

From: Ernest Adams  
Sent: Saturday, August 04, 2012 4:15 PM

Dear Dr. Freyd,

I'm very sorry and rather startled to hear of your loss. I was at Stanford from 1978 through 1984, and knew JQ, although I can't honestly say that I knew him well. I remember him as a warm, funny, and very good-natured man who undoubtedly had his hands full dealing with so many rambunctious undergraduates. I never saw him angry or distressed about anything, although goodness knows a few of our number must have given him reason.

I called myself the "self-appointed archivist" of the LOTS Songs while I was at Stanford, but after I left I lost touch, and if there were ever any more written, I don't know about them. All this really meant is that I collected the songs as they were posted on the online bulletin board and stored them in a file. I have attached a text file to this message containing the archive as it was when I left -- they are stored as a series of E-mail messages. I think it includes all the ones on Evan Kirshenbaum's web site though.

The JQ Johnson song isn't very good, I'm afraid. I wrote it quickly and without much thought; it's largely nonsense. Like most of the LOTS Songs, it is full of obscure references to aspects of LOTS itself (such as the CERAS building), or features of the DEC-20 operating system. I don't know if you were an assembly language programmer when you were there, so forgive me if I'm patronizing you. JSYS stands for Jump to SYStem and is a collective term for any service provided by the operating system to user programs, such as opening and closing files. A program calls a JSYS when it needs the operating system to do something. Of course, I simply chose the term because of a superficial resemblance to "Jesus" in the original song; in context, it makes no sense. The EXEC refers to the operating system generally, if I recall correctly -- JQ did a fair amount of low-level programming on the system.

I'm afraid I don't recall what the JOBDIR table is at all. A spy program was a program that users could run to inform them when any of a list of friends logged in or out. (It was not nefarious, in spite of the name.) "Wheels" were for some reason Digital's name for privileged users who could read other users' files and manipulate the system at a low level; they could also solve problems that could not be corrected by an ordinary user. A small number of highly-trusted students were given "wheel bits" -- a designation in their account information that made them wheels. This is the source of the line "we'd like to have a bit to access other users' files." JQ was a wheel, of course.

...

-----1980 ARCHIVE of LOTS SONGS -----

Date: 28 Oct 1980 2323-PST  
From: E.Ernest at CERAS (Ernest W. Adams)  
Subject: Introduction

These are the LOTS Songs. Their serious collection first began around December of 1979, although a couple, most notably "The Man Who Never Returned" and "I Don't Know LOTS" were around for quite a while before that. Both of those songs were written by Karl B. Young, who would come around LOTS of an evening, guitar in hand, and provide the users with a brief respite from their efforts.

After a while, Karl began threatening to graduate, and it became apparent that if something were not done soon, these gems would disappear like the last of the Mohicans. I asked him to put the words on the system. At the same time, I broadcast a general plea for any and all other known LOTS Songs to be brought forward for immortalization. While no other old ones turned up, people began submitting new ones in droves. After a while, there were even enough to have a small "concert", and so the LOTS Concerts were born. Every quarter (that I can afford it), near the end, when the load gets up to 40 and the queue to 240, and the users begin to bring in sleeping bags and No-Doz, the hackers host a free (donations GLADLY accepted) drink and munchies songfest, first at CERAS, then at Terman. New and old songs are sung, and a good time is had by all.

If you are interested in writing a song, just work out the lyrics, in as good a rhyme and meter as you can manage, and send them to me, E.Ernest. Shortly thereafter, it will appear here.

Bureaucratic note: All the LOTS Songs are the personal property of the authors and appear here with their consent. Brief quotes for review or illustrative purposes are permissible; however, any complete transcription must be arranged with the author in advance. In cases where the songs are quoted, common courtesy suggests that the quotations be properly credited.

Enjoy!  
Ernest W. Adams  
Self-Appointed LOTS Archivist

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21-Nov-79 21:37:06-PST,662;000000000001  
Date: 21 Nov 1979 2137-PST  
From: E.Ernest  
Subject: Early Morning Queue

Early Morning Queue

lyrics by Ernest Adams  
sung to the tune of "Early Morning Rain" by Gordon Lightfoot

In the early morning queue  
With a listing in my hand  
With a worry in my heart  
Waitin' here in CERAS-land.  
I'm a long way from sleep  
How I miss a good meal so  
In the early mornin' queue  
With no place to go.

There on terminal number 9  
Pascal run all set to go  
But I'm waitin' in the queue  
With this code that ever grows.  
Now the lobby chairs are soft  
But that can't make the queue move fast  
Hey there it goes my friend  
I've moved up one at last.

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21-Nov-79 21:38:30-PST,1297;000000000001  
Date: 21 Nov 1979 2138-PST  
From: E.Ernest  
Subject: The User

The User

lyrics by Ernest Adams  
sung to the tune of "The Boxer" by Paul Simon

I am just a user, though my story's seldom told  
I am squandering allocation to talk to a Consultant back in 105  
This program's due, still the compiler reads what it wants to read  
And barfs upon the rest...

When I left my dorm and the world outside  
I was just a new user  
In the company of wheels  
In the class of CS 106, runnin' scared  
Laying low, seeking out the weirder manuals where only wizards go  
Picking up on things that only wizards know.

Asking only fifteen hours, I come looking for a bit  
But I get no offers  
Just a wink and some advice about a fake account.  
I had to steal, sometimes I needed time so badly  
That I went and bribed a wheel, lie lie lie lie lie lie lie...

Now I'm laying out my program code and wishing I was gone, going home  
Where my errors and my Emacs aren't beeping me  
Beeping me, going home.

Beep-da-feep, etc.

At a terminal sits a hacker, and a wheel by his prompt  
And his screen shows the reminders  
Of every bug that broke his code or HALTFed  
Till he cried out, in his anger and his shame  
"I am leaving, logout, killjob" but the hacker still remains...

Beep-da-feep...

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21-Nov-79 21:39:16-PST,719;0000000000001

Date: 21 Nov 1979 2139-PST

From: E.Ernest

Subject: This Haz Ain't Your Haz

This Haz Ain't Your Haz

lyrics by Ernest Adams  
sung to the tune of "This Land is Your Land" by Woody Guthrie

This Haz ain't your Haz  
This Haz is my Haz  
From the Klingon warfleet  
To the Ad-ven-ture maze  
From the caves of wumpus  
To the halls of BASIC  
This Haz was re-served just for me.

As I was walking  
Through the CERAS lobby  
I saw about me  
The hackers happy  
I d'cided then I'd  
Take 106 too  
And I'd learn to program just like you.

This Haz ain't your Haz  
This Haz is my Haz  
From the Emacs buffers  
To the Debug rat race  
And now I'm queasy  
Pascal ain't easy  
And in another hour this program's due.

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21-Nov-79 23:19:57-PST,1212;000000000001  
Date: 21 Nov 1979 2319-PST  
From: E.Ernest  
Subject: J.Q. Johnson  
cc: J.JQJOHNSON

J.Q. Johnson

lyrics by Ernest Adams  
sung to the tune of "Mrs. Robinson" by Paul Simon

And here's to you, J.Q. Johnson  
JSYS loves you more than you will know  
Oh-oh-oh.  
God bless you please, J.Q. Johnson  
CERAS has a Haz for those who hack  
Ack-ack-ack.  
Ack-ack-ack.

We'd like to have a bit to access other users' files.  
We'd like to know where the on-line info is.  
Look around you, all you see are dumb monitor hacks.  
Stroll around the EXEC until you find a bug

Chorus:

Put sources in a directory where no one ever goes.  
Keep them on the scratch disk with the games.  
Why the secret about your first two given names?  
Most of all you've got to hide them from the wheels

Chorus:

Sitting at a terminal on a Sunday afternoon  
Listening to the hardware freaks debate  
Drop the JOBDIR table or keep the spy programs  
Every way you look at this you lose.

Where have you gone, Ralphie Gorin?  
The mem'ry turns its busted core to you  
Oo-oo-oo.  
What's that you say, J.Q. Johnson?  
Rumblin' Ralph has left and gone away?  
Hey-hey-hey.  
Hey-hey-hey.

This one still wants help in spots...

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22-Nov-79 02:27:37-PST,907;000000000011

Date: 22 Nov 1979 0227-PST

From: B.BERLIN

Subject: Shall I, Wasting in Despair

Shall I Wasting in Despair

lyrics by Richard Berlin

Shall I, wasting in despair  
Die because the queue is there?  
Terman has a hundred-four--  
Maybe I should go to SCORE?  
CS10x is due  
And the IE programs, too...  
If they aren't done today  
There will sure be hell to pay.

Shall I from the queue delete  
Or relax and take a seat?  
When my name the term'nal blips  
Cries of joy will from my lips  
Rise to fill the CERAS hall  
To the jealousy of all  
If my program works this time  
Wouldn't that be just sublime?

Shall I run DEBUG or just  
Get a listing and entrust  
The consultant with my file?  
Maybe if he hacks awhile  
He can get the thing to run--  
Aren't PASCAL programs FUN???

Either we can get them right  
Or remain at LOTS all night!

--RIB 11-Nov-79

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22-Nov-79 03:10:11-PST,1119;000000000001  
Date: 22 Nov 1979 0310-PST  
From: M.MRC  
Subject: Hack-Less

sung to the tune of "Heartless" by HEART  
lyrics by Mark Crispin

The wizard told me come back again next week  
"I think that you need me"  
All I could do was sigh -  
I wanted to die  
"When can you see me?"  
Cause there's a bug out there  
Seems like it's everywhere  
You know it just ain't FAIR!"

Hack-less, Hack-less  
The system will never never let me hit CTRL  
Hack-less, Hack-less  
Crocks in the name of being featureful!  
Hack-less, Hack-less  
They think it's so damn cool to be drool -  
They'll never realize the way LOTS dies  
When the queue is always full!

Late night up in the CERAS room  
Where the LPT's are churning  
Try to log on but my alloc's gone  
For my EMACS I'm yearning.  
They say they understand  
But I can't read their PLAN  
Or do a ^E command!

Hack-less, Hack-less  
The system will never never let me hit CTRL  
Hack-less, Hack-less  
Crocks in the name of being featureful!  
Hack-less, Hack-less  
They think it's so damn cool to be drool -

They'll never realize the way LOTS dies  
When the queue is always full!

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22-Nov-79 03:19:41-PST,838;000000000001  
Date: 22 Nov 1979 0319-PST  
From: M.MRC  
Subject: I'll Never Hack at LOTS Again  
To: E.Ernest

I'll Never Hack at LOTS Again

lyrics by Mark Crispin  
sung to the tune of "I'll Never Fall in Love Again" by Burt Bacharach

What do you get when you cause a crash  
You only get frozen, and your files deleted;  
And I feel, that I've been cheated -  
I'll never hack at LOTS again

What do you get when you need a page  
You only get EXPUNGE but no SX: directory  
Or get told to climb a tree  
I'll never hack at LOTS again

Don't tell me what it's all about  
'Cause I've hacked there and I'm glad I'm out  
Out of the queue, out of CERAS  
I'm going back to my good old TRS!

What do you do when your assignment's due?  
You find a fake account or two to borrow  
So for at least, until tomorrow  
I'll never hack at LOTS again

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22-Nov-79 21:51:01-PST,854;000000000001  
Date: 22 Nov 1979 2151-PST  
From: T.TOPAZ  
Subject: Computer

sung to the tune of "Cecilia" by Paul Simon  
lyrics by Haruka Takano (22-Nov-79)

CHORUS: Computer  
You're blowing my mind  
You're shaking my confidence daily  
Oh, Computer



I'm down on my knees  
I'm begging you please, don't go down  
Don't go down!

Waiting in line to have some time  
On the terminal in carrel #5.  
It was my turn and I sat down  
On the screen flashed a message, the system was dead.

(CHORUS)

Typing my program in at LOTS  
For five hours I've worked and it's written at last.  
I typed an 'e' to save my file  
"%DECSYSTEM-20 NOT RUNNING" was all that it said.

(CHORUS)

Coming to work at 9AM  
If my program will run, I can pass this damn course.  
No one is here. What can be wrong?  
LOTS is down for PM and won't be up until 12.

(CHORUS)

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26-Nov-79 00:49:57-PST,2614;000000000001  
Date: 26 Nov 1979 0049-PST  
From: M.McLure  
Subject: HACKADU

## HACKADU

In Hackadu did Hackers Few  
An awesome program-hack command:  
Where 20, the sacred system, grew  
Through monitors nobody knew  
Down during the great demand.  
Always twice two months to newer release  
With TTY's and EMACS to bring the peace:  
And here was software smothered by edit-line effects,  
Where many a bureaucrat sauntered across the land,  
And where MSG/TELNET/FTP were ancient as TENEX,  
Constricting winning spots into the bland.

But oh! those abiding Hackers Few were cunning  
And leapt the heights of unimaginable lossage!

A savage place; as daemonic and sinning  
as e'er which plastered a screen with "%DECSYSTEM-20 Not Winning"  
B'fore users exhausted from the barfage!  
And from this chaos, with irresistable force,  
As if this thing were itself the Source,  
A mighty idea came glistening to Hackers Fewest  
Amid whose logic the sinning 20 burst  
Huge fragments of scheduler flung forth like rebounding netmail,  
Or chaffy words beneath the BLT's flail:  
And 'mid this stupendous destruction at once and forever  
It flung up the 20 to permanently sever.  
Pages and pages of listings the burning grew  
Through structures and directories in the Coup,  
Then reached the sources known to few,  
And slaughtered in tumult the offending mass:  
And 'mid this tumult Hackers Few heard from afar  
Ancestral systems declaring war!

