

Issue #21



Save The  
Crumbs



# 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.

## CONTRIBUTERS:

**Dustin Wilmes, John Maiers, Juston Cline,  
Sarah Turbes, Britt Fleming, Andrew Thrash,  
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Dylan Schultz, Coralyn Stueven, Zachary Zoet**





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

## This month... **America**

Around the holidays you hear a lot of people talk about living everyday like it's Christmas. Not necessarily just religious folks or Christians either, but regular Joes and Joans—not all plumbers mind you—clamoring for goodwill, charity, and decency year-round instead of a month or two.

This got me thinking, as our government betrays us again and again, backing big business and mega-banks over the people who supposedly voted them into office and whom they supposedly represent, about living everyday like it's Independence Day.

Christmas and 4th of July living aren't necessarily mutually exclusive, either. You can help an elderly person carry their groceries to their car and debate the benefits and costs of single payer health care while you're doing it. That's what makes the United States such an interesting experiment, that it was built on a foundation of fostering and cultivating dissent, and molding it into a radical and hopeful worldview.

As things get worse, it might do everyone good to go back to that old dusty declaration and look it over. Even if just to get the rebellious juices flowing, and to realize that what we have here grew out of taking a stand against corruption, and achieving goals and pushing past obstacles that seemed insurmountable at the time.

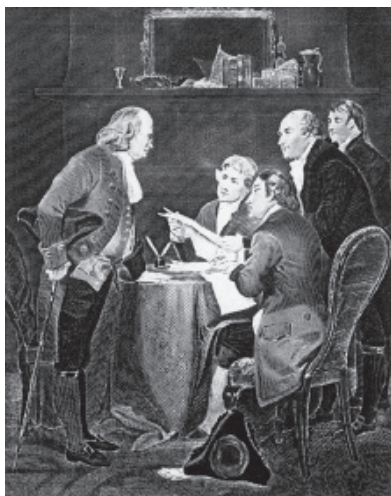
There's plenty of food for thought in the declaration as well. Not just the "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" bit either—although all of these things, for common folks, are under fire these days—but also a list of reasons why the ragtag Continental Congress decided to split from the Brits.

Reading the list of offenses, it's interesting to note the similarities between the people's complaints against Britain then, and the people's complaints about the U.S. government now. Are we being represented? Are our current gripes serious enough to inspire rebellion?

The document isn't perfect. There are some flat out nasty and ignorant things said about Native Americans, and the idea of writing "all men are created equal" in a land supporting slavery is laughable. Tack on the diminished and oppressed position of woman and you're smack dab in the middle of a paradox.

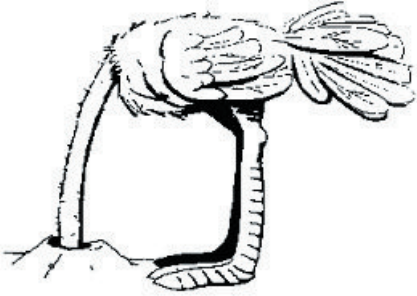
But the foundation remains: through dissent, criticism, discourse, and action things can change for the better. In a democratic society people can organize and be heard. Of course, even considering the improvements of the past, the problems today still seem insurmountable. But if they tried, why can't we?

Living everyday like Independence Day may have its problems—think off all the hotdogs—but I still prefer fireworks to fruitcake and discourse to worship.



By Zachary Zoet

# Nature's Responses To...



...Uncertainty

...Fear



...Taxes

# From The Romantic Desk of Juston Cline...

Dear Everybody,

We only go around once!  
That's my new motto these days.  
Unfortunately, this new motto  
can get you into some tricky  
predicaments at times. Recently  
it brought me to another state  
on what was supposed to be  
a fun and exciting adventure  
to end with a new addition to  
my family of transportation. I  
fell in love with a 1964 Ford  
F100 pickup truck I found on the



