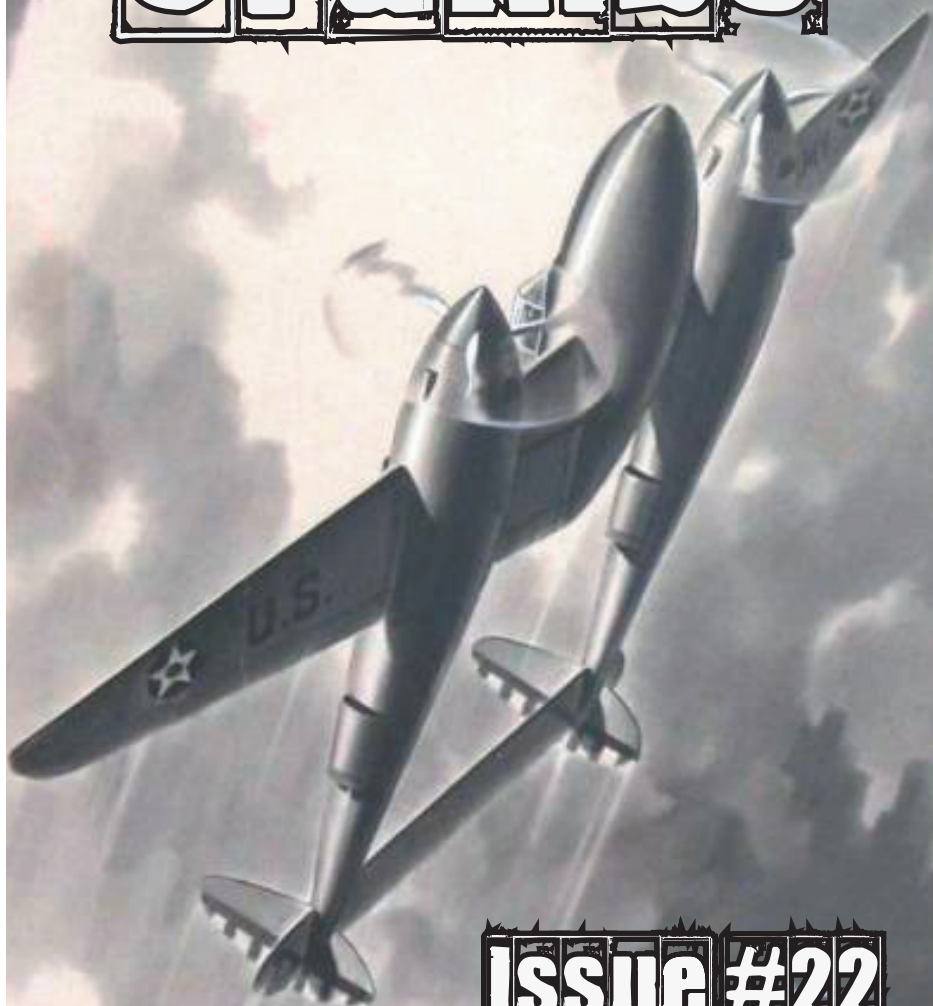


Save The Crumbs



Issue #22

"HeadStart™ is the complete computer system even I can pin down— at a price no one can beat!"

"King Kong" Bundy
Heavyweight Wrestler

HEADSTART™
by **VENDEX**
It will bring out the genius in you!

"King Kong" hates to get beat—even when buying a computer. But he found that systems advertised as "complete", weren't. One had limited expandability. Others charged extra for a second drive or monitor. Or extra for software.

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CIRCLE READER SERVICE 61

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**.

