

西方广告经典

原著选读

左 晶◎主编



知识产权出版社

全国百佳图书出版单位

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Selections from Classics of Western Advertising

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内容提要

本书从大量的广告学经典原著中,选了其中学界推崇的名著,取其中的重要章节,加上简单的导读,推荐给对阅读广告学原著感兴趣的读者。为有中级英文阅读能力的学生、学者和业界人士提供一条阅读接近大师们原作的途径。本书所选的7部作品包括大卫·奥格威的《一个广告人的自白》(Confessions of an Advertising Man),詹姆斯·韦伯·扬《产生创意的广告技巧》(A Technique for Producing Ideas),丹尼斯·希金斯《广告写作的艺术》(The Art of Writing Advertising),罗瑟·瑞夫斯《实效的广告》(Reality in Advertising),艾·里斯和杰克·特劳特《定位》(Positioning: The Battle for Your Mind),哈罗德·拉斯维尔《社会传播的结构与功能》(The Structure and Function of Communication in Society),唐·舒尔茨、斯坦利·田纳本、罗伯特·劳特朋《整合营销传播》(Integrated Marketing Communications)。

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大卫·奥格威《一个广告人的自白》导读

大卫·奥格威是广告历史上最具影响力的人物之一。他一手创立了奥美广告公司，开启了现代广告业的新纪元。《一个广告人的自白》自1968年出版以来，迄今全球已销售1000000册。这是一本全球广告行业的经典之作，曾经引领无数人进入广告行业。在这本书中，奥格威坦诚地介绍他本人和奥美广告公司的宝贵经验，包括怎样经营广告公司、怎样争取客户、怎样维系客户，怎样当一个好客户，怎样撰写有效的文案、怎样制作上乘的电视广告等。

奥格威早年做过厨师、炊具推销员，后移民美国，在乔治·盖洛普博士的受众研究所担任助理调查指导。“二战”期间先后在英国安全协调处和英国驻美大使馆任职。后在宾夕法尼亚做农夫。

1948年，奥格威在纽约以6000美元创办了奥美广告公司，随后以创作许多富有创意的广告而赢得盛誉。他的作品机智而迷人，但最重要的是：他坚信它们必须有助于销售。他把广告业的经营与专业化推向顶峰。

Selections from David Ogilvy's *Confessions of an Advertising Man*

I

How to Manage an Advertising Agency

Manage an advertising agency is like managing any other creative organization—a research laboratory, a magazine, an architect's office, a great kitchen.

Thirty years ago I was a chef at the Hotel Majestic in Paris. Henri Soulé of the Pavillon told me that it was probably the best kitchen there has ever been.

There were thirty – seven chefs in our **brigade**. We worked like **dervishes**, sixty – three hours a week—there was no trade union. From morning to night we sweated and shouted and cursed and cooked. Every man jack was inspired by one ambition to cook better than any chef had ever cooked before. Our *esprit de corps* would have done credit to the Marines.

I have always believed that if I could understand how Monsieur Pitard, the head chef, inspired such white – hot **morale**, I could apply the same kind of leadership to the management of my advertising agency.

To begin with, he was the best cook in the whole brigade, and we knew it. He had to spend more of his time at his desk, planning menus, **scrutinizing** bills and ordering supplies, but once a week he would emerge from his glass – walled office in the middle of the kitchen and actually cook something. A crowd of us always gathered

around to watch, **spellbound** by his virtuosity. It was inspiring to work for a supreme master.

(Following Chef Pitard's example, I still write occasional advertisement myself, to remind my brigade of copywriters that my hand has not lost its **cunning**.)

M. Pitard ruled with a rod of iron, and we were terrified of him. There he sat in his glass cage, the *gros bonnet*, the arch symbol of authority. Whenever I made a mistake in my work, I would look up to see if his gimlet eye had noticed it.

