

THIS WONDERFUL WORLD

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

COMICS

Page 3

NICK'S ON THE ROAD

Page 4

SKELETON REVIEW

Page 5

TORNADOS: REAL OR SCAM?

Page 5

NIGHTMARE ON TRUMP STREET

Page 7

HOW TO WOO A GIRL HOTTER THAN YOUR GIRLFRIEND
WITH THE SAME NAME

Page 8

ALBUM REVIEWS

Page 9

POETRY

Page 13

ART GALLERY

Page 18

COMICS

Hand crafted for your enjoyment by our fabulous artists!



By Evan Burr

ON THE ROAD

Bloomington, Indiana

By Nick Stout

In a red state like Tennessee it's easy to see that many people escape the dominant conservatism by moving to bigger cities like Nashville or Chattanooga, to be around more like-minded people and diverse culture. Walking the streets of Bloomington it doesn't take long to realize that virtually the entire young liberal population of Indiana has emigrated, to escape the Republican badlands that Mike Pence rode off into the sunset from. From anarcho-punks to middle aged locals who look like regulars on Portlandia, Bloomington's downtown square is refreshing compared to Nashville's Broadway.

My sister was moving apartments in the city so I took the opportunity to help her, and in return have a couch to crash on while I explored the city. We pulled up to her new place with the first load of the day, and a neighbor in the same building was being consoled by the landlord in an obviously tense situation. As we cautiously moved heavy furniture around small door frames, and the hushed tones of the neighbors, we pieced together what had happened. Earlier that morning the neighbor's ex-boyfriend broke their window with a brick and was spotted lingering in the area. Not exactly a welcoming party for my sister, but once the police report was filed and the handyman started in on fixing the window, the mood lifted considerably.



After the old place was 'clean enough' and my sister started to organize the mountain of boxes in the new place, I took the opportunity to hit the downtown square. Passing quiet bookshops and coffee houses, I shuffled into the vinyl shop called 'Landlocked'. I was greeted by boxes of expired concert flyers free for the taking, and wonderfully cheap cd's and tapes. Their used selection of turntables looked virtually untouched from the last time I'd been there 6 months prior. That's something I love about Bloomington, It always feels like the first time you walked through it. Bloomington is always a healthy mix of young bright-eyed college students and very supportive bleeding hearts. All the while everyone is giving the shell-shocked freshmen the time and space they need to learn how to be cool, and hopefully function as an adult. Coming from Nashville, it was nice to be in a town that wasn't sprouting up new buildings week by week.

After my sister's boyfriend whipped up some vegan stir fry, we visited my favorite spot in Bloomington, 'Plan Nine Emporium'. It's a non-profit video rental shop (most video rental shops are) that's employed by volunteers, and stocks impossible to find VHS tapes that have small

cult followings. It's a tiny place and at the back of the shop there is an even smaller room with some rickety looking theatre seats in front of a projector screen, where they show rare and sought after movies on Wednesdays. The place reeks of exclusivity, and I can't get enough of it. As you peruse the aisles of violent and raunchy movies, it quickly becomes apparent how little you actually know about old cult classic films. I feel it's like part of the charm of the place, that there is so much mystery and variety in the movies I'm looking at. I never realize I miss it until I'm there, and I don't expect Nashville to produce something similar. Maybe Plan Nine Emporium was only meant to exist in Bloomington, and I wouldn't change that if I could.

The next morning we hit the local farmers market. We were greeted by a myriad of bikes and suave-looking scooters. As we walked through the food vendors and non-profit organization booths there was a very passionate rendition of 'Ironic' by Alannis Morissette was being played on a small stage at the far end of the market. The crowds politely hummed and sang along while continuing what they were doing, I was struck by the shared wavelength that all these people shared. It was a beautiful moment,

and almost derailed the street performer at the other end of the market who wasn't aided by a P.A. system, or catchy 90's anthems.

After eating breakfast and taking in a bit more of the local sights, the trip was coming to a close, but I felt content with what we'd done. My sister was fully moved into her new place, and I had some fresh rolls of film to develop once I got home. Much like Bloomington the trip was wholesome, full of good food, and just a little suspicious.



WELCOME TO SKELETON REVIEW!

That's right everyone! My name is Creamstern Applesquat, and I'm here to tell you all about my favorite skeleton: Skully from Scary Godmother.

When we first meet Skully, he's portrayed as a scary monster. With the little girl, Hannah,

running away at first. But as the film continues, Skully really opens up and you get to see the emotional side of a beautiful skeleton. He speaks with an effeminate voice, is always worried about fashion, and how he looks, and is a big nudge at the gay skeleton community.

His best quality, I think, is his big heart. He loves the people close to him, and is always willing to help out around the spookhouse. Skully is truly the best skeleton to ever have existed on the entire planet. I hope you check him out.

TORNADOS: REAL OR SCAM?

