

**Look up!
I am no canopy-
I am a messenger!**

Myth book



Preface

I sing to you, of the man, Brood, bygone Homer preached similarly—the man of twists and turns ... driven time and again of course, once they had plundered the hallowed heights of the Earth. Many cities of men I saw and learned their minds, many pains I suffered, heartsick below the ground, fighting to save this life and bring everyone “home”.

*But I could not save them from disaster, hard as I strove— the recklessness of their ways destroyed them all, the blind fools, they devoured the cattle of the Sun and the Voice blotted out the day of their return. Launch out on its story, Brood, start from where you will—sing for our time too. By now, all the survivors, all who avoided headlong death were safe at home, escaped the wars and sounds- but not for long.**

VOICE (Alarm)

The size of this message resembles a tiny echo of this world's capacity,

In the beginning, there was only a Voice. Everything else ceased to exist. There was only land without land, and water without droplets. The Voice filled all the troughs and molded all the mountains. Its range surged over mighty landscapes, oblivious to its power. It was very loud, in the beginning. The Voice shone, bathed, caressed, and twiddled with space. Everything else ceased to exist. Time passed. Human-animal-like shapes and forms started to appear. Made out of whispers and unknown frequencies, they moved like magnetic fields through this planet. The strength and clearness of these fields varied with the weather conditions and were loudest when the Voice was dry and warm and clear, or between the hours of 11 and 3 o'clock. On wet days, or when the Voice was unusually moist, the sound was much diminished, and heavy or constant wetness stopped it for the time being. While it was almost universally true that the song of the Voice was never heard between sunset and sunrise, it would have, on very rare occasions, when disturbed, started-up singing in a concert in the middle of the night.

- As time passed by, the Voice evolved into hybrid forms- at first, it sighed and yawned. Diminished by the intellect of a modern man, the Voice became a murmur. No longer attributed to the general landscape, but a few. All of a sudden, it all became very quiet, and words in motion had replaced the Voice. Too fast to keep track of the new technological advances, its melody had completely been forgotten. With only a few that are left to understand it.

On very rare occasions, humans, while sitting in their comfortable chairs and watching TV, slip into that frequency. Most think it's tinnitus, but nowadays, those are the alarms of dying animals.

WATER (Courtship)

The size of this message resembles a tiny droplet of this world's capacity,

The bathroom floor was unusually filthy, but you wouldn't have known that had you not looked at it from a different angle. Waking up on the right side of your face was not common. What was more unusual - your right cheek was not comfortable. It was quite firm and sturdy. Your nostrils filled with dust particles. You thought, how did I end up here in the first place? Your vision juxtapositioned itself and so a white metallic oval surface appeared in front of you. Everything stood still. That metallic white oval-shaped surface reminded you of a monolith. You felt as if you'd seen it before. This time, looking at it sideways, it transported you to a beach, with high chalk cliffs. Waves restored in their currents appeared with extraterrestrial strength. You couldn't see your body, but you felt the surge of wind on your skin. Interestingly enough, you felt serene. As the water drew you in, you felt the sides of your neck rapture. It hurt for a while but mellowed down into breaths underneath the water. Once, you read about people who grew gills. Your paths never crossed, but at that moment, you remembered yourself from before, and how it felt when the ocean was an endless vast. Muscles became different underwater. Everything appeared sideways. Everything moved horizontally, and things appeared to be always pointing to a certain side. There was no clear indication of time. For all you know, it could have been days or weeks. As you reached for your left pocket, in an attempt to find your phone, you felt the floor around you. At that moment, the tiles went deliquescent and your hand felt molten. Finally, you get up, dazed, your mouth dry and the urge for liquid seems unbearable. The tap is already on, but nothing is pouring out.

