



BOB and ME

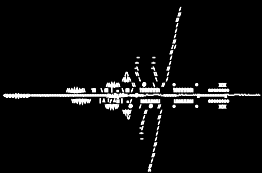
ENIGMA BYRON

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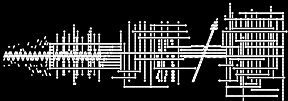
BOB AND ME

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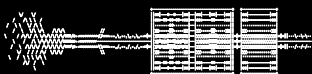
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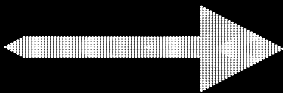
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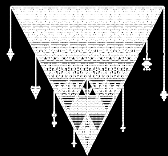
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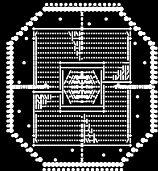
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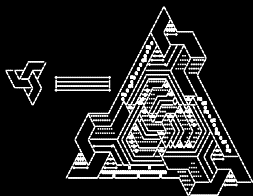


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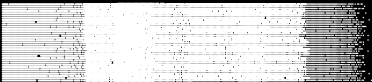
LOOKING FOR WHAT YOU CAN'T FIND
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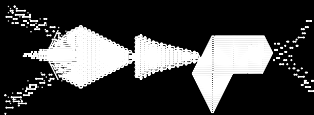
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ENIGMA BYRON is born from the research of a not-absolute truth, from an intimate cohesion between the opposites, and from the inspiration originating from a person and a meeting connected to each other.

Augusta Ada Byron, future Countess of Lovelace, will remain the only legitimate daughter of the mathematician Anne Isabella Milbanke, expression of the fervent scientific-industrial progress of the nineteenth century, and of the poet George Gordon Noel Byron, known to most as Lord Byron, one of the main exponents of the romantic poetic reform.

In 1833, in one of the many salons of the London High Society, Lady Lovelace met Charles Babbage, one of the most important figures for the birth of the programming and the IT world in general.

It is said that Ada was very interested in mathematics.

Whether it was due to natural propensity or thanks to her mother who, not having a good relationship with her husband (from whom she separated a few months after Ada's birth) had tried to keep her daughter away from her father's artistic bent. Despite this, Ada continued to nurture throughout her life more than a simple inclination for poetry, or better, for a creative approach and an abstract vision that she inherited from the romantic poetics and from an indirect influence of her father, never effectively met.

During the separation, Lord Byron showed no particular interest in her daughter, however he was said to be among her early supporters. Some reports of the time drastically reduce the image of Ada as a child prodigy. Despite this the future Lady Lovelace, although perhaps not manifesting so clearly her hypothetical innate perks, kept her mathematical studies going. It seemed that for her the practical and operational aspects of that subject were more than difficult obstacles and that she found many difficulties handling trigonometry or solving algebraic expressions. This didn't make her give up.

On the 5 of June 1833, Ada meets Charles Babbage, a man with a multifaceted identity, a mathematician and a nonconformist. They talk and from that day they begin to exchange several letters in which Ada become increasingly interested in some of the fundamental ideas that had led Babbage to conceive projects such as the Differential and Analytical Engines. Following a conference about the latter, held by Babbage himself in Turin in 1840, the Italian engineer Menabrea writes a report. The work, published in French two years later under the title of "Notions sur la machine analytique de Charles Babbage", is taken over by Lady Lovelace to produce an English translation, adding her personal ideas about the project, as requested by Babbage. The pages of the document, with the addition of those notes, increase to more than double compared to the original French version.

The attached comments, of great depth and incredible foresight, introduce concepts that could remind future ideas about artificial intelligence; Ada uses an approach that combines the schematic technique with a more freely poetic inspiration, highlighting an almost prophetic vision about the project's potential. Her comments give to Babbage's idea a more inclusive vision than the descriptions made so far; the Analytical Engine is presented as a project that, despite the technical limitations of its components, could have achieved results well beyond its initial forecasts. In addition to practical aspects concerning the programming of the machine through punched cards, Ada's framing gives the document a broader perspective, often far from the more technical details, and it leads to conclusions that go beyond the scientific concreteness of a simple tool, assuming a universal, almost metaphysical depth and vision. Still today the discussion about the real authorship of those comments on the original document's text is open. Ada was not a scientist by profession and Babbage, rather reluctant to give credit to the influences that inspired his projects, has reported several times in his autobiography (as from the close correspondence between the two) that he often had to deal with many technical aspects related to those additional notes. He will describe that apparatus of observations and notes as a collaborative work between him and Ada, in which she gave a "decisive personal touch" to his main body.

Not always able to communicate his projects effectively, Babbage would in fact have had a certain interest in having that work written by the countess: her authority was much higher, especially in the High Society. The paternity issue remains open, aware of the fact that the truth is sometimes less clear than what is often hoped for.

Subsequently hampered by precarious health conditions, which no longer allowed her to continue the professional career in the research area, Ada was forced to abandon mathematics. She let herself be guided by laudanum and morphine trying to relieve the pain of an incurable cancer and at last she embarked on the path of gambling. The last part of her life was dedicated to mesmerism, thus taking up one of the topics that fascinated her father years before. In this way she somehow approached her father's controversial figure, from whom, maybe unconsciously, she had inherited a creative inspiration that allowed her to achieve, not without obstacles, some important goals.

In her life she carried with her two different halves that she managed to combine until the age of 36, when she was forced to say goodbye to the world.

Augusta Ada Byron, Honorable Countess of Lovelace, represents the enigma of a life whose flight was divided between mathematics and imaginative inspiration, crossing the logical processes with the creativity of an implied poetic vision.

