



Issue #15

Save The
Crumbs

BOYS LOOK! A NEW TOY!

Genuine OCD
Toy

GAS MASKS

WAR SURPLUS—JUST
RELEASED BY U. S. GOVT.

- ★ *A Sensational Toy Value*
- ★ *Plastic Shatter-Proof Goggles*
- ★ *Real Elastic Head Bands*
- ★ *Rubber Covered Fabric Face*
- ★ *Air Intake and Exhaust Valves*
- ★ *Loads of Fun and Useful, Too*

Greatest 'toy' sensation in years. War Surplus! Brand new OCD Gas Masks. Loaded with fun and play value. Big plastic shatter-proof goggles. Adjustable elastic head bands. Face of rubber covered fabric. Use it in all your games. Be the first among your playmates to have one.



\$1 CANVAS BAG INCLUDED
Each mask comes packed in a fine canvas bag with snap button fastener and shoulder strap. Use the bag for school books, lunches, etc.



---MAIL TODAY---

Kahn Co., Dept. B
430 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago 11, Illinois

Dear Sirs:

Please rush 1 gas mask to me. I am enclosing \$1.00 plus 15¢ postage in full payment!.....2 for \$1.98

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Cover Photo: "Peek-A-Boo!" by Ashley Birk

What You're Reading...

Save The Crumbs is an independent 'zine written, designed, assembled and distributed by a handful of people in Mankato. We started this publication because we felt the spirit of "do it yourself" was 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.

Also, don't forget to join our Facebook and MySpace pages.

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Dustin Wilmes, John Maiers, Juston Cline, Amanda Dyslin, T.J. Berger, Ashley Birk, Harris Burkhalter, Leah Hunczak, Morgan Lust, Andrew M. McLean, Jennifer Miller, Emily Myers, Geneva Sarni, Dylan Schultz, Sarah Turbes



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

This month... **Breastfeeding**

According to the NCSL (National Conference of State Legislatures), breastfed children have fewer ear infections, respiratory infections, urinary tract infections, and have diarrhea less often. Sounds



great. So, in accordance with these findings it only makes perfect sense that states would have laws in the books not only protecting but encouraging woman to breastfeed their little ones.

The NCSL lists the types of laws regarding breastfeeding throughout the nation. Some states, like Minnesota and Utah, exempt breastfeeding from public indecency laws, which is very...decent. In Oregon and Iowa you can get out of jury duty by breastfeeding (something to keep in mind). In twenty-four states, your employer has to provide unpaid break time and a quiet, private setting for breastfeeding. Forty-three states have specific language protecting a woman's right to breastfeed in any public or private location, regardless of whether or not her nipple is showing. God bless America.

As you can see, it's basically impossible to argue against the benefits of breastfeeding, or the right of a woman to feed where she pleases. So, it makes it even harder when you find yourself in an awkward breastfeeding situation to respond in an enlightened supportive way.

I'm not grossed out by breastfeeding. I'm actually pretty comfortable with it. My dad had a subscription to *The National*

Geographic magazine which, coupled with PBS documentaries on the indigenous peoples of the rainforest, really gave me all the exposure I needed. I'm just not sure how to respond to breastfeeding in public. Let's face it, when you're a red-blooded American male most of your willpower is spent trying to avoid looking at women's breasts in public. Some are less worried than others of course (actors, professional athletes, frat-boys, politicians), but there's nothing more embarrassing then indulging your animal instincts and taking a peek down a woman's blouse only to realize someone else has caught sight of the entire dirty act. Society tends to frown on peepers.

So, over the past couple of weeks, when I've found myself sitting directly across from breastfeeding mothers my options all seemed unsatisfactory. First, I am amazed at how each time I encountered the mother everyone else in the café seemed to know what was going on and react accordingly. They all sat in tables on the other side of the room and faced the opposite way. Somehow, I was the only idiot who didn't realize what was happening, in some cases, until the woman removed her breast from her shirt and inserted her nipple into the baby's mouth.

