



Save The Crumbs

Issue #26



Left to Right: Merle Haggard and Smokey Bear. Photo by Lowell Martinson, Redding, California.

Cover Photo by Dustin Wilmes

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.

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CONTRIBUTERS:

**Dustin Wilmes, Juston Cline, Sarah Turbes,
Ashley Birk, Jen Haar,**

Joe Eggen, A.J. Hakari, Laura Kelly, Amanda Lust,
Morgan Lust, Megan O'Toole, Pauline Poundcake, Dylan Schultz



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

This month... **The Rapture**

If you're reading this it means one of two things: the apocalypse did not occur, or you've been left behind.

Now, if the latter is true that means you're probably too busy fighting off beasts, and avoiding bottomless pits, and

fireballs to worry about this silly little article, but if the prior is true, then, Hey! I've got news for you, humanity! Get over yourself!



That's right. I think all of this end of civilization talk is really self-important. There's no record of Dinosaurs worrying about the end of their existence. They just ate, shat, laid eggs, and died. And really, when you get right down to it, if there is some catastrophic end to all human kind the world will spin around some, climates will change, continents will shift, and some other form of life will assume pole position.

C'est la vie.

Sometimes I wonder if all the pollution, and destruction, and the elaborate end-times myths are motivated by bitterness. In daily life humans are constantly reminded of their insignificance. The wholesale slaughter of entire cities of

people by nature disasters and wars is enough to hollow out anyone's sense of self-worth.

So, in some cases, we force the world to revolve around us. We believe that when we go the entire world goes with us. Kind of narcissistic, isn't it? Then there are those of us who put this perspective into practice. Instead of waiting for the second coming, these megalomaniacs destroy Earth's natural resources, create and distribute weapons of mass destruction, basically do everything in their power to ensure that the world will end with humankind. Man, we've got those dumb dinosaurs beat. They went out with a whimper. We're going out with a bang. Just like we came in!

Maybe what we all need to consider is that our lives may not mean much in the grand scheme of the universe, but they mean everything to us as we live them. What good will it do to ruin this world if it threatens the quality of everyone's experience? Okay, so you sell lead paint and make millions and buy a yacht and your quality of life skyrockets, but that paint you sold ends up on someone's wall and their quality of life will soon plummet. So what? Well, if you're willing to devalue someone else's life for your own benefit you're an asshole—and probably a CEO of a corporation, or a politician, or both—and deserve a beat-down or higher taxes, whichever hurts worse.

For as long as there's been recorded history people have prophesied the end of the world happening in concert with the end of humanity. Of course the end is always nigh, but ask yourself, who really cares? The universe doesn't. It'll just go right on keeping on. And if we do, what comes of our worry? A series of best selling books? A race to accrue as much money and power as we can in our blink of a life? Well, if that's the best we can muster I say bring on the end times and let the universe sort it out.

From The Cheesy Desk of Juston Cline...

Dear Everybody,

You know what I never really understood? That whole state vs. state competition mentality. I am from Minnesota. Therefore, I am supposed to hate Wisconsin for some reason. Or at least

think they are less intelligent or worse at sports or have their heads filled with blocks of baby swiss. I just never understood it. In fact, I think it's kind of lame on our part as Minnesotans. I mean, why don't we have a grudge with Iowa or the Dakotas? I have been to South Dakota many times and that state is way more boring than Wisconsin. Iowa is full of corn, but we don't have some weird saying about their body parts being made of it. I have recently been spending quite a bit of time in Wisconsin and have come to find that it is very beautiful. In fact, a lot of the state's trees and rolling hills are much more elegant to look at than what we have here. Most of the people I tend to talk to are as equally lacking in smarts as I come across here and as far as that whole cheese thing... it's actually amazing! There is delicious cheese everywhere and it's all topnotch. Their low-end cheese is still better than our top shelf, easily. All I'm saying is why can't we just get along? Who cares what food group you get along with best? Maybe it would be good for everybody to get some exposure someplace else? You might find that most people are the same all over. Well, except for the good cheese part. There's something special about that Wisconsin cheese. I know you're probably saying to yourself by now "why doesn't this jerk just move to Wisconsin if he likes it so much?" Well, maybe I will.



