

onstipated In Rio

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Windows Hate Week - part 1,001

Personally, I think history will show that Woz is and always woz right, not Steve, who just makes the most noise.

"The only interesting thing about a computer these days is the user," said the bearded one recently. At least it said so in the mag I was reading on the plane to Rio the other day. With 5 hours to wait for my flight back up the coast to Alagoas, <http://www.dynamiclanguage.com/brasil>) I took a screenshot of the executive lounge. Half of the harrassed executives were tapping away on laptops. Could I select a Windows user in an identity parade? Could you? Interesting thought, isn't it. Can you guess which chip someone uses by the cut of their clothes? Or the shape of their heads?

Personally, I dislike Windows users: cattle fodder, soap opera viewers with glass-fronted cupboards and avocado bidets. I can't work with them. You know the feeling when you sniff ammonia or Ostend harbour? They are arrogant, self-satisfied and snooty. I'll defend their right to believe whatever they want, I just wish they'd please go away and take their ludicrous ideas and machinery with them.

An office full of Windows users reminds me of one of those perverse Oriental weddings where 40 thousand sacrificial lambs pledge their troth in front of the great dictator, dedicating their pathetic souls and wallets to spending loads of money they can't afford on sub-standard hardware and software that they don't need. And is it true Big Bad Bill has bought the rights to "Triumph of the Will"? I wouldn't let a Windows user in my house, with their disgusting habits. What on earth would there be to talk about? You can't argue with them, can you? With all that money a Wintel machine is still only a slight improvement on a 1986 Mac. With their ridiculous 'Intel inside' stickers and their giant fans whirring away.

Anyway. What's the answer? Would anyone else be able to tell the difference between a

Windows and a Mac user in an airport lounge? The harrassed chaps all looked unhappy. Utterly miserable. I swear. And this is in the executive lounge; air-conditioned, free bubbly, funky little canapés, beaming waiters, magazines in 9 languages, view of Rio harbour, free phones, you name it. I could hardly bring myself to do any work, but we busy execs you know... At least I had a smile on my face, although whether that was from the bubbly or the fact that a G3 fitted with that Stanley Clarke bass guitar high up the neck harmonics startup sound just wipes the floor with those tinny Wintel speakers, I don't know. And they were all wearing sweaty suits and I wasn't. They probably had more money, but is that really all there is to it? Wonderful.

I hope their batteries fallout during a presentation. That'll teach them to buy rubbish. And yes, before my flight had been called most of them had casually strolled over, not interested in buying one you understand, but ...hey what's a G3 like?

Writing that on the plane was better than having a good shit, except that I remembered halfway to Salvador one of the harrassed ones had explained that he was off to a sales meeting in Sao Paolo to sell a few thousand laptops to the Brazilian government. No, he said, no-one else has gone for the work. Apple don't even bother quoting, he said. He didn't think they even knew how to. I suppose to Wintel nerds Apple users are as much a figure of fun as they are to us. I felt constipated again....

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