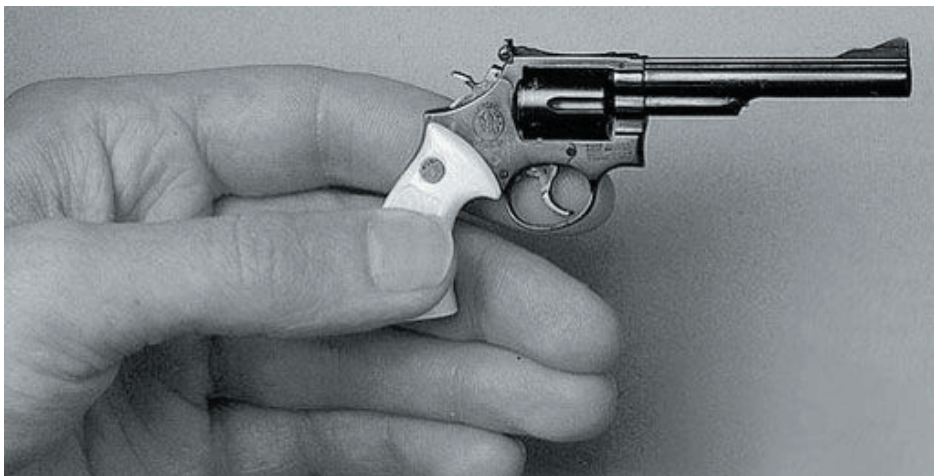
If you can't secure your own copy of this issue, go to **www.savethecrumbs.com** for online versions of every issue.

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... **Yippies!**

You can't blame anyone in this current economic swan-dive for selling out to keep their head above water. (Funny, now those of us with convictions have to behave like the pigs who got us in this mess just to survive.) Keeping this in mind, there's still room to throw a jab and elbow here and there when someone goes too far. Case in point: The Yippies. Yes, someone identifying himself as a member of the same Yippie! group founded by Anita and Abby Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Nancy Kurshan, and Paul Krassner now stands outside of the coffee shop I work at handing out flyers to our regulars saying that the Yippie! Museum/Cafe/Giftshop has the best organic free trade coffee in town for a dollar. The same Yippies that threw money at the brokers of the stock exchange (a brilliant act of theater still relevant today), and raised the Pentagon, and fought the power in Chicago now participate in baseless guerrilla marketing.

Some qualification is in order before we go any further. The coffee shop I work at is one of five shops within a twenty block radius, which is quite a few, but we're not some maniacal coffee regime bent on world domination. (I choose not to name our shop, because the last thing I want to do is waste this space on advertising.) In fact, our shop buys local, recycles and composts, and even goes so far as to visit smaller South American farms, purchasing coffee directly from the farmers too small to qualify for fair trade distribution. One dollar of every cup of single origin coffee goes straight to the farmer. At three bucks a pop, it's a pricey cup of coffee, but an ethically sound one.

