



Issue #14

Save The
Crumbs

men who Know

Say No to

PROSTITUTES

Spreaders of Syphilis and Gonorrhea

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!

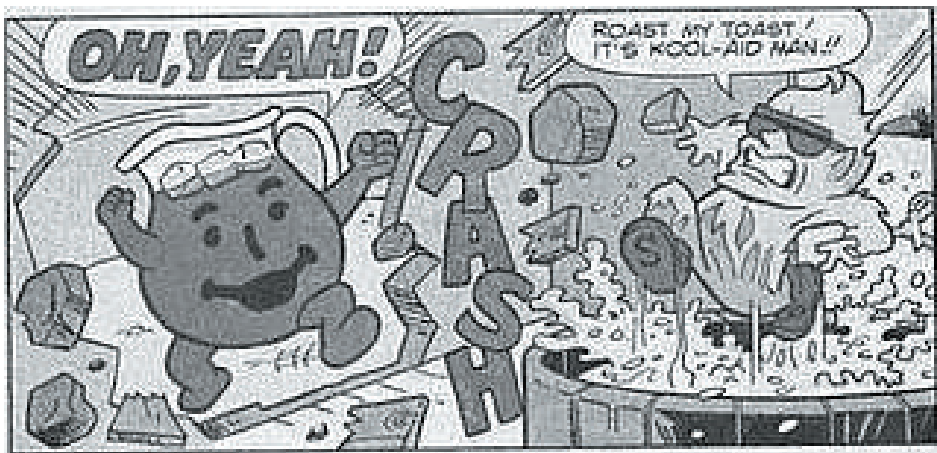
If you have any questions, comments, advice, or want to submit something... send e-mail to **savethecrumbs@gmail.com**.

If you can't secure your own copy of this issue, go to **www.savethecrumbs.com** for online versions of every issue.

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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... **Going No. 1**

At 28, most people are confident that they won't piss their pants. Of course, there are the occasional bender-induced wettings and a handful of other exceptions that leave us standing in a puddle of our own water, but under normal circumstances an adult, semi-professional should have no problem waiting for the throne. But on one fateful day in NYC my bladder pushed me to the brink, and I had no choice but to push back.



New York City doesn't offer many urination options. I was out with friends, walking through Chinatown, when the sensation hit me. It wasn't too urgent at that point, so I kept an eye out for a commode. Thing is, there weren't any. Most restaurants didn't have restrooms and the ones that did made you pay. We had just eaten and I was too stubborn to fork out the cash. The few free options, Starbucks for example, had lines out the door. I held on.

If only we were in Harlem. On my block, there's always some guy whizzing on a car or in the doorway of a burnt-out building. Public urination is like breathing on 137th and Lenox. There is always a lag between your eyes and your brain when you come across a man holding his penis out on the street at one in the afternoon. You look at the man peeing, see the man peeing and then...oh. European tourists flock to Harlem, and many people mistakenly assume it's for the churches. Nope, it's to document the public urination. Entire families of tourists with cameras dangling around their necks lie in wait for the first guy to unzip.

We continued on our journey, my bladder throbbing. As frustrated as I was, I really couldn't blame NYC for their lack of public bathrooms.

Think about the port-a-potties in your town. Think of the filth. The profane graffiti. I've seen port-a-potties in the Midwest with mountains of poo cresting above the seat. Now, take the entire population of the state of Minnesota, not just your town, add another 3 million people, and you're roughly at New York City's 8.2 million inhabitants. Can you imagine the kind of ass-traffic a port-a-potty gets in NYC?

Four hours later, I was ready to burst. We had eaten pizza under the Brooklyn Bridge, taken a train to Carroll Gardens for cannoli and headed back to the bridge, which we decided to traverse. I couldn't go any further. Part of the inspiration for my diligence sprung from a friend's \$180 public urination citation at the hands of a particularly feisty NYPD officer a couple weeks earlier. I couldn't afford that kind of ticket, but I couldn't really afford the humiliation of pissing my pants either.

We arrived at the bridge. The city estimates a million people walk across the bridge every year. It looked like at least half a million decided to cross that night. As we approached, we noticed a cluster of trees at the foot of the bridge. In a moment of divine inspiration I ran into the trees, dropped trou and did my business. It was dark and I wasn't sure who I was going to meet—a friend made in the dark under a bridge can last a lifetime, but more than likely will last a couple seconds and result in unconsciousness. I bent my knees as much as I could to avoid being seen and was left to my devices. Of all the places to publicly urinate in seclusion, who would've guessed it'd be under one of the biggest tourist attractions in the city.

