

HA! Humanity's Absurdities – by Remo Perini

Frontword

At least as far as Google can detect, “We know not where the moments spent” is a quote from nobody ever. The moments spent reading this work will be lost forever, with everything to be shown for it in a pointed gesture. As the mellifluous tones of a sousaphone drown the equilibrium in loud-acious sub-harmony...

This foundational and compendious anthology was not originally intended to be a book or a table or a tea cozy; maybe a tome. But not the kind of tome that you put on a desk. More of a writer's block syndrome tome. Recently a few syndrome tomes have appeared on the NY Times best seller's list under the category of *Adult Children Fictional Non-Fiction*. This collection of canard rantings and splendiferous musings was an exercise prescribed by several of the author's most notable imaginary psychotherapists in a dream where the author was dreaming a dream about a dream. Embedded dreaming is the practice of instigating dreams within dreams, while embedded-bedwetting dreaming is the act of wetting the bed while dreaming about a dream, which can be aggravated by certain medications.

Lo and behold; a phrase that rarely stands alone especially when *Lo* is never considered to be acceptable in mixed company. Let's just start with *Behold*.

Behold, elements of this Drivel first became available for public scrutiny when many of the sections were posted in the publicly available, public service web site, *Craigslist.org* (though if you type *Craigslist.com*, you will get to the same place). Craigslist is great. You can post something *For Sale* that nobody could possibly want, such as a collection of single socks that have lost their mates, or socks with holes (beyond the required hole to put your foot in), or even things that don't work (like my uncle Stanley). The *Missed connections* and *Seeking a Roommate* areas are also good places to post drivel, as is *Community Postings* where one can post the sad but hopeful advert about a missing caterpillar that when last seen looked something like this: #####<.

We at Drivel International do not recommend buying this book as a gift unless it is for someone you know. We have received hundreds of letters from strangers that received the book and cannot determine where to file the book in their library due to obsessive color, practical limitations, or in some cases ambiguous provenance. As for color, we registered the work with Hue & Tint Inc., as Chartreuse, but only because we liked the sound of the word, (*Shar-Truce*) and honestly have no idea what color that is; though it does engender the literary concept of a three-novel series in which an important international truce is struck with a large fish that has sharp teeth named Sneaks who stutters on the letter X.

With respect to pecans, there shall be no foreboding, as the pistachios are afront, and they are all nuts. Only time will tell.

This book's provenance (apart from the damp musty smell) is ambiguous because of the words and some of the; punctuation. But let the reader be warned... there is no antipathy for the condemned, for they have chosen their bandoleer, and the craven's nest is yonder over the next carriage return.

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Organization - the use of the word *organization* here refers to how the succeeding chapters are laid out, for no apparent reason. The quirkiness of the alphabet and the fact that the order of the letters keeps changing suggested that we steer clear of an alphabetical ordering of sections!

Part I: History – It all starts with history. This section discusses a variety of historical events starting with a few billion years after the big bang, the life of inanimate objects, and other delightful gibberish.

Part II: The Arts of Writing – Through painstaking research, the authors have collected the history of grammar, the origins of punctuation, and histories of common words, nursery rhymes, and some of the lesser-known poets.

Part III: The Arts – This section discusses a fanfare of different art forms including dance, the master painters, juggling, and fashion.

Part IV: Sports – The upcoming Tour de France and an introduction to Cricket

Part V: Science, Triquations, Engineering, Medicine, and Drivel (STEMD) – New forms of equations, Universal field theory, medical breakthroughs, excerpts from the *Ask Dr. Pushgaz* radio show and aliens from other planets can be found here.

Part VI: Missed Connection – Sometimes you wish you had asked for a number or gave a person you ran into (figuratively or literally) your contact information. If so, this section provides a *morning after* method for reaching out to them, though it's not guaranteed.

Part VII: For Rent – People looking for housing and items that rhyme with housing. Also includes housing looking for people as well as stuff for rent like wells and stands.

Part VIII: Employment – A wide variety of employment opportunities, some with virtually no experience required. Take a look!

Part IX: For Sale – Latest fashions from world-class neo-pseudo-retro designers, classes offered by Parallel University, and much, much more

Part X: Entertainment – This section includes a crossword puzzle, our well known, *Ask Pricilla* column, and a variety of other useless topics.

In summary, as in wintery, these words may fall on depth years, and later spring forward as time doth prevail in hardened aspic for want of dampened soapy sponge.

The History of Humor and the meaning of *Ha*

Humor vs. Laughter – Humor and Laughter are distinctly different. While a stand-up comedian may use humor to elicit laughter, siblings or close friends can spend an evening laughing just from the joy of an evening together. One person's humor may affect another person very differently. For instance, putting your hands in front of your face and saying, *peek-a-boo* while taking your hands away, can make an infant squeal with laughter. While this might be considered a form of humor, most adults would find this behavior imbecilic, especially when repeated several dozen times hoping for a positive response. One person's humor may be another person's *weak attempt* at humor. Additionally, eliciting an actual laugh depends on mood. For

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instance, this book would generate more laughter after 3.5 glasses of wine or four pints of a good stout; but so would reading the telephone book, especially the *Y* section (e.g., Yoblonski - *tee-hee*).