THE TRUE CONQUEST

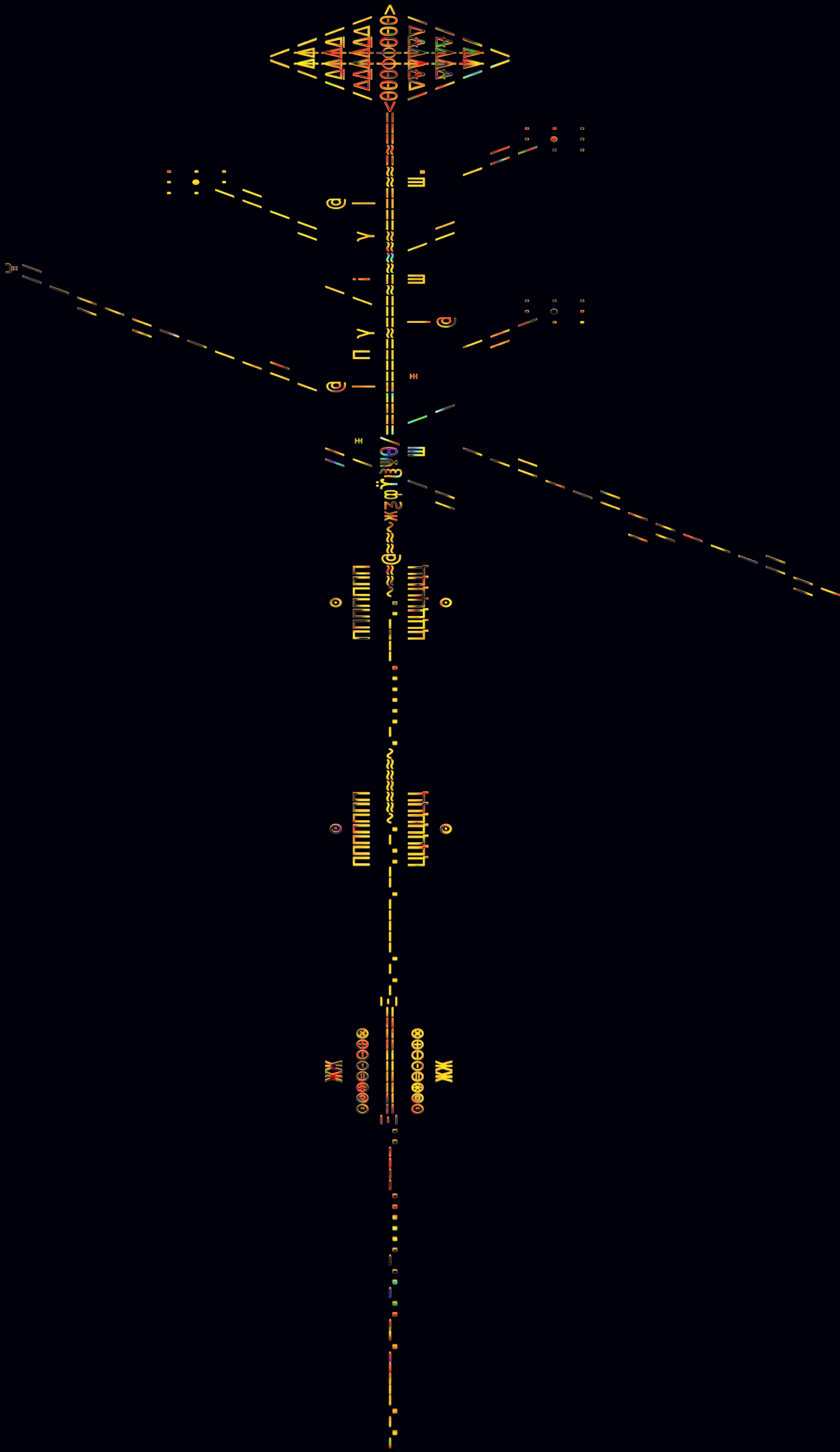
My name is Bob and at the age of almost 30 I no longer feel to have a clear Direction of my life. Parallel Decision Making Processes seem to no longer work for me and it all appears as a dystopian unreality Out There. Waiting for the Right Moment to jump off has never been my strong point, but now more than before it seems that Life does not belong to me anymore. The Train runs along the track, wagon after wagon, and I stand watching it fly. The Empty Plants, the Deserted Quarries, the Dark Mines. A blow is just enough to extinguish even the Last Faint Candle. If the Mind

is not enlightened, it appears as a deserted but dense place, silent but crowded with stones too heavy to be moved. The Barred Ways and the New Labyrinths created day after day make the Spaces cramped. The world Out There has now become only the Reflection of the one inside, a simple Breath and then you go back to connect yourself with the Hidden Fears still being ignored. I'm Bob and at the age of almost 30 I believe that Everything and Nothing are not that different. You slowly leave what you could hold in your Hands to take the Different Path, made up of

Thoughts and Sensations, Ways written in Heaven by Those who need to breathe. A strange form of Collection that abandoned the Concreteness to undertake the Soul Choice of Abstraction at Any Cost. You only buy the Absolute Essentials to be able to feed the Dream Machine, in the hope that one day those same Processes will function independently from All The Rest. It's the Race to Development, the Blind Pursuit of True Conquest, the Discernment of the Only God among False Idols.

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BOB AND ME
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CHAPTER NO. 01/12



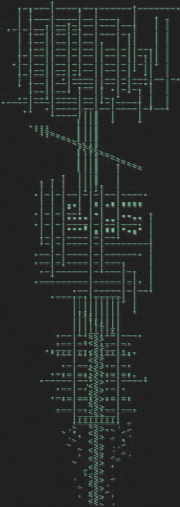
FIRST CATEGORIES

I am Bob and I live an almost peaceful life in my awareness of having something incredibly heavy inside that I cannot get rid of. I persist on considering this Thing here not as my life, but a demon from which I can one day escape. I keep thinking about how to escape from the Multi-sensory Room which is actually my Head. The Forehead gets wet with drops of cold sweat that manage to escape from this body, so serious, so busy trying to solve the Evils of (my) world. Bob tries to bring any Concepts and Ideas that occur to him during

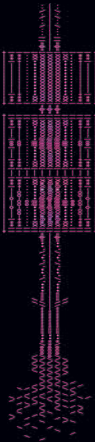
Life to the highest level of Abstraction; this is how every thought is simplified to the point of making it unrecognizable. It remains the Naked Frame, which abandons its old Specificity and it opens up to its New Destiny: entering Bob's First Classes. This Evolution/ Involution of the Subject in its Pure Mental Representation often leads Bob to a simplification so high that the process becomes inversely complex and cumbersome. In this way he always spends a part of the day Complicating things in order to Simplify them. He thinks it is a

Human Act, wanting to Understand, to Explain, to enter into the Things, making them its Own. But perhaps the Reality is a little different. The Wind has no Masters, it has no Obstacles, it carries the seeds of a New Existence and it spreads them without Further Thought on the World. And Bob still wonders himself what the reason behind his being there is. He still can't give himself an answer because the Answer he's looking for doesn't exist yet.

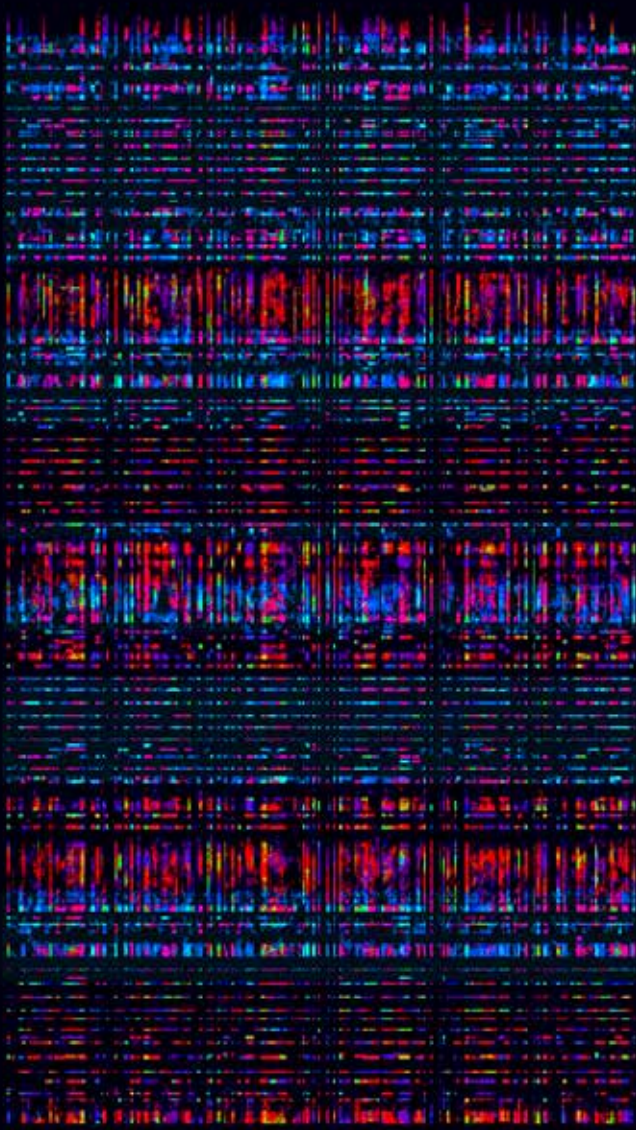
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CHAPTER NO. 03/12



BODIES OF LIGHT

3:00 in the morning.
My name is Bob and I look out of the window at the Red Globes in mid-air blown by the Hot Currents of an Afar-originating wind. They are the Bodies of Light, Energy, Not-Matter that would have had little Meaning in that World. They bring the Future People's Thoughts, the Unexplored Ideas that never made Someone change its mind, the Projects of Construction and Destruction, those of the Great Tower and the Ancient Temple,

the Library of Ashes and the Submerged City, the Center of the World, the Stone Circle, the City of Gold.
The Bodies of Energy taste of Wisdom and Knowledge, smell of Pain and Despair. They come when Nobody calls them, when Everyone expects Something to happen, but they no longer believe it enough. Difficult Conditions, Rare Combinations of the Elements carry the Globes from Away. Sometimes they are so small and dim that only

Nobody sees them, while the Others don't even perceive them. It now happens that I see myself outside my Body, that I live my Life detached from my Consciousness, as if I were describing what I do more and more in the Third Person ... Strange. That night Bob decides to get up to go to bed. He recognizes those Globes, they are in front of Him, a few meters away, the Right Distance for their sight to instill in him the Idea of the Project.

