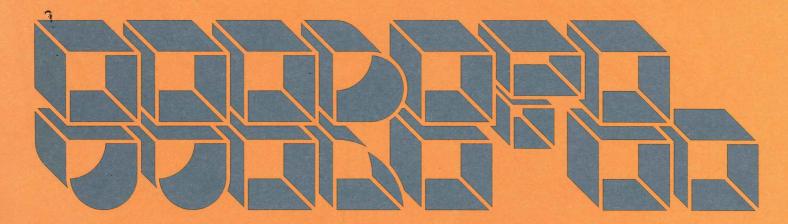




Everything from Black Sabbath to Black Flag



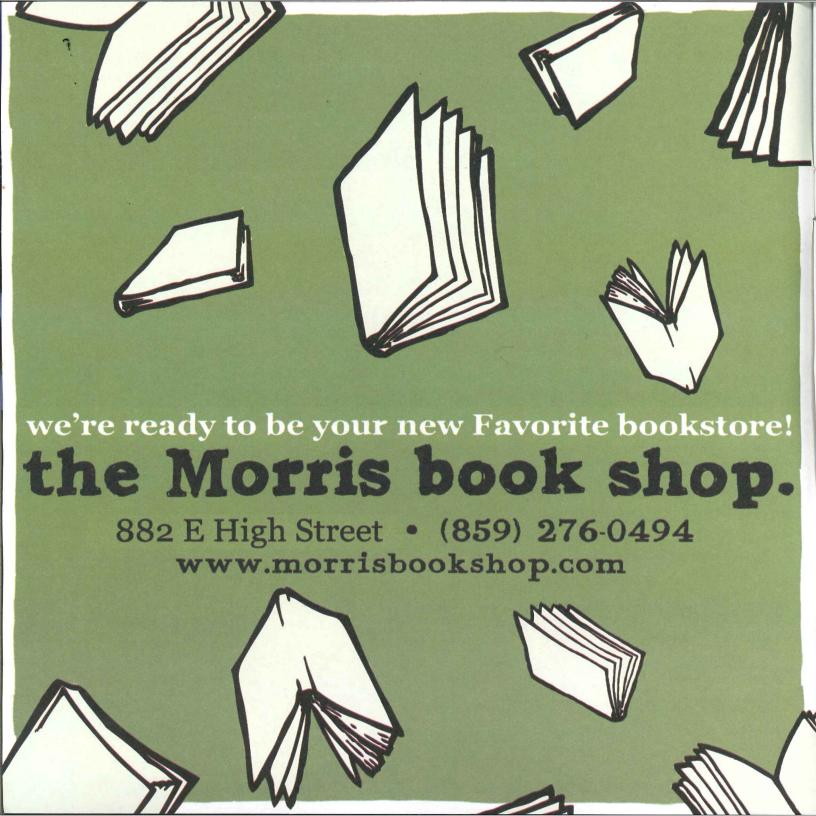


[Summer RiFLe 2013]

Graphics and Layout Designed by Brad Austin with Content Provided by the WRFL Community

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[What you might have heard spun most at WRFL in May 2013...by Gary Dickerson]

M	Artist:	Song:	Record Label:
2	The Knife	Shaking The Habitual	Mute
2.	Kurt Vile	Wakin' On A Pretty Daze	Matador
3.	The Flaming Lips	The Terror	Warner Bros.
4.	Deerhunter	Monomania	4AD
5.	Various Artists	193 Sound	self-released
6.	The Yeah Yeahs	Mosquito	Interscope
7.	Iggy & The Stooges	Ready To Die	Fat Possum
8.	Phoenix	Bankrupt	Glassnote
9.	Thermals	Desperate Ground	Saddle Creek
10.	Cold War Kids	Dear Miss Lonelyhearts	Downtown
11.	Orchestral Manoeuvers In The Dark	English Electric	BMG
12.	Thee Oh Sees	Floating Coffin	Castle Face
13.	Various Artists	Change The Beat: The Celluloid	Strut
	IL II TA TEST TEST SEE SEE	Records Story 1980-1987	图 图 1 图图 1 1
	Wire	Change Becomes Us	Pink Flag
	Wolf Eyes	No Answer/Lower Floors	De Stijl
	The Features	The Features	BMG
March St.	Hair Police	Mercurial Rights	Type Recordings
SECTION SECTION	Adult	The Way Things Fall	Ghostly International
-	Akron/Family	Sub Verses	Dead Oceans
-	Black Rebel Motorcycle Club	Specter At The Feast	Vagrant
100000000000000000000000000000000000000	Guided By Voices	English Little League	GBV Inc.
	Vampire Weekend	Modern Vampires Of The City	XL
0.000001	The Uncluded	Hokey Fright	Rhymesayers
	Junip	Junip	Mute
	Lazy Magnet	Acts Without Error	Bathetic Records
THE RES.	Wax idols	Discipline + Desire	Slumberland
	Whistle Peak	Put To Flight	self-released
	Meat Puppets	Rat Farm	Royal Potato Family
	Os Mutantes	Fool Metal Jack	Krian
30	Iron & Mine	Chart On Chart	Moneuch

