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WHEN DID IGNORANCE BECOME A POINT OF VIEW?

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WHEN DID IGNORANCE BECOME A POINT OF VIEW?

A DILBERT BOOK
BY SCOTT ADAMS



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For Tom-a-to and Tom-ah-to's mother

Introduction

Recently a woman called me and said she had no idea who I was but she had been told by someone — she couldn't remember who — that I give money to people like her. The woman said that she and her husband had nine kids and had moved to a desert in the Middle East. Now they were having difficulty supporting themselves because, well, they had nine kids and had moved to a desert. She figured the best solution was to call me and ask if I would support the entire family indefinitely. If you have nine children and think it's a good idea to move to the desert it is fair to say that you are not a good decision maker. So the question I had to ask myself was this: If I gave her money, would she be more likely to a) use it to feed and educate her children, or b) grunt out nine more children and move to a dislodged glacier floating in the Arctic Ocean?

The interesting part of the conversation came after I politely declined her invitation to fund the nonstop production of doomed babies. She got mad at me. Apparently she analyzed her situation and came to the conclusion that the root cause of her problem was the unwillingness of total strangers in other countries to give her money. And her solution to that problem was to get angry.

You might be wondering, as I was, whether this woman was actually a con artist who wasn't very good at her job, possibly an intern or a trainee. Maybe the experienced con artists in her office were playing a practical joke on her: "Tell him you're stupid and you need money to produce more people like you." I'll never know the real story. But it reminded me of all the times that my point of view differed from other people's.

For example, our current system of world government involves giving the leaders of all the major countries access to buttons that can launch missiles and vaporize unsuspecting citizens. I think a better system would be if every world leader had to walk around with a sack of explosives on his back and every citizen had access to a wristwatch button that would detonate it. My concept has many benefits beyond the obvious entertainment factor and the reduced risk of being vaporized by an incoming missile. For one thing, there would no longer be any such thing as a "slow news day." And the boring pack of lies called the State of the Union speech would last about thirty seconds. I have to think taxes would be abolished altogether. We wouldn't need all the tax money anyway: The military would be unnecessary and the economic stimulus from eliminating taxes would make all the poor people incredibly wealthy, or so I've been told. And if we needed a highway or a dam built, we could give our president a trowel and then place one finger menacingly over the wristwatch button and say, "Start working, Goober." I realize that my concept would degrade the prestige of the presidency, but I don't think that prestige was doing me any good anyway.

Speaking of world leaders, there's still time to join Dogbert's New Ruling Class (DNRC) and rule by his side when he conquers the planet and makes everyone else our domestic servants. To become a member of the DNRC, just sign up for the free Dilbert newsletter that is distributed whenever I feel like it, usually four times a year.

To subscribe or unsubscribe, go to www.dilbert.com. If you have problems with the automated subscription method, write to newsletter@unitedmedia.com.

