

A black and white photograph of a woman in a bikini holding a large pig in a tiled room. The pig is standing on its hind legs, and the woman is holding it from behind. The pig's head is turned towards the woman's face. The background is a tiled wall.

**Issue #27**

**Save The  
Crumbs**



**GRAND RAPIDS MILK**

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# 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](mailto:savethecrumbs@gmail.com).

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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... **Landlords**

I've lived in a lot of apartments, attics, and basements over the course of my life and have encountered all kinds of landlords, mostly evil, sometimes incompetent, but always miles away when you need them and outside your door when you don't. In New York City I've had the pleasure of acquainting myself with a whole new breed of landlord: The Muscular Landlord.

I know there are muscular landlords everywhere, but out here benching upwards of three hundred pounds is a prerequisite. When these juggernauts yell into their cellphones for passed-due rent they look like King Kong holding a phone booth. The sudden influx of ripped room renters could be coincidence. Maybe you get a free gym membership with your rental license. It could also be practical for slumlords that have to deal with tenants enraged by the fact that their hot water hasn't worked in weeks. Who's going to complain about a little cold water when their landlord looks like Vin Diesel?

It's taken a bit of trial and error, but I've been able to figure out a way to make my landlord's muscles work for me. You must remember that these guys obsess over their bodies, so if I need a week or two extension on rent I always ask in person – this may seem illogical on its face but bear with me – before meeting with him I read a couple articles in Muscle World or whatever body building mag I can get my hands on. Then, immediately after asking for the extension, before he rips my head off, I ask if he's been working out. Of course he has. Now, this next step is important, I do not talk about his body anymore and certainly not in detail. I don't want him to think I'm coming on to him. If he's homophobic I can kiss my extension goodbye, and if he's gay I might end up kissing something else hello. This is when the muscle mags come in to play. Instead of commenting on his body directly I bring up a couple lifting routines I've read about and prepare myself for the ensuing speech he's about to give me on protein supplements and reps. After a couple minutes I say I have to go and remind him about the extension. He says, sure.

Muscular Landlords are intimidating and frustrating. They barge into your apartment like they own the place, because they do own the place, and refuse to get you a new refrigerator even though your's smells like rat corpse, but just remember: Body building takes hours of back-breaking work and hundreds of dollars in gym fees, protein supplements, and vitamins, while using your smarts to manipulate someone who's bigger than you is cheap, easy, and takes no time at all!



# They Had Existed

by Ryan Blix

Burgundy petals of passion peel off the soul,  
Cascading to the concrete  
Breathless

Burning close the edge of a visceral winter,  
Withered hearts wince, exhausted and  
abandoned,  
Compelling sober hands to stiffen into fists.

But even in bitter and gone last words  
They can gasp for breath and exclaim  
They had existed.

They were not held together by glue or pins,  
They were not molded or dyed pastel or bold  
ideas of pink life,  
They grew out of the earth into their own  
delicate purpose

At the cost of a swift and throbbing demise

They had existed.

# From The Childish Desk of Juston Cline...

Dear Everybody,

I think I figured out why things are so lame nowadays. There is no more imagination! Kids are taught and told at such an early age that they need more responsibility and to start being an adult and to map out their lives.



It skips all the imagination and joy and wonderment that being a kid is all about. What happened to Jim Henson? Where is the new-age *The Neverending Story*? I'm NOT saying I want some lame schmuck to re-make the film. I'm saying where is the equivalent? Sure, there are all kinds of kids' movies out with dragons and mystical creatures and magic, but its all different now. No matter what was going on in *The Neverending Story* you still felt like Sebastian and Atreyu were kids and having to make decisions as kids. Or in *Labyrinth*, even though Sarah was the older sibling and looked 16 or more she still made decisions as an adolescent wanting to get back to her room and her toys and childhood. Nowadays, 12-year-olds are shown in adult situations making adult decisions and teenagers are shown as secret agents or real masters of their magical crafts, wielding crafty cell phones and fancy wands. They out whit and take down all that lie before them with ease. I personally think it may be an underground alliance of lazy parents who just want their kids to be adults and take care of themselves as soon as possible so they can get back to re-living their partying years. Alls I'm saying is, why can't we just let kids revel in that joyous time of being a child and really believing that anything is possible? Thank the lord Jim Henson I grew up in the '80s!

