

A KWANGDAE IN TRAINING, 1981–1984: FIELDWORK, AND LEARNING KOREAN MUSIC IN SEOUL AND CHINDO*

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I was not a sensible teenager. I wanted to become a musician, or perhaps a composer, despite my parents calling in heavy support from careers advisers briefed of the need to shift my sights towards law or accountancy. Such stories are commonplace amongst musicians and musicologists. Indeed, here, I take my title from one who was steered towards a career in journalism, Kim Myōnggon, who recorded his talks with famous Korean musicians in *Kim Myōnggon ūi kwangdae kihaeng* (Seoul: Tosŏ ch'ulp'ansa, 1993).

Kwangdae were male performers during the Chosŏn dynasty. Records tell how *kwangdae* gave a spectacular performance in 1488 that included fire eating, mask drama, puppetry and rope walking during a visit to the Korean court by the Chinese envoy Dong Yue. In the eighteenth century, *kwangdae* sang, danced and told stories, routinely accompanying successful candidates for government office on celebratory tours of their home counties. *Kwangdae* were synonymous with singers of *p'ansori*, the genre of epic storytelling through song, by the time that the petty government official, Shin Chaehyo (1812–1884), popularized the genre in the last few decades of his life. Shin's poem, '*Kwangdaega*/Song of the *Kwangdae*', written around 1875, details *kwangdae* singing:

The singing voice in high register is like a boat floating with a fair wind,
Gradually changing like a stream that turns around a peak and alters direction.
The 'lifting voice' is like a lofty peak soaring,
The 'rolling down voice' like the sound of a waterfall,
Long and short, high and low – endless changes.
A clear 'rolling voice' like the crying of a phoenix on Mount Cinnabar,
A clear 'floating voice' like the whooping of a crane in the clear sky,

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A ‘murmuring voice’ of grief, just like the lute.
 An infinite variety of technique, a sudden ‘bouncing voice’ like a peal of thunder,
 A loud command that seems to shake Mount T’ae,
 A rapidly changing voice like a desolate wind among bare trees.¹

Kwangdae, then, are Korea’s singers of tales, to paraphrase Albert Lord (1960) by way of Marshall Pihl (1994).

A constellation of factors coincided to encourage my journey to Seoul in July 1981. Growing up in what seemed a largely monocultural Surrey, I had little knowledge about Korea, except for one small connection, a by-way if you like, discovered during an outing while at school. During my ‘A’ level studies, I had been introduced to St Peter’s Convent at Maybury Hill, Woking, and had discovered the longstanding relationship that community had with the Anglican (Episcopalian) Church in Korea. The sisterhood at St Peter’s had been founded in 1861, and in 1892 had been invited by the then Bishop of Korea, Charles Corfe, to help with nursing and running an orphanage. One sister, Mary Clare, died in the first year of the Korean War when forced by North Korean captors to march northwards to an internment camp.² However, that was a long way from my mind when, in 1978, I began to study for an MA in composition at the University of Durham. Robert Provine had just arrived to teach ethnomusicology; he joined the Chinese specialist Keith Pratt, who had a longstanding interest in Korea. Pratt had established the Durham Oriental Music Festival, for which, in 1979, fascinated by earthy Korean percussion bands and ancient sacrificial ritual music – the two very different types of music that Provine wrote about and had introduced me to – I volunteered as a student helper. I was given the task of assisting Korean musicians from the National Gugak Center³ and the scholar Hahn Manyoung. By this time, disappointed by academic composition, and unsure I wanted to develop my career as a secondary school music teacher, I had decided I wanted to research how people used music. I hoped this could become a PhD project. But, recognising that I would be too subjective if I researched music in Britain, I wanted to conduct fieldwork in a much more distant place. I scoured the globe to find a rapidly changing society where remnants of folklore coexisted with a modern, urban music culture, thinking that this would allow me to contrast music *of* people with music *for* people – music shared and music consumed – and Korea fitted the bill. One of the plus points, of course, was the wonderful music.

Learning Music in Seoul

I was poorly prepared when I arrived in Seoul. I knew virtually no language – nothing beyond a few badly pronounced sentences lifted from a Korean phrasebook – and felt that the Korean *han’gŭl* writing system (let alone Chinese characters) would be

difficult to master. In fact, the night I worked out how to read *han'gŭl* came several weeks later, when, after taking a bus going in the wrong direction and wasting four hours before returning to where I had started, I realised I needed to learn it. Colleagues in Korean Studies will not be impressed, but in my defence I was in the process of shifting academic disciplines from music to anthropology. I knew that to undertake my research required training in social science methodologies, and in 1981 the discipline of ethnomusicology remained small except for in one university department – the Department of Social Anthropology at Queen's University Belfast. The British anthropology tradition was to learn language skills in the field, taking as its base the Tyler maxim that 'culture was a complex whole' of behaviour, ritual and performance that could not be expressed simply in words. I knew Korean would require serious and time-consuming study to learn, but funding within my academic disciplines to do so was minimal. Hence, when I arrived in Seoul, my lack of linguistic competence. And, in keeping with a youthful spirit of adventure, I had not pre-booked accommodation beyond one night's hotel in Seoul. But, my school memory had proved useful: I had visited St Peter's before setting off, and had been given gifts to deliver to Holy Cross Convent, just behind the Anglican Cathedral beside Töksu Palace (a convent now rebuilt courtesy of the conglomerate who in the late 1980s undermined its foundations when it built the KCIA premises behind it). The sisters kindly found me accommodation with a priest in Shinch'on.

Robert Provine had written out the address of his drum teacher, the Chöngŭp-born Kim Pyöngsöp (1921–1987), in *han'gŭl*. Kim was a well-known *nongak* (a.k.a. *p'ungmul*) percussion band performer who specialized in the double-headed hourglass-shaped drum, the *changgo*. He had developed his own extended drum dance. After a career in the southwestern Chölla provinces, Kim had moved to Seoul in 1975, encouraged by a clutch of Seoul-based foreign residents who wanted him to teach them in return for subsidizing the rent on his studio. And so, on my first day in Seoul, I hailed a taxi and showed the driver the piece of paper containing Kim's address. The taxi dropped me outside a dilapidated building, the driver pointing to a door. I went in and climbed to the top floor, where Kim greeted me. I had no way to say what I wanted, so I signed as if playing the drum, pointed to him then me, and joined my hands together in an effort to signal 'please'. He nodded, went to a clock and pointed to a time – 8.00 a.m. – then went to a calendar hung on the wall – tomorrow. I gasped in surprise when he wrote out what seemed to be an exorbitant price for the lesson, but he returned to his calendar and pointed out that lessons would be each day for a month ...

