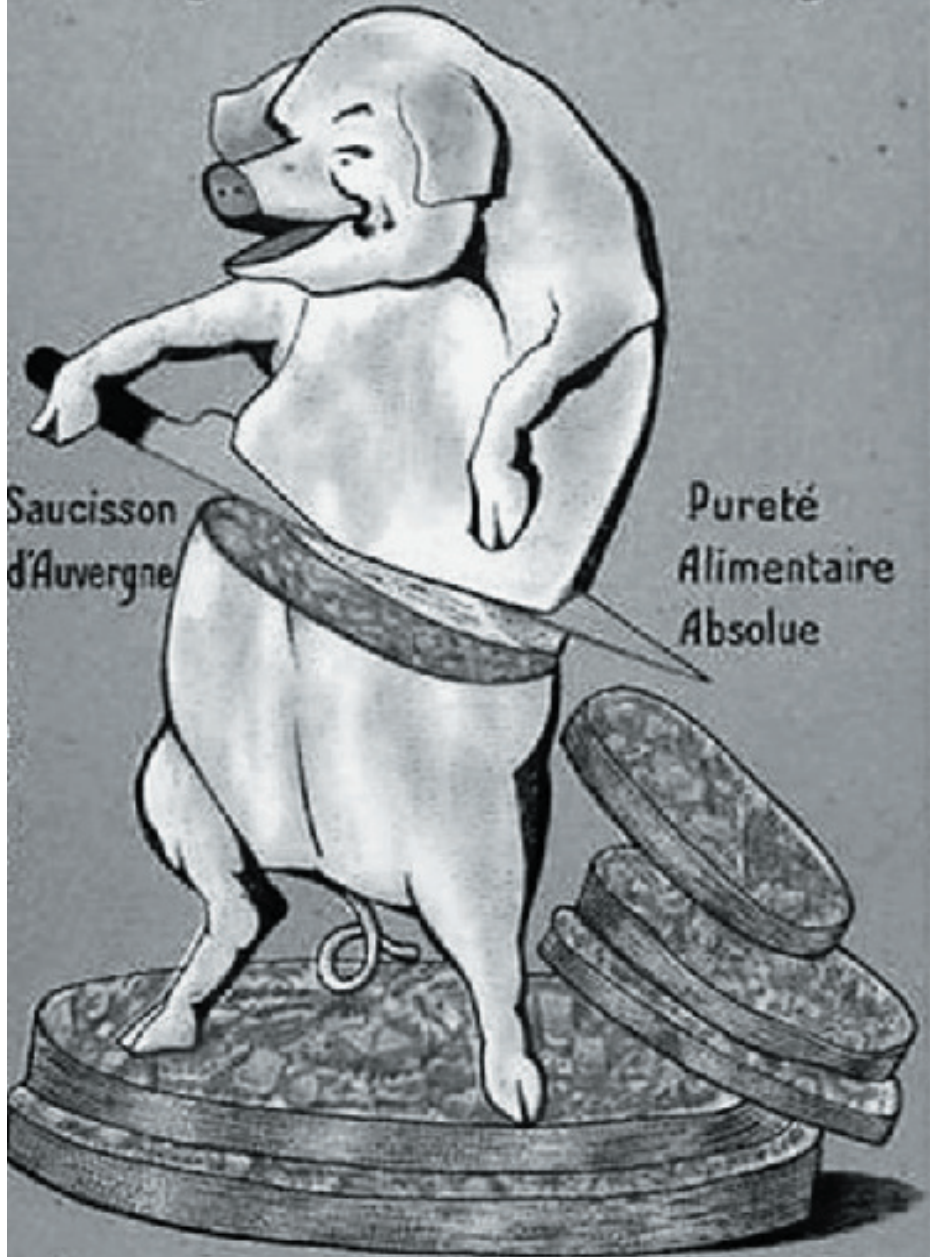


Issue #9



Save The  
Crumbs

On mange avec plaisir et.....sans fatigue :



les "bons saucissons du COCHON PRODIGE" !.

Cover Photo: "Massive Forces Oppose Man's Conquest of the Vertical Frontier" by Dan Dahl



# What You're Reading...

*Save The Crumbs* is an independent 'zine written, designed, assembled and distributed by a handful of people in Mankato who think they have something to say. We started this publication because we feel the spirit of "do it yourself" is lacking in Mankato and the surrounding areas.

*Save The Crumbs* is a collection of writings, musings, opinions, reviews, observations, artwork, and basically anything we want to print. *Save The Crumbs* is the true spirit of D.I.Y.

No advertisements. No corporate pressure. No creativity-stifling forces. No "The Man."

So, grab a copy of this thing and show it to your friends. Lend it to people. Make copies of it at your place of employment. Get the word out. Be inspired. Make your own 'zine!

If you have any questions, comments, advice, or want to submit something... send e-mail to **savethecrumbs@gmail.com**.

If you can't secure your own copy of this issue, go to **www.myspace.com/savethecrumbs** for an online version.

## CONTRIBUTERS:

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# From the Angry Desk of Juston Cline...

