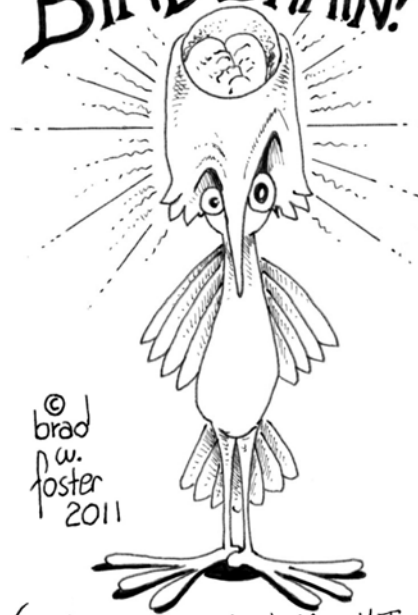


# Visions of Paradise

## #170

TREMBLE BEFORE  
the AWESOME EVIL of  
**BIRD BRAIN!**



(OKAY- IF YOU WON'T  
**TREMBLE**, AT LEAST  
STOP GIGGLING!)

# Visions of Paradise #170

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## Out of The Depths

Occasionally a rock artist releases a song which is so perfectly-structured that its combination of intricacy and accessibility justifies the artist's reputation as one of the giants of rock 'n' roll. In my opinion, here are some near-perfect gems of songs:

*Tiny Dancer*: Elton John has so much talent that before he decided to become a pop star he produced some of the richest rock albums ever, especially *Tumbleweed Connection* and *Madman Across the Water*. While his later albums contain much great music, they are erratic and often intermingled with pop failures. But nothing will ever take away from his great early albums, and especially the sublime song *Tiny Dancer*;

*Back Seat of My Car*: Paul McCartney's talent as a songwriter is often overlooked because of his

dismal lyrics, but in my opinion he ranks with Elton John as the best composers in rock 'n' roll (except Sir Elton was smart enough to realize he needed a lyricist, while Sir Paul never made that connection). His best solo albums (*Ram*, *Band on the Run*, *Press to Play*) are masterpieces which are often overlooked, and few songs can compare with *Back Seat of My Car*.

*Shangri-La*: Who would have thought that The Kinks, who began their career with the garage band classic *You Really Got Me*, was capable of the intricate work filling such albums as *Village Green Preservation Society*, *Arthur* and *Muswell Hillbillies*? Or that a classic rock 'n' roll band would release one of the prog rock masterpiece *Shangri-La*? More proof that Ray Davies is one of rock 'n' roll's few undeniable geniuses;

*Night Moves*: Bob Seger earned his reputation in the midwest as a hard-driving rock and roller, but his career went national with an outstanding rock 'n' roll song combining hard rock with the tenderness of a ballad. *Night Moves* is a deserving masterpiece;

*Backstreets*: Bruce Springsteen's early albums were filled with well-constructed epics such as *Rosalita*, *Jungleland* and, perhaps the most intricate, *Backstreets*. He simplified his songwriting considerably on *Darkness at the Edge of Town* and *The River*, which are both excellent albums, but I still miss the richness of his earlier albums, which rank among the finest albums ever released in rock 'n' roll history;

*Comfortably Numb*: I always considered Pink Floyd as falling into the category of great musicianship and great arrangements, but their songs were not masterpieces at their core. That was until they released *The Wall* which contained the brilliant *Comfortably Numb*, which is probably as responsible for their reputation being as high 30 years later as it was upon the release of that album.

\*

Awhile ago I read an online interview with Samuel R. Delany, but while I do not recall where I read it, one part of it stands out in my mind: Delany was in a bookstore watching an employee shelving an early novel by Don DeLillo called **Ratner's Star**. Delany commented that the novel was science fiction, since its plot involved contact with aliens from another planet. But DeLillo is a darling of the "literati," and the woman became visibly distressed at Delany's observation.

