
Phipps Incorporated/ The Future Division se# 2106-A19

THE WHOPPER STRATEGIES:

A manual for producing the fertile ground necessary for
Whopper Cultivation

By

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To Future Division Employees:

The principal aim of this work is to help produce the fertile ground necessary for Whopper cultivation. This will be attempted from multiple angles. The author will discuss basic foundation skills, seeing green and going with it, how to bring the Whopper out of you, and not to sweat the small stuff.

Turn to the table of contents, and follow the entries in italics and you will find an almost entirely nonscientific biography of the author: his life as an Intoslocheck, personal reminisces about Mr. Phipps, and the discovery of some of his more famous Whoppers. Some of these abstracts are taken directly from his journals, and others have been written expressly for this manual.

I hope these pages inspire your Whoppers.

Sincerely,

Fifth Wheel

Fifth Wheel
Future Division Supervisor
Phipps Incorporated

FOR YOUR HEARTBURN

1. Where It Started

I work for Mr. Phipps. He found me on a quiet day. I didn't expect it. I was walking. No, not walking, more like standing in this line. It was for a movie theater. Everyone was staring at me. I squirted ketchup on my hotdog.

"What's that?" someone asked.

I said it was a hot dog.

"Not that."

"Ketchup?"

I didn't understand why it was such a big deal. It was just ketchup. Pretty soon this guy pulled me aside and said I had a real future. That was the first time I thought about my future.

"My future?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "with Phipps Inc. where we put the love back into chip." He told me he runs a company where a smart guy like me could be put to good use. He said he could tell I probably didn't do too much. Maybe I had a job as a copy boy or

worked in a mailroom somewhere (actually I did work in a mailroom, I was in charge of outgoing packages over 9.2 ounces), but that was small peanuts compared to what he could offer me.

It sounded like a neat deal. He invited me to come to his office after the movie for a tour of the company. It was a pretty nice place. There were security cameras everywhere. It made me feel like I was some kind of spy, especially after the movie we saw. It was an old James Bond re-released for all those dumb schmucks that like spy movies. I am not dumb schmuck, but I like spy movies, and I usually figure that most things I like are out of the ordinary, that's why I say it's for dumb people. It's just a way of making me feel better, you know?

Anyway, there were secret codes that Mr. Phipps tried to teach me right away. He said, "Pay attention. I am only going to show you this once."

I paid attention and he showed me a lot of things. How to walk through the main corridor, show my badge to the guard at the gate, what his favorite pen was, and how to dress for a day's work. I listened and took notes in a notebook he gave me to write in.

"Remember to write all your ideas in that thing."

"Okay," I said.

After I worked there for a month and filled the notebook, Mr. Phipps said it was time I fished with the big boys. He moved me up to the future division on the 33rd floor of the Phipps Inc. Super Building. It was a nice place to work. There were plenty of notebooks to write ideas in, and nobody bothered you because you had these great cubicles where you could process an idea in complete solitude.

I only talked to one of the four people that made up the future division. His name

was Fifth Wheel. The other two weren't as friendly as FW (what I called him for short). In fact, according to him, they wouldn't last long. They spent too much time in the present. And if you wanted to make a difference on the job market of today's consumer, the future was all an Intoslocheck should be thinking.

FW was right. After three days without an idea on the future, a guard came to move their stuff on the street. At least that's what he said.

"I am here to move your stuff on the street."

I tried not to look at the guard. I focused on the future, that's what counted. The mean people wanted to know on what basis they were being put out. FW told them he reported their work progress to Mr. Phipps, and it didn't meet the standards of a Phipps Inc. employee. There was a huge incident that followed. Bad words were exchanged and one of the former Intoslochecks was shot in the face.

FW took the whole thing in stride. He said the future was what counted. Think about how many lives you can help with just a slogan, or a better way to vacuum the salt from a pretzel that's just too salty. (The invention was called *The way to get that darn salt off my lap*, or SLIP-O-MATIC™ by FW, only later was it changed to *Dustbuster*).

"What have you produced in the last month? Not even a slogan," FW said to the woman that was crying.

