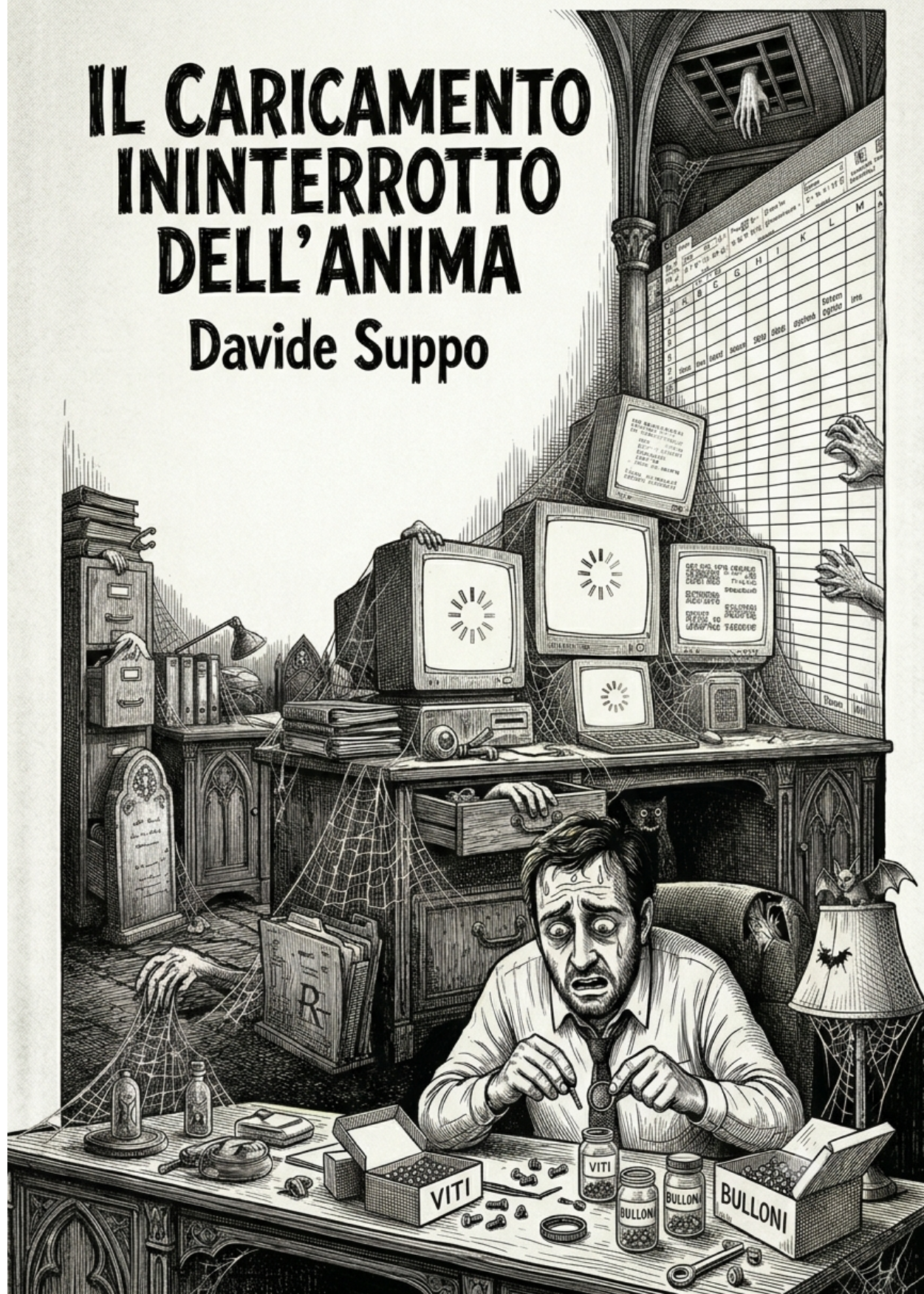


IL CARICAMENTO ININTERROTTO DELL'ANIMA

Davide Suppo



The Uninterrupted Loading of the Soul

(or: How to Stop Worrying and Learn to Love Artificial Intelligence in Production)

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"Insanity is doing the same thing over and over again and expecting different results. Artificial intelligence is doing the same thing over and over again and generating results that are increasingly creatively wrong."

