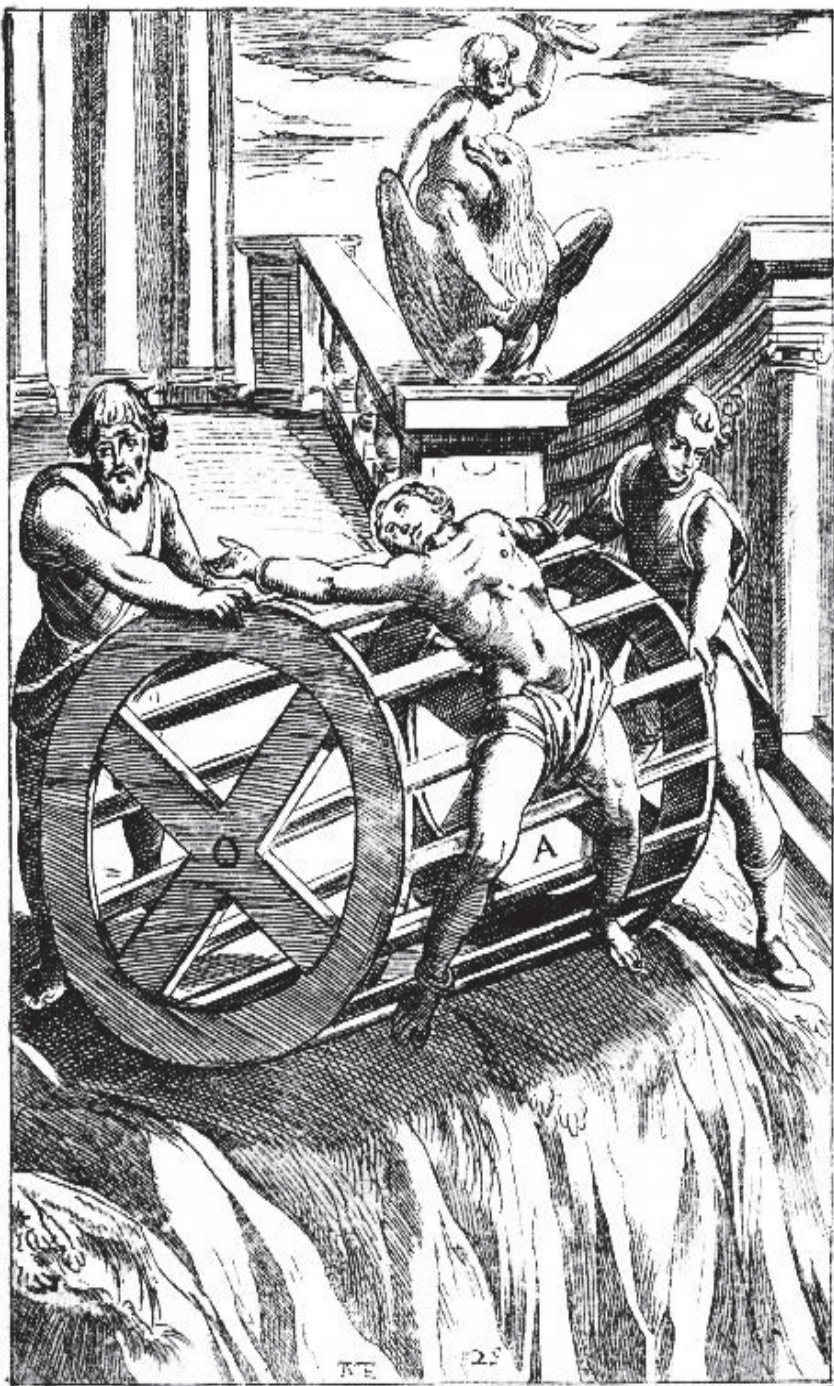


Issue #7



Save The
Crumbs





What You're Reading...

Save The Crumbs is an independent 'zine written, designed, assembled and distributed by a handful of people 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 anything we want to print. *Save The Crumbs* is 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, advice, or want to submit something... send e-mail to **savethecrumbs@gmail.com**.