He had her there. Slogans were the bread and butter of Phipps Inc. In fact, since I joined the company I have come up with a few: "Squuuueeze it easy. Squeeze it fast," "Oh feel good," and "Don't do it without _____" (to be filled in with whatever product the Product Division puts out).

The woman said FW was an asshole. She said she'd report the incident to the police, but she never did. FW shot her twice in the head, and that was the end of her.

"There's no use in having bad press," FW said.

Soon, after the Phlegmatics cleaned up the muss, and FW informed the police it was self-defense, we went back to work. It was real nice. There were no interruptions.

FW didn't talk to me, and I didn't talk to him. We just thought about the future. He had her there. Slogans were the bread and butter of Phipps Inc.. In fact, since I joined the company I have come up with a few: "Squuuueeze it easy. Squeeze it fast," "Oh feel good," and "Don't do it without _____" (to be filled in with whatever product the Product Division puts out).

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"There's no use in having bad press," FW said.

Soon, after the Phlegmatics cleaned up the boardroom with a refurbished SLIP-O-MATIC™ with extra suck action, and FW informed the police it was self-defense; we went back to work. It was real nice. There were no interruptions. FW didn't talk to me, and I didn't talk to him. We just thought about the future.

2. Getting Dirty

We worked in shifts. FW had the easiest ones. It was in his contract. He worked mornings and afternoons. I didn't read my contract. I worked all day. I didn't mind. It was nice to be around FW. He really knew how to think about the future. He could just tell when I needed to sit up straight or get my mind out of the gutter. It was really liberating. I tried to figure out how he did it, but I didn't get very far. FW was a real professional.

“Get your mind out of the gutter and sit up straight!” he shouted.

“Okay,” I said.

“It's only Tuesday!” he said.

He was right. I told him so.

“Then get cracking!”

I took FW's advice. I got my mind out of the gutter, sat up straight, and really got cracking. I came up with two new slogans: “Do it dirty” and “Trust me”; a poem about FW (He's great/ He's great/ He is so very great), and invented, *Where the hell is it*, or Low-q-tar, as it is now called, which enables television remote controls to be found after they have been lost. The boys down in marketing had a field day. They used the slogans

for Midwives & Me (a subsidiary of Phipps Inc), made Low-q-tar a household name with their billboard campaign on 95 South, and posted my poem in the company newsletter. It was a real team effort. FW was proud of all of us. He tried to hide it, but I could tell. It was there. I felt the same way.

Stock File 441.2872

"FW"



3. Inside the Perimeter

When we ate, we ate healthy. Mostly protein shakes and shots of wheat grass. We really didn't have the time for anything else. We were supposed to concentrate on the future. The shakes made that possible. They were fast and convenient. Just add water and stir. Not like omelets. Those took forever.

Chuck didn't like the shakes. He said he needed something more. He even tried to get me to sign a petition he started. It sounded pretty good. Pickles were high on his list. Cranberry sauce wasn't far behind.

I liked pickles. I could eat a whole jar in no time. Cranberry sauce was pretty good too. But they were both outside the perimeter. Dr. Shaku Itsugiro, the Future Division's dietician, made that very clear. It was written in the *Optimum Diet Plan for Whopper Cultivation*. I got a copy as soon as I started in the Future Division. Right there in bold print, it said:

“Stay away from sour foods! They disagree with the body's metabolism, lower its overall circulation, and have been known to create back aches.”

“As a Future Division Employee, it is your responsibility to stay inside the perimeter listed below. Anything outside, can affect your ability to make decisions, operate heavy machinery, or think about the future.”

Pickles and cranberry sauce were considered sour foods, according to Dr. Itsugiro’s diet plan. They were definitely out of the question. I tried to explain this to Chuck, but he was a rebel. He always went against company policy. Just last week he used the company Xerox machine to make fliers for his performance art piece, *Feng Shui on Ice*. It was next Saturday at some church in the Bowery. He invited me to go. I wasn’t really big into performance art. Give me Kandinsky any day! But I wanted to be nice. He was new to the company.

“Okay, I’ll go,” I told him.

“Great,” he said, and pulled out a pickle jar. They looked pretty good. He tried to offer me one, but I refused.

“You sure?” he asked.