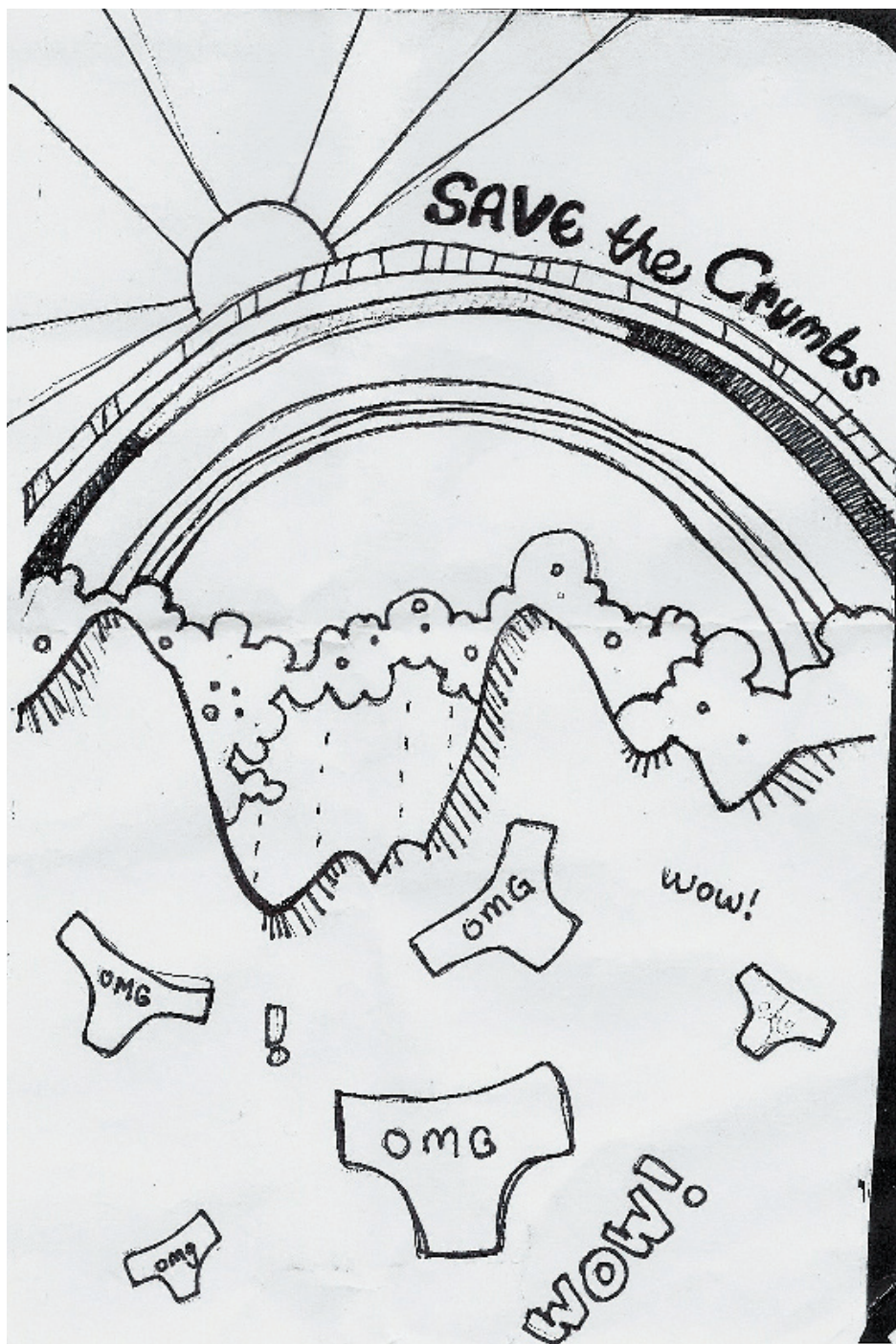
No one working at our shop has any inclination to try and stop the fifty-something year old man handing out the flyers, although customers were rather confused and thought we should. The truth of the matter is that most of the people working at our shop know and respect what the Yippies did. The key word is did. In 2004 the Yippies bought their Bleecker street home with the help of the National AIDS Brigade for 1.2 million dollars. 1.2 million Dollars! The official name of the Bleecker street building is now: The Yippie! Museum/Cafe/Gift Shop. Something seems sad about a Yippie museum. The simple fact that it's called a museum says far more than anything I could write, but I'll try anyway: Museums house fossils. Oh, and gift shop? I wonder what Abbie Hoffman would think of a Yippie! gift shop.

I'm not trying to slander the AIDS Brigade or question where the 1.2 million dollars came from (might be worth a little poking around) or take away from what the Yippies did, but the fact that they own their own building (They're also chartered by the Board of Regents of New York State. I'm not sure what this means but it sounds far too institutionalized for such a supposedly radical organization.) really makes me wonder why they'd stand in front of a private shop that chooses to pay more to fairly compensate farmers both internationally and locally and run as green as possible all while fighting to pay rent for a lousy dollar.

One of my coworkers went outside to chat up the elder Yippie! with no intent of throwing him out. After saying hello the elder Yippie! proclaimed that it was his first amendment right to hand out flyers. What a sad state of affairs. A youth party once known for Free Stores and flowers and fighting the power all behind the protection of the first amendment now uses said amendment to protect their right to advertise.

The coffee shop I work at is a business, and is designed to make money and grow, but unlike most businesses this shop is built on a firm ethical foundation. The Yippies should appreciate what we do and fight other shops that exploit labor and farmers. Instead, they go for an easy dollar. The same easy dollar the predatory lenders reach for from their towering skyscrapers in the financial district. The same dollar the stock brokers trampled each other for in the stock exchange in 1967. The same dollar Abbie Hoffman threw down from the stock exchange balcony, regardless of whether or not he'd ever make it back again.





