

Fluff'n'Nutter

a fresh and new zine

\$3



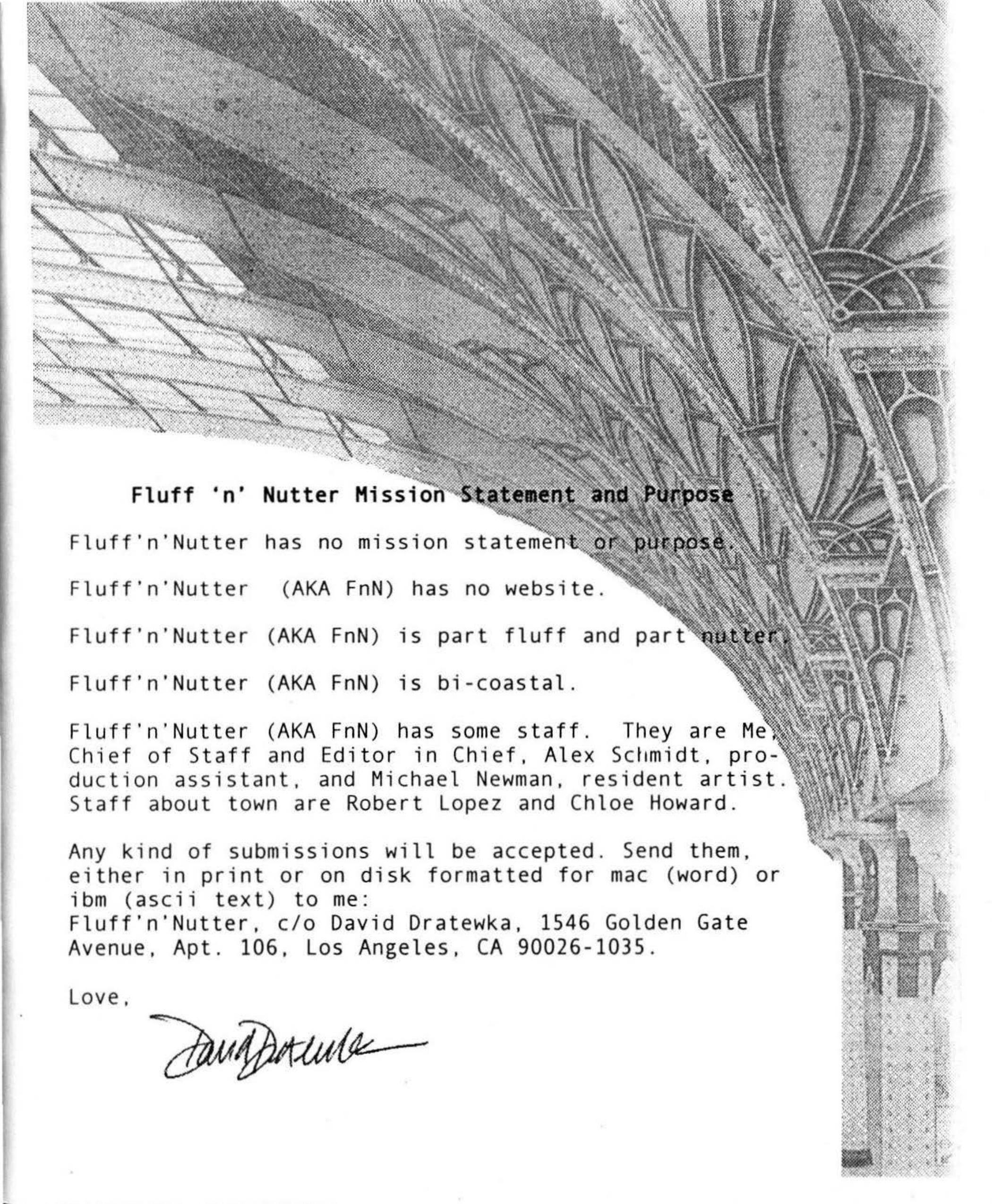
issue one. april, 1999.

Fluff 'n' Nutter

Issue One

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Fluff 'n' Nutter Mission Statement and Purpose

Fluff'n'Nutter has no mission statement or purpose.

Fluff'n'Nutter (AKA FnN) has no website.

Fluff'n'Nutter (AKA FnN) is part fluff and part nutter.

Fluff'n'Nutter (AKA FnN) is bi-coastal.

Fluff'n'Nutter (AKA FnN) has some staff. They are Me, Chief of Staff and Editor in Chief, Alex Schmidt, production assistant, and Michael Newman, resident artist. Staff about town are Robert Lopez and Chloe Howard.

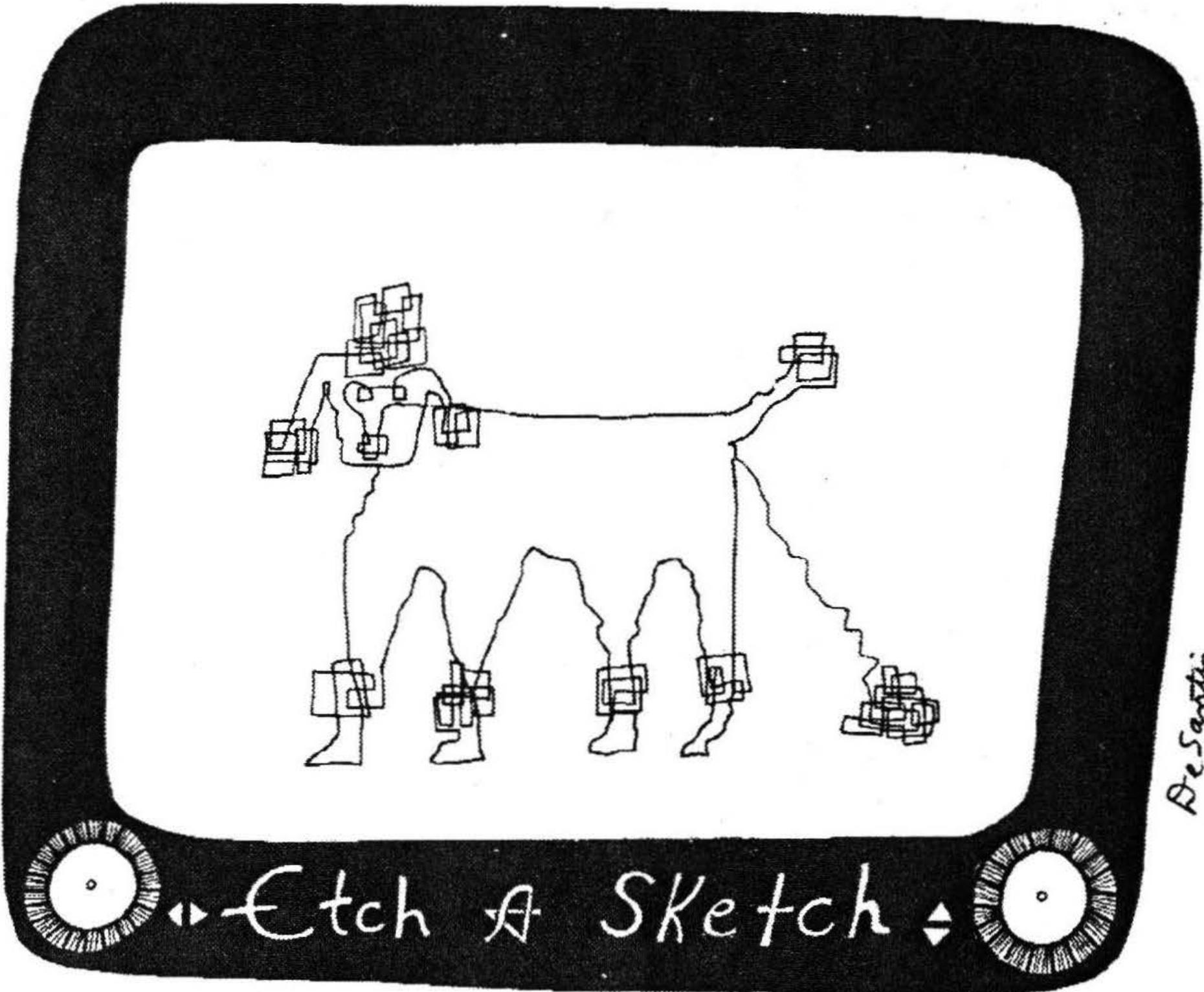
Any kind of submissions will be accepted. Send them, either in print or on disk formatted for mac (word) or ibm (ascii text) to me:

Fluff'n'Nutter, c/o David Dratewka, 1546 Golden Gate Avenue, Apt. 106, Los Angeles, CA 90026-1035.

Love,



turn the book ninety degrees counterclockwise for optimum viewing



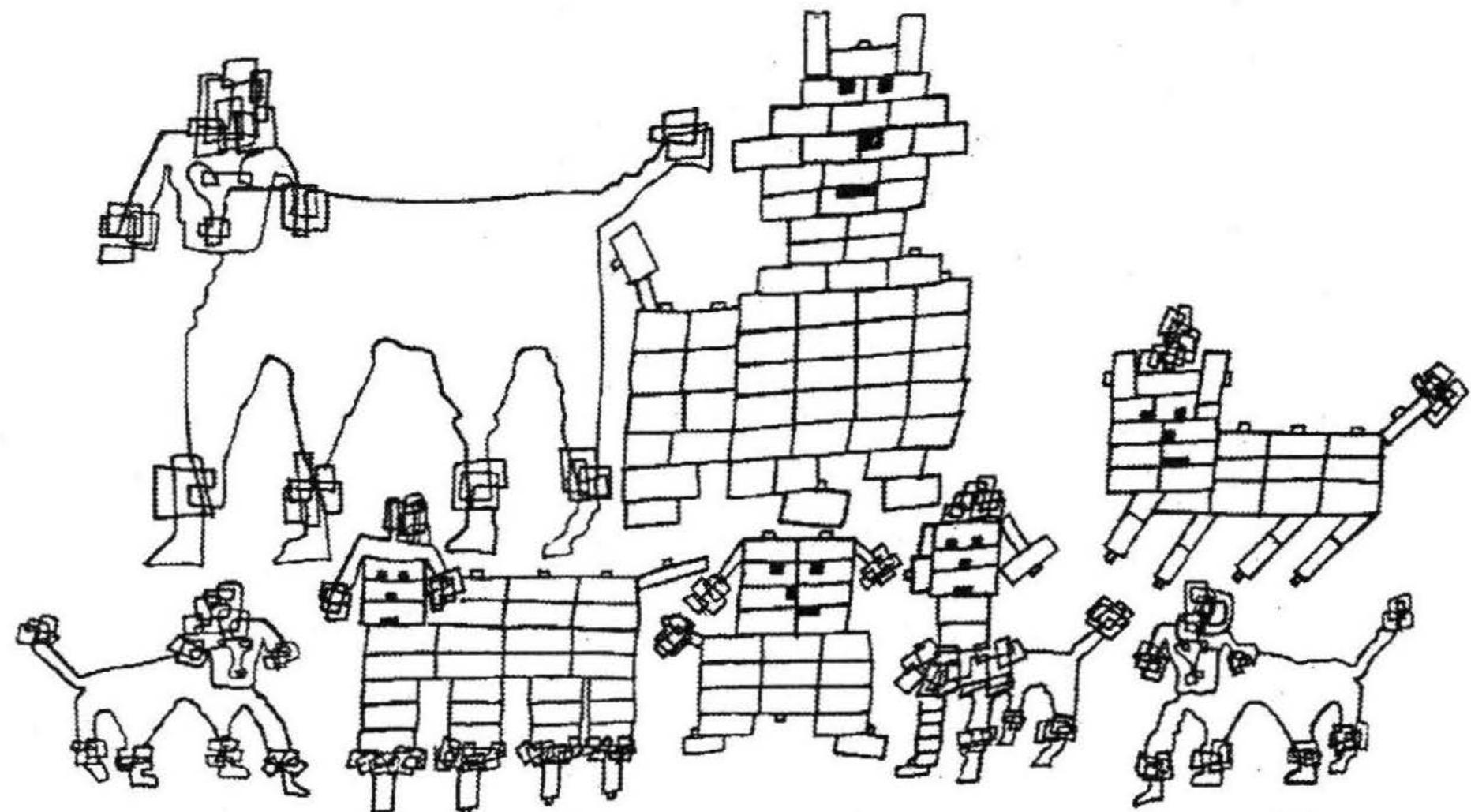
De Santis

Etch A Sketch

Etch A Sketch Poodle does doo doo.

