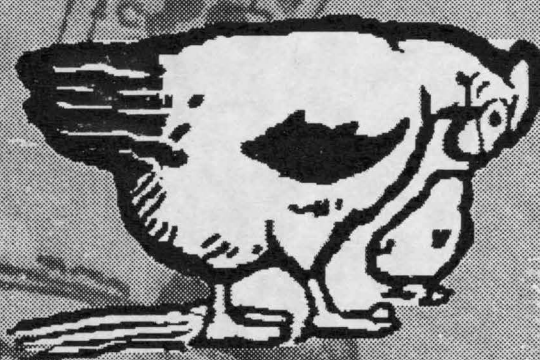


CREAM
MY



GOOD
NESS

cheese



Let's cut right to the chase here. California is downright jealous of Wisconsin and Vermont, a fact made clear by California's ad campaign trying to pose itself as having some sort of reputation for its cheese. What a joke! I mean, just try and compare *any* California sharp cheddar to, say, Wisconsin Black Wax cheddar. Give me a break! And people from California probably think colby is some icky plain waxy stuff. They don't even know about good Wisconsin colby, the cheese that raised me and made me the gorgeous, creative human being I am today. Face it, California. Even the cheapest Wisconsin cheese beats the living crap out of every California cheese ever made.

Allegiance to Wisconsin cheese aside, I have to tell you about yesterday's trip to the laundromat. I was dreading it. All 6 loads of it. But my housemate told me about a laundromat nearby on Divisadero and Fell that actually has a parking lot. Slightly enticed by the prospect that at least I wouldn't have to haul my laundry several blocks, I loaded up my grubby duds and my girlfriend into my van, and off we went to Launder Land. Now, the other good thing about Launder Land, is that it is right next door to a store called Country Cheese. So, you know I had something to do while my clothes exorcised their dirt. As it so happened, it was lunch time, and Elena and I were both hungry. Let me just tell you, the selection of cheeses was a little overwhelming. I mean, I LOVE cheese, but my economy being what it is, I usually stick to cheeses that sell for less than \$5 a pound, which leaves me in the cheddar/swiss/mozzarella section. But this place had LOTS of cheese on the cheap side, so what on earth was I to do? Fortunately, my girlfriend lived for a time in Holland, the land of my ancestors, so she could at least identify some of the alien cheeses. I was grateful when she recognized a particular favorite and pulled it out of the case. Leyden it was, with cumin seeds. According to Elena, it's a pretty typical Dutch seed cheese. Well oh my god, if this is typical, pack my bags, I'm moving to Holland! The creaminess, the texture, the flavor, it was all completely orgasmic! I thought the woman at the laundromat was going to die watching me eat that cheese with such fervor and ecstasy! Never before have I tasted such divinity in cheese. Leyden mit seed, queen of all cheese! Only \$5.19 a pound at Country Cheese in San Francisco. And I plan to try more of these exotic cheeses each time I do laundry, so expect to hear from me about many more cheese varieties as I try them. Meanwhile, if you can find Leyden mit seed, get some. and if you find clove cheese from freisland, send it to me.



cheese

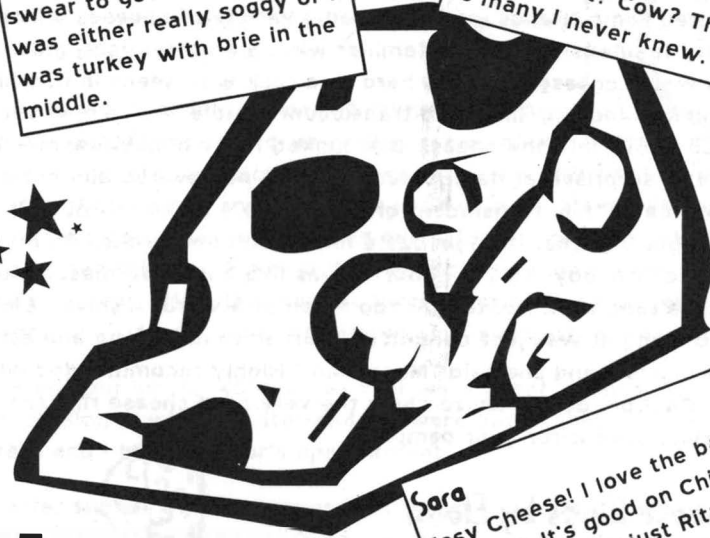
some cheese stories

Erica

When I was up in the woods I bought a soggy sandwich from the convenience store. because the restaurant was packed. I bit into it and I swear to god the cheese was either really soggy or it was turkey with brie in the middle.

