3.19.06

THE STRIP



Building Stories By Chris Ware

PART 26: 9 p.m.

AH AH





I GAVE MISS KITTY
A CAN OF REALPEOPLE TUNACJUST SO SHE
KNEW I WASN'T MAD AT
HER') AND DOUBLE-CHECKED
ALL OF THE DOORS BEFORE
I LEFT FOR THE PARTY...
AMAZINGLY, I ARRIVED
NOT TOO TERRIBLY LATE,
DESPITE MY WARDROBE
INDECISIONS AND THE CAB
THAT I NEVER THOUGHT
WOULD GET THERE... I ONLY
MISSED THE FIRST ROUND OF
DRINKS, FORTUNATELY...









LOVE YOUR "OLD LADY" LOOK .. I ALWAYS DID...IT REALLY SUITS YOU! WHERE'DYOU GET THAT BROOCH, ANYWAY? IT'S SO **CUTE!** ARE YOU STILL PAINTING?



SPEAK FOR YOURSELVES I MEAN, WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT? YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE, LIKE, THE ONLY WHITE PEOPLE WHO CAME IN HERE?

WITHOUT THE SKEIN OF CLASSES AND ANNOYING PROFESSORS TO BIND US ALL TOGETHER, THE CONVERSATION FELT A BIT STILTED... OR MAY BE IT WAS JUST ME...



PLUS, THERE WAS THIS OVERARCHING URGE OVERARK HING URGE FOR SO MANY OF THEM TO MAKE SURE THAT WE KNEW THEY WERE STILL "ARTISTS;" TALKING ABOUT THEIR "WORK" OR THIS OR THAT GROUP SHOW THEY'D BEEN IN ...



SOME OF THEM HAD GOTTEN PEAL-LIFE JOBS, THOUGH, LIKE BILL, WHO WORKED AT THE LOCAL NPR STATION...AND FIONA, WHO SAID SHE WAS DOING FURNITURE AND LIGHTING DESIGN FOR SOME INTERNET START-UP...I COLLD'VE SWORN I HEARD SOME TALKING ABOUT MORTGAGE RATES, TOO... WERE THESE THE SAME PEOPLE WHO'D EAT PLAIN RICE WITH TABASCO AND FALL ASLEEP ON ONE ANOTHER'S FLOORS? I COLUD BARELY AFFORD TO PAY MY RENT, LET ALONE DIME MUCH BETTER THAN I HAD THEN...I STATTED TO FEEL DEPRESSED THE LONGER I SAT THERE...I NEVER CAN THINK OF ANYTHING INTERESTING TO SAY... I'M BORMS... PEOPLE ARE NICE TO ME AT FIRST AND THEN I DISAPPOINT THEM... THEY GRADUALLY TURN AWAY... STOP TALKING TO ME...















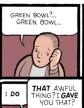


HERE TONIGHT, SO, I DUNNO ...

THAT PHIL JUMPED IN LIKE HE DID... ESPECIALLY SINCE I'D BEEN SITTING THROUGH THE WHOLE DINNER UP TO THAT POINT NOT KNOWING WHAT TO SAY TO HIM AT ALL ... AFTER THAT, WE PRETTY MUCH TALKED NONSTOP...











ANYWAY, THE NIGHT WAS WEARING DOWN AND THE WAIT STAFF, HAVING BEEN CLUED IN THAT WE WERE A BIRTHDAY PARTY, BROUGHT OVER A PIECE OF FLAN WITH A CANDLE STUCK IN IT AND SANG "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" IN SPANISH ...THEN CAME THE "GIFT GIVING," WHICH IS ALWAYS UNCOMFORTABLE, ESPECIALLY IN A PUBLIC PLACE.



GIRL, IT IS SO **GREAT** TO SEE YOU! YOU LOOK **GREAT!**

HE WAS **50** INTERESTING AND AMAZING...I MEAN, HE KNEW ALL OF THIS STUFF ABOUT NEIGHBORHOODS AND THEIR HISTORY ... HE SAID HE'D BEEN WORKING FOR SOME KIND OF PC URBAN ARCHITECTURE REJUVENATION PROJECT AND HAD LEARNED A LOT THERE...





OH WOW GREAT







