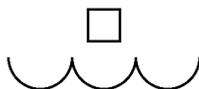


BARTLAND'S UNFAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

PART TWO

This is one of an occasional series of selections from my collection of interesting and useful quotations — alternate title, *Fractured Fairy Tales* — and as such is an exercise in even-more-than-usual egotism. It is published by Jeffrey Copeland for the Southern Fandom Press Alliance and selected others on 8 December 2001 at Bywater Press, 3243 165th Ave, SE, Bellevue, Washington.

This chapbook exists because of conversation in SFPA about the boxed quotes that I use there for filler material. Surprise was expressed over the length of this collection, even though I've been gathering these from disparate sources for at least fifteen years. Indeed, it's possible to track the growth of this collection by time by noticing the release dates of movies and books that are quoted — though occasionally that just yields an observation about how behind the times I am on my current entertainment. That inspired me to devote a column in *Server/Workstation Expert* to the indexing and formatting of these as a stand-alone publication. After that, it only seemed fair to use the quotations themselves as interesting filler. Notations appear below quotations that have been seen in SFPA, LASFAPA, or *Server/Workstation Expert*.



In a B-24 the navigator's desk was on the lower deck just behind the bombardier's position and beneath the cockpit. In the lead plane I gave my assistant that desk and I used a desk behind the pilot's seat. At the navigator's desk were duplicates of the instruments the pilots had but at the desk on the upper level it was not necessary to have duplicates because I could read over the pilots shoulders. So the 17th of July at 11:05 AM we turned south west at Carpentras onto the bomb run, opened the bomb bay doors and I was standing between the pilots taking my last readings before we dropped the damn things. At that moment there was a burst of flak just outside the cockpit shattering it, slamming me back against the turret and covering the pilots and me with a rain of glass. My first thought was that I was blinded and covered my face with my hands, peeked between my fingers and discovered I could see. Having discovered that my relief was so great that nothing else seemed of great concern, I turned to my desk, entered the instrument readings on the log, wrote "Finis", carefully folded it, removed my ear phones and oxygen mask, hung them in their proper place, checked my harness to make sure it was tight, picked up my parachute and snapped it on. These parachutes were different than the knee-buckling monstrosities of my first flights. They were a bread-box size bundle which you always carried with you and snapped onto the chest of your harness in case of necessity. I had come to the conclusion that this was a case of necessity but I had to wait for others to deplane and head for customs or baggage pick-up so why get in an uproar.

— Lawrence G Copeland, excerpt from "How I came to be in an airplane over Avignon, France, on 17 July 1944"

SFFA197

A reasonable person believes, in short, that each of his beliefs is true and that some of them are false. I, for one, had expected better of reasonable people.

— W V Quine, *Quiddities — An Intermittently Philosophical Dictionary*, Harvard UP, 1987, p 21

quoted by Stan Kelly-Bootle, *Unix Review*, June 1997.

All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to go into politics.

— J Neil Schulman, after Edmund Burke

E-mail is a wonderful thing for people whose role in life is to be on top of things. My role is to be on the bottom.

— Donald E Knuth, quoted in *Lingua Franca*, September/October 1996, p11

A year ago Em would have stayed awake until she got her good-night hug and goofy story. Now she was usually already asleep by the time Percentage and I walked home, or too immersed in some preteen novel to want to hear my tales. A perfectly natural development. The hard part was that you had to help it along, and you had to pretend to like it.

— from *The Family Stalker*, by Jon Katz

p 62

A house is a machine for keeping your books dry.

— Arthur D Hlavaty, quoting Tom Shippey, paraphrasing Le Corbusier

COLUMN6/00

...unlike most name products in films, the sun protection (100% against UV rays) serves a purpose. The Men in Black, or MIB, need them as shields against a memory zapper used on humans who happen upon ETs. “The consumer is smarter today,” Julian says. “They aren’t going to buy something just because it is there. It has to be tied into the sensibilities of the film.”

— from the 24 June 1997 *USA Today* article “‘Men in Black’: A summer specs-tacle”

“Yeah, I’d like a Rosebud sled please. Not any of those Reese’s Pieces things: they don’t fit into the sensibilities of the film.”

SFFA198

Fifteen hundred years ago everybody knew the Earth was the center of the universe. Five hundred years ago everybody knew it was flat. Fifteen minutes ago you knew that people were alone on this planet. Imagine what you’ll know tomorrow.

— Mr K (Tommy Lee Jones) to Mr J (Will Smith) in *Men in Black*

SFFA198

Maggie, when you grow up and you are incredibly beautiful, and intelligent and possess a certain sweetness that’s like a distant promise to the brave, to the worthy, can you please not beat to a bloody pulp every miserable bastard who comes your way just because you can? Can you just not do that?

— Jack Taylor (George Clooney) to his daughter in *One Fine Day*

SFFA198

I think it’s time to stop carping on the blunders of the President and give him some credit for creativity. I mean, where do you even *find* a Jewish hard-line conservative Republican pot-smoker? Sounds like an Oprah Winfrey guest.

— A. Whitney Brown in *rec.humor.funny* on Ronald Reagan’s nomination of Ginsberg for the Supreme Court in 1987

XXXX

You’ve got to remember, just because your spouse does not have the same idea as you, does not mean he/she is wrong. After all, I already know what I’d do in life. I’m married to see what possibilities Linda brings to life.

— pip@shore.net, 19 Jan 1997

from Liz’s net scanning

Take comfort is knowing that anyone who would act that way to you is probably so messed up that their entire life is miserable. . . the little slice of their misery that they allowed to wash over your head is only a tiny part of their total misery.

— Judith Abbott, (jabbott@iglobal.net), March 1997

from Liz's net scanning
SFFA200

Q: Hello, I am new in QA profession. I want to know the advantages of testing tools. Since, testing without these tools is possible then why people use these tools.

A: A general question deserves a general answer. People use tools because they make the work better, faster and easier. It's easier to drive nails with a hammer than your fist. Sawing a 2x4 makes a cleaner cut than chewing it in half.

— Mark Wiley responding to a stupid question from Kamal Bashir
in comp.software.testing, April 1997

markw@ncube.com and kamal.bashir@cressoft.com.pk
from Liz's net scanning

Date: Fri, 1 Aug 1997 11:33:06 -0600

From: carnes@stortek.com (Steve Carnes)

Subject: Re: Vonnegut's Advice to Live By

This speech was given by Kurt Vonnegut at MIT's commencement this year . . .A classic!

This was widely credited to Vonnegut, but was actually the work of Chicago newspaper columnist Mary Schmich.

Kurt Vonnegut's commencement address at MIT, June 1997:

Ladies and gentlemen of the class of '97:

Wear sunscreen.

If I could offer you only one tip for the future, sunscreen would be it. The long-term benefits of sunscreen have been proved by scientists, whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own meandering experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth. Oh, never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they've faded. But trust me, in 20 years, you'll look back at photos of yourself and recall in a way you can't grasp now how much possibility lay before you and how fabulous you really looked. You are not as fat as you imagine.

Don't worry about the future. Or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to solve an algebra equation by chewing bubble gum. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind, the kind that blindside you at 4 pm on some idle Tuesday.

Do one thing every day that scares you.

Sing.

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts. Don't put up with people who are reckless with yours.

Floss.

Don't waste your time on jealousy. Sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind. The race is long and, in the end, it's only with yourself.

Remember compliments you receive. Forget the insults. If you succeed in doing this, tell me how.

Keep your old love letters. Throw away your old bank statements.

Stretch.

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your life. The most interesting people I know didn't know at 22 what they wanted to do with their lives. Some of the most interesting 40-year-olds I know still don't.

Get plenty of calcium. Be kind to your knees. You'll miss them when they're gone.

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't. Maybe you'll divorce at 40, maybe you'll dance the funky chicken on your 75th wedding anniversary. Whatever you do, don't congratulate yourself too much, or berate yourself either. Your choices are half chance. So are everybody else's.

Enjoy your body. Use it every way you can. Don't be afraid of it or of what other people think of it. It's the greatest instrument you'll ever own.

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but your living room.

Read the directions, even if you don't follow them.

Do not read beauty magazines. They will only make you feel ugly.

Get to know your parents. You never know when they'll be gone for good. Be nice to your siblings. They're your best link to your past and the people most likely to stick with you in the future.

Understand that friends come and go, but with a precious few you should hold on. Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle, because the older you get, the more you need the people who knew you when you were young.

Live in New York City once, but leave before it makes you hard. Live in Northern California once, but leave before it makes you soft. Travel.

Accept certain inalienable truths: Prices will rise. Politicians will philander. You, too, will get old. And when you do, you'll fantasize that when you were young, prices were reasonable, politicians were noble, and children respected their elders.

Respect your elders.

Don't expect anyone else to support you. Maybe you have a trust fund. Maybe you'll have a wealthy spouse. But you never know when either one might run out.

Don't mess too much with your hair or by the time you're 40 it will look 85.

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it. Advice is a form of nostalgia. Dispensing it is a way of fishing the past from the disposal, wiping it off, painting over the ugly parts and recycling it for more than it's worth.

But trust me on the sunscreen.

— Kurt Vonnegut, 6/97

I can't imagine what my life would have been like if I'd never become a father.

— William Jefferson Clinton

quoted in the June 1997 Life magazine

Chelsea, you've never been a baby before, and I've never been a mother before. We're just going to have to help each other get through this.

— Hillary Rodham Clinton, recalling a negotiation with a crying newborn

quoted in Life, June 1997

Barney and the doctors were meeting for the first time, of course, and it was interesting to Mordon to see how immediate and instinctive the loathing was on both sides. The body language alone was enough to set off seismographs in the neighborhood, if there were any. Mordon was watching two herbivores meet a carnivore on the herbivores' own ground, and the rolling of eyes and curling of lips and stamping of hooves was thunderous.

— from *Smoke* by Donald E Westlake, when the homosexual research MDs meet the crooked cop

Who's the boss? You have to ask that? You don't know who the boss is between me and Mommy?... I'm the boss. OK? Mommy's only the decision maker. There's a difference between those: Mommy says what we do, and I have control of the channel changer.

— Woody Allen in *Mighty Aphrodite*

An organization set up to give Internetters someone to make ethnic jokes about.

— Arthur D Hlavaty in `rec.arts.sf.written`, in a thread entitled "What is AOL?"; `rec.humor.funny.reruns` retransmitted it later

(hlavaty@panix.com)
SFFA200

Mr Montag, you are looking at a coward. I saw the way things were going, a long time back. I said nothing. I'm one of the innocents who could have spoken up and out when no one would listen to the "guilty," but I did not speak and thus became guilty myself. And when finally they set the structure to burn the books, using the fireman, I grunted a few times and subsided, for there were no others grunting or yelling with me, by then. Now it's too late.

— Faber in *Fahrenheit 451*, Ray Bradbury

SFFA200

A human being should be able to change a diaper, plan an invasion, butcher a hog, conn a ship, design a building, write a sonnet, balance accounts, build a wall, set a bone, comfort the dying, take orders, give orders, cooperate, act alone, solve equations, analyze a new problem, pitch manure, use a computer, cook a tasty meal, fight efficiently and die gallantly. Specialization is for insects.

— Robert A Heinlein

what's the actual source?

[William S.] Burroughs said, "Paranoia is having all the facts"—a dangerous half-truth. Paranoia is having all the bad facts, in a world where there really are good facts. I've always felt that the true parts of that Burroughs line are better summarized in my favorite Freud quote: "The paranoid is never entirely mistaken."

— Arthur D Hlavaty, *Derogatory Reference* 87, October 1997

Let us never equate ignorance and stupidity without due process.

