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Korious [ko-ree-us] (adj.)

inquisitive; eager to learn or know about Korea

Why I owe Mica Prazak my first born child...

Posted on October 16, 2012 by [andrea.all.over.the.map](#)
OK, that's a bit extreme.

Maybe ice cream?

October 15th, 2012

When I uploaded that last post (just down yonder) I realized that it had been exactly three weeks since I'd written. Yikes. Getting a life here is really cutting into the time I have to spend documenting it...

I thought I'd better take the chance to glue myself to the screen a little longer and tell you about the adventure I had getting into the Busan Film Festival before I forgot again. For three more weeks.

Pictured below, my friend Mica:



<https://sixteenhoursahead.files.wordpress.com/2012/10/mica1.jpg>

Mica's a neat guy I've met here who's also from Vancouver, also into playing late-night basketball, and is generally recognizable in public because of his beard and the puffy, hooded vest he's always wearing.

He's also a big fan of movies so we'd talked about going down to check out the Busan Film Festival (BIFF) when I first got here and were really stoked on the whole thing. We put together a pretty good itinerary for the Saturday and had three solid movies picked out but, unfortunately, we both grossly underestimated just how quickly it would sell out...

We persevered though and Mica, in true trooper fashion, decided that he would camp out overnight on the Friday to be at the front of the line when they opened the box office Saturday morning. He arrived at 2am, sleeping bag in hand and found 11 people ahead of him already. Some of whom even had tents. He curled up on the concrete, with his shoes under that infamous vest as a pillow and crashed out in the name of obscure cinema. When he woke up around 7am there were HUNDREDS of people lined up behind him so if he hadn't gone down we really would've been hooped.

What a champ.

They reserve 20% of the tickets each day for walk-up purchases at some of the theatres so it's simply what had to be done. We'd seen photos online of people camped out on the sidewalks at the festival in years past, which kind of dashed our hopes of seeing the movies we'd actually set out to see. Plus, two of them were at theatres which didn't offer any day-of tickets at all so we had to revamp our schedule entirely.

What we ultimately settled on were three very totally disparate films. The first was an Afghan "classic" called 'Akhbar the Clown' which was alleged to have an exclusively Simon and Garfunkel soundtrack. I was sold mostly on that claim... but it turns out they were like Afghan renditions of S&G songs. Now, if you're like me and you're thinking that 'Bridge Over Troubled Water' without lyrics set to the soft melodies of a tola would be cool, well, it's not. Don't get your hopes up... and probably don't see this movie.

To follow that up we watched 'Caesar Must Die' out of Italy which is FANTASTIC. It's a documentary that follows a production of Julius Caesar as performed by the inmates of a maximum security prison. Really stylish and impressive.

Then to cap it all off we saw a gem of a Czech film called 'Flower Buds' which I would also highly recommend. It's a bit bleak, fairly quirky, and at times far-fetched but I'm pretty fascinated with post-Soviet village life now, so, it got me. The director of the film was actually there for this one and did a Q&A afterwards which was translated back and forth between his native language, English, and Korean... it felt like we were sitting in on an exclusive UN meeting or something. I wonder how many people in the world actually speak both of those languages? Seven?

In keeping with the international theme of the day, I ended up in a tiny Swiss bar later on with our Couchsurfing host (from Victoria!) listening to the Korean owner, Mr. Yee, sing 'You Are My Sunshine' on the banjo. He's never actually been to Switzerland but his bar somehow manages this amazingly authentic feel, with it's chalet décor and walls lined with more instruments than I'll ever be able to name (no tolas though, thankfully). He's a gem that guy.

So, many thanks to Mica, Julia (from Victoria!), the lady who sold me PSY socks, and Mr. Yee for a real good time in Busan.

I'll be back again soon.

...I have to, I forgot my towel.

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About andrea.all.over.the.map

My name is Andrea (although most of you probably already know that because you're my mom) and I've been teaching ESL abroad since early 2012. So far I've lived and worked in Georgia, South Korea, Spain, and China and have explored widely along the way. It's been a sordid mix of cultural musings, misadventure, and exceptional meals... and I hope you enjoy reading along.

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