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Korean Vocal Music**

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From pre-industrial to cyberculture, local to glocal, abandoned to anointed, the sociocultural adaptation of the story-singing tradition of *p'ansori* continues. As was the case at the threshold of the twentieth century, *p'ansori* at the entrance of the twenty-first century is a primary agent of innovation in music, literature, and theatre. Korean music inclusive of *p'ansori* is methodically acquired and rehearsed for preservation and creative perpetuation. However, the musical professionalism cultivated among the great majority of singers today is substantially removed from the very fibres of the folk life that had nurtured it in the past. My current ethnographic as well as performative work is to discover, living or memorialized, the ecological life of folk Korean music making. Departing from the discussion of contemporary production and consumption such as the industrialization of Korean music 'contents', I return to its folk origin by way of imagining the environmental as well as poetic association of field with stage and ritual with entertainment, largely inhibited with the advancing modernity. In this paper, I focus in particular on the rituals of dying and mourning to examine the organic connectivity shared between Korean livelihoods and Korean music making of the past. In so doing, I attempt to bring to light the challenges of revelation of the connection Korean vocal music has with Korean ritual singing tradition. As evident in the recordings of prominent chanters and singers, in death and dying Koreans exercised the best of their musical and poetic sensitivities. I discuss the musical semantics and the pragmatics of Korean ritual of death and dying, with a textual and vocal comparative analysis of mourning in ritual and in *p'ansori*.

In-between centre and margin

The study of Korean music is again at a crossroads of preservation and progress, and it is impossible to understand one of these without understanding the other. In considering the modern transformation of Korean vocal music, I take to imagining origins in the folk and ritualistic context. Closer revelation of the past-present connection in vocal music is complicated by the psycho-historical conditions Koreans today have inherited. Since the beginning of the twentieth century, through the formative years of its modernity, Koreans have been traumatized by colonizers and foreign intervention. On the ashes of one of the most gruesome wars in human history, Korea miraculously recovered its

economy, infrastructure, and global standing. The people's recovery of their psycho-cultural makings was been less than seamless: in avoiding ancestral roots, modernity overlapped with what is Western – that is, being modern meant following Western trends and beliefs. Korean indigenous systems of faith have been marginalized as superstition. Today, in keeping with the deconstructionist trend in the Western *avant garde*, Korean theatre and composers actively – often excessively – reintroduce elements of shamanic and other rituals of death, funerals and mourning as a main ingredient for creativity. 'The shaky conceptualization of *han* as an essential Korean sorrow either contributes to this phenomenon, or is co-symptomatic of a larger psychological problem modern Koreans have toward their historical past.'¹

In vocal music, the connection between origin and modern transformation is obscured by the musical hierarchy of the Korean music world. This has established that the primary origin and inspiration of *p'ansori* is *muga*, ritual songs of shamans from the south-western Chölla provinces. The recognition of this connection is presented alongside the sociocultural marginalization of the indigenous shamanic ritual past and present. The kinship *p'ansori* has with an indigenous ritual musical tradition continues to be a popular subject for anthropological or musicological inquiry. Not every practitioner of *p'ansori*, however, welcomes being publicly associated with shamans or with songs the Korean mainstream does its best to avoid. The government policy of preservation, effective since the early 1960s, has contributed to substantially diffusing the socio-musical hierarchy by increasing the exposure of Korean music, shaman music included, to the middle class. The elevation of Korean music to 'intangible cultural assets' comes with elevation of its designated heirs to 'human national treasures,' a misnomer that is in wider circulation than the official title of *poyuja*, 'preservers' of the assets. Anointed 'human national treasures,' performers must play the part. An individual, claims Erving Goffman, comes to believe in the impression of reality that he attempts to engender in those amongst whom he finds himself. A human national treasure with the mission of preserving and representing Korean traditionality would have to be convinced 'that the impression of reality which he stages is the real reality.'² For the designated heirs of Korean music, exercising political savvy and correctness in current society largely translates as keeping a safe distance from indigenous ritual tradition. They strive to accommodate the national vision of tourism and globalism by providing 'cultural heritage while satisfying Western commodification.'³ I reserve for later study how the heirs of Korean shaman ritual construct their identities as human national treasures through that which is disdainfully or suspiciously regarded by mainstream Korean society, while also accommodating national tourism and cultural promotional needs.