Dear Everybody,

So I was thinking, like I so often do, and I came to the realization that TV is for sucks! I mean if you stop and think about it, without TV we probably wouldn't have microwaves, frozen entrées, poor vision and distorted moral and social ideals. This, in my ridiculous opinion, has lead to such things as sitting on the couch for 12 hours straight, getting in emotional uproars over people that you don't know or don't actually exist, malformed buttocks, large 4x4-sized truck tires around the waste, and a generally ill disposition for anything involving the outdoors.

Now don't get me wrong, I was definitely the kid who thought my dad had no clue what so ever when he said things like "God damned kids are shooting each other, doing drugs, having sex. Jesus Christ, what next? ...It's that goddamn TV! TURN THAT SONOFABITCH OFF!" But there was some point in life when I moved out on my own and couldn't afford TV and realized, after awhile, that there was a whole lot of other things to do in life that are so much more fulfilling than watching it on the tube. Like sex for instance, way better in real life.

People have gotten so accustomed to seeking and living their dreams through the TV that they don't even realize it. Just think for a second about how much more fun and gratifying it would be to actually do some of the things that you watch on TV, like busting some guy wearing leopard panties and fighting with his tranny wife over a coke deal gone bad. Or being a pit boss at a casino and zapping cheaters with a cattle prod with a whole gang of security guards to pick up your mess. How about driving an alcohol-fueled dragster down a straight line to a blistering 200-plus MPH in 3 seconds? Alls I'm saying is if you want to experience the jungles of Thailand, don't watch *Survivor*, just go there. Or if you want to live with a bunch of strangers, play immature head games, do some drinking, have lots of sex, and have it all broadcast over the Internet, just join a fraternity. Don't waste your time watching *Big Brother*.

Break out of your safe, secure household and experience some things. I think that would solve a lot of our self-doubting, invalidating, boring, depressive, addiction-crazed lifestyles which society has somehow come to embrace. So get up! Get out! Do something! Do anything, before you wake up one day and realize that you spent 75 percent of you life living through a television company's idea of life and what you want from it.


Your Friend,  
Juston

For a better start in life  
start **COLA** earlier!



## How soon is too soon?

Not soon enough. Laboratory tests over the last few years have proven that babies who start drinking soda during that early formative period have a much higher chance of gaining acceptance and "fitting in" during those awkward pre-teen and teen years. So, do yourself a favor. Do your child a favor. Start them on a strict regimen of sodas and other sugary carbonated beverages right now, for a lifetime of guaranteed happiness.

- 
- Promotes Active Lifestyle!
  - Boosts Personality!
  - Gives body essential sugars!

**The Soda Pop Board of America**

1515 W. Hart Ave. - Chicago, ILL.

Once again, Thoroughly Surly is here to answer all your questions and make sense of the many mysteries of the universe.

## This month... **Calling 911**

I've called 911 twice in the past two months, a personal best. Unfortunately, the authorities didn't see it that way. Unbeknownst to me, your reason for calling has to meet their expectations, and by their I not only mean the 911 operators but the actual authorities themselves. In this case:

firefighters. Now, before I proceed, it's important to note that I respect people who dedicate their lives to helping others whether they are police officers, firefighters, postal carriers or nuns, but the current reasoning of some of our finest troubles me.



### **Case Study 1:**

I woke one lovely Sunday morning to find that my van window had been smashed in. I called 911. The operator asked me if there was any evidence. I said there was lots of glass. He snapped back, "That's not evidence." Sorry. I must've left my fingerprint dusting kit at home. I'm not a police officer. I haven't had the schooling to hunt down evidence. THAT'S YOUR JOB! But I digress. This terse operator proceeded to tell me that there was a police hotline I needed to call, but that it wasn't open on Sundays. I would have to wait until Monday morning. I set up an appointment to have my window repaired that afternoon, because unlike the police office, the glass replacement hotlines are open on Sunday.

### **Case Study 2:**

My lovely girlfriend and I left my apartment one evening, and she noted that it smelled like natural gas in the hallway. At first, we shrugged it off, and then we decided to call the building manager. Great idea, right? We went on our walk, and an hour later he returned our call. I said I was sorry to bother him. He said it was no big deal. HE HAD JUST GONE TO BED. I shed a tear for him. He said he'd call me back after checking it out. My girlfriend and I returned just as he exited the building. He told us he used a handheld meter to find the leak. Our neighbor had left her burner on. Our fears were confirmed. Then it got interesting. I thanked him. He went to bed, but the gas smell was so strong in my apartment that it made us sick.

We call a friend of a friend who happens to be a former fire marshal. He tells us to call 911. Now, my last attempt at calling the old emergency hotline failed. I was apprehensive to try again. He reassured us that it was the right thing to do. When I called, I made sure to explain that this was a non-emergency, as in: we just need someone to make sure the gas has dispersed enough for us to go inside. What do we get? A fire truck, squad car and an emergency vehicle. Now, I know this seemingly overkill act is to be prepared for any situation, but the first responders all griped and grumbled as they approached the building. No one said a word to us. Not even the

driver of the lead car, who was apparently some firehouse big shot. The building manager plodded up to us. As he walked by, I told him someone suggested we call. He rolled his eyes and said, "Whatever." Great. A couple minutes later, he walked out with the firehouse big shot. The manager said he had everything under control, and that the firemen didn't need to come. I WAS STANDING RIGHT THERE. I said, "Hey, a former fire marshal told us to call. We didn't know it was safe." The big shot looked at the manager and said, "Don't worry. It doesn't cost anything." That's it. He doesn't say a single word to us. He hops in his SUV and drives off. Thanks a lot buddy.

