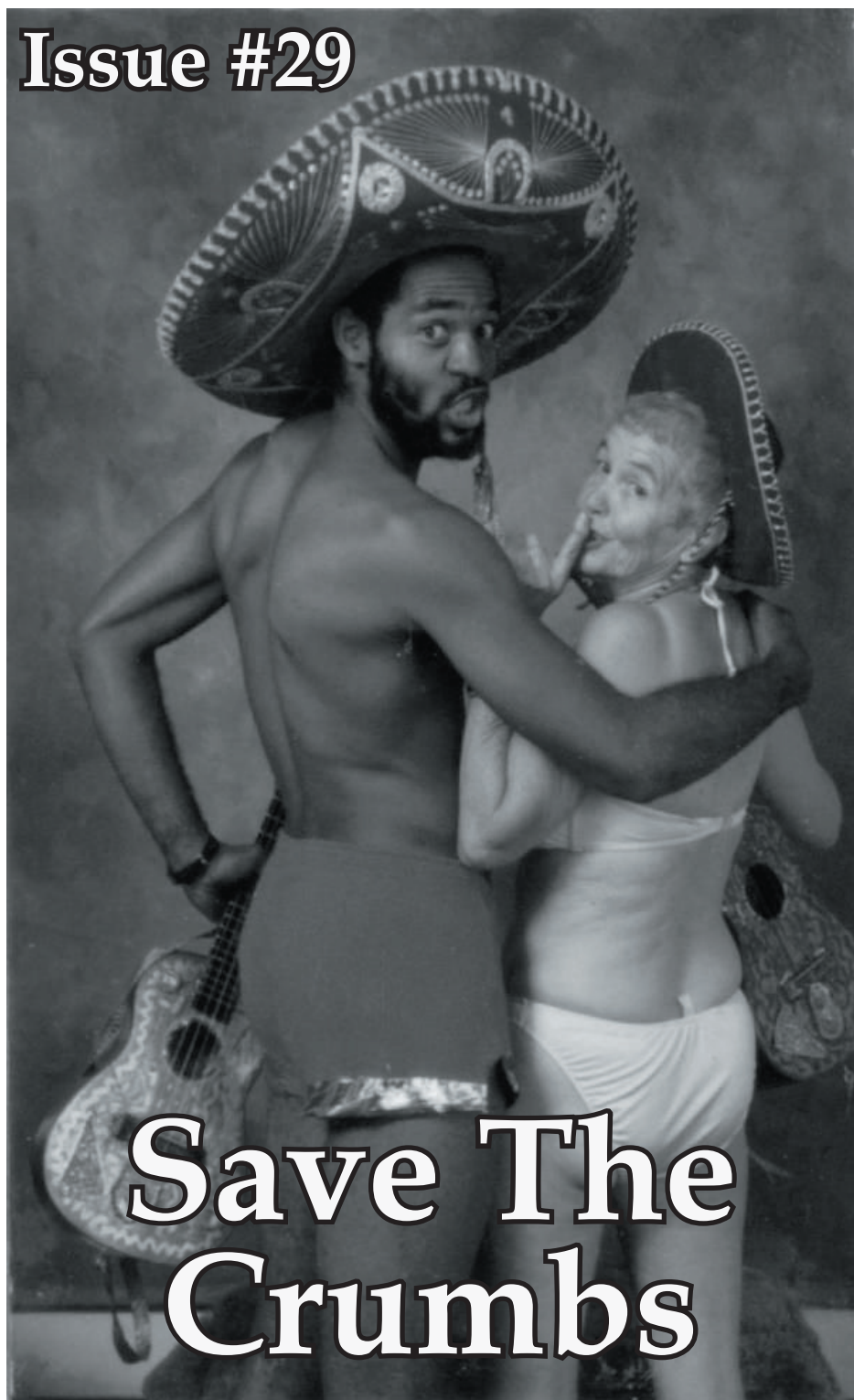


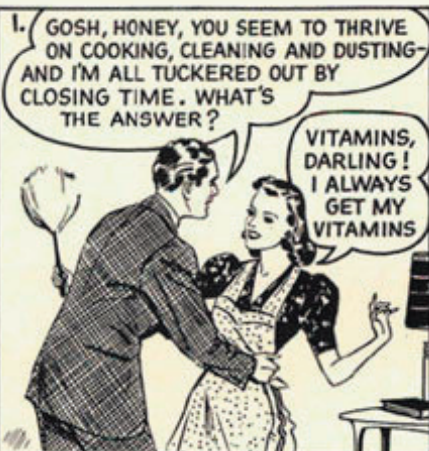
**Issue #29**



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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.

