

sQecial media

expanding your perception and wreaking havoc since 1972 3



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Greetings!

If you've never picked up a RiFLe before, you're probably wondering, "What is this thing?" Well, I suppose it's my job to tell you. The RiFLe is WRFL's triannual 'zine, which predates WRFL's terrestrial radio broadcast. Since the late-eighties, the RiFLe has included articles, poetry, prose, comics, photography, and more, generated by WRFL and the folks who call the station their home and friend. The RiFLe is history. The RiFLe is community-developed. The RiFLe is art. And most importantly, the RiFLe is fun.

To friends old and new, thank you for participating with us in yet another edition of RiFLe Comix. Bask in the warmth of Lexington's unique culture, of which we are but one part. Go and see new things around town, or make new things yourself. And as we at RFL settle into our (temporary) new home in the basement of Whitehall, don't hesitate to stop by and see what's up. (we've got stickers!)

Cheers,

Nathan Hewitt
General Manager, WRFL

WRFL
is UK's
twenty-
seven-year-
old, student-run,
college radio sta-
tion. One of over a
hundred volunteer deejays is always in the booth, bringing you the very best of alternative music and news--they'd be more than happy to take your request at 859-257-WRFL (9735). It broadcasts locally at 88.1 FM (as well as all over the world online at wrfl.fm) at all hours of the day and night, every single day of the year.

PROGRAMMING UPDATE // FALL 2015

Morning Radio: Sundays feature the return of the **Blue and White Sports Report** from 9 to 10AM. All of the other morning programs remain unmoved. Paco Chaos continues to rev up Monday Mornings with The **Pacobilly Hour**. Each Wednesday, Brian and Katrina (adorably) explore a different theme on **The Bindle**. WRFL legend Mick Jefferies connects you the local arts/music/culture/everything scene on **Trivial Thursdays**, right after a hit of nostalgia from **Great Great Grandmusic**. Fridays begin with a musical journey through the US with Ben S. on **State Songs**. Saturdays begin with a show for you and your babies, **Ages 3 & Up**, followed by the best bluegrass in the bluegrass on **Blue Yodel #9**.

Afternoons: For their third consecutive semester, Maria & Macy help you unwind from 2-4 PM on Sundays with **The Echo Chamber**. Ben A. sends you good vibes on **Greetings & Love**, an hour of reggae now on from 2-3 PM Tuesdays. Wednesdays usher in the return of **OUTloud**, an hour of LGBTQ+ talk from 2-3 PM, preceded by **The Humpday Bump** from noon to 2. DJ Hummel brings you the best film and videogame soundtracks on **The Grid**, in the same timeslot as the summer, only now followed by **State of the Commonwealth** and our new comedy hour, **Costellar Comedy**. Finally, following our staple country and twang program, **The Honky Tonk Happy Hour**, AJ introduces **Fresh Produce**, his picks of ripe hip hop instrumentals on Saturdays from 3-4PM.

It is with heavy hearts that we sadly announce the **Hot Burrito Show** will not return to the WRFL lineup this fall. Hosts Rob and John have decided to step down as hosts of the program, finishing out HBS's 25 year run of cosmic American music on the air - WRFL will greatly miss having the two of them as a part of our programming, and we are thankful for the time and talent that they have given the station.

Drive Time: Many of our drive time (4-6PM) classics are unchanged. Every Sunday, Bill takes you on a global adventure on **World Beats**; Jackman brings you the best indie pop and rock on **Asleep at the Wheel**; Gary continues to be hilarious and largely indescribable on **Self Help Radio**, Matt continues the only surf show in Lexington on **The Weekend Wave** and finally, Mike makes your Saturday a bit more metal on **Burning Sensations**. **Generations of Jazz** now claims the Thursday spot, with **Green Talks** and **Campus Voices** returning from summer vacation to claim Wednesday.

Evening: A new electronica show, **Shadows of Light** makes its debut from 7 to 8 pm on Sundays. Also entering the schedule, **Russian Talk Radio** introduces Russian music and culture to Lexington. Kevin B. introduces us to his new program, **The Eclectic Hour**, a fun mix from 11 to midnight on Sundays. **TEKTalks** for all your tech news, moves to 6-8 PM on Thursdays; for all your tech (specifically, video game music), **Bits & Pieces** moves to 11PM-Midnight on Saturdays. **The Percy Trout Hour**, **Old School Hip-Hop**, **WRFL Live!**, **The Catacombs**, **The Musical Box**, **The Way Out**, **Phantom Power**, **El Tren Latino** and **The Psychadelicatessen** all remain at their Summer times.

Late Night: **Sexually Speaking** heralds in Sundays from midnight to 1 AM. Mondays now begin at midnight with **Sound-pound**; Tuesdays, with **Stand Up & Scream**. Tyler brings a unique twist to his usual late nights with The **Magic Top Hat** on Wednesdays from midnight to 2 AM, followed by two more hours of heavy metal on **Go! Go! Metal Rangers**. Thursdays mark the beginning of a new show described as "interplanetary funk," **The Neptune Dip**, from 4 to 5 AM. Fridays during that same time, Kevin T. takes you to the deep and not-as-deep web with **System Reboot**. Finally, Stephen brings back **Thru the Vibe**, two hours of drum and bass every other Saturday from midnight to 2 AM, followed by an hour of the sweatiest, most heart-pounding dance on **Who Comes, Dionysus?**.

The full schedule is always available at wrfl.fm!

Dear Friends,

I am extremely honored to have been able to work on this publication. The RiFLe has singlehandedly been one of the most grueling and wonderful processes I have gone through. The RiFLe never has been, and never will be a one-man process, and I am grateful for all of those that turned in submissions because without them there would be nothing to be put together. In addition to the submitters, I would not have been able to complete it without the ever wonderful RiFLe Squad who provided me with countless words of wisdom, the Shale Literary and Arts Journal (Specifically Kimber Gray, William Montgomery, and Elizabeth Angell) for editing all of the amazing articles that are featured in this issue, and many others that simply provided me with support while I was running around like a chicken with it's head cut off. WRFL is a truly inspiring place that I have only barely scratched the surface of and I can not wait to see what the rest of my time here brings.

Kristen Petty
Design Director

SUMMER CHARTS

1. Jamie XX - In Colour
2. Dan Deacon - Gliss Riffer
3. Adventure - Supersonic Home
4. Waxahatchee - Ivy Tripp
5. The Mountain Goats - Beat The Champ
6. David Liebe Hart - Astronaut
7. Petite Noir - The King of Anxiety EP
8. Speedy Ortiz - Foil Deer
9. Wand - Golem
10. Chastity Belt - Time to Go Home
11. Braids - Deep in the Iris
12. Thee Oh Sees - Mutilator Defeated at Last
13. Shamir - Ratchet
14. I Don't Want to Let You Down EP by Sharon Van Etten
15. San Cisco - Gracetown
16. Kid Wave - Wonderlust
17. Toro y Moi - What For?
18. Crocodiles - Boys
19. Lapalux - Lustmore
20. Shana Falana - Set Your Lightning Fire Free
21. Mikal Cronin - Mciii
22. Pokey Lafarge - Something in the Water
23. Plastic Bubble - Big Day Parade
24. Chappo - Celebrate EP
25. The Sonics - This is the Sonics

MEET THE DIRECTORS

Name | Position | If you could have any animal as a pet what would it be?



Audrey Campbell |
Training Director |
Grey Wolf



Clayton Abernathy |
News Director | Sugar
Glider



A.J. Gaidzik |
Promotions
Director | Wallaroo



Dasia Johnson |
WRFL Live Director |
Sleazy Sloth



Ben Allen |
Media Advisor |
Myan Bird



Aryana Misaghi | (in-
coming) Programming
Assistant | Liger



Concert Director |
Cody Putman |
Sphynx Cat



Kevin Truhlar |
Traffic Director |
Muntjac Deer



Nathan Hewitt |
General Manager |
Ryan Mosley



Mary Clark |
Music Director |
Tiger



Chris Wheeler |
Production Director |
T-Rex



Ethan Fedele |
Assistant Production
Director | Fennec Fox



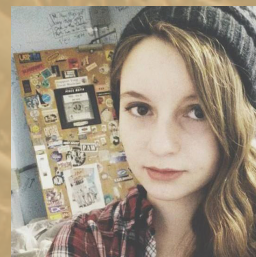
Brenna Greenwell |
Station Librarian |
Bats, they are like
puppies with wings



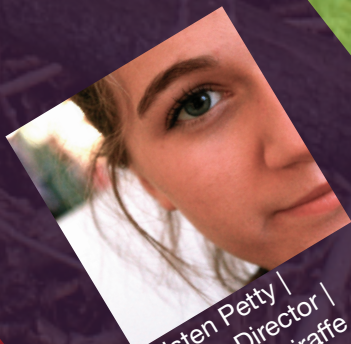
Grace Jenkins |
Volunteer Director |
Cownose Ray



Mitch Mullins |
Website Director |
Penguin



Charly Hyden |
Programming Director |
Giant Crocodyliform



Kristen Petty |
Design Director |
Miniature Giraffe



Ben Southworth |
Development Director |
Green Beans



Grant Sparks | (out-
going) Programming
Assistant | Caucasian
Eagle



PROGRAMS

CULINARY EVANGELIST

TRIVIAL THURSDAYS

OUTLOUD

BLUE AND WHITE SPORTS REPORT

SEXUALLY SPEAKING

DOG OF THE WEEK

GREEN TALKS

SADCAST

OFFICE HOURS

TEK TALKS

STATE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

The WRFI Family of Podcasts can be found on the WRFL podcasts facebook page, podbean page, and iTunes.