PARALLEL BETWEEN THE ONES

In the morning Bob wakes up with a head that isn't his own. He reflects on the Great Project and thinks that, perhaps, in the future, he will be able to make it happen. He imagines that his morning will be Pink that day, the afternoon Green and the evening a beautiful and Intense Purple. He thinks that he will no longer have to run to Every Corner of his Body to find the Power that is able to give meaning to his hours, days, months, years. So many Ideas, so little Knowledge. And whatabout

Intelligence? Who thinks about it? You know, it is for the Others. He must always run away from Something while he is convinced of chasing Someone. A Yardstick to compare the Ones with the Others. Those who do not run away cannot chase. Still, prey of himself, of his Immobility, he lets himself dig the Hole that will drag him Down. Before All of This, however, Bob thinks that it is necessary to be able to stay immobile, in Silence. When there will be Nobody to run away from and

Nothing more to chase, then it will be too late to learn how to stop. Working on the Project is like living a part of Future Life in the Present, preceding the Time, bending the Space, bringing Back what is still too far ahead. To live what you may have never lived. The Project is for Bob the Form of Self Defense against the Unexpected in Life, the anticipation of the Possibility of Failure, to taste somehow a small portion of the Future in This Present.

CHAPTER NO. 04/12

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BOB'S RELIGION

Bob reflects on Religion, on Faith in Technology, on the Cult of Cults, on Paradoxes, on the journeys in the Deep Space and on those in the Lost Time, on the Secrets of the Universe. Bob thinks that what is secret turns out to be secret because, at least in part, it is revealed. He thinks about the Ease of Destroying and the Difficulty of Rebuilding, about the Fear of the Void and the attachment to His Own Life. And he lets it flow. All of a sudden it comes back to his Mind that you can't see Dreams if you keep your Eyes open. Who would ever allow you to speak to yourself about the Truth? About Diseases, Ecstatic Visions, or

Curious Extravagances, but not about the Truth. When we talk about the Truth we become other people, while when Bob talks about Liès, People see him just like Bob. As if actually I had never been Bob, but maybe Rob, or Tob. The Illusion of being able to live the Life that Someone Else he would have wanted to discard, spending instead the Existence that Another Person could have yearned for throughout his Journey. Roll the Dice only Once, hoping for a Double 7. For some Time Bob has commissioned to himself a religion. The construction of a Multi-Directional Plant that can be structured in such a way to

understand most of His Manias. Bob's Religion is under construction: complex, composite, delirious and in Constant Evolution. There are Kingdoms, or rather Realms, governed by Higher Entities, in Eternal Struggle between Each Other. There are Crude Battles, Court Intrigues, Cold Steel Duels, Beheadings, Betrayals. Bob's Religion is a Castle Made of Paper, ready to collapse and to be rebuilt even higher the Day After. All of This represents the Faith in the Project, the Unceasing Advance towards a Far Goal, still invisible, perhaps only the Mirage of an oasis in a stormy desert.

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SONG STRUCTURE NO. 05/12
 ARCHITECTURE NO. 05/12

BEYOND THE WALL

Bob in his life had begun to feel Disintegration. Particles of his Body broke off, flew away; and at the same time he became as much lighter on the outside as he was heavier on the inside. The Disintegration had begun to be felt when His Grandmother one day spoke looking him straight in the Eyes, about what Life was, during a moment of Lucidity in the midst of what was becoming for her the Universe of Clouded Forms, the World of Appearances, the Everyday Life of Dull Thoughts,

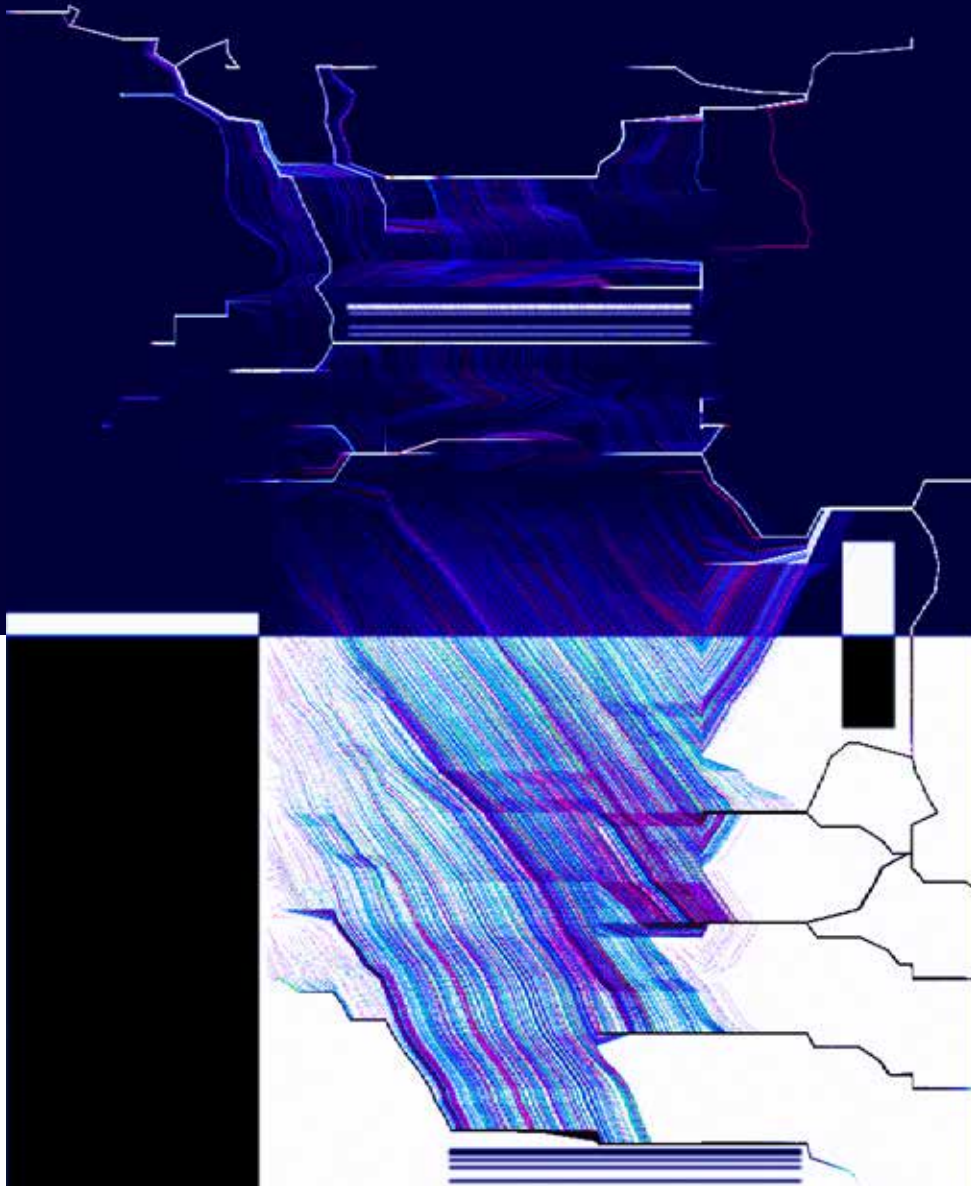
the Oblivion of Forgotten Desires. The Disruption had led Bob to think more than usual about Time passing. While His Grandmother was living the Adventures of the Other Worlds, ready to set sail for the Last Horizons, Bob broke away from the Reality of Things, moved away from the Timeline. There was no longer any Night that was distinguished from the Day and Day that was distinguished from the next or the previous one. Life flowed in the One Flow of Complementarity, unaware if

what Bob was feeling was Progressive or Regressive. In those Eyes there was the Emptiness of a Vanished Hope, of a Lost Will, the Recklessness of Taking the Path to the Principle.

