



Issue #19

Save The Crumbs

Hey Readers!

Save the Crumbs has entered its third year of existence and that wouldn't be possible without the help of all the writers, poets, artists, photographers, financial contributors, and readers over the years. It's easy to quit a project like this because the workload will always outweigh the accolades, but that's not the reason we do it. As ol' Abe once said, *Save the Crumbs* is of the people, by the people, and for the people. Thanks again everyone for all your help over the years. Keep sending us your work and we'll do our best to keep printing issues. Don't forget to join us on Facebook and Twitter, too.

Dustin Wilmes - Editor



“Get Comfortable” by Sarah Quick

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 corporate 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 us on Facebook and Twitter.

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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... **The Prize**

In the midst of a losing streak, looking back to the last time you won can motivate you, and seeing as how I haven't won a prize of any kind in years, motivation is long overdue.

Now, to be fair, I have won recently, but Trivial Pursuit and foosball don't count. I'm talking about officially sanctioned competitions with judges and prizes, and as far as those are concerned I'm 0 for 100. Screenplay, short story, and short film competitions, the lottery, Bingo, all one loss after another, but once, long ago, I was a winner.

The year: 1990. Location: Arlington, Minnesota. I'm nine. *Days of Thunder* hit theatres hard, but my parents won't let me go because it's rated PG-13. As a kid who loves going to the dirt-track races a block from my house, I salvage what viewing I can by watching TV for hours, hoping for a *Days of Thunder* trailer or Hardee's commercial.

There's a dance at the Municipal Hall. Being nine, I have no idea what the dance is celebrating. I just end up places, and once I'm there I make the most of it. A DJ spins golden oldies—yes on vinyl—and I dance, because I haven't hit puberty and lost my natural rhythm.

The night blurs as music plays. I am nine and I have energy to spare. I moonwalk. I dance like Pee-Wee when they play *Surfin' Bird*. I do the funky-chicken. I am master of the dance-floor. The DJ plays a song I have never heard, but the chorus is "Waterloo." I run to my parents and tell them, because I think our grandparents live in Waterloo, Iowa. They smile and nod, knowing that the ABBA song has nothing to do with Iowa or my grandparents, who actually live in Cedar Falls. Then, the DJ holds up the grail of prizes, a black *Days of Thunder* T-shirt with the Mello Yellow car streaking across the front. He says, whoever can tell me the name of the song I just played wins the shirt.

My nerves fire white light through my brain into the back of my eyes. I look to my parents. They motion for me to yell the answer to the DJ. I look to the DJ. He switches records. I say the answer, but I'm too quiet. The DJ asks the question again. I inch forward and repeat the answer. The DJ doesn't hear me. A kid next to me pushes me to the front of the stage and waves to get the DJ's attention. The DJ asks one last time. I say *Waterloo*. He declares me winner and hands me the shirt. My hands shake as I take it from him. I put it on. It's extra large and fits like a muumuu, but I am ecstatic. I have won a prize, and even though I won't see *Days of Thunder* for another four years, I am content. I have the T-shirt.

What happened to the T-shirt is another story. I'm pretty sure I wore it until it was full of holes and my mom threw it out. I'm sure I was devastated. The T-shirt, however, is not the point. The point is that I won a prize. Lets ignore the fact that I had no idea who ABBA was or anything about Napoleon, and the fact that my grandparents actually lived in Cedar Falls and not Waterloo, Iowa. Lets ignore the fact that every other parent in that room could've answered that question correctly in half the time it took me. I won, and there will be another time in the near future that the stars align—or nobody else wants the prize—and I win again.



By Kathy Builtron

What is true meaning of a dad?

Does he have to be the man who was with your mom when you were born, or the man who held you for the first time, the one who changed your diaper when you were a baby.

NO!

For me the true meaning of a dad has one name.

JOSEPH FRANKLIN SCHWARTZ

He was the dad that mine didn't have time to be, the man who took care of me. Wiped away my tears when I cried, made me laugh when I was me sad, loved me unconditionally when we both knew that by blood he was not my real dad, but no matter how you look at it he was my dad by heart.

I know your in heaven and far from pain, just like it should be. I know that my sadness will gradually subside, even though you will always be in my heart

On earth you were my one and only dad, and in heaven you will be my beautiful angel.

