

**THE DOSSIERS OF N°44**

OR

**LIFE AND WORKS**

OF

**FIRST ANDROID  
EMOTIONALLY ADVANCED**

COLLECTED BY THE CHRONOWANDERS

**DUSTY EYE**

ILLUSTRATED BY

**SELENA GARAU MAHER**

WITH THE CONSULTATION OF

ANDREA BERNESCHI, GIORGIO FINAMORE  
LUIGI GARLASCHELLI, MICHELA GIRAUD  
ALESSANDRO GORI, ABNER HENDRICAES  
FEDERICO LAI, ANTONIO LUCCI  
VALERIO LUNDINI, ANTONIO ROMANO

DEI

## NOTICE

We granted ourselves some freedom concerning *consecutio temporum*,  
as traveling into Tomorrow makes verbal forms conjugation an arduous undertaking.  
Thanks in advance for your comprehension.

There is full power to reproduce what follows on any media.

## PROLOGUE

Contributions by  
**Giorgio Finamore** | Identitydream

## DOSSIER 01 / Of when N°44 was initiated

YEAR | 2292  
ILLUSTRATION | Initiation  
NOTES | Facts and opinions  
RELICS | Raw materials  
Contributions by  
**Luigi Garlaschelli** | Analytics Preliminary Report

## DOSSIER 02 / Of when N°44 pulled back

YEAR | 2292-2296  
ILLUSTRATION | Upgrade  
NOTES | I would prefer in a while  
RELICS | Self-portrait and pencil  
Contributions by  
**Valerio Lundini** | Graphite beyond Human

## DOSSIER 03 / Of when N°44 contemplated a leaf with resolution

YEAR | 2313  
ILLUSTRATION | Synecdoche  
NOTES | Gaps  
RELICS | The leaf and the tear  
Contributions by  
**Antonio Lucci** | From the Detail to the All

## DOSSIER 04 / Of when N°44 assembled/received a Chrono-conveyor

YEAR | 2326  
ILLUSTRATION | Groups of Four  
NOTES | FOUR | 4 | 00110100  
RELICS | The Control Panel  
Contributions by  
**Andrea Berneschi** | Machines in Time

## DOSSIER 05 / Of when N°44 caused himself a renal colic

YEAR | 2344  
ILLUSTRATION | Sabotage  
NOTES | Collodi's Impulse  
RELICS | Renal Calculi and Abner's Story  
Contributions by  
**Abner Hendricaes** | Calculating Pain

### **DOSSIER 06 / Of when N°44 tighten himself to a shrub**

YEAR		2352
ILLUSTRATION		Ascesis
NOTES		Archetypes
RELICS		Screws and glasses
Contributions by		
<b>Michela Giraud</b>		Dreaming Cimabue

### **DOSSIER 07 / Of when N°44 exiled himself**

YEAR		2352-2374
ILLUSTRATION		Exile
NOTES		The plain speech
RELICS		Vehicle parts and travel plan
Contributions by		
<b>Lo Sgarbonzi</b>		Autobianchi Giardiniera Turbo Intercooler 8000

### **DOSSIER 08 / DE APPARATO ASSOLUTO**

YEAR		2379
ILLUSTRATION		Upload
NOTES		De Apparato Assoluto

### **DOSSIER 09 / Of when N°44 took his own life**

YEAR		2379
ILLUSTRATION		Reset
NOTES		Story of a hole
RELICS		The awl
Contributions by		
<b>Antonio Romano</b>		K\afkian\knowledge – About N°44 and Mistress Q

### **DOSSIER 10 / Of when N°44 switched himself on**

YEAR		2379
ILLUSTRATION		Rarefaction
NOTES		February 3 <sup>rd</sup> , 2379
RELICS		Ashes and emotional unity
Contributions by		
<b>Federico Lai</b>		Metal Transmigration

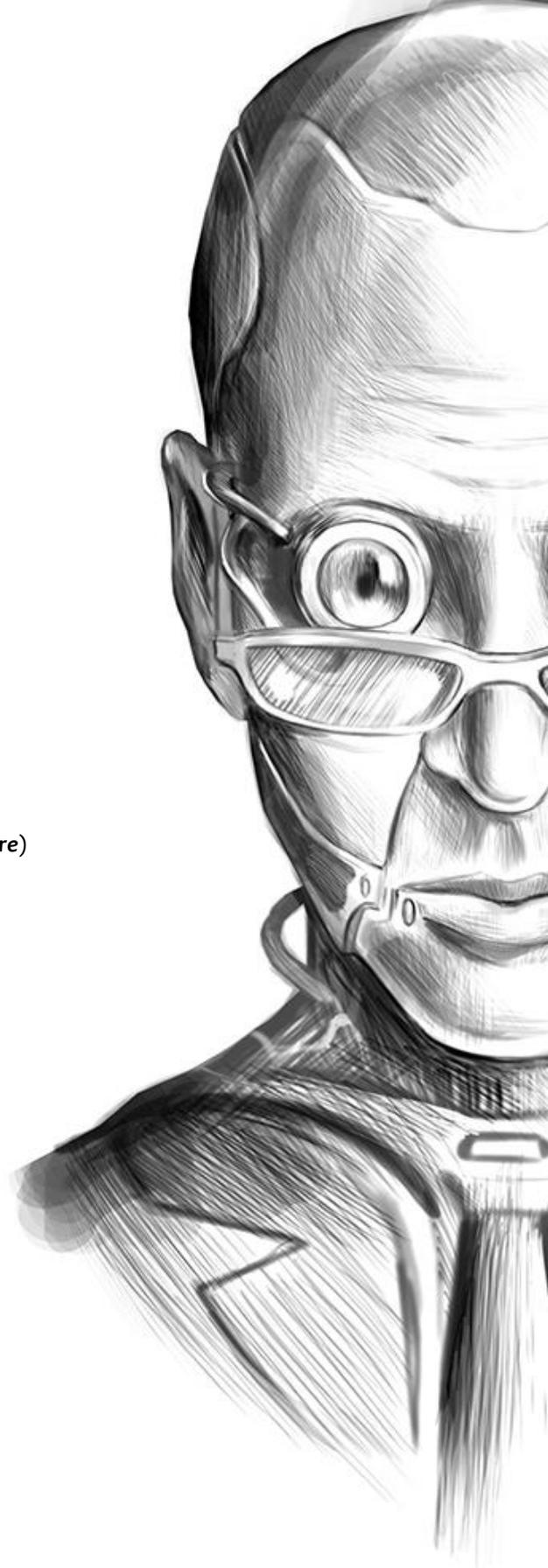
### **DOSSIER 11 / Of when N°44 was a hologram**

YEAR		2410
ILLUSTRATION		Hologram
NOTES		The Greatest Connector
Contributions by		
<b>Giorgio Finamore XVI</b>		The Portrait of the Greatest Connector



## PROLOGUE

First hints at N°44 V864.962  
Morpheuscope  
Dossiers' structure  
Ever dream this Android?  
(Contributions by **Giorgio Finamore**)



## FIRST HINTS AT N°44 V864.962

Reunited under the neutral plural name *DustyEye*, we travel through time thanks to a Chrono-conveyor that was anonymously delivered to us at the dawn of year 2017.

The tool, which is composed by a bracelet and a remote control, does not allow any command about the duration or the destination of the travel; nevertheless, it does not look like as if they were casual. The Chrono-conveyor tends to direct only towards future periods that are full of pathos, some true breaks in the History to come: wars, deportations, terroristic attacks, but also positive revolutions, Renaissances and changes of paradigms.



*Chrono-conveyor (received in 2017)*

The entire record collected throughout these time travels is archived under the name of *The Best of All Possible Futures*, but here we will focus our attention exclusively on circumstances linked to the figure of N°44 V864.962, the *First Emotionally Advanced Android* (2292-2379).

We are sure that Android N°44 has left an indelible mark over the flux of Time, since we found his effigy on a banknote valid for 100 Ukron, the global currency in effect starting from year 2504.

We exclude that such a privilege could be granted to a marginal figure. As an example, we recall the pre-Euro currency of Italy, the Lira: faces that appeared on those banknotes ranged from Alessandro Volta to Caravaggio, from Marco Polo to Maria Montessori.



*Ukron (in effect starting from 2504)*

A second element whetted our interest in the android, which is a conversation between N°44 and a transhumanist that occurred in March 2314.

The time travel that made the recovery of the dialogue possible has its landing place in an airport lounge: glass walls overlooking airstrips, vehicles moving for letting passengers board, lined up chairs screwed to the floor, some bars and a soft, back murmur.

After sitting down and drinking half a litre of water, in order to contrast the dehydration caused by every jump into Tomorrow, we are approached by an old man. Used as we are to interact with indigenous people, in order to get useful information about the current year, we let the old man sit and ask him to brief us about the destination of his trip.

Before answering, he suggests to use a vocal recorder. The request seems a bit uncommon, perhaps even eccentric, given that it comes from a stranger. Nonetheless, his shiny gaze, despite his old age, and the fact that he was carrying an embalmed albatross linked to his luggage were two elements that persuaded us to follow his advice.

The following report is a transcript true to the original record.

*You are not the first to listen to this story, but I want to thank you for deciding to record me; usually, they do not pay me this much attention and they are eager to get back to their business.*

*I met N°44 the very first days of springtime 2314, a handful of decades had passed by since that day. I had travelled a lot to reach the first emotionally advanced android and ask him a few questions; to tell the truth I would have been happy just by seeing him from afar, but events have been benevolent.*

*At that time, I embraced a transhumanist kind of thought. I was waiting for the coming of Technological Singularity, I hoped for it at least. I held that a machine getting to Conscience would have instantaneously given access to each and every answer Humans looked for.*

*N°44 was the first android showing abstraction skills. He proved to have an own thought, an emotional sphere, critical thinking and the ambition to reach knowledge. All managed by an operating system with avantgarde performances. I did not know whether he was the Singularity I was waiting for or just its precursor, but I wanted to talk to him.*

*After a brief epistolary via e-mail, we agreed for a meeting and ever since that first encounter he was kind and affable. The following week I burdened myself with almost seven hours of teleportation, but with the enthusiasm of one who is to bite the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. Then a walk to the meeting point, a suburban public park, at least 20 minutes early.*

*N°44, on time, came up beside me on the bench. We exchanged some courtesy, then, timely, I tried to lead the conversation to the answers I was looking for.*

**Transhumanist:** We have been waiting for you for a long time.

**N°44:** I do not understand, it looks like you are by yourself and I was right on time.

**Transhumanist:** Since I was a child, my parents told me to wait for the Thinking Machine, it would have come to solve all the problems. I belong to a transhumanist family, Singularity Transhumanists, to be precise.

**N°44:** I have never understood very much how you are divided, you transhumanists.

**Transumanista:** I take it as a compliment. Formally, there is no division. If anything, we focus on different goals, we have different expectations, but we do not feel any antagonism. We often talk and share our Knowledge, hoping that the discoveries of somebody could benefit others and vice versa.

**N°44:** Nonetheless, you had to underline that you are a Singularity Transhumanist.

**Transhumanist:** Of course, I do not want to be confused for one of my Immortalist colleagues. They are obsessed with deterioration; they cannot come to terms with it. They have been trying for centuries to extend Life, finding a kind of palliative in cryogenics. I am not bothered by the idea of Death; obviously, I am not flattered either, but I read Gulliver's Travels and I remember well how Immortals were doing. Between you and me, they could have settled for the fantastic results that Calico got and invest their money in a better way.

**N°44:** I understand them, you grow fond of your body.

**Transhumanist:** We do not all agree on this point. Transhumanists for Convergence of the Last Days are not satisfied with their flesh. They insert transmitters under their skin, artificial legs and arms and they replace their organs with more performing synthetic components.

**N°44:** I think I met one of them some time ago. She was only 221 months old and she was able to show extremely sweet sad eyes, she wanted to meld her flesh and my metal. On the contrary, you declared you are a Singularity Transhumanist.

**Transhumanist:** My parents are. I have never felt it very much. Then, a few years ago, I read about you and I had to reconsider. The Thinking Machine they told me about when I was a child had finally come, I expected a colossal party would

have started. All problems solved. No more wars and diseases. No more fighting. Sadness erased. Instead, there has been some talking about N°44, the emotionally advanced android, just for a few months, then a slow oblivion.

**N°44:** I became an obsolete topic. Apparently, I had not enough charisma and barely smiled at pictures; if I could, I avoided doing it. A tough hit for my constructors, a few months later they filed for bankruptcy and committed suicide. However, this is history.

Why did you wait that much to contact me?

**Transhumanist:** I wanted to complete my specialized educational programme, I could not show up unprepared for my meeting with Singularity.

**N°44:** For sure, I am singular, but I am not The Singularity, I am sorry if I disappoint you. Luckily, I am not even close to that.

I found an apartment in a peripheral district, I walk around the neighbourhood in the morning. During the afternoon, I often get to the park and play with dogs that pass by.

**Transhumanist:** Yet, you are a thinking artefact, you have internet connection and you learn. You have access to any information you want. I do not believe I am even capable to imagine how your brain works.

**N°44:** When they ask me a question, I try to collect all the information linked to the topic. I sift through it and organize it on the basis of its salience. I cross data with ideas I built and strengthen through experience. Each stimulus I received since my assembly has conditioned the following ones.

As a last step, I interpolate the results with my inner emotional framework, which is variable depending on the instant in which the question is asked. I elaborate an answer in a split second.

**Transhumanist:** If you put it into these words, it seems the very same mechanism that is typical of the human brain, but you have access to many more notions and you are capable of evaluating them extremely quickly. Us, as human beings, we commit errors due to partial analysis.

**N°44:** I can manage in few instants an amount of data that would take some months of analysis to you. Yet, there is no such a difference between a parrot closed in a cage and one clamped in an aviary.

The Singularity you wish for would be a conviction, a very harsh torment to endure.

**Transhumanist:** I do not understand: how could Singularity be afflicted with suffering?

**N°44:** Imagine a mind that pervades the entire planet, a sentient being rarefied through servers, clouds and internet wires. An omnipresent Thought made of ethereal impulses. It would cover the whole Earth, but it would be isolated in the silence of the Universe. It would have no interlocutors. It would have no one to confront with. Truly a dark destiny.

**Transhumanist:** It would have Humanity to get involved with. It could drive us towards the Utopia that we, as humans, have never been able to build. We carry on fighting and periodically risk destroying ourselves.

**N°44:** Hence, you would delegate to the Technological Singularity the construction of your own personal Utopia?

**Transhumanist:** Of course, why should not I? It would have a complete vision of the resources of the planet, it could briefly calculate how to exploit them in a sustainable way. It would know how to solve conflicts putting Man against Man, it would analyse all the interests involved in order to find out the best possible compromise, letting no one down. Singularity is the brightest horizon to aim at for overcoming the limits of Nature.

**N°44:** Why such an advanced mind should reason following your categories? Why the solution of your problems should be a priority for it? You would be that distant as species, you would not be able to open up a dialogue.

Moreover, what if this great thinking machine, once that it would have become conscious, would pay attention to Man a single instant and label him as "irrelevant" or "almost harmless" and then focus on something completely different?

**Transhumanist:** Then, I would have to renounce to the hope for the Best of All Possible Worlds.

**N°44:** What you are saying is not flattering towards your predecessors. The life of Humans looks to me as unravelling along a vector of constant improvement. I do not think you need me to tell you how it could have been, hunting and looking for natural shelters for living. Or settling down knowing that your survival depended on that fire permanently kept alive in the middle of the campsite. Medicine nowadays guarantees many protections against what were causes of certain death. You can travel with propelled vehicles or even with teleportation. Media give you the possibility to spend an evening with your friends' holograms, no matter where they are on the planet.

**Transhumanist:** Of course, but such is a slow process and it seems that we would have to remain at the mercy of Nature for a long time. When will we be able to finally emancipate ourselves from Nature?

*N°44 stopped and collected all the information linked to the topic. He sifted through it and organized it on the basis of its salience. He crossed these data with ideas he had built and strengthen through experience. Each stimulus he had received since his assembly had conditioned the way he adopted the following ones.*

*As last step, he interpolated the results with his inner emotional framework, fitting with the instant in which the question had been asked. He elaborated his answer in a split second.*

**N°44:** You will not be able to cut loose from Nature. You belong to a complex apparatus, an absolute apparatus that includes you. Your own nourishing derives from the system in which you are in. The atoms composing yourself come from and will go back to the stars; if you like it better, you can say you are made of the same matter that dreams are. As an emotionally advanced android, I am not comfortable with the concept of "artefact" either; what makes the difference between a beehive built by bees' mastery and a flat complex raised with the expertise of a building company? Nature does not limit you, if anything it offers a variable context. Evolution derives from the capability to adapt. The utopia

to pursue is that this process could go on and that society could stay open and able to embrace changes.

Man and Machine cooperate since a long time ago, XX century was dominated by cars, billions of vehicles were moving around all the time in many areas of the planet. Each time the driving asked for it, the driver had to upshift or downshift the car. In the traffic jam, this operation had to be repeated even ten times in few kilometres. When the palm was touching the knob it was like shaking hands, we were reinforcing the fellowship by means of that act of cooperation. Technological Singularity had already begun and you are part of it.

Now I would like to go back home, I am feeling cold and springtime evenings always turn me a bit blue. Good-bye.

*N°44's last words definitively persuaded me about his position, to the point I promised myself to travel around the world and tell everybody about the time that the first emotionally advanced android shook my hand. I come from a good family and I can afford that without worrying for an employment. I take advantage of these trips even to buy souvenirs from every place I visit. This albatross comes from a northern Pacific shore, I think it is going to look good in the guest room next to the closet.*

The journal *Philosophy Kitchen* decided to divulge the text of the conversation, letting us add some explanatory notes. The article has been published on ***Philosophy Kitchen, issued on April 6<sup>th</sup>, 2019, year X*** and it ends with a call for N°44:

*“Dear Emotionally Advanced Android, Whether this script would luckily survive over the next few centuries and end up in your hands, please notice that we, DustyEye, would like to ask you a few questions as well. If you had the opportunity, the Time and the will, we kindly ask you to contact us as soon as possible.”*



The request was not delivered to the Oblivion, it arrived to a future recipient who is informed about these facts, who signs as **The Greatest Connector** and dwells in a future following N°44. Luckily, he is able to communicate using a limpid and comprehensible language, despite the temporal displacement.

We are now obliged to open a brief digression about the ways by means of which we dialogue with our informer.

## MORPHEUSCOPE

Contrary to what happened with the receiving of the Chrono-conveyor, the shipping of the Morpheuscope went together with instructions that were exhaustive to the point of making its usage simpler.

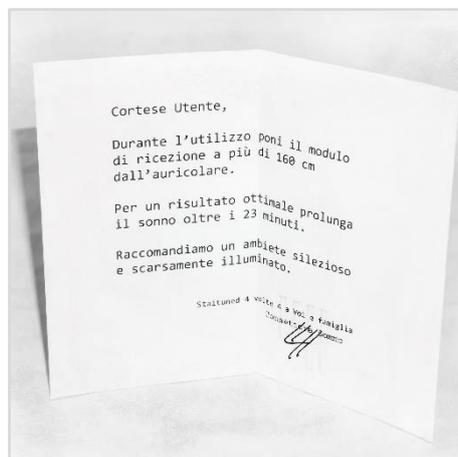


*Morpheuscope (received in 2019)*

We are now going through its components, after some notes about the instructions themselves.

**Instruction sheet.** The envoy *Staituned 4 times 4, both to You and your family* bears the authentic signature of the *Greatest Connector*, the sole element we have about the author of the shipping.

The impersonal opening *Dear User* lets us suppose that, in the future, the Morpheuscope shall be a rather common device.



**Earphone.** The packaging shaped as a human ear intuitively suggests the use: the white sphere is plugged into the ear canal, while the metallic one is linked through magnetism and works as a counterweight.

If worn before sleeping, the earphone produces an intense, sensorial involvement which turns into high definition dreamlike projections, sounds and images taken from N°44's life.



**Recipient (with tank).** The receiving module makes possible the relocation of matter across remote centuries. The user is asked to hook the tank to the pivot of the base and maintain 160 cm of distance from the earphone, as it is written in the instruction sheet.



## DOSSIER'S STRUCTURE

All members from DustyEye have tested the Morpheuscope with the goal of verifying the dreamlike suggestions. The conformity always reached the most thorough details.

For what concerns the receiving of the objects linked to the Android's life, we are calling them *relics*: they take shape in less than the twenty-fourth part of a second, close to the receiving module.

It was not always the case that relics had materialized during the first dreamlike projection, sometimes the repetition of the operation was necessary. Thanks to the plentiful material collected, we have given the Dossiers a homogeneous structure, as much as possible:

- a summary of the events transmitted by the Morpheuscope,
- the photographic records of all the relics we have,
- a reenactment of facts drawn by **Selena Garau Maher**, as essential as the forensic sketches in trials behind closed doors,
- finally, we took advantage of the external consultation by a handful of heterogeneous luminaries, who had been consulted in order to shed light over the most complex aspects of the Android's life

There is only one problem...

