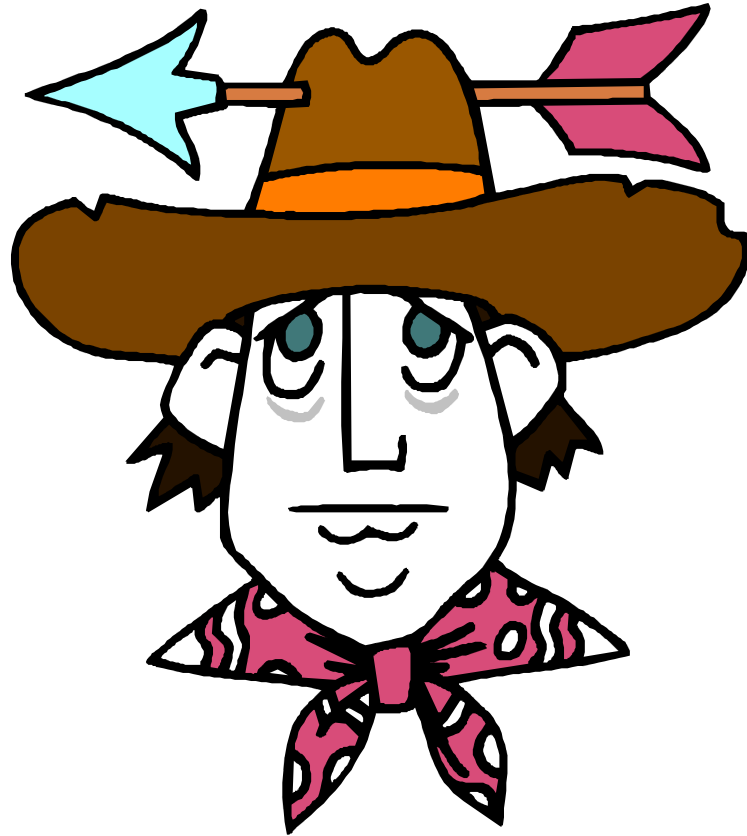


FORTRAN COWBOY



Dragonfly



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1	My Editor's Vi	American Pie Don Maclean	A young programmer reminisces about his first editor and contemplates the demise of the unix operating system.
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<p><u>My Editor's Vi</u></p> <p>A long, long time ago, I can still remember how, that unix used to make me smile. And I knew if I had my chance, that I could make that keyboard dance, and maybe I'd be happy for a while. But my editor it made me shiver, with every keystroke I'd deliver. No use, cannot insert, unless I typed one 'i' first. I still remember how I cried, on first that day this 'vi' was tried. Yes it touched me deep inside, the day the unix died. So....</p> <p>Vi, vi, ah my editor's vi, drove my cursor to the window, but my editor's vi. Them good ole boy's were yanking lines with a 'y', singin' this will be the day unix died this will be the day unix died.</p> <p>Did you read the book of use? Do user's give you sad abuse? And what of vi will it last? Or do you believe in WYSIWYG, do you think windows will be big? and can you teach me how to type real fast? Well, I know that you're in love with it, because I saw you type in something quick. You're so stuck to those days, Man I dig your stone-age ways. I was a lonely teenage program man, with a cup of coffee and a project plan, but I knew things were out of hand, the day the unix died. I started singing . . .</p> <p>Vi, vi, ah my editor's vi, drove my cursor to the window but my editor's vi, Them good ole boy's were yanking lines with a 'y', singin' this will be the day unix died this will be the day unix died.</p>	<p>Now for ten years I've been on my own, and vi grows old and so unknown, But that's not how it used to be. When the master wrote for the great machine, at a desk where he could work unseen, in a code that came to you and me. But while the machine was going down, the master made with one last frown. The reason was unlearned, no system was returned. The technician read a book on parts, windows slowly made it's mark, the programmer coded in the dark. The day the unix died. We were singing . . .</p> <p>Vi, vi, ah my editor's vi, drove my cursor to the window but my editor's vi, Them good ole boy's were yanking lines with a 'y', singin' this will be the day unix died this will be the day unix died.</p> <p>Helter-skelter in a summer swelter, the station's gone they had to melt her. OS five lost and failing tasks, all ended now, it could not last. Some hacker tried for a backdoor pass, but the manager was much too fast. So the password's lost and all is doomed, and the salesman march to a different tune. Windows appear on each advance, vi lost its only chance. 'Cause the master one day lost the feel, the system just refused to yield, and in the end vi's fate was sealed, The day the unix died. We started singing . . .</p> <p>Vi, vi, ah my editor's vi, drove my cursor to the window but my editor's vi, Them good ole boy's were yanking lines with a 'y', singin' this will be the day unix died this will be the day unix died.</p>
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Oh, and there we were all in one place,
a generation lost in space.
With no time left to start again.
So come on, code me nimble, Code me quick,
oh cut six lines with just one flick.
Ah vi is the devil's only friend.
And as I watched him type a page,
my hands were clenched in fists of rage.
No angel born in hell
could break that editor's spell,
And as the text was captured by machine,
the monitor began to gleam,
I heard PC's laughing in a dream,
the day the unix died.
He was singing...

