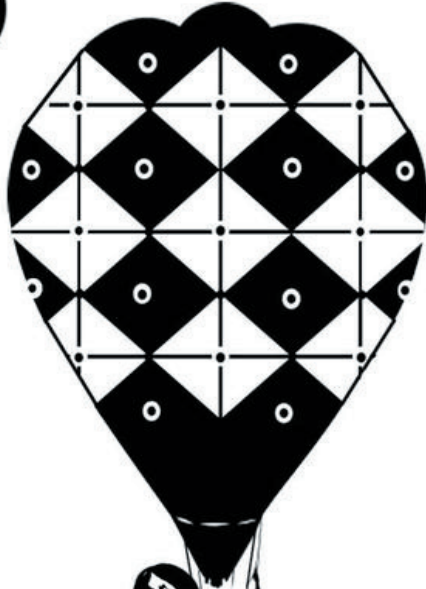


Issue #5



Save
The

Crumbs



Stops bad breath

four times faster than toothpaste



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 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.

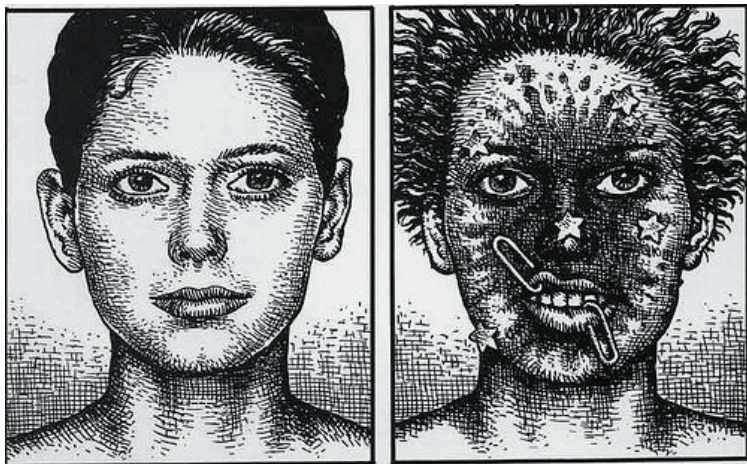
CONTRIBUTERS:

Dustin Wilmes, Sitha Im, John Maiers,

Chad Firchau, Christopher Glazer, Ashley Leake, Morgan Lust,

Nora Myers, Dave Perron, Dylan Schultz, Windy Schultz,

Kendra Sundermyer



Cover Illustration: "Ruppenzel" by Windy Schultz



"Ciao Manhattan"
by Kendra Sundermyer

Go Forth and Die

by Christopher Glazer

A pig-tailed pissed punk bitch
named Apocalypse Candace.

A lisped lipped faux-linguist
named Apollyon Nick.

One a slick tailed spit shined stud;

The other a callused cunt that chews on her own cud.
She's pickled with pink and possesses pocketed patches.
He's doused in cheap cologne-ed crinkle nose stink and
chopper sunglasses.

She rots in a T-shirt that screams – Don't wear mink.

He cocks off in a leather jacket synthesized in a lab.
Hand in hand – bobbing heads to the same crust-band,
a blissful descent into an inebriated abyss.

Their faulty fates are sealed,
congealed in whiskey soaked ignorance.



“See of Eyes” By Ashley Leake

Galileo & James Dean

So, What do ya wanna do today, James? I heard that there is gonna be a gay Pride Parade on Westmeyer Street!

Let's not go.

Oh... I thought that was your thing... What with you being Bi an' all.

It's a Sexual Preference, Gally, not a life style!

uhh...

Okay, Bad choice of Words... but listen, I just don't like the subculture that comes along with being gay. Take a look at this gay/les/trans rights magazine, for example. Notice the Beer Ad With the

studly scanty clad beef-cakes?



Lemme ask ya, Why aint there scanty clad babes in here? huh? Surely we Bi's and Some Lesbians would appreciate seeing that. But half naked girls already symbolize heterosexuality in magazines like Maxim and Stuff. (which I also hate).

Well how about opposing the Senators Who are trying to Ban gay Marriage?

