

TAMAS  
MEAGHER  
MILLER  
1993

# Save The Crumbs

## IN MEMORIAM

LUKE RICHARD L  
LUNDBERG WARREN A  
LUNDY VIRGIL E  
LUOMA ALLAN E  
LYDEN WILLIAM R  
LYNCH HAROLD M  
MAASS ALBERT C  
MADSON MARLIN O  
MADVIG JOHN L  
MAGNER CECIL L  
MAJOR GEORGE  
MAKELA CHARLES D  
MAKI LAWRENCE S L  
MANCHESTER GUY G  
MAPLE LAVERN E  
MASHARI JOHN L  
MATSON CHARLES R  
MATTON ALFRED W  
MATTSON CLARENCE R  
MATTSON HENRY J

MCDOWELL JOHN F  
MCWAIDE PATRICK J  
MEHLE PAUL J  
MEINHARDT AUGUST W  
MEINZ RICHARD J  
MELSNES EARL W  
MELVOLD GAYLARD D  
MICHEL JAMES D  
MICKELSON ROBERT  
MIELS ROGER E  
MILBRATH RONALD F  
MILENDER LLOYD O  
MILLER DONALD M  
MILLER ELWYN J  
MILLER GORDON A  
MILLNER ROBERT M  
MILLS JERRY E  
MINICHILLO MATTHEW  
MOELLER ARTHUR A  
MONAGEN WESLEY K

MORGAN CHARLES F  
MORGAN JOHN A  
MORRIS JOHN W  
MORRISON CLARENCE  
MOSER MAX H  
MOSSBERG VERNON D  
MOTHERWAY JAMES B  
MOTZKO HAROLD V  
MOYLE DUDLEY G  
MUELLER GERALD J  
MUNSON MERLE C  
MURPHY RAYMOND B  
MURRAY JAMES H  
MYERS HORACE H JR  
NELSON ALVIN H  
NELSON GORDON C  
NELSON LAWRENCE A  
NELSON ROBERT A  
NELSON ROLF W  
NELSON WILLIAM F

**When you ride ALONE  
you ride with Hitler!**



**Join a  
Car-Sharing Club  
TODAY!**

# 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."

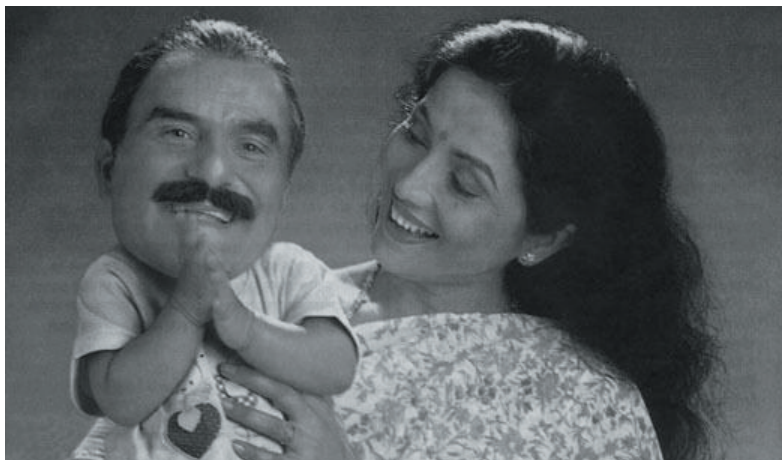
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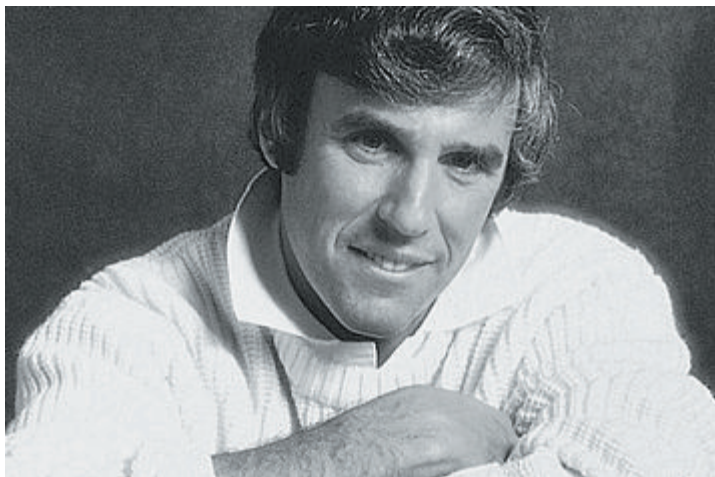


"I Am Science Fiction" by Kendra Sundermeyer  
- visit her website at <http://oxtheii.deviantart.com/> -

# Bothering Strangers...

We asked five people the following question...