Vi, vi, ah my editor's vi,
drove my cursor to the window but my editor's vi,
Them good ole boy's were yanking lines with a 'y',
singin' this will be the day unix died
this will be the day unix died.

I met a girl who talked so wise,
I asked her for some command advice.
But she smiled and told me none.
I went down to the system store,
where I met the master years before.
But the man said the unix wouldn't run.
And at their desks the programmers screamed,
the salesmen sold while the hackers schemed.
I thought he must be jokin',
the editors - all were broken.
And the three things I could use with haste,
the copy, cut and the holy paste,
They hid away like search-replace,
the day the unix died.
And they were singing....

Vi, vi, ah my editor's vi,
drove my cursor to the window but my editor's vi,
Them good ole boy's were yanking lines with a 'y',
singin' this will be the day unix died
this will be the day unix died.



2	Fortran Cowboy	Rhinestone Cowboy Glen Cambell	Another flashy Fortran programmer comes to town.
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Fortran Cowboy

I've been usin' these coding tricks
writin Fortran sixty-six
I know every open, every if and every do while
Where memory's the name of the game
And programmers never smile
like the grime in the rain
There's been a load of compromisin'
On the road to my compilin'
But I'm gonna get all my gotos - workin' for me

I'm a Fortran cowboy
Writing code in a language you won't even know
I'm a Fortran cowboy
Calling subroutines you don't even know
My email comin' over the phone

And one day it came like heaven
my upgrade to seventy-seven
How I love to pass all my data with a common
I use the format field,
for every line that I display
every complex and every integer,
every logical and real
There's been a load of compromisin'
On the road to my compilin'
But I'm gonna get all my gotos - workin' for me

I'm a Fortran cowboy
Writing code in a language you won't even know
I'm a Fortran cowboy
Calling subroutines you don't even know
My email comin' over the phone



3	The Keyboard	The River Bruce Springsteen	A soulful, poignant tale about two lovers whose coding styles grow apart.
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The Keyboard

I come from Silicon Valley
Where programmer, when you're young
They bring you up to code like your daddy done
Me and Mary we wrote in Fortran
there was error line seventeen
We'd try and work out the problem
from a message up on the screen

We'd go down to the keyboard
and into the keyboard we'd type
Oh down on the keyboard we'd write

Then I got Mary Pascal
And, man, that was all she wrote
And for my 19th code job I got a write Cobol
and it ain't no joke
Mary got into classes
Soon she wrote in a C plus plus
No cut and paste files, no great big compiles
No worries, no maintenance fuss

That night we went down to the keyboard
and into the keyboard we'd type
Oh down on the keyboard we'd type

I got a job writing some software
for the BHP Company
But lately there's been some problems
on account we're a using C
Now all them bugs just seem so important
Well, programmer who put 'em into there
And Mary acts like I should used objects
And I act like I don't care

But I remember us writing on our old pcs
Our fingers fast and sure down on the dirty keys
Those night by the screen we'd stay awake
I'd sit close just to feel each stroke she'd make
Now that keyboard comes back to haunt me
It haunts me like a curse
Is your code a lie if it don't compile
Or is it something worse
That sends me down to the keyboard
Though I know the keyboard is dead
That sends me down to the keyboard tonight
Down to the keyboard
My baby and I
Oh down to the keyboard we type