But those Eyes knew precisely how to speak about the Truth. The Passage beyond the Wall evidently allowed to lose Much, but to gain a Filter to the World, thus being able to allow Anyone to speak about the Beauty.



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LOOKING FOR WHAT YOU CAN'T FIND
FIND WHAT YOU'RE NOT LOOKING FOR

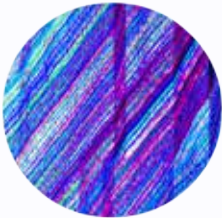
Bob often happens to walk down the street but to be in a completely different place. His Shoes rest on the Asphalt, but it is as if he were digging the Earth with His Hands in order to move forward. It's a strange feeling for him; trying to go ahead with an infinitely slower speed than the one you would like to have. Every now and then, Bob feels he is moving forward, but it is as if most of the Time he is walking in the Opposite Direction. Who knows at the end what really is the Right

Way? Bob is a True Wizard in this: he walks for miles and then, suddenly, he realizes that perhaps his Destination is not exactly that way, or rather, that perhaps that was not The Correct Destination; then he turns around and starts over. Lately, however, the Way seems to have disappeared, hidden by the Dust or buried by the Heaps of Invisibles. It is not there and it is no longer worth digging. Searching for What You Can't Find to Find What You're Not Looking For. The Lights go

out and Bob is in the middle of the Great Sea. Sometimes Bob is afraid. The Fear about his constant realization that things are not what he had imagined, that places do not really represent the Space that surrounds him, that at the end he always push people away as they get closer to him and that all these things together can lead him to have Nothing in his Life. It is not a matter of Incoherence, Indecision or Ignorance, but perhaps only to never be satisfied.

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SONG STRUCTURE NO. 07/12
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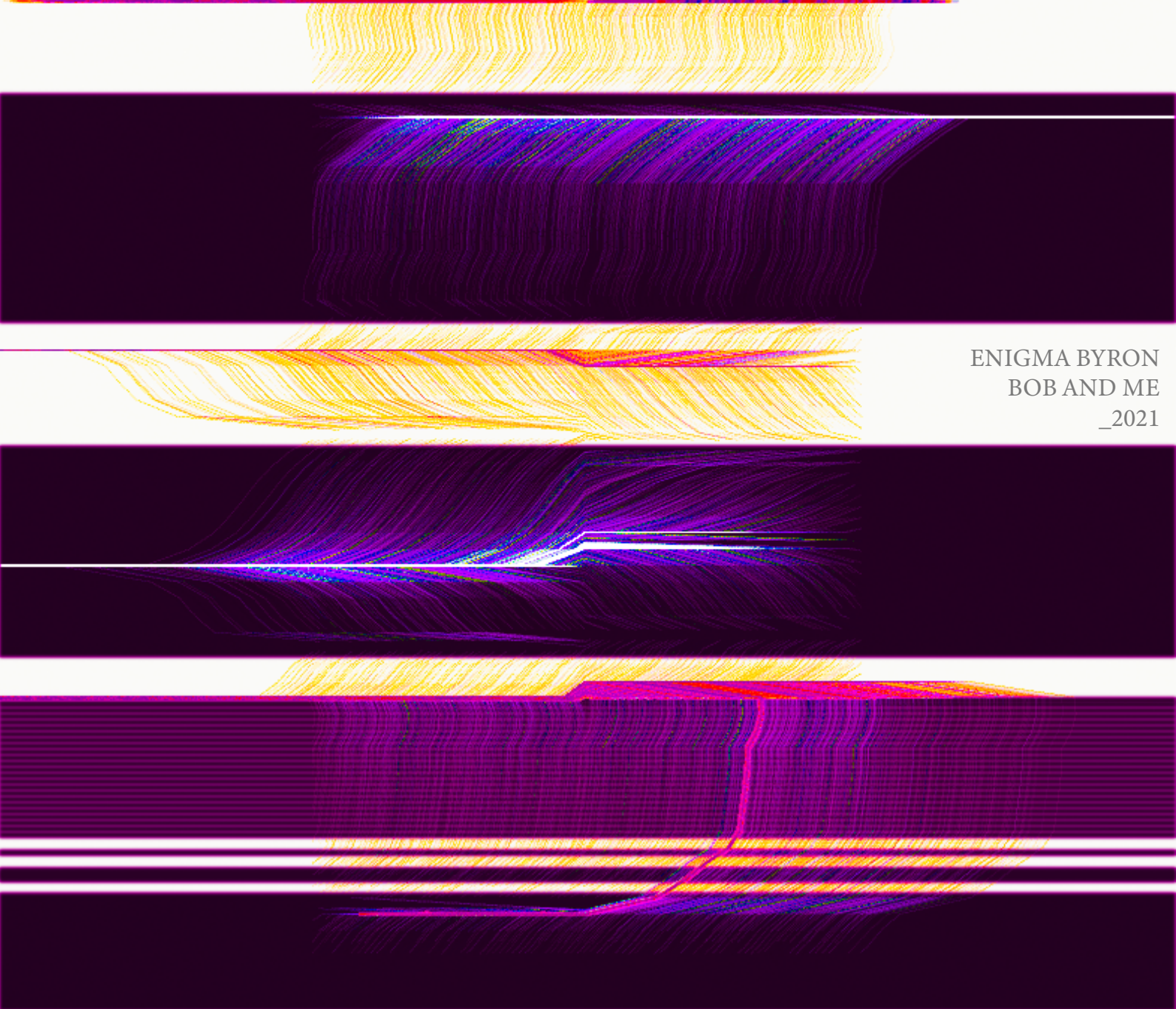


IN HIS DREAMS HE SEES EVERYTHING

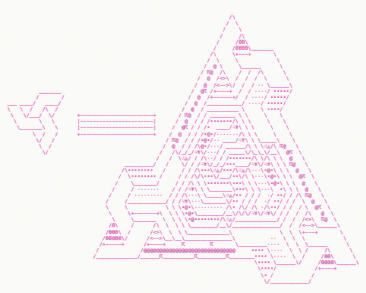
At one point Bob stops to Think. He was used to do it during a walk, a run, while working, brushing his teeth, showering, eating, but he rarely stopped everything to think. That day, however, he stares at Something and starts thinking. Time passes and Bob thinks. I think. I think of Time that passes and Time that passes thinks of Bob. The sky has Time to first become light and then dark, then light again. It has been so long since Bob has stopped that even the World has stopped to look at me. My Bubble of Thoughts

