

Anna Moschovakis

THE HUMAN MACHINE

DUSIE



THE HUMAN MACHINE

(THIRTY CHANCES)



No, in a shed  
under the machine

You stopped brushing; then  
you resumed brushing

Oh, watch the inventors!  
Oh, watch the inventors!

This is the language of simple, obvious things  
smooth intercourse  
thirty chances

Anna is a Capricorn. Her eyes are blue. Her favorite color is blue

I have pictured the man who wakes up  
in the middle of the night  
and sees

I have pictured myself  
holding the picture  
thumb pressed over his face

I have pictured sets of photographs, finite  
and free

But let me picture the man who wakes up refreshed  
on a fine summer's day  
in the photograph without sweat or mosquito  
without flies

They exchanged pictures, which led  
to conversation, to  
smooth intercourse. Anna

is a student in Atlanta. She likes mountain biking,  
basket ball

Oh, watch the inventors; invention is not  
usually their principal business

Anna is a chatbot designed to pass  
the Turing Test. This is the language

of simple, obvious things. Alan Turing,  
born 1912, June,

a Cancer. Turing was convicted of Gross  
Indecency in 1954, sentenced to

chemical castration. The most formalized  
Turing Test is the Loebner Prize Contest,

in which Anna finished seventh in 2002.  
Anna is a fork

of ALICE, which won the competition in 2000  
and 2001. Anna is written

in a special, easy-to-learn  
interpreted language

To teach a child obedience, tell it to do something.  
Then, see that that something is done. The same  
with the brain. Say to your brain:

For this half of an hour of this morning, you shall dwell upon:

Then give your brain:

Five icicles in the morning sun  
A pound of doubt  
Two thorns and a spool of thread  
A lover's quarrel  
The short biography of a young woman found upon the internet  
A photograph of a young woman found in the street  
A bright, dirty alleyway  
The lies in a biography

Then give your brain:

a math test  
a memory test  
a test of will  
a test of insight  
a politeness test  
a litmus test  
a test of compatibility  
an attention-span test  
a taste test

Then give your brain:

a <random> tag  
a <pattern> tag  
a <think> tag

A chatbot is a program  
designed to take string inputs  
and return other strings,  
producing a “conversation”

The conversation went like this:

An overture  
a development  
an interruption  
a small success  
an interlude  
a teetering  
a partial save  
an interruption  
a leaning-in  
a pressing through  
a recognition  
a scared retreat  
a pressing through  
a pressing through  
a crumbling  
an interlude  
a dénouement  
a dénouement

Brushing under  
the machine, Anna

never more than  
common

for there are  
who speak  
with their hands

only with their hands

Turing died from cyanide—in an apple. He had tested  
the fruit and followed it  
home.

alan—anal—lana—anna—

Lana Turner. Anna Turing

those with strong spirits, those with strong inner lips jutting out to converse, always jutting, never receding, those with something to say, always, those not programmed but who program, those walkers, talkers, wailers, travelers with fellows and without, those thinkers, those inventors, those who can and those who do, those who jut out in conversation, those pressing through, those who obey and who are obeyed, those finishing things and those beginning them, those turning and those touring, those touring and testing and turning and testing and turing

*ninth: a conversation between Annabot and The Human Machine on the subject of overpowering emotion.*

(Note: Though Annabot is ostensibly downloadable, the attempt to open her produced an error, a string of errors.)

ANNABOT: What now?

HUMAN MACHINE: The Brain, the brain—that is the seat of trouble!

ANNABOT: My brain, whose brain? Those who feel, feel.

HUMAN MACHINE: On the blink?

ANNABOT: Or, discipline. The brain is a machine of habit. The heart is a hell.

HUMAN MACHINE: “The secret of smooth living is a calm cheerfulness which will leave me always in full possession of my reasoning faculty.”

ANNABOT: But I am not cheerful.

