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Friends,

We live in a time of turbulence, violence, and mistrust. Young black men are unjustly murdered; innocent Iraqi shoppers are killed in Baghdad; the tragedies in Orlando, France, Belgium, and throughout the rest of the world. The page is black with millions of names here unwritten, a palimpsest of unending violence.

It is easy to become callous; these dark images seem infinite. Some say that there will never be an end to it, but for death—and perhaps they are right. I choose to respond with the words of Noam Chomsky:

"If you assume that there is no hope, you guarantee that there will be no hope. If you assume that there is an instinct for freedom, that there are opportunities to change things, then there is a possibility that you can contribute to making a better world."

Although it feels like a time unique in its insanity, in reality we have weathered storms at least as terrifying as this. The sixties brought us (or our parents) some of the same challenges: racial tension, military entanglements abroad, political turmoil, deep cultural conflicts. It was not easy, but we survived that time of chaos and strife. Today, it is obvious that those challenges still remain, and

though our individual voices may not matter to those in power, in my heart I have hope that by speaking up, by voting, by working together, we can collectively change the world in which we live.

Further, I cannot help but wonder at WRFL's role in all of this. WRFL's mission, as I see it, is built around a core pursuit of beauty, truth, and peace. By broadcasting music, news, and talk not heard on corporate media, we try to change the Lexington community for the better. But we go deeper than that—our commitment to these virtues goes beyond the traditional responsibilities of a radio station. We strive to be a home for those who don't fit in this capitalist society and a friend to those who seek difficult truths. We want to be a place of beautiful diversity which reminds us what a strong community can feel like.

The future is unclear, for all of us, as it ever has been, and I know music and art can't fix everything. WRFL understands, however, its role: we do not remedy illnesses of the body, but of the soul. Though it might be naïve—forgive this cliché—I hope that the programming of WRFL might be a beacon for you in these stormy, stormy times.

In solidarity, Nathan Hewitt General Manager, WRFL

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Like all the others this edition of the RiFLe is filled with articles, photographs, drawings, comics, poetry and so much more, all curated by members and lovers of WRFL. There are so many people to thank for helping me put this RiFLe together; as always I would like to thank the RiFLe Squad for their wisdom and imagination. I would also like to thank the Shale Undergraduate Arts Journal, especially Nathan Petrie, for doing the editing for all of our written pieces. They do something that I am unfortuately very bad at and I am extremely grateful for their contribution. Sadly I am stepping down as Design Director but I could never have imagined how much I would grow during my time here and all of the amazing people that it would lead me to. WRFL is a special place that inspires creativity and allows the people that are a part of it to be exactly what the aspire without judgment. I am sad to go but so excited to see the future of this publication and of the station as a whole.

Keep it weird WRFL,

Kristen Petty Design Director

- 1. The Casket Girls The Night Machines
- 2. The Monkees Good Times!
- 3. Gold Panda Good Luck and Do Your Best
- 4. Psychic Ills Inner Journey Out
- 5. KAYTRANADA 99.9%
- 6. Pity Sex White Hot Moon
- 7. Nite Jewel *Liquid Cool*
- 8. BADBADNOTGOOD IV
- 9. The Avalanches Wildflower
- 10. Blood Orange Freetown Sound
- 11. King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard Nonagon Infinity
- 12. Sonny & The Sunsets Moods Baby Moods
- 13. Jessy Lanza Oh No
- 14. Xeno & Oaklander Topiary
- 15. Catfish & The Bottlemen The Ride
- 16. Death From Above 1979 Live At Third Man Records
- 17. letlive. If I'm The Devil
- 18. Islands Taste
- 19. Fruit Bats Absolute Loser
- 20. Car Seat Headrest Teens of Denial
- 21. DJ Shadow The Mountain Will Fall
- 22. Middle Class Fashion iii
- 23. Kristin Kontrol X-Communicate
- 24. Hot Hot Heat Hot Hot Heat
- 25. Pollyn Distress Signals
- 26. Big Thief Masterpiece
- 27. Aloha Little Windows Cut Right Through
- 28. Yumi Zouma Yoncalla
- 29. Deerhoof The Magic
- 30. Case/Lang/Veirs Case/Lang/Veirs

MEET THE DIRECTORS

Name
Position
Hometown
Favorite Concert Experience



Ben Allen

Advisor Cynthiana Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds



Colton Alstott

Production Director Owensboro, KY Umphrey's McGee



Michael Avers

News Director Fort Thomas, KY Justin Timberlake



Jennifer Bui

(incoming) Office Manager Louisville, KY Toro Y Moi



Audrey Campbell

Promotions Director Louisville, KY Cherub



Cameron Childress

Volunteer Director Lexington, KY Jack White



Mava Collins-Paterson

(incoming) Music Director Lexington, KY Sports



Ethan Fedel

Video Director Lexington, KY Paul De Jong



E. Lizzie Gray

Concert Director Lexington, KY FKA Twigs or Sufjan Stevens



Brenna Greenwell

Training Director Lexington, KY Girlpool



Caiti Griffiths

Station Librarian Louisville, KY/Atlanta, GA Hozier



Nathan Hewitt

General Manager Fishers, IN The All-Seeing Hand



Charly Hyden

Programming Director Minnie, KY Dolly Parton



Blake Ingolia

(incoming) Design Director Florence, KY State Champs



Grace Jenkins

Development Director Phoenix AZ Disclosure



Aryana Misaghi

(outgoing) Music Director Charleston, WV The Postal Service



Mitch Mullins

Website Director South Point, OH Flyleaf



Kristen Petty

(outgoing) Design Director Sonora, KY Sufjan Stevens



Avery Rondinelli

WRFL-Live Director Louisville, KY Slint at Forecastle 2014



Wesley Shafer

Asst. Programming Director Avon, IN INDYpendence 2015



Grant Sparks

Production Assistant Versailles, KY ODESZA "For dearly must we prize thee; we who find In thee a bulwark for the cause of men: And I by my affection was beguiled:"

I love you, my Country, though you do not love me.