By John Gerard

We've all been raised being told horror stories of towering wind funnels that can rip apart entire cities. If your upbringing was anything like mine, your parents used the threat of a small tornado waiting in the hall to keep you in bed at night. Maybe you, like me, spent years waiting to see the awesome power of a cyclone with your own eyes, fearing the storm yet simultaneously half hoping you'd catch a glimpse of what it

concealed... perhaps you also went to storm chaser school and learned "all there is to know about tornadoes." Did you ever stop to question where and how your professor got those photographs? Wouldn't he have been sucked in trying to take them? Did you ever stop to realize maybe you've never seen a tornado in real life because *they don't exist?*

I didn't consider this until recently, and I'm 47, so don't feel bad if this is your first realization. But the evidence is blatantly obvious, if you know where to look. For instance, this very famous picture of a tornado, taken by the great tornado photographer

Maddock Hinnings:



At first it appears to be an innocent tornadograph. But look closer:



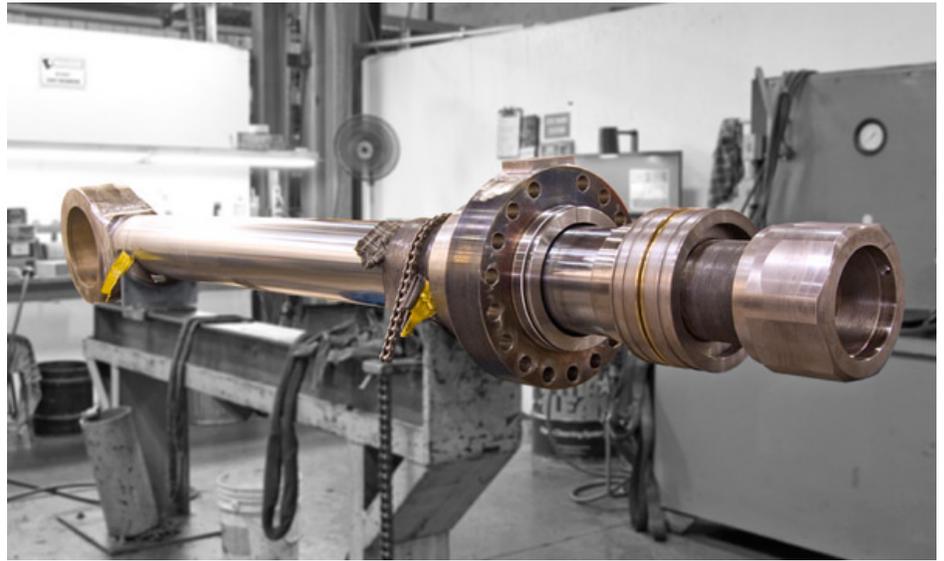
What may appear to be simply sunlight peeking through the clouds is actually this tornado's power cable. It runs through the ground for hundreds of miles and comes out at Tornados Inc., the company that came up with the idea of tornados and using them to control the world. The photograph to the right depicts what a tornado actually looks like.

Here we can see a newly finished tornado, forged in the Tornados Inc. warehouse. The cylinder spins at immense speeds to create the "wind tunnel," but that isn't what causes the massive destruction that is associated with cyclones. The metal frame actually opens and shoots invisible laser beams that scorch entire cities. They cannot be stopped with the technology we have, and no one is working on new technology to stop them because Tornados Inc. has everyone convinced they are a natural phenomenon.

The reason I've never seen a tornado is that Tornados Inc. *doesn't want me to see one*. They know I'm on to them. I've actually designed a tornado catching device in my workshop:



I go on a lot of storm chases, hoping to capture one of these machines and expose them for what they really are. It's a dangerous job. Last week I got a letter in the mail from someone pretending to be my bank. The letter would've looked like just a plain old bank statement



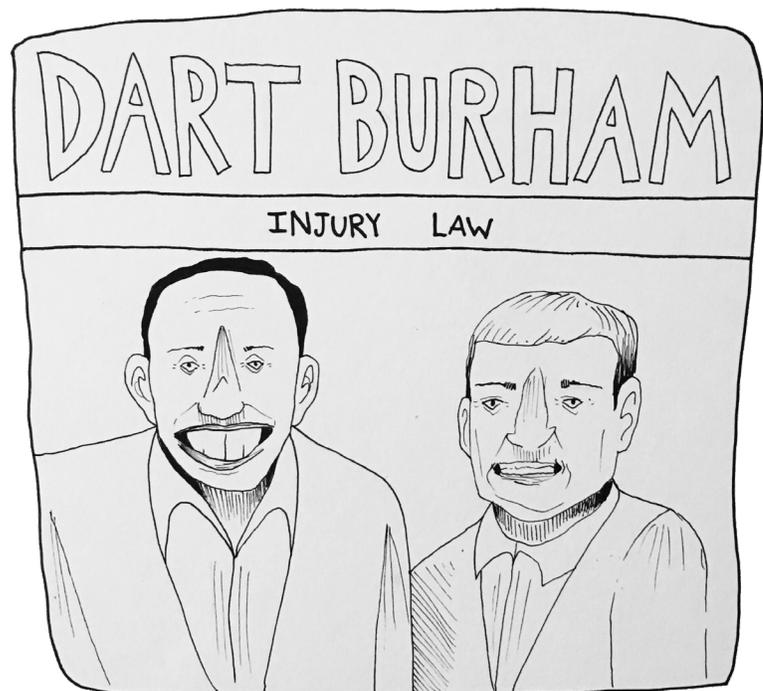
to most people, but I knew better. I took the second letter of every third word in the letter and this is the message I got:

