

The original documents are located in Box 46, folder “Trahey, Jane - Jane Trahey on Women and Power (1)” of the Betty Ford White House Papers, 1973-1977 at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

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JANE TRAHEY ON WOMEN
AND POWER

Who's got it? How to get it?



To Mary Griffin



Who is Jane Trahey and why is she writing
this book?



My name is Jane Trahey. A lot of my mail comes to Jane Traley, Trakey, Tahney, Trabey, Tracey, Tradey and occasionally to Jane Teehee. I have spent the better part of my life working - mostly selling things. I sell by using words. Sometimes pictures. The best sales pitch I've ever seen in my life was Jimmy Carter's pitch for the presidency. The worst sales job I ever saw came from a match book salesman. He was trying to sell me individualized match book covers for client gifts. To convince me that it was a most thoughtful and creative gift, he sent me an even thousand made especially for me. The name on the cover was James Thaney.

For the past year people have been asking me what I'm working on besides ads. I have told them I was writing a book about women and power. Some people moaned and said "Oh, God, not another book about the women's movement." I assured them that it was not. The philosophers of ERA and EOC and NOW have said it all clearly and well. "It's about women and power." Smarter people caught on and answered correctly. "Do women have any power?" And that, of course, is the question. The answer is "Not many." Can women get power? The answer is "Yes, if they know how to get it and if they really want it."

I don't think there's any point in hashing over the sociological, economic, psychological reasons why women don't



have more power in the world than they do. We've been told a hundred times what's keeping us down. What we need are ways to change the situation.

When I was nine years old, my Mama made it ever so clear to me that I was most certainly going to have to hack out my own living. As she put it, "the sooner you get that through your head, the better."

I made up my mind right then and there that if I had to work I was going to do what I wanted to do. A goal that ^{definite} isn't easy to accomplish let me tell you. But I will say this. It was a gas most of the time.

At fifteen, I started hacking out my prestigious career by rubber-banding ladders on to Tootsie Toy fire engines.

I worked every Christmas From sixteen on, in some one of Chicago's department stores that ranged from the posh to the pits.

During my four years of college I checked in daily at a public library for five hours work each evening. After graduation, I answered phones at Carson Pirie Scott & Co., filed clippings at the Chicago Tribune, measured ads at the Daily News, and wrote copy at Neiman-Marcus.

It was there that I began to see what power was all about and even how to get some. Before I left Texas and

Neiman Marcus, I had managed to get from a Copy Chief title to Sales Promotion Director. Then I hit the "Big Apple." There I worked for a huge/intimate apparel manufacturing company which was the antithesis of Neiman's. I called it an exercise in adjusting from class to mass.

With all my business gyrations, I never had time to realize that women had one tough time making it in the man's world. I thought that this was the way it was. One simply had to learn to beat the rap.

So while I pushed my fingers through nylon tricot undies and finger free gloves, I pushed my way into running a house advertising agency. I was so green I didn't even know house agencies in-land were taboo.

After I got my house shop set up and running in the company I started to add up the dollars I was making for the corporation. It didn't take me long to figure out that if I could make it for them I could make it for myself.

I knew without looking at figures that I didn't have enough money of my own to swing starting an advertising agency. I went right out and talked to Philip



Sills. I had met him through ^{my friend} Bonnie Cashin, ~~my friend~~ who designed for his company. He is a most successful manufacturer of fine leather fashions. He agreed to become my "very silent partner."

It didn't take a super IQ for me to figure out what clients I had -how much they would spend, what I would have to pay for rent, power, phones, carpets, equipment, and staff.

At the end of my first year in business, I had made enough money to buy my silent Sills out. He doubled his investment and remained one of my mentors and very best friends in the world.

Along with a group of other bright souls, and a couple of working partners acquired through the next few years, I built Trahey Advertising into a ten million dollar business. And then one day I sat down and sharpened my Bic pen. I now had about thirty employees. I wasn't making any more money than I had when the business did three million dollars worth of billings. And I certainly didn't laugh as much. I decided to buy all existing partners out and go back to what I enjoyed.

During the years that I ran the agency we won just about every kind of award an agency can win. I think we always did good work, sometimes spectacular work. I've



worked for clients that ranged from the brilliant Ralph Ablon of Ogden Corporation to the maddening Elizabeth Arden to a couple of publishers I thought needed to be pointed in the direction of Grand Central or they'd never find their way home.

I've done campaigns for book clubs, watch companies, fine jewelers, mink growers, specialty stores and department stores, package good companies, television distributors, cosmetic operations, office equipment firms, perfumers, fashion designers, pet food makers, cereal makers, and eyeglass framers. I could have had a laxative account if I hadn't laughed so hard when they used the words "voided", "clysters", "vacuated," and "purged."

I've worked for enough personalities to make a booking agent envious. Trigere, Bonnie Cashin, Adele Simpson, Florence Eisemen, Geoffrey Beene, Calvin Klein, Maxey Jarman, Nancy White, the Maysles Brothers, Ely Landau, Stanley Marcus, Ralph Ablon, Bill Blass, Betsy Blackwell, Elizabeth Arden -that's just part of the list.

If I have a message for women who want power, it's this: achieving power (especially when you start with nothing but your mother's warning that you are destined



to be a great failure) is a combination of timing, luck, and hard work. Plus one other ingredient women overlook a lot, ~~That's~~ wanting power.

I wanted to retire at twenty-five. I didn't make it. But that's about all I've wanted I have ~~not~~ managed to get. Except for one thing. I always felt that I would honestly know that I had made it -really made it- if Ada, the A & P checkout lady recognized me. Once I was on the Tonight Show and the Today Show in the same week. I was sure that Ada would finally know who I was. She never even guessed. But then the local paper, The Ridgefield Press, ran a story on me. And that day at the checkout counter Ada stared at me for a second. That's all it took. "You know," she said, "you look a lot like a lady I saw on TV." I was thrilled.

"Yah, you look just like Phyllis Dillard."

Nothing that's worth having is easy to achieve. There were a lot of days when I was putting this book down on Corrasable paper that I erased more material than I left in. There wasn't a wealth of source material I could steal from. Reading the feminist philosophers



made me sad and made me mad. Why keep telling me I have acne? Tell me how to clear it up. My source material boiled down to the ploys I had used in my own life to get what power I wanted and needed plus the ploys of powerful women I had worked with.

What I have set out to do is not to tell you the fast and easy path to achieving money and power. There is no such path for either men or women. I honestly don't know how to tell you to waltz into your boss's office and come out with his job. But I can tell you how to study your boss, how to conduct an interview with him that may trigger more money for you. I can tell you the smart way to get a promotion and the dumb way to miss out on one. I will tell you how to get a new job if you want one and how to get gracefully fired from the old one. I can tell you how to get a mentor and how to get rid of him. But the most important thing I can do for you is to show you what real power is and what it isn't.

Once I had the ill fortune to hire a Japanese guide to haul me around Hokaido. His name was Mr. Sugata. He was sweet, persistent, and the epitome of good manners.

The first morning he arrived at my door four hours



before I had planned to get up. It was just past seven when he knocked. I rolled over on my tatami (which is not part of my anatomy). There he stood, scrubbed by sandstone into a polished beauty.

"We go now to see Lake Toya, botanical gardens, university, museum." It was an awesome thought.



"Couldn't we start a little later?"

"No, too much to do. Hurry." He left.

I got some tea and finally staggered out to the car.

Mr. Sugata was not pleased with my performance at all. In the car he remained silent as a buddha. To break the monotony of our drive, I pointed to a new building construction. It looked like it was going to be a big something as it occupied almost an entire downtown block.

"What's that going to be, Mr. Sugata?" I asked pleasantly, trying to get him to forget for a moment his imaginary but pressing time-table.

Mr. Sugata studied the bristles in the car rug.

"See, over there, that great big thing. What are they building?"

I should have guessed he didn't have a clue and let it go, but it was much too late now. Mr. Sugata stared unhappily out the window.

By the time we had passed the structure, Mr. Sugata had regained his composure. He smiled the smile of a face saver.

"Ah," he said happily. "THAT is NOT a bank."

What could I say? Mr. Sugata had expressed the very essence of Oriental wisdom. It was indeed an answer. He didn't know exactly what the building was. But he did know what it was not.

I'm going to use the Sugata technique throughout this book. I may not be able to spell out each and every strategy that will help you get power. I won't be able to tell you what these steps are. But I sure as hell can tell you what they are not.

Sayonara.



THE BIRD IN THE GILDED CAGE

A desolate sight to see!

Women workers have always been physically caged - penned up in the back rooms of offices, perched firmly in front of old and seedy equipment, chained to desk and typewriter. And, some fifteen years ago, women began to catch on to the sad fact that they were caged psychologically as well. Whether locked into a house in the suburbs with a play pen in the living room or shackled to ~~IBM~~^{IBM} in an office, women began to see themselves as unfree because they were without power. It took the women's movement to bring them to full consciousness. It took the feminists of the 60's and 70's to actually win some freeing legislation. As such prestigious companies as Ma Bell and the New York Times were slapped with discrimination suits, corporation officials threw up their hands in mock Freudian despair: What in the world did women want?

Equality, first: equal pay for equal work, equal job options and opportunities. They want the ERA. They formed NOW to get their rights. But little by little as the battle was waged, the real issue emerged: women want power. They not only want a chance at a well paid job, they want a chance at a powerful job. They want no more road blocks, no more obstacles thrown in their way than the average man has to surmount in his climb upwards.

In a stealthy effort to put away NOW and ERA, corporations have developed a way to lull a woman into thinking that she is winning the war. She wants to be upwardly mobile? Okay. Give her a title. Faster than she can slip in a new cartridge ribbon, Annie, the



president's secretary (his little ole right arm) becomes his "administrative assistant." She gets a new red alligator IBM with a special type font. Fresh flowers appear on her desk. Her salary is upped a notch. But, despite it all, her responsibilities haven't changed one iota. She still answers to the same boss, and she hasn't gained one scrap of power. In all her gorgeous plumage, with her brand new title (which wins the company's PR attention) she remains "scriba in toto." The corporation has simply gilded the cage and kept her as powerless as ever.

The worst of it is, this is a ploy that works. I'm told that one woman actually preferred a new status type IBM to a raise: it gave her such prestige in her company. I suppose it is aesthetically rewarding to have a good looking couch in your office and a conference table all your own. And, as we'll talk about later, these all can be important. They're a real cut above an old Underwood, inside airless offices, antique plumbing. But decor and titles are only a ruse to make women think there has been that "seismic shift" in corporation thinking that magazines like Business Week and Newsweek keep writing about.

In article after article we read that women at long last are moving into the mainstream of corporate management. The truth of the matter is that women are really moving faster only at the blue collar and clerical levels where bias is a lot easier to prove. The battle for real power in business has yet to come..

Today's corporations are much too savvy not to know what's going on at the female front. They've been studying women for years. To cope with aggressive women who are at long last demanding their just due, they have designed and set up an in-

tricate series of office mazes. To work her way through the average power labyrinth, a woman needs a set of super strategies. And these a young girl is not apt to learn at daddy's knee.

When a corporation woman gets a change of title and is moved into what appears to be a power job, she had better take a second look. (For the job is usually slightly out of the main stream.) Management touts her, decorates her, aggrandizes her and propagandizes her. But what they have thrown her is the classic sop to Cerberus - a title to keep her down.

Wittingly or unwittingly, media become accomplices to management which is dishing out non-power titles. Stories about "firsts" make good copy. "First Woman Appointed to V.P. Trusts at First National." What a nice story it will make.

With the help of a Chicago Tribune article on "The Power Women in Chicago," I culled a list of newly-minted titles I like to throw around. Whenever I come across one, I try to ask management just what the title specifies and who the title holder answers to. What I get is a lot of long pauses! See how you fare in this power quiz. Rate on a scale of one to ten.

	Power
Vice Pres. Communications	_____
Vice Pres. Trusts	_____
Vice Pres. Retail Services	_____
Vice Pres. Product Marketing	_____
Vice Pres. Consumer Affairs	_____
Vice Pres. Affirmative Action	_____
Vice Pres. Community Relations	_____
Vice Pres. Human Resources	_____
Vice Pres. Asst. Corp. Secretary	_____

What power each of these titles rates is anyone's guess but mine. I know. So do the fellahs.



One of the most outrageous male ploys of the century was devised by a cigarette company ^{which} a lot of women support. It involved a slogan, not a title, but the effect was identical. Women fell hook, line and smoker for the phrase, "You've come a long way, ~~baby!~~" They never even stopped to wonder why the company that propagates this myth doesn't have a woman within puffing distance at the executive level. Privately I call this company Virginia Slums: they know so well how to keep a woman in the ghetto. By pounding away at their clever concept that women are really making it, they divert us from the fact that women aren't making it even in Virginia Slim Country. Telling us how wonderful it is ~~now~~ that we can ^{now} smoke on Fifth Avenue instead of behind a basement furnace tricks us into thinking we are right up with the power boys.

What women must do right at the beginning of their careers is to come to grips with precisely what power is. Power is prominence. Power has the capability of activating and producing an effect. Power is a position of ascendance with the ability to compel compliance. Power is influence. Power is big money. Power is self determination. When we look at "women power," what precisely do we see? In one way or another, we usually have to modify these dictionary definitions. What women mean by power is not what men mean by power. Certainly what men ascribe to themselves in the name of power is quite different from what they ascribe to women. In this respect, baby, we've still got a hell of a way to go!



Thing Power vs. People Power

A female lawyer in a large firm was recently made a vice president. With much fuss and much press she was given a handsome office on the main aisle of the executive suite in full view of any client who dropped by for a conference. But she still handles the marital cases (with the minimal fees) and she still goes to children's court (with super minimal fees). She knows that she is never going to get a crack at Penn Central or a Boeing account. She doesn't even know where the big fees live in her own office.

Another executive bird in a food company gets her v.p. star and finds out that she still handles "things", not people. Power comes with handling money and people and controlling them both. Most women - even those listed in Fortune's top hundred companies - handle "things." They work on budgets but don't set them, they work on schedules, research, surveys, data processing, analysis, figures, public relations, records - papers, papers, papers. Certainly these jobs are valuable. But almost without exception women performing these functions answer to a sr. v.p. (who is male and who makes the decisions). The only time "things" become important is when people have to come to you to get them: offices, equipment, cars, contracts.

A woman bank executive who had previously worked the political party circuit explained patronage (or people power) to me quite lucidly. "Until I forced the other party chairman to share the jobs-to-give-away, I was no one. The day I had sixty park jobs to dispose of, my clout power went up 1,000%".



The Girls of the Golden West

Recently, I read an article by Kathleen Neumeyer in Los Angeles ~~magazine~~ magazine. It was titled "Los Angeles' Top 65 Women - What They're Making. Where They're Going."

It is one of the most devastating articles on where women really are that I ^{have} ~~had~~ read in a long time. I couldn't figure out whether it should go into a time capsule or had come out of one.

Among the sixty-five women included were a Justice of the ^{Ninth} ~~9th~~ District, a Justice of the State Court of Appeals, a Municipal Court Judge, a number of women working as deputies in the Attorney General's office in Los Angeles. There are two female deans of law schools. There's Congresswoman Yvonne Brathwaite Burke (who has all the publicity sock of a ~~black~~ nun). There are two female county supervisors and a Mexican-American woman who is the first woman to hold the post of ~~Deputy~~ Mayor. Ms. Neumeyer lists additional women in and out of the legislature (about seven) who she says are "well-informed, progressive and involved in environmental issues." After that, you slip into the arts with three ~~vps~~ ^{vps} of movie studios, two in charge of developing properties (things) and one in charge of developing real estate (thing).

With some naïveté, Ms. Neumeyer says that in the advertising business LA is known as a "woman's town" because there are so many women working as media specialists in advertising agencies. If this is what makes LA super city for advertising, move most unpowerful job in an agency (other than clerk, biller, and



secretary) is that of a media ^{diver} ~~woman~~. The client tells you what media he likes, what media his wife likes, what his children like, what his salesmen like. The computer tells you what to buy. If the agency is too small to afford its own buying staff, a service will bring you a package. The account exec ^{Julie} pushes for his points, the creative people want the ad to run where it will be seen by their peers and win an award, and the agency president likes "Charlie's Angels." I could go on and on. The only power a media specialist has is to keep your product from being thrown off a popular show which has over-booked its time. She gets a lot of free lunches, liquor at Christmas, and tickets to sports events at Madison Square Garden. This is not where it is at, Ms. Neumeyer. In fact, chucking a female into media is an obvious ploy to dump a secretary a guy is tired of. It's a super way to keep a good girl down on the farm. "Media specialist" is a great "gilded cage" title.

The 65 Top Men in LA?

For a second, try to visualize this same article if the reporter had tracked down the sixty five most powerful men in LA. Certainly they wouldn't be writing copy for Max Factor. Certainly they wouldn't be deputies in the Attorney General's office. I'm not even sure the Attorney General would qualify. And we know it wouldn't be a media specialist. For any knowledgeable man or woman, these kinds of jobs no more represent power than your local real estate lady represents land holdings for the Gettys.

To cap the whole story, one Los Angeles Times staffer,



privy to the selection of that newspaper's annual "Women of the Year" awards, admitted that the time-worn tradition just may be worn out.