### **The Point:**

I understand that thankless jobs harden people. 911 operators and building managers deal with their fair share of garbage. Firemen and police officers work long hours and encounter unwholesome people all the time. Not to mention the danger involved with running into a burning building or a domestic dispute. But if they marginalize the genuine concerns of their constituents they shake our faith in the system. What if I hadn't called 911 because I didn't want to be treated like an idiot, and something sparked that gas leak? I suppose the ensuing explosion and blaze would have justified my call, but is that what they really want? In that case, I wish I had been in my van when the thief broke in. Maybe I would've been beaten or shot. At least then they'd take me seriously.

Obviously, the authorities have to prioritize. Some cases don't require as much attention as others. But that doesn't mean they need to talk down to callers and downplay their concerns. If you don't think this is a problem, ask the family of Edith Isabel Rodriguez who bled to death on an emergency room floor in LA last month. Two 911 calls were made, one that escalated into an argument between the caller and the operator as to whether or not Rodriguez vomiting blood constituted an emergency.

### **A Bit of Hope:**

My girlfriend was robbed last week in NYC. A man stalked her for a couple blocks. She ran, and he chased her down and stole her purse. Thankfully, she wasn't hurt. She called 911 immediately, and then she called me. Past experience told me they wouldn't do anything. Where's the evidence? Besides, it was just a purse stolen in one of the biggest cities in the world. She got a call the next morning from Detective Carmona of the NYPD. Not only did he ask her questions, he took her in his car to the scene of the crime, offered to take her to the station to look through pictures of potential perps and helped her puzzle out a way to nab the purse-snatcher (The criminal used her card to take some money out of an ATM machine. ATM machines have cameras. By using her bank statement they could track down the ATM machine he used and potentially find his picture.)

I can't explain how good it felt to know that someone was there to pick her back. My faith in the powers that be was restored. Maybe our local authorities could take note of this and learn a thing or two. Of course New York has more money and therefore a stronger police force, but they also have more crime to deal with. In Minnesota, there should be no excuse for callous service. Maybe I just happened to call people on bad days. I hope so, because if this is the rule and not the exception, we're all in trouble.



# I Can't Be Rude... But I'd Like To Be

by Emily Myers

I always seem to get those people who ask questions no one could possibly have an answer for. I look like a person who has the impossible answers? Like a sage? A master? I get all sorts of questions about myself – sometimes about what I'm doing, studying, making, thinking about, but mostly I get uniquely-gearred questions that people deem only me fit to answer. Would I rather have a giant cow kneel on my stomach for a day, or my grandma trip over her pearls into a meat grinder?

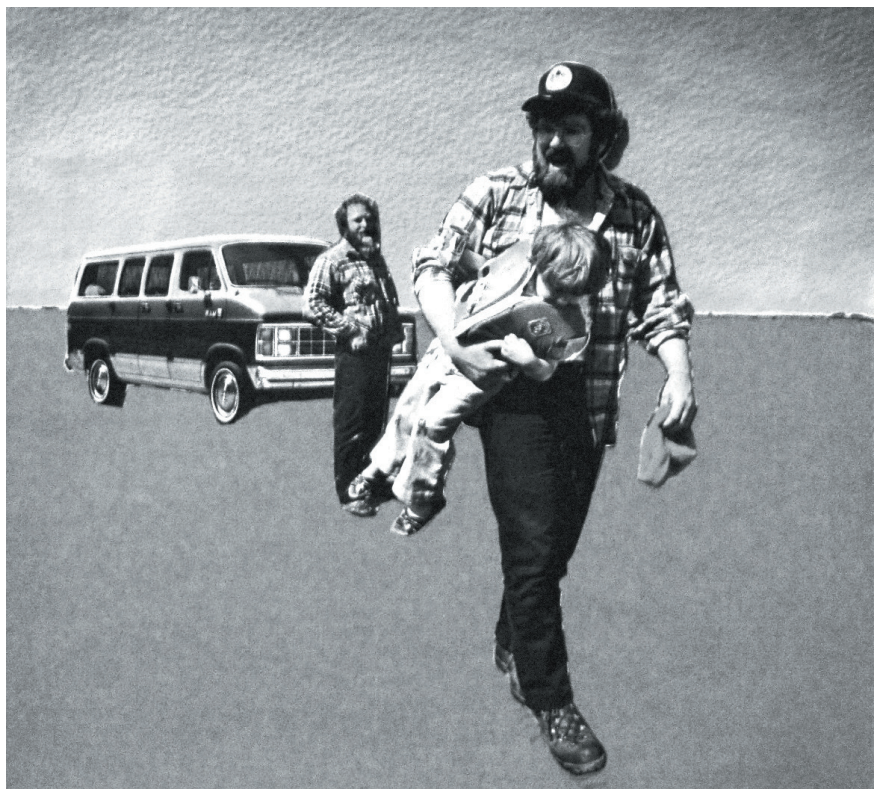
I have a lot of weird questions, too, but I would never burden anyone with a personal, morally-combative question, because of course, I'd have to judge their answer and their personality based on it. That's what makes me so uncomfortable about the impossible questions, because if I answer, something will happen – either they will hate my answer and attack me or love it and pester me. I can't give a long answer justifying my choice in order to make the outcome less severe, because usually these people are impatient, merciless, and violent. I can't just smile and laugh, because they will think I'm weak. You just can't come out ahead.

