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**DNRC**

**Dilbert Newsletter #43**

Join Dogbert's New Ruling Class, and get the newsletter delivered to your mailbox!

Please don't follow the subscription instructions included in the early newsletters, as they will no longer work. The latest newsletter always has the correct subscription information

To: Dogbert's New Ruling Class (DNRC)

From: Scott Adams ([scottadams@aol.com](mailto:scottadams@aol.com))

Date: October 2002

.....  
SPECIAL WEASEL EDITION  
.....

**DNRC Progress Toward Total World Domination**

There are 620,000 DNRC members. That's a healthy increase over the original number of zero. I can't decide if each one of you is more adorable than brilliant or more brilliant than adorable. My forehead gets all wrinkly whenever I think about it so I decided to stop.

**New Dilbert Hardcover Book**



Every few years my respect for authority plunges to a new low and then I know it's time to write a Dilbert book. My first hardcover Dilbert book in four years just hit the shelves, titled "Dilbert and the Way of the Weasel." If you liked my earlier book "The Dilbert Principle" you'll appreciate my treatment of the weasels that plague our existence.

Remember, a book makes a great gift, especially if you read it before you give it. To get one now, visit [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com) or [BarnesandNoble.com](http://BarnesandNoble.com):

<http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/0060518057/newsletter1-20>

<http://service.bfast.com/bfast/click?bfmid=2181&sourceid=39361975&bfpid=0060518057&bfmttype=book>

DNRC members can read a chapter from the book at Dilbert.com. (You'll need your DNRC password).

<http://www.dilbert.com/DilbertSofScreensaver/BookExcerptLoginPage>

**The Meerkat Incident**

When I say, "weasel," I mean anyone who is trying to get away with something. Speaking of which, as part of the promotional activities for this book, my publisher wanted to hold a press event featuring live weasels, something like Groundhog Day, except using a cubicle instead of a hole. So my publicist arranged with the nearby Oakland Zoo to do the event using one of their meerkats, which are -- as my publicist explained -- "in the weasel family." This sounded suspicious to me, so I did a bit of Web research and discovered that meerkats and weasels ARE in the same family -- in about the same way that elephants and waffle makers are in the same family.



After some back and forth with my publicist we agreed that the average TV viewer wouldn't know a weasel from a meerkat so it didn't really matter. In other words, we were trying to get away with something. And we hoped the press would show up because it's exactly the sort of hard news that their viewers demand, and it's cheaper than sending a correspondent to Yemen.

You're probably way ahead of me on this delicious irony, but the way we planned it, the ONLY CREATURE AT THE "WEASEL DAY" CEREMONY THAT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN A WEASEL WAS GOING TO BE THE WEASEL ITSELF.

Mercifully, the Oakland Zoo changed its mind, because meerkats are dangerous. Apparently they'll leap on you and start tearing at your flesh just for fun. When I heard that, I liked the idea even more. I have a good nose for what makes news, and to me, there's a world of difference between these two headlines:

Ordinary Headline:

Dilbert Cartoonist Publishes Best-Selling Book

Excellent Headline:

TV Reporter Killed by Meerkat while Dilbert Cartoonist Watches

In the end we found animal trainers in LA who brought real weasels to San Francisco for our event. I tried to incite the weasels to attack a reporter, but the weasels just tried to talk someone else into doing it so

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they could take the credit, thus proving they were authentic weasels, and in all likelihood, future managers.

**Sending Me E-mail**

If you send me e-mail at [scottadams@aol.com](mailto:scottadams@aol.com), put "Dilbert" at the end of your subject line so my anti-spam filter won't bounce it back to you. My address is widely published so it's been put on every mailing list in the galaxy. I try to read all of my e-mail. I'll respond to as many as time allows.

**Mister Fixit**

I live in an old house. "Old" is a shorthand way of saying, "leaking, stained, rotting, and maybe there's something dead inside a wall." I employ a continuous stream of skilled craftsmen to repair my house because it's not safe for me to do any manual labor that involves sharp edges, splinters, or heavy things. I feel that I'm in mortal danger when removing lint from my dryer. So, obviously, using circular saws or climbing on the roof is pretty much out of the question. I won't even fluff a pillow if I suspect it's filled with pointy feathers.

Yesterday I noticed I had a leaky garden hose that needed to be replaced. As far as I could tell, this household task was uniquely danger-free. I decided, unwisely, to go it alone. The total complexity of this task involved unscrewing the old hose from the faucet and screwing on the new one.

I will leave out some details, but let's just say that the water show was impressive, not unlike the dancing fountains at the Bellagio Hotel in Las Vegas, except much closer to my face. I think I power-washed a zit off my forehead. My clothes were soaked too, so from now on I plan to use my hose only while naked. (Supply your own hose-related joke here.)

