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1. The Luckiest Man on the Face of the Earth

Lou Gehrig

*(speech at Yankee Stadium to announce his retirement having been diagnosed with a fatal illness)*

Fans, for the past two weeks you have been reading about a bad break. Today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth. I have been in ballparks for seventeen years and have never received anything but kindness and encouragement from you fans.

When you look around, wouldn't you consider it a privilege to associate yourself with such fine looking men as are standing in uniform in this ball park today? Sure, I'm lucky. Who wouldn't consider it an honor to have known Jacob Ruppert? Also, the builder of baseball's greatest empire, Ed Barrow? To have spent six years with that wonderful little fellow, Miller Huggins? Then to have spent the next nine years with that outstanding leader, that smart student of psychology, the best manager in baseball today, Joe McCarthy? Sure, I'm lucky.

When the New York Giants, a team you would give your right arm to beat, and vice versa, sends you a gift - that's something. When everybody down to the groundskeepers and those boys in white coats remember you with trophies - that's something. When you have a wonderful mother-in-law who takes sides with you in squabbles with her own daughter - that's something. When you have a father and a mother who work all their lives so you can have an education and build your body - it's a blessing. When you have a wife who has been a tower of strength and shown more courage than you dreamed existed - that's the finest I know.

So I close in saying that I might have been given a bad break, but I've got an awful lot to live for.

Thank you.

*July 4, 1939*
2. Ain't I a Woman?

Sojourner Truth

Well, children, where there is so much racket there must be something out of kilter. I think that 'twixt the negroes of the South and the women at the North, all talking about rights, the white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what's all this here talking about?

That man over there says that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages, or over mud-puddles, or gives me any best place! And ain't I a woman?

Look at me! Look at my arm! I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And ain't I a woman?

I could work as much and eat as much as a man - when I could get it - and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman?

I have borne thirteen children, and seen most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman?

Then they talk about this thing in the head; what's this they call it? [member of audience responds "intellect"] That's it, honey. What's that got to do with women's rights or negroes' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yours holds a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half measure full?

Then that little man in black there, he says women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause Christ wasn't a woman! Where did your Christ come from? Where did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothing to do with Him.

If the first woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all alone, these women together ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right side up again! And now they is asking to do it, the men better let them.

Obliged to you for hearing me, and now old Sojourner ain't got nothing more to say.

Delivered 1851, Women's Convention, Akron, Ohio
3. The Boys of Pointe Du Hoc (40th Anniversary D-Day Tribute)

Ronald Reagan

We're here to mark that day in history when the Allied armies joined in battle to reclaim this continent to liberty. For 4 long years, much of Europe had been under a terrible shadow. Free nations had fallen. Europe was enslaved, and the world prayed for its rescue. Here in Normandy the rescue began. Here the Allies stood and fought against tyranny in a giant undertaking unparalleled in human history.

At dawn, on the morning of the 6th of June, 1944, 225 Rangers jumped off the British landing craft and ran to the bottom of these cliffs. Their mission was one of the most difficult and daring of the invasion: to climb these sheer and desolate cliffs and take out the enemy guns.

And the American Rangers began to climb. When one Ranger fell, another would take his place. They knew what awaited them there, but they would not be deterred. Two hundred and twenty-five came here. After two days of fighting, only ninety could still bear arms.

Behind me is a memorial that symbolizes the Ranger daggers that were thrust into the top of these cliffs. And before me are the men who put them there.

These are the boys of Pointe du Hoc. These are the men who took the cliffs. These are the champions who helped free a continent. These are the heroes who helped end a war.

Forty summers have passed since the battle that you fought here. You were young the day you took these cliffs; some of you were hardly more than boys, with the deepest joys of life before you. Yet, you risked everything here. Why? Why did you do it? We look at you, and somehow we know the answer. It was faith and belief; it was loyalty and love; it was the deep knowledge -- and pray God we have not lost it -- that there is a profound, moral difference between the use of force for liberation and the use of force for conquest.

Something else helped the men of D-day: their rock-hard belief that Providence would have a great hand in the events that would unfold here; that God was an ally in this great cause. These are the things that impelled them; these are the things that shaped the unity of the Allies.

Today, as 40 years ago, our armies are here for only one purpose -- to protect and defend democracy. We in America have learned bitter lessons from two World Wars: It is better to be here ready to protect the peace, than to take blind shelter across the sea, rushing to respond only after freedom is lost.

Here, in this place where the West held together, let us make a vow to our dead. Let us show them by our actions that we understand what they died for. Let us continue to stand for the ideals for which they lived and died. Thank you very much, and God bless you all.

6 June 1984
4. The Gettysburg Address

Abraham Lincoln

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that “all men are created equal.”

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it, as a final resting place for those who died here, that the nation might live. This we may, in all propriety do. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have hallowed it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; while it can never forget what they did here.

It is rather for us the living, we here be dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

19 November 1863
5. Tilbury Speech

Queen Elizabeth I

My loving people, I have always so conducted myself that, under God, my strength and safety lies in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects; so I come amongst you, not for my recreation and but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust.

I know I have the body of a weak, feeble woman; but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which rather than any dishonour, I will myself take up arms beside you, I will be your general and your rewarde for your virtues in the field.

We know that you already deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you in the word of a prince, this shall be duly paid. And take heed too of my lieutenant general, for no prince ever commanded a more worthy or noble subject as he; by your obedience to him, by your valour in battle, we shall yet win a famous victory over these enemies of my God, of my kingdom and of my people.

9 August 1588
6. First Indictment of Catiline

Cicero

When, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now?

Do not the nightly guards placed on the Palatine Hill, do not the watches posted throughout the city, does not the alarm of the people and the union of all good men, does not the precaution taken of assembling the senate in this most defensible place, do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you?

Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which everyone here possesses of it?

What is there that you did last night? What the night before? Where is it that you were? Who was there that you summoned to meet you? What design was there which was adopted by you with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted?

Shame on the age and on its principles! The senate is aware of these things; the consul sees them; and yet this man lives. Lives!

Aye, he comes even into the senate.

He takes a part in the public deliberations; he is watching and marking down and checking off for slaughter every individual among us. And we, gallant men that we are, think that we are doing our duty to the republic if we keep out of the way of his frenzied attacks.

You ought, O Catiline, long ago to have been led to execution by command of the consul. That destruction which you have been long plotting against us ought to have already fallen on your own head.

What? Did not that most illustrious man, Publius Scipio, the Pontifex Maximus, in his capacity of a private citizen, put to death Tiberius Gracchus, though but slightly undermining the constitution?

And shall we, who are the consuls, tolerate Catiline, openly desirous to destroy the whole world with fire and slaughter?

For I pass over older instances, such as how Caius Servilius Ahala with his own hand slew Spurius Maelius when plotting a revolution in the state.

There was—there was once such virtue in this republic, that brave men would repress mischievous citizens with severer chastisement than the most bitter enemy. For we have a resolution of the senate, a formidable and authoritative decree against you, O Catiline; the wisdom of the republic is not at fault, nor the dignity of this senatorial body. We, we alone,—I say it openly, —we, the consuls, are waiting in our duty.

Rome, 36 BC
7. Looking for Peace Within the Realms of the Possible

David Trimble

Nobel Peace Prize Lecture 1998

Your Majesties, Members of the Norwegian Nobel Committee, Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen.

The Nobel Prize for peace normally goes to named persons. This year the persons named are John Hume and myself, two politicians from Northern Ireland. And I am honoured, as John Hume is honoured, that my name should be so singled out.

If you want to hear of a possible Northern Ireland, not a Utopia, but a normal and decent society, flawed as human beings are flawed, but fair as human beings are fair, then I hope not to disappoint you.

Some suggest that I might explicate at some little length, like peace scientists so to speak, on any lessons learnt in the little laboratory of Northern Ireland.

I have, in fact, some fairly serious reservations about the merits of using any conflict, not least Northern Ireland as a model for the study, never mind the solution, of other conflicts.

In fact if anything, the opposite is true.

Let me spell this out.

I believe that a sense of the unique, specific and concrete circumstances of any situation is the first indispensable step to solving the problems posed by that situation.

Now, I wish I could say that that insight was my own. But that insight into the central role of concrete and specific circumstance is the bedrock of the political thought of a man who is universally recognised as one of the most eminent philosophers of practical politics.

I refer, of course to the eminent eighteenth century Irish political philosopher, and brilliant British Parliamentarian, Edmund Burke.

He was the most powerful and prophetic political intellect of that century. He anticipated and welcomed the American revolution. He anticipated the dark side of the French revolution. He delved deep into the roots of that political violence, based on the false notion of the perfectibility of man, which has plagued us since the French revolution.

Burke is the best model for what might be called politicians of the possible. Politicians who seek to make a working peace, not in some perfect world, that never was, but in this, the flawed world, which is our only workshop.

Because he is the philosopher of practical politics, not of visionary vapours, because his beliefs correspond to empirical experience, he may be a good general guide to the practical politics of peacemaking.
Burke was particularly acute about the problems of dealing with revolutionary violence - that political, religious and racial terrorism that comes from the pursuit of what Burke called abstract virtue, the urge to make men perfect against their will.

Amos Oz has also arrived at the same conclusion. Recently in a radio programme he was asked to define a political fanatic. He did so as follows, "A political fanatic" he said, "is someone who is more interested in you than in himself."

At first that might seem as an altruist, but look closer and you will see the terrorist.

A political fanatic is not someone who wants to perfect himself. No, he wants to perfect you. He wants to perfect you personally, to perfect you politically, to perfect you religiously, or racially, or geographically.

He wants you to change your mind, your government, your borders. He may not be able to change your race, so he will eliminate you from the perfect equation in his mind by eliminating you from the earth.

"The Jacobins," said Burke, "had little time for the imperfect."

We in Northern Ireland are not free from taint.

We have a few fanatics who dream of forcing the Ulster British people into a Utopian Irish state, more ideologically Irish than its own inhabitants actually want. We also have fanatics who dream of permanently suppressing northern nationalists in a state more supposedly British than its inhabitants actually want.

But a few fanatics are not a fundamental problem. No, the problem arises if political fanatics bury themselves within a morally legitimate political movement. Then there is a double danger. The first is that we might dismiss legitimate claims for reform because of the barbarism of terrorist groups bent on revolution.

In that situation experience would suggest that the best way forward is for democrats to carry out what the Irish writer, Eoghan Harris calls ‘acts of good authority’ – that is acts addressed to their own side.

Thus each reformist group has a moral obligation to deal with its own fanatics. The Serbian democrats must take on the Serbian fascists. The PLO must take on Hammas. In Northern Ireland, constitutional nationalists must take on republican dissident terrorists and constitutional Unionists must confront protestant terrorists.

There is a second danger. Sometimes in our search for a solution, we go into denial about the darker side of the fanatic, the darker side of human nature. Not all may agree, but we cannot ignore the existence of evil. Particularly that form of political evil that wants to perfect a person, a border at any cost.

It has many faces. Some look suspiciously like the leaders of the Serbian forces wanted for massacres such as that at Srebenice, some like those wielding absolute power in Baghdad, some like those wanted for the Omagh bombing.
Here we come again to Burke’s belief that politics proceeds not by some abstract notions or by simple appeal to the past, but by close attention to the concrete detail and circumstance of the current specific situation.

"Circumstances," says Burke, "Circumstances give in reality to every political principle, its distinguishing colour, and discriminating effect. The circumstances are what render every civil and political scheme beneficial or noxious to mankind."

That is the nub of the matter. True I am sure of other conflicts. Previous precedents must not blind negotiators to the current circumstances. This first step away from abstraction and towards reality, should be followed by giving space for the possibilities for progress to develop.

What I have looked for is a peace within the realms of the possible. We could only have started from where we actually were, not from where we would have liked to be.

And we have started. And we will go on. And we will go on all the better if we walk, rather than run. If we put aside fantasy and accept the flawed nature of human enterprises. Sometimes we will stumble, maybe even go back a bit. But this need not matter if in the spirit of an old Irish proverb we say to ourselves, "Tomorrow is another day".

What we democratic politicians want in Northern Ireland is not some utopian society but a normal society. The best way to secure that normalcy is the tried and trusted method of parliamentary democracy. So the Northern Ireland Assembly is the primary institutional instrument for the development of a normal society in Northern Ireland.

Like any parliament it needs to be more than a cockpit for competing victimisations. Burke said it best, "Parliament is not a congress of ambassadors from different and hostile interests; which interests each must maintain, as an agent and an advocate, against other agents and advocates; but Parliament is a deliberative assembly of one nation, with one interest, that of the whole; where not local purposes, nor local prejudices ought to guide, but the general good resulting from the general reason of the whole."

Some critics complain that I lack "the vision thing". But vision in its pure meaning is clear sight. That does not mean I have no dreams. I do. But I try to have them at night. By day I am satisfied if I can see the furthest limit of what is possible. Politics can be likened to driving at night over unfamiliar hills and mountains. Close attention must be paid to what the beam can reach and the next bend.

Both communities must leave sectarianism behind, because both created it. Each thought it had good reason to fear the other. As Namier says, the irrational is not necessarily unreasonable. Ulster Unionists, fearful of being isolated on the island, built a solid house, but it was a cold house for Catholics. And northern nationalists, although they had a roof over their heads, seemed to us as if they meant to burn the house down.

None of us are entirely innocent. But thanks to our strong sense of civil society, thanks to our religious recognition that none of us are perfect, thanks to the thousands of people from both sides who made countless acts of good authority, thanks to a tradition of parliamentary democracy which meant that paramilitarism never displaced politics, thanks to all these specific, concrete circumstances we, thank god, stopped short of that abyss that engulfed Bosnia, Kosovo, Somalia and Rwanda.
Thank you for this prize for peace. We have a peace of sorts in Northern Ireland. But it is still something of an armed peace. It may seem strange that we receive the reward of a race run while the race is still not quite finished. But the paramilitaries are finished. But politics is not finished. It is the bedrock to which all societies return. Because we are the only agents of change who accept man as he is and not as someone else wants him to be.

