

Word Dance

Category: WordDance

Published: Wednesday, 23 June 2021 02:28

Written by david

Hits: 1021

WORD.DANCE

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Phoca PDF

-> ty sfiles>tce054>first.canto.1984

1984:DATA.OF.DESTINY
by the Sourcevoid

First Canto

10 The fateful year 1984 is upon us.

?For Good Or Evil?

Or like most of the vast sweep of
History, not with a bang but a whimper?

There have been many predictions,
And promises.

We ask
Mutter
And decide

This is a promise.
This Electronic dawning.

We are Kindergartners
of the Information Age

And we do not know. But we trust.
And we think there is someone who does.

Who does?

I do not.

I peer.

Through the Window of the CRT.
On the Wings of the Blinking Cursor.
Into the Black Hole of Tomorrow.

Who knows?

20 The smiling salesman sells a dream.

We

are the buyer of dreams.

Hearts on a Chip.
Minds in a Memory.
Souls on a Disk.

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While there are those who have already
figured out how the color green affects
our choice. And how to pander to that
chromosome.

Never worrying about the
Tomorrow. Of the All of Us.

I knew a man once. He got an Osborne.
He worked very hard to learn how to use
it. One day he put it on a table
to help close a deal. A very big deal.
He was showing a spread.
The lights went out. The red led blinked twice and
died.

When the lights
Came on again,
The Disk was
Dead

So was the Deal

The Spaceship Disintegrated. From
around the Deal. All Dealers fell into
Empty Space.
They were lost. Forever

When he was asked why he trusted the
new machine he answered "I didn't. I
trusted myself."

He still uses the Osborne.
He does not trust himself anymore.

30

Joseph Weizenbaum is mad. He is in the MIT Madhouse.
He wrote a Program:

40 Joseph Weizenbaum's Mind
50 GOTO 40

He went Mad.

Yet everyone thinks he is a genius.
They Listen to him.
He Hates Computers now.
They Listen to him.

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But he is Mad. He stared at the Mirror
of his own Mind until he couldn't See.
Anymore.

He blames it on the Computer.

We always listen to those who are mad.

And wonder why things don't work out.

GOTO 40

60 Woz started in a Garage, ended in a
Castle.

IBM started in a Castle. They will
never admit Garages.

The World was Invented in Garages.

Or was it? How about Bell Labs? No
Garage there. What's the difference?
Fra Lippo Lippi and Leonardo Da Vinci.
The Medici and the Man.

Fra Lippo Lippi's art is lovely. All
Priests agreed. Because the Church did.

Da Vinci was different.
Few agreed.

Just substitute:
"Corporate" for "Church"

You get the idea.

I prefer garages.
For chips anyway.

Not for Souls!
Or Lovers.
Later on that.
Cantos on that.
It is the most Important
But first, Archeology.

70

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Men make tools. Then tools make Men.
Somebody said.
Not me.
I just agree.

And these are Tools.

Now. ? What kind of Men,

80

Information Man
Information Men
Information Age
Post-Industrial Man

(Not the High-Tech that is

Neo-Industrial.

 Silicon Valley is not
Post-Industrial.

 Tool Makers are Industrial.

Tool Users are Not.

 Chip Makers are the New Tool Makers

The New Industries.

 Chip Users are the New Men)

It is They

Who will define the New Society.

I am becoming an Information Man

Computers are a Tool of My Mind.I don't
confuse my mind and its tools. Do You?

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Ah!
But
we
have
a
problem

The
analog
circuits
of
my
mind

Are

Like
the
digital
circuits
of
my
chip

Both
programmable

So which drives which
when one programs

?

Oh sure! We call it Education, not
Programming. Any difference? Maybe
ROMS

And if feedback from the World programs
the Mind, even without Teachers,

Why
don't
screens?

Maybe they do.

90

Experience
is
quite
an
Adventure
Game

Freeware from God

100

One of the Faithful went to New York
once. Saw the colorful Mass of Humanity
on Broadway.

Charlatans, Thieves, Clowns and Actors.
People. He stood there, 72d and
Broadway, garbage to his shoulder,
thinking about the Milling Mass of
Humans - and chips.