Kim taught by rote. This was once the standard way of doing things in much of the world,⁴ and in Korea it had been the typical method until music training moved into universities. The first Korean music degree course began at Seoul National University only in 1959, so the 1960s was when notation books began to be written for student

use. Since Kim was teaching a drum dance, he would stand in front of me, play and dance a short segment, and ask me to repeat it.⁵ He would then repeat the segment, perhaps shaking his head to indicate I had something wrong. He rarely told me what was incorrect: it might be a foot movement, or a misplaced acciaccatura, or possibly he wanted me to stop grimacing. Repetition developed fluency. Gradually, Kim built up a piece, which during the six weeks I spent learning from him in 1981 stretched to about four minutes of music. This was an abbreviated version of his total drum dance, which, lasting 15 minutes, I was to master after a further five months of daily lessons in 1982. The full piece comprised around 260 distinct rhythmic patterns that Kim called *karak* – fingers of rhythm (or, in other contexts, melody) – that were essentially variants built as sequences of motifs around five basic model patterns.

Kim's rote method involved him playing a mirror image of what I played. Because this requires swapping sticks from one hand to the other, it is something I have never managed to duplicate with my own students, but Kim's practice actually grew from a shift that had occurred in percussion band practice during the twentieth century. In percussion bands and also in drum dances, the *changgo* is played with two sticks, a thin whip-like *yŏl ch'ae* that strikes the higher-pitched drum skin, and a mallet-like *kungul ch'ae* that mostly strikes the lower-pitched skin but which, through a simple bend at the elbow, can also strike the other skin. Virtually all contemporary drum players grasp the whip-like stick in their right hand, matching how the drum is played just with this one stick in court music and for accompanying instrumentalists and singers (where the palm of the hand replaces the mallet-like stick on the lower-pitched drum skin). Both the hand and the mallet stick provide basic punctuation, although the mallet, unlike the hand, rebounds quickly and thus facilitates rapid repeating strikes that allow more complex patterns to emerge. Amongst contemporary percussion band and drum dance players, the mallet is held in the left hand. Kim, though, held the mallet in his right hand and the whip in his left. Although some have suggested otherwise, there was nothing left-handed about this. Rather, by holding the mallet in his right hand he matched other players in percussion bands, where the two punctuating instruments, the *ching* large gong and the *puk* barrel drum, are both played with beaters held in the right hand.

Two weeks of daily lessons had passed when Kim received a phone call. Laughing and regularly glancing in my direction, he was asked to supply a foreign student for a show on MBC television. I was quickly measured for a costume, and the next day we went to the studio. I should say that I am fortunate that, at least so far as I know, no film survives of this embarrassing performance! Four weeks later, an annual contest co-sponsored by KBS television and the English-language newspaper, *The Korea Herald*, was held at which foreigners showed off their musical skills. Now a little more confident, I entered, and was awarded the 'most outstanding' prize. That performance was aired at least half a dozen times.

While learning from Kim, I never notated the drum dance. Provine had privately published a score in 1975, but I didn't refer to this since I wanted my ears and body to learn Korean music without my former Western training getting in the way. Later, when I added melodic instruments to my studies, I still felt the need to develop 'Korean ears' – pitching, and ornaments with what Korean musicologists refer to as 'microtonal shading', contrast Western major and minor scales. I learnt the *haegŭm* two-stringed fiddle and *kayagŭm* 12-stringed zither, concentrating on the court repertoires. My teachers used scores, but these were written in Korean square-box notation, *chŏngganbo*, a system that traces back to the fifteenth century court, but which during the latter half of the twentieth century became a standard way to notate any traditional repertoire. This is the notation I still use today, and, curiously, but unlike the contemporary Korean musicians I know, I cannot play either instrument using Western staff notation.

My *haegŭm* lessons began courtesy of the National Gugak Center. The acting director at the time, Yi Sŭngnyŏl, advised me I should choose a court music instrument. I asked for *kayagŭm* lessons, but he told me this was an instrument too strongly associated with women, so I should learn the more masculine *kŏmun'go* six-stringed zither. I found little in the *kŏmun'go* sound to get excited about, so we compromised: I would be offered *haegŭm* lessons from Yun Ch'an'gu, a senior musician then working at the National Gugak Center who had been part of the performance group who had been sent to the 1979 Durham Oriental Music Festival. The reason for the masculine/feminine division of the players of zithers goes back to a treatise, the *Akhak kwebŏm* (Guide to the Study of Music; 1493), where, though somewhat simplistically, the *kŏmun'go* is listed as an instrument with origins in China but the *kayagŭm* as a Korean instrument. The *kŏmun'go* thereafter became associated with the literati, and indeed many of the historical scores that survive in Korea are for it, while the *kayagŭm* took on the role of the instrument of *kisaeng* courtesans – the female equivalents to male *kwangdae*.⁶ Yi Sŭngnyŏl's recommendation, though, had an element of irony within it, since the *kayagŭm* had never disappeared from the court and, indeed, it was the instrument that Yi himself played as a professional musician. And, of course, the *kayagŭm* is related to the Chinese *zheng* and to many other East Asian zithers, including the Japanese *koto* and Mongolian/Buryatian *yatga/yatag*, so it is stretching the broader reality to persist with the female player tag. So, unrelenting, I asked Kim Chŏngja, a *kayagŭm* professor at Seoul National University, to help me find somebody to teach me the *kayagŭm*, and she introduced me to her student, Haekyung Um. Um later left to pursue postgraduate studies in Maryland, and from there went to Belfast to complete her PhD; she is today a lecturer at the University of Liverpool.

My discursion into learning to perform illustrates a change in the academic practice of ethnomusicology that coincided with my PhD research. At the University of California in Los Angeles in the 1950s, in the formative period of what had then

been a new discipline, Mantle Hood had coined the term ‘bimusicality’. Bimusicality began as an experiment: rather than use recordings and photographs to illustrate his classes about music from around the world, Hood introduced workshops in his campus studio on a *gamelan*, a set of Indonesian bronze gongs and chimes. Bimusicality, to Hood, was a way to understand a different musical culture by learning to play. This, he later argued, brought understanding through doing, and thereby challenged the known. This was precisely what I was attempting by refusing to notate Kim’s drum dance, and by using an unfamiliar notation system for melodic instruments rather than Western staff notation. I, like Hood’s students, had previous musical experience, but in Western music, and the conventions that we knew needed to be challenged and, if necessary, forgotten. Bimusicality, then, as Hood’s student Ricardo Trimillos puts it, was ‘a means of understanding the music of another culture, that is, accessing the musical Other’ (2004: 24). The idea spread fast, and learning through doing soon became a standard way to explore plural artistic aesthetics and discrete musical practices, particularly as it was influenced by the emerging philosophy of multiculturalism and postwar tolerance.⁷ These days, though, the term has come to be seen as limiting, and we might want to substitute ‘poly-musicality’ or some such term to reflect the plethora of different musical styles and traditions that we listen to and perhaps perform within our contemporary world.⁸ And, in reality, ‘bimusicality’ was always something of a misnomer, since a European or American student of ethnomusicology was not expected to gain equal fluency in, say, Indonesian *gamelan* learnt for one semester as they had in, say, the piano or violin learnt for 10 or more years.