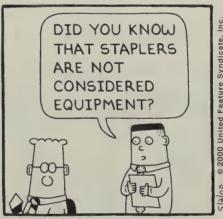
Scott Adams









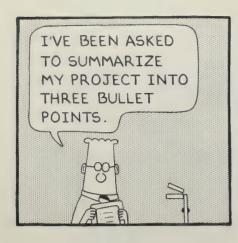


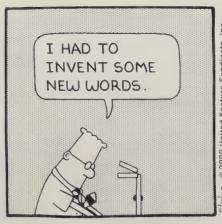






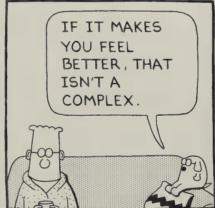




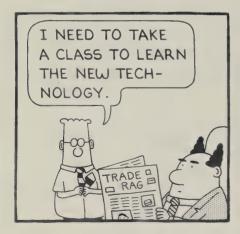




















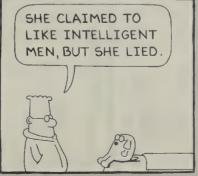










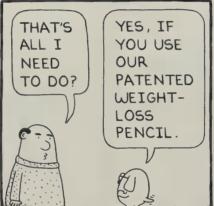


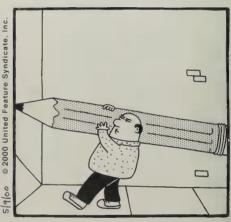




















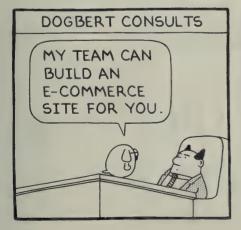


































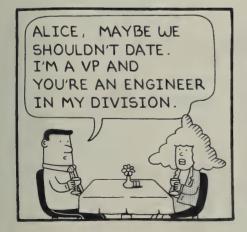




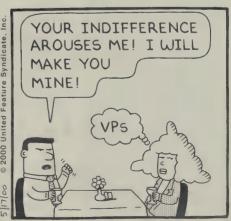




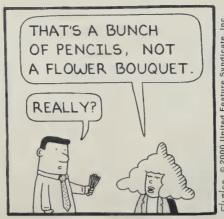






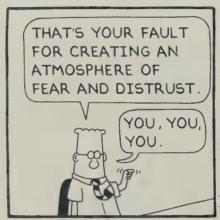






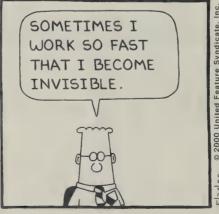




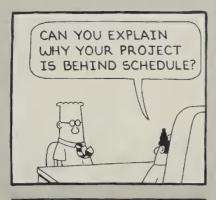


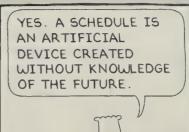










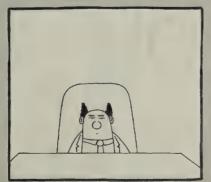


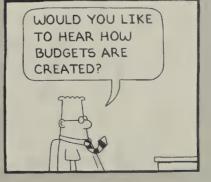






















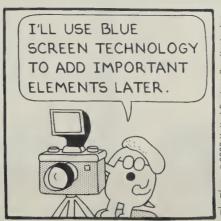




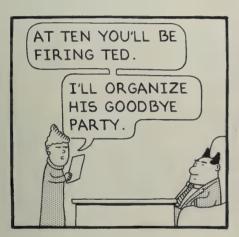










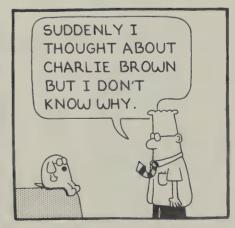


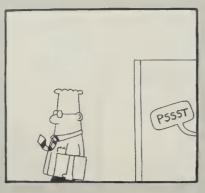
















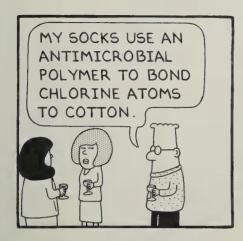






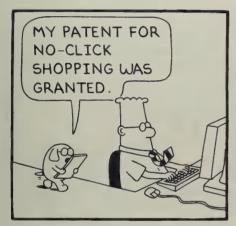












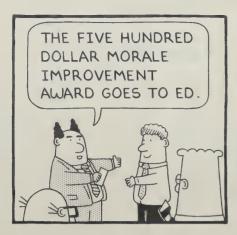












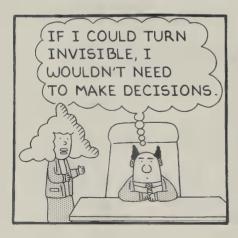












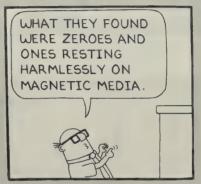


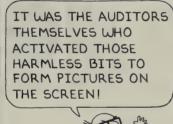










































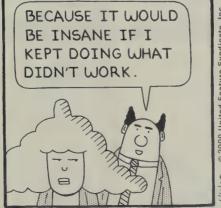




















