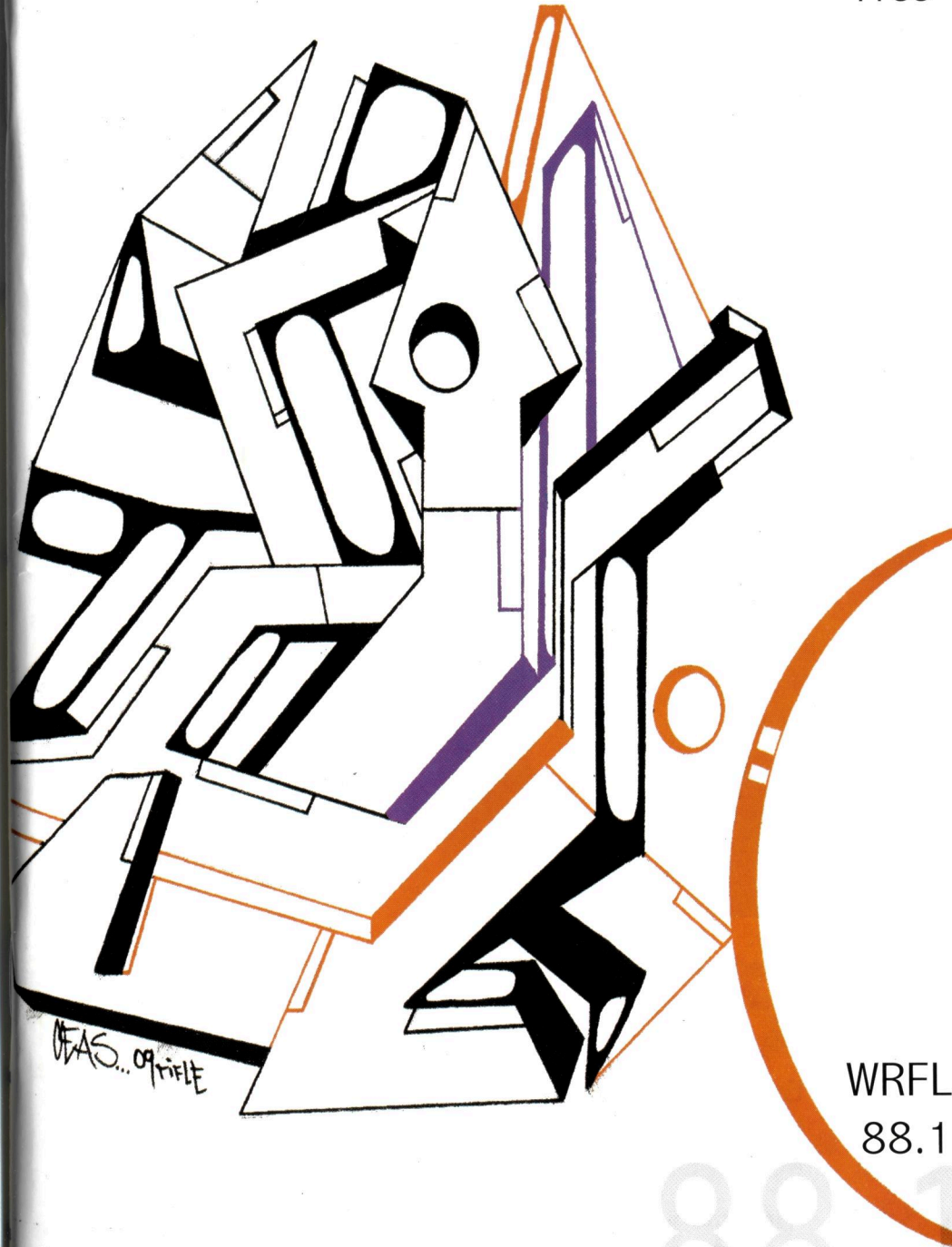


RiFLe
summer 09'

Free



DEAS...09RiFLe

WRFL
88.1

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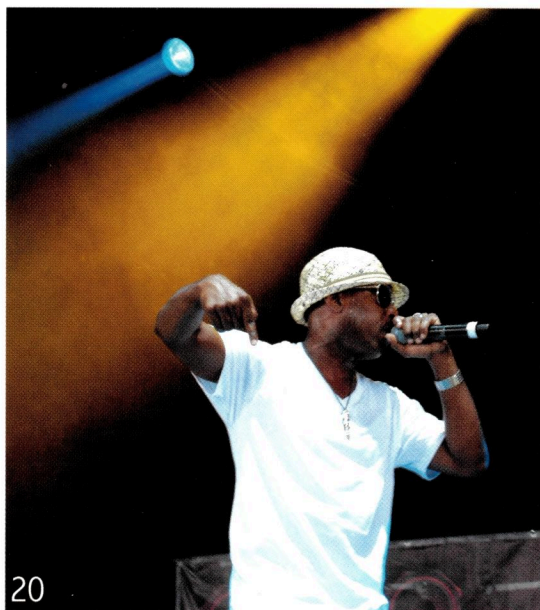
Special Notes...

cover art designed by Ceez One (see pages 25-27 to learn more about his art)

print retractions of the "Lost Issue of the RiFLe":

"Music Is The Only Religion" by Paul Sineath

"If my calculations are correct, when this thing hits 160 RPM you're going to hear some serious jams-like great grandparents' era serious!" by Jeremy Russell



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Oh, the places WRFL will go...a RFLian spreading the WRFL love 47-50

Turn it up! Your fall semester show schedule 53-54



Board of Directors
summer 09'

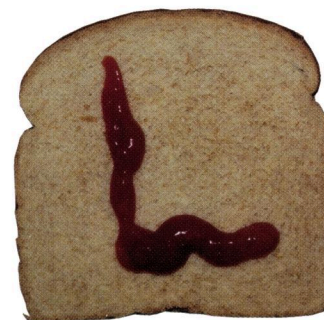
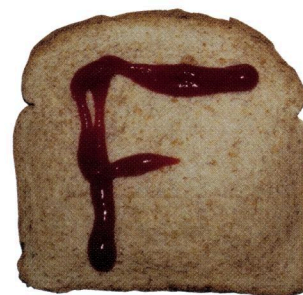
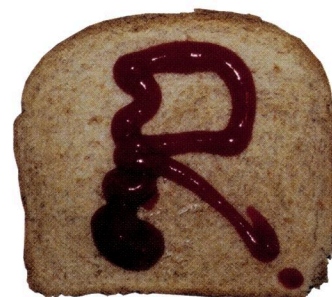
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Ashley Crawford/
Cass Dwyer
PR director
Jaime Lazich
art director
Robert Beatty
music librarian
Patrick Smith

not just any ol' words, from your GM...

Hello WRFL-lovers, fans, participants, relatives, associates! As I write this we're all a few big deep breaths away from the start of school and things have never looked brighter for alternative music. What an incredible time to be involved at this station! Fresh off the good vibes of 2008's 20th anniversary FreeKY Festival we're poised for an even bigger, more tweet-worthy year. (Note: I had written 'newsworthy' but times are changing, we're hopping on the techwagon, watch out!) On the near horizon we've got another festival headed up by long-time RFLian, Saraya Brewer, being set in motion by a handful of committees made up by the very DJ's who already donate their time to bring the best and least heard music to Lexington. Boomslang Festival will be the word on the street from here til October 9th, bringing together incredible international, national, and homegrown local acts under the moniker of giving the people something different. Lexington is about to be overrun by the best psychedelic experimental grungy garage rock this country has seen at one time in one place, um, ever? And that's just fall semester! In the spring we're set for our tower upgrade from our current 250 watts to 7900(!) watts, fulfilling our longtime-in-the-making FCC license. Starting in Spring 2010, we'll be melting central Kentucky minds all the way to Frankfort, Paris, and Lawrenceburg.

I couldn't be a more privileged General Manager. To be in this position during this year is unbelievably lucky. I get to be around to see the hard work of so many people from so many weeks, months, and years come to fruition. I can hardly take credit for even a sliver of it. The first thing I learned about WRFL as GM this summer is how well the station runs itself. For an organization that is going around the clock, the accountability and responsibility of our 70+ staff of volunteer DJs is to say the least impressive. This is a huge body of people that care about the station, feel a responsibility to Lexington to spread the gospel of alternative music and cultural happenings, and act on it. Let no one be fooled, we're the freaks and the punks and the weirdos, but we know exactly what we're doing and we're doing it incredibly well.

Love always,
Ainsley Wagoner
WRFL General Manager



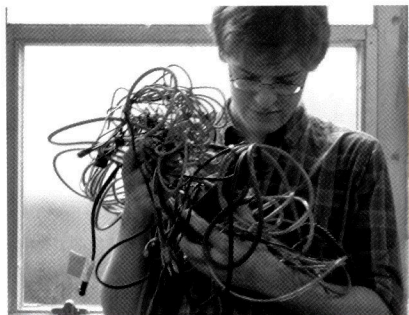
directors

SHOW AND TELL throwback



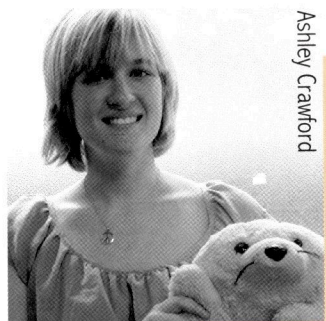
Ainsley Wagoner

My dad worked at Kennedy Craft when he was young and they had lots of these plaster statues available to paint. The little guy has been dubbed 'Old King Cole' and he sits in my bathroom watching people pee with a constantly-stern face.



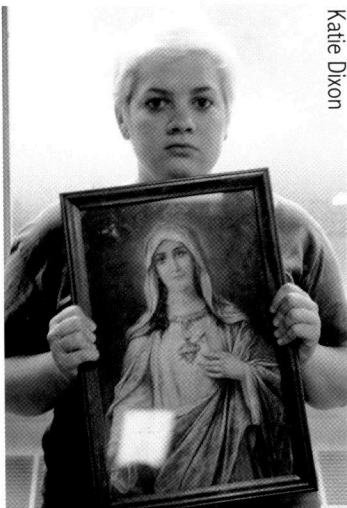
Aaron Wilburn

These are my wires.