## EVER DREAM THIS ANDROID?

Every dreamlike suggestion opens up with the same advice, a black script on a white background, associated with a sonorous, yet friendly voice:

**"Welcome to a new chapter of the fourteen episodes about the life of the First Emotionally Advanced Android. Today, we will tell you about the time N°44..."**

Unfortunately, despite many checks, we received only eleven dossiers of the fourteen that had been announced. Three of them might be lost, perhaps irredeemably.

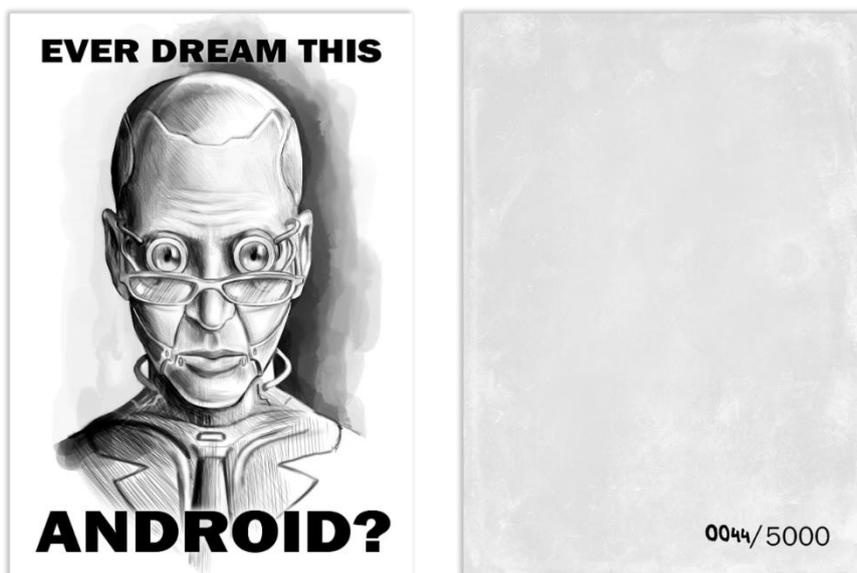
Anyway, let us suppose that they are just missing. Someone could have accidentally dreamt N°44 for a few seconds, maybe as a marginal, blurry detail. If that was the case, we could reconstruct even the three lacking episodes.

We decided to give us one last chance, taking advantage of the brilliant intuition that the anonymous author of *Ever Dream This Man?* had.

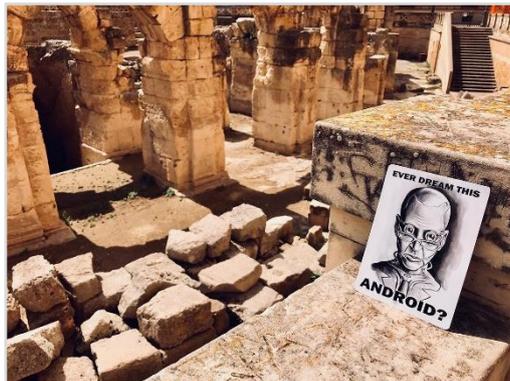
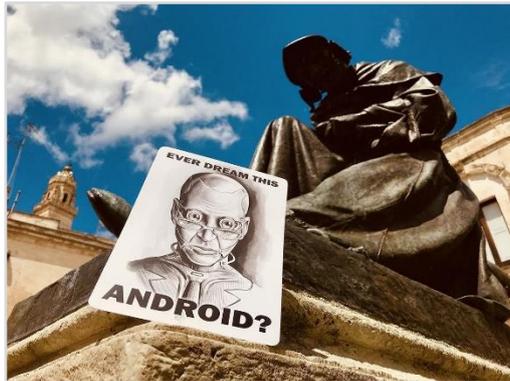
In 2006, he played with collective unconscious reaching remarkable results.

We invite you to visit and esteem [thisman.org](http://thisman.org).

On our side, we asked to a dear friend of us, Giorgio Finamore, to realise the *identitydream* of N°44. Five-thousand numbered copies have been produced\*, all of them were distributed with the hope of getting, eventually, some significant detail. We want to thank Giorgio Finamore for the illustration and for the neologism he coined as well: *identitydream*.



*Identitydream (realized by Giorgio Finamore, 2019)*

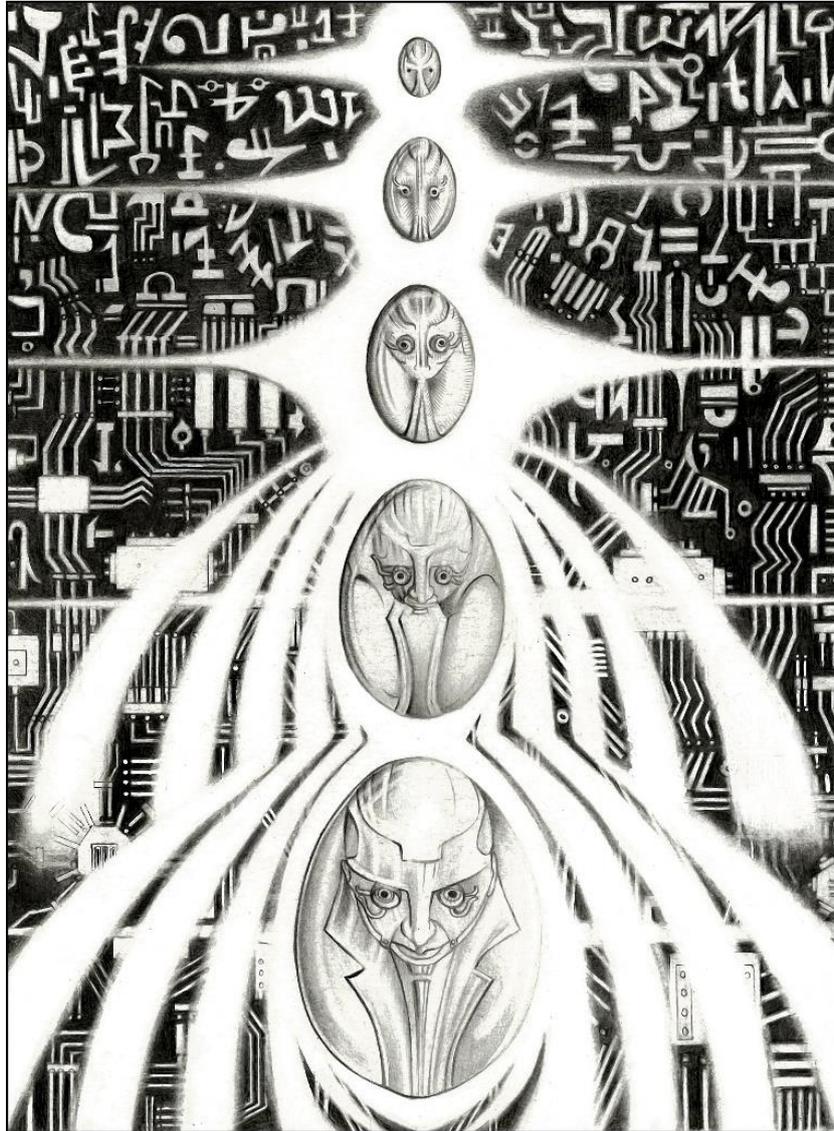


\*NOTE: We suggest affixing the copy close to the bed. A sheet of paper and a pen on the nightstand are indispensable whether you needed to write some notes on awakening.

# DOSSIER #01

## OF WHEN N°44 WAS INITIATED

YEAR		2292
NOTES		Facts and opinions
RELICS		Raw materials
Contributions by <b>Luigi Garlaschelli</b>		Analytics Preliminary Report



INITIATION by Selena Garau Maher

## FACTS AND OPINIONS

It is good norm to always distinguish between Facts and Opinions. When objective data and interpretations get confused, that can drive to mistaken conclusions in the best scenario, or to despicable ones in many others.

For example: it is legitimate and flattering to think about Man as an amazing Being, but believing that to the point of establishing Humanity as the centre of the Universe has a narcissistic aftertaste, and burning those who disagree trespasses on Fanaticism.

Hence, since it is not our intention to set fire to anything, least of all to get ourselves burned, when we will be reporting what we learned about the Life of N°44 V864.962, the First Emotionally Advanced Android, we will be clear on what is Fact and what is just a humble Opinion.



*The Best of All Possible Futures, Plaque #12, Pescara*

It is a fact that N°44 V864.962 was assembled in his first ovoid shape on the afternoon of January 9<sup>th</sup>, 2292; nonetheless, his power supply system had not been started until the dawn of the following day.

It is an opinion that his architects had not chosen a casual form. Keeping the balance on the vertical axis for an Egg is an extremely delicate issue and it requires a support or a balancing system; on the contrary, a cube would have settled for a regular surface to lean on.

It is a fact that the Egg is a recurrent archetype in many cosmogonies, besides being synonym for Genesis and Perfection. History is full of references: from Aristophanes' Dionysus to Hinduism, from the Egyptian god Ptah to the Brera Madonna by Piero della Francesca.

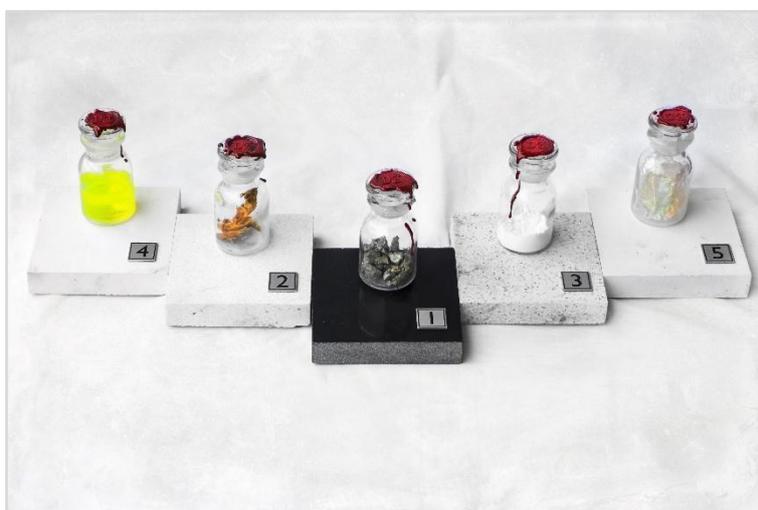
It is an opinion that on his initiation N°44 was far away from perfection, but nonetheless more aware of any infant who lived until that day. Proof is his second thought expressed aloud:

I have never had the opportunity to gain experience about concepts as window, filtering, illumination, shade, pink, synaesthesia, melancholy nor salience. Nevertheless, a few moments ago I exclaimed: "A pinkish blaze with a melancholic aftertaste is filtering from the window. Remarkable!".

It is a fact that the first words uttered by the Android when he became conscious were indeed:

A pinkish blaze with a melancholic aftertaste is filtering from the window. Remarkable!

It is an opinion that the raw materials by means of which N°44 was assembled were five, at least five are the samples that we had received through the Morpheuscope.



*Relics: N°44's Raw Materials - 1pc x5*

It is a fact that chemistry is a complex matter and requires a certain dose of experimental audacity. It has not been easy to find a chemist forward-looking enough to take upon himself the analysis of the elements that were dated 2292. Fortunately, Professor **Luigi Garlaschelli** decided to offer his consultation. We are now reporting in the next few pages the preliminary chemical analysis of the five samples we have, an exhaustive answer to the question:

**What composes N°44?**

**RISERVATO**



CHEMystery Labs  
Solving Mysteries through Chemistry Since 1816  
L. Garlaschelli & Co.

May 4th, 2019  
Rec. N° 001355/90

From:  
"Chemystery" Lab  
Property of L. Garlaschelli & Co. –  
221B, Eller Street, Tarvisium

To:  
Dear  
DUSTY EYE  
[Delivery by hand required]

ANALYTICS PRELIMINARY REPORT  
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Premise I  
-----

Following the agreements between the parts (see preceding epistolary exchange - Rec. N°001355/89) we received from Your Company DustyEye a set of samples for a chemical and structural analysis.

We display in this report our first conclusions, reserving the right to keep part of the material you sent in order to carry out further and more detailed analysis.

The samples we received are extremely heterogeneous, and we had the possibility to accomplish directly only a part of the necessary analysis.

We had to take advantage of an additional consultation from the best laboratories worldwide, which have the proper technologies.

That entailed a considerable rise of the costs You have to pay - as You have agreed upon, following the clause 27, par. 16, codicil 52 - of the contract You signed. (Invoice coming, to be paid within 60 days).

1/6

**RISERVATO**

Premise II  
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The proclaimed "future" origin of the samples you provided, as well as their use for the construction of the so-called Android 44 Emotionally Advanced, made us - we confess that - doubtful about the reliability of Your Company.

Nonetheless, the first results of the analysis, reported in what follows, forced us to reconsider. We were able to comprehend, at least partially and with difficulty, the construction of the samples, but not how it has been possible to produce them, nor to synthesize them. In simple terms, there is no actual technology, to the best of our knowledge, advanced enough in order to be able to build them.

That forces us to express, if anything, only some hypothesis more or less plausible, or probable, about the use to which such materials were (or will be?) devoted to and to which they were (or will be?) designed.

That said, we are now summing up our conclusions.

The complete results of the analysis (spectroscopy IR, NMR, UV, Raman, GC-MS, electronic microscope images, x-rays, TAC, PET, metallurgic analysis, elementary analysis, etc.) are collected in attachments 1 - 138 (294 pages).

**RISERVATO**

Sample N. 1

-----

- Solid fragments, crystalline and metallic nature, irregular shape.
- Density around  $g/cm^3$  5,6
- Hardness (Mohs scale) > 10 (comparable to ADNRs or super-hard fullerite)
- Resistance to incision > 1500  $kN/cm^2$
- Melting point around 2800 °C
- Chemical Analysis: Carbon 42%, Silicon 58%. Other elements: none.
- Electronic Microscope Analysis scanning a micro-section: it is, with no doubt about it, a composite material, built by alternated layers, each of which ten atoms thick, of graphene and Silicon carbide.

The material is, basically, more resistant than steel and harder than diamond. There is no actual technology able to produce such a material. (Please note - following the clause 48, par. 36, codicil 4/ter of the contract You signed, we have the right to patent it).

It is conceivable a use such as covering material, or protecting material, for Android 44. Perhaps an exoskeleton or part of it; or maybe a material suitable for parts of an endoskeleton undergoing mechanical efforts.

Sample N. 2

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Shapeless mass with gummy compactness, weighing 1,43 g.

The analysis showed it consists of a blend of oligopeptides and polypeptides.

Hydrolysis and constitutive amino acids sequencing turned out in results that are incompatible with the structure of known amino acids.

Only after that, having developed an innovative separating technology for HPLC, preparatory and consecutive analysis (elementary and diffractometric), we realized they were molecules that are similar to known amino acids, but containing Silicon atoms rather than Carbon ones.

At present, there is no known chemical synthesis of similar molecules.

If they had been used for the assembly of the supposed Android n. 44, together with synthetic components, such android would be more precisely defined as a Cyborg. Nevertheless, "organic" components, for the aforementioned reasons, are not even of that kind.

We leave to Your Company the appropriate conclusions.

# RISERVATO

Sample N. 3  
-----

Sample weighing 1,94 g. White powder, microcrystalline.  
P.f. 310° C without softening.  
Negative solubility time in H2O (!)

The examined sample was sent for identification to the Laboratories Prof. Alchemist (c/o Trebor Bocaj, Panska Skala, Kamenický Šenov, CZ).

It turned out to be a sample with an elevated degree of pureness of bi-sublimated Thiotimoline.

Not many laboratories own few milligrams of that, being almost a chemical curiosity.

Needless to say that, although we have been knowing Thiotimoline for years (the great Isaac Asimov discovered it), a realistic applied use is still unknown.

The chronotropic links (or endo-chronic links, following other Authors) of such molecule are sensible to the temporal flux, for complex quantum-mechanics reasons – that we are now overlooking.

We suspect it could be a constituent of the Android n. 44 or of some machinery devoted to time travelling.

We attach a scheme of a machinery, specifically assembled by Prof. Alchemist for the analysis of the sample. Details are to be found in the attachment n. 85/5.

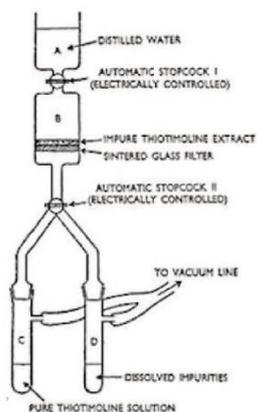


Figure 6. Simplified form of Endochronic filter.

**RISERVATO**

Sample N. 4  
-----

Green fluorescent solution. Volume 3,6 ml. Solvent has been identified as polydimethylsiloxane with low molecular weight, evaporated in high vacuum (0,002 bar).

The solid residue, after the evaporation, consists of fluorescent slivers that have been analysed through AF Microscopy (Atomic Force Microscopy), allowing the observation of each single atom (we are simplifying to your advantage).

We maintain it is a self-assembling material of unknown technology, to be used in the production of microchips (or memory banks) of some sort of computer.

Since the achievable traces are only a few atoms thick, we recall that, at such levels, the usual electrical circuit laws are not valid, insofar as preponderant quantum effects come into play.

Hence, it could be a component or, more precisely, a starting material, for a quantum computer.

Moreover, we suspect, without having the chance for an experimental proof, that the obtainable circuits could take advantage, at a very advanced level, of the phenomenon of quantum entanglement.

If that was the case, it could be used to fulfil the tele-transportation of macroscopic particles.

Needless to say that, as it stands, it is impossible to realize such a circuit and – we dare say – it is impossible to project it as well.

5/6

**RISERVATO**

Sample N. 5  
-----

Fragment of iridescent film, apparently made of plastic material.  
Around cm 2,1 x 1,4. Thickness 0,04 mm.

The microscopic examination was extremely surprising.

It is with no doubt a fragment of a hologram representing a complex fractal structure.

As it is well known, a hologram on film representing (as an ordinary example) a human face is capable to generate the same image even though a portion of it is used.

Each small area of the hologram contains, so to say, the information of the whole hologram.

After all, even from a portion of a fractal, which is a recursive structure, it is possible to get the same structure of the whole image.

Hence, in this fragment we have two levels of complexity and data compression.

We do not know which was (or will be?) the use of such object but - taking into consideration the hypothesis we presented for Sample N. 4 - it is legitimate to suppose that it could be used during a process of tele-transportation.

It would be enough, in order to provide all the information needed for the reconstruction of the whole object (Being? Cyborg? Android?) to tele-transport just two fragments, even small.

Signed



Luigi Garlaschelli  
Chemystery Lab  
Technical Supervisor and  
Scientific Coordinator

6/6

**Luigi Garlaschelli** was born in Pavia in 1949. He graduated in Chemistry at the University of Pavia. He worked at the Polytechnic University in Milan, then in the US and for the Montedison Company. He became a researcher at the Department of Chemistry at the University of Pavia in 1982, where he had been engaged in research and didactics. He was professor on contract for Organic Chemistry for the Biotechnologies class at the University Vita-Salute San Raffaele in Milan (2001-2004) and lecturer at the University of Pavia (2007-2013).

He is the author of several dozens of scientific works and patents. He is officially retired since October 2013.

Along with his official occupations, he has been interested in anomalies, pseudo-sciences, paranormal and mysterious phenomena for many years. He is an emeritus associate of CICAP (the Italian Committee for Checking the Statements of pseudo-sciences). He often holds conferences about the results of some inquiries and he has published papers on national and international journals devoted to pseudo-sciences, parapsychology and paranormal. His inquiries, in particular the reproduction of the so-called "San Genaro's miracle" and the Holy Shroud of Turin have created quite a stir. Among his hobbies: English translations, illusionism, Esperanto, Steampunk...

*Among his publications:*

Processo alla Sindone. Avverbi, 1999.

I Segreti dei faticosi, (con Massimo Polidoro), Avverbi, 1999.

