazione familiare della Corea del Sud e andava di villaggio in villaggio per chiedere ai contadini e alle loro mogli di non fare più figli.

"Era una cosa strana dal loro punto di vista", ricorda Shin, seduto nel suo ufficio a Seoul. "Arrivava questo ragazzino ancora sporco di latte e si metteva a parlare di pianificazione familiare. A quell'epoca parlare di sesso era tabù. Anche solo posare lo sguardo sul polpaccio di una donna era estremamente eccitante. Quando la cantante Yoon Bokhee si esibiva in minigonna tutta Seoul andava in delirio".

Ma non erano solo le donne a nutrire dei dubbi: anche gli uomini erano sospettosi. Spesso Shin si ritrovava seduto accanto a una lanterna a fare dei disegni per spiegare alle donne come funzionava la contraccezione. A volte gli uomini del villaggio, incuriositi dal giovane straniero, sbirciavano tra le porte di carta e lo vedevano mostrare alle mogli dei disegni molto espliciti. "Allora si scatenava l'inferno", ricorda Shin, che adesso ha sessant'anni. "Il capo del villaggio cercava di convincerli che era tutto a posto, ma a volte dovevo fuggire in piena notte".

Biografia

1946. Nasce in Corea del Sud.
1968. Entra nella Federazione per la pianificazione familiare.
1973. Nasce Jung-a, la prima figlia.
1990. La Corea del Sud diventa il paese che invecchia più velocemente nel mondo.
2006. Il governo coreano annuncia che spenderà 25 miliardi di euro in cinque anni per favorire l'aumento del tasso di natalità.

Cinquanta milioni

Shin però ha continuato a svolgere il suo lavoro, perché era "completamente affascinato" dal problema della sovrappopolazione della Corea, con i suoi 50 milioni di abitanti. Il tasso di natalità – il numero medio di bambini per donna – era 4,58 e il mestiere di Shin era spiegare il danno economico che questa situazione poteva arrecare al paese, allora uno dei più poveri del mondo.

"Maschio o femmina, fermatevi a due figli e tiratelo su come si deve", si leggeva sui poster che lasciava nei villaggi. E questo è esattamente quello che hanno fatto i coreani. Al punto che oggi Shin lavora ancora per la Federazione per la pianificazione familiare, ma invece di cercare di convincere le persone a non riprodursi, sta disperatamente cercando di convincerle a ricominciare a farlo.

Nei 36 anni che ha passato nella Federazione, il tasso di natalità della Corea è precipitato a 1,06, il più basso del mondo sviluppato. L'Istituto per lo sviluppo della Corea ha calcolato che, se non aumenteranno le nascite, l'economia comincerà a rallentare nel 2010. La situazione è diventata talmente grave che, secondo le previsioni, l'età media della popolazione coreana passerà da 31,8 anni nel 2000 a 50,9 anni nel 2040. Questo significa che più di metà della popolazione tra una generazione sarà ultracinquantenne, e non ci saranno abbastanza giovani per sostenere il paese. Ecco perché in questi giorni il compito di Shin è convincere i coreani ad avere più figli. I suoi ultimi volantini dicono: "Rimani incinta nel primo anno di matrimonio e fai due figli prima dei 35 anni".

Questa inversione di rotta è dovuta al sorprendente ritmo di sviluppo del paese. Quando Shin ha cominciato a lavorare, la Corea era un paese in cui il 75 per cento della popolazione viveva di agricoltura e in cui i figli erano considerati allo stesso tempo braccia utili nei campi e fonti di ricchezza. A quell'epoca il reddito medio annuo era di 250 dollari e secondo i calcoli ufficiali ogni punto percentuale di aumento della popolazione avrebbe fatto diminuire la crescita economica di tre punti. Park Chunghee, il presidente autoritario che ha guidato lo sviluppo economico del paese negli anni sessanta e settanta, decise di far diminuire il tasso di natalità. Le politiche adottate per rendere economicamente svantaggioso avere più di tre figli sono però coincise con la veloce industrializzazione della Corea. Quando aziende come Samsung, Hyundai e Daewoo hanno cominciato ad assumere operai nelle loro fabbriche, i coreani hanno abbandonato i villaggi per trasferirsi nelle città, dove non avevano bisogno di figli per il lavoro dei campi e dove abitavano in case molto più piccole. Il reddito medio ha raggiunto i 16.900 dollari e ormai la Corea è la decima potenza economica del mondo, nota per la produzione di cellulari e la costruzione di navi.

