

**Timothy Page
and Sami Klemola**

LOVERS OF MANKIND

**A one-act opera from the
Gill Bates Songbook, op.453**

**Libretto
by Ossi Koskelainen,
(translation by Timothy Page)**

Characters:

GILL BATES

*IT moguless, founder of
Apollosoft*

BENZEDRINE PENTHOUSE

primitivist anarchist

ILKKA HAUKKA

Finland's state philosopher

AGATHA SJÖROOS

*formerly top engineer for Diotosh,
presently Apollosoft's chief
marketing strategist, wife of Ilkka*

MALE ENGINEER CHOIR

I. GILL BATES' MORNING

G B:

1955, I was born.
1956-1968, I lived a happy
childhood, excelling at math and
science in school.
1969, I created Traf-O-Data, a
successful traffic control program.
1973, I enrolled at Harvard College
1975, I founded Apollosoft.

From 1975 'till now I've had
primary responsibility for
Apollosoft's product strategy. And
I've even become a good friend of
Bono, the singer for the band U2.

Toissaviikolla (week before last), I
said in an interview, that I wished I
were not maailman vaikutusvaltais-
in ihminen, (the world's most
influential person) stating that I
disliked the huomio (attention)

No!

I'm a motherless bastard,
I detest humanity to no end,
and love only myself! Yes!

No...

I came here...
I am Gill Bates, a daughter of so-
and-so

Yes... Year before last I discover
Finland.
I saw this wonderland, with patches
of nature
still intact after the eco-catastrophe.
I fell in love with it for good.

I arrived on May Day
and when I heard drunken engineers
on the street shouting
"Gill Bates, Gill Bates!" at the
sight of me,
I was convinced.
I won them over.
I relocated to Finland, learned the
language,
and now I'm here.

Now,
November 2012, the most talented
engineers I've found work for me.
They give their time, minds and
bodies
to ethical programming for the
better of humanity
at my headquarters in Espoo's Neo-
Silicon Valley

Good morning engineers!
You, the pride of Apollosoft's Neo
Silicon Valley!

M E:

Gill Bates, Gill Bates, Gill Bates

G B:

Regarding today's matters, first the
bad news:
The morning IT sections of today's
New York Times, Die Zeit, El Pais,
Beijing Daily
and Greater-Helsingin Sanomat
have been devoted to cyborg
technology;
Companion robots,
that have recognizably human
characteristics
and presence.

"The near future will be more
human than human,"
proclaims the CEO of Diotosh, our
fiercest competitor.

Not merely in Tokyo, but in Greater
Helsinki, there is already
a humanoid Diotosh pilot cyborg
unit in testing. In testing!
This is a tragedy.

Engineers, I know in my heart
that cyborg technology opposes me.
It opposes us, and opposes our
ethics.

A Cyborg is not pure Man, and I
love Man.
We love Man of the future.

M E:

The future is pure, the future is
Man.
The future is pure, machine-
controlling Man.

G B:

And now the good news!
Blessed boys,
don your Thyrsos laptops
and carry out today's press
conference.

Awake, Neo-Silicon Valley!
This is our day!
Our pearl of the North, in vitro for 2
years,
may finally be ushered into the
world
This is the day of Apollosoft's new
rise,
the day of Thyrsos II.

Thank you!

Marketing chief Agatha Sjöroos,
the morning meditation may now
begin.

II. MORNING MEDITATION

A S:

Commence.
Drive the code.

M E:

Male engineer brothers,
Let us fall momentarily silent,
for the sanctity of Gill Bates

Pacified in the grace of our Thyrsos
laptops.

Male engineer brothers,
Rejoicing quietly
like lambs pasturing beside their
mother,
we tense every finger on the
keyboard.

III. ILKKA AND BENZEDRINE

I H:

Who's at your door?
Open, and you'll find out.
Ilkka Haukka, your Daddy dearest is
here.

Listen, I've been feverishly thinking
of you.
I'm worried.
My boy, I can hear you scurrying
about in there.

You do still know me,
your wise father.
Well?? Benze!

Hey! Dammit Benze. Since you're
behind the door, in a state of

spiritual blindness and can't
scientifically or even
philosophically speaking see what
lies before you, I will be your
oracle.

When your philosopher father
speaks,
you had better listen.

Pekka-Eero Haukka, or Benzedrine
Penthouse,
whichever you wish to be called
today,
my dear strange son,
seep over to the door and open it.

I sincerely wish to know how you're
doing.
It is only my right as father to ask.

B P:

Well! But yes yes yes yes,
dearest academic-papito

don't tell me you just came to
spread Bates' tidings of joy.
Fucking hell. Hallelujah.