If women have been given every opportunity to make it in this world, and we have come such a long, long way, baby, isn't it odd that we have already run out of outstanding women?

Daddy Warbucks and Mommy Sawbucks

What interested me most about the Los Angeles list of powerful women were their salaries (when listed). First off, I eliminated the pop singers, the tennis pros, and the women who owned their own businesses. They accounted for only 10% anyway. What average income did I come up with for the women acquiring or having all this power? An average of \$34,000. And, Ms. Neumeier adds admiringly, "Women like this are one of a kind."

Ironically, in that very same magazine and that very same issue, there was an article describing power offices and who owned them. The author called these big corner aeries "The Power Offices." And they were so good ^{that} the men (and they were all men) who sit in them didn't even come in for the picture.

One office belongs to Freddie Silverman of ABC. According to the latest report, Mr. Silverman's salary was \$250,000 plus a year. He doesn't play around with "things" ⁱⁿ. He's the guy who can determine whether Reasoner goes or Walters stays. He can shake his head and a ten million dollar deal goes into action. He can say, "Forget it" and, baby, you better slink right out.



Another office belongs to Jules Stein of MCA, the "talent packager" - another to the president of Atlantic Richfield - another to the board chairman of Beneficial Standard Insurance - another to the board chairman of Golden West Broadcasters. If you tot up these salaries, you come out with about three million bucks. That means that the power men in LA take home fifteen times as much as the power women. But pay, schmay, it's not only salary these men get, it's all the goodies on the side. Power people often have free houses on both coasts and sheltered tax dollars. The ex-publisher of New York magazine was in the process of getting his West Coast house and pool paid for when his deal fell through. How many women do you know in corporations who have these kinds of privileges? How many women do you know who make \$250,000 plus? How many women do you know who have corner power offices?

How to Beat the Crap Game

A couple of months ago I heard about a super crap shoot on a mid-west newspaper. The editor of the Women's Fashion and Life Style section was retiring. No one made a move to appoint her successor, although everyone assumed it would be Gertie, the editor's assistant of seven years. When it came time to send a reporter to Paris and Milan to cover the collections, the big boys called in



Gertie and told her that they were willing to let her have a crack at the assignment. Did she think she could do it? Whammo. What super positioning.

Of course, she could cover the collections. She had written just about every kind of fashion story that exists in her seven years. It was exactly what they wanted her to say. They all leaned back and looked skeptical. They weren't, they said, all that sure that she could pull it off in Europe. "Chicago's one thing," said a brilliant delegator of work, "but Paris, that's big time, Gertie."

By now she was completely off the track. She lost sight of the fact that she was being asked to do the top job without a title. The guys had positioned her so that she couldn't ask for the title till she had proved her mettle.

She angled for a few more days to get the lay of the land. After all, it was her first trip. This got a big laugh from the guys. "Lay of the land, Gertie. Now you know that the paper can't pay for that kind of life. Ha. Ha."

Embar^rassed by her flub and resentful, she tried to make them see reason, but big brother would have no more of it.

"Look, Gertie, old girl, this is it. Take it or leave it. We're willing to take a chance on you. If you don't think you can hack it, then say so, and we'll get someone else."

Naturally, this made Gertie want to kill - a super way to blow your job. She swallowed her pride and took the assignment on their terms.

What went wrong? She had known for a year that the editor was retiring. She knew the paper had a tradition of covering the



collections. Someone had to go. A quick glance around the fashion office would have told her she was that someone. She should have psyched the whole thing out and beat them to the punch with a snappy memo pointing out that the collections were scheduled for such and such a date and giving her recommendations on how to handle the situation. She should have gotten a run-down from other newspaper editors on how much time they were allowed and how much money per diem. She knew the retiring editor well and had heard her horror tales about hiring a car out of her own bucks simply to get around Paris in a minimum amount of time with a minimum amount of trauma. If ten other papers paid more, she had a good case. If the competition paid more, she had a case. As it was her first trip, she had a case. But she hadn't thought her flight plan through.

A guy would have approached it through the club. A lunch with the departing editor and the publisher would have been arranged. Her predecessor would have put in a bid for more money on the basis of cost of living. He would have nicely suggested more time for a new guy. It would have been all neatly ironed out. This would have allowed the younger man to suggest that if he was going to take on more responsibility, he ought to get a title to go with it and maybe some bucks. He'd have a whole different approach.

The end of Gertie's story goes like this. She has no title. She will have to prove she ought to have one. She will get no more money until such proof is evident. And she is using both her weekends to travel to the continent to be there on time for the collections.



Flight Plans

It seems to me that men wing it beautifully to the lofty aeries of the business world. They soar like real Johnathan Logan Seagulls. But when the cage is open, where do the little wrens go? Why can't women get up enough speed to leave the ground floor? When they have a chance to escape the cage, why do they circle the room, flapping their wings madly and bumping into the walls? It's because women really have no flight plan. They don't even know what one is. They seem to operate on the theory that surely to God Prince Butoni will spring them and take them to a beautiful rain forest. Only now are women beginning to realize that Butoni may leave them right in the middle of the rain forest within months of their marriage flight. ~~Now~~ Women are ^{now} aware that they might be in the job market for their entire lives. They don't want to be powerless forever. For those women who have bought the social myth that it's essentially a "man's world" the business world is really a cold cruel place.

I once had a very bright assistant. Barbara started by answering my phone. Within months she was my secretary. Then she hired her own secretary and became my assistant. She was good looking, tactful, intelligent and had-oh joy of joy- a sense of humor. She was married. I didn't dig for facts. One day we got a big new chunk of business and we needed a jr. account executive. Barbara knew all the people on the account as we had other business with this company. I offered her the job. She was stunned. She had never visualized herself doing anything but what she was doing.

As a result of my shoving her out of her nest and making her think, she became terrified. She left. She felt she had disappointed me in not taking the job. She knew that everyone in the office would think she was crazy for not taking it and that made her feel doubly stupid.

Had she used her brain, she would have come up with several alternatives
~~she had several alternatives if she had used her brain~~

She could have gone to any one of five or six people in the office who like ^o her and would have helped her. She could have done most of my work in the mornings anyway and spent the afternoons on the new account work. She could have taken a couple of advertising ^{is} courses while she was sitting on her duff. The agency paid for any kind of education like this. But she had never thought about her life as a career. Her job was just a method of marking time. She bought the whole package: sooner or later she would have children and then she should stay home. Later on I finally found out the truth. She would have been earning more than her husband was ~~then~~ earning. She couldn't see that kind of change in her relationship with him. She felt that it might upset him. Somewhere back in her brain society had planted the seed that says, "Man is breadwinner." Internalizing social myths, as Elizabeth Janeway has so intriguingly shown, is one of the female's greatest obstacles to her own personal growth.

On the other hand, ^a man hawks his career. He sits like an old eagle just waiting to see what new prey he can grab. He understands the system. He will relocate if he has to. He'll take a cut in pay if he thinks the job has future. What woman do you know who will take a cut in pay to grow? Of course,



not too many can afford to. But women should at least be sharp enough to analyze the situation and make a study of futures.

Recently a women's college went on a search for a president. They wanted a woman. They thought it would be good PR. The search firm sent in the troops. Of the five really good prospects, there wasn't one who would give up her present security. Nor did the one from out of the city want to relocate. It would be too much of a hassle with husband and children. Sympathetically, she said, "Oh, the kids are at that funny age - all their friends are in Cincinnati." And smiling ruefully, she added, "Besides, I don't think my husband would consider it. After all his job is there."

Turn those tables around. Would a male administrator or professor turn down a chance at a ^{presidency} ~~president's~~ job out of consideration for his wife's job and his children's school? You know that answer.

Name in the News - Watch it!

One of the biggest traps women fall into is set by the national and local press. If every time you pick up a paper you find a story about a woman who has moved into a slot that's new for women, you have to look at the context of the move with a damned cynical eye. A full dean was recently appointed at New York University. She was the first woman ever named to this position in the university's 145 year history. Her photo-a full column wide in the NY Times - was accompanied by all her credentials. You had to wonder if the ^{fourteen} ~~14~~ full male deans were appointed with such razzle-dazzle. I think this kind of



female exploitation is dangerous. Women must learn to treat it suspiciously. What good did the press this woman got really do? Of course, it's a boost to other young women to see that at last there is one full dean in this male bastion. But it is a ploy. Don't be lulled into thinking NYU is out to help women. No, I would say the best payoff for this dean's appointment went to the university. Their press release got them points and made them look extremely liberal and with it.

In my early days in the ad agency world, when there were only ~~two~~^{three} women who owned their own agencies (now there are ~~three~~^{nine}) I got more publicity than ^{did} Dr. Salk. ^{Even} I have to admit that I don't think my contribution to society was in the same league as his. It's just that when a woman is president of anything she's a rara avis. So she gets the over-kill publicity. There are over 7,000 ad agencies in our country, but it's rare that a person can name the president of the biggest shops. Try Foote Cone, Leo Burnett, Interpublic, Grey, J. Walter Thompson. Did you think of one? Yet ask what women run agencies and you'll hear Mary Wells Lawrence, Jane Trahey, Shirley Polykoff. Why? Because we all own our own shops. You wouldn't find any one of us beyond sr. v.p. creative directors if we didn't.

But women are so naive about being exploited by both the press and their own companies that they not only pose for the picture, at the PR man's convenience, they pay to have their hair done that day.

THOSE WHO SERVE

Then there is the board member gambit. Women are at long



last being invited to serve on a few of America's big company boards. If I have counted right, there are eighteen women directors in the top 50 companies. There are approximately 785 seats^{*}. According to a Women's Forum Bulletin dated April 14, 1977, 205 women hold seats on 228 boards of the top 1300 corporations. This actually means that women occupy 205 seats out of a possible 21,800. The average board consists of approximately 16 people. This is less than 1%. This is not power. And these companies are very cooney. They have a penchant for choosing well-publicized women and black women. (They get more points for the latter). Westinghouse grabbed themselves a former nun and Gulf has a working nun. This choice is another way to earn two points. Professors of economics, college presidents, bankers, lawyers, and any one of the few high officials in government are by far the favorite careers to choose if you should happen to want to serve on a board.

Having done my stint as a board member on a bank board, a couple of college boards, and my own company board, I am here to tell you that being the token female board member is a big crock.

Certainly women should serve on boards, but they ought to know how to serve on boards. The guys don't tell us. Decision making and power live with the executive committee. Runner up - auditing committee. If as a board member, you are not on one or the other of these committees, the most deciding you will have to do at the board meetings will be choosing your sandwich filling. Granted, having served on

a big board of a powerful company does perk up your credits, but it's no power pocket. By the time you hit the meeting, the agenda has been set, the committee reports written, the treasurer's statement document. All you get to say is "yea: or "nay."

The power people on the board are the chairman of the board, president and chief operating officer, general counsel, family members and large stock holders, treasurer and bankers. These people have the company clout. If you study the executive committees of the same 50 companies - where I located the eighteen women directors-you will find only four of them serve on the power committees. And then they are usually outnumbered four or five to one. The committees women seem to be assigned to are compensation, public policy, human resources, public issues, public responsibility, and retirement. Not close and no cigar.



A woman is flattered half to death with the honor of being asked to serve. A man's first question is apt to be "Are we insured for a million bucks?" A man joins a board to make other power contacts ~~not~~ to get his picture in the paper. In fact, many men I know have told ~~the~~ PR to play their roles down.

If you want a good laugh, make a study of the double photo spreads in any top company's annual report. They look like a composite of the geriatric grads of an all male embalming school.

One last thing. The smart corporation is no longer listing the first names of their directors and officers. The companies that are really anti-female and don't want to be caught are listing initials only. (And no pictures at all!)

The Law of Primogeniture

Why don't women move to the big power jobs? I'll tell you why. Because men have these jobs. Men want these jobs. Men love these jobs. They are exciting, profitable, and powerful. What would ever make you think they want a woman to have them? Men are groomed for these jobs by men. The big powers are handed down from generation to generation. Father to son. Uncle to nephew. Mentor to golden boy. Wasp to ~~Wasp~~. Even in businesses where women should absolutely shine, the top jobs go to the boys. Women aren't even considered. Take the last musical chair game played on Fifth Avenue by the top department and specialty stores. John Schumacher and Kal Ruttenstein went to Bonwits. ~~Old~~ Filene's

president, Joseph Brooks, went to Lord & Taylor. Saks flew in Robert Suslow from Famous Bar, Wechsler of Saks went to I. Magnin, and Bergdorf Goodman stole Ira Neimark from B. Altman who had to import John Christian from O'Neill's.

Yet right down the avenue sat Geraldine Stutz, one of America's most remarkable retailers. She has done a superb job of building a shambles of a store into one of America's most charming merchandise palaces. Before the average male president of a store could pronounce or spell "boutiques," Gerry had a store filled with them. Why didn't Bonwit's try to grab her? Why hasn't some store grabbed Kay Kerr who has been the taste maker at Neiman's for years? Ever so often I get a call from some loon who wants to know if I'd like to run Bloomingdale's advertising department. I laugh and say, "Terrific, I did that job twenty years ago. The only job I am vaguely interested in is that of the president." The last time this happened to me and I said that, I realized I was talking to the president. It was a short call.

There are a lot of super women in retailing. They buy. They merchandise. They advertise. They do public relations. They set the fashion pace of the store. Why don't they get any of the presidencies? Why, when Andrew Goodman is honored, does one see forty men and two women on the dais? Why with all the switching about in the top jobs do we never see a woman at the switch?



Two reasons. First. Most male presidents groom another male. They don't do this primarily out of kindness. They do it because management asks them who they have in line that they are grooming. Automatically it's a man.

Ira Neimark, president of Bergdorf Goodman, says that with the exception of Beatrice Auerbach, Dawn Mello is the most brilliant merchant he has ever worked with in the fashion business. Yet I would lay odds - big odds - that should Neimark go to Bullocks or I. Magnin as their president, Dawn would never be thought of for the presidency of B-G. And she'd be a wonderful choice. The boys' club would have already approved the male understudy (who lives in Neimark's armpit) or they'd disapprove if he chose Dawn and go the musical chair route.

At Bergdorf's, as at many stores, there are tremendously skilled merchandisers who are female. But *somehow* a male - who is on the same level as they are - always manages to pull himself up to the head of the table. He will make it to the presidency level. They will go right on being skillful merchandise ladies.

For women stores are real boys' clubs. The top jobs are always held by men - men who immediately go searching for smart women to run their advertising, do their buying and merchandising, and set the fashion pace. What then does a man do in a store? He identifies himself with profits and money, neither of which is possible without the women's contribution.

Even though buyers and merchandisers and advertising women are held strictly accountable for every dollar they



maintain the connection that women

spend, men somehow ~~look at women with snide feelings that they~~
 really don't understand a damned thing about money. ~~I know~~
 One man, who lets women handle millions of dollars, ~~is in~~ *actually told*
~~front of~~ a group of women, "What the hell, all women know
 about money is how to spend it."

There is no mystery to money. Only mystique. And women can learn about it as easily as men. Yet they tend to think of money, like mathematics, as something exclusively male. I even hear women like designer Mollie Parnis coyly admit that she doesn't know anything about figures. That lady knows exactly where her first dime is. Why do women constantly put themselves down about financial know-how? When it comes to money management why do they want to play the helpless female? Don't they see ^{that} they are acting out a stereotype society has ~~handed out~~ ^{handed} to them?

I wish that Professor John Ernest of the University of California at Santa Barbara would tackle the issue of money and sex the way he tackled math and sex. For he has concluded that it is societal rather than genetic factors which adequately explain the differences in math achievement between men and women. Sex differences are the result of subtle forces, restrictions, stereotypes, sex roles, group attitudes, and other cultural and psychological constraints we haven't yet begun to fully understand. The cumulative effect of years of being taught that math and finance are unfeminine - this is what creates a Mollie Parnis.

But the jobs that require math and finance are power jobs
 and don't you forget it. To beat this rap take some basic

accounting courses. You can go to weekend college, to night school, to Saturday school. Make a friend of an accountant, ~~and~~ a bookkeeper. While you're latching on to techniques (and they are nothing more), try to relate what you're learning to the business you're in. You'll be amazed at how different your job will begin to look to you. And you'll be pleasantly surprised at how quickly you start to be noticed. Money is power. But knowing about money is power, too.

As to inheriting a powerful job, women usually come out on the short end of the stick. The president's job goes either to the male heir of the owner or to a male who's been groomed for the horse. Men, they say, have the needed background in sales and finance. Why? Because they won't let women get their hands on the big sales managers' jobs and women are seldom comptrollers. Since these are the training ground for the most part, how on earth can a woman expect to move into a president's chair?

I think the answer is ~~self~~-evident. Women have got to start getting into math, into finance, and into selling. Narrow your options at the lower levels and you'll widen them for the big plums later on. Society will throw up as many obstacles as possible to keep you out of these fields. They'll tell you you are doing great ^{when you are handling things} - Why not be satisfied. They'll tell you your salary is damned good. They'll tell you it's unfeminine to be powerful. They'll say you're materialistic. Let them. ~~If you~~ Want power? Get thee to the Wharton School of Finance.