Cooks, like copywriters, work under ferocious pressures, and are apt to be quarrelsome. I doubt whether a more easygoing boss could have prevented our rivalries from breaking into violence. M. Bourignon, our *chef saucier*, told me that by the time a cook is forty, he is either dead or crazy. I understood what he meant the night our *chef potagier* threw forty – seven hits; his patience had been exhausted by my raids on his stock pot in search of bones for the poodles of an important client.

Our *chef pâtissier* was equally **eccentric**. Every night he left the kitchen with a chicken concealed in the crown of his Homburg hat. When he went on vacation he made me stuff two dozen peaches into the legs of his long underwear. But when the King and Queen of England were given a state dinner at Versailles, this roguish genius was chosen from all the *pâtissiers* in France to prepare the ornamental baskets of sugar and the *petits four galcés*.

M. Pitard praised very seldom, but when he did, we **were exalted to the skies**. When the President of France came to a banquet at the Majestic, the atmosphere in our kitchen was electric. On one of these memorable occasions, I was covering frog's legs with a white *cbaud – froid* sauce, decorating each little thigh with an ornate leaf of chervil. Suddenly I became aware that M. Pitard was standing beside me, watching, I was so frightened that my knees knocked together and my hands trembled. He took the pencil from his starched toque and waved it in the air, his signal for the whole brigade to gather. Then he pointed at my frog's legs and said, very slowly and very quietly, "That's how to do it." I was his slave for life.

(Today I praise my staff as rarely as Pitard praised his chefs, in the hope that

they too will appreciate it more than a steady gush of appreciation.)

M. Pitard gave us all a great sense of occasion. One evening when I had prepared a Soufflé Rothschild (with three liqueurs) he took me upstairs to the door of the dining room and allowed me to watch President Paul Doumer eat it. Three weeks later, on May 7, 1932, Doumer was dead.

(I find that people who work in my agency get a similar charge out of state occasions. When a crisis keeps them working all night, their morale is high for weeks afterward.)

M. Pitard did not tolerate incompetence. He knew that it is demoralizing for professionals to work alongside incompetent amateurs. I saw him fire three pastry – cooks in a month for the same crime: they could not make the caps on their brioches rise evenly. Mr. Gladstone would have applauded such ruthlessness; he held that the “first essential for a Prime Minister is to be a good butcher”.

M. Pitard taught me exorbitant standards of service. For example, he once heard me tell a waiter that we were fresh out of the *plat du jour*—and almost fired me for it. In a great kitchen, he said, one must always honor what one has promised on the menu. I pointed out that the dish in question would take so long to cook that no client would wait for a new batch to be prepared. Was it our famous *coulubiach de saumon*, a complicated kedgeree made with the spine marrow of sturgeon, semolina in a brioche paste and baked for fifty minutes? Or was it our still more exotic Karoly Eclairs, stuffed with a purée of woodcocks’ entrails cooked in champagne, covered with a brown *cbaud – froid* sauce and masked with game jelly? At this distance of time, I do not remember, but I remember exactly what Pitard said to me: “Next time you see that we are running out of a *plat du jour*, come and tell me. I will then get on the telephone to other hotels and restaurants until I find one which has the same dish on its menu. Then I will send you in a taxi to bring back a supply. Never again tell a waiter that we are fresh out of anything.”

(Today I see red when anybody at Ogilvy, Benson & Mather tells a client that we cannot produce an advertisement or a television commercial on the day we have

promised it. In the best establishment, promises are always kept, whatever it may cost in agony and overtime.)

Soon after I joined M. Pitard's brigade I was faced with a problem in morality for which neither my father nor my schoolmasters had prepared me. The *chef garde – manger* sent me to the *chef saucier* with some raw sweetbreads which smelled so putrid that I knew they would endanger the life of any client who ate them; the sauce would mask their condition, and the client would eat them. I protested to the *chef garde – manger*, but he told me to carry out his order, he knew that he would be in hot water if M. Pitard discovered that he had run out of fresh sweetbreads. What was I to do? I had been brought up to believe that it is dishonorable to inform. But I did just that. I took the putrid sweetbreads to M. Pitard, and invited him to smell them. Without a word to me, he went over to the *chef garde – manger* and fired him. The poor bastard had to leave, then and there.