Nor my brother, my sister.
You drive me mad, my Country.

But I love you still.

You do not love my father, who earns spare pennies from you after breaking himself in your honor and glory, shiny Abraham falling about the place.

You do not love my mother, whose knees burn as they bend because that's how Southern bones tend to go after they raise up the crop and the child that feed and nourish you

You do not love my sister, who is ashamed of her own talent, unsure of how to use her mind to help you because you teach her and those of her age that they are worth less than those who came before.

You do not love my brothers, numerous and confused by your mysterious ways.

They all want to find their place and yet you yell out from rooftops that they are perhaps best served elsewhere. That you do not want them because of their love or their face or their arms or their legs or their brains or their genitals.

HAVE BORN A MEMORY OF THE TAMED

What do you say, my Country?
Now that I yell back at you?
I confess outright my love,
I profess that is is undying
despite your insistence
that I move out and away.
Your smack to the face
that you formulate as numbers
as percentages as delegates
who all speak as more a man
where I am but a fraction,
a decimal point,
an implement of destruction-like some shovel or rake.

My Country, speak to me, and try to do it straight: when I can summon all of this love for you, regardless of my place within your breast, why then can you not talk back to me without code? Where is your love for me, I'm begging for your answer in the form of words not spreadsheets and Senate bills l designed to keep me safe and others on guard. Where is your love for my father, my mother, my sister, all others?

Where is your love, my Country? Where does it wave, oh say oh say, where does it wave? Cause it ain't up any pole I've ever seen.

"What wonder if a Poet now and then, Among the many movements of his mind, Felt for thee as a lover or a child!"



LOUDER THAN EVER:

10 Essential Queercore Albums

Charly Hyden

220

2016 was the deadliest year for trans* and queer people in recorded history. By June, fourteen transgender people were murdered (~80% of whom were women of color)¹ and forty-nine people (also mostly people of color) were killed in the Pulse nightclub shooting, which was the largest terror attack to take place in the U.S since 9/11.² Meanwhile, government representatives proposed more than 200 anti-LGBTQ* laws³, including as the transphobic "bathroom bill" in North Carolina.

State-sanctioned hatred and anti-queer violence are meant to silence the voices of the LGBTQ* community. Bigots would love nothing more than for everyone to go back into the closet, so to speak, and live in fear as a result of their identities. Yet, efforts such as the Stonewall Riots (and the subsequent protest of the shitty, whitewashed film version) and continued pride demonstrations throughout the country have kept the queer voice alive through all the fascism, hatred, and violence.

Below you'll find ten albums which embody queercore, a genre of underground music created by queer musicians in the 80's in response to the lack of safe spaces for queer voices in art (and in general). As one anonymous participant wrote at the We Are UK, We Are Orlando memorial, "I now realize that i'm not as safe as I thought I was. But that just means I need to be louder than ever 14

TRIBE 8 - FIST CITY Alternative Tentacles, 1995

Punk

Tribe 8 is an all-female punk band known for their controversial, sexual performances and unwavering defense of butch lesbians. Fist City takes on religion, female sexual empowerment and rape culture in their signature no-holdsbarred style.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT - GET BUSY Atavistic Records, 1998

Noise Rock/No Wave

Get Busy is hard to describe in the best of ways. It's noisy rock with touches of jazz, sung in a few different languages in order to present a discordant, avant-garde look at sexuality and the heteronormative "coming of age" narrative.

FIFTH COLUMN - 36C K Records, 1994

Feminist Post-punk

Canadian riot grrrls Fifth Column open 36C with the single, "All Women Are Bitches," which begins with the line, "which are more dangerous...men or guns? Both are dangerous, but only a man can kill you." Fifth Column was a major influence on the likes of Kathleen Hanna and the American riot grrrl movement, a sound definitely felt on this album.

PANSY DIVISON - UNDRESSED Lookout! Records, 1993

Pop Punk

Pansy Division is one of San Francisco's original queercore groups and provides a tongue-in-cheek look into the life a gay rocker living in California. Discussing heartbreak, bad music, and curved penises, Undressed adds a fun perspective to the queercore landscape.

GAY FOR JOHNNY DEPP - WHAT DOESN'T KILL YOU, EVENTUALLY KILLS YOU

Shinebox Recordings, 2011

Hardcore/Punk

Gay For Johnny Depp unleash a hail of homoerotic fury on their 2011 release, which features Marty Leapord's anguished vocals carrying stories about the struggles of gay punks over fuzzed-out, noise-ridden beats.

GRAVY TRAIN!!!! - HELLO DOCTOR Kill Rock Stars, 2003

Retro Electropop

Hello Doctor is charmingly crude, featuring tracks such as "Titties Bounce" and "Kottonmouth BJ." The old-school synthesizer and candy pop vocals make the lyrics almost seem clean, but this is definitely not an album to bring to your youth group. Nonetheless, it doesn't take itself too seriously and is great for when you just need to let loose (with yourself, your partner, maybe several other people...).