Il giovane Shin non poteva certo immaginare come sarebbero andate le cose quando cominciò a lavorare per la Federazione per la pianificazione familiare. "Era l'aprile del 1968. Credevo che fosse un problema internazionale davvero grave, e ancora di più in Corea. Sentivo che stavo facendo qualcosa di buono per la società. La pianificazione familiare era una missione a cui dedicare la mia vita".

Dopo un veloce corso di formazione di due settimane, Shin fu mandato nei villaggi. Gli abitanti erano sconvolti quando lo sentivano dare espliciti consigli sulla riproduzione, ma per lui si trattava di un argomento familiare. "Al liceo avevo studiato gli allevamenti. Non si trattava di persone, d'accordo, ma conoscevo bene la questione della riproduzione. Era un lavoro che mi si addiceva".

Cominciava formando in ogni villaggio "classi di madri" di venti o più donne sposate. "Parlavamo della vita, dell'inondazione dell'anno precedente, di com'era difficile tirare avanti, del riso che mancava e di quanto sarebbe stato bello ave-

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Room for one more

A generation ago Shin Dong-jin was trying to stop Korean women from having babies. Now his planned parenthood federation has the opposite problem – there aren't enough children being born. He must convince the country to go forth and multiply

By Anna Fifield Photograph by Nayan Sthankiya

FINANCIAL TIMES MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Words **Helen E. Sung** Photography **Nayan Sthankiya**

DISCOVER KOREA: FANTASY ISLAND

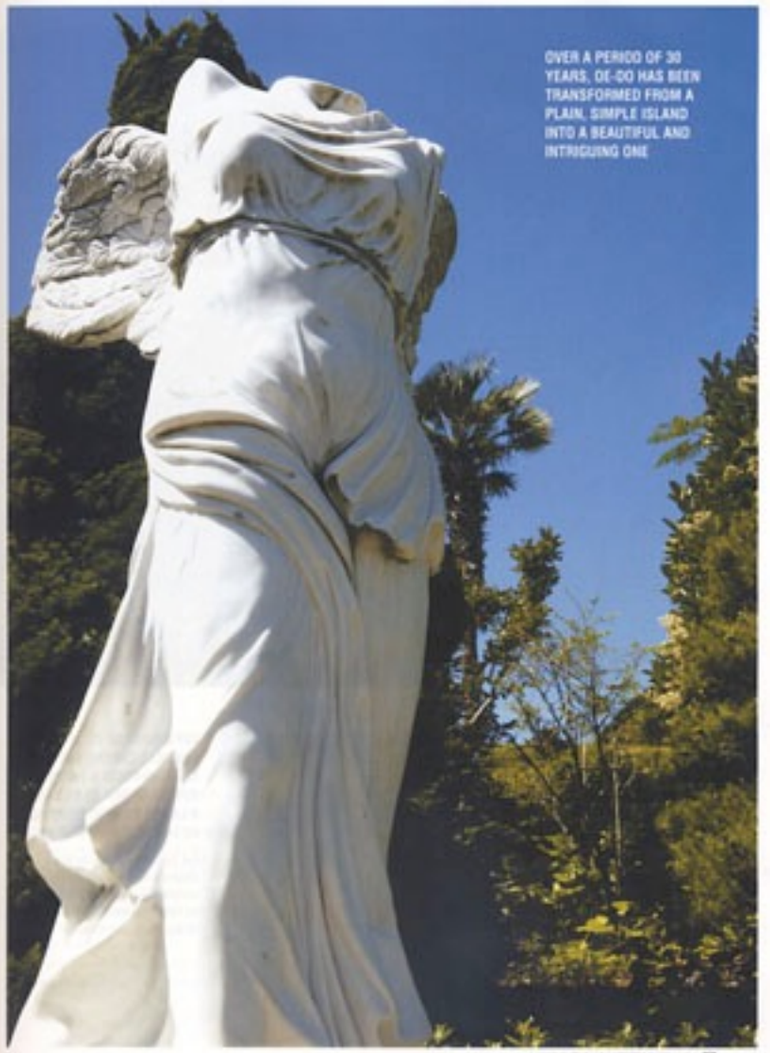
VISIT OE-DO'S FANTASTICAL GARDEN PARADISE AND GET A GLIMPSE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN IN ASIA

In the azure seas off the southeastern coast of the Korean peninsula lies Oe-do (the suffix *do* means "island" in Korean), dubbed "Paradise Island" by its owners. Planted with more than 1,000 different types of subtropical and other exotic plants, Oe-do (pronounced "wae-do") is a botanical marvel of manicured gardens, interesting parks, and Mediterranean-style buildings.

