

Issue #12

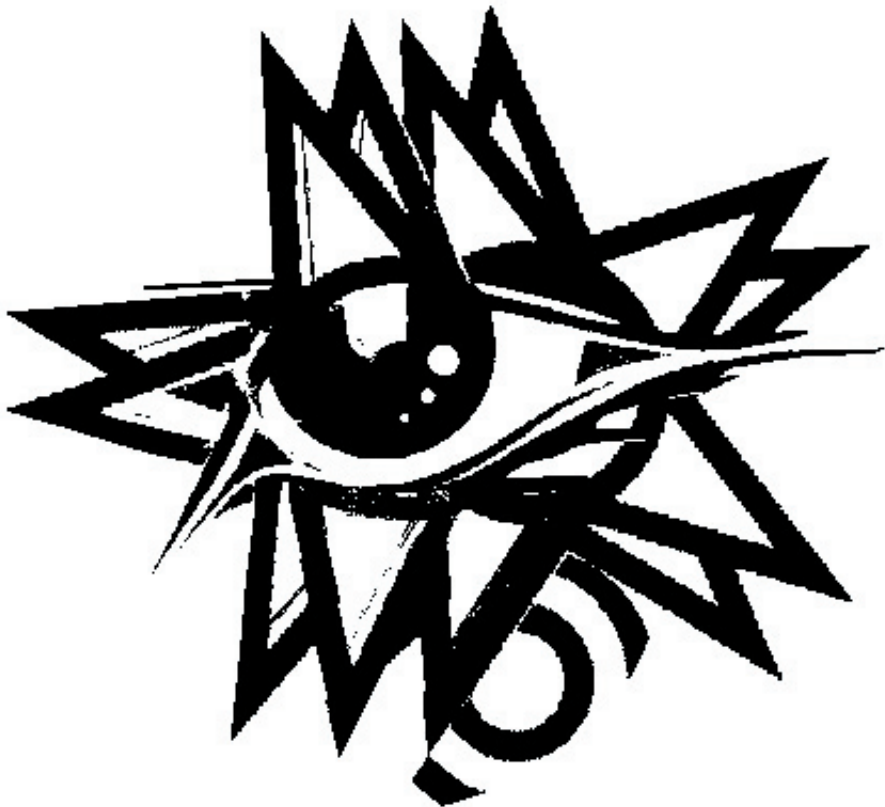


Save The  
Crumbs

# Reader Response

Hey! I am so thrilled to learn of your 'zine and the D.I.Y. philosophy surrounding it. Back in the '90s, I was part of the greatest D.I.Y. scene here in Mankato. Bands popped up everywhere in town, all fueled by each other and the energy of the D.I.Y. belief. It was ours and nobody else had to understand it, but it was real. We drew in many other D.I.Y. bands, like Green Day. They were D.I.Y. back then, believe me. The Offspring, Rancid, Jawbreaker, The Bouncing Souls, from all around the nation. Keep up the good work!

- Eric Bunde



"Tattoo design; glamor eye #1 (Morning Star)"

by Andrew M. McLean

-Andrew can be reached at [thebiggerboom@gmail.com](mailto:thebiggerboom@gmail.com)-

# 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.savethecrumbs.com** for online versions of every issue.

## CONTRIBUTERS:

Dustin Wilmes, John Maiers, Juston Cline,  
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Once again, Thoroughly Surly is here to answer all your questions and make sense of the mysteries of the universe.

This month... **Kissing**

**Editor's Note:**

**In the wake of the disappearance of our regular columnist's article, we have published this article by Rev. Fred Father. Send all hate mail to [savethecrumbs@gmail.com](mailto:savethecrumbs@gmail.com). Thanks...**



As we fight to preserve the sanctity of marriage from those naughty homosexuals, I thought I might draw the attention of my fellow good fundamentalist soldiers to another unnatural act that must be wiped from the face of the earth: Kissing.

The bleeding hearts just don't understand that we fight for what's natural.

**One man plus one woman.** (Ignore that seemingly natural urge to lay with the woman you saw bathing, impregnate her, and then send her husband into battle to die. If your willpower fails, you can always ask for forgiveness later. If you don't believe me, just ask King David.)

