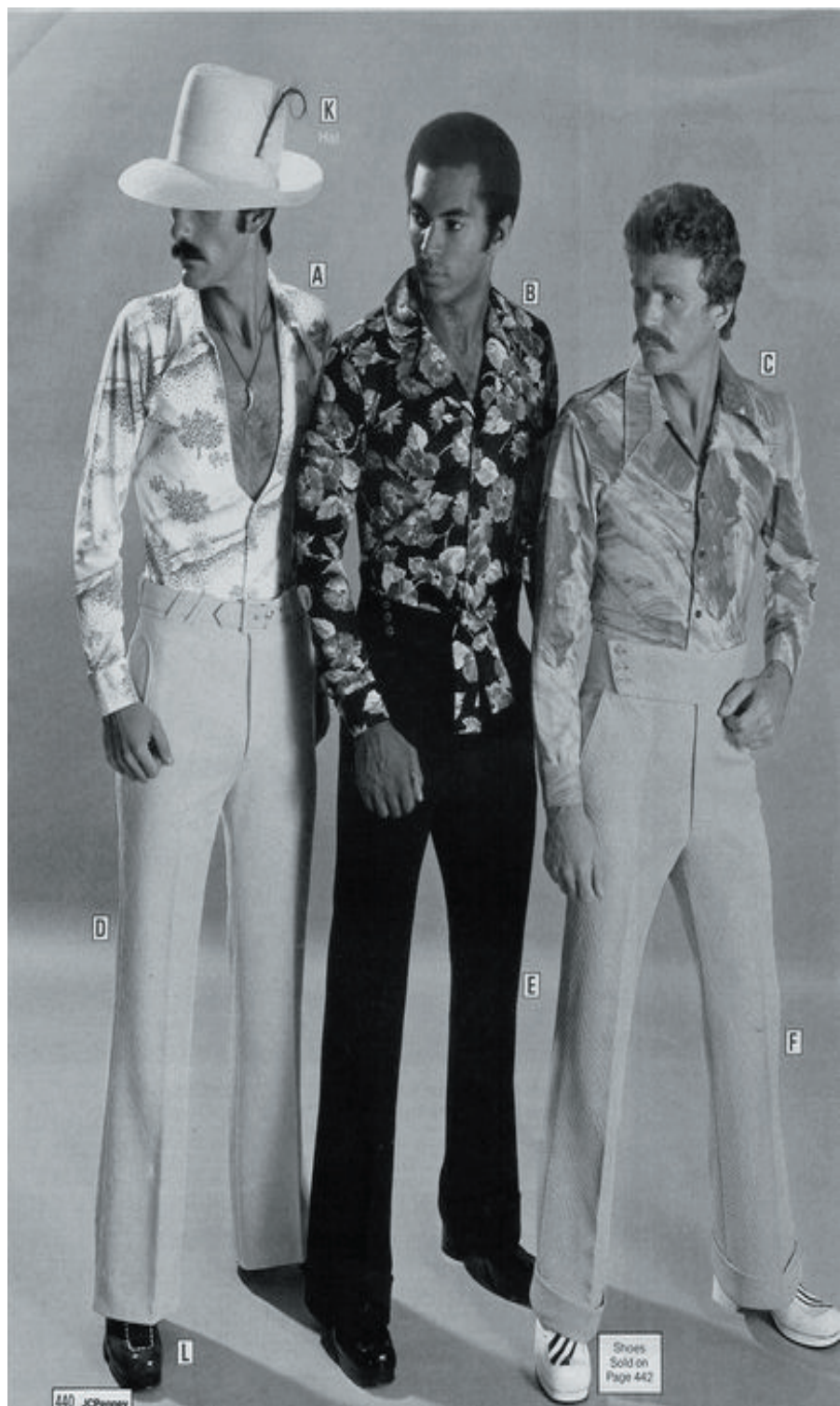


Issue #10

**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, go to **www.savethecrumbs.com** for online versions of every issue.

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An announcement from the editor of *Save the Crumbs*:

Hello loyal readers. We appreciate you reading and supporting our publication. Because *Save the Crumbs* is published without any financial help from advertising, we aren't always able to afford to produce an endless supply of copies. Also, after you take into account the amount of people who took this issue and used it as a coaster, scratch paper, napkin, origami material, what have you, there must be a few people out there who actually wanted a copy of this issue for their very own to love and cherish, but weren't able to find one. Which brings me to the exciting announcement...

