

PATRICK MORAN

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*Administranger* (ăd-mĭn-ĭ-strān'jər)

Middle management or maybe a little higher, there where uniformity & silence establish a strict code of facelessness, a wreath of dispassionate answers, some shoulders, maybe an arm turning a corner. Beyond that it's mostly rumor, the ruminations of the secretarial pool, the janitor's memory of an office, undisturbed/somewhere on the fourteenth floor. Not even the mailroom, the cerebral cortex, can be sure of his allegiances or his part in the twilight of the paper wars. A poker face of blond ambiguities & sexy shoes, HR prefers the commonest forms of ignorance, a smile, a wave, & something about the weather.