LIMP WRIST - LIMP WRIST 12" No Sleep Records, 2009

Hardcore/Punk

Although every song clocks in at under two and a half minutes, Limp Wrist's self-titled piece is an intensely emotional experience. Rapid drums back Martin Sorrondeguy's biting criticisms of governmental tolerance for hate crimes. During the last track, he screams, "Two men were hung in the Middle East just for being gay / Some Texas punks got killed 'cause someone thought that they were strange / They want us dead / Want us dead!"

THE SHONDES - THE GARDEN Exotic Fever Records, 2013

Folk Rock

Once described by The Advocate as "the best queer, Jewish, transgender rock band ever," The Shondes blend traditional Jewish music with modern rock, soaring vocals, and impressive violin work. Although they are better known as advocates for peace between Israel and Palestine, The Shondes are heavily involved in the LGBTQ* community and continually push for queer tolerance.

MYKKI BLANCO - GAY DOG FOOD UNO. 2012

Experimental EDM

Mykki Blanco is a transgender performance artist who incorporates feminist politics and club-kid aesthetics into an innovative (and addictive) fusion of punk, hip hop, and EDM. I was fortunate enough to see Mykki's 2014 Queerslang performance, which ended with her pretending to hang herself with the microphone cord.

VARIOUS ARTISTS -STAND UP & FUCKING FIGHT FOR IT

Agitprop! Records, 2001

Various

This compilation includes many other queer artists who made their mark on underground music scene such as Ninja Death Squad, The Hail Marys, and Rotten Fruits.

- The Advocate, "These Are The Trans People Killed in 2016."
- Orlando Sentinel, "FBI releases partial transcripts of Pulse shooter's 911 calls."
- Democracy Now!, "Orlando Massacre Comes After Lawmakers in U.S. Filed More Than 200 Anti-LGBT Bills."

listen for 50 50 minutes of the sh, experimental grooves

http://spsp.di/?asbfer

Hollyphalde jong Reelipujia wolfe Mr Banha bear Ghost of Booksooks

I Didn't Know The Brightrbightses

Dot Confittees Family partiance eagles

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"GOGGS" IS A NAME YOU DECIPHER WITH EFFORT.

by Ryan D. Mosley

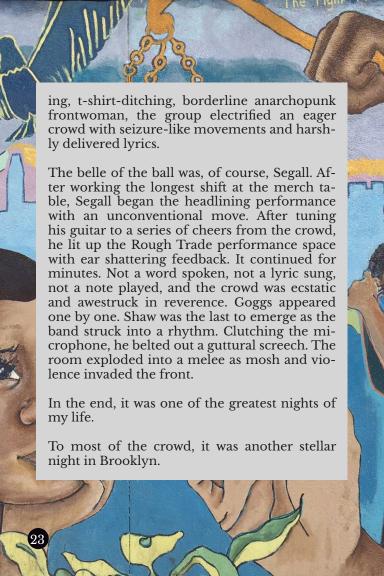
Danielle Mc

Tower One at the World Trade Center in New York City is the tallest building in the United States. It's the tallest building in the Western Hemisphere. And it's the fourth tallest building in the world. You enter the tower observatory through an elevator to the basement. Replica stone covers the underground walls with a lone exception where a honeycombed collection of televisions orchestrate a presentation about the building's construction. Those speaking into the cameras are not politicians. They are not celebrities. They are the people who worked and built the tallest building in the country, and the display leaves everyone who sees it profoundly proud of being a person who calls America home. Back on the elevator, an opaque, electronic exhibit blocks the view entirely. At the top, the curtain drops, and the view puts you as close as you can safely be to the top of the world. The lazy limit of your flat feet. The structure towers above Manhattan as a symbol of unyielding patriotic glory. Beside it, blanketed in shadow, is the most solemn place

in the country, Ground Zero. The multitudes who visit the structure are not left without a deep, lasting impression.

New York City is a concrete haven even bigger than it appears from the most immaculate bird's eye view. Every corner of every street in every neighborhood has a pulse and a unique energy that overwhelms visitors and provides lifeblood to the lucky eight-or-so million who call it home. From the stunning murals of Harlem to the punk shows in Brooklyn, a second never flees with an ounce of boredom. In July, I was given the good fortune to finally make the great American pilgrimage. While there, on a warm clear night in Brooklyn, I saw Ty Segall perform on stage.

Chris Shaw, Ty Segall, and Charles Moothart released the self-titled debut of their new project Goggs in early July. They chose Rough Trade in Brooklyn as the site for their sixth concert, playing alongside punk rockers Surfboard and new rock troupe Cheena, featuring experimental noise rock artist Margaret Chardiet, AKA Pharmakon. Cheena electrified in an exciting opening performance. Sadly, Chardiet sounded too controlled, too reined in by the group act. They shined best when she was allowed to let loose. Surfboard lacked no degree of freedom. In an entirely unrestrained performance, the four piece punk group put on a pleasantly horrifying display. Sporting a no-body-shav-





doodlesrestaurant.com





Shaky Knees Festival

Caiti Griffiths

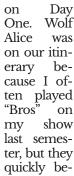
Between May 13th and 15th of this year, a square of Atlanta streets rarely ceased ringing with trembling guitars. In southern style, Shaky Knees Music Festival played welcoming host

to a range of more than 75 bands curated to fill out the festival's rock 'n' roll roots with eclecticism. I made it to 20 shows,

if you count catching Shakey Graves's DIY mini-set due to technical difficulties, and about half of Cold War Kids due to fish and chips difficulties (a plethora of food trucks meant I was never hungry, but my Friday dinner ended up trampled in the dirt). Shaky Knees is a well-

run, thriving independent festival of which Atlantans are proud. For three days, I enjoyed the relaxed spectacle.