Oh, but that wasn't the end. Never is. The next morning I took a shower in our tiny bathroom. I hung my pants on the doorknob of the door that stood next to the toilet. I had to piss, and instead of sitting sideways on the throne (my knees hit the wall) I decided to stand. Pee sprinkled down, hit the toilet water and splashed out of the bowl onto my pants. My mouth dropped open. There on my pants was a piss stain. Even though I had vanquished the bladder demons of the previous night, and even though I was standing naked in front of my toilet, somehow, after all that trouble, I still pissed my pants.

I'm not sure there's a moral to this tale. If there is it might have something to do with sitting when you pee or fate. It might have something to do with arrogance and pride, but it's more likely a cautionary tale. You don't have to be wearing your pants to piss on them. Remember. I know I will.

From the Angry Desk of Juston Cline...

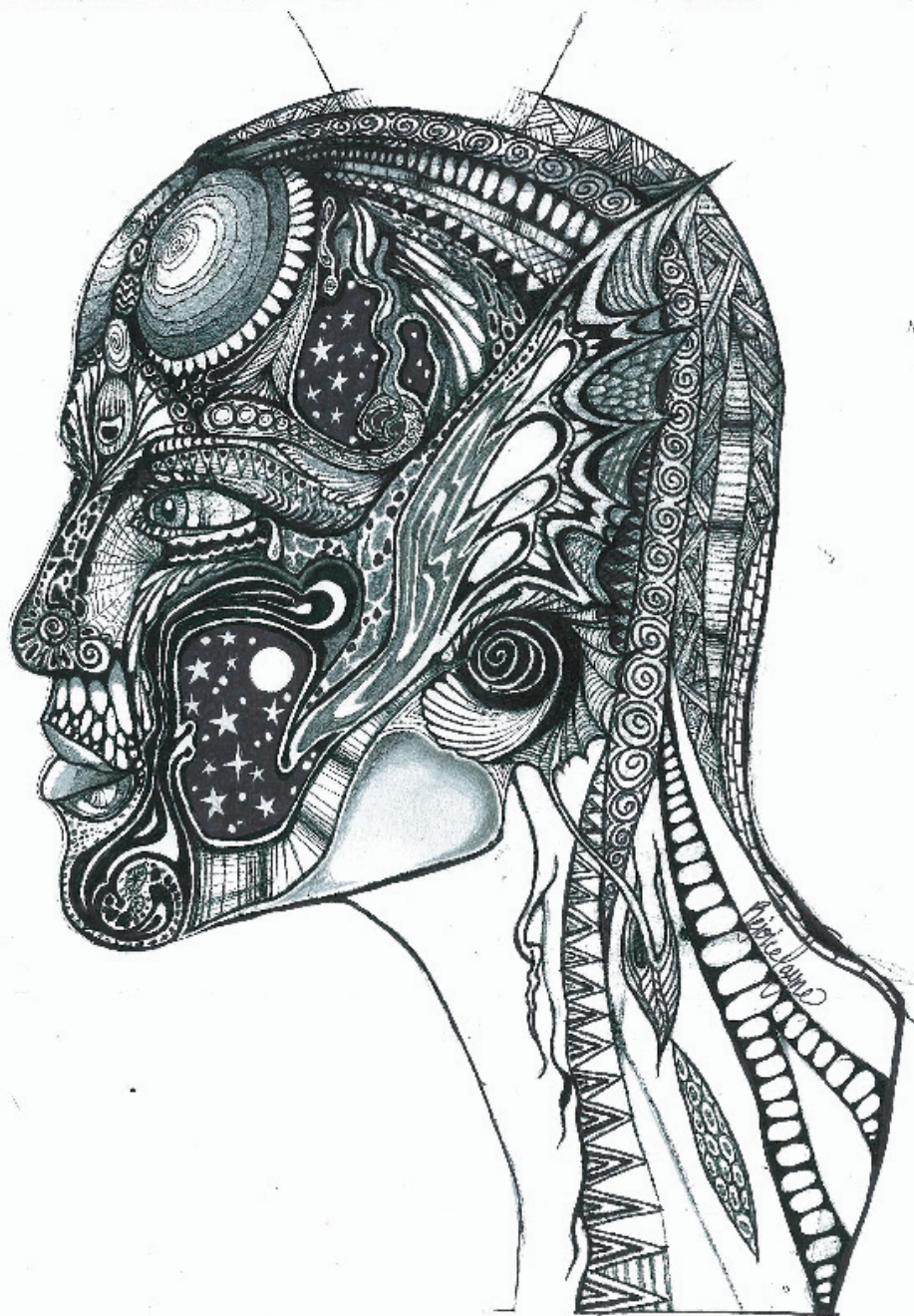
Dear Everybody,

One of the things I could never understand is why men have to put the toilet seat down for women. Don't get me wrong, I do it. You see I have been pre-conditioned since birth by my mother to put that seat down after I use the facilities. Never questioned it, just did it. I lived with a woman for a few years and always did it, I currently live alone and still do it for no reason at all. Why? I mean I have to put it up when I need to go or aim through the hole, but we all know that there tends to be a little dribble here and there which would then need to be cleaned, creating more work.

Women always give the excuse you have never had to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night and fall in! Well, I say you have never had to go in the middle of the night and pissed all over the seat and then had to stay up another half hour scrubbing it down with bleach spray so that you don't have to sit in my nasty pee in the morning. When discussing this subject with a female friend recently she said "Can't you men just do that one thing for us? Is it so hard for you to do that one thing?" Last I checked, I do way more for a woman than just putting the seat down. And beyond that, when asking her what is the one thing women do for us, she replied "sex".

Now that's a whole other thing that makes no sense to me at all. Since when did sex become a form of currency or reward? I mean, come on! Isn't that the same as selling it? Like, if he mows the grass and takes out the garbage and puts the seat down and puts in my new cupboards, I'll give him some? What kind of a raw deal is that? Isn't sex supposed to be the thing you do because you want to? Because you love that person or really like doing it with them? Not cause he washed your car. I don't know how all this came about but what I do know is, I'll continue to put the seat down out of love and respect as long as I never have to rake the yard for sex.