**For procreation only.** (Don't be fooled, those supposed believers who use birth control, the ones who load up on hormones to get pregnant, and the monks and priests who swear off sexual activity all together are just as unnatural as the homosexuals.)

Brothers and Sisters, we must stop pressing our lips together. Kissing was invented. Vaughn Bryant, an anthropologist at Texas A&M, traced the first recorded kiss back to India somewhere around 1500 B.C. He believes the kiss spread with Alexander the Great into the western world. A sinful disease, if you ask me.

There are many human communities from Africa to the Himalayas that don't kiss at all. A large percentage of these communities find kissing absurd, even disgusting. Just how we, the pillars of the moral community, find homosexual acts. Even more reason to avoid kissing at all costs.



You might be thinking, our instruction manual doesn't say anything bad about kissing. You're wrong. The single most heinous act in all of the scriptures was initiated by a kiss. The betrayal of Jesus. And since there are no contradictions in our infallible Good Book, there's no reason to bother looking further. Okay?

(And, in case you're one of those on-the-fence types who tends to think for themselves, there is an argument for a biological predisposition to kiss in man and beast, but don't worry, that argument is based largely in science, the same science that deemed homosexuality a natural phenomena, so it's of no importance to us saved folks.)

So, the next time your wife or husband—hear that homos—wants to kiss you on the lips, or anywhere else for that matter, tell them no. And join the anti-kissing movement, because kissing, as beautiful a way it is to express our love for one another, is unnatural and therefore unacceptable. Call your local political representative and ask them to “say no to suck and blow in 09” and join the good fight to preserve the natural sanctity of marriage.

--Rev. Fred Father



A spark came down, a seed was planted. Through the wild plants,  
the lush, multi-colored bloom rose vibrantly to the sky, then into the  
Heavens.. : :... :-... (@),~-'-~-

- Jason Frazier

# From the Angry Desk of Juston Cline...

Dear Everybody,

What is life all about? Does anyone really know? I mean, I think there are a lot of people who think they know, but don't really. There are those who dedicate their lives to science or schooling or athletics or religion or sitting on the couch and watching TV or drinking beverages or growing things, the list goes on. But I think it comes down to what you want as in individual, and figuring that out seems to be the hardest part. Many times in my life I thought I had it all figured out, only to be drastically disappointed.

First I wanted to be an air force pilot and fly jets. Then I wanted to be Michael Jackson. Then I wanted to drive semi-truck like my dad. Then I wanted to be a rock guitar god. Then a drag racer. None of these things actually happened though. I mean, I got to fly a plane once, but it was a single-prop Cessna and I was only the co-pilot. I was Michael Jackson in my own head for about a year once, but that doesn't really count. I got to drive a semi-truck from my dad's lap several times until one day he let me try on my own. It was a success, but not cool enough to devote my life to. The rock guitar god is debatable I guess. There a few people out there that would dispute the fact, but then again, those people have only heard me and maybe three others play the guitar, so go figure. My drag racing career never left the streets of my hometown, so needless to say, that never took off.

Now I work for a wireless company, do a radio show on the side, and write little articles for this 'zine. None of these will probably become my life's work either. What the hell will I do next? I think maybe life is just all about doing the things that make you happy and feel fulfilled. The sad thing is I'm not sure I know what that is anymore. But I'm sure something will come up, whether it is a new hobby or a glorious adventure. Maybe I'll start studying the solar system or walking dogs for a living or meet someone in another state far, far away somehow and develop some crazy texting relationship that no one can understand including us? Either way it goes, I hope it's fun, cause I need a change.

Your Friend,  
Juston

# F to the U Investors

By Joe Eggen

I'll be the first to admit, I don't really watch the news. And honestly, I don't care much about 95 percent of the news because it doesn't affect my life. It has affected my life before, but I know the media spins it how it wants and it tends to focus on negative news. Plus, the media reports on things that are ongoing for months so you can't track one thing to completion without watching nonstop, and I just don't get into that. I'm rambling...

