

# Who invented the specialist?

## *Slow Down to Startup*

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Should we blame our corporate world, as the producers of that specialist spirit which prevent us from embracing that generalist mindset when we need it? I don't think so, in fact it's all around. Our office space just happens to carry on a characterization. There seems to be something Mechanized, or Specialized, that grows in us. A strength that sticks with us. And one too that take us to fear, so badly or cryptic, the idea of slowing down.



Something about that we seem to know. It may be observable in our educated world as we know it, certainly in our work spaces, in our families, and inside of us. Deep inside, we know it, somewhere from our regressions - the size of that monumental investment we took before that great walking far from the leg of our mother. And how it felt after we

went back to her hugging and lovely smile. We went through our first exit, successfully.

From that, we carried as well that other knowing. The knowing of another monumental thing needed, to pull from us or someone else, before we do that other new movement. This may be the will to stick, if you will.

But a bit different from our parents who were trying to balance their part policeman and part therapist roles, the corporate world, policies if you will, might have added some fun to the whole thing. In particular, focusing on the "just do it" or "keep walking" element. Because "it's fun to work," isn't it? Well, maybe not in all office spaces but certainly there is one that looks like an amusement park somewhere. Somewhere, remotely or closer to you, there is a modern bridge made of soda cans, now digitally mastered. There their builders can digitally scan their daily intake of cans and they can then see their own monster effort, in real-time, a reflection of their ability to build. This is much better than vanity metrics, they know. Because they can see effort, not prizes. So it's honest, to some extent, and it is fun, and it is colorful, and the bridge looks like a rainbow.

A slight complication of this fun-to-work office space is that some new complications can't be just brought up. For complaints, for things not so fun, it may not be too fun if you don't know how to do it. If an arbitrary crying voice escapes through the hallways, he or she may get a 'whiner' flair on her

jacket. But that is not a flair too big, nor meant to hurt. It's one that is colorful, one that to some extent is fun to wear, to get one of those. Through that, we may have invented some humanized ways to do these relations that does the function of equalizing the situation. And it does avoid big trouble, we know it, it prevents the whole bridge falling apart by silencing the potential networked echoes of that cry. And of course, it's humanized too in other ways because it knows some of the therapeutic tricks and it's principled to just enough silence the cry but not enough to silence the spirit. In other words, it never loses the warrior, it never goes gray.

In other words, if a few heads say that too many men or too many people are making too many problems, from somewhere it comes, up in the sky, a supermanager wearing his red shirt with a big yellow M and the cape is for embracing all of them whiners, pronto. He is there to offer a hand made of steel, a helping hand, one that pours just enough rain on their blowing parade but not enough to cloud their horizon from that view, that rainbow, that fun-to-work office. This is how equilibrium is dispensed in this great-to-work space. It does so by serving the spirits and by setting us to keep walking with these special shoes that just do it.

Thus I don't think the corporate world had invented doing it and took us into the walking, being specialists. Perhaps they added more toppings to that ice cream.