Your Friend,  
Juston





Artwork by Lisa Birk



"I Used To Think It Was 'What's Love Got To Toot?'" by Sarah Turbes



# boXes, boXes

by Britt Fleming

The only light comes from a small window,  
too high for me to reach. There's a door,  
a mattress and a drain-hole in one corner.  
They bring me tools, nails and pieces of wood.  
I build boxes and put the tools in them.  
The bring me oats and water to eat.  
The next day, the same. Water and oats.  
Little boxes, big boxes. Living in a box.  
There are boxes in my mind.  
I build them with my imagination and  
remember where they are. The ones I build  
during the day are always made of bare pine,  
but the ones in my mind are painted.  
They are green, red, blue, yellow and colors  
in between. I put my thoughts in them for later.  
One day I built enough boxes to make  
a flight of stairs to the small window. I climbed  
up and looked out. I saw lots of boxes.

# MAN WITH A DENSITY: CRISPIN GLOVER'S TOP FIVE PERFORMANCES

by A.J. Hakari

Even those silly, silly fools who care nothing for the unique acting skills of one Crispin Hellion Glover can't deny the man's magnetism. When Glover walks into a room, time stops, jukeboxes screech to a halt, and heads turn to gaze upon what's going to happen next -- we don't know what it is, but we know it's going to be well worth our attention. Thus, picking a mere five to represent Glover's greatest roles is no easy feat, but I like to think these represent a body of work most actors would kill to possess.



## **#5 - “Montag the Magnificent” in *The Wizard of Gore* (2007)**

-- The less said about our boy's other recent horror film *Simon Says*, the better. But while that one stunk worse than a week-old pile of fish tacos, Glover left us with a great, off-kilter performance in this remake of a Herschell Gordon Lewis chiller. Volunteers in Montag's uber-violent stage show are turning up dead for real, but is Montag really a murderous mastermind? Could it all be in the hero's imagination? Or could that creepy brother from *Teen Witch* be up to no good again? These questions are resolved in typical “Twilight Zone” fashion, but it's worth it to see Glover's could-be antagonist stir up the pot.

**#4 - “Phil” in *Hot Tub Time Machine* (2010)** -- By itself, *Hot Tub Time Machine* is a fun, *Hangover*-style party flick with laughs to spare. But forget John Cusack or Chevy Chase -- if anyone stole the show here, it's Mr. Glover as one-armed bellhop Phil. Once the main characters head back into the '80s and see that Phil has both limbs intact, a running gag emerges in which he constantly has close calls endangering what will be the missing one. It never ceases to get a

chuckle, and neither does Glover as the Phil of the here and now, who trashes the protagonists' luggage and still holds his hand out for a tip. Comedy gold, I tells ya.

**#3 - “*Grendel*” in *Beowulf* (2007)** -- This one's a bit of a controversial choice, for as the film was put together using motion-capture animation, you don't actually *see* Glover, let alone any of the actors. But those are his movements and his voice bringing to life Grendel, the deformed troll bent on showing sixth-century Denmark who's boss. But Grendel is no mere monster here -- thanks to a strong script by Roger Avary and Neil Gaiman, the beast becomes a most tragic figure, the victim of a certain character's lust for fortune and glory. The film itself hinges on such ideas, and it would be remiss to deny that Glover's performance didn't do an effective job of getting the ball rolling.

