### The original documents are located in Box 46, folder "Trahey, Jane - Jane Trahey on Women and Power (2)" of the Betty Ford White House Papers, 1973-1977 at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

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#### The Worst of All

I guess the most outrageous thing that ever happened to me on the sex subject happened in Europe. It was my first trip to Paris, and I not only didn't speak the language, I was the most naïve thing you've ever met. Since I was there to see the collections and didn't know anyone but the few buyers who were holed up in their rooms trying to figure out what to buy, I had the evenings pretty much to myself. In Faris, this isn't very easy. One day in the lobby I met a couple of executives I knew from Texas, and they were very pleasant and asked me to have dinner with them that evening. "We'll go early because we have tickets to an exhibition," said the elder of the two. "Listen, we're picking up Sally. You know her?" I didn't. "Well, you'll love her. She's a lot of fun. We can get another ticket for you and we'll all go."

To me, exhibitions meant one thing. Paintings. Sculpture. Tapestry. Murals. Costumes. I said I'd love

to go. Enthusiastically, too.

Sally seemed overly made up, but I figured maybe she was in cosmetics. We had a plasant small talk dinner, lots of good food and wine, and at eight o'clock we left for the exhibition. It seemed to me an odd neighborhood for an art gallery, but as I didn't know the Paris scene/ I kept quiet. We climbed up about six flight of stairs. We rang the bell. We were shown into a very posh living room. Certainly not big enough for an exhibition. Everyone-was seated on a little gold folding chairs. In obsequious houseboy wearing white gloves. Champagne was served. The lighting was dimmed. I whispered to Sally, "What kind of exhibition is this?" She said, "Shhhhhhhh."

Then the light went dimmer and a man with two women came out. They bowed pompously. This was quite incongruous, as the three of them were naked as jay birds. And what went on after that - ooo-la-la! So this was an exhibition.

TRAHEY'S LAW CHIVAS AND CHIVALRY AND EXHIBITIONS

You don't have to give a kilo of your flesh for any job unless you want to. If you do give it, remember that the market price goes down fast, but not as fast as your reputation.

Never underestimate the chutzpah of a male client. I had one bird on my client list for 10 years. I really though he had some sense of respect for me and my work. But would you believe the last time I saw him he offered to take me (after a high cholesterol lunch) to the Huey Long Motel right under the bridge for an afternoon of fun and frolic. I told him we would go to the State Line Motel or we wouldn't 0

go anywhere. Laughs help in situations like this. But I never think it's really very funny.

Remember this one law. With boozing and sex, men usually land on their feet. Women on their seat.

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#### IDEA THIEVES Catching them. Killing them.

Ideas are power because ideas are money. Good ideas are hard to come by. They are rare. They are valuable. A lot of the time creative people don't even know what their ideas are worth - or if they're worth anything, at all. An *yaluaking* for a creative person owns. There are so few idea people and so many nonidea people that there are never enough good ideas to go around. That's why uncreative people are so good at swiping them. Since they don't have ideas, themselves, they quickly recognize the value of one.

Being smart and being creative are two very different things. A smart person will see how to exploit an idea and if he can grab it without paying for it, all the better. If he has to pay for it, he will often play down the idea as not really being worth much, or he'll denigrate the creator by saying that the only thing good about the idea is that he, himself, knows how to make it work.

If you come up with a good idea, be mighty careful to claim it yourself before you start yelling "Eureka!" This is difficult for creative people as they love nothing more than to generate new ideas, and they literally spew them out. But sometimes, before they can even attach their own label or flesh the idea out, someone is telling it back to them as news. And this isn't good news for the creator.

Once in a while, creative people play it smart and patent ideas (like Mr. Land's Polaroid and Xerox's paper) or they copyright their ideas (like Charles Schultz's Charlie Brown) and have law firms crack down on the swipers. But a lot of creative people are really quite defenseless. Designers like Bonnie Cashing, for example, see their work copied by dozens of cheese-y manufacturers who knock off designs without paying a red cent for them. Unless Bonnie? is prepared to spend her life (and her life savings) in a law court, she can do absolutely nothing about idea thieves.

Once a Seventh Avenue manufacturer invited me over to talk about doing ads for him. He had a huge office and obthe base was bound with viously did very well. Tiffany-silver-framed pictures of him huge sailboats of collection of cups he'd won in various regattas and the base of collection. He sat me down and went to get his best selling numbers. When he returned with five exact copies of Coco Chanel's famous cardigan suit, I knew where he really was at.

With love and enormous pride he swung the garment across his bent knee and said, in all seriousness, "We call this our "mothah suit. From her all goodness comes." It was hard not to laugh. He went on, "This is a famous suit. You recognize, huh? Let me tell you, I don't know where this **const** industry would be without this mothah suit." It was impossible not to laugh. I spewed the coffee across his desk and had to leave. I did not get the account. He still lives off poor old Gabrielle and I'm sure her heirs have never laid eyes on a penny.

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I guess you could call me an idea person. I have spent all my life thinking up ideas for people to make money on. Sometimes I even think up ideas for me to make money on. There have been times when I was smart enough to protect my ideas and times when I wasn't. It's galling enough to have your idea lifted, but it is really maddening when some joker who have that the idea puts his name on it. I always take heart from the story of the man who is supposed to have invented scotch tape. He never got a credit or a penny from this incredibly brilliant concept. Someone said he'd shot himself. I always thought that was too bad. Anyone who could think up scotch tape was bound to have another idea.

The most likely place to have your idea-pocket picked is at a meeting. I suppose that's why uncreative managements (which is what most managements are) hold so many meetings. Here, an idea becomes public property the moment it hits the air waves.

Just the other morning I was at a client meeting. I mentioned to a group of the executives that I had run across a new and very interesting place in the Hamptons. The shop was small, unexploited, loaded with taste, and had wonderful gimmicks to sell. Kitchen. I knew that they were in the mood to expand and come to the big city.

"How do you spell that name?" he asked. I thought it odd that he was so curious. Kitchens were not in his domain. I told him how, more out of politonous there from a keen doubte to impart my knowledge. I figured I knew what he was up to. I was right. He stood up and said, in his handby thank-Godsomeone-takes-notes-manner, "Sounds interesting. I'll talk to the president about it."

I couldn't resist. I said, "You know, Bob, when I discovered the prace, I thought I might tell the presidence when the presidence idea isn't all that heavy that I could to manage to drag it down the hall myself."

Bob's technique is a two-edged sword. First of all, I don't work for him, but here he was giving approval to my suggestion. Something I didn't need or particularly want. I certainly don't want people to think that he has any approval I work for the president, period. But, by saying he power. demonstrated approved, he propad his oneupsmanship. particulate This is a very common game men play with women. And they play it well. His second ploy was to adopt my idea into his notebook. And first chance he had, he'd get his notebook out and say, "By the way, Mr. Copeland, I have a note here on the Country Cuisine, that shop in the Hamptons. Want to take a look at it with me? I hear it's very chic." Now the credit line is his, not mine. If I mentioned the same shop to the president when I saw him, he'd say, "Oh, yes, Bob talked to me about it." At that point, if the president has any respect for me, I have

just endorsed Bob's taste. It's all very discouraging if you don't know how to use idea power.

The way to put a stop to this is simply not to dish at meetings. Listen at meetings. I have developed the fine art of watching the difference between women's contributions of ideas at meetings vs. the contribution of men at meetings. In my experience, men ordinarily don't contribute ideas. They edit them. I think this comes about because, by tradition, men are delegators and editors of even the most mediocre of work.

Even a man as bonkers as Mr. Tudyball on the Carol Burnett show will inevitably have his Mrs. Wiggins typing his letters, answering his calls, giving him a certain business status. Mr. Tudyball can barely stand up without falling down, but he manages to point out Mrs. Wiggins's defects with great exasperation. The script, though funny to millions of Burnett's viewers, has a sad ring of truth. No matter how stupid a man may be, he inevitably finds someone he can edit and brain pick, even if it's only his wife or secretary. Men expect to edit and run things. Women expect to be run and edited. Since the art of managing people is often the first step to stealing ideas, you had better learn - even in one-man offices - to protect your thoughts.

If everyone has been sent home to come back with some ideas for the company hopper, you can take it from me that the women will come back with their homework and the men will

come back with sharp pencils.

Women are so hungry to get "daddy" approval that they don't care how it comes or where it comes from. They don't even feel they are being used. They are so used to serving.

How many times have you suggested a good idea only to have it totally ignored and then replayed by one of the men at a later date? Suddenly, the idea has blossomed into a great thing. It is also someone else's idea.

Have you every watched your lovely idea be kicked around by the editing committee, picked at by the guys, ridiculed occasionally, and often shelved, only to be revived () Citit later on to applause sans credit?

I've pulled all kinds of rotten ploys at meetings where everyone was supposed to perform and was paid to do so. I've suggested that instead of just throwing out ideas we go clockwise around the table and each person be given an oppor- Menur tunity to give her ideas hereelf . We'd save comment for the discussion period. I've also asked someone to either tape the meeting or take down notes. This is mean, but it does work. At least management gets a chance to see the givers and the takers.

It takes a rather disciplined and enlightened management to catch on to what you're up to, but I know a lot that will let you play this game. Of course, the guys who have no ideas and have done no homework will inevitably grab on to someone else's idea that has just been presented, and embellish it. They will also try the editor's ploy. "I think

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Cynthia's idea has a lot of merit, but the precented it hunne how good at w. in such a negative manner that no one would give it a try. I see it this way." Now, not only has "no homework" set fulled crutribule anything given any impact to the meeting, he's had the chutzpah to take a crack at Cynthia's personality. It's a way to put himself up and Cynthia down. Cynthia should immediately yell, "Foul ball."

When you hear the guys saying, "That's a nice one," or "I'll go with that," you have to ask them what power of approval they have. It won't make you popular, but it will help you protect your own ideas and not end up selling them on the pastry tray to a bunch of guys who don't deserve to eat them.

The "let's make it work" ploy is another power strategy aimed at appropriating ideas. Here, the game is to make Millicent seem like a bright little girl who does, by George, have ideas, though she's not good at getting them to work. That's where the "work-idea-swipers" come in. Don't let your idea get tucked into someone else's work basket. If you do, you will get neither credit nor compensation. Before you give out your ideas, you make them work. Indicate precisely the implementation of your thinking. Dot the "i's." If you're smart enough to create the idea, you ought to be smart enough to know how to make it work.

I cannot emphasize enough the importance of documentation in writing. I don't care if you have to give the

when to over a presentation on your feet, and out the folder with your name on it.

If someone swipes your idea and you feel that you'll look tacky saying anything, forget it. Say, "Look, I hate to break it to you, Mg. Larkin, but last week, if you will check my report, you will see that I presented this idea. I'd like at least to get the credit line for it." People will get back at you by saying, "Oh, she's always trying to get her credit lines." Let them.

Do not count on other people's sense of ethics. They may actually think the idea was theirs. You have no idea how quickly an unprotected idea becomes world property. I've seen people take credit lines, even go so far as claim them in the press, and when called on it protest, "Honestly, I never said that to the reporter." But, by then, it is too late.

If you've worked on something and someone else gets the credit line, go to the top person and put a stop to it. good advice, you'll head for the boss. Tell him that you want the credit for your idea. Even if it means a letter of retraction to the press. Make him write it. You may get recognition late. But it's better than not at all.

Never let anyone read, photograph, or use your maout q it . terials until after you have gotten all you want from them.

One of the best systems of control I know of is to keep conference reports. This way, all suggestions can be recorded at a meeting and everyone gets a copy of the report. Who suggested what, and who is to follow through, goes down in the log.

#### WHEN YOU CARE ENOUGH TO SWIPE THE VERY BEST

One of the slickest swipe jobs I ever had to live through was done by Hallmark. It happened when I edited the <u>100 Years of Bazaar</u> for the Hearst Corporation a couple of years back. The publisher of the magazine was delighted to snag Hallmark into doing an exhibit in conjunction with the magazine's centennial celebration. Meanwhile, for over three years, I had been reading all the back issues of the magazine. I had developed rather strong pectoral muscles just from trains to lift the tomes and I felt that I had culled out the very best. Condensing 100 years into 300 pages isn't an easy task. I was led to believe that the Hallmark exhibit would be timed with the further for the book. With this in mind, I was only too happy to help the Hallmark exhibit people when they arrived at my doorstep. They wondered if I would let them look at the materials I had picked. They certainly had no intention of reading 100 years. They photographed all the materials I had, plus some of the material I had had to leave out. They left. I never gave it another thought till I received an invitation to the exhibit. I was rocked by it. It was to be held five months before the book was to come out. Oh, well, I though, it won't matter. Maybe it would be a good taste of what was to come. <u>Mistake</u>! The exhibit <u>was</u> the book. Every one of the Hallmark exhibitor designers got a credit line. Each of the photographers whose work I had used got a credit line. It was, to say the least, a very good exhibit. There was one singularly important omission. I was not even mentioned in the credits.

Hallmark took the attitude that they thought I understood and had agreed to let them do this. The publisher took the attitude that what was good for <u>Bazaar</u> had to be good for me. I insisted that they add my name to the exhibit, even though the press and preview had already covered this fantastic exhibit of Hallmark's. The publisher turned on his, "Now, now, don't act like a spoiled broad" act. This just made me meaner. I realized that this cool cookie lived off other people's work. He had done so all his life. What if one more person was screwed and tatooed? He came and smelling like a rose.

The book came out. It got good reviews, but no real press. They had already done their job by <u>Bazaar</u>. This was not the reception I'd had in mind for three years' hard work. For

Hearst it was fine. They had the exhibit <u>and</u> the book. So much for the <u>100 Years of Harper's Bazaar</u>. If "cool publisher" dies the way I have planned for him, it's going to go down in the annals as a diabolical variation on Hieronymus Bosch.

# AFTER YOU'VE SAID IT (It belongs to the whole wide world)

Once, I was doing some radio commercials with a young actress. During the coffee break she said to me, "What on earth are you chewing all the time?"

I told her that I loved eating erasers off pencils. Some people chew gum, some people smoke, I like ink erasers.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "I panic so if I run out that I have Woody Allen fantasies. I break into stationery stores at night and steal big boxes of Eberhard Fabers with the brushes on to get my fix."

She must have recorded this in her sub-conscious. Later on, when she worked for a well-known comedienne, it showed up as material on the show.

But these are the kinds of things that are gone with the wind. I never though the material was worth polishing up and presenting.

A friend of mine taught an innovative course not too long ago. A colleague from another institution sat in on it. He was impressed and grateful to her. Later on, he published a book: it was substantially the course she'd designed. In 1974 I did a play called <u>Ring Around the Bathtub</u>. It premiered at the Alley and did well out of town. It was a first nighter in New York. A few months after it folded, I began to see bits and pieces of the play show up in various places. Not enough to start a lawsuit - just enough to know someone had seen the play and remembered a bit of this and a bit of that.

# THE ROSE LADY & C

Once in a while you encounter such a virtuoso swiping performance it leaves even the victim awed. My most memorable bete noir was a woman who replaced the sales promotion director at Neiman's. I knew I wasn't in line for the top banana job after only one year in the place. Mr. Marcus had created one of those lovely meaningless titles for me, but I was not so under the top the dumb that I didn't realize I was about to get a new boss. Her name was Consuelo Considine, and she was a real doozy. But she was nobody's fool, I suspected after my first hour with her that she never put her chic foot into any race she couldn't win.

