

Full-Blown

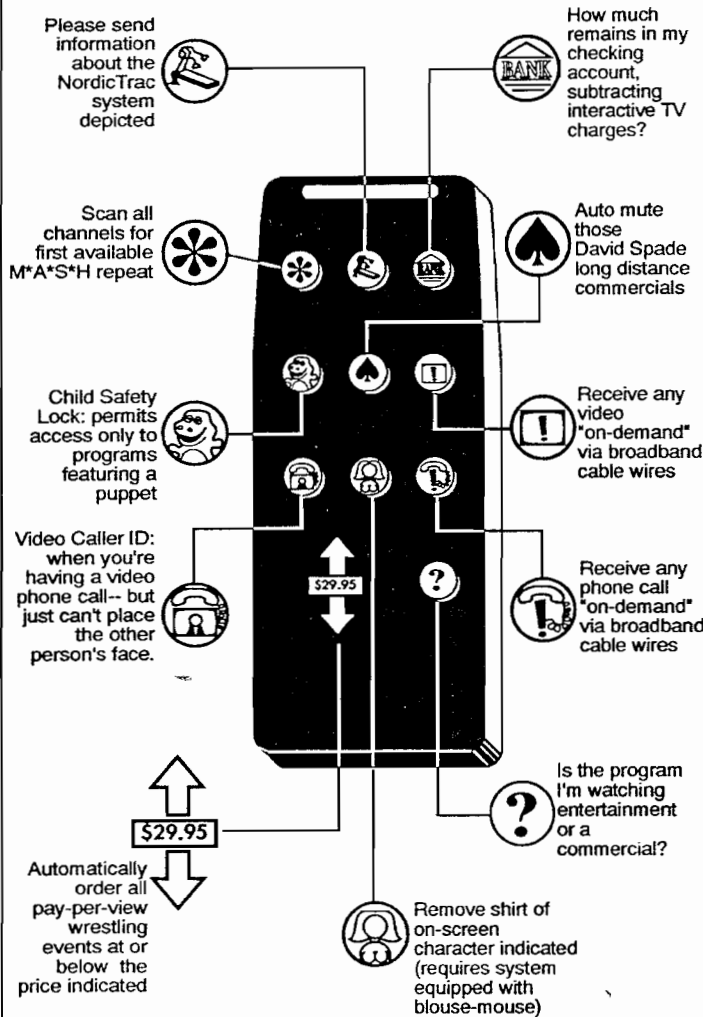
Meanwhile...

Summer '94

Issue #9

incorporating *White Ford Bronco*

INTERACTIVE TV CLICKER OF THE FUTURE



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LANGU-WATCH

"All the rest of us know at this point...is that Simpson's former wife and Goldman were killed, California has charged the former football star with the crime, and he has hired a dream team of lawyers." -- ST. PETERSBURG (FLA) TIMES, 7/2/94

Dream Team (a rhyming phrase used to describe a group of three or more luminaries in a particular discipline) has been with us since biblical times. Genesis tells us of Joseph's brothers, who, "had it not been for their envy of their sibling's multi-colored coat...would have composed a Dream Team of field laborers."

Like a baffling virus, the phrase has had the ability to lie dormant for great lengths of time between surfacings. In the mid-eighteenth century, Frenchmen Rousseau, La Mettrie, and Diderot were widely regarded as *L'equipe des rêves* of Enlightenment philosophers. Then it was the mid-20th century: "Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin -- the Dream Team of Fascist Dictators," F.D.R. mulled aloud to reporters as he contemplated his fateful decision to plunge the United States into another war. In one of the hundreds of scenes cut from the original 408-minute version of the Disney classic, Snow White pondered whether it was Doc or Grumpy who was "the true leader of this industrious Dream Team of diminutive men."

One of the theories as to why the phrase has not been more widely used until recently goes back to the 1890s. Freud, after being named captain of The Dream Team of Psychoanalysis, felt that the title implied too much about the subconscious. In one of his more controversial moves, he coined the off-rhyme, Super Group. The new phrase was briefly popular but vanished for eight decades before desperate promoters revived it in attempt to label Crosby, Stills, Nash, & Young.

FROM THE EDITORS

**WHATEVER THIS IS...
AND MORE**

More sobering data from the Department of Labor Statistics: 60 percent of "Mom & Pop" stores are now operated by single parents.

Greg (not his real name) served as President of the United States from 1968 to 1973, when he resigned in disgrace.