So, my point is that I never heard about this Madoff guy until Christmas when the family was talking about him and, like all nerds, I went to the web to see what the big deal was. For those who don't know, he was in charge of a massive investing company and had upwards of more than \$30 billion invested through the company. He used new investors' money to pay old investors without doing any actual work. Well, his scheme fell apart and a lot of people lost a lot of money, including people overseas. Let that sink it a bit. He had more than \$30 billion invested through him but only \$200 million in actual money. My mind still reels over how many people this will effect and what the consequences of this will be.

While reading up on this guy, I read one of his clients, René-Thierry Magon de la Villehuchet, a founding member of a large oversea corp. who invested \$1.5 billion with Madoff, killed himself after this scheme fell apart. This is the real point of this article. My mind still tries to wrap around what was inside this guy's head when he killed himself, because indeed, he lost the money and maybe his company, but what gets me is he'd rather not live than have his 'stuff.' His status meant more to him than the most valuable thing anyone can have, life. If he did lose anything, he'd rather quit than fight back and re-earn what was taken. I still find it funny the value people put on having money, like it's the most important thing in this world. It's worth more than life itself. Like when the employee at Wal-Mart was killed this Thanksgiving. You think the company really cared? My guess is they had the press memo already typed because it seems to happen every year at some Wal-Mart. To me, people need to realize that life needs to be about happiness. Money is a small part of that. It's important to have, but once you get so much, you don't need more to be happy. I have to go spend some time with the family, an activity that brings me happiness and requires no money. Just think about that...

# The Quest For Jerkin' It

## by Dustin Wilmes

I realize that I may be a little young to be writing a “when I was your age” article, but my bitterness seems to grow more and more each day. Have you ever stopped to think about the impact that the Internet has had on everyone’s life? I’m sure you have at one time or another. If you are over the age of 25, let me ask you another question. Have you ever thought about the impact the Internet didn’t have on you as a child? Do you feel cheated?

When I was a boy in the ‘80s (here we go) I didn’t have access to computers until I was in first or second grade, and even then it was limited to an hour or two a week. The black and green-screened Apple II computers were used almost exclusively for playing games that secretly masked the fact that we were learning basic arithmetic and geography. Granted, I had fun gobbling common denominators in *Number Munchers*, gathering two pounds of meat after shooting rabbits and dying of dysentery in *Oregon Trail*, and dodging 40 percent chance of rains in that game called *Lemonade Stand*, but that’s about all these machines had to offer.

When it came to schoolwork in elementary school, you still had to sit in the library for hours trying to figure out a way to reword the same encyclopedia entry everyone else had to reference in order to pass it off as your own work. And of course, you couldn’t use the computers to type a report. You had to write it longhand. In cursive no less, which grades three through six seemed to be entirely devoted to learning the art of. Do kids today still have to learn cursive? They’ll never realize the numerous varieties of ass it sucks to have to write everything in cursive.

When you got home from school, kids of the ‘80s and early ‘90s usually blew off some steam by playing Nintendo (or Super Nintendo if you were one of the richies.) Now, in those times, buying and/or receiving Nintendo games as gifts was sometimes hit and miss. Sure, word of mouth on the playground usually kept everyone in the know about sweet games like *Kid Icarus* and *Castlevania*, but how many times did you receive a kick in the proverbial sack on your birthday or Christmas when a confused parent bought you something like *The Adventures of Dino Riki* or *Back to the Future*? You’d think a game based on *Back to the Future* would be awesome, right? Wrong answer McFly!

The kids of that era had no Internet to look up screenshots and reviews to warn them of the impending doom that was about to engulf their summer vacation because they spent all their allowance on *Yo! Noid*. I guess there was the option of subscribing to *Nintendo Power* for help (once again, cue the richies), but for the most part, you had to buy a game based on what the box looked like and hope for the best. The worst part is, most new games cost



anywhere from \$30 to \$60. There wasn't the option of downloading emulators online and trying out games for free. If your blue-collar mom spent all your birthday present money on a game that ended up laying an egg, you were stuck with it and had to make the best of it. If the game was too hard, you had to bust open your piggy bank and call the Nintendo Hotline. There was no way to look up cheat codes.