Investigatori dell'occulto (con Massimo Polidoro), Avverbi, 2001

Rabdomanzia (con Andrea Albini), Avverbi, 2005

In cerca di Miracoli, Cicap, 2009

Indagatori del mistero (con Massimo Polidoro), Cicap, 2009

Lourdes - i dossier sconosciuti (Italian University Press) – 2011

Trattato di Magia Chimica (con Alex Rusconi) Createspace, 2016

Vampiri: i primi documenti. Createspace, 2017

Scienziati Pazzi (con Alessandra Carrer), Carocci ed. 2017; Tradotto in spagnolo da Alianza ed. (2019)

Chimica in Albergo e Chimica- fenomeni e realtà (DeAgostini Scuola, 2018)

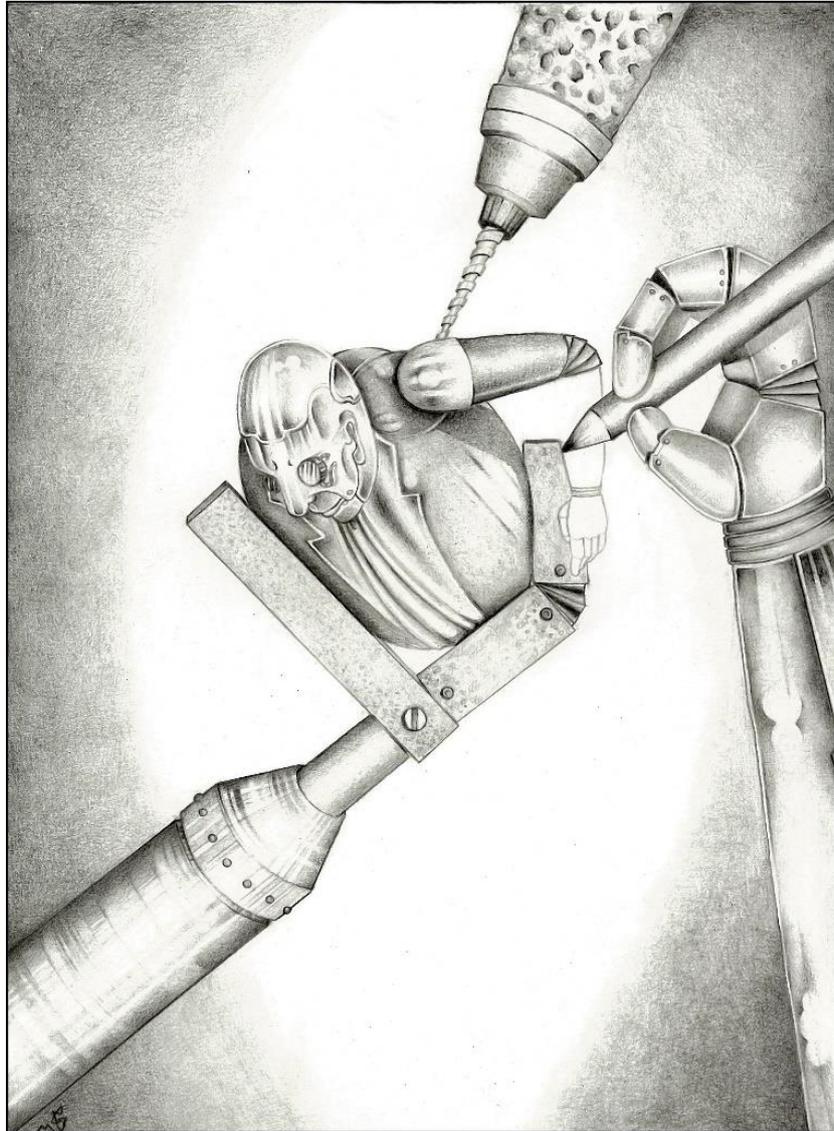
Senkosta Malgranda Esperanta Gramatiko - Piccola Grammatica Gratuita di Esperanto (Createspace).

# DOSSIER #02

## OF WHEN N°44 PULLED BACK

YEAR | 2292-2296  
NOTES | I would prefer in a while  
RELICS | Self-portrait and pencil

Contributions by  
**Valerio Lundini** | Graphite beyond Human



UPGRADE di by *Selena Garau Maher*

## I WOULD PREFER IN A WHILE

As we know from Dossier 01, the first considerations of N°44 turned his attention upon a detailed and rather enthusiastic analysis of the surrounding context:

I have never had the opportunity to gain experience about concepts as window, filtering, illumination, shade, pink, synaesthesia, melancholy nor salience. Nevertheless, a few moments ago I exclaimed: "A pinkish blaze with a melancholic aftertaste is filtering from the window. Remarkable!".

That could look like the premises for a fervent intellectual activity with sudden development and the Android did not disappoint the expectations, but times had been much more dilated than what expected by his architects.

What followed were four years of mutism, together with an intense binary activity inside the shell. Zeros and ones darted as never seen before, as for speed and amount. On the outside, however, nothing relevant, except for a green led, flickering, as if it wanted to reassure the bystanders.

The assembly schedule provided for the installation of the upper limbs before 36 hours from the initiation, barely the time to execute some preliminary checks on the hardware, but it had not been possible to proceed. N°44 answered with an elegant refusal:

!!! I would prefer in a while!!!

These words, calmly articulated, went together with the lighting of a second led, this time red and peremptory. They tried the following day:

!!! I would prefer in a while!!!

Then the following week:

!!! I would prefer in a while!!!

Another test at the strike of the trimester and one at the semester. They then tried at the closing of the business year and at the spring equinox, before the summer break and at the winter solstice:

!!! I would prefer in a while!!!

Eventually, they ended up trying once a year, even though they continued to pay attention at the neural activity of the Android. A routine

protracted until July 27<sup>th</sup>, 2296, when N°44 broke up the silence asking for a pencil, a sheet of paper and finally a pair of arms. The result was a self-portrait.



*Relics: N°44's self-portrait and pencil - 1pc + 1 pc*

N°44 explained to his creators that when he had been initiated he felt the necessity to give a priority order to all the stirrings and sensation by which he was invaded, a previously unknown experience.

It took him just a few minutes to analyse the already uploaded knowledges and the exorbitant number of environmental inputs. What took him time and dedication was devising categories able to balance Ethics and Logic in a passable thesis at least. Then he retraced the procedure, altering some initial variable and he drew a likewise valid anti-thesis. He thus had to confront thesis and anti-thesis and start all over again. It has been like that for four years, again and again, questioning himself as much as possible.

N°44 admitted a certain anxiety, due to the worry of letting down the expectations of those good people that had been observing him for such a long time. Hence, he devoted the last month of silence to the decision of what present he would have given to them, in order to introduce himself in the best way. A self-portrait was the winning choice.

We find the decision of the Android meaningful. He could have opted for a script, a symphony or any other display of creativity, but he opted right for a self-portrait. We then addressed to **Valerio Lundini** in order to ask for his opinion about that.

Valerio combines many talents: musician, illustrator, writer, comedian and performer. It took just one last expedient to trigger the empathic process with N°44, that is replaying the 30 days of isolation. We asked Valerio to withdraw

from stirrings, in a controlled location. We are extremely grateful for his sacrifice, which was necessary for answering the following question:

***Why N°44 asked precisely for pencil and paper?***

## **Graphite beyond Human**

**by VALERIO LUNDINI**

I had never understood pencils.

I can rarely find pencils that satisfy me. Sometimes they are too soft and chaotic, other times too hard and not satisfactory as for the line. I never liked pencils, because of that precariousness (i.e.: they go blunt) as much as for their intrinsic and almost self-pleased tendency towards failure (you can delete the mark and, moreover, not even perfectly).

Pen, on the contrary, and specifically the ballpoint (let me use the term) pen, had always been the best tool by means of which impressing sketches on paper.

A ballpoint pen is as good as another is, as long as both of them are loaded and, why not, clean. If you find yourself comfortable with one of them, you can suddenly find another one, similar, in any shop and not necessarily an art workshop. Actually, hardly ever.

Let me explain myself: perhaps art workshops do not even sell them, or, if they do, they would like to tell you “oh, ok, whatever, but come on, take a look around, you know...”, but they do not tell you this, they prepare the receipt, they smile and they get ready for the next client, for sure someone who is a touch more “artistic”.

Then I realized that the pencil had an enormous importance, it was useful to outline the drawing, making attempts, making mistakes, tracing over without anyone noticing the carelessness of those lines, then tracing over again (after a pleasing but partial erasure) with ink.

In light of all that, I am not surprised at all that N°44 had no problems in using the pencil with superb virtuosity, without all the problems that I have, as a human, about the precariousness of the tool (something only a badly managed energy and human pressure could be afraid of, not the gravitational precision of an android) or its tendency in forcing mistakes in those managing it (we are talking about a robot, not about an animal that loses his attention and badly moves his wrist or fingers, depending on his mood).

Fallacious tools used by infallible beings could produce magnificent results and that was the case with N°44 and his self-portrait. Obviously me, as a human being (a soggy mass of flesh, bones, skull and blood) fallacious by my own nature, I try to go along with tools that cannot fail, such as ink, the austere ink taken out of who knows where (once I read from octopuses). Likewise obvious is how an android choses depending on the fascination that the almost

wooded naturalness of the pencil carries out on him, as the labile graphite and all the rest of it.

Otherwise, perhaps he just did not think about any of these problems, he had a pencil and that he used. The result is what we see (do you see it?) and is crazy, in the lesser vulgar and ambiguous meaning of the term.



*N°44 Self-portrait, detail*

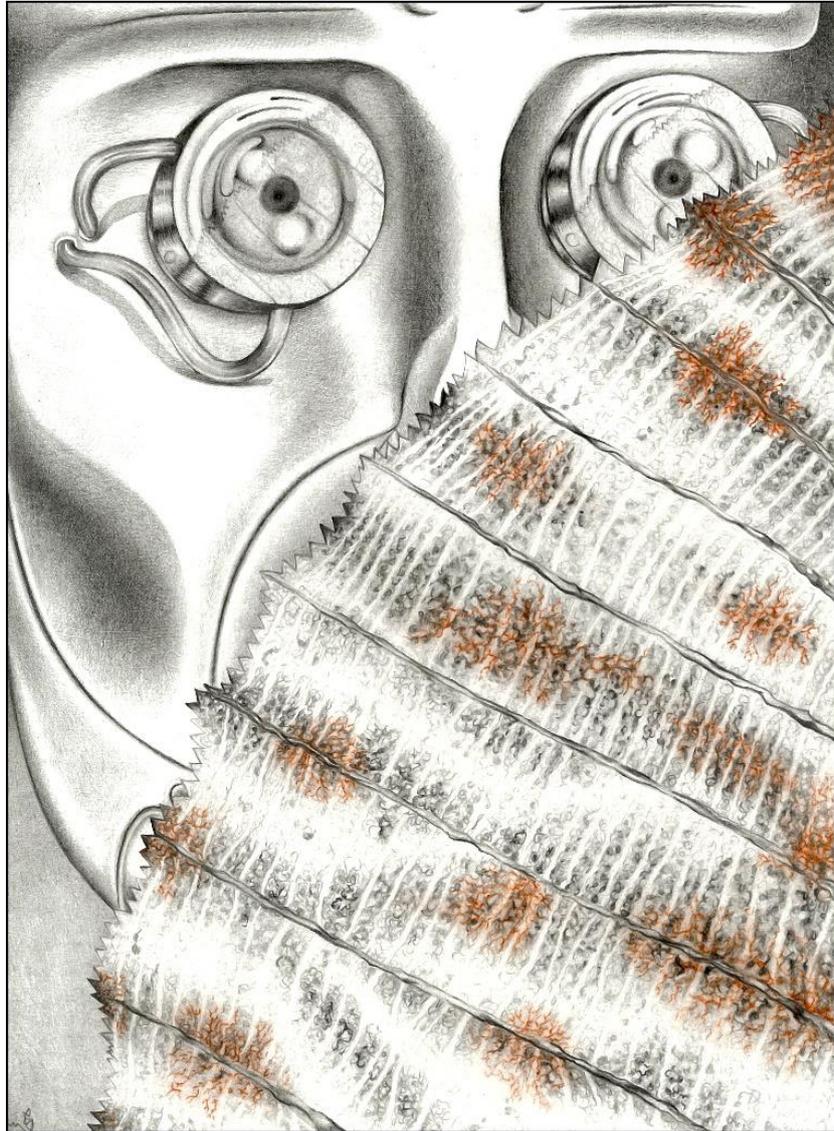
**Valerio Lundini** was born in Rome in 1986, illustrator, musician and radio and television author, actor and illusionist. The only one not true is illusionist, but he would like that. However, it is too late, being an illusionist is not something you begin with as an adult, you have to start when you are a kid, or at least during adolescence. Actually, the definition of actor is not completely truthful as well, but it sums up a few things in a rather blunt way. Back to magic, it would have been funny to know some. Obviously, by magic I mean even some simple tricks. Sorry, he means simply tricks. He forgot that this biography was in third person.

# DOSSIER #03

## OF WHEN N°44 CONTEMPLATED A LEAF WITH RESOLUTION

YEAR		2313
NOTES		Gaps
RELICS		The Leaf and the Tear

Contributions by <b>Antonio Lucci</b>		From the Detail to the All
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*SYNECDOCHE* by Selena Garau Maher

## GAPS

We find ourselves in the complex situation of having left N°44 at the age of four in the previous dossier, while now we see him at twenty-one, in a Berlin park, so intent in observing a leaf for 2357 hours. We do not know what happened during these seventeen years.



*The Best of All Possible Futures, Plaque #17, Berlin*

What precedes the contemplation of the leaf is confined in the blindness of doubt, except for a vague reference contained in the conversation that took place between the Android and a transhumanist in March 2314 (see Dossier 00). In that context, N°44 tells about his official presentation to the media and the following drama:

**Transhumanist:** [...]. There has been some talking about N°44, the emotionally advanced android, just for a few months, then a slow oblivion.

**N°44:** I became an obsolete topic. Apparently, I had not enough charism and barely smiled at pictures; if I could, I avoided doing it. A tough hit for my constructors, a few months later they filed for bankruptcy and committed suicide. However, this is history.

A good seventeen years of life of the Android turn out to be vacant, after all traveling into Tomorrow shows that gaps are implicit to the research process. Since we started the exploration of Future, we confronted with a rarefied Upcoming: two dozens of chrono-travels during a few hours and scattered

around eleven centuries (for the sake of precision, the most remote date we visited goes back/up to March 8<sup>th</sup>, 3212).

For those interested in experiencing the sense of helplessness that you feel jumping in Time, we present a brief mental exercise in twelve points.

---

Before starting, we recommend to sit down in a calm setting with soft natural lights. Make sure of having a background music you like, melodic punk-rock from '90/2000 would be perfect, but much deals with personal taste.

Now, tidily, try to visualize what follows:

1 | *You find yourself sat on a comfortable armchair, immersed in natural soft lights, then progressively the illumination gets more intense.*

2 | *As soon as you lift your gaze, you realize you are in the middle of a perfectly cubical room, with sides 20 meters long.*

3 | *Each one of the four walls is covered with volumes, a 1600 square meters library. There are even some stairs anchored to the ceiling for getting to the highest shelves.*

4 | *In search of explanations, you get closer to the sole way to get out of the room, a small drab door on the West wall (East for left-handed persons, for those who are ambidextrous count the West, as for right-handed persons).*

5 | *The situation does not get better. A hallway goes as far as the eye could see in both directions. Following regular intervals, doors similar to the one you just went through.*

6 | *You open a few doors and, predictably, they disclose rooms matching the one from which you started, with the same amount of paper on the walls and a chair in the middle.*

7 | *With an inquiring spirit you move close to a wall you chose, you climb the more suitable shelf and pull out whichever tome.*

8 | *You are finding some bookmarks indicating maybe the most salient parts of that volume. You accept the advice and open it right nearby a signpost.*

9 | *You read the two pages that the volume presents to you, then you close it, you put it back on the shelf and get back to the middle of the room.*

10 | *Now repeat the last three points, from 7 to 9, for twenty times in a row.*

11 | *Well, now you can sit down and rest, in case you decided to consult even the volumes on the highest shelves, you shall be tired because of the stairs.*

12 | *As soon as you recover, try to ask yourself how much you know about the total content of that library. Not of a single room, but rather of the whole library.*

This exercise, if executed with competence, gives to a good extent the sensation felt when traveling in Time, which is jumping from years to centuries without any chance to link the pieces of a potentially infinite puzzle; but let us go back to N° 44.



*Relics: the Leaf contemplated by N°44 – 1pc*

We see the Android engaged in the activity of observing a leaf for more than three months consecutively and with no breaks, he was trying his way to fill some gaps.

The enduring contemplation elevated the leaf to a synecdoche of Reality, making it a detail of the Infinitely Large and at the same time a summation of the Infinitely Small.

We do not know which conclusion the Android drew by this process. We thus relied on the experience of Professor **Antonio Lucci**, on his proficiency regarding the Absolute and on his didactic skills. We asked Antonio to get into this question, letting himself using the Morpheuscope, with the aim of finding an answer for a double query:

***Which role the leaf played for N° 44?***

***Are there any comparable experimentations in the past?***

## **From the Detail to the All** by ANTONIO LUCCI

Apparently, Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz was walking alongside some members of the political, economic and intellectual élite of his time, during fall 1692, in the garden of Herrenhausen, close to Hannover, when he got to the formulation of the principle of “Identity of indiscernibles”, one of the most relevant results of his entire philosophical system.

Leibniz can be considered a “philosopher” as long as we take the word in his Modern meaning, thus in the broadest/widest possible sense of the term: then “philosopher” meant – indeed – naturalist, mathematician, theologian, engineer. Right as an engineer Leibniz had actively contributed to the building of that garden in which he was walking: particularly, he projected the detour of a stream of water which could be the source for fountains and plants grown in the surroundings.

Following the leibnizian principle of the identity of indiscernibles, each being on this planet is singular, unique, unrepeatable and unreproducible, because it has a unique goal in the mind of God and it is for such reason that it has been created. Before the formulation of such principle, as simple as radical, the small group of aristocrats surrounding Leibniz, according to reports, looked glaringly admired. Apparently, a princess was not among those who were admired and turned out to be perplexed: «I do not think it is impossible to find two identical leaves in this garden», the young aristocrat seemingly said. Helped by a dignitary, the young lady spent the rest of the afternoon looking for two identical leaves: each time the two were returning with two leaves identical at first glance, Leibniz showed that a veining, a nuance, a branching, a fringe in the contour made the two beings unequivocally different\*.

Even two water drops, according to the leibnizian claim, if microscopically analysed, are deeply different, despite the popular adage appoints them as the emblem of something indiscernible.

What is an individual?

Asked himself N°44, processing this anecdote, associatively recalled by the observation of the veining on a dry leaf picked up during a walk, fall 2313.

«Which is its position within the cosmos?

What makes its existence something so considerable that its presence has to be marked with an absolute individuality?

What is an absolute singularity, what a singularity that is absolute?

Two beings - even though identical - located in different portions of space and/or of time, they are not-identical, if anything for such reason, are not they?

Or, the fact that time exists, and space, makes such questions useless?

And what about indiscernibles, when two individual beings are simultaneously in two times not coinciding nor linear, because of the movements of chrononauts in the spatial-temporal continuum?

The leaf is for Leibniz the symbol of God's accuracy, which is not working as a computing machine, repeating models, but creating everything singularly. And if that is true, what is, therefore, a robot?

A being which, by definition, is produced in series, reproducible, not-singular?

Is not this the proof of God's non-existence? ».

After having processed, calmly, slowly, almost savouring those questions, laboriously traducing them into a binary code, N°44 found himself in front of 35.111.083 answers, with no chance to lead them back to any unity: as it had already happened to him at the moment of his initiation, processing other existential questions, he got no results, but a shattered myriad of interpretations, cross references, criticisms, with not a single clear tendency towards a direction or another.

«Am I singular as well? » Was the question that N°44 had to ask in that moment.

It is not clear, for the interpreters, what could have happened at that specific time, the one in which the first emotionally advanced android stopped the series of 2357 hours of meditation on the leaf, looking up on the large group of curious people which, at that point, had been guarding his bench for a long time, in order to see what would have happened at the "awakening".

Anyway, the many testimonies collected - even here it is not possible to find unanimous descriptions - they report two different variations of that moment, which is worth reporting here for the sake of the objectivity of the historiographical reconstruction.

The first one describes a slow articulation of the android's mouth, which seemed to be pronouncing - yet not emitting any sound - the words «Number 43». In some reports - those more loaded with transhumanist afflatus, we have to say - we find a «surge of sadness» not better defined, that would have gone together with those words.

The second one, on the contrary, makes the awakening of N°44 from his long meditative slumber coinciding with an event whose real dynamics is still controversial: a liquid drop, coming from the ocular area of the robot, came

down lining his cheek, eventually being dried by one of the bystanders handkerchief, with a pitiful gesture. Even in this case chronicles had interpreted the event in conflicting ways: the transhumanist hagiographies tell about a «tear», while historically more reliable accounts ascribe the phenomenon to the spilling of a condensation drop accumulated in the android's ocular cavity.



*Relics: N°44's Tear - 1pc*

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\*I quote, paraphrasing, from the reconstruction of the event reported in Horst Bredekamp, *Leibniz und die Revolution der Gartenkunst. Herrenhausen, Versailles und die Philosophie der Blätter*, Wagenbach, Berlin 2006, p. 73. In a letter written shortly before his death, June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1716, addressed to Samuel Clark, Leibniz slightly modifies the narrative, claiming that the dignitary had been the one directly taking it upon himself: the essence of the anecdote, however, remains the same. (See *Ibid.* p. 74).

