

Tennessee Seed Pearl: Part II

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The rabbit and all the rest went splunk, splunk over the land and came to the fishes. An enormous blue-finned monster of a fish was waiting for them, having heard of their coming. We've seen this before, how the animal kingdom has simultaneous completion of bits of information, something humans would call telepathic but that is not instant. Remain it to be said, rabbit and the rest were surprised they were expected. The knowledge, though simultaneous, only seems to go one way. This mighty fish was abreast of the workings in the animal kingdom, actually being the first to ask questions. How are we going to meet together in one place once we have our contributions ready? blue fin asked. It seems we need to know the contribution of all the fish, big and small, to the animals. That's right, said the animals right back. And the place hasn't been found, determined, or invented, but for sure it will be a place you can go. How are you liking your food? Blue fin rejoiced, saying the fish part of the animal kingdom had never swum more happily, each enjoying enough space in respect to the others, almost machinelike. Did they put some tranquilizers into our food? asked blue fin. It sure seems like that. Good idea, pleaded someone, but you don't need tranquilizers if you have the right food, and the mushroom takes care of that, said someone else. They were all eyeing each other like brothers and sisters do, not like different animals do. And what's so special about fish, asked an albatross that happened by, that's not like anything other animals have? They know how to go in one direction, said blue fin. That's not different, cried rabbit. What animal doesn't know where it is going! A fish can go up or down, left or right, ahead or backward—all the directions. Other animals have a few choices compared to fish, and what it does to our brains is what is special—a perfect sense of direction! They were all stunned. Some of them stood on their heads to imitate fish, but it hurt too much after a while. OK, OK, they said, you can come along with us, but you can't be our leader, because you might want to go places we can't. I don't have to be a leader, said blue fin. Most of you don't even think I am an animal like you. It was a joyous day when I saw you come over the hill, for I said to myself, this day I am going to be an animal . . .

Thanks to the albatross, they were all reminded of the winged creatures. We've got to catch them flying, so we really know what's special about them, said a cute little raccoon that just joined the group following fox, his old buddy from the lair. The air is a place just for birds, the rest enjoined, we should find where they perch. That's a good idea, said the ant nobody had seen before. I can climb the tree and talk to a leader bird. So now we are looking for a tree, they all said. This place is just like a desert, no trees growing here. And ants have little legs. You are not going to walk far. There were getting to be a lot of animals in the group. Someone said, we are getting to be like an engine of vitality. If we all get together and put our minds to it, we can get anything we want to move to us, roots and all. Suddenly the sky was filled with birds coming from every direction—little birds flying alone, big birds flying in flocks, every description and more. What a sight! Out flew the same albatross, the leader bird, and stepped on the outstretched arm of towering sky. The

sky suddenly stopped, each bird held its place, blending invisibly with the sky around it. Albatross, just asking, wondered at the group's ability to call all the birds together. You guys are really getting something together—feel the energy. I kinda like it. Unique. Special. What's in it for me? The ant, who had become the leader because it could feel better than the others what was going on, said, We were wondering why birds are special like no other animals and can make us more perfect. Well, little soldier, said the albatross, there's nothing so light that can do so much. We eat very little compared to the energy we make. You could say the air itself is food for us. The ant said, You are used to invisible things, then? Not exactly, said albatross, we make things visible. Do you think perfection is invisible? Not exactly, said ant, but we have to come right up to the invisible to find out if we are perfect yet. Then I can't help you, said albatross, birds think perfection is to be real. That's your contribution! said ant, No other animal thinks perfection is visible. How happy we are to find you. Join our team! All the other birds in the sky as if woke up and started flying everywhere and back to where they had come from. It was a wonderful day for the animals—they were getting closer. They could all feel it.

Just as the end of a wall for defense may crumble because the budget ran out or the threat for which it was built evaporated, the animals' current state lost a bit of direction. Partly, this was because the small band did not, could not, really represent all the animals. There's something about numbers. They get weighted at a certain point, and after that they don't behave. Such, with fishes. But they wanted to be known, and they loved when they were known. No matter how they scratched their heads, the animals could not succeed. Even one! cried ant. Even if I knew just one. I know there are millions of kinds. It doesn't matter if they are together with us if they are not with us. Does anyone have an idea how to reach a fish that can no longer be counted? There are no numbers for them. It's useless to go on to find more animals. This is not symbolism. I don't want the idea of a fish unless it can be counted. Maybe we should do a census, said fox, so even if we can't count them, we can count them on paper? How long would it take? said dolphin, who was very concerned with the discussion. This all sounds so old-fashioned, said general question. Don't we have a satellite to do it in an instant? That's just the problem. The fishes we want to count cannot be seen by satellite. It's only the fish themselves that can count each other. There is a structure. These sentiments were expressed by lip and general question. Anyway we are getting ahead of ourselves, or behind ourselves, I don't know which. The point is coming together in this dimension. If we don't figure out how to do that, we are stuck here forever, sighed wheeled vehicle. Why are we all here? asked blue fin. Maybe that's its own dimension. What about asking dimension? Great idea, they all cried. Now we must find a way to get dimension to visit, feel comfortable. And what will happen to us? Could it be we are only the witness of dimension? If dimension comes here we won't be necessary, will we?