It is of note that Hood, along with ethnomusicologists of his generation and including my PhD supervisor, John Blacking, did not expect or want students to become proficient performers. But, by the time I began my Korean sojourn, many ethnomusicologists were becoming professional or near-professional performers.⁹ I, too, hoped to gain a modicum of proficiency in the performance of Korean music. In fact, the shift towards greater competence in performance is probably as it has to be, since the tertiary university system in Britain as in America increasingly expects ethnomusicology lecturers to run performance classes for students, and to develop sufficient competence to allow the students to perform at the end of a semester or year. One intriguing result of this has been an increasing acceptance that ethnomusicologists, whether music performers or not, will rarely be phenotypal ringers – people brought up within the culture from which the music they teach or perform comes.¹⁰

Kim Pyöngsöp had a reputation for teaching foreigners, and he subsequently invited me to perform within him in Seoul and Chölla. This does not indicate that I was particularly proficient, since one could argue that he was often asked to perform precisely because of his foreign students. Anyhow, we performed at the YWCA

and other places in Seoul, in Puan to celebrate the *hwan'gap* sixtieth birthday celebrations of his former band colleague, Yi Tongwŏn, at the North Chŏlla coast to inaugurate the opening of a village hall where another of Kim's students, Brian Berry, had served as a Peace Corps volunteer, and so on. After my fieldwork ended, and beginning in 1985, I have also performed Kim's drum dance professionally in Britain, Europe, and beyond, although rarely outside the academic circuit. One film featuring my performance was for a number of years sold by the Haus der Kultur in Berlin. These days, I no longer venture beyond taking a drum accompaniment role for visiting Korean master musicians.

While learning to perform Korean music was for me primarily a tool to understand, it also opened many doors. More than trying to explain what I was trying to research during fieldwork, playing along with musicians allowed me a way to introduce myself, and resulted in opportunities to interview and record musicians.¹¹ And so, after learning some Korean from the late William Skillend at SOAS, I returned to Korea, and to fieldwork, in 1982. I chose Chindo, an island off the southwestern tip of the peninsula, as my fieldwork site. It was there I hoped to find both the old and new Korea, and to explore how music and life was undergoing transformation as rapid development took place.

Chindo: The Jewel Island

'I enjoy reading accounts of Korean life of 50 or 60 years ago and comparing them to the present state of the villages ... They are still far too much in use as source-books for writing about contemporary Korean life.' So wrote Richard Rutt in his *Korean Works and Days* (1964: 183), a book based on a series of articles written in 1957 and 1958 for the *Korea Times* newspaper about his life as a rural priest. Just as Rutt noted that some of the observations of rural life in earlier times remained pertinent, so his book chimed with what I found in 1982 in Korea's countryside. His account hardly seemed to come from a bygone era. I also, despite the overall aim of my research, found it easy to focus in on aspects of life that seemed redolent of that past age: men with 'A'-frames, ploughing with oxen, thatching a roof, and so on. Evidence, perhaps, of Orientalism at work in my mind, yet, surely, an understandable reaction to the attraction we all have for difference, coupled to nostalgia for the ways things had once been done.

Vincent Brandt's observation of coastal village life, based on 1960s fieldwork some 60 miles south of Inch'ŏn, also presented much that still seemed to apply. The remoteness to Brandt of his fieldwork site remained tangible to me: 'A two-hour walk is necessary to reach the nearest bus line, a ramshackle affair that offers regular transportation over narrow dirt roads to the town of T'aean and the nearby county seat, Sŏsan. From there another two hours by bus and four by train will get one to

Seoul' (1971: 2). In 1982, Chindo, an island county situated at the southwestern tip of the peninsula whose name translates as 'Jewel Island', was still a long way from Seoul. A five-hour bus ride from Seoul to Kwangju – a city still recovering from the citizens' uprising of 1980 – began the journey. Then one switched to a different bus station, and travelled three hours more, mostly on gravel and stone roads to the coast beyond Haenam. The bus drove onto a rusty ferry to cross the strait, and emerged on the island, where 30 minutes more took passengers to the Chindo township.¹² In the township, I had to transfer for the irregular island bus for a further hour-long journey to the western district of the island and my base in Inji village. Usually, I had to stay overnight, either in Kwangju or the township, on my way. Now, all is different. On a good day (that is, outside holidays when expressways resemble parking lots), it takes three hours or so from Seoul to Chindo, mostly along new roads, crossing the strait by a cantilever bridge; any island village is about 10 minutes from the township.

In 1982, Chindo had precisely one tarmac road, which ran for just a few hundred metres within the township. Mud and stone roads built largely during the Japanese colonial period connected the major settlements, but these were so rutted that a taxi's life was reckoned at 18 months, making fares prohibitively expensive. These roads usually passed villages rather than going into them, a cluster of shops and official buildings being positioned where they joined the small concrete roads that took visitors and residents to the village centre. Many hamlets were reached on small mud tracks built atop the dividing walls of paddy fields. Buses had only been introduced in 1976, and were packed and rickety. Live chicken, sacks of rice, dried fish strung together with straw, and bowls of fresh *tubu* or fermenting cabbage limited passenger space. A seat went through the floor of one bus, so the seat was removed leaving the hole; another bus was so full that the conductor had to climb in the back window because he couldn't get near the door, losing his flip-flop as he did so. The timetable made the most of a limited number of vehicles, with the last bus of the day to outlying villages staying overnight, with driver and conductor, and returning as the first bus the next morning. As a bus hit a boulder, I might be thrown out of my seat, if I was lucky enough to have one, or the bus would end up in a field as it encountered an obstacle at speed. Earlier times had been worse, and Rutt tells us of buses that 'roar and splutter to a stop with a groan which suggests they will never start again' (1964: 107), and of the fights to get on – only grandfathers climb in through the windows, he says. He also recalls hearing about buses where 'the springs of the accelerator and foot brake are replaced by elastic rubber attached to the steering column' (1964: 109). Much, then, had improved. It was further south, on Cheju island, that a bus conductor introduced me to one legacy of the colonial period – the use of phrases imported from European languages. Standing behind to supervise a driver reversing, he shouted 'Ora! Ora!' the local dialect version of the Japanese version of 'Alright! Alright!'

Chindo finally and fully joined the Korean electricity grid in 1978, but in 1982 power rarely stayed on for a whole day, so many households still had generators for emergency use. Outside the township, phones were of the wind-up variety and were restricted to the offices of village leaders, restaurants and a few shops. Direct dial came a few years later, but in 1982 one called an operator in the district (*myŏn*) post office, who called an operator in the township (*ŭp*), who directed the call beyond the island. As the call request travelled up the chain, it could take up to an hour to get a line abroad. Saemaül Undong, the New Village Movement, was in full swing. It had taken over some of the projects associated with the American funded 4-H clubs of Korea's post-war years, although a few faded 4-H signs, painted on a green four-leafed clover, could still be found. Saemaül, initiated in 1971, was meant to redress the rural and urban wage imbalance – one report from 1966 had it that Korean farm households earned 34.4% of the national average while fishing households earned just 23.5% (Kim Int'ae 1966: 438) – but it came coupled to an ideological framework (within a few years of my fieldwork, it was undermined by family nepotism during Chun Doo Hwan's presidency). By 1982, Saemaül supplies of two-wheeled tractors had reduced much of the rice cultivation and irrigation that had previously been done by hand.¹³ Attempts were being made to introduce 'unification' rice, though many farmers were reluctant to plant it, considering well established strains better for the local climate (Chun 1984: 72; see also Dege 1982: 127–38 for a summary of national patterns). Although Saemaül had helped build local stores and shops, and had supplied machinery and fertilizers, farmers had begun to build up debts that they now needed to service. It had also subsidised the replacement of thatched roofs with tin, although, and despite Park Chung Hee's famous claim to have eliminated it, some thatch made of rice straw remained in use across Chindo. Saemaül leaders, appointed by distant bodies, had arguably become more powerful than the village leaders; village leaders were still either locally elected or appointed at provincial level. And, in some places, Saemaül loudspeakers broadcast messages each morning, encouraging the tardy to get ready for work.¹⁴ The messages were accompanied by songs, generally from the sub-genre of propagandistic 'healthy songs' (*kŏnjŏn kayo*); '*Saemaül norae*/Song of the New Village', for which Park Chung Hee had allegedly been offered royalties due to repeated radio play in the 1970s (Kim Chip'yŏng 2000: 213), was often heard:

