

Save The Crumbs

A black and white photograph of a tall, textured building facade. A utility pole with wires is on the left. A brick wall is in the foreground at the bottom right. The title 'Save The Crumbs' is at the top, and 'Issue #11' is at the bottom right.

Issue #11



**ARSENIO
HALL**

Cover Photo: "Prairie Skyscrapers" by John Maiers

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."

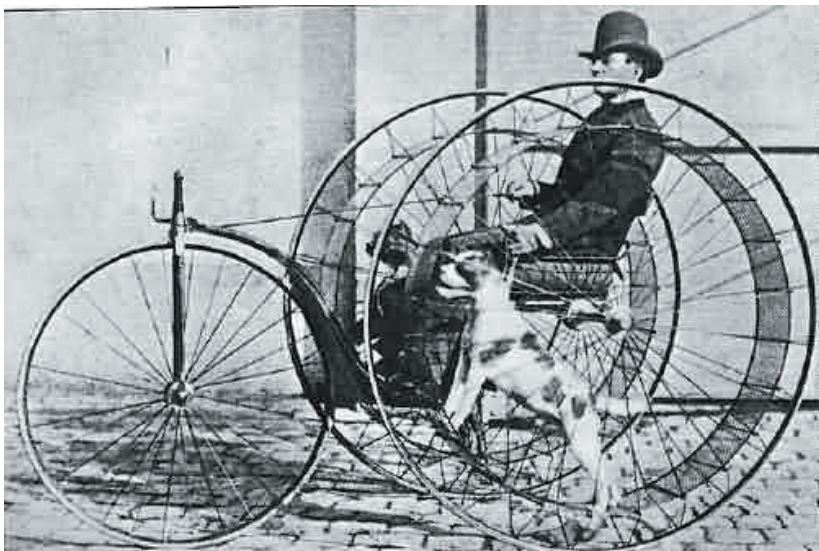
So, grab a copy of this thing and show it to your friends. Lend it to people. Make copies of it at your place of employment. Get the word out. Be inspired. Make your own 'zine!

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

This month... **Video Games**

I have a recommendation for all you violent video game programmers who have parents and watchdog groups nipping at your heels because your latest 1st person shooter *supposedly* inspired some degenerate punks to go ballistic on innocent bystanders. If you want to quiet everyone, you have to compromise. See, the problem with these videogames is that the violence doesn't have real-world consequences. That's why they're games. I know. I know. But as games evolve (in Grand Theft Auto Liberty City you can enjoy a couple frames of bowling in-between killing sprees), why not have games that employ realistic characteristics when it comes to violence?



Every character should only get one life. When I try to jump from one cliff ledge to another, or shoot my way out of a drug-deal-gone-bad, I've only got one shot. Games fall short. They let you try over and over again. If you want realism, extra lives and continues have to go. When you die, the screen goes black and you're locked out of the game. This may seem awful at first, but if people can only play each game once, think of how many games you'll sell. The gamers who conquer these games will become real-life heroes like Rambo or George W Bush, and the ones that die will be ignored just like real-live dead people. And with such serious consequences, how could any right-minded person be inspired to go on a shooting rampage?

Your characters should also have to eat, sleep, change clothes, poop and pee, just like most of the rest of us. Nature calls when it calls, even in the middle of an intergalactic spaceship fight. So, if the pee-meter reads yellow, you're going to have to bolt to the nearest port-a-potty. Also, the real-time sleep section of the game would allow hardcore gamers time to rest along with their characters. In the past couple of years, there have been a handful of deaths attributed to nonstop gaming.

But wait, maybe this is all wrong. Not only have gaming deaths been attributed to exhaustion, gamers have committed suicide over character fatalities. Maybe the problem isn't that the games aren't real enough, maybe the problem is that they are becoming too real. Why live your own mediocre life when you can live as a battle-elf? It's a hard question to answer, I know, but maybe if the games were more like the games of my youth (Mario, Sonic) we wouldn't have so much videogame related violence. How many times have you seen someone running down the street jumping on people's heads, eating mushrooms and climbing into sewers? Okay, maybe that's not the greatest example, but the point is that gaming should be just that, a game.

Well, programmers, I suppose I haven't helped you at all. You'll just have to go back to forfeiting all moral responsibility by only blaming bad parenting for videogame related violence. Good Luck...

From the Angry Desk of Juston Cline...