TRAHEY'S LAW, RE FLYING THE COOP

OK. I've told you where I think the screwing and tatooing are taking place on the power front for women. No laughs, huh? I could lighten up the material a bit by telling you about a powerful man who ran a very successful hand-bag business. He used to say he went home "viva" the Brooklyn Bridge. He used to clean his factory from "hem to stern" every Saturday morning. He actually said at a dinner - he was the speaker - that he wished to remain persona au gratin. So you see there is hope for all of us to become powerful. If we at least know where the mines are laid that are going to blow us to bits, we can learn to pick our way carefully. For the rest of this book I'm going to try to show you how to deal with the birds who plant the mines.

Single
Space



THE INTERVIEW RITUAL

Stalking ~~the Beach~~ AND TALKING

Unless Mums and Dads are going to ~~steak~~^{stake} you to your own buscuit business or Aunt Hattie leaves you her shares in Continental Steel, you'll have to get your own power job. ~~And~~ The first step to getting it is stalking an interview. And the best way to get an interview is to head for the top man in the company. The worst jobs and the dumbest jobs and the ~~dead-endest~~^{dead-end-est} jobs I ever lived through ~~were~~^{came} compliments of the personnel director of a company or ~~through~~^{via} middle management ~~people~~^{people}. It's the top cat you have got to see. (ok)

For no one, but no one, can be more helpful in placing you in a top job than the top man.

Throughout my life I've used three different techniques to get to the top person. Great letters. The Buddy System. Chutzpah.

On my first few flights I had to depend totally on the letter route or chutzpah. I had no old male network or no new female network to lean on. I had plenty of chutzpah.

I was born and bred and educated in the windy city. Even today I tear up thinking of my young body being buffeted from one end of that cold city to the other just to get to school. My mother, genius that she was, picked schools as far away from the home base as she could manage to find. Not only did I put in my time in school, I became the Jules Verne of the city bus system. By becoming Mama's long distance rider, I not only got an in-depth education ⁱⁿ of Chicago's ~~various~~^{various} and many ethnic neighborhoods, my mother got four extra hours of peace she would not have had had I attended the school nearby.

When it came time for me to go to College, Mama made it plenty clear (she didn't mince words, she diced them) that if I wanted to go I would have to figure out some way to swing it. Luckily I had a scholarship to the college of my choice. My "choice" happened to be the only one that gave me subsidy. —

That is why it quickly became the college of my choice. I had everything it took to stay in college. I did not have what it took to get there ^{to} or [^]eat.

Mama had already ⁺toted [^]up my debt to her from day of deposit to day of college entrance. It was a whopping \$19,870.00. She said she was finished. "If you want to go to college bad enough, you'll find a way," she said encouragingly, and shut the drawer to her cash box on my grubby fingers.

I had to get a job.

Through Mr. Roosevelt and his National Youth Administration I found out that colleges offered students part-time work. Before I had finished high school I decided to beat the crowd of applicants. I whipped off a letter to both the President and the Dean of the college of my choice, giving glowing reports of my intellectual life. I enclosed recommendations, solicitations and charm guarantees. I also enclosed several drawings I had rendered showing them both how their work load would be reduced by tons if they had me around a couple of hours a day.

Unlike the rest of the worker students who were assigned their jobs, I was given an interview with the Dean and she hired me for her very own. My ploy had worked. And why not? What other applicant had included 20 recommendations and original art work?



But starting at the top wasn't the smartest thing I ever did. I would have been better off to have gotten lost in the registrar's office or assigned to the mimeo room. I was much too visible where I was. The ~~Dean~~ assigned my work area. It was in direct line of her vision. I was put in charge of her world data bank - an awesome filing system that contained every alumna^e's name, maiden name, children's names, children's nick-names, father's name, profession, and remembered anec~~do~~tdotes.

My office in the main hallway was so cold that I filed as fast as I could just to keep from succumbing to the wind chill factor. Her day began at dawn and she considered 8 A.M. late in the day to get started filing. I have always been nauseated until 11:30 - after which time I can manage to face the day. To put it mildly, we were not made for each other.

I don't know how Freudian it was or whether I was just freezing to death, but I kept dropping the cards. Each time I'd drop a few, the ~~Dean~~ would race out looking outraged. One day the entire class of '38 hit the marble floor and that did it. I was fired on the spot.

Now I had no place to go but down or out. I preferred out. I took stock of my pitiful skills. It was a sad list. I could type a little. My filing was a bust. I had to find a job that would pay me enough to exist, that would start at some hour I could bear, and that would fit my study pattern. The best I could come up with was a job in the ^{public} library. It was open at night. (I knew there wasn't a chance to get a post in the college library - My reputation had spread like wildfire



in faculty circles.) Maybe, I thought, maybe Mama is right. She had predicted that I had all the makings of a great failure. Not just a failure - a GREAT failure. I didn't have the days to ~~craft~~ ^{Carve} out a selling letter. ~~Besides I knew that the library was cutting back on help, not hiring part-timers. I hurried downtown to the Public Library.~~ I had decided to use Technique III- chutzpah.

I asked a tall, regal woman sitting at the front desk who the head of the library was. She said it was a Mr. Levin. I asked her what her name was. She was, she said, Miss Clara Jackson. I waited no longer. I plowed right through four hawk-birds by telling them Miss Clara Jackson wanted me to see Mr. Levin right away.

Mr. Levin was tall, reddish-haired with a biblical head. He could not believe that I was actually in his office asking him to help me find part-time work. I poured out my heart to him, sensing, along with his utter amazement, a kind of sympathy on his part.

"Well, what can I do with you? If you drop card catalogues here, that would be terrible."

"But I won't drop them. I promise you. Besides I love to read."

He thought a minute, then dialed his secretary.

"Get me Mrs. Dorothy Smith, please."

"Dorothy, how are you? I'm sending out a young woman who is expert at filing. Can you use her from five to nine?"

It was obvious that Mrs. Smith would engage an orangutan



from five to nine if Mr. Levin sent him out to her.

"And now you go at five today and see Mrs. Smith. OK?"

"OK!" I gave him my best smile. "I can't thank you enough."

As I was leaving his office, he said, "By the way, do you know Miss Jackson well?"

"I don't know her at all," I said sheepishly. ~~I just asked her where your offices were.~~

At that moment in life as I whistled my way over to the Belmont Library where I was to spend four ~~more~~ nice work years, I really didn't know it but I had unconsciously formulated TRAHEY'S FIRST LAW OF JOB HUNTING and it has worked for me all my life.

Don't fool around with the folks at the bottom. They can't help you. Head for the top guy. You can't go wrong and you can't do better.

After I graduated from college, I decided to give "The Buddy System" a spin. I tossed a coin to decide which of my two buddies I'd use. I chose the father of a girl I went to college with who worked at Carson Pirie Scott & Co. in the treasurer's department. I figured that money people were always thought well of. Mama had taught me that. He told me to go see a Freddie Williams in the Advertising Department.

I must have looked skeptical as he assured me that he was the top dog in that world. I had wanted to see the President. My friend's father said that he felt that meeting was a bit premature and could wait.



There was one job for a receptionist-writer. That's what Freddie Williams, the Director, told me. "Sure, kid," He puffed his Camel cigarette, drawing smoke down to his toes and letting it slowly sneak back out his nostrils. "Do a good job at that front desk and you'll get to write copy as soon as I got an opening." For the first six months, it was 99% reception, 1% writing. But I did have a title. He called me "That Goddamned Idiot."

I was finally sprung from the front desk and given a tiny office to share with another writer. Proximity does help in making moves. Freddie had had me under his nose for six months. With my receptionist's talents, he couldn't help but consider me for a job elsewhere. And except for Freddie's temper tantrums, Carson's was a fun place to work. The writers were nice and they didn't mind helping you. I worked along at a snail's pace. I graduated from men's underwear copy to precious jewels. I now had a terrific wardrobe bought on my employee discount. I couldn't quit. I owed the store more than they owed me.

After two years of writing creatively about underwear, I felt I'd had it. There was really no place to go at CPS. There was no point in dreaming that I would some day have Freddie's job. If Freddie ever erupted into lava, I wouldn't even be considered. I decided to leave 15th. city. Since I didn't know one soul in San Francisco, New York, or Dallas, it was back to the letter world again.

I wrote to the presidents of three stores. Adam Gimble in New York, Grover Magnin in California, and Herbert Marcus in Dallas.



My first answer came from a ^{Miss} ~~Mr.~~ Fitzgibbons, the advertising director who cordially invited me to drop in and visit with her the very next time I was in New York. On my salary, that was like Princess Grace saying, "Gosh, the next time you're at the border of southern France, do drop by ~~my~~ ^{the} principality." For me - no ticket, no trip. ^{In response to} ~~As for~~ my second letter, ^{I learned} ~~it seemed~~ not only that old Grover was a rover, [^] his entire family were ^{was} seeing the world. I got the point.

~~But~~ I hit the jack-pot with my third missive. Neiman-Marcus didn't ask me to come to the mountain. Stanley Marcus came to see me.

I feigned a terrible tooth ache for Freddie's benefit and ~~hit~~ ^{tail}tailed it to the Pump Room for a drink with Mr. Marcus. He was smooth, cultivated, soft-spoken - the very antithesis of rough and ready Freddie. I showed him my samples.

He asked me how I worked with buyers.

I told him fine.

"Well, suppose I was the tie buyer and I wanted an ad on this tie I'm wearing, what sort of questions would you ask?"

Without thinking, I said, "I'd ask you why on earth you bought it."

Amazed, Mr. Marcus scrutinized his tie. "Do you think it's that bad?"

"Oh, no, no," I assured him. I tried to recoup my losses by covering up with the rules of good copy-writing. "You have to ask questions like that. No harm meant about your tie."



He knew I was lying. How was I to know that Countess Mara ties were the new rage?⁵

As I walked to the train, I thought to myself that that ~~was~~ indeed ~~that~~ that. Back to Carson's on Monday.

I hardly got in the door when Mama told me some man from Texas had called.* I nervously dialed his number at the hotel. He offered me a job. The job would be assistant ad manager and copy chief. It was the first real step up since I had left college three years ago. I wanted it like crazy. But it took me seven seconds to analyze the situation. What if I hated it? What if they hated me? I wouldn't even have the money to get out. I saw Mama across the room working on her ledgers. She wouldn't even send for me.

"Look, Mr. Marcus," I said bravely, "I'd like to come. But what if I don't like the town? Can I have a round trip ticket?"

I got it. I never used it. By the time I left Neiman-Marcus, I could well afford to pay my own fare back.

I was sure I had blown the whole deal with my dumb tie answer, but this time to my utter amazement my honesty had worked to my advantage. It was just the kind of answer Stanley would have given himself had I posed the question. However, if I had pulled ~~that~~ ^{that} gaffe with some ad manager who was standing in for him, I probably would never have laid eyes on Texas.

* Telephone calls are good news ← People call you to tell you they are hiring you ← People write to you to tell you they're not.



The Buddy System worked for me again when I wanted to leave Neiman's. I had put in my eight year stint having an absolute ball. (For ^{the} most part) I had a fun job. I had finally gotten the [title] I wanted. ^{I was assistant ad manager, Copy Chief.} I liked the people. I had even gotten used to such cultural events as Ethel Merman (or someone of her type) as Medea and Jack Carson (or someone of his type) as Hamlet. To give a shot of culture to the average Texan who wants nothing but football, a "boffo" star had to be brought in. Whether they fit the role or not didn't matter. Texas genius could combine low art and box office. When things got dull, we could always glom on to a night with Yma Sumac or Hildegard. If you wanted sports, you could always break your pelvis bone on a Western saddle. I'd even lived through Mama's annual visits ^{during which} ~~when you~~ she would make it quite clear to Stanley Marcus that his store was no Marshall Field's. It finally dawned on me that I was hitting my early ^{thirties} ~~twenties~~ and ^{that} I had gone about as "fer" as I could go. I was no fool. I didn't go to school to eat my lunch. I knew that the next president of N-M was going to be Dick Marcus, who was then fourteen. When he inherited the realm, I would be another old tired advertising director, ^{looking ahead to} ~~He would give me~~ my gold watch and my ^{retirement} roast beef dinner. New York looked very challenging and glamorous to me. The next Christmas catalogue didn't.

One day I met a man who owned a small piece of an agency in New York. The agency's name was King and I called him Kong. I hit him up for some ideas on jobs ~~for me in his world in~~ New York. Kong told me his shop was in the process of trying to



shore up an account that was floundering around. It was a large intimate apparel manufacturer. If I wanted the job, he could probably put me in it. He and the Chairman were good friends, golf buddies.

Kong set the interview up with the ^{senior} ~~senior~~ Vice President who was next in line to his golf pal. I wanted to see the Chairman. Kong assured me that it would be very bad chess playing to go over Sr. Y.P.'s head. On my next trip to New York for Neiman's I met Mr. Lendenfeld. After about five minutes, I came to the conclusion that he was in the wrong business. He should have been a manicurist. As the interview began, he unlocked his top drawer and took out an entire kit of scissors, cuticle clippers, buffers and files. By the time I had the job, he had one of the best shines I'd ever seen on human hands. However, he kept mumbling about what to do with the "incumbent," and warning me that I would have to be quiet about the "incumbent" until he figured out what to do with the "incumbent." He must have figured I knew all about the situation. I didn't. I thought he was talking about someone who was terminally ill, ^{and} didn't know what he meant till I got home and looked up the word.

The "incumbent" was not about to die, ^{however.} He was a healthy thirty year old and he was on his way out. I don't think the Human Filer or his company gave a hoot or a holler about what kind of advertising I would or could do. The agency had the hates for the "incumbent" and therefore, Kong convinced the

Human Filer that they should have someone with "class", ^{like} ~~like~~ ^{me} from Neiman-Marcus, I would ^{ensure} ~~ensure~~ tasteful ads and let

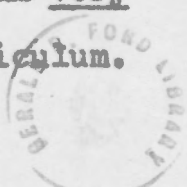


the agency do the kind of work they so much wanted to do for dear old Vanity Lane. ~~They~~^{King} convinced the Filer to grab me fast and he did. ~~He said,~~ Clipping one last bit of cuticle off and holding his hand up to the light, ^{he said,} "So you'll do fine. Start the first of the month. I'll talk to the 'incumbent.'" That was OK with me. It was my ticket to the Big Apple. And the price was very right!

Let the Letter do the Stalking

When you decide to take the letter route to the president, your letter must have snap, crackle, and hop-to-it. I mean you have to do homework - maybe twenty drafts of it before you send it. Your letter can be long or short as long as it's great. It must contain an idea that you have about the company and the company's competition. It must show how you think your talents could be married to one of their products.

A friend of mine, who runs one of the most successful weekend college programs in the country, told me about a letter she ~~had~~ received. For months she had been eyeing every soul on the faculty to see who she could lose. Paring down budgets in any college today is the name of the game. One day in the midst of shaving dollars off her budget, she received a letter. A letter that was so good she immediately started thinking of some way she could use the applicant. Besides submitting impeccable credentials, the women had done the two following things: one, she had studied the existing weekend program very astutely and had spotted a significant weakness in curriculum.



The director had been trying to reduce a heavily skewed schedule of radio and film in the communications area and bring in more intrq-personal communication courses. The woman not only pointed out this weakness, she designed two courses to cope with it and sent them along complete with syllabi and bibliographies. These were so professionally worked out, so on target, that no administrator would want to see this candidate slipping through her fingers and going elsewhere. Someway, sonehow she would make room for her on the faculty.

Knowing full well how difficult it is to get any job in academe today, this applicant had psyched out the program's problems and put her input into solving them. She wrote more than a letter with traditional resumé. She used the letter system with hop-to-it enclosed.

I always send my letters by messenger. It costs a couple of bucks but I know they arrive. I know who signs for them. I mark them "personal" as well. This keeps the exec-secretary from opening them andburying them in a pile that may not be read for a week. Secretaries will never know that your letter is no more "personal" than any other in the pile. Let them think it is. It goes right on the top of the presiden't desk. It has been delivered by hand. It's marked "personal." Who can resist opening it?

One bright woman I know sent out a good letter plus this resumé:



THE RESUME

JOB OBJECTIVE: TO WRITE-OFF THIS RESUME AS A MEANINGFUL EXPERIEN
Altermant: TO BE WRITE-ON, CREATIVELY
Alternative II: TO WRITE ALL WRONGS

EXPERIENCE:

Christian Science Monitor ... Medical News Editor
Wall Street Journal ... Chief Photographer
Catholic News ... Bingo News Editor
Woman's Wear Daily ... Sports Editor
Village Voice ... Religious News Editor
Vatican News Time ... Women's Page Editor
Il Progresso (Columnist) ... "Our Boys - Cosa Nostra News"
Jewish Daily Forward (Columnist) ... "Our Goys - Kosher, Nu?"

