

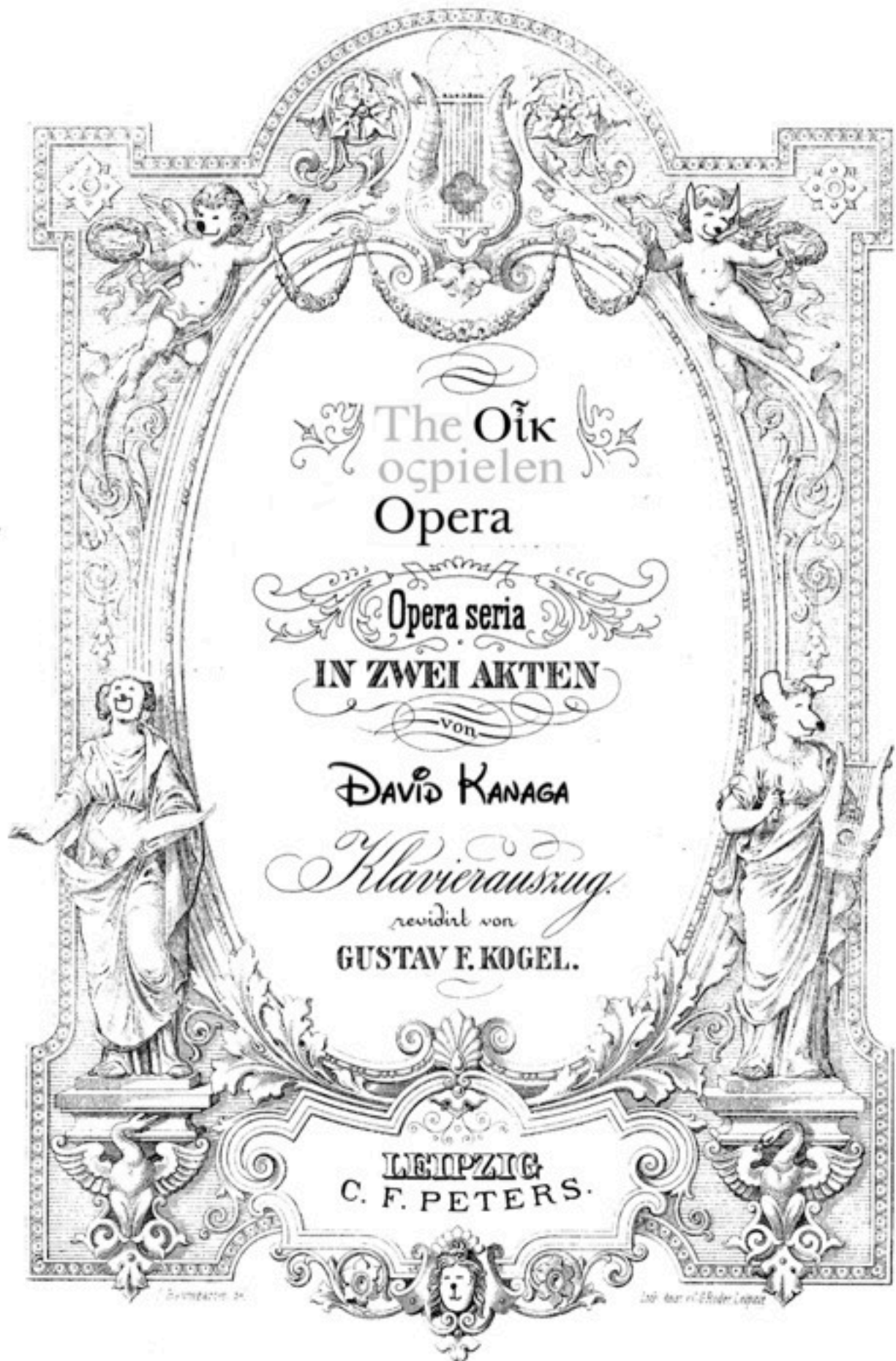
Oĩkoçpiel Book 1

Libretto



The Oĩkoçpielen Opera

NEO LIB / DREAM MACHINES



The Oik
ospielen
Opera

Opera seria
IN ZWEI AKTEN
von

DAVID KANAGA

Klavierauszug.
revidirt von
GUSTAV F. KOHEL.

LEIPZIG
C. F. PETERS.

This page intentionally left blank

A A A
DOG OPERA
oikospiel.com
02.16 2017

NEO LIB / DREAM MACHINES

Oĩkoçpiel Book 1

Oĩkoçpiel Book 1
Libretto

A
NOVELIZATION
of the game

First Edition
2 9 17

The Oĩkoçpielen Opera
Emeryville North Arctic Seastead
NEO LIB / DREAM MACHINES

Contents



| | |
|---|----|
| <i>I. The Story of Orpheus' Lyre</i> | 7 |
| <i>II. Oĩkoçpiel Book I : Chapters 1 - 29</i> | 14 |

FROM ΟΙΚΟΠΕΔΙΑ

The Story of Orpheus' Lyre

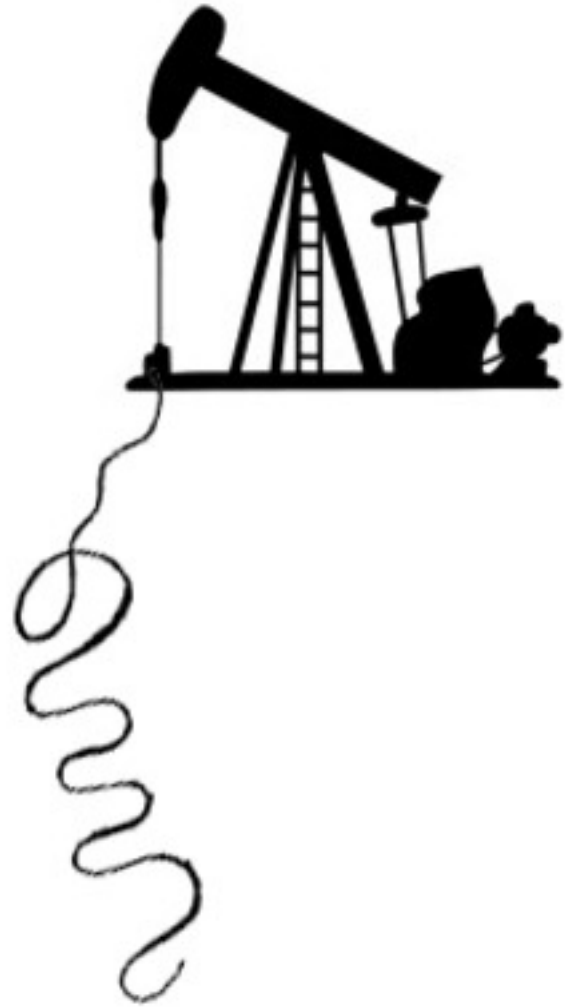
By Eurydice Salt,
Dramaturge, Koch Games



Lyra. (Bancalot.)

Orpheus Underworld

The Player unfamiliar with the Orpheus myth might find themselves sometimes baffled. In this article, we will explore one element in the deep backstory of the Orpheus character, namesake of the Mysteries, patron saint of Opera, who plays so central a role in Donkey Koch's Production of Oĩkoçpiel Book I. The Shadow hero is the Lyre. In summary-- before Orpheus was born, before his involvement with Eurydice and the ensuing tragedy of his sentimental backwardness, and before any Beasts' nerves were ever calmed by his Lyre-- his dad, Apollo was given this very same tortoise-shell Lyre by his mischievous baby uncle, Hermes, under some illegal circumstances, harvesting the organic carbon of the Earth to Instrumentalize, as recounted below, and most famously in the Homeric hymn to Hermes. The tortoise's guts were stretched across the resonating chamber of the now rinsed out shell, according to the harmonic law of the great savant Pythagoras, and all of this well before Orpheus was born. Then he was born, and when he grew up, he found in Eurydice, whose name means "wide justice", the spirit of an ethical Pythagoreanism which resonated with an infinitely multiplying categorical imperative (as we would now call it), which his feelings for the self-same nervousness of the beasts warranted, thus was his spirit found and his powers to tame all of the beasts with gentle folk song awakened, and it was in this position that he was hired Kappelmeister for the Union, which engaged in such proud and fierce legal and material struggles that it needed its nerves calmed often. And thus when the history of Orpheus baffled the commentators by his dying in Eurydice's stead, becoming therein underworlded and infused in the spirit also of Pluto, that same substance and Name of his uncle's rod, there was nothing so much apparent as a general frenzy of nerves that sent bodies everywhere into overdrives, fits of mania, anxiousness, and paranoia, and as Eurydice was now appointed Kappelmeister, she worked with these modern nerve-atoms, those same that Swedenborg named, these drones, with their teens of degrees of freedom, and from the balance of dollar value and



their frenzy shaped, according to her name, a new widespread justice built upon the newly differentiated manifold nervous buzzes of the Unity, which was tuned particularly, per circumstance, per mechanism, in such a way as Orpheus' folkish Lyre was never able to do.

But we should back up now! What is the original story of this Lyre? What were its materials and form, and what was its cause and purpose?

The Tortoise's Live Body

The Lyre was made from the husk of a Tortoise, the Life's story of whom we will now recount, because, you know "in all things, history lives", and in this particular case, the tortoise's efforts and pathos echo onward through the Lyre, and with Orpheus, and Eurydice into the underworld. But here is how it went:

When the Body was first created, there was contention among the component parts as to who was going to be the boss.

The brain said, "Since I am the nerve center that controls everything and does all the thinking, I should be the boss."

The feet said, "Since I carry all the weight, I should be the boss."

The hands said, "Since I must do all the manual labor and earn all the money to keep the rest of you going, I should be the boss."

The eyes said, "Since I must look out for all of you and let you know when danger lurks, I should be the boss."

And so it went with the ear, the lungs, and various other component parts of the body, till there was no one left but the anus.

All the others laughed when it made its bid for boss hood, for whoever heard of an anus being boss of anything?

This rebuff upset the anus so much that in a pique of anger it closed itself off completely and refused to function any further.

Soon the brain was feverish, the eyes crossed and ached, the feet were too weak to carry the load, the hands hung limply at the sides,

And the heart, lungs, and the rest of the component parts struggled to keep going.

They all capitulated to the anus and finally it became the boss.

While the others did all the work, the anus just basked and breathed.

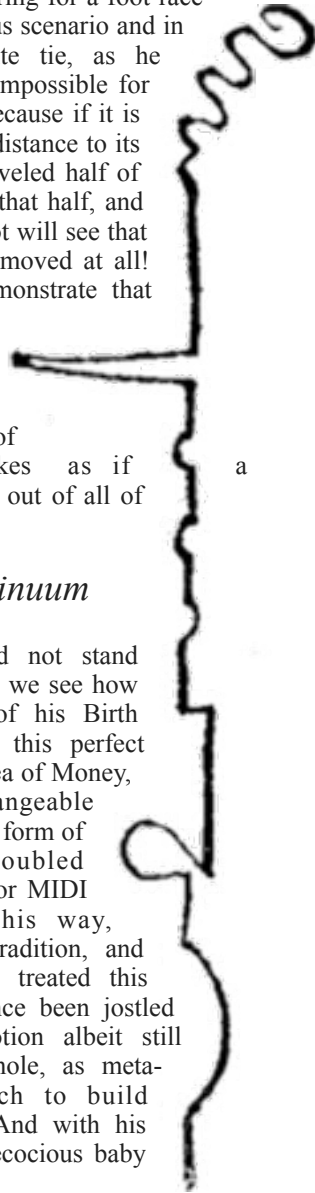
The moral of this tale is that it takes no

special talent to be a boss—So why have one if everyone knows how to work together in harmony?

