

This issue of Save The Crumbs marks our five-year anniversary. If it weren't for all the talented people who have helped us over the years, there's no way we would still be in existence. Thanks so much for all your support. Also, thanks to all our loyal readers. If you want to make sure Save The Crumbs makes it another five years, we can always use your help. Drop us a line at savethecrumbs@gmail.com. We're ready to believe you!

- Dustin Wilmes, Editor

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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 creativitystifling forces. No *The Man*.

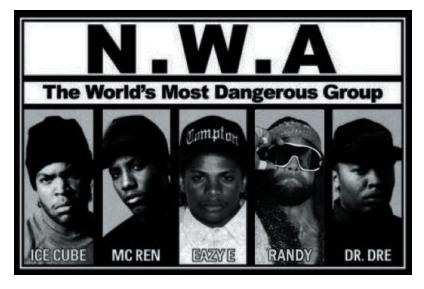
So, grab a copy of this thing and show it to your friends. Lend it to people. Make copies of it at your place of employment. Get the word out. Be inspired. Make your own 'zine!

If you have any questions, comments, advice, or want to submit something... send e-mail to **savethecrumbs@gmail.com**.

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Someone Is Always Gonna Tell You That You Can't by Sarah Turbes

There will always be a handful of folks who step in and tell you that you can't write. That you're no good, that you shouldn't waste your time putting your thoughts out there. There will always be a handful of folks who tell you that you can't take a photograph. That you shouldn't pick up a camera or even bother documenting, what you find interesting, on film. There will always be a handful of folks who tell you that you can't sing. That you can't paint. That you can't draw. Everything you do will be nothing to at least one loud jerk out there.

Are you gonna stand for it? Are you gonna take that "two cents" and save it as a reminder?

I wouldn't and I won't and I don't. I ignore, reflect and move on. If you must react, reply, bow down to their idea of "criticism", give them a nod and a gracious "Golly! Thanks!" If you like what you do and someone else does too, go with that. Build on that. There will always be naysayers turning their noses at you, turning their heads from you or laughing hard, as if you've told the funniest of jokes. But you haven't said anything funny at all.

I write THIS today, because I can't come up with an original idea. All of my notes and my stories, written in my head in the middle of the night, make no sense once released. I write THIS because while criticism, destruction, analysis, are all very important to art (whatever its form), there comes a time when it's all too much. It's all too unnecessary, dull, not passionate, plain ol'malicious.

Sometimes it's good to look, read and react passively. If all you've got is some "mightier than thou" b.s. Just shove it, just for today.

Who Would Win In A Fight?





Strength - 4 Intelligence - 6

Energy Projection - 4

Stamina - 7

Agility - 5

Durability - 5

Speed - 9

Strength - 7 Intelligence - 8

Energy Projection - 9

Stamina - 4

Agility - 5

Durability - 4

Speed - 5

Richard Petty Attributes:

Known as "The King" of racing, seven-time winner of the NASCAR Championship, awared Medal of Freedom by President Bush, appeared in the film *Days of Thunder*, seven-time winner of the Daytona 500, had his own line of breakfast cereal, member of the NASCAR Hall of Fame, friends with Burt Reynolds

David Lo Pan Attributes:

Ancient sorcerer from Chinatown, leader of the Wing Kong, has ability to take different forms, can shoot light from eyes and mouth, proprietor of Wing Kong Exchange, associate of the Lords of Death street gang, has a penchant for girls with green eyes, personal friend of supernatural magicians "The Three Storms"

From The Homely Desk Of Juston Cline...

So, I'm taking the big plunge into adulthood. I am buying my first home. Its' interesting to see how excited everyone else is. "Congrats!" "Oh, I'm so proud of you" "Awesome dude, way to go!" "OMG!" Those are just some of the statements I am



greeted with upon telling people of my new purchase. The funny thing is, I don't feel any of these things. What I feel is impatience, fear, frustration, and hassled. It's kind of a pain in the ass. There are realtors, bankers, inspectors, appraisers, not to mention the sellers themselves, you have to haggle with through multiple people. With anything else in life you just walk in and say "I would like this one please....in red" and you tell them how you're going to pay for it, and leave. Not with a house. I wonder if people with lots of money get to handle house buying in a different way. Can they just call the realtor and say "I would like that one," write a check, and get the keys? In reality, the house is not in my possession at the moment. It has gone smoothly so far, but everything seems to take time, time, and more time. I'm not even sure how great of an idea it really is at this point. I mean sure, I'll own my own property. I'll be building equity rather than throwing money down an express shoot that leads to someone else's pocket. But I'll also be responsible for anything breaking down, upkeep on the yard, and keeping the neighbors happy. Is owning your own property a big hoax? I just hope that when it's all done and I'm sitting in my new house on the same couch, watching the same TV, that I somehow feel some of that excitement and pride that my friends and family have expressed.

