

A black and white photograph of an elephant's head and trunk, looking slightly to the left. The elephant's trunk is thick and wrinkled, with a small tusk visible. In the background, a group of people is standing behind a fence, watching the elephant. The text "Issue #25" is overlaid in the top left corner in a stylized, blocky font with a jagged, distressed border.

Issue #25

**Save The
Crumbs**

Hello Readers,

First of all, we want to thank everyone who has helped us out over the years with submitting work, contributing financially, and helping spread the word about our 'zine. This issue marks our four-year anniversary of *Save the Crumbs*! Several 'zines have come and go over the last four years, but with the continued support from all our friends and readers, we have been able to stay afloat and offer a place for Mankato artists, writers, and photographers to showcase their work in the printed page.

With that being said, we need your continued support with upcoming issues. If you have some work you would like to submit, or know someone who does, please let us know at savethecrumbs@gmail.com. We are one of the few places in the area that the community is able to have their work published and distributed around town. Of course, we will give you full credit for your work and display it on our website, too. You can view every issue at www.savethecrumbs.com.

In addition to submitting your work, we are also in need of financial contributions. If you are able to donate \$5 or \$10 to help us with printing costs, it would really be a big help. Because we don't feature advertising in our 'zines, the cost of printing and distributing is paid for entirely by the "staff" of *Save the Crumbs* and the few kind people who donate to us. With your donation, we will credit you both in the 'zine and on the website for being a financial contributor. If you are interested in helping out financially, send us an email at savethecrumbs@gmail.com. We also have a Paypal button on our website.

If you have any ideas about fundraisers or benefits for *Save the Crumbs*, please let us know. Also, if you live outside of Mankato and/or would like to have *Save the Crumbs* mailed to your home, let us know that. You can take advantage of our mail-order subscription. For only \$10, we will mail a year's worth of 'zines (six issues) to your home. When you take advantage of our subscription offer, we will also credit you as a financial contributor. Pretty sweet deal, eh?

Again, thanks to everyone for your support over the years. For future issues, get your work to us now at savethecrumbs@gmail.com. Thanks in advance. In the meantime, help spread the word by suggesting us to your friends on Facebook and in real life, too. <3

Dustin Wilmes, Editor

Cover Photo by Ashley Birk

What You're Reading...

Save The Crumbs is an independent 'zine written, designed, assembled and distributed by a handful of people in Mankato. We started this publication because we felt the spirit of "do it yourself" was 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 corporate 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.

Also, don't forget to join us on Facebook and Twitter.

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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... **Sun Chips**

I am an empowered consumer. My choices have forced corporations to their knees, and have taken faulty products off of the shelves. In a time when corporate lobbyists bend the ears and wills of politicians toward the bottom line and away from the vox populi, and mass media inundates us with a barrage of

ads paid for by their own corporate parent companies, I have asserted my freedom to choose, and to buy those products that support my views and relate to the hard life I lead. I have refused to buy Sun Chips, because that new bag is really quite noisy.

I care about the environment as much as the next guy, but that new bag wasn't about the environment; it was just Frito Lay's desperate attempt at profiting off of this whole *green* fad. So the bags are compostable. Banana peels are compostable, but you don't see me eating bananas. I eat frozen stakes, and pot pies, and pork rinds, and creamed corn, and when I feel my weight is getting a little out of control, I buy the *healthy* potato chips, and when I buy the *healthy* potato chips I don't want the bag to crunch so loud I can't hear *Jersey Shore*.

Turn up the TV you say? I already thought of that, but the guy in the apartment next to mine bangs on the wall if the TV's too loud, and between that goddamn bag crunching and my neighbor's banging I might as well just leave the building and go for a walk. A WALK!

Due to the heroic efforts of consumers such as myself, Sun Chips sales dropped 11% after the introduction of their deafening compostable bags, and Frito Lay pulled the plug. (Apparently they still use the compostable bags for their original flavor, but not to worry I've always been more of a harvest cheddar guy anyway.) Consumers are vindicated. I, personally, am ready to attack the next evil product on my list, no not cigarettes, or carbon producing cars, or destructive chemicals, or dangerous prescription drugs. Starting now, I am officially boycotting those ugly CFL light bulbs. I mean, come on, they look like worms. Gross.



