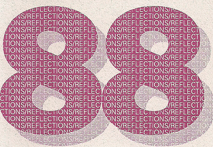


Reflections



Reflections



This is the 11th year of producing a year-end "ramble" of thoughts and impressions.

Like all ideas, it began with a "what-? - in habitual Great Brain Robbery fashion.

Years ago, on the wall of my brother Tom's art studio, I spotted a crinkly piece of parchment paper.

"Can I take this?" I asked, unpinning it. "Tom, ever cool, replied, "You already have."

That first quote was, "They that won't be consoling can be helped." Might even be applicable today. To that I added a Valentinian recipe. Congratulate. Conjugate. Conjugate. Celebrate!

Each year, a true Topsey style, the card and the volume of words "just grew."

Boostered by the surprising and pleasing responses, I ventured into personal thoughts in '79 with "the secret closet of the mind," inspired by musician, Jackie Kello.

The next year with Ann Marolene, we designed "Now is Now." Then got expansive in '81 with the Jim Geoghegan influence. "Do you hear what I hear? Tell me you do - please." Response grew.

'82 was the Christmas Fable ("If life were a library and we collected people like books"), thanks to Peter Violante.

Emboldened in '83, I offered The Balance of Life. Act on impulse...and listed my ideas for 14 luminous impulses.

In '84 The Lessons of Life (what a presumptuous title). Again, Peter Violante, we excerpted the "Sovereign Rabbi" (Who's next?) and catalogued a long list of one liners on Dreams/Chances/Winning/Turn and Tomorrow.

Marilyn Pepper saved the day (or year) with her Quincentessime time in '85. Design, by Bill Gaas enumerated a "Q" list of the Best, the most liked, the most exciting experiences imaginable and remembered.

"Things '86" veered into what I could use more of, less of, and some not at all...plus a clutch of tender stuff like, "I don't question how you entered my life, I'm just glad you did." That would apply to a lot of you reading this.

Last year's version needed a *pamphlet format* (stolen from Tom Peters) to accommodate all the notes from napkins in restaurants (where I have always done my best writing), clips, rips and tidbits "saved in the squirrel-boxes of memory."

So on January 2nd, 1989, here we go again. I hope it is a grand year for all. RJC

Best Waitress in memory:

Michelle of Delaney's, Dana Point. How good was she? SO GOOD, the Simons agreed that we would hire her permanently...walk into any restaurant and say,

"Thank you, but we've brought our own waitress."

Could we start a trend of this sort?

Best side trip:

Home-bound from Africa. Hop-skip trip from London to Amsterdam overnight, back to London and home. Plan a lightning visit with the transplanted Sjölyns in The Hague. Do lunch, do galleries, dine leisurely, sleep, coffee, leave. British Air lost my bags...again. But somehow the flight over and back were free...Hummum. Nice things happen.

The best hotel experience.

Stayed at Grandma's in Berkeley when first visiting Lisa/Steve and new grandchild Isabel. Rustic would describe Grandma's. The wall heater didn't function. Summoned room service. Young collegiate lad arrived, said, "You go along, I'll solve this."

Came back to find a small portable heater on the floor and this handwritten note, which I have kept: "When all else fails, avoid the problem. (If the electric heater doesn't work...set the curtains on fire.)"

Him I liked. A lot.

Best Theater of the Year

Phantom of the Opera. My god! Theater so awesome and powerful we walked without talking for 20 minutes after exiting the London Majestic.

Les Miserables. So rousing. So tender. So funny (Master of the House?), memories keep flooding back every time the tape is played. (Thank you Greg and Peter.)

Robert Towne's bone-scraping dialogue in *Tapestry* Sverige. What's left out of an almost-empty bottle and leaning over to slurp the brimming excess before you can lift the glass.

John Cleese's *Fleab Named Wanda* with Kevin Kline, hilarious. (Ah - what was the middle part?)

Personally Rewarding

Working at USC with Jim Kelly, Mike McGee, Jack Himebaugh, Larry Smith and all the coaxes. Next year - watch out!

I knew it was getting close to Christmas and gift-giving time:

- the garbage collector had carefully smoothed the lids on all 9 trash cans
- the jungle cards were in their 8th week
- the moon was in the 7th house
- gift wrapping had arrived from 6 vendors
- I was checking my 5 credit card balances
- and there was a partridge in the pear tree.



