Jay.

Jay Chiat was a hard guy to work for.
And everybody wanted to. He could spot a false note at three hundred yards. And wouldn't let one get any closer. His unpredictability was so dependable you could set your watch by it.

His paradoxes were aligned in almost perfect symmetry. His sense of irony was exquisitely acute, and where he was likely to find it first was in himself. He once told The Wall Street Journal that memos were a corporate disease he was trying to eliminate. But Jay's own memos were gems that ought to have been bound and published.

If there was anyone who ever worked with Jay and wasn't changed by the experience, then that person wasted a first class education. Jay Chiat had a genius for inciting people to do their absolute best without actually telling them they had to. He inspired a self-imposed honor code that precluded your presenting him anything you knew could still be perfected.

He was brave, feisty, uncompromising. Sometimes maddening.
But always true to what he saw as his highest duty: protecting great work.
He was an inventor, an artist, a sociologist, an environmental engineer.
He'd change everything just so people wouldn't get bored.

Jay loved the new, the supremely current, the never before seen, the provocative, the seditious, the threat to established order.
Yet his essential tenet was timeless, classic, pure, almost puritanical.
An innocently old fashioned idea that good work is its own reward.
The landscape of our particular business is prominent with people whose careers simply took a much more interesting path because they had (or made) the luck to work for Jay Chiat.

And every day they pay tribute to Jay just by getting up and doing a really good job.

That's what the logo at the bottom of this page always stood for.
That's what he believed in.

Chiat/Day

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CHIA-CORP-02-P7759 * Ad Age Magazine Page B/W	Composite Bleed	11" x 14 3/4"
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