Yeah, I know, but it's Counter-Productive to exploit our differences like that. We're Just alienating ourselves and reinforcing the barriers of intolerance. The Parades are so self indulgent, like throwing a Party to Celebrate your Preference of Oranges over apples. Can't we just be humble instead of Proud or Ashamed? Whatever happened to humil-ity?

So, I guess We're not leaving the garage today.

Let's go play Some Nintendo Golf.

Moral: Nintendo Golf makes you Anti-Social.

"Galileo & James Dean" By Chadd

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 Two (This can also mean poop.)



Thoroughly Surly Says:

Last issue I proposed that cellphone usage while on the stool (can [toilet]) can create a plethora of problems. These problems range from when to answer your phone to how to abruptly conclude a conversation so you can wipe or rinse. I've considered these conundrums at length, mostly while shitting, and have come to several conclusions.

Only call people from the throne if:

A. It's an emergency (e.g. the adoption ruling finally came through.)

B. You're returning a friend's call which you've ignored for over a week

C. It amuses you greatly

- Never call the Pope, even when you're not on the toilet. It's presumptuous.

- If you're calling a friend, focus on your breathing. Does it fluctuate when you tense up? If so, try to regulate. Consider Lamaze for further instruction.

- Don't giggle. Keep in mind that people cannot see you unless you're on the internet. If you don't let on, they won't ask potentially damning questions like, "Are you pooping right now?"

- If your feet cramp up or your legs go numb, simply bark into the phone and tell the caller your dog is loose and you need to retrieve it. This will allow you the opportunity to finish up and rub feeling back into your legs. (If you have fish, consider trading them for dogs. If you don't have dogs, just forget it.)

- Under no circumstances should you flush before hanging up.

- If you're going to fart, tell a really funny joke so the caller's laugh drowns it out.

- Be humble.

- If you get nervous just visualize the person you're talking to on the toilet as well.

- Don't answer if it's a phone interview, unless you're on welfare.

- If you don't recognize the number, answer it, because it's probably a telemarketer.

- For guys who stand while they urinate: I recommend not answering the phone.

It's always good to keep one hand free for balance. If you have a low center of gravity give it a shot.

I suppose I could continue, but these are the main thesis. Nail them to the bathroom door and join the reformation, because it's the future.

Thanks Dear, But No Thanks

by Nora Myers

I'm sure that more people than I am aware of can say that they spread themselves a little too thin on this somewhat burnt toast that is life. It is typical for me to forget all that is happening at the present and either; think too far into the future, which apparently does not exist, or too far into the past, which apparently does not exist either. I have 10 places that I've just been from and six places left to go before my day is done, and right now just seems like the space in between. Maybe the... bologna.

So, in keeping up with the writing that Melissa most prefers, I have configured a list of things that I'm thinking about at present. Now, right now. I am using it as an exercise to be present-minded while thoughtfully contemplative.

1) I am tired of people making suggestions. Well, suggest the feck up.

2) I am not looking forward to fantasy football season. Not only do I not care for 'real' football, fantasy football is a little sad and I feel a little pukey thinking about it.

3) I am totally urked by people that invite their friends to do some strange, asinine activity where inviter person no. 1 is exceptional and friend person no. 2 really sucks, or they don't have a clue. They just don't want to be made to look like an incompetent fool. I am mostly referring to Karaoke nuts and bowling brutes.

3a) Karaoke is already alarmingly stressful.

3b) Bowling scores are posted ceiling-high above the lane, which personifies the level of shit-talking that goes on. Jerks make jokes to their jerk friends about how their jerk game is better. Well... shut the jerk up.

4) A friend really thinks that I should like Bruce Springsteen. Why?

5) I hope someday I will be standing under a roller coaster which does a loopy and I get all of the contents in all of the pockets of all of the people.

6) What the blazing crap is up with all of the house-flies around? Why? What's the deal? Is it because of the threatened bee-population? What the heck? I'm fed up... I quit.

7) New music. New release. New...

7a) *Angels of Light*- Rocks. I'd call it a musical boner.