In *Down and Out in Paris and London* George Orwell told the world that French kitchens are dirty. He had never worked at the Majestic. M. Pitard was a martinet in making us keep the kitchen clean. Twice a day I had to scrape the wooden surface of the larder table with a sharp plane. Twice a day the floor was scrubbed, and clean sawdust put down. Once a week bug – catcher scoured the kitchen in search of roaches. We were issued clean uniforms every morning.

(Today I am a martinet in making my staff keep their offices shipshape. A messy office creates an atmosphere of sloppiness, and leads to the disappearance of secret papers.)

We cooks were badly paid, but M. Pitard made so much from the commissions which his suppliers paid him that he could afford to live in a chateau. Far from concealing his wealth from the rest of us, he drove to work in a taxi, carried a cane with a gold head, and dressed, when off – duty, like an international banker. This flaunting of privilege stimulated our ambition to follow in his footsteps.

The immortal Auguste Escoffier had the same idea. When he was *chef des cuisines* at the Charlton in London before the First World War, he used to the Derby on

the box of a coach – and – four, dressed in a gray frock coat and top hat. Among my fellow cooks at the majestic, Escoffier's Guide Culinaire was still the definitive authority, the court of last appeal in all our arguments about recipes. Just before he died he emerged from retirement and came to luncheon in our kitchen; it was like Brahms lunching with the musicians of the Philharmonic.

During the service of luncheon and dinner, M. Pitard stationed himself at the counter where we cooks handed our dishes to the waiters. He inspected every single dish before it left the kitchen. Sometimes he sent it back to the cook for more work. Always he reminded us not to put too much on the plate “pastrop”! He wanted the Majestic to make a profit.

(Today I inspect every campaign before it goes to the client, and send back many of them for more work. And I share M. Pitard's passion for profit.)

Perhaps the ingredient in M. Pitard's leadership which made the most profound impression on me was his industry. I found my sixty – three hours bending over a red – hot stove so exhausting that I had to spend my day off lying on my back in a meadow, looking at the sky. But Pitard worked *seventy – seven* hours a week, and took only one free day a fortnight.

(That is about my schedule today. I figure that my staff will be less reluctant to work overtime if I work longer hours than they do. An executive who recently left my agency wrote in his farewell letter, “you set the pace on doing homework. It is a disconcerting experience to spend a Saturday evening in the garden next door to your house desk by the window doing your homework. The word gets around.”)

I learned something else at the Majestic: If you can make yourself indispensable to a client, you will never be fired. Our most important client, an American lady who occupied a suite of seven rooms, subjected herself to a diet which was based on a baked apple at every meal. One day she threatened to move to the Ritz unless her apple was always burst. I developed a technique of baking two apples, passing their flesh through a sieve to remove all traces of core, and then replacing the flesh of both apples in one skin. The result was the most voluptuous baked apple our client had ev-

er seen, and more calories than she ever suspected. Word came down to the kitchen that the chef who was baking those apples must be given tenure.

My closest friend was an elderly *argentier* who bore a striking resemblance to the late Charles C. Burlingham. His most cherished memory was a vision of Edward VII (Edward the Caressor) floating majestically across the sidewalk to his brougham after two magnums of *entente cordiale* at Maxim's. My fellow chefs, who had heard tales of my ancestral Highlands, christened me *sauvage*.

I became still more *sauvage* when I arrived on Madison Avenue. Managing an advertising agency isn't all beer and skittles. After fourteen years of it, I have come to the conclusion that the top man has one principal responsibility: to provide an atmosphere in which creative mavericks can do useful work. Dr. William Menninger has described the difficulties with uncanny insight:

In the advertising industry to be successful you must, of necessity, accumulate a group of creative people. This probably means a fairly high percentage of high strung, brilliant, eccentric nonconformists.

