

Whale

Where Master Lämpel Ventures to Spread West and Seaward

And Master Lämpel listened to the first of the Four Sea Interludes in Benjamin Britten's opera Peter Grimes which was titled Dawn and thought they might have named them Four Interludes Describing the Rustle of the Sea and the Bustle of Its Nearby Dwellers and the neighbors' racket interrupted his focus and for Master Lämpel it was mainly the neighbor from upstairs who'd complain of his downstairs neighbor that Master Lämpel had in mind when referring to "neighbors" and the upstairs neighbor did a letter pen to his downstairs neighbor and stressed that it was because of her that his bed had been rocking and dancing and even bouncing at nights and he recounted his nightly plight and how the typewriter's clicking was driving his bed from the south and street facing side of his room over to the north side where a glass bowl there stood with a goldfish and how once the typewriter's clicking stopped he'd be catapulted of his bed and onto the floor like that slug who had scaled a wall and lost traction and that if their mutual neighbor i.e. Master Lämpel wasn't enough what with him playing the same nebulous tune over and over again all through the day she i.e. the neighbor was making his life miserable and further encumbering his last battle with the unrelenting ailment that was taking hold of him and his body like this chord-less harpoon fit to reap his life with a rusty trident and she i.e. the neighbor was busy penning a letter of supplication addressed to her upstairs neighbor whom she held as evil incarnate and entreated him to have mercy on her and stop making that racket at night citing how them sinister walking stick thumps were keeping her awake and giving her a start and she i.e. the neighbor was just busy writing an essay about the dove from Noah's Ark who had been sent forth to check up on the water and returned to the Ark not for want of places to fly to but mainly because she missed her partner which was probably the only one spared of her entire species and she despaired at finding no relatives and she i.e. the dove realized that if she wanted to have progeny she must return to the Ark and unsuccessful was the neighbor in her effort to describe the calamity of the dove as she nervously plucked the page off the typewriter time and again and the more Master Lämpel heard the rustle of the sea in the interludes so did he feel it i.e. the sea to have neither a beginning nor end or a purpose and Master Lämpel further wished to venture out to a place where he'd have neither to do anything or owe anything to anyone leaving his own world behind and try as Master Lämpel did to tuck his head into the speaker he failed and he even banged his head against the wooden box and risked being electric-shocked and magnetized and Master Lämpel therefore resolved to dispatch a messenger on his behalf to tell him of the sea and at first he had a crane in mind but then recalled that seagulls fared better at sea and he walked over to the fridge where he saw a frozen carp-type fish and he thawed the fish in warm water but judiciously so and once softened he tenderly held the fish on both sides and tossed the fish on the music speaker as the dawn-themed interlude played all in the hope that the fish might glide upon the waves and the dead fish dropped to the floor and sustained a blow and repeatedly though Master Lämpel tried he could not detach the fish of his universe's gravity and not only did the fish eventually remain in his room but it came in pieces on the floor in this murmuring crackle and Master Lämpel wondered if it might be better to take an animal that woke up at the tropic of Capricorn and went to bed at the tropic of Cancer and he walked over to his library and opened the encyclopedia at the **Whale** entry and he very carefully and within the lines cut out the

