

the Dr_y INK of the W_{et} Ink S_{essions} E_{nsemble}; a CO_{ntinuous} OP_{era}

handy pamphlet no. 4

ACT 1

“MY NAME IS HENRY!!!”

... and so it was that in an instant which can not be measured by any time perceivable, Henry was consumed, or better to say absorbed, into complete darkness.

From the moment before moments, nothingness, all that was not and all that would be, this tale begins. It is the tale of an omnipotent being named Henry who, for lack of better words, has no beginning. He is the one from them who are, as it was told, also omnipotent, but of a different sort than Henry. They are sometimes referred to as the “Creators”, the “Architects” or the “Ancients” but this depends on where you are, when you are and what you are when speaking of them. You see, this story cannot be told using words available to humans. This is, and such is the case, a story for mortal beings of which one form of communication is through speech patterns that stimulate an aural cavity known as the ear. An organ known as the brain then processes these patterns, which, in the case of Henry and his mentors, differs from that which we know. In fact, this story does not actually exist, except in the case that it might be read by a human.

In the first instant there was nothing, an unconceivable nothingness as vast yet minute as imaginable. It is from this nothingness that a tiny spark of an unfathomable nature sent this story on its course. It was however, different this time. Designed with special intentions that caused it to continue as it might, but to continue accordingly. As these were the only specifications, it should have continued as it was intended. But as continuity goes, one must concur that change is inevitable.

And so it began...

#1 TIME AND SPACE

“Gore”

... and it was everywhere.

“Gord”

... and it was a game

“Node”

... and it grew

“Drone”

... and there was only one

“Dyer”

... and it was written

“Dirge”

... and it sang

“Negro”

... and it lived

“God”

... and it breathed

“Orgy”

... and it yearned

“Hero”

... and it cried out

“Henry”

... and it was everywhere

“End”

The moment after, when nothing became something, there were only traces of what had become, and what would be, and Henry was confused. The first moments seemed like hours, days, years, until finally, it was everywhere. And so it went, HE went, only to find no end. There HE was, HE was everywhere. But HE was not HE yet. HE was less than that, simpler, more simple, simplified...basic. And everywhere. And infinite.

And so it was...

Change, everything changes, add time. It is not necessary to fuss about amounts or levels, as the slightest change will suffice. Juxtapose stasis with stasis and nothing happens. Add change; changing stasis? Add time- the stasis of change. Interesting. How many words strung together before it makes nonsense. HE was not, yet. Add time. Add the slightest...? A new word, just drop it into the story: a human word, a mortal word, if the story is to continue. There must be a better word, if the story is going to continue. Perhaps in French- pesanteur.

And so it became...

“MY NAME IS HENRY, AND I AM GOD!!!”

HENRY god HoNRY gEd HoNdY gER HYNdo REg HYDRogNe HYdRogEN

#2 hE He

The simplest idea forms an abstract design that requires not nurturing, but is allowed to follow a course: “Mei”. This design may in fact encircle the bearer and become a crowning jewel in which all may participate: “Lei”. If one-steps up, and again, then two-steps down should suffice. Everyone laughs at the “Mule” rodeo. Everyone’s face becomes gnarled at the “lime” tasting party. And HE was now “ME”. mmmmmmmmm. Add pesanteur.

And so the story goes...

#3 Triple Alpha Process

The Architects created this universe with very specialized specifications. It was to be a prison, designed to be inescapable. Traps were incorporated into the design of this universe that might lure Henry into false recognition of himself or any attempt he might

“Let me recite a tale, its artsy, its blue, its cute, its early, its icy, its lusty, its messy its radical, its smart, its trust, yes, ultimate trust.” “Is it astute, is it busy, is it a cult, is it Easter, is it, is it lettuce, is it mister, is it red, is it stable, is it true? Yes, it’s true.”

“I am acute. I am butter. I am clear. I am irate. I am lucid.” “Am I able?” “I am muster.” “Am I bad?” “I am real.” “Am I calm?” “I am slimy.” “Am I easy?” “I am tears, yes utter tears.” “Am I irky, am I limber, am I musical, am I style, am I tasty? Yes, I use yeast.”

Words, words, words, strange words...

“Buckeyballs/Buckeytubes”

And it continued...

“R. U. A. bassist?”	“U. R. A. bear.”
“R. U. A. cactus?”	“U. R. A. castle.”
“R. U. A. lamb?”	“U. R. A. I.”
“R. U. A. muse?”	“U. R. A. master.”
“R. U. A. resister?”	“U. R, R. U?”
“R. U. A. smiler?”	“U. R. A. statue.”
“R. U. A. turtle?”	“U. R. A tester.”

