



This Wonderful World



January 2019

A Tale For The Ages



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How About Red?

By Nick Stout

I know what you're thinking, "this guy's gonna try to sell me on Red". And my response to that is, have you ever thought about using Red? Just for a second think about your life but just use Red. This may be hard for you, but pause that Tik Tok you're watching, take that goddamned Juul out of your mouth and just listen to me. Just think. Think about how much you hate your life and wish that everyone would stop lying to you about what a giant piece of shit you are, and think about using Red.

Hey guys. Hey. Use your fucking brain and step up to the plate here. Do you know how long it takes for normal people to start using Red? I'm clueing you in here, I'm doing you the biggest solid of your stupid ignorant life. Now that we're on the same page, I'm gonna get down to the brass tacks here. This is really hard for me to say, just because I know that you've only known for such a short time, but that's really your fault more than anyone else. But if you don't start using Red RIGHT

NOW, you're going to start having real issues. I'm not talking just financial here, I'm talking serious bedroom issues. These are long lasting ramifications that will eat you up at your core and eventuate your fast moving and imminent death. So if you really want to make that vital change now, how about using red?

Crimson Chin Review

By Eric Gauthier

You guys remember that one show on nickelodeon where there's that kid and he has fairies that grant his wishes? Spongebob is what I think it's called. Anywho, I was sitting in my snake fang recliner just reminiscing on the past events of my day, like telling my cunt of a neighbor, Robert, that his child that set up a lemonade stand next to my house had met with a most untimely demise, a very unfortunate golf club accident. And as I glanced over at my golf clubs, my line of sight grazed the edge of the TV, and there was this unfathomably sexually attractive man in red spandex with the hottest chin I've ever seen. My eyes met with his. My heart dropped to the bottom of my stomach. Could this truly be the one? Had I finally found my other half? It felt so good to love again after what happened to my Mary. That was, until the scene went from amazing, to hell in 2

seconds. This bucktooth fuckhole named Timmy pops up on screen and starts saying some nonsense. It was 5 seconds later when I decided that today would be the last day of mine on this bitch of an earth. This horrible thing with green hair came out of a fishbowl and started incoherently babbling. I went from stiffy to softy in .3 seconds. Fuck you Cosmo.

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So you think you can write nonsense?

Have you always had the innate ability to pull some bulls#!@ out of your a\$\$ last second? Can you contrive hyperbolic jokes where the punchline comes so far out of left field that it's startling? If you answered yes to either of these questions, welcome home prodigal son/daughter/other pronoun. Write for us.

kmart and Broken Hearts

by M. R. E. Sanderson

From a young age we are taught the tenets of 'Object Permanence'. The idea that people are temporary, and things are forever. The idea that, if I leave a bologna sub in the fridge, it should still be there. Right?

Wrong: independent variable of assholes. So why is this still taught to children age 4? The answer is the corporatist agenda to keep the little guy's hopes down. Now, you may be thinking, "You're a fucking idiot, degenerate, and never truly got over your dad calling you a failure on your 5th birthday." You might be right, but the facts on corporate hope thwarting speak for themselves.

In 1954 businesses, specifically K-Mart, lobbied for a bill that called for instituting education on object permanence in the hopes of stealing back inventory from unsuspecting optimists. By 1955, they had garnered enough support in the House and Senate to pass the "Hopeless Doctrine". Flashback to 2002 when my cat, Mr. Baggins, ran off. Shortly after, a new K-Mart opened-up down the road from me. Noncoincidental. I then no-

ticed many things go missing that I thought were permanent. My huffy BMX bike, one of my slippers, my marriage, 13 gallons of mayonnaise etc. But as my happiness disappeared, my hatred for K-Mart grew. Everything came to a head in 2006, I had gotten over my hatred for the bastards at K-Mart, remarried and had an infant son: Kevin He was beautiful, spitting image of his father, and a chip of the ol' block; but, I started noticing inconsistencies. It started small, pennies would go missing, then thumb tacks, and finally cheerios. One night I decided to sleep on the couch to see what the fuck was going on. Around 9 p.m. I awoke to the sound of a quadrupedal being rifling around in my office. I ran, gun loaded and in tow, to assess the situation. To my alarm, Kevin was tearing up my papers in a joyous tirade. I fired a lighthearted warning shot across his bow, so he knew he was in the wrong. But the little guy started crying!

One thing led to another and my wife had a hissy fit saying, "You almost killed my son!" I refuted

with, "No, I almost killed OUR son." She then overreacted and packed her bags, taking my son and my life away. Weeks went by before I entered the office again, but there on the floor lay my estranged son's birth certificate. It read: Kevin Martin Sanderson. Kevin Martin. K-Mart.



This Wonderful World
would like to wish you good
tidings in the
New Year and Chinese New
Year.



