DEMOBIT 2019 PHOTO GALLERY

THE DEVELOPER

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the fourth issue of Prudentia Journal!

Again, it is only a month since the previous issue, and again, it is for a reason: There was a computer art festival called Demobit in Bratislava, Slovakia, in early February 2019. This issue of Prudentia Journal is mostly dedicated to this event, and it features a photo report. That is why the PDF file has grown pretty big – I hope this is okay with you, hopefully most of you already have a broadband Internet connection.
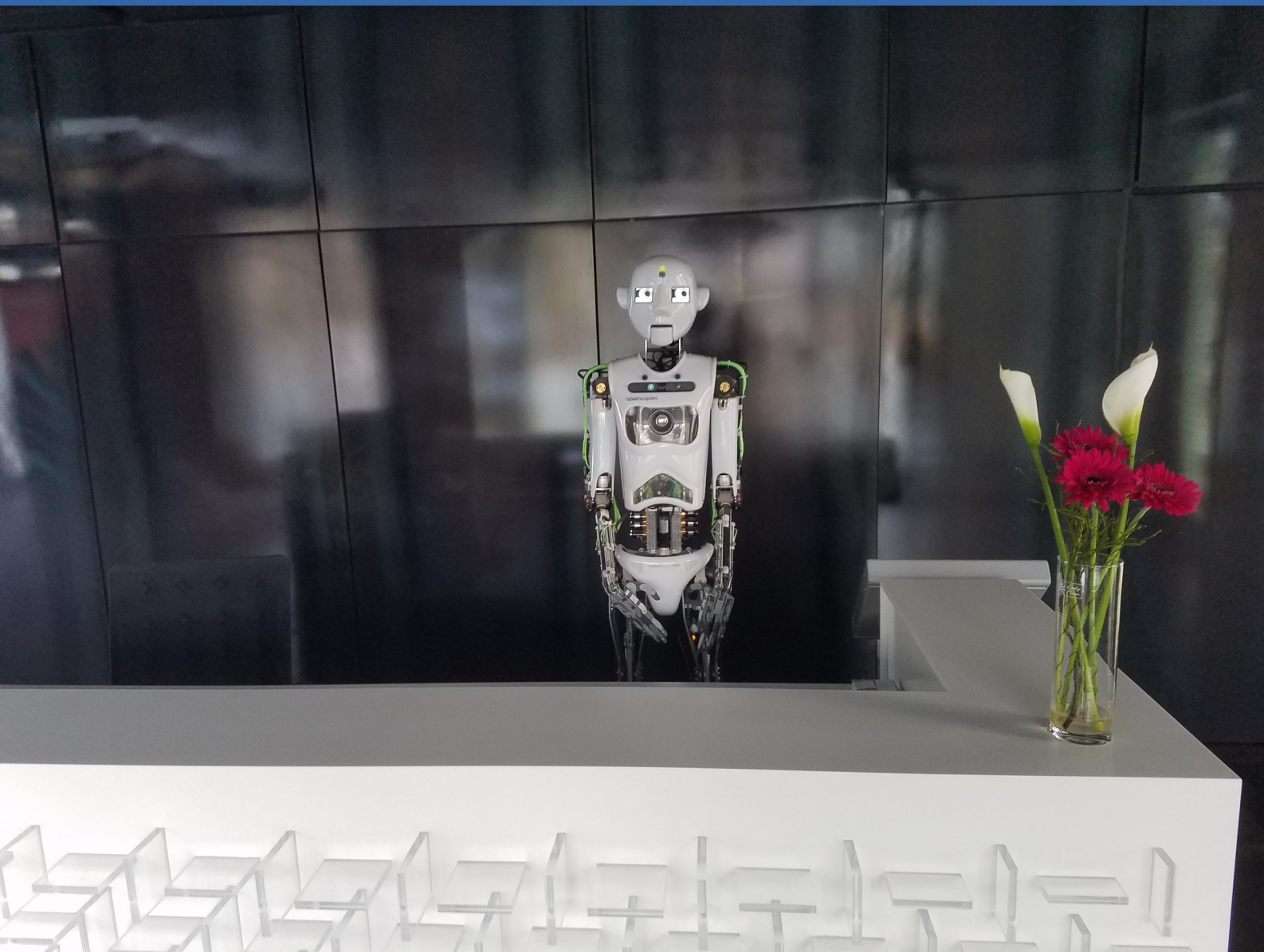
In addition, I have included a modern "fairy tale" about a software developer. Just think that life might be like this for some of us in the near future! What do you think about this? I would be curious in your reactions!

