

“Truth & Order Amidst The Chaos”

The Marketing Rebel

RANT

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From: **John Carlton**
Reno, Nevada
Saturday afternoon

Dear Friend and Subscriber,

Pssst. Hey, c'mere. You wanna hear a really juicy secret?

Here it is: **Opportunity is sneaking around behind your back.** It's there, hovering like a ghost. And it can change your life, *if only you'd learn to recognize it.*

Most people live their lives in a semi-conscious daze. They wouldn't recognize Mr. Opportunity if he walked up and shook hands with them. Even if you're *not* half-asleep, you're probably so overwhelmed with current events that you miss his auspicious whispers.

Motivational books aren't much help, either. They demand that you be open to opportunity... but they neglect to tell you *how* to identify it.

So let me see if I can shed some light here. One of the benefits of getting older -- if you have any self-awareness at all -- is that your experiences in life and business begin to read like a tutorial. My job, as your humble guru, is to share what I've learned. Makes me feel friggin' old, I gotta tell ya. I've seen a lot.

Here's the one important thing about opportunity that I've learned: You must boldly jump on it, ready to change fast as it evolves.

Seems simple, doesn't it. Isn't.

Let's take one particular type of opportunity -- I call it "Classic Periods". These are all-too-brief

spaces of time where something really fabulous is going on. There are 3 stages to a Classic Period:

(1) **First Blush...** where a small number of people are involved, and it slowly dawns on them that they've stumbled onto something good.

(2) **Gold Rush...** where the vague promise of the First Blush is realized, and the game begins in earnest. And...

(3) **Rookie Flush...** where the easy fun abruptly ends, mostly because organized professionals finally catch on and bulldoze the amateurs, while media attention and government interference ruin the free-for-all zeitgeist.

A great Classic Period can be cultural -- like that brief heady stretch in the 1950s where rock and roll blossomed from shady roots into a national treasure, only to be crushed by the establishment. (By 1960, Chuck Berry was in jail, Elvis was in the Army, Little Richard had quit to become a minister, Jerry Lee Lewis had been buried by a vengeful media, and the "suits" in the music biz were shoving shallow whitebread acts like Fabian down America's throat).

Or it can be personal -- like your first love, your first car, your first apartment. (Remember how great all that was in the beginning... and how it all faded?)

It can be political (the Peace Corps, the Reagan Revolution), geographical (the Seattle music scene or the Miami Beach art deco revival

fashion scene of the 1990s)... or, more important to marketers, it can be *economic*.

Like the infomercial game. A very educational Classic Period, and I was there.

It started back in the mid-1980s. Cable television was making serious inroads in saturation, and suddenly multiple channels were faced with finding enough content to fill 24-hour broadcast days. Now, the *concept* of the infomercial had been around since the dawn of television. (Back in the 50s, for example, an L.A. car salesman named Cal Worthington routinely bought 2-hour Saturday afternoon blocks of time where he ran old movies and took frequent 10 minute commercial breaks to show off individual cars he had for sale.)

(Salesmanship side note: Often, when Cal realized he might be boring his audience, he would take a sledgehammer and shatter the windshield of a car, offering to sell it for \$50 to the first customer to arrive at his lot. Grand Guignol theater tactics that worked like crazy.)

A handful of smart “old school” marketers heard the whispers of Mr. Opportunity. Many cable stations were scrambling to program their broadcast days, and were ecstatic to have someone step up and offer to fill the wee hours of the late night with *something*. Even long commercials for off-the-wall products. In fact, most cable stations had zero clue of the value of those “sleepy time” hours... and would *give the time away for free*, or on a vague “per inquiry” basis (where you paid only a small amount based on the response you got to your commercial).

This was the First Blush. Madison Avenue, if it paid attention at all to these new hour-long commercials, sneered. What the smart marketers were doing, however, was so exciting and profitable that they actually *reveled* in the snub from established advertisers. They wanted to keep the game a secret.

I remember going to one taping where a wise-ass entrepreneur had rented super-cheap “scrap time” at a local cable studio (including a half-drunk cameraman, but no help with lighting or sound), had his secretary slap together a rickety

set, and invited three different inventors to pitch their products for three separate shows. No rehearsals, no scripts, no retakes. They started shooting when the host and inventor sat down, and *stopped* shooting when they had an hour’s worth of video. No editing allowed.

