

“Truth & Order Amidst The Chaos”

The Marketing Rebel

RANT

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From: **John Carlton**
Reno, Nevada
Wednesday evening

Dear Friend and Subscriber,

How do you measure success?

This is a topic very near to my heart. Two nights ago, I found myself yet again pacing the floor of an emergency room, waiting for word on someone I cared about. Tragedy and I are old friends -- I don't like to see it arrive, but I no longer resent its existence. It's part of life.

Long ago, when I first began to realize I could create a career as a writer, I measured success the same way most people do: By the *size of my bank account*. I'd been broke most of my adult life to that point, and the sudden influx of cash actually made me feel better about myself.

But it was all surface illusion. Up to a point, you need money. To pay the rent, keep the fridge stocked, gas up the car, treat Suzie to a good dinner downtown. Beyond that, however -- beyond the cash you can actually spend in a single day -- all your riches are just *blips on a screen* at some bank. And those little blips can't make you happier... or buy you even an extra minute of life when things go wrong.

For twenty years, I've been paying very close attention to how people measure success. Most of them, to my mind, get it wrong.

The greatest shock is reserved for those who insist that “my life will start in earnest just as soon as X happens.” X can be getting that big promotion, or getting married, or writing that

novel. And then X happens... and while their routines are definitely altered, their inner-life really *doesn't* change much at all. It's a soul-crushing experience.

The clichéd mid-life crisis is all about suddenly realizing that *this is your life* -- and fearing that, to paraphrase Jack Nicholson, “This is as good as it's gonna get.” Many folks fight this realization with silly, regrettable behavior, or “zombie” drugs like Prozac. (Interesting side note: A sewage engineer revealed that Prozac doesn't break down very efficiently in the body... and it gets recycled in treated water supplies, so you're probably getting a nice little mini-dose in each glassful from the tap. Unintended consequences are changing the world, my friend.)

Well, the good news is: **You don't have to do what everyone else does.** It's never been a big secret that money can't buy you happiness -- it's just that most folks refuse to believe it.

None of the truly successful people I know measure success with money. Instead, they measure it with *life experience*. They greet each day eagerly, love to try new things, and insist on embracing everything life offers them... warts, tragedy, chaos and all.

I'll bet you some of the greatest times of your life occurred when you were struggling. When you were climbing, growing, moving forward, broke and overwhelmed and loving every minute of it. I can afford the best musical equipment

money can buy now... but the most fun I ever had was back when I was sleeping in my car, hauling around a beat-up amp and thrashed guitar with rusty strings. I wouldn't willingly go back to living in my car, of course... but it sure was a blast to do it once. I was not yet burdened with too many possessions, and I felt life intensely.

Life experience is all about acknowledging that you are alive *right now*. That today, with all the work you have piled on your desk and all the phone calls you're supposed to make and all the bills that need paying, is still a day where you're *alive*. You don't get credit for blowing the day working 18 hours and collapsing in exhaustion on the couch. There's no "restart" button. This is the hand you were dealt, and the universe is waiting for you to start playing it.

No one lies on their death bed wishing they'd spent more time in the office. Think about how'd you live today if you knew *for certain* you only had a limited number of days left. Well, guess what? Your days *are* numbered. Even if you live to be 100, you'll never think it was enough time.

My cousin Don -- who I've been close to since Aunt Rachel brought him and his twin brother home from the hospital when I was a toddler -- had a brain hemorrhage last year. Fine one minute, being rushed to go under the surgeon's knife the next. Thank God he recovered. Dodged a bullet.

And when he left the hospital, he sure didn't go back to "business as usual". He had been given another chance, and he took it. He loves harder, works harder, plays harder. Re-examined his life, bought that motorcycle he'd been dreaming about for years, ends every call with "I love you."

You know, that novel won't get written, or that business started, or that trip to Italy made until you decide these things are part of the full life you really want. That wonderful girl won't say "yes" if you never ask her. And if you don't pull over and indulge your senses in that gorgeous sunset today, when will you?

True success means living your life with gusto and balls and a little flair. Work hard, play hard,

and don't let *anyone* try to tell you it's not okay to take off early today because the surf's up.

Even better, pat yourself on the back if, after watching that sunset until the stars come out, you have to wipe away a tear of gratitude.

A rich man has only money. A successful man has a life, and lives it intensely.

