



## Fabulous Nobodies

*Lee Tulloch*

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**Fabulous Nobodies** Lee Tulloch

Before Bridget Jones, Carrie Bradshaw, and the Shopaholic, it was a world of *Fabulous Nobodies*

Now, back in print after fifteen years, it's your chance to experience this hysterically wild cult-status novel for the first time.

Get ready to meet:

**Reality Nirvana Tuttle**

A self-described "doorwhore" at one of Manhattan's hottest clubs. She never gets up before 2 P.M. and has vivid, two-way conversations with every dress in her closet.

**Hugo "A Go-Go" Falk**

Gossip columnist and documenter of all things fabulous in the fashion scene. This man is the key to turning Reality into a true Somebody.

**Phoebe Johnson**

Junior shoe editor of *Perfect Woman* magazine who has dedicated her life to looking like Audrey Hepburn—and the one woman Reality can trust with her frocks.

and Freddie Barnstable

A transvestite with an uncanny knack for finding fabulous fashions, and his sidekick, a little dog named Cristobal Balenciaga. These Fabulous Nobodies will take you on a quest to be Truly Somebody, in a city long gone but never to be forgotten: New York City of the 1980s.

## **Fabulous Nobodies Details**

Date : Published August 1st 2006 by William Morrow Paperbacks (first published April 1st 1989)

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Author : Lee Tulloch

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## From Reader Review Fabulous Nobodies for online ebook

### **Michelle says**

Clever and often silly look at a fashionista in 1980s NY. Entertaining but a little too fashion conscious for me -- although I did love that Reality named each of her 'frocks' and could hear them speak to her. I kept waiting for something more substantial to happen to Reality but alas...

As for Hugo? I'm having mixed feelings. At times I was exceptionally underwhelmed and others entirely baffled.

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### **Karen Kae says**

It was fun at the beginning, but it got boring and draggy (and weird) when Reality started talking to her clothes. The dialogues weren't as funny as I hoped it to be. The first chapter was nice but the rest of it felt like the character was whining in my ear or doing a really poor diary journal.

At first, I thought the talking-to-clothes thing was intriguing. It was okay at the part about her shoes being thrown across the room but when I got to the part where she started talking to her coats and other clothes, it just felt weird.

It's a case of schizophrenia, if you'd ask me. I never read after that part. It felt like I would waste my hope and time of getting something better out of this. Whoops.

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### **Helena says**

I thoroughly enjoyed this book. Full of wit, intelligence and satire of absurd and intriguing characters. Such a great and fun read!

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### **Natasha says**

I bought this at first because it's supposed to take place in my neighborhood more or less, and I thought it'd be interesting to try to imagine living there in the past. Sometimes the story got a little slow, but for the most part it was a funny quick read. I really got engrossed at the end and probably enjoyed that and the afterward by the author the most.

Have passed it along to my little sister, who I think will thoroughly enjoy it, maybe even more than I did.

It was fun to imagine East Village in the 80's. Recommend for vacation reading.

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### **Angela says**

First time I have read this since the early '90s. Have saved my copy all these years and moved it everywhere with me, sure it was among my favorites. While I did still ultimately like it, 51YO me found it way less entralling than 25YO me. Guessing I realized even then that Reality was over-the-top self-centered, but I could relate to her more in my carefree, love-my-vintage frock days. Now the superficiality of it wears on me. And Hugo is pretty much a d-bag - that he becomes the boyfriend comes out of left field (though they are certainly suited for each other).

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### **Jane Gregg says**

I took the trouble of ordering a back copy of this old fave from the 80s after my sister stole my copy last millennium. I had very fond memories. It saw me through some times - when I used to buy every copy of The Face and loved and adored Swing Out Sister and the like. Sad to say the book has not lived up to my memories and now reads a little, well, vapid, (whereas I used to think it most hilarious and sophisticated). Sigh. There are still some moments here, but sadly I think the zeitgeist has just transformed beyond recognition and the magic has gone. Ah well.