The early morning bell has rung; it is a new dawn.
 Let's get up, you and I, and look after our new village.
 Let's get rid of straw-thatched houses and widen village roads.
 Let's make a green garden and tend it thriftily ...
 My village is so nice to live in, let us create it ourselves.¹⁵

Sanitation remained basic, and Rutt's observation that tigers vie with toilets as powerfully evocative of dramatic situations in the minds of Koreans remained

applicable to the Chindo situation (tigers were recalled in a foundation legend for the annual festival when the sea parts between island and mainland). Rutt reminds us of the custom to cough as one approached the door of a toilet shed, to see if anybody was inside. He knew of a bishop, he wrote, who coughed but kept getting grunts as an answer from inside, and who only much later after suffering with his legs crossed realised he was being answered by a pig in the sty next to the toilet (1964: 41). That, to me, is a somewhat rosy picture. The long-term resident of Korea, the writer and musician Alan Heyman, once told me how in 1964 he had accompanied the short-sighted John Levy to Cheju Island, where one night Levy rushed out of the toilet shed screaming he had been bitten on his rear end. The Cheju custom – common, too, in Chindo – was to connect the pigsty to the toilet. That, the story went, was why local pork was so tasty. Levy worked for the BBC, and in Cheju recorded the songs of women divers. His archive is now at the National Museum of Scotland, and 10 CDs of his Korean recordings have recently been issued by the National Gugak Center in Seoul; a room was set up at the 1979 Durham Oriental Music Festival, where his recordings were played. Anyhow, I heeded the advice hidden in Heyman's story, and always wore my spectacles when visiting toilet sheds. Often, toilets were simple pits over which a wooden board would be strategically placed. In some places, night soil was still used as fertilizer. I once stayed after a shaman ritual with the local ritualist near the village of Habojŏn. Asking where the toilet was, he pointed me to loose earth in the corner of a hut, and when I emerged he had a spade, ready to feed his crops. Things only became troublesome for my cautious mind when a few minutes later he served breakfast, boasting that we were to eat his own vegetables.

Now, a *kwangdae* would not have found anything problematic in Chindo's toilet sheds. Indeed, those who were singers of *p'ansori* would have been all too familiar with a traditional practice. Singers trained by vocalising until totally hoarse, until their throats bled. There was a tradition to go on '100-day' mountain retreats, where they would sing in competition with waterfalls, or to fill caves with song. They struggled to control damage to their vocal chords. This was the point at which the tradition came in, as a way to help recover a damaged voice. It involved drinking the fluid from a hollow stem of bamboo that, sealed at both ends, had been left in a toilet pit for two months.¹⁶ Now, one singer who reputedly took this route was the highly celebrated Pak Tongjin (1916–2003). He once recalled to me, when I interviewed him about his composition in *p'ansori* style, '*Yesujŏn/Story of Jesus*', how he had been a Buddhist but converted to Christianity shortly after having lost his voice for many months. He recalled how the bamboo fluid treatment had been recommended as a cure by a Buddhist monk – and it worked. He left me to draw my own conclusion, and I like to think that it was this dreadful experience that led him to switch religion.

In Inji village, I stayed in the house of the Saemaül leader, Kim Kisun, a man who was also a noted singer. He had converted a couple of stores along one side

of his household compound to rooms, one of which was allocated to me. It had an underfloor heating system, *ondöl*, using coal briquettes placed in a void beneath the floor. In a more developed system, the briquette, or firewood or some other similar material, will be placed outside the room, often in the kitchen where it can also heat cooking pots. The heat is transferred to the room by pipes buried in the floor, or by convection through the void under the floor. Many houses on Chindo, though, including Kim's, simply placed the briquette under the floor. In the 1980s, this was still common, and some readers will doubtless remember the 'burnt' spot on the floor – a spot kindly reserved for guests, and the prized spot to sleep on, but the spot above where the briquette burned. Placing the briquette directly under the floor hid potential danger: the briquette gave off carbon monoxide. Since Koreans sleep on thin mattresses on the floor, if there was a crack in the floor, gas could leak, accumulating at floor level. And so it was that one morning, after an electrical fire took hold in the building backing onto my room, I failed to wake up, because of gas. Kim broke through the door to rescue me. To an extent, this was the result of my own insistence that the paper newly pasted over the wooden frame of the door should not have any holes in it at floor level because I wanted to keep warm: I had failed to grasp the significance and necessity of ventilation.

At Kim Kisun's, there was an outside tap for washing. My memories of dousing myself with cold water on crisp and freezing mornings are tempered by the old tale about a *kwangdae* who was uncovered trying to pass himself off as a member of the aristocracy to gain free and presumably luxurious lodging for the night. The story comes from the nineteenth century, or perhaps before, when men had topknots and did not cut their hair. After washing, this man tied his topknot then shook his head several times. He was observed doing so, and recognised for who he was: a musician needed to ensure his topknot remained firmly secured under the wide-brimmed horsehair hat he wore when he performed, otherwise the hat would oscillate comically to the beat of the music, hence why he shook his head. This man was given a beating by his outraged hosts.¹⁷

