

**Issue #37**

**Save The  
Crumbs**



*Save the Crumbs* has been in existence for six years now. I'm not sure which publication holds the record for longest D.I.Y. 'zine published in the Mankato area, but I'm sure we at least have to be in the top three. We owe our longevity to all the talented people who have contributed to *Save the Crumbs* over the years. Whether you've had work published in our pages, contributed financially, or just enjoyed reading it, we couldn't have done it without your support.

I'm often asked why we publish *Save the Crumbs*. It takes a lot of work to keep a project like this going. We make no money from it. What's in it for us? My answer is always that the Mankato area is full of talented people. Many of them don't have an outlet to showcase those talents. This is just our way of giving back to the community and doing our part to help keep the local art scene in Mankato alive.

If you believe in what we're doing and want to help out, please send us your work at **[savethecrumbs@gmail.com](mailto:savethecrumbs@gmail.com)**. If you can contribute a few dollars to help us with printing costs, we have a Paypal link on our website at **[www.savethecrumbs.com](http://www.savethecrumbs.com)**.

Thanks again everyone! - Dustin Wilmes, Editor

# 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.

## CONTRIBUTERS:

**Dustin Wilmes, Juston Cline, Sarah Turbes, Jack Kolars,**  
Ashley Birk, Bryan Boyce, Morgan Lust, James Mackey,  
Britta Moline, Jaya Narayana, Ashley Poole, Michelle Premack,  
Krissy Rausch, Allen Tesch



# California

by Ashley Poole

Maybe I'll get my nose pierced  
And move to California.  
No one knows me there.  
They don't know I don't have black hair.  
They don't know I don't shave my legs  
Or that my hair is greasy almost every day  
And they don't care  
'cause no one knows me there.  
I don't have to wear makeup  
Or look like a fuck up  
Just because I've done drugs-  
It's all glamour there.  
I could hang out with poetic crowds  
And go to shows that get real loud.  
I'd say  
"I'm Mary from Minnesota,  
Still a virgin,  
I told ya.  
I've seen the blackest of hills and the whitest of  
people,  
Who could ever think that this life is simple?"  
So maybe I'll get my nose pierced  
And move to California  
No one cares  
'cause no one knows me there.

# Who Would Win In A Fight?



## **The Blob** vs. **The Stuff**

**Strength - 9**  
**Intelligence - 5**  
**Energy Projection - 9**  
**Stamina - 8**  
**Agility - 6**  
**Durability - 8**  
**Speed - 5**

**Strength - 6**  
**Intelligence - 5**  
**Energy Projection - 9**  
**Stamina - 7**  
**Agility - 7**  
**Durability - 8**  
**Speed - 8**

### **The Blob Attributes:**

Amoeba-like alien from outer space, has the ability to consume humans whole, grows in size after every meal, has its own theme song written by Burt Bacharach, extremely versatile, featured in three blockbuster films, rumored to have eaten Burgess Meredith, possesses incredible strength, thinks Steve McQueen is a wimp

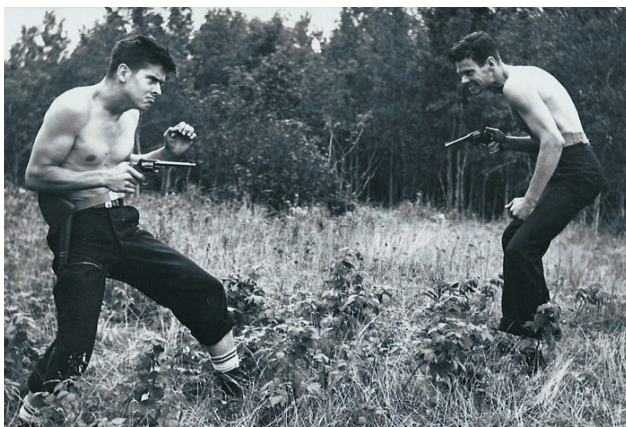
### **The Stuff Attributes:**

Parasitic organism capable of taking over people's brains, a sweet substance with a yogurt-like consistency, possesses addictive properties, mutates those who eat it into zombie-like creatures before consuming them from the inside, has its own feature-length film, extremely versatile, killed Garrett Morris, has zero calories