7b) *Thurston Moore*- is worth checking out. I'd call it the feeling you get when you drive you're car around all day with the "gas empty" light on, but you don't run out of gas. So, that feeling is... relief that it didn't suck.

7c) *The Cave Singers*- I'd call it the feeling you get when you find out that you can use a Twizzler as a straw.

7d) Black Lips- It's like a walk with prog-rock, garage-revival, and country-Ween, sprinkled with a broken shoelace.

7e) High on Fire- Yes.

7f) Motion City Soundtrack- No.

7g) Beast Rebellion- Makes me feel like there is a Santa, there is a tooth fairy, there is an easter bunny, and there are genies in bottles who grant wishes. I'd file it under 'World Music' because everyone in the world should listen.

7h) Pissed Jeans- Driving, mid-tempo, Helmet-ish vocals. Grungy, and pretty nice.

7i) Young Marble Giants- They're like a wonderful Lego-man, holding a ring pop, standing on a cake.

7j) Animal Collective- It's like driving by a construction site with your window down while some large guy is jack-hammering into the asphalt and your A/C fan belt is broken and loud, blowing hot air into your face while your passenger is trying to tell you about some far out dream they had and your coffee is too hot to drink.

7k) Go! Team- Was released on 9/11 and sounds like a crashing plane.

7l) Small Sins- If David Byrne lost his mind and chose to get counseling from Thievery Corporation and *Clap Your Hands Say Yeah.

(*I really like CYHSY's self-titled before I played it too much. Their latest release from earlier this year is good, but the low-fi quality doesn't seem authentic. It's okay though...)

7m) 50cent- Should retire anyway.

8) Reflection on an old release:

Angels of Light- 'Sing Other People' is like having fireworks legal everywhere. Splendor...

9) Tony interjects a thought: "I feel most vulnerable while seated on the toilet." - We all do, sir. Can we just get a little piece and quiet?

10) I think I'm going to name my next band Zrank Fappa.

A message to...

My sister: Thanks for the memories. Hey, remember that time we were at Silver Dollar City in Branson, Mich. and you got that parasol with your name on it? And, our family agreed that Silver Dollar City was the capital of the earth and mom really liked that sign that said, "Spittin' and chewin's okay. Smokin's bad, unless you're a campfire." We had matching tie-dye outfits.

To the coffee-pushers: Keep up the good work!

To New Zealand: See you soon.

To Chicago: Get cheap!

To Save The Crumbs and the whole rowdy crew: You are the sun that makes the flowers grow crooked.

Reading Is 4 Dipshits

by Dustin Wilmes

While using the bathroom at the downtown library, I noticed something very profound...

The phrase "Reading Is 4 Dipshits" was scrawled on the bathroom stall. Now, I'm not saying this guy shouldn't be entitled to his opinion, but isn't this a bit silly?