In each case, I immediately looked away. My first thought: leave. But no. See, then the mother would be offended and think I was too childish to appreciate the beauty of what she was doing or worse, she'd think I was pervert who couldn't handle the temptation. I was stuck. I looked down, but then it was obvious I was trying not to look, which drew too much attention. What could I do? I thought about saying hello and striking up a conversation. Maybe she saw the PBS rainforest documentary too. I was breastfed. I could tell her how thankful I was that my mother breastfed me, and how I've had no serious health problems and rarely get diarrhea.

After all the soul-searching, somewhere in the middle of the feedings, I made eye contact with the mother and smirked. This was the best I could do. As if to say, "whoops, maybe next time I'll pay closer attention to what babies seem hungry and what mothers seem willing." Maybe I'll just watch the entire process and appreciate it for the wondrous and nurturing gesture it is. Or maybe, next time, I'll bring a book to read.

From the Angry Desk of Juston Cline...

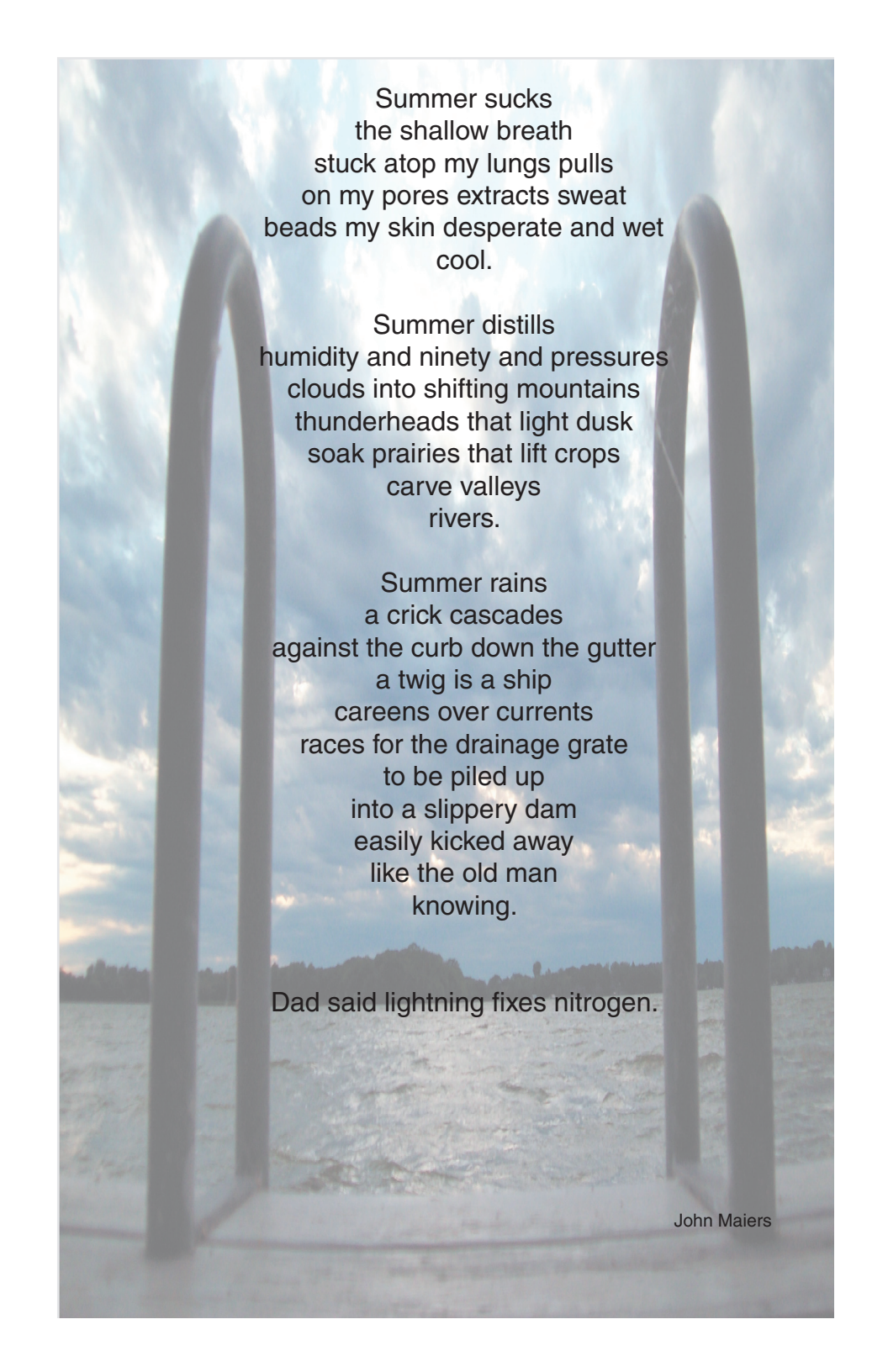
Dear Everybody,

So, obviously I know what's on everyone's mind; the death of Michael Jackson. Whether you are a fan or a hater, the whole world has thoughts about his death. I myself am a fan, and not afraid to say it. You simply cannot deny the impact this one man has had on the world and music industry. Of course, there was a high price he paid for his greatness. Just take a look at his Grammy Legend acceptance speech (which, by the way, there are only 15 recipients of.) I think it's normal to have complications for anyone of supreme talent. No matter what anyone thinks or says, this man was one of the most amazing performers/songwriters of all time! Hot beats, smooth lyrical sense, and the sweetest dance moves on the planet made him the most fantastic entertainer the world over!

Just think about it. What other artist released a premiere music video on primetime television? Who else influenced generations to wear sequence-gloves and socks and red-leather jackets and grow long Jheri-curl hair and kick their legs up and grab their crotch and yell "Aooowww!" I remember trying to do the moonwalk for hours a day, in socks, across the linoleum floor in the kitchen... with no success I might add. And don't even try to tell me you didn't try it, too. I remember ghetto-blastin' *Thriller* with my Playschool tape player at a young age, literally imagining I was Michael Jackson. Man, he was so cool! There just isn't enough that can be said to make people understand the impact he made on not only on the United States, but the whole world. Simply put, he was and will remain incredibly larger than life.