The show was in the can literally as fast as it took to shoot it. They would test-run the show *that night*, and if the numbers were good it would continue to run. If the results were bad, they just went on to the next one they’d shot. In less than 24 hours, they created three entire shows, tested them on-air, and were processing credit card orders.

The Gold Rush started when the *numbers* leaked out. Astonishing results, from broadcast hours when everyone in America was supposed to be asleep. (Who knew this vast population of eager-to-buy insomniacs was out there watching obscure cable channels all night long?)

Large companies continued to ignore the opportunity, but alert entrepreneurs began to *flood* the joint with quickie infomercials.

And, suddenly, the party was *over*. Cable channels woke up to the fact their “down” time was actually worth a fortune, and started charging for it. The savviest entrepreneurs consolidated their acts, and began running things like a real business. Stations demanded higher production values for each show (professional quality lighting, sound, and graphics). Costs went up, profits got squeezed, and the “easy money” days were just a memory. There became a “right way” to do everything, tested down to the nanosecond.

I understand you now have to invest at least \$100,000 to create an infomercial before you even know if it will *work* or not. Media buys are depressingly close to what you’d pay for prime time exposure. The rookies have been flushed out of the game. The shark has been jumped.

So, why am I regaling you with war stories about a Classic Period that has passed? **For the lesson.**

Even as I was writing copy back then -- as fast as I could, minutes before the show was to be shot straight through -- it was not clear to me that this

infomercial game was on the verge of a Gold Rush. A year later, as I was re-editing copy for a new show that required an expensive producer and full Hollywood-level crew (and needed *three weeks* to shoot, including scenes in Key West and Phoenix), I was only vaguely aware that professionalism was edging out the guerilla tactics of the “good old days” that weren’t more than a few months dead.

But I learned the lesson. Too late to take advantage of that game, but soon enough to start paying attention for the next one. Mr. Opportunity will never tap you on the shoulder and introduce himself. You must hunt in the shadows, and listen for whispers where you least expect to find anything. I’d lived through the rise and fall of the vaunted Sexual Revolution, the First Blush of Silicon Valley’s tech revolution, and the Gold Rush of the “guru game” (working with Jay Abraham and Gary Halbert, writing for pre-boom companies like Phillips and Agora, helping to reinvigorate the “lost” genius of old school salesmanship). (Claude Hopkins was out of print at that time, and Robert Collier books were a collector’s item).

And during each of those amazing Classic Periods, I just sort of bobbed along in the tide like flotsam, enjoying the excitement but not bothering to consider how the game was progressing toward bust or saturation or a take-over by the Big Boys.

When Dan Kennedy recently interviewed me for a tape-of-the-month, we both realized how lucky we were to have lived through so many Classic Periods. More important, we’re lucky to now understand how to *recognize* them early on.

What does this mean for you? Just keep your ear to the ground, and stay awake. Listen carefully to what other people in your network or mastermind groups are doing. I believe the Web is just now entering the middle of a Gold Rush era. There’s no way to predict how long it will last, or how it will end.

I only know, from experience, that it *will* end. Some people will earn fortunes, and reality will sink in on the “establishment”, who will then come barging in and try to bully their way into a

monopoly position. Truly stupid laws will be passed under intense lobbying. The government will attempt to become a toll-gate between marketer and profit.

I don’t even know how many Classic Periods a person can expect to experience in one lifetime. Things seemed to move at a more leisurely pace before the Digital Revolution.

Still, even Mark Twain experienced Classic Periods in migration, publishing and technology a century ago. (And I kid my Pop about not buying real estate in Southern California back in the 60s when it was dirt cheap. He says “who knew?”... but looking back, it’s obvious that all those freeways being built in a criss-cross around his little town weren’t just random acts. The assault by developers had been planned out in detail... and anyone who caught the whiff of action in the air made a *fortune*. But Dad’s right. Who knew?)

No one knows yet how the Web will change our lives. Or how the rise in email will affect the post office (and, thus, direct mail). Or how the deregulation of television and radio will play out. Or how newspapers (already struggling from ad revenue losses) will continue to be relevant.

It goes on and on. For more clues, study history -- both your own (if you’re older than 30) and the culture’s. And *stay awake*. Don’t look at the world through the dreamlike state of how you *wish* it was. Look at it clearly, without blinders.

