



Fishermen on the Baltic

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To: Yi Xin Tong <yixintong1@gmail.com>

I was walking toward somewhere without looking at a map, somehow strongly believe in that I was heading to the ocean, the Great Baltic Sea. Yet as someone joked once about a foolish tourists mistake lagoon as the ocean on my way to come here, I was ended up at the lagoon (still believed in it was the ocean,) then the village where tourists all gather. (still thought it was Russia) I was a reckless solitary walker.

Though I didn't feel lost at all in the middle of the sandy hill nor at the semi-forest, I started having dizziness and tiring fear once I saw people happily strolling around in the village. I felt lost. I wanted to go back to bed.

I must be haunted by something; something that trying to destroy my innate perpetual fears as you know very well of me; I am a kind of person having fear toward indeed everything; literally everything. Here is an example my the haunt; I slept first few nights in fear of burglary, yet did not even lock my hotel room all night, all days without a single doubt. I somehow believed in it was securely locked without even checking. Not even a night, but even the second day at Nida as well. Same trick happened to me.

The Jetlag must be harboring the criminal, the one that haunt me.

Maybe I want to go fishing, though i haven't seen the Baltic yet..

Below is a page from Robert Musil's note..

From: "Joeun Aatchim K." <joeun.aatchim.k@gmail.com>

Date: July 3, 2015 at 9:59:21 AM GMT+3

To: "Joeun Aatchim K." <joeun.aatchim.k@gmail.com>

Subject: Fishermen on the Baltic

Fishermen on the Baltic

On the beach they've dug out a little pit with their hands, and from a sack of black earth they're pouring in fat earthworms, the loose black earth and the mass of worms make for an obscure, moldy, enticing ugliness in the clean white sand. Beside this they place a very tidy looking wooden chest. It looks like a long, not particularly wide drawer or counting board, and is full of clean yarn; and on the other side of the pit another such, but empty, drawer is placed.

The hundred hooks attached to the yarn in the one drawer are neatly arranged on the end of a small iron pole and are now being unfastened one after the other and laid in the empty drawer, the bottom of which is filled with nothing but clean wet sand. A very tidy operation. In the meantime, however, four long, lean and strong hands oversee the process as carefully as nurses to make sure that each hook gets a worm.

The men who do this crouch two by two on knees and heels, with mighty, bony backs, long, kindly faces, and pipes in their mouths. They exchange incomprehensible words that flow forth as softly as the motion of their hands. One of them takes up a fat earthworm with two fingers, tears it into three pieces with the same two fingers of the other hand, as easily and exactly as a shoemaker snips off the paper band after he's taken the measurement; the other one then presses these squirming pieces calmly and carefully onto each hook. This having been accomplished, the worms are then doused with water and laid in neat, little beds, one next to the other, in the drawer with the soft sand, where they can die without immediately losing their freshness.

It is a quiet, delicate activity, whereby the coarse fishermen's fingers step softly as on tiptoes. You have to pay close attention. In fair weather the dark blue sky arches above, and the seagulls circle high over the land like white swallows.