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**By Donald Langosy**

**Mr. Bertie Puddlepoop is Proust**

# BERTIE PUDDLEPOOP PRESENTS A DAY IN COMBRAY WITH MARCEL PROUST

**MR. BERTIE PUDDLEPOOP IS PROUST  
 BY DONALD LANGOSY**

WE BEGIN OUR DAY ON A COUNTRY PATH...

AH, MARQUIS DE ST. LOOP... HOW LOVELY TO RUN IN TO YOU... BUT MY YOU LOOK SO RERESHED... LIFE MUST BE TREATING YOU WELL.

QUITE SO, MAA-NAH-MEE I YAM A NEUF HOMME.

I CANNOT QUITE TELL WHY... BUT YOU LOOK SO MAGNIFIQUE...

PERHAPS EET IZ MOI LES HAIR COULEUR... I HAFE GONE BLOND... LE SABLEUX GARCON.

AFTER THE HARROWING REALIZATION THAT CAME TO HIM UPON REFLECTING UPON HIS REFLECTION IN THE DRESSING ROOM MIRROR... THE MARQUIS DE ST. LOOP (PLAYED BY JUNIOR... OR JUNIARE IF IN FRANCE) UNDERWENT THE NIP AND TUCKING OF A MUCH IN DEMAND SOCIETY PLASTIC SURGEON... ALONG WITH SOME ROUSE AND A DUSTING OF POWDER, THE SCOURGE OF TOO MUCH RIVIERA SUN WAS ERASED... AND HIS FINELY CHISELED VISAGE RESTORED...

THE LAST TIME WE SPOKE YOU MENTIONED THAT YOU HAD BEEN OVERTAKEN BY AN EXISTENTIAL CRISIS... IS YOUR SOUL STILL IN TORMENT MON AMI?

O CONTRAIRE... I FEEL A BURDENE TO HAF BEAN LA LIFTED... LE TIME NO LONGER WEIGHS HEAVILY UPON ME... WHAT IS LOST IS GONE... BUT LOOK AT ME... IT EEZ AS IF MOI IS LEFT UNTOUCHED...

AND YET LOOK OVER THERE... IT IS OUR LA PETITE MARCEL... LOST IN THOUGHTS OF TIME...

YEAH, SWELL. BUT HERE WE IS IN FRANCE... LES HOME OF THE CAN-CAN AND DA FRENCH MAID... AND WE NOW THAT I'M ALL BUFF AND HUNKY, AN A MARQUIS TO BOOT... DO I REALLY WANNA SPEND MY TIME LISTENING TO HIM TALK ABOUT HIS?

POURQUOI, POURQUOI, SO WHAT HAPPENS BETWIXT THE PAST AND THE FUTURE, DOES IT MEAN THAT LOSS SHE IS EXISTENCE?

FOR THE MARQUIS, LOST TIME IS MERELY A COSMETIC DILEMMA... ONE NEED NOT SEARCH ANY FURTHER THAN A NEW POWDER PUFF...

THE GREAT ACTOR'S CONCENTRATION IS DISTURBED BY THE VAIN BLABBING OF A MISPLACED CRANIUM...

CLAMP IT... WILL YOU!!! I'M IN THE MIDST OF A POETIC SOLILOQUY... AN ELOQUENT REVERIE THAT ADDRESSES THE PASSAGE OF YOUTH'S IDLE TIME... STAY IN CHARACTER... OR BE OFF WITH YOU!!!

VEDDY WELL, MONSIEUR... VE WILL JUUST BAMBOODLE ALONG... SEE YOU IN PARIS AND A MERCI BEAUCOUP TO YOU.

DA SAME GOES HERE WIT A COME SEE COME SAW TROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE.

A MOMENT OF REPOSE TO ALLOW MR. B. PUDDLEPOOP TO ATTEMPT RECAPTURING THE MOOD THAT WAS ALLOWING HIM TO CHANNEL MARCEL PROUST INTO A THEATRICAL PRESENCE... THIS ABSENCE HAD BEEN DISRUPTED BY THE CERRUAL RANTING OF THE MARQUIS... A CRANIUM THAT IS QUITE DISCONNECTED TO FROM ANY INTELLECTUAL REALITY...

AT THIS VERY MOMENT... A SUDDEN GLICH IN TIME OCCURS... AND A SOLITARY STRANGER APPEARS AND WALKS THROUGH THE STREETS AND COUNTRY LANES OF COMBRAY.

END OF ACT 2

LANGOSY

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Don't miss Act I of "Mr. Bertie Puddlepoop is Proust":

[The Lost Time of Marcel Proust](#) [4]



Donald Langosy was born in Manhattan. He is the husband and partner in creative crime of TW Executive Editor Elizabeth Langosy. Donald is a painter, poet, and creator of the [Bertie Puddlepoop Puppet Troupe](#) [5]. "Mr. Bertie Puddlepoop is Proust" is an ongoing cartoon series developed for *Talking Writing*.

You can learn more about Donald's work at [The Art of Donald Langosy](#) [6].

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[5] <http://www.puddlepoop.com>

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