The Show of Authority

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Our foreign-educated deputy, when we have committee meetings—mostly on Tuesdays, performs a "show of authority" in the office. You have the right not to have heard of it. It is one of .the latest methods in the world, and not every manager has mastered this knowledge

This play has three actors: first, the esteemed deputy; second, the not-so-esteemed Ghaznavi; .and third, my humble self

Today is Tuesday, and it’s one of those days. The deputy's voice has taken over the entire office. !It's normal; he has a lot of work! We all got it

.Ghaznavi is inside the deputy's office

"...Sir... Sir"

"!What kind of situation is this, Mr. Ghaznavi"

For about fifteen minutes, the deputy's shouting and Ghaznavi's "Sir, Sir" have taken over the .whole office

.The first act of the play was executed perfectly

Slowly but surely, I too must be invited to the theater. Any moment now, my internal phone will ring.

I count one... two... three... up to ten.

Before reaching ten, my internal phone rings. It's the office manager.

Before he says anything, I ask:

"Should I come to the deputy's office?"

He says with a laugh:

"As usual, he has a committee meeting tomorrow and has turned into a dog."

As summoned by the esteemed and cultured deputy, I am dispatched to the deputy's office.

As soon as he sees me, he agonizingly shouts:

"This Ghaznavi has miscalculated the promotion forms again... I don't know what to do with this volume of work! I have a committee meeting tomorrow."

I say to myself, he wants to dump Ghaznavi's work on my head again. I shouldn't back down. I continue:

"Sir, I have a management report for which you have set a deadline too. Don't you remember? You assigned it to me yourself. Can't Mr. Ghaznavi himself review the forms again?"

He doesn't seem to like what I said very much. He raises an eyebrow, thinks a little, and says:

"What am I saying, and what are you saying? If Ghaznavi was someone who could get things done, the state of the promotion forms wouldn't be like this."

You do this task. That management report I gave you isn't that urgent. Besides, I will help compile the data for that report myself."

I look at him with sarcasm. "What a relief!" waves in my eyes. I feel he notices it himself, but he says:

"...Oh, Ghaznavi! Oh"

Ghaznavi also chimes in:

"Sir... Sir... I apologize, forgive me! A high volume of work causes errors. Don't worry, I will fix them all."

He bows down to his waist. He fawns over the "Sir." Ghaznavi's state involuntarily reminds me of .the genie of the magic lamp who, with clasped hands, is at the service of his master

Ghaznavi has a lot of seniority. I think he has even been chosen as the exemplary employee of the administrative apparatus once or twice. He knows these outbursts are temporary and he has to wait until the storm passes. He tries to satisfy the esteemed deputy's superiority complex with !submissive words. You don't become an exemplary employee for nothing

.I don't know what smell reaches my nose that suddenly makes me feel sick

.There's no other way. I sit on the chair; I must start reviewing

The forms and files of the candidates are in front of me. The deputy's voice doesn't stop for a .moment

The list that must be ready for tomorrow is four pages; four pages of twenty people. I have to calculate the scores of 80 people from scratch. Honestly, Ghaznavi is the god of sloppiness too. He had filled out the forms with a doctor's handwriting; some forms even Ghaznavi himself didn't know what he had written. It was a step beyond a doctor's handwriting; at least doctors know .what they have written

A tea stain had dried on one, and a trace of Gheimeh stew remained on another. The choice is !yours: potato Gheimeh or eggplant Gheimeh

.I wish I were somewhere where I couldn't hear the shouts of the esteemed deputy

!Of course, that's impossible. Anyway, we divided the work

.It's teamwork, after all! This is what group work means

.At first, I took it seriously, but now I have realized it's all an act. This theater takes a few hours

.I look at the clock. I've been in the esteemed deputy's room for an hour. The first form is finished

The esteemed deputy leaves the room to consume tobacco. He is frustrated and nervous. .Ghaznavi seems to have found an opportunity to revive his lost pride

:With the look of a wise man dealing with a fool, he says

Miss, you are a novice. It has always been like this. Managers always behave this way, and we" ".must endure

.As if he has no fault himself

I say in my heart: I wish instead of these words, you would do your job properly and not dump

.unrewarded extra work on me

:I turn to Ghaznavi and say

".I wish everyone would just do their own job well"

As if Ghaznavi caught the sarcastic remark in my words, he looks at me demandingly and :continues

!Miss, when you hadn't even gone to university, we were working"

We have always been obedient to our superiors, respected those with more seniority than us, ".and done whatever task was assigned to us