Your Friend,
Juston





Summer sucks
the shallow breath
stuck atop my lungs pulls
on my pores extracts sweat
beads my skin desperate and wet
cool.

Summer distills
humidity and ninety and pressures
clouds into shifting mountains
thunderheads that light dusk
soak prairies that lift crops
carve valleys
rivers.

Summer rains
a crick cascades
against the curb down the gutter
a twig is a ship
careens over currents
races for the drainage grate
to be piled up
into a slippery dam
easily kicked away
like the old man
knowing.

Dad said lightning fixes nitrogen.

John Maiers

Bird Watching

by Jennifer Miller

Once upon a time, I went to unlock the front door, checking the mail for my child support. Through the screen window I was confronted with ducks mating on my front steps. So I waited inside because I think, maybe they need their privacy. And I watched because, I don't know, I just did. It's not something I'm proud of, but yes, I watched. Besides, it's not an ordinary occurrence. It could have been a sign of something. I quickly realized this was not consensual. It was a bird gang bang on my front steps. Her head was bleeding where they held her down with their beaks. I wanted to burst outside and save her. I could almost hear Blondie wailing away on the soundtrack of the daring rescue. I just couldn't seem to will myself into action. My feet stayed stuck to the floor. Honestly, most of me didn't want to rush out there and save that duck. What would the neighbors say then about the weird chick who reads too much next door? They would say, "She did what?" Or they might say "She would do that." So I didn't do anything.

When they were done with her she waddled away, seemingly unaffected. But who really knows what duck terror looks like? For that matter, maybe she was having a good time. Who knows what duck orgasms look like? Just because I was in a self imposed dry spell at the time, would it be ethical to deny another female? All I knew was that pretty soon there would be some more eggs coming into the world and who knows if mallards stick around afterwards to help. Maybe she was thinking, "Is the nest big enough for more?" I hear you sister, I thought silently. I didn't say it out loud for a few reasons. Since I didn't try and save this duck, I wasn't certain if it was appropriate that I commiserate with her. Also, if I didn't want the neighbors to catch me saving a duck, I certainly didn't want them to see me talking to one. And it was a duck. Like it would understand me anyway.