Cultivated by Chang Ho Lee and his wife, Ho Seok Choi, since 1969, Oe-do is reputed to be the first island in Korea to be owned and developed by private individuals. It truly is an achievement: for over 30 years, husband and wife together have been transforming what was a plain, simple island into a paradisiacal one filled with beautiful and intriguing plants, trees, and flowers. Since the island was first opened to the public in 1995, it has become a popular tourist attraction drawing domestic as well as foreign travelers. Oe-do has become an even more popular destination since the picturesque island was featured in several popular Korean television dramas and movies.

Located a mere four kilometers from Geoje Island in the waters of the Hallyeo National Marine Park, Oe-do is easily accessible on tour boats and ferries regularly leaving from six different ports around Geoje Island. There are generally no scheduled times for the tour boats to leave for the island – they simply leave when they fill up. And don't be alarmed if, along the way, you see fellow passengers taking multiple sips from bottles of soju, Korea's very own liquor. You're not on an alcoholics' convention trip – alcoholic beverages are believed to help combat motion sickness (at least that's the claim). The short boat ride brings you to Oe-do's rocky shores, and from the pier you can head off for

Below: One of the many unusual gardens that make Oe-do such a unique Korean experience. Opposite: A pseudo-Grecian statue graces Venus Garden, an Oe-do highlight.



OVER A PERIOD OF 30 YEARS, OE-DO HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED FROM A PLAIN, SIMPLE ISLAND INTO A BEAUTIFUL AND INTRIGUING ONE

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EXPLORING OE-DO IS A SURREAL EXPERIENCE AS YOU WANDER FROM A EUROPEAN-STYLE GARDEN AT ONE END TO A LARGE PLASTIC DINOSAUR AT THE OTHER

Left: Sculptural styles run the full gamut from classical to modern. Above: On-do's rugged coastline drops into the deep blue waters of the Hallyeo National Marine Park. Opposite: An inspirational place to worship.

a couple of hours to explore the wonders of this man-made garden paradise.

Exploring On-do is a somewhat surreal experience as you wander from a European-style garden at one end of the island to a large plastic dinosaur at the other (which touts the discovery of fossilized remains of dinosaur footprints). In between is everything from a sculpture park to a cactus garden. Adding to the experience as you begin your exploration of the island is the sound of soft, classical music playing from speakers hidden in the exotic shrubbery and trees.

The uniqueness of On-do is apparent from the moment you set foot on the island. An elegantly tall, white, curved arch called the Friendship Gate greets all visitors, immediately instilling a sense of the Mediterranean in its form and color. The white tones of the building with its red tiled roof are repeated throughout several of the island's structures, enhancing the feeling that one is somewhere other than an island off the Korean peninsula.

The pride of On-do is undoubtedly Venus Garden, modeled after the famous palatial gardens at Versailles. Venus Garden has beautiful rows of perfectly shaped shrubbery along with aesthetically placed splashes of brightly colored flowers. Completing the garden are twin walking paths lined with white marble statues reminiscent of Greek figures such as Nike of Samothrace. The view of Venus Garden is even more picturesque and dramatic against the backdrop of the tourmaline waters that surround On-do and the hazy blue mountains in the distance.

Overlooking the Venus Garden is a small, white, Mediterranean-style house with colorful flower boxes under arched windows. This charming spot appeared in the final episodes of the popular Korean television drama *Gyeoul Yeonga* ("Winter Sonata"), and remains a favorite place for tourists to snap a photo or two. If you wander around to the opposite, less popular side of the island, you'll come upon a tiny white church with a red-tiled roof crowned by a

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Above and top left: On-do's gardens all bloom with brightly colored flowers. Top right: The island's many unusual buildings are always set in verdant splendor.

small cross. Evocative of a Greek or Spanish church, it is again easy to imagine you're in the Mediterranean rather than on a Korean isle.

Another highlight of the island is a wood-lined path of stairs called Stairway to Heaven. Flanked by oriental gardens and Chinese juniper trees, the path ascends along terraces of lush vegetation that look different with the changing seasons. Even in winter, however, you can spot the bright, red blossoms of camellia flowers. Not too far away is the expansive Flower Garden, the perfect place for meandering among a palette of brightly colored blossoms as you admire the diversity of the flowers on display.

Last year, On-do took a beating when Typhoon Maemi raged in the area, destroying trees, flowers, and shrubbery. But Mr Lee and Ms Choi, who have made it their life's work to create the island paradise, were undaunted and have already replanted much of the vegetation.

