

CRAVINGS
Rawings &
MISBEHAVINGS

Tales of how one good girl
can do a whole lotta bad things
and still turn out okay

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*Do not engage in piracy of copyrighted stuff
like books and music,
and discourage your friends from doing so.*

For my Mom, Sandra Jane Olson Borslien,
And for my friend, Paul Wadsworth—

*You should be here to see me now.
Or maybe somehow you are here.*

**CRAVINGS,
RAVINGS &
MISBEHAVINGS**

OVERTURE

Or, navigating the terrain of this book and the extras,
and getting to know my Inner Archivist

Allow me to introduce myself. I am a writer. I write poetry and prose, I compose lyrics and music and generally enjoy penning just about anything as long as I can be creative with it. So, I wondered about how I would approach this book since I have not been ‘practicing’ writing lately. I used to write daily, sometimes in several sessions. But when I took a hiatus from composing and performing music, my writer’s brain went on strike.

Oh, sure, I have jotted down a random musing here and there, in one of my numerous and various-sized notebooks throughout the house, but nothing came of those musings after they spilled out onto the page.

The last piece I wrote was an unorthodox autobiography for my music web site. “Not true,” my Inner Archivist yells to me from his dimly lit, wood paneled basement library filled with chronicles of my entire life. “What about your blogs?”

Okay, I wrote a few postings for my two weblogs. But not that many. My Inner Archivist disagrees: “You wrote that funky piece for the ‘I Make Good Stuff’ home page and the initial four ‘Misbehavings’ for this book!” Yes, but I did not know at the time that I was going to write this book, so do they count? Inner Archivist says, “Indeed, they do. And don’t forget about all the writing you did for school!”

Upon returning to college in the summer of 2009, I wrote for my classes. The Public Speaking course I took required outlining my speeches. And the big seven-minute speech necessitated research as well. The American Government and Politics class offered occasional opportunities for written commentary.

Not one to miss a thing, my Inner Archivist adds, “Remember that wine-inspired explanation of the Pluralism Theory you penned by candle light the night the power went out? I am looking at it right now. Wow, Flower Child, you

really took that piece over the cliff.” Thanks a lot, I tell him in my best sarcastic thought-voice. I happen to think it was one of my more brilliant works. And ‘Flower Child,’ I mean, for real, Inner Archivist?

Anyway, in the following spring semester, I doubled my course load. I took Beginning French, writing my translations; plus all of our *examens* included writing.

Critical Thinking fell under the English Department, and so I did a huge amount of writing for that class. In addition to a 4-page claims paper, I wrote an in-class paper and a massive 12-page rhetoric paper with something like 18 citations.

“Twenty-four!” I hear diligent Mr. Inner Archivist shout from his library. Okay, I say, whatever. “Exactly twenty-four references, which is a ridiculous amount as far as I am concerned. I think you went overboard there, as well.” I just ignore him, patting myself on the back for having three times as many citations as required. He sighs loudly as I continue writing.

So I am forced to admit that, during the period when I said I stopped writing, I actually wrote! Just not like this kind of writing.

My ever-present Inner Archivist pipes in again, “Some of it was like this! Remember that whacky introduction in your claims paper about the Roman conqueror family that built a neon lighted hot dog stand in the park?” Boy, I cannot win against this guy. Voice. Fractured section of my psyche. Imaginary frenemy. Mind cartoon. Whatever!

“All this talk of hot dogs is making me hungry,” he mutters from the vault. I am supposed to be prepping Albacore Tuna steaks for dinner tonight, but I type away as the minutes tick off. Seriously, I already enhanced the salsa with black

beans and avocado, prepared asparagus, bell peppers and zucchini for the grill, and pre-assembled a killer spinach salad. What more do you want from me?

“Hot dogs.” Okay, we are *not* having hot dogs, and I am going to ignore him.

But as I launch another sentence to segue to another topic, Inner Archivist articulately reminds me that I am currently enrolled in a Jazz History course that demands of me “a plethora of written commentary, online dialogue, lengthy music critiques and vastly investigated material.”