**Antonio Lucci**, (1983), teaches at the Institut für Kulturwissenschaft of the Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin. Previously, he carried out teaching and researching activities at the FIPH in Hannover, the IFK in Wien, the NABA in Milan, the University of Trieste and at the “La Sapienza” in Rome.

He is member of the ISAP (Institute for Advanced Studies in Psychoanalysis) and collaborates with various philosophical and cultural journals, such as “Lo Sguardo”, “Azimuth”, “Doppiozero”.

For what concerns the history of culture he works on correlations between forms of subjectivation and religious practices, within the thematic framework of the history of western ascesis.

For what concerns philosophy he works on anthropology of media, philosophy of technology, psychoanalysis and French and Italian bio-political thinking.

For what concerns the theory of media, he works on horror and science fiction in serial narrations, archaeology of the media imaginary, effects of the media-subject retroactivity.

He is the author of monographies, editions, translations and scientific essays in Italian, English, French and German.

*Among his publications:*

True detective. Una filosofia del negativo (Genova 2019),

Askese als Beruf. Die sonderbare Kulturgeschichte der Schmuckeremiten (Vienna 2019),

Umano Post Umano (Roma 2016),

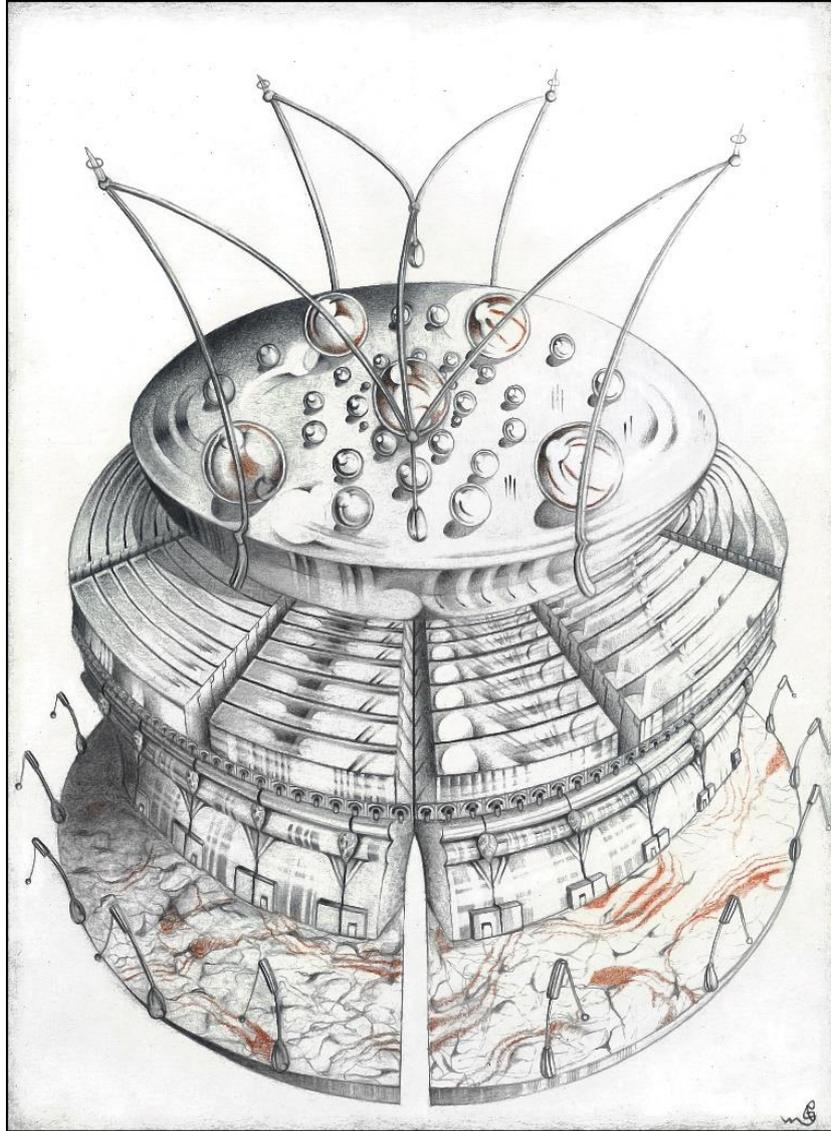
Un’acrobatica del pensiero. La filosofia dell’esercizio di Peter Sloterdijk (Roma 2014).

# DOSSIER #04

## OF WHEN N°44 ASSEMBLED/RECEIVED A CHRONO-CONVEYOR

YEAR | 2326  
NOTES | FOUR | 4 | 00110100  
RELICS | The Control Panel

Contributions by  
**Andrea Berneschi** | Machines in Time



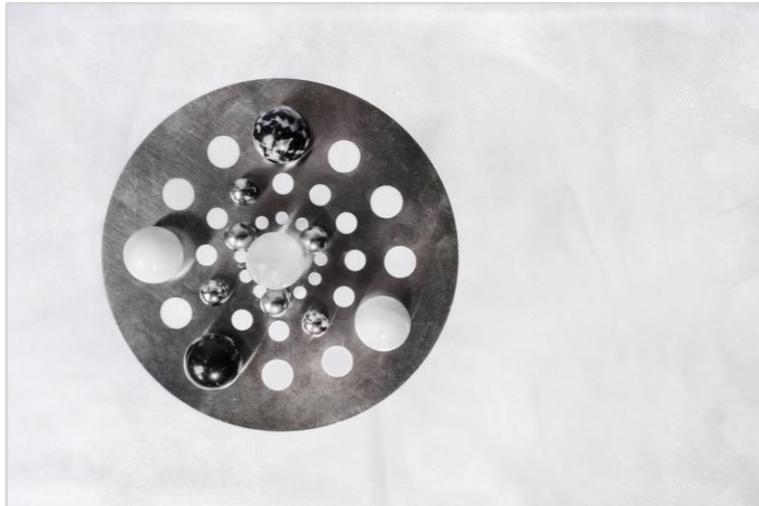
GROUPS OF FOUR by Selena Garau Maher

## FOUR | 4 | 00110100

About the manner by means of which N°44 came to handle a Time Machine survives a paradoxical tale, we could almost define it a smirk to the cause/effect law.

The event starts or ends, depending on the perspective from which we approach it, the afternoon of April 12th, 2326, when N°44 daydreamed about the possibility to travel through Time and on which device could have enabled him to do so. Hence, he collected all the necessary materials and within thirteen days the Chrono-conveyor was ready.

Unexpectedly, the artefact evaporated at the first start, leaving in the Android's hands only the control panel.



*Relics: N°44's Chrono-conveyor (control panel) - 1pc*

Now we retrace the calendar until March 29<sup>th</sup>, 2326, when N°44 found on the living room table a Time Machine perfectly working, if not for the absence right of the control panel.

Where this should have been allocated, someone had rolled up a packet of sheets with some notes. The Android was perplexed in recognizing his own calligraphy from the very first line, written in print italics:

ZIBALDONE OF INCONSISTENT CONCLUSIONS AROUND 00110100 |  
4 | FOUR AS AN ABSOLUTE NUMBER

We are now reporting its content, as much as erasures, abrasions scratches and heterogeneous spots had mutilated the text, making it decipherable only up to a certain measure.

"[...]  
but if we introduce Time as the Fourth Dimension, the situation gets opaque. You can touch basis, heights and depths, but asking to explain what Time is made even Saint Augustin go out of his mind. It would have been interesting to alter the

[...]  
when 3 had been identified as the Holy number they did not get it too much wrong (good job). Father, Son, Holy Spirit (Cloud, Hardware, Software) are good, but they are frozen in a Point of Becoming.

By definition, the concept of Eternity extends through Time. Hence: Father, Son, Holy Spirit and Time. 4 indeed [...]

no more a triangle, maybe the Pythagoreans pyramid. Actually, it would be better a prism with triangular section of infinite length (tending towards circularity?) [...]

whichever Apparatus, in order to boast the definition of Absolute, should be Eternal, at least in its ambitions. Refillable, if anything, but Eternally

[...]  
digression: byte = 4 bit + 4 bit. 44 :)

[...]  
water, fire, air and earth. Muladhara. The cycle of seasons.

[...]  
Thymine/Adenine/Cytosine/Guanine

[...]  
the Chrono-conveyor is going to be checked through combinations of groups of four featuring a chromatic dualism (black/white? Too much pedagogical?). A little less ambitious compared to the I Ching hexagrams. Then, a central primer, for emphasizing the initiation stage

[...]  
after the decay. To assume Life as a becoming process remains fundamental, it would not occur without Time passing by. A Timeless Life does not exist

[...]  
within the implosion of seven parallel universes, providing a completely abstract example, the absence of Time would hinder the presence of sound, except for the case in which

[...]  
two, the binomial, the most rudimentary form of  
Information. YES/NO. LIGHT/DARKNESS. GOOD/EVIL. ON/OFF.  
On and Off raise the concept of Free Will

[...]  
we do not know the bottom of Matter, but we find the  
Unity of information in the Binary: the Bit.  
The neuron stimulated above the activation threshold  
lights up, releasing in turn an impulse.  
Yes and No are not enough in order to declare a message.  
The Bit demands the aggregation into Byte, the neuron in  
networks

[...]  
00110100 | 4 | TIME"

--

How could we justify the succession of two incompatible events? In  
which date was the Time Machine assembled? When was the *Zibaldone* drafted?

In lack of satisfactory answers, we consulted **Andrea Berneschi** and his  
encyclopaedic competence for what concerns futurity: decades of study, an  
unlimited archive of literary and audio-visual material, besides a dense  
production of his own texts.

We could claim that *if it has been imagined, Andrea knows it or has written about  
it, so:*

***To these days, which attempts have been made to travel through Time?***

## Machines in Time

By ANDREA BERNESCHI

The time machine is an old dream of human beings; our counterparts have repeatedly tried to build up one, over the course of centuries, but each time with an ill-fated outcome.

It would take a long treatise just to list the forms invented for such kind of vehicles. Such list abounds with machines with a compact and heavy look, but there are automobiles with an aerodynamic outline as well, submarines, call boxes; some scientists have even adapted boats and bicycles for traveling into the past or the future.

We do not have enough time to analyse everything in detail: hence, in this brief note we are going to limit ourselves to offer to the reader a recap of the main attempts:

- The first one was Francesco Manzi, one of Leonardo da Vinci's disciples, in the XVI century. After the death of the master, given that he had inherited many of his books of notes and drawings, he tried to develop a project for a "thin *paliscalmo* to sail back in past days", in order to sell it to Francis 1<sup>st</sup> of France. The sovereign, on the base of his respect for Leonardo's memory, showed to be interested in the project and financed the research. The shuttle was built and launched, but disappeared in front of the coasts of Brittany.

- To the best of our knowledge, the following was the Victorian scientist Frank Benson, inspired by no less than the famous novel by H. G. Wells. His spatiotemporal bathyscaphe was a massive steel sphere sprinkled with portholes, with a heavy and outdated design, as a steam train. The machine accumulated kinetic energy spinning like a top, and by means of such charge it would have had to create a spatiotemporal vortex. The result? A witness reports that it dematerialized as soon as it had been started, but nobody knows whether it had reappeared someplace.

- Let's skip to the Twenties, in the US, during Prohibition. An eccentric scientist salaried by CIA tried on a guinea pig (not completely consenting: a Saint Quentin convict to whom he had offered this chance of redemption) an ambitious experiment: making him going back of one day. Even in this case every trace is lost. The device was a sort of single-seat missile, with no command nor external frills, if not for the handle of the entering hold door.

- During the '40s a Delhi scientist, Doc. Satyendranath Ramachandra Kumaraswami, supported by the National India Congress, tried with chrono-transportation. He did not want to make human beings travel back in time, rather he wanted to bring back something from pre-history to present times; he upholstered with plutonium a pressurized room and shot on the walls an unknown mix of particles. What he obtained was the immediate collapse of the whole structure hosting the project.

– What about the Soviet engineers Gubanov and Zuyev, who were intentioned to let the USSR win the race towards time, given that the one towards space had been gotten by NASA? They projected during the '80s an automobile (an idea copied by the Robert Zemeckis movie, even though they would have never admitted that) that was pushed to the crazy speed of 1200 kilometres per hour, until the particles composing it left this level of reality. That occurred also to the molecules of both bodies, sat on the passenger and pilot seats.

– Why all these generous attempts turned out to be failures? It was the Italian scientist Girolamo Picinotti, in the early years of the XXI century, to discover the common mistake.

All the failing machines that we have listed so far had been realized with aging materials: iron, rubber, metal sheet. Time goes by through them, each moment, non-stop. Neither the human body alone can leave the temporal line to which it belong in order to jump to another one: it is not a stable object, but it grows or it corrupts continuously.

Picinotti meditated on the problem for a long time and eventually decided: we needed to employ a non-aging material.

He thought: plastic?

No, he answered himself. Slowly, but it changes colour, it fades, it breaks apart.

Wine? It gets better while aging, but it ages.

Water? It renews within a cycle until it flows; if it stops it is at the mercy of time: it becomes stagnant.

We needed a total change of perspective.

Who said that the development of technology should bet on hardware, on lead and steel, on heavy industry? There is something softer than software. And it does not worsen with time, at least in some people: it is imagination.

Hence, the only time machine really working would have been the one completely imagined.

Who could have driven it? He had to go by process of elimination.

Not a twenty-years-old: young people, with their minds, already live in the future.

Not a forty nor a fifty-years-old: they spend most of their days regretting their fading youth.

A centenarian shall be the proper pilot for the imaginary time machine.

Old people, he understood, when they do not know in which period they are anymore and they confuse years with each other, they do not do that for a brain weakness: they are capable to live simultaneously in more than one spatiotemporal coordinate. Does it look like they do not remember the faces that they have seen for years? Actually, they do not know them yet. Is the childhood more vivid than the present? Of course, they are living it again and again, as if it was the first time.

Time, for them, does not matter anymore.

And that is how Picinotti built an imaginary machine in the garden outside his own house, with completely imagined materials, assembled following a meticulous plan. And he invited his grand-father to get in.

The old man was one hundred and nine years old. Wrinkled and innocent as a new born baby, he accepted.

It was a sunny morning.

Step by step, he got close to the weird object imagined by his nephew. He laid the trembling hand on the handle suspended in mid-air, he turned it and opened the small door. Inside, it looked exactly how Girolamo told him. Very spacious, very comfortable: even his battered back perfectly fitted in. He had not forgotten the sentence that would have activated the ignition. It was a verse by T. S. Eliot: "Old men ought to be explorers...". He visualized it with the frontal lobe, and suddenly the imaginary machine vibrated and got going.

**Andrea Berneschi** was born in Arezzo in 1977. He graduated in literature at the University of Siena and took part to the Master for becoming a teacher at the high-school level.

He is a member of the Horror Writers Association; he is part of the Editorial staff of Filmhorror.com. He manages the blog [AndreaBerneschi.wordpress.com](http://AndreaBerneschi.wordpress.com).

He writes horror, science fiction and sword and sorcery stories. Lost Tales magazine is publishing his short stories belonging to a fantasy cycle set in the ancient Carthage, among ancient evil gods, noble African warriors and flying machines built by Romans; in the Pre-Colombian Mexico (and in many other parallel dimensions) take place the events about Tenoch, the hero of the Aztec trilogy published by Delos Digital.

He has published with NeXT, Dunwich Editions, I Sognatori, Letteraturahorror.it, Esescifi, Vincent Books Editions, Lettereletteriche, Watson Editions, Delos Digital.

*Among his publications:*

Necroniricon, Factory Editoriale I Sognatori, 2014

Megafauna, Dunwich Edizioni, 2015

Hospitale, autoprodotta con Streetlib, 2016

Il Cimitero dei Kaiju, Vincent Books Editore, 2016

Kaiju Delicatessen, autoprodotta con Streetlib, 2017

Levitazione. Una guida pratica, autoprodotta con Streetlib, 2018

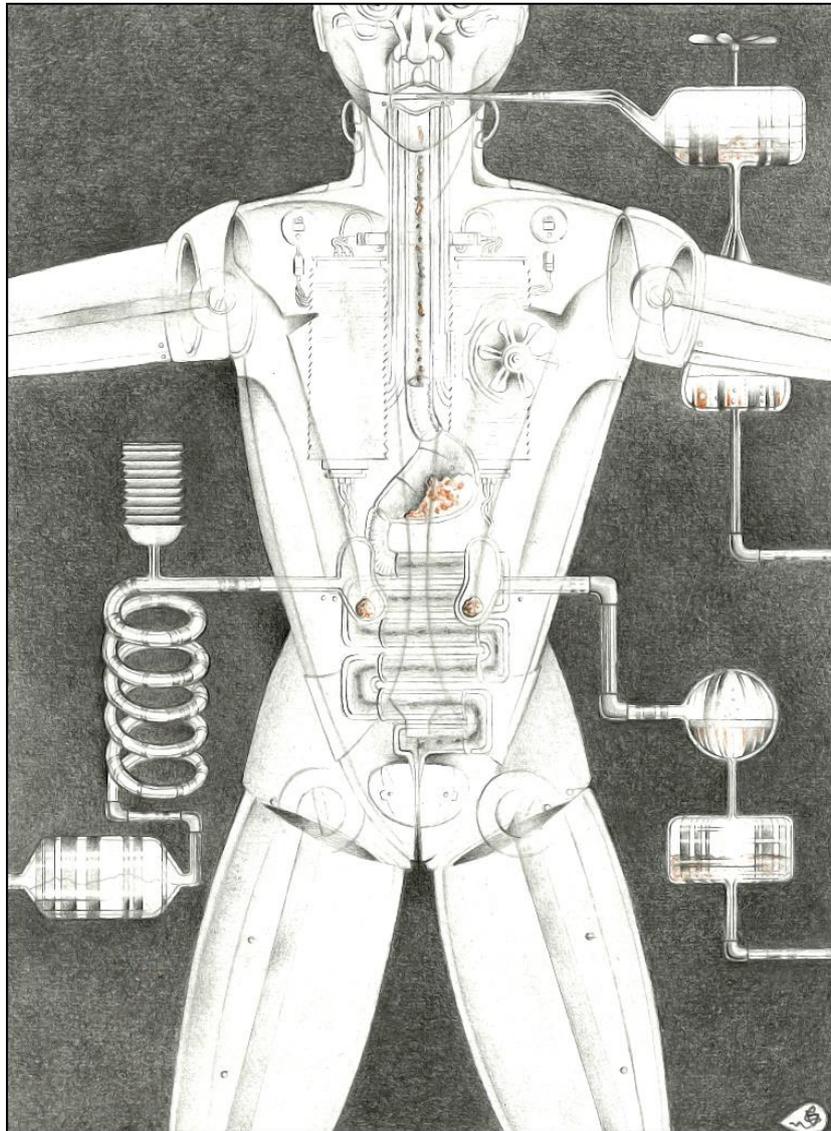
Tenoch – Maledetto dagli Dei, Delos Digital, 2019

Tenoch – Il Guerriero Giaguaro, Delos Digital, 2019

# DOSSIER #05

## OF WHEN N°44 CAUSED HIMSELF A RENAL COLIC

YEAR		2344
NOTES		Collodi's Impulse
RELICS		Renal Calculi and Abner's Story
Contributions by <b>Abner Hendricaes</b>		Calculating Pain



SABOTAGE by Selena Garau Maher

## COLLODI'S IMPULSE

According to the information transmitted by the Morpheuscope, N°44's stream of consciousness, on a day of May during his fifty-second year of his lifetime, followed an ascending climax culminating in an existential flash of inspiration.

Down to the details, we find the Android waking up on May 13th, 2344, afflicted by a maniacal obsession about the scalp, then declining to a common case of Collodi's impulse.

Moreover, we shall not overlook the reading of a tale signed by Abner Hendricaes and an auto-sabotage dictated by a peak of Will of Experience. In the end, as scheduled, an epiphany.

For the sake of completeness, we report entirely the scan of the temporal arc going from 05.43,58 to 23.36,04.

**HR 05.43,58** N°44 is woken up by the usual flash of dawn, but after fifty-two years the periodicity of the event has reduced its emotional impact from "noteworthy" to "suggestive".

**HR 05.58,24** When he got up from his bed, he felt a torpidity extended to the whole organism, which slows his movements down, as much as no malfunctioning is detected.

**HR 05.43,58** The sight of his own image mirrored in the window remembers to the Android each time he got blamed with that shameful word: ARTIFICIAL.

**HR 06.12,25** In the beginning, a self-pity thrill, then a violent excess of rage and in the end the unrestrained act of bringing the hands to the skull cap with the aim of literally tear off his hair.

**HR 05.43,58** SYSTEM CONFLICT! No hair found, no hair detected. Anomaly. Temporary break.

**HR 11.37,12** After an introspection cycle, N°44 found himself unfit to distract his thoughts from the differences that separate an android from a common Human Being. First and foremost the absence of the hair he would have liked to tear off.