Your friend, Juston

First Kisses by Sarah Hinton

Rough calloused hands, Scratchy against the heated skin of my face. Catching almost like nails.

Your eyes they imprison me,
I cannot look away...
I cannot take a breath
My lips are trembling..

Almost straining in want.

Every muscle throbbing in anticipation of your lips even grazing my own.

The tension between us is building, Reaching a peak where it must be satisfied Or I fear I may scream in frustration.

It feels as though it has been hours Since I felt your fingers teasing my cheeks,

my lips

Suddenly I am falling.

I am reeling.

My body feels as though I have turned to liquid at the touch of your mouth.

I am lost in your taste, in your breath.
In the hunger I taste that is so much akin to
my own

The Entity (1982)

by A.J. Hakari

Carla Moran (Barbara Hershey) is an independent woman and proud of it. She's a single mother of three, works all day, and attends typing school at night,



all with her sanity intact. But on a night no different than any other, the unspeakable begins to take place in Carla's home. An invisible force barges in and violates Carla in the worst ways, before disappearing as quickly as it arrived. Overcome with distress as is, she's further angered when it seems that there's no logical solution to what's happening. The more well-meaning psychiatrist Dr. Sneiderman (Ron Silver) delves into Carla's past, the more frequent and intense her attacks before. Whoever or whatever Carla's assailant is, it's real, though it'll take something special to bring it down in our world.

Schindler's List. United 93. The Passion of the Christ. These are very admirable films, from artistic and thematic standpoints, though it's a little weird to say I "like" them. They reached their respective aims as effectively as they could have, but it'll be a long time before I pop any of them in on a rainy afternoon. As much of a sore thumb as it looks stacked against these pictures, *The Entity* is just the same, ostensibly a mainstream creepfest that deals in unexpectedly mature and very disturbing concepts. Just as startling is that the film, having been released when most moviegoers based their image of the supernatural

off of the *Amityville* clunkers, makes it to the end without a scratch on its overall dignity. *The Entity* is a tough sit, but it survives by servicing its characters more so than the gorehound crowd. There are images of sexual assault that are difficult to watch, but the absence of some simplistic objective on which to hang these sequences spares the film the ravages of crass exploitation.

From shocking beginning to harrowing end, *The Entity* is firmly focused on Carla and never once wavers. Psychologically and physically, she's put through the mother of all wringers, savaged by a demonic aggressor and tortured by the fact that there's sound way to deal with it. A wrenching scene in which Carla breaks down and ponders submitting to her assailant is as riveting as the more showy attack sequences, both of which are still tastefully handled. Things do start to come apart in the third act, when the story edges away from mimicking its reallife basis and throws in a climax with Carla being pursued by a possessed freeze gun. It's never skipping hand-in-hand through a field of silly alongside *The Manitou*, but it definitely shows how the biggest pyrotechnics show you can muster is no match for a performance like Hershey's that encapsulates all manner of torment most of us can only imagine.

I hadn't known *The Entity* was such a hot commodity before I hit it up, with new discs on Amazon beginning at \$39 as of this posting. I tracked my copy through the library, so unless you have a chum who's up on his '80s horror collection or a dusty VHS of your own laying somewhere, chances are you've seen the last of this ditty for some time. In any case, I'm dying for a current viewer's take on *The Entity* -- after so many films have instructed us when to be scared like good little puppies, I'd like to see how they do with something that actually has a reason.

Feel free to holler at A.J. via his Twitter feed: @madmovieman

Tightening Welfare and Food Stamp Requirements on the Poor by Jack Kolars

The *USA Today* recently reported that residents in nearly two dozens states across America may soon have to follow new guidelines to get public assistance such as food stamps and welfare. Multiple states are requiring recipients to take drug tests, show photo identification and perform community service before they get stamps to eat.