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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... **Dating**

I've been dating quite a bit lately, and thought I'd share a nugget of wisdom I've acquired throughout this tedious, and sometimes horrifying process for those of you who are thinking about joining the struggle, or are on the verge of getting booted from your current relationship only to be thrown into it.



Do not, I repeat, do not, rant, rave, or opine about previous relationships on the first, second, or even third date with someone you have any real interest in seeing a second, third, or fourth time.

Now, if you're a reasonable person you're thinking to yourself, but who in their right mind would ever do this? Common sense tells me that if I want to get to know someone I like on any level I shouldn't spend time I could be using to connect with them talking about someone else that doesn't care about me anymore.

Agreed.

But of the 10 girls I've dated in the past five months, half of them have done just this. My first thought: they're not into me and are using their ex-stories as a way to alienate me. Reason being, I used this very method once as an indirect way to get out of a relationship with someone I wasn't really in to. Pathetic? Yes. Passive? Yes. Effective? One hundred percent.

Thing is, in each of these cases the women in question tried to ramp up the seriousness of our relationships immediately after they spilled their guts. Motivation? Maybe they wanted to see how mentally tough I was. They thought, if he can handle me talking about how much I still love my ex, he's the man for me. Maybe. Or maybe he's desperate and has no sense of self-respect. Certainly not as much pressure playing second fiddle. Needless to say, in each of these cases I moved right along and haven't looked back.

There's another potential motivation, which is that they sensed I was a good listener, boyfriend material, someone that they wanted to be completely honest with from the get go so as not to invest themselves in something serious only to have it backfire when they came clean down the line. Ha. I'd like to think I'm a good listener, and as a friend I'd love to help you out, but I will not take on project relationships. They never work out. Better luck next time.

There's a time for honesty and it's not right after someone tells you their name, or where they work, or their hobbies. Give it awhile, wait until the dreaded *what are we* talk, then feel free to let it fly and brace yourself for the inevitable blowback.



# Who Would Win In A Fight?



## Screech

Strength - 3

Intelligence - 9

Energy Projection - 5

Stamina - 7

Agility - 4

Durability - 4

Speed - 6



## Pumpkinhead

Strength - 8

Intelligence - 2

Energy Projection - 3

Stamina - 5

Agility - 4

Durability - 6

Speed - 2

### **Samuel “Screech” Powers Attributes:**

Valedictorian of Bayside High, right-hand man of Principal Richard Belding, appeared on the cover of Chessboy Magazine, close friend of Zach Morris, has his own robot named Kevin, winner of the Miss Bayside pageant, dated Tori Spelling, ran a lucrative business selling spaghetti sauce, has giant genitals

### **Pumpkinhead Attributes:**

Possesses super-human strength, has his own film and comic book series, hails from a pumpkin patch, has long claws and razor-sharp teeth, driven by an insatiable thirst for vengeance, is difficult to kill, has broad shoulders, once lived in the body of Lance Henriksen, had a song written about him by The Misfits

# From The Cluttered Desk of Juston Cline...

What does one do when in a transitional phase? I am currently finding myself in a bit of a contemplative state about how I should live my life. You see, I have lived a pretty full life so far. I used to be chasing this perpetual want for more “things” to surround myself with.



