

The High/Low? Art of a Pfuck *You* Letter — A Primer

Greetings From Another [Distant] Planet...

In My Senior Year At *The* George Washington University [Ed. Note: Not To Be Outdone By The Equally Pretentious *The* Ohio State University] My Favorite Finance Professor (FFP) Did Me The Favor Of A Lifetime: He Schooled Me In The Finer Points Of The Above-Noted Art.

So, Here's The Backstory... I Was Working With a Senior Veep Of A Major (And Powerful) DC-Based Trade Association On What Was More Or Less My Final Senior Thesis. For Reasons That I Never Could Discern, This Fellow Took A Near-Immediate Dislike To Yours Truly. And Unlike The Over-The-Moon A\$\$WHOLE That I Am These Days — And Truth-Be-Told — Have Been For Many Many Moons, Back Then I Was Unfailingly Polite. It was "Yes, Sir" "No, Sir" "Thank You, Sir" "Why That's A Great Insight, Sir" arf! arf! arf! Etc. And Almost Always With An Appropriately Deferential Demeanor (Smile).

This A\$\$WHOLE Is Really Creating A Problem For Me. I Take This To My Business School Dean Who Was A Pedantic Peacock Named Sal DaVita. He Couldn't Have Shown Less Interest In My Plight And Suggested That I Work Through It As Best I Could. He Than Dismissed Me With This Sage Advice: You Know, Daniel, You Will Encounter Plenty Of Difficult People In The Course of Your *Bidness* Career. Think Of This Situation As A Sort Of Training Experience. Seriously, You Lazy Arrogant Minimally-Talented Anal Retentive Academic Son-of-a Bitch?

Fast Forward A Bit... I Did Get Through It But Not Without Significant Smoldering Resentment. I Was Convinced That His Attitude and Uncooperativeness [i.e., "The Target"] Had Indeed Negatively Impacted My Grade. So One Day I Got Inspired to Write A Letter To This Bastard Cataloguing My Various And Sundry Grievances — You Know, Not Unlike...

Couple Of Days After The Initial Draft I'm Siting In The Office Of My FFP. After Discussing Our Business At Hand, I Pull Out A Copy And Tell Him What I've Experienced With Mr A-Whole. FFP Generously Condescends To Read Through My Proffered Draft. He Proceeds To Say That The Letter Is Mostly Fine, But He Advises/ Admonishes Me To Excise All Of The Profanity And One Somewhat Egregious Ad Hominem, Which I Promised To Do (And Subsequently Did).

And Then My FFP Asked A Seemingly Innocuous Question With Profound Implications. To Wit, "So, Who Else Are You Planning To Send This To?" With My Very Best Blank Undergraduate Expression I Said, "Well, No One."

With A Somewhat Condescending Smile, He Invites Me To Sit Closer To His Desk. He Proceeds To Tell Me That My Pending Correspondence Is What He Calls A "Fuck You" Letter. I Silently Nod My Tentative Understanding. And Then, Here It Comes ... *The* Light Bulb Moment — Blink! — Which Has Remained Forevermore In The Forefront Of My Consciousness. So, He Instructs Me To Form Up A **Distribution** List, Which I Promptly Do Which Ended Up Being A Party Of Six. Six Very Prominent Folk To Him In His Industry.

And Here Comes The "Fuck You" Part. He Tells Me To Sign The Letter And Proceed To Make And Ready For Mailing The **Distribution** Copies. Done. And Here's The **Brilliant** Part. He Directs Me To Mail The Distribution Copies But **NOT** The Original To The Recipient i.e., The "Fuck You" Target. At This Point, I'm Giddy At All Of This.

Here's The Hannibal Lecter-Like Satisfaction In All Of This... At Least One Of The Six Contacted Mister A-Whole To Commiserate? About My Outrageous Piece Of Correspondence. And Then Mister A-Whole May Well Have Said, "I've No Idea What You're Talking About. Would You Kindly Forward It" I Would Have Loved To Have Been A Fly On His Desk As He Stares At A Letter Addressed To Him, Signed By Me And *Copied* To The Six Key Industry Distribution Recipients. That Must Have Been Some Moment. Why, I Was Half-Hoping That He'd Have A Pfucking Coronary Right At His Desk. Hence, The **Very** Angry Letter I Subsequently Received. To Wit, "Who The Fuck Do You Think You... (Yada Yada) Sadly, With So Much Moving and Travel Over The Years, His Letter Is No Longer In My Possession. Over The Past Forty-Five Years Or Thereabout, I've Been Sufficiently *Stimulated* To Have Written Three Other Similar "Fuck You" Letters. One Of The Distribution Lists Clocked-In at 14, Which Is A Personal Record.

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