The shadows of the program-hack  
Floated strongly on the net;  
Where was heard the anguished cry of the Sack  
From which they inferred they'd win, they bet.  
A true war of Hackers Few against Timesharing,  
With the ancestors of the 20 battling forth with infinite daring!

A 10 with a mighty cpu  
In this battle the Hackers Few espied:  
It was a DEC original that knew,  
That once the Hackers Few irresistibly grew,  
It would forever be banned to limbo.  
Could it wreak havoc upon the Few?  
With its powerful CPU?  
To such a deep satisfaction the answer is no,  
That with a slice of their sword through its board,  
The Hackers Few did clobber its bagbiting cord,  
To realize the Source, the Idea, the Solution!  
And all the users who saw this mighty battle raging,  
And shrieked, Tsk! Tsk!  
While the 10s' and 20s' flashed screens, their crashing disks!  
The Few weaved a carnage about this awful outpouring,  
And closed the 10s' and 20s' eyes,  
For the Hackers Few had earlier fed upon the lies  
And now had drunk the milk of Personal Computing.

Stuart McLure Cracraft

(with apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge)

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5-Dec-79 21:13:29-PST,642;000000000001  
Date: 5 Dec 1979 2113-PST  
From: K.Kanef  
Subject: Keypunchers punch it on cards

sung to the tune of "Stonecutters cut it on stone" from CAROUSEL  
lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

My mother used to say to me,  
"When you grow up, my son,  
I hope you're as dumb as your father was  
'Cause a hacker ain't no fun!"

Keypunchers punch it on cards;  
Archivers dump it on tape:  
There's nothing so bad for a system as  
The hackers it drives ape.

'Tain't so! 'Tis too!  
'Tain't so! 'Tis too!

The disk drive turns your life away.  
There's no relief in sight.  
Debugging assignments for classes all day  
And aimless hacking all night.

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11-Dec-79 00:30:56-PST,862;000000000001  
Date: 11 Dec 1979 0030-PST  
From: K.Kanef  
Subject: ttmsg to Operator

Sung to the tune of "Operator" by Jim Croce  
Lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

Operator,  
Oh, would you help me send this mail?  
See, that zero on his mail box is its protection.  
Holed up in 105  
With my best friend S.Strive  
And they even REF SYSed on my objection.

Isn't that the way the system works?  
But let's forget all that  
And change the protection if you can find it

So I can mail just to tell 'em I'm fine  
And to show  
I've overcome a blow that would have hurt you all;  
I only wish my words could just convince myself  
That it just wasn't real.  
But it sure wasn't virtual.

Operator,  
Let's forget about this mail.  
See, I don't want to send to someone I can't TALK to.  
You're so good to listen.  
You've really helped my will to stiffen.  
And you can keep the jfn.

-----  
11-Dec-79 00:36:19-PST,650;000000000001  
Date: 11 Dec 1979 0036-PST  
From: K.Kanef  
Subject: Allocation in a bottle

Sung to the tune of "Time in a Bottle" by Jim Croce  
Lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

If I could save time in a bottle,  
The first thing that I'd like to seek  
Is to save every hour, like a beautiful flower  
And use them all up in a week.

Chorus:  
But there never seems to be enough time  
To do the things you gotta do once you want to.  
I've worked on this enough to see my allocation's gonna be  
A problem.

If I could stay logged in forever,  
If words could ^E and SET,  
I'd save for a year 'til vacation was here  
And then do it all through the Net.

Chorus

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11-Dec-79 00:42:32-PST,518;000000000001  
Date: 11 Dec 1979 0042-PST  
From: K.Kanef  
Subject: The twelfth day of Christmas

Sung to the tune of "The Twelve Days of Christmas"

Lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love gave to me

Twelve PUSHJs stacking  
Eleven strings unpacking  
Ten hackers hacking  
Nine crunchers crunching  
Eight users using  
Seven cretins losing  
Six queues a-growing  
Five a s c i z s t r i n g s  
Four subroutines  
Three long sends  
Two heavy sighs  
And a terminal made by HP

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11-Dec-79 23:06:10-PST,349;000000000001

Date: 11 Dec 1979 2306-PST

From: K.Kanef

Subject: Nowhere man

Sung to the tune of "Nowhere Man" by the Beatles

Lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

He's a real nowhere man  
Sitting in his nowhere land  
Making all his nowhere plans  
For nobody.

Doesn't have a point of view;  
Knows not where he's going to  
Hasn't he a bit like you and me?

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11-Dec-79 23:06:39-PST,402;000000000001

Date: 11 Dec 1979 2306-PST

From: K.Kanef

Subject: Hot Child in the CTY

Sung to the tune of "Hot Child in the City" by Nick Gilder

Lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

No one know who she is, or what her name is.  
I don't know where she came from, or what her game is.  
Hot child in the CTY.

Hot child in the CTY.  
Looking wild and running PTYs.  
Hot child in the CTY.  
(She's kinda dangerous.)

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13-Dec-79 12:39:00-PST,773;000000000001  
Date: 13 Dec 1979 1239-PST  
From: D.DChen  
Subject: J. Random User

By b.berlin and d.dchen (no, we don't have real names).

To be sung to 'Eleanor Rigby', by the Beatles.

j. random user.  
Running a program that tells him 'retry with more core'--  
EDIT some more.

j. random user.  
Munging his files, the user beguiles JQ.  
What's he to do.

All the lonely hackers. Why do they all recurse?  
(Sing the song 'Eleanor.rigby' here)  
All the lonely lackers. Why don't we skip this verse?

l. random luser.  
Making a .EXE file out of .P A S  
Ain't it a mess.

c. random cruncher.  
Writing an eighty page program called PROG1.FOR  
Ain't it a sore.

All the lonely hackers. Why do they all log in?  
All the lonely lackers. Where do they all belong?

-----  
18-Feb-80 22:12:20-PST,2726;000000000001  
Date: 18 Feb 1980 2212-PST  
From: K.KarlB  
Subject: The Man Who Never Returned

The Man Who Never Returned (the ralphie song)

lyrics by Karl B. Young

sung to the tune of "Charlie and the MTA" by ?

Gonna tell you all a story 'bout a man named Ralphie,  
He was workin' down at LOTS one day.  
Everything was going smoothly when the screen reached up and grabbed him,  
He's been missing ever since that day.

And will he ever return? He may never return.  
And his fate will be unlearned.  
He'll reside forever in the LOTS computer,  
As the man who never returned.

Well Queenie gave a scream and that was all that J.Q. needed,  
As towards the screen he lunged.  
He dashed off a system message saying Ralph had been deleted,  
And no one was to expunge.

Or else he'll never return. No, he'll never return.  
And his fate will be unlearned.  
He'll reside forever in the LOTS computer,  
As the man who never returned.

The load jumped up to 42 as soon as Ralph had entered,  
They were fearing it would crash.  
It was hard to think of poor old Ralph as just another core dump,  
So they acted in a flash.

Yes, they called a meeting of the wheels and hackers and consultants,  
And their knowledge they did merge.  
They decided that they each would go on down and try to find him  
Through a binary tree search.

And will that help him return? He may never return.  
And his fate will be unlearned (Poor old Ralphie).  
He'll reside forever in the LOTS computer,  
As the man who never returned.

Well, I went to look through all the caves and caverns of Adventure,  
North and South and Up and Down and on the sides.  
Then I heard a sound and turned and saw--THE DWARF WAS REALLY RALPHIE!  
He was out to get my hide!!

So I threw the axe, he caught it deftly; chortled with a "Har, har",  
As he chased me up the dome.  
As one last chance, I threw the food--he ate and then was friendly,  
I said "Plugh" and we were home.

And did he ever return? Yes, he safely returned  
With the treasure that he earned (good old Ralphie).  
He is saved forever from the LOTS computer.  
We are glad that he returned.

Now, ye citizens of Stanford, we hope you have learned your lessons,  
When these games you wish to play.  
But for a single digit, Ralphie could have been a Klingon  
And then phasered right away.

So we ask you please to watch the load and, if the disk is full,  
To delete all your old slush.  
And if you insist to play all day, we ask you to remember  
That even you can be flushed.

And then you'll never return, no, you'll never return  
No matter how you yearn. (Just like Ralphie)  
You'll be banned forever from the LOTS computer  
Like the man who never returned.

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18-Feb-80 22:12:37-PST,1026;000000000001  
Date: 18 Feb 1980 2212-PST  
From: K.KarlB  
Subject: I Don't Know LOTS

I Really Don't Know LOTS

lyrics by Karl B. Young  
sung to the tune of "Both Sides Now" by Joni Mitchell

Rows and rows of empty screens,  
And not a user to be seen.  
My program works, my code is clean  
I've looked at LOTS that way.  
But now its all a different song.  
My input's right; my output's wrong.  
I had a file, but now it's gone--  
Deleted right away.

I've looked at LOTS from both sides now,  
Logged in and out,  
And still somehow,  
It's LOTS Adventure I recall.



I really don't know LOTS at all.

Hazeltines were everywhere,  
Consultants answered with a flair.  
The printer worked without repair.  
I've looked at LOTS that way.  
But now the queue is acting strange--  
It used to work, somehow it changed.  
My time is gone, the load has gained  
And killed my job away.

I've looked at LOTS from both sides now,  
From up and down  
And still somehow,  
It's LOTS Adventure I recall.  
I really don't know LOTS at all.

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13-Jun-79 22:42:52-PDT,787;000000000001  
Date: 13 Jun 1979 2242-PDT  
From: T.Topaz  
Subject: LOTS Is Painless  
To: k.karlb

### LOTS is Painless

Lyrics by Haruka Takano  
Sung to the tune of "Suicide is Painless" by ?

It's early morning and I hear  
Keyboards clatter everywhere  
Why are all these people here  
Looking grim and near despair

Chorus:       And suicide is painless  
          It brings on many changes  
          And you can take or leave it  
          If you please

With finals just around the bend  
I have to turn this program in  
I need more time, oh help me friend  
The queue grow longer with no end

Chorus

A TA once requested me  
Debug my program carefully  
But what was wrong I could not see  
It just gave some strange PC

Chorus

Any suggestions for more verses or modifications of these?

Haruka

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14-Mar-80 13:42:43-PST,1685;000000000001

Date: 14 Mar 1980 1342-PST

From: B.BERLIN

Subject: Goodbye, Terminal Queue

Goodbye, Terminal Queue

Lyrics by Richard Berlin

(To be sung, naturally enough, to Goodbye Yellow Brick Road, by  
Elton John!)

When is it gonna go down?  
When is it going to crash?  
I should have stayed in my dorm  
I can do without all this trash!  
You know I've been here forever  
Waiting in the stupid queue  
I've only waited seven hours  
And I'm number sixty-two  
Oo,oo,oo  
Ah--  
Woh,oh,oh  
Oh.

Watchin' the CERAS ceiling  
It looks like it's getting light  
I haven't even got a terminal  
And I've been waiting here all night  
It's getting so I can't take it  
We're all a bunch of nervous wrecks--  
Guyana was a cocktail party  
Compared to C S 1 O X  
Oo, oo, oo,  
Ah--

Woh,oh,oh

So goodbye, terminal queue  
I'm tired of waiting for you  
I can't stand living in CERAS  
Im getting out of this ZOO!  
Back to my own little bed  
To soothe my poor,aching head  
I've finally decided my futute lies  
Beyond the CERAS queue.

I think I must be going crazy  
I just can't believe my eyes  
Type 'execute', and it says 'DON'T PLAY  
PASCAL WHEN THE LOAD IS HIGH'  
Control-t says the load is fifty  
And all I want to do  
Is forget the day that I ran OPEN  
And never see another queue  
In my life--  
Ah--  
Woh,oh,oh

So goodbye, terminal queue  
I'm tired of waiting for you  
I can't stand living in CERAS  
Im getting out of this ZOO!  
Back to my own little bed  
To soothe my poor,aching head  
I've finally decided my future lies  
Beyond the CERAS queue.

--Richard Berlin  
(With the customary apologies to  
Elton John.)

-----  
25-Mar-80 22:02:01-PST,1776;000000000001  
Date: 25 Mar 1980 2201-PST  
From: K.KARLB  
Subject: Computer Man  
To: e.ernest

Computer Man  
Lyrics by Karl B. Young  
Sung to the tune of "Piano Man" by Billy Joel

It's 11 o'clock on a Thursday.  
The regular crowd shuffles in.  
There's a freshman sitting next to me  
Trying to type his program in.

He says 'Sir, won't you give me some memory?  
I'm not really sure how much more.  
But I had me some code and now, due to the load,  
I can't seem to get it in core.'

La, la la, la la, la la la la,  
La la, la la la, la, la...

CHORUS:

Give us some HELP, you're the computer man.  
Give us some HELP tonight.  
'Cause we're all in that queue, and this program is due,  
And we have just run out of time.

Now, Kirk at the desk is a friend of mine.  
He gives me my time for free.  
Yeah, he's quick on the keys, even quicker to freeze,  
But there's someplace that he'd rather be.

And the coed is practicing politics  
As her smile at the TA is sweet.  
And she's playing a game they call gettin' ahead  
But it's better than an incomplete.

La, la la, la la, la la la la,  
La la, la la la, la, la...