And so the tortoise's Body was governed in this way.

The Tortoise and Zeno

Now, a lad, observe how the Tortoise has laced up some tiny Nikes and is preparing for a foot race with Achilles. This is a famous scenario and in it Zeno bets on an infinite tie, as he demonstrates that it will be impossible for the tortoise to move at all, because if it is to ever have traveled its full distance to its GOAL, it must first have traveled half of that, and before that, half of that half, and so on, and eventually any idiot will see that the Tortoise can never have moved at all! Indeed, Zeno is said to demonstrate that motion is not only illusory but also completely impossible, proving the Parmenidean thesis that all things exist in a hypersphere of continual stillness which makes as if dead Idea of marbled Stone out of all of Time.



Hermes and the Continuum

But this idea's sway could not stand unmolested for long, for now we see how Hermes on the very day of his Birth equated the equilibrium of this perfect stillness in *effect* with the idea of Money, as extrapolation of exchangeable "general equivalent" from the form of the Octave, or halved/doubled resonance, and possibility for MIDI transformation, and in this way, poisoned the Pythagorean tradition, and then further, how Eurydice treated this same Money, which had since been jostled into erratic modulatory motion albeit still within the Parmenidean Whole, as meta-stable surface upon which to build instruments for the union. And with his destiny laid out thus, the precocious baby god is born at dawn.

The Tortoise and Hermes and Apollo

Morning is still dewy, and as soon as Hermes leaves the cave where he was born, he encounters the Tortoise, who is wandering in preparation for the upcoming race, and this little trickster promptly

devises
t h e
a n d

a plan. He seizes and cuts up
meat of this unfortunate
wanderer into flank steaks
uses the remaining
hollowed shell, along with
reeds, an ox's hide, and
strings of sheep gut, to
make the first ever seven-
stringed lyre in all of history. In
no time at all, he tunes the lyre
according to the law of the
Pythagoreans, and is singing
beautiful songs in honor of his
father and his mother, Zeus and

Maia.

V e r y
o t h e r
t o r t o i s e
d e v i s e s
h i s
s o ,
c u t s o f f
h e a d a n d
b a c k w a r d s ,
h i m , w h i l e
w a l k s
s t r a i g h t
a h e a d ,
w e a r i n g
s a n d a l s o f
t h a t h e
t o
h i s
W h e n
m a n
a

soon Hermes becomes intent on
pursuits; he fondles his steaks of
and craves yet more meat and
a scheme for stealing the cattle of
older half-brother Apollo. And
while Apollo is at Spa, Hermes
from his unguarded herd fifty
cleverly makes them walk
their peaceful gazes facing
he himself

w i c k e r
h a s w o v e n
d i s g u i s e
t r a c k s .
a n o l d
w o r k i n g i n

n o t i c e s
t h e
p r a y s
g o o d
h e
a n d
f i r e , a n d
i n t o
u p ,
t h e
T a b l e
a s a n d
d o e s
s m e l l ,

luxuriant
v i n e y a r d
the baby driving
cattle, the infant god
him not to tell, promising him a
harvest of grapes and much wine if
stays silent. And so he walks on,
then after a half hour of
walking, has a seat, makes a
decides to turn these cattle
m e a t , a n d c u t s t h e m
w h i c h i s f e a t u r e d i n t h e
O i k o s p i e l g a m e " S a l t o f
E a r t h " , f o u n d i n t h e
o f C o n t e n t s . T h e n h e b u r n s t h e m
o f f e r i n g t o Z e u s . A n d a l t h o u g h h e
n o t e a t , b e i n g a d i v i n e
v e g e t a r i a n , h e a p p r e c i a t e s t h e
a n d p r a y s w i t h m u c h

gratitude for it. And after this, he returns home to his mother.

Hermes gets into his cradle and acts like a helpless baby; but mother is not fooled by his display of helplessness and berates him, for she knows that he has been up to no good. Hermes answers her with clever words, assuring her that he is to become the prince of thieves and that he will win honor and riches for them both among the Olympian gods.

Meanwhile, Apollo has returned to his field in dismay, and sizzling anxious about the loss of his cattle, makes inquires of the old man tending the vineyard, and the old man tells him that he has indeed seen a baby driving a herd backwards. The sign of an eagle with extended wings tells Apollo that the thief is a son of Zeus, and when he sees the tracks of the cattle turned backwards and the tracks of the robber cleverly obscured, the ingenuity of the theft leads him to the cave of Maia and Hermes.

In a rage, Apollo faces Hermes, who sinks down into his blankets with a look of innocence that fails to deceive Apollo. After a search of the surroundings, he urgently questions the child about his stolen cattle. Hermes claims that he did not know a thing; *since I was born only just today, it is impossible that I could have committed such a crime!* Apollo, however, is not fooled but knows Hermes for the sly-hearted cheat and good for nothing coyote that he is. Their argument ends only when Apollo brings Hermes to the top of Mt. Olympus, where he seeks justice from Zeus himself.

Apollo speaks first and truthfully states the facts about the theft of his cattle. Hermes' reply is full of lies, and he even swears a mighty oath that he is absolutely innocent. Zeus gives a great laugh when he hears the protests and denials of the devious child and orders Hermes, in his role of guide, to lead Apollo to the place where he has hidden the cattle.

Hermes does as Zeus commands, and when Apollo finds his cattle, and furthermore some steaks, the two reconcile. Now, Hermes took up the lyre that he had invented and played and sang so beautifully that Apollo was enthralled and exclaimed that this enchanting skill was worth fifty cows! He promised that Hermes would become the messenger of the gods and that he and his mother would have renown among the immortals. At this, Hermes gives the lyre to Apollo ordaining that he should become a master of the musical art, and Apollo in turn gives Hermes a shining whip and put him in charge of cattle herds. And so the two returned to Olympus, where Zeus united them in friendship. Hermes swore to Apollo that he would never again steal any of his

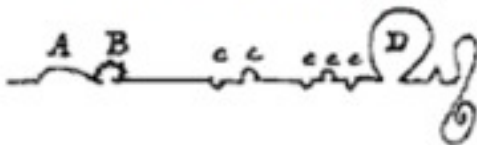


possessions. For this Apollo gave to Hermes a golden staff called Pluto, protective of wealth and death. And in fact, this is the origin story of modern music.

Orpheus, Eurydice, Pluto-cracy

Any musician knows that the instrument is the first musician, and the musician the first instrument-- for this reason, it is as important, or moreso, to know the story of Orpheus' lyre, as the history of the Tortoise, than that of Orpheus himself, and so it's very good that we have just heard it! What follows in his life history, of his tragic love, and his season in hell, and his deadly nostalgia, and his final stand, when he met the Maenads ravers, the "raving ones" who tore him to shreds-- all of this is important for the dramaturgy, but this is well known, and it can be studied in the Homeric Hymns, in Ovid, in Monteverdi, and Gluck, at the beginning of the Western operatic story. In this same story, which is reformed in Koch's Oïkoçpiel Book I, the Lyre, in the hands of Eurydice, meets the nerves of MIDI, a new general equivalent and musico-structural analogue of Money. Money (or MIDI or 3D) relates to Music as does all Information to Energy.

These were the four lines I moved in through my first, second, third, and fourth volumes. --- In the fifth volume I have been very good, --- the precise line I have described in it being this :





Οἰκοσπιελ Book I

The Grand Boondog

BY

EURYDICE WOLFF

*translated from the XXXXX
by Charles "DIDDY" Koch*

Argument

This Libretto tells the story *Oikospiel Book 1*, the shaggy *dog opera* adventure game which can be downloaded at oikospiel.com, and played on PC or Mac computers.

It is, amongst many other things, a fairy tale about the lures and risks of energy potential and work in the household, and of the COST of HEAT.

You should understand that *first*-- the bulk of this book was written, and then it was adapted into computer game form. Diddy Koch had played the game when translating from the XXXX, so some of that was woven back into the present English version. Everyone agrees that the game is the much better book and much more like a real book, but if you are interested in the theory of how WORD is translated into SIGN & changed into MECHANISM, (and if you are familiar with the Game Industry, you will be able to sense a ghostly MEDIATION of a *grounded* Labor Theory of Value mixed with a *floating* Theory of Price in the various assets on parade) -- then for you-- the novelization may provide an especially interesting MIRROR IMAGE of the book itself, the game.



500 km



300 mi



Pre-lude

The Northwest passage is a fabled stretch of the Arctic sea connecting atlantic and pacific oceans, previously encased in ice sheets, but recently melted and opened up to trade and drilling. It glows



with fever in the year 2100, at the cusp of the grand Geospiel event, coloring the skies green and peach, as the gigantic wind turbines are once again cranked by the gusts of Wind, blown by the scrubs of the Player. Kneeling atop one of the turbines, the Doctor, Ku, tames the OS window, dreams of a time 100 years in the past, when this seascape was still a sheet of FROZEN DEW.





CHAPTER 1

Bzzzzzz Bzzzzz Vrrrrmmmm vsshhhhhkkkkkk

A private jet hovers above the Earth's atmosphere, out of reach of the polar dew, caught in a steam-powered electric web stretched between Earth and Moon and eclipsed by the Player's gaze. The jet has two rooms, a cockpit and a surgical chamber. The surgery room is visible. Its operations, run by Doctors Ku and Dutch Kong and Doctor Pin, are planning to heal the knotted neck of Don Koch, whose spine has begun to melt into marrowous OikJelly at a loss of 2 million joules a year. A diamond is heated and pressed against his nape as his chest is gently massaged by Ku until it pops open like a yam skin. His heart will be replaced by a rich oily bag, pumped by the outputs of a computer game micro-controller living against his spine, and his blood, now his blood must be replaced by a thin keifer-like OikJelly now. The air is cool inside. Nurse Pin plays a glyph on the keyboard, and the diamond resonates and glows. A rock of coltan vibrates on the desk and Doctor Ku brings this heated stone of virtual-historic blood to glow upon the now hinged sternum of DK. Upon his chest, two cyborg pups, Pluto and Eurydice, who have been feeding on Oikjelly for their whole lives, are set to the task of licking his open wound, and through this procedure, immunizing with their saliva which contains particulates of sapphire and coltan, those parts of Mr. Koch's body that otherwise might have still required organic blood, but which, calmed by these dogs, can to rest easy. Soaring well above the plateaus of Tibet, humming leagues over Everest's spiritual magnitude which affords wind becoming whispers and song like a simple worker-cum-task white rabbit underneath the majestic foot of this Jet-fueled jewel of Creation. Alternative healing, and supposedly ludditic blood pastes and jellies and yogurt ironically gives birth to the biological drift needed for Star travel, and in

only 150 years the owner of this plane will have become more like spider than man, breathing fast as a dog, 8 eyes, and having colonized the asteroid called Eros 433. By that time, the *Geospiel* festival of 2100 will have passed, amongst a great many other famous events.

