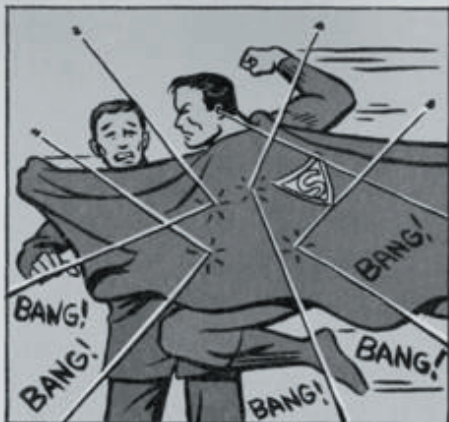


Save The Crumbs



Issue #38

SUPER ANTICS



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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**.

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CONTRIBUTERS:

**Dustin Wilmes, Juston Cline, Sarah Turbes,
Lona Falenczykowski, Jack Kolars, Dan Urlick,
Ashley Birk, Paul Connolly, A.J. Hakari, Morgan Lust,
James Mackey, Erica Rivera, Allen Tesch, Hope Thier**



Capsized

by Erica Rivera

Sometimes words
Are whales
They swallow us
Before we speak

And in the belly
Of the big black beast
We drown
In our indifference

No matter how daft a poet
You think yourself to be
Even language leaves you lonely
Eventually

That abandoned doll
In the water, daughter,
Arrived on a wave
From some distant sea

Who Would Win In A Fight?



Bull Hurley vs. Bald Bull

Strength - 8
Intelligence - 4
Energy Projection - 6
Stamina - 6
Agility - 7
Durability - 6
Speed - 5

Strength - 8
Intelligence - 4
Energy Projection - 7
Stamina - 5
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Speed - 6

Bob “Bull” Hurley Attributes:

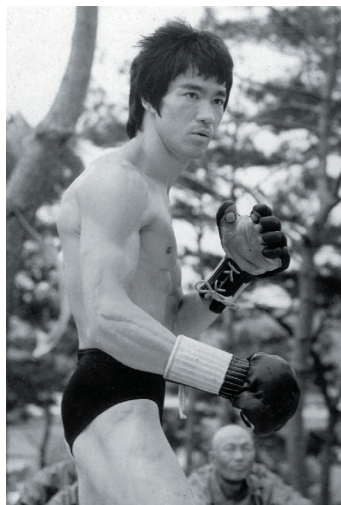
Security guard for Las Vegas Jail, former five-time World Arm Wrestling Champion, star of the film *Over The Top*, stands 6’ 4” tall, weighs 364 lbs., rumored to have murdered Kenny Loggins, once broke Sylvester Stallone’s nose, “Drive truck, break arms, and arm wrestle.” - what he loves to do and what he does best

Bald Bull Attributes:

Heavyweight boxer, featured in *Punch-Out!!* video game, hails from Istanbul, master of the Bull Charge, former W.V.B.A Major Circuit Heavyweight Champion, friend of “Iron” Mike Tyson, known for short temper, rumored to be the masked arm-wrestling champion Mask X, his barber didn’t know when to quit, do you?

From The Scrappy Desk Of Juston Cline...