LaVerne

I just started eating cheese and appreciating it in the past year. I didn't grow up with it at all. Now, eating it opens up a whole new world! I used to think it was just orange. Now anytime Asa and I go to Rainbow we pick a new cheese. Is it sheep? Goat? Cow? There's so many I never knew.



Tina (unauthorized)

Once stole Jerry Brown's goat cheese.

Sara

Easy Cheese! I love the bacon and cheddar. It's good on Chicken in a Biscuit, of even just Ritz. It's a delicacy. Canned cheese food. [Erica: "Good on chocolate cake!"]

The average American eats more than 27 lbs. of cheese each year - 30% more than 10 years ago - and will consume about a ton of cheese during a lifetime.

cheese



Tom's cheese story

It all started when I was a boy. At Christmastime, every year we would have *bondost* (pronounced *boond oost*). That's farmer's cheese, for all you english speakers. Then, when I moved to Sweden, all the cheese was *bondost*! Oh boy!



Willow's cheese story

I went and visited some friends, and they had a variety of cheeses which were absolutely fabulous! One I was familiar with, a creamy, light, mild cheese. There was a cheese that was hard as a rock with seeds in it, which was very suspicious looking, like hard translucent marble, which was very intimidating. So I dove into the cheese that looked like a honeydew melon. And I was kind of surprised at its hardness and so I persevered and got a very delicious slice of thin, translucent green cheese. I looked through it for a while, contemplating what it might taste like, then I plunged it into my mouth. And I said "Oh, boy! This is good!" It was like a mild parmesan, but softer, and had a tang to it. No, tang is too harsh of a word. A shiver. Like a mild little bit of tang. It was just delightful. I turned to my friend and asked what was this cheese, and she said "Manchego." Highly recommended with apple or pear. Caution, do not try to chew the very hard cheese rind that looks like marble. Save it for your campfire.



Toasted Cheese Rinds by Elena

brought to you by people whose national sport is walking in mud (wading).

You need:

- a box of cheese rinds
- a stick or tongs
- a knife
- a campfire

Use the knife to cut off any remaining plastic or wax from the rind. Poke cheese on a sharp stick or pick up with tongs. ~~Plunge into fire.~~ Toast slowly above flame. When about the consistency of soft leather, eat.

cheese

Kuka's cheese story

Two years ago I met a woman who was taking a class with me. She was exactly my type: very butch, very roughneck, tough.

At any rate, after lusting after her for a couple of days I invited her home for lunch. I knew, and she knew, that I meant "lunch", not just lunch, lol.

So the second we got into my house we LUNGED at each other, I'm not kidding, it was one of those things where your fingers are itching just for the feel of her skin, you just want to exchange juices and bodily fluids and tongues.

Which we did, spending almost 45 minutes kissing--good old-fashioned necking--in various rooms of my house. I'd go into the kitchen to make her lunch (grilled cheese sandwich, with lots of velveeta), and next thing I knew I'd be laid out against the counter, once more kissing, her legs rubbing against mine, no words, just tongue and mouth. I can think back and still remember the sound of her blue jeans rubbing against my thigh, the way we were almost the same height so that we fit together perfectly, no stretching to kiss, no tip-toes, just body on body.

It was an hour lunch. 45 minutes of it were spent kissing. Some of that was spent making lunch. She ate--and we were out of time. She had to go back to class and I had a doctor's appointment.

And after she was gone I wandered through the house, my hair a mess, my lips blistered, a big smile stuck on my face. In the kitchen was her plate with the crust of the grilled cheese sandwich still on it, some cheese on the crust. Still smiling I picked up one of the crusts and put it in my mouth and I swear

MY KNEES WENT WEAK

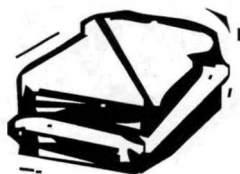
I felt as if I was going to cum right then and there.

I'd like to say that we became lovers, or girlfriends. Fact is, she already had a girlfriend. The class ended 2 weeks later. We never did lunch again.

But I swear it was the best grilled cheese sandwich of my life.

There is a boycott of Wisconsin dairy products due to restrictive and punishing welfare reform policies.