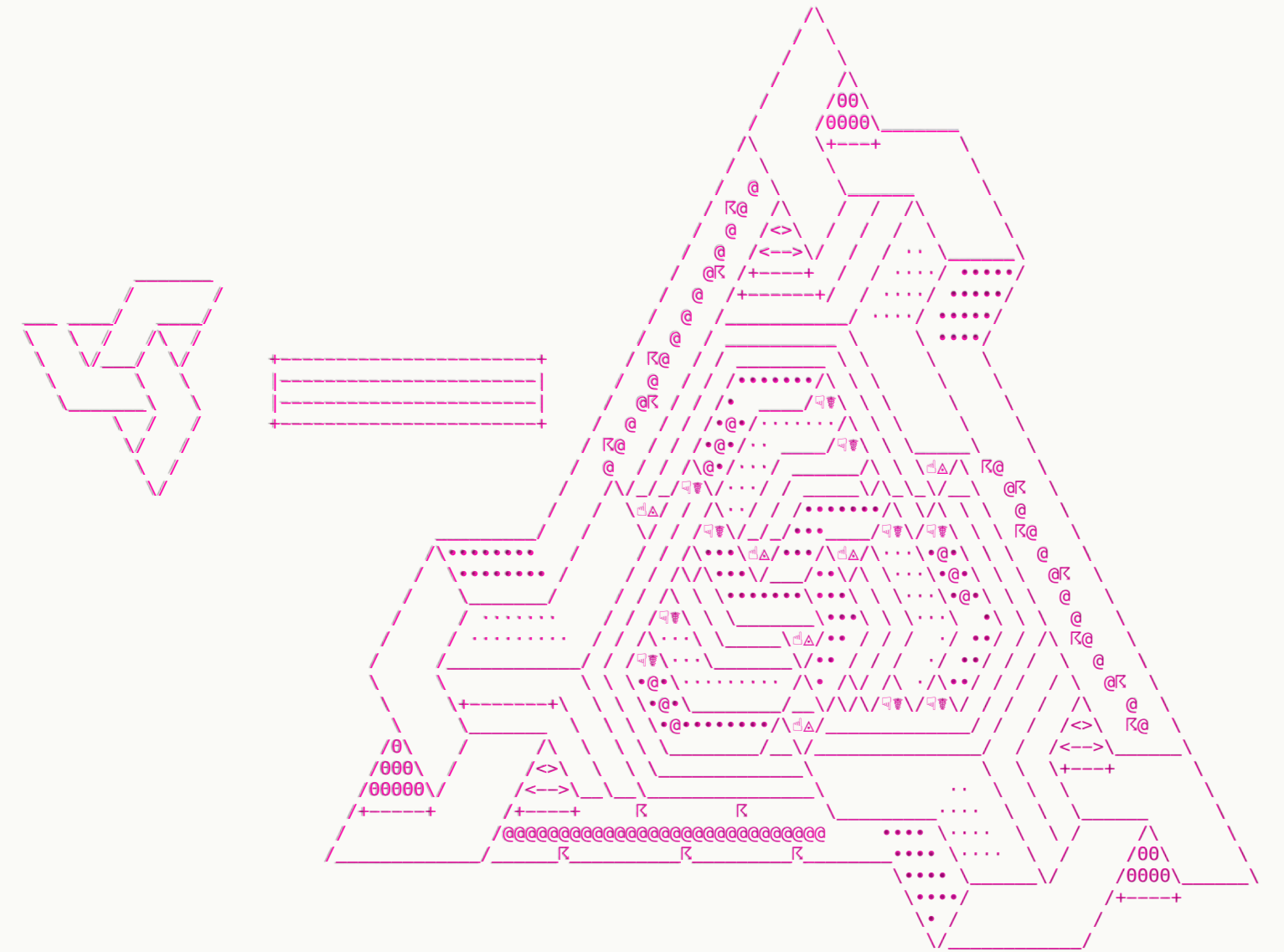
encompasses my Body as if I'm out of Space and Time. The Silence marks the days outside, the Noise is loud inside - as at the Steelworks Site. It bursts, evolves, changes. Like an inner storm it fills with Thunders and Lightnings. Ideas twist on themselves, generate Doomed Offspring, they are thirsty for Atavistic Projects. In that bubble Bob could have been anywhere in the World and it wouldn't have made any difference. His head travels while he, still in the Silence, stares at Something, while seated on a carpet in an

apartment of the Metropolis. I'm Home again, but I haven't solved Anything, the First Enigma is still there wondering what happened to the Great Inventor, the Master of Solutions and the Wizard of Wishes. All of them disappeared in the Illusion of being able to have Everything and not have tightened Anything. When the Door opens What could have led the True Question to the Proposed Solution enters. But Bob is already asleep and in His Dreams he sees Everything, without being able to wake up.



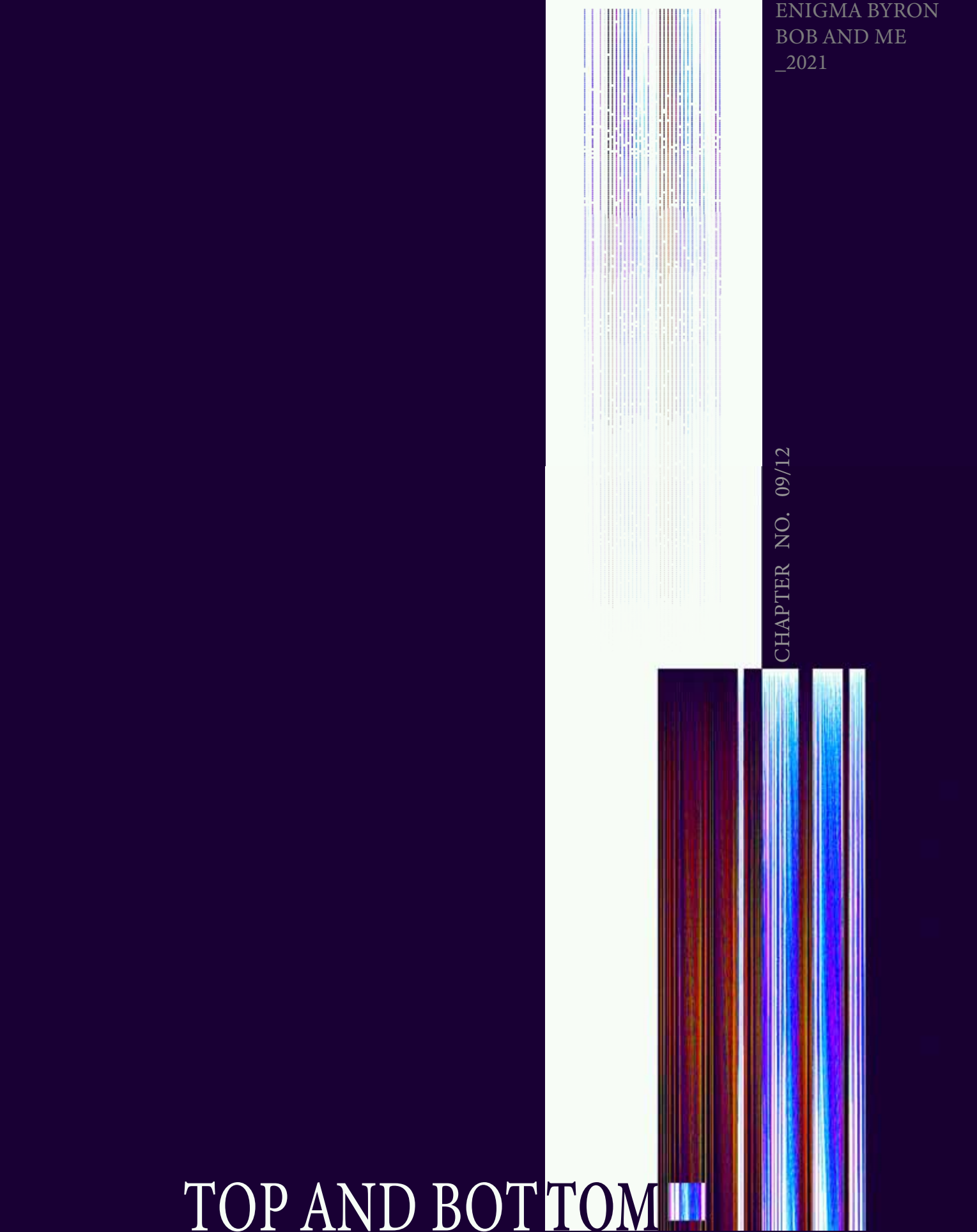
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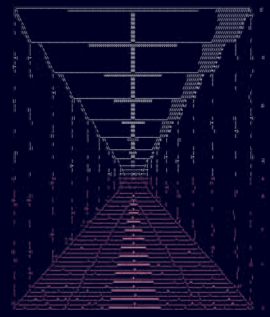
SONG STRUCTURE NO. 08/12
ARCHITECTURE NO. 08/12