Like most doctors, you are on call day and night, seven days a week. This constant pressure on every advertising executive must take a considerable physical and psychological toll – the pressure that the executive places on the account executive, on the supervisor, and they in turn on the creative people. Then, most of all, the clients' pressures on them and on you.

A special problem with the employees of an advertising agency is that each one watches the other one very carefully to see if one gets a carper before the other, or to see if one makes an extra nickel before the other. It isn't that want the carpet or the assistant or the nickel so much as it is the recognition of their "standing with father".

The executive is inevitable a father figure. To be a good father, whether it is to his children or to his associates, requires that he be understanding, that he be considerate, and that he be human enough to be *affectionate*.

In the early days of our agency I worked cheek by jowl with every employee; communication and affection were easy. But as our brigade grows bigger I find it more

difficult. How can I be a father figure to people who don't even know me by sight? My agency now employs 479 men and women. I have discovered that they have an average of one hundred friends each—a total of 49700 friend. If I tell all my staff what we are doing in the agency, what we believe in, what our ambitions are, they will tell their 49700 friends. And this will give us 49700 rooters for Ogilvy, Benson & Mather.

So once a year I assemble the whole brigade in the auditorium of the Museum of Modern Art, and give them a candid report on our operations, profits and all. Then I tell them what kind of behavior I admire, in these terms:

(1) I admire people who work hard, who bite the bullet. I dislike passengers who don't pull their weight in the boat. It is more fun to be overworked than to be underworked. There is an economic factor built into work. The harder you work, the fewer employees we make, the more profit we made. The more profit we make, the more money becomes available for all of us.

(2) I admire people with first – class brains, because you can not run a great advertising agency without brainy people. But brains are not enough unless they are combined with *intellectual honesty*.

(3) I have an inviolable rule against employing nepots and spouses, because they breed politics. Whenever two of our people get married, one of them must depart—preferably the female, to look after her baby.

(4) I admire people who work with gusto. If you don't enjoy what you are doing, I beg you to find another job. Remember the Scottish proverb, “Be happy while you're living, for you're a long time dead.”

(5) I despise toadies who suck up to their bosses; they are generally the same people who bully their subordinates.

(6) I admire self – confident professionals, the craftsmen who do their jobs with superlative excellence. They always seem to respect the expertise of their colleagues. They don't poach.

(7) I admire people who hire subordinates who are good enough to succeed them. I pity people who are so insecure that they feel compelled to hire inferiors as

their subordinates.

(8) I admire people who build up their subordinates, because this is the only way we can promote from within the ranks. I detest having to go outside to fill important jobs, and I look forward to the day when that will never be necessary.

(9) I admire people with gentle manners who treat other people as human beings. I abhor quarrelsome people. I abhor people who wage paper – warfare. The best way to keep the peace is to be candid. Remember Blake:

I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe;
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

(10) I admire well – organized people who deliver their work on time. The Duke of Wellington never went home until he had finished all the work on his desk.

Having told my staff what I expect of them, I then tell them what I expect of myself:

(1) I try to be fair and to be firm, to make unpopular decisions without cowardice, to create an atmosphere of stability, and to listen more than I talk.

(2) I try to sustain the momentum of the agency—its ferment, its vitality, its forward thrust.

(3) I try to build the agency by landing new accounts. (At this point the upturned faces in my audience look like baby birds waiting of the father bird to feed them.)

(4) I try to win the confidence of our clients at their highest level.

(5) I try to make sufficient profits to keep you all from penury in old age.

(6) I plan our policies far into the future.

(7) I try to recruit people of the highest quality at all levels, to build the hottest staff in the agency business.

(8) I try to get the best out of every man and woman in the agency.

Running an agency takes vitality, and sufficient resilience to pick oneself up af-

ter defeats. Affection for one's henchmen, and tolerance for their foibles. A genius for composing sibling rivalries. An unerring eye for the main chance. And morality—people who work in advertising agencies can suffer serious blows to their *esprit de corps* if they catch their leader in acts of unprincipled opportunism.