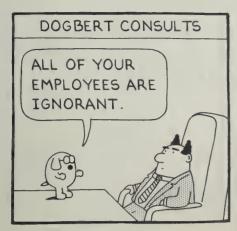












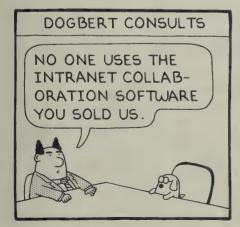












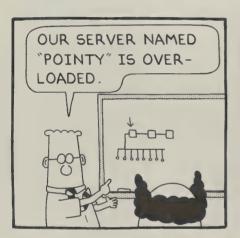


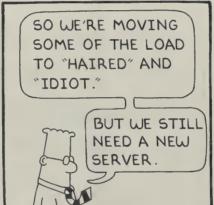




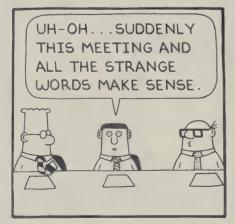










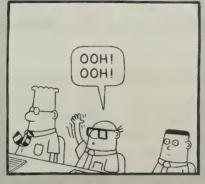














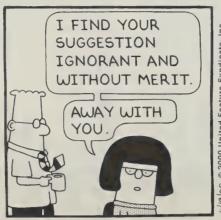












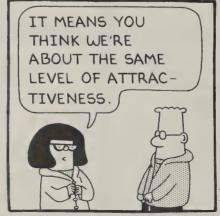


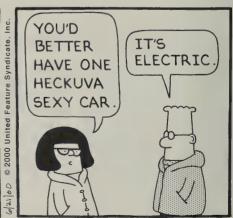
























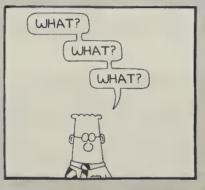






























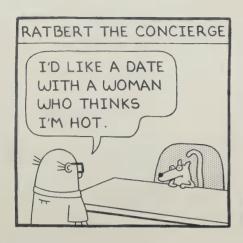


































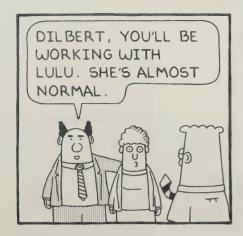




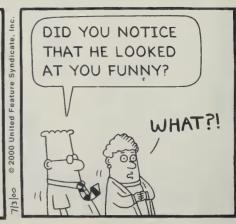






































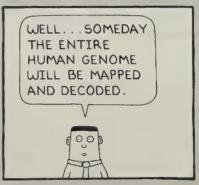




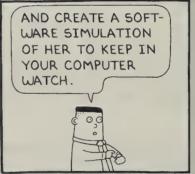






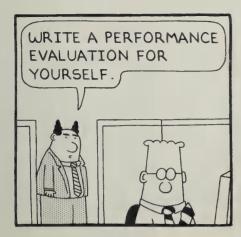




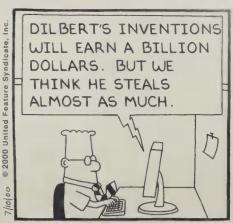






































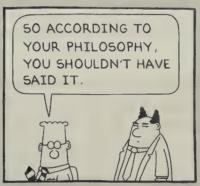






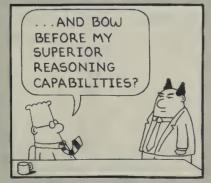








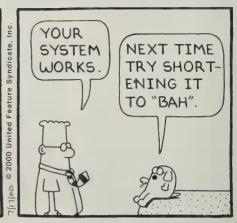










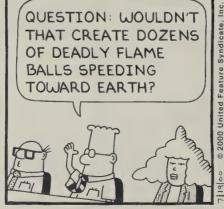




















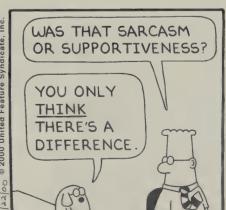








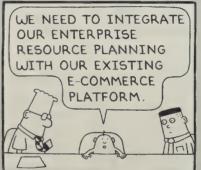




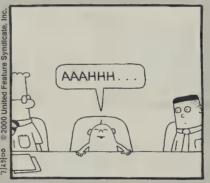


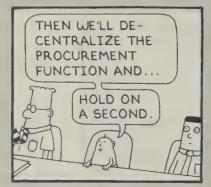




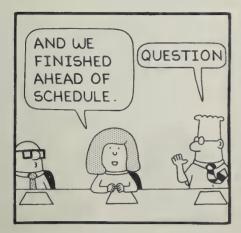




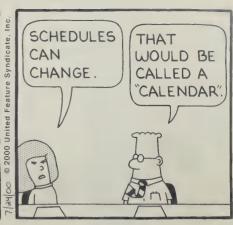


























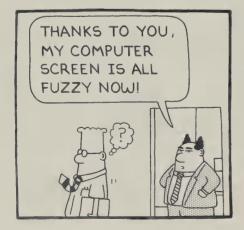






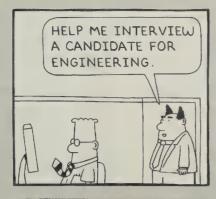