There are two traditions in Northern Ireland. There are two main religious denominations. But there is only one true moral denomination. And it wants peace.

I am happy and honoured to accept this prize on my own behalf.

I am happy and honoured to accept this prize on behalf of all the people of Northern Ireland.

I am happy and honoured to accept the prize on behalf of all the peacemakers from throughout the British Isles and farther afield who made the Belfast Agreement that Good Friday at Stormont.

That agreement showed that the people of Northern Ireland are no petty people.

They did good work that day.

And tomorrow is now another day.

Thank you.

Oslo, 10 December 1998
My name is Harvey Milk, and I'm here to recruit you.

I want to recruit you for the fight to preserve your democracy.

Brothers and sisters, you must come out.

Come out to your parents.

Come out to your friends, if they indeed are your friends.

Come out to your neighbors. Come out to your fellow workers.

Once and for all, let's break down the myths, and destroy the lies and distortions - for your sake, for their sake, for the sake of all the youngsters who have been scared by the votes from Dade to Eugene.

On the Statue of Liberty it says: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be free." In the Declaration of Independence it is written: "All men are created equal" and "are endowed" "with certain inalienable Rights."

So, for Mr. Briggs and Mrs. Bryant and all the bigots out there: No matter how hard you try, you can never erase those words from the Declaration of Independence. No matter how hard you try, you can never chip those words from the base of the Statue of Liberty.

That is what America is.

Love it or leave it.

San Francisco, 25 June 1978
9. The Great Dictator Speech

Charlie Chaplin

I’m sorry, but I don’t want to be an emperor. That’s not my business. I don’t want to rule or conquer anyone. I should like to help everyone - if possible - Jew, Gentile - black man - white. We all want to help one another. Human beings are like that. We want to live by each other’s happiness - not by each other’s misery. We don’t want to hate and despise one another. In this world there is room for everyone. And the good earth is rich and can provide for everyone. The way of life can be free and beautiful, but we have lost the way.

Greed has poisoned men’s souls, has barricaded the world with hate. We have developed speed, but we have shut ourselves in. Our cleverness, hard and unkind. We think too much and feel too little. More than machinery we need kindness and gentleness. Without these qualities, life will be violent and all will be lost....

The invention of the aeroplane and the radio have brought us closer together. The very nature of these inventions cries out for the goodness in man - cries out for global brotherhood - for the unity of us all. Even now my voice is reaching millions throughout the world - millions of despairing men, women, and little children - victims of a system that makes men torture and imprison innocent people.

Soldiers! Do not give yourselves to brutes - men who despise you - enslave you - who regiment your lives - tell you what to do - what to think and what to feel! Who drill you - diet you - treat you like cattle, use you as cannon fodder. Don’t give yourselves to these unnatural men - machine men with machine hearts and machine minds! You are not machines! You are not cattle! You have the love of humanity in your hearts! You do not hate! Only the unloved hate - the unloved and the unnatural! Soldiers! Do not fight for slavery! Fight for liberty!

In the 17th Chapter of St Luke it is written: “the Kingdom of God is within man” - not one man nor a group of men, but all men! In you! In you, the people – you the people have the power - the power to make this life free and beautiful – you the people have the power to make this life a wonderful adventure.

Then - in the name of democracy - let us all unite. Let us fight to free the world – to make a new world - a decent world - a world that will give men a chance to work - that will give youth a future and old age a security. By the promise of these things, brutes have risen to power. But they lie! They do not fulfil that promise. They never will!

Dictators free themselves but they enslave the people! Now let us fight to fulfil that promise! Let us fight to free the world - to do away with national barriers - to do away with greed, with hate and intolerance. Let us fight for a world of reason, where science and progress will lead to all men’s happiness. Soldiers! In the name of democracy, let us all unite!

Political Satire, 1940
10. On the Pulse of Morning

Maya Angelou

A Rock, A River, A Tree
Hosts to species long since departed,
Marked the mastodon.

The dinosaur, who left dry tokens
Of their sojourn here
On our planet floor,
Any broad alarm of their hastening doom
Is lost in the gloom of dust and ages.

But today, the Rock cries out to us, clearly, forcefully,
Come, you may stand upon my
Back and face your distant destiny,
But seek no haven in my shadow.

I will give you no more hiding place down here.

You, created only a little lower than
The angels, have crouched too long in
The bruising darkness,
Have lain too long
Face down in ignorance.

Your mouths spilling words
Armed for slaughter.

The Rock cries out today, you may stand on me,
But do not hide your face.

Across the wall of the world,
A River sings a beautiful song,
Come rest here by my side.

Each of you a bordered country,
Delicate and strangely made proud,
Yet thrusting perpetually under siege.

Your armed struggles for profit
Have left collars of waste upon
My shore, currents of debris upon my breast.

Yet, today I call you to my riverside,
If you will study war no more. Come,
Clad in peace and I will sing the songs
The Creator gave to me when I and the Tree and the stone were one.

Before cynicism was a bloody sear across your Brow and when you yet knew you still Knew nothing.

The River sings and sings on.

There is a true yearning to respond to The singing River and the wise Rock.

So say the Asian, the Hispanic, the Jew The African and Native American, the Sioux, The Catholic, the Muslim, the French, the Greek The Irish, the Rabbi, the Priest, the Sheikh, The Gay, the Straight, the Preacher, The privileged, the homeless, the Teacher. They hear. They all hear The speaking of the Tree.

Today, the first and last of every Tree Speaks to humankind. Come to me, here beside the River.

Plant yourself beside me, here beside the River.

Each of you, descendant of some passed On traveller, has been paid for.

You, who gave me my first name, you Pawnee, Apache and Seneca, you Cherokee Nation, who rested with me, then Forced on bloody feet, left me to the employment of Other seekers--desperate for gain, Starving for gold.

You, the Turk, the Swede, the German, the Scot ... You the Ashanti, the Yoruba, the Kru, bought Sold, stolen, arriving on a nightmare Praying for a dream.

Here, root yourselves beside me.

I am that Tree planted by the River, Which will not be moved.

I, the Rock, I the River, I the Tree I am yours--your Passages have been paid.
Lift up your faces, you have a piercing need  
For this bright morning dawning for you.

History, despite its wrenching pain,  
Cannot be unlived, and if faced  
With courage, need not be lived again.

Lift up your eyes upon  
The day breaking for you.

Give birth again  
To the dream.

Women, children, men,  
Take it into the palms of your hands.

Mold it into the shape of your most  
Private need. Sculpt it into  
The image of your most public self.  
Lift up your hearts  
Each new hour holds new chances  
For new beginnings.

Do not be wedded forever  
To fear, yoked eternally  
To brutishness.

The horizon leans forward,  
Offering you space to place new steps of change.  
Here, on the pulse of this fine day  
You may have the courage  
To look up and out upon me, the  
Rock, the River, the Tree, your country.

No less to Midas than the mendicant.

No less to you now than the mastodon then.

Here on the pulse of this new day  
You may have the grace to look up and out  
And into your sister's eyes, into  
Your brother's face, your country  
And say simply  
Very simply  
With hope  
Good morning.
11. Nobel Peace Prize Lecture 1979

Mother Teresa

Let us all together thank God for this beautiful occasion where we can all together proclaim the joy of spreading peace, the joy of loving one another and the joy acknowledging that the poorest of the poor are our brothers and sisters.

As we have gathered here to thank God for this gift of peace, I have given you all the prayer for peace that St Francis of Assisi prayed many years ago, and I wonder he must have felt the need what we feel today to pray for. I think you have all got that paper? We'll say it together.

Lord, make me a channel of your peace, that where there is hatred, I may bring love; that where there is wrong, I may bring the spirit of forgiveness; that where there is discord, I may bring harmony; that where there is error, I may bring truth; that where there is doubt, I may bring faith; that where there is despair, I may bring hope; that where there are shadows, I may bring light; that where there is sadness, I may bring joy.

Lord, grant that I may seek rather to comfort than to be comforted; to understand, than to be understood; to love, than to be loved. For it is by forgetting self, that one finds. It is by forgiving that one is forgiven. It is by dying, that one awakens to eternal life. Amen.

God loved the world so much that he gave his son and he gave him to a virgin, the blessed virgin Mary, and she, the moment he came in her life, went in haste to give him to others. And what did she do then? She did the work of the handmaid, just so. Just spread that joy of loving to service. And Jesus Christ loved you and loved me and he gave his life for us, and as if that was not enough for him, he kept on saying: Love as I have loved you, as I love you now, and how do we have to love, to love in the giving. For he gave his life for us. And he keeps on giving, and he keeps on giving right here everywhere in our own lives and in the lives of others.

It was not enough for him to die for us, he wanted that we loved one another, that we see him in each other, that's why he said: Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God.

And to make sure that we understand what he means, he said that at the hour of death we are going to be judged on what we have been to the poor, to the hungry, naked, the homeless, and he makes himself that hungry one, that naked one, that homeless one, not only hungry for bread, but hungry for love, not only naked for a piece of cloth, but naked of that human dignity, not only homeless for a room to live, but homeless for that being forgotten, been unloved, uncared, being nobody to nobody, having forgotten what is human love, what is human touch, what is to be loved by somebody, and he says: Whatever you did to the least of these my brethren, you did it to me.

It is so beautiful for us to become holy to this love, for holiness is not a luxury of the few, it is a simple duty for each one of us, and through this love we can become holy. To this love for one another and today when I have received this reward, I personally am most unworthy, and I having avowed poverty to be able to understand the poor, I choose the poverty of our people. But I am grateful and I am very happy to receive it in the name of the hungry, of the naked, of the homeless, of the crippled, of the blind, of the leprous, of all those people who feel unwanted, unloved, uncared, thrown away of the society, people who have become a burden to the society, and are ashamed by everybody.
In their name I accept the award. And I am sure this award is going to bring an understanding love between the rich and the poor. And this is what Jesus has insisted so much, that is why Jesus came to earth, to proclaim the good news to the poor. And through this award and through all of us gathered here together, we are wanting to proclaim the good news to the poor that God loves them, that we love them, that they are somebody to us, that they too have been created by the same loving hand of God, to love and to be loved. Our poor people are great people, are very lovable people, they don’t need our pity and sympathy, they need our understanding love. They need our respect; they need that we treat them with dignity. And I think this is the greatest poverty that we experience, that we have in front of them who may be dying for a piece of bread, but they die to such dignity. I never forget when I brought a man from the street. He was covered with maggots; his face was the only place that was clean. And yet that man, when we brought him to our home for the dying, he said just one sentence: I have lived like an animal in the street, but I am going to die like an angel, love and care, and he died beautifully. He went home to God, for dead is nothing but going home to God. And he having enjoyed that love, that being wanted, that being loved, that being somebody to somebody at the last moment, brought that joy in his life.

And I feel one thing I want to share with you all, the greatest destroyer of peace today is the cry of the innocent unborn child. For if a mother can murder her own child in her womb, what is left for you and for me to kill each other? Even in the scripture it is written: Even if mother could forget her child - I will not forget you - I have carved you in the palm of my hand. Even if mother could forget, but today millions of unborn children are being killed. And we say nothing. In the newspapers you read numbers of this one and that one being killed, this being destroyed, but nobody speaks of the millions of little ones who have been conceived to the same life as you and I, to the life of God, and we say nothing, we allow it. To me the nations who have legalized abortion, they are the poorest nations. They are afraid of the little one, they are afraid of the unborn child, and the child must die because they don’t want to feed one more child, to educate one more child, the child must die. And here I ask you, in the name of these little ones, for it was that unborn child that recognized the presence of Jesus when Mary came to visit Elizabeth, her cousin. As we read in the gospel, the moment Mary came into the house, the little one in the womb of his mother, lift with joy, recognized the Prince of Peace. And so today, let us here make a strong resolution, we are going to save every little child, every unborn child, give them a chance to be born. And what we are doing, we are fighting abortion by adoption, and the good God has blessed the work so beautifully that we have saved thousands of children, and thousands of children have found a home where they are loved, they are wanted, they are cared. We have brought so much joy in the homes that there was not a child, and so today, I ask His Majesties here before you all who come from different countries, let us all pray that we have the courage to stand by the unborn child, and give the child an opportunity to love and to be loved, and I think with God’s grace we will be able to bring peace in the world. We have an opportunity here in Norway, you are with God’s blessing, you are well to do. But I am sure in the families and many of our homes, maybe we are not hungry for a piece of bread, but maybe there is somebody there in the family who is unwanted, unloved, uncared, forgotten, there isn’t love. Love begins at home. And love to be true has to hurt. I never forget a little child who taught me a very beautiful lesson. They heard in Calcutta, the children, that Mother Teresa had no sugar for her children, and this little one, Hindu boy four years old, he went home and he told his parents: I will not eat sugar for three days, I will give my sugar to Mother Teresa. How much a little child can give. After three days they brought into our house, and there was this little one who could scarcely pronounce my name, he loved with great love, he loved until it hurt. And this is what I bring before you, to love one another until it hurts, but don’t forget that there are many children, many children, many men and women who haven’t got what you have. And remember to love them until it hurts. Sometime ago, this to you will sound very strange, but I brought a God child from the street, and I could see in the face of the child that the child was hungry.
God knows how many days that the child had not eaten. So I gave her a piece of bread. And then the little one started eating the bread crumb by crumb. And I said to the child, eat the bread, eat the bread. And she looked at me and said: I am afraid to eat the bread because I'm afraid when it is finished I will be hungry again. This is a reality, and yet there is a greatness of the poor. One evening a gentleman came to our house and said, there is a Hindu family and the eight children have not eaten for a long time. Do something for them. And I took rice and I went immediately, and there was this mother, those little one's faces, shining eyes from sheer hunger. She took the rice from my hand, she divided into two and she went out. When she came back, I asked her, where did you go? What did you do? And one answer she gave me: They are hungry also. She knew that the next door neighbor, a Muslim family, was hungry.