— Stan Kelly-Bootle, *Unix Review*, October 1997

SFFA200

Throughout the civilized world, from Battery Park to Fulton Street...

— *Catch 22*, Joseph Heller

SFFA220

Al D'Amato is a waste of an apostrophe.

— Dennis Miller

D'Amato chairing an ethics hearing is like Doctor Kervorkian teaching you the Heimlich maneuver.

— Dennis Miller

I can't possibly get married. The only things I know how to cook right are liver treats and homemade dog biscuits, and I won't waste nine months producing one furless creature doomed to run away from home. Married couples always take their conflicts out on their dogs. My house is too small for Steve's dogs and mine, and with four dogs living here, how could I get another one? And Rowdy would hate living over the clinic. Kimi would undo all the progress Steve has made with Lady. Suppose I brought home an Akita, and Steve objected? Of course, Rowdy and Kimi would protest, but that's different. I'm the alpha wolf in our pack. And, as things are now, Steve is the alpha in his pack. If we merged packs, one of us would lose because a wolf pack never has two alphas. That's what's wrong with marriage.

— Susan Conant, *A Bite of Death*

I learned early on that in the real world, the masks of tragedy and comedy adorn the proscenium of every life.

— Walter Cronkite, *A Reporter's Life*

Understanding the issues on which citizens of a republic are to vote is impossible without an understanding of the past. Those who have the opportunity but fail to impart that lesson can be accused of sabotaging the democratic process.

— Walter Cronkite, *A Reporter's Life*

(contrast with Adlai Stevenson on education)

SFFA200

“So long, Chaplain. Thanks, Danby.”

“How do you feel, Yossarian?”

“Fine. No, I'm very frightened.”

“That's good,” said Major Danby. “It proves you're still alive.”

— *Catch 22*, Joseph Heller

SFFA200

The chaplain had sinned, and it was good. Common sense told him that telling lies and defecting from duty were sins. On the other hand, everyone knew that sin was evil and that no good could come from evil. But he did feel good; he felt positively marvelous. Consequently, it followed logically that telling lies and defecting from duty could not be sins. The chaplain had mastered, in a moment of divine intuition, the handy technique of protective rationalization, and he was exhilarated by his discovery. It was miraculous. It was almost no trick at all, he saw, to turn vice into virtue and slander into truth, impotence into abstinence, arrogance into humility, plunder into philanthropy, thievery into honor, blasphemy into wisdom, brutality into patriotism, and sadism into justice. Anybody could do it; it required no brains at all. It merely required character.

— *Catch-22*, Joseph Heller, chapter 34

contrast that with the Devil's monologue in *Don Juan in Hell*

SFFA217b

Almost on cue, a nursing mother padded past holding an infant in black rags, and Yossarian wanted to smash her too, because she reminded him of the barefoot boy in the thin shirt and thin, tattered trousers and of all the shivering, stupefying misery in a world that never yet had provided enough heat and food and justice for all but an ingenious and unscrupulous handful. What a lousy earth! He wondered how many people were destitute that same night even in his own prosperous country, how many homes were shanties, how many husbands were drunk and wives socked, and how many children were bullied, abused or abandoned. How many families hungered for food they could not afford to buy? How many hearts were broken? How many suicides would take place that same night, how many people would go insane? How many cockroaches and landlords would triumph? How many winners were losers, successes failures, rich men poor men? How many wise guys were stupid? How many happy endings were unhappy endings? How many honest men were liars, brave men cowards, loyal men traitors, how many sainted men were corrupt, how many men in positions of trust had sold their soul to blackguards for petty cash, how many had never had any souls? How many straight-and-narrow paths were crooked paths? How many best families were worst families and how many good people were bad people? When you added them all up and then subtracted, you might be left with only the children, and perhaps with Albert Einstein and an old violinist or sculptor somewhere.

— *Catch-22*, Joseph Heller, chapter 39

contrast with Don Juan in Hell Speech

Programming a computer is easier than teaching kindergarten. Computers are better behaved. And they don't throw up on you.

— John Carlis at UNM, Fall 1994

Age is a question of mind over matter: If you don't mind it don't matter.

— Satchel Paige

You respect everybody whether they respect you or not. Never carry a grudge. ... There's a class of people you got to handle by judges.

— advice from Arthur Ashe, Sr, quoted by John McPhee in "Levels of the Game."

The fog comes on little cat feet.

It sits looking over harbor and city on silent haunches and then moves on.

— Carl Sandburg, "Fog"

Suddenly you could see that Christ's stance on the cross was in fact no more than a great middle-European Jewish shrug: "I'm being crucified, my mother's at the foot of the cross and she's moaning that I'm not wearing a fresh loincloth. Oi!," that kind of shrug. The kind gentiles can't do.

— Edward Wallace in Stephen Fry's, *The Hippopotamus*

Reminded me of my youth when cigarette girls were as common a sight at theatres, cinema premières and nightclubs as charity-beggars are today. Thing is, the chances are you could shag a ciggie girl in the lavvies for a fiver in those days: I've a strong feeling that the sticker-vendors of the Save the Children Fund and the bucket-shakers of the Cystic Fibrosis Society would scream for the police and sue you for optical rape if you so much as flicked an eye below the level of their necks in today's caring Britain. There has been a relentless and disturbing rise in moral standards over the years. It worries me.

— Edward Wallace in Stephen Fry's *The Hippopotamus*

... which brings me to this point: where the *hell* do you get off telling me to avoid Latin tags? Amongst the dwindling number of perks that come with old age are included:

a) a literal and metaphorical presbyopia which allows distant schoolgirls and distant schoolboy Latin to come sharply into focus

b) a contempt for self-image and the opinion of others

c) the respect and deference of one's juniors (or—if that is too Latinate for you—"the high thought and fealty of one's youngers").

Or so I had fondly imagined.

We'll make a deal: I will lay off the Latin if you promise never *ever* to use words like "special" again. Thank you.

— Stephen Fry, *The Hippopotamus*, letter from aging poet Edward Wallace to his god-daughter Jane

It is because she chose to sit where she sat that I can stand where I stand.

— Gordon Lyton of the Federal Transportation Commission, which honored Rosa Parks with its lifetime-achievement award

My three children are safe. The rest is just stuff.

— Grand Forks, ND resident Paula Harvey after the flood of the Red River in 1997 destroyed her house

"Good morning, doctors. I have taken the liberty of removing Windows 95 from my hard disk."

— Winning entry in the "What were HAL's first words" contest, as judged by Arthur C Clarke

I think Congress has spent enough time on ethics. I think it's time they moved on to something else.

— Richard Nixon, June 28, 1989

“Let’s see if I’ve got this straight,” he returned. It was a phrase of hers that he had adopted. “It’s a lazy Saturday afternoon, and there’s this couple lying naked in bed reading the *Encyclopædia Britannica* to each other, and arguing about whether the Andromeda Galaxy is more ‘numinous’ than the Resurrection. Do they know how to have a good time, or don’t they.”

— Kenneth der Heer to Eleanor Arroway in *Contact* by Carl Sagan

chapter 9
SFFA214

A rough sea! / Stretched out over Sādo / The Milky Way

— Bashō

quoted by Sagan in *Contact*

Human speech is like a cracked kettle on which we tap crude rhythms for bears to dance to, while we long to make music that will melt the stars.

— Gustave Flaubert, *Madame Bovary*, 1857

quoted by Sagan in *Contact*

The commitment problem has caused many women to mistakenly conclude that men, as a group, have the emotional maturity of hamsters. This is not the case. A hamster is much more capable of making a lasting commitment to a woman, especially if she gives it those little food pellets. Whereas a guy, in a relationship, will consume the pellets of companionship, and he will run on the exercise wheel of lust, but as soon as he senses that the door of commitment is about to close and trap him in the wire cage of true intimacy, he’ll squirm out, scamper across the kitchen floor of uncertainty and hide under the refrigerator of non-Readiness.

— Dave Barry

Is it necessary for someone in the public arena to have every motive questioned, every statement dissected? I think it’s going to undermine democracy, at a certain point, to have such poison in the air. The average citizen is going to say, “I don’t want to be involved in that and I don’t want my kids involved in that.”

— Hillary Rodham Clinton, December 1997

I am in favor of progress, but I deplore that it should have to descend to the level of vulgarity to make money.

— Prince Albert I of Monaco

The obvious mathematical breakthrough would be development of an easy way to factor large prime numbers.

— Bill Gates in *The Road Ahead*

p. 265

“Does looking a guns make you want to have sex?”

“I’m seventeen: looking at *linoleum* makes me want to have sex.”

— Cordelia Chase and Xander Harris in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*
episode “Innocence”

episode of 10/27/97
SFFA221

“So do you guys steal weapons from the army a lot?”

“Well, we don’t have cable so we have to make our own fun.”

— Daniel “Oz” Osborne and Willow Rosenberg in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*
episode “Innocence”

episode of 10/27/97
SFFA221

... if you can furnish me with a piece of work that contains even the seed of novelty, the ghost of a shred of a scintilla of a germ of a suspicion of an iota of a shadow of a particle of something interesting and provoking. . .

— Prof Donald Trefusis in *The Liar*, by Stephen Fry

SFFA223

The English language is an arsenal of weapons; if you are going to brandish them without checking to see whether they are loaded you must expect to have them explode in your face from time to time.

— Prof Donald Trefusis in *The Liar*, by Stephen Fry

Is that like a real swell dish with more curves than Mulholland Drive, Brain?

— Pinky in *Pinky and the Brain*

Dear Mama,

I'm sorry it's taken me so long to write. Every time I try to write to you and Papa I realize I'm not saying the things that are in my heart. That would be OK, if I loved you any less than I do, but you are still my parents and I am still your child.

I have friends who think I'm foolish to write this letter. I hope they're wrong. I hope my doubts are based on parents who loved and trusted them less than mine do. I hope especially that you'll see this as an act of love on my part, a sign of my continuing need to share my life with you.

I wouldn't have written, I guess, if you hadn't told me about your involvement in the Save Our Children campaign. That, more than anything, made it clear that my responsibility was to tell you the truth, that your own child is homosexual, and that I never needed saving from anything except the cruel and ignorant piety of people like Anita Bryant.

I'm sorry, Mama. Not for what I am, but for how you must feel at this moment. I know what that feeling is, for I felt it for most of my life. Revulsion, shame, disbelief—rejection through fear of something I knew, even as a child, was as basic to my nature as the color of my eyes.

No, Mama, I wasn't "recruited." No seasoned homosexual ever served as my mentor. But you know what? I wish someone had. I wish someone older than me and wiser than the people in Orlando had taken me aside and said, "You're all right, kid. You can grow up to be a doctor or a teacher just like anyone else. You're not crazy or sick or evil. You can succeed and be happy and find peace with friends—all kinds of friends—who don't give a damn *who* you go to bed with. Most of all, though, you can be loved and be loved, without hating yourself."

But no one ever said that to me, Mama. I had to find it out on my own, with the help of the city that has become my home. I know this may be hard for you to believe, but San Francisco is full of men and women, both straight and gay, who don't consider sexuality in measuring the worth of another human being.

These aren't radicals or weirdos, Mama. They are shop clerks and bankers and little old ladies and people who nod and smile to you when you meet them on the bus. Their attitude is neither patronizing nor pitying. And their message is so simple: Yes, you are a person. Yes, I like you. Yes, it's all right for you to like me too.

I know what you must be thinking now. You're asking yourself: What did we do wrong? How did we let this happen? Which one of us made him that way?

I can't answer that, Mama. In the long run, I guess I really don't care. All I know is this: If you and Papa are responsible for the way I am, then I thank you with all my heart, for it's the light and the joy of my life.

I know I can't tell you what it is to be gay. But I can tell you what it's not.