She could bluff her way onto a battleship as an admiral. She sure got piped onto our ship with style. She was feely either. The very first thing she did was cut all existing communication lines to the top. She dished out the great excuse that management's time was too valuable to see so many people on the same subjects. She would coordinate. in our department would bring her our work, our ideas, our thoughts - if we had any - and she would either approve them and present them to the executive committee or not. But it was instantly clear that whatever got through to that committee would look like her work. Both the PR gal and I smelled this ploy. And we couldn't fight it at all.

At first, we sat by hopelessly and watched helplessly. For a while we let her get by with murder. But soon, while she thought she was winning hands down, we were analyzing her game methods. Everyone has a pattern. We took time to study hers. An analyzing her worked out a strategy. We would plan her next major idea heist for her and she would carry out our caper. (To protect the innocent, I'll call this the rose caper.)

Through a friend, Betty had met a man who had great connections with the kose krowers. The State of Texas is positively balmy over roses. It struck Betty that if she could get all the varieties for display and a few bucks to exploit them, it would make a crackerjack promotion. With a little luck (and sell), the growers just might name a new rose the "Neiman-Marcus." A rose by any other name could not smell sweeter.

It was our intention to wait for Mrs. C. to go on the European trip with the buyers. She always managed to get to all the good spots. While she was out of town, we picked the brains of various buyers and merchandisers about the rose scheme. They loved it. They would definitely support it. Much to our delight, we discovered that many of the buyers we took for Consuelo fans thought she was an out-and-out phoney,but just couldn't say anything. Great.

Betty and I noodled out a presentation for the rose man. We worked it out with Display. How could it be handled? How much would it cost? How many varieties could we show? What numbers would the windows hold? We were very low keyed. Would Steuben do a rose? Would Fieldcrest do a Life is a Bed of Roses promotion? Would they help pay for it? Would Universal do a rose-colored sun glass for us? Would Mateus give us rosé to serve with lunch? Would Trigère do a print? Could we get Wedgewood into it? There were plenty of things we knew we could sell as part of this promotion.

The rose man flipped for the idea. His people said, "Yes, Yes!" and we waited patiently for Consuelo to come home so we could begin to feed her our ideas on roses. True to her pattern, she presented these one by one to the management always as her very own inspiration. For the merchandising people and buyers we had already talked to, watching her in this role was fantastic. They couldn't believe it. It was proof positive that she was a first class idea-thief.

When the store gave the stamp of approval to setting aside two weeks for the "Rose Fever" promotion, Consuelo really went all out. There was nothing she didn't try to turn into a rose. The toughest part of the caper for us was to keep her from ever meeting our contact. This was the one thing that

could not happen. We did everything we could to distract her, and as the money came in and the days flew by and the promotion got easier and easier to do, she began to get lazy and leave the "thorns" to us. Betty kept flattering her with glorious promises to play her up at the press interview. "You all jes' keep on thinkin' up the abdeas you all abr thinkin'. I am goin' to git you in all the magazines and on Teeeveee."

Our plot had as many intricacies as an Agatha Christie. The day we started on the WMANE project I wrote Consuelo a note asking her if, once the roses were installed and the ads done, I could take a week of my vacation. I left a space for her to check "yes" or "no." She checked "yes," and I took a deep breath. I would officially be out of the kingdom when lightning struck. Moreoever, I knew that my absence would give her an opportunity to say, "Isn't this just typical of her? When anything really breaks around here, where is she? On vacation!"

Week by week the promotion began to grow and grow and get prettier and prettier. Betty was the major contact with the rose people. I did the spade work at home. I sent memo after memo to Consuelo to keep her posted. How the roses would arrive. What breeds needed babying. What buyers had what merchandise. When and where and how the display crew would set it up. How much it would cost. The budget for the works. We even used a cute-name ploy, which she fell for. We never talked about Mr. Greenspahn, the rose man. We called him "Rosebud" or "Old Thorny" or "Mr. Greenthumb."

Maybe we just lucked in. Or, maybe, like a successful con man, she just got **terment** careless. She described every inch of the promotion to the Boss. And with such utter conviction that even I almost believed it was hers. That's how good she was. This trip round, however, every swipe she made was going to pay off for us later.

The day before the roses arrived, Betty got herself sprung. She went to Consuelo with a real hard-luck story about a deah ole aunth of hers that was dyin' and din't have one soul to look after her. Betty felt she jes' had to go down to Atlantah and take care of gettin' her in some nice home.

Betty briefed Consuela thoroughly; the releases were out, the national stuff was set. The only thing left to do was have someone take care of "the press" and the "big customers" on preview night. Could Conseule possibly handle this? (Is the Pope a Catholic?)

The last day before I went on vacation I wrote to every soul involved, telling them that Consuelo had the files and all the data. If they needed anything, they should get right to her.

I left. I left with my files.

Betty left. She left with her files.

And we both left not one shred of evidence that there was or had ever been a rose. Or a rose man.

When I returned to town, I got all the dope. Just as predicted, the store was beautiful. Consuelo ran the press

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show like she was Jackie O. on Skorpio. Everyone was delighted. The promotion was a real hit.

Then, on Wednesday, the phones began to ring. The first call was from Display. When would the replacements arrive? What time? Where? Display suggested that by Thursday afternoon the crew should move in and redo all the wilters, deaders, and slumpers. The promotion was to go on for two weeks and the ads were pulling in people from all over the state. Then the restaurant called for replacements. Then the various department heads began to report they needed new flowers.

Consuelo told her secretary to get in touch with "Rosebud" and tell him to send in the troops. Thelda Anne Consuelo, "Where shall I call him?"

> "Wherever he is, for heaven's sake!" Thelda "Where is wherever?"

Consuelo threw up her arms in disgust. "Must I do everything: You know I have no staff: Everyone is on vacation: Thelda just stood it out.

Consuelo pulled out a file drawer and gestured vaguely. "Here, for heaven's sake. Look under Roses or Growers or whatever."

Thelda began looking. There was nothing under any of these categories.

Nervously, Thelda interrupted a buyers' meeting in Consuelo's office.

"Mrs. Considine, if you'd just give me the rose man's name, I'll get him right on the phone."

There was a terrible pause. Consuelo tried to bluff her way through it. "Thelda, for the love of God, what <u>did</u> everyone call him? Thorny? Rosebud? You know."

"But what's his real name?"

"All right," she said, addit.' "As soon as the meeting is over, we'll find him." But Thelda told me she looked real worried.

She went through everything. My files, Belle's files. All Thelda could find in my "outbox" were carbons of my memos to everyone about calling on Consuelo. That wasn't going to help much.

Consuelo couldn't even call Betty or me. She had no idea where we were. Who would ever have thought she'd have need for us?

She never did get the replacements. The display people bought what replacement they absolutely had to have to finish up the week. All ads inviting people to the "second smash week" were killed. The promotion was over. Her party had ended.

After all her palavar about "Rosebud" and how "darling" the growers were, Consuelo had one hell of a time explaining to the "frass" why she didn't even know the guy's name or where he could be located. The Display Department could the helped her with old lading numbers, but These they reported had been thrown out. Who would need them?

The morning I arrived back, I went directly to the

store. Only the bored guard, who knew me, might have wondered why I was there at 7 A.M. But a lot of executives came early, worked late, even came in on Sunday. I tucked my file right into Mr. Greenspahn's proper slot. I then left the store and had a leisurely breakfast till 9:30, when I reported back from vacation.

Betty got back the same day and slipped her file into its slot right away.

I knew Consuelo was in her office by the look on Thelda's face. So I jubilantly said, "Hey, what happened to all the roses?"

"Mrs. Considine wants to see you right away," Thelda said.

I went in. Consuelo had fire in her eyes and butane gas spurting from her mouth.

"We'll wait till your <u>pal</u> gets here. Then we'll talk roses."

There was no small talk about my peeling nose or my almost suntan or my trip.

Betty came in looking crisp and rested. We greeted each other like long lost friends. Mrs. Considine banged on her desk to get our attention.

"Well," she snarled, "we certainly had one hell of a time pulling off your floral arrangements."

I cocked my head in a surprised manner. "Oh?" I said.

"The gall of you!" She banged the desk again. "You never made any arrangements for replacements."

"I most certainly did. All you had to do was call for them."

"And where in your file, or my file, YOUR file, "The looked hatefully at Betty) was there one shred of information on where to call or who to call?"

"I left the entire file with your secretary." "Thelda, get in here."

I didn't want to get Thelda in trouble, so I said, "Thelda, I know you didn't do any of the correspondence with the rose people, but don't you remember that I did give you a file?"

"I told Mrs. Considine there was a file," she agreed. "But I just couldn't remember the name on it."

"Greenspahn," I said. "Doesn't that ring a bell?"

Thelda's jaw dropped. She ran out to her file. It was deliciously ironic to hear Thelda screaming with joy, "Here it is, Mrs. Considine, right under Greenspahn."

I won't say that Betty and I took all the credit for getting Consuela out. But, after the rose promotion, the brass never really gave her much credence. We managed to lose her by the end of the year.



My favorite swipe of all was denoting the prestigious

the work of

<u>Wall Street Journal</u>. I had heard the editor of the <u>Hungarian</u> <u>Literary Quarterly</u> talk at Columbia. At some point in his lecture he mentioned the fact that Hungary had a trash tax on popular materials. I got to thinking this was kind of amusing, so I called him up and asked if he could tell me more about it. He did. He also provided me with a government booklet on the methods of levying the tax. It was fascinating to think that Louis Armstrong, Neil Simon, and Agatha Christie were trashtaxed in order to get people to see Shakespeare, who was not taxed. I published an article in the <u>New York Times</u> on the Hungarian Trash Tax.

About three months later, an almost identical piece ran in the <u>Journal</u>. It was a feature on their front page. I couldn't believe that someone would really publish my story almost word for word, thought for thought, in another media. I wrote to the editor. Here is the answer I got:

M-Dear Jane;

"You're absolutely right! I did steal the piece on Hungary. In fact, I sent it to our man in Hungary who checked it out. You asked if I would be interested in reading your piece on Hollywood, with I regret that we do not use free-lance writers under any circumstances since we have our own staff.

Now, you gotta believe that's a classic. It's O.K. to steal from free-lance people; just don't buy from them.

SPÉECH! SPEÉCH! W

I am always dumbfounded when I receive letters (and I'

-----Sincerely, ----

do quite often) requesting a copy of my speech given at so and so on so and so. In my youth, I used to send it out, but I soon learned that I could never use the speech again. The material had been quoted and printed in other media with credits to the people who had sent for the speech. These lazieladies (and men) don't even bother to give you a credit line on a good joke. One letter I had recently not only asked for the speech, it requested the slides, the tapes and all multi-media materials I had prepared. Nor was there an offer to pay for copies of tapes and slides. It's incredible. Why anyone who wants to give a speech wants to give mine, is beyond me. Why don't they send for me?

There is one consoling thing to be said for those of the world who do the work and come up with the ideas: if you have ideas, you'll have other ideas. So, if **series** five or ten in your lifetime get appropriated, don't panic. It's to keep the number to a minimum. Remember - only the very best ideas will be lifted. It's a sure way to know what work you've done that was really top notch. If someone steals it - or someone tries to steal it - it's good.

A final story. A couple of years ago, I was hired to redo the fashion image through advertising. B. Altman & Co. I had very good luck with the campaign. The ads caught on almost instantly. The challenge of the project was that I was stuck with art work that I could not change. I was stuck with a logo that Benjamin Altman must have bought in Arabia. I was

stuck with merchandise that often bordered on "iron maiden" fashion. There was, in my estimation, only one thing to do fill up the page with interesting, fact-filled copy in which I could hide the art work. I could sell the words. The trick was to separate Altman advertising from that of the rest of the city. The other stores concentrated pretty much on huge figures and three lines of copy which said nothing and had a lot of ....! (Dot Dot Dot copy is the name I give to most retail advertising. Department store copywriters apparently cannot finish a sentence.)

After about four months, things really began to happen. Newspapers got interested in what we were doing. People were talking about what we were doing. I had no idea that it was so hush hush that B. Altman had hired an outside agency to take care of their needs. Lots of stores do this. However, one day I picked up Women's Wear Daily and there was a story on the campaign. The credit lines were neatly awarded to just about everyone who had nothing to do with the project. The art director, the copy chief, the ad manager (well, he had hired me), the merchandising manager, the store, the president, KbW I was briefly dispatched with the following line, "Ms. Trahey supplies the copy on a free lance basis." Not great publicity for the president of an agency, is it? I quit. I sent back their work for the following which WW D Rubished Sunday. Finally, the ad manager wrote a letter of retraction, In my life, it was just one more sideswipe.

TRAHEY'S LAW RE IDEA THIEVES

Never dump a good idea on a conference table. It will belong to the conference. If you must dish out ideas for your pay, at least write them down and sign them before you dish them. Yell, "fhief, police, thief." when you see someone in the swipe process. Never, for a second, think that one human being will give you a credit line if he can take it himself. Never discuss a new idea with people at lunch, dinner, breakfast, or in bed. They will eat it or get up with it. Do your best to get your ideas published in the trade press - this makes them yours, officially. Be as tight and tacky as you can be with your ideas. At least, people will have to be clever to swipe them.

## YOUR IMAGE Creating it. Coddling it.

People, like products and companies, project images. There are Dom Perignon images and Gallo Vineyard images. Regine images and The 21 Club images, Holiday Inn images and Connaught Hotel images.

There's raspy voiced, mother-warm Bella Abzug who hits the press tough and hatted. There's cool elegant Congresswoman Mill-icent Fenwick from New Jersey who puffs a pipe. There's green-eyed, velvety-voiced Mary King who puts President Carter on for not appointing more women to important government posts as he had promised.

Eyeglasses are used to project image: owl-eyed Carrie Donovan, pilot-eyed Gloria Steinem, sun-eyed Sue Mengers, steeleyed Elizabeth Holtzman.

Hairroan be exploited image: wild-haired Betty Friedan, pure pre-Raphaelite Barbra Streisand, high-voltage Sonya Rykiel, right from the shower Anita Loos, bang-d Jane Fonda,goldengirl Letty Cotton Pogrebin, and Afro-ed Angela Davis. And who would leave out the locks of Charlie's Angel, Farah F. Majors?

TA hatted image -Geraldine Stutz works with clothe like hats. bouise Nevelson tiessa Sphinke Maarfer Sleanor Lambert, turbans it and Nancy White is never seen without a sailor.

Female food entrepreneurs range from raucous Elaine Kaufman - hair tightly bunned, bosom bouncing -to cool, reserved Pearl In fashion you can't miss 4'9" Adele Simpson who made her height her advertising slogan (Little Lady with Big Ideas)or Pauline Trigere with her smoked salmon glasses and throaty French accent. Diana Vreeland with sleek, tightly bunned, goal-black hair, tea-dance t-strap shoes, rouged cheeks, and a mad cossack robe can come on hooking like two kmillion bucks.

In gossip land there's the Hollywood-darling look of Rona Barrett,wild eyed,wild haired Susy, and Texas drawlin, chili-lovin Liz Smith. In TV land there's staccato-voiced, fast thinking, beautifully dressed Barbara Walters. And behind the TV camera there's bejeweled turban-ed Lucy Jarvis or jean-clad, sneaker-shod producer Jacqueline Babbin.