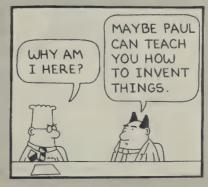
















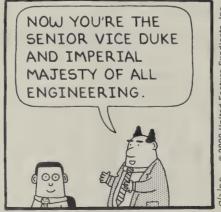












































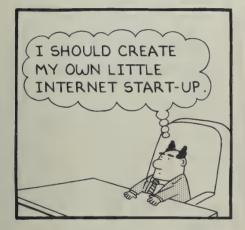


















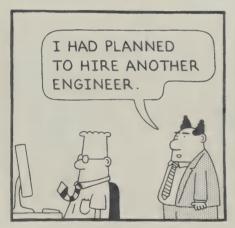


















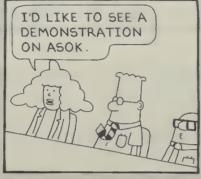






















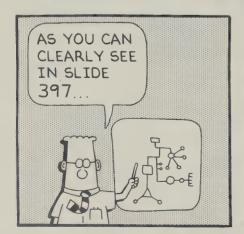






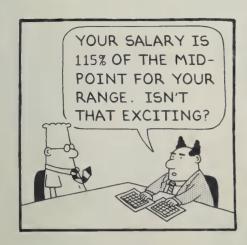






















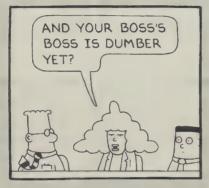




























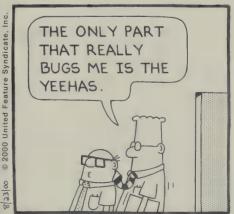
















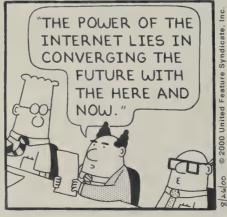






























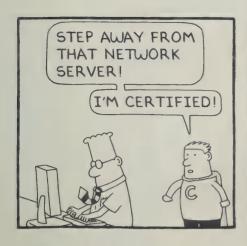




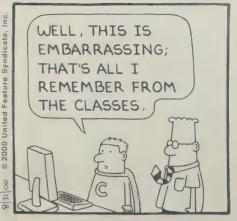




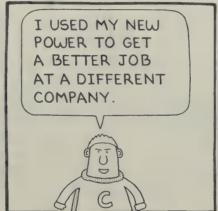












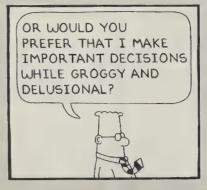








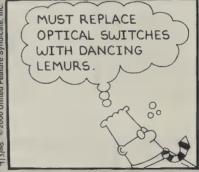




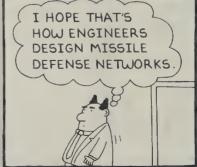




























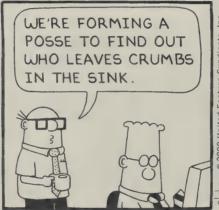


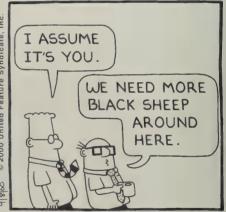




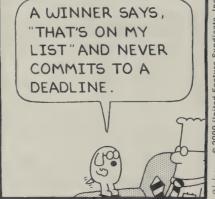


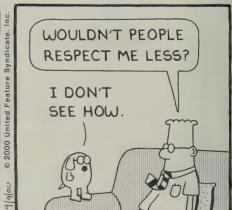
















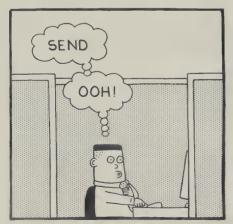










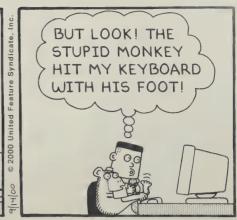




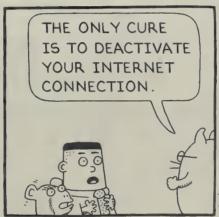


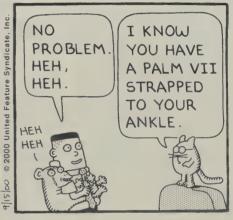










































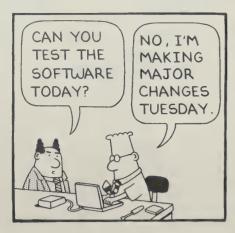


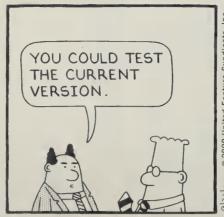


















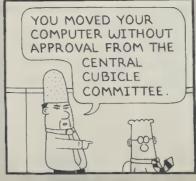