Traditionally, Korean music of folk or ritual origin was practiced among *kisaeng* (female entertainers) and *kwangdae* (male entertainers), along with *mudang* (shamans) who occupied the bottom strata of the Neo-Confucian social hierarchy. Diverging from ritual singing to story-singing entertainment centuries ago, *p'ansori* independently accumulated its own myths of authentic filtering through its marginal existence. These include the agonistic journeys taken by legendary singers, the ordeal of vocal cord bleeding, the cultivation of abdominal strength to subdue gushing waterfalls, the

romantic tales of patronage by royal princes and powerful nobles, and the emotive powers of *sori* wielding unwieldy ghosts.⁴ These myths mediate *p'ansori's* modern and postcolonial representation, the singer-protagonist's art-for-art's-sake quest for *han* – *han* being often fetishized as the essential Korean sorrow – at all cost in, for example, the blockbuster movie, *Seopyeonje* (1993). But skeptics from postcolonial and indigenous studies warn against media representations of what is authentic or indigenous. These “speak” the indigene within a construction whose legitimacy is grounded not in their practice but in our desire.⁵

From another angle, the Republic of Korea is a small country with a highly developed infrastructure that contributes to diffusing what little remains of regional musical characteristics. Korea's centralized system of government and broadcasting coupled with ease of travel to Seoul and back have pushed Korean traditional music practice towards standardization and uniformity. With the implementation of a local government system in the 1990s, regional centres of music were one by one inaugurated in locations outside Seoul. Beyond carrying out policies set by the main center in Seoul, development initiatives to facilitate local inventions have yet to take root in regional centres. As much as the national stage and the national media feature music from various regions, this is also where they assimilate. The assimilated musics make return trips to regional communities, there assimilating any remaining regional stylistic traits. Some locals complain about such musical intrusion in their villages. Others accept it as inevitable. Hence, on the island of Jindo, at the Injiri Village Festival in Summer 2010, a group of *samullori* percussionists from outside the island gave a performance. Blending and cross-fertilizing regional rhythmic styles of *p'ungmul* percussion bands, *samullori* has been seen and heard everywhere during the past four decades. Under the dictatorial military regimes of Pak Chung-Hee, Chun Doo-Hwan and Roh Tae-Woo, the sound of *p'ungmul* came to symbolize Korea's fight for democracy. It spread around the globe, crossing the Pacific to America to represent 'Korean culture and Koreanness whether it is played in multicultural shows or in antiwar protests.'⁶ The *samullori* group at the Injiri Festival looked standard, but the locals at the festival saw much more, and disapproved. 'On Jindo, we don't wear headbands like that ... and we have our own groups that do it right!'⁷ The concern of this commentator was that young players on the island would imitate the costumes and stylistics of outsiders and shed their own.

The ethnography of Jindo ritual singing

As a student of *p'ansori*, I was from the start instructed to avoid *minyŏ* folksongs or even *Yukchabaegi*, the south-western style of folksong woven around a specific song in a six-beat rhythm that closely resembles the six-beat *chinyang* rhythmic cycle in *p'ansori*. The musical stylistics of folksongs should not interfere with the Way of *p'ansori*. In retrospect, my Korean lessons started and continued as a set of formulae – much like a set of textbooks for second language learners⁸ – from the *sŏl changgo* (*changgo* dance) with Kim Pyŏngsŏp started in the early 1970s to vocal, string and dance studies. From

the tones, languages, and demeanors of old masters I was made aware that their knowledge was rooted in an existence remote from Seoul from where they had relocated, in the very fibers of the folk life that had birthed the musics they practiced.