This guy who hangs around the bar next to my house always yells "There goes my future ex-wife!" and then he asks, "*Honeyloaf*, when are we finally going to get hitched and knocked-up?" right next to the, uh, dude whose *Honeyloaf* I actually am. What do I say? If I claim to be another man's *Honeyloaf*, he may hurt my *Turniptoast* – if I answer friendly, he might start attaching fishing wire to pop cans and *Turniptoast* would make fun of me forever.





Recently, I think I may have begun to realize their attachment to me – to them, I look either really uncomfortable, or very approachable – either effect being some life-sucking person’s communicational jolly. This kid always comes up to me and says, “Boy, you look really uncomfortable...” in order to make me feel even more uncomfortable. He then commences to ask me questions that could possibly make me feel awkward, but secretly, I don’t feel uncomfortable at all – he’s totally biffed! Realizing my abilities and potential, I have decided to combat the whole ordeal, officially. I have decided to attempt to shatter all former impressions of Emily Myers. Weird people; I will try to make you feel more uncomfortable/approachable than you make me feel. I will fight my burden with questions of my own, questions to your questions. What sort of clothes would *YOU* wear if you were Rob Schneider as a woman? Do *YOU* appreciate cross-stitching? Do *YOU* believe that Dustin Wilmes will live on as the official entertainment darling in the hearts and dreams of diseased children needing hope and elderly women needing a warm, kind young man filled with life and spritz, to talk to? The answer is yes, what an easy question.



“MAC AND ME” BY KENZIE ROSS

# “A” is for Anthropomorphize

by Sarah Turbes

I recently read one of David Sedaris' latest essays, "April in Paris", which focuses on his anthropomorphizing of the spiders whom reside in his home. For those of you who may not know what "anthropomorphize" means, it can best be defined as assigning human characteristics to non-human beings, objects... you get the idea. After reading the essay, I considered my own relationship with my cat, Elliot, and dog, Berry. Stephen's brother once said that we were "anthropomorphizing" Berry. While I don't really feel that the word conjures up negative imagery, I couldn't help but feel a bit offended, as if he thought we were being "ridiculous" and maybe he was just trying to get us riled up. Treating animals like they have human-like characteristics is hardly ridiculous because sometimes they do exhibit characteristics that have been claimed by the "humans". I mean, people even anthropomorphize their vehicles and that's not even considered all that strange. The only anthromorphizing I did with my vehicles was by offering them a name; first was "Myrtle" (who already came with a name), "Subaruby" the Subaru, Henry aka "Hank" the Honda, and then the naming of my cars ended. My old roommate had given names to our philodendrons, "Betty", I believe, but I don't remember the other name. If I had considered it bizarre, I would have remembered the names and details. Without trailing off to a boring discussion on plant and cars with names usually dedicated to humans, I'll move onto the pet discussion. "Oh, goody!" some of you might be thinking or even saying out loud. And it will either be exclaimed with a genuine interest or full of sarcasm. And that's okay.

As I've aged, I've preferred the company of my animals over many people. I'm not including my "true" human friends in this comparison, but there are moments when I've decided I'm too damn tired (and perhaps too old) to put up with the drama and my assumed "downfall" of new friendships/relationships. To many people this attitude could appear as problematic and I understand that, but my point to be taken from all of this is the age old belief that animals are unconditional, at least more so than most people. I'll be the first to admit that I'm shy rather than mistakenly snobbish and am afraid of judgment. I want to be liked, not loved, but liked. I don't like it when someone could take me or leave me. Yet it's ironic that I'm afraid of judgment because when it concerns people and their relationships with their pets I've been judgmental and sometimes still am. Not too long ago, I was watching an animal talent show; a retired aged woman brought out her Beta fish, the small fish that spend their solitary lives in a bowl the size of a mayonnaise jar. The Beta's name was "Billy" and she had claimed that through her commands, he could jump out of the water to retrieve a treat. I immediately felt embarrassed for her because I knew what everyone was thinking and even I was skeptical. The show's host, Mario Lopez, showed the most outward support for Billy's tricks. The trick started out slow, Billy ignored the woman. She tapped the glass; pleaded with him, even threatened no kisses and then he seemed to follow her commands briefly. But the whole attempt failed. The celebrity judges got uneasy, the crowd

cheered Billy on, and the sponsors were owed their 15 second commercial. I felt bad for Billy and the woman. More so for her, mostly because I thought she was lonely and a little silly. I remember going to a garage sale when I was young and seeing a woman with a beehive hairdo, who resembled a retro “Farside” character, with her small dog in her purse. This was before it became fashionable and socially acceptable to put an expensive toy/teacup sized dog in an equally as expensive handbag. As she whispered to her bag while browsing the bargain table, I couldn’t help but stare and think that she was downright weird. Did she carry on like this all the time? Was she one of those women who positioned her dog on her bosom as she drove, sometimes carelessly, down the street? I have never approved of driving with a dog or even another animal in your lap. I mean, what if you got in an accident? I shudder to think of the tragedy. I am fortunate with the option of taking Berry to work with me each day and I often feel that I should purchase a dog seat belt for him, especially when he’s playing “navigator”, when he perches precariously on the back seat and the divider between the two front seats. But as careless as I might appear to other animal enthusiasts, I will and have done anything regarding Berry’s health.

