

# Save The Crumbs



Issue #24



Cover Photo by Morgan Lust

# 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.

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**Dustin Wilmes, Juston Cline, Sarah Turbes, Jen Haar,**  
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Erica Rivera, Jackie Schoo, Dylan Schultz, Andrew Thrash



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

## This month... **Nudity**

Nudity has always been a touchy subject here in the states. Can't have too much on TV, or in some movies (lest you get the dreaded NC17), or in subway cars, or churches. While violence is completely acceptable on TV and in movies as long as there's no

blood, because blood ruins that lighter-than-air feeling a child gets when her hero kills the bad guy by reminding her of her mortality, and physiology, and besides it's just plain messy. In real life, violence is only okay if someone is punished for it, or punished with it. You killed someone, now we kill you. Nice and tidy.

You might think you know where this is going: some tirade about the backwards way the US handles Violence and Sexuality, but you're wrong. I'm just going to write about those full-body scanners they have at airports like everyone else. See, I think these scanners are actually an attempt by Obama and his army of naked-body-crazed liberals to right the sex-ship and get nudity back out into the open where it belongs. He can't force his hand by having everyone strip down at the airport, but he can have that scanned image linger just a moment longer on the screen, so any curious bystanders can take a peak at your luggage.

So now everyone's screaming about their right to privacy, and they're all opting for the pat-down in protest, and guards nationwide are rummaging through trousers and sifting through skirts. On it's face this seems like a good idea, the more uncomfortable we make it for security and the longer it takes to get everyone on their jet the more likely the government will overturn this new policy, but I think everyone's missing the big picture. We want public nudity! Obama is opening the door for us and saying, "See nudity isn't so scary now, is it? Take your clothes off and follow me." Remember those Hawaiian pictures of Obama sans shirt? That was phase one. These scanners are phase two.

If this government is truly a democracy, for, by, and of the people, phase three must involve us, so I humbly ask all of you patriotic readers to take your clothes off and go to the mall, or the nearest truck stop, or to a community college, and share Obama's message of hope. Because, If the government can show naked pictures of us in airports for strangers to see without our say, there's no way they could possibly punish us for choosing to be naked in front of strangers outside of the airport. That would be hypocrisy, and we all know how the government hates that!

As I finish this article, I want you all to know that I am completely naked, and that my shades are not drawn, and that I feel alive and inspired and wish the same for you. This butt-naked sensation is truly change I can believe in.





# Some Travel Advice From Jen Haar

*Dear Jen,*

*What are some funny things you've overheard while traveling?*

*Signed, Need a Laugh*

**Dear Need a Laugh,**

**It's true that while traveling I have heard some pretty amazing things. Here are a few gems. Enjoy!**

1. Kiefer is my all-time favorite flight attendant. Here's why:

"The cabin doors are locked and you must turn off those cell phones. I've reminded you once before. If you don't turn them off I will hit the button up here that zaps all your minutes!"

"In a moment I'll be dimming the lights in the cabin to make your flight crew more attractive".

"There may be 50 ways to leave your lover but there are only 4 ways to exit this aircraft".

Our safety meant a lot to Kiefer who gently reminded us all that if we lost pressure in the cabin, we should stop screaming and use the oxygen masks.

2. A young boy was sitting a few rows in front of me with his parents on a flight. At one point the plane banked right. It was completely silent in the plane except for the young boy who yelled quite loudly and quite panicked "Oh no!!" Quickly followed by his mother's "Shhhhhhhh!"

3. I was sitting in the middle seat which I hate. The guy in the aisle seat of my row was an older gentleman. I did my "pretend-not-to-speak-English" act but he wasn't buying it. I finally put on my iPod. When we landed in MN, I had to turn off the iPod and he was still rambling. He looked at the little airport map in the back of the magazine in the seat pocket. He told me that we had landed in the C terminal. I nodded. He repeated it. I asked how he knew and he said "Because the red sign on the gate reads "C"". At which point I looked out the window and saw "A" clearly printed on the gate.