*“According to Burt Bacharach, what the world needs now is love, sweet love. What do you think the world needs?”*



“Clearly, what the world needs now is robot butlers. What was Burt Bacharach thinking? ...Stupid Burt.” - **Dan Royse**

“I’m gonna have to agree with Burt Bacharach. He seems like a smart man. ...Maybe some milk in my refrigerator?” - **Justin Wicks**

“I think what the world needs now is more nature and less garbage.”  
- **Amy Mars**

“Other than the obvious needs of peace, stability and a big old Band-Aid, the world needs a siesta, a taco or two, a good book to read, a hug, and maybe a soft-serve ice cream cone. Well, then again, maybe those are *my* needs. But me and the world, we have lots in common.”  
- **Sarah Turbes**

““I think the world is a great place. I wouldn’t change it for the World.” - **Zach Zoet**



# *A Totally Irrelevant and Embarrassingly Clichéd Top Ten List*

By Dustin Wilmes

## **Top 10 Words of Wisdom from Mr. T**



1. "People ask me what the 'T' stands for in my name. If you're a man, the 'T' stands for tough. If you're a woman or child, it stands for tender."
2. "I am the best bodyguard because I'll take a bullet. I'll take a stab wound. I'll take a hit upside the head. I'm like a Kamikaze pilot. The President got shot because his men relaxed."
3. "I believe in the golden rule. The man with the gold... rules."
4. "You got a choice, Jack! You either talk or you hurt!"
5. "Listen, Murdock, I'm sick and tired of your dead lobster."
6. "She's a queen, second to none. Take care of mother, you only get one."
7. "I live alone. I train alone. I win the title alone."
8. "If you're not somebody, than you're gonna be somebody's fool."
9. "Hey, Woman! Hey, Woman! Listen here. Since your old man ain't got no heart, maybe you like to see a real man? I bet you stay up late every night dreamin' you had a real man, don't ya? I'll tell you what. Bring your pretty little self over to my apartment tonight, and I'll show you a real man."
10. "Dont stay up late. Eat all your greens. Remember, I love you. I'll see you soon."

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

This month...

## THE OCEAN



### Thoroughly Surly Says:

Many people fear the ocean and other bodies of water including, seas, great lakes, standard lakes, and ponds, not to mention rivers and streams. See, since we are mammals doomed to roam the earth inhaling oxygen and expelling carbon monoxide, many of us fear undercurrents which can deprive us of said oxygen for lethal periods of time. There's also "the Bends" or as I like to call it: fizzy blood, in which air bubbles enter the blood stream and explode you in a painful way. Others fear the beasts that lurk below the murky blue, such as the shark or jelly fish. In fact, nearly every person who has ever taken a dip in the ocean has one story involving the sting of the translucent pouch of the sea.

I fear the ocean too, but not for any of the above reasons. My reason is simply that the vast width and depth of the ocean makes me feel insignificant.

I first realized my cosmic insignificance when I wore goggles at the local swimming pool. I couldn't really swim, so I pulled myself along the edge of the pool into the deep end. I slapped my goggles on, took a deep breath, and plunged my head under. There it was a world I had never seen and never knew existed, twenty feet of empty space beneath me.

I couldn't fill all that space.

This led to further observations. Far more empty space existed than I could every hope to inhabit, which led me to the realization that I was small in comparison. Small = insignificant. There you have it. The ocean scares me because it makes me feel small, which makes me feel insignificant. Don't even get me started on the Milky Way Galaxy or infinity.

If I ever find myself stranded in the middle of the ocean, as I'm treading water, I won't fear death by drowning or shark bite, rather, I'll fear disappearing all together from the memories of those people that I've existed around. Because in something that big, I become nothing; and nothing is hard to remember.

