

"professor without
a cause"



I didn't realize this at first, but there is an enormous temptation (when you're completely disenfranchised 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 desperately WANT) me to sport off incendiary 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