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

CONTRIBUTERS:

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Our First Year

by The Publishers of 'Save The Crumbs'

John Maiers - "Sometimes I feel like McCartney's 'Fool on the Hill.' Remember him? Yeah? Oldtimer. Never met him? Punk. Allow me then, an introduction. He's a guy with a foolish grin, without answers, head in a cloud, ...and the eyes in his head see the world spinning round... That's how I feel sometimes; alone on a hill, screaming into a fog. But I guess having eyes in my head is simple enough cause for pressing on. Foolish, dizzy or otherwise, I'll - we'll - keep tossing these loops and curves, slashes and dashes, dips and dots and angles and arcs into the mix that is what you're reading. We'll probably evoke more questions than provide answers. We'll - I'll - probably make a fool of myself now and again. But we'll keep nibbling away at our world and try to make a bit of sense of it. We all gotta eat... Save The Crumbs.

p.s. Thanks for the vision, Dustin."

Dustin Wilmes - "The first year has been pretty successful for us. We got some exposure. We got some press. We made some friends. We had some laughs. We proved to ourselves that we could do it. Hopefully we proved that to some other people, too. It would be great to see a few more 'zines in Mankato by this time next year. It's easy my friends. If you need help, get in touch with us. Our wisdom is only outweighed by our charm. Thanks to everyone who contributed to, helped with, and read The Crumbs..."

You Devil You

by Dan Durdahl

“Outside, outside,
hedges break, the night torn mad
with footsteps.”

-- Charles Bukowski

Savage moon
howled like reflecting
glass in the ravaged
cold.

Inside he smoked
his chin on a chair,
said,

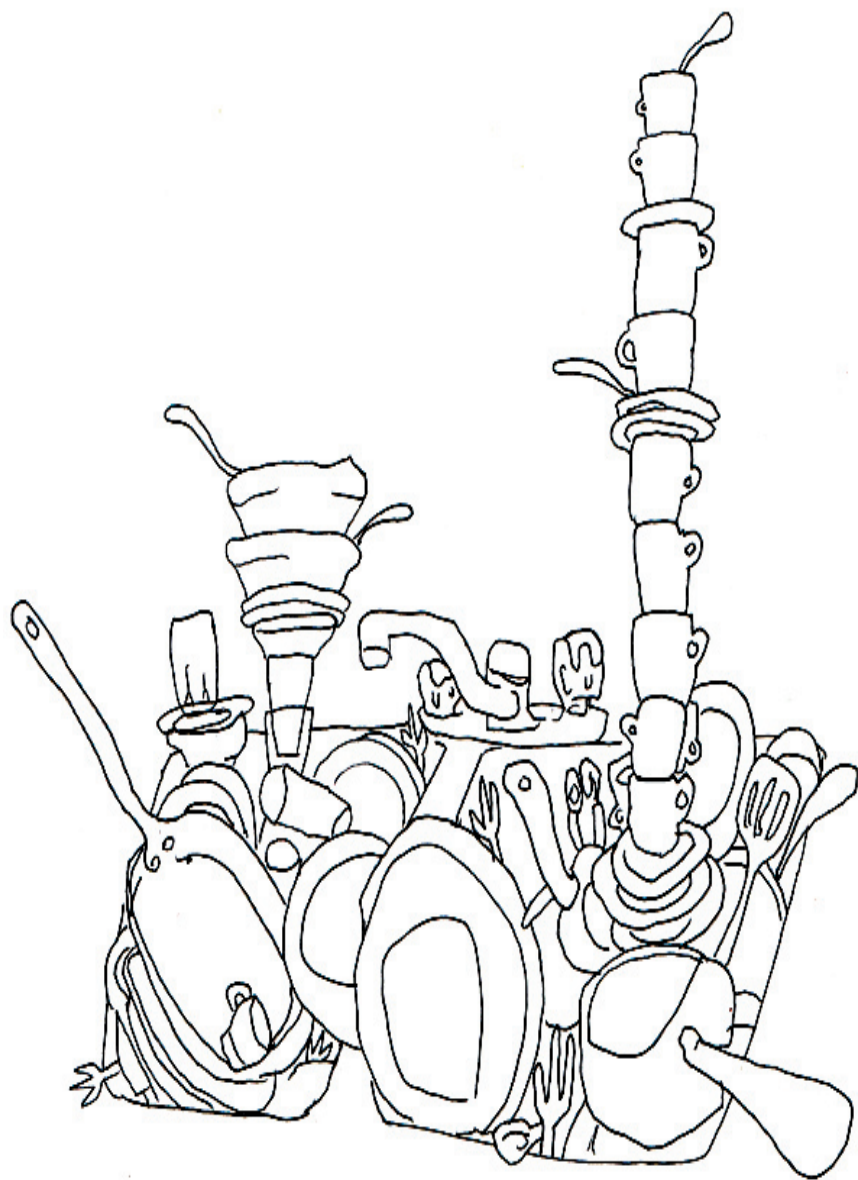
“Shit that hurt.”