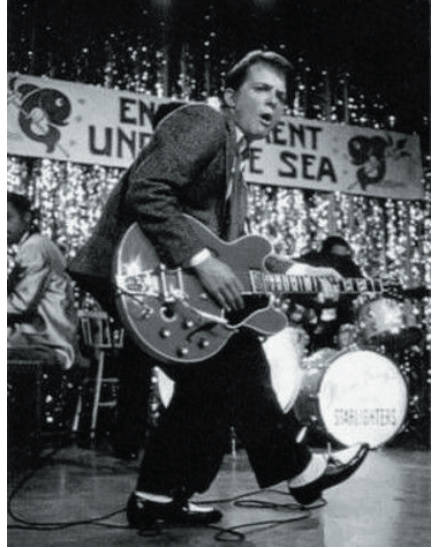
4. I was sitting at my gate and saw a woman sit down a row over and across from me. She unpacked a laptop, connected to the free wi-fi and called home using Skype. She talked with her 4 kids who wondered where she was, what was she doing and had she seen any planes. The kids must have bumped the camera because she would occasionally ask them to stop moving it, or to fix it because they were "fuzzy." The kids were and pre-occupied because she did what any mother would do at that point – she turned up the volume and the microphone and proceeded to yell good-naturedly – "Go get your father to fix this camera!" "Stop shaking the camera, Brandon!" "Where's your father?" To which one of the kids yelled "He's farting!"

Travelers beware,  
Jen

# From The Optimistic Desk of Juston Cline...

Dear Everybody,

Most of my life I have tried to keep the mindset of “anything is possible.” I will admit there have been ups and downs throughout life that have caused me to feel and promote differently, but still, during those times I have been able to keep that mindset when giving advice to others. I remember as a child hearing the old “if you put your mind to it you can achieve anything” line at school. I wasn’t entirely sure what that meant or was all about at first. I thought there were some stipulations or limitations. Like if you are the mayor’s daughter then you could be anything as long as anything meant being in a beauty pageant and then on to politics. Or if your dad was a doctor then you could be anything because he would just pay for it and it would miraculously happen. Of course you need help in achieving your goals and wants at times. But it wasn’t until around the age of 12 when I first started to realized how true it was that “if you put your mind to it” you could achieve what you wanted; my first guitar! Through learning and doing all on my own and seeing results, I got my first taste of self worth and real achievement. Since then my goals and wants have changed many times. Don’t get me wrong, I still want to continue crafting my skills as a master face-melter, but there have been some deeper emotional things that I have hoped to achieve on this journey. Now these types of achievements are much more daunting because there are so many variables involved. I call it “Advanced Destiny Achievement 101” and I’m still learning. Recently however, I have been struck by a giant bolt of awesome that has made me realize how much of all the ups and downs and back and forth’s in my life have actually been there for a reason. How the ways I dealt with and ultimately learned from them have formed the inner me and is assisting in the “anything is possible” mindset. I am now a true believer and am looking forward to achieving my goal of supreme domination of my life and love. I suggest you do the same.



Your Friend,  
Juston

# HEIRLOOM

by Erica Rivera

This love is a shovel  
where ground waits to break  
Forget cement; sensuality and  
seeds  
are all we need

Eden beneath naked feet  
you walk the wonderland with me  
Dirt, the purest form of prayer  
tattooed on bare knees

Joy drips from gushing lips  
when you taste our tart harvest  
Welcome to the first bite  
of the rest of your life

# 21 MORE BY SARAH TURBES

1.) I taught myself how to whistle, so I could whistle the “Nutcracker Suite.” To this day, I whistle and love songs with whistling, but often can’t stand the sound of someone else whistling.

2.) Advertising has forced me to observe the way that people eat ice cream and yogurt. If I catch you eating yogurt with your spoon upside down, I may try to force you to change your ways.

3.) A favorite line in a television series or movie can easily become my least favorite, as soon as everyone I know decides to “quote” it.

4.) I often smell the end of my hair and drape it across my upper lip like a mustache. Not that I want a mustache.

5.) I love the smell of National Geographic magazines. I’ve considered a subscription just to smell the pages.

6.) Watching someone nick their legs in a shaving commercial makes my teeth hurt.

7.) As a child, one of my favorite activities was clipping coupons. As a family, we rarely used coupons or made unnecessary purchases, but I enjoyed the possibilities of all the money we could spend AND save.

8.) I had a crush on a boy, in second grade, who was in the play “Charlotte’s Web.” I made an honest attempt to be noticed by wearing my jelly shoes.

9.) I decided that my second grade teacher was a horrible person when I caught her flushing dead tadpoles down the toilet in the girls’ bathroom.



10.) I've never watched "Titanic."

11.) I used to believe that witches lived in the the attic with squirrels.

