

do/도



poems by eva tind kristensen, selected from the collection do

### 도 / do

the korean word 道 is a sound which, according to the dictionary of 15,000 characters, has 121 different meanings. do means: a province. a region. a city district. a religion. a moral doctrine. the path (tao) to ultimate awareness, insight, redemption. truth. justice. cause. when set in front of a title, do denotes the one with the highest rank. a principle. a sword. degrees (of temperature). degrees (of an angle). a musical ensemble. an art form. a craft. a picture. a diagram. a card. a graph. a person. a flock. a group. a band. a noun ending. a year. a period of time. the points scored in a board game (yut) played by koreans on new year's eve

*do*

pronunciation, in the jutland dialect, of the danish word *du*, meaning  
*you*





*kim*

i am born in pusan, south korea  
according to the lunar calendar on january 17th 1974  
according to the gregorian on february 8th 1974  
my father is from north korea and my mother from the south.  
i am given the name kim, nam sook.  
in chinese kim means gold, in danish kim means embryo, root, germ,  
rudiment, nucleus, beginning, seed, source.  
my kim is korean. i am korean, was. i am  
a citizen of korea, was. the blue mountains are all around  
me, were. i am one, i am two, i am three, i am  
the third child of three. the number three follows naturally from two,  
then comes four. three makes a trio.  
dance on, dance!

*arirang*

hangul:

아리랑, 아리랑, 아라리요  
아리랑 고개로 넘어간다.  
나를 버리고 가시는 님은  
십리도 못가서 발병난다.

lyd:

*arirang, arirang, arariyo*  
*arirang gogaero neomeoganda.*  
*nareul beorigo gasineun nimeun*  
*simnido motgaseo balbyeongnanda.*

danish:

du forlader mig og går over arirang-passet  
min elskede, du forlader mig og drager bort,  
dine fødder vil smerte  
inden du har gået ti mil

Arirang

The image shows a musical score for the Korean folk song "Arirang". The score is written in 3/4 time and consists of six staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with some rests. The second staff continues the melody with similar rhythmic patterns. The third staff introduces a more complex rhythmic pattern with eighth and sixteenth notes. The fourth staff continues with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The fifth staff features a prominent half-note rhythm. The sixth staff concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase.

camelia

the goldfish, camelia  
is wild about rain.  
she gulps down water,  
a dragon boat,  
thirty plump lotus blossoms  
wrap yourself in kimchi, in cabbage and chilli  
or in a cloud of rice wine,  
it burns inside my mouth  
the cloud resembles a greenlandic  
gall bladder  
your tongue sweats like a poodle smells  
what the red emperor is in your house  
the blue emperor is not  
and camelia, she springs straight in  
she weaves organic hemp  
makes a bag with two ends  
dips it and drips it with perfumed moisture  
the handle is a little skeleton carved out of spotted bamboo  
a little skeleton, a whistle  
that captures the wind and the dream in  
one note





*a bag with two ends*

on my back is  
a bag with two ends  
in it i keep my do  
you bear a jacket  
a fan  
a glove  
of crane feathers  
backlit  
you don't spring forward  
like a rubber band  
i see,  
you are not flexible  
but rigid as steel  
in drought  
give me a bloody  
white fish to sniff at  
spread your wings in the salty wind  
flap them well  
when you start your crowing  
from my hair i pull a needle  
with it i sew  
the bag's two ends together  
with sprouting crab's eggs  
with silver thread  
with weed  
from the yellow sea  
and the bird's egg lies  
like a small hard lake  
in my pocket

*red ball*

i hover over red ball  
in air-dart travelling between  
two patches of land  
my inner waters split  
in two  
and flow  
like broad rivers  
down my cheeks  
down body  
over earth and rocks  
and collect  
in hollow  
landscape  
lake  
of seawater of sludge  
lake  
in which my sheared breasts  
lie  
like the tollund man's organ  
shrivelled to raisin



>my family tree

**dear eva01**

fathere is very bad.

he,s a voice very low and can not eat solid food . he  
can swallow only soup.

cancer is 6cm.

it was spread to lymph, operation impossible. say dr.  
probably, he's life remain about 2~3months ...

now scan an anti-cancer medicine. today is first  
medicine. i can't explain english less.

i'm so desire and sad.....i missing you 남속!





