

Comic Woman #3

So Arthur is meeting me for dinner, after my shopping spree day and who should but walk in but—her. Can't think of her name, oh you know she was so popular five years ago and was in all the magazines, but now she's not so famous and she's just real clingy and needy and desperate for attention.

So this clingy, needy desperate whatshername is walking by our table, being escorted by the host, the maitre d'. And when they get to her table for one, she looks all vulnerable and terribly alone and she hugs the maitre d'—I am swearing to you and whispers in his ear, but loud enough for me to hear—to the maitre d' who has walked her to her table, she says, "Don't ever leave me."

Heavy shit. So I am here to tell I am more than a little rattled by this tragic figure, well, more tragic figurine, and I do that sort of vague stare that I have truly mastered and Arthur is jee-jawing about his day and his lit-y-ature and Auden and Isherwood and other dead British cocksuckers who are TREMENDOUS and his ancient Lymie life...