Internet. A few phone calls and negotiations later, I was on a plane headed to meet my new girl. Upon our first meeting I realized the owner had not been taking care of her the way she deserved. But, I had committed myself to her and lucky for me I have a way with ladies. I have a friend in the state that was nice enough to invite me to stay for a few days. It was a very hot, unsettling, and at times scary ride. I first found myself driving my mature lady in extreme eight-lane-wide packed traffic. I found out quickly that 46-year-old trucks aren't the most nimble road handlers. That paired with cool little hotrod side view mirrors with little to no visibility and 107 degree sun rays beating down your neck makes for an intense first meeting. Luckily enough, she's a looker, so the surrounding traffic seemed sympathetic. Once I finally got out of the traffic and into town I was able to relax a little and start really getting to know her. She must have had her bedroom eyes going because almost everyone I passed was gawking. Whistles and hoots were a norm at the stop lights. After a few hours we met up with my friend who had to make a few stops before going home. I said "Sure no problem. More time behind the wheel." This turned into another adventure. I soon found myself in very sketchy neighborhood surrounded by what I was told were "real legit homies" that of course wouldn't mind looking after my new girl while I went inside an old, drug-infested-looking apartment building to pick a few things. I opted to stay with my girl and fend for myself. Needless to say, I made it out alive. The truck, making its way to its new home in Minnesota, was a whole other fiasco I'm not sure I have page space for. This new union of truck and man continued to run into the usual expected rough patches of any new relationship. As always it hurts the most when they let you down. But like I said, I am committed. I did my best to fix whatever issues we ran into and now things are finally feeling stable and fun. Like any relationship, there will always be work, and I'm sure we will have more ups and downs. Despite all the craziness, I'm glad I stuck my neck out on this one. Hopefully my motto will lend to a fulfilling ending to my story one day.

Your Friend,  
Juston

# Enchilada Rap

by Britt Fleming

The line at the coffee shop is long  
 with retired schoolteachers, students  
 skipping class and Bishop Jesus Christ  
 Buddha Ayatollah Brett Favre Jones.  
 His enchilada wrap is slow to order,  
 So he sits and thinks of going home.  
 They stare at the dreadlocked prophet  
 who waits alone, away from scents  
 of lavender bath soap and god.  
 A pierced bottom lip delivers tortilla-  
 wrapped eggs and beans, framing  
 you're welcome like a painting  
 of the top of her young tongue.  
 He licks the last drop of salsa  
 from his mustache, ready to dance.

$$\text{☯} = \frac{\text{blue}^2}{e^{\frac{\hbar \Delta}{kT}} - \text{night}} \left( \text{Self} + \frac{\text{whiskey}}{2\pi} \right) \Delta \text{ breath} \geq \frac{1}{2} \hbar A$$

$$E\psi(\text{smile}) = -\frac{\text{☿}}{2 \text{sex}} \psi(x \text{ Light}^{\text{you}}) + V(\text{touch}) \hbar \text{ands} \frac{\text{cloud}}{\text{3e}}$$

# Mr. T Ate My Balls

by Dustin Wilmes

In these high-tech times of iPhones, Facebook, and not actually having to interact with people face-to-face anymore, it's sometimes easy to forget how exciting it was back in the day when the Internet first arrived in the homes and schools of Middle America.

The World Wide Web made its way to Le Sueur when I was in my golden years of high school. At first, the school's library featured a single computer, equipped with a dial-up connection and a sign-up sheet for students to "surf the Web" at 15-minute increments. Of course, it took at least eight of those minutes for even a photo to load back then, so it was in your best interest to join forces with other people in line and decide on



a fun activity for everyone to share. For me and my friends, it was almost always the forgotten '90s web gem, *Mr. T Ate My Balls*.





For those of you who missed the boat on these Geocities classics, the concept was simple. You post an already-hilarious photo of Mr. T on your site, put a crude word bubble over his head, and type in something profound about eating

testicles. The quotes usually mentioned something like "I pity the fool who don't like balls!" or "Damn, them balls is good!" or something along those lines. Perhaps it seems incredibly sophomoric and lowbrow nowadays, but trust me, it was the best part of study hall back in the day. Your "Webring" was nothing without them.

Eventually, this amazing phenomenon spawned a whole series of *Ate My Balls* clone pages. Everyone from Chewbacca to Homer Simpson to Bill Gates was getting in on the fun. Of course, everyone knew the real "LOL" bread-and-butter was always with the original.

It's unfortunate that most of these sites have fallen by the proverbial cyber wayside in the last 10 years. People have abandoned these "primitive" sites in favor of fancy HTML designs and Flash pages, Don't get me wrong. Plagiarized thesis papers, illegal music downloads, and all-you-can-surf porn are great, but the absence of Mr. T snacking on nads still brings a tear to my eye. Way sweeter than dancing babies. Way more original than anything *YTMND*. Way funnier than exaggerated facts about Chuck Norris. *Mr. T Ate My Balls* is what made not only the Internet great, but America, too.