And if everyone really had their own unique, private, personal, totally subjective Life Purpose in Mind, it would not be useless to ask why That Such One is wasting their time staring at the Wall, or why that Other has already spent 3 years of their Life to fill out papers in an Isolation closet? The Answer would simply be Yes; but a yes preceded by so many hypothetical Questions what Value could still have and carry with it? Perhaps none, as long as its Opposite would be almost

more appropriate. On the whole edge of the Coin, that Maybe, represents everything that lies between Yes and No. The Maybe of Life, the No of Back Out, the Yes of a too simple vision of the Whole. All this to say that Bob often freezes in front of a shop window, while immobile lying in his Bed, standing in front of his Screen, sitting at the Lunch Table or staring at a person in the Eyes, and he thinks about how he's spending his Life, flying Up and Down, so much Up and so much Down at the

Same Time. Maybe there's too much of the No and too little of the Yes in all that Maybe. Following the Rivers that have lost their Way and no longer remember the Direction to reach the Sea. Bob's Visions still alternate without any Solution of Continuity. They refer to Stories, Thoughts, Cities, Travels, Dreams, many Nightmares ... And Everything to distract him from Moving Forward in his Great Project.



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CHAPTER NO. 10/12

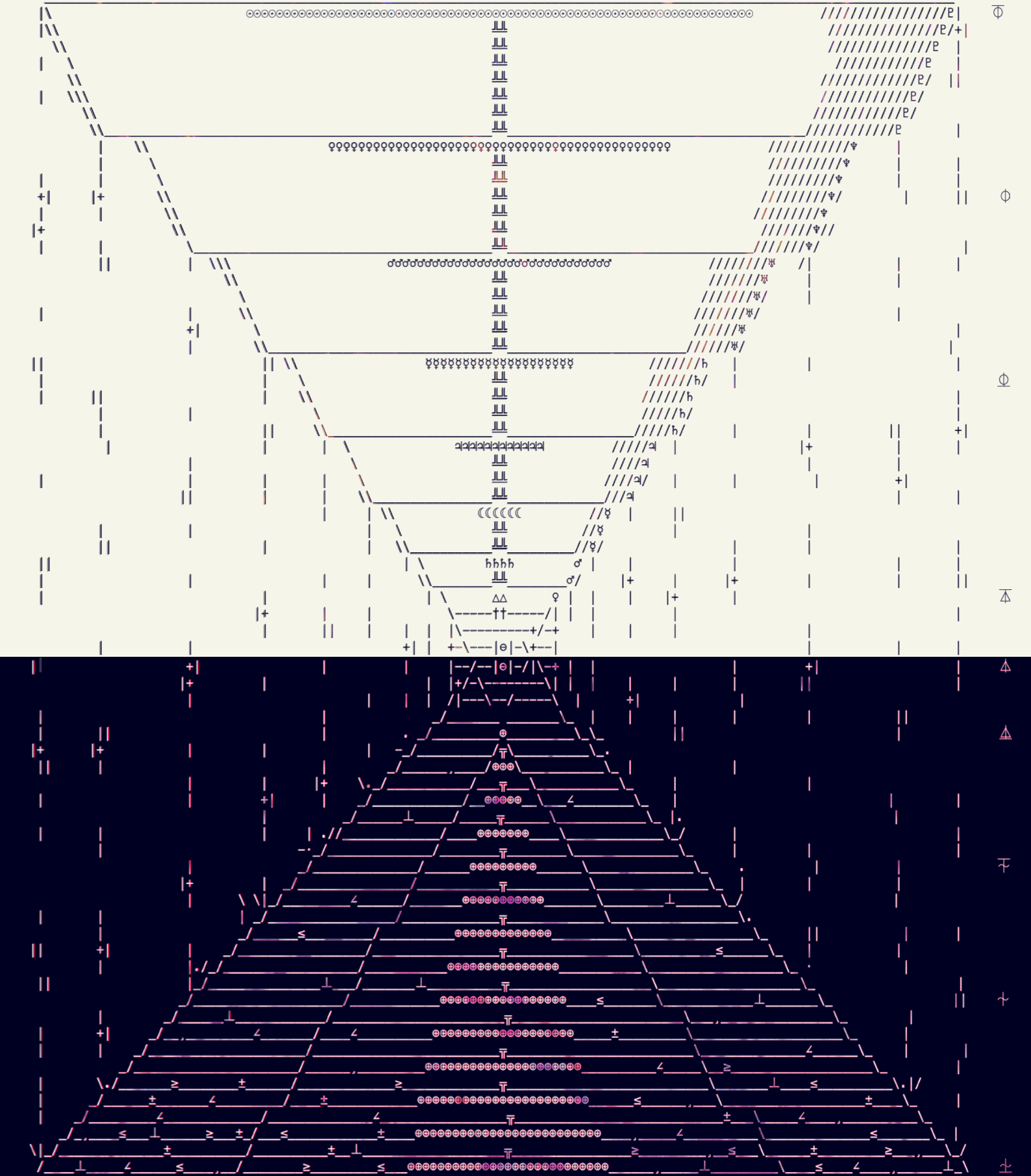


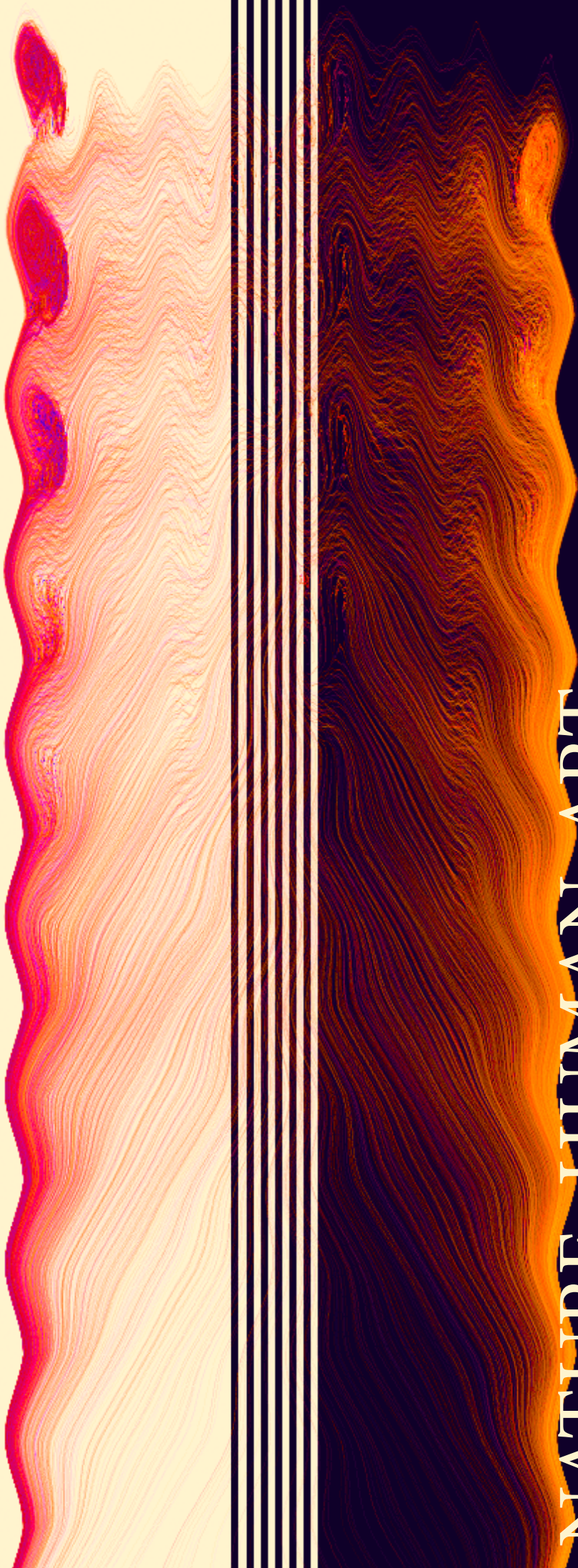
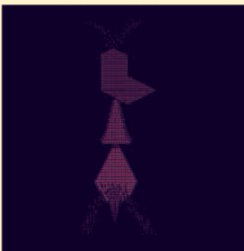
AT HIGH TEMPERATURES, THE MATTER