I will love you always.

LOVE KATHY

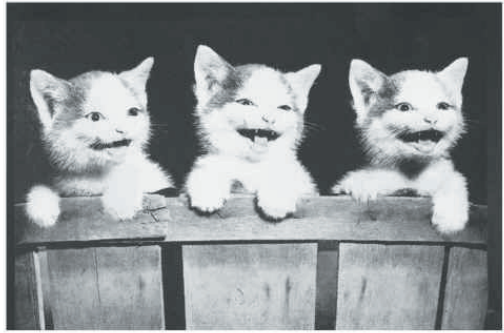
Joseph Franklin Schwartz

11/03/44 - 02/24/10

From The Desk of Juston Cline...

Dear Everybody,

So when it's all over, when it's all done and passed and you're in that time to reflect place. What is it that you'll be looking back on? What is that important thing that got you through life and made you happy? For some it's the material things. Gucci this



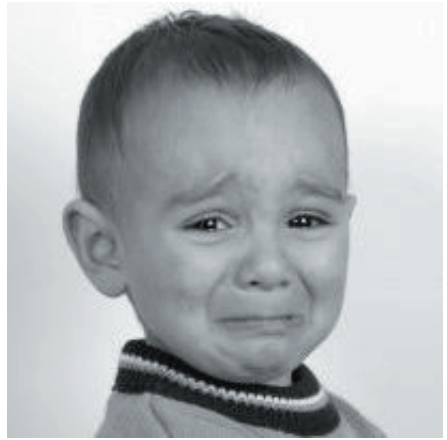
and Prada that. Corvette queens and Harley kings with Rum soaked dreams of bikini bliss on a beach. It's all well and good until someone wakes up old and saggy. But of course you can buy most of your smooth flat skin back. For others there is what I feel is the polar opposite; Family. All that is asked is clothes and food for the kids and a good safe vehicle and security at school, with the regular holidays and family outing/get-togethers to enlighten every ones mood. They leave feeling refreshed and loved or in some cases spent. Either way, what's important is the people in the family. Not the goods that classify them. Some people are completely vested in religion or their job or some crazy dream that involves flying a car from Seattle to North Dakota on a single tank of vegetable oil supplied by the local fast food waste vats. Of course there are the in-betweens , the crowd pleasers. The ones that want it all, chasing a perpetual dream of perfect family values and carefree partying on the weekends while still holding up their classy image at the PTA meetings. More get it than one would expect. The thing I feel ties all these together is just that... togetherness. The materialist has to have someone or some many to show off to or to compare themselves too. The family has each other of course. The religious have their selected deity. The worker has a boss or set of employees. And the experimental has a dog and car and if lucky a wife that works overtime to support his craziness. I think if we all look back on life the truly happy moments are never when you're alone. Most of the beautiful things in the world happen together. The trick is to notice and enjoy it while it's there instead of when it's all over. Now if you'll excuse me I am going to find some companionship and enjoy the hell out of it.

Your Friend,
Juston

Holidays To Consider: #999

by Zachary Zoet

The next new holiday may be “Black Day.” Black Day should typically occur the Monday after Valentine’s Day: To wear black, to stay alone, to avoid others, to act offended at gestures of kindness, to reject understanding, to bump around in the dark, to fast, and to practice extreme sarcasm, as in, “I was your *‘what??’* Get lost, that was last week.”



One may feign grief and frustration on Black Day, “You’re not depressed: It’s Black Day.”

Black Day would be the day to make babies cry, fathers cry, mothers cry, sisters cry, brothers cry, aunts and uncles cry, nieces and nephews cry, grandparents cry, bakers and coffee shop workers cry, contractors and politicians cry, lovers and whores cry, dissidents and professors cry, musicians and pizza deliveries cry, gardeners and activists cry, and anybody and everybody else cry. Then say, “Thank you, sir/madam. I enjoy listening to you cry. The sound of you weeping makes me want to cry...”

Of course the objective in celebrating Black day should make one feel better. Because Black Day would be horribly awful to attempt celebrating, all would feel better the following day regardless of their actual situation.