# From The Productive Desk Of Juston Cline...

As I sit and write this article, I can't help but wonder why. Why do I continue to write these articles when I've never heard a single bit of feedback, good or bad, about anything I've written over the



years? Is it because I'm not on the Internet trying to spread the word to as many Internet friends as I can? Or is it that I'm so intensely mediocre that I'm just not comment worthy? Or is it that no one actually reads this 'zine? I have ranted about exercise, the Internet, love, the state of society... All things I figure people would have opinions on that probably differ from mine. I've also made attempts at sharing deep parts of myself. I even tried a short flash-fiction story once. To no avail, I have continued to write something to contribute to this local 'zine. Now I'm not saying I'm looking for a pat on the back. I welcome any and all ridicule. Just something to know people are out there and reading it is what I'm looking for. Something more than a Facebook comment on *The Crumbs* page from your cell phone. Why not write an article about how you read the 'zine? Or don't? Do what you wish, but just know this... A writer with out a public is just a self validating whiner. And nobody likes self validationists . It's a real thing. I just wrote about it.

Your friend,  
Juston



**“ALEXis, Vol. I” by Krissy Rausch**

# *Irreversible* and the Culture of Rape

## by Britta Moline

The Rape/Revenge Genre goes way back. From the honorable origins of Bergman's *The Virgin Spring*, to Peckinpah's blood-soaked *Straw Dogs*, to dirty 70s cult flick *I Spit on Your Grave*, filmmakers have been exploring the interplay between rape and revenge for decades. *Irreversible*, part of the New French Extremity movement, may just be the most controversial and notorious, however. People talk about watching it the way they talk about going to 'Nam. Watching *Irreversible* should come with a set of warnings, like an FDA drug on TV: *Warning: May cause nausea, indigestion and increased hatred for mankind. At the first sign of an allergic reaction, turn off your TV and play Katamari Damacy.*

The problem with *Irreversible*, as is the problem with most films of its notoriety, is that it can't live up to the label. The same as *Cannibal Holocaust* inevitably falls flat when viewing it with eyes intended to be shocked, *Irreversible* ultimately elicits more queasy groans than gasps of horror. Still, apart from thrill-seekers (who will largely be bored—particularly with the film's second half) *Irreversible* is a valuable entry in the storied sub-genre, and a valuable document as evidence of a rape culture.

The film's opening vignette serves primarily to warn away casual viewers, as well as introduce the film's unusual camera technique which can be summarized by saying: Do not watch this movie if you have any sort of a seizure disorder. The camera dives around, dipping up and spinning and shaking—if you got motion sickness from *The Blair Witch*, you can count *Irreversible* out. The disorienting effect distances the audience for the film's opening sequence, in many ways it's a saving grace. It insures that you are aware that you are watching a film, and you are seeing Filmmaking. The single shot dips around before diving into club Rectum (charming, I know). The Filmmaking as Serious Filmmaking continues inside a red and roaring gay club, where identical naked men make overt and disgusting advances, and make me wonder if the film is as homophobic as it comes across.

Apart from the "Dude, you have to see this, it's so sick," category, *Irreversible* also falls into the, "They must have killed someone, because that was so realistic," category, and more than one person has called out that, "there's no way they could have faked that." (Again, a la *Cannibal Holocaust*, whose filmmakers had to literally demonstrate how they achieved certain sequences). Well, of course *Irreversible* faked it—no high budget film would risk hurting any crew member for





the sake of a good shot— and furthermore, no film would *bludgeon Vincet Cassel's face in* (the fact that Cassel is still very much alive and seducing troubled ballerinas in Aronofsky films should have been clue #2). Still, it is a convincing sequence with a minimal number of camera cuts between the squirming actor and the eventual brutalized dummy. It's a disturbing scene, but only the beginning. The rest of the story is then told backwards, from our ill-fated, uh, "hero" Marcus (Cassel) making his trip to The Rectum as a revenge mission after his girlfriend Alex (a disturbingly good Monica Bellucci) is brutally raped.

*Irreversible* is essentially a film divided into three parts—a bungled revenge attempt, preceded by a random subway rape, preceded by a look at the playful, doomed couple. The film begins tremendously violent, becomes sexually graphic, and finally finishes with a light-hearted crescendo. The back-to-front formula is nothing new, but it lends a sickening pallor to the otherwise lackluster remainder of the film.

There've been other, more graphic, long, and intense rapes in cinema history, but none quite as unflinching. The camera settles on the ground and never moves as the entire rape plays out, frighteningly, in real time. Dogged, horrific, and devastating, the rape is not for the weak of stomach, and therein lies the film's primary value.