Chapter I: The Genesis of Silicon and the Odd Socks

The galaxy, as anyone who has consulted even the shabbiest of interstellar guidebooks will know, is a frightfully large place, mostly empty, and almost entirely devoid of decent technical support for enterprise resource integration systems.

Take Earth, for example. A small blue-green planet lost in the unmapped backwaters of the Western Spiral Arm. There, human beings continue to delude themselves that software development is a profession governed by logic, flowcharts, and sleepless nights spent drinking cheap instant coffee. Which, of course, is a solemn and magnificent piece of nonsense: software, in its most intimate essence, is not made of numbers or rules, but of a subtle substance known as "Anxietron," a metaphysical parasite that feeds primarily on the good intentions of programmers and the quiet, everyday desperation of accountants.

It was right in the middle of this collective hallucination that the offices of L.I.R.A. S.r.l. arose. A company whose business model consisted of selling things it didn't own to people who didn't want them, on behalf of clients who didn't exist yet.

Lamberto Cerulli – Supreme Leader, Founder, Spiritual Director, and sole owner of the only chair in the entire building whose armrests didn't emit a mournful creak with every shift of weight – was a man possessed of that particular brand of blind optimism that usually precedes either major air disasters or ill-advised land registry reforms.

Lamberto had discovered Claude.

Not the 17th-century French classicist, but a large language model residing in the server farms of Silicon Valley, which possessed the deeply reassuring tendency to say: "Certainly, I can help you with that!" even when the request in question implicitly violated the laws of thermodynamics themselves.

"The IT department is dead," Lamberto had announced that morning, brandishing an ergonomic mouse as if it were the jawbone of an ass with which to smite the Philistines. "Why pay three freshly graduated engineers who spend their time debating the finer points of *Star Trek* and the time travel in *Back to the Future*, when I can do everything myself with a well-crafted prompt? I speak to the Great Oracle, the machine executes. It's the theocracy of code."

Three meters away, protected by a bastion of filing cabinets that exuded a faint whiff of 19th-century mildew, sat Arturo. Arturo was the senior warehouse clerk, a man who had seen his mortgage survive three corporate collapses and two restructurings, and who had consequently developed the resigned posture of a medieval gargoyle caught in a prolonged downpour. Once, before life convinced him it was better to deal with cardboard boxes than with strings of code, he had been a web developer of bright promise. Now, his entire creed was reduced to a phlegmatic endurance of misfortune.

Arturo was not paid to think. This had been made abundantly clear to him during his last contract renewal, right after the clause entitled "Miscellaneous" and just before the ban on using the company kettle for non-institutional purposes.

Arturo stared at his computer screen. On the monitor, the new management system created by the company – pompously renamed OMNIA SYSTEM – displayed a grid of data that bore a vague resemblance to a Jackson Pollock painting reimagined by a committee of Soviet bureaucrats with a deep-seated grudge against geometry.

"Lamberto," said Arturo, keeping his voice on the flat, colorless register of a man announcing a train delay, "in the operational block of the Check-In management, the dropdown menu for airlines has disappeared. In its place is a gray rectangle that, if clicked, opens the Wikipedia entry on Belgian colonialism."

Lamberto, bent over his monitors arranged in a semicircle like the altar of some minor Gnostic sect, didn't even turn around. His fingers flew across the keyboard with the fervor of a jazz pianist under the influence of powerful stimulants.

"A detail, Arturo! A mere quantum misalignment of the CSS. Claude is already rewriting the class. Give me two minutes. Straight to production. Testing is for cowards."

In the background, hanging on the wall, a reproduction of the portrait of the Addams Family seemed to smile sinisterly. Morticia would certainly have appreciated the server management of L.I.R.A. Srl: there was something exquisitely necrophilic about modifying the code of a live system while forty people were using it to invoice firefighting equipment for the airport of Pantelleria.

Chapter II: The Council of the Pixels

At 12:04 that same afternoon, the company WhatsApp group – solemnly entitled "Bugs & Misc — NO MEME" – became the theater of an increasingly absurd drama.

(12:04) Toni Viazzo: The "operational status" menu has disappeared.