Ashley Crawford

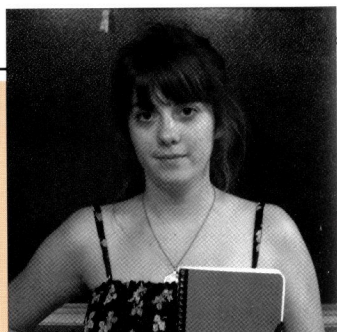
I'm with "Tuppy the Seal Puppy". I've had him since I was two. Umm....I got him at a Tupperware party?



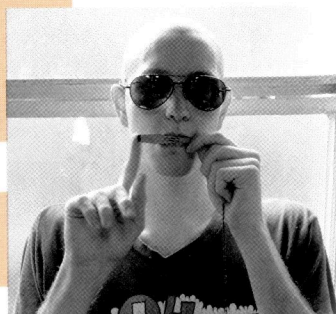
Katie Dixon

I love Mother Mary.

The pen & the paper. The point at which your thoughts crystallize into thin black lines. Lead, but malleable. Permanence tailored to a set of 180 pages. How I choose not to forget. Time and again.



Regan Neri



Robert Beatty

This is a jaw harp that I got in a back alley Beijing experimental record store last summer. It sounds good.



Jaime Lazich

This is a German camera from

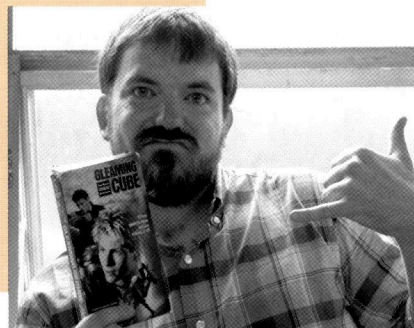
the '50s called a "Radix" made by the company "Bilora," which I have never heard of in my entire life. It belonged to my grandfather and I found it in my parent's basement. It's heavy as crap. I love old cameras.

christian slater.
Las Angeles
Vietnamese Underworld

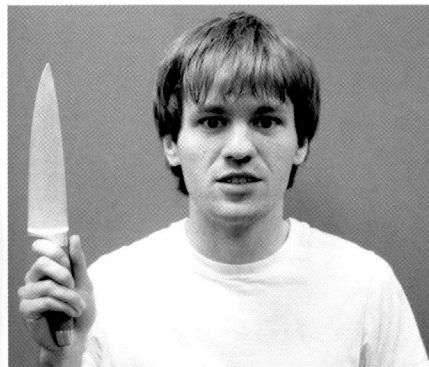
tony hawk.

diamond plated steel.

GENIUS



Tim Riley



Patrick Smith

I like knives. For cooking, mostly.



James Friley

I got a mask in Venice, Italy. I feel fiery inside.



Lauren Weis

My best friend got me this mask from Venice, Italy. I don't think I feel as fiery inside.



Cass Dwyer

In May, my damies and I had a hip hop adventure in Indianapolis. We got to meet Brother Ali and Slug, two of the best MCs on the planet, and Brother Ali signed this bad-ass album. Hip Hop, you the love of my life.

BASSFACE

Pronunciation: \ˈbās-fās\

Function: noun

1. The name given to the face a DJ or music lover makes when a beat drops or a bassline is particularly compelling and gritty. This use of the term is used for electronic music, especially drum & bass, dubstep, and any other dance music where the main interest is the bassline.

"Did you see the DJ when that record hit?"

"Yeah, he must really enjoy it, just look at his bassface!"

"I can see why, this beat is filthy!"

THE SUBSET WEEKLY DUBSTEP SESSIONS

Tuesday Nights, 10 - midnight www.thesubset.com

Accents

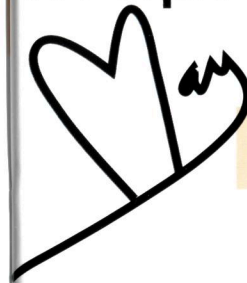
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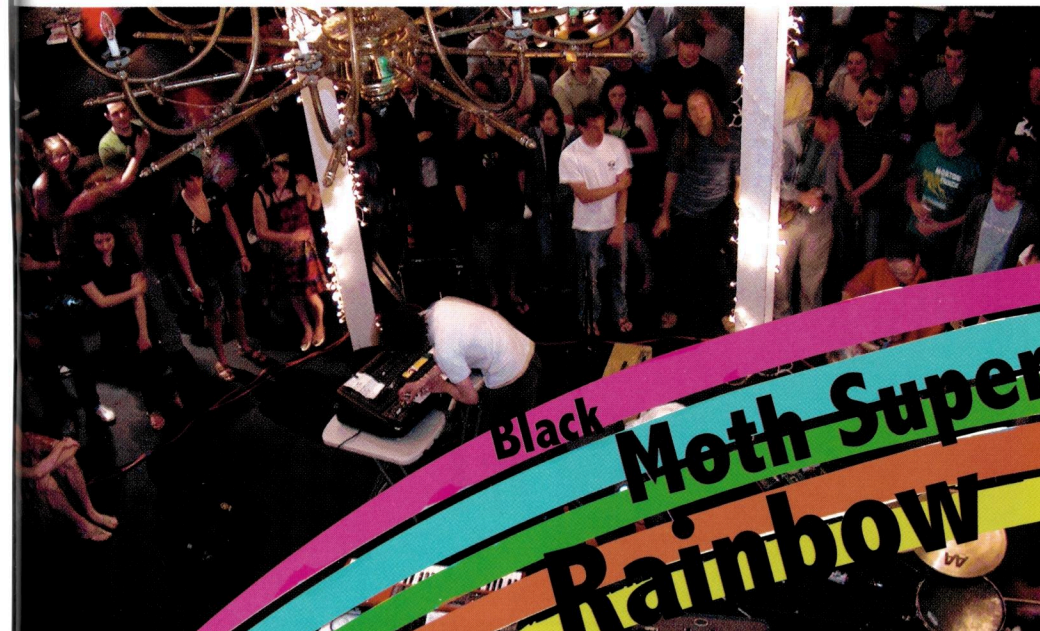
wrflpresents



may
19



photos taken by Jaime Lazich





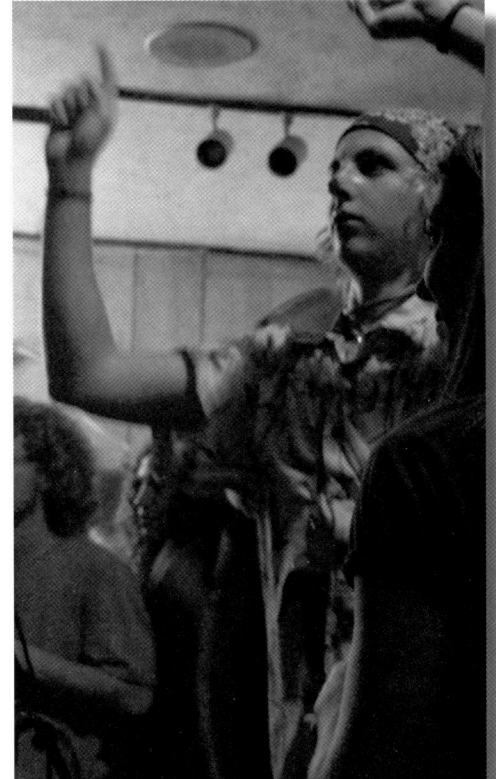
Wolf
Eyes

June
june
5

July
july
13



Deer
Tick



wrfl(will)present

Tanya Morgan/Loose Change/Devine Carama/Kuntry Noiz
on Aug. 28 at Round Barn

Crazy Dreams Band/ATTEMPT/ Tiny Fights
on Aug. 29th at Al's

Desolation Wilderness/Bedtime
on Sept. 5th at Al's

Autolux/Mini Mansions/ Candy
on Sept. 6th at Buster's

and when the leaves begin to fall... or even if they don't



artwork by Ceez One

wrfl(will)present

Circulatory System/Nessey Gallons/ Pipes You See, Pipes you Don't
on Sept. 19th at Al's

Jack Rose/R Keenan Lawler/ Street Gnar
on Sept. 29th at Natasha's

Mount Eerie/TJO/No Kids
on Oct. 22nd at Round Barn

Lake/Karl Blau/Little Noodle
on Nov. 5th at Al's Bar

BOOMSLANG

a celebration of sound and art
located in a variety of downtown venues

featuring music, art
and other curiosities

Oct. 9-11

Os Mutantes
The Black Angels
Shipping News,
Papa M, Mark Hol-
sar, Bill Nace, Bardo
Pond, Disappears,
Casino versus Ja-
pan, Lush Life, Hair
Police, Psychedelic
Horseshit, Burning
StarCore, Teeth
Mountain,
Rachel Grimes,
Tiny Fights,
Sound/
Vision,
and more

Also...
an electronic music
workshop (presented
by Lexington's Dork-
Bot contingency); a
circus-themed fashion
show; film screen-
ings; an experiment
with radio waves from
Lexington drone lords
Everyone Lives Every-
one Wins and much
more

for ticket prices and more
information, check out:

boomslangfest.com

pitchfork

Music Festival 2009

by James Friley

My experience at Pitchfork began with six friends and a mini van. It only got better from there.

First, there was a promising lineup. The bands that stick out in my mind are The Jesus Lizard, The Black Lips, Women, Vivian Girls, Beirut, Tortoise and Grizzly Bear. Flaming Lips were pretty sweet, but more because of the visuals than the actual music. I've seen them before; it's always a good time.

The lead singer for The Jesus Lizard was an old nut. No kidding. Between him ripping off his shirt, telling terribly gross jokes and jumping into the audience over and over again, "old nut" is the only thing that comes to mind. Their music is rock and roll and their bassist is a badass. Unfortunately, I don't have pictures to show from this performance. Note: never leave your film exposed in the hotel room. Stupid.

The Black Lips provided another unforgettable performance. What was most unforgettable: the Black Lips' guitarist's guitar. During one of the songs he begins to smash his Gibson Melody Maker on the stage (see photo to right)—and there I was, front row view in the photo pit section.

After throwing the neck of the guitar into the audience and tossing down the body, a security guard threw what was left under the stage. Although a little frightening, it wasn't enough to keep me from diving

under the stage and grabbing it. It came with nice leather strap, too! A little hopped up on loud music/adrenaline/a famous band's guitar, I sprinted out of the audience, showed my friends (who flipped their shit) and left the festival grounds to secure what is now mine. Awesome.