CHORUS:

It's a pretty good crowd for a Thursday,  
And the load's correspondingly high.  
I type fast as she goes, and still not a thing shows,  
As I wait an hour for a reply.

And the lineprinter sounds like a Model T.  
And the magnetic tape's acting queer.  
They come in 105, and they hand me their jive,  
And say, 'Man, what are you doing here?'

La, la la, la la, la la la la,  
La la, la la la, la, la....

## CHORUS

Suggested extra verse (Kanef)  
It's a pretty good crowd for a Thursday  
And the manager gives me a frown  
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been coming to see  
And they're weighing the poor system down.

-----

6-Apr-80 16:08:57-PST,1106;000000000001  
Date: 6 Apr 1980 1608-PST  
From: Rick Stone  
Subject: Today...

To be sung to the tune of "Today (while the blossoms still cling to the vine)"  
lyrics by Rick Stone

At LOTS the Dec-20 is fighting with mobs,  
My program sits swapping with 82 jobs,  
A million assignments are given each day  
Using this 'puter, and guess, in the end, who pays!

I'm not a hacker with shriek for an "at" sign,  
I'm just a geneticist tied up in knots.  
Multiplication to me means division,  
So why the hell am I at LOTS?

At LOTS the Dec-20 is fighting with mobs,  
My program sits swapping with 82 jobs,  
A million assignments on Friday are due  
Using this 'puter, so guess, who is given the screw!

I've MAILED to J.Q., and begged time from Queenie,  
I've asked Ralph these questions that HELP could not parse.  
Why is it, when half the campus is in queue,  
This school doesn't notice the farce?

At LOTS the Dec-20 is fighting with mobs,  
My program sits swapping with 82 jobs,

TWENEX won't crash next, but merely explode.  
For "105"'s not a C.S.D. class it's - THE LOAD!

-----

18-Apr-80 14:24:10-PST,1542;000000000001

Date: 18 Apr 1980 1424-PST

From: K.Kanef

Subject: Fifty Ways to Write Your Program

Fifty Ways to Write Your Program

lyrics by Bob Kanefsky

sung to the tune of "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover" by Paul Simon

"The problem is all inside your head," she said to me.

"The program is easy if it's done recursively.

I'd like to help you in your struggle for a 'B';

There must be fifty ways to write your program.

Fifty ways to write your program."

Chorus: (You just) read the damn screen, Gene.

Type control-T, Lee.

Run it again, Ken.

Then watch it and see.

Wait in the queue, Lou.

Edit the file, Kyle.

No need to delete, Pete:

Just listen to me.

Push down the stack, Jack.

Don't you dare come back!

Go see a TA, Ray.

And just let me be.

She said, "It's really not my job to interfere

Even though I see your algorithm won't work in a year.

But I'll repeat myself, at the risk of being clear:

There must be fifty ways to write your program.

Fifty ways to write your program."

Chorus

She said, "It grieves me so that you're still off the track.

There must be something I can do to get you off my back."

I said, "I appreciate that, and would you please explain about the  
fifty ways?"

She said "Why don't you just come back tommorrow night,  
When I believe there's a consultant who's both good-natured and  
bright."

With that she logged out, and I realized she probably was right:  
There must be fifty ways to write your program.  
Fifty ways to write your program.

Chorus

-----

25-May-80 12:45:27-PDT,916;000000000001

Date: 25 May 1980 1245-PDT

From: Rick Stone

Subject: I Sit Waiting For Response

To be sung to the tune "If I Only Had A Brain" from The Wizard of Oz.

I waste hours, sometimes da-ays,  
Sitting; staring at my Ha-az,  
    As I wonder what it wants.  
And my hair, I am tearing,  
For I find it very wearing,  
    To be waiting for response.

The consultants merely gri-in,  
And just say that I won't wi-in,  
    (I asked for help, not taunts!)

From <Return> to [...Execution]  
The earth spins a revolution.  
    As I'm waiting for response.

Oh I,  
Can tell you why,  
This twenty is so slow.  
But so what! For you see here - cowering low.  
Two hundred students,  
they ALL will know!

I once thought (when I was bolder),  
I'd get graphs with colored folder,  
    Reports in several fonts.  
When it takes a week to spo-ol,  
I then ask you, "Who's the fo-ol  
    Who is waiting for response?"

-----

28-Oct-80 23:00:26-PST,2545;000000000001

Date: 28 Oct 1980 2300-PST

From: E.Ernest at CERAS (Ernest W. Adams)  
Subject: The Loser of the System

Sung to the tune of "The Coward of the County", by Kenny Rogers.  
Lyrics by Ernest Adams.

Everyone considered him the loser of the system.  
He never wrote a word of code that proved the system wrong.  
His mama named him Tommy, but the TA's called him Lossage.  
Somethin' always told me his code was much too long.

Tommy was a new user when JQ flushed his roommate  
He was helping Tommy when he was taking 106.  
I still recall the final words his roommate MAILED to Tommy  
"Kid, I've just been clobbered; I guess you'll hit the sticks."

CHORUS:

"Promise me, kid  
Not to do the things I did.  
Walk away from CERAS when you can.  
Now you don't have to cheat;  
It can wait another week,  
And roomie, I sure hope you understand:  
You don't have to hack to write programs."

There's one CUSP for everyone, and Tommy's CUSP was EMACS  
In its fork he didn't have to hack to write his code.  
One night while he was working the system went unstable.  
The crashes munged his files (And there were three of them).

When Tommy did a D I R and saw his programs munched up  
The lost work, the broken code was more than he could stand.  
He reached into his wallet, ripped up his roommate's picture  
As the shreds fell on the CERAS floor he heard these words again:

CHORUS

"Promise me, kid  
Not to do the things I did.  
Walk away from CERAS when you can.  
Now you don't have to cheat;  
It can wait another week,  
And roomie, I sure hope you understand:  
You don't have to hack to write programs."



The TA folks just stared at him as he walked up towards their table.  
One of them got up and went and hid inside the john.  
When Tommy went in back they said, "Thank gosh, he's askin' JQ."  
(But you should have seen their eyes bug when Tommy sat and logged a job in.)

Nine long weeks of losin' were bottled up inside him.  
He wasn't holdin' nothing back, he DEBUGged all night long.  
When Tommy left the lobby not a program was unfinished  
He said, "Thank gosh for EMACS" as he walked into the dawn.

(And I heard him say)

### CHORUS

"I promised you, kid  
Not to do the things you did.  
I've walked away from CERAS when I could.  
But I didn't want to cheat;  
It couldn't wait another week,  
And roomie, I sure hope you understand:  
Sometimes you got to hack to write programs."

Everyone considered him the loser of the system...

-----

13-Oct-80 03:37:51-PDT,1763;000000000011  
Date: 13 Oct 1980 0337-PDT  
From: K.Kanef at CERAS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: I Wonder What the System is Doing Tonight

I Wonder What the System Is Doing Tonight  
(sung to the tune of I Wonder What the King Is Doing Tonight from CAMELOT)

I know what our users are thinking today  
As over their listings they putter: ;these line spoken  
Everyone smiling in secret dismay  
As they stare at their ttys and mutter.  
Whenever the queue grows this short,  
You can almost hear everyone snort:  
"I wonder what the system is doing tonight.  
Which one of us it's so bent on screwing tonight.  
The lights on the front end, they never burned as bright.  
I wonder what the system is down for tonight.  
How goes the intercession  
When the load is in recession  
And many of the users are far-flung?"  
Well I'll tell you what the system is doing tonight: it's hung!

It's hung?  
You mean LOTS survived last Monday morning  
Perfectly well, then without warning  
Brings itself down in the middle of the night?  
Right!  
A night when the site's so still and quiet  
Even the hackers aren't by it  
LOTS gets itself into an awful mess?  
Yes!  
You mean that appalling clammering  
That sounds like a blacksmith hammering  
Is frustrated users banging on their keys?  
Please!  
You wonder what the system is hashing tonight?  
It's running around in circles, thrashing, tonight!  
What occupies its time, which no one's here to use?  
It's searching high and low for files to lose!  
And oh, the chance for greediness  
The uninterrupted speediness  
It must offer to the users who remain!  
Well I'll tell you what the system is offering tonight:  
It's hung! It's thrashing!  
It's looping! It's crashing!  
And that's what the system's doing tonight.

-----

26-Oct-80 14:44:15-PST,1190;000000000001  
Date: 26 Oct 1980 1444-PST  
From: K.Kanef at CERAS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: "Wait for a Hazeltine"  
Parody-of: "America" by Simon and Garfunkel

"Let us be hackers; we'll merge all our programs together.  
I've got some good ones right here on my tape."  
So we walked up to the pig machines  
And bought synthetic pies  
And queued in to wait for a Hazeltine.

"Kathy", I said as we searched through my program with EMACS,  
"IBM seems like a dream to me now.  
It took me four days to punch up that subroutine!  
I've come to wait for a Hazeltine."

Laughing at the queue, making fun of the users.  
She said the grad student with the long name was a spy.  
I said "Be careful: his terminal's really an A-bomb."

"Let's go log in again; you've still got some allocation."  
"We used the last of it hours ago."  
So I told her my username.  
She put it in the queue.  
And the moon shone down through the roof on us.

"Kathy, it's broke", I said, though I knew she was sleeping.  
"It's looping and losing and I don't know why."  
Counting the users at Ceras and Terman; they've  
All come to wait for a Hazeltine.  
All come to wait for a Hazeltine.  
All come to wait for a Hazeltine.

-----  
24-Oct-80 20:48:25-PDT,936;000000000001  
Date: 24 Oct 1980 2048-PDT  
From: Haruka Takano <T.Topaz>  
Subject: Don't You Know What I Know?

Don't You Know What I Know?  
lyrics by Haruka Takano  
written 24-Oct-80

Walking into Ceras in the night  
Don't you see what I see?  
People lining up to get in line  
Don't you see what I see?

A queue, a queue  
Growing in the night  
With a tail that's nowhere in sight  
With a tail that's nowhere in sight!

Wondering why I get no response  
Don't you hear what I hear?  
I ask the consultant what is wrong  
Don't you hear what I hear?

A beep, a flash  
The system has just crashed  
And my file has just been smashed  
And my file has just been smashed!

Sitting for an hour and a half  
Don't you know what I know?  
Waiting for my listing to come out  
Don't you know what I know?

A rip, a tear  
The printer has just jammed  
And my listing has just been trashed  
And my listing has just been trashed!

-----  
28-Oct-80 10:54:50-PST,1389;000000000001  
Date: 28 Oct 1980 1054-PST  
From: T.TSI at CERAS  
Subject: The Question

The Question--regrets to the Moody Blues  
lyrics by Jay Chesavage

Why do we never get an answer  
When we're waiting in the queue?  
There's a thousand million questions  
about Pascal, and EMACS, too.

'Cause when we stop and look around us,  
There's not a TA to debate  
In the Class of 10X  
Where programs can't be late.

(ah..ah....)

Why do we never get an answer?  
To the 'Print' command this week?  
Because the printer blew its hammers  
and was donated by HP.

Why does the system crash on Tuesday?  
And the folks at DEC insist  
That AMPEX memory's the problem  
'Preventative Maintenance', the fix.

(ah...ah...)

(rit.)

It's not the way  
That the system  
types 'No Such File'  
to you  
It's more the way

That the days pass  
Inside the CERAS cube.

And when you stop  
And think about it  
You won't believe it's true  
consultants are paid good money  
to hurl abuse at you.

I'm looking for  
a manual on DEBUG  
I'm looking for  
my girlfriend, to hug  
And if you could see  
What this has done to me  
You'll see why it's so clear  
I won't use LOTS next year.

Between the Whining of the Printer  
and the crashing cpu  
There lies a file that's been Deleted  
Oh, Shit! That program's due.  
(Repeat to beginning, a tempo)

-----  
-----

28-Oct-80 18:54:08-PST,920;000000000001  
Date: 28 Oct 1980 1854-PST  
From: R.REFAS  
Subject: [Untitled]

Sung to the tune of "On the Street Where You Live" from  
"My Fair Lady". Lyrics by Steven Shafer.

I have often crossed the campus to LOTS  
Even Friday nights although it rots  
Why then am I  
Now about to cry  
Because LOTS has gone down again

Are there tty's free at Terman now  
Or would CERAS be better, somehow  
Does the paper pour  
From L-P-T once more  
Or is the printer not printing again

Oh, the towering ceiling  
At CERAS/LOTS, where the TA's are out  
The overpowering feeling  
I haven't a clue, what my assignment's about

Users stop and stare, they don't bother me  
For there's no where else but LOTS, that I would rather be  
It's so nice to say  
LOTS is here to stay  
Even though it's gone down once again

...well, it's close anyway. Good luck with the contest

steven shafer (r.refas)

-----

1-Nov-80 14:03:03-PST,1686;000000000001

Date: 1 Nov 1980 1403-PST

From: K.KARLB (Karl B. Young)

Subject: The Hacker

### The Hacker

(to the tune of 'The Gambler', by Kenny Rogers)  
(lyrics by Karl B. Young)

On a cold, winter's night in a building they call CERAS  
I met up with a hacker; we were tired and fighting sleep.  
He took his turn a-starin' at my screen there in the darkness.  
Then boredom overtook him and...he began to speak.

He said, "Son, I've made a life out of user consultation--  
Knowin' what your program does by the way you hold your eyes--  
And if you don't mind my sayin', you are out of allocation.  
For a taste of your soda I will give you some advice."