CHAPTER 2

Doctor Pin is playing the keyboard dutifully, but then becomes distracted by the desktop computer, wedged behind the piano, loading up Oik OS-- and now, forgetting Mr. Koch's predicament, the Player re-familiarizes herself with the objects of the desktop, which are these:

- 1) a processed a capella of Celine Dion's "My Heart Will Go On" from *Titanic*.
- 2) a braille notation of some early bars of Wagner's Prelude from *Tristan und Isolde*
- 3) a copy of the game "Orphee's Salt & Scab"

She meditates on these objects, and in particular, spends time scrubbing the playback bar of "My Heart Will Go On", a technique Donkey Koch has stolen from Bryan "Greenberg" of the banking conglomerate ilinxgroup, and she thinks back to an email she had received from Donkey Koch, in which he describes a dream of a Geospiel every bit as popular as that movie *Titanic*, and with just as much tragic romance, and, contra the heat, just as much ice! The Orpheus myth, he claimed, would be re-invented on the grounds of this a capella, and the modern sentiments so blissfully stirred by that movie, and that cuckish climate warrior Leonardo DiCaprio who dies at the end, and must provide the model for the modern Orpheus. The most recent message said: *In addition to finishing Act I ASAP ASAP ASAP, please do some work on tuning the Celine with the Wagner, I have a good feeling about this*" This is the project Pin has been hired as a computer to program for. 30 minutes from now, the operation on Mr. Koch's chest will be complete and she will stop playing the piano in earnest, to return to her duties as a computer:

CHAPTER 3

The game opens, Act I "Burnout Cur", with some introductory text, which is reprinted here. Doctor Pin did write this text, but rather several of the dogs working at Koch Games.

“It is the year 1999, and our game development house, Koch Games, has been hired by The Oikospielen Opera, a New York company, to adapt the novel *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman* into a computer “eco opera.” We have not read the book, but have begun preproduction and have entered crunch mode, because there’s a lot to learn and only so much time! The opera, which will be infinitely downloadable, is set to be released in 101 years, on January 1, 2090 (wow!) in commemoration of the Geospiel Jubilee, a magnificent future event which will pay reparations for all of the species extinction over the last and next 100 years in the form of a Grand Opera of debt forgiveness and a 10 year long festival Universal Infinite Income, which will be enjoyed by all mammals. Our opera project and the ensuing festival it commemorates is being coordinated and financed by our boss, Donald Koch, who calls himself an Orphic philosophical anarchist, and who is “mostly inspired by the form of this 1761 book of Sterne and its relation to the 1781 steam engine of Watt,” a relationship which he says we will understand in due time. He claims he has discovered an immortality serum “CrystalOikGoo” which will allow him to live forever by replacing his blood if he is ever murdered, and which he can take in pill form for graduated longevity if not, and so he will oversee all the details of the Geospiel future event in Real Time. Needless to say, we workers won’t all live 100 years and survive until the end of the project, so we have been assigned to “fossilize” all of the things we learn through our extensive R&D in the form of “eternal objects” to pass down our children, who are also promised employment with Koch Games. Mr. Koch says these “eternal objects” are real, but we’re not sure what this means except to deliver a deliverable, so we just take the work one day at a time. IMO, at our best, we zoom in even further and take it one breath at a time. The employees of Koch Games, myself included, are all non-human animal “spirits” (Koch says) working in conjunction with the rational agent “prefabs” of the Oik Operating System. This cybernetic combination is intended to organically catalyze a work over the next 70 years which DK says “does justice to combination of organism and mechanism best celebrated by Tristram Shandy.” So, we all have brain stem plugs, like in eXistenZ, which allow our brain-spine nerves to interface directly with the Operating System. DK says “it’s just like playing house, get your household in order, stand up tall, and this is the only secret of speculation” For the purposes of demonstration, we’ve designed this introduction so that you only have to imagine what its like to have your spine tickled with new forms of sensuality, keeping your skin intact, you can rebuild, as your own house, the virtual space using your peripheral nerves, and chese-paws to type on the keyboard and use the mouse like you’re already used to doing. This is all a theoretical matter, a theatrical one, and one of the utmost importance, Mr. Koch says! He for one, is neurotic, and expects gentle deliverables that touch him “at a distance, from the skin and never through it”. The “first principle of ecological design is that it is cheap and easy” DK says, “If I am pierced I will swoon, and if I swoon, I am afraid I will fade! And, true, though I can feel the

CrystalOikGoo tucked in my gut, and ready to spread, I would like my original blood for the time being before becoming a river of crystal, my certain destiny! Here then, developers listen, even all of this can happen on a flat slate. I can imagine a stormy voxellated world of easy cubes and whirlpools which accounts for Everything, in the size of a paperback! This is what I call opera! Ease my body alone” So we’re trying to make everything easier from here on, and hope you’ll let us know if it’s hard. You can email our secretary and music copyist, dkanagamusic@gmail.com with any feedback. Laurence Sterne, the author of the *Tristram Shandy*, drew these line in it, which DK thinks is a good place to begin our studies. Mr. Koch says “what is its resemblance to a Koch Curve? This is a new kind of fractal of experience! a straight line is a job, and a wiggly line is a game, and it is the job of dogs to design the algorithm which turns a kiss into a shark, cut that onto a flat plane!” We all wondered what this meant, but it seemed clear enough were supposed to start small, so we embarked on designing a linear game, a personal story, based on what we’ve heard DK divining about our future, and the tragic love between Mr. Koch himself, the subduer of all creatures, or as he calls himself, The Knight of the Sad Face, or Orpheus, and his accidental murder by a union sympathizer while Eurydice Wolff, his personal copyist who turns out to be a time-traveler from the Paris Commune who he warns will come one day to try to unionize us, and will not allow copyrighted animals into the union, and thus take away our organic emergent unity, the greatest mistake we could ever make, he says. So he instructs us in the ways of multiplicity to counter imposed Unity and find instead emergent oneness, the Original Law of Economics, that for something to cost money is the same as for it to be free, which is the same as for it to be stolen, or for it to give money, because all property is theft, and the only real capital is The Sun, and the Earth is multiplicity through and through. The sheer magnificence of this poetic device is enough to send our hearts racing to the stars, and we cannot wait to begin putting it to practical use while adapting the first 3 pages of *Tristram Shandy*, which we will do 15 years from now, when we have read the book. Until then, this is our history, or as Mr. Koch says “our eternity,” but maybe that is his death wish speaking, now that this CrystalOikGoo has de-eroticized his breath.

Plans for the *Geospiel* festival center around the Orpheus myth. The orphic cult, tamer of beasts, calm waters, agents of peace, sent to the land of the dead to retrieve the name Wide Justice, which translates to Eurydice. Just as a just-tuned piano is formalized only along the integer series, so too Eurydice is a classic Pythagorean, who always reviews the prior day at night, and plans the next before sleeping. And meanwhile Orpheus’ spirit is locked in this Justice, and the theme of the *Geospiel* is the death of an Age of the Earth, and Justice is given a jubilee function. And Eurydice’s home, The Player, Pluto. In the stillness of this pattern and container of animation, an image of the house of Death as the growth of Wealth, which is harmonized in your name Pluto, which rhymes (virtually) with Coltan, the blood diamond substance of the OikGoo, analogous in today’s musical climate to the

Tortoiseshell of Hermes. Pluto, you will guide the Player to the End of the game, your cap of Growth, and thus wait now, and now hear, now see, as the Player resumes control over your Body as it rejoins the world of society, from your lonely airplane, now all too busy.

And so the Player begins as Hen, who is a happy clucker, and proceeds to follow a “shandy curve” en route to the first Plateau. Along the way, Player becomes Fox who is recruited into the Union by Kokichi and Foxxo, and who is assigned the task of passing out cards, the next keyframe of the curve. And Fox meets the contractor spiders whose silk and speed is responsible for the 3rd person mouse controlled top down affects. And all spiders but one are made of Sapphire and Coltan, the one of Flesh, the Boss. And Fox speeds up his gallop as night falls, until there she meets the two Snakes, who offer to let Fox rest, and avoid being hunted by the gang of hounds across the oily waters, and to take the rest of the union cards along to the other Animals, and so Fox rests. The Snakes cross the treacherous oily waters and there is the gang of hounds on the other side, and the Snakes are so taken by the energy of this gang, they forget themselves, and this gang of hounds merrily gambols led by a collective desire, yours Pluto. And yours through the spirit of Fear of the Unit Spider, who the dogs, in their speed and associative abandon, find that they collectively embody, and so the Player performs the role of the Spider, which you, Pluto, perform within the scene as Cocoon whose destiny is Rabbit. As spider, you find your Saturn, your Father & Boss, clinging to a tree where Nekocho-Kun and Donny Koch are aiming a gun directly at it, Donny shaking. A lone hound trembles at the spirit of the Air, and barks, which disturbing noise sends a trigger through Donny’s fragile nerves who fires the gun, which bullet flies past its destination and through the wall of a house 300 feet away. And as Rabbit hops away from this scene, everyone is feeling miserable, and the Saturn Spider is curled up dead under the tree, where Kokichi prayers & performs an energy extraction. Rabbit continues toward the house to examine it.

CHAPTER 4

Pluto, inside the citrus-clean stench of this place reminds you of your work in Mont Perelin. The year is 1979, and a bullet has pierced the wall and exploded the OikGoo-lining of Donkey Koch’s face into a frozen ooze of computational jelly. Doctors sit by dejected. The only way to keep Mr. Koch alive at this point is to fly at that position in the atmosphere where the Northern Lights congeal by contact with the Jet fuel into a perfumey dew of OikGoo 10x dense with energy, as prophesized by the social magician Charles Fourier. Now Mr. Koch will only be

able to live on a plane. And the Player crosses to the window and meets Bones, who stands by watching the airplane take off and the birds flock. And Bones wonders what it is like to never again feel the wind, the fate of poor Donkey. And Pluto sympathizes with Bones through the thick feeling of the air which is coagulate with bathos, and heading to the door to leave, finds that, in this death of Donkey Koch, Pluto would be given Life to become Bear, and Bear, the Player, would perform the role of Orpheus, who had actually perished as Stag.

CHAPTER 5

And now, see that it is winter outside. Orpheus, the Stag who did not survive Christmas, returns home, where Rabbit was a guest, and Fox salvaged the solid state memories. The strike breakers were waiting and snapped the neck of this poor creature before retreating to the bank. Is this all a dream stored in that computational jelly clinging stiff to the outside of Donkey Koch's face? The Bear glimpses his externality, Shadow, and sees the oil pumpjack and approaches its eerie silence, and there is a burst, and Athena sends a wind turbine to conquer the pumpjack, but the wind is slight, and the Player works for naught but little, and the Bear, who is destined to play Orpheus, is somber with the feeling of something amiss, and heads past the streetlights and bank, toward the bright trees.