And don't even get me started on music downloading. There was no place to go for quick access to pirated bootlegs. As everyone knows, the newest Kanye West single is always a click away. In fact, anything you could ever want is there for the taking at no cost or consequence (assuming you aren't a seven-year-old girl or an old grandma.) Before the Internet, I spent many days waiting for a radio station to play a song I liked so I could capture it on a cassette tape, always missing the first 10 seconds while fumbling with the record button and being stuck with the deejay's shitty outro-ramp on the last 10 seconds. On Friday nights, I would sit eye-damagingly close to the TV, holding up my portable radio to the TV speaker so I could record the audio from Kool Moe Dee videos off of *Yo! MTV Raps*. In a roundabout way, I think I can thank Doctor Dré and Ed Lover for my current career in radio.

As kids grew older, they sometimes had the urge to relieve stress with something other than video games and hot new jams. Nowadays, kids of all ages have access to every kind of uncouth, crude, unmitigated, bawdy sex act known and unknown to man on the World Wide Web. Guy on girl, eight guys on girl, girl on girl, girl on Doberman, two girls and a cup, the list goes on. Back in the day though, unless you were one of the fortunate kids to have a clueless father with a voracious appetite for the printed page and a poorly-hidden library of girlie mags in his garage, or perhaps a friend who stumbled upon a suggestive VHS tape in his parents' bedroom (the holy grail for pent-up tweens and teens), you had to get creative with your after-school activities.

There were some kids who knew a guy who knew a guy who had a friend who had a sister who had a ladder outside her bedroom window. There were other kids, equipped with baggy Starter jackets and nerves of steel, who had the gumption to shoplift *Penthouse Forum* from their local gas station. Most kids though (me included) had to settle for staying up past their bedtime to "get the job done" whilst trying to decipher elbows from boobs amongst the fleshie blobs on scrambled Cinemax. If you were lucky, you might catch some soft-core cinema starring Shannon Tweed, instead of that rerun of *Real Sex 23* starring those old, saggy hippies from that nudist colony. The lengths a kid will go to jerk it...

So, the next time you get home from a hard day at the office and plop down at your computer to unwind with a video of a barely-legal farm gal and her horse friend, take a moment to reflect on the hardships of the less-fortunate kids who "came" before you and thank your lucky stars you have the Internet. God bless you, Al Gore.

# How I Came to Be

By Melissa Windom

Seeing old pictures of my parents when they were my age gives me the feeling that they were pretty laid back and content with the way their lives were heading. I keep a documented picture of them on my shelf in my room; it shows my dad, a senior in high school, with his plain, gray T-shirt and worn-in Levi jeans and my mother, a freshman, with a cute white shirt and comfortable jeans, both appearing nonchalant, standing in front of my dad's first car, a Chevy. I love this picture because my parents seem like the kind of couple I would enjoy hanging out, with doing the following activities; talking about animals, going for bike rides, skipping rocks into bodies of water, and listening to music. This picture also makes me think of them going through many of their first rights of passages; first love, independence gained by owning a car, and appreciation of music.

My parents are high school sweethearts. My dad is four years older than my mom, I was told many times by my aunts and uncle that my mother's parents did not approve of my father at first but slowly grew to love him. Their families lived a few miles from one another in a small town called Elbow Lake.

I have never asked my parents how they met and fell in love. Maybe I should since I am not very good at relationships myself. I am just going to guess: I think they both had crushes on each other and eventually my dad, the shy guy he is, built up the courage to ask my mother out on a date. He approached her after school and told her how much he liked her. She confessed that she liked him as well. The first date consisted of him bringing her out to the lake in his old Chevy and them taking a long walk together, holding hands.

They went two years without kissing and finally on the third year they started to slowly kiss one another. Eventually, my dad goes to college in Duluth, which was three hours away from my mom, so they wrote each other almost every day and I found their letters to prove it. In the letters, I can concur that my parents are sloppy romantics. They seem to not be able to get enough of one another. They even have cute goofy nicknames for each other. Well, pretty much when my mom finally graduates from high school and when my dad is in his sophomore year of college, they decide to tie the knot and get married.