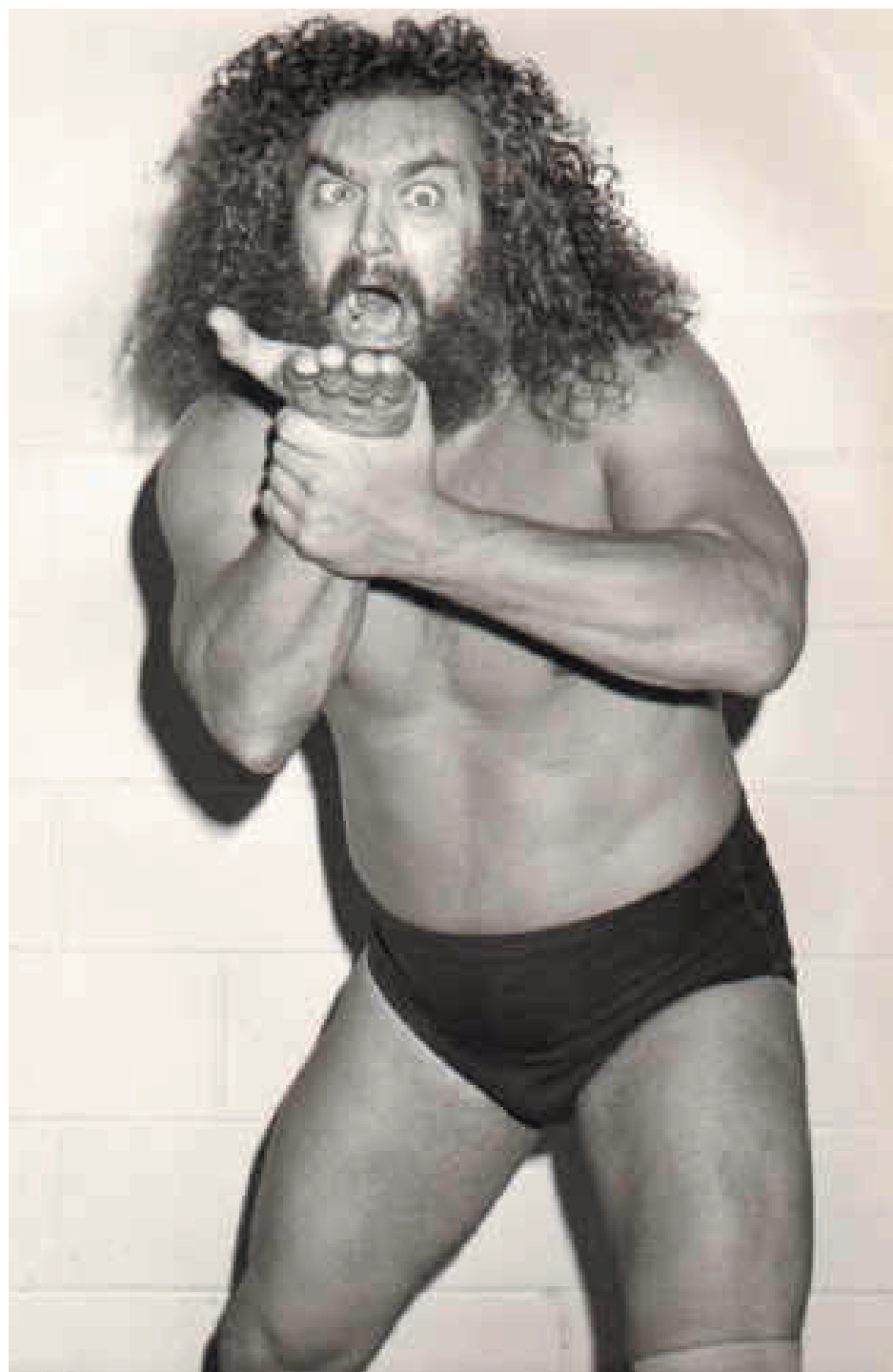
First of all, why would someone (I assume he was a youngster) vandalize a place like a library? Was he overwhelmed by the complexity of the Dewey Decimal System? Did he have trouble properly manipulating the microfiche? Was he upset that all the Where's Waldo? books were checked out?

Granted, all these instances are worthy of blowing a gasket over, but doesn't it seem like his angsty-energy is being spent in the wrong direction? He should grab a trash bag and a sharp stick and blow off some steam by stabbing Big Mac containers along the highway. Maybe he could play Rage Against The Machine in his mother's minivan while driving elderly women to church luncheons? Perhaps he can put his frustrations on paper and publish the finished product in a local 'zine? I suppose that would go against his stance on the printed word though.

All of that is wishful thinking I guess. It's more likely that you'll find him at the mall, hangin' out with his equally-brainy constitutes, spending hundreds of dollars at Abercrombie & Fitch so they can walk around as a human billboards, sporting clothing that reads "Abercrombie & Fitch." Afterward, they can hurl large rocks through the windshields of passing cars from a highway overpass. That seems to be popular with the young people these days.

By the way, if this guy feels so strongly about books and the mental capacity of those who partake in them, why was he at the library? Out of all the places you could be using the bathroom, the last men's room he should frequent would be at a library. Besides, isn't there a bathroom near Hot Topic? Oh, to be young again...