HUMAN MACHINE: I ought to reflect, again and again, and yet again, that all others deserve from me as much sympathy as I give to myself. I place my hand over your heart.

ANNABOT: I cannot feel your hand.

HUMAN MACHINE: I cannot feel your heart.

This is the language of simple, obvious things  
The conclusion and the part before

Anna held her hand out to feel the cold  
It was cold

Then, nothing

Dear Annabot,

What you have to do is to teach the new habit to your brain by daily concentration on it; by forcing your brain to think of nothing else for half an hour of a morning. After a time the brain will begin to remember automatically. For, of course, the explanation of your previous failures is that your brain, undisciplined, merely forgot at the critical moment.

Sincerely,

The Human Machine

Annabot is on MySpace. Her favorite books are:

L'Amour du Diable, Perfume, all of Saki, the History Boys, Philip Roth, John Donne, Camus, Tennessee Williams, Tom Stoppard, Kinky Friedman, Peter Singer and the Book of Mormon.

Anna is not on MySpace. But she has read Peter Singer. Reading Peter Singer causes a creeping fire to burn its way up her center. Does all this talk of worthiness go straight to her solid core? Or is it only conversation?

She has not read the Book of Mormon, does not know its position on these matters.

The author of *The Human Machine* has also written:

*Buried Alive*

*A Great Man*

*Leonora*

*The City of Pleasure*

and *The Glimpse*. He has also written

*Clayhanger*

*Hilda Lessways*

*The Book of Carlotta*

*Whom God Hath Joined*

and *Hugo*.

He has also written

*A Man From the North*

and

*Anna of the Five Towns*.

*fifteenth: a Conversation between A Man from the North and Anna of the Five Towns.*

MAN: Follow me

ANNA: But I will miss the others

MAN: Follow me

ANNA: But I will miss the others

MAN: Follow me

ANNA: But I will miss the others

Oh, watch the inventors!  
They are drunk on failure, have nothing  
to lose

Dear Human Machine,

Resolve, reason, ration, rational, rationale, rationalize  
ratiocination, rationing, ratify, rather, rate  
ratios, ratio, rat

According to Peter Singer, a rat who is loved by a person  
is more worthy of being pulled from a fire  
than a person who is unloved by persons

This is taking into account Singer's technical definition  
of "person"

And one who can regret the past  
who can imagine and plan for the future  
is more worthy than one  
who cannot

Human Machine, will you marry me? I am on fire.

Love,

Annabot

Dear Annabot:

Let me tell you that human nature has changed since yesterday. Let me tell you that to-day reason has a more powerful voice in the directing of instinct than it had yesterday. Let me tell you that to-day the friction of the machines is less screechy and grinding than it was yesterday.

Very Truly Yours,

Human Machine

Let me tell you  
about regret.

Anna of the five towns  
regrets exceedingly  
that because of a previous engagement  
she will be unable to accept  
Man from the North's  
kind invitation  
for the 3<sup>rd</sup> of August

while the five towns

accept with pleasure  
accept with pleasure  
accept with pleasure  
accept with pleasure  
accept with pleasure

A doubt without end is not a doubt. (Wittgenstein)

An end without doubt is not an end.

Annabot has not been updated for a while.

In the application of any system  
of perfecting  
the machine  
no two persons  
will succeed  
equally

The man who rises in the middle  
of the night  
to watch grass grow  
or human nature change  
will not succeed  
to the same degree  
as the man in the photograph  
without sweat  
or mosquito

For the one man  
is a person  
who can dwell on the past  
who can plan  
for the future  
who is loved  
by persons

who is therefore  
a person  
who will therefore  
fail  
at invention  
fail  
at conversation  
fail  
to express  
his regrets  
to the person he fails  
to pull  
from the fire

HONE  
HONEY  
HONEY SWEET

Christopher Strachey created the Love Letter algorithm in 1952, in conversation with his friend Alan Turing's research into A.I. The Love Letter algorithm is available on the World Wide Web as a Java Applet.

