

The Marketing Genie

A CMO's Odyssey



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LinkedIn

In a city like yours, in a time close to the present, a marketer tossed and turned. The things that kept her up at night were keeping her up again.





When rosy-fingered dawn finally appeared on the horizon, the bleary-eyed marketer—her name was Liz Ceese—drove into the office.

Among her many challenges, the first one she faced every morning was getting past the CEO's door without being asked his difficult-to-answer, Sphinx-like questions:

“Where can we reach our target audience at scale?”

“How can we engage our prospects?”

“How can we optimize our marketing ROI?”

Making herself as small as possible, Liz Ceese tiptoed past the CEO's open door, hoping against hope that she had somehow become invisible.

Alas, she was not.

“You! Liz Ceese,” the CEO called out. “You! Liz Ceese!”





Defeated, Liz Ceese entered the CEO's office.
"Yes, Mr. Campbell?" she said.

"I've told you to call me Joseph," he said. "I have decided you must go on a journey."

"So Joseph Campbell wants me to go on a journey?" she asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes, a journey to that place with the Eiffel Tower," he said.

"Paris," she said, hopefully.

"No, there's a pyramid there, too."



“Egypt?” she said, puzzled.
“No, there’s also a Statue of Liberty.”

“Oh,” she said with a groan. “Vegas.”

“Right!” he said. “You’re going to a digital marketing and advertising trade show. You’re going to get some answers to those questions I keep asking.”



A few days later, Liz Ceese started on her quest to find the answers to Joseph Campbell's questions. An Uber driver named Charon ferried her across a wide river to the airport. Inside, she has reached the threshold of another world, but an army of uniformed guards blocked her path. But wily Liz Ceese had planned ahead, and she carried a secret talisman that helped her past the guards: TSA Precheck.

Past the gateway, Liz Ceese boarded the winged machine that would take her to Vegas. Inside the beast, a 737, she was confined and strapped into a torture device known as “the middle seat.” She sat wedged in between two other marketers also bound for Vegas.





They warned her about the trade show. “You walk through a gantlet of vendors barking about their wares,” said the marketer in the window seat.

“Don’t look them in the eye,” the marketer in the aisle seat advised. “They hypnotize you and talk about their goods. You could get trapped there forever.”

“It sounds terrible,” Liz Ceese said.

“Yes, it is,” said window seat.

“Yes,” agreed aisle seat, “but at night there are shows. I recommend Wayne Newton.”

Liz Ceese shuddered and whispered to herself, “Now, that’s truly frightening.”



Leaning over, Liz Ceese peered through the window. Amid the darkness below, lights glowed in the distance. It was Vegas. The difficult part of her quest was at hand.



The next morning, Liz Ceese put on her best outfit like a suit of armor. She wished that there was one place, one thing, one person that could answer her questions. Fat chance, she told herself, and she strode to the trade show floor.



A labyrinth with carpeted pathways meandered for miles with marketing and advertising technologies as far as the eye could see. Liz Ceese could tell that some of these technologies answered one of Mr. Campbell's questions, but none answered all three.

As Liz Ceese walked, she kept her head down and tried to avoid the siren song of the vendors. Most of all, she tried to avoid their hypnotizing stares.

But as she wandered through the trade show, she grew tired, disoriented and careless. A vendor caught her eye.

She hypnotized her with a look, and Liz Ceese fell under her spell—for how long, she did not know.

There was only one way out. When finally she couldn't bear it anymore, Liz Ceese gave in.

“Stop!” she shouted,
“I’ll give you my email address!”

But she remained wily Liz Ceese. She wrote down her email address, but slyly changed the .com in her email address to a .net. Before her ruse was discovered, she hurried off.

