

1: Between a rock and a hard place – BlastofWinter

between a rock and a hard place Facing two equally unpleasant, dangerous, or risky alternatives, where the avoidance of one ensures encountering the harm of the other. I was.

So when the Internet arrived, users grabbed the chance to go to more interesting places. Can they be persuaded to come back? Winter on November 4, Traditional media news franchises were hugely profitable. But their profits were not built on product excellence or sublime marketing skill or even great journalism. They were built on monopoly control of the supply of news. With one newspaper in town and only four or five television stations, there was no incentive to invest in the art and science of creating demand. So, that loud sucking sound you hear? The frivolity of summer is over. Last week I had a couple of long calls with a new digital news outfit, helping with product definition. The days have long gone in media when you could just throw mud against the wall and hope that some of it sticks. For me, summer ends with the World Series. Somehow last night I found myself on YouTube looking at three L. Times journalists talking about their team. It reminded me of a story I heard from an old hand down at Cox Television in Atlanta. But before long it became apparent that nobody was ever going to figure out what exactly the new medium was all about unless it was separated from the newspaper and left alone to find its own way. Long ago they figured there must be more to producing a successful television show than pointing a camera at a beardy print journalist in a faded blue button-down. A link to Instagram to see what his bloody dog is up to? Smart new products continue to take hold, like Axios and The Athletic. And Apple, facing declining hardware revenues, is moving aggressively into media programming. The consumption numbers for traditional media platforms are at historic lows but there are many more outlets for news now, so naturally each participant is getting a smaller piece of the pie. The slice gets even smaller if you fail to understand that these days most users follow links and recommendations and invitations to a news site rather than going directly to a home page. And since every single person uses their own personal filter to do that editing, a filter built on the subjective sum of their life experiences, their upbringing, education, influences, beliefs, personal perspectives and the opinions of their friends, and enemies, the tricky process of product and market definition has become critically important. Mass media is dead. Now you have to pick your shots, you have to decide who your audience and who it is not, and you have to decide how best to intercept and satisfy the market you have selected. Identifying product-market fit is the key. We figured that out at Cox, 20 years ago. Not that it did us much good. It took us a long time to fully understand how exposed we were. Thanks to the extreme marginal costs of the daily newspaper business, our newspapers had not faced direct newspaper competition for 30 years. Thanks to the FCC, our television stations each had only four or five competitors. We had a veritable license to steal. Those revenues were built on advertising from local merchants who had nowhere else to go. Because they had nowhere else to go you could charge them pretty much whatever you wanted. Then we heard a loud sucking sound – It was the sound of audience attention going elsewhere, sucked off to a new media world where news was accessible to anyone from anywhere at any time. So we went on a quest. How could we preserve and grow that revenue when an army of new digital insurgents had come to every town in which we operated to fight us for audience share and the advertising revenues that flowed from it? Years of monopoly returns will do that to you. All we need to do, we thought, is take what we already offer and make it available on the Internet. So we set up a business unit called Cox Interactive Media. For example, down in Austin, we owned the American-Statesman daily newspaper. So in that market we created Austin , using news content from the paper and deploying a sales team to go out and sell advertising on it. In market after market we built city sites. All of them focused on delivering the news of the companion Cox traditional media property. Not just local news either, but national and international news too. Okay, you can stop laughing now. There is little consolation in knowing we were not the only ones who went off the deep end like this. After a couple of years we realized we were in trouble. We needed to get expenses down. So instead of a set of separate city sites, we decided we needed a network so we would produce a lot of content centrally and then distribute it through the sites, thus cutting back on the need to have as many local journalists. In quick succession, Knight-Ridder