Artwork by Windy Schultz

From The Desk of Juston Cline...

Dear Everybody,

I have noticed lately that I am looking toward the sky a lot more than usual. Less at my phone or TV or computer and more at the big bold beautiful blue openness we call our sky. I haven't figured out what it is yet. Getting older, enlightenment or maybe I'm looking for something. Probably a little of all those things



I suppose. It's different now, when I look at the sky. When I was a child I had such imagination. I was one of those kids on the car ride to the swimming hole or camp out that would just stare out the window. There were entire cities in those clouds. Cities filled with cars, trucks, buildings, elephants and lions. Sometimes there would be all-out alien warfare happening. I could see the green oozing blood spray my aunt's windshield as a ship collided with an oncoming blast from an electro-magnetically generated future weapon technology. That only happened on really stormy days. My imagination lasted a long time despite my premature responsibilities as "the man of the house". I can remember even at around age 13 putting on a concert in the sky. I was the headlining act and all the famous musicians I looked up to where there watching. A very prestigious event I must say. Now when I look at the sky however all I see is Altostratus clouds and colors. I can still vaguely make out some of those old memories of what was once there, but it's still not the same. Now I appreciate the beauty in the colors and art that is a sunset or a sunrise or a thunderhead rolling in. I wonder how many others are appreciating those things with me when I look up there everyday. Now it seems everyone you see, every were you go, people are looking down gazing into their mobile texting away or continuously checking it to see if anyone cares for them. I don't think anyone really thinks about it, but I can see and feel the world changing. I wonder how many people have already considered while reading this to go look up Altostratus clouds on the Internet... when they can probably look at the sky and see them. They are the middle level clouds that are formed of ice crystals and water droplets that usually cover the entire sky. The ones that look like the wind really spread them across the open view. My father used to tell me "Any day you can see a sunrise or a sunset and feel and smell the nature around you is a beautiful day." I think I am finally seeing what he means.

Your Friend,
Juston

A Loving Poem

by Theodore crackle



word word word, comma metaphor, question mark?
simile simile, assonance alliteration and dramatic irony
comma,
word word word exclamation point!
exclamation point, exclamation point, exclamation point.

metaphor metaphor word simile metaphor?
question mark?

statement, statement, semicolon
word word because flowers word word metaphor!
love, metaphor, love!

juxtaposition! Word word symbolism!
question mark!!

statement, word statement!

ellipsis????

A Life Of Consequence

by Joe Eggen

I won't give you the long, sad tale that's been my life because let's face it, I don't know you (most likely) and you don't know me (most likely) and overall you probably wouldn't care. I'm not trying to hide anything from anyone, nor do I care to. You have a question; I will probably give an answer. Around the year 2003 I made a mistake. Not a huge one, but more of just a bad decision (namely one bad one, and a series that led up to it.) Around 2005 I was arrested because of that one decision. This is about the fallout of bad choices.

I've been living in the fallout of having been arrested since then. I lost my job which I didn't 100% love, but I was damn good at, making decent enough money to put some away and getting my life in order after I realized the path I was on around 2003. I was getting a game plan and was doing more planning for my future then I ever did before, because I knew I needed a new direction. A new goal. But 2001-2004-ish were not good years for me and, as I recall today, about 2002-2008.5 I can't recall because it's a mish-mash of so much mental stress and confusion that I just can't recall it and I feel like my immaculate memory has left me. So yeah, life was going smooth, really smooth, and the future looked good, too. It was the happiest I've ever been. So, like usual, life takes a curve and I was blindsided at work with a warrant by a detective and like four other guys.

I've had to take jobs I hated because so many places don't hire people with records. I don't have a lot of restrictions per se, but even having that list at all is annoying as hell. Having to meet someone for small talk (and I hate small talk) once every couple months is annoying. Not being able to leave the country and having to ask permission and take a note with you when you want to leave the state (for a maximum of 2 weeks I believe) is really bothersome. I won't even go into how much of a pain in the ass it is if you want to move (more so if you're married.) It's not as bad as it seems really, but it's just annoying knowing you're not truly free. I can't even vote, and as so many out there don't, I was one who actually did. In a way it feels like I've been sent back to elementary school where I need to ask to

do everything. It just feeds my bitterness I guess. Being arrested has made me more pissed at the world, at the system, at people. I truly think it's made me not care as much anymore. The only time I ever truly feel bad for people now is when they are running to catch up to or get something they love and trip and actually hurt themselves. Otherwise my mentality nowadays is more "it's your problem, deal with it" because I've had to deal with my own issues and don't have time for bitches.