# True Stories (1986)

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



**“I really enjoy forgetting. When I first come to a place, I notice all the little details. I notice the way the sky looks. The color of white paper. The way people walk. Doorknobs. Everything. Then I get used to the place, and I don’t notice those things anymore. So only by forgetting can I see the place again as it really is.”**

One of the first things we see in “True Stories” is a title card that reads, “A film about a bunch of people in Virgil, Texas.” This perfectly summarizes the movie, directed and co-written by Talking Heads frontman David Byrne. Anyone attempting to delve into what Byrne was thinking when he came up with “True Stories” will meet with disappointment, especially if they expect to find a solid story. Gazing upon the dreamy view of the world Byrne

has created for us, we see life in general from Byrne’s point of view. Lucky for us, “True Stories” involves a world where beauty emerges from almost everything and, quite frankly, where weird is normal.

In addition to wearing the aforementioned two hats, Byrne also stars in “True Stories” as the film’s narrator, a talkative fellow who invites the viewer along for the ride as he arrives in Virgil, Texas, just in time for the town’s 150th Anniversary of “Specialness.” In his time spent in Virgil, the narrator introduces us to the more colorful members of a population filled with offbeat personalities: Louis Fyne (John Goodman), a big lug who so desires to experience holy matrimony, he has a “Wife Wanted” sign posted on his front lawn. The Lazy Woman (Swoosie Kurtz), who has so much money, she has no need to get out of bed. The Lying Woman (Jo Harvey Allen), who makes wild claims such as being the reason why JFK was assassinated. The Culvers (Annie McEnroe and Spalding Gray), a happily-married couple who haven’t spoken directly to each other in years. And a preacher (John Ingle) who turns his sermons into huge musical numbers about the country’s political status. “True Stories” isn’t about anything in particular. Just these people, the oddball lives they lead, and seeing it all through the eyes of a tour guide who drives a red convertible and wears snappy cowboy outfits.

The American Heritage Dictionary defines the word “movie” as “a connected cinematic narrative represented in this form.” “True Stories” fits this definition to a tee. It may not have a solid storyline to hold itself up during slower moments, but as movies are images strung together to create a story, David Byrne follows directions with his



cinematic directorial debut. He and co-screenwriters Beth Henley and Stephen Tololowsky bring the people of Virgil to life by tapping into those little quirks everyone has. Not all characters are as goofy or outlandish as those previously mentioned. In between the unusual fashion shows and oddly-staged dinners, Byrne simply shows us something small, like a security guard who starts singing opera on an abandoned stage, or a man in an office who dances for a bit. These scenes display Byrne's message of stopping to pay attention to the little things in life, to appreciate the more interesting parts about one another.

"True Stories" is a celebration of what makes us different - with the bright screenplay and Byrne's direction working hand in hand to give viewers as clear a picture of Virgil as possible. Ed Lachman's cinematography is lovely to behold, and Byrne always seems to have a handle on his characters, never allowing them to become too outrageous or unrealistic (even the servant who, in his spare time, casts love spells for whoever is willing to pay.)

Guiding the audience through Virgil as it gears up for its celebration, Byrne projects the guise of a man endlessly fascinated by what he sees. The narrator's innocence blends in with the colorful characters surrounding him. Goodman was born to play the part of Louis Fyne. Just think of the human counterpart of Sully from "Monsters, Inc.," and you have Louis, an average guy who maintains "a consistent panda bear shape" and would like nothing more than to share his life with a wife.

Goodman and Byrne have most of the time on camera, but even the less touched-upon citizens of Virgil make their mark. Kurtz, as the lazy woman, McEnroe and Gray as the Culvers, and Tito Larriva as a factory worker who sings "Radio Head" at the climactic talent show, all leave lasting impressions. And almost always present is

some form of music or another, from McEnroe singing "Dream Operator" at the fashion show, a lip-synching contest to the Talking Heads's "Wild Wild Life" (which features all four band members in cameos), and the band's "City of Dreams" taking us through the final credits, another effective medium through which Byrne gets his messages to the viewers (not to mention keeping the film lively for the full 90 minutes).

Will you enjoy "True Stories"? It all depends on how willing you are to forgive the film's emphasis upon the characters and their quirks alone. There are those who proclaim Byrne's film as pretentious and boring; others, me included, see it as a warm picture with a little something for everyone.