Photo Credit: Brad Austin

CAMPUS VOICES

[Lindsay Travis Reports on the 2013 KAPB Awards]

WRFL's "Campus Voices" won Best Radio Public Affairs at the Kentucky Associated Press Broadcasters Contest. The banquet was held at the Galt House in Louisville, Ky., on Saturday, April 6.

Lindsey Austin, Candace Cruz, Isabel Rosales and Garrett Wymer make up the main crew behind the award-winning program.

"Campus Voices" is a weekly half-hour public affairs program aired on WRFL. It is a "very special and unique program" according to current host Candace Cruz.

The show is programmed, booked and produced by students in JOU 304 and hosted by an upper-level broadcast journalism student. Topics range from studying abroad since 9/11 and various diversity organizations on UK's campus.

"This award was all made possible through determination and hard work," said Cruz. "It makes me proud to say that I am the host of such a wonderful program, past and present. This sets an amazing standard for all of the work we do in the future."

Reporter Isabel Rosales felt that the award "represents a step forward into the threshold" of the journalism community.

"I feel that at last my hard work and that of my classmates has been noticed. The long hours and endless work is paying off," said Rosales.

Last semester's host, Garrett Wymer, felt that winning the award was a "big honor" much like his fellow crew members. "It's exciting to see your hard work pay off, especially in something like public affairs, when you know that what you're doing is impacting the community." said Wymer.

The University of Kentucky won a total of 10 awards at the banquet: three first-place awards, four second-place awards and three honorable mentions.

UK outplaced five other universities for the Best Radio Public Affairs award. It was also the only university to submit a public affairs radio program for competition.

"I think that fact in itself is significant. It shows that UK Journalism and WRFL isn't afraid to dip its toes into the heavier and darker subjects of journalism," said Rosales. "These subjects are actually the pillars of journalism, we are here to serve and educate the public and I feel that this award acknowledges that effort."



[We're All Mad Here]

Poem by: Don LaFleur

You must have strange thoughts.
(Mad thoughts)
Bring them into your home
Serve them tea
Listen to how their week has been,
Don't let them marry into the family,
Don't let them move in, but send them

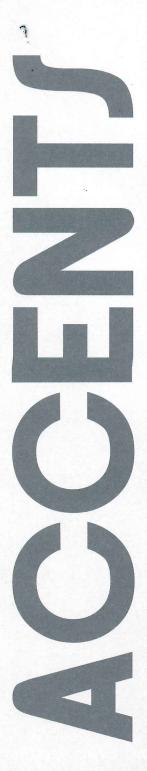
On their Way. To visit your Friends. To take a bus Somewhere New. To backpack across West Virginia, or Texas.

Ask Sun Ra from outer space Stockhausen from Sirius Abductees, Hipsters, Bankers, Fundamentalists, Feminists, Frat boys, Muslims, Gays, WASPs Scientists, Wizards, Wiccans

Be ready to listen closely, Instead of having all the answers.

We're all crazy to somebody Someone is crazy to us. (Wouldn't you meet the Mad Hatter If you Could?!) We're all Mad here. If you want to know where Here is, Know that you can't be anywhere else.

Photo Credit: Brad Austin



[How to Handle Rejection]

Written by: Katerina Stoykova-Klemer

For good or bad, rejections are the rule rather than the exception when submitting unsolicited literary work for publication. Below are some thoughts on what to do, what not do and what to remember when confronted with another "no, thank you" note.

