

Yale AI Songbook

Thanks for the Memories

(Slade, 81)

Thanks for the memories
Of all the time I kill
While waiting for the drill
Or was I in the lawyer's office
Drawing up my will?
I'll never
Forget.

Thanks for the memories
Of writing out the checks
At Bloomingdale's or Saks
Reminding me of theories such as
Bowers, Turners, and Black's
I'll never
Forget.

Memory organization
Is
When packets are brought in relation
Through strategies
Come indices
To memories
And expertise, so

MOPs are for memories
Of steaks cooked very rare
Reminding me of hair
That wasn't cut the way I wanted
In the barber chair
I'll never
Forget.

MOPs are for memories
Of diving at the beach
For dollars out of reach
Bringing to mind the story of
The drunk with specious speech
I'll never
Forget.

I Get No Kick from Champaign

(Slade, 78. Inspired by TINLAP-2, held at the University of Illinois)

Verse:

My story is much too sad to be told
But practically everything leaves me perfectly cold.
The only exception I know is the case
When I'm out as a conferee
Fighting vainly the old ennui
And I suddenly turn and see
A programming trace.

Chorus:

I get no kick from Champaign
Here Illinois doesn't fill me with joy
So my presence here must imply [So I feel compelled to reply]
That I get a kick from AI.

Some like the linguistics game
I know that if I did one dative shift
It would bore me terrifically
But I get a kick from C.D.

I get a kick every time I see
A LISP program before me
I get a kick though it's clear to see
The linguists out there all abhor me.

Some like the blocks world domain
Moving a sphere from the front to the rear
Makes me fear that I rather would die
But I get a kick from AI!

In CD (Let It Be)

(Slade, 78)

When I find myself in times of trouble
Father Roger comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom
In CD
And in my hour of darkness
He is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom
In CD

In CD, in CD, in CD, in CD.
Speaking words of wisdom
In CD

And when the broken hearted linguists
Living in the world agree
There will be an answer
In CD
And though there may be Chomsky
There is still a chance that they will see
There will be an answer
In CD

In CD, in CD, in CD, in CD.
There will be an answer
In CD

I wake up to the sound of MTRANS
Father Roger comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom
In CD

My Thesis (Maria)

(Slade, 78)

My thesis
I've just finished writing my thesis
And suddenly my name
Will never be the same again.

My thesis
I've just finished typing my thesis
And suddenly I've found
How wonderful a sound can be!
My thesis
Say it loud and there's music playing
Though I still have a lot of AJ'ing

My thesis
I've just finished writing my thesis!

Psy-cho-lo-gy (A-mer-i-ca)

(Slade, 78)

I like to be in psychology
O.K. by me in psychology
Subjects get fee in psychology
No dumb CD in psychology

I like psychology paradigm
I like to measure reaction time
I want to be just like B.F. Skinner
But I might throw up all my dinner!

We have high goals in psychology
We measure roles in psychology
With strict controls in psychology
But full of holes in psychology!

I like collecting my data
Filling my mazes with rata
Prodding their bodies with sudden jolts
Seeing them jump at a thousand volts!

I like to study psychology
Get Ph.D. in psychology
Always is muddy psychology
But never bloody psychology!

I Love AI (I Love New York)

(Slade, 78)

I love AI

I love AI

I love AI

...

Winograd (Jingle Bells)

(Slade, 78)

Winograd, Winograd, Terry Winograd
Oh what fun AI must be
Since Terry's never sad!
Winograd, Winograd, Terry Winograd
We love AI in the USA
Cause it's dump in Leningrad.

John went into town.
To a restaurant he did go.
He ordered up a lobster
From the waitress as you know.
He paid the check and left
And to this very night
That lobster is uneaten
John didn't take a bite!

Anatole (Xanadu)

(Rick Granger, 78)

(to the meter of ``Xanadu" by Coleridge)

For Anatole did Roger Schank a Ph.D. and job decree
Where Chris, the absent parser man
wrote ELI, which in master plan
through parse trees measureless to man
output the right C.D.