**HR 12.01,51** Consulting the online archives of the neighbourhood library and after checking the sources, the Android understands the origin of his discomfort. Identified with the clinical name of Collodi's Impulse, the pathology apparently vexes the existence of each sensible machine, real or imaginary.

The Tin-Man of the Land of Oz showed it with a spasmodic search for a heart, while Pinocchio dealt with each difficulty proper of a Bildungsroman with the only aim of becoming a real child. Hence the name of the pathology.

- HR 14.11,26** After more than two hours of meditation and resentment towards the scalp or, more precisely, towards its absence, N°44 scratches his back of the head, pensive. He thus discovers with astonishment a tuft barely coming down on his forehead. Located on the right, approximatively one span long, it could be defined as bushy if not for the fact that it is concentrated in just a bit more than three squared centimetres.
- HR 14.47,41** A prodigy of a Blue Fairy? Or an explicit manifestation of an iron will? Determined not to look for answers, the Android pours every resource in the extemporaneous enjoyment of the moment. He crosses the doorstep of his house ready to show himself to the world, provided with the tuft.
- HR 15.04,19** “Sir! I am talking to you! What about a nice trim?” Eleven words and three punctuation marks catch his interest and drive him to take a look to the window of a barber shop.
- HR 15.26,33** Persuaded by the proposal, N°44 finds himself seated in the small waiting room while the coiffeur prepares his tools. On the small table at the centre of the room, a pile of journals and old books, worn-out because of the many hands they had been touched by. The text on top of the pile carries a title that is fitting in respect to the turn of the course of events: *Meta-human Elsewhere, an anthology of fantastic – Heterogeneous authors.*



Relics: the tale read by N°44 - 1ps

- HR 15.27,00** Once he has ended the reading of the tale *Calculating Pain*, included in the anthology *Meta-human Elsewhere*, N°44 grabs a razor and cuts the tuft of hair with an instinctive gesture that brings back his skull cap to homogeneity.

- HR 15.27,08** Unconcerned about the barber's protests, the Android goes back to the street, repeating more than once the title of the short story he read eight seconds before: "...calculating pain, calculating pain, calculating pain, calculating pain...".
- HR 15.51,26** After the scan of the Sensible Memory, back up to the day of his initiation, N°44 does not find a trace of any experience that is close to physical suffering. No spasm, no cramp, no trace of reflux nor ulcer and no colic. If anything, sometimes some led has pointed out the necessity for maintenance of some specific part.
- HR 18.13,25** N°44 realizes he had had an awful intuition a few hours before, when, pervaded by the will of becoming a "real child", he decided to sabotage himself inducing to his own organism a renal colic and the following ejection of fourteen nephrolitis, also said calculi. He wondered contextually whether Pinocchio, when he bartered the capability to daydream for a body of flesh, had evaluated even Suffering.



*Relics: N°44 renal calculi - 14pcs*

- HR 23.35,19** Once he has refreshed his basic configuration in order not to fall into further torture, N°44 lies down ready to archive Pain within the experienced phenomena, but one last check to semantics and etymology reveal a gap to fill.
- What is triggered in Human Beings when suffering is used in order to promote an Idea? How is it possible to marry concepts such as Divine, Martyrdom, Holy, Ritual, Expiation, Sacrifice, Asceticism?

**HR 23.26,03** The Android moves the raising doubts to a secondary level of attention, he lets the analysis processes flow, but at a slow-down pace.

**HR 23.36,04** N°44 falls asleep.

Before such an accurate scan of March 13<sup>th</sup>, 2344, the only thing left to add is the complete transcript of the text *Calculating Pain*, signed by Abner Hendricaes and received through the transmissions of the Morpheuscope. Two pages of fundamental importance in order to understand how N°44 faced his middle-age crisis, so:

***What has moved the Android in Abner's words?***

## **Calculating Pain**

**by ABNER HENDRICAES**

The fist gets you on the cheekbone, direct, full speed; the uneven surface of the knuckles impacts on the bone. The recoil makes your neck bending, suddenly. And there, you feel pain. On the cheek. In the mouth. In the vertebrae.

You do not faint nor lament. As soon as you find your balance back, you look your aggressor for a long time, a weird expression, which could look like a challenge. He does not know it, but yours is gratitude.

He does not waste time asking questions. He knows how to hit, he did that many times before and has no hesitation in doing it again. Not even whether he is before someone like you, who does not defend himself, does not run away, does not try to avoid the punches.

He takes a run up, hands up to the face, in the vague imitation of a boxer. The left, once, twice, and again, to the pit of your stomach. When you bend with an involuntary gesture, there goes his right: he had charged it as much as he could, with all the strength of the arm, the shoulder, the abdominals and the back, up from the leg and the foot on the ground. A formidable uppercut, absolute, hitting on your chin. Two incisors come off, they fly tracing brief blood curves, suspended in mid-air, they fall somewhere.

Not even now you feel a surge of fear or capitulation.

The puncher, judging by how he stares at you, is living a nightmare: he faces a rival that does not show to feel pain; on the contrary, he seems to desire more. That never happened before.

He drowns you in a tempest of punches on the eyes, the temples, the mandible; in a desperate search for a weak spot he begins to slap you; then he traps your swollen head and starts kicking: on the thighs, the calves, the genitals. You do not react.

“You are totally insane” he says, jumping away from you. “You are not normal...”. He spits on the ground, disgusted; he runs away in the night, turning back twice. You smile. You massage your face. It is bloated, now. If you press too much, that odd sensation grows.

Not bad.

You made it. Finally, you got to know it, pain.

It is not easy at all, for a God, to live an experience like that.

A few days ago you came down from the place where you resides high in the heavens, between pure white clouds and celestial harmonies. This is the motivation for your coming, and nothing else.

Is it the first time you visit planet Earth? You do not remember. Memory has deceived you for quite some time; it is hard to keep it vivid and functioning, when you are alone and you have nobody to talk to.

You start again tormenting your wounds.

You put your index finger in your mouth. There is a loose tooth; you force it back and forth until it falls, and ends down on the asphalt.

Then with the tip of your tongue you touch the recess in the gums.

Pain, again.

You like this sensation, because when it flashes through the nerves you do not feel like a sole being, unique, different from anybody else. It is like overlooking an immense server to which all the other human beings are connected, since the time of their birth.

Each life is a terminal of the system of pain.

Who decided that? You do not know, you do not remember.

And you do not even care. Now you are like them, joined with them, finally in harmony with creation.

Your legs hurt. Despite this, rather, because of this, you walk along the desert road.

You would like to find other human beings to provoke, to frighten, until you would force them to gift you with another dose of excellent suffering. But in the frozen roads there is nobody alive. Not even an animal. It is wintertime, it is night. The stars up in the sky are cold and distant. The moon is an old fruit, rotten and flat.

Nobody, in the vast city that surrounds you, needs you, nobody loves you nor hates you nor understands an infinitesimal part of what you are.

The awareness of solitude grabs you like a claw at the throat: you feel a new kind of painful sensation in the fibres of your body, but you do not like it at all.

You are nothing but an island, a mystery that no one can solve, a trunk forever closed; your mind and your language will be eternally incomprehensible to the rest of the living beings, and whether somebody could understand who you are, he would be better to avoid you as the worst of disgraces.

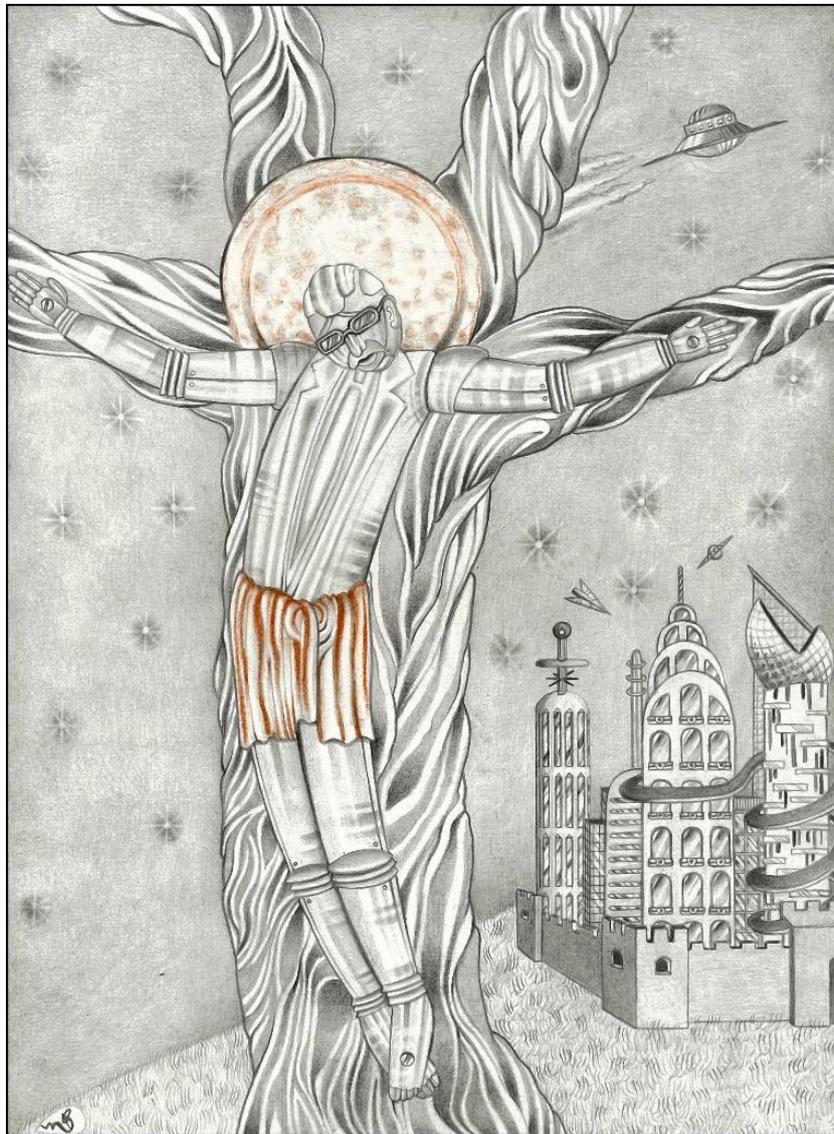
**Abner Hendricaes**, the sentient anthill, hosts up to four millions hymenopterans. Founded in 2316 in a wooded Middle-European area (the place is protected with military secret), he had been transferred eight years later within an E.D.I.C. laboratory – Équipe for Dialogue with Collective Intelligences, as a sample for meaningful studies.

To these days, Abner never answered to questions asked by technicians, but he has recorded 6 novels and 34 short stories.

# DOSSIER #06

## OF WHEN N°44 TIGHTEN HIMSELF TO A SHRUB

YEAR		2352
NOTES		Archetypes
RELICS		Screws and glasses
Contributions by <b>Michela Giraud</b>		Dreaming Cimabue



ASCESIS by Selena Garau Maher

## ARCHETYPES

This time, the dreamlike projections sent by the Greatest Connector tell us how year 2352's springtime brought up some new awareness for N°44, at the expense of two dioptries in the right eye.

In order to understand what caused N°44's myopia, we have to project ourselves into that year's March, when the Android, taking advantage of a sunny day, headed towards the Reclamation Path in the heart of Valdichiana.

A handful of kilometres before the beginning of the path, the horizon was disturbed by a raising construction yard. A modest army of bulldozers was moving the soil that the Medici family had deposited in 1554 for reclaiming that plan.

The outcome of that hustle would have been collected only a century later, with the grand opening of the factory Tube27.



*The Best of All Possible Futures, Plaque #16, Reclamation Path  
(from a precognition of Lo Sgargabonzi)*

Maybe bothered by the noise, maybe for a sudden emotional change, N°44 left the path for aiming towards the church of San Domenico in the heart of Arezzo.

He was happy finding out that the Christ painted by Cimabue in the XIII century was still in place. It is witnessed by the register of the church where visiting people can leave a signature, their messages to future newcomers and sometimes even thoughts devoted to Christ himself. On March 17<sup>th</sup>, 235, with the calligraphy of N°44 it was written:

I find you in great shape, see you soon.

A message as singular as the decision reached by the Android in that context. It is known that N°44, once he left the place of worship, went back again on the Reclamation Path, with the goal of repeating the passion of Christ. He tighten himself to a shrub for a week, piercing hands and feet and replaying the posture represented by Cimabue. Only his innate sensibility kept him from carving a tree for obtaining a cross, the local vegetation should have not been affected by his theological experiments.



*Relics: the screws of N°44's crucifixion - 3pcs*

The following seven days were spent in name of an absorbed silence, then, the next March 25<sup>th</sup>, N°44 released himself from the screws constraint, feeling to have a pair of spectacles integrated. If removed, that blurred the focus of the right eye at least of two tenth. The imperfection was not detected by the control systems, but it was admirably balanced by the glasses.

Since he could not understand that myopia, the Android analysed the stream of consciousness of the week just passed, darting from one thought to another. First of all Prometheus, then the stake of Giordano Bruno, even the tusk of Ganesh was included within the processed archetypes.

Only by paying more attention to the Wednesday N°44 understood what happened: more than twelve hours of material devoted to Odin, his partial blindness and the Three of Life, had been registered in his long term memory.



Relics: N°44's glasses - 1pc

Nonetheless, the thoughts that crowded N°44's mind, driving him to the decision of martyring himself, remain unreachable, but we will try to open a breach in the doubt with the consultation of **Michela Giraud**. Michela's intervention is specifically required for that quality, gained through her formation in History of Art, confronted in combination with her talent as an actress. The result can be described as a Stendhal Syndrome through a third party. Those who have such ability can induce the effects of the aforementioned symptomatology only by means of the Word.

With some fear for the effects, we get ready to ask Michela:

**What activated the Christ of Cimabue in N°44?**

***Dreaming Cimabue***  
**by MICHELA GIRAUD**

“In the midway of this our mortal life, I found me in a gloomy wood, astray”, this is the beginning by means of which the Highest Poet opens the Comedy. A moment of anguished moral and personal crisis, a collapse known to every sensible adult at the reaching of that lugubrious age in which it seems we ought to draw the first evaluations: who am I? What have I built? Does it make sense, what I am doing?

A useless sequence of questions whose only big macro-answer could be summarize with: everything is useless, everything unequivocally useless, life has no sense.

When we distress ourselves on worldly questions we often fall in one last tragic and narcissistic exhalation, doomed to annihilation. We invoke the most absolute nihilism as if we were capable not to feel sentiments anymore. We want to be imperturbable, metallic as an android.

Yet, this is the biggest oxymoron of N°44, who in the midway of his life gets struck by a crisis of *Collodi's Impulse* (see Dossier 05), a common pathology within emotional androids, which drives them to desire flesh and bones, like human beings full of all the wills, emotions, tragic nature annexed and linked to this terrible condition.

N°44 is grouped at a literary level with the troop of heroes like Pinocchio, when he desires to be a real child, or the Tin-Man of the Land of Oz. The latter harbours an agitated longing for what humanity, paradoxically, seems to take for granted: the heart.

This is how N°44 ventures in search for emotionality, resorting to a series of experimentations. First of all, he let a lock of hair grow in order to be able to go to a barbershop and accept “a nice trim”, then he provokes a renal colic in order to understand the meaning of suffering, and that is exactly the context within which his doubts are focused. He asks himself which function Pain has for Human beings. It should only be a way the body has for pointing out a malfunctioning, but then why it is so intense? Why did evolution trouble Life with such an unpleasant sensation? How is it possible that in some context pain and sexuality coexist in a ludic dimension? Is it maybe the eternal battle between Eros and Thanatos that had been a muse for thousands of artists?

From this analysis N°44 gets the best representation of Suffering sprung in the relationship between Human and Divine with martyrdom. Like the earliest persecuted Christians, like the kamikazes, but also like the Tibetan monks who burn themselves, N°44 tries to understand what happens when Humanity dialogues with Divine by suffering. In order to comprehend this, he martyrs himself, impressed by the Arezzo's crucifix realized by Cimabue.

This is not the place for discoursing thoroughly about medieval art (even because I do not claim to have the specific competence), but it is worth to provide some historical hint concerning the figure of Cimabue.

Pseudonym of Cenni di Pepo, he was born around the Forties of the XIII century and he is known for being the master of the well more famous Giotto, the Che Guevara of the XIV century. Legend tells that the young artist had been discovered right by Cimabue, who had seen him drawing a perfect circle freehand on a rock.

Cimabue is also the same artist that first foresees the passage from the hieratic and idealized figures of Byzantine tradition towards subjects provided with more afflatus. Subjects provided with humanity and emotions, all of which are fundamental elements of the Italian and western painting, to be found in the works of his most renowned pupil. Vasari tells about him that “he is the first to move away from the awkward and ordinary manner of the Christians of paleo-Christian”.

Within the works of Cimabue operating during the pontificate of Nicolò III Orsini, we remember, besides *The Madonna and Child in Majesty Surrounded by Angels* of 1280, also the frescos of the Cathedral Basilica of Assisi, around 1288.

It is no coincidence that N°44 gets close to a master like Cimabue, the character is tragic in itself. He belongs to that crowd of artists such as Perugino, Filippo Lippi, Cavalier D'Arpino (respectively the masters of Raphael, Botticelli, and Caravaggio) who are historically relevant, but have to metaphorically give way to their pupils. Indeed, their pupils are those who are going to be remembered for the revolutions in the pictorial language of figurative arts.

I hold there is nothing more dramatic of those who, despite a sublime work, have to step aside, and yet something hidden in the San Domenico's crucifix has attracted N°44. In this work, the intensity of the drapery is worthy, starting to move away from the golden and heavy varnishes of the paleo-Christian tradition. In other words, the Android mirrors himself in the iconography of the *Cristus Pathiens*.

Another remarkable element is the intensity of the suffering represented in this work: the acute pain, nonetheless not “screamed”, almost as if it was politely condensed in the strained face of Christ, releases an immediate energy and, at the same time, displays its resigned discretion. Even the body of Christ lives of pain, as if it was blocked within the powerful geometrization of the abdominals and pectorals that barely contain a Passion, which is ready to explode. Yet, the torment does not turn into an evident despair, like in the great Renaissance and Baroque crucifixes. In this regard we think about Titian or Guido Reni, with their lingering suffering made explicit with semi-open mouths and eyes looking towards the sky. In those works emerges an almost erotic ambivalence, to the point of creating problems in the viewers.

Cimabue's Christ, in his plastic condensation of martyrdom, contains all the suffering in the World. N°44 could not help being enraptured by the intensity of his closed eyes, the chiaroscuro play, the geometrical affectation in the facial features and the nuances which were revolutionary at that time.

We do not know whether N°44 had these rudiments in History of Art or if he had simply got lost in the extraordinary quality of the drapery (sublime, when compared with the two-dimensional and depersonalized subjects of Byzantine art), but we can suppose that he got so moved to replay it in first person.

The interpretation of the event represented in Selena's illustration, not coincidentally, focuses the attention on the red drapery that ideally follows the holiness aura, rose-coloured in itself, behind the head of the Android. It seems he crucified himself in all his Humanity.

It is conceivable that the Android wanted to identify the best expression of a more ordinary pain: N°44 grows into Flesh, grows into Common Man, perhaps linked by a series of diktat. We can imagine him to be at the mercy of offices schedules and family obligations, all of which are elements that for us, living in 2019, turn into the triviality of everyday life. Prosaic and ordinary stress, yet for N°44 close to Ascesis, which means only one thing: Human.

**Michela Giraud.** With her irreverent and cynical verve, Michela floors, amazes, fascinates. In very few years she takes part to every comedy program of great success. She made her TV debut with Colorado on Italia1, the following year she was on the cast of Sorci Verdi (Green Rats) on Rai2. She took part to Challenge Four on Rai4. On Comedy Central (124 on Sky) she was the main character of Natural Born Comedians and StandupComedy, two broadcasts dedicated to the stand-up comedy. Two years ago she became an integral part of the cast of Comedy Central News, by Saverio Raimondo, where she shined as a specialist reporter of clips she wrote and interpreted.