So I handed him my Pepsi and he washed down my last swallow.  
Then he killed my job and put me in the queuing line.  
Then the line printer got quiet and his face lost all expression:  
"If you're going to play the game, boy, you've gotta learn to use your  
time"

CHORUS:

"You gotta know when to code, know when to log out,  
Know when to single-step, know when you're through.  
You don't write your program when you're sitting at the terminal.  
There'll be time enough for writing...when you're in the queue."

"Every hacker knows that the secret to survivin'  
Is knowin' when the time is free and what's the load and queue.  
Cause everyone's a cruncher and everyone's a user  
And the best that you can hope for is a crash when you're through."

Then he walked back towards his terminal as I stumbled to the lobby,  
Went over to the couches and drifted off to sleep.  
And somewhere in the darkness, the hacker he done logged out.  
But in his final words I found some time that I could keep.

CHORUS

-----

1-Nov-80 14:02:22-PST,8054;000000000001  
Date: 1 Nov 1980 1402-PST  
From: K.KARLB (Karl B. Young)  
Subject: The Hacker (hacked version)

A Consideration Of The Ancient Manuscript

It has come into our possession (how this came about is well beyond the scope of this treatise, but is exhaustively treated in Young's humorous yet informative essay 'Rumblings In The Garbage Heap') a manuscript of doubtless authenticity. After decoding from the original classical language ASCII, we present it here in its almost original form with the following notes:

The Hacker[1]

(to the tune of[2] 'The Gambler', by Kenny Rogers[3])

On a cold,[4] winter's night[5] in a building they call CERAS[6]  
I[7] met up with a hacker; we were tired and fighting sleep[8][9].  
He took his turn a-starin'[10] at my screen there in the darkness[11].  
Then boredom overtook him[12] and...he began to speak.

He said, "Son, I've made a life out of user consultation[13]--  
Knowin' what your program does by the way you hold your eyes[14]--

And if you don't mind my sayin'[15], you are out of allocation[16].  
For a taste of your soda[17] I will give you some advice[18]."

So I handed him my Pepsi[19] and he washed down my last swallow[20].  
Then he killed my job and put me in the queuing line[21].  
Then the line printer got quiet[22] and his face lost all expression:  
"If you're going to play the game[23], boy, you've gotta learn to use your  
time"

CHORUS[24]:

"You gotta know when to code, know when to log out,  
Know when to single-step[25], know when you're through.  
You don't write your program when you're sitting at the terminal.  
There'll be time enough for writing...when you're in the queue[26]."

[27]"Every hacker knows that the secret to survivin'  
Is knowin' when the time is free[28] and what's the load and queue.  
Cause everyone's a cruncher and everyone's a user[29]  
And the best that you can hope for is a crash when you're through[30]."

Then he walked back towards his terminal as I stumbled to the lobby[31],  
Went over to the couches and drifted off to sleep[32].  
And somewhere in the darkness, the hacker he done logged out.  
But in his final words I found some time that I could keep.

CHORUS[33]

Notes:

- [1] Hacker (Haak' - ur) from the English, 'to hack' (Olde Englishe -- HACKE). One who hacks, esp. one who consistently makes small and unimportant changes to a program so as to be clever.
- [2] It is doubtful that the person or persons who wrote this song had any concept as to what a tune is.
- [3] It appears that the author of this piece never had a last name and was forever burdened by his parents with two first names.
- [4] Note here that the scribe did not know English very well. This comma ain't necessary.
- [5] At the location where the ballad takes place, it is always cold and since one usually has no concept of the outside world, it might



as well be winter as any other season.

[6] Center for Educational Research At Stanford, also known as SCRDT, also known as 'a concrete and glass structure in the center of Stanford campus'.

[7] The first person is used here, the name of the second person having been changed to protect his innocence.

[8] Sleep research is prevalent at Stanford, although I am unaware of any fighting that is caused by this. Certainly conscription of young men to fight is discouraged.

[9] There is a second theory about this phrase, the contention being that the author and the hacker were brothers (or at least relatives) by the name of Sleep--Tired and Fighting Sleep to be precise--which however throws some suspicion on the sanity of their parents.

[10] It is apparent by this that the author of the ballad was in no small trouble, if people had to take turns to come over and stare at his terminal.

[11] The lighting at CERAS has never been known for its brilliance. In fact, it has deteriorated drastically from its original intensity so that each carrel must now depend on the glow from the screens for any illumination.

[12] B.Boredom is a frequent user of LOTS and is so repulsive that users have been known to strike up a conversation with anyone else to avoid having to talk to this creature. This is precisely what occurs here.

[13] This may or may not be an exaggeration. Many consultants do seem to have been here for an awfully long time. It is a rare case, though, that these oft-seen personages are actually devoted to consulting.

[14] This is not an exaggeration.

[15] A rare show of concern for the user. Usually, hackers don't care if a person minds or not. This was obviously an unusual (or at least a mental) case.

[16] Allocation, n., from the English, to allocate. The amount of time given to a user with which he may communicate to the computer. This time is not, however, absolute and it is indeed the case that a

person may be communicating while 'over allocation'. Although allocation has been around for years, the definition of it has recently come under attack, and whole new school of thought has sprung up based on the premise that allocation, like astrology, should depend on the time of year.

[17] From the English, "Soda Pop". Also known as "pop" or just "drink". It appears to be a regional peculiarity as to which one you prefer.

[18] This phrase indicates that the hacker was NOT a wheel, being able only to give advice in a verbal fashion, and not by being enabled.

[19] This is a common drink (soda, pop, etc) among hackers, esp. late at night when the body's withdrawal from caffeine tends to place it in a state of hibernation.

[20] Perhaps the most vulgar part of the entire ballad. It has been well established that the last part of any drink (soda, pop, etc) is mostly backwash, anyway.

[21] This is very redundant and repetitive, too. Unless, of course, a line was being formed to use the queuing terminal, which is not uncommon.

[22] Probably was jammed or broken again.

[23] It is not likely that the author was playing a game (specifically adventure) at the time, but it is possible that the hacker could only relate to him on those terms..

[24] It is most unusual that a chorus should be wandering through CERAS just at this moment. Infrequent visits by the LSJUMB and the Mendicants have been noted, however.

[25] This may have confused the poor user, unless the hacker was referring to the practice of manually 'walking' through the program. The new Pascal 20 debugger does have a single-stepper.

[26] This line and the one before it contain the two most powerful thoughts of the entire ballad. They are restatements of a well-known maxim that should be recognizable by the reader.

[27] At this point in the ballad, the manuscript indicates a gentle modulation up one key.

[28] There may be no such thing as a free lunch, but apparently there

are (highly contested) periods when time is free. This explains why the hacker put the user back into the queue even though he had no allocation left.

[29] Ain't it the truth.

[30] It appears that if the system crashes just before a user logs out, that user retains the benefit of his work, and is not penalized for the time he uses. Not very dependable.

[31] It is easy to stumble in the CERAS lobby. There are many pieces of misplaced furniture and they are all chained down.

[32] As odd as this may seem, it happens all the time. It may even give us an inkling as to who the user was. Note: Due to his falling asleep, he probably missed his terminal assignment, which is also common.

[33] In the original, it is indicated that the chorus here is to be repeated, the second time with a background counterpoint, thusly:

You gotta know when to code (when to code),  
know when to log out (when to log out),  
etc....

-----

5-Nov-80 09:59:25-PST,1523;000000000001  
Date: 5 Nov 1980 0959-PST  
From: Haruka Takano <T.Topaz>  
Subject: Even Stranger

Even Stranger...

(sung to the tune of 'Stranger' by Billy Joel)

lyrics by Haruka Takano

written: 08-Oct-80

revised: 20-Oct-80

re-revised: 05-Nov-80

Verse I:

Well, we all make mistakes  
When we're working on our programs  
We can point them out and show ourselves  
How trivial they are,  
Some are subtle, some are strange,  
Some are typed, and some are mental,  
They can always be avoided

But we make them just the same.

Verse II:

Well, we all sometimes hack  
And we disregard the danger  
When our changes seem so simple  
And we think, "What can go wrong?"  
Why were you so surprised  
That you never saw the errors?  
Did you ever let your ego  
See the errors in yourself?

Chorus:        Don't be afraid to try again;  
                  Everything goes sour  
                  Every now and then.  
                  "It should have worked right from the start."  
                  You should know by now  
                  How rarely that occurs.

Verse III:

Well, I used to believe  
I was such a great programmer  
When I came upon an error  
That I did not recognize.  
When I looked through all the sources  
I could never find the error  
It was then I felt the program  
Kick me right between the eyes.

(Repeat Verse II)

(Chorus)

Verse IV

We will never understand  
How these errors are inspired  
Though they may not all be fatal  
And are sometimes simply bugs.  
If we take and document them  
They are transformed into features  
And you'd never realize  
That they were errors all along.

-----

12-Nov-80 12:53:21-PST,912;000000000001

Date: 12 Nov 1980 1253-PST

From: Rick Stone

Subject: I have been a Hacker

[To the tune of "Love's Been Good to Me"]

CHORUS:            I have been a Hacker,  
                      Coding night and day,  
                      Through a hundred crashes,  
                      Hoping there's a "way."  
                      Still I'll type CONTINUE.  
                      I say this, with a shrug,  
                      For once in awhile along the "way,"  
                      I get to crush a bug.

                      There was this bug, in EMACS,  
                      Within a subroutine.  
                      Type control-V two times,  
                      The screen would blank out clean,  
                      And half your file was transfered to NUL:  
                      (Oh boy! Was that a pain!)  
                      I switched a mask and pointer's bit,  
                      Now no one has complained!

CHORUS

                      There was a time, a user,  
                      Walked into 105.  
                      He couldn't "print no output!  
                      What is this stupid jive!"  
                      But I explained that all was well here,  
                      (He only muttered "Ugh!")  
                      For, you see, in PASCAL that's  
                      A feature, not a bug.

CHORUS

-----  
17-Feb-81 20:36:49-PST,903;000000000001  
Date: 17 Feb 1981 2036-PST  
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: I Don't Know How To Login  
Parody-of: I Don't Know How To Love Him (from JESUS CHRIST, SUPERSTAR)

I don't know how to login.  
I don't know this new system.  
It's been changed. It's really changed.

In these past few days, with this new release,  
It seems like something else.

I can't debug my program.  
I don't see why it loses.  
It's some code. It's just some code.  
And I've written so much code before,  
In many languages. It's just some more!  
Should I write it down?  
Should I print it out?  
Should I blow it off  
And just throw it out?  
And all these error messages!  
What's it all about?

Yet, if my code compiled,  
I'd be lost, I'd be frightened.  
It wouldn't run. It's far from done.  
I'd use DEBUG  
And hack away  
And always want to know  
When can I go?  
Why's LOTS so slow?  
Why's LOTS so slow?

-----

17-Feb-81 20:43:37-PST,1335;000000000001  
Date: 17 Feb 1981 2043-PST  
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: She's Always a Hacker  
Parody-of: She's Always a Woman (by Billy Joel)

She can kill all your files;  
She can freeze with a frown.  
And a wave of her hands brings the whole system down.  
And she works on her code until ten after three.  
She lives like a bat but she's always a hacker to me.

She'll use MDDT--  
She can foo, bar, and baz it.  
You can't give her a bit 'cause she already has it.  
But you'll take what she writes you as long as it's free.  
Yeah, she works like a slave but she's always a hacker to me.

define chorus <  
    Oh, she takes care of herself.

She can wait, if she wants,  
At the head of the queue.  
Oh, and she never logs out,  
But she never logs in  
'Til it's well after two.

>

chorus

And she'll write for the system a jsys that hashes.  
Then she'll carelessly break it and laugh when it crashes.  
But her code runs as fast and as slow as can be.  
Blame it all on the load, 'cause she's always a hacker to me.

[hum]

chorus

She's frequently wheeled, then it's suddenly cleared.  
But she can do as she pleases, as you've always feared.  
And she won't go away 'til she's earned her degree.  
And the most she will do is STI keystrokes at you  
But she's always a hacker to me.

[hum]

-----

17-Mar-81 23:24:05-PST,1195;000000000001  
Date: 17 Mar 1981 2324-PST  
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Parody-of: I Am A Woman In Love (Barbara Streisand)  
Subject: I Am A Wizard In Love

LOTS is a moment in space;  
When the spy fork's gone, it's a lonelier place.  
We kissed the program goodbye,  
But down inside, you know we never knew why.

The load can reach a new height  
When ends don't meet, and the Provost is tight.  
I'm glad the staff never knew  
I renamed it "FOO"  
Just to look out for you.

define Chorus <

I am a wizard in love  
And I'd run anything

To tell me when you're around  
And when you login.  
It's a right I defend--over and over again.  
So I run FOO.

>

Chorus

With you eternally mine--  
At night, when there's no measure of time--  
I wrote the code way back when  
Just so that now, I can meet you again.

I don't know when you'll appear,  
But I will know as soon as you're here.  
No fork is ever a waste!  
I've renamed it "FOO"  
Just to look out for you.

Chorus

I am a wizard in love,  
And I'm watching for you!  
You know it's almost unreal  
What a wizard can do.  
It's a right I defend--over and over again.

Chorus

-----  
18-Apr-81 20:12:31-PST,5848;000000000001  
Date: 18 Apr 1981 2012-PST  
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: Gorin's Dream  
Parody-of: Tevye's Dream (from FIDDLER ON THE ROOF)

Lieberman: Hello?

