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Robert Martin Serabin is a road warrior with 35 years of experience in sales and marketing. He held positions in sales management, strategic planning, and general management at small, medium, and large domestic and global companies. He has a BSME from Carnegie Mellon University and an MBA from Baldwin Wallace College. He lives in New York City with his wife, Deborah, and their Shih Tzu, Herbie.

A comprehensive handbook of selling, it is intended for both first-time and seasoned businesspeople as the definitive reference source for doing business.

—Allan D. Grody, president, Financial InterGroup Holdings Ltd

All businesspeople must be able to sell their companies, products, services, ideas, and themselves, but not every businessperson is comfortable with a face-to-face selling situation.

**THIS BOOK WILL HELP YOU
OVERCOME THE ANXIETY OF
SCHEDULING A SALES MEETING
AND CLOSING THE DEAL.**



N&H
NORVAL HAWKINS BOOKS

HOW TO CONQUER YOUR FEAR OF SELLING Robert M. Serabin NH

How to
**CONQUER
YOUR FEAR of
SELLING**
AND
**CLOSE
THAT
DEAL**

Robert M. Serabin

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CHAPTER 2 TRUST-CENTERED SELLING

The benefit-centered selling model characterizes buying as a particular type of rational decision-making or problem-solving. It uses a multistep process, as shown in the flowchart below.



This traditional selling model has three underlying and critical concepts, none of which adequately apply to selling professional services. The first non sequitur concept is that the *seller aspires to improve their selling skills*. Professional-service providers are not salespeople. Most seek to provide content superiority over sales proficiency. Many providers are ambivalent about selling, some even see it as antithetical to their vision of a professional. What salespeople view as best practices feels like manipulation to many professional-service providers.

This is the definitive challenge facing professional-service providers who would attempt to incorporate selling into their view

of professionalism. Until they can accept the identification and matching of needs to benefits as part of their professional offering, and persuasively recommend options to their clients, they will consider selling techniques as a necessary evil at best and a deception at worst.

A second unwarranted concept in providing professional services is *buying is a rational decision-making process*. Consider these three often paraphrased statements about buying and selling:

"Buying is a decision-making process."

"Selling is a problem-solving process."

"Buyers seek primarily tangible results."

The above notwithstanding, selling professional services is much more than a few axiomatic phrases. The decision-making process a professional-service provider can open a Pandora's box of uncertainty that may affect personal accomplishment, success or failure, anxiety, status, and reputation—for both buyer and seller.

Intelligent buyers of professional services don't just quantitatively compare prices and features. They know that they may never have enough data, time, or money to make the best decision; that they must inevitably deal with risk and uncertainty. What they need, above all, is a trustworthy consultant, who will be unflagging in the face of ever-present ambivalence.

The third uncalled-for concept is *selling is separate from delivering*. In an industrial or commercial setting, selling is the discrete pre-supply part of a business transaction. After the sale is closed, customer support is handed over to others. Title to product is transferred to the customer. Sales are often concluded with complex contractual obligations.

For the professional-service provider, transactions are more amorphous. The seller is often also the service provider. Except to help set up appointments and billing, third-party selling organizations are relatively rare. Contracts are less structured, scope is

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HOW TO CONQUER YOUR FEAR OF SELLING AND CLOSE THAT DEAL

1.2 SYMPTOMS OF SALES PHOBIA

Before covering the determinants for successful selling, let's look at some of the symptoms of sales phobia. Do you dread the prospect of selling anything to anyone? Do you get anxious (even physically ill) just thinking about making a cold call or a sales presentation? Do you get tongue-tied or ramble when you try to sell a product or service? Do you search for something to say during a sales meeting? Have you concluded that some people (not you) are natural salespeople? Are you afraid of rejection? Do you have feelings of inadequacy with respect to selling? Have you ever thought that selling is not your forte? Are you responsible for growing sales at your company and don't really have a plan for doing it? Do you have direct reports making sales meetings and not closing enough deals?

If you answered "yes" to one or more of the above questions, you are likely to benefit from this book. Even if you don't suffer from sales phobia, you can improve your selling skills by practicing the lessons contained herein.

So, why do you feel uncomfortable about selling? Maybe you've seen too many movies like *Tin Men* or *Glegarry Glen Ross*, where salespeople are portrayed as lying, money-grabbing bastards out to screw an unsuspecting customer. In both movies, the successful salespeople (as measured by earned commissions) thoroughly understand the company's playbook on how to sell. The unsuccessful ones blame their failure on others and/or bad luck. If this stereotype bothers you, don't despair. Following the Gilded Age and well into the Second Industrial Revolution, selling evolved into a noble profession, effectively practiced by dedicated and competent specialists. At the turn of the twentieth century Norval Hawkins, sales manager of the Ford Motor Company, wrote, "Any man who knows the principles of selling and who practices them to the best of his ability, will change whatever his nature has been

SALES PHOBIA

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and will become an artistic salesman; that is, *skillful* in performing the selling processes."

1.3 SIX PRINCIPLES OF PERSUASION

The ability to influence others isn't luck or something miraculous—it's science. Experts like Robert Cialdini, professor of psychology and marketing at Arizona State University, say there are proven ways to help make you more successful as a marketer or salesperson. "People's ability to understand the factors that affect their behavior is surprisingly poor," says Cialdini. Most people can't explain why they made a particular decision. But Cialdini, who spent thirty years studying the ways people are influenced, believes he can. And being able to identify the underlying factors that influence decisions means he also understands how to use them to get more positive responses.

Professor Cialdini has whittled his findings down to six key principles of persuasion.

Be forewarned: This knowledge shouldn't be used to push shoddy products or charge unfair prices. According to Cialdini, "When these tools are used unethically as weapons of influence . . . any short-term gains will almost invariably be followed by long-term losses."

1.3.1 PRINCIPLE #1: RECIPROCATION

Reciprocation recognizes that people feel indebted to those who do something for them or give them a gift. For marketers, Cialdini says, the implication is you have to go first. Give something: give information, give free samples, give a positive experience to people, and they will want to give you something in return.