Why would somebody become upset when an obvious sf novel was identified as such? Because there are two totally different classifications of science fiction. "Insiders" might disagree on specifics, but generally agree that any novel which contains plausible speculative elements beyond our accepted world falls somewhere under the sf umbrella. But "outsiders," whether lovers of literature or merely people mostly unfamiliar with written science fiction, tend to view sf as fiction which resembles the type of popular special effects thrillers which masquerade as movie sf. If there are not big, bold battles and lots of pyrotechnics, it is not science fiction, no matter how speculative it might be.

I wonder if that is not the reason why Margaret Atwood has made statements distancing her

fiction from sf in the past. She does not seem deliberately insulting or narrow-minded, and several of her novels certainly qualify as science fiction, but I think that she has no idea that sf is more than *Star Wars* and *The Matrix*, and if she did so she would certainly accept that, at least in part, she is a science fiction writer.

\*

I recently read a very good story “Useless Things,” by Maureen McHugh, which was first published in the original anthology *Eclipse Three*, but I read it when it was reprinted in Gardner Dozois’ **The Year’s Best Science Fiction, Twenty-Seventh Annual Collection**. The story examined the effects of the recent economic downturn on average people. The main character lives with her two dogs in a small house in the New Mexican desert, making a meager living by sculpting lifelike dolls which she sells online.

The story mostly examines the woman’s life, the sole excitement taking place when her house is broken into and one of her dogs runs away. Eventually an old man living in a trailer park finds the dog and phones her, so she goes and retrieves it.

And that is the entire story. I really enjoyed the views McHugh gave of the depressed lifestyle, as well as the development of the main character. And the scenes about the missing dog were genuinely heartrending. But I could not help but asking myself one question when I finished reading the story: *Why was this story selected by Dozois for his collection?*

There is basically no plot and very little resolution except for some development in the woman’s character. Nor is it recognizably science fiction, except for a brief mention of Tom Cruise undergoing a scientific treatment to extend his life by 40 years. Gardner Dozois is a leading proponent of “core science fiction” as opposed to slipstream, magic realism, and all the other types which tease at being science fiction without ever really doing so.

“Useless Things” does not fall into “core science fiction” and probably had no right being in **The Year’s Best Science Fiction** except for one weakness of Dozois which I share: it was very good reading, and sometimes that trumps everything else.

\*

Many lifelong readers of science fiction entered the genre through one of several authors, such as Robert A. Heinlein or Andre Norton. In my case, I sequéd from *Tom Swift Jr.* books right to *Galaxy* and *Worlds of IF* magazines. I became acquainted with Heinlein since he was publishing his 1960 novels in **IF**, including **Podkayne of Mars**, **Farnham’s Freehold** and **The Moon is a Harsh Mistress**.

But Andre Norton never made the jump to prozines in the 1960s. She had two appearances in *F&SF* in 1954 and 1973 and two appearances in *IF* in 1967 and 1969, both fantasies. So I read very little of her fiction until very recently when I decided to see what I had missed. A year ago I read the first two *Time Trader* novels, and on my recent vacation I read **Star Born** on my e-reader. My main impression of the three novels is that they are typical of the quality of fiction

published in *IF* in the 1960s. So I wonder why Norton never made the extra money by serializing some of her novels along with the paperback sales.

I know—my first suspicious thought is that she was a woman, but since her pseudonym was male, why would that scare an editor away? My second thought was that she was considered a “young adult” writer, but her fiction was certainly comparable in quality to many of the other serials in *IF*, such as Poul Anderson’s **Three Worlds to Conquer**, Keith Laumer & Rosel Brown’s **Earthblood**, John Brunner’s **Altar at Asconel** and A. Bertram Chandler’s **The Road to the Rim**, all writers who published many Ace Science Fiction Doubles, as did Norton, so that hardly seems a valid reason not to publish her fiction.

Is it possible that she never considered submitting to prozines? I assume she was aware of them, but that may not be true. From my own point of view, that was too bad since I think I would have enjoyed her fiction when I was a teenager more than as a jaded adult. Still, I plan to read more of her fiction and I think I will enjoy them in spite of my age.