Lying there
glass shards glinted
hardwood floor. His

kitten licked
the record
spinning Stravinsky
skipped.

He thought
of his aching
feet –

and all
he had
left.



“A Little Wishbone” by Andrew Hoffman

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

This month... **Bodybuilders**

Bodybuilders are the cornerstone of American beauty...

Well defined lats and deltoids are just two of the splendid attributes of this select group of men and women pumpers, whose loveliness is inescapable. Recently, however, bodybuilders have gained not only muscle mass, but a bad reputation. Some weak people say that bodybuilders are vain, that their countless hours of lifting heavy objects repeatedly are for not, that they'd be better off reading classics written by the Bronte sisters or collecting canned food items for the food shelf. These skinny people are flat out wrong. There are practical reasons for being ripped.



- **Ultimate Challenge Reprise** – With a massive upper body, balance can be a problem, which breathes new life into activities like bike riding and balance beam walking, while your girth complicates enclosed-tube-slide sliding and tree climbing, injecting excitement into activities that haven't presented a challenge since kindergarten. Can any branch hold your weight? Let's find out!

- **Cooking Utensil Holder** – We all know how hard simultaneously stirring your noodles in a pot and flipping your patty on a skillet can be, with throbbing pecks you can simply stick your spatula handle in between and flex. It's the perfect place to hold your spoons, ladles and whisks, stay away from the knives though.

- **Knee Bouncer** – Bouncing babies and toddlers on your knee is fun, but with massive quads and calves you can bounce anyone on your knee, Grandma, Uncle Bob, President Bush, Bush Senior, senior citizens, not to mention any combination at once.

- **Lifter Saver** – Big muscles mean big strength, which comes in handy when something heavy falls on someone scrawny. If lucky, you'll save the life of a man or woman trapped under a support beam in a warehouse fire, but even if the fallen object crushes the victim dead, at least you'll be doing the clean up crew a favor.

- **Sex** – Increase testosterone. Increase sex-drive. Same goes for women. When it comes to sex and bodybuilders everyone wins—if they're having sex with bodybuilders at least—and what's more practical than sex? It populates our earth and momentarily distracts us from the horrors of existence.

See? Bodybuilding is practical. In fact, after reading this article I'm sure you'll wonder how you've been able to go so long without a cut physique. Don't fret though, it's never too late. Gyms are open 24-hours now so there's really no excuse for not having well-defined intercostals. And think, besides all these practical uses, wonder and joy accompanies the simple everyday things done with huge throbbing muscles like picnics at the park, going to church and talking with friends. Everything's exceptional and practical when you're ripped and pumped.

The Part of My Life That Continued After I Walked Away

by Sarah Turbes

Until recently, about the last six months or so, my life was more or less a ten-year-old routine. I was attending college and working in a coffee shop. I loved my job, a rare occurrence for something considered average and low paying. While I don't believe that people are paid what they are worth in the coffee shop business and didn't particularly enjoy working the occasional Saturday, I stuck with it because of everything else. In a way, my job had become my partner in life. We relied on one another and rarely let each other down. It's my nature to be loyal and ever since my first job in high school, I was described as "reliable." Without sounding conceited, I had stuck through the good and bad and I was convinced that I was the backbone to the establishment.