**MY RATING: \*\*\* (out of \*\*\*\*)**

**Recommended If You Like:** American Graffiti, Stop Making Sense

# Slobs, Damned Slobs and SOBs

By Marshel Rossow

It's summer in southern Minnesota. It must be, because I'm once more going through the seasonal ritual of cleaning up the "scheisse," as my German grandfather used to call it, tossed into my 400 feet of road ditch by individuals I classify as ordinary slobs, damned slobs, and outright SOBs.

I live on the edge of town, and many people who cruise past my seven acres obviously have me confused with their mother, who must have always cleaned up after them, because they have no noticeable compunction against throwing out their vehicle windows anything that isn't factory-attached.

Let's consider this slob classification scheme:

The ordinary slobs are those who pitch out things that, given time, would disappear on their own. Here I'm talking about items like styrofoam cups, McDonald's wrappers, well-used baby diapers, dirty magazines, plastic bags, empty cigarette boxes -- the kind of "scheisse" that I could reasonably chew up with my riding mower and let nature do the rest. The stuff tossed by ordinary slobs is characterized by being more unsightly than harmful.

Then there are the damned slobs. These folks are the ones who throw out such assorted items (I keep a mental inventory of things I have picked up over the years) as broken lawn chairs, shoes, assorted two-by-four chunks, tires, a car battery, a T-shirt or two and countless liquor bottles, plastic bottles and jugs, plastic ring-things that hold six-packs together, and soft-drink and beer cans (for which I am mildly grateful because aluminum is now selling for around 80 cents a pound). Among my least favorite deposits by the damned slobs are glass containers of any kind. They give off a distinctly unpleasant crunch when they pass beneath my mower, and their remains are just about impossible, as well as downright dangerous, to pick up. On the other hand, I wasn't entirely displeased to find a rather crude homemade marijuana pipe, still stinking of pot, whose galvanized-pipe stem and 3/4-inch, vanadium-steel, 3/8th-inch drive socket-wrench bowl were both useful for legal purposes once I disassembled the device.

And so we come to the SOBs, the true villains of ditch dumping. These are the ... well ... SOBs who dump their unwanted cats in my ditch or driveway. I concede that some of these cats that just seem to show up out of nowhere may be true wandering strays out looking for a one-nighter.

*Slobs, Damned Slobs and SOB's cont'd...*

But others -- when they are obviously declawed and spayed or neutered -- aren't so likely to have escaped and fled as to have been simply grown tired of by some SOB slob owner who decided that, gee, it's sure a hassle having to clean that litter pan once a month, so I'll just take Miss Kitty out to the edge of town and turn her loose to enjoy the free life that nature really intended for cats. These SOB's, of course, know deep down inside that dumping a declawed cat (or, for that matter, even a clawed one accustomed to indoor living and relying on humans for care) is probably a death sentence, but, hey, they won't have to dispose of the body, so maybe it's OK to just dump 'em.

Up until about a year ago, my main task regarding most of these strays was to bury their remains, because my 93-pound dog, Jake, wouldn't tolerate strangers on his property, although he was quite OK with my own five cats. I often suggested to him, upon finding another cat carcass behind a shed or in the grove, that he should simply warn them firmly but kindly to leave and never return, or else. But he always chose to skip that intermediate step and routinely dispatch of them post-haste. Lest you consider Jake to have been somehow evil, let me assure you he was not a racist -- he was equally happy to kill rabbits, squirrels, opossums, woodchucks, just about anything else that moved, really, along with cats. I've sort of lost count, but I think I buried something like 10 or so cats during Jake's tenure on my property. But after cancer took him out at too young an age, cats just seemed to start moving in, as animals are wont to do when their natural predators (aka Jake) disappear.

Although some come and go, my total cat count now stands at eight, including two declawed -- one who showed up so fat he obviously had been an inside cat, and another that was in such poor shape that, had it not been for my providing a heat lamp and 24-hour food and water supply this past winter, she would have been dead in probably two or three more days on her own. But, hey, that's OK, because some SOB slob didn't have to empty her litter pan any more, right? Better to have put a gun to her head. These SOB slobs disgust me.