Lessons From The Vice Squad

I know, I know... I sound like a broken record with the "get a life" rant. But I see the *wasting* of life as a crime. You know, many subscribers tell me they always wished they'd started a band way back when, or had a few more unseemly adventures before settling down. And I say, yeah, I hear you.

But many *other* subscribers eagerly tell me about their own history of being in bands, of pursuing a crazy dream before they finally decided to get after biz. And I say, yeah, it's fun when you're immersed in life, isn't it.

Because it *is* fun. The lessons may be painful, but if you learn them, they can take you a long way toward being a person of substance... and *substance* is the elixir that attracts great things.

Take, for example, the rather brutal lessons about business I learned while playing poker with steel-eyed professional gamblers. (How's that for a segue?)

As a young man, I always had one foot in the "normal" world (college, steady jobs, meet the parents)... and the other foot in the "darker" world outside most folks' radar (smokin' in the boys room, hangin' with thieves, hipsters, and hustlers, especially if they could play drums). One of the "adult" pleasures I decided to pursue for awhile was cards. A drink, a stack of chips, the slippery coolness of the deck, the sense of time standing still. Just like in the movies.

I learned the game the hard way, which is also the best way:

Getting fleeced by pros.

At first, you're too consumed with the rules ("seven card stud, high low, roll your own, the bug is aces, straights and flushes") to do much but hang in there and pray for a better hand. Soon,

however, you start thinking about developing a “poker face”, and pulling a little schoolyard psychology to put the odds in your favor.

I remember the first time I bluffed. We’d been playing five-card stud, and the hands were sucking all around the table. I was dealt another rotten hand, but kept my face calm... and bet the max. Everyone folded, and I collected the pot.

Hey, it was *easy*. Just *act* like you have a good hand, and you’ll scare the others into folding.

So I bluffed the next hand, too. Same result. A few curses, cards slammed on the table, suspicious stares. I didn’t say a word.

Cocky now, I bluffed a third time, despite being dealt a hand I should have buried. Pushed in the max bet, kept my face stoic. Three of the guys folded again... but ol’ Pistol Pete -- the grizzled veteran sitting across the table -- looked at me with a strangely pleasant expression. He called my bet, and I was forced to lay down my pathetic hand, exposed for a bluffer. He beat me with cards only slightly better than mine -- but still good enough to win -- and raked in the moolah with a chuckle.

For the rest of the game, he seemed to be able to read my mind -- he would fold if I truly held a good hand, call me when I tried to bluff, force me to fold in fear when he bluffed. He cleaned me out.

I learned two very important lessons that night. They work in business, as well as cards:

First: Never fool yourself into thinking something is easy, when you KNOW it’s difficult. Take the diet market. I recently saw a series of TV ads making outrageous claims like “lose weight while you dream”, and “eat all the pie and candy you want, and still lose 20 pounds a week without exercise”. I have a little experience in this market -- if an ad works, it can bring in a *ton* of orders.

But the feds watch diet advertising like a hawk (especially ingestible products that promise magical results). I’ll bet the guys running those ads thought, at first, that they’d just discovered a secret passage into Fort Knox with their cute

exaggerations and outright lies. (“Hey! This is *easy!*”) Until they got that dreaded visit from a bunch of guys with badges rudely asking them to put their hands on their heads. The diet game is *not* easy -- there are critical rules to learn that, violated, will get you slammed in the hoosegow.

Second: You can bluff your way along for a while... but if you really *don’t* have the chops to back it up, you’ll eventually end up being exposed. I know of many people out there touting themselves as “marketing experts”... and they’re just flat out writing checks their ass can’t cash.

I remember one guy calling me in a panic -- he was being interviewed that afternoon on some national business show as a “marketing genius”, and he desperately wanted me to share some secrets with him so he wouldn’t sound like a fool. (“A little late for that,” I told him.) His brazen act had gotten him into the studio. Now, forced to back up his claims, he was about to be exposed.

Listen carefully:

**The world is awash in bullshit...
and starved for substance!**

For products that really perform as advertised. For experts who can provide the service they promise. For teachers who can reveal honest secrets. We have too many idiots who think that *attitude* is a good substitute for *substance*. They get away with it for a time, but in the end, you’re far better off knowing you can **back up every promise you make.**

And that’s the Big Secret to making a killing in marketing: *Have substance*. So you can make seemingly-outrageous promises with total confidence... because you *know* you can back it up.