**#2 - “*George McFly*” in *Back to the Future* (1985)** -- ...really? Do I need to say anything?

**#1 - “*Willard Stiles*” in *Willard* (2003)** -- I'd grown up watching Crispin Glover in various childhood movies, but it wasn't until *Willard* that the curtains were ripped open, and I saw the light for myself. In a world where good horror movies are less and less common, let alone ones with distinct, fleshed-out acting, *Willard* is an out-of-left-field surprise that gave us both. A remake of a pretty “meh” ‘70s flick, this *Willard* ups the ante in terms of atmosphere, gallows humor, and some of the spookiest imagery involving creepy-crawlies you'll ever see. But at the heart of the film is Glover, whose turn as a henpecked clerk whose friendship with a horde of rats quickly grows homicidal is one of the horror genre's greatest performances *period*. We the viewers watch helpless as the world picks on poor Willard, nagging at him to the point at which unleashing his rodent pals upon his enemies becomes his only means of release. Willard is someone we have to simultaneously fear and feel sorry for, a monumental task that Glover completes with flying colors.

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



# **Tar Pit**

**by Nandani Felicia Bharrat**

**A warning from someplace wretched  
Buried**

**And once thought lost,  
Busts outward  
Wailing its siren pop!  
The air is pins,  
To the bulbous prophets  
And still,  
We trudge on**

**Downward  
Clutching each other's limbs and clothing  
A lethargic depiction of desperation  
Like watching slow motion  
That almost looks as though it's painted.  
Still framed**

**((((**

**Because we can't even hurry up with the damn thing  
It's either out or in**

And either might be fine,  
If we could just get there  
But we're...,

*I'm* stagnant

At least in my eyes

I see .

Nothing less than

Something sad

alone

And sitting

Not breathing or moving

Or fluid.

Something to be fossilized

Forgotten far into the future

Should I bother to wonder...?

When so much is to be wondered about

And time is stagnant

And *I* immobile...

Already

Sinking too deep,

And thinking

Too deep.

# Roadblocks

## by Dixon Lomax

“Fuck *everything*,” the drummer groaned from the back of the van. We’d arrived at Chicago’s O’Hare Airport, the men of Canned Heat weary after a weekend rambling the Midwest from Minneapolis to Wabash, Ind.

Canned Heat drummer Adolpho “Fito” de la Parra’s devoted his entire adult life to spreading world boogie across the globe, but today he felt like declaring this traveling life was for the birds. He yearned to fly west and walk his own floor, lay his burdens down.

Fito’s been on the road for nearly half a century, more than 40 years spent keeping steady time for the freakiest, most resilient and yet dysfunctional boogie blues machine to have ever held a key to the great highway.

And as any seasoned musician can testify: The drummer always has the best view.

Fito’s run the gamut with Canned Heat: riches, fame, suicide, drug overdoses, dope smuggling, ill-repute and rebirth. In the spirit of 1970s ‘it’s only rock ‘n’ roll’ sexual deviancy, Fito and a bandmate once lodged a banana up a groupie’s snatch. Just because they could. The prudish or timid aren’t cut out for Canned Heat. Besides, the chick’s *husband* insisted upon it.

“We’re more infamous than famous,” Fito boasted in an interview. “But we don’t really care. I consider going to a Canned Heat show a personal act of rebellion.”

Fito concedes there are safer means for a man to secure his living. As I gathered during my 48-hour stint as the band’s de facto aide-de-camp, touring with Canned Heat promises a jarring, unpredictable grind. The years trashing hotel suites, engaging in coke-fueled orgies and handing befuddled car salesmen a stack of cash for exotic sports cars are bygone memories from another era. Times done been, wont be no more.

In December 1967, a few months after the fabled “summer of love,” Fito enlisted in Canned Heat’s rugged corps of blues scholars, junkies, redneck misfits and primitive environmentalists. In this band chock full of crude and dope-addled gringos, it was Fito de la Parra, the blue-eyed Mexican lover man, who saw himself as the outcast of the group. In flagrant violation of all conventional logic, Fito manages to keep an American blues band’s heart beating more than 30 years after the death of its charismatic leaders.