It wasn’t too long ago that we drove ten minutes to the vet at 2:30 in the morning to find out why Berry had been panting, almost spasmodically, for eight hours. The main concern was that he was having a complication related to his diabetes. When I first got Berry, about three years ago when he was two, he was a bit overweight yet seemed healthy. About a year and a half later, I found out he was diabetic and the numerous frustrating, tear evoking (on our part), expensive tests and insulin adjustments made me realize that my dog was more or less like a child. While I’m not trying to sound like a martyr, Berry’s health comes first. I say this because I currently don’t have health insurance and feel that I’m relatively healthy, but also because Berry’s completely dependent on me. He was before in the usual dog sense, but now each day consists of scheduled feeding and two shots of insulin. This responsibility and vital step in sustained living has brought us closer together, Berry and I, but his personality alone keeps me hopelessly devoted. Not to worry, I won’t break into some tacky parody of the “Grease” love song. I love Berry because he has a unique, endearing, easy-to-love personality. While many people may think, “Of course you think that way, he’s YOUR dog”, but even self-proclaimed pug “not my favorite breed” type of people have been won over by Berry. It could be because he evokes a sort of enthusiasm for life and people (even strangers) that most people are never able to achieve. He always tries to “win” people over, but knows when he’s in company of dog “dislikers”...I can’t utter the word “haters”. He simply makes his attempt at friendship and then aborts the attempt when no attention is given. I assume that he’s not offended because he gets enough attention for about five or six dogs. The first summer Berry entered my life, he was almost three. We decided it might be fun to have a party (with party hats and confetti) and dressed him up in a polo shirt, made him a small piece of steak and watched some Disney dog movie. He didn’t mind the shirt; he hated the hat, loved the meat, fell asleep during the movie after barking briefly, and was scared of the confetti. So, yes, while we treat him like our child, we know that he is, in fact, a dog.

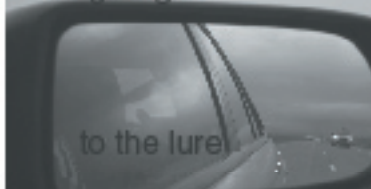
*“A” is for Anthropomorphize cont’d...*

I realize I’ve rambled on about Berry without mentioning Elliot; it’s not that she’s any less important or less loved, but she’s more independent, easier to deal with, a classic cat personality. Elliot is the first pet or “animal companion” (a term I try to use since taking a feminist philosophy course that focused on our connection to non-human species), that I had as an adult. Her cute, runt of the litter, stray kitten personality quickly dissipated when I realized that she was a monster of a cat. I’ll be honest; it was really hard to love her for a long time. She bit me every night, preferred my male friends over me, and was constantly trying to eat any human food (including alcoholic beverages). She was exhausting, a kind of cat I could only truly love. I was reluctant to let Berry enter our lives because it didn’t seem fair to me, Elliot or even Berry. Fortunately, all became calm when Berry came along. Elliot will always be a “sassy” cat who prefers to use her teeth for play fights, but she actually enjoys Berry. Although she has only been given remnants of tuna and an occasional piece of popcorn, she still begs for human food right beside Berry. She has a particular sort of craving for sugary foods. If I brought home any pastry item from work, she’d find it in less than 5 minutes and I would find it later with little corners missing. A couple winters back, I received a package with hot chocolate mix. She went from her constant state of relaxation to a stance similar to that of a prairie dog; on her hind legs, belly to the ground and sniffing the apparently sugary air. I often think if Elliot were human she would be a woman with a fierce temper unevenly balanced with sweetness. She would be proud of her “more to love” body and flaunt it around for every man to admire. She’d verbally argue and win with a piercing glare. She might even smoke menthol cigarettes and wear a shirt with the slogan, “Give me chocolate and no one gets hurt!”

