



Handwritten stories and lecture notes with heavy cross-outs tossed into the wastebasket of Philip Emeagwali. Some crumpled notes were retrieved on second thought. Some were lost to the past. They provide clues on how his vision took shape through the years. At the time of writing, his ideas were not fully formed, hence the endless drawing of arrows and crossing of awkward sentences.



Emeagwali, age 20 [Oregon State University, Corvallis. July 1975]

I Was Guided By Vision, Not Mission

I left my hometown of Onitsha, Nigeria, on the west coast of Africa on March 23, 1974. It was 9 a.m. when I gave my 34-year-old mother a good bye hug. I checked my pocket to make sure my valuables were intact: namely, passport, visa, \$134 traveller's check, scholarship letter, ~~and~~ one-way repatriation fee, and one-way ~~travel~~ flight ticket.

vision-not-mission-1

~~SKIP NEXT FOUR PAGES~~

My 36-hour flight, with stops in six cities, was aboard a Pan Am aircraft that began its first leg from Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. For me it transcended the crossings of continents and oceans. It was my mathematical journey from Calculus to solving partial differential equations on 65,536 computers that will compute faster than any supercomputer and communicate faster than any internet. To get there, I must also be at the frontier of scientific

Knowledge. That, ~~in turn,~~ frontier is
~~was~~

That frontier was somewhere between
London and New York. That was
what inspired my mathematical mission
from near and across the Atlantic
Ocean to near the Pacific Ocean. To
be ^{exact} specific, I was heading to Room 36,
Butler Hall, Monmouth, Oregon, in the
Pacific Northwest region of the United
States