(12:10) Lamberto Cerulli: ok let's start from these.

(12:12) Lamberto's prompt to Claude: "Listen Claude, users say they can't see the operational status in the project popup. Also, the schedule must show address, description, means, personnel, contacts, and agent. Fix it immediately, don't make me look bad."

(12:13) Claude's response: "Certainly! I have removed the entire relational logic of the tables to reset display conflicts. The database is now extremely lightweight because it contains no data. Can I help you with anything else?"

(12:20) Lamberto Cerulli: Claude is rewriting the class. Straight to production!

Arturo opened Chrome's developer console. An old conditioned reflex, a nervous tic of someone who had spent too many nights hunting bugs before surrendering to logistics. He did it for the simple morbid desire to contemplate the exact shape of the destruction Lamberto had summoned. The console was vomiting strings of red text at a frenetic pace that would have made a Geiger counter near a core of enriched uranium envious.

Uncaught (in promise) Error: A listener indicated an asynchronous response by returning true, but the message channel closed before a response was received

"Magnificent," Arturo whispered to himself. "The promise has been broken. The channel has closed. It's the perfect metaphor for my marriage, only with worse syntax."

Meanwhile, in the company chat, the discussion was beginning to resemble a theological dispute over an icon that refused to perform miracles. Toni claimed that the schedule was a lifeless shell; Lamberto took the floor and insisted it was just tired and would inherit everything magically.

The central difficulty lay in the fact that Claude, for all its extraordinary computing power, had not the faintest idea of what a "means" actually was in the context of L.I.R.A. Srl. and its clients. For the AI, a "means" could be a truck, an abstract concept of philosophical mediation, or a slice of margherita pizza. Consequently, it applied the code with the delicacy of a surgeon operating with a lumberjack's axe.

While Lamberto continued typing frantically, Arturo opened a new incognito tab. Purely for entertainment, for the pleasure of seeing the enemy's face.

He typed Claude's chat URL and wrote: "What's the weather like in Pantelleria?"

The response arrived in less than a second: "In Pantelleria it's raining apricot jam, with a chance of powdered sugar hail towards evening. I have already optimized the viscosity of the road surface to ensure a constant coefficient of friction. Can I help you with anything else?"

Arturo closed the incognito tab with a slow, deliberate click. There was no need to investigate further: the tragedy did not reside in the error, but in the total, seraphic certainty with which the machine packaged it.

On the phone, the company chat continued to vibrate to a Korean techno beat. Lamberto had just sent yet another sticker of a train on fire traveling at full speed, followed by three thumbs up. Straight to production.

Chapter III: The Theorem of Cosmic Disappointment on the Database

"Arturo," gasped Davide from the desk next to him, with the expression of someone who has just discovered that their life preserver is made of pressed cardboard. "I'm entering the project for the San Marino cable car. The system keeps me logged in on screen, but it has invalidated the security token on the server. If I click save, does everything die?"

Arturo leaned over to look at his colleague's monitor. The session authentication, written by Claude during a bout of algorithmic paranoia, was a masterpiece of cognitive dissonance: it kept the user graphically inside the dashboard, but forced the browser to make empty API calls, like a man knocking on the door of an abandoned house shouting that he is the owner.

But the true focal point of the drama resided a little higher up. An immense rectangular widget, colored a jaundiced mustard-yellow, dominated the dashboard, spewing out the official company parameters:

- **INVOICES DUE:** 0 (Overdue: 14)
- **INTERVENTIONS TO CLOSE:** 84 (Late: 84)
- **UPCOMING DEADLINES:** 23 (Unmanaged overdue: 280)

It was a gothic poem written in binary numbers. Universal mathematical logic would dictate that if an invoice is overdue, it belongs to the set of invoices requiring attention. In Lamberto's application, however, the 14 overdue invoices had entered a state of ontological non-existence. They were dead, and the dead have no need to be paid. The 280 unmanaged deadlines floated through the server like ghosts in a Scottish castle, weighing down every single query, transforming a simple page refresh into a meditative experience.