12.) On class field trips to historical buildings or homes, I was the kid who imagined that the family perished in a fire, was murdered by the patriarch or something similar to any tragic scenario in "Gone With the Wind."

13.) I was, briefly, a Latch Key kid. All I remember was a bathtub full of pillows and some kid's pants falling down while he had a tantrum.

14.) I love the sound of glass breaking on tile, until I need to clean it up.

15.) I like babies, but can't stand "baby talk" or crushed Cheerios on the floor.

16.) Bodies of murky water and snakes make me nervous and uncomfortable. Both occur in my dreams often.

17.) I like the word "chartreuse" and I'm glad it has become a popular color, again.

18.) I recently decided it's okay to tell people, other than family, that I love them. Honestly, sincerely, and comfortably.

19.) One of my favorite "toys" to play with as a kid was a carved wood statue of a monk.

20.) I pretended to be dead, once, by putting pennies on my eyes. No one fell for it.

21.) Most adults have a "Tequila Story." Not me.

# Zenith City of the Unsalted Sea, and Me

## by Harris Burkhalter

“Aww man, I can’t believe I let that Rasputin get the better of me,” Weird Dave said, clutching his gut and looking uncharacteristically pained. I could. My own “normal-sized” burrito had been much more than ample, so I could imagine a mound of food triple its size would prove a challenge even for Dave’s appetite. Well, on the plus side, we wouldn’t need to eat anything else for at least the rest of our first day in Zenith City, i.e., Duluth. For someone as broke as me, this was a definite plus. The Burrito Union and its monstrous burrito challenge known only as the Rasputin proved an apt place to begin our exploration of Minnesota’s own port city. The Union, with its faux Soviet chic and hip ambiance was deservedly popular and sated the hunger Weird Dave and I had developed in the course of the three-hour trip up from “the Cities.” Answering the question of “Burritos? In Duluth? Really?” the shop illustrates the very oddness that continues to attract me to the city.

Weird Dave, a veteran and comrade of many a Boy Scout hiking trip and my friend for the last twenty years or so, had convinced me to take some time out of my busy schedule of job hunting to take a well deserved vacation. Unlike myself, Dave had never had the luck to go up Highway 35 to Lake Superior and was eager to correct this deficit in his knowledge of Minnesota geography. “You up for a little road trip?” he had asked when I answered my cell phone. To be honest, it did not take much convincing; I would jump for any chance to escape my day-to-day grind for a little road trip, and with my current budget, Duluth would be just about as far as I could go. “Am I!?” I answered enthusiastically, and quickly we made plans, opting for a long weekend of budget camping and seeing the sights.

There’s just something about Duluth. I’ve never spent too much time in the place, but I have always been oddly intrigued by the town whenever I happen to visit. It seems to be a very unusual mix, a bit of a contradiction. The heart of the “landlocked” Midwest, it is also an important maritime port with international vessels coming and going all during the summer months, though of course the shipping season has been increasing recently. An economically depressed rust belt burg in one of the most prosperous states in the union, it has a certain grit, a rusty industrial edge, that is mostly absent from the rest of the state. The steep, hilly streets falling starkly towards the waterfront, visible from throughout the city, seem to speak of somewhere else, far from the plains and prairies of western and southern Minnesota. Yet, the forests and lakes Minnesota is known for are only a few miles away. In a way, as Weird Dave drove into the city, it was a bit difficult to believe the differences just a few hours of traveling had made. It is interesting how a trip of less than two hundred miles had led to such a contrasting place, without even leaving our home state. Well, yeah, Duluth is not exactly traveling outside my culture and its not exactly “exotic” (to use a word often bandied about in travelogues) but I felt as if even this simply car trip evoked all the wonders of travel, and I’d been there before. I wondered what Weird Dave thought as we came

in sight of the Duluth skyline, the famous Lift Bridge, and the vastness that is Lake Superior, beginning the long to the waterfront. "My ears are popping, no lie," he said sagely.

Of course, maybe Duluth is a bit off the beaten path. As one of those mid sized American cities whose name is occasionally dropped in pop culture to display the mix banal flyoverland ridiculousness and wacky obscurity, spending time in Duluth can be a tad contradictory. The steep bluffs of the city under the gray haze and gray waters of the Lake Superior combine to form a stark beauty. Both Dave and I feel this as we set off to explore the harbor, watching oceangoing ships sailing under the flags of Greece, Liberia, and Norway arrive, by water, in Minnesota. Weird Dave hummed the tune to Gordon Lightfoot's hit "The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald," as we watched the freighters bob in the harbor, my hair tousled in the breeze coming off the lake, icy even in early September. Watching the Ariel Lift Bridge rise to allow the entry of these huge vessels, I paused to take photos for a pair of tourists just before the rain began to drizzle down from the roiling sky, drenching us as we walked back towards Downtown, taking shelter in the familiar (to us Twin Citians) skyways.