Newspapers remember them? A company called CitySearch began to get some traction. The Wall Street herd decided that the first company to figure out how to unlock local advertising revenues was bound to be an IPO hit. Around the first audience measurement companies appeared. We were in big trouble. We had always assumed that those city sites fed and supported by our broadcast properties would probably not perform as well as those operating in our newspaper markets. After all, our newspapers had tons of high-value, well-edited, original content and promotional pulling power, right? So when we got back the results from our first Media Metrix local market panel we figured there must be some kind of mistake. None of the websites in any of our newspaper markets cracked the top 10 in those markets. Those in our television markets fared even worse. But what the hell was going on in our newspaper markets? We jumped up and down and made such a fuss that the poor people at Media Metrix gave us a look at every local market study they had analyzed. Not one newspaper website made the top 10 in its own market, anywhere. Reach was not the only problem. Newspaper sites were also having problems with frequency and churn. It occurred to me that it was time to dispense with stupidity and hubris. We had to smarten up and we had to get humble, quick, if we were to figure this out. We saw that we needed to do three things. We had to solve the scale problem, we had to build distribution, and fast. And secondly, we had to solve the revenue problem. But above all else, more important even than the challenges of scale and advertising revenue, we had to solve the product problem. We needed to forget the legacy content and programming ethos we had inherited and instead act like a start-up, creating a product for a defined audience, a product in demand that people needed, that could not be possible without the Internet, and that would create a sustainable advantage. This was a fundamental marketplace structural shift with profound economic consequences. For us it meant that we no longer enjoyed absolute control over the supply of news and information in our markets. Geography, that is, the dimension of a local market, no longer afforded competitive protection. Like cable companies and utilities, previously we had no incentive to treat our customers well. Where else were they going to go? But now the prize, even down in local markets, would go to the digital product that stimulated the most demand. To stimulate demand would take superb marketing expertise. But we had never needed that before. We were entering a precarious media world, with no moat around the market, no impediment to leaving, no possibility of holding customers captive “beyond those who were consistently satisfied and delighted with what we had to offer. We would have to get very good very quickly at the art and science of building successful digital media products. So we set to work on the product problem. One thing we decided quickly was that digital media was different from traditional media in a number of ways and one way it differed was that it seemed to be more functional somehow, more purposeful. It was quick, it was brief, it was customizable. After all, the most successful application was search and what was search but a vehicle to save consumers time and money? Search was about finding out things important to you right now. Out of that thinking came Autotrader. Another thing we realized was that to compete successfully in a demand marketplace we had to carve out a place that was special and unique. Our news makes us special and unique, especially our local news. All those great news assets everyone talked about “hundreds of journalists, tons of original content, authoritative brand position” were nowhere near as powerful as outsiders assumed. Monopoly position had blinded us to their real leverage value, which turned out to be not that much. Over the years the core function of news generation had been largely replaced by wire service copy editing “which was always much cheaper than developing your own stories. If we had anything at all it was local news. But local news is the weakest, least magnetic form of news content. Oh sure, its legacy power meant that people would drop by from time to time. That would prove to be another major vulnerability as the digital world unfolded Yes, we did have lots of journalist on the payroll, some talented and some fiercely committed to their mission. So there we were, stuck between a rock and a hard place, between the requirements of the market outside and an internal belief system that exaggerated our competitive position and set us off down the wrong path. It was a dead end. It made it impossible to divine a news product that would create demand.

Between a Rock and a Hard Place may refer to: "Between a rock and a hard place", an adage used to refer to dilemmata, more specifically a Morton's fork; a situation offering at least two possibilities, neither of which is acceptable.