FLUFFONUTTER

turn the book ninety degrees counterclockwise for optimum viewing



Etch A Sketch Poodle mates with the LEGO LABRADOR and they have really odd looking puppies.

De Santis

FLUFFONUTTER

CARTOONS BY AIDA CYNTHIA DE SANTIS

poetry by angela kang

Scar

yellow linoleum
wet
fridge leaking cold

you don't believe
but I remember
broken Coca-Cola bottle
pink half-aspirin
my thumb before the scar

poetry by angela kang

I.

Gray cover descends
merging of hills into sky
Los Angeles at noon

II.

Branches reach west
blue black silhouette
evening awakes

III.

Hours slip past
silken tiptoe rustle
another day

poetry by angela kang

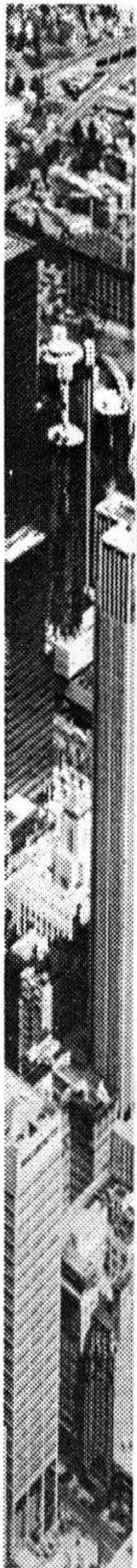
Growth

Round and soft
like fat
skimmed from soup
this inconspicuous
little lump
in my neck

A cyst
(probably)
but given the history

it gives pause

I check for progress
from time to time
finding none
I put off the call
one more day



FINDING

space

David Dratewka, Producing Artistic Director

site specific

traveling

performing arts

music

solo performance

dance

parking lots

fences

fountains

nathan birnbaum, composer

shel wagner, choreographer

nancy aqabian, solo performer

May 6, 7, 8, 9

8:00 PM

admission \$15

**(pay-what-you-can
Friday, May 7)**

wear warm clothing

and comfortable shoes.

be prepared to walk!

**Begin the Journey at
California Plaza
350 South Grand
Downtown
Los Angeles**

Finding Space will take you through a two block region of Downtown Los Angeles to witness three diverse works of site-specific performance.

To reserve a ticket, call 323/665-2356, or available at the door. Accessible to the physically disabled, with special arrangements. Please call to let us know to expect you.

Nutmeg

by Mike Albo

the first in a series of installments for FnN

It brings me great pleasure to warn you against a Nutmeg high. It's different than other drugs. It doesn't give you tracers, shivers, chills, red eye, bed eye, cottonmouth. You don't nod, bend, spin, flick, twitch or wretch. There are no holes, heaves, runs, downs, itchies, wets, baggies, bumps, burps or spots. Your jaw doesn't loll, your spine doesn't grit, your mouth doesn't smack like on heroin, ex and pot.

"You are an overexuberant, burning Birthday."

Actually, Nutmeg makes you upright and considerate and alert and awake. You are erect, articulate, bright. Your eyes are white.

You never say whatever, you never hesitate at doorways, you never not decide. You will always be able to figure out what restaurant you want to eat at, how to be of service to your parents, shampoo, conditioner, outfit, college, website, prime time line-up, name for your child.

You have ire and drive; you want to flourish and describe and Nutmeg provides you with an engine of words. You are a tongueing ticking tickertape of sentences on Nutmeg. You are a lit-up gymnasium. You are a kind, smiling army of Kool-Aid mothers. You are an overexuberant, burning Birthday. You are the cowering concentrate of a thousand pals. You are the concerned conceirge of your hotel self.

Nutmeg makes you feel comfortable in crowds. You should not be in a natural landscape of woods and horizon and birds and air when you do Nutmeg. In fact, you perhaps get the best rush from being in a crushing crowd of people so you can feel their bodies as they walk past you in their puffy down jackets and cuffs and long lapels. You feel people sliding beside you, surrounding you, passing you and leaving a wake of lifted lint. You are a loose comprehension of dust, mixing with the dust of others.

One thing, though, is that the first time you do it, there is nothing but a nauseous orientation. DO NOT take Nutmeg in liquid form your first time. Just smoke it. You will not feel anything. You need to smoke it a couple of times. It has to plant itself in your body. You need to saturate your blood with Nutmeg. Think of yourself as poundcake in a little tin. Sprinkle on top and bake. Let it sink in.

"You can get high off of Nutmeg," Irina says, two years ago, on the high grass mound in Tompkins Square Park. She is wearing a flower-printed sleeveless

dress, apron-like in the front, hunting and plucking a black hair out of my skin. "I don't mind doing this," she says, "It's in my Eastern European blood. I share the desire to root out things with those big Polish fat women who wax at the baths on 10th street, I am like them."

"I feel like they might be the only example I can see of women who have never taken estrogen." I say.

"Yea...", she says. Then there is silence. We stay like that for a while, watching a series of people pass in torn jeans shorts, and then we rouse ourselves and talk again, returning to that lazy, comfortable, reminiscent subject of drugs. Drugs. Drugs, which we all talk about all the time, sitting Indian Style here in the park, flowering out our drug stories with its

**"I imagine spoons
and spoons of nut-
meg in my mouth"**

nostalgic streamers and conventional revelations until they become old Burl Ives folktales: Remember when we were tripping and laying in that golf course and you peed in your pants...remember when you wore that shiny shirt and I did three hits of ex and an ambulance passed us and I thought your shirt was a physicalized siren... Remember when I was so stoned that I looked at Lisa and thought she was the United States...

"Nutmeg makes you feel sort of high like a mushroom trip," Irina says, "sort of that organic high? But spinny, too, like Special K. Jay and I did it once, about a month ago, and then we went to the Sound Factory. I didn't, like, totally hallucinate, but I did see fringe on people's arms and the lights rippled a little and I thought the bathroom was lined with Space Shuttle tiles."

I imagine spoons and spoons of nutmeg, spilling and dusty, in my mouth. "What do you do? Can you snort it?"

"No, I don't know...You don't take it dry, dummy. You smoke it or you swallow it in extract. You take two tablespoons on an empty stomach... 'In the most delightful way!'" she sings like Mary Poppins.

We get some from our nutmeg dealer, Miss O, and go to my house.

We sit on the yellow countertops in my kitchen, and measure out four cordial shots for me and Irina and Larry and Jimmy in teeny Dixie Cups. We plug our noses and swallow. I am smiling and I look at Larry, and, suddenly his face changes from his usual "let's do something illegal" grin to a seriousness, glazed with sweat. And then I feel it: a direct wave of gas flourishing into my nose; I taste a disgusting concentrate of stinging spice, sharp as vinegar and ammonia. It bombs my sinuses, a plasma of all the french toast toppings and egnogs

I have ever had. We gag and scramble.

We are in a burning building of Nutmeg. Irina clutches the refrigerator door, knocking off poetry magnets, Larry whimpers and crouches. None of us can speak. I hold on to the yellow kitchen counter. The mini microwave sits there with its old onion Patio Burrito smell, in front of it my Hanna and Barbera Laff-A-Lympics placemat with Yogi Bear and Huckleberry Hound and all the more minor, less popular Yogi Yahooveys, smiling through the dry snakes and grey-brown crust of spilt Raman Noodles and all I taste is the tequila-like gas of Nutmeg. All the nice illusions of spice, of cinnamon buns or curry yellow raisins,

**"She started freak-
ing out about their
little bonnets"**

of lemon pepper painted chicken breasts, basil tomatoes, pudgy baker chocolate dust and happy paprika are torn from me, and I see spice's underside, its concentrated truth, its alcoholic evil. Nutmeg,

the kindest, most good morning, Holly Hobbie spice of them all is now its hot, acrid cackling self. Irina grabs my three Gay Games Commemorative cups, the only things clean, and fills them with bubbly faucet water.

I do not vomit, but the rest of the night I slightly belch nutmeg taste, and gag at the reinforced memory of its speckly, noxious Christmas.

We try it again two nights later. This time we are on my bed, smoking it in a little carved pot pipe Larry stole from this guy he slept with.

"James told me about some guy in his fraternity who did nine hits of nutmeg and thought there were parasites eating his face, so he took a grapefruit knife and dug out round holes in his cheeks and ripped them out and fed them to his dog!" I say.

Larry says: "This girl I know Tiffany had to stop because she did it at home with her parents who live way out in the dildies in Oregon. She was alone, which was stupid. She just laid there in her childhood twin bed and stared at her old doll collection and started freaking out about their little bonnets and antebellum bell skirts so she scrambled into the hall, over to the shelf of Encyclopedia Brittanica encyclopedias and started looking at the human body anatomy sheets and freaked out."

Irina says, "That is so wierd, that happened to Jay too! It was when he was alone in his bathroom before we went out. He said he began to think of his body as an anatomy sheet: a layer of bone, a layer of lymph nodes, a layer of veins and arteries, a layer for skin, blah blah, the kidney, the lungs, the um, the um, the heart—"

"Oh wait!" Jimmy says, "I think that totally happened to this guy Dave Binger in my dorm! He did it and started screaming that his body was made of anatomy sheets and he ran around the campus, and now he is so freaked out he is retarded and has to wear a bib and a helmet and can't leave her parents yard!"

"Oh my God! That's weird," I say, then I suck in from the pipe. I feel gritty at first, and the same gassy nutmeg clutch occurs, and then, suddenly, I flower out.

I am in everything, I am everywhere. I feel my eyesight become sharp. I spread all over the room. I feel proud and liquid and glib. I begin to talk, and I don't know what I am saying but every word pops out and floats in its ownness. I am fully present. I am a loud, ornamental, hissing, spreading mist with my lacey, fractalized exterior and happy decorative ungraspableness.

"I am in everything everywhere." I am

I warn you against the nutmeg high.