The reciprocation principle explains why free samples can be

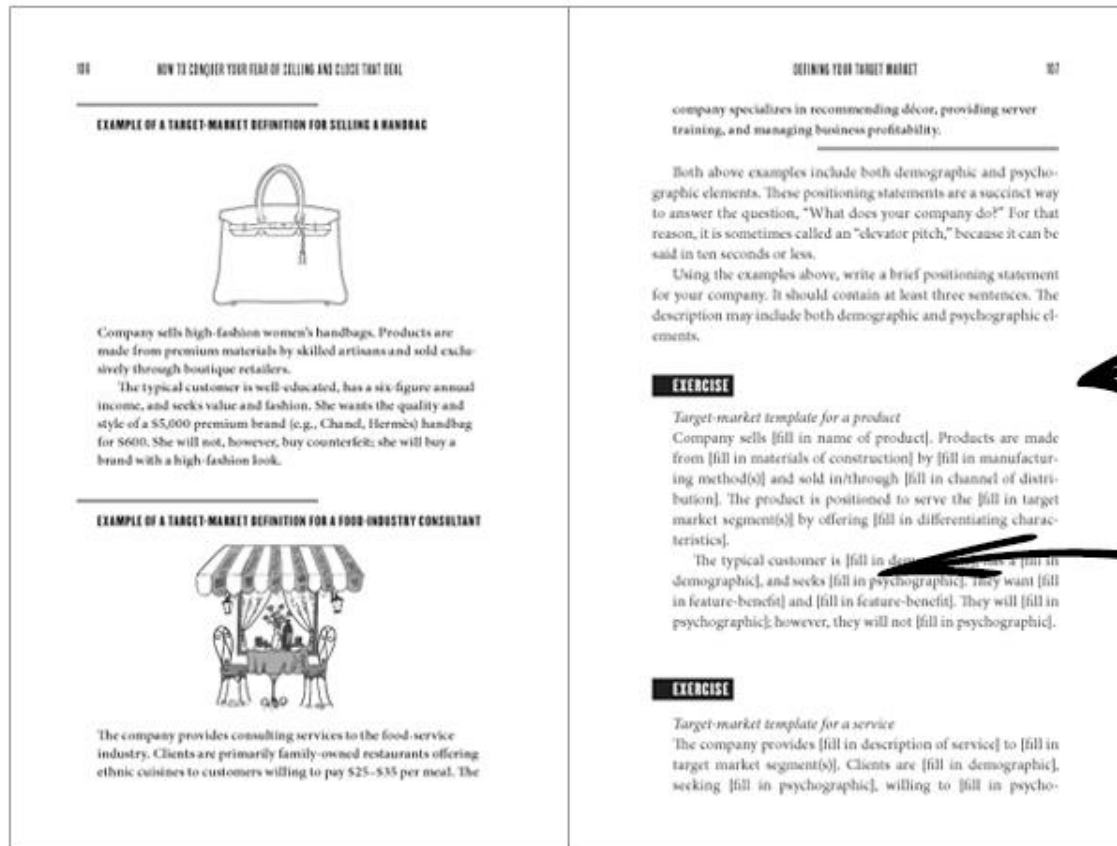
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NEURAL NETWORK BOOKS

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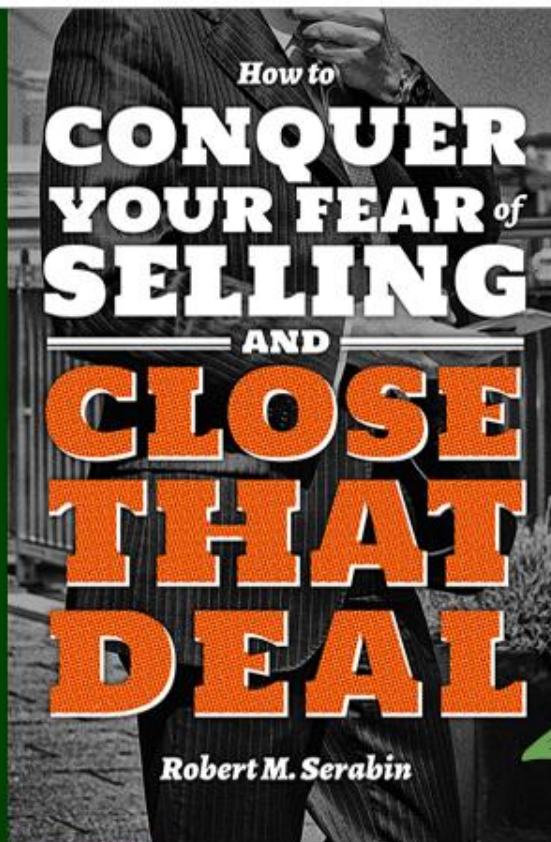
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Read the title of standards and chapter 1

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ROBERT M. SERABIN is a writer who has sold 20 years of experience in sales and marketing. He has positions in sales management, strategic planning, and general management in retail, medical, and energy companies. He has published two books: "How to Conquer Your Fear of Selling and Close Your Deal" from Southern Methodist University Press and "How to Sell" by with his wife, Deborah, and their 10-year-old son.



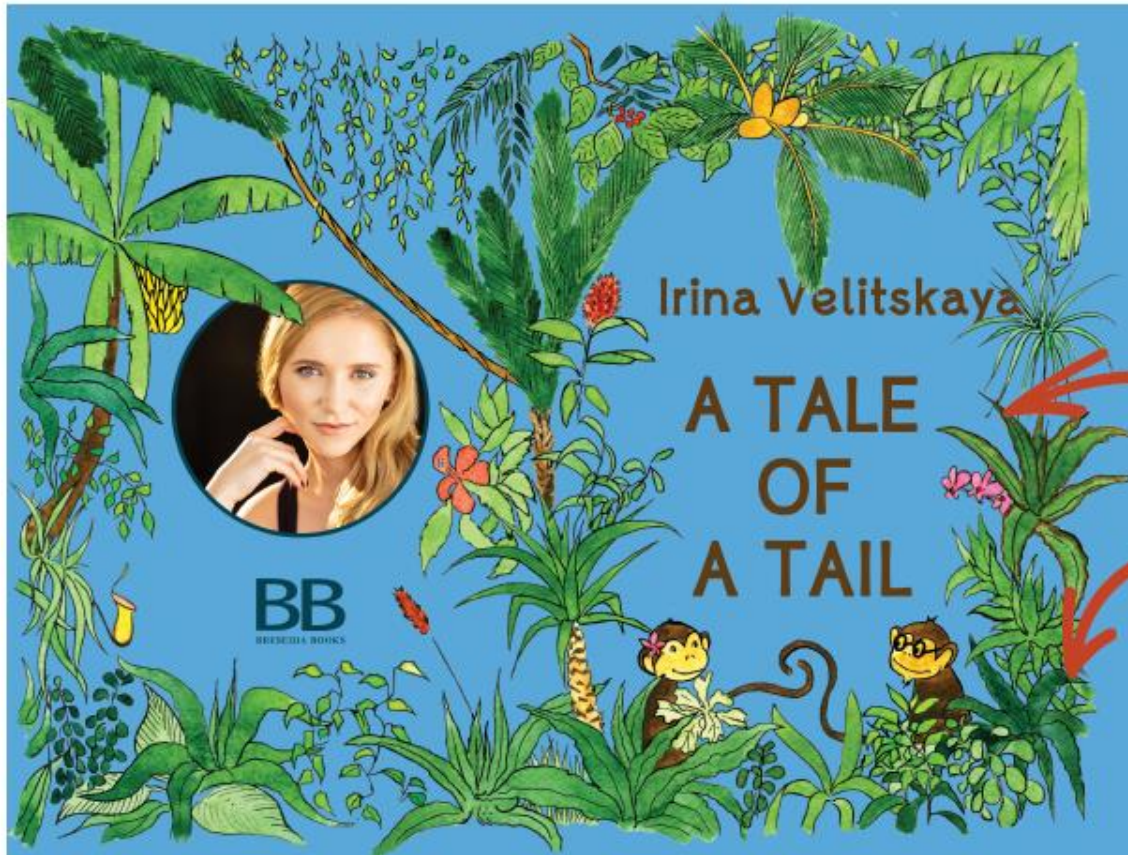
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The Little Girl Monkey thought for a moment and said, "But what if the Monkey Teacher is wrong?" There was an astonished silence and then, all at once, all of the other monkeys cried out in unison, "He can't be wrong!" "Why?" asked the frustrated Little Girl Monkey. "Because," the other monkey replied, "he is The Teacher!"