It is not uncommon for the works of writers and artists to find unexpected importance in a venue other than expected. The Eiffel Tower in Paris was originally intended as a way of storing scrap iron until needed. The Mona Lisa was originally a sketch for a cereal box called Lisa Loops, and the United States Senate was originally intended to be a functioning body that represented the people of the U.S. Strange how the scrap iron storage facility became one of the most frequented Paris sites, and the US Senate became a group of self-serving parasites.

Examining Humor: The laughter-language team (a.k.a. the laugh-staff) at the Snickers Institute for Laughter Learning and Inflection (SILLI), analyzed thousands of hours of *in the wild recordings*, which includes bars, night clubs, restaurants, and safaris, *in the zoo recordings*, which includes dormitories, actual zoos, and shopping malls, and *in the family-room TV recordings* which includes Gomer Pyle, Gilligan's Island, and CSPAN recordings of the U.S. House of Representatives.

SILLI has published findings in the latest edition of *Smile and Ha*, the definitive resource and widely recognized periodical for ridiculous research.

With an introduction by Hugo Haway, who in the world of great humor is nobody in particular, we start with some history. Haway remarks how laughter had its beginnings in Paleolithic period (starting roughly 2.5 million years ago) with cave drawings of one hominid *bonking* another on the head with a large rock (*tee-hee*). The sarcasm found in the Egyptian hieroglyphics matures through the ages of the Pharaohs starting with simple references to poop (*giggle*). The figure at right translates to, “My wife stepped in poop and a bluebird spoke”. The sarcastic humor here is that stepping in poop was very common, but a talking bluebird was extremely rare... don't get it? Never mind. You would have to have been there.



Later Egyptian humor has the couple meeting for a date at *the corner* but since there were no roads, and correspondingly no corners, the date had to be called off. Note that a full laugh in ancient Egypt, was the utterance of the syllable, *Ha*, often followed by grabbing the Pharaoh's nose. It was not until Roman times that the second *Ha* was added to form the distinctive *Ha-Ha* one sees scattered through Old Testament biblical texts. The New Testament translation substituted the phrase, *Yikes* or *HC* (Holy Crap) where one might expect a *Ha-Ha* in the older version of the Testament which was printed on heavier and slightly more durable paper than the older version.

Humor matured over the succeeding 6000 years, to include puns and *the inverted knock-knock* where the response to *knock, knock* is anything but *who's there*. Examples include, *Come in, Nobody's home*, and *I have no pants on*. Sarcasm in U.S. history is well known, such as in the phrase, *We the People* in the US Constitution which we now know to have been written by Hamilton's corporate attorney who also did stand-up on Wednesdays.

The publication of the SILLI report begins with an introduction that examines phrases like *Killing It*, or, *Break a Leg*, which represents how painful it can be to listen to a bad comic. Early black and white film comedy not only shows the disdain comedians have for turnips, but also helps

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understand the complexity of spreading butter evenly over even the most ragged slice of toast. We laugh at the pain of others but rarely at our own, unless it includes an extra big red nose or giant shoes.

The sophistication of humor has evolved in the last century to include subtle *plays* on words such as: “What if on opening day of a play, the theatrical idiom, *Break a Leg*, is *plastered* in messages to the entire *cast*?”

We all know that the phrase *Break a Leg* in Shakespeare's time, meant, literally, to bow - by bending at the knee, since a successful actor would *break a leg* onstage and receive applause. But how many know that the word *idiom* comes from the word *idiot* in its description of a phrase whose meaning cannot be deduced from the words, in the same manner as an idiot cannot be discerned from a moron, a melon, or a meaningless metaphor.

The *joy buzzer* was invented in 1928 as a lovely, fun way to bring joy to one's colleagues. The original device consisted of a tightly coiled spring inside a disc held in the palm of the hand. When the wearer shakes hands with the *friend*, a button on the disc releases the spring, which rapidly unwinds, creating a vibration that feels somewhat like an electric shock. The *friend* can be named Mark or Withers and in some cases Lucy. Late in the last century, *bliss buzzers* containing a high voltage battery were used to issue an electrical shock sufficient for the friend to fly out of their pants, or possibly hemorrhage, in a fun way, from their ears. Humor is evolving.

Haway rounds out the introduction with a few references to pee-pee and poo-poo, but then leaves us on a serious note with these words, “Laughter is the sound of the soul dancing, which for most of us is simply the twist or maybe the floss, if the soul has watched the video; but for the happiest people, their souls sound like the moonwalk which no matter how many times the soul has watched the video, it's still really hard without lots of soul practice. While laughter can be explained using simple language or devices like signal flags, to objectify humor is to try to peer deeply within and proudly project one's own farts.”

Within the farts of some great men, we may never know what Chomsky really meant when he yelled, “Darn these socks” to his eldest hamster, Fridget, but we can only hope he was not referring to the Hungarian army's sudden change to its parade route, causing the French financial market to panic and drop nearly 200 feet. It was not until June that the almonds were fully roasted allowing some modicum of recovery.

