

Likes: the idea of rare perfumes
personalized stationery
interpersonal treasures
1980s make-up and clothes
when people help

Trick: if you want to get email and you're not. Go outside for a walk and check email in 10 hours. You will have one (at least.)

Recipe #1:
Mediterranean Platter for One
1. Roast whole red pepper brushed with olive oil - 30 min @ 400°. Cool under cold running water, peel ^{discard} skin, seeds & stem.
2. Fry ~~toast~~ pita bread in pan with olive oil (both side). Squeeze lemon over it. Cut in quarters.
3. Cut up cucumber as much as you want and dump 1 can of organic chickpeas and lots of fresh mint leaves into 1 cup of sheep's yogurt.
4. Eat all together in front of FACEBOOK.


Poem: Bathed in golden light
Burning through \$

May, June, July 2008
Newsletter
by Lisa K. Smolkin

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thanks to my mother for listening to me rant about my childhood the other day.

Stay tuned for tales of my August vacation to Maryland, Virginia, and Washington D.C.

 — love potion to you

Recipe #2:
Frozen Grapes
Freeze ^{batch of} grapes overnight

Happy birthday to my sister Raggy and to my mother: Cookie

Congratulations to Sydney and Dan on the birth of their baby GLORIA. welcome Gloria.

Fiction: I lived in the powder pink room at The Grande Hotel. I did. I ate room service for every meal. (It was a health food restaurant.) The people that worked in the hotel were like my family.
Days I was in charge of the hiring of my booth down at the park. I had an information booth. People could come there to find out about me. My staff was highly trained. They could answer almost any question about me. If they got stumped, they could access my database on site.
FAQ: Who is Lisa Smolkin? Why should I be interested about her? What is so great about her? Why does she appear to be flourishing so? The staff was also trained to help people. Cause that's what I would have liked to have done. To provide those with comfort, security, love, occasional advice, and of course information.
I would have wicked music sampler - like rare classical music of angels, drums of the perfect punk rock song, 80's ballads, 90's hip hop, ~~hot~~ 1920's jazz made by women.
Having a booth would help me get organized. I would give all my papers away that I have saved for so many years. Like a living scrapbook, my memory would be OUT THERE instead of IN HERE.
I might make snacks or do talks about interpersonal dynamics. Grab men out of picnics and say "Behold, the Alpha male." I would get in photographs of sports teams like a mascot.
At the booth there might be some real life artifacts of mine for people to look at or even steal if they wanted it badly enough. They could also give me gifts. I might visit & perform marriage ceremonies in the park or other magical initiations to some other place or time or experience creating thresholds of time or water. Sometimes the booth would be so busy like the day I showed up for the cooking demo & sometimes it would be very slow with one person wandering over in an electrical storm and we would shelter them. There was a small room in the back. It was like Cleopatra's bathing and lounging quarters. Fancy. I'm not saying I am a great woman. This is just how it was and I am only telling you.