"Tornadeos Inck. will kil youu ife you donmt stiope trfyingf to expiosde tjhenm,"

Obviously there are spelling errors. But the message is clear as day. I realized I had write this article as soon as possible and mail it to as many magazines as I could. The

Tornados Inc. Headquarters are in Wyoming. The address i

(This is the end of the article. This article was salvaged in October 1998 whilst clearing out the home of John Gerard, who passed away the year prior. John wrote the article the day he died, and his cause of death remains unknown. His sister has requested that we publicize it in order to remember him, 20 years after his passing)



NIGHTMARE ON TRUMP STREET

By Jose Guevara

Leaves are falling from the trees, the air is getting colder, and the commander-in-chief is facing chaos in his administration. Yes ladies and gentlemen, it is most definitely fall. Fall is my favorite season of the year, mainly because fall signals the coming of my favorite day of the year, Halloween. I'm big into the pumpkins, costumes, and spooky vibes that the holiday brings. After all, what's better than a good old horror movie marathon? Being able to face your worst nightmares on a high definition screen, knowing that at any point in time you can turn it off? Incredible. But not everyone can disappear their worst nightmares with the click of a button. If you don't believe me, ask Donald Trump. Our poor commander-in-chief's worst nightmares have come to bite him in the ass, and there is not a remote control in sight that can turn them off. Given our Halloween theme, I like to refer to the situation over at the White House with the following phrase, "Nightmare on Trump Street" And while no, Freddy Krueger is not chasing down our President, something arguably scarier (his collusion with Russia in order to alter the election results), is. So get some hot chocolate, find the mini marshmallows, and watch as our orange-colored hero receives a visit from the ghost of elections past. Wait, is that a Christmas

joke?

The nightmare began on September 5th, when an anonymous Op-Ed piece was published by the New York Times. The article, written by a "senior administration official" describes the efforts of the author's attempts, along with those of other White House employees, to silently resist parts of the Trump agenda. Titled "I Am Part of the Resistance Inside the Trump Administration", the Op-Ed reveals that senior White House officials regard him as an unfit President and that they have been working secretly against his "half-baked, ill-informed and occasionally reckless decision". This attack from his own camp has left President Trump even more paranoid than usual, calling out words like "treason" and demanding the newspaper hand over the author to the government "for National Security purposes." His paranoia is not unjustified, however, as if what the Op-Ed suggests is true, his closest officials and advisors have launched a soft coup against him. If the article was not enough to make you jump from your seat, Bob Woodward, the journalist known for investigating and reporting on Watergate, wrote a tell-all book about the Trump administration from "hundreds of hours of interviews with firsthand sources, contemporaneous meeting notes, files, documents and personal diaries". Woodward, a famous and highly credible journalist is exposing the secrets of the White House, showing that the Trump administration is much less stable than it seems to be.

You know when you wake up from a nightmare only to realize its still going? President Trump lived through that moment

on September 14th, when Paul Manafort, the former chairman of the Trump 2016 presidential campaign, pleaded guilty and agreed to cooperate with the Mueller investigation. After months of vowing to fight for his innocence, Manafort conceded to committing several federal crimes and agreed to cooperate with the Justice Department, including in special counsel Robert Mueller's investigation of Russian interference in the 2016 presidential election. This was a huge moment in the investigation, as having the head of the campaign agree to cooperate with the investigation may lead to serious and possibly illegal connections between Trump and Russia regarding the elections.

But any consequences from either the Op-Ed or from Manafort's cooperation with the investigation lie in the future (a terrifying concept on its own, I know). If you're looking for spooks that are a little fresher, all you have to do is turn to the Senate Judiciary committee and check out all that's happening with Brett Kavanaugh. If you didn't already know, Brett Kavanaugh is an attorney who serves as a United States Circuit Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit. He is also Trump's pick to replace justice Anthony Kennedy. A very conservative pick, the appointment of Kavanaugh could threaten key supreme court decisions such as the results of Roe v. Wade, as well as shape US law for years to come, as Supreme Court appointments are for life. What was believed to be an easy appointment process (The Senate, who approves the President's pick

is currently 51 Republican, 49 Democrat, giving the Republicans the necessary majority to pass Kavanaugh) has turned into a full-blown scandal as Kavanaugh has been accused of sexual assault of a classmate during his high school years. The testimony of Doctor Christine Blasey Ford, the woman who claims she was assaulted by Kavanaugh, has been deemed credible enough that the Senate vote on his appointment has been delayed until the FBI can further investigate. What's truly horrifying about the situation is this: Will another man in the Trump administration (The first being President Trump himself) get away with sexual assault and continue to be in one of the highest positions of power? That's some spooky shit right there, man.