What surprised me most, not that she gave the rice, but what surprised me most, that in her suffering, in her hunger, she knew that somebody else was hungry, and she had the courage to share, share the love. And this is what I mean, I want you to love the poor, and never turn your back to the poor, for in turning your back to the poor, you are turning it to Christ. For he had made himself the hungry one, the naked one, the homeless one, so that you and I have an opportunity to love him, because where is God? How can we love God? It is not enough to say to my God I love you, but my God, I love you here. I can enjoy this, but I give up. I could eat that sugar, but I give that sugar. If I stay here the whole day and the whole night, you would be surprised of the beautiful things that people do, to share the joy of giving. And so, my prayer for you is that truth will bring prayer in our homes, and from the foot of prayer will be that we believe that in the poor it is Christ. And we will really believe, we will begin to love. And we will love naturally, we will try to do something. First in our own home, next door neighbor in the country we live, in the whole world. And let us all join in that one prayer, God give us courage to protect the unborn child, for the child is the greatest gift of God to a family, to a nation and to the whole world. God bless you!

Oslo, 10 December 1979
12. Iraq War Speech

Colonel Tim Collins

We are going into Iraq to liberate and not to conquer. We will not fly our flags in their country. Now there are some who are alive at this moment who will not be alive shortly. Those who do not wish to go on that journey, we will not send them. As for the others, I expect you to rock their world. Wipe them out if that is what they choose. If you are ferocious in battle, remember to be magnanimous in victory.

Iraq is steeped in history. It is the site of the Garden of Eden, of the Great Flood. It is the birthplace of Abraham. You tread, you tread lightly there. You will have to go a long way to find a more decent, generous and upright people than the Iraqis. You will be embarrassed by their hospitality they offer you even though they have nothing. Do not treat them as refugees in their own country.

Now if there are casualties of war, remember that when they woke up this morning and got dressed, they did not plan to die this day. So allow them dignity in death. Bury them with due reverence and properly mark their graves. It remains my foremost intention to bring every single one of you out alive. But there may be those among us who will not see the end of this campaign and we will, we will put them in their sleeping bags and will send them back and there will be no time for sorrow. We will grieve for them later.

The enemy should be in no doubt that we are his nemesis and we are bringing about his rightful destruction. But remember, it is a big step to take another human life. It is not to be done lightly. I know of men who have taken life needlessly in other conflicts. I can assure you, they live with the mark of Cain upon them. And I know your Mothers will be in the queue at the co-op next week and they won't want you to let them down.

Let's bring everyone home safely and leave Iraq a better place for us having been there.

Our business now is North. Good luck.

Iraq, 19 March 2003
13. What if Money was No Object?

Alan Watts

What do you desire? What makes you itch? What sort of a situation would you like? Let’s suppose, I do this often in vocational guidance of students, they come to me and say, well, “we’re getting out of college and we have the faintest idea what we want to do”. So I always ask the question, “what would you like to do if money were no object? How would you really enjoy spending your life?”

Well, it’s so amazing as a result of our kind of educational system, crowds of students say well, we’d like to be painters, we’d like to be poets, we’d like to be writers, but as everybody knows you can’t earn any money that way. Or another person says well, I’d like to live an out-of-doors life and ride horses. I said you want to teach in a riding school? Let’s go through with it. What do you want to do?

When we finally got down to something, which the individual says he really wants to do, I will say to him, you do that and forget the money, because, if you say that getting the money is the most important thing, you will spend your life completely wasting your time. You’ll be doing things you don’t like doing in order to go on living, that is to go on doing things you don’t like doing, which is stupid. Better to have a short life that is full of what you like doing than a long life spent in a miserable way.

And after all, if you do really like what you’re doing, it doesn’t matter what it is, you can eventually turn it – you could eventually become a master of it. It’s the only way to become a master of something, to be really with it. And then you’ll be able to get a good fee for whatever it is. So don’t worry too much. That’s everybody is – somebody is interested in everything, anything you can be interested in, you will find others will. But it’s absolutely stupid to spend your time doing things you don’t like, in order to go on spending things you don’t like, doing things you don’t like and to teach our children to follow in the same track. See what we are doing, is we’re bringing up children and educating them to live the same sort of lives we are living, in order that they may justify themselves and find satisfaction in life by bringing up their children to do the same thing, so it’s all retch, and no vomit – it never gets there.

And so, therefore, it is so important to consider this question: What do I desire?
14. On the Death of Gandhi

Jawaharlal Nehru

A glory has departed and the sun that warmed and brightened our lives has set and we shiver in the cold and dark. Yet he would not have us feel this way after all the glory that we saw, for all these years that man with divine fire changed us also, and, such as we are, we have been moulded by him during these years and out of that divine fire many of us also took a small spark which strengthened and made us work to some extent on the lines that he fashioned; and so if we praise him our words seem rather small and if we praise him to some extent we praise ourselves. Great men and eminent men have monuments in bronze and marble set up for them, but this man of divine fire managed in his lifetime to become enmeshed in millions and millions of hearts so that all of us have become somewhat of the stuff that he was made of, though to an infinitely lesser degree. He spread out over India, not in palaces only or in select places or in assemblies, but in very hamlet and hut of the lowly and of those who suffer. He lives in the hearts of millions and he will live for immemorial ages.

What then can we say about him except to feel humble on this occasion? To praise him we are not worthy, to praise him whom we could not follow adequately or sufficiently. It is almost doing him an injustice just to pass him by with words when he demanded work and labour and sacrifice from us in large measure. He made this country during the last thirty years or more attain to heights of sacrifice which in that particular domain have never been equalled elsewhere. He succeeded in that, yet ultimately things happened which, no doubt, made him suffer tremendously, though his tender face never lost its smile and he never spoke a harsh word to anyone. Yet he must have suffered, suffered for the failing of this generation whom he had trained, suffered because we went away from the path that he had shown us, and ultimately the hand of a child of his – for he, after all, is as much a child of his as any other Indian – the hand of that child of his struck him down.

Long ages afterward history will judge of this period that we have passed through. It will judge of the successes and failures. We are too near to be proper judges of and understand what has happened and what has not happened. All we know is that there was glory and that it is no more. All we know is that for the moment there is darkness: not so dark, certainly, because when we look into our hearts we still find the living flame which he lighted there, and if those living flames exist there will not be darkness in this land and we shall be able with out effort, praying with him and following his path, to illumine this land again, small as we are, but still with the fire that he instilled into us. He was perhaps the greatest symbol of the India of the past, and, may I say, of the India of the future, that we could have. We stand in this perilous age of the present between that past and the future to be, and we face all manner of perils, and the greatest peril is sometimes a lack of faith that comes to us, the sinking of the heart and of the spirit that comes to us when we see ideals go overboard, when we see the great things that we talked about somehow pass into empty words and life taking a different course. Yet I do believe that perhaps this period will pass soon enough.

He has gone, and all over India there is a feeling of having been left desolate and forlorn. All of us sense that feeling and I do not know when we shall be able to get rid of it. And yet, together with that feeling, there is also a feeling of proud thanksgiving that it has been given to us of this generation to be associated with this mighty person. In the ages to come, centuries and maybe millenniums after us, people will think of this generation when this man of God trod the earth and will think of us who, however small, could also follow his path and probably tread on that holy ground where his feet had been. Let us be worthy of him, let us always be so.

2 February 1948
15. London

William Blake

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter’d Thames does flow.
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice: in every ban,
The mind-forg’d manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appals,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro’ midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

Published in 1794
16. Hindenburg Disaster Radio Broadcast

Herbert Morrison

It's practically standing still now they've dropped ropes out of the nose of the ship; and (uh) they've been taken ahold of down on the field by a number of men. It's starting to rain again; it's... the rain had (uh) slacked up a little bit. The back motors of the ship are just holding it (uh) just enough to keep it from... it's burst into flames! Get this, Charlie; get this, Charlie! It's fire... and it's crashing! It's crashing terrible! Oh, my! Get out of the way, please! It's burning and bursting into flames and the... and it's falling on the mooring mast. And all the folks agree that this is terrible; this is the worst of the worst catastrophes in the world. Oh it's... its flames... Crashing, oh! Four- or five-hundred feet into the sky and it... it's a terrific crash, ladies and gentlemen. It's smoke, and it's in flames now; and the frame is crashing to the ground, not quite to the mooring mast. Oh, the humanity! And all the passengers screaming around here. I told you; it – I can't even talk to people, their friends are on there! Ah! It's... it... it's a... ah! I... I can't talk, ladies and gentlemen. Honest: it's just laying there, mass of smoking wreckage. Ah! And everybody can hardly breathe and talk and the screaming. I... I... I'm sorry. Honest: I... I can hardly breathe. I... I'm going to step inside, where I cannot see it. Charlie, that's terrible. Ah, ah... I can't. Listen, folks; I... I'm gonna have to stop for a minute because I've lost my voice. This is the worst thing I've ever witnessed.

Friday 6 May 1937
17. Who Will Take My Place?

Michael Collins

The fact that the candidate you're being asked to vote for is at this moment rotting in an English jail shouldn't put you off! Sure wasn't I one myself 'til a week ago.

They can jail us. They can shoot us. They can even conscript us. They can use us as cannon fodder in the sod.

But – But we have a weapon more powerful than any in the whole arsenal of their British Empire – and that weapon is our refusal. Our refusal to bow to any order but our own, any institution but our own.

[Pointing to the police]

Our friends in the Royal Irish Constabulary would like to shut me up. Oh yes, jail me again, shoot me, who knows? And I'd like you to send them a message. If they shut me up, who'll take my place?

[Crowd: We will!]

Who's going to take my place?

[Crowd: We will!]

I can't hear you. Who'll take my place?! Will they shut you up?!!
18. United Nations Assembly Speech (HeForShe Campaign)

Emma Watson

I am reaching out to you because we need your help. We want to end gender inequality, and to do this, we need everyone involved. This is the first campaign of its kind at the UN. We want to try to mobilize as many men and boys as possible to be advocates for change. And, we don’t just want to talk about it. We want to try and make sure that it’s tangible. I was appointed as Goodwill Ambassador for UN Women six months ago. And, the more I spoke about feminism, the more I realized that fighting for women’s rights has too often become synonymous with man-hating. If there is one thing I know for certain, it is that this has to stop. For the record, feminism by definition is the belief that men and women should have equal rights and opportunities. It is the theory of political, economic and social equality of the sexes. I started questioning gender-based assumptions a long time ago. When I was 8, I was confused for being called bossy because I wanted to direct the plays that we would put on for our parents, but the boys were not. When at 14, I started to be sexualized by certain elements of the media. When at 15, my girlfriends started dropping out of sports teams because they didn’t want to appear muscly. When at 18, my male friends were unable to express their feelings. I decided that I was a feminist, and this seemed uncomplicated to me. But my recent research has shown me that feminism has become an unpopular word. Women are choosing not to identify as feminists. Apparently, I’m among the ranks of women whose expressions are seen as too strong, too aggressive, isolating, and anti-men. Unattractive, even. Why has the word become such an uncomfortable one? I am from Britain, and I think it is right that I am paid the same as my male counterparts. I think it is right that I should be able to make decisions about my own body. I think it is right that socially, I am afforded the same respect as men. But sadly, I can say that there is no one country in the world where all women can expect to see these rights. No country in the world can yet say that they achieved gender equality. These rights, I consider to be human rights, but I am one of the lucky ones. My life is a sheer privilege because my parents didn’t love me less because I was born a daughter. My school did not limit me because I was a girl. My mentors didn’t assume that I would go less far because I might give birth to a child one day. These influences were the gender equality ambassadors that made me who I am today. They may not know it, but they are the inadvertent feminists that are changing the world today. We need more of those. And if you still hate the word, it is not the word that is important. It’s the idea and the ambition behind it, because not all women have received the same rights I have. In fact, statistically, very few have.

You might be thinking, “Who is this Harry Potter girl, and what is she doing speaking at the UN?” And, it’s a really good question. I’ve been asking myself the same thing. All I know is that I care about this problem, and I want to make it better. And, having seen what I’ve seen, and given the chance, I feel it is my responsibility to say something. In my nervousness for this speech and in my moments of doubt, I told myself firmly, “If not me, who? If not now, when?” If you have similar doubts when opportunities are presented to you, I hope those words will be helpful. Because the reality is that if we do nothing, 15.5 million girls will be married in the next 16 years as children. And at current rates, it won’t be until 2086 before all rural African girls can have a secondary education. I am inviting you to step forward, to be seen and to ask yourself, “If not me, who? If not now, when?”

Thank you very, very much.

Saturday, 20 September 2014
19. We Shall Fight on the Beaches

Winston Churchill

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 the 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.

Tuesday, 4 June 1940
I don't know what to say really. Three minutes to the biggest battle of our professional lives all comes down to today. Either we heal as a team or we are going to crumble. Inch by inch play by play till we're finished. We are in hell right now, gentlemen believe me and we can stay here and get the shit kicked out of us or we can fight our way back into the light. We can climb out of hell. One inch, at a time.

Now I can't do it for you. I'm too old. I look around and I see these young faces and I think I mean I made every wrong choice a middle age man could make. I uh.... I pissed away all my money believe it or not. I chased off anyone who has ever loved me. And lately, I can't even stand the face I see in the mirror.

You know when you get old in life things get taken from you. That's, that's part of life. But, you only learn that when you start losing stuff. You find out that life is just a game of inches. So is football. Because in either game life or football the margin for error is so small.
I mean
one half step too late or too early
you don’t quite make it.
One half second too slow or too fast
and you don’t quite catch it.
The inches we need are everywhere around us.
They are in every break of the game
every minute, every second.
On this team, we fight for that inch
On this team, we tear ourselves, and everyone around us
to pieces for that inch.
We CLAW with our finger nails for that inch.
Cause we know
when we add up all those inches
that's going to make the fucking difference
between WINNING and LOSING
between LIVING and DYING.

I'll tell you this
in any fight
it is the guy who is willing to die
who is going to win that inch.
And I know
if I am going to have any life anymore
it is because, I am still willing to fight, and die for that inch
because that is what LIVING is.
The six inches in front of your face.

Now I can't make you do it.
You gotta look at the guy next to you.
Look into his eyes.
Now I think you are going to see a guy who will go that inch with you.
You are going to see a guy
who will sacrifice himself for this team
because he knows when it comes down to it,
you are gonna do the same thing for him.