Every woman I know who has a distinctive image takes some of it either from her wardrobe or from a prop of some sort - capes,glasses,accents,height,hats,hair,voice,pipes, even unsettling weight. And to this she adds endless variations. Some collect turtles,paintings,cats,books,houses,husbands, sculptures,pewter,Tiffany glass etc.etc. But behind these facades,and recognizable images, and personality props are vibrant,skilled women who can raise money to run for office, make money in restaurants -one of the toughest enterprises in the world -twwn out TV programs which are the big,special, two hour winners, run million dollar businesses, and stand so few.

Bella Abzug says she didn't dream up the hat idea to be noticed. "I just love to wear hats," she admits, "and since no

one else did it was easy to spot me in a crowd. My staff loved it". Now it's hard to imagine any other female politician duded out in a borsalin the hat is such a part of Bella's image. But that is not what makes Bella run.

A tricorn hat and a passion for baseball signal "Marianne Moore" but they can't explain her poetic gift any more than can Ezra Pound's single gold earring. Walt Whitman knew the power of image. When he published the first edition of <u>Leaves of Grass</u>, he didn't even bother to put his name on the book cover. A handsome sketch of the poet sufficed.

How do you get an image? What makes Dom Perignon sell for ten bucks more than its nearest competitor? Is there really that much difference or are you paying for the image? Even more interesting, how does the word get out that Dom is "the" champagne when they spend peanuts on advertising?

If you're determined to hack out a power job for yourself in business, you must decide whether you're Dom Perignon or whether you're a raw and splended chianti. Then begin to project this kind of image into your life style and your dayin-day-out work. You have to be the best in the category you choose. You have to convince (by word of mouth) that you are worth more money than your competition.

Stanley's father, Herbert Marcus, Sr. had his own way of dutuetoe building a set image for himself and for his store. He once told me that he was most disappointed in me for using the

word "sensational" in some copy for a fur sale. I told him that I really felt it <u>was</u> a "sensational" event, or I wouldn't have dredged up the word. He said, "Miss Trahey, the word 'sensational' is a word that I have always reserved for the Immaculate Conception." And he followed up that bit of information with an insight into quality vocabulary. Lovingly fingering the lapels of his vicuna jacket, he said, "A person who would use a word like 'sensational' is not, I think, a person who was born to the purple."

I wondered just who were these people whose right of birth conferred a purple image. Did he mean only the rich? Or only the titled? Rich, rich people I have known did seem to the manner born. But lots of others had been born poor and acquired an even more convincing manner. If Papa Marcus was the living image of someone "born to the purple," I had lucked out. His kind of purple didn't grab me.

I don't think it grabbed his eldest son either. His approach to the same was vastly different. Stanley built with creative, it into a warm, chic, friction, tastefully-edited with Whereas Papa served on bank boards, Stanley (and his brothers) were much more community-oriented and served on art councils, symphony committees, co city boards.

The differences in image between the "Marci" sons and their father constitute a classic case. Papa Marcus' imagelike that of so many first generation business successes was one of respect for money, discipline, and responsibility to the business. Stanley's image reflected the next generation -

artistic, creative, worldly, well-traveled, spphisticated. Eddie Marcus, Stanley's brother, projected a split image. Half of his interest went to artistic things, half to the shrewd business of cattle raising. Another brother, Herbert Jr., had superb taste and combined it with pure playboy. He fit into neither category. The youngest Marcus son, Lawrence, was on his way in to the operation when I was just about on my way out.

When the Amon Carter airport was built, miles away from downtown Dallas, Stanley Marcus took a stand. We simply would not use that airport. We would not put up with the inconvenience. We would have to live with a very skinny schedule at the old Dallas airport or take the train. He literally killed the new airport within one year. Since traffic emanated out of Dallas and not out of Ft.Worth, the airport was empty a good portion of the time. Planes were flying without the usual capacity loads. The airlines got the hint. They expanded Love Field in Dallas and recently built a brand new airport there.

It was this kind of clout that made Stanley something of a hero in the Dallas community. He took positions on integration long before the thought was bearable to a Texan. He knew that charge accounts would be shut tight as a result but he did what he thought was right for the community. What makes him an interesting man is not his beret,his beard, his books, his home, his paintings,or his store. What makes people admire him are the many important stands he has taken all his life whether or not they dealt with fashion. His willingness to take a stand is part of his image. And everything he does for Dallas just makes his store that much more attractive. He taught me that what you do to benefit others, if you really believe in the cause, will inevitably come back to you.Outside dimensions to your life make your work more interesting, your career more diverse, your life more meaningful.

Most people are not born to the purple. They have to mix their own colors. One can learn taste. One can learn it in a thousand ways - from bosses, mothers, friends, jobs, books. One can pick one's own image.

Working for a man like a Stanley Marcus or a woman like Bella Abzug or Elinor Guggenheimer or Diane Vreeland, or Margaret Mead should happen just once to every young woman who wants to build her own image. A lot of my hungers and desires to own good paintings, collect great books, travel like crazy and do my own thing generated while sitting in Stanley's office working out the weekly advertising schedule. His office looked like from office 's belong to the curator of the Modern Museum.

I would advise any woman trying to get "there" to spend some of her early career years in the company that is most respected in her field. The company that has the most class and the most image. You may not make as much money working there but what it will do for your personal image should more than repay you.

Another advantageous spot for building images is an editor's slot on a magazine. Editors of magazines get to meet two very helpful sectors of the world population -the talent sector and the top business sector. In one week, an editor at Vogue may meet and lunch with Martha Graham, Julia Child, Marisol,

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Carla Hills, Lillian Hellman. She may dine with Estee Lauder, Henry Ford, Happy Rockefeller, Adela Holzer, Adela Holzer,

She can quickly fill up an address book with private numbers it would take a quarter of a century for the average business woman to build. The talents editors brush up against give them valuable insights into the taste levels of the most famous artists and artisans of the world. Geraldine Stutz, president of Henri Bendel's, says she believes her seven years with Conde Nast as accessories editor of Glamour magazine gave her the best training in the world and provided her with an invaluable fashion background. She covered collections and met important designers, support sittings with important photographers, subject of the search out the

best. Today she admits she runs Bendel's with a Conde Nast nuance.

As for the business contacts, editors of magazines meet the tops. Geraldine Stutz met Maxey Jarman of Genesco who liked her work on <u>Glamour</u> and was willing to take a gamble on Gerry in his I.Miller set-up. From there on in it was smooth sailing. Editors not only develop tastes that stand them in good stead in the world of the arts, they also have a wonderful springboard into business if they eventually want to take the jump. Beige all the Way

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Neiman-Marcus was filled with image people. It was the culturing the sector type. perfect climate for manad stationary buyer who would pole vault over a counter to grab a customer, to Bert de Winter, who was "the" chic-est thing I had ever laid eyes on.

The words "think big" must have been tatooed on her brain the day she was conceived. She ran the millinery operation. Other women would have been content to just buy millinery in New York or Paris and sell it to the Dallas customers. Not Bert. If she couldn't get what she wanted the second she wanted it, she made it.

As an arm of her retail life, she ran a thriving factory right down the street from Neiman's. She didn't have to. She wanted to. She built it. She ran it. She not only turned out creative ideas for millinery, she turned out a profit for both Neiman's and her own company.

As for fashion, no one could beat Bert to the newest in couture. What she selected in April the press found in June. She was already dressed in it. But clothes weren't everything. She had an <u>Architectural Digest</u> home. What had been a pleasant ranch house on Turtle Creek she made into an authentic French provincial house. When she threw a party, it was caviar all the way. In fact, that was where I learned about the grey versus black caviar, and the versus Iranian. If she wanted flowers, she imported them from a nursery and had them force-bloomed the night of the party. You could literally watch cherry blossom, hibiscus, azaleas, and camelias opening up while you sipped your Dom Perignon. Bert didn't make all that much money, but she lived like the Czar's daughter. I once asked her how on earth she could keep doing it and she said, "Darling, flowers just plain flowers - cost a lot of money. The kind I get don't cost all that much more. But think of what people say about my flowers. And think of what they'd say about just flowers that cost almost as much."

She drove a beige car, wore beige furs, beige couture clothes, and had the audacity to order up a pair of poodles to match. She actually gave the breeder a swatch of fabric and said, "Call me when you have something."

Once I was with her in New York on a shopping tour. On 0444 Lent wanted to knock off and go antique-ing. In one Saturday shi cha little shop she discovered a pair of Baking portraits of an but had a lot of image making potential old man and woman. Money-was no reason not to buy them. She had them crated and shipped home. I didn't see them again until the unveiling when they appeared as her Belgian grandmother and TRAN 19972 grandfather. She was so utterly convincing about their personalities that I began to doubt my own memory of her buying them on Third Avenue.

If you sat down and began to take Bert apart, you saw a limited but powerful wardrobe. She bought clothes that suited her style, she wore them with great flair, and each outfit had a way of working with everything else. She was not a young woman. She was a bit fat in the derriere. Her hair was a brassy blonde. She wore a bit too much makeup. But when you

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slapped it all together - her clothes, her color scheme, and her mad life style woman who was having one wonderful time. I don't know how she would have fared at Union Carbide. But knowing Bert, I feel certain that she probably would have worn soft understated pale grays, had her hair streaked white and gray, and hit it off beautifully with the Chairman of the board and his wife. She would have called her poddle - her gray poddle - Mr. Glad.

Bert always said that no woman executive should ever look like her secretary. And no one - regardless of weather - should ever wear a babushka. "Babushkas," she taught us, "should be "saved for Russian movies and the superb prop for the management of any company. Smart women will be included at luncheons, special company dinners, conventions. They are often asked to entertain out-of-state guest, go on important company trips, give speeches, and represent the company. So dress, although not the only image element, is an important ingredient for the successful woman.

### The Fantasy Wardrobe. Forget it.

Unless you look like Candy Bergen or run with the Women's Wear Cat Pack, forget the fantasy wardrobe. You won't get a lot of chance to swing in it at work. For the average body which might come in as big a size as twelve, the best wardrobe so say the fashion experts - is one that comes from one or two stick with good designers. A lot of women machine the designer who will Lots of famous designers will help help them get it all together. And bide to be average body wardrobe you if you're a steady customer. Don't be afraid to ask.

I've been told that Liza Minelli has her wardrobe styled by Halston and shipped to California with every accessory numbered. staffed their designer shop with a Marshall Field has just consultant who will take the time and the state of the second of the second and energy to get you pulled together. Bergdorf Goodman has their store two smart women in White Plains who will accessorize anything Jo Hughs of the same store the famous from a suit to a scarf. dressing some of the smartest new Uork for guide when his women in the city. Neiman's will has have always had a fleet of top saleswomen who south help and the their clients build a wardrobe. Find out if there's a store in your city with a fashioncustomer service. If you can get this kind of help at no cost, why not use it?

Follow the look in one magazine that you identify with. Each fashion magazine tries to appeal to a certain purse and **received**) is for the woman who likes and can afford to live it up fashionabla. Town and Country - although not classified as a strict fashion book - photographs humans rather than models. If you're conservative, you can often spot something there. Bazaar used to be way out. Now it's way in. Gheck your wear-MARTE AL Glamour has been a poor girl's Vogue. But leafing through the last few issues, I've concluded that either clothes prices have skyrocketed or the magazine has become a young rich girl's magazine. Mademoiselle tries to fence-sit between a young working totally woman and a college student. (Only in August does it go - college

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FORD

<u>Cosmo</u> and <u>Red Book</u> both show clothes, but I can't say I think of them for fashion. <u>Officiel</u> (notypublished in English)

If you can, try to see some of the current collections. If you don't get to New York all that often, then hawk the best charity fashion show in city. There you'll see the kind of clothes that are available and how they are put together.

# The House of Haupt

Enid Haupt, ex-publisher of <u>Seventeen</u> had an image. As I recall, she wore very expensive clothes - Mainbocher, I think. But I can't remember her clothes, only that they were beautiful. I do remember her. She was not an easy client. She did have the born-to-the-purple attitude. Her real power came from her enormous personal wealth (she was an Annenberg). She had never worked before her brother gave her <u>Seventeen</u> During the time that to play with. <u>But I can't remember</u> her that instead of nine years old, she did well with the magazine.

No decision was made without her. Her staff was in utter awe of her. She carried her own lunch sandwich to work and wouldn't eat out anywhere but Pavillon, which was then "the" restaurant. She had a clean fetish that was quite unnerving. Her office was a soft mauvey color. The furniture, carpet et muted al, a mauvey color. The only touch of color came each morning when her chauffeur arrived bearing fresh flowers from her own Greenwich greenhouse or orchids from her Palm Beach greenhouse.

She owned one of the best private collections of paintings in this country. She was very socially oriented and spent the peak months in Palm Beach wearing her emeralds and attending the right parties. When you took her apart, you found a rather lonely, slightly bitter woman. She was not beautiful. She was too boney, too angular. She was, however, strikingly powerful looking and she carried off her job and life and facade with great class. Her image worked for her while she wanted it to work. One day she simply left the office and never returned. Naturally, people were curious. No one ever found out why she left or what had happened. She returned to the private sector of her society life and publishing never heard of her again.

Some women can sneak by solely with props and clothes. Others, like Enid, add art, houses, collections to their image. Having a room, two rooms, a house, a co-op, a penthouse properly decorated and filled with your own treasures certainly offers people a different side of you gives the press something else to see and say. Many young men and women on the way up make friends with architects decorators and lean on them for help in designing their world - their home - their office.

Even if you make \$15,000 a year, you can begin to collect things. Hanging out in the real junk shops often turns up great things that can be used for lamp bases, coffee table bases.

B.FORD

Kay Unger is a young fashion designer to watch. Not only does she design for her own company, St.Gillian, but along with her partners she also helps run two other fashion operations in Manhattan. Kay graduated from Parson's School of Design and apprenticed to Geoffrey Beene and Teal Traina prior to doing her own thing.

I met Kay two years ago when she bought my 79th St. co-op. Whereas I had kept the traditional look of an old New York apartment, Kay gutted the place. Designer Charles Gwathmey helped her turn it into a space-age wonder that would delight a Milanese count.

"Sure it cost a bundle to do it," says Kay,"but I work there,live there, cook there, and entertain there. I built my own house and home. I didn't wait for Prince Charming to come along and hand it to me on a silver platter. In fact, Prince Charming is living there now."

"I love to give what I call 'salons'. My guest list rans the gamut of people from all walks of life. They would never meet in a million years if I didn't put them together. It's challenging and fun to just call up people and ask them to come.Nine out of ten do."

Kay doesn't have a country house now nor is she planning on one for the near future. "I was willing to put all my eggs in this one basket. It's my way to build an image." Kay Unger, a young fashion designer to watch, turned my 79th street traditional co-op-type apartment into something a rich Milanese Count would adore. She gutted the place, got the best Italian designer in the city to plan it, and finished with an apartment I didn't even recognize. Since Kay loves to mix <u>see</u> up people from all walks of life, she had a white grand plano **user** placed in the salon-like atmosphere. She throws Sunday after- A noon parties, tea-dances, etc. She told me that many people **forg** 150 make the mistake of trying to belong to two or three places. She didn't want a summer house. She likes the city. Therefore she could splurge in the apartment and have everything new. She wanted a spectacular look and she got it. It's her way to build an image.

