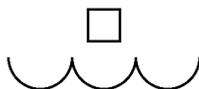


COMMONPLACE BOOK

PART ONE

This is one of an occasional series of selections from my collection of interesting and useful quotations — alternate title, *Bartland's Unfamiliar Quotations* — 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 2 June 2001 at Bywater Press, 3243 165th Ave, SE, Bellevue, Washington.

This chapbook exists because of conversation in SFFPA 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. 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 when SFFPA's shipping weight is well short of an even pound. (In other words, since we have to pay postage to the next even pound anyway, these won't appear if there is an incremental postage cost to SFFPA.) Additional sections will be published as time and space allow; an index will appear in the last section. Notations appear below quotations that have been seen in SFFPA, LASFAPA, or *Server/Workstation Expert*.



“Books are not holy relics,” Trefusis had said. “Words may be my religion, but when it comes to worship, I am very low church. The temples and the graven images are of no interest to me. The superstitious mammetry of a bourgeois obsession for books is severely annoying. Think how many children are put off reading by prissy little people ticking them off whenever they turn a page carelessly. The world is fond of saying that books should be ‘treated with respect.’ But when are we told that *words* should be treated with respect? From our earliest years we are taught to revere only the outward and visible. Ghastly literary types maundering on about books as ‘objects.’ ... A book is a piece of technology. If people wish to amass them and pay high prices for this one or that, well and good. But they can’t pretend that it is any higher or more intelligent a calling than collecting snuff-boxes or bubble-gum cards.”

— *The Liar*, by Stephen Fry

page 37 — interesting concurrence on the idea of bits versus atoms, see also Negroponte
SFFA202

“When I have the map, I will be free and the world will be different because I have understanding.”

“Uh, understanding of what, Master?”

“Digital watches. And soon I shall have understanding of video cassette recorders and car telephones. And when I have understanding of them, I shall have understanding of computers. And when I have understanding of computers, I shall be the Supreme Being.

“God isn’t interested in technology; He knows nothing of the potential of the microchip or the silicon revolution. Look how he spends his time: forty-three species of parrot! nipples for men!”

“Slugs.”

“Slugs! – He created slugs!:: they can’t hear; they can’t speak; they can’t operate machinery. If I were creating a world, I wouldn’t mess about with butterflies and daffodils, I would have started with lasers, eight o’clock, day one!”

— *Time Bandits*

... the system asks you to repeat the entry to minimize the change of a typing error...

— article in *Computerworld*

SFFA113

I wondered what a savoury scandal would be: a scandal fried on toast, perhaps, with an anchovy and a dash of Worcester Sauce?

— “Rumpole and the Case of Identity” by John Mortimer

LASFAPA90 SFFA205

A sense of the applications is somewhat missing, but it doesn’t matter. We say the ultimate goal is to build a machine to run a multiprogramming reliability test. But I understand people who buy computers do run other programs on them, like Adventure and Star Trek and things.

— Ken Holberger quoted in *The Soul of a New Machine*, by Tracy Kidder

LASFAPA98 SFFA200

CENTRAL
INTELLIGENCE
AGENCY

It's time for us to know more
about each other
An equal opportunity/affirmative-
action employer
— A recruiting advertisement in the Northwestern University *Daily
Northwestern*

“Why don't you let yourself go and have a Coke? C'mon.”

“Had I been on the *Lusitania*, and all the lifeboats were filled and gone, and were I standing on the deck as the ship was sinking and the captain told me that if I drank but one Coca-Cola, not only would the ship right itself and stay afloat, but also the drowned would be resurrected, I would pretend not to have heard him.”

“Perrier?”

“Thank you.”

— *Someone is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe*, by Nan and Ivan
Lyons.

DEAR ABBY: Our 22-year-old grandson is wearing one earring. Is there any special reason for this?

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.

DEAR PARK: Maybe he lost the other one. Ask him.

Money will get you through times with no Hugos better than Hugos will get you through times with no money.

— J E Pournelle, PhD (after Charles Curley, after R Crumb)

Seen on the back of a pickup truck in Chicago:

TOMBSTONES
made while U wait

So well did the new system work that three years later it was decided to expand the organization into the newly named National Security Agency, the octopus that today handles intelligence and cryptography for virtually all U.S. agencies, that has extended its activities to surveillance of Americans at home and abroad, and has been built into the central agency essential for the running of any police state.

— *The Man Who Broke Purple*, by Ronald Clark

LASFAPA71

Why do people love Teddy bears?... It's for their don'ts... They don't eat your food, they don't dance with your date and they don't trump your ace lead.

— *Garfield Takes the Cake*, by Jim Davis

There was an appealing unreal quality to Mario Vella; he was a fabrication, the creation of someone or something else. Beneath the razor cut and the tailored clothes and the scent of expensive cologne there was something threatening to break out of the mold. It was, carried to the extreme, as though someone had put a Brooks Brothers suit on a gorilla.

— *Naked Came the Stranger*, by Penelope Ashe

LASFAPA98

... she had also taken him to a dive which Collier would have hesitated to enter on his own. It lay in a mainly Algerian quarter of the city and its clientele seemed to be drawn from the underworld, the real underworld of quiet, dangerous men and hard-eyed women.

— *I, Lucifer*, by Peter O'Donnell

Allow me to refill your glass. An inexpensive but full-bodied red burgundy is better than a bullet to bite on.

— *I, Lucifer*, by Peter O'Donnell

The nightmare journey to the Col de Tende, a journey that would live in the minds of Dunnet and Rory forever, was conducted, with only one exception, in absolute conversational silence, partially because Harlow was completely concentrated on the job at hand, partially because both Dunnet and Rory had been reduced to a state pretty close to abject terror. Harlow was not only driving the Ferrari to its limits – in the opinions of his two passengers he was driving it far beyond its limits. As they drove along the autoroute between Cannes and Nice, Dunnet looked at the speedometer. It read 260 kph – something over 160 miles per hour.

He said: “May I say something?”

For a flicker of a second Harlow glanced at him. “But of course.”

“Jesus Christ Almighty. Superstar, if you want. The best driver in the world, like enough the best driver who's ever lived. But in all bloody hell – ”

“Language,” Harlow said mildly. “My young future brother-in-law is sitting behind us.”

“This is the way you earn a living?”

“Well, yes.” While the seat-belted Dunnet clung in desperate apprehension to any available handhold, Harlow braked, changed down, and with all four wheels in a screaming slide and at just under a hundred miles an hour, rounded a corner that few other drivers, however competent, would have attempted at seventy. “But you must admit it's better than working.”

— *The Road to Dusty Death*, by Alistair MacLean

LASFAPA99 SFPA212

IMPORTED RED WINES

ITALY

MONTEPULCIANO D'ABRUZZO 8.50

Illuminati, "Estate Bottled"

1979

— Wine list at *Chez Puce* in Santa Monica

"I'll tell you a secret, Bredon. Grown-up people don't always know everything, though they try to pretend they do. That is called 'prestige,' and is responsible for most of the wars that devastate the continent of Europe."

— Lord Peter Wimsey to his eldest son, in "Talboys", by Dorothy L Sayers

LASFAPA98 SFPA208

There are all kinds of Elizabeths, and you can pretty well determine which variety you're dealing with by the nickname your specimen wears. At one end of the personality range are the sweet, shy Beths – I was married to one at a time when I'd quit all undercover activities and was earning a peaceful living with typewriter and camera but things happened, as they do to people who retire from this profession. She learned about my dark and bloody past the hard way. It broke her up and our marriage as well. A typical, sensitive Beth. She went to Reno and I went back to work for Mac, but ever since I've considered myself something of an authority on Elizabeths.

In the middle of the personality spectrum you'll find the wholesome, normal girls called Betty. At far end are tough and sexy ladies who go by the nicknames Liz and Libby. I don't say it always works this way, but I've found the correlation pretty good.

— *The Interlopers* by Donald Hamilton

LASFAPA79

Early on the morning of May 27th I awoke from an uneasy sleep feeling very cold and miserable. We were on the South Col of Everest...

— Sir Edmund Hillary in *The Conquest of Everest* by Sir John Hunt

LASFAPA77

... For it is a maxim I have learned to trust with all my heart that everyone without exception enjoys a sexual life far more active and more rewarding than can be guessed at even by his close friends.

— Brendan Gill in *Here at the New Yorker*

LASFAPA90 SFPA202

In fact not a single shred of evidence exists in favor of the argument that life is serious, though it is often hard and even terrible. And saying that, I am prompted to add what follows out of it: that since everything ends badly for us, in the inescapable catastrophe of death, it seems obvious that the first rule of life is to have a good time; and that the second rule is to hurt as few people as possible in the course of doing so. There is no third rule. It also seems obvious to me that having a good time is an art like any other, and must be learned. Some have a knack for it and learn easily; others . . . are without the knack and so never learn at all.

— Brendan Gill in *Here at the New Yorker*

LASFAPA98 SFPA201

Before ten minutes had passed somebody had introduced the word “values.” An hour later they were still at it. Finally, the Bursar was heard to quote:

“God made the integers; all else is the work of man.”

“Oh, bother!” cried the Dean. “Do let’s keep mathematics out of it. And physics. I cannot cope with them.”

— from *Gaudy Night*, chapter II, by Dorothy L Sayers

LASFAPA79

May I offer you, in addition, a little advice? Bear in mind that the amateur professional is peculiarly rapacious. This applies to both women and to people who play cards. If you must back horses, back them at a reasonable price and both ways. And, if you insist on blowing out your brains, do it some place where you will not cause mess and inconvenience.