Save the Crumbs now has a new, online presence! Like so many kids these days, we were relying solely on our MySpace page to get the word out in the cyber world. We still have our MySpace page (www.myspace.com/savethecrumbs) where you can leave comments and questions for us, but we now have our own website as well! You can now visit www.savethecrumbs.com. It's pretty basic and still in the works, but every issue of the 'zine can be found there. Be sure to check it out and relive all your favorite moments. Thanks again...



By Joe Eggen

From the Angry Desk of Juston Cline...

Dear Everybody,

What the hell is the deal? All right, so I've been riding motorcycle most of my life. I got my first motorcycle for Christmas when I was five. So to me, riding is "ridin'." It's just a part of my life. So, what I can't figure out is, what's with all the segregation and exploitation of motorcycling? I mean, I understand that it's probably one of the coolest things ever, but is it really necessary to buy a bike, then proceed to purchase 17 shirts, eight pairs of pants, and three pairs boots and matching earrings and skull caps and stickers to put on your oversized truck that you don't haul anything in and drive all by yourself for 20 minutes to and from work everyday? All of which (including the truck) are the same brand name as the motorcycle you just purchased. I just don't get it!

And then there's the guy who wants to stay in "Dockers land" and purchase himself a thirty-thousand dollar Cadillac on two wheels with a CD player, heated seats, heated hand grips, 30 gallons worth of storage space, on-board communication devices, GPS-navigation, and airbags, so he can drive it through town, swerving from side to side, blaring Cyndi Lauper's "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" with a big-ass grin on his face as he almost eats it in a pot hole. Man, I really enjoyed watching that... but that's another story all together.

What I'm getting at here is that it seems like motorcycling is no longer done because you love it. I'm sure it is, but in much smaller circles these days. It seems most people are interested in motorcycling to gain something, such as an image, a reputation, a following, respect; the list goes on and on. These are all things I feel you must obtain, earn or disregard on your own, with or without the motorcycle. As with all things in life, do it because you're passionate about it, not because you want something out of it. If you own a motorcycle, take a trip by yourself. Not to the nearest bar, but to a mysterious destination. Get to know yourself and your bike. I find that things are much more fulfilling that way.

Your Friend,
Juston

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

This month... **Racism**

Racism exists in Mankato. If you don't believe me, head to Wal-Mart. See, I reside in one of the more diverse neighborhoods in Mankato, Hilltop Lane Apartments, where living in harmony with people of different ethnicities and nationalities is as easy as breathing. A couple weeks ago, I made the grave mistake of riding my bike to Wal-Mart to buy some sweet, sweet cereal. On my way out of the megastore, I saw a young white man with a shaved head. My first thought: racist skinhead. But then I caught myself. Being born white, shaving your head and stalking the aisles of Wal-Mart doesn't make you racist. (If it did, we'd all be in serious trouble.) It was unfair and racist of me, in its own weird kind of way, to make the assumption. Oh, but then I noticed he was wearing a black hoodie with white power embroidered on it. Fine. Racist.



Now, we all have our prejudices. Mine are female/Iowan drivers and non-traditional students. I'm not proud of this, but my point is that other than this article and certain friends, I keep my thoughts to myself because I know they're stupid. This chucklehead seemed to have forgotten the Civil Rights Movement and the fact that he was hundreds of miles north of the Mason-Dixon line (okay, there's another prejudice.)