\*

*Recommendations to improve your quality of life:*

- Every public school teacher in NJ should quit his or her job and get a job in private industry instead. It will pay more, be a lot less stressful, give you free weekends year-round, and earn you a lot more respect from the general public. As an added bonus, if you earn enough money, the government will protect you from any tax increases, while bullying the few remaining teachers to “give back” portions of their salaries so that you can have a property tax rebate.
- When driving, stay in whichever lane makes you most comfortable, no matter how slow you drive or how many cars you hold up behind you. Don’t even think about switching to an exit lane from a highway until the last possible moment. You can always cut off anybody who happens to be in your way. It’s better they get aggravated and their life endangered than you do anything that interferes with your own self-indulgence in the slightest bit.
- Don’t worry about lower-income people struggling to make expenses, senior citizens barely able to make their medical co-pays, or public workers whose pensions are in danger of failing due to the state government ignoring mandatory payments for over a decade. It is more important that you protect your own income at all costs. Join the local Tea Party and start screaming about the necessity for tax cuts, no matter how many people get hurt in the process, so long as it is not you.
- Don’t be concerned about the huge number of people being murdered in our streets every day. The Constitution protects everybody’s right to bear arms, and we’ll all be a lot safer if every honest person is armed as well as the criminals. Buy yourself an assault weapon and keep it loaded and on display on the wall of your living room. That will surely scare away anybody who enters your house with evil intentions and provide you with total protection from harm, for what intruder would dare take that weapon off the wall when they know it belongs to you?

- Do not allow anybody to hinder your children's precious self-esteem. If any teacher dares to give them a low grade, or make their class too difficult and stressful, immediately complain to the superintendent of schools (bypass both the lowly principal and chairperson) and threaten to hire a lawyer if that teacher does not coddle your children with a pleasant classroom atmosphere and easy material that any dimwit could master. Education is overrated anyway.
- Support the movement to severely limit the number of immigrants to this country, legal or otherwise. So what if our lazy, self-indulgent students are not qualified either for graduate school or to handle most important science and technology jobs in the country? So what if denying access to the best and brightest people in the world will gradually erode our economy and eventually weaken our standard of living drastically? By the time it has any serious affects, you'll be dead, and who cares about a future when you won't be alive anyway?



## The Passing Scene

October 2011

**October 2-9, 2011:** The first two weeks of October were all about landscaping and coughing. Jean and Andy spent a day replacing two trees in front of the house, on either side of the porch, with considerably smaller trees which really change the appearance of the house, plus opening up the area considerably.

Jean and I spent another day at Marilyn & Frank's house gardening, finally finishing the front of their house. While three of us worked Marilyn, being the only one of us still working, spent the time grading papers.

We spent another day at Mark & Kate's house, where Jean helped them garden most of the day, also the front of the house. I worked in the morning, but because I have a mild case of bronchitis, and have been coughing for three weeks now, I rested in the afternoon.

I paid a visit to my doctor who gave me medicine which will hopefully ease my coughing and some inflammation in my side. He is from Parsippany, and his niece and nephew were my students several years ago. Ironically, when I picked up my prescription at CVS, the pharmacist saw his name on my prescription and told me that she is my doctor's cousin who also went to my high school (but somehow avoided having me). How funny.

We saw one movie, *Moneyball*, starring Brad Pitt as the general manager of the Oakland Athletics who popularized statistics as a method of building a baseball team in a small market city with limited finances to compete with the bigger cities. It was an interesting movie, especially since I was already familiar with much of what happened.

*Myrtle Beach Trip*

On Thursday, 10/13, we drove to Virginia with Alan and Denise, and stayed in a Quality Inn overnight. We arrived on Friday 10/14 at Myrtle Beach Resort at 4:00. Our room is on the first floor of a huge complex with 6 pools (one indoors), a hot tub, lazy river, and the ocean right beside it. Our mornings there typically began with Jean and I walking the beach with Alan.