Having this happen to me has screwed up my life beyond measure and it will never be the same, it will just be different now. It's made me realize now more than ever of things I'll never accomplish in my life. Things I "could've" gone professional in will have to be hobby now and I'll have to settle for a pretend Internet fan base and a vague interest from people I know.


The choices you make define you, they do mold you. Making a bad call is something you think you might not have to live with but that stuff can come back to haunt you. I was a prime candidate for not thinking or planning for my future before 2003 and I'm trying to get out of my hole now, but I know you really have to make a conscious effort to do something with yourself. You can't expect life to come knocking at your door to see what's up and hang out. It doesn't happen. I'm also a firm believer now in you have to surround yourself with healthy productive people to be that way. I hung out with losers and they brought me to their level and I found out I need better friends. It's something I've always struggled with, having friends, and those people accepted me. You have to know that when something comes along that you truly want that it's still not always a good thing and you need to recognize that. All that glitters is not gold. You have to have a drive, a goal, and you have to go for that. Life isn't that great for people who coast. You want a raise? Ask for it. Maybe even demand it politely because they don't want to give you one. Anything you want is more or less in your power, but it is entirely up to you to do it and make the right choices going forward.

How will this affect my life in 5, 10, 15 years? Could this come back at me? Is this where I want to be? Where am I going? Where will I be in 5, 10, 15 years? Still working this same job? Do I like this job? How's the retirement plan? Ask yourself, think about it, and answer it honestly and adjust accordingly.

Sometimes breathing
is thrilling -
to inhale
for a moment
someplace else -
to seek for a moment
outside beyond
backyards and ball fields
to be a daydream
tossed upon the tides -
to become the supreme
sun-kissed sun kid
skimming seas and skinning waves linked
in endless swells
rolling in rhythm
sifting the wind
filtering the whimsy
of that daydream
I float between
mountains
that reach too
for another place
and exhale secrets
of ancestors
and a million years.

Swell Breaths
by John Maiers





*Just watch the
Microsheen shines go by!*

Neither wind, nor rain, nor sleet can dim the lustre of a MICROSHEEN Shine! That's because MICROSHEEN'S magic silicones and costly waxes keep shoes shining bright under all weather conditions. Put the distinctive MICROSHEEN mark of class and quality on your shoes. Get GRIFFIN MICROSHEEN and start sparkling today!

Black
Brown
Tan
Oakwood



Cordovan
Mahogany
Blue
Red
Neutral

GRIFFIN

MICROSHEEN STAIN BOOT POLISH

INDEPENDENCE

BY HARRIS BURKHALTER

It has been an odd few days, to say the least. I have found myself sequestered in an apartment in a small Iowan town I know next to nothing about. I am curious about it, would like to wander the streets and see what strange things await in the small town, but trepidation keeps me confined to the 1893 studio apartment rented by my sister as I wait for her to come back from work at the library. Independence, Iowa is her new home and it has been my home as well for the week I will be helping her settle into her new surroundings. What an interestingly appropriate name for a town that will be both her first paid position in the profession that we both have chosen for our own, but also her first place away from our hometown. This coming also as I, finishing up my own stint in the professional and academic world of librarianship after two years, losing, in a sense, my own independence that I cherished for the years I was gone. It is a time of uncertainty for me, and yet independence for her. The whirring drone of the air conditioner accentuates my claustrophobia. I could easily become used to such seclusion and drift completely into my own lonely world.