Some Travel Advice From Jen Haar

*Dear Jen,
Would you recommend using Super Shuttle?
Signed, Desperate to Escape*

Dear Desperate,

Super Shuttle (cue spotlight and choirs) was advertised in my hotel room once. The concept's simple: you agree to ride with up to 10 other passengers and for less than \$20 Super Shuttle promises to pick up and deliver.

I went online and set up a reservation. I received confirmation with the following instruction: "Our 15-minute pick-up window means that the van will normally arrive within 15-minutes of your pick-up time. Please make sure that you are completely ready to go at the beginning of your pick-up time window so that you will not keep other passengers waiting!" Note the exclamation point.

I was ready to go at 4:10 a.m. - a good 10 minutes before my pick-up window of 4:20-4:35 a.m. 4:35 a.m. came and went. I wondered if I booked my reservation for the correct day. I had, after checking the paperwork no less than 6 times.

At 4:40 a.m. I called the reservation line. Doug (real names used to humiliate those involved) at Super Shuttle asked me to wait on the line while he texted the driver to see how long it would be until he arrived. #392 was 6 miles out. Doug kept me on the phone with him and then proceeded to breathe very heavily and enthusiastically through his mouth. I felt like I was on a porn call. He informed me it would be just a second longer as the driver is currently texting updates while driving. Drive to arrive, readers.

Finally at 4:50 a.m. #392 arrived. I was the last pickup. The driver looked like Adrian Monk. He mumbled some sort of excuse about how he tried to call but "they" never answer the phone. (Who he tried to call and who never answered was never clear.) The couple behind me smiled and asked when my pick-up time was, which confirmed Super Shuttle was not so super. It was again reinforced as we sat for 5 minutes in the parking lot while our driver filled out paperwork and the woman in the first row asked wearily how far to the airport - in minutes.

Our van finally started moving...down the wrong side of the road. I realized at this point that I was able to hold my breath for about 1 mile, which is longer than I imagined. When I finally allowed myself to breathe, I realized #392 smelled very strongly like cold, day-old vegetable stew. The smell was emanating from Mr. Monk. And for the next 30+ minutes I obsessed about smelling like cold, day-old vegetable stew when I finally met up with my sweetie pie, not romantic.

So, Desperate, what did we learn? Take a taxi. You might pay more but you'd be the only passenger and you'd be picked up on time. You do risk exiting the taxi smelling like an evergreen car freshener though.

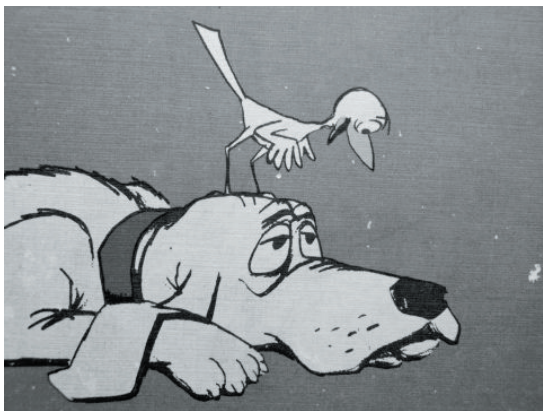
The redeeming factor, dear readers, happened to have been ordering breakfast in front of me at the airport. An old man - upper 60s - was ordering pancakes. I had plenty of time to admire his hair...apparently 2/3 of his head forgot to tell the other 1/3 that they weren't doing flock of seagulls that day.

Travelers beware,
Jen

From The Pessimistic Desk of Juston Cline...

Dear Everybody,

For the first time in all these years I have drawn a blank. I have no idea what I should write about. I am at a point in my life were I feel all spent. I thought a recharge was in the works but the rug got pulled out from under that fantasy. Too good to be



true some might say. So I ponder some things as I sit in front of my laptop and try to muster up some kind of hilarious article in hopes to entertain the readers of this fine 'zine. "Good luck" I tell myself. Through the years I have been trying to make heads or tails of most everything I come across and I always seem to get blindsided at some point by some totally unforeseen happening. The hardest part is somehow not allowing it to disrupt a person's psyche. To somehow press on unscathed and "learn" from these so called lessons. Something that is proving to be more difficult the older I get. I fear I may end up a grumpy old hermit, tired of dealing and accommodating I retire to a den someplace and read and write and sniff fine tobacco and grow an unbelievably long beard. Or maybe I go hog wild and spend every last dime I make on excitement and adventure and putting myself in crazy dangerous situations. Or maybe I play it safe and continue blindly. Hoping that one day the things I have truly dreamt of and wished for will somehow happen. My dreams are very simple ones. Seemingly easily obtainable from the onlooker. A reciprocation of love, happiness and true emotional connection is all I desire. Any takers?