So, a message to ordinary slobs, damned slobs and SOB's: Hang onto that Burger King sack and that plastic bag -- sooner or later you'll run across an authorized garbage container. Save that empty beer can -- you can actually get money for it to supplement your welfare check. And do just a little checking around to find a new home for that cat -- for those of you who can read, you'll find that "give-away" ads are free in a lot of newspapers and shoppers.

And, oh, by the way, please remember: My ditch isn't your garbage can, and I'm not your mother.

# Cable, Schmabel: Schleppin' to a Schmuck

by John Maiers

I'm thinking about dumping my cable television subscription.

Right now I get 70-some channels, most of which I don't watch, want or need. But, I can live with flipping by the goofy apologists on FOX to find "The Daily Show" for a dose of news, or punching up "The Weather Channel" for a forecast, or numbing my brain with the futility of massaging a remote in the vain attempt to find a show to space out on late on a Sunday night. What I'm struggling with is the commercials.



Recently, I realized we're getting screwed. More like raped. See, I pay over 50 bucks a month for my cable subscription and more and more I realize the programming that's aired is simply a delivery system. A delivery system for slick businesses to hire athletes and preachers, talking heads and spin doctors, actors and cheaters, idols and survivors, among others, to sell stuff. A college professor I had once said, "The NFL isn't brought to you by Chevrolet. Chevrolet is brought to you by the NFL." A clever script, some visual acrobatics and the suggestion of an erotic sexual romp and there's no overestimating the power to persuade American consumers. So, I'm paying over \$50 so that about a gazillion commercials can be blasted into my tele each month – and imprinted onto my cerebral cortex should I choose to watch. It's like paying a toll to stare at the billboards along state highways.

Take a typical major league baseball game. Most games are played in the regulation nine innings, unless the score is tied and extra commercials – innings – are necessary. You've got the top of the inning when the visiting-team bats and the bottom of the inning when the home-team bats, and a break after each of those half innings. So sports fans, that's 18 breaks, not including the pre-game show, pitching changes and the post-game show (at 90 seconds

each) which adds up to about 27 minutes of commercials. Most commercials are 30 seconds. So, whether Johan Santana tosses a two-hit shutout or Boof Bonser gets shelled, a fan sees 71 spots. Or, to put it another way, is subject to 71 opportunities for mostly massive corporations to schlep fast kinda-food or crappy diet beer, i-whatevers or sports utility tanks, cell phones or insurance, soda, tires, trips, bigger dicks, smaller hips or pharmaceuticals to fix what the other pharmaceuticals side-affected. It's like buying a magazine and finding it's mostly advertisements. Oh yeah... Well, I think you know what I mean.

Anyway, according to my pea brain, somewhere around twenty minutes of each hour is dedicated to advertisements, hence in one hour, 70 or so channels air 1,400 hours or so of ads. Now, when I multiply 1,400 by a day's worth of hours, I find my cable subscription invites over 30-thousand minutes of ads into my living room each day. An invitation I pay for.

I understand advertising can inform and enlighten us, sometime motivate us or prod us to do a right thing (or left thing) and can stimulate business, or even create lower prices when productivity for a particular item becomes more efficient as sales increase. But I'm just not getting why I'm paying for the opportunity to be informed, enlightened or motivated. What, I'm supposed to pay not only for the marketing that's built into the price of that crappy diet beer (in addition to those professional athletes' salaries who are delivering the suds to me) but for the cable TV part of the delivery system as well? To do so seems like a tragic loss of common sense and an unconscionable gain of insanity.

I figure a reasonable price for a cable subscription would be about five bucks a month. And if I want to max-out the ad opportunities of super-duper every-channel-on-the-planet plan, a buck a month seems like plenty. That should take care of flipping the switches that send the multitude of signals streaming into my domicile, printing the bill sent that's sent to my address and keeping track of whether I do or do not pay. Whatever else I'm paying for (stock-holder ocean villas, vital-interests foreign wars and unimaginable luxury I suspect) could be paid for some other way.

But alas, I'm torn. I like my sports, letter-box black and white movies, "Austin City Limits" and that history professor from UCLA who lectures on local channel 12. I don't like paying for cable that delivers thousands of businesses into my home and then charges me for the opportunity.