Saturday 10/15 we did some shopping at Camping World and the huge, indoor Flea Market which has 2 used bookstores (one less than were there last year). Jean bought 2 mysteries, but I did not see anything I wanted. We ate lunch at Golden Corral buffet, a very large and fairly good meal. Afterwards Jean started her daily swimming in the pool, floating on the lazy river, and wading in the ocean whose waves were too rough for swimming. I joined her occasionally, but mostly I sat and read.

In the evenings we tended to sit in the condo and play games such as Bananas, Apples to Apples and "Oh, Hell".

Sunday 10/16 we met Martha and Don at the Mongolian BBQ, as we did last year. That is an excellent restaurant which I recommend highly. Afterwards we went back to their condo where we chatted with them, and with Martha's sister Carol who was Andy's first grade teacher. I know all of them from NEA conventions we all attended.

On Monday, 10/17 we went to Brookgreen Gardens where we spent 4 hours looking at plants and sculptures. We ate lunch in their Pavilion restaurant, where Jean and I had quiche and salad. It was a very nice place, but we grew tired, so we returned on Thursday, 10/20 to visit the animal preserve, including the butterfly house.

The remainder of the week was split between swimming, eating, and playing games in the evening. One good restaurant was Angelo's where Jean, Alan and I ate their Italian buffet, which was unexpectedly good: meatballs, sausage, ravioli, lasagna, Italian green beans, stuffed shells, lasagna and very good thick pizza. We actually went there because Denise was anxious for a steak, and Angelo's had more economical steaks than other restaurants.

Another excellent place was Joey Doggs, which is little more than a lunch counter run by an Italian from NJ, but he made the tastiest hamburgers Jean and I have eaten in a long time. The onion rings and fries were almost as good. Alan loved his chili dogs so much he wanted to return there some evening for their ribeye steak. Jean and I are not steak eaters, so we had sausage, pepper & onion sandwiches, which was also very good. We got so friendly with the owner that when we left he followed us outside for hugs and kisses. I wonder if he does that with all his customers.

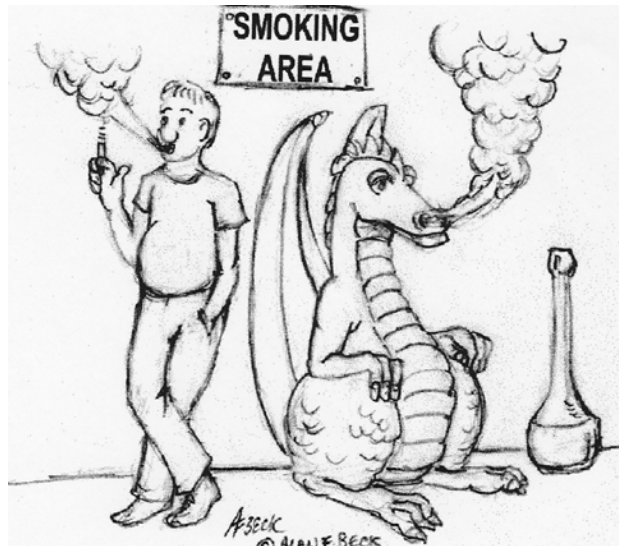
We left Myrtle Beach Saturday 10/22 and drove as far as Virginia. There were so many events taking place along Route 81 though that it took us awhile to find a reasonably-priced Quality Inn. The next morning we at 4:00, after stopping at Shop-Rite to get few items we needed.

**October 23-30:** We're back in our normal routine, although I have not gotten back to writing fiction yet because of fannish activities: writing my semi-annual column for John Purcell's *Askance*, my regular column for Tom Sadler's *The Reluctant Famulus*, as well as finishing this issue of *VoP*. Plus some students sent me college recommendation to fill out for them. Since my last class of sophomores will graduate this year, that is obviously the last time I will be doing that.