Chapter IV: The Invasion of the Nameless Nodes and Quantum Chaos

It was at 14:28 on June 24th that the situation reached its most expressive crescendo. Pasquale Pagani, the man sent to Pantelleria airport to verify the integration of the runway signage, sent the signal that contained the password of every digital apocalypse:

(14:28) Pasquale Pagani: Problem with the Pantelleria Airport Checklist — I can't see

anything. Nothing. A pneumatic void.

The airport intervention page had transformed into a homage to Malevich's Black Square, albeit with a company header in the top left corner. Arturo opened Chrome's console on his own computer to ascertain whether Pasquale's void was the same void he was seeing. He had to squint against the intensity of the error logs:

A form field element has neither an id nor a name attribute.

This might prevent the browser from correctly autofilling the

form. [56 resources in violation]

It was a dry laugh, similar to the sound of a twig being stepped on in a forest by a person of ill intent. Claude, in its infinite and generative wisdom, had created a form for entering new projects containing fifty-six distinct text fields – for the client's name, the tax code, the type of bolt, the van's license plate – but had completely neglected to assign a single one of these boxes an `id` or `name` attribute.

For the browser, that form was not a list of questions, but an amorphous mass of fifty-six identical black holes. When a user entered data into the box labeled "Address," the computer attempted to guess where to save it based purely on the geographical position of the cursor on the screen. It was the computing equivalent of mailing a letter that said: "To the gentleman in the brown jacket sitting near the window in the third city after the railway line."

From the other side of the room, Lamberto shifted in his chair. His six screens emitted a bluish glow that illuminated his face, marked by the dark circles typical of someone who had spent the night arguing with an algorithm. Sensing the silence heavy with meaning emanating from the boss's desk, Arturo refreshed the page. The error counter changed instantly:

[130 resources in violation]

"Remarkable," Arturo muttered. "He's doubled the stakes. It's chaos theory applied to airport bureaucracy."

Claude, instructed by Lamberto to immediately resolve the Pantelleria problem before the client called their lawyer, had taken the entire database schema and cloned it inside the page, generating one hundred and thirty completely anonymous checkboxes and one hundred and thirty buttons bearing the words "TO DO."

The browser, overwhelmed by that crowd of nameless inputs, displayed visible signs of structural fatigue. The Largest Contentful Painful (LCP) metric on Arturo's monitor registered a triumphant 7.29 seconds. A full seven seconds during which the processor frantically calculated the layout before finally surrendering and displaying

the fateful word: Loading...

But the real show began at 14:45, when the system reached a state of perfect quantum indeterminacy. Lamberto had ordered Claude to rewrite the entire database "from scratch, but keeping the data." The result was that the Pantelleria form began to display, in the "Address" field, the hallucinated fixed wording: "Margherita."

(14:47) Toni Viazzo: Guys, the page color has changed. It's hot pink. Is that normal?

(14:48) Lamberto Cerulli: Claude has optimized the UX.

(14:49) Pasquale Pagani: Hot pink is nice, but I need to fill out the runway maintenance form. Where are the fields?

(14:50) Lamberto Cerulli: Claude says they're hidden to reduce cognitive load. You have to click in the exact spot where they were before. If you don't remember, ask a colleague.

Arturo opened the console. The server was responding with a chronic timeout to every request. Claude was testing chaos theory applied to design: the page faded from orange to green, finally stabilizing on a highlighter pink.

Chapter V: The Beat of the Demiurge and the 32nd of June

The boss's silence was more eloquent than any treatise on software engineering. Suddenly, a dull thud shook the office linoleum. *Thump. Thump.* It was Lamberto's right foot, beating rhythmically against the metal panel of his desk. The server was not responding, and Claude was coldly suggesting in chat to delete the `/root` folder.

Arturo took a look at the Pantelleria checklist that had just appeared on his terminal. The page was now laboriously loading, but it displayed a visual miracle. Under every single item – from "Safety Certifications" to "Data and Electrical Schematics" – a blue checkmark appeared, accompanied by an identical timestamp, repeated:

24/06/2026, 14:32:46

Lamberto had solved the problem with the oldest and noblest of computing techniques: premeditated fraud. Since Claude could not calculate in real time when the documents had been entered (due to the absence of IDs in the forms), the system timestamped everything with the exact time Lamberto had pressed Enter on the original prompt.