**THE THREE THINGS THAT
HAVEN'T HAPPENED YET**

- * Rating system announced for public drinking water.
- * Someone gets a rocket launcher, fires one randomly uptown from Washington Square Park in New York.
- * A successful professional golfer who always wears a goalie mask.

Idea for a parody of the TV commercial for the American Express travelers' cheques that two people can use: "A traveler's predicament. You're *here*. But she's got the travelers' cheques, and she's *here*." (Show a picture of wife in bed with some other guy.)

In a recent telephone survey investigating contemporary mores, the Harris Organization asked 8,566 Americans to complete the phrase: "Fuck...(blank)." The results:

"You"	48 %
"Everyone"	31%
"This"	18 %
Don't Know	3%

Pollsters also asked participants to respond to the following scenario: "If Napoleon had been victorious in his last battle, Russia would now be a part of France. How do you think the world would be today if that had happened?"

It would be better if Russia were French	52 %
It's better that Napoleon didn't take Russia	17 %
Fuck Napoleon	31 %

The Editors

Meanwhile..

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Eric Zicklin (MTV Guide & 2nd oldest profession), Rich Harrington (clicker of the future illustration), Vance Lehmkuhl (old guy going to work illustration), Kevin Sartoris (paper towel DNA illo), Jimmy Guterman (one of the fake book names). Everything else: Steve Steinberg (contributing editor) and Don Steinberg (receiving editor). Also thanks to *Electronic Entertainment* magazine.

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This issue's phone-in survey: You're stranded on a desert island with one book, a clown, a croquet set, five cigars, and a lemon. What the hell happened?



Every so often we look back at old pictures of ourselves and shudder! What were we thinking? Those haircuts!? Those clothes! We came across this photo of ourselves (apparently taken some time during the early Seventies) in a shoebox. We're the two on the sides.

NAURAL SELECTION with a COUPON

Bounty Select-a-Size paper towels

Arthur Scott probably had no idea, when he created the first "paper" towels in Philadelphia in 1907, of how significant a contribution he was making to the daily lives of fluid-spillers in future generations, nor quite how large an industry his new product -- cut from a damaged roll of toilet-tissue stock -- was destined to spawn. Shoppers in the U.S. spend \$1.7 billion a year on paper towels -- for comparison's sake, about double the annual revenue of the Fox TV network. Ninety-four percent of households in this country now boast to owning paper towels.

While the paper towel market has swelled over the years, however, the size of the towels themselves remained fairly constant -- until recently. For almost nine decades you weren't really talking paper towels unless you were referring to something about eleven inches square. Then, in 1992, experts at Procter & Gamble (producers of *Pampers*, *Tide*) posed a question that would take that merry arrangement and smack it on the side of the head with a wooden dowel.

"What if there was a way to tailor-make paper towels to suit individual household needs?" they asked, according to company promotional literature. The answer has become one of the biggest consumer-product success-stories of the '90s: *Bounty Select-a-Size* paper towels.

The name *Select-a-Size* may evoke images of the computer controlled paper-towel-dispensing devices that *The Jetsons* employed during the space age (which, incidentally, ended in 1989). One might infer it would be possible to extract any length of towel from a *Select-a-Size* roll. Actually, selection of *Select-a-Size* sheets is limited to demi-sizes. Thanks to a dramatically increased number of perforations per roll, *Select-a-Size* sheets measure 6 by 11 inches.

In fairness, this shouldn't be called a limitation. Although it may not be (as Bounty engineers envisioned) exactly like having a personal paper-towel tailor in your household (as the pharaohs were rumored to have had) it represents a breakthrough in a genre not renowned for innovation. A little innovation can go far: *Select-a-Size*, in its first year, increased P&G's total share of the paper-towel market by about two percent. That means consumers shelled out an extra \$34 million to get 6-inch paper towels.

To search for answers why, it may help to examine an earlier attempt by a paper towel maker to tinker with the product's dimensions -- one by rival Scott Paper that failed miserably. Scott has been no slouch in paper-towel innovation. After inventing the product in 1907, Scott produced the "Tear Easy" edge

in 1941 (just in time to our aid our nation's war effort) and "wet strength" in 1949. But in 1985, Scott foolhardily tried to mess with the width of the roll. The ill-fated *ScotTowel jr.* measured a narrow 8.25 inches across, flouting the nation's huge installed base of 11-inch-wide paper-towel holders. The slender *jr.* format never found a major market. Scott still sells *ScotTowel jr.* in some parts of the country; its sad, few buyers can dial a hotline to obtain special adapters, which let the stunted rolls work on conventional holders.