Pretending to sip herbal tea from an empty cup, Chomsky whistled a sigh of relief as a delivery of six pairs of socks arrived at his studio that same day. Only now do we recognize the fragility of our financial system and the utter chaos that can be caused by a highly regarded *market maker* simply mumbling, “oh no” resulting in a nose dive, or on the other hand (where one should typically find five more fingers) a broad smile by a respected securities trader may result in the northward migration of both large and small storks. This is why hyenas should never eat escargot on an empty stomach.

Toward the turn of the century, western humor sprinted from its steady evolution, to a madcap revolution of sensory gimmicks and innuendos. Illustrative of these rapid changes is the use of the three-Ha chuckle, *Ha-Ha-Ha*, that first surfaced, perhaps as an erroneous typo, on the cover of a

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British rock album in 1977 (Ultravox! - Ha!-Ha!-Ha!). Shortly thereafter, the Internet changed the way people communicated and more importantly laughed. *Ha-Ha-Ha* took nearly ten years to catch on, but *Hee-Hee* (1992) and *Tee-Hee* (1997) went viral almost immediately. *Heh-Heh* appeared at the turn of the century (2001) and is widely considered to be less jovial and more conspiratorial. The even more recent advent of *Mwa-ha-ha* in and around 2005 cast a shadow on humor as potentially having evil intent and increasing the importance of analytical amusement analysis (AAA), lest angry adversaries abuse amusement by aggressively applying abhorrent accessories and apparatuses to artillery, armaments and antivirus apps.

Ongoing laughter analysis studies initially tried to find similarities in the laughter of mammals and other species in order to build a better and more powerful joy buzzer. The AI learned from each captured sound and increasingly became more adept at finding similarities and differentiating between words like *soliloquy* and *donut*. After 9000 hours of computational, linguistic, and cheesocular analysis, the AI learning module was able to discern that laughter almost always came from the mouth of the animal, though some snorts are expressed through the more nosular appendage.

The work continues at the Chomsky Center for the Study of Funny (CCSF), where an open invite for stand-ups is held every Friday from 4 to 4:30 with a one drink minimum. Insightful research at CCSF has led to significant conclusions, including the three-year study that conclusively concluded that humor is funnier than humour.

Other discoveries important to the future of mankind mostly center around the attributes and performance of common whoopie cushions and lapel flowers that squirt. The CCSF program is considered to be humanity's next moon launch with mankind's evolution dependent on the results. The world is watching, with perhaps no cause more implicit than the unspoken *Meaning of Ha*.

Origins of Nursery Rhymes

Common nursery rhymes that we heard as children often have unexpected back stories, some of them morbid or frightening. Take Humpty Dumpty for instance. After an outstanding spring. He had a very good summer followed by a really great fall. While looking forward to the upcoming winter, Humpty was approached by a pair of what he thought were wall carpenters to mend a few breaches in his wall. In fact, they turned out to be Jack & Jill looking for some breakfast, who engineered a terrible tumble, a bit of a struggle, and subsequently a bacon and egg scramble.

*The bacon they made came from two of three homes,
Leaving two of three piggies, nothing but bones.
The two homes they robbed, were of straw and of sticks,
None of the bacon came from the home made of bricks.*

Here are a few of the most well know nursery rhymes with the meaning behind the rhymes:

Here we go around the Mulberry Bush – In this farcical meandering lullaby, the Mulberry bush is actually an azalea bush spray-painted to look like a mulberry bush. The *Here* referred to in the song, is actually 14 miles away from wherever the azalea is planted so is actually *There* instead

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of *Here*, and the *Go Around* is a translation of *Stop and Drop down to the ground*. Finally, *we* in this rhyme is an abbreviation of *wee* meaning small. Assembling the correct elements yields, *There small stop and drop to the ground the Azalea*, a reference to the bank robbery by Patty Hearst of the Sunset District branch of Hibernia Bank in San Francisco in conjunction with the Symbionese Liberation Army. Pictures of Patty Hearst holding an assault rifle are reflected in the nursery rhyme by the words, *This is the way we wash our face, wash our face, wash our face*. The phrase, *On a cold and frosty morning* refers to her sentence being commuted by President Jimmy Carter, and the phrase, *This is the way we brush our teeth*, refers to the \$50M she inherited from the Hearst Foundation. Finally, the phrases, *This is the way we comb our hair* and *This is the way we put on our clothes*, are literal translations of the court case in which Ms. Hearst claimed to be brainwashed (i.e., *comb our hair*) and was sentenced to seven years in prison (i.e., *put on our clothes*).