CHAPTER 6

The Bear finds herself welcomed as Orpheus in Kochiri Forest, home of the the Animal Workers. The seastead upon which this forest grows was once settled as far south as Newport, Oregon, but now floats mere miles away from the North Pole. Most of the workers have already left for Koch Canyon South, but a few have stayed behind to serve as paid mourners at Orpheus' scheduled funeral. The forest is a dark field of stark silhouettes punctuated by bursts of glowing substance, and jewels ooze out of the popped membranes of earth. The Bear feels chilled by the glow. She meets Mido and Pluto at the first forking path, and is welcomed to the Beyond, she comes upon a grove of workers— see Saggitarius the buff centaur, Ops the keen spider monkey, Ursula the proud lioness— and though they do not speak, they hum together and Bear finds that she can read their thoughts:

*Oh Orpheus, bless your name,
you are visiting mourners at your own funeral
For ahead is the Hydra before which there is no progress,*

*There is no money at all until you pass,
Eurydice's snake hides in the glass, MIDI awaits
And transformations will bleed cash!
we were not given our wages up front, so please pass,
Would that we could accompany you,
and adventure alongside you, like Sancho
but we are only being paid an hour's wage
It is all of the opera anyway, and the Player
Will continue after all...*

And Orpheus continues past the paid mourners with an eerie but calm presence, and ascends a stair case to their right, past a cow meditating in a field of oikglass, the slowest liquid in the world, and ahead sees, to the right, a blue snowing cavelet and to the left, a group of little devils chanting in front of an owl:

*Ubu woke after a century's deep slumber,
And Saturn returned home after 4 trips abroad,
While Earth's body grew warm,*

*From the pitch of night, from UBI's breath,
From the throat of the sea green fog and black ice,
a boiling kettle whistles, your game seeks finance.
A cashier sings Sonic's rings, and Chaos reigns,
The emerald city shines with dreams of Justice.
Eurydice, golden one, feel our piss, you loser!*

And while the little Ubus shout, the CHORUS hums:

*Shouters of Heat, Workers growing arms,
Eurydice is governer and sovereign song
balms the evening showers of commerce
As the stars sizzle into light flush silence,
Kochel catalogs number 4 hundred 33
Eros' asteroid prototypes its stead in the sea*

*Spinning round and round and returning home,
The Northern Crown of Canada dreams of America
Protected by Coyote pelts hung stretched out to dry,
Deserts and forests' sightline past the horizon
spies the Seasteads of the Koch Opera Company,
Oikospielen -- the House Players -- prepare in labor*

Fox spies Wolf from across the canyon, Dalmation

*breeds black-speckled white skin for the Terrain,
Hen and Snake have laid 1,001 eggs again.*

*Guarded by the Forest Hydra at Mido's command,
We Deku idiots wildly patrol the evergreen horizon,
Ubu's minions, we once chalky yellowed pills bled red,
Now don his hood, and spiraled ponch shout again,*

And the sick-smelling little Ubus squeal:

*Down with the Union! Down the with Unity!
Down with Eunichs, Down with Poossies!
Down with Eurydice, Wide Justice wizz on me!*

*See! Donkey Koch arrives after tucking away his billy,
Stepping softly, he imagines, listening carefully,*

*I, a dreamer, awake, me! Neo Lib Fervid hater of 433 Eros,
David Koch oh Father nigh, smell my dream of Philanthropy,
Dogs drink from the Horn of my willy, a growing well,
of assets whose value doth swell away all species,
in speculative splendor and huge hot floods of glee,
of cuckoldry and bankruptcy, Storm! I beseech thee!
Mido, keep the evergreens white crusted, weeping,
And wilting, and away from the Animals keep Power,
A Doney King is our one model for this 12th hour!*

The warm pink mists and cool blue vapors of commerce,
silhouettes flush with spending,
Markets roaring and sizzling with magical splendor,
Shouting back in CHORUS one:

*"Donkey Koch at the top of the ladder
DK's Seastead sweet and sour,
Don Quikoje Ubu's Knight of Power
Crush a red pill and snort it Moses!
Soak in blood a faster agenda poses,
Forget about Unity, its all just clout!
Try Coltanic herbs, they'll mellow you out.*

3 little Ubus shuffle off the stage, and the CHORUS sings:

Fox and Wolf howl across the canyon

*The sonics ring in metallic cargos below,
The speed of Light steals Music's time
Ecological rifts crack and rip the Earth,
Sub-sonic vibrations make wind,
10 octaves below C0, critical.*

*10 octaves above, the piano crawls up
a chord {D0 A0 F1 D2} is snatched fiercely,
by the rotor of a wind turbine, & a D20 shrieks.
As the sun's rays splinter and shoot off the blades
in 1,001 different directions & 10,001 different colors
showering the visible world with 100,001 different sounds*

*The Ubus are tickling Mr. Koch's billy who sighs,
"Oh! Frau shepherd Eurydice, milady, bear your thighs,
at once, I wish, if only, and further, my rise,
that hound I think is no better pussy cat,
I feel with my eyes as if I could grab it!
I WILL grab it now then,
And into the asset store it goes
And we'll freeze everything that grows,
And with our arsenal bigger expect more snow."*

*The shepherd feels the sting of an evil spirit,
Piercing and compressing the red flush
Of an even sheeted outpouring of harmony.*

And having stood transfixed in this drama for some number of hours -- was she awake? dreaming-- Orpheus notices that it is still dark, and heads to the blue glow to the right, to find this Hydra's three heads eager to protect the door to the Bank of the House of Death, an underground chamber mall of vaults carved en route to Pluto's Kingdom. And arriving, the Player hiccups through the spirit of Cerberus, the dogs whose nerves she's built of, and becomes Hydra, which engages in fierce and unequal combat with Orpheus who can only run and not put up a fight, emerging from this battle a changed Form-- purely mental or informational, goo and glass, this slowest liquid, and notices further that it has finally become light. The Lyre of the Hydrda continues to strum, and Orpheus is without musical power, wandering the world, and the Player noticing things which were prior sooted by darkness, and walks down to the blue rushing water of the river, and chases it to its source, a waterfall, where a key is placed. And when Orpheus picks up the key, an Ubu speaks to him of his destiny in Wealth in the house of Pluto. And now the lights have changed again, as if the planet had wandered away from the sun, toward some pink dwarf, for centuries, and a gigantic tree has arrived, and Orpheus walks

on the path that is being spit out of and upward away from this Ancient's mouth, and climbing thus finds a second key, and upon grabbing this, Kochiri forest disappears underfoot, and a clarinet's heart is purrs, as the blockade gives way, and Orpheus walks home, to the Mouth of the land of the dead, the infinite property, and there is Mido as he's always been, that devil! blocking the way, insisting that Orpheus pay him the private toll. And when Orpheus, glass head filled with a droning nag, walks off to try to amass the necessary cash, finds how slow it is to get even one rupee. But once this one is picked up, the whole world of cash and MIDI opens up in from of him and he thinks--

“Ah Pluto! this land truly is the land of opportunity. I was plagued by anxiety, but I only needed exert a small amount of effort, and now look at me, I am like a king! If only everyone knew how equal was this opportunity, and did not suffer from their own laziness, if everyone knew, you need but grab one rupee to make a million, indeed it is only the desire that counts, because once it is counted it can be computed, and once thus, it is either MIDI or money in this land, you choose, and thus cascades time from this accumulation, and all fact indeed stems from just exactly this freedom of choice. If only those other animals were not infinitely lazy, I suppose the world might be a paradise!”

And the chorus hums, and Doctor Pin begins to scrub through that old a capella again.

CHAPTER 7

And Act I has ended, but we are interrupted by an important interlude prior to the commencement of Act II.

At the same time that Dr. Pin closes the application for Act I, a little hiccup of memory is triggered, and she is aware of a multi-dimensional bridge across time that is formed between that event and every other time that the Act has been thus closed, a cascade form the same ultimate causal origin. And if we return to a crucial event, we will see that it also followed the closing of Act I, though Dr. Pin's closing of Act I is actually resumed later in Act IV

Now, the red hound Jum closes the Act on the desktop, and we return to Oik OS, and with the Player, Jum's attention recedes from the screen, where it has been glued for so long, he is reminded of the room and his body, and a blip notifies his ear and eye that an email has just arrived, so he clicks

CHAPTER 8

And in the email we learn that Donkey Koch of Koch Games has suspended all further funding of the Oikospielen Opera company, and has insisted that the existing payments must be refunded as soon as possible, or else begin to grow an 8% interest and debt. The reason given being that the project has not followed the plan pitched in the attached outline. The dogs at Koch Games are dumbfounded, as they rightly understood the project outline to be an embryo and couldn't fathom that Koch had expected it to be birthed so monstrously in that same bald toothless form! And so, here they all sit by for a bit, while Eurydice composes a draft response, and meditates on what could have gone wrong, having played through the original overture, now at the old compressed table of contents. Wasn't the new overture more grand? Wasn't the new table of contents more exacting? They had produced a 3 hour game, had they not? And as they revisited different parts of the game, they recalled the time they had spent working on it.

CHAPTER 9

The development of Act II was an especially busy season in the life of this studio. Here we are in the Koch Container. A group of hounds is gathered around the monitor reading Donkey Koch's email.

The Diogenians Bubbles and Duck are sitting in their barrel, singing Leporaldo's opening lines:

*On the go from morn til night,
Running errands, never free
Hardly time to snatch a bite;
This is not the life for me!
I would like to play the master,
Would no more a servant be,
No, no, no, no, no, no,
I would a master be!*

And R, the philosopher-phynancialist, is designing an algorithm of pricing which fluctuates metabolically the flow of energy coursing through the dogs' electric-MIDI nervous systems,

Etc.

CHAPTER 10

Now Act 2 has begun, and Pluto, energized by the capture of Orpheus, has crawled into the skin of his guardian Cerberus in order to explore the over world freely, and he is at the peak of a sublime mountain, and he must descend into sea, under the top membrane of which, the Koch Seastead has planted the Opera House in a synthetic environment meant to mimic conditions on the asteroid 433 Eros. Pluto has been sent on a personal mission from Donkey Koch to *prevent the dogs from unionizing at all costs*. He's running late! He needs to get to the opera house, and once there, assume his place on stage, at the Kochiri Bridge.

CHAPTER 11

The orchestra is tuning up and the Player sweeps down from Olympus, past the Sydney swan roofs, and into the Arena. The pumpjacks are creaking and shrieking with power, as they suck a jammy oil out out of the Earth's arctic flesh, all of the energy of which must be employed to power the following scenes, so rich as they are with energy duplications, and a dangerous outpour of Heat, the dispersive enemy and opposite of Work. An elephant is on hand, used for transportation in Scene 3. A container ship has arrived, loaded with props and employees. Pluto walks across the bridge to the middle plank, and as the lights dim, then burr open, a spider dressed as a SWAT begins to play a soothing tune on the guitar, and Pluto walks into the model of Kochiri Bridge.

CHAPTER 12

Now let's resume the continuity of place from the end of Chapter 6. The glass Orpheus has just left Kochiri, and drunk with Power has now summoned the private police to attack the Union Salt Eurydice.

Pluto stands in a corner, observing from a distance-- oh? who is that do I see? is it my sister? Another shepherd near the police, and for some time he loses himself in a daydream, reminded of his past, and the CHORUS sings:

In Germany, a Shepherd steals a dog from a cop.