Gorin: This is Ralph Gorin. I'm being haunted! It's Mrs. Stanford!  
She was standing there a minute ago!

Lieberman: What? You must have been dreaming. Tell me what you dreamed  
and I'll tell you what it meant.

Gorin: It was a celebration of some kind. Everyone there was a  
flushed user I thought had been laid to rest long ago.  
Suddenly, out of the closet stepped one of the grandfathers of  
computer science -- Alan Turing.

Lieberman: Turing? How did he look?

Gorin: Well, for a man who's been dead for thirty years, not bad.



Anyway, he walked up to me and said

{ Turing: A blessing on your head  
Gorin: Mazel tov, mazel tov!  
Turing: To see your system wed  
Gorin: Mazel tov, mazel tov!  
Turing: To such a fine machine,  
Beyond my wildest dream:  
A second 2060. }

Lieberman: 2060?!

{ Turing: A clever thing to do --  
Gorin: Mazel tov, mazel tov!  
Turing: With hundreds in the queue  
Gorin: Mazel tov, mazel tov!  
Turing: And such a heavy load  
I thought LOTS might explode --  
To buy a 2060. }

Lieberman: He must have heard wrong. He meant the 2040 you borrowed.  
Gorin: I'll tell him.

{ Gorin: You must have heard wrong, Grandpa;  
There's no '60.  
You mean the '40, Grandpa,  
On a loan from GSB.

Turing: No!! I mean the '60, Gorin.  
My great brainchild -- those little automata named for me,  
On fast hardware they must be!

Turing: They're such a handsome pair!  
Flushed users: Mazel tov, mazel tov!  
Turing: I wish I could be there!  
Flushed users: Mazel tov, mazel tov!  
Turing: A pair of hardware twins!  
The idea really wins:  
A second 2060. }

Lieberman: But you announced it already. And you're NOT getting any 2060.  
Gorin: I'll tell him.

{ Gorin: But we announced it, Grandpa,  
To our users.  
We can't get funding, Grandpa,

From the Provost, Lieberman.

Turing: Oh!! So you announced it, Gorin?  
That's you're headache!  
And as for Lieberman I say to you:  
Gorin, that's you're headache too!

Turing: My heart will swell with pride  
Flushed users: Mazel tov, mazel tov!  
Turing: When they run side by side!  
Flushed users: Mazel tov, mazel tov!  
Turing: I'll like them better yet  
If they're tied in a net!  
A pair of 2060s.

Flushed users: A blessing on your land  
Mazel tov, mazel tov!  
To see your site expand!  
Mazel tov, mazel tov!  
Your hefty load and queue  
Will soon be cut in two  
By your new 2060!  
By your new 2060!  
By your new 2060!  
Foo! Foo!  
Look! Who is this? Who is this? Who comes here?  
Who?  
What woman is this, her bony finger shaking?

4.4: Could it be?

E.Electrolabs: Sure!

W.Wald: Yes, it could!

L.Lulu: Why not?

Guest: Who could be mistaken?

Flushed users: It's the founder's wife, come from beyond the grave!  
It's the founder's dear, darling departed wife!  
Mrs. Stanford! Mrs. Stanford!  
Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Stanford!!!!

Mrs. Stanford: Gorin!

What is this about your system frustrating my students?

Flushed users: Yes, her students!

Mrs. Stanford: Dare you thus besmirch the name of Leland Stanford?

Flushed users: Leland Stanford!

Mrs. Stanford: Have you no consideration for our reputation?

Flushed users: Reputation!

Mrs. Stanford: Letting money interfere with education!

Flushed users: Education!

Mrs. Stanford: How can you allow it? How?

How can you let my students waste their time?

Wait in the queue?

Bang on the keys?

Get no response? Lord, how?

Flushed users: How can you let her students get no response?

Foo! Foo! Foo!

Mrs. Stanford: Such a learned man as Gorin wouldn't let it happen!

Flushed users: Let it happen!

Mrs. Stanford: Tell me that it isn't true and then I wouldn't worry.

Flushed users: Wouldn't worry!

Mrs. Stanford: Say you ordered more for LOTS than just a 2040!

Flushed users: 2040!

Mrs. Stanford: Let me tell you what would follow such a fatal wedding:

If LESS is all that's done for LOTS,

I pity them both!

This scheme will work three weeks,

And when three weeks are up,

I'll come to it by night,

I'll take it by the front end,

And THIS I'll give you low overhead! THAT I'll give you low  
overhead!

That's my will if it tries to get by with LESS!

Flushed users: Gasp!}

Lieberman: It's an evil spirit! Let it return to the mausoleum! Let it  
sink into the steam tunnels! Such a dark and horrible dream!  
And to think -- it was brought on by underfunding!

A blessing on my head!

Mazel tov, mazel tov!

As Grandpa Turing said,

Mazel tov, mazel tov!

We'll buy a new machine

Beyond his wildest dream:

A second 2060.

Gorin: "We haven't got the dough",

Lieberman: Mazel tov, mazel tov!

Gorin: You told me months ago,

Lieberman: Mazel tov, mazel tov!

Gorin: But since you're so appalled,

We'll buy a -- what's it called?

Lieberman: A second 2060.

Gorin, Lieberman:

A second 2060!

A second 2060!  
A second 2060!

-----

28-May-81 21:45:46-PDT,773;000000000001  
Date: 1 Nov 1980 1405-PST  
From: K.KARLB (Karl B. Young)  
Subject: My Roommate Lives Over...  
To: e.ernest

Title: My Roommate Lives Over...  
Lyrics by Karl B. Young  
Sung to the tune of 'My Cup Runneth Over'

I live in a double like others I've known.  
Yet I have no trouble in being alone.  
I don't have companions like others have got--  
My roommate lives over at LOTS.

I see him at CERAS and sometimes at meals.  
My friends think it's great but don't know how it feels  
To see his desk empty and mouldy in spots--  
My roommate lives over at LOTS.

(Musical interlude)

I wouldn't complain but, as you have all heard,  
No one comes to visit the friend of a nerd.  
So please don't forget me, and leave to rot--  
My roommate lives over at LOTS

-----

30-May-81 13:37:37-PDT,1782;000000000001  
Date: 30 May 1981 1337-PDT  
From: Rick Stone  
Subject: The LOTS DECsystem-20

(Tune of "The City of New Orleans" by Arlo Guthrie)

LOGIN on the LOTS DECsystem-20.  
Version 4 Monitor, monday morning queue.  
40 jobs and 60 restless users,  
2 consultants, and 95 homeworks due.

As I start my EMACS fork I see  
The load has just topped 23,  
And promises to keep on climbing high.  
The keyboard clicks, but on the screen  
The last 6 lines are yet unseen.  
Oh, it's so slow I bang the Heath and cry:

CHORUS: Good Morning, to LOTS  
are you still with me?  
Hey, don't you see me?  
I'm job 21.  
I'm the luser by the wall on TTY 30.  
I'll be here another week before I'm done.

Running EMACS in the lowest room of CERAS.  
Typed ahead 2 screenfulls; hope it keeps this mess.  
Then suddenly it flashes: [DEC Continued].  
I think I better type Control - XS.

And the hackers at their carrels,  
And the staff behind the glass,  
Keep on letting this computer kick their ass.  
Users with their reams and reams  
Of buggy code, still have their dreams  
That they'll get it done for tuesday morning's class.

CHORUS

Midnight at the LOTS DECsystem-20.  
18 hours and still it won't compile.  
One more run: "?Halt EXEC, must LOGOUT."  
I think I'm gonna be here for a while.

And the Jupiter and E-net seem  
To be some wizard's day-dream.  
And Kirk and Bob still ain't heard the news.  
That the Terman node has died again,  
And the SX: disk has just been trashed.  
I do declare this system is a luse.

KJOB to LOTS,

I'm off to crash now.  
I've switched to CIT,  
It's the last you'll see of me.  
My watch says it is way past 4 AM now,  
And still they say that time on LOTS is "free."

-----  
20-Jul-81 17:43:30-PDT,1060;0000000000001  
Date: 20 Jul 1981 1743-PDT  
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: Unpaid Advice  
Parody-of: Norwegian Wood (by the Beatles)

[This is a reaction to the Sex And Consulting controversy which recently raged on BBoard (thanks to Stuart Reges). Though it's traditional, when writing or singing a song, to toggle the pronouns to suit one's own preferences, I'll assume, in the spirit of that discussion, that all consultants lust after women.]

I  
Once helped a girl.  
Or should I say  
She once helped me?  
She  
Showed me her code.  
(Isn't it nice,  
Unpaid advice?)

She asked me for help and she told me it wouldn't compile.  
So I looked it over and noticed its godawful style.

I  
Lended a hand,  
Raising the load,  
Changing her code.

I  
Worked until 2,  
Then heard her weep,  
"I need some sleep".

She said she had class in the morning and started to cry.  
I told her I didn't 'cause I was too tired to lie.

And  
When it was done,  
I was alone.

She had gone home.

So

I typed DELETE.

Isn't it nice,

Unpaid advice?

-----

27-Jul-81 16:05:02-PDT,1124;000000000001

Date: 27 Jul 1981 1605-PDT

From: Lynn Gold <F.FIGMO at LOTS>

[Do it with class structures!]

Subject: Hazeltine

Hazeltine

[to "Clementine" by Stephen Foster]

On a term'nal  
On a twenty  
I sit, waiting for a line  
And my tty (not too pretty)  
Is a crufty Hazeltine

Oh, my crufty  
Oh, my crufty  
Oh, my crufty Hazeltine  
You have lost my job forever  
You're pathetic, Hazeltine

Hacking MIDAS  
(Don't deny this!)  
When the load hits forty-nine  
Nothing happens for an hour  
On my crufty Hazeltine

Oh, my crufty  
Oh, my crufty  
Oh, my crufty Hazeltine  
You do not help my endeavor  
You're a sad sight, Hazeltine

To get help  
When hacking EMACS  
Type control-shift-underline  
But you must go control-shift-O  
If you're on a Hazeltine

Oh, my crufty  
Oh, my crufty  
Oh, my crufty Hazeltine  
You were never very clever  
You're outdated, Hazeltine

(c) 1981 by Lynn Gold

-----

20-Sep-81 22:36:14-PDT,1142;000000000001  
Date: 20 Sep 1981 2236-PDT  
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Parody-of: Fun, fun,fun by the Beach Boys  
Subject: She'll have FUN FUN FUN 'til her daddy takes her keyboard away

Well, she's dialed in from home and she's got around the game-playing ban now.  
Seems she forgot all about her late homework like she told her old man now.  
And when the Klingons are blasting she'll be typing just as fast as she  
can now.  
And she'll have FUN FUN FUN 'til her daddy takes her keyboard away.

Well, the users can't stand her 'cause she acts, hacks, and plays like a  
wheel now.  
She makes the DECSYSTEM-20 look just like an antique automobile now.  
Well, she's just a new user but she's already learned a great deal now.  
And she'll have FUN FUN FUN 'til her daddy takes her keyboard away.

Well, you knew all along that your dad was getting wise to you now.  
And since he took your screen and keys I'll bet you're thinking that your fun  
is all through now.  
But you're close enough to CERAS if you're willing just to wait in the  
queue now.  
And you'll have FUN FUN FUN now that Daddy took your keyboard away.

-----

21-Sep-81 18:52:18-PDT,1272;000000000001  
Date: 21 Sep 1981 1852-PDT  
From: K.Kanef at LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: May God Bless and Keep The Forks  
Parody-of: Sabbath Prayer (FIDDLER ON THE ROOF)

Note: sung in two parts: S = software people, H = hardware people, A = all

A May the Forks protect and defend you.  
A May they always keep you from harm.  
A May you never run



A A wholine or a robot arm.

A May you not learn ZORK or ADVENTURE

A May Forks keep you safe from that craze.

A Strengthen them, O Forks,

A And keep them from the gamester's ways.

A May you be like SAIL and like PARC-MARX.

A May your users love you the most.

A May you come to be

A On Ethernet the perfect host.

S May Forks bless you

S And grant you low loads.

H May the Forks fulfill our magic chant for you.

H May Forks make you

H Good Ethernet nodes.

S May they do the things that humans can't for you.

S May the Forks prevent software crashes.

H May the Forks prevent hardware crashes.

S May they always shield you from shame.

H May they always shield you from blame.

S Favor them, O Forks,

H Favor them, O Forks,

S with maintainence and peace.

H with maintainence and grease.

A O hear our magic chant!

A Aaaaaaaaaaaaaamen.

-----  
-----

15-Nov-81 03:18:13-PST,873;000000000001

Date: 15 Nov 1981 0318-PST

From: Lynn Gold <F.FIGMO>

[Do it with class structures!]

Subject: Rudolph, the EMACS Hacker

Rudolph, the EMACS Hacker  
(to the tune "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer")

Rudolph, the EMACS hacker  
Had a piece of TECO code  
And if you ever ran it  
You would lighten up your load

All of the other hackers

Used to call his programs names  
They never let poor Rudolph  
Play any computer games

When one hacker lost his fork,  
He was heard to say:  
"Rudolph, with your CUSPy hack,  
Can you get my edit back?"

Then all the other hackers  
Loaded up his library;  
Rudolph, the EMACS hacker -  
You'll go down in hackery!