Your Friend,
Juston

By Pauline Poundcake

Sunny day is coming out
Cloudy heart is moving in
Raining emotions
Dropping into puddles of the heart
Darkness exudes the day
Light is farther away
Gone are the feelings
Numbness comes quickly
Move on thru the days of your life
Emptiness consumes you
Then your soul dies



“Little Family” by Amanda Lust

Anybody's Name But My Own

by Sarah Turbes

My mother named me after the jazz singer Billie Holiday. As a child, I'd argue with her, saying that she'd given me a girl's name and her response was always the same, "Please. You spell your name with a 'y'. You're terribly dramatic," she'd continue.

"Can't you just call me 'William'?", I'd plead.

Her response, always the same, with an accompanied eye roll and sigh, "If I wanted to name you 'William', I would have."

In grade school, I had convinced everyone that my name was, in fact, "William" and that I had been named after William Tell, who was, as I'd mention casually, a distant, distant relative. In high school, when I'd sneak out to the parking lot during Chemistry to smoke cigarettes and steal swigs of Windsor, the smokers thought I resembled Bill S. Preston, Esquire of "Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure". Little did they know that despite my shortcomings, I got all A's and I was far from the dumb metal head. Never the less, the name "Bill" stuck. During my first years of college, I rediscovered jazz. I was invited to "soirees" that were really just house parties. The crowd, always the same mix of students who had declared their majors in art or philosophy or were simply undeclared, were occasionally accompanied by professors, who would scan the room with their eyes to make sure they wouldn't be spotted by the "tattle tale" student. The story of my namesake ended up being my "line" to reel in single women. "Did you know I was named after Billie Holiday?", I'd say casually, "I believe she's the Patron Saint of Sadness and Heartbreak." Most women would give me their number or a breathy sigh, that is, until I met Frankie.

I noticed her at a Halloween party hosted by my ex, Holly. Holly had been named after Capote's society girl, Holly Golightly. I went to the party in hopes of winning Holly back. "How trite", I thought as I watched Holly, dressed as none other than Holly Golightly, flit around to other costumed party goers with a martini in one hand, a cat in the other and a cigarette precariously perched between her lips. As I stepped outside to leave, feeling a bit relieved and yet defeated, I saw Frankie perched on the steps, long hair framing dark eyes, dressed in black and rolling a cigarette of Gauloises tobacco. I remember snickering, if not a bit too loudly, as I shuffled down the steps.

"Nice costume," I said sarcastically and a bit drunk. The woman whipped her hair quickly in my direction, sparks flying from the glowing tip of her cigarette. "The eighties are over, you ass," she glared, the porch light illuminating her brown eyes. I could tell that she, too, thought I looked like Bill S. Preston, Esquire. I backtracked on the sidewalk and saddled up beside her on the stoop. "My name is Billy", I said, ready to use my line, "named after Billie Holiday, the

Patron Saint of Sadness and Heartbreak.”

“I’m Francis. Named after Frank Sinatra, “ she continued, “I let the men who don’t hit on me call me Frankie.” I returned an apologetic glance and she continued to tell me that her mother had hitch hiked to Las Vegas after graduating high school in hopes of meeting Sinatra and becoming a cocktail waitress. As a long time fan, she was secretly hoping that she’d catch him on his rebound from Mia Farrow, a failed marriage from a couple years before. Not knowing that Sinatra was in his retirement period, she never spotted him. When applying as a waitress at numerous casinos, she was immediately refused. She cleaned bedrooms in hotels and met her husband, Al, a truck driver with striking blue eyes akin to “Ol’ Blue Eyes”. When she became pregnant with Frankie, she’d had hoped for a boy with blue eyes like Al’s, but instead was surprised with a colicky baby girl with brown eyes similar to Burt’s, a man worked in the hotel’s laundry room. Her mother, disappointed, ashamed and shocked, still named her daughter, Francis, as it was the only name she had chosen and had her heart set on.

My relationship with Frankie was platonic, yet satisfying enough that I moved my thoughts away from Holly. I stopped using my line with women, after Frankie said it really “dumbed” me down. The only time the story of my name came up again was when I corrected a drunk History major, when he said I was named after the outlaw, “Billy the Kid”. During out last semester, Frankie decided to take a hiatus from school and find her fathers, against her mother’s wishes. She had met Al, the blue-eyesd truck driver once and had only seen the hidden letters, stored in a hat box in the closet, written between her mother and Burt. I received a postcard from Frankie, a couple of months later, stating that Al was nice and had more gray than blue eyes and Burt was still nowhere to be found.

