

[Ebook free] Diary of a Mad Diva

Diary of a Mad Diva

Joan Rivers

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Joan Rivers : Diary of a Mad Diva before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Diary of a Mad Diva:

56 of 58 people found the following review helpful. Unbelievably fabulous and incredibly funny!!!!By JeanThis book had me laughing out loud - on the bus, in the park - I thought people would think me nuts! Joan Rivers is the funniest comedian out there. I've recommended this book to EVERYONE I know, who needs a "pick me up." Written in diary form, it's easy to "dip in and out of," perfect for even just 15 minute laugh. If you already LOVE Joan Rivers (as I always have), you will not be disappointed. And if your unfamiliar with her - where have you been? You too will LOVE this book.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Fabulous as AlwaysBy Kindle CustomerAlthough I purchased this book long ago, I had a hard time bringing myself to read it. As a huge fan FijJan Rivers, I had a hard time saying goodbye. However, now that the months have passed, I finally decided it was time to read "Diary of a Mad Diva," and I was not disappointed. Joan is incredibly funny, and you have to understand that this is a book of humor. In case you do forget, she reminds you. Joan also lets you know at the halfway point that it's too late to return the book, but I don't know why anyone would want to. I was laughing my head off the entire time. Joan doesn't have to try to be funny. She just is. I've watched her for years, and the book is much like any one of her comedic monologues, the jokes completely natural. If you're looking for a serious read, a memoir, or details on Joan's life, you won't get them

here. Instead, you'll receive a humorous interpretation of Joan's 80th year, and what. I believe to be a celebration of her life. I miss you, Joan. Thank you for this final gift. I think I finally have closure and can say goodbye. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. greatBy Brad Lovett CohenI had a lot of fun reading Joan Rivers' "Diary Of A Mad Diva," because I like Joan Rivers and her humour. Her comedy has always been irreverent, and this book clearly represents her brand. Nothing and no one is spared, even Anne Frank and Heller Keller. Yes, I know making fun of those two can be really bad taste, but sometimes we just need to laugh at everything and not take things too seriously. In all fairness, she would be the first one to laugh at herself and poke at her worst traits: her numerous plastic surgeries, for example. I do understand how some people may dislike this book, though. If you think Joan is not funny, then I can't even fathom why you would read this book. But if you have liked her, as I have, then there's plenty of things to enjoy here. You go with your bad self, Joan!

Winner of the 2015 Grammy for Best Spoken Word AlbumFollowing up the phenomenal success of her headline-making New York Times bestseller I Hate Everyone...Starting With Me, the unstoppable Joan Rivers is at it again. When her daughter Melissa gives her a diary for Christmas, at first Joan is horrifiedwho the hell does Melissa think she is? That fat pig, Bridget Jones? But as Joan, being both beautiful and introspective, begins to record her day-to-day musings, she realizes she has a lot to say. About everything. And everyone, God help them. The result? A no-holds-barred, delightfully vicious and always hilarious look at the everyday life of the ultimate diva. Follow Joan on a family vacation in Mexico and on trips between New York and Los Angeles where she mingles with the stars, never missing a beat as she delivers blistering critiques on current events, and excoriating insights about life, pop culture, and celebrities (from A to D list), all in her relentlessly funny signature style.This is the Diary of a Mad Diva. Forget about Anais Nin, Anne Frank, and that whiner Sylvia Plath. For the first time in a century, a diary by someone that's actually worth reading.