It's not hiding behind words, Mama. Like family and decency and Christianity. It's not fearing your body, or the pleasures that God made for it. It's not judging your neighbor, except when he's crass or unkind.

Being gay has taught me tolerance, compassion and humility. It has shown me the limitless possibilities of living. It has given me people whose passion and kindness and sensitivity have provided a constant source of strength.

It has brought me into the family of man, Mama, and I like it here. I like it.

There's not much else I can say, except that I'm the same Michael you've always known. You just know me better now. I have never consciously done anything to hurt you. I never will.

Please don't feel you have to answer this right away. It's enough for me to know that I no longer have to lie to the people who taught me to value the truth.

Mary Ann sends her love.
Everything is fine at 28 Barbary Lane.

Your loving son,
Michael

— *More Tales of the City*, Armistead Maupin

“Why the knife?,” he wondered as he ran, “why the knife? Who am I going to slice up with a knife?” But he didn’t throw it away. He was glad he had the knife, because a man with a weapon — any weapon — is twice the man he is without one. Read the manual.

— John leCarré, *The Night Manager*

“Nunc demum intellego,” dixit Winnie ille Pu. “Stultus et delusus fui,” dixit “et ursus sine ullo cerebro sum.”

... ruled unconstitutional based on the first amendment’s anti-clowning clause.

— Jim Hightower

My daddy told me “Everybody does better when everybody does better.” It’s what passes for political philosophy in Dennison, Texas.

— Jim Hightower

... faster’n a Bob Packwood kiss.

— Jim Hightower

“Sometimes I’m my own worst enemy.”

“Not while I’m alive Phil.”

— US Senator Phil Gramm and Jim Hightower

Bill Clinton is to a Democrat what near beer is to beer — except not as close.

— Jim Hightower

The water won’t ever run clean up ’til we get the hogs out of the creek.

— Jim Hightower’s Aunt Mabel

These next three are from Knuth, Larrabee, Roberts: *Mathematical Writing* from the AMS monograph series:

I have made this letter longer than usual because I lack the time to make it shorter.

— Blaise Pascal

COLUMN7/01

Don's secret delight, he confessed today, is to "play a library as if it were a musical instrument." Using the resources of a great library to solve a specific problem—now *that*, to him, is real living.
— Donald E Knuth quoted in *Mathematical Writing*

As for those readers who do not know how to study my composition, no author can accompany his book wherever it goes and allow only certain persons to study it.
— Moses Maimonides

You want to tell me that all those wars and hearings and bullshit on the front page are about anything in the world except pussy and power and greed and little boys worried about the size of their dicks? What the hell do you think news *is*, girl?
— Sarah Shankman, *Then Hang All the Liars*

The movie that asks and answers the question, "Do you need talent to star in a movie?" – Answer: No.
— Roger Ebert re: *Spice World*
pointed out by John McMullen

So lacking in human characteristics are the Girls that when the screenplay falls back on the last resort of the bankrupt filmmaking imagination—a live childbirth scene—they have to import one of their friends to have the baby. She at least had the wit to get pregnant, something beyond the Girls since it would involve a relationship, and thus an attention span.
— Roger Ebert, re: *Spice World*
pointed out in `rec.arts.sf.fandom` by Rob Hansen (<rob@fiawol.demon.co.uk>).
to which Arthur Hlavaty responds...

I take it Roger Ebert comes from a primitive tribe that has not mastered the fine points of human reproduction.
— Arthur D Hlavaty

Imagine you are a congressman. Now imagine you are an idiot. But I repeat myself.
— Mark Twain

I fear that I have served the present by sacrificing the future.
— Lennier in *Babylon 5* episode "Convictions"

To the people of Bosnia I say, you have seen what war has wrought; now you know what peace can bring. So seize the chance before you. You can do nothing to change the past; but if you can let it go, you can do everything to build a future. The world is watching, and the world is with you. But the choice is yours. May you make the right one.
— William Jefferson Clinton, address in Sarajevo, 22 December 1997

In America for a long time, one race literally enslaved another. It took the bloodiest war in our history to break the chains of bondage and more than 100 years of effort since then to root out their consequences. And we're still working at it. But we grow always stronger as we let more and more of our fears and prejudices go. The more we recognize that as we live and work and learn together, what we have in common is far more important than our differences. So that across all those differences, together we affirm our devotion to faith and to family. We seek opportunity for all and responsibility from all. We believe we are immeasurably stronger as one America than as a collection of separate, hostile camps. And this is a point of special importance to you. We find that affirming our union allows us the security to respect, even to celebrate, our differences.

— William Jefferson Clinton, address in Sarajevo, 22 December 1997

What I want all of you to believe today is that you can do it. In our time, from Guatemala to South Africa, from El Salvador to Northern Ireland, people are turning from conflict to conciliation. Still, the impulse to divide, if not to actually fight and kill over ethnic or religious or racial differences, runs deep in human nature across the globe. It seems to be rooted in a fear of those who are different from ourselves, and a false sense of superiority and security, that separation and striving for supremacy seem to offer.

— William Jefferson Clinton, address in Sarajevo, 22 December 1997

I am persuaded, having served in this office for five years, that the real differences around the world today are not between Jews and Arabs; Protestants and Catholics; Muslims, Croats and Serbs. The real differences are between those who embrace peace and those who would destroy it; between those who look to the future and those who cling to the past; between those who open their arms and those who are determined to clench their fists; between those who believe that God made all of us equal and those foolish enough to believe they are superior to others just because of the color of their skin, of the religion of their families, of their ethnic background. This is a very small nation on an increasingly small planet. None of us has the moral standing to look down on another and we should stop it.

— William Jefferson Clinton, address in Sarajevo, 22 December 1997

This paragraph is the one in the speech that got the applause

Marriage should be a balanced stalemate between equal adversaries.

— Amelia Peabody

Unfortunately, the sort of individual who is programmed to ignore personal distress and keep pushing for the top is frequently programmed to disregard signs of grave and imminent danger as well. This forms the nub of a dilemma that every Everest climber eventually comes up against: in order to succeed you must be exceedingly driven, but if you're too driven you're likely to die. Above 26,000 feet, moreover, the line between appropriate zeal and reckless summit fever becomes grievously thin. Thus the slopes of Everest are littered with corpses.

— Jon Krakauer, *Into Thin Air*

p 177

“This is all that’s left of the plantation house,” she said. “It’s a piece of the foundation. The house burned sometime in the late seventeen-hundreds. It was a spectacular fire, by all accounts. A formal dinner party had been in progress, with liveried servants standing behind every chair. In the middle of dinner, the butler came up to the host and whispered that the roof had caught fire and that nothing could be done to stop it. The host rose calmly, clinked his glass, and invited his guests to pick up their dinner plates and follow him into the garden. The servants carried the table and chairs after them, and the dinner continued by the light of the raging fire. The host made the best of it. He regaled his guests with amusing stories and jests while the flames consumed his house. Then, in turn, each guest rose and offered a toast to the host, the house, and the delicious repast. When the toasts were finished, the host threw his crystal glass against the trunk of an old oak tree, and each of the guest followed suit. Tradition has it that if you listen closely on quiet nights you can still hear the laughter and the shattering of crystal glasses. I like to think of this place as the scene of the Eternal Party. What better place, in Savannah, to rest in peace for all time—where the party goes on and on.”

— A tour of the Cemetery in Savannah, in *Midnight in the Garden cf Good and Evil*, by John Berendt

p32-3

We have a saying: If you go to Atlanta, the first question people ask is “What’s your business?” In Macon they ask, “Where do you go to church?” In Augusta they ask your grandmother’s maiden name. But in Savannah the first question people ask you is “What would you like to drink?”

— John Berendt, *Midnight in the Garden cf Good and Evil*

p31

Reaching the top of Everest is supposed to trigger a surge of intense elation; against long odds, after all, I had just attained a goal I’d coveted since childhood. But the summit was really only the halfway point. Any impulse I might have felt toward self-congratulation was extinguished by the overwhelming apprehension about the long, dangerous descent that lay ahead.

— Jon Krakauer, *Into Thin Air*

p181

Men play at tragedy because they do not believe in the reality of the tragedy which is actually being staged in the civilized world.

— José Ortega y Gasset

used by Krakauer in *Into Thin Air*

The plain truth is that I knew better but went to Everest anyway. And in doing so I was a party to the death of good people, which is something that is apt to remain on my conscience for a very long time.

— Jon Krakauer, *Into Thin Air*

pg xiii
SFFA204

Before signing off, [Rob] Hall told his wife, “I love you. Sleep well, my sweetheart. Please don’t worry too much.”

These would be the last words anyone would hear him speak. Attempts to make radio contact with Hall later that night and the next day went unanswered. Twelve days later, when Breashears and Viesturs climbed over the South Summit on their way to the top, they found Hall lying on his right side in a shallow ice hollow, his upper body buried beneath a drift of snow.

— Jon Krakauer, *Into Thin Air*

p 235

When the knock sounded, Tracy was asleep in the company of someone known as “Barbie Doll”, which I have since discovered to be a miniature American person with a beehive hairdo and a large wardrobe.

— “Rumpole and the Children of the Devil”, in *Rumpole on Trial*,
by John Mortimer

The difference between theory and practice, in theory, is smaller than the difference between theory and practice, in practice.

— Jason Zions

It was the end of the Earth year 2260, and the war had paused, suddenly and unexpectedly. All around us, it was as if the universe were holding its breath. Waiting... All of life can be broken down into moments of transition or moments of revelation. This had the feeling of both...

G’Quon wrote, “There is a greater darkness than the one we fight. It is the darkness of the soul that has lost its way. The war we fight is not against powers and principalities, it is against chaos and despair. Greater than the death of flesh is the death of hope, the death of dreams. Against this peril we can never surrender. The future is all around us, waiting, in moments of transition, to be born in moments of revelation. No one knows the shape of that future or where it will take us. We know only that it is always born in pain.”

— G’Kar in *Babylon 5* episode “Z’ha’dum”

Or the important part:

There is a greater darkness than the one we fight. It is the darkness of the soul that has lost its way. The war we fight is not against powers and principalities, it is against chaos and despair. Greater than the death of flesh is the death of hope, the death of dreams. Against this peril we can never surrender.

— G’Kar quoting G’Quon in *Babylon 5* episode “Z’ha’dum”

SFFA203

Perfection is achieved not when there is nothing more to add, but rather when there is nothing more to take away.

— Antoine de Saint-Exupery

SFFA206

I'm writing some of this preface in the air between Bucharest and Budapest, on a speaking tour about privacy in the information age. In Bucharest, I saw the terrible legacy of a system designed by men who craved certainty, not trusting the people with individual freedom. Those men would have loved the Clipper chip. The people there now are glad to have their freedom, and they understand my concern about the power of Government. They already get it – and they don't understand why we Americans don't.

— Philip R Zimmerman, preface to *PGP Source Code and Internals*, MIT Press, 1995

A book comprised entirely of thousands of lines of source code looks pretty dull. But then so does a nondescript fragment of concrete – unless it happens to be a piece of the Berlin Wall, which many people display on their mantles as a symbol of freedom opening up for millions of people. Perhaps in the long run, this book will help open up the US borders to the free flow of information.

— Philip R Zimmerman, preface to *PGP Source Code and Internals*, MIT Press, 1995

I'm only thankful that [Mr Protocol's] worldview tends more to Magritte than Bosch. In fact, he's got this picture — I think it's the only one he owns — which has a single vertical black bar on it, and underneath, in script, the words, "Ceci n'est pas une pipe." I don't want to think about it.

— Michael O'Brien, "Ask Mr Protocol: The Cathedral, the Bazaar and Mr. P.", *SunExpert Magazine*, April 1998.

