

## 2 A Parable on the Importance of Tools; or, Build your own fucking birdfeeder.

*an epistle from the Rt. Rvd. Pastor Manul Laphroaig,  
for the Beloved Congregation of the First United Church of the Weird Machines.*

Grace and Peace to you!

Once there was a wine-maker named Noah, the sort of fella you'd be happy to share a beer with. He made damned good wine, but one day he started building a boat.

"Why are you building that?" they'd ask, "Are the voices in your head telling you that it's gonna rain?"

"Nope," he'd say, "Just toolin' around."

They showed him yacht catalogs and boating magazines. "Look, man, you can just buy one at the store."

"Haven't got the money," he'd say and then get back to building the frame or bending boards for the hull.

"Well, you could afford to rent a boat for the weekend."

Now Noah was a patient guy, but everyone has his limit. "I'm building my own fucking birdfeed," he'd say, "because they've got wood at the store."

And there was a fella named Howard Hughes, a crazy old millionaire. Back in the thirties, he built his own air force to film a movie about the first World War, so during the forties, when Roosevelt needed an air force of his own, he bought Howie's.

Howie Hughes built other birdfeeders. He made the H4 Hercules, the world's largest airplane and a damned big boat, out of wood. It was five stories tall with a hundred meter wingspan. First flying in 1947, nothing approaching its size was seen for another forty years.

During the cold war, when the CIA wanted to recover a sunken Soviet submarine, K-129, they called ol' Howie up. "Howie," they said, "We've gotta keep this real quiet. Don't tell anyone."

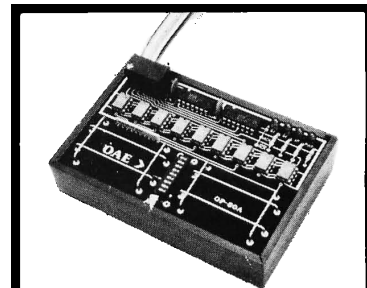
So the next day, Howard Hughes held a press conference! "There are giant blobs of copper on the ocean floor," he lied, "and I'm building a big-ass boat with a big-ass crane to pick them up and drop them on the deck. It'll be so efficient that I'll put the other copper mines out of business."

So while folks were scrambling to invest in his copper company and divest from the real ones, Howie built the Hughes Glomar Explorer. True to his word it was a big-ass boat with a big-ass crane, but instead of picking up copper blobs it lifted that submarine off the ocean floor and dropped it on the deck.

How could he do these things? Because he built his own fucking birdfeeders, that's how.

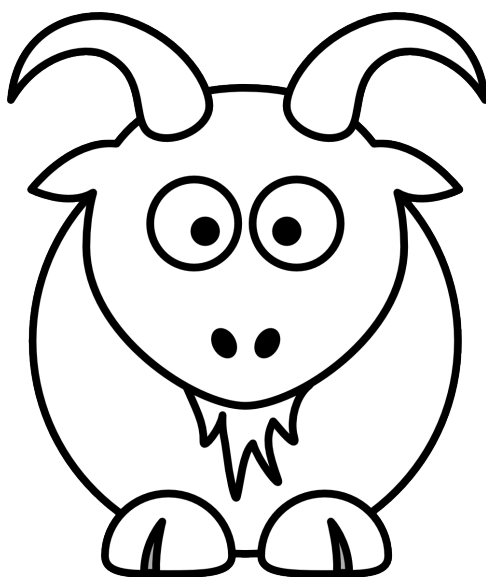
So when you're tooling around with a from-scratch tool, your own hex editor or interactive disassembler, and your neighbors tell you to use 010 or to use IDA or to use this or use that, do what Noah and Howie would do. Look 'em in the eye and say,

"I'm building my own fucking birdfeeder."

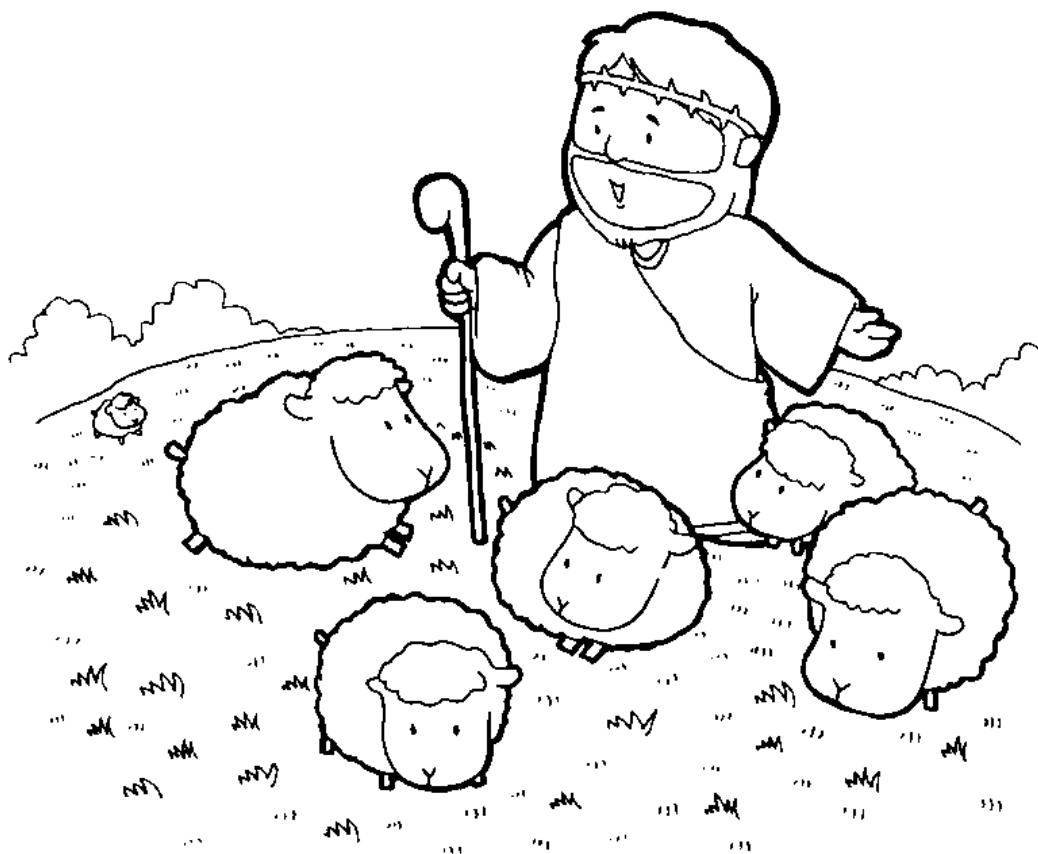


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Pastor Laphroaig tells us that when the streams of our computation are unclear, it's often because the SEO Experts are enjoying their goats upstream.



Pastor Laphroaig says to the SEO Experts,  
"Not with my flock!"