Your Friend,
Juston



“Turmoils And Keys”
by Terrie Iverson

“OM” - Finding Comfort Through Olfactory Memories

by Sarah Turbes

Discussions on scent and memory are not new, nor are the connections between scent and comfort. When people describe their favorite things, they often mention smells, such as line-dried linen or freshly cut grass. We rely so much on comfort through smell that we purchase or consume anything that resembles our comforts. Candles to crayons, you name it, we buy it. Most of my sentimental nostalgia is controlled by smell. Who knew my nose could be such a sucker for old times? From an early age, I smelled everything and out of habit, still do.

My comfort smells are not “the norm” or at least would not be found in your local Yankee Candle store. Quite frankly, most people wouldn’t even think to take the time to indulge in such scents. Some of my all-time favorites were chosen as early as two years old.

* **Chainsaws:** Okay, not the actual saw. A bit vague I realize, but when I smell the mixture of wood, gas and exhaust fumes over the loud muffler, I’m transported to a memory of my dad in his quilted vest or a wool jacket. I’d stand in the late autumn cold, bundled up and watch wood chips fly in the distance. .

* ***National Geographic Magazines:*** Each month, my dad would receive a new issue. I’d slid off the brown paper cover, flip through the glossy pages and listen to the static slide. My fascination with the smell (yes, the smell) of *National Geographic* pages started before I could even read. Each time I read one, old or new, I hold the magazine up to my face, out of habit I guess, and breathe deeply. One might think I look odd “huffing” the article on newly found artifacts, but it’s a scent that immediately calms me. I have not yet subscribed, but maybe I should as a prescription towards stress?

* **Paste:** No, I was never a glue eater. I have never chosen to get intentionally high off of glue. I do, however, love the smell of paste. A couple of years ago, I saw a little pot of paste with the orange stick and the

smiling cow on the label. I ended up buying it. I never used it because I forgot about its bad reputation of drying up quickly, but kept it as a reminder of kindergarten.

* **Lilacs:** Enjoying the overwhelming fragrance of lilacs in the spring is not uncommon. I find it interesting that according to folklore, lilacs and “spinsters” are associated with one another. I had a Polly Pocket necklace that smelled like lilacs and finding it 20 years later, the scent still strong, transported me to the lilacs in our yard, a nice spot to build a fort so I could spy on the neighbors. I would also hide there, with my dog, Spunky, when I was supposed to be walking him around the block. It was in the lilac bushes that I sang Madonna’s *La Isla Bonita*, hid from my mother and buried a baby robin in a lemon drops tin.

* **Trident Gum:** I don’t like chewing Trident, but the smell of it reminds me of my grandmother’s purse. Her packages of tissues absorbed the smell of the small, boring gum and each time I had to blow my nose or wipe a tear, I was handed a dusty, minty tissue from the bottom of her purse.

* **Noxema Cold Cream:** After recently purchasing a large jar of it, I flashed back to being 13 years old standing in the bathroom with our ugly wallpaper reflecting into the mirror. My worries were small, then, and I read *YM* and *Seventeen* magazine, religiously, feeling like I really connected with the “anonymous” girls who wrote about their most embarrassing days at school. Now, some days, I’d give anything to think that tripping in front of a cute boy or dropping my books in a busy hallway would be the “worst” part of my day.

* **Paint, Cigarettes, and Beer:** This combination, albeit gross, reminds me of old crushes. There are some men I’ll never understand and glad I never did.

* **Band-Aids:** In 2nd grade, I spent a small portion of almost every school day in the nurse’s office. Transitions at home were tough, kids were mean; my teacher was not as great as my first grade teacher (especially after I witnessed her flushing a bucket full of dead tadpoles in the girl’s bathroom). I was rarely sick, but the secretary understood me and always gave me some time to lie down on the hard, naugahyde covered cot. I would breathe deeply in the room, which smelled overwhelmingly of plastic bandages, and count the dots in the ceiling tiles.