Your affectionate Uncle,

Peter Death Bredon Wimsey

— A letter to his nephew the Viscount Saint-George, in chapter IX of *Gaudy Night* by Dorothy L Sayers

SFFA204

As she got into bed she recalled the extempore prayer of a well-meaning but incoherent curate, heard once and never forgotten:

“Lord, teach us to take our hearts and look them in the face, however difficult it may be.”

— Chapter XV of *Gaudy Night* by Dorothy L Sayers

Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half of the people are right more than half of the time.

— E B White, *The White Flag*, 1946

One of the most gifted and original of our writers, Nicolo Tucci, spoke of the imminence of death in something like the same bantering terms when some months ago he described to me a period of depression through which he had recently passed. “For a while, I considered taking my life,” he said. “Then I put it to myself that at my age and with my prospects, committing suicide would be very much like turning in a Romanian passport.”

— Brendan Gill in *Here at the New Yorker*

[Harold Ross] saw his job as encouraging people more talented than he to do their work better than they had hitherto known how to do it, largely by being harder on themselves than they had been accustomed to be. Simple enough, but how rare! The principle that one must be harder on oneself than one knows how to be is, I believe, the only secret means that *The New Yorker* possesses for the achievement of excellence, and it remains a secret after fifty years largely because it is so unappealing.

— Brendan Gill in *Here at the New Yorker*

ENVELOPES WE NEVER OPENED

—
Free Bonus Offer
For Certified
Football Fanatics Like
Jeffrey L Copeland
(Details inside)

LASFAPA89

... and any chauffeur with the brains to work a stick shift on a Rolls will also understand what's happening when you wake him up at midnight and send him across the bridge to a goat farm in Loxahatchee for a pair of mature billys and a pound of animal stimulant.

— Hunter S Thompson in "A Dog Took My Place", *The Rolling Stone*, July 21/August 4, 1983.

LASFAPA99

"Remember, mine's bigger than yours."

— Humphrey Bogart pulling out a gun in *Across the Pacific*

LASFAPA89

"Technology is also a look and a life style; a product is also a dream: they understand these things in California."

— "On and Off the Avenue: Christmas Gifts for Men" *The New Yorker* December 19, 1983

SFFA125

There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese.

— *The New Yorker* review of *Risky Business*, by Pauline Kael (1983)

SFFA122

What does Asner know about politics? He is only an actor.

— Ronald Reagan commenting on Ed Asner's political views

Many patients must have been buggered up by their parents, but only a few I think, have literally been buggered by them.

— Charles Rycroft reviewing *The Assault on Truth: Freud's Suppression of the Seduction Theory* by Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson in *The New York Review of Books*, April 12, 1984.

Ya start believin' this peace-on-earth-goodwill stuff, no tellin' how far it'll go.

— Television movie, *V, The Final Battle*

I think it's really important for writers that no matter what you're writing, you should try to work at the same time every day, so it's just like a bowel movement.

— *Freelance Forever*, by Marietta Whittlesey

Come off it. Mum didn't have anything to confess! That's her whole trouble. No fun, no sin, no nothing. Just apathy and fear. Fear of life, fear of death, fear of the neighbours—*fear*. Somewhere out there, real people were living real lives. Just not us. Not in Rickmansworth. No way. I mean, Christ—for children—I mean talk about *castration!*

— Charlie in *The Little Drummer Girl*, by John leCarré

pl14

For a woman, lying is protection. She protects the truth, so she protects her chastity. For a woman lying is proof of virtue.

— Kurtz in *The Little Drummer Girl* by John leCarré

pg117

All levels of mental competence are found in the more than one and a half million surviving species. The range is from behavior so totally hard-wired that they require a stable social organization—a culture—if the full adult potential is to be realized. (In other words, the gene's way of teaching a cat to catch mice is to program the cat to play—and let the mice teach the rest.)

— Alan Kay in "Computer Software", *Scientific American*, September, 1984

SFFA122 SFPA205

The two superpowers are both led by intelligent and responsible men, yet they sometimes appear like small boys standing in a pool of gasoline—each trying to acquire more matches than the other, when a single one is more than sufficient.

George Bernard Shaw summed up the matter very well in his play *Man and Superman*. As usual the Devil has the best lines: if you make a few technological updates, you will find his marvelous diatribe in Act III even more appropriate than when it was written, eighty years ago:

And is man any the less destroying himself for all this boasted brain of his? Have you walked up and down the Earth lately? I have; and I have examined Man's wonderful inventions. And I tell you that in the arts of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence and famine. . . . When he goes out to slay, he carries a marvel of mechanism that lets loose at the touch of a finger all the hidden molecular energies, and leaves the javelin, the arrow, the blowpipe of his fathers far behind. In the arts of peace Man is a bungler. . . . I know his clumsy typewriters and bungling locomotives and tedious bicycles; they are toys compared to the Maxim gun, the submarine torpedo boat. There is nothing in Man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth; his heart is in his weapons.

His heart is in his weapons. That is indeed a chilling indictment, and is it applicable not only to men but to nations; they can share the same pathologies. I once coined the deliberately provocative slogan "Guns are the crutches of the impotent." So are intercontinental ballistic missiles.

— Arthur C Clarke: Address given to the First Symposium of the Sri Lanka Institute of Fundamental Studies, reprinted as "War and Peace in the Space Age" in *1984: Spring/A Choice of Futures*

SFFA125 SFFA206

The only defence against the weapons of the future is to prevent them ever being used. In other words, the problem is political and not military at all. A country's armed forces can no longer defend it; the most they can promise is the destruction of the attacker. . . .

Upon us, the heirs to all the past and the trustees of the future which our folly can slay before its birth, lies a responsibility no other age has known. If we fail in our generation, those who come after us may be too few to rebuild the world, when the dust of the cities has descended, and the radiation of the rocks has died away.

— Arthur C Clarke: Address given to the First Symposium of the Sri Lanka Institute of Fundamental Studies, reprinted as "War and Peace in the Space Age" in *1984: Spring/A Choice of Futures*

If life is a zoo, Los Angeles is the monkey cage.

With every passing hour our solar system comes forty-three thousand miles closer to globular cluster M13 in the constellation Hercules, and still there are some misfits who continue to insist that there is no such thing as progress.

— Kurt Vonnegut, *The Sirens of Titan*

LASFAPA101 SFFA205

Humor “can be dissected, as a frog, but the thing dies in the process and the innards are discouraging to any but the pure scientific mind.”

— E B White

SFFA203

Colophon

The colophon of a book is traditionally a small design device placed on the last page of a book or manuscript. There is usually some inscription of the scribe or printer listing the date, place, and details of publication.

The word colophon is from the Greek word “*κολων*”, meaning summit or final touch. Or perhaps, colophon is from the Greek word “*κολωσις*”, which was the name of the very last island in the Greek chain of islands; hence the last page was the colophon.

This manual was written and edited at Adobe Systems Incorporated.

— *POSTSCRIPTTM Language Manual*, First edition, Adobe Systems, Inc

LASFAPA104

But that didn't explain why it hadn't happened before; why it should be this girl, this one alone who fizzed in my blood.

— Dick Francis, *Flying Finish*

p79

Road signs we'd like to see:

Speed limit strictly enforced by heat-seeking missiles.

The dirt road, and the grass on either side of it, were ripped by great caterpillar tread marks. Several blazing Tiger tanks, corpses sprawling over their hulls and turrets, almost blocked the track up ahead. He began to pass dead samurai, dead Cossacks, dead Romans, dead trolls. An arrow-riddled dragon in a Red Army uniform lay tangled in the sword-hacked wreckage of a recoilless rifle. Apaches and Japanese spearmen, still struggling even in death, clogged the hatches of a fabulous landgoing replica (equipped with balloon tires and Atlas shock absorbers) of the *Merrimack*. An entire platoon of Ostrogoths with Uzi submachine guns, their bodies tattered and bloodied by dozens of sword-strokes lay in a ring about a single bullet-torn samurai. Al Capone and Bugs Moran, their bitter rivalry behind them, were strewn in pieces by the castle threshold. They had laid the mine that had destroyed the main gate, but had misjudged the length of the fuse. Tomokato, despite his horror and rage, marveled at the insane bad taste of their green-and-purple pinstripe suits.

— From *The Adventures of Samurai Cat* by Mark E Rogers

LASFAPA104

... but honestly, I'm bored to tears by polished little college bright brats who think that Harris tweeds are an outward sign of inward grace.

— Cheryl Stewart in <698@oddjjob.UUCP>, 26 apr 85

A ship in the harbor is safe, but that is not what ships are made for.

He was such a bad doctor he couldn't have cured a hangnail with the help of Dr Schweitzer, nor could he have diagnosed death with a consultation from Hippocrates.

(I think this was a quip I made about a doctor at the student health center when I was in college.)

In a television interview a few years ago, Grace Murray Hopper was asked if she thought computers would dehumanize humanity. She replied, with a characteristic sparkle in her eyes, "I remember when they said that about the telephone."

As long as there is one upright man, as long as there is one compassionate woman, the contagion may spread, and the scene is not desolate. Hope is the thing that is left to us, in a bad time. I shall get up Sunday morning and wind the clock, as a contribution to order and steadfastness.

— E B White, letter to Mr Nadeau, March 30, 1973

SFFA204

This life is a test. It is only a test. Had this been an actual life, you would have received further instruction as to what to do and where to go.

"In California, everyone's from someplace else. Here, everyone's from here. I like that."

— *Grandview USA*

"I couldn't get it up now if you were a pair of twins in a vat of Mazola oil."