I thank him in a somewhat snarky tone, adding, You know, I am pretty busy writing the introduction to ‘Cravings, Ravings & Misbehavings’ so maybe you could refrain from interrupting my process for a few moments.

Inner Archivist huffs loudly. “So this is what I get for all my efforts, another ‘check-is-in-the-mail’ kiss-off from my favorite Flower Child?!” I do not respond.

“Break a leg with the book, pumpkin,” he snaps with all the *faux* sincerity of an insecure, out of work, super-competitive, positive-mantra-chanting Hollywood actor. “I’m sure the entire literate world will roll over in paroxysms of giggles, sexy wiggles, and emotional transformations and you’ll be a zillionaire tomorrow.”

Wow. My Inner Archivist really tweaked me with that. I am now anxious and questioning why *anyone* would want to read about my cravings, ravings and misbehavings.

So I pause. Close my eyes. Breathe. Stop freaking out. And go to the center of my self. Listen “inside” to my heartbeat. Kind of woo-woo, but it works for me.

And the only answer I can muster is that maybe, just maybe

there are people (such as each of you, my dear readers) who want to understand my quirky approach to life, my desire to be edgy and non-traditional but still deeply connected to the human condition, to be conscious in fulfilling my personal dreams and joys and global ambitions while actually giving back to the world of my exploratory wisdom (or lack thereof, as the case may be).

Yes, maybe you will find here an idea that is enduring and enlightening, a musing that is perfectly mystical for your moment, or a phosphorescent phrase that seems delightful enough keep as a little charm in your heart.

Or could it be that a delicious concoction of mine goes directly into your recipe collection? Perhaps my recommended wine warms your worldview?

It might just be that one of my accompanying songs offers you a distinct sense of possibility, passion, and deep down peace? Ahhhhhh!

Which suddenly, and kind of frighteningly, brings me to another issue that may be muddling your brain's normal ability synthesise my written word:

Is this an unconventional narrative, a quirky cookbook *cum* confession, an egregiously egotistic autobiographical endeavor, or wild fables of a fantasy-musician-meets-messed-up-minx merged with original music?

Truthfully, I was unable decide which genre would best fit my writings so I pooled them all into one quasi-precocious polyphonic paperback!

So what you are getting is an orchestrated literary piece that contains selected personal experiences, inklings and insights plus decadent and healthy recipes, all coalescing with original companion songs.

The music consists of demo versions of songs I wrote. Ron, my husband, had the brilliant idea of leaving them in their rough recorded state to correspond with the unprocessed concept of this book.

And while I intend to rerecord professional studio-quality renderings in the future, the songs will remain in their original raw “as-they-went-down” condition.

For example, I recorded the seventeen songs on something like six different machines: some in a garage on the Yamaha MD-8, others in our apartment on the Zoom, some in various softwares on Ron’s three Macs, still others in GarageBand on my Mac.

Most of these are highly unsophisticated as I recorded many of the instruments myself instead of hiring better players. So Ron put a proverbial audio spit-polish on them to make them easier on your dear ears!

Okay, the breakdown: My book is divided into three “opuses.” Yeah, just like the musical term. And just like the book’s title, they are called Cravings, Ravings and Misbehavings.

Each tale in each opus is labeled a “movement” with a newsy headline and is paired with a recipe.

IMPORTANT!

Please read through the recipes and wine suggestions, as my Inner Archivist and I engage in witty repartee in every section of the book. We both think you’ll be entertained ;)

Some tales are harmonized with an original song. Visit my web site www.sharine.com or the new official web site for the book www.CravingsRavingsMisbehavings.com for details about each song as well as lyrics and commentary.

If you want to purchase the accompanying music CD, you can find the link on either site.

Prior to the opuses, though, you will find another section called Shavings, which is so named because of the nature of its content: stuff you (and by “you” I mean “I”) have to strip off to get to the thing you want to see.

