

Save The Crumbs

Issue #4

***YOUR BOSS
IS LISTENING***



**KEEP YOUR SILENCE
LOOSE LIPS = PINK SLIPS**

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.

CONTRIBUTERS:

Dustin Wilmes, John Maiers, Sitha Im

Daniel Dahl, Chad Firchau, A.J. Hakari, Morgan Lust,
Britta Moline, Kristy Mueske, Emily Myers, Dave Perron,
Dylan Schultz, Maria Schmitt





"We Let Them In Cuz We Felt Bad"
by Daniel Dahl

Bothering Strangers...

We asked four people the following question...

“What is your biggest fear?”



“My biggest fear would probably have to be either drowning or a doll becoming possessed and coming after me, like Chucky.” - **Bre Allore**

“My biggest fear is, technically, meteorites. My most interesting fear? Snapped elevator cables. Granted, it’s only interesting because I developed it while watching the pilot episode of Robocop: The Series.”
- **Mike Leech**

“My greatest fear is spiders. I am not sure where I picked it up from, but if I see a spider I will run screaming! I will not go in that room for a few days. Sad, but true.” - **Lindsay Haas**

“I have two biggest fears. The first is losing my parents, especially my mom. She is my favorite person on this EARTH! The second is that every untouched piece of land will be developed and its native plants will vanish (kind of like what is already happening. It’s hard to find original prairie grass because Americans replaced it with this invasive grass that takes a lot of water and mowing with shitty motors that pollute! Ugg!) Shit, shit, shit, shitty!” - **Melissa Windom**



“Cooperation” by Morgan Lust

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

This month...

How Technological Advancements Influence Society:

Part One



Thoroughly Surly Says:

Technological advancements influence society. Think of how scared horses were when they heard the first car putt by. Or how about electric shavers, since their invention beards have gone from the status quo to a symbol of laziness or even worse, political dissidence in the form of the amish, fundamental extremists, and hippies.

One of the more recent advancements in communication technology is the cellular phone, which, for those of you who haven't heard of a cellular phone, is a phone you can take with you and use almost anywhere (barring caves and most of Iowa) without having to plug in to a hard-line.

These magical devises have all ready caused their fair share of problems. People use them while driving, while in movie theatres, even during mass at the Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, France. And while these topics have been debated to death, I have a new consideration.

People take their cellular phones everywhere. What if a person happens to be defecating (in the bathroom mind you) when their phone rings? Is it ethical to answer the phone? If you called someone and they answered while whizzing, would you want them to tell you?

When technology evolves so do the social mores associated with that technology. In the next issue, I will delve in to these very serious ethical considerations and hopefully come to a conclusion that will satisfy, not only everyone, but dead people too.

Take Your Hats Off

by Emily Myers

It's me against the world of construction workers and legal advisors. Everyday it's a critically acclaimed disaster in modern cinema, like the terribly annoying movie concept of good guy brought down by bad guy, throwing their weight around, with chunks of bellies hanging out over C&S Supply trousers, puke green khaki, hair greased by day-old bacon salve, women with pokey fingers jabbing at the underarms of my patience, long manicured fingernails, and dangling QVC copper-brushed charm bracelets with little mini-lockets filled with photos of their chi-poos. Don't get me wrong, my life is spectacular, but when I'm around these cobweb-eared fake people with fake authority, I become a frustrated little fireball, you prolly ne'er even seen!

Well, I do have parking violations, library fees, and a deadly intolerance of messy-haired customers listing their drink varieties like the qualifications made in the gene pre-destination pacts of modern biotechnology. I have it coming when my librarian, who also happens to be one of my favorite regulars, reminds me of the outstanding fee I have when I rented Space Balls a couple of years ago, but it's really construction operators I have the problem with. It's not anything totally personal, but I had a dream about construction workers, and since all of my dreams coincide with my reality at some point during my day, the constant presence of construction workers in my neighborhood over the last two weeks has caused an uprising in my domestic sanity space.

Today, I was on edge around anything neon orange and reflectors, which was interesting because not only does my boss have reflectors on his shoes, but they are orange, construction site orange, and maybe I almost got fired for my unusual hostility.