It's at times like this that I envy Mr Protocol. He continues to believe that words on paper are so antique by the time he sees them that they couldn't possibly be of any use. Not only are the classics a closed book to him, books are a closed book to him.

— Michael O'Brien, "Ask Mr Protocol: The Cathedral, the Bazaar and Mr. P.", *SunExpert Magazine*, April 1998.

COLUMN1/01

Mr Protocol prefers [OpenBSD] for his own desktop network system, and it makes a good liniment and furniture polish as well.

— Michael O'Brien, "Ask Mr Protocol: The Cathedral, the Bazaar and Mr. P.", *SunExpert Magazine*, April 1998.

I made up new words to old tunes and sung them everywhere I'd go. I had to give my pictures away to get anybody to hang them on their wall, but for singing a song or a few songs at a country dance, they paid me as high as three dollars a night. A picture, you buy it once and it bothers you for forty years. But with a song, you sing it out, and it soaks into people's ears and they all jump up and down and sing it with you, and then when you quit singing it, it's *gone*. And you get a job singin' it again.

— Woody Guthrie, on the advantages of singing over painting in
Bound for Glory

On my way back toward the city along Strand Boulevard, I think that even inside the most paranoid suspicion there is a sense of humanity and the desire for contact waiting to emerge.

— Peter Høeg, *Smilla's Sense of Snow*

SFFA203

There are so many things gathered here that they seem to be waiting for the slightest excuse to create chaos. On a purely personal level, I think all you'd have to do is send me in here alone to turn on the light, and that would trigger such a state of confusion that you wouldn't even be able to find the light switch afterward. But as it is now everything is kept in its place by the thoroughly pragmatic sense of order of a person who wants to make sure he can always find whatever he needs.

— Peter Høeg, *Smilla's Sense of Snow*

I remembered him in Greenland before my mother's death. I remembered that in the midst of his lurking, unpredictable mood swings, there had been a gaiety expressing a joy in life, maybe even a kind of warmth. My mother had taken that part of his world with her. She had vanished with all the colors. Since then he had been imprisoned in a world that was only black and white.

— Peter Høeg, *Smilla's Sense of Snow*

I leave my glass untouched and sit down in front of him on the low table. Our faces are now at the same level. "Peter," I say, "you know the old excuse that she was drunk so she didn't know what she was doing?" He nods. "That's why I'm doing this before I drink anything." Then I kiss him. I don't know how much time passes, but while it lasts, my whole body is in my mouth.

— Peter Høeg, *Smilla's Sense of Snow*

There are two ways to tag polar bears. The usual way is to stun them from a helicopter...

Then there's the other method... from a snowmobile, the Viking way. You shoot with a custom air rifle... This method requires you to get close, less than fifty yards away, less than twenty-five is better. The moment the bear stops and turns around, you get a good look at it. Not one of those living carcasses that amuse you at the zoo, but a Polar Bear, the one from the Greenlandic coat of arms. Colossal. Three-quarters of a ton of muscle, bone and teeth, with an extreme, lethal ability to explode. A wild animal that has existed for only twenty thousand years, and in that time has known only two types of mammals: its own species and its prey.

— Peter Høeg, *Smilla's Sense of Snow*

Sometimes, and with reason, I boast of never having done an honest day's work in my life. An honest day's *play*, oh, that I have accomplished on a thousand occasions or ten thousand. But work implies a measure of drudgery and fatigue and these are states as yet unknown to me.

— Brendan Gill on writing.

The best you can do between now and Tuesday is a kind of best-you-can-do.

— Charles Eames

The real questions are: Does it solve a problem? Is it serviceable? How is it going to look in ten years?

— Charles Eames

Touch passion when it comes your way, Stephen. It's rare enough as it is. Don't walk away when it calls your name.

— Marcus the Ranger in *Babylon 5* episode "Lines of Communications"

If there's no time for fun, Doc, what are we saving the planet for?

— Major Don West (Matt LeBlanc) in *Lost in Space*

A writer is somebody for whom writing is more difficult than it is for other people.

— Thomas Mann

pointed out by John McMullen

He had grown up in a country run by politicians who sent the pilots to man the bombers to kill the babies to make the world safer for children to grow up in.

— Ursula K LeGuin, *The Lathe of Heaven*

We choose to go to the moon! We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things—not because they are easy, but because they are *hard*. Because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our abilities and skills, because that challenge is one we are willing to accept, one we are unwilling to postpone, and one which we intend to win.

— John F Kennedy, dedication of the Manned Spacecraft Center, Houston, 12 September 1962

SFFA219

If I had told her the whole truth, it would have destroyed her belief in the strength and the wisdom of our caste. Delenn does not walk in the same world that you and I walk in. She does not see the same world that you and I see. In her world, we are better than we are, we care more than we care, we act towards each other with compassion. I much prefer her world to that of my own, and I will not allow anything to threaten that. . . . In future, I would suggest you try to see the world through her eyes sometime. It might lead you to make fewer fatal mistakes.

— Lennier in *Babylon 5* episode "Rumors, Bargains and Lies"

You will forgive me if I appear a bit slow. I have studied your race quite a bit, and there are still several aspects of your psychology I don't understand. A place called Winchester Mansion with stairs that go nowhere. Something called "Country and Western". And the less said about the comedy team of Rebo and Zooty, the better.

— Ambassador Londo Mollari in *Babylon 5* episode "Rumors, Bargains and Lies"

Notice: All men, gods and planets in this story are imaginary. Any coincidence of names is regretted. RAH

— Disclaimer in *Stranger in a Strange Land*

SFFA204

The quality of our thoughts is bordered on all sides by our facility with language.

— J Michael Straczynski

Jubal admitted that a long life had left him not understanding the basic problems of the universe. The Fosterites might be right. But he reminded himself savagely, two things remained: his taste and his pride. If the Fosterites held a monopoly on truth, if heaven were open only to Fosterites, then he, Jubal Harshaw, Gentleman, preferred that eternity of pain-filled damnation promised to sinners who refused the new revelation. He could not see the naked face of God, but his eyesight was good enough to pick out his social equals, and those Fosterites did not measure up.

— *Stranger in a Strange Land*, Robert A Heinlein

The capacity of humans to believe in what seems to me highly improbable, from table tapping to the superiority of their children, has never been plumbed. Faith strikes me as intellectual laziness.

— Jubal Harshaw in *Stranger in a Strange Land* by Robert A Heinlein

When I hear a guy talking about God and money in the same breath, I get the feeling that it's Money that's doing the talking.

— Eric Krieg

pointed out by John McMullen

In the simulator, Conrad was spectacular. The instructors would throw everything in the book at him, and there wasn't anyone who could solve problems faster, or react quicker. If Conrad had one weakness, it was his language. When decorum was required, Conrad carried himself with all the poise of a Princeton-educated navy officer, but most of the time he raised colorful to an art form. In the simulator, he whistled and hummed and cracked his chewing gum so loudly that the instructors winced under their headsets. And when the malfunctions got thick, he swore like a sailor. The instructors smiled and shook their heads — “What’s this guy gonna do during the *flight?*” — and in the next minute they’d break up laughing because they’d hear Bean’s quiet voice in the background: “Yep, that’s astronaut talk. A-OK. I gotta learn that.”

— Veteran Pete Conrad and Rookie Alan Bean in the Apollo simulator in *A Man on the Moon*, by Andrew Chaikin

p248

Chaikin, Andrew: *A Man on the Moon*, Viking, 1994, ISBN 0-670-81446-6

For now, [quarantined] in the [Lunar Receiving Lab], Buzz Aldrin had time to ponder the significance of what he and his crewmates had been a part of. Back on the *Hornet*, they had watched videotapes of the news coverage of Apollo 11. There was Walter Cronkite, exulting at the lunar touchdown. Then awed crowds gathered around TV sets, witnessing the first footsteps on another world. For the first time, Aldrin sensed the emotional impact of the first lunar landing. For a man attuned to irony, here was something worth pondering: While the three of them were a quarter of a million miles away, much of humanity had been spellbound by a midsummer miracle. What a moment that must have been. Aldrin turned to Armstrong and said, “Neil, we missed the whole thing.”

— *A Man on the Moon*, by Andrew Chaikin

p227

“Hey, who’s been tracking up my lunar surface?” The answer to Jack Schmitt’s question was Gene Cernan; now with characteristic irreverence, Jack Schmitt was climbing down the ladder to make his own tracks in the ancient dust. . . . He didn’t need to be told that he and Cernan would only scratch the surface, that the real exploration of the moon would be left to the ones who would follow them here. How many years or even decades away that was, Schmitt had no idea; he knew only that the space program was in serious trouble. But Schmitt has a kind of stubborn optimism; he would not give up hope.

“Boy,” said Cernan, “your feet look like you just. . .”

Schmitt finished the thought. “Walked on the moon? Well, I tell you, Gene, I think the next generation ought to accept this as a challenge. Let’s see them leave footsteps like these some day.”

— *A Man on the Moon*, by Andrew Chaikin

p509
SFFA219

[Cernan] and Schmitt had been religious about greasing the suit zippers and cleaning the wrist rings, to keep the suits in good working order. And by God, they were holding up, despite the abuse heaped on them. Schmitt would never lose his amazement at that; just like almost everything else on Apollo, those suits worked better than anybody ever expected them to. It went back to the motivation of the people who built them, tested them, and flew them. It showed what can happen when people believe that the thing they are working on is the most important thing they will do in their lives, and they don't want to be responsible for screwing it up.

— *A Man on the Moon*, by Andrew Chaikin

p542
SFFA219

And there are more questions — How did you feel at liftoff? What color was the sky? Is it hot or cold in space? And Cernan answers them all, speaking well past the time anticipated, until a little girl asks the old standby: “What does it feel like when you're on the moon?”

Cernan smiles and bows his head for a moment. He begins to piece together an explanation. “You can move around very easily in one-sixth gravity, so it feels very comfortable. You're not warm because your suit is air-conditioned with water.” Then he interrupts himself and tries a different approach, one from the heart.

“I'll tell you what it feels like. It feels like you're dreaming. You wonder when you're going to wake up. It's almost like your mom told you a wonderful story when you went to bed and, you know sugar plums — it's like Santa Claus has already come. Being on the moon is like Santa Claus just gave you your wish.”

— *A Man on the Moon*, by Andrew Chaikin

p567 contrast with Clarke quote from “Saturn Rising”

On a trip to Egypt in 1976, Stu Roosa and his wife visited a granite quarry near Aswan, where they saw an unfinished obelisk, perhaps thirty-five hundred years old... “I always thought Apollo was our unfinished obelisk,” says Roosa. “It's like we started building this beautiful thing and then we quit.” He shakes his head with a mixture of sadness and disbelief. “History will not be kind to us, because we were *stupid*.”

— *A Man on the Moon*, by Andrew Chaikin

p577
SFFA219

Apollo happened so quickly that it all seems unreal. Eight years after Kennedy spoke to Congress, his challenge was met. “We couldn’t *think* about it in that length of time today,” says Ken Mattingly. “I tell all my friends, We could not go to the moon today. We *can not* do it.”

Mattingly speaks out of frustration. For several years, as a consultant on the space station project, he saw firsthand the bureaucracy, the resistance to new ideas, and most important, the lack of national will. Of the station he says, “The damn country needs it but they don’t know why!” Mastering the technology necessary to build a permanent workplace in earth orbit, he says, is essential preparation for tomorrow’s far voyages.

“If you’re ever going to Mars, you need that space station.” Today with the Apollo corporate memory nearly depleted from NASA and industry, Mattingly warns that we are in danger of forgetting how to explore space. “If you don’t build things, you don’t know *how* to build things. We can’t handle a ten-year hiatus. There won’t be anybody left. So is it a WPA? Maybe so, but it’s a WPA with a purpose.”