Something bugged him.

He flew to the Source. Macadamia Nuts
and Stewardesses. Sleek buildings.
Brooks Brother's suits and ties.
Secretaries. Corporate America.

Something bugged him.

He went to Newark. Visited the
Institute, wherein was EIES. The iron
door clanged shut behind him. He passed
the blue Perkin-Elmer Computers.

Something bugged him.

He talked to Jim. "Why are you here.
You are not like a professor. Or
student."

"I was programming General Ledgers for
IBM. All my life. I retreated here."

That was the word that unbugged him.

Retreated.

NJIT was an Electronic Monestary. We
"are" in the Middle Ages. Corporate
Source "is" the Aristocracy. Broadway
is Medieval.

The EIES Bishop and Source Prince.

Both covet the masses on Broadway. One
for reasons of Profit. The other for
its Salvation.

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You decide which.

Computers will Save us All.

Don't you know that,
Heathen,
Unwashed,
Computer Illiterate?

All the same, in the eyes of the Great
Computer Spirit.

That story has been told before, in
ASCII, by an Ancient Sourceonaut. It
bears retelling, every Christmas Eve.

It is about Faith.

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GOSUB 110

End of the First Canto

Copyright
January 1st, 1984
The Sourcevoid
From Behind the Cursor

Command.Level->

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Source Telecomputing Corporation

1616 Anderson Road
McLean, Virginia 22102
703/734-7500

-> ty sfiles>tce054>hello

HELLO

Hello. I am "Sourcevoid" Dave. David Hughes otherwise. I was born in Colorado, descended from stubborn Welshmen who were never too loyal to the king. Which is probably why I am content being a maverick of sorts, with a Welsh imagination. I live in Historic Old Colorado City at the base of 14,114 foot Pikes Peak. I work out of my 1894 Electronic Cottage with a variety of microcomputer and telecommunications tools, (Tandy 1000, Osborne1, Model III TRS-80, Model 100).

I am a happily married middle aged family man who has seen enough of Big Government, Big Wars, Big Industry, Big Political Causes - either of the left or right- to now prefer to operate a small enterprise out of a small house, in a small neighborhood, working with small organizations, using a small computer to make it all possible. I also have a small computer bulletin-board (303) 632-3391 to link my local friends with my brain - asynchronously and in the noble written form of Electronic English.

I suppose I am socially liberal, economically conservative, politically independent, a technical futurist and a management pragmatist but now a communications lateralist. The only thing I know about computers is what they theoretically can do and how they can help me do better what I want to do. I have been using micros for 8 years to substitute for secretary, typist, file clerk, accountant, treasurer, financial analyst, real estate agent in one of my professions of helping small Colorado towns revitalize their older business districts.

Working on the Board of the local business association I have used my microcomputer to help Old Colorado City make a spectacular economic turnaround in 5 years using the post industrial societal principles of Toffler's "Third Wave", the economic principles of Shumacher's "Small is Beautiful", the historic preservation principles of Main Street, USA, the social value system of a moderate income 'salt-of-the-earth' conservative western town, the people-organizational principles of Theory "Z", and the political principles of Ghandi's "There go my people. I must hurry and catch them if I am their leader", and the self-interest principles of entrepreneurial capitalism. (Some of us were implementing Nasbitt's Megatrends long before he put names on what we were doing. It works. Exceedingly well.

In partnership with Louis Jaffe I am involved with carrying these ideas much further. We are setting up a powerful small, 10 dial-up line Unix subscription system which is the first one we know of running ascii and naplps (graphic mail) concurrently, is very low cost, and is aimed at the local, rather than national scene.

I research and write local history with my "Electric Pencil" word processor. I have increasingly become involved with the application of microcomputer technology to do such ordinary things as teach people how to do such ancient things as write and figure well. I recently taught the first Course in America on "Electronic English". I had 12 "Telecommuting" Students - from Australia to England with Alaska thrown in linked by Source, and learning about how to navigate in the vast electronic void.

I work, largely alone, in perfecting my ideas of "Word.Dance" a form of visual speech which deals with ways to communicate more effectively than by oral or written forms alone. I have enjoyed interesting successes using my telecomputing skills and tools