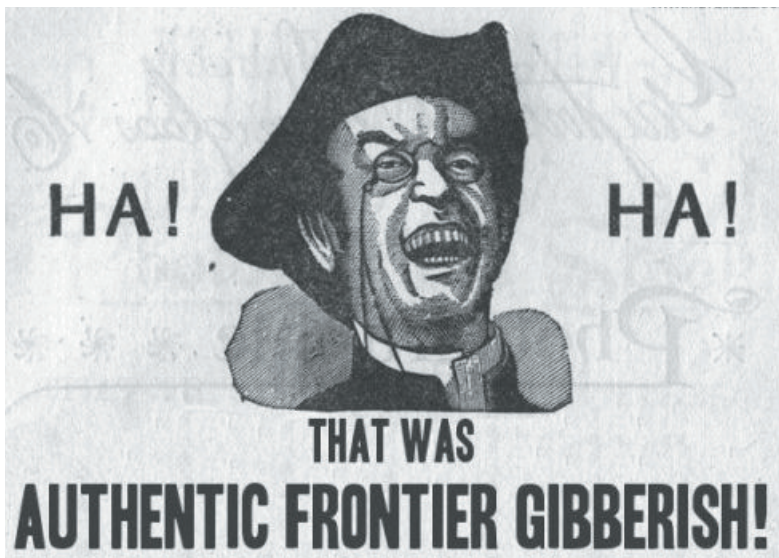
When Vikings' training camp rolled into town this year, I came to the conclusion that since racism exists, you might as well work it to your advantage. For example, some people make the generalization that Latino people all have strong family ties. This is positive, but it's still racist. African Americans have great rhythm. Racist, but nice. All Asian people know some style of martial arts. Great, but wrong. I was at Perkins one night and an African-American man stood at the counter, signing autographs. I assumed he was a Viking, but then another thought crossed my mind: What if he banked on the fact that some stupid, late-night manager would assume that since he was black and built, he was also a professional athlete? Probably got a free meal out of it.

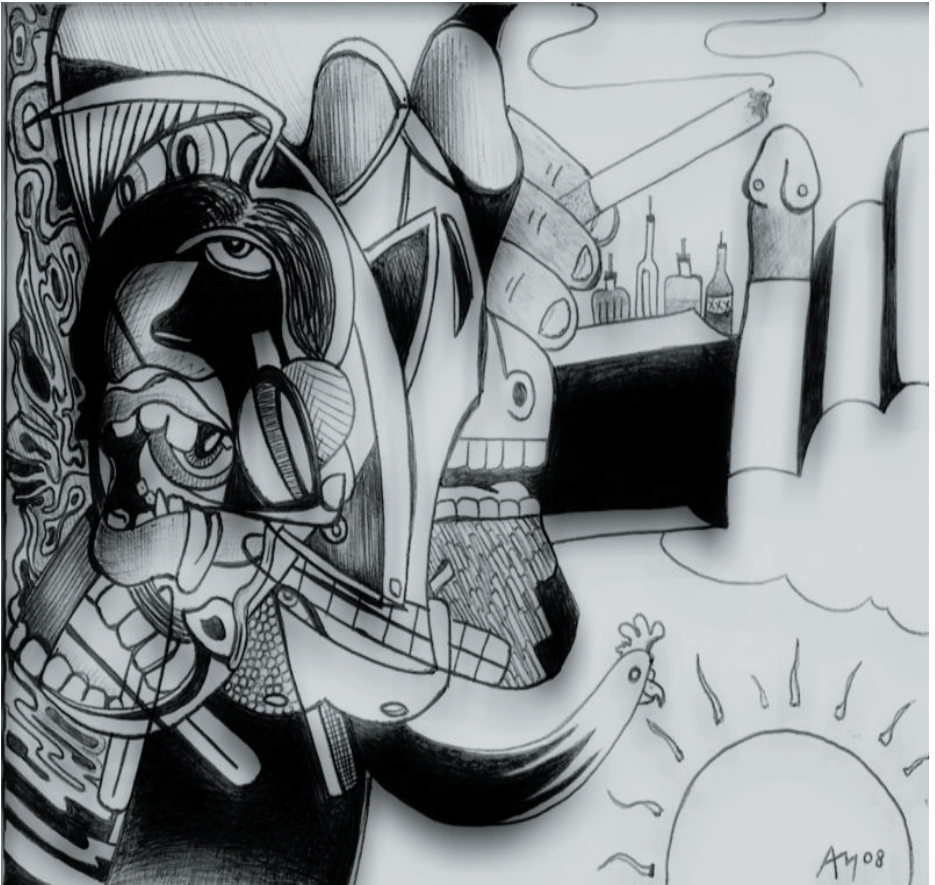
There's so little diversity in Mankato that it's hard to blame people for making this mistake, but it's still a racist assumption that I feel every African-American man should exploit. Just get a roster, find a rookie's name, work out a little in the off-season and run with it. Free food and drink will rain from the heavens. Women can work it, too. Just play the role of a player's wife (Viking girlfriends aren't going to get any breaks, but that's another article in itself.) If people are racist and stupid, you might as well take advantage of them, because let's face it, most of the time the attention they pay to race is negative. Whether it be profiling, exclusion or name-calling, and unfortunately, with all the Wal-Mart skinheads and small-town buffoons, Vikings' training camp may be the only good time to be black in Mankato.