Although many paths wind around On-do, making it easy to get lost while exploring, you're never actually "lost," because there is always something interesting to see, whether it be metal sculptures at the Hope of the World Garden, or a panoply of dozens of different cacti on display at the Cactus Garden. At a Native American themed garden, teepees, totem poles, and palm trees stand side by side as visitors indulge in a bit of silliness by photographing their faces peering out of cutout figures dressed in Native American clothing.

A nice place to take a break from exploring is at one of the island's two cafés. On-do is a non-smoking environment and the cafés are the only places on the island where smoking is allowed. Especially nice is the Paradise Lounge, where you can sip on iced dosc while enjoying spectacular panoramic views of the ocean and islands twinkling in the distance.

Another spot from which to admire the beauty of the surrounding islands is at Castle On-do. From this vantage point, you can appreciate both the natural and man-made beauty of On-do. Its craggy coastline and sheer rock cliffs an impressive counterpoint to the manicured order of the gardens inland. Before you leave On-do, make sure to leave enough time to admire the views from the Seaside Observatory. Located on a path leading back to the pier, the observatory offers unparalleled views of the waters and rock formations of Hallyeo National Marine Park.

On-do is the perfect place to meander and muse, small enough to see within two hours but so fascinating that it's easy to lose track of time while exploring. Though it is a veritable fantasy island, there is no accommodation, so make sure to keep an eye on your watch and the time your boat is set to leave On-do. If you didn't see it all in your brief sojourn, you can always come back tomorrow.

This picture: On-do's tiny church, facing a cerulean sea, could almost be on a Greek island. Below: The island's pier, from whence your exploration begins and ends.

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EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Words **Charles Campbell** Photography **Nayan Sthankiya**

KOREAN CULTURE: FORGED BY FIRE

THE LIFE OF A YUGUANG MAY BE SIMPLE, BUT THE RESULTS OF HIS LABOR ARE SUBLIME

Nearly 60 years ago, out of the north of the Korean Peninsula trooped eight "captains," bringing with them 80 yugjang—makers of brassware—to set up small factories in and around Seoul. Using a system developed centuries before, the captains supervised a process that transformed crude metal into brass bowls, chopsticks and spoons. Each worker had a specialized role: some tended to the charcoal fire burning in the furnace, others cut the brass (which comprises approximately 78% copper and 22% tin), while still more placed it in the furnace and heated it until it was malleable.

Other yugjang held the hot metal with iron pincers while it was repeatedly pounded into shape with an iron hammer. Finally, the brass piece was handed to the finisher, who sanded and buffed it to a brilliant shine. The brassware workshops were just like factories, well-oiled machines where each worker performed a specific role in the production line. The end product was high-quality brassware that had been made incredibly durable by repeated heating and hammering.

Bong Ja Lee, a farm boy fresh from the north and in need of work, hooked up with one of these groups in 1948 and was soon learning how to transform raw metal into utilitarian items for the kitchen and workplace. He had a knack for it, and nine years later opened his own factory just south of Seoul. Today, at 79 years of age, he is the last of these original yugjang.

Even at his advanced age, he still swings a mean hammer. In fact, he is so good at it that his country has designated him an "Intangible Cultural Asset"—the only brass worker to be honored with this title. And while most men nearing their 80th

Below: Bong Ja Lee is the sole remaining original yugjang. Opposite: Halfway through the process the brass bowls have their shape but still need to be sanded and buffed.

EVEN AT HIS ADVANCED AGE LEE STILL SWINGS A MEAN HAMMER—IN FACT, HE IS SO GOOD AT IT THAT HE HAS BEEN DESIGNATED AN "INTANGIBLE CULTURAL ASSET"

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birthday are ready to retire. Lee has no intention of spending the rest of his life in an easy chair with remote control in hand. Instead, he's got enough projects in the works to keep him busy for another decade.

Less than a year ago, Lee moved his factory operation to a remote hillside outside the quiet village of Ga-eun, a few hours south of Seoul and almost in the center of the country. He has big plans for the place. Twenty-three workers are employed in the production of brassware, and except for the recruitment of a little modern machinery, the skilled specialists tending the fires and wielding hammers produce the brass pieces in the same fashion as yogiang of centuries ago.