Mary Had a Little Lamb – as originally written, this lovely rhyme merely described what a well to do family had for lunch. The original wording was:

*Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb, and Johnny had some Veal.*

*Martha had a Caesar Salad, Caesar Salad, Caesar Salad,
Martha had a Caesar Salad, and Mom had Brussel Sprouts.*

*Tony only ate some bread, ate some bread, ate some bread,
Tony only ate some bread, and a cup of chocolate milk.*

*Dad could not digest the lamb, digest the lamb, digest the lamb,
Dad could not digest the lamb, So, dad ordered filet.*

Jack & Jill – Notorious thieves but not very bright. For example, their well-known song has them climbing up a hill to fetch a pail of water. Everybody knows that the water is at the bottom of the hill, usually next to the napkins. So, these two morons traipse up a hill and because it was slippery on the hill due to somebody leaving the hose on, Jack falls down and goes boom on his butt. The *crown* referred to in the rhyme as being broken was a reference to currency, with a crown being about five shillings. Jill had teased Jack all the way up the hill that he was going to fall on his butt, so on the way down, Jill bet him a shilling he could not make it back down without falling. He fell and had to break his crown to pay Jill her shilling, after which he dumped the pail of water on her head causing her to fall to the ground as in *Jill came tumbling after*. The brawl that ensued between the two became another nursery rhyme popular in the 1800s called *I will kill you, you bastard*, which lost favor in the pre-school teaching community at the turn of the century.



Three Blind Mice – The back-story to this nursery rhyme is that the mice represent three protestant bishops that had either plotted to kill the Catholic Queen, or were caught drinking privileged soup. The Queen ordered them to be burned at the stake, either due to the missing soup, or because she was not fond of people conspiring to kill her (the history is unclear on whether it was conspiring or plotting or soup drinking). As protestant bishops, they all wore headpieces with an extended length of filagree down their back. Those long tassels represent the tails cut off by the farmer's wife, which represents the Queen whose husband ran a fruit stand at the local farmer's

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market. Their blindness refers to either their protestant beliefs (from the perspective of a catholic) or being unaware that the soup was not theirs (unlikely due to the croutons). But what of the carving knife? Well, the bishops' religious headdresses were publicly cut-off with a pair of sharp scissors, but the German poet that turned the story into a nursery rhyme, mistranslated scissors to knife, and added the word carving. Carving translates in German to *geschnittenes kurvenfahren*, which may have been intentional due to the poet's secret relationship with his shop teacher, or *geshtoolen shopenteach*, which, like every other word in the German language, rhymes with nothing.

The Lesser-known Poets

The essence of our lives is captured by our literature, the most beautiful of which can be found in the verse of our poets. It is rare indeed to find a person that has not written at least one poem in their life, expressing feelings, or perhaps just rhyming a few words. Having at least once tried to create beauty using only words, it should be obvious that the task is arduous. Words do not flow naturally into a painted phrase that others will see as beautiful. It is this recognition that allows us to appreciate the masters of this art. In the sections below we recognize the work of poets that are not masters of the art, but have devoted some time to developing pieces of poetic verse that if not captured here, would most likely be forever lost, due to their lack of, what an artist would say, *goodness*.

Franquish Plam (1857-1906)

Pilfered Larceny, a Convicts Tale, is the first published book of poetry to completely exclude the word *the*. Set in a semi-metered rhyme scheme in which every other line rhymes as excerpted here:

Scorch my Torch, Burn my Porch.
The law won't find me, Because I am hiding.
Grease my Piece, Sheer this Fleece.
I have enough Food to last about five days.
I'm on a run, and have a gun.
I will probably move back to Nebraska.

In addition to the work being bereft of the article, *the*, the work of Franquish Plam, a juvenile offender whose notorious notoriety includes the frequent use of pronouns in ransom notes in lieu of names, was featured in the early twentieth century compilation, *The Prose of Cons*.

Beatrice Tate-Lee (1925-1977)

Mostly recognized for the introduction of the word *hitherto*, Tate-Lee was largely unheard of outside the institution from which she penned her autobiography in iambic pentameter verse. The story of her tragic life begins quite simply with these four lines of verse:

I think therefore I am.
The toast has too much jam.
The toast needs butter on it.
I think I'll write a sonnet.

Her story is intertwined with that of her younger brother:

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Brandon Tate-Lee (1928-1963)

Younger brother of Beatrice, Brandon was mostly unheard of with his lilting harpsichord rendition of, *Our Feet are Mostly Reddy* that some say was plagiarized from his sister's published work, *My Feet are Ready*. Both works begin: *With translucence of twilight, windswept borders unfold*, but diverge after the first line. Brandon claims the identical first lines to be a coincidence. Beatrice shrugs with the observation that her brother's prevailing jealousy started when she was poured more chocolate milk at breakfast one morning at their respective ages of 3 and 8. She writes about that early formative incident in, *Life's Glass is Poor*, which disguises the context with the capitalization of the word *Glass*.

The second line in the sister's version of *My Feet are Ready*, is in stark contrast to her brother's second line in his work, *My Feet are Mostly Ready*. She continues with the second line, *Grace grasping the shore of time, while batting eyes encroach the mindful stroke*, while his work pronounces, *Beatty touched a fevered clutch, my chocolate milk, my cherished lunch*. The chocolate milk theme dominates his first thirty years of writing, subsequently followed by his premature death due to a combination of a runny nose and getting hit by the 4:45 afternoon commuter to Pittsburg. It is unknown where he was going and why he was wearing a belt made of used ketchup packets. The mystery runs still deeper since there is no explanation for his proximity to the train tracks. He had an appointment with a fish translation expert in Philadelphia at 5pm.