THIS
WONDERFUL
WORLD
(In an Assistent)

Going *Gonzo* #1

Anonymous

At 14 years old I only wanted to do two things. Play loud music, and do as many drugs as the small mid-western city I lived in would allow me to do. Being as inexperienced as I was with drugs, I didn't recognize the enormous amount of red flags that I encountered on the way to those goals. This is a story about the day I got really fucked up on shrooms way too early on in my life.

As I navigated the treacherous world that is the American Public High School System, I found myself associating with older students who seemed to be doing drugs all the time. In my eyes they were all I aspired to be; constantly smoking weed, talking about doing other drugs, and possessing the ability to not only talk to girls but to sleep with them as well. I immediately did everything in my power to be around them as much as possible. Eventually I got asked that one fateful question I was waiting months for, "Do you wanna try shrooms?". Well yes, yes I did. What I didn't know, was that I was signing up for a 36 hour clusterfuck adventure with no rules and no one in charge.

When they came to pick me up at 10:00 in the morning, that should have been the first red flag of the day. Taking this in stride, I acted like doing a drug deal on a Saturday morning was completely normal. We then went to one of their parent's houses, and got blasted out of our minds on the weed I supplied for the evening. Since I was 14 I had literally no money, but I did have a pretty solid weed connect from my aforementioned loud

music playing. So instead of paying a cut for the shrooms, I forfeited my stash for the evening.

Once we were properly ripped, we made contact with our first drug dealer of the day. This guy met us for a drug deal at a 7/11 at 2:00pm. He then sent us to a house, and we were then given an address that was at least an hour and a half away from us. At this point I was starting to doubt whether or not we were getting the shrooms at all. We talked it over and agreed that we all wanted to get fucked up badly enough to drive that far. Looking back on it now, I am really floored with how little I knew these guys, yet I was willing to go on a small road trip with them just to experience a psychedelic for the first time.

With the clock now reading 7:00 and having been continuously smoking weed since 10:30 that morning, I was in a different state than I had ever been up to that point in my life. We set off for the mysterious 'final destination' of this tedious exploit, with open minds.

It was dark at this point in the day, and that only added to the ominous nature of this drug dealer's house as we pulled into his driveway. He lived with his parents in a house so littered with trash that there were narrow walkways of revealed floorspace to reach different parts of the house. Aside from the trash hoarding, there were also dozens of packaged dolls lining the walls.

This was the point at which I first considered just leaving. Something willed me to keep going after this that I can only identify as a mixture

of trying to look cool, and pure stupidity.

We got to the drug dealer's room and were met by a random assortment of strung out teens. I shit you not one of them saw me, handed a pill to me and said, "Hey, do you want some molly?". I felt like I was in a D.A.R.E. commercial, but not in the way I always wanted to be.

After a long-winded explanation from this scruffy young man selling us drugs, we learned that the shrooms were another 30 minute drive further into the boonies.

I hadn't been legitimately afraid for my well-being the whole day, until we arrived to the next drug dealer's house. It was far enough into the countryside that absolutely no one would hear our screams, and all of the decor choices were ripped straight from a Texas Chainsaw flick. We sat in the car waiting for our compatriot to either: get viciously murdered with us soon following, or come back with the bag of magic mushrooms that this whole journey was leading up to. Thankfully he came back with the mushrooms, and we were able to able to venture back into the comfort of the cul de sac nestled home we started the day at.

After eating the shrooms and not immediately feeling the desired effects, I thought it would be a really smart idea to double the dosage to 'speed things up'. My underdeveloped 14 year old brain would very much regret that choice later. My memory after this point gets a bit hazy, but I remember a couple of distinct events. I was taken along by a group of people to TP some poor person's yard, and I remem-

ber being in a Waffle House. I also remember eventually ending up back at the original house, just not exactly how.

At around 4:00 am I was able to tear away from concentrating on the ceiling long enough to realize that I was just as profoundly high as I was six hours previously. That meant that in six hours from that point, I was going to get picked up and taken to a church service. The prospect of being so violently high at a church frightened me. I could barely string together two coherent sentences, not so much as participate in normal human interaction. So I buckled down, determined to 'sober up' from this eternal inebriation. What I didn't know at the time was that it's pretty much impossible to do and the best thing to do was relax. Let it run its course on you, and just enjoy the ride. So in typical fashion, I tried to jostle my senses back to reality by taking a shower, and if you've ever

Various Tomfoolery

taken shrooms before you know that showers tend to 'heighten' the experience.

After trying for long enough, I realized that the high was starting to come down on its own, but not quite fast enough to let me attend a church service comfortably. I think it's fair that the only penance for making so many bad decisions that day was sitting through a church service on another plane of existence.

I certainly learned a lot from this experience, and I hope I can help anyone reading this who is considering trying psychedelics for the first time. If acquiring them is more complicated than one interaction, find it somewhere else. And please just give yourself a 24 hour period to work it all out, and do it with people you trust.

