

Save The Crumbs



Issue #42



“Let Me Think About It” by Ashley Birk

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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Bite. Me.

by Zachary Alan Zoet

Today, Dec. 31, 2013, the last day of the year (obviously), I watched a child choose a copy of *Save the Crumbs* to take away from the venue where I visited with some friends. After she left the venue, I remarked to the friends about me with feigned, hyperbolic despair how the Xeroxed, staple-bound publication would scramble up her brains, calling it “Psychological pornography.” To an extent, I think my description stands firm, because the usual characteristics of the garden-variety versions of pornography which come to the minds of consented, authorized viewers of said material can ignite the imagination, incite envy and jealousy, lead to patterns of risk-associated behaviors, along with disconnectedness in intimacy with others from superficiality and disposability from materialism, for which pornographic products come packaged in.

I want to tell you, *Save the Crumbs* can do all those things (without pejoratives toward intimacy, probably); however, I think *Save the Crumbs* parallels many of those characteristics of pornography, enough so to call the publication “Psychologically pornographic” because the contributors to *Save the Crumbs* do not rely on the carnal, adolescent, sexual urges society teaches us to repress; instead the publication urges people to contribute something to the world of self-expression (as Larry Flint put it) in a gritty, smutty, mash-up style, gonzo-type magazine out from their perceptions of reality, without marketing to a continuum standard indicating a measure of psychological perversion.

It is our shared right to express ourselves, at any age, by many means available. Indeed, I believe many of us suffer from a repressed fun-creative-sharing outlet in reality, which tucks into virtual Internet reality too easily, I think. *Save the Crumbs* bejewels our economically backward, albeit socially progressive, town for those ends and beyond, nicely.

So, to keep this off-speed article in the strike-zone, I conclude I simply wanted to remark where some ideas we people have might seem worthy of censorship in our minds, to our habitual, uncalled for, pretentious deference of others, *Save the Crumbs* appears ready to contain any and all of our risqué, hard or soft-boiled mental erotica unfit for media concerned with expressive erotica of the mind.

Three more words.

Who Would Win In A Fight?



DiBiase

Strength - 5

Intelligence - 8

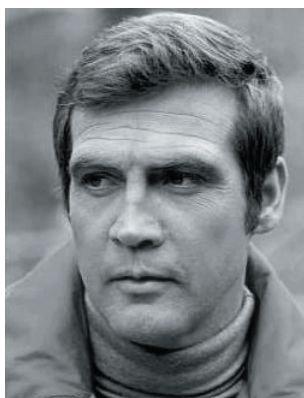
Energy Projection - 5

Stamina - 8

Agility - 8

Durability - 7

Speed - 6



Austin

Strength - 9

Intelligence - 6

Energy Projection - 5

Stamina - 7

Agility - 8

Durability - 6

Speed - 8

“Million Dollar Man” Ted DiBiase Attributes:

Former professional wrestler, master of the Million Dollar Dream, trained by Terry Funk, friend of Andre the Giant, owner of the Million Dollar Championship, former three-time WWF Tag Team Champion, makes Summer residence in Hyannis Port, Mass., accompanied by his bodyguard Virgil, has more money than you

“Six Million Dollar Man” Steve Austin Attributes:

Former Astronaut, star of his own TV show, equipped with bionic implants from the Office of Scientific Intelligence, can run 60 mph, left eye has 20:1 zoom lens and infrared capabilities, master of slow motion, has limbs as powerful as a bulldozer, romantically involved with the Bionic Woman, good friends with Bigfoot

From The Artistic Desk Of Juston Cline...

In recent months I have started a new chapter in life. I have started making art! It has been interesting to see how people react to such a thing. Some think it's amazing and wonder where it came from. Others think I must be going through some "phase" in life. As if it's a nice hobby I adopted to get me through some hard times.

Now I can't say my life has been all cream cheese, but it also hasn't been all shit. I feel the making of art has always been there. It was just taking different forms before it finally ended up as oil paint on a canvas.

The other interesting thing is trying to learn and fit into the art world. That is like a whole different thing all together. I started participating in social media outlets again to help fuel my creativity and share it with the world. So far I have received a fairly warm welcome, but there is still so much to learn. How to show your work, how to price it, how galleries work and how not to go broke!

All I know for right now is that I don't want to stop. I have started something that I can't see ending. I'm happy for it and hope it makes others happy along the way. So if you ever thought to make something, paint something, draw or create in any way... Just do it! Stop thinking about it and do it. I did. I feel better for it.