The dream goes like this: I was sleeping, but woke to the sound of knocking at the door, got up and it was a small little man in a work vest and he says all weasely-like, "I'm gonna need you to, ah, move your bed there, we have to drill a line, y'see, I'm tellin ya." I was helpless and couldn't stop them, and just watched them kick my stuff around, destroy my room and house, and spray water all over my text-books,

destroying my chance to learn and better myself so I wouldn't have to be surrounded by this town's supply of construction workers out to destroy me. When I woke up, mad and devastated, I realized that the only thing wrong with my life is road construction, a deviation from the norm - which is no traffic - and the little guys jumping in front of my car whenever they please, set on grinding my gears (no pun intended.) So my goal, other than creating a huge negative field magnet so all cars will be deflected away from me as I drive, is to challenge city workers to a civil duel! Your bobcat against my bobcat. My bobcat is a 12 pound tabby named Lizard, what do you got? A tractor doesn't match her roar of fury.

To my librarian, Joan, I will pay the fine, and return "My Side of the Mountain" from fourth grade, I finally found it.

To city of North Mankato, I haven't forgot about you, or the \$5 dollar parking ticket you gave me. Thanks.

To my sister, I owe you a tube of chapstick.

To construction workers, someday we will get along, someday we will learn to love each other. Sorry for all the cones I've run over. You're really a good bunch of wholesome Bruce Springsteen, *Born In The USA*, bandana-necked, light-blue jean Wrangler-wearing people.



Blowin' Dodge

By Dustin Wilmes

Do you ever think about death?

I don't mean in a philosophical "whoa, that's heavy, man" kind of way. I'm talking more like the way hearing Whitesnake briefly brings you back to that time you were attacked by a homeless guy with a straight razor at the outdoor pool. Maybe it's the way the aftertaste from Chicken in a Biscuit crackers reminds you of when you lost your virginity? Whatever the case may be, you don't dwell on it. It just sort of pinches the grey matter and keeps on floatin'.

I find myself thinking about death often. When I'm sitting in a quiet place like a waiting room or a lobby, I envision people dying in odd ways on the other side of those doors with the little windows in them. When I'm forced to endure a church service (especially Catholic, where everything seems extra morbid and creepy) I think about how a lot of the people attending will probably be disappointed when they actually do die. Whenever I see a picture of Rod Stewart, I'm reminded of that film where they dress up that dead guy named Bernie and take him to parties and junk. Death just crosses my mind at any given moment. You know what I mean?

I'm sure you're all thinking, "What's your problem, Wilmes? You're only 25. Stop whining." Maybe you're right. But somehow, I can't shake the feeling that the odds are not in my favorite. Let me explain...

In 1964, both my grandparents (Dean and Sandy) were killed in a car accident. It's common for people to die this way, I realize. But, they were both only 20 years old. Dean's 17-year-old sister Joyce (my aunt) was in the car and died as well. Dean's 12-year-old brother Rocky (my uncle) was asleep in the backseat and managed to survive (and came out of a coma three months later.) Dean, Sandy and Joyce were all killed by a drunk driver in the middle of the day. They were on their way back from the lake.

This is the kind of stuff I'm talking about. I come back from the lake all the time. That's not cool. Who wants to die in a fiery auto-wreck while wearing their floaties? To make matters weirder, my mother was only six months old when it happened. What would've become of me if the accident had happened in late '63? That's some kind of weird, *Back to the Future*-type shit I don't want to get into...

Unfortunately, the weirdness doesn't stop there. Rocky (who always felt guilty that he was the only one who survived the accident) ended up hanging himself at age 24 after his fiancé died in another car accident the night before their wedding. I also had an uncle named Bryan who died after being hit by a train while riding his motorcycle. He was only 29. Can you imagine being hit by a train? I try not to.

All these people died at such a young age and didn't have much opportunity to leave behind memorable accomplishments. I feel bad that I hardly know anything about these people. A sizable chunk of my family tree is a mystery to me. This brings me to my next point...

It's not really the actual "event" of death itself that bothers me. What happens to you after you die is one of the things I contemplate most when thinking about death. Do you really turn into some sort of vapor and float up to a secret city above the clouds like Jesus wants me to believe? Does George A. Romero have it right? Maybe you just lay in a pine box until a weird comet passes over the cemetery and turns you into the walking dead? But, I digress...

The thing that really bothers me about death is how you're remembered by the world you leave behind. Before you write me off as a narcissistic dick, think about how *you'll* be remembered when you pass on. Take, for example, people who die in the Iraq war or people who died in the bridge collapse in Minneapolis a while back. Many of them were remembered with a line or two that usually read, "He was a loving man who really liked hunting and racquetball," or "She was a junior in college and enjoyed knitting."

