



ISSUE #35

Save The
Crumbs

WWFD?

"What Would Fuji Do?"



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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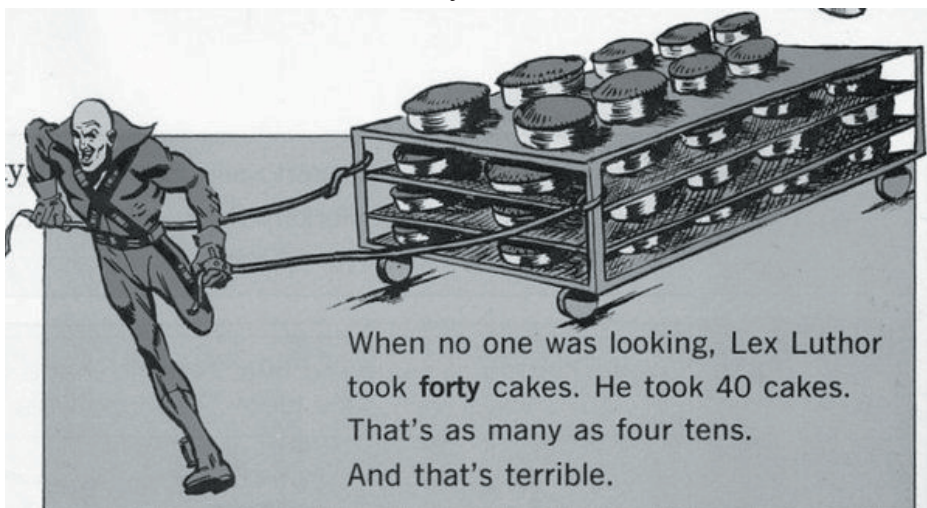
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Going Home

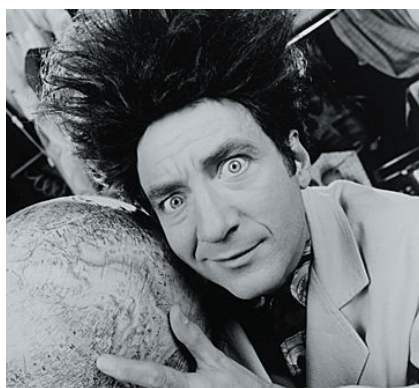
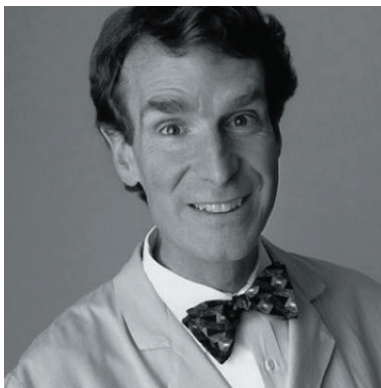
by Tim Brennan

There are songs sadder
than a two-lane highway,
but you don't know where
this might lead you;
you listen to the words
anyway, to the hum of tires,
to see faces of those you loved
on the soft shoulders of road

That's them between markers,
between stations of the radio,
between splitting seconds of static,
between those road signs one day
you swear you will step behind
and disappear



Who Would Win In A Fight?



Bill Nye

vs.

Beakman

Strength - 3

Intelligence - 9

Energy Projection - 7

Stamina - 5

Agility - 3

Durability - 4

Speed - 5

Strength - 4

Intelligence - 9

Energy Projection - 6

Stamina - 4

Agility - 5

Durability - 6

Speed - 3

Bill Nye Attributes:

Host of the TV show *Bill Nye the Science Guy*, former assistant of Dr. Emmett Brown, has an extensive collection of bow ties, is the technical expert for TV show *BattleBots*, good with kids, built a hovercraft, friends with Al Gore, awarded honorary doctorate from The Johns Hopkins University, prefers science over Jesus

Beakman Attributes:

Host of the TV show *Beakman's World*, master puppeteer, has a theme song written by Devo's Mark Mothersbaugh, close friends with a man in a rat suit named Lester, always surrounded by beautiful lab assistants, rumored to have single-handedly ended the Cold War, good with kids, has his own catchphrase "Zaloom!"