In 2008, I was seeking ritualistic vocal inspiration for the two-act historical storytelling play I was collaborating on with Kathy Foley (premiered in 2009 at the Theatre of Yugen in San Francisco with the title *Fox Hunt and Freedom Fighters: Korean and Western Women in Seoul 1894–1920*).⁹ In the play, two women, Western and Korean, recount the historical encounters of Western women with Korean women of heroic proportion during Korea's tragic hours. In Act 1, the British Isabella Bird Bishop with Empress Myōngsōng; in Act 2, the American missionary Jean Walters with Yu Kwansun. During summer 2008, in search of a song to accompany the scene of mourning at the end of Act 2, I ended up in Busan when a unique opportunity to audit a three-week graduate workshop of the music of *Ssikkim kut* – the Southwestern ritual of cleansing the soul of the departed, designated as Korea's Intangible Cultural Asset No. 72 – opened up for me. The instructor was Park Hwanyoung, a faculty member of Busan National University's Department of Korean Music and an accomplished *taegŭm sanjo* player. As a native of Jindo and the eldest son of a designated preserver of *Ssikkim kut*, the late Pak Pyōngch'ōn, Park from birth grew up an insider of the ritual world. He was conducting a summer workshop to prepare the graduate ensemble of *ajaeng*, *kayagŭm*, *taegŭm*, *haegŭm*, *changgo* and *p'ansori* vocal. Conflicted about studying shaman ritual music, the Christian *kayagŭm* major quit on her second day. During the three-week intensive learning, I accumulated a notebook of chants, an abridged sample of what would take hours to complete in full. A few lines of what I had learned graced the ending of *Fox Hunt* the following year, for the final exit of the Yu Kwansun doll wrapped in white cloth:

하죽이야, 하죽이로구나, 세왕산 가지자고 하죽을 허네.
Goodbye, goodbye, Now to Sewang Mountain, goodbye.
동네방네 하죽하고, 살던집도 하죽허고
My village, goodbye, my home, goodbye,
세왕산 가지자고 하죽을 허네.
Now to Sewang Mountain, goodbye.
애애애 애헤이야. 예헤헤, 예헤헤헤, 예헤이야.

In a land where old customs give way to new, funerary and memorial customs seem to be the last to exit. After all, death is surer than life in the totality of existence: life is full of uncertainty, but death is certain. With belief, the spirits of ancestors help generations to come, and Koreans have done their utmost to ensure sending off and regularly inviting back the soul of the dead with reverence and artistry. For the farmers and fishermen whose livelihoods depended on the cycle and capriciousness of nature, life had to be a continuous ritual of prayers for protection and bountifulness, with singing and dancing as the medium.

In summer 2010, in the hope of encountering traces of the ecological origin of Korean vocal music, I visited Jindo, an island of memorable history and geography. The