picture of the Blue Whale and held it i.e. the whale's picture with both hands as one would hold a bird of a sturdy wingspan and Master Lämpel did walk up to his room's window and inspected the sky through the bars to see whether it was dawn to match the theme of the tune in the first interlude and he drew the whale closer to the speaker and he turned the music up so as to drown out his neighbors' floor thumping and typewriter clicking and he counted to three then with a single swing and the best of his might freed the whale as he was thrown into the recorded water sounds and the whale did make a huge spray of brine inside the room and onto Master Lämpel's face and the whale first struggled to swim and spread his wings being out of the water for many years now and moreover sandwiched inside the alphabetic book and furthermore inhabiting as he had been the intervening space between Whack and Whalebone and had luckily some OM to him as well which hadn't been too far away and kept him coolheaded and sure enough within moments he commenced swimming in full force and beating onto the water and rolling on his back and Master Lämpel could hear him in the tune as he knew the interlude tone for tone and could tell the additional overtones produced by the whale's movement and the whale could feel the wind and salt and rearing his head out the water he could see nothing but sea as far as his eye could see and Master Lämpel faced the speaker and fancied himself to sense the frozen ocean spray and could hear the thin tones of dawn and the whale's voice reverberating with the mantra of Jai Guru Deva OM and Master Lämpel turned to him asking tell me what you see tell me what you feel and being rather alien to the sea could only feel the wish to venture further and further like a steam engine on a track with neither speed bumps nor speed limit or warning signs on both sides and the more the whale tried to think of something the less able was he to think of anything but his mantra going Jai Guru Deva OM and the whale did wish to wander fast and far and find out what ever happened to his she-whale friend who unlike him had failed to survive inside the info pages and he i.e. the whale and she i.e. the she-whale had been lovers and a common law fish item and would play Continents and Oceans and dance to the moonlight with no cloths on as they would reflect in the oil slicks and inhale the krill all the way in and vie for the top spot in geography and task each other with riddles like what's the best way to get to Delhi from Michigan Lake and the best route from Argentina over to England in a single tail stroke no getting your head out and she had this pretty smile where the twinkle of the silver fish would lit the night and they would splash water at each other and see who could stay longer above water and play tail wrestling until a day had come when they could both hear the whistle up there but it had only been her who could feel the harpoon skewing the flesh between her ribs and the twine had stretched and the escape tricks familiar to every little whale since they'd play with the umbilical cord had been to no avail as they'd only made it worse and the more they'd pulled and grappled the worse it'd hurt and he had seem her dredged out to the surface and they could do no more than stare each other in the eye and wet the sea with tears and pledge their allegiance while he'd lingered on in a red pool for a while until the sea righted itself and Master Lämpel stood bare facing the speaker and heard the dawn-themed interlude and he took deep breath and wanted to feel the liberty in between tones and could only hear the mantra of Jai Guru Deva OM repeating itself and oh how he wanted to stand on the back of the whale and fleetingly duck under as they crossed the latitudes and longitudes around the globe and he wanted to make it all the way to the pole with the whale and see bears and seals and Master Lämpel nevertheless kept to his room while the whale in turn reiterated his mantra Jai Guru Deva OM and Master Lämpel could feel the whale withdraw and even the murmur of the mantra fade with every moment and there was Master Lämpel fancying himself to spy the following message from the

whale in between the interlude tones saying I am grateful to you Master Lämpel for unburdening me of all that ample knowledge that closed in on me inside the book as I can now see the sky with no bars in the way and Master Lämpel too wanted to clean slate his head and he scribbled on a piece of paper which he had received from the whale whereupon Master Lämpel heard another message in between the tones and wrote down on the paper Master Lämpel here I am swimming there and then the other way around and back with nothing on my mind other the mantra of Jai Guru Deva OM playing over and over and I'm neither grappling with nor considering anything and no thing is preferable to another and things have an order to them and anything is as important as another and I can utter my wishes even with a mouthful of water and can further sing that which I wish not let alone say nothing and all that preoccupies my mind if anything comes up to a few words their meaning unknown to me running in self-propelled circles around my mind and I know no other whale and no other whale knows me and I can be whatever I want and be nothing at all or few things at the same time and at once a whole and a part thereof and all I know is that never-ending water runs over my skin and that the sun appears at dawn which is really nice and no whale owes me anything and I owe nothing to no whale and here am I swimming in circles their diameter I extend or shrink back at will yet I want nothing but the water to run over me to freeze and warm me and should I disappear no whale or soul shall be the wiser and Master Lämpel's hand was becoming sore as the whale's message had no end to it and the whale wouldn't let go and that even as I plunge to pay a visit to the depths where the giant red squids await me even then I won't be thinking and shall fear no evil because the mantra is with me and I know nothing of me not even the sight of my back region or why I swim to start with and why it was me that they've put in the back but in fact it doesn't matter to me and all that matters to me is to move and move fast to and then fro and to rattle the water around me and keep my head tediously quiet and if a thought or disagreement arises it dissolves at once and resolved by force of the mantra that coils itself round and round like a dripping cloth and I'm a guest in the sea and the sea is not mine and I have nothing but myself which I'm not sure what to make of and I do know that I come after and proceed ahead and that I am too likely to be sliced through by a harpoon and yet there is nothing I can or want to do about it and I have neither memory nor past and I do nothing but moving on and keeping my mind thought-free with the mantra of Jai Guru Deva OM and Master Lämpel's hand had by now grown tired and even sore and the weathercock on the roof of Master Lämpel's home turned one way then the other and the bed did move from left to right and the clicking did carry on and the pages plucked of the typewriter and the upstairs neighbor was catapulted down to the floor and he got up to thump with his stick and only the carp which had been dead before being taken out of the fridge started sliding down the floor and sustaining fatal wounds while leaving a slippery trail of foul smell as would a slug having inadvertently stepped on the dung of a goldfish and the first interlude which Master Lämpel would rather have named First Interval that Describes the Dawn concluded ahead of the next passage called Sunday Morning.