This is all being done in the name of ending or trimming state subsidies to cover the poor...the unemployed or the underemployed in America.

And in which states is this "assault on the poor" taking place? There are the list of "usual suspects" of such *forward thinking states* including Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee and Florida...**red till your dead states**. But oh, lookie here... Minnesota has popped up as a state where the Republican majority wants to limit aid to the poor with ideas ranging from requiring drug testing, implementing a 60 day residency requirement, and limiting lifetime benefits to 36 months.

The old adage of **Minnesota Nice** has apparently gone by the boards and evaporated into thin air.

If you have never applied for public assistance then you might agree with this tightening of rules as a way to save money. If you have applied for assistance, then you know that the current process is nearly impossible to get through because of the already tight regulations.

Now there are those who argue that public assistance is injurious to people unless it helps the recipient become independent. Still others say the system should help people who really need help, but instead helps those who won't do anything to leave welfare.

And then there are those who argue that as American finds

itself in the worst economic times in decades, thanks to the spending of trillions of dollars in two wars...that states are making more restrictions on poor people.

And you will hear people say that we need to end Corporate Welfare which costs the government at least 35 times the amount spent on social services. And they will argue for drug screening for bailout recipients like Wall Street bankers. The money spent on social services for people is microscopic compared to the tax gifts to big corporations. It is also microscopic compared to the trillions of dollars spent in Iraq and Afghanistan.

When it comes right down to it we need to ask this question: Why do some lawmakers in some states want to help everyone except for their fellow Americans?

It's a good question to ponder.



Call Jack Kolars at 327-9987 for your Real Estate needs

Black Out: Mankato's Lost Hero by Allen Tesch

Two Mankato pizza delivery drivers were robbed at gunpoint near downtown this Saturday night—and while the assailants were eventually apprehended, it raises questions among residents if these crimes would have even been attempted if we still had our favorite local vigilante.

The pizza driver heists, the summer art walk defacings—these were all crimes where, until recently, a hero would step in at the last second and save the day for the decent people of the city. He was a man the people could count on, even if he couldn't be counted on for not soiling himself. He was a man that came to be known as Black Out

Black Out, the drunken knight whose real identity is unknown to all, probably including himself. With raw drunken strength and an inhuman imperviousness to pain, he would stumble onto the scene of the crime just as all seemed lost. After overcoming the criminals with a raging berserker attack that no sane man could summon—or simply receiving a beating that left attackers thoroughly exhausted—Black Out would reject the thanks of those he had saved and stagger off into the night, slowly suckling his bottle.

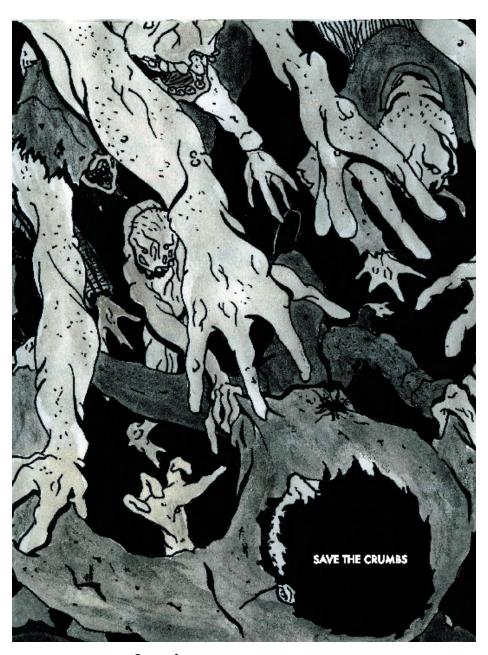
Witnesses had no clear description of Black Out. All they could agree on was that he was around 6 feet tall, white, with brown hair and the dilated black eyes of a man who had long ago crossed the threshold of consciousness. His costume was never the same twice, with it seeming that he hid his appearance with whatever items he found at hands reach. The only other real clue was that witnesses would report the strong stench of alcohol and pine-scented air freshener just before he appeared.