I think about this as I stare out the windows of the second story apartment, overlooking downtown Independence. The summer lays heavily over the town, hazy clouds billowing over the trees and potholed streets. Occasionally a car will drive by, or a kid on a bike, or some people heading into the VFW across the street. The bells of the Catholic Church, the largest and most impressive building in sight will toll. I would like to go outside, to explore, but I would feel too awkward. Not only would I be an outsider, but a strange one, wandering around town on foot in the early afternoon. Should I not be at work? What am I, some sort of transient, lounging, slouching around Independence during the work-week? Independence is a small town of around six thousand, but not small enough that everyone would have heard my sister is the “new librarian” in town. Still, word travels and it appears that much is connected in town, causing me to feel even more like a stranger, even more isolated. We visited the old mill towering above the murky waters of the Wapsipinicon River, the crumbling remains of a once prosperous local business. Inside the creaky edifice, the 79-year-old volunteer there spoke of his working at 18 different institutions in town. Finding out Lee is the new “librarian,” he mentioned that he had helped our parents “find their way” out of town the other day. He joked (I hope) that I need to be careful that I’m not frisked, as they don’t take kindly to outsiders. Ha ha. Now, I feel even more trapped inside

the apartment.

The place is a bit gritty, I think. I get the distinct feeling that times have been better in Independence. Things are all so old, including the very building I am sitting in. Right across the street from the apartment is the old library, more than a hundred years old. Taking a stroll through town with my sister one evening soon after we arrived, a cloudy summer day just after a warm rain shower, the musty smells of decay wafted from some of the decrepit buildings nearby; the Episcopalian church built in 1847, the tombstone right near the old library from the same year, an old, dead theater. More in the town seems dead than alive. Yet, it is not entirely dead; people still go down the mainstreet to visit the bank, the cell phone store, and the drug store. Inside an inordinately musty shop “Mr. Groovy,” deals in discount video games, DVDs, and VHS tapes from all eras. At the local pool, children ran and played trying to keep cool in the oppressive heat and sun, the blue Midwestern sky above, and as the evening progressed and the insects buzzed in the trees, it seemed almost nice. Fireflies flitted through the air in front of the small, old houses in the neighborhood.

On a hot, summer day, I attempt to escape my leisurely imprisonment by accompanying my sister to the Independence Public Library, her new place of employment. Here, she will perform many services for the public and for the library, creating new programs for the youth and adults of Independence. The library is the newest building in town, demonstrating the desire of the town to keep at least its access to information up to date. The old library, its top two stories infested by bats, rots away closer to the river. Now, Independence seeks its knowledge in an open, light filled modern building. The patrons come and go, taking advantage of the amenities offered by the library, some perhaps available nowhere else in town. Here, the modern world is in most evidence of anywhere I’ve seen in Independence so far. Still, the old and allegedly haunted mayor’s house is just next-door, shaded by a grove of twisted oaks, providing stark evidence of the history of the town. These conflicting images are evident at this single location. My sister has obviously joined a growing and dynamic system. Still, the edge of being an outsider in a small community persists as well. I know I would wonder what I could contribute to such a critical time for the library. Conversely, this I feel would be a great time to learn and grow as a librarian, to truly enter the profession with challenges and come out as a shaper of Independence Public Library’s future. I admit to being a bit jealous, as I ponder how well I would adapt to life in Independence. It has been a long week, and I can only wonder, as I pound the Internet for my next opportunity, where I will be when I find my own.



Why I'm Ungovernable

Because everything is subjective.

Because what works for me may not work for you.

Because solutions are most effective when organic and local.

Because I shouldn't have to listen to anyone but myself, and doing so should stem from a desire to improve my immediate surroundings rather than to avoid something negative.

Because homogeneity is not only boring but detrimental, for culture and for life itself.

Because the idea of owning something physical is as absurd as owning something abstract.

Because the rules have always, *always* changed, and to live by the laws and expectations of today deprives one from a sea of possibilities.

Because humans' most basic and natural instinct is not greed, but empathy.

Because the universe's most basic natural state is chaos that is interpreted as order.