Please join me in welcoming Author Michele Rhem, who presents us with her poignant memoirs of the Rabbit Patch, where her diaries weave tales of a simpler, expressive life lost to many, but gathered together in her most familiar environs - the Rabbit Patch. I got up this morning at five, as is my habit. The world was pitch dark and a brisk wind was blowing. The pines were whispering and for a while, I listened. Leaves are scattered about the territory now. I always find it beautiful to look out and see the yard looking this way. It is a sign of the season - much as pumpkins and marigolds. Sunlight falls now where shade used to, for the wind had stripped a fair share of leaves from the old oaks and sycamores. A few of the roses continue to bloom. They will be faithful til frost. Otherwise, the rabbit patch is quiet, as it always is, in Autumn. By the time the light comes to the morning, I had a project in mine. It was the perfect day to take the living room apart and clean. Soon enough, the house will be closed up for cold weather. Windows will stay down and soft blankets will be found on the sofas, within arms reach, for a chilly night. In light of the windy day, I would wash the curtains, as well as the blankets. Before, I gathered the broom and a bucket, I put on a pot of soup to simmer. I had not even started good, when I realised this would be a two day project, more than likely. It would do me good to stay busy, I reassured myself, and besides that, it needed to be done, for I was soon convinced that a good deal of rabbit patch soil was in every place it could be. I was no longer thinking about papers and impending dates, for I was on a mission, now. While I was cleaning and scrubbing, my mind forgot, briefly, that I am in between two places. On one hand, I am here at the rabbit patch with everything possible, packed in boxes. On the other hand, is a little cottage freshly inspected and with a fee paid, to secure my contract. I have settled into this "strange state of uncertainty" with all the fortitude I can muster. We are often reminded to "live in the moment" Truthfully I have always practiced that theory, for I take great note of how the hours pass. Far be it from me, to miss the beauty of a season. I crave beauty as I do air-whether it is being with my loved ones or nature or the peace of solitude. By the time, I was washing windows, the wind had become a slight breeze that blew in a friendly fashion. The sky was a powdery blue and cloudless. The spirea bushes are a lovely apricot color now, I noticed. The young dogwood that bloomed for the first time, on the Easter Sunday, that Lyla was born, is crimson, now. The pecan trees are bare, as are the peach and cherry trees. As I surveyed the landscape, I wondered if the fierce wind that came in like it had a score to even, may have spoiled the grand finale of the autumn leaves this year. Like everything else, we will have to wait and see. Work, of any sort, acts like a tonic on me. In the summers, the garden would swallow any worries I had. The soil acted like a mother, full of comfort. In springs, there were flowers to plant and weeds to pull. In the autumns, there are the bushels of leaves dropping daily and in winter, I had the barns, that could always stand cleaning. A decade ago, I remember feeling angry. I went out behind the oldest barn to tell the heavens about it. I could barely plead my case, because I kept noticing that the shelter off the back of the barn, was so untidy. I started restoring order, as I grumbled. I just hushed altogether and got some paint, for some of the boards were looking so shabby. As I painted, the blackbirds started a performance. They filled the sky and started swooping and spiraling. A thousand of them, at least moved in a motion as fluid as water. It was a spectacular sight. I watched them for a while-which could have been a year, as I was so in awe. By the time it was over, I had painted a few blackbirds on the crude boards, and written, "The heavens declare the glory of God" on the leaning shelter. It is still there to this day. So, some sort of work always presents itself at the "rabbitpatch". I had finished the living room and even moved the piano and sofas back in place, when Christian came in from work. I had used a rosemary scented cleaner to wash the walls and floors, and so on top of everything else, it smelled like a holiday in the farmhouse. Of course, while I washed the windows, I noticed the porch needed cleaning and so that got added on the list of "things to do tomorrow". I warmed the cauliflower bisque for our supper, which was a wonderful conclusion to the day, we both agreed. A crescent moon hung high in the sky, when I went out to say my prayers. Stars were scarce but bright.

3: What Does Between a Rock and a Hard Place Mean? - Writing Explained

Between a Rock and a Hard Place-- a brilliantly written, funny, honest, inspiring, and downright astonishing report from the line where death meets life -- will surely take its place in the annals of classic adventure stories.