Talk to Fito (pronounced Feedo) yourself, and the man will proclaim with the utmost pride, “I was born to play in Canned Heat. I was born to keep it alive.” And then he’ll beam, laying on his charm in an effort to sell you a copy of his seedy memoir, *Living the Blues*.



More than once has Canned Heat seen fame lift its skirt to reveal countless pleasures; the band released a trio of bona fide hit singles in the late 1960s and early 70's. Their most enduring classic, "Goin' up the Country," was the official Woodstock anthem in 1969.

Nearly 40 years since their final appearance on the Billboard charts, Canned Heat's two-day swing through the humid Midwest in June 2008 was a grueling test of patience and professionalism, performing to half-baked crowds and swatting at relentless mosquitoes.

"The music is free," Fito is apt to quip. Getting to the gig, he emphasizes, the annoyances of the road and the toils brought forth, that's how a working road band earns its fee.

*Shit, Fito growled somewhere in northwest Indiana on the drive to Chicago, we played at Woodstock. They loved us there. Earlier this month, we played to 20,000 people in Austin, Texas. We're beloved in Australia and select pockets in Europe. Our hits are recognized worldwide, even if you aren't familiar with our name. What the hell were we doing playing to a couple hundred country rubes in a Harley Davidson parking lot? What do they know about—as Fito pronounces it—blose (blues) music?*

But Canned Heat is at home amongst bikers, outlaws, longhairs and eccentrics. Musical and societal conformists, they are not. The band holds the distinction of appearing at the most motorcycle-related events in rock 'n' roll history. Though for untold reasons, they haven't lured an official from the Guinness Book of World Records to certify the achievement.

At the airport, I parked the van next to the airline check-in on an early Monday afternoon. Fito grunted, then cursed the band's longtime manager/producer, Skip Taylor, for booking these godforsaken gigs on consecutive nights in late June.

"I think I'll fire his ass when I get home!" Fito said. He's a proud man not to be trifled with, and easily prone to petulance.

"See how he likes that shit," said Fito, his accent swelling with his anger. "Fawk him."

Fito's tough-guy posture belies his slight frame. Since he began his musical career drumming in Mexican beatnik cafes as a teenager in the late 1950s, he's subsisted on business savvy, grit, discipline and an unyielding desire to trudge straight ahead through the storm, no matter how fierce the four winds blow.

The fatigued drummer made it evident since we'd left our hotel in Wabash his eagerness to return home to Ventura County, Calif., where he frightens neighbors (which includes one of the dames from "Sex and City") with the grim, terrifying presence of his old friends, the Hell's Angels.

More than 40 years since they first dropped acid with Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters, the Hell's Angels still possessed the requisite weirdness and outlaw savageness to scare the living shit out of the squares. And Fito, who once hired an Angel to manage Canned Heat, was happy to abide their company.

## *Roadblocks Cont'd...*

The drummer had grown restless sitting in this goddamn van. His back ached from laying in the back seat. A pill would be nice right about now, Fito mumbled. Mellow down easy for the plane ride.

His three bandmates exploded in laughter in affirmation of Fito's "fuck everything" outburst. They knew Fito's threats towards his old cohort Skip would ultimately ring hollow, and all three were hired knowing damn well Fito's fiery constitution is an undeniable component of the Canned Heat package.

His temper had bubbled to the surface two nights prior at a beer festival in Mankato, Minn. Fito started raising sand when he couldn't find his "300 fucking dollar sunglasses" after the set. The band and stage hands combed the confines of the stage and backstage trailer; Fito discovered his shades crushed on the asphalt. He was so demoralized a glass of red wine and a few downers were required to steady his nerves for the 12-hour drive through southeast Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and central Indiana.

The man riding shotgun turned to me in the final minutes before we reached O'Hare. I lowered the volume on the Muddy Waters tune blaring out the speakers. All weekend long, playin nothin but them downhome, gutbucket blues.