Dear Everybody,

What is the deal? Doesn't anyone think anymore? I mean really, who are all these people with opinions on everything who feel like it's their duty to share/press them on the rest of the world? And worse yet, who are all these people who listen and read and buy into this crap just cause it's on TV or in a paper or a magazine. "Well, he must know what he's talking about. Someone thinks it's worthy of the ink on the page."

How can people be so ignorant and blind? I don't know. Maybe I'm just young and dumb. Maybe I don't get how the world works. It just feels like too many people are running around in some kind of mass-media daze, just doing as they've been instructed. Buy this, read this, go here, do that. Doesn't anyone think for themselves? I mean really, you're reading this now. Why?

'Cause you thought it would be interesting? 'Cause I so cleverly put some short, impacting sentences in the beginning to entice you to read on? You thought, "Ooooooh! Contradictory! Let's see what this guy has to say." Only to find it's nothing but an opinion cast by some normal, average guy who is usually interpreted as being angry all the time. Actually I'm a nice guy who is just confused by the rest of the world.

I'm not trying to tell anyone how to think or be or what to buy or where to go. Rather, just asking that people start asking themselves questions the next time they find themselves doing something. Anything! Why? Why am I buying another Hollister shirt to go with my other 17? Why am I driving a suburban by myself everyday back and forth to work? Why do I watch five-plus hours of TV everyday? Why, why, why? You might be surprised at the answers you give yourself. Hopefully it will spawn other fun questions like, "why the hell are we disowning Pluto?" or "why the hell do I believe every damn word that comes from Oprah's mouth?"

Your Friend,
Juston

'Tis the Season: A Music Lover's Holiday Gift Guide

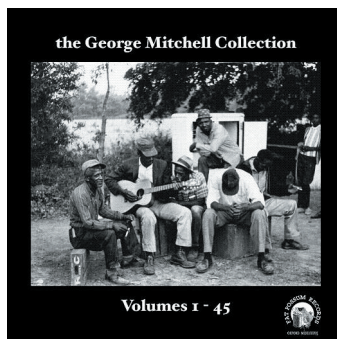
by "Dangerous" Davis Perron

As the holiday season is now upon us, it's time to start readying ourselves for that time-honored tradition of making the wish list. For some of the Crumbs readership this may still involve the extensive perusing and highlighting of the holiday catalogs, later to be rank ordered and mailed off to old White Beard himself. More likely, though, this list is a few items scribbled down on the fly when pressed by a parent or in-law. So to help reduce the glut of gift cards and tube socks that are inevitable under these circumstances, I've decided to assemble a few noteworthy items for those music fans out there to consider when put on the spot.

The George Mitchell Collection (Fat Possum Records) box set, which features 45 artists spread over seven CDs, is a veritable treasure trove for blues-enthusiasts out there. Like Alan Lomax or Art Rosenbaum, George Mitchell was a fellow field recorder and scholar, who turned his field recording experiences in Mississippi during the late sixties into a master's thesis while attending the University of Minnesota. The bulk of the material in this collection is culled from this time period and features the first recordings made by R.L. Burnside, along with other notables such as Othar Turner, Sleepy John Estes, Fred McDowell, and Big Joe Williams, mixed amongst other lesser known regional artists. Despite being field recordings, this collection has a surprisingly clean and intimate sound quality. At a retail price of around \$45, it's quite a bargain when you break it down per disc. (www.fatpossum.com)

Ba Da Bing Records, in collaboration with Jagjaguwar Records, have recently reissued the first two albums by **The Dead C**. Originally released back in the mid-to-late eighties on the venerable Flying Nun label, ***DR503*** and ***Eusa Kills*** have remained out-of-print for quite some time. These vinyl-only reissues come housed in gorgeous, heavy gatefold jackets and each come with an additional 12" EP of equally rare material from the corresponding sessions. For those who enjoy the eerie clang of Sonic Youth in their first decade or the current crop of noiseniks proliferating the rock underground, this is something you may want to check out. (www.scdistribution.com)

Yes, I did just mention a vinyl-only release. While the MP3 seems to be the preferred means of obtaining and listening to music for a younger generation, there is clearly a growing interest in vinyl as evidenced by the current LP reissue



campaigns by major labels and such indie stalwarts as Merge, Touch and Go, and Drag City. Now is the perfect time to get that turntable you have always wanted. I'd say to hit up every second hand store in a 100-mile radius, but I can't imagine your mother-in-law, who is more apt to purchase you a tin of assorted flavored popcorn, is going to invest that much time and energy. I'd say have her check out the Minneapolis-based Needle Doctor website (www.needledoctor.com) for every turntable imaginable. For those raised in the digital-era, but with an analog soul, you may want to start with one of the **Ion USB Turntables** that are reasonably priced and still keep you connected to your beloved iPod.

