

ChatGPT, procedural generation, and large language models: a history

jbfink

May 24, 2023

So many disclaimers

- procrastination

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- English major

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- procrastination
- English major
- wtf

things that happened between early May and now

- llama.cpp breaking changes x2

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- "We Have No Moat"

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- Berkeley's OpenLLAMA

things that happened between early May and now

- llama.cpp breaking changes x2
- "We Have No Moat"
- StarCoder
- Berkeley's OpenLLAMA
- other

What is *randomness*?

1000-750 BC

 1	 11	 34	 5	 26	 9	 14	 43
 12	 2	 16	 8	 23	 20	 35	 45
 25	 24	 51	 3	 27	 42	 21	 17
 6	 7	 40	 29	 4	 59	 64	 47

1962



1753

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They were
us.
The lights of the Bermuda Triangle Chili Parlor, two blocks away, made a welcome sight. As we got closer, we saw that the storefront was surrounded by a little puddle of brightness made by the light bulbs behind the steamy window and the red neon sign which said EAT. Parked outside the Bermuda Triangle Chili Parlor were six or seven motorcycles—shiny ones, with all sorts of gadgets and decorations on them. Each of the motorcycles had a fancy dragon or alligator either painted in gold on the gas tank or worked into a fancy chrome backrest. We figured they belonged to the motorcycle club that had passed us earlier.

By this time, we could smell all sorts of good cooking smells and hear the faint clinking of dishes and silverware. When we opened the door, a blast of noise, warmth, and the most incredible smell of chili hit us. Now up to that time, my only experience with chili was stuff out of a can and stuff from the cafeteria in my old school. Right then, on my first whiff, I could tell that this was different from the chili I had run across so often. As the fog unfogged a little, I could see a sign on the counter. It said Chili—one dollar; behind the