Wednesday, 10/27 my former co-worker Brienne, who took over my Honors Algebra 2 classes, phoned to chat awhile. The next afternoon 10/28, I also saw her at the Fall Morris Area Math Alliance workshop, where she gave one of the roundtable talks. She went with a new math teacher who recognized my name on the MAMA brochure—I'm on the steering committee—because, according to Briane, “everybody at school talks about me.” I assume that will not last long.

We put our Aliner camper on blocks on the side lot, plus covered it just in time for an unexpected 14" of snow Saturday night, 10/29. We haven't winterized it yet, but we can do that after the snow melts, which it should do fairly quickly this time of year. The biggest problem with the snow is that all our trees still had leaves on them, so we feared losing a few trees. Several times last night Jean shook the branches of trees with a long broom to remove as much snow as possible from them. When we awoke in the morning, the trees seemed better than our last October snowstorm several years ago.

My coughing got better by the time we left for Myrtle Beach, but while we were there my throat got sore and I starting coughing again. Since then I have been coughing nonstop, and my doctor told me I still have bronchitis. He gave me another antibiotic (in case it's bacterial), and told me if it does not heal in ten days, he'll send me for a chest x-ray.



## Wondrous Stories

I read two annual best-of anthologies regularly because they are the two devoted exclusively to science fiction: Dozois' and Hartwell & Cramer's. On my recent trip to Myrtle Beach, I read the 16<sup>th</sup> installment of Hartwell & Cramer's **Year's Best SF 16**, and it had the usual mix of stories from prozines, online zines and original anthologies, running the gamut of the entire sf umbrella.

The opening story, and one of the best, is Joe Haldeman's "Sleeping Dogs," about a war on a distant planet which, when it ended, all the Earth soldiers had their minds wiped so they had absolutely no memory of their wartime activities. Decades later, after security has loosened considerably, the narrator returns to the planet in an attempt to regain his memory of precisely what activities he had during the war. Both the glimpses of the planet and the former soldier's memories are fascinating and well-told, as you would expect from Haldeman.

I am not usually a big fan of Vernor Vinge, too much high-tech wet dreams, but "A Preliminary Assessment of the Drake Equations..." was a more traditional story about exploratory missions to distant worlds seeking alien life. In the middle of the story was a short anecdote which, by itself, would have been one of those perfect, memorable sf stories such as Fredric Brown or Bob Leman wrote regularly. As good as the overall story was, that anecdote was even better.

Cat Sparks' "All the Love in the World" is set in a near-future post-apocalyptic Australia where a group of people have blocked off their small community from the craziness outside it. They have become mostly self-sufficient with one exception. They have exhausted their supply of medicine. So when the narrator leaves their community in search of some badly-needed medication, she finds that things are considerably different than she expected. This is a moving and hopeful view of the future.

Alastair Reynolds' "At Bukokan" hypothesizes that the public eagerness for bigger and more extreme thrills might take some unexpected directions in our high-tech society. While its premise is a bit outrageous, Reynolds makes it both believable and interesting.

If you enjoy a good mystery based on determining the validity of an historical event, then Jack McDevitt is the writer for you. His series of mysteries set hundreds of years in the future featuring Alex Benedict is my favorite recent sf series. "The Cassandra Project" is based on the resurrection of America's space program a few years in the future, just as the Russians release a series of pictures taken by their 1960s space program, one of which seems to show a dome on the far side of the moon. When a public relations agent for NASA compares the picture to one taken by the Americans, he finds no dome there. The solution to what seems a minor mystery at first proves to be anything *but* minor.

There are other good stories by writers such as Terry Bisson, Vandana Singh, Michael Swanwick, Greg Benford, Robert Reed and Paul Park, 21 stories in all. While I did not think this volume was quite as good as the previous 2 in the series, some of that might just be my specific taste. Overall, it is definitely recommended reading.

\*

It is generally more common for a science fiction writer to switch to fantasy since that is where the sales and subsequent \*big bucks\* usually are. China Miéville seems to have taken the reverse route. He achieved fame with three wondrous fantasies **Perdido Street Station**, **The Scar** and **Iron Council**, then shifted to a *noir* detective novel **The City & The City**, which still perched on the edge of fantasy, and a horror thriller **Kraken**.