Anyone with any knowledge of
psychoanalysis
understands why Neo-Silicon
Valley is full of men.
They chant themselves into ascetic-
asthmatic Bates' engineers
for lack of anything better to do.

I honestly hope they all clink into a
collective coding-psychosis
as soon as possible.

Comprendes?

The thin lie of technology's new
hope is over.

O, Ilkka Ilkka Ilkka Ilkka,
You, Ilkka, are my father?
Luckily personality isn't genetic.

Of course you want Bates' wealth-
factory to set up shop here
so that you can lick up easy money
off the fat cats
and momentarily shut up the
incessant nagging of my luxury-
depedent
Swedish speaking mom in Westend.

Sorry, but I won't tolerate you using
your
intelligence and power to
manipulate Finland's herdish
populace
with your so-called philosophy

"Gill Bates is, as of yesterday, a
major buyer of Ilkka Hauka's
internationally recognized thought.
Haukka was hired as Apollosoft's
'propoganda minister,' as Haukka
jokingly put it. And when national
philosopher Haukka and Bates put

their heads together, even the IQ of the citizenry will be greater than ever, Appolosoft promises.”

Repulsive!

You should be ashamed.
Asuming you're still capable of such a feeling

I H:

Your tongue is sharp,
one might think you genuinely wise.
But ultimately there is no...
actual reason in your words.

Too bad for you.
Well... if you'd only believe me.

You can boast all you want with
your anti-technological anarchism.
But you still can't affect the fate of
the of the masses as Bates does. And
did you know that today is the day
when a new torch of hope, the
Thyrsos II, Finland's pride and joy,
will alight above greater Helsinki?

Believe me. Let go of your cynicism
for a moment and come with me to
Neo-Silicon Valley. I have few
ideas for even *your* salvation. Come,
for me and for yourself.

B P:

Spare me that crap.

I H:

There's no medicine for you, and
without it no cure.

IV. PRE-PRESS CONFERENCE I

M E:

Pure science is pure truth,
but egoistic pride severs the thread
of life
quicker than death

Help us keep our hearts apart from
those
who will not be content with the
light

Gill Bates!
Grant us a sign
that we have understood
what the people ought to consume

Gill Bates!
Let Thyrsos II,
the pearl of the North, prevail and
proliferate.

G B:

Dear people,
this press conference
will be a success.

I shall now go for a walk
to collect myself for delivering
words of truth

Are you prepared
to rock the IT world in exactly 1
hour?

M E:

Yes!

V. THE KIDNAPPING

B P:

Now there's a catch!
She smiles at me,
a little kosher lamb begging to be
roped, led to slaughter,
peacefully awaiting her executioner.

That woman has offered the world
only false spirituality
and there she is,
a super-magnate entirely unguarded

Wow! Gill Bates!
You squirm like a wileful bastard
child
of Hulk Hogan and and Sylvia Plath
Now it's time for me to school you!

G B:

Tell me what you want
and leave me be!

B P:

You offend me, and you offend the
world
It is my citizen's right to kidnap you
And give you a lesson about life

G B:

You are disturbed!

B P:

But I order you.
And my muscle mass and charisma
Are greater than yours

G B:

You know nothing of life,
nothing of your deeds,
you don't even know who you are

B P:

I am Benzadrine Penthouse!
Post-electronic rock musician,
decadent eco-philosopher,
aristocratic communal-anarchist,
living paradox and revolution!

And in case you're interested in my
distinguished ancestry
my father is Ilkka Haukka, doctor of
philosophy,
and my mother is your chief
marketing strategist
Agatha Sjöroos!
How's that for inheritable
intelligence?

G B:
You?
You!!

VI. PRE-PRESS CONFERENCE II

M E:
The press conference is beginning,
but Gill Bates is absent.
Koan?
Is this one of her spiritually
cleansing pranks?

Bates benevolently leaves us alone.
But we are never alone,
as Bates sings within us,
Bates speaks within us,
Bates breathes with our lungs,
Bates sees with our eyes,
Bates shapes the world with our
hands.

And even without you,
the press conference will begin
within you, for your sake
without you, within you
for your sake

VII. BENZEDRINE'S BUNKER

B P:
What the fuck... My flat reeks of
greater Helsinki's stale air.

And where might our sacred
psoriasis be cowering?
There she is! Our sterile, brain dead,
overeducated, exploitive cancer.
May I ask how you found your way
to the window?

G B:
It wasn't so difficult.
And truly intelligent beings never
get so worked up.

B P:
Tell me how the hell you found the
window!

G B:
I requested that you calm yourself.

B P:
Come again? Who here needs to
calm down, maniac?!
You spout nonsense, brain cancer.