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### **Hennypenny says**

I love this book. I reread it a number of times when I had access to it at the library, then I moved South and the author wasn't local enough for the "quirky local" section of the library nor best-selling enough for the rest of the library. By the time I returned North, the book had been de-accessioned and I couldn't remember the author or the title for years, just little wisps of character and plot. One day, I was describing my agony in not remembering the author or title, and more details returned the longer I wrote. The use of jizz as hair-gel was easy to remember, but Reality's full name and her profession and her Gina Lollobrigida dress (all of her clothes have their own individual personalities) and her Coco Chanel tattoo all started to occur to me. Not many books have so many incredibly silly wonderful touches that make them unique. Time enough had gone by that Google was invented and I could track down the book using these scraps of memory.

The author managed an entirely fresh voice with this book (1989), later Sophie Kinsella wrote Shop-a-holic (2000), Sparkle Hayter wrote her Robin Hudson novels (1994 and on) and Helen Fielding wrote Bridget Jones (1996) and a new genre name had to be invented for this type of book. (Although I hate the name Chick-Lit, this book is the earliest Chick-Lit I read.)

If this falls into your hands, read it.

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### **Kristen says**

*Fabulous Nobodies* is a fun read. The main character, named Reality Nirvana Tuttle by her hippie mother, wears a different wig and outrageous dress (or "frock," as she would say) every day. She has named her all dresses and holds elaborate dialogues with them. She works on the door of a hot nightspot in the East Village of the 1980s, where she turns away would be club-goers who aren't fabulous enough. Her goal is to become a

somebody, specifically by getting journalist Hugo Faulk to write about her in a local fashion magazine.

The highlights of the book are the grimy, eclectic NYC backdrop and Reality's non-stop mental parade of icon-inspired fashion ideas. I often found it hard to get through a single page, as I was constantly pausing to Google images like Audrey Hepburn in *Wait Until Dark* or Ursula Andress in *Dr. No*. There were times that Tulloch got close to some *High Fidelity*-like insights about the futility of judging people on their taste rather than their values, but it never quite delivered on that deeper level.

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### **msjoonee says**

Long before chick lit was a genre unto itself, Lee Tulloch wrote the last word on it. Becky Bloomwood and Bridget Jones had nothing on Reality Nirvana Tuttle...a really fun, funny read!

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### **Sophia Sun P. says**

Mmm... I picked up this book in a bargain bin since the cover really caught my eye. The silhouette of a girl on red, with the repetitive "Fabulous Nobodies" spoke to my visual sensibilities.

Plus the back cover promised me the first Carrie Bradshaw and Bridget Jones who I really liked for the most part, but Reality Nirvana? I found her and her friends annoying, vapid, narcissistic in the worst way (is there a good way?) and just distasteful. Then I remember she's 20 and think "Oh yeah, it all adds up." I remember moving out to a big city, living in a dive, thrifting, honing my look, dating equally selfish boys and not wishing, but KNOWING one day I would be "discovered" and everyone would follow my every move like lambs. And I thought it all so amazing and fabulous to boot! So I started to recognize a sort of shameful kin-like connection, and I felt for her – slightly annoyed by it, but I did!

I did really loved the way author went into detail about the other personalities in the book, the frocks! I could visualize them!

What did take me by surprise was her opposite! My radar is usually very very good, but even fooled me! And I found the reveal to unexpectedly endearing.

In the end I found Reality and her clan to be silly, a little misguided, perhaps out of touch, but funny. Plus it is a piece that is dripping with parody more than any sort of real reality – no pun intended. Wouldn't go out of the way to pick it up, but if it lands on your lap it's a breezy read – helps if you appreciate fashion and have some wild friends of your own though!

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### **Melody says**

It was hard to know how to rate this book since I loathed it as I was reading it. It was just too bizarre and sad to read about a woman who named her clothes and whose most important aim in life was getting into the right nightclub. But we had the most lively discussion about this fluffy little book in our book group and even thought I read it years ago - it still comes up in some of our discussions.

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## C.S. Burrough says

This hysterical read had me giggling like a schoolgirl, quite some years ago. Laugh? I nearly bought a round. *Fabulous Nobodies* is described as 'a lighthearted yet devastatingly accurate social satire about the hip young fashion slaves of New York City's East Village in 1983'.

The screen adaptation was recently optioned, to be directed by R.J. Cutler, acclaimed director of the fashion documentary *The September Issue*, featuring Anna Wintour

I happened across the paperback as I sifted through pre-loved fashion in my local op shop one melancholy morning and was instinctively drawn to the cover. Snatched it up for a song, took it under my wing and whisked it off home in the rain. It was ravenously devoured with a bottle of wine and a funny cigarette.