Even though my dad is allergic to cats, he gives my mom a kitten for one of his wedding presents to her, which proves his love for her. He is willing to wheeze and sneeze occasionally for the rest of his life for my mother. My mother is a very kind woman so I would be willing to sneeze and wheeze for her as well as long as I could keep her as my mother.

About two years later, my mom is pregnant with my brother. They spoil the crap out of him for four years and decide to shoot for another child. When my brother is five my mom is pregnant with me. I do not want to even think about how they conceived me because I think that is uncomfortable. But if I were to have a kid with my significant other it would be really special, like I'm talking, the whisperings of sweet



nothings, back massages, and soft music. I was probably conceived with my parents listening to Bob Dylan's *Lay Lady Lay* because every time I listen to that song I think it's sexual in a good way and Dylan is someone that is pretty special. My dad owns a lot of albums and *Before the Flood* is in his collection. So it is definitely possible they did the naughty while listening to it. I also bet my dad gave my mom a plant, because she loves plants.

Anyways back to the story my folks find out my mom is pregnant and they are ecstatic. I'm talking jumping up and down and giving each other high fives. At last they are having a kid that wasn't an accident. Just kidding. My brother is a pretty all right guy at times. When I was born on Sept. 20, 1986, my dad tackled the doctor and didn't let the doctor spank me because he loved me that much. They still have all my baby clothes. Sometimes I ponder that they probably wish I would have just stayed a baby. Moral of the story, my parents were so proud of me that they never shot for another child, I am still the youngest.

# Southern Minnesota Atheists

## by Sunny Skeptic

If you've ever felt like you're in the minority concerning your theological stance, there's a group in Southern Minnesota for you. Southern Minnesota Atheists is a collection of atheists, agnostics, humanists, and other free-thinkers who get together for social and educational events. Our motto is "Positive Atheism in Action".

In assisting to organize a collection of freethinkers, I have come across much opposition. Oddly enough, the opposition usually comes from other freethinkers rather than religious fundamentalists. Here are the most often heard arguments *against* freethinking organizations:

**"Atheists are all jerks who always think they're right. No one can know for sure that god doesn't exist."** This is a common misconception. Many people call themselves agnostics because they are afraid of the term atheist. Knowing hundreds of atheists, I personally have never heard even one of them take the stance that they know for sure that god doesn't exist. That would be absolutely unreasonable as a scientific, rational person. Even the most famous atheists, such as Richard Dawkins, do not take such a hard stance on atheism. No one can truly know the nature, or non-nature, of a by definition unknowable god, and anyone who claims that they do *either way* is someone who is not to be trusted.

**"What's the point of being an atheist? Why oppose something you don't believe in?"** The fact is, atheists don't 'oppose' religion. Atheists oppose some of the unfortunate side effects of religion and conservatism, for example: the belief that people should not be free to live their own lives as they choose to in freedom. Atheists are traditionally strong supporters of others' and their right to lead the life they choose.

**"What keeps you from being a bad person?"** This is the misconception that morals can only come from a deity or religious group. We all know this is not true; we've experienced people who are religious and are moral or immoral, and those who are not religious and are moral and immoral. Morality has been found, more increasingly, to be a basic human trait that can be explained

scientifically. Also, although atheism in itself is not a life philosophy, most atheists do subscribe to a life philosophy, such as Humanism or Existentialism. These are systems of living that can help explain morality to people who need it explained.

**“But organizing is just like a religion, and I’m against that.”**

Organizing is not like a religion. If this were true, then your grandma’s knitting circle would be a religion. Your friend in the straight-edge punk band would be in a religion. We know that organizing is a basic human necessity, and that the simple act of organization isn’t what is harmful to society. The benefits that organization provides are a sense of community, a sharing of information and knowledge, ability to make a significant impact on the community through charitable works, and the impact politically an organized group can have to defend their rights and the rights of others.

**“People shouldn’t have to pay to keep a group going, that’s like a church.”** Almost all of our meetings and social events are free and open to the public. We are affiliated with the organization Minnesota Atheists that is a dues paying organization. The reason paying dues is not like a church is because any organization, even a D.I.Y. publication like *Save the Crumbs*, needs some kind of funds to continue to operate. We can’t ignore the fact that paper and printing costs money. You can come have fun with the group without ever spending a dime, just as you can read this publication without spending a dime. But those who contribute financially help to spread the word and keep the group afloat.