Unfortunately living in Wisconsin it's next to impossible to avoid buying Wisconsin dairy, but I manage :)



MANGO MOMENT

BY RANDALL

I cup the fruit
In my hands and sniff
The luring aroma
Emanating
Soon the knife
Slices through
And releases its ripeness.
Oozing out
Thick, sweet nectar
Sliding down my pinkie
To my wrist,
To drip
Off my elbow.
I do not hurry
to catch the drip;
I am busy stuffing
My face
With flesh.
Ripe, luscious, almost creamy
Forbidden flesh.
I regress, and my eyes
Roll back
With pleasure.
As I work around
My mango, slicing,
I anticipate the flat
Mouth-sized pit
Which I shove into my mouth
Abruptly and rapidly
So no one else gets it.
I suck on it
Like a breast
Like a hairy cunt, ravenous.
I am out of control.

milk

My friend Chris was riding in a car with his friend Jennifer, age 4, and her mom Mary. Mary breastfed Jennifer until she was 4 or 5. Chris was 6 when this story happened.

"She would just spontaneously do it. She wouldn't ask permission or anything. She would just climb right inside her shirt.

It was Jennifer's idea. She basically forced me to try it. She was really enthusiastic for me to drink breast milk.

I don't know if the car was moving or not. I hope to god it was parked! Jennifer climbed around next to the door and curled up like a little kitten between her mom and the door.

You know how you are when it's a cultural difference, and you really don't want to eat that sauteed slug? I wasn't very enthused, and I felt really awkward. It tasted sorta sweaty. It wasn't a smooth texture. It was sorta murky. I was kinda disappointed, really.

I heard a conversation where my mom was disapproving of breastfeeding a child til 4 or 5. I remember feeling uncomfortable and like it was a wrong thing to do. I remember Jennifer's mom just not really caring."



My Life With Dairy

by Cynthia
Newcomer



I first learned the joys of dairy nursing at my mother's breast. Imagine my surprise to discover that it also came in a carton. I didn't need Mom to feed my dairy habit! This is a critical stage in child development.

Dairy was a centerpiece of our Midwestern family meals, probably because I was only one generation removed from the dairy farm. My cousin still operates the small family

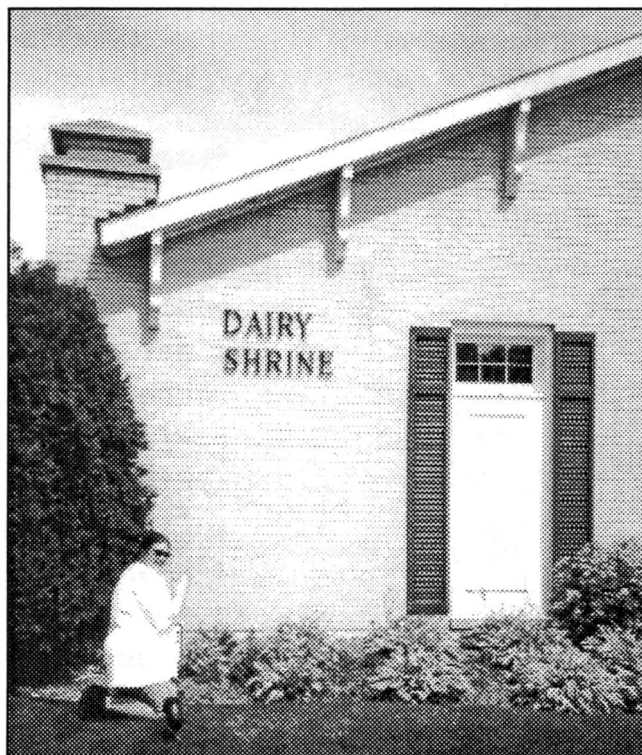
farm where my father grew up milking cows and churning butter. It's been in our family since 1801. Before colonization it was Native American land (I was never taught this, although we loved to play with Dad's arrowhead collection) and it also stood in the shadows of the crosses the Ku Klux Klan burned high on a nearby hill to terrorize the tiny African American coal-mining towns nearby.

It was one of my favorite places to visit (photo with my brother, Paul.) When I was two or three, family legend has it that I stood in the middle of the barn amidst manure and hay and cow piss and



exclaimed "This barn is bootiful!" The most intriguing part of the barn besides the hay loft was the milk room with its big stainless steel container that held the day's milk haul. It had a big stick jutting out of the top like the sword in the stone, which you could pull out to see how many inches of

milk were there. On more than one occasion I've contemplated a milk bath, but the farm is my cousin's only source of income to feed his family, and family farms have it tough in this era of corporate farming.