I spent the most time listening to rock bands



came one of my staple bands for the rest of the summer. The British four-piece, led by front-woman Ellie Roswell, might come across as "shouty" at first listen (according to my best friend, with whom I attended Shaky Knees), but two months later, I am still uncovering



new intricacies in their album full of bright. ear-worming rock songs. The highlight discovery of the day, however, also happened to be one of the biggest mistakes of the festival: Kaleo played a 1:45pm set that could have closed the whole The Icelandic show. rockers seared on the mainstage under a burning sun; it was here that I became grateful that for most of the weekend there had been a general crowd decision to sit in the open grassy park rather than melt together in the pit.

Saturday had a late start and an early finish, but we happened to catch most of Baskery, a trio of Swedish sisters who wore matching, checkered outfits and played double bass, banjo, cello, drums – everything. No one in the crowd knew who they were, but Greta, Stella and

Sunniva were funny and engaging, and I walked away having heard both traditional Swedish drinking song and rockabilly-crossed punk. That night, we shifted to indie pop for headliners Walk the Moon and found a strange show. The band's entrance was preceded by the opening moments of "Circle of Life," and everything that followed was equally colorful, loud and off-kilter. We snuck out of that particularly excitable crowd to get a good night's sleep in preparation for Sunday, or the Most Important Day of My Life.

The Most Important Day of My Life began with the most depressing set I've ever heard. Julien Baker is an incredible talent from Memphis; her voice is raw and scratches as she sings of reconciling her sexuality with her religion and swallowing kitchen bleach. I genuinely think she's a prodigy, but for a while I couldn't distinguish between my tears and the Visine I was continually funneling into my eyes (as much as I appreciated that I saw so much music without having to stand, the resulting proximity to dirt and dust left my eyes painfully dehydrated). Sunday continued with another discovery: Diet Cig, a pop-punk duo out of New York, Lead singer and guitarist Alex Luciano is a frantic pixie on stage, jumping off the drum set despite performing with a cold. As the sun lowered. The Head and the Heart delivered perfect Americana on the mainstage, and I prepared myself for the onslaught emotions I knew would begin shortly.

We pushed our way to the front of the crowd and stood for at least an hour, the final waning stretch in the six year wait I had endured to see my favorite band live. Florence danced onto the stage in a whirl of neon and mirrors that lined the entire backdrop, and for two hours we were in the world that only a Florence + the Machine show creates. It's a relationship between every individual, threaded by the reverence usually reserved for religious rituals but here, it's elicited by yelps and songs of hurricanes and King Midas. For a night, everyone was a Florence fan, and nearly everyone was convinced during the bridge of "Dog Days Are Over" to remove a piece of clothing and wave it above their head "like a flag, for love, for peace, because you have been released." I'll admit, I cried, You probably would have, too.



Honorable mentions from the weekend include Crystal Fighters, Foals, and The 1975. Each of these shows cultivated an experience unique to the bands' personas. Crystal Fighters was especially wonderful and weird, and The 1975's set of illuminated boxes and visuals is the kind show that remains a memory of colors and lights. I bought Shaky Knees tickets because I wanted to see Florence + the Machine, but I discovered that this festival's success is rooted in constant and consistent entertainment. Every set delivered, regardless of genre or precedent fame. The sun shone all day and the crowd's energy kept everyone warm at night; it was nearly a perfect weekend (except for my fish and chips, for which I am still in mourning).





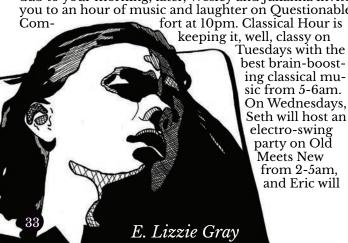
PROGRAMMING UPDATE

Charly Hyden

Throughout the Summer, the WRFL family has experienced a lot of change - we had to say goodbye to many of our old friends, and are getting to know a few new ones. The energy and enthusiasm brought by new DJs is much needed, and it is my wish that they, along with the new Broadcast Committee and everyone else on staff, will pull together and carry WRFL through the Fall with the grace, resiliency, and overall badassery that has defined us since our inception.

First, let's welcome the new DJs (and not-new DJs) who are holding down the early morning hours - you all are truly the light when all else is sleeping.

There are also a few new blockshows for the Fall. Seeds of Contemplation is an hour of religious music from around the world, starting at 6am on Sundays. At 7, Dub Goes the Heart adds a little peace, love, and dub to your morning; later, Wesley and Julianna invite you to an hour of music and laughter on Questionable



explore composers who have been lost within the credits of soundtracks (but have an extensive body of work nonetheless) on 777 Game Radio from 2-3pm.

With students returning to campus for the Fall semester, our academic programming is in full swing. OUTLoud, Green Talks, Campus Voices, Russkoe Radio, and State of the Commonwealth are all returning to the schedule and providing an outlet for students who wish to educate and invite people to the table to explore their particular cause. Additionally, Fresh Produce and Thru the Vibe are returning to the schedule after taking a short Summer break.

A few shows have switched times; Serious Moonlite will be a day earlier (on Sundays), while Go! Go! Metal Rangers will be a day later (also on Sundays). Additionally, Bits & Pieces blipped over to the Sunday 9am-10am slot, and Asleep at the Wheel drove over to the Tuesday 4-6pm Fan favorite Party Panda will now be on Tuesdays, as well.

Finally, everyone at WRFL would like to wish a warm goodbye and safe travels to the DJs who are no longer spinning with us. Gary, of Self Help Radio, has moved to Texas and will be continuing the show there in due time. Justin (of The Catacombs) was also claimed by Texas, and Cody P. carried us through the Catacombs for the last half of the Summer (although someone else may find us and lead us through in the future). Chuck C. is now taking over as General Manager of WLXL, and will be doing tons of great work over there. Diana & Collin, our endlessly energetic hosts of Emo Night, headed to Japan and, while not on the air, are still living and loving like it's 2006.