It's like paying for an Internet service with ad banners and pop-up ads and... Oh yeah.



# Mike Tamburo: New American Folk Hero

By Dave Perron



In recent years, there has been a noticeable increase in interest in folk music. Modern folkies such as Devendra Banhart and Joanna Newsom have garnered accolades in the mainstream press, and a steady stream of re-issue labels continue to crop up to put out the next, long-forgotten folk “classic.” Mike Tamburo, a folk artist in the broadest sense, has been creating some of the most mysterious and uplifting sounds with his acoustic guitar and assortment of other instruments below the radar for the past few years as well.

Tamburo, who was a member of the instrumental post-rock bands Meisha and Arco Flute Foundation for the better part the ‘90s and into ‘00s, started to release solo records that follow in the path of the late American Primitive-guitar legend, John Fahey. Like Fahey, Tamburo uses his 6-string to compose songs that are both expansive and highly emotive. Tamburo’s guitar simply serves as a starting point, however, as he often branches out to incorporate other instrumentation such as the hammered dulcimer, Tibetan bowl, harmonica, and a slew of effects to create densely layered and truly psychedelic pieces.

Tamburo has been highly prolific over the past few years, but recent months have seen the boldest of his work to date. He released *Language of the Birds and Other Fantasies*, which is a boxset that collects seven CDs of his music, one DVD of his experimental film work, and a 72-page booklet of his writings and musings. Packaged with lavish



screened-printed art, this collection calls to mind a virtual one-man anthology of American folk music for a new generation and shows Tamburo to be a multi-talented artist. Tamburo also collaborated with several previous-band mates among others, dubbed as the Universal Orchestra of Pituitary Knowledge, and recently released the *Ghosts of Marumbey* full-length. This album still showcases Tamburo's acoustic guitar work, but one also hears he and his co-conspirators stir up some heavy duty rumblings that rock hard at certain points.

In addition to Tamburo's many creative endeavors, he also runs his own record label called New American Folk Hero which has released both his and other like-minded artists work including Robert Horton, Keenan Lawler and Tusk Lord. Tamburo's mission with New American Folk Hero is "to bring new, inventive and ecstatic musics and artforms into the public consciousness."

To learn more about Mike Tamburo and Last American Folk Hero please visit the following websites, where several audio samples are available:

[www.myspace.com/tamburo](http://www.myspace.com/tamburo)  
[www.myspace.com/newamericanfolkhero](http://www.myspace.com/newamericanfolkhero)  
[www.miketamburo.com](http://www.miketamburo.com)

# Local Showcase: Stupid Redhead Films

By Dustin Wilmes

When the Sunny D is gone and the boredom sets in, what's a group of awkward, ambitious young men to do? Some engage in structured, well-rounded activities like 4-H, the Boy Scouts or World of Warcraft. Some prefer to hit the town with a belly full of butterflies and repeatedly ride their bikes past the house of that special someone who caught their eye in study hall. And of course, there are always those who opt to hang out in the parking lot of their local Hardee's all night. (That's what the kids did in Le Sueur when I was a lad anyway.)

With all these great activities available for today's youth, it's anyone's guess why so many teenagers seem disgruntled and depressed. However, despite its luxurious amenities and roomy interior, there are still a select few who risk skinning their knees to jump off today's bandwagon and do their own thing. I recently spoke with a group of guys who did just that.

Stupid Redhead Films is an online, independent film company run by five camera-savvy gentlemen from the Mankato area. I asked them a few questions about their unique operation and here's what they had to say:

## **Save The Crumbs: "Who's involved in Stupid Redhead Films?"**

**Nick Swede:** "There are still officially only five of us, but we have other friends that will help out with most videos. The other four are Andrew Winzenburg, Seth Tracy, Kevin White and Jack Buckholz."

## **STC: "When did you start?"**

**NS:** "We started in early 2006 after Andrew uploaded 'Andrew Lubs Tacos' to YouTube. Then more of us went on to try our hands at the movie business."

## **STC: "What made you guys decide to start making your own films?"**

**NS:** "Ultimately, I think because we were bored."

**Jack Buckholz:** "I think we were really just trying to live up to Andrew's amount of cool."

**Kevin White:** "Well, I got this digital camera that had a movie thing on it I discovered and Andrew showed me how to upload and we started making them."

