A.I. Gots 'Em Lo Down Backtrackin' Blues

A Logically Complete Complaint

(Non-Polemically Hard?) Soul Search Problem

with a sound moral ending of course

COMPLETELY IMAGINED, COMPOSED, AND WRITTEN FOR YOUR PERSONAL, PRIVATE, AND EXCLUSIVE ENJOYMENT

BY

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Music: Basic improvisational acoustic "not-sosquare" blues; steel finger a plus - **Singing:** Southern drawl, and a lot of running over syllables, and good luck... **And remember:** it's blues - ya gotta feel it...

Chorus

I've got 'em backtrackin' blues AIn't got no answer at all AIn't got nothing to choose Think I'm gonna lose control

It's time to hit the trail Cuz I'm bound to fail

A. I. gots 'em lo down backtrackin' blues

Verse 1

Met this perfect model Made a parse, tried to snuggle Told her, "Babe, wanna try me? Proceed... Ya can trust me!

Got a variable mood But mah life kinda good."

Verse 2

She sweet "p," no parent rules Tell her about the real facts of Life She like it, we was good terms: Ask me to Church, to get unified!

But when 'twas time to say "yes!" She wouldn't get renamed!

Verse 3

Was mindin' my own goals Was followin' the rules But she got me so bound Got no other choice point

I failed...Couldn't prove nothin'... I think y'all know what I mean!

Verse 4

(lead guitar plays mean, wicked, evil, blues lick here)

We clashed - too many arguments So she cut me away...(!)

> Verse 5 (free bluesy talk)

Then came the Horned One Making me proposition Said "Sign here, this special clause Will guarantee you complete mess: Infinite memory, random access, Answers constant consistent 'yes' Make the right choice, no need to guess No more 'try me,' nor 'try me else...'''

Verse 6

Was that definite resolution? Needed no abstract interpretation, Just simple annotation! Hmm...

Was a tough choice, couldn't commit So I backtracked - to hell with it!

Verse 7

One day I know I'll succeed No "ands," "ors," nor "nots," no deal I'll find all the free bars I need And solve Life's constraints for real.

I'm rational maybe can still Go higher-order searchin' mah soul...

Gotta find that meta-rule That Paradox may never fool...

"*MUSIC* = *LOGIC minus CONTROL*" a logically uncontrolled night of frenzy in which we learn about the double personalities of several LP specialists!

International Symposium on Logic Programming, Vancouver, BC, Canada, October 26-29, 1993 (ILPS93),