From The Feel-Good Desk Of Juston Cline...

Yet again, I have to ask the question “What happened?” What has happened to those feel good, fun-loving, fast car flicks of my childhood? Those who have seen them will never forget. From the sweet stache and T/A Burt Reynolds was wielding in



Smokey and the Bandit to the pond skipping Lamborghini Countach in *Speed Zone*. There is simply nothing that compares to those films anymore. Now, I am subject to the “tuner” craze. If they do happen to flash a muscle car here or there, it’s usually followed with some terrible acting by some bald-headed, super-ego male who wears more foundation than my grandmother! What happened to the overweight guy who ends up winning over the pretty blonde in the end? Where is the super smart Asian guys with all the crazy technology in their cars? The suave Italian in the exotic sports car? Terry Bradshaw crushing cases of beer!? It just doesn’t exist anymore and it makes me feel sorry for the youth of today. All you can seem to get now is watered down acting, dubstep soundtracks, the same car with 50 different paint jobs, chicks that all look, act, and smell the same, and a plot that holds about as much water as a fishing net. In short, it’s CRAP! In my childhood, these movies were what dreams were made of. I had Lamborghini posters and books from the scholastic book fairs that came to my elementary. I dreamed of how maybe someday I could make myself one of those car beds that looked like a Countach and had an actual drivers seat and a screen for a windshield and a virtual driving simulator so I too could drive my Lambo at 200 mph and skip it across a pond while scoffing at the cops from the safety of my bedroom. They provoked imagination, wonderment, and dreams! To be honest, I feel most of the American films are in the crapper these days, so I’m not too surprised. Mostly all I see are remakes of great movies that end up sucking horribly. I feel like mainstream society is under some sort of spell that makes them think that hot people = good acting and a good love triangle is all you need to complete a plot. It’s simply not true. If *Cannonball Run* gets re-made by Disney with a bunch of slutty teenagers so help me, Lord Jesus!

Your friend,
Juston



“Inner”
by Zachary Bases

Manhattan Baby

by A.J. Hakari

Lucio Fulci is sure making it hard to stick to my whole “give movies a chance” philosophy. I’d love to walk away impressed from one of the Italian filmmaker’s cult shockers, but not being a fan of the loosey-goosey adherence to logic he shared with his contemporaries never fails to budge in the way. I knew this going into 1982’s *Manhattan Baby*, but even by those standards, the flick still has its head crammed up its incoherent hindquarters.

George Hacker (Christopher Connelly) went to Egypt, and all he got was a lousy case of blindness. Playing Indiana Jones and violating the sanctity of an ancient tomb may have robbed his sight, but his little daughter Susie (Brigitta Boccoli) isn’t going home empty-handed. An old crone pawns onto the tyke an ornate trinket that proceeds to wreak multiple forms of havoc when her family returns to New York City. Snakes are summoned from thin air, people around them vanish, and gateways leading to spots all over the globe pop up in the closet. It’s clear that Susie’s pendant is the vessel of some eons-old evil, one whose stranglehold



George attempts to loosen before it completely takes her over, body and soul.

Hypnotic as Fulci's "anything goes" approach to horror may be for some, in *Manhattan Baby*'s case, it only serves to cheat the audience out of a creepy good time. Just cobbling together a paragraph's worth of plot represents more effort than Fulci exhibited in the name of giving the film any form. Yes, style over story is how it usually went for him, Argento, Bava, and such, but *Manhattan Baby* reaches maddeningly cryptic heights. The narrative seems stuck on shuffle mode, often with no rhyme or reason behind what you're seeing. What exactly is that sinister force lurking within Susie's necklace? Beats me. What does it want, and why does it need Susie to achieve it? No clue. How come characters randomly drop out and dead animals return to life, yet no one ever mentions them? Your guess is as good as mine. The only sure thing about *Manhattan Baby* is that all its light shows, gore effects, and "Egyptian Mythology for Dummies" lessons didn't make me more concerned for a little girl who was apparently possessed (good luck getting an explanation out of this flick).