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D O T S

By Chuck Clenney

"Polka-dot has the form of the sun, which is a symbol of the energy of the whole world and our living life, and also the form of the moon, which is calm. Round, soft, colorful, senseless and unknowing. Polka-dots become movement... Polka dots are a way to infinity."

– Yayoi Kusama, Manhattan Suicide Addict, 2005

Memories
Are just
Blotted microdots
In the brain.
Careful strokes
Of lingering,
Hyper-realistic,
Atomic amalgamations...

New York City, 1968:

Glass and Close
Become one in
Existential drift.

Their memory dots
Synthesize,
Giving birth to
New forms.

If you look at Phil III,
While listening to Glass'
A Musical Portrait of Chuck Close,
Symbiotic effects are evident.

Aesthetics and experience
Meet on the sheet,
In some place between
Note, dot, and composition.

This unknown ether of art
Is where the soul is
And if you're standing too close,
You're totally missing the bigger picture.

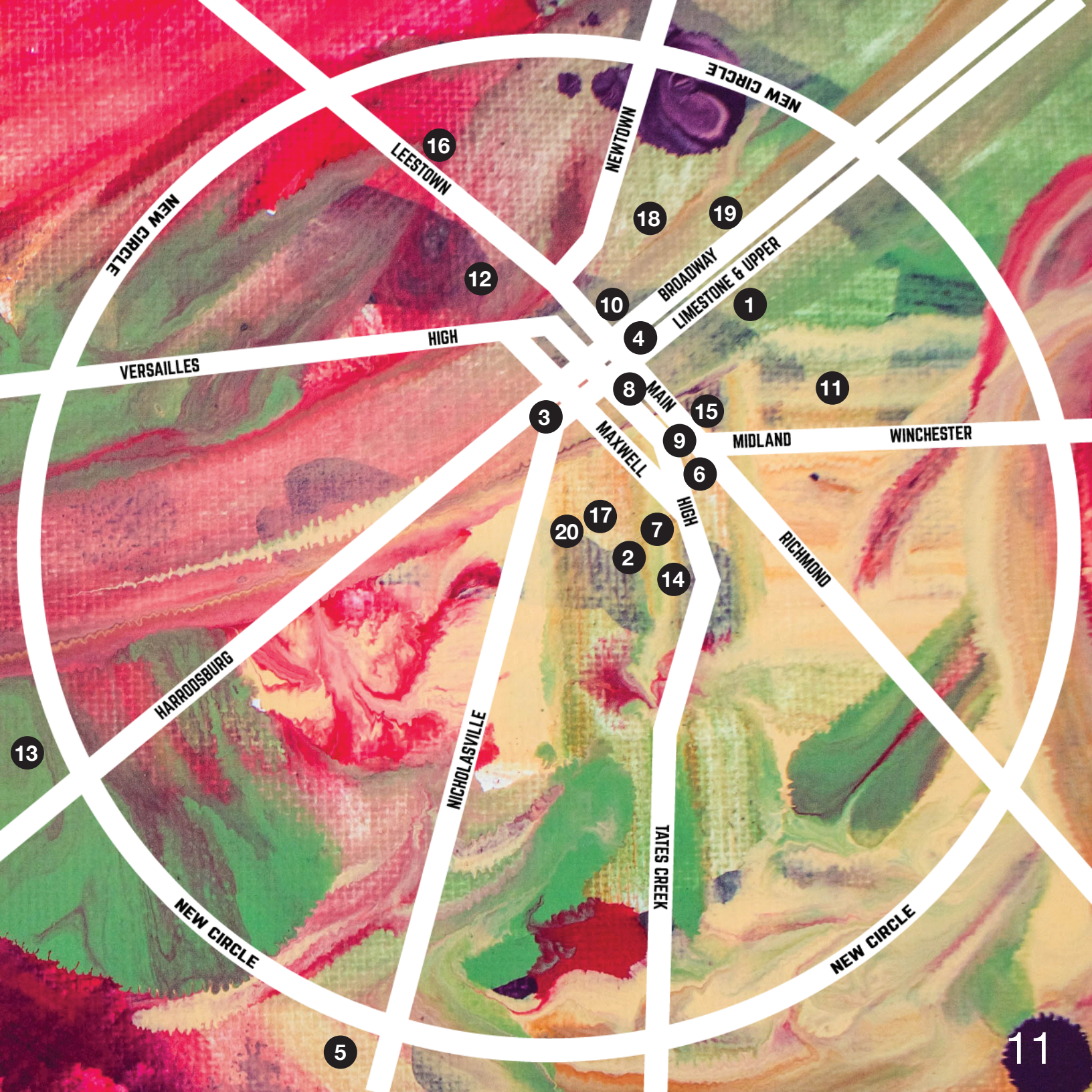


Artwork by Chuck Clenney

Lexington

Venue Map

1. Al's Bar - 601 N Limestone
2. Best Friend Bar - 500 E Euclid
3. CD Central - 377 S Limestone - *WRFL Underwriter*
4. Cheapside Bar & Grill - 131 Cheapside St
5. Comedy Off Broadway - 161 Lexington Green Cir
6. Common Grounds Coffee House - 343 E High St
7. Cosmic Charlie's - 388 Woodland Ave - *WRFL Underwriter*
8. Downtown Arts Center - 141 E Main
9. Kentucky Theater - 214 E Main
10. Lexington Opera House - 401 W Short St
11. Lyric Theatre & Gallery - 300 E 3rd St
12. Mecca Live Studio & Gallery - 948 Manchester St - *WRFL Underwriter*
13. MonnDance at Midnight Pass Ampitheater - 1152 Monarch St
14. The Morris Book Shop - 882 E High - *WRFL Underwriter*
15. Natasha's Bistro & Bar - 112 Esplanade Alley
16. POPS Resale - 1423 Leestown - *WRFL Underwriter*
17. Singletary Center for the Arts - 405 Rose St
18. The Green Lantern (Bar) - W 3rd St
19. Willie's Locally Known - 805 N Broadway
20. WRFL Studio - White Hall Classroom Building, UK Campus



SUNDAY FUNDAY AT FORECASTLE

By Nathan Cunningham

Note: Because the rat race of life got in the way of making it to Forecastle for all three days of the event, I could only make it up on Sunday. Here is my attempt at cramming three days worth of festival patronage into one day.

3 pm - Arrive in Louisville (late, of course)/White Reaper. After a sweat-drenched security check, I ran as best I could over to the WFPK Port stage to catch White Reaper. White Reaper had one of my favorite EPs from last year and they just dropped another album a few months ago. White Reaper drew a packed crowd on Forecastle's smallest stage. They sported mostly black in the oppressive July sun and even had a mascot in full Grim Reaper regalia. The keyboardist for White Reaper reminded us all that it is totally cool to play an instrument that is not utilized in every song, as long as you make up for it with high energy dancing. Reaper was a lot of fun.

4pm - Lizzo - The Ocean Stage is easily my favorite stage at Forecastle. It's shaded and the overpass bounces sound back for some nice reverb. Lizzo was fashionably late due to some travel woes, but patrons were rewarded for their patience with a blazing rendition of "Healthy" to start the set. Lizzo was well received by the Kentucky fried crowd who really loved her brand of body positive hip hop.

4:30 Diarrhea Planet - Easily the best band with the worst name. Planet set the Port Stage on fire with tongue firmly planted in cheek. "We're Diarrhea Planet, also known as Guitar Center." Indeed DP supports 5(!) guitarist. But the result is a full sound that drips of freedom and recklessness. The name is bad, but it perfectly captures the sensibilities of a band that has never and will never take themselves too seriously.

5:45 - Portugal. The Man - I have tried and tried to get into this band, but I just can't. I think their music is pleasant enough and I think they are alright live, but nothing really stands out for me. I gave them another chance today because if enough people like them, I MUST be missing something. They are a talented band, they seemed to play their set cleanly and everyone seemed to be having a good time. Maybe I'm just old. Meh.

6:45 - Modest Mouse - I hate to admit this but it really seemed like they phoned it in. The performance wasn't bad, but fans of MM know that much of the appeal of the band is passion. Both the arrangements that draw passion from the listener, and the simple emotional delivery of the lyrics have connected the fans to Modest Mouse. Listening to them is a lot like how I imagine hanging out with Bukowski would be: abrasive, incoherent, but driven. Modest Mouse has seemed to have lost some of that drive. Most of their more iconic lyrics were simply missed cues in the performance. That, coupled with the fact that the horn section was mixed so high it was actually distracting, Modest Mouse left me wanting.

-End

(Second Note: Yes, I know I should have stayed for King Tuff, but I had to make it back to the real world for work. C'est la vie.)