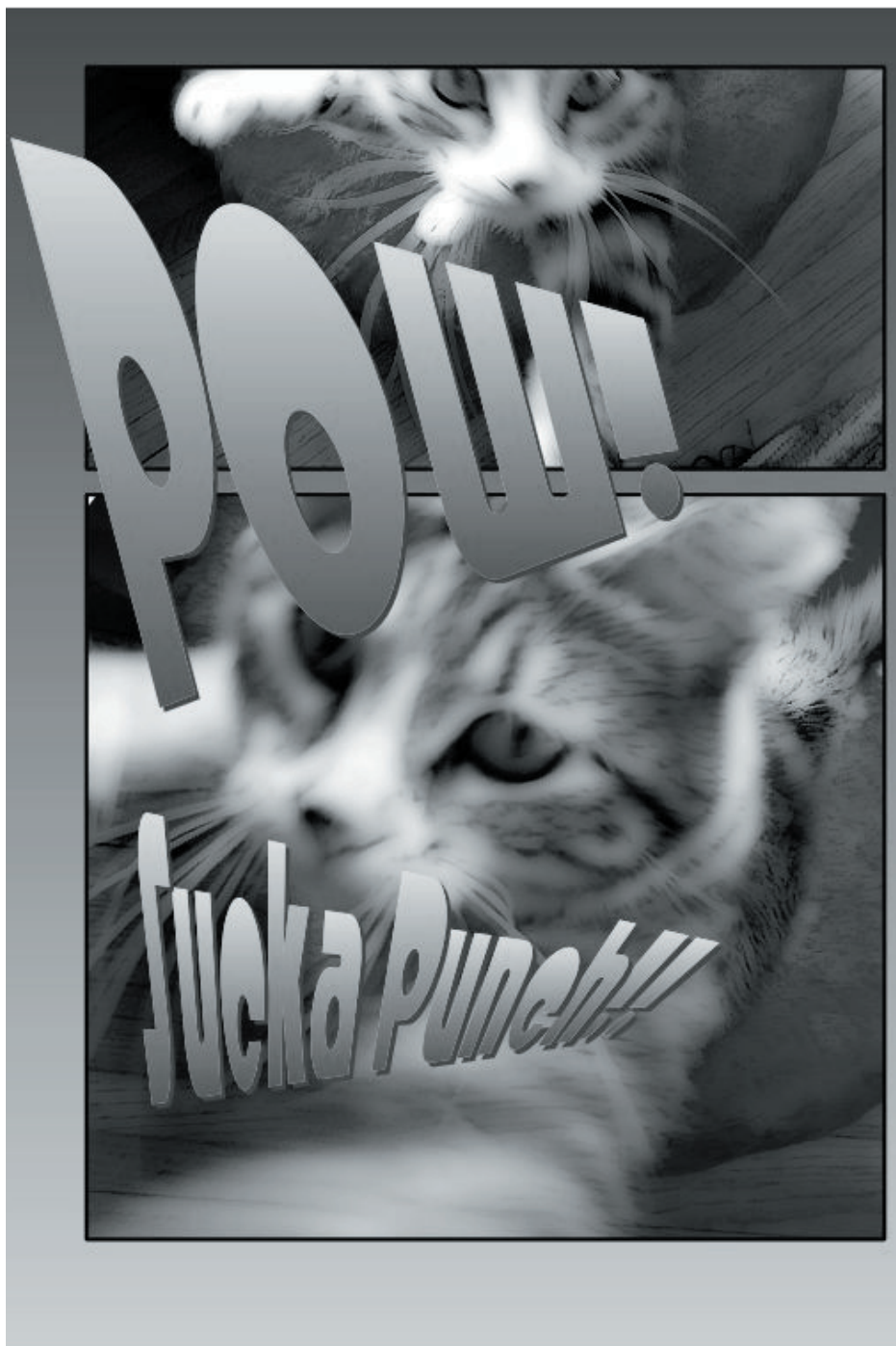
Computers, TV's, fancy high definition audio/video devices, hot-rod guitars, cars, and motorcycles (and yes, I own multiples of each of those) just to name a few. I always figured I should buy everything I ever wanted now so later I'll just pile up stacks of cash in my house since I'll have everything already. Sadly, that is not shaping up to be the case.

These days, however, I have been thinking to change my tune. Some days I wake up thinking maybe I should just sell all the crap I have and live simple. Would I use all my money for something else? Exotic trips perhaps? Invest it in mutual funds? Donate it to charity? Or would I miss all the things I once had?

I recently started trying to go through things I had just stored in boxes. I must say I have thrown away lots of things. But the problem is I find those other little jewels of my childhood. Or old arcade machine joysticks and buttons from my entrepreneurial days as a coin jockey. Not to mention the one arcade machine I kept. Sheesh, it's like I've already lived three lives and I'm not even close to my mid-life crisis yet. Wonder what that will entail...