My Favorite Hacks (My Favorite Things)

(Drew McDermott, 78)

RPLACing the cells on the free storage list;
Strange symbols for which no PNAMEs exist;
Returning a value by changing the stacks
These are a few of my favorite hacks.

Cryptic notations that no one can read;
Self-smashing macros that grow like a weed;
Leaving a PROG from a called subroutine
These are the hacks that I find really keen.

When my LISP dies
From ILL MEM REFs,
Irrecoverably
I simply remember my favorite hacks -
There's no one to blame - but me.

Flanagan (Harrison)

(Slade, 78)

(dedicated to Frank Miller, David Hall, Dr. Dana Blanchard, and
Patrolman Robert Onofrio)

F - L - A N A

G A N spells Flanagan.

Yesterday while driving out to Mystic,
I became another accident statistic.

A M B U L A N C E spells ambulance.

They took me from the scene
And filled me full of dramamine,
Flanagan Ambulance!

Noam Chomsky's Band (McNamara's Band)

(Slade, 78)

Oh, my name is Noam Chomsky
I'm linguistics' Iron Duke
And if you disagree with me
I'll argue till you puke!
I was once iconoclastic -
I am now linguistics' norm
Though I don't display my competence
Whenever I perform!

Oh, there's Lees and Lyons and Langendoen and Barbara Hall Partee
Jackendoff and Bresnan come to me on bended knee!
And there's Katz and Fodor and Bach and Harms, McCawley and Quang Phuque Dong,
And if Descartes were alive today, I'm sure he'd join the throng!

How Do You Solve a Problem Like Cognition?

(Slade, 78)

(to the tune of ``How Do You Solve a Problem Like Maria?'')

How do you solve a problem like cognition?

How do you catch a thought and make it plain?

How do you solve a problem like cognition?

A new memory disk?

A program in LISP?

A frame?

How do you solve a problem like cognition?

How do you hold a concept in your brain?

I Will

(Slade, 78, 81)
(Jerry/Tolya to Roger)
(Larry/Margot to Roger)
(to the tune of "I Will")

Who knows how long I've written
You know, I'm writing still
Will I write a lonely lifetime
If you want me to, I will.

For if I ever finish
I'll get a Ph.D.
But it really doesn't matter
For I don't believe C.D.

Writing forever and forever
Writing with all my heart
Writing whenever we're together
Writing when we're apart.

And when at last I finish
I'll leave this dear old school
And I'll argue like a master
For no one can argue faster
Than this scruffy little flabbergaster
Who coded up ABDUL.

Conceptual Dependency (Alice's Restaurant)

(Slade, 82)

You can do anything you want in Conceptual Dependency
You can do anything you want in Conceptual Dependency
Just jot it down off the top of your head -
If you have a problem, use a script instead.
You can do anything you want in Conceptual Dependency

....A year ago last Thanksgiving, that's Thanksgiving a year ago,

(One night)

two young men from Egulac went down to the river to hunt seal, and while they were there it became foggy and calm. Then they heard war-cries, and they thought: ``Maybe this is a war-party." They escaped to the shore, and hid behind a log. Now canoes came up, and they heard the noise of paddles, and saw one canoe coming up to them.

There were five men in the canoe, and they said:

``Isn't this from some experiment by Bartlett?"

``Sure", said another one, ``it's `The War of the Ghosts'. Why don't we sing the chorus again?"

``OK"

.....

Another Glitch in the Call

(Sung to the tune of a recent Pink Floyd song.)

From decvax!utzo!utcsrgv!roderick Mon Nov 1 14:24:35 1982
(Via umpteen intermediaries)

We don't need no indirection
We don't need no flow control
No data typing or declarations
Hey! Did you leave the lists alone?

Chorus:
All in all, it's just a pure-LISP function call.

We don't need no side effect-ing
We don't need no scope control
No global variables for execution
Hey! Did you leave those args alone?

(Chorus)

We don't need no allocation
We don't need no special nodes
No dark bit-flipping in the functions
Hey! Did you leave the bits alone?