The entire time this happening there was a man just 50 feet away, across the parking lot, fixing the electricity or something. He wasn't even noticing the ducks on my front steps; he didn't glance

in our direction once. Was he just completely oblivious? Maybe he watched ducks mate all the time and had grown cynical? Suddenly I felt like I was in some weird independent film, one of those films that put me in a strange mood afterwards. I waited for some director to yell, “Cut! Fade to the duck!”

I watched the mallards walk off into the other direction; I tried to excuse my inaction by telling myself this was the law of nature. But we all watch, even in our human world. We don’t verbalize our opinions. I didn’t say enough for that poor duck. I chose inaction over being called a bitch. (Or a feminist, the political F word.) Being the bitch had begun to wear on me. At that point I chose no more silence; the injustice had begun wearing on me, much worse than being a bitch had. If we are going to live in a global economy, we must have a global equality. I decided to use the F word again in polite conversation. I couldn’t look my daughter in the eye and bite my tongue at the same time. She will grow up and use the F word too, over and over until it is commonplace. My sons will embrace the feminist movement, in spite of varying political climate.

I wish now I had saved that duck and ignored neighborhood gossip. But next time I will, so mallards beware. Either way, she and I both got screwed that day. Because my child support check never did come in the mail that month.



Camp Cucamonga

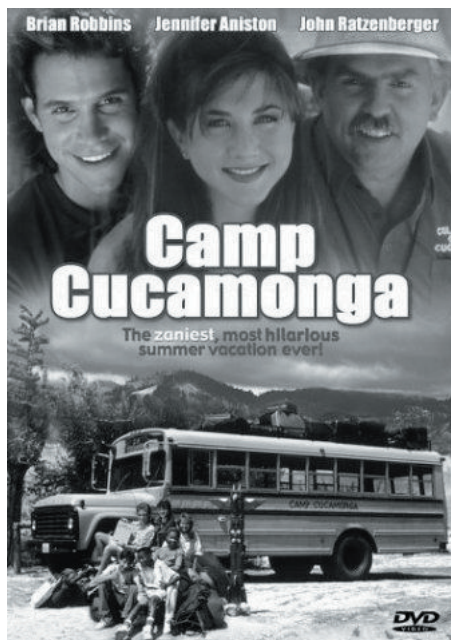
By Dustin Wilmes

Now that we're in the throes of summer, I figured all the *Save the Crumbs* readers would like to get some relief from the hustle and bustle of the season by walking down to your local video store and picking up a copy of everyone's favorite made-for-TV movie about summer camp, ***Camp Cucamonga***. The film first aired in 1990, back when summer camp was cool. Like any other summer camp movie, it's filled with romance, guys falling off boats, and hilarious outdoor pranks. But what really makes this film unique is the *Cucamonga* cast.

You realize you have something special right off the bat when most of the Oscar nominees are introduced in the opening sequence. As the camera makes its way through the camp-bound bus, you start to realize that this film is like the All-Madden team for washed-up child stars of the late '80s and early '90s. It's amazing this film never made it to theaters.

First of all, you notice half the cast of *The Wonder Years* (not Fred Savage, but the cheaper actors.) The nerdy guy who played Paul Pfeiffer has reprised his role as the nerd, and the chick who played Winnie Cooper plays the badass girl who wears leather jackets, hoop earrings, and Motley Crue T-shirts. Of course, we find out later that underneath all the glowering, she's really just a lonely, out of place girl with an unsatisfying home life.

Next, you notice D.J. from *Full House*, who portrays the bitchy girl who gets her comeuppance in the end, the stoner guy from *Clueless*, one of the guys from that *Head of the Class* show that Mike



Tyson's ex-wife was on, and the guy who played Allen Fairbanks on *Saved by the Bell* (he was the fat kid who referenced cake a lot.) Oh, yeah, and fricken' Urkel! Yeah, Urkel is in this film. For some reason, he plays the smooth ladies' man of the group.

Rounding out the cast are Sherman Hemsley as the bumbling maintenance man, G. Gordon Liddy as the evil camp inspector, the drunken mailman from *Cheers* as the camp owner (who for some reason has shown up in a few other films I've reviewed in this 'zine), and that Aniston chick from that stupid show *Friends*, in her first on-screen role.