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The Little Girl Monkey felt very crestfallen and confused. She slammed her way back through the trees and went to sleep. But later that night she was startled awake by rustling sound in the trees, and there she saw, to her shock, the Monkey Teacher scampering up and down the tree using his tail!

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Christopher Guerin has two degrees in English Literature from Northern Illinois University. He worked in the symphony orchestra business for 26 years, 20 of them as president of the Fort Wayne Philharmonic. His poems and stories have appeared in numerous small magazines and literary journals. His work was anthologized in 2017 in *A World Assembly of Poets* (Nibir Ghosh, ed.). His poem "The Vietnam War Memorial" has been published five times. He has written two collections of short stories and two poetry collections, plus a dozen children's books.



MY HUMAN DISGUISE · CHRISTOPHER GUERIN



CHRISTOPHER GUERIN

MY HUMAN DISGUISE
200 SONNETS

U.S. \$20.00

A groundbreaking publishing event and, in itself, a work of art, *Human Disguise* is a collection of 200 ekphrastic sonnets. "Ekphrastic" means "description" in Greek, and each poem describes, interprets, meditates on an image — painting, photograph, print, drawing, or sculpture. Expanding on the ekphrastic tradition established by such authors as W. H. Auden and William Carlos Williams, Guerin includes images that reflect upon — 140 all, most in vivid color.