While you're busy compressing those grooves, I'd suggest reading the book ***Playback: From The Victrola To MP3, 100 Years of Music, Machines, and Money*** (Da Capo Press) by Mark Coleman. This offers an interesting history of recorded music as viewed through the advancement of technology. Here's a Thomas Edison quote to ponder: "I shall yet put before the world a phonograph that will render whole operas better than the singers themselves could sing. . . I can record the voices better than any person in a theater can hear them." Turns out, Edison was the P. Diddy of the Industrial-era. Another book I recently spied on the shelves of our local bookseller was a paperback version of ***The Encyclopedia of Punk*** (Sterling) by Brian Cogan. I can't speak assuredly as to the information provided, but from a strictly visual standpoint it's pretty impressive.



For those who like their folk stylings served with a large dose of ambient dream-drift, it would be worthwhile to jot down the double CD ***The Dance of the Moon and the Sun*** by the mysterious French duo, **Natural Snow Buildings**. With a running time of over two and a half hours, there is a lot to digest here. NSB move effortlessly between more traditional folk song structures into more grandly cinematic soundscapes. This is the perfect album to get you through those long winter months. Oddly enough, there is even a song entitled "Wisconsin". (www.studentsofdecay.com)

For the hip-hop heads, remember the name **The Mighty Underdogs**, which is a collaboration between Blackalicious's Gift of Gab, Lateef the Truth Speaker, and producer Headnodic. Their new CD ***Droppin' Science Fiction*** is an entertaining listen, filled with lyrics with plenty of visual imagery and delivered with some serious verbal dexterity. Never thought I would hear an excerpt of Bill Murray from *Stripes* on a hip-hop album. Also features contributions by DJ Shadow, Mr. Lif, Damian Marley, and Lyrics Born. (www.definitivejux.net)



When the Memories Outlast the Friendships: Childhood Best Friends

by Sarah Turbes

Recently, I house sat for a woman who told me that her son, who is a couple years older than me, has kept most of his childhood possessions like t-shirts, toys and even friends. This has made me think about my own friends from childhood, especially three significant friends that I acquired in my toddler years. And while each friendship was genuine and seemed to have the potential to last a lifetime, I would most likely fail a “How Well Do You Know Me?” quiz for each person.

Nicole was my earliest friend. In fact, we were “friends” before either of us entered the world. Our mothers were good friends and were expecting us around the same date in August. I was born two months earlier than Nicole, but we probably ended up being about the same size when she was born and I was well into my second month of life. We were raised similarly, our mothers being the make-your-own-clothing, co-op shopping women. Our big “treat” was Colby Jack cheese, the white and orange combo, rather than just cheddar.

The biggest differences between Nicole and I was that every summer she had an amazing tan while I got sunburned, she was shorter, and she had more material possessions than I did (such as Barbie dolls and other toys my mom decided I could live without...and I did). Our shared passions, at the age of 4, were Strawberry Shortcake, E.T., and Annie. I remember going to the library on several occasions and checking out the soundtrack to “Annie”, on vinyl. We would act out “Annie” and sing along to all of the songs, all the while fighting about who would get to play Annie. Many times I was stuck playing Pepper, the mean and ugly girl, because I was taller. Nicole got to be Annie or little, whiny Molly most of the time. Because I was easily controlled in most of my friendships, I didn’t give up much of a fight. Our friendship was similar to that of siblings, maybe even twins. Because we went to different schools, we were weekend and summertime friends and while we each had other friends, I was sure that we’d be friends forever.

In sixth grade, right before the highly anticipated/dreaded junior high, Nicole informed me that although we were going to be attending the same school, we would not be hanging out much anymore. I still remember that sucker punch feeling in my stomach and how I sort of went along with it because I was too hurt to fight for a friendship that was clearly no longer

mutual. Every now and then, Nicole would stop by and say “hi” while walking around the neighborhood with one of her “cool” friends, but it was never the same after she had decided I wasn’t worth her time. It wasn’t until our senior year of high school, when we had some classes together and she had swapped her semi-superior attitude for a bohemian wardrobe and celebrated the kindness found in lyrics of Grateful Dead songs, that we sort of connected again. By that time, I had forgiven her and we wished each other the best in finding our way into the world. I think she ended up on the west coast somewhere.

