

Abstract Considerations

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1/18/25-1/19/25

Dedicated to the Kiwi Farms

On a distant hill, overlooking a demolition operation in progress at what was assumed to be an abandoned and otherwise unused part of God's City, stand several uniformed men around a fold-out table, discussing the plan and drawing markings on laid out maps. They discuss the day's business, of what has already been completed and that yet to be finished.

The sun is shining: it's a good, warm day.

The demolition manager, a middle aged man with an orange hard hat on his head and wearing a yellow work shirt tucked into his jeans, is leading this operation. He is being paid to oversee the destruction of and removal afterwards of anything found to be disagreeable with the new organizing interests. To facilitate this, he has been granted a work force of similarly dressed but younger men, eager to get the job done and be off with their paychecks.

But this other approaching gentleman, red in the face and wielding a clipboard, could not be counted among the manager's happy employees. This is the site supervisor. He is dressed like the others, but with a black shirt and a rectangular name tag pinned to his chest.

"Why is the job not complete? Is there something holding it all up? *We are falling behind!*"

The supervisor taps the clipboard with his fist, questioning them without looking for an answer. The demolition manager was prepared for this treatment. It was true to be fair: these workers were falling behind. The reorganizational revolution called for an ever increasing rate of return. It was not good enough to simply grow: a red queen's race needed to be won.

The demolition manager himself did not necessarily understand what all the fuss was over. He, like his subordinates, had families, bills, and other obligations to attend too. They could concern themselves little with *why* all this was happening.

This thought brings the manager back to his very real reality: the supervisors continues his tirade,

"... and I want this done in five minutes! Do you hear me? Have you been listening!?"

The manager snaps out of his daydream and shakes his head yes while mumbling something in agreement. He was lucky. The supervisor's orders gave him just enough time to complete the job.

Pulling himself away from his superior's gaze, he reconvenes with the workers. They confirm his hopes: the explosives are ready and the switch is set.

Ignorance of the unknown is acceptable. We will never know all the things that we wish to know, nor will we understand the things that we already do know. The only thing that we can do, as human beings, in our personal acts of becoming, is to recognize who we are, in others, so that we may more fully express ourselves.

It is up to us to embrace this uncertainty. No one will hold our hand, to guide our steps or show us the way. There is no ruleset, no command by which we must obey. The way is open, for any and all of us. We need to be certain in our own path, one designed and struggled for by ourselves.

Our friend, Herr Heisenberg, has some something to say to us regarding this matter:

"I remember discussions with Bohr which went through many hours till very late at night and ended almost in despair; and when at the end of the discussion I went alone for a walk in the neighboring park I repeated to myself again and again the question: Can nature possibly be as absurd as it seemed to us in these atomic experiments? ... *This indicates the great change that had to take place in the fundamental concepts concerning reality before one could understand the new situation.*"¹

The detonator is a rather uncomplicated tool, just a metal box with a simple switch. The manager flicks it over with his thumb.

The explosives go off in sequence, one after another, from the bottom floors of a tall chrome tower to the top. Puffs of debris shoot out the sides and leave a hanging cloud of smoke as the building falls. It collapses in a direction previously unforeseen, slipping along its construction and sliding into a few other nearby buildings. These too also go down.

References

1. Heisenberg, W. (1962) *Physics and Philosophy: The Revolution in Modern Science*, Harper