

GENEROUS

a quarterly publication

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GREATEST
HITS!

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I JUST FINISHED WATCHING 'FLAVOR OF LOVE' AND NOWADAYS I GUESS IT IS TOO MUCH TO ASK THAT YOUR DATE NOT DROOL AND BE HOUSEBROKEN.

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When he didn't tell me about his other women, lack of employment or how many kids he really has, I thought "everyone has a purpose in life" but when he tried to justify that extra"navel"- I knew he had no purpose in my life!

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'Shake it for me', 'It's not supposed to be THAT wide', or 'Make it clap'. I'm telling you, if anyone else has anything to say about MY butt in 2008, they will get a VERY special version of the "Musical Fruit" song but not before I tell them to kiss IT!

IN THIS ISSUE . . . is a little
of everything you may have missed
from last year - check it out!

CHECK OUT OUR WEEKLY BLOG

<http://generous.crazations.com>

TAKE A LITERARY VACATION - BOOK REVIEWS

Tokyo Suckerpunch, written by Isaac Adamson is one of the most entertaining, pulpy fiction books I have read in awhile.

Adamson creates a new kind of hero in the sarcastic reporter named Billy Chaka and his adventures in Japan. Chaka is a popular columnist from the teen magazine *Youth in Asia*. The name itself *Youth in Asia* is tongue in cheek offering a brilliant side of humor. He is in Tokyo, Japan covering the 19 and Under Handicapped International Olympics. Yet he finds himself involved in a much deeper plot than he thought he was in for. He ends unraveling an enticing mystery in the death of director Sato Migusho involving a mysterious geisha named Orange Blossom and a mob gang Yazuka.

Chaka often finds himself at the center of unwanted attention fighting off mobsters, stealing motorcycles, exchanging witty dialogue with friends and enemies alike, and other adventures throughout the novel. Adamson keeps the novel at a steady flow never missing a beat. The characters come to life in their experiences, interactions and mishaps making them easy to relate to.

Orange Blossom comes across as mysterious and vague in the beginning of the novel. Minimal views of her are displayed for Chaka to see. She becomes the center of the novel and an obsession for Chaka to understand. *Tokyo Suckerpunch* is written from Bill Chaka's point of view in first person giving a personal account of what happens to him. This approach makes the story more personable and effective. If the novel were written from another perspective such as third person, the account would not have come across as well. Seeing everything through Billy's eyes lets the reader experience first hand his reactions and thoughts to what goes on.

The characters are more than one dimensional in Adamson's writing style. They show humor and faults in their exploits making them more human and realistic. Billy's thoughts on his co-worker Sarah back in Cleveland offer a side story with humor to his adventures in Tokyo so the reader understands where he comes from and giving them home territory to relate to. The mobsters in the novel are typical with their egos in tact and use of violence to solve problems.

Tokyo Suckerpunch is an enjoyable read that one will not want to put down. The writing style is superfluous and stylistically pleasing to read. Start reading about the adventures of Billy Chaka and you will not want to stop.

-Kyle Thomas





Ya Think They've OD'd on Beauty Pageants Already?

Miss America, Miss USA (if anyone can tell me the difference, please email me the answer), Miss Universe and so on. There's even one for married women and those under 18. Now I'm not knocking those that give scholarships and other gifts that can be used to satisfy long-range (and substantial) goals but the whole thing has always seemd so supeficial. Back in 2005, the Oxygen Network, along with comedienne Mo'Nique brought us "Mo'Nique's F.A.T. (acronym for fabulous and thick) Chance which brought us contestants who were of various ages and races in a pageant-style competition. Though full (or woman) sizes are usually sizes 12-24, and we run across women who are obviously much larger that are beautiful on both the inside and out with the energy of a 16-year-old - some of these women shown were what would be described as 'morbidity obese (and those of you who know me know I'm not exactly anoroexic-looking myself). I have seen this term described about women who may wear a size 22 dress but when your weight hinders you from getting around without a struggle, is it really beautiful? What about those who are differently-abled or disfigured, do they get a beauty show, too? How about shows that demonstrate the best way to stretch a dollar? A competion based on who can make the biggest difference in thier community? *Email me feedback - contact@crazations.com*

SO DAMN FUNNY



The E Network has managed to come out with something worse than that Hilton girl show. Now they're going behind the scenes of a L.A.tanning salon where we watch the female staff (and I know at least one of them wore one of those "special" helmets to school) spray people to look like burnt oranges.

Don't know whether to laugh or cry because cable is so damn expensive!

.....
The media makes \$\$\$ from female celebrity drama knowing that in some cases they do this just to keep their name out there because they really didn't have much talent to begin with.

