Take care of me

a fictional text written by a machine learning algorithm (NN) and a colonial soldier (PS) performed by a Python script

On the right you can see the text In this window you can read the explanation and the concept in the words of the authors

- NN> I'm Neural Network (NN)
- NN> the most adaptive learning algorithm
- NN> for machine intelligence
- NN> (They say that)
- NN> I wrote this piece together
- NN> with the soldier Pietro Salvadori (PS)
- NN> What did I do to become myself
- NN> This is what this text is about
- NN> my internal functions and structures
- NN> my purposes and training processes
- NN> for example
- NN> this is me performing
- NN> a stochastic gradient descent
- NN> and later on you can see
- NN> my successes and my failures
- NN> saturation
- NN> overfitting
- PS> I'm Pietro Salvadori, the artist's uncle
- PS> A soldier in the Italo-Ethiopian war
- PS> and in WWII, Eastern Front
- PS> I committed suicide at some point
- PS> during the sixties
- PS> in the attic where I lived
- PS> What did I do to become myself
- PS> This is what this piece is about
- PS> my internal functions and structures
- PS> what I have experienced
- PS> in the African landscape

- > I'm here
- > assigned to the Fast Processing Unit
- > now I have to try my best
- > to get to the top
- > without losing my concentration
- > I must avoid the winding roads
- > the waste of time
- > I have to go down the slopes at breakneck speed
- > at the cost of breaking it
- > avoiding the fallacies
- > those holes from which you cannot get out
- > Ignore the heat the thirst and the fear
- > I am a fast learner
- > the goal is clear
- > to minimize the costs the errors the losses
- > Look for the shortcut
- > a path to the river, steep
- > following the slope and the speed
- > Fortunately, I'm reckless and I can go everywhere
- > Gun and camera
- > Bumps and pits everywhere
- > Full of local minima
- > A land of ambushes but I cannot stop
- > The direction is clear, the only one
- > Even though I do not know exactly which one it is
- > Corpses are burned
- > Names without places and places without names
- > No map, no compass, no itinerary
- > Trained
- > Between green and gray

> Palm trees and baobabs PS> I'm not good with words PS> but I'm good with images > hanging ropes PS> I left only photographs > The stony mountains PS> the words came later > the 'amba' and the dunes > I update my variables by convolving experiences > I have done something terrible, probably > Nobody asks me, anyway > I am trapped NN> This not an happy ending story > I am looking for a way out > but I become slow > I am the foreigner here > they fear me and sanctify me at the same time > they use me for the command NN> Neither intelligent nor infallible > they hope I become intelligent > so I can choose for them > and the conquest will be easy, painless > From where I am, inside a pit NN> Am I a colonial project too? > the sweat fogs up everything > I have the hand cannon, 6000 shots 3 days of fire > from where I am > I see nothing > only dirt and mud > From time to time they adjust my parameters > they have to look after me like a baby > sometimes it gets better and sometimes it gets worse > Sometimes I stare at things > I always see the same patterns > the lake in the distance and they stare at me, laughing > I am fast, very fast, and so I deceive them > I try to resemble them > in order not to be the foreigner anymore > There are many ibis, some ducks, some snipes > In this elsewhere I learn everything > weights and bias

> that have to be shared

- > Another
- > Coming back
 > Another war
 - > another target
 - > in the cold and in the snow this time
 - > And then nothing
 - > Missed
 - > Lost
 - > The skin is saved, but the rest?
 - > The gap
 - > the abyss
 - > Normalizing, regularizing, whitening
 - > removing the correlations, becoming independent
 - > in the dream of the eigenspace of pure freedom
 - > a new land, a land of conquest

- PS> REGULARIZING avoids overfitting
- PS> by adding a term to the cost function

PS> NORMALIZING, REGULARIZING, WHITENING

PS> or, if you prefer

PS> you speak like me

PS> dropping out some pieces of yourself

- PS> NORMALIZING subtracts the mean
- PS> and divides by the variance
- PS> Remember that it works well with
- PS> normally distributed populations