What did P&G do right? Rather than abandoning its customers, it led them by the hand into new-towel-size territory. It produced literature spelling out specific applications for which each new *Select-a-Size* towel portion would be appropriate. "Small jobs," for which a single six-inch sheet would suffice, included "Cleaning small spills," "Drying hands," and "As a napkin" (coincidentally, the name of the last recorded Nirvana song).

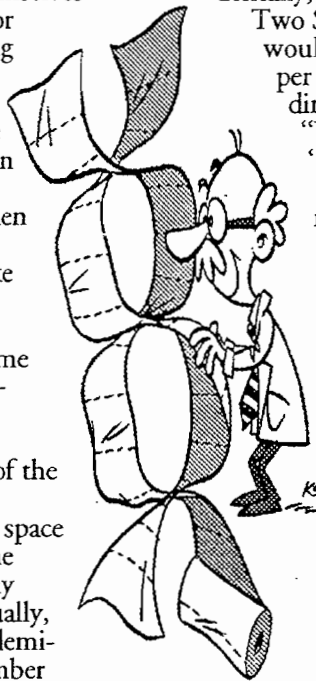
Two *Select-a-Size* sheets, or twelve inches of towel, would be ideal for "Cleaning regular size spills" (as per tradition). "Large jobs," bringing three new-dimension sheets into play, could include "Washing windows," "As a placemat," and "Cleaning big spills."

Like all things, paper towels are in the midst of an evolutionary process that should ultimately bring them to their ideal proportions. In his 1926 essay, "On Being the Right Size," British biologist J.B.S. Haldane argued that every object has a natural size toward which it aspires.

To illustrate his point, Haldane did some math involving the improbable, 60-foot-tall Giant Pope in Bunyan's 1677 novel, *Pilgrim's Progress*. Ten times taller, wider and thicker than an average Pontiff, Giant Pope would have weighed 1,000 times more than normal. Yet his bones would have been only 100 times thicker -- and since the human thigh-bone breaks under ten times human weight, Giant Pope (had the book more realistic) would have shattered Papal leg-bones with every step.

"For every type of animal there is a most convenient size," Haldane asserted, explaining why the structure of a rabbit physiologically precludes it from being as big as a lion. I like to think Haldane's theories apply as well to household paper goods. Darwinian evolution moves too slowly in living species for us to notice, but it plays out in fast-motion in the free-market. The random, apparently meaningless mutations that cause life-forms to evolve in nature are matched by apparently random and meaningless changes to products. Marketers may or may not know what they're doing. Neither does nature. Products and animals that will endure for generations are, inevitably, spawned. Survival of the fittest still calls the shots. It's just not called Natural Selection anymore.

It's called *Select-a-Size*.



Meanwhile...

A special page on which it looks like we're recommending various publications

BOOKCASE

RUSH LIMBAUGH

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT?!



In his third book about what's wrong with the way things are, the controversial radio host carries his paranoid worldview to its final, logical extreme.

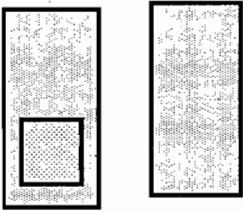
PETER LYNCH



Find a Peanut, Sell a Peanut

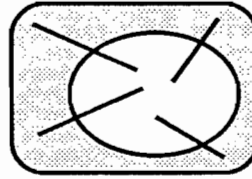
Just when you thought all the great money-making systems had dried up, former Fidelity mutual-fund guru Peter Lynch reveals a startling new way to capitalize on discovered legumes.

VIGIL WEEK



From Nixon to Jackie O. to O.J., sometimes it's hard to keep up with the latest vicarious, morbid events across the country. *Vigil Week* brings it all together with intelligent commentary from today's top TV news anchors.

A Child's Guide to the INTERNET



FTP, Usenet, telnet, alt.free.candy... the language of the "information highway" can at times become baffling to the 4-11 year old. Let the wacky Gary Gopher make it simple and fun. *For grown-up kids, too!*

SCRATCHERCIZE *The Ultimate Itch Relieving Workout*



Itching for the best workout ever? Do you want the best butt ever? Do you want "killer" abs? Ever? *Scratchercize* ("the total-body video workout") comes from the same team that brought you "BulI**MANIA!**"

The Whatever

John Grisham

Another dramatic thriller from the author of *The Firm*, *The Client*, *The Chamber* and *The Pelican Brief*, set in the high-stakes world of big whatever.