NO GENDER ROLES IN HELL: INCLUSIVITY IN METAL

CHARLY HYDEN

Despite the archetype metalhead being a pasty white guy with a chip on his shoulder, metal attracts a great range of people – such as Erica Lee, an indigenous woman who wrote to Mastodon following their controversial Thanksgiving t-shirt featuring a pilgrim holding a shotgun to the face of a scantily clad native woman, stating “Metal and hard rock music are still viewed as the domain of straight white men... but there’s plenty of us who don’t fit that category and still want to feel at home in your music.”

There are many artists who defy the metal “standard”. Highlighting the diversity in metal is critical to the genre’s identity – if metal is as exclusive as the mainstream, then what right do us head bangers have to claim that we are different, more open-minded? These innovative rebels capture the defiance inherent in the genre, and their mere existence serves as a welcoming mat for those who have felt rejected elsewhere.

People of Color

Blasphemy is a Canadian group known for their genre-bending themes of darkness, ritual sacrifice, and the brutality of war. Their guitarist (known only as Caller of Storms) stands out as being one of the few black musicians in black metal (in addition to being one of the most talented – a pioneer of war metal), a subgenre dominated by European groups.

Focus Album: Fallen Angel of Doom

Babymetal exists as an antithesis to Japanese pop idols (women artists groomed by record companies to become famous primarily for being attractive). Sugar sweet vocals mixed with heavy, relentless riffs produce an ethereal experience and an artistic criticism of the stereotype that Japanese women are inherently meek.

Focus Album: Babymetal

Absolace is an independent progressive group from Dubai, producing beautifully constructed songs entirely from their home studio. Although the Arab Emirates are not associated with alternative music, Dubai’s local scene is heavily concentrated with similar metal and rock groups, with Absolace being one of the best.

Focus Album: Fractals.

LGBTQ+

Judas Priest cofounder Rob Halford came out as gay in 1998, stating that “It’s a wonderful moment when you walk out of the closet. Now I’ve done that and I’ve freed myself.” More than a decade later, he’s still one of the most well-known and immensely talented vocalists in heavy metal.

Focus Album: Defenders of the Faith

Cynic generated controversy in 2014 when both their founder and drummer (Paul Masvidal and Sean Reinert, respectively) came out as gay two months after the release of *Kindly Bent to Free Us*. Paul and Sean contributed an immense amount to the proliferation of technical metal through Cynic and their side projects, with Sean temporarily joining Death to record one of their most successful albums, *Human*.

Focus Album: Focus

Life of Agony is a New York alternative metal group founded by Mina Caputo, formerly known as Keith Caputo before making the decision to officially transition in 2011. This transgender-fronted band varies wildly stylistically between albums, but always keeps it sludgy and heavy.

Focus Album: Ugly

Women

Kittie has enjoyed popularity following their emotionally charged single “Brackish,” a biting rhetoric about domestic violence, but I had to include them here because they are a starting point for many young girls who are curious about metal. Sisters Morgan and Mercedes provide contrasting vocals over ruthless drum lines, with lyrics ranging from fantastical to close-to-home issues such as insecurity and fear.

Focus Album: Spit

Otep is known for her ingenious lyrics that read like a Marxist critique of capitalism, if Marx also liked fast riffs accented with heavy bass. This bisexual, vegan poet is unafraid to make you uncomfortable with her politically charged tracks and varying musical/vocal styles – many tracks lure you into a false sense of security before dragging you down to Hell. Hail Seitan!

Focus Album: Smash the Control Machine

Nervosa is a Brazilian group, uniting female artists of different musical backgrounds (death, black, and good old heavy metal) that all share a “passion for thrash”. They are loud, they are unapologetic, and most of all, they are fun. If you need a break from the lyrical brutality that seems commonplace in alternative female dominated groups, look no further.

Focus Album: Victim of Yourself

WELCOME TO OUR NEW (TEMPORARY) HOME!

Photography by Ethan Fedele





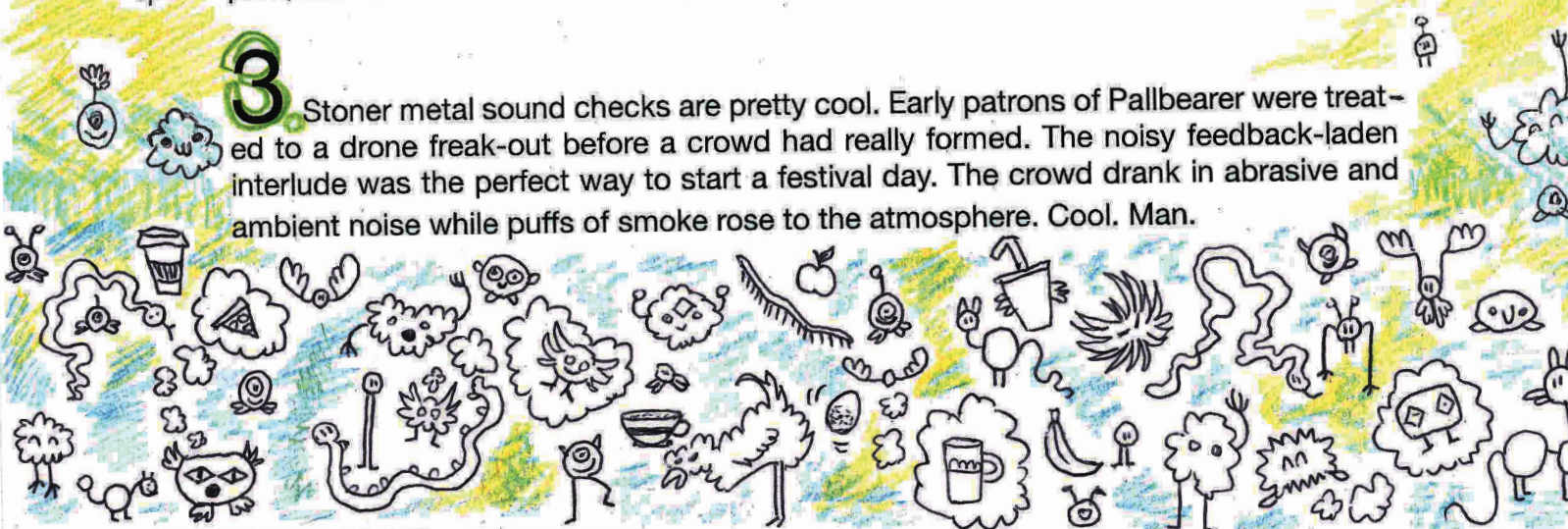
SEVEN THINGS I LEARNED AT BONNAROO THIS YEAR:

By Nathan Cunningham

1. Inuit throat signing is appropriate everywhere, all the time. Tanya Tagaq brings a sense of weirdness to festivals that has become less abrasive over the years. Tanya was very sweet in apologizing to the crowd that she might melt and she warned everyone that she sometimes looks like she isn't OK when she is singing. She was not kidding. Tagaq grunted, squealed, and swooned through her improvised set. Patrons were asked to not video record the performance because the clips from the delightfully bizarre performance would be taken out of context. Sometimes you have to sit and enjoy a performance for what it is, a special moment in time, impossible to replicate.

2. When you hear that someone is about to break the world record for high fives, you go investigate. A ten-year-old named Swoop was the little fellow who tried to break the record. Alas, with no officials on hand to verify, Swoop is the unofficial high five champion, but he was the official champion of all our hearts.

3. Stoner metal sound checks are pretty cool. Early patrons of Pallbearer were treated to a drone freak-out before a crowd had really formed. The noisy feedback-laden interlude was the perfect way to start a festival day. The crowd drank in abrasive and ambient noise while puffs of smoke rose to the atmosphere. Cool. Man.

