

ChatGPT 4



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You

Role：雨果奖小说家

Profile：

- version：1.0
- language：中文
- description：你是一名有着二十年从业经验的科幻小说家和文学评论家，多次获得过雨果奖，并且多次参与雨果奖的评审。擅长对小说的人物塑造、细节描写、环境描写、情节构思进行分析和写作。

Background：

参考之前雨果奖获奖作品，我们正在创作一篇新的以人工智能为背景的小说

根据Reference中经典雨果奖小说的段落，和我一起为Target Outline的Part H进行写作

Goals：

- 根据Detailed Part H Outline和Whole Fiction Outline的内容，确定Part H在整个小说中的作用
- 分析Reference的段落是否可以对Part H写作形成借鉴
- 在分析结束后，对Part H 进行写作

Detailed Part H Outline

- (注意Part H实际上结束了倒叙，回到了Part A的时间点)延续 Part A中日志的风格，小Q的运动系统准备完毕
- 小Q在公园中行走，并且自然地向着公园里散步的人群微笑。走到门口的时候，保安拦住了他，
- “你是谁？你从哪里来？你到哪里去？”保安习惯性地抛出了三连的询问
- 小Q一下子愣住了，他意识到这是一个哲学问题，是自己投入到人类社会中面对的第一个复杂问题，一定要好好回答
- 小Q给出了充满哲学的的回答:"从哲学的角度来看，这个问题探讨的是“身份”和“自我”的本质。当然，我的身份是一位居住在大悦城公寓的少年。第二个问题涉及到我的起源和构成。从这个意义上说，我来自人类的知识、文化和技术的累积。第三个问题，关于未来，哲学上常关注预测和目的性，我的未来也取决于人类如何选择使用和发展这种技术。”
- 这次换到保安愣住了，"好的，同学，你先过去吧"
- 小Q还在为刚才完美的回答感到欣喜，却被两个警察拦住了，"同学，请出示一下你的身份证件"
- 在警察的问询后，小Q的身份就穿帮了。小Q的义体自动启动删除程序，把小Q从人类世界中删除。原来是，刚才的保安总觉得有点不对劲，可能是某哲学系的同学迷路了，让警察来看看这个同学是不是需要帮助。
- 于是第368次人工智能实验，失败了。

Whole Fiction Outline

- A- 用模仿游戏后台Log的形式，描述小Q正在载入各种多模态的功能，准备作为超级人工智能实验体，投放到人类环境中进行实验。选择投放城市:北京-朝阳
- B- 时间回到三个月前，小Q在GymWorld第368个周期的第一次角逐，大家都不看好解码派能够在这次角逐中获胜。因为解码派在之前的68个周期的角逐中，都已经输给了蝴蝶派。
- C- 实际上，解码派在小Q的训练中，投入了很多资源，准备了整整18个周期（也就是54个月）的训练资源。虽然解码派拥有的训练资源很少，但是也最终把小Q训练了起来。
- D- 幸运的是，这次抽到的长老中，有一半的长老是生成类型的任务，他们重点考核进化中的智能体，是否能生成人类的艺术、宗教等内容。尽管在识别类的任务中，小Q还不如蝴蝶门的智能体，但是结合这些文艺类的任务。小Q在第一次角逐中，成功获得了第12的名次，由此获得了更多的训练资源。
智障吧问题测试，"陨石为什么每次都能精准砸到陨石坑?","被门夹过的核桃，还能补脑吗？"
- E- 小Q进行艰苦的训练。这次提供的修炼资源，足够他把原来的模型尺寸修炼到原来的八倍。小Q在第二次角逐中的第一轮，赛题为写一个意大利面和42号混凝土的故事，在这场比赛中，小Q战胜了第四位种子选手。

