Notes From Korea: The Culture of Food

By Kari Ellingson, Associate Vice President of Student Affairs

Food is a universal—everyone eats. Korea is, of course, no exception. Koreans not only eat and drink; they seem to very much enjoy eating and drinking. I’m going to start with my observations about eating. I was going to cover eating AND drinking in this article, but drinking and the rituals surrounding it deserves its own article!

My very first meal in Korea, about four hours after I landed, was a hamburger and French fries. An American who wants to eat only familiar food will have no problem here. Within a few blocks, even in our outpost in Songdo, you can find a Starbucks, Quizno’s, Burger King…you get the idea. In fact, when I asked one of our Korean students where her favorite place to eat was in Songdo, she said “Subway”. I’ve found there are four types of American eating styles in Korea: 1) those who eat only what they already know, 2) those who will eat “Korean” food as long as it tastes like something they would make at home, 3) those who like the adventure of new foods but draw the line if it’s still wiggling (me), and 4) those who are willing to try anything at any time anywhere—the true explorers! But enough about how Americans in Korea eat. How about Koreans?

The food is as varied as the people who eat it, but I’m going to describe a few of the meals I’ve had. When people think of Korean food, many think first of Kimchi and Korean BBQ. Kimchi is ubiquitous—you’ll get it almost every time you sit down for a Korean meal. Kimchi is a traditional dish made from fermented vegetables (not just cabbage!) and spices. Kimchi is a side dish which ranges from fairly mild to hot enough to burn brain cells. The first thing the server will bring is a small dish of Kimchi, along with three, four, five, six other side dishes, ranging from small dried fish to green plant shoots to noodles to things I can’t begin to identify. It’s always interesting to see what comes out. Korean BBQ is a cooking method which is generally done right at your table. Meat (I prefer Bulgogi which is marinated beef) is shredded or cut in small pieces and the server cooks it at a grill set into the table. You just pick up your chopsticks and serve yourself when it’s done. Sometimes you sit at a table; sometimes you are on the floor or a sunken seat...

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Another very interesting meal was at Namdaeman Market in Seoul. This is an experience all by itself. But my meal was down this tiny alley, with small stations on either side. Each station was a self-contained restaurant with about six stools along a counter, backs to the alley. If I reached out behind me, I could touch the back of the customer at the restaurant opposite my own. When new customers walked down the alley looking for a seat, they almost have to turn sideways to avoid knocking someone off their stool. The alley was called “Noodle Street”. Guess what they served? Yep, a bowl of steaming noodles and vegetables in broth. The owner filled our Kimchi dishes by scooping it out of a large container with her hands (she did have gloves on). She served tea from a vat she had obviously made that morning and she kept the tea and noodles warm on what looked like a very large camp stove. The U.S. Department of Health would have fainted, but it was outstanding!

Final meal to discuss—at the Soraepogu fish market. After walking through an amazing fish market, through hundreds of tanks containing live fish, squid, shrimp, octopi, just about anything that comes from the sea, we sat down at a restaurant (a floor this time). There were three of us with only maybe a dozen Korean words between us and the menu was all Korean. We just pointed to something on the menu and showed them a picture of grilled fish. Next thing we knew, about nine fish of varying sizes (none very big) had been pulled from the tank. They were slammed on the counter, thrown on the grill, and ten minutes later we had a plate of nine grilled fish in front of us, along with two kinds of Kimchi. While I’d never experienced eating fish that were still looking at me, it was amazing, once I mastered pulling the meat off of the bones with my chopsticks.

Finally, there are unifying themes in food across cultures—the social experience, the sharing of good tastes, the laughter, the relaxation that comes with a good meal. I close by directing you to the pictures of our students, taking a Finals Study Break with an ice cream social. Baskin Robbins is near and dear to our students here at UAC. They all know every flavor. And sometimes the biggest cultural differences are not between countries but between age groups. I said to a group of students, ‘I just had the worst ice cream ever!’ and pointed to a container at a different table. They all took a look and said “That’s ‘My Mother is an Alien’. That’s the best!”