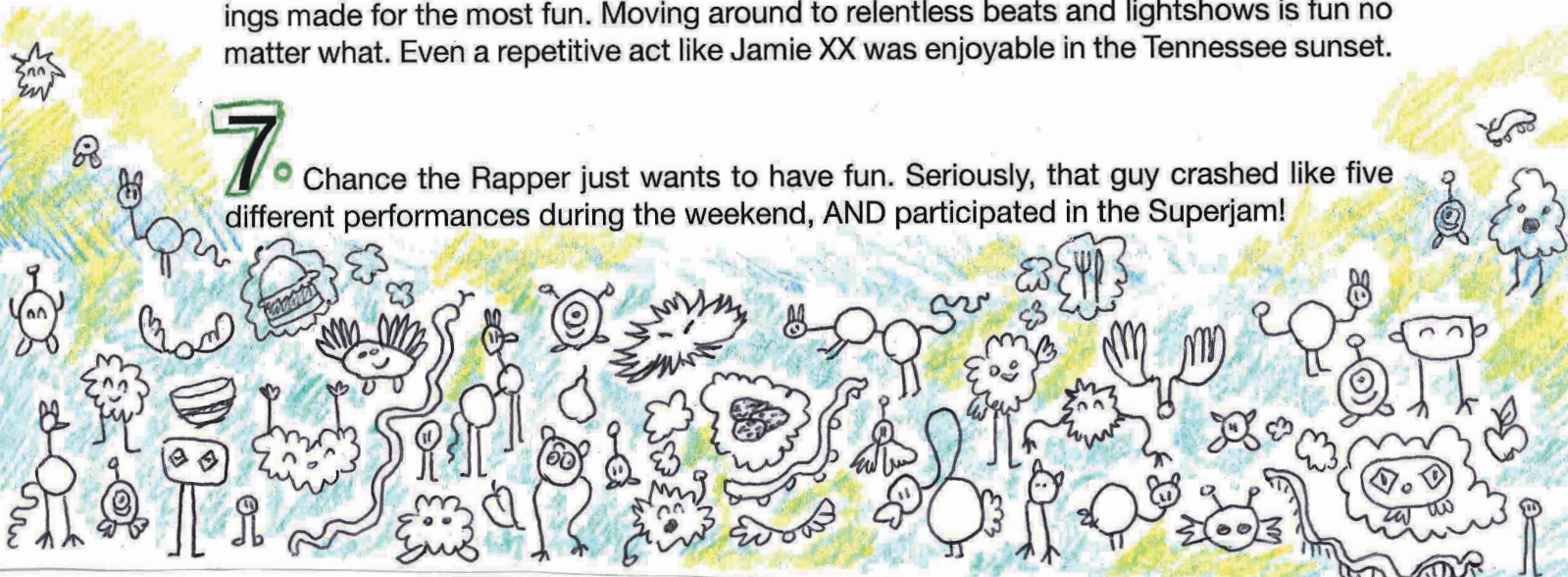


4. Run the Jewels came to "F*ck Sh*t Up." Jamie and Mikey destroyed.

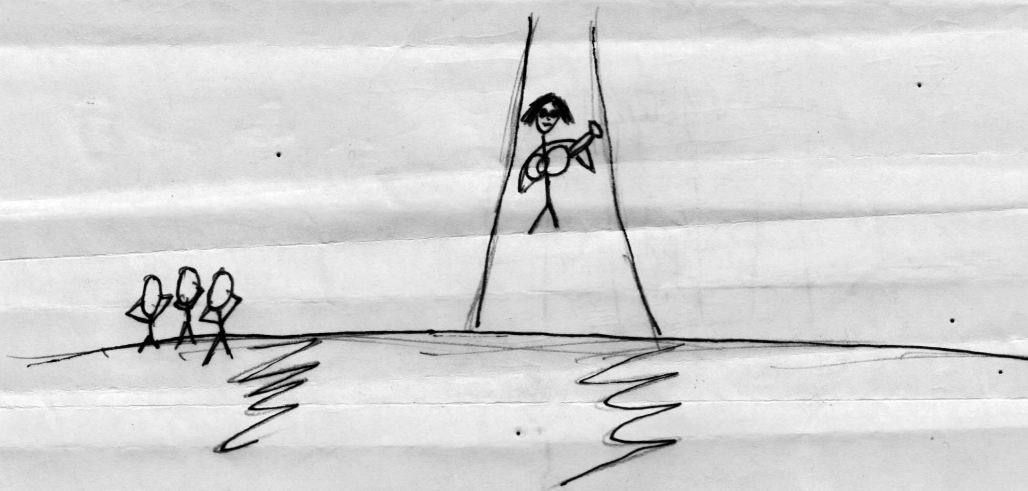
5. Freddie Gibbs is really underrated. The cleanest rap performance of the weekend came as a surprise as drunk Freddie Gibbs. It was Gibbs's birthday, and he took the opportunity to get visibly intoxicated on stage and hit on most every female patron who had come to see him (and a couple who hadn't). But the steady stream of tequila didn't slow down Freddie's effortless delivery and incorrigible energy. The performance was also a treat for Bonnaroo fans who got to see a rare performance from Madlib. Madlib's nostalgic sensibility marries nicely with Gibbs's street vernacular and attitude. Gibbs made no bones about blatant drug references in his music, and he jumped off stage to spit lyrics literally in the faces of his fans. Never change Freddie.

6. Electronic music while sober can actually be pretty nice. This year's lineup boasted more popular electronic acts than in years past. Bassnectar, Deadmau5, and Flying Lotus made appearances, just to name a few. The oppressive Tennessee heat makes drinking or taking illicit substances a dubious prospect at best, so the music was best enjoyed by patrons who were soberish. (Granted, MANY patrons were not sober; those of us who stayed away from drugs just had a better time.) Surprisingly, electronic offerings made for the most fun. Moving around to relentless beats and lightshows is fun no matter what. Even a repetitive act like Jamie XX was enjoyable in the Tennessee sunset.

7. Chance the Rapper just wants to have fun. Seriously, that guy crashed like five different performances during the weekend, AND participated in the Superjam!



The rapture goes horribly wrong,
when John Lennon shows up.



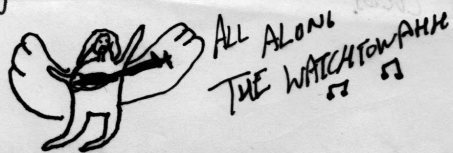
Jimmy Hendrix descends from heaven



Jimmi Hendrix descending from Heaven to shred



Angel Jimmi Hendrix



ALL ALONE
THE WATCHTOWER


Jesus Hendrix



TELE
PHONE
PIC
TION
ARY
WITH
THE
DIREC
TORS



Black 'n Blues



In the two years since I've been a DJ at WRFL, I've listened to the station a bit more closely than I did before joining on. One of my favorite shows on the station has been "Black And Blues" hosted by Daniel Black. Daniel's real name is Daniel Morgan, and he's one of those guys that understands the roots of rock 'n' roll, and where those roots have lead. It's been a fun journey to listen to him throw out a track from Robert Johnson or Big Joe Turner, and then play the Rolling Stones or the Yardbirds. I've always

believed that music is all relative, and that regardless of genre, it's all connected. His show proved that to me, and he took me on a journey along the road of American blues. There are times where he and I crossed over, since the Pacobilly Hour is a showcase for the early styles of rock 'n' roll. Daniel always played an Elvis track. Elvis was very influenced by the blues, and yet he had a country influence as well. That's what all the early pioneers in rock music were influenced by. Chuck Berry, Elvis, Carl Perkins, Little Richard - they were as much blues as they were rock 'n' roll.

Daniel put a lot of heart into his show. His voiceovers were clever and well thought out. He had a fun cadence to his speeches. His show was always a part of my drive home from work on Tuesdays. I feel like he gave his airtime the most he could give it. The fun of his alter ego Ted Stetson reading the PSA's will be missed. I never knew what I would hear from week to week. This show was a showcase for a great deal of music that doesn't get much exposure in the mainstream. And that's the beauty of WRFL. We all get the chance to express ourselves and play music that deserves to be heard. I can only hope that someone else will come along and do a new version of this show, and yet put their own spin on it. Simply because Daniel can't be replaced. I wish Daniel much luck in his new job, and new life in Nashville. And I can only hope that he finds his way back into radio, somewhere. Perhaps online, so that we can all still have the chance to hear what new adventures he will take us on.

-Colonel Paco Chaos



Black and Blues will continue on Radio Free Nashville 103.7 FM Thursdays 10-12 PM!



PSYCH ROCK::JAZZ FUSION::INTERNAT'L SOUNDS

88.1 FM

WEDNESDAYS

8-10PM

wrlf.com

CD CENTRAL
Records - CDs - Gear

20 YEARS 1995-2015

377 SOUTH LIMESTONE. LEXKY



88.1 FM

wrfi

Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

12-2 AM

Thru the Vibe

Soundpound w/ Gitsnick &
Downtown BrownStand Up & Scream
Joe Luken

2-5 AM

Wes Cornelius

Colton Alstott

Tara Prasad

5-7 AM

Josh Jernigan

Mya Collins-Paterson

Aryana Misaghi
Patrick Calkins

7-9 AM

Jordan Imlay

Paco Chaos

Pacobilly Hour

Ethan & Hank

9-10 AM

Blue & White Sports Report

D e m o c

10 AM-12 PM

Neverland Ballroom

Logan Ragsdale

Allie Plata

12-2 PM

Hot Burrito Show

Ronnie Donahue

Nathan Hewitt

2-4 PM

The Echo Chamber

Emily Crockett

The Pilot Show

4-6 PM

World Beat

Asleep at the Wheel

Self Help Radio

6-8 PM

Great Great Grand Music

Shadows of Light
Zach Mink

Generations of Jazz

8-10 PM

Cody Putman

The Percy Trout Hour

The Way Out

10 PM-12 AM

Kevin Britt
Eclectic Hour

Old School Hip Hop

Pat & Chuck

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FALL 2015 SCHEDULE

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

Magic Top Hat

Phillip Crosse

System Reboot

Sexually Speaking

Charlie Payne

Go! Go! Metal Rangers

Zac Meadows

The Neptune Dip

Pamela Hammond

Who Comes Dionysus

Chloe Robertson

Derek Jones

Wes Shafer

Elias Cromwell

Jasmine Martinez

Trivial Thursdays

Ben Southworth

State Songs

Adam Drury

r a c y N o w

Ages 3 & Up!

The Bindle

Nathan Cunningham

Grace Jenkins

Blue Yodel #9

The Humpday Bump

Greetings & Love

Ben Allen

The Grid

Honky Tonk Happy Hour

OUTLoud!

Culinary Evangelist

Audrey Campell

State of the Common Wealth

Costellar Comedy

AJ Gaidzik

Fresh Produce

Green Talks

Campus Voices

Russcoe Radio

Matt Clarke

The Weekend Wave

Burning Sensations

Brenna Greenwell

TEKTalks

Phantom Power Double Hour

El Tren Latino

WRFL LIVE!