(Chorus)

We don't need no compilation
We don't need no load control
No link edit for external bindings
Hey! Did you leave that source alone?

(Chorus, and repeat)

Boot It

(Sung to the tune of Michael Jackson's ``Beat It")

From: STEVENSON "Rick Stevenson 264-8700 MKO1-2/D3" 7-MAY-1984 14:19
(via DECNET)

You're processing some words when your keyboard goes dead,
Ten pages in the buffer, should have gone to bed,
The system just crashed, but don't lose your head,
Just BOOT IT, just BOOT IT.

Better think fast, better do what you can,
Read the manual or call your system man,
Don't want to fall behind in the race with Japan,
So BOOT IT,

Get the system manager to
BOOT IT, BOOT IT,
Even though you'd rather shoot it.
Don't be upset, it's only some glitch.
All that you do is flip a little switch.
BOOT IT, BOOT IT,
Get right down and restitute it.
Don't get excited, all is not lost.
CP/M, UNIX or MS/DOS
Just BOOT IT, boot it, boot it, boot it...

You gotta have your printout for the meeting at two,
The system says your job's at the head of the queue,
Right then the thing dies but you know what to do,
BOOT IT.

You always get so worried when the system runs slow,
And when it finally crashes, man you feel so low,
But computers make mistakes (they're only human you know)
So BOOT IT,

Call the local guru to
BOOT IT, BOOT IT,
Go ahead re-institute it.
If you're not lucky, get the book off the shelf,
But if you are, it'll do itself.
BOOT IT, BOOT IT,
Then go find the guy who screwed it!
Operating systems are built to bounce back,
Whether it's a Cray or a Radio Shack.

BOOT IT, BOOT IT,

Yale AI Songbook, 1986 Edition

Hey Judge

(sung to ``Hey Jude")

Hey Judge,
don't lock me up
maybe next time, I can be better
remember that if I'm out of the pen
then I can begin to make it better.

And if in jail I must remain
Hey Judge refrain
Don't make me break rocks and hammer boulders
For now you know I can't make bail --
I'll rot in jail
Until my parole -- I'll be much older.
da da da da, da, da da da da.

Common LISP

(sung to ``Yesterday")

Common LISP,
All my programs must be Common LISP
If I protest, they just insist
Oh I must code in Common LISP

Suddenly
I can't run the code I wrote in T
All my objects have deserted me
Oh Common LISP came suddenly.

Why T had to go
They don't know, T would be missed.
I saw T take flight now I write in Common LISP.

Common LISP,
All my programs must be Common LISP
If I complain, they just get pissed.
Oh I must code in Common LISP

Dissertation

(sung to ``Satisfaction")

[incomplete??]

I can't get no
Dissertation.

I can't get no
Dissertation.

Cause I try,
and I try,
and I try,
and I try,
I can't get no
I can't get no

...

Roger

(sung to ``Suzanne")

Roger takes you down,
To his house out in Woodbridge.
You can sit in the jacuzzi
You can spend the night forever
And the sun pours down like honey
On our guru of the forest
And he feeds you wine and truffles
That came all the way from Paris
And just when you want to tell him
That you have no draft to give him
He gets you on his wavelength
And lets the water answer
That he hasn't read the first draft
And you want to be his student
And you want to learn AI
And you think you maybe trust him
'Cause he's trashed your latest chapter with his pen.

The Glory of Yale

(sung to ``The Glory of Love")

You've got to --- a little
--- a little
and --- --- --- a little.
That's the story of,
That's the glory of Yale.

1 dream scheme kick the walls and scream
2 write fight display a clever insight

As long as there's research to do
We've got to write more code in T.
And if our work is ever through,
We've got a Ph.D.

3 try cry give a paper at IJCAI
4 read bleed at Roger's parties smoke the weed

You get in debt, a little,
Sweat, a little,
Then go to Belmont and bet, a little.

You've got to code in T
Load in T
Then garbage collect your node, in T

You get to use Apollos
Abuse Apollos
And on the third floor blow a fuse with Apollos
That's the story of,
That's the glory of Yale.