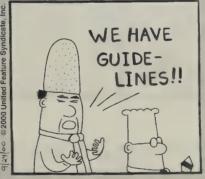


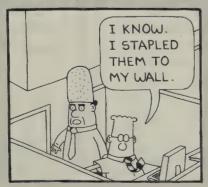












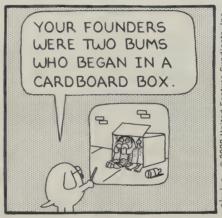






















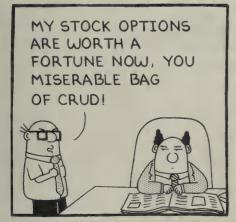








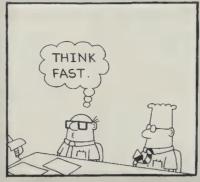




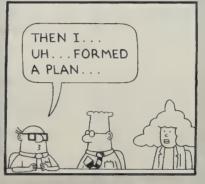




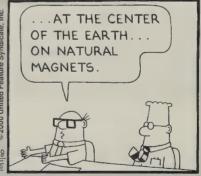






















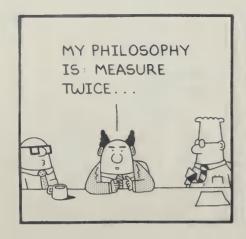






















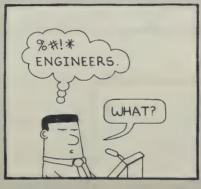












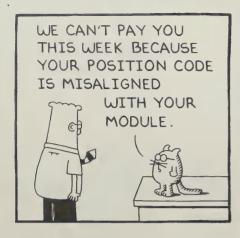










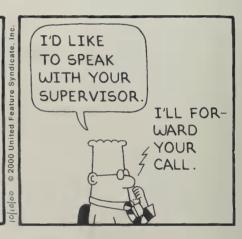






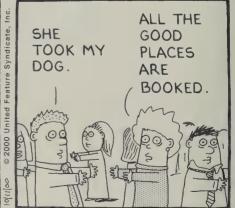


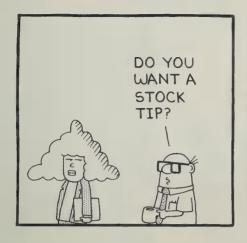




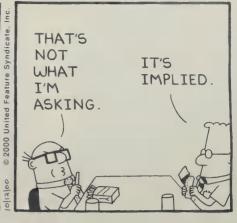














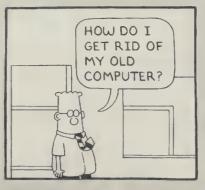








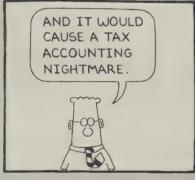




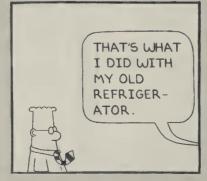


WELL, IT WOULD TAKE ME A WEEK TO FIND SOMEONE TO TAKE IT.



































YOU'RE WORKING
ME TOO HARD! I
WANT TO GET HOME
IN TIME TO KISS
MY DAUGHTER
GOODNIGHT!























































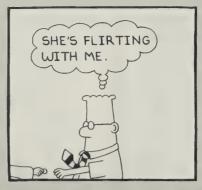








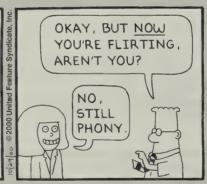


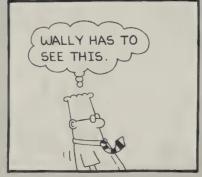




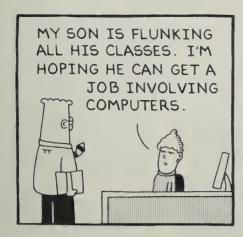
















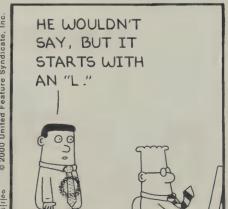




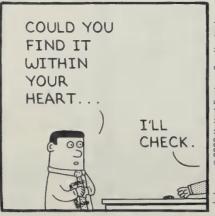








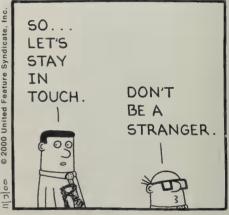






















I'M STILL LAUGHING ABOUT YOUR "TOP TEN SIGNS THAT YOUR BOSS IS A HAIRLESS RODENT ".