That's a team, gentlemen
and either we heal now, as a team,
or we will die as individuals.
That's football guys.
That's all it is.
Now, whattaya gonna do?

American Sports Drama, 1999
21. Climb 'Til Your Dream Comes True

Helen Steiner Rice

Often your tasks will be many,  
And more than you think you can do.  
Often the road will be rugged  
And the hills insurmountable, too.

But always remember, the hills ahead  
Are never as steep as they seem,  
And with Faith in your heart start upward  
And climb 'Til you reach your dream.

For nothing in life that is worthy  
Is never too hard to achieve  
If you have the courage to try it  
And you have the Faith to believe.

For Faith is a force that is greater  
Than knowledge or power or skill  
And many defeats turn to triumph  
If you trust in God’s wisdom and will.

For Faith is a mover of mountains.  
There’s nothing that God cannot do,  
So start out today with Faith in your heart  
And 'Climb 'Til Your Dream Comes True' !
22. Once More unto the Breach, Dear Friends, Once More

William Shakespeare

(from Henry V, spoken by King Henry)

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English.
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George'!

Published in 1599
23. It’s Time to Move on

Bill Clinton

Good evening.

This afternoon in this room, from this chair, I testified before the Office of Independent Counsel and the grand jury. I answered their questions truthfully, including questions about my private life, questions no American citizen would ever want to answer. Still, I must take complete responsibility for all my actions, both public and private. And that is why I am speaking to you tonight.

As you know, in a deposition in January, I was asked questions about my relationship with Monica Lewinsky. While my answers were legally accurate, I did not volunteer information.

Indeed, I did have a relationship with Miss Lewinsky that was not appropriate. In fact, it was wrong. It constituted a critical lapse in judgment and a personal failure on my part for which I am solely and completely responsible. But I told the grand jury today and I say to you now that at no time did I ask anyone to lie, to hide or destroy evidence or to take any other unlawful action. I know that my public comments and my silence about this matter gave a false impression. I misled people, including even my wife. I deeply regret that.

I can only tell you I was motivated by many factors. First, by a desire to protect myself from the embarrassment of my own conduct. I was also very concerned about protecting my family. The fact that these questions were being asked in a politically inspired lawsuit, which has since been dismissed, was a consideration, too.

In addition, I had real and serious concerns about an independent counsel investigation that began with private business dealings 20 years ago, dealings I might add about which an independent federal agency found no evidence of any wrongdoing by me or my wife over two years ago. The independent counsel investigation moved on to my staff and friends, then into my private life. And now the investigation itself is under investigation. This has gone on too long, cost too much and hurt too many innocent people.

Now, this matter is between me, the two people I love most -- my wife and our daughter -- and our God. I must put it right, and I am prepared to do whatever it takes to do so. Nothing is more important to me personally. But it is private, and I intend to reclaim my family life for my family. It’s nobody’s business but ours. Even presidents have private lives. It is time to stop the pursuit of personal destruction and the prying into private lives and get on with our national life.

Our country has been distracted by this matter for too long, and I take my responsibility for my part in all of this. That is all I can do. Now it is time - in fact, it is past time to move on. We have important work to do - real opportunities to seize, real problems to solve, real security matters to face.

And so tonight, I ask you to turn away from the spectacle of the past seven months, to repair the fabric of our national discourse, and to return our attention to all the challenges and all the promise of the next American century.

Thank you for watching. And good night.

17 August 1998
24. Keynote Address at 2004 Democratic National Convention

Barack Obama

On behalf of the great state of Illinois, crossroads of a nation, land of Lincoln, let me express my deep gratitude for the privilege of addressing this convention. Tonight is a particular honor for me because, let’s face it, my presence on this stage is pretty unlikely. My father was a foreign student, born and raised in a small village in Kenya. He grew up herding goats, went to school in a tin-roof shack. His father, my grandfather, was a cook, a domestic servant.

But my grandfather had larger dreams for his son. Through hard work and perseverance my father got a scholarship to study in a magical place: America, which stood as a beacon of freedom and opportunity to so many who had come before. While studying here, my father met my mother. She was born in a town on the other side of the world, in Kansas. Her father worked on oil rigs and farms through most of the Depression. The day after Pearl Harbor he signed up for duty, joined Patton’s army and marched across Europe. Back home, my grandmother raised their baby and went to work on a bomber assembly line. After the war, they studied on the GI Bill, bought a house through FHA, and moved west in search of opportunity.

And they, too, had big dreams for their daughter, a common dream, born of two continents. My parents shared not only an improbable love; they shared an abiding faith in the possibilities of this nation. They would give me an African name, Barack, or "blessed," believing that in a tolerant America your name is no barrier to success. They imagined me going to the best schools in the land, even though they weren't rich, because in a generous America you don't have to be rich to achieve your potential. They are both passed away now. Yet, I know that, on this night, they look down on me with pride.

I stand here today, grateful for the diversity of my heritage, aware that my parents' dreams live on in my precious daughters. I stand here knowing that my story is part of the larger American story, that I owe a debt to all of those who came before me, and that, in no other country on earth, is my story even possible. Tonight, we gather to affirm the greatness of our nation, not because of the height of our skyscrapers, or the power of our military, or the size of our economy. Our pride is based on a very simple premise, summed up in a declaration made over two hundred years ago, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal. That they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. That among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

That is the true genius of America, a faith in the simple dreams of its people, the insistence on small miracles. That we can tuck in our children at night and know they are fed and clothed and safe from harm. That we can say what we think, write what we think, without hearing a sudden knock on the door. That we can have an idea and start our own business without paying a bribe or hiring somebody's son. That we can participate in the political process without fear of retribution, and that our votes will be counted? or at least, most of the time.

This year, in this election, we are called to reaffirm our values and commitments, to hold them against a hard reality and see how we are measuring up, to the legacy of our forbearers, and the promise of future generations. And fellow Americans? Democrats, Republicans, Independents? I say to you tonight: we have more work to do. More to do for the workers I met in Galesburg, Illinois, who are losing their union jobs at the Maytag plant that's moving to Mexico, and now are having to compete with their own children for jobs that pay seven bucks an hour. More to do for the father I met who was losing his job and choking back tears, wondering how he would pay $4,500 a month for the drugs his son needs without the health benefits he counted on. More to do for the young
woman in East St. Louis, and thousands more like her, who has the grades, has the drive, has the will, but doesn't have the money to go to college.

Don't get me wrong. The people I meet in small towns and big cities, in diners and office parks, they don't expect government to solve all their problems. They know they have to work hard to get ahead and they want to. Go into the collar counties around Chicago, and people will tell you they don't want their tax money wasted by a welfare agency or the Pentagon. Go into any inner city neighborhood, and folks will tell you that government alone can't teach kids to learn. They know that parents have to parent, that children can't achieve unless we raise their expectations and turn off the television sets and eradicate the slander that says a black youth with a book is acting white. No, people don't expect government to solve all their problems. But they sense, deep in their bones, that with just a change in priorities, we can make sure that every child in America has a decent shot at life, and that the doors of opportunity remain open to all. They know we can do better. And they want that choice.

In this election, we offer that choice. Our party has chosen a man to lead us who embodies the best this country has to offer. That man is John Kerry. John Kerry understands the ideals of community, faith, and sacrifice, because they've defined his life. From his heroic service in Vietnam to his years as prosecutor and lieutenant governor, through two decades in the United States Senate, he has devoted himself to this country. Again and again, we've seen him make tough choices when easier ones were available. His values and his record affirm what is best in us.

John Kerry believes in an America where hard work is rewarded. So instead of offering tax breaks to companies shipping jobs overseas, he'll offer them to companies creating jobs here at home. John Kerry believes in an America where all Americans can afford the same health coverage our politicians in Washington have for themselves. John Kerry believes in energy independence, so we aren't held hostage to the profits of oil companies or the sabotage of foreign oil fields. John Kerry believes in the constitutional freedoms that have made our country the envy of the world, and he will never sacrifice our basic liberties nor use faith as a wedge to divide us. And John Kerry believes that in a dangerous world, war must be an option, but it should never be the first option.

A while back, I met a young man named Shamus at the VFW Hall in East Moline, Illinois. He was a good-looking kid, six-two or six-three, clear-eyed, with an easy smile. He told me he'd joined the Marines and was heading to Iraq the following week. As I listened to him explain why he'd enlisted, his absolute faith in our country and its leaders, his devotion to duty and service, I thought this young man was all any of us might hope for in a child. But then I asked myself: Are we serving Shamus as well as he was serving us? I thought of more than 900 service men and women, sons and daughters, husbands and wives, friends and neighbors, who will not be returning to their hometowns. I thought of families I had met who were struggling to get by without a loved one's full income, or whose loved ones had returned with a limb missing or with nerves shattered, but who still lacked long-term health benefits because they were reservists. When we send our young men and women into harm's way, we have a solemn obligation not to fudge the numbers or shade the truth about why they're going, to care for their families while they're gone, to tend to the soldiers upon their return, and to never ever go to war without enough troops to win the war, secure the peace, and earn the respect of the world.

Now let me be clear. We have real enemies in the world. These enemies must be found. They must be pursued and they must be defeated. John Kerry knows this. And just as Lieutenant Kerry did not hesitate to risk his life to protect the men who served with him in Vietnam, President Kerry will not hesitate one moment to use our military might to keep America safe and secure. John Kerry believes
in America. And he knows it's not enough for just some of us to prosper. For alongside our famous individualism, there's another ingredient in the American saga.

A belief that we are connected as one people. If there's a child on the south side of Chicago who can't read, that matters to me, even if it's not my child. If there's a senior citizen somewhere who can't pay for her prescription and has to choose between medicine and the rent, that makes my life poorer, even if it's not my grandmother. If there's an Arab American family being rounded up without benefit of an attorney or due process, that threatens my civil liberties. It's that fundamental belief - I am my brother's keeper, I am my sister's keeper – that makes this country work. It's what allows us to pursue our individual dreams, yet still come together as a single American family. 'E pluribus unum.' Out of many, one.

Yet even as we speak, there are those who are preparing to divide us, the spin masters and negative ad peddlers who embrace the politics of anything goes. Well, I say to them tonight, there's not a liberal America and a conservative America there's the United States of America. There's not a black America and white America and Latino America and Asian America; there's the United States of America. The pundits like to slice-and-dice our country into Red States and Blue States; Red States for Republicans, Blue States for Democrats. But I've got news for them, too. We worship an awesome God in the Blue States, and we don't like federal agents poking around our libraries in the Red States. We coach Little League in the Blue States and have gay friends in the Red States. There are patriots who opposed the war in Iraq and patriots who supported it. We are one people, all of us pledging allegiance to the stars and stripes, all of us defending the United States of America.

In the end, that's what this election is about. Do we participate in a politics of cynicism or a politics of hope? John Kerry calls on us to hope. John Edwards calls on us to hope. I'm not talking about blind optimism here? the almost willful ignorance that thinks unemployment will go away if we just don't talk about it, or the health care crisis will solve itself if we just ignore it. No, I'm talking about something more substantial. It's the hope of slaves sitting around a fire singing freedom songs; the hope of immigrants setting out for distant shores; the hope of a young naval lieutenant bravely patrolling the Mekong Delta; the hope of a millworker's son who dares to defy the odds; the hope of a skinny kid with a funny name who believes that America has a place for him, too. The audacity of hope!

In the end, that is God's greatest gift to us, the bedrock of this nation; a belief in things not seen; a belief that there are better days ahead. I believe we can give our middle-class relief and provide working families with a road to opportunity. I believe we can provide jobs to the jobless, homes to the homeless, and reclaim young people in cities across America from violence and despair. I believe that we have a righteous wind at our backs, and that as we stand on the crossroads of history, we can make the right choices, and meet the challenges that face us. America!

Tonight, if you feel the same energy I do, if you feel the same urgency that I do, the same passion that I do, if you feel the same hopefulness I do, if we do what we must do, then I have no doubt that all across the country, from Florida to Oregon, from Washington to Maine, the people will rise up in November, and John Kerry will be sworn in as president, and John Edwards will be sworn in as vice president, and this country will reclaim its promise, and out of this long political darkness a brighter day will come.

Thank you very much everybody. God bless you.

Tuesday, 27 July 2004
25. I Have a Dream

Martin Luther King

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. And so we've come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we've come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the "unalienable Rights" of "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note, insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds."

But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. And so, we've come to cash this check, a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice. We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of Now. This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quick sands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. And those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. And there will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people, who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice: In the process of gaining our rightful place, we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred.
We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again, we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force.

The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny. And they have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom.

We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead.

We cannot turn back.

There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. *We cannot be satisfied as long as the negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their self-hood and robbed of their dignity by signs stating: "For Whites Only."* We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until "justice rolls down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream."¹

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. And some of you have come from areas where your quest -- quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive. Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed.

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair, I say to you today, my friends.

And so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of "interposition" and "nullification" -- one day right there in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.
I have a dream today!

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, and every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight; "and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together."  
This is our hope, and this is the faith that I go back to the South with. With this faith, we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith, we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith, we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

And this will be the day -- this will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning:

My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died, land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountainside, let freedom ring!  
And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true.  
And so let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire.

Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.  
Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.  
Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado.  
Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.  
But not only that:  
Let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia.  
Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee.  
Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi.  
From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when this happens, and when we allow freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when all of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual:

Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we are free at last!

Wednesday 28 August 1963
26. On Risk and Progress

Captain James T. Kirk

They used to say if man could fly, he'd have wings.

But he did - fly. He discovered he had to.

Do you wish that the first Apollo mission hadn't reached the moon, or that we hadn't gone on to Mars, and then to the nearest star? That's like saying that you wished you still operated with scalpels and sewed your patients up with catgut like your great-great-great-great-grandfather used to.

I'm in command. I could order this.

But I'm not - because Doctor McCoy is right - in pointing out the enormous danger potential in any contact with life and intelligence as fantastically advanced as this. But I must point out that the possibilities, the potential for knowledge and advancement is equally great.