I had considered leaving in the past and reminded customers that they should get to know their drinks a bit better. "I'm not always going to be here" or "What will you do if I'm not here?" were my frequent questions, which evoked responses of disbelief and panic. Although flattering, certain adult customers relied too much on me and appeared to be somewhat clingy and needy. I can't really blame them; after all, I was responsible for their behavior by responding to it. My co-workers occasionally got mad at me about specific customers and I don't blame them. There's nothing worse than being completely competent and having someone doubting you the whole time. When I made the decision to leave in May, to pursue a job with the family business, I felt like I was walking away from a relationship without a legitimate reason.

When I put in my notice, I didn't really tell anyone. I didn't even tell the regulars, the people who I knew better than some members of my family. I was in denial. If I didn't tell anyone that I was leaving, I wasn't really quitting. I was tired and needed a break, a change. I started making coffee at home or stopped at a gas station. Neither one satisfied my desire to make my own latte or drink the coffee that I was accustomed to, but it was too hard to stop in and become a customer.

Like a long term relationship that's been terminated, it was awkward

and felt too soon to return. Passing by the shop was inevitable because it was in route to my house and my car seemed as if it had some sort of magnetic pull. Each time I went by, I tried to avoid eye contact with anyone who was standing outside or sitting in the window. What if they saw me? Silly as it sounds, my heart sort of ached to return to that place where I seemed to have done all my growing up. Customers had been good to me and like my relationship to the coffee shop; I had formed relationships with numerous people. Without my job, I wouldn't have acquired my cat. I wouldn't have re-established a friendship with my boyfriend, the guy in high school I thought was charming. I wouldn't have experienced knowing that a large number of people actually cared about me, as I did them. I still do care. I celebrate with them and grieve for them, all the while keeping my distance.

Since I quit, the coffee shop was sold and moved. While it won't be the same, I'm hoping for the best, if not better. While I'm afraid of "coffee wars," hurt feelings, and unnecessary drama, I want it to succeed because it is a small business that deserves to survive. I believe in the small businesses that can survive changes, ups and downs, and still be reliable to their loyal customers. I'm mature enough to admit that I feel that same twinge that one feels when seeing an old flame in a relationship with someone else. And as dramatic as that sounds, I'm glad that the coffee shop moved on without me and if I get up the courage, maybe I'll stop in again someday.



Five Films for the Whole Family

by Dustin Wilmes



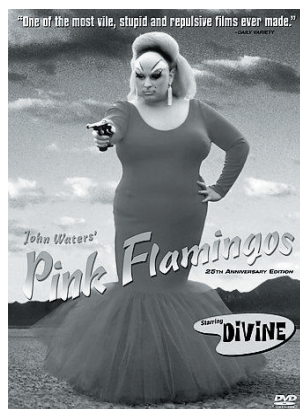
With a film like *Bloodsucking Freaks* (originally known as *Sardu: Master of the Screaming Virgins* and re-titled *The Incredible Torture Show*) it's easy to understand why the W.O.P (Women Against Pornography) convinced the MPAA not to rate it. The plot revolves around Master Sardu, his vertically-challenged friend Ralphus, and their special blend of theater. Basically, the show consists of nude ladies getting hacked up and tortured on stage. Of course, the audience doesn't realize they're not acting. Throw in some

cannibalism, a bunch of bestial women in cages, and a white slavery sub-plot, and you've got yourself a movie my friends.

Visitor Q is the quintessential story of a dysfunctional family coming together. At first, the father is having an affair with his prostitute daughter, the mother is dabbling in heroin and dominatrix, and the son (after being bullied at school) is taking out his frustrations on his mom. Fortunately, an unnamed visitor shows up to bring order to the family. One of the many memorable



scenes involves the father getting foiled by Rigor mortis when his "junk" gets stuck in his son's dead co-worker. Why didn't Disney think of that?



