



Issue #40

Save The Crumbs

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With new technology, blog readership, busy schedules, and apathy at an all-time high, the writing might be on the wall for *Save the Crumbs*. We've been in the Mankato area for more than six years. A lot of other D.I.Y. 'zines have come and gone, but we have done our best to keep *The Crumbs* alive.

We want to hear from the readers! Are you still excited to see a new issue at your favorite Mankato establishments? Do you think a printed 'zine is still cool to hold in your hands or do you get most of your entertainment online? Would you still read *Save the Crumbs* if we started asking for a few dollars to cover costs? Is there something you want to see added/changed? Would you miss us if we were gone?

Let us know by sending us your thoughts to savethecrumbs@gmail.com. We need your input!

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:

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The Scarlet Speckled Whale and the Balding Wop by Allen Tesch

The Scarlet Speckled Whale and the Balding Wop.

**Wild sexual deviants of the North Plains. Distributors
of personal pestilence.**

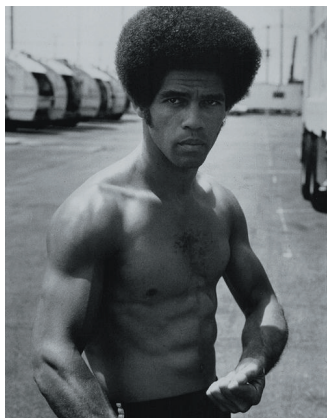
**Echoed beastly moans of street pick up threesomes fill
the dingy hotel halls, as one drunken sop after another
falls into their perverted trap.**

Nice enough folks, really, as long as they get their way.

**Just a loosely attached sexual Bonnie and Clyde,
bidding their time until whatever prevailing authority
punishes them for their crimes.**



Who Would Win In A Fight?



Jones

Strength - 5

Intelligence - 7

Energy Projection - 8

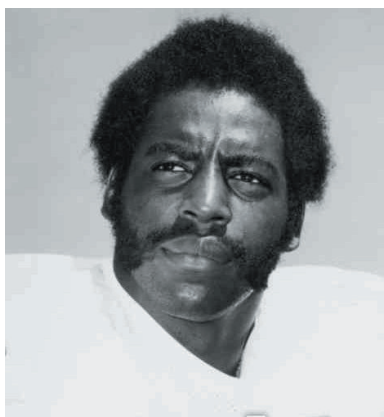
Stamina - 8

Agility - 9

Durability - 7

Speed - 8

vs.



Jones

Strength - 8

Intelligence - 6

Energy Projection - 7

Stamina - 8

Agility - 8

Durability - 8

Speed - 7

Black Belt Jones Attributes:

Martial arts master, star of his own major motion picture, rarely wears a shirt, possesses lightning-fast reflexes, proud owner of world's funkier theme song, close friend of Scatman Crothers, owns black belt in getting ladies, instructor at Pop Byrd's karate school, has been known to "clobber the mob" without provocation

Ed "Too Tall" Jones Attributes:

Former pro football player for the NFL, stands 6' 9", All-Pro defensive end, played 15 years for the Dallas Cowboys, drafted in the 1st round of 1974 NFL Draft, possesses incredible sideburns, former pro boxer, winner of Super Bowl XII, guest referee at Wrestlemania 2, saved 15% or more by switching to GEICO

From The Video Chair Of Juston Cline...

I have recently taken some time to reflect on my history with the world of video games. Truth be told, it isn't as exciting as some. I currently know people that have done 48-hr, no sleep, WOW, PVP matches without batting an eye. Upon asking this person what preparations were used for such an activity, the reply was quite simple... Lots of