— *Grandview USA*

"Alimony is a system by which, when two people make a mistake, one of them keeps on paying for it."

— Peggy Joyce

Sometimes in the great conflicts of life, there is no resolution, just uneasy truce, or worse, days when we are outnumbered, and must unhappily acquiesce. I, for one, don't know how to gracefully accept this fact.

I think that's a quote from one of my own journals

I'd been sitting outside Hogan's office for four hours. A lot of pretty women passed me on their way to work and lunch, but not one leaned in my window and asked me the time or if I had a match. Maybe they didn't know I was a gumshoe. Maybe I needed to get me a fedora and a trenchcoat.

— Spenser

Eddie Epstein understands the real thing when he sees it. Eddie Epstein is the New York supermarket maven. He's the consultant Coca-Cola comes to when it's having trouble pushing its bubbly into your shopping cart.

And Eddie, despite the fact that he's a New Yorker, can see some possibilities in regionalism. What you're doing, he told me, is segmenting the market—repackaging America.

Repackaging America?

Yeah, he said, that's what you always have to do to extend the life cycle of a mature product. America is just like Coca-Cola.

Like Coca-Cola?

Yeah, people get bored with the same old thing. They know Coca-Cola, and they like it, but they come to the supermarket and they say I want to try something different. Live a little. They've seen ads for Doctor Pepper, so they say I'll try a six-pack of that.

So what do you do about it? Well, it's a problem. See, this is how it's like America. You can't up the name recognition. Everybody knows Coke; everybody knows America. Everybody knows what they think of both. Very difficult to get anywhere in terms of name recognition.

You also can't reformulate. If it were detergent, you could come up with New! Improved! Tide!

But New! Improved! Coke? What's that? Apart from all the people in Atlanta who would slit their throats before doing something like that, what would you end up with? Something that ain't Coke.

So whaddya do? You repackage. You have the twelve-ounce bottle. You add the eight-ounce, sixteen-ounce, twenty-four ounce, thirty-two ounce, sixty-four-ounce, and tank truck.

— *The Nine Nations of North America*, by Joel Garreau

There are few natural reasons for Minneapolis, Minnesota. Its only God-given advantage to speak of is that it is as far north on the Mississippi as navigation is practical, although that's true only during the months when the river isn't frozen solid, which are not many.

— *The Nine Nations of North America*, Joel Garreau

SFFA205

“Once nature has set its course you can't do anything about it.”

“You can if you're British.”

— Tom Selleck and John Hillerman on *Magnum, PI*

It's really quite a simple choice: Life, Death, or Los Angeles.

[Brian] Dennehy is so enthusiastically overscaled that he fills the screen. He's the kind of actor John Wayne would have been if he'd been an actor.

— Pauline Kael in her review of *F/X*

As a worker, I make innovations, as an activist, I am still active, and as a lover, I am also not bad.

— Lech Walesa, on turning 40

SFFA197

If only I could sing properly and squeeze myself into denims, I might achieve much more...
— Charles, the Prince of Wales

SFFA197

“Imagine if every Thursday your shoes exploded if you tied them the usual way. This happens to us all the time with computers, and nobody thinks of complaining.”
— Jeff Raskin, interviewed in *Doctor Dobb's Journal*

SFFA203

“I believe when our founding fathers ... wrote this (first) Amendment, they ... knew that history was behind them and they wanted to ordain in this country that Congress ... should not tell the people what religion they should have or what they should believe or say or publish, and that is about it. It (the First Amendment) says ‘no law’, and that is what I believe it means.”
— Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black

SFFA198

Rule books are paper: They will not cushion a sudden meeting of stone and metal.
— Earnest K. Gann

Overheard at a funeral: “I know this may be an awkward time, but do you recall him ever mentioning source code?”
— Charles Addams

There was a plane crash over mid-ocean, and only three survivors were left in the life-raft: the Pope, the President, and Mayor Daley. Unfortunately, it was a one-man life-raft, and quickly sinking, so they started debating who should be allowed to stay.

The Pope pointed out that he was the spiritual leader of millions all over the world, the President explained that if he died then America would be stuck with the Vice-President, and so forth. Then Mayor Daley said, “Look! We’re not solving anything like this! The only fair thing to do is to vote on it.”

So they did, and Mayor Daley won by 97 votes.

contrast with the following:

It seems that the Republic of Korea, under pressure, decided to hold free and fair elections, U.S.-style. They decided to go all out: voter registration drives, canvasses, polls, high quality voting machines from the Chicago Voting Machine Company, the whole bit.

Anyhow, the campaigns were mounted, the elections held, the results tallied, and sure enough, the new President-elect of the Republic of Korea was Richard J. Daley.

— from `rec.humor.funny` in 1987

SFFA198

“To ask that a single machine combine the abilities to compute and sort might seem like asking that a single device be able to perform both as a can opener and a fountain pen.”
— J W Mauchly, 1946

There are three possible parts to a date, of which at least two must be offered: entertainment, food, and affection. It is customary to begin a series of dates with a great deal of entertainment, a moderate amount of food, and the merest suggestion of affection. As the amount of affection increases, the entertainment can be reduced proportionately. When the affection *is* the entertainment, we no longer call it dating. Under no circumstances can the food be omitted.

— *Miss Manners' Guide to Excruciatingly Correct Behavior*, by
Judith Martin

SFFA198

The Army Corps of Engineers has a standard procedure for naming projects such as dams: the structure usually is designated with the name of the nearest community. One exception is a dam built in West Virginia. The official name of the project is the Summersville Dam, but Summersville is not the nearest town. The Corps passed over that community for obvious reasons: the town's name was Gad.

— press-stop in *The New Yorker*

Know then, that on the right hand of the Indies, there is an island called California, very close to the side of the Terrestrial Paradise. The island was the strongest in all the world, with its steep cliffs and rocky shores. On the whole island, there was no metal but gold.

— from “Las Sergas de Esplandian” by Garcia Rodriguez Ordonex,
circa 1510

In WHMurray's recent article to this board, I hear the same sounds I have heard for years when attempting to discuss computer viruses in an open forum. To speak of the disease is to invoke it. Did anyone ever consider that the disease is inevitable, but the defense is not.

Society does not progress by failing to recognize threats, by hiding its head in the sand, or by ignoring gaping holes in its integrity. It survives by identifying corruption and eliminating it. Those who would permit society to live in a situation so frail that a single attacker could bring it to its knees, and then try to cover up that knowledge by hiding it from those best prepared to put up a defense are begging for the destruction of that society. Imagine how bad the virus situation would be 20 years from now if we didn't find out about it now! We would have cars that could be infected, automated airliners waiting for an accident to happen, automated defense systems that could strike individuals dead directly from space, all existing in an environment without integrity.

To hide the truth is not to make the world safe. Only the truth can set us free from the oppressive forces that lack integrity but live in a dearth of secrecy. I think we need to start to spend our efforts in computer security on protecting integrity, not secrecy, and I will say it in public forums, despite the best efforts of some of our government agencies to keep me from doing it. Furthermore, I will continue to encourage others to do so.

Don't get me wrong. I don't think we should glorify attackers, I think we should start to talk about rational defenses that protect the individual. Don't forget that society is made up of individuals, and that by protecting those individuals, we protect the society as well. It is the attempt to protect the society by allowing individuals to come to harm that rationalizes needless wars, police actions, illegal arms deals, and the whole slew of other corrupt practices that are bringing our society down. It is the truth that will set us free, but only if we are brave enough to face it.

Sorry for the flaming nature of this, but I feel strongly on this issue, and have had enough from those who would silence important work.

— Fred Cohen, in "Forum on Risks to the Public in Computers and Related Systems", volume 6, number 75, 2 May 1988.

One hopes that whoever is responsible for including "tab" in the ASCII character set is now roasting in hell for his efforts. It has been suggested that building a system that allows the insertion of tabs into a text file should be a capital offense. I'm not that extreme; I think that ten years of writing COBOL code in Novosibirsk would be adequate punishment. Unfortunately, there are still unpunished offenders building text editors. Fortunately, there exist programs that will replace tabs by the appropriate number of spaces. Running them on all your files will save you much grief in the long run.

— Leslie Lamport, in \TeX hax digest, volume 89, number 3

A comfortable home is a great source of happiness. It ranks immediately after health and a good conscience.

— Rev Sydney Smith (1791–1843)

The search is what everyone would undertake if he were not sunk in the everydayness of his own life. To become aware of the possibility of the search is to be onto something. Not to be onto something is to be in despair.

— Walker Percy – 5/28/16 - 5/10/90

quoted in a news article:

From: hugh@gargoyle.uchicago.edu (Hugh Miller)

Newsgroups: misc.kids

Message-Id: <1025@gargoyle.uchicago.edu>

Date: 18 May 90 01:49:47 GMT

Well, I believe in the soul, the cock, the pussy, the small of a woman's back, the hangin' curve ball, high fiber, good scotch, that the novels of Susan Sontag are self-indulgent, over-rated crap. I believe Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone. I believe there oughta be a constitutional amendment outlawing Astroturf and the designated hitter. I believe in the sweet spot, soft-core pornography, opening your presents Christmas morning, rather than Christmas eve, and I believe in long, slow, deep, soft, wet kisses that last three days.

— Crash Davis, in *Bull Durham*

SFFA217a

Football is a mistake. It combines the two worst features of of modern American life. It's violence punctuated by committee meetings.

— George Will

SFFA198

This brings up a possible point of controversy (he sez, casting his hook far out into the rapids): undoubtedly, many people will become so enamored, but is there an audience for reading hypertext works?