Are you interested and would like to learn more? Feel free to check out our various websites:

Minnesota Atheists Webpage: [www.mnatheists.org](http://www.mnatheists.org)

Minnesota Atheists Meet Up (for events mostly in the Twin Cities area): <http://atheists.meetup.com/493/>

Southern MNA Meet Up (for events mostly in the Mankato area): <http://www.meetup.com/Southern-Minnesota-Atheists-Meetup-Group/>

MNA MySpace page: [www.myspace.com/mnatheists](http://www.myspace.com/mnatheists)

You can also email any questions directly to the Sunny Skeptic at [astrocomfy@hotmail.com](mailto:astrocomfy@hotmail.com)



# Formed in Grime

by Dan Durdahl

One image  
performs, a minuet –  
figure slowly solving  
all of life's questions. Filled  
with impossibles and other such  
meanderings. Weathered out  
with iron and pick, shoveled  
under the drawing board  
of design, wonder, and  
amazement. Overshadowed and for  
giving the mindbend. Third

eye of open asphalt salt, the seas  
have been changing. In  
short time story unwinds – as ever  
folding quilt, as witty as  
Twain in robes, as blood  
and milk. The bearing – one  
gift, three shine through  
crescent shapes. October moon

light on unplowed fields. Dust,  
and plenty of it. Frost, the bitter  
taste when you remember. And I  
remember often.

I sit back  
and take a smoke  
while the dishes  
pile up and foresight births  
short-comings – like whiplash  
of a dog off the seat, or pale tears set  
to worship – a cast. One vital  
truth no one can see.

# THE COFFEE SHOP BY ESTHER MARCELLA

SOMEWHAT STARTLED, WHAT IS THIS?  
INFINITY SYMBOLS IN SPARKS, ATOMS, AGAINST  
THE WHITE WALL?

I'M TOO PRETTY TO HALLUCINATE.

THOSE FLOATING 8'S, MUST BE A TRICK OF LIGHT WITHIN  
MY EYE, ITS SEEING, OR THE SEEN.

I'VE BEEN TOLD—THREE TIMES NOW AND  
BY THREE DIFFERENT PEOPLE—THAT EACH CIRCLE IN  
A HOLOGRAM HOLDS A PICTURE OF THE WHOLE.

YET HERE I SIT, LONELY . . . HOW LAUGHABLE  
IF WE—I WAS TAUGHT THIS—ARE ALL MADE FROM THE  
SAME PARTICLES.

EVERYONE IN THIS ROOM IS CAPABLE OF ORGASM—  
THAT WARMTH RISING (FROM OUR FEET), THE VOLUPTUOUS  
SENSATION THAT BREAKS US INTO BURSTS AND THEN  
SOOTHES US INTO SLEEP.

PERHAPS, IT IS ALWAYS JUST THAT GOOD.

BUT MOST OF THE TIME WE FORGET  
THE TWO PATIENT SPACES, HOOKED  
IN THE STREAMING CURVES,  
AN ABYSS OF VIOLET AND PINK,  
SWIRLING, IN A HORIZONTAL FIGURE  
8, IN FULL SWING,  
THIS TRICK OF LIGHT THAT HAS ME,  
I THINK, SEEING EACH ATOM.

# Garbage Head

by Christopher Glazer

I wake after four hours of restless sleep. The lovely Filipino that lies next to me has low iron levels, causing her to kick incessantly - incessantly - incessantly.

The morning stinks of soy waste again. Always soy beans, they follow, like little puke siblings, like my rosacea filleted face, like my old kitty that was perpetually hungry. I imagine the atmosphere, glaring at me, spitting noxious fumes into my nostrils, accosting my tar saturated lungs.

My lady rolls over and asks, "Are you decomposed yet?"

I nod, "No, still sticky and relatively odorless."

"The winds have shifted."

"So have your feet."