If you are interested in seeing what I have been working on go to

www.justonclineart.com.



TALES OF
REGRET
BY J.P. MACKEY #9

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG
I RAN, BUT IN TIME
I FOUND MYSELF LOST
IN A DESERT...



FEAR HAD PROPELLED ME
BUT MY STRENGTH
HAD FLED AS IF
MORE AFRAID
THAN I



BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT TO REGRET THE FUTURE

I FELT AS IF I
WERE ALONE



I WAS WRONG



TO BE CONTINUED...

There's Nothing To Do In Mankato

by Michelle May

“I’m bored” is a useless thing to say. I mean, you live in a great, big, vast world that you’ve seen none percent of. Even the inside of your own mind is endless; it goes on forever, inwardly, do you understand? The fact that you’re alive is amazing, so you don’t get to say “I’m bored.” -- Louis CK

Do you ever complain that there’s nothing to do in Mankato? Do you ever think that means you’re a boring person? You might want to consider the possibility. I mean, even if Mankato didn’t have “things to do,” I would still be happy, but that’s because I have a rich inner life. You guys probably don’t. You guys are probably all really stupid. But of course there are things to do in Mankato and anywhere, and I’ve made a handy list for you, you stupid idiot.

1. Just watch TV! There are a lot of great TV shows these days. But don’t try to have conversations about TV. That’s usually very boring.

2. Take a Community Education class. Here are some of your choices: Stained Glass Making, Pottery, Winemaking, Beer Brewing, Email Basics, Telling Your Computer Where To Go.

3. Have kids? That could be interesting for a couple years.

4. Make a YouTube show. I have one called Show and Tell with Andre and Michelle and it’s very popular and very funny.

5. Go to New Ulm or Faribault or Amboy or Northfield and visit their little shops. New Ulm has a German store, Faribault has a Cheese Cave shop, Amboy has a spice store and the Cottage Cafe, and I think Northfield has a bunch of shit too.

6. Sit on your couch and stare at your wall and think about your life and all the mistakes you’ve made.

7. Wash your sheets. I’m guessing they’re filthy.

8. If you got a job at McDonald’s it might give you something to talk about. Funny stories, you know, that kind of thing.

9. Paint your walls! Ms. Tessa Downs recently painted her living room black and it turned out beautifully, so consider black.

10. Learn how to cook a signature meal and practice enough that

you don't need the recipe anymore. Mine is peanut butter toast with chocolate chips on top. It sounds simple, I guess, but I make it a certain way.

11. Drive around. Some people I know in outlying towns like to drive around while drinking a couple beers. Doesn't that sound interesting? I mean, don't get DRUNK, dummy. Also don't let the police see you.

12. Go to the landfill and find some stuff you like. People do it in other countries all the time! Don't be so American.

13. My former roommate, Mr. Josh Schutz, used to go to nursing homes and paint old ladies' nails and play cards with old men. Some people may find this charming.

14. Volunteer through Mankato Community Education. You can help with English as a Second Language or Basic Computer Skills or something. I don't know if you're smart enough for this but you could give it your best shot.

15. Go to your parents' house and organize it. They're probably hoarders.

16. While you're there, ask your parents some questions. Maybe record them? Make a little oral history of your family? Maybe film it? Unless you got a dud family.

17. My friend Andre Archerd goes exploring all the time. He could give you a tour of some abandoned buildings. You might get arrested but who really cares, in the end?

18. Come to my Letter Writing Club and write letters to prisoners or long-lost friends, or start a rival Letter Writing Club across town if you hate me.

19. You know Mankato has a ski hill, right?

20. I wish someone would organize a speed dating thing. You could do that for me. I'll give you \$10.

21. Babysit your friends' kids for free. Have them paint your living room black.

22. Volunteer at the pet shelter, I guess? Sounds boring to me but you'd probably love it.

23. If you need money, become a cleaning lady or a personal chef.

24. If your stomach is chubby, do some sit-ups while watching TV.

25. You could write an article for this fine publication. They'll let any old idiot do it. (Me.)

Have You Used A Dollar Coin Lately?

by Jack Kolars

We ask that question today because we received a gold dollar coin from one of the friendly clerks at a Kwik Trip store in Mankato recently. It was a bit of a surprise - this gold coin that look more like an old video game token at the old arcades.

But here it was, in my hand, the result of change from six blueberry muffins. When I asked the clerk what it was he answered, "A gold dollar coin," and quickly added, "See you next time."

I'm not so sure.