I will go to great lengths to prove my devotion to dairy. The farm still draws me back, and now there are new sources of intrigue. What other uses could those old-fashioned milkers be put to?



a trip to Wisconsin to worship at the dairy shrine

most 20

For several months now I've been mourning my very favorite ice cream, Chocolate Passione from Portofino of Oakland, CA. Of course I was thrilled when my girlfriend started bringing the pint-and-a-half sized miracles home by the dozen, since Grocery Outlet got in a shipment of them. What didn't occur to me at the time was the reason Grocery Outlet had them in the first place. Next thing I know, it's as if Portofino never existed. I guess California, supposed land of cheese, can't support its own very excellent ice cream company.



NANCY JOHNSON

INVENTOR OF THE HAND-CRANKED
ICE CREAM FREEZER
1846

May 26, 2000 saw the opening of the self-proclaimed Ice Cream Capital of the World Visitor Center, in LeMars, Iowa. To schedule a tour, call Angie Watson at 712-546-4090. Kisses to the first person to visit and write in to Creamy Goodness about it!

ice cream

Zippy Quick Ice Cream

Ice cream is easy to make! You can make a single serving in about 10 minutes!

In a small, heavy-duty zip-lock baggy, put 1 Tbsp. sugar, 1/2 tsp. vanilla, and 1/2 cup milk. Seal it tight, and put this small baggy in a larger, heavy-duty zip-loc baggy. Surround the small baggy with ice until the large baggy is half full, then put in 6 Tbsp. of salt on the ice. Shake the baggies 5-10 minutes, and voila! Homemade ice cream! You can easily increase the recipe (don't forget to increase the baggy size). Experiment with other flavors by using different extracts or small bits of yummy stuff. Mmm!



Creamy Goodness From Around the World



Here are pictures from Henri Willig's cheese farm, outside of Amsterdam. We took one of those day tours. I was slightly disappointed in the tour -- I thought we'd actually see them making the cheese, but it was not so. Instead we had a woman in native dress explaining how the cheese is made. They make Gouda (*Hooda* was how she pronounced it) and Edam. The cheese was very smooth, and the smoked gouda was delicious! I brought back 4 different cheeses: garlic, herb, smoked, and plain, and made a fondue. Yummm.



Going travelling?
Get your creamy t
Creamy Goodness
Max Airborne,
Market St. PM
San Francisco
94114 USA

om
ld



starring

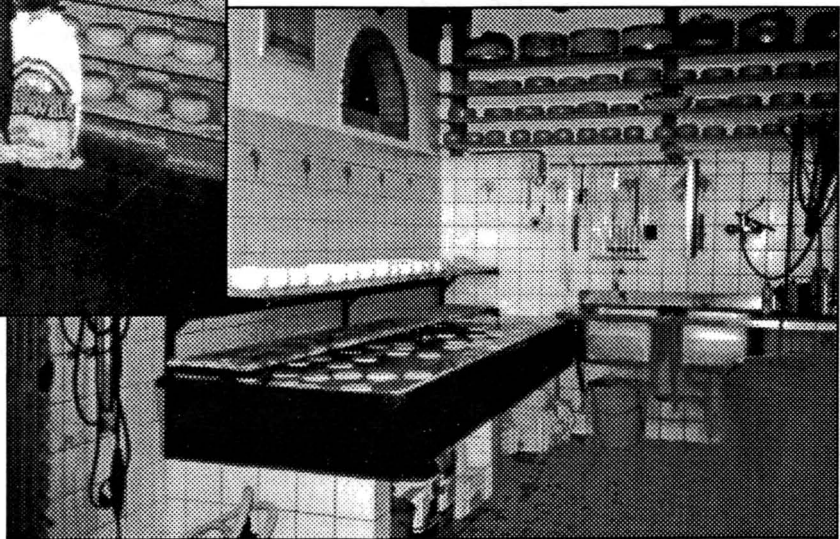
Bertha



I will have to go back to Paris to give you a full report, but the cheese with bread and cheese with crepes are soooo good. I got a Camembert sandwich to eat on the train going back to Amsterdam and it was the best cheese sandwich I ever ate in my life. The bread in Paris tastes so good -- better than any bread anywhere. The bread and cheese in Paris is magical.