I haven't come down from it. You never, never come down. I have spent the last few days in an active self-made carousel, spinning wider and wider. I keep going out with my freinds and I can't stop. I keep talking. I keep meeting people and yammer long overdescribed stories in efforts to draw them out more like a poker in a fireplace. I am spreading too thin. I have let everyone in, I have let everyone in.

By the way, processed supermarket nutmeg, as I've discovered, is laced with preservatives that hinder the high. If you do do it, be sure to go to Miss O's — she is in a renovated brownstone in WeChe which is the new name for West Chelsea.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF FnN

BARBIE SETS A TRAP!

BARBIE SETS A TRAP!



THIS IS BARBIE!



Skipper, I love Ken

**Barbie, he's a big fag.
Get over it and
order your crab.**

BARBIE HAS A PROBLEM!



BARBIE STALKS KEN.



BARBIE LOOKS FOR KEN AT THE CHELSEA PIERS



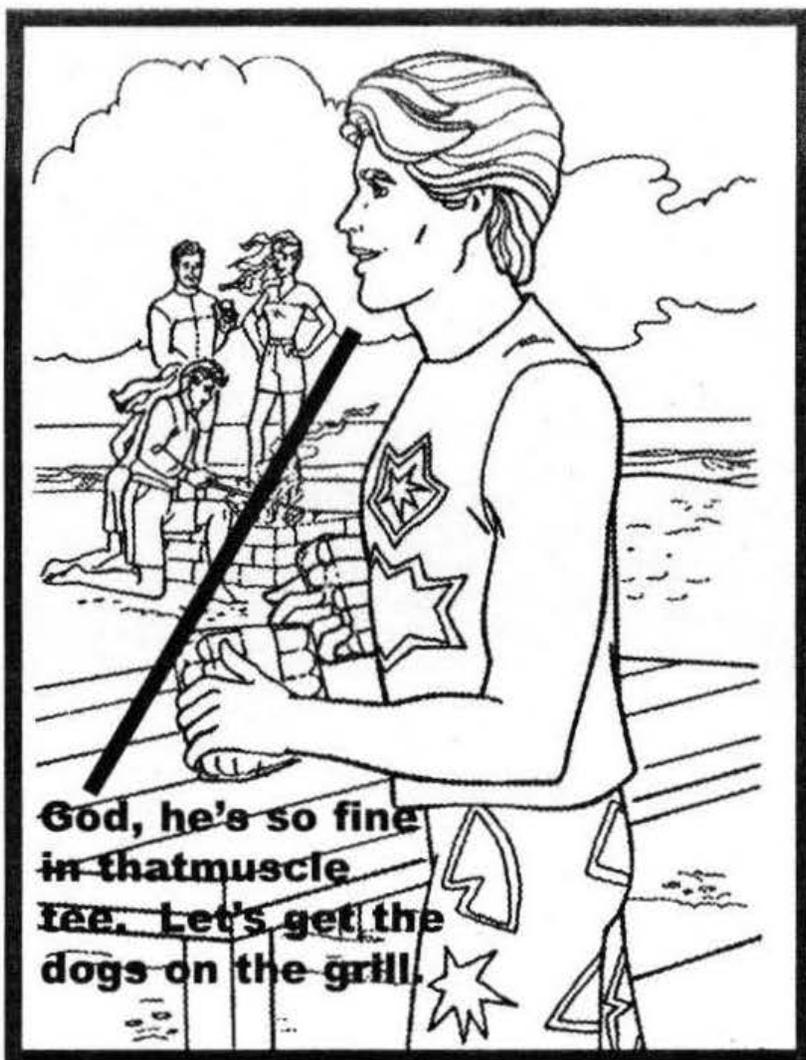
BARBIE GAZES LONGINGLY AT HER FISH.



SO, BARBIE MEETS KEN AT A BEACH PARTY.



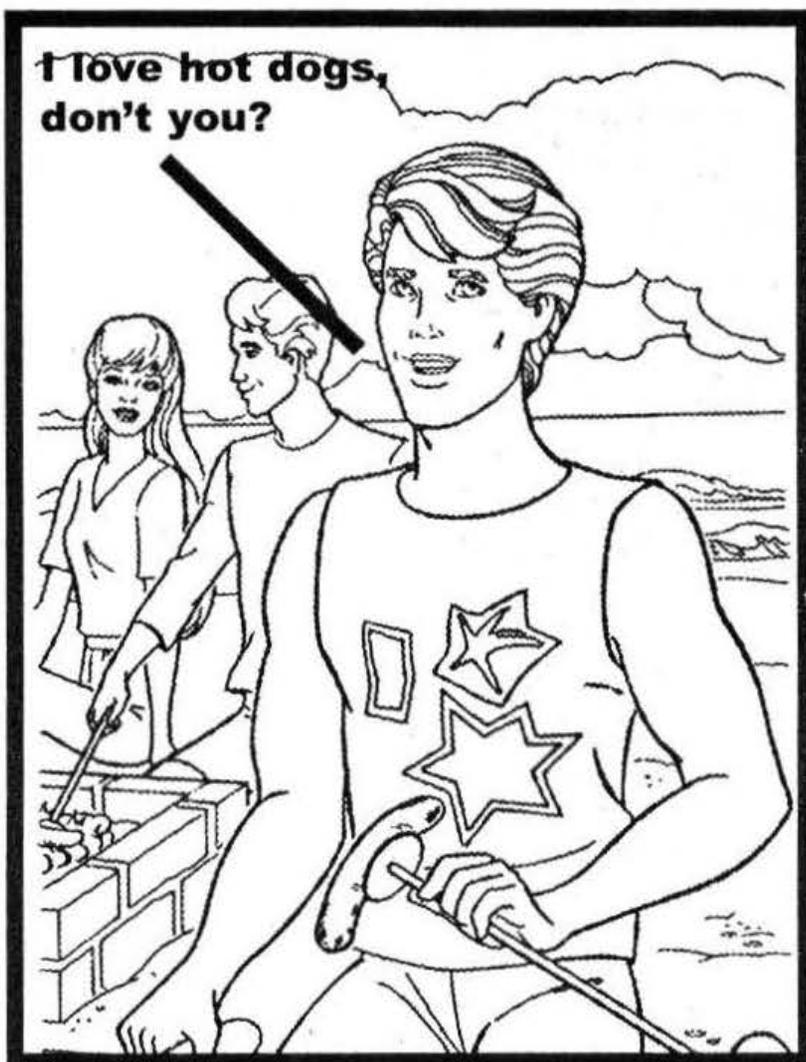
KEN ENJOYS THE DAY WITH FRIENDS.



KEN HAS AN ACTIVE MIND!



BARBIE TRIES TO ENJOY HERSELF.



KEN LOVES TO BARBEQUE.



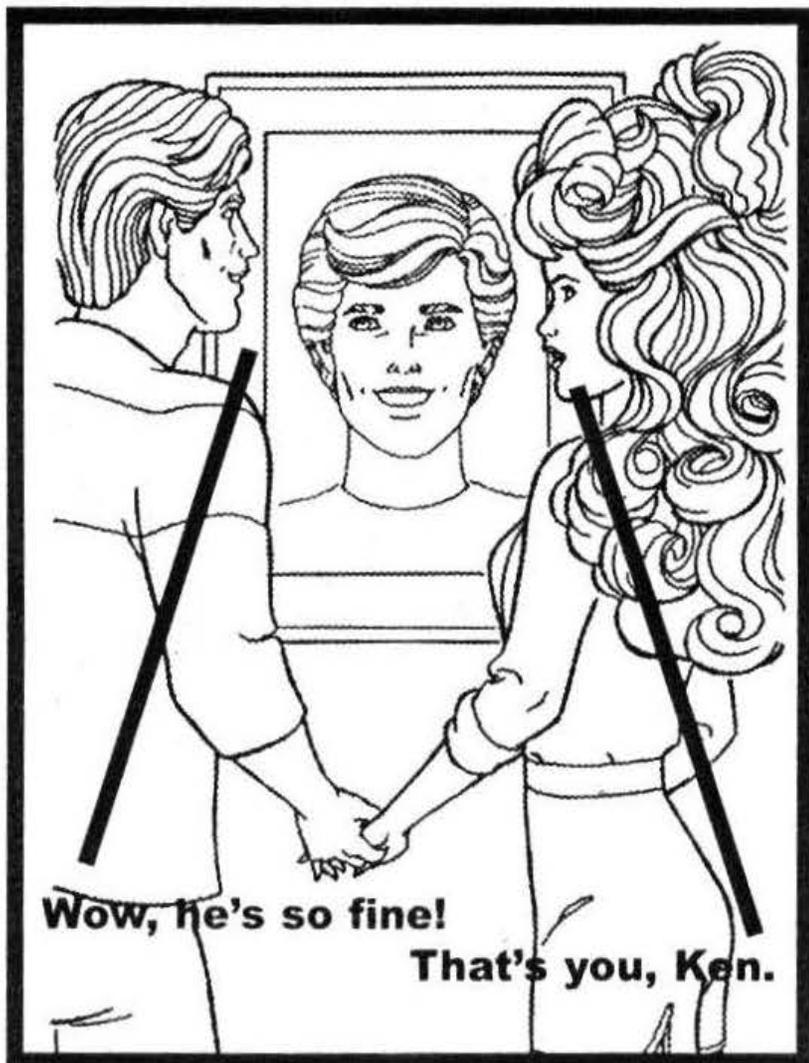
KEN MAKES A JOKE!



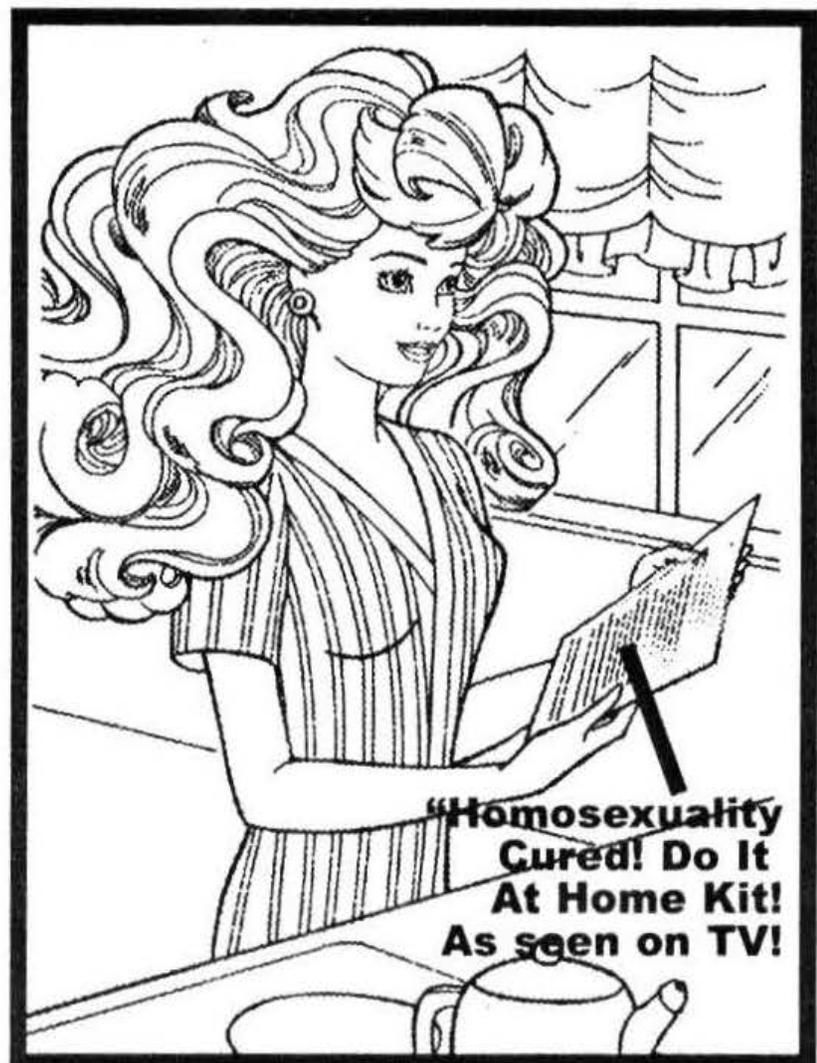
POOR BARBIE!