There’s a lot more to this lesson... such as how companies who try to get too big before the market catches up to them are often crushed (which is why cheapo guerilla tactics work better when you’re pioneering new areas)... and how you can often tell where a market is headed by how adamantly the “establishment” insists it’s headed the exact *opposite* direction.

We’ll cover all this in due time. The best educations are caught on the run, while you’re in the thick of the action. And, boy, are we ever in the thick of it right now. Some will thrive, others will starve, and most will cry in their beer because they missed the party.

So wake up, dude.

Somebody’s knocking.

Lessons From The Vice Squad

I've never held a grudge against anyone with a fancy Master's degree in business. I've never *trusted* them, and gotten a few fired. But I've never held a grudge.

I just can't understand what sort of moron would look around and decide that, yeah, that's the ticket: *Academia* must be the place to go learn how to make a fortune in bidniz.

Listen: If you're a surgeon about to cut me open, then I want you to have a dozen years of schooling behind you at a good teaching hospital.

But if you're going to launch a marketing campaign to sell something, I'd have to take you out back and knock the MBA bullshit *out* of you before I'd feel safe having you make even the most harmless decision.

I love the scene in the comedy "*Back To School*" where Rodney Dangerfield (an experienced contractor trying to get a retro degree) shows up the professor in business class... by patiently explaining how the prof forgot to add in bribes, kick-backs, hidden salaries and pay-offs to the list of expenses needed to do any job in New York. The prof, of course, is outraged over such uncouth "real world" suggestions to his nice, clean Ivory Tower paradigm.

Wrong, but outraged.

That's why I've always maintained that a semi-illiterate street hustler (with some real salesman's blood in him) could become a hot copywriter much easier and faster than a fancy MBA with four years of Harvard on his resume. People generally smile indulgently at me when I say this... but now I've got *proof*.

In the July 25, 2002 issue of *The New Yorker* (my favorite magazine), there's a great article titled "The Talent Myth", by one of best investigative journalists now writing, Malcolm Gladwell. And he finally -- *finally* -- got to the bottom of all these gruesome corporate financial scandals that have rocked the nation.

The culprit: *Unquestioning acceptance in the business world of the "superiority" of high IQ guys with MBAs.* These yahoos were rushed into positions of absolute authority right out of

school... and felt *entitled* to rob investors, cook the books, and ignore even the faintest ethical twinge that may have rippled through their cold hearts. They screwed things up without regard to consequence in stupid ways no self-respecting street-wise salesman would even consider.

Personally, I hope they all do serious jail time. And no matter how high up the crookedness goes, I want to see 'em all fry. The terrorist acts of 9/11 shook our economy... but these corporate jerk-offs at Enron and WorldCom and Tyco *guttled* it.

You probably wouldn't want a garden variety street hustler to know your ATM PIN number... but then, if he does rob you and gets caught, he's off to the pokey. Your local CEO scum knew how to access your *entire pension fund*... and feels misunderstood because everyone's angry he spent it all. Wanna bet if he'll do any time at all outside of a cozy Club Fed vacation? Greedy idiot.

So, okay, fine. What's the lesson for the rest of us here? There are two, actually:

(1) **Never underestimate the greed -- or the need -- of the other guy.** Not your partner, your brother-in-law, your accountant... nor the guy who swore on his mother's grave to protect your investments. You don't have to live in a paranoid sweat... but don't walk around thinking bad things can never happen to you. If you lost money in any of the recent corporate scandals, you can console yourself with the fact the moolah went to a good cause -- mansions, mistresses and Armani for aristocratic con-men with MBAs from the finest schools in the world.

(2) **Therefore... never overestimate the "superiority" of someone with fancy credentials.** This applies to people you work with... and it applies to YOU, in your ads. Your reader is seldom impressed with anyone who brags about their education. Yet, she desperately needs to be convinced she can *trust* you. Your credibility requires a salesman's touch, not arrogance.

That's why you use *believable* testimonials, and why it's so important that you get *simpatico* with your audience. Talk like they talk, walk like they walk. Think of that college prof spouting

theory, and Rodney D. in the back row calling him on his bullshit and rattling off the truth.

Who would you want to do business with?

Next month: What great salesmen know about the mysterious power that *secrets* hold over people... both the secrets of the product they're considering, and the dirty little secrets hidden deep in their *own* tortured souls.