Out of all the great John Waters' films that are fun for the whole family, *Pink Flamingos* is the frontrunner. It features an all-star cast of Waters' regular Dreamlanders, including Divine, Mink Stole, Cookie Mueller, and

Edith Massey. In the film, Babs Johnson (Divine) and her family go head-to-head with their rivals the Marbles, for the title of “Filthiest People Alive.” Some of the more wholesome scenes in the film include Danny Mills (as Crackers) having sex with a chicken, and Divine eating actual dog shit. The topper though, is Mills screaming “Do my balls, mama!” as he receives fellatio from Divine (who plays his mother.)



Norifumi Suzuki’s *School of the Holy Beast* is one of those films that just leaves you with a good feeling. In it, Yumi Takigawa enters the Sacred Heart Convent as an undercover mother to find out what horrible things happened to her own mother. What she finds is a lesbian mother superior, an array of naked nuns with whips and chains in toe, and enough religious hypocrisy to last ‘til next Easter. Even with a subject matter that makes most people uncomfortable, the film is so beautifully shot (ala *Suspiria*) that you’ll probably want to watch it with grandma after church. It’s a

shame that the “nunsplotation genre” is still overlooked.

Rounding out the list is Shinya Tsukamoto’s *Tetsu: The Iron Man*. I’ll admit, I’m as sick and perverse as the next guy (and probably a lot more) but this film even weirded me out. A man with a metal fetish (he enjoys inserting metal objects into his self-inflicted wounds) is hit by a car and killed. The metal fetishist comes back from the dead to haunt the driver of the car by; you guessed it, turning him into a giant, walking junkyard. This black and white, cyberpunk classic culminates with a duel between the man, the driver, and a bizarre melding of metal and flesh. Keep an eye out for the scene where “the driver” accidentally kills his lady friend with his genitals. (They were replaced by a giant drill auger. This stuff writes itself...)



SOUND ART: THE WORK OF NURSE WITH WOUND BY PERRO, D.

United Jhana Records has quietly been bringing back into print the work of Nurse With Wound (a.k.a. Steven Stapleton) over the past few years. The NWW catalog traces back to the tail end of the 70's/early 80's and the industrial music scene that was bubbling under the radar in England at the time. While Stapleton has explored the mechanistic beats and dark thematic territory common among this genre at points in his career, he has also created sound recordings that defy any categorization whatsoever regardless of time, place, and genre. This is made clear upon one listen to the recently re-released *Homotopy To Marie* CD.

Originally released on his own United Dairies label back in 1982, *Homotopy to Marie* captures Stapleton at play in the studio, discovering the possibilities of sound and tape-manipulation. Although there is no discernible link between each of the five tracks, there is a feeling of compositional movement to the proceedings, albeit a very disorienting feeling to say the least. Over the course of the opening track entitled "I Cannot Feel You



as the Dogs Are Laughing and I Am Blind,” manipulated tape crackle segues into guttural chants, amidst a meditative whirl into the sounds of someone possibly chewing into sustained Tibetan gong tones. Stapleton’s approach is slow and deliberate throughout. However, odd bits of sampled dialogue and other assorted sounds, possibly pornographic in origin, are interjected to create moments that are amusing in some places and downright creepy in others.

The 1984 mini-album *Gyllenskold, Geijerstam and I at Rydberg’s*, also re-released on CD, features the first of many NWW collaborations with David Tibet of Current 93. This re-issue features both the original LP version of the album paired with the original reworked CD version that came out in 1993. The re-worked CD version cuts out large sections of the original, which seems odd given the possibilities of the new format. At any rate, *Gyllenskold* plays out like a condensed version of *Homotopy of Marie*. Tibet’s manipulated voice is featured heavily on the opening track “Several Odd Moments Prior to Lunch.” The second track “Phenomenon of Aquarium and Bearded Lady” approaches something strangely rhythmic at the midway point in what sounds like an amplified Asian folk tune. In fact, several sections of this album sound as though Stapleton was taking manmade sounds and instrumentation and de-/re-constructing them entirely using studio effects, again to disorienting effect.