island was a perennial strategic 'access route and place of refuge between the Yellow Sea, Korea's eastern seaboard and Japan.'¹⁰ Until a few decades ago, Jindo was a national hub of croaker fishing, as lyricized in *Tatp'ae norae*, the ballad of fishing, Regional Intangible Asset No. 40. Jindo houses the historical fortresses of the rebellion of the Sambyŏlch'o, 'Three Special Corps', a private army of the Ch'oe family during the waning years of Koryŏ (918-1392): the Mongols invaded in 1232, and the Sambyŏlch'o responded, but several decades of resistance ended with the fall of the Ch'oe household and Koryŏ's subsequent surrender. Under the formal treaty with the Mongols, in 1270 the Koryŏ court ordered the disbanding of the Sambyŏlch'o remaining on the island of Kanghwa. Under the leadership of General Pae Chungsoŏn with No Yŏnghŭi, they moved south to Jindo and resisted the combined Koryŏ and Mongol forces until their demise in 1271.¹¹ During the Chosŏn (1392-1910), Jindo served as the main location for literati in exile. Starting sometime during the Japanese colonial era and into the later parts of the twentieth century when rice was precious, the numerous saltwater estuaries around the island were reclaimed to create more rice paddies. Before the reclamation, when the coastlines were intact, an islander nostalgically explained, no matter where you stood on the island with the exception of one village, you could see the ocean. Jindo has also seen an extreme exodus of about 70% of its population during the recent era of urbanization and mobility. Fishing and farming, once the inspiration for songs of joy of production, hardship of labor, and prayers for good harvests, are now machine-driven. Culturally, the islanders take pride in the island having hosted prominent literati exiles from Hanyang (today's Seoul) who during their years of confinement implanted sophisticated literary and artistic impetuses on the island. Based on the testimonies of the women at the Jindo Silver Folk Art Center, Jindo women traditionally worked harder than men. And so it continues: men sing, dance, drink, and gamble, while women take care of the household, children, help farm, and keep their unfaithful men happy.

Jindo is second to none when it comes to the observation of death and dying as a most important life ritual. I noted that the familial shrines around the island are often bigger, fancier, and better maintained than the homes occupied by the living. Each month, an average two deaths occur on the island. Many families still opt for a traditional funeral, procession and burial, while Christian converts obey their church leaders by staying away. Those with the means invite chanters of *Man'ga*, funeral dirges, for the procession and burial, while the less fortunate simply play cassette tapes of the songs –no copyright dispute on the use of recordings has yet surfaced. Cho Oh-Whan is one such chanter known throughout the island.

It was just my lot – later proven good luck – to be taken to the Jindo Silver Folk Art Center located in the village of Tonjiri in Ŭishinmyŏn county. Under the jurisdiction of the Jindo Cultural Center, the Silver Center under the direction of Cho Oh-Whan caters to the cultural needs of the elderly, hence the name 'silver'. I was at first profoundly disappointed to find myself in a senior citizen facility for my research, but it was a blessing in disguise to run straight into the circle of strong and resourceful Jindo women, the foundation and metal for the continuing remembered folk life.¹² On my second day at the Silver Center, a death occurred, and Mr. Cho was to sing at the funeral

procession. I was heftily congratulated for being so lucky that the opportunity to observe a funeral had come so easily. This was in reference to the fact that many researchers visit Jindo to observe a live funeral, but not everyone is lucky as death is not an everyday occurrence. The funeral procession started from the village square and moved out to the road, up the hill to the burial, all the while accompanied by Mr. Cho's doleful chanting. The culture of mourning, hence the tune of mourning, was hardwired into the life on Jindo. The Chaegyŏng Jindo Hyangwuhoe (Association of Jindo Native Friends Living in Seoul) invites Mr. Cho to lead *Man'ga* at their annual banquet while they stage carrying an improvised funeral bier. Singing the hometown songs of mourning led by a chanter from their hometown awakens heartwarming memories of their homes: thus the death rite enactment qualifies as the highlight of their after-dinner merriment.