BARBIE TRIES TO ATTRACT KEN WITH HOMO-LIKE ACTIVITIES



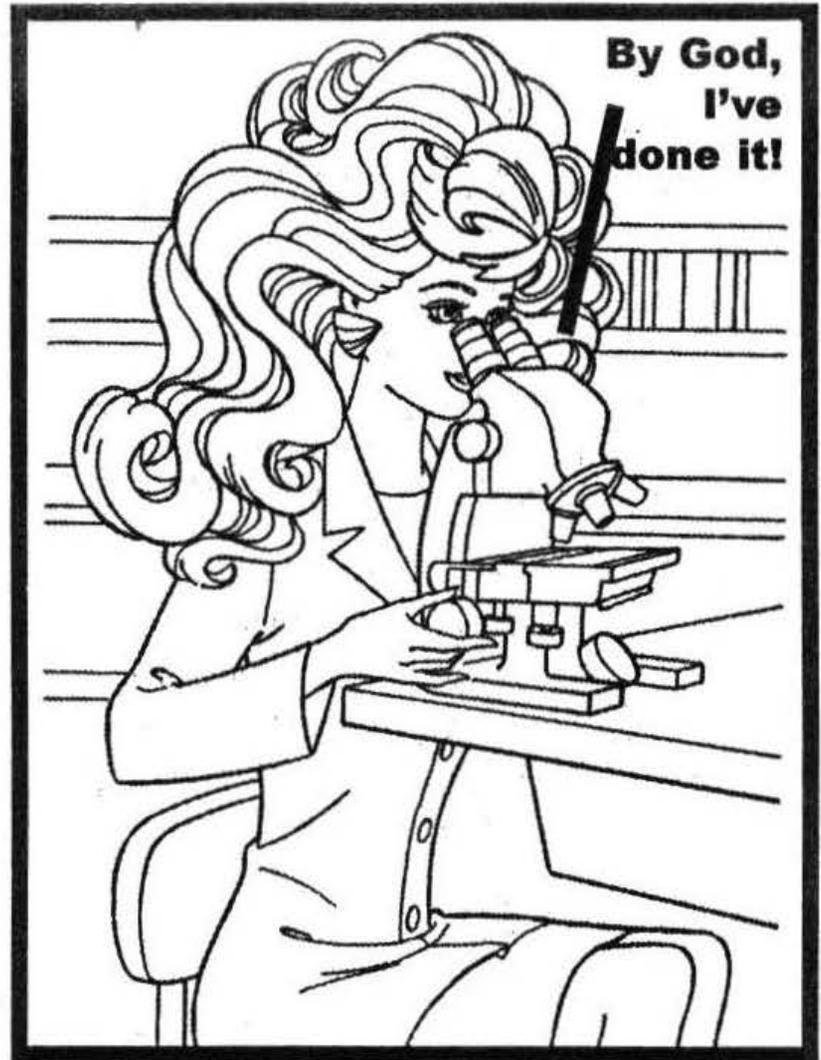
SHE EVEN GETS OBSESSIVE WITH HER ART!



BARBIE THINKS SHE HAS SEEN THE LIGHT!



BARBIE GETS THE KIT IN THE MAIL.



BARBIE COMPLETES THE FORMULA!



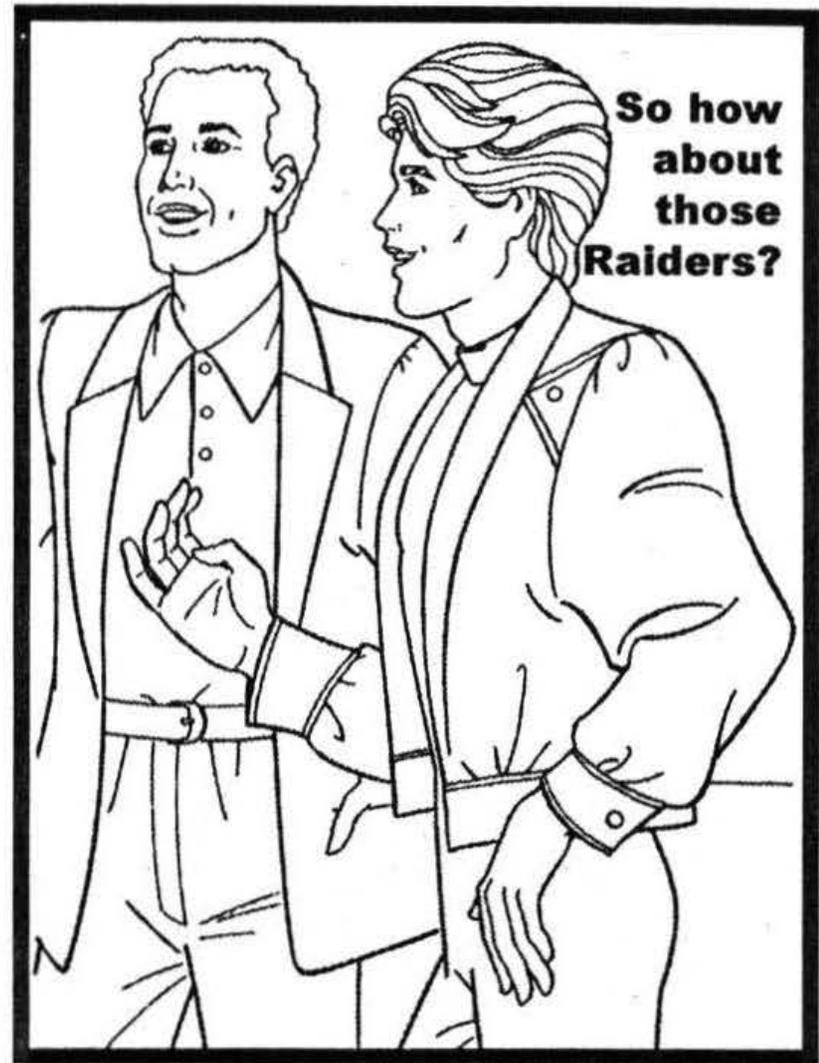
BARBIE SETS THE TRAP!



KEN LOVES THE ATTENTION HE GETS FROM HIS SUGAR DADDY



EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING WRONG!



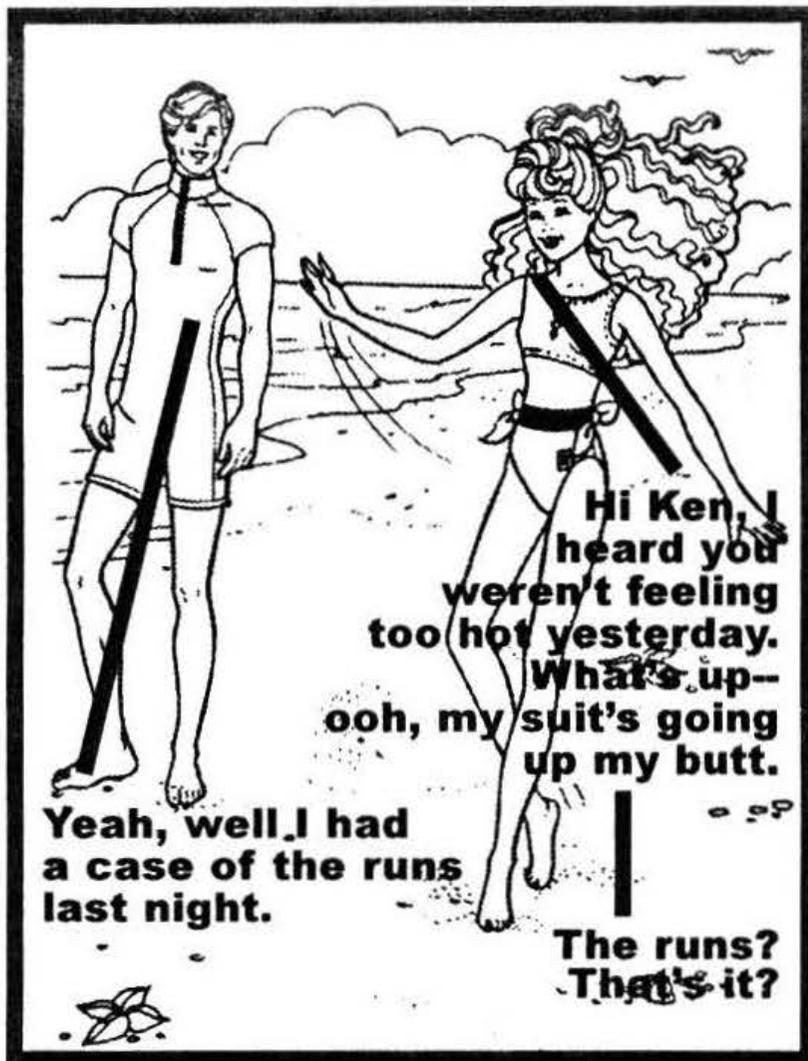
KEN GETS A CASE OF JUNGLE FEVER.