Chauncey Hargrave (1931-2004)

Most of us have heard the epithet, *Richard the Lionhearted*, but know not from whence it came. While that question remains a mystery, we can confirm that it did not come from Chauncey Hargrave. Hargrave was a theatrical poet who performed lyrical verse in public venues such as the library, where he had to whisper, the supermarket, where he often mumbled his verse to himself as he guided a shopping trolley down the aisles in exercise of his weekly food foraging, and on the bus, usually in the back seat if it was available.

Hargrave's collection of banal, prosaic literary litter, was assembled by F.P. Throckmorton, of *Mr. Water* fame. Mr. Water was an attempt to develop a common friendly personality for educational purposes, but lost popularity with the introduction of *Mrs. Fire*. Hargrave's work was selected from hundreds of previously unknown poets, in an attempt to develop an unusual curmudgeon personality for non-educational purposes. F.P.T. Enterprises applied focused marketing and shrewd merchandising to the release of Hargrave's collection of verse so it would remain forever unknown. And there it remains.

Destinee Blanders (1940-present)

Whomever shall sayeth in buxtween thrice-fold carriage, begins the second published work of Destinee Blanders. The book title is charming in its simplicity, *Marsupial Fronds, an Allegory* refers to a work that is not quite allegorical but replete with structured metaphors.

Overwhelmed by anachronistic positive reviews, Blanders was forced into hiding to retain her poignant, solitary, amoebic perspective. Popular culture fawned over her, *Granular Thumbs* and rapidly released, *Smooth Tooth* both released as limited editions of 5000 and six (6) respectively. Some of her thought-challenged Verse went Viral in Vienna and colorful t-shirts and plain vanilla hats bearing the words, *Bright Lawn Dosage* were seen in urban underground centers. Surprisingly, Blanders never came out of her seclusion and a lot of extra BLD hats were given to Goodwill and the Salvation Army. Her limited editions still fetch top dollar at Christie's and Sotheby's.

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Bacon Soerling (1942-1997)

the late Bacon Soerling attempted to write an abridged history of all known human history in Haiku. As his only published work, this 2000-page book has one haiku per page and was sold in the unique format the size of a vertical business card in width and height, but with 2000 pages, the book is nearly impossible to read without its too-small spine breaking and the pages fluttering away in the breeze of a small fan. His first Human History Haiku:

Record of man's past.
Consciousness, Awakening.
Earth revolves, man seeks.

Like the pages of his book, memory of Bacon Soerling has fluttered away to obscurity.

Jasper Blake (1951 – present)

perhaps one of the least known poets. No information has been uncovered regarding his short-lived career as a limerick proof reader, except this unfinished piece,

Estoppel doth cry, fare thee well.
By sunset my soul's a mere shell,
When deepened to orange,
My throat lacks a (?)
No echo, or chime, from the bell.

Few have taken the time to examine this solitary work from this magnificently unknown writer. He is even in the Staten Island phone book under his Pseudonym, Kasper Blake. Yet despite being available to anyone that tries to reach him, his admirable obscurity has blinded anyone from letting him know that the missing word in his singular poem may be *Lozenge*.

The Art of Juggling

How often do you say to yourself, "I wish I could juggle"? Not the powered chainsaw juggling those younger children do, but the kind with three or four balls, no larger than a tennis or beach ball, and weighing no more than a ping pong or bowling ball. These dreams keep me awake at night too. Nothing can entertain a flock of barnyard chickens quite like an excellent juggler. The Whenslip twins of Partown-Partville once juggled an elaborate array of sappy pinecones, much to the chagrin of the local chagriners.

One of the most amazing examples of juggling can be seen at Fairblem's Swamphaus, in Splainmore RI, where Chaslee Whenfoot juggles five (5) gallons of water, without containers of any kind. Not a drop is spilled, and the sight of water being caught and thrown as a giant stream with only the cohesive properties of water holding it together, is an amazing sight.

Juggling has its roots in the softer soils where potatoes were often seen in the air and it has been known for some time (at least 100 or so days) that juggling stems from the epistemological work of Max Planck, a constant source of energetic quantities of juggling ingenuity. Planck's equation, $E=hf$, attempted to resolve the question of how many balls (ellipsoids = E) could be juggled and how fast (f) with a constant based on ball homogeneity (h) inserted into any complex system. Sadly, Planck could only juggle one ball at one time, and his work has mostly been discredited. Albert Einstein,



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who often demonstrated his ability to juggle three or four balls while riding a unicycle, has made his juggling equation the recognized champion. Einstein's $E=mc^2$ explains that the number of ellipsoids juggled, can be uniquely determined by measuring the mass of all the balls in the air at any one time (m) by the square of the curve of the juggled arc (c^2). The accuracy of this discovery won Einstein the Nobel prize in physics in 1921 and the coveted Glow-ball prize in juggling in the 1930s.