Mourning becomes song, a comparative textual analysis

Of the numerous Korean traditional musical genres, *sinawi*, improvisational ritual music, occupies a uniquely bi-spatial place between ritual and entertainment. It is agreed that many folk musical genres including *p'ansori*, *salp'uri*, and *sanjo* developed from the syntactic and semantic expressiveness of *sinawi*. Textual patterning or weaving reveals the common threads that continue through these genres. The *Nŭjŭn sinawi* (slow *sinawi*), recorded by the late Cho Kongnye (1925–1997),¹³ designated preserver of *Namdo Tŭl Norae* (Southern field songs, Intangible Asset No. 51), has lately been added to my list for studying the music and philosophy of Korean mourning. In describing her person and art, critics typically mention her strikingly unassuming and country look, far apart from the expensively dolled-up female singers of Korean folk song in Seoul. The Jindo native Cho lived and died on the island. She was passionate about singing. Everyone loved her singing and, sometimes setting aside her housework, she went places to sing wherever she could. Her controlling husband one day assaulted her on the mouth with a drumstick, 'so you'll never sing again.'¹⁴ The injury left a permanent scar above her upper lip, but failed to stop her singing. Cho Kongnye was never a 'professional' in pursuit of fame and wealth, but real connoisseurs of vocal music knew where to look for a true singer when needed. She had no formal lessons, but her vocal power grew organically while 'singing together with her co-villagers while working in the field and at leisure.'¹⁵ Using the metaphor of weaving, her acoustic textuality is not machine but hand woven from fibres grown and gathered from her working and living space. Her venues were not the media cameras or urban concert halls, but among the working men and women of Jindo who could hear in her singing a pure dose of shared joy and sorrow, one that 'melts all lust and greed of the world.'¹⁶ Yu Yŏngdae recollects seeing her for the first time: 'About twenty years ago on Jindo for field research, I chanced upon a funeral procession. A woman was leading the chant, so beautiful and so sad it brought tears to my eyes.'¹⁷ In the twilight of her life, she was discovered by the media in their search for the authentic. Unquestionably, her unadorned face of a country granny must have been a bonus, the icing for their dominant discourse of the authentic Korean 'folk'. 'In grandmother Cho Kongnye's voice is the unfiltered life of the

working class. There is dignity and strength in her artless voice ... power to console the people who depended on the land despite hardships.¹⁸ I would like to add a few of my own words: her voice emitted the fresh smell of grass and the salt of the ocean. Translated below is the lyric of her *Nŭjŭn sinawi*:¹⁹

*Na na na ha na na na naahana...Ehehe...*²⁰

푸른풀이 우거진 골짜기, 내사랑이 묻혀있네.
In the valley lush with green grass, my love is buried.
(신이여)! 내사랑아 잠자느냐 누웠느냐, 불러봐도 대답이 없네.
(Shiniyŏ)! My Love, are you sleeping? Are you resting? I call, but no answer.

Na na na ha na na na naahana...Ehehe...

어여쁜 그모습은 어디가고
Where have your beautiful features gone,
땅속에 뼈만 묻혀 나오는줄 모르네그려.
You're just bones in the dirt, you don't even know I'm here.

Na na na ha na na na naahana...Ehehe...

잔을 들어 술부어도 잔을 받지를 아니허네.
I hold the cup to pour you a drink, and you don't take it.

Na na na ha na na na naahana...Ehehe...

새야새야 파랑새야, 너는 어찌 슬리우냐.
Bird, Bird, Blue Bird, why cry so sadly?
왕계칭칭 초분구랑 못나올게 설리우네.
Buried thick in chaffs, can't come out, that's why.²¹

Na na na ha na na na naahana...Ehehe...

서산에 지는 해는 동산으로 떠도루고
The sun set in the west rises from the east,
불쌍한 인생들은 한번가면 못오는 길을
But poor humans, once they depart, can never return,
어찌아니가 원통혈끄나.
Isn't it truly mortifying?

Na na na ha na na na naahana...Ehehe...

따라진 () 참새짐생도 저녁때가 돌아오면
(), even sparrows and beasts, when evening returns,
자던수풀을 찾아들고 우리인간들도..
Look for their beds in the woods, and we humans, too,

그해를 마지하고 집을 찾아서 오는마는
At sunset look toward home,
불쌍한 우리인생 한번아차 죽어지면 다시 오지를 못허느니,
Our pitiful lives, die in an instant, can never return.

Na na na ha na na na naahana...Ehehe...

팔공산에 진달래는 울긋불긋 피어있고,
The azaleas on P'algong mountain colorfully all abloom,
낙동강에 흐르는 물은 주야주야로 흘러만 간다.
The waters of Naktong river flow day after day.

