It's often a simple matter to please people whose arrogance is futile or insane: give them an opportunity to arrive too late. Anyone who can stand it, therefore, should simply arrive a few minutes early at the appointed place, granting such people a triumph that, today, they were perhaps for once going to deny themselves. In this way, they may unambiguously assume the longest for condition, reveling in the satisfaction of comparing watchcases, breathlessly protecting, sometimes they merely break off their gaze by way of apology while their body persists in the tremor that reaches nowhere for the fact that they did indeed make haste. The spectacle of the person awaiting them accelerates their last steps from a trysting of guilt or an impulse of coyness. When even this slight actually leaves them a tranquil pace, then they are stimulating nothing. Ne then they enjoy themselves to the full.

The course of a sedate conversation, you find a place someplace the interior conversation. Not a monologue—nothing disruptive, it's a fairly reasonable response to the other conversation or it provides a lively gloss on the situation, but it would sound decided unreasonably if it happened to be unpalatable. It's really enmeshed in delusion of the text, of the other person, of the whole scene—not intrinsically but with an impulsive to seclusion. While you listen passively, you still retain the energy to realize: "Her eyes are much more cunning than I had thought." Yes, you're cautious: you don't address the interlocutor in this silent commentary. Yet all the same you wish that he would become suspicious. You're starting and you're disheartened with that; you have to put it into a sentence: "Life is so beautiful, so beautiful."

I pose reasonable questions at all? Don't I ask only what I myself want to be asked? The question touches on something I'd like to talk about right after. The genre of the question is inherently egotistic: it serves first and foremost to give myself expression. It certainly doesn't strain to elicit the best from the other person, because the need to be entertained or informed isn't so powerful as the need to be entertained or informed isn't so powerful as the need to entertain and to form.

"I pay such paralyzing attention to the form of the question that I wholly forget to concentrate on the answer. Sometimes, in fact, a person feels so surprised by its own style of inquisitiveness that he stops to ponder and admire it if he has any luck, his interlocutor will join him in this exercise. Sometimes he will raise objections against his own question—and see it directed menacingly against himself."