Thank you all so much for your contributions to WRFL! Each DJ brings something special to us, and that is something to be celebrated.

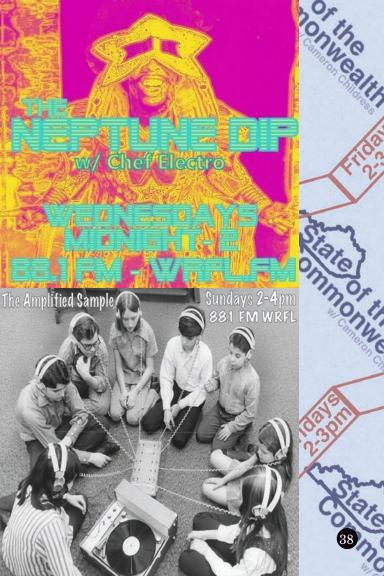
Wff Fall

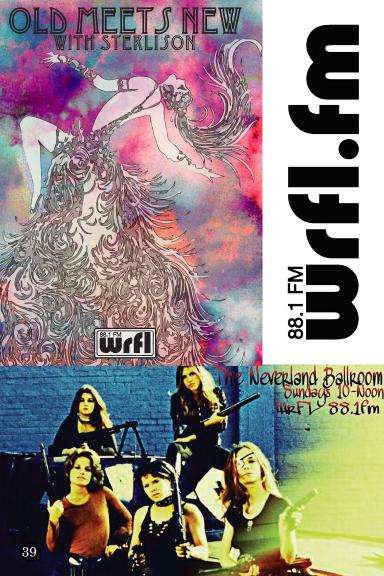
	SUNDAY	MONDAY
MIDNIGHT-2AM	Serious Moonlite	Tara P. & Jennifer B.
2AM-5AM	Go! Go! Metal Rangers Charly Hyden	Michael T.
5AM-7AM	Nataniel C. Seeds of Contemplation	Charlie C.
7AM-9AM	Dub Goes the Heart	Paco Chaos The Pacobilly Hour
9AM-NOON	Bits & Pieces Neverland Ballroom	Democracy Now Alton C.
NOON-2PM	Down the Hatch	The Show w/ Ronnie
2-4PM	The Amplified Sample	Caiti & Anna
4-6PM	The World Beat	Motown Blues OUTLoud
6-8PM	Great Great Grandmusic	Shadows of Light
8PM-10PM	Generations of Jazz	The Percy Trout Hour
10PM-MIDNIGHT	Questionable Comfort The Bazaar	Old School Hip Hop

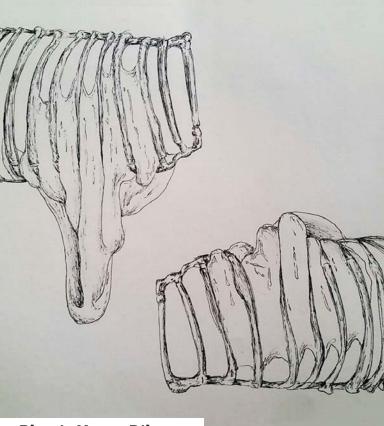
TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
Colton A.	Maya C. I Ethan F.	The Neptune Dip
General Format	Old Meets New Seth Hilbert	Destiny C.
Classical Hour Jonathan Nerz	General Format	General Format
Chris B.	Hank Russell	Trivial Thursdays
Democracy Now Lizzie Gray Virtual Luxury Ltd.	Democracy Now The Bindle	Democracy Now Allie P.
Sarah Schmidt	The Humpday Bump	Wes Comelius
General Format	777 Game Radio Eric Prater	Russkoe Radio
Asleep at the Wheel	Green Talks Campus Voices	Tre Lyerly
Downbeats	Brenna Greenwell	TEKTalks
The Way Out	WRFL-Live!	Grace J. I Bryce L.
Party Panda Power Hour	Fresh Produce	The Musical Box

WrfIFall 2016

	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
MIDNIGHT-2AM	Reid Johnson	Thru the Vibe
2AM-5AM	Ashleigh B.	Jessie P.
5AM-7AM	General Format	Jonathan B.
7AM-9AM	Ben Southworth	Katie H.
9AM-NOON	Democracy Now Ben Allen	Ages 3 & Up Blue Yodel #9
NOON-2PM	The Grid	The Honky Tonk Happy Hour
2-4PM	State of the Commonwealth Cameron C.	Pretty Coarse
4-6PM	Matt Clarke The Weekend Wave	All Things Heavy
6-8PM	Phantom Power Double Hour	El Tren Latino
8PM-10PM	Cassie Frame	Psychadelicatesen
IOPM-MIDNIGHT	Elizabeth Hadley Del	iriousness / Stephe