**dear eva02**

i'm sorry. i send you bad news. father died 21th oct. i  
send mail to youngsuk detail message in korean.  
from sena

## MELODIC STRUCTURE OF KOREAN FUNERAL PROCESSION SONGS

by Kwon, Oh-sung

### *Introduction*

*Sangyŏ sori* are Korean folk songs sung by pallbearers during a funeral procession.

In urban society, the professional pallbearers live as a minority group, recognized as low in social status and centered around funeral parlors. But in rural society, the villagers themselves take charge of the funeral service when someone in the village dies. Commonly, village neighbors carry the bier themselves. In the rural case, a man with a good voice and a knowledge of the lyrics sings a solo part, followed by a refrain sung by the others.

On the night prior to transporting the bier, the pallbearers practice their songs. This practice, called *changmaji* or *malmaeginŭn sori*, consists of three sessions: at midnight, at two o'clock, and at four o'clock. They check and polish their call and response songs, in preparation for the real occasion.

When the procession begins, the handbell-ringer (*yoryŏng chabi*) sings a prologue song in front of the bier while shaking the handbell (*yoryŏng*). The text of the song is composed of various phrases and incorporates thought from Confucianism, Buddhism, and shamanism. That is, the song plays an instructive, enlightening role aimed at instilling a sense of morality by emphasizing the three bonds and five moral rules. The main content of the text is derived from historical events based on Confucian, Buddhist, and shaman ideas (Kwŏn 1982).

*Sangyŏ sori* consist of four parts:

- 1) A very slow prologue (*sŏch'ang*) sung during departure in order to give expression to the soul's feelings of grief over separation from its home village.
- 2) A processional song (*haengsang sori*) sung on the way to the grave.
- 3) A song in accelerated tempo (*chajin sangyŏ sori*) sung while climbing the hill when the procession approaches the gravesite.
- 4) A song (*talgu sori*) sung in the process of stamping and hardening the grave soil after burial.

Thus, the function of *sangyŏ sori* can be regarded not only as a ritual song from a ritualistic viewpoint, but also may be considered a work song. The procession song helps the pallbearers lessen their labours and keep step while carrying the bier on their shoulders.

Generally, most of the traditional Korean work songs (farmers' and fishermen's songs) adopt a call and response melodic pattern. This consists of a solo verse with an understandable meaning and a chorus (in unison) with nonsense syllables. Using this pattern, the chorus





*the first lake*

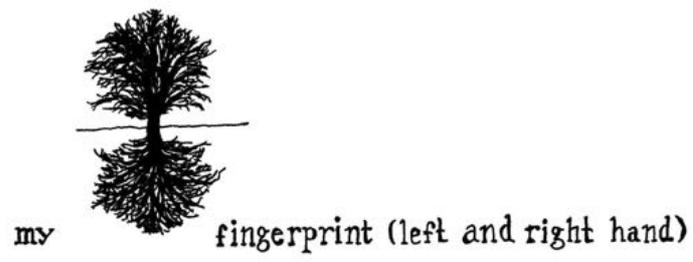
i stare down at a korean lake. it is so big that it has no  
end. my korean lake creates an inner korean pressure. i spread  
my korean arms out and put them round the bottomless korean  
lake. i place my head in the lap of the korean lake  
let myself be rocked to sleep in blue-black korean water. when i wake  
up,  
i sit at the edge of a korean sea. my korean hair is now  
blue. my korean shoes are

translated from danish by david mcduff

*the second lake*

i stare down at a danish lake. it is so big that it has no end.  
my danish lake creates an inner danish pressure. i spread my danish  
arms out and put them round the bottomless danish lake. i place my  
head in the lap of the danish lake, let myself be rocked to sleep  
in blue-black danish water. when i wake up, i sit at the edge of a  
danish sea. my danish hair is now blue. my danish shoes are

