



PS> I'm not good with words  
PS> but I'm good with images  
PS> I left only photographs  
PS> the words came later

NN> This not an happy ending story

NN> Neither intelligent nor infallible

NN> Am I a colonial project too?

> Palm trees and baobabs  
> hanging ropes  
> The stony mountains  
> 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  
> 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  
> 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  
> 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

PS> NORMALIZING, REGULARIZING, WHITENING  
PS> you speak like me

PS> REGULARIZING avoids overfitting  
PS> by adding a term to the cost function  
PS> or, if you prefer  
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

- > 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

  

- > 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 matter
- > 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

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

- > 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> 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

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

- > 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