Above all, the head of an agency must know how to delegate. This is easier said than done. The clients don't like the management of their accounts to be delegated to juniors, any more than patients in hospitals like the doctors to turn them over to medical students.

In my opinion, delegation has been carried too far in some of the big agencies. Their top men have withdrawn into administration, leaving all contacts with clients to juniors. This process builds large agencies, but it leads to mediocrity in performance. I have no ambition to preside over a vast bureaucracy. That is why we have only nineteen clients. The pursuit of excellence is less profitable than the pursuit of bigness, but it can be more satisfying.

The act of delegation often results in interposing a foreman between the agency boss and his staff. When this happens, the employees feel like children whose mother turns them over to the tender mercies of a nanny. But they become reconciled to the separation when discover that the nannies are more patient, more accessible, and more expert than I am.

My success or failure as the head of an agency depends more than anything else on my ability to find people who can create great campaigns, men with fire in their bellies. Creativity has become the subject of formal study by psychologists. If they can identify the characteristics of creative individuals, they can put into my hands a psychometric test for selecting young people who can be taught to become great campaign-builders. Dr. Frank Barron at the University of California's Institute of Personality Assessments has done promising research in this direction. His conclusions fit my own observations:

Creative people are especially observant, and they value accu-

rate observation (telling themselves the truth) more than other people do.

They often express part – truths, but this they do vividly; the part they express is the generally unrecognized; by displacement of accent and apparent disproportion in statement they seek to point to the usually unobserved.

They see things as others do, but also as others do not.

They are born with greater brain capacity; they have more ability to hold many ideas at once, and to compare more ideas with one another—hence to make a richer synthesis.

They are by constitution more vigorous, and have available to them an exceptional fund of psychic and physical energy.

Their universe is thus more complex, and in addition they usually lead more complex lives.

They have more contact than most people do with the life of the unconscious—with fantasy, reverie, the world of imagination.

While I wait for Dr. Barron and his colleagues to synthesize their clinical observation into formal psychometric tests, I have to rely on more old – fashioned and empirical techniques for spotting creative dynamos. Whenever I see a remarkable advertisement or television commercial, I find out who wrote it. Then I call the writer on the telephone and congratulate him on his work. A poll has shown that creative people would rather work at Ogilvy, Benson & Mather than at any other agency, so my telephone call often produces an application for a job.

I then ask the candidate to send me the six best advertisements and commercials he has ever written. This reveals, among other things, whether he can recognize a good advertisement when he sees one, or is only the instrument of an able supervisor. Sometimes I call on my victim at home; ten minutes after crossing the threshold I call to tell whether he has a furnished mind, what kind of taste he has, and whether he is

happy enough to sustain pressure.

We receive hundreds of job applications every year. I am particularly interested in those which come from the Middle West. I would rather hire an ambitious young man from Des Moines than a high – priced fugitive from a fashionable agency on Madison Avenue. When I observe these grandees, coldly correct and critically dull, I am reminded of Roy Campbell’s “on some south African Novelists”:

You praise the firm restraint with which they write
I’m with you there, of course.
They use the snaffle and the curb all right;
But where’s the bloody horse?

I pay special attention to applications from Western Europe.

Some of our best writers are Europeans. They are well educated, they work hard, they are less conventional, and they are more objective in their approach to the American consumers.

Advertising is a business of *words*, but advertising agencies are infested with men and women who cannot write. They cannot write advertisements, and they cannot write plans. They are as helpless as deaf mutes on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera.

It is sad that the majority of men who are responsible for advertising today, both the agents and the clients, are so conventional. The business community wants remarkable advertising, but turns a cold shoulder to the kind of people who can produce it. That is why most advertisements are so infernally dull. Albert Lasker made \$50000000 out of advertising, partly because he could stomach the atrocious manners of his great copywriters—John E. Kennedy, Claude C. Hopkins, and Frank Hummert.

Some of the mammoth agencies are now being managed by second – generation caretakers who floated to the top of their organizations because they were smooth contact men. But courtiers cannot create potent campaigns. The sad truth is that despite