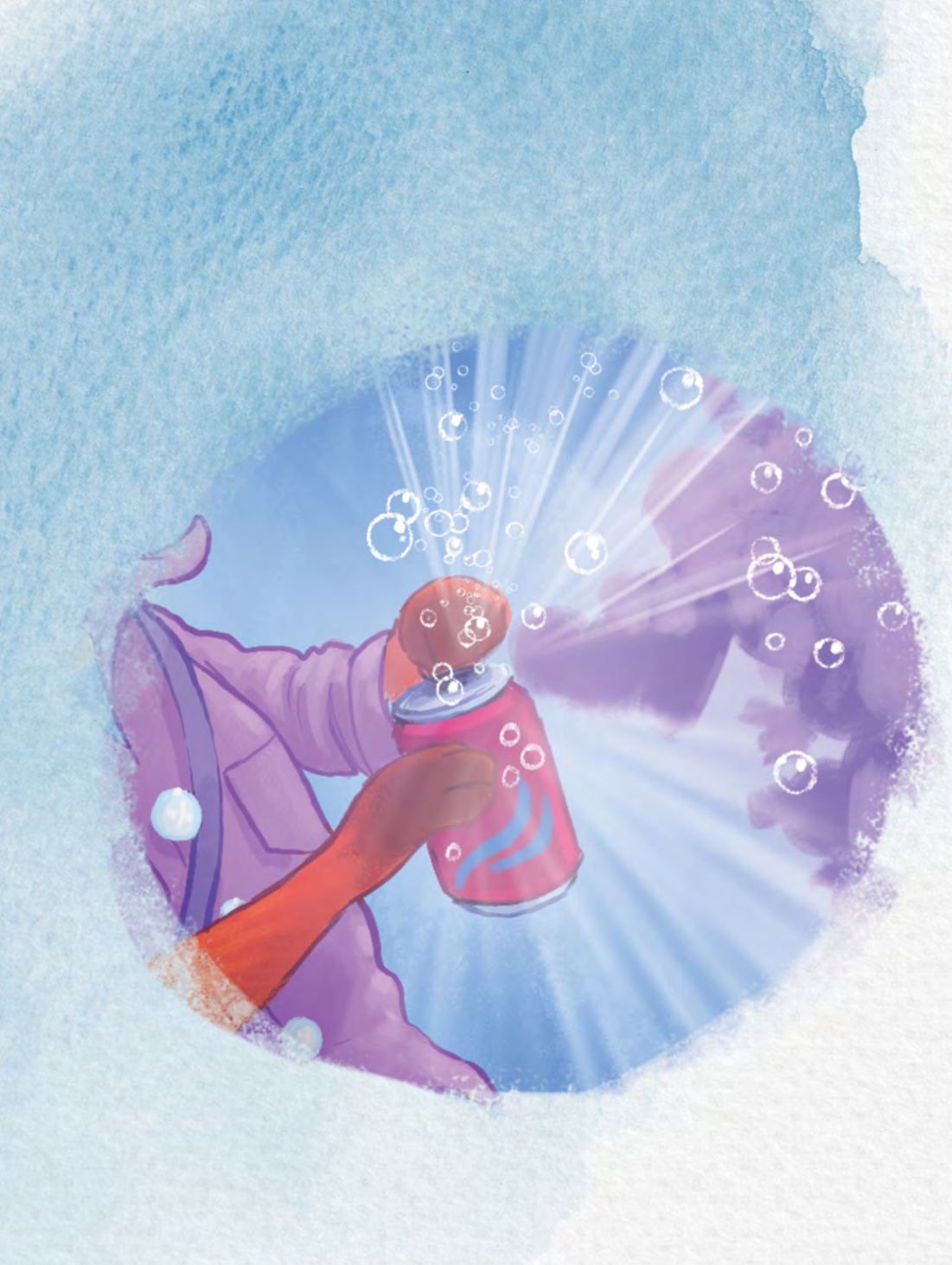


She continued trudging through the trade show. Wandering as if through a desert, Liz Ceese was overcome with thirst. She found a door marked “Refreshments”, pushed it open, and descended a staircase into darkness. At the bottom of the stairs, she came to a hallway. It was hot, but at the end of the passage was a bright light.