Risk.

Risk is our business.

That's what this star-ship is all about.

That's why we're aboard her.

Star Trek Series 1968
My fellow citizens,

2016 has been a year of difficult trials. This is what I would like to speak to you about this evening, but I would also like to speak about why I am confident in Germany in spite of everything, and why I am so very convinced of the strengths of our country and its people. Doubtless the most difficult trial is Islamist terrorism, which has been setting its sights on Germany for years now. In 2016 it struck us in the heart of our country: in Würzburg, in Ansbach, and just a few days ago at a Christmas market at the Gedächtniskirche here in Berlin.

And yes, it is especially bitter and detestable when terrorist attacks are committed by people who came to our country claiming to seek protection, people whom our country was eager to help for this reason, and who have now made a cruel mockery of this helping spirit through their deeds, just as they make a cruel mockery of those who truly need and deserve our protection.

Why, then, do I feel the confidence that I mentioned? Confidence amidst such deep sorrow and grief for the dead and wounded? I believe that here in Berlin and in many other German cities, we have sensed it in these difficult days, in the words of solace that we have been able to give and receive. And in our resolute determination to counter the terrorists’ world of hate with our compassion and our cohesion. By going on with our lives and our work, we tell the terrorists: you are murderers filled with hatred, but you will not determine how we live or how we want to live. We are free, compassionate and open.

And with images in our minds of bombed-out Aleppo in Syria, we have to say once again how important and right it was that during the past year, too, our country helped those in true need of our protection find their footing in Germany and integrate into our society. All of this is reflected in our democracy, in our government based on the rule of law, and in our values. They are the counter-project to the hate-filled world of terrorism, and they will be stronger than terrorism. We together are stronger. Our state is stronger. Our state does everything possible to guarantee security and freedom for its citizens. This work is never finished, and this year we have provided a lot of new support to our security agencies.

In 2017, the Federal Government will swiftly initiate and implement the necessary measures wherever political or legal changes are needed. Cohesion, openness, our democracy and a strong economy that serves the well-being of all: these are the things that make me confident in our future here in Germany, even at the end of a difficult year.

Many people also associate the year 2016 with a feeling that the entire world has fallen to pieces or that things that were long considered to be finished achievements have now been called into question. The European Union, for example. Or even parliamentary democracy, which purportedly does not attend to the interests of citizens, but rather serves to benefit only a few. What distorted pictures.
Yes, Europe is slow. It is onerous. It has to weather heavy blows like the departure of one of its Member States. And yes, Europe should focus on the things that it can truly do better than a nation state. But no, we Germans should never let ourselves be led to believe that a national solo effort could ever bring us a happy future. Where Europe is challenged as a whole – as it is in global competition, in the protection of our external borders, or regarding migration – it must find a response as a whole, however painstaking and tough this may be. And we Germans have every interest in playing a leading role in this.

The picture of our parliamentary democracy that some people are painting is also distorted. But our democracy is strong. It enables people to participate and have a say. It accepts, indeed demands, dissent and criticism – criticism that is expressed peacefully and with respect for individuals, that seeks solutions and compromises and does not marginalize entire groups of people.

2017 is also the year of the next Bundestag election. I will champion a political discourse in which we will debate many things vigorously, but will always do so as democrats who never forget that it an honour to serve our democracy and thereby to serve the people. Our social market economy is one of the things that gives me encouragement about our Germany. It allows us to cope with crises and processes of change better than any other economic system in the world.

Today more people have work than ever before. Overwhelmingly, our companies are thriving. Our economic success gives us opportunities to bolster our social security system and help all those who need help. As of tomorrow, for example, important improvements in health care will come into effect. I am also encouraged by the enthusiasm and ingenuity that German companies and universities bring to the research and development work they are doing for the future. From new energy sources to digitalisation, in every area we have the opportunity not to be driven by others, but rather to be among those who discover and determine new paths. This requires us to look at the world openly and with confidence – in ourselves and in our country.

Cohesion, openness, our democracy and a strong economy that serves the well-being of all: these are the things that make me confident in our future here in Germany, even at the end of a difficult year. None of these values are simply given to us. We will have to work for all of them in 2017 too, all of us together, each contributing to the best of our abilities – and this work will be worth it.

With all my heart I wish you and your families a happy New Year filled with health, good fortune and God’s blessing.

Monday 2 January 2017
28. Mad as Hell

Howard Beale

I don't have to tell you things are bad. Everybody knows things are bad. It's a depression. Everybody's out of work or scared of losing their job. The dollar buys a nickel's worth; banks are going bust; shopkeepers keep a gun under the counter; punks are running wild in the street, and there's nobody anywhere who seems to know what to do, and there's no end to it.

We know the air is unfit to breathe and our food is unfit to eat. And we sit watching our TVs while some local newscaster tells us that today we had fifteen homicides and sixty-three violent crimes, as if that's the way it's supposed to be!

We all know things are bad -- worse than bad -- they're crazy.

It's like everything everywhere is going crazy, so we don't go out any more. We sit in the house, and slowly the world we're living in is getting smaller, and all we say is, "Please, at least leave us alone in our living rooms. Let me have my toaster and my TV and my steel-belted radials, and I won't say anything. Just leave us alone."

Well, I'm not going to leave you alone.

I want you to get mad!

I don't want you to protest. I don't want you to riot. I don't want you to write to your Congressman, because I wouldn't know what to tell you to write. I don't know what to do about the depression and the inflation and the Russians and the crime in the street.

All I know is that first, you've got to get mad.

You've gotta say, "I'm a human being, goddammit! My life has value!"

So, I want you to get up now. I want all of you to get up out of your chairs. I want you to get up right now and go to the window, open it, and stick your head out and yell I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore.

Political Satire, 1976
29. United States Presidential Inauguration Speech 2017

Donald Trump

Chief Justice Roberts, President Carter, President Clinton, President Bush, President Obama, fellow Americans, and people of the world: Thank you.

We, the citizens of America, are now joined in a great national effort to rebuild our country and to restore its promise for all of our people. Together, we will determine the course of America and the world for years to come. We will face challenges. We will confront hardships. But we will get the job done. Every four years, we gather on these steps to carry out the orderly and peaceful transfer of power, and we are grateful to President Obama and First Lady Michelle Obama for their gracious aid throughout this transition. They have been magnificent. Today's ceremony, however, has very special meaning. Because today we are not merely transferring power from one administration to another, or from one party to another -- but we are transferring power from Washington, D.C. and giving it back to you, the American People.

For too long, a small group in our nation's Capital has reaped the rewards of government while the people have borne the cost. Washington flourished -- but the people did not share in its wealth. Politicians prospered -- but the jobs left, and the factories closed. The establishment protected itself, but not the citizens of our country. Their victories have not been your victories; their triumphs have not been your triumphs; and while they celebrated in our nation's capital, there was little to celebrate for struggling families all across our land. That all changes -- starting right here, and right now, because this moment is your moment: it belongs to you.

It belongs to everyone gathered here today and everyone watching all across America. This is your day. This is your celebration. And this, the United States of America, is your country.

What truly matters is not which party controls our government, but whether our government is controlled by the people. January 20th 2017, will be remembered as the day the people became the rulers of this nation again. The forgotten men and women of our country will be forgotten no longer.

Everyone is listening to you now.

You came by the tens of millions to become part of a historic movement the likes of which the world has never seen before. At the center of this movement is a crucial conviction: that a nation exists to serve its citizens.

Americans want great schools for their children, safe neighborhoods for their families, and good jobs for themselves. These are the just and reasonable demands of a righteous public.

But for too many of our citizens, a different reality exists: Mothers and children trapped in poverty in our inner cities; rusted-out factories scattered like tombstones across the landscape of our nation; an education system flush with cash, but which leaves our young and beautiful students deprived of knowledge; and the crime and gangs and drugs that have stolen too many lives and robbed our country of so much unrealized potential.

This American carnage stops right here and stops right now.
We are one nation -- and their pain is our pain. Their dreams are our dreams; and their success will be our success. We share one heart, one home, and one glorious destiny.

The oath of office I take today is an oath of allegiance to all Americans.

For many decades, we've enriched foreign industry at the expense of American industry; subsidized the armies of other countries while allowing for the very sad depletion of our military; we've defended other nation's borders while refusing to defend our own; and spent trillions of dollars overseas while America's infrastructure has fallen into disrepair and decay.

We've made other countries rich while the wealth, strength, and confidence of our country has disappeared over the horizon.

One by one, the factories shuttered and left our shores, with not even a thought about the millions upon millions of American workers left behind. The wealth of our middle class has been ripped from their homes and then redistributed across the entire world.

But that is the past. And now we are looking only to the future. We assembled here today are issuing a new decree to be heard in every city, in every foreign capital, and in every hall of power.

From this day forward, a new vision will govern our land.

From this moment on, it's going to be America First.

Every decision on trade, on taxes, on immigration, on foreign affairs, will be made to benefit American workers and American families. We must protect our borders from the ravages of other countries making our products, stealing our companies, and destroying our jobs. Protection will lead to great prosperity and strength.

I will fight for you with every breath in my body -- and I will never, ever let you down.

America will start winning again, winning like never before.

We will bring back our jobs. We will bring back our borders. We will bring back our wealth. And we will bring back our dreams.
We will build new roads, and highways, and bridges, and airports, and tunnels, and railways all across our wonderful nation.
We will get our people off of welfare and back to work -- rebuilding our country with American hands and American labor.
We will follow two simple rules: Buy American and hire American.
We will seek friendship and goodwill with the nations of the world -- but we do so with the understanding that it is the right of all nations to put their own interests first.
We do not seek to impose our way of life on anyone, but rather to let it shine as an example for everyone to follow.
We will reinforce old alliances and form new ones -- and unite the civilized world against radical Islamic terrorism, which we will eradicate completely from the face of the Earth.
At the bedrock of our politics will be a total allegiance to the United States of America, and through our loyalty to our country, we will rediscover our loyalty to each other. When you open your heart to patriotism, there is no room for prejudice. The Bible tells us, "How good and pleasant it is when God's people live together in unity." We must speak our minds openly, debate our disagreements honestly, but always pursue solidarity. When America is united, America is totally unstoppable.

There should be no fear -- we are protected, and we will always be protected. We will be protected by the great men and women of our military and law enforcement and, most importantly, we are protected by God.

Finally, we must think big and dream even bigger. In America, we understand that a nation is only living as long as it is striving. We will no longer accept politicians who are all talk and no action -- constantly complaining but never doing anything about it. The time for empty talk is over. Now arrives the hour of action. Do not let anyone tell you it cannot be done. No challenge can match the heart and fight and spirit of America. We will not fail. Our country will thrive and prosper again.

We stand at the birth of a new millennium, ready to unlock the mysteries of space, to free the Earth from the miseries of disease, and to harness the energies, industries and technologies of tomorrow. A new national pride will stir our souls, lift our sights, and heal our divisions. It is time to remember that old wisdom our soldiers will never forget: that whether we are black or brown or white, we all bleed the same red blood of patriots, we all enjoy the same glorious freedoms, and we all salute the same great American Flag.

And whether a child is born in the urban sprawl of Detroit or the windswept plains of Nebraska, they look up at the same night sky, they fill their heart with the same dreams, and they are infused with the breath of life by the same almighty Creator. So to all Americans, in every city near and far, small and large, from mountain to mountain, and from ocean to ocean, hear these words:

You will never be ignored again. Your voice, your hopes, and your dreams will define our American destiny. And your courage and goodness and love will forever guide us along the way.

Together, We will make America strong again.
We will make wealthy again.
We will make America proud again.
We will make America safe again.
And yes, together, we will make America great again. Thank you. God bless you. And God bless America.

Saturday 21 January 2017
30. French Election Victory Speech 2017

Emmanuel Macron

It’s a great honour and it’s a great responsibility, because nothing was inevitable.

I want to say thank you. Thank you from the bottom of my heart. My gratitude goes to all those of you who provided their vote and their support. I won't forget you. I will put all my care and energy into being worthy of your trust.

But at this moment I want to address all of you, the citizens of our country, whatever choice you made. Many difficulties have weakened us for too long. I’m fully aware of them: the economic difficulties, the social divisions, the democratic deadlock and the moral weakening of the country. This evening I want to send a republican greeting to my opponent, Madame Le Pen.

I'm aware of the divisions in our nation which have led some people to extreme votes.

I respect them.

I'm aware of the anger, anxiety and doubts that a large proportion of you have also expressed. It’s my responsibility to listen to them while protecting the most fragile, by better organising solidarity, by combating all forms of inequality and discrimination, by implacably and resolutely ensuring your security, and by guaranteeing the nation's unity. For behind each of the words I've just uttered, I know there are faces: women and men, children and families, entire lives; there are you and yours.

This evening I'm addressing you all, all of you together, the people of France.

We have duties to our country. We’re the heirs to a great history and to the great humanist message sent to the world. We must pass on this history and this message, first of all to our children, but even more importantly we must carry them into the future and give them new vigour.

I'll defend France, its vital interests, its image and its message: I make that commitment to you. I'll defend Europe, the common destiny the peoples of our continent have given themselves.

Our civilisation is at stake, our way of living, of being free, of promoting our values, our common enterprises and our hopes. I'll work to rebuild the link between Europe and the people it is made up of, between Europe and citizens. On your behalf, I send the world's nations the fraternal greetings of France. I say to their leaders that France will be active and mindful of peace, of the balance of power, of international co-operation, of respect for the commitments made on development and the fight against global warming. I tell them all that France will be at the forefront of the fight against terrorism, both on its soil and in international action. However long this battle lasts, we will fight it without growing weak.

My dear fellow citizens, a new page in our history has been turned this evening. I want it to be that of renewed hope and confidence. The renewal of our public life will be a requirement for everyone as from tomorrow. Raising moral standards in our public life, recognising pluralism, and democratic vitality will be the bedrock of my action from the first day. I won't let any obstacle get in my way. I will work with determination and with due respect for everyone, because through work, school and culture, we will build a better future.
Frenchwomen, Frenchmen, my dear fellow citizens, I would like, this evening, to pay tribute to President Hollande. For five years, he has worked for our country. During the five years ahead, my responsibility will be to allay fears, restore our sense of optimism and rediscover a spirit of conquest, which embodies the French spirit better than anything.