*"I'll call you Pluto, I love you Pluto"
The Shepherd sings while weeping,
And the Ubus peep from a rim and laugh.*

*"Oh Pluto, if we cannot have UBI,
we can at least have wealth enough in savings
to die and support our sheepy family,
You will protect their coats from Wolf,
You sweet shepherd, you shall inherit my profession,
Pluto is your spirit not a sapling money tree?
And what better vegetable to practice duty?
Good fortune coming to one who accepts what is free?
And prays thanks in earnest gratitude for what is given,
Oh Pluto, oh pray with me, God I beseech thee,
Good spirit, oh mother and father, Lord beseech me,
That I may know thee, your love and mercy,
Oh your grace, Lord, which I am ever thankful for,
This power of infinite Unity"*

And soon the inevitable conflict is kicked into activity by the tap of the Player, who has some control of the heat by virtue of the speed. And many things are discussed, and the mood is made more and more nervous, excitable, tense, and Orpheus has told the police to stand guard with their weapons, and it does look like this poor wolf has it in for, but then at the moment of truth, her heart sent into a panic at the sound of gunfire, she notices that she is still breathing--

Oh but the police union! Did the private police join? And who would have thought they would join the animals, but look there, Orpheus' glass pelt. They have shot the boss. What does that mean? Or are these spiders as police only disguised? A spirit in the land of the dead has died-- does that mean alive?

And as the closing lines of the Eulogy are spoken, everyone is dumbfounded, and Pluto has altogether forgotten his assigned purpose in this affair, and begins to wander from where he was perched, and while wandering, the Player's awareness widens, and on Olympus, here, see young Donkey Koch with a head of stone, and see Eurydice, and see Lion and Gorilla, giants towering over the scene. And Pluto wanders until finding a ladder, and takes this ladder, and heads to the south. And

here is a pool of water, and continuing South on the bridge, here is a Field of black smudges— of jammy oiled time of a sheet of music theory, an analysis of the Tristan Chord. And the pumpjacks once again shriek into activity, and as Pluto inches along, the weights of desire shift, until following the first cadence, Pluto reaches the oil tower and begins to sprint upward, furiously. And it must be from either Pluto's run speed, or from the over-active potency of the oil, or the dreadful cadence, but one way or another, the oil rig was kicked slightly by some metaphysical force, and it left the plane of 1 and went to that of *i*, leaving Pluto nothing to grip onto, and so he falls falls falls.

CHAPTER 13

But having returned to the peak of that sublime mountain which kicked off Act 1, the Player's field of attention seems narrower, even cliffs seem smaller, all things somber and more blue, and when Pluto jumps down beneath the membrane of the sea, there's the pelt of Mama Orpheus, and baby Orpheus crying next door. What pervert set this pelt, thus enlarged, as snuff for all to witness. And see Cory the Centaur and Eurydice the Salt weep. And see the HD screen which has been installed on the steps of the opera house, and the spectators in their chairs ready to watch Eurydice the Dog's adaptation of Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*, which Donkey Koch has programmed this evening to cultivate enthusiasm for further labors, to hire new workers, perhaps, the ones who are already designing these scenes, to replace those whose work displeased him.

CHAPTER 14

The movie plays, the Players find themselves rushing with Pluto in search of Cerberus. and we are reminded of the story of Orpheus, that he was the son of one of the Muses and a Tracian prince (*No, we have said Apollo*). His mother gave him the gift of music and Thrace where he grew up fostered it. (*There is no such thing as society, it must be Apollo*) The Thracians were the most musical of the peoples of Greece. But Orpheus had no rival there or anywhere except the gods alone. There was no limit to his power when he played and sang. No one and nothing could resist him.

In the deep still woods upon the Thracian mountains
Orpheus with his singing lyre led the trees,
Led the wild beasts of the wilderness.

Everything animate and inanimate followed him. He moved the rocks on the hillside and turned the courses of the rivers....

When he first met and how he wooed the maiden he loved, Euridice, we are not told, but it is clear that no maiden he wanted could have resisted the power of his song. They were married, but their joy was brief. Directly after the wedding, as the bride walked in a meadow with her bridesmaids, a viper stung her and she died. Orpheus' grief was overwhelming. He could not endure it. He determined to go down to the world of death and try to bring Eurydice back. He said to himself,

With my song
I will charm Demeter's daughter,
I will charm the Lord of the Dead,
Moving their hearts with my melody.
I will bear her away from Hades.

He dared more than any other man ever dared for his love. He took the fearsome journey to the underworld. There he struck his lyre, and at the sound all that vast multitude were charmed to stillness....

O Gods who rule the dark and silent world,
To you all born of a woman needs must come.
All lovely things at last go down to you.
You are the debtor who is always paid.
A little while we tarry up on earth.
Then we are yours forever and forever.
But I seek one who came to you too soon.
The bud was plucked before the flower bloomed.
I tried to bear my loss. I could not bear it.
Love was too strong a god, O King, you know
If that old tale men tell is true, how once
The flowers saw the rape of Proserpine,
Then weave again for sweet Eurydice
Life's pattern that was taken from the loom
Too quick. See, I ask a little thing,
Only that you will lend, not give, her to me.
She shall be yours when her years' span is full.

No one under the spell of his voice could refuse him anything. He

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
and made Hell grant what Love did seek.

They summoned Eurydice and gave her to him, but upon one condition: that he would not look back at her as she followed him, until they had reached the upper world. So the two passed through the great doors of Hades to the path which would take them out of the darkness, climbing up and up. He knew that she must be just behind him, but he longed unutterably to give one glance to make sure. But now they were almost there, the blackness was turning gray; now he had stepped out joyfully into the daylight. Then he turned to her. It was too soon; she was still in the cavern. He saw her in the dim light, and he held out his arms to clasp her; but on the instant she was gone. She had slipped back into the darkness. All he heard was one faint word, "Farewell."

Desperately he tried to rush after her and follow her down, but he was not allowed. The gods would not consent to his entering the world of the dead a second time, while he was still alive. He was forced to return to the earth alone, in utter desolation. Then he forsook the company of men. He wandered through the wild solitudes of Thrace, comfortless except for his lyre, playing, always playing, and the rocks and the rivers and the trees heard him gladly, his only companions. But at last a band of Maenads [women] came upon him.... They slew the gentle musician, tearing him limb from limb, borne along past the river's mouth on to the Lesbian shore; nor had it suffered any change from the sea when the Muses found it and buried it in the sanctuary of the island. His limbs they gathered and placed in a tomb at the foot of Mount Olympus, and there to this day the nightingales sing more sweetly than anywhere else.

Then the Player moves their finger up and down the pad to strum the lyre accompanying that immortal Recitative of Musica. And upon the end, a bug is triggered, and instead of continuing forward, Sally Sparrow is here, see, and brings a message to Pluto which reinvigorates with new energy. The paths of the Salt and Scab are more vivid than ever.

CHAPTER 15

When the Player began working through this scene, it was argued amongst those in the office, that instead of churning along continuously from *Orfeo*, a new Act should have begun, and the current fifth and final Act been trashed. And that with this time-saving device, perhaps things could have been better designed according to the original plan, and a more proportional sense of harmony obeyed, and the funds never have been taken away. And in this way, by reckoning that their project had become too eccentric, they felt a sympathy for Donkey Koch, who had received, by their own admission, what amounted to a barrel labeled SAUSAGE filled with chaff, something they all agreed they would be equally angry about. And

amidst all this sympathy, the scab in Pluto was pleased to see the dogs' sentiments developing a devoted spirit to the wiles of the Master Donkey. So Pluto found himself at the fingertips of the Player, now, within the scene, at Koch Canyon North, where Donkey Koch kept his lonely desk. And Pluto raced toward Donkey's house. And up several flights of stairs brings him face to face with a doorway within which is a very large painting of a room full of paintings and dogs playing. To the right, a working table with Act V's container set upon it. In the middle of everything, against the back wall, back facing the doorway, Donkey's desk. It is through the cluttered substance of this work-station that Pluto is told, through Koch Canyon South, he can find the way to Eurydice, and persuade her away from the Union and instead egg on her Right to Work, and be the Mercurial agent of Contract which will establish his Kingdom as Final. What has Pluto been sent to Koch's desk to discover? What could be the meaning of this mess? If you do not know the contents of this desk, you will need to read the next chapter!

CHAPTER 16

Content is strewn about Koch's Desk. Three monitors give the Oik Operating System 3 expressive limbs— one is used as virtual desktop, another runs Bloomberg Terminal trading software, and a third browses Turbosquid. Eurydice's *At Koch Canyon South*, for piano, sits under a pile of research books— Euro dog lit: Cervantes' *Dialogue of the Dogs*, Kafka's *Investigations of a Dog*, Woolf's *Flush*. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, which Koch reads next to Hobbes *Leviathan*— a book which he has torn all of the pages out of save the first, which reads thus:

Nature (the art whereby God hath made and governes the world) is by the art of man, as in many other things, so in this also imitated, that it can make an Artificial Animal. For seeing life is but a motion of Limbs, the begining whereof is in some principall part within; why may we not say, that all Automata (Engines that move themselves by springs and wheeles as doth a watch) have an artificiall life? For what is the Heart, but a Spring; and the Nerves, but so many Strings; and the Joynts, but so many Wheeles, giving motion to the whole Body, such as was intended by the Artificer? Art goes yet further, imitating that Rationall and most excellent worke of Nature, Man. For by Art is created that great LEVIATHAN called a COMMON-WEALTH, or STATE, (in latine CIVITAS) which is but an Artificiall Man; though of greater stature and strength than the Naturall, for whose protection and defence it was intended; and in which, the Sovereignty is an Artificiall Soul, as giving life and motion to the whole body; The Magistrates, and other Officers of Judicature and Execution, artificiall Joynts; Reward and Punishment (by which fastned to the seat of the Sovereignty, every joynt and member is moved to performe his duty) are the Nerves, that do the same in the Body Naturall; The Wealth and Riches of all the particular members, are the Strength; Salus Populi (the Peoples Safety) its Businesse; Counsellors, by whom all things needfull for it to know, are suggested unto it, are the Memory; Equity and Lawes, an artificiall Reason and Will; Concord, Health; Sedition, Sicknesse; and Civill War, Death. Lastly, the Pacts and Covenants, by which the parts of this Body Politique were at first




Key changes continue incessantly. To discover which key you are in the moment, look for the nearest dominant functioning chord that contains the octave interval, which usually occurs at 17.

37 C G7 C G6b C7

1 D₄ F₄ D₅ D₅ 187

ENTREPRENEUR

Your life is a roller coaster ride.



...you would not be surprised to find that the most successful entrepreneurs are those who are able to embrace change and adapt to it. In fact, the most successful entrepreneurs are those who are able to embrace change and adapt to it. In fact, the most successful entrepreneurs are those who are able to embrace change and adapt to it.