I hate to throw in the towel on a certain breed of movie because of a few bad examples, but *Manhattan Baby* might be the last time I kick it with Mr. Fulci for a while. I'm plumb out of patience for any genre director who plops us before their slideshows of the damned and wants us to be grateful for the privilege, and though I trust Fulci has his gems, I'm in no great hurry to seek them out just yet. *Manhattan Baby* is bad news, and neither its amusing dubbing or zombie birds can brighten up its outlook.

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

A Recent Lunch With A Friend... And A Possible Colleague

by Jack Kolars

During our recent hiatus, a ten week sabbatical from the very popular Kolars Conversation show on KTOE, I spent some days inviting a young friend of mine to lunch to discuss the greater meaning of life and other assorted items.

I always enjoy these get-togethers with my young friend to hear his take on world, national and local events. His comments usually cast a different light on the world... a light from someone who is nearly 30 years my junior.

But today's Story is not about my friends views. No, it's about his eating habits. Or at least the habits displayed on a recent lunch.

You see, my friends, this friend of mine is usually a very optimistic fellow. He has a quick wit and never complains about much. He is a true soldier in his personal and in his professional life.

He is always on time for work. He seems to have a good relationship with his fiancé. And he is never late for lunch. All marks of a good and reliable person.

But on this recent lunch date, when his usual order of shrimp and about (50) tater tots arrived with a buttered bun was delivered to our table by an attractive blonde, this is what happened:

My friend, who never complains about anything. Who always "goes with the flow." He decided to take his paper napkin... AND WIPE THE BUTTER OFF OF HIS BUN!

I asked him what he was doing and he replied, "I DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS BUTTER. AND BESIDES...THEY GAVE ME THE BUTT OF THE BREAD." And he added, "I DON'T GET ANY RESPECT."

As I watched him scrape the butter off of his bun, and then eat the bun in three mouthfuls, I started to laugh out loud. You know like...LOL?

He said, "WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?" And I replied, "Just ask the waitress for another piece of bread...without butter." And he said, "The last time she didn't even give me a bun... and now this butt of the bun... with a ton of butter."

I could tell he was upset. I thought for awhile about what to say, and finally decided on this: "It's OK Dusty; I'll be back on the show soon."

To which my friend said, "Well it's about time. I've had to do everything while you were gone."

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The day my Kid went **PUNK**

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Dude, You Dropped Your Purse

by Dan Urlick

In mid-October I returned to Sioux Falls for a routine work trip. Business is brisk there, speed limits are high and the riding is good so the trek west is always worth the long car ride.

I started my cycling adventure with a 20-mile excursion to the falls and back via recently repaved trails that was wonderful but relatively uneventful, except for the last five miles. It was here that I first set eyes on a curious contraption known as a “StreetStrider.”

The StreetStrider is a three-wheeled, human powered platform you stand on that advances through coordinated foot-stepping and hand-pumping motions.

Since this is the first of its kind I’ve seen in all my travels, it stands to reason the fad is either completely in its infancy, or perhaps judging from how ridicules one looks while “striding” down a trail, never going to catch on. Either way it’s not likely I’ll be stroking away on one any time soon.

I was enjoying a ride break when the peculiar pumper passed. It wasn’t overly impressive but still intriguing enough to warrant another look. No hurry though, certainly me and the ol’ Raleigh would catch up.

A long time passed before I saw him again, but a couple of miles later I found the strider now on the other side of the river, traveling in the same direction but way ahead of me on a different trail.

I decided to make it a personal goal to pass the persistent pumper before the split in the Big Sioux River a couple of miles up, which was also where the opposing trails separated.

He did a couple of look-backs across the water sensing my presence and turned up the speed a few notches. This was no problem I figured confidently; I should still have him before the break.

I don’t normally get too competitive on rides. Racing may be the most natural means to extract the true inner athlete, but it’s not necessarily the way to bring out the best person in me, so more often than not I avoid competition. Of course, this was an exception I decided; the Strider could not be allowed to defeat the Raleigh.