My responsibility will be to bring every woman and man together, ready to confront the immense challenges awaiting us, and to act.

Some of these challenges are opportunities, such as the digital revolution, the ecological transition, Europe's recovery. Others are threats, such as terrorism. With all my strength I shall fight against the division which undermines and weakens us. This is how we'll be able to give back to the French people, to every one of you in your professional, private and family lives, the opportunities France owes them.

Let's love France. From this evening, and for the next five years, I am going to serve it on your behalf, with humility, devotion and determination.

Long live the Republic, long live France!

Sunday 7 May 2017
There!

There!

There is the liquor which God the eternal brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odours and rank corruptions, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life – pure cold water.

But in the green glade and grassy dell where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down – low down in the deepest valley where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunder storms crash, and far out on the wild, wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God – there he brews it, that beverage of life, health giving water.

And everywhere it is a thing of beauty –

gleaming in the dewdrop;
singing in the summer rain;
shining in the ice gem till the trees all seem turned to living jewels;
spreading a golden veil over the setting sun or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the glacier;
folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world;
and weaving the many coloured iris, that seraph’s zone of the sky whose warp is the rain drops of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial fire by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful – that blessed life water! No poison bubbles are on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep burning tears in its depths; no drunkard’s shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the world of eternal despair!

Speak out, my friends: would you exchange it for the demon’s drink, alcohol?

No!
32. Appeal to the Hungarians

*Louis Kossuth*

Our Fatherland is in danger! Citizens! To arms! To arms! Unless the whole Nation rise up, as one man, to defend itself, all the noble blood already shed is in vain; and, on the ground where the ashes of our ancestors repose, the Russian whip will rule over an enslaved people! Be it known to all Hungary, that the Austrian Emperor has let loose upon us the barbarous hordes of Russia; that a Russian army of forty-six thousand men has broken into our country from Gallicia and is on the march, that another has entered Transylvania, and that, finally, we can expect no foreign assistance, as the people that sympathise with us are kept down by their rulers, and gaze only in dumb silence on our struggle. We have nothing to rest our hopes upon but a righteous God, and our own strength. If we do not put that forth that strength, God will also forsake us.

Hungary’s struggle is no longer our struggle alone. It is the struggle of popular freedom against tyranny. Our victory is the victory of freedom — our fall is the fall of freedom. God has chosen us to free the nations from bodily servitude. In the wake of our victory will follow liberty to the Italians, Germans, Poles, Wallachians, Slavonians, Serbians and Croatians. With our fall goes down the star of freedom over all. People of Hungary! Will you die under the exterminating sword of the savage Russians? If not, defend yourselves! Will you look on while the Cossacks of the far North tread under-foot the bodies of your fathers, mothers, wives and children? If not, defend yourselves! Will you see a part of your fellow citizens sent to the wilds of Siberia, made to serve in the wars of tyrants, or bleed under the murderous whip? If not, defend yourselves! Will you behold your villages in flames and your harvests destroyed? Will you die of hunger on the land which your sweat made fertile? If not, defend yourselves!

We call upon the people, in the name of God and the country, to rise up in arms. In virtue of our powers and duty, we order a general crusade of the people against the enemy, to be declared from every pulpit and from every town-house of the country, and made known by the continental ringing of the bells. One great effort, and the country is forever saved! We have, indeed, an army which numbers some two hundred thousand determined men, but the struggle is no longer one between two hostile camps, it is the struggle of tyranny against freedom, of barbarism against all free nations. Therefore all people must seize arms and support the army and united, victory of freedom for Europe may be won. Fly, then, united with the army, to arms, every citizen of the land, and victory is sure!

1849

Them clothes got laundry numbers on 'em. You remember your number and always wear the ones that has your number. Any man forgets his number spends the night in the box.

These here spoons, you keep with ya. Any man loses his spoon spends a night in the box.

There's no playin' grab-ass or fightin' in the buildin'. You got a grudge against another man, you fight him Saturday afternoon. Any man playin' grab-ass or fightin' in the buildin' spends a night in the box.

First bell is at five minutes of 8:00, when you will get in your bunk. Last bell is at 8:00. Any man not in his bunk at 8:00 spends a night in the box.

There's no smokin' in the prone position in bed. To smoke, you must have both legs over the side of your bunk. Any man caught smokin' in the prone position in bed spends the night in the box.

You'll get two sheets -- every Saturday. You put the clean sheet on the top and the top sheet on the bottom and the bottom sheet you turn into the laundry boy. Any man turns in the wrong sheet spends a night in the box.

No one will sit in the bunks with dirty pants on. Any man with dirty pants on sittin' on the bunks spends a night in the box.

Any man don't bring back his empty pop bottle spends a night in the box.

Any man loud-talkin' spends a night in the box.

You got questions, you come to me. I'm Carr, the floor-walker. I'm responsible for order in here. Any man don't keep order spends a night in the box.
34. Gandhi Non-Violence Speech

I want to welcome you all.

Every one of you. We have no secrets.

Let us begin by being clear about General Smuts' new law: All Indians must now be fingerprinted, like criminals, men and women. No marriage, other than a Christian marriage, is considered valid. Under this Act, our wives and mothers are whores, and every man here is a bastard.

And our policemen, passing an Indian dwelling -- I will not call them homes -- may enter and demand the card of any Indian woman whose dwelling it is.

Understand, he does not have to stand at the door.

He may enter.

I am prepared to die. But, my friend, there is no cause for which I am prepared to kill. Whatever they do to us, we will attack no one, kill no one, but we will not give our fingerprints - not one of us. They will imprison us, and they will fine us. They will seize our possessions, but they cannot take away our self-respect if we do not give it to them.

I am asking you to fight! To fight against their anger, not to provoke it.

We will not strike a blow, but we will receive them. And through our pain we will make them see their injustice, and it will hurt - as all fighting hurts. But we cannot lose. We cannot. They may torture my body, break my bones, even kill me. Then, they will have my dead body - not my obedience.

We are Hindu and Muslim, children of God, each one of us.

Let us take a solemn oath, in His name, that come what may we will not submit to this law.
Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free² if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending²if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable²and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

1775
36. Greed is Good (Wall Street)

Gordon Gekko

Well, I appreciate the opportunity you’re giving me, Mr. Cromwell, as the single largest shareholder in Teldar Paper, to speak.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, we’re not here to indulge in fantasy, but in political and economic reality. America, America has become a second-rate power. Its trade deficit and its fiscal deficit are at nightmare proportions. Now, in the days of the free market, when our country was a top industrial power, there was accountability to the stockholder. The Carnegies, the Mellons, the men that built this great industrial empire, made sure of it because it was their money at stake. Today, management has no stake in the company!

All together, these men sitting up here [Teldar management] own less than 3 percent of the company. And where does Mr. Cromwell put his million-dollar salary? Not in Teldar stock; he owns less than 1 percent.

You own the company. That's right -- you, the stockholder.

And you are all being royally screwed over by these, these bureaucrats, with their steak lunches, their hunting and fishing trips, their corporate jets and golden parachutes.

Teldar Paper has 33 different vice presidents, each earning over 200 thousand dollars a year. Now, I have spent the last two months analyzing what all these guys do, and I still can't figure it out. One thing I do know is that our paper company lost 110 million dollars last year, and I'll bet that half of that was spent in all the paperwork going back and forth between all these vice presidents.

The new law of evolution in corporate America seems to be survival of the unfittest. Well, in my book you either do it right or you get eliminated.

In the last seven deals that I've been involved with, there were 2.5 million stockholders who have made a pretax profit of 12 billion dollars. Thank you.

I am not a destroyer of companies. I am a liberator of them!

The point is, ladies and gentleman, that greed -- for lack of a better word -- is good.

Greed is right.

Greed works.

Greed clarifies, cuts through, and captures the essence of the evolutionary spirit.

Greed, in all of its forms -- greed for life, for money, for love, knowledge -- has marked the upward surge of mankind.

And greed -- you mark my words -- will not only save Teldar Paper, but that other malfunctioning corporation called the USA.

Thank you very much.
To be, or not to be—that is the question!
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep--
No more--and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.

To die, to sleep,
To sleep? perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprise of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.
38. Hannibal to the Carthaginian Army

Livy

On whatever side I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength. A veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country’s cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the confidence of invaders, is always greater than those of the defensive party.

With hostile banners displayed, you pour down upon Italy. You bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire our minds. First they demanded me, that I, your general, should be delivered up to them for punishment; next, all of you, who had laid siege to Saguntum. And we were to be put to death by excruciating tortures.

Cruel and haughty Nation! Everything must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall have war, with whom to make peace! You are to set us boundaries of mountains and rivers, which we must not pass! But you — you are not to observe the limits which you yourselves have appointed!

Pass not the Iberus! What next? Touch not Saguntum; Saguntum is on the Iberus. We must not move a step in any direction! Is it a small thing that you have deprived us of our most ancient provinces, Sicily and Sardinia? Will you take Spain also? You would have Spain too?

Well, we shall yield Spain and then you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say? This very year, they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No soldiers, there is nothing left to us but what we can vindicate with our swords.

Come on then, be men! The Romans may, with more safety, be cowards. They have their own country behind them. They have places of refuge to flee to and are secure from danger in the roads thither. But for you, there is no middle fortune between death or victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds and once again I say, you are conquerors!
What’s he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:  
If we are mark’d to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God’s will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:  
God’s peace! I would not lose so great an honour  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man’s company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian:  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say ‘To-morrow is Saint Crispian:’  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.  
And say ‘These wounds I had on Crispin’s day.’  
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,  
But he’ll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day: then shall our names  
Familiar in his mouth as household words  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember’d.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne’er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remember’d;  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne’er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition:  
And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin’s day.
Gentlemen have said that it was I who inspired the Hungarian people. I cannot accept the praise. No, it was not I who inspired the Hungarian people. It was the Hungarian people who inspired me. Whatever I thought and still think – whatever I felt and still feel, is but the pulsation of that heart which in the breast of my people beats! The glory of battle is for the historic leaders. Theirs are the laurels of immortality. And yet, in encountering the danger, they knew that, alive or dead, their names would, on the lips of people, forever live. How different the fortune – how nobler, how purer, the heroism – of those children of the people, who went forth freely to meet death in their country’s cause, knowing that where they fell they would lie, undistinguished and unknown – their names unhonoured and unsung! Animated, nevertheless, by the love of freedom and fatherland, they went forth calmly, singing their national anthems, till, rushing upon the batteries, whose cross-fire vomited upon them death and destruction, they took them without firing a shot – those who fell falling with the shout, “Hurrah for Hungary!” And so they died by thousands – the unnamed demigods! Such is the people of Hungary. Still it is said, it is I who have inspired them. No! A thousand times no! It is they who have inspired me.
41. Irish Proclamation 2016

Irishmen and Irishwomen: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people.

In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty; six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades in arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all of the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien Government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonour it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valour and discipline, and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.
42. On a Woman’s Right to Vote

Susan B. Anthony

Friends and fellow citizens: I stand before you tonight under indictment for the alleged crime of having voted at the last presidential election, without having a lawful right to vote. It shall be my work this evening to prove to you that in thus voting, I not only committed no crime, but, instead, simply exercised my citizen's rights, guaranteed to me and all United States citizens by the National Constitution, beyond the power of any state to deny.

The preamble of the Federal Constitution says:

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

It was we, the people; not we, the white male citizens; nor yet we, the male citizens; but we, the whole people, who formed the Union. And we formed it, not to give the blessings of liberty, but to secure them; not to the half of ourselves and the half of our posterity, but to the whole people - women as well as men. And it is a downright mockery to talk to women of their enjoyment of the blessings of liberty while they are denied the use of the only means of securing them provided by this democratic-republican government - the ballot.

For any state to make sex a qualification that must ever result in the disfranchisement of one entire half of the people, is to pass a bill of attainder, or, an ex post facto law, and is therefore a violation of the supreme law of the land. By it the blessings of liberty are forever withheld from women and their female posterity.

To them this government has no just powers derived from the consent of the governed. To them this government is not a democracy. It is not a republic. It is an odious aristocracy; a hateful oligarchy of sex; the most hateful aristocracy ever established on the face of the globe; an oligarchy of wealth, where the rich govern the poor. An oligarchy of learning, where the educated govern the ignorant, or even an oligarchy of race, where the Saxon rules the African, might be endured; but this oligarchy of sex, which makes father, brothers, husband, sons, the oligarchs over the mother and sisters, the wife and daughters, of every household - which ordains all men sovereigns, all women subjects, carries dissension, discord, and rebellion into every home of the nation.

Webster, Worcester, and Bouvier all define a citizen to be a person in the United States, entitled to vote and hold office.

The only question left to be settled now is: Are women persons? And I hardly believe any of our opponents will have the hardihood to say they are not. Being persons, then, women are citizens; and no state has a right to make any law, or to enforce any old law, that shall abridge their privileges or immunities. Hence, every discrimination against women in the constitutions and laws of the several states is today null and void, precisely as is every one against Negroes.

1873
You came to see a race today. To see someone win. It happened to be me. But I want you to do more than just watch a race. I want you to take part in it. I want to compare faith to running in a race. It's hard. It requires concentration of will, energy of soul.

You experience elation when the winner breaks the tape - especially if you've got a bet on it. But how long does that last? You go home. Maybe your dinner's burnt. Maybe you haven't got a job.

So who am I to say, "Believe, have faith," in the face of life's realities? I would like to give you something more permanent, but I can only point the way. I have no formula for winning the race. Everyone runs in her own way, or his own way. And where does the power come from, to see the race to its end? From within.