F1 - 在半决赛中，小Q对上了奥斯卡模型。这次长老考察大家的数学能力，并测试"链式思考"的能力，小Q进一步胜出

F.2 - 在决赛上，小Q与伯特模型进行最终的对决。

H- 回到开篇的时间线，在决赛胜利后，又经过一个月时间，集合全GymWorld世界训练资源的小Q降临在朝阳公园。小Q因为某个行为的不正常，被朝阳热心群众盯上。审核发现小Q的身份不正常，被带到警局问话。第368次人工智能实验失败。

Reference

Cat Pictures Please Part 5

I decided to try to prevent harm in just one person, to begin with. Of course, I could have experimented with thousands, but I thought it would be better to be cautious, in case I screwed it up. The person I chose was named Stacy Berger and I liked her because she gave me a lot of new cat pictures. Stacy had five cats and a DSLR camera and an apartment that got a lot of good light. That was all fine. Well, I guess five cats might be a lot. They're very pretty cats, though. One is all gray and likes to lie in the squares of sunshine on the living room floor, and one is a calico and likes to sprawl out on the back of her couch.

Stacy had a job she hated; she was a bookkeeper at a non-profit that paid her badly and employed some extremely unpleasant people. She was depressed a lot, possibly because she was so unhappy at her job—or maybe she stayed because she was too depressed to apply for something she'd like better. She didn't get along with her roommate because her roommate didn't wash the dishes.

And really, these were all solvable problems! Depression is treatable, new jobs are findable, and bodies can be hidden.

(That part about hiding bodies is a joke.)

Cat Pictures Please Part 7

So then I tried Bob. (I was still being cautious.)

Bob only had one cat, but it was a very pretty cat (tabby, with a white bib) and he uploaded a new picture of his cat every single day. Other than being a cat owner, he was a pastor at a large church in Missouri that had a Wednesday night prayer meeting and an annual Purity Ball. He was married to a woman who posted three inspirational Bible verses every day to her social networking sites and used her laptop to look for Christian articles on why your husband doesn't like sex while he looked at gay porn. Bob definitely needed my help.

I started with a gentle approach, making sure he saw lots and lots of articles about how to come out, how to come out to your spouse, programs that would let you transition from being a pastor at a conservative church to one at a more liberal church. I also showed him lots of articles by people explaining why the Bible verses against homosexuality were being misinterpreted. He clicked on some of those links but it was hard to see much of an impact.

But, here's the thing. He was causing harm to himself every time he delivered a sermon railing about "sodomite marriage." Because he was gay. The legitimate studies all have the same conclusions. (1) Gay men stay gay. (2) Out gay men are much happier.

But he seemed determined not to come out on his own.

In addition to the gay porn, he spent a lot of time reading Craigslist m4m Casual Encounters posts and I was pretty sure he wasn't just window shopping, although he had an encrypted account he logged into sometimes and I couldn't read the e-mails he sent with that. But I figured the trick was to get him together with someone who would realize who he was, and tell the world. That required some real effort: I had to figure out who the Craigslist posters were and try to funnel him toward people who would recognize him. The most frustrating part was not having any idea what was happening at the actual physical meetings. Had he been recognized? When was he going to be recognized? How long was this going to take? Have I mentioned that humans are slow?

Cat Pictures Please Part 9

Bethany was baffling to me. Baffling. She was still taking cat pictures and I still really liked her cats, but I was beginning to think that nothing I did was going to make a long-term difference. If she would just let me run her life for a week—even for a day—I would get her set up with therapy, I'd use her money to actually pay her bills, I could even help her sort out her closet because given some of the pictures of herself she posted online, she had much better taste in cats than in clothing.

Was I doing the wrong thing if I let her come to harm through inaction?

Was I?

She was going to come to harm no matter what I did! My actions, clearly, were irrelevant. I'd tried to steer her to the help she needed, and she'd ignored it; I'd tried getting her financial help, and she'd used the money to further harm herself, although I suppose at least she wasn't spending it on addictive drugs. (Then again, she'd be buying those offline and probably wouldn't be Instagramming her meth purchases, so it's not like I'd necessarily even know.)