What ever happened to the martial arts bug? Remember back in the '80s and '90s when everyone was crazy about martial arts in some way? I know it happened to me. My mother used to say I should've been born as Bruce Lee or a black man. I think the latter was mostly due to my musical choices as a youngster, but the Asian ass-kicking genius call was due to my love for martial arts movies and general scrappiness. I remember following my mom around as a little kid pretending she was a master opponent and I was a ninja tracking her down. Hi-ya! Out from behind the washing machine I leapt with vengeance in my eyes. "You took away my fruit snacks! Now you pay!" And commence a boisterous amount of air kicks and punches. Even while I was not stalking my mother through the house, I was watching any martial arts film I could find. I remember when I first watched *Enter the Dragon*. What an amazing experience. I had watched lots of strange, late-night kung fu films, all in Chinese with broken over-dubbing. They were all interesting and exciting, but Bruce Lee was something else. I'm not sure if it was the funky soundtrack or the black dude with the sweet afro that really spoke to me in *Enter the Dragon*. All I know is that I was hooked. I watched that movie over and over. Nothing seemed to compare. I still watched a lot in the '80s, but many of them, even as a kid, seemed sort of cheesy in comparison... other than *Karate Kid* of course. The '90s came along and I must say, other than Jean-Claude Van Damme, it was pretty terrible stuff. Even some of *his* work was questionable. Until one day I saw *Lethal Weapon 4*. It was the standard story. The bad guy has an Asian badass to take care of his really dirty work. Only this Asian man was different. He was small and unassuming, but when it came time to throw down, he came with a brand of kung fu that seemed to be unstoppable. He was fast and powerful and knew how to use your movements against you. He seemed so much smarter then his opponents. His name was Jet Li and I was once again hooked! I watched everything he was in. I was importing movies from China to see what else he had in store, but it seemed to die-out within the last decade. Now everything is MMA and UFC, which I also feel is slowing losing speed. Instead of Tae Kwon Do and Karate schools all over the place, its' MMA, which in my opinion is really just a place for guys to go when they can't be in high school wrestling any more. I'm not saying they are bad or not tough or anything, I'm just saying it isn't what it used to be. When I went to Tae Kwon Do, it felt like I was somehow stepping into the films I watched. All of us in rows, kicking and punching in our sweet uniforms, which my Grand Master Kim had hand wrote my name on in Korean. It felt mystical and adventurous. Along with many things, those days are long gone I'm afraid. At least I still have my memories and films. Paar-taayy!



Fruits Of Your Labor

by Allen Tesch

Plunge your hands into the warm soapy water and start to wring the clothes. Really wring them. That's how washing machines work, after all. The agitation. Or at least that seems to make sense, it has an agitator. Wonder briefly if it is warm water or cold with whites. But decide how in the hell it matters, you're washing your undies in your damn bathroom sink. Poke your head out and keep an eye on the boiling water. Too long, and the noodles get soggy. Not sure how the can of veggies will react. Never tried that before. The water turns a light green with the agitation. How the hell? Either the blue soap is reacting to your yellow piss or the demon sweat is being cleaned out. The demon sweat from when you can't even afford a nip after work. Speaking of sweat. Wipe your brow. Damn this is hard work. Your hands start to ache. Rinse the clothes. Twice. Three times. Don't want to be itchy from soap. Squeeze, really squeeze those bastards. Check the noodles. Snap the clothes and hang them on the line, turn on the fan. Check the crispy dries and put them in the clean pile. Check the noodles. Perfect. Veggies. eh. Phone rings "888". Don't answer it. Wipe out a bowl and pour them in. Turn on the TV. News. Always news. Stock market is up. Record highs. The new age is here. Salute the news with a stained fork and dig into the fruits of your labor.



I Have To Get Some Thoughts Off of My Ever-Sagging Chest

by Sarah Turbes

A couple of days ago I came across a post of a friend of a friend of a friend. There was a picture of a larger young woman wearing not much but a shirt and underwear. It looked like a picture that would have been taken between two friends or lovers or just two people hanging out having a good time. The picture, more or less, questioned if this young woman was desirable enough to be desired. I looked at it and I noticed the young woman's pretty eyes and her smile and the fact that she was probably in mid-laugh, being silly. I did notice her body, too, but wasn't that the point? I was supposed to judge her physical appearance and how it didn't conform to the same "body standards" of the person who probably posted it?

Needless to say I was irked and it made me sad and angry. Then it made me think of the Dove campaign and all the "good" they are trying to send out to young women. I really want to like the campaign. I really want to applaud them for bringing differences to light. I really want to say the things that have already been said by another articulate and thoughtful blogger. So I may restate some of her observances.