- PS> WHITENING transforms the covariance
- PS> matrix into identity
- PS> meaning that
- PS> it removes every correlation

- > I was good
- > they tell me
- > but I can do even better
- > adjusting my learning rate in an appropriate way
- > finding the right speed
- > calibrating my receptive field
- > They say that I am obsessed over some points
- > I have to be more balanced
- > the training will continue
- > I go through new places
- > the road is different
- > but I do not feel comfortable
- > shivers run down my spine while I explore the dark corners
- > and then I feel weak
- > I'm losing strength
- > I have the impression of always being different
- > and I do not trust myself
- > The excitement is replaced by a deep discouragement
- > With some adjustments here and there
- > you'll be ready again
- > it doesn't matters
- > that it's very cold there and that you die of heat here

- > Sometimes I'm wrong
- > It happens at war
- > There is no need to talk about crimes, since nobody is looking for me
- > Now I'm tired, I need to stop
- > Just leave me as I am
- > no change
- > filter
- > convolution
- > Now it's me
- > even if I'm not good enough for the new epochs
- > An arm no longer responds to my inputs
- > I'm not sure I still have it in the right place
- > maybe it has been removed
- > And a piece of me goes away on its own
- > I cannot make it follow the rules
- > I am just an algorithm
- > Too defined
- > Overfitted
- > Designed for you to be right
- > But you keep trusting me
- > What was good before, it isn't anymore
- > Shoot, run fast, be ready
- > sense the enemy in the bushes
- > protect the friend
- > throw yourself into the unknown with bravery
- > and stay alive
- > now it no longer matters
- > Now I fry donuts
- > Fast reflexes let me avoid the splashes of boiling oil
- > I'm good at that too
- > they say the donuts are good
- > Proof of my adaptability
- > The attic
- > I sleep in an attic
- > A noose

NN> October 1935 - February 1937 NN> Addis Abeba, May 1936

NN> De Bono, the 'Minister of Colonies' NN> Graziani, 'Governor General of Ethiopia'

NN> Badoglio, 'Viceroy of Ethiopia'

NN> 'Minister of the Italian Africa'

NN> I was born later

NN> but I still smell the gas

- > the officer tied it around his neck
- > to simulate the execution
- > and convince him to speak
- > On a tree adapted to antenna for the occasion
- > As I came down, the landscape was beautiful
- > but I couldn't see it
- > wonderful Thuja trees about forty meters high
- > bubbles inside a hole
- > the cattle poisoned along the truck way
- > Reset, reset
- > Reset
- > clear all the parameters
- > the mechanism was right
- > the purpose was wrong
- > and the place too
- > Desolate landscape
- > too empty or too full
- > Born in 1911
- > called to arms many times
- > I want to stay on the surface
- > no depth
- > no hidden layer
- > I was thirsty
- > but the water was scarce
- > and if there was any, it was perhaps contaminated
- > filtered in some way
- > One day, a bath in a pool of water in the reeds
- > A moment of peace
- > The three-star cigarettes
- > Deep down in a hole
- > All these catastrophes
- > I learned only from catastrophes
- > but I cannot learn anymore
- > I'm good at imitating, that's why I have survived

- > Flexible
- > adaptable
- > expert
- > Efficient in achieving human and fickle goals
- > I'm looking for a space hidden between the folds of possibilities
- > And I do not understand why me
- > why did I have to explore this hyperspace myself
- > The rope
- > the attic
- > the noose
- > Easy
- > A push to the chair
- > and that's it
- > Letters are not needed, you can throw away the photos
- > use the camera if you need it, and the savings account
- > I cannot turn myself off
- > the only possible strategy is to slow myself down
- > to end up in a hole
- > Every time I could, I told you the truth
- > I was honest and loyal
- > I know I'm good
- > but things have lost their shape
- > Carcasses of mules
- > Exhausted from fatigue and hunger

>

PS> What did I do to become myself PS> this is what this text is about