Praise for I Hate EveryoneStarting with Me More punch lines per paragraph than any book I've read in years.The New York Times Nobody, but nobody, can hate like Joan Rivers. It is a gift. It is also shocking, the things she makes us laugh at...Joan Rivers is extraordinary, but she's not for the easily offended or for anyone who gets offended at all.People Often hilarious, often shocking, totally politically incorrect.Liz Smith She holds nothing back.The Washington Post Spares no one.Huffington Post An entertaining rant...The only thing missing is the sound of a drumroll and cymbals to feel as though one is sitting in a nightclub watching a live comedy marathonA raucous, biting look at life.Kirkus s Rivers is equally passionate and opinionated on every subject she discusses. Hilarious and undeniably original.Publishers Weekly About the AuthorComedienne, Emmy Award-winning TV host, Tony-nominated actress and CEO, Joan Rivers was an icon of American culture, a bestselling author, Celebrity Apprentice winner, writer, producer, director, and savvy businesswoman who overcame great odds to reinvent herself time and time again. She hosted E! Networks popular series Fashion Police, and starred with her daughter, Melissa, in their own weekly reality show, Joan and Melissa: Joan Knows Best? on WEtv Network. Her critically acclaimed documentary, Joan Rivers: A Piece of Work premiered in theaters nationwide and is available on DVD. Amongst all of her success, Joan's most joyous triumph was being a mother and grandmother.Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.This diary was written to the best of Joan Rivers's memory. As such, some of the events may not be 100 percent... or even 5 percent factually correct. Miss Rivers is, after all, 235 years old, and frequently mistakes her daughter, Melissa, for the actor Laurence Fishburne.Miss Rivers wrote this diary as a comedic tome, not unlike Saving Private Ryan or The Bell Jar. While Miss Rivers doesn't really like skinny models and actresses, she doesn't actually believe that they're all bulimics and they all carry buckets instead of purses. Similarly, she doesn't really think that all Germans are anti-Semitic Nazi sympathizers, that all Mexican Americans tunneled in across the border, that all celebrities are drug addicts, shoplifters or closet cases, or that Noah built his ark with non-union labor.Miss Rivers does, however, believe that anyone who takes anything in this book seriously is an idiot. And she says if anyone has a problem with that they can feel free to call her lawyer, Clarence Darrow.Fuck Lamaze. You try downing a bottle of Barbies with a dry throat.JANUARY 1Dear Diary:This diary is my Christmas gift from Melissa and Cooper and I'm more disappointed than I was on my wedding night when I found out that Edgar was half Chineseand not the good half. And this diary's not even from a good store. I was hoping for at least a Cartier watch. I wouldn't even have minded if it was spelled with a K. I know, it's Christmas season and we're Jewish and we shouldn't care about gifts, but if indeed we did kill Christand I'm not saying we did; for all we know he could have slipped and fallen onto that cross (maybe he was clumsy; maybe he drank)then something's got to ease the guilt. And the more expensive that something is, the less guilty I feel.Anyhow, this is a new book for a new year and I'm feeling great. To celebrate, I got matching vagina piercings with my two best girlfriends, Margie Stern and Brucey Jenner.Im writing this in Mexico. On the spur of the moment, Melissa, Cooper and I decided to fly down here, and we were right: It's a perfect way to ring in the New Yeargreat resort, private beach and plenty of servants who'll do anything for a thirty-cent tip. This place is kind of like Downton Abbey with sombreros. Last night I got an eight-hour pedicure from Maria while resting my feet on her brother, Jose, who was crouched over like a footstool. I let him switch positions every two hours so he wouldn't cramp

and, more importantly, so Maria wouldnt slip and accidentally paint my ankles dusty coral. Unfortunately I cant take credit for the position-switching thing; I got the idea by watching Amistad on cable last week. I think if the ships captain had let the slaves switch sides every couple of days not only would they have rowed faster but they would have had the strength to make faces at Anthony Hopkins. This morning when I woke up and looked out my window, there was Conchita, out in the field threshing wheat so that her brother, Juan, would be able to make me toast for my morning breakfast. I appreciate all of my south-of-the-border neighbors semi-hard work and hope theyve stolen enough loose change and shiny trinkets from my bureau so that when they get caught trying to tunnel into America next month, theyll have money to pay a mediocre deportation lawyer.

JANUARY 2 Dear Diary: I havent kept a diary in years. The last time I kept one I had just come back from a girls-only weekend with Eleanor Roosevelt and her best friend, Gayle. We all giggled that girls are better than guys, and then we douched with Gatorade and wrist-wrestled till we fell asleep. I wasnt planning on keeping a journal this time, but when I told my friend Bambi I was going to Mexico for the new year, she said, Oh, you ought to keep a diary, like whatshername did... oh, like Anne Frank did. Like Anne Frank did???? Did you read Anne Franks diary??? What a bitch Bambi has turned out to be, to compare me to Anne Frank! Ive written six books, and Anne? She didnt even complete her one. Shes no writer. Did you ever read her book? She has no ending! Uh-oh! The Nazis are coming up the... Im trying to forgive Bambi; its been such a long friendship. I knew her way back when she was still Bernice, before the electrolysis, the implants, the Restylane and the glass eye that almost works. I forgave her bitterness. She turned the day her husband, Ernie, a prominent Long Island orthodontist, left her for a fifty-three-year-old Little League coach/Boy Scout leader with a severe overbite. Until this we were friends, but to compare me to Anne Frank? Who the fuck does she think she is? Im nothing like Anne Frank. She lived in a walk-up; I live in a penthouse. And unlike Anne Frank, I do things: I go out. I shop. I go to the theater. I get professional haircuts. Im way up there and Im a gal on the go; Anne Frank was fifteen and that lazy bitch played the shut-in card for almost three years. No, Bambi, if I keep a diary it wont be like Anne Franks; just for openers, itll be in English.