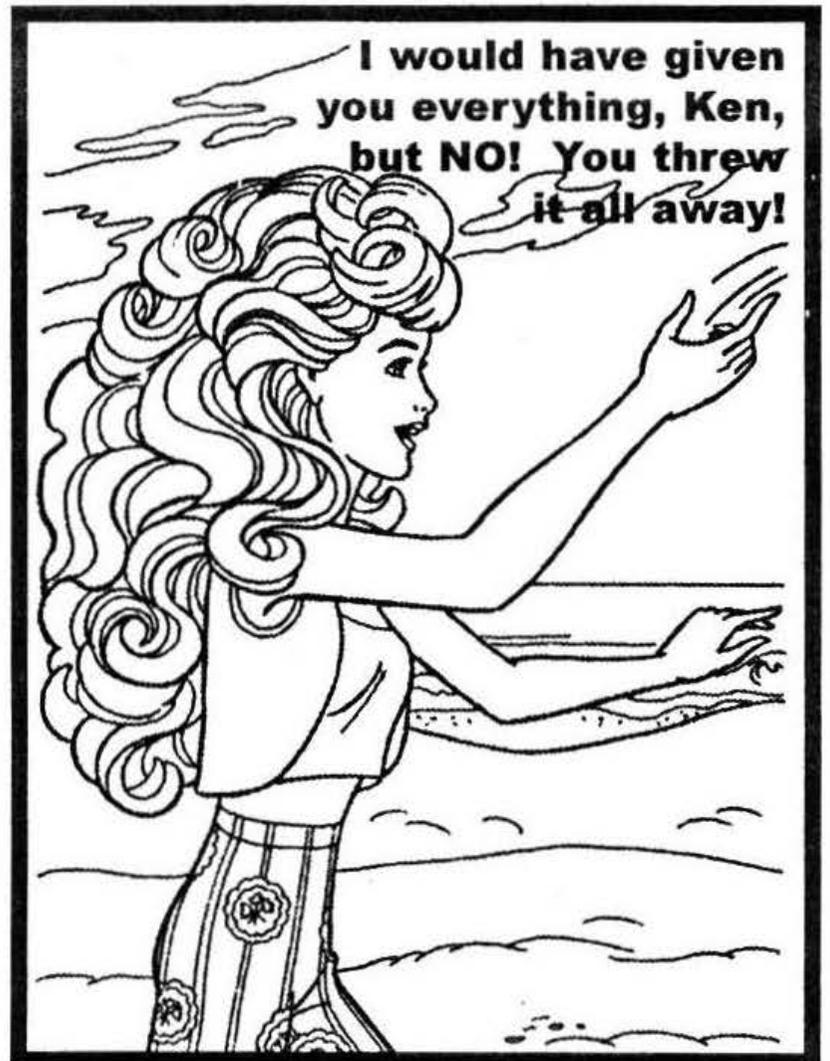
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH FOR BARBIE!



BARBIE TAKES NOTES ON KEN FROM FRIENDS



SHE FINDS KEN AT THE BEACH AGAIN.



POOR BARBIE!



JOIN US NEXT TIME FOR ADVENTURES WITH BARBIE AND HER FRIEND POPO!



LOVELORN BARBIE IS AVAILABLE AT A STORE NEAR YOU!

i want you!

TO SEND ME THREE MORE DOLLARS.

YOU GOT THIS MAGAZINE FOR THREE DOLLARS.

AND NO ONE GOT PAID AND SOME PEOPLE HAD TO EVEN PAY TO MAKE THE COPIES. SO WE WILL NOT EVEN RE-COUP OUR COSTS. AND WHILE WE ARE WILLING TO SHELL OUT CASH FOR OUR ART, BECAUSE IT IS WHAT WE DO THESE DAYS, WE WOULD LIKE TO EAT AND MAYBE HAVE A GLASS OF WINE WITH DINNER EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE.

THIS IS ART AND YOU SHOULD BE SUPPORTING IT MORE.

SO PAY UP! AND WIN A PRIZE! TWO PEOPLE FROM THOSE WHO SEND IN THREE DOLLARS WILL WIN A COPY OF CINDY DE SANTIS' BOOK OF CARTOONS: POODLELAND.

*Mail three dollars in any form (creative alternatives accepted) to
Fluff'n'Nutter
c/o David Dratewka
1546 Golden Gate Avenue No. 106
Los Angeles, CA 90026-1035*

GOOCHIE Eduardo!

by Mike & Mike

HELLO THERE!
WELCOME TO EPISODE ONE!

TIME FOR YOUR SPECIAL SHOW, HOCH.

NO WAY, I WON'T DO IT. WE
DISCUSSED THIS, DUDE.

JUST 'CAUSE IT HAS NO
CULTURAL RELEVANCE?
WE WON'T FIT IN WITH
THE 'ZINE, DUDE.

OKAY - WE'LL THROW IN... A BARTENDER REVIEW!
THEN YOU'LL EAT THAT CUPCAKE - DEAL?

UMMM...

GREAT!

My bartending haiku
by Eduardo
his name was Joe - Beer
he brought me the greatest beer
this is relevant.

CULTURAL RELEVANCE
ESTABLISHED!
NOW, DO IT!

IF I DO IT WILL YOU
PROMISE NOT TO BUE
ME FOR A
WEEK?

YESSIR!

OKAY...

ROCK

OKAY!
FINE...

FROM
HERE.

HHNNN...

BRGHH...

AAAFGH...

???

OH SHIT!*

PHOO SH!

*TRANSLATION: HOW AMAZING
THAT MY STARFISH CHUM CAN
SPIT OUT ALL HIS INTERNAL
ORGANS TO EAT HIS FOOD. BRILLIANT!

(THE END OF
THE WORLD.)

mmfgrldfn...

MAN, I LOVE
WATCHING
YOU EAT!

NOT WITH YOUR
MOUTH FULL,
DUDE.

Stay
tuned!

a bartender profile

by

MAN ABOUT TOWN

robert lopez in LA

why i like bo

I like bo because he can breathe fire. Not spewy fire like some other bartenders but billowy clouds that move forward. If you are at the other end of the bar you can feel the heat come towards you. Kinda like that pirate themed casino's pirate show that they have on the las vegas strip.

Bo is a bartender at the akbar in los angeles. He is the only fire breather there. He got in trouble once for catching the christmas decorations on fire on new years eve. All that nights tips caught on fire too. He was on suspension from fire breathing for a while (by the owners) but he has been doing it again. Once i saw him do it in front of one of the owners so it must be ok now.

He uses 151 proof rum for this trick. He fills his mouth with a big gulp. He then sticks his thumb in his rum full mouth. he then proceeds to light his thumb on fire with a lighter. Then he does his blow trick. I suppose his thumb goes out by itself. He learned how to do this when he worked at a biker bar. I think it was in new york.

Bo is originally from minnesota or somewhere around there. I think his mom is an engineer on a train. Perhaps it is amtrak. Bo has a brother and a sister. It might be a half sister. Bo used to have dreadlocks. He used to be the door guy and check peoples ids. He used to be the bar back too (the person who picks up the cups). Now i think he is the most popular bartender there. My friend says he might make over \$250.00 in tips on a good night. I attribute that to the fire breathing.

Supposively bo has throw out unruly customers by the scruff of the neck. He is very big so i don't find it unbelievable. But he is a nice guy and i can't imagine him getting real mad. But they say he can. He has tattoos too. I think one is a knife or a skull. He has one on his leg that you can't see. He has a pierced tongue too but he doesn't talk like he has one. I like that. He is left handed as are many of the employees of the akbar.

In his spare time bo likes to strum his acoustic guitar. I don't think he has ever been in a band. He likes to paint too. I have never seen his paintings but i hear they are of legos on fire or something like that. But i heard that he is shy about his art work. So don't ask him to draw your caricature in 5 minutes.

He likes to cook a breakfast thing called scrapple or garage. It has meat and eggs and whatever is on the stove, in it. I think he is a little bit italian, so he likes to cook. I think he was a cook once. Maybe a fry cook. I don't think he goes out dancing. He gives me a kiss sometimes when he greets me (at the bar).

Bo hates the go-go's.

a bartender profile

by

GAL ABOUT TOWN

Chloe Howard in NYC

Ray at The Red Bench

On the coldest, bleakest night of the year we wandered shivering down Sullivan Street after tolerating a cider in a quiet unheated lounge. The Red Bench is a tiny place halfway down the block between Prince and Spring. Deep in the heart of shee shee ville, it's nice to see a little room where the bar takes up half the space and leaves just a little spot for the tables and chairs scattered clumsily behind. I always enjoy a bar with a big glassy mirror, and subtle candlelight that renders basically anyone attractive - creating an airbrushed reflection of the clientele. I also always appreciate an unpretentious, friendly bartender who doesn't scowl dejectedly at you when you ask for a recommendation.

The keeper of the register here is Ray, a graying, slight man with a thick brogue and a warm word for everyone. (Even on a still Monday night with few patrons at the bar and fewer still in the bitter wind outside.) Ray was sympathetic to our plight (frostbite) and eager to suggest a bevvie to warm our toes and spirits. The gentle Ray (Gentle Ben?) created for us a perfect Hot Toddy, a recipe garnered from his native Dublin. It was truly a definitive "nightcap" - strong and sweet and even sleep-inducing. Ray (and several other white-haired Irish gentlemen perched on adjoining stools) attested to the power of the Divine Toddy. Apparently it cures all kinds of ails, including colds, flus, insomnia, impotence (okay I made that one up) and rumor has it that this is what those giant dogs carry in their kegs to rescue stranded mountaineers. I believe it. This drink tastes gorgeous, and you can feel it pumping up your immune system as you gulp it down. In other words, perfect for a brutal NYC winter.

It was the loveliest end to our little Monday night jaunt. Ray is a generous host, a storyteller and a master of his profession. He is at The Red Bench Monday through Thursday and on "odd weekends". He was also kind enough to share his recipe:

Ray's Hot Toddy

- 2 parts Jamison's Irish Whiskey
- 1 part hot water
- 1 tablespoon (or packet) sugar
- 1 lemon slice, stuffed with cloves

Combine above ingredients, stir and add lemon slice as floating garnish. (We tried recreating it both with and without the cloves and found that they really make the difference - adding a rich, mulled cinnamon flavor.)

You can get so lost.





Why I love Dan Savage.

By David Dratewka, Editor in Chief

I Love Dan Savage because he makes me laugh. Because he is not afraid. Not afraid to tell it like it is, but even saying this cheapens what my danny does. I like Dan because he is so stinking cute but even more because i was in love with him before I saw his picture. Dan has a boyfriend, which is unfortunate. But I figure that once Dan meets me, he will change his mind. I would like to think that Dan has no hang ups about sex or anything else for that matter and is just fine to simply spend time with me on a warm Sunday afternoon. But I suppose I am glorifying him, but what is stalking a person of some popular culture note without glorifying him and only accepting him as a beauteous perfect alterna homo who still makes some bucks and can buy dinner for me. I am not looking for a sugar daddy, I mean do not get me wrong here, dan. I just love you for everything you are. You probably think that just by writing this i am not your type of guy, but come on, dan, please see me for who I truly am. The man of your dreams. I love dan because he says things like "you can get so lost."

a restaurant review

by

GAL ABOUT TOWN

Chloe Howard in NYC

Cheap Chow in Chinatown

Looking for a good restaurant in Chinatown is kind of like looking for a gay bar in Chelsea. You just have to pick one and go in. We deduced this brilliant theory on a Friday night after wandering blindly down many streets far south of Houston, and feeling that everything looked the same. We were looking for a place with character but also hygiene standards. There are lots of interesting sights down here, including many restaurants with live giant sea creatures in the window. (For a visual, think the famed TV miniseries "The Beast" - a gripping tale about a giant squid that terrifies the residents of a small town.) Anyway, I was not really too interested in dining in any of those establishments, due to the fact that it seemed many of the creatures were waving kindly at me.