...wouldn't you want to enter the Dark, throw yourself in the Middle, simply because you don't know what's Beyond? Get Goosebumps, feel the Smell of the Wind ... the Eyes burn, but the Mind flies; Bob is still there, but the Mind is traveling at Supersonic Speeds to reach What his Body will never even be able to touch. Bob is flying without realizing it; he crosses the Chambers of Fear and he sees himself in the Mirrors of Shame; he overcomes the Barriers of Judgment, crossing the Boundaries of Reality; he passes through the Mist of Disillusionment and almost touches the Rain of

Memories. There is no Time, he must take advantage of this Opportunity to go as Far as possible, to see what is beyond all the Rest. The Questions will wait, and with Them, also the Answers. Now is the Time, to climb the Black Mountains without asking why, just doing that it gives meaning to the whole Existence. Flesh or Spirit don't matter anymore. At High Temperatures, the Matter merges with What It Is Not, and it becomes the Concept. The Concept then mixes with the Hunger and Desire and when the Air Cools, the Idea is generated. Still warm and unstable, it does

not acquire its Form in Act, but in Power. This is the Phase in which the Structure of Success and Failure is defined. The Stratification of the Spheres brings Down what is Easiest to Obtain and gradually Higher the Elements that, distilled with Less Quantity and Greater Effort, require the Commitments of the Higher Degrees to be Extracted. It is in this Phase that, having established a Temporary Balance, the Project is born. Bob tightens his Hand around Nothing. Am I in the same Journey, Mind or Body? It no longer makes any Difference.

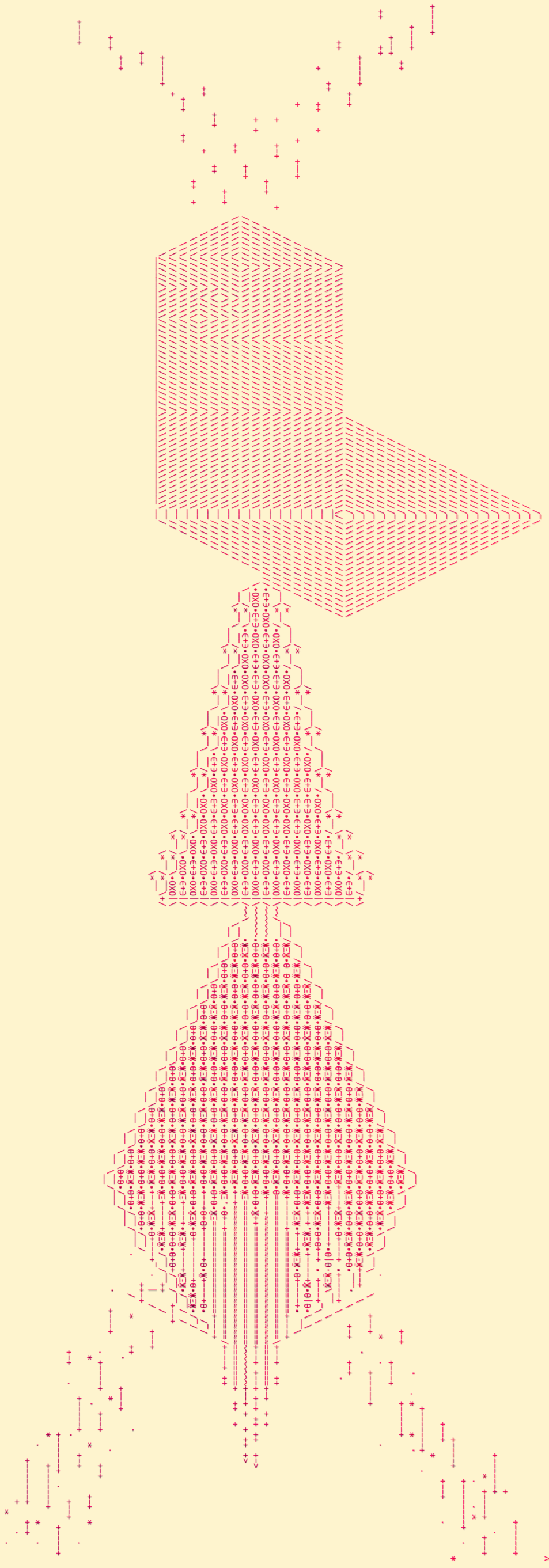




NATURE, HUMAN, ART

The claim of Freedom in building the Structures, mental, physical, conceptual is none other than the Veiled Illusion of the Lack of Constraints towards yourself. Bob's Duty's, those that are not imposed on him from the Outside are actually those from which he cannot escape. Never. They cannot be ignored. There is no hiding. He can't lie. Bob talks about himself with himself and to himself and even if he doesn't tell himself Everything, he already knows where he wants to go. It is the Fake Dialogue, as liar as it is necessary. I discuss with myself the Plans, those Famous Structures, the Project that I have been planning for a long time and that perhaps I realize I am not yet ready to face. I almost always recognize myself in Me. Almost always. And when it doesn't happen it's time for Confrontation. The Confrontation between Nature and Human. The one is the Mother of What is Natural and it has Always lived its Broad Process, the Other is the Father of What is Artifact, which brings the Anthropropic Essence, the Father of what is forged through Mastery in the Use of Art. As if Art, Bob thinks, would split Nature from Man and from everything that can be forged

him. But if not from Nature, where would Human have been born? The Art as a Form of Demonization of Humanity towards Nature. The Manipulation of Matter to overcome the Sensations of the Instinct. The Alchemical Processes to Transform the Natural into the Artificial. A sacrifice of Transition to Another Form, capable of Giving Life to what we have not been able To Find in Nature. The Mania to Subdue, the Spasm of Conquest, the Power of Art. The Splitting is Art itself, between Nature and Human.



