Secphobia

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In the alleys of the corporate universe many different specimens are encountered the pen pushers, the high climbers, the bright sparks, the number crunchers… etc. Right at the very beginning of this money-spinner world and at each and every vital corporate step a certain someone has to be reckoned with.

Every company, every organization has them; be it a Fortune 500, a Blue Chip or just the agency-post-office around the corner. Lurking behind custom-made, elegant workstations or dilapidated desks that antique-hunters might be eyeing, they are the custodians of the gates to the corporate world. A company might do without the accountant, the HRD head, or even the CEO but it will never dream of dumping the palace guard the power-being!

This livewire-clan is dominated by the fairer ones, who vary from the just- out-of-school young one to the thirty- year seasoned. Whatever the age might be, their need to an organization is primordial. Very similar to the typical conservative Sri Lankan house-wife, the corporate-livewire too is aware of the ins and outs of the organization. They might not be apparent, awe-inspiring power pushers, but nevertheless fill a vital cog in the corporate machinery.

Most of us have had some very bad experiences with these corporate colossuses sometime or the other. And these experiences tend to keep repeating. Some of these livewires can be downright rude. ‘Who are you?”, “What do you want?”, “You can’t see him.’ ‘No, he does not have visiting cards…’ seem to just flow from their sweet lips. Keeping people waiting unattended is nor- mal going. People are treated as if they are a bloody nuisance, unless of course they are one of the big guns, then it’s ‘Yes sir, OK sir, Right a way sir, Tea, coffee or….sir.’

The difficulties encountered in trying to get to managers, directors or CEO’s through some of these power- beings are equal to conquering the Everest. The point is nobody contests the fact of their need to an organization but that does not warrant a high handed attitude from them. Whatever clarifications needed can be done in a civilized manner. How a high animalistic existences is quite amazing! workload metamorphoses normal human beings into

Certain power-beings have adopted the attitude of the Gestapo. The boss is treated like a universal asset in need of constant watch and guard. Is this a result of ego massaging? Is it the boss who is to be blamed for the glorified vestibules of corporate culture. It is more this abnormal behavior? If so, it gives an insight into of a massaging parlor for overblown egos. Have'em, join'em. A problem easier said than done. No problem be a lovely little power specimen!!!

This power emitting, young/middle aged/over-the- top being is usually the first glimpse of an organization that one gets. Customer cultivation begins from that point onwards. If the first encounter itself is with a overloaded RPG launcher who is after your life's blood, no wonder people take cover and duck.

All of these power-beings are not the rude-crude kind, though. Once in a while you do encounter the endangered species, the helpful and polite type. But they seem to be fast disappearing. May be it's high time the helpful polite power being protection fund is created. These rare gems are truly assets to their relative establishments. They not only fulfill their tasks efficiently and thoroughly, but also create an amicable working environment. Pity, all good things never last.

Is the writer doing a self ego-pumping job here? Probably. May be cold-blooded rudeness runs in our blood-private-bus conductors, the high arm of the law, government servants, fellow citizens-like the rest of the lot, a national problem with a genetic twist. It sure can be and it needs to be remedied through proper grooming and training. Or may be it should not be. Maybe everybody should become rude and crude, then nobody's offended, and everybody's comfortable. 'Go tell your boss that P B's here to see him.