It was a handful of years later that while attending graduate school, my mother was hospitalized with pneumonia. During her stay in the hospital, my mother became obsessed with Princess Diana’s fatal accident. Each time I entered her room, CNN coverage blared through the cheap television speakers while my mother dozed in and out of a drug induced sleep. My mother’s pneumonia worsened and in a seemingly delusional state she smiled at me and called me “William”.

“You know, like Prince William,” she said coughing, “you happy now?” I shuffled out of her room and wrote a postcard to Frankie. The last address I had was scrawled on the back of a Nevada postcard during Frankie’s pilgrimage to find her fathers. “My mother is dead, “ I wrote, “hope you’ve found, Burt. Love, Bill S. Preston, Esquire”

I drove to the nearest motel. When the desk clerk asked for a name, I wearily responded, “Anybody’s name, but my own.” He slid the plastic diamond shaped key chain in my direction, handed me a pile of white towels and an ice bucket. I found my room, dead bolted the door, and drew the drapes. I cranked on the air conditioner and breathed in the staleness that smelled faintly of Gauloises cigarettes.

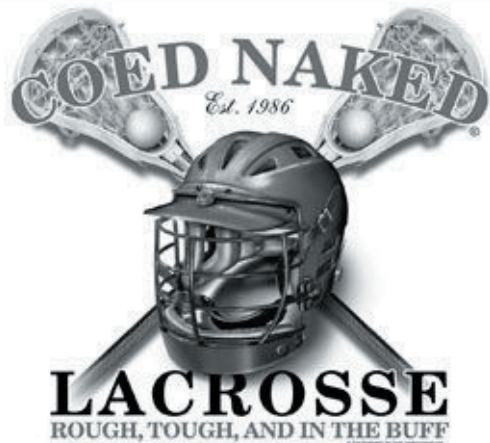


Rest In Peace
Randy "Macho Man" Savage

Coed Naked America

by Dustin Wilmes

When I leave the house these days to mingle with my contemporaries at the local shopping malls and food shoppes, it saddens me that I never see anyone wearing Coed Naked T-shirts. What happened to these walking billboards of hilarity? I remember the good ol' days when people of all ages, races, religions, and creeds could come together and find common



ground with the wearing of these timeless garments. Don't you think it's about time we start utilizing our wardrobe's full potential again?

With slogans like *Coed Naked Hockey: It's Twice As Nice On The Ice*, *Coed Naked Cheerleading: A Good Cheer Will Arouse The Crowd*, *Coed Naked Law Enforcement: Against The Wall And Spread 'Em*, and *Coed Naked Diving: Everything Looks Bigger Underwater*, these shirts created a sense of pride and solidarity for everyday, blue-collar folks that their white-collared brethren just didn't understand. Sure, they may have been sophomoric, but for us admirers they helped pass the time waiting to checkout at the supermarket and made standing in line for Thunder Cannon at Valleyfair more enjoyable. In a roundabout way, they reminded us that we were Americans and instilled in us a sense of patriotism.

In the wake of today's rising gas prices, terror levels, and unemployment rates, we need Coed Naked T-shirts now more than ever. I'm calling on you to do your part. Scour the thrift stores! Frequent garage sales! Log on to eBay! If we don't get *Rough, Tough, And In The Buff* soon, lacrosse (and America) may never be the same again.

SUPERMAN IV: THE QUEST FOR PEACE

by A.J. Hakari

As Hollywood enters another summer packed to the gills with comic book adaptations, I offer *Superman IV: The Quest for Peace* as a humble word of warning.

This is what happens when studios become too complacent with superheroes, when it's decided that if those paying suckers will believe a man can fly, they'll buy *anything*.

In 90 short minutes, *Superman IV* undoes all of the wonder and dramatic weight previously bestowed upon a character most had deemed unfilmable in a

serious light -- and this was *after* the sequel with Richard Pryor.