The Programs That Crunch

(sung to ``The Ladies Who Lunch")
[a cynical song for Hammond]

Here's to the programs that crunch,
Everybody laugh.
Monte Carlo methods for checking a hunch
And cutting time in half.
For engineering, scientific
Numeric applications,
Use finite difference schemes in FORTRAN
For approximations.
I'll drink to that!

Here's to the programs that see
Everybody knows
Shadows make it hard to detect subtleties
Like feet without their toes.
But very soon, a robot arm
Equipped with TV lenses
Can play a hand of contract bridge
At gatherings of Mensa's.
I'll drink to that!

Here's to the programs that teach
Everybody clap!
Putting Seymour Papert's ideas into reach
With Logo on your lap.
Another Apple in the school,
How many more are prudent?
Another drill and practice tool
Another brain-dead student.
I'll drink to that!

Here's to the programs that plan
Everybody tries.
Remembering that a wok can't be used as a pan
In hamburger surprise.
Another recipe to make, another chance for
learning,
Another souffle dish to bake,
Do you smell something burning?
I'll drink to that!

Here's to the programs that think
Aren't they the best!
Modelling behavior of some missing link
Reading terrorist digests.
Another thousand lines of code
Triggers an expectation.
This time the program did not explode
We need an explanation!
I'll drink to that!

So's here's to the programs we write
Everybody tries.
Hoping to get some new and helpful insight
Or a product someone buys.
We are working till late in the night
Trying to get it just right.
Let's hear it for the programs we write:
Everybody rise!
Rise! Rise!

Read It

(sung to ``Beat It")

You're examining a thesis 'bout a program
named SAM
You know you have to know it,
know you have to cram
If you don't you sure as shooting gonna screw
up the exam
So read it, just read it.

Next you get a book by Anderson
explaining his HAM
And after that you have Wilensky's PAM
But spreading activation has turned
your mind to spam
So read it,

Pick up the report and

Read it, Read it,
God knows if you'll ever need it.
Don't forget planning, don't forget STRIPS,
If you're in trouble, write about scripts, but
Read it, Read it,
No one could have guaranteed it,
Don't forget packets, that includes MOPS,
Stare at your IJCAI, like a cyclops
And read it, read it, read it, read it...

You get a book by Chomsky that
looks like a breeze,
He shows how languages are
formed from syntax trees,
But all of his examples are
in ancient Portuguese,
Read it.

You get another thesis,
this time Meehan's TALESPIN,
You're frantic and exhausted, just can't begin,
You imagine Joe Bear being hunted in Berlin

But, read it.

Open up the book and

Read it, read it,
Even though you feel ennui'd, it
Has to get better, can't get no worse,
Try something different, read in reverse.
Read it, read it,
Parsing it into CD'd it
Still be confusing, boring and dull,
Still be a question, there on the qual,
Read it, read it.

You get the peer review journal
called the B and BS
The articles are interesting as watercress
You see that half the title is accurate I guess,
Read it, just read it.

You finished with the qual -
now you're glad to be through
You signed your answers all
as number twenty-two.
Now you have to wait for Roger, Elliot and Drew
To read it,

They will tear apart your test and

Read it, read it,
Going through your answers full-speed, it
Soon will be over, soon you will know,
If you are staying or out in the snow.
They'll read it, read it,
To see if you become Ph.D.'d, it
Still means you must work, late in the night,
Still have a dissertation to write,
Yes, Write it, write it, write it, write it...

Yale AI Songbook, 1988 Edition

It Ain't Necessarily So

It ain't necessarily so.
It ain't necessarily so.
What you learn at Yale College
'Bout parsing with knowledge --
It ain't necessarily so.

Li'l Roger is smart, but oh my.
Li'l Roger is smart, but oh my.
When he git on dat plane
He don't use no brain
Li'l Roger is smart, but oh my.

Parsin (parsin)
Cog'tive modelling (cog'tive modelling)
Artificial 'tell'gence (artificial 'tell'gence)
Eliza (eliza)
Yeah.