Now I know what you're thinking. "Hoarder!" But really I'm not. I have a clean, well-kept living space; even my garage is organized pretty well. I guess what I'm finding is that my issue isn't my things. It's that I'm still searching for something to make me truly happy in life. And the older I get the more I realize that what I am searching for is hard to find and can't be purchased.

...Just ask The Beatles.



**By Laura Kelly**

# Onibaba

by A.J. Hakari

Japan's "Warring States" period was not a good time to be a peasant. Civil war left the country in ruins, its two highest courts were at each other's throats, and, as always, the lower class paid the price. In a house stationed amidst a vast susuki field live the mother (Nobuko Otowa) and wife (Jitsuko Yoshimura) of a farmer who was called off to battle. It's just been the two of them for a while, squeezing out a living by ambushing the occasional samurai and selling off whatever belongings they can. But out of the blue one day comes Hachi (Kei Sato), a neighbor who finally fled from the bloodshed. Slowly, he integrates himself into the womens' self-enclosed world, spurning the mother's advances while enjoying some splendor in the grass with her daughter-in-law. Emotions are mounting as is, but when a wandering warrior with a demonic mask pays the trio a visit, all of the brewing treachery and betrayal comes to a terrifying boil.

One man, two women, an isolated setting, the air thick with sexual tension -- you'd swear *Onibaba* was written by Tennessee Williams after a sake bender. But Kaneto Shindo's 1964 picture draws its inspiration from a Buddhist parable, which is enough of an indication that this flick will be playing old-school. *Onibaba* isn't very steeped in the supernatural (as unlikely as certain scenarios are, they do have basis in reality), but karmic overtones are liberally dispersed throughout. Shindo shows some very bad people doing very bad things, but it's how he goes about displaying his morality that makes the story so fascinating. This isn't so much a battle between good and evil as it one between two different evils -- the farmer's mother doesn't want to lose her partner in crime, and Hachi is just a horny bastard, and in spite of all this, the daughter still grows herself a conscience. It's fair to say *Onibaba* doesn't sound interesting if a bunch of bickering louts is all we get, but Shindo has us covered by adding a distinctive visual sweep to an otherwise simple story.

While there are several sections in which very little action takes place, *Onibaba* always has something planned to keep viewers absorbed. The opening scene, which contains no dialogue and lasts



around ten minutes, follows two unfortunate samurai who stumble through the susuki reeds and discover the true extent of the dangers war hath wrought. The unknown does present itself when the mother uses her daughter-in-law's fear of religion to scare her away from Hachi, which brings the film's Buddhist origins (not to mention that funky cover art) full circle. These interactions really make the film, thanks in great part to a hell of an on-target ensemble. Otowa projects a hint of innocence (after all, it wasn't her character's first choice to blindside samurai for a living) while she embodies the perfect manipulative spirit. Meanwhile, Sato taps into his inner Toshiro Mifune to play a scoundrel who couldn't be more pleased to be one, and though Yoshimura has a tough time being noticed, she still holds her own and walks away with a solid performance as the closest thing we have to a "good guy."

A bit slow-going at times, *Onibaba* more than compensates for it with a tale whose emotions draw in your psyche and keep it locked on the action. Emphasis is on art over keeping the plot occupied, but it's to Shindo's credit that he involves you in the proceedings with a minimum of story and many sections that do without spoken words period. The Criterion Collection did well in admitting entrance to *Onibaba*, a tale whose terrors are no one's fault but our own souls.

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



# Favorite Least Tedious Hobbies

## by Jack Kolars

When I have a spare moment...some of my least tedious hobbies are watching paint dry and watching grass grow. Since we haven't painted anything at our house for awhile, and since the grass hasn't grown at our lawn since last August...I've had plenty of time on my hands lately. That is...until this past Sunday afternoon when I spent watching leaves blowing around in the wind.

And watching leaves being blown by the wind reminded me about today's economy

I imagined the multi-colored leaves of this fall as people in today's economy being blown around by gusts in the wind. Try watching leaves blowing this fall and see if you don't see what I saw on Sunday.

What I saw was this: A gust of wind would blow...and hundreds of leaves are blown in one direction, the smaller leaves trailing behind the larger leaves...the smaller leaves never making it to the BIG PILE. But the larger leaves got to the BIG PILE usually landing on top of other bigger leaves while doing so.