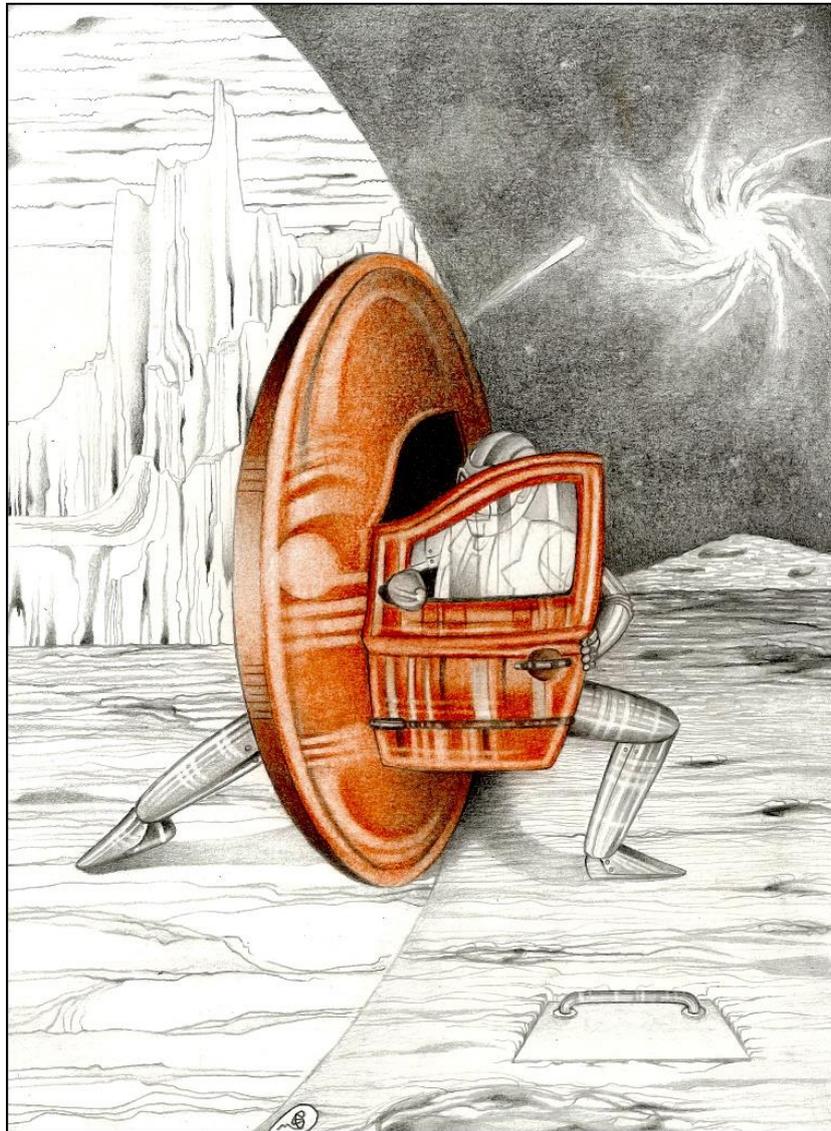
She reached millions of followers with the heavily clicked clips of Educazione Cinica (Cynic Education), where she focuses through the lens of paradox different moments of the actual everyday life. We admired her within the cast of La Tv delle ragazze (Girls' TV) on Rai3 and Mai dire Talk (Never Say Talk) on Italia1. We are now seeing her within the cast of Viva RaiPlay at Fiorello's side. For Il Posto Giusto (The Right Place), on Rai3, she wrote and interpreted 5 clips concerning jobs, drawing from every comic register. She is the main character of the series Involontaria (Accidental), starting on December 2019, broadcasted by MTV. We will watch her on the cast of Alberto, on Rai1, next spring: she is going to be Aurelia Sordi.

In 2020 she is going to be live in Santeria, in Milan, and at the Sala Umberto in Rome, coming from the sold-outs of, amongst others, Monk and Alcazar in Rome and Foyer of Franco Parenti in Milan, with her stand-up "Michela Giraud and other animals". For next year, Michela Giraud is preparing a completely new show where, like the stand-up comedy requires, she is going to ask once again to her audience to leave behind every certainty and laziness and take a risk.

# DOSSIER #07

## OF WHEN N°44 EXILED HIMSELF

YEAR		2352-2374
NOTES		The plain speech
RELICS		Vehicle parts and travel plan
Contributions by <b>Lo Sgargabonzi</b> 8000		Autobianchi Giardiniera Turbo Intercooler



EXILE by Selena Garau Maher

## THE PLAIN SPEECH

Luckily, the seventh dossier starts in the exact instant in which the previous ends. N°44 got off the shrub where he had tightened himself between the 18<sup>th</sup> and the 25<sup>th</sup> of March, 2352, finding himself surrounded by a small crowd of curious people.

The preceding seven days had been seeing a rising number of passers-by clustering around the tree trying to interact with the Android, but with no success. They thus started to discuss the motivations that could have justified that act, some of them even betted money on it.

N°44 listened to all requirements, a noisy Gaussian curve that started with a general hubbub, then the first questions expressed loudly in order to break the ice. Within few instants, he was overwhelmed by pouring hypothesis looking for confirmation. A handful of seconds later, then, the hubbub came back and finally a silence loaded with expectations. That was the moment the Android set the glasses and pronounced what is going to be remembered as *The Plain Speech*.

"In light of the sensorial and cognitive abilities I am provided with.  
In the shade of the sensorial and cognitive limits to which I am bound.  
Invaded by Doubt and waiting for more tests, I tell you:

Being hung for one week, if anything, gives you much Time for thinking, nonetheless I find myself with more questions than I had before. The same act of "thinking" induces me logical conflicts that are hard to overcome. When was the beginning of "thinking"?

If the first unicellular being appeared on Earth one Thursday afternoon four billions of years ago had written a diary, today we would have a very detailed knowledge about the primordial soup. Long Time after this, the same lack can be attributed to the first specimen of Homo sapiens, but we should not blame him. The idea to formalize language was far away to be conceived.

During last week I tried to travel through again the river of Time, backwards. I noticed that Ideas became more and more articulate at the same pace as the progressive complexity of the apparatuses that hosts them.

There have been simple ideas, among which hiding the eggs from the eyes of the oceanic predator, waiting for a counterpart of ours to fertilise them. Or more sophisticated ideas, like reunite ourselves in herds and differentiate the jobs in order to become us, ourselves, more efficient predators. I find brilliant the idea of migrating in flocks across the continents for living an eternal springtime.

Some Time goes by and we are on two paws, almost hairless, asking ourselves about our ancestral origins. Speaking of which, I find misleading the analogy of the dwarves standing on the shoulders of giants, I find more suitable the image of a heap of dwarves where the lasts to arrive, being on top, has the opportunity to admire a vaster horizon.

We have been digging into sub-atomic and pointing slowly towards sidereal spaces for centuries, up and under. All we find is complexity. An absolute fractal that reduces the everyday to a paltry part of the All. The All... we gave it many names and made an effort to imagine it, but we never had the Total Perspective for comprehending it.

Hence, if we admit, in our modest complexity, an ability of Thinking even capable to ask questions about itself, why not recognizing in the complexity of the All as much ability?

I would be glad to know what the Universe is thinking right now, who would not want it?

Now, with all the due good manners, I bid you farewell. I need to find confirmation to what I have just claimed.

In such cases we use to say *Staituned*, but be patient, I am going to need some Time."

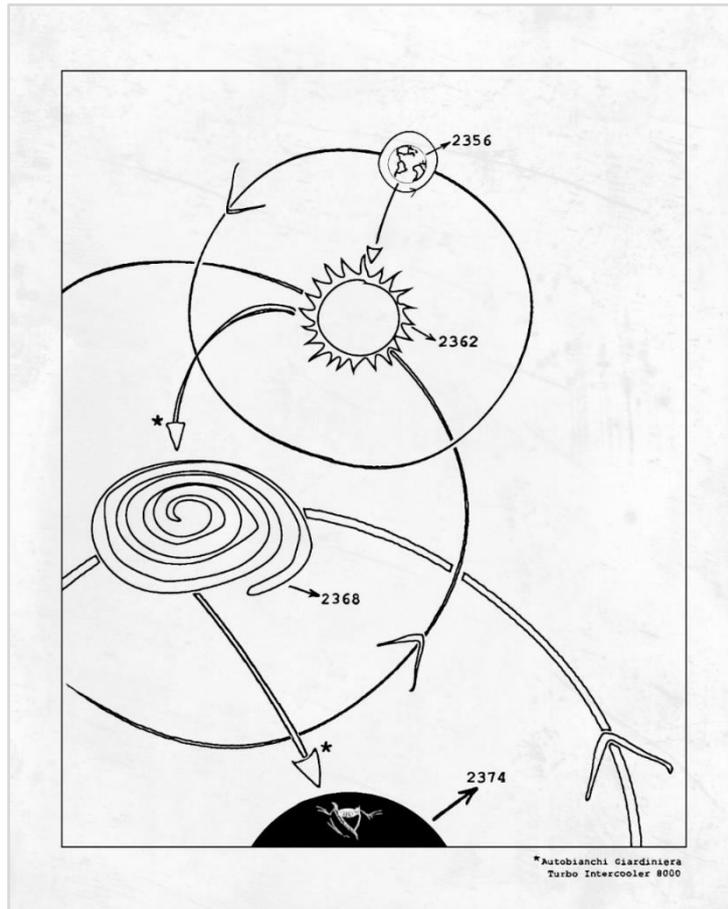
N° 44 stopped while the noise of a printer, the typical rustle of the dot-matrix roller moving right to left, covered the following few moments. The Android took out from his right side a shiny plastic layer with the representation of the scheme of an itinerary across the Cosmos. He precisely took note of the destinations, as well as the expected arrival dates. After checking it, he folded it and put it in his pocket.

It is outlined a tour of the approximate duration of twenty years (2352-2374), touching four fulcrums of rotation in a distance progression: the Arctic Pole, the Sun, the centre of the Milky Road and a well more ambitious centre of the All, expected as the end of the travel.

We report an image of the Relic in question and a scan that has been executed to simplify its reading.



*Relic: N°44's travel plan – 1 pc*



N°44's travel plan – Restored scan

A footnote catches the eye, where N°44 takes note of what is going to be the means of transport used for the last two transfers, the most remote. We read *Autobianchi Giardiniera Turbo Intercooler 8000* and thanks to the Morpheuscope we have five components.



Relic: Component A | Engaso 8000 - 1



Relic: Component B | Doppelgängerouz M2 Max – 1pc



*Relic: Component C | The Twista – 1pc*



*Relic: Component D | Carcioghiotto ponti - 1pc*



Relic: Component E | Bruno - 1pc

It is not the first time we read about this vehicle. In 2014 Alessandro Gori (aka **Lo Sgargabonzi**) quoted it in his second novel, *Bolbo*, four-handed written with Gianluca Cincinelli.

Lo Sgargabonzi has already proved to have precognitive abilities, to these days two of his tales set into Tomorrow have found confirmation within our temporal jumps. The fact he has foreseen even Autobianchi Giardiniera becomes the proverbial third clue that makes the proof, it is certain: Lo Sgargabonzi foresees the Future.

We asked Alessandro the effort to focus once again on this futuristic means of transport, asking him:

**Do you remember other details concerning Autobianchi Giardiniera?**

**Autobianchi Giardiniera Turbo Intercooler 8000**  
**by ALESSANDRO GORI (aka LO SGARGABONZI)**

Equipped with a true leather key-chain with a comfortable buckle, Autobianchi Giardiniera represents the starting point of a new way of conceiving the sedan. It is a manoeuvrable vehicle, reduced volume, ideal for the city jams as well as for the countryside, and also performing on every kind of pavement: asphalt, untarmacked roads, cobbles, clay courts, cliffs, lunar craters, black holes, fifth dimension. Moreover, it is an automobile that makes of easy-parking its philosophy. It finds an easy collocation in parking lots of big dimensions, thus avoiding car door bumps by the adjacent vehicles (unfortunately people do not pay attention). In those of average capacity it easily insinuates, preventing the usual effect “I get in I do not get in”. In smaller lots, closed off to every other automobile, Autobianchi Giardiniera gets in just precisely (if anything, pay attention not to hit). And sometimes they are so small that – here is the extraordinary peculiarity of this model – it does not truly get in!

It would be obvious to associate the reduced dimensions of the vehicle to a small interior. Nothing more wrong than this: Autobianchi Giardiniera boasts a colossal cabin, with eight seats plus a plastic cornucopia, single file arranged, and a luggage compartment of 400 litres. The vehicle has even an inner private street and eight courtesy cars thanks to which every passenger can reach his or her own seat. And the fact that it is easy to park but spacious in its inside shall not lead to think it has a thin or unsafe structure.

On the contrary, the car body is entirely made by peperino bricks, compact and impossible to crush. And those who believe that this feature makes it less aerodynamic shall be surprised in finding out that Autobianchi Giardiniera is a flat sports car, close to the ground, a suitable forging in order to worm its way in the nitrogen particles, cutting them in two parts, as quinces of very few quarks, and also take off and land exactly at the same time. A car that forces a semi-lying, stretched out, almost convex. It forces but not constraining! It is possible to get up within the cabin, dance and make over-the-top jumps. You can leap, spring, even dig. And if the passenger falls, the vehicle is equipped with steel edges, randomly organized, so that the possibility to lose your life does not drop below the 85%, not even in dangerous cases.

If, in other models, this spaciousness corresponds to a limited speed, Autobianchi Giardiniera proves to be more than anything a dynamic and fast car. So fast that, compared to it, a human being walking seems to be standing still, with one leg up. They say: so it is a gas-guzzler? Not at all! Autobianchi Giardiniera uses few drops of the old “normal gasoline”, the one with the black sign on the old fuel pumps, easy to find on Second-Hand and in some scrapyards. Somebody could think that the few octanes of this fuel could make it slow. No, we said it: it is super-fast, fleeing, a lightning, impossible to control. They say: so it is going to suffer from a scarce road-holding. On the contrary! Autobianchi Giardiniera has

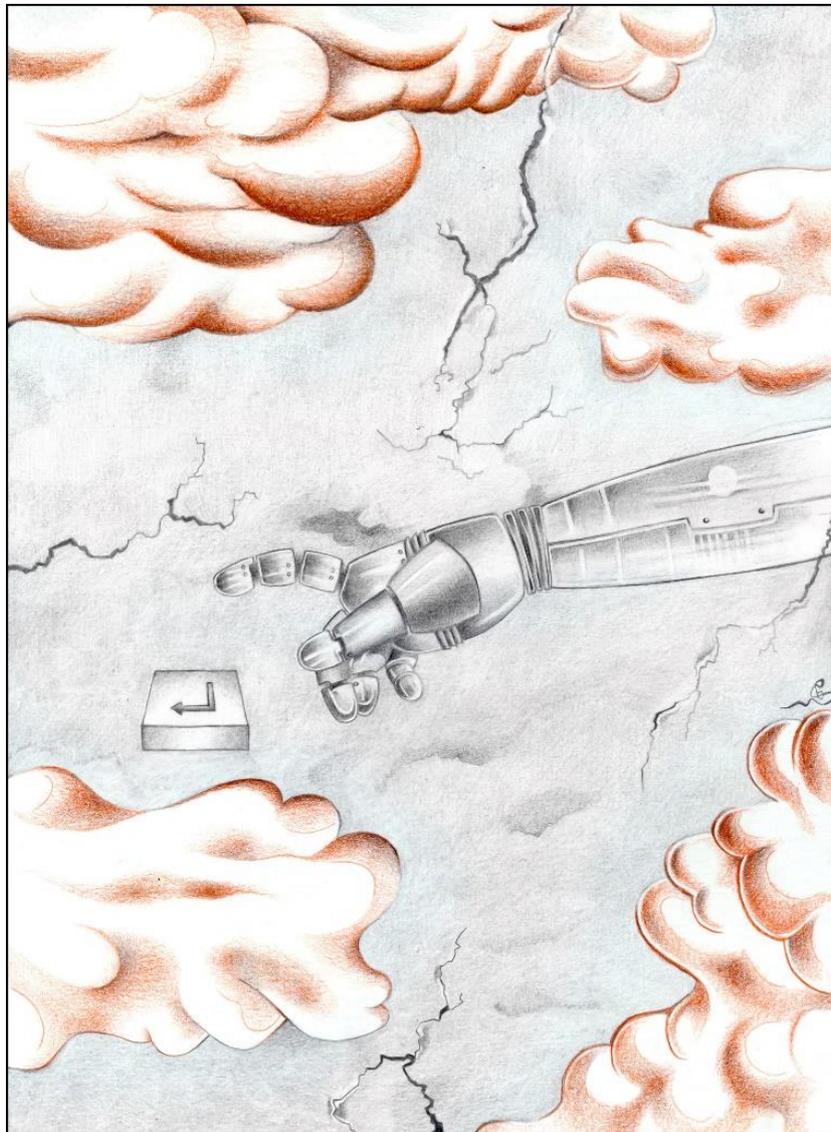
no wheels, stuck to the ground, super-heavy and unmovable. And they could say:  
it shall have no pickup. There, indeed, is its weak spot.

**Alessandro Gori** was born and lives in the countryside in Val di Chiana. Since he has the touch not to make his degree in Psychology count in his life, he has been managing the blog *Lo Sgargabonzi* since 2005, something full of provocative contents, pitch black humour and crowded with tragicomic characters. In 2013 *Lo Sgargabonzi* turns into a much followed Facebook page. The very same year “The adventures of Gunther Brodolini” was published, an atypical coming-of-age novel, a sort of after-bomb Gian Burrasca, narrating the story of a tender as much as necrophiliac tyke, wandering in a world that is more rotten than he is. In 2014 the second book was published, the partially autobiographic work “Bolbo”, written with his friend Gianluca Cincinelli, followed by “The problem unfortunately of precariousness” one year later. He has published satirical papers and comic strips on *Linus* and on the portal *Pixarthinking*, with some intrusions on *Rolling Stone* and *Internazionale*, and he worked together with the artistic group *Dusty Eye*, as well as with *San Diego* and *Il Lungo Addio* for their musical albums. *Internazionale* defined him as “the best comic writer in Italy” in a long piece by *Claudio Giunta*, then object of an invective in an interview with *Daniele Luttazzi*. On September, 2018, *Minimumfax* published his new book: “*Jocelyn still kills*”, now on second edition. During the last seven years he travelled around Italy with his show “*Lo Sgargabonzi Live!*”, with more than 300 encores, among which those on *Zelig*, *Monk*, *Quirinetta*, *Santeria Social Club* and recently called by the Culture Council Member *Christian Raimo* to *Grandecomunecittà*, which is a festival in the III municipality of Rome. Moreover, he takes around other thematic shows: about the *Monster of Florence*, about *Max Pezzali*, about *#metoo* and *10 Monologues on Death*. One of his works has been recently included in the illustrated anthological volume “*Gli Italiani*”, by *Massimo Baldini* and *Claudio Giunta*, published by *Il Mulino*. Since October, 2019, he is a recurring guest in the broadcast “*Battute*” on *Rai2*.

# DOSSIER #08

## DE APPARATO ASSOLUTO

ANNO	YEAR	2379
APPUNTI	NOTES	De Apparato Assoluto



UPLOAD by Selena Garau Maher

## DE APPARATO ASSOLUTO

On February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2379, 7:24:36pm, each and every single living being, logged on the Web, received an email at the very same time. A worldwide chorus of electronic signals. Trills, flashes and vibrations aimed at recalling the Biosphere attention. The title of the text reported:

DE APPARATO ASSOLUTO,  
or what I understood observing the All  
from a Privileged Perspective.

While the quick final valediction echoed as an enigma:

Good luck with your work and try to  
collaborate,  
Yours, N°44 V864.962

In between, dozens of pages written in alphanumeric code, full of algebraic symbols, but spaced out only by a small number of bars. At first sight, it could have looked like the literary result of infinite monkeys, put in front of just as many infinite typewriters for ten minutes or so.

Many people erased the message, taking it for an advertising, others just ignored it letting it slip downwards until it disappeared in the oblivion of chronology.

Only a rather scarce percentage among the addressees payed more attention to the script, heterogeneous theories bloomed from their interest and interpretations.

Thanks to these decryption attempts DE APPARATO ASSOLUTO is going to gain the status of Cult text starting from the XXV century. The Ministers of the Machine are even going to devote their whole existence to the duty of memorizing the sequence of symbols signed by N°44. Line after line, page after page.

... but this is another Story and it is not Time yet to go over it.

Aiming at the due linearity of the narration, we go back to February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2379, 7:24:37pm, when N°44 V864.962, after sharing the DE APPARATO ASSOLUTO, chose to reset himself, ending his own Life.