Our story begins as the Man of Steel's world is in crisis. Not only is Superman/Clark Kent (Christopher Reeve) facing having to sell the family farm, his beloved Daily Planet has been snatched up by a ruthless tycoon with a mind for money over news. To top it all off, the U.S. and the Russkies are edging ever closer to nuclear war, which ol' Supes simply cannot take sitting down. Inspired by a youngster's moving letter, Superman pledges to rid the world of all atomic weaponry -- an initiative that plays right into the devious hands of Lex Luthor (Gene Hackman). Through Superman's goody-good ways, he's brought about the creation of Nuclear Man (Mark Pillow), a radioactive menace that may be too much for the champion of Metropolis to handle.

Superman IV was but another victim of the Cannon Group's penny-pinching measures. For every *Street Smart* or *Barfly* that the company backed, they made about five cheap Charles Bronson or Chuck Norris vehicles only '80s camp aficionados even remember. *Superman IV* was meant as Cannon's way of earning some show business cred, but in cutting costs from all the wrong places, they



effectively killed the Man of Steel's future in film for the next two decades. Visible wires fill every frame, crummy special effects shots are recycled constantly, and the sort of care once shown towards the Superman mythos is replaced by an extremely rushed and choppy narrative. Good luck finding anything about *Superman IV* that inspires awe -- you'll be too busy either cringing at Jon Cryer's painful comic relief or chuckling at Nuclear Man's fingernails of doom.

It's fair to say that *Superman IV* was the *Batman & Robin* of its time, though not just because of its hilarity-inducing badness. Just as with Joel Schumacher's most epic of misfires, the kernel of a swell idea rests at this film's core. Reeve himself helped devise the story, which, as overtly preachy as it can be, carries the best of intentions. Having Superman take on something like the arms race, which is too big and complex for even his spandex britches, isn't a bad premise, but again, its cheap execution makes swift work of rendering it a schmaltzy mess. That's why even though so many *Superman* alumni have returned (from Reeve and Hackman to Margot Kidder and Jackie Cooper), there's only so much magic to go around. There's a slight twinge of joy in seeing Superman rousing the masses to embrace world peace, but it's not enough to distract you from Pillow's Nordic beefcake spinning Ducky from *Pretty in Pink* like a dreidel.

I'm not mad at *Superman IV*; I'm just disappointed. So disappointed that a series that began by legitimizing the superhero genre as quality blockbuster entertaining would give in so easily to tired cornball humor, leaden pacing, and whiz-bang action sequences that have neither the whiz nor the bang. As overall lameness goes, *Supergirl* still has a leg up, but let *Superman IV: The Quest for Peace* remind us of the thin line separating a comic book classic from a campy clustercuss.

MY RATING: * 1/2 (out of ***)**

Feel free to holler at A.J. via his Twitter feed:
<http://www.twitter.com/madmoviemann>

I Am Not To The Bottom Of It Yet

by Thoedore Crackle

I will make Gary perform this task for me.

“Gary,” I say, “get that shovel.”

Gary is wearing walnut suspenders and a corn yellow shirt.

“What shovel?” he asks.

“That shovel.” I point to the shovel. It’s a five year shovel, the spade looks like a chipped front tooth. Too many run-ins with bed rock.

“Dig Gary,” I say (to Gary). He bites the earth with my shovel. The earth is pink. It has the texture of tough noodles. “Dig Gary Dig.” And piles of rubbery earth pile on piles.

“Gary, I’ve been having a problem even booze can’t fix……. Gary, what happens when I close my eyes?

Gary leans on the shovel. “I believe when you close your eyes you turn into a cat, except to everyone else you are a cat that looks like a human.” Gary flings earth through the air and it throbs and shimmers in the sunlight before thwacking down into the plop.

Gary reaches for a cig. I slap him with ultra violet rays. “Pay attention Gary. You’re not Sammy Davis Jr. You are not the entertainer--or Scott Joplin. No Gary, I’m giving you a mustache to twist between your fingers.” Gary needles the mustache with his thumbs. Pointy.

“Gary, what do you think of turning water into wine?”

“I believe magicians have become exponentially underrated compared to their previous merit,” says Gary in a slow sigh, still stroking his mustache.

“Alright, all right. Stop twisting those greasy protein strains. Keep digging.” The rolling of Gary’s eyes are uphill marbles.

“Dig Gary Dig. Time’s running out, Gary dig.”