Na na na ha na na na naahana...Ehehe....

나비야 청산가자 뱀나비 나도 가자,
Butterflies, come with me to the Blue Mountain. Tiger Butterfly, you, too.
가다가다 저물어지면 꽃에 들어 자고 가자.
And when the sun sets, we'll stay the night in the flowers.

Na na na ha na na na naahana...Ehehe....

In mourning, the singer addresses the dead as if they were living and requiring the daily provision of food, shelter, clothing and, yes, a drink. The body is gone, but not the memory, the reason for mourning. The mourner expresses her concern at where the dead will sleep, and in what celestial tavern he will quench his thirst, and whether the grave is comfortable. The dead does not respond, hence the realization of the powerless human: the death of a human is final, but the cyclical life of nature resuscitates yearly. The departed is at last resigned to his new reality among butterflies, life and death being switched as in the butterfly dream of the ancient Taoist, Chuang-tzu. The soul has now been returned to nature. Of particular interest is the mourner's generous insertion of lexically meaningless vocal *kuŭm* between the lyrical lines. What syntactic, semantic, or spiritual dimension does *kuŭm* hold in musical mourning? Based on my trial and error, *kuŭm* is much more difficult to execute rhythmically than singing in words: where there is no language to help mark the rhythmic patterning and intervals, the singer must cultivate a wordless musical semiotic to weave around the rhythm.

Many of the formulaic imageries and rhetorical usages are recycled in *p'ansori*. I translate below the mourning for Kwak-ssi, the good wife of Blind Shim and mother of Shim Ch'ŏng from the *p'ansori* 'Song of Shim Ch'ŏng'. Early in the narrative, she dies of a post-delivery complication, leaving the newborn Ch'ŏng in the care of her blind husband. Given by my late teacher Chŏng Kwŏnjin, designated preserver of the *p'ansori* repertory as Intangible Asset No. 5, it is comprised of three sections: the villagers dedicate a funeral for Kwak-ssi with due ceremony, chanting from a slow 12-beat *chungmori* to a faster 12-beat *chungjungmori*; an oral dedication with no drum accompaniment is given by Blind Shim after the tamping of the ground; Blind Shim's personalized grieving, given in a slow *chinyang*.

(Invocation)²²

Her soul rides the bier, it is loaded on your shoulders,
Her journey starts for the house of the dead, deep and dark,
The proper funeral procedure given, it is loaded on our shoulders,
We bid her the final farewell!
Oh, Goddess of Mercy, the Bodhisattva Kwanŭm!

(Chungmori)

A hand-bell rings, *Ttaenggŭrang! Ttaenggŭrang! Ttaenggŭrang!*

Ŏ-nŏm-ch'a nŏ-hwa-nŏm!

They say the Pungmang hills are far, far away,
But over there, yonder hills are Pungmang indeed!

Ŏ-nŏm-ch'a nŏ-hwa-nŏm!

You leave now, when will you return?
Tell us your return date.

Ŏ-nŏm-ch'a nŏ-hwa-nŏm!

Spring grass turns green yearly, but from death, even a king's son returns not.

Ŏ-hŏ, ŏ-ŏ-ŏ-nŏm-ch'a!

Ŏigari nŏmch'a nŏ-hwa-nŏm!

Blindman Shim weeps more sadly, and the witty pall leader
Distracts him with nonsensical talk.

"By the water, a crayfish, backward crawls,
Squirrel, squatting, a chestnut picks.
In a mountain far away, a tiger rolls in drunken rowdiness."

Ŏ-nŏm-ch'a nŏ-hwa-nŏm!

Open the South Gate, the night curfew breaks,
Each household, each gatekeeper, opens the gate.

Ŏ-nŏm-ch'a nŏ-hwa-nŏm!

An early morning oriole, high up in the sky,
From the western sky, rises the bright moon.

Ŏ-nŏm-ch'a nŏ-hwa-nŏm!