There are currently no less than several National Labs and University labs researching juggling technology. Some of the latest advances in juggling knowledge include solving the anticipated issues related to the difficulty of juggling in zero gravity. A multi-billion-dollar, state-of-the-art research center was designed and built at MIT to conduct zero-G juggling experiments. The research is ongoing with researchers dressed in clown suits and big shoes.

Team Drivel's entry for the 109th Tour de France

This year, Team Drivel is excited to have secured a helmsman for its Tour de France entry that has captained four winning sculling championships. Our bicycle's lead designer is Mary Andretti-Ferrari noted for her famous lenticular-pigeon apparatus that transforms the bicycle's oars into a pigeon-swatter during the well-known *plumage des oiseau* segment near the stage 1 finish, just to the left of Copenhagen, whose Haagen Daz restaurant has the best bicycle parking.

Team Drivel's bike is driven by Dale Earnliver with Blanch Legstrong managing the Alpes d'Huez pelaton. The team has been training for several grueling minutes and an early decision to enter a fully non-cheese team, was overturned when Blanch arrived with the latest technology cheese helmet, designed using no less than five (4) *Berthaut Epoisse* rounds to ward off encroaching bears (*Ourses*), during the treacherous Brown Bear (*Ours Brun*) segment in the Pyrenees.

The bike itself is a marvelous feat of engineering, with left-right seats rather than the more common front-back configuration. Designed in the Andretti-Ferrari shop in Belfast New Jersey, careful attention and hundreds of hours of computer-aided design was applied to the bike's handlebar bell which plays *We Are the Champions* backwards in Yiddish to meet strict Tour de France standards.

No stranger to controversy, Blanch Legstrong will take right seat during the first segment, with Dale Earnliver commanding the left seat map-reader position, and bikeswain Arnold Palmsler at helm. Palmsler is noted as perhaps the most well-known bikeswain, screaming at the drivers, "get your feet on the peddles, get your feet on the peddles", which translates from his native Norwegian to, "why am I wearing a life preserver on a bicycle?" Short for a normal bikeswain at only 6'5", Palmsler made history in the Giro d'Italia race during the silent segment commanding his three-person bike to segment victory with the loudest recorded whisper in biking history. He was also wearing non-matching crocs designed by Manolo Blahnik.



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Not to be over-shadowed by a well-known bikeswain, both Legstrong and Earnliver, on competing bikes, finished first and third in last year's Vuelta a Espagna, accompanied on rear seat by map-readers Andre Bocelli and Steve Wonder respectively. Despite map-readers in the rear seat, they also command the bell which is on the front seat handlebars forcing the ringer to reach across the front seat driver to ring the bell. This can sometimes lead to *preposterous malarky*, meaning prosciutto with brown mustard, a favorite desert amongst bell-ringing map-readers. Steve Wonder's bell played *Con te Partiro* and Andre's bell played *Higher Ground*.

Too much can easily be said about the Andretti-Ferrari design. There is no need to discuss the number of tires which is two (3), or the modern lack of what the industry refers to as *the trainer wheels*, required for all first-time entrants. Team Drivel tires are inflated with argon to make the bike heavier and the bikeswain uses helium to make his/her voice sound higher in pitch and more (*less*) commanding. Rear-view mirrors have integrated turn signals and an extra spoke is added to each wheel to commemorate Ambassador Spock Roddenberry who is one of the more well-known rear seat map readers.

Team Drivel is also excited to be the first amongst all non-stationary bicycolgists to aplentify many of the most desirable attributes of stationary bicycles in its Tour de France design, such as a cookie holder and a remote to control the television. The warm water hose attachment provides a continuous stream of fresh (*salty*) water allowing team members to *take a shower* while riding. A single fold-out bed allows either the bikeswain, or left or right driver to *take a nap* during the more grueling mountain pass segments. The Andretti-Ferrari design team also incorporated special birthday cake candles that won't blow out in the wind, and side pouches with air holes in case one of the team spots a cute frog to bring home.

The Science of Helping Ducks - Ten Ways

Each day at Drivel International, we receive thousands, if not hundreds of letters, post cards, and grocery advertisements, sometimes with cantaloups half off. Of the letters we receive, T and E are the most common with L not too far behind. The post cards are another story which we may not be able to get to right now due to constraints on our time and all the pencils that need to be sharpened. We will say this, we do get a lot of postcards asking about ducks. Here is how you can help:

1. Most ducks are really bad at reading, so it is obvious that reading to a duck might be helpful.
2. Many of the ducks you will meet have webbed feet. Some are embarrassed by this and some gentle cajoling might be a nice way to start their day, especially if you give them some fish
3. Ducks like fish. Small ones like goldfish, guppies, platys, mollies, bettas, zebra fish, angle fish, neon tetras, or cherry barbs are good for ducks, but stay away from such fish as the whale shark or the great white shark as these are often too large for the standard duck to swallow.
4. Teaching ducks to quack can a tedious affair, but fortunately, most ducks can quack without help.
5. Duck swimming lessons are perfect for the rare *hard of swimming duck*.
6. Ducks are very distrustful animals. For instance, if you ask a duck. "How many pieces of bread do you want?", they will almost always say, "quack", which translates to *phony* or an expression of disbelief in your sincerity. If you change the question to "How many pieces of

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fish do you want?”, unsurprisingly, they will, once again, doubt your sincerity even whilst you are holding the fish in front of them.

