



Asking Len Langan for a profile brought a smile to his face. "It will be an odd sort of story" he said "I came from a curious dysfunctional family full of curious people that might have been modelled on the Margaret Rutherford and A.E. Matthews English Film character actors. I've inherited some slightly eccentric traits.

The First World War changed society enormously but my family somehow managed to ignore the changes well into the middle of the twentieth century. The slash and burn social piracy of the post war Labour Government brought them crashing into the real world with nationalisation, estate duties and other ghastly statements of social equality. My older brother and I were the first of our family to be sent out into the world to seek paid employment.

My childhood ambition was to become a school master. Being a serious minded gentleman gliding through sham red brick or genuine gothic stone cloisters in cap and gown appealed to me. My dream was achieved many years later after reading Renaissance History and Victorian Politics with a Teaching Diploma tagged on to add the dedicated professional touch. Soon enough one found that one did not like the world of pimply little boys with brains little bigger than that of a dormouse and managed to worm my way up to the exalted social heights of a Supply University Lecturer. This was enjoyable but paid very poorly forcing one on the doorstep of wedded bliss, into the civil service as an alternative to commercial pursuits. It was an experience beyond comparison that "Yes Minister" world of self-serving, honour seeking old school tie social misfits but it was a comfortable platform on which one balanced with ease for five years.

Then the day dawned when one had to embrace commerce. It was indeed a brave new world that was willing to encourage new techniques gaining social respectability in planned marketing and brand image building. In the seventies "Marketing" became a fast developing career path for image-creators, or those that pretended to be trendy and "with it". Few asked what "it" was exactly but the all powerful "bottom lines" produced glowing testaments to excite the inhabitants of board rooms to extol the virtues of the new science and follow it all the way to their bank vaults. It was for me a nice horse to ride.

Looking back over the last fifty odd years of my life it has mostly been really enjoyable, and apart from the four years wasted in allowing my wife and I to be used by The National Trust in Tasmania, Managing Clarendon, there is little one would seriously want to change. One day someone will actually do something socially valuable with Tasmania's priceless built heritage and one can only hope that one will live long enough to see that golden dawn. It is to me so very sad that such a valuable asset is being undervalued, undeveloped and culturally abused. Tasmania deserves better!