Saturday night, there was another festival going super late into the night called Bitchpork. Interested, we went to see Times New Viking. This underground festival was held in a venue that fit this "underground" theme—a warehouse preceded by an alley of broken glass and a dumpster. The inside was insane looking (pictures on following pages) This show was incredibly fun and sort of an extra perk.

Getting back to Pitchfork...

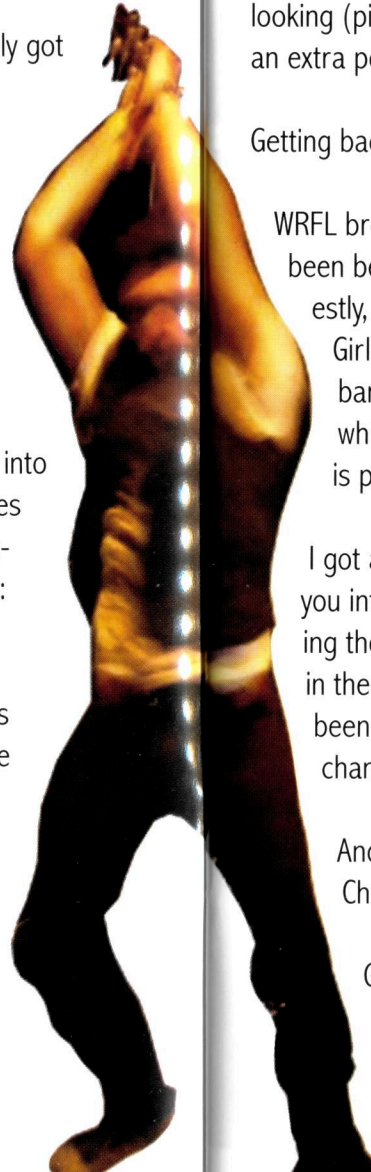
WRFL brought both Women and Vivian Girls to Lexington this year. It may have been because of this, but either way, their music stood out to me. But, honestly, I feel these were two of the better bands. The new stuff the Vivian Girls brought out sounded great. They're probably my favorite all-girl band that exists right now. And Women played two new songs, both of which make me very, very anxious for their next release. Their last album is probably in my top three from the last year.

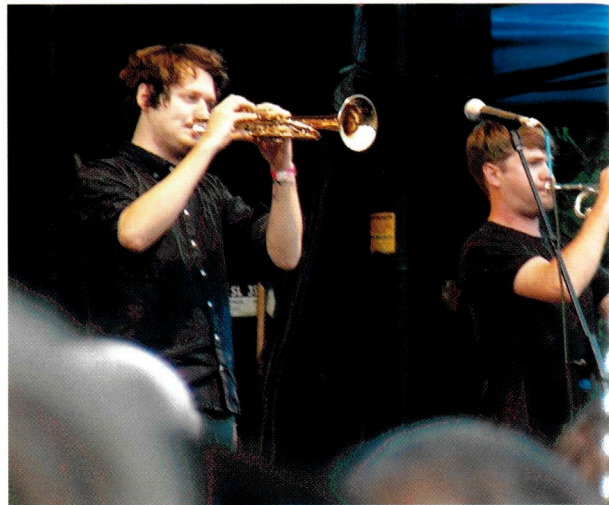
I got a bit lucky at the Grizzly Bear show. You see, press passes only get you into the photo pit for three songs. Then, they escort you out. But during the third song of Grizzly Bear's set, I saw Neil from Cymbals Eat Guitars in the VIP section waving at me — I was in. Sitting front row couldn't have been better — both the seats and the band. Go see them if you get the chance; it's beautiful music.

And, as a side note, if you ever get a chance, go eat at Pizzeria Due in Chicago. Best deep dish pizza on earth I believe.

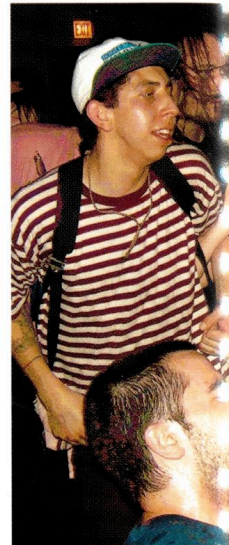
Good times, great oldies. I highly recommend the affordable and intimate Pitchfork Music Festival.

Bicycle
James





photos taken by Jaime Lazich



from Pitchfork:
The National
(far left)
Beirut (top, left)
The Walkmen
(bottom, left)
from Bitchpork:
Ga'an (far right)
Times New Vi-
king (top right
and bottom
right)





What I Learned, and What I Remember, from Pitchfork 2009

by
Jaime
Lazich

I learned what is brown and rhymes with snoop: Dr. Dre. This was one of two jokes told by the singer from The Jesus Lizard. I'm afraid the other one is too distasteful to relay in such a publication (I know, right?). I learned that sometimes you pay \$10 to use the internet for a day. I learned that capers are delicious. I learned that there are many great live bands that begin with the letter 'W' (Women, Wavves, Walkmen).

I remember running through traffic, escaping green lights and cars. I remember eating whatever food we could find including day old, non-refrigerated pizza that was initially feared but then quickly consumed upon curiosity followed by confirmation of deliciousness. I faintly remember boarding a ferris wheel and taking a bunch of pictures of the Chicago skyline as well as my fellow passengers who just so happened to be the people I came with and who I definitely now consider friends.

I learned that Bitchpork/The Electric Company in French/The Future is awesome. I learned that Pizzeria Due has some of the best pizza in the world. I learned that my black hoodie looks way better on James Friley than it does me. I learned that those photobooths that take four pictures and process them in minutes are really expensive but totally worth it (If you come across one, USE IT. Especially if you are with friends.).

I remember the air being crisp and cool and come sun down I was glad that I bought that sweater from H&M even if it did probably cause me to overdraft on my checking account. I remember that the clouds were often out, and I don't know if it was how they blushed against the sunset, or the horns on some of the songs, or the wheat ale in my hand but I thrice, THRICE, became teary-eyed during Beirut's set. What beautiful, beautiful music.

I remember how we walked and walked and walked. We walked until I could feel gravity sucking down on every joint in my lower limbs like they were going to unhinge at any moment and leave me stranded there in the middle of chi-town.

I learned that the Steak & Egger has supreme diner food. I learned that hotwire is the prime place to go if you want to be cheap and stay in a hotel like the Swissotel (which I learned was FANCY).

I remember being so happy when The Flaming Lips were playing. A healthy, regular dose of The Flaming Lips' live performance should be prescribed for depressed people. I had seen them before and even felt that said prior performance was better, yet I still caught myself grinning uncontrollably during The Lips' set, which closed the festival. If you do not have fun with that much confetti, those many lights, and that much hitting around of humungous balloons then you, my friend, are a curmudgeon. There is nothing like feeling the voices of everyone around you swell and quiet in singing the words of Wayne Coyne.

I came back home to learn that I destroyed hundreds of dollars worth of medicine, overdrafted on my checking account, and was thisclose to losing my job. And I eventually learned to get over that stuff.

Rock the Bells *recap*

by Landon Antonetti and Jared Burkhart
photos taken by Landon Antonetti

Originally born in the belly of Southern California in 2004, Rock the Bells has blossomed into the biggest gathering of hip-hop nerds, graffiti writers and bootleg CD and DVD sellers in the nation. Having hosted nearly every influential hip-hop figure in the game, including Public Enemy, most of the Wu Tang Clan and both Nas and Jay-Z, Rock the Bells has recently begun to take their rappin' freak show on the road. Each year beginning in mid-summer in Chicago and ending in San Francisco.

Thanks to the good folks at URB Magazine I was able to weasel my way into the steaming photo pit for some photo ops, but with the help of my super spy skills I sneakily found my way backstage for a few minutes of talk time with my favorite rappers and DJ's before being escorted out by security. Needless to say I had a unique vantage point as did my partner in crime Jared Burkhart, a new WRFL DJ, who was mixed in with the rest of the crowd at the First Midwest Bank Amphitheatre on that sweltering day in June. These are our recollections of some of the best and worst of 2009's Rock The Bells hip-hop festival.

small stage

M.O.P.

Landon: M.O.P. is 17 years strong in the game but their stage presence makes it feel like

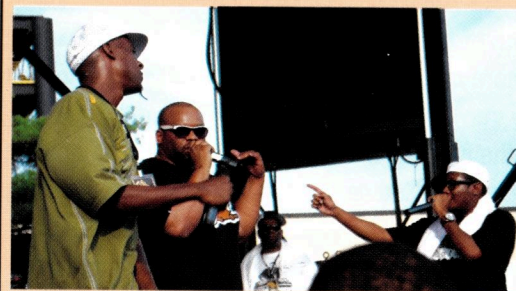


"How about some hardcore" came out yesterday. Lil'Fame and Billy Danze killed it. They got the crowd shouting lyrics back at them and even incited a mosh pit in the front row. Nice guys too. Fame needs some definite grill work though. Jared: I didn't really hang around for this one. Looked too dangerous. Landon: M.O.P. is not for the squeamish

Slum Village

Jared: Missed this one too...

Landon: Really? Damn. Detroit's native sons, Slum Village have been a cornerstone in any hip-hoppers diet since they burst on the scene in 1997 with the highly idolized, Fan-Tas-Tic Vol. 1. Elzhi and T3 were serving the audience with unparalleled energy. But, the real show was Baatin, whose presence can only be described as being like Flavor Flav on a mixture of Red Bull and sedatives, a distinct mixture of high energy bursts followed by



sluggish, early 90's dance moves. Overall their set was one of my favorites from the small stage. With a cocktail of classic SV cuts and brand new shit, how could you go wrong?

main stage

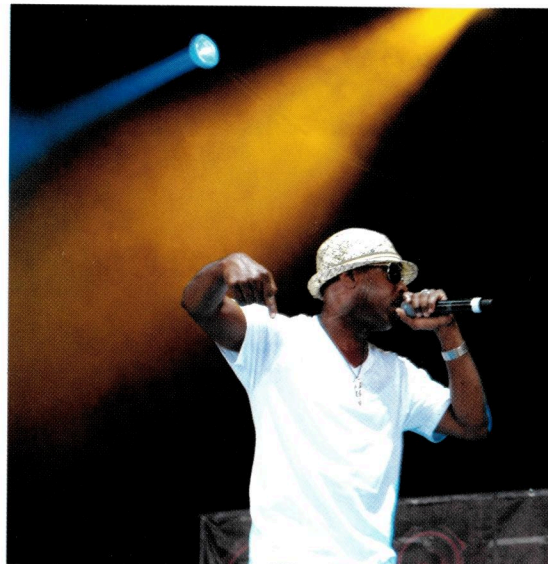
K'Naan

Landon: Maybe it's because K'Naan is new to the game or maybe it was his lack of showmanship that made his set an utter snooze. Don't get me wrong, his collaborations with



Wale and Amadou & Mariam are insane, but he just didn't have the connection with the crowd or the energy that most of the other acts did. Give him a few years and he'll be a reckoning force on this tour.

