



Issue #1

Save The Crumbs

ДАВНО.РУ

БУДЬ НА ЧЕКУ.
В ТАКИЕ ДНИ
ПОДСЛУШИВАЮТ СТЕНЫ.
НЕДАЛЕКО ОТ БОЛТОВНИ
И СПЛЕТНИ
ДО ИЗМЕНЫ.



НЕ БОЛТАЙ!

ИЗДАНИЕ 2007 ГОДА. Тираж 1000 экз.

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What You're Reading...

Save The Crumbs is an independent 'zine written, designed, assembled and distributed by a handful of folks in Mankato who think they have something to say. We started this publication because we feel the spirit of "do it yourself" is lacking in Mankato and the surrounding areas.

Save The Crumbs is a collection of writings, musings, opinions, reviews, observations, artwork and basically whatever we feel like printing. It's the true spirit of D.I.Y.

No 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!

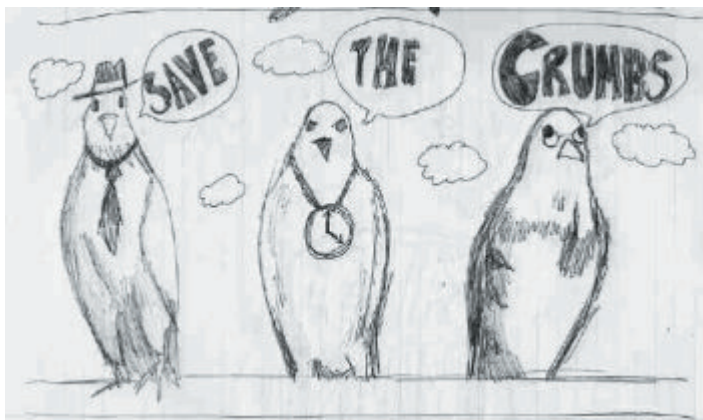
If you have any questions, comments, criticism or want to donate to the cause... send an e-mail to savethecrumbs@gmail.com.

If you can't seem to secure your own copy of this issue, be sure to go to www.myspace.com/savethecrumbs to check out the online version.

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Drawing by Amanda Lust

Cover photo: Tlingit totem pole found in Wrangell, Alaska (shot by John Maiers)



Bothering Strangers...

We asked three people the following question...

“What do you think of the local music scene in Mankato?”

It's not very good. There's not a lot of variety and not enough 21+ shows. I think it has potential though.

- Johnny Lungs



It's not that great, but that's okay with me because I don't like live music.

- Stewart Hunt

I think it sucks! It seems that most bands are stuck in the late '90s nu-metal era and they take pride in it.

- Juston Cline



A Totally Irrelevant and Embarrassingly Clichéd Top Ten List

By Dustin Wilmes

Top 10 Cartoon Bad Guys



1. **Skeletor** (He-Man & the Masters of the Universe)
2. **Todd Ianuzzi** (Beavis & Butt-Head)
3. **King Hippo** (Captain N: The Game Master)
4. **Baxter Stockman** (Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles)
5. **“Rowdy” Roddy Piper** (Hulk Hogan’s Rock ‘n’ Wrestling)
6. **Destro** (G.I. Joe: A Real American Hero)
7. **Dr. BadVibes** (C.O.P.S.)
8. **Psycho** (The Toxic Crusaders)
9. **Roger Klotz** (Doug)
10. **Bluto** (Popeye the Sailor)



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

This month...

THE CROCODOG



Thoroughly Surly Says:

Random mutant beasts define our reality. For example, in an episode of *He-Man & the Masters of the Universe*, there was a Crocodog lurking outside a castle wherein an evil magician with a dinosaur-head sucked the magical spirits out of Trollans. Trollans, according to Wikipedia, are “blue-skinned humanoids with pointy ears. However, much like bishops, their feet remain hidden behind their robes.”

But what is a Crocodog? Simple. Dog + Crocodile = Crocodog.

Now, it's important to note that neither He-Man nor his constituency ever address the Crocodog directly. They simply glance at the reptilian mammalian as though it were just another normal inhabitant of their world. Like birds are viewed in our world.

