

Phone calls are hard, aren't they, because you can't see the person you're talking to...and encounters in the flesh, so to speak, are hard because you can...see the person...you're talking to -- and brief encounters are hard because they're...so...brief actually...and long term relationships are hard because they're long...and hard...and because sometimes you can't see your way out...(and phone calls are hard because you can't see...the person) and parties are awfully hard, aren't they? I mean I find parties awfully hard -- mingling and juggling and not wiggling and being witty and not telling the same thing to the same person twice -- parties are hard. Not going is easy (not being asked is sometimes hard) being out of town is best (but...phone calls are hard) and writing letters is awfully hard, isn't it? Because to organize your thoughts and make them into...words...and write them and then to read them and to reread...them...and then to send them so somebody -- well, it takes a lot of time, doesn't it (and long term means a lot of time -- of course it does -- that's what long means to me) and the idea of casual...of a casual friendship...I mean if you're a formal kind of person -- a casual anything...is hard...it's very...hard. Which brings me to casual conversation. I mean, actually, nothing brings me to casual conversation...at least...not...casually. Casual anything is hard...formal anything is hard too, though, isn't it, when you don't know...all the rules...but the hardest is the...telephone...or maybe...parties..?

D: I have to go. It's been very nice talking to
you..

V: Excuse me.

P: Where's the way out?

V: You're my way out.