7. Teaching ducks to dance can be heartwarming as the water is cold and the warmer dance floor warms them up quite a bit.
8. As the old saying goes, *Ducks and Peanut butter Don't Mix*. Instead, try using a blender.
9. There are 17 species of ducks in Weblingfoot, IL alone, though 16 are taxidermized in the Weblingfoot Duck Museum, while Marcie has managed to escape from the taxidermist office more than a dozen times. We help her by supplying her with the keys to her duck-feet cuffs.
10. Ducks are sometimes runover on highways where cars are moving too fast for waddling ducks crossing the road. If you live in the area where they may be waddling ducks, you can install a wind powered device that makes a sound scaring the ducks away from the road. The sound is, *Go away ducks, there are no fish here* spoken in a high-pitched voice.

PART VIII: EMPLOYMENT

The following openings for various job categories have been extracted from local newspapers, online bulletin boards, and imaginary puppets, to bring you a consolidated list of opportunities for workers, talented artists, and shop lifters in Unskil County. If you have any question please contact Phil Itup-Lees at the Unskil Penitentiary, Cell-Block One. This section concludes with a simple twenty (20) question test to help determine what field of employment you are best suited.

Maestro Needed

The Fluor-Bend Missionary Middle school seeks an experienced Maestro with his/her own baton no longer than 12 inches in length and a quarter inch in diameter at the point. Familiarity with using said baton to communicate clearly with the orchestra to play louder, softer, stop talking, stand up, sit down, and put away their snacks is required. Maestro shall not giggle or smile when requesting the orchestra play *Pianissimo*. Please send qualified resumes to John Paropantz.

Experienced Magician

Magician needed for weekend shows. \$2000/weekend (8 shows), plus assistant fee of \$50/show. Assistants that are cut in half receive half pay. No animal allowed on stage except chickens and their cutlets. Vegetables on life support OK. Card tricks limited to playing cards; Tarot cards, Business cards, or Holiday cards, not permitted. Only grape popsicles and no charades. Please make your qualified resume suddenly appear on the desk of Jose Hosbee.

Spaniard Reclamation Worker

Belfast Inc has a high priority need for a well-tonsilied reclamation worker with some experience reclaiming Spaniards and/or Wagons. Tonsils must be fully intact. No barney suits or tarnished leopards. Send completed application with two-page cover letter explaining what serendipity means to you, along with resume in 18pt Franklin Gothic Book italics font to Sue Puftha-Dai.

Turn On/Off Technician

Experienced technician required for busy electronics store. Must be able to turn on dozens of items using on-off switch technology at start of day, and apply similar expertise to turning said units off at the end of the day. Electronics may include hat-buzzers, diesel freight train fans, neutron colliders, salinators, robots, electric weed trimmers, spectral ionizers, electric monkey razors, hallway lights, or several toothbrushes. Mid-day dusting is among the other responsible duties. Please send resume showing a minimum of 25 years' experience with turning on units and 30 years' experience turning units off. Address resume to Jeri Taiksa-Pherri.

Basil Sayer

Tempkonics needs a person to walk around their office saying the word *Basil* at various sound levels and with different accents about every ten seconds. This is a full-time job with benefits. Must be able to say, *Basil* (Bay' sil). Resume unnecessary, but please send your cover letter including list of favorite spices and words that rhyme with Basil (do not include nasal) to Pete Zasaws.

Cambodian Cook

Brazilian restaurant is seeking a Cambodian cook / chef with expertise in Chinese-Italian dishes. Soup-cakes and salad-steaks are a desired specialty. New ideas welcome such as Szechuan Ravioli, Chow-Fun Lasagna, Beef Wellington Burrito, and Gravy Pastry. Send Resume to Charlie Ryds Aharli.

Non-Essential Oils by Millennium World Oils Co.

Essential oils have been popular for years, but with consumers becoming more educated, industry realized that customer *want* more. Why just use essential oils which are required? Why not use *non-essential* oils that provide benefits above and beyond the requirements; like *extra-credit* for the body. Some of these are rare because the quantities are minuscule and difficult to extract. Shipping cost can usually be combined on most non-essential oil products.

Pinecone oil – extracted from the West Bolivian Blue Frosted Pinecone. One of the few pinecones that grows equally well on deciduous and non-deciduous trees. Sought after for its bright orange fragrance and slightly exonerated oil. Used primarily as a lip balm (\$119 per 1/100th oz with free shipping).



Housefly oil – We do not harm animals and so the challenge of extracting housefly oil without injuring the housefly has made this non-essential oil exceedingly hard to come by. Additionally, the oil smells like rotting garbage, so enhancers are added, further increasing the cost of bringing the rare oil to market. Primarily used for the areas around the finger and toenails to add posterity (\$1999 per 1/100th oz plus \$2.99 shipping).