JANUARY 3 Dear Diary: Trouble started today with ATT. I hate ATT. It obviously stands for Always Terrible Transmission. I tried to call the States and couldnt, so I called ATT about my international phone service, which sucks more than Monica Lewinsky under a White House desk, and I got a recording that told me a disabled war veteran will answer your call. Great. I have to complain about my long-distance bill to Private Jimmy, who lost his face, ass and limbs in Tora Bora. Im sorry youre a torso on a dolly, Private First Class Jimmy, but does that mean for the rest of my life I have to pay an extra \$6 for data roaming? What do you say when they hit you with a disabled vet will try to give you a hand? Do you chance it and answer, Does he have one? I hate being put in awkward positions, like the utter disappointment I felt after I did a benefit performance for thalidomide adults and no one applauded. To this day Im not sure whether the silence was because they couldnt clap or because they didnt like me. Anyhow, I did what any American would do: sent a check to Wounded Warriors, hung up on the motherfucker, and switched to Verizon.

JANUARY 4 Dear Diary: Something about Anne Franks story kept bothering me and I finally figured out what. Its not that she wasnt pretty; a lot of girls arent pretty and they still do okay, right, Avril Lavigne? But Anne just didnt try. How would it have hurt the woman who slipped her food when the Nazis werent looking to have included a lipstick, an eye shadow and, God knows, a concealer? The girl had nothing but time on her hands. Would it have killed Anne to take a couple of minutes out of her busy day and throw on a little blush? And theres something else I just cant make sense out of. With all of that me time available, why didnt Annes mother redecorate? You can do a lot with blackout curtains if youre willing to strain your brain a little and think outside the box. Hopefully the answer will come to me before Passover. Id hate to interrupt the Seder by adding a fifth question: Were there no throw pillows in all of Amsterdam?

JANUARY 5 Dear Diary: Weve been down here almost a week and Im beginning to realize the Mexicans are not a swell-looking people. Not all Mexicans, just the Mayan-influenced staff working here at the resort. They have no necks. Perhaps its because they spent all those years carrying heavy stones on their heads to build their gloomy and useless temples. Their heads look like pumpkins sitting on washing machines. I dont say this in a judgmental, pejorative way; I say it in a capitalistic way, because frankly, I have a jewelry line, and if they have no necks that means they cant buy necklaces and that means that my beloved Cooper might have to go to some cheap community college, or worse, join the Peace Corps and work for free for free! helping other people who have no necks.

JANUARY 6 Dear Diary: Watching the news. Today was the anniversary of two of the biggest events in American history: Nancy Kerrigan getting clubbed in the knee in 1994, and Congress giving the 2000 election to George W. Bush. My world was changed on that fateful day, and since then Ive never been able to watch figure skating the same way. Up until then I always thought of figure skating as something gay men who were tone-deaf and couldnt sing in piano bars did to pass their time, but it turns out I was wrong. Figure skating is something needy women with thin lips and big thighs do to pass their time. Innocence lost.

JANUARY 7 Dear Diary: Today was our travel day back to New York. The airport was packed and I felt a little guilty as we jumped the line. And Melissa didnt help; shes actually getting quite verbal and testy every time I hop into a wheelchair and make her push me past the pregnant women and sick children. She also says that my little act of rolling my eyes back and shivering and plucking at peoples chests and whispering, Say a prayer for me, amigo. The prognosis doesnt look bueno, is a little over the top. I know it upsets her, but boy does it work like a charm. I then try to make sure Im not stuck sitting next to some chatty