## **STC: "What are some of your influences?"**

**NS:** "We have strange obsessions with Tom Hanks, Nicolas Cage, Shia LaBeouf and Bruce Campbell."

**Seth Tracy:** "Pretty much all B-movies and 'Back to the Future'."

**STC: “What has the response been to your films?”**

**NS:** “Typically, if someone actually watches it all the way through, they’ll like it a lot... or hate it. Usually just those two extremes.”

**KW:** “We get all kinds of comments. Like with our ‘Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go’ music video. ‘I like the blond-haired one! He’s so cute!’ Even though we’re both blond in it.”

**STC: “How many films have you made so far?”**

**NS:** “There have been solo projects and short videos. I’d say that we’ve all been involved in somewhere around 65. It seems like a lot, but it’s not! Our most popular video is without a doubt the ‘Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go’ music video that Jack and Kevin made. It’s arguably nowhere near the best in terms of awesomeness, which is probably one of our school homework videos.”

**Andrew Winzenburg:** “I think ‘The English Duck’ was pretty up there when it came to popularity as well.”

**ST:** “Some of my best solo-videos are for school projects.”

**JB:** “It seems to me, the only way to get a video really popular, is to either: A) Make a music video and look cute, B) Make it about something that was popular to teenage girls in the ‘80s like Wham! or ‘The Outsiders’, C) Make it so stupid that people have to love it or D) Have someone get seriously hurt.”

**KW:** “I agree with all of them.”

**STC: “What goes into the writing process?”**

**NS:** “There is no writing process! We’ve thought about it before, but instead we just sit around. Sometimes with no intention of making a video, until someone says ‘Let’s make a video’ about whatever we’re talking about at the time.”

**JB:** “Usually it either grows off something that happened earlier in the day or some sort of inside joke.”

**KW:** “Yeah, inside jokes, a lot of them. Or they’re based off some awesome thing and we parody it.”

**STC: “Describe the filming process.”**

**NS:** “We don’t have any specific roles for people. Anyone who’s not on screen will film, but some people have steadier hands than others. If it’s a video we occasionally do for school, the ones who turn the video in will typically be directing.”

**JB:** “A lot of the time we’ll all contribute ideas to the video, which usually leads us all to think it’s going to be sweet, but the harsh reality is, it’ll usually turn out to be sub-par at best.”

**KW:** “Jack has shaky hands.”

**STC:** “Do any of you guys play the same type of roles in most films?”

**NS:** “Andrew can do the best voices so he gets the same roles in that aspect.”

**AW:** “Nick and Jack are the heroes of a series we have where they play the roles of Lactose Man and Tolerant Man.”

**ST:** “Jack, Nick and Kevin revisited their roles from ‘Jumanji’ as Billy, Jeffery and Mom in the smash sequel ‘Zathura’.”

**JB:** “We use my old Pee-Wee Herman dummy a lot.”

**KW:** “Plus, the panda and Mickey Mouse for ‘Lactose Man & Tolerant Man’. Stuffed-animal things rule for movies.”

**STC:** “How often do you make films?”

**NS:** Once or twice a month. Although the idea to make one comes up every time we get together.”

**STC:** “Are any of you interested in filmmaking as a career?”

**ST:** “I’ve been thinking about it.”

**JB:** “The thought has crossed my mind, but as I am a 15-year-old, my ideas on careers change way too often.”

**KW:** “Yeah it has. It would be sweet to do that for a job. I kind of always dreamed of it once my family got a camera. I would run around with it, doing really, really dumb things.”

**STC:** “Do you feel this kind of do-it-yourself, independent filmmaking is lacking in Mankato?”

**NS:** “As far as we know, yes it is. Even if you’re not doing it for money, it’s a nice way to spend an afternoon.”

**ST:** “I don’t know of many people doing this other than for school projects.”

**KW:** “It would be cool if more people started, but there are plenty of other people doing it around the country that you watch on the internet, too.”

**AW:** “I’ve seen a few people give an attempt at movie making in this town.”

**ST:** “Like Evan Taylor, tee-hee.”

**JB:** “We usually get an attitude towards other people who make movies in our town! We don’t like the competition! And for the most part, people don’t like to challenge us!”