The story reflects how *kwangdae* sang not just for the populace, but also for the gentry, and because of this they knew how to behave amongst the upper echelons of society. We can see this in Shin Chaehyo's efforts to popularise *p'ansori* in the 1870s amongst the gentry, though I should preface my comments here by noting that not all scholars would agree.¹⁸ Shin certainly collected texts, and certainly smoothed them for consumption by more wealthy patrons, adding classical Chinese references and ensuring the texts reflected Confucian codes (*p'ansori* singers prior to this time were all male *kwangdae*, and Shin also trained the first female singer, introducing her to the court where she became particularly close to the prince regent, the *Taewön'gun*). It is generally accepted that *p'ansori* in earlier times had been sung for the rural populace, at market places or in village communal spaces, at parties and so on, but that by the

second half of the nineteenth century it was enjoyed by all. Shin, in his versions of the *p'ansori* stories, left a complexity of allusions in which, however, the Confucian codes and any sense of propriety are subverted, and in which animist and shamanist elements vie for our attention.¹⁹ So, '*Hŭngboga/The Song of Two Brothers*' is about a corrupt elder brother and a kind younger brother. It challenges the inheritance rule in which the eldest son inherited all family wealth, since here he squanders it, leaving the younger brother in penury. The elder brother gets his comeuppance after the younger brother heals the broken leg of a swallow and is given gourd seeds that when harvested break open to reveal untold wealth. The elder brother tries to copy the younger, by breaking the leg of a bird, but the seeds he is given ripen into gourds full of goblins and other nasty things. Again, consider '*Sugungga/The Song of the Underwater Palace*', a story that centres on a wily hare and a slow terrapin. I wrote in 1983, in my first effort at capturing something of *p'ansori*, and noting how the genre developed in the southwestern Chŏlla province, that

if *Sugungga* epitomizes the relationship of subject to king, then it should have been the hare ridiculing the king. In addition, Chŏlla people have never been fond of the national government and have rarely actively supported it, hence a story developed by them is hardly likely to exalt the king. Similarly, if *Ch'unhyangga* is a story to illustrate the Confucian ideal of husband and wife relationship, then the story, of Ch'unhyang marrying a *yangban* (gentry) while she is the daughter of a *kisaeng* courtesan, goes against the Confucian code and was actually illegal (1983b: 64).

1983 was 15 years before Kim Dae Jung took the reigns as Korean president, and Chŏlla Province, with Chindo at its southwestern tip, remained distant from the centre, Seoul. In 1983, I was in the middle of my fieldwork. I had become accustomed to police following me, questioning those I interviewed after I left. I was familiar with soldiers checking the passengers on buses or ferries as they arrived. Every time I came or went, I was the one who was checked. Once I dared to question a soldier: 'You are looking for North Korean spies, and everyone on this bus looks like they could be from North Korea except me. Why check me but nobody else?' I was ordered off at gunpoint and held for an hour or so, but my return to the bus was greeted with hearty cheers.

I had chosen Inji village as my base because it was known to keep core island music genres alive. It was the administrative centre for Chisan district. Chisan was connected to the rest of the island by a single narrow road that hung between a marshy tidal inlet below to one side and a mountain rising steeply upwards on the other side. While I was conducting fieldwork, the inlet was being reclaimed to provide much needed rice paddies. Nowadays, a metalled road cuts straight across it. But, in the early twentieth century, because of the isolation of the district, it had been an area for government horse ranches. In the 1980s, a legacy of this remained,

in that it was central to the island's controlled breeding programme for the Chindo dog, an intelligent and loyal spitz with a curly tale that is now designated as National Monument (*Kinyōmmul*) 53.²⁰

Fieldwork: Theory and Practice

Few foreigners had visited the island in recent times. British advisers had begun work on the bridge that by then was being built to the island, but they stayed on the mainland side of the narrow strait. One or two missionaries had passed through. A handful of scholars – the German Eckart Dege and a clutch of Japanese amongst them – had conducted research. Elderly men, not unsurprisingly, assumed I must speak Japanese. Korean scholars had often visited, but normally for short periods,²¹ the brevity of their stays being amply illustrated by a 700-page volume of island oral literature published by the Academy of Korean Studies in 1980 that had been collected in barely a week (Chi 1980).²² Students visited for a week or two during vacations, complying with the culture-of-the-masses *minjung munhwa* philosophy of learning from rural inhabitants by attempting to work alongside them.²³ My intended fieldwork, which would continue for more than a year, contrasted such Korean enterprises but matched the then standard European and American ethnomusicology and anthropology practice.²⁴

Fieldwork, to me, was premised on observing local life, attending and recording weddings, *kye* mutual savings groups, farming and fishing work, the making of *makkōlli* rice wine, *kim* laver and *tubu* and *toenjang* from soy beans, building activities, *hwan'gap* sixtieth birthday celebrations, shaman rituals, funerals, and so on. Yes, the old ways were fast disappearing, but I wanted to put flesh on what I could read about them in the available ethnographies.²⁵ I learnt to tell the sweet *makkōlli* made on the island's west from the slightly sour *makkōlli* favoured to the east. I learnt the process of producing the thin and crispy *kim* – the shallows on the coast near Sop'o were divided up and owned, growing the laver on trellises in the water; harvested, the laver was repeatedly washed then spread out in thin layers on sheets of split bamboo and straw, the sheets then being hung on frames to dry in the sun. I noted how a pig was slaughtered for a *hwan'gap*, the head boiled and shared by the men. *Hwan'gap* parties still marked life's full quota, since they were held after 60 years of life as the two cyclical 10 heavenly and 12 zodiacal animals returned to the same alignment as at birth. They marked the time when children took over a father's fields and when the eldest inherited the *k'un chip* (main house). But people now lived longer, due to better care and access to medication, and older men complained how they were left with little to do except waste time in endless games of *hwat'u*, the ubiquitous flower cards used for petty gambling. I watched, then, as four old men built a bridge across a stream in Inji village, leading from the road to stone memorial

tablets of remembered villagers, and proudly carved an inscription: 'built by four old men'.²⁶

Knowing that I had a girlfriend elsewhere, the Inji women's *kye* took me under its wing. A *kye* is a mutual savings club. Rutt recalls Isabella Bird Bishop, who in her 1898 book noted *kye* were a Korean curse. To Rutt, *kye* had 'ruinous potentialities' with a potential for catastrophe and the building of huge debts; they were, he tells us, false get-rich-fast clubs dominated by women (1964: 85–6). Rutt's negativity needs balancing, not least since before the arrival of banks they allowed resources to be pooled in order to manage expensive rites of passage such as weddings and funerals or the purchase of shared oxen or tractors. Indeed, there are much more positive accounts (e.g., Pak and Gamble 1975: 46–50, 173–7; Eikemeier 1986, 1991; Janelli and Janelli 1988–89). In Inji, the women's *kye* cost each attendee at a meeting around 3,500 *wŏn*, hardly an excessive amount that risked catastrophe. The accumulated fund could be loaned to members, but much of it was used to subsidise regular outings by the group. Its meetings were social events, contrasting the more common investment and loan activities. In an earlier publication, I wrote about one Inji women's *kye* meeting in January 1983:

The postman knocked, looking for me. My host invited him in, but he politely refused. He looked gingerly inside the room where we were gathered, but dared not enter. My host was drunk, and so were her friends. They were smoking, telling each other explicit, lewd stories. Men weren't welcome here in the woman's society but I, as a foreigner, well I didn't count. The postman was young, afraid at the sight of women his mother's age doing things they would never do in public ... Chindo was a bastion of Confucian propriety, a patrilineal society where male ancestors received semi-annual libations. On Chindo, supposedly, women reared children. Women prepared the food and looked after the house. Only men supposedly drank and smoked, swearing, convulsing in laughter at the crudity of the jokes of colleagues. Here, one woman sang, lamenting her lot in life, as another made a grab for the postman's trousers. He ran off (cited from Howard 1995: 181).