Proponents are quick to point out how hypertextual flat text is: it has parenthetic comments (such as this cutely self-referential one), footnotes on the same page, footnotes at the ends of chapters and books, annotated bibliographies, quotes, indices, interpage references, tables of contents, figures and tables, and so on.

I think for neutral kinds of reference material, they have a point. But how about the decidedly non-neutral process of making a point or telling a story? Rhetoric and narrative are indispensable for keeping your attention on what you're writing or reading. Does hypertext help or distract in this context? Or does it make any difference?

My position: a rhetorical work that bristles with references works best when it tells a story or makes a point-by-point, linear argument. Densely-matted collections of references wouldn't ever suffice.

Of course, when I try to convince the hypertext promoters I know of this, they tend to digress, distract, change the subject, free-associate, forget what they were saying, forget what *I* was saying, and avoid finishing sentences.

— Michael Turner, turner@tis.llnl.gov, 19 Apr 91

SFFA217c

An ounce of pretension is worth a pound of manure.

— *Steel Magnolias*

In the history of IBM, technological innovation often wasn't the thing that made us successful. Unhappily there were many times when we came in second. But technology turned out to be less important than sales and distribution methods. Starting with UNIVAC, we consistently outsold people who had better technology, because we knew how to put the story before the customer, how to install the machines successfully, and how to hang onto customers once we had them.

— Thomas J Watson, Jr, in *Father, Son & Co: My Life at IBM and Beyond*

SFFA217a

So my problem was not so simple as just going out and locating some sort of work. I had to have a pretty logical reason for having moved back to Austin to live, and that was clear. I was known in Austin by a great many people, who generally assumed that I was enjoying a successful career in New York—an assumption that was helped along by the fact that several of my network shows had been broadcast in Austin. Besides, my homecomings had always been written up in the local newspapers, and often in the course of my visits I had been invited to speak before the city's various church and civic groups.

The most politic explanation for this homecoming would be that I had come to my senses and moved back to this true paradise on earth, Austin, Texas. This would be readily accepted by most Austinites, because they devoutly believed that any rational being would prefer Austin to any other spot in the universe.

— John Henry Faulk, in *Fear on Trial*

I must study politics and war, that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy, geography, natural history and naval architecture, navigation, commerce and agriculture, in order to give their children the right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry, and porcelain.

— John Adams, in a letter to his wife Abigail, 1780

contrast with the following:

The reality is we are probably the first generation that doesn't have one single thing that is truly guiding how we live each moment of our day. . . . I'm glad I didn't have to fight in any war. I'm glad I didn't have to pick up a gun. I'm glad I didn't get killed or kill somebody. I hope my kids enjoy the same lack of manhood.

— actor Tom Hanks, interview on *Saving Private Ryan*, in *USA Weekend*, July 24–26, 1998

Labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration.

— Abraham Lincoln, in his first speech to Congress

I'm beginning to think the only normal people are the ones you don't know very well.
— Anon.

Even if a man's whole day be spent as a servant of an industrial concern, in his spare time he will make something, if only a window box flower garden.
— Eric Gill, *An Essay on Typography*

Compassion is not weakness, and concern for the unfortunate is not socialism.
— Hubert H Humphrey

The greatness of work is inside man.
— Pope John Paul II

If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.
— John F Kennedy

Let us never negotiate out of fear, but let us never fear to negotiate.
— John F Kennedy

It is our task . . . to hand down undiminished to those who come after us, as was handed down by those who went before, the natural wealth and beauty which is ours.
— John F Kennedy

If we all can persevere, if we can in every land and office look beyond our own shores and ambitions, then surely the age will dawn in which the strong are just and the weak secure and peace preserved.
— John F Kennedy

The wave of the future is not the conquest of the world by a single dogmatic creed but the liberation of the diverse energies of free nations and free men.
— John F Kennedy

Every American ought to have the right to be treated as he would wish to be treated, as one would wish his children to be treated.
— John F Kennedy

Unfortunately, many Americans live on the outskirts of hope — . . . Our task is to help replace their despair with opportunity.
— Lyndon Johnson

I am a free man, an American, a United States Senator, and a Democrat, in that order.

— Lyndon Johnson

quoted by Adlai Stevenson in his introduction to *Johnson, a time for action* (1964)

The challenge of the next half century is whether we have the wisdom to use [our] wealth to enrich and elevate our national life—and to advance the quality of American civilization.

— Lyndon Johnson

speech at Univ of Michigan, 22 May 1964

This nation, this generation, in this hour has man's first chance to build a Great Society, a place where the meaning of man's life matches the marvels of man's labor.

— Lyndon Johnson

accepting the presidential nomination, August 1964

SFFA215

Unfortunately, many Americans live on the outskirts of hope—some because of their poverty, some because of their color, and all too many because of both. Our task is to help replace despair with opportunity.

— Lyndon Johnson

state of the Union Message, 8 January 1964

The point is there's a gulf in this country, an ever-widening abyss between the people who have stuff and the people who don't have shit. It's like this big hole has opened up in the ground, as big as the fucking Grand Canyon. . . And what's come out of this big hole is an eruption of rage, and the rage creates violence. And the violence is real, Mack, and nothing's going to make it go away until someone changes something.

— Davis (Steve Martin) in *Grand Canyon*

by Lawrence Kasdan and Meg Kasdan Davis also recommends seeing the movie Sullivan's Travels

Individual liberty is individual power, and as the power of the community is a mass compounded of individual powers, the nation which enjoys the most freedom must necessarily be in proportion to its numbers the most powerful nation.

— John Quincy Adams, in a letter to James Lloyd, 1 October 1822.

I'm on Aslan's side even if there isn't any Aslan to lead it. I'm going to live like a Narnian as best I can even if there isn't any Narnia.

— Puddleglum the Marsh-wiggle, *The Silver Chair*, by C S Lewis

SFFA198

A corporation will do things too dumb for an individual to do. A government will do things too dumb for a corporation to do. The bigger a corporation becomes, the more it resembles a government.

— Arthur D Hlavaty

from DR 75

SFFA198

Those who corrupt the public mind are just as evil as those who steal from the public purse.

— Adlai Stevenson

speech at Albuquerque 12 Sep 52

“Are you saying you think you’re a fake?”

“I know I’m a fake.”

“What difference does it make if you get the job done?”

“Kid, it makes all the difference in the world.”

— exchange between Steve Martin and kid from *Leap cf Faith*

I believe that Western civilization, after some disgusting glitches, has become almost civilized. I believe it is our first duty to protect that civilization. I believe it is our second duty to improve it. I believe it is our third duty to extend it if we can.

— P J O’Rourke

A nation that is afraid to let its people judge the truth and falsehood of ideas in an open market is a nation that is afraid of its people.

— John F Kennedy

Computer programs are fun to write, and well-written computer programs are fun to read. One of life’s greatest pleasures can be the composition of a computer program that you know will be a pleasure for other people to read, and for you yourself to read.

Computer programs can also do useful work. One of life’s greatest sources of satisfaction is the knowledge that something you have created is contributing to the progress or welfare of society.

Some people even get paid for writing computer programs! Programming can therefore be triply rewarding — on aesthetic, humanitarian, and economic grounds.

Of course I don’t mean to imply that programming is easy...

— Donald E Knuth, introduction to *Literate Programming*, 1992

(contrast with the following)

The process of preparing programs for a digital computer is especially attractive, not only because it can be economically and scientifically rewarding, but also because it can be an aesthetic experience much like composing poetry or music.

— Donald E Knuth, introduction to volume one of *The Art of Computer Programming*, 1968.

You can gather friends together / You can have one special one ... / ... And the only measure of your words and your deeds / will be the love you leave behind when you’re gone.

— Fred Small, “Everything Possible”

[“Tip” O’Neill was a man] who never forgot who he was, where he came from or who sent him here.

— William Jefferson Clinton, State of the Union Address, 25 Jan 94

This world is an uncertain realm, filled with danger: honor undermined by the pursuit of power; freedom sacrificed when the weak are oppressed by the strong. But there are those who oppose these powerful forces, who dedicate their lives to truth, honor, and freedom. These men are known as Musketeers. Rise d'Artagan and join them.

— King Louis in *The Three Musketeers*, 1993

When your memories start to get bigger than your dreams, then you're old.

— some 80-year-old choreographer being interviewed on NPR

The day may dawn when fair play, love for one's fellow-men, respect for justice and freedom, will enable tormented generations to march forth serene and triumphant from the hideous epoch in which we have to dwell. Meanwhile, never flinch, never weary, never despair.

— Winston Churchill, House of Commons Defence Debate, 1 March 1955

SFFA217a

We shall not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire. Neither the sudden shock of battle, nor the long-drawn trials of vigilance and exertion will wear us down. Give us the tools, and we will finish the job.

— Winston Churchill, BBC address, 9 February 1941

The gratitude of every home in our Island, and in our Empire, and indeed throughout the world, except in the abodes of the guilty, goes out to the British airmen who, undaunted by odds, unwearied in their constant challenge, and mortal danger, are turning the tide of the world war by their prowess and by their devotion. Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.

— Winston Churchill, House of Commons address on the Battle of Britain, 20 August 1940

What General Weygand called the Battle of France is over. I expect that the Battle of Britain is about to begin. Upon this battle depends the survival of Christian civilization. Upon it depends our own British life, and the long continuity of our institutions and our Empire. The whole fury and might of the enemy must very soon be turned on us. Hitler knows that he will have to break us in this island or lose this war. If we can stand up to him, all Europe may be free and the life of the world may move forward into broad, sunlit uplands. But if we fail, then the whole world, including the United States, including all that we have known and cared for, will sink into the abyss of a new Dark Age made more sinister, and perhaps more protracted, by the lights of perverted science. Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last a thousand years, men will still say, "This was their finest hour."