FREE LANE:

Translator: (English to Latin) "Portnoy's Complaint"
(English to Hebrew) "Portnoy's Complaint"
(Swahili to Swahili) "Remedial Swahili"
Original Oil to Follow-the-Dots) "The Naked Maja"

Public Relations: (Advisor and/or Organizer of the Following)
Ad Hoc Committee to Clothe Male House Plants
Ad Hoc Committee Supporting Edith Head in
Giving Good Costume
Ad Hoc Committee to Restore Elizabeth Ray's
Good Name

Articles: The Untold Story: St. Patrick and Sickel Cell Anemi:
Transcendental Masturbation: 50 Ways to
Love your Mantra
Irish Perverts: Men Who Prefer Women to Drink
Don't Judge a Man by the Size of His Nostrils:
The Real Idi Amin

PERSONAL:

Born Holly Hitler. Changed name when it became all to apparent that
writing Professionals were no longer anti-semantic.
Devout American Jewish Princess (34 successful observances of Yom Kippur
Veteran: 5 broken relationships.

Further information and References Promptly Furnished by My Mommy.
Or,
(212) PL 2-0598

361 East 50th. Street
New York, NY 10022
Apartment 5-1



Ms. Silber's results were almost as creative as the resume. From one highly touted creative shop she received the old familiar form.

"Dear Ms.Silber, we are most grateful for your letter and resume and we have put it in our great file in the sky,etc." Which means,of course, that no one read the resume. However, three other very good agencies were on the pipes within the week. Her strain of madness - her willingness to tackle as boring a property as a resume and make it fun rang the right bells. She was offered two very good jobs.



Sit Right Down and Write Yourself a Letter.

I have one trick I use over and over again when I write an important letter to a client ~~that~~ ^{hope} I ~~want~~ to attract. I get it all typed up on the IBM on the good paper and I sign it. Then I send it to myself. Usually I forget about it. Sometimes in less than a week it will show up on my desk - compliments of the new postage hike. It will be stuck in all the regular stuff and as I pull it out I can read the letter in a totally new light. I read it ^{with} as mean and cold ^{an eye} as I can. I pretend I'm Mr. Mulligan of Towle Silver. What does he think of me as he reads it? Who [^] does he see? What have I done in the letter that will make him think I'm worth interviewing? What skills have I shown him? It's a revelation sometimes [^] not so much what you put in but what you've left out.

Creating The Buddy System takes time. When you first start to work, your buddies are going to be your family's friends. As you move from job to job you will begin to build your own network. Clubs, discussion groups, meetings, schools, all can introduce you to a new network of friends and buddies. Everyone you meet is a prospective helper. If you do your stint at helping others, you'll find a lot of it does come home. Stanley Marcus was a fabulous letter writer, letter answerer and buddy for a billion people. I learned a lot of his tricks and I'm grateful.

As for the chutzpah technique, it comes naturally.



Sniffing Your Way to the Right Interviewer

I can smell power. Eventually I think Estée Lauder will bottle it. And it's going to sell like crazy. Power has an air to it that is subtle but obvious, like a good perfume. It's not the suit a man wears that tells you about him. It's the way he wears it. That's the air. Most powerful men do not wear over-powering, flashy, freshly advertised fashion clothes. Madison Avenue men wear them, Seventh Avenue men wear them. But big corporation men wouldn't be caught dead in Bloomingdales on Saturday or Barney's designer room at any time. There are certain show-biz kinds of businesses where the flash makes it but if you look at the outfits on the members of a board of directors of a power company - like Mobil or Clorox or Quaker Oats or General Motors or IBM or Public Service of Indiana or Eli Lilly - your fashion picture is very different.

Peter Rogers, chic New York ad agency president, always manages to come off looking very "with-it," yet he is most tastefully and conservatively dressed. I once asked him how he did it. "I buy the absolute newest cut at Barney's or I find a jazzy outfit in France and I whip it right over to a super tailor at Dunhill. He adapts the look to the acceptable pin-stripe or dark gray flannel. I'm never so far out that I'm not in."

When you're in power country you're in pin-stripe country. If you want to see Gucci loafers and safari jackets and John Weitz, you have to go to work on Saturday when the office is closed. (Incidentally, Saturday morning can give you a chance to meet "the big guy" without any competition. He will often stop

by to pick up work or look over something. Later on in the day he'll be on the golf course.

The power offices I have seen in my day range from the "hunting print" offices with working fireplaces to modern expensive Italian architect cool. They all smell powerful. The kind of phones and where they are is a tip off. Remember Nixon had only one line, LBJ had hundreds. The amount of square footage to the office. The kind of carpeting and whether it climbs up the wall board or not. All are power decor symbols.

Power interviewers seldom sit behind a desk - often don't have one. If they do, it's big. I mean big. And they do not have stacks of things on it. No stacks. There might be a folder or two, but that's it. Power people often carry what interests them that day in their pocket. It will be a clipping from the Wall Street Journal or Barron's or the Harvard Business Review. The game is to find things people haven't had time to read.

Chances are the interview will be casually conducted in living room style. He'll ask you to sit on the couch. He'll take the chair to your left. (Chairs are just a bit higher than couches.) If he puts you where the light makes you uncomfortable, ask him to adjust the blind. If he calls in his secretary to do that job, make a note of it. He has a mean streak and an aptitude for power games. He's merely playing one with you at the moment.

As I've said, I'd much rather talk to a power person because what you say means something to him. He can make decisions and that's that. To do your whole dog and pony show for someone who cannot make the final decision isn't half as



many kicks.

But before you have a meeting with a real power person you must brief yourself. You must have the answers he is going to want to hear.

I think the best reading material you can have on this man is his own annual report. You will be amazed at what you can learn about a company from reading its ^{most recent} ~~past~~ three annual reports. If the company hasn't issued it's annual report, then try for the quarterly reports which would have preceded it. It's a good idea to be as up to date as possible. After you have digested the three ~~of~~ of the company you want into, get their competition's reports. If the company is a privately owned company, it will be harder to track their successes and failures. You can do it, however, by ~~trying to~~ track down any articles done on them for the past few years, ~~trying to~~ get ^{find} materials from their PR director or agency, studying their advertising campaigns, ~~and~~ asking a million people what they know about the ~~such and such~~ outfit.

On the basis of the annual reports, however, you should be able to answer the key questions.

1. Who are the top people in the company?
2. Are there any women?
3. Is the board of directors all male?
4. Who is the token woman? What is her job?
5. What financial shape is the corporation in?
Are they showing normal profits -- great profits -- losses?
6. What kind of plans do they have for the future growth of the company? Can you fit into them?
7. Do they have world-wide facilities?
8. What are the officers paid?
9. What do plant facilities look like?
Are they modern? (If the cover of the book



shows you a turn of the century drawing of headquarters located in Lancaster, Pa., shut the book.)

10. What do the headquarters look like?
11. Are the faces of the officers close to those of funeral directors?
12. Do you see any young people in the pictures?
13. Do you see any young women in the pictures doing anything but cooking, serving, or taking dictation?

In my recent in-depth study of annual reports, I found that in every case except Weyerhauser, the editorial material contained pictures of women. But that's no accolade. Because for the most part the photos I did find showed women feeding cats, sorting mail, working at print-out machines, scrubbing, using Clorox, shopping, canning, cashiering, modeling, handing up paint brush to big dad, watching husband work, drinking punch with the kiddies, dancing, shopping super market, doing library work, typing, xeroxing, teaching, drinking, feeding bottles to a machine, weighing food, sorting tomatoes, drinking coffee, and using the biggest electric hairbrush I ever saw. Women most certainly were not evident in the back of the book in the listings of directors and officers.

Buying a few shares of a company's stock isn't a bad idea. You are then privy to annual meetings where you can observe in person the board of directors and officers. Here you will get a whiff of power where it really sits.



For more briefing ^{remember} ~~you know~~ that every company - or almost every kind of industry - has a trade magazine. Some industries have three and four. In my business you have to read Ad Age Anny, Andy, Madison Avenue, Media Decisions. There's also a hot newsletter I always enjoy called The Gallagher Report. For fashion grab Women's Wear, for textiles, ~~The~~ Daily News Record. PR people have a couple of journals, bankers have a gazette, and even funeral directors have good old Casket and Sunnyside. Careful reading of these magazines can brief you very well indeed on what's going on in the field. If you can't spare the dough to subscribe, you can read them in the public library.

Selling
~~concern~~ your Uniquenesses.

ok

There's ^{another} ~~another~~ device (today) that many women are using to provoke interviews. Borrowed from ^{politics,} ~~product managers~~ ~~managers~~ it's called "A White Paper" or a "Position Paper." It's written around various kinds of strategies the product manager thinks will single out his product in the market place and make it more desirable than his competitor's. It's an exercise in spotting uniquenesses. Certainly a White Paper is in order if the power person says to you after your first interview, "Well, we like you a lot, but we won't kid you. We are seeing three other people." This is your signal to go home and write up a White Paper. You are the product. Are you as unique as a Polaroid? Mr. Land's product was so unique the product sold itself. Are you as unique as the first Sony TV tummy set?



By this time the boss has probably circulated your good letter, but more important, he's seen you. If you follow up the interview with a White Paper, you earn additional points. You now know more about the company's problems. Or you should if you had a good interview. You know what they need. What kind of person they are hungry for. If you think you fill the bill, write yourself up like a good product. Show them how you can make their product more unique. How you can fit in. What strategies would you bring to the company? How will your talents measure up to their investment? A product manager has to prove his product is good enough to get a budget going for research and design, advertising, public relations, plant facilities, etc. In essence you do the same thing by placing yourself squarely against the competition.

How Bored I Am. How Bored I Am.

I cannot tell you about the boredom that wafts over me when some delicious lump plops down in a chair in my office and confides in me that he or she wants to go into the advertising business because it pays so well and because it's glamorous. The ad business, though never boring, is about as enchanting as fresh piranha and ice-cold baths. I usually ask "what kind of advertising" and "what kind of job in advertising?" The jaw drops.

"Oh, uh, maybe writing." Or, "I like to draw." Or, "I'm pretty good at meeting people." Or sometimes just, "I like people." This perhaps is the very worst asset anyone in the advertising world could have. You have to be tough with people, suspect people, scrutinize people, worry with people, but you sure don't have to like them.

To be tops in the ad world, you also have to make a time commitment that would break the back of a dray. Twelve to fourteen hours a day is nothing. You work either Saturday or Sunday, or both. For thanks, our country rates the advertising professional's image somewhere down around the mafia. Even after Watergate and all its evils, congressmen and lawyers came up way ahead of the ad world.

For the most part, the people I have interviewed in my business rarely know what accounts we handle, seldom know how the work gets done, and haven't a clue where they might fit in. When this is the case, I haven't a clue either.

Often people will bring a batch of their work to me. Just the manner in which it's presented will tell you a lot about the person. If it's a mumble jumble of various ads from various parts of their life, I know they are going to be as disorganized as the book. Out. If they bring original work with no POV attached, how on earth am I supposed to get the drift? I don't care enough to make a study of it.

Often I ask just what part they played in a campaign. If I find that they're not sure themselves, it's kismet and goodbye.

If two or three things are brilliant and the rest of the work stinks, you know the brilliant ones were borrowed from someone else's portfolio. The problem with a lot of young and not-so-young people who are looking for a job is simply this: they don't take the time to do their homework. They don't look at their work the way I'm going to look at it. And that is a simple rule.



TRAHEY'S SIMPLE RULE

Would you hire you?

A friend of mine who interviews for Fulbright scholarships told me there are two chair positions she watches for. They are both fast negatives. Negative Position #1: Edge of chair sitter. She figures the applicant will be too uptight. Negative Position #2: Sprawling in chair sitter. Here she figures the attitude is so casual they obviously think the world owes them the award. A tremendously relaxed position suggests, she says, the kind of work he/she will probably do in the future.

The second thing this woman's committee watch for is the homework the applicant has done. If they query him/her about the French school system where he/she will teach and they get a fudgy response like, "Well, I'll look into it if I get the scholarship" answer, it's over.

Never send your letters to "The General Manager or to the Chairman of the Search Committee or to a title. That title has a human being wearing it. Find out who has it. Direct your letter to someone.

Being Stood Up

Every once in a lifetime you go to an interview all gunned up to meet the top man and when you arrive you are told that something unexpected came up and Mr. So will see you. When that happens, I say, walk. You won't make a friend out of Mr. So, but you might get the job if you don't talk to him. I always figure if the man I thought I was to see is a "no-show" and doesn't bother to let me change the appointment, he really doesn't want to bother with me anyway. I excuse them if the unexpected that came up was their lunch but not for any other reason. If you see the second stringer, you won't be able to set up the appointment again. Besides, he won't do anything



about you anyway. He will tell the boss you are not experienced enough if you're young, over-qualified if you're over thirty, and too aggressive if you're creative. So, when this happens to you on an interview, pack up your stuff, put on your coat and leave. Even if it took you a month of Sundays to set the date up.

But when you get home do the following things:

1. Write a nice note to the man who stood you up. Say you are sorry he couldn't keep his date and that even though Mr. So was most cordial and helpful, you really didn't want to discuss your thoughts about the company without him there. Tell him you really do have some good ideas for increasing business but when you dish your ideas you want the best ear in the place to hear them. Therefore, you'd like to reschedule the meeting. He's got to be stunned that you had the guts to walk. And if he's smart he'll see you. He'll also see you in a totally different light.
2. If a head-hunter sent you to this meeting, get yourself another head-hunter. He/she will reschedule the meeting, This time making very sure it's going to be right face, right place. Head hunters are paid to get you to the right job at the right place. Either you pay or the company that hires you pays. Always try to go on jobs the company pays fees on. Good headhunters can help. Bad ones can't hurt.
3. If a nice contact of yours has tried to help you with this appointment and set it up, you'll have to drag out your best set of manners. First of all, I have found that no one wants to do a favor twice. Usually a person does it the first time to get you off his back. So when you come 'round the second time it's a pain. The best approach to your contact is to ask him if he thinks you did the right thing by walking. If he says "yes" you have just positioned him on your team. If he says "No" you can say remorsefully that you goofed ~~and~~ Couldn't he help you once again? Getting a favor done twice is difficult, but it can be done.



Alien Territory

When you "walk" on an appointment, or when you arrive for an appointment, take a few moments to get to the john and case the place.

If the second stringer man starts to walk you to the glass doors, say, "Oh, don't bother, I know the way." Split fast.

This is your opportunity. Head for the receptionist and leave all your belongings in her care. Smile happily and ask for the key. Usually johns are not in the reception area and you can at least get down a hall or two. Deliberately make as many wrong turns as you can. Now notice where women have offices. Do they have offices? How many women do you see? Are they sitting behind typewriters?

This is an easy way to spot the kind of equipment the company uses. And equipment is a very good indicator of the kind of management you will be involved with. If the place looks like something out of "Front Page," think twice about it. Is the furniture tacky? Tasteless? Chances are the brass is too. There's a lot to be said for working in handsome surroundings. After all, you spend the better chunk of your week there and sunlight and pleasant colors and tasteful decor make a big mood difference. If you see no women, be sure to ask the receptionist on the way out for the numbers. She'll hedge, but you'll get the score.



THE HONESTY POLICY *le*

Once I had an interview with the chairman of a large retail chain that owns Lord & Taylor. The company had been looking for a sales promotion director for some time. It seems no one was up to replacing the great Dorothy Shaver. When she died, she was president of the store. She had come to this job by way of the advertising directorship of the store. This move is most unusual in retailing. Most presidents, if they don't inherit the store from ~~dads~~, come out of the merchandising world. During Ms. Shaver's presidency she had never let go the reins of the ad department. That way she was able to interpret in the media exactly what she was doing in the store as president.. She became famous during that period and so did the store.

When her reign was over, the store was not only forced to replace a famous president, it also had to find a top sales promotion director. As I recall, it took four people to do her one job. Three men, the troyka they were called, took over the president's post. Then the search began for a woman who would be as brilliant as Shaver, yet follow meekly in the Shaver tradition of advertising.

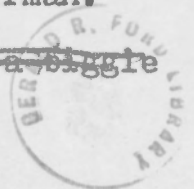
One day, the publisher of a well known magazine called



me to see if I would like to meet the chairman. I said certainly I would like to meet any chairman. At that moment, I was putting in my time at Vanity Lace with King and Kong and counting rows of lace on panty drawings for the catalogues. ^{aside from} ~~Beyond~~ the culture shock of mass production underwear ^{after} ~~the~~ N^M chic, the place wasn't so bad. It contained the usual number of characters out of the looking glass to at least give me my daily laugh as well as bread.

There was Alfie Hancock, the sales manager. He had sat on the fence for so many years that he had to have special suits made. But he was fun to watch. He had perfected what I called "the sweet as a nut" head shake. In my experience Alfie never, never liked anything The Filer didn't like. So in order to look like he was making a decision, a comment, something, Alfie would shake his head back and forth and screw up his mouth in such a way so that if The Filer said, "Great," Alfie would keep his head going great guns and say, "Sweet as a nut, sweet as a nut." However, if The Filer said "That's insanity," Alfie's same shake could turn to "Bad meat, bad meat." The company also had a product manager who ^{could have} ~~was~~ an orgasm ^{with} over ~~whether~~ a nightie ~~had~~ spaghetti straps. ^{was straps myself} ~~complaint~~ ~~plain~~ I never saw much difference as long as ~~it~~ they would work one way for Mama and another for Tina Louise.