How To Woo A Girl Hotter Than Your Girlfriend With The Same Name

By Anonymous

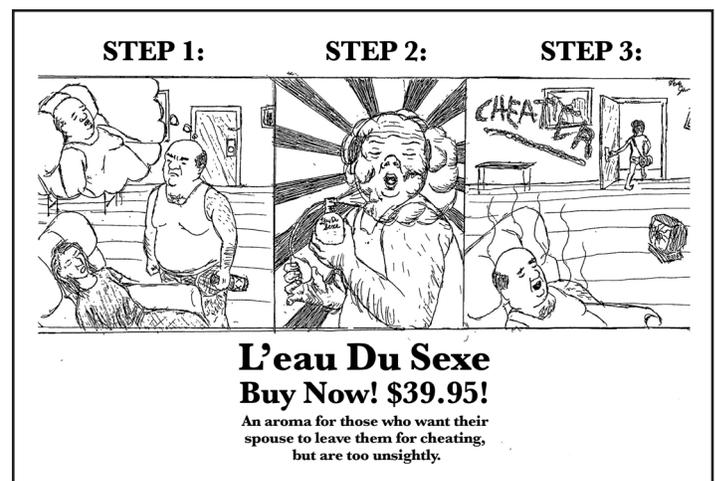
Same name, better face, less nagging: You're probably thinking you've found the sexual equivalent of the holy grail. If you play your cards right... You have. Let This Wonderful World teach you how to stack your deck.

Introductions

First impressions are always important, you don't want to look like a douchebag when you're testing your fidelity. What does she look like? Does she look like your girlfriend (It's already weird that she has the same name, you might as well stick with her at this point.)?

All these questions are important and should warrant different responses. To help you classify the species, we've created a dichotomy for you:

1. a) Blonde (go to 2)
b) Brunette (go to 3)
c) Any color of the rainbow (go for it, you're feeling adventurous)
2. a) A soft 6. You're seriously going to ruin your "happy relationship" for a soft 6?
b) Her hair looks like it smells nice (go to 4)
3. a) Wears fake glasses (go to 5)
b) Birkenstocks and socks (go to 4)
c) Not wearing shiny/impractical clothing (go to 5d)
4. a) Skin looks smoother than you skated through life (go to 5)
b) Spends weekends drinking cheap vodka and weekdays regretting it (go to 5)
c) Has passions, dreams, valid input, and a moral compass (go to 5d)
5. Classifications
 - a) Girl #1: Nose ring "Are you an artist? You look artsy."
 - b) Girl #2: Athletic shorts "Did I see you at the gym yesterday? I was benching 400."
 - c) Girl #3: Shiny clothes "I'm not trying to hit on you or anything, but you're really pretty."
 - d) A woman: Cognisant human being, will not respond to your sleazy attempts.



Final Results

Girl #1

Break out the juul and be ready for some superficial conversations about ethics; However, her ethical dilemmas consist of how much of a bitch Sarah is and how she only started liking Twenty-One Pilots because of her. This is a tough one, you'll probably wake up with hate in your heart, but she was hot though. Right?

Girl #2

Refrain from being humble, this breed only responds to arrogance and an ego the size of the Sun. Now, unlike most pedigrees, Girl #2 doesn't need much complimenting. Tell her, her butt looks good dignify her statements with grunts. You can, if you want to go the extra mile (only resort to this if you want to marry), belittle her confidence and achievements. This species thrives on lack of stability.

Girl #3

Clear skin, nice smile, Queen of deception. This breed is dangerous, you may get pulled into a relationship no matter how unattached you are. This is that one chick you asked to 8th grade formal but instead of just rejecting you, she made you cry. The only thing holding back straight males is our strange attraction to this type of girl, and most times we know how shallow she is. We don't know how to woo this one, but being a fucking douchebag has been known to work.

Now you know the tools of the trade to be a tool of the trade. Armed with this dichotomy, Axe Body Spray, and no remorse, you will be unstoppable.

-TWW

A L B U M R E V I E W S

KAMIKAZE (Eminem)

Review by John Cantrell III

To any true Eminem fan, Kamikaze is a very exciting, refreshing, and relieving album. Revival scared fans such as myself, as the album was very political and just lacked the true artisan touch Eminem brings to almost every song he releases. While there were a few songs such as Heat and Bad husband that had the Eminem perfect touch, the album overall was just super angry. While the

emotion was clear, the album lacked a true identity.

Kamikaze is as Eminem as Slim Shady. While it won't be album of the year or have a ton of hits on it, it is the true revival to Eminem's career. The seemingly endless variety of flows and the raw sound on every track is refreshing in a time where the 808 beat is more important than the rapper. The whole album is good, there isn't a song on it I didn't enjoy. Besides the great songs, this album shakes things up in the rap game and I am very excited to see

where these newly created "beefs" will lead.

Eminem is pissed. So pissed that he calls out almost every single rapper on the charts and has come out of the shadows to show what he thinks, and to cement his dominance as the top rapper. Some of the best lines were "Cause half of these rappers have brain damage, All the lean rappin', face tats, syruped out like tree sap," (Lucky You), and, "I just threw a Tampax at Dre," (Normal). Eminem also seemed to be out to prove that he too can make music

following the format of songs popular today. In both normal and Lucky You, there are parts that have a very Drakesque flow and I absolutely love it. Eminem doesn't sing often but when he does I'm always a fan.