4	J.A.V.A.	Y.M.C.A. Village People	A fun little dance number extolling the virtues of Java (Don't forget the arm actions)
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<p><u>J.A.V.A.</u></p> <p>Young girl, I see you're typing down. I said, young girl, does your code make you frown. I said, young girl there's a new language in town There's no need to make code crappy.</p> <p>Young girl, there's a language to know. I said, young girl, why it's starting to grow You can try it, and I'm sure you will find Many ways to save yourself time.</p> <p>It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a. It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a.</p> <p>It has something that programmers enjoy, It's a new skill for you to employ...</p> <p>It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a. It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a.</p> <p>You can keep your code clean, you can reuse it all, Oh yeah it's free to install ...</p> <p>Young girl, are you listening to me? I said, young girl, it's so simple you see. I said, young girl, you can code all your dreams. But you've got to know this one thing!</p> <p>No one does it all by themselves. I said, young girl, go an log on to sun, Yes just go there, to the j.a.v.a. I'm sure it will help you today.</p> <p>It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a. It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a.</p> <p>It has something that programmers enjoy, It's a new skill for you to employ...</p> <p>It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a. It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a.</p> <p>You can keep your code clean, you can reuse it all, Oh yeah it's free to install ...</p> <p>Young girl, I see you've coded awhile. I say, to get down and get with the style. I think, this time write some code that will last This time come and reuse a class ...</p>	<p>Come get some advice that is free, I say, young girl, take a look on the net. the address to check out is j.a.v.a. Oh you can download it today.</p> <p>It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a. It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a.</p> <p>It has something that programmers enjoy, It's a new skill for you to employ...</p> <p>j-a-v-a It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a Young girl, young girl, throw your pointers away Young girl, java doesn't care anyway</p> <p>j-a-v-a It's fun to code in the j-a-v-a Young boys, young boys, so are you listening too Young boys, young boys, what are you gonna do</p> <p>j-a-v-a so just search for the j-a-v-a no one, young girl, does it all by themselves young girl, put that c++ on the shelf</p> <p>j-a-v-a then just code with the j-a-v-a j-a-v-a young girl, young girl, I had the coding blues j-a-v-a young girl, young girl, what do you wanna do j-a-v-a</p>
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5	Bug I Sold	Heart of Gold Neil Young	A programmer sells his software but is still haunted by guilt as he knows it contains a terrible bug that he can't find. Still he searches.
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Bug I Sold

I want to live,
I can't forgive
I wrote some software with a bug I sold
It's these explanations I didn't give
That keep me searching for a bug I sold
the code's getting old.
Keep on searching for a bug I sold
the code's getting old..

I move the mouse chord
from off the keyboard
I searched my program for a bug I sold
I look but can't find, it's just on one line
It keeps me searching for the bug I sold
the code's getting old..
Still I'm searching for a bug I sold.
the code's getting old..

Keep me searching for a bug I sold
You keep me searching for a bug I sold
the code's getting old..
I've been a miner for a bug I sold.



6	PC Oddity	Space Oddity David Bowie	A tragic and familiar story of a user lost in the windows operating system.
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PC Oddity

Mister Gates to User Tom
Mister Gates to User Tom
Take your install disk and put my system on

Mister Gates to User Tom
Commencing reboot, PCs on
Checking memory and may Bill's love be with you

(spoken)
Zero, Zero, Zero, One, Zero, One,
One, Zero, Zero, One, startup

This is Mister Gates to User Tom
You've really made me rich
And the papers say it works, but beware
Now it's time to try your system if you dare

This is User Tom to Mister Gates
I'm opening a window
And it's working in a most peculiar way
And the screen looks very different today

For here am I waiting in a window
far above machine
And my screen is very blue
but there's nothing I can do

Though I've installed one hundred thousand Megs
It's feeling very slow
And I think my PCs memory's is too low
Tell old Bill, "I hate this very much" - he knows

User Tom to Mister Gates
My program's dead, there's something wrong
Can you hear me, Mister Gates?
Can you hear me, Mister Gates?
Can you hear me, Mister Gates?
Can you....

Here am I waiting in a window
far above machine
And my screen is very blue
but there's nothing I can do.



7	Signs of Violence	Sounds of Silence Simon & Garfunkel	A man's frustrating love-hate relationship with his compiler ends in tragic violence and the spiteful destruction of company property.
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Signs of Violence

Hello compiler, my old friend,
I've come to work with you again
Because an error softly typing.
left a bug while I was writing
And the bug that was planted in the code.
Makes me go
and leave the signs of violence

In restless days I code alone
Narrow cubicle of home
By the halo of a white glow
I searched my program for the bug to know
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash
of computer screen
I made a scream
And left the signs of violence

For in the uv light I saw
Ten thousand lines or maybe more
Software compiling without running
Software running without working
People writing code that machines never shared
And then I dared
Create the signs of violence

"Fools", said I, "You do not know
Software like a cancer grows
Lift my screen that I might teach you
Drop my screen that I might reach you"
My computer, like heavy raindrops hit
And echoed
In the fits of violence.