“But if He-Man don’t notice the random animals why does you think they so important?”

Great question! The reason these random mutant beasts are so important is because they aren't noticed. If He-Man stopped Man-At-Arms and was like, “What the?” and pointed at the Crocodog, it would destroy their reality. In essence, their world and everyone in it (even She-Ra, Princess of Power) would cease to exist because the creature would've invaded their reality, ripping the inter-dimensional fabric in such a way as to create a black hole that everyone and everything would be sucked in to.

“But what if the Crocodogs was common and He-Man had just never seen his?”

Ah, but if that were the case, he simply would have said, “Wow, this is the first Crocodog I've seen in real life,” because he would've seen them in books about the indigenous mutants of their homeland.

Random mutant beasts are the cornerstone of reality. Without them, one dimension wouldn't exist independent of another, and I for one would hate for my reality to be sucked into a black-hole

FIEND WITHOUT A FACE (1958)



Review by A.J. Hakari
(aka Mad Moviemann)

“There’s nothing like this in the books. Major Cummings had the best explanation so far -- mental vampire.”

B-movies are a dime a dozen, but when a group like the Criterion Collection sets their sights on such a flick, my curiosity is instantly piqued. There’s just something about the same people that painstakingly resorted the works of Kurosawa and Truffaut dedicating the same effort to The “Blob” that makes me snap to attention. After seeing the 1958 monster movie “Fiend Without a Face,” I’m still not quite sure what made the Criterion folks bless it with the royal treatment, but I do know that in the realm of B-flicks, it’s a fairly diverting little ditty.

Strange things are afoot in a small Canadian village. A man has died mysteriously on the outskirts of a newly-installed U.S. Air Force base, leading locals to quickly blame the military’s nuclear reactors for the death. The Air Force is confused as well, only over what could possibly be sapping the atomic power its scientists use for experimental reasons. As Major Jeff Cummings (Marshall Thompson) launches an investigation into the matter, more strange deaths occur, with autopsies revealing that the brains and spinal cords of the deceased have completely vanished. It’s not long before Major Cummings realizes that the murders are not the result of man but of a more ghastly evil, a scientist’s earnest experiment gone horribly awry that must be stopped before it claims more victims.

“Fiend Without a Face” reads like a shopping list of essential B-movie elements. You have the signature monsters, borne out of mankind’s meddling in science (I knew bio classes would lead people down a dark road); the lovably bland male and female leads who manage to swoon for one another despite some scary shit beyond human comprehension taking place; and, of course, a budget about as tiny as my respect for Mo’Nique.

So, what’s so special about Fiend Without a Face? What’s the kicker? Well...there really isn’t one, at least not for the first two acts. Fiend Without a Face is predictable fare, decent enough of a watch but pretty much unspectacular in every way. The actors go through the motions in their one-note stock characters, and the turn of events in the story is so familiar by now, the movie tends to run into some slow patches.

Fiend Without A Face cont 'd...

Occasionally, things will be spiced up when someone dies at the hands of an invisible beastie sucking out their cerebellums, but for the first hour or so, “Fiend Without a Face” is pretty ho-hum stuff...

...that is, until the last twenty minutes or so, when the movie finally gets off its ass and gives the viewers at home a reason for having picked up the DVD in the first place. “Fiend Without a Face” takes off when it reveals that (SPOILERS AHOY!) the invisible monsters are actually human brains that use their spinal columns to crawl like worms. Instantly, the flick turns from slow-moving stuff to one of the more offbeat creature features of the 1950s.

The last 20 minutes or so is some great stuff, turning into a “Night of the Living Dead” situation in which the surviving characters board themselves up in a house, while the crawling brains try to burst their way in. Especially awesome is when the brains get shot, and what comes out of the wound resembles some Smucker’s strawberry preserves that got left out in the sun for a week. It’s not often one sees a ‘50s sci-fi flick get this generous with the gore effects, and the results (including some rather good stop-motion animation work with the brains) are pretty cool.