Eminem opens up the album with The Ringer where he immediately calls out rappers and has a sick flow. Lucky You ft. Joyner Lucas is a banger, and is a song I expect to hear at parties for months to come. Joyner Lucas and Eminem make a great duo, the verses are really good and the chorus is super hype. Venom is from the movie soundtrack and could honestly be on any Eminem album. Greatest further throws shots and is a super edgy Eminem song but it works. The almost grungy guitar in the background and the section he imitates Humble by Kendrick Lamar just overall makes for a solid track.

Overall, old school rap may be on the up thanks in large part to this album. The game really has gone soft and mumble rap is king. Eminem is undoubtedly one of if not the best rapper of all time, and anytime an album with such prowess is dropped by a legend, genres can be moved. While it may not get the attention and popularity it deserves, I highly recommend this album to all fans of Eminem and rap in general.

KAMIKAZE (Eminem)

Second Review by Luke Martin

It not good.

“Marcus peers out at the still JPEG of Kamikaze sitting on his cluttered desktop, a half open mountain

dew, nacho cheese doritos spilling out over the side, his worn copy of Call of Duty Modern Warfare 2 coated in dust lays lost in time. ‘Eminem did it, he’s back! He’s here to pull us out of the realm of the FEMINAZIS’

Eminem is back, but should we even care? During his peak period during the late 90's to early 2000's Eminem was crucial in pushing boundaries of what was acceptable in the mainstream in terms of vulgarity. His acts shocked and astounded many and aided in making Rap the force it is. I am not denying his importance and impact on the music industry, but as the social and musical climate changes we need more than shock value to sway us.

A white male rapping fast should not stir people, but it does???

Okay enough ranting, let's get to the meat of the album. I'm going to go in to this album with an open mind though.

The Ringer, the opening track has set the tone for this album and I don't like it. Eminem uses a lot of the modern flows that have been reused in the past 7-8 years song, triplets scattering paired with his 'aggressive' nasally voice. The entire idea of this track is a great idea, that so many modern tracks from hip hop the but its bundled with one of the laziest beats and too many corny bars.

The follow up track, 'Greatest' really doesn't have a bad start minus the overused “suck my dick” but the songs starts to dissolve into Marshal really beating his meat to a picture of himself. He references several different tracks that were pretty popular over the last two years, but it feels forced instead of clever or an ode.

Lucky You

Felt decent at the beginning. I really started to enjoy some of Joyner Lucas' bars until I realized he literally was lifting half of his bars from other rappers (Big Sean, Ski Mask). Eminem's delivery and bars on this really outshine the previous tracks. It also has a pretty decent hook. So far this has been the most enjoyable track. Only complaint is Eminem feels like he has to rap quicker and quicker and string syllables together and it just doesn't sound clean.

Paul- Skit

Hey can we all agree phone call skits are dead??

Normal

Incel Theme Song.

There's a lot wrong with this song. Yeah we've heard Eminem say misogynistic things but that type of thing just ISN'T shocking anymore. It's just old and lazy and pointless. There was a point in this song where Em genuinely sounded vulnerable and it was REFRESHING but that one bit didn't last.

Second Skit

Ahhhh okay now that they're connected it's still a bit better, but I'm still done with phone skits tho

Stepping Stones

Not a fan of this one. The hook has to be one of the worst sounding hooks I've ever heard. Everything from the beat to the bitter-Nem bars just are dull.

Not Alike

GOOD TRACK. Can we get all about how Royce's Feature was FUCKING great???

Em even had some decent bars even though it still felt a lot like his other tracks. Also shout outs to the producer (he's a MTSU grad) the beat itself was fantastic and had an excellent Switch up.

Kamikaze

Fuck man, I'm torn on this one. I can't stand Em on this track especially that AWFUL hook but the beat itself is AMAZING. Especially the change up, it makes me bummed that Em had to be on it. Like I could see a 2012-2013 Tyler and Earl destroying this beat. Tyler on the first part, Earl on the change up. Maybe if I keep fantasizing about that it'll makeup for the fact that Em really fumbled it.

Fall

Why did Bon Iver allow Em to use his voice. The beat is simple and nothing special.

Why does Marshal feel like he's gotta call everyone out? Like yeah no shit, NO ONE IS DOUBTING THAT BRO WE KNOW THIS YOU WERE ONE OF THE MOST INFLUENTIAL PEOPLE IN RAP THERES NO DENYING THAT. Also what the fuck is up with that Tyler and Earl bar? Like why shit on them when they've put out great content and also gave you a lot of credit for their early stuff?? It's just unnecessary

Nice Guy

Honestly, they got me with that beginning. I actually really like Jessie Reyez's voice, it's very distinct and enjoyable. Not a fan of the hook. "Haha you know what would be ZANY and WILD? If I told them to SuCk mY DiCk" "I don't know Em, that's a little CRAZY"

Like come on dude, it's not shocking. It's vulgar for the sake of being vulgar. Eminem proving he's the family guy of rap

Good Guy

The beat is great and it's nice to hear a different style that's not really there on the album, pretty decent hook but I still found Eminem's bars on this lacking.

