

## The Heather

When I think of what it must have been like for the first societies to be able, or even the seasons prosperous enough, to allow running for running's sake - the waste of calories on delight - I dream of what that looks like in software development, in using the Web to release the unsung voice.

Martin Kiapes once said that software development should be like art.

After all, we all work with the same ones and zeros.

Everything else you do is concocted out of your own mind, your own creativity, ideally working within a colony of creative thinkers and doers.

One of my goals with Left Brain is to subvert the very profit motive to the benefit of mind share.

That mind share being part of the collective effort of men and women across the globe freed from wage slavery into collective abundance. Allowing minds to problem solve for real projects, not grease, simply, vulgar, the wheels of commerce, as if being on the oars of a slave ship somehow represents progress.

Profit becomes a mean to an end, not an end itself, the coin, Mammon, that enslaves so many.

I think back on the lives of so many of the ultra rich I got to deal with, who were below the global ultra rich, but still spent more money on meals out in year, much more in wine I'm sure, than I made in year.

Their lives were miserable, God-forsaken, literally, miserable in their unhappy excess.

I look especially at the tragedies of trustafarians, living their lives unbidden by any sense of real satisfaction, born completely into the liesure class, serfs of bankers and lawyers managing their estates, and their lives are poisoned, spiritually, emotionally, psychically corrupt from the day they were born.

That wealth, distributed, shared, the prosperity part of a crew of swarthy pirates, who may stink and have rickets from time to time, makes for more adventure than a life spent swaddled in unearned wealth, broken over the back of people living lives of quiet desperation.

For me - I seek the heather.

Enough food stored that I can run barefoot in the highlands, feet toughened by the winter of marching out to the paddock to feed some, slaughter others, eating gruel.

Watching the thistle rise again.

Feeling the heather soft under my feet, sunshine and calories enough that I can run through the hills with a growing tribe,  
a clan seeking nothing else than to be able to enjoy the spring, with enough come autumn to wait out the winter.

With malice towards none, and charity towards all.