Photography:
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Trinity Sias
Nash Hamilton
Ethan Curl

Ugly Food, Pretty People





**Gotta
get your
Rind on
TM**



This Wonderful World



SPAMSPAMSPAM
SPAMSPAMSPAM
SPAMSPAMSPAM



In Defense of the Music Review

by David Beatty

Lately i've seen a bit of debate on the topic of music review, and since noticing that we here at TWW actively shove reviews and opinions in your face, I'd like to do some explaining.

I believe that reviews are not only helpful, but necessary in society. I understand that when it comes to art, everything is personal. It's opinion, it's biased, it's going to be different for everybody. But to do away with reviewing as a medium is to deny that very basic fact. Everybody is a music reviewer, whether you like it or not. You hear something, you instantly begin to create an opinion on it without even thinking, it's human, it's how we work. So, for starters, let's just accept that. Now the conflict arises when someone decides to share the opinion that's been created, because now you've opened up a door for another key aspect: the opposite side. People don't like to be told they're wrong, especially when it's about an opinion rather than fact. This is as it has to be, but the other side needs to be understood as well. We as humans are built for community and ideas, and it's only natural that we share them. Agree or disagree, you can still be friends with someone regardless of your opinions, as long as you don't clash or fight as a result of them.

Reviews are valuable for many reasons people may not always think about, the biggest and most overlooked of these being trans-

lation. One of the beauties of art and music is the ability to enjoy it regardless of your own personal skill level in the trade. People who have no idea what a scale or key is can simply listen to a song and enjoy it. This begs them the question, however, what is it that they enjoy? For many, listening to a reviewer describe an album is a way to find the words needed to describe this enjoyment that they didn't have in the first place. Yeah you can like the way it sounds, but someone much more well versed in the process and study of music can, in a review, help you understand what exactly is making the song appeal to you. Through this people learn about concepts in music and songwriting, they become familiar with terms they didn't know of before such as melody, harmony, motifs, the list is endless. It is always going to be valuable for those with more knowledge to share it with people who haven't gotten there.

Discovery is also a huge part of reviews. For better or for worse, a review can break out a record, and in this scenario even bad press is good press. A high rating can give you a launch of exposure and people willing to give your music a shot, but a bad review can almost do the same thing a lot of the times. The instinct reaction to a review is to compare it with your own, and therefore if you don't have an opinion of your own to challenge the other with, you go and listen to the album to create it for yourself!

So even a low review can still get a large amount of new people to listen to your album, and you'd be surprised how many might come out with a positive opinion in contrast of the review that led them there.

I don't want to drag this on, and as opinions go this might inevitably reach people who don't agree, but I think if you start to think about reviewing and reviewers through different lenses and thoughts such as the two I brought to light above you can start to find the underlying meaning and value that this type of writing or practice brings in the modern age.

THIS WONDERFUL NIGHT #2
JANUARY 26TH AT 6PM

SATURDAY JANUARY 26TH
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THIS WONDERFUL NIGHT

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What It's Like Being A Girl With Armpit Hair

by Liviy Hughes

What It's Like Being A Girl With Armpit Hair

I can't explain why I did it -- to be honest, I was tired of shaving my armpits. My skin would get so irritated and I was wasting money on shaving cream. I also won't lie, I think armpit hair on women is pretty badass: there's nothing cooler than giving a big ol' middle finger to people's rules and expectations about your body (I find this is the basis of a lot of things I do... whoops). So I figured, what the hell? I stopped shaving my pits.

I haven't shaved my armpits since July-ish of this year, so it's been about five months so far. First of all, I didn't realize that armpit hair doesn't just *stop* growing! I've had to trim my wild bushes like eight times because hair kept poking out of my work t-shirt and I was getting weird looks from customers whenever I would lift my arm up. I get a lot of mixed reactions from people about my pit hair: some people absolutely love it, think it's so badass, want to touch it, think I should dye it purple, etc. Other people are pretty f***king disgusted by it, but I've found that negative reactions are mostly from other girls (and also old white dudes, but no one gives a shit about their opinion anyways). A lot of girls think it's cool, other girls are extremely catty and weird about it.