That's pretty sad, in my opinion. I am in no way knocking these people. I'm just saying that's a pretty shitty epitaph. If you don't do something with your life that leaves an impression on the people who knew you, your legacy will be nothing more than newspaper clippings and a tombstone that mention your name and your dumb hobbies. It may just be my ego that makes me worry about fading into obscurity, but a lot of people out there like racquetball. How will history separate me from the rest?

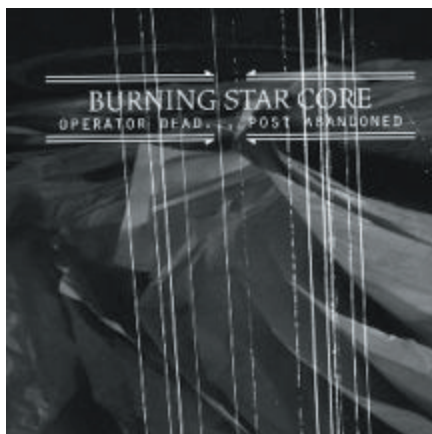
In closing, I've come to the conclusion that death is confusing. That, and anyone with the surname 'Wilmes' has at least a 48 percent chance of buying the proverbial farm before the age of 30. Only time will tell I suppose. In the meantime, maybe I should start saving up for some health insurance...

ALBUM SHOWCASE

BY DAVE PERRON

Burning Star Core ***Operator Dead . . .*** ***Post Abandoned*** **(No Quarter)**

Amongst the slew of releases that have fallen under the “noise” banner this past year, Burning Star Core have composed one of the standout albums with their recent full-length *Operator Dead . . . Post Abandoned*. Burning Star Core, the on-going project of the always-active C. Spencer Yeh, is expanded to a four-piece line-up for this recording and the group interplay suggests a great free-jazz ensemble in total group-mind. Electronic screeches and skronks flutter over throbbing beats, which give way to distortion-laced crescendo rock. At turns, soothing and hypnotic. At others, fist-pumping euphoric.



Angels of Light ***We Are Him*** **(Young God Records)**

Michael Gira, whose work with Swans and now Angels of Light, has made few missteps throughout his musical career. Regardless of his collaborators, his albums are always the work of a singular artist with a vision and voice distinctly his own. That said, *We Are Him* sounds to these ears like the most essential album Gira has ever made and perhaps one of this year's best releases.



While Angels of Light are a much more tempered beast than Swans, playing a sort of orchestral variant of the folk-blues, Gira still knows how to bring the rhythmic pummel with songs like “Black River Song,” “My Brother’s Man,” and the title track. More compelling, though, are songs like “Sunflower’s Here to Stay” and “Good Bye Mary Lou” where Gira stretches himself as a songwriter. The former is a full-blown classic pop song that has been witnessed to making 2-year-olds dance, while the latter can be described as goth-punk, hoedown music with its boot-stomping appeal. While the rest of the album is peppered with Gira standards, which is a good thing, it’s these new directions that bring this album to another level.

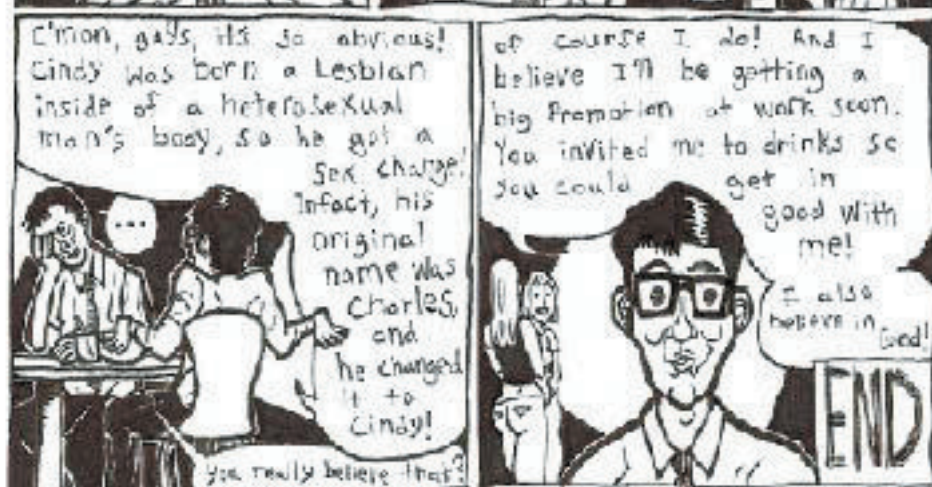
Maher Shalal Hash Baz ***L’Autre Cap*** (K Records)