True. Dove is making an effort to tell women that they are beautiful. They are trying to tell women that they are too hard on themselves. That chin you hate so much may be your most admired feature. Your squinty eyes that make you feel like you look sleepy or angry might make someone happy. BUT. Dove sells beauty products. They are still trying to tell you that your hair is too frizzy, that you smell too stinky, that your skin isn't soft enough. But they aren't telling you to say "f**k it", either. The women in their ads "look real" compared to the airbrushed standards of advertising, but they still have flawless skin. They are still of average weight and they still have perfect teeth.

Where are the women with a crooked or missing tooth? (Hey ...it happens). Where are the women with acne and stretch marks and a double chin and an extra roll around their middle? Where are the women with saggy breasts?

I'm all of these things, so where are the women that represent someone like me? Thankfully, I know of some. Thankfully, I know that I'm not alone.

As much as I try, I don't love how my body is. I struggle and sometimes succeed (and fail) with daily improvements. I wear mascara to make my barely-there eyelashes more visible, I wear bras with support so my ever-sagging chest (yeah...I'm almost 35) so that my breasts don't seem to meld in with my belly. I personally hate the look of a uni-torso.

I eat healthy most of the time, even though I ate a piece of chocolate cake for breakfast. I exercise when I find the time or feel motivated. I don't need reminders or some sort of revelation. I know my life deserves improvements, but I deserve accolades...just like everyone does.

I always feel a little bit thrown off when people seem surprised that I eat healthy and exercise occasionally. Maybe it's my overly sensitive nature, but I swear I see actual surprise in their expressions. I get envious when women I know are complimented on their looks and I'm complimented on my humor and talents. Ahhh...yes. I'm the funny girl. I know how to write things and I'm good at doing other stuff. I'm not known as the "hot" one, never have been and that's FINE. Physical compliments are just focusing on the surface, nothing else. I remember, in my 20's, I went shopping with a friend. As I heard her complain about being a size 6 or 8, I couldn't help but feel bad for her, but also felt angry. "Pssssh....I can't remember the last time I wore that size", I thought.

I hate, hate when people make quiet comments about how someone has put on so much weight. I've done it too and I regret it. Life fucking happens. People put on weight. And then, people lose weight or too much weight and people comment. The body changes, it's what it does. Life happens. I try not to comment on people's weight...sorry, all of you who have worked hard to lose it. You DO look great, but I always thought you did so I don't say anything more. Fortunately, I was raised by two parents who tried hard to keep me from self-deprecation. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't, but I thank them for trying.

Still...if you want to focus on someone's physical appearance, think about what else you might like about them FIRST.

That said, even the funny girls want to be told they are beautiful. The beautiful girls want to be told that they are funny.

If I ever have children, boy or girl, I will try my hardest to compliment them on their abilities and their talents and I will even tell them they are beautiful. Because they will be, regardless of how they look.

The next time you see a picture of a "fat lady", think before you laugh, think before you judge. Think before you decide if she is in fact desirable. Of course she is. Someone loves her just as she is and if not now, someone will.

There Are Border Guards All Around The World

by Jack Kolars

While getting my mobile phone fixed at the Verizon store on the campus of Minnesota State University as school was letting out in May, I met a young woman from South Korea who wanted to get her phone updated as she planned to return home this summer.

It was idle chit-chat when I asked her how the relations between North and South Korea were going and her answer surprised me.

The young math and statistics major said in all her life... Jimine - not her real name - is about 21-years-old... in all her life, she said, she has never met anyone from North Korea. Not when she was growing up about 90 minutes of Seoul, South Korea. Not during her studies at Georgia State University. And not during her time here at Minnesota State.

I found this curious. Why, I asked, had she not met anyone from the country of North Korea?

And she answered..."Because the people there are not free. They are poor and hungry....and are oppressed by their government."

I asked the young Minnesota State graduate student if people in North Korea try to escape for freedom and for jobs. She said "Yes, but they need to go through China first, and then into Mongolia or Thailand, before making their way to South Korea, and the chance for freedom."

And she added... "More than 70% of the North Koreans leaving their country are killed or die of starvation."