HANDCUFFING LIBERTY

BY JAMES TYSON

In viewing the RNC protest/arrest footage posted on youtube.com (some of which ended in a styling all too reminiscent of 2004's *Dawn of the Dead* ending) I can't help but wonder if maybe the police force got a "wee bit" carried away. They arrested journalists, responded forcefully to any objection, and then there's the news that some protesters are being charged with "conspiracy to riot in furtherance of terrorism." Defending civil liberties is terrorism? Yes. Blocking a bit of traffic is the same thing as widespread death and destruction. When they use the word "terrorism" in this fashion, it makes it harder to take the word seriously anymore. Why not just call them "commies" and drag them before that House Un-American Activities Committee? The charges were trumped up and if a single one of them serves a prison sentence, it would only prove what they were there to protest in the first place. We have to ask ourselves who is using the terrorist tactics here. Is it the group of people networking and encouraging people to use their freedom of speech or is it the group of people armed with assault rifles, concussion grenades, chemical weapons and full riot gear trying to scare people into silence?





“One Night Stand” by Andrew M. McLean

On Coffee Infused Piss

by Christopher Glazer

All right, excuse me if this is wrong, but I love it when you drink yourself three or four cups of coffee in the morning and it gets your urine in a stinky frenzy.

The greatest thing is finding a good wall of urinals in the bathroom with a lot of blokes pissing at once. Then follow these simple steps:

Step 1. Unzip your pants and extricate that pathetic wanker from your skivvies.

Step 2. Commence the pissing or jigglng or do both at the same time.

Step 3. Out of the corner of your pretty eyes watch the poor sap/saps next to you crinkle his/their noses in horror as your oderific pissed-infested scent intoxicates the filthy bathroom atmosphere

Step 4. Shake incessantly - like your playing with it while watching your favorite Vivid Video production.

Step 5. (Optional) While shaking, toss your unit to the left and to the right and discreetly splash the few remaining drops on the Hollister jeans standing on either side of you. This is optional of course, but if you're the kind of asshole who thinks it's funny to dribble pee pee on others, go for it. You might feel a large smile growing in your chest, right next to your heart.

Step 6. Put him away, zip up carefully, and try not to catch any of those prickled pubes in the toothed metal monster on the front of your slacks.

Step 7. Don't flush - and pray that it isn't one of those automatic flushing toilets. You need to do this step so the next character that uses the latrine gets the full blown experience of your coffee-bean infected whiz.

Step 8. WASH YOUR FUCKING HANDS YOU DIRTY FUCK!!!!

Seriously, I Thought It Was About Pajamas

by Sarah Turbes

People I've know in the present and in the past have suggested that you shouldn't listen to Bob Marley, let alone reggae, after you are 30. Perhaps it's because Marley is most often associated with teenage populations, full-size wall posters, tapestries, tie-dyed shirts, clueless/carefree/unemployed/"poser" people, and of course, that stuff you smoke. It seems that those who enjoy Marley don't just enjoy him, they consume him. Every quadrant of their private and public spheres advertise Marley and the Wailers. Bumper stickers, incense packaging, clothing, even MySpace wallpaper. Kind of like the commercialization of Che. Do many people know that his pre-Che days name is Ernesto? Kind of like the Elvis/Marilyn Monroe wine. Is it really good? I haven't a clue. Can't you just say, "Yeah, I like Bob Marley?" Or in *Office Space* when one of the Bobs explains that he celebrates Michael Bolton's entire collection. That's okay.

All of this leads me to my point. I'm 30 and I like Bob Marley. There, I said it. I don't like him because I was a pot smoking, tie-dye wearing high schooler. I don't like him because all the boys I thought were secretly cute did. And I don't like him because he's over-commercialized and some how got into my conscious.