When the chance came to meet the chairman of the board of Lord & Taylor - even though I hadn't put in enough time to make a change [^] I went anyway. A chairman is a chairman. And the most fun interviews you can ever have is ~~with a biggie~~



when you don't give a damn about getting the job. That's power for you. And power is delightful fun in any circumstances.

So I met the elegant gentlemen for tea at his club. I must say that I was a bit surprised to also meet his wife, *as well*. But within seconds, I knew why she had come along. She would give him the fashion report on my facade later ~~at~~ that evening. At one point I was going to offer to strip and let her make notes ^{on} the labels in my clothes. Finally she disappeared and the interviewer and I got down to brass tacks.

"Well, now," he said, "you have quite a reputation in the retail world. Do you agree?"

"If what you hear makes me fabulous, creative and someone of genius standing - definitely."

I think he was rocked by this. Certainly he wasn't amused.

"Well, now, (it was going to be a "well, now" meeting) you certainly aren't shy."

"No, that's never been my long suit."

He chuckled and warmed to his next question. "Well, now what is your feeling about Lord and Taylor advertising?"

I told him I thought it had been very exciting in its day. There was a loud thud. I was supposed to love Lord & Taylor advertising. If I had said I adored it, they might have hired me. But then I would have been stuck with this passé set-up. After all, you can't say you love something and then start changing everything about it.

"Well, now, I suppose you would want to change everything?"



"Honestly," I answered, "what would be the point of hiring me, or anyone for that matter, if you're not seeking some sort of change?"

"Well, now, I wouldn't want the logo changed. And I think it would be hard to beat our artists."

"Well-now" went on and on. He was madly in love with the image of Lord and Taylor he knew.

"If I took the job," I said truthfully, "I might not change it. But I'd sure want total creative freedom to change anything I wanted to change if I felt it would be a change for the better."

The interview was going from bad to worse. I thought I might as well go for broke. "You know I'd be bucking for the presidency in five years. Is that in your plans also?"

He ~~grasped~~ ^{clutched} the ~~edge~~ of the arm of his chair. I thought he was going to have an attack. The interview was officially over. So over I never even had a "well-now" letter saying I had flunked out.

I had broken two super taboos. I had indicated that I wanted 'total' creative freedom. This automatically kicked his input out. And I had denegated the job he was filling by declaring my intention to go for a job far beyond the one he saw for me. Total honesty on an interview ^{risky} ~~is something you are taking real chances with~~. So watch it.

A lot of men (and women) I've met in big jobs are kind of like giant wind-up toys. They love their company. They cannot believe that you don't love their company. Each morn-



ing they say, "Blessings on American Can" or "Hosanna Hilton ^{to the} Chain." They tear up at the end of the chairman's speech at the annual sales meeting. They're furious if someone is disloyal enough ^{to refer to} ~~to say something about~~ the pollution of streams and rivers by Union Calcide, even though they know that the company is dumping waste matter into the Yuxumukie River. I've seen people get a lot madder when someone knocks the company than they do when the electric power company cuts down their hundred year old trees to run high power lines to Benrus watch company. The company man/woman is someone who doesn't want total honesty unless it's pro-company. ^{Away of} Those insidious questions they ask, like "What would you do if you came in? Would you change the company? Would you change the image? Would you change the logo? Would you change the package? Would you change the campaign? Would you change the product?" Those are loaded questions. Unless you are a word genius, there's a simple law that will help you off the hook.

RE

TRAHEY'S LAW FOR THE HONESTY BAG

The only change that is truly acceptable to most management is changing the bottom line figures for the better. Keep just exactly how you plan to do it a big secret - at least at the interview.



Economic Transfer

If you're still in the running and the priests have decided that you can join the tribe, you still have one more ceremony to get through- different power ploy - the negotiation ritual. Here's where power flies around the table like crazy. And here's where it's vital you use whatever skills you have. You're going to choose your life style at this meeting. Your salary. Your title. Women have a very tough time at this kind of meeting and men know it.

Women will almost always underestimate themselves on salary. If you are trying to get a top job, keep in mind that management has undoubtedly screened three or four contenders for the job. The fact that you are in the final run means that they are pretty sold on you. If you haven't flubbed it by now, you're in. When money comes up, you must know the general mood of the company. Are they hiring you because they know you can turn the place around? Then you can ask for heaven. You won't get it but you'll get plenty. Are they in trouble? Then you have to think it through - what will they gamble on you? Will they shoot the works?



^{a strategy}
~~which is not at all unusual when the company begins to skid~~
 You can have all this info ^{information} and you better have it all before
 you start negotiating.

The last round is the toughest in the interview battle. Here is where the smart guys will begin to put the pins into your female hide. Someone is bound to ask you why you want such a male-type job. You answer that you don't consider this job, or any job in the world, a male job or a female job. If it's capabilities and performance they want, then that's a person-job. Cut him off fast. Then the next question will be whether you'll be at home at an all male convention, on the road with buyers, whatever horror they can dream up for you. Say very carefully that you have managed to get through life right up to this meeting without any hassles or embarrassments and that you are sure being a woman isn't going to matter one way or the other provided you increase the sales for the division you'll head. Period. Will men work for you? Answer.

Smart men will want to work with a team that performs well.

If a man can't hack working for a woman, then he isn't evaluating the job, he's evaluating the sex. Period. ^{It} Now comes the money. It's difficult to talk money with a group. ^{It's} important from this point on to direct your answers to the top man - not ^{the} group. If you've done your homework, you know what this job at any company is worth. Again, trade magazines often do surveys to ascertain what the given salary is for a specific job in a company of a specific size. If you can't find out, try to case someone who is in a comparable position.



What kind of car does he drive? How many ^{cars} does he have? Where is his house? Add it all up. You'll know just about what he earns and just about what he owes.

When money comes up, say you are very impressed with the reputation this company has for paying equal pay to women. Even if they don't, they're going to be hard put to try to do you in after that crack. Say ^{that} in the companies you've researched this job pays between ~~\$50,000~~ and ~~\$57,000~~. You would be willing to take less in salary and have a few "perks." That's the word for incentives and expenses and anything else you can chisel ⁱⁿ that's tax free.

Oh? to tone down the intimo review also

Now smart men know ^{how and} what ~~to ask~~ to ask for when it comes to ^{perquisites:} ~~them~~ Women are quite naive about them. And they'll never learn from the women's press. Recently ~~in~~ Mademoiselle magazine ^{ran} ~~there was~~ an editorial on special and wonderful "perks" available to certain kinds of women workers. They are hilarious.

for Employees of major passenger railroad are entitled to unlimited free travel while their dependents get 12 free trips per year.

Fashion editors, photographers, copywriters, feature writers, P.R. reps., hairdressers, makeup artists, people involved one way or another in media and communications - often travel for work or on press junkets to locations as exotic as Bahamas, Paris, Maui, even India.

If you work in a bank you can usually get a lower rate on a loan.

Bookworms at one publishing company can pick up books for 25¢ at employee sales..

Department store employees and their dependents enjoy as much as 30% discount on merchandise.

Clothing, cosmetics, towel and linens manufacturers offer employees anything in the line at the wholesale cost or below.



Major banks, ad agencies, insurance companies, and government offices have cafeterias where you get a square meal for \$1.00. People in publishing, radio, TV, and other fields get luxury gifts especially at Christmas, like a case of wine to 17 lb. chocolate bars."

They don't mention things like estimated annual pensions which can be an appreciable part of a large salary and will be taxed at retirement rate, profit sharing, life insurance, health insurance that includes coverage for all family medical and dental bills, options on company stock, business trips once or twice a year that are at company expense but tag on to your vacation weeks so that you can hit Europe with their ticket, non-accountable expense money, moving tabs, club memberships, subscriptions to concerts, plays, magazines, newspapers, a car and garaging, use of company plane, automobiles, apartments, etc. These are just a few things a power person hitting a power job can negotiate for in lieu of salary.

If you get good vibes asking for such things, then I say cut as quickly as you can and call it a day. When you get the call and you know the plum is on your thumb, it's a good idea to write a covering letter - much as the minutes of a meeting or a conference report in my business are handled. Thank the president and the president's men for their time, their kindness in laying out the company's plans for you. (You did it, but let them think they did it.) Then sum up just what you feel you got, e.g.

Dear Mr. Braintree:

I couldn't be more pleased about our



arrangement for my new position at the Ludicrous Company. I think that as Director of Banana Development, I will be able to bring a lot of my past experiences I had with Chickita Company to top use.

I am also delighted that you have X agreed to pay me a yearly salary of ~~\$52,500,~~ payable in semi-monthly payments for the next year and that your company has that wonderful practice of reviewing executive achievements once a year. This base salary, plus the \$2500.00 non-accountable expenses will make it possible for me to do the necessary day-in-day-out entertaining that I will want to do for the company on my own time.

This afternoon I interviewed an assistant who seemed very bright. She was in the salary range of ~~\$20,000~~ - the level you had suggested. I also have a date to talk to the man who is currently in this job. If he feels that we have common interests in the future development of my department, I will most certainly give him every consideration. I also talked to your very nice Ms. Smith, in personnel and she is on a hunt for a top executive secretary for me. She is most willing to interview my present secretary at Chickita, as she had indicated that she'd like to come along with me and be part of this exciting adventure.

Vacations seem far away now, but I'm very happy to know that Ludicrous realizes that time off to recharge one's creative batteries is important and your policy of a month off each year is very generous.

Of course, I couldn't be more pleased that I can roll my present profit sharing plan into your plan and in a year become part of it. This is a super way for me to save paying unnecessary taxes.

I see a great future at Ludicrous, blah, blah.....



With this letter you have succinctly summed up the following: your job title, your salary, your expenses, your review, your profit sharing plan, your assistant's salary, your ^{of} secretary choice. I don't say letters like this do 100% of the work, but they are comforting and they do help avoid unnecessary misunderstandings after you've started your job.

One thing you have to tuck in to your brain about your future. You have to move yourself along. It's a rare day when anyone goes out of ^{his} their way to help you move up. And the higher up you go, the bigger the threat to those around you you will become.

Tracy's Law: Time to Move Along

Go for an interview when you feel dead-ended.
If someone calls you at 9:30 AM to set the time for your luncheon date and you want to say "right now" it's time to get out your contact list and set up some interviews.



THE STAKING OF THE CLAIM

You are where you sit.

Once you're in, the first hurdle you will have to jump is a special one. Where will your office be? And the question isn't merely geographic. It has enormous practical as well as symbolic importance. Michael Korda says ^{to} get yourself close to the boss. Not a bad idea. An office over-looking the Hudson will seem fantastic. ~~An~~ ^{However} office with a bead on the president's callers - that's the catbird seat. If he wants a quick opinion, if he needs an impromptu conference, he may call you in. If for no other reason ^{because} like Mt. Everest, you're there!

Propinquity has a lot of built-in assets: you hear more, you see more, you learn more. In body language, an office near the boss is a non-verbal symbol of power. So don't let them shove you into a room with a view, however elegant, if it's off the beaten path. Opt for the broom closet if you have to. But keep visible. Sooner or later it pays off.

If you can settle the matter of your office before you actually start on the job, by all means do so. If you are replacing someone who had specific office space, you should be situated right there. However, I've watched many unknowing women be shoved like furniture into less powerful offices. I might add that they usually go right along with the shove.

If a man in the firm with a less well appointed office can pull it off (and he may if the replacement for old Bob is female), he will try to claim your office. I have seen executives move in on territory and slowly exchange pictures,



plants, desks, chairs, couches, ~~stealthily~~ moving out the better for their worse.

Office ploys are constantly used against women. Once I watched the boys' club ^{office snatching} ~~club ploy of sympathy~~ A woman was coming in as the "token" and everyone was bending over backwards to make life nice for her. ~~Except the competitive men were also vps and product managers.~~ She was getting her predecessor's office. It had a small conference table. Harry, a man who was more or less her counterpart, lived in an office that ^{was} its exact counterpart but without the small conference table. He hung around the vp general manager's office One night hoping to chew the fat a bit and work up to putting his bid in for Bob's old office. In the course of the conversation he managed to get his licks in about the new woman.

Standing with his hands thrust deep down into his pants pockets, his head shyly bowed, he shit-kicked the carpet like a little boy begging for big brother's sympathy.

"Listen, Phil, I've got an idea. You know I'm just desperate for a small conference area. You know how tough it is to get the conference room."

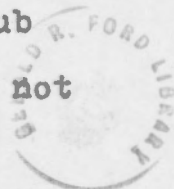
Phil did know how tough it was to get the conference room. He made it that way. On each floor of the company was a large conference room and it was scheduled in pecking order. Everyone had to go to Phil's executive secretary and put in ^a ~~their~~ bid for the use of the room. Then they waited. If no one more important asked for the slot, they then had the room for



two hours. If, however, they got bumped, it meant loss of face. They had to cancel their meeting and reschedule it. The gentlemen were so sensitive to this put-down that the conference room was empty most of the time. The name of the game was to get a small table of your own and make everyone come to your meeting in your office. Those with a table had more power. ^{It's a} ~~this~~ syndrome ^{is} called "conference table clout."

Harry goes on. "I probably spend more money holding meetings at restaurants than any man on this floor. It's damned expensive, too. ^{What} "What would you think," he smiled ~~shyly with his~~ ^{(with a} shucks-boss-you-know look) "what would you think of my moving into Bob's old office which is nearer to the library, too? A real saving of time for me. The new dame won't care. How about it?"

Let's look at Harry's ploy carefully. It's a good one. Harry has emphasized the number of meetings (importance) he has to hold. He has subtly suggested ~~about himself~~ to Phil certain descriptive adjectives about himself. "Overworked, busy as hell, good leader, good director." He casually mentions to Phil the problem with the conference room. ~~Since controlling the conference room is one of Phil's own power plays, he recognizes the strategy.~~ Harry even says that he's willing to pay for lunch, and frequently does, in order to hold his meetings when he wants to hold them. It's that important to him. (Chances are he writes it all off as a client lunch or a new biz lunch. Since Phil does the same thing, it's boys' club time not to question Harry's generosity.) And last, but not



least, Harry denigrates "her" performance by saying, "The new dame won't care." In other words, she won't be holding meetings, won't be the leader ~~she is~~ *he is*.

The sad note here is that chances are the "dame" won't care because she won't even know she has been shoved into Harry's old office and he has moved into hers. Chances are she will think this is the way it must be. She will wait for the conference room. She doesn't want to cause a stink on the first day. I call this a major.

Ms. Stake

*C.O.
no
Period*

If you saw the office intended for you and it had great furnishings - like a large conference table and extra chairs - start screaming the second you arrive that they are no longer in that office. You have no table. You must have a table. And you must scream on the first day - the first moment. It is the only day and the only moment you can scream. Tell the man who hired you that you cannot work in the office presently assigned to you. You had been shown a much more workable area to be in - it was near the library. The office had a conference table. You hold lots of "brain storming sessions." Do not swallow your rage. Let them have it. Let me hasten to tell you that your power will increase one hundred times if you put your foot down immediately.

Of course, the fellows - your kind co-workers - will run, not walk, to the urinal and talk about you. "Just like a dame. Who does she think she is? Oh, god, why did I have to be born

I



in the Equal Rights Era? They are all the same."

Let them talk. No matter what they say, they have to have a grudging admiration for someone with the guts to scream. And it's a warning at the start that you're an equal even if you'll never be one of the guys. They'll size you up not as the enemy, but as competition. And that's healthy. Only peers compete.

Don't kid yourself. It's not just because you're a woman that a guy will put you down. It's because you may very well get in the way of "his" taken for granted promotion. If you can, look at it from his point of view. It's one thing to get knocked out of the court by Jimmy Connors. But, my god, how do you tell "the wife" that Chrissie Evert is coming on strong?

TRAHEY'S LAW REAL ESTATE

Get your office position fixed in your mind. Make note of the furniture right in management's presence. At least the big pieces of furniture. Admire the chairs, comment on the coffee table, be grateful for the comfortable couch, eulogize the conference table. They'll know that you'll know if something is missing.

After my first couple of years at Neiman's, Mr. Marcus added a whole floor for the executive offices. Up till that time we had lived in closets here and there - old hallways that had been converted to offices. It was unbelievably hot in the Texas summers and the chief finally decided to indulge executives with air-conditioning ^{and to redecorate at the same time} Management had hired the famous Eleanor LeMaire to do the interior designing. She was a rather put-offy kind of woman until you got to know her.

Then she'd relax and enjoy any tidbit of humor you could give her. She came barrelling down from New York once a month ~~with~~ ^{to get} ~~plans for~~ ^{plans for} approval of colors and designs. Then, several months later overnight a lovely new area would spring up. I've never been a fan of Cream of Campbell's Tomato Soup shade but she loved it and we had a lot of it. When she finally got around to my office I hit her up for brown and beige. She said dark brown was depressing. I said tomato soup was too cheerful for me. She went away and after a few months a cluster of little men in white painters uniforms started slapping up the tomato shade throughout the offices. When they came to mine, they got out a handsome brown and white multi-stripe wall paper that positively wiggled. It would have been super for a chic bar. For typing copy and staring at all day it was a disaster. What could I do? Stanley asked me how I liked my office.

I hedged. "It's a very vibrating design."

"And what are you trying to tell me?"

"Well, I can't say that Mrs. LeMaire isn't tops. But if you ~~had~~ ^{love} a second I'd love to see you stare at the stripes for an hour or so."