While not quite good enough to etch its name in the annals of B-movie history, “Fiend Without a Face” deserves to at least walk away with an honorable mention.

MY RATING: ** 1/2
(out of **)**

Recommended If You Like: The Blob, The Thing From Another World, Them!

Photo At Right:

“The Complaint”

by Morgan Lust



Soul Deep

by John Maiers

In Mankato, progress seems to mean more big-box retailers, franchise restaurants and striped pavement rather than unique mom-and-pop shops, cozy diners and accessible green space. And that may not be good for the soul of a city and its citizens.

As chains like Kohl's, Best Buy and Applebee's sprout from the prairie, funky stores like Harpies Bizarre, Ernie November and Don's Hobby close in the valley. Mankato residents suffer when these quaint, family-owned businesses can't compete. We lose their walls of greeting cards, shelves of incense and rows of used vinyl records and aisles of craft supplies. We lose their knowledgeable assistance and friendliness, their downtown presence and lack of pretense. For many of us, the stuff of soul. We gain instead, stores that seem to conform to some set of perverse corporate commandments: thy buildings shall look the same, thou shalt drive a car to get here and thou shalt covet, with extreme prejudice, everything you see in our flier.

The Mankato Chamber and Convention Bureau website notes that *Site Selection* magazine ranked Mankato among the nation's top-25 small cities for new and expanded corporate growth. Wal-Mart plans to build an 800-thousand square-foot distribution center, creating hundreds of jobs. That's good for business, but sometimes when big business cultivates opportunities, it pulls out our cultural roots and plows under our link to the past. Sooner or later, the cornfield along Madison Avenue will no longer produce a cash crop, but rather will "yield" to bulldozed development. The barn across from Kwik Trip, west of the River Hills Mall, will be torn down. Mankato will lose its farm-town symbols and small-town, river-city vibe (if it hasn't already) and a little more of our collective soul will slip away.

Most respondents to a recent, unscientific survey (the majority were college students) said they prefer franchises to similar businesses owned by local entrepreneurs (one respondent didn't know the difference and a few saw large corporations "taking over the world.") Respondents said the convenience, selection and better prices found in shopping malls and chain stores clearly outweigh what locals offer.

But at the Coffee Hag in Oldtown, you can lounge among sun splashed plants and write a poem into a dog-eared journal. (The coffee is excellent, too.) At Tune Town, near the Minnesota State University, Mankato campus, you can peruse rows of new and used compact discs and vinyl records. And at the Wagon Wheel Café downtown, you can chat up the owner about the Twins chances in 2007 as he flips the eggs you ordered over-easy. Oh, and you're more likely to encounter tattoos and pierced eyebrows than uniforms and name tags.

The New York Times reported that Envirosell, a market research company, provides retail chains with an understanding of how shoppers navigate stores. Other companies use complex statistical methods, like those used in testing nuclear weapons. New technologies, like brain scans, provide a look inside a consumer's mind.

So, local entrepreneurs will have to adapt. That's no easy task in a business world bound in "chains" and dominated by companies with the financial muscle to impose cutting-edge technologies onto a fluid marketplace. Locals will have to be clever and efficient with advertising, be available advantageous hours and provide a variety of desirable products and services.