Back when I was a kid my Grandpa used to give me real Lady Liberty silver dollars for my birthday and other special occasions. When he gave me a silver dollar he would always smile and say, "Now don't spend this in all in one place." And I never did. Back in those days we could buy eight packs of two Twinkies, and get change back from our silver dollar.

My Dad even encouraged me to save those silver dollars. And I did. But after a while they started to burn a hole in my pocket when I got old enough to buy the latest 45 rpm record. But we digress.

As we reflect back, we should have kept those heavy silver dollar coins because the government discontinued the old silver dollars in about 1974 in favor of the Eisenhower dollars, and then the ill-fated, and odd-shaped Susan B. Anthony dollars.

We have discovered that it was in was in 2000 when government mints in Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco started producing these new gold dollars, named the Sacagawea (pronounced *sack-ah-gah-we-ah*) Dollar.

But it wasn't until January of 2014 that I had my hands on one of these gems, 14 years after it was minted! My guess is the circulation of the coins has not caught on.

And there is an easy answer for that. It seems everyone uses plastic for their money today. Businesses have started to discourage

the use of checks. And some businesses seem to hate money too, if they are handing out Gold Dollar Coins now that no one has ever seen.

Yup, everyone wants the plastic money so they can have their payment immediately... and so some computer hacker in the basement of his Mom's house can get your personal information, and mess up your credit history.

Call me old-fashioned but I prefer to carry cash.... and as a friend told me 30 years ago when he always carried \$300 in his billfold: "If you don't have the money in your pocket, you shouldn't be buying what they are selling you."

Sage advice. And now, for good luck, I've got a gold silver dollar, minted in 2000, burning a hole in my pocket. And I'm not going to spend it in one place. The way things are going, I might have a collection of two gold dollar coins by 2028.



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

Walter White

by Joe Eggen

So, I was at work the other day when my boss' wife called and I picked up. He was busy doing something, so I took a message. The message was that Walter died. I relayed the message a couple minutes later. I got to thinking about this throughout the day though. His death to me means nothing, although it's a huge loss in others' lives. This Walter changed people's lives, but he had no meaning to me. It'd be like passing by a jug of milk. Just taking another message from a call. I actually made an update on a media site and claimed his name was Walter (because I wanted to watch *Breaking Bad* that night) but later I remembered his real name was Elmer. He literally meant that much to me to forget his name.

It's weird in today's society when we all get so much screen time with our phones and computers and gadgets and what-have-yous. How much do we actually get with the people around us? The little paragraph Facebook updates, the short little Twitters, etc, etc. I listened to something the other day that talked about some research that said today's youth isn't good with face-to-face communication because they spend so much time just texting each other.

If I could change one thing about humanity at this point in time, it'd be that we all get closer together. As we grow apart from knowing our neighbors and our parents and people outside our circles. As we seem to grow colder to the people we don't know or care about, not opening doors for people or saying hi to each other, we grow more cynical in this changing and evolving world. As we grow forward, I can't help but look back and imagine how things were in simpler times when communities were communities.

I may not have known this Elmer in the slightest, and the first time I heard of him would be the last time, but he did change me just a little bit. I do wish going forward that we change as a people. I can't say it any better than the inspiring Michael Jackson said in *Man in the Mirror*...

***If You Wanna Make The World
A Better Place
(Take A Look At Yourself And
Then Make A Change)
I'm Gonna Make A Change
It's Gonna Feel Real Good!
Just Lift Yourself
You Know
You've Got To Stop It.
I've Got To Make That Change,
Today!
You've Got To Move! Come
On! Come On!
You Got To . . .
Stand Up! Stand Up!
Stand Up And Lift
Yourself, Now!
Gonna Make That Change . . .
Come On!
You Know It!
You Know . . .
Make That Change.***



Fat Ride In A Cold Town

(From Austin, MN)

by Dan Urlick

Winter biking is always a challenge, despite how much effort and expense one puts forth. When the nastiest elements of the season converge at the solstice, even hardcore riders are bound to be humbled. At some point, you'll freeze your hands and feet, get your snow pants caught in the chain or worse, crash your bike on the ice. It's a numbers thing living in Minnesota and just like the Lottery; the odds are stacked against you.

Engineers have made strides to counter these extreme conditions, adding shocks, disc brakes and other accessories for better performance and handling but no single design works for every situation.