He laughed. "You're not ever supposed to have an hour to stare in."

Nothing was done. I put my secretary in my office and I took over her typewriter. I figured if every time he went by ~~near~~ the alcove outside my office he saw me and not Doris I might make a point.



The next time Mrs. LeMaire arrived for a conference, she called me. Testily she said, "I hear you don't like your office."

"No," I said, "I like my office. I don't like what's on the walls."

"That's a special paper I had done in Europe."

"I know, but I can't look at it. It makes my eyes get streaks in them."

"I'll come up."

I made her sit in my chair and try to type. The next day they painted two walls beige and covered the other two with a handsome burlap cloth of some kind.

I didn't particularly want to cause trouble, but I also didn't want to have nausea ad nauseam.

So if you inherit an office that has jumping paper or a color you can't stand, try to get management to pay attention. If they put you way down, go out and buy cork board and slap it up yourself. If they yell, tell them you'll restore ~~the~~ Williamsburg the day you leave. Just don't sit around and wait, hoping that someone will care about your problem. People are aware only of their own. What you get in the way of an office, decor, view and power is up to you.

New Spot In The Old Place

Women are enormously unknowledgeable about power and when given any often let it be snapped right out of their hands, like a little kid ^{letting} ~~lets~~ his lollipop be swiped. I



call this the "sucker game."

I watched this happen to a very bright young woman who was in the marketing department of a large paper corporation. Naturally, as a woman, she had been assigned to the household products division. What else? Their having a female in this company could never be justified otherwise.

So she concerned herself with bathroom tissue, paper towels, diapers, table napkins, and servicing her boss's needs. Her title was Assistant Marketing Director.

In this job she worked for - you guessed - the Vice President & Marketing Director. He was an old school gent who thought women should be buying diapers not marketing them. He didn't cotton to the put-down of having a female associate but he knew better than to complain. My friend was the company's answer to the Equal Rights Commission and her role in this company was vital. There were about fifty discrimination suits pending against this company and it probably displayed poor Alice to a fare-thee-well.

Alice had a first rate liberal arts degree with a major in sociology. It would have helped a lot in this totally male set-up if she also had some chemistry, some engineering, some marketing, or business administration. Here she sat in a city bristling with evening and weekend and academic programs to help her re-gear but she never grew an inch. The A.B. X got her into the company all right but she never built it up with the scientific or business credentials that would have let her move into an opening at the top. ~~She knew what the score was~~ In a sense she had dead-ended herself. Learning

how to learn is essential. Knowing what to learn and doing it early on can mean the difference between moving up or getting stuck.

She not only did her job as well as she could, she also ~~(without any chemistry)~~ did most of her boss's work as well as he could. In fact, she once told me confidentially that she had to wonder just what a ^{VP.} for Marketing did. She was not aware of any input into the department other than her own. However, she was ^{De S} ~~smart enough~~ to notice that her reports were retyped and put into shiny folders. And they bore his name, not hers. *Conf*

She worked with all the outside service groups. This job encompassed dealing with the advertising agencies. There were two: one for trade advertising, one for consumer products. She also dealt with two public relations firms (a financial PR firm and a consumer products firm), as well as with all the marketing research companies that were hired to conduct surveys. When any one of these groups was hired or fired, it was her job to screen the new people. She would do all the ground work, see all the presentations (sometimes as many as ^{thirty} ~~20~~ to ^{forty} ~~30~~ sets would be interviewed when it came to ad agencies, ^{ten} ~~20~~ to ^{fifteen} ~~30~~ for public relations).

To fit all of this ~~20~~ into a limited number of days, Alice would often have two breakfast meetings, several lunch-in meetings, as well as a steady daily office hour procession. Her boss did not sit in on the screenings. He said he could remain more objective if he didn't have



to sit through all the crap. When she had the winnowing process down to three, she was asked to give him an analysis and recommendation for each of the three contenders. He would prod her to "hurry up the process as time is of the essence." He himself never missed the 5:25 for Westport. When she had her reports finished, he would study them closely before he moved in to make the decision. She was never asked to sit in on deliberations over the finalists. From that point on, he made it clear this was a top-man decision. She even got to write the "sorry but" letters - a fact which certainly killed any chance of using these people as future contacts in her own career.

Alice told me that during the three days of decision Mr. Cahill would stalk his office groaning and moaning about the pressures the company put on him. Each agency was allowed to take him to the swankiest restaurant in the city before or after their presentation. By eliminating one company at a time and playing one set of finalists against the other, Cahill managed to get at least five good meals out of his work. Alice got the coffee. Mr. Cahill inevitably chose the agency Alice had originally recommended, but he always managed to find a set of reasons that were different from hers. This automatically eliminated any credit line for her. As for the group hired, they naturally identified the ultimate boss as Mr. Cahill, whereas Alice's role was defined by all as "the girl" they'd be working with.



After two years of training in paper products, the new agency would leave for greener fields and Alice would begin the search again.

Then one day, lo and behold, didn't Mr. Cahill get moved up. His promotion, Alice felt, was largely due to her nine year performance. She even got up enough nerve to expect Mr. Cahill's job. She most certainly was qualified, wasn't she? She ought to get his job. And indeed she did.

The S & T Treatment
(Screwing and Tatooing)

But she didn't get his office. She stayed in hers. She didn't get his title. Within a week a new title of coordinator was created just for her. What the title didn't contain were two key initials - v.p.

There Alice sat passively accepting congratulations from all the men around, not realizing that she had been completely "s and t'd."



Cahill'

She didn't move into ~~his~~ office immediately and she should have. She thought it was "too nervy." Besides, she told me, the head of the whole division had ^{hinted that} ~~told her~~ they weren't even going to replace Mr. Cahill as the department was in a state of flux. What that meant, ^{suggestion} God ~~only~~ knew. But that ~~was~~ was enough ^{to keep} ~~for~~ Alice ^{from} ~~pushing~~ pushing. A smart man had handled a dumb woman. After that, the word was out that studies were being conducted on the whole department. ~~Studies~~ that she should have been in charge of. Another v.p. she confided in told her not to rock the boat. Not now. He said, "Just play along, baby. Your time will come."

But her time didn't come. In desperation she asked Mr. Cahill to lunch. An excruciatingly wrong thing to do. Mr. Cahill simply abhorred the idea that he wasn't being replaced. Subconsciously, he felt the company was slapping him in the face by not putting in a good man. A man who'd get a v.p. title. Giving his job to a dame was bad news. At least he thought so. So Mr. Cahill gave her great advice. He said, not to worry. He would keep his eyes open and his ears cocked for any moves. Later on that afternoon, ~~at home~~ he went right to her new division manager to tell him the news. ~~He added that~~ He had had to quiet down that hysterical dame, (she was always a little daft), but ~~that~~ she'd be OK now. The division sr. v.p. detested the thought that one of his people was blabbing to other divisions what was going on. It was down hill (From there) all the way ^{for} ~~for~~ Alice and the



division man.

Had Alice moved into Mr. Cahill's office the day they told her they weren't replacing him and that she could do his work, she would have been steps ahead. With offices go power. From this vantage point, she could have brought up the matter of her title. Management doesn't like to throw people out of an office though they will fight like tigers to keep them out. Alice should have realized that she had the upper hand since the company was getting two jobs for the price of one. And she was the only one left who knew how to handle it all.

She held all the good cards but didn't have the nerve to play them.

Her sitting in that office would have dramatized to people that she deserved to be there. As it was, no one really knew whether or not she had the clout to say yes or no. Along with the move, she should have instantly changed her phone number. A simple memo would have done it on the very first day she moved. "Please change directory numbers for Alice Blank." She should have phoned personnel and hired her replacement. She should have moved her secretary right into the new spot since Mr. Cahill had taken his with him. That way management would be faced with having to remove two females and the word "discrimination" would pop up to haunt them.



TRAHEY'S LAW RE CLAIM STAKING

Race, don' walk, when you see an opening you can fill. Wanting power is half the secret of getting it. The moment the job is yours move your tail into the office that held the power before. Move your secretary. Hold a party. Make it appallingly embarrassing to move you. You'll get to stay.

I did a short stint with one boss at Neiman-Marcus when I first arrived there. She was the Advertising Director and I had been hired, not by her, but by Mr. Marcus. It was difficult for me and difficult for her. But there it was. I was all hers. We managed. We managed because she only stayed a year and then married an oil man. When she left, management had one of those meetings that are held when no one is sure that the assistant can do the "big" job. They hired a new woman. To ease the blow, Stanley created a new title for me - Advertising Manager. But no matter how I sliced that one, I was getting a new boss and she had the old title, Advertising Director. I tried to rationalize it. Advertising Manager was better than Assistant Ad. Manager.



Asst. Ad manager. Benders

the new boss

~~had had~~ But I wasn't "title happy." ~~She~~ only lasted ~~two~~ ^{two} years ~~and~~ ^{Stock-Stock.} while and when she was eased out, I had had three years ~~of~~ ^{experience as the} ~~manager~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~title~~ I wasn't getting any younger.

It was vital that this time there be no executive meeting to decide on a successor. I didn't wait. I moved. What did I have to lose? I had made up my mind, come hell or high water, I would not stay if they hired someone else. So why not make it uncomfortable for management if they wanted to get rid of me?

I packed my stuff up in cartons I bummed from the display department and moved into the new quarters. I did it the afternoon ~~the boss~~ ^{the ad Director left.} Possession is nine-tenths of the law.

The only static I expected was from a peer of mine. I had had a good relationship with him in this role, but I knew he was going to kick like a steer if he had to work for me. He didn't want this job as it had nothing to do with his particular skill, but he didn't want me to have it at any cost.

Sure enough, he was first in line to inform Mr. Marcus I had moved.

That night I met Stanley in the garage ^l waiting for his car.

"Oh, incidentally," he said, "I hear you moved your offices. Sure you want that job?"

"I wouldn't have moved if I didn't."

"Sure you can handle it?"

"I have been handling it for two years. Now I'd like to get



the credit for it and the title." I waited a few seconds.
 "And the salary."

He smiled his wicked smile. "Well, good luck."

And that was that. The job was mine.

A few months later, just as I had anticipated, the art director left. He simply couldn't stand the fact I had gotten the job. Funny, he would have preferred a stranger to me.

So making the decision to fish or cut bait was a good one. By moving from my office to the Director's office and forcing management to acknowledge the job I'd done and to give me the title. The office move was the key move.

~~group of people in good and other things. The change help the situation of things.~~ You are where you sit. Don't let anyone ever ^{tell} you that it isn't important to have a power office.

"Biggie" Offices

Elizabeth Arden, for whom I worked three times as an advertising agency, had her office positioned so that she could sit unseen behind her desk and watch everyone who got out of the executive floor elevators, should she care to watch. She cared. She controlled the hours of every employee by noticing when they arrived. She could avoid anyone she wanted to. From ^{this vantage point} ~~her cat bird seat~~ she could watch you, but you couldn't see her and this without two-way mirrors.

A president of a well-known perfume company had an office



overlooking Fifth Avenue. His office walls were covered with his law library - a hint to all that even though he was president of ~~the~~ ^a perfume company, they should not get smart. He was a bona fide lawyer. Since his office was off a showroom of perfume displays, he had a bell just inside the door of the showroom inserted under the carpeting. This way a little gong went off and announced the arrival of a customer. One day, just for fun, I took a giant leap over the bell and landed soundlessly in the showroom. I quietly walked to his door. Then I knew why he had the gong put in. He was napping, his feet up on the desk, his hands curled over his ⁿpauch, his mouth agape. I just as quietly shuffled over and stomped on the gong. By the time I arrived, he was working on his papers. You might wonder where his secretary sat. She had offices in the shipping room where she hawked the shipping boys and got his correspondence done. He was too cheap to have two ladies when one could do. Meanwhile, with the gong, he was able to seem casual about handling the works by himself.

Many corporations I have worked with have a huge office that houses nothing but the ex-president, or a dead or dying founder. This is a kind of company shrine. I have one client who holds a lot of meetings in this office ^{kind of} ~~rather than~~ ^{rather than} ~~in his own~~ ^{in his own} ~~is nothing on the desk and he doesn't have to rearrange his papers when we come~~ The ex-president's awards, momentos, family ^{pictures,} ~~portraits,~~ and the inevitable oil ^{founder's portrait} ~~painting of himself~~ are still housed there. No one, but no one, ever sits behind the desk in "his" chair. Occasionally, someone uses the desk

to write something on, but only on the front or sides of the desk, never at the pivotal position. That would be overstepping the bounds of good taste.

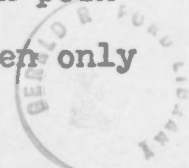
~~at courses~~ One of the big trends in offices ^{decorating} is the installation of fine furniture. This is done for one reason. Furniture and art can be amortized and even written off, so it's a good investment.

I had ^a ~~one~~ Seventh Avenue client who had one of the best private collections of post-impressionist paintings in the world. He bought them for the office and showroom, but they were a long-term investment and a long-term write-off. Eventually they were replaced by his daughter's water-colors and the goodies went into his collection.

John Johnson, one of America's sharpest businessmen, not only built an office that looks like the dashboard of a space ship. He built a building on Michigan Avenue to house the office.

This design is a brilliant public relations stunt. The twelve floors of the building are all so spectacular that Johnson Publications runs ^{guided} tours for kids (and grownups) twelve times a day. ~~with a guide.~~

In a reverse psychological trick, John doesn't use his office at all but hangs out in a small office on that floor where he can hold meetings and do some work. Mostly he's a roaming president. He's a dropper-inner. And bosses - if they really are smart - follow this pattern. They sit in posh surroundings for photos and major, major events. And then only



after 5 P.M. During the key hours they roam. Work moves at a much brisker pace when the president is a roamer and not a corner-office sitter.

When Vanity Lane, my NY bloomer reserve, moved to new offices in a windowless wonder building, I ended up in an inside space on the wrong floor. There was no room on the executive floor for the size department I ran. This was not a good idea for me, period. All the top guys came to work at 7 A.M. and then spent the next two hours telling each other how early they got in. I couldn't hack this scene at all. I went to The Filer and explained that my business was a late business. Since I usually was in my office at 7 P.M., he could hardly expect me to be in at 7 A.M. He didn't like the idea of my coming at 9:30, but he gave in. I was over that hump.

The atmosphere of Vanity Lane was bad enough most of the time, but the advertising skills of the King crowd were not to be believed. Never had I seen so many variations on one bad idea. I kept telling The Kong that I'd settle for just one layout. Never mind the thirty variations. Naturally, he did not like my attitude. I couldn't blame him. He had put me in the job to secure the account for his agency and here I was acting like the Pauline Kael of the ad world. I was judging him and the agency's work like a Michelin agent let loose in MacDonald's. I not only wouldn't give him a star, I was slapping on minus signs. I decided it was time to improve my office and the advertising at the same time.

This was definitely breaking ground rules, but I couldn't



see my name on his bad work. I had spent my time in Dallas trying to build a reputation for interesting advertising. If the stuff I was seeing my first trip around in New York ever ran, ~~my name~~, my name would be mud in the ad world.

I started trying to do a lot of the work myself. The Kong was outraged. But he didn't do anything about it and that was his mistake. I moved on past The Filer to see the Chairman of the Board. I had an idea. Either it would work or it wouldn't.

His name was Sol Ashman, but I never heard anyone refer to him privately except as "Stoge." He must have emerged on an awe struck obstetrics team with a big black Havana clamped between his little pink gums. He was a tall burly guy who got to work at dawn and left at the stock market wrap-up. Stoge was a financial genius who could manipulate monies brilliantly. With very little in the till, he had managed to salvage an old company name, built a big lingerie operation in the southwest, and ~~have~~^{take} a crack at absorbing a ~~big~~ sweater company on the west coast. Later on he would merge the whole shootin' works with a bigger conglomerate and retire a trillionaire.

To have a meeting with Stoge was not easy. And when you did, he greeted you like this:

"Okay, kid, you got five minutes. Don't bore me."

There he'd sit behind his huge table, twirling his cigar between his lips, blowing great smoke rings and watching your performance through them.

I wanted to lose both King and Kong.



My ploy for losing the King agency was simple. I figured I could save our company about \$250,000 if we ourselves prepared the national advertising and placed it "in-house." I knew the company could certainly use the dough.

I had figured in the cost of an extra writer, an art director, and a production man to get the work together. Even with a fat cushion carefully hidden away, I could make a big chunk of money. I also knew that this was the only chance I would ever have of getting rid of King.

He and Stoge were golf buddies. I set the budget in front of Ashman and carefully reviewed with him all the costs, agency profit and savings.

Stoge, his long legs propped on his desk, leaned back so far in his swivel chair I thought he'd tip over. ~~backwards~~

"You sure you can do this for that kind of buck?"

He blew a smoke ring that grew between us. I think he was stunned at finding out what his golf pal was costing him.

"Absolutely. I know I can do it."

"How you gonna tell the guys at the agency?"

I had already practiced this speech.

"I'm going to tell them it's just a temporary measure. Since we aren't hiring another agency, they'll believe it. If I don't make it, you can go right back to them."

"OK, you better do good, kid. I wouldn't want to see you miss."