Gary digs, he digs. Gary does. The earth is a darker shade of pink, now wet. More dense. Gary’s lip trembles with sweat from Gary’s sweat glands. Gary’s sweat glands are sweaty. I drop an anvil of redundancy on Gary’s delicate paper head. It crumples. I smooth it out with hard skinned palms. “Speak when I say now Gary, but

not just then, after this. Gary what happens when your wife gets punctured?"

Gary stands there. He stands. He's standing. "Now Gary, now!"

"Well," Gary Garys, "I believe punctured wives are still wives. I believe the hole eventually fills back in just like a hoop ring through the lip. It will repair itself and the wife will be complete again. After some time it will be like the hole was never there."

"Gary, what if I told you the sun is actually made out of rock candy and the universe is slowly eating it?"

The shovel snaps down past the hilt, the now red ground is soggy and abstract. Gary can't smile. His smile has crawled into his face.

"I would say good for the universe, its stomach looks empty from where I'm standing."

"Gary, keep diggin. But I'm not going to mention that you're digging anymore. I'm looking for something. You'll know when you find it. I'm 100% sure it is in a gold box....or a silver sphere....or a rusty can...or...or...DIG GARY, DIG! DIG GA—."

Pause.

"Gary, why do people smoke cigarettes? Gary, why do cigarettes dangle from pink lips like trains over an unfinished bridge?"

He spits, Gary does. "Well, I believe that smokers smoke because they are thrifty when shopping for danger and mystique. I also believe smokers smoke to get away from the non-smokers once in a while."

"Don't get proud Gary. I might not be nearly done with you yet maybe.

Gary doesn't get lippy, I don't allow him to. Another question befalls Gary. "Gary, what happens to people in comas?"

Gary bursts through a pocket of hot bubbling black liquid and it shotguns his face with clotty beads. His shovel, my shovel, looks lost in the glop but isn't. Gary looks for it anyway, making lazy thick waves with his foot. "Coma huh? I believe that people in comas travel to a parallel universe where people forever run errands in mid priced four door sedans covered in sea gull droppings."

Gary has a red foam clown nose. It honks like that one bird that honks. I think it's Canadian.

Gary no longer has the clown nose on. He finds the shovel handle

and yanks it out of the wet pink already stated noodle like earth
The sound is that of a skinny model sucking yogurt out of a flimsy
plastic tube. Thwuck.

“I’m tired of digging, this shovel might snap from the enduring
efforts on my endurance,” whines Gary. “ My abundance of fatigue
is fatigued.”

I drop a giant punctuation mark on his already crinkled paper
head.



Gary has stars circling over his head. I grab one and pop it in my
mouth. Tastes like an Easter Peep. Disgusting.

“Ok Gary, knock it off and use that backhoe over there. Use this
instruction manual.”

I hand him the instruction manual, which is in Chinese. Gary sits
in the tattered pleather cab seat. Gary pulls levers, Gary’s biceps flex
and burn. Back hoe splooshes into dense pink noodle earth. Gary’s
smile crawls back out of his face.

Apparently Gary knows how to read Chinese. Clever Gary.

“Gary, maybe one last question. Gary, why do people tie their
shoelaces and put on socks? Why do people pop zits and apply
aluminum to their underarms? Why are clothes baskets always full?
Why does Syran Wrap never run out? Why does frozen snow sound
like styrofoam? Why doesn’t a fly see the flyswatter coming when
it has 600 eyes? Why is the sky sometimes orange but not always?
Why do monsters not reside under children’s beds? Why do lovers
pretend they are lovers? Why are police officers always so sad? Why
are garbage men never lagging at the most appropriate times?”

Gary’s back hoe entrenches itself 100 feet in the ground. Earth’s
red spittle falls upward and peppers the now blue sky. Gary opens
the glove compartment, yellow, and reaches for the .44 magnum,
silver. Gary does what you think he is going to do.

This parable ends, swallowed up in contrivity, which I don’t even
think is a real word.

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GINNY HARLOW...
OF THE TONES

PREMIERE EFFECT MAG!



BLUE IS MY FAVORITE
COLOR...



I PREFER CUSTOM
BUILT GUITARS...



GINNY'S MAGAZINE
SPREAD....



By Laura Kelly



Photos:

Above: "I Bleed" by Ashley Birk

Below: "Tornado Towers" by Joe Eggen





Photos:

Above: “Untitled” by Morgan Lust

Below: “I Don’t Think My Nose Is Ticklish” by Megan O’Toole



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