Soon it was obvious he wanted to win too and a real competition

was brewing. I shifted for top gear, pouring on everything I had in a burst as my tricycling counterpart did the same.

“Nice black shorts with the black shirt and black socks dude,” I thought cynically to myself. I’m usually above trash talking, but not trash thinking; it can be a real motivator to diss the competition during the heat of battle. Like I said; racing can bring out the worst in me.

The finish line was in clear view now and it was no easy task, but I finally surpassed the Strider just before the split.

“You dropped your purse back there,” I mocked out loud looking back in victory, with no possibility or desire to actually be heard by my defeated opponent across the channel.

Slowing to a recovery pace I stood on the pedals stretching my spent legs in the warm sun, singing along to the ipod victoriously.

“Coming left,” said a soft but determined voice suddenly from behind, startling me back into the saddle while faking a cough to cover up my lame singing. It was a young lady wearing street clothes and carrying a backpack on an old fashioned 10-speed now passing me so quickly I barely got a look as she buzzed by.

I tried to catch up at first but the truth was after just giving everything I had to defeat the strider I couldn’t. She kept up her aggressive pace and began to fade ahead in the distance.

Wait a minute, that’s not a backpack. No, wait. Was it a... but... yep... a purse! slung over her shoulder. She actually was carrying a purse and beating me, badly.

Humbled again, and so quickly this time. Thanks for riding along.

Traffic Tip: Time to practice winter rules; quick bursting rides with frequent breaks to maintain consistent body temperature.

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Of Canned Carp And Arctic Rowboats

by Brian Boyce

The word *Arctic* is a cheap modifier. Append it to any number of nouns—fauna, dreams, swimming—and you immediately conjure a magic frozen netherworld of Philip Pullman novels, northern lights, and polar bear maulings.

So behold: a pollock, silver skin glinting in the Arctic sun (see?), clamped between my skittish hands in what I hope are (any time now!) its final death throes.

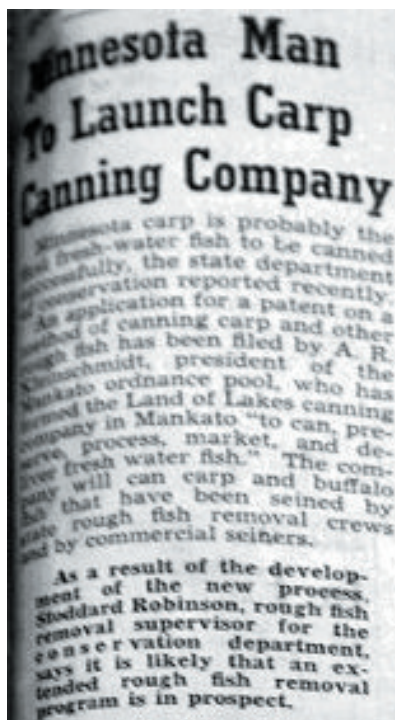
Visions of Alaskan salmon boats have long attracted me as a potential get-rich-quick scheme, and my years-old ambition to fully catch, clean, and cook a fish myself pairs perfectly with my duties as unappointed food correspondent at *Save the Crumbs*.

Yet my high school English students spoke to truth when their responses to Hemingway's *Old Man and the Sea* ranged from shoulder shrugs to thoughtful distaste. Baiting and waiting for and bashing and gutting a fish is, it turns out, an unglamorous business.

A first and more local attempt to catch my lake-dwelling dinner illustrated this from the get-go. Rod? Check. But open-faced or closed? Do I tie the line in a square knot? Is it gross to bite the end off with my teeth? I recall the last time I fished, how I found more entertainment in untangling my line from a towering willow (climb!) than anything else, and a vague sense of shame in growing up Minnesotan into only a baseline-competent fisherman.

Not that it doesn't run in my family. Observe the local legacy of my great uncle Armin:

Seriously! During World War II he applied for and received federal stimulus funds to set up the nation's first Lakefish Canning Company in Mankato, feeding carp instead of tuna to our hungry soldiers overseas. According to Henry Quade's fascinating if uneven history *The Multifaceted Carp: Mankato's Moment on the Stage*, "Armin considered carp a delicious fish, and whoever could discover a successful means of canning it would be serving a useful societal purpose." At one point shipping 10,000 pounds of lakefish per day, the venture "just scratched the surface in regard to the possibilities of carp."