— *A Man on the Moon*, by Andrew Chaikin

p578
(partial)SFPA219

I had the inspiration to go not only farther than man had gone before, but to go as far as it was possible to go.

— Capt James Cook

SFPA219

Whenever anyone comes here to live, I make it plain that this is neither a sweatshop nor a whorehouse, but a home, and as such it combines anarchy and tyranny, without a trace of democracy as in any well-run family.

— Jubal Harshaw in *Stranger in a Strange Land*, by Robert A Heinlein

I’ll give you an exact definition: Love is that condition in which the happiness of another person is essential to your own.

— Jubal Harshaw in *Stranger in a Strange Land*, by Robert A Heinlein

“When one is of my age, one is necessarily in a hurry about some things. Each sunrise is a precious jewel, for it may never be followed by its sunset.”

Mammoud smiled. “Jubal, are you under the impression that if you stop cranking the world stops going around?”

“Most certainly, sir, from my viewpoint.”

— *Stranger in a Strange Land*, by (Robert Anson)Heinlein

Babies give meaning to the future and that is a great goodness.

— *Stranger in a Strange Land*, by Robert A Heinlein

The following bunch were forwarded by Liz, originally from:

From: braden@msw0.attnet.or.jp (Marie Braden)

Newsgroups: misc.consumers.frugal-living

Subject: Motivational thoughts

Date: Sat, 23 May 1998 13:38:52 GMT

Organization: AT&T Internet Service

Message-ID: <3566d137.16568975@news.misawa.attnet.or.jp>

These were mostly gathered from books by Kathy Peel,
but not all...and there is lots o' wisdom in here....

If you think you can, you can. If you think you can't, you're right.

— Mary Kay Ash

It's a funny thing about life: If you refuse to accept anything but the best, you very often get it.

— W Somerset Maugham

The only thing improved by anger is the arch of a cat's back.

— (unknown)

Never mistake knowledge for wisdom. One helps you make a living; the other helps you make a life.

— Sandra Carey

There has not been a single day since the world began that the sun has not been shining. The trouble has been with our vision.

— (unknown)

Blessed are they who can laugh at themselves, for they shall never cease to be amused.

— (unknown)

The right temperature for a home is created by warm hearts, not hot heads.

— (unknown)

One should not be assigned one's identity in society by the job slot one happens to fill. If we truly believe in the dignity of labor, any task can be performed with equal pride because none can demean the basic dignity of a human being.

— Judith Martin

In the end, what affects your life most deeply are things too simple to talk about.
— Nell Blaine

A great wind is blowing, and that gives you either imagination or a headache.
— Catherine the Great

When men do the dishes, it's called helping. When women do the dishes, it's called life.
— Anna Quindlen

Govern a family as you would cook a small fish—very gently.
— (unknown)

Being powerful is a lot like being a lady. If you have to tell people you are, you aren't.
— Margaret Thatcher

It is not fair to ask of others what you are not willing to do yourself.
— Eleanor Roosevelt

I don't know the key to success, but the key to failure is trying to please everybody.
— Bill Cosby

The lure of the distant and the difficult is deceptive. The great opportunity is where you are.
— John Burroughs

Too many people overvalue what they're not and undervalue what they are.
— Malcolm Forbes

Before we can move into a new ar-rangement, we must first go through a period of de-rangement.
— M C Richards

Believe in your limitations and sure enough they are yours.
— Richard Bach

Do what you can, with what you have, where you are.
— Theodore Roosevelt

Build on your strengths and your weaknesses will be irrelevant.
— Peter Drucker

I must govern the clock, not be governed by it.
— Golda Meir

Too many people, too many demands, too much to do; competent, busy, hurrying people.—It just isn't living at all.

— Anne Morrow Lindbergh

My days ran away so fast. I simply ran after my days.

— Leah Morton

I didn't bite off more than I can chew—it just grew in my mouth.

— Robert Ballard

One never notices what has been done; one can only see what remains to be done.

— Marie Curie

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

— Benjamin Franklin

Hard work is often the easy work you did not do at the proper time.

— Bernard Meltzer

Don't put off for tomorrow what you can do today, because if you enjoy it today, you can do it again tomorrow.

— James Michener

Think of what you can do with what there is.

— Ernest Hemingway

I have only one life and it is short enough. Why waste it on things I don't want most?

— Louis Brandeis

The art of being wise is the art of knowing what to overlook.

— William James

Have nothing in your house you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful.

— William Morris

About the time we think we can make ends meet, someone moves the ends.

— Herbert Hoover

Make all you can; save all you can; give all you can.

— John Wesley

I am not afraid of storms for I am learning to sail my ship.
— Louisa May Alcott

An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.
— Benjamin Franklin

Fools can make money. It takes a wise man to tell how to spend it.
— (unknown)

Opportunity is missed by most people because it is dressed in overalls.
— Thomas Edison

Imagination is more important than creativity.
— Albert Einstein

An opportunity grasped and used produces at least one other opportunity.
— Chester A. Swor

It is a very hard undertaking to seek to please everybody.
— Publilus Syrus

It isn't the big pleasures that count the most; it's making a great deal out of the little ones.
— Jean Webster

People need joy quite as much as clothing. Some of them need it far more.
— Margaret Collier Graham

Sanity belongs not to those who have the best circumstances, but to those who make the best of their circumstances.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.
— Francis Bacon

That man is richest whose pleasures are the cheapest.
— Henry David Thoreau

Whoever lives is always learning.
— Giovanni Battista Gelli

The trouble... is that we constantly put second things first.
— Lyndon Johnson

We find in life exactly what we put in.
— Ralph Waldo Emerson

Life in common among people who love each other is the ideal happiness.
— George Sand

The happiest people are those who do the most for others.
— Booker T Washington

Don't just grab the first thing that comes by...know what to turn down.
— Will Rogers

All things are to be examined and called into question. There are no limits set on thought.
— Edith Hamilton

To let friendship die away by negligence...is to voluntarily throw away one of the greatest comforts of this weary pilgrimage.
— Samuel Johnson

One who looks for a friend without faults will have none.
— (unknown)

There is no more lovely, friendly, and charming relationship, communion, or company than a good marriage.
— Martin Luther

Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards.
— Benjamin Franklin

One's best asset is a sympathetic spouse.
— Euripides

What we leave in our children is more important than what we leave to them.

The best way to have a friend is to be one.
— Ralph Waldo Emerson

Friendship with oneself is all-important, because without it one cannot be a friend with anyone else in the world.
— Eleanor Roosevelt

Life is a grindstone. But whether it grinds us down or polishes us up depends on us.
— L Thomas Holdcroft

A person wrapped up in himself makes a small package.

The treasure secretly gathered in your heart will become evident in your creative work.
— Albrecht Dürer

Before you can do something, you must first be something.
— Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

I don't think much of a man who is not wiser today than he was yesterday.
— Abraham Lincoln

The future is something which everyone reaches at the rate of sixty minutes an hour, whatever he does, whoever he is.
— C S Lewis

When one is estranged from oneself, then one is estranged from others, too.
— Anne Morrow Lindbergh

You can be pleased with nothing when you are not pleased with yourself.
— Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

You don't grow old. You get old by not growing.
— E Stanley Jones

Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body.
— Sir Richard Steele

When people are bored, it is primarily with their own selves that they are bored.
— Eric Hoffer

The greatest discovery of my generation is that human beings can alter their lives by altering their attitude of mind.
— William James

If you are ever in doubt about what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done.
— Sir John Lubbock

It is never too late to be what you could have been.
— George Eliot

The great thing in this world is not so much where we are, but in what direction we are moving.
— Oliver Wendell Holmes

One half of knowing what you want is knowing what you must give up before you get it.
— Sidney Howard

You cannot do a kindness too soon because you never know how soon it will be too late.
— Ralph Waldo Emerson

Each friend represents a world in us, a world possibly not born until they arrive, and it is only by this meeting that a new world is born.
— Anaïs Nin

Many people spend their entire life indefinitely preparing to live.
— Dr Paul Tournier

It is with life as with a play; what matters is not how long it is, but how good it is.
— Lucius Annaeus Seneca

Remember always that you have not only the right to be an individual, you have an obligation.
— Eleanor Roosevelt

The name we give to something shapes our attitude toward it.
— Katherine Paterson

First say to yourself what you would be, then do what you have to do.
— Epictetus

If dreams give you power, then I'm strong enough.
— Reba McEntire (Till You Love Me)

END MOTIVATIONAL QUOTES

“Are they all coming home?” If they ran out of bedrooms, the girls could make up dosses that would do here and there, and this crowd would probably double up anyhow. Come to think of it, he might not be allowed to sleep solo himself. He made up his mind not to fight it. It was friendly to have a warm body on the other side of the bed, even if your intentions weren't active. By God, he had forgotten how friendly it was.

— Jubal Harshaw in *Stranger in a Strange Land* by Robert A Heinlein

When you run a picture of a nice, clean all-American girl like this, get her tits above the fold.
— Al Neuharth, publisher of *USA Today*

pointed out by John McMullen

Heckler: I wouldn't vote for you if you were the Angel Gabriel.

John A MacDonald, first prime minister of Canada: My friend, you're so right; you wouldn't be in my constituency.

pointed out by John McMullen
SFPA216

Most of us know what we should expect to find in a dragon's lair, but as I said before, Eustace had read only the wrong books. They had a lot to say about exports and imports and governments and drains, but they were weak on dragons.

— *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*, C S Lewis

Team Rodent couldn't have hijacked the culture without first enlisting the press, which is easier than you think. In 1965 the publisher of the *Orlando Sentinel* learned that Walt Disney was secretly acquiring property for a giant amusement park. Walt vowed to scuttle the deal if word leaked out, so the newspaper obligingly sat on the story until the deal was done. The embargo guaranteed Disney the lowest land prices, and also a minimum of public inquiry about the possible impact of the project.

— Carl Hiaasen, *Team Rodent*

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Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.

— Groucho Marx

Those are my principles. If you don't like them I have others.

— Groucho Marx

A man's only as old as the woman he feels.

— Groucho Marx

There is no sweeter sound than the crumbling of your fellow man.

— Groucho Marx

I was married by a judge. I should have asked for a jury.

— Groucho Marx

Time wounds all heels.

— Groucho Marx

Marry me and I'll never look at another horse.

— Groucho Marx

Whatever it is, I'm against it.

— Groucho Marx

Quote me as saying I was misquoted.

— Groucho Marx

Hell does not always look like hell: on a good day it can look a lot like LA.

— Eugene Sands (David Duchovny) in *Playing God*

Stop the car!?! *This is a car chase.* I went to considerable expense to set this up. We can't just stop.

— Raymond Blossom (Timothy Hutton) in *Playing God*

Anyway, [I've corrected the bug], creating rev 1.6 on this day, Anno Domini. (Or Anna Domina, a professional historian & dominatrix I used to know back in university.)

— John McMullen, Softway Systems, 23.vi.98

And if you want to enjoy the Macarena, you have got to do it nude.

— John L Ferri

pointed out by John McMullen

The downsizing trend that swept newspapers in the early nineties was aimed at sustaining the bloated profit margins in which the industry had wallowed for most of the century. A new soulless breed of corporate managers, unburdened by a passion for serious journalism, found an easy way to reduce the cost of publishing a daily newspaper. The first casualty was depth.

Cutting the amount of space devoted to news instantly justified cutting the staff. At many papers, downsizing was the favored excuse for eliminating such luxuries as police desks, suburban editions, foreign bureaus, medical writers, environmental specialists and, of course, investigative teams (which were always antagonizing civic titans and important advertisers). As newspapers grew thinner and shallower, the men who published them worked harder to assure Wall Street that readers neither noticed nor cared.