The heart of the city too was a mix of the familiar Minnesota with elements that seemed out of place, with its skyways and steep streets going up and down the bluffs, a skyline of high rises against the backdrop of the skies of a early autumn turned gloomy. Weird Dave, feeling lucky, dragged me into a casino, located incongruously in the heart of downtown; despite the computerized pandas, werewolves, and fish spinning and beeping colorfully, the penny slots cleaned him out. "Come on, come on!" he shouted at the electronic cacophony of spinning coins, as once again the third gold coin failed to show up; I watched with a bemused confusion, attempting in vain to comprehend the complex mathematical formula of odds and combinations of symbols that Dave studied in this smoky atmosphere of bad luck. "Well, that was a wash," he complained as we exited back in the northern Minnesota night, now fortunately free of rain. The gritty flavor of the city was enhanced after dark, a feeling of slight seediness that I would be hard pressed to find in much of squeaky clean down town Minneapolis or St. Paul. Strolling past empty storefronts and camping stores, we paused to explore the bohemian odors of the Electric Fetus before considering the oddity of the Last Place on Earth, a specialty shop advertizing sex toys, urine cleaner, and synthetic marijuana amongst other hotly sought items. What order these objects were intended to be used was left, fortunately, unstated. Sadly, due apparently to shady dealings and hints of crime, the really great used book and record shop, Carlson's had closed several years before and I was left without a place to indulge my inner bibliophile and packrat by loading up on more vintage oddities. The mix of mildewy paper, old tobacco smoke, and grime remain with me as one of my major associations with Duluth. The storefront where I spent hours sorting through the back issues of National Geographic and browsing sixties era sci-fi and fantasy novels was now dead and boarded up, but still proclaimed itself "Duluth's Finest Tourist Attraction." Weird Dave paused to photograph the edifice before we headed to our destination, Teatro Zuccone, where we were slated for a night of improv.

## *Zenith City Cont'd...*

The improv team proved hilarious, with a sense of humor of the darkest and most profanity laced style. The diverse crowd screamed, shouted, and drank copious amounts of the local brews; we made quick friends with an inebriated local who thought Weird Dave looked oddly familiar. "You've never been to Duluth, dude? You sure? There must be some other red headed guy wearing goofy ass Hawaiian shirts running around, cause I know the guy." Dave let the overly familiar tone of the guy go for the sake of the environment of shared camaraderie and enjoyment brought on by the excellent actors and the shouts of suggestions issuing from the crowd; "fungi! Tampons! Macaroni and cheese!" Our erstwhile new companion sang the praises of the show, which he had just discovered last week, "it's hilarious, hilarious!" as he spilled his rum and coke down his coat. After he disappeared before the end of the show, Dave smiled and said, "Well, he seemed like a nice guy!"

We followed the crowd to Fitger's, a brewery renowned locally for well made craft beers brewed from the very waters of Lake Superior. Weird Dave was himself an amateur home-brewer and he relished the opportunity to sample the obscure beers of the world; Fitger's had some, in his opinion, very interesting formulas. Gorging ourselves some Minnesota favorites, Dave on a whitefish sandwich while I devoured a delicious vegetarian wild rice burger, we sampled a flight of beers. Dave, in true beer snob fashion sprinkled salt upon his coaster before sitting down the large brown mug of Big Boat Oatmeal Stout, which he gulped down with vigor while I nursed my Starfire Pale Ale. We actually returned for lunch the next day, Dave eager to pick up a couple "growlers," to show off to fellow beer drinkers back home in celebration of the roadtrip. These jugs of beer favored by small breweries were "great to pop open for special occasions," according to Dave. Sadly, we found out for sure that we were still in Minnesota when we realized that it was a Sunday. While Fitger's was still more than able to pour mugs of their alcoholic produce at their bar, growlers were a no go. "Curse you Minnesota blue laws!" cried Dave as we left the historic brewery and made our way to the parking garage nearby, dodging wildly swerving cars, our limbs still aching from sleeping on the ground the night before.