A showroom displays the brassware produced in the factory, and there is a surprising array, from the usual bowls—a Korean table always has a number of food bowls on it—to incense burners, candle stands, chopsticks, and spoons. But there are also several settings used specifically for religious services and rites. For Buddhist services there are bowls for presenting offerings, and delicate petal-shaped bowls to hold lotus blossoms. And in an annual Confucian ritual, many Koreans set out a table of food offerings to honor their ancestors—the plates and bowls for this rite can number over 30 pieces.

These past few years have been good to Lee. His brassware products are so well known that when Dae Jung Kim was president he visited Lee and was so impressed he ordered a 12-person table setting for the Blue House, the official residence of the Korean president. And recently, Lee says that "thanks to a TV report that stated that there were many healthful benefits to be had from eating off brass dinnerware, there has been a rush of orders."

But it hasn't always been like this. Lee recalls earlier years, when Korea was less prosperous and when months would go by without anyone purchasing his kitchenware. To keep the business going through these difficult times he manufactured

WHEN DAE JUNG KIM WAS PRESIDENT HE VISITED LEE AND WAS SO IMPRESSED HE ORDERED A 12-PERSON TABLE SETTING FOR THE BLUE HOUSE

Above: Tendrils of burnished brass erupt from a spinning lathe. Opposite top: The finishing touch—exquisite tooling on a bowl lid. Opposite bottom: Once fully formed, the bowls are polished to a brilliant shine. Following page: Lee hammers a bowl into shape.

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EDITORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY

Words **Joshua Richman** / Photographs **Nayan Dhanikiya**

KOREAN FEATURE: THE FAN-MAKER

THE INTRICATE PROCESS OF MAKING A TRADITIONAL FAN REQUIRES A STEADY HAND, SHARP EYES AND THE SOUL OF AN ARTIST

On sultry summer days in Korea, people rush from air-conditioned cars to climate-controlled offices as quickly as they can. On the weekends, children are shuttled to public swimming pools . . . and folding fans appear with a quick flick of the wrist, bringing relief while the kids have their fun. Once removed from the steamy situation, another flick of the wrist sends the fan into its frame and it is easily stowed away.

It's a common scene, so ubiquitous in fact that most people do not even register it as they go about their daily lives. But that fan, with its intricate, multipart design and beautiful decoration, is a marvel that dates back to Korea's classical era.

Folding fans were invented during the Goryeo Dynasty (918-1392), when they provided cover for impolite stares and coquettish glances. The Joseon Dynasty (1392-1910) brought about the Bureau of Folding Fans and elevated them to an art form. The Bureau was established in Jeonju because high-quality paper and bamboo of exceptional grade were available there. Today, at Kyung Ki Han's shop, this artistic tradition lives on.

Mr Han sits on the floor of his modest workshop. He is hunched over a miniature wooden bench. Other hobbit-size benches and sheets of different grain sandpaper surround him. Near to hand is a stack of wood files, within reach a row of planers hang on the wall, and rolls of fluffy, brilliantly white paper are also close by. Han's hands are small, but his fingers are thick, with calluses in unusual places—on the side of his index finger and knuckle of his ring finger. To those in the know, these are the marks of his chosen trade. His hands and mannerisms are as quick as his smile. Orders must be filled, but he still finds time to patiently describe

Below: Concentration is vital in producing a quality fan. Opposite: Han files the delicate bamboo strips (bottom), then sands them (top right) before fitting them together (top left).

IF THE FAN-MAKER USES TOO MUCH PRESSURE THE DELICATE BAMBOO WILL SNAP. NOT ENOUGH AND IT WILL NOT HAVE THE REQUIRED LUSTER

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his work to a fascinated tourist eager to understand the intricate process that results in such a beautiful but practical accessory.

This process begins when thousands of bamboo strips are sent to Han's workshop. Carefully he sorts them by size and quality—a single muddy spot or minute crack classifies the bamboo as secondary, which is unacceptable. Two thick pieces are selected to serve as the guard frame, but the 38 inner spines are where time-consuming labor must take place. The interior bamboo is what will later support the paper and its decorative calligraphy or painting.

Each piece is hand-whittled until the upper part is thinner than the tip of a ballpoint pen. It is then shaved and sanded until the granular surface disappears and a glassy sheen develops. This is a skill that comes only with time, patience, a steady hand and single-minded concentration. If the fan-maker uses too much pressure, the delicate bamboo will snap. Not enough and it will not have the required luster. Kyung Ki Han is a steadfast man.

