

## An Ultimate Man: Setting the stage

Recently, I was on a pitch for an ultra luxury automotive client. Their target in the RFP was the "likable rich." But the problem inherent with that target is the name. We don't like the rich for their wealth, we love them for their passions. We love them because they share these passions with us. And when these talented driven people attain ultimate success, it comes with a test. A test of the values that drove them to this point. A test of passion.

The client was shackled by its most famous driver, a man of intrigue and mystery - an ultimate man. In 2016 though, Ultimate men were being retired. Culture had moved past the advertising slew of 2013 legendary men. The brand needed to connect with millennial values for its move to be reborn in the second century of its life.

Their brand icon was derived from an Egyptian amulet that enable its wearer to stay true to oneself when facing the gods' judgment. This amulet guaranteed eternal life.

The client wanted to conquest Porsche for their entry level level vehicle.

Along with writing a traditional creative brief, below is a parable on finding ultimate success, through the story of an ultimate man.

### Theme: Passion never lost.

My uncle taught me to golf.

He was the cool uncle, who took me on adventures when I was little.

He started his own business and made a fortune in the dot com bubble.

He bought a Porsche. He'd earned it.

We went golfing and fishing in that Porsche.

Man, was it quick. That Porsche would take off like a rocket. It burned fuel.

He'd sit me in the driver seat and let me pretend to drive (I was nine after all).

Our adventures were found in that Porsche.

My uncle was self-taught, mind you. He never went to college. He never earned a degree, and yet he was a certified expert in the world he worked in.

He worked tirelessly teaching himself the world of IT and banking.

And while he valued his time above all else, he was always willing to share his time with me and anyone who needed him.

But the wealthier he got, the lonelier he became.  
He got to the point where he had lost his drive. He had made it, but what was next?

He was static. The thrill had burned out.  
The quick wealth had robbed him of his purpose, so he went looking...

He married a materialistic woman, attracted to the wealth.  
Four beautiful blonde daughters spawned, inherit with tension.

His strain continued.  
His business failed, he lost his wealth, and his family left.

He had bought a Porsche.

I won't buy a Porsche.

I seek to learn, to know, to discover new meaning.  
I have the moral courage to reinvent,  
while staying faithful to my principles.

I know that success is not the goal, but only the beginning.

I am Aston Martin.