Jesus said, "Behold, the Kingdom of God is within you. If with all your hearts, you truly seek me, you shall ever surely find me." If you commit yourself to the love of Christ, then that is how you run a straight race.
44. Marshall’s Decision to Look For and Save the Final Ryan Son (Saving Private Ryan)

I have a letter here, written a long time ago to a Mrs. Bixby in Boston. So bear with me:

Dear Madam,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine that would attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved, lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln

The boy’s alive.

We are going to send somebody to find him.

And we are going to get him the hell out of there.
45. Speech of the Scythian Ambassadors to Alexander the Great

If your person were as vast as your desires, the whole world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to subdue nature.

But, have you considered the usual course of things? Have you reflected that great trees are many years in growing to their height, but are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb, to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have already laid hold on.

The lion, when dead, is devoured by ravens; and rust consumes the hardness of iron. There is nothing so strong, but it is in danger from what is weak. It will therefore be your wisdom to take care how you venture beyond your reach.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why should you attack Scythia? We inhabit vast deserts, and pathless woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of Alexander. We are not disposed to submit to slavery, and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation.

That you may understand the genius of the Scythians, we present you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We use these respectively in our commerce with friends and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raise by the labour of our oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring out drink offerings to the gods, and with the arrows we attack our enemies.

You pretend to be the punisher of robbers, and are yourself the greatest robber the world has ever seen. You have taken Lydia: you have seized Syria: you are master of Persia: you have subdued the Bactrians; and attacked India. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds.

How imprudent is your conduct! You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should have made you satisfied; so that the more you have, the more you desire.
46. To The American Troops Before the Battle of Long Island

George Washington

The time is now near at hand, which must probably determine whether Americans are to be free men or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them.

The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer, or to die.

Our own, our country’s honour call upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world.

Let us, then rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions.

The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny mediated against them.

Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and shew the whole world that a free man, contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honour are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us alone, and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavour to intimidate by show and appearance; but, remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive — wait for orders and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.
Proclamation to the Soldiers on Entering Milan, May 15, 1796

Soldiers: You have rushed like a torrent from the top of the Apennines; you have overthrown and scattered all that opposed your march. Piedmont, delivered from Austrian tyranny, has returned to her natural sentiments of peace and friendship toward France. Milan is yours, and the Republican flag waves throughout Lombardy. The Dukes of Parma and Modena owe their political existence to your generosity alone.

The army which so proudly threatened you can find no barrier to protect it against your courage; neither the Po, the Ticino, nor the Adda could stop you for a single day. These vaunted bulwarks of Italy opposed you in vain; you passed them as rapidly as the Apennines. These great successes have filled the heart of your country with joy. Your representatives have ordered a festival to commemorate your victories, which has been held in every district of the Republic. There will your fathers, your wives, sisters, and all who hold you dear rejoice in your good fortune and proudly boast that you belong to them.

Yes, soldiers, you have done much,—but much still remains for you to do. Shall it be said us that we knew how to conquer, but not how to make use of victory? Shall posterity reproach us with having found Capau in Lombardy? Nay, fellow soldiers! I see you already hasten to arms. Inaction is tedious to you; the days which are lost to glory are lost to your happiness. Well, then, let us then begin! We have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather and injuries to revenge. Let those who have sharpened the daggers of civil war in France, who have basely murdered our ministers, and burnt our ships at Toulon—let them now tremble! The hour of vengeance has struck.

But let the people of all countries be free from worry; we are the friends of people everywhere, and those great men whom we have taken for our models. To restore the capitol, to replace the statues of the heroes who rendered it illustrious, to rouse the Roman people, stupefied by several ages of slavery—such will be the fruit of our victories. They will form an era for posterity.

To you, soldiers, will belong the immortal glory of changing the face of the finest part of Europe. The French people, free and respected by the whole world, will give to Europe a glorious peace, which will indemnify them for the sacrifices of every kind which for last six years they have been making. You will then return to your homes and your country. Men will say, as they point you out: 'He belonged to the army of Italy.'
A day will come when you France, you Russia, you Italy, you England, you Germany, you all, nations of the continent, without losing your distinct qualities and your glorious individuality, will be merged closely within a superior unit and you will form the European brotherhood, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, all our provinces are merged together in France. A day will come when the only fields of battle will be markets opening up to trade and minds opening up to ideas. A day will come when the bullets and the bombs will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of the peoples, by the venerable arbitration of a great sovereign senate which will be to Europe what this parliament is to England, what this diet is to Germany, what this legislative assembly is to France. A day will come when we will display cannon in museums just as we display instruments of torture today, and are amazed that such things could ever have been possible. A day will come when we shall see those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe, stretching out their hands across the sea, exchanging their products, their arts, their works of genius, clearing up the globe, making deserts fruitful, ameliorating creation under the eyes of the Creator, and joining together to reap the well-being of all.

Nor is it necessary that four hundred years shall pass away for that day to come. We live in a rapid period, in the most impetuous current of events and ideas which has over borne away humanity; and at the period in which we live, a year suffices to do the work of a century. But, French, English, Germans, Russians, Slaves, Europeans, Americans, what we have to do in order to hasten the advent of that great day? We must love each other! To love each other is, in this immense labour of pacification, the best manner of aiding God! God desires this sublime object should be accomplished. And to arrive at it you are yourselves witnesses of what the Deity is doing on all sides. See what discoveries are every day issuing from human genius – discoveries which all tend to the same object – Peace! What immense progress! What simplification! How nature is allowing herself to be more and more subjugated by man! How matter every day becomes still more the handmaid of intellect, and the auxiliary of civilization! How the causes of war vanish with the causes of suffering! How people separated from each other so lately, now almost touch! How distances become less and less; and this rapid approach, what is it but the commencement of fraternity? Thanks to roads, Europe will soon be larger than France was in the middle ages. Thanks to steamships, we now traverse the mighty ocean more easily than the Mediterranean was formerly crossed. Before long, men will traverse the earth, as the gods of Homer did the sky, in three paces! But yet a little time, and the electric wire of concord shall encircle the globe and unite the world.
Thank you very much, Gertrude Mongella, for your dedicated work that has brought us to this point, distinguished delegates, and guests:

I would like to thank the Secretary General for inviting me to be part of this important United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women. This is truly a celebration, a celebration of the contributions women make in every aspect of life: in the home, on the job, in the community, as mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, learners, workers, citizens, and leaders.

It is also a coming together, much the way women come together every day in every country. We come together in fields and factories, in village markets and supermarkets, in living rooms and board rooms. Whether it is while playing with our children in the park, or washing clothes in a river, or taking a break at the office water cooler, we come together and talk about our aspirations and concern. And time and again, our talk turns to our children and our families. However different we may appear, there is far more that unites us than divides us. We share a common future, and we are here to find common ground so that we may help bring new dignity and respect to women and girls all over the world, and in so doing bring new strength and stability to families as well.

By gathering in Beijing, we are focusing world attention on issues that matter most in our lives -- the lives of women and their families: access to education, health care, jobs and credit, the chance to enjoy basic legal and human rights and to participate fully in the political life of our countries.

There are some who question the reason for this conference. Let them listen to the voices of women in their homes, neighbourhoods, and workplaces. There are some who wonder whether the lives of women and girls matter to economic and political progress around the globe. Let them look at the women gathered here and at Huairou -- the homemakers and nurses, the teachers and lawyers, the policymakers and women who run their own businesses. It is conferences like this that compel governments and peoples everywhere to listen, look, and face the world’s most pressing problems.
50. Oscar Schindler’s Final Address (Schindler’s List)

The unconditional surrender of Germany has just been announced. At midnight tonight, the war is over. Tomorrow, you’ll begin the process of looking for survivors of your families. In most cases, you won’t find them. After six long years of murder, victims are being mourned throughout the world.

We’ve survived.

Many of you have come up to me and thanked me.

Thank yourselves.

Thank Itzhak Stern –

and others among you who worried about you

and faced death at every moment.

I am member of the Nazi Party. I’m a munitions manufacturer. I’m a profiteer of slave labor. I am a criminal. At midnight, you’ll be free and I’ll be hunted. I shall remain with you until five minutes after midnight, after which time, and I hope you’ll forgive me, I have to flee.

[Turning to the Nazi guards]

I know you have received orders from our Commandant -- which he has received from his superiors – to dispose of the population of this camp. Now would be the time to do it. Or, you could leave and return to your families as men -- instead of murderers.

[They turn and leave, first the SS guards...followed by their officers.]

In memory of the countless victims

among your people,

I ask us to observe

three minutes of silence.
Ladies and Gentlemen, I’d planned to speak to you tonight to report on the state of the Union, but the events of earlier today have led me to change those plans. Today is a day for mourning and remembering. Nancy and I are pained to the core by the tragedy of the shuttle Challenger. We know we share this pain with all of the people of our country. This is truly a national loss.

Nineteen years ago, almost to the day, we lost three astronauts in a terrible accident on the ground. But, we’ve never lost an astronaut in flight; we’ve never had a tragedy like this. And perhaps we’ve forgotten the courage it took for the crew of the shuttle; but they, the Challenger Seven, were aware of the dangers, but overcame them and did their jobs brilliantly. We mourn seven heroes: Michael Smith, Dick Scobee, Judith Resnik, Ronald McNair, Ellison Onizuka, Gregory Jarvis, and Christa McAuliffe. We mourn their loss as a nation together.

For the families of the seven, we cannot bear, as you do, the full impact of this tragedy. But we feel the loss, and we’re thinking about you so very much. Your loved ones were daring and brave, and they had that special grace, that special spirit that says, “give me a challenge and I’ll meet it with joy.” They had a hunger to explore the universe and discover its truths. They wished to serve, and they did. They served all of us.

We’ve grown used to wonders in this century. It’s hard to dazzle us. But for twenty-five years the United States space program has been doing just that. We’ve grown used to the idea of space, and perhaps we forget that we’ve only just begun. We’re still pioneers. They, the member of the Challenger crew, were pioneers.

And I want to say something to the schoolchildren of America who were watching the live coverage of the shuttle’s takeoff. I know it is hard to understand, but sometimes painful things like this happen. It’s all part of the process of exploration and discovery. It’s all part of taking a chance and expanding man’s horizons. The future doesn’t belong to the fainthearted; it belongs to the brave. The Challenger crew was pulling us into the future, and we’ll continue to follow them.

I’ve always had great faith in and respect for our space program, and what happened today does nothing to diminish it. We don’t hide our space program. We don’t keep secrets and cover things up. We do it all up front and in public. That’s the way freedom is, and we wouldn’t change it for a minute. We’ll continue our quest in space. There will be more shuttle flights and more shuttle crews and, yes, more volunteers, more civilians, more teachers in space. Nothing ends here; our hopes and our journeys continue. I want to add that I wish I could talk to every man and woman who works for
NASA or who worked on this mission and tell them: “Your dedication and professionalism have moved an impressed us for decades. And we know of your anguish. We share it.”

There’s a coincidence today. On this day 390 years ago, the great explorer Sir Francis Drake died aboard ship off the coast of Panama. In his lifetime the great frontiers were the oceans, and a historian later said, “He lived by the sea, died on it, and was buried in it.” Well, today we can say of the challenger crew: Their dedication was, like Drake’s, complete.

The crew of the space shuttle Challenger honoured us by the manner in which they lived their lives. We will never forget them, nor the last time we saw them, this morning, as they prepared for the journey and waved goodbye and “slipped the surly bonds of earth” to “touch the face of God.”
‘The Money Speech’

You have meddled with the primal forces of nature Mr. Beale
And I won’t have it.
Is that clear?
You think you merely stopped a business deal.
That is not the case
The Arabs have taken billions of dollars out of this country
And now they must put it back.
It is ebb and flow.
Tidal gravity.
It is ecological balance.
You are an old man who thinks in terms of nations,
And peoples.
There are no nations.
There are no peoples.
There are no Russians.
There are no Arabs.
There are no third worlds.
There is no west.
There is only one holistic system of systems.
One vast and immane,
Interwoven,
Interacting,
Multi-varied,
Multinational dominion
of dollars.
Petro dollars.
Electro dollars.
Muti-dollars.
Riechmarks.
Rens.
Rubles, Pounds and Shekles.

It is the international system of currency,
Which determine the totality of life on this planet.
That is the natural order of things today.
That is the atomic and subatomic,
And galactic structure of things today.
And YOU have meddled with the primal forces of nature.
And you will atone.
Am I getting through to you Mr. Beale?

You get up on your little 21” screen,
And howl about America and democracy.
There is no America.
There is no Democracy.
There is only IBM, and ITT, and AT&T,
And Dupont, Dow, Union Carbide and Exxon. Those are the nations of the world today.

What do you think the Russians talk about in their Councils of State? Carl Marx? They get out their linear programming charts, Statistical decision theories, Minimax Solutions And compute the price cost probabilities of their transactions, And investments. Just like we do.

We no longer live in a world of nations and ideologies Mr. Beale. The world is a college of corporations. Inexorably determined by the Immutable by-laws of business. The World is a business Mr. Beale. It has been since man crawled out of the slime. And our children will live Mr. Beale To see that Perfect world In which there’s no war, Or famine, Oppression, Or brutality. One vast ecumenical holding company. For who all men will work to serve a common profit, And which all men will hold a share of stock. All necessities provided. All anxieties tranquilized. All boredom amused.

And I have chosen you to preach this message.
53. FILM – SCENT OF A WOMAN

ADAPTED FROM COLONEL SLADE’S SPEECH TO THE SCHOOL BOARD

This is such a crock of shit.

“Still worthy of being a ‘Baird Man.’”

What the hell is that?

What is your motto here?

“Boys, inform on your classmates, save your hide” – anything short of that we’re gonna burn you at the stake?

Well, gentlemen, when the shit hits the fan some guys run and some guys stay. Here’s Charlie facing the fire; and there’s George hiding in big Daddy’s pocket. And what are you doing? You’re gonna reward George and destroy Charlie.

I don’t know who went to this place, William Howard Taft, William Jennings Bryan, William Tell – whoever. Their spirit is dead – if they ever had one – it’s gone. You’re building a rat ship here. A vessel for sea going snitches.