Your Friend,
Juston



“Simply Unique” by Anna Payne

Questions for 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 a previous article, I discussed some of the opposition I had encountered in organizing an atheist group. I would like to discuss in more detail some of the points that have come up.

"You think that nothing happens after you die?" Yes, this is very true, most atheists do not believe that anything supernatural happens after a person dies. We do, of course, believe that many natural processes occur after death, and these processes have been proven time and again by science and observation. Much is made of the idea of the laws of thermodynamics, and the idea that energy can neither be created or destroyed, so the energy from our bodies and minds must live on after we die. It does live on in natural processes, such as decomposition, but we do not believe that it lives on spiritually.

"Doesn't it scare you that nothing happens after you die?" You will find that most atheists experience a real sense of well-being concerning the idea that there is not an afterlife. The possibility that an afterlife does not exist doesn't mean a free-for-all, do anything you want kind of existence, but rather it involves the realization that this is the only life we have to live, and we must make the most of it right now while we are here and alive.

"What about my personal experiences?" (Seeing ghosts, hearing voices, coincidences, prayer 'working', etc...) We would never discount your personal experiences, or say that what you experienced was not 'real'. That does not mean that your personal experiences are not rooted in science and the basic functioning of the

human mind. People who have religious or supernatural experiences are not crazy, something is happening in their brains. This does not necessarily mean that what is happening is divine in any way.

“You don’t lose anything by believing in god, so why not?”

This is a very old argument that is usually called Pascal’s Wager. It is sometimes also called ‘hedging your bets’. There are more than a few problems with this argument, but here are some of the most obvious: A god who was omnipotent, as most people believe, would see through the fact that someone was just pretending to believe in the hopes of achieving the rewards of an afterlife, and thusly the person would be punished regardless. A god who was truly all-loving wouldn’t torture someone with an eternity in hell just for being intellectually honest. If god truly made the world and let all of this suffering occur for no reason, is that something you are willing to accept? Are you willing to accept violence, hatred and bigotry in order to be welcomed into an afterlife? What if you came to the pearly gates, and St. Peter or God said “You know, Fred Phelps was right, I truly do hate homosexuals. You’re either on board or you’re not.” Personally, I would have to pick the eternity in hell.