I enjoy him because I was once three or four. I used to think "Jammin'" was about pajamas. I hear "Stir It Up" and I'm immediately transported to our little house by the train tracks, listening to a record on my dad's really nice stereo system (a prized possession of his that he still takes care of.) My mom is holding me and slightly swaying. In her late twenties, her long hair and clothes absorb a perfume from a brown bottle that is long gone and has never been duplicated, but the scent is still ingrained somewhere inside of me. Yes, I suppose my parents exhibited "hippie" traits, but they were clean (both hygienically and drug-free) and didn't need to advertise their appreciation for musical artists. I am reminded

of a time when my parents were the most influential people in my life and seemed to exhibit ageless, carefree traits. This was all right before the split up and right before my life became duplicated.

In junior high and high school, when people I knew were listening to Marley, I was “over that.” Kind of a “been there, done that.” In seventh grade, we had to give reports on a musician. This was pre-mainstream Internet days so our library was limited on musical information. I did my report on Bob Marley and the Wailers and accompanied it with clips from a documentary my dad owned. No one knew what I was talking about except for the kid who did his report on Eric Clapton and also had an older brother. After that, the only time I listened to Marley was when my little brothers were about three and four, also thinking the song was about pajamas.

I had no time for music from my childhood. Neil Young? Dylan? phhsssh... I went to the punk shows. I listened to sad music (but not emo.) I listened to The Clash and The Replacements, which I later found out my dad had albums of when he lived separately from us, but I don't remember those records. Guess it wasn't quite the same.

As an adult, I'm not ashamed to say what kind of music I like. Of course, I like to say from time to time that I have something on vinyl or I had that BEFORE it was re-issued. But really, everyone has that secret/guilty music pleasure. I couldn't listen to Marley and the Wailers everyday, but today while I was sitting at my work computer and shuffled up my music library, I heard “Three Little Birds” which lead me to all of these thoughts. I felt better. With all of the weird transitions in my life, the crying, the laughing to prevent the crying, all of that seemed to be temporarily healed. We always know when my dad is stressed out or sad because we hear music, from my childhood, through the vents that lead down to the basement.

Because I'm 30, I'm not worried about liking what I like. I also don't think it makes me pathetic, immature, or like every body else. It just reminds me of a time when I didn't worry about being grown up. My fears were limited to the creepy space guys on *Sesame Street* and shows like *The Bloodhound Gang* and *Scooby Doo*. My relationships were straight forward and uncomplicated. And I “thanked God for” Jesus, cookies, and Annie bedroom sets.

Strange Films for Strange People

by Dustin Wilmes

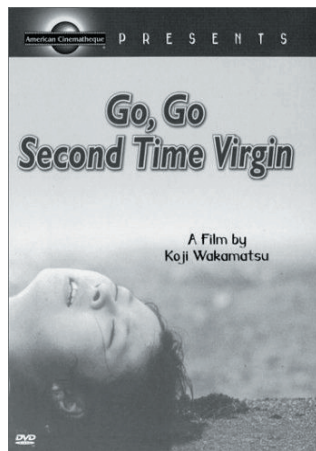
Weekend, the 1967 film by famed French director Jean-Luc Godard, is definitely strange. If there's such a thing as an "anti-movie" then this film wrote the blueprints. It begins with a seedy Parisian couple taking a less than idyllic drive through the country. On the way, they encounter a carjacker who thinks he's God, a pianist playing Mozart on a farm, several people reading aloud and speaking directly to the camera, and a violent traffic jam, shown in one continuous tracking-shot that lasts nearly eight minutes. The film ends with the couple killing the woman's mother and then being abducted by cannibals. Most people may find this film to be confusing and obnoxious. I think that's part of its charm.



Alejandro Jodorowsky's *Santa Sangre* is another film that left me wondering "what just happened" after I watched it. It's the story of a man named Fenix, who grew up in a circus owned by his knife throwing father, Orgo. As a child, Fenix witnessed his father cut off the arms of his mother, Concha, and then commit suicide. The film skips ahead several years to find Fenix in an asylum. He escapes to reunite with his armless, fanatical mother to star in a Vaudeville-style lounge act where he stands behind his mother and acts as her arms. Eventually, Concha decides to go on a killing spree (which seems

to be the logical progression of things) using her son's arms to do her dirty work. Throw in a deaf-mute mime sidekick, a cross-dressing wrestler, and a scene with hungry villagers eating a dead elephant, and you've got a classic case of "what the shit?"