It makes about as much damn sense as running in a high-heeled shoe race!



Recipes for when we're good (Angel Food) and when we're not (Devil's Food)

Easy Creamy Fruit Salad

Mix one drained can (32 oz,) of fruit cocktail (any variety will do) packed in juice or water* with one cup of non-dairy whipped topping or plain yogurt*. Add one cup of walnuts or toasted almond slices if you like. Chill for one hour. One 8 oz (or small bowl) serving is less than 100 calories.

Mexican Meatloaf

Combine 1lb of ground turkey, diced onions and bell pepper (saute' lightly first), one cup of plain nonfat yogurt and your favorite Mexican seasonings in a large bowl until mixed well. Oven should be no higher than 375. Turn bowl over onto flat metal pan and mold to your liking. Cook for 40-45 minutes or until brown. Sauce can be made with either low-sodium ketchup or no-salt tomato sauce mixed with salsa of your choice. Once topped with sauce, place in oven for additional 15-20 minutes.

Pineapple Upside Down Cake

Preheat oven at 350. Use box of french vanilla cake mix and sub milk and drained juice from 16 oz can of chunk pineapples for water, then mix according to directions. Melt 2 sticks of butter in a skillet. Add 1-1/2 cups of brown sugar and 1 tsp cinnamon (or apple pie spice) until liquified, then saute' pineapple until brown. With fruit at bottom, pour batter into skillet (or a deep dish baking pan), bake 40 minutes or until brown, flip carefully onto plate or serving dish.

Mexican Lasagna

Get a dozen small tortillas and line bottom of dutch oven or large pan with 4 of them. Add 1 lb of cooked ground beef, turkey or meat of preference to the bottom layer. Top with 4 more tortillas. Add in any order - cup of mexican rice, can of refried beans, sauteed peppers and onions, salsa or enchilada sauce. Just alternate with your four tortillas and cheese like jalapeno jack, cheddar, Monterey jack (like lasagna, get it?). Oven should be no higher than 350 and once hot, top with remaining cheese and cook until cheese bubbles. Once cooled, top with sour cream and/or guacamole.

A healthy life is a wealthy life!



Did you miss me?



Memoirs of a Fat Girl

by April Boland

The other night I told my boyfriend one of my deepest, darkest secrets - that when I was a teenager I used to lie in bed and watch old Cary Grant movies, cuddling an enormous stuffed alligator and eating from a Ben & Jerry's carton. As I told him about my warm and fuzzy memory, I added,

"That's why I got so fat." I don't know why I said it.

He looked at me and said, "I don't like when you call yourself fat."

"I'm not insulting myself," I insisted. "I'm fat and that's okay." This attitude was born of the fat empowerment books I had read that state that people should reclaim the word and make it their own.

He didn't really buy it, and even I wonder how honest I was being.

In creating a title for this column, the question resurfaced. Am I referring to myself as 'fat' because Wendy Shanker made it trendy, or because I really am comfortable with it? If so, *why am I counting calories and going to the gym?*

I have been overweight since I was ten years old, so I have had this love-hate relationship with my body for a long time. As a veteran of the chubster corps, I am well aware of the line between losing weight for health reasons and for social acceptance. I am motivated by both but I know that the winner, by far, is social acceptance. I want people--albeit people whose opinions don't really matter--to approve of my body.

When I was in 8th grade, my mother put me on a scale and said, "You're going on a diet." I began bringing steamed broccoli to lunch and doing aerobic workouts after school. Slowly but surely, weight came off. By graduation, the pretty, popular girls were all telling me, "Wow, you look great!!"

When I was sixteen, I went to the doctor complaining of stomach pains. His response? "You're fat." "You're the only one in your family that's fat, right? Not your mother, father, or sister... just you. Does your mother ever tell you to stop eating?"

I ran home and cried.

Immediately after high school, I went on Weight Watchers, did Tae Bo and took hour-long walks each night. I lost 30 pounds in 3-4 months. I was ecstatic, and everyone complimented me. Once again, I felt good about myself.

The sad thing is that my happiness and self-esteem have always depended on my weight. An inversely proportional relationship exists: when my weight is up, I'm down, and vice versa.

Thanks to birth control, I recently crossed the line to plus sizes. This horrified me; I felt defeated and ashamed. Yet whenever I go to Lane Bryant, I see extremely attractive full-figured women rearranging shelves and ringing up purchases. And I think to myself, Why do I have to hate myself this way?