I can’t remember who comes next in the “oldest friend” category, but it is either Eric or Molly. Eric and I became friends when we were two or three, when our mothers connected over liberal politics and knitting. We often had matching accessories, such as green hooded sweatshirts, canvas shoes from the dime store, and green hockey helmets, which doubled as bicycle helmets. In a sense, we were like the Wonder Twins and while we didn’t activate into a form of water and an animal, we would have if given the opportunity. One of the best things about our friendship was that I learned how to play “like a boy” (yes, I’m gender stereotyping here). We played Mad Scientist in the basement by putting Masters of the Universe figurines in the dryer. I played Princess Leia to his Luke Skywalker. We ate our popcorn out of a big bowl while imitating baby goats. We feared the next door neighbor, Harvey, and taunted a man we liked to call “Rudy”. Our friendship was effortless and special because he was the only boy in my life and I was the only girl in his.

However, like many good things in childhood, something happens that affects one enough to recall it twenty years later. When Eric turned 7 or 8, I was invited to his birthday party. Like other birthdays of the past, I had assumed that I was going to be the only girl and would eventually end up sitting quietly near his mother, too shy to play with the other rowdy boys, but this time there was another girl at the party. I remember it clearly because it was one of the first times in my life that I experienced the mixture of rejection, jealousy, and deception. Being a sensitive child, I’m sure that it felt more traumatic than it really was, but I had realized that our friendship was no longer the same, no longer exclusive.

Soon after, Eric moved to South Dakota and we saw each other less frequently. When we would go for a visit, it was easy to fall back into our friendship, but action figures were replaced by heavy metal posters, a drum kit, and Mad magazines. When Eric’s parents split up, our friendship, already dwindling, was pretty much over. He became a surly teenage boy and one of the last times I remember visiting, I spent most of the time hanging out with his younger sister. Little did I know at the time that Eric would be my last male best friend until I reached my early twenties. Like Nicole, Eric and I were raised similarly and because we had been so “in

Childhood Best Friends Cont'd...

tune” with one another, I’m still shocked that he joined the military and as far as I know, he is still an active participant. A couple of years ago, I was at a bar and saw a face, I recognized from my childhood, belonging to a handsome man. I was 98% sure that it was Eric, but I never had the courage to approach him because what would we talk about, He-Man?

I’m guessing that Molly and I met when we were 5 or so, but I don’t remember the initial meeting. She lived just around the corner, we went to the same grade school, and were inseparable. I remained friends with Nicole and Eric during this time, but the convenience of having a friend who felt like a mirror image of me was comforting and an ideal circumstance for having another best friend. Molly was my creative twin. We were weird and never felt alone or awkward about being weird because the other one was always around, always understanding. We used to try to fly off of her loft bed by filling garbage bags with air and flapping them quickly. We made anatomically correct snow people in her front yard. We shared custody of chameleons, who “mysteriously” disappeared, and took turns keeping a baby robin alive. She urged me to write to Shirley Temple, even when no one else knew who she was and we commiserated with one another when I never received a letter in response and she never received a letter from Bruce Springsteen. Or was it Huey Lewis?

But unfortunately, just like Nicole, there must have been something about entering junior high. Molly and I started our “falling out” in sixth grade when I had said something mean about her, someone tattled, and I basically got my ass kicked on the playground by my supposed best friend. We were both at fault and cried to one another on the phone a couple of days later, but things were starting to shift and I clearly wasn’t cool enough. Molly moved away sometime in junior high or high school, I don’t remember which. She was trying to find her place in life and kind of got messed up. We hung out occasionally during our early twenties, right before she got married. But like Nicole and Eric, the friendship lacked that genuine feeling and I have no idea where she is today. Everything felt awkward and too forced. Had I really been best friends with these people? How did we end up so differently? Why had I been loyal and didn’t insist on finding a “cooler” substitute?

Despite our differences which I can assume center around religion and politics, I would like to see my childhood friends again, given the chance. I often wonder, when coming across pictures of Halloween parties or best friends hugging, if they think about me and remember that I was a best friend, like a sister, a Wonder Twin.

Tom's Vomit

by John H. Maiers

The buzz was Tom had been in the shit, slogged through Nam's bush and shot at Charlie. The last time I saw him, he was anchored to a wheel chair, legs crippled by a bad habit of poking bad dope into a sore soul. More buzz. I never knew for sure. He sat a couple of rows up from us, my girlfriend and me, in an aisle half way into the theatre.