Koji Wakamatsu's 1969 film *Go, Go, Second Time Virgin* (*Yuke yuke nidome no shoujo*) is a bleak, depressing, perverse, and fascinating look into the lives of two tormented teenagers. The film opens



with a teenage girl named Poppo being raped by four boys on the rooftop of an apartment as another teenage boy, Tsukio, looks on. Poppo and Tsukio develop a friendship over the next few days as they discuss the various instances of sexual abuse they have endured (complete with flashbacks.) During the discussions, Poppo repeatedly begs Tsukio to kill her. He vehemently refuses, but has no trouble curb-stomping the gang and their girlfriends when they return for another assault. The film ends when the two decide to romantically jump off the roof to their deaths. This film is definitely not for everyone, but it's obvious that filmmakers like Takashi Miike are into it.

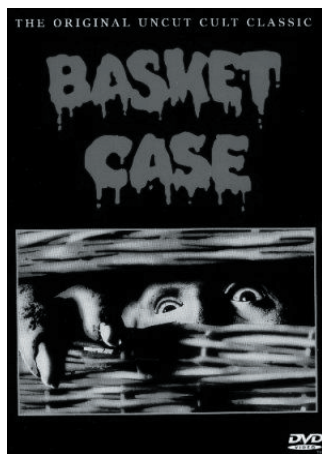


In my opinion, when it comes to “what the hell?” films, Werner Herzog’s *Even Dwarfs Started Small* wins first prize. This German film from 1970 (also known as *Auch Zwerge haben klein angefangen*) is the first film since the 1938 *Western Terror of Tiny Town* to be comprised entirely of dwarf actors. The premise is similar to *Girls Gone Wild*, except instead of drunken college girls spilling their drinks and losing their tops, you have dwarfs escaping from an institution and running amuck. Whilst amuck, they kill a giant pig, set things on fire, stage cockfights, break dishes, partake in food fights, and crucify a monkey. The film is beautifully shot and strangely humorous, yet disturbing and uncomfortable at the

same time. Herzog is even joined by Crispin Glover on the commentary for the DVD release. It doesn’t get more bizarre than that.

When it comes to writing half-assed reviews about obscure films in hopes of convincing people you’re hip, there’s no question that you have to add the 1983 film *Basket Case* to the list. On paper, this film seems like your typical buddy picture, focusing on the hilarious adventures of Dwayne Bradley and his brother, Belial. It’s almost like that old TV show *Perfect Strangers*, except that Belial is Dwayne’s formally conjoined, disgustingly-malformed Siamese-twin (a head with arms) that he carries around in a wicker basket.

Angry at being separated against his will, Belial telepathically controls Dwayne to help him kill people, including the doctors who performed the surgery. It’s a shame ABC didn’t adapt this for their *TGIF* line-up. It’s way funnier than anything Balki ever did.



To Be Exposed

by Sarah Hinton

Oh, the longing, the yearning, the painful truths.

My head is throbbing.

My limbs feel as though they are quaking.

I feel a shudder run through out my chilled body.

My muscles ache,

Every bone with in my skin sighs at the dreams.

My eyes, they burn with the light.

Their lids are so heavy, so swollen with out sleep.

A cigarette might help, might calm my jumping nerves.

That I want, but it is not what I need,

I need simply to sleep,

To go down to those drudges of dark rich slumber.

To lose reality, persecution, and hate,

To lose the world and perhaps find myself in a dream.

I long and ache for myself, for all of the distractions,

The fights, the hurts, the problems to melt away,

If only for just a second, a moment in time.

For if it does, perhaps I could find myself,

Naked and exposed.

Real now that all of the perversions are gone.

Oh, but the freedom of it all!

To only be myself,

To not worry about others, or life, or feelings,

To only just be. I'm so exhausted,

The fear never ending, much less the pretending.

I would but see myself,

Alone, and perfect in my own way.

I would but sleep, and see myself as I am.