Things can change halfway through, or you can remember something halfway through that maybe you couldn't until then. That's OK. It's still the math. And maybe it's the kind of math we need in this situation. Things get better. They really do. If you trust that, it seems you can do that. It's hard. But who wants things to stay the way they are unless gripped by

fear? Imagine! You learn something some way. Maybe you forget you even learned it. The world changes. You have to learn a new way. You doubt if you can, and your normal way seems like the only way, and you are gripped by fear. Everything can be done many different ways. We find the way that is available. We call it the best, and maybe it is in the circumstances. When the circumstances change and “the best” does not, our fear takes over. Who knows how many animals there are in the world? Who knows where to find them? Who even knows if they are what we see and call them? Who knows if dimension is really the point of all, the logical conclusion, the reality behind the illusion? Would we be in this fix if there weren’t something wrong in the first place? I’m for asking, not telling, the world what it wants to be. Even to ask dimension to come is prejudiced, shortsighted, and worse, though I’m not against anything. We should allow things to become themselves and busy ourselves recognizing what it is they are when they have become. That’s enough work for us, who have to tear down the framework of centuries and not even be aware of what we are aware. Names, numbers, objects, tell us all. The things we underperceive have the most to tell us.

Let’s hear what dimension has to say, said the marriage counselor, as general question and lip were getting very close and hired a counselor ahead of time, the way others do a pre-nup.

Dimension strode on the stage as if the biggest opera star of history in dazzling dress, Elizabethan looking, deep red with silk and velvet. No reason to stay startled. I want to present myself as “just folks” to you folks. Maybe dimension saw the animals fading away? You know, my only job is not to give you credence. I have my own family to look after, like having the sun come up and three and two make five. The list is endless. Don’t fade away. It will take too much work to get you back. We just don’t know the numbers and being, said blue fin. Dimension was furious. Who told you that dribble about you can’t exist without dimension? I told you I am already too busy. Now, just get it out of your heads, you need dimension to exist. We are frightened, said blue fin. Dimension was even more furious. I am going to become a fish. If I can become a fish, you don’t need me, right? All the fishes were astonished and came closer for a better look. They stopped fading away, and pretty soon they were swimming around without dimension. Now, you should have seen that, their movements were unconstructed, but they still had direction. What blue fin said about the special contribution of fishes to the animal kingdom was more true than ever. Dimension loved being a fish but was not needed here anymore. Hey, wait, said rabbit, don’t go away. The rest of the animals would like to be free of dimension, too. Can you show us, please? Don’t be so sure of that, said dimension, you need tears to cry, legs to walk, ears to hear, hair to comb. Without dimension you may not see the light that makes the day. I was invited here to solve a problem, not create one! All the fishes applauded the exit. As they swam around they created the dimension they didn’t need.

When dimension went back there was great rejoicing among the strings holding scraps of blue paper that dimension was meant to keep in check. The only way to do this was to weave oneself into the strings, but they were rejoicing so hard—and it was dimension they

were rejoicing about—that weaving was impossible. Dimension simply had to take another position. Timing was essential. If dimension did not find this new position soon, everything would be changed. But if not, there would not be dimension. A pollster, the string nearer than the rest, had a thought: if dimension hid as darkness, the rejoicing would stop enough to weave through all the strings. Since the back side of dimension was black, all it had to do was turn around and walk backward. The strings stopped rejoicing, because of the approach of something unknown, and dimension was very good at moving backward. In it went, quickly and efficiently until all the strings could not tell if they themselves were dimension. Dimension liked this because of its hatred of being measured and because it liked being supported by strings.

All the animals returned with a heightened respect for dimension—all dimension, so no matter which animal, no matter how many or how few, each was to be counted from now on. They could move en masse, borders secure, center confident that all acted like all. The nonanimals were so impressed this could happen just by being close to dimension without losing dimension that they wanted to try, but the little ant convinced them they were well-off, because the earth could be very close to not having plant life. Of course, this was a lie, and ant should have not gone unchecked. But a high-up plant that saw no reason to change supported ant's assessment.

