CONVERGENCE EDUCATION IN ART AND LITERATURE THROUGH SELF-PORTRAITS

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Synopsis:

The purpose of this study is to suggest an example of convergence education of art and literature through self-portraits of Frida Kahlo and Yun Dong-Ju. They found their life’s purpose in painting and in writing poetry while they suffered from tremendous pains throughout their lifetime. They portray their pains as a fate that has to be endured as women and poets of a colonized land. They depict their figures with plural images which they derive from their struggle to explore their identities.
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The purpose of this study is to suggest an example of convergence education of art and literature through self-portraits of *Frida Kahlo* (1907~1954) and *Yun Dong-Ju* (1917~1945). *Yun Dong-Ju* was a poet of Korea during the Japanese colonial period. He was arrested on suspicion of independence movement while studying in Japan and died in prison at the age of 27. *Frida Kahlo* and *Yun Dong-Ju* found their life’s purpose in painting and in writing poetry while they suffered from tremendous pains throughout their lifetime. They portray their pains as a fate that has to be endured as women and poets of a colonized land. They depict their figures with plural images which they derive from their struggle to explore their identities. The *Self-portrait* written by *Yun Dong-Ju* is the kind of poem which should be scrutinized rather than read.

*Frida Kahlo* and *Yun Dong-Ju* found their life’s purpose in painting and in writing poetry while they suffered from tremendous pains throughout their lifetime. They portray their pains as a fate that has to be endured as women and poets of a colonized land. They depict their figures with plural images which they derive from their struggle to explore their identities. The *Self-portrait* written by *Yun Dong-Ju* is the kind of poem which should be scrutinized rather than read. The *Self-portrait* can lead the students toward in-depth reading of *Frida Kahlo*’s self-portraits by giving the various “languages” such as “hate, pity, longing, and memory”. If Students in art and literature scrutinize themselves through the mirror every day at the same time and compare the self-portraits of *Frida Kahlo* and *Yun Dong-Ju*, then they realize the fact that their scrutinizing is indistinguishable from that of those artists.

Students can learn how to reflect themselves by means of convergence education in art and literature through self-portraits. The creation of self-portraits can be therapeutic since they enable these artists to mirror their pains objectively and recognize the rewards that accompany the pain. In addition, self-portraits introduce their viewers to the possibilities that accompany the human condition, those who do not address their own mortality. Following the therapeutic process guided by self-portraits, learners can ponder the limits of the human condition and become reconciled with themselves.

The necessity of convergence education in art and literature is not restricted to the understanding that is prompted by the self-portraits of the artist. As the studies on comparisons between the various “languages” that exist within a painting and the visual communication in poetry are collected by the researchers, it will become possible for convergence education in art and literature to be designed systematically.

Key-Words: Art, Literature, Convergence Education, Self-portrait, *Frida Kahlo, Yun Dong-Ju*, Reflection, Therapy
Yet Another Home – Yun Dong-ju (1941.9)

The night I returned home
my white bones followed
and lay down in the same room.

The dark room gave out
on the universe
and the wind blew
like a voice from heaven.

Peering down at my white bones,
so finely worn away and
pulverized by the wind amid the darkness,
I wonder who it is whose tears are being shed.
Am I crying?
Or is it my white bones?
Perhaps my beautiful soul?
The Dream – Frida Kahlo (1940)

Until Daybreak – Yun Dong-Ju (1941.5)

The dying ones
clothe them all in black.

The living ones
clothe them all in white.

Put them to sleep neatly arranged
on the same bed.

Feed them all milk
when they cry.

Presently it will be dawn,
and you will hear the bugle call.
If I were permitted my own cross,
like the man who suffered,
the blessed Jesus Christ,

I would hang my head
and quietly bleed
blood that would blossom like a flower
under a darkening sky.
Turning a mountain pass and coming across an isolated well, I quietly look in.

Inside the well the moon is bright, clouds float by, the sky is blue, the blue wind blows, and there is autumn.

There is also a man. Somehow that man disgusts me, so I leave.

On second thought, as I go back, the man becomes pitiful. Returning to the well, I find the man still there.

Again the man disgusts me, so I leave. On second thought, as I go back, I miss that man.

Inside the well the moon is bright, the clouds float by, the sky is wide, the blue wind blows, there is autumn, and there is the man like a memory.