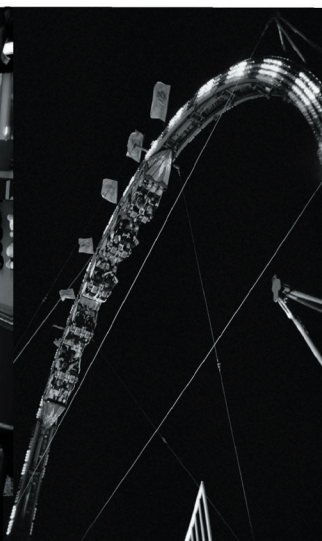
Exposed.



A gut stuck
beneathe a dragon Tshirt
shuffles by.
Chuck Berry is strung up
on the free stage
slaughtered by the Plaster Sisters.
Tattooed limbs clutch
an inflated Skooby-Doo.
And the ash trees
buzz - an august orchestra -
cicadas.



I'll bet her baby stroller costs more than my car.



by John Maiers

I stood on

Big Al,

he stood

on a

Tree,

then a

little

bird

swooped

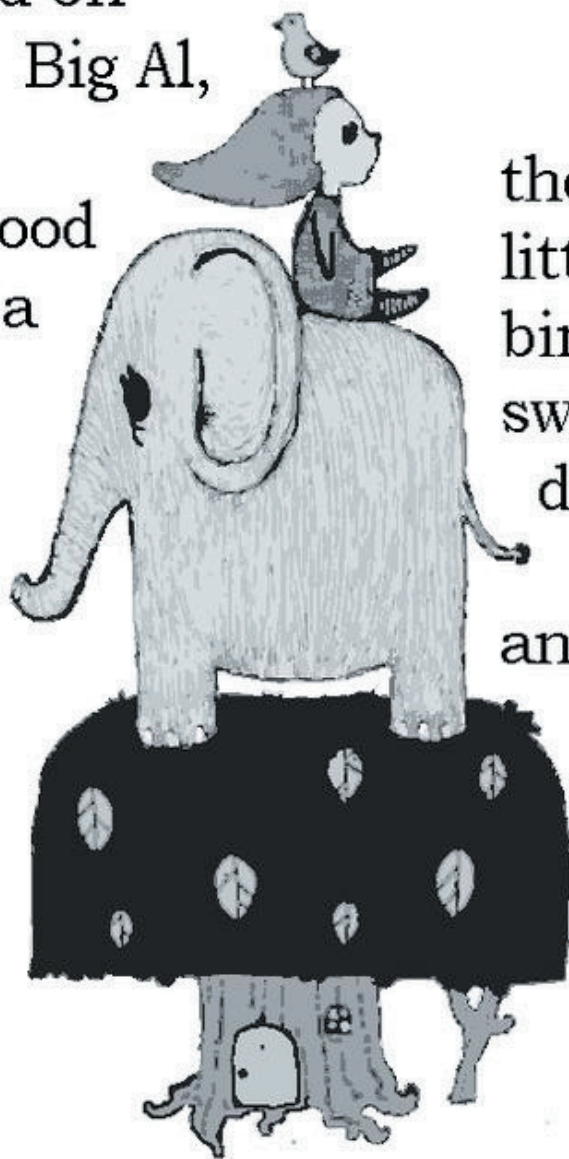
down,

and he

stood

on

me!



"I Tried To See You But They Wouldn't Let Me"
by Windy Schultz

My Foolish Heart

By Monika Antonelli

My foolish heart was made to love.

It loves and is broken.

It grieves.

It is vulnerable and exposed.

It loves through the pain.

My tears wash my heart clean.

I am my foolish heart.

I open myself to the world.

I open my heart to the Fool within,

The imperfect Fool,

The wounded Fool,

The innocent Fool,

The Fool inside us all.

I open my heart to Love.

My heart was broken and now is free,

To fly,

To spread its wings,

To embrace the world,

Sacredly.

A sacred love,

A love that knows no end,

A love grounded in Life.

Open to the day,

Open to the moment,

Open to its own beating, as it soars in the power of its Love.

To transcend the wounds, the pettiness,

To see the world as it really is,

Perfect

Struggling to embrace its perfection.

My wild heart is free to love.

It is untamed.

It does not love wisely.

It loves freely.



Photos:

Above: “Mine” by Juston Cline

Below: “Crossing the Road” by Ashley Birk





Photos:

Above: “The Entry of Black and White” by Kelsey Allore

Below: “We *Oar* Having Fun” by Michaela Pelz