"I can't help it. This bed is harder than granite." She shifts on the mattress, letting out a burst of gas, adding to the bedroom's fetor of gym socks coated in stale smoke/sweat.

The clock reads an hour later than it should be, hence why it didn't buzz like a digital harpy - 10:30, but not really.

"I shook your leg for like five minutes," she reminds me as she tracks about the room looking for comfortable sweatpants to wear.

"Damn, had a weird dream."

"About what?"

"I found one shoe in the bathroom and the other tucked under the stove."

"So?"

"Well, an abrasive glass of water did this to them."

"What? Moved your shoes?"

"Amongst other things, he never smiled and was two-thirds empty."

She pulls my blanket from the bed. “We should really go, I’m late.”

“Ah shit. You’re not pregnant are you?”

She laughs, “You’re a jackass.”

“Well, the cup of water murdered you.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, the dream was all sepia and you were writing long equations on a large chalkboard.”

“How’d he do it?”

“He spit hexane bullets at your heart.”

“How did you know it was hexane?”

“He told me, right after he did it, then he moved my shoes and you woke me up.”

“You’re odd, let’s go.”

I drag myself from bed; wipe the crud from my eyes. Hat: check. Pants: check. Shirt: already on. “Baseball season starts in a week.”

“Let’s go!”

She hates baseball. “A garbage game of numbers and grass,” she says. We walk outside, the sky gritty, gray, half-way humid. Water trails down in fluent sheets from the hill on the upside of the parking lot. I pause for a moment to admire the mathematics in nature. I only see letters in the delicate ripples of water, no numbers, and I can’t help but think how much algebra just irks me. Either the clouds or the water stink of spring dung and I look down to see a shriveled tampon in the gutter. I knock on the side of my head, the cranial innards slosh about.

“Hey, Han, ya coming or what?”

“Sure.” I say, hopping into the car. I kiss her cheek and point forward, out the window. “To the dump my dear, to the dump.”

“Why, certainly.”



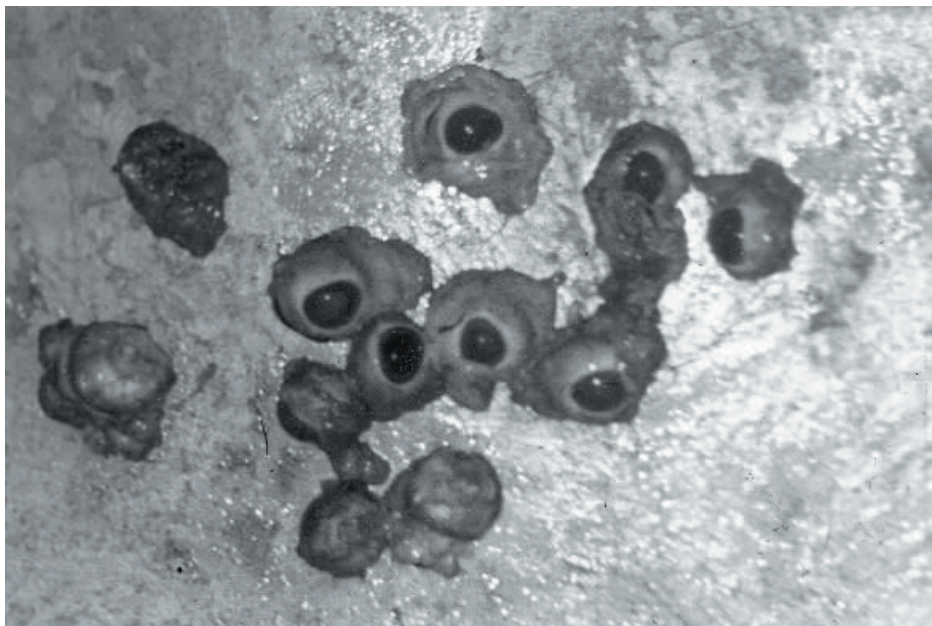
**Photos:**

**Above:** “Isolated” by Morgan Lust

**Below:** “Walnut Grove” by Sarah Turbes







**Photos:**

**Above:** “Cow Eyes” by Ashley Birk

**Below:** “The Buddy Bears” by Dustin Wilmes