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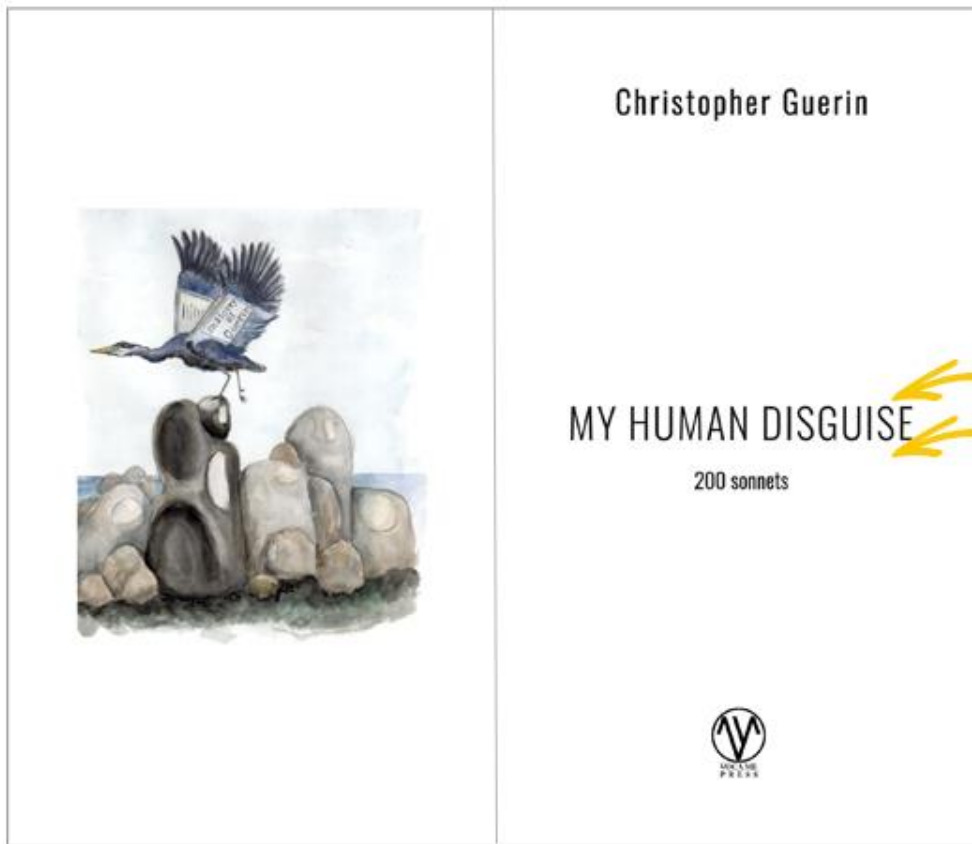
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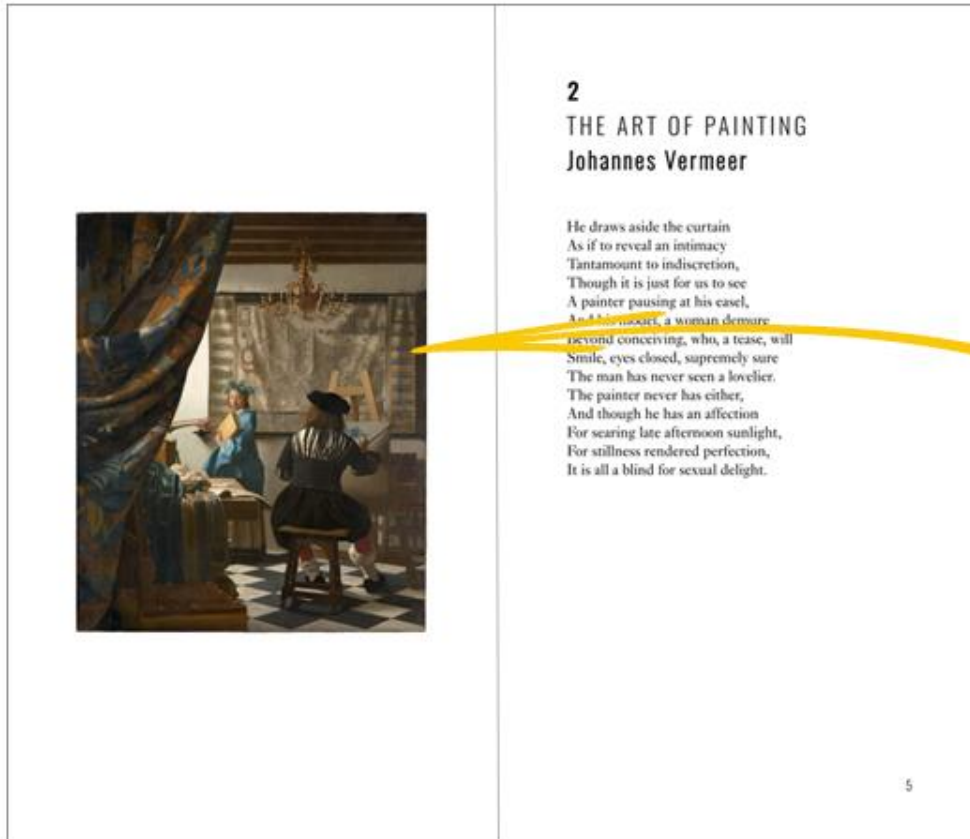
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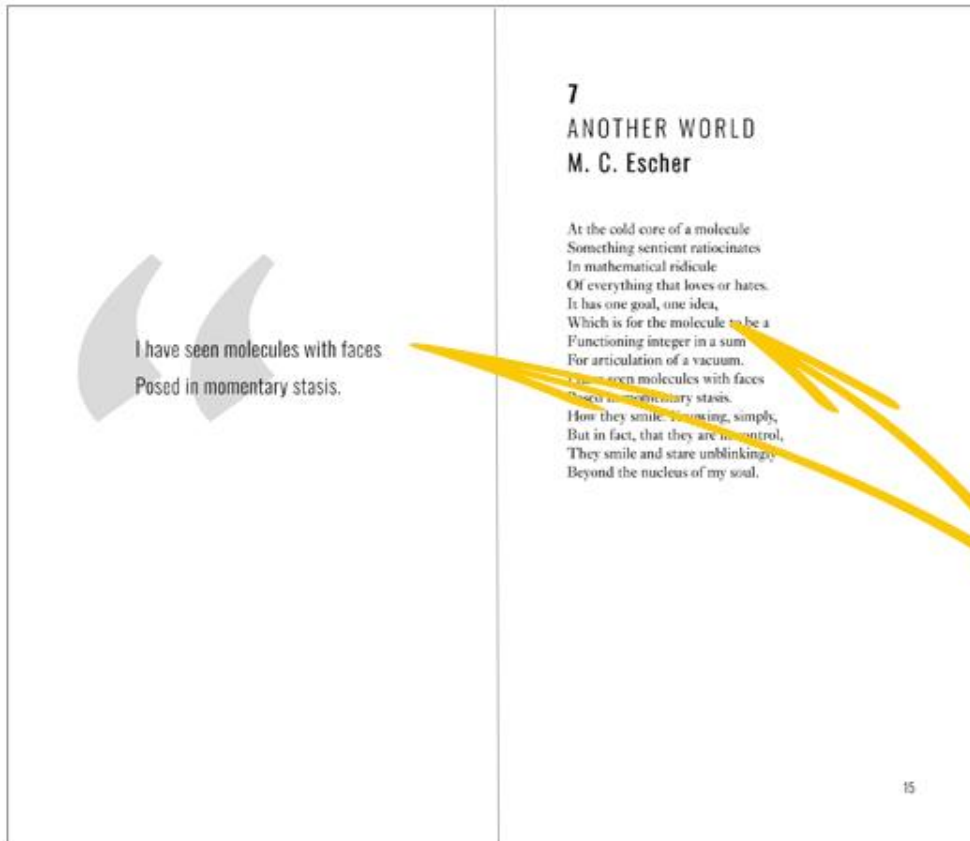
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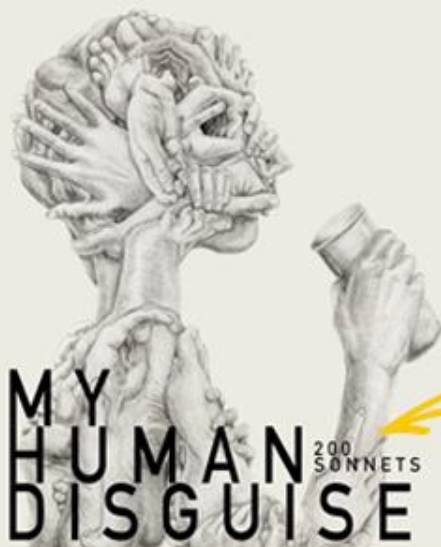
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About the author

Christopher Guerin has two degrees in English Literature from Northern Illinois University. He worked in the symphony orchestra business for 26 years, 20 of them as president of the Fort Wayne Philharmonic. Since 2006, he has been the vice president of corporate communications at Sweetwater Sound. His poems and stories have appeared in numerous small magazines and literary journals. His work was anthologized in 2017 in *A World Assembly of Poets* (Nibir Ghosh, ed.). His poem "The Vietnam War Memorial" has been published five times. He has written two collections of short stories and two poetry collections; *Quartet*—a one-act play presented by the Open Door Theater in Fort Wayne; plus a dozen children's books. Volume 2 of *My Human Disguise*, 200 more ekphrastic sonnets, will be published in 2019.