sleep beforehand and plenty of water. They also mentioned good seating and the ability to stretch your wrists. He's a very carpal tunnel conscious this person. Now, I may not have participated in such lengthy gaming sessions, but I have logged a fair amount of hours in the video game chair. I of course played all the classics. Super Mario Bros., Mike Tyson's Punch-Out, Air Fortress, Dungeons and Dragons, Tiger Heli, and so many more. I remember falling asleep playing Super Mario Bros. as a child and waking up at the title screen with controller still in hand ready to go at it all over again. But what I was recently reflecting on most was the early handheld games I remember as a child. Nowadays we have dedication handheld systems that are so far beyond what was ever imaginable when I was a child. My smart phone has GTA III and Vice City and can run them flawlessly! That was not something I thought of when playing the old football handheld game consisting of red led dash marks that represented men on a field. The pinnacle of my childhood-gaming was something called Tomytronic 3D. This thing was simply amazing when I found it at the Salvation Army. Like a set of binoculars that had a 3-D space world inside with fighter ships battling for intergalactic dominance! "This is the future" I thought. "This is what gaming is supposed to be!" Of course, until the Nintendo Game Boy came out. Oh, how the world turns. Looking back however, I see the value in those simply games now. It's imagination! Something I still hold in high importance in the world and yet is so lacking. It's a bummer we all couldn't have a go at the Tomytronic 3D once more just to remind us of how far we have come. Oh yeah, eBay!

Your pal,
Juston



LEVE 12 HOM ONE BEVING 6006



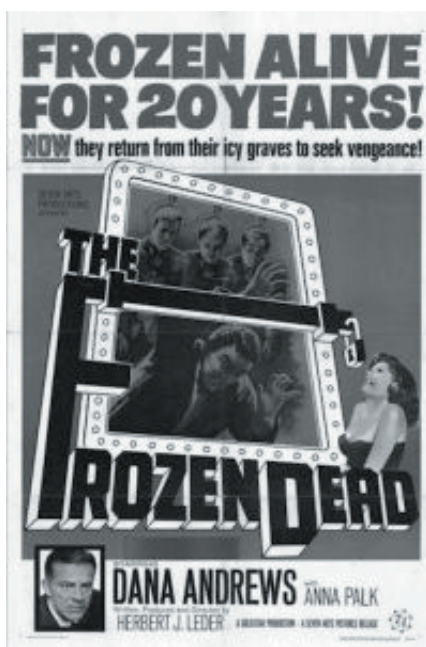
The Frozen Dead (1966)

A.J. Hakari

I like how Nazis have become the ultimate movie villain trump card. No matter the lapses in logic or ill-defined motivations encountered, their mere presence explains everything. Why would Nazis want to take over Atlantis with laser-wielding werewolves? Because they're Nazis. It's a funny enough excuse for a while, but eventually, you want flicks like *The Frozen Dead* — dopey at heart as they may be — to explain what they hope to accomplish.

For example, this British-made B-thriller centers on one of humanity's greatest scourges once more assuming power, a premise that doesn't distract you from nosing out the flaws in its master plan nearly as much as it should.

Decades after the Third Reich's downfall, efforts to bring about its resurrection are well underway. Hiding out in the English countryside is Dr. Norberg (Dana Andrews), a party scientist working around the clock on a diabolical project to restore the frozen bodies of various Nazi personnel to life. Unfortunately, he's had far more failures than successes, as the few soldiers who actually survived their revivals have emerged as nearly brain-dead oafs. If that weren't enough, Norberg's niece Jean (Anna Palk) has decided to visit just as his superiors have come to check on his progress. But undeterred, the doc's assistant (Alan Tilvern) has taken the liberty of killing Jean's friend Elsa (Kathleen Breck) in order to run experiments on her severed head...which soon gains consciousness and puts together a plan to bring the whole insane bunch to justice.



The Frozen Dead is the confused marriage of a low-rent exploitation movie and a big studio production based on some pulpy bestseller. Its budget and scope are on the same wavelength as *They Saved Hitler's Brain*, but its tone is serious enough for it to be obvious that the filmmakers wanted the film to be held in as high of esteem as something like *The Boys from Brazil* would later be. Neither attitude is that well-promoted, giving us a flick that's a failure as both trashy fun and a psychological heart-stopper. It's not that the potential isn't there, especially in the character of Norberg, whom we're shown is a loyal Nazi but keeps his affiliation a secret from Jean and doesn't wish for innocents to die in the name of his experiments. But no moral or ethical conflict is ever really explored, and Norberg himself is sidelined too often to be an impressionable villain or antihero (Andrews' bored performance doesn't make him any less passive, either).