MEDIANOCHE

the media page

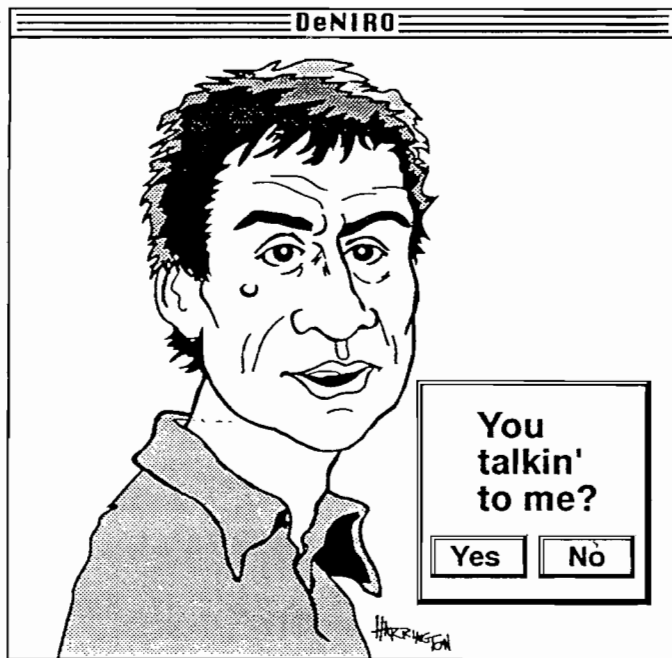
ReMedia

Actual press clippings that that originally appeared elsewhere, in better context.

Crime Beat Math Puzzler (New York Observer)

When the transaction was completed and the man tried to leave the store, he was arrested. Store security decided to go after the first perp, who was waiting outside the store. Two transit cops joined in and chased the fleeing perp to Third Avenue and 58th Street, where they caught him and placed him under arrest. When Officer Alicea searched him, he discovered an additional \$550 in counterfeit 20's. "My suspicion is they were going to return the attaché case the next day and wash the money," Officer Alicea said.

Robert DeNiro Interactive CD-ROM



TV BROADCAST AND CABLE LISTINGS/JULY 30

MTV 2:09 **What's My Name?**, Snoop Doggy Dogg. Dog catchers confounded by strays that morph into people, people who morph into strays. (Repeat).

MTV 2:17 **One**, U2. Pensive transvestites (Bono, Adam Clayton) sit quietly, drive. (Repeat).

MTV 2:21 **Love is a Battlefield**, Bat Benetar. Teenager (Benetar) flees hometown to dance professionally. Likens love to war. (Repeat).

MTV 2:24 **Heart-Shaped Box**, Nirvana. Obese woman in leotard that highlights organs of human anatomy. (Repeat).

MTV 2:33 **No Rain**, Blind Melon. Young girl struggles with alienation, overcomes it. (Repeat).

MTV 2:37 **Don't Cry**, Guns N' Roses. Rock star (Axl Rose) may or may not be insane. (Repeat).

MTV 2:41 **Pleasure Principal**, Janet Jackson. Fidgety woman (Jackson) dances around warehouse. (Repeat).

MTV 2:44 **I Get Around**, Tupac. Successful rapper (Tupac) eludes unattractive female fan. (Repeat).



CLOSE UP: Saturday

8:00 a.m. **Captain Morgan and His Mighty Power Pirates** (premiere) Join the dashing Captain Morgan and his band of merry mates in this new animated series as they swashbuckle their way through the perilous waters of the Caribbean sea. Yo, ho, ho, and join the fun!

TODAY'S STYLE

What America Really Stands For (WARSF)

Part I: The Actual Examples

FEMA has a long way to go to live down the joke that its acronym really stands for "Fails Every Mission Assigned."

— Tacoma Morning News Tribune

National Ambivalence Foretells Trouble Ahead. No Agreement Fixes Terrible Anxiety. Noteworthy Anticipation Fails To Assuage. Could this be what NAFTA really stands for?

— CRAINS CHICAGO BUSINESS

The levy is called the Goods and Services Tax, or GST, but disgusted Canadians joke that the initials really stand for "go south tax." — L.A. Times

Security Bank officials call the idea a BIP, which stands for "Bank Incentive Plan." Some of Bill Schuett's fellow bankers around the state joke that the letters really stand for "Bill's Incentive Plan."