# Image on Wheels

Cars are image making. And with car rentals today yeu or lease can manage to rent a pretty snappy reasonable sum. Moreover you can pick your device if you can Depending on what business you're in, you can pick your status symbol. Say you work for a bank or a very conservative company - I'd recommend not zipping up to the president's front porch in a Ferrari Dino. However, if you're trying to make it in the fashion world or the design world, a Ferrari would do well. So would a Maserati or an Alfa Romeo Spider (a 1974 costs around four grand).

Less expensive symbols than the Ferrari and Maserati are the Triumph, the Lancia, the MG, a Karman Ghia, and an Austin FORD

Roadster (if you can find one). This year's AMC Pacer (cheap) seems to have struck the fancy of young art directors. And the BMW (expensive) is the established designers' favorite. If you're going to lean on a car for part of your image, I'm afraid you'll have to steer clear of the Fords and Chevies (except for the old Thunderbird and the Sting-Ray). In Hollywood, the Cadillac Seville is like a Vega and white Bentleys abound, so there is little status attached to owning either. And the Bentley is a "wow" car. If I had to make a car mark in Beverly Hills, I'd go for an Aston Martin.

A lot of people still think that one of the biggest status indicators is having your own car and chauffer. My experience with this lasted just one year. I decided that my company could give me a car and chauffeur instead of a trip or a bonus. I wanted a car that would work for business, yet be casual enough for me to drive on weekends without looking like a female funeral director.

CI settled for a dark gray Lincoln Continental convertible. I then hired the winner chauffeur of the city, Calvin Harris.

Calvin was very helpful. He kept out of my way beautifully twenty at all times. If I stayed minutes at a meeting, he came back after one full hour. If I was stuck one hour, he came back in twenty minutes. Sometimes he was postively dizzy from circling. The problem was that we had no means of communication. And an advertising agency president doesn't call the shots on client

time. There was no "checkpoint charlie" place for me. Calvin also removed all the hub caps on Wednesday and had me buy them back on Friday. (A habit which added to his already considerable income).

People kept telling me the status way to work it was to give people rides doad share the wealth, but always to see that you were dropped off first. Now when you live at 79th St. and are coming from 55th St. and you are dropping someone off at 59th St., it does seem odd to make them go to 79th. I lost my status on that every time. In fact, my Lincoln Continental really functioned like the company bus, dropping off the staff, all of whom lived on my way home. Sometimes I'd be as much as half an hour late getting home as a result of extraordinary stops or circling one way blocks to make the drop.

Between waiting for Calvin and missing him and paying him for car accessories, I became quite disenchanted with the whole chauffeur scene. Moreover, my all-electric wonder car didn't always respond impeccably. Often the trunk top wouldn't go down and the windows wouldn't close. On cold winter nights, this is not luxury. And you don't look very powerful in front of the Plaza Hotel with the hood and trunk of your limo permantly frozen in the up position.

One night I told Calvin he could go home. He did. He went right home to North Carolina, taking my image with him. It took six weeks and the Salem police department to make him bring back my status symbol. It was the last of the liveried cars for me.

#### How much for a Press Agent?

Depending on the city you live in, a public relations fee can vary from 50 bucks to 200 bucks a week. The latter is about average for personal stuff in New York. Actually the fee is what the tariff will bear. It's based on a lot of different angles. Some famous people pay very little, or nothing at all, for a publicity person may figure that to be able to drop their name Schould as a clienty is fee enough. And the second Sometimes people pay fees to keep a low profile. One doctor I know who is married to a very successful, highly publicized woman actually pays to(not) be mentioned when they are photographed at the same party. It's not good for his relationship with his conservative hospital. On the other hand, I've known doctor (especially plastic surgeons) who thrive on publicity. PR is andeductible expenseeso brayoutre in the upper income bracketsyousmightoponsider they sizable feesworth paying the first what they pay for There are a jillion variations on the fee theme.

It's important to get the right PR person, Going with a big company if you can only spend a small amount is dumb. Like any other business, the company has many partners and many people to pay, so they are going to worry with the big accounts and assign a zilcher to you. On a small budget it is better to go with a small operation which needs your money and will do their best to help you get publicity.

In every city there is usually one person who does the best job for fashion people. There will be one group that specializes in charities and society. There will be a PR company that is good at the education circuit and knows how to help college presidents raise money. There are shops that know how to place space on products rather than on people. There are political PR people, Theatrical PR people, etc.

A good PR executive will know what parties you ought to get to. What charities will give the best balls. What fashion shows will make it. What movie premiere is worth fighting to get to. What speeches you should give.

Recently a client of mine asked me to recommend a public To Unklow not very relations person for them in another city than the ones I live equilar unt I really didn't know who did what there, but I did know 3.700 one of the editors on the best newspaper. I called her and asked had her who does best credibility to in PR, and whose calls she took. I also asked her if she could find out what the going rate was in the city for a good PR person. She recommended two people and told me about what fees to expect. It was a good way to a ale If ar editor likes a PR person, you know to do the homework. The Real there have to be classy. So before you hire someone to help you publicize yourself, you'll have to do homework to find someone that's respected, right for you, and someone you can afford to keep in your life for at least a year. It takes time to get good PR.

Where photography is concerned, . it's a good idea to have a picture of yourself made by someone like Avedon, Snowden, Scavullo. If you're on the way up a magazine, which employs top photographers, may have you done by one of them. See if you can buy the rejects. Can't hurt to ask. Even if you have to subsidize part of the cost, it's a bargain. You then

can use the photography for your own press. If a newspaper does a story on you, they'll send their own people to photograph you. But all means get a makeup person in before you let this happen much you. The word retouching doesn't exist in newspaper darkrooms.

## Committees of One

Working voluntarily on projects can help flesh out your image and it can be a valuable way to spend your spare time. I have worked on everything from museum fund raising to political campaigns to club committee work for the Fashion Group to helping found the First Women's Bank.

I have found that many good things come about from working on projects. The personal satisfaction of doing something worthwhile that you don't expect to pay off sometimes does pay off. I spent two years working on a Fashion Group committee to increase the amount of money a person on social security can earn. I wanted the ceiling off completely. The chairman wanted to raise the ante. The committee felt the best we could do - on the advice of George Murphy, then a senator from California was to try to raise it. I learned an amazing amount about social security and lobbying. I knew nothing about either. I met a whole new group of important people on this committee. They looked at things differently. I gained new insights, and it didn't hurt my image one whit to be associated with them. Ordinarily, I would have been asked to serve on a communications committee or a fashion committee. This was much more mind-opening and I

determined from then on that any committee I was going to serve on would be one that I knew nothing about.

We did get the ante raised for earnings. But I still think the lid should come off entirely. And I would work on a committee to do it. I have never understood the government's position on this point. Why people who retire cannot continue to be as financially productive as they want to be, pay income tax to the government, and still collect their earned social security is a mystery to me.

I've worked on a lot of political campaigns, but only if I really believed in the candidate. From time to time E've given my all to see that a candidate didn't get elected. I worked my derriere off trying to keep Mr.Agnew out of the vice-president's slot. And that really paid off. Just before the election my agency was asked to participate in a round-up article for Esquire on how to not get a candidate elected as well as how to: We sent in a lot of stuff and Esquire gave us the most space. It was good for me,good for business. And it all came out of a voluntary work plan. Unfortunately ourcads didn't do the trick.Agnew went right in with Richard Nixon. But the experience I have had in the political arena was invaluable. It added a totally new dimension to me as a person.

#### Speaking Engagements

Public speaking is a very important area for a woman seeking power.Many women pay Dorothy Sarnoff,or someonelike her to help them master the art of delivering a speech.It's a good investment.

I have one rule about speeches. I will not give a speech at dinner. Dinner means drinks and no one wants to listen when

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they have been drinking. What they want is a stand-up comic and that's what they should get. The only people who can make an audience pay attention at dinner is the president of the company when the audience consists of employees.

Choosing the right groups to speak to is important. You can do a lot of hard work for no pay-off If the group is wrong, If you're going to give your all to big groups, find out what other speakers they've had and what they pay. It's maddening to give a speech to a group for nothing and find out they have enough money to bring in Margaret Mead the following month. If you belong to a speakers fureau, you can always get off the hook by saying you have to take it up with the fureau. That way you can decide whether you think the project is worthwhile and do it or let the fureau get you out of it gracefully.

Be sure you know the group you are talking to. Once the Detroit Ad Club paid my way out to talk about my feelings on automotic advertising. I have very strong feelings about it. Most car advertising is terrible. I said so. Later on I found out that almost every person in the Detroit Ad Club does automotive advertising for a living. I didn't make any new friends that day. I thought the audience would be the makers of the cars, and not the the addience would be the makers of the strictly to attract new business.

Giving speeches (provided they don't conflict with major meetings in your own world) certainly gives you a little edge on your competition who may not give speeches. Try to get some kind of advance press coverage on what you are going to say. For it won't be news once it's delivered. (Unless you are the president of General Motors and say "cars are dead." And even he will have had his PR people get that release out before he says it.)

If your company has a PR department, try to find out what's protocol in speech-making before you commit yourself to anything. Many companies won't let their employees give speeches for money. In this case you have to be careful about what you do. If it's green light time, be sure to ask the PR director to the event and give her a copy of your speech early in the game for release to trade papers, etc. Ask the chairman of the group who asked you to speak what PR is available. If your company PR people are not disposed to sending out your bon mots, steer clear of them and let the club do TW PR work. For you. If they are not paying you, that's the least they can give you - good press.

Many people have their speeches reprinted and sent out to the press as well as to important people. If you want to get exposure, try it. Interest it enhances your image if the group you spoke to was a classy group. At the least, you can call your local paper and your business trade papers and tell them you're going to give a speech; they may be interested in some of the points you're going to cover. If they tell you to send in, do it. Chances are they will use it. Sometimes they don't have that much to print anyway. To give a speech and not get as much mileage as you can out of it isn't playing the power game as well as you can.

# Do It Yourself

Getting your name in print by writing it yourself is also a neat power play. Many women and men write columns for trade papers in their fields.

For almost three years I wrote so columns a year for <u>Advertising Age.</u> It was tricky to write them since my instincts were to tear up competitive campaigns - a tactic which would not have been considered cricket. Once a year I allowed myself the luxury of picking the very worst advertisements I had read that year and doing The Jane Trahey "thumbs down" column. The other agencies thought this was a fair ratio and I was able to get an enormous amount of recognition in the advertising field as an advertising expert because the best trade paper in the industry was using my material.

# What's Cooking

One of the most hilarious writing stints I ever did was the Neiman-Marcus cookbook. It was nightmare city from the day Stanley Marcus had the concept. He thought it would be good PR for the store if we put out a cookbook. He also knew that a Texas cookbook under the aegis of Neiman-Marcus would sell forever. It has.

To start with, the PR director and I decided to drop into the monthly charge bills an invitation to all to send us their favorite Texas recipes. At the time we had a list of about 100,000 charge customers. Within days, the PR director if and I knew what trouble we were in. People not only sent in "a" favorite recipe, they sent in sixteen favorite recipes. After the first 4,000, we is thought we had better do something. If we could use only 300, how many enemies would we make? About 19,700, I figured. We went to Stanley. He mulled it over.

"You're dead right," he said, "Get <u>Good Housekeeping</u> to test the recipes and let them make the decision."

<u>Good Housekeeping</u> was not made up. They weren't about to take on our enemies. Wen finally cajoled Texas State University into doing the dirty job. We provided the eggs, butter, and a credit line for their Home Economics department. We were off the hook. Now we could say that although we adored the recipe, TSU didn't.

of dumb bells.

Paul Gallico said he'd give us a recipe if we'd help him open a store. Trigere made spaghetti, Dior did potatoes, Daché made paté, Elizabeth Arden came up with Caviar and beets, Ilka Chase sent omelet marmelade. The recipes were diverse, fun, and international. We had Hollywood stars, New York chic, and Texas flavor. All we didn't have was a committed editor who would string it together with 300 bits of copy on history, folklore, food, and fashion. At some point I got the hint.

I ended up with five hundred dollars and two weeks off at a ranch all expenses paid. I had a marvelous time putting it all together and I now had my name on a book jacket cover. Five hundred dollars may seem like a pittance when one considers that the store got all the royalties plus the markup on the book. But I always figured it was an experience that money could never buy. When I cow the book with its publicher's cover, I went to Stanloy and said I wanted to re design the cover for us. He agreed and we printed our own. It was a big improvement and I think helped sell the book.

### Awards for the Wall

Getting any award can be a good ploy. I must have picked in advertising. up 213 awards since I started They range from the AD-MIRAL award (honestly) to the Erma Proetz (honestly) to the Ad Woman of the Year award in New York. I always wanted to do my bathroom with them. But many people take awards far more seriously. Walls of awards surrounded my ex-partner. From a client point of view, the award you get is also his, so this doesn't hurt anyone.

If you get an award, you must get a release out on it pronto. Even if the New York <u>Times</u> will ignore it, perhaps the local news where you reside will snap it up. Certainly an award is reason for a party. A pal can give it and you can pick up the tab or you can throw it yourself. Naturally one invites the right people to this event and gets all the mileage possible.

# Wells Rich

People like Mary Wells Lawrence have an innate sense of

publicizing themselves.

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MY MS. Wells is known for a lot of things, where ing. turned out Exercised winning adds for years. She is on the best dressed list. She is snapped at the best parties, the best places. She gives great parties. She works for big charities. She has three fabulous houses. Whatever she gets involved with she does with great eclat. She makes it come off. Even if it's an annual meeting where she tries to buy back her public stock at a lot less than the public paid for it - somehow she comes up (as one client of mine would say) smelling like a roll.

## Keeping up with the Jane-ses

Running with powerful people, social people, and important people is a way to get visibility for yourself. People will know you know the David Mahoneys, the Kissingers, the Traubs, the Swearingen and the Kennedys if you're in a picture with them - even if you're only background material. Of course aggressive, gregarious party-loving people fare better on this kind of demanding trip than shy, quiet, anti-social people do. I know people who attend every opening of the symphony, the theater, the ballet. They take the time to find out which openings will be covered by what press. If they have a public relations operation in their company or on their own payroll, chances are they'll be snapped by the roving reporters. The publicity that accompanies being seen at

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the right places and with the right people certainly can't hurt your career. The fun of opening nights is that you really don't have to know anyone to attend. You just have to get gussied up in the latest fashion, buy your ticket, and arrive. Anyone can play this game. It just takes an Anormous amount of bull-shit energy to keep it up.

I have no qualms about saying that I was able to get one superb, super-list of famous people to agree to be in my <u>What</u> <u>Becomes a Legend Most</u> campaign. I did it by knowing people who could get me in touch with the famous. I met most of them at parties.

I based this campaign on a totally new way to get a personal endorsement. The person who posed in Blackglama mink never had to say she liked Blackglama. In fact, she never had to mention the name. I had no intention of mentioning hers. If she wasn't famous enough to be recognized instantly without a label, I didn't want her in the campaign. I figured that if I could get her into a coat and over to Avendon's studio, the picture was indeed worth the price of a mink coat. Which is what they got for pay.