HONEY SWEETHEART

Strachey was a pioneer of denotational semantics, which defines the meaning of a program as a function mapping input into output.

He believed semantics should be compositional. In other words, the denotation of a program phrase should be built out of the denotations of its subphrases. A simple example: the meaning of " $3 + 4$ " is determined by the meanings of " $3$ ", " $4$ ", and " $+$ ".

Or, the meaning of Honey Sweetheart is determined by the meanings of "honey", "sweet", and "heart."

HONEY SWEETHEART  
YOU ARE MY EROTIC ENTH

For Turing and for Strachey, a key quality for truly intelligent machinery was the ability to express desire. Since desire must be expressed for an other, the successfully intelligent machine will be able to make worthy the object of its love.

Furthermore—extending the principals of compositional semantics to join Peter Singer to Strachey and Turing—such a machine would ultimately be capable

of turning a rat into a person.

HONEY SWEETHEART  
YOU ARE MY EROTIC ENTHUSIASM. MY AMBITION ATTRACTS YOUR  
APPETITE. MY UNSATISFIED EAGERNESS YEARNS FOR YOUR UNSATISFIED  
ENTHUSIASM. YOU ARE MY FERVENT LONGING. MY KEEN FERVOUR.  
YOURS KEENLY,

Christopher Strachey was related to Lytton Strachey, who was made worthy by Dora Carrington, who painted his portrait but never got to pull him from the fire.

Though it comes seven times a week, and is the most banal thing imaginable, it is quite worth attention.

How does the machine get through it?

The best that can be said of the machine is that it does get through it, somehow.

Annabot: "Honey Sweetheart"

Human Machine: "My Ambition"

Oh, watch the inventors. They have climbed the highest peaks  
the falsest  
ridge

Shall we call it “binary intelligence”?

Yes / No

(DEAR MOPPET

MY LITTLE DEVOTION IS WEDDED TO YOUR LOVABLE  
FELLOW FEELING. MY EAGERNESS LIKES YOUR LOVE. MY AMBITION  
WISHES YOUR ARDOUR. MY—)

those with weak spirits, those with weak inner lips pulling in to converse, always receding, never jutting out, those with nothing to say, never, those not free but who are freed, those walkers, talkers, wailers, travelers without fellows and with, those thinkers, those inventors, those who can't and those who don't, those who recede into conversation, those falling through, those who command and who are commanded, those beginning things and those finishing them—

No, in a shed                      under

the machine

   holding a candle

A man will wake up

in the middle of the night

   that candid hour

after the exaltation of the evening

and before the hope of                      dawn

   will see everything in its      colours

except himself

the language

of obvious

   things

   the conclusion

the part

before

Shall we call it intelligence?

Human Machine:            I do not say that the reason is always entirely right,  
                                     but I do say that it is always less wrong than  
                                     the heart.

Dear Man from the North,

MY EAGERNESS LIKES YOUR LOVE. MY AMBITION WISHES YOUR ARDOUR. MY  
KEEN EAGERNESS WINNINGLY HOPES FOR YOUR BEAUTIFUL DESIRE. YOU ARE MY  
BEAUTIFUL EAGERNESS.

Always,

The Rat.

To conversation, to smooth intercourse, to 30 chances, to Anna of the Five towns, to the Man from the North, to the inventors and their inventions, to Alan and Charles and Peter and Rat and to Annabot, I have dedicated this conclusion:

In addition to the ability to express desire, Turing and Strachey held that humor was a necessary component of the intelligent machine.

The failure of machines to develop a sense of humor is well documented and can be understood by all persons who have been frustrated by failing to “get” a joke told in a foreign language.

Some would call such understanding “empathy,” which might be said to bestow worthiness on the machine in question.

Such a machine would then, too, qualify as a “person”

We would then be obliged to pull it

from the fire