- 1. No means no. If the publication passed on your work, it's generally not a good idea to write to ask why, to try to convince them to change their mind, or to make them feel bad for hurting your feelings. If it had been a heartbreaking decision for them to not publish it, they might have volunteered this information when sending the rejection. Remember: don't write back angry. If you are upset, wait a few days to cool off, and then send a thank you note instead. And please, never write hate mail to the editor. That doesn't help anybody—you least of all.
- 2. It's not personal. Even if they accept work that you think is not as good as yours, or even if they are publishing your competitor poet-friend, they did not reject you to ruin your day. It gave the editor no pleasure to send back your work, and if she knows you personally, it probably caused her significant emotional anguish and pain.
- 3. Rejection is nothing to be ashamed of. Remember: if publishing were easy, it wouldn't be nearly as attractive. Publishing is difficult, but believe me, at some point it gets easier. If you persist with the big three (reading, writing and getting feedback) while continuously sending work out, one day you will get an acceptance, and not only that—very shortly afterwards, you will get several more, and everything will speed up from that point on because you will learn the art of what to send, and how and where to send it.
- 4. Rejection is nothing to be proud of, either. In my view, it's best to be neutral about it, and not invest strong emotions. Don't wear it like a badge of honor. I advise against wallpapering your writing room with rejection slips. I can't imagine a worse thing you could do for the energy in this room.
- 5. Look again at the rejected work. Now that you have had the benefit of more time, reading and experience, would you send the same material again, or would you edit it further? Or have you written new stuff you like much, much better? It may be a good idea to send that instead, or mix and match old and new work.

I hope these thoughts have been helpful. Rejection won't ever be fun, but it doesn't have to cause discouragement and depression. Think about rejection the way you think about the weather. You cannot change it. Instead, you live with it and make the best of it. Good luck with your writing, sending and publishing.





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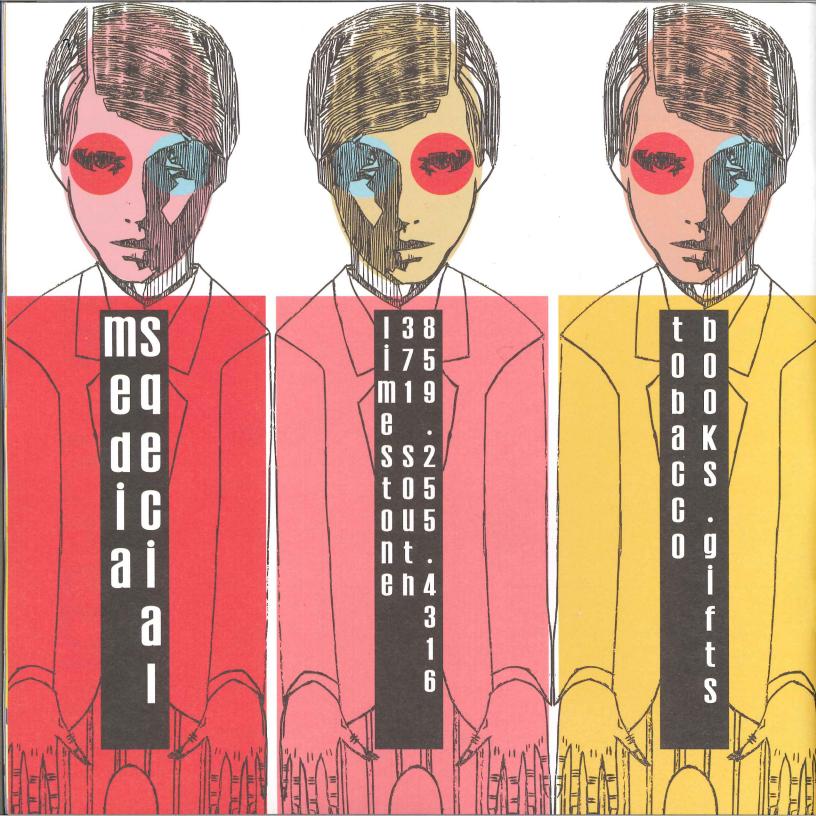
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7	DAY - TIME	12AM - 3AM	3AM - 6AM	6AM - 9AM	9AM - 12PM	12PM - 2PM
	SUNDAY	Jed	Elizabeth	Anthony G	Travis (9-10) Neverland Ballroom w/ Rob C (10-12)	Hot Burrito Show w/ Rob F & John F
	MONDAY	Caleb O	Adam B & Nick C	Cody P	Democracy Now (9-10) Travis S (10-12)	Ronnie D
	TUESDAY	Go! Go! Metal Rangers w/ John C	Taber	No Covers Jazz w/ Mr C Jazz	Democracy Now (9-10) Zach (10-12)	The Blunt Lazer w/ DJ Baby J
	WEDNESDAY	Number 1 Super Hour w/ Ryan M	Brandon	Hunter L	Democracy Now (9-10) Mary C (10-12)	Emily C
	THURSDAY	Ashley J	Eric	Trivial Thursdays w/ Mick J	Democracy Now (9-10) Justin H (10-12)	Throbosonic Realm w/ Dave F
	FRIDAY	The Nth Degree w/ Nico Nexus	Paco Chaos	WRFL Surf w/ Matt C	Democracy Now (9-10) Will C (10-12)	Cheyenne H
	SATURDAY	Bret S	Nick D	Ages 3 & Up w/ Amberly	Blue Yodel #9 w/ Ben S & Ryan	Hard Travel'n Revue w/ Jess P