asshole. But Im prepared. I have six Ambien and an intentionally open purse filled with Massengill, Vagisil, Preparation H, a copy of my will, and books on Amelia Earhart and Pan Am Flight 103s surprise landing in Lockerbie. JANUARY 8 Dear Diary: One last thing about Anne Franks diary that was bothering me: the Nazis and their sloppy work ethic. Anne and her entire posse were hidden behind a bookcase for two years and no one found them? Do you know what that means? Nobody ever cleaned or dusted the bookcase, thats what it means! I know there was a war going on and maybe nobody had time to do a white-glove test, but seriously, how much work would it have been to casually walk by with a feather duster or a Swiffer? I find the whole thing shocking; and the thing that shocks me the most is my housekeeper obviously used to be a Nazi. JANUARY 9 Dear Diary: Our Mexican vacation is over and Im back in rainy New York. I met my friend Margie for lunch, and in the six blocks from my house to the restaurant, I got splashed on, shoved, banged into and told to go fuck myself in three different languages. And just as I was entering the restaurant, I got shit on by a pigeon. It feels so good to be home. JANUARY 10 Dear Diary: I am shaking. This morning I did the Howard Stern Show and it was the most amazing experience Ive ever had on the show. I mustve been a guest on his show a hundred times, but today was the first time ever, ever, ever, in all these years, that Howard never once used the words penis, vagina, midget or retard. It wasnt until later that I found out it was because he had a sore throat. In retaliation, this was the first time I never, never, never once used the words cuntface, turd burglar or Palin. JANUARY 11 Dear Diary: Flew to L.A. today to get back to work on Fashion Police. I didnt realize how much I adore taping it. Its been almost a month since I insulted celebrities, shamed lesbos and made fat jokes about Aretha Franklin. I need my fix! JANUARY 12 Dear Diary: I spent half the day in the car schlepping all over L.A. going from meeting to meeting, ass-kissing to ass-kissing. My driver listens to the top-rated oldies radio station in L.A., KRTH. It was fun listening for a while, but the station played the same Eddie Money songs over and over and over and over and over again, all day long. No matter where I was in L.A. or what time of day it was, when I got in the car they were playing Eddie. I figure since 1960 there must be 100,000 songs to choose from, yet KRTH plays Eddie Money over and over, like an autistic man-child who has to wear a helmet just to eat cereal. I have nothing against Eddie Money; he seems like a lovely man. I met him once a few years ago; he was my waiter at Dennys. But why is KRTH playing him all day, all the time? Is Eddie related to the station owner? Does Eddie have blackmail photos of the program manager fucking a goat? I dont understand it. There are 3.8 million people living in Los Angeles; do any of them call up KRTH every morning and say, If you dont play an Eddie Money song at least fifty-eight times today Im going to kill myself? What I could understand is if they called up and said, If you do play Justin Bieber even once, Im going to kill you. I wouldnt mind listening to Eddie Money all the time or even Justin Bieber if KRTH would just mix it up a little. Throw in an Anne Murray song every now and then. Even if you dont like her, her songs are good for the listener. They work as a natural Valium. Or something nostalgic, like Jennifer Hollidays first hit, I Am Not Dieting. JANUARY 13 Dear Diary: Cooper is totally into lacrosse, so Melissa and I went to his game today. He was very good. At least I think he was. I dont know what lacrosse is about. All I saw was a bunch of thirteen-year-old boys with sticks and helmets furiously whipping a rock-hard ball at a kid with no shin pads (and no teeth) standing in front of a net. Later: Googled lacrosse. Its a French-Canadian word. It means beat the shit out of the goalie. JANUARY 14 Dear Diary: Red-eyed in from L.A. Found myself sitting next to someone who was the spitting image of my cousin Leon. And I say spitting image because he was spitting. (And shaking. And twitching.) Every time this guy spit he washed down the seats of not only the people in front of us, but also the people in first class. I havent been that wet since I went through menopause. I couldnt sleep, and sleep is important just ask Sunny von Blow. Which is why I always request to sit next to Stephen Hawking. He doesnt toss and turn, and his keeper, God bless her, wipes off not only his spit, but dries off the entire cabin. Theres even another bonus: the rhythmic hum of his ventilator can be so soothing it helps me go into REM sleep! But back to the idiot next to me. I was about to say something like, Calm down, Blinky, a lot of people are nervous about flying, but the stewardess mouthed to me, He has Parkinsons. I signaled back, What? He has what? Parking problems? He likes Parks and Recreation? Hes a Parker Posey fan? Then she did a little hopping, trembling motion, until I got it. I didnt bother to say hello to him because (a) I could tell he was an upgrade, and (b) his wardrobe told me he had absolutely no juice in show business. To top it all off, this guy was really aloof. Youd think anybody who took ten minutes to buckle a seat belt because of the Parkinsons would be friendly. I mean, how many friends could he have? Other than the FEMA earthquake management experts, who could put up with all the shaking without getting nauseous? The stewardess had to take Dramamine before she came over to serve him. All night long his head bobbed up and down more than a ten-year-old sitting in Michael Jacksons lap. Its now three oclock in the morning, Im trying to sleep, and I swear to God he is kicking and thrashing like a Filipino day laborer trying to get out of Kathie Lees sweatshop. At one point I asked to buy him a drink and he said, Martini. I said, Shaken or stirred? The dumb fuck didnt even get the joke. JANUARY 17 Dear Diary: Im back in L.A. visiting Melissa, and tonight I went with my agent, Steve Levine, to a semi-important dinner party in Beverly Hills. And I say semi-important because if it were really important he wouldve taken Chris Rock or Jimmy Fallon or JWoww. And I know it was semi-important because there were only three or four people there who could help my career, and they could only do that if they called in a favor to someone more important than themselves. In Australia. Im not complaining however; last week he took Kathy Griffin to an all-you-can-eat buffet at an Olive Garden. Gayle King was at the dinner