Japanese artist Tori Kudo’s modus operandi for Maher Shalal Hash Baz is to assemble a cast of amateur or non-musicians to help create his loosely composed pop vignettes. The results of his latest effort *L’Autre Cap*, recorded for and with several artists on

K records, sounds somewhat to be expected given these parameters and this label’s back catalog. Not to sound too dismissive, but it quite oddly brings to mind a Japanese Lou Reed trying to teach a 5th grade band how to play some new material. The K Records website more poignantly states that it sounds “intensively catchy- kind of a Langley School kids Avant-Idiot Savant Orchestra with a Syd Barrett meets Charles Ives conductor.”

While many of the tracks on *L’Autre Cap* fall apart before they go anywhere (note: sixteen of the album’s twenty-seven tracks clock in at under two minutes,) there are still a number of great pop melodies scattered about this album to keep you coming back. Songs like “Different Daylight” and “Joab” are both sad and beautiful, despite or in part from their ramshackle quality. Also of note, not since Peter and the Wolf have I heard the bassoon featured so heavily on an album. Fans of whistling have plenty of raw materials to work with here.





By Chadd

Pleather Girl

by Britta Moline

She had leather pants
and chocolate hands,
and she lives in the 20th century.

She pulled me onto her lap
and her voice was like sap,
she was tryin' to confuse me.

Well I wanted him,
but she wanted me,
and she would not let me go,
oh no.

She had hair down to there,
and I don't know where,
but she spoke from the heart of jealousy.

She had a twitch for her face,
and no female grace,
and she held me tight like pleather.

I twisted and ached,
but she just don't obey,
Oh no, no, no, no never.
Her teeth were her frame,
and I don't know her name,
and I don't think that I want to.

Oh no.

But her head was her head,
and her eyes were her bed,
We ended up on the ashtray.

I said my goodbye,
she winked and she sighed,
"Someday, maybe someday."

Oh no.

The Five Best and Worst Horror Movies Ever

by A.J. Hakari (The Mad Movie Man)

THE BEST

1. ***Halloween*** - Say what you will about its lack of gore and slow pace, but in terms of generating crisp fear and tension, John Carpenter's original is still the best of the best.

2. ***The Blair Witch Project*** - Way, way too many were ready to pounce on this bare-bones horror flick, not willing to appreciate its ingenious simplicity and undeniably freaky atmosphere.

3. ***The Omen*** - Not the useless, shot-for-shot remake but rather the original one, the one with sympathetic characters, truly shocking death scenes, and an irresistibly apocalyptic aura.

4. ***The Wolf Man*** - The greatest of the old Universal monster movies, *The Wolf Man* brought a sense of intelligence to the "monster on the loose" movie that rightfully set it above the rest of the pack.

5. ***Final Destination*** - Although the sequels have lost a little edge, the original *Final Destination* remains the best horror film of the 2000s, a gorehound's dream while making smart ruminations on the nature of death.



THE WORST

1. *Dark Harvest 2: The Maize* and *Dark Harvest 3: Scarecrow*

- A straight-to-DVD pair of Category 7 shitfests, these movies define awful with their horrendous acting and knack for not doing a damn thing in their respective running times. Seriously, **nothing** happens in no. 2; a guy just traipses around a cornfield maze for two hours, and I really, really wish I was kidding. No. 3 is better only because, unlike no. 2, it actually delivers on its promise of a killer scarecrow.