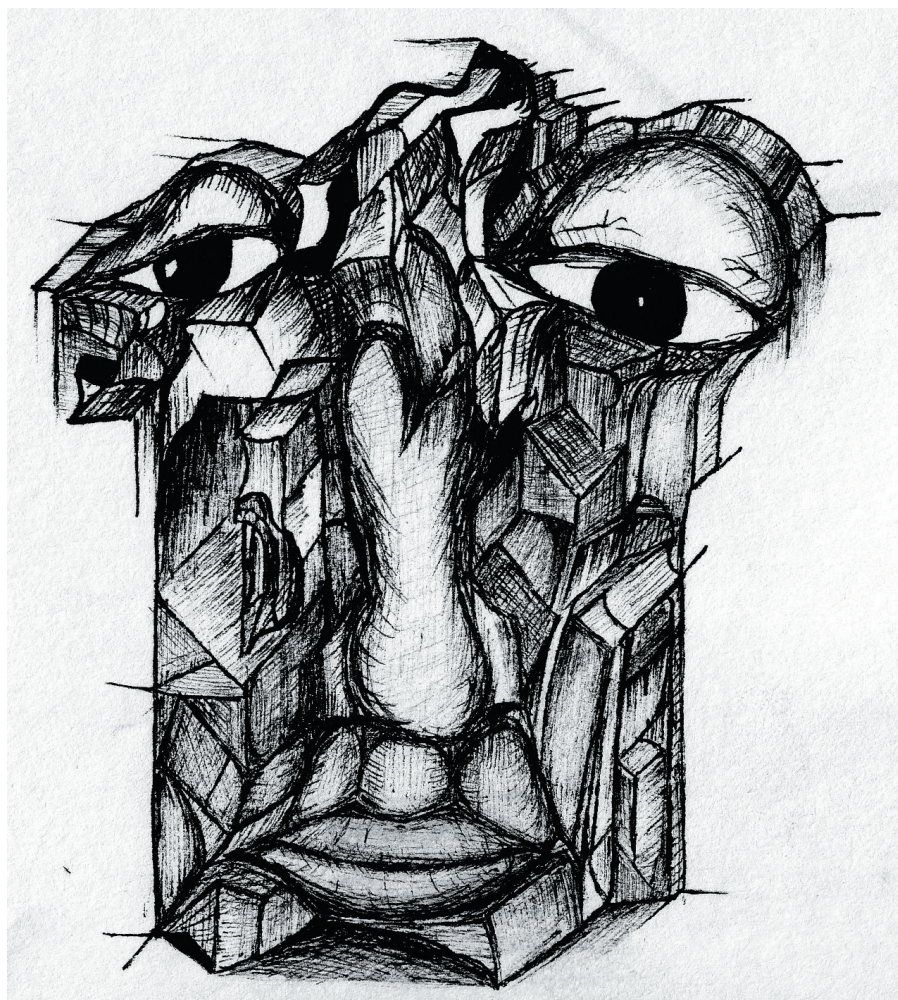
A night of freezing to death in the flimsy tent budget had forced us to use for lodging had not been kind to us, so we decided to head home, our craving for new surroundings satisfied, at least for the time being. Weird Dave, I was happy to know, had enjoyed his first introduction to the Zenith City. It may have been less than a global expedition, but Duluth was, as always, an interesting burg to experience. Equal parts isolation and cosmopolitan make it a study in contrasts, and that alone is intriguing to me. My buddy Dave vowed another expedition forthwith to claim the growlers that had been denied him thanks to the state's antiquated and annoying prohibitions against drinking on the Sabbath. Yes, a return to Duluth, I thought, was a good decision. Duluth in winter is an event I have yet to experience.



by James Mackey



Artwork by Zachary Bases



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[www.savethecrumbs.com](http://www.savethecrumbs.com)  
for all your D.I.Y. needs!**

# By Paige Mattson

She stumbles down the icy street tonight. The bitter wind bites her face, tears streaming across her cheeks. She's lost herself. She walks until she's unable to any longer. Defeated and broken, she lies down on the cold, hard ground, hoping she will peacefully disappear into the earth.