Yes, yes U. R A smart car !!!

Bonjour

And after 13 billion earth years of searching, Henry finally rested... on a planet named Earth.

#5 Intermission

ACT II

“I am HYdRogEN”

#6 P. U. L. P.

...and the Carbon based life forms fell silent. Slowly, a fine “Mist” that carried with an odor of “Spice” and a feeling of “Zest” began to form around Henry. He became relaxed, nearing unconsciousness. He took a “Step” forward. “Halt”, someone said. “Heed”, said another, and all of a sudden he went completely berserk. He began shouting in a rage so violent mountains shook from their foundations, oceans rose with mighty waves and winds blew tremulous gusts that ripped trees from their roots. The words were not comprehensible to the Carbon based life forms. All they understood was the *ZZZZZZ* sound at beginning of each word until finally, one broke into verse, “ Yo Yo Dawg, Hey, it’s a party in my head.”

As the attack finally deteriorated, Henry realized that he wasn’t hearing their voices at all, he was hearing their minds. The humans were silent yet he could hear them, nothing but despair, conflict and rage. Some were pleading; others had given up all hope. Their thoughts began to overwhelm him. He had not known emotions, He was HE once, and now what was HE? He could feel, what was this feeling? What were these thoughts? What was this place? Who were these people? What am I? Where am I? Who am I? I am HYdRogEN!!!

	Storms Loom
	Shed Hours
	Boast
	Royalty
	High Horse
	Doom
Peace, Please	Boiled Blood
Peace, Please	Stab
Peace, Please	Meat
Peace, Please	Slip Steep Pillar
Peace, Please	Fits of Noise
Peace, Please	Veils of Moist Famine
Peace, Please	Facets of Time Lost
Peace, Please	Evil, Bible

Home is Space, Home is Space, Home is Space

And Henry was again engulfed in complete darkness...

#7 Fixation

Henry tried to concentrate. He couldn't make sense of the words. He concentrated, on a single word, a single image, a single idea, a single thought. Then quietly, sounding as though he was comprised of infinite voices, he began to chant, so quietly:

kew deh toh cir fet ni
nye con tel cir ghet
a mo li
o la zi
na li to ma ni
nye cir ghet
deh soh tir
kew deh tel
con fet ni
tir fet na mo li
tel cir nye mo
deh con
ghet soh
nye ma to zi
ma li to fet con
tir soh deh nye
ghet kew deh
tir fet
na li
to ma
la zi
a mo
ola
ola
ola

The Architects were amused. Not only had Henry forgotten himself, he was becoming mortal. The pesanteur had worked better than expected. Henry would soon begin to age and finally die; they would be rid of his menacing once and for all. They could begin again, as they have so many times before, trying to create a perfect universe seeded with perfect entities. They have tried unsuccessfully for eternity to accomplish this one task. But since the recipe for creating a perfect universe was never actually perfected, their only option was to experiment. And experiment they did. Some with almost satisfactory results, others however, were not so successful. The most extreme case saw an entire universe grow the size of a speck of dust, age and develop over many millenniums, and fatefully collapse into nothingness again. It was because of their mixtur of pesanteur and time. There are unforeseen anomalies, and although their calculations are always done with great precision, the stasis of change can never be predicted. So they must always try again. That is what they do, that is all they do, they try again.

#8 Elixir

Henry became thirsty. This was the first time he ever became thirsty. He wasn't sure what to do. Drink something. Drink what? His head was burning, overwhelmed with voices and sounds. Extreme emotions raged through his being. His being? Was Henry becoming human? Is it possible that an omnipotent entity imprisoned in a sterile universe can somehow become mortal? Is it because the stasis of change perhaps caused the universe to become desterilized? All of the other universes were implanted. Life was put there as a means of regulation. But this one was somehow different. The pesanteur had, this time, caused a fantastic and unforeseen anomaly. LIFE !!! Henry was alive and needed drink. What to drink? Anything. It was dark, his emotions raged. DRINK !!!

And Henry took a drink...