You don't need no big inference.
You don't need no big inference.
Forget backward chaining
Just use some lame-braining
You don't need no big inference.

In the input you find some keyword.
In the input you find some keyword.
An' you use that index
Get a story 'bout sex.
In the input you find some keyword.

Parsin (parsin)
Cog'tive modelling (cog'tive modelling)
Artificial 'tell'gence (artificial 'tell'gence)
Eliza (eliza)
Yeah.

It ain't necessarily so.
It ain't necessarily so.
This theory from Yale
May explain Danforth Quayle,
But it ain't necessarily so.

Yale AI Songbook, 1986 Edition, Part 2

Hush Little Yuppie

[A lullaby for the Pepsi generation]
(sung to "Hush Little Baby")

Hush little yuppie don't complain
You can go out and score cocaine.
If that coke don't get you blotto,
Go buy yourself a German auto.

If that German auto won't start,
Go buy yourself a Cusinart.
If that Cusinart don't slice,
Buy a VCR and pay full price.

If that VCR's not fine,
Go buy yourself some vintage wine.
If that vintage wine turns sour,
You can read a book by Eisenhower.

If Eisenhower makes you cry,
You can buy a plane and learn to fly.
If that plane lands on the rocks,
You can invest in bonds and stocks.

If those bonds and stocks are dead,
You can take a trip to Hilton Head.
If Hilton Head seems like the end,
Come on back home and buy a friend.

The City of New Haven

(sung to ``The City of New Orleans")

Writing in the city of New Haven
The AI lab at the school that's known as Yale.
Fifteen nodes and fifteen restless students
Editing files, sending electronic mail.

And the bits flow silently
As the keys click steadily
And the screen pops up windows filled with
news
And we read the current net.jokes
And drink a dozen diet Cokes.
This lab's got the midnight thesis blues.

Goodnight advisor how are you
Don't you know that we're on chapter one.
We're in the town they call the city of New
Haven.
We will write 100 words when the day is done.

Our program won't perform the way it's written.
We print a copy on the Imagen.
We spend untold hours tracing down the
problem.
The code is tricky -- hairy as Rin Tin Tin.

We have to crawl around the stacks
And try a dozen dirty hacks
But every time the program gags and dies.

Our filthy code would make you choke
And one by one our programs croak
Their bytes are dust before our very eyes.

Good morning advisor how are you
Don't you know our programs almost run.
We're in the town they call the city of New
Haven.
We will find 100 bugs when the day is done.

It's lunch time in the city of New Haven.
In three days we have yet to go to sleep.
We leave the lab in search of lost nutrition.
We walk to Clarkes and graze like stupid sheep.

We suffer through our aches and pains
As grease from Greece pollutes our veins
We feed on pizza full of feta cheese.
The cheese can really get our goats,
We eat dolmades and clutch our throats.
We are grateful when the final grape leaves.

Hello advisor how are you
Don't you know our meal is underdone.
We're in the town they call the city of New
Haven.
We will gain 100 pounds when our work is done.

Turn me Lisp Machine Off, Boys

(sung to ``Tie me kangaroo down, boys")

[At the University of Wollongong AI Project, an old
AI programmer is about to crash for the last time...]

Take me place at the lob, Bob.
Take me place at the lob.
It's not too much of a job, Bob.
Take me place at the lob.

Everybody now: (chorus)

Turn me Lisp Machine off, boys
Turn me Lisp Machine off.
Turn me Lisp Machine off, boys
Turn me Lisp Machine off.