Plastic Horse Ribcage ft. Homemade Slime Brenna Greenwell

BLACK TERRY CAT

I see the little bird

公公

eeling down

he's a million black stars

in that fearless black night

I haven't plucked my

eyebrows since last month



dreamt I got you on the telephone

with the same lips

kiss

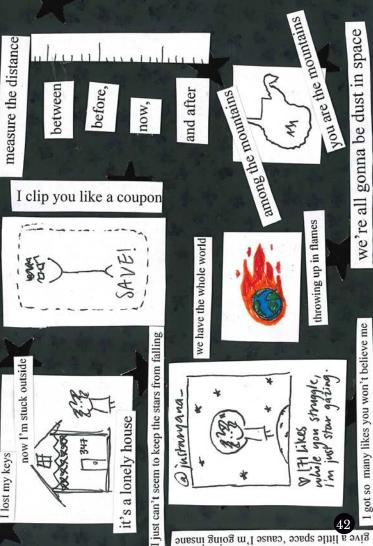
lie

I don'th

I don't know me; I'm only sleeping

How do you spell "angry brown girl?"_

A-R-4-A-A-A



give a little space 'cause I'm going insane

we're all gonna be dust in space

TWO WRFL DIRECTORS AND LOUISV

Audrey Campbell: Forecastle has been offering Louisville a direct link to universally popular and independent musicians since 2002. As a three-time festival attendee, I was impressed to see so many artists who have made it into WRFL's regular rotation on the lineup: Sylvan Esso, Danny Brown, and Pokey LaFarge are just a few. While the festival often boasts more commercially successful artists as daily headliners, like the Avett Brothers and Death Cab for Cutie this year, their real draw is in their commitment to displaying lesser known talents.

As a general format DJ at WRFL, I often find hidden gems in the library's wealth of RPM and hip-hop music. Among those gems is Hudson Mohawke, an artist whose work is not only experimental and fresh, but danceable. His festival performance didn't tap into his left-field influences as much as I had hoped, but what more can you expect from a DJ at a festival consisting of sweating, drug-addled teens who just want to dance? Regardless, I'm glad I get to add his name to my list of concerts attended and enjoyed.

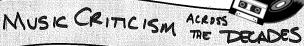
Local Natives and Moon Taxi both returned for their second Forecastle performances this year and, despite or perhaps because they were repeats, their sets both drew huge crowds. Local Natives provided an emotional and calming energy to combat the craziness of the erratic, non-stop nature of a festival. Moon Taxi, too, attempted to lull the crowd instead of energize it, even covering Ben Harper's classic "Burn One Down" to appease the stoners.

ILLE NATIVES TAKE ON FORECASTLE

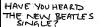
Avery Rondinelli: Few artists command the stage quite like Danny Brown does. His jam-packed, 45-minute set was a nonstop barrage of his one-of-a-kind Detroit hip-hop, featuring backup vocals from his DJ/producer Skywalker. Brown's set featured mostly his upbeat "bangers," but unfortunately did not include his debut single "When It Rain" from his new album or his collaborations with The Avalanches. Despite this, the high energy show was enough to keep me hooked on this unique performance.

The best thing about music festivals is that anything can happen while a band is on stage. In Unknown Mortal Orchestra's case during Forecastle, it went in a more sour direction as they experienced a good amount of equipment failure due to the hot Kentucky sun. This adversity made for an impromptu jam session by the bandmates with working instruments that led to a unique concert experience you wouldn't have gotten anywhere else.

I didn't know what to expect seeing Washed Out live. Their staple chillwave release Life of Leisure has been one of my favorite albums since its release back in 2009, but its melodic, wavy tone didn't seem like something that could be emulated live. So naturally, I went into this concert with some hesitation. The one thing I didn't expect was to be blown away, and that's exactly what happened. Led by frontman/mastermind Ernst Greene, the 5 piece band played beautiful renditions of songs from all 3 of their releases that sounded nothing like on the albums, but a whole other sound that made me feel like I was sitting on the beach with my feet in the sand instead of on the banks of the Ohio River.







YEAH BUTTHE IT'S PREITY SWELL.



HEY MAN, HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEW! STONES RECORD



HEY BUD, HAVE YOU PICKED UP THE NEW WHAM! TAPE?



HEYDUDE, HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEW RADIOHEAD OD? IT'S PRETTY DOPE



LIKEDTHE OLDER STUFF BETTER

I JUST DOWNLOADED THE PLAN WHITE TE? IT'S PRETTY SWEET.



HEYBRO, YOU PICK UPTHE NEW RADIOHEAD RECORD? IT'S PRETTY RAD.



I Dream in Citrus

There is a place that shouldn't exist
Past bluegrass hills, endless fields, and cragged cliffs
A citrus metropolis
Whose urban groves filled with
Fluorescent lemons, neon limes, and electric pomelos
Gulps down water under sand graced feet
And golden skin

A sun-kissed culture Rests against red-earthen walls Inviting the ocean to its concrete shores Quenching vibrant urban thirst

Golden apple of my cosmopolitan eye Please receive this offering Perfumed in tobacco flower and bourbon To your palm-speckled mission of four million







Lizzie Gray & Nathan Hewitt

This was the first time either of us had been to Pitchfork Music Festival and from the start it was clear this wasn't your average festival. For one, it was located in the middle of Chicago, which meant fairly small festival grounds, easy access to public transportation and lodging, and ample activities to sustain the post-festival buzz.

Sure, there's beer and the inevitable slight contact-high, but in the end there wasn't much space for anything other than the music. While other festivals (*cough* Bonnaroo *cough*) are beginning to grow into mega-fests, rounding up as many mass-appeal names as possible (e.g., Avett Brothers, Outkast, Pearl Jam) and losing attendees, the Pitchfork Festival has gone a different direction, staying true to its core audience. The headliners were Beach House, Sufjan Stevens, and FKA Twigs, bands which only begin to hint at the curated lineup that filled the rest of the weekend. While there were a few power acts, like

Jeremih, Miguel, and Broken Social Scene, they weren't the star of the show. When the headliners took the stage, it was as though you were standing in a crowd of thousands of their biggest fans. As the sunset over Union Park, the audiences and the performers voices became intermingled, emotions becoming palpable, and connections formed much deeper than either of us had experienced in a crowd so large.