2PM - 4PM	4PM - 6PM	6PM - 8PM	8PM - 10PM	10PM - 12AM
Jaime L	The World Beat w/ Bill C & Marc	Reggae w/ Ebisman & Richard	The Jazz Vault w/ BIII S	Killing the Week w/ Darin
Jackman O	The German Show w/ Jon F	Margot	The Percy Trout Hour w/ Kenn M & Matt G	Old School Hip Hop w/ Tommy M
Melissa C	Black 'n' Blues w/ Daniel B	Alisha E	Collin D	Patrick M & Chuck C
Mary A	Crunkadelic Funk w/ Debraun T	Daryl C	WRFL Live!	The Catacombs w/ Ben A & Joe F
Justin T	The Belfry w/ Dave C	Ross C & Friends	Music of India w/ Veena	The Musical Box w/ Jeffrey J
Accents w/ Katerina & James F	Self Help Radio w/ Gary D	Phantom Power Double Hour w/ Kakie & John	The Uncle Bill Show	Jerrod H
Sully Burning El Sensations w/ Matt G		El Tren Latino w/ Luis	The Psyche- delicatessen w/ Paul & Ted	Revolutionary Radio w/ Los

JUMMER JOHN DUIT



CONCERT REVIEW

[The Lexington Philharmonic presents: Beethoven + eighth blackbird]

Written by: Matt Gibson

March 1st at the Singletary Center for the Arts

So where does Lexington fit in on the national scale when it comes to Contemporary and 20th Century Art Music? Clearly we're not on the forefront, but are we even on the map? Proudly, I'd say we are. In the past few years I've seen performances by some important names in contemporary music, not ever more than five miles from my house, among them: Rhys Chatham, Juan Pablo Carreno, Bang-On-A-Can All-Stars, Evelyn Glennie, Peter Brotzman, and Tatsuya Nakatani. Pair those major players with local ensemble EnVaGe who performed Steve Reich's "Double Sextet" at Boomslang 2012, and last year's School of Music focus on John Cage at 100, and that makes for a variety of offerings in the modern music arena.

The collaboration between the Lexington Philharmonic and Chicago-based ensemble eighth blackbird was a breath of fresh air and new work to the Singletary Center stage. They performed a composition by Jennifer Higdon titled "On a Wire," featuring all six ensemble members opening the piece on a single bowed grand piano. By pulling wires back and forth across the piano strings, the members made long, droning sounds, one note at a time, creating long harmonies and dissonances. Then they started working percussively on the piano's interior, not just bowing the strings but striking them as well. The group's regular pianist played muted keys, reaching in and plucking strings with a free hand. An instrument designed for one was being played by six; there were so many possibilities!

The Lexington Philharmonic waited through the opening exercise and then began its participation through percussion. Not long after, the strings took hold and everything was fully engaged. eighth blackbird returned to their instruments and performed masterful solos. The music was the sound of adventure, lots of running scales up and down like climbing, soaring, and diving. As they explored the possibilities for making sound with the piano, the music explored the possibilities of interaction between a soloist and an ensemble.

The second half of the program was Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. At once both gentle and muscular, the piece was an exciting and exuberant experience. Accelerations in tempo and growing dynamics built to one triumphant climax after another. Beauty balanced intensity, restraint balanced jubilation, the music was dramatic and compelling. It had power. It had grandeur. Gentle and muscular, like the Hand of God.

Overall it was a fantastic musical experience. The nontraditional experimentalism of eighth blackbird referenced John Cage and the modern avant-garde while the Beethoven symphony was an affirmation of the composer's legacy, still vibrant and exciting centuries after its initial performance. The Lexington Philharmonic succeeded in arranging a program that satisfied their more traditional audiences while exploring new directions in orchestral music and enticing new listeners.



[Two Generations of Rock, Roll, and WRFL]

Preface: There are two authors for this piece - both inspired by a news clipping on the wall at the station. One of the authors is Cheyenne Hohman, a current DJ; the other author is Pam Sheehan, her mother. Both describe, in their own context, an outdoor concert in Haggin Field in 1987.