Ŏ-nŏ, ŏ-ŏ-ŏ-nŏmch'a!

Ŏigari nŏm-ch'a nŏ-hwa-nŏm!

At this time, Blindman Shim,
The newborn baby, wrapped in a blanket,
In care of kwidŏk Ŏmma.
Dressed in full funeral attire,
Holding tight the back of the bier, he weeps.

"Alas, dear wife!

Abandoning me, where are you going?
Let me come with you, let me come with you!

Hill upon hill, road upon road,
Surely your legs will get sore,

'Days darken, clouds blacken,

Without a single tavern, how will you go?'

Puch'ang pusu ['Wife follows the lead set by her husband'] has been our way,
But this time I will follow you."

The funeral bier proceeds on

Ŏ-nŏm-ch'a nŏ-hwa-nŏm!

(Chungjungmori)

*Ö-nöm, önm,
Öigari nömch'a nöhwanöm!*

Look here, my fellow pallbearers,
Heed what I have to say.
When you die, you take this road,
When I die, I, too, take this road,

Ö-nöm-ch'a nö-hwa-nöm!

Poor lady, Kwak-ssi,
Sadly she departed.

*Ö-nömch'a nöhwanöm!
Ö-nöm, önm, önö-ömch'a,
Öigari nömch'a nöhwanöm!*

After the grave is filled and ground is tamped, Blindman Shim performs an oral recitation of ritual prayer for his departing wife.

(Without drum)

차호부인 차호부인 요차요지숙녀혜여 행복구혜고인이라.

Alas my lady, alas my lady, I took as my wife such a wonderful lady as you, whose conducts are not inferior to the legendary ladies of the old.

기백년지 해로터니 홀연몰혜언귀요.

We pledged to grow old together for hundred years, but you suddenly left, to return when?

유치자이영서혜여 저걸어이 길러내며

Leaving behind the little one for good, what am I to do to raise her?

누산산이 침금혜여 지난 눈물 피가되고

Tears scatter and soak my clothes, they turn to blood.

심경경이 소혼허여 살길이 전연없네.

The unforgettable pain wedged in my heart, and I'm beside myself with grief, I don't know how I can go on living.

(Chinyang)

주과포혜 박잔이나 만사를 모다 잊고 많이 먹고 돌아가오.

Wine, fruit, dried meat, rice juice, and humble wine, worry not and enjoy them before you go.

무덤을 검쳐안고, 아이고 여보 마누라 날버리고 어디가오.

Holding the grave, Aigo, Wife, deserting me where are you going?

마누라는 나를 잊고 북망산천 들어가 송죽으로 울을삼고,

You forget me and enter your grave deep in the North Mountain fenced in with pines and bamboos,

두견이 벗이되어 나를 잊고 누웠으나 내신세를 어이허리.

Befriended by cuckoos you forget me and lay there, but what about me?

노이무처환부라니 사궁중으는 첫머리요,
"Old and wifeless" is the first and foremost of the four hardships.
아달없고 앞못보니 몇가지 궁이 되단 말가,
No male heir and sightless, how many hardships do I have to bear?
아이고 마누라, 나도가지, 나도 가지, 마누라따라서 나도가지.
Aigo, Wife, I'll come with you, I'll come with you, I'm coming after you.

Conclusion

The performative textual comparison of Cho Kongnye's slow *sinawi* and Chŏng Kwŏnjin's version of Kwak-ssi's funeral, burial, and mourning takes us to the question of genre: *sinawi* belongs to the realm of poetry where the mourner addresses the departed; *p'ansori* has entered the domain of dramatic narrative, with scene changes and descriptions of characters and actions situated in mourning. Upon hearing, Cho Kongnye's song is neither nuanced towards shamanism nor inclined towards entertainment: situated somewhere in between, it holds its own. As seen in the *Song of Shim Ch'ŏng*, the music and lyrics of *sinawi* and *Man'ga* make an entrance to the narrative frame and structure of *p'ansori* storytelling, only to reappear in the drama of mourning when the smell of death and dying is still fresh. It is our intellectual vision of the binary of ritual and entertainment that shields us from seeing the in-between traffic.