Are you interested and would like to learn more? If you’re interested in us, we’re interested in you. Feel free to check out our various websites:

-Minnesota Atheists Webpage: www.mnatheists.org

-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

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

You can also email any questions directly to the Sunny Skeptic at astrocomfy@hotmail.com

No Survivors, Only Leftovers

By Dustin Wilmes

Out of all the films out there that use food and food-related appliances to make us feel uneasy, *Motel Hell* has to be one of the strangest. The film takes us through the day to day operation of Farmer Vincent's Motel Hello. The land the hotel sits on doubles as a farm, where Farmer Vinnie makes the tastiest smoked meats in town. It's not hard to guess where this one is going with a slogan like "It takes all kinds of critters to make Farmer Vincent Fritters". With the help of various booby-traps around the farm, many of the guests who come to Motel Hello looking for a room wind up buried to their necks in Vincent's secret garden, sort of resembling human heads of lettuce. With a steady stream of "fattening up gruel" and a snip of the vocal chords to make sure they can't scream for help, all the necessary fixings for Vinnie's famous fritters are in place. Be sure to watch closely for cameos by Wolfman Jack and the drunk mailman from *Cheers*.

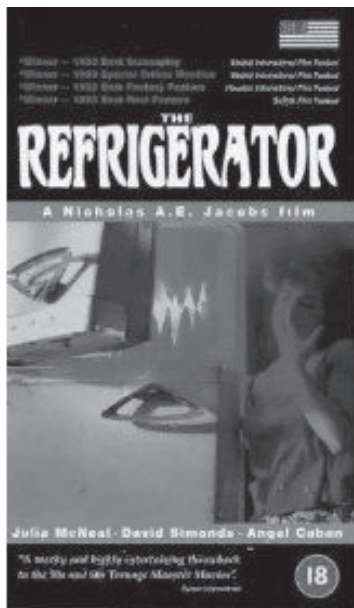


If you're looking for a film that makes you think twice before wandering into a dark kitchen, look no further than Wayne Berwick's *Microwave Massacre*. The film follows a lowly construction worker who grows tired of his wife's sudden forays into the world of gourmet cooking. Not able to get a decent meal, he snaps and kills his wife. After accidentally eating her, he develops a taste for human flesh and decides to start killing unsuspecting hookers in order to bolster his menu. The fact that the construction worker is played by none other than the voice of *Frosty the Snowman*, Jackie Vernon, adds an extra helping of weird to this one. The film is so horrifying that it actually states (with pride) that it's "The worst horror movie of all time" right on the cover. I don't

know if I would go that far. After all, I read that someone made a sequel to *C.H.U.D.*, which surely has to be the worst movie, in general, of all time.

Next up, *The Refrigerator*. That's right! Someone gave the green light to a film about a satanic refrigerator. The film was released in the early '90s and wrote the book on "straight-to-video." It all starts when the Batemans, a newlywed couple from Ohio, move into a dumpy apartment in the big city to start their life together. Unfortunately, the refrigerator that was left behind has more problems than just a faulty ice maker. Not only does the angry icebox haunt Mrs. Bateman with visions of childhood trauma and use its mind control powers to turn Mr. Bateman into a giant asshole, it also ate an old woman and a plumber, and just happens to be the gateway to Hell. If you can manage to track it down, I say you should give this film a try. Hopefully the bad Latino stereotypes and five-gallon bucket of plot holes don't give you the... cold shoulder!

Last (and possibly least) is writer and director Larry Cohen's *The Stuff*. When some miners find a weird yogurt substance bubbling up from the earth, they do what any other quick-minded person would do... they eat it! Finding the substance to be both delicious and addictive, they decide to sell it to the masses. As the new taste treat sweeps the nation, the ice cream industry gets royally pissed and tries to uncover their secret formula. It doesn't take them long to figure out that this new tasty treat is slowly turning people into weird, zombie-esque creatures. The movie writes itself from there. It also stars washed-up *SNL* cast member Garret Morris, who plays Chocolate Chip Charlie. Apparently he was cast after Arsenio Hall turned down the roll. I can't imagine why. Are you eating it or is it eating you? Chances are, after consuming, you probably won't have room for seconds.