A perfect holiday, would last only a day. Everyone would look forward to Black Day, the Monday after Valentine’s Day (probably one of the most familiar types of days we are used to, getting older), because after Black Day a pleasant disposition would actually feel different. If Black Day really became a holiday, all who celebrate Black Day could expect to feel better the following day knowing the sun had set on Black Day.

Nerd Burglar

by Emily Myers

Life is pretty weird sometimes. Like, here I am on this rock, looking at some stuff. Yesterday I was working at a kiosk calendar store in the mall, now look at me. I feel different. I haven't had any Mountain Dew. My head hurts. I don't have my Nintendo DS. Everything is quiet now.

I wish Kyle didn't tell me I was a screw-up all of my life. What does he know, anyway? He's my stupid brother who goes to stupid college in some stupid hippie town. He doesn't wear underwear. If he hadn't told me I was a screw-up, then I wouldn't have tried so hard to be a screw-up to make him mad, and I could've done cooler things like be an astronaut or a building-climber. He's too stupid to know that I tricked him, yet I think I feel sad inside for the first time and feel that Kyle may have been right. Kyle used to spread paint all over his body and take pictures to show our parents and weirded-out relatives - probably still does.

I had a girlfriend who just moved away, her name was Caress. She left me for an Orc who lives in Arizona and works for a company that makes the cheesy rubber t-shirts you put on your keys. We never even kissed because of our braces, but I loved her. She smelled like the Little Caesar's Crazy Bread marinara sauce, which really turned me on, and she was nice to me and tolerated that I couldn't say my R's right, but I think it's for the best. Some people are destined to be alone - like a heroic wolfman in the forest of eternal darkness and fear and wrath and loneliness and shame.

My parents kicked me out, too - not because they're ashamed of me, they said - because the world hasn't seen what I, Lucas Lloyd, can do. I have a lot of goals, but no one has ever asked me what they were. I have superpowers, but no one has ever witnessed me do them because they are so lightning fast, and it would actually put them at more danger to witness such power.

I came out here today, to drop my glasses over the cliff and blindly follow my life to the next step, by way of destiny. After I dropped my glasses, though, I got into someone else's car and the

person in the passenger seat sprayed me with mace and I ran into traffic, fell over into the ditch and down a hill and hit my head on this rock. I don't really know what to do next, but I'm feeling strange emotions for the first time, and physical pain, and my total non-future. I have decided that if I make it off this rock, I have to find my glasses, which will take days - I will have to camp out and kill for food. I will then go apologize to my parents for peeing in the milk jug after they kicked me out, and on the handle to every door in the house, and on Kyle's PC that they've kept in his stupid old room, and on my mom's pure-bred dachshund, which was actually an accident. I will beg them to un-kick-me-out.

I will then get my job back at the calendar kiosk and save for Robotics school and invent a machine that plays my video games for me, by voice command, because I need to insure my one billion dollar hands. After I am a one billionaire, I want to destroy all of the things people get made fun of for. I will buzz cut all of the hockey players in the world, break all of the pocket protectors in half with my big golden fists (untarnishable, to protect my hands), make all crooked pictures straight, and all of the blue-haired women the color they were actually going for – the spicy red hair of a woman 50 years younger.

I am Lucas Lloyd, and my dream is to not be a nerd burglar anymore!

After I shouted that into the wilderness, a dog howled, a squirrel skittered in the boysenberry bushes, pulling her frightened family with her, and my glasses fell into my lap from a low-laying tree branch.

Muncie, Indiana: the final frontier. These are the voyages of the starship Lucas, aka L-Skully. My ongoing mission: to explore strange interwebs, to seek out new life-forms and hot computron babes; to boldly go where no one has gone before.