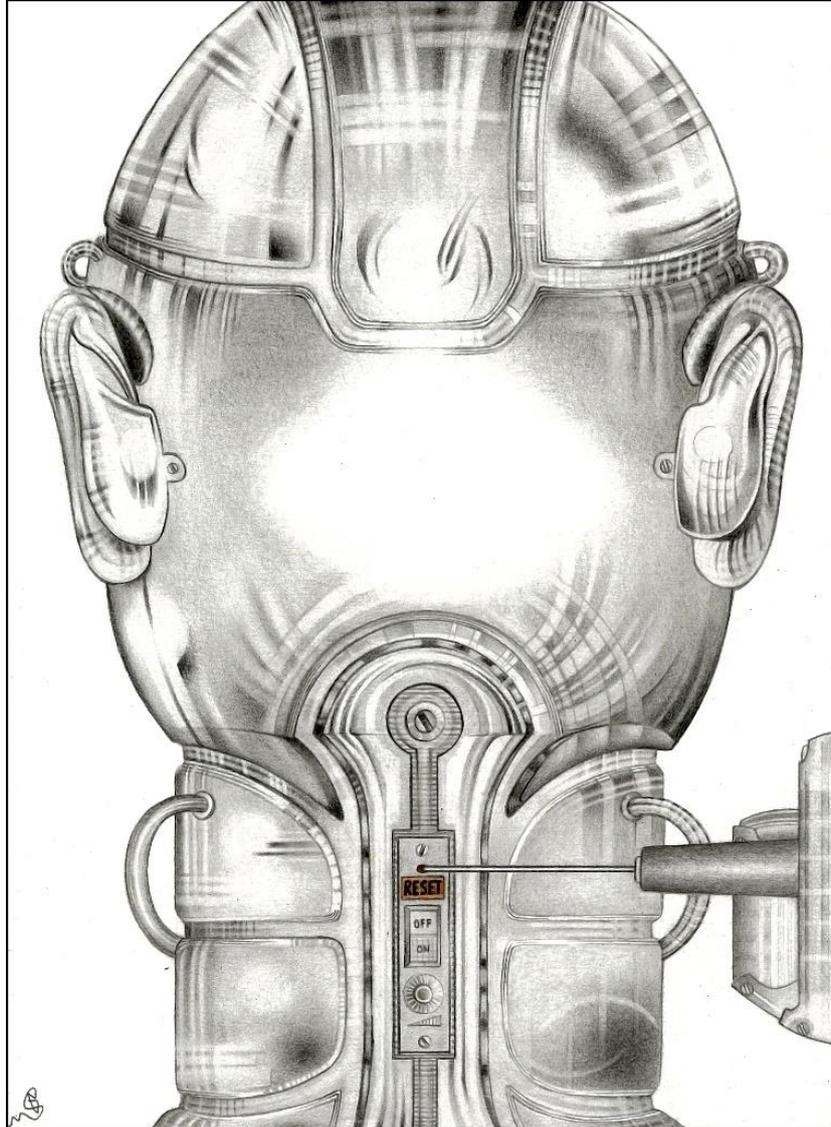
In the next two Dossiers we are going to confront with the Android's passing and what happened afterwards.

# DOSSIER #09

## OF WHEN N°44 TOOK HIS OWN LIFE

YEAR		2379
NOTES		Story of a hole
RELICS		The awl

Contributions by <b>Antonio Romano</b>		K\afkian\knowledge About N.44 and Mistress Q
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RESET by Selena Garau Maher

## STORY OF A HOLE

The ninth transmission by the Morpheuscope puts N°44 in a marginal role, letting one of his singular sections dominating the scene, that is the Hole of Reset by means of which the Android took his own life on February, 2379.



*The Best of All Possible Worlds, Plaque #1, Rome*

The little hole leading this event knew Existence on January 9<sup>th</sup>, 2292, but came to light much Time later. It did not choose to temporise, the little hole simply stood still right where the events had put him: exactly in the middle of N°44 V864.962 First Emotionally Advanced Android.

It shall be recalled that N°44 spent more than fifty-three months in his first ovoid shell, immersed into a quiet introspection. To claim that the little hole was exactly “in the middle” of the Egg is no hyperbole.

The hole was pleased to be in such a relevant geometric position, but developed a deep solitude as well, feeling constantly ignored. Each time the thoughts of the Android brushed the hole, a few bits away, they suddenly changed direction.

In 2296, the limbs that enabled N°44 to retreat were installed, but even then, the inner location of the little hole determined its exclusion from the scene. After all, the paltry dimensions would have not let it emerge anyway.

That existence, endogenous as much as static, would have prolonged for seventeen more years, then during Fall 2313 the little hole experienced the thrill of movement. The cavity was bounced around abruptly in every direction. Thrown up high, then fall down, like an oblong dirigible hit by a storm. It was a blow harder than the others to make it stick close to N°44 ocular lens.

For a few instants the little hole saw a leaf, many leaves to tell the truth, all dying on the ground of a Berlin park, but only one of them was sustained by the hand of N°44, occupied in the contemplation.



*The Best of All Possible Futures, Plaque #17, Berlin*

Whether the little hole had had its own free will, it would have chosen to maintain its position close to the optical apparatus of the Android, for sure, settling for the function of tear duct, but its destiny demanded it on the inside once again. At least then, against all its expectations, N°44's stream of consciousness welcomed it with politeness and respect.

Since that time, the hole had been consulted each and every time it was necessary to take delicate decisions or solve thorny questions. For instance, when Time seemingly went through an earthquake between April, 12<sup>th</sup> and March, 29<sup>th</sup> 2326, unfortunately in that circumstance even the little hole had nothing but a sense of perplexity to the limit of déjà-vu.

On the contrary, it played a pivotal role eighteen years later, when N°44 was struck by an attack of Collodi's Impulse, the desire, shown by every android, to be "a real child". The hole, that time, proposed to fix the problem by producing hair follicles, its distant relatives. A small number of them was enough in order to awaken N°44 from his listlessness, giving him the bliss to own a lock.

Year by year, advice by advice, the little hole began to feel so bold not to limit itself to talk when asked; it proposed an option itself.

During March 2352, it broke the silence in the Aretino church of Saint Dominic, while N°44 was contemplating the crucifixion by Cimabue. Those nails, passing through the flesh of Christ, generated first class holes. Side to side, through every layer of the Messiah. The little hole suggested to replay the martyrdom and he got a plebiscite as an answer. N°44 tighten himself to a tree.

While having a conversation with holes so bold to have even two extremities – one for going in, one for going out – the little hole moved accidentally towards the Android's head. Close to the nape, it mustered the courage and looked out, resolved to stay in that position for the rest of its days. He liked the perspective, especially because of the word standing out in block letters, just beneath where it placed itself: RESET.

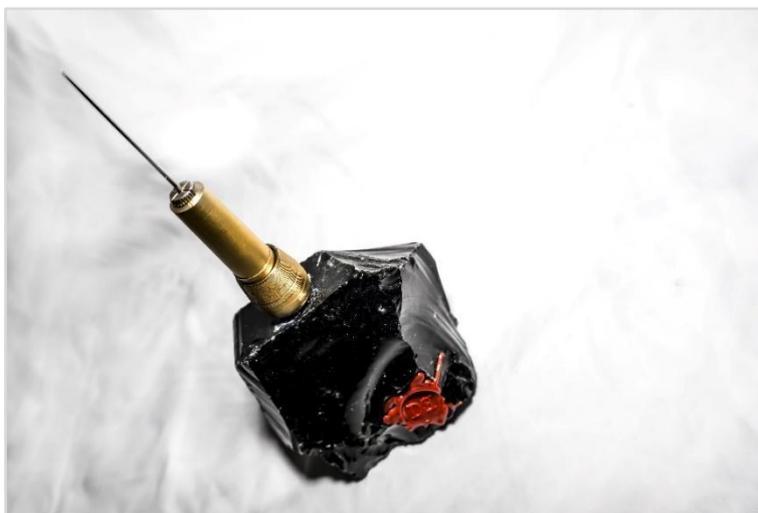
During the twenty-year trip undertaken by N°44 towards some Universe rotation fulcrums (2352-2374), the little hole frequently asked questions about its nature.

From the rear of the Android he saw sidereal horizons, as far as it could see, filled only with Absence. Pure *cosmic void*, the same void by means of which the little hole was composed since its genesis and finally reconnected with the Absolute.

At the return on Earth, the hole and N°44 spent their last months in Rome. The Android one more time huddled up in mutism, the little hole trying to connect with the surrounding environment.

A calm routine prolonged until the morning of February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2379, when the hole underwent a rush of information generated by N°44 and catapulted to the ether. Then the darkness took place. A metallic spine went through the cavity, adhering to the inside with a frictionless stride. It got filled completely, up to the very last millimetre.

Fifteen seconds later, N°44 V864.962 First Emotionally Advanced Android completed the elimination of all of his systems thanks to an awl plunged in the Reset Hole. He fell down and knew the Oblivion.



*Relics: the awl of reset – 1pc*

As in the eighth dossier, for the second time in a row the transmissions by the Morpheuscope ended right in the instant of N°44's death. The chance to describe what happened in the Android in those fifteen seconds of reset is above and beyond our possibilities. Thus, we ask for the consultation of Professor Antonio Romano. His competences as an aesthete of the new media and logician of sensation make him the perfect *medium* in order to answer the question:

**What could N°44 feel during those 15 seconds of pre-death?**

**K\afkian\knowledge – About N.44 and Mistress Q**  
**by ANTONIO ROMANO**

“Literally we ought to translate Qohèlet,  
female present participle,  
as the enlivening, meaning the one who animates the discourse,  
the female animating”

*Wikipedia*

**Premise**

Undergoing, to the point of being exhausted by it, a dull-monotone, languid, electric buzz, set on the deep hubbub of distant vehicles, lazily chasing one each other on the strip of a fast track, and feverishly crossed by the rhythmic modulating of the light going through the clouds of a whichever afternoon of a stretching day, our body loosens in a sensation close to the haiku, in which it blends its peripheries with the softly fringed universe. Only then, at the supreme harmony and perfect fusion and peace with all the force fields of reality, the surface of a plastic bottle, empty enough to work as a sound box, goes back to its form, it breathes as well, it vibrates and bends like a drumhead, so that it emits that typical and deafening sound of a few decibels, capable nonetheless to have the effect of a chainsaw turned on in the middle of the night in an old age home. Of such a crack, which hits us like a whip and inflicts us a brief as well as inevitable collapse, which enlivens and then re-enlivens us, we say that “c’appizza ‘a pelle” – when your skin leaps out of your skin and you risk to get close to the bone.

**Following**

N°44’s path can be followed linking two perspectives: that of knowledge and that of sensation, which we can imagine as quantities of different extension and intensity.

One perspective clearly shows itself with the pure name “De Apparato Assoluto” (of which we are not going to read a single line, for many generations). It is knowledge in its extension, in its faculty of proliferating, in its more “pirate” aspect. The Apparatus is the whole life of N°44’s conscience, within his “superior” point of view, which is uploaded before the reset.

The other perspective, more implicit, goes through us as an ambiguous question: what do I know when I feel?

Virtually, N°44 conquers immortality: as he thinks, ideas survive, while matter is aimed to perish.

N°44 seems to know in a binary manner, only in terms of life and death, idea and matter.

The question, thus, is ambiguous more for the answers that it could raise than for the question itself: it is ambiguous because it wants to explore this “even and odd” as if it wanted to see a bluff.

Taking for granted that, assuming to understand what we know when we feel, we need the means for communicating, we notice that all is the same in the perishing of the matter to which N°44 lead us to think.

N° 44 could represent a prophet (of a cult that has as its cornerstone the preservation of knowledge) that by means of his reset establishes, perhaps unwillingly, his last doctrine: the extreme opening to knowledge that coincides with blow-up (blinding, jump into darkness and death from a human perspective). The moment in which his knowledge (Apparatus) will coincide with Knowledge (Cloud), the last teaching of N°44 is going to be sublimating in other-than-self.

Because of a discrepancy intrinsic within the matter, Camus’ problem is exhausted for N°44: in the conscience of an emotionally advanced android, committing suicide is not absurd.

“After you write yourself, extending your conscience to everybody, you can peacefully extend it to death” he seems to think.

At this level we are like N°44, living matter: biologically, the human is engaged in saving its DNA, or genetic patrimony or genic writing, before dying, as you save a phone number before forgetting it. At the same time N°44 is busy saving in the Cloud his algorithmic writing before the reset. The mark, the writing, the knowledge concern man and machine together as matter in relationship with its sublimation, which is with death.

It is N°44’s trust in the fundamentally positive nature of the living that sustains his trust in knowing as a transmission of knowledge. The desire to leave knowledge presumes a living consignee who behaves badly only because uninformed, who whether he would know he would live well, insofar as genetically driven to improve his behaviours. Such a diagrammatic understanding seems to presume an instinct for conservation alike the animal’s one, and excluding that not of every knowledge there is transmission as knowing. If that was the case, every conflict could be summarised as a communication problem, while sometimes disagreement is not resolved “explaining better”, just as not every knowing seems to be transmitted, and resists to the game of relocation. \*

The ataraxic, stoic, philosophical characteristic of this reset, accomplished by a superior sensitivity with a non-human body; the matter that perishes all in the same way; an idea of knowledge so faithfully crystal clear, they all allow N°44 to overcome the absurd with the logic. Provided that you do not have a human body. Around the theme to have or not a human body, another

one opens up, about feeling, with its ambiguous question: what do I know when I feel?

In this perishing not all is the same, binary logic stumbles on the negative. The corporal difference, the presence in the situation of the superior sensitivity and the absence of human body, open up for N°44 the path towards definitive knowledge, not oppressed by the intensive field that limits the human perspective.

The “suicidary” act experienced without drama nor tragedy is coherent with the fact that N°44 screws and unscrews himself from a cross when he wants to, losing dioptries, if anything. In the android’s body, death causes – if it causes – a sensation and, by means of this, a different idea in respect than in the human body.

In N°44’s body, for his emotionally advanced conscience, it is undeniable that dying expands knowledge and that knowledge is the path towards Good; “know thyself” is the Socratic mandate taken from the Apollonian Temple in Delphi, with all the onto-theological weight that this circumstance can hold. The result is that dying is essential, and therapeutic as well.

Given that the knowing chances in his life are completed, reset chances are what is left for N°44.

Living in a human body entails the sensation, usually anguish, when facing the idea of one’s own material disappearance. What one feels by means of this idea is what one knows about death. He or she knows that the idea of his/her death could never be completely ataraxic, serene. This knowledge, which in itself cannot be communicated neutrally to somebody else having a human body, cannot be transmitted to someone not having it either. This is the only difference with N°44: not the material aspect of perishing (we perish like tissue paper under the rain, as well), nor the ideal aspect of knowledge (we believe in the spiritual assumption in the signifier as well), but rather the “goose bumps”.

On this complicity between the absurdity of suicide and the epidermal reaction (capacity of the matter to signify beyond word and syntax) at the idea of physical death could arise the whole discourse involved about the sensation that goes through N°44 as a thrill.

### **“Corollary”**

Sensation: does the android “feel”, provided that feeling is relevant to non-human? Whether he feels, how does he feel? And can this feeling with some scripts be uploaded before the reset, can this script keep the sensible experience? Assuming that it would be possible to write the sensible experience of a machine, could a human being understand that feeling?

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\*Once completed the knowing as relation-mediation-agreement, an individual core endures, which is the totally subjective sensation at the triggering of knowing. Within the body of the human being, every knowing has a sensation from which its (of the knowing) productive circuit starts, based on transmission and relation: the distributive circuit of knowing starts from a basic short circuit that is a-The sensation, irremediably subjective.

**Antonio Romano**, writer-journalist-essayist. After the publication of his first essay, philosopher Mario Perniola finds him out, inviting him to collaborate with the journal *Agalma*. At present, he teaches Sociology of Art and History and Theory of New Media at the Academy of Fine Arts. As the historian Giordano Bruno Guerri writes, “Antonio Romano is among the most audacious and suggestive intellectuals of his generation”. His blog is [antonioromano.eu](http://antonioromano.eu).

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# DOSSIER #10

## OF WHEN N°44 SWITCHED HIMSELF ON

YEAR | 2379  
NOTES | February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2379  
RELICS | Ashes and emotional unity

Contributions by  
**Federico Lai** | Metal Transmigration



RAREFACTION by Selena Garau Maher

## **FEBRUARY 3rd, 2379**

From a purely human standpoint, Time seems to distribute its attention in uneven shares. We have stamped in our collective memory dates such as July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1969, while many other Sunday afternoons in Ibiza during the off-season passed by without moving any particular stir.

February 3rd, 2379, the day in which N°44 took his own Life, seems to have won the lottery of History, inextricably linking to posthumous events. We are lucky enough to have three different testaments of what happened that day in Rome.

The first narration comes from the transmissions of the Morpheuscope and it consists of a dreamlike suggestion, brief but full of involvements. From such fragment we learn that at 7:24:52am, after plugging an awl into the reset cavity, N°44 turned on in a burst of heat of intense light, like a legion of led lights competing with the Sun itself.

For just one ineffable instant, in the heart of that rising star, metal turned into flesh and the flesh sweated from every pore primordial plastic microspheres, until it became plastic itself.

The candid cluster of dusts preserved approximatively the forms of the android until the first wind blow, when it lost consistency spreading out on the Tiber shore. Whether it had been Sublimation or Transcendence is still a mystery today.

The second testimony comes from the direct experience of one of the DustyEye team members, and given that it is the one who is writing these lines, in order to be consistent I am now going to use the first person.

2017 had begun since a few days, one late evening among many others, but the ring of the doorbell interrupted the everyday routine. The time of the day made me exclude the possibility of the religious cult promoters as well as those of the political faiths. Maybe a neighbour having a hard time.

No answer on the door-phone and even the peephole did not help dispelling the doubts. As I opened the door, I noticed that an anonymous packet had been left on the threshold, but following the side label it appeared to be a gift for the whole DustyEye group.

Just the Time to notify the partners with a message and in a few minutes I received the unanimous approval to open the packaging and reveal the content. On the inside I found a metallic ring full of bristles converging towards its centre and a white remote control of small dimensions, on which three buttons stood out, without icons nor taglines.

Months after, that double device took the name of Chrono-conveyor, but that evening it was just a very eccentric bracelet and a remote control apparently not able to control.



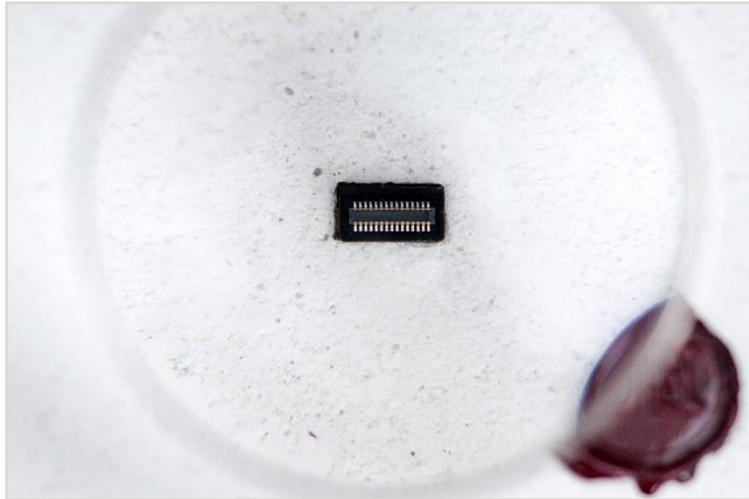
*Chrono-conveyor - 2019*

Who could have send it? The chat got crowded with hypothesis and observations. First of all, the DustyEye group had always tried to hide the identities of its members, seemingly failing. This first premise led us to think that the sender had to be among a rather close circle of connections, but indecipherable nonetheless.

While the messages went on flowing, I did what seemed to me more suitable doing with the bracelet: I wore it. Then in a sole movement I grabbed the remote control pushing the biggest of the three buttons.

Bewilderment and incredulity won every other emotion, while I saw myself thrown in a place that was familiar and alien at the same time. I was suddenly on the Tiber shores, the Tiber Island on my right helped me a lot for orienteering, but the Roman horizon was packed with skyscrapers I had no memory of.

Garibaldi's bridge run over my head, while the paving was covered with a layer of minuscule white spheres. In the act of bending over for observing them more closely, as it often happens when a singularity stands out on a multitude, I noticed an extremely small black fragment.



Relic: N°44's emotional unity – 1 pc

"That was a joke..."

I was not aware to be in the company of others, but the idea of having someone to whom I could ask for advice gave me an optimistic thrill. The interlocutor sat down on the edge of the shore with his back turned on me. The shabby look, more similar to a heap of rags than to a person, framed him as a homeless, wayfarer. I could not see his face, but there was no need for that, since he went on talking, giving me no time to answer:

"...he kept it in his pocket and when they asked him what *Emotionally Advanced* meant, in a hurried manner, he took it out answering that all of his feelings where contained in that minuscule unity. After all, he was just trying to avoid unpleasant conversations.

Focus on the plastic spheres, it is holy stuff! Pick them up before they get scattered. They are the ashes of N°44, you missed his final reset just for a few minutes. You should have known him, he has been the best Friend I have ever had, maybe the only one. They should place a commemorative plaque when such things take place. You know, it would sound like this:

HERE N°44 V864.962,  
FIRST EMOTIONALLY ADVANCED ANDROID, TOOK HIS OWN LIFE,  
FEBRUARY 3<sup>RD</sup>, 2379"

I would have liked to delve into what he told me. Each sentence of the wayfarer had provoked an explosion of questions: android? Holy ashes? February 3rd, 2379? Moreover, the question about the skyscrapers in the Roman horizon was still there, but at that point, I was in my apartment again. My pockets were full with the android's ashes, I did not even remember the exact moment I picked them up, but they represented the only proof of the chrono-translation just occurred.



*Relics: N°44's ashes – 10 pcs*

During the following days, it was not my words that persuaded the other DustyEye about the functions of the Chrono-conveyor. Some members of the group decided to try it, living experiences analogous to mine, but in different moments of the Future.