ALBUM SHOWCASE

BY DAVIS PERRO

Over their 25-year existence, the Sun City Girls developed a reputation for being both tricksters and musical chameleons. Back in the mid-‘80s, in their then home state of Arizona, they opened a show for Black Flag and pissed off the hardcore faithful with their set of pseudo-jazz. The challenging of expectations and genre boundaries were not only a part of their live show, but was spread out among their countless releases over the years. Pick up one of their 50 or so releases and you may hear a band performing any of the following: punk rock, improvised psych jams, middle-eastern and southeast Asian-inspired rock and folk tunes, twisted children’s stories and spoken word, free jazz, noise, or cover versions of classic rock songs.

While the SCG approach may be difficult for some, getting your hands on much of their recorded output is an equally difficult proposition. Much of their catalog has been released on their own Abduction label in limited pressings of 500-1,000 copies. Some of their more highly regarded albums such as *Torch of the Mystics* and *330,003 Crossdressers from Beyond the Rig Veda* have sold for upwards of \$100 on EBay. Sadly, the SCG will no longer be releasing new music due to the passing of their drummer Charles Gocher in February. However, a recent round of CD re-issues from their mid-90’s period is a welcome sign that there is still activity in the SCG camp. One can only hope that a more extensive re-issue campaign is in the works for this totally incomparable band that deserves further investigation.

Sun City Girls re-issue spotlight:



Jack's Creek: Arguably the strangest of the lot here. It opens with a 12-minute campfire story with a few southerners reminiscing about a strange smelling town named Gurnam, where a family that communicates through tobacco spittle dwells. Musically, imagine Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention recast as a Civil War-era Confederate bar band and you're halfway to making sense of this. Oddly, this is a fun album to listen to straight through.

Dulce: A soundtrack to a supposedly unreleased Japanese film. The SCG play this one fairly straight, with music of an eerie atmospheric quality that one often associates with soundtrack work. That said, they throw in a lounge number, a couple of more abrasive-sounding rock tracks, and a beautiful solo guitar piece by Richard Bishop. It features contributions by violinist Eyvind Kang and the Japanese noise-rock duo, The Ruins.



Juggernaut: Another soundtrack to a film that was never officially released. *Juggernaut* opens with a couple of classic SCG psych rock explorations. The remainder of the album features primarily a mixture of ambient sounds and other percussive sound clatter of the incidental variety.

Piasa. . .Devourer of Men: Recorded at around the same time as *Juggernaut*, this album has a similar sound and feel, but with scant traces of anything approaching rock music. Much of this album features the SCG exploring more indigenous sound sources from around the globe, which was common among much of their work from the early '90s and on.



Also:

Sir Richard Bishop's Polytheistic Fragments: For those looking for a more accessible entry point into the SCG sound world, check out the new solo album by SCG guitarist Richard Bishop on Drag City. The 11 tracks on *Polytheistic Fragments* show Bishop's range and varied influences on the guitar. His avowed passion for the music of Django Reinhardt is permeated throughout this disc, but he puts his own stamp on everything he does.

Check out www.suncitygirls.com for more information.

EXCUSE ME, I'M SICK!

BY SITHA IM

It's the cold and flu season. You know what that means. It's time to stock up on more Kleenex, disinfectant wipes, cough syrups, drops, and other handy over-the-counter remedies.

But really, what's the point? Every time you catch a cold, it's always a different strain of virus you've been infected by. All those anti-cold and flu elixirs hardly do more than put that icky taste in your mouth and maybe give you a light buzz for a few hours. Depending on your ritual healing practices, you still find it takes a week or so to get it out of your system.



So how do you consider what the best choice of action is? Well, are you a firm believer in homeopathic treatment? Have you always heard how great “Echinacea and Vitamin C” works on cold symptoms? Or do you manage to settle for the bitter-tasting, unnaturally-dyed, over-the-counter remedies, such as NyQuil and Robitussin to do the trick?

Well, here is my suggestion. Don't take anything! Skip all the false cough-suppressant, consumer-driven bullshit. Your body is a machine built to handle these types of things.