Facebook > Me

by Jack Buckholz

I've recently noticed that I can re-evaluate the last couple years of my life incredibly easy through the use of Facebook. Literally five minutes before I started writing this very article I started sifting through my "wall" on Facebook. I spent 10 minutes scrolling down further and further through my wall, skimming through conversations with my friends, and stopping at the more interesting of "status updates" I had written. In doing so, I had revisited the last six months of my life in a rather modest depth. By glancing through my wall I've been able to re-read conversations I've had with my "friends." By re-reading my past status updates, which informed all of my friends of the inner thoughts of Jack Howard Buckholz, I was able to revisit my feelings during significant events throughout these past months.

I was able to pick out some of the more exciting moments in my life, like going to Lollapalooza, seeing/meeting MC Chris, having my band play a show with Darren Keen, etc... I was also able to pick out the more depressing moments of my life, such as the day my girlfriend was in a serious car accident. The most easily-recognizable aspect of my life was the impact music has had on it. Despite being a relatively poor musician and being only slightly above n00b level in musician/band knowledge, I've still evolved into more and more of a hipster with each passing day during these last six months. The less obvious, but more telling aspect of this online existence comes from noticing that I was more active on Facebook when I had more going on in life, the exact opposite as one would expect. Instead of spending my time fully engaged in the excitement of my life, I had to take breaks to let everyone else know my life was exciting.

When my life was boring or depressing, I apparently didn't just kill time by sitting at the computer. I can tell this because when I look at my less interesting status updates, I see nothing else surrounding them. For example, on Sept. 28, 2008 at 11:43 p.m. my status update read "*Jack fucking loves procrastinating all of his AP homework!!!*" this was the only update from that day. Likely meaning all that I had done that day was procrastinate my AP homework, as if I had done anything else I would have said so in other status updates. But this was the only status update for that day. Despite the fact that I had been procrastinating that entire day, I did not do so on the computer, which is odd because this is what I normally do when procrastinating (this is what I have been doing while writing this article.) What else could I have been doing that day? I really don't know, but I know it was nothing I would mention on Facebook. Or maybe I DID have

an exciting day, but my computer didn't work until 11:00 p.m. at night. A similar occurrence came on Oct. 7, 2008. The only thing Facebook said I did on this day was write on Dominic Hanft's wall at 1:38 p.m. This tells me multiple things. The first is that I was only on Facebook while at school; the second is that I, again, either did nothing exciting that day or my computer was not working.

The only clues to solving these mysteries come from Sept. 4, 2008 and Sept. 5, 2008. The only action done by me on these two days was the changing of my status update to "*Jack is horrified*". Why was I horrified? Simple, my girlfriend got into a car accident on the 4th. This says the only thing that was truly able to pull me away from updating my Facebook was a matter of life and death. I was in a state of shock. The only reason I went on Facebook after receiving the news of my girlfriend's accident was to see if her friends/family who also had Facebook accounts had known anymore than I did at the time. The reason I changed my status to "*...is horrified*" was to let people know I knew she was in an accident (I was one of the last to learn she was) and to let people know I was open to receiving comfort. After a single glance at Facebook, in a desperate search for truth, I left my computer monitor to visit my significant other at the hospital. For two days I abandoned my Facebook in favor of being with my recovering girlfriend. It took the potential death of one of those close to me to break me away from Facebook. This leads me to assume the two days mentioned before with limited Facebook action were days in which I had witnessed something horrendous or was faced with a deeply traumatic moment in my life, so traumatic I must have blocked it from memory.



The Name Game

by John Maiers

I was going to write an in-depth and sparklehorse article about band names. I was going to categorize them by their inspiration or commonality - or their lameness. I was going to enlighten you all to this curious cultural phenomena that is the rock and roll moniker. I dug in and started writing. Then I quit. It would take a book. Or several. So, I've changed tacks.

I'm not a player, t least not in the sense that I strum a guitar or knock the snot out of a set drums. I possess the daydream of rock 'n roll musicianship but not the talent to show up - much less the willingness to commit to the craft. Not atypical of my sorry ass. But I've fantasized a bit, you know, pictured myself playing to a wave of humanity inside a sold-out arena - or rockin a few lonely souls face down at the end of an almost-empty bar. So I've never had occasion to come up with a name for a band, but if I did...I've been thinking of what inspires band names. Maybe you've a few ideas of your own. Pray tell.