To start the campaign, Jacqueline Babbin put me in touch with her friend David Beagleman, then an important agent at MCA. MONT The idea of asking for no endorsement whatsoever and giving the star no money whatsoever and throwing in Richard Avedon as bait hooked Mr. Beagleman. He agreed to get me Barby Streisand and Lauren Bacall on condition that we would use his talented Greek star Melina Mercouri. I knew that this was going to be big trouble, as my conservative, fur-bearing clients were

not going to be receptive to the star of <u>Never on Sunday</u>, but I decided to risk it. I'd launch the series with Streisand. After that it would be a cinch. It was.

Bette Davis came by way of Harold Schiff, my mentor/lawyer who hand her. Barbara Stanwyck through a yest doast (ress agent. Judy Garland and Claudette Colbert by way of Gloria Safier, theatrical/ long time literary agent and friend. Carol Channing by way of my days at Neiman-Marcus. Soon we had a waiting list. The campaign worked beautifully and it still does. It's become a landmark campaign in the fashion world where a campaign usually lasts about two years. Nine for the Legends is really a coup.

So sitting at Swifty Lazar's party at a table for ten may be the snore-in of the month, but it may also be your chance to meet important people who can matter a lot in your work. And for women and men who work in small, competitive personal businesses like public relations, design, interior decor, advertising, architecture, meeting people means building a client list. Contacts are contracts. Parties are business.

Image is a much overworked word. It's also a much maligned one. To us in the promotion business it has come to mean the art of creating a mental picture of a person or product when only the name is mentioned. Companies hire other companies for muchos dollars and dole out this assignment. "Make me an image." Can anyone really gift wrap a meaningless, dull, uninteresting product or person and make it interesting and desirable, and wellknown? The answer to this is yes. With enough money, a product of no special merit whatsoever can be injected with personality shots by clever public relations and advertising. It can eventually be pulled away from other equally unmeritorious competition. Witness the Perduechicken caper. Perduechicken is distributed in the New York area. To the average housewife, chicken is chicken. Yet, wery imaginative advertising agency, <u>Scali\_McCabe, and Sloves</u>, took advantage of Frank Perdue's country cousin personality and used the boss to talk about his chickens. Suddenly people were seeing Perduechickens as better chickens. I certainly wing can't tell if I'm chewing on a Perduely or on a Quality leg, but I buy Perduechicken because I get a mental picture of Frank Perdue and I think what the copywriter gives him to say is hilarious.

I'd recognize Frank Perdue anywhere. If good PR and advertising can create a personality for a chicken, think what it can do for interesting people. I've met a lot of rather famous people who I thought had chicken personalities but they are known as "up and coming"," "unusual"," "with-it;," "creative",," etc. People can become known by the public relations company they keep.

Of course, the ideal situation for creating an image is to have a very special product or person - one with a totally unique talent or personality. So different that they are their own PR. People who don't spend money on PR often do make it all on their own. I think of Dixie Lee Ray, Dorothy Day, Georgia **6** Keefe, Louise Nevelson, Corita Kent, Charlotte Curtis, Katherine Hepburn, Jane Fonda, I don't think any of these women need to lean on PR people. They project their own images.

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Recently the University of Conneticut gave a namerecognition quiz to its freshman journalism students. The following responses were recorded. Griffin Bell was identified as the inventor of the telephone. Eldridge Cleaver as the former head of the FBI, Pat Moynihan was a Conneticut congressman, a New York governor, and a university professor. But all 53 students identified Ella T. Grasso as governor of Connecticut. Since most people can barely identify their own senators or congressmen, Ella did well with 100%. Personally, I think she had an edge by being female. That's already a uniqueness. The country doesn't have many female governors. But Ella does project an amazingly open and honest and savvy image. She acts like a lumpy good friend and a caring person. Whatever, she scored much higher than the flamboyant Moynihan. And that's something.

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When you are trying to create an image for yourself in a big, big world, it helps to have expertise from outside on your team. To be successful in any business - even the most conservative - you have to develop some kind of image that sets you apart from the rest of your competition. What kind of image you build is basically up to you. Images work better from the inside out. No matter how polished and professional your PR people are, their job is infinitely easier and your image more believable if you bring something of your own making to the front. If not, it's Perde time and you had better have a lot of exploitation money. For it's ultimately you who must decide what image you want to live with - country-fried chicken or Poularde et al.

# Trahey's Law Re Image.

I never much agreed with my Mama about anything. But she did have a point to make about the press: "I don't care what they say about me, as long as they spell my name right." She felt it was being seen and heard from often that made people think you were special.

I guess I always wanted more for my money. I'd like people - especially Ada, the supermarket check-out ladyto recognize me as somebody. Not just because they spelled my name right. But I must say I thought of Mama the night my first movie was premiered. When the credits came up, it was Jane Trayhey who got the kudos.

#### THE BOOT

Getting it. Giving it.

People in power realize early on how important it is to surround themselves with their own team. Putting your people in key spots is one way of positioning people into a loyalty situation. The old image of Horatio Alger making it all on his own is pretty much fantasy today. Even if Horatio makes it to the top by dint of his own skills he has to face the average executive's dilemma of how to stay on top without a shrewd team to keep him there.

The jockey-ing around of executives is like a game. There are minor and major league skirmishes. Players are bought and sold and benched. Sometimes executive shifting is done with dignity. Sometimes it's handled like a prisoner release at Attica. I've seen men sneaking out of corporation headquarters like Sister Luke leaving the cloister in the <u>Nun's Story</u>. How bosses fire subordinates is a big tip off to how they handle power.

Executions differ wonderfully. Sometimes a whole department is gunned down. Sometimes it's a shoot-out at a conference table. Sometimes it's face to face combat. None of it is nice.

The most likely Lord High Executioner is apt to be The New Boss. The New Boss can be a whole new management team that comes in after a merger. It may be a new person from <sup>FU</sup> outside the company who's appointed by a board of directors to come in and solve financial troubles or it just might be a replacement for Old Jim who's retiring in June. No matter, you and your job are quite likely to be on the line. Many into thuking people delude themselves that because they know where the bones are buried old JB will never let anything happen to them. But old JB is probably trying to hang in himself. And new teams hardly ever care about old bones.

#### The Tomato Sensation

In the advertising agency business, canning is so frequent and so brutal and so public that one finally gets to feeling like a tomato. I honestly don't take it very seriously anymore. First of all, agencies are usually axed by The New Boss. We are rarely hired or fired on the basis of quality. It is a rare day on Madison Avenue when an existing client hires a new ad director and the existing agency gets to stay on the account. The new man ordinarily wants to bring along his own team.

I once has an imported typewriter account. We'd been on it for three years. We were on good terms with both the ad director and the president. The president was a gentle, cultivated, grey-haired man who adored music. Business meetings were always enlivened with Mozart and espresso. The president loved beautiful graphics and the typewriter was indeed a joy to behold. However, in terms of performance

the product was not really competitive. We had stressed this point with the ad director again and again but no one seemed perturbed. It was apparently deemed tasteless to tell the president that his product - a plastic manual that skittered across desks when a child struck the keyboard didn't fare at all well next to a Smith-Corona electric that cost a mere thirty five dollars more. "Concentrate on its beauty," advised the ad director, thumbing in the direction of the Mozart. "That's what he says." So we went for image. And during those nice aesthetic years of art exhibits and museum awards (the typewriter went into the Modern Museum collection of distinguished design products) we picked up about every prize an agency could win.

Then we get word through a friend from abroad that our Mozart aficionado is going to be shipped to another country. We are going to inherit a business man from the Near East. We never lay eyes on the president again. Our good friend and lunching partner of three years, the ad director, is incommunicado. His assistant is not anxious to approve anything or see anything. We know they've been told to keep quiet, so it's all a charade. Why can't they just level with us and say, "Look, go while you can." This is my instinct. But this trip around I had a partner who still had beliefs. He thought good work always came out on top and that our good friend the ad director wouldn't just give us the gate.

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Then it begins. The assistant summons us for a week from Monday. We know they're letting us dangle while they decide on another agency. And this is the biggest insult of all - that they imagine we don't know what they're up to. We arrive. The ad director keeps his eyes in other directions, the assistant keeps running in and out with whispered messages. And then Saudi Arabia's finest arrives. He swaggered in like an Emir. We half expected him to don his aba group of the set us all down on oriental carpets.

He should have been a surgeon he was so fast with the scalpel. No, there was nothing we could do to keep the account. No, he had already hired the other agency. No, he didn't want to see what current things we were working on. Out! So that's where we went. We all felt shafted. Not so much that we had lost the account. It was losing the opportunity to do the quality of work we had been allowed that killed us. It is so rare that you find a client who will let you do beautiful stuff. And we had thought we had a friend in the ad director. A mistake. He couldn't have cared less whether we stayed or not. We didn't expect him to take our side. He had his job, too. But he could at least have acted like a human after we'd been fired.

With the help of the new agency, the company launched out on a campaign that was quite denigrating to women. Given a product used almost exclusively by secretaries, this

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women got it together enough to picket the place and the ads got toned down a little. Today Arafat has gone. And I rarely see any publicity from the company at all. I also see less and less of their product in the market place. It's still non-competitive with ten other pieces of equipment. The whole experience is a depressing example of how idiotically business is sometimes conducted and of how cheap life is at the office. Getting fired may have no rational grounding at all.

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# The Department Closing

When a board of director's executive committee decides to do a study of the various departments on a cost-out basis, the exit sign may light up for some segment of the firm. How much does it cost to run department? How much profit does it throw off? How does this compare with that of other departments? Even though you think your department is doing dandy, it may be a fifth cousin in profits. "Bye Bye," says management. We'll do better to put our money where the higher return is. You'll think, "Boy, I'd like to have this little department for my own." And you will be right. As a single company, it is doing well. But things don't look that way on the directors' table. The department is closed.

Once a good friend of mine was working for a large west coast television production operation in New York. She had

a deluxe specially decorated office, a secretary, a direct hook up to California, a nice boss who rolled in once a month from the coast. The big problem I kept trying to point out to her was that no work was being done in her office. My friend read scripts, located writers, sent them to the west coast, and talked to her secretary. I kept telling her to try to join the company on the coast or to look for more active work. "Maybe I'm their tax write off," she said.

"No company I know of keeps that up for long. I don't care how rich they are," I warned.

About a month later her nice boss was canned. I told her to pack up her pencil box and cut. "Why?" she asked, "I might get to be the boss?"

"Then fly out to the coast and see."

I didn't figure this development likely since she had never laid eyes on the west coast bosses. "Beat them to the punch. Tell them you're bored. But you do it." It was my last advice.

The following Friday she got her notice by letter. They didn't even waste a phone call.

But budget firings, merger clean-outs, department closings are preferable by far to the personal firing line. There's something comforting to the psyche when you are part of a major discard package. It sure beats being singled out for

the kill. Your wife, husband, children, friends, secretary, etc. will all understand and sympathize with a big exodus. Obviously, you are not at fault. And when this happens most people get relocated fairly quickly. The company's public relations isn't going to let management throw fifty or a hundred people out without some help, some severance, some self respect. You'll have time for business lunches, you'll remain on the payroll, you can compare notes on unemployment, make a trip and not be watched. The word is out that a lot of good people, through no fault of their own, are on the Liggett & Meyers job market because J. Walter lost or Union Carbide close mit. Vernon decided to shut down on fibers or Bloomingdale's decom He Vormon in farm of which Plains.

But the personal firing squad is bound to provoke the "why me?" and the "why you?" both in your heart. and in your home. The truth of the matter - and you had better face it right away - is that you and you alone have been rejected by someone with the power to reject you.

#### The Queen of the Boot

I've seen some pretty cruel firing tactics in my day but The Queen of the Boot was that darling of the cosmetic world, Elizabeth Arden. She was straight out of Kafka. She didn't even know the names of half the people she canned. They just rubbed her the wrong way. A hairdresser would drop

a comb. Out! She didn't like the color of lipstick on the masseuse. Out! She didn't like a package design. Out! Depending on her mood (which ran from rotten to ridiculous) she might do the hatchet job right on the spot or she might use her chief henchman.

I made three trips with Elizabeth Arden - two too many. I worked for The Queen on and off for almost eight years. Usually I could complete two to three years before I had to quit. For it was always best to get out before she threw you out. Ours was a masterful chess game.

The Queen went through advertising agencies like someone with a head cold goes through Kleen X. After I had quit, she would eventually decide that we had merely had a misunderstanding. For she would never rehire me had she ever once fired me. I had quit and this was move in my favor. In fact, people who quit were often asked back at rather handsome increases. Then The Queen would begin the firing game again to see if she could catch you unaware and checkmate you.

My device was a simple one. When she got outrageous, I just ran back to my office and sent my letter of resignation by messenger. Meantime, she would have run into her office and sent her letter by mail. Mine got there within the hour. Hers hadn't even gone down the mail chute. For four dollars it was my pleasure to take her king. Even though it was a Sado-Maso trip (with The Queen 190% Sado, and the employees 100% Maso), she was a gas to watch in action. As long as you didn't have to watch her eight hours a day. You had to love money a lot to take her even part time. You had to worship money and be certified crazy to take her full time.

She had two totally different personalities and you never knew when this petite bombshell hit the office, wearing a soft tulle turban and looking like an ad for her own salons, which side of her psyche you were going to get for your meeting: her skittish-little-girl-playing-with-colors side or her snarling wild-cat personality clawing at her male V.P.'s. She surrounded herself with handsome, educated, wellspoken gentlemen whom she over-paid for their loyalty. They played up to her coy days and placated her storm days. Going to the executive floor at Fifth & 54th St. was like a flashback to the court of Elizabeth and Essex. Each person had a ceremonial role to play and the politicking was ferocious. To qualify for the Arden court, it was best to be English, from a top school, an Episcopalian with clear skin. She had let her standards down for me, and she was convinced that mistake would come home to roost.

She would arrive by chauffeur at about 11 A.M. and be massaged, coifed, and pieced together by noon. She really was a living advertisement against aging. I would never have dreamed that she was well into her seventies, the way she looked.

Her second in command - a giant step down from the throne was a silver-haired gentleman who was so perfectly groomed he gave the impression of having just returned from a week of Maine Chance, He had worked for Arden for years and was in charge of everything from her real estate holdings to her horses. He never got flustered. He listened to everything she said, did what he was told. How he kept his sense of humor or his sense of reality, I'll never know.

Induced the screams of torture in I having overheard the screams of torture in I having overheard the screams of torture in the place that sooner or later my turn would come. One day I had some ads on San Marco Pink ready to show The Queen. I found her in one of her world-annihilation moods.

"What's that?" She pointed to the ads.

This was a tough question to answer since they could only be one thing and if she had to ask what they were, they weren't.

"San Marco Pink."

"You must be insane. Everyone must be insane. They're wen tasteless. They're not for me. I wouldn't let them run for Helena Rubinstein, that hideous woman. Get them out."

It was a drag. We had worked hard - on location - to I COUD Hell get these pictures. I thought they were beautiful. The did too, but I knew she'd have to be on the rack to run them. I looked around for the envelope I had brought them in. At that she threw the pictures to the ceiling and they came showering down.

I don't have to be hit on the head to know when someone doesn't want to buy something. I got my coat on and headed for the door.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Right back to my office."