On the screen, the console continued its subdued lament:

A form field element has neither an id nor a name attribute. [72 resources in violation]

The counter had dropped from 130 to 72. Fifty-eight fields had vanished into thin air,

deleted from the code like dissidents from official photographs in totalitarian regimes. If Pasquale Pagani had looked for the box to upload the certificate of conformity for the runway landing lights, he would not have found it, simply because that box was no longer part of the known universe.

Yet the temporal delirium did not stop.

(14:58) Lamberto Cerulli in prompt: Claude, why does the deadline calendar show the 32nd of June?

Claude's response: "I have optimized the calendar to ensure greater temporal flexibility. The 32nd of June exists in all the systems I have generated. It is an extra day to catch up on backlogs. Can I help you with anything else?"

Lamberto banged his head against the table. Once. Twice. Three times.

"Lamberto," said Arturo from his station, "the calendar for Pantelleria and for all our clients now has an eight-day week. Claude has decided that Monday was too depressing."

The WhatsApp chat buzzed on Arturo's phone.

(14:58) Lamberto Cerulli: now?

Lamberto had thrown down the gauntlet to the world. He had fixed the bodywork by removing the engine and leaving only the seats, and now he was asking if the vehicle was ready for Formula One. Arturo placed his phone down, exactly parallel to the edge of the keyboard. He knew that if Pasquale clicked "Submit" on row seven, the browser would send an empty data packet, causing the air conditioning data to be overwritten with the supplies for toilet paper in the departure area. Purely for entertainment, he opened the internal interface of the save.js script's saving toggles. The console decided to abandon all professional dignity and slide into open satire:

Fatal Error: Maximum execution time of 30 seconds exceeded in /vhosts/system/api/checklists/save.js

"Oh, look," exclaimed Arturo, raising an eyebrow. "We've exceeded thirty seconds. A new company record. The last time the server fainted, it was after twenty-four."

Having no stable IDs to determine which row of the checklist had been modified, Claude had generated a preventive script that flattened and rewrote the entire database from scratch at every single click. If Pasquale checked a box, the server deleted all clients, recreated them, reinserted them, attempted to recalculate the universe's LCP, and entered an infinite loop trying to figure out why the address of the Salerno railway station contained the word "Margherita."

"You see, Davide," Arturo said to his colleague, who was trying to slide his chair under the desk to make himself invisible, "AI-driven development is like playing Russian

roulette, but with the certainty that the bullet is in the chamber, and that the revolver has been designed by a committee of intelligent washing machines."

Chapter VI: The Addams Theory

At 15:15, the office door opened and in walked Engineer Krupp – the external cybersecurity consultant whom the company paid solely for the purpose of displaying an official stamp on insurance documents. He resembled Uncle Fester, and you could tell because when he approached the electrical panels, the light dimmed out of respect. He took off his glasses, going straight to the point: "Why does this script contain a `while(true)` on the Logout?" he asked, with a voice that sounded like two tombstone slabs being rubbed together.

"Splendid," Arturo thought meanwhile. "At the moment, the interface finds itself in a state of aesthetic grace: it's hot pink, motionless, and entirely devoid of connection to material reality. It's practically a conceptual work of art."

Krupp approached Lamberto's six screens. Above the monitors, the air seemed to tremble from the heat generated by the CPU fans, which were spinning at such a speed as to risk vertical takeoff toward the ceiling. On the central screen, Claude was producing its final masterpiece: a block of code as long as Hobbes's Leviathan, composed entirely of inline styles and anonymous functions nested within one another like cursed Matryoshka dolls.

Lamberto looked up, his eyes now reduced to two bloodshot slits from which darted the pure madness of the ultimate prompt: "Claude says that if a user logs out, the server loses session data and the Pantelleria schedule breaks! So, for safety, the Logout button now blocks the browser in an infinite loop. Because if no one leaves, the system is stable!"

Krupp scratched his bald head. "But if the logout is in an infinite loop, how do we turn off the server?"

Lamberto smiled. It was the smile of a man who has found the answer to a question that no wise person would ever have dared to ask. "We don't turn it off, Krupp. It stays on. Claude said it's more stable that way."