First, if you were to start a band, what would you name it? Maybe you're already in a band, one of them ones that has a name. So, "who the fuck are you...?" to quote an outfit from "my generation." Not in a band? Then maybe, like me, you've fancied picking six like Jimi, blowing till you're Dizzy or pounding the skins like Animal. That's cool. Being able to play is not a requirement, tap dancing inside your imagination is.

So, what name graces the face of your kick drum - in your real world - or what would you call you and your mates on your rock-star jazz-god hip-hop-hero fantasy planet? What say you?

Second, while you're at it, tell us which bands - rap, jazz, blues, folk, hip-hop, soul, country, polka, punk, emo, rock, R & B, metal, blue-grass on speed, urban angst, alt-of-the-week - whatever flav-of-the-day genre - you think have cool names, or don't. No real guidelines, just props for the good, hoots on the lame.

So, there it is. Please tell us. Make a list. Categorize. Specify. Illuminate with a broad stroke or fillet with a fine tip. Write to us. Email us. Rent a plane and write-across-the-sky to us. Inform, enlighten and entertain us. Explain, for example, why, The Butthole Surfers is a cool name, or why you think it sucks.

If you're like me, you're probably more likely to at least accept a band's name if you like its music. And vice versa. . And one person's band-name hp-tirp is another's bummer. But what the hey, give it go.

OK, I'll go first.

For me, The Drive By Truckers might as well rule the world. Chugging guitars driving gritty stories sung by desperate voices that force the listener to face truths often ignored. But the name? "Drive By Truckers"? Whatever. I have a similar reaction to Led Zeppelin, the band that, even more than The Beatles, seems to transcend generations. I dig the music but I've come to just kind of accept the name, kind of like having to work for a living. Heavy.

Some names seem like they're born of laziness: the Foxy-morons sounds like a lame attempt at clever wordplay; others names evoke history like The Decemberists; others still are lifted from literature like The Boo Radleys, Uriah Heep or The Bell Jar. Then there are the animal names or quasi-animal names. Start with The Animals. The Crickets inspired The Beatles. There's The Birds, The Byrds, Cat Power, The Turtles, The Jayhawks, Band of Horses, and probably a name for every creature on earth. There are family names like, well, The Family, Sly and the Family Stone and The Chambers Brothers. Some names get in your face. Consider War, Fuck or The Sex Pistols. And one band took inspiration from a righteous white guy with a pulpit: The New Pornographers. Thanks for the inspiration, Jerry Falwell. If you're a blues dude, you might describe yourself or reveal your roots - Blind Willie Johnson, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Mississippi John Hurt, Mississippi Fred McDowell, or at least have hit the road with a roll-off-the-tongue name that includes a first, a middle, as well as a last - Jessie Mae Hemphill, David Honeyboy Edwards, Big Joe Turner. Yeah, there are about a kajillion names from which to make a list, compose a poem, create a spread sheet or start talking smart when you lift your head from the bar. So, what are your favorites, or those names that make you go, huh? distill, discuss, dismiss - or just dis...

Here's a few of my favorites: Sonic Youth, Loving Spoonful, Love and Rockets. And here's a few I could care less for: Bush, Asia, Blink 182.

As for starting a band, I might go with something clever yet easy on the mental palate, a bankable name that might get noticed by hipsters rifling through the Bs searching for rare Beatles. How about a two-syllable tribute to couch-potatoe ecstasy? It's current, it's familiar, it's real. How 'bout: Beer Gut. What, not hip enough? Something more existential, perhaps? The Beer Gut Explodes. Help.

Talk to us.

“Let It Go Already!”