With perspiration pouring off her, she walked toward the light. At the end of the passageway stood a well-lit room that held a table, two chairs, and a vending machine.

She had no money, but there was a coin the likes of which she had never seen before on the table. She picked it up, inserted it into the vending machine, and pressed a button.



A can of cola clattered through the machine. As she waited, she despaired that her journey would be for naught, and that she wouldn't find the answers to any of her CEO's questions. The can appeared at the bottom of the machine.

Liz Ceese picked up the cool can and pressed it against her forehead. She rubbed the can once, twice, three times in her sweltering hands. On the third rub, a gush and rush of soda spouted from the cola can and into the air. Out of the fountain of fizz appeared what could only be described as a genie. Except he was dressed in business casual.

“Your wish is my command,”
the apparition told Liz Ceese.
“I am your marketing genie.”



“My marketing genie?” the stunned marketer asked. “From a can of cola?”

“Where else would a marketing genie come from?” the genie said. “You have three wishes. And no riches, no living forever, no wishing for more wishes. Just marketing wishes. I only grant marketing wishes—three of them.”

Liz Ceese didn't hesitate.

“First, I wish to reach my
target audience at scale,”
she said.





“That’s easy,” the genie said. “LinkedIn.”

“You can reach more than 500 million professionals on LinkedIn, and you can target your messages to them using their job titles, company size, seniority and more. You can also use Matched Audiences, which enables website retargeting, account targeting, and contact targeting. Next wish.”

“Wait, what?” the marketer asked. “Did you say LinkedIn?”

“That’s right,” the genie said. “If you need more details, I can send you a link. Next wish.”

“All right. Second wish: I wish to engage my prospects,” Liz Ceese said.



“Another easy one,” the marketing genie replied.
“LinkedIn is a content marketer’s best friend.”

“You can use **organic and paid content** to engage your prospects on LinkedIn. Organically, you can build your brand and content presence on LinkedIn by distributing content via your **LinkedIn Company Page, Showcase Pages, long-form posts, and SlideShare presentations.**

You can also invest in **paid advertising** to amplify your organic content with **LinkedIn Sponsored Content, Sponsored InMail, Display Ads, Dynamic Ads, and Text Ads.**”



“LinkedIn again?” Liz Ceese asked.

“I can’t help it if LinkedIn is fulfilling marketers’ wishes,” the genie said. “What’s your third wish?”

“I wish for a platform that will optimize my ROI,” Liz Ceese said. “Let me guess—LinkedIn.”



“Well, yes. LinkedIn can help on this one, too,” the genie said.

“LinkedIn just launched Conversion Tracking to help gauge and improve the performance of your LinkedIn campaigns. LinkedIn also just debuted Lead Gen Forms, which help boost leads from mobile ads.”

Liz Ceese looked at the genie. Finally, she spoke. “So let me get this straight. I asked for three wishes, and you answered LinkedIn for each one? It’s the way I can target my audience at scale, the way I can engage my prospects, and the way I can optimize my ROI.”

“Yes, yes, and yes,” the genie said.

“Wow, I never fully grasped the power of LinkedIn,” Liz Ceese said.
“Suddenly, I feel refreshed—like there are fewer things to keep me
up at night.”

“My work here is done,” said the genie as he began to disappear into a cloud of cola fizz.

“Wait! The next time I want to talk to you, do I have to travel to this Vegas basement?”

Liz Ceese asked.

“No, of course not,” the genie said from his fizzy cloud. “Just connect with me on LinkedIn!”



That night, Liz Ceese boarded a plane back home. This time, she had a window seat and gazed out over the world. She felt as if she could see forever. At home in her bed, she slept soundly.

The next day, she strode into Mr. Campbell's office like a returning hero with some very good answers.



For the first time in the history of media, you can reach the world's professionals all in one place. More than 500M people worldwide gather on LinkedIn to stay connected and informed, advance their careers, and work smarter. Together they comprise the largest global community of business professionals. These are the decision-makers, influencers, and the leaders of today and tomorrow—precisely the people you want to target.

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