I didn't want to miss either.



The first thing I did ~~once~~^{once} I had his approval was to bribe the painters to paint my office white. It also cost me several cartons of beer to get them to do a good job. The rest of the offices, including those on the executive floor were institution green.

I called up a friend of mine who worked at Lord & Taylor and told him I desperately needed some help. He put up a wall of book shelves and with another fiver I got the painters to slap on some more paint. So far I was ~~under my budget~~^{not spending a penny}.

After the paint dried, I called up another pal who worked for a very prestigious decorator. I said, "What can you do with a grand?"

He said, "In this place you get ash trays for a thousand dollars."

However, with what I could take out of my apartment and what he was willing to lend me from their warehouse and buy with my grand, he put together a very chic office. I rented three huge paintings. We installed it all the following weekend. It was amazing what happened once we got rid of the flourescent, put in lamps, put up art books, and put down a rug. The following Monday I had the best looking office in the place. What could anyone do about it except talk about it? I hadn't used one dime of company money. ~~Through~~ What seemed to bug everyone most was not the furniture, but the fact that I had white walls.

Beatrice, the lingerie product manager, fumed, "How did you get white walls?"



I shrugged my shoulders, "Guess they ran out of green paint."

Late Monday afternoon, ~~the~~ Stoge arrived. The word was out. "By God," was all he said. Then The Filer arrived. "Where did you get all this stuff?"

"I brought it from home. I figured I spend my life here more than I do there, so I just exchanged furniture."

~~What could he do?~~ *He stared*

"Don't worry," I told him, "I'll take it out when I become the incumbent."

Since my office was comfortable and pleasant, it soon became the spot for small brass meetings. When a buyer was going to get money for an ad, the product managers now brought her up to see me instead of hauling me down to her. When, finally, management decided to put some money into a decent showroom, I got the budget and the choice of decorators. Everyone won.

The best investment you can make is ^{to improve} ~~improving~~ the looks of your own terrain. I know that most people won't spend a penny of their own on their offices. But I think they are wrong. If you want to stand out from the masses in a big corporation, whip in your own personality through decoration. Flout convention. Take a risk. If company policy is against it, then you can't do the big things. But there's no law against hanging a good looking painting. (The rent ^{help to} eventually can buy the picture, if you want it to). No one can fault you for a small ~~fridge~~ in your closet. No one can



be against an ice bucket or Bacarrat glasses. You can use a good looking lamp and get rid of the neon tubing by just undoing the neon strips. If you can't touch the company bulbs, a lamp gives an office a better look at all costs. It softens the blow.

Hanging one's work and awards in the reception area of an office always makes me think of a chiropractor or chiropodist with his diplomas and certificates. To avoid this cliché, I had my Aunt Anna pettipoint some of my advertising slogans for throw pillows. It was a nice eye-stopper to see all the slogans piled up on chairs and couches in my office. After all, who reads a pillow? Before Aunt Anna left this world she had turned out the Danskin ballerina symbol and "Danskins are not just for dancing." A decorative clock for "Hamilton - When you want to call attention to the time." A whole keyboard and "Olivetti is the office." A leopard pattern that announced, "It's not fake anything, it's real Dynel." A mask for The Tringere Cult and a big squiggle for "Under the squiggly roof at Treasure Island."

And it was justifiable fun when we lost an account to turn over that client's pillow to my sheepdog Clovis for her to drool on.

I knew my ploy had worked when Stoge's wife Adele called to ask me to help her select some fabric. What I knew about couch covers you could print on the head of a pin. I just got her to hire the right decorator.

I'll be honest. I thought twice about putting my own thousand bucks into my office. But I still have the couch.



At some point I sold the chairs and lamps for more than I paid for them. I don't for a moment think you could do it now for a thousand, but considering today's wage, I also don't think you'd be getting the salary I got in the fifties. It was one of the best investments I ever made,

First of all, I got a reputation for having some taste in decoration. That didn't hurt one whit. Your office can be a significant way to pull yourself away from the rest of the executives. There is everything good and absolutely nothing wrong with being tagged "the dame with the antique office," or the "chick with the good looking paintings." Better that than "tacky, tired Ginger" or "the blob." An office is an extension of your personality. Over the years I have spent a bloody fortune in paintings and gadgets and furniture and tv's and fridges for the various offices I have had. I never failed to get my money's worth.

TRAHEY'S LAW RE GRABBING AND CREATING BIGGIE OFFICES

Theodore White tells this story in his book, Fire in the Ashes. Pierre Bertaux, the brilliant writer and political figure, was a member of the French Resistance in Toulouse. When the allied invasion was near, he went to the prefect's office and sat up all night behind the desk so that when the communists came to take over in the morning he was already there. His motto was "In time of chaos one should always get there first." From this vantage point he was in the position to negotiate instead of being negotiated for.



THE SEX AND BOOZE POWER PLOYS
GAMES EVERYONE PLAYS

Chivas Regal and Flesh Royale are two of the subtlest sex products on the market. They are also two of the most lethal. For centuries sex has been used as a power ploy by both men and women. It's meant thrones for some and gallows for others. Unless you're going to work for the Trappists, sex is going to have its place. And as for alcohol, unless you work for the Arabs, booze is going to play a role in your business life, as well.

Unlike other power symbols which are ~~available~~ out to the winners, sex and booze are available to anyone who wants to use them. The weakest person on the staff can wield a mighty strength by putting her body on the line. Someone smart enough to get a powerful guy drinking and talking can bring down a kingdom. How you cope with liquor and sex in your little workaday world depends totally on your own powers of discretion. ~~It's the hardest game of all to play.~~ *Every honest business man joins*



Men have a distinct advantage in both these areas. A man is brought up to be sociable, handle his liquor well, get as much sex as he can without getting caught, and have a good time while he's young. Society gives out no such guide lines for its women. We are taught that drunk women are disgusting *and*

~~that women who sleep around are, well, women who sleep around;~~ *[scribbles]*

that a woman who gets caught sleeping around is in trouble (and she usually is.)

A man takes a woman out for a couple of drinks after work and he strategizes how he can squeeze in a fast one before he heads for home. If a woman isn't smart enough to see this ploy and make dinner plans in advance so that she absolutely has to cut, she's not playing the power game well. If she truly likes this man and would like to spend time with him, she should position him into asking her out to dinner, not to drinks.

Harry Doyle, who heads up Borghese at Revlon, says most department heads spend about seventy five percent of their day with a hard-on. At five o'clock they try to see what they can pick out of the long gray line (the secretary pool). The guys also take the women out to see what news they can pick up. The power of "the line" is of course, information. What the secretaries hear is precisely what the men want to pick up. Harry says, "Men think of the office women as wives, mothers, and mistresses. When a couple of guys go on the town, one of them makes a call to a pal: 'Do the girls want to wine and dine?' There is always some cute chick with her pal who will get it all together for a night in the right restaurant and club. Sometimes they're nice dames and you can have a lot of laughs,



but they know and you know that they are expected to end the evening on an up note." ^{Heavy} ~~He~~ laughs. "No, I suppose you'd say on a down note." At the cost of sounding like Goodie Two Shoes, is the attention of two guys on the make worth having, anyhow? I think I'd rather sit at Maxwell's Plum and pick up a stray TWA pilot. At least he'd be "my" choice.

Getting the other guy to drink lunch
I have heard men and women say they can't really

function worth a tinker's damn when they have had a few belts under their belts. Yet, they swish down two ~~V~~odka martinis before lunch and drink wine with lunch. Despite the fact that more time is lost to business through alcohol than for any other reason, I have yet to attend a business conference where liquor was not served. I have also observed, however, that the really top, top, top people in business do not drink at lunch at all. They may have a ~~B~~ullseye, but it sits untouched for the waiter to pick up. They may sip at a good wine. But drink? Forget it. ~~Yes~~

Still, they do encourage other people around them to drink a lot. Salesmen certainly have very generous expense accounts. More contracts have been signed in Johnny Walker Black than in the cold light of an office day.

Sales managers are famous for getting their "guys" to drink and let their hair down. How else can they know what really goes on in their territories? Bosses often encourage the "girls" who work in the office to have drinks (on them) in hope that they'll be fed important scuttlebutt.



Many's the confidential file that has slipped through the fingers of a slightly tipsy secretary into the hands of a shrewd cookie on his way up.

Playing Out-of-Town Poker

But the one time when drinking it up and playing around reach the highest pitch is when the company goes out of town. If you think the famous Christmas party lets down barriers, you ain't seen nothing to what happens when a hundred salesmen are let loose at a Hyatt House with the few female executives the company may have. (The ratio of salespersons in the average manufacturing company is 95% male, 5 % female).

Sales meetings are convened for three major reasons: to show the salesmen the new collection of whatever they sell, to review their profits and losses, and to preview the new advertising for the next season.

When I handled the advertising for Vanity Lace, I was expected not only to attend the sales meetings, I often had to set them up, select the hotel, get the runway up, and plan the speakers for the major dinners. Some of these responsibilities I shared with Sweet-as-a-nut-Alfie, the sales manager, but a lot of the details I got to do alone. Such special delights always fall on the Ad Director's desk because management assumes that advertising is easy.

The meetings are held semi-annually. Sometimes, the key people in the company go to the west coast, the southwest, the midwest, and hold the meetings in these regions for the men who work these territories. Sometimes, all the salesmen come to the main offices. However, with current New York hotel rates, it is more and more common to move the executives



to an airport motel in Atlanta. It's a central point in the country and the tab for 123 people for three days is a lot cheaper in Georgia than it is in the Big Apple.

Meetings ^{usually} start at 8:30 A.M. and are ~~usually~~ conducted by the sales manager, in this case, Sweet-as-a-nut. The first and last speech is always given by the Chairman of the Board. The best early morning meeting speech I ever heard, ~~the~~ Stoge gave. He stood up, his cigar clenched between ~~his~~ two long fingers, and said, "Look, guys, if you don't do better, a hell of a lot better, there isn't going to be any company." Then he sat down.

After that, ~~The~~ Filer gave his pep talk, and from then on it was Sweet-as-a-nut all the way, until they got to The Orgasm's ~~Lingerie Show~~ and my advertising. I was told early in the game that if I wanted my stuff to be approved, I'd have to get the top salesmen on my side by showing them my work and having lots of drinks with them. This, somehow, didn't sit well with me. I ~~have~~ had enough experience to know that every buyer in ^{an} the entire ~~Neiman~~ operation could ~~have~~ love me and my ads, but if ~~The Haroi~~ ^{the brass} hated the stuff, no one else mattered. I decided to opt for headier heights.

When I worked at Neiman's, I often went to New York on ~~the~~ buying trips. I was no fool, even if I was young and dumb. I knew who played around in town. So I also knew they'd play harder out of town. These ~~dames~~ ^{women} certainly weren't the ones I wanted to share a double room with. If



ok?
generally
+
more

I couldn't find anyone to go with, I simply took a single room. That way, I could go out with the buyers if I wanted to, but I could hide, too. Vanity Lane was no different, except that there were only four women in the company important enough to go to the meetings. Since the men were usually assigned two to a room, the women were expected to pair off as well. I had a different strategy. I opted to pay the difference between a room and a small suite. And I took the latter by myself. Who could yell? The tab was coming out of my pocket. Besides, since I made the advance arrangements with the hotel manager, I often got a great suite for not too many bucks. This arrangement definitely worked to my advantage.

During the second day, when everyone had had it and everyone had a super hangover from the first night out, I would find some important reason for The Stoge to drop by after the last session to check out something in my presentation. Advertising presentations are done on film and slides and are saved till the end as a glorious inspiration for the ^{sales force} ~~men~~ to go out and fight, fight, fight the competition. Usually, all the guys want is a big buxom broad wearing Style #114. It's all a great big gas, anyway, since the merchandise is all sold "against" ads by the salesmen, not "because" of ads. By the time the advertisement you show at an April sales meeting actually runs in October, ~~it's~~ the merchandise has long since been shipped and sold. ~~Especially~~ ^{is especially} ~~is~~ this true of fashion goods.



Anyway, once The Stoge would agree to drop by at 4:30, I would get a bottle of Chivas (his favorite) and some good smoked salmon or caviar from the best gourmet shop in town. Then I'd ask the rest of the brass to come by at 4:35. ~~The~~ Stogy^d was very punctual, and when The Filer and Sweet-as-a-nut and the Orgasm Lady arrived, ~~The Stoge~~^{he} would be sipping his Chivas and enjoying my company. Naturally, everyone liked the idea of being part of the "in" group. If I was having problems with any of the top salesmen, I threw them in, too, and the problems promptly stopped.

Everyone would note "the suite" and simply conclude that either ~~the~~ Stoge was hot for me (which was pretty unlikely) or that I knew how to live it up and had the money to do it ~~with~~ - a conclusion that never hurts anyone. Having the suite made it possible not to be sacked in with another ~~man~~^{woman} who might invite the guys back to the room at 2:30 A.M. when they were all bombed. I eliminated that scene. I could also give a couple of small parties without everyone having to climb on the bed. The whole investment for three days never ran more than a couple of hundred bucks and I always thought it was money well spent. Everyone knew I popped for good booze and food. If I'd given the same party at my home, it would have set me back more since I would have had the ~~expenses~~^{expenses} to add to the bill. I got part of the suite paid for, anyway, ~~and usually the bill got lost in the shuffle of a hundred different hotel bills.~~ I never put the food or liquor on room service, but rather went out and bought it.



I also had a receipt which was valid for my income taxes

All in all, this particular play worked out well fine and gain
~~since I was running an agency now and not strictly confined to a payroll check.~~

I find these things are very bad as long as the wife is there

Naturally, when men are together (sans frauen) and away from the home fires which tend to burn, they want to play. And they want to play with girls. And if you constitute one of the four "girls," you have to be very fleet-footed to make it without getting pummeled to death.

Drinking after dinner is part of the schedule. If you go along, you are bound to have some drunk jcker make a pass at you. If you pull back, you get a reputation for being a sour ball. One way to avoid the entire scene is to have lots of distractions during the first drink. Since most of the drinking is done in the hotel bar, you can arrange to have the microphone man call for you. Or the projectionist can call, the manager of the hotel, the printer, your answering service from New York. Think it through before you go. Then cut, every chance you get. See to it that you have made the rounds of all the hot shots before your call comes through, promise you'll come right back, and clear out.

Now, I realize that I am not typical. I know a lot of women who love to go on the town. I find it hideously tiring and thoroughly unrewarding. Besides, I can't drink worth a damn and a hangover isn't worth being bored. Never. I honestly prefer room service and TV in my own suite to hearing what ten salesmen think of Vanity Lace. Most men



can hardly remember the convention, anyway. So I never could see that my hanging around till 3:00 A.M. paid off. If you're going to get ahead, you usually can do it without the party crowd. If you're going to get the gate, the guys can't save you, anyway.

Men have a wonderful way of making you seem like a circus freak if you don't want to jump into your Lore' nightie and snuggle up with them on the magic finger relaxicisor mattress. Since women's lib came along, they've got a new line. "What are you?" A lesbian of some kind?" This to any woman who declines joining them in the sack. Supposedly, if you're a nice straight creature you'll fling yourself into big Bruce's arms just to prove you're as normal as Raquel Welch. And your stalwart bed fellow will show his appreciation the following day by telling his cronies how eagerly you threw yourself at him. "Gosh, she's some broad." Having a fling with a man you really dig, enjoy, and want, is one thing. Playing the sales meeting harlot is just plain stupid.

When the convention is over, there are several tricks the guys will try to pull to see if they can't take home some kind of a trophy, even if they didn't stack up any prizes for sales.

One approach is sharing a plane ride home. Naturally, he'll either have his car at the airport or he'll share a cab *with* you. [He already knows you're in the arena or he wouldn't bother with this ploy.] Now, you're stuck. I've seen many a nymph say she was going to be picked up by someone else, *only*

to have big "Chivalrous Charlie" (who knows she is lying) sit it out. Now, she not only has to go with "CC," but he knows that she knows that he knows she was lying.

There are strategies for avoiding all kinds of problems attached to plane rides and rides from the airport. If you go my route, you'll stay an extra night. None of the men in my life have ever wanted to pop with their own money for a night in the convention hotel. They can't get out fast enough lest they may be charged an extra tariff for not vacating the rooms at the checkout hour. You can simply say you have to check all the equipment back in. How will they know the maintenance crew you tipped has already done this? This way you don't get stuck on a plane that is hauling most of the guys home. The Chairman, of course, will be the first to go, cutting out instantly after his "get off your ass and get to work speech."

When I worked at Vanity Lane I used to pack up all my stuff and go to the movies. If I had any friends in the city I wanted to get in touch with, I called before I left New York. Then I could have a pleasant evening and exit the next morning. If there was a pleasant resort-y place nearby, I checked out of convention hall and had Sunday to recuperate. If worst came to worst and I had to go home, I often paid for first class. This ploy once backfired when I hit a plane filled with a contingent of client executives. I had been to a meeting at their headquarters in London. They were flying back to a meeting in New York. They were in tourist. I was in first class. There was much jovial grumbling which I sensed wasn't all that jovial. Believe me, they got a bill from me for tourist price only, so I could tell bookkeepers to not bill.