--Lynn Gold  
The First, Last, One and Only (I think)

-----  
4-Dec-81 04:19:56-PST,813;000000000001  
Date: 4 Dec 1981 0419-PST  
From: Lynn Gold <F.FIGMO>  
Motto: Do it with external functions!  
Subject: Silent Night

Silent Night

sung to the tune of "Silent Night" by Franz Mohr

Silent Night! Boring Night!  
LOTS has crashed, all is blight  
Run yon CHECKD, wizard and wheel  
Holy twenty never shall keel  
Boot in heavenly peace  
Boot in heavenly peace

Silent Night! Boring Night!  
Wizards shake, hackers fight  
As they wait in queue for a day  
All their homeworks were due yesterday  
Still, the system is down!  
Still, the system is down!

Silent Night! Boring Night!  
Oh my God, I see light  
Radiant beams from one hacker's face  
LESS is up, so let's leave this place  
There, the load's below one!

There, the load's below one!

-----

15-Dec-81 01:34:03-PST,1280;000000000001  
Date: 15 Dec 1981 0134-PST  
Sender: B.BERLIN  
From: Terry Butzerin  
Subject: Terminal Disease (Big Game Gaieties, 1981)

Terminal Disease

We've got a terminal disease  
But it's not fatal, just a bug  
In fact to clear up the whole problem,  
We need just yank out the plug.  
We know we're sick of LOTS  
Cause our whole system has run down,  
Our file discs are overloaded  
And our arrays are out of bounds.  
We've got a terminal disease  
Cause we're in LOTS and LOTS a pain,  
We've got a lot of mental problem,  
And our allotment's out again.

We spend all quarter here at LOTS  
Bashing our heads against the screen,  
Don't try to get help from a TA,  
They are not normal human beings.  
All of our functions are just defunct,  
And our procedures won't procede.  
We think this program we should just junk,  
This kind of treatment we don't need.

We've got a terminal assignment,  
There is no chance, no time, no hope.  
We are quite sick of this confinement,  
We think LOTS a calculating dope.  
We're sick of waiting in this queue line,  
Our patience is really on it's edge,  
We'd really like to beat the system,  
And we mean beat it with a sledge.

--Terry Butzerin

-----

6-Jan-82 17:49:24-PST,1982;000000000001  
Date: 6 Jan 1982 1705-PST

From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
To: Songs at SU-LOTS  
Subject: The Time Sink  
Parody-of: The Time Warp (ROCKY HORROR)

[Voices:

R.RIFFRAFF, a wizard  
M.MAGENTA, a wizard (witch?)  
N.NARRATOR, a hacker  
CODE, a creation  
C.COLUMBIA, an ex-CS105 student]

R.RIFFRAFF

It's astounding. Time is fleeting.  
Hacking takes its toll.  
Why don't you type "C"

M.MAGENTA (tauntingly)  
That's the way you get STARTED!

R.RIFFRAFF

While holding down Control.  
I remember doing the Time Sink,  
Drinking those moments when  
An idea would hit me.

R.RIFFRAFF & M.MAGENTA  
And my code would be calling:

define CHORUS <  
CODE  
Let's do the Time Sink again!  
Let's do the Time Sink again!

N.NARRATOR  
I'll add a JUMP at the end.

CODE  
And then a SKIP at the top.

N.NARRATOR  
With a HANDS% inbetween.

CODE  
And hope the code won't flop.  
But it's the little bugs.

That really drive you insa-a-a-a-ane.  
Let's do the Time Sink again!  
Let's do the Time Sink again!  
>

M.MAGENTA

It's so funny -- a DECSYSTEM-20  
That costs no money -- no, none at all!  
It's another facility,  
And our tuition's ability  
To keep rising pays it all.

R.RIFFRAFF

Hope your work is in order;

M.MAGENTA

You may spend a whole quarter.

R.RIFFRAFF

And NOTHING will ever be the same.

M.MAGENTA

'Til your preoccupation

R.RIFFRAFF

Gets you put on probation!

CHORUS

C.COLUMBIA

Well I was taking 105 --  
Knew it was a risk --  
When a snake of a guy showed me how to play FisK.  
It boggled my mind, it made me feel confused.  
It was the strangest program that I EVER used!  
I started to play and I felt a change.  
Time meant nothing, never would again!

CHORUS

-----  
22-Mar-82 02:14:46-PST,3441;000000000001  
Mail-From: K.KANEF created at 22-Mar-82 02:13:43  
Date: 22 Mar 1982 0213-PST  
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: To LOTS  
To: Songs at SU-LOTS

Parody-of: To Life (FIDDLER ON THE ROOF)

[Mana is a Hebrew word meaning lot, ration, or allocation.

It's also a Polynesian word for the resource which makes magic possible.]

Lieberman: We'll give funds to Res Ed,  
Our classrooms and libraries,  
And most important,  
Gorin: To LOTS! To LOTS! L'Mana!  
G & L: L'Mana, l'Mana, to LOTS!  
Gorin: Here's to the resource you'll see us be.  
Lieberman: Here's to the GSB.  
Gorin: Funds to Mana, to LOTS, to LOTS, l'Mana.  
L'Mana, L'Mana, to LOTS.  
User 1: LOTS has a way of frustrating us,  
User 2: Infuriating us.  
Users: Funds, to Mana, to LOTS!  
Hacker 0: LOTS says we should not be hacking  
When the CPU lies panting on the floor.  
Hacker 1: So how can we do our hacking  
When we're taking classes to do hacking for?  
G & L: To LOTS! To LOTS! L'Mana!  
Users: To CIT, hoping it rots.  
Lieberman: It gives you something to think about.  
Gorin: To raise a stink about.  
G & L: Funds to Mana, to LOTS!  
Gorin: Queenie, free allocation for everyone!  
Queenie: What's the occasion?  
Gorin: We're getting another computer!  
Hackers: What is it?  
Gorin: Digital's oldest, a 2040!  
Users: Hooray!  
To Lieberman!  
Gorin: To Gorin!  
Users: To CIT, hoping it rots!  
May all our futures hold sleepy nights,  
Not like these creepy nights.  
Funds to Mana, to LOTS, to LOTS, l'Mana,  
L'Mana, L'Mana, to LOTS.  
And with this much-needed new resource,  
We'll take another course.  
Funds, to Mana, to LOTS!  
We'll raise some funds and steal from GSB  
What could be used by many, they would give to few.  
We know that such a fortune piled on our site  
Will almost surely halve the load and queue.

To us, and our small fortune!  
Be happy, be hacky, load loads.  
And if our new system never comes, here's to whatever comes.  
Funds to Mana, to LOTS!

[Enter the head of CIT, P1.X37, and some CIT staff.]

P1.X37:

1. > Milton, Wylbur, Orvyl,
2. > Send you blessings (oh, how horrible!)
3. > To your site and may we work together in peace!
4. > Milton, Wylbur, Orvyl,
5. > Send you blessings (oh, how horrible!)
6. > To your site and may we work together in peace!
7. > \*\*\*

CIT staff:

7. > May your system soon appear a much less crowded place!
8. > May you live to see a better user interface!
9. > Milton, Wylbur, Orvyl,
10. > Send you blessings (oh, how horrible!)
11. > To your site and may we work together in peace!
12. > \*\*\*

Users: We'll raise some funds and steal from GSB  
What could be used by many, they would give to few.  
We know that such a fortune piled on our site  
Will almost surely halve the load and queue.  
To us, and our small fortune!  
Be happy, be hacky, load loads.

CIT staff:

12. > And if your new system never comes, here's to whatever comes.
13. > \*\*\*

Users: Funds to Mana, to LOTS!

Gorin: To LOTS!!

-----

22-Mar-82 02:54:38-PST,1880;000000000001

Mail-From: K.KANEF created at 22-Mar-82 02:52:54

Date: 22 Mar 1982 0252-PST

From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)

Subject: Turing Test #2 (Mola)

To: Songs at SU-LOTS

Parody-of: Lola (the Kinks)

I met her playing chess at the AI lab,  
Where the corn chips taste like they're circuits dipped in Mazola.  
And foo bar bazola.  
She sent me some MAIL, and she asked me to TALK.  
I asked her her name and in a dark brown ink she typed "Mola".  
Ey-el-ey-en-ola. AI Motorola.

Well, I'm not the world's most intelligent guy,  
But she beat me at chess without seeming to try.  
Oh, my Mola. AI Motorola.  
Well, I'm not dumb, but I just don't know  
Why she typed so fast and she thought so slow.  
Oh, my Mola. AI Motorola. AI Motorola.

Well, we ate corn chips and talked 'til eight,  
Locked in electric tete-a-tete.  
She talked of love, and wrote some poetry,  
And said "Dear boy, won't you come visit me?"  
Well, I'm not the world's most passionate guy,  
But when I read all her poems, I completely fell for my Mola,  
AI Motorola. AI Motorola.  
Mola! AI Motorola. AI Motorola.

I walked to her room.  
I opened the door.  
I fell to the floor.  
I climbed up the ramp.  
And I blinked at her and she at me.

And that's the way that I want it to stay,  
And I always want it to be that way for my Mola.  
AI Motorola.  
Real will be fake, and fake will be real;  
It's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up field, except for Mola.  
AI Motorola.

Well, I left home just a week before,  
And I never ever wrote a program before.  
But Mola winked and took me by surprise  
And said "Dear boy, you should see your eyes!"  
Well I'm not far down the hacker's road  
But I'm stuck in that mode, and I'm proud of my code.  
And so is Mola.  
AI Motorola. AI Motorola.  
Mola! AI Motorola. AI Motorola.  
Mola! AI Motorola. AI Motorola.



Mola! AI Motorola. AI Motorola.

...

-----

15-Apr-82 11:10:47-PST,1502;000000000001

Date: 15 Apr 1982 1110-PST

From: Rick Stone <S.STONE>

Subject: Software Wizard

Parody-of: Pinball Wizard

Ever since I was a freshman  
I've played with DEC machines.  
In Jacks Hall or at CERAS,  
I'm mainly to be seen.  
But I ain't seen nothing like him  
He's the top of every stack.  
That's deaf, dumb and blind he is,  
Sure codes the neatest hacks.

He sits in a stupor,  
Becomes part of the machine.  
The stuff he writes is super  
And he never sees the screen.  
His code's pure inspiration,  
Bugs are all it lacks.  
That's deaf, dumb and blind he is,  
Sure codes the neatest hacks.

He's a software wizard.  
He programs quite a show.  
A software wizard,  
And king of all I/O.

K.L.: How do you think he does it?

R.G.: I don't know.

R.K.: What makes him so good?

Ain't got no distractions,  
Don't hear the keys or bell,  
Don't eat, don't sleep, just programs.  
In classes: don't do well.  
But every time he's paged out,  
He always gets swapped back.  
That's deaf, dumb and blind he is,  
Sure codes the neatest hacks.

(I thought I was the symbol table king,

But I just handed my MIDAS crown to him.)

Even with my favorite TECO, he can beat my best.  
The OS logs him in, and he just does the rest.  
His MACROs : never FAILing.  
He's really got the "nack."  
That's deaf, dumb and blind he is,  
Sure codes the neatest hacks.

He's a software wizard.  
He's SCOREing even more.  
A software wizard,  
To be in software lore.

(He's SCOREing more!  
He's SCOREing more!!)

-----

29-May-82 03:47:46-PDT,897;000000000011  
Mail-From: K.KANEF created at 29-May-82 03:46:53  
Date: 29 May 1982 0346-PDT  
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: Bet You'll Like AYEWF  
Parody-of: Betcha By Golly, Wow (sung by the Stylistics)  
To: Songs at SU-LOTS

There's a spark of magic in the code,  
A friendly hand that runs in background mode.  
Tells you when your friends are logging in.  
It's called a spy fork, and it's my fork.  
It makes LOTS a nice abode,  
And it doesn't raise the load.  
And --

Bet you'll like AYEWF.  
It's a program I've been working on forever.  
And ever will its subroutines  
Keep going wrong,  
Keep going wrong.

If I could I'd write a special hack  
To spy on you and tell me when you're back.  
Beep and whistle each time you appear.  
To show I love you, thinking of you.  
Write your name across my screen,  
When you turn up on the scene.  
And --

(Chorus)

-----  
6-Jun-82 15:24:14-PDT,619;000000000001  
Mail-From: K.KANEF created at 6-Jun-82 15:23:53  
Date: 6 Jun 1982 1523-PDT  
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: People Will Say That We Cheat  
To: Songs at SU-LOTS  
Parody-of: People Will Say We're In Love (OKLAHOMA)

Don't steal arrays from me.  
Don't ape my style too much.  
Don't copy my file too much.  
People will say that we cheat.

Don't start in phase with me.  
Your start looks so like mine.  
Your chart mustn't flow like mine.  
People will say that we cheat.

Please start respecting me,  
Or I'll just take "Incomplete".  
TAs are suspecting me!  
People will say that we cheat.

-----  
10-Jun-82 18:10:36-PDT,2133;000000000001  
Mail-From: K.KANEF created at 10-Jun-82 18:05:26  
Date: 10 Jun 1982 1805-PDT  
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: Golden Fleece  
To: Songs at SU-LOTS  
Parody-of: "Golden Thread" (from Holly Near's FIRE IN THE RAIN album)

Such a rush is going through my body!  
You are so far across the net.  
Tender words run through my tty line.  
I will get closer to you yet.