CHRISTOPHER GUERIN



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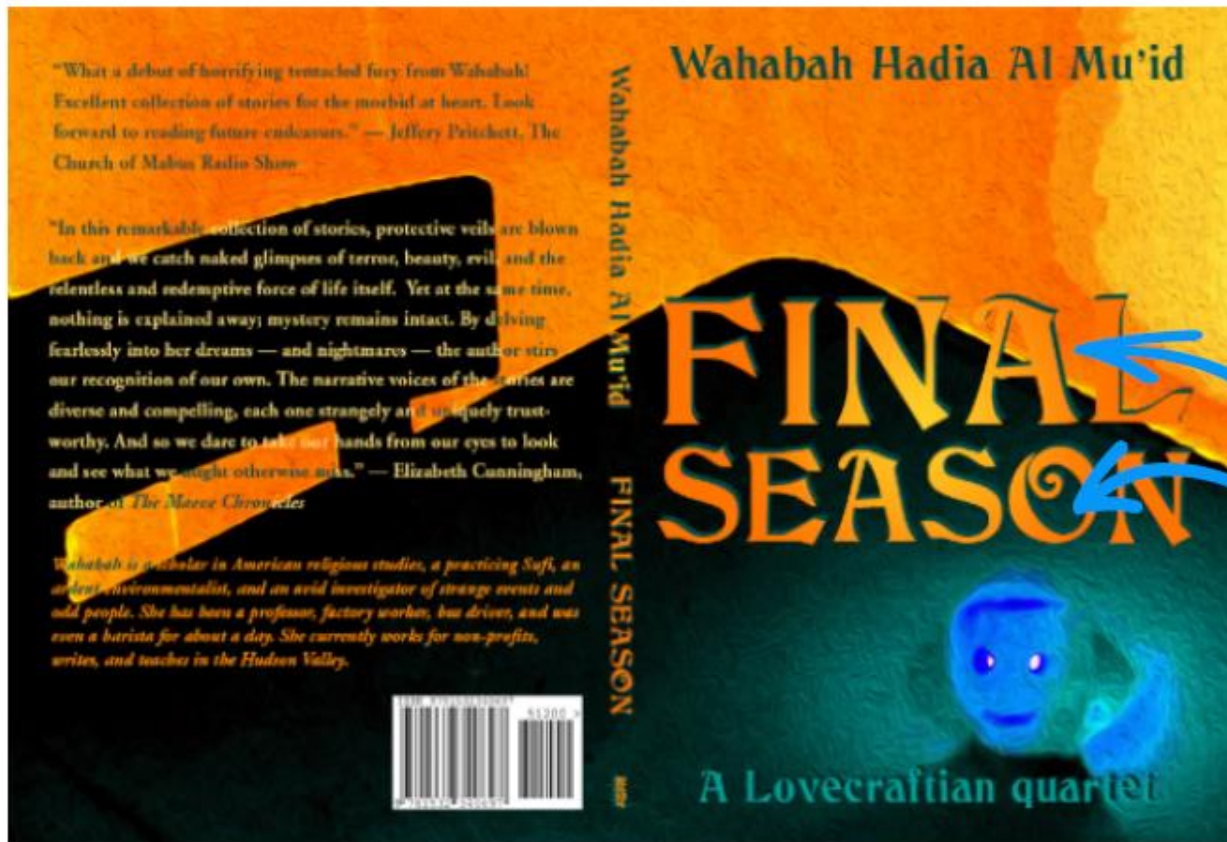
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Wahabah Hadia Al Mu'id

Final Season
A Lovecraftian quartet

AdabStar

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Final Season

I've always been afraid that it won't make sense, that it will look suspicious, because, really, how *could* I know unless I'd been there, seen it, done it myself. But I wasn't, didn't.

It started with these dreams, see? These dreams used to come upon me all sudden, I was really young, with the first one. In it, I got up out of bed and found this bloody head in my closet, all wrapped up in my clothes and some pillowcases. It was like I'd stashed it there and then forgot—and then found it again, and in the dream I was faced with this horrible thing I'd done but couldn't remember.

There was the terror about people finding out that I'd done this thing I hadn't done, and so, in a panic, I had to figure out a way to hide the head. So there was this double terror: first the head, and then the hiding of the head. I had to clean up after somebody else's dirty work, and no one would believe me. In fact, even if I got away with it, I'd know where this head was. This damned bloody head.

That first dream set me to shrieking, and even though I didn't tell Mom the details when she ran in, thinking that somehow I'd cut my own feet off (so she said), she concluded that it was that "damned *Dark Shadows* show" and forbade me from watching it ever again. I didn't watch it at home though—but at the Meyers', when my brother and I had to wait for her to come home from work. All the Meyer kids were older and they got to watch what they pleased, so sometimes, we'd get to see something forbidden.

But it wasn't that show—that I knew. I had this dream long before the pagan-head plot line. And I kept having it

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Head Dreams

long after the show ended. Not every night, not even every week or month, but several times a year, usually unexpectedly, when everything else in my world seemed to be going all right.

And then I met Bob. No, not the Twin Peaks Bob, although he was just as deranged, or the SubGenius Bob, even though he was also pretty slack, but Bob the Butcher Man, the guy who really did torture and kill men he caught, and chopped them up. He kept some parts, but put most of everything out with the garbage to be picked up in batches so that no one could tell. There's a rumor he even fed some choice bits to the nasty chow bitches in the filthy pens he kept back of his house.

And even with my dreams, I knew and didn't know about Bob, not until the police caught him and I decided to do some "psychic" explorations of my own. It wasn't until then that I realized some part of me also prowled in the night, searching for the next crunch of bone, the staccato scent of blood and unseemly terror. Because when I found that beating heart, I also found that I completely understood. Completely.

The stereo drives me crazy with all its flipping on and off shit, damned flute music. I hate flutes. I never touch it anymore and it still just turns on and blasts those stupid love songs and flutes that my roommate loaded it with before she left. There's this one song that I guess is supposed to be a blues number, but the white woman singer just screeches, chants, screams, and yowls like a cat in heat being skinned

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The Lynx

on keepin' on bit. There's a pronounced optimism in just bull-headedly walking forward into life, putting one's head down into the wind, the rain, the snow, the fucking chaos on planet Earth and just slowly walking through. This has gotten humans to the far ends of the planet, and it's one of the things I do love about our species. But there's also a time to look up, to face facts, to accept what has changed and what needs to move forward, and some of us are not so good at that. And I think this situation is made much harder when the thing we have to accept is that we have failed. We have failed and it's time to start again.



HONESTLY, I THINK I WAS JUST WAITING for it to happen. Time frames were unknown, but it was clear to me inside that eventually, the lynx would show up again, this time for me. I'd decided to come home early from the New Year's party that Benny always had for the locals, one of our few completely open shindigs. Somehow, I wasn't feeling it really—and I didn't want to get trashed like usual, so after getting just a little wobbly, with almost three hours to go until the ball dropped on the satellite broadcast, I headed home.

Winter's cold had finally come on, and this year it was a little more genuine. I liked it. It has always bothered me that the seasons are so screwed up now, even though I also know that it's just a matter of what I'm used to and that there have