Venom song

Oh boy do I love advertising thrown right in my face! Nothing about this track really popped out to me as great. The production felt lazy.

All in all, I wasn't a fan. This is also my OPINION and should only be taken with a grain salt. I felt as if Eminem is out of touch with not only the current social climate but also this current generation of hip hop. His "Controversial" lines on this album feel less controversial and more just out of touch and worn.

HEARTROLLER (Mint Mile)

Review by Oliver Egan

Sometime in the early 90's, indie rock in its lumbering and sensitive form was born to a hungry world. Bands like Pavement and Guided By Voices still provide inspiration (and material to rip off of) for many of us Indie Kids, while bands like Slint and Big Black are used as bargaining chips in awkward between-set conversations when you want project the image that you're serious about music. Because of how nebulous and wide-ranging "indie" music is, at

this point it can be used to describe just about anything. But if we're going to define "indie" rock in its purest definition--dorks making zero money playing painfully earnest music in bars--then no band was as charmingly true to that definition as Silksworm. They were sloppy yet stupidly talented at their instruments, they were as much about songwriting as they were loud and confrontational, and they were one of the best bands of the 1990's. After their drummer was killed in a car crash in 2005, frontment Tim Midyett and Andy Cohen moved onto a more restrained project called Bottomless Pit, and after releasing a few (very good) albums, life had caught up and they were in their forties and had families to feed and lives to tend to. But like any good indie musician worth his salt, Midyett started a new project called Mint Mile, recorded a couple of EPs in his basement, and put them out on Bandcamp. Heartroller, his newest one, is quieter, more confident, and more mature than any music he's ever put out before.

Musically, the EP is particularly inflected with alt-country, filled with ever-present pedal steel courtesy of Justin Brown and Midyett's own 12-string baritone guitar. If it sounds at all like a Jason Molina record, it's no coincidence: the drummer, Jeff Panall, is the same one from Songs: Ohia. And like Molina, themes of longing and some sort of doomstruck acceptance are thematically dominant, with each song feeling like a sort of heartland rock from a band that had not only realized that they weren't making it out of their little town, but taken the music itself from

the plainness of their experience. Many records these days are either aspirational lifestyle rock or sad bastard music, but Heartroller finds itself distinctive in the beauty of its honest approach toward songwriting. To hear something relatable is a true treat. "Fight It All The Way" is the undeniable centerpiece of the EP, with a gorgeous baritone riff adding meat to the up-in-the-sky steel guitar as Midyett strains his voice forward. "Disappearing Music", another standout track, etches out similar sonic territory. In fact, the basic blueprint of each song is more or less the same, but the unique components of that blueprint--"indie" rock, slowcore, even the aforementioned country--sound more focused than they do tired. And maybe that's the whole point of why this record stands out today. Even if it screams more Neil Young than young noise rocker, its precision as a musical statement, an observation of life, and evolution of a career well-spent are a relief from the sceneric bullshit we all know too well. If anything, friendship is present all over this record. It's recorded by friends, mixed in Chicago by Midyett's noted pal Steve Albini, and supported by chums at Comedy Minus One records. To say the result is just a solid indie record would be a disservice to both Mint Mile and to indie rock. It's a delight.

PAUL VS. PAUL

Review by Asher Pope

The two Pauls: McCartney and Simon. Both universally regarded as gods of the music world. Both in action since the 60s. And both of them released albums in the last month.

They took different paths in their approach to releasing new material. McCartney went the traditional route and wrote a plethora of brand new, never before heard songs. Simon, on the other hand, took 10 songs he'd released on various albums over the years and reimagined them into something new. Both approaches yielded some incredible results.

McCartney's songwriting, as always, is (for the most part) solid as a rock on his latest LP, entitled *Egypt Station*. It opens with some ambient sounds from a train station mixed with a choral bit that's almost ethereal, and then plows straight into I Don't Know, a song that sounds like it's fresh out of 1976. McCartney's voice has aged very well in my opinion, and his vocals on this record remind me ever so slightly of Randy Newman. Simon's new record, *In The Blue Light*, opens with a track called One Man's Ceiling Is Another Man's Floor, initially released on his 1973 *There Goes Rhymin' Simon*. His new version feels much more cinematic than the original, from the haunting piano opening to the slowed down saloonish verse and chorus. The first time I listened to it, my brain pictured the band performing out in the old west. In truth it doesn't sound that western; the first time I listened to it was on my iPhone speaker whilst shaving, which

made it difficult to get an accurate first impression.

McCartney's album progresses with his typical genius work, with a healthy mix of heavy hitters (check out Come On To Me) and acoustic ballads (such as Happy With You, personally my favorite track). He experimented with some more modern sounding pop kinda stuff which I wasn't crazy about on songs like Fuh You (I also thought there were pretty much two or three hundred song titles that would've been better than that one). But on the whole I felt very refreshed listening to the record; it's reassuring to know great music is still being released by one of my biggest heroes. McCartney closed the album with a 6 minute, 3 part song that felt a lot more progressive than the rest of it. To me it reminisces of the 60s and 70s; a bit of Kinks, a bit of ELO and yet totally his own.