Dear Hollywood Sir or Ma'am

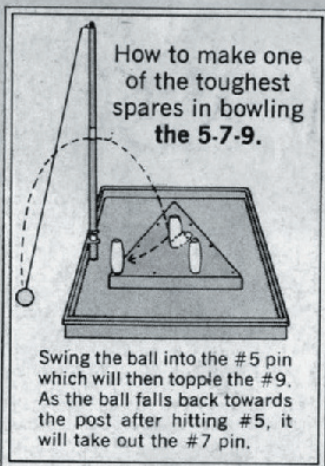
by Sarah Turbes

In 3rd grade, an assignment was to write a letter to someone famous. While I had many celebrity favorites, think of any '80s rock icon, I chose Shirley Temple Black over Cyndi Lauper. When picking Temple, I imagined a grown-up version of her child self, still wholesome and dimpled with cork screw curls. I considered that she might even still wear frilly socks and pristine, white Mary Janes. I'm not even certain why I liked Shirley. I had never seen her movies, but I did have an affinity for old movie stars and my best friend's mother had a Shirley Temple doll and signed photograph. If I had known that Shirley, as a grown-up, rubbed elbows with conservatives and supported war, I don't think I would have taken the time to write. I did, wholeheartedly, appreciate and like Cyndi Lauper. Why I never wrote her, I'll never know. My friend, whose mother had the Shirley Temple memorabilia, wrote to Springsteen or Huey Lewis. When other people in our class started sharing their letters from Barbara Mandrell, William "The Refrigerator" Perry, or the President of U.S.A, we were hopeful and would run home from school, straight to mailboxes full of mail that wasn't addressed to us. Over time, I stopped checking and swore I'd never right another fan letter.

Junior high began and celebrity crushes were the subject during sleepovers and "top secret" diaries. In 7th or 8th grade, I wrote a letter to Christian Slater. My friends and I became experts on his filmography and we blushed at his on-screen performances, swooning at the rebel who smoked cigarettes, spewed sarcasm and pushed back his greasy, Eddie Munster haircut, when arguing with authority. I don't remember my letter to Slater, but remember feeling embarrassed of liking him so much that I would actually write. Maybe I feared rejection again or just couldn't get over that it felt a little bit "stalkery". Months went by and I feared I had made another mistake, expressing my appreciation, but I eventually received an envelope with a glossy black and white photo. Immediately, I knew that he hadn't signed it moments before it was sent off, but I felt special. Special enough that I put the photo in my locker where my friends and I could swoon between classes. A signed photo from a current, "hot" celebrity meant I was cool.

My admiration for Christian Slater weakened after *True Romance* and while I still watched his late '80s - early '90s "classics", I adored "edgier", older stars. My celebrity crushes ranged from classic stars like Rock Hudson to glasses wearing "regular folk" like Paul Giamatti and of course, the attraction to the "rebel" never died. One of my celebrity crushes became Benicio Del Toro; a mix between Robert Mitchum and James Coburn, his mumbled voice, premature gray head of hair, and his Puerto Rican heritage reminded me of old loves. A couple of months ago, I dreamed that I worked for an agency that sold buckets of ice to famous people. It turned into some strange scene that could have been seen in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*: red rooms, vinyl booths, poker tables, whiskey, and coy looks. We ended up sitting on the edge of a fountain and when I told him that I preferred his "hobo chic" look, he walked off to date one of my best friends. I woke up feeling disappointed, intrigued, embarrassed, and desperately wanting to write a letter, as a friend not a fan. For a couple of days, I couldn't shake this feeling that we'd be best of friends or really awesome pen pals, if I could just get past the fan club b.s. I've come close to writing a postcard, requesting an original picture (like a Polaroid) or something, but my chances are similar to winning the lottery. Besides, I'm fresh outta stamps.

**Now kids can beat
grown-ups at
their own
game.**

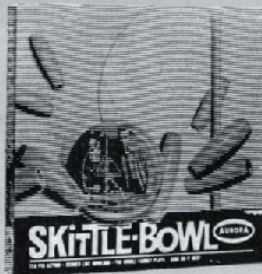


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What It Is

by Joe Eggen

Save the Crumbs (STC). I've asked myself in the past what its master plan is. What's it really trying to accomplish? I can't really say, but I do think about that stuff sometimes. I've talked to the guy who puts this thing to print about it and we've shot around ideas about how to get this thing more "out there." The topic has come up before that people don't really understand what this "'zine" is. Sure, you can look at the facts and see that a handful of people write articles for the editor who makes them look pretty and puts it to press with the monetary backing of a few others, which is what a magazine is. You can also read the inside cover and see they are doing "this publication because we felt the spirit of 'do it yourself' was lacking in Mankato and the surrounding areas." It goes on to mention "*Save the Crumbs* is the true spirit of D.I.Y." and really I think that's what the whole thing comes down to. It's not some attempt at getting rich (although covering the printing costs/would be nice I imagine.) It's not about being noticed and being the next editor at the *New York Times* or something. It really is about the "do it yourself" spirit.