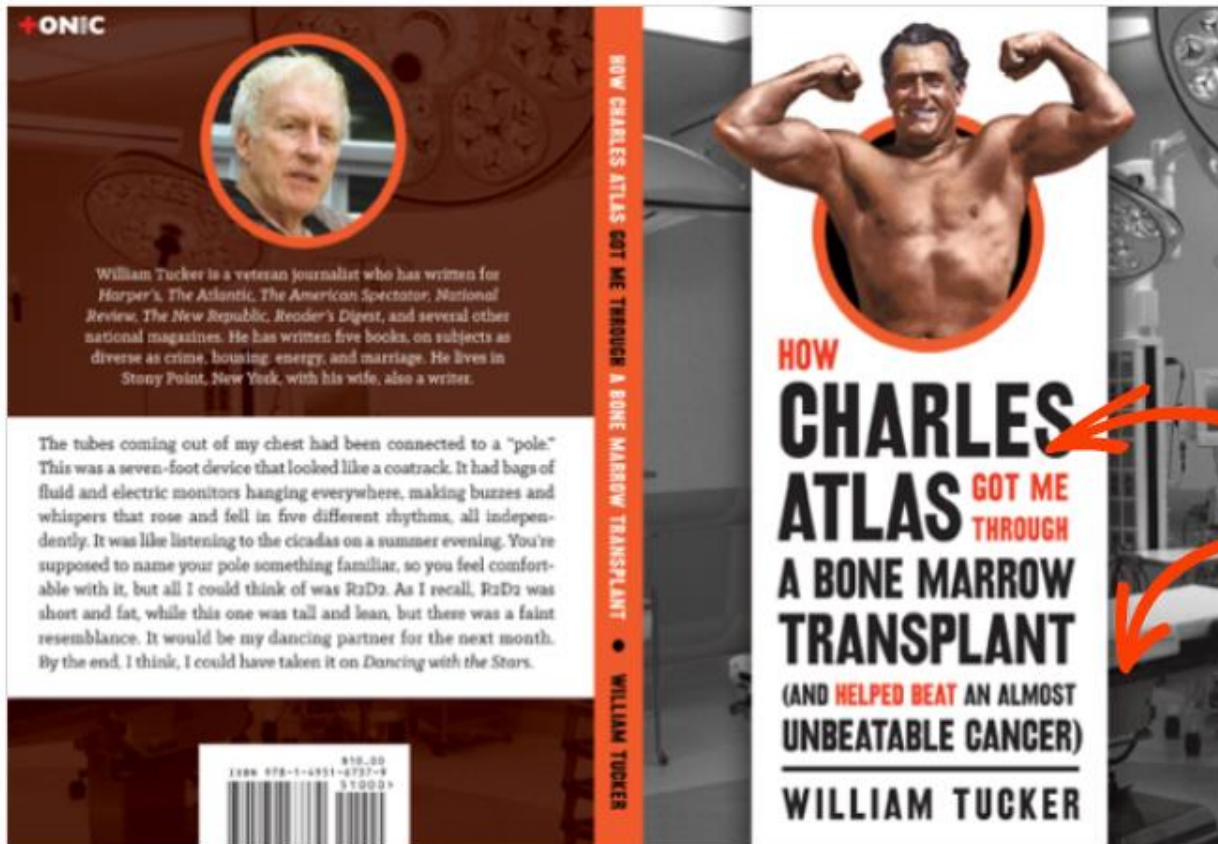
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HOW
**CHARLES
ATLAS** GOT ME THROUGH
A BONE MARROW
TRANSPLANT
(AND HELPED BEAT AN ALMOST
UNBEATABLE CANCER)
WILLIAM TUCKER

+ONIC

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How Charles Atlas Got Me Through a Bone Marrow Transplant

bully kicking sand in a weakling's face. In only a month, the weakling was back and knocking the bully for a loop while his admiring girlfriend looked on. What more could you ask for?

So I sent away for it. I think the whole course cost the princely sum of \$25.

When the first little blue foldout arrived, it was a lot different from what I expected. I had never before had advice on breathing, on eating, and on the general attitude that made me want to get up in the morning and get going. It was like listening to your mother. But this was Charles Atlas and the program that was going to make me a picture of health and strength. One way or another, I began to pay attention.

The truest SUCCESS is but the development of self.

In giving you my first lesson, I am assuming that you value Health and Muscular Power sufficiently to be willing to pay for it in the full legitimate price of intelligent persistent labor. . . . To succeed in building of superb Health and Strength you must have WILL POWER. . . . You must have COURAGE and fear nothing. You must have absolute CONFIDENCE in this system. . . . And you must have PERSISTENCE. Please remember that weak, sporadic efforts get you nowhere. . . . THE EXERCISES ARE TO BE FAITHFULLY PRACTICED EVERY MORN-

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"Just Pick the Kind of Body You Want"

ING IMMEDIATELY ON ARISING AND BEFORE RETIRING.

It was that getting up in the morning part that really hurt.

Get up immediately upon awakening. . . . GET UP! If you linger and hesitate you are weakening your will power, with a tendency to start the day all wrong. . . . I insist that you get up promptly waking. It may require a big effort during the first few times, but there is consolation in knowing that it gets easier.

Now, I must have learned something, because I've always made it a point of jumping out of bed as soon as I woke up. I never gave it a thought until I learned that from Charles Atlas.

There were other things I learned as well. I had never heard anyone preaching against the evils of white bread:

Undoubtedly, the greatest food product condemned as lacking in the vital elements of nutrition are white bread and all white flour products. In the refining process of white flour, the millers have unwisely ex-

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tracted most of the important food constituents. . . .
Whole wheat, on the other hand, has more vitamins, minerals and fiber than enriched white bread. The whole wheat kernel contains all the essential food qualities in almost perfect proportions.

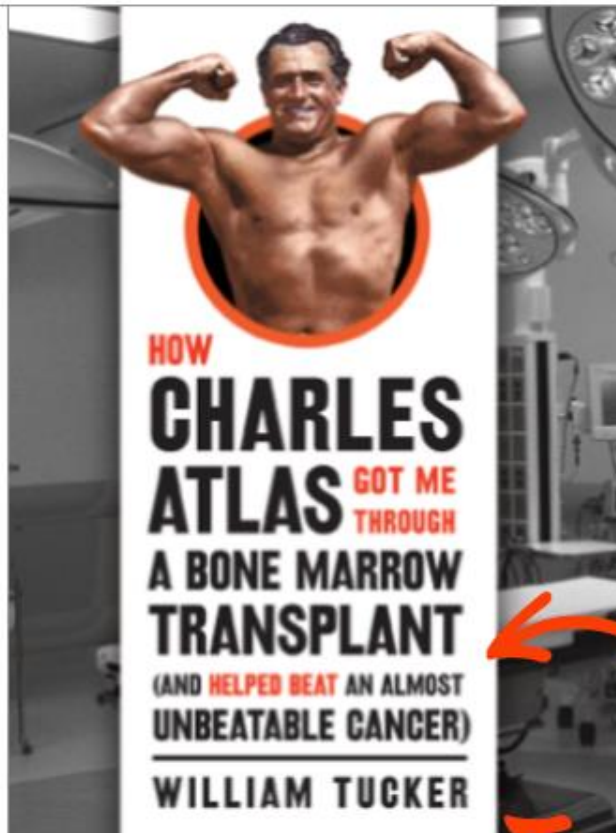
In short, Charley (I'm going to call him that) was an early food fanatic. Yet it was all good advice. To this day, I insist on whole wheat whenever I can and avoid plain white bread, even though I'm sure the bread manufacturers have learned to put all this good stuff back into it. Or how about coffee and tea?

The caffeine of coffee and tea is a deadly poison (of course only when taken in concentrated form). Look inside your teapot or coffee percolator and observe the dark brown stains deposited by these poisons. This same condition goes on in the lining of your stomach.