It really is that simple.

By the way... that pro who cleaned me out did me a *huge* favor after the game. He took me aside and explained what I’d done wrong. I had my poker face in place during my first bluffs... but when everyone folded, a slight flicker of relief appeared. That small “tell” was all the pro needed to be able to *read me like a book* the rest of the night. I was all nerves and bluff, and he knew he

could beat me with just a little *real substance* in his own hand.

I have never again regarded poker -- or any other adult endeavor -- as “easy”.

Next month: The amazing advantages a street-savvy *near-illiterate* hustler has versus a fancy MBA with years of book-learnin’ under his Gucci belt.

Salesmanship 101

Speaking of substance... one of the most common errors I see in advertising is *bragging*. This will eviscerate your marketing efforts.

The worst examples are on TV -- somewhere along the line, Madison Avenue got the mistaken idea that if they only put enough *earnestness* behind their words, customers would fall over in awe. So you get some variation of a Darth Vader voice intoning: “Pontiac... where excellence and perfection meet.”

Oh, really?

I *hate* slogans. I doubt that anyone in the history of time ever bought anything because of a slogan. But I’ve given up trying to convince clients to abandon them... so I came up with this rule: If you use a slogan, *make it a pithy compaction of your Unique Sales Proposition* (“Floyd’s Furniture: Inexpensive knock-offs of fancy Italian designs, made in America with better quality materials than the originals... and guaranteed for life!”)

Simple test: If any *other* business could adopt your slogan without changes (“Simply The Best”, or anything with the word “solution” in it), then your stupid slogan isn’t saying *anything* of importance to the customer. Got that? Good. Stop with the inane sloganeering already.

However, even ads that are trying to follow good direct response principles suffer from a general lack of backing up what you say.

Take the over-used term “simple and easy”. People have been reading those words so long that they’re almost meaningless. Yet, your customers really *do* want everything to be simple and easy. They are terrified of discovering, after purchase, that what they now own is actually “complex and

difficult.” So you are strongly advised to explain how simple and easy your product really is.

The smart salesman knows how to do this. You must turn the phrase “simple and easy” into a **vibrant image**. *Show* them, don’t just *tell* them.

Here’s how: When selling instructional golf videos, I became keenly aware that most golfers believed the game was incredibly difficult to learn. Even when articles in the magazines raved about some tactic being “simple and easy”, what they meant was it would take you only a few months to learn, rather than a few *years*.

So just telling a reader that learning how to hit a longer, straighter drive was “simple and easy” wouldn’t do the trick... I had to *illustrate* the point.

I came up with a “four ball guarantee”. Lots of golf products offer a “100% guarantee”. Mine was different. I told the prospect to order the video, watch it... and immediately go out and line up four golf balls. Then *hit* them, using what he had just learned in the video. If he wasn’t launching 300-yard dead-solid-perfect tee shots by the fourth ball, then we *insisted* he return the video for a full refund.

Four balls. That’s “simple and easy”, *illustrated*.

Remember the “Seven Minute Ab Workout”? Not the “Simple and Easy Abdominal Exercise Program”. Seven minutes. You can wrap your mind around that... and most folks can imagine doing something for seven minutes without too much grief. Sounds simple. *Easy*.

The obvious question, of course, is: How do you decide on four balls, or seven minutes? The psycho in “Something About Mary” had a plan to sell a “Six Minute Ab Workout”. Hey, why not a three-minute workout? Why not *30 seconds*?

The answer is believability. You set up the image of hitting four balls. Then you *back it up* with *substance*: “Why four balls? Because, you’ll hit the first one like you always do. But the second ball will show amazing new distance as your muscles get used to the simple change in your swing... and on your third swing you’ll see accuracy like you can’t believe. And when you

hit that *last* ball, you'll see a true, straight, absolutely monster-level shot sail away with eyes for the fairway. That's how *easy* this really is."

Make your promise real with *imagery*... and back it up with *substance*. Those are the simple and easy secrets to world-class copy.

Next month: Why people will pay you a hundred times more to *give* them a fish, than to teach them *how* to fish. (So to speak.) Common wisdom, turned on its head.

How-To Department

Whatsa matter, Bunky? The competition got you down?

The best position to be in, of course, is to have *no* competition. To offer a product so unique... or so uniquely positioned... that you're the only game in town. Gary Halbert calls it "marketing to a starving crowd." Doesn't matter how good your burgers are if you're the only food around.