¹ Chan E. Park, 'Korean Drama in Search of Korean Theater, Past and Present,' forthcoming in the Proceedings of the 19th Hahn Moo-Sook Colloquium (2011): *Staging Korea: Korean Theatre in Search of New Aesthetics*.

² Erving Goffman, *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*: 17 (Anchor Books Doubleday, 1959).

³ Hwan Jung Jae, 'The Cultural Body and the Politics of Difference: How Korean Dance is Commodified in the Politics of Tourism,' in *Proceedings of the Congress on Research in Dance 2008: Dance Studies and Global Feminisms*: 122.

⁴ Chŏng Noshik and Pak Hwang, two of the early scholars of *p'ansori* and its staged form, *ch'anggŭk*, collected many of these anecdotes during the earlier to mid-twentieth century that are variously reiterated in later scholarship.

⁵ Gareth Griffiths, 'The Myth of Authenticity: Representation, discourse, and social practice,' in Chris Tiffin and Alan Lawson (eds), *De-Scribing Empire: Post-colonialism and Textuality*: 70-85 (New York: Routledge, 1994).

⁶ S. Sonya Gwak, *Be(com)ing Korean in the United States*: 125 (Cambria Press: Amherst, NY, 2008).

⁷ Interview with Cho Oh-Whan, preserver of the Jodo *Tatpae Norae*, Summer 2010.

⁸ The languages used in textbooks for second language learners are not real, in that they are processed and simulated to look and sound real only to be used to teach the usages of the structural or other grammatical essentials.

⁹ The play was subsequently presented at UC Santa Cruz and UC Santa Barbara during 2010 and will be featured again at the University of Hawaii during 2012.

¹⁰ Keith Howard, 'Chindo Music: Creating a Korean Cultural Paradise,' in Kevin Dawe (ed.), *Island Musics: 101* (Berg: Oxford and New York, 2004).

¹¹ For more details, see Keith Howard, *ibid.*, 100–103.

¹² More details about them are included in Chan E. Park, 'It Takes a "Village": "Folk" in the Transformation of Korean Music' in *Perspectives on Korean Music, Vol.2: Korean Sanjo, Shamanism, and Ritual Traditions of Asia*: 41–68 ().

¹³ *Cho Kongnye Taejiŭi Ch'ang (A voice of the earth)* (EnE Media, 1995).

¹⁴ Interview with Cho Oh-Whan, Summer 2010.

¹⁵ Yi Inwŏn, liner notes in *Cho Kongnye Taejiŭi ch'ang* (EnE Media, 1995).

¹⁶ Manabu Yuasa, liner notes in *Cho Kongnye Taejiŭi ch'ang* (EnE Media, 1995).

¹⁷ Yu Yŏngdae, on *Jindo Sangyŏ Sori* (Funeral dirges of Jindo) (2007).

¹⁸ http://blog.daum.net/_blog/BlogTypeView.do?blogid=09gzz&articleno=18283276&admin=#ajax_history_0.

¹⁹ In transcribing the lyrics from the CD, unknown words or expressions are marked by parentheses.

²⁰ Translatable as 'vocables', *kuŭm*, or 'mouth tune', is an important component that enters between the lines. The singer varies each *kuŭm* line.

²¹ Until very recently, Jindo islanders maintained the custom of *ch'obŭn*, straw burial, where the body of the dead would be covered with straw and left on a stone platform for between one and three years until all except the bones had rotted away. The bones would then be cleaned and buried in the ground.

²² Translation of the first of the three parts is from Chan E. Park, *Voices from the Straw Mat: Toward an Ethnography of Korean Story Singing*: 262–3 (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 2003).