A lot of ink has been spilled on the issue of whether or not to portray rape in film. The old guard feminists would (and have) argued that films like *Irreversible* are toxic to society and equality, and that they play out the same roles of women-as-victim over and over. Many, many have railed against these Rape/Revenge films as a genre, or as individual movies, and each person who does believes wholeheartedly in their opinion. I'm not going to change any minds, but I am going to argue that these films, as disturbing as they are, are positive for society as a whole precisely because of their unflinching eye.

Rape is an unfortunate reality for far too many women. **American estimates say that 1 in 3 women will be sexually assaulted. 1 in 6 will report rape or attempted rape in their lifetime.** Think about those sheer numbers for a moment.

While film is, primarily, an entertainment form, it can also be used to incite strong and influential emotions. Hiding the reality of rape will not solve anything—rape existed long before it was spoken about. Do you truly believe there were fewer rapes in the 1950s, when film wasn't allowed to show a toilet on-screen?

Blaming films like *Irreversible* for the global reality of rape is just as ridiculous as the NRA blaming *Grand Theft Auto* for gun violence. *Irreversible* merely reflects a society where rape is a reality for far too many women. Silence doesn't work—silence never worked. The more we, as a society, talk about rape, and the more people understand the true consequences of rape, the more we will be able to move away from a culture that is okay with those shocking 1 in 3 and 1 in 6 statistics above. *Irreversible* is not a perfect film, and it collapses under its own weight at times, but ultimately, although *Irreversible* may not be the *Citizen Kane* of Rape/Revenge movies, but it is a powerful and unforgettable entry in the sub-genre.

**For more from Britta Moline,  
visit her website at [www.brittawrites.com](http://www.brittawrites.com).**

# Remembering Your Mother On Your Birthday

by Jack Kolars

A few years ago I came upon what I thought was a genius idea when I upon telling the young lads growing up at our home to thank their mother on their birthday...because....after all...without their mother....they would not be having a birthday.

And so as the clock strikes 60 years for me this year....I think back to what our Mom was listening to on the radio back in 1953. Patti Page's *How Much is that Doggie in the Window* comes to mind.

Back then it was probably a simpler time.....Dad had returned from World War 2 after defeating Hitler....he and Mom set up roots on the farm in 1950....and their first son Chuck was born in 1951.

By the time I arrived in 1953 the Korean War had ended, the polio vaccine was discovered, Dwight Eisenhower was the president...average wages were \$4,000 a year, a gallon of gas cost 20 cents, and you could buy a new car for \$1,650. 60 years ago Chevrolet invited the Corvette and Marilyn Monroe was on the new cover of a magazine called *Playboy*.

As I think back to what Mom was doing 60 years ago out on the farm, you know they probably did not have \$4.98 to buy a fashionable dress, or \$3.43 for fashionable shoes, or \$24 for a deep fryer. But we did see photos of a 1953 Christmas tree that had "spray-on snow". The spray-on snow, with a price of 89 cents per can.

60 year ago our folks were raising dairy cows and hogs and chickens on the farm. We always had dogs....which lived outside. No "foofy doggies" on the farm!

60 years ago a guy named Elvis Presley released his first songs....and the movie *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was released...

but back on the farm...the folks were more interested that country music star Hank Williams Sr. had died in a drug and alcohol related car accident.

Oh there was a guy named Mickey Mantle who hit a 565-foot home run for the Yankees in Griffith Stadium in Washington that summer....but the folks were raising flax and corn and working to feed four mouths in their small farm home.

So yes....after 60 years of birthdays and birthday cakes.....I'm taking my own advice to think about Mom on my birthday...and not about me.

Because....as I've told my boys.....without your Mom....you wouldn't be here.

Strains of singer Frankie Laine's hit song of *I Believe* playing in the background. Thanks, Mom!



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

# Red Jacket Drifter

## by Allen Tesch

Roland woke up on his couch; wool-headed and dry-mouthed, wondering why and when he had decided to sleep on the couch. He had drunk a bit too much again last night, an occurrence that had been increasing since he had moved to the city.

His hands were dirty and his knees scratched, so he knew that this time his adventures had again taken him out of his home. He hoped that he hadn't bothered any of his neighbors, and as he laid there staring at the spackled sky he wondered what had caused him to venture outside anyways.

There was another reason besides the obvious to be concerned about his having gone into the night to seek forgotten fun. The Red Jacket Drifter, they called him. "Roland, you should be careful, you live next to the Red Jacket Trail, don't let the Drifter get you!" his new co workers would tell him with a laugh and knowing wink.