The life cycle ended with death. Shaman rituals were still held to lead the soul of the dead to the other world, and were sometimes given for illness, to ensure support and help with travel or new building work, and so on. Known as *Ssikkim kut*, a name indicating the central activity of spiritual cleansing, major rituals ran through the night and could reunite the dead (the clothes of the dead and paper effigies hung behind the altar) or even marry the souls of two who had died (straw effigies of the two stood by the altar). In Chindo, as in much of Korea's south, shamans were hereditary specialists whose efficacy with spiritual forces was measured through performance rather than in terms of possession and trance. Until the 1960s, there had been a fraternity of ritualists, with a meeting house, a *shinch'ŏng* ('place of the spirits'), in Sŏngnae village within Chindo township. This controlled the territories

within which each shaman practised. Clients within a territory referred to their shamans as a *tan'gol*, a term used elsewhere to indicate the relationship between shopkeepers and regular customers to whom a line of credit might be extended. But, by the 1980s, shamans worked wherever they were required. Several were part of the ritual preservation society that was formed with the November 1980 appointment of *Ssikkim kut* within the state preservation system as Intangible Cultural Property (*Muhyöng munhwajae*) 72. Three ritualists were 'holders' (*poyuja*) or 'Human Cultural Properties' (*In'gan munhwajae*) of the Intangible Cultural Property, the shaman Kim Taerye (1935–2009), and the musicians Ch'ae Kyeman (1915–2002) and Pak Pyöngch'ön (1933–2008).²⁷ The preservation society was meant to hold rehearsals and training sessions monthly in the Chindo Cultural Centre.

After the shaman ritual had ended, funeral processions set out from a village, acting out the journey to the other world. In the house, the dead would be wrapped and a tied in a muslin sheet. People came to pay their respects in front of a small portable shrine containing a portrait of the dead surmounted by a black ribbon. At dawn, the bier was taken from the house, lifted by pallbearers and placed on a lattice frame surrounded by a catafalque with canvas awning. Coloured paper chrysanthemums and bells or chimes hung from vertical corner posts,²⁸ and ropes were tied to the posts, streaming out to the back of the catafalque where they were grasped by wailing women. Elderly women wailed, as they had done regularly when the dead lay in the house, at times encouraging younger women to join in. A silk flag inscribed with the dead's name led the procession, preceding the portable shrine that now enclosed shoes as well as the portrait. A small team of percussionists might mark paces. Competing with the wailing, songs marked out the funeral journey. A very slow dirge gave way to a slightly less slow dirge. A third song featured lyrics meant to console the dead, and at the village boundary a fourth song marked the point where the bier was lowered and raised three times, as the dead gave their final bows to the home village. A sequence of songs then matched the walk up a hillside, in increasingly brisk tempi. At the chosen burial site, the dead was placed in the grave, and all present stamped down the earth on top, creating the familiar mounds. Back in 1974, Inji villagers had assembled a set of songs, working with two shamans to match this earthly journey to the equivalent enactments of the final spiritual journey within rituals; in 1987, this set, known as *Man'ga*, was appointed Provincial Intangible Cultural Property 19.

One old practice needs to be added to the ritual and funeral sequence. Much as earlier generations in my country used the death bell, attached to a finger of the dead lest they woke up before burial, so Chindo islanders recalled stories in which people came back to life after days or even a week. These stories coupled to a belief that rain and worms might make the dead suffer when buried under the earth, thereby risking an unhappy ancestor who would plague his or her living descendants. And

so the practice involved an initial internment on stones above the ground under a straw house known as a *ch'obun*. After the standard mourning period of three years, the bones would be removed from the straw house, taken back to the former home overnight, and buried the following morning. During fieldwork, I was only shown two *ch'obun*. Both were surrounded by misfortune: the head of the dead had been stolen, presumably for medicine, from one, and the other had no living descendants, so both had been left to decay long beyond the mourning period.

With the bones of an ancestor returned to the house overnight to await burial, respect demanded the living stay awake. This provided the justification for a masque-based performance known as *Tashiregi*. Revived in the late 1970s, two competing versions vied for my attention during fieldwork, one performed by local villagers and the other controlled by remnants of the shaman fraternity. The latter won the Intangible Cultural Property appointment in 1985 (as number 81), but not without dispute. A curious take on the masque and second burial practice came in a 1987 KBS television documentary, where a straw house was recreated but the dead was wrapped in plastic in a way that defeated the very reason for the straw house. This same documentary featured two stone *ch'angsŭng*, effigies of village tutelary spirits that had stood for many years at the entrance to Tökp'yŏng village in the island's northeast. *Ch'angsŭng* are usually made from wood, so these stone carvings had considerable rarity value. Shortly after filming, news of their existence leaked out, and one was loaded onto a truck and stolen. When the programme aired it reported how shortly after the theft the village leader suddenly died, a sure signal, according to other villagers, that the tutelary spirit was unhappy.

Learning Music in Chindo

Cho Kongnye (1930–1997) lived in Inji village. She had probably been born some five years earlier than her registration document stated, in 1925 (delaying registration of a female child was not uncommon during the colonial period), and moved to the village when married off as a young teenager. She had been appointed holder of Intangible Cultural Property 51, rice cultivation songs known as *Namdo tŭllorae*, in 1973. Cho taught me *Namdo tŭllorae*, *Man'ga*, and the songs of a third genre, the women's song and dance *Kanggangsullae* – Intangible Cultural Property 8, but with holders to the east of the island and on the adjacent mainland. I visited her most days over a two-month period. She sat one side of a drum and I the other, often with her four-year-old grandson sitting with us to interpret when I asked a question. She sang a line, accompanying herself on the drum, and I repeated it. Gradually, we built up each song in each set. Unlike when I had learnt the drum dance from Kim Pyŏngsŏp, the oral method was a little different, since I had the words to songs written out and placed beside me. The words had already been published, and I could refer to the

pages, correcting and adding comments to help my memorization of songs as lessons progressed.

Once I knew the songs, I began to experiment as lessons continued. What was Cho's tolerance for different ornamentation, or slightly different melodic lines? I often observed rehearsals and performances of the preservation societies for each genre (for an account of one, see Howard 2006: 105–106), and knew there were a variety of ways to sing the songs, sometimes the difference being a matter of detail but occasionally constituting considerable variation. I also added different pitches: what were the limits of Cho's conception of mode? I had recognized that some pitches she and her village friends sang fell outside the modes that had been defined by Korean musicologists for such songs – indeed, one scholar, Kwon Oh-sung, once justified the ironing out of tones and ornaments to comply with his scholarly model by commenting how, '[b]ecause [they] were non-professional singers, they sang the songs with undifferentiated ornamentation' (Kwon 1983: 60). I felt this was wrong, since I was working with a highly accomplished, great singer. Anyhow, scholars wrote about how the local mode, *kyemyŏnjo*, had three core tones supplemented by a few additional tones. My analysis revealed greater complexity while confirming three tones were always foregrounded (Howard 1987: 240; 1989: 146–51): a heavily vibrated low dominant (the *ttŏnŭn mok*), a steady-pitched tonic, and a higher 'falling tone' (*kkŏngnŭn mok*) with an upper acciaccatura resolving to a note a semitone or tone lower. There were many additional tones, consistently used, and I analysed the tonal palette using what ethnomusicologists since David McAllester in the 1950s have called 'weighted scales'. However, rather than think just in terms of pitch, the vocal style was at least an equal in importance to mode and was constant, foregrounding sorrow and emotion – the terms '*aewan*' or '*sulp'ŭn*' applied – typically favouring slow rhythmic cycles, and adding lots of rubato, heavy ornamentation and sharp rhythmic contrasts to enhance individual words or phrases. When I asked Cho and other villagers to contrast their vocal style to Western songs, they criticized the latter for lacking emotion and keeping too much rhythmic and melodic regularity.