At about 10pm we happened upon the New Green Bo (66 Bayard Street) which was brightly lit and inviting. There was also a huge photo of a waterfall on the back wall, which certainly had a hypnotic effect in drawing us in. A sweet older gentleman in a special green outfit greeted us and invited us to sit at a large round table with another couple - an awkward situation I always enjoy but my dining companions seemed less than thrilled with. Once they saw the prices and portions however, they cheered up almost immediately. We were started off with a big pot of Chinese tea (free!), and I chose a bowl of Noodle Soup with Mixed Vegetables for us all to share (\$3.50 - a steal - and the three of us each had two big bowls.) The homemade noodles were thick and chewy, and the broth was so addictive I had to stop myself from dumping it all over my body. The veggies included yummy shitake mushrooms, crisp baby corn, water chestnuts and snow peas. Next to arrive was my Bean Curd Over Rice (\$3.50 for another giant portion) which was similarly well received. The tofu was spicy and firm, accompanied by a medley of peas and mushrooms. I always wanted to say medley! Also favored were a salty side serving of sauteed string beans (\$3.50 - now say it 5 times fast) which lasted approximately 3 seconds after being set down on the table. Two Chinese restaurant standards were ordered by my dining companions; Sesame Chicken (\$8.50) which was tender white meat coated with something that tasted like candy, and Moo Shu Pork (\$8.50) which apparently was the best of its kind. We had so much food that we're still eating it 3 days later.

Anyway, it was definitely the tastiest Chinese Food I've had here in NYC, and when you can feed 3 people for \$15 each (including tip) it certainly is the year of the rabbit. Do check it out - the quiet service is happy to accommodate any requests or changes you have. New Green Bo - they're open till midnight and all the fortunes are good.

P.S. To complete your Chinatown Evening of Fun, you may want to check out the homemade ice cream shop across the street (\$1.99 for a big old cone) followed by a few tunes in the karaoke bar next door. It's a good, cheap time.

a restaurant review

by

MAN ABOUT TOWN

robert lopez in LA

ciudad

in Downtown Los Angeles, 445 So. Figueroa Street, Suite 100

editors note: this was apparently written while sleeping. general disclaimer for sentence structure.

its big and yellow, a pale mellow yellow like a savory (not sweet lemon souffle). a pan-american souffle. sue's husband did the interior, as he did the original city (on la brea in the 80's). it has that retro 50's look (through the style of 40's neutra) but with an eye on the 80's, (so popular now) as did the original city. if you come from los angeles, the place will give you a warm, big nostalgic feel. maybe like the warm savory lemon souffle that your mother used to make in the early 80's in her electric stove.

i liked the fresh hominy. i've never come across fresh hominy before. that was interesting. the sorbets were pretty great. very real and fresh tasting. very tiny nouvelle amounts (very 80's) but damn good. there was this little cilantro sauce that came with the arrapes (sp). it was almost pesto like. it was very wow! it made you stand up and take notice. the city would do that to you all the time.

the fried chicken salad reminded me of livers and gizzards, from early pioneer chicken, on top of fancy lettuce with fresh hominy. pioneers L&G's used to be comfort food to me when i was a kid.

the seared calamari with bilbao chorizo and white beans tasted all of chorizo (which isn't bad-but just of chorizo?). the fruits de mer (or something) salad was just grilled shrimp (again not bad-i just wanted more mer). the cheese on the arrapes was kinda bad. kinda government cheese like. that used to be comfort food when i really was a kid.

um.....the cubano sandwich was pretty good. warm cheesy, hammy. the little pickles slices added a crisp little kick. very home comfort food (if your cuban i guess). nothing bold fresh and adventurous which i guess all food doesn't have to be. but i guess i expected more.

and thats the whole point, its good. it looks great (detail down to the salt and pepper mills, waiters pants and bread display). and it reads great (pan-american cuisine-mixing spanish, mexican, central american and south american food styles mixed all together. even the wine list doesn't list a single french or italian vineyard<again great detail and selection>) but its not all that special. it doesn't make one say wow! but you are happy to be there. you are glad you came. i don't think you'd come back often...well if someone else was paying.... thats another point. its kinda expensive (lunch for 2 \$60-not including liquor) and for those prices one would want to say wow!

but it is a big nice yellow place.

Excerpt from

The Fear of Bike Story

by Nancy Agabian

"Most of the entrants were on the hefty side."

at the Swamp Fox Motel, home of the world's smallest covered bridge. Presque Isle, Maine wasn't exactly a mecca of tourism. My mom was always able to find stuff for us to do though: We went to

the Miss Potato Blossom Beauty Pageant. Most of the entrants were on the hefty side. I never questioned their beauty because it was a beauty pageant and because they wore thick sparkly costumes, but my dad joked "I'm not so sure this pageant helps the sale of potatoes." My mom shushed him. Then she started to have a nice conversation with the lady sitting next to her. My mom could talk up anyone anywhere. Unfortunately, the lady revealed to my mom that she didn't like people from Massachusetts because they were rude. My mom told her "Oh really. Well, I'm from Massachusetts. Who's rude now?"

Then we went to Mrs. Dudley's house, a 112-year-old lady who had been selling the same meal - roast chicken and mashed potatoes - every night in her home for nearly a 100 years. My brother stopped up and overflowed Mrs. Dudley's toilet, causing a major fiasco - that's what my mom called it. Mrs. Dudley was shaking more than usual when she suggested we should use our own bathroom before we come to dinner the next time.

"I'm so embarrassed!" my mother said in the car.

"Your big bowel movements are making us into social outcasts," my dad told my brother. "You better start going to the beckeran more often."

We also spent a lot of time at antique flea markets. That's when my parents spotted them: matching girl and boy three speed bikes, black and white with a gold seal on the back, made by Raleigh.

My parents looked over the merchandise very carefully, as they did with any major purchase. Then they stepped aside to discuss it. "I don't know Skip, he's asking 50, I think they're too expensive." "Well, they're good quality bikes.

Why don't you try to talk him down? You're good at gypping people, Syl." My dad said this last part while winking at me and breaking into a little giggle. My mom rolled her eyes at him and approached the guy. She was very pretty and refined looking. She was an expert at combining perfect 1950's grooming with 1976 bicentennial fashion. Her black hair with silver streaks was up in a bun and she was wearing a thick knit red, white and blue polyester dress: the white sleeveless bodice had a blue anchor in the middle of her chest, and the navy skirt had miniature red and white anchors all over it. Matching red, white and blue purse and shoes completed her outfit. She was the whitest and neatest member of our family: she was light-skinned and small-nosed and her hair was-

n't flying all over the place like the rest of us. But underneath her white suburban mom exterior lay the heart of a shrewd gypper. According to my mom, everyone was out to get you, and she prided

herself in "not taking any guff from anyone." She was the best person to represent us in negotiation. She told the guy "These bikes need much too much work for you to ask 50. What are you crazy? You must be crazy. We'll give you 30."

**What are you
crazy? You must
be crazy**

"Ma'am, I don't think you realize these are antiques," he said.

My dad interrupted from across the aisle "Oh for Christ's sake. We're not saps you know!"

"I didn't say you were, sir" the guy said. He was an overall-wearing old guy, a typical Maine-iac, as my dad liked to say.

"Why don't you just write A Number One Fool on my forehead, expecting me to pay 50 bucks for a couple of rust heaps you call antiques."

The guy chuckled. My parents argued with him for a long time, and he seemed to enjoy it, even when he got offended. Finally they settled on \$20 each. When my dad handed the guy the money, the guy said, "Skip, Sylvia, it was a pleasure."

My older brother and sister rode these bikes around until they started driving. I was supposed to ride the girl bike when my sister was done with it, but I couldn't. See, my dad had taken to riding around on the boy bike through the neighborhood for his exercise. He didn't change into more comfortable exercise clothes when he rode, like any other normal human being would. Instead he wore his bell-bottom brown pilly polyester pants, orange button-down short-sleeve shirt with a yellow collared white t-shirt underneath, and brown leather wing tips, while smoking a cigar. You had to sit upright on this type of bike, not lean forward like on the ten speeds everyone else was riding. My dad sat on

that upright bike, a short, dark, stocky, middle-aged man with glasses, huge eyebrows, big nose, and long strands of hair that got combed over his bald head lifted up into the air he was coasting through. Kids sang the Wicked Witch of The West song when he sped by: "duhdoo duhdoo duhdoo doo, duhdoo duhdoo duhdoo doo." When I told him about this he said "What do I care?" in a high and irritated voice. Sometimes my dad's voice was really high, when he was amused or annoyed, or when he answered the phone "A & M Appraisal" and people mistook him for a woman. It was a weird contradiction because he was the Armenian Fred Flintstone. But like Fred, although he was an adult, he had the heart of a little kid. And so he was not going to stop having fun, even if people were ridiculing him. Of course now I love him for that. But back then, I couldn't. Understand that it wasn't just my friends who laughed at him. Even my friends parents laughed.

"Asking me to ride that prissy bike, is a form of abuse"

I had to have another bike, a ten speed like everyone else. My parents laughed when I asked. So I resorted to taking mental fits. I screamed "You are bad parents! You have never gotten a bike JUST FOR ME. Asking me to ride that gross prissy British bike is a form of abuse."

My dad responded with "Sylvia, have you seen our nice cute little girl? "

"I hate you!" I yelled.

"I think our nice cute little girl has been replaced with a hideous screaming monster," my dad said to my face.

"The only thing hideous in this house is that ridiculous bike you expect me to humiliate myself with."

Needless to say, not a lot of listening took place.

My mom insisted "You don't need 10 speeds, only racers need ten speeds, what do you need ten speeds for? Three is more than enough." When I didn't reply she continued "Why would you want to ride all hunched over like that? Only racers need to ride all hunched over and aerodynamic to go faster. you don't need to be aerodynamic to go to the mall."

"Hah!" I replied. I would not hear her pathetic arguments. I was determined to get a new bike just as my dad had once been determined to teach me to ride.

Finally, on my 15th birthday, they broke down. It coincided with their new higher income level. Suddenly I could get a new pair of sneakers when I need-

ed them, I actually got the things on my Christmas list. They agreed to buy me a new bike at the Norwood Bike Stop. I chose a beautiful blue ten speed. My dad didn't come, he was working on a fortune cookie factory in the city, and he gave my mom his credit card, so there was none of the usual purchase deliberation between the two of them. In fact, there wasn't much of that lately at all. Our subscription to Consumer Reports ran out and no one bothered to renew it.

When I got home and tried it out, the bike felt weird. I was up higher than my old bike, it was harder to balance, and I didn't really get what all the different speeds were for. I was hunched over and felt awkward. But still, I had a ten speed bike like everyone else. I

was normal like everyone else, yay! As I made my way down the street I kept trying to backpedal to brake but nothing happened. I didn't understand where the brakes were.

"My leg got flipped back harder and faster"

I rode down to Moira's cuz we had planned to go to the mall for my first trip. Her driveway went uphill so I was able to ride up it and stop easily like a truck with no brakes on a runaway truck ramp. I didn't want to ask Moira about the brakes; I hoped I would figure it out soon.

Moira liked my bike. "At last Nance," she said as we pedalled to the mall. Moira had a huge bandage on her nose. It was her first time out in public since she got her nose fixed. It was not common for girls in Walpole to get plastic surgery; it was the middlest of middle class towns. But it was common for the women in Moira's family because they had big crooked noses in their German-Irish genes. She was the youngest of five nose-fixed sisters. I couldn't wait to see Moira's new nose, but it would be a while til her bandage came off. She told me her surgeon was Armenian. "See," I told her. "They really do exist." It was a regular joke with my friends that I had made up Armenia and Armenians. Besides me and Cher there was no other proof and Cher didn't really help cuz everyone kept insisting she was an Indian.