— Carl Hiaasen, *Lucky You*

The managing editor explained that the job of newspaper reporter no longer carried the stature it had in the days of Watergate. The nineties had brought a boom in celebrity journalism, a decline in serious investigative reporting, and a deliberate softening of the product by publishers. The result he said was that daily papers seldom caused a ripple in their communities and people paid less and less attention to them.

— Carl Hiaasen, *Lucky You*

SFFA204

Once you realize that “Tuesday, November Third” ↔ “Many voted, Bush retired,” the search for all future anagrams is rendered uninteresting.

— David Fry

pointed out by John McMullen

Don hated to take sides. He remembered the story of the Trojan War in high school and how it all started because poor Paris got himself trapped into judging which goddess was most beautiful. Never get in the middle of arguments between women, that was the main theme of Homer, as far as Don ever cared—it was the only lesson that seemed to apply to the real world.

— *Homebody*, Orson Scott Card

The Right believes that small secret groups act in concert to achieve their aims. The Left believes that entire classes and races act in concert to achieve their aims. I’m not sure which I find less plausible.

— Arthur D Hlavaty

As one who prefers low-maintenance possessions and body parts, I’m glad I was circumcised.

— Arthur D Hlavaty

The movie is an assault on the eyes, the ears, the brain, common sense, and the human desire to be entertained. No matter what they’re charging to get in, it’s worth more to get out.

— Roger Ebert, reviewing *Armageddon*

SFFA204

I found a big poster that was fresh off the presses with the quotes of junket blurbsters. “It will obliterate your senses!” reports David Gillin, who obviously writes autobiographically. “It will suck the air right out of your lungs!” vows Diane Kaminsky. If it does, consider it a mercy killing.

— Roger Ebert, reviewing *Armageddon*

SFFA222

You ask whether getting a share of what others make from our work isn't how we define a fair wage. I think it isn't, or it isn't the only way. Some people (like the guys at Ben & Jerry's) think it's unfair for anyone in the organization to make more than five times what anybody else in the organization makes. Some think that there should be consideration of local cost of living; some look at comparable wages in other organizations. I think a strictly libertarian economic view would say that professional athletes get a fair wage because nobody in the negotiation among owners and athletes is coerced, but I just don't necessarily think that what athletes do (or what movie stars do) is worth a thousand times as much as what teachers do. In the case of pro athletes, their salaries and the enormous profits of owners seems to be supported by a combination of enormous media deals, raising admission prices past what working-class families can afford, and extorting tax abatements and stadium giveaways from cities, paid for by taxing people including those who can no longer afford to go to games. So, no, I don't think an athlete getting \$20 million is ripping off the owner; I think the athletes are participating in the owners' ripoff of the rest of us. (If this sounds overheated, think how it would sound if I were actually at all interested in professional sports.)

— Alan Prince Winston, in “The Seventh Moon Brings Bliss”, for
LASFAPA 262

The Universe speaks in many languages, but in only one voice. The language is not Narn or Human or Centauri or Gaham or Minbari. It speaks in the language of hope; it speaks in the language of trust; it speaks in the language of strength and the language of compassion. It is the language of the heart and the language of the soul.

But always it is the same voice. It is the voice of our ancestors speaking through us, the voice of our inheritors waiting to be born. It is the small, still voice that says, “We are one.” No matter the blood, no matter the skin, no matter the race, no matter the star, *we are* one. No matter the pain, no matter the darkness, no matter the loss, no matter the fear, we are one.

Here, gathered together in common cause, we agree to recognize this singular truth and this singular rule: That we must be kind to one another, because each voice enriches us and ennobles us, and each voice lost diminishes us. We are the voice of the universe, the soul of creation, the fire that will light the way to a better future. We are one.

We are one.

— G'Kar's Declaration of Principles from *Babylon 5* episode “The Paragon of Animals”

Mark released Reggie's hand and ran to meet his mother. Diane grabbed and hugged him, and for an awkward second or two, everyone either watched or looked at the terminal in the distance. They said nothing as they embraced. He squeezed her tightly around the neck and finally said through tears, “I'm sorry Mom, I'm so sorry.” She clutched his head and pressed it to her shoulder and at the same time thought of strangling him and never letting go.

— *The Client* by John Grisham

Maybe we ought to remember the obligations we incur when we govern America. Maybe we ought to remember the principles of the founder of our party. We might want to understand that our obligation first of all is to those who can't care for themselves in this society, and that includes our children. Shouldn't it define the Republican Party that we should do everything we can to handle this scourge, this disease that is rampant throughout young children in America? Doesn't that define the Republican Party?

— Sen John McCain (R-AZ), on the Senate floor, 17 June 1998, just before a procedural vote killed his tobacco control bill

quoted in the 15 July 98 issue of *The Washington Spectator*

Why is the United States, at the peak of its economic performance, still being told that we can't provide a good education for each child, health care for every family, and a living wage for every worker?

— Sen Paul Wellstone (D-MN), quoted by David Broder

quoted in the 15 July 98 issue of *The Washington Spectator*

It's never been "We're doing this for the good of society." It's always been us taking an intellectual pride in putting out a good product—and making money. If putting a computer on every desktop and in every home didn't make money, we wouldn't do it.

— Susan's philosophy about working at Microsoft from *Microseifs* by Douglas Coupland

There has to be more to existence than this. "*Dominating as many broad areas cf automated consumerism as possible*"—that doesn't seem to cut it anymore

— Todd's philosophy from *Microseifs* by Douglas Coupland

Todd: "Marxism presupposed that technology would never pass beyond a certain point... Marxism's 19th-century creation lends it an attractive distance in the postindustrial, late capitalist era"

Ethan: "There is more to prosperity than envy and redistribution."

Susan: "I'm *sure* the Hollywood unions are just waiting with bated breath for coding and multimedia production to unionize. What's it going to be—I write the code and then somebody from I.A.T.S.E. comes in and has to press the RETURN key?"

— Office debate from *Microseifs* by Douglas Coupland

contrast Todd's view with Richard Stallman's software socialism

Michael said something cool today. He said something remarkable and unprecedented has occurred to us as a species now—“We’ve reached a critical mass point where the amount of memory we have externalized in books and databases (to name but a few sources) now exceeds the amount of memory contained within our collective biological bodies. In other words, there’s more memory ‘out there’ than exists inside ‘all of us.’ We’ve peripheralized our essence.”

He went on:

“Given this new situation, the presumption of the existence of the notion of ‘history’ becomes not necessarily dead but somewhat *beside the point*. Access to memory replaces historical knowledge as a way for our species to process its past. Memory has replaced history—and this is not bad news. On the contrary, it’s excellent news because it means we’re no longer doomed to repeat our mistakes; we can edit ourselves as we go along, like an on-screen document. The transition from history at the center to memory on the periphery may prove to be initially bumpy as people shed their intellectual inertia on the issue, but the transition is an inevitability, and thank heavens we have changed the nature of change itself—the prospect of cyclical wars and dark ages and golden ages has never particularly appealed to me”

Finally:

“And the continuing democratization of memory can only accelerate the obsolescence of history as we once understood it. History has been revealed as a fluid intellectual construct, susceptible to revisionism, in which a set of individuals with access to a large database dominates another set with less access. The age-old notion of ‘knowledge is power’ is overturned when all memory is copy-and-paste-able—knowledge becomes wisdom, and creativity and intelligence, previously thwarted by lack of access to new ideas, can flourish.”

— *Microseifs* by Douglas Coupland

Susan said, “Ever notice how, like, nobody ever goes *shopping* on *Star Trek*? They’re a totally post-money society. If they want a banana they simply photocopy one on the replicator. Substitute Malaysia or Mexico for the replicator, and make Palo Alto the Bridge, and *bingo*: RIGHT NOW = STAR TREK.”

It’s true.

If you think about it.

I added, “Ever notice how they never have to report to anybody on *Star Trek*? No suits zoom in from Star Fleet Corporate and hold them fiscally responsible for frying a dilithium crystal doing doughnuts in the Delta Quadrant. Or Star Fleet Marketing, for that matter.”...

Karla likes the notion of TrekPolitiks. “Left *vs* right is obsolete. Politics is, in the end, about biology, information, diversification, numbers, numbers, and numbers—all candy coated with charisma and guns.”

Karla, like myself is of the new apolitical pick-and-choose style of citizen. I think politics is soon going to resemble a J. Crew catalogue more than some 1776 ideal. If somebody wants to run for office, they had better be able to explain why they want to run for office. Wanting to be a candidate seems, in itself, reason for exclusion.

Dusty said, “Thomas Jefferson never anticipated Victoria’s Secret catalogues and media-induced social atomization. Just think—we’re rapidly approaching a world composed entirely of jail and shopping.” She paused to consider this, said, “Grotacious!” then she went for a jog.

— *Microseifs* by Douglas Coupland

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As a people, we have the right and duty... to protect ourselves and our children against the wasteful development of our natural resources.

— Theodore Roosevelt

A newspaper must at all times antagonize the selfish interests of that very class which furnishes the larger part of a newspaper’s income. . . The press in this country is. . . so thoroughly dominated by the wealthy few. . . that it cannot be depended upon to give the great mass of the people that correct information concerning political, economical and social subjects. . . which it is necessary that the mass of people shall have in order that they vote. . . in the best way to protect themselves from the brutal force and chicanery of the ruling and employing classes.

— E W Scripps

These next four were pointed out by Sheila Suess Kennedy in *What’s a Nice Republican Girl Like Me Doing in the ACLU?*, Prometheus, 1997, ISBN 1-57392-143-2:

Believing with you that religion is a matter which lies solely between man and his God; that he owes account to none other than his faith or his worship; that the legislative powers of the government reach actions only, and not opinions—I contemplate with sovereign reverence that act of the whole American people which declared that their legislature shall “make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof” thus building a wall of separation between Church and State.

— Thomas Jefferson, letter to the Danbury Baptist Association, 1802.

When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself; and when it cannot support itself, and God does not take care to support it, so that its professors are obliged to call for the help of the civil power, it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one.

— Benjamin Franklin, letter to Richard Price

The very purpose of a Bill of Rights was to withdraw certain subjects from the vicissitudes of political controversy, to place them beyond the reach of majorities and officials and to establish them as legal principles to be applied by the courts. One's right to life, liberty, and property, to free speech, a free press, freedom of worship and assembly, and other fundamental rights may not be submitted to a vote; they depend on the outcome of no elections.

— Robert Houghwout Jackson, *West Virginia State Board of Education v. Barnette*, 319 US 624 (1943)

Of all tyrannies, a tyranny exercised for the good of its victims may be the most oppressive. It may be better to live under robber barons than under omnipotent moral busybodies. The robber baron's cruelty may sometimes sleep, his cupidity may at some point be satiated; but those who torment us for our own good will torment us without end, for they do so with the approval of their conscience.

— Clive Staples Lewis

You should be able to accessorize your sex life the same way you go to Mountain Equipment Co-op and accessorize your mountain climbing gear

— Janna Sylvest, co-owner of Womyn's Ware, a sex-toy shop in Toronto, quoted in the *Globe and Mail*, 20 August 1998

[T]ake no riffe raffe bookes for such would prove a discredit to our Librarie

— Thomas Bodley letter to Thomas James, as James was organizing the Bodleian Library

“riffe raffe” in the context meant “in English” interestingly enough
COLUMN11/98

In Germany, the Nazis first came for the Communists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists, but I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics, but I didn't speak up because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me, and by that time there was no one left to speak up for me.

— Rev Martin Niemoeller

interned Dachau 1938; freed by Allied forces 1945.