But she dreams more vividly this night than she ever has in the past. Radiant colors of the brightest oranges, blues, and greens fill her eyelids. In this dream she comes to a field. She is unaware of the location, but it is lovely, and she hopes that this is her heaven. She dances through the flowers and the weeds, marveling at their beauty. She stops to examine the life beneath her, above her, surrounding her. She suddenly falls to her knees and begins to sob. Having no control of her life any longer, she feels that she has failed herself. She screams, she pounds the ground, so angry that she had not seen this beauty before. She cries for her life that has been seemingly wasted. Helpless, she stares blankly at the earth, exhausted and emptied. She is startled when she feels a hand on her shoulder. She looks up and sees an image of herself from twenty years before. This five-year-old child reaches down and wipes the tears from the woman's face and extends a tiny hand to help her off her knees. The little girl offers a smile and takes her by the arm, leading her across more fields and through the dense woods. Neither of them speak to the other. They come to a river, and the most lively water she had ever seen was rushing before her. They sit on a fallen tree and breathe in the peaceful air. The child turns to the woman and tells her that she must now begin to live and open her eyes. The world is beautiful and magnificent and it is time to see it. The little girl tells the woman, "I love you." This floods the woman with joy, feeling that she truly loved herself for the first time in years. She remembers her abilities, her dreams, and her soul. She looks up to thank the little girl, but she has disappeared. The woman walks down to the bank of the river, letting her feet dangle in the cool water, watching the dirt and muck wash from her skin.

She awakes; she is alive! Not only physically, but her soul has awakened. She looks around the area that she chose to rest late last night. That cold, hideous area the evening before transformed into something wondrous. In fact, every direction she looked, she only saw beauty. With the sun's warm rays to help her rise from the ground, she smiles and begins to walk, her destination being life.

# My Father at Sixteen

## by Jennifer Miller

My father is a mystery to me,  
And I can't begin to see how a person  
with whom I shared a house could be  
so shrouded in secrecy.

Strict German Catholic father whipped by  
strict German Catholic grandfather then  
permanently damaged by a war that  
happened before I was born all of which  
willed to me in a legacy I didn't deserve  
and never asked for.

But there were these stories he gave us,  
dark comedies that made us laugh,  
a look through a window that still  
blurried the details of him like  
trying to peer through rain soaked glass.  
The stories I hang on to, pass for a father.  
My father at sixteen worked as an apprentice  
in my grandfather's glass shop and  
amassed more wealth doing it than most  
sixteen year olds have a business earning,  
yearning, and figuring he was old enough,  
he lit a cigarette at work.

Right in front of grandfather, the men who worked for him and God.  
The men stared down at their calloused hands while Grandfather  
glared and strolled over to Dad who rolled his head and  
took a nice, long drag.

"You think you're old enough to smoke in front of me, boy?"  
Then, with the cigarette hanging out of his mouth, and squinting for  
both effect and necessity as the gray smoke was snaking into his  
right eye, he monotoned,  
"I think so."

The boy and the father sized one another up  
while the men pretended to work and  
stole glances at one another.

My father said he didn't feel the punch  
until about fifteen seconds after he hit the ground and found his  
face.

He didn't smoke in front of Grandfather again until he was getting  
on the bus bound for Vietnam and said he learned not to fuck with  
bombs long before then.

"Boy, when you can take a punch, you can smoke in front of me."  
Fast forward.

Eight AM, my eighteenth birthday.

We all sat in the sea foam colored kitchen  
eating bacon and eggs while my father drank his scotch, ice  
clinking in his glass.

The sound of which, pass for a father.  
He slides me a cigarette across the long table and I stop it with one  
finger before  
pulling my hand away.

"I know you smoke; you're legal now. Happy birthday."  
The ice clinks again, him and the glass hidden from view behind the  
newspaper.

My leg begins to bounce ever so slightly.

My sister's eyes beg me to light up.

Two years younger with her own smoking habit, she needs me  
paving the way,  
though the very act  
could be considered raving.

I ate slowly, waited twenty minutes to light up and took a nice long  
drag, glad though

I knew I could very well be dead soon.

My father came up from his paper and I flinched, inched forward in  
my chair so I

could stand up before he would hit me.

My mother held her breath,  
the room went silent with death  
and my father merely lifted his glass to me before draining the  
amber liquid.

Then he laughed.

My sister said later I could smoke in her room whenever I wanted to  
and counted  
the days to her eighteenth birthday.





**Photos:**

**Above:** “Ill-House” by Kyle Nordland

**Below:** “Ice, Ice, Muffler” by Andrew Thrash







**Photos:**

**Above:** “Uh-Oh” by Jackie Schoo

**Below:** “Somebody Call Kenny Loggins!” by Ashley Birk



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