Indeed, *Homotopy to Marie* and *Gyllenskold, Geijerstam and I at Rydberg’s* are some pretty esoteric recordings, even by NWW standards, and certainly will be off-putting to most. But, for those who are interested in, say, the films of David Lynch or novels by Chuck Palahniuk, these NWW albums may be suitable audio counterparts. Like those maverick artists, the work of NWW is best left to experience rather than explanation, so enough from me already.

Go and order either of these albums from your favorite independent record store or visit www.jnanarecords.com for more information and to hear sound samples.

What's So Lucky About It?

by Marshel Rossow

I've become sort of obsessed in recent months with the reality cop-and-doc shows that permeate much of certain cable TV channels. You've probably seen them. They're the shows in which (a) law-enforcement officers bring down all sorts of disreputable types, ranging from shoplifters to speeders to murderers to spitters-on-the-street, and in which (b) emergency-room physicians and nurses patch up all types of unfortunates suffering injuries and maladies that include but are not limited to multiple gunshot wounds, multiple stab wounds, third-degree burns, compound fractures, impalement on fence posts, crushed spleens, and livers protruding from a hole in the skull, not to mention the myriad disease-type afflictions ranging from the easily diagnosed ones like bubonic plague and necrotic bacteria attacks to the toughies like an affliction in which a formerly healthy patient's limbs and other appendages all shrivel up and fall off in a total time of 12 seconds in a way no one in the medical community seems to have ever encountered but will be named for the doc who finally figures it out. ("Mr. Dweeb, I'm Dr. Hassenbecker. We've determined you've lost all your appendages to what we'll be calling 'Rapid-Onset Hassenbecker Departum Dozensecondium Syndrome,' which, in lay terms, means your limbs and other appendages have all shriveled up and fallen off in 12 seconds and I called first dibs on naming rights.")

But whether it's a detective speaking to a middle-aged cool-guy wannabe whose stolen vintage Stingray has just been recovered from eight different shady body shops spread across three states, or the ER doc patching up the clerk at the local Gas-n-Gulp who has moments earlier had his cheek and the majority of his left ear sliced off by a machete-wielding, crack-stoked gangbanger, there's one line that apparently is mandatory in every reality situation: "You're really lucky...."

"Yeah," says the detective, "it looks like it's all there. The engine is in Dayton, Iowa, and the tranny is in Redwood Falls, Minnesota, and the front clip, we think, is in either Kearney, Nebraska, or Wichita, Kansas. But we think it's pretty much all there. Well, except for the deck lid. And the seats. And the tires. And the console. And the dash. And I didn't pick up on everything the guy in Kearney was saying

about fire. Ya know, we usually never see most stolen cars again, but yours will be boxed and bagged and on its way back to you in no time. You should be receiving it in two days. And three days. And four days. You're a lucky man."

And the ER doc is speaking to the Gas-n-Gulp clerk: "Try to hold your head as still as you can. You need a few stitches where that machete sliced through most of your face."

Long silence, punctuated only by occasional moans and a shriek or two of intense pain....

Two-hundred and fourteen stitches later, the one-sided conversation resumes. "Well, I've got your face looking pretty good. By the time you're about 40 years older, your body's natural wrinkles will hide at least a third of the scar. By the way, have you ever thought of growing a beard?"

Brief pause...

"When you think about it, you'll agree it's kind of humorous that your own guard dog didn't bother the man who attacked you but took off with the part of your ear that fell on the floor. I think we might have been able to reattach it. Well, the important thing is that you're gonna be OK. Why, in six months you won't even feel much pain unless your face gets hot or cold or touched. You're one lucky fella. By the way, have you ever thought of letting your hair grow long on the left side?"