I used to feel sorry for friends that only grew up with hamsters or guinea pigs because I sort of felt that cats, dogs and larger breeds of animals made the best pets, the truest of companions. And while I’ve judged Billy the Beta’s human companion, I realize that Billy means the world to her. If I had smaller animals, I would care for them just the same. While I’m aware that there are people in the world who find animals “filthy”, incapable of exhibiting love or appreciation, and definitely not worthy of sharing a space with humans, let alone treated like humans. I think animal companions enrich a person’s life, bring responsibility when it’s needed, and makes one feel a little less alone. I’ve had cats, dogs, and other small animals pass away, but it seemed easier to deal with because the animals lived at my mom’s house and she was better at preparing us for death. A couple months back, I was bored and decided to watch videos of pug puppies on YouTube. I came across a video memorializing a family’s pug. The slideshow of pictures was accompanied by an annoyingly sappy Phil Collins song and I could only bring myself to watch less than a minute before breaking into a sob. Yes, a sob. I cannot allow myself to think of losing Berry or even Elliot and while they are no where close to dying, it won’t be easy. For me, it will be like losing a best friend, a close relative and maybe even a child. Before I allow myself to get into a misty-eyed panic, I will continue to appreciate my animal companions, create human like scenarios and throw as many parties as I want, but of course, without the hats and confetti.



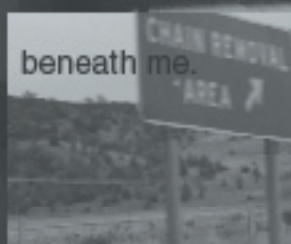
The roadtrip  
begins  
with a stirring  
a yearning  
for a dirty  
windshield  
movie  
and giving in



of the gritty whore  
that would purr



beneath me.



by John Maiers

# I Must Look Stupid

by Marshel Rossow

At least to a growing number of computer users in my classes.

Computers have been the basic tool of the classrooms in my discipline at Minnesota State University, Mankato since the fall quarter of 1984. The transition way back then was an abrupt one, from manual typewriters to the newfangled Apple IIe with its monstrous 64K memory.

Back in those days, the Internet had already been invented by Al Gore or God or whoever the hell actually invented it. And e-mail existed, too, if you had access to the necessary technology in the military or higher education. But for students in the classroom? Hell, they were lucky to have enough computer memory to write a semi-long story without running out of electronic space. Many in that first computer class had never touched a computer keyboard, and they were nervous enough with the new technology that they didn't spend much time "messaging around" with the machines -- not that there was much to "mess around" with in those early days.

But somewhere along the way, the "I" word, accompanied, of course, by the "E" word, began to rear its beautiful/ugly head in university classrooms across the country. And so, by the time we arrived at the present, most students had been immersed in the Internet, e-mail, and other electronic communication technologies since they were in elementary school. They had been raised without the often-paralyzing fear of previous generations that pushing the wrong buttons and keys on the keyboard would most certainly destroy both the hardware and software and quite possibly render them blind and probably sterile.

It is, thus, quite natural today for students bred and born in a high-tech world to come into the classroom and, in the minutes before class begins, do some light Internet cruising, e-mail checking, game-playing or whatever their electronic spirit dictates at the moment. But...

Sooner or later, class must begin. And, almost inevitably, as I try to explain the day's assignment to the students or to comment on returned work or to provide a hint of what the next class meeting or so will bring, someone (or two or three) is sitting at his/her chosen computer station, typing away, running the poor mouse ragged, occasionally displaying a grimace or grin or grunt because of something that pops up on the screen.

Does it matter that my course syllabi in recent years have all included a

line that says, "Use of computers during classtime for anything other than the day's assigned work will result in a penalty including, but not limited to, spending half of eternity in hell, and the other half in a classroom"? To some students, apparently not.

This is where the "I must look stupid" thought enters in. Because what student in a rational frame of reasoning, even at 8:13 a.m. on a Friday, would think that perhaps, in a class of 15 or so students and with the professor not more than, say, 4-1/2 feet away, the illicit use of the computer would go unnoticed?

More than you might think.

I have more than once had students so engrossed in their pursuit of happiness via e-mail or the Internet that they haven't noticed my approach to their shoulder until I suggest, with almost grandfatherly kindness, patience and grace, "Please turn it the hell off or get the hell out!"

This kind of reprimand always -- always! -- tends to dampen the class mood for the day, because it makes everyone feel uncomfortable -- the culprit, the onlookers, me. (And believe me, in an 8 a.m. Friday class, I don't need anything beyond the class' very existence to dampen the mood.)

Students, at some point in acquiring an education, must realize and accept, if not embrace, the idea that certain things just aren't considered appropriate activities in the classroom. You know -- nose-picking, farting out loud, poking a pencil in a classmate's eye, light masturbation -- things that don't particularly lend themselves to furthering the education process, at least as it pertains to the class at hand. Devoting zero attention to the class business of the day and 100 percent to that e-mail from <drunkbabe69@aol.com> or to that anatomically educational "Babes R Us" website <horny-n-ornerly.com> falls into that "inappropriate activity" category.

A growing body of research suggests that Internet use can be addictive. The phenomenon even has a name: Cyberaddiction. So are educators facing a losing struggle against outlaw computer use in their classrooms? Maybe it's as hopeless as dealing with any other addiction -- never gonna get the two-packs-a-day-at-\$4-a-pack smoker to give up standing outside when it's 12 below zero just to suck in a lungful or two of carcinogens between classes, or the truly accomplished drinker to stay at home on Friday night to curl up with a good book. But, in the classroom, I'll keep working on a cure. I figure what the hell -- I'm gonna try to give students what they paid for, whether they want it or not. If you wish, just call that stupid.