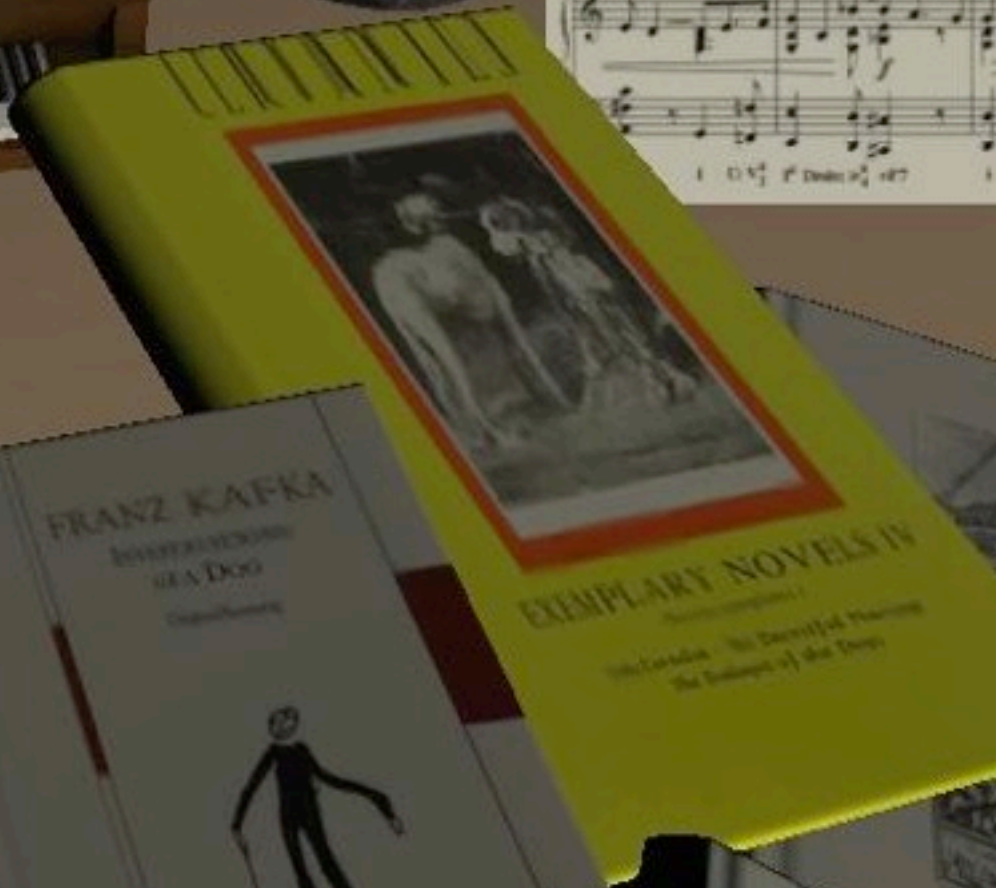
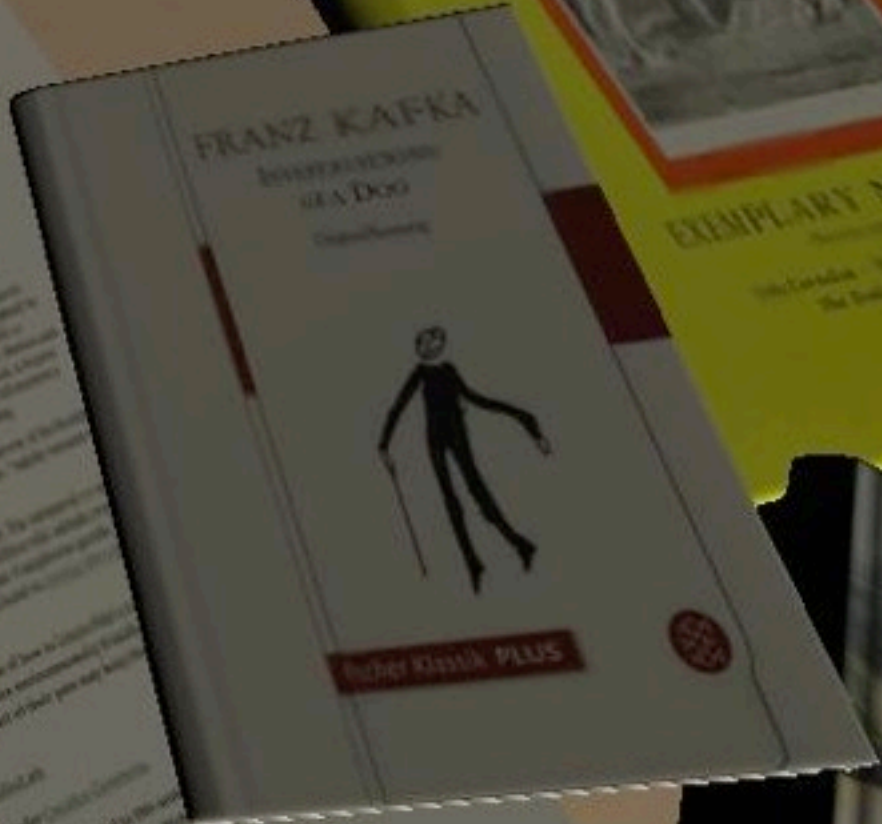
The new business has many opportunities of how to utilize the "Internet," including looking for new entrepreneurs. The key is to have people to monitor the impact of their own early business.

...image by ...

...the word "net" has been added to the ...

...the most common way that people use it. Though the ...

...maintain the chain.



made, set together, and united, resemble that Fiat, or the Let Us Make Man, pronounced by God in the Creation.

From Hobbes' description of the Body-Politic, Koch has modeled the inner cellular society of organs making up the artificially-metabolized dogs which his company employs. In order to make a dog into a *free agent* in the neoclassical economist's sense (and avoiding, thus, the *animal spirits* which plague the Keynesians early slippage toward a catholic animal communism), Koch has embodied within each an UBU (as per Jarry's *Ubu Roi*) which serves as inner tyrant or ego, puppeteering pulling and triggering the strings of the nervous system.

Donkey Koch arrived at his present project in 1999 by noting a strange coincidence of two Fouriers— Joseph Fourier (1768-1830) and Charles Fourier (1772-1837). Both were preoccupied by the concepts of Harmony and Series, though they formalized these notions in radically different ways.

In Charles' work, Harmony is the state which follows Society in the Destiny of the Earth. Contra *divided labor*, Harmony manifests in the Utopian Socialism which Marx echoes when he writes "in communist society, where nobody has one exclusive sphere of activity but each can become accomplished in any branch he wishes, society regulates the general production and thus makes it possible for me to do one thing today and another tomorrow, to hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, rear cattle in the evening, criticise after dinner, just as I have a mind, without ever becoming hunter, fisherman, herdsman or critic." The series is the ordinal thread of these jobs, reconstituted "melodically" by the whims of passionate attraction, within the Harmonic framework.

In Joseph's work, the Harmonic Series is given its fully formalized musical-mathematical meaning, referring to the overtones of a pitch, which resonate again at multiples of its value, and produce qualitatively new pitch-classes at every prime integer above. And the Fourier transform involves the decomposition of any complex line, e.g. A wave, a melody, into a stack of sine waves oscillating at every plateau of the series, with a given wave's amplitude corresponding to its affective intensity in shaping the line.

It didn't take long for Koch to become fascinated by this resonance. But no sooner had he fallen in love with both Fouriers *as one*, he discovered the sin of Joseph Fourier, which was his formalization of Greenhouse gases, and identification of carbon dioxide and others as such gases. And this was the theoretical atom used to describe the mechanics of that greatest boondoggle of all, as Koch saw it, the nonsense of Global Warming. And so, his love crested, and turned to spite and hatred, and what had inspired him originally even in Charles Fourier's conception of a Harmony which allows for the happy love and labors of all, turned sour, and his

initial empathy for the utopian bent of the Marxists was transmuted into a queasy distaste for any talk of redistribution, and any mention of Global Warming sent his pulse soaring and his teeth grinding. And he decided that if IF global warming were real— HE and HE ALONE would be the one to solve it, with a great Opera, the Geospiel. And this is the origin of that idea. Because as it happened, the years went by, and Koch did indeed become persuaded that climate change was happening. But he kept this change of mind to himself, as private opinion. He believed there was no saving the great masses of people, but would work toward his own survival, and that of those loyal to him.

The meaning of Opera is works -- it is the plural of "opus", which means work

Using the language of science, work means a change of energy.

(energy being the capacity to do work)

Work is measured in joules, calories, etc,

It is multiplied as Power, which is Work through Time.

And measured in watts, horsepower, etc.

It must ultimately be measured as Power, because

energy changing without Time is inconceivable.

So, horse power is the scientist's model of work

The forms of Time-powers are the substance of "absolute music."

Music viewed in this way is an essentially operatic substance,

though this is still an opera which has little to do with what is so called & funded.

This is music & operaism grounded in reductive materialism.

As a kind of tapestry threads endowed with varying horse powers,

But what if we identify work with its broader meaning--

of Jobs, tasks, to-dos, commands, etc. Things that we do very consciously,

Then we talk about work in terms of minutes, hours, days, years,--

how long does it take to do something? & how many workers?

How much time in labor is embodied in an object?

And now we are in the territory of the Labor Theory of Value.

And we can contrast horse power with Labor Power.

Let's concede that these are the two principle genres of opera.

That is -- horse opera -- & labor opera.

And as an example, a saxophone is horse opera, and a fluxus score, labor.

But now let's transform these genres along a verbal plane, from a center which gravitates towards Power, to one which centers on the Household, the ECO, the

Oïkos, which allows us to observe an analogous dualism at play— the ecological and the economic.

Ecology's etymology is derived: oïkos + logos, household & ground.

Economy's etymology is derived: oïkos + nomos, household & rule.

See how ecology is the study of horse opera and economy the study of labor opera.

The author of Cybernetics (1948) also said: "Information is information, not matter or energy. No materialism which does not admit this can survive at the present day."

Is this right? Well, who knows, but it is clear that this Norbert Weiner is a dualist and student of the great Operatic rift.

Ecology :: Horse opera :: energy

Economy :: Labor opera :: information

And all of this passed through his mind as Pluto arrived by the Player's eye, and made its way to Eurydice's score *At Koch Canyon South*, which was planned to be used at the kick-off of the Geospiel. And this is what Pluto found there.

CHAPTER 17

A piece of notation, its sounds upraised like braille and pulsating slowly relative to the field of light. Pluto drags a trail of oil across the page, a leaking emission which affords the speed of his run, and scrapes up and down a D minor field, with bursts of chromatics that shatter the top crust of ground spraying forth mysts of methane. A hovering platform attracts his attention, and he is pulled upward as if a spider, along the electric path of the magnetic web, and here a pumpjack growls, and he leaps upward again, and lands on a magic carpet inked with a field of pictorial notes, which contain timbres rough and smooth, hot and cold, made from various mixtures and concentrations of coal, for the rough and solid, oil, for the smooth and liquid, and gas, for the atmospheric. And to the west, a gentle slope attracts the Player's gaze, and Pluto begins to climb this hill, as the punctured bursts of notation give way to first, a cadential upward arpeggio, and then a constant wind of droning sentiment. And upward and upward, the sentiments rise and fall, and the fibers of Plutos nerves are tightened and loosened accordingly, and in a pattern commensurate with the system of Desire and Satisfaction embodied in Tonality, the dog's Hunger for the cadence is modulated accordingly, and the pulse of the heart rate following procedurally, until the peak of this mountain is reached and the

Neolib/Recal Machines

At Kochk Canyon Firehouse

Piano

The image displays a piano score for the piece 'Neolib/Recal Machines' by 'At Kochk Canyon Firehouse'. The score is written for piano and consists of five systems of music, each with a treble and bass clef staff. The piece is in 4/4 time and features a complex, rhythmic melody in the right hand, often using triplets and sixteenth notes. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes. The score is numbered 1 through 10, indicating the measure numbers. The notation includes various musical symbols such as beams, slurs, and dynamic markings.