How so, I asked. And Jimine - not her real name - told

me... ”There are border guards between North Korea and China who shoot to kill any North Koreans seeking freedom, seeking food, seeking a new life.”

I said it kind of reminds me of the borders and fences between the two “free countries” on this continent - the border guards and fences between the United States and Mexico.

Jimine smile and said, ”Yes... something like that.”

So in at least two places on our planet Earth, there are border guards looking to limit their peoples from the ability of getting food, getting freedom, getting a job, and finding a new life.

God must be proud of his people ...right?



**Call Jack Kolars at
327-9987 for your
Real Estate needs**

Summer Wars (2009)

by A.J. Hakari

Meeting your girlfriend's family for the first time can be nerve-wracking for any young man. It's even more tricky when you're not really a couple, and it's scarier still when the end of humanity is peeking around the corner. But facing certain annihilation is par for the course as far as much of anime is concerned, so with only having to impress a troupe of eccentrics in the meantime, the young hero of *Summer Wars* is on easy street. Still, that doesn't mean the lad isn't in for the fight of his life, and with the most light-hearted

of media properties getting the gritty treatment in misguided bids for "legitimacy," it's nice to see *Summer Wars* think epic while maintaining its sunny disposition and homespun philosophy.

In the kingdom of the nerds, Kenji (voice of Ryunosuke Kamiki) is an alpha male. With sharper skills at deciphering math equations than with chatting up ladies, the high-schooler spends most of his free time logged into OZ, a massive online social hub that's been incorporated into virtually every aspect of society. Nevertheless, Kenji is dragged kicking and screaming into getting some sun when Natsuki (voice of Nanami Sakuraba), the most popular girl on campus, recruits him to pose as her boyfriend at a family get-together. But if having to lie to a couple dozen wacky relatives wasn't enough of a strain, Kenji soon finds himself plunged right into a global crisis. Secretly brewed up by the military, a hyper-intelligent security program has gone rogue and invaded OZ, throwing nearly the whole world into chaos and pinning the blame on Kenji. But when the program's attacks turn personal and threaten Natsuki's clan, the whole crazy bunch is called upon to help



save not only themselves but mankind as we know it, too.

Summer Wars answers that burning question of, “How would it look if *The Matrix* were run by those weirdos from *Meet the Robinsons*?” Alright, so the movie doesn’t reach heights *that* madcap, but the restraint it shows when things do get peculiar is actually one of its greatest strengths. While various bold and wacky personalities are strewn about both OZ and the real world, *Summer Wars* keeps them in line and never let’s itself grow too frantic or overwhelming. For all of its eye-catching visuals and ruminations on the consequences of society using computers as a crutch too often, it’s, at heart, a simple story that values family bonds and spending quality time with your loved ones. But it’s also hip to how vital technology has become in modern times, so for every satirical observation the film makes, it deals out a fun scene in which Natsuki’s relatives band together and kick some digitized rear ends.

This duality, of a grounded reality co-existing with a boundless fantasy land, is reflected well in the way *Summer Wars* presents these two worlds. Offline, the flick takes place at a serene and secluded country estate, surrounded by picturesque flora and fauna with a modest but undoubtedly gorgeous layout. On the flipside, OZ is crammed with perpetually swirling avatars of all shapes and sizes, constantly buzzing with activity against a solid white backdrop. *Summer Wars* is adept at capturing both beauty and bigness, looking just as fantastic when it’s focused on little kids playing outside as when a colossal computer demon is traipsing around cyberspace. Sadly, our protagonists aren’t as robust in texture; Natsuki and Kenji are fine but terribly generic, their relationship getting the short end of the stick in favor of heaping care and attention upon the supporting cast.

Summer Wars is something of a frivolous film that lives in the moment and crumbles quickly if you chew it long enough. Still, it is great fun while it lasts, speeding through a ton of information, exposition, and characters without leaving the audience wondering which end is up. There’s a lot going on in *Summer Wars*, but it’s not only easy to keep track of, you’ll have a grand time doing it.