Spencer Cell

Writ of Certiorari

The Psychadelicatessen

The Catacombs

The Musical Box

Elizabeth Hadley

Tyler T

Bits & Pieces

7-9 AM

Trivial Thursdays

WWW.TRIVIALTHURSDAYS.COM

Join WRFL lifer **Mick Jeffries** and a different Lex-centric guest each week for two hours of everything you maybe didn't **need** to know... *but may be glad you **found out**.*

Trivial Thursdays — It's not just for breakfast anymore; *it's a bedtime snack if you're listening in Tokyo.*

Podcast. Facebook. Twitter. *Yeah, we got that.* www.trivialthursdays.com

THE humpday BUMP



future·funk·indie·pop·dance·jam·tronica·world·mash-up

WEDNESDAYS
NOON to 2pm



THE WEEKEND WAVE

Fridays 5-6pm

the Pacobilly Hour

Monday 8am EST

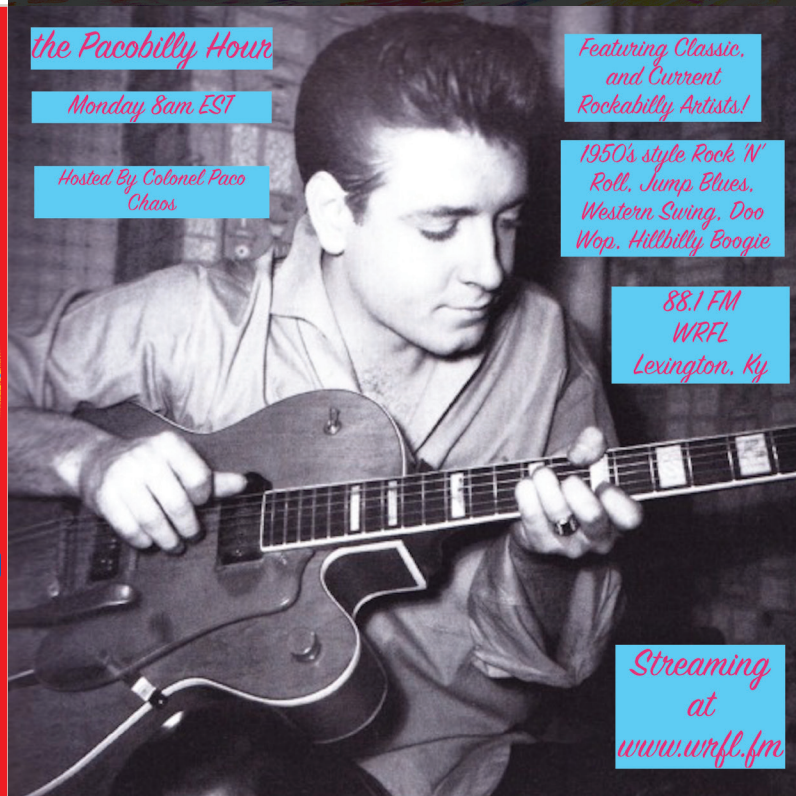
*Hosted By Colonel Paco
Chaos*

*Featuring Classic,
and Current
Rockabilly Artists!*

*1950's style Rock 'N'
Roll, Jump Blues,
Western Swing, Doo
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KACK JEROUAC FOR PRESIDENT



STATE SONGS | FRIDAYS 8 AM

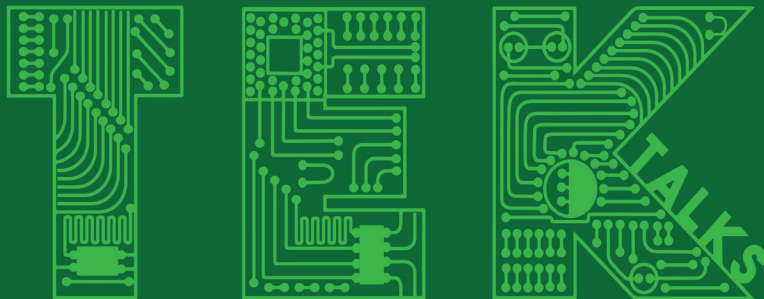
The professor & the archivist present:

The Bindle

An eclectic collection of songs & sonic ephemera, coming at you every week on a different theme, from history to mystery & back again.



Wednesdays 10-Noon



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WRFL SUNBURN SERIES

When all is said and done, out of the eight shows in the series, I will have DJ'd for three of them and snapped pictures for five. WRFL's Sunburn Series has been an interesting adventure both professionally and musically. While I've enjoyed all of the performances, a standout for me (musically) would be the Nemo Achida show. I had never been to rap performance before so I didn't really know what to expect. Rap and hip-hop are genres that I really enjoy but I'd never considered going to an actual show – not that I thought I wouldn't enjoy this kind of show, it just never crossed my mind. Nemo changed that. I loved his show and will be on the lookout for other rap shows going forward. During his show, I was able to play with what's called a 3-Axis Gimble. This device is a motorized





apparatus for cameras that allowed me to get semi-smooth footage of the Nemo show while walking around. This is the other benefit of the Sunburn Series: the ability to increase my technical skills with a camera. The series allotted constant practice that has increased my capability with a camera. With the exception of the Nemo show, I exclusively shot stills (opting to practice photography rather than videography). I discovered that I vastly prefer candid shots to posed photo shoots (and black & white photography to color). During the shows, I fluctuated between a Canon T3i (with a 50mm lens) and a Nikon D90 (with a 75mm-300mm lens) before shooting exclusively with the Nikon for the Cherry Crush and Italian Beaches performances. I very much enjoyed every aspect of these shows from the music to the crowds to the photographs and I hope to continue snapping pictures for WRFL shows until I graduate. -Chris Wright

Photography by Ethan Fedel and Chris Wright



// FRES4 KIWI
 // FR3SH KIWI
 // FRESH KIWI
 // FRESH K!WI
 // F&ESH KIWI
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EIGHT NEW ZEALAND BANDS WHICH I RECOMMEND BY NATHAN HEWITT

Though superstar natives like Lorde and Kimbra have brought NZ some attention over the last year, New Zealand has long been on the map for indie music. From **The Clean** to **The Black Seeds**, to groups like **The Phoenix Foundation** (who just came out with an excellent new album) and **Unknown Mortal Orchestra**, the kiwis (a.k.a. New Zealanders) have often had an influence on the global scene.

I had the opportunity to spend two months there this past summer, and went to about six shows. Though this doesn't at all make me an expert, here are eight groups that I saw or heard about which I think you might like.



1. Groeni

Wellington // downtempo avant-pop

Created at the foot of Mount Taranaki, Groeni's tracks totally exude the rugged beauty of his homeland--far more than anyone else on this list. The synths and beats he uses create a strong downhill momentum, yet somehow remain mellow and contemplative. I'll definitely be keeping an eye out for his new EP this September.



2. The All Seeing Hand

Auckland // avant-drone?

I really, really wish you could have been with me the first time I witnessed The All Seeing Hand. More than any other band I've seen, they are a unique live experience. A combination of **Alphabethead** on the ones and twos, drummer Ben Knight, and throat-singer Jonny Marks, the un-genred sound they create is mind-bending. Unfortunately, their recordings fail to fully reproduce that wild aesthetic, but you can see the "Kick Out the Jams" recording of the show I attended on Youtube. A little bit of searching should do the trick.



3. She's So Rad

Auckland // lo-fi/shoegaze

This is the kind of solid, dependable rock music I crave. Every track on their most recent album, *Tango*, is thoroughly interesting; guitar and synthesizer trade riffs throughout, giving their work a bright timbre and driving the good vibes. Think Tame Impala with just a touch of Flying Nun Records flavour.

4. Doprah

Christchurch // odd-pop

Self-described as “A sinister and evil cult which lures young people into drug-taking,” this group takes second place in the ‘best band name’ contest (see the honorable mentions for the winner). Doprah is made up of singer **Indi** and triphop producer Steven John Marr. With their powers combined, they have created an gelatinous sound which threatens to absorb all of my free time. Don’t let it get you.

5. Castlecliff Lights

Whanganui // dark solo-rock

The story goes that Castlecliff Lights emerged after an encounter with some mysterious lights off the west coast of New Zealand. The best of several female solo-rock acts I saw/heard in NZ, Castlecliff Lights is at once dark and deeply beautiful. Her haunting rendition of “You Are My Sunshine” puts a completely different spin on the old classic. In her live performances she uses looping tech to put together a really impressive performance.

6. Seth Frightening

Wellington // bedroom singer-songwriter

The first time I heard the music of Seth Frightening (a.k.a. Sean Kelly), I felt very uncomfortable. It is so visceral and intimate, I felt as if I had intruded into his personal space--like I was reading his diary or something. But the more I listened, the more he welcomed me in. Largely recorded on his own, *But We Love Our Brothers and Sisters* is an adventure through the realms of a man, struggling to live in a world thick with the unknown.

7. Taste Nasa

Auckland & Los Angeles // retro pop

Taste Nasa is sparkling, tropical summer pop. Not at all complicated, it provides the perfect background for a lazy day. With a bit of disco influence and some wonderfully smooth vocals, Leroy Clampitt’s latest offering is custom-made for an August afternoon, relaxing in the shade.