“I’m supposed to think about the future.”

“Seems a waste.” He crunched into his pickle. It hurt my insides.

Chuck offered another. I couldn’t resist. They were the good kind. They even sounded good. FW didn’t notice. He was at his cubicle.

4. Appreciation

Hair is not a good thing at Phipps Inc. Mr. Phipps didn't believe in it. He also didn't have any. He was pretty bald. It worked for him though. He looked good. I told him so when he asked me.

"You look good," I said.

"You think so?" he asked.

"I do."

Mr. Phipps trusted my opinion. I thought outside the box. That was a good thing. He appreciated that.

"I appreciate that," he said.

I didn't know what he was talking about, but I thanked him. It was nice to be appreciated. I told him it would be a good idea if he told other people they were appreciated too. Mr. Phipps liked the idea. He told me to write the memo as soon as I could. I wrote it right there on my cocktail napkin:

Memo 2204.473

Re: Appreciation

Dear Phipps Inc. Employee:

I appreciate you. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Reginald Phipps

Reginald Phipps

CEO

Phipps Inc.

After the memo came out, everyone seemed happier. They really appreciated Mr. Phipps for saying such nice things.

“We really appreciate it,” they said.

They thought he was a good boss.

“He’s a good boss.”

There wasn’t a better person to think about the future for.

“There isn’t a better person to think about the future for.”

I thought so too.

Stock File 441.148

"Mr. Phipps"



5. Optimum Diet Plan for Whopper Cultivation

Stay away from sour foods! They disagree with the body's metabolism, lower its overall circulation, and have been known to create backaches.

As a Future Division Employee, it is your responsibility to stay inside the perimeter listed below. Anything outside, can affect your ability to make decisions, operate heavy machinery, or think about the future.

(X) ---Foods to avoid

(0) --- Foods to take

 0 1) turkey, duck, goose, seafood with scales i.e.
shrimp, lobster, crab, oyster

 0 2) beef, pork, chicken, seafood with scales, honeydew,
cantaloupe

0 3) Spicy foods: chili, curry, hot pepper, horseradish, cinnamon, ginger, whisky

X 4) Sour foods: vinegar, vitamin-C, lemon, grapefruit, pickled vegetable, etc.

0 5) Corn products: nuts, peanut butter, olive oil, deep-fried foods

X 6) Potassium: banana, peach, potato, avocado, beans, etc.

X 7) Cool/cold element: iced/refrigerated drinks, ice cream, mints, tomato, salad, pear, watermelon, napa-cabbage, carrots, beef, turnip, white radish, beer, wine, etc.

6. Swizzle Sticks

Chuck was hired in the Future Division a month after me. He didn't take the future very seriously. He was really an artist. He was in between jobs.

"I'm in between jobs."

Mr. Phipps thought that was a good thing. Chuck created just the right amount of balance for the future. I didn't argue. It was good to have the guy around. He was like the kid brother I never had. I gave him advice on slogans, helped him tie his shoes, and even critiqued *Swizzle Sticks* (his latest performance art piece). It was the kind of thing only boring artsy types went to, because they didn't have anything better to do. I wasn't a boring artsy type. I just didn't have anything better to do. I had already filled my quota for the day. Three slogans for the Safety Division: "Stop, decline, and rotate," "Think about that," and "Be Careful." The boys in Marketing said they would do just fine. No revisions necessary. That gave me a good chunk of time to watch *Swizzle Sticks* and finish my protein shake.

The protein shake was pretty good. *Swizzle Sticks* wasn't bad either. It was a lot better than *Feng Shui on Ice*. Chuck didn't get naked, or put tape over his mouth. It

wasn't about censorship at all. He just blindfolded himself and played a movie on the wall behind him. It was one of my favorites. *Her Majesty's Secret Service*. Bond at his best! I never enjoyed performance art more.

"Really?" Chuck asked.

"Really," I told him.

We spent every lunch break like that from then on. I'd drink my shakes, watch Chuck perform, and help him tie his shoes. They were good times.