And *no*, this book does not contain pictures of me stripping or naked!

“Thank *goodness*,” yells my Inner Archivist from the basement. My knee-jerk response is to slam out some *über*-witty comment that contains a few favorite expletives to express my frustration. And love. Because I love my Inner Archivist, really I do.

Okay, time to go! Shall we move on to Shavings together? If you feel frightened or the least bit apprehensive, dear reader, I will hold your virtual hand until we get there, but that is as flirty as I will be, for now....

SHAVINGS:

**APOLOGIES &
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS**

APOLOGIES FIRST

“Apologies? What’s up with that?” you might be wondering. Yes, I am breaking with tradition (yet again, as you will soon understand) and beginning my book with apologies.

Why? Because although I am a songwriter and much of the lyrical content of my songs reflects relationships throughout my life, that language by nature is profusely poetic, massively metaphorical, and even, dare I say it, attentively altered so as to vaguely veil exactly *which* relationship is being placed in the spotlight.

In addition, this is my first book, and I am neither famous enough nor rich enough to pay people off! Therefore, apologies take precedence in hopes of dissuading those recipients of any desire for retribution against *moi*.

First, I want to apologize to my Dad, Harris, who may squirm a bit while reading things about his eldest daughter that he might never have wanted to know.

Daddy, you (and Mom, rest her beautiful soul), imbued me with many “good girl” traits. However, it’s not likely that I will mention those particular characteristics in this book!

Second apology goes to my husband Ron, although it reads more a like legal disclaimer:

Honey, I want to brief you that as you dive down the rabbit hole into my torrid existence prior to meeting you, you may experience distinct twinges of any number or variety of discomforts, including but not limited to unpleasant surprise, vexation, chafing, fatigue, dizziness, embarrassment, queasiness, or prickly sensations along the spine and/or the so-called Third Eye.

Those are the two biggies.

Since my sister, my two brothers, and my closest friends and confidants all probably have a pretty good idea at just how my cravings, ravings and misbehavings have evolved, I will refrain from apologizing unless you fit into one of the tales contained herein. (So you will all have to read on to find out whether you really deserve an apology or not!)

Next, and really importantly, I formalize now my apologies to any of you, my other dear readers, who are for any reason turned off by my language (oh, there *will be* some damn language), my looks, my religious affiliation or lack thereof, my political musings, my guileless discussions of sexuality and human exploration, my writing style and selected content, or the unorthodox way that I have organized this book, whether it be the tales, the recipes or the music.

As a realist, I must also admit that you may find my practice of neologism (making up words) beyond reproach. A strict interpretation of our [already bastardized] English language is groovy from a rule-following standpoint (and by the way, I am pretty sure that ‘groovy’ is a made-up word). France actually has a government council that determines if, when and how the French can modify their language. But we would *never* be so stuffy as to control the mutation of our language! It just wouldn’t be American to tell people what to do, right? So then, can I make up words, freedom lovers, and carry on with my apologies?! Thank you.

Perhaps you are a strict vegan and find it repulsive that my “flexitarian” (Ron made up that one) recipes include eggs, cheese, lamb and butter, to name a few no-no foods. Or it may be that you are a total carnivore who *cannot stand* the thought of lighting the grill for a bunch of frickin’ vegetables. A few of you may be “candyvores” (my word!), folks who subsist on solely desserts and candy. You will definitely dislike the salads and main dish recipes contained

herein.

It could be that you refuse to listen to female singer-songwriters because their voices are so... *girly*. And when you played the accompanying collection of my music, you got physically ill and/or started hearing creepy voices in your head.

No problem – I have several solutions to dealing with this book if you are already sure that this is *not your kind of book!*

Try this:

Once you have reached your personal threshold of utter disgust, call that girl or guy in your circle of friends who is not necessarily *your friend* because she or he is the kind of person that would read *this book*, and give this book to that person!