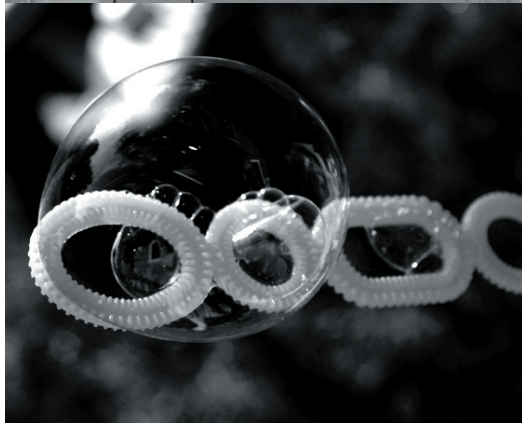
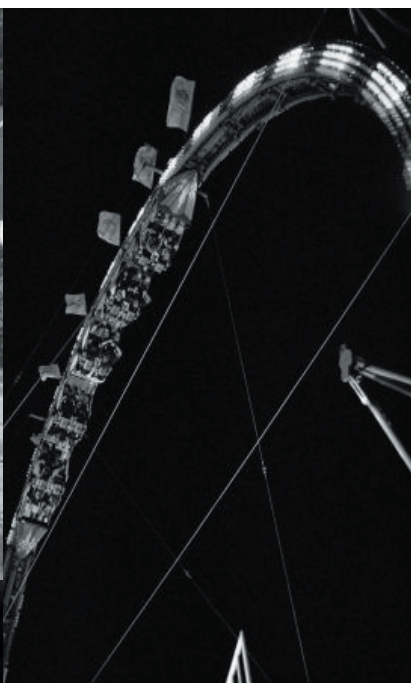
2. *Howling II* and *Howling III* - So godawfully-written and painful to watch, I refuse to see anymore in this series.

3. *Holla! If I Kill You* - Leave horror/comedy to the *Shaun of the Dead* guys. Otherwise, you get cheaply-made, laughably-bad hybrids like this cinematic flotsam.

4. *Son of Blob* - The blob goes after a whole new group of stereotypes in an ugly, nearly-unwatchable flick that had me running for the shower when I was done watching it.

5. *Evil Remains* - I don't know about you, but I prefer my slasher movies to... oh, I don't know... DO SOMETHING!





Photos:

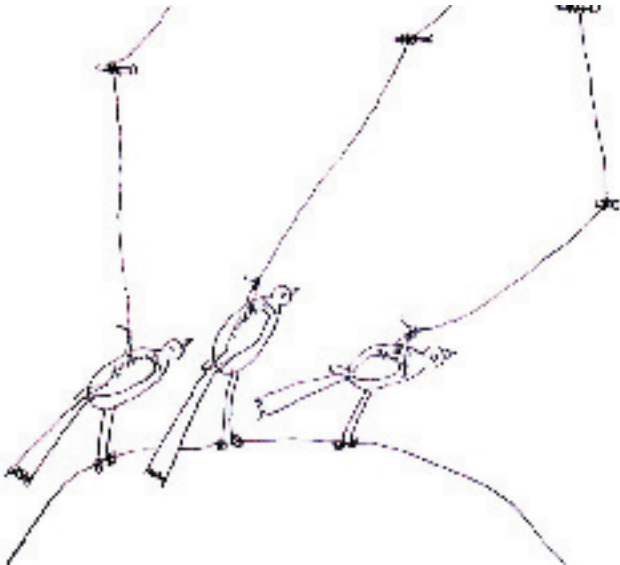
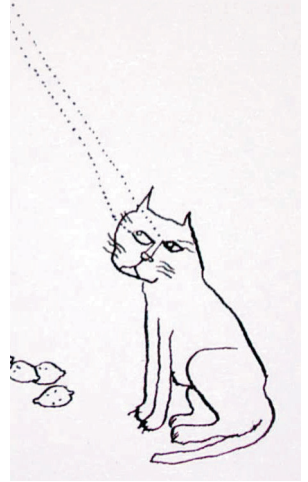
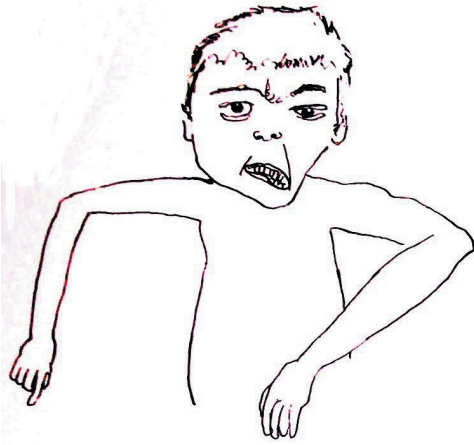
upper-left: Sitha Im

upper-right: John Maiers

mid-left: Morgan Lust

bottom-left: Morgan Lust

bottom-right: Kristy Mueske



Drawings by Maria Schmitt