Jared: K'Naan's performance was not one worth watching unless you are a diehard fan. His interactions with the crowd were strictly business and tiresome to say the least. Your only chance of keeping up is learning the words to "waving flag" or hitting the concession stand until the next set. So, if you ever find yourself at a K'Naan show, memorize his latest album word-for-word.



Talib Kweli & Hi-Tek

Landon: I've been told a number of times to see a Kweli show and with the number of amazing live acts I've seen over the years, I'm surprised it took me this long. He and Cincinnati native DJ Hi-Tek came bearing gifts of new material from their upcoming project entitled *Revolutions Per Minute*. They also blessed the crowd with some old favorites from both Kweli and Hi-Tek's respective catalogues. It could have been the technical difficulties with

the sound or Kweli's "I gotta get the fuck out of here" attitude on stage that kind of ruined this set for me. But, Hi-Tek seemed to be more in tune with the crowd than Kweli, who, last time I checked was the MC.

Jared: I have to agree with his "I gotta get the fuck out of here" demeanor. Hi-Tek, however was on fire. He got the crowd moving and even instilled momentum in Kweli on some songs. "Get 'em High," Kanye West's and Kweli's collaboration off of Kanye's 'College Dropout' seemed to be a crowd favorite. Overall somebody needs to be getting a bigger paycheck and it isn't Kweli.

Big Boi

Landon: One of my favorites. Anyone who knows a little about me knows I am an OutKast freak. There's not one record they've done that I haven't liked and do we even have to mention the number of [insert award of your choosing here] they've won? But I digress.



Big Boi's show was full of energy, he did everything from "Rosa Parks" to "Kryptonite" and the crowd ate it up. My only qualm is that I wish he had a night show; an early evening, dinner time Big Boi is not the same as a late night, "nothing good happens after dark" Big Boi.

Jared: A whopping 7 out of 8 songs of Big Boi's set list were straight 'Kast bangers. Big Boi substituted his longtime cohort Andre 3k with fellow dungeon family member, Konkrete, but no doubt they did it big for the entire set. I also wish he would have had a later show; a dance party would have been in FULL effect had it been dark outside. It was all the same to me and most OutKast fans in attendance as we all got down to some ATL classics.



The Roots

Landon: According to Questlove's twitter they were going to do a Michael Jackson tribute, so excuse me if I was a tad disappointed. On the bright side, they played a lot of new stuff and their ever expanding band brought the energy that only The Roots can provide. Live instrumentation

in hip-hop is coming back and The Roots are ahead of the curve, providing live, tasty jams since '93.

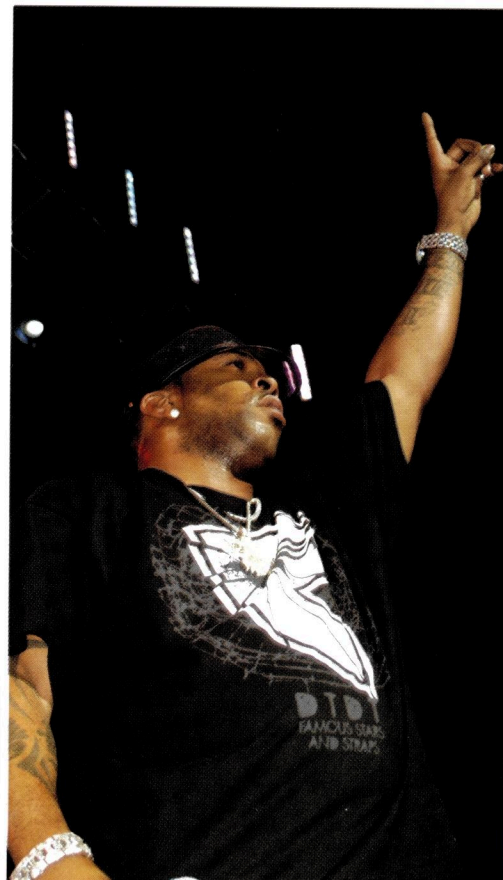
Jared: Yeah, where was that MJ tribute? Very disappointing. How about their interpretation of the Knight Rider theme song to start the show though? I was breaking my neck on that one. But, after that they led straight into "Get Busy," a personal favorite of mine, and then "Jungle boogie" riffs immediately after that. Pure dope. You know how they say that "time flies when you're having fun?" It's true. Their set seemed entirely too short and I shed a silent tear as they started to tear down their set as quickly as they had taken the stage. The Roots are more than just a late night talk show jam band, but you already knew that.

Landon: I'm watching Late Night with Jimmy Fallon as we speak and it's terrible dude. The thing I like the most about Conan is how unrehearsed and natural his bits seem but Jimmy Fallon needs to rehearse his shit. And not to mention The Roots look bored to tears.

Jared: At least they're getting paid.

Landon: Yeah, well this is a re-run so they might have gone ahead and quit since then.

Jared: Let's hope so.



Busta Rhymes

Landon: I dumbled out to Busta. It was the only set the whole night that people booed when he said he had to go. I'd like to catch a full set sometime.

Jared: Busta surprised me too. His voice alone made me want to tackle the random person next to me. I was hyped to say the least. After yelling at the sound man to turn his mic up so he could "knock the fucking block off," the party got started. He performed as long as he could as the stage manager was standing there just off stage yelling for him to wrap it up, like he could do something about it (P.S. Busta is cut diesel). After putting everyone in the crowd to rest, they wanted more. I don't care if you don't like

Busta. See him live and you'll feel differently. Biggest surprise performance of the night in my opinion.

Landon: I've never seen a venue explode like the amphitheatre did during Busta's set. I was under the impression that Busta sold out, trading in his raw style for corporate radio club bangers and auto-tuned bullshit but man I was wrong. Even though he was performing those hits, I'll be damned if he didn't bring the entire venue to its knees. He, his hype man Spliff Star and DJ Rock Raida executed a set that was really second to none. Not to mention M.O.P came back out just to make sure the crowd was in check. What's your dice on this one?

Nas & Damien Marley

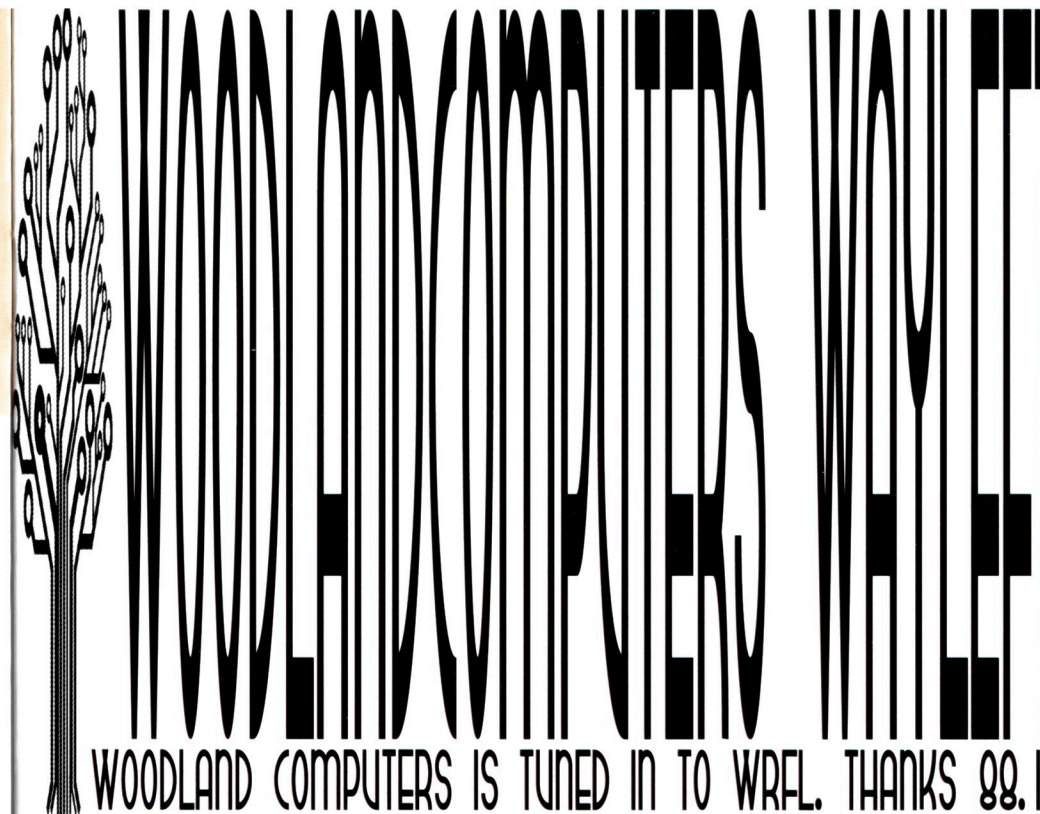
Landon: I got word from back stage that Nas was absolutely hammered during his set with Bob Marley's son, Damien Marley. Now I don't mind if my rappers hit the stage, blunt in hand, but when you're slamming LIT's backstage before show time, I have to be concerned whether you're going to vomit on stage or even pass out. Fortunately the show was amazing; apparently Nas can hold his liquor. Damien Marley and his band provided a range of musical experiences for the crowd, pulling out raw hits like "Welcome to Jam-rock" and then softening the blow with "Road to Zion". Nas played his classics; among

them were "One Mic", "NY State of Mind" and "One Love". Surprisingly there were no joints from his latest, untitled LP. Maybe he forgot the words.

Jared: I was too dead from Busta's set to care too much about Damien's performance. He was a good performer, but I'm just not into the whole Rastafarian thing. Nas to me was subpar, maybe it was my high hopes of a blowout performance, or subconsciously I needed him to top Busta, the Roots or Big Boi, but he just didn't do it for me. Knowing now that Nas was drunk makes me kind of understand a little bit more. For someone who was hammered he did well, but he is an artist, not a drunkard. Music first, party later.