To me, this 'zine really is just about getting up, getting out there, and doing something. It's an energy and a potential in a way and what you, as a person, wants to do with that. Do you want to waste your potential/energy and just veg on the couch watching TV like a zombie without having to really think about stuff? Next time you sit down and watch TV for awhile, try to notice about how much you actually use your brain (or muscles) during that time. *STC* can't stop the tide of TV and isn't about that, but it is about exercising your mental capacity I think. It's about getting your voice out there. It's about community and involvement. It's not so much about news reporting because you can get five different views on news at two different sources, and

all that can be skewed to what “they” want you to know. It’s about taking your opinion and letting it be known. Sure, they claim it is about doing it yourself, but I actually think it’s more about doing things together.

I like this little ‘zine and I think it’s pretty awesome that it’s been around and kept on going for the last 19 issues and I like reading what the people who write have to say. I may not know the people personally, but I know a lot more about them than I did before and that’s pretty cool in my opinion because as much of an introvert as I am, and as much as I tend to not like humans, I do enjoy getting to know people and I think I have the most fun when I’m working on a project with people and we are accomplishing a goal.

I honestly don’t really know how to end this because I want *STC*’s message of sorts to get out there and be known more than it is, but I also wouldn’t mind this community having more of a sense of itself. I’ve felt Mankato has always seemed to have a “lack of” and I know I’m not the only one, but there are no really good creative outlets for people to turn to in this town. There are a few, yes, but I don’t think anything that really draws people in and makes them want to express themselves and get them involved. I guess all I can really do is encourage people to get involved. Do something with your mind. Challenge it to a duel every day. It is a muscle, so exercise it, because if you don’t it will diminish and you don’t want to literally be a vegetable when you turn 78 because you watched TV and didn’t develop your interests.

I also want to ask people that do enjoy this ‘zine to get the word out there. Take two or three home with you and give them to a friend who you think would enjoy them. Take them to school maybe and leave a copy somewhere you think someone would pick one up that might like it. I guess people don’t understand the “angle” of this thing and there is no angle. It’s not for profit. It’s just about doing something with the time you’re on this earth and leaving something other than waste behind when you leave. At least that’s my take on it.

Dear Joey

by Jennifer Miller

Joey Ramone, I thought about you the other day,
“Let’s Go!” on replay, pounding through my
inadequate computer speakers while I
was trying to read out from under it.
My son, head shaved into a foax-hawk,
holes punched into the skin I gave him,
sitting at the desk in the living room
(computer strategically placed to ensure he’s not looking up porn)
secure in the obscure sureness of his new musical choices
voices of my past, flying through his mouth,
I doubt I should tell him he was, very possibly, conceived
during this song, doubt he would have believed it,
could even picture me at sixteen, happily crammed
between the seat of a sweet Camero and his biological donor,
as the owner of that story, I kept that one to myself.
In and of itself, the child created from the music, now loses himself in it,
shit has very possibly hit the fan in this moment,
petulant punk snarl on his face,
pounding his head with the drums,
and I am thinking of a time, Joey, when you were mine
and I had big hair and a boy toy face
and if you had known who I was,
and hadn’t married someone else,
and then died,
we would be living in sin right now.
And I am thinking of a time when the world was mine,
and Madonna and Prince hadn’t found God yet, so they so did not suck,
(by the way, when you came out and said the world was full of sin,
bitches, you’re part of the reason I got into trouble in the first place
Either embrace it or get over it.)
My kid interrupts my thoughts,
“This is the best fucking band!” he says,
turning it up too loud and I cringe.
I cringe because I am no longer that free,
my hair is of normal size, (relatively speaking)
it is after eleven and the neighbors
can certainly hear the pounding of the drums.
But I paused.
I paused before playing mom,
thinking back to a time before he found you
and I was bound to the house with
Marilyn Manson and Kid Rock and
that sucked.
I paused, waiting until the song was over
before turning it down.
And, Joey, I just wanted to let you know
that deep down, I’m still yours.