But most of us have competition. And the natural urge is to trash them to your customers. To impugn their integrity and worth. To suggest criminal nature and evil intent. Anything to stop the customer from ever dealing with them.

Don't do that. You don't have to. There are 3 ways to trash the competition... and only the last one makes any sense to the savvy marketer. Check it out:

First method: *Outright slander*. "Don't deal with them. They have shoddy merchandise, and cheat people." Saying things like this only makes you look jealous and out-of-control. And it can have the opposite effect you desire: Think of a teenager being told not to listen to rock and roll because it's evil. That same day, he'll be smuggling CDs of Eminem up to his room.

It's just as bad to feign superiority: "No one with any taste at all buys from them. We're the only store in town with the real thing." I actually had a guy in a shoe store pull this on me once. It only made me eager to see what the competition had that was pissing him off so much.

Second method: *Damning with faint praise*. "Ah yes, that other store. Well, they certainly sell

a lot of products... to kids." The implication being, you don't wanna be seen as a kid, do you?

The ol' backhanded compliment. "Sure, they're a good choice, if all you care about is saving a few bucks right now." It's a decent psychological tactic... but if you *really do* have a good product, with substance and value, take a page from the master salesman's manual and use...

Method Number Three: **Insist on a side-by-side comparison.** "Hey, they've got a fine product over there. And sometimes it's hard to judge the value without a direct comparison. That's why we urge you to give their product a trial run... at the same time you give one to ours. After all, *you're the best judge of quality.*"

Very cool technique. Claude Hopkins himself used it, when he knew he had a great product that would withstand all comparison. It's not a cocky, in-your-face stance -- just a *confident suggestion*, made sincerely.

Most people won't bother with the "field test". All they're looking for is a reason to buy -- a reason they can explain to themselves, to their wives, to their skeptical buddies. And every time someone does the comparison, and chooses you... you have another compelling testimonial to use.

You are in such a powerful position when you have substance and value, it is pure foolishness not to use that power. Honest confidence sells.

Next month: The *ugly little secret* that separates world-class copywriters from clueless rookies.

Ship of Fools Department

One of the best things I ever did was to pursue a *totally useless degree* in college.

I started out as a journalism major, but quickly changed to psychology when I discovered I could be sharing homework assignments with a certain girl in my dorm. (Yes, that's how shallow I was in youth.)

Don't get me wrong. I've always been fascinated with psychology, because it seemed to provide clues to how people behaved. As a natural introvert wandering around in an

extroverted world, I needed all the help I could get.

As a degree, however, a bachelor's in psychology is as impractical as one in art history. Thousands and thousands of eager kids graduate with those degrees every year... only to discover there are maybe a handful of jobs where their education counts. *Maybe* a handful.

Whatever. I tell young people to get their undergraduate degrees in as eclectic a fashion as the institution will allow. Take lots of art, theater, biology, math, poly sci, literature, all the things you find interesting and all the things you fear. We need more Renaissance-type people running around. The culture is fading.

However... **as a marketer, I suggest you get hip to what psychology offers in terms of salesmanship.** And in *living well*. People freak out when they discover you know a little about psychology, because they think you're analyzing them, peeking behind their mask. And, okay, maybe you do that sometimes. People are so wacky and fun to observe.

But the real benefit of good psychology is in your *own* therapy. Without guidance, humans tend to drift into fearful thinking. Superstitions, over-reliance on authority figures, belief systems rife with dumb assumptions (like believing chain letters can work, or you have a shot at the Lotto prize).

I am *ruthless* with myself regarding personal growth, and I urge you to be ruthless, too. (With yourself, not with me.)

Take guilt. Long ago, control freaks discovered they could get large masses of people to go along with their program using guilt. You don't toe the line, you're a *bad person*.

I hate guilt. To me, it's as worthless a reaction as the lizard-brain panic that overtakes some people when they fly. ("This plane is too heavy to fly! We weren't meant to fly! Monsters live in the clouds!")

Guilt ruins lives. Don't get me wrong -- I believe a good man requires a good conscience. Running around doing bad things and not caring

only makes you a sociopath. We have enough of those already, thank you very much.

No, I just prefer *remorse* to guilt. There is a difference: Feeling guilty means feeling that you're a *bad person*. The whole concept of "guilt" relies on "judgment" by other people or a higher power. You broke the cookie jar, and you're a bad, bad little boy. Shame on you.

