

Re: Maple bugs: Backward compatibility – 1

Source: <http://sci.tech–archive.net/Archive/sci.math.symbolic/2004–12/0300.html>

From: Vladimir Bondarenko (*vb_at_cybertester.com*)

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Madam,

I fully agree with you!

But you know only a tiny fraction of the eerie truth, namely, that in real life I am a craaaashing bore. I never smile, (my Mom told me that I even was born with a face as long as a fiddle), I always have the most forbidding countenance and sinister glance. When I pause near flowers, they languish & fade. Naturally, I'm extremely suspicious, I have no trust even to myself speaking nothing of any other live soul. I know not a single anecdote whatsoever, and even cannot memorize them (obviously, a case of early sclerosis). I am wildly angry with the fact that the Sun rises on the East and sets down on the West. All people around me are not such as they should be. (By the way, all computer algebra systems has lots of bugs, Maple is the # 1 candidate to the Guinness Record Book!) When I read books, typos spring to my eye, without the slightest effort on my part, and I groan. Once I had a futile hope that I could save myself in sleep, ahh in vain. Even all my dreams are terrible boring. In fact, I must admit that I am boring *so much* that I got sick and tired of myself, shiver my timbers! 'Pon my word, you have a chunk of genuine luck not to be within gun–shot with such a born spoilsport like me, or you would drop dead in 5 minutes.

Upon reading this unexpected remark of yours I could imagine that you are a respectable chairwoman of an elite masochistic club? ;)

Otherwise, it is a deep mystery for me why on earth you keep victimizing yourself via reading my posts? Couldn't I recommend you as soon as you run into my name, skip the post the very moment? Just tell yourself in a sad or angry or fully indifferent voice, This blackguardly villain is far beneath my notice, and with your light heart go to other posts, where you will find solace and rejoice, pourquoi pas?

Also, after a certain internal fight with myself, I've decided to make a shy remark that I write for the benefit of the symbolic community, for Oracle & IBM readers who visit the forums, for

Wolfram Research and Maplesoft. For DoD and DARPA. As Oliver Heaviside has it, Fault has been found with these articles that they are hard to read. They were, perhaps, hard to write.

Even worse! The further the more I will speak about tech details, about sophisticated problems and the ways to bypass them, oh poor my readers...

Had you have a desire to be entertained, just drop me a private message at vb@cybertester.com and I could send you some my short and long poems/short stories (unfortunately, most of my 1000+ poems are written in Russian... things look black)

Best wishes,

Vladimir

P.S. I feel a plethora of energy to spend towards making people boring. I simply do not know how to spend the surplus. One way is writing poems, sci-fi and detective stories. I never write them using any kind of intentional planning, they just outfly out of my mind when I did not expect them. Or at times, starting running, they out of blue stop dead and then I do no much attempt to finish them.

Just for your fun, I attached a parody I wrote overnight by candle-light during a power failure in February of 2000.

I am a hacker. You are a black box.
You're a honey faith. I'm your orthodox.
I'm a sweet-tooth. You're a vanilla pie.
You're the flutiest disc. Th' atwitter jukebox am I.

I'm a daring probe. You're the deepest space.
I'm an incessant artist. You're the desired face.
You're my beloved lorry. I'm your caring chauffeur.
You're my best short story. I'm your happy raconteur.

I am a master-key. You're the locked flat.
You're a fluffy pussy. I'm a bold wild tomcat.
You're a never yet seen flower. I'm your holy dew.
I'm a great life-bearer. So are, honey, you.

I am the greatest poet. You're my inspired string.
You're a windup watch. I'm your tense mainspring.
I am a world-around traveller. You're the best trip I can make.
I'm your overnight insomnia. You're my everyday headache.

You're a quiet osier. I'm a lone lake.
You're the golden locket. I'm its best keepsake.
You're a newborn baby. I'm the deadly smallpox.

You're a little bunny. Leveret, I'm your hungry fox!

You are my loving momma. I'm your best-loved boy.
I'm a beggar child. You're my only toy.
You're the holiest sanctuary. I'm a blasphemy, God damn!
You're my fire whiskey. Your dead drunkard I am.

I am a beauty trader. You are my godsent franchise.
I am a resourceful boffin. You are my Nobel prize.
I am a national trainer. You're the full-blooded racehorse.
I am a mastermind. You are my best tour de force.

You are a stripteaser. I'm a stage-crafted director's brains.
You are a little villain girlie. I'm your sweetest lollipop.
You are a gentle coming spring. I am your joyful drip-drop.
You are a profound crooner. I'm your inspiration non-stop.
You are a merciless drought. I'm your powerful fountains.

You are a cinema screen. I'm a fairy-projector.
I'm a bewitching ray. You are an accepting tissue.
Two atwittering arrows fly to two beloved targets,
my devoted eyes to your breast naked afresh.

I am a dogged physicist. You are an unvanquished plasm.
I am the warmest sun. You are the iciest chasm.
I am a perpetual chase. You're the elusive subtle truth.
You are an immortal ado. I am a forgiving ruth.

You're a droplet of magic. I'm the lips of a dead oaf.
I am the cruellest famine. You're my fresh-baked loaf.
I am a frenzied diamond-drill. You're my deepening well.
I'm the zero of Kelvin. You're my blazing hell.

I'm an inveterate miser. You are the miser's hoard.
I'm an awaiting liner. Nugget, welcome aboard!
I'm a great astronomer. You're a star to be found.
You are a ticking sex bomb. I'm your proving ground.

You are my lucky finish. I'm the racing car.
I'm the swiftest arrow. Th' eversought-for-target you are.
I'm an incorrigible addict. You're my shiny drug.
I'm a ready-to-start booster.
You're the final spark plug.

Up we go!