But his newest novel **Embassytown** is pure science fiction concerning a human colony on a world inhabited by strange beings known as the Ariekei (but called the Hosts by the colonists). The novel's primary concern is the attempts by the humans to learn the Hosts' language, not merely to understand them, but the much more difficult task of carrying on a conversation with them.

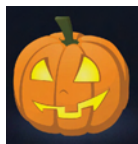
You see, the Hosts have two mouths, and they speak through both of them simultaneously. After the original linguists learned their language, while they could understand the Hosts' portion of a conversation, the Hosts could not understand the human portion, or even recognize that a dialogue was being held with them. Until the humans raised pairs of Ambassadors, two cloned beings who nearly share one mind and who are able to communicate in the same simultaneous manner as the Hosts.

**Embassytown** is told from the point of view of Avice, a girl who was raised on the colony world, then went into space for several years before returning with a linguist husband fascinated with the language of the Hosts. The novel then follows their lives on the colony world, particularly the relationships between humans and Hosts, especially involving the Ambassadors.

Things reach a head when a new Ambassador EzRa is introduced to the Hosts, the first one who was raised offworld, rather than in Embassytown. The Hosts immediately react badly to EzRa, and there are fears among the humans of trouble between the two groups, especially when thousands of Hosts leave their homes surrounding Embassytown and swarm into the streets of the human enclave.

I cannot say much more about the plot of **Embassytown** without giving away important details, but it is a rich novel whose world becomes more defined as the novel progresses, as do the characters themselves. As in most Miéville novels, the various plot lines grow more tangled but ultimately reach a rousing climax which is totally satisfying.

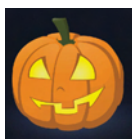
Linguistics involving communication between humans and aliens is a fairly popular theme for science fiction, and some outstanding stories have been written in this area: Samuel R. Delany's **Babel-17**, Suzette Haden Elgin's **Native Tongue**, and Ted Chiang's "Story of Your Life." **Embassytown** is another welcome entry in this sub-genre, and is a typical high-quality China Miéville achievement.



## Listmania

Here is my most recent list of my favorite f&sf stories. Obviously, the list is subject to change as long as f&sf continues being published. ☺

1	Her Habiline Husband	Michael Bishop
2	A Rose for Ecclesiastes	Roger Zelazny
3	The Star Pit	Samuel R. Delany
4	The Girl Who Was Plugged In	James Tiptree, Jr.
5	The Last Castle	Jack Vance
6	The Persistence of Vision	John Varley
7	Story of Your Life	Ted Chiang
8	Green Mars	Kim Stanley Robinson
9	Blue Champagne	John Varley
10	The White Otters of Childhood	Michael Bishop
11	April Fool's Day Forever	Kate Wilhelm
12	The Visitor at the Zoo	Damon Knight
13	Hawksbill Station	Robert Silverberg
14	The Custodians	Richard Cowper
15	The Dead Lady of Clown Town	Cordwainer Smith
16	This Moment of the Storm	Roger Zelazny
17	We, in Some Strange Power's Employ, Move on a Rigorous Line	Samuel R. Delany
18	Fire Watch	Connie Willis
19	The Empire of Ice Cream	Jeffrey Ford
20	Zima Blue	Alastair Reynolds



# On the Lighter Side

*Mike Deckinger & Bill Sabella*

A Catholic Priest, a Baptist Preacher, and a Rabbi all served as chaplains to the students of Northern Michigan University in Marquette. They'd get together two or three times a week for coffee and to talk shop.

One day, someone made the comment that preaching to people isn't really all that hard — a real challenge would be to preach to a bear. One thing led to another, and they decided to do an experiment.

They'd all go out into the woods, find a bear, preach to it, and attempt to convert it.

Seven days later, they all came together to discuss their experiences.