Yuck. I was a bad, bad little boy for the first half of my life. Slowly, it dawned on me that feeling guilty was actually a *cop-out*. If you could accept yourself as a bad person, and "handle" the guilt you felt... well, you could do all sorts of bad, stupid things, suffer the guilt, and *never change your behavior*. Guilt can paralyze you.

Silly. Wasteful. *Cowardly*.

Remorse is the adult version. You do something bad, you *recognize* you did something bad, and you try to *correct your mistake and make arrangements to do better next time*. Not "promise" to do better next time. Actually *do* something proactive, like take a class in anger management or learn the rules of golf or fix the flaws in your product.

Screw guilt. Most of America is slouching around, feeling guilty about their lusty dreams, about their deceptions and lies, about their bad habits and unhealthy lifestyles. But they never *change* anything. They just feel guilty, as if that is their punishment for being bad.

Nonsense. If your lusty dreams are interfering in your life, get into therapy. Stop lying and deceiving -- just *stop* it. And drop the bad habits. No one assigned them to you. You chose them. Un-choose them if they really bother you.

If you've done something that hurt someone, own up to it. Fix it if you can, make amends, and *do what needs to be done so it doesn't happen again*. We all make mistakes. Our first steps as a baby are dismal failures. Our first attempts at counting to ten are abysmal. And it never ends. Our first business ventures collapse, our first romances fade, our first big successes never last.

Don't feel guilty about living your life. Do the best you can, every day. If you make a

mistake, learn the lesson. If you hurt someone, take responsibility and do what's right.

Just keep moving forward. Guilt is a bench on the road of life where sluggards sit and pout. Remorse is a short pause to get your bearings and correct things before you get after it again, a better man with a better plan.

Next month: A simple question you can ask yourself every time you get off track... which will *instantly refocus you on exactly what needs to be done to succeed.*

Coaches Corner

I have met a number of extremely brilliant people in my time. I.Q.s off the scale. Finished college as teenagers. Memories like super-computers.

And I have noticed two amazing similarities among the mega-bright: (1) Their main sense of humor seems to consist of puns involving obscure topics (like quantum physics or attempts to write out the square root of pi).

And (2), they all absolutely *suck* at making money. Without matching grants, some of these guys would starve to death.

What's this got to do with marketing? Stay with me for a moment here. It's a secret worth understanding.

One of the lingering benefits of my psych degree is a deep interest in obtuse topics. I love to read about studies done on human behavior. For example, I found one such study where it was revealed that incompetent people *do not recognize their own incompetence.* Even when shown proof of their incompetence, they will insist -- and *believe* -- there was some mistake.

This makes perfect sense to me. Among the very bright, I've noticed a peculiar behavior I call "I.Q.-itis". Many smart people simply cannot identify with anyone less smart than they are. I had a friend who used to argue with the cashiers at McDonalds. He'd quickly figured out that by supersizing two meals, but replacing the fries in one with onion rings, and adding a third side order of cheeseburgers but holding the cheese, we would save twenty cents and still get what we

wanted. It boggled my mind listening to him, and this poor clerk was looking at a cash register with pictures of hamburgers and malts on it, unable to process what this nutcase was talking about. (This same guy would tell a joke about pricing hot dogs at pi, at some place where no pie was served, and laugh until he started gagging. Weirdo.)

Anyway... it occurred to me that these two discoveries, when combined, explained a very critical issue in marketing. Take some very smart guys who invent something... add the fact that, despite being smart enough to create a product, they are *incompetent* at doing anything else... and viola! You have a scenario just like NLP.

NLP (neuro-linguistic programming) was created by a small group of extremely bright psychologists. They saw it as a simple way of streamlining human emotional thought, and removing the "fuzzy thinking" most people suffer from. It was, to many deep thinkers, the best thing to happen to psychology since Carl Jung.

But none of the shrinks could *communicate* the benefits easily to the masses. They were incapable of explaining NLP in a simple, attractive way. Incompetent at marketing their discovery, so to speak.

Enter, stage right, a young man who was neither a psychologist, nor a deep thinker. (Just to be on the safe side, I'm not gonna name this tall dude -- but you'd have to be living in a cave not to recognize him.) What this young man knew was *marketing*. He'd made a pretty good living convincing CEOs and other seekers of truth to pay him money to bully them into walking barefoot through a trench of hot coals. This fire-walking was supposed to build your confidence.