... Then anyone who leaves behind him a written manual, and likewise anyone who receives it, in the belief that such writing will be clear and certain, must be exceedingly simple-minded...

— Plato, *Phaedrus*

pointed out by John McMullen

I'm just sick of all the *isms* whether it's Catholicism, Protestantism, communism, capitalism, because everybody always thinks my *ism* is better than everybody else's *ism*. The only *ism* that I can be really happy about is humanism, where you respect everybody.

— Ted Turner

Heroes and winners aren't the same thing.

— Michael Kevin Farrell, *Cleveland Plain Dealer Magazine*

Society works by putting opportunity and responsibility together.

— Tony Blair

Manners are just a formal expression of how you treat people.

— Molly Ivins

Your children make it impossible to regret your past. They're its finest fruits.

— Anna Quindlen, *Black and Blue*

Government-run schools are one of the few remaining “street corners” in an increasingly balkanized society. They are part of an endangered social infrastructure that promotes our shared identity as Americans.

— Sheila Suess Kennedy in *What's a Nice Republican Girl Like Me Doing in the ACLU?*

Prometheus, 1997, ISBN 1-57392-143-2, p148

We have forgotten that the “public” in public schools means not just paid for by the public but procreative of the very idea of a public. Public schools are how a public—a citizenry—is forged and how young, selfish individuals turn into conscientious, community-minded citizens

Among the several literacies that have attracted the anxious attention of commentators, civil literacy has been the least visible. Yet this is the fundamental literacy by which we live in a civil society. It encompasses the competence to participate in democratic communities, the ability to think critically and act with deliberation in a pluralistic world, and the empathy to identify sufficiently with others to live with them despite conflicts of interest and differences in character. At the most elementary level, what our children suffer from most, whether they’re hurling racial epithets from fraternity porches or shooting one another in schoolyards, is the absence of civility.

Civility is the work of the imagination, for it is through the imagination that we render others sufficiently like ourselves for them to become subjects of tolerance and respect, if not always affection. Democracy is anything but a “natural” form of association. It is an extraordinary and rare contrivance of cultivated imagination. Give the uneducated the right to participate in making collective decisions, and what results is not democracy but, at best, mob rule: the government of private prejudice once known as the tyranny of opinion. For Jefferson, the difference between the democratic temperance he admired in agrarian America and the rule of the rabble he condemned when viewing the social unrest of Europe’s teeming cities was quite simply education. Madison hoped to “filter” our popular passion through the device of representation. Jefferson saw in education a filter that could be installed within each individual, giving to each the capacity to rule prudently. Education creates a ruling aristocracy to which all can belong. At its best, the American dream of a free and equal society governed by judicious citizens has been the dream of an aristocracy of everyone.

— Benjamin Barber, “America Skips School,” *Harper’s Magazine*,
Nov 1993

from Sheila Suess Kennedy’s book

I am convinced that the great preponderance of attacks on public education are part and parcel of today’s culture wars. Attacks on the schools have become an ideological tool in a high stakes game of power politics. The public schools have become a convenient target for extremist political groups, *precisely because the schools are so important—and effective—in transmitting our national values.*

If schools teach the value of freedom of expression, how will we rid the libraries and airwaves of material we find objectionable? If schools teach that all citizens are entitled to equal treatment before the law, how can we be sure that children will grow up to condemn gays and lesbians? How can we ensure that women will understand their obligation to be submissive to their husbands? If schools teach that religious liberty requires government neutrality, how will we signal the superiority of the “Judeo-Christian tradition?” What if children grow up believing in evolution? In the separation of church and state? If schools teach that the Constitution protects a zone of privacy, will women think they can make their own decisions about procreation and reproduction? If we can’t make children pray in school, how can we even be sure that they are praying to the right God? Or praying at all?

— Sheila Suess Kennedy in *What’s a Nice Republican Girl Like Me
Doing in the ACLU?*

Prometheus, 1997, ISBN 1-57392-143-2, p154

In a very real sense, the fate of the American experiment with liberty rests with the institution of public education. If we abandon it, rather than working to fix it, we will be abandoning the quintessentially American belief that anyone, from any background, can succeed.

— Sheila Suess Kennedy in *What's a Nice Republican Girl Like Me Doing in the ACLU?*

Prometheus, 1997, ISBN 1-57392-143-2, p155

The civil liberties we cherish are dependent for their continued existence on mutually respectful, thoughtful discourse; dependent upon the premise that one can be steadfast without being shrill, disapproving of someone else's behavior or legal position without being vitriolic, hateful, or intellectually dishonest. For some, obviously, the ends justify the means—but for us, for civil libertarians, the ends *are* the means: the integrity of the political process and the marketplace of ideas.

— Sheila Suess Kennedy in *What's a Nice Republican Girl Like Me Doing in the ACLU?*

Prometheus, 1997, ISBN 1-57392-143-2, p163

The “Campaign for Civility” emphasized the importance of courtesy and mutual respect in the face of deeply held differences of opinion. As I told my members, I was under no illusion that we could somehow be able to turn the spigot and stop the flow of vitriol and ugliness. But we could refuse to participate. We could resolve to use our free speech rights to persuade others of the need for civil discourse.

— Sheila Suess Kennedy in *What's a Nice Republican Girl Like Me Doing in the ACLU?*

Prometheus, 1997, ISBN 1-57392-143-2, p163

America is the most diverse nation on earth. We are black, brown, white, and yellow; Jewish, Hindu, Muslim, Christian, and atheist; rich, middle class, and poor. We are educated and ignorant, Republican and Democrat, straight and gay, urban and rural. Unlike societies based on the homogeneity of populations, we are held together by an idea—a unique philosophy of governance. It requires a great deal of us as citizens, including at an absolute minimum that we handle our inevitable differences with courtesy and mutual respect. Civility is an essential condition of our *civitas*.

We cannot allow the fanatics and zealots to capture the political process and monopolize the public debate.

— Sheila Suess Kennedy in *What's a Nice Republican Girl Like Me Doing in the ACLU?*

Prometheus, 1997, ISBN 1-57392-143-2, p165

The Talmud says you are not expected to change the world in one generation, but you are not free not to try. We can't change the fact that many people will act out of fright, anger, and hate, but we can redouble our own efforts to foster thoughtful and meaningful discussion. We can refuse to engage in the culture wars. We can contribute to a principled public dialogue. We can embrace and defend the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. We can try.

And we must.

— Sheila Suess Kennedy in *What's a Nice Republican Girl Like Me Doing in the ACLU?*

Prometheus, 1997, ISBN 1-57392-143-2, p165

For an adult reader, the possible verdicts are five: I can see this is good and I like it; I can see this is good but I don't like it; I can see this is good and, though at present I don't like it, I believe that with perseverance I shall come to like it; I can see that this is trash but I like it; I can see that this is trash and I don't like it.

— W H Auden, *A Certain World*

pointed out by John McMullen

After Iran-Contra, the defeat of Supreme Court nominee Robert Bork, and the bloodying of Clarence Thomas—I viewed Troopergate as not only a good story—but as “an eye for an eye.”

— David Brock, *Esquire*, July 1997

I think frankly it is outrageous to pry into a man's past and try to do damage to a man's wife and children under the guise of journalism.

— Pat Robertson to *The New York Times*, Oct 9, 1987

after the Times started comparing his wedding date (Aug 27, 1954) and birth date of his son (ten weeks later)

Deciphering is, in my opinion, one of the most fascinating of arts, and I fear I have wasted upon it more time than it deserves.

— Charles Babbage

quoted by Bill Gates in *The Road Ahead*

Who am I? I am Susan Ivanova, Commander, daughter of Andrei and Sophie Ivanov. I am the Right Hand of Vengeance and the boot that is going to kick your sorry ass all the way back to Earth. I am Death Incarnate, and the last living thing that you are ever going to see. *God sent me.*

— Cmdr Susan Ivanova in *Babylon 5* episode “Between the Darkness and the Light”

SFFA207

If the primates that we came from had known that someday politicians would come out of the gene pool, they'd have stayed up in the trees and written off evolution as a bad idea.

— Capt John Sheridan in *Babylon 5* episode “A Distant Star”

SFFA212

Why shouldn't I work for the NSA? That's a tough one, but I'll give it a shot. Say I'm working at NSA. Somebody puts a code on my desk, something nobody else can break. So I take a shot at it and maybe I break it. And I'm real happy with myself, 'cause I did my job well. But maybe that code was the location of some rebel army in North Africa or the Middle East. Once they have that location, they bomb the village where the rebels were hiding and fifteen hundred people I never had a problem with get killed. Now the politicians are sayin', "Send in the marines to secure the area" 'cause they don't give a shit. It won't be their kid over there, gettin' shot. Just like it wasn't them when their number was called, 'cause they were pullin' a tour in the National Guard. It'll be some guy from Southie takin' shrapnel in the ass. And he comes home to find that the plant he used to work at got exported to the country he just got back from. And the guy who put the shrapnel in his ass got his old job, 'cause he'll work for fifteen cents a day and no bathroom breaks. Meanwhile my buddy from Southie realizes the only reason he was over there was so we could install a government that would sell us oil at a good price. And of course the oil companies used the skirmish to scare up oil prices so they could turn a quick buck. A cute little ancillary benefit for them but it ain't helping my buddy at two-fifty a gallon. And naturally they're takin' their sweet time bringin' the oil back, and maybe even took the liberty of hiring an alcoholic skipper who likes to drink martinis and play slalom with the icebergs, and it ain't too long 'til he hits one, spills the oil and kills all the sea life in the North Atlantic. So my buddy's out of work and he can't afford to drive, so he's got to walk to the job interviews, which sucks 'cause the schrapnel in his ass is givin' him chronic hemorrhoids. And meanwhile he's starvin' 'cause every time he tries to get a bite to eat the only blue plate special they're servin' is North Atlantic scrod with Quaker State. So what do I think? I'm holdin' out for somethin' better. Why not just shoot my buddy, take his job and give it to his sworn enemy, hike up gas prices, bomb a village, club a baby seal, hit the hash pipe and join the National Guard? I could be elected president.

— Will Hunting in *Good Will Hunting*

It is not the criminal things which are hardest to confess, but the ridiculous and shameful.

— Jean Jacques Rousseau

pointed out by John McMullen

Time flies when you're young and jerking off.

— Jim Carroll

pointed out by John McMullen

I grew up in Miami Beach, which was basically all created in 1920 or later. Then I lived in Atlanta, which had buildings from before the Civil War, and I thought that was old. Then I lived in New York, and there were buildings that went back to the 1700s, and I was in awe. Then I went to the UK, and saw Roman roads and was very impressed. But then I moved to Israel...

— Janice Gelb, *rec.arts.sf.fandom*, 27 September 1998

Message-ID: <6uke44\$370\$5@engnews1.eng.sun.com>
SFFA208

“Why do rational intelligent adults still succumb to the fantasy of ‘marriage’ given the historic failure rates of such endeavors...?”

“Because when the endeavor succeeds, it succeeds in such a way that all other earthly pleasures pale by comparison”

— “Prof Jones” vs Steve Carnes in *boulder.general*, 30 September 1998

Jones, Message-ID: <01bdeca1\$b6a37f60\$9603aecf@root>

Carnes, Message-ID: <3612993E.9329D1B@stortek.com>

“So, Commander, after all you’ve just gone through, I have to ask you the same question a lot of people back home are asking about space these days: Is it worth it? Should we just pull back and forget the whole thing as a bad idea and take care of our own problems at home?”

“No. We have to stay here. And there’s a simple reason why: Ask ten different scientists about the environment, population control, genetics and you’ll get ten different answers. But there’s one thing every scientist on the planet agrees on. Whether it happens in a hundred years or a thousand years or a million years, eventually our sun will grow cold and go out. When that happens, it won’t just take us, it’ll take Marilyn Monroe. And Lao Tzu and Einstein and Morobuto and Buddy Holly and Aristophanes. All of this — *all* of this — was for nothing unless we go to the stars.”