The Drifter was the local boogeyman, the man everyone knew but no one had actually seen. He was blamed for any fire, fallen tree, or strange noise that happened on the trail. Any person or pet that was missing was assumed to have fallen prey to the Drifter.

Roland would always laugh along and continue his work, happy to get along and fit in, and relieved that they were ribbing him about the Drifter rather than some exploit of his own that they may have caught wind of.

After a couple mysterious night walks, Roland took pains to keep an eye on his intake, especially on the weekends where no threats of work the next day could temper how much he chose to enjoy. The problem was this left large amounts of time for Roland to fill, and he was increasingly becoming restless with his slow and empty days. "Did you hear, Roland?" a co-worker had asked him on Friday, "the Drifter struck again last weekend. Chased a group of college girls screaming through the park."

"Where?" Roland asked absent mindedly, and half listened as the man explained the location in great detail.

Roland sat on his couch that Saturday afternoon, with a unique nag in his brain to get up and get out of the house. He had always been a "home body" as they call them, quite content to sit at home and enjoy a book or movie. He never, except for when he was black out drunk it seemed, felt the need to go out and needlessly spend money on shopping or going to the bars. But that was before he became exposed to the seemingly endless expanse of free time that others have when they decided not to drink.

So Roland sat with this activity nag in his head and replayed his colleagues recent telling of the Drifter and got out a city map. He wished that he had someone to go with, but was still new at his job, and felt uncomfortable calling up people out of the blue to ask them to do something. He was always a shy person, and though he thought he was liked at work, his natural uncertainty caused him to be hesitant when it came to calling others to make plans.

The path really was close to his place. It started no more than a few blocks from his front door. Roland decided that it'd be better than nothing, unpacked his walking shoes and went out the door.

"It really is a nice day", he thought, pleased with himself for making such a decent decision. "I should have done this a while ago, at least now I'll know what people are talking about."



He found the head of the wood chip trail and headed into its shadowed cover with earnest. It was a very nice trail for dirtbiking or hiking, he found, trekking up hills and across streams on makeshift bridges. The squirrels chattered at him and he once spotted a feral cat scavenging for food. Small signs warned travelers to stay on the trail since it was hunting season, but there were so many off shoots and side tracks Roland had a hard time knowing if he really was on the trail or not.

After a distance he came to a rock outcropping. It was on the side of a hill that formed a valley filled with low grass and small ponds. Roland saw it from below while walking at the base of the hill and thought that he should hike up and rest on the large limestone boulders, maybe even sit and enjoy the view, it might even be fun.

The climb proved to be harder than he anticipated, since the path proved to be a steep one consisting of little more than loose limestone chips, and he was ridiculously out of shape. He gave a little laugh as he pondered that maybe his drunken excursions were his sub conscious telling him to get more exercise.

The boulders on the hill were massive and cracked, their uneven shapes giving plenty of opportunities to stand on one platform and hop from level to level on the same rock. It was act he took to with such ease that Roland almost thought that he had been there before. He looked around the bare dirt around the rocks and pictured the fun teenagers must have there, doing the things they came to do, away from everybody, yet he saw no litter except for a few small pieces of paper.

They were sitting on a thin slab of stone that jutted over the hill, a fall off there would mean a good thirty foot drop into a large rock pile below.

Sitting on a natural bench of stone in front of what appeared to be a makeshift fire he picked up two singed pieces of paper and unfolded them.

They were just pieces of regular notebook paper, torn and lightly scorched, the rest having blown away or burned, he presumed. The first piece had nothing but numbers and letters, an address maybe, and he unfolded the second to read just one phrase "I didn't kill" written in pencil. In his own handwriting.

When he first saw it he thought that it was odd that the first thing that came to his mind was that it was his own handwriting. Then he laughed, mocking himself for trying to read just a little too much into his walk.

But as he inspected the paper closer, it became clearer that this was without a doubt his handwriting. He sat and stared, trying to make sense of it. Why would someone bring something he'd written out here to burn it? But he couldn't think of anything he'd have written on lined paper with the phrase "I didn't kill", much less of a colleague that would care enough about him to come all the way out here to burn it.

"Easy now," he laughed, "maybe you have DT's." But then he pondered his night walks and familiarity with the park; did he come out here to write and burn notes? Why would he do that? Why would he write "I didn't kill."