Salesmanship 101

And now, just to confuse the heck out of everyone, I want to show you how doing the right thing... is often the *wrong* thing to do in business.

Here's the common wisdom: To really help someone, don't give them a fish -- which would only feed them for a day -- but rather *teach them how to fish*. Which would allow them to eat every day.

And here's what's wrong with the common wisdom: In business, you can often charge a *hundred times more* by giving your customer a fish, rather than teaching him how to fish.

Hey, you don't have to *like* what works in business. But if you want logic and nice clean theory, get thee to business school.

Here's the scenario: Let's say you sell real estate. You've done it for years, you're really, really good at it, and you're ready to share with other people how to do it right. How to gauge the psychology of customers, how to write compelling ads, how to conduct yourself during a hot sales pitch.

And that's a fine ambition. Plenty of people will sign up and pay you to learn these secrets and do the hard work of learning the craft. However... there are plenty *more* people eager to pay you even *more* money... **to have you do everything FOR them.**

Give them the exact ad they need to run, and tell them when and where to run it. Give them a simple psychological "cheat sheet" profile card for each of the six types of people they will deal with... telling them exactly what to say, and when to say it. And give them a sales pitch they can learn by rote, word for word.

In short... take away all the "x" factors, and allow them to conduct their professional lives

entirely on cruise control. To heck with "learning" the craft, and struggling with all that weird psychology crap and really hard salesmanship. It's the Club Med version of reality: "Just prearrange it for me, so all I have to do is show up. Yeah. *I'll pay extra for that.*"

It's why I make better money writing actual ads for clients... than I do offering the much more valuable information on *how to write ads yourself*. It's whacked, but that's how the world works.

Remember this. It's why the masses prefer the hand-holding kindergarten-level Web access of AOL, over the slightly more complex but infinitely more *useable* option of becoming your own server. (Who am I to complain? I use AOL.)

Don't get caught up in the idea that you can evangelize the world by teaching everyone how to "do it themselves". That works for some people... but they'll pay much more just to have you do it *for* them.

Point-and-shoot will forever outsell "learn to figure it out".

Next month: How to instantly increase your "niche knowledge" about people in your target market... *so you actually know them better than they know themselves.*

How-To Department

There's a rather embarrassing little secret shared by all top copywriters. We don't like to let outsiders in on it, because it takes a little effort to understand the ramifications. And God knows, we're misunderstood enough as it is.

Nevertheless, it's a secret that explains why so many otherwise good copywriters... can't seem to write an ad that *sells*.

I'm running out of space here, so I won't tease you anymore. **Here is the secret:** A poorly-written ad sent to the right list will do better than a brilliantly-written ad sent to the wrong list.

Seems simple, right? Don't try to sell ice to Eskimos, but do offer ice water in a desert.

Well, it's more complex than that. Because... sometimes your really hot, proven list... is the *wrong* list for exactly what you're selling. And no amount of brilliant copy will make it work.

Look. I guesstimate I've written close to 90 sales letters to the golf market. And, while most of them have gone gangbusters... other letters, selling similar products, have *failed miserably*. And it's not because the market was suddenly tired of golf -- because often the *next* letter mailed to that same list will again be a home run.

So what's going on? Same copywriter, working the same magic, with similar products. What gives? Well, I'll tell you what gives. The rest of that embarrassing little secret.

The formula for truly effective advertising that most savvy marketers use goes something like this: Your choice of *lists* accounts for approximately 50% of the success of your mailing... the way you frame your *offer* accounts for another 30%... and the *copy* (no matter how brilliant it is) is responsible for just 20% of the success.

This doesn't mean copy isn't important. (Copy is like the UN Security Council, with total veto power over everything. Markets will often overlook poorly-written copy if it covers all the fundamentals... but they *always* ignore dumb copy that lacks basic salesmanship.) What this does mean is that the best copywriters always *insist* on having major input when the *offer* is crafted... because, together, copy and the offer is responsible for half the success of the project. A writer usually doesn't choose the list, but if you hire someone like me, I'll also want to know what lists you're planning to mail to. Or what publications you plan on running in.

Because I don't want to waste my time penning world-class copy trying to sell Oprah magazine to cross-country truck drivers. And I don't want to waste my energies over an idiotic offer. Say, trying to convince women to buy a year's subscription to Oprah for \$500. (Don't ask why I'm picking on Oprah today. I accidentally read an issue at my girlfriend's house last month, and it frightened me.)