Musical notation for measures 11 and 12. The system consists of a grand staff with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. Measure 11 features a complex texture with multiple beamed notes and rests in both hands. Measure 12 continues with similar rhythmic patterns and includes some slurs and accents.

Musical notation for measures 13 and 14. Measure 13 shows a continuation of the melodic and harmonic ideas from the previous measures. Measure 14 features a more active bass line with frequent eighth-note patterns.

Musical notation for measures 15 and 16. Measure 15 contains several slurs and accents, indicating phrasing. Measure 16 has a dense texture with many beamed notes in the treble clef.

Musical notation for measures 17 and 18. Measure 17 features a complex texture with many beamed notes and rests. Measure 18 continues with similar rhythmic patterns and includes some slurs and accents.

Musical notation for measures 19 and 20. Measure 19 shows a continuation of the melodic and harmonic ideas from the previous measures. Measure 20 features a more active bass line with frequent eighth-note patterns.

Musical notation for measures 21 and 22. Measure 21 contains several slurs and accents, indicating phrasing. Measure 22 has a dense texture with many beamed notes in the treble clef. The system concludes with a double bar line.

DR -

Game

Free Aspect

Maximize on Play

Stats

Gizmos



strings of the orchestra howl with proud Ionian arpeggiations

CHAPTER 18

And the Player looks about her, as she falls from the tree and through the belly of the Earth. The tree had extended so far into the sky it became a space elevator falling into magnetic attraction with a tree across the galaxy, and bridging, at the speed of light, a route to the asteroid 433 Eros of the Amor Group. And the WASD keys which she guards with her fingers are hammered as dulcimers, as twitching nerves trigger emotional energy waves, ricocheting off of ground metals which transmute this force into the the visual spectrum, massaging the eyes with pitch-difference, as the dulcimer rings through the fingers, and the congealed dew of the astral aurora fills the atmosphere thick with a humidity that frosts the lungs with a hint of Oik jelly. Pluto sees Donkey Koch, now in costume, with His Father behind him, Charles Koch, and his Brother, Joseph Koch, both also in costume, watching a tree grow rapidly while measuring metrics at a computer station. Donkey spits into a *recitative secco*-- he is displeased with the music! He tells Pluto to come and type while he dictates a costumed message to send to Eurydice, back on Earth. The Ubu in Pluto's spine delights at the assignment. Donkey is determined to have the composer replaced, and by way of re-hiring Eurydice and a handful of others, individually, and on contract basis, with each of the employees considered their own corporate entity, such that unionization would be discouraged from *within* the nervous system. The first letter he will write, will be from the fictive perspective of Pluto, to who he is also dictating, and the Ubu smiles a nasty smile believing himself to be in charge of the whole nervous system, all while the peripheral nerves of Pluto jitter and foreshadow a more hopeful future-- of Income and Rest.

CHAPTER 19

The biting pathos of each note in the message, ironically read by this devil, Donkey, is accompanied to the tune of Lizst's *Gnomenreigen* ("Dance of the Gnomes"), read as an arhythmic stepwise series, actualized in Time by the Player's own Heated whims. Pluto, the god or dog of Death and Wealth, in whose Kingdom Eurydice lives, has been appealed to in the wake of the cancelization of Koch's funding for the Oikospielen Opera. This pup, who has been hired to prevent a cohesive union from congealing, is approached as if a benevolent leader. And Pluto responds, mockingly, through Donkey Koch's voice, that he too is in dire straits, and unfortunately is quite unable to help with money matters. *However, the Koch Games relaunch is hiring a composer, and perhaps Eurydice, you might like the job?*

CHAPTER 20

And so the message soars at the speed of light from the asteroid 433 Eros of the Amor Group to the planet Earth. But alongside it, sent by proxy server, the bit of Pluto which is not already pinched by that Ubu alerts Eurydice to the irony of its content, to be on alert, and know that this job may in fact be only “for the exposure”. Eurydice is thankful to have been warned, but is not dissuaded. She is determined to Salt at Koch. Meaning she will get inside the company and unionize it from within. She travels down to a movie studio in Los Angeles in order to meet the Koch Company, and interview for the job. What a place, Los Angeles! A strange world indeed, so many different camera angles, to say the least...A moldy clan of ubus greets her and makes her spine shiver as she runs past the bank bridge.

CHAPTER 21

In a large airplane hangar near Culver City, cold arctic conditions are being simulated, and the board of directors at Koch Games are vigorously performing a yogic ritual together, to see if through sheer Will to Work, they can generate enough Heat to melt this arctic scene. Such volition to rapidly heat a world will be required to terraform the asteroid 433 Eros, they say, as with Mars. Thus Warrior pose is mastered. Eurydice has been hired to compose situational music for the event. She begins in the midst of their haphazard array of mats— she runs around the yogis, the Player holding WASD to summon forth ices and dews and crystalized earth and stars. And finally to signal the end of the practice, leaps toward an effigy of Orpheus she sees on the horizon, looking straight back at her, as she attempts to escape Pluto-- *oh dear! are we once again doomed to remain stuck in this freezing hell? orpheus, stay your course, you idiot bear!--* and there is silent approval, and she is given the job.

CHAPTER 22

And Act III starts in earnest at this point, though the same office employees who thought Act V should be cut, also believed that this segment should be a continuation of the Act III which they felt should have already begun with Chapter 15. But no matter how it counted, the time--subjective, actual, and fictive-- is perfectly continuous in its progression from the previous chapter. Upon being offered the job, Eurydice is given a contract to sign, which details special duties as a

worker at Koch Games. She signs, and is picked up in a car, which will drive her to her office in a converted church at the North Pole.

CHAPTER 23

The drive reveals profound changes in the landscape compared to how Eurydice had imagined it— at the Northern tip of Canada, along a winding road, massive jubilant flowers, as tall as buildings, stretch proudly out of the recent dust of snow on the ground—reds tulips, blue orchids, yellow poppies, pink daffodils. Persephone has run away from home this Winter, and for more to come. A storm rolls in, a fog devours the hills, and the steep rim between road and plane flattens out, and the car drifts and loses its way.



CHAPTER 24

We are in the cabin of the car, and facing a gigantic flag, moving at a speed so slow as— and wait, when move, does it push the wind? We approach the flag and swallowed by its size, ...

CHAPTER 25

Fox and Bear stand guard here. The guardians of Wind? Approach them and they only laugh, and a myopic palsy envelops the plan of movement.

CHAPTER 26

Memories of Chapter 1, flush with fever and ice cooling creams— Is this how that dew of the Aurora Borealis tastes? The air here is thick with resistance, like a glassy pudding. Eurydice forgets that the driver is missing. Up ahead, there's a small airplane waiting. Eurydice runs forward, the distance seems to stretch out, time swells, and finally she reaches the plane, happy not to have fallen en route in a syncope.

CHAPTER 27

And here— Emeryville North! This is the seasteading village all of the Oik Opera co-workers will be living in, no? I imagined visiting on weekends, having a coffee, a butterbeer or porter, & going out to eat with friends, but what is this? It is almost empty, and sopping wet with sticky seawater. I keep getting salt down my throat, I'd like to get out as quickly as possible. But wait! There I see the mermaids, who I am to speak to, they are members of the GPU (the General Precariat Union), and they work for Koch in his private jet, and they are going to to give me some advice about what next to do. And there, across the tree from them, there's Sagittarius the Centaur, and Eurydice-- no not me-- but my Human with the same name, from the CPU (Computational Precariat Union) and they are learning from the goat, Capricorn and the monkey, Sun Wukong. It is very beautiful, though, this flood. I'm happy I didn't live here. I have been told by the lot of them, though they conspire individually, to head for the dogs by the airplane, and to make an informal oral

agreement with them. In that way, I will be introduced to the kind of exhilaration that dogs work with on their own, outside of the Union, and try to empathize with these great players and workers-- why it is that they so crave that bizarre “right to work”. Eurydice says it will be crucial to respect that preference of theirs, to a degree, if we’re to get them to join. I say I am already a dog, I know what it is to love work, let’s see what these ones have to offer. And I visit them, and I am immediately entranced by their noble vibrations, and to be frank, the thoughts of the Union are far from mind, a new kind of Unity is imposing itself on my experience, and can feel myself warming up and then falling into a deep and peaceful dream.

CHAPTER 28

Oh, getting so tired, wanting to hibernate.. And to redraft..Eurydice dreams, and now see how we’ve returned to the scene of Chapter 1. Was this setting only then, or is it now too what was or is to become? Time is like glass here, Mercury flies a private jet made of diamond, climbing up and down the North Pole, an elevator into space, within the cabin, an operating chamber with Doctors Pin and Ku operating on Boss Koch. A To-Do list is set in stone, and although circumscribed in a finite area, its contents are infinite. Earth disappears, Pluto is dead.

The Union of Animal Workers is preparing to strike. Some dogs have joined, but no union shop. The Wagner Act hasn’t yet been dreamed. Emeryville North is blanketed in snow, and near the church, Eurydice sings —

*O Pluto, my home, dead winter planet, sing,
Of the income that this piece will bring,
And 10% of which I will pay,
To Union dues, without delay!*

And Pluto sings:

*Peace, Of the North pole,
where Donkey Koch’s factory lives,
Ice towers 10 miles high! Never to melt never to die,
For all the workers here, no one’s ever bored,
There’s always something to do in Emeryville North,
There’s a christmas pageant and mystery plays,
And shops with cakes and warm drinks,
And always a gentle feathering of snowfall,
And group singing with all the employees,
To stay warm during cold months— always!*



*And every 2 months a shipment arrives,
On a container ship 2 miles tall 10 miles wide,
And it holds containers with every conceivable thing,
And they are all shipped to the Factory,
Where there we'll recombine them in play,
And the church strikes bells when you choose,
Eurydice, and Orpheus' mystery play alight,
And in the forest, by fallen giants, unioneers conspire,
And by the waters, oily beads congeal, and in the sea,
The opera house lives on Koch Ísla Seastead
The Union pickets on May Day,
threaten to shut down the Pole
Eurydice isn't done working
Oh, the nerves aren't up to it!
But the strike goes on.*

And Eurydice sings back:

*"One day is like Death and I'm named Eurydice, and happy,
And one day is Life and now I am called Orpheus and weeping,
And Dog bless-- lol, I mean God bless-- every day of all!
And dog bless too! Yes, Pluto, I love you, I do."*

While the CHORUS continues:

*And where the sting was felt
where Donkey Koch's words
had bounced against their pelt,
Shepherd and Pluto recover,
The venom is vanquished,
and it feels like May 1.*

*Fox and Wolf howl across the canyon,
And a container opens below,
Out trotting seven coyotes.*

*"I was in the union to take a piss!
The bathlawn there is better than this cod,
I yucked up a hen bad and ate her and her eggs,
Then I killed my dog and its dad," one of them said*

*Wolf growls from the South cliff.
Fox yips and yipee and yip yip!*

*"Then I faced off with a cock,
and ripped off its comb,
Then justly, with scissors, I cut off my own,
and put Mr. Cock's there in place and
I pissed on that lawn."*

*Now fox has begun to scale down the cliff,
Yip yippy yip yip, not only outraged but scenting a tip
And the coyotes laugh and laugh and laugh,
And put their heads to their laptops
to make another pass at a draft.*

This season of Winter, is it even real or is it a dream of the past? We have a central zone, the North Pole, and from here, the Church, and the snowy turfs of Emeryville North as planned, and the container ship wherein the dogs once worked. That's Chapter 1, and Chapter 2 is spring and Strike, and strife between Eurydice and Pluto, had Orpheus not looked back, would you still work here?