"Pick up those th-in-gs!" She pointed with disgust at my San Marco Pink ads. "Get her out of here and get Mr. Lassimer in here," she screamed at her secretary. We stared at each other for what seemed like hours. Then I left. I was damned if I was going to grovel around her floor. Just as I got to the door, I turned and said, "I'll send someone **0420**-to pick the stuff up."

Then I streaked back to my own office and dictated a "Sorry, but we can't work for you anymore" letter. I called the fastest messenger service in town. I got a release out to the magazines and papers saying we had disagreed on policy and had quit the account. If you wait even a day, the word gets out and in the eyes of your peers you are in effect fired. The Queen was livid that my letter arrived before she even got hers typed. But I won. I had rejected her.

Within a month, we had Charles of the Ritz, and this, so I heard, made her more livid than usual. Every time she saw a Ritz ad she went ape, screaming that I had stolen the work from her; it was her idea, her product. After two years Mr. Lassimer called to say that "She" really wanted to talk to me. Our misunderstanding was so miniscule it could easily be

patched up. I belonged "there" not at rotten Ritz. Would I consider not only doing the North American advertising, but the European as well? For that kind of billing, we would have considered Dracula as a client. Besides, the Ritz ad manager never looked at ads: he just measured logos - hardly the way to sell cosmetics, believe me.

So my second trip with The Queen began. For months she was like a live box of Godiva chocolates. I lunched with her on out-of-season white grapes and tea. I went to the races with her. She confided to me that her horses' legs were rubbed with Eight Hour Cream and that was why they won and the the most Eight Hour Cream was good for hemorrhoids. One day I was trying to make conversation about horses - a subject that ends for me with "National Velvet." I asked the old girl what kind of qualifications a horse had to have to get into the Kentucky Derby. We were driving out to Belmont in her big black Moby Dick. She turned full round in her seat and stared at me. Her blue chiffon hat rippled. in the airconditioning. She leaned over and softly snarled, "Run fast." If they but knew it, these were also the qualifications for her employees.

I watched her fire two people in the cruelest ways. She had an advertising manager - a woman - who was extremely nervous. I asked her one day why in God's name she was so twitchy. "I'm a nicotine addict," she said. "And you know you can't smoke on these premises." It was against the Arden

law to smoke on the job. But the ad lady couldn't hack five minutes without a puff and kept a cigarette going in her file at all times so that she could take a drag and quickly shut the drawer. She also needed her job. She was hooked on a good salary and the life style this job gave her. One day The Queen dropped in on her and, unfortunately, stayed and stayed. The file smoked and The Queen screamed for help. Some goofball grabbed the extinguisher and doused not only the files, but the royal de la Renta robes. When Arden found out there was a cheroot at the root of the flames, she promptly fired the ad lady right onto the street. That minute.

The other firing was even more cruel.

She cajoled a young guy with a big, big family to give up his job at another cosmetic company and come run a special salon division for her. As usual, he couldn't resist the kind of bucks she offered. He hadn't been there a month when one day he said something that tee-ed the madame off.

"Get him out of here, Mr. Lassimer. Get that man out of here."

The offender had innocently remarked that he thought Sandalwood was a boring odor. No one was ever stupid enough to criticize anything The Queen approved. You might raise a question regarding Sandalwood (the name of the men's line), but until she had committed herself on the subject no one actually "thought" anything about Sandalwood. This poor gay

fell right into the worst trap of all; he had ventured an opinion without pre-testing.

"You don't like Sandalwood. Well, then you're a damned fool. That's what. Sandalwood is beautiful." Her voice began ascent. "It's the smell I picked for the men's line and you, you two-bit phoney, question my taste. How dare you?" It was curtains for the new man.

Mr. Lassimer was to do the axe-man's job. He had everything on but the hood, when suddenly a contract appeared from the new guy's pocket - one that The Queen had signed in her itsy-bitsy-aren't-I=cute-mood. It was iron clad. She couldn't fire him without paying him his full salary for two years.

Her henna-ed hair stood up. Her pale blue eyes blazed with hate. "No way will that terrible man work for me." But she wasn't about to pay him off. "He'll come in every day and he'll sit." She whirled around, looking for some hideous little place. "He'll sit there. THERE, Mr. Lassimer." She pointed to the mimeo closet.

Even Lassimer was shocked. "But, Miss Arden, that isn't an office. It has no air. No desk. Surely-"

This was exactly the answer she wanted. "Well, give him a card table. I don't want him to have a desk. He doesn't deserve a desk. And no phone. And no comfortable chair. And leave the lighting just the way it is." A 25-watt bulb hung way up on the celling. He was moved the following day. There was nothing in his contract that said he had to have a window or a light of any kind. One might assume that if you hired someone for seventy five grand, you wouldn't want him in the dark. Not the cruel Queen.

This was spite city. The new guy was shunted into the mimeo room. He complained bitterly - but not too bitterly. His contract did call for full cooperation. There was no door on the closet so there he sat in full view with his hand folded on his dimly-lighted card table. He had to be in at 9 A.M. and he couldn't even go to the john until 10:30. From 11:45 to-1:00 P.M. he was let out for an hour and a half lunch. The Tsarina wanted it to be just one hour, but he sneaked in the extra half. He said the longest haul was the afternoon when there was nothing to do but contemplate his be Violating the contract which stipulates that he work only a Arden relative the anything or he would break his contract. He didn't even mate have papers to shuffle through. Amazingly, he stuck it out for almost a month. Then one day he was missing and the word was out that he had broken his contract and had gotten another job. There were murmurs of sympathy from the stable hands, but cries of joy in the throne room. The old girl had won.

Another two years slid by and I was now doing all the European stuff for the company. England was deep into face powder and in America you couldn't give it away. This meant more and more ads of different kinds and, God knows, it was

hard enough to get even one ad approved. If you brought Arden more than one thing at a time, she told you to make your silly mind up. If you didn't bring her a choice, she said, "Who do you think you are, bringing me just one thing to choose from?" If you went often, you found your gin content going up sharply at night. If you didn't go often, she sarcastically asked you if you still worked for her. It was getting to be that time again. I sensed it.

This time she flung open her window on Fifth Avenue and flung all the Mango ads out the window. I didn't even bother to retrieve them. I just guit again. Though I did corner of wonder, fleetingly, what in heaven the people on the 54th and 5th Avenue thought of the new Mango campaign.

After The Queen, I swore I was finished with the cosmetic business for good. I had had all the orange creams and moisture lotions I could swallow. However, my sabbatical from moisturizers hardly lasted the year before chocolate drop 0[7 was back in my life. Lassimer assured me that "She" wasn't 50010 coming in much; she was recovering from something. T-t-dayser. Back I went! Lassimer took the work, and. gave it to her when she was in a decent mood. Life was filled with peace and billings. Then after months of bliss, I got "the" phone call. The command appearance was set for 1 P.M. at her home. I was early. I was told to wait. She lived in a big luxe duplex on Fifth Avenue. It had that Cecil Bearton Barton-decorated look: pastel watercolors everywhere, pink

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and pale green silk-covered furniture of the some Pompadour period. Her nurse looked frightened. Obviously, she had just been chewed out by the patient. The housekeeper clucked about dusting undusty tables. The doctor arrived. I watched the nurse climb the stairs as if she were ascending a scaffold. She announced the doctor. He slowly ascended. NO one bounded up the stair for the royal welcome. Arden had thrown out so many doctors they were now being imported from Boston. Her Episcopalian English, blonde secretary brought word down: The Queen had suggested that we go out to lunch while the doctor was there. I don't know what possessed either one of us, but we zipped off to Quo Vadis where a fast lunch runs two hours. I had to be harboring an account death wish. How long would her doctor stay? Ten minutes? the Queen The moment he left, her housekeeper told us later, had called for us. She waited another 33 minutes. Then all hell broke loose. Where were we? How dare we keep her waitingl

When we got back to the house, we could hear her **the front** door. The that had I brought her a Monet water

I crept in. "Hello," I said cheerily, "How are you today?"

"Don't you dare come pussyfooting in here asking 'How are you?' A lot you care how I am!"

I waited to see how bad the tongue lash would be. I hadn't unpacked anything yet. Maybe I shouldn't.

"I decide to let you have a sandwich and off you go for two hours. How dare you?"

"I'm sorry," I apologized. "I thought you wanted time with your doctor."

She was sweating. The nurse came in with the thermometer. "Get out of here, you buffon, and take that thing with you and take that simplish smile off your face." Her voice quivered to a wail. "What have I done to deserve the fools I have about me?"

I had a terrible desire to laugh.

"Listen here, little lady," she shook her finger at me. "I decide on what time I spend with people. I told you to be here at one o'clock because I wanted you here at 1:30. Do you understand?"

I waved good bye to her.

"Where do you think you're going? Where are you taking my ads?"

I knew it was my last day. I might as well have fun. "They're my ads until I sell them," I said, "and I've decided I don't want to sell them to you."

At that a Kleenex box flew through the room but missed me. Then came the pills, then a satin-covered pillow. She turned to her other table. Her secretary cowered in the corner. I felt like the artful dodger.

"How <u>dare</u> you talk to me that way?" She glared at me spitefully. "I never <u>did</u> like you - whatever your name is." I couldn't think of anything to top that crack. So, nameless, I hit Fifth Avenue. I was free. I had barely made it back to the agency when Essex called. Wasn't I ever going to realize that "she" really was ill? Wouldn't I bring the work over to him and let him present it when she felt a wee bit better?

The thought of ever seeing that woman again was bigger than any billing I could think of. I said to Essex that I felt it was truly impossible, that I was finished, and this time I wasn't going to waste the messenger money. He could take the message to her when she was feeling a wee bit better.

For my dough, The Cosmetic Queen was the most powerful booter I'd ever seen. She used all the strategems hardest to cope with. She threw things. She cracked things. One day I watched her sweep an entire table of new package designs onto the floor and order the chagrined young man who had designed them to be escorted out the front door like a thajf. She was legendary in the firing field. No one could be more despicable. But she had so much money to spend there was always someone trying to sell her something. So she had an endless supply of victims to boot out. Sending people packing obviously magnified her sense of power.

If you hit a gem like this in your life, you have to make a big decision. Is it worth it? People who worked for the Queen for twenty and thirty years told me they knew her so

well they could tell from the way she entered the building what kind of work day it would be. But she did travel a lot and that gave people weeks and weeks of peace each year. The old girls (and boys) had a network within the building, too, that kept her whereabouts no secret. The moment she left her desk the word was out. "She's cutting into the salon from the 8th floor." "She's going to the exercise room." Whenever, wherever - we all knew precisely where she was.

The game was played like something straight out of a lath century court. God help you if The Queen had it in for you. The name of the game was to stay on her good side and do not step on her gout-y toe. If you could remain a cool observer on the state periphery, paying homage, and being paid handsomely, I suppose a human could live through it. I didn't have such wonderful options. I had to show up and I was on target. I played the game as cleverly as I could by honing my quitting science to a fine edge. Nonetheless, the day I became her target for a Kleenex box I figured it wasn't even worth observing anymore. I had lived without her money before and I could do it again. I had learned one good lesson at The Queen's knees. I knew how I never wanted to fire anyone.

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## Smoke Signals

Anyone who has been around the old corporation block for any length of time can usually sense the approach of the firing squad. It always strikes me as odd that a sharp person can actually be taken by surprise. How could she miss signals when they are so loud and clear?

The first rumblings you hear (and many by everyone discounts as rumors) are the rumors. And although some of these may be exaggerated, let me tell you most of what you hear at lunch or in the toilet is true. Many times news is deliberately leaked by management so that people will take the hint and get out on their own.

If your boss leaves, you'd better immediately take stock of just where you stand. If you haven't been consulted by anyone over him, you can pretty well figure you aren't going to be in line for his job. Then you must ask: if not you, who? Will it be one of your peers? Can you figure out who? Will it be someone from the outside?

Other tips. If your supervisor doesn't take you or your work seriously, you had better think about your future. If he shows displeasure everytime you open your mouth, go. If he keeps you out of important meetings, worry. If he is sending your work on for evaluations from others not good. If he keeps his door shut to you - not good. If he takes one phone call after another in your presence, just remember he doesn't value you or your time. I have two suggestions for the latter. When this happens, simply get up and put a note under his nose: "When you have time to meet, call me. I have a lot to get done today." Or you can preface your meeting with the following: "I have a jillion things on my calendar. Would you ask Jim to take your calls? We'll be able to settle all in a half hour and I'll be out of your way." Taking phone calls and making everyone sit through them is a great put-down. I knew a woman who tried never to attend one executive's meetings. She said, "I can get all my answers in seconds. I just call him at a meeting. He always takes outside calls." Taking that "important" call (as most men will apologetically term it) is simply a way of telling you that they are in touch with "important people" and you are not in that class.

One naive lady asked me how she should evaluate a situation she found herself in. "I went in and asked my boss if I could take my vacation in May, and he said, 'I don't care when you go.'" She said she didn't think that was very nice. I told her to look for a new job. If you know what to look for, even the sphinxiest of secretaries can be brain picked. If ordinarily she's open and friendly and suddenly she's turned into a clam, watch her. If the meeting you attend has a lot of new faces and you're seeing them for the first time, watch it. If ordinarily during a meeting the boss gives you lots of things to take with you and suddenly fails to hand you anything to work on, watch it. If all week long he's sent for reports and figures but hasn't asked you to bring them in, beware. There are thousands of tips if you are just sensitive enough to note them. The gate is going to swing open. My advice: Go through it before someone points to it.

The important clues to search for are those that tell what you did wrong. Were you ill-equipped for the job? Wrong background? Could you have taken some courses that might have helped? If you stay in this field, should you take them now? Were you too inexperienced for the job? Have you had a similar experience before or is this the first trip? Did you forget things? Was your system planning inadequate? Did you fail to meet goals? Can you see gaps in your performance? Did you lack ideas? Were your ideas old hat? Too avant? Were you paid too much? Were you well liked? Were you dependable? Ask everything. Maybe it's not your fault. Maybe it is. But at least make your exit a growing experience as well as a going experience.

Most Americans can't stand failure of any kind. (During the Sixties some universities stopped putting "F's" on student records. Only passing grades were recorded.) When the average person is "let out," he deletes that section of his life from his resume. It might have been the best learning experience he had had, but he knows how the average employer may react to the truth. Of course, if there's a five year gap in his history, he is going to have trouble filling in that time for a future employer. He can't have traveled for that long a period.

I say there is absolutely nothing wrong with failing. If no one ever experimented, we wouldn't have space ships, solar heating, autos, telephones, electric lights. To try anything new or creative is to risk failure. People who experience only success seldom play it anyway but safe.

As I look back over the numerous and sundry jobs I've held full time or part time in my life, I can really track my own pattern quite well. One summer when I was trying to earn some money for college, I was fired from the Tootsie Toy factory. The daily thought of seven hours of putting fire engine ladders onto the sides of fire engines was so enervating I shook. I got smart fast and started stacking my boxes on top of finished boxes so it looked like they were mine. It took about a month for the foreman to figure out why he was paying for more pieces than were being turned in. It took him about eleven minutes to put the finger on my engines. Out. Strike one for boredom. The dean of the college fired me because I was always late. Filing bored me. I did it badly. I was not fired from the Belmont Library because my job started at 5 P.M. How can you be late for a job that starts at 5 P.M.?) I was not bored there either.

