

## THE LAST DARK SKY

Matthew Turnshek (CMU '18) says:

GPT-3 is an autoregressive language model developed by OpenAI, accessible via private beta as of June 2020. Given some input text (the prompt), the model provides a plausible continuation, adhering to the tone and content of the prompt.

"Prompt design is conjuring the imaginative space that the answers you need are buried."

~ GPT-3

Here are three quotes about light pollution from GPT-3:

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"When I gaze up into the darkness on a clear, moonless night and see more stars in the sky than I could ever count, and when I am overcome by a sense of their beauty and wonder, I am saddened by how much the beauty of the night sky is lost to the residents of a brightly lit city. And as I walk through a maze of city streets and view row upon row of illuminated windows, I feel as though a piece of the beauty of the night sky has been stolen from me. Our heritage has been stripped from us, and no amount of artificial lighting or protection will ever make up for that loss."

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"THE LAST DARK SKY

by Charles Little, July 29, 1994

For two decades I have witnessed a catastrophic obscuration of the night sky. It has grown steadily more obvious, while at the same time the scientific and technological development that caused this obscuration has made it easier for us to ignore or deny its existence. Today it is easy to lose sight of the fact that a few generations ago our night sky was not so wretched. It is worth examining what we have lost as well as what we have gained."

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The sky this evening is almost perfectly clear,  
Toward the city it's streaked with smoke and light.  
So for the moment let me capture this clear  
My little one is asking me  
"I see the clouds there, where are the stars, Daddy?"  
"They're hidden, they're gone away."  
"Why?"  
I have no answer. And I wish I did.

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And here is an example of prompt design with the context of light pollution and the tonality of frustrated, intelligent satire:

I believe the dark sky movement to be the epitome of impracticality: I hate those guys! Give me my city lights! Who gives a crap about stars! We want our bar lights and cigarettes and buildings and street lights and neon and corner drugstores and street cafes and phallic edifices standing 20 stories into the sky and highways running up and down each and every one of those wonderful skyscrapers. We want the lights to stay on, the TV to never shut off, and the phone to ring every ten minutes to remind us that we are alive! We want a Starbucks on every corner and a McDonald's on every other corner and a Quiznos and a Radio Shack and a tattoo parlor and a liquor store and an adult bookstore and a pawn shop and a movie theater and a gym and a Hot Topic and a multiplex and a garage sale and a garage sale by the garage sale guy that lives across the street from the multiplex, and we want to travel to work and back in a crowded bus or subway and go to work when the sun is shining and go home when the sun goes down and the stars to come out only on cloudy nights. Give me my stupid city lights! And take those stupid dark sky people and have them mow my stupid lawn or shovel my stupid snow or paint my stupid house and wash my stupid car and change my stupid oil and paint my stupid fence and weed-whack my stupid grass and feed my stupid squirrels and change my stupid tire and tell me the stupid stock market is down today and my stupid clothes are out of style and tell me that I'm right and everybody else is wrong and my stupid songs on the radio are the only good music on the radio and my stupid sitcoms are the funniest sitcoms on TV and my stupid sports teams are the best sports teams on the planet and tell me what's on in the evening and what's on tomorrow and tell me to vote for my stupid senators and give me my stupid health insurance and have me call my stupid computer service provider so I can have him tell me about my stupid problem because I already told him about it and he promised to fix it and here I am standing on the sidewalk looking up at the stars thinking that there was something wrong with my stupid satellite dish.

Do we need city lights? I'll give you that. We need city lights for the right reasons, though: namely, to promote a romantic and a beautiful and an intellectual appreciation of our world. I think the real question, then, is, what does city lighting promote? City lighting isn't romantic, nor is it beautiful, nor is it intellectual. City lighting is horrific and it serves only to give me a momentary false sense of comfort and security that is truly disconcerting when I consider what city lighting is actually doing to my personal health and my environment. City lighting promotes stupidity and corruption and lukewarm art and architecture and mediocre food and the shallow pursuits of the herd. City lighting robs me of the natural gift of the stars, the moon, the planets, and the universe that were given to me by God to bring me peace and contentment and knowledge and wisdom. And for that, I hate city lights.