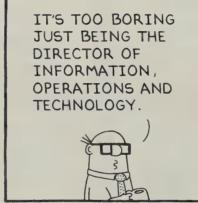










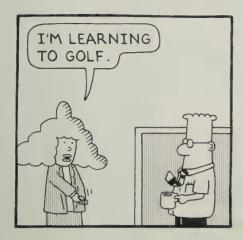






























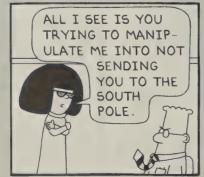














WE HAVE A GIGANTIC DATABASE FULL OF CUSTOMER BEHAVIOR INFORMATION.

EXCELLENT. WE CAN
USE NON-LINEAR
MATH AND DATA
MINING TECHNOLOGY
TO OPTIMIZE OUR
RETAIL CHANNELS!



IF THAT'S THE SAME THING AS SPAM, WE'RE HAVING A GOOD MEETING HERE.

WHAT'S THE MOST
EVIL WAY TO
USE OUR DATABASE
OF CUSTOMER
INFORMATION?

SHOULD WE SELL
OUR MAILING
LISTS, SPAM
WITHOUT MERCY,
OR JUST BLACKMAIL CUSTOMERS?

UM...

DO YOU

HAVE ME
IN THAT

DATABASE?

UM...

WE KNOW

ALL ABOUT

YOUR

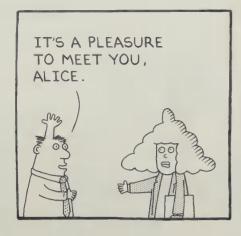
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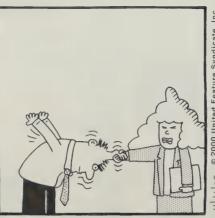
PROBLEMS.