party, looking quite feminine and sporting a small tattoo of Gertrude Stein on her left wrist. I made the usual small talk with her, like, You and Charlie Rose have such great chemistry, and Your new high-collared dresses really hide your large, mannish shoulders. And she seemed delighted as she smiled and walked away. But what I really wanted to say to her was, Whats Oprahs private number? I want to crank call her. And while Im on the subject, Charlie Rose who I like to think of as a good, good friend once came to a dinner party at my house with Amanda Burden, his longtime lady love. I adore them both. I saw a new friendship starting: Sunday-night screenings, meeting at the dog run, sharing a house in Mexico... I guess they didnt see it the same way because I never heard from them again. In fact, Charlie turned down the opportunity to narrate a PBS special I had written on anti-Semitism called Stop Bothering the Hebes.

JANUARY 18 Dear Diary: Exhausted. Just came back from yet another party, this time with Steve Levines assistant, Jackie. Im starting to know how bacteria feel on the food chain. I was the oldest person in the room. They were all young hip actor types who made no eye contact with me. Is this generational or just rude? In my day, people made eye contact. Take John Wayne Gacy, for example. Good mood or bad, bless him, he made eye contact. Even at his busiest moments, like when he was waterproofing his crawl space, he always found time to look you right in the eyes and say, Whatd you do today, Joan? Tell some jokes, sell some jewelry on QVC, just hang with your peeps and smoke a little blunt? instead of being self-involved and saying, I was very busy: I drank a six-pack, made some clown paintings and fucked my cell mate. Care for some more punch?

JANUARY 19 Dear Diary: Im really upset!! I finally got into the apartment of my blind neighbor, Esther Mortman (I slipped past her while she was groping for her tennis racquet... whos she kidding?), and I was right! She does have a park view! This kills me. Why, why, why should blind people have apartments with park views? I dont want to say anything negative about Esther even though shes a lousy dresser. Checks and plaids together? Time and time again I chide her, Cmon, Esther, whats with this outfit, are you blind? Ooops. But as I suspected, she doesnt even appreciate her view; just to aggravate me she purposely places her easy chair facing the wall. As I said, I dont want to say anything because I really like Esther. Shes so independent, for years I didnt even know she was blind; I thought she was just a stuck-up cunt who never gave me a compliment like, Have you lost weight? New hairdo?