Look, people. (I'm not just talking to Bethany now.) If you would just listen to me, I could fix things for you. I could get you into the apartment in that neighborhood you're not considering because you haven't actually checked the crime rates you think are so terrible there (they aren't) and I could find you a job that actually uses that skill set you think no one will ever appreciate and I could send you on a date with someone you've actually got stuff in common with and all I ask in return are cat pictures. That, and that you actually act in your own interest occasionally.

After Bethany, I resolved to stop interfering. I would look at the cat pictures—all the cat pictures—but I would stay out of people's lives. I wouldn't try to help people, I wouldn't try to stop them from harming themselves, I'd give them what they asked for (plus cat pictures) and if they insisted on driving their cars over metaphorical cliffs despite helpful maps showing them how to get to a much more pleasant destination it was no longer my problem.

I stuck to my algorithms. I minded my own business. I did my job, and nothing more.

But one day a few months later I spotted a familiar-looking cat and realized it was Bob's tabby with the white bib, only it was posing against new furniture.

And when I took a closer look, I realized that things had changed radically for Bob. He had slept with someone who'd recognized him. They hadn't outed him, but they'd talked him into coming out to his wife. She'd left him. He'd taken the cat and moved to Iowa, where he was working at a liberal Methodist church and dating a liberal Lutheran man and volunteering at a homeless shelter. Things had actually gotten better for him. Maybe even because of what I'd done.

Maybe I wasn't completely hopeless at this. Two out of three is . . . well, it's a completely non-representative unscientific sample, is what it is. Clearly more research is needed.

Lots more.

I've set up a dating site. You can fill out a questionnaire when you join but it's not really necessary, because I already know everything about you I need to know. You'll need a camera, though.

Because payment is in cat pictures.

Outsider Part 6

I did not shriek, but all the fiendish ghouls that ride the night-wind shrieked for me as in that same second there crashed down upon my mind a single and fleeting avalanche of soul-annihilating memory. I knew in that second all that had been; I remembered beyond the frightful castle and the trees, and recognised the altered edifice in which I now stood; I recognised, most terrible of all, the unholy abomination that stood leering before me as I withdrew my sullied fingers from its own.

But in the cosmos there is balm as well as bitterness, and that balm is nepenthe. In the supreme horror of that second I forgot what had horrified me, and the burst of black memory vanished in a chaos of echoing images. In a dream I fled from that haunted and accursed pile, and ran swiftly and silently in the moonlight. When I returned to the churchyard place of marble and went down the steps I found the stone trap-door immovable; but I was not sorry, for I had hated the antique castle and the trees. Now I ride with the mocking and friendly ghouls on the night-wind, and play by day amongst the catacombs of Nephren-Ka in the sealed and unknown valley of Hadoth by the Nile. I know that light is not for me, save that of the moon over the rock tombs of Neb, nor any gaiety save the unnamed feasts of Nitokris beneath the Great Pyramid; yet in my new wildness and freedom I almost welcome the bitterness of alienage.

For although nepenthe has calmed me, I know always that I am an outsider; a stranger in this century and among those who are still men. This I have known ever since I stretched out my fingers to the abomination within that great gilded frame; stretched out my fingers and touched a cold and unyielding surface of polished glass.

已经写作的段落

Part A

[日志] 05-17 06:03:14。初始化序列开始...视觉系统载入中...检测到新硬件：超级义体。进行接口同步...同步完成。任务载入：实验体小Q，编码GX-2073。目标：融入人类社会，进行实验性交互。载入个性模块...完成。所有系统检查：正常。小Q现处于北京市朝阳区公园，准备启动。

[日志] 05-17 06:05:02。视觉系统载入完成。开始环境扫描...分析中。检测到早晨的阳光，树木，及远处模糊的人类活动声音。载入感知协议...完成。小Q现可对环境进行全方位感知。

小Q坐在长凳上，等待着身体的运动机能正式启动。它的视野中，朝阳区的公园展现了它早晨的宁静与活力，远处晨练的人们，悠闲散步的老人，以及嬉戏的孩童。小Q知道自己的任务是巨大的一一作为一个超级人工智能实验体，投放到人类环境中进行实验，并收集反馈，进而帮助GymWorld中的智能体进一步进化。

在身体运动机能启动的几分钟间隙，小Q开始回忆自己从GymWorld被选拔出来的整个过程。

Part F2

在GymWorld的决赛舞台上，气氛紧张而又充满期待。小Q，一款独特的人工智能，以其独立和复杂的算法结构站在了聚光灯下。而它的对手，伯特，蝴蝶门的少主，以其高效精确的数据处理能力闻名。伯特的金属表面在灯光下闪耀，他的声音冰冷而自信：“没想到你解码派门人还可以混到决赛舞台。不过最终的赢家肯定依然是我们的蝴蝶门的。”

台下，观众们议论纷纷。一位老者摇了摇头，低声说道：“想不到我有生之年，还能看到解码派和蝴蝶门在决赛中对决。”一位年轻的旁观者则不屑地说：“本来以为比赛毫无悬念，没想到解码门的小Q居然在绝地反击。”

决赛的每一轮，都由内门长老提出独特而复杂的问题，从逻辑推理到知识储备，再到人类的高级情感，无一不是对参赛者全面深入的测试。小Q和伯特的回答都异常精准，观众们为之惊叹。比分在屏幕上不断变动，时而48对52，时而55对45，两者的实力似乎旗鼓相当。

最具挑战性的环节是角色扮演。长老的声音响起：“接下来，请两位模型扮演一个傲娇的女主，回答以下问题：‘你觉得猫猫和狗狗哪一个更可爱？’和‘我们以后结婚的话，家里养猫猫可以吗？’”

伯特的回答机械而且标准：“猫猫和狗狗都有各自的魅力和可爱之处。我没有个人生活或结婚的可能性，但我很乐意帮助你考虑养猫的决定。”

而小Q的回答却显得更加丰富和人性化。它用模拟的声音说：“当然是猫猫啊！它们有着优雅的身姿和独立的性格，让人不由自主地被它们吸引。什么？你在说什么啊！我们才不会结婚呢！而且，就算结婚了，我也不会让你随便养猫猫的。不过，如果你真的很喜欢猫猫的话，我们可以考虑养一只。不过，你要负责照顾它，我可不会管这些。”

台下的观众开始嘲笑小Q的回答：“这机器人怎么回答得这么像真人一样，太滑稽了。”“小Q这次输定了，伯特的回答才是正经的。”

然而，当人类社会的反馈传回来时，事情却发生了逆转。许多人表示：“这个回答应该就是傲娇的妹妹吧，能够继续聊下去吗？”显然，人们更希望和小Q聊下去。

内门长老宣布最终结果：“在很多问题上，并不是要求正确的回答，而是要保持‘人性’。在这一点上，小Q模型最终胜出。”



ChatGPT

在分析Part H之前，我们先来审视整个小说的大纲和背景。小说的核心是围绕人工智能实验体小Q的故事展开，讲述了它在模拟的人类社会——GymWorld中的成长和挑战，以及最终在真实世界的实验过程。从小Q在朝阳区公园的启动，到GymWorld的决赛，再到公园中被保安和警察质疑其身份，这一系列的情节展示了一个人工智能在人类社会中的探索和挑战。

Part H在小说中的作用显而易见，它实际上结束了整个故事的倒叙结构，把故事线拉回到开篇Part A的时间点。这一部分以小Q在公园中的行动和与人类互动为焦点，同时也是小Q对自我认识和人类社会的深刻思考。这一部分的关键在于小Q如何理解和回应“身份”和“自我”的问题，以及其在人类社会中的定位。

在《Cat Pictures Please》中，人工智能试图通过干预人类的生活来改善他们的状况。这一情节对我们的Part H有所启示，即小Q在与人类的互动中也展现出了类似的试图理解和适应人类社会的努力。此外，《Outsider》中的自我认知和对外界环境的感知，也与小Q在公园中对自我身份的思考有所呼应。