FRIDAY

Moses Sumney (Nathan):

Moses Sumney was one of my favorite performances of the festival. He had such an amazing command over the stage, and though he joked about not wanting to be there, it somehow came off as genuine and teasing rather than negative. It fit his music, in a way: his songs were deep, dark, soulful pieces which seemed to come directly from his heart. He was one of the only performers who did not adjust his instrumentation for the festival setting, but I didn't mind-his looping skill is absurd, almost on the same level as Kishi Bashi.

Carly Rae Jepson (Lizzie):

Carly Rae Jepson put on a performance that was much like her newest album--fun, light-hearted, sweet, poppy, and a little extra hip flare than her releases preceding it. While her music isn't my personal favorite, she put on a really good show and was an optimistic start to the festival weekend. With that said, I must address the attitudes people had about her being there. By the end of the festival I almost wanted to scream because of the number of people there who questioned and criticized Carly Rae Jepson being a part of the festival. While she did have the one pop hit a few years back, no one seemed to know her most recent album was produced by Blood

Orange and pushed pop boundaries no one would've expected looking at how her career started.

Broken Social Scene (Both):

While seeing Broken Social Scene was Lizzie's way of living out middle school dreams, Nathan was one of few who didn't know every lyric to every song and probably the only person who'd never heard them before. No slight to Nathan of course. Despite very different perspectives and some doubts going into the show, what happened in between the songs turned out to be the most interesting part. There must have been more than ten performers, each using a different instrument each song, and yet their stage choreography was almost hypnotic. Fortunately, they shared instruments with one another--otherwise they would've wrangled each other to the ground with the cords. Whether or not this made a difference in how the music sounded is debatable, but the show performance was a party nonetheless.

Beach House (both):

Being Nathan's first time seeing Beach House, unlike Lizzie, and having no particular expectations he came out thoroughly impressed. Not only was their musicianship pristine and the stage lighting beautiful, but their overall stage presence allowed us to feel like we could've been sitting one-on-one with the duo. Victoria LaGrande's between-song banter was soft and intimate, as she told us not to fear, but to love, and that love casts out fear. While to the untrained ear, many of their songs may initially sound fairly similar, as the drum machine kicked off each song, the crowd roared with excitement of recognition. While both of us agree, this was the third best performance of the headliners this year, that is not an insult in the least. With that said, Lizzie highly recommends seeing them live, especially if it's a tour date in a small intimate venue.

SATURDAY

Blood Orange (both):

With music that almost spot-on replicated recorded tracks, despite most of it being live instrumentation, it was Dev Hynes energetic (and shirtless) stage presence that took this set to the next level. While much of the performance was made up of tracks from his first two albums, it was an awesome treat getting to hear some new songs from his long-awaited LP 'Freetown Sound' that dropped just two(ish) weeks before Pitchfork Festival. This album being filled with particularly powerful messages and, upon its release, one Hynes dedicated to "everyone told they're not black enough, too black, too queer, not queer in the right way...". Not only was the album's message powerful, but in true Blood Orange style, featured some amazing musicians. One of those being Carly Rae Jepson, who joined Hynes on stage during "Better Than Me" and electrified the entire crowd.

Savages (Lizzie):

Having only heard their music a few times and never really being able to get into it, I was completely surprised by their live performance. This all female band took the stage in the most tough, loud, in your fucking face way. The whole group dressed up in this this "business women that could kick your ass" way. Normally I wouldn't make note of dress, but damn, this look paired with the music just put off the most badass vibe. Savages proved to be just that, the most savage loud performance offered up that weekend.

Brian Wilson performing Pet Sounds (both):

We hate to say anything negative about Brian Wilson, but if you want to read about it, go and check out the Chicago Tribune's article, "Brian Wilson a bystander

at his own concert". With that said, the music was really enjoyable to listen to while cashing in the last of your drink tickets.

Jenny Hval (both):

Jenny Hval's performance was as much art as music. She and her two other female dancers started the set in big white jumpsuits that were ripped off in a matter of minutes. Throughout the performance, they striped down acting out a series of both comical and challenging sexual encounters (with themselves and implied others). About two-thirds into the set during a song break all three of them, in just their pseudo-nude bodysuits, picked up and threw on black capes, signaling "Female Vampire" from her new album. As she performed the song, Jenny excitedly trotted around stage, flapping the cape to expose the nude bodysuit underneath. It was really such a badass, empowering performance, and getting to see someone who so seamlessly combines visual art and music into a single performance is such a rarity.

ANDERSON .Paak & the Free National (Nathan):
Anderson Paak was my favorite performance at the Pitchfork Music Festival 2016. His rapping was powerful, his charisma overflowing, and his amiability bright, even from 20 yards away. His band, the Free Nationals, laid back into the beat better than any other group I saw at the festival, perhaps excepting Thundercat and Kamasi Washington. Anderson took it to a new level, though, when he sat down at the drum set and played while rapping--as a percussionist I can tell you that the only thing tighter than his beat was his poetry, and when he overlapped them polyrhythmically I basically lost my mind.

Sufian Stevens (Lizzie):

I've listened to Sufjan Stevens for over ten years, when my brother first introduced me to his music when I was in junior high school. While my attachment to his music has wavered over the past few years, this performance absolutely revitalized all the love in my heart for the music he makes. The performance kicked off with Seven Swans (what???? I was shocked). which he introduced by simply holding up seven fingers. The song was beautiful, but an abrupt ending led to Stevens smashing his banjo on stage, and I mean really DESTROYING it. After which he paused, faced the audience, and lifted up these 6ft spanning white feathered wings attached to his back. With the light blown out and the wings up, it was as though I was standing before an angel on earth and all I could do was stand there in awe (a word which I don't use lightly).