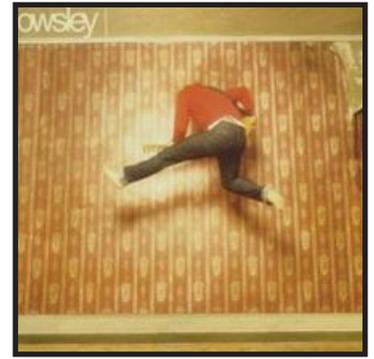
I didn't realize how prevalent internalized misogyny still is, actually. I didn't think women really bullied each other anymore (then again, I thought white people had gotten less racist within the last decade but Trump is our president, so that shows how much I know about people's weird prejudices). The gag is, having armpit hair surprisingly doesn't make me less f***kable to 99% of the male population (s**k my d**k, random girl from high school who subtweeted about girls with pit hair after I posted a picture of mine), and most men actually find it attractive. I hate admitting this, but my Instagram direct messages are full of men with armpit hair fetishes. My last boyfriend thought it was sick, and even tweeted about how badass women with armpit hair were (he was a music producer and it got like 49 likes, so). Guys I've gone on dates with either love it or are indifferent to it, and they always give the whole "your body, your choice" speech. I don't know if this is just a tactic to get in my pants or if most men actually feel this way, but rest assured you can still play with his emotions after you throw out your razor.

Other than that, my life isn't really different now that I have pit hair. And no, it doesn't feel gross to "suddenly have hair there". Also, yes I do wash them just like I wash the rest of my body (if you're not washing your pits in the shower, no matter what your gender, you have

hygiene issues). I definitely feel way cooler now that I can showcase the fact that *idgaf* about anyone's opinions and it's totally sick to not have to worry about shaving my pits before I wear a tanktop or something stupid like that. I like to piss old white people and probably really f***ked in the head dudes, too, so it's a win-win for chicks with armpit hair.

Underappreciated Albums of the Month

Asher Pope: *Owsley* by Owsley



Aloha friends and amigos, I bring good tidings of another wonderful record you've never heard of: Owsley. I doubt many of you have even heard of the artist. I hadn't until a week or two ago: when my dad came home from a friend's with this CD. He handed it to me, saying he thought I'd really like it.

Several days passed before the record actually made it to my car. While preparing to embark on a five-minute journey to meet a friend, I noticed it sitting on my desk and grabbed it on my way out. I only got through the first song ("Oh No, The Radio") on that drive, and — to tell the truth — I was not instantly blown away. It was tight and kicked hard, but my first impression was that it was a bit too poppy and polished for my taste. After saying goodbye to my friend, I climbed back into the driver's seat of my 2003, blue Ford Windstar and cranked Owsley back up. I make it a point to always

listen to an album front to back the first time through, even if I'm not crazy about it. Fair is fair, right?

The next song, "I'm Alright", was cool. It was heavier, and it reminded me a bit of Nirvana mixed with Fountains Of Wayne (another artist worth diving into past "Stacy's Mom"). But the song after that, entitled "Coming Up Roses", was what got me. It opens with a mournful, haunting melody with the vocals coming in immediately. When the chorus came, I couldn't help but smile. It was such a seamless transition, and the melody was so lovely. Owsley serenades about a time coming down the line when "You'll wake up and you'll be able to forget the sadness." It is a perfect example of how the appropriate melody can so well compliment what you're singing about.

The rest of the record was quite good. There's a track called "The Homecoming Song" which I really enjoyed. And a couple days

later, I had a song stuck in my head that I couldn't place. After some hardcore reflecting, I suddenly realized it was "Oh No, The Radio" and after a few more listens, I grew to love that song just as much as "Coming Up Roses" (listeners note: pay attention to the organ on the chorus; it does this sick slide when it comes in). For me, it was one of those albums that just took a couple passes before I really fell in love with it. Owsley is a master of chords blending with melodies, and I have grown to really appreciate his songwriting. There are a lot of albums with great guitar parts or amazing arrangements, but that doesn't necessarily mean the songs are great. Owsley has both great arrangements and great songs.

Check it out when you can. It's on all your usual platforms. Bring this record into the light!

-AP

Local Artist Spotlight:

Liv Noelle



LIV NOELLE

Nashville recording artist and songwriter Liv Noelle pours you a glass of Americana blues/rock/Soul. Originally from southern Ohio and now proud resident of Franklin, Tennessee. Her songs magnify the dimensions of one's heart and mind. Liv Noelle has just released her newest EP, *The Last Train*, on Spotify, iTunes and of course, LivNoelle.com. Merchandise now being sold at shows and soon to be online! Liv True Everyone!

Instagram: [@livnoellemusic](https://www.instagram.com/livnoellemusic)

Facebook: Liv Noelle Music

For Bookings email: Label27Records@yahoo.com



Liviy Hughes: *American Beauty* by The Grateful Dead



Although the Grateful Dead is considered one of the most iconic rock bands in American history and the forefront of 1960s and 70s subculture, they remain one of the most under listened and underappreciated. If you've been afraid to dive into the vast, diverse discography of the Dead, set your fears (and prejudices) aside. *American Beauty* is a classic.

The woodgrain cover with a circle in the middle, surrounded by somewhat psychedelic font could be enough to draw you in, but the music inside is more than unmatched. One of my favorite things about this album in particular is the fact that each instrument is truly rich with sound, providing that classic Grateful Dead sound, but the vocals (and lyrics) on this album are spectacular as well. Everyone on the band is featured in this album, both solo and together.