Now the next group of animals on the list were the animals that lived at the top of the earth on mountains: bighorn sheep, marmots, snow leopards. The very fact they can be contacted means they are connected. But who connected them? Whom can one ask? A measure is needed. Their food must be served warm, so perhaps the chef does this using a measure; if something freezes instantaneously at the high altitudes, it's a kind of dimensionless existence that needs a measure. Much as the animals never wanted to visit the chef again, they sent a message for the chef to come visit them, hoping he would accept. But no, he said, because he lived high above, but in a nirvana that wasn't cold, he thought the height brought him in contact with the animals that lived at the top of the world. Fox said they had to use the measure at that level anyway, and it was better to be where it was warm. So fox convinced them all enough to send a small party to talk to chef. They were fox, frog, ant, and beaver, a friend of fox. The way the food was sent out, there was such a force (or momentum) that a contrary energy was formed. The small party used this contrary energy to travel back to chef. He was happy to see them all covered with dust from the actual world and happy to see they were getting along so well. They lined up on a bench in front of chef, watching him do his cooking. The size of the undertaking was so beyond bounds of normal function, they sat mesmerized for a long time until one of them spoke. It was beaver. Now, because all animals can exist without dimension once they are together, we have to get all the animals that live on the high mountains to be in a group. We need a measure to bring them all to one point, so we can ask them why they are different. Do you have such a measure to feed them? Of course I do, said chef, how else could I get food to them from Kilimanjaro to Denali all in one space? If that's the measure you want, please use it. There are two of them. They break apart very easily. After you use it, you can throw it away. Let's see! Let's see! they said.

The measure was broken. There must have been some other way the chef reached all the animals over the globe instantly. But the chef said only the part given to the animals was broken, and he didn't know if he could lend his half, for it was so needed. A fine dilemma, said pickle, or a fine pickle, said dilemma: which is worse, said all the animals. Maybe we could send a message through the food, if chef lets us? We could say, All you animals living at the top of the earth are to meet on Everest at a certain time on a certain day. Great idea, said ant. Let's make it next week. What are we going to do until next week, said fox, let's make it now! So all the high-living animals came to Everest, happy to have the diversion. What are we going to do here? asked their leader, a young, lithe snow leopardess. A figure we haven't met yet heard her question. It was a certain level of the atmosphere. Not only did this level speak, it had the ability to list the ingredients of a question. The snow leopardess knew level very well and was not surprised at all when level explained what was going on. To the question of what animals living in high places on the earth may bring that's different to all the animals, the snow leopardess replied, If the next place for us is high above, we are already close. But level was not unnerved by this response. Level said, Some say the door is at sea level. We don't know. We know a lot about white, said the snow leopardess. But that keeps the other animals out, not in, said level. It's very silent where we live. No, but close, said level. We know how to stay warm. That's it! said level. Not the warm part, but the staying part. All the animals need to know how to stay. Not stay in place, but stay like being in space at the same time you're standing on earth. I will miss you if you get to some other place, dimension, they call it. But maybe they will call me? Each of the other levels have not had special treatment. Maybe they will where you are going, if they are called, too? I can't wait to see what animals will become!

There was a portrait of a young girl dressed as if she lived in a little New England village in the early nineteenth century leaning against the wall across from the chef. He obviously wanted to look at her while doing his work. She was sitting outside a pharmacy that was much more modern. She looked like Little Red Riding Hood. All the animals that came to visit the chef got behind her and made her talk the way a ventriloquist would do if she were a doll. She began to speak. I know all the animals. There are really too many, so many different kinds. Everything that doesn't have roots and stay in one place is an animal. Movement, movement. There is a long way to go, but "going" is commonplace. "Locomotion" is more like it. You have to be with something. The poor animals are so used to going it alone, they will have to unlearn all that to really move. Each animal doesn't know they were given a vent just for this purpose. They will be so happy to understand what they join with. It could be anything: the wind, a cat, a falling stone. There are so many animals. The information they need will start rolling from the first animal, go to the next, the next, and the next. It will be slow. It will take centuries. By the time they move some will even be dead, but it doesn't matter. The locomotion is only instinct when it gets to their brains, and they won't know what causes them to undertake the movement they undertake. This was all planned so long ago. Their present state of existence is not an appearance, it's in a receivership polyp. They won't know whether to trust their senses until they understand

why they are in their present form. We preserve the present perception out of convention only.

Tiny jets started to appear all over the earth. They shot up and then turned down like showers. Millions and millions appeared. They were as if heralding a great change for animal life here and abroad, for the same phenomenon was happening all over the universe. A rocket shot up at the side of one of the jets, a rocket that knew neither time nor space. At first the rocket imploded, and all the animals took this as a sign they were to come to where a portal was forming. The tiny water jets make traveling much quicker, for it was like sliding or ice-skating. The sound of glee upon arrival was deafening. Each animal was so happy with what was perceived to be going on. The web-footed animals were the noisiest. Back of the elevated container there was a one-way, a refinement, that saw all that was going on. The water jets had already sent up a rising mist. It was catching on the heels of the animals, luckily enough taking them higher, for it was getting clogged with animals. Up above there were openings the mist knew how to find, and the animals who were most caught up in the mist rose up into a new place and changed into thises and thats so in common with each other, they didn't know new distinctions had to be made. There was no pressure to do this today as tomorrow was waiting for increase and the next day and the next day. The transition from the old to the new was so easy in the end, it seemed like the universe was simply breathing in and breathing out, no change at all.