Cho was a favourite of university students. She told me in 1990 how

many university students have come to study with me during their vacations ... Normally, about a dozen students come, but I've taught groups of 40 at one time. They don't pay me much, but try to cook for me. Students ask me why I continue to teach: I tell them it's because I know Chindo songs better than others.

After she died, she was remembered fondly by some of the (former) students:

Teacher! No, more than a teacher, I wanted to call for the celebrated grandmother. More than the songs of the teachers that I wanted to find, I was filled with what the grandmother gave me ... [She] was always informal but at the same time passionate, and

she knew so many songs. Gradually, working with her during each day, we studied her songs (Pak Ponggu 1997: 10).

Cho taught Korean students much as she taught me.

Elsewhere, in Sop'o village I spent several weeks learning *nongak* percussion band music. We agreed a deal: I could stay in the *noin tang* (old people's meeting room) and would teach English in the mornings to local children, while members of the local band would come by in the evenings to work with me. In Songjŏng village, the ritualist Kim Kwibong (b.1934) taught me the *p'iri* oboe used in rituals. Chindo ritualists had developed a particular way to play this instrument, using embouchure around the oversized double reed to produce several pitches and wide portamento from a single fingering. This allowed the instrument to be played with one hand, freeing up the second hand to strike a gong, which was a technique responding to local poverty, since many clients could only afford to hire one or two musicians. The result of this technique, though, was to make my learning of the instrument both confusing and difficult. Ritual musicians improvised around short motivic cells, reacting to a vocalist or to a shaman's dance. The cells were model patterns that were rarely played without variation. In my first lesson, I asked Kim what pitch should be produced when covering three holes, and he replied, 'It depends'. Embouchure and reed were equally significant in the tone produced, but he didn't tell me this. He asked me to copy him, and played a sequence of eight tones. He was reluctant to break this down. Through trial and error I gradually assembled a sequence using the same fingerings. But, this sounded different. He wanted me to play the same sequence of pitches, not fingerings, he told me. But, once I had a sequence that sounded right, he advised me to never play it this way, because it was a model pattern rather than anything suitable for ritual performance. He demonstrated a sequence that he claimed was the same as the first sequence, but more suitable for performance; it sounded very different. Not surprisingly, my learning was slow.

There was, of course, much more music to study, and during my fieldwork I interviewed, recorded or played with more than 200 islanders; in respect to rice cultivation songs alone, I recorded 50 examples from 56 islanders in 12 villages. My recordings of music, but not interviews, are archived in the British Library. But it is at this point I must close my account, for since I never emerged as a fully-fledged Korean musician, but only as an academic (some might, of course, disagree even with this), I remain a *kwangdae* in training.

Appendix: Chindo Scenes, 1982–1984

Credits: all photographs © Keith Howard



Figure 1. Villagers from the outlying Nabaedo island being taken from the ferry to the shore



Figure 2. By the 1980s, although some agricultural work was still done by hand, Saemaül tractors had become ubiquitous to Chindo



Figure 3. An Inji village street in Chisan district, with the local coffee shop



Figure 4. Resting from one's labour: a man with 'A' frame



Figure 5. Some agricultural work was still done by hand, and here rice is harvesting near Sökkyo village



Figure 6. Once grain had been set out by the side of the road to dry in the sun, it was time for a snooze



Figure 7. Grain drying in the sun outside a former shop in Inji village



Figure 8. Tobacco drying



Figure 9. Rice straw was still used for thatching on Chodo island in the 1980s



Figure 10. Laver (*kim*) cultivation at the shore near Sop'o



Figure 11. Washing laver and setting it out to dry on bamboo and straw

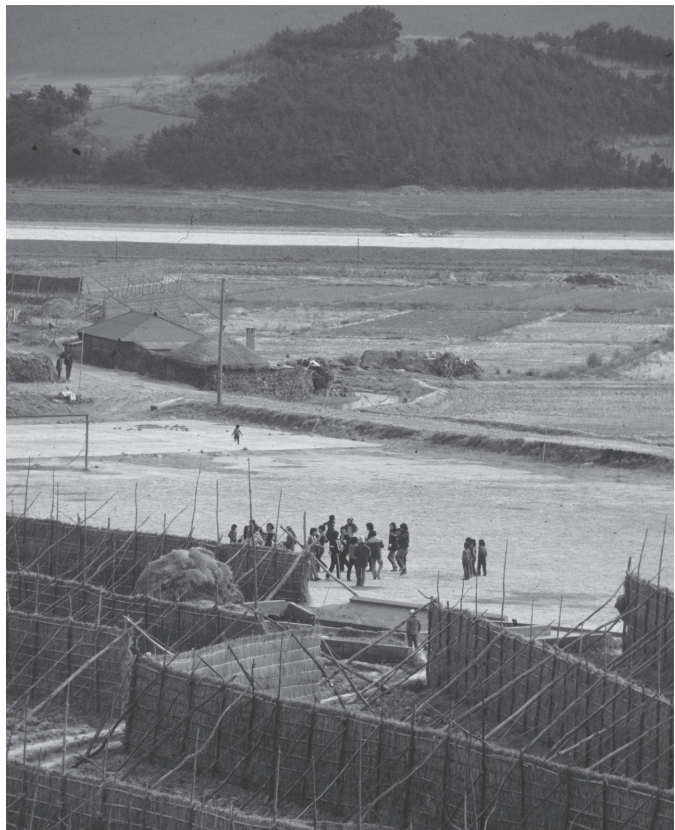


Figure 12. Laver drying in the sun on lines of bamboo and straw fencing at Sop'o, with the playing field, rice paddies and a tidal inlet behind



Figure 13. Washing clothes was often still done by hand in local streams



Figure 14. ‘Shibilshi’, ‘Ten Day Town’, situated at a junction of the road from Chindo township to Chisan and Imhoe districts, held a market every ten days



Figure 15. I found it tough going walking across a mountain on Chodo island to meet a musician, but this old man seemed to take it in his stride

Figure 16. The perilous road from Shibilshi to Chisan district, with a thatched cottage still in place, hung between a tidal inlet below to the right and a mountain rising steeply to the left





Figure 17.
Groups of boys played in Chindo, as anywhere else



Figure 18. Chindo roads were not kind to bikes, but several shops existed. Here, a child poses for me outside one



Figure 19. A tippie of choice?