About dehydration: *There are marked changes in the volume of the extracellular and intracellular fluids, but the blood plasma volume changes the last and the least. The plasma volume is maintained*

*more or less constant at the expense of the tissue fluids. If, however, the plasma volume does fall, the output of the heart also falls, and the pulse rate climbs, all of which indicates a dangerous physical state. The renal changes that occur in humans during prolonged water depletion similarly tend to maintain a normal balance. If water deprivation continues and the plasma volume falls, however, the output of urine will be drastically reduced. Once urine flow is decreased below this level, the kidney is unable to function efficiently, the substances are retained in the body, and their concentration in the blood rises. The final result of prolonged dehydration is now apparent. The normal distribution of salt and water in the body is destroyed, the plasma volume decreases, and the blood viscosity increases. As a result of these changes renal function is impaired, urinary output falls, and waste products accumulate. Far more life-threatening, however, is decreased loss of moisture from the skin, with the subsequent rise in temperature, and the fall in cardiac output with the attendant irreversible shock. ***

It occurred to you, that there was no more water left. That the tap was just as dispensable as a plastic water bottle- the one you would buy in a store. Only this time, the supplies had run out. You would think that this could be a very slow and agonizing outcome. And besides, your whole family has already dried out. It is clear to you that drying out• is not as uncommon anymore, and that it has come much closer to you than you thought. You prepare yourself for the inevitable, although you wish to try one last thing.

You start swimming, through the air of your bathroom. And in those moments you feel rehydrated.

- Dried-out is a term used to describe a death that was caused by a lack of water supply. The term is no longer only attributed to “natural water flows” but also to technospheric circumstances- happening to human bodies of water.

FIRE (Calling I)

The size of this message resembles a tiny spark of this world's capacity,

It's late May, and your apartment is scorching. The air-conditioning is way too expensive to be left on, so you switch between the times of being soaking wet from sweat and cooling off. On your left side, with your left hand, you will reach for a glass of water. You will read today's Reddit section, and slap your forehead as if you forgot something. There will be some blood residue, and you will wipe it off, all content that you finally managed to kill the last mosquito in your apartment. Ostensibly it made you feel confident.

It occurred to you that the physics of a sway potentially meant death for someone. And that the smallest of movements can cause much damage, not indicative of the actual situation. Eventually, it shows you nothing but the ease of your ways. The possibility to kill someone without feeling anything at all. The only thing you wondered was why would a kitchen window make a sound much like a car tire ripping underneath the gravel. As you stood up, preparing to make your first step towards the crackling, a simulation of a water fountain appeared. In the middle of your living room. As if that wasn't poignant enough. Your lips made an "O" (the "O" shape reminded you of your choir teacher, and his saying "Make your lips as if you were holding a potato") - and the water started gushing. Much to your surprise, it's exactly how you remember it. Wet and translucent, except, you cannot feel it. You haven't done this in a while:. Summoned a particle of the past that reminds you of growing up. You remember growing up in a neighborhood with very few cars, a lot of grass, and a few bombs. Nevertheless, that time made more sense. Nowadays you keep hearing about wars, wildfires, and mutated animals. You wouldn't want anyone to get you wrong on this one... mutations are perfectly welcome, as long as they are not acquired by men.

You do not leave your apartment unless it's very necessary. There is a certain anxiety in the air. You cannot quite understand why but perhaps it's from all of the migrants that the fires brought.

- In fifth grade, you learned that ammonia is used to extinguish large quantities of fire from the air. And yet, somehow, this type of knowledge seems to have been forgotten. Or misused. Either- or, you wouldn't be able to tell the difference.

CONSCIOUSNESS- AIR (Calling II)

The size of this message resembles a tiny swoosh of this world's capacity,

You find yourself in a white cubicle, surrounded by nothing but metal, glass, and white color. You look at your watch- it is almost noon. Time for your lunch break. You are standing in front of a window, which overlooks an office block. You see people looking back at you. You are exactly 1km above the ground. If there hadn't been this metal construction, supporting your body, you would have been floating in the air. The only problem is, you cannot fly or float. These are not the traits you were born with. There is nothing that flies around here. Only humans, in their cubicles. And if something does dare to fly, it is doomed to die. It is not the air that makes it die, but these apparent crystal illusions.