Stock File 441.1004

"Chuck"



7. Bob and Rick

Our progress was monitored in the Future Division. This was done by a team of Phlegmatics. Usually, just two. In extreme cases, there were more. I was not considered an extreme case. I was only assigned two. Bob and Rick. They had a no nonsense policy. They didn't beat around the bush with Rorschach tests or electrodes. They went straight for the mustard. No bullshit. I thought that was pretty impressive. I beat around the bush an awful lot. More than most people. I'm always talking about this or that, before I even get to say, "Oh yeah, but I really meant to say." Not Bob and Rick though. They're all business. They don't even give you a chance to say hello or anything. They're just like: "Turn over," "Lie down," "Stick out your tongue." You don't even have time to react. You're just doing it. Then they ask you questions like: "What'd you have for breakfast?" or "Who do you work for *really*?" I try to answer as honestly as possible. Lying goes on your permanent record. It can also get you a real beating. Nobody wants that.

"Yeah," Rick agreed, "So answer as honestly as possible."

"Okay," I said.

"What color is my shirt?"

“Black,” I said.

“And my pants?”

“Black,”

“And my hair?”

“Black.”

“And m-mine?” Bob stuttered.

“You don’t have any.”

“Good,” Bob said.

“Very good,” Rick agreed.

They put a star next to my name. I was the second person to get one. I was lucky. Bob and Rick had already handed out a couple of skull and crossbones stickers. You didn’t want those. They got you fired. Snowflake stickers weren’t very good either. They could get you hyphenated. You didn’t want to get hyphenated. At least that’s what Bob said.

“You don’t want to get hyphenated.”

“Yeah,” Rick agreed. “You don’t want that.”

I didn’t bother asking why. I figured it wasn’t very good. I was right. Almost wish I wasn’t. Hyphenation’s not pretty. In fact, it’s downright ugly. Chuck proved that one. No one else would. No one would take the dare. Chuck did though. Only because he’s a rebel and doesn’t care about job security.

“I don’t care about job security!” Chuck shouted.

Stock File 441.12009

"Bob & Rick"



8. Hyphenation

We were in the copy room. Basil, a real ugly girl from accounting, had just dared Chuck to try and get hyphenated. I told him to think twice about it. Chuck refused.

“I won’t!” he shouted.

I tried to stop him, but what could I do. Chuck was a rebel.

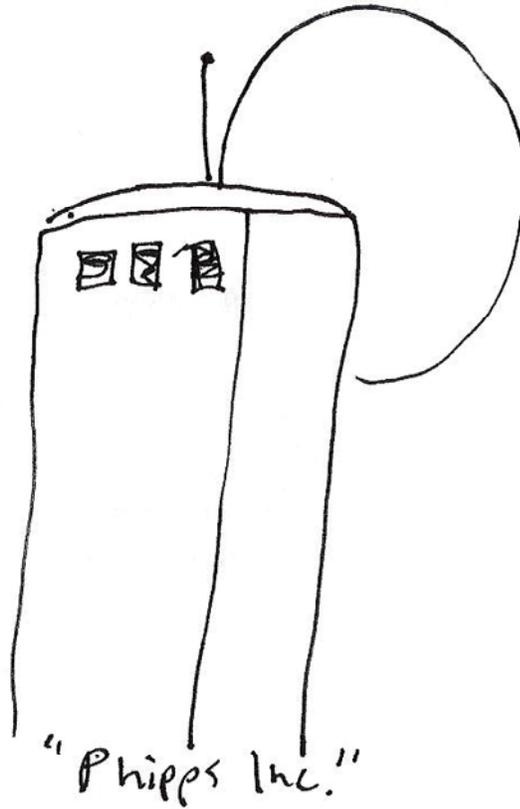
He was hyphenated in a matter of seconds.

FW carried him to the infirmary. It took him three weeks to recover. No visitors were allowed. That was probably a good thing. I don’t think Chuck wanted to see me.

The rebel had been ripped right out of him.

Stock File 358.73

"Phipps Inc."



9. Lars Von Tracht

The Phipps Inc. Super Building wasn't built like a regular building at all. Lars Von Tracht made sure of that. He was the famous architect and radical thinker, hired for his ability to transform start-up companies into visionary superpowers of the future. He had performed this feat for a number of businesses, including Fujimata, Fig Tree, and the Fletcher & Wilson Corporation.