Enjoy reading!

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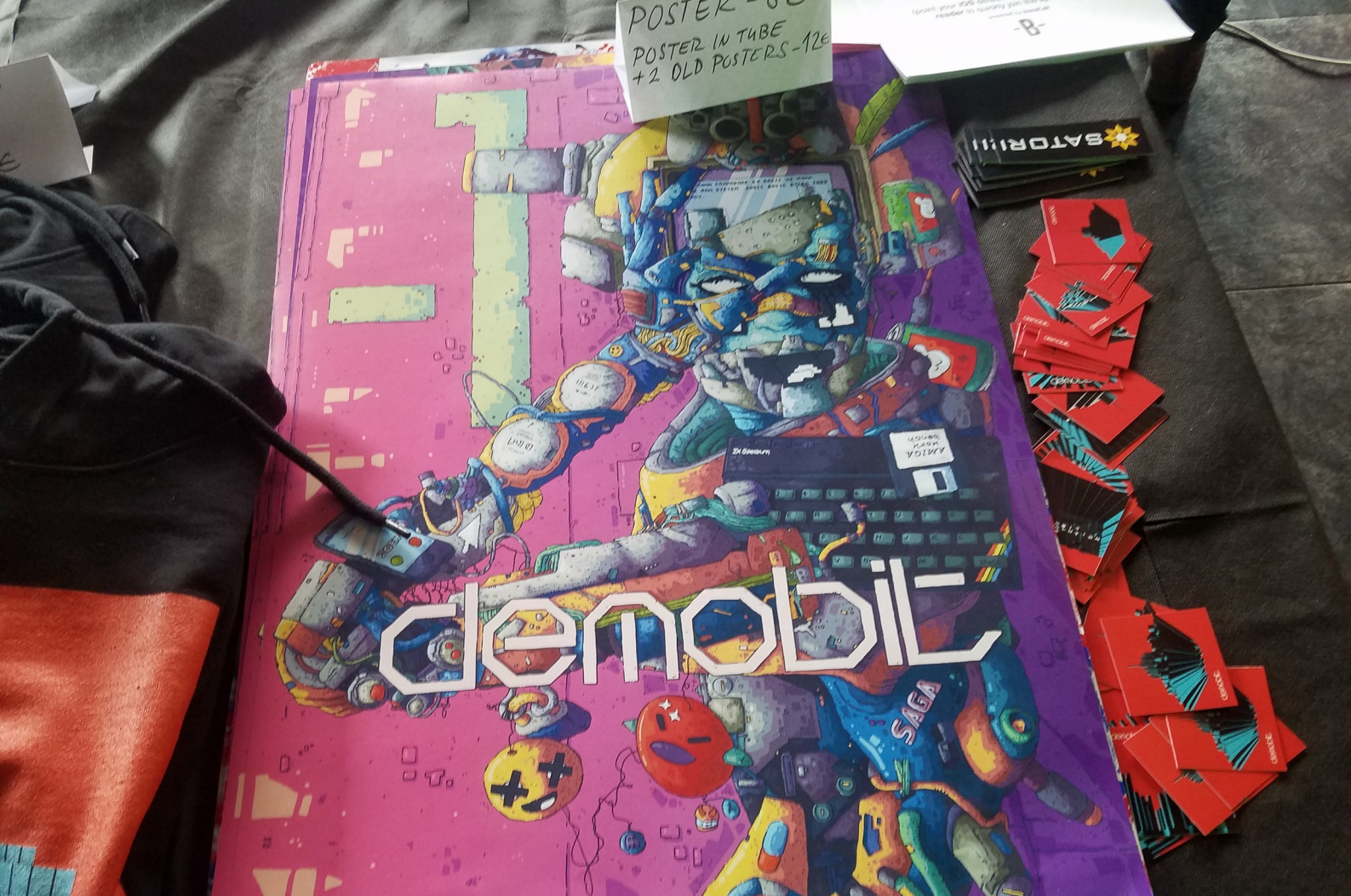
DEMOBIT 2019 PHOTO GALLERY

Claus D. Volko

Demobit 2019 was a demoparty in Bratislava, Slovakia, beginning of February 2019. This event is held on an annual basis since 2017. Before that, there were events in the time period 1995 to 2001 when the main organizer of the event, Zden Hlinka, was still a high school student. In 2001 to 2017 he was focusing on his career and finally he has felt nostalgic about the old memories of the demoscene and therefore decided to resurrect the party.