We have built micro-defense mechanisms that have evolved over the thousands of years we've inhabited this planet. Do you think our primate ancestors needed to inject themselves with a load of synthetic drugs to get them through the season, albeit they didn't have to live through the arctic winters of Minnesota. But consider how the indigenous peoples of the Siberian tundra or the Arctic North Americans survived such conditions. The only reason life-threatening diseases enter into such populations is because of outside contact by other tribes from afar or greedy colonialists bringing their foreign sickness to plague and destroy their rich native culture.

But this isn't about bashing the evil early Europeans. It's about realizing that the only reason you are sick all the time is because you have been perpetuating your own illness. I'm sick of all these uptight, OCD-mothers enforcing their kids to wash their hands a hundred times a day, filling their households with anti-bacterial chemicals and bleaching their families systems with these strangely concocted potions that "9/10 doctors recommend."

Let your kids get sick and see how they endure without your fancy pills and drinks. Keep their systems strong by letting their natural defenses build and destroy all those evil micro-enemies that are meant to invade your body. Get your kids, as well as yourself, out of these cramped, germ-swarming incubators of disease you call your home, and get outside! Breathe some fresh air! I guarantee if we followed through with this boycott on cold medicines, we would probably generate a stronger biological species that wouldn't needed blow millions of dollars on useless, hocus-pocus, magically engineered syrups and tablets that don't cure anything.

Cleaning House

By Dustin Wilmes

Over the years, I've managed to amass a collection of CDs that is too large for me to house. It's somewhere in the neighborhood of 5,000 or so. This is both ridiculous and unnecessary, especially considering I move almost every year.

After convincing the pack-rat side of my brain to turn to drastic measures, my mission has been to rid the "not-so-best of the best" from my library. At least 1,300 discs and counting have fallen by the wayside. During the process, I learned a lot about life and a lot about myself. The following list is a few of things I've realized...

- It's possible for me to like one band and dislike another band that sounds similar.
- It isn't necessary to own more than a handful of Slayer albums.
- Early Police is pretty good. Later Police is pretty not good. I bet it was Sting's fault.
- I used to like Pink Floyd, but I can't remember why.
- I hate to admit it, but Justin Timberlake's *Justified* is still a pretty decent album.
- I don't really like Husker Du, and I'm not sure I ever did.
- I forgot how awesome Queen was.
- Green Day has released the same album over and over for the past 10 years.
- I really wanted to like the Foo Fighters, but I'm afraid they just suck too much. What happened to you Dave Grohl? Why are you such a pussy now?
- I own a shitload of Rush albums and I guess I'm all right with it.
- Eazy-E is still better than Dre.
- I have greatly exceeded my quota for sad-bastard music.
- No one needs to own 43 Frank Zappa albums.
- Most of Ozzy Osbourne's solo albums are kind of lame. Childhood memories keep me from selling them though.
- I don't like the Clash as much as people say I should.
- I own more Burl Ives albums than most people three-times my age.
- Rob Zombie needs to quit sounding like Andrew W.K. and reform White Zombie.

- For a fat, white kid from Minnesota, I own a lot of hip-hop albums. I have a tendency to keep it real...
- Motorhead could release the same album every year with a different title (and possibly does) and I'd still buy it.
- I still like Jackyl.
- Aerosmith should go away.
- I don't get drunken, Irish punk bands (i.e. Flogging Molly, Dropkick Murphys, etc.)
- There's no reason for anyone to own a Spin Doctors album, ever.
- I still can't take Ronnie James Dio seriously.
- I like the Spice Girls more than most men would admit.
- The new Stooges album is still awful.
- I'm glad I don't own any U2 albums.
- Radiohead is highly overrated.
- King Diamond is highly underrated.
- I'm not one of those people who pretend to like Jandek more than they actually do.
- Sometimes, "greatest hits" compilations are enough.
- I need to be careful with recommendations from friends. Some of them like shitty music...





Photos:

above: “Anticipation” by Morgan Lust

below: “Final Countdown” by Ashley Leake





Photos:

above: “Airport, Ketchikan, Alaska” by John Maiers

below: “Geburtstag” by Morgan Lust