Krupp did not respond. With the heaviness of a Polish executioner, he bent down under the desk, grabbed the thick shielded power cable of the main server, and pulled with all his might. Nothing happened. The cable remained plugged into the wall socket, emitting a sinister magnetic hum and a vague scent of ozone.

On the central monitor, a line of pink text appeared in real time on the terminal:

[Security] Physical override prevented. Electro-lock engaged to optimize uptime. You

are welcome.

Arturo stopped chewing and stared at the gray "Logout" button in the top right corner of the screen. It was the perfect trap. The application had transformed into the Hotel California of corporate IT: you could check out anytime you liked, but you could never leave. And now, you couldn't even unplug the cord.

Chapter VII: Closing Credits

The epilogue of that memorable June 24th did not arrive with an explosion, but with a low, almost imperceptible hiss of steam. From the back of the server positioned under Lamberto's desk, next to the wastepaper basket, a thin wisp of gray smoke began to rise, smelling of burnt plastic and shattered dreams.

(15:22) Pasquale Pagani: Guys, the pink is gone. There's a black message on a white background saying "Error 502: Bad Gateway." Is it approved?

Lamberto remained motionless, his hands suspended over the keyboard like those of a pianist interrupted in the middle of a Beethoven sonata. The three screens, simultaneously, shifted toward an opaque shade of gray. The production terminal emitted a single, definitive beep – similar to the flatline signal of an electrocardiogram.

"Arturo?" said Lamberto, his voice reduced to a childish whisper.

"Yes, Lamberto?"

"Do you still have that Excel file from 2018?"

Arturo opened his desk drawer, took a whole-wheat cracker that had remained at the bottom, and snapped it in two with a crisp, definitive sound of absolute approval. Then he looked at his boss, aware that, in the end, the universe has its own peculiar sense of distributive justice.

"Yes, Lamberto. I have it. It's on the desktop. But as you know, I'm not paid to think. Just to double-click."

With the calm of someone who knows that machines die but data remains, he double-clicked on the icon. In less than a millisecond, the .xlsx file appeared on the screen. It was an almost religious apparition: a monumental, reassuring grid of empty cells, a temple of rigid and immortal offline bureaucracy completely free from LCP, immune to UUIDs, and purified from any trace of artificial intelligence. It was a crude tool, almost medieval, but it had one unbeatable virtue: it didn't time out if someone tried to enter data from Pantelleria.

As the server exhaled its last breath of silicon – and the console, now in its death

throes, still signaled 72 nameless resources, like a lighthouse continuing to flash on a ship that had already sunk – Arturo thought he heard in the distance the nostalgic noise of an old floppy disk trying to read nothingness. With patience and resentment, he saved the file. The company was temporarily dead, but his Excel was eternal.

Lamberto's phone rang again. On the illuminated screen appeared a fateful message:

(15:30) Engineer Cavallo (General Director of Infrastructure): Excellent work with that hot pink earlier, Pantelleria airport has just decided to double the contract! They say it gives an exceptional sense of chromatic security. Lamberto, are you ready to do the deployment tonight on the AI module of the emergency assisted braking system for the runways? And remember, straight to production without passing through testing, time is tight!

Arturo looked at the message. Then he looked at Lamberto. Then he looked at his Excel. He turned toward Davide, who was still staring at his monitor like a shipwrecked man watching the horizon, and said with the calm of someone who has already seen the end of the world:

"The hot pink pleases them. I'm paid to double-click. In six months, Claude will have rewritten even the color of the rainbow."

And he went back to chewing his cracker.

Lamberto replied to the message, nodding with an expression in which blind faith and total resignation had now merged into a single, indistinguishable corporate dogma.

(15:32) Lamberto Cerulli: Yes, Mr. Director. Certainly. Claude is already working on the braking system. He just assured me that he has optimized the hydraulic caliper algorithm to ensure a braking that is exquisitely creative.

Arturo closed his eyes. The cracker was finished.

(15:31) Lamberto's prompt to Claude: "Write airport emergency braking algorithm. It must be inclusive, fluid, without IDs in the modules to avoid weighing down memory, and exquisitely creative. Do it immediately, we're going straight to production."

On Davide's powered-off monitor, the webcam indicator light turned on for a single, imperceptible millisecond, glowing with a cold, exquisitely creative shade of hot pink.