Despite the problems of home ownership, I'm glad I live in modern times. If I'd been born into an early Native American tribe, for example, I'd be in trouble. All of my homespun arrowheads would be round because I would be afraid to make sharp ones. I'd have to hope I hit a bison in a pre-existing wound, making him so depressed he committed suicide, preferably somewhere near a roaring fire that someone else had lit. It would take me forever to cut up a bison with my homemade knife - also a smooth round rock. And there's the problem of my being a vegetarian. And don't get me started about the Native American washroom facilities. I'm reasonably sure my Native American nickname would be Man Who Used Poison Ivy Leaves In a Hilarious Way.

**New Motto for Newsletter**

A reader, W. Wyman, referred to the Dilbert Newsletter as "a little ray of bitter sunshine." I have decided to adopt that phrase as the newsletter's motto, unless someone else is using it.

**Weasel Poll Results**

Here are the results of the Weasel Poll on [Dilbert.com](http://Dilbert.com). Don't blame me for any of it. I was only one of the 19,000 voters.

I'm not entirely sure why France beat out Iran, North Korea, Iraq, Pakistan and Saudi Arabia as the weaseliest country. I suspect we got a lot of votes from England.

**Weaseliest Organization**

Democratic Party	5,727
Major League Baseball	4,118
White House	3,700
Congress	2,702
Republican Party	2,333
FBI	872

**Weaseliest Country**

France	6,684
Saudi Arabia	4,488
Pakistan	3,601
Iraq	3,453
North Korea	669
Iran	285

**Weaseliest Company**

Microsoft	7,661
Arthur Andersen	3,908
Enron	3,621
WorldCom	1,381
Rite Aid	1,255
Merrill Lynch	576
Tyco	535
Qwest	486

**Weaseliest Profession**

News reporters	4,875
Lawyers	4,447
Politicians	3,539
Tobacco executives	3,484
Oil executives	1,159
Accountants	1,098
Advertising executives	926

**Weaseliest Individual**



Martha Stewart	4,734
Gary Condit	3,810
Marie Reine Le Gougne (French Ice Skating Olympic Judge)	3,475
Kenneth Lay (Enron)	3,284
Michael Jackson	2,009
Dennis Kozlowski (Tyco)	810
Gary Winnick (Glob. Cross.)	483
"Chainsaw" Al Dunlap	342
Sam Waksal (ImClone)	255

#### **Weaseliest Religion**

Islam	6,112
Catholicism	5,227
Atheism	4,221
Protestantism	1,710
Judaism	1,147
Buddhism	239
Hinduism	233

#### **Send a Weasel Greeting**

October 22nd is Weasel Day, so send a free e-card to your favorite weasel, or just watch Dilbert do the weasel dance:

[http://www.dilbert.com/comics/dilbert/e\\_greetings/index.htm](http://www.dilbert.com/comics/dilbert/e_greetings/index.htm)

#### **True Tales of Individuals**

Here are some true tales of Individuals as reported by DNRC members.

--

One of my teammates was giving a presentation to our department about an exciting development. He clicked to bring up the next slide and announced with great enthusiasm, "and walla, there it is!!" On the slide in huge letters was the word "Walla." The audience was stunned at first, not knowing if it was suppose to be a joke on the spelling of the word "voila" or not. Then he turned to a member of our department who was from France and said, "You know, walla! Walla!!"

Coincidentally, earlier that week he had mentioned to our team that he wanted to go into management.

--

A conversation I've just had with my Pointy-Headed Boss (PHB):

Me: "PHB, your phone is ringing."

PHB: "How do you know that?"

Me: "Because I can hear it."

--

I decided to change dentists. I phoned the new office to make an appointment. As part of the questionnaire, the office assistant asked, "Do you have any conditions like a heart murmur?"

I replied, "Is that anything like a heart murmur?" to which she answered, "I'm not sure."

--

I was recently standing in line for the fully panoramic theater at the Smithsonian in Washington. A friend told his 14-year-old daughter that the theater was "360 degrees." There was a pause while she considered this, and then asked, "Won't it be too hot for us in there?"

--

I saw a beautifully handcrafted cross-stitched pillow in the rear window of a nearby car. The message on the pillow read, "I break for hugs." I guess the driver must be very fragile.

--

I was listening to a coworker's conversation when he uttered the following, upon learning that hunting wild turkey was actually a challenging endeavor: "That surprises me because I always thought turkeys were the stupidest mammal."

He made an unintentional argument for a different animal.

--

Soon after our high-tech company moved into a new building, we had trouble with the elevators. A manager got stuck between floors and, after some door banging, finally attracted attention. His name was taken, and rescue was promised.

It took two hours before the elevator mechanic arrived and got the manager out. When he returned to his desk, he found this note from his efficient secretary: "The elevator people called and will be here in two hours."