Father Flannery, who had his arm in a sling, was on crutches, and had various bandages on his body and limbs, went first. 'Well,' he said, 'I went into the woods to find me a bear. And when I found him, I began to read to him from the Catechism. Well, that bear wanted nothing to do with me and began to slap me around. So I quickly grabbed my holy water, sprinkled him and, Holy Mary Mother of God, he became as gentle as a lamb. The Bishop is coming out next week to give him first communion and confirmation.'

Reverend Billy Bob spoke next.. He was in a wheelchair, had one arm and both legs in casts, and had an IV drip. In his best fire-and-brimstone oratory, he claimed, 'WELL, brothers, you KNOW that we don't sprinkle! I went out and I FOUND me a bear. And then I began to read to my bear from God's HOLY WORD! But that bear wanted nothing to do with me. So I took HOLD of him and we began to wrestle. We wrestled down one hill, UP another and DOWN another until we came to a creek. So I quickly DUNKED him and BAPTIZED his hairy soul. And just like you said, he became as gentle as a lamb.. We spent the rest of the day praising Jesus. Hallelujah!

The priest and the reverend both looked down at the Rabbi, who was lying in a hospital bed. He was in a body cast and traction with IVs and monitors running in and out of him. He was in really bad shape.

The Rabbi looked up and said: "Looking back on it, circumcision may not have been the best way to start."

\*

So it seems that a couple of weeks ago, Lucifer himself was walking around Hell, observing all the suffering.

He was on a mission to be sure everyone was enduring the maximum pain, when he noticed a chubby old guy with white hair sweating and shoveling coal.

The guy was obviously in great distress, but the Devil decided he just wasn't suffering

sufficiently.

So, he walked up to the perspiring old fellow and whispered in his ear, ““Hey, Teddy..... Have I told you a Republican got your Senate seat?””

\*

A woman awakes during the night to find that her husband is not in bed. She puts on her robe and goes downstairs to look for him.

She finds him sitting at the kitchen table with a hot cup of coffee in front of him. He appears to be in deep thought, just staring at the wall. She watches as he wipes a tear from his eye and takes a sip of his coffee.

'What's the matter, dear?' she whispers as she steps in to the room, 'Why are you down here at this time of night?'

The husband looks up from his coffee, 'It's the 20th Anniversary of the day we met.'

She can't believe he has remembered and starts to tear up.

The husband continues, 'Do you remember 20 years ago when we started dating? I was 18 and you were only 16,' he says solemnly.

Once again, the wife is touched to tears thinking that her husband is so caring and sensitive.

'Yes, I do' she replies.

The husband pauses. The words were not coming easily.

'Do you remember when your father caught us in the back seat of my car?'

'Yes, I remember' said the wife, lowering herself in to a chair beside him.

The husband continued. 'Do you remember when he shoved the shotgun in my face and said,

'Either you marry my daughter or I will send you to prison for 20 years?'

'I remember that, too' she replied softly.

He wiped another tear from his cheek and said 'I would have been released today.'

\*

"Whenever I watch TV and see those poor starving kids all over the world, I can't help but cry. I

mean I'd love to be skinny like that, but not with all those flies and death and stuff."

--Mariah Carey.

Smoking kills. If you're killed, you've lost a very important part of your life."

-- Brooke Shields, during an interview to become spokesperson for federal anti-smoking campaign.

"I've never had major knee surgery on any other part of my body."

--Winston Bennett, University of Kentucky basketball forward.

"Outside of the killings, Washington has one of the lowest crime rates in the country."

--Mayor Marion Barry, Washington , DC .

"That lowdown scoundrel deserves to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'm just the one to do it."

--A congressional candidate in Texas.

"Half this game is ninety percent mental."

--Philadelphia Phillies manager Danny Ozark.

"It isn't pollution that's harming the environment. It's the impurities in our air and water that are doing it."

--Al Gore, Vice President.

"I love California. I practically grew up in Phoenix ."

-- Dan Quayle.

"The word "genius" isn't applicable in football. A genius is a guy like Norman Einstein."

--Joe Theisman, NFL football quarterback & sports analyst.