My point here is: **You can't just focus on the words in your ad.** The other elements of a successful campaign are so important, that top copywriters are essentially walking encyclopedias

of marketing wisdom. The real brilliance is embedded *behind* the well-chosen words.

Those golf ads that bombed were just as well written as the winners. But something was haywire with the offer or the list. I always insist that great salesmanship has no regard for price (and, with enough copy and enough added value, you can justify almost *any* price for *any* product).

Nevertheless... there are times when your prospect may absolutely agree that your product is a great thing, and priced just right... but he still *doesn't want it*. Could be the wrong season, or maybe you forgot that you recently sold him something similar, and he doesn't need another one just yet. Or maybe you mailed too close to a holiday, and he's not in a decision-making mood.

Or maybe the list was simply momentarily *exhausted*. Even lists of rabid fans has a limit to the number of pitches it will tolerate in any given time-frame.

Good rule of thumb: Don't mail sooner than 3 weeks apart. Waiting longer won't necessarily make the list any more responsive, but mailing too often can bleed it dry in a hurry.

All of this explains why I use the handle "marketing rebel", instead of "copywriting rebel". Because it's the *marketing* that allows all that stunning copy to work its magic. Otherwise, you may as well try selling ice at the North Pole.

Next month: How to harness the stunning attention-grabbing power of cheap, silly grabbers.
Ship of Fools Department

Are you a fan of self-help material? I am... but I have little patience with most of the material out there. Too much "rah rah" pep talking, not enough action plans that work.

One book I recommend is "**Constructive Living**". Everyone I've persuaded to read this book has made a point to thank me later. I consider the useable strategies a major advantage in understanding life and business.

But there's one tip in the book that has stayed more vivid in my head longer than anything else. I like it because it's simple and easy to remember. And, it *works*.

Here it is: Whenever you feel you've gotten off-track, or whenever you feel so overwhelmed you aren't sure what crisis to attend to first... just ask yourself: "What is the most sensible, practical and logical thing I can do right now?"

Then *do* it.

I realize I've been telling you, over and over, *not* to trust logic in the marketplace. This is different. Inside your head, where conflicting thoughts and urges and fears and voices are teeming... logic is *exactly* what you need.

You can't do fifteen things at once. Heck, most of us can't even do *two* things at once. (I recently stumbled on a curb while chewing gum. The irony was not lost on me.)

But you can do ONE thing, right now. It might be phoning up the printer and soothing his jitters, or it might be getting a good night's sleep before the big day. Or, it might be slamming a pot of coffee and *skipping* the night's sleep in order to meet that morning deadline. And calling the printer to tell him to go rot, because you've found somebody else who's less crazy.

The point is, there is ALWAYS at least one sensible thing you can do, *right now*, that will have a *direct effect on your situation*. There's a Zen joke about falling off a cliff. Most Americans believe you have forfeited all free choice when you're plummeting 600 feet to the ground. Not so. You can choose to fight and scream and pray and panic. Or you can choose to pretend you're *flying* for a few seconds. ("Hey, Ma, look at m..." *Splat!*) Or... you can wiggle into an aerodynamic position and try to angle your way into a haystack. The thing is, you *have* a choice, no matter how dire things seem.

Now, I'm gonna go out on a limb here, and assume you're not falling off a cliff while you're reading this. But, because most of my subscribers are business people, I can just as easily assume you've got some vicious pressure on your shoulders at this very moment. Problems, emergencies, trouble and headaches. So... what's the most sensible, practical and logical thing you can do *right now* to begin getting this pressure solved?

All right. *Do* that.

And if it happens to involve poison or gunplay, I don't wanna hear about it.

Next month: The simple "laundry list" intervention technique that can immediately relieve that sense of being totally overwhelmed by things that need to be done.

Coaches Corner

My dictionary defines the **law of diminishing returns** as "a rate of yield that, beyond a certain point, fails to increase in proportion to additional investments of labor or capital."

That's a nice, fancy way of explaining why the *top* of the success ladder is crowded with some of the *laziest* bums you'll ever meet. And why about midway down that ladder is a massive tangle of all the guys who are *too busy working to make any real money*. (The biggest crowd, of course, is at the bottom, but that's another story.)

I've noticed two things about workaholics: They work too damn hard, and they totally miss the Big Picture. Like hamsters so caught up in making that wheel spin faster and faster... that they never notice *the cage door is open* and the food bin is just a hop away.