Landon: That rule doesn't apply to 80's dance parties at The Dame.

Jared: Obviously.



Check the Technique: Inside Look Into the World of Graffiti

by Cass Dwyer

Maybe it's the bright and wild colors. Or the hypnotic sound of a metal ball drunkenly sloshing around in a shaken can. It's possible that the adrenaline rush of renegade art mixed with the toxic fumes, creates a high both physical and mental. Maybe it's the love of hip hop and the need to express creative action in the concrete jungle of urban life.

Whatever the reason, graffiti is an art form both celebrated and denounced that has become the visual representation of urban creativity. Since the late 70s when crews were bombing the subways in New York, this art has been revered by the youth and outlawed by those in power, viewing it as a destruction of public and private property. Graffiti is part of the holy trinity of hip hop, representing the visual aspect where the music represents the aural and break dancing the expression of the body. Movies like *Style Wars* and *Wild*

Styles have documented and fictionalized the art as well as marked the evolution of one of America's most unique forms of expression.

Over the last 30 years, as hip hop culture has gone from the underground scene to a mainstream business, graffiti as an art form has changed and grown. However, an air of mystery and exhilaration are still as important as ever in trying to put a face to the monikers emblazoned on train cars and billboards around town. In Lexington, local artist Ceez One has been a part of graffiti since his early teens. "I got into graf from seeing it on old album covers and stuff then when I was like 13 or 14 I got some paint and started doing little toy stuff around the tracks and whatever. I

saw some real pieces about a year later. A dude named Frost One did a piece in this ditch and another dude did a East Side Piecers piece in another ditch and when I saw it in person I just got addicted."

With the advent of complicated security systems and 24 hour camera monitoring, the art form moved away from the subways and onto less-protected trains and city streets. As graffiti became more legitimate, writers created neighborhood murals and canvas works. Ceez was commissioned by the owners of the Old Tarr Bourbon Distillery on Manchester Street to cover the back wall in several graffiti pieces. Taking inspiration from old school skateboard companies, the walls next to the soon-to-be Buster's are a stark contrast of vibrant excitement surrounded by the bleak neutrals of concrete and steel. Even after creating "legal" live pieces, as he did during the Beaux Arts Ball and WRFL's Wale show, Ceez remembers a time when throwing up a piece got you a jail sentence or a large fine. "It's a love hate relationship with me and graf. It's nasty and nice," says Ceez. "The first generation was the illest. We were up everywhere then they started a task force for us and kind of busted most writers. I got arrested 3 times in a few years; cops were coming to my house and following me around and stuff. It was hectic."



With the move to canvas, some graffiti purists claimed that the art form was meant to be rebellious, not something that could be packaged and contained. Ceez disagrees and says "I don't think it diminishes anything painting on canvas. Everybody knows if you're a real writer or not. There's a few fakers doing graf style stuff on canvasses and murals and stuff but the kids out doing real graf know whats up. It's like people don't want to pay dues anymore though and they don't have too, they just go buy spray paint and do whatever they want to do. Idiots think it's 'street' and do whatever they want to do. Painted illegal and do whatever they want to do. Canvas its cool."

Whether it's a canvas piece or a tag on a train, graffiti is a beautiful, organic and at times a misunderstood art form. With all forms of expression, technology changes the medium and the practice, but the original spirit remains, pumping the creative blood through the cities veins gushing out on the back of stop signs, buses, trains and maybe even a canvas or two. In a world where urban sprawl, concrete jungles and starkly sterile streets are growing, graffiti is the way to shake some humanity mixed with paint in a can and make a mark. To throw up your name to show you were there, impulsive and bold, creative and vulgar. Ceez One sees the world as a canvas. "I will be walking down a street and see a blank wall and think 'this would be a perfect spot for a piece, I could make something amazing here.'" And if you keep your eyes open, you will find his name all over Lexington, leaving his mark wherever a blank wall exists.

"Mertle" by Dylan Blount

In the simple town of Dormant the people were becoming less & less capable of enjoying their 4th Sensational Senses

The Dormantonians's vision had been reduced so much so that they needed lights to help them see their destinations & desires

The very same clouds that fogged up the city's sight damaged the Dormantonians receptors for smell, taste, and touch. Unfortunately these clouds made citizens quite incapable of thought

High above the clouds Werfle worked on the center tower. One day a ladybug discovered her. Holding her in the wind, the bug's terrain was changed....

...The quick switch of perception startled Werfle for a moment and her heart fluttered...

...she fell

Werfle opened her eyes to a dusty ceiling and

Strange the taste was as Werfle could not recall

Stranger still was the realization of where she had fallen.

the sharp pain of a bloody lip.

the first and last time she had received such sensation

She had crashed through the basement of the tower into a chamber meant to be buried, hidden forever: a bicycle graveyard

Picking one up she immediately felt a quiver, another flutter in her chest, a tremor calling from within.

thru to clouds.

These were the clouds no one could breathe. Werfle couldn't even breathe.

So she didn't

in mid climb Werfle placed her hand to the rough rock of the mountain wall.

she took time getting to know the rock, knowing that this moment would be lost to memory.

She climbed to the top of the tower.

The higher she got the more she began to breathe but she was breathing as for the first time.

Unlike below, the air up-top was soothing and relaxing. Her nostrils wanted the oxygen as much as the oxygen wanted her nostrils.

all was one for a brief moment all was at peace.

Moving without mind Werfle made sense of it all.

Opening her eyes to this new feeling bewildered she was she looked on...

...and did she look on indeed.

She saw for the first time since being raised in Dormant

She saw a mountain hidden inside the clouds.

This is where her heart had struck a chord.

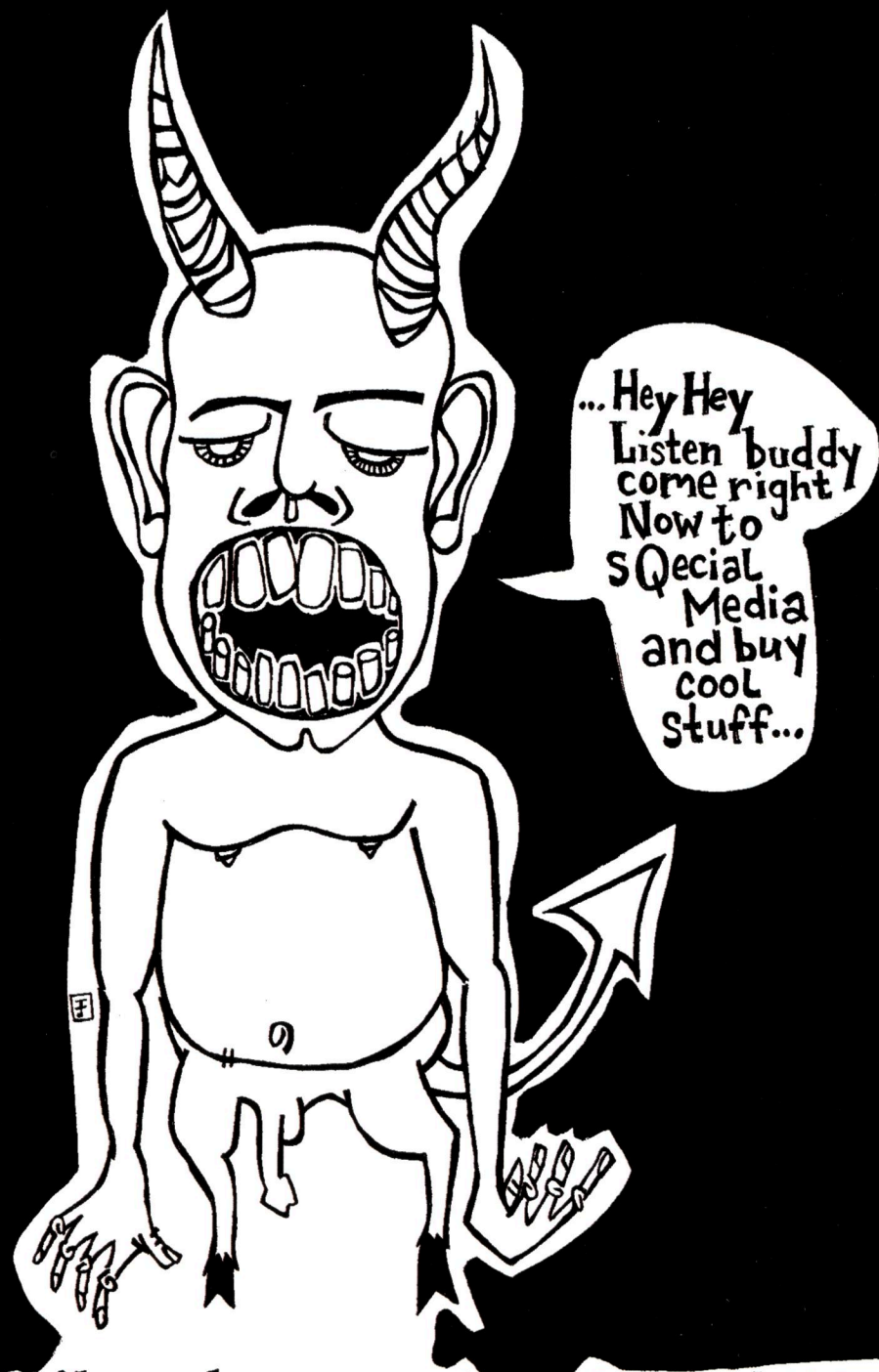
There was something in the mountain

She knew the feeling in her heart

thanks to her

In the town of Dormant, all was at peace, all was one.

sQecial media...bringing you the



devil and tapestries since 1972

Excerpt from "The life I never liveda Memoir"

by KumBirAYi
TafAdZwa MuRinda

W

ith no clouds to keep him company, and tired of Blue Sky's infinite nothingness, Angry Sun beat down mercilessly on all who were foolish enough to be out on such a blistering day. Any moisture in the ground had long since evaporated, and, being too scared to get close to Angry Sun, hung in limbo, creating a thick, humid mixture, which added to this misery known as the dry season. Even the black tar road was so hot that Sun's angry rays would bounce right off, playing games with my eyes, causing the line of taxis in front of me to dance in thier wake.