By Jackie Schoo

WORDS CAUGHT CROSSWAYS IN A WOMAN'S THROAT

by Erica Rivera

The night we first collided
a twister ripped through town

the rest of the world witnessed

the savage windswept trees
the hail ravaged roads
the apocalyptic cityscape

I didn't see a thing

I'd been cocooned
in the ecstatic cyclone
of your arms

Erica Rivera is the author of *Insatiable: A Young Mother's Struggle With Anorexia*. She designed and maintains the **Man Eater blog** for foodies and infatuation junkies at <http://www.maneaterbook.com/blog.htm>. In

addition to frequent columns in the *Star Tribune* newspaper, Rivera's creative non-fiction was featured in LaChance Publishing's *Voices of Breast Cancer* anthology. Rivera is a contributor to the forthcoming *Let Them Eat Crepes* anthology, winner of the Food Tasters for Obama bake-off, and frequently featured on Foodbuzz's Top 9. Rivera is a lifelong Minnesotan, where she lives with her two daughters.

Rock Story

by Anthony Cardott

Once there was a field in a great, wide valley in which many rocks lived. Naturally, the rocks sat at the bottom of the valley, having rolled down there as they eventually do, so rain would cover them when it came down heavily.

One of the rocks noticed that the rain drops caused grains and pebbles to slowly fall off of him, making him a little smaller every rainy season. He was unhappy that the rain drops would cause him this worry. He said to the rock next to him, "I'm tired of the rain drops always wearing us down."

"Speak for yourself," said his friend, "They don't know any better. Besides, they spend so much time falling that they're bound to hit hard when they fall upon you."

"They shouldn't!" said the rock as another loose chip fell off of him. "I can withstand it, though. I won't let them do this to me anymore. I want to stay how I am."

The other rock just looked up at the sky, out at the wind coming down the valley, and back to his upset friend.

"I'm not worried about it. I just take things as they come. We all change, after all. The rain won't fall forever, either."

With that he was silent and the small streams of water ran between the two rocks.

For many days the angry rock withstood the falling rain, drawing himself in closely and wincing with every drop.

"I won't let them get me down! I'll prove it."

Other rocks came and went, some turning into mud and some rolling with the water. Many of these rocks were smaller than the guarded rock, but they didn't appear to mind the rain drops at all.

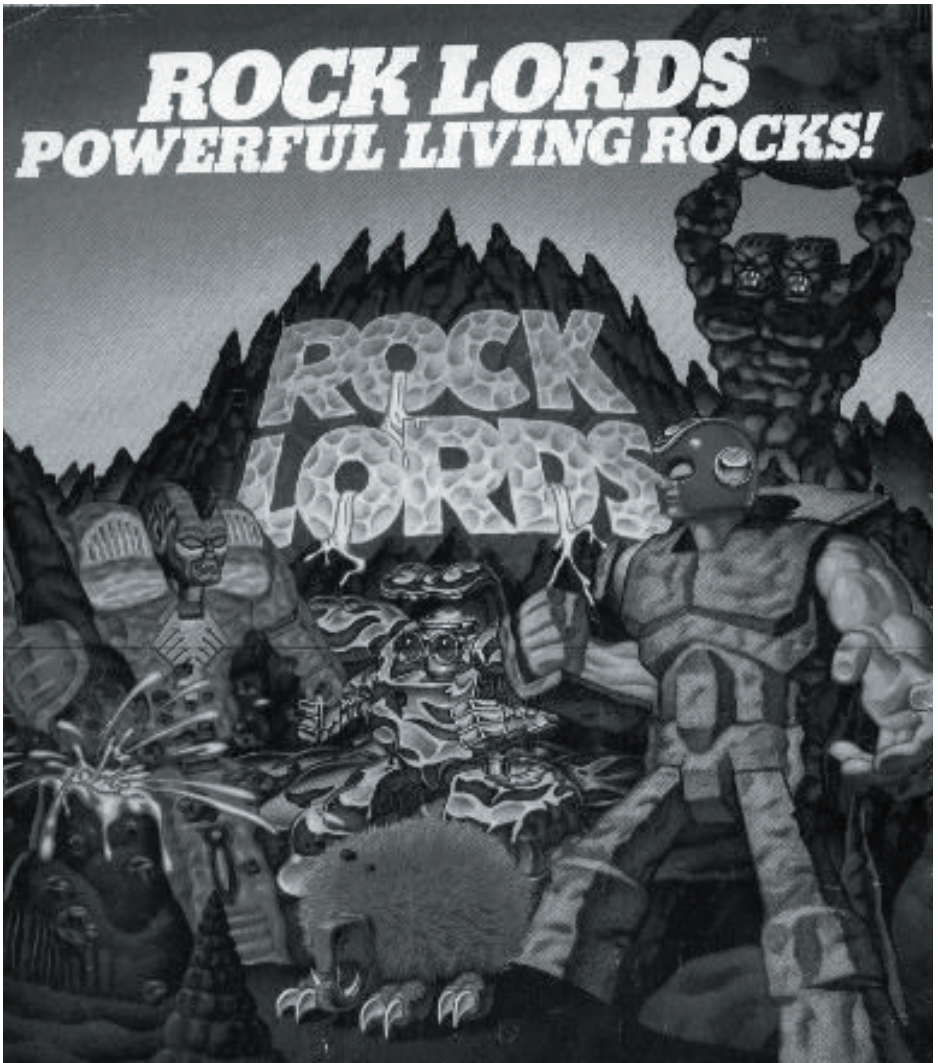
After a month, the rock was so small that his friend didn't