— Interview with Cmdr Jeffrey Sinclair in *Babylon 5* episode “Infection”

(partial)SFPA219

Is it possible to see this simple business as obscure and mysterious? We must try.

— J S Bell

With everyone now on the same side, perhaps you’re planning to invade yourselves for a change. I find the idea curiously appealing. Once you’ve finished killing each other, we can plow under all the buildings, and plant rows of flowers that spell out the words “Too Annoying To Live” in letters big enough to be seen from space.

— G’Kar to Londo Molari in *Babylon 5* episode “A Tragedy of Telepaths”

To do good is noble. To teach others to do good is nobler, and no trouble.

— Mark Twain, book inscription to a young Winston Churchill

quoted by Stewart Brand in “Learning from the Earthquake”, *Whole Earth Review*, Fall 1990

The universe is run by the complex interweaving of three elements: matter, energy and enlightened self-interest.

— G’Kar in *Babylon 5* episode “Survivors”

He said, “Domina, it will be all right; you will be all right, won’t you? What did the doctor say?”

“He gave me an approximate date, and told me to drink plenty of milk. . . . Peter, it’s nice of you to react by worrying about me — but are you pleased?”

“Pleased?” he said, “*Pleased?* That’s no sort of word for it — my blood rejoices in my veins! I can feel the eternal stage-hands shift the scenery around us as we stand.”

“What scene gives way to what, my lord?”

“In all the vanished legions of the past,” he said, “the Vanes and Wimseys glory in our light, wearing ancestral titles down another swathe of years.”

“Oh, Peter,” she said, smiling, “I told Jerry once I was tempted to marry you just to hear you spouting nonsense.”

“And the future,” he said, suddenly sombre, “opens up before us real and urgent.”

“That’s not nonsense,” she said. “Do we do right to bring a child into the present time?”

“There’s what we can do for any child of ours,” he said, “and there’s what no one can do for any child at all.”

“They make their own way, you mean?”

“They claim or renounce their inheritance in their own time, and make or break the time accordingly. We shall lavish every gift we have on ours, but we cannot give it safety.”

— Harriet Vane Wimsey announces her first pregnancy to her husband, Lord Peter Wimsey, *Thrones, Dominations*, by Dorothy L Sayers and Jill Paton Walsh

Extracts from the diary of Honoria Lucasta, Dowager Duchess of Denver:

25th August [1936]

Sent Franklin to Hatchards for copy of *War and Peace*. . . Silly woman came back with *Anna Karenina*, saying it was the nearest thing she could find. Got as far as the first sentence, “All happy families resemble one another, but each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.” Great author has got that the wrong way round. *I* think unhappiness is much the same whatever the reasons for it, and happiness is a quirky odd sort of thing. Surely nobody before has been happy in precisely the way that my Peter and Harriet are? Must be reading the wrong book — will ask Harriet to lend me *War and Peace*.

— *Thrones, Dominations* by Dorothy L Sayers and Jill Paton Walsh

SFFA207

“You said I was the finest man you ever knew. Probably am. Most of humanity isn’t all that goddamned fine to begin with. I am flawed. You are flawed. But we are not flawed beyond the allowable limit. And our affection for each other is not flawed at all.”

She had stopped looking at the distance and was looking, for the first time, at me.

“And every day I have loved you,” I said, “has been a privilege.”

— Spenser to Susan in *Sudden Mischief*, by Robert B Parker

p199

“Been keeping company,” Hawk said, “with a woman works for a software outfit. One night she show me the wonders of the Internet.”

“Your reward probably for being such a studly,” I said.

“Studly be its own reward,” Hawk said. “Anyway, that more than I want to know about computers.”

“You don’t groove on the information highway?”

Hawk snorted.

“What I like,” I said, “is how this wondrous artifact of science is primarily useful as a conveyance for dirty pictures.”

— Spenser and Hawk in *Sudden Mischief*, by Robert B Parker

p131

We loitered in the hall another twenty minutes, while Sean Reilly practiced his black arts. Hawk took the opportunity to brush up on his surveillance skills by watching the receptionist in the design office across the hall.

“Are you objectifying that young woman?” I said.

“Absolutely not,” Hawk said. “I thinking about her with her clothes off.”

“Oh,” I said. “No problem there.”

— Spenser and Hawk in *Sudden Mischief*, by Robert B Parker

p136

I recall in discovering past events over many years, and one thing that remained with me throughout those many years was a total commitment to the cause of peace. We quarrel, we agree; we are friendly, we are not friendly. But we have no right to dictate through irresponsible action or narrow-mindedness the future of our children and their children’s children. There has been enough destruction. Enough death. Enough waste. And it’s time that, together, we occupy a place beyond ourselves, our peoples, that is worthy of them under the sun, the descendants of the children of Abraham.

— King Hussein of Jordan, 23 October 1998, at White House signing of mid-east peace agreement

SFFA217c

Aren't we fighting fire with fire, descending to the gutter tactics of those we deplore? Frankly, yes. But ugly times call for ugly tactics. When a pack of sanctimonious thugs beats you and your country upside the head with a tire-iron, you can withdraw to the sideline and meditate, or you can grab it out of their hands and fight back.

Ken Starr opened up his Republican supporters to sexual scrutiny the moment he delivered a 445-page report to Congress that was nothing more than a sensationalistic accounting of the president's affair designed to drive him from the White House. Starr's investigation is the true scandal, a political lynching party that, finding nothing of legal import in Whitewater, quick-changed into the most expensive and tawdry sex probe in American history, sullyng the presidency and the nation's world standing in the process.

We hope by publishing today's article to bring this entire sordid conflict to a head and expose its utter absurdity. Does the fact that Henry Hyde engaged in an adulterous affair, and tried to keep it hidden from his family and constituents, mean he is not fit to hold public office? Absolutely not. And the same is true of President Clinton. It's time to put an end to the confusion of the personal and the political, this moralistic furor that has wreaked utter havoc with our system of governance.

— *Salon* magazine, editorial on publishing story about Henry Hyde (R-IL), Sept. 16, 1998

Nearly all men can stand adversity, but if you want to test a man's character, give him power.

— Abraham Lincoln

It seems to me there's one flaw in the Total Quality Management concept: if you're not already doing the common sense things defined as quality, what are the chances that quality training will help? ... On my planet there's not much evidence for that assumption.

— Scott Adams, *The Dilbert Principle*

This is on the tape of the book, which I borrowed from the library, but I can't find it in the book.

Managers are like cats in a litter box. They instinctively shuffle things around to conceal what they've done. In the business world this process is called "reorganizing." A normal manager will reorganize often, as long as he's fed.

— Scott Adams, *The Dilbert Principle*, chapter 22, "How to tell if your company is doomed"

Finally — and this is the last time I'm going to say it — we're all idiots and we're going to make mistakes. That's not necessarily bad. I have a saying: "Creativity is allowing yourself to make mistakes. Art is knowing which ones to keep."

— Scott Adams, *The Dilbert Principle*, chapter 26, "New company model"

I held a small, white, spiral-bound book. I waved it at Brian. “In here was the entire Unix operating system,” I said, “all of it, down to the bottom.”

We were sitting on the floor by the fire. It was sometime during the first long night we spent together.

“You could sit and read this one book and know everything about the entire operating environment,” I said. “System calls. Commands. Network interfaces. Input devices. File system. The whole environment—in one book. I spent my life with this thing. I mean it *was* my life for a while.”

The book was a Bell Laboratories manual for Unix Release 3.0. It measure six by nine inches, held about 500 pages. On the cover was the old Ma Bell logo and the date: June 1980. It came from the days when I stopped being a mere programmer and was first called a “software engineer.” I looked on the inside cover where I’d written my name. Funny: my signature hadn’t changed in all those years.

“Throw it away,” said Brian. “It’s ancient.”

“Well, it’s old but—”

“Throw it away!”

“What do you mean, throw it away? It’s history. It’s valuable.”

Brian laughed at me. “It’s trash.”

“No, it’s not trash. It’s interesting.” I held in my hand the little knowledge base that had made me an engineer. The whole curve of my life, my conception of myself, my sense that I could go deeper into the technical—all that came after I read that small white-covered book. How could it be trash, and so soon? I had a sudden vision of myself as a doddering codger showing off the stamp collection to junior. “It’s worth looking at again,” I protested. “I mean, don’t you think it’s bizarre that now I could fill this room with manuals, read every one of them, and still not understand the Unix operating environment? Don’t you think it means something about what’s happening to our profession?”

— Ellen Ullman, *Close to the Machine*, 1997, City Lights Books.

ISBN 0-87286-337-9/0-87286-332-8, p113ff

We can no longer assume that this effort to bring down the government will collapse under its own lack of substance. Too many people in politics, the pulpit and the press have too much to gain, whether it be ratings, book contracts, re-election or vengeance.

What can we do? We have raised our voices as loudly as we can. And in this special issue, we have collected many of the voices of our culture, together with the voices of young Americans speaking out — to the president, to Congress and to the media.

But the bottom line is your vote. The 1998 congressional elections take place on Tuesday, November 3rd. The Starr-Gingrich-Bennett minority will be out in force, full of passion and intensity. They are counting on a low voter turnout and nonparticipation to hurt the president further.

We say that we are fed up with this inquisition into the sexual lives of our leaders, and to hell with the torturers.

Vote down this inquisition.

— Jann S Wenner, from an editorial in *The Rolling Stone*, issue 799, 12 November 1998.

The Russians have wonderfully continuous potational pretext: At the APL '93 Conference in St Petersburg, a typical toast was: "If Lenin alive now, he would be 123 years, three months, four days and six hours old."

— Stan Kelly-Bootle, *Unix Review* December 1998

Webster's notes "**potation** the act or an instance of drinking or inhaling; also: the portion taken in one such act."

Great research libraries are repositories of our social, cultural, and scientific heritage. Their rare books and manuscripts are vital to understanding the world and are often irreplaceable objects of study for scholars who add to our knowledge of ourselves and our environment.

— Lewis A Kaplan, in his decision in *United States cf America v Daniel A Spiegelman*, 97 Crim 309, USDC, SDNY

For the last century, almost all top political appointments in Terra had been made by random computer selection from the pool of individuals who had the necessary qualifications. It had taken the human race several thousand years to realize that there were some jobs that should never be given to the people who volunteered for them, especially if they showed too much enthusiasm. As one shrewd political commentator had remarked: "We want a President who has to be carried screaming and kicking into the White House—but will do the best job he possibly can, so that he'll get time off for good behavior"

— Arthur C Clarke, *Imperial Earth*

chapter 19
SFFA218

Confrontation over issues is not the political style in Baileyville. The smallness of the town has a good deal to do with this, . . . the names on the mailboxes tend to match up with the names on the tombstones. A lot of people are in some way related, and even those who are not can name each other's grandparents and second cousins. Such intimacy breeds tolerance and a certain kind of conservatism.

— Frances FitzGerald, "A Disagreement in Baileyville", *The New Yorker*, 16 January 1984

p47ff
SFFA214

Good old Watson! You are the one fixed point in a changing age. There's an east wind coming all the same, such a wind as never blew on England yet. It will be cold and bitter, Watson, and a good many of us may wither before its blast. But it's God's own wind none the less, and a cleaner, better, stronger land will lie in the sunshine when the storm has cleared.

— Sherlock Holmes, in "His Last Bow"

To keep silent and act wise / Still not as good as drinking sake / Getting drunk and weeping.

— Otomo no Tabito (665-731)

pointed out by John McMullen