On the less intellectual side of things, *The Frozen Dead* just plain ain't scary. The film's advertising promises no less than SS goons rising from the dead to swarm the globe, yet the most we ever see of the goose-stepping ghouls are a scant few stationary shots. The suspense is mainly focused on the cat-and-mouse game of Norberg covering up his goings-on before Jean finds Goebbels stashed in the freezer next to the Phish Food. It amounts to the same dull turn of events repeating itself over and over, which undermines the effective moments that do turn up (the majority of which involve Breck's gaunt, disembodied noggin pleading for help). The audience isn't paralyzed with fear so much as confusion, particularly with how the Nazis even plan to infiltrate modern society upon their defrosting, if any of them don't end up as shambling madmen in the first place.

The Frozen Dead is neither lurid nor thought-provoking enough to expect much entertainment value. At the very least, it's never boring, although that such a middling horror flick was inspired by this promising of a gimmick has to be a cinematic crime of some sort. Genre buffs starved for product may want to give *The Frozen Dead* a whirl, but it's a mostly forgettable feature that the general public would prefer to not see.

Spending Priorities Mixed Up? It Seems That Way

by Jack Kolars

Back in 1932 both Bing Crosby and Rudy Valle had hit songs “Brother can you spare a dime?” It talked about men who had built America with roads and railroads after World War One...and how after they were done with the work, they ended up in bread lines.

The other day it occurred to me that maybe, just maybe, we have our spending priorities mixed up here in modern day Minnesota and possibly modern day America.

I mean when we don't blink an eye when we pay on average \$50 a month for our mobile phone, or \$600 a year, how can we be against a \$10 wheelage tax to help our counties build the infrastructure of roads that have not been improved in generations.

And let's just say that you pay \$75 a month for your cable television package, or \$900 a year, and you don't blink an eye, but when an additional 5 cents or 10 cents a gallon is proposed for a gas tax to improve highways... the 'S' hits the fan. Is it a matter of choice? Yes, I guess it is.

We choose to have our mobile phones and our cable TV hook-ups so we can be in touch with our world. And roads and highways are damned?

Well, how did you get to your wireless provider or to your cable TV store? Most of you drove there, using roads and streets that were built decades ago and that are in need of maintenance and upkeep, just as much as your I-phone is.

A \$10 per-vehicle Wheelage tax locally would have provided about \$500,000 for road use in Blue Earth County, and about \$250,000 in Nicollet County.

But it didn't happen because a majority of commissioners voted against the idea, saying it was the State's job to provide transportation funding.

And we get that. But the state, in its infinite wisdom, has been

busy over the past decade not fully funding the roads and highways of Minnesotans.

There were the **Pawlenty** vetoes on such measures and the “saving taxpayer money” crowd who were too timid to bite the bullet and provide funding for our roads.

And then a bridge fell into a river in the Twin Cities. And still, the government is afraid to fund highways sufficiently.

So the next time you pay your \$50 per month mobile phone bill and your \$75 per month cable TV bill. The next time you add up those combined yearly costs of \$1,500 to be able to call your friends and watch TV...ask yourself if the \$10 wheelage tax to help improve local road funding is too much for your budget.

My guess is, you can probably afford it. And guess what: The roads will be here much longer than your mobile phone or your favorite TV show.



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

White Lightnin' (2009)

by Britta Moline

With its metallic sheen and pumping, incessant rhythm, *White Lightnin'* is a short but far from simple story of revenge. It's instead a story of devotion, violence and deep illness. Very loosely based on the life of 'Dancin' Outlaw' Jesco White, *White Lightnin'* is an unbearably intense and carefully orchestrated exaggeration of the drug addicted, Appalachian dancer.