Part I by: Pam Sheehan

As a little girl in a Louisville catholic school, I wrote my paper entitled "what I want to be when I grow up" and declared with heartfelt conviction that I wanted to be a missionary. A few years later in an all-girls catholic high school, I turned my attention and aspirations to being a social worker and somewhere during my freshman year, I also discovered, to my great salvation and delight, that I was a rock and roll girl. From freshman year on, I suffered from an extreme case of rock and roll fever, plastered my walls with all my rock and roll boys and their bands...The Who, Mick and the Boys, Skynyrd, both Jim and Jimi, the Luscious Deadboy, Mr. Morrison, David Lee Roth did kick splits in skin tight white spandex....HOTNESS!!!!

Sadly my most beloved poster had to stay ensconced in the stack of percale sheets housed in my bedroom closet: Frankenfurter in those fishnets and over-glossed red-luscious lips, standing at attention under the RKO radio tower for the grand finale. Radio was my complete obsession. I always had a channel in my brain that was fine tuned to pick up all manner of Louisville radio in the 70's and onward, WKLO, WAKY, WLOU (the westside radio station I played frequently, but at whisper volume so as not to alert my concerned parents' attention).

In high school it was all rock and roll radio. I began an intense program in the role of teenaged telephone stalker. I had a sultry, deep voice and a vivacious conversational style that almost guaranteed that the DJ at the other end of our rotary-dial phone would want to have a lively chat with yours truly. My first and most significant capture was a nighttime DJ at Louisville's legendary WLRS who often invited me to come down to sit in the booth with him during his shift. Sitting on his lap while he spoke into the oversized microphone, I found this whole DJ gig to be a perfect profession, and given my obsession with all things rock and roll, and my natural inclination for showing off, I developed an enduring love of the boys of radio. When less than a year after graduation I mysteriously turned up pregnant, I was holding court with some of the most significant friends of my lifetime. The tribe we ran with was full of colorful characters, like minded folk who would walk a long road together. We were kids in our 20's way back in 1987.

When my daughter, Cheyenne (now almost 30) emailed me a picture of a band known as the Royal Crescent Mob and asked if she had been at a show mentioned in an article from a long-ago Lexington student newspaper she had seen laminated and yellowing on the walls of the Lexington giant WRFL, where she hosts a Friday afternoon musical playhouse, I just had to laugh. Talk about a flashback!!! Of course we were there!!! My eldest daughter, (back then known as Jess at 4 yrs. old), my baby girl, (still Allyson, then 2) and the horde from Louisville had been in full attendance and one of the tribe had borrowed their parents' brand new hand held camcorder and videotaped several hours of our day's adventure in Lexington.





The centerpiece of the day was a show with our hometown boys-Fancy Pants, opening up for a band me and my best rock and roll gal pal were fervently stalking, the Royal Crescent Mob. Their bassist, the hotness we savored with far away eyes, was Harold Chichester. This one was a rock and roller and our tracking devices were on high alert... long hair, coon-skin cap, wiry and wild, we loved us some Harold and never missed a show in Louisville or anywhere close. Without doubt, we would also never dream of missing a Fancy Pants show. So, when WRFL invited the RC Mob and Fancy Pants to come play an outdoor show in Lexington, there was an imminent road trip calling.

We made the field early, set up our camp of strollers, blankets, the big red Coleman cooler stocked with cans and bottles of hydration, a few baby bags (for the two babies, Ally and Alex), and some brown paper bags stuffed with Fritos, candy bars, and other healthy treats. We were ready to savor a late summer day with friends and a promising rock show. Card carrying members of the tribe, Ben, Byron, Peter, and Casey hopped on stage and threw down a set of Fancy Pants classics... Steel Shank, Starve a Rat Today, and the insidious PTFM White Boy as the crowd wandered back and forth from their blanketed islands on the field that Cheyenne later identified as Haggin field.

I watched with flirtatious eyes as my favorite rock and roll boys showed off so perfectly onstage- my heart throbs on bass and drums. RC Mob stormed the stage and we howled with them from James Brown to the Immigrant Song, peppered with their Ohioan white boy funk originals thrown in for flavor and heat. We all moved in closer so our ears could ring later (mine are still ringing!!!), Jessi and Ally wandered the crowd, climbing fences, pet walking, bringing new friends over to meet the fold. It was truly a perfect day. A seemingly insignificant day in our young lives caught on tape.

