

## The Exercise

A fish  
did not know  
what water was.  
On asking,  
the wisest fish  
answered:  
if you want to know  
what water is  
get out of the water.

*Translated by Susana Heringman  
with Donald Justice*

## To the Calligraphy of Chusa \*

A dragon with a writhing body and a beating tail, tearing the heaven with  
his scales;  
An angry tiger with flashing eyes, leaping up and down an immense crag;  
But now the dragon, being helpless, begs power of you;  
The tiger, deprived of his muscles, can no longer leap.

What innocent baby would gaze at your strokes without fear? What  
emperor's tyranny?  
What lunatic or what devil could mimic your breathtaking feat?  
What swallow's flight could assume your perfect grace more easily yielded

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\*"Chusa" is an alias of Kim Chong-hi (1786-1856), a distinguished scholar and calligrapher, admired in Korea as a completely original artist.

Than silk from a silkworm? What fairy's flowing robe has ever enjoyed it?

Your cornerstones, pillars, beams, and even the tiny nails driven into them  
Sink in a deep slumber, enchanted by their own complete forms and weights,  
Like indifferent minerals, scattered, at random, over the mountains.  
Yet they keep awakened, their strict positions like the constellations in the  
sky.

Cubism and fauvism, those whirlwinds of the century, take their origin in  
you;  
*Deformation*, by virtue of you, becomes a worthy mechanism. By virtue of  
you,  
Depression, heaped up like a pyramid, scatters. Inflated egotism becomes  
incandescent.  
The age-old mustiness in the walls vanishes. The sea-wind with ozone in it,  
blows in.

What wisdom could unravel the meaning of your expression in strange  
laughter?  
What rod, that crushes up impurities, could be merciless like you?  
The water, earth and wind of Korea, by which you were fostered,  
Treasure forever a far-reaching pride for the thundering flaps of your wings.

*Translated by Kim Chong-Gil*

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MOSHE DOR / ISRAEL

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## Progression

Even more terrible than crumbling, the dark  
feeling of niches, the jokes  
of purposeless entrances and exits,  
the conflagration  
of maple leaves like a forewarning:  
but to keep silent?  
A temporary solution, the memory of your body,  
and more limited, of your breast,