An electric burner is one of the few modern tools in the workshop. Special tips are attached to the heated coil so Han can burn designs on the flat, lower section of each bamboo strip. For lower

DURING THE JOSEON DYNASTY FOLDING FANS WERE ELEVATED TO AN ART FORM. TODAY, AT KYUNG KI HAN'S WORKSHOP, THIS ARTISTIC TRADITION LIVES ON

Incredible attention to detail results in the most stunning workmanship, as can be seen in this close-up of a fine-quality fan. The dragon theme is continued from guard frame to decorative painting on the fan's paper.

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무소유 속의 풍요로움

한국불교의새로운모습, 템플스테이

"여러분은이제아름속을들여다보는여행을합니다. 마음속에있는사진기를꺼내보면예시진을찍습니다. 자연 찍어보세요. 하나, 둘." 보두들 손가락으로 내보집안들고 "찰칵" 소리냅니다. "이론번 등에예시진을찍습니다. D중준10번 2해아래 다세이"라는 글귀를 남도록 한 달씩 주세요. 이이지 제번째사진입니다. 들을더살펴보도진과느라바 사진을찍어보세요." 논일에이웃인곤가약사진기가 이제1차안성리진다. "지금이래본곤엄마니넘곤이 운으로생일찍고있습니까?" 아주스님께엄에엄 마무진기에담곤들엄엄이고개를끄덕인다.

시곤곤송남곤주시사귀년에표지한마곤이(80크 이). 태풍신의곤사막속으로인물이 집중을하아내 고있이집게되지는데각실에는비단엄이집이유유 히 폐엄되는 사곤에D중곤사 자유 3개 엄이 보여 '템플스테이'등록했음고있다.

정불스님이(신자폐업)는사찰에서주행하(왼)의 일상을 체험하며 마음의 휴식을 얻는 곤이다. 2002년 한 · 일월드컵성사의국인관광객의 숙소가 부족했곤송부사찰을개방해곤곤송요청 하면서 시작된 템플스테이는 비극적인 문화 체험에 해요로 환기하듯의 일소문을 타고 급속히 확산되었 다. 2004년엔21만7700명이 참여했고올해는 6곤 까지95만명이 집을찾아주행을해도했다.

템플스테이은 운영하는 주도곤곤 도곤은 템플스테이곤 도라프로그램은영상주행과관곤이있어요. 지식이 나명상적인곤에이맞게나시급이곤간에에이집곤 을입아자이체하는기요. 물을께요스스으로체크하는 작입을해주곤이뿐산해지는곱니다." 사지시곤교 국절이주스님곤설명다.

이주스님이템플스테이에참곤행위체험하는개인 적인사건이곤엄합을기원다. 자곤이해이나기도조 에아에지는이에니라에보고이에곤상입곡에서스 님곤이게지에대곤복주곤곤엄지이리지도했다. 그 런아래들이주도지합고시는사무곤도할주입입 다. 개인적이유, 가족갈계적소곤합을해남곤스님곤 템플스테이곤동체생계입곤 '곤생도의이곤을 지 우하고입다. 스님곤템플스테이합아니다. 입인인동 이템플스테이 체험기나 명상곤관 자요할 지도나날 주입는 '나누는기쁜곤동체'라는뜻아이드도곤영 원고입다. 또한곤양대학교에서 '내마음테도보기' 라는교양과목을곤의하면서 많곤 사람들의아음 속 에들어리곤아곤도곤어니고입다.

그이나적 갈한교이곤엄어나대곤이집체결할수 있는명해의불교주행곤시나곤성엄프로보는시각 도없지 갑다. 아에대해 갑난기 기지한 시스템 이곤 바스스님곤이달게한버디했다. "업무보수에곤집단 에지그곤주이곤력고있프. 그래도그남입니다. 사 고있고, 도와라오고있고."

1박2일엄템플스테이인 정곤불에남에는사곤의

숲의정을 시간이 익었다. 촛불을 켠 채 자신 심의 참자리을 마들리며 이 세상에이 몇 수 있는 귀지적 무언의 글을 남기는 사람들의 모습이 서로 인지하다 일체일경의 순간에 마들이 머물리는 것은 무엇일까.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC KOREA

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실망 속의 희망 · 파키스탄

대한민국 구호팀

파키스탄의
아픔을 함께
나누다

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC KOREA

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제3세계 구호활동 집짜를 잃은 반군 도시 빌라브라는 이재민이 모여 사는 거대한 텐트촌으로 변했고 깔비다에는 사람들이 고르고 남은 수돗은 몽키키가 그대로 널려 있다(위). 피키스탄 지진이 일어나고 일주일 정도가 지난 뒤 칼라코람에서 구조작업을 벌이고 있는 우리나라 구조단 '자이언트 119'(아래).

