



Update

New Facsimile for Mr. J. Bellamy

September 17, 1997

ICL is pleased to announce that our peerless Order Entry manager for RETAIL *partners*, the good Mr. John Bellamy, has moved into new quarters on the opulent 9th floor of our resplendent Dallas, Texas World Headquarters.

The estimable Mr. Bellamy was able to retain his telephone number (**972-716-8372**), but, alas, even after using his powers of persuasion entire, he found himself unable to convince his former colleagues of the Commercial Department to relinquish their facsimile machine.

Thus, henceforth, to provide Mr. Bellamy with a facsimile, you will be required to call

972-716-8571.

You may have noticed that this represents a facsimile address — the very same — as that for Mr. Larry Schmitz, and, worse yet, Mr. Shaff Kassam. This information is noted to you by way of partial explanation of precisely **why** Mr. Bellamy has been compelled to move into such close quarters with the aforementioned Misters Schmitz and Kassam, but this has caused our poor Mr. Bellamy no end of affliction and aggrievement: i.e., can you, yourself, imagine laboring for any length of time proximal to — let alone abutting — either one of these “gentlemen,” let alone, simultaneously, both.

You may nevertheless wish to consider reprogramming your own facsimile devices to include Mr. Bellamy’s new facsimile telephone number, as, in light of all the successes with **ISS45**, **ISS45 Express** the **ISS45-4-IGA** programme, and the upcoming **ISS45 V8** system, rest assured that you will be using it — ahem — **pleonastically**.¹

By the way, I have been requested by our friend Bernard — who I assure you assisted in no small means the composition of this well nigh Dikensian redaction of a FAX Change Notice — to wish you all his very best. He relates that he is considering moving his principal residence from Connecticut to a co-op in Manhattan “right across from the Dakota” no less. To wit, we had both been instructed as mere youths to eschew obfuscation but it is clear — nay, painfully obvious — that neither one of us had any idea whatsoever of what that particular phrase was intended to convey.

To your Palmary Success,

Tony

Tony van Seventer
Director: Supermarket Systems

¹ A particularly *fine* inside joke, don’t you think?