

DIGITO ERGO SUM

Or: If you can't count on your fingers, what can you trust?

Published for the August 1981 mailing of ANZAPA by John Bangsund and Sally Who?, PO Box 171, Fairfield, Victoria 3078

6 August When it comes to making my life difficult Derrick Ashby is a mere amateur, but he does his best. In a note accepting a kind invitation to his birthday party (a good party it was, too), I mentioned a change of name in this household (see below) and asked for an extension of time to pay our ANZAPA dues. In response our OBE says he feels that he cannot give us an extension. Not wishing to put his feelings to the test - and not wishing to leave ANZAPA in the same week that I leave Telecom -, I have paid up. Unfortunately this leaves no money whatever to buy the paper to print PHILOSOPHICAL GAS on, so you are getting this scrap of minac instead of that eminent journal of record. No, that's not true. The fact is that I can't afford either.

Derrick doesn't understand the fine distinctions between poverty (which he says 'is not really a sufficient reason for a dues extension'), crying poor (which he says the whole membership would be doing if he gave us an extension) and temporary financial difficulties (which Sally and I are having right now). The more finely honed intellects among us will understand why, under these circumstances, I declined to accept the OBE's offer of a loan.

SALLY YEOLAND, formerly Sally Bangsund, and before that Sally Yeoland, wishes to advise that that is her preferred and legal name, that she is still married to the old bloke, and furthermore, is still cohabiting with him.

MY MOTHER, who has regained her former distinction of being half the Bangsunds in Australia, asked why I wanted to throw away a good job (by which she meant my strictly temporary engagement by Telecom). I suggested that the question be directed to the Government of the Commonwealth, which is throwing away good people. The discussion has been suspended for the time being.

Some time ago I photocopied an article from Telecom News (and another from Australian Book Review), with the idea of putting it in ANZAPA, and you will find it appended. The ranks of delegates to the Telecom Historical Officers' Conference are thinning. Our worthy President Grigg soldiers on. But poor old Bill Petrie died in May, Frank Howson's job has been abolished (Who cares that a large part of Australia's telecommunication history may be researched only in Adelaide? Not Telecom!) and I have resigned. My decision to do so arose from a much too complicated set of circumstances to be outlined here, but it had partly to do with wishing to jump before I was pushed (not that it was certain that I would be pushed, but why should I be luckier than other temporaries?), and partly to do with my heart having gone out of the work. Telecom doesn't understand that its past is important to its future, the Razor Gang ensured that I would no longer be in a position to develop any such understanding, and apart from working with David there was nothing else I liked about the job.

TCHAIKOVSKY'S fugues (I read in the Gramophone) tend to peter out.

I thought that was amusing. So far no-one I've repeated it to finds it amusing. Will Leigh Edmonds find this little anecdote doubly amusing? Students of the Naval Backwater Syndrome will.

Tcheers!