The pounding, unchanging soundtrack provides a warrior's beat to the tale of anti-hero Jesse White (Edward Hogg), a mentally ill young tapdancer whose outbursts of violence lead him to forsake everything that matters to him— and also, avenge everything he ever lost. This isn't a story of starting over, of forgiveness, of redemption. It's a story of raw, unflinching revenge and hatred.



White is a very wayward boy— a gasoline huffer and self-mutilator at eight years old. His father, famous dancer D Ray White, tries to keep him on the straight and narrow with reform school and then dance lessons. A number of violent outbursts later, and Jesse is instead in a mental institution. Barely coherent, he learns of his

father's senseless murder at the hands of town drunks. This event sets Jesse into motion– both to dance and to avenge. Along the way, he falls in love with a good-hearted but married woman named Cilla (an almost unrecognizable Carrie Fisher), who bears the brunt of much of Jesse's rage and passion.

With deep shades of Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood*, White's tale moves at a breakneck pace to a brutal finale. Hogg's performance is impressive– unflattering and unflinching. Manic, uncontrollable rage has rarely been so purely and so perfectly imagined. The film is violent and unpleasant, but never gratuitous. *White Lightnin'* is told in small glimpses– flashes, really– punctuated by pauses of blackness, like the vision of a man fighting sleep between his eyelids. It gives the film a dreamy, hallucinogenic quality, like a deathbed recollection.

White Lightnin' is brief and passes by as if in a single breath. Its focus and vision is both unusual and admirable, not wasting a single scene or a single shot. Artfully constructed and passionately executed, the film is a reminder of what great indie can do on a shoestring budget.

White Lightnin' is currently streaming on Netflix Instant.



"I'm sorry for the tragedy what's my life."

A Doggone Funny Story

by Dan Urlick

I took a Sunday evening bike ride recently with my neighbor Hank. We like to squeeze a last one in when we can, just before Monday hits and the seemingly endless cycle of working life starts all over again.

Our destination was a familiar, quiet country highway that rarely plays host to traffic beyond locals randomly rolling by. However, there is the problem of overly territorial, residential dogs giving aggressive chase to stray bikers, who are otherwise innocently minding their own business on a public roadway, as one would expect to do in a free country.

For these occasions I usually carry a fresh can of pepper spray sold at Rydjor Bike Shop. It's mostly for dogs but I have to admit at times I've considered dousing Hank's harry little snout when he gets wise, although, it hasn't come to that yet.

It was a last second notion to shove the little bottle into my pocket on my way out the door. I've easily gone a full year without ever discharging a can on a psychotic canine. But on this ride I had the occasion not to use it once but twice.

The nozzle was positioned offline a little after hastily extracting the weapon from my shorts and much of the offensive concoction consequently ran down my hand but I got enough of a shot off to halt both pursuers, which is all that is necessary I guess.

Five miles from town and momentarily safe from animal attacks, we stopped to rest and regroup. Plus I'd been hitting the Gatorade a little heavily and needed to, ahem... release you might say. It's occasionally necessary to take care of personal business the old fashioned way while biking. Because I am a man and bear all the responsibilities in life associated with being such, I also enjoy the benefits, so I let loose in a ditch before saddling up again. I tell you this not because I'm a real toilet talker (or writer in this case) but because it's pertinent to the story.

I was still feeling pretty smug about our small victory over the dogs on the return ride as Hank and I reflected. It wasn't long, however, before the euphoria gave way to mild discomfort, followed shortly by an excruciating burn.

I didn't say anything to Hank because I wasn't sure what the problem was at first, but quickly it became clear something was wrong. It was the pepper spray that trickled down my hand earlier which had made its way to a very sensitive region via contact during the, err... "release," back in the ditch. Of course, once this revelation was made, Hank got a great kick out of it, as each crank of the pedal produced a pained smile from me.

The next three miles passed slowly. At home I certainly didn't waste any time getting from the driveway to shower for instant, soothing relief.