In retrospect I clearly turned to it for remedial purposes when events in my life were so intensely gloomy that my more serious reading material (particularly my edgeworn Jean Rhys collection) was a definite no no.

For years I worked and partied with real people like Really, nightclub 'door bitches' who thought they ruled the world and had a duty to keep naffly attired trash out.

Might have been imagining things, maybe it was my 'medication', but seem to recall Really's fabulous little frocks having some rather camp, ongoing daily dialogue with each other in their closet (?)

Silly, silly, silly, but there's nothing wrong with that occasionally. Laughter is good for the soul - but, as Really would no doubt caution us, watch out for those laugh lines!

Once you 'get' the intent of the silliness you begin to see through it into witty, intelligent, well written satire ahead of its time.

People have called it pre-chick lit chick lit but I beg to differ - far from some of the churned out formulaic pulp that ended up in the chick lit pile, this is original, clever and unique.

I flicked through it again just recently when rummaging through my cupboard and mused to myself that it had not dated. Lee Tulloch is a smart, entertaining writer who seemingly saw no need to linger in this genre once she had worked this little gem out of her system.

I'll be at the movie with bells on. Bravo! Encore!

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## Caroline Bennett says

I loved this. It was fun, well written and I cared about all the characters. Obviously tongue in cheek and not to be taken seriously. If Simon Doonan wrote fiction, this is what I imagine it would sing like.

More subplot would be my only addition, this was a interesting world thrown open, more about the other characters would have been even more enjoyable.

My favourite movie is Earth Girls are Easy and this is like holding a mirror to that. The characters are crazy and vacuous but very very human.

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### **Cecilia says**

This book kept me sane through many boring law texts....I read it lots of times because it has all the ingredients of a fashion magazine but takes a sensible, sarcastic approach to it....and I love that her stupid love interest turned out to be some pretentious niche review writer pretending to be gay to advance his career & trendoid points & she had to "in" him back into the closet ...hahahaha.....that is just sooooooo....tragic....it is hilarious! My family blame s this book for me refusing to be a lawyer!ahaha. (just joking! ) [ceciliayu.com](http://ceciliayu.com)

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### **Ozma says**

Avon Trade re-published this pre-chick lit, 1990s classic in 2006, having unearthed this gem out of the mines of unheralded literature. This edition is accompanied by a "Little Black Book", which is a section of the book in the back with additional material, basically an essay by the author about how the novel came about. The novel is about a group of New Yorkers, in the 1990s, who think they are fabulous, are into clothes and clubbing and being "fabulous." And that's pretty much it. Not much deep thought here, and I did often wonder, what is this book about, when is this set, why don't the characters just text each other? Then I realized, this is set in the past! Not to mention that it was written before "Sex and the City." It's truly a harbinger/precursor to "Sex and the City" and is minus the sex, which is not a bad deduction in my opinion (the discussion of clothing makes up for it!). The main character considers her dresses (or "frocks" as she calls them) like her roommates or friends. They speak to her and often demand to be worn out or worn to a party etc. When the main character loses her job as the door person at one of the city's hottest clubs (for not letting Jackie O in, whom she didn't recognize and felt was underdressed), she converts her shabby (and not chic) apartment into her own club with her cross-dressing roommate. To become semi-famous, she semi-stalks a gay magazine columnist who only writes about fabulous people. This is about it in terms of plot. If this novel were a steak, it would be strip steak: reliably good, not beefy but no disappointing. The best part was really the author's essay at the end. Also, the closing paragraphs were really great, and I will re-type a few lines here, and please know that, in my opinion, it really is the pinnacle of the book, hearkening back to the main character's lust for a Chanel suit, that when she finally got the chance to try on, she then realized didn't look all that great on her: "I depend on my frocks...To help me adapt to the changing face of the world I live in. I don't know how I'd get on without them...When I die and get recycled, I can always come back as the perfect Chanel person: thin and tanned and brunette with long wrists and neck for all those gold chains. I'll wait until then." Very Carrie Bradshaw but a little different, a little loca/crazy, and that's a fun twist. If Amazon offers you free shipping on this, it's not a bad choice.

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