**Feel free to holler at A.J. via his
Twitter feed: @madmovieman**

Dance Armstrong

by Dan Urlick

I've never really been a fan of the "sport" of cycling so much as I am a fan of the "hobby." Whenever asked sport related questions I find myself awkwardly dancing around the conversation. Usually I fake a phone call or make a sudden move for the restroom to occupy myself (and a stall) until the conversation eventually turns back to '80s music, so I can hold my own again.

"De do do do, de da, da, da, is all I want to say to you"

But as any good faker knows, you can only keep your silence so long before someone finally catches you without your phone or between heads and your cover is blown. With this uneasy scenario in mind I decided to take the very drastic measure of tuning in OWN to watch Lance Armstrong pedal his confession to America's lady Pope of pop TV, Oprah Winfrey.

I've always been indifferent to Lance, his foundation and the Tour de France. Since watching Lance and Oprah's HD dalliance I'm still indifferent to the latter two, but as for Armstrong himself, I now believe he's a jerk.

It's not that he juiced in the first place. I'm aware most or even all competing in the era did this. When we assign unlimited fame, fortune and endorsements to our beloved sports figures, what often surfaces for our money aren't heroic winners but oxymoronic elitists, exhibiting the most repulsive of human tendencies.

We now know baseball was nothing more than an elaborate chemistry experiment during the famed Sosa/McGwire homerun era. Not to be outdone, professional football produced a bounty hunting scandal that rivaled mafia tactics. Professional golf of all things exploded into controversy when Tiger's wife bludgeoned him with his own pitching wedge during a heated domestic out in the cul-de-sac. That story is just wrought with iron-y.

Are we really going to continue to act surprised every time one of our esteemed "heroes" in this country turns out to be a liar and a cheat? Turns out, after all, to be human?

What really makes Lance stand out though in this generation of spoiled, corrupt, cheating athletes is his reaction. Sure they all deny it at first but when most famous liars get nailed down and notice the dance floor is getting a little lonely, it doesn't take long for them to see the truth is the only safe way back to their seat, back to obscurity. So at last they spill it, usually to some elite media figure and probably with compensation too. Confess on a network stage, take your kicks from the ordained host, wipe your tears on your sleeve, pick up your check at the door and the bi-cycle of sin begins all over again.

Although this is the route he alas rode in the end, Lance's sluggish contrition is a half decade behind the rest of his team and only comes after plan-A, waltzing over the toes and throats of anyone who threatened his dance space including his close friends, finally failed.

Intoxicated by success, Lance simply stayed on the dance floor way too long. Long after everyone else in the house had taken a seat, long after the music stopped and the bar had closed. Long after the lights came on, Lance Armstrong two-stepped alone with his eyes closed behind the backs of his friends like a drunken barroom regular on Saturday night, completely lacking in grace and humility.

