V úterý televize Nova oznámila širokou veřejností dlouho očekávanou zprávu: Tuzemské pohřebnictví rozšířilo nabídku služeb o odklad rozkladných procesů, lidově řečeno o balzamování mrtvol.

Již dlouho mne trápí otázka vlastní nesmrtelnosti, ale dosud se mi nepodařilo, aby se po mně jmenoval alespoň malý brouk. A v podobné situaci jistě je i celá řada P.T. čtenářů tohoto sloupku nic se po nich nejmenuje a nesmrtelnost se nemusí dostavit.

Nově zpřístupněná služba dává našemu bytí úplně novou dimenzi. Až dosud se člověk musel smířit buď s organickým rozpadem (v případě pohřbu do země), nebo s několik hodin trvající teplotou několika set stupňů Celsia (v případě pohřbu žehem). Nyní se naskýtá mnohem příjemnější možnost nebožtíkovi v pohřební službě napumpují do žil formaldehyd, látku, již známe z přírodovědných kabinetů je to ona tekutina, ve které bývají naložené žáby. Formalín pak v těle nakonzervuje měkké tkáně podobně, jako to známe z oněch kabinetů, a tělo se stává preparátem, ne-li dokonce rovnou mumií. Takže nesmrtelnost je na dosah.

Jedině mne trochu mrzí, že na mou preparaci nebude mít kdo dohlédnout. Nemám potomků ni manželky. A tak musím otevřeně přiznat, že byste to měli být právě Vy, moji čtenáři, kdo založí fond za vycpání J.X. Doležala a posmrtně mne nechá na věčnou paměť vypreparovat i s jointem.

P.S.: Nabídky na preparaci předsmrtnou se s díky odmítají.

How Software Companies Die

By: Orson Scott Card

The environment that nurtures creative programmers kills management and marketing types - and vice versa. Programming is the Great Game. It consumes you, body and soul. When you're caught up in it, nothing else matters. When you emerge into daylight, you might well discover that you're a hundred pounds overweight, your underwear is older than the average first grader, and judging from the number of pizza boxes lying around, it must be spring already. But you don't care, because your program runs, and the code is fast and clever and tight. You won.

You're aware that some people think you're a nerd. So what? They're not players. They've never jousted with Windows or gone hand to hand with DOS. To them C++ is a decent grade, almost a B - not a language. They barely exist. Like soldiers or artists, you don't care about the opinions of civilians. You're building something intricate and fine. They'll never understand it.

BEEKEEPING

Here's the secret that every successful software company is based on: You can domesticate programmers the way beekeepers tame bees. You can't exactly communicate with them, but you can get them to swarm in one place and when they're not looking, you can carry off the honey.

You keep these bees from stinging by paying them money. More money than they know what to do with. But that's less than you might think. You see, all these programmers keep hearing their fathers' voices in their heads saying "When are you going to join the real world?" All you have to pay them is enough money that they can answer (also in their heads) "Geez, Dad, I'm making more than you." On average, this is cheap.

And you get them to stay in the hive by giving them other coders to swarm with. The only person whose praise matters is another programmer. Less-talented programmers will idolize them; evenly matched ones will challenge and goad one another; and if you want to get a good swarm, you make sure that you have at least one certified genius coder that they can all look up to, even if he glances at other people's code only long enough to sneer at it.

He's a Player, thinks the junior programmer. He looked at my code. That is enough. If a software company provides such a hive, the coders will give up sleep, love, health, and clean laundry, while the company keeps the bulk of the money.

OUT OF CONTROL

Here's the problem that ends up killing company after company. All successful software companies had, as their dominant personality, a leader who nurtured programmers. But no company can keep such a leader forever. Either he cashes out, or he brings in management types who end up driving him out, or he changes and becomes a management type himself. One way or another, marketers get control.

But...control of what? Instead of finding assembly lines of productive workers, they quickly discover that their product is produced by utterly unpredictable, uncooperative, disobedient, and worst of all, unattractive people who resist all attempts at management. Put them on a time clock, dress them in suits, and they become sullen and start sabotaging the product. Worst of all, you can sense that they are making fun of you with every word they say.

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Nov zp ístupn ná služba dává našemu bytí úpln novou dimenzi. Až dosud se lov k musel smí it bu s organickým rozpadem (v p ípad poh bu do zem), nebo s n kolik hodin trvající teplotou n kolika set stup Celsia (v p ípad poh bu žehem). Nyní se naskýtá mnohem p íjemn jší možnost nebožtíkovi v poh ební služb napumpují do žil formaldehyd, látku, již známe z p írodov dných kabinet je to ona tekutina, ve které bývají naložené žáby. Formalín pak v t le nakonzervuje m kké tkán podobn , jako to známe z on ch kabinet , a t lo se stává preparátem, ne-li dokonce rovnou mumií. Takže nesmrtelnost je na dosah.

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