**Just like in today's economy.**

Another gust of wind blows and the process repeats itself with smaller leaves trying to keep up with the bigger leaves...but never managing to land in the BIG PILE. And in this same gust of wind--all of a sudden---a group of smaller, weaker and older leaves are being blown in an opposite position---landing in a depression in the lawn. There are no larger, brighter leaves in this group, just the smaller, weaker and older leaves.

**Just like in today's economy.**

And then I turned in another direction and notice a whole bunch of older leaves being whipped around in a small cyclone and dumped into a nearby ravine. And then a group of smaller, weaker leaves were spun down the ravine by other cyclones.

**Just like in today's economy.**

And as the weather gets colder and the remaining leaves still clinging to their branches begin to fall---the spreading of leaves by gusts of wind will continue.

If you were a leaf which position would you find yourself in against today's economic winds? Will the winds blow you into a favorable position? Will your condition keep you in a depressed area? Can anything help? Can government help?

Finally, if you are a healthy leaf that controls its own wind. Congratulations. You're probably a Wall Street banker.

The winds are blowing now....and we are all leaves.

For me, I'm waiting for the American Spring, to experience next summer, and to see how healthy and what color the leaves will be next fall when the next Presidential election takes place.

And the results of that 2012 election could take us in different directions. It will either take this country to the regressive policies which led to the 1929 Depression under Hoover and the 2008 Recession under Bush....or it could re-define that America will become more progressive and finally drag us out of this economic ditch with increased government spending to re-build infra-structures to improve America for the next generation....while creating jobs for this generation.

Consumers can't save the economic situation themselves since their pay has been *flattened like a dead leaf* by both the Reagan and Bush tax cuts.

Tax cuts for the *rich leaves* don't help the economy. Unless you are rich or a banker.

We have learned that "trickle-down economics" doesn't work.

And leaves continue to blow in the wind. Being taken where the wind blows them...and having little control.

Let's help the leaves. Let's help the American people. Let's re-build America again instead of sliding back to Hoover's 1929, or even Bush's 2008.

The End.

# The Three Tiers of Ethnic Food

## by Bryan Boyce

I live in South Dakota.

And while the endless plains, blinding snowstorms, and antiquated drive-ins of this fair state offer more than their share of intractable beauty, I've also learned over years here that there's just some things you ain't goin a get but for you go far far away. Chiefly: independent films, a double digits per square mile population density, and good ethnic food.

So when I traveled to Washington DC last spring, it was with an express aim to take full advantage of everything the city offers that the prairie does not. On a relative scale, I didn't disappoint. Friends and I lapped up labneh at a Middle Eastern restaurant in the suburbs, shared a steaming bowl of pho on a back porch in the city, ate injera with saffron-soaked leftovers in little Ethiopia.

This is improbable food for my usual day-to-day. Why then, did it leave me feeling just somehow slightly unfulfilled?

No, I'm not that world-weary. After a few days back it hit me. I'd gone ethnic, *but not as far as I could have*.

That West African restaurant down the street I couldn't find anyone to say good things about, the Malaysian diner in my travel guide? These were what DC could truly lord over not only rural but much else of urban America. I had missed out by setting the bar too low.

It was after this trip that I developed a way of articulating such differences among ethnic foods—for you and me both—to avoid ever making such a catastrophic underuse of setting again.

Observe, The Three Tiers of Ethnic Food.

### Tier 1

Food so commonplace in America you hardly consider it ethnic. For example: Mexican, Chinese, Italian. Easy to find even in small towns.





Nonetheless ethnic, because some more corn-fed strains of the country may reject and I still have to drive at least 45 minutes to get.

## Tier 2

Food you can find in any city of a certain size. Think Minneapolis, maybe Sioux Falls. For example: Indian, Thai, Ethiopian, sushi, gyros. If starting from Tier 1, it might be what you do for that occasional night out in the big city. Is the bread and butter of sophisticated urbanites.



## Tier 3

Food elusive and exotic, to be pounced on at any availability. Usually found only in large cities (NYC, San Francisco) or specifically ethnic enclaves. For example: Burmese, Peruvian, Malagasy, Lithuanian, Vietnamese sandwiches. This guy I met over the summer raved about the West Indian roadie; I don't even know what it is but I need to eat it. In a word: the Holy Grail.



It's worth noting that these strata don't strictly correspond to city size. Fantastic third tier food can be found in say, German Lutheran church suppers, pasty peddlers on the Iron Range, or that Somali restaurant that used to be in Owatonna.