I, for the moment, was safe from Angry Sun's burning rage. I was seated behind the wheel of my saved-from-scrap taxi van bathing in the cool breeze pouring through my a/c vents. The thundering roar from my decrepit engine and the drone of the tse-tses forms the soundtrack to my afternoon as I sit calmy, patiently in front of Mutare International, praying for the next shipment of passengers to arrive. I gazed through my windshield, far into the distance. Past kilometer after kilometer of dead, dry flatland, tracing the ever fainter road that eventually twisted up, up, up into the mountains, and eventually dipped down over to the basin valley on the other side, where the city of Mutare lay.

Those menacing purple mountains stretched across the entire horizon, staring down at me in my beat up rusted van, daring me to, once more, make that perilous journey through those rugged peaks. Those mountains glared at me and I sat there, unnerved, glaring right back. I've stared down the throat of Hungry Lion trying to make me his next meal, no mountain, however tall, however dangerous was going to scare me away.

Then, a funny thing happened. Those mountains began to dance. First, slight back and forth movements, and then, they lost thier forms altogether

and stretched up higher and higher towards Blue Sky, who in fact was no longer blue. Strangely enough, he was now looking much more like his brother Night Sky, and the dancing purple mountains had, in fact, shed thier violet hue in exchange for an even more menacing mixture of yellows and reds, and every color that comes in between.

The flames danced belligerently. Drunk off the thatched straw huts of the village, and thirsting for more, the fire raced wildly toward the few homes that still remained untouched. And even where there were no huts the fire raged on, devouring the rain deprived plains, much like the Hyena converges on freshly killed prey. Shadowed figures dashed every which way. Yelling. Shouting. Shrieking.

"Amai! Amai!" (Mother!, Mother!) Shouted one little girl, tears streaming down her face and her eyes, so young and innocent, reflected the dancing flames which formed a wall around her. Everywhere shouts could be heard from those searching frantically for seperated family members. Even worse though, were the screams breaking through from behind the wall of flames. The shrieks of those not lucky enough to have escaped the fire. Everywhere you could hear the sounds of death. Eeeep! Eeeep!

"Ewe! Futsekl!" (Hey, idiot!)

Eeeep! Eeeep! Eeeeeeeeeeep!

"Kurumidza!" (Hurry, get out of the way)

I blinked. Purple mountains. Blue Sky. Angry Sun.

I glanced into my rearview.

Eep! Eeeep!

"Ewe!"

The angry cab driver behind me was hanging out his window, shaking his fist towards me. Shit. I kick my vehicle into gear and move up to allow him room to squeeze by with his van full of passengers. Passengers? Shit. My nightmarish day-dream had distracted me from my work.

I glanced out my window toward the rows of airport doors and spotted a hoarde of the other cab drivers vying for the business of the trickle of passengers shuffling through the doors. The economy was bad and the customers were scarce, so cabbings in Zimbabwe, and especially here at Mutare International was a cutt throat business. So when the planes landed, which were few and far between, all cabbies ceased any conversations and friendships as they all dashed to secure those precious, precious passengers.



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Trivial Thursdays — It's not just for breakfast anymore; *it's for lunch if you're listening in Tokyo. And now there's a podcast! (I know, right?!)*

a poetry interlude from Chuck Clenney...



artwork by Chuck Clenney

3 Haikus on the human condition

Is all of this just
Some dream that we are stuck in?
When do we wake up?

Aged limestone rock sits.
Trees stand firm as branches fall.
Humanity runs.

Well, if you love sex,
It's not best to say "next"
While your penis is vexed.



Dream No. 5

Pursuing a cessation of thought,
Drifting into a fuzzy somniferous consciousness,
Headphones droning stereophonic binaural waves,
Echoes reverberate against my inner auditory canal,
Neurological electricity zips through my conduit of axons.
Dendrites determine dreams.

Asleep, I descend to the center of the Earth:
Molten metal moving in the middle,
Nickel and iron ore grinding,
Geolayers accumulate as I transcend gravity in an instant
Teleported up to my kitchen of patch-work memories
Where food either becomes blood and cells or cancer.

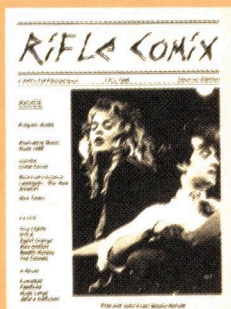
Kabuki samurais and portraits of carambola star fruit examine my cells
From the wall, they embody the Cytoplasmic capabilities of memory.
Jumping in the air, I reach out to grab these reminiscences,
But the gravity of tough thought tugs on my triceps and trachea.
I can't move or breathe; helpless in this subconscious vignette.
Black holes suck gods into oblivion.

In an instant, on a mountainside overlooking Kyoto
Feeding vegetables to the wild monkeys of Awariyama.
Then carried away in thought to Washington, DC
Leading an impromptu protest
Through the snowy streets to the White House
To tell Obama we want "Green jobs now!"

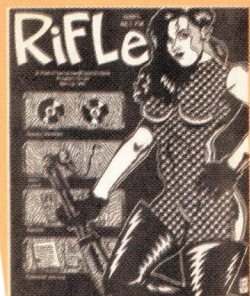
Back home in Lexington, Kentucky
Reflecting at the Reynolds Building on the unsettling sunset after a tornado
Tired from flying to the end of the universe, my thoughts span
From biggest to smallest, from galaxy to Atom
From California's Sequoias to Whitman's leaves of grass
All plants growing toward the sun, looking for an embrace.

The sun hugs back with life-generating compassion.
I awaken, tired from running psycherhexic laps.
I find myself, for a few seconds, perplexed.
Which reality is real? Is life a dream? When do we wake up?
Everything in the dream is in some sense
The dreamer.

RiFLes of the past



fall 1998



spring 1991



fall 1993



spring 1995

How many of you are there??

by Don Antenen

Earlier this year I found myself arguing against a screening of the revisionist action movie Valkyrie on the first night of Passover. That the myth of a clean Wehrmacht could be told again on that night was an act of callousness and amnesia I had to challenge. My protest — a letter published in the Kentucky Kernel — went unheard, of course. There was no one to hear it. If I wanted to stop the film, I could have attended the screening and set off a fire alarm, communicating nothing but at least achieving an end to that violence against memory. I did not attend or stop the film.

There is the fiction of a noble army, and there is a world more horrifying than fiction.

Less than a decade after the death of Carlo Giuliani, the G8 met in Italy to denounce violence against demonstrators in Iran. How can we speak of this without laughing? Most do not remember Carlo's death, July 20th, 2001 in Genoa, or the name of his murderer, the policeman Mario Placanica, who a court later claimed had not aimed directly at Giuliani but was, anyway, acting in self-defense. In the face of this one wishes, perhaps, to forget everything, to hear it all without blinking and never look back.

But what of those who do remember?

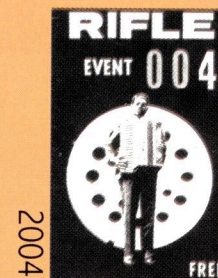
There is the fable of a crow, thirsty and dying in the dry heat of summer. Searching frantically for even a drop of water to keep her alive she finds a mason jar on the ground beneath a tree. She hops down to the ground and thrusts her head into the jar; it is too deep and the water too shallow, out of reach.

But she does not give up. She knows that if she knocks the jar over the water will run out and be absorbed into the ground, so she performs a better trick. She gathers stones in her beak and drops them one by one into the jar so that the level of the water will rise and allow her to drink. She drops stone after stone, but her beak still does not reach the water. More stones. The water does not rise.

So the stubborn crow continues bringing stones until the jar is overflowing with them, but never does one drop of water rise up to meet her dry, eager beak. Ethics is not a question of how many stones or how accessible they are, nor is it a question of how many jars are in the desert.

And so those few bent resolutely on wringing lilies from the acorn remain at their typewriters. This may be a time when friendship through writing is no longer possible. Friendship, as such, is severed from language. The great correspondences of the last centuries end abruptly, replaced by nothing. Nonetheless, I write to make the acquaintance of the people I cannot speak to, in anticipation of events to come.

What else are we to do with our imaginations?



2004



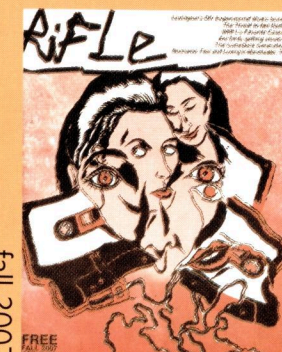
fall 2000



spring 2006



summer 2006



fall 2007



"My own Worst Enemy" cancelled; Star travels back in time; ruins career

by Tam-Tam Biscuit Barrel

Hollywood found itself dumfounded early Monday when it was discovered actor Christian Slater became the first man to travel through time, only to have a devastating effect on his movie career. Slater, former teenage star of the cult classic skate movie Gleaming the Cube, began his unprecedented journey through the dimensions after his new hit series "My Own Worst Enemy" was suddenly cancelled after only one season. According to his publicist and confidant, Vladimir Goliak, Slater became increasingly distraught in the days that followed the cancellation.

"He was devastated," said Goliak. "I hadn't seen Chrissy this upset since the premier of Robin Hood Prince of Thieves. Every day kept getting worse. I knew he was up to something."

That something was quantum mechanics and the ability to travel through time. According to Doliak, My Own Worst Enemy, was actually Slater's first major role since the previously mentioned Robin Hood.

"Oh yeah, yeah," said Doliak. "My boy Chrissy quit the biz right after that. I was always asking him 'Hey Chrissy, when you gonna get back in the biz, huh?' See in those days all he was going on about was this string theory business. You know, multiple planes of reality and all that. Stuff ain't for me I can tell you that much. Yeah I thought he was done for sure, but hey I don't care who you are, you don't turn down 'My Own Worst Enemy' when it comes knocking at your door."

Yet when the show was cancelled, Slater decided to do what no human being had done before him: Travel through time. Unfortunately the result was a few risky career moves that proved disastrous for Slater's future work as an actor. The truth was discovered when Doliak revealed a letter he received from Slater in 1994. It was not to be opened until yesterday; exactly fifteen years after it was written. Because of its graphic nature, we cannot reveal the complete contents of the letter. The RiFLe has confirmed however, that it was written on stationary from the movie Broken Arrow having at least one drawing resembling a hand with an extended middle finger directed at a crude sketch of the current CEO and president of NBC.