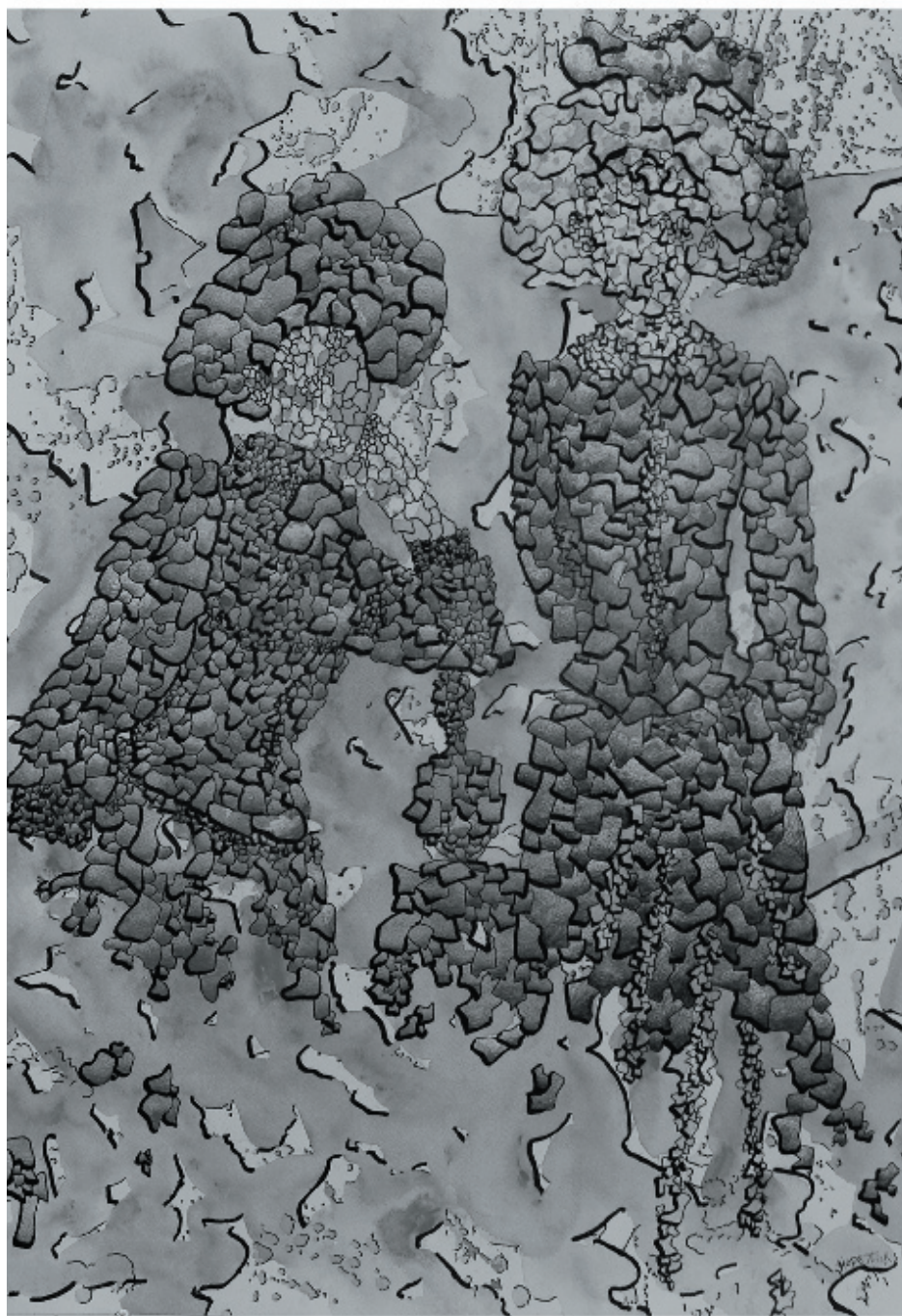
Even in his "confession" there seems to be an ongoing membrane of deceit that tightly constricts Lance's conscience like a thin layer of ball binding Lycra. Yet Lance continues to dance right through the discomfort and pain, all alone on the floor, in his biking shorts, as if nothing matters as long as he's in first place.