# Om, No Not Again! or Dharma Drama

by Esther Marcella

Now, I'm not a Buddhist Master, but my ego is. My ego ascended through a personality conflict I shared with a Buddhist monk—our egos clashed and clanged like pretty-pretty wind-chimes.

Now, if you had asked “What kind of an A-hole can't get along with a Buddhist monk?” I'd have asked, “What kind of Buddhist monk can't get along with an A-hole?” And what kind of Priest can't get along with a kid A-hole? Father Creedance, an uncle of a friend, once asked me to sit in a corner on a chair until I admitted to him that man and woman had been created at separate times. So at 10 and at 30, I've felt the guilt of being at odds with men of the cloth, both a stiff, black and white cloth and a flowing, red and saffron cloth.

Humbly, I gifted the monk a peace offering, a light bulb—a new, fluorescent, good for the environment light bulb. The kind that sucks all of the moisture out of your eye balls and then returns it to the eco-system. It was symbolic—in my little passive-aggressive way—a light for a light. I thought I was acting with ‘loving-kindness.’ In fact, I thought I kicked monk-butt in ‘loving kindness.’ I felt peaceful as I stepped down off the front stoop. Branch level with a white flowering tree, a perfumed gush of wind smacked me in the face and Nirvana sang to me, “Hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, hello, hello . . . I never have to give my power away ever again! Yet, I do have to look in this monk-mirror and see what a big, stubborn



bastard I am! I'm putting my principle before another human being and in turn, he is valuing his belief\* over me. How can I balance being my own authority and not being a B.S.B.?"

The other *Tao* I heard a story. A student climbs the mountain to the teacher and asks the teacher for shoulders. And the teacher says, "I can't give you shoulders. You already have shoulders." All of my life, I've asked many people to give me shoulders, only to pull away when dogmas and creeds got too hot and heavy. It didn't feel right. It has never felt right, inside, to get my truth, outside. I've matured enough to know that when someone sets a plateful of paradigm in front of me I don't have to throw it against the wall, screaming, nor do I have to wolf it down call it salvation! If it's me, a bite feels right in my stomach.

If you're like me, no authority-authority figure has ever told you how powerful you are. Well, you are powerful. You are capable of creating your own paradigms. And you're good looking! Damn good looking! And if my plateful of paradigm doesn't feel right to you, you can do better for yourself, hottie.

I've been a recovering Buddhist for the past year. I say this because I think it's funny, and because I'm still passive-aggressive—just a smidge. But I am grateful to Father Creedance and the Buddhist monk. They have been two of my greatest teachers. I've had to learn the hard-nosed way before I learned to look, once again within to the yellow truth that has been flowering and pulsating all my life.

\*His belief that time is linear and mine, that it doesn't matter. It's a silly reason for two beings—trying to transcend time and everything—to dislike each other, but you know I . . . I don't have an excuse. But I am about to have my redeeming satori up there in the body right now.

# Mankato, We Hardly Knew Ye...

by Dustin Wilmes

Why is it that everyone complains about Mankato? I've had this conversation with a few people as of late and we've all agreed that Mankato is actually pretty not bad. You can't tell me you don't get a warm feeling every time you watch *Little House on the Prairie* and hear Laura Ingalls talk about going to Mankato with her pa. It was designated as the "14th Most Livable Micropolitan City in the Nation," so what seems to be the trouble?

For the most part, Mankato has just about everything you could ask for. If you like to hang around outdoors, you could go to Rasmussen Woods, take a trip on the Red Jacket Trail, hang out with some goats at Sibley Park, or go to one of the dozens of other cool parks and trails around town. We even have a park with its own waterfalls.

In addition to that, you have the Emy Frentz Art Guild, the reBike program, cheap movies at the Maverick Theater, a mountain for skiing, our own locally-produced television show dedicated to polka (*Bandwagon*) and most importantly, a kick-ass Mexican restaurant (Mazatlan, I'm looking in your direction.) If I may be so bold, I might even argue that *Save the Crumbs* is one of the great things you can find around these parts.

Granted, there are some things about Mankato that aren't so great. For example, why would a "soon-to-be struggling" coffee shop open right next door to an "already-struggling" coffee shop? I'm all for free trade and a person's right to open a business and sell whatever goods and services he/she sees fit, but doesn't this seem kind of dangerous? I'd really hate to have an independent coffee-house war erupt downtown. Being a coffee shop in downtown Mankato must stack the deck against staying afloat the way it is. If these places go under, do we replace them with more Starbucks?

Also, have you noticed that the sporting goods store in the River Hills Mall has an escalator that leads to a fudge shop? A fudge shop! As if the big, fake tree and the stuffed safari animals weren't weird enough. To be fair though, being a fat, lazy crumb bum isn't exclusive to Mankato. It's really America's pastime.

...Oh yeah, and Wal-Mart.

Even though the positives seem to outweigh the negatives around here, people are still quick to pick up and move away. Why don't you stay and do something about the injustices in the land of "A little Twin Cities, a lot Minnesota" rather than jump ship? Incorporate a little walk with your talk. Change things for the better.

Maybe you could volunteer somewhere? Maybe you could form an organization? Maybe you could run for office? Maybe you could make a difference? Or maybe you could just move to Oregon? It seems like that's the Mecca for disgruntled Mankatoans. ...Don't forget your hacky sack.