# In My Life: The Dream Of An Older Boyfriend

## by Sarah Turbes

It was during the fall of 1991 when I first noticed him. He swaggered, confident and cool, out of his classroom which was located in perfect view from my desk, in Geography, across the hall. My pulse raced and my neck warmed as he passed my line of sight. His olive skin, the kind that tans perfectly and naturally, made his plain white t-shirt look cleaner than it probably was. He seemed statuesque and flawless compared to the boys in my class, who hadn't yet sprouted facial hair, still wore ironic statement t-shirts and didn't care about their lack of hygiene. A senior in high school, he looked a bit like "Two Bit" or Darrell from *The Outsiders*, my first introduction to rebel, bad-ass guys.

We often passed each other in the hallway, after gym class, his swagger the same, accompanied by the outfit of plain white t-shirt and jeans, sometimes a jean jacket or flannel shirt on the cooler days. As I entered the high school lobby, I'd see him down the hallway, walking tall amongst shuffling kids with backpacks slung on shoulders. He was a minimalist, only carrying a book or two at a time as if a backpack would cramp his style. I remember him only walking alone, looking straight ahead only to pause slightly to nod at those passing by. The closer that our passing came, the more nervous I became. I tried to play it cool, fixed my hair quickly and hated that I had to carry a plastic bag full of gym clothes in need of washing. I wanted to dodge behind a corner or lean over to hide my face in the water fountain, but I bravely looked at him head on. As if we were two drivers passing on a country road, he nodded cordially at me. His gray eyes locking for just a moment, turned away quickly to focus on his venture down the hall. From that day on, I officially had a crush on an "older guy."

I'd walk home from school, slowly shuffling my feet through street gutters full of leaves, imagining what it would be like to have an older boyfriend to carry my backpack and hold my hand in the afternoon sun. As I listened to The Beatles' *In My Life* on my boombox, over algebra homework, I tried to rationalize that an older boyfriend of six years could happen, but knew that I wouldn't even be allowed to ride in a car with an older teenager. I had imagined that he drove a big vintage truck, elbow resting out the window and a cigarette perched behind his ear. The silent hall passings still continued, gray eyes flashing warmly each time and my heart continued to swell in my seventh grade chest until one day after school when I saw him boarding a school bus. All of my visions of a cool, older boyfriend flew out the proverbial window. To me, he was just another kid at school, just a beautiful outsider.

# What We Found

by Dan Durdahl

*When love began to sever us*

I was still

blinking            both eyes.  
Blinded by a whiteness    a  
dot.            O the brightest glare

off mirrors in light.

Then I forgot you.

Forgot how to

hold you. Dressed in all  
black, I could not see.  
It was not the time.

Longing to be the sapling  
rinsed with sprinklers in  
pounding July sun.            & to feel

that birth again. . .from the womb –  
I could wow the Mother

Earth with the resonance  
Of my cries. You would be

there too, a sapling,  
and we would know how much  
better to act  
this time.

# HE STAYED IN ONE PLACE TOO LONG, SO...

BY THEODORE CRACKLE

Madness found him. He sits in the dusty corner shaking slightly while scratching his thick haired head, trying to rid himself of the biting dandruff. His elbow is bruised from inadvertent muscle spasms, the kind of spasms that make him slam his arm into dense concrete walls. The kind of spasms he can't control.

He looks to the side, nothing. Darkness.

Looks to the other side...

A piercing tunnel of light has slipped through the thick woven blanket that's pinned over the window with crooked gray iron nails. He closes one eye as he concentrates on a single speck of dust floating through. "How do you survive," he sputters—then gets irrational. He punches his left fist with his right; dry skin splits and the blood is already thick when it squeezes out its fault like hot vibrant jam.

He wipes the coagulated fluid across his upper lip, giving himself a crude clotting mustache.

He pulls a ratty blue bath towel off his mirror and throws it to the shadowed floor, letting it seep into the pile--like water mixing with water. With a dramatic grunt he positions the mirror in front of the tube of light, reflecting it onto the far wall and illuminating a portrait of a ragged clown eating a pink ice cream cone. There is a twinkle in its painted eye.

He scratches his scalp, releasing slow dreary dandruff. Eyes roll back in his head like two white car compasses. "W y do yo wan to h rt me!?" he screams at the clown, gasping for breath.