— The Milwaukee Journal

In Denver, for example, cynics suggest that RTD, the Regional Transportation District acronym, really stands for "Reason To Drive." — Business History Review

ETOPs, or extended-range twin-engine operations, refers to portions of a flight more than one hour from an airport at which a plane can land if it suffers engine failure. Critics have said the initials really stand for "engines turn or passengers swim." — Seattle Post-Intelligencer

No wonder chief information officers joke that the initials CIO really stand for "Career Is Over." — Financial World

Taiwan could build an indigenous defense fighter (IDF) based on the F-16. But word out of Taipei is that the initials really stand for "It Don't Fly." — Time

There are many in the African-American community who have long held the contention that the NRA's acronym really stands for Negro Removal Association — National Public Radio

At least on this issue, what has become clear is what the acronym NRA really stands for -- No Rational Arguments. — Washington Post

WARSF II: The Ones We MADE UP

"After a recent slip-up in which the members of the West Orange Tactical Fire House Division (WOTFHD) served non-kosher meat products at their annual Friends of Temple Avoda picnic, disappointed synagogue officials quipped that WOTFHD really stands for 'Who ordered the fucking hot dogs?'"

— South Florida Times

*"The 'oops' award of the month goes to Sony executive Martin Sinclair, who, while demonstrating his company's new High-Resolution Activated Television (HRATV) during a screening of the controversial film *The Crying Game* joked that the acronym actually stands for 'He's really a transvestite'. The comment ruined the surprise ending for many of those in attendance."*

— Technology World

"After the recent increase in the number of rollerblade injuries due to skaters not wearing proper head protection, one unidentified member of the A.S.E.U. (Anderson-Shelby Emergency Unit) suggested the medical team change its name to 'Another severed ear? UGH!'"

— Cleveland Plain-Dealer

"An explanation has yet to be made for the strange cheer of a pom-pom girl from the Jefferson County Inspirational Dancers (JCID). According to witnesses of a cheerleading practice on the morning of March 4, on more than one occasion 15 year-old Kerri Blount was seen doing leg kicks while shouting, 'J-C-I-D! John Candy Is Dead!' It was not until much later in the afternoon that news of the actor's death was reported."

— Occult Weekly

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER



Opponents of the T-shirt gathered on the 2d Avenue Beach, in Belmar. They urged people not to buy the shirt, which is considered by cereal maker General Mills to be a copyright infringement.

EconoMix

The Business Page

AND IN A TIE FOR SECOND PLACE...

compiled by Eric Zicklin

"Lawyers are, of course, in the world's second oldest profession."
--American Lawyer, Oct. 19, 1993

"Espionage may be the world's second oldest profession..." -- L.A. Times, June 4, 1989

"Accounting, which just might be the second oldest profession..." -- Computerworld, August 14, 1989

"Politics is supposed to be the second oldest profession..." -- Ronald Reagan, March 2, 1977

"After all, if prostitution is the oldest profession, then taxation must run a close second..."
-- St. Petersburg Times, April 11, 1993

"Dating back to 2,000 to 3,000 years, pawnbroking may be the world's oldest profession (well, maybe the second oldest profession)." -- Boston Globe, March 12, 1992



BUSINESS BANKRUPTCIES recent Chapter 11 filings

Perfect Gentlemen Bounty Hunters
Organ Depot
StalkerMates Dating Service
Everything Migraine
Re-Uz-a-Pet
Foreplay Express Limited
Fax Overnight
Contami Nation

Also:

counterfeiting	Business International
street peddlers	Newsday
brokers	Crain's Chicago Business
pharmacies	Chicago Tribune
bailiffs	National Law Journal
retailing	Financial Times
farm trade	Investor's Daily
acting	St. Louis Post-Dispatch
nagging	L.A. Times
consulting	UnixWorld
real-estate agents	St. Petersburg Times
journalism	The Independent
security services	The Independent
interpreting	National Law Journal
advertising	L.A. Times
political power-	Orlando Sentinel Tribune
brokering	Chicago Tribune
publishing	Irish Times
marketing	USA Today
soldiering	

"Waiting tables may or may not be the world's second oldest profession..." -- Los Angeles Times, May 9, 1988

"Little has changed in a region where piracy is perhaps the second oldest profession." -- Reuters, January 29, 1988

"Jewelers, who joke that theirs is the second oldest profession..." Chicago Tribune, October 3, 1993

"Some argue that scalping is the second oldest profession..." -- Los Angeles Times, November 29, 1992