# A Kid That Drank Too Much Cola With His Two Cents

by Melissa Windom

I noticed that candle over there. Did you know that a majority of house fires are caused by candles? Better reconsider that light source before you are burned alive.

Do you moisturize? In Minnesota winters, skin can get very dry.

I do like that dog of yours. Did you know that the majority of pit bulls are raised incorrectly; they can slaughter humans and other animals? Wish people that owned pit bulls would stop being jerk-offs and just raise the pit bulls to be companions.

Did you know that my dog can pull me up hills on my long board? He's not even a sled dog. He was bred to retrieve dead birds.

If I were a director I would certainly be pissed about certain actors/actresses being all uppity. They should just be grateful to even get a part in a movie.

My other dog keeps escaping from his pin. I do not know how to comprehend this feat.

I hope I get donkeys in the spring. I would name them Ozone and Turbo, in honor of the movie *Breakin'*. If they already have names, I guess I will settle on that as well.

Fast food places with fryers should pay their workers more.

Fryer burns just aren't legit. It's abuse in the workplace by a machine.

Did you know that when a person says they are going berserk, they may not realize how extreme of a state that would be?



# The Start

by Jose Aguilon Jr.

The sun starts to set and stars start to shine.

Leaves start to grow in spring and start falling in fall.

Rain turns into snow and water turns into ice.

Happiness turns into sadness and frowns turn into sorrow.

Life starts to hurt and with time the pain goes away.

Memories start to fade away and then forget the past.

Hair turns gray and skin turns into wrinkles.

Light turns into darkness and fear turns loose.

A heart starts to heal and another one is broken.

Another smile starts to appear and another tear begins to fall.

Birth turns into death and funerals turn into gatherings.

Water turns to wine and man turns evil.

# Haikus

by john c maxwell

Some guy at my work  
just treated me like an ass  
in fact he is one

Dark clouds block the sun  
Maybe a shower today  
This is the season

The thirtieth day  
is generally the last  
day of the long month



# **A Map To Burn**

**by Dan Durdahl**

**Hardly will be enough, if too heavy  
to hold. Pried from dead  
hands. Hidden there may you  
find in your head looking:  
the locket, the switch,  
and the key.**

**But only if no one is looking –  
Open. Suck out the contents,  
travel them, like that, in the belly,  
to a place (unnamed) in  
between, spill those guts  
to the sea.**

**Sky there hanging, succulent  
and fresh. Sky here hanging –  
its summer flesh stretched  
across clouds like a drum. A pulse.**

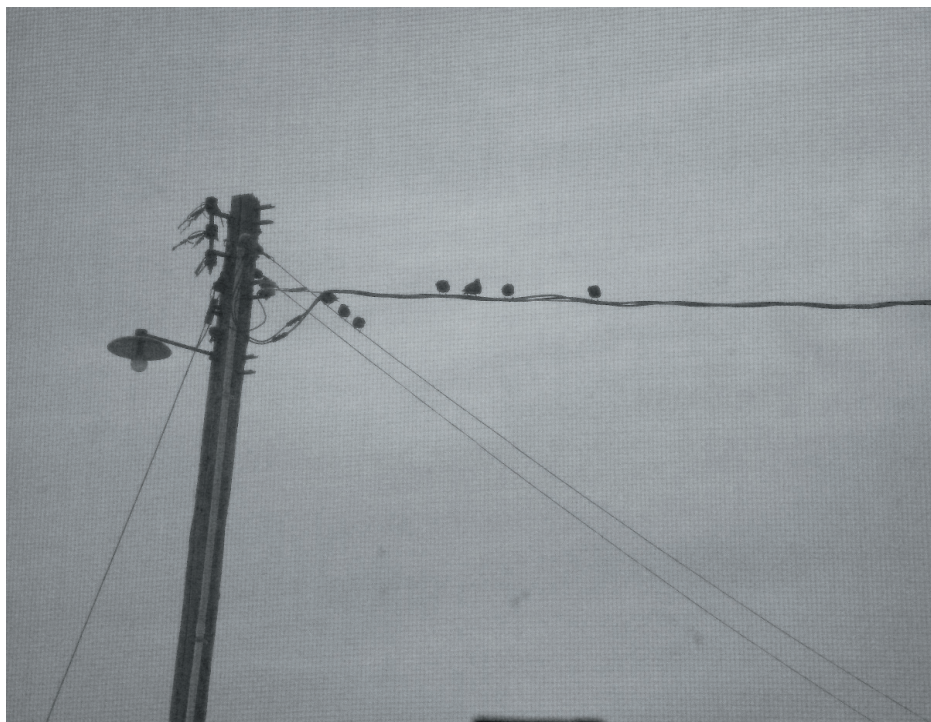
**Do it quick. I am not holding my breath,  
but the sand waits to bury, to find.**



**Photos:**

**Above:** “Prayer Conditioning” by Geneva Sarni

**Below:** “They Say It’s Spring” by Sarah Turbes





**Photos:**

**Above:** “Go Nuts!” by Juston Cline

**Below:** “Just Slap Something On There” by Ashley Birk