G B:
I don't understand why you mock
my kind gesture

B P:
I keep my bunker organically
cluttered on purpose.

G B:
It was simply impossible to breathe
amidst all this dirt

B P:
...and a real practical tumor, on top
of everything.

G B:
I see basic issues clearly even from
behind my wealth.
But let's forget that window and turn
on the good old... radio.
Isn't it time for the news? You do
follow the news, at least, don't you?

B P:
Switch it on. Let your last wish be
granted, shit princess.

VIII. RADIO

R:
Good afternoon, people of the
future!
Up next, the daily news from the
Finnish news commission's
electronic shepherd.

B P:
Say what you have to say,
hypnomaniac !

R:
Today Finnish information
technology history has been made in
Espoo's Neo-Silicon Valley.

The Thyrsos II, Apollosoft's new
generation portable computer,

conceived and overseen by
American ex-patriot IT impresario
Gill Bates, was just unveiled in Gaia
Hall at the company's current
headquarters, as worldwide
representatives of the media bore
witness.
Gill Bates, known for her warmth
and charismatic calm, was not
present at the event, despite her
company's prior assurances, but
Apollosoft's chief European
marketing strategist Agatha Sjöroos
and her husband, self-proclaimed
fan of Apollosoft and Finland's
official national thinker, philosophy
PhD Ilkka Haukka, summarized
Apollosoft's latest policy directives
during the function.

A S:
"Right. Many companies today
attempt to match Apollosoft's
ethical-technological standards. But
we can say with some degree of
pride, deviating slightly from our
usual modesty, that our moral-
technological-price quotient is
simply unsurpassed. While all of
today's other successful information
technology firms savor the last
jumbo shrimp off the buffet tables
of globalization's collateral damage,
and focus on developing, for
example, elitist cyborg technology,
we have the foresight to devote

ourselves 100% to humane, high-level local production and ergonomic design catered to the psychophysical well-being of our largely middle-class consumer base. Family, identity, and humanity are our trump cards in this beautiful world."

I H:
"Well... I'll say that without the help of higher powers, we and indeed Finland wouldn't be in our present enviable state. And the so alluring higher power in this case is the Voltaire and Mahatma Gandhi-influenced total business, creativity, and life philosophy, of Apollosoft's visionary leader Gill Bates. Thanks, Gill!"

B P:
Sick, post-traumatic megalomaniacs. Gill Bates, I have nothing to save you other than BACK TO THE WOODS, you pathological liar. Fucking great, when hysterical capitalist bitches assume power in this uncomprehending world.

G B:
You just don't seem to understand. The world today no longer allows women to be subordinated. Or the movement towards equality to be

held back. You and I could do a background check on donations by our corporation and its sister companies, I guarantee you won't find a single blemish.

B P:
Information technology didn't save the world from the last eco-catastrophe, and it won't save it afterwards either. The only way it is...

G B:
You intend to use aggression to bring about change?

B P:
At least I'll make those eunuchs in Neo-Silicon Valley understand the truth, if I ever make it there.

G B:
Benzedrine, would you really like to go there? To meet my engineers. To experience something genuinely good... I think you might still come to understand

B P:
Enough of that positive drive!!

G B:
No, no, really! Will you come with me if I arrange a chance for you to give them a speech. On your

conditions! I promise. You could influence their thoughts with yours.

B P:
You might have something there...

G B:
I'll guide. Shall we?

B P:
Are you really serious? I don't want any of your bullshit, baby Gill. I get to speak. And after my speech, I leave without any follow-up. And if any one of your holy schoolboys tries to call the police, I swear they'll be cleaning your brains up off the floor afterwards.

G B:
I'm serious. Try out your charisma. Do something genuinely crazy for a change and give Apollosoft a chance!

IX. EVENING SONG OF THE SELF-REFLECTIVE NATURIST ENGINEERS

M E:
Clear night falls.
Our liberated bodies are gleaming

free from the tensions of the press conference

Swim, swim

Though Man has abandoned the wilderness,
we take pleasure in beauty
as best we can.

Our profound hope from the icy water:
let the immortal one appear to us
at the appropriate time.
Let her burst
the bubble of time,

for it has swollen to godlessness.

Swim, swim

X. THE JOURNEY TO NEO-SILICON VALLEY

G B:
You walk so quickly

B P:
Ho, shit! And the sacred peyote I just ate
is starting to kick in.
Are there... listen...
Are there two suns on the horizon?
And are you, sun-ass queen Gill
suddenly a bull, like in Mil-

ton's poetry?

There are horns are protruding from
your temples.
What the... am I covered with
festering pimples?

G B:
Perhaps all that is true

B P:
Thus, my jolly fellows, every step
takes
us by rickshaw down Main Street in
the kingdom of snakes.