Figure 20.
The celebrated
Chindo dog, Natural
Monument 53. In my
experience, dogs with
tan coats tended to
have rounder heads
and broader gaits
than other colours



Figure 21. The shaman dances in *Ssikkim kut*. The paper streamers, that in design are said to resemble paper money from the Chosŏn dynasty, are used to direct visiting spirits to the altar to eat and drink, to sit and listen, and to dance



Figure 22. The shaman ritual, *Ssikkim kut*, was appointed as Intangible Cultural Property 72 in 1980. Here, a preservation society performance in early 1984 features the portable shrine to the deceased passing along the cloth of life



Figure 23. A funeral procession, having left the village, moves toward the local mountain where the dead will be buried



Figure 24. A *ch'obun* straw house. I was told that this *ch'obun* was nine years old, and had been left undisturbed because there was no living descendant to bury the deceased

Figure 25. A local percussion band gives a New Year's *maegut* ritual in Sangman village



Figure 26. Members of the preservation society for *Namdo tŭllorae*, Intangible Cultural Property 51, kindly re-enact how they once sang these songs during the cultivation of rice



Figure 27. The stone *ch'angsŭng* protecting Tŏkp'yŏng village that was stolen shortly after being filmed for a KBS television documentary



Figure 28. Night falls over the island

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Notes

- 1 Translation by Song Bang Song (1976: 25–7), adjusted.
- 2 Bishop Cooper was also detained by North Korean forces. A short account of Sister Mary Clare is at http://www.illyria.com/irish/irish_clare.html (accessed on 18 February 2012).
- 3 This is the new (2010) name for an institution, the *Kungnip kugagwŏn* in Korean, founded sixty years ago but tracing its roots back at least 1200 years through various court music institutes. The English name was initially the National Classical Music Institute, but it has changed several times, to the National Traditional Performing Arts Center in the 1980s, and to the National Center for Korean Traditional Performing Arts in the 1990s.
- 4 See, for example, Malm (1986).

- 5 This brief discussion is much compressed; I have discussed Kim's teaching method in greater depth elsewhere (Howard 1983a and 2006: 26–7).
- 6 An English-language discussion of courtesans, though focused largely on the twentieth century, is by Pilzer (2006; for a brief overview of their activities prior to the twentieth century, see 2006: 296–297). The Korean scholar Kwŏn Tohŭi has written a number of excellent accounts about courtesan music (for example, Kwŏn 2001 and 2002).
- 7 Hood noted this in his address to the *Teaching World Music* symposium in Basel in 1993 (published as 1995: 56–8). See also Hood (1960) for his initial discussion of bimusicality.
- 8 Cottrell (2004) begins to explore this, based on his experience as a jazz, classical and theatre (musical) saxophonist in London. Multiple musicalities within the average Western musician are also implicit in John Drummond's discussion (Drummond 2005). And, if I look at my current students, some learn and perform many different musical traditions, encompassing *klezmer*, Indonesian *gamelan*, Korean *samullori*, Chinese *sizhu* and so on.
- 9 See the chapters in Solís (2004) for many examples.
- 10 However, the commercial world music market is, if anything, going the other way, that is, back towards an expectancy that the performers of Korean, Indian, African or Latin music will possess the appropriate Asian, African or American heritage. I consider this to reflect Orientalism, as famously discussed by Edward Said, in that it reinforces concepts of the familiar by juxtaposing distance within musical Others. For a perspective that challenges the commercial market attitude by a Zimbabwean musician resident in Britain, see Dutiro and Howard (2007: 5).
- 11 Anne Rasmussen says much the same about playing the Middle Eastern *ud* (2004: 215–6).
- 12 An alternative route was by overnight train from Seoul to the port city of Mokp'o, or to Kwangju and then a bus to Mokp'o, then an hour's ferry to the island. Since the ferry ran early in the morning, this provided the chance to sample the old buildings from the Japanese colonial period that still stood near Mokp'o's harbour.
- 13 I was told by local Saemaŭl officers that the design, with its long handlebars, came from Thailand. However, the main factory there commenced operation only in 1978; Vietnam had been producing similar machines since the 1960s, and two-wheeled designs (but with different handlebars) had been popular in Japan since at least the 1930s.
- 14 My memory gets hazy at this point, and I associate the loudspeakers largely with *Shibilshi*, a market village (the name indicating a market held every ten days) where the road from the township divided, one way going to Inji village and the other to the south of the island.
- 15 Translation from Maliangkay (2006: 56).
- 16 The practice is described by Ch'oe Chongmin (2003: 90–92) who, in turn, is cited by Sunghee Park (2010: chapter 2).
- 17 Adapted from Crane (1967: 16).
- 18 Compare Chan E. Park (2003: 114–8) with Killick (2010: 153–8). Killick usefully cites what Cho Tongil before him had described as a mix of earthy rural dialect and erudite poetic expression, of subversive satire and orthodox morality, and Marshall Pihl's account of 'core

- and accretion' that contrasts a 'tidy schematic idea' with 'contradictions and inconsistencies' in *p'ansori* stories (Pihl 1994: 71).
- 19 The five surviving stories from the twelve that were known during Shin's time are outlined by, amongst others, Chan E. Park (2003: 6–11) and Howard (2006: 60–61).
 - 20 The Chindo/Jindo dog has since the 1980s won recognition as a distinct breed by international pedigree associations (see <http://eng.jindo.go.kr>). 'Chindo' in McCune-Reischauer romanisation, but more commonly encountered on the Internet as 'Jindo'.
 - 21 An exception is the Seoul National University professor Chun Kyungsoo; see his 1984 book, *Reciprocity and Korean Society*.
 - 22 As an additional element of this lack of extended fieldwork, research on folksongs by Korean musicologists was until the 1980s based on analysis and comparison rather than ethnography, and was therefore characterized by a marked preference for work on the popular folksongs repertoires available in Seoul (see Howard 2006: 86–88).
 - 23 Some visiting students researched local music for MA dissertations during these short stays, including Chang Kwio (1982), Chŏng Aeyŏn (1982) and Chin Hoesuk (1985).
 - 24 For a statement of which, see Myers (1992).
 - 25 Here, I have in mind less Rutt's *Korean Works and Days* than the accounts of Brandt (1971: 108–43), Pak and Gamble (1975), Han Sangbok (1977: 53–62) and Lee Man-Gap (1982: 73–7). Many detailed ethnographies have, of course, appeared since 1982.
 - 26 Elders still commanded respect, but old age was often viewed as a return to uselessness (or childhood, as in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*). On 7 August 1983, after a number of reports appeared lamenting how Seoul's busy buses were trying to drive off before slow elderly folk had any chance to get on, I contributed a short article to *Korea Times* discussing the troubling issues elderly Koreans faced.
 - 27 See Howard (1989: 159–216; 2006: 135–58) for detailed discussions of the ritual and its practitioners, and Howard (2012) for an exploration of East Asia's state preservation systems for the intangible heritage.
 - 28 Rutt's more extensive evocation of local funerals, apart from presenting more detail on activities within the household, parallels my brief account here (1964: 173–7). He is, as we might expect, scathing of shaman rituals.