His eyes flap open and he looks into the mirror. The mustache has almost dried, leaving him with a pleasing Tom Selleck—but only in two dimensions. He tries not to think about the lack of dynamics as he turns to the side, becoming increasingly self conscious about its authority as dominant facial hair. He throws his head into the palms of his hands and takes deep breaths; trying not to sob; trying to clear his mind.

*Nothing, nothing, nothing, Paris, nothing, nothing, mimes, nothing, nothing, Romania, nothing, nothing, razor blades, couches, cows, crows, nothing, how would I kill a robot vampire?, nothing, nothing,*



*mechanical garlic?, nothing nothing, nothing, a laser stake, no—nothing, nothing, a 44 magnum?—no idiot, robots are composed of metal, nothing, nothing, Magnum P.I., nothing, Tom Selleck...*

A gritty primal scream rises out of his mouth but is slapped silent by the blood smudged left hand.

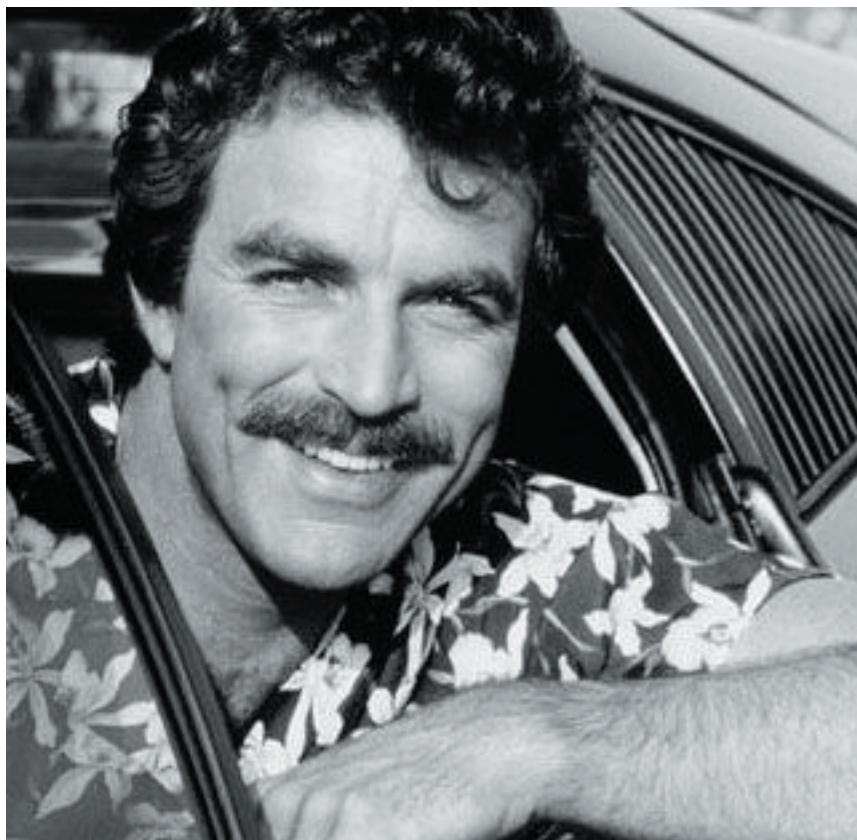
**Stop it you fool, they'll hear.**

"They're here?" he asks—looking in the direction of the clown painting.

**No, they'll HEAR. They are right outside, you know—your potential business associates. Now fix your mustache and go make that sale.**

He smiles and stands up, propping his shoulders on top of his pride. He gazes into the mirror and licks his fingers. The right side of his blood stash is a tad longer than the left so he adjusts it and smiles—trying his best to present himself as successful.

He turns, walks through the tunnel of light and cracks open the one hinged bedroom door—ready to meet the world again.





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**[www.savethecrumbs.com](http://www.savethecrumbs.com)**

# Two Robins

by Esther Marcella

I hit a robin with my Saturn.  
I'd like to say it was me or him, but it wasn't.  
I stopped. He flew up. I thought  
we were on the same wave length,  
drove forward. He swooped into SMACK.

Back when I listened to Buddhist Monks, One--chubby, bald headed, saffron  
robed, crossed legged, on a Persian rug--instructed me not to kill any animal or  
insect.

Buddhism an answer to a question, I never asked. A question, I tried to live.