Anyway, according to a shrink I know who was around at the time, this young man decided to take a shot at introducing the world to NLP himself. Without permission, and with no reference to the originators.

What he did was quickly "translate" the psycho-babble that NLP was mired in, and use infomercials to sell a very expensive set of audio cassettes that would, he promised, change your life. Sold millions of the tapes. Started giving

revival-like seminars, and launched a PR campaign that landed him on Letterman and the Today Show, and soon had him shaking hands with presidents.

Mind you, this guy's knowledge of NLP mechanics was about as deep as a paper cut. But it didn't matter. He knew enough to provide real value, created a circus atmosphere, and rode that horse all the way to ridiculous success.

Meanwhile... the originators of NLP were getting madder and madder. After all, it was *their* genius that created it in the first place. The world should have been beating a path to *their* door, not rewarding this shuck-and-jive media clown.

And that is how the story ends: **The young man is still rich, the shrinks are still mad.**

Moral? I'll give you all the advantages of brains, education, and validation from experts and specialists... and *still* clean your clock by using better marketing tactics infused with empathy for the average Joe.

I see this all the time at seminars. Inventors are outraged that they have not been *automatically rewarded* for creating something that truly delivers something wonderful. Inventions of substance, if you will. They are even *more* outraged if some know-nothing schmuck has "ripped them off", and is earning a fortune selling a knock-off.

But their rage is impotent. Because they cannot "lower" themselves to do the ballsy advertising required to get their message out. They cannot see their own incompetence at marketing. And they seldom leave the seminar any happier, since what they really seek is validation of the injustice, and they don't get it.

Because the world is not fair. And the race, my friend, does not always go to the smart or the swift... but often to the cunning bastard who *knows real substance when he sees it*. And knows how to put his message into a compelling sales pitch that lights a fire under his prospect's butt.

Next month: The harder you work, the more you earn, right? Wrong. Learn why the top of the success ladder is crowded with some of the *laziest* bums you'll ever meet.

Shame and Success Department

I get requests for freebies a lot. It doesn't piss me off, but there hasn't been a story yet that compelled me to comp anyone. One enterprising guy made an absolutely shameless request for two sets of everything, for one price. Here is my assistant's reply. No big lesson here -- just a reminder to you that I'm ain't getting rich doing this guru gig. I still laugh when I read this:

Hi Jason. This is Diane, John's assistant. I forwarded your email request to him, and I can still hear him laughing in the next room. He says you win the "Chutzpah Award" this year.

He also says, hey, it's no crime to ask. That shows you have some "street savvy". But what you're asking for is a "comp" -- free material. John doesn't comp anyone. None of the top "gurus" in this business do. While it's true that John is doing this "teaching gig" because he loves advertising, he is definitely NOT doing it for his health. He poured his heart and soul into these products, lost months of income doing it, and rearranged his life to help people. He's not doing it for the money -- in fact, he's LOSING money taking the time to critique ads and write his newsletter. He has quadrupled his work load by doing this, and had to drop some paying clients. He's ALREADY giving blood for this damn project. (And, in fact, I predict he will stop offering email access and critiques to anyone not already an Insider within the year. Just too time-consuming, and John insists on doing a thorough job.)

Look -- if you're truly devouring his material, you must already know the immense value of what is being offered. If you have a drop of entrepreneurial blood in your veins, you should already be turning these secrets into cash. Like John said (he's still laughing), it's okay to ask... but really, you're asking a guy who has already been criminally generous in the first place to bend over backwards even further (the \$1,577 for the Insider's Club is easily the biggest bargain in marketing today, chump change that has been turning businesses around literally overnight -- you should see the testimonials he's getting). It's like saying "hey, I know you just changed my life, but can you come over and mow my lawn, too?"

My bet is that you're going to go far, Jason. But you'll go even farther if you play your karma right, and pay the people who help you along the way what they're worth. If you guys want two sets, buy the two sets. If you can't afford it yet, you soon will. Don't copy them, don't do anything that will affect your integrity. This is not the guy you want to start playing cheap with. This is the guy you want on your side, as long as he's willing to do it. Karma is real, Jason -- we see it work it's immutable magic every day.

John's still laughing, too. I think you made his day.

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