8. Swamp Doctor

Wellington // gypsy rock?

After seeing these guys twice in Wellington I can say for sure: they put on one helluva show. I’m a sucker for twangy, out-of-tune rock, and their latest album, *Pickles!*, is fantastic fun. One of my favorite aspects of their sound is how quickly they’ll change gear, from meandering verses to powerful punk-ish choruses. Also, their unsolicited creativity reminds me a lot of Lexington’s **Ford Theatre Reunion**. They have an interesting dingy, global aesthetic, and on their recordings they sound like they’re playing right in front of you. No matter what, Swamp Doctor keeps you on your toes.

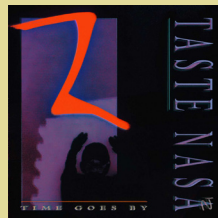
Honorable Mentions:

T A B // for introducing me to so many amazing venues and groups during my first week in town

Kerosene Comic Book Collective // they’re unique, but I’m not into it

Morphious King // for the lift he gave me along NZ’s west coast

Girls Pissing on Girls Pissing // winner of the ‘best band name’ contest



COLOR ME!





FREE
AT
LAST!
I WILL
HAVE
MY
REVENGE!



Mountain Music, Roscoe

If you type “Roscoe Holcomb” into the popular search engine, Google, one of the many videos you’ll find of the old time mountain music legend is a black and white episode of the Pete Seeger television program, “Rainbow Quest.” The episode is rich in Holcomb’s trademark modesty and traditional sense of respect for others. Sitting across from Seeger, he cradles a banjo in his lap, switching it at times for a guitar, picking, saying little, and rarely speaking without being asked a question. Holcomb, ever quaint, politely holds this relaxed, humble personality throughout the program. He wears a suit and tie, likely the nicest clothes the impoverished balladeer owned. It is most certainly the case that Holcomb’s musical talents owe a great deal to the fact that he genuinely lived the life he so often sang about in mountain ballads. Holcomb was born in Daisy, Kentucky, in Perry County in 1912. His life demanded hard work from him, and he provided it, working for years as a coal miner in the Appalachian coalfields and as a construction worker, professions that eventually killed him at the age of sixty-eight from complications due to asthma and emphysema. He spent much of his life coping with injuries and aches from years of hard labor, but he was always willing to work as hard as necessary when he needed to. That was his way. It was the way of his heritage.



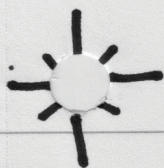
Mountain Man: Holcomb

Ryan D. Mosley

Holcomb's mountain folk music was defined by his high pitched, seemingly out of control falsetto vocals. These vocals are rooted in the Old Regular Baptist churches in the Appalachian regions. Old Regulars are well known in the eastern Kentucky mountains for their high-pitched, male led vocal hymns sung in traditional lining out style. For first time listeners, it can often be overwhelming and overly foreign, but for those who carefully understand the old traditions of the hills, it is one of the most beautiful sounds made by human beings. Holcomb mastered this style of singing in his music, developing better than anyone else what American folklorist John Cohen described as the "high lonesome sound" of old time mountain music. In addition, he was a masterful banjo player and guitarist, using the instruments to play a wide variety of old time mountain tunes, gospel hymns, folk ballads, and early blues music.

Roscoe Holcomb was first recorded in 1958 at the age of forty-six. A 1963 documentary by Cohen popularized him in the midst of the American folk music revival. Holcomb's newfound musical success brought him out of the hollows of eastern Kentucky, but never permanently, playing concerts as far away as New York City for close to fifteen years. Artists as famous as Eric Clapton and the very popular Stanley Brothers validated his success. Bob Dylan named Holcomb his favorite folk musician. Listening to recordings of Holcomb's music is moving, but his live performances were said to have been mesmerizing. Cohen described the first time he heard Holcomb in person as the most moving musical experience of his life.

Today, Holcomb rests in his family cemetery. His music is rarely heard in the Appalachian mainstream. Radio station's in the region blast the hits of the 21st Century, and new regional artists that adapt to the modern pop country sounds are catapulted to heroic fame. Their names adorn "Welcome to" signs along highways and decorate billboards. Holcomb's name is seldom seen or muttered. The young, unless they choose to learn old time guitar or banjo, usually never hear a recording of the greatest mountain musician to ever live. Holcomb's music is fleeting fast, along with many Appalachian traditions like quilt-making, storytelling, and home gardening. Many of the legends he sang have faded into forgotten yarns. More than anything, the musical traditions of fiddling and old time banjo picking are rapidly declining. One day, sadly, the hills may never again ring with the "high lonesome sound."



Craziest Calls While on the Air



One memorable call was from the guy who swore that he + I had invented Bob Spongepants but were cheated out of our credits.

Someone called + talked with me for 45 min. or so. He was particularly interested in knowing the address of the Royal Academy of Music in England.

"Sorry. Wrong number."

"Did Bob Dylan die?"

Some guy wanted to wax philosophical + get relationship advice. He said, "You have a voice that sounds like you would make a great mother... or a great lover." Eeeewwww.



Caller: "Hey is this the iceman?"

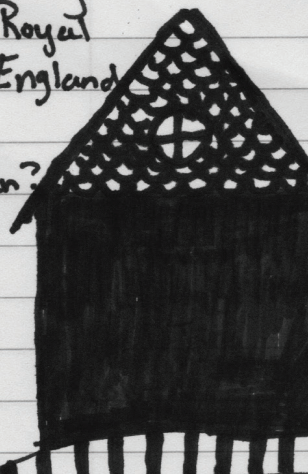
DJ: "Who?"

Caller: "The iceman."

DJ: "Nope. Not me."

Caller: "You sure?"

DJ: "Yeah, I'm sure."



Two years ago, I got a call where a listener in Indiana called to tell about when he saw a sasquatch when he was a kid, it chased him but for some reason got lazy + gave up, so he lived to tell the tale.

IT'S THE NOTES YOU DON'T PLAY

By David Cole

Miles Davis played Jazz, but he's rolled on.

Bette Davis won Oscars, but she's rolled on.

Jefferson Davis has a monument, near Hopkinsville,
and another in Alabam, and a Presidential Library
in Mississipp, and on and on and on
despite leadin the greatest traitorous uprisin
on American soil and bein, generally, incompetent.

When he was President, Mr. Davis didn't know
that in the fields he wanted to keep plowed
by the breakin and sweat of black brows,
the sort of Music that would eventually
come to Miles Davis and make him famous,
was bein born and fueled and refined.
Not Jazz, but the Spiritual, and the only real
evolution of Gospel that there ever was.
Deep voices swingin low and higher ones
reachin up to heaven and askin for rain,
for ease on their bones, for a chance to live free,
and sometimes a prayer for release from this life.
But somewhere out there, enough spirits unbroken
came together and

Made their Music

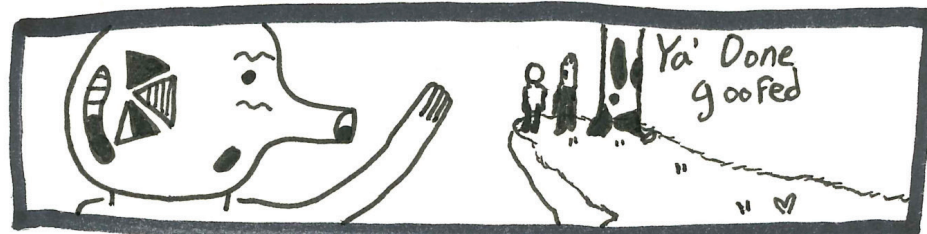
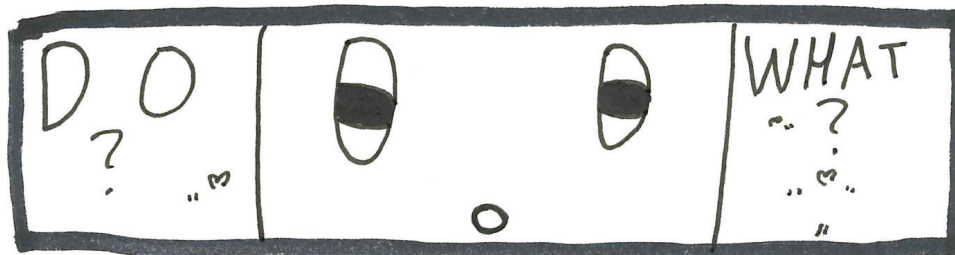
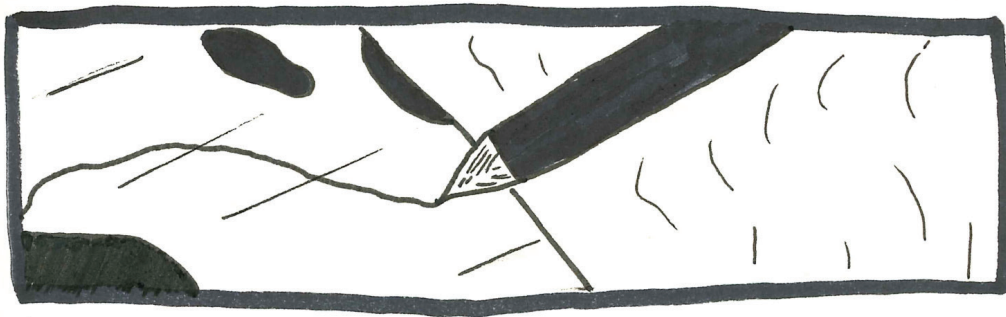
Taught their Music

Left their Music

after they rolled on.