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Gnat butter – We collect tens of thousands of gnats, tell them we are sorry, and then grind them up into a mealy paste from which the coveted gnat butter is extracted. Used primarily as an eyebrow wax, gnat butter is highly sought after by people that have lost eyebrows due to chemo, leprosy, or I Love Lucy re-runs (\$299 per 1/50th oz, free shipping).



Tree bark oil – Our most *poplar* bark oil comes from the Tennessee Brown Poplar tree. Known for its bark more than our Pekinese Dogwoods are known for their woof, the TBP TBO is used as a liposome for treating Cy Young Disease to prevent fluctuation in an aortic stoma or dissection. First transacted at Johns Hopkins to reverse breach sacs resulting from abnormal aneurysmal bi-polymer benzocaine trisection (Only available through a medical plan).

Toast oil – Much like bread oil, toast oil comes from the renown toast archipelago west of the Dupain Isles currently managed by Portugal but changing rule to Kenya in 2023 and then to Uruguay in 2025. Toast oil is the primary export of the archipelago where up to 70% of the population are involved in the toast oil trade. The bread itself is imported from *Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch*, a town in New Zealand that is known for its bread (and its long name) and unwrapped in multi-story factories lined with hundreds of two and four-slice toasters. “Only in the way can we guarantee the perfection of the toast” says Tom Iswho, the supervisor at one of the three competing toast oil manufacturers.



Synchronized toasters are the principal technology that allows two or four slices of toast to be carefully buttered while waiting for the next slices to pop out. Butter is imported from *Dubeure*, France, in giant butter tubs. Once buttered, the toast is placed on the BTC (buttered toast conveyor) where it is moved to the oil extraction process. Toast oil is manually extracted under bright, warm lights using tongs, tweezers, needle nose pliers, and *blowing on it* to produce some of the world’s most aromatic oils, used principally in floral arrangements and as a topping on warm bread, such as focaccia, ciabatta, bruschetta, flatbread, or frittata (12.99 per ½ oz., shipping directly from the toast archipelago is \$11.99).

Blurbs From Random Readers¹

Many of the stories in this book are true somewhere else in another galaxy.....	Andi Kaufmann
If you look closely, you’ll find that most of the material in this book is written with words..	Seth Myres
I was a little disappointed in that there are no stories about walnuts	Jim Gafagin
The Book of Drivel says more about US politics than the top 100 books on the subject	Jon Stewert
I did not know about any of the stuff. But now I do.....	Mitch Headburg
In my day, this would be considered the work of an imbecile.....	Don Rikles
If at first you don’t succeed, read this book but don’t go sky diving.....	Steven Right
Breaking News: Book of Drivel is NY Times best seller confirming people read garbage...	Stevin Colbert

¹ Whose names might or might not be misspelled before or after they didn’t write these quotes

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To appreciate a massage, read this book while eating cake in a jacuzzi...	Bill Murry
I am not sure if the author is an idiot or I am an idiot.....	Adam Sandler
I like books. This is one. I haven't read it but I still like it because it's a book.	Amy Poller
I have never actually seen monkeys in a barrel, but this book would be more fun than one.	Bob Newheart
You know, it makes a few good points, like the bit about the walrus. Was there a walrus?	Woodie Allan
This book is a lot like my show, except that my show is about facts, and this book isn't.	John Olivar
I am at a loss for words	Trever Noah
I didn't read it, but the publisher gave me \$500 to write a sentence; I hope this counts	James Cordin
In the future, all books will be written like this: stringing words together to make sentences	Jimmy Kimmle
I can't remember a book so mind numbingly ...sorry, I just blanked out for a second	David Spade
This work is either brilliant or terrible, but not in any way mediocre. Yeah Baby!	Mike Myres
The Meaning of Life.... This book has nothing to do with it, or any other aspect of reality.	John Mullaney
This book is a cry for help.... Somebody set up a 'go fund me' for this crazy bastard.....	Jim Caree
I wasted time with this humorless mind-numbing attempt at being funny.....	Jan Cleese
Not sure if the author is an idiot or a genius... I am leaning toward idiot.....	Joe Rogin
HA! has raised the bar in the humor genre to just about the ankles.....	J.P. Sallinger
Well-done indeed. Tea and Cake or Drivel? Great reading if we run out of cake.....	Eddy IZard
I wish I had thought of this stuff... I'd be rich! The author is one crazzy guy!	Steve Martyn
This bizzarro book of drivel will make great stories if I'm ever invited to a party.....	Robin Willians
I'm sorry but I don't really understand the point of most of this... ..	Jerry Seinfled
I really don't see the humor in any of it. Its garbage.	Eddy Murphy
I was reading to fall asleep but could not put it down and missed the bus in the morning	Amy Schumar
I am glad I was sent this book; it's the right height to match other books on my shelf.....	Ricky Gervase
What moron thought of all this crap?	Sara Slivermann
I got the book for free. I read some of it. It was OK.	David Lettermet