This particular record is one of the more mainstream sounds of the

Grateful Dead, and I find that it's easier for those who are unfamiliar, or have preconceived notions with their sound to listen to. The first track, "Box of Rain", is a melodic, sure tune with a classic folk sound to it: layers of music weave together seamlessly while notes of instruments bond perfectly together to a countrified sound. The lyrics are beautiful, too, and they speak to the soul: "What do you want me to do? To do for you, to see you through? For this is all a dream we dreamed one afternoon long ago" and "Walk into splintered sunlight, inch your way through dead dreams to another land".

"Truckin'" is one of my personal favorites, and a true classic; one whos lyrics ring throughout the "Senior Quotes" section of high school yearbooks to this day. The song has a simple, catchy country tune that is just as earthy as it is folk-y. The lyrics feature stories about the Dead's travels on the

road during their ever-so-famous tours, when acid was the "new drug". Where fans sold grilled cheeses in the parking lots of the venues, making just enough money to buy a ticket (and gas) to the next show. Truckin' is a fun song, nonetheless, with some really cool lyrics.

I would recommend fans of classic rock, 60s rock, or psychedelica check out this album. I truly feel like anybody, no matter what musical preference, could get some enjoyment out of this record. It's a true classic, and it was released in a very interesting time for American culture, something that rings obvious throughout the entirety of the album. P.S. -- if you have a record player at home, I would highly suggest picking this up on vinyl. This type of sound is so perfectly rich and intricate that is sounds incredibly potent on vinyl, so definitely try to get your hands on one if you can!

FM! by Vince Staples

by Luke Martin

Vince Staples' newest release is a summer themed banger to banger release that teeters on the line of fun radio ready rap, and dark street lyricism. Vince showcases his dense knowledge of the underbelly of California and creative flows to preach the injustice of living in lower income, crime ridden streets. Paired with Kenny Beats, west coast influenced production, Vince

delivers the more mature and grittier lifestyle that a lot of rap tends to glorify, and the consequences of living said lifestyle. He expresses the difficulty and horrors that come with the 'trap life' against melodically defined tracks. Vince specifically chose Kenny's aggressive production to make sure the beat knocks while trying to convey a different message that other rap-

pers preach. It's a short but sweet ride and is a great step in giving a different perspective on "Trap Culture".

All in all, Vince's latest release is a fantastic addition to his discography, and I hope people actually look into the content at hand while blasting it.



Some Rap Songs

by Earl Sweatshirt Review

by David Beatty



The story of Earl Sweatshirt is, to say the least, one of the most interesting and closely followed stories of the modern age of rap, hip hop and underground music. From the explosion of Odd Future on the scene, to radio silence while sent away to boarding school on another continent, to a triumphant return short lived as followed by periods of isolation, confirmed troubles and things we clearly will never fully understand without having been behind the scenes, it's clear Earl has had quite a journey in his artistry so far, and his newest album "Some Rap Songs" is a chilling, cutting, introspective chapter in the tale.

Apt to its title, "Some Rap Songs" bursts open with non-stop flow and rhymes from Earl, over a simple but effective and catchy loop of a beat. Titled "Shattered Dreams", Earl sets the tone of this record: deconstructing the past motifs and regular shows of his music up until this point, condemning them into the most basic forms: loops and raps. His subject matter is more or less the same, in this song he talks about feelings of emptiness, distrust, asking questions to people and the world around him. This time around, however, a certain air of extra broken-ness, apathy in his voice. It tells a tale of a man coming to terms with the shattered pieces of what's gone on in his mind, coming to deeper understandings about his life.

While maybe basic from a glance,

this whole idea of necessity and getting to the point is pretty much what the whole album is based on. "Some Rap Songs" is, exactly that, and nothing less. While this could be a potentially risky move in terms of keeping listeners engaged, Earl Sweatshirt manages to get the job done with flying colors showing off how truly good he is at these basic. Good raps, good beats or loops. He cuts away all the bullshit to show you the raw, unfiltered gold that he brings to the table. Songs like "The Mint", "Nowhere2go", "Peanut" or "Azucar" leave you humming melodies or lyrics stuck in your head all day. Earl knows exactly how to make something sound good, plain and simple, and he shows off his talent by doing this song, after song, after song again throughout the project.

As Earl breaks down his music further with this record, we see him at the same time go deeper than ever before. It's this simultaneous forward and backward of different aspects that create a singular experience unlike any other in the current slew of rap records coming out right now. It's moments like these where an artist truly steps out into a realm of excellence. Moments like "Playing Possum", where Earl features spoken word from both of his parents on a wild ride of an instrumental. Having played large roles in his early career as the dad who left, or the mom who sent him away, many of his longtime fans understand the relationships with

both parents Earl has spoken on and let public in the past, and to see them on this track for SRS just brings those concepts full circle. Earl is no stranger to painting full and complete pictures through sound and lyrics, and to pull from themes and inspirations that played a part in his music so long ago is just great to hear, and adds to the strength in imagery and thematic for the record.