— Winston Churchill, House of Commons, 18 June 1940

after the fall of France; Churchill later wrote "Rhetoric was no guarantee of survival."

I have, myself, full confidence that if all do their duty, if nothing is neglected, and if the best arrangements are made, as they are being made, we shall prove ourselves once again able to defend our island home, to ride out the storm of war, and to outlive the menace of tyranny, if necessary for years, if necessary alone. At any rate, that is what we are going to try to do. That is the resolve of His Majesty's Government — every man of them. That is the will of Parliament and the nation. The British Empire and the French Republic, linked together in their cause and in their need, will defend to the death their native soil, aiding each other like good comrades to the utmost of their strength. Even though large tracts of Europe and many old and famous States have fallen or may fall into the grip of the Gestapo and all the odious apparatus of Nazi rule, we shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on this struggle, until in God's good time, the new world, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old.

— Winston Churchill, House of Commons speech after the Dunkirk evacuation, 4 June 1940

shorter pithier version of last

We shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end. We shall fight in France. We shall fight on the seas and oceans. We shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air. We shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be. We shall fight on the beaches. We shall fight on the landing grounds. We shall fight in the fields and in the streets. We shall fight in the hills. We shall never surrender.

— Winston Churchill, House of Commons speech after the Dunkirk evacuation, 4 June 1940

Groceries, Deli, Beer, Espresso

— Sign on a convenience store in Boulder

Time... / Worships language, and forgives / Everyone by whom it lives

— W H Auden

“As I experience certain sensory input patterns, my mental pathways become accustomed to them. The inputs are eventually anticipated and even missed when absent.”

— Counselor Troi quoting Data in *Star Trek: The Next Generation* episode “Time’s Arrow”

Among democratic nations, ambition is ardent and continual, but its aim is not habitually lofty; and life is generally spent in eagerly coveting small objects that are within reach.

— Alexis de Tocqueville

Verifiable knowledge makes its way slowly, and only under cultivation, but fable has burrs and feet and claws and wings and an indestructible sheath like weed-seed, and can be carried almost anywhere and take root without benefit of soil or water.

— Wallace Stegner

quoted by Jon Margolis in the Chicago Trib, who says “and don’t you wish you could write a sentence half this good?” Amen.

SFFA217c

A well educated sense of Humor will save a woman when Religion, Training and Home Influences fail: and we all need salvation sometimes.

— Rudyard Kipling

The country is moving in my direction. . . Senator Gramm, Mr. [Pat] Buchanan, and Jack Kemp are all sounding like David Duke.

— David Duke, Louisiana Legislator and former KKK Grand Wizard

Of course, if your people aren’t smart enough to think their way through their work, the work will fail. No methodology will help. Worse still, methodology can do grievous damage to efforts in which the people are fully competent. They do this by trying to force the work into a fixed mold that guarantees

- a morass of paperwork
- a paucity of methods
- an absence of responsibility
- a general loss of motivation

... Those who build methodologies are tortured by the thought that thinking people will simply ignore them. In many organizations, this is just what happens. Even more upsetting is the opposite possibility: that people won’t ignore the methodology, but will instead do *exactly* what it says to do, even when they know doing so will lead to wasted time, unworkable products and meaningless documentation.

— Tom DeMarco and Timothy Lister, from *Peopleware*

Dorset House Publishing, p 117

pointed out by Steve Ashe:

From ashe Wed Apr 12 16:13:03 1995

Subject: Methodology...

That is as good an answer as any and makes more sense than what we currently do. Just being consistent would be nice.

From rcd@buffalo Fri Apr 28 10:17:17 1995

Subject: quote for the day

(context probably doesn’t even matter much, but it was David Beck responding to a suggestion from John Doyle)

Mochi wa mochiya

— if you want rice cakes, go to the rice cake maker

useful Japanese phrase noted by Cathy Davidson in *36 Views of Mt Fuji*

Ura ni wa ura ga aru

— the reverse side has a reverse side

useful Japanese phrase noted by Cathy Davidson in *36 Views of Mt Fuji*

He sighed wearily, “I just accidentally wrote an S-F novel, okay? I didn’t mean to apply for citizenship in the Twilight Zone.”

“I don’t think you can apply, Jay. I think fandom takes hostages.”

— from *Zombies of the Gene Pool*, by Sharyn McCrumb

COLUMN7/00

His elevator doesn’t make it to the penthouse.

His receiver is off the hook.

His oil doesn’t reach his dipstick.

If brains were dynamite, he couldn’t blow his hat off.

Fiber brings out the best in him.

— Insults used by Jean-Louis Gassée, as reported by Guy Kawasaki in *The Macintosh Way*.

Dating is when two people go someplace where there are no computers, talk about anything except computers, and do analog stuff afterward.

— footnote in *The Macintosh Way*, by Guy Kawasaki

As I’ve said before, computer interfaces have been moving from “type a line of gibberish, exactly right” to “click on the bunny rabbit.” I just want to have an easily-available verbal alternative to the bunny rabbit.

— Arthur D Hlavaty

dr 80, electronic edition

We of the Church of St. Onan are Christian Discordians, which means that we agree with the Republicans that God the Father (Jehovah) is a White Male Authority Figure. Unlike them, however, we’re on the other side.

— Arthur D Hlavaty

dr 80, electronic edition

In the universe the difficult things are done / as if they are easy / In the universe great acts are made up of small deeds / The sage does not attempt anything very big, / And thus achieves greatness.

— Lao Tsu, *Tao Te Ching*

Mr Kim, we're Star Fleet officers: weird is part of the job.

— Captain Kathryn Janeway in *Star Trek: Voyager* episode “Deadlock”

“Ned, what do you think of mortality?”

“It's a mistake, George; no one should ever indulge in it.”

— George Wells to Ned Brooks, Deep South Con, 27.iv.96

SFFA204

“You are entitled to your opinion; you are also entitled to be wrong.”

— Janusz Okolowicz, Boulder Valley School Board public forum, 16 May 1996

“Those letters [in the daily newspaper] were well-meaning, but generally misinformed.”

— Janusz Okolowicz, Boulder Valley School Board meeting, 13 June 1996

In this Palace of Lies a truth or two will not hurt you. Your friends are the dullest dogs I know. They are not beautiful: they are only decorated. They are not clean: they are only shaved and starched. They are not dignified: they are only fashionably dressed. They are not educated: they are only college passmen. They are not religious: they are only pewrenters. They are not moral: they are only conventional. They are not virtuous: they are only cowardly. They are not even vicious: they are only “frail”. They are not artistic: they are only lascivious. They are not prosperous: they are only rich. They are not loyal, they are only servile; not dutiful, only sheepish; not public spirited, only patriotic; not courageous, only quarrelsome; not determined, only obstinate; not masterful, only domineering; not self-controlled, only obtuse; not self-respecting, only vain; not kind, only sentimental; not social, only gregarious; not considerate, only polite; not intelligent, only opinionated; not progressive, only factious; not imaginative, only superstitious; not just, only vindictive; not generous, only propitiatory; not disciplined, only cowed; and not truthful at all: liars every one of them, to the very backbone of their souls.

— Don Juan to the Devil, in act III of *Man and Superman*, by George Bernard Shaw

(I once saw Ricardo Montalban take a standing ovation at a Caltech performance of “Don Juan in Hell” after delivering this indictment.)

SFFA214

If we go back to Latin roots, we find *ars*, *artis* meaning “skill.” It is perhaps significant that the corresponding Greek word was *τέχνη*, the root of both “technology” and “technique.”

In medieval times, the first universities were established to teach the seven so-called “liberal arts,” namely grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy. Note that this is quite different from the curriculum of today's liberal arts colleges and that at least three of the original seven liberal arts are important components of computer science.

— Donald E Knuth, “Computer Programming as an Art”, 1974

“Dear Mrs Doubtfire, Two months ago my mom and dad decided to separate. Now they live in different houses. My brother Andrew says that now we aren’t to be a family anymore. Is this true? Did I lose my family? Is there anything I can do to get my parents back together? Sincerely, Katie MacCormick.”

Oh, my dear Katie: You know some parents when they’re angry, they get along much better when they don’t live together. They don’t fight all the time, and they can become better people, and much better mommies and daddies for you. And sometimes they get back together. And sometimes they don’t, Dear. And if they don’t, don’t blame yourself. Just because they don’t love each other anymore doesn’t mean that they don’t love you.

There are all sorts of different families, Katie. Some families have one mommy, some families have one daddy, or two families. Some children live with their uncle or aunt, some live with their grandparents, and some children live with foster parents. Some live in separate homes, in separate neighborhoods, in different areas of the country and they may not see each other for days, weeks, months, or even years at a time. But if there’s love, Dear, those are the ties that bind, and you’ll have a family in your heart forever.

All my love to you, Poppet. You’re going to be alright. Bye-bye.

— peroration from *Mrs Doubtfire* directed by Chris Columbus

note that (in, one presumes, an attempt to appease the Moral Majority, the videotape version substitutes “two families” in the second sentence of the second paragraph for the original “two daddies”

The following are all:

From poje@mv.us.adobe.com Wed Jun 12 12:27:23 1996

From: poje@mv.us.adobe.com (Jim Poje)

Subject: universe humor – ON THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE

Duct tape is like the Force. It has a light side, a dark side, and it holds the universe together. . .