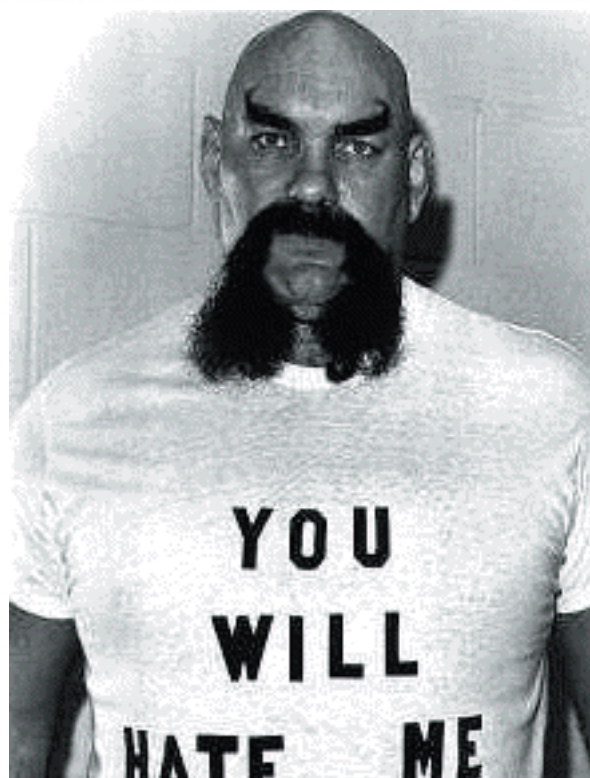
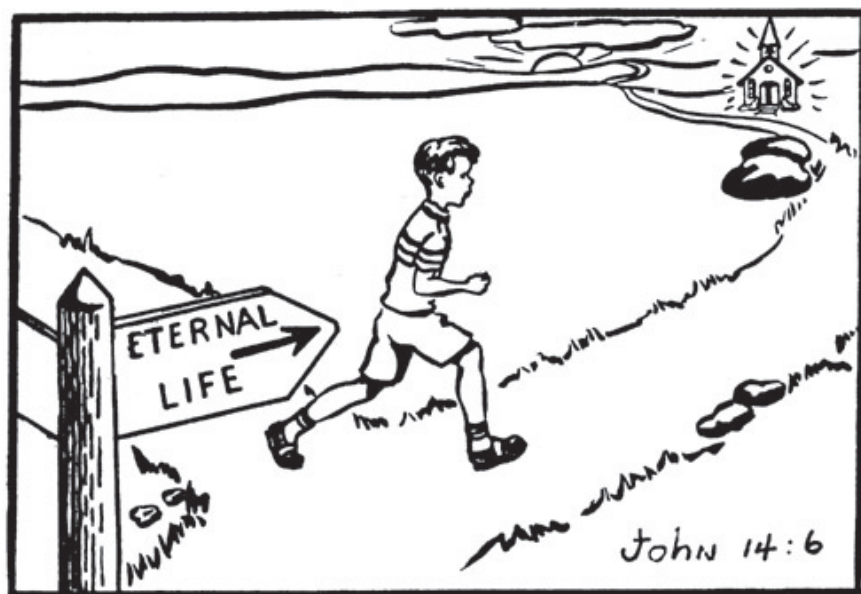
Mankato's retail center moved from the valley to the prairie long ago. Our "a little Twin Cities, a lot Minnesota" burg appears more like "a little cultural diversity, a lot of corporate monotony."

We can change the look. We can support the dedicated little guy, the ma-and-pa shop, the courageous owner-operator. We can use our dollars and our instinct for deeper human interaction and to shape a community that pulsates beyond the shallow promise of immediately-gratified consumption. We might consider our souls... and find Mankato's.



DO YOU WANT TO GO TO HEAVEN?

Colour the boy who is on the right road.



Laughable

by Daniel Durdahl



Beelzebub and orange juice,
a cocktail glass, chaotic mixture,
don't it taste of the past?
Fragmented silence in a syllable world.
Of course on top
the spill is yours, if you will.
For all the madness, mind games,
monkey talk, and malaria,
of mosquito bite bumpy skin.
For all the marches and land mines, RINGING
in the ears and drowning deaf.
For all the hipsters lookin' slick,
and pranksters pulling out tricks,
confessing trivial lives.
On top of subway cars,
in downtown craze, the corrupted
children chastise their repressed eyelids,
the leftover blinking sockets dry.
And people gawk, stand liver lipped,
I smell attitude in a lingo phase.
I'd just as soon limbo under the falling haze.
For all the clogged, the chapped,
and the chimpanzees, boiling
in a clusterfuck storm;
these iconic indignities,
reborn, and reborn.
For all the poets, paupers, prime
time specials and prose.
From all of this, I hysterically rose,
wrapped in bedding
woven from filthy robes.
And witnessed the sweat pour, in storms
of catastrophe, in the fancy stores,
in the masses, a hurried frenzy shows.
And don't it all just,
make you smile?