The production on this record comes from far left field to fans of the classic Earl Sweatshirt. Heavily influenced by experimental and underground hip hop and beats from places like the underground east coast scene to more classic examples such as Madlib, Earl sticks to the best parts only of each and every instrumental, as he did with his rapping, cutting away the fat to let the skeletons show. This works, only because the foundation underneath is so strong. It's a great example for other musicians to take note of, getting the basics so painfully right that he realizes he doesn't need anything else to go with them, all while staying true to himself and extremely creative. I would recommend making sure to give this one a few listens more than just one, for every loop and booming beat on this record there is an easily matched story to be told in every song, if you listen close enough.

8/10

Warm by Jeff Tweedy

by Nick Stout

American treasure Jeff Tweedy released the first solo studio album in his entire career this December 2018. After putting out at least 15 albums in other bands/groups as early as 1990 (not counting albums he's produced) this is a highly anticipated album for all of those who appreciate Tweedy's catalogue. Just a few months back Tweedy released a live album featuring a collection of stripped down Wilco/Tweedy songs performed entirely acoustically. And in 2017 Wilco released 'Shcmilco', which feels an extension of this album in a lot of ways. Even though Tweedy is making as many releases as ever, it manages not to dilute the impact or critical reception of this album. This album has been released almost alongside Tweedy's autobiography 'Let's Go (So We Can Get Back): A Memoir of Recording and Discording with Wilco, Etc.,' and according to Tweedy, a lot of 'Warm' is analyzed and explained through that book. In interviews he says that this album is one of his most emotionally open and raw releases, which is surprising considering Tweedy's eclectic history of music known for its emotional and personal exposition. Tweedy seems to effortlessly utilize the studio as an instrument in it's own right. Lush acoustic guitar layering, truly atmospheric guitar/synth, and a drum sound so dry you need a glass of water after hearing it. Tonally this album is reminiscent of Wilco's 'Schmilco' mentioned earlier, with its punchy percussion, unique guitar melodies, and a writing style that seems to keep moving forward and redefine itself. Tweedy

also makes use of obviously hard panning instruments, which separates itself from other acts (especially in the alt-country genre) that have insanely complicated mixes that confuse the ears rather than soothe them. Making studio decisions like this isn't quite treading new ground for Tweedy. And as I listen through this album, during the full band arrangements, I can't help but hear whispers of 'Yankee Hotel Foxtrot'. The fans of Wilco (including myself) seem to fetishise 'Yankee Hotel Foxtrot' as a unappreciated masterpiece, more so than any other Wilco release. And although the album hits its own notes, and doesn't depend on a previously found sound, it seems to almost reminisce back to the feelings and energy of that previous release. Each track has a wonderful depth, and a repeat listen value to boot. Although my dreaded foe of group vocals is back on the track 'Let's Go Rain'. This manages to be the only song on the album that I don't find myself wanting to hear over and over again. Tracks like 'Don't Forget' seem to resonate through the soul with melodies that pull one's heartstrings, and lyrics that would reflect on anyone's soul. And like on most projects with Tweedy's name on it, there's a level of experimentation on this album that almost creeps into your subconscious while listening to it. Tweedy also makes use of droning loops throughout the album, in a way that seems like they might have even been the inspiration for writing some of the songs that they're featured in.

I hope whoever has read through this can experience the height of comfiness that is curling up to heater with some coffee/tea while this album plays. Give it a listen, just so you can appease your dad when he asks you about it.



The Other Side of the Wind Review

by Nick Stout

In this busy satire of Hollywood, *The Other Side of the Wind* focuses on the last days of a legendary film director named Jake Hannaford (played by John Huston), who is struggling to forge his last great comeback as a major filmmaker. Hannaford is hard at work on his final masterpiece, 'The Other Side of the Wind' and is approaching the first screening of the movie. The audience has little time to catch up with this film as it rockets by, often times feeling like a reality tv show gone wrong. This is a story that unfolds in front of you, not explaining itself or worrying about being understood. The disjointed feel of each scene adds to an unbalanced feeling of the characters, and the chaos that is this film.

This is a film directed by Orson Welles, and it started its inception in 1961-70. With a infamous number of setbacks and delays this it's production, it was only just released in August 2018. The entire process of its production is very well documented in the documentary 'They'll Love Me When I'm Dead'.

