

INSIDE SPECIFICATION WRITING

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We quietly open the door ever so slowly; it opens smoothly and does not dare to creak or squeak. (If there is a creak, it is much the same with no creak in the floor)

Inside is a maze of paper, reference books, some drawings; a computer and printer/copier; numerous trinkets, reminder notes, schedules, and a DVD player with earphones. There is a voluminous mug -- well used-- on a warming pad! There is a combination telephone and fax machine; and would you believe in the corner, an IBM Selectric typewriter--piled high with papers.

There are several shelves neatly loaded with bound Project Manuals, stuffed tightly but ever so neatly. There is a large light over head, but a high intensity task light is pointed at the computer keyboard and wrist-rest. There is also under shelf lighting to help locate those remote scraps, notes, and reminders.

There are 14 pens, pencils and various colored markers. Surprising this all is really neatly orchestrated sprawl; organized clutter; piles of paper and documents, each well locatable by the area's occupant. There are several very impressive certificates and diplomas, and a wondrous array of phrases, sayings, quotes, and directed signage. One is a "Prevailing Fee Schedule" which playfully lists the cost required for answers to various types of questions—not enforceable, but certainly puts the visitor on notice. To the side is a now retired, bent stem briar pipe, well used in thoughtful manner, but now...

The more human side is seen in the single photo of a "significant other" [always attractive], perhaps a 4x6 with several people of varied age, and a recently pinned up Cherub oozing with or without smile. Oddly enough these are usually placed near last year's CSI convention badge ! Go figure!

The chair is a high-backed, armed, revolving and tilting office chair that comes just ever so short of being a thinly veiled throne! Most comfortable, and adjustable to mood and idiosyncrasies. An oversized dictionary looms directly over the computer, joined by an equally impressive thesaurus, Black's Law, and business grammar and writing book. There is also a construction dictionary for the lexicon that lies outside the dictionary.

All that seems to be missing is the early American flag with the snake hissing, "Don't Tread on Me"! And possibly, a pair of sleeve garters and protectors, a green eye shield, carbon paper, onion skin paper and a Crow quill pen. Oh, yes, there is a high quality "fountain pen" in the stash.

Looking around, it seems that any of many occupants *could/might* work in this environ. Surely too, there are very select few, who would not without first "cleaning house", and "neat-ing" up the place--the A-place-for-everything-and everything-in-its-place type. (Venture to guess they are still in the minority; clutter somehow does create comfort!)

So now--the occupant!

Male; female-- either or both fully equipped with required expertise, professional aplomb, wry quirkiness, direct style, high computer skill, penchant to organization, teacherish at heart, widely experienced in every phases of practice, and yes, loaded for bear!

Tall; short? Husky; lean? Clean shaven or mustachioed (for the most part this is the men!) Eye spectacles, from tri-focals to those damn, down-the-nose reading glasses from Benjamin Franklin's era; a few, empty Coke bottles; lens cleaners and solution at the ready.

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Some still in neat button-down Oxford cloth, often striped, with neatly tied caveat in an all-over pattern, muted, and hanging loose to the belt line. It is a no sweat outfit, professional, businesslike, traditional-- oh, darn, it's flat admirable in view of some other "motifs" of the day. Casual Friday, is sans neckwear!

Tailored suits, with matching slacks or coordinates with slightly higher than previously seen skirts, a mock turtle, or shell in white, or a wonderful striking color. For many, the CSI pin is a-gleaming! Hose professionally somewhere above the hem line, with plain, or slightly decorated low heel or flats (stilettos are for other venues and intentions).

And yes, we recognize all the other possible arrayments chosen for comfort, the current style, in various venues, mainly as expressions of the occupant. Professionalism, and high skill we divine, have no fixed appearance!

The air/aura/impression/presence in the area is simply one of dedication, direction, knowing-what-I'm-doing, and cooperating for fulfilling the needs. It draws pure respect, if not awe from the casual visitor. Also, unseen, and hidden with the human frame is a well honed, deeply seated, wry, satirical, intellectual but sometimes bawdy sense of humor-- quick to surface, on point, and recognized both by content and a hearty laugh.

Hidden from view, except to the occupant, are two small but important signs. They reinforce the day and "buck up" the occupant on down days. One reads, "Cageyness is usually achieved in direct proportion to age!"; the other professes, "Undoubtedly! Old Age and Treachery overcome Youth and Skill!"

'Nough! We turn to leave the cube and ever so quietly close the door!