As quickly as the thoughts hit him they were replaced by a new feeling: shame. He felt very stupid and silly for letting his imagination develop into paranoia like that. At that moment he wished he had been drinking, so at least then he'd have an excuse for his idiot thoughts.

He shook his head, was glad no one else was around to witness this dramatic play and stood up. He walked to the lip of the stone balcony and with little fanfare threw the strips forward. As he did an invisible hand reached out and carried the papers and Roland over the edge.

As Roland's body laid in the rock field waiting to be discovered, far up the hill the face of the Red Jacket Drifter peeked from behind a tree, smiling.

# My Fear of Overachievement

## by Sarah Turbes

I've never really heard of any one fearing overachievement, let alone achievement. People who don't work too hard at achievement are often called "lazy". I wouldn't go so far to say that I'm lazy, but I teeter at fearing success, feeling accomplished, given accolades for anything. Weird.

As I kid, I was so shy and so afraid of being noticed that I feel like I simply allowed myself to exist. I was good at writing and spelling and drawing and reading. I didn't have to try hard and much to my dismay, sometimes, I was recognized for being talented. I was in "advanced" classes for kids with potential or whatever it was. Don't ALL kids have potential? As I took photography and ceramics at the college, a couple of Saturdays in a row, I was really excited but that excitement was hidden. Like way hidden. Deep, deep beneath the surface. I felt unworthy, I felt embarrassed. What if kids at school knew that I was doing this? Kids like that, you know the "kids with potential", were recognized for stuff and hated for being good at things. Nobody ever said anything and no one hated me for it and I was bad enough at math that I became just a normal old kid, blending in, getting "satisfactory" S marks on my report card.

I loved to sing and dance and perform, but only in the privacy of my own home. In school, I lip synched to all songs in choir. I felt comfortable playing in orchestra because I wasn't alone. I never danced. Never. I mean, what if someone actually saw me?

In sixth grade, I wanted to play drums. I really, really, really wanted to. No one knew but me. I decided that I would be the only girl and girls are different than boys and that would draw attention. And I settled on alto saxophone, for two weeks.

In high school, I was an average student. I "got by" enough to not create extra work for myself or to have special "parent-teacher" conferences or to meet after school. I did well enough so I wouldn't need summer school or get held back a year. Thing

is, I did my homework at the last minute. I studied for tests the morning of. I did well enough. I did not try to over achieve. Overachievement equals attention. Besides, it was the mid-‘90s. It was far more important to hang out in coffee shops, drive around listening to mixed tapes, go to punk rock shows, write or read instead of doing homework. I knew a couple of girls in my school who were “over achievers”. They were perfect. Really perfect. I imagined their rooms to be obsessively organized with boring décor, dry erase boards full of weekly goals, a stack of letters (probably acceptance letters to colleges), and a closet sorted by khaki, white, and stripe. These girls were nice. Really nice. I never heard them say anything mean. They floated down the halls with a perma-smile. They smelled perfect, their hair was long and shiny with symmetrical curls. Flawless in every way. Physically and academically flawless. But I knew that someday they’d crack. Like major meltdown. In my mind, over achievement would get you in the end. I could’ve been wrong, but I didn’t want to risk it.

College was really no different. Thing is, you’d think I would have tried harder. Paying for school should give you a kick in the pants for motivation. I still remember one group presentation and I did so well that everyone in class gave me compliments. The teacher finally liked me. I didn’t even know what I was talking about. It was a weird out-of-body experience and in my mind I was over achieving.

Present day. Now that I want to achieve things and be successful and recognized (but still remain humble), I don’t really know how. There is still a part of me that doesn’t want too much attention. I want people to like me, but I don’t want to seek it out. I don’t want to try hard to get better at stuff. I want attention, I do not want attention. I want to succeed, success scares me. I want to be recognized for doing good things, don’t ever recognize anything I do! I am not lazy. My brain is constantly struggling to organize the creative thoughts without actually putting any of them into action. I kick myself for not achieving, I envy overachievers.

Oh, heck. I don’t know what I want.



**“Free Palestine” by Eggplant**



TALES #4  
**REGRETT**

BY J.P. MACKEY

I WAS POWERLESS  
TO FIGHT THE  
PULL OF THE  
BLACK HOLE...

SCREAMING AND  
FLAILING I WAS DRAWN  
INTO THE HOWLING VORTEX.