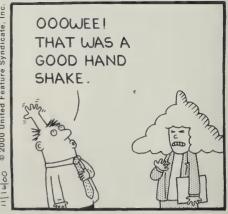








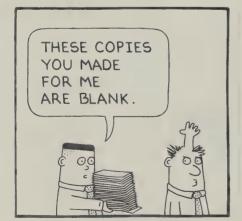




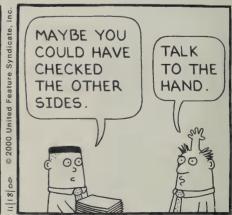






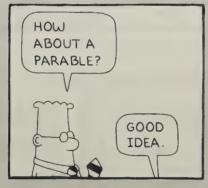








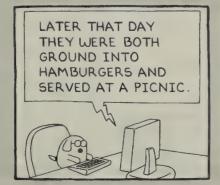






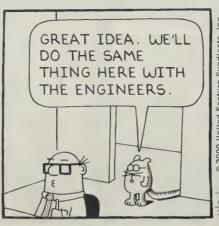




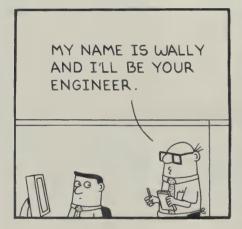












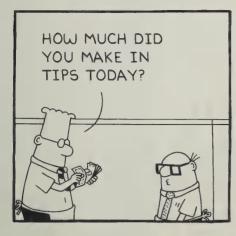






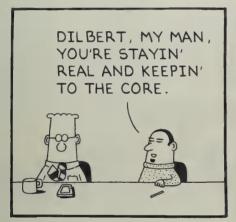


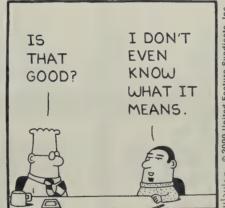


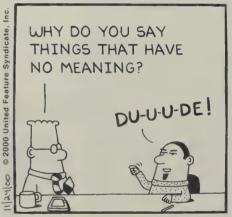










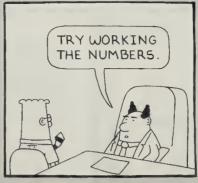


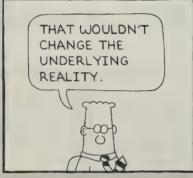




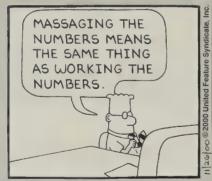






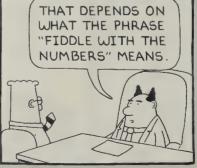






















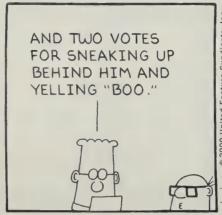






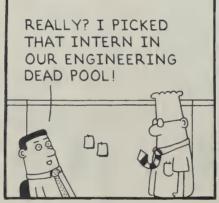












































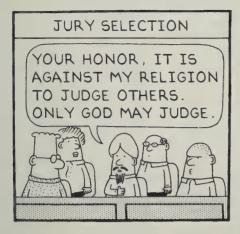
















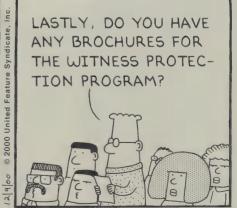










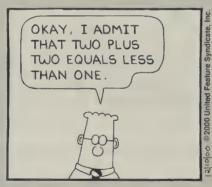








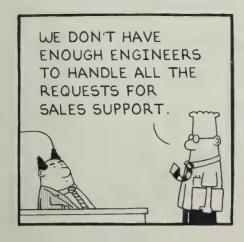




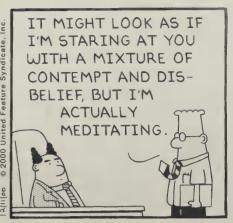






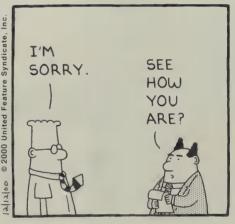




















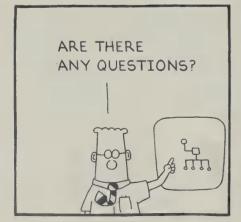






















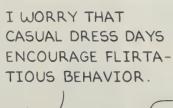














I MEAN, LOOK HOW ADORABLE I AM IN MY TURTLENECK SWEATER. HOW ARE THE LADIES SUPPOSED TO CONCENTRATE?



DO YOU THINK I SHOULD PUT WARNING CONES AROUND MY CUBICLE?





CASUAL DRESS DAY IS HURTING OUR PRODUCTIVITY. WE NEED TO CANCEL IT.



IS IT POSSIBLE THAT OUR REAL PROBLEMS ARE CAUSED BY **TRRATIONAL** MANAGEMENT?

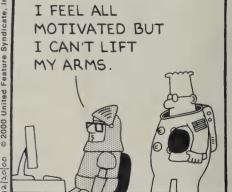
NO, I THINK COMFORTABLE PANTS ARE THE PROBLEM. SOUNDS RIGHT.

THERE WILL BE NO MORE CASUAL DRESS DAYS.

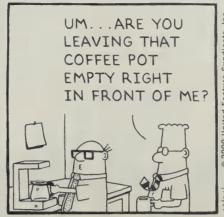


WE BELIEVE THAT EMPLOYEES WORK HARDER WHEN THEY ARE WEARING UNCOMFORTABLE CLOTHES.