I hammered where the keyboard laid
little plastic bits were sprayed
The pc flashed out its warning
With a fatal error forming
And the sign said, "The parts of the computer
are hitting on the office walls
And down the halls"
And die inside the signs of violence



8	Hey Dude	Hey Jude Beatles	A total quality management theme song to inspire programmers who aspire to better code.
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Hey Dude

Hey Dude, don't make it bad
Take some bad code and make it better
Remember to stop your memory leaking
Then you can start to make it better

Hey Dude, don't be afraid
You wrote it - now go out and fix it
The minute you don't let those bugs get in
Then you begin to make it better

And anytime you make a change, hey Dude, explain
Document the change though it's a pain yeah
For well you know there is a fool who one day too
may have the need to go maintain her

Na Na Na Na Na Na-Na-Na-Na

Hey Dude, don't make that frown
You have compiled now go and link her
Remember to test each and every part
Then you can start to make it better

So check it out and check it in, hey Dude, begin
We're waiting for code that is performing
And don't you know that it's just you,
hey Dude, you'll do
The code that you make could be much faster

Na Na Na Na Na Na-Na-Na-Na. Yeah.

Hey Dude, don't be afraid
You wrote it - now go out and fix it
Remember you don't let those bugs get in
Then you begin to make it better
Better, better, bette, better, better, better,
ohhhhhhh, Yeah.

Na na na, na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na, hey Dude...
Na na na, na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na, hey Dude...
(repeat 9 times)



9	Middleware Man	Pianoman Billy Joel	A middle ware man finds himself working for a second rate software company.
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<p><u>The Middleware Man</u></p> <p>It's nine o'clock on a Monday the regular crowd's logging in. There's one or two interesting emails, but most of it goes in the bin.</p> <p>Hey son, can you code a component? What it does well nobody knows. But it plugs and it plays and in thousands of ways, it takes away everyone's woes.</p> <p>La la la, de de da La la, de de da da da</p> <p>(Chorus) Write us some code you're the middleware man, write us some code tonight. And we'll all go and code up the interface, and you'll make it work out alright.</p> <p>Now Nick at the printer's a friend of mine, He's Greek and he's talking to me. well he's quick with a zorba or to code up some corba, but he'd rather be writing in C.</p> <p>He says, "Keith, this module is killing me", as the smile ran away from his face. "Well I'm sure there's a bug with security, if I could just find out the place".</p> <p>Oh, la la la, de de da La la, de de da da da</p> <p>(Chorus) Write us some code you're the middleware man, write us some code tonight. And we'll all go and code up the interface, and you'll make it work out alright.</p> <p>Adrian's an API analyst, his mother can't find him a wife. So he's anxious you bet as he chats on the net, and probably should get a life.</p> <p>Well the secretary distributes services, but a programmer never gets phoned. Yes we're sharing an object called loneliness, but it's better than coding alone.</p>	<p>Oh, la la la, de de da La la, de de da da da</p> <p>(Chorus) Write us some code you're the middleware man, write us some code tonight. And we'll all go and code up the interface, and you'll make it work out alright.</p> <p>It's a pretty good job for a city man, and the manager gives me a smile. Cause he knows without me there's no product you see so I'll keep my job for a while</p> <p>And the company runs like a carnival and the keyboard it smells like a coke and I have them to thank for the bread in my bank But hey man the software's a joke</p>
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10	Code with No Name	Horse with No Name America	A programmer working for a poorly managed company recounts his experience on a software project that seems doomed from the very beginning. Ashamed to be associated with the project he deliberately neglects to put his name on the source code.
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Code with No Name

On the first part of the project
I was looking at all the specs
There were classes and roles, some methods I think
The requirements really did stink
The first thing I did was write a note with a pen
that the job it had no scope
The task was vast and resources were few
But the bosses were full of hope

Well I wrote the program
and the code with no name
if felt good not to suffer the shame.
This company they never checks who's to blame
and there ain't no one for to help you to train
La, la ...

After two weeks into project mode
There hope was clearly mislead
After three weeks into project code
My head was filling with dread
The manager told how the project had slowed
Made me kind of think it was dead

You see I wrote the program
and the code with no name
if felt good not to suffer the shame.
This company they never checks who's to blame
and there ain't no one for to help you to train
La, la ...