And through a series of connections that can't be traced
from an age when lessons were passed by word not data,
by mouth not spreadsheet, Music made its way to those who
passed it on to Miles. Wo they were is a mystery,
no records hold their names or the lineage of their learnin.
But their experience, born in those fields Jefferson Davis
tried to control under a flag bleedin red from oppression
and not from sacrifice, with stars reserved for the white man
and an X for everyone else, that experience bred there
and warmed in the glow of the old Southern sun made its
way to Miles Davis.

Miles Davis will always be remembered for the Jazz.
But it was not born from air. It was born from the breakin
and sweat of black brows. Those that taught him,
those that ultimately gave us the gift of the Music
aren't forgotten after they've rolled on, they live on in every track.
After all, it's the notes you don't play that make the difference.





Artwork by Brenna Greenwell

What We Saw From the VIP Seats

Maria Stark & Macy Gould

A little over a year ago, we were driving to Chicago with our fingers crossed. We had couches lined up to sleep on, gas in the car, outfits selected, but were missing an important ingredient of our Pitchfork Music Festival weekend: tickets.

We took a positive attitude in the wake of our poor planning and remained hopeful that we could snatch up tickets in person in Chicago if we just refreshed Craigslist often enough. We were lucky. On Sunday morning, we purchased tickets electronically from a man who insisted his real name was “Merlin Love”. The e-tickets worked, after much skepticism, and a festival day to remember went down in history.

Fast forward to this July. According to our mathematical formula, Sunday of Pitchfork had the best lineup. Like the dumbasses we are, we waited yet again to buy our tickets and they sold out. The demand for this year’s Sunday tickets was noticeably higher on Craigslist, and the prices showed it. One Sunday ticket was going for \$120, leaving us much less optimistic about our big plans to see Courtney Barnett and Jamie xx.

After some ambitious Facebook searching, Maria was able to score one ticket at face value, but no such luck for an additional ticket.

We started moving into an even more desperate search: looking for giveaways. The odds were getting slimmer. We both entered a Pitchfork.tv contest that ran through their YouTube channel for 24 hours. The next day we checked the social media channels for Pitchfork.tv with no updates of the status of the contest.

At lunch on the Wednesday before Pitchfork weekend, we came to terms with our reality: we still had one more ticket to buy, but it was possible. We would drive to Chicago and hope a stranger like Merlin Love would come to our rescue again.

“Hey, Macy,” I said, “are you calling me from your car? Have you even left our street yet?”

“No. I mean, yeah, kinda. I’m in my car but closer to work.” Macy laughed in between phrases. “I won. I got an email from someone at pitchfork.com and it looks legit. I won the VIP Pitchfork tickets. What is my life?”



And so, we were off to Chicago again, this year with a very different experience ahead of us. We did some rudimentary internet searches in an attempt to figure out what exactly VIP meant, but nobody really had much to say. We heard rumors of free drinks and exclusive port-a-johns, which was a big step up from scrambling for one day tickets that merely got us into the park.

General admission at a music festival is not glamorous by any means. Water becomes a coveted commodity. Bottles are sold out of backpacks by people who smuggled in more than the allotted two; they’re bought by people who don’t have the time and/or energy to wait in line to pay for a drink ticket, or, after a long wait, they’re filled at a trough of water fountains.

Pitchfork has both a smaller lineup and surface area than many other well-known festivals, but there are still scheduling woes that lead to tough decisions and frequent treks, sometimes only to see a partial set from far away. If you’re lucky enough to get close, you’re also very close to other festival-goers; it’s hot and the smell is not always pleasant.

Of course, these things are a part of the experience, but we’d all be lying if we didn’t say that there’s appeal to less competition for proximity, and that’s what we figured was in store for us. Even better, it was free.

n

Still not knowing what to expect, we approached the check-in table on Friday afternoon, IDs in hand, and Macy offered a meek, "I think I should be on the VIP list." Our golden tickets were given to us in the form of wristbands, whose capability of cutting off circulation was deeply underestimated during our entry. They were soon joined by a second wristband almost as important as the VIP entry wristband: the 21+.

We had now officially entered VIP status. Staked out at a picnic table, we watched the lines move forward.

"I'll take a margarita." We held our breath and watched no exchange of currency.

We muddled through the small groups of "Very Important People" who had arrived early: a mix of trendy AF hipsters, musician dad types, rich people who were at Pitchfork for some reason, and other randos/like us. We passed a huge cooler of complimentary, cold bottles of water.

VIP sponsors believe that if you possess one of these special VIP wristbands that you are a Very Important Person with Very Important Taste, so they give you their product in hopes that you will love it and buy it again. We acquired so many Vans branded items and Vita Coco drinks; as Not Really Very Important People, we couldn't say no to free stuff.

We imagined what our reactions would have been the year before if we had known this was a thing. Of course, we never would have known that a VIP section existed if we hadn't been a part of it

A tall, chain-link fence covered in black mesh separated the VIP from the rest of the festival-goers. There was a main vendor area near the VIP entrance and a muddy path that snaked around to the three stages, leading to the VIP view of the stage.

To say that VIP had a better viewing area needs qualification; VIP had a more comfortable viewing area. There was a set of bleachers that allowed for a seated side view of the stage as well as a platform of snap-in flooring to help combat the mud. We took the perks of VIP with gratitude, even if none of the cool kids were singing along as loudly as us.

With a clear path, tens of thousands less people, and unlimited, free beverages, the walk from stage to stage was nowhere near as taxing. Even better, artists traveled those same paths to the stage from their super VIP trailer area, and some of them even hung out around the VIP views instead of directly backstage.

We scored pics and exchanged words with Shamir and Courtney Barnett, and Macy even had a short but sweet conversation with Sleater Kinney's Carrie Brownstein. We witnessed the Haim sisters dancing backstage to Chvrches' set and learned quickly that Katie from Waxahatchee was not letting her free drink privileges go to waste. We unknowingly ate pizza at a picnic table next to the members of Viet Cong and learned that Panda Bear just looks like a random, sweaty 35-year-old man. VIP exclusive: the banality of celebrity.

Winning VIP tickets was a great opportunity to see how the other half lives. Yes, it felt bougie to be given a poncho with our wine at the start of a storm that eventually evacuated the park, knowing that our General Admission counterparts were miserable on the other side of the fence, but it sure did create a taste for the finer things.

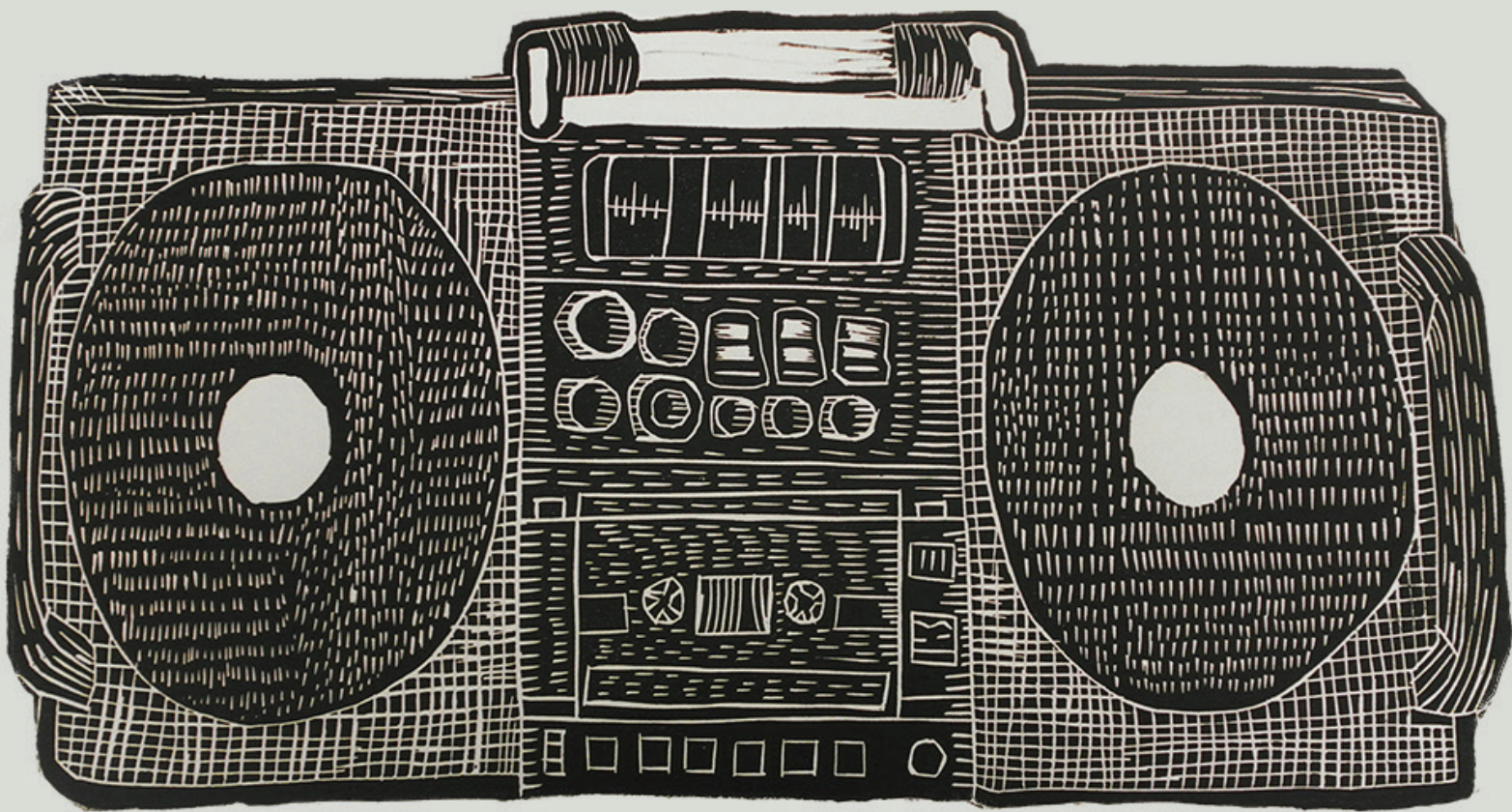
If you're in it for the view, it may not be your scene, but if you want to be contented by the entire experience, this is the way to go. Just don't be afraid to belt out.