GUNTHER - PLEASUREMAN

Review by Dustin Wilmes



The pouting lips and machismo-drenched pose adorning the album's cover should be enough to crack anyone's "top albums" list, but that pales in comparison to Gunther's message of love that lies within. Gunther is like the Rod Stewart of the new millennium, except he's not as old and leathery and his music doesn't suck. Come to think of it, he's nothing like Rod Stewart. Why doesn't Rod Stewart just go away? But I digress...

With songs like "Teeny Weeny String Bikini," "Tutti Frutti Summerlove" and the Swedish-chart topping "Ding Dong Song," how can *Pleasureman* not be your soundtrack to everything? Even '80s-vixen Samantha Fox comes on-board to lend backup on "Touch Me," the song she made famous 20 years prior.

Pleasureman is oozing so much sex appeal that playing it will cause every woman's pants to fall off within a 50-yard radius. Every man will question his sexuality. With just one listen, you'll find yourself heading to the pawn shop with a wheelbarrow full of the albums that used to be your favorites.

Gunther's poet-laureate lyrics, backed with the seductive melodies of the Sunshine Singers, make *Pleasureman* the only Swedish euro-dance-album you'll ever need. "It's a no-no/And you'll like it!"

The Financial Aid office

My Name is Jerome Nauhroko. I work at the financial Aid office at Burkmyer University. This happens to me almost daily.



At first I didn't know how to deal with all of the cry babies...



Their stress and debt continues to Proliferate while they either struggle with classes or their undecided majors or majors that they're unenthusiastic about.

I've held this Job for 18 months. I've grown increasingly disenchanted from the constant exposure to the hopeless students, cluelessly chasing their elusive ideals of success.



Is it really worth it? What do they have to look forward to after graduation? Getting a Job they don't really care about? Maybe making a six figure salary?



It's sorta Sad how most People's deepest aspirations in Life do not transcend the Shallow barrier of Monetary accumulation.



Later that day...



Boom!



LAYZIN' DAYZIN'

BY EMILY MYERS

My tummy hurts...

I went to the emergency room for the first time Friday and my gosh, George Clooney was not there. (I wanted him to sign my copy of "From Dusk 'til Dawn.") The nurse practitioner did a dead-on impression from "The Perfect Storm" for me because I was slightly disappointed. I'm cool now, though.

I have a gnarly kidney infection and all I could think of when they told me is that slow-moving, but looming, thumb/spleen creature from "The Angry Beavers."

It's a little nuts that they have me on this med which they use for anthrax victims, yowza, it's a 80's thrash-metal repellent. It's potent stuff, I mean, it must be to ward off Joey Belladonna.

The past couple days have just blurred past, kind of like a subway ride, where the windows are skuzzy and yellow and the people on the platforms just stand and stare as you drift past. I like to be sick about how often I like to be stabbed in the foot (twice,) but after that, it loses its luster.

I came to my parents for health and food support and they got this mammoth flat-screen TV. It's unreal. It's bigger than the kitchen in my apartment. I'm not a big fan of television, mainly because my attention span is so short, but I watched a ton of it today. More than, like, a year-full. I feel kind of bogged down by technological gratification right now.

I watched this special on A&E (I think) about some lottery winners and their painful demise. They bought jetliners, Jacuzzi-combination automobiles, hide-away houses with remote-control pop-up-book style front doors, SUV's, new mothers, exotic birds and then they all went busted. They sold their left nut to a crack-head, killed themselves, robbed old ladies' granny-sacks and poured liquid gold into ice trays for golden ice cubes and broke all of their teeth and jawbones. It was just ridiculous watching all these very, very, very fortunate people swindle away their existence, which had been plastiqued by Mastercharge and their souls had been sold to the Minnesota State Lottery. * loon call *

It's difficult to put myself in the position of such great fortune, because I live comfortably, but not beautifully. However everyone can imagine many unnecessary things they would do if they won the lottery. So...