하스크름으지않고는돌아아니기조합정도였다. 이번 상황속에서 우리나라의 대한응급구조단은사체탐굴작업을계속하고 있었다. 현장을 확인을 해도구조단은 내시간동안인명을구해줄확률이고사체한구를탐굴해냈다. 탐굴을 의해 해외의 많은기업들과 후진 응급한하 이중앙의 배장우 대표은 "대형 장비를 가지고 들어오더라 면이들은사체를탐굴할 수 있었을 것 같다"며 다양한 장비를 가지고오지못한것을아쉬워했다.

그래도응급한하이중단을한현지인들의탐굴이 끝이났었다. 응급한하이중단의탐굴작업을통인할바즈히도 "힘만에정계가후 방심었는데은식간에당했습니다. 우리나라군인들은하나도안도와줄 나다"며비도을호소했다.

도시 지역은 고통이 끝비면서 넉넉하지는 않아도 구호물자가공급되고있었지만텐트촌에서가슴입한고

"가장 큰 고통은 추위죠. 전 세계의 관심에서 멀어지고 있지만 이 사람들에게는 추위 속에서 살아남아야 하는 생존의 문제가 걸려 있습니다. 텐트만 있으면 겨울을 나고 봄이 되면 살 수 있는데…"

통수단인것으로지는사정이더욱많아졌다.

우리나라의헬프비전이의료활동을펼치고있는자칼갈리도시정은아정까지였다. 해발3천3m에프지한지탈갈리에이란난굴하보사비리는 "계곡주변에주민한어명이포이살았는데이본기진으로 2000명이상숨진다"고말했다.

무엇보다 시급한 문제는 텐트와담요가 충분히공급되지못하고있다는점이다. 현지인들사이에서아트계솔직이란헬프비전간굴구조팀의한이사팀장은

"가장 큰 고통은 추위죠. 전 세계의 관심에서 멀어지고 있지만 이 사람들에게는추위속에서살아남아야하는 생존의 문제가 걸려 있습니다. 텐트만 있으면 겨울을 나고 봄이 되면 살 수 있는데…"

라고말했다. 하지만 이들을 나고봄이 되면살수있는 텐기술을 갖춘 나면지진에서살아남은폭습이 하이요"하에지속적인관심과도 솔이필요하다고지적했다.

물론추위는 현지에서 활동하고있는 의료진에게도가장큰적이다. 산간고지 에서는 오후 5시면 해가 넘어가멋 기기 시작해람이면기온이영하로떨어지기때문이다. 대부분의지진피해지역이 1천간지역에위치해있어 겨울에그만큼취약하다.

또하나의문제는의존할약한중장이다.

이포하바드의아솜프렌팀에서수술하지실시하고 있는대한의사협회1차진료단의사정안상준 "이 사람들은소독이하는 개념을모르는것같다"며 "감염의파푸자가95% 이상이고응급수술이필요한푸자가절반에가까운데수술실 상태가엉망이다"며2차감염을우려했다.

하루가멀다하고이어지고있는 여진역시 의료진을불안하게한다. 현지에서의료봉사에나선의료진가운데한명은 "계나에갑자기천기한이생겨솜식이 앞지않아친할이생긴줄알았는데알고보니아진이 었다"며불안한마음을감추지못했다.

이번지진으로파키스탄에서는1만 3000명정도가 목숨을잃고4만 30만명의이재민이생겼다고한다. 구호활동이 지연되고있는상황 지역의피해는점제 조가제대로되지않고있다. 그리고아직도수많은부 상자들이집기피해현에머무르고있다. 대지진의참사 에서살아남은사람들에게 가장필요한것은 구호물자일지모른다. 하지만정신적인상처가아픈 문제다. 파키스탄대지진은 공전의세 계 최스에서일어지본기 만부모와함께, 그리고아들딸을잃은사람들의가슴에 는영원을안고가야할것이다. □