We rode down Park Lane by the brook and across Route 1 to the Mall parking lot. I still didn't have the brakes figured out. Moira and I were going pretty fast. We were nearing the building and I tried to skid my foot down but it hurt, I was going too fast and every time I tried it my leg got flipped back harder and faster, like I was rubber. There was no way for me to slow down to stop. I was going to die.

Actually, I crashed into a parked car, right when an old man was turning the key in the car door. He jumped violently, like he had been electrically shocked, even though I didn't hit him. "Jesus Mary and Joseph!" he stammered. I made a dent in his back door the size and shape of a pomegranate, then bounced off just as sharply as his jump, onto and off car next to his. When I was stable, he asked

"What?" and looked at the dent in his car, a maroon Buick Skylark. "I'm sorry," I cried, "I don't know what happened, I couldn't stop." He looked at me what seemed like forever, like he was trying to remember something. He was wearing a big gray hat and he had a huge red nose and small eyes; he looked like an innocent mole who just peeked out of his hole. I could not catch my breath. My crotch hurt, it had been slammed against the skinny part of the seat. I didn't know what to do except say "I'm sorry, I don't know what happened, I couldn't stop," again.

Then Moira pulled up.

"I could not catch my breath, my crotch hurt." "Nance, what, what happened?"
My "I don't know, I just, I just couldn't stop."

She looked at me incredulously, then at the car, then at the man and then at me again like she really needed an explanation. I didn't give her one.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Yeah, I think so."

"Were you in an accident too?" the old man asked Moira.

"No, I had surgery," she said, glancing downward.

The man looked even more perplexed and said "Oh." We exchanged phone numbers and the customary "Everyone is okay, that's all that matters."

"Do you still want to go to the mall?" Moira asked. I nodded.

"I can't believe I did that," I told her, hoping for a reassurance like "Oh, it happens to everyone." I knew it was a long shot, but I couldn't help it; me and my friends had developed a code to hint for support, instead of directly ask, and we used it even in trying circumstances like this one. Moira didn't say anything.

We went to Newport Creamery, one of those ice cream and grilled cheese restaurants that are so popular in southern New England. The decor of embroidered plaques and little lanterns on fake wood panelling is supposed to remind you of colonial times, remind you that you live in an old area, where the towns are named after English men that sound noble for some dumb reason. Then you can get depressed that you don't have nice traditional ancestors who fought the Revolutionary War, true Americans who were athletic and knew how to ride

bikes and not crash into parked cars to stop. Then you can eat more grilled cheese and ice cream to not be so depressed. The waitresses wear frilly aprons and tiny white bonnets bobbypinned to overpermed hair and get measly tips all day. The one we had, Colleen, stared at Moira's bandage while taking our order - two bowls of french fries.

Moira still wasn't talking. She sat there staring at me while everyone else walked in and stared at her nose bandage.

Finally she said "I don't get what happened, Nance."

I was not going to confess that I didn't know how to stop. "Everyone. else walked in and stared at her nose"

"I just panicked Moira, I don't know." Moira sighed. Colleen brought over the fries. She hesitated before leaving, then said "I'm sorry, I just have to ask, why the bandage?"

"Oh, oh," Moira said. "I just had surgery."

"Oh, okay," the waitress said and then they both laughed as she walked away, even though it wasn't funny. I was embarrassed for Moira.

"This isn't a good idea," she said. "I didn't think people would ask me questions."

"Maybe we should just take off," I told her. We ate our french fries, left a measly tip, and split.

FLUFF 'N' NUTTER SPECIAL FEATURE:

SEASONS ON A SPLASH

Summer

by Nick Arens, Actor, Sculptor and Student

Summertime and the livin' is easy...ah I remember the life-The life around and about Disneyland, runnin down trains in the alleyways off Irvine, Peggin the beaners in the fields and jumpin over barb-wire fields, hidin from cops on ATV's, orange juice on our faces. I was a summertime punk in the heady Reagan-Bush days of old Orange County. Yeah, before No Doubt and any of that third wave shit was even out of the can I was getting beat up by people who wore Judas Priest t-shirts and trucks with surf stickers on them. Before Irvine was a blanket of movie theaters and shopping malls it was a hick mecca for white flight families and their brutish, commie-hatin sons. Bordered by orange trees on two sides and smack dab between two marine bases Irvine was a Texas wet dream. Agriculture, Americana and Army planes. Thus Summertime Punks. It was like a job, or perhaps more of a religion, 24-7 as I hear now. Yes, I like to say that I "rolled" with my "crew"- a couple of auto-shop boys, one of whom got his hands on his brothers old Volvo; a suburban tank we used to take out during rainy days, spinning onto and off of streets, skidding around parking lots like a giant indestructible pinball. But Summer, well, we learned to occupy ourselves with a little something called: "Getting Famous." It was a contest. We had to see how many times we could get mentioned in the hometown paper. You see, there was once a piece of shit newspaper called the Irvine World News. Now it didn't cover the world and in fact seemed more like a couple of coupons sandwiched between a few ads. But it came free to every house in the city and it had a nifty section called "Police Briefs" which detailed all the small shit that could hit the fan in such a plain wrapped police-state town. Well, our god-given mission as a crew was to try to get mentioned in one edition of that paper as many times as possible. The next week we would try to break that record. And the best part was that the police blotter would give an estimate of the time for the incident, so we could laugh at entries that read like this; 5:45pm Youths loitering near storm drain. Culver & Center Drive. 6:21pm unknown sounds reported from drainage system. Westbridge. 7:30pm confectioners supplies taken from Thrifties parking lot. Northwood. It became a new measure of creativity for us. Attempt to come up with new and faster ways of creating an entertaining disturbance. Switching backyard furniture between neighbors, riding down the San Diego creek in a rubber raft. One of our young upstarts wanted to go so far as to spell his name in listed perpetrations, you know; Medical equipment stolen, Assault, Two bicycles stolen from Sierra Vista, Trespassing. Things were quite diverting until we made the acquaintance to "Krazy" Kevin Hease. "Krazy" as his nickname and rumored to be involved with the Suicidals (the closest Irvine got to a "gang"). Kevin held a sharpened screwdriver to my neck one summer and asked my hand (literally, the boy spoke to my hand and not the rest of me) if it wanted to "suck his dick." Well, that unfortunately turned out to be the last time I saw old Kevin or any of my old "Gs" again-though I heard later that "Mr. Krazy" had been arrested by the police after firing a shotgun inside his home and wound up in the psychiatric program of Juvenile Hall. Now I just mostly watch t.v.

FLUFF 'N' NUTTER SPECIAL FEATURE:

SEASONS ON A SPLASH

Autumn in Kenmore, NY

By William Tutton, Musician

Autumn will forever remind me of my teen-aged 'stoner' years in Western New York during the Prog Rock era. Me and my buddies would hang at the elementary school playground and smoke as much pot as we had amongst us and kick back, talking shit and listening to cassettes of Gentle Giant or Yes. We weren't vandals or anything, just kids with no place to hang besides the schoolyard. Sometimes cops would cruise by and make us move on so we would ride our bikes a little further to the cemetery. Rush was big then, they had just put out the 2112 album that summer and everybody was crazy about it. I should mention that the first time I had to sell records to buy food, the Rush catalog was the first thing to go. I still have the Gentle Giant records though, and played one of them not long ago. It reminded me of John Arcara's basement.

His folks were divorced (rare in those days) and his mom sorta didn't care what we did down there so when it became too cold to hang at the school or the cemetery we would talk in his basement and play the cassettes on his crappy pre-boom box tape player. It would be lung-freezing cold outside when I climbed onto the Schwinn to get my ass back home and I usually forgot my gloves so I got really good, I mean *Stoner Good*, at riding no-handed all the way home. I was uptight about arriving home totally wasted and fortunately I had 2 things in my favor: a major allergy to cats, and John's cat. To mask my pot dehydrated eyes, I would say good-bye to John by holding his cat to my face, inhale and proceed to have a major mucous spewing runny snot-assed nose and ripe red eyed reactions by the time I got home. (MOM: "Why can't you remember to take your medicine before you go over there? This happens every time!" Me, grinning: "I dunno mom, I just forget...Didj'ya get any Ho-Ho's?").

The ride home was about 2 miles, with or without gloves, and I LOVED the smell of burning leaves, and I mean *Loved*. Fire was still a legal and practical means to get rid of leaves back then. Somehow a story started about a kid that got burned to death because he fell asleep in a dry pile and his dad sparked it up WOOOOSH!!, and the kid never got out. I really doubt this happened but it was a great 14 year olds type of fun thing to scare the 11 year olds with around Halloween time. Towards Thanksgiving, it got sad knowing that soon it would be too cold to hang out at the school or anyplace outside and too snowy to ride bikes over to John's house, and that kinda fun would be shut down til springtime.

FLUFF\N'NUTTER SPECIAL FEATURE:

SEASONS ON A SPLASH

The Pink Coat, An essay on Winter
by **Leigh Ann Hahn**

Internal conflicts war - the battle lines not terribly clear in my young mind. The mantle of snow that covers the yard outside my bedroom window - beautiful and clean - pristine beneath the moonlight. Move from the body warm spot and into the cold night? Run beneath the sky as the great white, wet snow drops gently from the sky like a million Forrest Gump feathers? No stay warm and sleep well because tomorrow we shop. No stay warm and sleep well because even the rabbits and squirrels are even asleep now.

Awake at the crack of dawn - ah shit - the animals beat me to it. Delicate tracks criss cross the lawn and the sun hasn't even really come out yet. Quickly out of bed and into the warmest clothes I can find to sneak out of the house before the rest of the family stirs. I won't shovel. Guilt? No - not on a glorious day like today when all is new and my loping footprints are the first. Well the first people prints.

Bee-line back through the garden and enter the field behind Grandma and Grandpa's house - taking the familiar path that only I know. Really - no one else comes here - 'specially during the winter.

The all too familiar cow bell rings beckoning me to come in. Today we are driving to Chicago for a day of shopping.