A Big discovery...I think I have TLE

It is temporal lobe, or temporal/limbic epilepsy. "TLE" is manifested by bizarre sensory and somatic seizures that can be triggered by light and sound. (No wonder I love movies, audio visual shows and wide screen tv.)

"In some patients TLE is accompanied by hypergraphia, a compulsion to write. I have to communicate by card, letter, scrawled note, and what Hugh Redhead called "a consensual flow of fiction and poem."

I am no longer need to feel apologetic about this consuming urge. I have to communicate by card, letter, scrawled note, and what Hugh Redhead called "a consensual flow of fiction and poem."

I am happy to report that TLE is said to effect 600,000 to a million other Americans, plus historical figures like Moses, Muhammad, Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, Dostoevsky, Flaubert, Lewis Carroll and Vincent Van Gogh.

Now, if I could translate TLE into TLE, all of us hypergraphophiles could write our little hearts out and simultaneously wipe out the deficit of the US Post Office!



Great in '88:

Certainly the speaking trip to South Africa, the hospitality of these brave hosts, the stunningly beautiful safari to Patrick's Sabi Sabi - even if British Air lost all my baggage and I went animal watching in Woolworth canvas pants and swimming shorts as underwear.

Spending some hours perched in a lofty camouflaged "blind," assessing by the Yavapai animals, watching patiently as they all slowly, quietly approach and share the common, wild water hole. Your hair stands down, you stand still. And you begin to learn the folly of rubbing sands still. And you begin to learn the folly of rubbing sands still.

And later at the Johannesburg SADMA conference, Brian Hopkins wrote attendees missed planes home to hear the end of my two-hour stand-up show. Wow.

Eddy Boas' super Pan Pacific Symposium in Sydney. Lovely time. Touting highlight: Margu Lewis in the kangaroo park hovering over the drowsy bipeds sunning themselves, demanding they, "Get up! I came to take pictures!" They did. She did.

And England, the sales trip to the Scottish castle, signing on as Svenska Antiqua's rare paper rep, the Pashov's hunt of a magnificent Mayfair town house, the dining and walking of London town, now a most favorite European city.

The style and panache of Sweden Antiqua, judged by their client directors, the wine selection and hospitality at the DMA Conference in Atlanta in October.

And hahel...ah, the wonder of a grand child. Tiny. No, a minuscule mini-person. Helpless. Warm in the heart. Really dependent...on the point of survival for life. This makes me as an awesome and momentarily frightening responsibility for the person holding her.

But I'll get used to it. C'mon to me. There, there, and you've cheerfully and wittingly joined the ranks of adults absolutely added up by an infant who can reward an entire room with one small corner of smile and dictate the total schedule of all grown people present by her whim and whimper.

Her decision when to sleep - or not to sleep. That is the only question. Welcome next generation! Thank you, Lisa and Steve.



Useful Tricks I picked up in '88

From New Leonard, super grocer - carry a medium Post-it pad. Jot a note. Paste the newest entry on back of the pack. Peel 'em off when ready to use. Handy dandy idea catcher.

For large association dinners: enter dining room early. Check the framed table number signs. If you don't like the present location of your table...move the sign. Have your secretary question the location of a specific dinner table???

On last arrivals from Europe - One U.S. morning Peter Redhead called from England. 8 hours difference - must be 6:50 in the evening there. Apologetically he said to get in mind quickly. Ray, I'm using my mobile phone on the train going home. I know this route rather well and we'll be in a tunnel in 2 minutes - sorry." And in 2 minutes - blip - he was gone.

So much for us hypertelephonophobes

Good books: Harvey Mackay, *How to Succeed with the Shrews* (It's a section) - "Mackay 66." The concise list 66 bits of information to learn absolutely everything about your customers, down to their grammar school subjects and the time they go to bed.

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Five unselected philosophies:

Make an occasion Memorable. Stretch beyond all good sense. Go for it. Relish the moment. Astound the recipient. Pay later.

Don't "play pig." Accept petty costs. Wave off the "difference." Invest in the future.

Be happy, don't worry. Follow actor George Hamilton's creed: I've come to the point where, if someone wants to get in line ahead of me, I say, "Sure."

Tip a lot more than you should for great service and see the surprise in their eyes - and feel a little extra tingle inside.



In '89 I missed...

Making my million dollar goal. Driving at Le Mans. Montreux. Spending more time with Murray. DMJ. The rest was superb.



On staying even

You can't wait 'til you need something. That's a withdrawal. You gotta be putting in deposits ahead of time.



A final Fable in shorthand...

"The Corsican Fisherman"

One fisherman on a stretch of beach. Single pole stuck in sand. First short American businessman on vacation intrudes. "Why don't you have two poles so you can catch more fish?"

Then what would I do? asks the Corsican. "Then you take the extra money, buy a boat, get nets and a crew and catch even more fish." Then what would I do? asks the fisherman.

"Then," says the businessman, "you move up to a fleet of large ships, too wholesale, become very rich." Then what would I do? "Do whatever you want!" says the fisherman.

And the Corsican replies: I am.



Happy '89.



Ray

Give a tug so I'll know you're there.

Managing

In a book I skimmed - "Really effective people regularly practice 'Systematic Neglect.' Think about that and do only what you want to do for one day. Then the next day. And the next... Could make for a happier '89."

Some unsolicited advice for people who are habitually, hopelessly late but who furiously strive to be "on time." This producer Steve Capital '89. Decide which reputation you want. And live with it.

In our rising Leader/Manager Seminar for John Wiegman's group W. Dick Piore (aka General Patton) came up with a pithy summary: "Managers require leaders' regime." That says it succinctly. Which are you?

Winston Churchill was building a wall. Critics said the wall was crooked. Churchill growled through his cigar, "Any damned fool can tell what's wrong...can you see what's right?"

One more time. Kenny Blanchard in his *One Minute Manager* says, "Catch someone doing something right."

Message coming thru, manager/leader?

In a lifetime...you spend 6 years eating, 3 years attending meetings (that's all?), 8 months opening junk mail, four years doing housework, and one year searching for lost items amid the clutter of your home or office (that's all?).

So how come you don't have time today to call one friend, write a totally non-business note or spend a half hour with your kids - no matter what age they are?



In Pursuit of Trivia

The first principle of winning...is not to lose.

(Like that.)

Money is truthful. If a man speaks of his honor, make him pay cash. Jack Boone.

Ad in Kansas: "You rear the livestock - we'll kill the worms."

Be that didn't come out of Madison Avenue.

Bumper sticker on a natty, duplicated, crunched ancient California car:

DO YOU BELIEVE THIS SUCKER RUNS??

You win some, you lose some, and some get raised out, but you gotta set up for them all. (Right? Wrong?)

Time is Nature's way of keeping everything from happening at once.

All selling people, repeat after me: "I do solemnly swear: from this day forward to have...and to hold...no chertish and obey...to collect...and commit to record...every bit and byte of information..."

Pax tricks. Nick di Talamo of London was the first guy I knew with a fax in his office and home. Bit blurry I thought - until I needed an answer over a weekend. Emergency: is the delivery of the Jaguar confirmed? Answer: Single word: "Yes."

That's a fax.

Have you received your first "funk fax" yet? We did. A clothing order from Hong Kong. Of course. Or is Rael Marcus spoofing us - again?

How did we exist "pre-fax"? Do you have our fax number 818 792 0572. No unique, please)



The Personal Touch in Sales

At Sarnia, Bank for Cheaters handed out a business card and scrawls "Call me." Now it's not a business card - it's an invitation.

Jack Parks, travelling man for Unigrip put a toll-free 800 phone line in his house. To impress his retail jewelry buyers, he writes "My home number" on his cards. Nice touch.

Roger Montrose, of Berthoud Colorado, adds this line on everything he sends: "Keep me in mind." Tropic do.

Matt Rodriguez of KDKA, Pittsburgh, adds "Open 24 hours a day" on every card he hands you. It's called TCBH. Taking Care of Business. 24 hours a day.

How about this from a poor talented musician friend - "Daniel May - pianist and all around good guy."

Him, I'd hire.

Dick Lamotte, AAM surgical sales whiz was shut down by a surgeon. "Don't call for an appointment, don't happen to run into me in the cafeteria, and don't try to ambush me in the parking lot." What's a poor peddler to do?

Our slick friend practiced his "Mackay 66" lesson, found the doctor was religious and wrote: "Dear Doctor: Sunday I went to church and spent an hour with the Lord. Why can't I get 10 minutes with you?" Got the appointment, made the sale.

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