Toweling off it occurred to me that it was quite likely at that very moment there was a black Labrador someplace in the countryside smiling smugly over his dish, through red, watery eyes, as was Hank I presume.

A final note - Everyone should consider attending Austin's annual Art Works Festival at the end of the summer. In its freshman year it was very successful for a first timer. Art Works is a family fun event and just one example of great things to come from the Vision 2020 project.

I'll be a featured author at this year's Festival. It makes me a little nervous to be in the company of real writers. No doubt I'll be humbled and feel rather insignificant. Stop out and say hello. Bike Rides will be appropriately scheduled for last call, Sunday afternoon, August 25 at 3:30; the only author in the "Bike Riding," category I guess. Go figure. Thanks for riding along.

Traffic Tip: It's time to plan your fall bike rides!

**See more *Bike Rides* columns at dansbikerides.com
Hear *Bike Rides* from your radio Fridays, 1p.m. on
KMSU, 89.7 FM-Mankato**



Short Poem Cache “Shards”

By Gordon Purkis

If I yam or yawn too widely

or cough too wildly
I might let the world in -
in my gut.

I’m talking about a dream.
Just a dream.

I will billow and breathe
and be subtly human.

I have all my fingers
but dust is my future and my fortune.

I Just Got Bit on the Balls

By a Horsefly

by Richard D. Houff

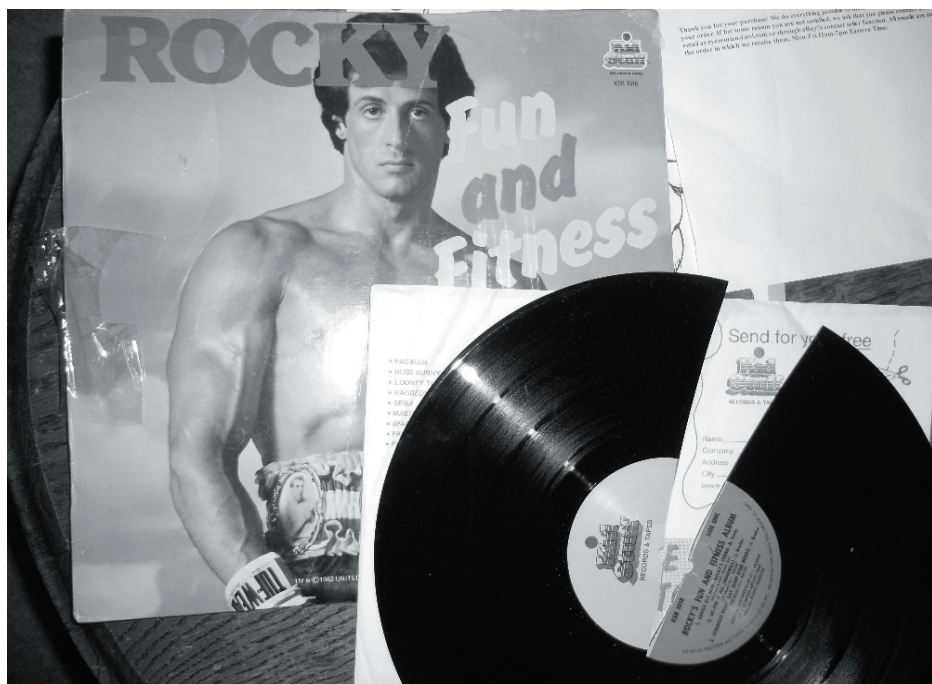
I wonder how many poems have been written
about sumac
—fucking nature.



Photos:

Above: "Shay's Mind" by Chelsea Miller

Below: "Record Breakin'" by Dustin Wilmes





Photos:

Above: “Big F*cking Skull” by Ashley Birk

Below: “Newbury Springs” by Rob Norland



Hey Readers!



If you're interested in receiving copies of *Save the Crumbs* in your mailbox, send us an email at savethecrumbs@gmail.com and we can set something up. For the low price of \$10 (to cover the cost of shipping) we can send you a year's supply of *Save the Crumbs* (six issues) right to your door.