To channel this uncle and others I try in my second stab at self-sufficient fishing, this time a wonderfully slapdash group effort off the icy shores of coastal Norway. We're from the land of lakes, my cousin and I assure an international crew as we row into the Arctic chop. Soon our lureless handline (not to be confused with handfishing, the glorious Oklahoman practice of using your fist as catfish bait) has wrested several gleaming pollock from the ocean. My cousin and I take hapless turns trying to stun the beasts with the butt of our oars. "Where did you guys say you were from again?" asks a fellow rower.

On shore, hook removed if fish still writhing, I feel more comfortable with the thought of sticking a knife into its belly due to a few brushes with chicken killing in college. As always, it takes a minute to realize the full force needed for removing guts—you've just got to rip them out. I startle each time the fish twitches, particularly when this continues long after evisceration. No scaling needed for the slick skin, however, and head intact, it's thrown into a cast iron skillet on a wood-fired stove.

We cook and eat, picking flesh from bones, savoring eye and jowl, sharing a moment in this fire-lit cottage as waves lap outside the kitchen door. It's lovely.

Lakefish Canning may have gone belly up, but Quade's argument for harnessing the resources of our own shores prefigures a more national trend. In *Eating Aliens*, Jackson Landers—a vegetarian turned hunter who "hasn't yet met a species he cannot stomach, given enough garlic and butter"—makes the case for turning the rapacious human appetite on



invasive species, literally eating our way out of problems like the exploding population of Asian carp. Even more telling, a Baton Rouge-based chef is at work on a "line of microwavable carp meals coming to a grocer's freezer near you, as soon as the chef can raise money to outfit a plant for his proprietary carp-deboning process." Would that he were born 70 years prior!

For why not eat cheap, healthy, purportedly tasty carp? Undercut the tilapia imports. Play to the local foods sensibilities of Uptown Minneapolis. For the environmental value-add, I know I'd put up for carp tacos or lakefish curry on my Minnesota fusion menu. The question has always been not if, but when.

Bryan Boyce is either herding reindeer in the Arctic Circle or selling fried pies from an Airstream trailer in North Dakota. He can be reached at boycebry@gmail.com



“That’s What She Said” by Sarah Quick

#2

TALES OF
REGRET

BY J.P. MACKEY

I KNEW THAT I WAS TAKING A CHANCE IN PURCHASING ALL THAT CLEARANCE SPAM.

I SUPPOSE THAT A LITTLE BACKSTORY MIGHT BE NECESSARY TO HELP ILLUMINATE MY APPARENT DRIVE FOR SELF-DESTRUCTION.

UGH

YET I ATE IT ANYWAY AND PAID DEARLY. I HAD LEFTOVERS...

WHOOOF

...SO SIX MONTHS LATER I PAID ONCE AGAIN FOR MY POOR CHOICE.

DO NOT TOUCH WHEN YOU'RE HERE! DON'T HAVE TOO

AND THERE I WAS, SIX MONTHS LATER STILL, WITH LEFTOVERS THAT I COULDN'T BEAR TO THROW AWAY.

SPAM FLOURETS

FETTUCCINI AL SPAM

SPAM TARTAR

SPAM WICH

SPAM SHAKE

SPAM FRIES

IT WAS NO LONGER A MATTER OF POSSIBLE DIGESTIVE DISTRESS. I WAS HEADED TOWARDS DANGEROUS TERRITORY.

SPAM CAKES

BUT ONWARD I CONTINUED TO THE UNKNOWN...

SPAM WICH

AND THEN THINGS GOT A LITTLE WEIRD...

SPAM SHAKE

NO BE CONTINUED...



Photos:

Above: “Untitled” by Krissy Rausch

Below: “Take A Hike!” by Jaya Narayana





Photos:

Above: "Terror" by Ashley Birk

Below: "Knifed" by Stefanie Berres



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