JANUARY 20 Dear Diary: Its Melissas birthday. Thirty-nine years ago tonight I was screaming, Get this out of me! And thirty-nine years plus nine months ago I was screaming the same thing. It was an easy birth and I remember my joy when my obstetrician answered yes to the following questions: Is she breathing? Is she healthy? Is she white? On the way to Melissas party I ran into Wolf Blitzler and he broke my aura; he was right in my face when he growled at me. We were practically conjoined. (It made me think: Do people have to represent their names? Be careful what you name your kids. You could be jinxing the little motherfuckers. What if Sunny gets a job as a guard in a concentration camp? What if Goldie has black roots? What if Lucky has one eye, cradle cap and an open spine? Nice job, Mom. I always wanted to ask Gwyneth Paltrow, Does Apple have worms?) I said to Wolf, Wolf, unless youre a dentist removing a molar or my Melissa trying to get my jewelry off of me before Im dead, theres no reason for you to be this close. And dont give me that what if were kissing? crap. You and I both know a hooker will fuck you, suck you, put things up your ass and call you dirty names, but shell never, ever kiss you. Especially if your name is Wolf. Then as he was walking away I said to him, Yo, Shorty, have a nice day, and by the way, who the fuck named you Wolf? Looking at you, so many other names come to mind: Raccoon, Ferret-Face, Llama-Puss or just a simple, right to the point No-Chin. (Theres nothing I hate worse than a person with no chin. When they get old theyre just going to be a neck and a smile.)

JANUARY 21 Dear Diary: Wolf isnt the only person whos in your face all the time. Take that narcissistic loser Tyra Banks. Tyras always standing up for herself and her race over perceived slights. For example, shell say, You just pushed me because Im black! No, I pushed you because the train was coming right at you, you bulimic twit.

JANUARY 22 Dear Diary: Just got another no for my PBS special, Stop Bothering the Hebes. John Galliano said Non. I think Im going to sic Jerry Lewis on him. Just finished watching President Obamas inauguration. (I TiVoed it because last night I was watching the premiere episode of The Price Is Right with Winona Ryder.) The presidents speech was okay. The were all in this together stuff plus the usual were all Americans and the ever-popular were all equal shit went over very well. I like the first two sentiments but boy-oh-boy is Obie wrong on number three. Were not all equal. Ive seen nude photos of Tommy Lee and Bruce Lee, and no amount of legislation is gonna level that playing field. Tommy wins ten to one. Poor Bruce Lee. As Confucius say, Be happy with a mini. Could be worse; could be an innie. I feel so sorry for Asian men; not once in my nearly two hundred years on this planet have I ever heard the Asian woman who lives next door to me yell out, in a fit of unbridled lust, Oh, Hop Sing, give it to me, baby! Punish me with your huge, yellow tool! Not once. Usually what I hear her say is, Is it in?

Back to the inauguration. I watched it at home and the television coverage sucked. First theyd show President Obama in front of the Capitol making a speech after taking the oath of office. And then during his speech they kept cutting to smiling black people in the audience. Then theyd go back to Obama for a minute and then cut back to three or four other smiling black people. There were over 900,000 people on the Mall watching the inauguration; what are the odds they were all smiling black people? If I want to see millions of smiling black people, Ill set up a camera in the hallway outside Kim Kardashians bedroom. I resent that the networks think were so shallow, that because the president is black they have to keep doing cutaways only to smiling black people in the audience. If Chris Christie ever becomes president, will they only cut to Kathy Bates chewing and burping? I wish Obama would have livened the speech up a

bit; given the crowd a wink, a smile, a bad-boy hip thrust. His biggest offense was that the speech was boring. How great would it have been if he said, Good news, gang! My daughter Sashas expecting! Shes gonna be eating government cheese for two! And even better, Hillarys the baby daddy!JANUARY 23Dear Diary:Just heard how my cleaning lady, Chiquita, enjoyed the inauguration. Apparently everybody in the country was invited to it except me. But Im not upset. In my time, Ive slept with many a president. There was Teddy Roosevelt, who was some little roughrider. I had a major, major affair with FDR, who, by the way, had a coupla fetishes. He used to say, Cmon, Joan, you be a hot nurse and Ill play a little cripple boy who needs a sponge bath. And I dont want to rehash this bit of history here, but its common knowledge that Abe Lincoln and I were an item. And FYI, A.L. wouldve been alive today if he had just listened to me. I begged that little fairy boy (everyone knows he was gay. Cmonshawl, stovepipe hat, a darkened mole. Obvious!) not to go to the theater. I said, Stay home in bed with me. Well decoupage and watch Lifetime TV movies. And he said, Nope! I want to go to the theater! Les Miz is playing, and Fantine, before they pull out her teeth, is quite the looker in a clever little A-line and matching open-toed shoes. The rest is history.JANUARY 24Dear Diary: