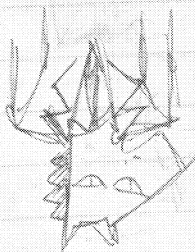


"Professor without  
a cage"



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.