According to Dr. Jackson Jenkins from the Delorian Institute's college of Time Travel and Cosmic research, or DICT-TCR, Slater "Traveled to specific points in time and secretly convinced earlier versions of himself to accept various roles he'd previously turned down in an alternate existence. However, if he was indeed traveling at the proposed speeds we assume are necessary for time travel, then he was most likely in no condition to be involved in such decision-making. I admit to having a VHS copy of Hard Rain if you need proof." According to the doctor, this also proves Doliak's letter was most likely written prematurely before Broken Arrow's release.

"Mr. Slater made quite a name for himself within the physics community," said Jenkins. "He associated with a number prominent time travel enthusiasts. We at the DICTTCR became wary around the time of Pump up the Volume that his questionable career choices may eventually jeopardize his scientific integrity. It wasn't until that bit part in Interview With the Vampire that we truly became suspicious he may have actually done it."

The exact details of Slater's time travel methods or device is still currently unknown. Though sources close to Slater say in the weeks before his journey he purchased a large order of bicycle seats. Doliak claims to have no knowledge of Slater's current whereabouts nor his time-travel capabilities.

"He was always going about this time travel business, but I just thought he liked those movies with the teen wolf in them. If it was anybody could it though it was Chrissy. Say whatever about what happened, If your future self came and talked to you you're telling me you wouldn't listen? It wasn't all bad anyway. Just take a look at Kuffs."

Also baffling scientists is Doliak's ability to remain consciously aware of two developing alternate versions of reality. Nevertheless, Hollywood is buzzing with Slater talk. Studio heads have already posted statements urging their actors against similar courses of action. Though Dr. Jenkins believes Slater may have passed his secret along to a few others.

"I certainly believe others in Hollywood may have knowledge of his methods," said Jenkins. "Have you ever seen Judge Dredd?"

Sophie 5'



I Play
the Flute

by Brian Connors-Manke

This is a drawing by my friend Sophie. She is 5 years old as she has indicated. Her name is not "Sophie 5" — but I gotta admit I like the idea of calling her "Sophie 5" in the future — at least until she turns 6.

I'm in a sweet band with her called Mr. Moose & the Stache.

Look at the size of that flute? Could we possibly be the next Jethro Tull? The band that is, not the 18th-century English agriculturist after whom the band is named.

Perhaps we could become a bunch of flute playing farmers that play gigs in local community gardens? Hmm, I like where that is going.

Anyway, there have been many a band named after historical figures — Paul Revere and the Raiders, Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments, Franz Ferdinand, Tesla....or people with some sort of popular culture tie-in — Tony Danza Tap Dance Extraganza, Natalie Portman's Shaved Head, Jodie Foster's Army, Mookie Blaylock — which was the one-time name of Pearl Jametc., etc.

If there is a historical figure or pop culture persona that you believe clearly needs a band named after them (and hasn't to your vast musical knowledge) — submit your finest ideas to wrfl.band.names@gmail.com — and I'll list 'em all in the next RiFLe issue.

I'll even celebrate my favorite entry by rewarding the person with some WRFL swag and other highly coveted musical prizes (maybe even a copy of the Jethro Tull release "Crest of a Knave" that famously and bizarrely won the 1989 Grammy Award for Best Hard Rock/Metal Performance over Metallica). Long live the rock 'n' roll flute!

BCM

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Random music for your favorite random activities

Tuesdays 8-10 p.m.
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Check
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some
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blogs
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very
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UK...

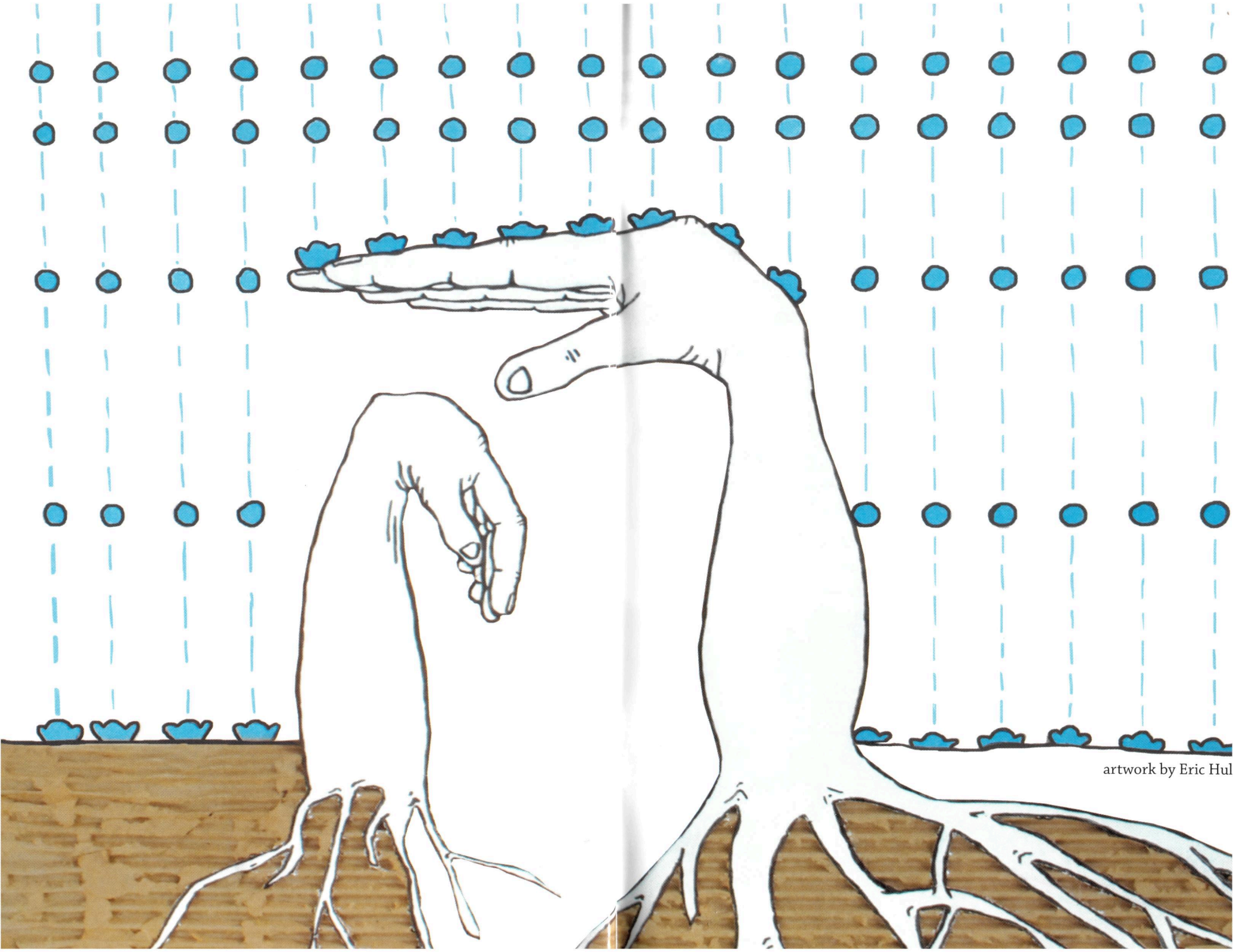
Shock and Yawn magazine
from Brad Luttrell
<http://shockandyawn.com>

you aint no picasso
from Matt Jordan
<http://www.youaintnopicaso.com>

Blueline
from Saraya Brewer
<http://www.kyblueline.blogspot.com>

I Guess I'm Floating
from Nathaniel Gravely
www.iguessimfloating.blogspot.com

The Decibel Tolls
from Michael Powell
<http://thedecibeltolls.com>



artwork by Eric Hul

Oh, the places WRFL will go... by Chuck Clenney

I wanted to see this beautiful country of ours before I left her for a year to rock the island of Japan (and make WRFL stickers international), so I decided to spread some WRFL love along the way. I tried to put them in places that they might actually stay and not in places that would make people mad (or at least, too mad:P). Here is a list of all the places that I put up WRFL stickers (aside from all the ones in Lexington- teehee) - see if you can find them or start your own adventure!

1 abandoned van at the Red Mile parking lot

2 Arby's parking lot - Columbia, MO

3 garbage can outside the same arbys

4 pole at the gas station across from McDonalds - Little Nashville, Kansas

5 air conditioning unit in the back of the Colorado Visitors Center

6 garbage can in front of the Colorado Visitors Center

7 back of the bench halfway up Grey Rock- Ft Collins, CO

8 last marker before the top of Grey Rock - 7,000 ft in the air

9 stop sign around the corner from the Chika Hut in Ft. Collins, CO

10 on a bulletin board on a bridge over the river in Nederland, CO

11 On the camper of Judith and Mark Stone - author of children's story "Billie the Buffalo"

12 observation Station at Hoover Dam

13 bottom level of Stratosphere Hotel Parking Lot - Las Vegas, NV

14 Graffiti Park at Venice Beach- Venice, CA

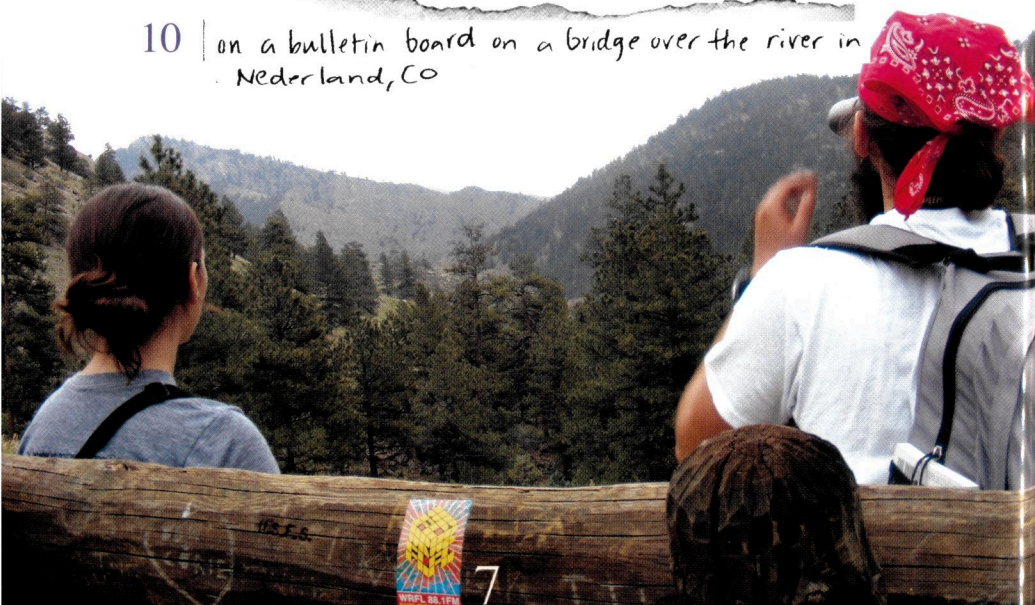
15 recycling bin outside of Medical Marijuana Dispensary at Venice Beach