Sometimes, working really, really hard is just a cop-out. It's a way of avoiding reality, a way of self-medicating so you don't have to face the unpleasantness of your situation. And what is that situation? Often, it is this: No matter how hard you slave at your job you will (a) *never* get it all done and (b) *never* be rewarded proportionately.

If you're working yourself to death for someone else, I can only ask you "Why?" The corporate masters are notorious for working people to exhaustion... and then firing them before any pension can kick in. (Many large companies even take out "dead peon" life insurance policies on their employees -- without the employee's knowledge. They die, the biz collects. Call in the next peon. That's how highly they think of you.)

Just as bad, however, is nailing your soul to the desk while working for yourself. Someone very wise once defined genius as not simply high brain wattage... but the knack of discovering *what works best for you*, and then doing that.

Hey -- you may thoroughly enjoy putting in brutal 18-hour days at the office. But I doubt it's "working" for you. I've known a number of workaholics in my time, and you can almost *smell* their brains burning out from across the room.

I've also known a number of very, *very* successful people. And yes, some of them chronically log the long hours. But just as many discovered it was *just as easy to spend half your time goofing off... while earning the same amount of money (or more)*.

This is actually pretty easy to explain. How many hours of the average workday, in an office, is actually spent getting anything done? For most people, it's *maybe* two hours. The other six (or more) are essentially wasted in useless meetings, hanging on hold waiting to talk to someone, gossiping, flirting and staring out the window. Add all the time it took to get dressed, commute to and from, and get ready for the next go-round... and you've shot an entire day. For *two hours* of productive work. Whether you're working for The Man, or for yourself.

That's why so many of the really successful guys I know work at home. No commute. You can work in your pajamas. Get your two hours of productivity in before noon. And *double* that after lunch, if you're so inclined... and still get in a round of golf before six o'clock. So right there, laziness pays off in consolidating productive time.

But another big secret is actually a dirty word to workaholics: **Delegate**. Divide all your duties up into "A" (important and requiring skill), "B" (important but not requiring special skills), and "C" (unimportant things that can be put on the backburner without consequence) categories. Then *toss* all the "C" stuff, assign all the "Bs" to your assistant... and then *rethink* all the "A" duties, to make sure no "Bs" snuck in there. Then hire someone with the skills to handle all the "A" stuff that *doesn't specifically require your undivided attention*.

Get your act down to the *core* of Operation Moneysuck -- doing *only* those essential things that bring in the cashflow. Now, combine this tactic with the knowledge that -- often -- most

projects get worked to death *before* they get a chance to work. I discovered long ago that after I had written a sales pitch that was "good enough"... meaning, good enough to garner a large, impressive result... all further tinkering I did with the copy was pretty much a *waste of time*.

I have, in the past, worked on a piece so long that the copy actually sparkled. Each verb glistened like a perfect jewel, each phrase flowed like fine wine, and the bullets were superb examples of wit and cunning.

And yet... the actual *sales worthiness* of the ad was *not* enhanced by this endless editing. In fact, I'm sure I have occasionally taken damn good copy and "perfected" it into a *losing* sales piece. Some of the best-pulling and longest-running ads I've ever done... were written *as fast as I could type*, with such minimal editing that embarrassing misspellings and unintended grammatical errors slipped through.

Almost sounds like I'm telling you to be sloppy, doesn't it? Well, if you're a workaholic, I am. A very successful, hard-working and hard-worrying businessman -- stumped at how to push through a stubborn plateau in profits -- recently paid for an hour of my time. And my advice to him was just that: *Get a little sloppier with your work*. Lighten up, and stop trying to control every little thing in your company.

In other words... relax, take a deep breath, and spend some time examining where the *real* money is in your business. Then get after it, even if you're moving a little faster than it takes to make everything perfect. (Thus, learning to tolerate a little sloppiness in exchange for effective *action*.)

Stop wasting valuable hours thinking that hard work is the answer. It's not. The answer is *smart* working. You gotta learn to embrace your inner lazy ass.

Next month: More good stuff than you deserve.

Subscription info: \$199 a year. Send check to John Carlton, 316 California Ave. #114, Reno, NV 89509... or fax your name, mailing address, credit card number, expiration date and signature (including billing address, if different) to 1-775-562-2655.

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