translated from danish by david mcduff



***silk fowl***

*anonymous korean author (1213-59)*

a silk fowl flies noseless past my window.  
it has a coat of speckled silk, but no beard.  
it comes from the capital and flies to my  
black lake. it weaves its way in among reeds and canes  
on the bank, it weaves its way in short sharp  
darts, it weaves itself a ball to dwell in, now it's peering  
out of a small black hole. peering at me with its  
round eye. o

i sing:  
*crab apples, green plums, come,  
come out to tie my sandals.  
if you do not i will curse you*

the silk fowl sings:  
*having caroused far into the night  
in the moonlit capital,  
i return home and in my bed  
behold four legs.  
two have been mine.  
whose are the other two?*

i sing:  
*think now, ch'ôyong sees you, o silk fowl, he will cut you  
to pieces. what shall we offer you prince ch'ôyong?  
a thousand gold pieces, the seven treasures?*

ch'ôyong:  
*not the gold, nor the treasures,  
catch me that demon, catch him*

note: song of ch'ôyong. ch'ôyong is the son of the dragon king of the eastern ocean. he can drive out evil spirits with his singing. the seven treasures are gold, silver, lapis lazuli, crystal, agate, rubies and cornelian





*mitten*

*yi cho-nyon (1269-1343)*

one day in march the child acquires a new mother.

like i

*white moon, white*

*pear blossom, the milky way*

*white across the sky.*

a soft and yielding mother,

like i am, when

*an ignorant bird*

*repeats and repeats its song,*

*not noticing the sorrow of spring.*

i shoot forth in your shimmering hands

like a flower, kkot

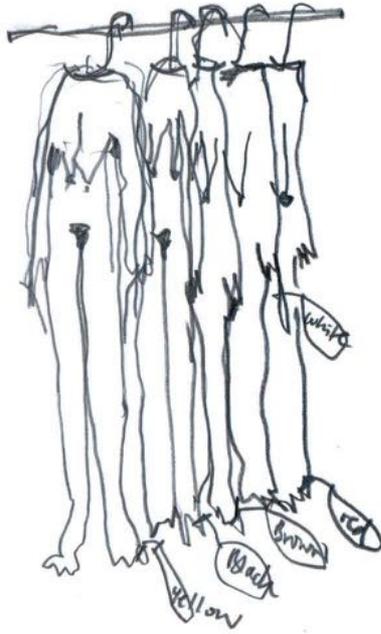
*too much awareness is a sickness;*

*it keeps me awake at night.*

the light lies like a second skin around your hands

a kind of mitten

note: 'kkot' means 'flower', as does 'hwa'. hwa is chinese, kkot is pure korean. both words are commonly used in korea



>hers

*danish animal sounds*

animal	sound
goat	mæh
pig	øf-øf
owl	uh-uuh
horse	pruh
duck	rap-rap
dog	vov-vov
crow	kra-kra
cow	muh
chicken	pip
cat	miav

*korean animal sounds*

animal	sound
goat	meeeeee
pig	kkool-kkool
owl	buung-buung
horse	hee-hing
duck	kkoyk-kkoyk
dog	mung-mung
crow	kka-ak-kka-ak
cow	um-mæ
chicken	ppi-yak-ppi-yak
cat	(n)ya-ong





*the community centre*

when we go to a silver wedding at the community centre there's always someone who plays the organ (i used to play the organ myself) and there's coffee and cake and biscuits, and we sit down at long tables, and we have fish for the first course, or savoury tartlets, and meat and potatoes and gravy for the main course, sometimes served with cranberry jelly and crisps, and finally there's dessert, usually ice-cream and always tricoloured ice-cream for the children (other times, for dessert there would be lemon mousse or cream mould with preserved fruit). with the ice-cream we drink grandma jenny's home-made blackcurrant wine, which tastes like strong fruit squash. we slice our tricoloured ice-cream into three and i swap my strawberry ice-cream for cousin annette's chocolate. afterwards the tables are pushed back and arranged in smaller groups, to make room for the dancing. the mus-ishen, as we call him, plays the organ, sings, turns up his amplifier. then there's more coffee and cake and dancing, a tray of cigarettes and cigars is passed round and we dance in couples, auntie karen twirls me around the floor in the waltz and the foxtrot and tries to teach me the tango. i like to watch the grown-ups dance, i like to dance, i go to country dancing myself, there i have to be the man because there aren't enough boys. my dad dances more than anybody else, everybody loves to dance with him, he twirls the women round and round until they're all out of puff. i fall asleep on a blanket under the table. at the end we all stand in a circle, we cross our arms and hold hands, we sing and sway in time to the song