Love, Bertha

ng? Send
ales to
ness, c/o
2215-R
B#193,
, CA



masa suol

The Conversation

by Judy Freespirit

I opened the refrigerator door and looked inside, then let my eyes slide over the various boxes and packages of tofu, cottage cheese, ricotta, and sour cream. There were three cans of beer left over from the party four months ago. There was grated coconut, an almost empty jar of mayonnaise, some pickles, mustard, buttermilk, and a large can of V8 vegetable juice. Nothing struck my fancy so I decided to try again later. Just as the door was almost shut I heard a voice. It sounded something like... "VASSAMATTA?"

I opened the door again and stuck my head inside to see where the voice was coming from. There wasn't any Parkay margarine on the shelf so I knew it couldn't be that. What could it be? I decided it was my imagination and began to close the door once more when I heard the voice again. It was saying... "Peeky, peeky, peeky."

"What do you mean, 'peeky peeky peeky?'" I asked, watching closely to see where the voice was coming from.

"Just vat I sad, peeky, peeky, peeky. Noting in here is good enough for you Ms. Fossbudget?"

"Listen, who the hell are you anyway? I don't have to take this kind of

abuse. This is my refrigerator, in my house. Who the hell are you anyway?"

"Don't get your kishkas, in an uproar. I was only kidding. You're a sveethard. You're a dahlink. Nobody is saying nothin bad about you honey. It's just that mine feelings vas a lee-tle bit hoit, you know vat I'm talking? I been sitting here a veek maybe and you haven't even opened up mine cova to take a little spoonful. Use to be ven you vas a liddle goil you used to like me plenty. Now you hawdly notice me even. Mine feelings vas hoit, dat's all. I didn't mean to opset you, you'll poden me for saying so."

"You have me at a disadvantage. You know who I am. Who are you?"

"Who am I, she asks. Who am I? Jost so heppens I'm the most delicious ting in dis whole ice box, dat's who I am. I'm the von you used to love so much en you vas a little goil. On bananas you loved me, on strawberries, even on lettuce and tomatoes. Now, you hawdly notice me no more."

"Bananas? Strawberries? Lettuce and tomatoes? Are you...no I can't believe this is happening! Are you...are you sour cream?"

Sour cream

"BINGO! You vas always a smart cookie, Cookie."

"But how do you know so much about me? How do you know what I liked as a child?"

"Oh, ve have vays of knowing. You see, ve jost keep being regenerated, and da memories from vun batch of us gets passed on to da next and so on and so forth."

"You mean like collective consciousness?"

"Someting like dat. Ve may not be educated, but ve're very cultured. — Jost a little joke Sveetie. Ve also have a vonderful sense of humor."

"Uh, very funny. You're a thousand laughs. But what I want to know is, why are you talking to me? I mean why now? If you could talk all this time why didn't you talk before? This is ridiculous. I should just close the door and take a Valium. You're making me farmished."

"You vas farmished a long time ago, if you'll pardon me for saying so. Who but a mixed up poison would leave such a wonderful box sour cream unopened and unappreciated for a whole veek, so answer me that Ms. Smottypants."

"Well, you're not the only thing I have in here to eat, you know. I mean I buy a lot of food so I don't have to

shop too often and sometimes I leave some things for a week or two, especially things that don't spoil. The date on your box...listen to me, I'm apologizing to a box of sour cream. Excuse me, don't take this the wrong way, but I'm not used to talking to my food, if you get my drift."

"Of course, I understand. Do you tink I'm accustomed to talking mit people mineself? I wouldn't have done it except you vas staring at me for such a long time ven you opened up the door da foist time, and I was figgerin you'd finally vant me. And when you went to shut closed the door I just couldn't take it no more. Ve have our feelings too, you know. You tink dis is an easy job, waiting and waiting to be enjoyed?"

Now I'm feeling guilty!

"I'm really sorry. I do like you a lot. You bring back lots of childhood memories for me. Really you're one of the foods I've eaten all my life. Not like the things I've learned to eat these last few years like mochi and tofu and yogurt."

"YOGURT? YOGURT? Pheh! You'll podon me if I spit 3 times (ptui, ptui, ptui). Yogurt I vudn't vish on mine voist enemy. Phooey on Yogurt!"

"Well, I'm sorry to say this but facts are facts. I like you and I like yogurt, too. You're similar, but you're really very different."

moments

"You bet your sweet patootie ve're different. I vudn't be cot in the same bowl with that Bulgarian Bubka₃."

"Now look, let's change the subject. I don't have any problem with telling you that you're a really wonderful food. Why, I can remember when I was a kid my mother would make me strawberries or bananas and sour cream and there was nothing finer tasting in the whole world. Why, you're wonderful on other things too, like tacos and swirled on top of borscht. You're great on baked potatoes. You're very versatile and much mellower than yogurt. Really, it's no contest. In fact, just talking about it makes me want to eat you right now. But now that we've talked I'm feeling a little...well, you know."