Via Madonna di Campiglio

by Brian Rosemeyer

She breaths softly
Waiting for Rome to love her back
Atop her balcony she tends her flowers
They sit in pots on high as the earth
grapples for them,
aching to drag them back into original soil
Her vines enclose her in leafy embrace
Secluded, she observes the dead part of the
world she refuses to understand



The
WIFE
is listening

**She wants to know
what you know**

KEEP IT TO YOURSELF

Military Intelligence Division, War Department

Office of Naval Intelligence, Navy Department

Federal Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice

DRACULA (1931) - Spanish Version

by A.J. Hakari

The Spanish version of 1931's *Dracula* is one of the most famous alternate cuts in film history. The movies are no stranger to remakes and revamps these days, but it wasn't that uncommon for studios to make entirely new variants



of their own stuff for other markets. Though the Bela Lugosi take still overshadows it in the mainstream, *Dracula en Español* has received its due, accompanying its English companion on virtually all its DVD incarnations. The jury's still out on which is the better bloodsucker, but both are creepy classics worth popping in on a dark and stormy night.

Lugosi enthusiasts will be relieved that the story remains as is, although some names have been changed to protect the undead. Real estate agent Renfield (Pablo Alvarez Rubio) is heading out deep into the Carpathian Mountains to rendezvous with his latest client, Count Dracula (Carlos Villarias). He arrives to find a foreboding abode and even more ominous Count, who reveals his vampiric nature and soon commands Renfield under his thrall. Upon relocating to high society, *Dracula* sets about spreading his evil throughout the modern world, starting with the alluring Eva Seward (Lupita Tovar). But if the valiant Professor Van Helsing (Eduardo Arozamena) has any say in the matter, the Count has quite the fight ahead of him if he truly craves Eva's soul.

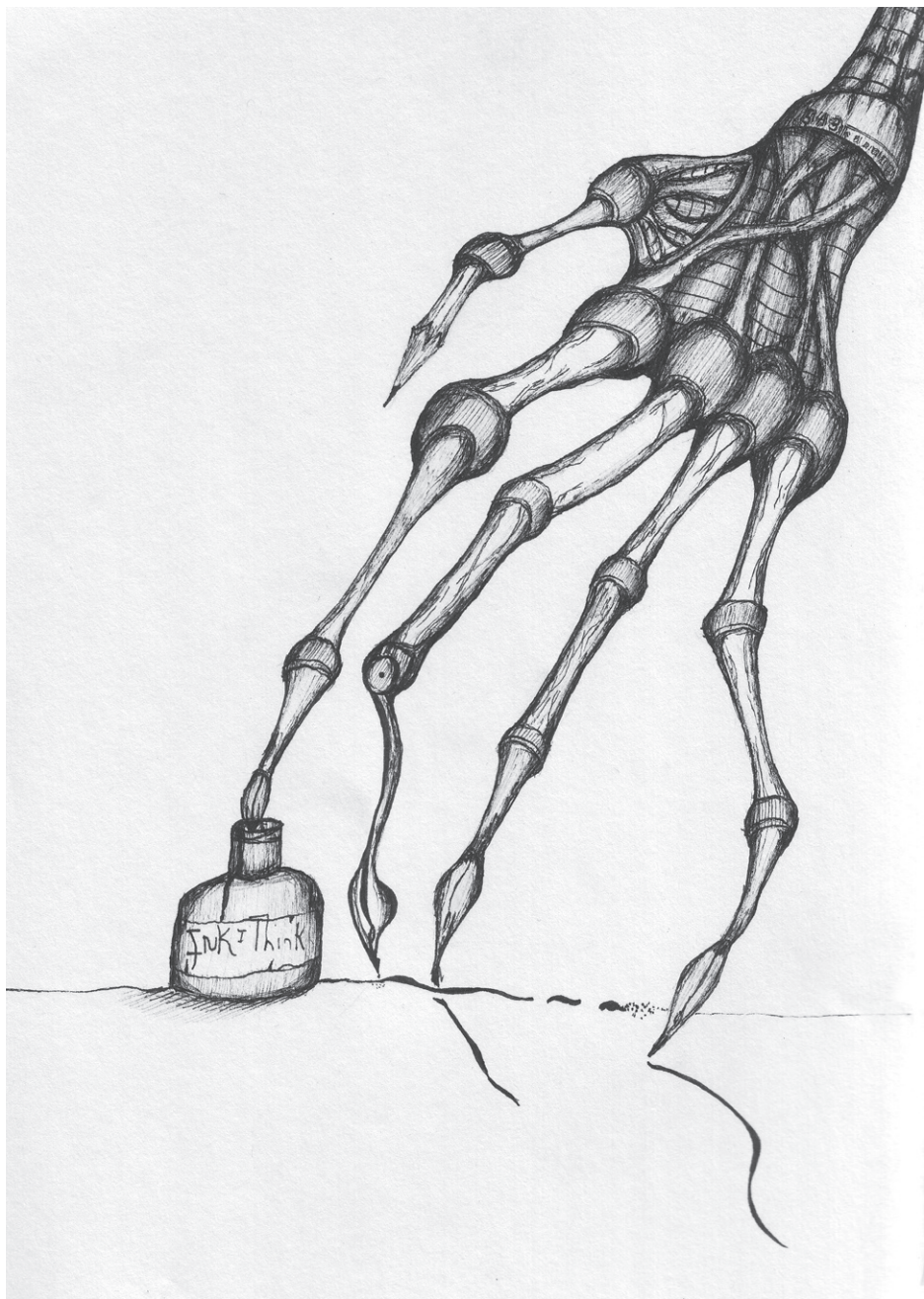
The qualities of each *Dracula* are one matter, but the Spanish version does have its advantages. Since director George Melford and crew shot at night, they saw what Tod Browning had filmed