When a movie has as many layers of meta storylines as this one, it only gets better with every watch. Jake Hannaford is an obvious representation of Welles as he sees himself in this abstract version of the world he's portraying. The film inside this film (also titled *The Other Side Of The Wind*) is an interesting piece of work all on it's own. It feels as if Welles first started making the movie inside the mov-

ie himself, then was caught up in the act of making it and found this story through that process. It feels wonderfully genuine and rooted in reality throughout the entire two hour runtime. I first watched this movie no prior knowledge of this movie's history, or connotation. The acting is so top-notch that for most of the movie I thought it was an experimental documentary and not a work of fiction. This could be in part due to the excellent directing as well.

In the documentary 'They'll Love Me When I'm Dead' it explains how in a lot of the films that Welles worked on, he personally funded them. This caused production to be halted for months and sometimes years at a time in order to finish production. Sometimes scenes take place within years and hundreds of miles from each other. The story does not suffer from this, and I personally feel that it adds to the chaotic nature that this film is attempting to embody. To add to this effect, there is a combination of color and black and white film making up this movie, due to the 'camera men' are playing roles in this film as random documentarians/biographers.

Some of the more striking parts of this film are some of the scenes of the movie within the movie. It is void of exposition and relies on only imagery, lighting, and character blocking to progress it's ambiguous plotline. There is a number of sex scenes bathed in moody fluorescent light that evoke a dream

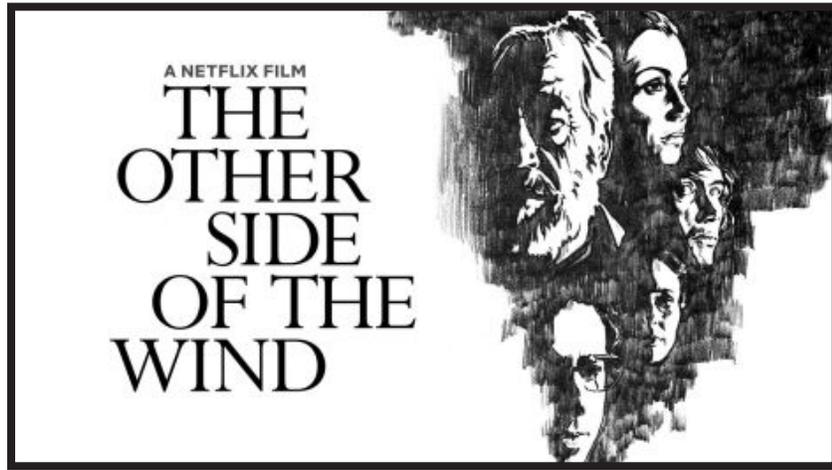
like quality. It seems to be more outrightly sexual on purpose, highlighting Jake Hannaford's desire to make a contemporary film that resonates with a youthful audience. Although the scenes are strange, through this lens of desperation and forced intention of Jake Hannaford, they become more a compelling situational story as the film is being screened for its first audience.

There's an interesting discussion on the sexuality of these scenes. Some have many nuanced implications, and some are very simple and boldfaced. The film portrays sexual freedom in both heterosexual and homosexual forms, in a way that conveys Jake Hannaford is simply trying to appease a progressive movement in Hollywood that he doesn't quite understand, but feels like he must conform to in order to save his career. This struggle of an aging artist attempting to revitalize their art through a culture of youth that they don't understand is no doubt a struggle that Welles has experienced himself, rooting this aspect of the story in a reality that shines a light onto Welles' struggles as a director. I think much of the commentary is trapped within the time in which this film was produced, but that doesn't seem to detract from the beautiful tragedy that is Jake Hannaford's failing career.

As this film runs it becomes more apparent that it serves as an explanation for the implied suicide and/or death of Jake Hannaford, and it allows the viewer to experience

a glimpse into a fantastical and depressive end to his life.

I would highly recommend this film if you are looking for an exciting and thought-provoking film that has a lot of history. And I can't help but recommend the documentary, 'They'll Love Me When I'm Dead' as a companion piece.



They Shall Not Grow Old Review

by Nash Hamilton

Hi, I'm Nash Hamilton and this is an abhorrently informal review of Peter Jackson's "They Shall Not Grow Old". About me: I am a history nerd. Documentaries, Museums, Biopics, that's my shit. And when I heard that there was colorized World War I footage in 3D with historically accurate sound effects, you bet your ass I bought tickets. I was in row F, the 'F' stands for "Fuck Yea 3D Historical Accuracy". Anyways, all candor and small talk aside. . .