Recently, a new trend has emerged that at first appeared a novelty but may be growing some roots in the industry now. "Fat Tires" have been marketed as the next generation of mountain bikes. Just as one would infer from the name, the tires are very big, almost ridiculously so. Bike frames have been greatly modified to accommodate their bulkiness. The result is a cartoon like machine that, in theory, could be ridden almost anywhere and esthetically resembles a lunar vehicle more than a traditional bicycle.

Rydjor Bike Shop recently brought a pair of these big guys in for rental purposes, which is a brilliant idea because the hefty purchase price is a commitment few may be willing to make without a good testing, including myself.

Over the holidays my neighbor Hank and I set aside 24 hours and \$25 to give the fatties a whirl. Our first ride took us south down Main Street to Wildwood Park. The ride there was blissful, as we blew freely over the plowed piles of snow pushed against the curbs in the city that usually slow us down.

Once inside the woods between Wildwood and Todd Parks, the recent powdery snow was spread fairly deep and remained unsettled over the trail, forcing us to work extra hard to progress, despite the monster tires. Of course this ride wouldn't even be worth a try on any other bike.

That night we went out for ride number two with a different plan, modifying our expectations and route. Our destination this time was the other end of Main Street where the city piles snow behind Marcussen Park, creating a man-made mountain we affectionately refer to as “The Matterhorn.”

The process of plowing, hauling and blowing the snow usually firms things up, and when conditions are just right, it’s possible to ride a “regular” mountain bike over the surface of the horn, so we figured it would be no match for the fat boys. But because of the powdery nature of this frigid winter’s snowfall, we found it was too soft to support a clean ride. In fact, I was thrown from my bucking steed while desperately spinning and sinking the tractor tires deep into the mix, much to Hank’s amusement.

Next we took a stab at Skinner’s Hill. The big tires easily caught the attention of a group of pre-adolescent boys sledding there.

“Awesome bikes!” they said, excitedly, as we perched ourselves at the top.

Skinner’s Hill is a regular run for us on any occasion. At times, however, our bikes get squirrely and some braking becomes necessary, but not this time. We just sailed down the hill, our momentum carrying us all the way through the heavily trampled snow, right to the parking lot. This adrenalin rush, though brief, was worth repeating.

I’m looking forward to the spring/summer months when we can give these bad boys another dance through mud and water. They seem very sound mechanically, and definitely capable of feats other bikes are not. As for the real deep snow, I guess the next logical engineering step would be to add another pair of tires and an engine, but I believe Honda already has that market covered.

See Fat Tire Photos at dansbikerides.com

Traffic Tip: Be sure to lube those wet, salty chains. Oh, and on your bike too.

**Hear the Bike Rides Radio Show Fridays
on KMSU, 89.7 FM at 1:00 pm, or go to
dansbikerides.com**



THE FIVE COUNT

HEAR IT SATURDAYS AT 10 P.M. ON
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KMSK 91.3 FM-AUSTIN,
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Hosted by Dustin Wilmes and Juston "Ton" Cline, The Five Count has been Mankato's favorite radio show since 2004. The show features an exciting combination of unique music, exclusive celebrity interviews, and nonsense.

Past guests include: John C. Reilly, Henry Rollins, Melissa Joan Hart, "Weird Al" Yankovic, Les Claypool, Harry Shearer, Crispin Glover, E.G. Daily, Buddy Guy, Jesse "The Body" Ventura, Kyle Gass, Ted Nugent, Ron Jeremy, Jaleel "Urkel" White, and many more.

FIND HUNDREDS OF EPISODES AT WWW.THEFIVECOUNT.COM



Digging For Gold

by Richard D. Houff

It's driver's license renewal day
at the Department of Public Safety,
located on the 2nd floor of the ghetto
Sears store

Poor Richard is worried about the recent
stomach flu outbreak that has become
epidemic in the metro area

But today, he's in luck with minimal
pedestrian traffic and very little coughing

Feeling germ free, he lights up a fine
Dominican in the parking lot
on an unusually warm winter day

However, his tranquility is cut short
when he notices a suspicious looking character
standing by a pizza delivery truck

And like a bolt of lightning; the guy
Goes tippy-toes with his right hand
buried deep in his asshole to relieve an itch

And after getting a closer look,
Poor Richard suddenly realizes,
this is the same douchebag
that had delivered a House Special
to his digs the night before



Photos:

Above: “Tentacles” by Terrie Iverson

Below: “HERE’S LOOKING CAT YOU” by Emily Myers





Photos:

Above: “The Hell With Store Bought Eggs” by Sarah Domeier

Below: “Gretel’s Car” by Dustin Wilmes



Hey Readers!



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