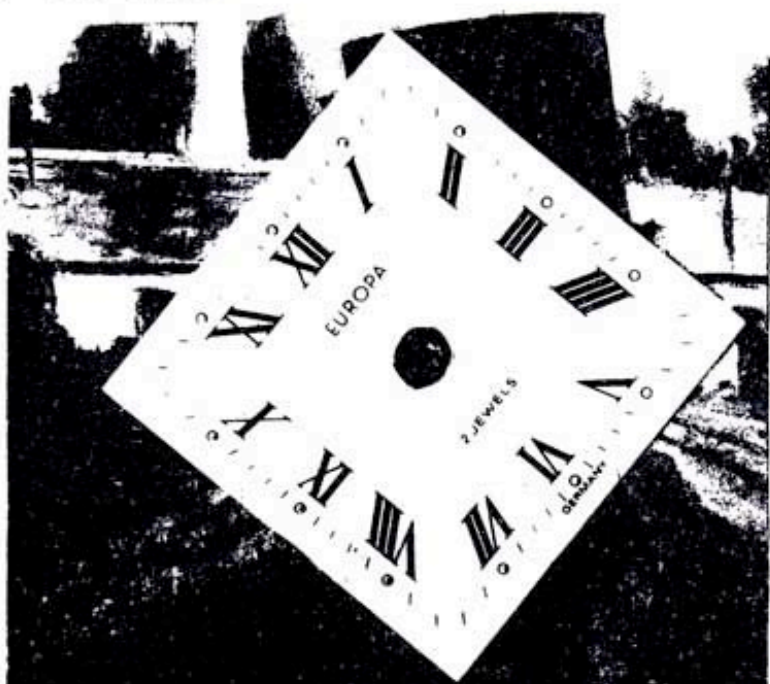


LIFE

AND



WORKS

OF

ROBOT WIRELESS

WIRELESS

FLAMES

UNDER

WATER

ROBOT WIRELESS

life and works

Early in life I wrote a sonata
by Mrs. H. H. H. Beach. The piano
was played by Nobody Believed Her.

Every Friday since then the
sexless clown, myself, has been
acclaimed as a pungent and witty
terrorist, with a devastating and
convulsive irony, like the clouds
which tore me apart.