"You're a hip guy," he said. "Not everyone can hang with Canned Heat."

He was Robert Lucas, the band's lead singer, guitarist and harmonica ace. I appraised it a flattering compliment of high caliber coming from Lucas, a gruff, burly man who personified Blues Cool.

Grateful for the honor of 'hanging' with Canned Heat, Lord of the Boogie, I exchanged farewells with the band, assured my firm grasp of blues history had endeared me to these masters of the idiom.

Informal arrangements were offered to contact me if the band made its way back to Minnesota the following summer, but I suspected our paths were never to cross again. Save for the drummer, it would be futile to predict the lineup of this band a year from now. Drugs, death and dissension has forced Canned Heat to tweak their lineup more than any rock 'n' roll band in history. Arguably, as there's no current World Record for Highest Turnover Rate in a Rock Band.

But there was no disputing the notion that whoever was singing Canned Heat's catalog of blues standards and inventive originals, the plucky drummer from California by way of Mexico City would remain locked in the pocket, luring the women onto the dance floor (and afterwards, his motel room) with his boogie swing. Some things will never change.

Alas, exactly five months after we parted in Chicago, Lucas' fatal heroin overdose cemented my premonition. This was the last I saw of Canned Heat in this incarnation. History has taught us death don't have mercy upon a man

deranged enough to align himself with the star-crossed Canned Heat.

"After September, I don't know what's going to happen," Lucas confessed while we smoked cigarettes in the early morning light of his Wabash motel room. Lucas alluding to the band's remaining touring dates and his foggy prospects as a solo artist. The beefy bluesman from Long Beach, Calif. spread his arms and shrugged at the modest lodging, his dark humor bleeding through.

"This could all come to an end," he said.

And sho 'nuff it did. At least for Robert Lucas.

Climbing out of the van, Fito approached and with his sly touch, placed into my hand a pile of left-handed cigarette roaches wrapped inside a crumpled Subway napkin.

"No sense in bringing this on the plane," he said in his refined accent, cultivated since Fito immigrated to the U.S. in the mid 1960s after playing a vital role in Mexico's fledgling rock 'n' roll scene. "A kid like you oughta find some use for this."

I'd hardly consumed any of the grass I brought along for the trip. I was reluctant to indulge on account of the precious cargo I was carrying. I'd researched Canned Heat's numerous encounters (both foreign and domestic) with the criminal justice system as it pertains to Dangerous Drugs, and vowed to prevent a bust from occurring under my watch.

"They're still a little wild," Skip had warned me, "but they've mellowed out a lot." Indeed, they'd landed in Minneapolis armed with a cigar tube packed to the brim with pot. Smoke 'em if you get 'em.

I tucked the napkin into an empty cigarette pack, hoping airport security hadn't witnessed the exchange.

"I'll find a way to dispose of these properly," I said. "I've got about an eight-hour drive ahead of me. But maybe I'll keep them as a souvenir. What do you think?"

"If we ever get into the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame," Fito said, "you can donate them to the corporate assholes at the museum. Fuck them, too."

I chuckled and handed Fito the band's credit card I'd been carrying. He'd threatened to send his Angels buddies after me if I lost it, and I believed every word he uttered.

He shoved the credit card in his pocket and patted me on the cheek like a mafioso, a real stand up guy embracing a loyal soldier. I grinned at Uncle Fito, wondering if my job description allowed to wrap my arms around him in a display of gratitude and reverence. But Fito acted first, and presented a hug.

"You did good. We'll see you again," he said, The 62-year old flashed his sparkling teeth before reciting Canned Heat's hard-won mantra and mission statement:

"Don't forget to boogie."





**Photos:**

**Above:** "No Hanks" by Ashley Birk

**Below:** "Boneyard" by Tiffany Reinitz





**Photos:**

**Above:** “Taste Buds” by Kyle Nordland

**Below:** “Seeds Are Left” by Morgan Lust



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