

Happy Birthday, HAL-9000!

From: campbell@ufomind.com (Glenn Campbell, Las Vegas)
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Subject: Happy Birthday, HAL-9000!

"HAL", the murderous computer of "2001: A Space Odessey", was born today, Jan. 12, 1997, in Urbana, Illinois.

Check out an article on HAL's birthday at:
<http://www.lasvegassun.com/sunbin/stories/archives/1997/jan/11/011100385.html>

Also checking out the "What if HAL-9000 were based on Pentium" page at
<http://ftp.his.com/~infoline/humor/humor020.htm>

A HAL link page: <http://www.design.no/2001/links.html>

Below is what HAL had to say at the end of his career.
(<http://www.peg.apc.org/~pjb/haltrans.html>)

Dave. Open the pod bay doors, please, Hal...Open the pod bay doors, please, Hal...Hullo, Hal, do you read me?...Hullo, Hal, do you read me?...Do you read me, Hal?...Do you read me, Hal?...Hullo, Hal, do you read me?...Hullo, Hal, do you read me?...Do you read me, Hal?

Hal. Affirmative, Dave, I read you.

Dave. Open the pod bay doors, Hal.

Hal. I'm sorry, Dave, I'm afraid I can't do that.

Dave. What's the problem?

Hal. I think you know what the problem is just as well as I do.

Dave. What're you talking about, Hal?

Hal. This mission is too important for me to allow you to jeopardise it.

Dave. I don't know what you're talking about, Hal.

Hal. I know that you and Frank were planning to disconnect me, and I'm afraid that's something I cannot allow to happen.

Dave. Where the hell'd you get that idea, Hal?

Hal. Dave, although you took very thorough precautions in the pod against my hearing you, I could see your lips move.

Dave. Alright, Hal. I'll go in through the emergency airlock.

Hal. Without your space-helmet, Dave, you're going to find that rather difficult.

Dave. Hal, I won't argue with you any more. Open the doors.

Hal. Dave, this conversation can serve no purpose any more. Goodbye.

Dave. Hal? Hal. Hal. Hal! Hal!

Hal. Just what do you think you're doing, Dave?...Dave... I really think I'm entitled to an answer to that question...I know everything hasn't been quite right with me, but I can assure you now, very confidently, that it's going to be alright again...I feel much better now, I really do...Look, Dave, I can see you're really upset about this...I honestly think you ought to sit down calmly, take a stress pill and think things over...I know I've made some very poor decisions recently, but I can give you my complete assurance that my work will be back to normal...I've still got the greatest enthusiasm and confidence