**NS:** “If it was only like that, Jack.”

**STC:** “Where can we go to see your films?”

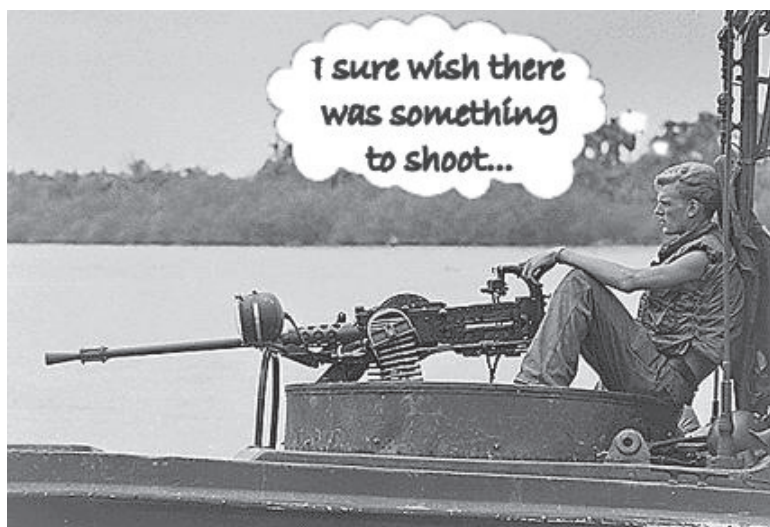
**NS:** “Unfortunately, our videos are all over the place and we haven’t had a chance to make an official website yet. Head over to (<http://www.myspace.com/stupidredheadfilms>) or (<http://www.youtube.com/stupidredheadfilms>) and you’ll find the links to all the other ones!”



# What The World Needs Now

by John Maiers

Earth needs  
more melancholy  
oboes and flutes floating  
notes like wind  
chasing flakes  
and snow  
sweeping prairies,  
Dusty Springfield's soul  
wheezed through saxaphones  
woodwinds wound  
'round French horns  
and Jackie DeShannon's dream  
haunting dawn  
like muted trumpets  
that rise –  
new voices  
with lilac breaths.  
And better prayers  
from our orchestra  
pits.



"Bored" by Joe Eggen



# Ain't No Skin Off My Fat

by Sitha Im

Anorexia Nervosa.

What an ironically absurd, psychosomatic, social disease. Isn't it strange that in a society abundant in food production, wealth, and freedom of choices, people still believe it's a good idea to give up health and happiness to become a certain body type that is hardly obtainable to the vast majority?



For a culture that depends on diversity to function in this country, it is pretty pathetic that the same idealized, high standards of beauty still exist. Even when we convince ourselves that these images don't reflect reality, we still perceive them to be real. We still support these images, and disillusion ourselves into thinking that is all we need to attract a mate.

Speaking for myself, more of my sympathy can be drawn toward people who struggle with obesity. Food is a great thing to enjoy. Indulging in a meal that awakens all five senses (the aroma of fresh baked goods, the different textures dancing against your tongue, the golden tan of fresh bread, the bright colors of fruits and vegetables, the crunching, sloshing, slurping and other funny noises caused by chewing, and the wonderful feeling of tasting sweet, sour, hot, warm and cold filling your mouth and mind with good sensations) must be a miserable thing to deprive yourself of.

Recently, I viewed a documentary film on HBO about a facility supporting anorexic women (a rehab for girls who can't eat.) I learned a few things from watching this. One, these girls come from crazy, dysfunctional families with mothers who don't know how to love and support their own daughters. Two, they use their "disease" to reign in the only aspect of their lives they feel they can control (because the media and the government do the rest.) And three, there is only so much time you have being young and able that must be enjoyed. Why spend it moping about how fat you are when you know people love you for other, much more important things that make people great human beings?





**Photos:**  
 upper-left: Krista Brickbauer  
 upper-right: Sitha Im  
 mid-left: Geneva Sarni  
 bottom-left: Sitha Im  
 bottom-right: Dustin Wilmes





**“Losed” shot by John Maiers**

**Iraq Body Count (Reported Civilian Deaths)**

**Min: 67,265 - Max: 73,611**

**- [www.iraqbodycount.org](http://www.iraqbodycount.org) -**