I've never drunk coffee or tea again.

But this was all the kind of thing that you could read in any health magazine. I was looking for the exercises that would turn me into the world's most perfectly de-

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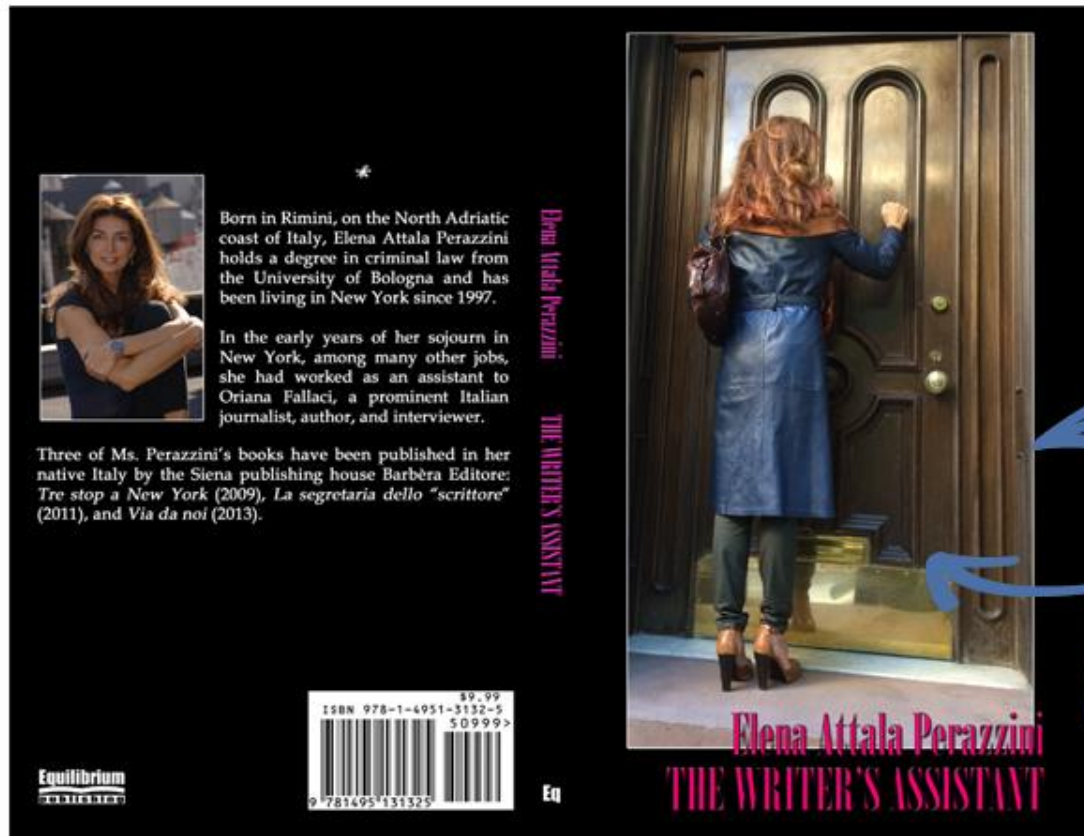
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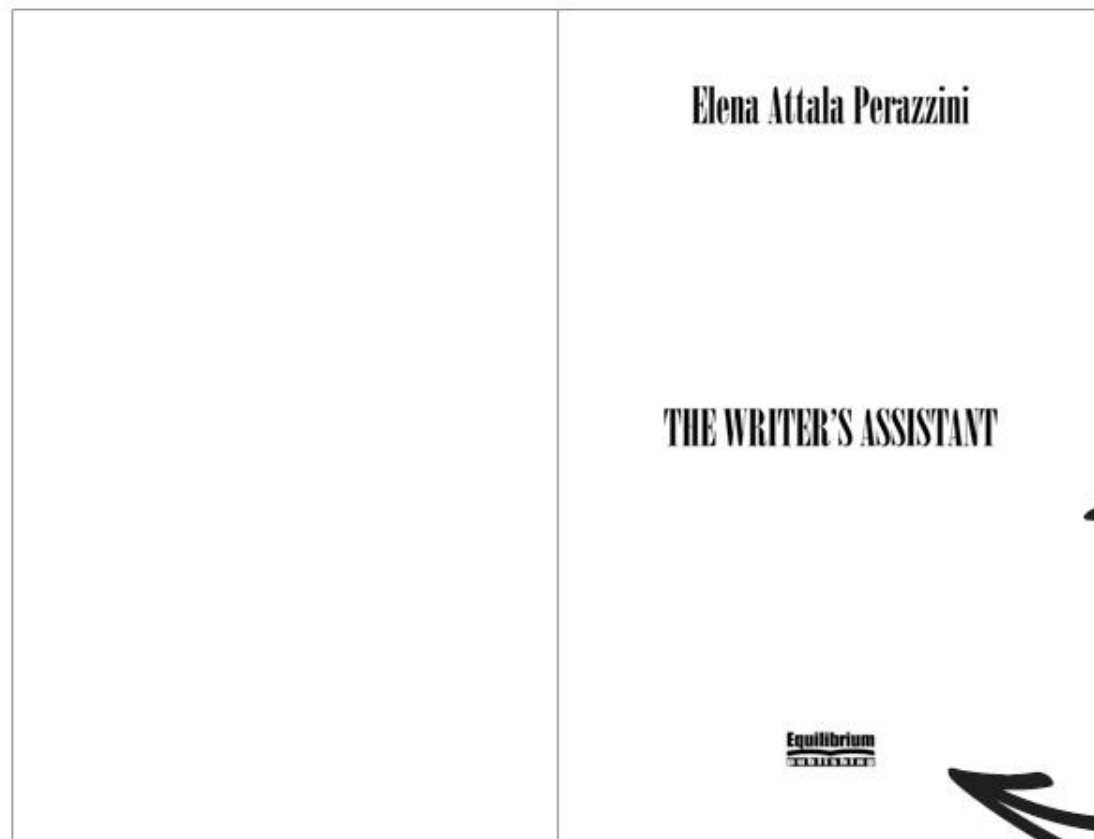
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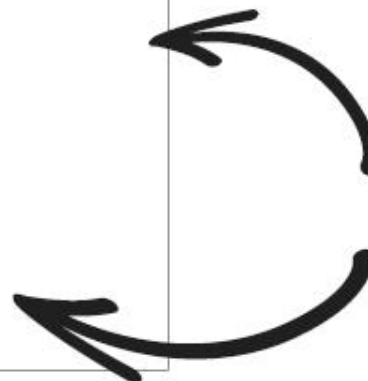
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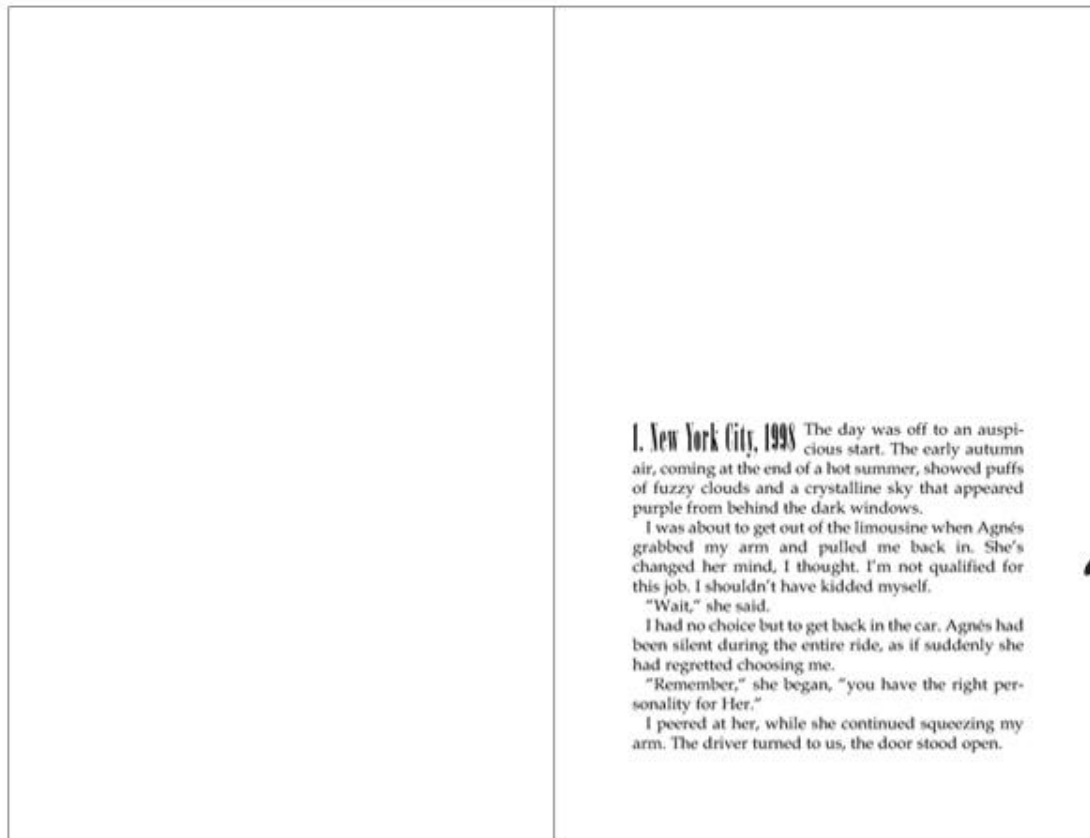
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Dina Vitale Perazini