The scenario usually played out in much the same way. Two brothers, a group of friends, or a single, unassuming CEO would be in their garages trying to muster up a

great idea on which to begin a company, and transform their simple 20 x 20 rooms into multi-level soaring towers of finance and power, when Lars would show up with a suitcase of dreams and pipe cleaners. In a matter of minutes, a model would be built, a contract would be signed, and after some more time, the structures would be built.

At first, these companies would show little signs of being visionary, but as soon as the last nail was smacked into the strange hexagon of the Fujimata Building or the cylindrical shaft of Fig Tree, those previously cantankerous brothers of the mid-west, Fletcher & Wilson, or the unassuming personas of Japanese businessmen, such as Fuji and Fig, would be transformed into the raw, unadulterated super powers we know them as today.

Like his predecessors, Mr. Phipps was hoping for more of the same, when he hired Lars to work his magic. Unfortunately for him, Lars was going through what is now known as his, "Blue Period." His designs were aimed at the common five and dime, without the usual gusto and bravado he had been known for in the past. It took a creative meltdown, a divorce, and a whole lot of cash, before Lars adhered to Mr. Phipps's specifications and began construction on "a building whose exterior would welcome longevity, and whose interior would make one ache for the future."

Today, the Phipps Inc. Super Building stands at a whopping twelve hundred viridians, with a total of forty floors, a basketball stadium, and six cafeterias. Each floor is designed with a Division in mind. For example, the infamous Future Division at Phipps Inc., has thirty foot vaulted ceilings to provide room for visualization exercises, and its multi-colored white stucco provides ample opportunity for shadow work and projection.

It truly is a blank slate for our creative team. Just the other day, I was staring up at the ceiling, when I saw a rhinoceros and a piranha swimming towards me. It looked like they were racing. The piranha was definitely in the lead, but you felt like the rhinoceros was just waiting for his big move. Then, just like that, the idea floated in my head. Fish food! The market's wide open. At least I hoped. I got the boys down in Marketing to run the numbers. They said it was definitely a possibility. They told me to go ahead with the campaign, while they worked out some logistics. Luckily, I already had one in mind: "Go Deep." Mr. Phipps thought it was gangbusters. He even got the girls in A.D. to air the radio spot on Wednesday before The Johnny Finger Show:

Mermaid 1: Are you're goldfish looking a bit sluggish these days?

Mermaid 2: Have they lost their usual get up and go?

Mermaid 1: Well, look no further.

Mermaid 2: Phipps Inc., the creator of the Dustbuster, and such catchy slogans as "Hmmm. Eat Pretzels" and "Stop, Drop, and Roll" now brings you *Go Deep*.

Spanish guitar solo.

Mermaid 1: A superior nourishment, cultured deep in the heart of the Andes Mountains, *Go Deep* is the ultimate caffeinated treat for any amphibian, whether it's a North African tree frog, or a simple goldfish waiting at home *Go Deep* is the perfect product for consumers who want something more from their goldfish.

Solo ends.

Woman speaks in sultry tone.

Mermaid 2: Remember. The next time you want something more. *Go Deep*. It's the only way they want it.

The ad went straight through the roof! Almost every family in America bought the product. Even the ones who didn't own goldfish or North African tree frogs. They

bought it for other pets. Cats or dogs who were too old to play anymore, iguanas who just sat on their heat rocks, you name it. Everyone was going deep!

Mr. Phipps was ecstatic. He took the entire Future Division to Madame Bouviais on Mulberry to celebrate. It was a real treat. I had a steak. Rare. It was definitely better than our usual protein shakes. It was nice and warm, and when I bit into it, I could feel all the juices moving around. It even dripped onto the bib the waiter had tied round my neck. For the rest of dinner Chuck joked that the stain looked like an abstract work of art.

FW thought it looked more like a birthmark. He called it my power stain.

“It’s your power stain,” he said.

I thought it looked more like blood from a juicy steak.

Mr. Phipps didn’t care either way. He was more concerned with the future. He wanted to know if FW had come up with the Whopper he promised him (FW promised Mr. Phipps a Whopper by New Year’s).

