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Press Release

von Stutterheim's Bobitis Count nears Double Digits on Valentine's Day

Expresses "Delirious Joy"

Predicts Single Digits in Three Months

New York, February 14, 2001: Klaus von Stutterheim confessed to "delirious joy" at an impromptu press conference held outside a well-known Greek restaurant in Manhattan's Chelsea area, where reporters cornered him today. He was on the way to celebrate Valentine's Day with his wife, Beate.

When asked which event meant more to him: Valentine's Day or the fact that his *Bobitis Count* stood at 100 that evening, and was about to decline from triple to double digits at midnight, with his wife standing next to him, he replied: "No comment."

Pressed by reporters, he issued the following statement:

"I am delirious with joy at the prospect of my *Bobitis Count* shrinking to two numerals as of tonight. While I never had any doubts that we would make it, it's hard work that got us here. The key is that you have to believe each morning when you get up, that your count will be down yet again. And it is that belief that sustains you as you go about your day-to-day business."

When asked how often he thought of his *Bobitis Count* on an average day, he smiled and replied with an impish grin: "oh, about 120-130 times." He went on to say that based on consultations with his personal fortune teller, he felt confident that his *Count* would continue to plunge into single digits in about three months time.

He brushed away criticism that his preoccupation with his *Bobitis Countdown* constituted an obsessive disorder, and declared that "contrary to current popular and

medical opinion, *Bobitis* is **not** a disease, but simply constitutes a deeper understanding of the meaning of life.”

“*Bobitis* is not a medical, but a spiritual condition, and rather than representing a pathology, it is, quite to the contrary, the unraveling of one of the great mysteries of life: why are we here, and what are we meant to do?”

von Stutterheim deflected further questions as reporters kept shouting at him, citing the need to “get to dinner, so we don’t lose our reservation.” And with these words, waving to the crowd, they descended into the restaurant.