The remainder of Simon's album was equally incredible. I hadn't heard all of the original versions of the songs, so I created a playlist of them. Then I listened to the new record and compared that to the originals. It was a rad experience; the new album felt much bigger and more alive on a sonic level, yet there were a lot of elements I loved about the original recordings. I had the chance to see Paul Simon when he came to Nashville earlier this year, and recognized a few of the arrangements on *In The Blue Light* from that show. There were some truly breathtaking moments that he managed to capture in the studio on this album. I'm still unsure which version I like better as a whole, but it suffices to say that both are equally brilliant. Simon is a genius.

In the end, I personally enjoyed Paul Simon's record more than Paul McCartney's. Both were wonderful, but I feel that Simon choosing to work with his classic material gave him the upper hand on this one. However, McCartney's record is quite wonderful, and I highly recommend you give both a listen and decide for yourself.



~ POETRY ~

Poems by Cora Wingate

HELP, I'M DYING AND SO ARE YOU

I feel different today.

Maybe it's because I forgot to put my phone on airplane mode when I went to bed and
now my brain is a pile of mush inside my head.

But it also could be the radioactive fish I ate last week at that 24 hour,
all you can eat, stuff yourself buffet on the side of the highway...

Not to mention, there are marbles and pennies in my large intestine
And they're back to get revenge, I'm guessin'

But it's too late now because my body is an MSG monster and my brain is made of ramen noodles.

My hands are stained with cheeto dust and

That Kellogg's lion from the cereal box chased me in my dream last night.

I think it's because I didn't put a bandaid on my papercut when we
went swimming in that polluted drainage lake.

Help, I'm dying and so are you.

Well, they say now, "all you can do is pray."

But, in my opinion,

I'm just having a really, really off day...

LEARNING HAPPINESS

I have learned violence

But not by choice

I have learned rage
But not by choice

I have learned hatred
But not by choice

But I have also learned that I can learn happiness
By choice

PERPETUAL REGENERATION

Just as I get comfortable in my skin,
I feel it grow too tight.
I have to find a new place to begin;
A skin to make my growth feel right.

I shed my skins in the grass by the field,
And off the trail in the sun,
And maybe,
If you're lucky,
You might find where one life ended
and one begun.

One by one, they find their way back to me
And I host my salvaged skins in the closet in the hall.
Cast away like a piece of debris.
Many lives grown too small.

And when they find their way back home,
I don't ask them where they've been.
I say welcome back,
I'm glad to see you again.

I am growing out of myself and into myself,
And I know I will be fine.
And although it sounds quite scary,
People do it all the time.

Poems by David Moomey

THE STRIPP'D EAGLE

Bloody hands stain'd white
And a blue stain'd might
We the people built the fight
Intentional foreign fright

Tell me why we are there
When our children are here
Leaving there life so bare
Glorify sacred warfare

Two score and ten more starr'd
The people left so scarr'd
In there wake only charr'd
All the joy simply barr'd

All hail the Stripp'd Eagle
Rebell'd from the regal
A war machine left legal
Into a fight inviegle

LADEN WITH LOTUS

She believed her own delusion
And now she has lost her way
Because lovers eyes lie
She has been stolen from herself
Faintly recalling who she was
She grows gloom, weary of the way
Wondering how he was able to control her
Questioning if anyone can be trusted
She had gotten free so painfully
The future scars freshly made
Alone in the dark her tears softly hit the floor
Asking anything for peace of mind
She does not utter a sound
Afraid of every noise
Slowly and silently she walks with purpose
Reaching her destination unseen
A small pond that was once laden with lotus
Which all now lay dead
This was where they first met
She knew what she had to do
Unreserved she removed her clothes
Swiftly swimming out, diving as deep as she could
Once her lungs no longer had air
she muttered his name and breathed in
As darkness and pain filled her brain
All she could think of was him

Poems by Nash Hamilton

RELAX

A leather brown book
With a rabbit on the back
It's all I have,
It helps me relax
When the weight on my shoulders
Makes me buckle and crack
I read my leather bound book
With a rabbit on the back

POWDER AND DUST

What is it that makes a man?
A little power and a little trust?
Or is he just powder and dust
Should he stomp across the floor
Like an elephant in disgust?

Or should he light up the room
Like a flower in bloom
Bringing happiness
No gloom, Nor doom

Or should he combust
Bringing everything around him to rust
Should he only care about his will and his lust?
The world is his pie, and you his crust
So must a man take everything he may touch?
Or is he just powder and dust

AN OLD HOUND DOG NAMED BLUE

He got real bad chiggers when he was young
Grew up with a bad attitude
If you ever asked him what's wrong,
He'd say "Hell, Nothing New"

His daddy was a foreman in a Macon mine
In Nineteen Ninety-Two
Gave his lungs and gave his life
To pay the bills when due

Went to jail for four years, got out in ten
For something he swears he didn't do

And to all those he doesn't know
He says, "Hey I remember you."