Just then, the esteemed deputy returns after smoking his cigarette. It's the first time I am happy about his return; because at least Ghaznavi's eloquent and impactful speech is interrupted. I !couldn't stand this one anymore

Now the strong smell of cigarettes has mixed with the sound of the deputy's shouting and bothers .me

.He is familiar with modern management principles

I am busy working with hard labor; the deputy is shouting, and Ghaznavi is fawning with a tilted .neck and a submissive face. I know every scene of the play by heart now

I start the second form. The deputy doesn't shout continuously. Sometimes he calms down, then ".peaks again and cries out, "Ghaznavi, Ghaznavi

The esteemed deputy's depression, or as you call it, being depressed, repeats from committee to !committee. They don't even get tired of depression

.I speed up. The second form is finished faster than the first one. Now half the work is done

!Someone else gets the overtime pay, and the misery is mine

In those early days when I was invited to the theater, I felt sorry for Ghaznavi and tried to mediate. I was worried about Ghaznavi's self-esteem. As time went on, I realized I should feel .sorry for myself, reviewing someone else's work

.I start the third form

The esteemed deputy's shouts lessen, and my speed increases. Sometimes instead of shouting, !he blows his nose. It seems he's sick too. God forbid I get sick

By the time I reach the third form, the deputy is like a grieving mother who has lost her voice. He calls Ghaznavi more quietly!

He knows his role well!

But don't get the wrong idea; he doesn't help with these calculations. He only shouts well. Everyone knows that by now. He has work to do.

We divided the work.

Ghaznavi also just bows and scrapes, implicitly teaching the principles of bootlicking. Alas, I have no talent in these matters.

We divided the work.

One shouts, one bootlicks, and another does the heavy lifting.

This is what modern management is like.

The esteemed deputy's approach is brainstorming, teamwork, and authoritarianism.

For now, authoritarianism has paid off. I laugh inwardly.

The third form is also finishing. What speed I've picked up! As if I'm going to get a prize or be chosen as the exemplary employee. Of course, becoming an exemplary employee has other criteria!

You'd owe me an apology if you think we aren't catered to in this theater.

Our foreign-seen deputy treats us to a coffee on the office's dime, but he doesn't let it go down our throats. After all, he has stress; tomorrow he must get good feedback from senior managers.

After the coffee, excuse me, "coffee", which turned into poison!

I return to work. The deputy still has tomorrow's stress, and Ghaznavi is still playing his role. I also have to finish the forms.

I have plans to go to the theater with my friends today. We arranged it beforehand. I hope this play is over by then.

The deputy, who has now had his coffee, gives strength to his shouts.

Ghaznavi goes back and forth like a plucked chicken. I don't know what he does.

He goes upstairs and downstairs. Sometimes he goes to the archives, sometimes to the secretariat, and sometimes to his own room. Ghaznavi's room is an archive in itself; except it's a

disorganized archive, like Snoopy's closet. "I don't know if you remember the Snoopy cartoon and "?his closet

Anyway, Ghaznavi's room is full of plans, articles, and suggestions from colleagues. Finding a .record in Ghaznavi's room is like finding a needle in a haystack, and usually, it isn't found

.He is thin; I'm afraid he'll get thinner. Sometimes he makes the printer make noise

I don't know what he is printing. I feel sorry for the A4 papers. Sometimes I think environmental activists should hold a sit-in in front of our office and chant that in this modern era, we still haven't .spared the lives of paper

.Anyway, we divided the work

.It's already the end of the day. I couldn't even eat lunch

I am checking the last item. The esteemed deputy shouts less and blows his nose more. It makes .me sick

Because he knows management principles, now that the work is on track and the noise has .lessened, the walls of the office are breathing too

The esteemed deputy's stress almost subsides. He knows stress management. One of the .principles of management is stress management

.Managing is not everyone's job

The esteemed deputy once, amidst his talks, I don't know if it was encouragement or punishment, .said I am a good expert. I can't tell; sometimes it's not clear which is which

".But it had a "but

.But I don't know how to manage

.Maybe I don't have any of the management principles well within me

.I don't know how to divide work

.I don't shout in a way that makes the office building shake

.I don't use many English words when speaking

.I don't have stress management

.I don't know teamwork either

.And most importantly, the show of authority... I don't know that either

.I work in a hurry. My friends don't know that I acted in a theater today. Maybe I told them once

!King Lear's theater is one thing, Ghaznavi's theater is another

.Anyway, I promised; I have to go

.Finally, the fourth form is finished too

...The esteemed deputy is very tired. I am too, a little

.Responsibility is very hard. Thank God I don't have any responsibility

.The working hours are over. I leave the office and head towards the City Theater