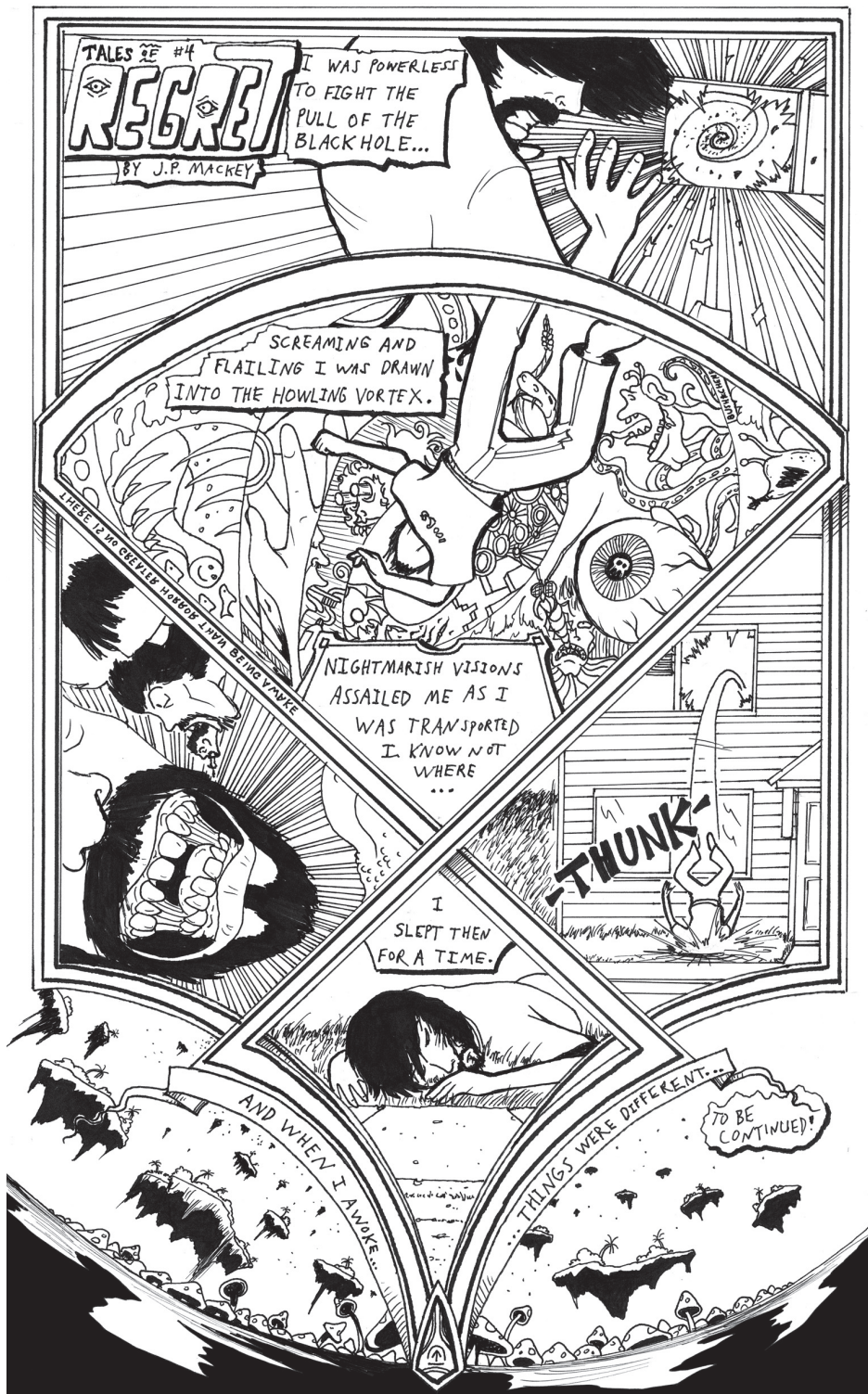
NIGHTMARISH VISIONS  
ASSAILED ME AS I  
WAS TRANSPORTED  
I KNOW NOT  
WHERE

I  
SLEPT THEN  
FOR A TIME.

AND WHEN I AWOKE...

...THINGS WERE DIFFERENT...

TO BE  
CONTINUED!





**Photos:**

**Above:** “Vintage Marble Chute” by Morgan Lust

**Below:** “Inside A Bubble” by Bryan Boyce







**Photos:**

**Above:** “Murmaider” by Ashley Birk

**Below:** “Snow In Breckenridge” by Jaya Narayana



# Hey Readers!



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