16 Wave Crest Ave. sign at Venice Beach

17 Mulholland Dr city overlook (over "funded by Universal Studios" sign) - Los Angeles, CA

18 telephone pole outside of Songi Bridal Salon (after getting parking ticket - shhhh!)- Pasadena, CA

19 BP gas Pump - Camarillo, CA



- 20 telephone pole in Dollar Store Parking lot (after buying bungee cords) Camarillo, CA



- 21 Dodge Caliber of female culinary artist from San Fran that we met at Montana De Oro State Park, CA

- 22 Nosebleed Trail - Montana De Oro State Park - Los Osos, CA

- 23 telephone pole in front of Hyde Street Pier - San Francisco, CA

- 24 garbage can in front of the big Ghirardelli sign - Fisherman's Wharf - San Fran, CA

- 25 literally on the front of "The Smoke Shop" - Haight Ashbury - San Fran, CA

- 26 flier wall outside of "Lark in the Morning" Music Shoppe - Mendocino, CA

- 27 back of stop sign next to Dan & Louie's Oyster Bar - Portland, OR

- 28 support column next to Observation Tower- Burnside Bridge - Portland, OR

- 29 Burnside Skate Park - Portland, OR



- 30 trash can at pump at UKiah Gas - Vancouver, BC, Canada

- 31 bathroom of New Amsterdam Cafe-Vancouver, BC, Canada

- 32 overly graffiti-ed alley way off of East Hastings St., Vancouver, BC, Canada

- 33 bench next to a ferris wheel at Fun Forest Theme Park a (at Base of Space Needle) - Seattle, WA

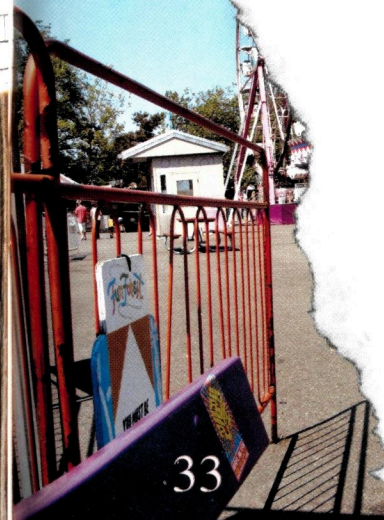


- 34 outside overlook on the top floor of Pike Place Market - Seattle, WA

- 35 Old School Pump House - Mount Rushmore - Rapid City, SD

- 36 backstage on "That Stage" - Bonnaroo Music Festival - Manchester, TN

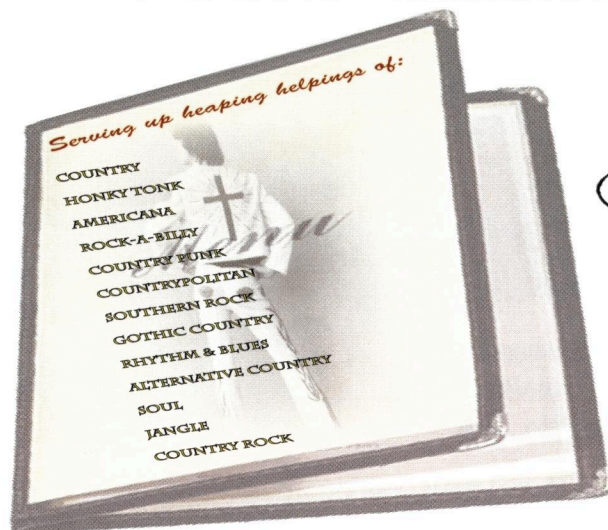
- 37 Fountain Square - Downtown Cincinnati, OH



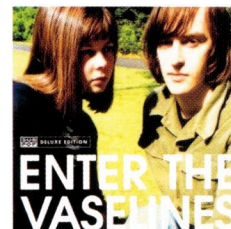
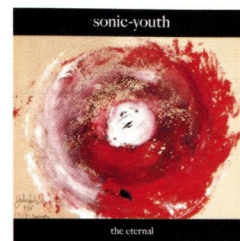
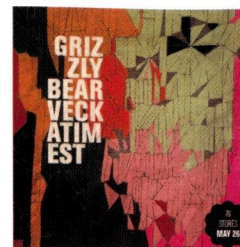
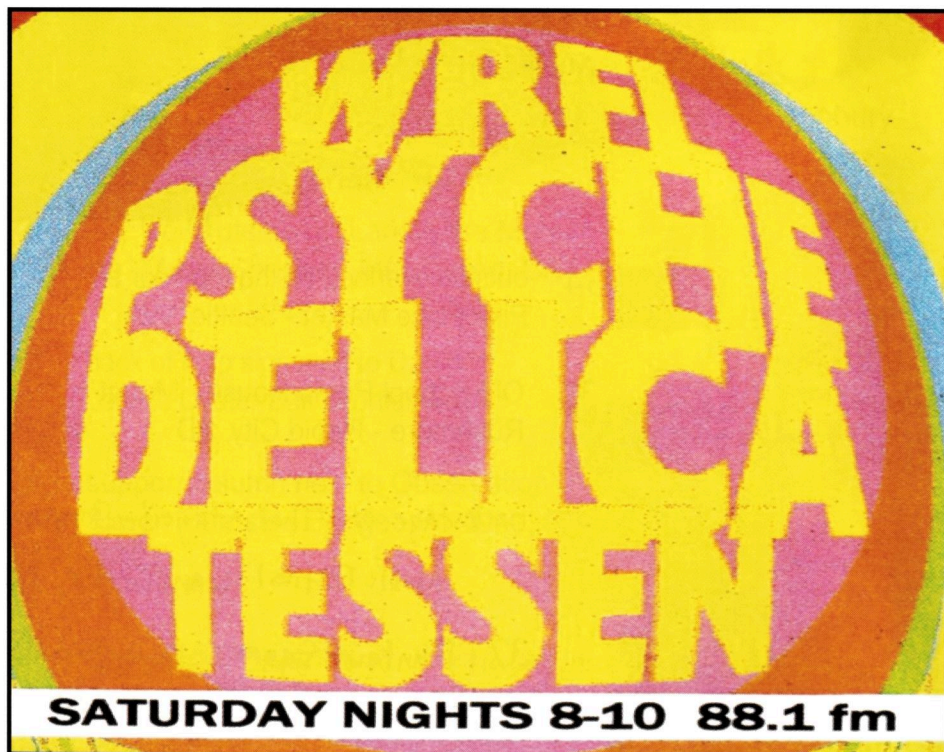
Gram Parsons called it "Cosmic American Music" - WE call it.....

THE *Hot* BURRITO SHOW

WRFL 88.1 - LEXINGTON



WRFL 88.1 LEXINGTON
Sundays - Noon til 2:00 pm



top 15 albums of the summer

1. Grizzly Bear - Veckatimest
2. Sonic Youth - The Eternal
3. The Vaselines - Enter the Vaselines
4. Dinosaur Jr. - Farm
5. Deer Tick - Born on Flag Day
6. Wilco - Wilco (the album)
7. Black Dice - Repo
8. Magic Markers - Balf Quarry
9. Phoenix - Wolfgang Amadeus Phoenix
10. Black Joe Lewis and The Honeybears - Tell 'Em What Your Name Is
11. Bibio - Ambivalence Avenue
12. Ducktails - Ducktails
13. Camera Obscura - My Maudlin Career
14. Woods - Songs of Shame
15. Black Moth Super Rainbow - Eating Us

show schedule for Fall 09'

(Subject to change)

Time and day	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
Midnight-3am	TBA	Jamie Adkins	Eli Weidinger	Los	Jeremy Rome	Jeremy Russell (Nth Degree)	Travis Walker
3am-6am	Dusty Amburgey	Henry Fritz and Kate Taylor	Dylan Blount	Jessica Perry	Kathleen Volker	Ernest Taylor	DeBraun Thomas
6am-9am	Mark Romanelli (no covers with mister "c" jazz)	Michael Miller	Virginia Lindsey	Will McComb	Mick Jeffries (Trivial Thursdays)	Matthew Clarke	Neil Glass/ Amberly Warnke
9am-10am	Rob Camp (Neverland Ballroom)	Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	Blue Yodel #9
10am-noon		James Brown	Jon Foulds	Daryl Cook	Kara Osborne	Mike Sullivan	
noon-2pm	Rob Franklin/ John Fogle(Hot Burrito Show)	Dan Wu	Bill Scott (Jazz Vault)	Laura Cleary	Dave Farris	Robert Beatty	Joe and Bob (Hard Travelin' Review)
2pm-4pm	Megan Neff	Daniel Black	Ellen Bush	Don Antenen	Coleen Glenn	Katerina Stoykova-Klemer (Accents)	Nick Kidd
4pm-6pm	Bill Cheves / Marc Heft (World Beat)	Josh Blaine	Anthony Taylor	Campus Voices	Dave Condra (The Belfry)	Cass Dwyer	Matt Gibson
6pm-8pm	Patrick Sartini (Reggae Show)	Senom Yalcin	Eli Reviere/ Shanna Sande	Katie Dixon/ Leigh Dixon Chaney Williams	Ross & Griffin (The Reup)	Kakie Urch/ John Clark	Luis Hernandez (El Tren Latino)
8pm-10pm	Rob Theakston	Ken Minter/ Percy Trout(The Percy Trout Hour)	Brian Connors Manke/ Patrick Smith (Flying Kites at Night)	Ben Allen	Veena (Music From India)	Bill Widener	Paul Sineath and Chris Buxton (Psychedelicatessen)
10pm-midnight	Darin King	Tom Miller (Old School Hip Hop)	Patrick Morrissey (The Subset)	Saraya Brewer	Tim Riley	Rob Robinette (Thru the Vibe)	Shareef Hakim (The Black Fist)

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