"Listen," she whispered, staring into my eyes, "you can do it. Understand?"

We had met just two days earlier, but not even a mother escorting her daughter to her first day of school would have taken so much care. I felt ready to either cry or run away. Instead, I stood still, staring at the townhouses on that street—clean and perfect, they looked like new. I tried to convince myself that what Agnès had just said was true, with her same conviction.

The night before, I hadn't slept a wink. In my mind, the notes of Beethoven's *The Heroic* had been pulsing. I don't know why it was that symphony in particular, so majestic and solemn. The more I tried to put it out of my mind, the more it came back, evoking alternating images of disgrace and joy. I tried to overpower it by singing a reggae Bertè song, but the symphony always returned. I was nervous and excited. The writer I was about to meet was an idol not only to me but to generations of Italians, to women around the world, to journalists and authors who have been worshipping Her for decades.

I climbed the stairs, but before ringing the bell, I took another look around. I was on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. There were small, tree-lined streets with no traffic and bonsai gardens where tulips and violets were sprouting. It was as if I had arrived in another country. I had left my downtown apartment and entered a tunnel to take a train they called the "subway," and within ten minutes it was as if I had passed over a border, popping up on the other side of the world. Or, at least, in a city that was not my New York.

In just a few short months, The East Village streets were already mine. They were crowded with

THE WRITER'S ASSISTANT

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students in baggy jeans; pop-up shops that were built and disassembled each day; and alleyways where knickknacks, old vinyl records, and used books were peddled. Those streets were studded with graffiti, by activists imploring you to adopt a cat, to aid the homeless, or help protect monk seals. Closer to NYU, you could find sidewalk hawkers who ranted about your "damaged" hair just to convince you to switch to a new shampoo. If that wasn't your cup of tea, you could always sign a petition against abortion.

Here, the tranquility where the Signora (as Agnès instructed me to call her) was living was not the New York I knew. Even among the midtown skyscrapers, the impeccable Wall Street offices, the luxurious Fifth Avenue stores, there was disorder, untidiness, noise. It was a stage of perfect chaos, of schmutz. New York is the only place in America where if you are from out of town, there'll always be someone ready to insult you or drag you across the street if you stop to wait for the walk signal. However, these Upper East Side blocks had nothing to do with the soul of the city that over the past few months I had been so happily digesting.

I stood at the top of the stairs. I looked at the silent, muffled street one last time—so silent you almost suspected that a bomb would detonate any minute. My apprehension was rising, paralyzing me.

"What are you doing? Why don't you ring the bell?"

Agnès got out of the car and joined me. She rang the bell.

Signora opened the door, greeted Agnès, but didn't greet me. In the entrance, a scared-looking girl was clutching her purse. She also said hello to Agnès,

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1 *Elena Attala Perazzini*

while Signora disappeared behind another door. After a few minutes, a shabby looking man entered, then two more young, elegant, and insignificant people arrived.

Agnés was responsible for all of us being there. When Signora looked for an assistant, she explained, She wanted to see at least four people. That afternoon we were five. She wished everybody good luck and quickly excused herself.

I was the last one to enter.

Signora sat at a tiny desk adjoining the windowsill of a long, thin window on my left, trying to capture as much light as possible. She was surrounded by tall, heavy shelves filled with piles of books and other objects that were difficult to decipher at first glance—notebooks, pen cases, silver chalices, small empty bottles, watches, and typewriter parts.

She stared at something out the window and told me to take a seat.

"How long have you been here?" She finally asked, and looked at me.

"Four months. Actually, this is my second time in New York, so it's seven months total," I answered.

She looked back out the window.

Her desk was so small that it seemed inadequate. It fit only the typewriter—an old-fashioned one with a ribbon, a metal lever, and ink that smelled like alcohol. There was hardly space for Her elbows, and yet it looked like it had been built just for Her.

"I read your résumé. The university, your hobbies ... what are you doing in New York?"



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