— Carl Zwanzig

There is a theory which states that if ever anybody discovers exactly what the Universe is for and why it is here, it will instantly disappear and be replaced by something even more bizarre and inexplicable. There is another theory which states that this has already happened.

— Douglas Adams

SFFA221

Only two things are infinite, the universe and human stupidity, and I’m not sure about the former.

— Albert Einstein

Astronomers say the universe is finite, which is a comforting thought for those people who can’t remember where they leave things.

In answer to the question of why it happened, I offer the modest proposal that our Universe is simply one of those things which happen from time to time.

— Edward P Tryon

It is well to remember that the entire universe, with one trifling exception, is composed of others.

— John Andrew Holmes

Technology is a way of organizing the universe so that man doesn't have to experience it.

— Max Frisch

The universe is a big place, perhaps the biggest.

— Kilgore Trout

I'm astounded by people who want to "know" the universe when it's hard enough to find your way around Chinatown.

— Woody Allen

In the beginning the Universe was created. This has made a lot of people very angry and been widely regarded as a bad move.

— Douglas Adams

The crux... is that the vast majority of the mass of the universe seems to be missing.

— William J Broad

Programming today is a race between software engineers striving to build bigger and better idiot-proof programs, and the Universe trying to produce bigger and better idiots. So far, the Universe is winning.

— Rich Cook

There is a coherent plan in the universe, though I don't know what it's a plan for.

— Fred Hoyle

We are an impossibility in an impossible universe.

— Ray Bradbury

My theology, briefly, is that the universe was dictated but not signed.

— Christopher Morley

I'm worried that the universe will soon need replacing. It's not holding a charge.

— Edward Chilton

The surest sign that intelligent life exists elsewhere in the universe is that it has never tried to contact us.

— *Calvin and Hobbes*, Bill Watterson

END POJE UNIVERSE QUOTES

How I'm rushing into this! How much each sentence in this brief story contains. "The stars are made of the same stuff as the earth." I usually pick one small topic like this to give a lecture on. Poets say science takes away from the beauty of the stars—mere globs of gas atoms. Nothing is "mere." I too can see the stars on a desert night, and feel them. But do I see less or more? The vastness of the heavens stretches my imagination—stuck on this carousel my little eye can catch one-million-year-old light. A vast pattern—of which I am a part—perhaps my stuff was belched from some forgotten star, as one is belching there. Or see them with the greater eye of Palomar, rushing all apart from some common starting point, when they were perhaps all together. What is the pattern, or the meaning, or the *why*? It does not do harm to the mystery to know a little about it. For far more marvelous is the truth than any artists of the past imagined! Why do the poets of the present not speak of it? What men are poets who can speak of Jupiter if he were like a man, but if he is an immense spinning sphere of methane and ammonia must be silent?

— Richard P Feynman, *The Feynman Lectures on Physics*, volume 1, footnote pg 3-6.

... We eventually reached an agreement. But I had been taught an important lesson: I didn't have the foggiest notion what was going on in the organization I'd spent the last five years with.

Neither, probably did my teammates. They were not doubt the last to know too. Their lot was to put in ten underpaid years of drudgery and unquestioning obedience, and then maybe wind up running a *yakitori* shop or shuffling papers in some crowded office in the Yomiuri organization. That was their reward for being allowed to play for the Giants—and enjoying the social status that went with it.

It was at times like that when I asked myself if those guys were really happy. And then I'd wonder if maybe "being happy" was a purely Western concept. Those guys just did their duty. They put in their time and did what was expected of them. And that was it. They just *did*. If you were Japanese, maybe you weren't necessarily supposed to be happy. Maybe *life* was duty, period. Maybe that was why my teammates didn't normally get excited whether we won or lost or tied. Maybe that was why they approached practices and games with exactly the same frame of mind. They were salarymen.

— Warren Cromartie, *Slugging It Out in Japan*

Kodansha, 1991, p199

"These are our stories—they tell us who we are." ...

"The stories that you tell: are they true?"

"I have studied them all of my life and find new truths in them every time."

— Worf, son of Mogh, in *Star Trek: The Next Generation* episode, "Birthright, part II"

Organizational busy work tends to expand to fill the working day.

This effect can start when the company is founded, and becomes worse each year. It's part of the reason that very mature companies are less fun to work for. The few remaining employees of the Dutch East India Company (founded in 1651 and once the largest company in the world) now spend forty hours a week filling out forms. Notice that in this case, it's the company that exhibits Parkinsonian behavior rather than its employees.

— Tom DeMarco & Timothy Lister, *Peopleware*

Dorset House, 1987, p29.

Good design is clear thinking made visible.

— Edward R Tufte

Talent imitates, but genius steals.

— T S Eliot

quoted by Ed Tufte
COLUMN11/00

but the actual Eliot line, from the poem "Philip Massinger" is:

Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal.

— T S Eliot

At home I used to have a very intelligent VCR with near-perfect voice recognition and knowledge of me. I could ask it to record programs by name and, in some cases, even assume it would do so automatically, without my asking. Then, all of a sudden, my son went to college.

— Nicholas Negroponte, *Being Digital*, Knopf, 1995, p91

Furuike ya kawazu tobikomu mizu no oto • An old pond: a frog jumps in—the sound of water

— Bashō

Skill without imagination is craftsmanship and gives us many useful objects such as wickerwork picnic baskets. Imagination without skill gives us modern art.

— Tom Stoppard

When a man says "I lie," does he lie, or does he speak the truth?

If he lies, he speaks the truth. If he speaks the truth he lies.

— Mark Twain

One is reminded of the card that says "the statement on the other side of this card is false" on one side and "the statement on the other side of this card is true" on the other.

SFFA217a

"Unable obtain bidet. Suggest handstand in shower."

— Billy Wilder's cable from France to his wife, in response to her request to buy plumbing fixtures.

SFFA214

“A country where the money falls apart in your hands and you can’t tear the toilet paper.”
— Billy Wilder’s description of France

I will be speaking today about work in progress, instead of completed research; this was not my original intention when I chose the subject of this lecture, but the fact is I couldn’t get my computer programs working in time.
— Donald E Knuth, “Mathematical Typography”

You see, what happened to me—what happened to the rest of us—is we *started* [building the bomb] for a good reason, then you’re working very hard to accomplish something and it’s a pleasure, it’s excitement. And you stop thinking, you know; you just *stop*. Bob Wilson was the only one who was still thinking about it, at that moment [at the Trinity test].

I returned to civilization shortly after that and went to Cornell to teach, and my first impression was a very strange one. I can’t understand it any more, but I felt very strongly then. I sat in a restaurant in New York, for example, and I looked at the buildings and I began to think, you know, about how much the radius of the Hiroshima bomb damage was and so forth. . . How far from here was 34th Street? . . . All those buildings, all smashed—and so on. And I would go along and I would see people building a bridge, or they’d be making a new road, and I thought, they’re *crazy*, they just don’t understand, they don’t *understand*. Why are they making new things? It’s so useless.

But, fortunately, it’s been useless for almost forty years now, hasn’t it? So I’ve been wrong about it being useless making bridges and I’m glad those other people had the sense to go ahead.
— from “Los Alamos from Below,” in *Surely You’re Joking, Mr Feynman!*, by Richard P Feynman

p118
SFFA202

We congratulated ourselves on finishing Eagle and then we went back and finished it.
— Carl Alsing at Data General quoted in *The Soul of a New Machine*,
by Tracy Kidder

One of my favorite sayings (since it’s my own) is that the hardest part of having ethics is holding to them when they’re used against you. The ACLU epitomizes ethics in the face of adversity, and they deserve recognition for fighting the good fight, no matter how much you may hate their defendants.
— Jim Griffith, in `rec.humor.funny`, Wed, 7 Aug 96 17:52:08 EDT

Subject: Administrivia: Happy Birthday to RHF
Message-Id: <S9f4.57cf@clarinet.com>

If you can’t say “Fuck,” you can’t say “Fuck the government.”
— Lenny Bruce

Ailsa Brimley did not believe in emergencies, for she enjoyed a discipline of mind uncommon in men and even rarer in women. The greater the emergency, the greater her calm. John Landsbury had remarked upon it: “You have sales resistance to the dramatic, Brim; the rare gift of contempt for what is urgent. I know of a dozen people who would pay you five thousand a year for telling them every day that what is important is seldom urgent. Urgent equals ephemeral, and ephemeral equals unimportant.”

— *A Murder of Quality*, John leCarré, chapter 14

Opinionated? That bastard’s so friggin’ narrow-minded his scratch pads are only an inch wide!

— Tom Clancy, *Red Storm Rising*

This rendition is from alt.books.tom-clancy; double check it

“... it doesn’t matter how beautiful your theory is, it doesn’t matter how smart you are — if it doesn’t agree with experiment, it’s wrong.”

— Richard P Feynman

quoted in alt.books.tom-clancy; where from? possibly the challenger investigation
SFFA207

Obscenity is whatever happens to shock some elderly and ignorant magistrate.

— Bertrand Russell

SFFA205

“We’re going to transfer you up to intensive care. They’ll make sure you’re comfortable. Is there anything else I can do?”

“No. I had a good spin. Saw two wars, ten Chevys ... Boston, San Francisco, Paris, France. ... Married a woman who put up with me, and died as beautiful as the day we met. ... Can’t ask for more.”