"No, vat?"

"Oh...you know...I'm...well you KNOW!"

"You're making me nuts mit dis 'ya know, ya know'. I don't know. Is something da madda mit me? You don't like mine texsure? You tink I'm maybe not fresh enough? Vat's da madda you don't vanna eat me?"

"Well, it's just that I...I...I feel like I know you. It would be like eating a friend. It just doesn't seem right."

"Oy, is that all? Listen, I told you before but you vashn't listening. The

culture regenerates und the memories get passed on. Mine kinderlech₄ will be so proud their momma was your dinner. Such a fine poison you are. Please, you have to do it for da sake of mine liddle children. Mine job is to be eaten. Your job is to eat me. It's a poifect relationship."

"Well, ok," I told her, trying to sound reluctant, but now strangely excited.

I took the carton out of the refrigerator and gently opened the top. Then I sliced a ripe banana into a bowl and spooned a hearty dollop of sour cream on top. I left the container out on the table as I ate the delicious dish. Why shouldn't she have the pleasure of seeing me enjoy? Never before had anything tasted quite so good. When I finished I put the cover back on the carton and carefully placed it on the shelf.

"I'll have some more really soon," I told her, "I promise." As I closed the refrigerator door I heard a sigh of satisfaction.

"Aaaah! God bless you honey," she said. "You should only live and be vell."

NOTES

1. kishkas: intestines
2. farmished: all mixed up
3. bubka: turd
4. kinderlech: little children

sour cream

SOUR CREAM by Pete Seeger

My name is Patrick Spudnut, photographer by trade.
I've traveled this world over, some think I got it made.
But while I film the world of fashion,
I really have a secret passion.
I spend all my cash on sour cream.
Yes, while I film the world of fashion,
I really have a secret passion.
I spend all my cash on sour cream.

Sour cream forever, emblazoned on my heart
You know I can't forget you; I told you from the start.
But if I ramble now and then
You know I will return again
Because I can't forget you, sour cream.
Yes, if I ramble now and then
You know I will return again
Because I can't forget you, sour cream

Sour cream, in salad or in soup
With you inside me I can really loop the loop the loop
Civilization will flower
Black, brown, and white can have cow power.
When we all have plenty of sour cream.
Civilization will flower
Black, brown, and white can have cow power.
When we all have plenty of sour cream.

Words and Music by Pete Seeger (1976)
TRO · (c) 1979 Melody Trails, Inc. New York, NY

*** Creamy family album ***

Closely related to creaminess, and of equal importance to me, is softness. And I don't mean soft-hearted, or without a backbone. I mean the kind of soft only my skin can recognize for sure. Anyone who knows me can tell you that if someone nearby is wearing cotton, or chenille, or silk, I am likely to get in some serious trouble. Maybe it goes back to not having been breast-fed, or those couple months in the incubator, whatever. I wouldn't **want** therapy to eliminate this fetish, because the primal satisfaction I get from touching something soft is beyond measure. I could kiss the person who invented those t-shirt bed sheets. Some of my cotton clothing is so old (and soft) that it's almost not there. But I just can't bear to get rid of all that incredible softness! There is nothing finer I could possibly do for myself after 34 years of living in a somewhat uncomfortable body than to wear the softest thing possible. And that happens to be one of several t-shirts with a lot of holes in them. I don't even care that they reveal too much when hanging a certain way. And this has the added

benefit of making my girlfriend all horny at the thought of ripping it off of me. When they finally turn into little more than loosely connected strings, I indulge her.

While we're on the subject of fabric, I must tell you about one of my major peeves. Synthetic fiber. Some folks have been trying to put me in a muu muu since I was about 2, but let me tell you right here and now, until they come in 100% cotton, you can forget it. Polyester is about the grossest thing possible to put next to your skin. Hello? Your skin is an organ, and needs to breathe! The least you can do for it is to let it breathe! Perhaps that would explain why polyester makes you stink so bad: your skin is dying because it can't breathe. Not to mention the bacteria that get trapped between you and your polyester. Ick. And nylon is equally bad. My girlfriend's mother sends her nylon panties. She's trying to asphyxiate her sexuality, I guess. Acrylic sucks shit, too. And they're not fooling me with those synthetic "fleece" things, either. Why not just dip ourselves in plastic