In the swamp, misquotes didn't swarm around my head.  
We formed a halo of bites, a haze of swap and swat.

After watching True Blood,  
I told my cousin that, "I'd never date a vampire."  
And she said, "Yeah, right."  
Flicked off the kitchen light,  
"I like my men to create their own Chi."  
I said in the dark.

My cats are cold killers. My cats are Zen Masters.  
In the back yard they float through ferns, a little rustle, one squeak, and it's over.

When my cats lay something dead at my feet, I don't scream anymore.  
So my cats don't get startled: I did this for you. I did this because this is what I do.

Flash back, that red stomach and white splat on my windshield,  
a decaying clump on my back stoop, I leave for work.  
My neighbor shouts, "Watcha doing, Beautiful?"  
It doesn't register.  
He called me Beautiful.  
I answer, "I'm picking up a dead bird."

Not the one I hit with my Saturn but a robin,  
wings splayed, bleeds green flies.

Hey, Beauty, what are you doing?

# **‘Henderson Area Arts’ Happenings**

by Tiffany Reinitz

You may have heard rumblings of the new Henderson Area Arts (HAA) group or seen their artwork displayed at Toody’s and asked yourself “what is this group all about?” Read on and find out!

The Henderson Area Arts group began an idea of several artists within our communities of LeSueur and Henderson. Joining forces to support each other’s artwork was the main interest as well as promoting art and providing art education within our community. It has evolved to become an organized group with a board of directors, elected positions, committees, bylaws, objectives, and events. Currently we are looking at what legal status to become. Fundraising and grant funding is an important issue with new groups starting out and HAA is exploring options for these things. Although we currently do not have a “home” or space of our own, Toody’s has graciously designated space for us to display and sell our artwork. In the future, we are looking to expand to more locations and eventually a place we can call our own. Although we are just starting out, we have many ideas for things we would like to do and become involved in. Ideas are always welcome!

Below are a few frequently asked questions and answers.

## ***What is the objective/mission of HAA?***

Our mission statement is: “Henderson Area Arts will become an integral part of the community, creating a place to professionally present and facilitate art through exhibits, promotion and education. We will define a successful artistic environment as one in which we cultivate the art heart of our community. We will appreciate and foster all forms of art. It is our intention is to be a viable participant in the development and outreach efforts of the Henderson area.”

We are here to support individual artists while joining together to bring art experiences to the community. This may be through shows, events, classes, workshops, meetings, etc. The possibilities are endless!

## ***What events has HAA been involved in so far?***

We had our first art show during the Henderson Holiday showcase at Bittersweet. We also participated in Henderson’s community business appreciation day by having a booth and making buttons for the kids.



Our grand opening to celebrate our establishment at Toody's Sweet Treats was January 16th. Giving back to our community is a major objective for us and individuals within HAA have donated art for the Park Elementary fundraiser.

### ***What are some upcoming events/displays?***

HAA is organizing Music on Main this year which will be our main attraction for the summer. We also are looking to participate in the Hummingbird Hurrah and Sauerkraut Days. Keep your eyes out for our new poster in the LeSueur Mall in the display case by Mootz eye clinic. We are also looking at displaying at other venues in the area. The group is looking at ways to market our art, art awareness, and events in the Minnesota River Valley and surrounding areas.

Individual members have participated in local and regional art shows, including at Carnegie, Mankato, Excelsior, and Bethany. This summer, members plan to take a field trip or two to various art shows in the area.

### ***How can I become involved?***

You do not have to be an artist to be involved! We are currently seeking new members with all types of talents to help our group grow and evolve. There is a lot to do! We have several levels of membership.

### ***How do I contact HAA?***

#### ***Address:***

PO Box 168  
Henderson, MN 56044

***Facebook page:*** Henderson Area Arts

***E-mail:*** hendersonareaartists@yahoo.com

#### ***Phone:***

Rick Stockwell (president): 507-665-3819  
Andrea Guertin (secretary): 612-226-5040

Our meetings are held on the 1st and 3rd Mondays of the month at 7 p.m., currently at the EdVisions building.



**Photos:**

**Above:** “Shoe Buds” by Kyle Nordland

**Below:** “I’ve Got An Idea” by Ashley Birk





**Photos:**

**Above:** "Loyalty, Discipline and Circumspection" by Andrew Thrash

**Below:** "Scuba Eve" by Coralyn Stueven



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