recognize him.

“Hey! I’m still here, see? I showed those rain drops.”

The other rock looked around but could not find any sign of what his little friend was talking about. The rain drops kept falling and everything went as it had been going.

The rock began to weep and shiver from his anger and sadness. After all this time, the only thing about being a rock that he could prove to the rain was that he had been worn down by trying to prove himself.





Photos:

Above: “Water Fountain In May” by Morgan Lust

Below: “Horse Head Bookends” by Ashley Birk

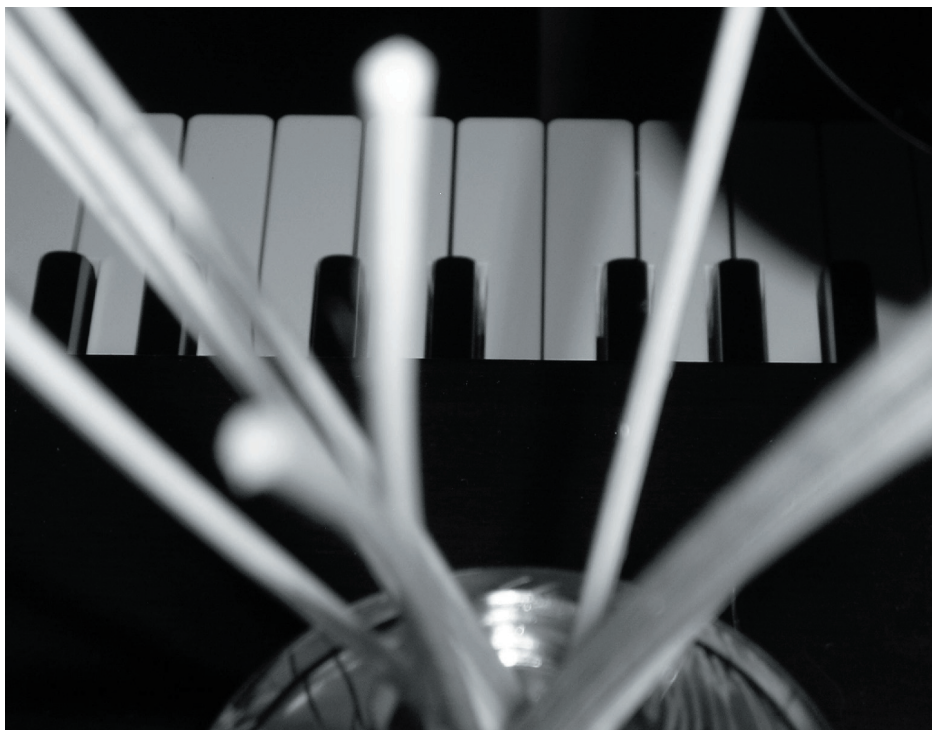




Photos:

Above: “Grain” by Britt Fleming

Below: “Chopsticks” by Sarah Quick



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