And of course, the distinctions between tiers may blur depending on what you're used to and where you live. A friend proofing this article, for instance, balked at my early inclusion of soul food in the third tier, since there are about a billion times more soul food than Malagasy restaurants in the country. Valid point: you can find it in

Three Tiers Cont'd...

the Des Moines or North Minneapolis. But its more limited cultural accessibility to me than say, Thai food, is why I bumped it to the top. This raises important questions. Do we classify foods by patronage (who eats them), or availability (who readily can)? If the latter, do we consider just the geographic, or also social aspects of availability? Where *does* soul food go?

Ultimately, the answer is: in your stomach. Everyone in the world should eat chicken and waffles. And the key point remains the same.

Oh, to have traveled to New York, lived in Chicago and not pushed them to their outer culinary limits! How I could have been applying this for years: the unpronounceable menus! The pink plastic tablecloths! Don't, dear reader, make the same mistake as my younger benighted self.

Always, always strive for the top.

*Bryan Boyce teaches high school English on the Rosebud Lakota Reservation in South Dakota. He can be reached at [boycebry@gmail.com](mailto:boycebry@gmail.com).*



**“My Apartment Needs To Be Vacuumed But My Vacuum Sucks” by Megan O’Toole & John Pietz**

# Rainbowsunshinemeatballs Surprise

## By Theodore Crackle

*talk to the hand--  
no,  
I mean literally.*

I looked to the right  
five fingers and a stump,  
encased in glass  
sitting on a shelf—  
pale like cantaloupe  
rinds

*Speak to it, go on  
she said,  
folding her hands together  
shutting her eyes.  
it will tell you  
things.*

ok, I said reaching through my  
pockets,

passing over loose change  
and clumpy lint.  
looking for a smoke.

*Why do bad things happen to  
good people?*

The hand didn't move, no fingers twitched. No words  
spoken.

*hmm, that sounds about right  
I said.  
Thanks.*



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**- Krissy Rausch**







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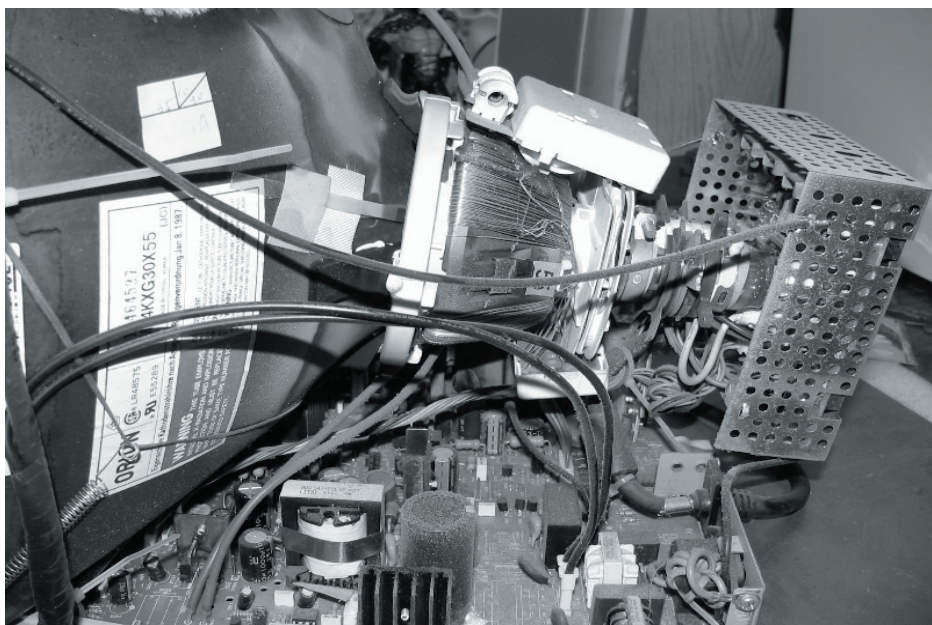
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**Photos:**

**Above:** “Inside The Screen” by Joe Eggen

**Below:** “Long Lashes” by Morgan Lust







**Photos:**

**Above:** “Greenvee” by Bryan Boyce

**Below:** “Paradise By The Dashboard Light” by Ashley Birk



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