"De do do do, de da da da

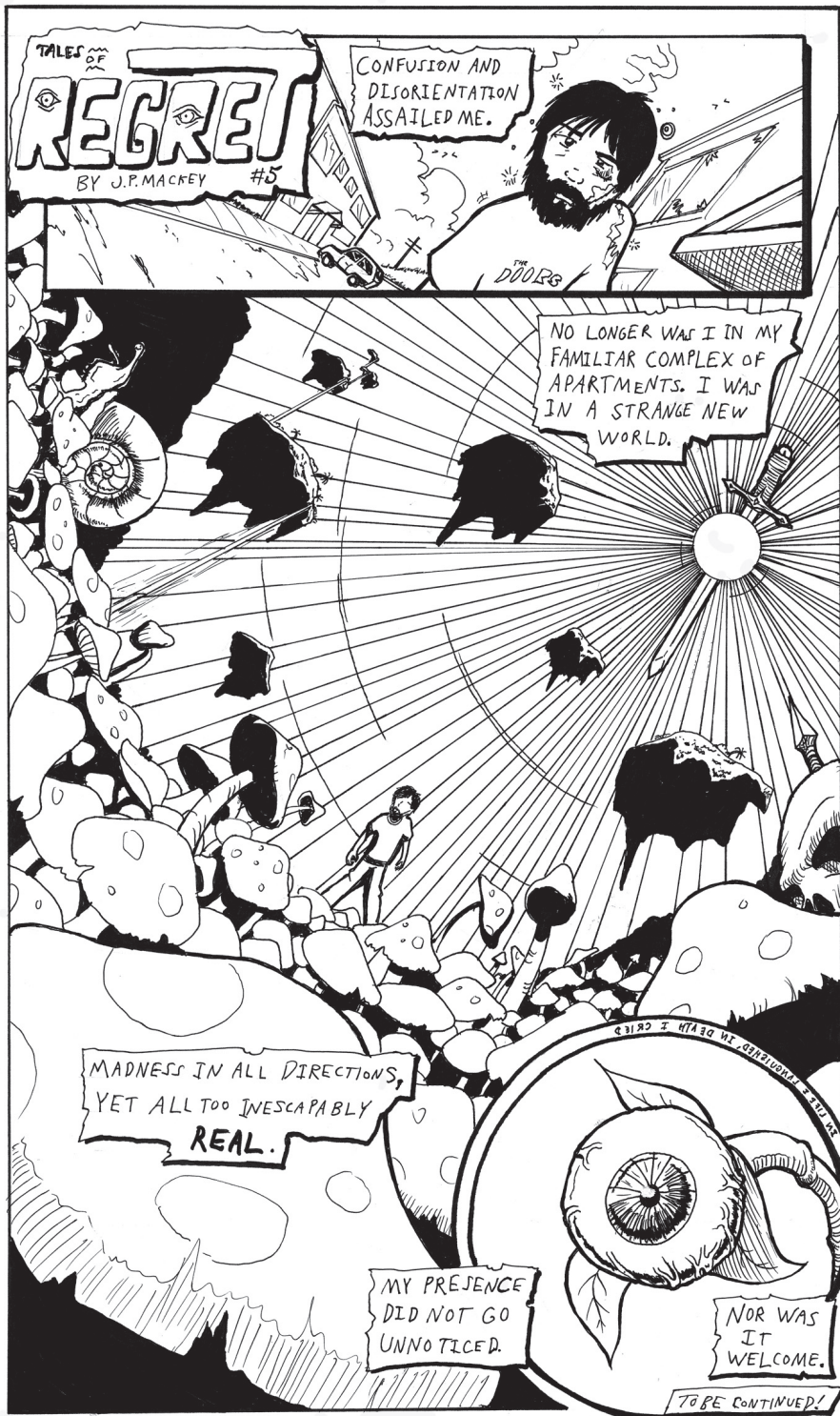
They're meaningless and all that's true."

Traffic Tip: I'd recommend everyone, including Lance, try a Bike Ride sometime.

**See unedited *Bike Rides* columns at dansbikerides.com
Hear *Bike Rides* from your radio Fridays, 1p.m. on
KMSU, 89.7 FM-Mankato**



“The Ladies” by Hope Thier



TALES OF

REGRET

BY J.P. MACKEY #5

CONFUSION AND
DISORIENTATION
ASSAILED ME.

NO LONGER WAS I IN MY
FAMILIAR COMPLEX OF
APARTMENTS. I WAS
IN A STRANGE NEW
WORLD.

MADNESS IN ALL DIRECTIONS,
YET ALL TOO INESCAPABLY
REAL.

MY PRESENCE
DID NOT GO
UNNOTICED.

NOR WAS
IT
WELCOME.

TO BE CONTINUED!



Photos:

Above: “We’ve Got Your Back” by Sarah Turbes

Below: “Pronto Pup” by Paul Connolly





Photos:

Above: “I’ll Swallow Your Soul” by Ashley Birk

Below: “Cosmos” by Morgan Lust



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