Tom's head was cocked toward the wide screen, his oily hair, pulled into a thin tail, hung over the backrest. We watched Linda Blair swivel her deformed face and head three-sixty, which knocked Patty from the edge of her seat to the back of her chair like a blast of from a shotgun. Then that little Linda B, that possessed princess of darkness, puked. A geyser of projectile puke. Patty heaved her guts onto the concrete floor a second later. I retched. Tom laughed. At first, just a chuckle of breath, then full-blown, all-out stomach-stoked yuks. The stench of Patty's vomit was intense - a putrid vapor that lingered among the musty walls and dark curtains and ripped seats, and got mixed up with the scent of popcorn. The hash we had smoked during the ride to town was coming on...and the movie dragged on in a cluster of over-the-shock-top images and sounds of weirdness that ate at my skin. I remember thinking, now I can smell it. The hash kept coming on...Tom tossed back his head.

I remember it all scared the shit out of me.

All those masses I served and all my days as an altar boy hadn't built me for this. And I remember thinking, either I get serious with Jesus, or get laughing with Tom.

I crawled past Patty and headed for the lobby to wolf a cigarette. Smoking didn't help. Nor did pacing. Or pissing. I splashed my face with cold water. I couldn't look at my face in the mirror.

Outside Tom turned his wheels down the sidewalk. Patty and I caught up. I needed a diversion, hoped he had a joint. I offered him a cigarette and asked him if he remembered that we had met at Stealer's farmhouse, at one of his parties. A small cross dangled from a gold chain draped around his neck. He lifted it, clinched it between his middle teeth, looked at Patty.

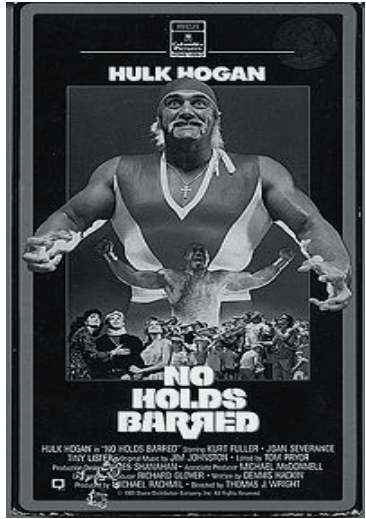
"Nothing's ever going to be the same now, man."

Tom wheeled into the Club Royale, the dingy strip joint one door from the corner. I grabbed Patty's hand and pulled her inside.

Big Boot to the Big Screen: The Films of Hulk Hogan

by Dustin Wilmes

Seven years after he starred as Thunderlips in *Rocky III*, Hulk Hogan leg-dropped the box office with *No Holds Barred*. In it, Hogan portrays Rip, a professional wrestler with a heart that's only rivaled by the size of his pythons. When he's not getting the 1-2-3 in the middle of the squared-circle and scoring major Nielsen ratings for the networks, Rip is busy helping local charities and posing for pictures with the kiddies. After an evil network executive from a rival station fails to sign Rip away (even calling him a "jock ass" didn't work), he hires an ex-con named Zeus (Tom "Tiny" Lister Jr.) to harass Rip and lure him into competing in his new "Battle of the Tough Guys" show. After Rip's brother Randy has an unfortunate run-in with Zeus and winds up crippled, Rip has no choice but to step in the ring. The only thing better than this film is the real matches involving Hogan and Zeus that were used to promote it in the WWF.



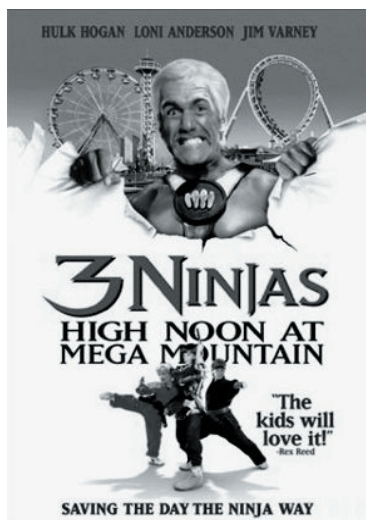
Who would've thought that when Danny DeVito and Arnold Schwarzenegger turned down a script for a film called *Urban Commando* to make *Twins*, Hulk Hogan would be there with the rebound to make *Suburban Commando*? In this classic piece of celluloid, Hulk plays an interstellar space-warrior named Shep Ramsey. After his spaceship breaks down and he's forced to land on Earth, Ramsey tries to "lay low" for a few weeks for some much needed rest and relaxation while he repairs his ship. While there, he winds up renting a spare room from Christopher Lloyd and Shelley Duvall. Ramsey spends his days

skateboarding, hanging out in arcades, and beating up mimes. The fun comes to an end however when intergalactic bounty hunters catch wind of Ramsey's vacation and beam down to Earth to rake in the space bucks and harass Ramsey's new family. It goes without saying that hilarious consequences ensue.