Once I started making ~~any~~ ^{decent} money, I decided that what paid off the most at the airport was having a car pick you up. Today it costs \$15.00 ~~to~~ to get a limo to take you from La Guardia. If your plane is on time, that's just a few more dollars than the cab fare, especially with the new meter rate. Who can object if you say, "No, thank you, I have a car picking me up." If ^{it's} ~~you have~~ the president ~~staring at you, or someone like you,~~ you can offer him a ride.

What's Good For The Barber Can Hang The Goose (d)
~~The Different Drinkers.~~

I know that there are them what can drink and them what can't. And I've seen a lot of lives poured on the rocks along with the Beefeater gin. There are all kinds of office drinkers. They range from the "wine flusher" to the "sneaker" to the "hollow legger."

^{Ogden Nash}
 Dorothy Parker summed up the positioning of women beautifully. "Candy," she said, "is dandy, but liquor is quicker." Nothing can remove the barriers of good common



sense faster than two or three Stolichnaya on the rocks - with a twist.

As a rule, men, regardless of job category, fare better at this game than women do. Take a "wine flusher." If a woman gets a wine flush, people make note of it. "What's with you?" they'll say. With a man, they chalk it up to a hearty happy guy who happens to have a ruddy complexion after drinks. He comes on as fun. She comes on as having hot flashes. He can get away with it forever. But the word on Helen will soon be that she is drinking her lunch. This "word" is a fast way to ease Helen right out of her job.

Women will often support, protect, and cover up for their boss or a male confrere in the office. But they won't do a damned thing for a woman who's had one too many except talk about her. His boss will excuse him on the basis of his being pressured, overworked, whatever. With a woman, the same boss will yell, "That broad of mine is zonked out again this afternoon. I don't know what the hell to do about her."



sounded swell. I promised Bell I'd help in any way I could and off we went. I had never traveled with Bell before and I'd never seen her drink a drop.

The show went along beautifully and it wasn't until the finale that I missed Bell. It wasn't like her to up and leave all the furs around. I got the models to help pack up the sables for the insurance company and we checked everything off for the States. Still no Bell. I remarked to the top model that it was strange that Bell had just gone off without so much as a word. "Where do you think she could be?" I asked naively.

For an answer, the model did a fast pantomime. She tipped up an imaginary bottle to her lips and did a chug-a-lug.

"You mean she's drinking? By herself?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

"Why on earth didn't she wait for us?"

She eyed me suspiciously. "You've never been with Madame Winston when she hit the bottle, have you?"

"No, I haven't," I said honestly.

"Well, honey, I am going to bed this minute. I don't want to be around when she falls out of a bar."

I should have taken her warning, but I had no idea of Bell's problem. I went looking.

The Reforma Hotel at that time was "the" posh place to stay in Mexico City. It had three different bars, each named something like "La Cucarac~~ha~~," or "La Poloma," or "La Samba." I poked into two of them and on the third try



I spied Bell at the bar. No, that isn't true: I spied Bell on the bar. She was sitting up there singing to herself. The bar was half empty. But for the few tourists Bell was an eyeful. She had her legs crossed Dietrich style and she was belting out the Tennessee Waltz. She was absolutely smashed.

I went up to her and tried to cajole her off the bar.

"Nobody needs you, little sister," she snapped at me.

The bartender leaned over and said, "Theese your seester?"

"No, no, just a friend."

"You take hair out of zee bar. Sheeee bother evereeone."

I could no more cope with Bell on my own than I could fly. We needed a force. Finally, I got three of the models and we literally carried Bell to her room. She was not cooperative. For a slight young woman, she had a mean punch and she was not adverse to using it. I could have killed her.

Finally, we got her into bed. She wanted to go to bed ^{as much as} ~~to~~ a two-year-old in front of TV.

^{I know now}
~~Now, I know~~ that I should have locked her in or gotten a guard, but between the altitude and the fur show, I had had it. All I wanted was a ~~M~~argarita, a sandwich, and my bed. We all went to the dining room, and just as I was about to dig into my carne asada, I heard a great commotion at the restaurant door. I turned around. Carmen, the model, turned around. "Oh, God," she said, "I might have known! I'm getting out of here." I couldn't believe what was happening. There stood the head waiter, confronting Bell.

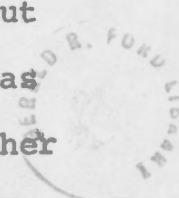


She was yelling at the top of her lungs, "Listen, you crazy Indian, don't give me any of that muy poquito stuff." Her voice didn't even sound the same. The waiter was trying to get her out of the dining room and a couple of bus boys were helping and giggling. I went over to see what to do.

I saw. No wonder the head waiter was disturbed. No wonder the bus boys were giggling. No wonder everyone was trying to cover her with menus and push her through the door. She was wearing her see-through raincoat, and that's all she was wearing. When she saw me, she started to run into the lobby. Trying to capture that crazy woman is a memory that has to live in the minds of the entire Reforma staff.

By the time we got back to New York, the word was around. The fur association was mighty put out with her. But she had done such a good job that they finally managed to overlook it. She behaved for a while. Then, one evening, about six month later, I attended an association dinner and Bell was there. She was drinking. Oh, God, I thought, what makes people have such a job death wish? When the association president gave his speech and accepted an award for his hard work, something snapped in Bell and she started to pelt him with dinner rolls. She had deadly aim. She hit her target three times before anyone could wrench the basket away from her and get her out of the banquet room.

This time, no one looked the other way. She was out on her can. And when a woman goes out for drinking she has a hard time ever getting back in. Bell eventually drank her



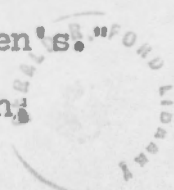
way right out of this world. It was a damned shame.

Client drinking is another bag altogether. It calls for a certain amount of savvy. If they are your clients or your husband's clients, I recommend sticking to wine. Wine has become quite a rage today, for good reason. You can certainly keep your wits about you easier with 13% alcohol than you can with 98% content.

Most of the clients I've had in my life have been moderate drinkers or non-drinkers. They also have been classy enough to go home early if the meeting was a night deal. And they actually prefer lunching. However, I've had my boozers from time to time.

ms
I once had a client who had a reputation for drinking. I went to the office meetings, but I pushed off entertaining him onto account men or anyone else I could find. At one point in our first year of business with his company, I heard he was on the wagon. Perfect, I thought. I'll ask him to lunch. He was a snob type, so I took him to La-Grenouille. I ate there occasionally and I asked the owner to save me a table in the "in" room.

Harry was the executive vice president of a large textile operation; his department made name sheets and towels. He looked like Casper Milquetoast. His jaw was slightly under-shot, he was middle aged, and he wore professor clothes. When the captain asked for the drink order, he said, "Heineken's." Then he took my hand in his and said, little boy fashion, "Now, that can't hurt anyone."



"I thought you were on the wagon."

"Who told you that?" he asked irritably.

"Oh, I don't know, someone mentioned it."

He was furious. "What the hell business is it of anyone's if I'm on the wagon or not?"

My red alert went up. Bad scene. I tried to change the subject. It didn't work. He inhaled his first beer and told the waiter, "Just keep 'em coming."

And, to me, with fire in his icy glare, he said, "You eat."

At three o'clock Harry was on his eighth beer. I couldn't believe he could contain all that liquid and not have to head for the men's room.

Finally I got a check and pushed him onto the street.

"Come on, old sour puss," said Harry. "Lesh go to the Rainbow Room."

"No way, Harry," I said.

"O.I., I'm going. You're a drag," said Harry, and he climbed into a cab.

This is one afternoon I have always regretted. ~~_____~~ I should have socked him on the head with a Heineken. We lost the account shortly after that, anyway, so what difference did my politeness make? And I would have had the fun of clouting him. Which is exactly what he needed.



But there is a dimension to situations like this that is important to comprehend. I was able to tell Harry to head for the Rainbow Room on his own. I owned the agency. I don't know if the average account man or woman in an agency would ever be so free with someone else's account. I've watched helpless men and women forced to put up with an obnoxious drunk client who starts with the "pawing" act simply because he controls their jobs.

Some women get smart and keep their wedding rings in sight long after the gong has gone from their marriage. Others let it be known that their current beau is built like Arnold Schwarzenegger and has been known to send competition to emergency. And the cool ones simply never allow the situation to get to the stage where they have to talk "black belt."

Ironically, Harry is still boozing it up and still pulling down his \$100,000 a year. He still exploits advertising agencies, he still uses women (and men) any which way he wants. He just floats along on his Heinekens. Poor Bell lost her job and eventually her career.



Then Love Gets in the Way

There's not much good to be said for booze and sex games, no matter who plays them. Somebody is bound to get hurt eventually. These are not harmless little pastimes. When you play with either for whatever motive, you may end up playing with lives. When love results, it really does get sticky wicket time. This story may come on like Redbook, but it's true.

A bright young woman I know worked as a creative copywriter for a small prestigious advertising agency which specialized in the food business. She had become very important to the agency as a result of very good and very hard work. She had come up with ideas for at least four major presentations which had netted the company four brand new big spending accounts. Because of her enormous ability not only to think up ideas but to sell them, one of the top boys in the company began to involve her more and more with the accounts he worked on. His name is Nat Wyatt, hers Sharon King.

Even though she was officially not assigned to his bailiwick, she was all too happy to help out - and did. His accounts, which had been just lumping along, began to take on new shape and his billings on these accounts rose appreciably. Nat, however, not satisfied with just working with Sharon on a catch-as-catch-can basis, began to pay a very different kind of attention to her. First dinners, then dancing, and finally disco-ing her right in between his Bill Blass sheets. For Nat it was the perfect arrangement. With Sharon tucked into



bed, he got every ounce of her talent. After a few highly visible "hot" weeks, just about everyone in the agency knew that Wyatt was getting it off with Sharon. Wyatt didn't make any effort to keep it a secret. In fact, he played bad boy with the fellows, saying, "Shucks, guys, she's all over me. What can a weak man do?"

Then Wyatt's wife got wind of it, even though she'd been sent to the Hamptons for the summer. From Sago Ponie Bay came the bad news. Nat moved into Sharon's studio and asked for a divorce. All was moonlight and roses and campaign slogans. But the president of the agency was a bit on the stuffy side and he like Wyatt's wife. He took the position that "fast lays" were the order of any agency day, but wives should not get hurt. That was not gentlemanly. Even though he suspected that Sharon was pretty valuable at the price he paid he felt the best thing for everyone in the place was to lose Shaon. She went.

To prove his outrage and love for Sharon, and to show his loyalty to her, Wyatt quit as well. Thanks to Sharon's efforts, his reputation was tip-top. He had no trouble connecting with a new agency which hoped he would eventually be able to attract his clients to their shop. He casually dropped the fact to the new president that his affair with Sharon was pretty much "fini." He meant it, too. Sharon had become much less intriguing now that she was out of his day in day out business life. They had little to talk about. She was



becoming troublesome. She couldn't understand why he couldn't get her into his new place. He patched up life with wife and slowly removed himself from Sharon's world." It was strange," he told his cronies, "she's gone off the deep end since she was canned. You'd think she'd realize I'm the one who had to start all over again because of her. Just like a dame to blame me because she's having trouble lading a spot."

And that was the truth. The word was out on Sharon. She was trouble. Agencies who might have grabbed her a year before were not too interested in her. She had become the Hester Prynne of Madison Avenue. She bitterly resented this. The last I heard of her, she was free-lancing and doing some promotional work for a small shop

I haven't seen much hope for women who have office or store or corporation affairs. Of course, I do know a couple of women who have gotten ahead sleeping with their boss, but sooner or later their quid pro quo relationships fall apart. The few that last are the exceptions that prove the rule.

Christmas by Messenger

One poor thing I knew fell madly in love with her boss. This was the real thing. She had been a lonely person and Mr. Hansen was the most glamorous thing that had ever come



into her life. She really got hooked and honestly thought he'd leave his New Canaan home life and start over with her. But, as the affair progressed, she began to notice that they always went to more obscure Chinese restaurants farther and farther off the beaten path. "If I get one more bowl of rice," she said ruefully, "I'll choke on it."

During the year, because of the kind of work he did, Hansen had enormous freedom of time. His wife, whether knowing or not, paid little attention to his hours. He spent the early evening with his office concubine and then checked in at his club. Weekends, he made it clear, were sacrosanct. He had to be in New Canaan. During the summer months he left on Thursday for the country. Poor concubine spent many lonely weekends. When Christmas rolled around, he had her Christmas present delivered by Quick Messenger Service. That snapped it. She realized where the relationship was and where it was not going. His answer was, "For Pete's sake, what do you expect me to do on Christmas? I just wanted you to know that I thought of you."

The affair fell apart shortly after that. Mr. Hansen found more and more excuses to be out of town and the concubine tumbled to the fact that he was wining another woman in the department. "I wonder what Quick will deliver to her on Christmas Eve," she mused bitterly one evening when I had a drink with her. "Another gift wrapped cruel blow, I suspect." Eventually, she changed jobs and left the company without



any kind of promotion involved. Obviously, what's sauce for the gander can choke the goose.

THE FINGER-FREE CROWD *lc*

Out of all the women I had a chance to talk to while ~~building~~ ^{writing} this book, I suppose the one common hate I heard about in office sex problems was the "finger free" male.

A man hands a young girl a report to be typed and holds her hand for just that minute. He feels it's kind of cute to do this. Doesn't it prove that he likes Sally? Shouldn't she respond in kind with a smile and a giggle and an "Oh, Mr. O'Malley, stop."

A woman is working at her desk and her boss leans over and picks up a file. On the way from the forum he manages to drift his hand across her bosom. She blushes. He gets his kicks.

One reporter I know on a large newspaper said ^{that} the editor of her section would approach girls from the back and hug them from the waist up. This was his way of saying, "Gosh, you're a cute kid." She hated it. She deeply resented his grabbing her. She noticed she wasn't the only victim, but no one said anything. Since she had a lot of Irish guts, she went to the vice-president in charge of the entire section. "Tell that man to keep his hands to himself," she pleaded. "I really can't stand that sort of thing."

The vice-president dutifully noted her complaint and said he would most certainly talk to the editor. Only he



carried the news as a message from Joanne, not as a suggestion from management. Busy Fingers kept his hands off Joanne from that moment on. He also kept Joanne off any good stories, excluded her from all his meetings, and never spoke to her again. She became totally invisible. Since it was psychologically impossible to work under these circumstances, Joanne had to quit a job she liked. But nothing happened to Busy Fingers. He went right on exploring the female universe. Most women won't report him, even though they want to. They saw what happened to Joanne and are afraid of the same retaliation.

Joanne made one tactical error. She should have sounded out some of her co-workers and gotten their reaction. Had she gone as a spokeswoman for a group of women, it would have been different. Had she been able to get a couple of other women to go with her, it would have been different. But, women ~~alone~~ are reluctant to make a scene. All too often, it's turned back on ^{her} them with the guy saying, "Bob, so help me, she's nuts. I think she's got nothing but sex on her mind, a nympho, you know." Men continue to victimize women.

TRY THIS ONE. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE. /lc

Once, a looney I worked with took me to the theater and dinner. He was ever so chivalrous and kind. When we arrived back at my apartment, he started with the act. I hadn't counted on his being the kind ^{who} ~~that~~ literally wanted a "tit" for tat. So, while he went on and on about coming up



and really showing me a great time - did I know he was something in bed - I was figuring out my escape tactic. It may not always work, but it certainly leaves a stunned expression. I grabbed his hand and looked him in the eyes. "Bob," I said, "I've just had a lovely evening and I know that you'd like me to invite you up to my apartment, but I honestly couldn't." "Why?" he stammered, "Why?" "Because," I said, leaping out of the car, "you've done too much for me already."

THE COCK CIRCUIT *2e*

The other day I had breakfast with a very talented young female from a large television network. She is in charge of developing sit-coms. She was in from the coast and so were all the packagers who also had presentations to make. Her ^{entire} ~~whole~~ last year had gone into developing a new hour comedy series and she was depressed at the outcome. "So what went wrong?" I asked.

"Who knows? Who talks to a woman?"

I managed to get out of her the fact that the guys always know what's cooking because they talk to each other. "It's kind of what I call the 'cock-circuit.'" The guy who has a docu-drama or a series to sell buddies it up with the brass from the network. They all go out cocking for the evening and he learns what the score is. I can't belong to the cock crowd, so I have to sit and wait. The 'cockers' get their stuff pushed because they are all playing around together. Who knows from nothing about mine? It's all so damned unfair."



"Oh, well, what the hell," I said, "doesn't a good show count?"

She looked at me as if I were three years old. "You watch television and you ask a question like that? These guys have a whole way of doing business. It's all part of the game. I can't go to Ed Silverstein and say, 'Hey, how'd you like to go on the town with some broads you wouldn't believe?' But that's how one show will get sold and that's how another won't."

I knew she was depressed and justifiably so. I didn't have any advice for her. Life has been like this ever since the ancient *Romans* had their orgies, with ten-year-old boys jumping out of cakes, women playing courtesans, and everyone throwing up at the end of each course. So what makes the '70's any different? Eventually, if this bright young woman gets mad enough, she'll form her own production company and make her own products. Then she won't have to compete with the cocking crowd.