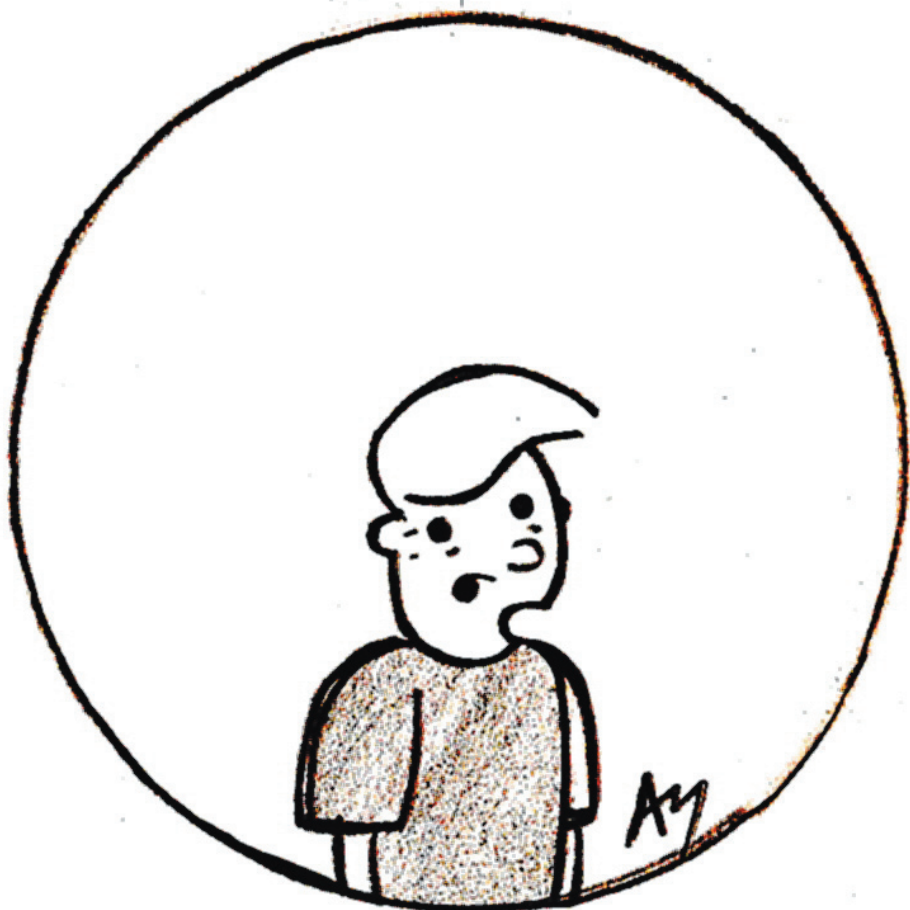
by Sarah Turbes

Most of my childhood fears, after the age of five, can be blamed on things I learned in grade school. I was in second grade when a woman in Florida walked into a grade school classroom and shot a student before turning the gun on herself. I’ve always blamed my second grade teacher for delivering the terrifying news that kept me awake for several nights. I sat on my bed, feeling my pulse race as I watched shadows in the hall, convinced that the murderous woman’s ghost would kill me. Even after I realized that ghosts couldn’t murder a person, I checked the lock on our back door each night, while peering through the glass into the dark, hoping no one would suddenly startle me by popping their head up.

My fear of house fires began after my class visited the fire station, when I was in the hospital getting my tonsils removed. When I returned to school, my teacher gave me a welcoming smile and a red plastic hat, but I feared that I missed all the vital information needed to survive a house fire. All I knew was “stop, drop and roll” and to plan an escape route with your family. My dad lived down the street from a fire station, which should have ceased my fears of perishing in a house fire. I learned that if I had to break glass to get out of a burning house I wouldn’t get in trouble. I also learned, in devising our plan, that regardless of the weather, I would have to consider running down the sidewalk without proper shoes or clothing.

Using caution when dealing with strangers was stressed upon at home and school, but the filmstrips we watched in class made me fear strangers the most. Each dramatic scenario depicted overly friendly men with groomed mustaches and aviator style sunglasses, luring children to their cars with the promises of puppies, candies and even a family emergency. I sat in the dark classroom, afraid that the exact scenario could happen to me on my walk home from school. As my friend and I walked home, I constantly scanned the streets for slow moving cars or drivers who gazed too long in our direction. I started to judge drivers by the cars they drove and whether or not they would abduct children. One afternoon my fear got the best of me when I thought a car was following me and I walked up to a house, opened the screen door and pretended to go in. Fortunately there was no abductor standing on the other side of the door, waiting to pull me into a dark basement.

I can no longer blame my fears on things I learned on the playground or from my least favorite teacher. I still fear fires and my pulse still races when I envision myself as a victim, but no longer freeze when drivers gaze too long or drive too slowly. They’re most likely lost.



"Doctor, will my family
ever be able to leave
this bubble?"

"Common Wealth" by Andrew M. McLean
(thebiggerboom@gmail.com)



Photos:

Above: “Lions At Zoo” by Kyle Nordland

Below: “200 Locks” by Brian Simpson





Photos:

Above: "Patiently" by Morgan Lust

Below: "Ego Tripping" by Ashley Birk



