

# Dinner with Libby at Hungry Cat in Los Angeles

Last night...another trip into Los Angeles.

With a Mapquest perched on my lap Larry and I hit the 405 to the restaurant Hungry Cat on Hollywood and Vine. We were meeting our old friend from San Francisco, Libby Spears. (Please [click here](#) if you want the lowdown on how we met.)

She has completed her documentary "Playground" about the child sex trade in the United States. Libby's now working on distribution of the film and building The NEST Foundation, an organization that will help raise awareness of the problem of commercial sexual exploitation (CSE) of American children and also create shelters for these kids. I know. I am beside myself with admiration of her sacrifice and commitment to this issue.

It's always fun to see her and don't let the stark, weighty nature of her work let her be mistaken for a "Debbie Downer." (Which she has unjustly been called at dinner parties after explaining what she does. Rude.) Her big heart, quick laugh, and easy, southern temperament makes her a fine dinner companion.

Libby is a professionally trained chef, so when she said Hungry Cat had THE BEST food in Los Angeles you gotta take it seriously. Everyone knows chefs RARELY say that unless it's about their own restaurant, so we were ready to be dazzled.

Hungry Cat is known for its cocktails and Libby and I both ordered this: Hot Tamale. It's like a margarita, but with all fresh juices and a nice big red chili pepper plopped right down in it. If Scott Glenn in Urban Cowboy can make something "icky" in his tequila look good, then so could Libby and I. It was the best cocktail I've had since Bing Crosby's.



Totally organic and earth friendly is Hungry Cat. “We don’t kill the fish to get our caviar. We perform a c-section on them, take the eggs out, sew them back up, and send them on their way,” Roxanne, our waitress explained. (Don’t worry, totally got that on tape.)

Given the Karma, the food was outrageously scrumptious.

We must have stayed at that table by the front door for 3 hours talking, laughing, enjoying freshly pressed coffee...



(Today’s snapshot: French Press)

and me secretly waiting for Craig Ferguson to come crashing in, grab me by the waist and pose for a picture with me. Never happened– but that was truly the only disappointment of the evening.