While at Camp, the gang forges all sorts of lasting memories, budding romances, and best of all, friendships. It's the feel good hit of almost 20 summers ago. But, it can't be all high-fives and Zuba pants. There's something fishy going on at *Cucamonga*. I know what you're thinking, but no, it's not of the *Barely Legal* variety. Nobody finds themselves on the wrong end of a machete either. Still, it's still pretty serious business for our *T.G.I.F.* heart throbs.

Now, I don't want to spoil the film for you, but it goes without saying that whenever someone opens a summer camp in a film, there's always an evil person (or persons) who want to shut it down. It's usually up to the kids to save the day. This film follows that basic formula. So of course, as any group of young kids in a bind would do, they make a rap video to convince them not to close the camp. Being the only black guy at camp, Urkel leads the way to victory. And the line that delivers the knockout punch? "I get curious, even furious.

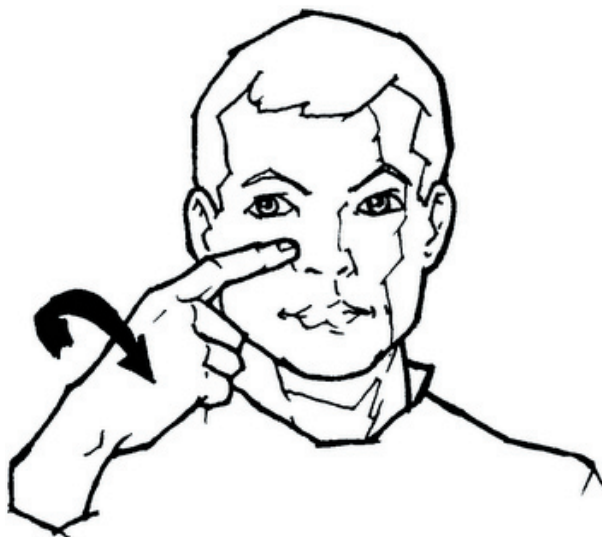
When people put us down I can get injurious. So don't talk trash about our camp 'cause I'm here to tell you that it's the champ." Now that's how you save a summer camp my friends. Take that, *Meatballs*!



Mankato: A Newcomer's Prospective

by Harris Burkhalter

Ah, Mankato;
that prototypical,
Midwestern college
town on the rolling,
green-wooded banks
of Minnesota. Not
nearly as drunken
as St. Cloud or as
deadly quiet as
Winona, "Deep
Valley" has its
own style, one
I'm beginning to
appreciate.



As I type this
up in my studio
apartment near the historic center of town within convenient
walking distance of several coffee shops, bars, and countless pizza
emporiums, I ponder how exactly did I get here? I certainly wasn't
expecting it. I'm a librarian by trade, or at least I aspire to be.
Unfortunately, in our current economy, luxuries such as education
have gone by the wayside. Fortunately, the Memorial Library
at MSU is among the lucky, funded institutions and generously
offered me a position in cataloging as a graduate assistant. I was
extremely pleased and quickly gathered my stuff and moved to
Mankato to devote myself to cataloging.

This all happened last summer, and I had never even visited the
town until a few weeks before I was scheduled to begin my new
duties in the library. Everyone there has been extremely gracious
and helpful and I hope that my work is able to benefit the library in
some way, as I struggle to learn the arcana of the cataloging world
so that some day I too may catalog unpublished monographs and
electronic resources with the best of them. However, outside of the

library I still feel a bit lost in this town as I bike through the streets and parks.

I feel like a bit of an odd duck when it comes to my presence here. I did not grow up here or in a rural setting. I'm from the Twin Cities. Okay, okay, I'm from the suburbs of Minneapolis, but I still feel like a Twin Citian. It has been the first time I have lived outside the "Cities." I still feel weird calling them that. Only an hour and a half away, home to my friends, family, and the world that I knew, they occasionally feel a long way away indeed. My natural tendency towards reclusiveness has not helped matters and sometimes I feel like a strange loner. An observer not connected to the people around them. I'm attending MSU-Mankato, yet I'm in my late twenties, a grad assistant, older than the many undergrads. Now that it is summer and the long hours of studying and cataloging are on hold for the precious three months of warmth and greenery in our infamously frozen portion of the world, I have more time to realize my lack of communication here.

