

TAGLINES

Now I suspect you of weaselry.

One hears many strange tales.

*You approach me as if I
were mentally deficient.*

*I am puzzled that you
choose to disobey the law.*

*I will accuse you of
molestation and threats!*

Conjecture without facts is useless.

I claim no particular niche.

Your assumptions are of no consequence.

Is it too early for a taste of arrack?

No human effort can alter the Beyond.

*It is a presumption to advise you,
but why not be sensible?*

*My engagements, with considerable
inconvenience, can be postponed.*

*Please do not stir yourself
to further philosophy.*

*A detached attitude toward
the problems of others is not illegal.*

The difficulty no longer exists.

A matter to be forgotten.

Why be concerned over trifles?

*Of course I am often
wrong in my suppositions.*

You want your tiresome money.

Knaves and scoundrels are known to exist.

Why should we exert ourselves?

Your largesse is not of the regal variety.

The suggestion was poorly thought out.

I am immune to thirty poisons.

*You are as safe as a two-hundred
pound statue of a dead dog.*

*These matters are
clear to me: you are fey!*

*This importance exists
from a single point of view.*

That's at the very verge of slander.

Remember, there are witnesses.

*A man without friends is
like a tree without leaves.*

Let them live and die; it is all one to me.

*There is a time for bravado
and another for caution.*

*I am in no position to
criticize your epistemology.*

*The world revolves; the carpet
of knowledge unrolls.*

*Please do not let your imagination
dominate your sense of proportion.*

A wistful vision. It can never be.

You will allow me to use candor?

*To answer this would be
to inflict a fact on you.*

Life, death—these are imprecise terms.

I would not presume to give you advice.

*The contest is worth
more than the victory.*

Candidly, I find all this a bit unsettling.

Someday you'll congratulate yourself.

Have I not inveighed against categories?

You have a fine discrimination.

The Vine of Life grows a single melon.

The situation is hardly possible.

*I have been blown by
winds like a bit of trash.*

You are chasing foxfire.

I too am supercilious now and then.

Your questions are tiresome.

One is as plausible as the other.

We live by different referents.

We could sit for hours defining our terms.

I cannot trace the linkage of ideas.

Even andropes can be guided.

I admit to perplexity.

The metaphor is not altogether reassuring.

I cannot allow myself to ponder.

*Behind your words I
divine a larger meaning.*

I am fastidious in this respect.

Your language is extravagant.

*There's mischief going on;
you must put an end to it!*

I hope you will repair your neglect.

*Did I not dissociate myself
from this entire farrago?*

*Do not force unnatural
meanings upon my remarks.*

This is not a pertinent response.

I doubt that's worth a hollow dinket.

It almost impels one to theosophy.

A shame, that.

A perfect refuge for ghosts and wipwarks.

Well, we must hope for the best.

TAGLINES

Status, whether we like it or not, is a key factor in human interrelations.

Hindsight is the least useful of our intellectual capabilities.

Please do not use the word 'we' so loosely.

In the world we live in, your hypothesis is weak.

I wonder if the parallel is quite exact.

The ambition does you no discredit.

The past is never real.

The theory is as good as any.

Unless you can enforce a pattern on the flux of events, it is wiser not to try.

That certainly is a valid point of view.

Quite bluntly, I find the situation incomprehensible.

I suspect that I am going insane.

Over-subtlety is an error as gross as innocence.

An exact balance between offense and retribution is hard to attain.

We've discussed the situation as much as necessary.

I would feel gloom and guilt, but for a single consideration.

As an individual I sympathize with your plight.

Would you care to sit down and rest until you feel better?

Your hopes cannot be realized.

You do not seem to be an impractical visionary, with eyes raised to the glory of the ineffable.

This is not a tea party for you and your toy animals.

Speculation lacks all utility.

Your concepts need reexamination.

These are vapid mental constructions, nothing else.

Do you aspire only to turpitude?

The joke has lost its savor.

The time for realism has arrived.

I perceive your ideological bias.

It is not a privilege we extend to every vagabond dog-barber.

I have no time for facetiousness.

This is deviation and skulkery!

That phase has come and gone.

Your mental processes are untidy.

That approach lacks spontaneity!

Cease your fulminations!

These are artificial distinctions.

I countermand that instruction!

*We are faced with a hundred variations
and planning is a waste of time.*

You issue preposterous manifestos!

It is not a serious matter.

You misread every portent!

*It serves no purpose to admonish
me; the situation is unavoidable.*

*An attempt to predict the unpredictable is
an epistemological outrage.*

You have some cause for resentment.

I am grateful for your insights!

*I assure you that my
motives are irreproachable.*

The fault is mine.

I must present my ideas more carefully.

The possibility exists.

In my poor way I will try to keep pace.

I deny all your allegations.

*The implication of your
remarks eludes me.*

If anything, it tastes worse than it smells.

We will take a cumulative vengeance.

I dismiss such thoughts with cool bravado.

Standard whimsy once more.

*These practical problems are
simply too large to be solved.*

Only the inept are deweased.

Your suggestion has a certain merit.

*If I am to correct you, I must
speak without euphemism.*

Your facetiousness has run its course.

These are interesting questions.