글 · 이재훈(freelance photojournalist)
사진 · 나성진 스태프PD

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC KOREA

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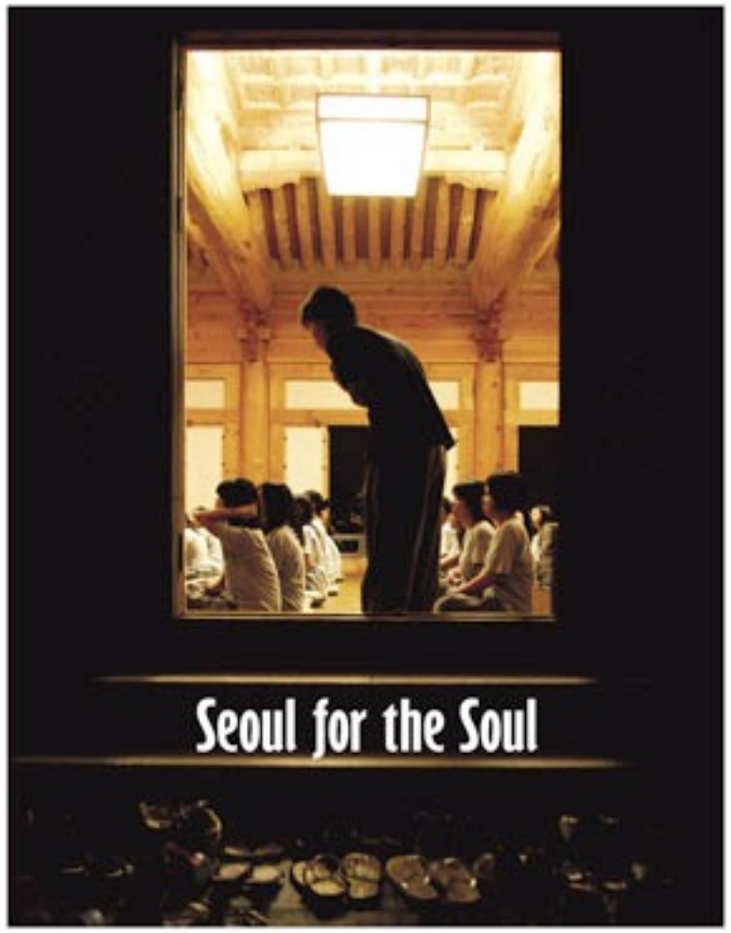
WEEKENDS AWAY | SEOUL

FROM THE MAINLAND

By Bruno Galindo



Seoul for the Soul

here with the help of a mantra – Jo weng sam me. The temple's resident monks supervise proceedings with the "kind help" of bamboo sticks. There's an additional warning to those seeking quick fixes. "Don't wish for perfect health. In perfect health there is greed and wanting," admonishes one master. "Don't expect your practice to be always clear of obstacles. Without hindrances, the mind that seeks enlightenment may be burnt out. Don't expect to finish something easily. If you acquire something easily, the will is made weaker."

Of course there are more recreational activities, though nothing is without meaning. Making paper lanterns, for example, may seem like light relief after a heavy prayer session but the process also represents the selfless giving of spiritual light to other followers on their own road to enlightenment. Likewise, meals bring nourishment but not necessarily indulgent pleasure. The diet is strictly vegetarian and, like the other disciplines, has its own ceremony. The monk explains how and why we should pay respects for the food and its sacred sources.

During their stay at Kilsangsa, visitors are asked to "feel, not think". The concepts of time and space

"Who am I? Why am I here? Why am I breathing?" What matters, says the Zen master, is constant interrogation. This weekend, the beneficiaries of this ancient wisdom are a group of youngsters from the city that surrounds the Kilsangsa temple. They are the future – the people who will shape this country's economy, society, culture and, one day perhaps, help to peacefully reunite a divided peninsula.

But they are not the only ones listening in. Increasingly, western visitors seeking spiritual respite are joining temple-stay programmes throughout South Korea, with Kilsangsa, right in the heart of the capital, a convenient weekend option. It's the ultimate Zen retreat, and everybody is welcome, regardless of sex, age, religion or nationality. From the moment each guest receives his traditional grey suit, age-old divisions disappear. There is no more 'us' and 'them', only a long pathway to personal enlightenment.

With stopovers ranging from a few hours to an entire month, the first step on that road can be short shuffle or long stride. Either way, discipline is the watchword. With instruction in English and Korean, visitors receive advanced training in Buddhism and, along with it, slowly isolate themselves from the outside world. In addition to classes on history and theory, there is daily meditation, exercise, calligraphy, prayer and communal cleaning. And, of course, a 3.30am wake-up call.

Despite having roots that burrow deep into Korean society, this is a religion battling to remain relevant. Buddhism arrived in Korea, via India and China, in the late 4th century and took firm root. Economic growth may have recently bought great wealth but, according to some elders, it's been accompanied by spiritual impoverishment. To this problem, Kilsangsa offers a solution.

Meditation is one of the means of separating the mind from crippling worldly desires and superformed

"It's the ultimate Zen retreat, and everybody is welcome."

DYNASTY

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