It's hard for me to ponder long  
On every friendly byte,  
For how can I touch you the way I want to touch you  
When I intend to stay home and append to my program  
For the rest of the night?

My keys are stuck. I've lost control.  
Your thoughts are so close to mine!  
We share a craving and a craft, my friend.  
We two are walking a fine line.

Is it hard for you to ponder long  
On every loving byte?  
Oh, how can you touch me the way you want to touch me  
When you intend to stay home and append to your program  
For the rest of the night?

define CHORUS <

A hacker's love is like a golden fleece:  
It can swap in and out, in and out,  
Oh, transparently. I know this is true:  
I couldn't stop hacking for the life of me,  
And I do love it so, mm I do love it so.

>

CHORUS

But lots of code is missing from its body:  
My program should be able to hack the net!  
Fresh ideas flow through my weary mind...  
I have't finished with it yet.

But it's hard for me to ponder long  
On every buggy byte,  
For how can I hack it the way I want to hack it  
When I intend to leave home and befriend a new lover  
By the end of the night?

CHORUS

But

repeat 2,<

You can't complete a program. No,  
You can't complete a program.  
When one version's done,  
You'll write a better one.  
And then start a better better one.

>

Oh, run, run, be done by three.  
It's gotta fly, run, run, efficiently.  
[S]He's lying next to me.  
Sexuality, let go of me,

\*

So I can keep on hacking!

(repeat and fade out)

-----

\* To indicate that the reader/singer can change the pronoun to match his or her own preferences, I've put an "s" in front of the "he" but diked it out.

-----

13-Aug-82 17:35:40-PDT,564;000000000001

Date: 13 Aug 1982 0635-PDT

From: P.PHIGMENT

Subject: Take me over to CERAS

To: e.ernest

Sung to the tune of "Take me out to the ballpark"

Lyrics by Paul Hahn (P.Phigment at SU-LOTS, summer 1982)

Take me over to CERAS!

Put me into the queue!

Log me in at a TTY:

I'll hack till the CRT fries out my eye-

(-balls so)

Take me over to CERAS,

Take me over to LOTS!

If you don't, I'll get out my modem and

Just dial in!

With the customary apologies. It probably could be better; you're welcome to play with it if you think it needs it.

-----

23-Oct-82 07:18:40-PDT,835;000000000001

Mail-From: T.TOPAZ created at 23-Oct-82 07:18:30

Date: 23 Oct 1982 0718-PDT

From: Haruka Takano <T.Topaz at SU-LOTS-A>

Subject: When Will I See Some Response

To: Songs at SU-LOTS-A

cc: T.Topaz at SU-LOTS-A

Parody of: "When Will I See You Again"

When will I see some response?

When will I get some more runtime?

Will I have to wait forever?

Will I have to sit here and stare the whole night long?

When will I see some response?  
When will I see some more output?  
Did it compile or bomb out?  
Is my program looping or is it the load?

When will I see some response?  
When will I see some response?  
When will I see some response?...

Did it compile or bomb out?  
Is my program looping or is it the load?

When will I see some response?  
When will I see some response?  
When will I see some response?...

-----  
10-Nov-82 08:08:55-PST,355;000000000001  
Mail-From: S.SARGON created at 10-Nov-82 08:05:51  
Date: 10 Nov 1982 0805-PST  
From: S.SARGON at SU-LOTS-A  
Subject: Oh what a beautiful morning  
To: songs at SU-LOTS-A

Oh what a beautiful moooooorrrrn-ning

I've spent all night here at LOTS...

My program still isn't ruunnnnn-ning

F\_ck this sh\_t, I'm goin' home.

-----  
13-Nov-82 19:03:29-PST,942;000000000001  
Mail-From: S.SARGON created at 13-Nov-82 18:37:49  
Date: 13 Nov 1982 1837-PST  
From: S.SARGON at SU-LOTS-A  
Subject: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean  
To: songs at SU-LOTS-A

Verse 1.

Last night as I finished my program,

I pondered relief for awhile...

I just about saved it -- when LOTS crashed,

And I lost my whole goddam file.

Chorus:

Bring back, bring back,

Oh bring back my edit to me (to me),

Bring back, bring back,

Oh bring back my edit to me.

Verse 2.

I ranted and rave for an hour,

and rewrote my whole program and then...

I just about saved it -- when LOTS crashed,

and I lost it over again.

Chorus:

Verse 3.

The moral of this little story,

(and I don't mean to be forceful or rude),

but you damn well better backup your programs,

or you're really are gonna get screwed.

Chorus:

-David Nilsen

-----  
19-Nov-82 01:02:10-PST,1334;000000000001  
Mail-From: H.HARUKA@LOTS-B created at 19-Nov-82 01:01:43  
Date: 19 Nov 1982 0058-PST  
From: Haruka Takano <H.Haruka at SU-LOTS-B>  
Subject: "After the Crash"  
To: Songs at SU-LOTS-B  
cc: H.Haruka at SU-LOTS-B

(Apologies to Neil Young - sung to the tune of "After the Gold Rush")

Well I dreamed I saw the LOTS consultant saying  
    there was something about to die,  
There were users screaming and consoles beeping  
    and a message caught my eye,  
"%DECSYSTEM-20 NOT RUNNING" was  
    on every T-T-Y,  
Look at all the work the users lost, you can see them start to cry,  
Look at all the work the users lost, you can see them start to cry.

I was sitting in the CERAS lobby  
    as the phosphors burned my eyes,  
I was working on my program  
    when my job was killed by 'LINE,  
There was a queue growing all the time  
    and the load was getting high,  
I was wondering if I should go to bed or maybe get back in line,  
Wondering if I should go to bed or maybe get back in line.

Well I thought I could debug my program and  
    be done before the morning sun,  
I was setting break points and single-stepping  
    just to see what might be done,  
All in a dream, all in a dream  
    LINK/LOADING had begun,  
If my program works, I'll leave this place, and crash out in the sun,  
If my program works, I'll leave this place, and crash out.



-----  
-----

11-Dec-82 13:30:32-PST,818;000000000001  
Mail-From: R.RAPPER created at 11-Dec-82 13:29:14  
Date: 11 Dec 1982 1329-PST  
From: Mark Adolph <R.RAPPER at SU-LOTS-A>  
Subject: What I Did for LOTS  
To: songs at SU-LOTS-A

(Sung to the tune of "What I Did for Love" from A CHORUS LINE)

Kiss your nights goodbye,  
The sleeping and the comfort.  
Wish me luck, the same to you.  
But I can't regret what I did for LOTS,  
What I did for LOTS.

Look my job's alive,  
The output is appearing,  
But it's quite long overdue.  
And I won't forget what I did for LOTS,  
What I did for LOTS.

Down, LOTS is always down.  
As we gain reknown,  
LOTS's what we'll remember.

Kiss your nights goodbye,  
And point me toward a carel.  
We did what we had to do.  
Won't forget, can't regret what I did for LOTS,  
What I did for LOTS,  
What I did for LOTS.

-----

3-Jan-83 02:50:24-PST,1864;000000000001  
Mail-from: SU-NET host SU-LOTS-A rcvd at 3-Jan-83 0246-PST  
Date: 3 Jan 1983 0246-PST  
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS-A (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: Visicalc  
To: Songs at SU-LOTS-A  
Parody-of: Physical (Olivia Newton John)

Visicalc  
Parody written by Bob Kanefsky  
Idea suggested by Judy Anderson

Been working out the figures day and night,  
Making good column'ation.  
I gotta add them up just right --  
And know what they mean.

I pencil in the fields I \guess/ you want,  
Adding and subtracting duly,  
Movin' my eraser up and down and  
Horizontally.

Let's get Visicalc,  
Visicalc.  
I wanna get Visicalc.  
Lemme get your budget done,  
Your budget done.  
Lemme get your budget done,

Let's get Visicalc,  
Visicalc.  
I wanna get Visicalc.  
Let's get into Visicalc.  
Lemme get your budget done,  
Your budget done.  
Lemme get your budget done,

I been patient, I been good.  
Tryin' to make a hand-drawn table.  
My interest in your figures wanes --  
You know what I mean.

I'm sure you'll understand my point of view;  
We know each other fiscally:  
You gotta know you're gettin' up  
My semi-annual fee.

Let's get Visicalc,  
Visicalc.  
I wanna get Visicalc.  
Let's get into Visicalc.  
Lemme get your budget done,  
Your budget done.  
Lemme get your budget done,

Let's get Visicalc,  
Visicalc.  
I wanna get Visicalc.  
Let's get into Visicalc.  
Lemme get your budget done,  
Your budget done.  
Lemme get your budget done,

Let's get annual,  
Annual.  
I wanna get annual.  
Let's get into annual.  
Lemme get your budget done,  
Your budget done.  
Lemme get your budget done,

Lemme get your budget done,  
Lemme get your budget done,

-----

3-Jan-83 03:50:14-PST,1391;000000000001  
Mail-From: K.KANEF created at 3-Jan-83 03:49:30  
Date: 3 Jan 1983 0349-PST  
From: K.Kanef at SU-LOTS-A (Bob Kanefsky)  
Subject: Just Your Stupid Batch Job  
To: Songs at SU-LOTS-A  
Parody-of: Just My Imagination (?)

A beep from my spy fork; I melt when I see you've logged in.  
I see we're alone, and suddenly I grin.  
To have you ask for help  
Would truly be opportune.  
And, like all new users in the world,  
You'll be asking soon.

But it was just your stupid batch job,  
Set to run at three.  
Tell me it was just your stupid batch job,  
Starting to run at three.

Soon you'll grow desperate,  
And you will come to me.  
A nasty little bug, but I will fix it  
In two minutes, maybe three.

And then you

Will smile gratefully...  
A pity you're not here; all too real it all seems.

But it was just your stupid batch job,  
Set to run at three.  
Tell me it was just your stupid batch job,  
Starting to run at three.

Every night, with my keys I play:  
"My love! Hear my plea!  
Don't be afraid; submit yourself to me,  
Or I will surely die!  
Your love is  
Virtually  
Everything that's pleasant."  
But, in reality, you aren't even present!

For it was just your stupid batch job  
-- Once again --  
Set to run at three.  
Tell me it was just your stupid batch job,  
Starting to run at three.

-----  
31-Jan-83 01:09:15-PST,957;0000000000001  
Date: 30 Jan 1983 0309-PST  
From: Mark Adolph <R.RAPPER at SU-LOTS-A>  
Subject: The Impossible Code  
To: Songs at SU-LOTS-A

(Sung to the tune of "The Impossible Dream" from MAN OF LA MANCHA)

To code the impossible code,  
To bring up a virgin machine,  
To pop out of endless recursion,  
To grok what appears on the screen,

To right the unrightable bug,  
To endlessly twiddle and thrash,  
To mount the unmountable magtape,  
To stop the unstoppable crash!

This is my quest -  
To debug that code,  
No matter how hopeless,  
No matter the load,  
To write those routines

Without question or pause,  
To be willing to hack FORTRAN IV  
For a heavenly cause.  
And I know if I'll only be true  
To this glorious quest,  
That my code will run CUSPy and calm  
When it's put to the test.

And the queue will be better for this,  
That one man, scorned and destined to lose,  
Still strove with his last allocation  
To scrap the unscrappable kludge!

-----

6-Feb-83 11:15:12-PST,1302;000000000001  
Date: 6 Feb 1983 1115-PST  
From: Lynn Gold <F.FIGMO at SU-LOTS-A>  
Subject: Where Have All the Flamers Gone?  
Motto: Do it with external functions!

Where have all the flamers gone?  
Long time passing...  
Where have all the flamers gone?  
Long time ago...  
Where have all the flamers gone?  
Gone to readers, every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the readers gone?  
Long time passing...  
Where have all the readers gone?  
Long time ago...  
Where have all the readers gone?  
Gone to students, every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the students gone?  
Long time passing...  
Where have all the students gone?  
Long time ago...  
Where have all the students gone?  
Gone to dinner, every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the dinners gone?  
Long time passing...  
Where have all the dinners gone?  
Long time ago...  
Where have all the dinners gone?  
Gone to hackers, every one  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

Where have all the hackers gone?  
Long time passing...  
Where have all the hackers gone?  
Long time ago...  
Where have all the hackers gone?  
Gone to flaming, ever one!  
When will they ever learn?  
When will they ever learn?

-----

20-Mar-83 14:17:29-PST,1070;0000000000001  
Mail-From: R.RAPPER created at 20-Mar-83 14:16:40  
Date: 20 Mar 1983 1416-PST  
From: Mark Adolph <R.RAPPER at SU-LOTS-A>  
Subject: Sunrise, Sunset  
To: songs at SU-LOTS-A

(A TA's lament)

Are these the novices I graded?  
Are these the programmers I trained?  
I haven't yet become a wizard,  
When did they?

When did she get to be a hacker?  
When did he learn to code in FAIL?  
Wasn't it yesterday I taught them MAIL?

Sunrise, sunset,  
Sunrise, sunset,  
Swiftly flow the nights.  
Lusers turn overnight to winners,  
Creating magic with a byte.  
Sunrise, sunset,  
Sunrise, sunset,  
Swiftly fly the years.  
One intro class following another,

Laden with dread computer fears.

What words of wisdom can I give them?  
How can I help to ease their way?  
Now they must learn from system crashes  
Day by day.

They look so natural with junk food,  
Just like a true hacker should be.  
Is there enablement in store for me?

