

Brian J. Dooley's News in 2004

Another Christmas, another newsletter—and almost enough to write about!

A Year in Christchurch

The move back to Christchurch has proven to be a good decision. There are certainly more opportunities here than out at Leithfield, and everything is much closer. The down side, of course, is that it's also a good deal more expensive! This greater expense has made it more difficult to do other things which require spare cash—such as travel. But, not to worry... business has kept me far too busy to do anything other than pursue commercial and creative opportunities this past year, anyway!



Back garden in Winter

There are plenty of things that need to be attended to at this new house. In addition to looking at painting and furnishing issues—beach hut furniture doesn't really work here—I also have to consider fencing and gardens. The previous owners had set up lots of flowerbeds in a somewhat haphazard arrangement. This means weeding. I don't do weeding. Perhaps I will add a tree hedge; possibly a veggie garden. Will have to do something. At the moment, Br'er Rabbit would feel right at home!

Major Business Topics

This year, major focus areas for work reports have been global telecom, wireless technology, broadband services, contract negotiation, and cost justification. All of these areas are showing recent significant interest, particularly as telecom continues to recover from a slump that began with the “dot com” bust of the late '90s.

Interest in cost justification and contract negotiation is due to a continued emphasis on capital conservation, and a need to explore new avenues for improving efficiency.

This all goes to demonstrate that, even if the economy totally collapses, there will still be writing opportunities!

Local Stuff

I continued to perform on the Open Mike nights at the local folk club during 2004, and wrote a few more songs early in the year. These were “Butterfly, Borboleta,” a song based on a photo of children playing with butterflies in Brazil and “The Guru of IT,” a song version of the comic poem of the same name that I wrote for the *Nocilis of Yppolf* short story series a long time ago (see words on back). I also did a Christmas song, which is more of a jingle; and started doing a song to go with the *Perils of Possum*

Point story series. This was all at the beginning of the year, however, before business got busy and time became less available.

Turtle Takes Off

In addition to the mundane world of technical manuals and reports, I occasionally branch out into more creative realms. Most recently, I have been working with animator Liam Hannigan (Hannimation) to obtain a grant to develop an animated cartoon film based on “The Tortoise and the Hare for a New Age”—a song I wrote last year. (Illustration is clipart, not Liam's work!)



The project has been submitted, but there are no indications yet as to whether we will be successful. Results will be announced just before Christmas. Even if we don't get the grant, there will be others. This project just keeps getting better!

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Travel

No major travel in 2004, alas. Too “house poor”! This is the first time in ten years or so that I have had a mortgage to pay!

Nonetheless, I did get the chance to visit the Longs in Nelson on a couple of occasions, per usual. I even got them to come down to Christchurch to visit me last Christmas!



Ron and Ineke Long at Akaroa (near Christchurch.)

In December, I also got an assignment to cover a robot conference at Massey University in Palmerston North. This is a small city a few hours out from Wellington. Nothing overseas, however, and this is the first time in a very long while that I have been unable to do any major traveling.

Next year is also looking fairly difficult in this regard. One problem is that the value of the US dollar seems to be in free-fall. While this might seem to favor visitors to the US from abroad, many of my clients pay in American money, and more is needed to pay Kiwi bills.

On the other hand, it is still far too early to tell!

My Webs

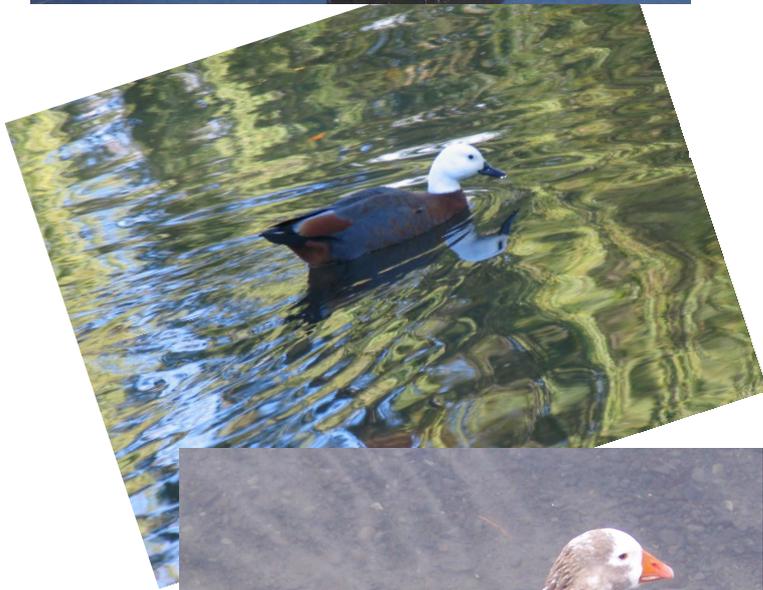
Most will know that I keep two Web sites—one for business, and one for creative projects and photos. The business site, *bjdooley.com*, has a CV (resume), recent work lists, brochures and what not. The personal site is now *bjdooley.inf*, as I finally elected to give it its own certified domain name. Why? Because there was a deal on, and it was free!

The *bjdooley.inf* site has a photo scrapbook, pictures of carvings, links to songs, graphic cutout toys, comic stories, comic poems, general photography and a lot of stuff that I can't even remember.

Reviews

This year, all features for NZ Reseller News went out with brief product reviews. That meant that I got to play with all of the latest toys! This was particular good for digital cameras, which I used to take photos of some of the birds down at the Avon River...just two blocks away!

Here are a few of the best.



The Guru of IT

by Brian J. Dooley

Hey Nonny, Nonny,
There are bells in my tummy,
And a bat just flew up my nose.

When I was young, I invented a system
for counting the pigs in the sky.
It was just an amusement, it didn't concern me that,
at the time, pigs couldn't fly.
Now, accidents happen with Science, of course,
and the outcome is sure to be big
Giganticorp let a stray gene get away,
and invented the flying pig.

Hey Nonny, Nonny,
There are bells in my tummy,
And a bat just flew up my nose.

The Director said "make it seem part of our plan,
take a pig inventory," and then
They contacted me, and paid a large fee,
and now I'm a genius again!
Now I give lectures, on how to do business,
and all of the businessmen listen.
They all are respectful, because of the fortune
I've made from my pig counting system.

Hey Nonny, Nonny,
There are bells in my tummy,
And a bat just flew up my nose.

Giganticorp failed, and the pigs have all died,
but I was a pioneer,
I made all my money by luck and by chance,
but so I don't let it appear.
My fortune is growing, I know less and less,
am renowned still for my acumen;
So they all pay my fee, and listen to me,
and now I'm a genius again.

Hey Nonny, Nonny,
There are bells in my tummy,
And a bat just flew up my nose.

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