Dragonflies Breathing Fireballs

by Daniel C. Massaglia

I'm glad that dragonflies are not like the magical creatures that are found in our fantasy books. They are more like aliens than fictitious fire-breathers. Imagine that these tiny little creatures had some kerosene in their lungs and gave out flame grenades every time they exhaled. We would no longer find it a hobby to catch them. That would result in various numbers and degrees of burns. Forests would be threatened. We wouldn't feel too lucky when one of them lands on us to say hello. Villagers would yell "Run for the hills, the dragonflies are approaching." Our firearms would be useless against them, especially if they had some form of aggression and telepathy. The swarm would devour us in seconds. They would have to be disarmed somehow. They dance together in sequential greed and survival methods.

It wouldn't be too exciting to be a hunter of these violent creatures, "Hey kids, I'm a dragonfly hunter, don't do drugs." The animal rights advocates would have a field day with rallies and pickets trying to deter the military from having a tactical and experimental research done to extinguish the "problem." The government would throw ethics out the window and learn more towards using the minimal-brain dysfunctionals and anti-socials to fight against the swarm. They would attack and we would invent new fly spatters and anti-flame armor. Debates from liberals and conservatives would drift towards extermination and prevention, making education and health care about the same as it is now, basically non-existent and useless, spinning the argument into the circles of a merry-go-round. Headlines would state that "Bugs Burn Manhattan."

Television would be the same. We would ignore the behaviors of our scholars and professors. We would focus more on who screwed who and who got wasted on *The Jersey Shore*. Researchers would then discover that the whole time these creatures were actually the cast of *Jersey Shore*. They had been kidnapped by mad scientists and were told they were going to be given drugs to lower inhibition and new DNA to make them bug-like and dangerous. They will infect our youth and make the villagers want to "Run to the Hills." Scholars would find out to prevent our species from dying we would need to read to these creatures books by famous authors. The key to killing off these evildoers and make things normal is to simply read some Keats to them and create a happier world for all of us. Well, until the next wave of rich, feeble-minded reality shows destroy creativity with jag-bombs, promoting sex, existential ecstasy and swear words. Television has lost its luxury and new dragonflies are being worked on as we speak so lock your doors, hide your children or a drunken wannabe cover girl and a unnatural looking, talentless, hormone-induced malignant human will arrive. They would be blanketed with alcohol, probably unable to tell a person the letter after C in the alphabet, void of realism, and looking like they sleep on a Bowflex machine. They are lost of authenticity and personality will cause more third degree burns to our eyes.

Cable Rage

The Last Time I'll Smack Cable TV Along Side the Head
Maybe

by: John Maiers

Previously, actually way back when we fired up this rag almost three years ago, I wrote about my love/hate relationship with the tele. I argued that cable, or a dish system, should require a small monthly charge for its electronic infrastructure instead of a painful monthly fee for programming.

I opined that thousands of commercials being blasted into my domicile each day, of which I might only see a handful I admit, was an ugly partner to programming for which I'm already paying. These opportunities to get inside my head - besides, what is marketing except a place inside one's head? - should logically offset anything more than a modest monthly charge for cable or a dish. If a product or service has to pass on more of its cost of doing business, so be it. Allow me to choose to buy or not to buy outside the currently bizarre reality in which I actually fork over hard-earned wages permitting advertisers the opportunity to assault my senses. But bizarre is our reality and, when it comes to viewing the tele in the valley, a subscription to cable or a dish is pretty much the only game in town. So I play. And pay.

In early December, with the Winter Olympic Games on the horizon, I signed up for cable again. I wrote about this last issue, anticipating dramatic athletic theatre played out against scenes of winter splendor. I was not disappointed.

Hannah Kearney won the first gold medal for the U.S. in women's Freestyle Skiing. Watching her bound down a steep slope of moguls, twist and somersault a couple of times and scrape to snow-spraying stop at the bottom the hill was thrilling. After her first run she beamed a smile into a television camera that beamed the image to a watching world. For me, Kearney flashed from obscurity to lasting cool in a matter of seconds. What a smile. Here was an American athlete who, on the biggest of stages, not only tapped into the best she had, exhibited poise and verve and projected an unpretentious cool. She got inside my head. This beautiful athlete is an American? I'm proud.