At first, the police and other traditional justice outlets didn't know what to make of Black Out. Sheriff Brad Peterson at first vowed to hunt him down "if I have to chase him down a bottle of whiskey." They were going to toss him in the detoxification center in New Ulm until he lost his taste for either the booze or fighting crime.

But the traditional justice outlets never found him, and with every interrupted misdemeanor they developed a tolerance for him which grew into a grudging respect. It is even reported that on more than one occasion the good deputies of Blue Earth would find him sleeping it off in the bushes near the crime scene—and after giving him some sports drink they would drop him off at any location he desired.

The streets of Mankato can be a dangerous place at night, and Black Out knew its pulse like the flow of his toilet. But the days of the sotten vigilante are apparently done here. Did he suddenly wake up on his couch one morning battered, bruised, hungover, and finally decide to give up the drink? Did he get a job that keeps him home at night getting a full night's sleep? Does he even know the hero that he was?

We may never know the answers to these questions—and what is worse, if we knew who to ask, *he* might not even know.



"City Of Absence, Pg 19, 2011, Sharpie, India Ink and Water Soluble Crayon" by Jacob Kuddes

Leg Braces and Rape Scenes: An Attempted Apologia for Disturbing Imagery by Britta Moline

"They feel betrayed, and tricked, and deceived, and caught in something ugly ... I was very happy with the movie, and I knew that it was the way that it should be, and that it had to be like that, and whatever was going to happen would happen." — David Cronenberg, on Crash (1996) and its detractors.

People, most often in my immediate family, regularly ask for an explanation of my taste in disturbing movies. As in a, "What did we do wrong that makes you like this stuff?" kind of way, both worried and confused, looking for some logical explanation for the gamut ranging from *I Spit on Your Grave* to *Natural Born Killers*. While I'm quick to point out that my favorite film is actually Iron Man (2008), I'll somewhat sheepishly allow that, okay, a close second is *Videodrome* and a close third is *Antichrist*. While I don't necessarily understand the concern over my viewing habits (I didn't exactly fly into Ted Turner's feared road rage after seeing *Crash*, either), I admit it is somewhat odd that human beings, a lot of them, seek out disturbing imagery to implant into their subconscious. For *fun*. And while I do it and have turned it into a sort of hobby (thus this brainchild website you're browsing now, which leads me to believe you do it too) I haven't the slightest idea why.

I was asked once by my mother whether there was a psycho-sexual element going on in my viewing habits. It's not difficult to see where this concern originates. Pull just about any "controversial" or "dangerous" film list and it's tough to ignore the psycho-sexual element that elicits disgust in some and stimulation (intellectual or otherwise) for others. *Blue Velvet, Body Double, A Clockwork Orange, Kids, Lolita*— the list could literally go on into triple digits. From something as innocent and innocuous as *The Kiss* (1896) to last year's notorious *A Serbian Film* (2010), there's something, clearly, about unusual or threatening human sexuality that is all at once cathartic to witness and impossible to ignore. It's a quick way to rile people up, to enrage the censors. I'm not getting my kicks from these films, but society's fear is that a hell of a lot of people are.

So what are the characteristics of a person who views, and actually enjoys, films that actively seek to disturb? I'm not simply talking about horror films here, whose surface-level thrills are well-documented, all-American enjoyment for most people. It's fun to jump at a shock from a safe distance,

to get the blood pumping knowing that you're just playing a sly trick on the brain. But what about those films with imagery that is truly upsetting? Who actually wants to watch a man's head split open in a mass of tumors? This is precisely what I subject myself to every time I watch *Videodrome*.

How about rape? Who really likes watching extended rape sequences (besides the disturbingly high population of young women I know with misguided rape fantasies)? Yet a tradition as storied as Ingmar Bergman's *The Virgin Spring* (1960) to Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs* (1971) to the very modern *Irreversible* (2002) are built upon the foundation of rape.

It's long been my belief that I handle these images well because I intellectualize them; I am able to somehow separate what I see on the screen from its true emotional reality. Rape is a devastating, almost unimaginable pain, but on the screen it becomes part of a film tradition, a sub-genre that says something upsetting, but nonetheless abstractly and distinctly intellectual, about our society. How is it *I'm* able distance myself like that, while other people simply cannot? I suppose one logical conclusion is that I've never been raped, but surely not everyone who finds those types of films upsetting has. Like most women, I have friends who have been raped, I love many of them dearly, and I'm aware of the emotional pain and devastation it elicits. I'm not naïve. When I watch these films I'm not thinking of the actuality of real, physical rape, but instead the abstract concept it represents. Why?