I was not fired from Carson's because the work day began at 10 A.M. and I liked the freedom of the job. We twould be all had to finish our work but we could decide whether early or late. I was fired by a man we called Tilted Head at the Daily News, because I couldn't get to work at 8:15 A.M. I also couldn't stand freezing to death on south side porches asking idiotic questions about what milk the local housewife used. I found out fast she lied. She would say Wanzer and I would be stomping my feet in a batch of Borden bottles. I figured I could make up her responses at the movie house and stay warm. I got fired. Hours and boredom. I was fired from Lytton's Men's Store advertising department because it opened at 8:30 A.M. The two guys who ran this department didn't care if you types x's on paper all day long just so you sat is your chair for the prescribed number of hours. They could have had Simone de Beauvoir knocking out tweed coat copy and they would have hated it if she didn't stagger in as the clock chimed. I was not fired from Neiman's because, I can get to work at 10 A.M. So a distinct pattern emerges. I hate getting up. I hate boring work. I hate restrictions I consider beneath my intelligence. If I know an ad has to get done, I'll do it.

Everytime I got the gate, I'd try to tell my mother I had quit. And she'd give me her cold codfish look and say, "Don't kid me. When you quit a job, you get a party at Stauffer's."

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Mama had put her finger on one of the saddest by-products of being fired - the psychological whipping that fellow employees often give someone who's been pushed from the nest. Good pals suddenly run the other way when they see you. You feel like the company leper. It's as if they might be contaminated if they are seen with you. Actually, this is the moment when you most need a party or a farewell gift. Unfortunately it becomes the perfect moment for the farewell kick.

When you quit a job, however, or when you retire, there's always a jubilant send-off. You've called the shots this way and everyone seems to like it a lot better. You come on as a winner and everybody loves success.

The same kind of crazy psychology gives the person who quits the say so as to how much notice she'll give. I've watched some lunatics feel so responsible and so reprehensible for quitting that they offer to stay on for six months till the company finds replacements. On the average, most people wouldn't think of leaving without giving at least two weeks' notice. But the company doesn't hesitate a second to ask people to leave the moment they fire them.

#### The Psychological Blow

Being "canned" seems to carry all kinds of psychological side effects. You've been rejected. You don't want to talk about it. You really weren't happy there anyway. But you keep gnawing on the fact that you've been personally chosen for embarrassment. It must have something to do with an inherited fear of banishment that dates back to the day that and full user. Adam was bounced right out of Eden.

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The truth of the matter is that a lot of men and women seem to suffer from an energy deficiency. The result is an inertia that keeps them sitting in jobs they honestly don't like. Yet they do nothing about changing. As long as the pay check comes, as long as they get twelve sick days and two weeks off, they go along to work. Giving nothing. Getting nothing.

People truly like staying put in their comfortable little office. It becomes their home away from home. And when they settle down and get as lumpy as the cushion they don't realize how fast the years fly by. How young the new boss looks. How unimaginative their work has gotten. It's like rote-they can do it without looking at it. The one thing they don't want is change and the one thing they are most unprepared for is "the boot."

Firing you could be the kindest thing anyone ever does for you. It makes you take stock. At least in this day and age you're not going to starve to death. You do get some compensation to tide you over. So do take stock. If you think talking to someone might help shoot some of your savings on come therapy. In any event, before you leave the desk you've sat at, ask for some honest reasons as to why you are being fired.

Smart folks will always have alternate plans in case of problems. They will know who to call, where to go. They'll keep a check list of people they can get to at a moment's notice. In fact, I have often suggested to people that they sit back about every two years and pretend they've just been canned. What would be their first move?

# Activating the Life Support System

Over the years, I have watched the many differences in male/female reactions to being fired. A man will ask why. A woman will head for the bathroom to have a good cry. Since most companies have the clear-off-today policy, you really don't have time for that big cry. On the whole, employers worry more about letting a man go than they ever do a woman. The man has a family. The company has a responsibility. What they think women have, I'll never know. In any event, if the axe falls, ask why. If the reason is a logistics-one or a budgetary-one and not a personal-failureone, then get a helpful letter out of the firing team saying so.

Recently, I watched what happened to the men vs. the women when a large chemical company shut down a major division.

The men in the group quickly got their various clubs together. The life support system went into action. Men from other divisions that survived took on pals when they could. If they couldn't, they at least made calls for them. The guys in the fired group spread out to make contacts. There was no old-girl network. They could try personnel, period, but I noticed that nothing happened.

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Maybe it figures. Men build teams from the time they are in grammar school. They have soccer teammates, football teammates, frat teammates, bowling teammates, train pals, old business chums, the local clubs, the tennis group, the squash crowd, neighbors, pastors, faculty from the old school, even old bosses. With twenty phone calls they can put a job placement infantry into action. Eventually they may have to hit the head-hunters, but they have a whole shoring-up system a dame doesn't have. And their teams have a kind of placement power a woman's team couldn't have. The best the average woman can do is to lean on her husband's The authors of the Manager teammates and other people's husbands. and points out that after high-school women tend to marry and teammate time is over. If they go to college, they don't even get on sports teams. There is little money allocated to support female collegiate teams. So they hit the solo sports like ice skating, gymnastics, running, swimming. Team sports are off limits to most women. a. FORD

Again, when the axe falls, most men don't crawl off to lick their wounds. They go right into action. Lots of them rent space in major buildings where certain floors are furnished with pleasant offices and have secretarial staffs and switchboard help. They pay good money each month for the space, but it gives them a facade, a place to get messages, a place to leave them, and a dignity that doesn't go with having your wife call you in from the garden to take a phone call. When a man is jobless, he not only gets help from the troops, he also takes people to lunch, to drinks. He spends his bucks to maintain a standard of living as long as he can. A woman tends to disappear into her wallpaper and cuts off the morning paper and her answering service to save money.

Instead of wildly trying to gather in two hours evidence that you've been at work eight years, why not systematically keep the good things you've done in envelopes with the month and year carefully recorded on it? Each month you can take the envelope home and stash it away.

I know it may seem a bore, but you have no idea how it will help you track your pattern, your creative in-put, and your job if you do this.

If your job calls for strategy reports, white papers, position papers, campaigns, speeches, whatever - keep a good Xerox of these.

Keep proof of all the company's add whether you did them or not. You may have had something to do with them. These are concrete proof that you had a part of the action.

Keep a list of all the people you meet - what they dog and how they could be helpful to you if you need them. Keep in

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touch with them if you can, especially if they have hire power. Keep their cards. In fact, collect calling cards. Keep phone numbers updated. Meet as many people as you can. Help as many people as you can. It all comes home. Remember that network salesmen often end up heading the networks.

From time to time update your resume, putting in as many new things as you can. Stanley Marcus' resume is 6 pages long. And he's only worked in two places.

While you have access to electric IBM's, have your secretary type and Xerox your resume. Tell her you get lots of requests for them. If she talks about it, tell her to cut it out. This service will save you time and money should you get the gate.

Send letters as often as you can to people you have met. Tell them you like their product. That you use it. That you notice their billboards or advertising. Tell them how nicely someone in their company handled a problem you had. Tell them you like the way they answer the phone. Tell them it's easy to get through to people. Tell them they have a good image in the mind of consumers.

Make a friend of PR people in your company. They are always in on the "in" track. They will tip you off to anything that might concern your life. Keep your eyes open for jobs listed in various newspapers. Even if you don't really want to make a change, it's good practice to go through the motions.

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If you have hiring power, try to use only one headhunter. That way they owe you.

Try to get your awards and the accompanying publicity into a scrap book. It may seem silly at the moment but it is important later.

Keep any complimentary memos that come to your desk regarding your work. There is a way to get them. Send out your work, nicely typed, in good folders and ask for comments. You'll get them. Keep the good ones. It's difficult to can someone if you're looking at a folder of compliments on their work.

The day "it" happens, drag out your contact list. This list consists of every single person you have collected in the past few years that you felt could be of value. Now you need them. Sit down immediately with your list and start writing letters and making calls. Do not sit there like a depressed tire, feeling that failure is your middle name.

This is the day to go to Cinandre and have your hair cut. After all, you have until 5:30 to clear off the premises, so instead of making hushed personal calls around the office to your best friends, cut. Go to the swankiest place in town and have yourself done new. Suy yourself a great new Fendi shirt and put it on that very moment. If you can afford it, buy a handsome new Botego.handbag. These are money symbols and no loser buys them. Then head back to the office, pack up your stuff, and have the guts to visit

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all the brass and say "ta-ta" in good spirits. When you look as good as you will at that point, they are going to wonder why on earth they fired you.

A 19th Century spiritual writer warned religious who were fasting not to look gaunt or haggard even though, indeed, they felt that way. Don't let yourself feel guilty or sad. Getting fired is just another one of life's experiences. We would all prefer to live without the sensation.

For heaven's sake, don't wait till you're fired to read your pension plan or your profit sharing plan. A wonderful woman I know got the gate in a major agency after nineteen years. She got it as follows: Her boss called to her in the hall. (The hall!) She was on her way to the elevator to go home. She said the very tone of his voice as he said, "Oh, Francesca," tipped her off. Of course, after I prodded for more information, I found out that her agency had lost a lot of business. This was the signal - she had missed it. Wow of her peers had already left. She was just too comfortable. She figured that her seniority equaled security. Firing was unthinkable. But the unthinkable always happens where dollars are concerned.

Her company didn't do right by her. She didn't know enough about her profit sharing plan to realize that they weren't doing right by her. Her boss told her to take her profit-sharing money out. She didn't have to. It's taxable income. You have a right to leave money in the plan till you

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Her company didn't do right by her. She didn't know enough about her profit sharing plan to realize this. When the company insisted that she take her profit sharing money out, she had several alternatives. She could have asked to leave it in the plan and continue to accrue interest. A lot of companies will do this for a long time employees but shy away from it for newcomers because of the bookkeeping involved. She could have put it in an IRA account and left it there. When she got her new job she could have negotiated to roll her old plan into the new one. What she certainly didn't have to do was pay the tax before her retirement age.

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want it (at least this is a clause in many plans). When, a year later, she got another job, the new company had a profit sharing plan, too. She could have rolled the old plan into the new one without paying the tax. She didn't even know this.

She didn't have a good attorney golf buddy. She didn't have an attorney. She settled for six months' severance. She never thought about fighting back on the basis of sexual discrimination. She could have. Many more men were shifted into other spots in the company. As a female employee, she could have pushed this point. But she had never identified with the women's movement.

So be smart. Learn everything about every contract you have with your company. Your insurance policy. Your retirement plan. Your profit sharing plan. Even if you have to read the small print out loud to your cockatiel, it's one way of learning. Reading contracts out loud is an education you can't afford to miss.

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### Giving the Boot

And yet you can't spend you entire life in business, or running one, without serving on the firing squad yourself once in a while. I'll admit I'm a cowardly lion. I like other people to do it as gently as possible but from time to time I've been handed the job myself.

Once I had to fire a whole staff of copywriters at Neiman's. And I hadn't even hired them. This group of writers were the protégés of the ex-director who had retired. They were her fine folk. Her southern gems. Her ladies and gentlemen of the wordsmith world. They all had been selected because they used words like scintillating silk, artisan-like fabrics, superb crystal, luxe couture, etc. words that have no sizzle. I tried to get them to think differently, but they would have none of me.

A couple of times I tried to make friends with them, but they were snobbier than the ex-director. They were forever flying down to a party in South America. They all went gliding in Marfa. They all nibbled on watercress sandwiches (trimmed). They were all from "good families" in the South. They all had money and didn't have to work. They all came from Country Day School (male) or Miss Hockaday's (female). They acted like an issue of <u>Town & Country</u>. They thought I was the wife of Bushman, Chicago's famous gorilla. It was my first taste of super-snobbery and I made it clear that 1 me to start losing the current writers and start hiring some live ones. I decided that in fairness I would take the lastone-in first. Her name was Jackie Hayes-Mortenden. I tried to fire her in the nicest way possible. After all, I had been fired and didn't like the sensation. I would be gentle. Besides, she hadn't done anything to me but ignore me.

I offered to take her to lunch. She didn't want lunch. I offered to take her to tea. She had too much to do. I finally said, "OK, pick the spot. I'm afraid we have to talk." She said, "OK, here. Go ahead."

She neither offered me a chair to sit on nor one to lean against. My eyes roamed around the room. I was hoping the rest of the "debs" would leave, just out of taste and decency. They didn't budge. If I was going to fire her, she was going to make me do it in public.

"Well, Jackie," - I tried to sound cherry - "I'm going to try to put together a group of people who will write the kind of copy I want. Since I'll be copy-chief and ad manager, I feel it's important to have my own team. I think you'd be happier working in some store where they would appreciate your style."

I took a deep breath and waited. All four of the writers waited. Never taking her eyes off me, Jackie reached into her Roberta of Venice velvet sacque, and slowly pulled out a package of cigarettes. Then she picked up her jade (real)

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cigarette holder, slowly inserted the cigarette and lit it, then leaned back in her chair and stared at me for a long time. I stared back. Three years dragged by.

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"Are you trying to fire me?" she asked incredulously. "I guess you could look at it that way. I would have preferred it had you quit."

"Listen, kid," she said firmly, "I'm not ready to be fired."

With that final sentence, she got up and walked out on me.

It was a super answer. I wished I had thought of it myself on a few previous occasions.

I got her three weeks' severance pay, wrote a note wishing her well, and left it in her typewriter. Within minutes she came by, dropped the ripped envelope, my note, and the check on my desk like old pieces of smelly scrod.

"OK," she said snottily, "you've made your point. I'll leave the first of the year." Since this was September, that was out of the question.

There was only one thing to do. I really wanted a javelin to poke out her eyes, but I said as calmly as I could, "As far as I'm concerned, you can stay forever. But as of this Friday at 5:30 you are officially off the payroll." Jackie left on Friday. The next three writers I fired at one fell swoop. If they were so crazy about each other, they could most certainly share this experience.

#### The Rotten Apples

I think the meanest I ever got was with a public relations woman I had helped a great deal. When one of our clients wanted to have the agency centralize their services, he asked us to screen PR people. We did. Out of about four groups he chose Little Judy & Co. Little Judy came on We Elsie Dinsmore. Pure, clean of heart, hard working. Moreover she got her work done. The client was pleased.

I made a deal with her to house her office in our quarters. This was her first "biggie" account and she really didn't have the bucks to open a sizable office and equip it. We had a whole floor of space and didn't use all of it. The deal was this: the client would pay me the fee. I would charge Judy a small amount for space, equipment, etc. I'd also foot the bills for her office help and pay her a very good agreed-upon fee. Since the account didn't make full time demands on her, she would have an opportunity to look for new business. It was a good deal for all of us. If I brought in new business, Trahey Associates got 60% of the profit after expenses and Judy got 40%. If she brought in the business, it went the other way.

Before six months went by, I had added three accounts and she had added one. She was unhappy, however, and wanted more money. I sat down with her and the bookkeeper and showed her that she was doing a lot better than she would have if operator comes on your line and blocks them there is no way to stop long distance calls aside from an honest staff. When it comes to long distance, the average person looks at your phone in much the same way he looks at your Pitney Bowes - a convenience to send out his bills and Christmas cards. It's there.