during the day and seized the chance to do one better. A similar script and even the same sets were used, although Melford's *Dracula* is a noticeably different experience. For one, the length runs half an hour longer; as the sun set on Lugosi, the battle against Villarias was just beginning. The extra time is the work of numerous patches of silence, some of which allow the spookiness to sink in and some of which are frustratingly inert. But the film's themes are given a boost, as it appears to concentrate more on the religious side of the supernatural. Giving deranged Renfield lucid theological monologues is a stretch, but Melford reminds you that the vampire was born in myth and folklore, not in weekend matinees.

Where this *Dracula* distinguishes itself most, however, is in the interpretations its key players bring to their characters. Most roles remain unchanged: Barry Norton's "Juan" Harker is a drip, Van Helsing is suitably defiant, and Tovar's Eva/Mina is the picture of innocence (though her wardrobe is much less conservative than Helen Chandler's). But while Lugosi played *Dracula* as an elegant predator, Villarias is a wolf in wolf's clothing. With a constant crazed look in his eye and an eerie grin to rival the Joker's, he always seems one beat away from tearing into someone like a quarter-pounder. He's not subtle by any definition, but it's interesting to see the man show us a *Dracula* whose hunger is tearing away at what little of a soul he has left. We also see Rubio do more cackling in one film than in Gene Wilder's entire career; Dwight Frye was a creepy fella, but Rubio's Renfield is completely off his rocker.

Choosing between these classic *Draculas* is a task even Van Helsing would shy away from. Both have their strengths (wonderful atmosphere) and weaknesses (too many slow stretches), so declaring a champion is darn near impossible. Lugosi himself is still king of the Counts, but Melford's creepy direction and an unforgettable turn by Villarias make this *Dracula* worthy of a wing in Universal's house of horrors.

MY RATING: * (out of ****)**



Artwork by Zachary Bases

The Axe Effect

by Joe Eggen

I don't mind TV, really I don't. I have nothing against it, when it's used properly. I'm not talking like some elitist hipster who is all like "Instead of watching TV I read Socrates and talk about it with the local chaps at the local drink hub." I'm just a (fairly) normal guy but I do have issues with certain things about television. Potentially the dumbing-down of America being one, not much of quality shows but honestly, the other... the non-stop barrage of ads. This was great when I was a kid and there'd be epically-sweet ads of kids playing with toys that'd knock over blocks with missiles or cars in their hands and killer ad soundtracks like "you'll get caught up in the CROSSFIRE!" There was even one that I saw when I was a kid for an art teaching school in the cities, see, back then I wanted to be an artist, still do. I found out it played at certain times only on Saturday mornings after the third time I saw it. First time, I missed the phone number. Second time, same deal but realized, it was the same show. I showed them, the third time I recorded the show with the VCR. I finally sent for the pamphlet test. Those truly were the days. I veered off there, like I do these days... Now days I don't like ads, in fact I hate them. I hate radio ads that claim their station is "#1" and they play the "best" stuff. If you know me, I hate being told what to think. There are TV ads that used to just drive me nuts though. Axe. Those ads in specific drove me friggin' nuts. Just the see-through targeting. "Spray on just a drop of us product and gorgeous womens will be all over your junk like single 50 year old women are on chocolate on Valentine's." It wasn't just one ad too, I can forgive one ad. It was the campaign. The entire campaign was that kind of ad. It just drove it home to me, is that what it takes to sell these days? Is that what it takes to interest someone? Are the vast majority of people really like cattle and just corralled with stuff like that? I'll be honest here, I needed deodorant one day and my wife got me some. It was Axe... I used it because I don't like wasting stuff, but I put it on, I honestly felt dirty...