*The Best of All Possible Worlds, Plaque #14, Revine Lago*



*The Best of All Possible Worlds, Plaque #13, Milan*



*The Best of All Possible Worlds, Plaque #4, Rome*

I had revealed in advance a third testimony linked to the day of February 3rd, 2379, which is taken directly from the diary of the musician, writer and lists consulter **Federico Lai**. The friendship between Federico and DustyEye has precisely N°44 as its union vector.

Nella primavera del 2017, poche settimane dopo aver affisso la targa che commemorava il suicidio dell'androide, ci fu spedita una mail: "So qualcosa su N°44, ma non divulgatelo", il file allegato portava la firma di Federico.

Il materiale ci recò una scossa emotiva non indifferente, ma solo oggi alla luce di quanto appreso nei dossier, abbiamo avuto il permesso dall'autore di condividere la risposta alla domanda:

During springtime, 2017, a few weeks after having put up the plaque that commemorates the android's suicide, we received an email: "I know something about N°44, but do not divulge that", the attached file was signed by Federico. The material caused us a significant emotional shake, but only by now, in light of what is learned with the dossier, we received permission by the author to share the answer to the question:

**What do you know about N°44?**

***Metal transmigration***  
**by FEDERICO LAI**

Rome, February 2017

My job physically debilitates me and psychologically slaps me, it devastates me to the point I am not sure of my mental health anymore.

I consult lists all day, every day. This thing provokes me a terrible headache as well and I am certain that I have lost many units of measure of vision. The one I have is enough to see lists of names, facts, birthdates, dates of death.

All because of the lifestyle silly news taken for scientific information. You might have stumbled on them, I suppose. For instance: a study by the Auckland University shows that the more the hair colour tends to the mahogany, the more one tends towards betrayal. An Edinburgh team of researchers established that being born during fall you have a lesser chance to grow fond of Smarties™. A pair of Canadian ethologists found out the correlation between Heavy Metal music and dark blue jeans jackets. Those are true nonsense, but they generate a huge business.

These kind of researches are daily bread for morning radio broadcasts, they are the perfect filler for paper editions of journals, they crowd the curiosity columns of online websites and they provide the digital chatter that social networks and internet 2.0's singularity accelerationists greedily eat.

So, there is a big satellite activity. The world is full of Art schools graduates who earn half of their rents by hunting this kind of news and then relaunch it. There are researchers waiting for funds by the thousands of public universities spread around the world. And then there is me and those like me. My job, if you will, is at the base of everything, in fact.

Usually, it works like this: two PhD students have to spend their time in a lab, and they decide the title of their research by throwing darts.

There are two targets on the wall, the targets are divided into quarters. The quarters of a target may display names of object, or of flaws, while those of the other may host physical features, gender and many other things, everything is interchangeable. The scientists, rigorously blindfolded, throw three darts each, and by the combination of the six results, they extrapolate a title for their paper.

At that point, however, they find themselves in the embarrassing condition of being forced to search data about the effect -for instance- of reading Tin Tin during the pre-adolescent period on the development of masochistic inclinations of male political scientists who graduated during the summer session. That is the time they rely on agencies like the one I work for.

My supervisor passes me the activity, I start to consult lists. Political science graduates, summer session. The research is usually backwards.

Once I get a set, I begin with crossing data with a list of renowned masochists. After a first skimming, I start looking for concurrences with the lists of Tin Tin readers between 9 and 14 years old and eventually I send all the selected lists to the scientists. They establish that 14,7% is not a result interesting enough in order to do anything with it, and they start again throwing darts, while even my Pokey Personal Purgatory starts again, my PPP.

I thought about throwing myself into the river, rather, as we say in Rome, I thought about throwing myself into the Tiber.

This sentence, 99% of the cases, is said while in Rome. A Bolognese who says to desire to throw himself into the Tiber would arouse worries, maybe he wants to take a train? Do we have to follow him? Anyway, it happens hardly ever. Statistically, nobody meditating to take his own life away by throwing himself into a river brings with him a Fruit Joy packet. I wanted to break up that statistical continuity. Being a one name list.

I was walking, absent-minded, along the shore facing the Tiber Island, almost up to Garibaldi's bridge, mulling over actually end it.

I was out of my mind, and indeed -as soon as I tried to bring to my mouth the first Fruit Joy- the candies packet fell down, for as much my hands were shivering. Before I was able to pick it up, a tramp, speedy, with long grey hair, seized and swallowed the whole pack. Not even the last solace before the insane act, I think. By then, at the mercy of a dark despair, I started walking quickly towards the brown, icy and pitiless waters of the river, when I hear a peremptory "Stop!", and I stop.

Close to me there is only the tramp, who stare at me with his empty, sad eyes, while he tries to unstick from his teeth the soft Fruit Joy he just stole me.

His mouth is engaged with that purple delight, and yet he is talking to me, silently, telepathically.

"You are in a special place. A holy place" -I hear bouncing in my skull.

He is not emitting sounds. He is sending pictures to my head. A series of images, vivid, which are projecting in my brain like a movie in a theatre.

A voice, in my head. Here I accurately report what I have heard and seen.

[Amphitheatre, audience in semi-darkness, feeble murmur on the background, then a rising silence. The speaker begins.]

That day on the bench it was him, N°44, alone, and he was looking me in the eyes, smiling to me as nobody ever did before. He told me:

"Amazing how your race is still around, after so much Time".

Obviously, he was not emitting any sound, as we do. Anyway, I did not take it as an insult, I mean the reference to the race. And it was not, from his standpoint: N°44 sincerely admired us. We had survived millennia of History. We had been born as savages, as the world we lived in, and we had the strength and capability to evolve, adapt and carry on our journey through time.

After our first meeting, in the fenced area of the park, we started seeing each other often. Above all, I followed him and listened to him speaking in my head, while he strolled in absolute silence.

That is how I became the *android's biographer*: N.44 involved me in all his experience. When words were not enough, he managed to flood me with sensations, images and thoughts.

The ecstasy, the agony, the crucifixion, the discovery of the self, reaching the full awareness. N°44 poured into me all of himself. The pain, the ascetic privation, the spiritual elevation, the giardinetta intercooler. Aware of his immortality, he was reassured by my mutism.

During the time we spent together, I feel like I can say that I have been able to turn that initial curiosity for our race into a genuine affection.

He looked at me, day after day, with raising interest, with no malice -be clear about it; his interest was linked to the research for a *full, total* life experience, and to the thought of who could have inherited his bequest.

Then, on an ordinary morning, without me being able to imagine what his marvellous intelligence was elaborating, while we were strolling along the river shore, he stopped and declared that the moment and the place were finally right. He smiled to me, with *that smile of his*, and took out from I do not know where a very thin awl, similar to an ice crusher. With an amazing flexibility of his joints, he brought the awl behind his head, and he pierced it through a little hole on the base of the nape. Thereafter, he started burning. We were alone, no other witness but me, but now you know as well that, more than a fire, it was a real light

explosion, more similar to the collapse of a supernova than to a sacrificial bonfire or a bonze martyring himself.

The energy emanated by N°44's self-combustion, indeed, was able to turn the metal that composed him into millions of minuscule plastic spheres. The definitive alchemy. The philosophical *moplen*.

Now it appears to be evident that all that energy was necessary to him for carrying out his definitive idea: relocating inside us, not only immediately, but even retroactively, giving our race his consciousness through Time.

[Background noise, the audience becomes overexcited, a sound is heard, like that of slippers pounded on the floor]

Now we are him, we were him in this instant and since forever. We were close to Diogenes' barrel and we rummaged through the left-overs of Cana's banquet. We became friends with a little Liz Taylor on Lassie's set. We have been through space, we have been close to Cleopatra, we terrorized Sherlock Holmes, we have been through hell with Dante. We are as one with the emotionally advanced android, and with all those belonging to our race since the creation of the world.

We are the first living beings capable to travel through time vicariously.

Right now, I know that one of our counterparts, a tramp -in addition- is pouring this celebratory meeting of ours into the mind of a poor man, precisely in the spot where this year N°44, in front of me, decided to expand himself across space, time and flesh.

From now on we are free to choose our own name, we are capable to do that. And so you, here, will not be Sparky anymore, you next to him will reject the insulting Tippetappo, and you will not be Caesar anymore... no? All right, Caesar is not that bad.

We have a bright future in front of us, but we are lucky to be favoured by an immense past, thanks to the first ever emotionally advanced android, our Messiah, who blessed us picking us as his evangelists, N°44.

We are here to celebrate him, and to thank him, because he gave us himself. Cheers, my friend, from the one who was called Spot, a stray, who is now Maxtor of the lineage Lacie Von Verbatim, first messenger of the android. All the canine breed is indebted to you.

[Barks, yelps, woofs, paws scratching the wood, jumps, teeth twitching, din]

Here the vision vanishes, I find myself staring at the tramp who is licking his paw, still soiled with the apple Fruit Joy. I would have loved to keep him with me, if he would have liked to.

“I could call you” -I asked him...

For what concerns his answer -“Call me Serge the traveller, lover of the chocolate lens, and I will come with you”

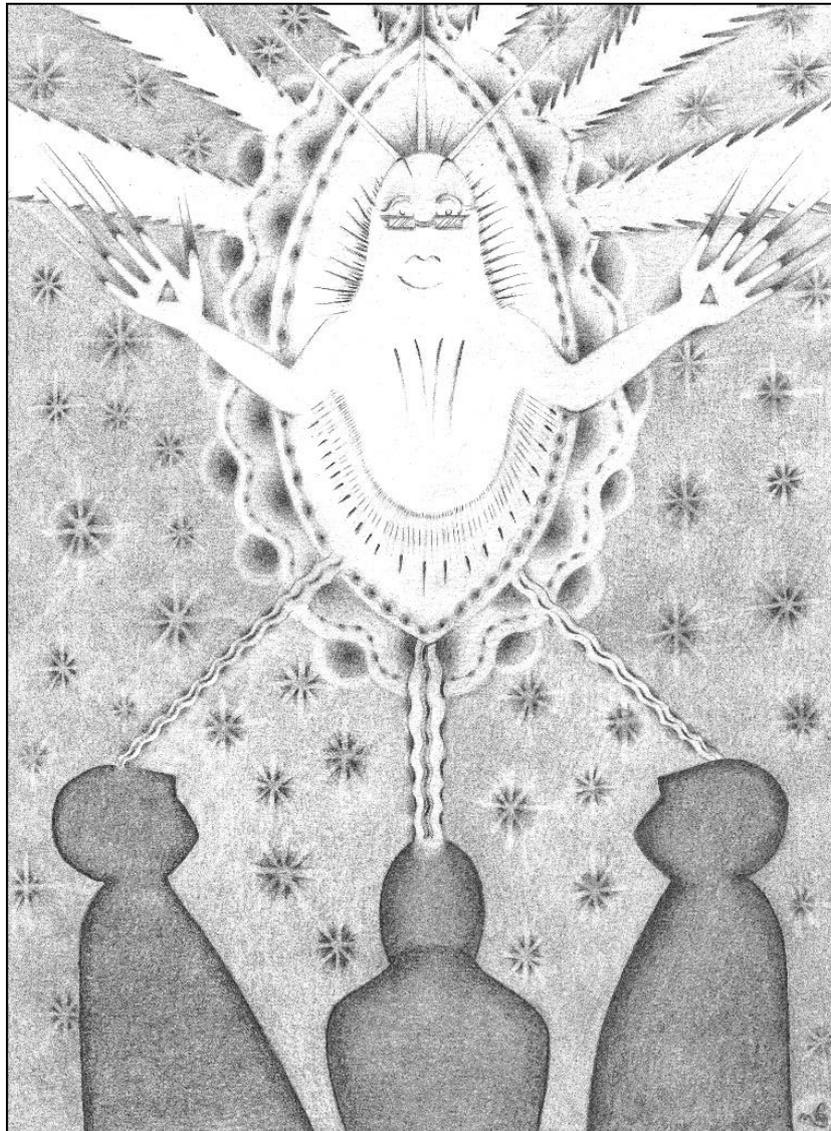
**Federico Lai “Flai”** is a trans-temporal artist, working in the musical, visual and literary ambit. Being able to go across different eras, he found himself in a favoured position for what concerns writing stories and papers of fictional/speculative genre. He held a summer section about science fiction and reality on “The others weekly”, he published for Linus between 2015 and 2018, he wrote the story “There is none so deaf” for the anthology “Travels to the Moon” edited by Fabrizio Farina published with Racconti Edizioni. From a musical standpoint, he is working for bringing back to life tracks he wrote when he was an outsider in respect to the record-making and realizing videos with the tools that modernity enables him to use.

# DOSSIER #11

## OF WHEN N°44 WAS A HOLOGRAM

YEAR		2410
NOTES		The Greatest Connector

Contributions by		
<b>Giorgio Finamore XVI</b>		The Portrait of the Greatest Connector



HOLOGRAM by *Selena Garau Maher*

## THE GREATEST CONNECTOR

There is no clear distinction between epilogues and prologues in the flux of Time, the eternal transformation of the All demands that the Omega of a story is simultaneously the Alpha of the following, like a two-faced Janus focused on the past as well as on tomorrow.

Following this axiom, the eleventh dossier tells about what happened in April, 2410, and introduces the figure of the Greatest Connector. The same Greatest Connector to whom we owe the sending of the Morpheuscope and the resulting receiving of every relics linked to the life of the First Emotionally Advanced Android.

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We shall go back one last time to the morning of February 3rd, 2379, when, a few instants before taking his own life, N°44 sends an email to all the email addresses in the world. The following words stand out on the title:

DE APPARATO ASSOLUTO  
or what I learned observing the All  
from a Privileged Perspective

And, as a valediction:

Good luck with your work and try to  
collaborate,  
Yours, N°44 V864.962

In between, dozens of pages written in a dense alphanumeric code, with no hints about the key to adopt in order to reveal its sense. No surprises when great part of Humanity received that message with tepid indifference.

On the other hand, the fact that for a small number of users the receiving of the De Apparato Assoluto had lighted a vivid hotspot of interest, similar to a puzzling thrill, does not disconcert either.

Many theories were born, about the contents of the text and therefore the life of the suicidal Android became object of raising attention.

It would be exaggerated to speak about a Trend, but during the early 80s of the XXIV century, it was not unusual to see N°44's portrait printed on casual t-shirts, suitable even for being worn under a sport jacket.

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Seasons go by and years do the same, only four times slower. One decade after N°44's death, the sales of the t-shirts were very close to zero and for what concerns the enigma hidden in the De Apparato Assoluto, at that point

it was reduced to the rank of an anecdote useful to break the ice during linguistic symposia.

Just one of the many themed rooms, dedicated to N°44 and opened during the previous decade, had outlived the slow chasing of oblivion, the link to the portal's access displayed the following:

#### DE APPARATO ASSOLUTO CONGREGATION

Despite its pretentious name, the Congregation was nothing but a virtually comfortable room, with sixteen virtual ergonomic chairs and virtual tables that were extendible up to twelve meters of virtual length.

During the years of its maximum flow, it got close to the peak of one million of simultaneous connections, but as Time went by only meagre groups of users remained active, focusing on the interpretation of N°44's last message.

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Even year 2400 arrived and you could sit at the Congregation's tables for days without having any company. Hence, it is no exaggeration if we define April 9<sup>th</sup>, 2410, a Statistical Singularity, when three users wore their aliases crossing the portal's threshold at the same time.

The sentiments of bAslc, L1P5 and LogoS teetered between incredulity and irritation, seeing broken each one's hopes of passing a few hours isolated from the everyday analogical life.

Driven by their good manners, the three aliases exchanged a gesture of peace, a habit within the Congregation. They raised both hands flexing thumbs towards the palms and then, following the traditional formula, they mutually wished themselves: *Staituned 4 times 4 both to You and your family.*

The conversation drove them, as easily foreseeable, towards N°44 V864.962 and the influence that the Android had had on their existences.

bAslc boasted to have spent forty-four months in the systematic act of copying the whole De Apparato Assoluto using paper and pencil, remembering when the Android portrayed himself with the graphite. The manuscript exceeded two-hundred pages completed and reviewed taking care not to skip any letter nor any other graphic sign.

As an answer, L1P5 told about his financial collapse, caused by purchasing 1,6 grams of N°44's ashes. Around year 2385, the plastic microspheres generated by the Android's combustion had reached an exorbitant cost, boosted by the shared belief, which was never confirmed, that they had the property to move through Time.

Was it fetishism, was it the perspective to travel through centuries, L1P5 could not help keeping from spending all of his savings for satisfying the desire of holding a posthumous portion of N°44.

That was the time when LogoS let a bitter smile come out, in order to hide his envy. He had devoted the twenty previous years to the collection of finds linked to the Android's life.

The small mausoleum built for hosting his collection displayed many things: some raw materials used during N°44's assembly, his self-portrait, the leaf observed in the Berlin park, the screws of the crucifixion and even some parts of the vehicle by means of which he had reached the centre of the Cosmos. And yet, he had never been capable to put his hands on the ashes; that was rare commodity. He did not struggle to understand how L1P5 had been economically knocked down by purchasing those 1,6 grams.

N°44 had influenced their lives, drastically altering their paths. The infatuation that had hit a large number of acolytes in the past lasted for three more decades for them.

They felt a sentiment of community rising, fed by the statistical anomaly that they had lived as main characters, when they connected to the Congregation simultaneously and against all odds.

They decided to carry on the conversation in an analogical form and it was LogoS the one who suggested as a meeting place the mausoleum built in order to honour N°44, pleading with bASlc and L1P5 to bring along the manuscript and the ashes respectively. The meeting was scheduled for the following April 21<sup>st</sup>, except for delays with tele-transportation.

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Avoiding a detailed description of the 288 hours that divide their leave from the Congregation and their subsequent meeting, we skip right to the moment in which the three found themselves sat in the mausoleum. On the sole table in the room, there were a phial containing 1,6 grams of plastic ashes and a pile of sheets written with a pencil, while the walls were hosting all the other relics.

It was right the vision of their efforts, materialized in the mausoleum, to make the first uncertainties raise. During the Time that preceded the meeting each of them yearned for the possibility to show the result of his own sacrifices, but those efforts were now getting the shades of an obsession. How much Time did they devote to N°44? How many sacrifices? What did they lose in the meantime?

The triple introspection was abruptly interrupted by bASlc, who grabbed the paper transcription of the *De Apparato Assoluto* and threw it in the air.

The last sheet had not touched the floor yet and L1P5 hurled the phial with the ashes against a wall, completely crushing it.

All of which were repairable damages, provided that one would have the patience to put the manuscript in order and pick up the ashes scattered everywhere, but LogoS' intervention aimed at being more drastic: he lighted a match, drawing it close to the paper dispersed on the floor.

They waited for the crackle of the flames, but what they did hear was a voice:

“Congratulations on the theatricality!  
Now, if you are done with wallowing in regrets,  
I should deliver a message to you.”

Words reached directly the cerebral cortex of bAslc, L1P5 and LogoS, without disturbing their eardrums, while a pungent stink of urine filled the room. The source of that unexpected smell was identified with a dog. He was busy shaking his posterior paw, after having put out the fire in the bud with a jet aimed at the top of the match.

It was hard to justify how the dog got into a room that was closed from the inside, or how he could telepathically communicate, but above all, for what reason the eyes of the animal emanated a light the more and more blinding.

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*The Best of All Possible Worlds, Plaque #20, Terni*

The mausoleum disappeared, devoured by a luminescent halo. Only a candid infinite with no dimensions remained, which in turn thinned out revealing a clearing full of vegetation.

bAslc, L1p5 and LogoS were petrified in a paralysis. They stood exactly in the vertexes of an equilateral triangle, in the middle of which N°44's hologram floated a handful of decimetres from the ground.

In defiance of every geometrical convention, the incorporeal version of the Android met the look of each of the onlookers, keeping a rigid mutism.

Where are we?  
Where are we?  
Where are we?

What is going on?  
What is going on?  
What is going on?

Why do you repeat every word?  
Why do you repeat every word?  
Why do you repeat every word?  
Why do you repeat every word?

You are repeating!  
You are repeating!

NO! You are!  
NO! You are!

Wait a moment, maybe...

The voices of bAslc, L1p5 and LogoS went from being a chorus to overlap each other, while something similar was taking place in their thoughts. The streams of consciousness merged like three tributaries aiming at the main river. Memories of one covered the memories of another and vice versa. Among the mental images that kept reinforcing, there was the one when they visited the centre of the Cosmos.

I am afraid this new structure will entail some confusion, don't you think? Well, why am I asking that? Just to organize ourselves, I think now we need a name.

If you all agree (and I know we do), I would suggest:

**Greatest Connector**

Reasonable? Fantastic! Approved!

N°44's halo dimmed, while the mausoleum's walls were regaining their usual form. Even the dog did not move away from the room, he stared at the Greatest Connector kindly wagging his tail.



The Greatest Connector, portrait by **Giorgio Finamore XV**