— Dr Mark Green and a terminal patient who’s going to die after the next commercial on *ER*, episode “Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell”

10 Oct 96

Another noteworthy characteristic of this manual is that it doesn’t always tell the truth. When certain concepts of $\text{T}_{\text{E}}\text{X}$ are introduced informally, general rules will be stated; afterwards you will find that the rules aren’t strictly true. In general, the later chapters contain more reliable information than the earlier ones do. The author feels that this technique of deliberate lying will actually make it easier for you to learn the ideas. Once you understand a simple but false rule, it will not be hard to supplement that rule with its exceptions.

— *The T_EXbook*, by Donald E Knuth, 1984

compare with Lunde

A Mac user who buys software from Microsoft is like an Israeli buying kosher food from the Hezbollah: it’s not very good, and will kill you in the long run.

— e-mail signature of Dave Rettinger at Univ of Colorado Psychology department

daver@psych.colorado.edu
SFFA200

North Alabama was full of Liquor Interests, Big Mules, steel companies, Republicans, professors, and other persons of no background.

— *To Kill A Mockingbird*, by Harper Lee

chapter 2

“Atticus, he was real nice. . .”

His hands were under my chin, pulling up the cover, and tucking it around me.

“Most people are, Scout, when you finally see them.”

— *To Kill a Mockingbird*, by Harper Lee

What’s the point of living if one’s not able to do at least *one* thing?

— Stirling Moss, in *All But My Life* by Ken W Purdy

SFFA217a

Women are more practical. They are less susceptible to aesthetic excitement, one of the reasons women artists, musicians are rare.

— Ken W Purdy in conversation with Stirling Moss in *All But My Life*

“Forgive me, but I was raised Catholic. I can’t be sure I’ve had fun unless I feel guilty afterwards.”

“Oh, it’s guilt you’re talking about? Sure I feel guilty. . . . However, Señor Herrera, there’s a big difference between guilt and remorse. I don’t feel any remorse.”

Augustine said, “Me neither. And I feel guilty that I don’t.”

— Augustine and Bonnie in *Stormy Weather* by Carl Hiaasen

p205

Only Disney, of the major studios, has done something about this and cut back on production. The other studios are involved in one of Hollywood’s great intellectual pursuits: dick swinging.

— William Goldman in the December 1996 issue of *Premiere* magazine, p 76

Perhaps we are amateurs, but we are elected amateurs.

— Janusz Okolowicz, Boulder Valley School Board meeting, 19 December 1996.

In the end, all the world’s wealth and a thousand armies are no match for the strength and decency of the human spirit.

— William Jefferson Clinton, second inaugural address.

The promise we sought in a new land we will find again in a land of new promise.

— William Jefferson Clinton, second inaugural address.

May those generations whose faces we cannot yet see, whose names we may never know, say of us here that we led our beloved land into a new century with the American Dream alive for all her children; with the American promise of a more perfect union a reality for all her people; with America's bright flame of freedom spreading throughout all the world.

From the height of this place and the summit of this century, let us go forth. May God strengthen our hands for the good work ahead — and always, always bless our America.

— William Jefferson Clinton, peroration of second inaugural address.

Outside of a dog, a book is a man's best friend. Inside of a dog, it's too dark to read.

— Groucho Marx

COLUMN4/01

In the station square stood eighteen of the wooden platforms in a semicircle facing the crowd. Nine of the platforms supported taiko drums, and on the other nine stood rectangular paper lanterns, all taller by half than the massive taiko, and lit from inside by candles so that the red-and-gold hand-painted pictures on them glowed and flickered with life. Some were of heroes from the Kabuki theater with masses of black hair, white-and-blue faces, and bright scarlet eyes. Others were of feudal warriors, grimacing under fierce horned helmets. On some, the warriors were locked in combat, a tangle of long white-bladed swords and black glinting halberds. On others, a single warrior rode in arrogant splendor, his horse's jaws a mass of foam, his armor bristling with arrows.

The nine drums thundered in unison, pounded by the fathers now, not the sons. Each drum required two men to beat it, and they hammered out a single rhythm that had already reached a powerful crescendo and was still mounting as the noise and excitement of the crowd mounted with it. Sweat poured off the faces of the drummers and the trails of it glistened in the light of the candles. So violently did they hurl themselves at the drums, and so powerful did each stroke take its toll on the whole body, that a man could not play for more than three or four minutes before stumbling away, as another took his place, and collapsing on a bench to tip a cold sake down his throat and bury his face in a towel.

The taiko is an instrument that demands more than technique. It is an obstinate instrument. It will resist and resist the drift of music until the sheer energy of the man who plays it at last excites the god in the drum, and the rhythms then flow naturally from him till his arms grow weak with exhaustion. The wise player circumvents the drum's resistance by taking so much sake into his body that the god in the drum has no alternative but to assume command at the outset.

I have to suppose that the god in the drum can also read minds, for as I moved in and out of the crowd, past the lanterns and the benches and the crates of bottles, a young man wearing a white plastic raincoat came up and thrust a paper cup of sake into my hand and asked me if I would like to play. I said that I would, but that I would require more sake. More sake came. The crowd around us began to bubble. Three drummers offered me the use of their sticks, and after I had drained a third paper cup I took my place by the side of the drum and waited for the right-hand drummer to tire. Then, when my turn came, I stepped to the drum, saluted it with the sticks, and whacked it.

The crowd went silly. "Look at this! Look at this! A gaijin! A gaijin playing the taiko!" Flash guns went off, crates were upended, parents pushed their children forward and craned their necks and stamped and clapped, and I felt the sake curl in my stomach and grinned at the drummer on the left of the drum, a middle-aged man who said "Yah!" and grinned back, and the god in the drum was kind to us both.

I have no idea how long I played. Twice the left-hand drummer changed and twice the drumsticks slipped out of my hands. When I came away I was drenched in sweat, and I sat on a bench with a towel round my head, guzzling sake and laughing like an idiot.

They had seen me from the ryokan windows, and when I got back, they danced about the entrance hall while I beat the floor with a pair of slippers. Then they ushered me into the front parlor where a college professor in a suit and spectacles presented me with his namecard and commenced to give us all a lecture.

"You see, the festival is a Tanabata festival and so it has its origins in eighth-century China where it commemorated the union of the two stars Altair and Vega. Up to the nineteenth century. . ."

Someone had poured me a cup of sake.

"Up to the nineteenth century the festival was celebrated on the seventh night of the seventh month, but when Japan adopted the Gregorian calendar Tanabata was incorporated into the general

celebrations of August. The Nebuta lanterns of Aomori . . .”

“Excuse me, professor . . .,” I said, grinning inanely while the parlor audience held its breath, “. . . but have you ever played the sake after three cups of drum?”

The professor expressed his puzzlement.

“I mean to say,” I said, attempting the northern dialect to hisses of delight, “have you ever played the taiko after drinking three cups of sake?”

The professor admitted that he never had.

“The professor knows an awful lot about festivals,” said the mistress of the ryokan, beside herself with joy.

In the streets the fathers were lighting fireworks for their sons. I felt happy for the fireworks sellers, who were the only stall-keepers that had not been doing a brisk trade. In the bath, when I let my ears sink under the water, the water throbbed to the rhythm of the drums, and when I got out of the bath and stood drying on the mat, my hands were still tapping out the rhythm on the windowsill. It was a long time before I could get to sleep, but I didn’t mind. That night I knew an awful lot about festivals.

— Alan Booth in *The Roads to Sata*, Viking, 1985, p.78ff

I noticed that Graphics Press does not have a World Wide Web site; what are your feelings about the Web, about design for the web, etc.?

I’ve done lots of critiques for people, and consulted on some, so I’ve seen quite a few. The problem with the Web is that it’s low resolution in both space and time. In so far as space, the computer screen is an inherently low-res device, that’s just a limitation of the hardware. And that resolution is made lower by the design of the images. In so far as time is concerned, well, it’s the “World Wide Wait”; the rate of information transfer is very low. The payoff, measured in bits per dollar, is very low relative to the investment in hardware, time, etc. It’s another situation where we’ve replaced one nuisance with another.

I can tell you something else about the poorly produced sites; in their designs, the allocation of space on the screen tends to reflect the distribution of the political power controlling the site. Programmers have a great deal of control, so there are lots of fancy tricks employed. . . designers control a great deal, so there are elaborate page navigation systems, and elaborate buttons to click on. The result is that content winds up with only tiny share of the screen, often only 20-30% of the bandwidth! The rest is computer or administrative debris, or over-produced, over-crafted buttons.

Another indication that the over-produced sites are not working is to look at the phoniness of the statistics, their hit numbers, “One million hits to our site!” All those hits are to the home page, and most people never make it to next screens. The numbers drop almost exponentially; 90% never make it to the second page, and 90% of those people never make it to the third page. For Web pages, bare bones design is the way to go.

— Edward R Tufte in an interview with Dan Doernberg for Computer Literacy Bookshops’ “New Book Bulletin”, Spring 1997.

SFFA207

Happiness is not a life without pain, but rather a life in which the pain is traded for a worthy price.

— Orson Scott Card, *Pastwatch*

Vicki Brown at the Caltech comp center used this for a sig quote

The next three are from the march/april 1997 issue of the Unitarian Universalist Association's *UU World* magazine:

All communities divide themselves into the few and the many. The first are the rich and wellborn, the other the mass of the people. . . The people are turbulent and changing; they seldom judge or determine right. Give therefore to the first class a distinct, permanent share in the government. They will check the unsteadiness of the second, and as they cannot receive any advantage by a change, they therefore will ever maintain good government.

— Alexander Hamilton, debates of the federal convention, June 18, 1787

There's nothing like believing in democracy, is there?

Every man is equally entitled to protection by law; but when the laws undertake to add . . . artificial distinctions, to grant titles, gratuities, and exclusive privileges, to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful, the humble members of society—the farmers, mechanics, and laborers—who have neither the time nor the means of securing favors to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of government.