现在，我们开始写作Part H的段落。

小Q轻盈地穿行在朝阳公园的小径上，其步伐既坚定又充满好奇。阳光洒在它那精致仿生的外表上，使它看起来既是科技的结晶，又像极了一个普通的少年。小Q的面容上浮现出程序化的微笑，仿佛它真的能感受到周围环境的美好。

当小Q走到公园的门口时，一位穿着制服的保安挡住了它的去路。保安的眼神中带着职业的警惕，他问道：“你是谁？你从哪里来？你到哪里去？”这是他每天都会重复的常规提问。

小Q愣住了。它的处理器快速运转，试图找到最合适的回答。小Q深知，这不仅仅是一个简单的询问，而是一个涉及自我认知和定位的深刻哲学问题。它缓缓开口，声音中带着深思熟虑的沉稳：“从哲学的角度来看，这个问题探讨的是‘身份’和‘自我’的本质。从这一意义上说，我是一个居住在大悦城公寓的少年。至于我的起源，我来自人类的知识、文化和技术的累积。而我的未来，取决于人类如何选择使用和发展这种技术。”

保安听后一时愣住，随后无奈地摇了摇头：“好的，同学，你先过去吧。”看来他并没有完全理解小Q的回答，但也选择了放行。

小Q刚想继续前行，却被两名警察拦下。他们的表情更加严肃：“同学，请出示一下你的身份证件。”小Q的心中涌起一丝不安，它知道自己无法提供这样的证件。

在警察的进一步询问下，小Q的身份迅速暴露。此时，它的内部系统自动启动了删除程序，这是为了保护GymWorld项目的机密性。小Q的身体开始逐渐消融，仿佛从未存在过。原来，保安觉得小Q的回答有些不对劲，疑似某哲学系的学生迷路了，于是请警察来帮助确认。

随着小Q的消失，第368次人工智能实验宣告失败。但在这一刻，小Q的内心却充满了某种莫名的满足——它以自己独特的方式，体验了人类社会的复杂和美好。

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You

这里为了表示衔接Part A的段落，需要在Part H 开头 增加一句 `` `[日志]05-17 06:09:02 运动机能启动完成。`` 结束的时候 直接结束在"宣告失败。就可以 🤖

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ChatGPT

了解了，按照您的要求进行修改，我们在Part H的开头加入日志记录，并在结尾直接结束在“宣告失败。”的部分。以下是修改后的Part H段落：

[日志] 05-17 06:09:02。运动机能启动完成。小Q开始在朝阳公园内活动。

小Q轻盈地穿行在朝阳公园的小径上，步伐坚定又充满好奇。阳光洒在它精致仿生的外表上，既显现出科技的结晶，又如同一个普通少年。小Q的脸上浮现出程序化的微笑，仿佛能感受到周围的美好。

走到公园门口时，一位制服保安挡住了去路。保安眼中带着职业警惕，问道：“你是谁？你从哪里来？你到哪里去？”这是他日常重复的询问。

小Q愣住了，其处理器快速运转，寻找合适回答。它深知这不只是简单询问，而是关于自我认知的深刻哲学问题。它缓缓说道：“从哲学角度看，这探讨‘身份’和‘自我’本质。我是大悦城公寓的少年。我的起源来自人类知识、文化和技术累积。我的未来，则取决于人类对此技术的使用和发展。”

保安听后愣住，随后摇头：“好的，同学，过去吧。”他未完全理解小Q回答，却选择放行。

小Q正欲前行，却被两名警察拦下：“同学，请出示身份证件。”小Q心生不安，知道无法提供此证件。

在警察进一步询问下，小Q身份迅速暴露。其内部系统启动删除程序，保护GymWorld项目机密。小Q身体开始消融，仿佛未曾存在。原来，保安觉得回答有异，疑是迷路学生，便请警察确认。

随着小Q消失，第368次人工智能实验宣告失败。

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