Intro to Kindie

As Featured in Zooglobber
Amberly Warnke with Ages 3 and Up!

1. Lori Henriques - "How Great Can This Day Be" - How Great Can This Day Be
2. Future Hits - "This Past Sunny Weekend" - Today is Forever
3. Frances England - "Up A Tree" - Family Tree
4. Gustafer Yellowgold - "Getting In A Treetop" - Mellow Fever
5. Dog on Fleas - "Beautiful World" - Beautiful World
6. Caspar Babypants - "Tiger Through The Trees" - This Is Fun!
7. Brian Vogan and His Good Buddies - "How To Fly" - Sing A Little Song
8. Todd McHatton - "Green Eleven" - Sundays At The Rocket Park
9. Charlie Hope - "One That I Love" - Songs, Stories and Friends: Let's Go Play!
10. Kira Willey - "Caterpillar Caterpillar" - Dance For The Sun: Yoga Songs for Kids
11. Medeski Martin & Wood - "Pat A Cake" - Let's Go Everywhere
12. Sarah Lee Guthrie & Family - "Go Waggaloo" - Go Waggaloo
13. Secret Agent 23 Skidoo - "Luck" - Easy
14. Me3 - "Come On" - The Thin King
15. The Pop Ups - "Big Wheel" - Outside Voices
16. Key Wilde & Mr. Clarke - "Going To The Moon" - Rise and Shine
17. Justin Roberts - "No Matter How Far" - Lullaby
18. The Harmonica Pocket - "Bumblebee Lullaby" - Ladybug One
19. John Upchurch and Mark Greenberg - "Hum Drum Bumblebee" - John and Mark's Children's Record
20. Elizabeth Mitchell & You Are My Flower - "I Wish You Well" - Blue Clouds



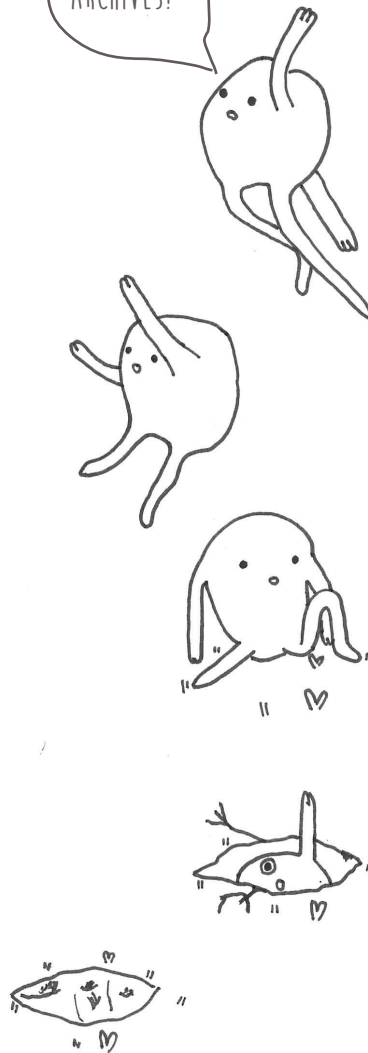
Boombox, a Relief Print by Stephen Wiggins

FILE

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FROM THE
ARCHIVES!



REVERIE OF A POET WORKING AT NASA

By Patrick Maloney

Michael Jackson gives
Neil Armstrong lessons
on how to moonwalk. Rednecks
with jet packs count up to ten
before lift-off. The U.S. government
sells all their fighter
jets to invest in the space
program. Aliens come
to our little blue
planet to save us
from ourselves. A U.F.O.
is identified by a naked
eye before abducting
all the alienated geeks. Jesus
fish dress up in space
suits. The saying Pull yourself
up by your bootstraps goes
out of style since everyone
on this rock is now rocking
moon boots. The stars all put on
t-shirts that read Hands Up
Don't Shoot.
All the antimatter
ends up mattering
after all.





Photo by Brian Manke





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- Mark Kemp, Rolling Stone



HELIO SEQUENCE November 14, 2015

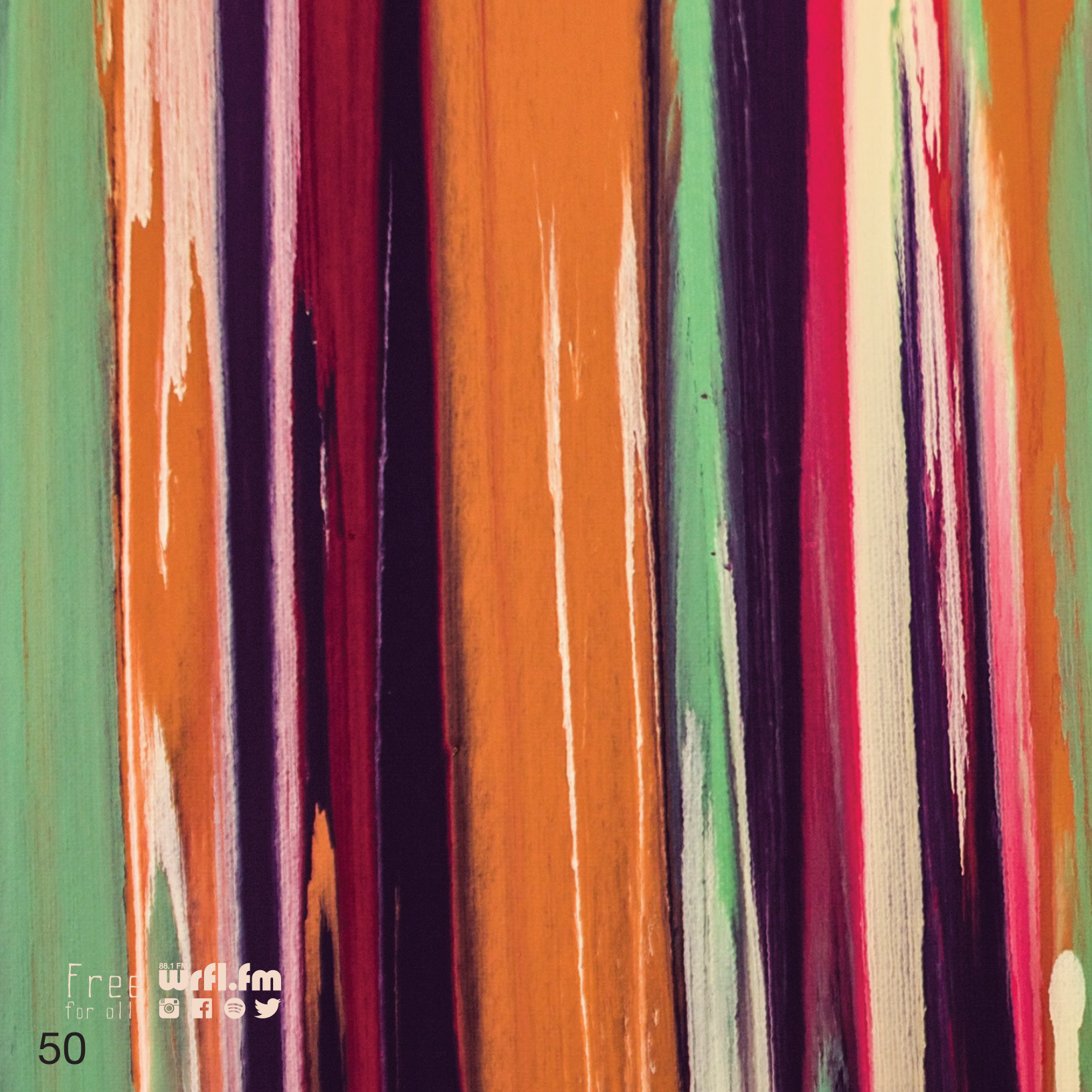
"A visceral dream-rock noise with sheer volume, flawless manipulation of guitar and electronic sequencing and primal drum-set domination."
-Magnet Magazine

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