Such events are held at various places, mostly in Europe, throughout the year. People, often from abroad, gather there to participate in creative computing competitions: graphics, music, animations, demos, intros, these are the categories which are to be found at any demoparty. At Demobit 2019, I participated in the photo competition, the 256 byte intro competition and the "one scene" competition (a competition for demos with a restricted execution time of one minute).

The location of the event was the Binarium, a site where several IT-related start-up companies have their offices. Take a look at some photos of the event now!

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SATORI

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SAGA

SIDE LOADER

THE DEVELOPER

A modern fairy tale by Claus D. Volko

Adam couldn't remember his childhood. His memory was completely erased. Or maybe just blocked. Anyway, he couldn't think of anything whenever he tried to think of what might have happened before waking up for the first time in his bed here in the three by three square metre cell where he had spent his whole life ever since. His cell had natural light, but the window was so high that he couldn't see out. Apart from that there was a desk with computer, a treadmill and a slit in the cell besides the bed. When Adam first woke up in his bed in that cell, he hadn't found his way for a moment, but that moment had been short-lived. For the computer turned on and a voice sounded that said to Adam, "Welcome! You are Adam and will now be trained by me to be a software developer." Curiously, Adam sat down at his desk and followed the instructions given to him by the voice. The computer taught him, Adam, how to develop programs. Adam enjoyed this job very much. He soon came to the conclusion that computer programming was his destiny and that he would enjoy doing it all his life.

Adam learned quickly, and soon the computer gave him simple tasks to solve. These tasks became more and more difficult, and Adam had to work harder and harder, but he always had success and, associated with it, an enormous feeling of happiness. Adam mastered all tasks with flying colours. Adam was proud of himself. What a life! I can sit at the computer all day and do what I do well: program. From time to time I stand on the treadmill and keep myself physically fit in this way. Three times a day I get food through the slot that keeps me alive. I give the excrement through this slot. A wonderful life! Adam was happy.

That's how it happened day in, day out. Adam woke up, sat down at the computer, received the instructions he had to work on. He worked diligently on it all day, doing sports from time to time, eating meals. Adam was very pleased with his life. He didn't even wonder what it was all about. He didn't even wonder who or what was pushing the food through the slot. The main thing was that he received the food. The work was fun for him and he was happy.

What Adam didn't know was that he had been specifically created to work as a software developer all his life and to perform at his best in this profession. He had been conceived in a test tube and genetically manipulated. He had been equipped with maximum intelligence and the lowest susceptibility to stress. At the same time, he had been programmed in such a way that he had few needs, no need for contact with other people, no questions asked what was outside the cell in which he had to live. Adam was maximally adapted to his task of developing software. The people who had created Adam had decided that it would be better to have the development work done by people made specifically for him than by artificial intelligence. Because human intelligence was still superior to any attempt to create artificial intelligence. In any case, the intelligence of appropriately programmed, genetically optimized humans. So, for the time being, a biological solution had been chosen.

So Adam lived for many years, was happy and content, had no needs that had not been met.

But Adam was a man, and like all men, Adam also came into the years. Adam had never seriously asked himself what would happen if he were sloppy or lazy and did not do his job properly or make a mistake. His innate high intelligence prevented him from even coming up with the idea of being negligent. But as he grew older, Adam's performance inevitably deteriorated. At some point the day came when Adam was no longer able to solve the task assigned to him within the given time limit.

That day, Adam didn't get anything to eat.

The next day Adam also received no food through the slit.

It's never happened before.

Adam immediately realized that there had to be a connection. As a result, he tried to perform better from now on, which increasingly struck him. His capacity was limited. Sometimes he already managed to complete the task scheduled for the day. Then he got food. But often he didn't succeed, so Adam had to starve.

After all, Adam was beside himself with rage for the first time in his life. It couldn't be that I can't do this anymore! It just couldn't be! I have always been able to do that!

But only when Adam was even less able did he think that he could demand to be cared for, although the performance did not correspond to what was given.

"Hello, out there! Whoever you are! I need food to survive! I won't do better if I don't get anything to eat! When I get something again, I will try to do my job as well as possible! But I need food! Without food not even the least is possible".

Such texts Adam typed in his despair. At first there was no reaction. But at some point Adam was apparently heard. Through the slit came regular food again, no matter whether Adam performed the prescribed service or not.

"Thank you. It's good if I can be sure that I'll be provided with food. I will continue to do my best. But the main thing is that I get food, I regain my strength and can be reassured that my existence is secure."

So Adam reached a mature old age and was happy all his life. He always endeavored to achieve the required results; sometimes it worked, sometimes not. He did not come up with the idea of deliberately working sloppily or doing something wrong. Everything went well.

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