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Almost everywhere I go in this country, EuroAmericans often tell me they are perplexed about how they can be good allies to people of color. What holds them back is that they are often afraid of making a mistake or of doing further harm by, one more time, unconsciously exercising their white privilege. So, here is my wish list to all those EuroAmericans out there who are searching for some practical ways of connecting with and being good allies to people of color.

Know that:

You will make mistakes, hurt, irritate and upset people of color. I say that because as a white person, you have had over five hundred years of “don’t ask and don’t tell” regarding diversity issues in this country, so, of course, you’re going to hurt someone of color in your attempts to relate to them. That’s part of the growing process. No one is going to die if you, as a white person, make a mistake, except maybe your expectations of needing to be that perfect white person chosen to save people of color from those other unconscious, bigoted, red-necked whites.

Acknowledging your whiteness is the first step in your recovery and connection with people of color.

The rite of passage is to be curious about what you’ve done or said that might be racist, to share how you feel about what you’ve learned and, then, finally, to change. So many times, what frustrates people of color is that when they share why and how they were offended to whites, what they get back is that the white person often says nothing or cries profusely and people of color end up consoling them and/or other whites come to their defense.

Racism is not just what you see, do or hear, but it’s also about what you don’t see, do or hear. I think that one of the great illusions in this country is believing that if you study the history of racism, gather data and read lots of books about racism, you will have “arrived.” Or, as one white male said to me recently, “It shouldn’t be this way.” After which, he changed the subject, despite the look of disappointment on my face.

A good example of what we don’t see and hear is illustrated by the group of armed whites who have taken over a federal reserve building in Oregon and how the FBI and local police have not confronted them. I wonder, as do many other people of color, would that have been the same response if the militants were armed Muslims, Blacks or Mexicans or American Indians?

To me, racism isn’t just what we don’t see, do, or hear, it’s also looking at why we don’t have to notice or care. What kind of privilege rewards us if we only see our similarities and not our differences, encourages us to celebrate our differences, but does not make use of any of our differences in our workplaces, schools and communities?

When we will have “arrived” is when we integrate our unique differences into our everyday business, educational and government practices in the way we hire, teach, or make policies. How do we do that? When we engage in daily intimate and authentic conversations with those who are different from ourselves, when we practice being curious about what we fear or afraid to ask or learn about. When we stand up and say something when someone is talked down to or demeaned or not promoted. When we stay in the room when we are called out for discrimination and model our response to others by being open, curious and emotionally connected. When we stay the course by staying committed to issues of diversity, not just when it is convenient or to check off a box, but as an on-going and necessary part of our learning and our growth.

In the film, Contact, Jodi Foster’s honesty is admonished for not understanding that the world just doesn’t work that way. Of which she replies: “Funny, I always thought the world was what we made of it.”

Eddie Glaude: “Democracy In Black”

Listen to the discussion by Eddie Glaude and Derek McGinty on Glaude’s new book “Democracy In Black: How Race Still Enslaves The American Soul”.

Listen Now at thedianerehmshow.org.

Find Eddie Glaude’s book on Amazon.
Upcoming University and Community Events

Wednesday, February 3 @ 7pm
Selma: A Free Screening & Panel Discussion
Kingsbury Hall [more info]

Tuesday, February 16 @ 12-1pm
The Cultural Politics of Mental Health During the Iraq and Afghanistan Wars, Work in Progress Talk by David Keiran, CTIH 143 [more info]

Wednesday, February 24 @ 12-1pm
“Ruminations of a Religion Reporter: 25 Years Covering Faith in a God-Talking City” a lecture with Peggy Stack, Marriott Library [more info]

Sunday, March 5 @ 11:30am-8pm
Gender Liberation Summit
Saltair Rm, Union [more info]

Upcoming February Seminar Series

Playing Till’ The Whistle Blows: The Myth of the College Athletes
Ulysses Tongaonevai
Wednesday, February 17, 2016
12:00-1:30pm,
Pano East, Union

Wednesday, February 24 @ 12-1pm
“Ruminations of a Religion Reporter: 25 Years Covering Faith in a God-Talking City” a lecture with Peggy Stack, Marriott Library [more info]