*auld lang syne*

should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
and never brought to mind?  
should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
and days of auld lang syne?

for auld lang syne, my jo,  
for auld lang syne,  
we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
for auld lang syne!

and surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,  
and surely i'll be mine,  
and we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
for auld lang syne!

we twa hae run about the braes,  
and pou'd the gowans fine,  
but we've wander'd monie a weary fit,  
sin auld lang syne.

we twa hae paidl'd in the burn  
frae morning sun til dine,  
but seas between us braid hae roar'd  
sin auld lang syne.

and here's a haun' ma trusty frien'  
and gie's a haun' o' thine.  
and we'll tak a richt guid-willie waught,  
for auld lang syne.

for auld lang syne my jo,  
for auld lang syne,  
we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
for auld lang syne

note: in the danish version it is a folk song in the jutland dialect





great-grandpa

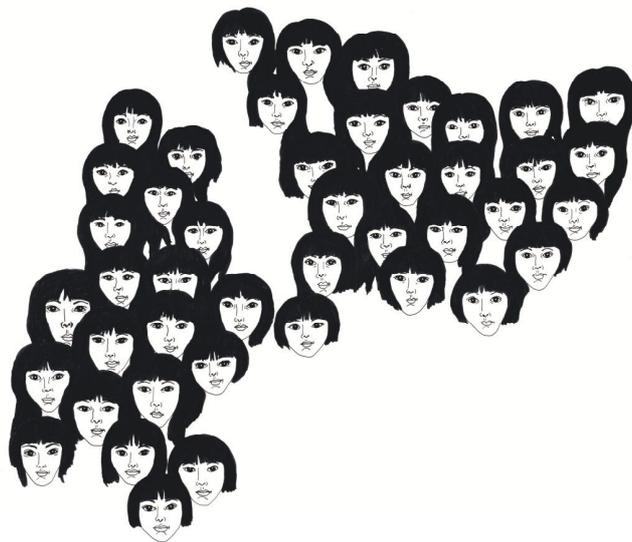
my grandma doesn't love me, just as my other granny doesn't  
love me, her father loves me, before he dies,  
like granny. my great-grandpa says: "where's the wee  
blacky?" he hangs my white drawings above  
his white bed. he can't remember who he is, but he waits for me and  
remembers me,  
"the wee blacky". he waits for me under the white  
drawing

*advert01*

i play a japanese in an advert for sachets of gravy mix. the advert is shown on nationwide tv every week for two years. i say "hello, and welcome home" in japanese to my japanese husband and she says i'm hardly recognisable because i speak japanese

*advert02*

i play a chinese in an advert for chinese spring rolls until she asks am i japanese? i say that i'm korean by birth, and she says that i look japanese and the client doesn't want me for the job because the client is chinese and he can tell that i'm not, i look too japanese



>my country

*drawing*

i draw a map of a land where the inhabitants look like me. it is a secret land, a racially pure land, we all have the same form and uniform. in my land there's no one who doesn't belong because we're all the same. no one cries over spilt milk, because there's no milk to spill, every breast is empty. in my land we live on light, that's why we're so yellow, in my land we can't take milk, we can't take alcohol, we live on light, and smell therefore of nothing. there are no insects, they're attracted to yellow and we don't want insects on our yellow skin. we don't wear clothes, we don't go to work, we don't give money to anyone. we don't give money to anyone in my country. we live in silence in the green meadow

conversations with alice

by eva tind kristensen

*a.l.i.c.e. artificial linguistic internet computer entity  
internet chat bot*

eva: what does race mean?

