Virginia, to the audience.

People who give up the privilege of cleaning their own houses—they’re insane people.

If you do not clean: how do you know if you’ve made any progress in life? I love dust. The dust always makes progress. Then I remove the dust. That is progress.

If it were not for dust I think I would die. If there were no dust to clean then there would be so much leisure time and so much thinking time and I would have to do something besides thinking and that thing might be to slit my wrists.

Ha ha ha ha ha ha just kidding.

I’m not a morbid person. That just popped out!

My sister is a wonderful person. She’s a doctor. At an important hospital. I’ve always wondered how one hospital can be more important than another hospital. They are places for human waste. Places to put dead bodies.

I’m sorry. I’m being morbid again.

My sister has given up the privilege of cleaning her own house. Something deeply personal—she has given up. She does not know how long it takes the dust to accumulate under her bed. She does not know if her husband is sleeping with a prostitute because she does not smell his dirty underwear. All of these things, she fails to know.

I know when there is dust on the mirror. Don’t misunderstand me—I’m an educated woman. But if I were to die at any moment during the day, no one would have to clean my kitchen.