In any case, I imagine that Mankato will always be to me the place that first tested my resolve as an independent human being in a world of individuals all struggling to do their own things. My time here will, I think, be marked by an evolution, as I try to figure out where I should be going with my life, apart from the life I knew before. I imagine this is the natural place for college towns everywhere. I'm looking forward to the rest of my time here in Mankato, taking advantage of student group buffets, board game nights, and author readings.

Questions remain; what's with that strange smell that sometimes wafts through town? It's not unpleasant, just strange. What is that, bread, beer? It's a doughy smell, but has a slightly tangy overtone. It smells like something familiar, something like soda bread. There's gotta be some kind of agricultural reason, but I don't know what it is. For me that will be the most poignant memory of Mankato, riding my bike uphill along a street flanked on both sides by trees towards the University, inhaling that rich but fleeting, unexplainable odor of soda bread drifting on the breeze, and feeling at ease.

Sometime, Circa 1984

by Sarah Turbes

The latest string of celebrity deaths, Michael Jackson, Farrah Fawcett and Ed McMahon's in particular, were sad, but didn't leave me in a state of overwhelming grief. If anything, their untimely passing left me, as well as others, I'd imagine, to feel nostalgic about the early 1980s. I mean no disrespect when I say I didn't really think of Michael, Farrah or Ed after the early to mid '80s, but my interest in entertainment was ever changing and branching out.

My adoration, "love" one might say, for Michael Jackson was much like others around the time *Thriller* was released. We owned the album and I still remember unfolding the jacket to find Michael cuddling a tiger cub. Both were cute to me. Who couldn't love someone who had the opportunity to snuggle up to a baby tiger on a regular basis? Two Michael posters hung on my bedroom walls, right next to a Muppets poster. On one, Michael in his "traditional" bad-ass leather garb and on the other an outfit one might wear to church, a sweater vest if I remember correctly. I recall calling that poster the "Sunday Clothes Michael". I also had the sticker cards that you could collect, much like Garbage Pail Kids and sport cards, but when you flipped them over you could fit them together to make a Michael puzzle. I always wanted more Michael memorabilia. My mom drew the line when it came to the more expensive stuff, like the sequined glove. I'd argue with my friends who liked Michael more and we often pretended to be in the *Thriller* video, even though it was the one and only music video that scared me. My dad used to sneak up behind me when I watched it, making scary noises, which only intensified my fear and the realization that I could not watch horror films for a long time. As I got older, I my adoration towards Michael Jackson fizzled and I liked Weird Al Yankovic's parody of *Beat It*, better than the original. I shrugged and scoffed at allegations, laughed at *SNL* parodies, rolled my eyes each time I heard songs from *Free Willy*. I was over him. Way over.

Farrah Fawcett and Ed McMahon were not as iconic to me as MJ, but they were memorable. Farrah Fawcett's stint as an "Angel" was over before I was born, but I still ended up with a Farrah Fawcett doll. At 3 or 4, I desperately wanted a Barbie after seeing a friend's. My mom, being adamantly against the ill-proportioned doll, allowed me to have a babysitter's old Farah Fawcett doll, hoping it would distract my "Barbie Fever". I happily accepted, but soon hated the doll. It's height, half the size of Barbie, her Bride of Frankenstein-style hair (a result of too much washing), an orange jumpsuit that resembled prison garb, and a head that was easy to pull off, were all reasons to discard her to the bottom of the doll box for several years. What I remember Farrah for was her role in *The Burning Bed*. I'm not sure why or how I was able to watch this made for television movie about domestic violence, but it made an impact on me as a kid. So much, that when a house was on fire on our block, I imagined (and perhaps convinced myself) that it was a

situation like the *Burning Bed*, *THE Burning Bed*. I imagined a battered woman, getting revenge, lighting the match and walking away. Some pretty heavy stuff for a five year old. I lost sight and track of Farrah soon after, maybe because her roles weren't as strong. I only saw her as a stereotypical blonde, battling addictions and bad boyfriends. She didn't represent a strong woman to me, especially in her infamous "nipped out" pin-up photo.