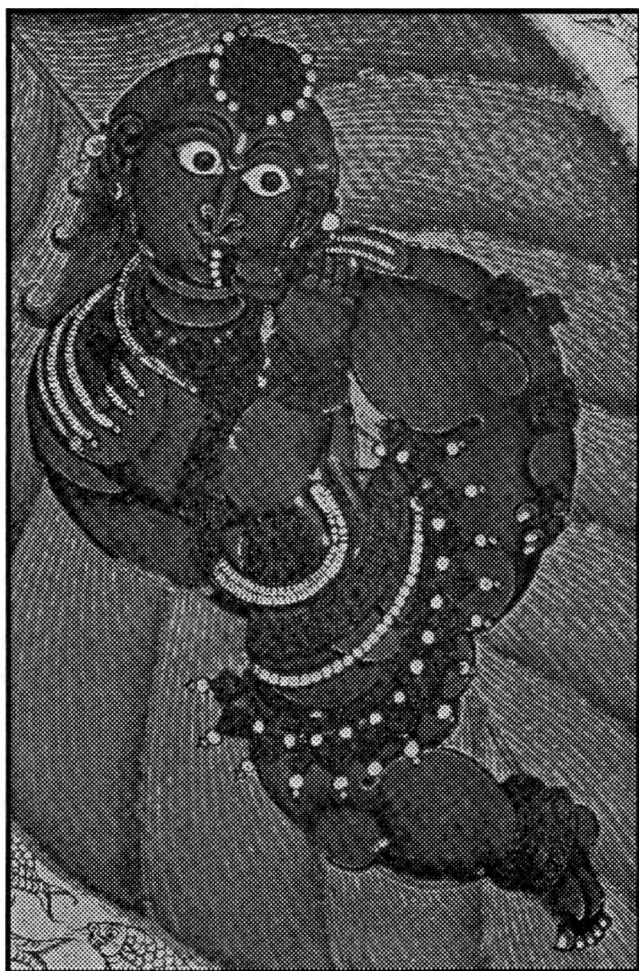
in search of Creamy's cousin: soft

while we're at it? Of course, the downside of hating synthetic fibers is that I have to bring my own sheets wherever I spend the night. I've tried enduring 50/50 blend, and it is not a pretty sight the next morning when I've spent the night with that skin-crawling, sweaty, polyester feeling.

Beyond the realm of fabric, oh my god, you should feel some of the places on some of the bodies I have had the pleasure of touching. I can barely write this because my eyes are rolling back into my head just at the thought of the underside of my girlfriend's arm.

Mmmmm... Pure ecstasy. My own head of hair, when it's growing back from a shave, is also particularly soft. My hair is thick, but very fine. So at a certain length, my hair feels sort of like a persian carpet made out of rabbit

fur. I can barely keep from rubbing my head, and neither can anyone else who happens to brush against it. Thank goodness for my super soft hair. I can't begin to tell you how much it improves the quality of my life. I hope you don't think I'm kidding.



cheese



1/2 rennet tablet
1/4 cup cool chlorine-free water
1 gallon milk
2 tsp citric acid

Crush the rennet tablet into the water and stir to dissolve. Pour milk into a nonaluminum or non-cast-iron pot.

Place

over

medium heat.

Sprinkle the citric acid

over the milk and stir 2-3 times.

Heat milk to 88 degrees (check with cheese or candy thermometer). Milk will begin to curdle. At 88 degrees, add the rennet solution and continue stirring slowly every few minutes until the milk reaches 105 degrees. Turn the heat off. Large curds will appear and begin to separate from the whey. With a slotted spoon, scoop out the curd into a large glass bowl. Press the curds gently together with your hands and pour off as much whey as possible.

Microwave your curds on high for 1 minute, then drain off all excess whey. With a spoon, press curds into a ball until cool. Microwave two more times for 35 seconds each, and continue to drain the whey and work the cheese into a ball. In the meantime, place the whey over medium heat and let it heat to about 175 degrees.

When cheese is cool enough to touch, knead it like bread dough until smooth. When you can stretch it like taffy, it is done.

You can sprinkle 1-2 tsp salt into the cheese

while you are kneading and stretching. The cheese will become stretchy, smooth and shiny. If it is difficult to stretch and breaks easily, dip it into the hot whey for a few seconds to become warm and pliable. Then again pick it up and stretch into a long rope. Fold over and stretch again. Dip in hot whey as needed to make the cheese pliable. When the cheese is smooth and shiny it is ready to eat. Shape into a log or golf-ball size balls, then store in a solution of 2 tsp salt to 1 cup water.