Never could I have predicted how much we'd change yet stay the same over the next two decades. That I'd find my real calling in a needy Jefferson County public school, still stalking DJ's (now on my cell phone), still stoking the flames of musical obsessions. I still smile when I watch my same old sweetheart and his best friend execute their "creative" dance moves. Our girls, now college graduates, and gainfully employed, both endured the musical contagion I exposed them to at such a tender age.... (Lucky them!!!). The elder is now working in Lexington in several interesting capacities, the most fun and favored being her Friday hours mixing it up at RFL. The younger, married, is employed with benefits, buying e-tix for the Deathcab for Cutie reunion and planning her own road trips to stalk the ones she loves.

The boys from Fancy Pants are now grown, some with children. From drummer to LA TV/film editor/ producer married for 20 years with two beautiful California girls. The guitarist, owner of his own house painting company with rumors flying of him spotted playing out up in Cincinnati. There is lead singer masquerading as a realtor by day, and multi-talented musician in the hours that counts, often found upstairs in his backyard studio suite. Their bassist was last heard to be caddying in unknown regions of Florida.

My rock and roll girl now an administrator for a local hospital, with a specialty in bone marrow donation programs. She still rocks, but chooses to do infrequent appearances at local dives on karaoke night. My gypsy girl now an organic farmer working for herself. My painterly muse, now teaching art in an upper crust prep school, her wayfaring wandering companion-acoustic banging, Dylan-loving punk rocker, oldies crooning blues man now hammers away on union issues and worker's comp cases. My outlier sadly left this dimension; his checkered young story included an el Salvadoran angelwife, manning a one-man highlands radio station dedicated to jazz of the early turn of the century (and a 24-hour vigil day to mourn the death of John Denver), and being personally told to leave NYC after a rather ill-advised email to the mayor. He is legend. Our cameraman and his tie-dyed hippy girl now cohabitate in the country with their two grown giant sons. He tends the chickens while she solves algorithms and endures the challenges of teaching all things mathematical to uninterested public high schoolers.

As for the boys from the Royal Crescent Mob, lead singer, drummer and guitarist....whereabouts unknown. Not surprisingly, the hero of this wandering nostalgic tale, Harold, is still rocking it out. He's stayed on course, having fronted Howlin' Maggie among others for a while, then going out on his own under the moniker of Happy Chichester. Ironically and in perfect completion of this circular tale, he's playing this weekend at a little club in Louisville called Uncle Slayton's, and yes, I'll be there and frankly can't wait to try to tell THIS story to HIM!!!!

Thanks for the memories, WRFL.... and thanks for STILL being the station we turn to whenever we're in your bandwidth!!!

Part II: by Cheyenne Hohman

My first time at the helm of the WRFL control board was in January 2013, but it wasn't my first introduction to the station, or to college radio. My first time behind a board was when I used to DJ at WWHR 'Revolution' 91.7 at Western Kentucky University during my undergrad years. I did some general format hours and shared a 'specialty show' called Rock and Rule from 10-midnight on Saturdays. Magzilla and I played mostly punk, DIY, Io-fi independent and regional underground stuff, songs that never would have seen an airwave otherwise, and engaged in antics that rivaled the other artpunk weirdoes in Bowling Green, Kentucky.

We invited "DJ Sparky" on air a couple of times, which was actually my co-host's pet hamster. We wrote the names of a bunch of songs on a piece of poster board and stuck it in the bottom of a box, and let the hamster run around on it. Wherever our tiny DJ stopped, we noted the song and played it. Our parents were intermittent guest hosts. We played a mini-game of Dungeons & Dragons on air, and made promos for the show, heckling people who called with unreasonable requests and doing our best robot impersonations. My younger sister came in once to see us at "work," and I (patronizingly) informed her that this was what grownups did: eat generic Oreos (they were vegan) and yell internet references over Slayer's "Raining Blood" (and get in trouble).

My co-host, Magzilla, and I stayed with the station for about two years before calling it quits; first pulling a 3-6 am graveyard shift that was punctuated with doughnuts and poorly executed transitions, then earning our stripes on Saturday nights, sometimes theming our shows, usually playing home-made radio edits of our favorite tunes, and sharing frequent anecdotes about whatever antics were happening in the station. There is a legendary photo of us somewhere, both up out of our chairs, yelling and laughing into the microphones in the tiny studio. To wrap up our last show ever on WWHR, we played "School's Out" and got phone calls asking if we were really leaving the station. I was surprised we hadn't alienated all of our listeners by that point, but it felt good to know we would be missed - and that someone in the cultural wasteland that was Warren County might have heard a new band or two in the process.

