

In the nether regions of the Danbury Public Library, Bob Stanhope stood, bespectacled and besweated, in front of a packed room. A back-porch humorist with a 12-string guitar, he was offering a musical suggestion for a nickname to sum up the 1990s: the It's Not My Fault Decade.

"It's not my fault, I had problems as a child," he chirped in a troubadour's voice, inviting the crowd to sing along. Stanhope, who had guaranteed they would feel better for having participated in the final chorus, proved good to his word: "Now, you point to the person next to you and say, 'It's all your fault!' " Ah, 'twas cleansing, indeed.