NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN...

T here aren’t many sure things in life. Some would cite the old “death and taxes” maxim. Others would remind us that, “The sun will rise tomorrow.” Golfers will bitch no matter how perfect the course is.” Everybody has their own take on it.

For me, the only absolutely sure, indisputable, unarguable fact in the world is that Sean Connery was the best James Bond ever. If you attempt to tell me differently, you will likely get a poke in the nose. Pierce Brosnan, my ass.

As Bond, Connery was, quite simply, the coolest guy ever. He drove amazing cars, frolicked with fabulous women and killed bad guys in a myriad of creative ways. Hell, he even still managed to beat Goldfinger at golf after the fat little jerk cheated.

Connery retired from the Bond role in 1971 after “Diamonds Are Forever” and did some crappy movies before unretiring in 1983 to make “Never Say Never Again.” The film’s title comes from those who reminded him that he had repeatedly and loudly vowed to never make another Bond flick.

Well, I was thinking about Sean Connery’s change of heart just a few hectic weeks ago when I found myself enthusiastically agreeing to become GCI’s publisher and editorial director. For five years, I had also repeatedly and loudly vowed to anyone who would listen that I would never return to the corporate rat race. I would never go back to all the hassles of running a magazine. I would never give up being my own boss. And I would positively never give up the cushy consulting lifestyle that allowed me to lounge around all day in my flannel pajama pants and well-worn fuzzy slippers.

But I figured if Sean Connery – the coolest man on the planet – could eat his words then a bonehead like me certainly could, too.

That said, I do think hypocrisy of this magnitude begs a little explanation, so here goes: GCI has grown and blossomed beautifully in a relatively short time. I’m jumping on the bandwagon just as the magazine is on the verge of greatness. Thus, I can take all the credit without having done any of the actual work.

Being your own boss sucks. There’s no one to blame when the copy machine jams and this guy who claims to be my “Uncle Sam” calls constantly looking for money. As much as I loved working solo at home, I began to realize that showering and shaving occasionally had benefits. Plus, all of the voices in my head were starting to make sense.

But seriously folks... The short version is that I’ve had a lot of changes in my life – I’ll be writing about those in my “Parting Shots” back page column in coming months – and I’ve made a commitment to reinventing myself. Lord knows I needed to. And, over the years, the owners of GCI have treated me like family. When they offered me a larger role with the magazine, it just felt right.

The other thing that felt right was the opportunity to help make GCI a publication that truly leads our industry. We’re lucky enough to be able to send this magazine to 30,000 of our friends every month. We damned sure have an obligation to inform, stimulate, educate and even provoke you on every page of every issue. I promise you here and now we’ll fulfill that obligation. And this time, that’s a vow you can be sure I will never break. GCI