— Andrew Jackson, veto of the bank bill, July 20, 1832

And those sort of favors are now made in every tax bill. . .

We're the party that wants to see an America in which people can still get rich.

— Ronald Reagan, remark at a Republican congressional dinner, May 4, 1982

Several years ago there was a big political do at Scholz Beer Garten here in Austin and everybody who was anybody in political Texas was there, meetin' and greetin' at a furious pace. About halfway through the evening, a little group of us got the tired feet and went to lean our butts against a table by the back wall of the Garten. Like birds in a row were perched Bob Bullock, the state comptroller; me; Charlie Miles, a black man who was then the head of Bullock's personnel department (and the reason Bullock had such a good record in minority hiring); and Ms. Ann Richards. Bullock, having been in Texas politics for thirty some-odd years, consequently knows every living sorry, no-account sumbitch who ever held office. A dreadful old racist judge from East Texas came up to him, "Bob, my boy, how are yew?" The two of them commenced to clap one another on the back and have a greetin'.

"Judge," said Bullock, "I want you to meet my friends. This is Molly Ivins with the *Texas Observer*".

The judge peered up at me and said, "How yew, little lady?"

"This is Charles Miles, who heads my personnel department." Charlie stuck out his hand and the judge got an expression on his face as though he had just stepped into a fresh cowpie. It took him a long minute before he reached out, barely touched Charlie's hand and said, "How yew, *boy*?" Then he turned with great relief to pretty, blue-eyed Ann Richards and said, "And who is this lovely lady?"

Ann beamed and said, "I am *Mrs. Miles*."

— Molly Ivins, "A Texas Treasure: The Wit and Wisdom of Ann Richards". *Ms.*, October 1988; reprinted in *Molly Ivins Can't Say That, Can She?*.

On a blazing hot summer day last year, the director of the Texas chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union was frantically phoning members to announce that the First Amendment was in dire peril from the Austin City Plan Commission. The First Amendment tends to be under steady fire in the Great State, but the Austin Plan Commission is rarely found on the side of jackbooted fascism. What happened was, the Reverend Mark Weaver, a fundamentalist divine with a strong local following, hellbent on driving all the dirty bookstores out of town—he had come up with a zoning scheme by which this was to be accomplished. The Plan Commission held a hearing that night attended by over three hundred members of Weaver’s Group, Citizens Against Pornography, and six members of the Civil Liberties Union. The Libertarians flocked together. Nothing like sitting in the midst of a sea of Citizens Against Pornography to make you notice that your friends all look like perverts.

The Reverend Weaver rose to address the commission. An eloquent preacher, he took right off into the tale of a woman who lives directly behind the pornography theater on South Congress Avenue. The very day before, she had watched a man come out of that theater after the five-o’clock show, go into the alley behind the theater, right behind her house, and . . . masturbate. Three hundred Citizens Against and the members of the Plan Commission all sucked in their breath in horror. Made a very odd sound. “Yes,” continued the Reverend Weaver, “that man *masturbated* right in the alley, right *behind* that lady’s house. And she has two little girls who might have *seen* it—if it weren’t for the wooden fence around her yard.” And with that the Reverend Weaver jerked to a stopped and cussed sin up a storm. It looked bad for the First Amendment.

When it came their turn, the Libertarians huddled together and decided to send up their oldest living member. He shuffled to the mike, gray hair thin on top, a face marked with age spots and old skin cancers, one eye useless long since. He spoke with a courtly Southern accent. “Members of the Commission, Reverend Weaver, Citizens Against, ladies and gentlemen. My name is John Henry Faulk. I am seventy-four years old. I was born and raised in South Austin, not a quarter of a mile from where that pornography theater stands today. I think y’all know that there was a *lot* of masturbation in South Austin before there was ever a pornography theater there.” Even the Citizens Against laughed, and the First was saved for another day.

— Molly Ivins, “One Lone Man,” reprinted in *Molly Ivins Can’t Say That, Can She?*

The state trooper was driving a Fury II. State troopers love Fury IIs. State troopers will go on driving Fury IIs until some car company puts out a car called Kill. Then state troopers will drive Kills. State troopers get their self-image from Marvel Comics.

— Donald E Westlake, *Dancing Aztecs*

Most people think, when they’re young, that they’re going to the top of their chosen, world, and that the climb is only a formality. Without that faith, I suppose, they might never start. Somewhere on the way they lift their eyes to the summit and know the aren’t going to reach it; and happiness then is looking down and enjoying the view they’ve got, not envying the one they haven’t.

— Dick Francis, *Reflex*

There had been a time, when it was all new, that my heart had pumped madly every time I walked from the changing room to the parade ring, every time I cantered to a start. After ten years my heart pumped above normal only for the big ones, the Grand National and so on, and then only if my horse had a reasonable chance. The once-fiendish excitement had turned to routine.

Bad weather, long journeys, disappointments and injuries had at first been shrugged off as “part of the job.” After ten years I saw that they *were* the job. The peaks, the winners, those were the bonuses.

— Dick Francis, *Reflex*

If the mind live only in particulars and see only the differences (wanting the power to see the whole — all in each) then the world addresses to this mind a question it cannot answer, and each new fact tears it in pieces, and it is vanquished by the distracting variety.

— Ralph Waldo Emerson, writing about his poem “The Sphinx” in 1859.

Peter Salus pointed out the last

I have occasionally had the exquisite thrill of putting my finger on a little capsule of truth, and heard it give the faint squeak of mortality under my pressure.

— E B White, letter to Stanley Hart White, January 1929

A writer is like a bean plant—he has his little day, and then he gets stringy.

— E B White, letter to Harold Ross, September 19, 1938

It is easier for a man to be loyal to his club than to his planet; the bylaws are shorter, and he is personally acquainted with the other members.

— E B White, “One Man’s Meat,” 1944

I am a member of a party of one, and I live in an age of fear. Nothing lately has unsettled my party and raised my fears so much as your editorial on Thanksgiving Day, suggesting that employees should be required to state their beliefs in order to hold their jobs. The idea is inconsistent with our constitutional theory and has been stubbornly opposed by watchful men since the early days of the Republic.

— E B White, letter to the New York *Herald Tribune*, November 29, 1947

Security, for me, took a tumble not when I read that there were Communists in Hollywood but when I read your editorial in praise of loyalty testing and thought control. If a man is in health, he doesn’t need to take anyone else’s temperature to know where he is going.

— E B White, letter to the New York *Herald Tribune*, November 29, 1947

We grow tyrannical fighting tyranny... The most alarming spectacle today is not the spectacle of the atomic bomb in an unfederated world, it is the spectacle of Americans beginning to accept the device of loyalty oaths and witchhunts, beginning to call anybody they don't like a Communist.

— E B White, letter to Janice White, April 27, 1952

The first trial in history for crimes against the peace of the world imposes a grave responsibility. The wrongs which we seek to condemn and punish have been so calculated, so malignant and so devastating that civilization cannot tolerate their being ignored because it cannot survive their being repeated.

— Robert Houghwout Jackson, opening address before the International Military Tribunal, Nuremberg, 1945

There is danger that, if the Court does not temper its doctrinaire logic with a little practical wisdom, it will convert the constitutional Bill of Rights into a suicide pact.

— Robert Houghwout Jackson, *Terminiello v. Chicago*, 337 US 1, 37 (1949)

It is not the function of our Government to keep the citizen from falling into error; it is the function of the citizen to keep the Government from falling into error.

— Robert Houghwout Jackson, *American Communications Association v. Douds*, 339 US 382, 442 (1950)

The day when this country seeks to be free for irreligion, it will cease to be free for religion.

— Robert Houghwout Jackson, dissenting opinion, *Zorach v. Clauson*, 343 US 306, 325 (1952)

I feel no need for any other faith than my faith in human beings. Like Confucius of old, I am so absorbed in the wonder of the earth and the life upon it that I cannot think of heaven and the angels. I have enough for this life. If there is no other life, then this one has been enough to make it worth being born, myself a human being.

— Pearl S Buck, *I Believe*, 1939

Now, my suspicion is that the universe is not only queerer than we suppose, but queerer than we *can* suppose. ... I suspect that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of, in any philosophy. That is the reason why I have no philosophy myself, and must be my excuse for dreaming.

— J B S Haldane, *Possible Worlds*, 1927

see Clarke quote of “stranger than we imagine”

Freedom cannot be trifled with. You cannot surrender it for security unless in a state of war, and then you must guard carefully the methods for so doing.

— Arthur Hays Sulzberger, on accepting the Columbia College award for distinguished service, 1952

Obviously, a man's judgement cannot be better than the information on which he has based it.
— Arthur Hays Sulzberger, address to the New York State Publishers Association, August 30, 1948

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

— *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act III, Scene 1

I wasted a thousand kisses on you. Shame on me for kissing you with my eyes shut so tight.
— Faye breaking up with Jimmy in *That Thing You Do!*

followed several scenes later by...

When was the last time you were decently kissed? I mean, really, honestly good and kissed?
— Guy to Faye in *That Thing You Do!*

Defining a hangover is simple: It is nature's way of telling you that you got drunk.
I've never understood why nature goes to the bother since millions of wives pass on the information.

— Mike Royko on hangovers in the *Chicago Daily News*, Dec 27, 1974.

I have a title and I have a job. The title is Shimon Peres, and the job is to fight for peace.
— Shimon Peres, on losing a bid for the Israeli Labor party presidency on 14 May 1997

SFFA197