Hypocrisy

by Jennifer Miller

This is not a call to action.
This is not a rallying cry to my generation X
I am a hypocrite.

Not on the surface, no
I wear my hemp necklace, recycle
my cans, insist on dolphin safe tuna,
live in my mobile home in my mobile park
across the highway from those beautiful
houses. Yeah. Those beautiful houses.

I stand on my painted rickety deck, smoke
my cigarette and watch those beautiful houses
shake their hair in the wind and make fun of my
mobile home. They flaunt their stairs and basements;
bat their Anderson windows. Their plumbing doesn't
freeze, but being poor, pu-lease.

I get to stand on my rickety deck with my cigarette and flaunt my
morality.

Wearing my hemp necklace and flaunt my morality.
Waiting for the plumber to unfreeze her pipes and flaunt my
morality.

See, pissing in a bucket makes me feel noble and float above
those beautiful houses. I want to tell those beautiful people in
those beautiful houses about my morality.

See, it takes 3 ½ gallons of water to flush a toilet, 2 gallons to
wash dishes in a big pot on the stove, 1 ½ gallons a day
for three sponge baths, to not even feel that clean, and
Not that I'm small minded mean, but
I am brimming with morality.

See what I can do? See what I am surviving?
I am thriving.

Conservation and preservation in my little mobile home nation
on 7 gallons a day, so stay. Stay in those beautiful houses, drain the
earth of her water, live there in sedation, drive you brand new
minivan right past my nation.

I will drive my tiny focus crammed with two kids, two dogs
and one great big hairy man friend.
I get 35 miles to the gallon in that tiny little car! Could you do
what I do to survive? Could you thrive.

Maybe. Probably.

I have 86 cents in my checking account, a spanking new teaching
degree, \$40,000 in student loans with no job opportunities, pu-lease,
I am so much more screwed than you, see , I am full of morality.

And hypocrisy. See, the plumber's on the way
and its gonna be a damn good day. Soon I am going to flush--
Just because I can. I'm gonna get a big cold glass of tap water, take
two
sips, dump it down the drain, smile on my lips--
Just to fill it up again.

Obama is gonna save the world and I'm gonna get students to teach-

I'll get paid to teach, thank the little people in my speech.
With my bigger checking account I'm getting a van. Yeah,
that's right a minivan. With one of those key chains that starts
the car and unlocks my door and a CD player. See,
see, it's a dream multilayer. While I'm shopping in Barnes and
Nobles, buying every book I want and during my croissant and cup
of chai tea I'll hit that button so my new mini van will be nice and
warm for me.

And eventually, yeah, eventually, I'm gonna get me one of those
beautiful houses,. Three bedrooms, two baths, and one den. And in
that den gonna build me a library and fill it up with my books. We'll
have a gourmet kitchen and a fridge full of food because my man
cooks.

We're gonna do it all just because we can. But wearing a hemp
necklace.

Cuz I'm cool like that.



Photos:

Above: “City Of Compton” by Dustin Wilmes

Below: “Big Ol’ Knobs” by Tiffany Reinitz





Photos:

Above: “Watering Hole” by Joe Eggen

Below: “My Assistant” by Morgan Lust



Hey Readers!

If you're interested in receiving copies of *Save the Crumbs* in your mailbox, send us an email at savethecrumbs@gmail.com and we can set something up. For the low price of \$10 (to cover the cost of shipping) we can send you a year's supply of *Save the Crumbs* (six issues) right to your door.