The Winter Olympic Games weren't perfect, however, and so, with all due respect to those who compete, volunteer, work countless hours and pay the bills to present this once-every-four-years competition (yes, advertisers as well), a few more observations.

It has been widely reported that NBC, the network that broadcast the Games, will lose around \$250 million. Could've fooled me. Seemed to me that there was as much commercial time as programming time. I didn't keep track with a stop watch or anything, and I confess my tolerance for commercials is about as high as the pain I feel when the Red Cross blood taker pricks my finger to test my hemoglobin, but I could hardly watch at times. I was constantly flipping channels trying to land on an NBC station to catch some action that interested me. One night I fell asleep from exhaustion. From changing channels - with a remote.

Bobsledding makes no sense on TV. In less than a minute, a two-person bobsled team covers close to a mile. The viewer sees the running start from one camera angle for about eight seconds, then catches a few banked turns and a bunch of blow-bys until the end of the track. It's all swoosh and swoosh and announcers somewhere trying to provide context to a sled approaching 90 miles per hour that no one sees

for more than a second at a time. The viewer is mostly clueless as to what's going on until the racers' time is revealed. A simple graphic displaying the course and the sled's place on it would greatly enhance an understanding - and appreciation - of the race. I have to believe that if two downhill skiers, who raced and were timed separately, can be superimposed on the screen, racing side-by-side to show the difference in their runs, the technology must exist to chart and display a bobsled race. If TV needs to evoke that sense of speed, keep showing the banked blow-bys. Just please, give me a little corner on the tele that answers my from-start-to-finish question: WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY?

On the other hand, Curling translates well to TV. The relatively small, confined area allows a few cameras to provide an intimate look at the match. In Vancouver, microphones picked up curlers discussing strategy, like the merits of a double take out to clear the house and secure the hammer for the last end. You see there, I learned some of the lingo. Yet I still felt uneducated. After several hours over several days of on-and-off viewing, I was still unsure of the exact manner points were accumulated. The announcers seemed to forget that many viewers, maybe most viewers, know little of the game except that sliding your rock closest to the center of the house is good. But in all that time, I never heard a simple, concise explanation of HOW THE HELL DO THEY SCORE?

No, the Olympic Games weren't perfect, but for a couple of weeks, I think skiing and shooting, triple toe loops and a Double McTwist, sliding and gliding, crouching then soaring, twisting and turning, flying and just trying, was the best programming option. So, only a few stingy regrets for paying the big bucks for cable. I'm bailing after the National Hockey League playoffs anyway, sometime this summer.

Of course by pointing a finger at those who produced the Winter Games, a few fingers were pointing back at me. Criticisms aside, some corrections and amends of my own are in order.

As I mentioned above, in the last issue of Save the Crumbs, I wrote of looking forward to the Olympics. I also, in that last issue, pretty much butchered my education at Minnesota State University, Mankato. To wit: what should have been typed "I'm" was instead keyed "I'll." I got worse. Lindsey Vonn was Lindsay Vonn. I tried to turn Shaun White into Shawn White. And so, my apologies to Vonn, White and you dear reader. But, as deep as any, my apologies to some of my instructors at MSU: Dr. Mavis Richardson, Dr. Chuck Lewis, Ellen Mrja, Rachael Hanel, Pete Steiner, John Gaterud, and especially to Dr. Marshel Rossow.

Rossow would lower the grade of a paper by one full letter for one misspelled proper name. The next time a student similarly tread on Rossow's rules, the deduction was two full letters. Keep screwing up and your assignment failed completely. Fair enough. I think last issue's piece was a failure.

As Rossow pointed out, if you misspell proper names, you introduce different people into the report. Essentially, you've created characters that may or may not be real, but they are certainly unintentional intruders. Quite simply, you're not writing about whom you think you're writing about and readers will be reading fiction, not facts. Lesson learned, again. And sorry Lindsay, sorry Shaun. Whoever you are.

I'm try to do better next time.



Photos:

Above: "Boogie Down Conductions" by Ashley Birk

Below: "Swimbecile" by Nora Myers





Photos:

Above: “Tracks” by Morgan Lust

Below: “Eternal Spring Shrine” by Mandi Bingham



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