FW said we were all hard at work for that very purpose.

I nodded my head. So did Chuck.

“Well, I don’t believe in anything without results,” Mr. Phipps said.

FW agreed. He told Mr. Phipps results were what the Future Division was all about.

“Results are what the Future Division is all about,” he said.

That was just what Mr. Phipps wanted to hear. He ordered us all another round of steaks. I spilled some more blood on my bib. This time everyone saw the same thing. I guess the future was on all our minds.

Memo 2208.473

Re: Structural Design Concerns

Dear Phipps Inc. Employee:

It is your responsibility to familiarize yourself with the layout of the company. Explore the various nuances implemented by Lars Von Tracht. Recognize your own potential for the future within them. And share your opinions. Remember, Lars believes a structure changes with the individuals who inhabit them.

If you have an idea, on how progress can be maximized with a change in structural design, submit your data sheet to the Design Division.

Cash payouts will be rewarded to those ideas which yield a 2% growth in profit, but will not be rewarded until such read outs are made and confirmed by the Finance Division.

Thank you for the support of this structure. You are valued as an employee. We wish you continued success as you complete your training.

Sincerely,

F. Garcia

Ferdinand Garcia
Structural Design Supervisor
Phipps Inc.

10. The John P. Fletchwood Museum

We went to the John P. Fletchwood Museum on Friday. It was part of our training. We were supposed to visit every new addition to the Phipps Inc. Super Building. It was required by the Design Division. They wanted to know what we thought about it.

I thought it was pretty nice. I'm not big into museums, but this one was okay. It didn't have a furniture section, or lots of Egyptian jewelry. It wasn't like that at all. It was about the future.

They gave us these special headsets we wore over our eyes and ears, and as we walked through the gallery it would flash images of what we thought the future would be like. It was really great. I kept looking over at Chuck. He was like sixty years old, with a little belly and everything. I thought it looked good on him.

"You think so?" he asked.

"I do."

I wanted to get a mirror so I could see what I looked like, but Chuck beat me to it.

"You're old," he said.

I asked him if that was a good thing, but he didn't want to tell me. FW wouldn't either. He was busy looking at the Memo Booth (It was this glass case filled with blank memos).

I walked over after FW gasped a couple times. I guess he saw something important. I asked him what it was. He pointed to the company vision statement.

I didn't see what the big deal was. It sounded pretty good to me. It wasn't until FW read his version that I realized mine was different. His was pretty grim. It didn't have any fancy adjectives or curlicues. It was like, *Phipps Inc. is doomed. Kill the goldfish.* Not very positive at all. I told FW not to worry about it. I read him mine. It seemed to make him feel better. It was like, *Things are good. They're going to get better. Hang in there.* Then Chuck read us his. It was pretty different.

Chuck's Vision Statement:

▪

Data Sheet 2043.68

Re: The John P. Fletchwood Museum

I liked the John P. Fletchwood Museum. It was real nice. I especially like the headsets we got. They were something. Chuck didn't think much of them though. He says they interrupt the space. He thinks it would be better to walk into a gallery without some boring fuck talking in your ear. I liked it though. I learned a lot about the company that I never knew before. Like how John P. Fletchwood used to be Mr. Phipps's right hand man, and how Mr. Phipps wanted to work alone, so he told him to hit the road. That was pretty neat.

I liked the design of the space too. I liked how you put artwork with all the history of Phipps Inc. The Memo Booth was my favorite. Chuck thinks the space needs more paintings and things. Maybe even some performance art pieces, or installations. Chuck knows some people if you're interested. I'm not really big into performance art. Give me Kandinsky any day! So it doesn't matter to me. I just figured I'd tell you about it, because Chuck's a rebel, and probably won't fill out this data sheet.

Strongly agree

Strongly disagree

How effective was the space? ⁴
5 4 3 2 1 0 1 2 3 4 5

Would you visit the space again? ⁴
5 4 3 2 1 0 1 2 3 4 5

Were the Design Division's objectives achieved? ⁴
5 4 3 2 1 0 1 2 3 4 5

Stock File 441.621

"Museum Drawing"



Stock File 441.622

"Chuck & Memo Booth"