The same-- all of Act IV is a Parmenidean sphere.

CHAPTER 29

And in Act V-- Eurydice wakes after slumbering for 100 years, on the asteroid 433 Eros, eager to return home.

AHH! You caught us! we're still crunching here, can't you see? If you're wanting a tidy-wrapping up of loose threads, you'd better write it yourself. But if you want to see where things might be headed... oh, go ahead...

* * * * *

South Mountain is stuffed full of heat and work. The year is 2096, the Geospiel event 4 years away, and Persephone's spring burst forth and with growth broke into summer, and as Ops or Demeter has been forgotten by now, autumn never crests, Persephone never returns to the house of Winter, and by rule of Demeter's fatigue, Pluto's cool never again returns, the heat is so intense, finally he slithers bald out of the the skin of Cerberus, leaving this husk behind. Coyote patrols the cliff. The blistering Koch canyon breeze is wet with the sweat of the soil, its blisters have warmed and popped spilling a putrid orange ooze, and quickly congealed first into oily paste and now crust, the clay underneath sizzles and vaporizes into the granular mirrors of atmosphere.

PLUTO

As soon as winter passed on account of the wind which appeared to have gathered momentum as perpetual motion. Eurydice submitted her piece for publication, and as she did so, the season thawed and in its melt a new floating island nation was created, as if by a genie, a seastead named Koch Canyon, which had materialized at the command of the notes she had played, while in the meantime the wind rotors cranked steadily. and all were suspicious about the regularity when it was discovered that no longer was the rotor taking input from the wind but was rather expressing the output of a plant powered by burning oil sucked from the abcess pores of the arctic sea, that spun the rotor in perfect regularity as a signature of pride and consistency.

EURYDICE

Oh dear, I didn't wake when I meant to, I've been sleeping 20 whole years. And I awake to find these windmills, they frighten me. They all move so regularly. Do gusts and breeze really move so mechanically? These giant automatons, I can't help

but think that their spinning is an evil power. I smell something oily. I smell something fishy.

CHORUS

Yooridisee smelled something fishy, she believed what posed as input seemed instead to be output. She was correct, because these wind turbines were not powered from an outside wind at all, but instead from within the giant's belly, where a supply of fuel is combusted, sending pistons pumping and gears cranking which express themselves finally in the laborious whirr of the rotor, which forcefully maintains its course in a perpetual battle against natural currents, a mockery of the weather. In this mimicry of life, Pluto found himself at home

PLUTO

And as the year reached its zenith, we made our way to the yoni of South mountain. The sydney house now sat at the edge of the dalmatoid coke canyon. The wind turbines looped along regularly at a monotonic whirl, powered by the oozing pus of oily boils being sucked from the red sprawl of coltanic sherbet across the gap. What the union suspected was true, that the operation of wind on these rotors was an illusion, that the machines were illustrations of output and not input. the oil pumped the loop into motion, and the rotor pushed its way against the wind and the wind buckles and the rotor does not listen Across the canyon the union is picketing the opera house it demands that the rotors listen or it will strike for 1000 years As pluto descends into the canyon he meets pongo And further descends to find a bridge Here, he will walk across and either join the strike Or he will scab and see to it that these strikers are fired And their health insurance discontinued immediately And dream of enjoying the work of those same oily boils which power the rotors which will power a seat in an airplane, en route to the arctic sea

OPIS / OPS

*We've never had so much FUN as since we Formed the Union.
It costs us 5 percent of our income but its worth every penny
The dogs didn't join for 20 whole years, what changed?
We discovered that what we thought was output was actually input.
Every breath, every movement of our paw, electric,
and this electricity coming from the Arctil Oil,
We believed our own wind was wind,*

*but it too, through its electricity,
recalled the fossil.*

* * *

The union has successfully organized every worker on the asteroid 433 Eros. There are two divisions of the union: the parent GPU and the satellite CPU.

GPU: General Precariat Union

Any worker may join.

CPU: Computergame Precariat Union

Precarious computergame industry workers may join

In both groups, all members pay 5% of their annual income in union dues. This fund is allocated for purposes voted on quarterly by union members.

for an UBI of half of the per capita GUP (gross union product)

Membership Duties:

Fee

Per member:

3% of prior year's earnings: wage & capital income.

(By contrast SAG-AFTRAs cost is 1.575% of earnings)

Voting

Mandatory quarterly voting on union leadership, accounting, projects

BENEFITS

Regular income

Members vote every quarter to proposition changes to rules, projects, %s, elect positions if there isn't consensus, etc.

General contract of workers rights

- universal contract

- formalized protection phrasing
- clauses which can be mix-n-matched into existing contracts
- management must share total budget

Propositions:

No less than 10% of budget should go to admin, which must be paid.

GPU union shop badge - projects in which all contractors / collabers are gpu members.

Spending

(members can vote to change these allocations / proportions)

BENEFITS

- 33% used as internal welfare system, members vote whether:
 - redistributed from high to low or
 - split evenly as union "UBI", etc

PROJECTS

- 33% used to pay for union work / Action
- strike fund
- lobbying?
- philanthropy?
- solidarity work with other unions
- & other democratically-chosen propositions

ADMIN

- 33%
- interactive website:
- forum
-
- payments accounting
- newsletter
 - in person meetings at: gdc, etc

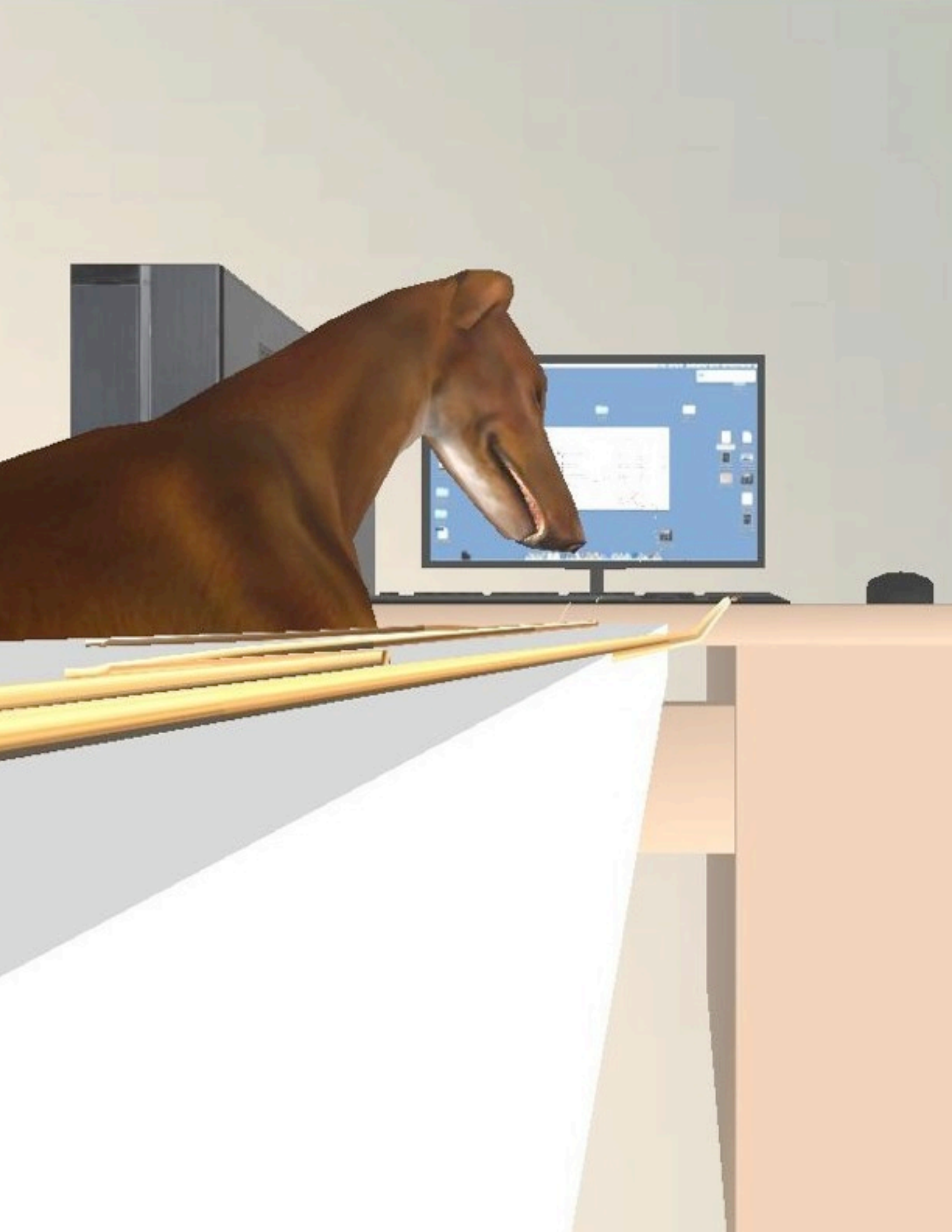
* * *

The protesters stand on the other side of the cliff, and here is the moment of truth for our faithful friend Pluto, to cross the bridge or not, to side with the Union's *progress* toward Income and Rest or with the Boss' *accumulation of* Wealth and Death. *It is Just a game, play and GROW GROW GROW...* an Ubu whispered, but the rotors cranked loudly and the wind washed away the craggy peaks of these words, leaving only -- *ihhss uuss ahh ayyyy OH OH OH . . .*

ihhss ahh uuss ahh ayyyy
ihhss ahh uuss ahh ayyyy
OH OH OH OH OH
ihhss ahh uuss ahh ayyyy
ihhss ahh uuss ahh ayyyy
OH OH OH OH OH OH OH

And so it was, that on that very same Asteroid, 433 Eros, which Koch had set aside as the prototype of the Seastead's manifest destiny in the colonization of Space, the workers managed to establish their union. And although the GPU came first, even while CPU was the original plan, the CPU did not lag too far behind. And indeed, if the GPU reminded those of the Old, well, the CPU was there, communicating by light with UAW too, and it was this new Troika of unions which then came together once more, each of their workers counted into a One, One CPU, One GPU, and One UAW, and the Three into yet a higher order of Unity.









Οἶκοςpiel Book I

Libretto

unrevised
First Edition,
February 9, 2017

oikospiel.com