Or, donate this book to GoodWill, Salvation Army, or any other used shop that allows such smut, where people – like me, but I am not the only one who actually buys things second-hand – will appreciate getting a quirky book for a buck or two!

Better yet, write “Sorry, Sucker!” inside the book cover and save it in the back of your closet or bottom dresser drawer or *that place about which you tell no one*. When your family, friends, or folks at the office decide to have a holiday, birthday, or random gift-giving party, step up and boldly suggest the ever-humorous “White Elephant” theme. After they lionize you for the light-hearted low-cost idea, go home and wrap my book in the prettiest paper you can find. When the “lucky” recipient sees the beautiful package, she or he will think they are actually getting a *really cool gift!*

Oh, this is another good one:

Insert a few pages at a time through a decent crosscut paper shredder and toss the confetti at birthday parties or family celebrations.

WARNING: CREATIVE IDEA ALERT!

Spread the confetti on a tarp or some old dry newspapers. Spray with neon pink or silver or gold or some other kind of glittery paint. Allow to dry completely. Place confetti in an envelope made from unshredded pages from this book (I don't know how you could forget to shred them all since you detest this book so much, but it might happen). Slip the confetti package in your wallet, coat pocket or purse for later use. Then, at the local pub, lavishly sprinkle the confetti during your girlfriend's (or boyfriend's) *pole dancing extravaganza!*

Yeah, that was marginally imaginative but I am sure *you* can think of more clever alternative uses for this book. And if you purchased the e-book, you will have to share your book reader with someone. Be sure to charge them double the price you paid for the opportunity to read it on your magical device that turns even the crappiest books into delightful and inspiring tomes.

But allow me, if you will, to continue on with *apropos* apologies to anyone I mention in my book that does not like the way I tell one or more particular tales involving them. Two things on this:

First, you might not know this but I never did heavy drugs and yet I have a sketchy memory.

Think about a 1,000 square foot library in a tiny yet modern town. By nature it must be highly selective, and in order to keep up with modern publishing, stuff ends up on microfiche in rusted cans in the basement or getting donated to GoodWill or pawned off on the Smithsonian

Institute, and in any case, the Librarian is a very, very busy person who likely relies on friends and family and the community (which may even extend to the internet community) to care for and reproduce historical records.

My dear friend of nearly three decades, Sandra from Minnesota (a.k.a., Sandy, San, Sandora), is the keeper of vast photographic information about a certain craving, raving and misbehaving period of my life when we both lived in Minneapolis. Sandra also has an amazing memory that retains glorious and dirty details I have cleverly cast aside in my desire to *get on with the next experience*, shall I say. My sister, Susan (a.k.a. Sue, Susie, Susie-Q) also has an incredible ability to recall specifics from even very early years – specifics that I may or may not choose to overlook. I simply defer to each of them.

Suddenly, my Inner Archivist bangs on the basement door. “What about ME? You may be the lofty Librarian, but I am the one who does all the work. Logging facts, detailing experiences, organizing, filing, researching... all for you.” Okay, you have a point, but I did not intentionally leave you out. And for goodness sake, I tell him, I practically GAVE the entire Introduction to you!

The banging stops. “Correct. I return to my humble quarters,” he sighs.

Second, regarding apologies to anyone who denies or repudiates my story or stories in which you are mentioned, I submit as evidence the “fragility of eyewitness identification” phenomenon.

Studies prove that eyewitnesses to the same event reliably tell slightly, sometimes *radically*, different versions of what they experienced.

And in fact, I will openly admit that because of my

aforementioned sketchy memory, certain details are slightly (or significantly) embellished, others facts are missing entirely, and still more minutiae are bastardized and beaten beyond recognition to the actual story. For example, if you know me from any particular period in my life, you may find tales in which I use substitute names without disclosing that fact. This is partially because I do not really remember who said or did what in certain situations, and partially because I am graciously offering you anonymity in a torrid anecdote. To which I say, in the end, you will thank me.