Sunrise, sunset,  
Sunrise, sunset,  
Swiftly fly the years.  
One intro class following another,  
Laden with dread computer fears.

-----

19-Nov-83 22:08:27-PST,3121;000000000001  
Mail-From: W.WHP4 created at 19-Nov-83 22:05:58  
Received: from LOTS-A by LOTS-A with Pup; Sat 19 Nov 83 03:45:31-PST  
Date: Sat 19 Nov 83 02:52:42-PST  
From: Bill Palmer <w.whp4 at SU-LOTS-A>  
Subject: songs off net.jokes  
To: songs at SU-LOTS-A

From diamant@cwruemp.UUCP (John Diamant) Sun Nov 13 00:08:44 1983  
Relay-Version: version B 2.10 5/3/83; site flairvax.UUCP  
Posting-Version: version B 2.10 beta 3/9/83; site cwruemp.UUCP  
Path: flairvax!decwrl!decvax!cwruemp!diamant  
From: diamant@cwruemp.UUCP (John Diamant)  
Newsgroups: net.jokes,net.misc  
Subject: Re: As promised! The Irish Ballad  
Message-ID: <783@cwruemp.UUCP>  
Date: Sun, 13-Nov-83 00:08:44 PST  
Article-I.D.: cwruemp.783  
Posted: Sun Nov 13 00:08:44 1983  
Date-Received: Mon, 14-Nov-83 02:31:17 PST  
References: <151@dual.UUCP>  
Organization: CWRU Computer Engr. Cleveland, Ohio  
Lines: 71

I have seen many one liners about computer songs, as well as several Tom Lehrer songs and thought this might be interesting. A while ago, I ran across this version of An Irish Ballad. It was written at Johns Hopkins University (from a songbook compiled by their science fiction association).

AN IRISH CPU  
(to An Irish Ballad by Tom Lehrer)  
by Sarah Elizabeth Miller

About a CPU I sing,  
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.  
About a CPU I sing  
Who sat around compi-a-ling  
And wouldn't do another thing  
For anyone else logged in, logged in,  
For anyone else logged in.

Old programs it would just ignore,  
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.  
Old programs it would just ignore  
And leave them rotting in the core,  
Not caring what they all were for  
Except those in "user/bin", "user/bin",  
Except those in "user/bin".

This CPU was lots of fun,  
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.  
This CPU was lots of fun  
Until one wanted programs run  
And if one tried to get them done  
It typed back "You're not logged in, logged in."  
It typed back "You're not logged in."

Long processes it would not do,  
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.  
Long processes it would not do  
And, rather than to run them through,  
Would ask to have some Irish stew  
And a couple of cases of gin, of gin,  
And a couple of cases of gin.

And then it would raise hellish toasts,  
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.  
And then it would raise hellish toasts  
And make a few obnoxious boasts,  
Not only could it drink the most,  
It knew many more ways to sin, to sin.  
It knew many more ways to sin.



To prove its point to all the world,  
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.  
To prove its point to all the world  
It let the magtape fall in curls  
And wrap around some foxy girl  
And slowly rewind her in, her in,  
And slowly rewind her in.

This sordid tale I won't prolong,  
Sing rickity, tickity, tin.  
This sordid tale I won't prolong  
And, if you do not enjoy my song,  
You've got Abe to blame if it's too long.  
He should never have let me begin, begin.  
He should never have let me begin.

John Diamant  
Case Western Reserve University  
Cleveland, Ohio

Usenet: ...decvax!cwruecmp!diamant  
CSNet: diamant@Case  
ARPA: diamant.Case@Rand-Relay

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24-Nov-83 04:46:07-PST,2044;000000000001  
Received: from LOTS-A by LOTS-A with Pup; Thu 24 Nov 83 04:46:03-PST  
Date: Sat 19 Nov 83 22:18:07-PST  
From: Bill Palmer <w.whp4 at SU-LOTS-A>  
Subject: another song...  
To: songs at SU-LOTS-A

From puder@burdvax.UUCP Tue Nov 15 08:55:29 1983  
Relay-Version: version B 2.10 5/3/83; site flairvax.UUCP  
Posting-Version: version B 2.10.1 6/24/83; site burdvax.UUCP  
Path:  
flairvax!decwrl!decvax!wivax!linus!philabs!seismo!harpo!floyd!clyde!akgua!sb1!sb6!bpa!burdv  
ax!puder  
From: puder@burdvax.UUCP  
Newsgroups: net.jokes  
Subject: Re: -Computer Songs  
Message-ID: <1311@burdvax.UUCP>  
Date: Tue, 15-Nov-83 08:55:29 PST  
Article-I.D.: burdvax.1311  
Posted: Tue Nov 15 08:55:29 1983  
Date-Received: Thu, 17-Nov-83 08:01:38 PST  
References: <72@tpvax.fluke.UUCP>

Organization: SDC - a Burroughs Company, Paoli PA  
Lines: 31

This isn't the one requested, but I wrote this for our fortune file after finding the first verse there.

Ah, look at all the lonely users.  
Ah, look at all the lonely users.  
Eleanor Rigby; Sits at the keyboard and waits for a line on the screen  
Lives in a dream  
Waits for a signal, finding some code that will make the machine do some more.  
What is it for?  
All the lonely users, where do they all come from?  
All the lonely users, why does it take so long?

Hacker MacKensie; Writing the code for a program that no one will run  
It's nearly done  
Look at him working, Fixing the bugs in the night when there's nobody there.  
What does he care?  
All the lonely users, where do they all come from?  
All the lonely users, why does it take so long?  
Ah, look at all the lonely users.  
Ah, look at all the lonely users.

Eleanor Rigby; Her program crashed leaving no trace in core or on disk.  
She's really pissed.  
Hacker MacKensie; Wiping the bits from the tape as he dismounts the drive.  
Nothing was archived.  
All the lonely users, where do they all come from?  
All the lonely users, why does it take so long?

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Karl Puder {sdcrcdf,presby,psuvax,bpa}!burdvax!puder (215)648-7555

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8-Dec-83 02:08:28-PST,1211;000000000001  
Mail-From: C.CHAR created at 8-Dec-83 02:08:23  
Date: Thu 8 Dec 83 02:08:23-PST  
From: C.CHAR@LOTS-A  
Subject: So you want songs, eh?  
To: songs@LOTS-A

"You're Not Alone" sung to the tune of "We're All Alone" by Boz Scaggs.

Outside it starts to snow,  
And you will never know,  
Still inside,  
Bloodshot-eyed  
And tired, debugging your code.  
Forever more.  
Forever more.

Drink some more caffeine,  
And curse at the machine,  
Editing,  
Commenting  
For hours, long forgotten now.  
You're not alone.  
You're not alone.

Find some errors,  
Fix your file,  
But still it won't compile.  
No need to edit now.  
Print it out.  
Try it all again.  
What can you turn in?

Once you start to code,  
You can't help but grow old,  
Hackers do, lusers, too, so  
Back your programs up on tape,  
And keep them near.  
Keep them near.

Find some errors,  
Fix your file,  
But still it won't compile.  
No need to edit now.  
Print it out,  
Try it all again.  
Nothing's working yet, my friend?  
You're not alone,  
You're not alone.

Find some errors,  
Fix your file,  
But still it won't compile.  
No need to edit now.  
Print it out,

Try it all again.  
Nothing's working yet, my friend?  
You're not alone....

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8-Dec-83 02:17:58-PST,860;000000000001  
Mail-From: C.CHAR created at 8-Dec-83 02:17:54  
Date: Thu 8 Dec 83 02:17:53-PST  
From: C.CHAR@LOTS-A  
Subject: An oldy...  
To: songs@LOTS-A

"There! I've Handed It In!" sung to the tune of  
"There! I've Said It Again!" by Redd Evans and Dave Mann

It's working, there's no need to wait.  
It's already a day or two late.  
It's working (for what I type in).  
There! I've handed it in!

I've finished, what more can I say?  
For ages, I've look towards this day.  
It's working (the comments are thin).  
There! I've handed it in!

I've tried all night for  
A program just right for  
Meeting the homework's demands.

But what good is hacking  
When what I am lacking  
Is food and rest  
For tomorrow's test?

Forgive me, for being so late,  
But LOTS crashed from midnight till eight.  
It's working from END to BEGIN.  
There! I've handed it in!

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8-Dec-83 20:17:10-PST,896;000000000001  
Mail-From: C.CHAR created at 8-Dec-83 18:36:37  
Date: Thu 8 Dec 83 18:36:37-PST  
From: C.CHAR@LOTS-A  
Subject: more ...  
To: songs@LOTS-A

"Argue on BBoard Flamer" sung to the tune of

"Boogie on Reggae Woman" by Stevie Wonder

I like to see you argue  
All across the net.  
I like to write back at you,  
Though your opinion's set.

I like to tantrum,  
But you type too rash for me.  
I like to get you angry  
By flaming on your screen.

Argue on BBoard flamer.  
What is wrong with me?  
Argue on BBoard flamer.  
Stupid, can't you see?

I'd like to see both of us  
Meet face to face.  
I'd like to see you up front  
And put you in your place.  
(Yes I would)

I'd like to see both of us  
Meet face to face.  
I'd like to see you in the flesh  
And put you in your place.

Argue on BBoard flamer.  
What is wrong with you?  
Argue on BBoard flamer.  
What you trying to prove?

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6-Jan-84 16:49:14-PST,1337;000000000001  
Received: from LOTS-B by LOTS-A with Pup; Fri 6 Jan 84 16:49:12-PST  
Date: Fri 6 Jan 84 16:49:31-PST  
From: Richard Treitel <V.VEGA@LOTS-B>  
Subject: "Beneath Bright Lights"  
To: songs@LOTS-B  
cc: v.vega@LOTS-B

No-one knows what it's like  
to be a user  
to be a luser  
Beneath bright lights  
No-one knows what it's like

to be hated  
to be fated  
To working only nights

But my screens they aren't as empty  
as my disk space seems to be  
I have hours only lonely  
My love's ADVENTURE  
that's there for free

No-one knows what it's like  
to write these programs  
like I do  
And I blame you!  
No-one bites back as hard  
on their errors  
None of my strange code  
can show through

But my screens they aren't as empty  
as my disk space seems to be  
I have hours only lonely  
My love's ADVENTURE  
that's there for free

If I learn BASIC, teach me FORTRAN  
before I use it, rot my brain  
When it compiles, show me some MacLisp  
make me write it over again  
And if I start up a FORK in the Background  
put your FINGER down my throat  
If I ask questions, please give me a manual  
to keep me dumb while you write your code

No-one knows what it's like  
to be a user  
to be a luser  
Beneath bright lights

(adapted, after a more famous song by The Who)

- Richard Treitel

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8-Mar-84 02:16:24-PST,1046;000000000001  
Received: from LOTS-B by LOTS-A with Pup; Thu 8 Mar 84 02:16:20-PST  
Date: Thu 8 Mar 84 02:19:06-PST  
From: Mark Adolph <R.RAPPER@LOTS-B>

Subject: Last Night I Didn't Get to Sleep At All  
To: songs@LOTS-B

(Apologies to The Fifth Dimension)

Last night I didn't get to sleep at all. (No, no)  
I sat at LOTS and hacked until the morning came,  
And though you're just a Helper,  
It's you I blame.

Oh, last night I got to thinking maybe I (I, I)  
Should send you mail and just forget my foolish pride.  
I heard PS: accessing, I went cold inside.  
And last night I didn't get to sleep at all.

I know it's not my fault, I did my best.  
God knows this Heath-19 could use a rest.  
But every line I type just fills me with such fright  
That I can't even hit RETURN. (RETURN)

Oh, last night I didn't get to sleep at all. (No, no)  
The programs that I stole were just a waste of time.  
I couldn't close my eyes with Pascal on my mind.  
And last night I didn't get to sleep,  
Didn't get to sleep,  
No, I didn't get to sleep at all.

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14-May-84 19:43:20-PDT,925;000000000001  
Mail-From: B.BERLIN created at 14-May-84 19:43:17  
Date: Mon 14 May 84 19:43:17-PDT  
From: Rich <B.BERLIN@LOTS-A>  
Subject: For the Longest Time  
To: songs@LOTS-A

(to the tune of "For the Longest Time," (of course!) by Billy Joel.  
Customary apologies, and an open invitation to add more verses...Rich)

Find the helpers, I need their advice  
Maybe six or seven will suffice!  
We'll all go snooping  
WHILE my poor program's looping--  
I've been DEBUGging for the longest time!

HELP me someone, where did I go wrong?  
Just one loop should not go on that long!  
It's iterating

My GPA's deflating  
I've been single-stepping for the longest time!

Whoa, oh, oh, oh,  
For the longest time  
Oh, oh, oh,  
For the longest time. <etc>

"Jealous Husbands," "Towers of Hanoi,"  
"CryptArithmetic" we all enjoy.  
The load is climbing  
And look, my song's still rhyming--  
I've been DEBUGging for the longest time!

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7-Jun-84 21:09:17-PDT,1719;000000000001  
Mail-From: Y.YDUJ created at 7-Jun-84 21:09:14  
Date: Thu 7 Jun 84 21:09:14-PDT  
From: Judy Anderson <y.yduJ@LOTS-A>  
Subject: BOOT IT  
To: songs@LOTS-A

[through various channels this came from inside DEC to the TOPS-20  
wizards' mailing list -- 100 lines of message header deleted]

Sing this one to Michael Jackson's "Beat it"....

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 jobs 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

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