When talking about Hulk Hogan films (especially with the holidays approaching), it's only fitting that ***Santa with Muscles*** makes the list. Who knew that when the Hulkster ran wild on Christmas, he would make a film that makes *It's a Wonderful Life* seem like *Police Academy 6: City Under Siege*? (That film had nothing to do with Christmas, I know.) The film follows your basic Christmas-movie formula. Hogan plays a rich jerk who gets amnesia, thinks he's Santa Claus, and takes on evildoers in order to save an orphanage. If that isn't enough, half the cast of *That '70s Show* (the neighbor with the perm and the annoying but hot, bitchy girl) show up to add to the laughs. Even Garret Morris and Clint Howard make an appearance. And we all know that Hogan + Howard = Hilarious!



When star-studded films like ***3 Ninjas: High Noon at Mega Mountain*** can only domestically gross \$375,805, there's no sadder social commentary.



Besides the Hulkster's portrayal of retired TV star Dave Dragon, you have a terrorist (Loni Anderson) trying to take over an amusement park of all places. Her entourage of baddies includes the guy who played Ug in *Salute Your Shorts* and freakin' Ernest P. Worrell (Jim Varney) as the unfriendly Lothar Zogg. Throw in an appearance by Victor Wong (Egg Shen from John Carpenter's *Big Trouble in Little China* and any other film that needs an old, Chinese guy) and a three whiney kids beating up grown men with badly-choreographed karate, and you have a film that makes you wonder why they don't make 'em like they used to these days.

A Tribute to Breakin'

by Melissa Windom



I wish I had some friends named Turbo and Ozone, says she.

I bet my life would consist of killer beats and street dancing.

Voodoo magic would help me dance with a broom letting it levitate
above the ground.

An armband full of knives and a plan

I just wish he would stop wearing those jeans.

The ones that are so tight that his junk actually is stuck to the side
of his leg.

It looks gross and entirely painful.

Maybe marriage is not the place to go, gravitate to the moon.

LACKING

BY SARAH HINTON

I WANT A GOOD BOURBON LACED WITH LUST
BUT ALL YOU CAN OFFER ME IS A BITTER BEER MIXED WITH
SOME MELLOW DESIRE
I FIND YOU LACKING IN THE MOST BASEST WAYS
BUT THE BAR IS EMPTY
ITS JUST YOU AND ME
THE BAR MAID IS TURNING OFF THE NEON LIGHTS
CREATING THE PERFECT AMBIENCE FOR ME TO FORGET YOUR
FLAWS.
YOU ORDER ME ANOTHER OF THE BEERS, PALE IMITATION
OF WHAT I REALLY DESIRE.
AS YOU ARE NOTHING LIKE WHAT I WOULD OF CHOSEN.
BUT SHADED WINDOWS AND IMAGINATION CAN FIX WHAT
THE CURSED BEER DID NOT WIPE AWAY.



"THE FINGERS MAKE ME DO IT" BY ANDREW M. MCCLEAN



"Two Face" by Kendra Sundermeyer

On A Topic Such As This

By Dan Durdahl

**the world is corrupt. the people, corrupt.
the whole god-damn place is ready to blow.**

where is the light? where is the shining tower?

**the faces different hues, and slightly sized,
quite frankly we
look the same.**

**this land, and the people all move.
I move, they move, we –
freeze into different points of position;
we relish in yesterday and cling to our guise.**

**we fall forgotten, and rise in a frenzy, full
both wisdom and spite.
forward —**

and a friend dies.

and a new life awakens, encompassing.

**and the child cries, the world, and the people wake
as the ground softens to hear
a whisper.**

(the energy is alive.)

the beauty exists.



Photos:

Above: “Delicioso” by Juston Cline

Below: “Lost Art” by Sarah Turbes





Photos:

Above: "Booooooooooooo!" by Ashley Birk

Below: "Slave And King" by Dan Dahl



