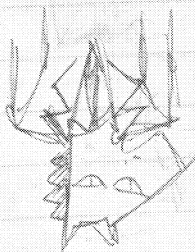


"Professor without
a cage"



I didn't realize this at first, but
there is an enormous temptation
(when you're completely disenchanted
from society) to write a manifesto,
a scathing one, that shreds apart
all the fixations of that society
(both real and imagined) and attempts
to predict that society's demise or
to deliver up a host of cryptic and/or
seemingly lucid stuff as a challenge
for that society to live the way I
do.

I'm sure you expect (perhaps dis-
parately) what me to sport off in-
cendiary things. And I am tempted
to: I'm totally disillusioned, I feel
betrayed by computers, and, on one
hand: yes, I wrote hideous code for
years. On the other hand: almost all
code - IF NOT ALL CODE - is hideous!

Sadly, this isn't as incendiary as it sounds.
Nothing can be incendiary or iconoclastic.