In an example of great luck closer to home, the Minneapolis Star-Tribune reported a while back that a woman driving in the Twin Cities was attacked by an irked fellow motorist who made her pull over, dragged her from her vehicle and tossed her onto the six-lane highway. A day later she was on pain medication for two herniated discs and a severely injured lower back and right leg, and she expected to start physical therapy and might need surgery. The woman said she'd like to ask the man, who wasn't immediately apprehended, why he was so angry. "Why couldn't he have been an adult about it when all I wanted to do was apologize? I don't want it to happen to anybody else. I guess I was one of the lucky ones."

Question: Where in all hell do people get their definition of "lucky"? But so it goes. House broken into? It appears they only got your great-great-grandmother's silverware and heirloom jewelry, ma'am; they missed your grandmother's antique bedpan that you're using as a planter. And they only killed one of your cats. You're a lucky woman. Mugged and stabbed on a downtown street? We see a lot worse cases

than yours, sir. We've had a few people who actually survive with only part of their liver, and a lot of folks get by just fine with one kidney. Oh, did I mention that when the splice we made in your intestine heals we'll be able to wean you off that colostomy bag in, I'd say, maybe less than a year? It could have been a lot, lot worse, you know. You're really lucky.

I had the bad judgment a few weeks ago to plant my face firmly against the back of a tool cabinet after a graceful though rapid, headlong descent from a workbench I was standing on, having ascended to retrieve a headlight bulb hanging on a pegboard. After determining I was alive, I picked myself up and bled into the house, where I managed to stem the flow long enough that I could return to the scene, climb up onto the workbench again to find another bulb (the first one smashed beneath me when it failed to cushion my fall), find my glasses, minus one lens, and somehow finish changing the headlight bulb with the eye on the lensless side essentially useless and the eye on the side with the lens rapidly swelling shut. But what mattered is that the high beam worked, the low beam worked.

Content that I had everything under control, I parked the car in the garage and followed a blood trail into the house, where a peek at a mirror (suggestion: Never look at a mirror after you have smashed your face) showed I had acquired a bulbous protrusion about the size of a tennis ball under my eye, right above the makeshift bandage that was now dripping something red down into my beard and onto the sink. I can be pretty acute, so a quick mental check of the situation led me to conclude that maybe this wasn't exactly my usual fix-it-with-paper-towel-and-duct-tape type of injury after all. I tracked down my wife, a former ER nurse, who came home and whisked me away to the emergency room.

An hour and a half later I walked out with a CT-scan-based diagnosis of a fractured anterior maxillary sinus wall with mild depression (of the cheek bone, although I was mildly depressed, too) plus five stitches, numerous lesser wounds and facial bruises, an eye swollen shut, a strained shoulder muscle, a sore lower back, a scraped-up arm, an injured pinky finger, and a prescription for antibiotics and painkiller. Between my arrival at the ER and my departure, I was told at least half a dozen times by the physician and nurses that a fall such as I took could have been worse. They all independently concluded that I was really lucky.

To add insult to injury, the otolaryngologist (try saying that three times really fast) I was required to visit a few days later, after the swelling slightly subsided, looked over my wounds, examined my CT scan, decided I probably could avoid surgery to repair the fractured, still mildly depressed cheek bone, and said... of course ... a fall like that could have been worse. I was really lucky.

Stifling the urge to scream, I went to my car and headed home. As I drove, I tallied up the likely price of changing the headlight. Even with insurance picking up much of the tab, I figured, when all is said and done, I'll have invested at least \$400 in co-pays and a new pair of glasses, not to mention having acquired a quite fashionable facial scar. A damned expensive bulb change by any measure. And that's when it occurred to me: Despite the unanimous diagnosis by highly skilled physicians and well-trained ER nurses... I wasn't all that damned lucky.

If the headlight hadn't burned out, if I been sitting in my recliner, snarfing down sausage-and-pepperoni pizza and slurping a Pepsi while watching "Cops" or "Code Blue" instead of catapulting off a workbench and bleeding all the way to the ER...

...Now that would have been really lucky.



The author as accident victim: Does this guy really look lucky?



Photos:

Above: “Like A Freight Train Comin’” by Dustin Wilmes

Below: “Basil” by Juston Cline





Photos:

Above: “Let Go” by Juston Cline

Below: “An End” by Morgan Lust