You can find him at bars all around
But you'll never see him drinking a brew
'Cause his liver don't work as well as it should
And he's got nothin' better to do

Now you may think he's depressed as hell
But I've got news for you
He's happy 'cause he's got a pup at home
An old hound dog named blue

**We're leaving this space blank so you can
write in some poetry of your own:**

~ ART GALLERY ~



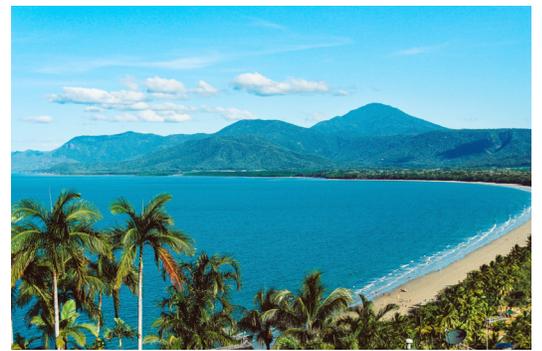
Paintings by
**Sierra
Torres**

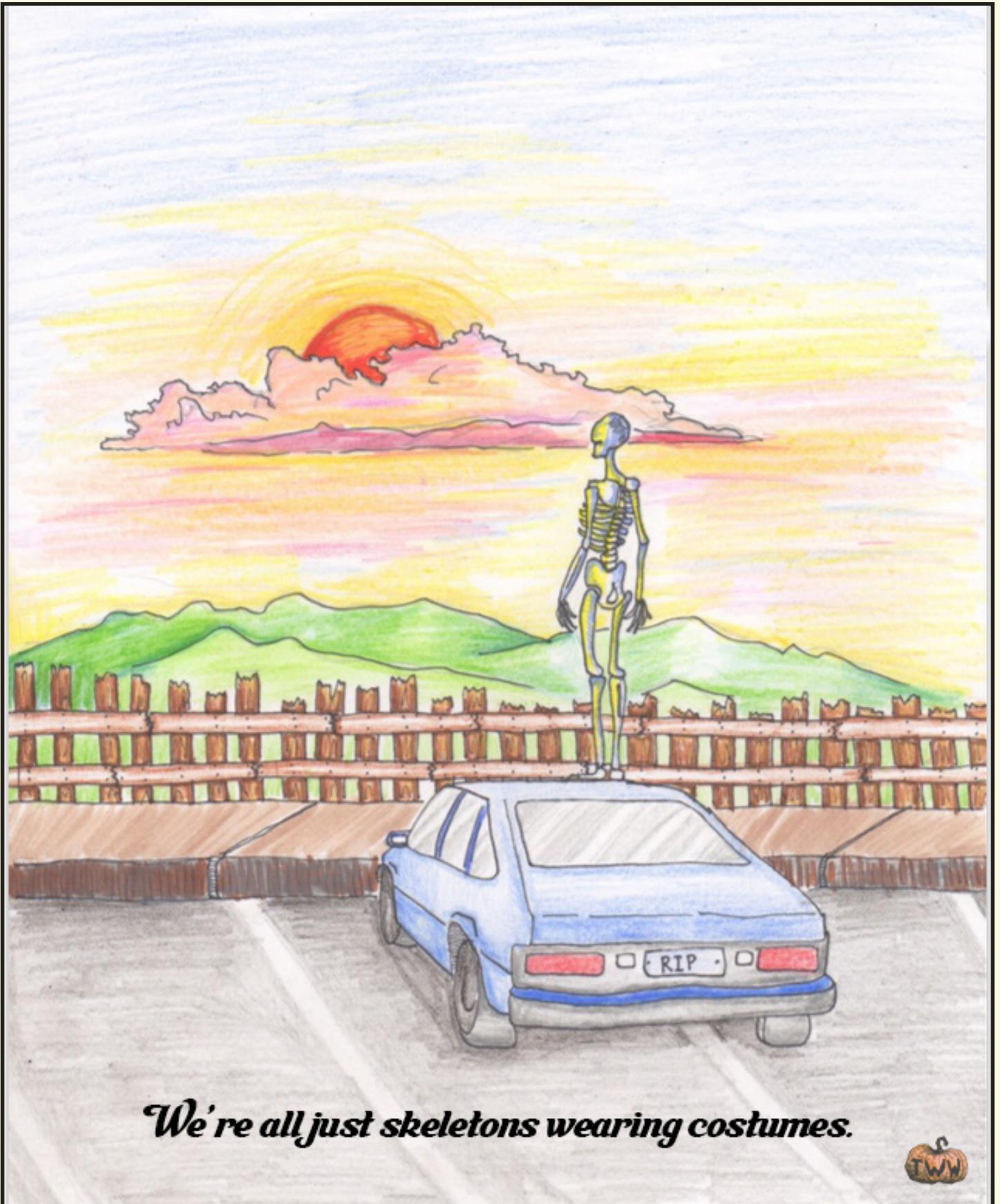


Photos by
**Christina
Coleman**
(Cont. On Next Page)



Photos by
Holly Lovgren





We're all just skeletons wearing costumes.

