

▶ "Google the sole controller of the education ecosystem in Indonesia," prosecutors said. (Google denies any such scheme.)

The prosecutors' case seems riddled with holes. The estimated 2.1trn rupiah loss was not calculated using the market price of Chromebooks. Instead, it relies on a dubious calculation that assumes suppliers marked up prices by 15%, based on a survey of private distributors. The slapdash prosecution reflects the range of enemies Mr Nadiem made overseeing educa-

tion, a corrupt sector. Known for a hard-charging management style, Mr Nadiem now admits he paid too little attention to his political standing while in office.

The shoddy trial will contribute to a deteriorating business environment in Indonesia. In an interview with *The Economist* during the trial, Mr Nadiem warned of a chilling effect for Indonesian entrepreneurs. The verdict comes as regulatory uncertainty is rising. Consider Gojek. Renamed GoTo after a 2021 merger with

Tokopedia, an e-commerce site, the company is now subject to erratic policies. For instance, a plan to cap ride-hailing commissions at 8% (down from 20%) took effect on July 1st, just two months after its surprise announcement. But whether the new rules on two-wheelers apply to four-wheeled rides as well is still unclear. Once positioned as a rare national tech champion, GoTo's stock now languishes at Indonesia's legal stock-price floor of 50 rupiah. Soon, its founder will languish in jail. ■

BARTLEBY *The Toddysey*

You could read Homer. You could see the film. Or you could just go to the office

SPEAK, O MUSE, of that resourceful man who had to find time in the meeting-filled calendars of several co-workers for a new council. This council was to happen on a fortnightly basis, ideally on a Monday morning, but that was a very common time for other councils to be held. Todd, for such was his name, had examined the meeting-filled calendars of his colleagues and realised that the only time when everyone was free was at rosy-fingered Dawn, but this wasn't an option because some people had to get the kids ready for school.

Todd dispatched swift-footed invitations to all the participants, explaining that his council was the most important council of all and that he would be grateful if they made time for it in their meeting-filled calendars. He immediately got a swift-footed email back from the shiny-headed Harold, who declined his invitation and suggested another time that suited him better. Moira of the tattooed arms quickly rejected Harold's alternative proposal, and suggested a time of her own. The studiously courteous Violet followed suit, as did several others. Each one of them put forward a slot that no one else could make.

Several hours passed in this way. The resourceful Todd wondered if he could schedule his council on Tuesday instead but the calendars were meeting-filled on those days, too. Just then he received a message from many-windowed Microsoft, the god of interruptions, to say that his communications device was missing several critical security updates and would need to be "rebooted". The crafty Todd attempted to ignore many-windowed Microsoft's messages, but the god was insistent and shut down what he was working on without any warning.

The cunning Todd attempted to work

on another communications device he carried with him, but he found his way barred by Okta, a malevolent creature who lived in a cloud and asked everyone she encountered for a password. One of Okta's most grotesque features was a single eye; when the devious Todd clicked on it, he found he could see what he was typing. But that didn't help because he could not remember his password anyway, and the mean-spirited Okta told him that he had to go to the IT department to be humbled.

The resourceful Todd descended into the earth to the IT department's kingdom, where Rufus of the pallid complexion told him that he could not ask for help in person and had to send a request by email. The artful Todd said that he was locked out of his device and so he could not send an email, but Rufus of the pallid complexion just laughed.

So the patient Todd returned to his paper-strewn desk and waited until his original communications device had been given its fine new boots. When he was able to work again, he found more swift-footed messages about his fortnightly

council, all of them proposing new times that did not suit any other co-worker. But the resourceful Todd was not to be cowed, and formulated a plan. He went to find Penny, the many-splendoured leader of the entire organisation.

As he ventured along the wine-dark carpet, the cunning Todd heard an entrancing noise. It was the siren call of whispered gossip between two of his colleagues, and Todd was unable to stop himself drawing closer. Before long, Todd had forgotten his original purpose in setting out. There he would have remained if he had not seen the many-splendoured leader of the entire organisation herself walking past and been reminded of his mission.

The devious Todd broke away from the gossipers and approached Penny. He explained to her that he needed her help to find space in the meeting-filled calendars of his colleagues. Penny, who knew Todd from the time they worked together at CoreWeave, agreed to his plan. So the crafty Todd returned to his desk and sent a new swift-footed message to everyone, saying that the many-splendoured leader of the organisation would now be attending his fortnightly council of war, and affirming that it would be happening at the original time.

Shiny-headed Harold, Moira of the tattooed arms and the rest of them all accepted the invitation without further question, for nothing matters more to office-bound mortals than proximity to the C-suite. The resourceful Todd sent another swift-footed message to the mischievous Penny, saying that the plan had worked and that, as agreed, there was no need for her to actually attend his council. With the keepers of the meeting-filled calendars so tricked, the crafty Todd was filled with great joy.