#9 p<f>p (poison fugue plant)

Peculiar
Impulsive
Specimen
Floating
Desolate
Calming
Fabric
Parallel
Passion
Momentary
Alignment
Universe
Perfection

He saw a light. Faint at first, then growing brighter, ever so slowly. He felt as though he was submersed in it. He was the light. Everything he touched began to shimmer. He could feel the energy from everything he touched. He did not know what these sensations were, only that it felt better than before. He touched everything. Could they see him? He first appeared as a mist, but now he was taking human form. Could they see him, or was he just a glowing mist now? They seemed to notice. They seem be offering him things. What were these things? There were round, square and triangular things, shapes of all sorts. Some were impossible to identify. They were being thrust toward him. Were they gifts of some sort? One stood out. One glowed, like him. What was this shape? It looked like a large pear. It was made of trees, but was hollow. It had thin, tightly wound organic fibres (four to be exact) stretched across it surface. A continuous hum resonated from within its hollow cavity. Henry was enthralled. He reached out and touched it.

And that was last thing he ever did...

fu fu fu fu cha cha cha cha cha cha cha poi poi poi cha cha cha poi cha cha fu cha fu
cha cha cha cha poi cha fu cha fu cha poi son cha fu cha cha poi char fu fu son pois pois
pois char cha cha fu char char char cha chari fu fu son son pois poi son poi son poi
son fu fu fu son fu poi son cha cha cha cha riot riot riot chari poison fu fu fugue chariot
fugue poison chari fugue poison poison fugue chariot poi poison fugue chariot poison
fugue chariot

The Ancients were now becoming concerned. They had never lost track of Henry before. For eternities, they monitored him; they just could never catch him. Now he was off the radar. He was there one moment and gone the next. Did he escape from the prison? If he did, he should show up in another universe. He was tagged a long time ago with a Micro-Molecular Marker. They have always been able to track him. Did he lose the marker as a result of becoming human? No, no ,no, this was something else, something they had not encountered before. They should send another riddle and see if he responds.

#10 intermission

ACT III

#11 ECLAT

...contains tonal static as octant on silent intent to soil into salion ions slant non canto
stance test it silo tint aloe lit nation anton tannin let ilona alto cleat inset as it stannic
action list no coset sane talent Alice notice accent snail lens test intentional solicit sonic
taos as is societal casino so one sonata til eon loci sect non natal tie to saline ascent on
nolan toast sian ancient nina isle so cilia set locate listen scan consent lit neon icon inn...

... incite rest action slain lint iota stain tinsel cotta sect slant nonce intone antenna cosine
inset coast canoe talc leona taint anent coil closet nonce tail saline ocean nest santo stance
nail to contain iliak talent ascent octennial alias alice into ion nation action tonic contains
nice oint anton snail insect innate aliens solicit lisa scent static titan lens olin sonic social
toe silent in tensional sienna tact to nolan aloe listen it
cost alto silo tint...

... aan alien insect as it can to coast on nest as a coil cast into stone ocean and line lets it
eat tonic at octennial stallion locate east ones client list is so tonal not natal in anton sect
no tan snail to tac a silent scalia no one is notice tina to leona social stance intent on ear
to sonic intone let intention nail it as tint not notice nolan lets it sail talent as it is no stain
to scent static con italic alias innate in so as oint at sea tale one is as it to not...

...it is as it is not to let one line coil as an inlet is as it is intent on a least nice tone in its
silent ear consent to not is to as is let eat static sonic scent in an ocean snail on tonic to
scant on one toe in as intention so listen to neon lens at action in atlantis is a son as a
nation to test its consent as it is not to let insane into client its intention to titan silent as it
is to its soil stain as a sect not as it is to natal...

... ion eon one tot not til lit lot set cite let lao non so cent it as no tail olin sane on toe ton
tone taos nice tint lisa cite son is not lice talc lens neon nail lint isle into coil cost also
aloe anion nest ole la lie lo line lean nail eat lie it an so tole slit in tin nite sine scala oil so
silo otis in salient scion taos tot canto lao set not to sienna one til is sonic cilia iota test
not one so is it set on societal consent also inset in stone as a tannin to its octant on a
locate scan is a...

And they were fully awake...

12 XYLEM CORTEX

Inka: Alive
Leon: Alive
Ancients: Thy Vehicle
Inka: Alert
Leon: Alert
Ancients: Ye icy city hither
Leon: Healthy
Inka: Healthy
Ancients: Hath Trolley, Thrive
Leon: Rely
Inka: Rely
Ancients: Hail hearty earth
Inka: Teach
Leon: Teach
Ancients: Giveth Light, Age Rich
Inka: Carve
Leon: Carve
Ancients: Interval Clear, Variety Clever
Leon: Toil
Inka: Toil
Ancients: Achieve Vicar, Thy Legacy
Leon: Gavel
Inka: Gavel
Ancients: Teach Thy Relic, Civil Cheer/Cry
Inka: React
Leon: React
Ancients: Violate Thy Vice, Novelty Thy Very Glitch
Inka: Alive
Leon: Alive