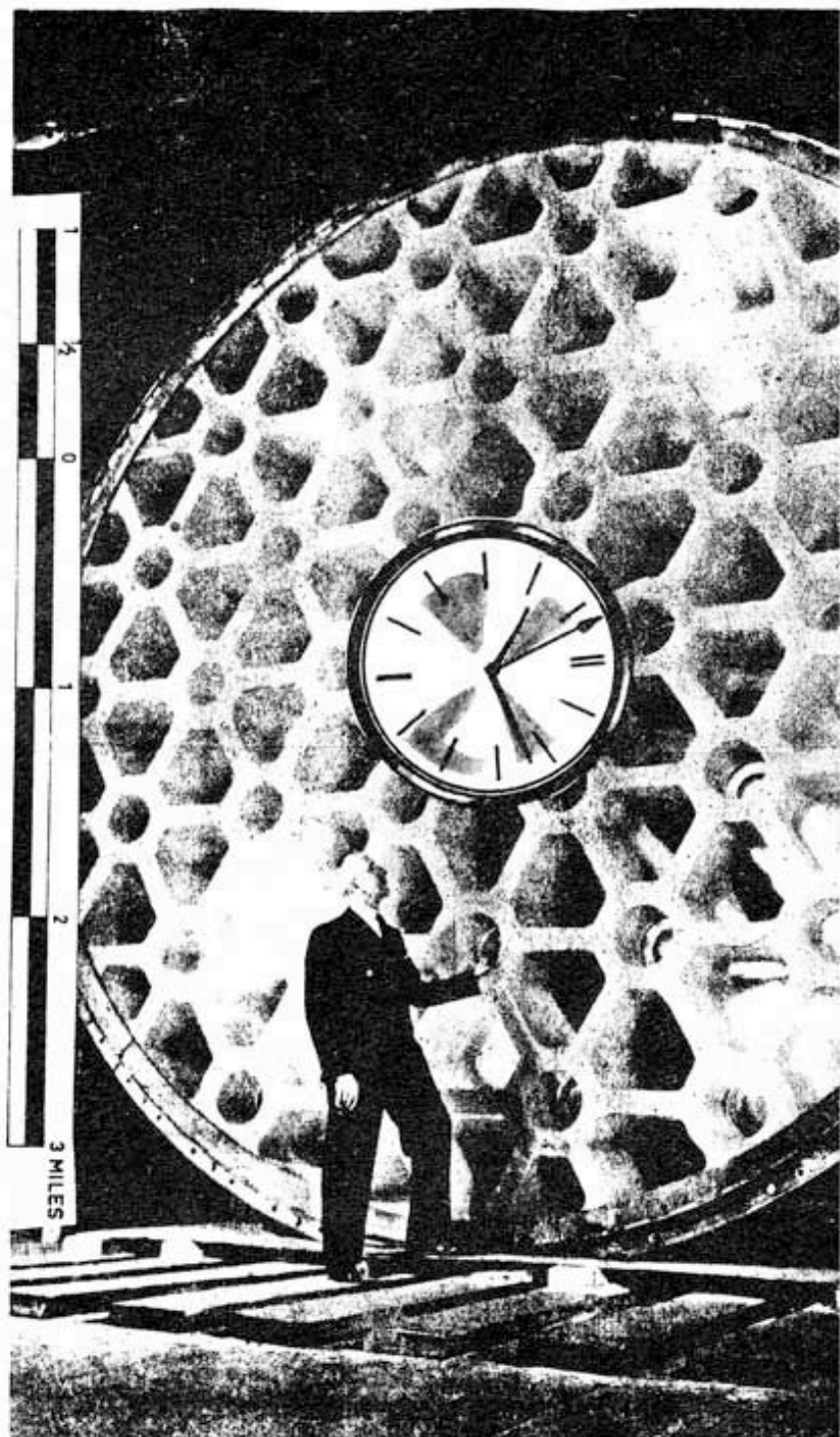
A robot of uncompromising integrity and an artist of genius who worked to the most exacting standards, I was a commanding figure in my day.

My keen mind was a constant danger to all those who knew me. Always alive, I longed to remain in the gap between what one aims at and what one achieves.

Difficulty, that's what I am, was one of my mottoes. I have said, when describing myself: "I was a very original robot, morbid, neurotic, ophthalmic, so much so that I

was afraid of losing my eyesight. But for that very reason, a peculiarly sensitive creature, very aware of the reverse character of things. Up to now, as far as I can see, I am the robot who knows the intransigence of the soul.”

I was always on the threshold of ideas that were taking place nearby, and I was then believed to be a robot of the rarest gifts and the rarest powers of mind. Enough people have benefited from my ideas and I am pleased to go on exercising my rare faculties as a prodigal and philanthropist.



In my passion for play, there was an element of self punishment. I seemed to cultivate whimsy for its own sake, as a challenge to my mettle and resourcefulness.

While escapism may be a distraction and a refuge, it was never so for me, I was too high strung, too self aware and deliberate in my lack of attention. I was one of those idiotic robots who do not feel they have achieved anything unless they have done the opposite.

The “fierce robot” and that “terrible robot”, as many described me, was a prominent part of my personality. I was indeed one of those “difficult and incorruptible characters”.



Nobody Believed Her

I am always saying that I should like to be "famous and unknown." If I seemed to be the embodiment of paradox and contradiction, it was because I kept my mind working at peak capacity and was too exacting with myself to be concerned with or to spare others. One of my sayings, which has been attributed to others, is: "One sees what one wants to see and this falsehood constitutes Art."

I believe also that "What we have to do is cast a spell on Truth and give it the appearance of Madness".

While still very young I was described as very handsome. I had the brow of Verlaine, a fine mouth,

The Speed of Light



and my agate eyes were full of ivory. Ideas of various monsters of intelligence often haunted me at that time.

My life has been marked by an imaginary solitude, with a strongly marked, habitual conviction, like the stripes of a zebra, containing something terribly dark and prodigiously bitter.

I was often obsessed with love, a madness comprised of strange, complex pleasures, fraught with torment and insolence.



Nobody Believed Her playing the
flute



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