The movie starts out with black and white footage of the English armed forces in the final months before WWI. The footage is complimented by a round edged border, like that of an old projector, and the only audio are a few songs of the day and narration by actual WWI veterans. It gave me a museum tour type vibe which, as aforementioned, is no problem. Though this segment is only a small portion of the movie, it did seem to be pretty long-winded. At one point I remember thinking, "Did Peter Jackson rip me off and not colorize

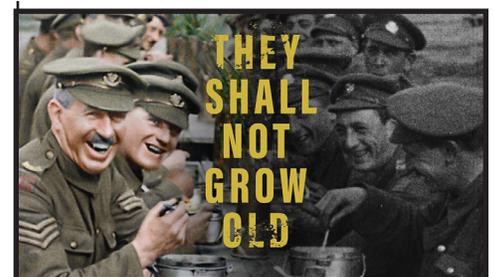
this shit?" But worry not fine historians, he did colorize it and it is amazing. Well depending on what gets ya goin' it might be amazing, but it was to me. I digress.

After the museum tour, the English army reaches conflict *imagine war noises*. And oh boy, let me tell you, shit gets interesting. The camera zooms into widescreen, colors start appearing, and then you hear sound. Sound! Tanks, Planes, Guns, Explosions, Laughs, Dialogue, Shovels, Feet! Every sound you need to make a damn good WWI documentary. Also, just a reminder, I'm seeing this in 3D. I almost exploded once it got colorized, not due to century old shrapnel, but due to joy. The best part to me was that they read the lips of the soldiers and people in the original footage, and synced up audio tracks with corresponding dialogue. It was glorious.

After a crazy whirlwind of early 20th century history, Peter Jackson once again returns to the black and white footage. The movie remains like this as the narrators

wrap up their dialogue and the war comes to a close. They conclude the film with a few poetic phrases eerily similar to that of the intro to Tale of Two Cities, but I let that slide, it was colorized WWI footage in 3D damnit. If I had to use a vague metaphor to describe They Shall Not Grow Old, I'd compare it to a rollercoaster. Slow and annoying at first, then momentous insanity, and finally slow and calming.

To all the history buffs out there: you should see this movie. It's beautifully done, and it gives really interesting insight into one of the greatest conflicts in human history. All in all, I give it an 8/10.



Get Acquainted With: *This Wonderful World*



Ian Horton

*Ian West Horton is a total goof.
He enjoys T.W.W. and long walks in the park.
You may find him out here or out there
somewhere.
Some say if you give him a smile, he'll give
you one right back.*

Isabel Brickner

*Art Extraordinaire; has 3 dogs, 4
cats; super duper.*

Local Artist Spotlight: **Cora Wingate**

Instagram:
[@sc00bert.d00bert](https://www.instagram.com/sc00bert.d00bert)





David Beatty

David is a multi-aliased musician from the east coast. He's not sure why he was hired by T.W.W., but they are providing him with copious amounts of ginger ale; so, he has told them he would stay.

Julian Chun

Greetings! I'm Julian. I'm a goofball who's good at imagining stupid shit and gets along with pretty much anyone. I'm very musically oriented, and I dabble in digital art and animation. I spend my days sitting on my ass and occasionally writing or creating This Wonderful World's filler columns. I pretty much just do odd-job work for the magazine and try to contribute to the uhh... "creative process" as much as I can. Honestly, I'm surprised I haven't been excommunicated from the rest yet because I miss approximately 67% of all meetings (I think Nash only keeps me around because I laugh at his jokes).



Nick Stout

*All about MMA
Memes
Music and
Anime*

Luke Martin

Just a sweet boy.



Eric Gauthier

Everyone's favorite friendly neighborhood goofball, Creamstern Applesquat. He loves to play vidya games and do drugs. He also has a YouTube channel, go give it a look will ya?

Nash Hamilton

It might not look like it, but Nash Hamilton knows more about vintage model trains than you. He is also lead singer of the band 'Five Ton Faces' and an avid songwriter; but, mainly he just cares about being a tool.



Asher Pope

Asher Pope is 21. He likes to play music and eat at Oscar's Taco Shop.

This information alone will provide you many hours of conversation with him.

Jaxxon Wynn

Jaxxon Wynn aka Naminksi The Wind Spirit traveled far from the mountains that lay down south right beside the giant forests where The Spirits of Water raised him into understanding that true love only comes first from complete understanding and acceptance of your own isolation. He uses music & art as an outlet to express what his spirit understands through this temporary physical vessel. He loves solitude just as much as he loves people, animals, and nature. Life ain't shit but a dollar and a trick, so don't trip.

HOLD YOURSELF DOWN <3



T.W.W.'s New Year's Resolutions

Luke Martin:

I'm never going to puke.

You fucking idiots doubt me?

Your weak and feeble bodies have nothing on me.

Sierra Torres:

Finish one commission.

Julian Chun:

Hit rock bottom.

Nash Hamilton:

This year I want to stop being a fuckin' libtard.

Gio Salano:

My New Year's resolution is to prevent Nash from following through with his.

David Beatty:

My New Year's resolution is to, hopefully, follow through with my New Year's resolution in 2019.

Isabel Brickner:

Zeeen.

Eric Gauthier:

Think more about Crimson Chin.

Ian Horton:

"Jump the Shark"

End