#### **Free Weasel Fun**

Put a free and official weasel-crossing sign in your workspace, from [Dilbert.com](http://Dilbert.com). You can choose a printable version or download desktop wallpaper. There are also weasel link icons for your Web site:

[http://www.dilbert.com/comics/dilbert/shop/html/weasel\\_fun.html](http://www.dilbert.com/comics/dilbert/shop/html/weasel_fun.html)

### **Induhvidual Signs**

These sightings are from observant DNRC members.

--

Sign above a drinking fountain at Shanghai International Airport:

"This water has been passed by Health Inspectors"

--

We had a low-cost supermarket in our area named Buy-Lo, as in low prices. The sign:

Buy-Lo  
Quality foods.

--

Posted on a sign at Hooters, Las Vegas NV:

"WE HAVE CRABS!"

--

A church school in Sacramento had a sign that read:

"Every day is a gift from God."

This was followed by:

"Corn dogs, Friday, 11-1"

--

An actual sign in Goleta, CA, reads:

"Judo - Aikido - Ballroom Dancing"

### **Weasel T-shirts, Mugs and Prints**

You can order weasel-crossing signs on T-shirts and mugs, and weasel-themed strips on T-shirts and prints. There are also special packages that include books with T-shirts and/or mugs.

<http://www.cafeshops.com/cp/store.aspx?s=dilbert.10226>

### **True Quotes**

Here now, more true quotes from Induhviduals as reported by DNRC operatives. Most of these come from the mouths of managers.

--

"I'm optimistic but my optimistic is on the other side of the teeter-totter."

"You have to keep all your marbles in the same duck."

"This thing is about to grow legs and take off...."

"Are you going to call the whole kettle black because of one bad potato?"

"If we do that we'll open up a whole new wormhole."

"Will everyone stop undermining me!"

"I am sick and tired of the lack of disrespect towards me!"

"We need to find a solution, even if it isn't the right one."

"Hey, don't eat the messenger!"

"It's only when this business comes into the foreplay that we should be concerned."

"We're going to have to watch that with a fine-tooth comb."

"..that's what really separates the wheat from the sheep."

"He's not the brightest brick in the basket."

### **Dogbert Answers My Mail**

Normally in this space Dogbert answers my mail that I'm too polite to answer myself. Today Dogbert will answer mail that hasn't been written yet but - based on experience - will be.

--

Dear Mr. Adams,

Your newsletter has turned into a blatant commercial for your Dilbert book! You talk about weasels - YOU'RE THE WEASEL! Ha ha! It's ironic, isn't it? Life has no meaning now that I can no longer trust other people to send me free things for no reason whatsoever. From now on, Ziggy is the only comic I will

read. You can take your stupid newsletter and e-mail it where the sun don't shine.

Ron

Dear Mo-Ron,

Thank you for your suggestion, but many people in Seattle already receive the Dilbert newsletter. I'm sorry you're offended by the mention of Mr. Adams' new book, "Dilbert and the Way of the Weasel," that is available in a bookstore near you.

Sincerely,

Dogbert

--

Dear Mr. Adams,

Your weasel poll left out the biggest weasel country of them all: The United States. We Elbonians despise the United States.

Sincerely,

Scott

Dear Squat,

The United States is not a weasel. It's more like an arrogant bully. That's why I'm so proud to live in it. Excuse me while I wipe a tear from my eye. Excuse me again while I wipe my paw on Mr. Adams' sweater. Okay, back to my point: If we find out that you're hiding so much as one barrel of oil under that hellhole you live on, you'd better start shipping it this way, and cheap, because I need to gas up my maid's SUV.

I hope that by having this open dialogue we can learn to live in harmony. Or failing in that, I'll live in harmony by myself.

Sincerely,

Dogbert

**Dilbert Fodder**

What's bugging you about your job? Let me know and you might see it in a Dilbert comic or newsletter. The best comic fodder involves workplace peeves, devious strategies, frustrations of dealing with others, conflicting objectives, unintended management consequences, and of course my favorite - idiot bosses.

And I love True Tales of Induhviduals.

And if you're seeing any new management trends that need to be mocked, I can help. Send your (brief) suggestions to me at:

[scottadams@aol.com](mailto:scottadams@aol.com).

**IMPORTANT: Put "Dilbert" at the end of your subject line so my spam filter won't bounce it back.**

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**Problems With the Web Subscribe/Unsubscribe Forms**

If the automated method doesn't work for you, simply send a message to [newsletter@unitedmedia.com](mailto:newsletter@unitedmedia.com), specifying whether you want to subscribe or unsubscribe, and your request will be processed manually. This method is much slower than the automated method so please be patient.

Scott Adams  
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