He alternates between chapters telling of the delirium of those five days and the choices he must make, and a sort of "how I came to be the way I am" recounting of his life story. The irony of the book reveals itself to the reading pretty early on. A seemingly random There is only one character in this book, and that character is, you guessed it, Aron Ralston. A seemingly random accident, with a one-in-a-million rescue, has been fated for this kid his whole damn life. I call Ralston a "kid" even though he was my age when he had this accident because he shows time and time again that he has learned very few lessons from his great experience of the world. Let me get some of the problems with the book and Ralston out of the way, so I can eventually say something nice. He loves Phish and String Cheese Incident. He quotes the Matrix movies and Fight Club and Eastern philosophy. He writes from a thoroughly egotistical point of view - not spending enough time concerned with anything but his own enjoyment of the world and his own survival. We know your mom was really worried, but you sound a little silly trying to explain just how much she cared and how scared she was. When writing about his winter fourteener project - an attempt to solo climb all of the mountains feet or higher in Colorado - he sounds like a typical privileged mountaineer, full of bravado with no reason to risk his life. While on a hike with two guys he meets south of the Grand Canyon, he jumps foolhardy into the raging Colorado River and nearly kills himself and endangers his two companions who save him from the current. Later on, the same year of his accident, he skis down a slope in Colorado against the better judgement of himself and his friends and then beckons them to follow. I found his detailed account of the ordeal in the canyon to particularly revelatory about the decay of the human mind and body in such situations. Ralston is intuitive and highly resourceful as a survivalist if not as a writer and his very specific descriptions of his attempts to break the chockstone or lift it from his arm are intriguing. His intensity and will to live shine through in his observations. This is a man who wants to live, but knows he will, in all likelihood, die if not for a great amount of skill and luck. For most of the time of his entrapment - 5 days - he plans calmly and conserves energy and water and uses his obviously futile activities as ways of distracting himself from his misery, or warming his body against the cold nights. He tries, but fails to amputate his forearm. It is only in an act of desperation, an upsurge of primal energy that he realizes the only way he can free himself, to break his own bones with a rock, that he is able to survive. What does this say about man, and nature? We must be beasts, in order to live, sometimes. What is not convincing is his final assertion that this ordeal was all for the best, in the end. Did he learn a deep lesson about appreciating his friends and family or, like so many other mountaineers and extreme sport enthusiasts, has he just garnered another scar, another tick on his record, another bragging right, another brutal scrape with death?

4: Between a rock and a hard place Synonyms, Between a rock and a hard place Antonyms | www.engage

The earliest known printed citation of 'between a rock and a hard place' is in the American Dialect Society's publication Dialect Notes V, "To be between a rock and a hard place, to be bankrupt.

5: A single word for "stuck between a rock and a hard place" - English Language & Usage Stack Exchange

The book, "Between a Rock and a Hard Place" by Aron Ralston, is a nonfiction autobiography that demonstrates the meaning of not giving up and continuing to fight even if you have nothing left in you.

6: Between a Rock and a Hard Place (book) - Wikipedia

His first book, Between a Rock and a Hard Place, was a New York Times bestseller and was adapted into the major

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motion picture Hours by Danny Boyle. Today, as a father of an infant daughter and four-year-old son, Aron lives in Boulder, Colorado.

7: Between a Rock and a Hard Place - Wikipedia

Feeling stuck between a rock and a hard place can leave you feeling frustrated, stressed and anxious as you await a solution. It often negatively impacts your work performance. Let's face it, many of the most trying dilemmas are often work-related and may cause you to lash out at your loved ones.

8: "Between a Rock and a Hard Place" | Beaufort County Now

Between a Rock and a Hard Place Summary SuperSummary, a modern alternative to SparkNotes and CliffsNotes, offers high-quality study guides that feature detailed chapter summaries and analysis of major themes, characters, quotes, and essay topics.

9: 'Between a rock and a hard place' - the meaning and origin of this phrase

Synonyms for between a rock and a hard place at www.enganchecubano.com with free online thesaurus, antonyms, and definitions. Find descriptive alternatives for between a rock and a hard place.

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