After nine months I let the job run free
the boss had left the company
There were prints and screens, compiled up things
modules and classes of strings
The software is an iceberg with it's source undersea
And a perfect disguise above
Under the software lies a soul made of me
But the managers give no love

You see I wrote the program
and the code with no name
if felt good not to suffer the shame.
This company they never checks who's to blame
and there ain't no one for to help you to train
La, la ...



11	Object-Oriented Way	Yellow Submarine Beatles	A sing-along number for those with an interest in Object-Oriented programming.
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Object Oriented Way

In the town were I was born
Lived a man who wrote in c,
And he told us of his life
how he wrote procedurally

So we showed him our OO
And he liked it I would say
So he wrote for ever more
in an object oriented way.

We all code in an object-oriented way,
object-oriented way, object-oriented way
We all code in an object-oriented way,
object-oriented way, object-oriented way

And our friends are all on board
Making classes evermore
Mp3 begins to play

We all code in an object-oriented way,
object-oriented way, object-oriented way
We all code in an object-oriented way,
object-oriented way, object-oriented way

And the coding is a breeze
Every class we write has all we need
So we think that we will stay
In our object-oriented way.

We all code in an object-oriented way,
object-oriented way, object-oriented way
We all code in an object-oriented way,
object-oriented way, object-oriented way

We all code in an object-oriented way,
object-oriented way, object-oriented way
We all code in an object-oriented way,
object-oriented way, object-oriented way



12	Losing my Connection	Loosing my Religion REM	A forlorn man with a laptop and a wireless link just can't maintain his connection.
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Losing My Connection

Network's bigger
It's bigger than you
But you cannot join
The access points I go to
The protocols I need
Oh no I've tried too much
to set it up

That's me in the corner
That's me with the laptop
Losing my connection.
Trying to get onto the net
Oh but my wireless link can't do it
Oh I download too much
bandwidth's not enough
I thought that it would be working
I thought that I could connect
I think I thought I had to try

Every session
and every workin hub I'm
choosing my encryption
I triple E yeah eight oh, two.
My signal's lost and I'm a fool
No I reboot too much
I boot it up

Consider this
Spread across the spectrum
Consider this
errors in the bit sum.
authentication failed
Could be all these wireless
networks shutting down
Ah the net's too fucked.
I thought that it would be working
I thought that I could connect
I think I thought I had to try

That is how the net works
That is how it works.



13	Email	Peace Train Cat Stevens	A man who feels the world is becoming a weird and lonely place calls for an end to all the emails.
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Email

Now I've been crappy lately,
 thinking about the bad jokes that come
 I can't believe it could be,
 That people get so dumb

Oh I've been checking lately,
 dreaming that no message will come
 And I believe it could be,
 some day it's slowing to none

Out on the edge of wireless,
 there rides no email
 Oh email drives me crazy,
 Let there be none again

Now I've been smiling lately,
 thinking about the good news to come
 And I believe it could be,
 No email has begun

Attachments coming nearer
 Ride on the email
 Clog up the email
 Attachments coming near.

Everyone jumping on your email
 Turn off your email

Get your thoughts together,
 Online is getting to you
 Yes we're getting weirder,
 You soon will be weird too

Now come and join the living,
 it's not so hard for you
 And get off the email,
 soon it will all be true

Now I've been crying lately,
 thinking about the world as it is
 Why must we go on typing,
 why can't we just desist

Yes one day I will detach me,
 Turn off my email
 Oh email makes you lonely
 Come on and heed my tale



14	Malloc	Memory Cats	A programmer discovers that his program is leaking memory. Hopes of finishing the project on time start to fade and perhaps he will have to find a new job.
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Malloc

Leaking

See the memory leaking
 And a hope that is fading
 I will wither away
 Like the programmer
 Who yearns to turn away from the code
 I am waiting for the day . . .

Malloc

Not a block for the pointer
 Has this fool lost his memory?
 He's compiling alone
 In the screenlight
 The withered pages print out at his feet
 And his voice begins to moan

Memory

All alone in the screenlight
 I can't smile at the null days
 Where did the heap go then
 I remember the time I knew what allocate did
 Let the memory live again

Every new word

Will create a fragmentation warning
 Program stutters
 To crash in the gutters
 And soon it will be morning

Deadline

I just wait for the deadline
 I must think of a new life
 I must throw my job in
 When the day comes
 This job will be a memory too
 And some new code will begin

Used up ends of address space

And not even a warning
 The software dies, a crash falling over
 Fatal bug is dawning

Free me

It's so easy to leave me
 All alone with no memory
 Of arrays that are full
 If you free me
 You'll understand what happiness is

Java 's - new way has begun