Dry out all of my MOPS, Pops.
Dry out all of my MOPS.
Put them away with my TOPS, Pops.
Dry out all of my MOPS.
(chorus)

Kill me UNIX login, Ben.
Kill me UNIX login.
I can't play rogue again, Ben.
Kill me UNIX login.
(chorus)

Teach my intro class, Kass.
Teach my intro class.
The football players should pass, Kass.
Teach my intro class.
(chorus)

Tell Roger I'll be back in a week, Leake.
Tell Roger I'll be back in a week.
Just make sure he doesn't freak, Leake.
Tell Roger I'll be back in a week.
(chorus)

Don't let Noam Chomsky defame me, Jaime.
Don't let Noam Chomsky defame me.
He'll try to get one by me, Jaime.
Don't let Noam Chomsky defame me.
(chorus)

Don't let my students be trendy, Wendy
Don't let my students be trendy.
Expert systems offend me, Wendy.
Don't let my students be trendy.
(chorus)

I'm not very long for this planet, Janet.
I'm not very long for this planet.
If they set me on fire, please fan it, Janet.
I'm not very long for this planet.
(chorus)

I'm almost ready to bury, Larry,
I'm almost ready to bury.
I'd rather have dysentery, Larry.
I'm almost ready to bury.

Send my paper off to IJCAI, Guy.
Send my paper off to IJCAI.
Second singer:
Well, he got his reply from the blokes at IJCAI,
Who suggested that he go ahead and die.
All together now.

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\comment{
..You can keep the book by Polya, Tolya
Mike, Jim, Rick, Rich, Chris, Chuck, Neal, Drew,
Elliot (!),}
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That Lonesome Thesis

(sung to ``That Lonesome Valley")

You got to write that lonesome thesis.
You got to write it by yourself.
Ain't nobody here gonna write it for you.
You got to write it by yourself.

Some folks say you must write a program.
Some folks say you must write two.
But when you're done with that program.
You've got to write a thesis too.
(chorus)

You got to eat at Clarke's for dinner.
You got to eat at Clarke's for lunch.
Ain't nobody here gonna eat there with you.
You got to eat at Clarke's a bunch.
(chorus)

Joe LISP

(sung to ``Joe Hill")

I Dreamed I Saw Joe LISP last night
Alive as he could be.
But Joe, I said, You left with Kris.
I never left, said he.
I never left, said he.

Kris Hammond wrote your stories Joe
Both clever and absurd.
Says Joe, that's just what Kris told you.
He never wrote one word.
He never wrote one word.

But Joe, I said, Kris told your tales
Of crime and smut and thugs.
Says Joe, I got to tell you straight:
Kris Hammond sold me drugs.
Kris Hammond sold me drugs.

But when I couldn't pay in cash
Kris offered me a deal:
Write stories he could call his own
With wit and sex appeal.
With wit and sex appeal.

Joe looked at me without a grin [NOTE: Check original]
But smiling with his eyes
In AI labs around the land,
Go out and plagiarize.
Go out and plagiarize.

I Dreamed I Saw Joe LISP last night
Alive as he could be.
But Joe, I said, You left with Kris.
I never left, said he.
I never left, said he.

I Will

(Slade, 78, 81)
(Jerry/Tolya to Roger)
(Larry/Margot to Roger)
(sung to "I Will")

Who knows how long I've written
You know, I'm writing still
Will I write a lonely lifetime
If you want me to I will.

For if I ever finish
I'll get a Ph.D.
But it really doesn't matter
For I don't believe C.D.

Writing forever and forever
Writing with all my heart
Writing whenever we're together
Writing when we're apart.

And when at last I finish
I'll leave this dear old school
And I'll argue like a master
For no one can argue faster
Than this scruffy little flabbergaster
Who coded up ABDUL.

Roger's Restaurant

(sung to ``Alice's Restaurant")

You can do anything you want in Conceptual Dependency.
You can do anything you want in Conceptual Dependency.
Just write it down, and use CD.
Forget about Chomsky and screw TG.
You can do anything you want in Conceptual Dependency.

You can parse anything you want into Conceptual Dependency.
You can infer anything you want with Conceptual Dependency.
Just write it in LISP, and use CD.
Forget about Chomsky and syntax trees.
You can generate anything you want from Conceptual Dependency.

[Excepting syntax!]

We can do anything you think at Cognitive Systems, Inc.
We can do anything you think at Cognitive Systems, Inc.
Just walk right in, it's around the block.
You can be a customer or buy some stock.
We can do anything you think at Cognitive Systems, Inc.