THE PRESIDENT HAS BEEN
KIDNAPPED BY NINJAS.

ARE YOU A BAD ENOUGH DUDE
TO RESCUE THE PRESIDENT?



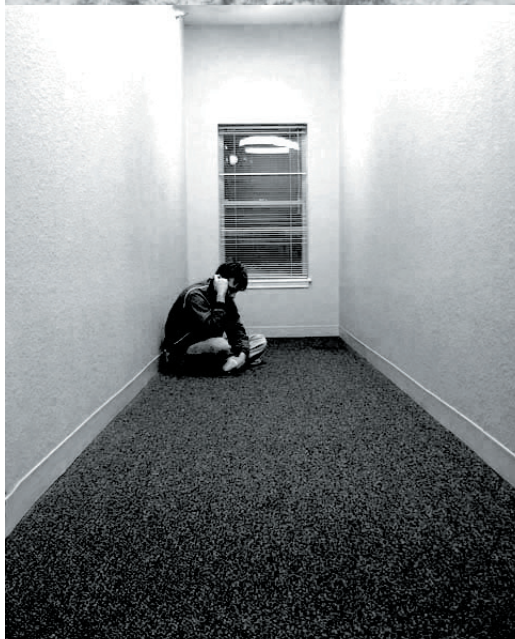
If I won the lottery, here's what I would do with the cashola:

- Not go crazy, not lose any limbs, not get killed by a contract killer, not accidentally assassinate a foreign leader and not associate with known carnival workers (especially tilt-o-whirl operators.)
- Take the loot and take a hike. I'd probably live in England or New Zealand or Nicaragua and not pay American taxes on the acquired loot.
- Bring my family with me of course (they'd be bustin' with piss 'n vinegar if I didn't.)
- Buy me an alpaca (and name him Lemmy Kilmister.)
- Build a city on rock 'n' roll (with that much dough I can figure it out.)
- Make an operable saxophone totally out of mother of pearl and other instruments out of superfluous or ridiculous resources.
- Purchase the material things that I think might enrich my life (books, music, movies) and live in small, little place. I don't need the appearance of being rich if I have all the things that satisfy my need for mental wealth.
- Donate to the absolutely-legitimate Roky Erickson Trust Fund (to help the poor man stay on his poor feet.) Don't Knock the Rok.
- Buy a few politicians for own personal gain. Even if I don't live in America, I can still play chess with my little pawns... and I get free foreign-oil out of the deal!
- Buy the hilarious props from all the Ed Wood movies, especially the giant octopus from "Bride of the Monster."
- Pull an Andy Warhol and possess the arts & entertainment industry for a few decades (and make a 10-hour video of someone poking a gel candle.)
- Pay the guy off who bought the identity of the man Carly Simon is talking to in the song "You're so Vain" at a New York auction in the '80s.
- Take samurai-sword lessons in Taipei.
- Remake a classic zombie movie and make it really crappy (and have Dennis Hopper star as the villain.)
- Buy an empty store and start a roller skating rink combination oxygen bar, because pure oxygen and pure rolling skating can only mean pure heaven.

I think that's all I have now. Wouldn't it be great if all our desires were that accessible? I think people with money are miserable. They lack the imagination to obtain their desires because they can so easily access them if they aren't already satisfied. It's like Kevin Smith. His writing was amazing in the beginning when his dreams were closer and more powerful than his profit, but now that he's a fat-cat in the film industry, he makes movies like "Jersey Girl" and expects the world to believe his gush comes with age and not fortune or Ben Affleck giving him a BJ.

I like working for what I obtain and I think I consistently will. It's more self-assuring that I've earned something huge and I did it on my own without forking out money for a quick-pick lottery tick that will only end with me stuck in Atlantic City with no shoes, family or teeth.

What would you honestly buy with a butt-load of free cash?



Photos:
upper-left by Dustin Wilmes,
upper-right by
Morgan Lust,
left by Morgan Lust,
bottom-left by
Morgan Lust,
bottom-right by Sitha Im

WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE SHAPE?