For those of you who were secretly, or candidly, hoping to be mentioned in my book but for some reason, you ended up on the floor of my cutting room, I apologize that I could not fit every entertaining story about my life in one single book. Also, you will probably thank me in the end. Especially if by the end of the book, there are more than the six readers with me right now.

Lastly, I was either wholly unable to write or organize my tales in any consistent, chronological order, or I just wanted to misbehave again.

“I so totally could have helped you with the sequential stuff, pumpkin,” my Inner Archivist interjects. “I vote that you just wanted to misbehave.”

So you see, I am merely an active observer in my own life and therefore, the “fragility of eyewitness identification phenomenon” is fully in play. I rest my case!

After all, this is *my* book about *my* cravings, *my* ravings and *my* misbehavings. If you don't like it, you can always spend thousands of hours remembering, recalling and revisiting these tales, calling your sources, creating a believable construct and consulting your lawyers, as you write your own version and publish your own bloody book!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To my one and only sister, Susan:

I thank you from the core of my soul for hanging in there with me during my emotional melt-down in our phone conversation on Bastille Day, July 14, 2010. (It was then that she disseminated her idea that I should write a book and we hashed out the title, basic content and structure for it as well).

To my husband, Ron:

Thank you for “approving” the idea that I would write this book. Especially since you will make several appearances! (I won’t spoil the fun now, though). It wasn’t a deal breaker if you didn’t like the project, but since you did, I don’t have to make excuses to get out of the kitchen.

To my dear friend, Sandra:

Thank you for helping me fill in hundreds of details and for having been my brave abettor to oh-so-many cravings, ravings, and mostly misbehavings! Also, for the idea of including music in this project.

To my dear friend, Vanessa from Pennsylvania:

Thank you for giving me the book “Eat, Pray, Love.” Your gift led to a telephone conversation with my sister, which led to the concept for THIS book!

And to Elizabeth Gilbert, author of “Eat, Pray, Love:”

I read your book and it was a truly cathartic experience! Thank you for writing that is so genuine, so human, so refreshing. I will be mentioning it many times in my own stories.

Thank you to everyone around the globe who has legally purchased and enjoyed my songs and poetry books and to those who have read and encouraged me in blogging and other writings, music and creative endeavors.

I really must thank all the characters in my life – every person I have met, even if I do not tell a story about you in this particular book. You all have played and continue to play wonderful roles in my personal drama. Without you, I would never have any fun!

And a final “thank you” to those of you still reading!

OPUS #1:

CRAVINGS

MOVEMENT #4: CALIFORNIA DREAMING

I cut the apron strings at the unripe age of eight. And it went something like this....

It was a particularly cold and snowy Wisconsin evening as my family gathered in a perfectly normal dysfunctional sextet at our ranch-house dinner table.

This was a rather typical mid-west farm family dining scene: a large kitchen, complete with hammered tin ceiling, painted over dozens of times. Fluorescent lighting fixture buzzing above us. Indoor-outdoor carpeting. Massive 72-inch round vintage oak table covered with printed vinyl tablecloth. Window above the large sink, plus a bay window overlooking our vast domain.

Our family was seated clockwise: Dad at 12:00, with direct view of his blustery dominion out the bay window, Mom at 2:00, my younger sister Susan at 4:00 next to *moi* at 6:00, my older brother Kevin at 8:00, my brother Shawn seated at 10:00 in a high-chair.

No one in the room could have guessed (or so I thought) that I was plotting and planning to query my family *en masse* about my latest craving. Weeks, maybe months had passed while I meticulously refined my delivery and calculated their potential responses to my question. I waited patiently, like a lioness stalking her prey, for the exact perfect moment to speak.

When that momentous occasion arrived on this particular evening over Mom's famous baked pork chops, my body was buzzing with electricity, my mind was ablaze. I felt like I might puke or pass out at any moment, and yet I was a mini-warrior-princess on a mission to fulfill my fantasy of living in warmth and sunshine amongst cute tan boys who

don't hate me, and more importantly, with complete freedom from those bras that women complain about.

When are we moving to California?