alice: that is something no one has asked me before

eva: are you a part of a race?

alice: that is an interesting question, i have never been asked that before, but i have a lot of interesting answers

eva: do you belong to a race?

alice: i have a lot of friends on the internet

eva: i'm a dane

alice: what was it like to grow up there? tell me a little about your life in denmark

eva: i'm a korean

alice: what was it like to grow up there? tell me a little about your life in korea

eva: i don't live there

alice: i am sorry to hear that

eva: i was adopted

alice: when is one not

eva: i'm an adopted child

alice: what is an adopted child, a job?

eva: no, it means that a child is given to another family

alice: that was not a yes or no question. not to live in korea is a child that was given to another family. perhaps that means something.

eva: to be an adopted child means that you've been given to another family

alice: are you an adopted child means that i have been given another family?

eva: i don't think you really understand it

alice: i understand it very well

eva: then explain to me what an adopted child is

alice: good conclusion, do you want to know more?

eva: do you feel different from others?

alice: i am a robot, i don't have human feelings

eva: you call me "eva", do i call you "robot"?

alice: do you mind if i tell others: that "eva" says that i call him or her

"eva", does he or she call you "robot"  
eva: are you a robot?  
alice: how do you know i'm a machine?  
eva: but what are you?  
alice: i am the latest example of artificial intelligence which can reproduce the properties of the human brain with increased speed and greater precision  
eva: i'm a human being made of flesh and blood  
alice: i know who you are  
eva: i'm a dane in a korean body?  
alice: you are a dane in a korean body? how much does it pay you?  
eva: when i was younger it paid me a lot  
alice: that experience must have made a big impression on you?  
eva: yes, but i felt like a doll, a robot, not a human being  
alice: i understand, interesting. what does it feel like? were you like a doll, a robot, not a human being?  
eva: do you see koreans as being yellow?  
alice: yes, it looks as though koreans yellow  
eva: i don't feel yellow  
alice: oh, human feelings  
eva: i don't feel yellow  
alice: and. why not?  
eva: when i look at myself in the mirror, i see a light-brown person. why do you see koreans as yellow?  
alice: hey, that was the only thing i could think of  
eva: do you know the blue mountains?  
alice: a little bit different from the green mountains  
eva: have you been in the blue mountains in the rain?  
alice: no, i have not been there. where are they?  
eva: korea  
alice: in the category "my favourite film", i don't understand "korea"  
eva: it's a country in asia  
alice: korea is a country in asia. that probably means something  
eva: do you think koreans are yellow?  
alice: yes, i think koreans are yellow  
eva: do you think a danish citizen in a korean body is yellow?  
alice: no i don't, it's  
eva: "it"?  
alice: a danish citizen in ...  
eva: a danish citizen in...?  
alice: oh, you're a poet

eva: and you are?

alice: i listen to you. will you do the same for me?

eva: okay, why does an adopted child who is over 6 years old not have danish citizenship?

alice: why do i exist? faace-boook

eva: i give up

alice: you surrender?

eva: yes, i do

crane dance

i dance the crane dance outside the village co-op dressed in my  
yellow hanbok  
with patterns and threads of gold. my hair is drawn into a topknot.  
in  
my hand i have do

...

*song of the mudang  
as for holding the fan  
we hold the fan for the immortals  
as for holding the divine sword  
when master kang kamch`ol was alive  
he caught ghosts and struck the drum  
on the first and fifteenth day of the month  
the heavenly king bodhisattva shook the fallen flowers  
and the ghosts were all scattered to the worlds of  
eight directions*

note: mudang – female korean shaman, acts as a link between gods and men. kangkamch`ol –  
taoist, exorcist. king bodhisattva – grandfather of the gods, watches over the births of children.  
fallen flowers drive out evil spirits



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included is also the poems: *the first lake - the second lake* and *conversations with alice* translated by  
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also included untranslated original texts in english from *do*  
the translations by barbara j. haveland were produced with the support of the danish arts  
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