I walk up the stairs to work even though I feel like taking the elevator. I still eat sweets, but not as many as I used to. I still try to lose weight, but I am getting better and better at not obsessing. I am a young woman in my prime, and there's just no reason for self-loathing.

My goal, more than a number on a scale, is to walk out of a dressing room, smile on my face... and glow.



ASK MISS FITS -

Gotta question? Email contact@crazations.com.

Not licensed but I'll give you my opinion anyway
whatever you call it, she just tells it!!!



Miss F, ... I have this friend who always tells me how "fat" she is. Yep, me ... the size 20 chick and let's just say she can fit in a pants leg - and have room to move around. Anyway, there's about 5 of us that go way back but when she comes around it's like having a fairy godmother. She gets us in all the nice clubs, knows the spots to pick up guys but it's just that when she and I are alone - never with my other friends - she sometimes pulls at herself like that crazy, screaming woman from "White Chicks" (the dressing room scene). Finally, she's starting to question my meal choices and asks did I try some diet on some damn infomercial she saw. Should I cut her off or does she really mean well?

Ok, first of all this is NOT your friend. Was never your friend and probably never will be your friend. Simply because she wants to make you feel bad about your size. Unless she works in the medical or nutrition field, there is no reason for her to critique your eating habits. Why does she do this, you ask? Probably to make herself feel better because you may have a little more going on than you think. Popular does not equal smart, nice or just a damn good person and those who aren't always chasing superficial things see this. All those places you just mentioned come and go like bell bottoms. Tell me this, what sense is there to going out to a nice restaurant with your girls knowing she's going to bring on a foul remark and possibly make you feel self-conscious about taking one bite of food? I say you and your girls find your own fun, go where she's not likely to be. If you really feel it's worth it, talk to this "friend" and find out what her deal is. She could have had a problem with her weight once and her remarks could be an ass-backwards way to change you, which still doesn't make it right.

I'm 35, work full-time, go to school and am buying my first home. I think I met Mr. Right but he's on my last nerve about spending more time with him. What's up?

Whew! Find time in your schedule to ask him to help out (cooking, cleaning or better-help you move) and if you find out the hard way that he's more horny than helpful, then make sure he does not get keys to your new home if he knows where you stay (and at this point, he is Mr. Right Now). If not, make your big move without him and don't even upgrade him to a booty call!

Hey Miss Fitts, why in the last issue did you tell that lady with the man problem she should keep him around for sex if a meaningful relationship wasn't to be?

Because man or woman, old or young (which I don't always agree with), married or single - folks will always have sex. Nowadays of course, planning - such as birth control, a limit on partners or the easiest and simplest method - fly solo are key. People who pick up strangers suffer the consequences or some incurable or fatal disease. I would love to have told her to wait for the next prospect but sometimes right and reality are two different things; regardless of what may be moral.



SATISFIED AND SINGLE

BY SARAH SMITH

I really stop to notice, it's true that my stomach is NOT an exact straight line from 2nd base to home plate. But I think the playing field is just fine the way it is. I've never heard a complaint (but then I don't allow them, anyway, so that may be a factor).

And who wants to play the field against an opposing team of strangers? I like a little me time.

When I stop to think about it I guess it could be considered a little strange. My self sufficiency makes people stop and charitably ask if I'd like to be "set up." An uncle of mine asked jokingly why I didn't go ahead and get married. He got the smile and change of subject. People ask me wonderingly what I can possibly have to fill my time when I have no man to feed or baby to hold. The truth is I hear other women complain of the pressure they feel and the humiliation they endure when people realize that they're the S word: single (shudder, oh the horror!). I guess I'm supposed to feel that, too. I guess if I really thought about it then it's possible I might ponder and wonder and search for something to be miserable about, but then the truth is I feel just plain happy. I feel just fine.

I'm absurdly happy. I have a car I have a job, and when I get home I look around my little apartment and smile and think "I paid for every square inch of this place. And I like it very well."

I'm ecstatic about my not perfect arms. They're quite good enough to paddle a canoe and to climb a rock and to hug my friends. And what else would I need them for?

I've never had a 6 pack set of abs. I'm not saying I haven't borrowed a set and taken it out for dinner. And then breakfast. But I think that is really none of your business.

I don't love to shop. I don't feel clothing envy. I don't want a huge house. I don't envy you and I hope you don't envy me. We're just neighbors in life, two cars passing in the night. I'm an economy, and you're an SUV.

If I stop to think about it I suppose the pressure might get me down. Aren't I SUPPOSED to be the pining single, searching for love and putting a time clock or stop watch on my preset Happiness Milestones? But then I never really stop to think about it. I'm too busy being happy.



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