During my time at WWHR at Western Kentucky University, the general-format programming was pre-determined with a few 'DJ choices' per hour unless you had a specialty show – in which case, it was open season on whatever you brought into the studio. At WRFL currently, there are requirements but there's a lot more autonomy on the part of DJs. Though I heard rumors about how much more freedom the students had at WRFL, I didn't see the difference firsthand until a couple of years ago: I visited WRFL's studio shortly after moving to Lexington in 2010 with my roommate who was a DJ at the time.

In high school, I hung out with older kids who were WRFL DJs, anti-heroes to be sure, who would come back from college and talk about their 3-6 a.m. audio misadventures. We would listen to cassette recordings of their shows while we drove around Louisville packed into Aaron's dad's old Mercury land-yacht, going to the same Denny's, drinking way too much coffee, and laughing at the same jokes replayed. Their vernacular became in-jokes for everyone in the friend group. They used a hand-puppet as a guest DJ.

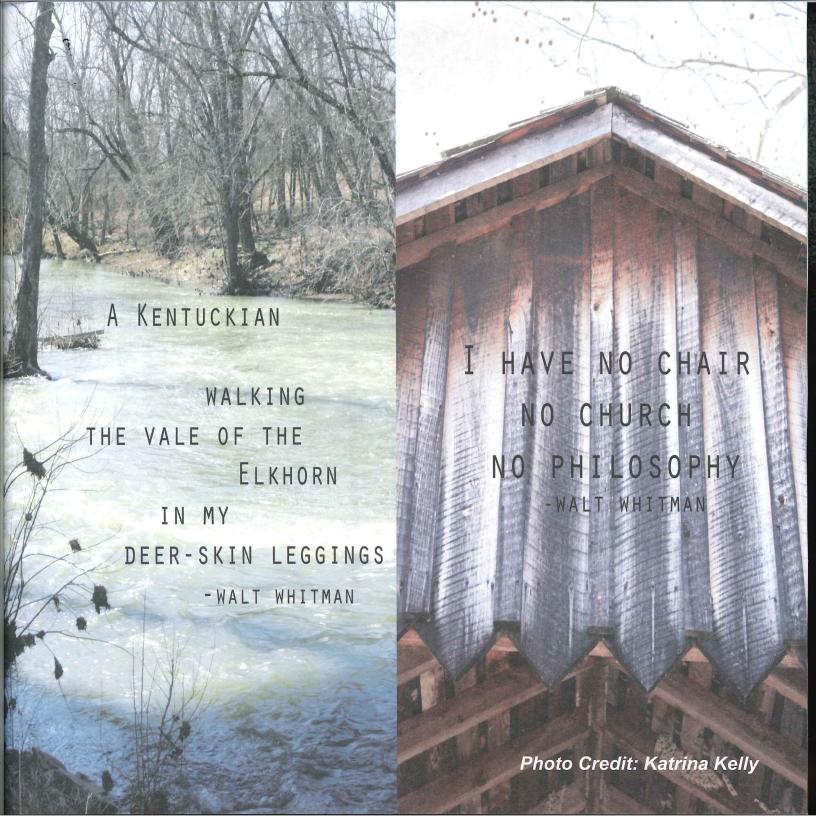
But I didn't realize that my WRFL story goes back further than that. On my way out of the station on the first break from early March's gloom streak, I noticed a collage of newspaper articles laminated together and stuck on the wall, a blocky homage to WRFL history, slowly yellowing behind plastic beneath a giant poster of Sid Vicious. One of the articles caught my eye: "Royal Crescent Mob to play Sunday in support of WRFL," and ended in a mention of Fancy Pants, a band with some family friends in it from Louisville, that was going to open for them. The show was part of WRFL's 1987 Alternative Music Week.

I remembered the names of those bands, and recalled going to an RC Mob show when I was really small, and that we wore out their cassette in the family car. Some of the most vivid memories of my childhood took place at that show...'walking' (read: getting dragged around by) two eager black dogs that someone let me 'borrow' for a little while and my mom feeding them ice water from a plastic cup; hanging out with the family friends that were like aunts and uncles to me (and still are); watching grown-ups dance like mad and wanting to be one of them when I grew up. A decade or so later, I would be holding my own in frequent mosh pits across the tri-state area, collecting demo tapes and records, designing fliers, working the door at a Louisville punk venue and writing zones.