I'm not smarter than people who don't watch disturbing movies. Far from it. Nor do I think intelligence really plays any role at all. Some of the most brilliant minds I've ever known, my mother among them, can't stand the most extreme episodes of *South Park*, let alone the raw, primal horror of Lars von Trier. Nor do I think I'm more mentally stable than people who are emotionally ravaged by these films. I have my own demons— I've battled chronic anxiety for as long as I can remember— so it cannot be that I'm simply just so happy and levelheaded that I can "take it".

How about the idea that I just love movies more? That I must understand something and appreciate something about cinema in order to trust a director enough to accept the disturbing images presented. No, sorry, this one falls apart, too. Even Roger Ebert couldn't bear to sit through *Blue Velvet*, and the guy is a walking encyclopedia of film. And a good deal of the attendees of the 1996 Cannes film festival, who clearly really loved film because they dropped the serious cash it takes to attend the goddamn Cannes film festival, still walked out of David Cronenberg's *Crash* in disgust. Did they just not 'get' film well enough?

Perhaps I'm asking the wrong questions. Maybe this is all biased already towards the inclination that disturbing films are worth viewing, and maybe even *more* worthwhile for their difficulty. Maybe instead of asking what I "have" that other people don't, I should worry about what I lack.



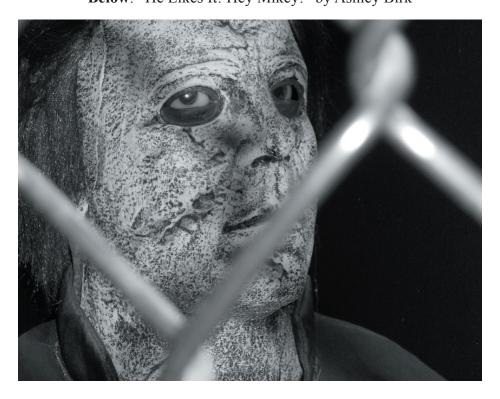
"Satan" by James Mackey

Untitled by Lindsay Haas

Scabbed older brother skin, so common and awarding to its owner, wanting to be satisfied by my adventures. You are my freshly bleeding skin, dripping with prized knowledge that pours from my lips. Summer winds blow in the smells of night with freckled starlets that capture my tears to rain down on another day. Wet blubbering thickness consumes my heart that leaves me shaking. Proud in your moments, you lay your sober thoughts on top of my vicious tendencies. Clenched in the thick hairy grasses that use to please me, now protect me as they scratch against my pulsing skin. Being caked in your disappointments, I hide my face from the world as my emotions puddle around my feeble lust. Clusters of loneliness start to hear my worry for darker days that are all too thought consuming. The earth moves to support my broken capabilities that you so easily burned in front of me. The roots of the world pull at my hair as flowers reach around me, she convinces your ego that you've won another battle to be more human. I lick at the tenderness that escapes my body, while you laugh for lack of better communication skills. You leave me with a broken lope and a hunger for understanding, control my happiness without a word. Pulling myself from an earthly premature grave, I tangle in your visual standards of my being. Run, I run on the tops of trunk paths, you catch my void in the shallow dirt and insult my excellence of disobeying you. If you want me, you'll follow me, refusing you again and again, you swallow hard and taste lingering advice, happily baked for you. I never so simple, would have complicated everything so. Tired moments of thinking of you have passed me, I drink to see your genuine self pity. Beck and call no longer, I refuse, considering my self, now or never. Avoiding the sea, having me ride its distracting waves as you believe all my muscles screams, that's how in tune with me you are. Appreciated, is this suppose to work, I give up on your tormented education of me. Having no thrown of your own displeases all of me though my throat grows tight. Crawling on the beach towards happiness, I lay dying, salt crests my tongue as I sing out to you, come here to me, you never come.



Photos: Above: "Sloth Love Bass" by Jeff Boelter **Below**: "He Likes It! Hey Mikey!" by Ashley Birk





Photos:

Above: "Laundromat" by Bryan Boyce **Below**: "Salutations" by Krissy Rausch



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