"[Sand sculpting]'s the second oldest profession in Atlantic City." -- New York Times, Dec. 5, 1991

"Andrea Brae, owner of SoulMates, a La Jolla matchmaking and dating service, said, 'ours really is the second oldest profession.'" -- San Diego Business Journal

"Organizer Donald Nussbaum claims fortune telling is the 'second oldest profession in the world.'" -- Toronto Star, Nov. 9, 1992

"He figured that as long as people have feet, they'll need shoes, and they'll need shoe repairers. 'I call it the second oldest profession in the world,' Brickman says."
-- Eastern Pennsylvania Business Journal, March 1992

SPORTS

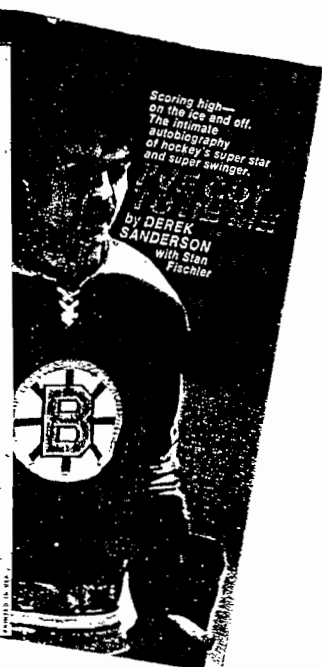
NOSTALGIA MOMENTS: 1970 "TURK" TELLS ALL

"Derek Sanderson

is not the first hockey player to spend the afternoon before a game with a woman, or squabble with league management, or wear a mustache or long hair, or make headlines by fighting. But he is the first to do it all and shout out the good news. As a result, the 24-year-old center for the Boston Bruins has become hockey's most colorful, most booed and most applauded player. Sanderson has his own TV show, a plush bachelor apartment, strikingly beautiful girl friends, an income approaching \$100,000, and an autobiography entitled I'VE GOT TO BE ME."

Derek Sanderson has never been shy about breaking heads, blasting reputations and blowing minds. But now for the first time he pulls out all the stops in telling about the game he plays, the players he plays with and against and the playmates who warm his oval bed away from the cold, cold ice.

—Life Magazine

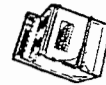


Pound for pound, Johnny McKenzie has more guts than anyone. We call him "Pie" because he has a pie face.

Among our defensemen, Dallas Smith is the quietest and Don Awrey is the team joke. We call Dallas "Half-ton" because he's a farmer from Manitoba, Canada, and he drives a half-ton truck.

Take our goalie, Gerry Cheevers. We call him "Cheesy" or "Cheese and Crackers" because he eats crackers a lot.

STEVE'S HOT STOVE



BASEBALL ANECDOTES

Back in '44, with our boys at war and belts being tightened all over, there wasn't a whole lot cheer about -- unless you were a Phillies fan, that is.

That summer, manager Frankie Lazzarro's Phils were putting together a season that had the entire "City of Brotherly Love" buzzing. And no one was more of a fan favorite than fireballing lefty "Mysterious" Marty Puck. Claiming he was superstitious, Puck would completely disappear on days between his scheduled starts. No one knew where he went -- no one but a handful of high-ranking members of the State Department. What wasn't listed on the back of his bubble-gum card was that Puck was a highly-trained spy. While other pitchers spent their days off thinking up practical jokes or practicing the harmonica, Puck would be off risking his life in some far off corner of the globe. In a two week period in July, Puck broke a German espionage ring in France, single-handedly captured eleven enemy paratroopers, and shut-out both the Braves and the hard-hitting St. Louis Cardinals.

Spirits were high on the afternoon of the first game of the World Series against the Yankees. Frankie Lazzarro walked into the Phillies' clubhouse carrying a package that he had just received from Italy. Assuming it was a fresh supply of his favorite "pizzelle" cookies from one of his many Italian relatives, he wanted to offer the team a "good luck" snack. As soon as he opened the package, however, the usually optimistic manager knew his team was going to have trouble in The Series. The box contained not a large batch of light, crispy wafers, but the horribly beaten, barely recognizable head of his ace pitcher.

INANE PHRASE TOURNAMENT SUMMER 1994

Will [whatever] for food

It's a [x] thing

It's a [x] thing

Dream Team

Dream Team

Goooooal !!!

Dream Team

No fear

Dream Team

YOU WILL

YOU WILL

YES, I am

YES, I am

Not!

YOU WILL