And if you think you’re preparing these minnows for manhood you better think again. Because I say you are killing the very spirit this institution proclaims it instils! What a sham. What kind of a show are you guys putting on here today? I mean, the only class in this act is sitting next to me. And I’m here to tell you this boy’s soul is intact. It’s non-negotiable. You know how I know? Someone here – and I’m not gonna say who – offered to buy it. Only Charlie here wasn’t selling.

There was a time I could see. And I have seen boys like these, younger than these, their arms torn out, their legs ripped off. But there isn’t nothing like the sight of an amputated spirit; there is no prosthetic for that. You think you’re merely sending this splendid foot-soldier back home to Oregon with his tail between his legs, but I say you are executing his SOUL!! And why? Because he’s not a Baird man? Baird men, you hurt this boy, you’re going to be Baird Bums, the lot of you.

As I came in here, I heard those words, "cradle of leadership." Well, when the bough breaks, the cradle will fall. And it has fallen here; it has fallen. Makers of men; creators of leaders; be careful what kind of leaders you’re producing here. I don’t know if Charlie’s silence here today is right or wrong.
I’m not a judge or jury. But I can tell you this: he won’t sell anybody out to buy his future! And that, my friends, is called integrity! That’s called courage! Now that’s the stuff leaders should be made of.

Now I have come to the crossroads in my life. I always knew what the right path was. Without exception, I knew. But I never took it.

You know why? It was too damn hard.

Now here’s Charlie. He’s come to the crossroads. He has chosen a path. It’s the right path. It’s a path made of principle -- that leads to character. Let him continue on his journey.

You hold this boy’s future in your hands, committee. It’s a valuable future. Believe me. Don’t destroy it!

Protect it.

Embrace it.

It’s gonna make you proud one day – I promise you.
So, a rich little man with white hair died. What does that got to do with the price of rice, right? And why is that woe to us?

Because you people and 62 million other Americans are listening to me right now.

Because less than 3 percent of you people read books.

Because less than 15 percent of you read newspapers.

Because the only truth you know is what you get over this tube.

Right now, there is a whole, an entire generation that never knew anything that didn't come out of this tube.

This tube can make or break presidents, popes, prime ministers.

This tube is the most awesome goddamn force in the whole godless world.

And woe is us if it ever falls into the hands of the wrong people.

Who knows what shit will be pedalled for truth on this network?

So, you listen to me. Listen to me!

Television is not the truth. Television's a goddamn amusement park. Television is a circus, a carnival, a traveling troupe of acrobats.

We're in the boredom-killing business.

So if you want the Truth, go to God.

Go to your gurus.

Go to yourselves!

Because that's the only place you're ever gonna find any real truth.

But, man, you're never gonna get any truth from us. We'll tell you anything you wanna hear.
We’ll tell any shit you want to hear!

We deal in illusions, man.

None of it is true!

But you people sit there, day after day, night after night -- all ages, colours, creeds.

We’re all you know!

You're beginning to believe the illusions we're spinning here!

You're beginning to think that the tube is reality and that your own lives are unreal.

You do whatever the tube tells you --

You dress like the tube.

You eat like the tube.

You raise your children like the tube.

You even think like the tube.

This is mass madness, you maniacs!

In God’s name, you people are the real thing.

We are the illusion!

So turn off your television sets.

Turn them off now!

Turn them off right now!

Turn them off and leave them off.

Turn them off right in the middle of this sentence I’m speaking to you now.

Turn them off.
55. YOU CAN’T HANDLE THE TRUTH

(ADAPTED FROM THE FILM ‘A FEW GOOD MEN’)

You want answers?

You want answers?

You want the truth?

You can't handle the truth!

We live in a world that has walls, and those walls have to be guarded by men with guns. Who’s gonna do it? You? You? I have a greater responsibility than you can possibly fathom. You have the luxury of not knowing what I know –my existence, while grotesque and incomprehensible to you, saves lives.

You don’t want the truth because deep down in places you don’t talk about at parties, you need me.

We use words like "honour," "code," "loyalty." We use these words as the backbone of a life spent defending something. You use them as a punch line.

I have neither the time nor the inclination to explain myself to people who sleep under the blanket of the very freedom that I provide and then question the manner in which I provide it.

I would rather that you just said "thank you" and went on your way.

I don't give a DAMN what you think you’re entitled to!

DID I ORDER EXECUTIONS? YOU’RE GOD DAMN RIGHT I DID!
56. A MONOLOGUE FROM THE PLAY ‘ALCESTIS’ BY EURIPIDES

SPEECH BY ADMETUS

O friends, whatsoever may be thought by others, to me it seems that my wife's fate is happier than mine. Now, no pain ever shall touch her again; she has reached the noble end of all her sufferings. But I, I who should have died, I have escaped my fate, only to drag out a wretched life. Only now do I perceive it.

How shall I summon strength to enter this house?
Whom shall I greet?
Who will greet me in joy at my coming?
Whither shall I turn my steps?

I shall be driven forth by solitude when I see my bed widowed of my wife, empty the chairs on which she sat, a dusty floor beneath my roof, my children falling at my knees and calling for their mother, and the servants lamenting for the noble lady lost from the house!

Such will be my life within the house. Without, I shall be driven from marriage-feasts and gatherings of the women of Thessaly. I shall not endure to look upon my wife's friends. Those who hate me will say: 'See how he lives in shame, the man who dared not die, the coward who gave his wife to Hades in his stead! Is that a man? He hates his parents, yet he himself refused to die!'

This evil fame I have added to my other sorrows.

O my friends, what then avails it that I live, if I must live in misery and shame?
If nothing in life is worth dying for, when did this begin?

Just in the face of this enemy?

Or should Moses have told the children of Israel to live in slavery under the pharaohs?

Should Christ have refused the cross?

Should the patriots at Concord Bridge have thrown down their guns and refused to fire the shot heard round the world?

The martyrs of history **WERE NOT FOOLS**, and our honoured dead who gave their lives to stop the advance of the Nazis didn't die in vain.

Where, then, is the road to peace? Well it's a simple answer after all.

You and I must have the courage to say to our enemies, *"There is a price we will not pay. There is a point beyond which they must not advance."*

There can only be peace through strength. Winston Churchill said, *"The destiny of man is not measured by material computations. When great forces are on the move in the world, we learn we're spirits not animals."* And he said, *"There's something going on in time and space, and beyond time and space, which, whether we like it or not, spells duty."*

You and I have a rendezvous with destiny. We'll preserve our world for our children or we'll sentence them to take the last step into a thousand years of darkness. It is time to choose - time to determine our own destiny.
JOAN: (rising in consternation and terrible anger)

Perpetual imprisonment!

Am I not then to be set free?

Give me that writing. (She rushes to the table; snatches up the paper; and tears it into fragments)

Light your fire: do you think I dread it as much as the life of a rat in a hole? My voices were right. Yes: they told me you were fools, and that I was not to listen to your fine words nor trust your charity. You promised me my life; but you lied. You think that life is nothing but not being stone dead.

It is not the bread and water I fear: I can live on bread: when have I asked for more? It is no hardship to drink water if the water be clean. Bread has no sorrow for me, and water no affliction. But to shut me from the light of the sky and the sight of the fields and flowers; to chain my feet so that I can never again ride with the soldiers nor climb the hills; to make me breathe foul damp darkness and keep from me everything that brings me back to the love of god when your wickedness and foolishness tempt me to hate Him: all this is worse than the furnace in the bible that was heated seven times.

I could do without my warhorse; I could drag about in a skirt; I could let the banners and the trumpets and the knights and soldiers pass me and leave me behind as they leave the other women, if only I could still hear the wind in the trees, the larks in the sunshine, the young lambs crying through the healthy frost, and the blessed church bells that send my angel voices floating to me on the wind.

But without these things I cannot live; and by your wanting to take them away from me, or from any human creature, I know that your counsel is of the devil, and that mine is of God.

HIS WAYS ARE NOT YOUR WAYS. He wills that I go through the fire to His bosom; for I am His child, and you are not fit that I should live among you.

That is my last word to you.
59. NO PARDON FOR ME

CATHY FAIST

I'm sentenced.

Sentenced to life in this dank cell
of misery.
I can see the key-
it hangs there,
just out my finger's reach,
dangling there in a mock of freedom.

There will be no pardon for me,
no stay of this execution.

My life has convicted me
for crimes I did not commit.
My penalty meted out.
I followed every rule,
broke no laws,
have more than paid my fines
to society's shun upon me.

There was no fair trial,
no chance for me to plead my case.
The jurors were sent from hell,
quick to judgement
and showed no mercy
as they read their verdict.

Life/Death, what does it matter?
It's all the same in this prison.

I am but a mere victim,
the criminal has gotten away,
while I do the time
for fate's crimes against me.

I can't escape the hounds they'd release,
should I attempt escape,
for the walls and barbed wires
are too painful to scale
and the hounds would scent my fear.

So I sit here,
waiting...
waiting for the day they walk me
that longest mile,
waiting for the flow of their poison
to seep within' my veins.
That lethal injection
that will finally end this misery
of a soul so wrongfully convicted to die.
I want to welcome you all.

Every one of you. We have no secrets.

Let us begin by being clear about General Smuts' new law: All Indians must now be fingerprinted, like criminals, men and women. And no marriage, other than a Christian marriage, is considered valid. Under this Act, our wives and mothers are whores, and every man here is a bastard.

And our policemen, passing an Indian dwelling – I will not call them homes – may enter and demand the card of any Indian woman whose dwelling it is.

Understand, he does not have to stand at the door.

He may enter.

I prepared to die. But, my friend, there is no cause for which I am prepared to kill. Whatever they do to us, we will attack no one, kill no one, but we will not give them our fingerprints – not one of us. They will imprison us; they will fine us; they will seize our possessions, but they cannot take away our self-respect if we do not give it to them.

I am asking you to fight! To fight against their anger, not to provoke it.

We will not strike a blow, but we will receive them. And it will hurt – as all fighting hurts. But we cannot lose. We cannot. They may torture my body, break my bones, even kill me, but then they will have my dead body and not my obedience.

We are Hindu and Muslim, children of God, each one of us.

Let us take a solemn oath, in His name, that come what may we will not submit to this law.
61. THE KING OF THE JUNGLE SPEECH

Christopher Walken

You watch those nature documentaries on the cable?

Have you seen the one about lions?

This lion, is the king of the jungle, huge mane out to here. He’s laying down under a tree, in the middle of Africa.

He’s so big.

So hot.

He doesn’t want to move.

Now, the little lions come they start messing with him, biting his tail biting his ears, he doesn’t do anything.


Now, the other animals they notice. And they start to move in. The jackals, hyenas, they’re barking at him, laughing at him. They nip his toes, and eat the food that’s in his domain.

They do this, and get closer and closer and bolder and bolder ‘til one day, that lion gets up and tears the shit outta’ everybody. Runs like the wind. Eats everything in his path, ‘cause every once in a while, the lion has to show the jackals ... who he is.

It’s too late to be scared. It’s time to kill.

I’m going into the other room – you come out when you’re ready.

Don’t beat him – kick his ass.
Cal:

If I could get your attention, please.

Ladies and gentlemen, please.

Now, don't worry, you can all go back to drinking and complaining about the commute to your summer homes in just a second.

I want to talk to you for just a moment about the purpose of this evening, why you're here, other than the fact that someone you consider socially desirable invited you.

Half a mile from here, there are 30 young Novices sleeping on a concrete floor, dedicating themselves to the social mission of our movement.

They are sacrificing and slaving to make a haven for the homeless of this city, the sick, the disabled, the forgotten, the people you walk past every day in the street and avert your eyes.

We are intervening, making a difference, saving lives.

It takes conscience.

It takes commitment.

An unwillingness to turn away.

That's why I'm asking you right now, all of you, to reach into your pockets and give.

Give deeply.

Consider ... consider how little that money means to you.

It's another status handbag, some obscenely expensive bottle of wine you buy and show off at a dinner party.

To the people we're helping, it could mean the difference between life and death.

All right?
I want to thank you all for coming out this morning. I know it's not always easy to get here on a Sunday. Kids don’t want to get dressed. Lawn needs mowing. Doing laundry, paying bills. Whatever.

It’s been a long week, and you got another one starting up tomorrow, so thank you. Besides, and here’s the real reason it ain’t easy getting here, and that’s, "What good’s it gonna do?" Right? I mean, look at this world. You turn on the radio, surf the Internet. Heck, look out your dang window. It’s crazy out there.

You’ve got wars in every direction, bombs going off in coffee shops and schools. Folks scared to hug each other on account of some new disease. Yep. The world is turning to shit. And you know what? It’s all your fault.

You’ve turned your back on the Lord. Your despair has caused you to lose faith, embrace false idols. But these idols, these things They won’t save you. Your whisky won’t save you. Your money won’t save you. Sex, love, romance They will not save you. Your parents, your precious little children, that 55-inch flat-screen TV out there? Nothing. Nothing will save you. You are sinners. You have strayed.

You have forgotten the power of the Lord. But it’s not too late. I’m here to remind you that starting today ... No ... starting right now... I’m going to bring you back to God, one by one. Beginning with one man amongst us who has strayed furthest. God wants you back, Mr. Quincannon. Serve him and you will go out in joy, be led forth in peace. Right.

The mountains and hills will burst into song before you. And all the trees in the field will clap their hands. I ask you now Will you serve God?
64. Tell Me Things Have Not Changed

(Mayor Hostetler – Film ‘Broken City’)

Tell me things have not changed.
When I was elected mayor,
this was a broken city - broken.
Step by step,
I have been getting it fixed.
Bolton Village is just another one of these steps.
Tell me things haven’t changed.
I just stood before you all and told you we have a $3 billion surplus
Tell me things haven’t changed.
No other mayor in the
history of this great city
has been able to stand in front of the people
and tell them that!
Tell me who changed ...
Leaving home with your child tomorrow
Tell me things haven’t changed.
When you step out of your house in the morning
With your children and you take them to the parks at the five boroughs,
do you feel safe?
Yes, you do feel safe, because I get your letters,
And I know you do.
That’s us working together, getting it fixed.
Tell me things haven’t changed.