The Ancients had found Henry. Only he was not Henry nor was he HE nor was HE ME or even HYdRogEN. It did not matter. They had found him and they were sure of one thing, Henry was dead!!! The Henry that once was, had fallen through the fabric of space and into a parallel universe. As a result of becoming human and his reaction to substances encountered on earth, when he touched the pear thingy he not only fell through the fabric of space, but was ripped in half. He awoke, in this strange new place, unaware of who he was or where he was. In fact, and so it seemed, Henry was no more. He would now and forever be known as Inka and Leon. They were of course omnipotent as Henry was but without memory, and the Ancients saw this as an opportunity. They would work now to shape their new memories in hopes of creating the first omnipotent couple.

And they sent the rest of the riddle...

Alive alert and healthy, teach carve and rely. Toil, gavel, react, alive thy vehicle.

And Henry's spirit slipped quietly away... mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmme me me me

#13 Shock

Before entering a parallel universe, all humanoid forms of life must pass through the Xylem Cortex. It resembles a decompression/recompression chamber. Depending on the Laws of Physics in any particular universe, the humanoid life form must wait in the Xylem Cortex until His/Her/Its molecular structure becomes adjusted to the new Laws of Physics. This can be a very painful experience. Fortunately, this process has been going on for as long as parallel universes have existed and along with a wide variety of safeties to ensure the well being of the traveler, some new features have recently been added. The most notable of these new features is the Pain Eraser System Treatment (P.E.S.T.). The life form becomes so annoyed by these P.E.S.T. s that they fail to notice any pain at all. In fact, they usually cannot contain their laughter and begin random bursts of delight throughout the entire process. Once the process has neared completion, a series of words are randomly inserted into their subconscious and the traveler always finds him/her/it-self entering the parallel universe with a genuine smile on their face, provided they have a face.

Schlock cootie Vixens
Rosie Critic
Plasma Ice
Action Piston
Tease Bids
Serialized Sea Mesh
Conifer Utility Ox
Seaside heart
Infinite Decorated Distort
Entropy Shine
Occidental Okra Trees
Nasty Smug
Pervasive Mall Patrol
Enema Opus
Merciless Spill Out
Cramps
Cackle Seed Sillies
Gutter Nits
Ham Sat
Erotic Isms Tear All
Hi Divas

Spider Shad
Cluster Cased He Ha
Ahi Martyr
Am Suit
Renamed Myrtle Spurns
Chaos Llami
Airbag Film Yo
Calaba Rev Curlers
Residual Fire
Jar Hie is Nude
Lac Prosy
Apaca Verses
Gangi

#14 ETCH

And in this universe life was a plenty...

art, rat, as, mind, rant, date, more, star, dine, gent, grin, dare, ding

#15 π -bonding

The first thing that Inka and Leon had to do was to learn the language. The second thing was to learn the transportation system. The third thing, which was actually the first thing except it wasn't possible yet so it was pushed back to third, was to find out who, what and where they were. The first thing was going to be as difficult as the third since they didn't even know their own language, so the only thing left to do was follow whoever or whatever that thing was standing nearby- standing, sitting, flying, crawling, they were not sure. But after a short, aural orientation, it was decided that the "thing" was actually a Silicon based life form, and IT was their guide. IT was assigned to them and assumed that they were travelers. IT had a full name that sounded like Intelligent Terrestrial except IT was not from Earth. IT did however have a fancy way of communicating, which only confused Inka and Leon even more. But suffice to say, IT was trying to introduce ITself. IT also immediately sensed something strange about the new travelers. IT heard them calling out, only they never spoke.

HENRY !!! HENRY!!! HENRY!!! HENRY!!!

ABSOLUTE

TENDERHEARTED

CEREMONEOUS

AUTHENTIC

TRANSCENDENTAL

METHODICAL, METICULOUS

EMACULATE, ENORMOUS

ETERNAL, ENCHANTED

HUMOROUS, HARMONIOUS

When IT had almost finished, IT was interrupted.

ME ME

Intelligent Terrestrials began to appear out of nowhere and Inka and Leon were startled. The ITs began chanting the welcome phrase again, slowly, in unison and with growing urgency.

ART, RAT, AS, MIND, RANT, DATE, MORE, STAR, DINE, GENT, GRIN, DARE,

When they got to the last word they paused, they stared for a moment at Inka and Leon then with a tremendous fear they shouted:

HENRY!!!!!!!!!!!!

to be continued...