*- def. glass, is an inorganic solid material that is usually transparent or translucent as well as hard, brittle, and impervious to the natural elements. Glass has been made into practical and decorative objects since ancient times, and it is still very important in applications as disparate as building construction, housewares, and telecommunications. It is made by cooling molten ingredients such as silica sand with sufficient rapidity to prevent the formation of visible crystals. ****

You have been a witness to many deaths around here, for you have looked through that window more often than not. You even had a shared experience, with a stranger working across the road.

There you were, standing in your cubicle, facing the same window, again. You didn't feel like eating, so you decided to stand and stare. It wasn't long before a bird hit your window. You jumped backward, and as it was smearing itself across your window, you couldn't help but watch it slide downwards. It was like in slow motion, a moment when your hand instinctively went towards the glass, and caressed it. You thought to yourself, I've never been so close to a bird before.

The moment of excitement was followed by a moment of disgust but soon after a moment of sadness. You have looked it in the eye. You have been there for it one last time before it died. - You felt responsible. Your left hand slowly caressed the windowpane, as it was sliding down you started singing:

Hope there's someone

Who'll take care of me

When I die, will I go

Hope there's someone

Who'll set my heart free

Nice to hold, when I'm tired

There's a ghost on the horizon

When I, go to bed

How can I fall asleep at night

How will I rest my head

Oh I'm scared of the middle place

Between light and nowhere

I don't want to be the one

*Left in there, left in there *****

Your voice raptured like you'd lost everything, but your heart remained intact.

The man across the road followed your movement. His arms went bird-like, and suddenly it seemed as if he understood. He felt the horror of these translucent cubicles. He felt as if he was that bird. And at that moment, he felt awake, like coming down from a fever dream, he opened his window and flew.

HUNGER (Calling III)

The size of this message resembles a tiny crumb of this world's capacity,

Who would have thought that by the time you received news about me, it would have been too late? By that time I will have undergone some transformations and hardships. If we are lucky, you would have, too. Be assured, remembering your phone number by heart is not so easy these days. These smartphones do not make it easier. You could have called me, but I do not possess a number. As I have been M.I.A, I wouldn't have been able to return your call, anyway. And besides, it would have taken years and decades of evolution for me to even be able to pick up. At this point, I cannot do so. I hope I made that clear.

The doctor called and informed you about a new case of Hunger- this time, he was referring to you. The disease was wiping out the planet. The majority of those who get it are men, and in addition to finding out about your health status, you cannot help but feel something. That "something" you still cannot comprehend. You leave the room with a fidgety demeanor. Not being in control of the situation, your first instinct is to jump. It is not a jump that explains the exact emotion you feel. It is more of a jump of desperation. Hunger was never in your thoughts. You thought: "This is what poor people get!". As you jump, a part of your tooth falls out. You pick it up and smile at the mirror. You think, there it goes, my newly polished crown. But this is not the least of your worries. Soon after, your mother called. You didn't pick up. At that very moment, you felt lucky you bought a phone with an ID controller, as you didn't want to be bothered for a while.

The next day you left your house, pretending to go somewhere. At first, you imagined a marketplace and some cheese.

As you walked along the same familiar streets, it hit you. That cheese, that very precious cheese you would always eat with delight, suddenly tasted moldy and sour- but not so in flavor as much as an idea. That's

exactly what Hunger does- it makes you feel vulnerable to all the past and current disasters incited by men. It does so through food. It starts with an odor, then it gets revolting, then you hallucinate peculiar notions. Eventually, you can no longer stand it and you hang yourself. This is what current statistics show. And according to current statistics, most people who try to commit suicide fail. When you are in a large population of statistical amounts, you have no real value. But if you remember yourself after you die, you would be able to harvest your rye.

Footnotes

* Homer, appropriated parts of the Odyssey, translated by Robert Fagles, 1991

** <https://www.britannica.com/science/dehydration-physiology>

*** <https://www.britannica.com/technology/glass>

**** Antony and the Johnsons, Hope there's someone- Lyrics to a song, 2005

A choral performance by Sanja Anđelković

Texts myths & music: Sanja Anđelković

Music and musical direction: Sanja Anđelković & Lav Kovač

Direction and costumes: Sanja Anđelković & Jana Stankovski