And no one in this world is such a
libidinal anarchist!
Only I think, and therefore exist!

Only I am, I am
an ever-expanding black hole!

G B:
More modest sufferings
allotted you by fate,
await you, Benzedrine penthouse

B P:
Suffering and fate,
the singularity-confines
of my politics and philosophy

G B:
Proceed, mindless one, towards your
audience.

Allow me to announce our arrival.

Good evening, my engineers,
and forgive my earlier absence.
As a reward for a well-executed
press conference,
I have for you a philosophizing
special guest.
Benzedrine Penthouse.

Gather around him.
And marketing chief, Agatha
Sjöroos
this applies especially to you.

Now you, former Diotosh artificial
intelligence guru,
"mother" of Benzedrine,
Agatha Sjöroos

You receive the honor of decoding
this walking cyborg machine of
destruction,
this manifesto of unethicalness,
before us.

However difficult it may be for you,
traitor.

Be my guest.

XI. THE DECODING

M E:
Pekka Eero, admit it.

who has the means,
righteous and certain,
night and day
to the joy and happiness of mankind

B P:
Ego quator pedibus eo! Ego! (I
move on four legs. I!)

M E:
No. Who holds the keys to the
world?

B P:
Ego duobus pedibus eo! (I move on
two legs!)

M E:
Don't get smart

B P:
I, I move on three legs
the answer is Man

M E:
No!

B P:
Man

M E:
No!

B P:
Free society, with no leader!

M E:
No!
The answer is Gill, Gill, Gill.

We answer to Gill Bates alone,
not the world.

A S:
My son, Pekka. It was I who coded
him...

B P:
I'm burning I'm burning! Is it my
time to die?

M E:
The future is pure, the future is Man

A S:
...his deep memories,
his sharp radicalism,

B P:
Now I understand

A S:
his Dionysian charm.

B P:
Even though I was never
programmed to understand...

M E:
Justice here!

B P:

...that I am a cyborg.
To conceive of...

M E:

Bring the sword!

B P:

...my cyborg nature truthfully.

A S:

He remembers how I nursed him,

B P:

Can you imagine...

A S:

how I took him to school...

B P:

that I never comprehended,
understood, became aware of...
whatever beautiful words you have
for that feeling...

A S:

...by his father Ilkka's side,

M E:

That which does not belong,

B P:

this lie...

M E:

we cast aside.

A S:

Though I coded him into life but a
year ago

B P:

that I am a victim of your spectacle
seeking society
a scabious, wandering, vagrant dog,
kidnapped into the circus

A S:

for Diotosh, for Diotosh

M E:

justice here, bring the sword,
bursting with delight

B P:

Nevertheless, in my bones and
essence, a feeling being.

A S:

A lie, a lie so blessed, until...

B P:

...a rabid test-canine...

A S:

Apollosoft made its offer

B P:

And even though I now comprehend
it, I laugh...

M E:

The future is pure, the future is
Man.

A S:

better pay,

B P:

...endlessly at the fact that you will
never bear witness...

M E:

The future is pure, the future is
Man.

A S:

a more ethical life...

B P: How much all of this pains me

A S:

I could not refuse

M E:

The future is pure, the future is Man

A S:

Have pity on this mother, this
murderer

B P:

Now!

M E:

Justice!

B P:

Help me!

A S:

Have pity on this mother, this
murderer

B P:

It's time to die...

M E:

Justice!

B P:

..laughing.

M E:

Justice!

Benzedrine penthouse,
Agatha's algorithm
is dead.
As dead as a cyborg can be.

XII. ILKKA AND AGATHA

I H:

Hmm.
So it turned out like this.
I wasn't able to rescue our son with
our connections,
despite your hopes, Agatha.
Many things proceeded surprisingly,
and not in the way we had imagined.

Come on, Agatha.
We're not losing a place in heaven
on account of any of this.
Agatha!

From Gill Bates, I know
that according to the current
prevailing theory
pure artificial intelligence is an
impossibility.
Belief in artificial intelligence is
mankind's collective,
fragile inferiority complex,
borne of the prospect that the
miracle of human-like
consciousness
could be reproduced in other,
stronger creatures.

Contemporary Man has two deities:
chaos, and technology
When technology develops via Gill
Bates to its pure apex,
the new apex of humanity will also
be reached.
The unpleasant pains accrued over
the course of chaos-ridden history
will subside when Gill Bates tames
chaos,
and pacifies Man's calls for help, as
He gropes through the fog.

Come on Agatha,
don't cry anymore.

Our status in this company will
continue to grow.
And look at the empty sky,
never before has it shined so bright.