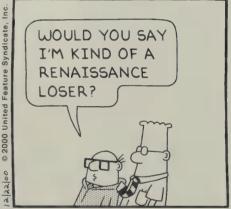










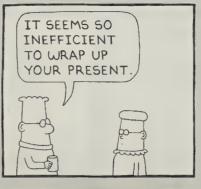






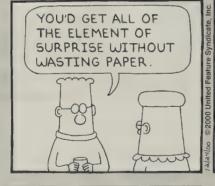






















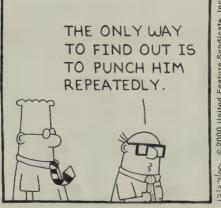


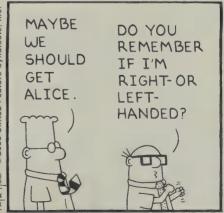




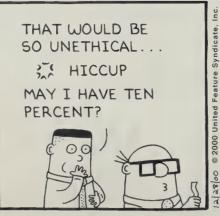






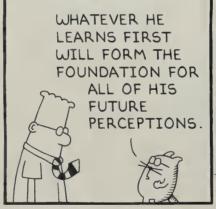














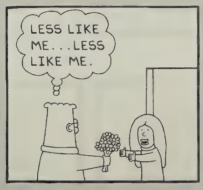






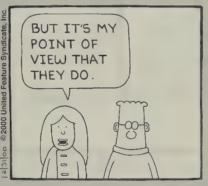


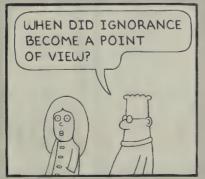








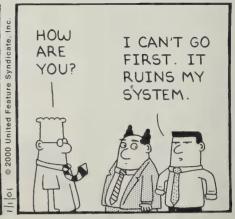


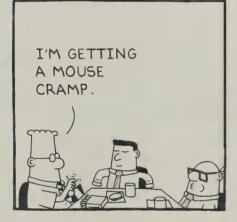




















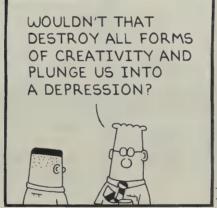


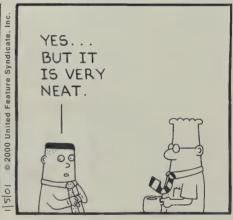






I CREATED SOFTWARE
THAT MAKES ALL
COPYRIGHTED WORK
ON THE NET AVAILABLE FOR FREE!









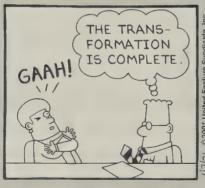
















LATELY, THE ONLY
THING KEEPING ME
FROM BEING A SERIAL
KILLER IS MY DISTASTE
FOR MANUAL LABOR.

YOU'RE PREACHING TO THE
CHOIR.





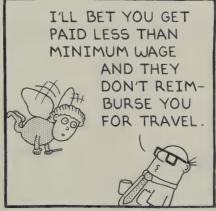




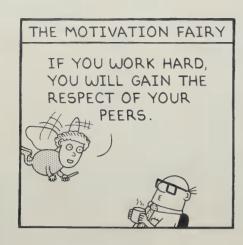


























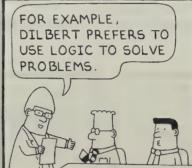




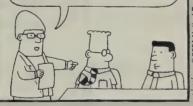


YOUR TEAMWORK WILL BE BETTER WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND THAT YOU HAVE DIFFERENT STYLES OF THINKING.





BUT RANDY RELIES MORE HEAVILY ON MORALS AND VALUES TO SOLVE PROBLEMS.

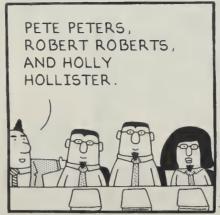




OH, YEAH? WELL, I
MIGHT BE AN IDIOT
BUT YOU'RE
ILLOGICAL.









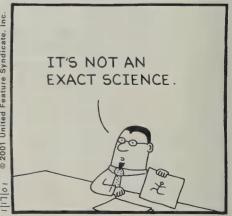




































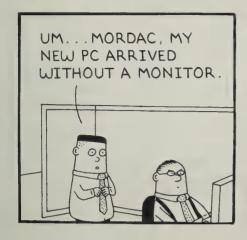














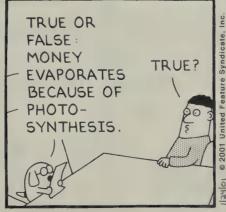












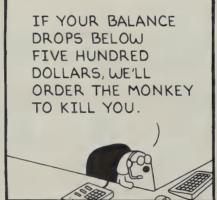
































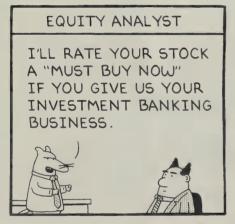


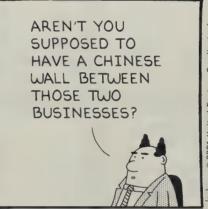












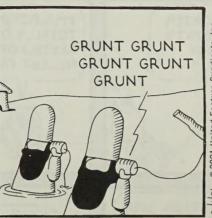


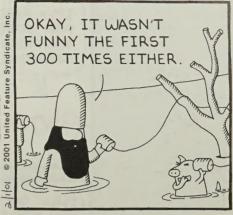










































DILBERT

is universally recognized as the definitive source of office humor. In his eighteenth collection, Scott

Adams still has the corporate world guffawing about the adventures of Dilbert and his power-hungry companion, Dogbert, plus Catbert, Ratbert, and the pointy-haired boss, as they make their way through the travails of modern work life. Only a cartoonist with been-there-endured-that experience could make us laugh so hard. Over 150 million fans across sixty-five countries cannot get enough of Adams' glib office humor. When Did Ignorance Become a Point of View? captures it all, including those Sunday strips that make it into the office each Monday morning.

Scott Adams spent seventeen years in *Dilbert*-like cubicles, first as a banker in San Francisco and later in the cube farms at Pacific Bell. Since his escape, Adams has been living in California and working full-time on various *Dilbert* projects.