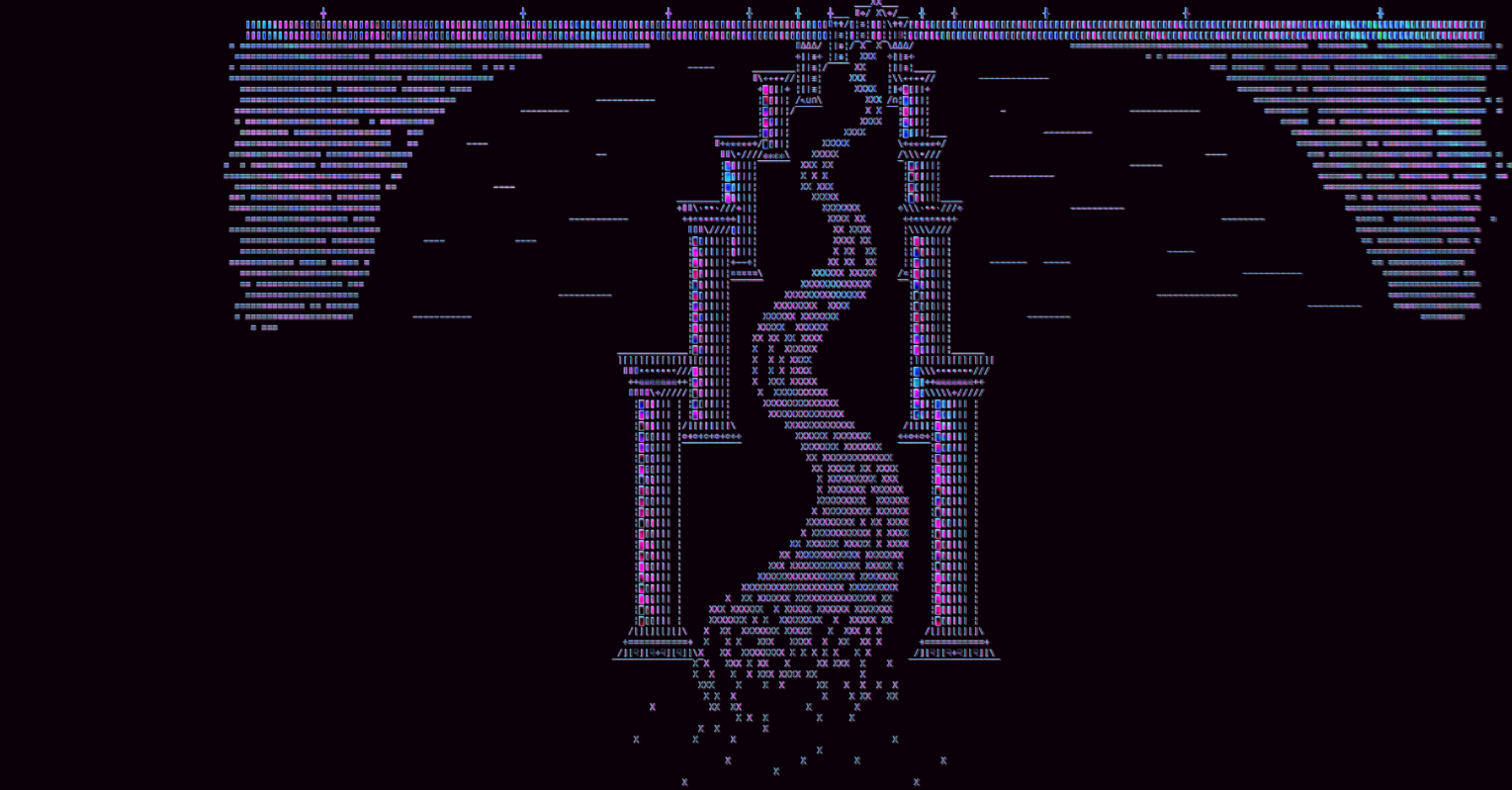


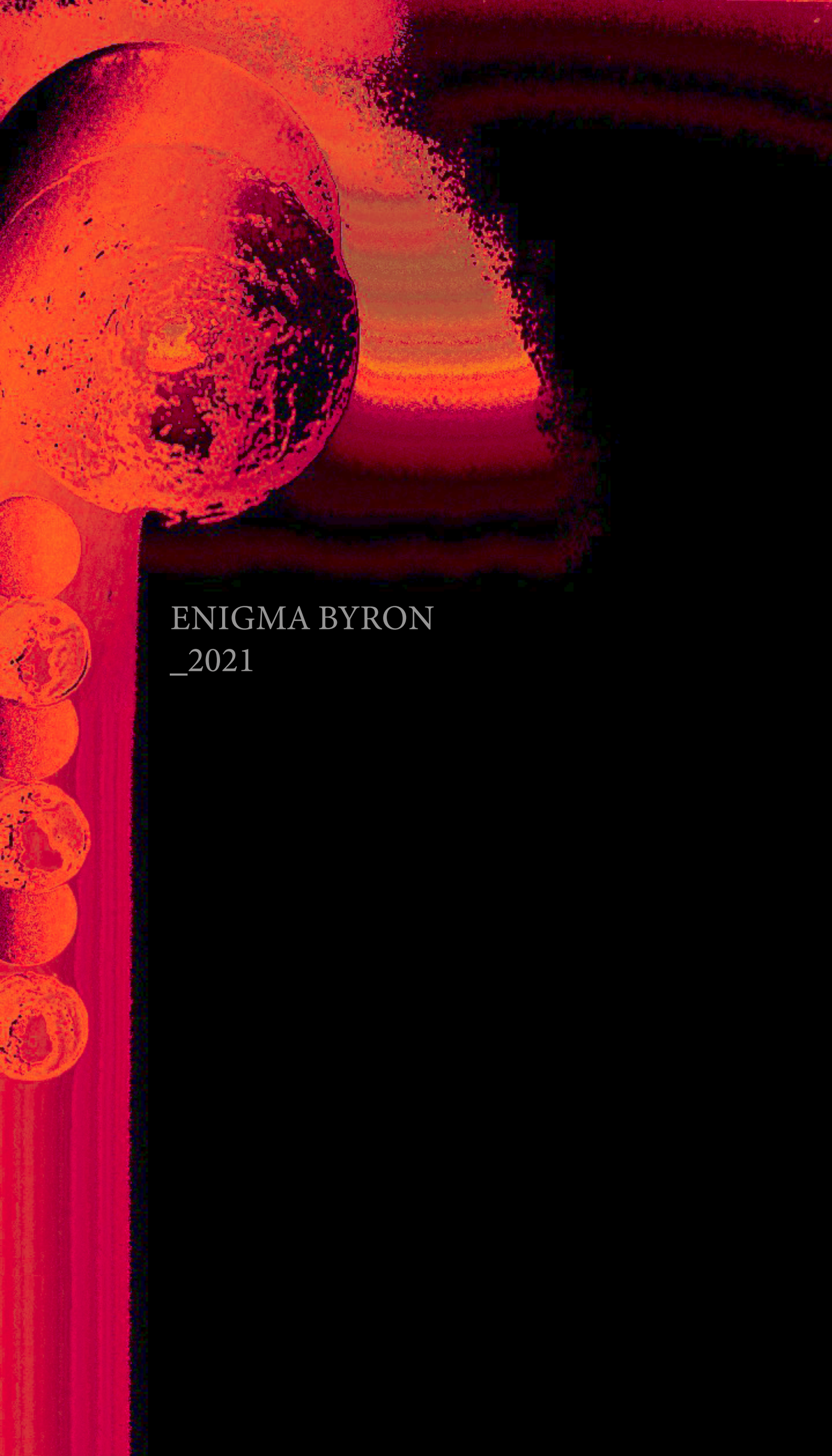
THE BIG PROJECT

Controlled Chaos.
Increase the level of Mess limited to an area until you reach a chaos that defines itself within Its Limits. Enjoy the situation of that Controlled Chaos with the Awareness that it can only express itself within the Expected Zone. It's the System itself that imposes the Barriers within which the Caos has to be registered. To define the External Limits so that the Chaos can be unleashed outside the Internal ones. There are no more Barriers

within the Circumscribed Freedom. The Little Black Hole remains enclosed within an anonymous, unsuspected, frame, while it unleashes the Infinite Potential and brings back to the state of First Light what over Time has cooled down to Darkness. To keep the low Profile to explode from the Deep. To create the Uncertain Disorder in the Finite Space, in order to supply Energy to the Expanded Matter. Infinite Quantities for measurable dimensions; the Dream against the Laws.

Lengths of Thought that couldn't be submit to anything if not the Imagination itself.
To build the Reality inside the Hole, a reality that couldn't be accepted in another Place, but necessary to communicate the Concept, the Principle, the Will, otherwise inexpressible because too big in the Concreteness of the Finite. The Great Project.
To create the Non-space within the Space. And to do it in Silence.





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