Ed McMahon was like the grandpa you wanted to adopt. He was encouraging, he was enthusiastic, he was rich. I never remembered him from the *Johnny Carson Show*, but as the *Star Search* host. *Star Search* brought hope to the kids of the '80s. Sometimes I really believed that I'd get the chance to sing and dance, twirl a baton, tell a joke and maybe make it big. Even the bad, embarrassingly bad, performers were given praise by Ed. Ed McMahon represented countless possibilities and opportunities. Not only could you become famous and make a living off of your talent, you could be surprised at any given moment with a bundle of balloons, friendly faces, and a comically over sized check representing millions of dollars. As I got older, I realized that I would not go on national television with my talents and my family had zero chance of receiving a check for millions.

As each of these '80s icons aged, they often were portrayed as "washed up", "crazy", "pathetic" by the turn of the Millennium. Michael's music remained groundbreaking and timeless, but he became some sort of political and social issue. Like political parties, people found themselves on one side of the fence or the other, but rarely in the middle. He was known as either, "Jacko" or the "King of Pop". Farrah Fawcett seemed to be only remembered for her bizarre public appearances and tumultuous relationship with Ryan O'Neal, not to mention being viewed as an "unsuccessful" mother to her criminal son. Ed McMahon's life ended up being the complete opposite of all the dreams that he represented. Penniless, donning a neck brace and tears, it was hard to imagine him as a jovial fellow. Each of their fates were sad and unfortunate, if not tragic. We were reminded yet again that celebrities are mortal beings, but unlike us "regular folk", they rarely protected from scrutiny once their success crashes and burns.

I tired quickly of watching second by second news reports of Jackson's body being transported, I was tired of everything else in the world being upstaged. Yet, I was shocked by his death, if just for a moment. I felt bad that Farrah had finally succumbed to her battle with cancer and I felt that despite his recent financial disadvantages, Ed had lived his life in happiness. My life was experiencing personal losses and drama at the same time as these deaths and I felt like shrugging my shoulders, turning off the television and saying, "So *&\$!@ what!?". The least I can do is remember highlights of Michael Jackson's musical career or at least the moments that shined for me. I can reassess the stereotype I gave Farrah and see her performance as a battered woman as important and necessary. She was brave to tell her story, the whole story, in her attempt to make people aware of cancer. And Ed. Well, Ed can be remembered for his hearty laughter and positive spirit; even if he was only acting. These people, although I outgrew them a long time ago, I can memorialize them and thank them for allowing me to revisit sometime, circa 1984.

You Don't Have Time to Learn About the Socialist Revolution While You're Too Busy Earning a Living

By Leah Hunczak

Oh, America with your poets and musicians,
Your students, politicians,
You're falling behind in the polls
And bursting at the seams
With debt
and reams and reams of broken dreams
Oh I have a dream
You have a dream
We all have a dream
And believe me, it makes me want to scream
When I see what's on the television screen.
Your rich collapse onto their highly polished parquet floor
And beg for more
While spoiled teenage pseudo-Marxists whisper,
"Workers unite!" because they still have that right
And know where they will sleep tonight.

Oh, America, take the blinders from your eyes
Let the Brother receive the Light
And listen to your children when they're hurting
They cry and writhe and sweat and beat their breasts
Left to wonder
Who

Will clean up this mess?

Who, when the banks collapse and the stock market is revealed for the
Ponzi scheme it is
(And always has been)

Who

Will still take you seriously, America?
Your foundation, built on dreams of freedom
Is shaky.

And the dream, let's face it,
Has been a nightmare for some.

And the dawn we're all dreading brings on its wings a mighty hangover for
all.

(Common Wealth)



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



Photos:

Above: “Dumb & Dumber” by T.J. Berger

Below: “Leucetios” by Emily Myers





Photos:

Above: “Zebes” by Morgan Lust

Below: “He Was Looking At Me... With His Eyes” by Geneva Sarni