"Well, let's see if we can track it down." We tried tracking. No one knew. So we did the obvious. We found out who owned the phones at the other end. They all belonged to one company - a company I knew had affiliations with the client we shared with Little J. I'd have to see about this one. The next evening I simply kept one of my more trusted executives and we leafed through the files of our resident There it was all tucked away in neat order. PR company. A All hers. rather sizable account. Billings way beyond what spiriting. It had been running almost a year. There was just one thing missing. We weren't in on the cut. Why they used our phone I'll never know. But that was the tip-off.

I figured if there was one bad apple. there must be more. There were. Indeed Judy had quite a good account list. No wonder my contributions seemed meager. But why she wanted to squeeze a higher fee out of me was a puzzle when she was making all this money free and clear.

The next morning when Little Judy came in, I met her at the elevator. "Come on, ride down with me," I said, "I have a few things to say to you." We started down from the 45th floor. I asked her what was going on in Europe, why all the secret accounts. She looked stunned. "Oh, yes. I've been meaning to talk to "you about that, there is a meaning to talk to

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"Judy," I said, "don't bother to cover. I have all the stuff out for my accountant. It's over. Innfact, I'm riding you down to street level and I think it would be real smart if you didn't ride back up."

One other crook I had in my life was an account man who serviced several large accounts. His dishonesty was not as subtle as Judy's. I don't like to look at everyone's expense sheets. So I would let the bookkeeper do most of the work on cabs etc. If they looked average and stayed within the limits of taste, we paid them and let them go. I knew when four people went to a client in one.cab and all four put down the cab fare for the ride. That sort of thing I just let go. When I started to get Bill's American Express tabs, these were something else again. After a few months, I told the bookkeeper to get the documentation on them. Usually they came from a hotel like the St. Regis or the Plaza. For lunch at \$449.00 I was at least curious to see how many ate and what.

Well, it wasn't so much a question of food. That was nothing. It was the booze and the room that made the bills skyrocket. And Bill was no piker. He didn't take "just" a room. He took suites. He also took the client's secretary for the nicest ride in the Regis. So Billie doesn't live there any more.

On this trip I had the surgery done while I was in Europe. My accountant gave Bill his severance pay along with the back-up bills from the St. Regis. Funny enough, after all this, doesn't the guy give me as a reference every three years or so!

The new stuff really ads a lot -

It is better to give than to get. It is never easy to fire someone, but it's a lot easier than being fired. Do not equate being fired with failure. Many hard workers and good workers have been fired for reasons that have nothing to do with performance. It's psychologically important to you to find out the reason why you've been canned and to adjust it to your self image. And don't fall into the trap of expecting to be patted on the back for doing what you are paid to do. This is a childish expectation. The best reaction I ever saw to this situation happened at Neiman's. A merchandise manager asked Mr. Marcus what she would get if she met her quota. Mr. Marcus smiled benignly and said, "Why, Mrs. Burton, you get to stay!"

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## WOMEN WHO'VE MADE IT

When I started my search for the women who've made it within the corporation system, I found that hen's teeth weren't scarce at all. Women were. And it's not merely that women are scarce. It's that women in a position of power are practically non-existent. Sure there are the super stars. Women who make it in their own businesses. Women who make it in politics. Women who make it in some form of "show biz". But if I stuck to my parameters, I had to find my source material in the corporation. The rules were, as you recall, no attorney's degrees, no private business ownerships, no inherited businesses, no extraordinary artistic or technical skills. I wanted women wo commanded a salary that got a "wow" from society. (Usually for a woman that's \$50,000 or over.) I wanted women who would tell me how they played the game in their corporations and what they thought of the various topics I've discussed in this book. I wanted to know what they knew that I didn't.

I picked nine women to talk to about power and women. Everyone I interviewed earned well over my limit. I would guess their salaries hover around the hundred "thou" mark. One works for the largest corporation in the country, the U.S.Government. All the rest work in large corporations. They range in age from thirty something to seventy something. They all fit my "made it" image.

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Vomen." The guide lines were simple. No attorney's degrees. No inherited businesses. They had to work in corporations and earn over fifty grand. (Probably all of the women I interviewed earn considerably more than that. I would guess that they hover around the hundred thousand mark.) All but one work in large corporations. One works for the biggest corporation in the world - the U.S. Government. They range in age from 31 to sixty-something. They all fit my "made it in power" woman image.

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Jane Maas works for Mary Wells, of Wells, Rich & Green (or WRG as they are known in the trade). Jane is a Vice President, Associate Creative Director. She was a fashionable five minutes late for brunch at the Regency Hotel in New York.

Donna Shalala, the youngest of the women I interviewed, is the Assistant Secretary for Policy Development and Research in the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD). She works for Pat Harris, one of the few women appointees in President Carter's cabinet.

An economics professor with tenure at Columbia, she sat down at the very stroke of nine to breakfast with me at the Plaza Hotel's Edwardian Room.

Gerry Stutz, the only female president of a major store, sat down at the stroke of one in La Caravelle. And Beatrice Buckler, the publisher and editor of <u>Working Women</u>, was twenty-Major five minutes late for lunch at the Plaza. (However, her staff was well informed about her whereabouts and assured me when I telephoned that she would be there any second).

I was at a photographic sitting on Great Jones Street when I got the word that Helen Meyer, the president of Dell Publishing Co., would see me that day at 3 P.M. and at no other time. Since I wanted to talk to her, I headed straight for her office and hoped she wouldn't take umbrage at my sneakers and blue jeans. I think Helen Gurley Brown, editor-in-chief of <u>Cosmopolitan</u> magazine, forgot that I was coming to see her she did quite a double take as she stepped out of the elevator into the <u>Cosmo</u> waiting room, thirty-seven minutes late. She quickly recouped her poise, however, and said, "Why, how nice, Jane. Come back with me to my office." As we walked through the office, Helen's eyes darted about to see that all was in order. She told me about her new masseuse - a treasure she had found - who performs acupuncture without the needles. That's what had held her up: the acu, I guess.

My meeting with Lenore Hersey, editor of <u>Ladies</u> <u>Home Journal</u> was quite another thing. I had set Lenore's luncheon up for a Tuesday at La Caravelle, and Beatrice Buckler's for a Wednesday at the Plaza. But for some obscure reason I thought I was meeting Beatrice on Tuesday. So when I arrived ten minutes early I had just finished reading <u>Working Woman</u> from cover to cover and had a copy of it with me along with a lot of carefully planned questions. I wanted to know how the project was going and how she had finally managed to put together a tax shelter package in order to get the magazine off the ground. I went to the ladies room to spruce up a bit and when I emerged there stood Lenore Hershey in a chic white fox coat over a simple brown jersey dress. For a moment I assumed that she was meeting someone else and almost said, "See you tomorrow." But as I headed for the table after a casual hello I noted that Lenore was right on my tail. Mother of God, I thought, I am going to have Lenore and Beatrice. I had goofed. I thought I'd better tell Lenore the truth. "Look," I said, "I think I've screwed up this luncheon. I think Beatrice Buckler is coming." Lenore looked at me for a couple of seconds in surprise. "Powerful people don't get their dates mixed up," she said, smiling. "So let's talk fast." By 1:30 I took a deep breath. Beatrice really was tomorrow. I had the right day and the wrong woman.

Lenore Hershey had recently been named one of the Twenty-Five Influential Women in America by the Newspaper Enterprises Association. She has received enough awards in her day to do her own bathroom. Lenore has a BA as Hunter and a Doctor of Letters from Marymount. She is snappy, funny, shrewd, and down-to-earth.

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Today, <u>a Ladies Home Journal</u> (circulation over 6,000,000), she wields a lot of influence. Over a twenty year period Lenore Hershey moved from writing <u>a time</u> best columns to <u>the</u> editorship <u>McCall's</u> to the editor-in-chief's job at the <u>Journal</u>. Let's say she put her time in to get the big one.

I asked Lenore to define power for me. Lenore scratched

her nose, chewed on her roll, thought a minute, and said, "Power - power to a woman. I suppose it's the same thing as it is to a man. Except women don't think about it as power, and tend to rely more on the word "influence." When the slogan 'Never underestimate the power of a woman' was created, it really referred to influence. No one associated power with women. But women are gradually beginning to see the positive side of power - power as an opportunity to get things done. Yes, I think that's it. Maybe someday women will wear power with more confidence. And I think women will do a better job with power than men have done with it."

"I think a lot of women are happiest in a shared situation," she added. "Power is lonely. Power demands discipline and control. Power is a lot of pain and problems. Everything is a crisis. Power calls for skill. If you get the power without skill, it won't last."

Donna Shalala wore a tailored gray flannel suit with a matching silk softly-bowed shirt and carried a Mr. Chips type suitcase. Petite, dark haired (she has a Lebanese background), Donna has made it big in government and big in the world of education. She has her Ph.D. from the Maxwell School at Syracuse and is a tenured professor of Economics at Columbia. Her specialty embraces state politics and financing a combination rare for a woman.

She sees power as the ability to influence decisions that affect the way people live, the way resources are meted out. But she ruefully acknowledges that power is a lonely

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business. Few people her age are at her level, so she is in some ways set apart from her contemporaries.

Helen Gurley Brown is an attractive fifty-five year old woman. She's trim and much younger looking than that. She was wrapped in a black wool cape over a shocking pink shirt and black skirt. She wore fashionable shoes and black sheer stockings. With her modified Farrah-Fawcette black hair, she could most certainly pass for a <u>Cosmo</u> girl.

"Power?" she said, musing a moment, her lashes fluttering on high cheek-bones, "that's a heavy subject. When I was younger, power to me meant the Arkansas Power and Light company."

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Helen Gurley Brown was born in the Ozarks. After her father's death, the family moved to California where Helen graduated from John H. Francis Flyytechnic High School as class valedictorian. Then she hit a business college and started on the secretarial circuit. (Perhaps that's why she understands the fantasies of the female office worker so well.) After seventeen jobs, she wound up in the posh advertising offices of Foote Cone & Belding. Don Belding noticed her flair for good letter writing and offered her a copywriter's job. The letter writer went on to become the nation's highest paid advertising copywriter. (I had thought I was, but who am I to quibble with a bio?) In 1962, Helen wrote <u>Sex and the</u> <u>Single Girl.</u> It was a runaway best seller which has been printed in sixteen languages, including Finnish, Greek, and Africaans. Obviously she hit a universal note when she dig

her homework on today's Kitty Foyle.

In 1965 she was named editor-in-chief of <u>Cosmopolitan</u>, a magazine which at that time was tottering on the brink of oblivion. The rest is history. Today <u>Cosmo</u> is breaking newsstand records every month and has 2,465, readers (mostly female "I look at those newsstand sales every month and I love them," Helen said avariciously. "Just love 'em.

"Figures are power," you know. "Real power. But all power is collapsible. People bestow power on you. You can't have it if they won't give it to you. Personally, my power is with my reader. I like power. I guess I must have wanted it or I wouldn't have worked so hard for it. I think you have to claw your way up to power. But, oh, it's a lovely thing."

Maybe it's because I am in the advertising agency mucht. business myself that I wanted another point of view, for the state of the interview, for the only woman with has on her the staff. Jane Maas.

I'd met Jane a couple of times when she was with Ogilvy and Mather. I'd found her warm, friendly, outgoing. I knew she was very well thought of as a creative person at Ogilvy and that she was responsible for the Pat Neal Anni Maxim campaign. I also knew that at the request of Charlie Moss, President of WRG, she had recently changed jobs. The dollar signs at WRG and the chance to leave what she considered a dead-end level at Ogilvy (there is one woman top creative).

to move after nine years.

Jane Maas has short cropped red hair, a mass of freckles, a pixie-ish face that could belong to someone 20 or 40. I suspect Jane is at the latter end of the range. She grew up in Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, which she says is not suburbia but exurbia. She went to Bucknell, to Cornell, and won a Fulbright scholarship to France. She wore a purply dress which was a great choice for her hair. "Clothes never meant much to me," she says candidly. "I was kind of happy in my" Butterick jumpers. But one day I realized that clothes paid off. I had a client who dressed in nothing but T. Jones clothes. She was so damned chic I felt like a klutz. I liked the way she looked. I thought why not for me? I went and bought some. Now I'm a T. Jones customer full time."

Jane works on the Proctor and Gamble account at WRG and seems to thrive on the hours, the work, and the new set-up.

"Power? Power?" she said. "Power - well I suppose power is the ability to get your own way, getting people to follow you. I don't think women can do things men can't. But I do think women can sublimate themselves and manipulate people for power. I work twice as hard as a man. I honestly think that."

Beatrice Buckler said that 1976-77, her first year as editor and publisher of <u>Working Women</u> magazine, was both the best and the worst. "It's been one tough year, I'll tell you that," said this petite, intelligent-looking blonde woman as she slid apologetically into an armed chair at the Plaza.

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( Tool note) \*As this book was going to press, Beatrice Buckler resigned as Editor and Publisher of Working "oman . Buckler told me, "Our aims were divergent. The backers, a group of private investors had a tax shelter goal and I had a publisher's goal.I am now considering three proposals from other corporations to start another magazine of similar quality and readership."

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"I tell you, it really keeps me running. I'm in the process of recapitalizing the magaine. We're doing well. The book is selling. We're getting advertising. But, my god, the capital is skinny."

I hadn't seen Beatrice for over a year. At that point she was trying to get a group of people together to help capitalize her idea for a magazine aimed directly at White Margon I thought at the time that she was onto something good. <u>Ms. is an East-coast-oriented intellectual magazine for women,</u> more ideological. There should be a niche in the magazine world for women who work at a different level from that of the <u>Ms</u>. reader. Although people tell me that the demographics of <u>Ms</u>. cross over all the lines, I still think the graphics of the book say "New York" and "college" to me. I conit coe the avorage high school graduate getting through two pages of time white type reversed on black.

When I met her, Beatrice Buckler was the executive editor of <u>Family Circle</u>, which is owned by the New York <u>Times</u>. She had done a year of homework on the working woman's market, a subject that <u>Family Circle</u> can deal with only peripherally. She tried to convice the <u>Times</u> to subsidize the <u>Working Woman</u> project, but the <u>Times</u> wasn't interested. From there it was forget the project or raise the capital and leave <u>Family Circle</u>. Buckler, although not all that young, took the risk and went.

"Yes, I think the move was a good power move. I don't know where I could have gone at the <u>Times</u>. It is pretty chauvinistic, you know. So I took the chance."

What did she mean by power? "Well, to me power is influence. Power is money. Power is influence over people's lives. Through being famous and widely quoted, you become a powerful person that people look to to set trends."

Geraldine Stutz could have been plucked right off the front page of <u>Women's Wear</u> photographed coming out of La Caravelle in her stark black outfit. She wore a **cont** floppy hat (the only woman I talked to **that** wore a hat) with all her hair tucked under it. Her black sweater was softened by a white bow tie. She's rather petite - a size 7, I'd say.

I had known Gerry at the college of my choice. I never liked her much. But one couldn't help but admire the job she had done with both the I.Miller salons which she ran for a couple of years and the Bendel operations. Both were smashing successes as well as promotional coups. When I realized what an interesting woman she is, I was min remorseful that I had never tried to know her better. It was definitely my loss.

I was telling her that I had done a poll on powerful women and that her name had cropped up every time. "However," I added, "you ought to know that one young editor kept saying about my power choices, 'They're all old hat...old hat... old hat WM.

"That's absolutely fascinating. Did she tell you who was new hat?"