Makes 3/4 lb cheese

CITRIC ACID AND RENNET TABLETS are available at most pharmacies.

You can order the supplies from the New England Cheesemaking Supply Co., 85 Main St, Ashfield, MA 01330 PHONE 413-628-3808, 1 kit is about \$19.95+ shipping and makes about 20 batches of mozzarella

www.cheesemaking.com

RECIPE FROM LISSA

COURTESY OF NEW ENGLAND CHEESEMAKING SUPPLY

T*at*er T*ot C*as*se*ro*le

by Mary Johnson

- 1 lb. ground beef (the leaner, the better)
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cheddar cheese soup
- 1 bag of frozen tater tots
- grated cheddar cheese



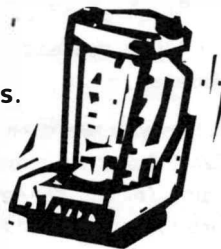
Preheat oven to 350. Brown ground beef, season with salt/pepper to taste. Put hamburger into bottom of a 13x9 pan. Add soup and spread over meat (as best you can). Place tater tots in rows on top of meat and soup. Bake for 1 hr. and just before it's done, sprinkle with cheddar cheese, and then return to oven until cheese has melted.

C*re*am*y C*ee*n G*oo*d*ne*s*s

a creamy non-dairy treat (!) by Marilyn Wann

Take:

- 1 thing of tofu
 - a bunch of spinach, minus the big nasty stems.
- Wilt it in a steamer and drain off the water.
- basil leaves
 - garlic
 - salt



Blend on "creamy" setting until it looks like guacamole without the chunks. It tastes like pesto, and is good on soba noodles, or with veggies & rice, or as a dip, or on quesadillas. Mixes well with any grain-based product.

Ask
the



Dear Dairy Kween,

I have this problem. You see, I love cheese so much. I can hardly get enough. It makes me fat, and I know that's unhealthy. My friends tell me that dairy products have lots of hormones from the cows, too. Some say dairy causes cancer. Am I slowly committing suicide by eating the thing I love most?

Cheese Lover

Dear Cheese Lover,

First off, let's get one thing straight. It isn't unhealthy to be fat. Get a little exercise, and listen to that Marilyn Wann lady who wrote that *Fat!So?* book: eat something every day that you have to wash and chop. You'll be fine. And take it from the Dairy Kween, hon. Your lovers will have lots more fun if you've got some padding on those bones. Ever hear a sexy song about thinness?

Now, is cheese bad for you? Let's evaluate.

1. When you want cheese, how does it feel? Does your mouth get wet longing for the creamy texture of sharp cheddar? Does your stomach grumble invitingly at the thought of a bagel heaped with cream cheese? Does grating cheese on your pasta make you squirm with anticipation?

2. When you eat cheese, how do you feel? Do you experience the ecstasy

of expressed and quenched desire?

The calm & relief of a baby being held by its mother? Does your body feel satisfied? Energized? Are you reminded that life is a fabulous treasure chest just waiting to be discovered and enjoyed?

3. When you deny yourself cheese, how do you feel? Stressed out? Hungry? Lost? Unsatisfied? Like you've been dumped by your first love? Angry at yourself for enforcing the separation? Suicidal?

If you answered yes to most of these questions, cheese is just the medicine you need. If you answered no to most of them, time to find a creamy substitute. Don't underestimate the messages you get from your body and your emotions. They'll tell you if you're doing the right thing.

As for the hormones, it is true that organic dairy products are less likely to have a negative impact on your health. Less hormones, pesticides, etc. If you can afford to buy organic, do. Your body will love you for it.

I recall here the philosophy of my dear old friend the Kitchen Slut: if it feels good, do it. And don't forget Ram Dass: Be Here Now. And the state of Wisconsin: Eat Cheese or Die. Take it from the experts, dear. Go eat some cheese.

Love, *Dairy Kween*

THE BACK PAGE

Well, kids, this is the Part where i Get to tell you how much fun it's Been Putting together Creamy GOODness. yee ha! I'd love to DO it all over again, so send me some stuff to Print and you'll see your very own free COPY of Creamy GOODness #2 in your mail-Box one Day soon. Otherwise you Gotta send me \$3 or something COOL to trade if you want a COPY.

Check for Creamy GOODness On the web at
<http://www.lustydevil.com>.

Keep in touch:

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