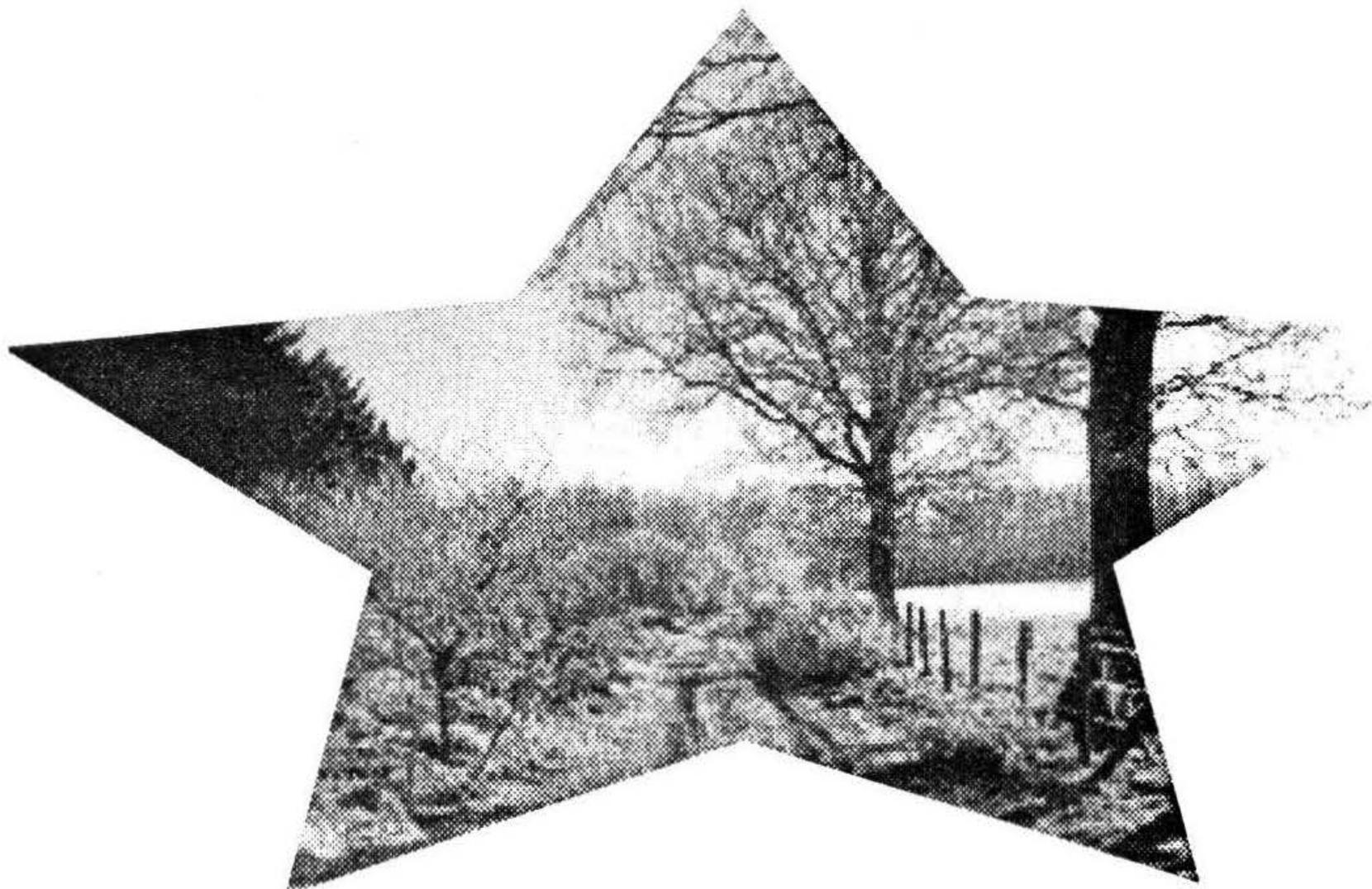
The green station wagon pulls into the city. Marshall Fields - Mom takes the girls, Dad takes the boys. They negotiate a meeting time - I impatiently pull my sister to the escalator. Mother hurriedly catches up and I mumble beneath my breath that we've been in the car for 3 hours on the drive up and they had plenty of time to figure out all that crap then. I drop my sister's hand to run to the center of the store. There it is, just as I remember.

Internal conflicts war - the battle lines not terribly clear in my young mind. I want - oh so very badly to just blend in with everyone else. This coat will not allow that. This coat shouts. It's a Midi-coat. Not a mini, not a maxi - very fashion forward. The sophomore class in Muscatine, Iowa is not a fashion forward group.

SEASONAL SPLASH

Oh, the soft wool is the exact color of the creamy raspberry sherbet served at the church socials in Colonna. The satin lining shines clear like great Aunt Ruth's raspberry jelly. It has a hood. Not a skimpy little thing that can't really be used, but a generous drapey affair. In fact, I can wrap my hip length hair into a soup-bowl sized knot on the back of my head and a full three inches of hood still must be folded back if I want any peripheral vision. Three large toggles are spaced perfectly; one at the base of my throat, the middle at the fullest part of my bosom and the third pulls the waist just tight enough that the swirling bottom half of the coat creates a feminine silhouette that I would have, under any other circumstances deny with vigor.

This is a woman's coat. It fits me perfectly and I know that when I wear this coat I will be a woman.



FLUFF\N'NUTTER SPECIAL FEATURE:

SEASONS ON A SPLASH

Springy Springy Spring
by Kathryn Schwartz, Actress

Writing about a specific season is such a tricky assignment. First of all, we folks in Los Angeles don't even really recognize seasons. It's not our fault, there's just nothing to indicate a turn from one season to another. Right now it's Spring, which I found out about because the "get off your sad ass and join our gym" ads are starting to run.

Spring is a fairly inoffensive season, except that I just lost an hour of my day due to crappy Daylight Savings Time - an hour that I really could have used for sleep or spending time in TV Land. I hope I don't get sued for using a brand name. TV Land, not Daylight Savings Time.

OK, here's what Spring is good for. There are two seasons that kick my ass. One is Fall. The other is Spring. Those are the two seasons I get the most panicky about career, relationships, health, telephone service providers...(always wait for them to bribe you before switching). I'm not quite sure why I flip out the most during these two seasons. Well, in the Fall, my freaking out is a knee jerk reaction to my umpteen years of going back to school having not finished the summer reading list. P.S. Umpteen is a really gross word but I couldn't think of an alternative. Anywho - the reason for the frenzy in the Spring is a little more fuzzy. Maybe it's the whole rebirth thing. Who caresy cares.

As a result of the panic attacks, I get alot done. I take more risks. I make more changes in my life. Change requires transitions. Transitions are scary and sucky. I hate Spring. Is it necessary to capitalize Spring every goddamn time I write it? Guess so. I'm still doing it. Spring. See.

the
P L A G A R I Z E
my song lyric
contest

Here is a song lyric. Plagarize it and set it to music. Mail a tape of your results to Fluff'n'Nutter, c/o David Dratewka, 1546 Golden Gate Avenue, No. 106, Los Angeles, CA 90026-1035. The best (all decisions are final) setting wins a big old prize. A free CD and a free something else. We'll decide later but it will be good.

In and Out
by Stephan Mc Guire

In and out I find myself
Round and round I'm spinning circles inside corners
Round and round I find myself
I'm on the outside again
In and out I find myself
Moving outward from the origin of time
At the end I find myself

And my words are dripping

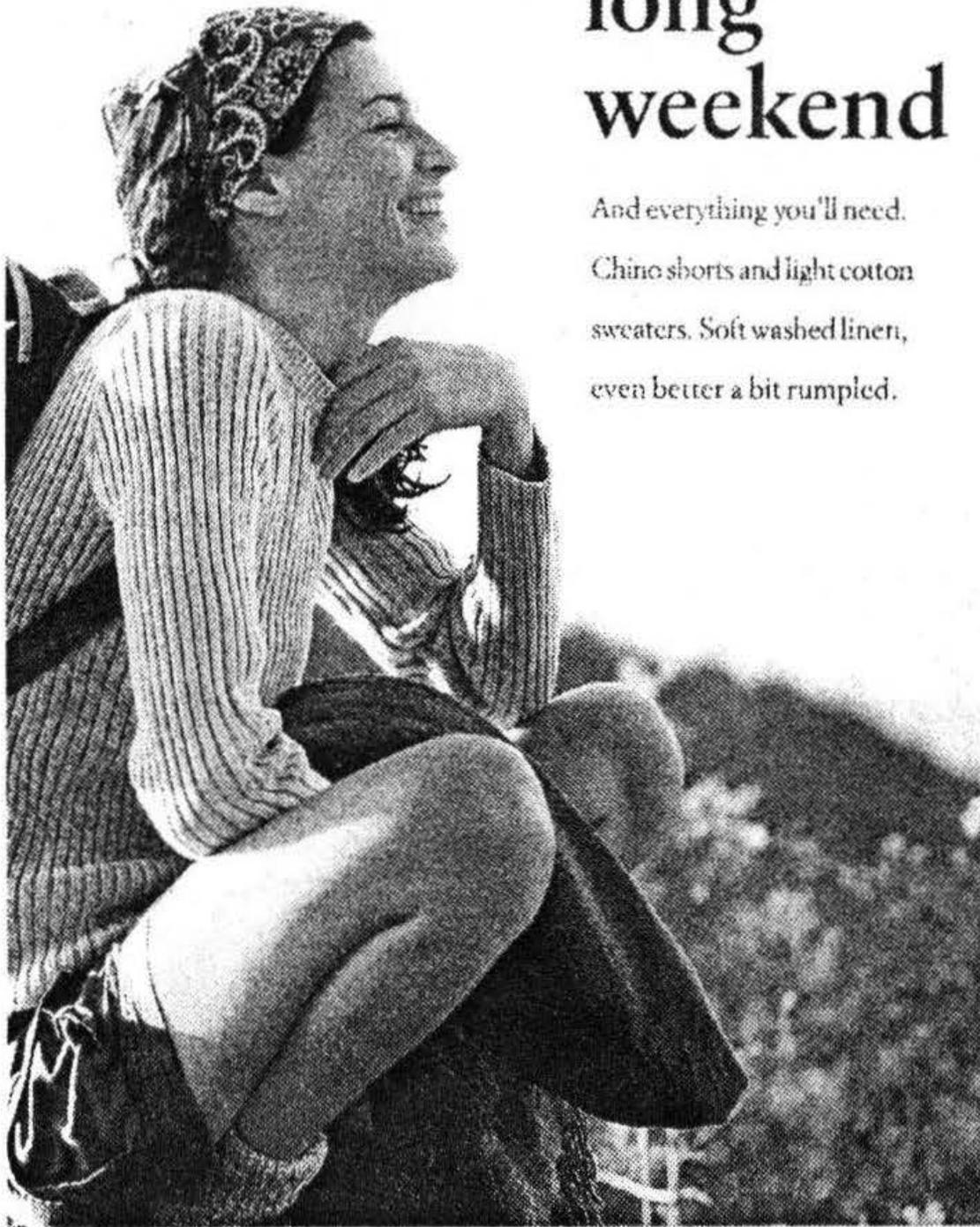
I keep inside the mystery
Move beyond the scenery
Calling out my quiet storm
Flames of fire to keep me warm
I've been searching for this place
In my heart and out of space
The oneness face
To embrace

Soon I'll capture her - a moment in time
Now and then I find myself
Transparent in the Universe
Pierce the veils I find myself
And the veils are my connection
I fantasize, materialize
Mesmerize
Sanctified - I find myself
Who's feet are these walking?
Moving on I find myself

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long weekend

And everything you'll need.
Chino shorts and light cotton
sweaters. Soft washed linen,
even better a bit rumpled.



What is this? Will someone please explain this to me? "even better a bit rumpled"? Besides, who would wear that kind of a sweater, a \$70 sweater, probably, while on a long weekend hiking in the hills behind the j crew offices. J Crew is just another part of the homogenization of America. And this couple off to the right. He's probably gay. She probably hates him and has emotional problems. And who plays games like that anymore? This is the 90s. No time for J Crew fun.

This is Michael Newman, staff illustrator. He can be reached at damiel@erols.com for all your illustration needs.





F i N D I N G

space

David Dratewka, Producing Artistic Director

site specific

traveling

performing arts

music

solo performance

dance

parking lots

fences

fountains

nathan birnbaum, composer

shel wagner, choreographer

nancy agabian, solo performer

May 6, 7, 8, 9

8:00 PM

admission \$15

**(pay-what-you-can
Friday, May 7)**

wear warm clothing

and comfortable shoes.

be prepared to walk!

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