So I snapped a picture of the article on my phone and sent it to my mom. "Were we at this show???" I asked her. She replied that yes, we were there, with a big group of her friends, and my sister and I roamed around Haggin Field on that sunny afternoon in 1987. One of my parents' friends brought a camcorder, and my mom found the tape. We watched it together, and saw shots of the bands playing, the ebb and flow of the crowd, my family and friends hanging out, enjoying a sunny day, and trying to learn how to use a video camera - often with pretty hilarious results. A friend from work helped me digitize the video and I made my first foray into video editing, re-living many of the moments I recalled so vividly from that day, albeit from a different angle. It'll someday be online, if you want to see it.

So here I am, only a few years older than the station itself, and able to trace back some of my earliest memories to WRFL. I guess it's only fitting that now that I live in Lexington to pay a visit once a week, from noon to 2 on Fridays, and continue the legacy!





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WRFL 88.1 LEXINGTON

Sundays - Noon til 2:00 pm

[Fragmented Meditation on the Personal/Transcendent Quality of WRFL]

Brief Bio: Kate Hensley is a 2005 UK graduate, with a BA in English. Since then, she has lived from Montana to Maine, and points in between. Currently, she resides in Boston, where she is working on an MA in Literature at Harvard University.

At the budding age of 18, during my freshman year at UK, I was bussing tables part-time at the old Alfalfa Restaurant on South Limestone, when it was across the street from campus. In those days. the majority of my co-workers were WRFL DJs of past and present, and several were reputable local rock stars. Music was an important constant in the dialogue and general life force of my co-workers. At the time. I operated under uncontrollable transparency, special to the ignorant. One day I was chatting with Ross Compton, who worked in Alfalfa's kitchen, and discovered he was 27. This doubled me over with shock - so old, I exclaimed! I imagine in retrospect that Ross must've found my naivety absurd and amusing. I liked Ross no matter his age - he was just as tender-hearted and soft-spoken and thoughtful then as he is now. I didn't let his age get in the way of being pals, so we would talk about music - anything from the jangly psych pop coming out of Athens, GA to the way out noisy post bop of folks like Vandermark 5 and Peter Brötzmann. Eventually he encouraged me to train as a DJ at the station. I was reluctant with performance anxiety, but agreed to it. Ross trained me in the old cramped on-air room a few spring afternoons in 2002 and eventually handed me the reins. I was shaky and fumbling, but no matter what I felt like I was doing some unique service for Lexington that I could not guite name. At the time, Ross' show was just before Bill Widener's spot on Friday evenings. Given my transparent ignorance. I can't help but wonder what my reaction to Uncle Bill was as he breezed in. I can only imagine wide-eyed bewilderment. I was overwhelmed by his presence, full of "hey babes," remarkable self-confidence and then the old school on-air wackiness. What book did Uncle Bill escape from? His extreme and fierce energy was just the kind of introduction necessary and useful to shake awake a person new to WRFL.

This onslaught of dazzling and strange personalities continued as I spent more time at the radio station. WRFL had so much wild free energy breezing in and out, a harnessed newness that was self-replenishing, vibrant and magnetic. It pushed just as hard as it pulled.

And still I marvel at WRFL. We talk about it like it's one of us, when it is in fact part of each of us. There is some part of WRFL that will never change, that is its own identity, as indestructible as any other life-force manifestation - ineffable, immutable, the ever WRFL energy that is recognizable and yet never at once the same thing - constantly self-refreshing. The spirit of WRFL has the blood of life coursing through it in an abstraction outside of our dimensionality, ever-evolving, ever-birthing, ever-dying, ever-eternalizing itself in the hearts and minds and ears of those who joyously take some part in it, whether that part is active as a DJ or director, or as passive as a tuned-in driver passing through the night. WRFL immortalizes its own being through its uninhibited harnessing of the energies of its community, placing its mark, and indelibly becoming some spark of activity, the entrance of a permanent microcosm of changeable energy. WRFL is protean - beautiful, wild, free as the energy of those who tend to it. It is as free-formed as the chaotic beginnings of the universe, and yet pronounceable and real. The identity of WRFL is comprised of the pains and joys and energies of all who it breathes into its sphere. It is the captured yet un-captured embodiment of a community's life. history, future - it is a spirit ever-present, ever-fixed and ever-changing. eternally moving upward and onward, carrying the manifestations of so many hopes and fears, dreams and realities, so many wonders and ideas - WRFL contains these and bursts them forth into the world, a constant birthing of a community, both young and old, a paradox of the spirit of life. Through the hands and hearts of many, WRFL contains its uncontainable self, and yet none of us can properly touch or move this entity entirely on our own. It is a thing we celebrate, and yet continuously release. It is a communal transcendence, dressed in garbs of the everyday attunement. It is a gift we all give and receive. aspiring to some other realm.

Photo Credit: Brad Austin