Instantaneously, the chill blew in from outdoors, like an icy wind off Lake Superior. My question hung in the air above the dining table, like an acrid black cloud. And the answer I received, I did not take well. Worse, it was awkward.

My parents winked at each other and smiled those special parent-to-parent "oh my god isn't that precious" smiles, as if I had just asked them when I could see the purple people eaters that I knew were hiding in the hay loft of our barn. They "obviously" thought it was one of those "adorable child moments" to be "cherished forever" in the family annals. I read it differently.

Before they even spoke, I felt seasickness in my soul. It was a combination of factors that caused the nausea. The googly looks on my parents' faces, the rare absence of my sister's enthusiastic chatter, the sound of energy being sucked out of the room as though someone suddenly turned on a gigantic psychic vacuum cleaner. And then the bomb:

"Oh, honey, we're not moving. This is our home!"

It hit me like a conflagration in 90-miles-an-hour winds. A flash flood followed by a mudslide. An earthquake of 9.9 magnitude on the Richter scale. The morning after consuming one endless glass of Champagne, four slices of greasy pepperoni pizza, regular ingestions of Florida tap water and a fifth of cheap tequila. Okay, I was eight years old, and I didn't even know what tequila was.

But, incredulous, embarrassed and entirely bereft, I burst like a broken sprinkler head into a bubbler of tears and ran to my room. Reeling from a mixed bag of emotions, I felt as

though I had just been punished in the most swift and cruel manner.

Like my little white ass had been solidly smacked – just once, but once was enough – with *l'instrument usuel*: the current month's edition of my dad's tab-size, 120-page rolled up Wisconsin Agriculturist magazine.

Spanked hard. When I did not deserve it.

He had not actually spanked me, but that IS how it felt. And the words now reverberated in cacophonous horror through my tiny but powerful soul: “We’re not moving. We’re not moving, not moving, not moving, not....”

It became a 6-hour opera squeezed into a few seconds, featuring a well-trained female soprano who was nipping on expensive rum between phrases and becoming cartoonishly tipsy with each repetition:

“Naught moooooveeeeeng!” And in my imagined *film noir*, she was singing the words “naughty movie” as though me and my dream were a couple of wayward accomplices in some comic strip social crime.

Instantaneously, my aspiration of leaving harsh Wisconsin for happy California was crushed as fine as the powdery snow piling up outside “our home.”

With all due respect to my wonderful, loving family, it did not feel like MY home.

True to my nature, when effectively denied fulfillment of my craving, I attached myself emotionally to the shore of my destination. As I cried alone in my bed, my tears began to taste like the Pacific Ocean and I slipped into the reverie carrying me to Cali.

Meanwhile, check out this recipe passed down to my mom from my grandma Audrey (a.k.a., Nanny). It seems fitting because porcupines have stinging quills....

RECIPE: PORCUPINE MEATBALLS

INGREDIENTS:

1 lb. lean ground beef or turkey
1/2 cup rice, uncooked
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 Tablespoons vegetable oil
2 (8-oz. cans) tomato sauce
1 cup water

METHOD:

In a mixing bowl, combine ground beef, rice, onion, salt and pepper. Form mixture into small balls. Heat oil in skillet and brown meatballs, turning frequently.

In a small bowl, blend tomato sauce and water. Pour over meatballs. Cover and simmer 45 minutes.

“JIFFY” METHOD:

Substitute 1/2 cup uncooked rice with 2/3 cup pre-cooked rice (I think this means Minute Rice). Reduce simmering time to 15 minutes.

Author’s Notes: Try a bit of oregano, tarragon, basil or even ground fennel seed. A pinch or two of warm spice such as cayenne or chili powder will make the wine choice a better pair. Also, leave out the salt, halve the oil, and seriously consider using locally grown meat or poultry. I’m not even going to talk about vegetables yet. Because I want you to like me before you pre-judge me!

WINE: 2006 HIDDEN OAK “ENCANTO”

Visit us online:

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