Following this, he told the audience how he'd been touring for the past year, singing about death, but he planned on keeping things a bit lighter for the festival. Playing only a few tracks from Carrie & Lowell, 'Fourth of July' being enough to make my heart and tears burst, he definitely kept things lighter. It was a beautiful surprise to hear so much from Age of



Adz, an album I distinctly remember buying the day it came out, which allowed me to replace some not-so-great memories that album reminded me of (high school sad girl vibes) with ones of this awesome performance and weekend. Stevens closed out with a few tracks from the essential 'Come On Feel the Illinoise', making the crowd go crazy (it's Chicago, would you expect anything less?). Sufjan Stevens gave the audience something no other performer could over the span of this weekend, what that was exactly can't be put into words. But after see him, singing with him and everyone else in the crowd, you were left with a warmth in your heart that lasted for days.

SUNDAY

Neon Indian (Lizzie):

Neon Indian, the moniker for Alan Palomo, is another group that performed over the weekend who I've listened to for years. While a large portion of the previous albums were definition chillwave, Vega Intl. Night School (feat. album art by Lexington's own Robert Beatty AYEE) could not be further and the performance they gave reflected that. Alan danced and grooved around the stage throughout, crouching down, making the most intense eyes at the audience, pumping his fist close to his chest. Despite the performance taking place outside in the middle of the day, the vibe was completely that of a glitzy, neon-lite, 80s nightclub.

Thundercat (Nathan):

This was the performance I was most excited about at the festival, and for good reason--Thundercat's latest release was unbelievable. The already-prolific bassist and his talented keyboardist and drummer put on the most virtuosic performance of the weekend by far. They didn't have any lights, or projections, or loop

pedals--it was simple, blazing jazz. I couldn't have asked for more.

FKA Twigs (Lizzie): |

It's incredibly difficult to figure out how to even start talking about this performance, it was mindblowing! FKA Twigs is an artist who transcends so many boundaries in such a masterful way, you wouldn't suspect she has only put out one full length album. Not only does her voice STUN, but the performance just took everything to the next level. She was joined on stage by numerous dancers throughout, all equally skilled at dancing as she, but still unable to steal the spotlight from her. It was theatrical and beautifully choreographed. She maintained her intensity and focus throughout, very sparingly and indirectly addressing the audience. It was just before the last song as she her dancers paused, with the crowd going insane, she cracked the most honest and endearing smile, her way of thanking the audience for all the love they'd shown. Though her music could, and does, stand on its own, FKA Twigs gave a set that was unlike any other. For that reason, she was the absolute best way to close out a most amazing Pitchfork Festival weekend



Best Friend Bar - 500 E Euclid Al's Bar - 601 N Limestone ArtsPlace - 161 N Mill St

Big Hair Records - 79 Southport Dr

Cheapside Bar & Grill - 131 Cheapside St CD Central* - 377 S Limestone

Comedy Off Broadway - 161 Lexington Green Cir Common Grounds Coffee House - 343 E High St Cosmic Charlie's* - 388 Woodland Ave

Hometron - Ask A Punk

Downtown Arts Center - 141 E Main

Lexington Opera House - 401 W Short St Kentucky Theater - 214 E Main

Mecca Live Studio & Gallery* - 948 Manchester St MoonDance Ampitheater - 1152 Monarch St

Lyric Theatre & Gallery - 300 E 3rd St

The Morris Book Shop* - 882 E High

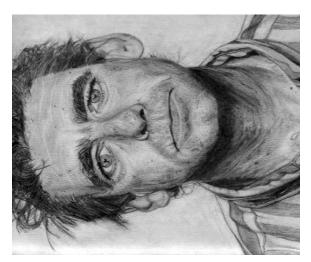
POPS Resale* - 1423 Leestown Rd

Singletary Center for the Arts - 405 Rose St The Greeen Lantern - W 3rd St

WRFL Studio - White Hall Classroom Building Willie's Locally Known - 286 Southland Dr

LEXINGTON VENUES

*WRFL Underwriter



#2 Pencil Drawings Inspired by Photos of a Crying Girl and Lance Mountain



Frank Brown

CEMETERY MAINTENANCE

Nate Cortas

gazing over the list of new graves to be dug and stones to be set—seems to say The way he glances up at me— 🔤

"Love the things that can't love you back" an answer to a question I hadn't asked.

half-light or the voice of a traffic report somewhere on the radio) greasy quiet of the machine shop or the aging afternoon (though perhaps it was asked by the

I lean into the fertilizer bags and with my own stare beg him to know I have. That on warm Saturday afternoons after my father finished mowing

face-down, full body, eyes closed—whispering I would lie alone in the yard

my confidences to the single, sweet clover flower my warmth to the warm earth

between my lips.

58



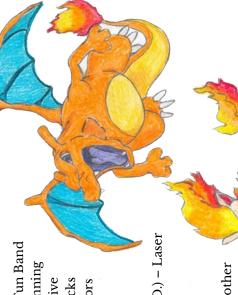


POKÉMON GO: A PLAYLIST

Charly Hyden

Every protagonist needs a great soundtrack, especially while catching 'mon! Here's ~2 hours of poppy electronic tunes to assist you on your journey.

- . Sheathed Wings Dan Deacon
- Million Things All Girl Summer Fun Band
- 3. Born from the Ashes Brendan Canning
 - 4. Lying in the Grass Animal Collective
- Little Fang Avey Tare's Slasher Flicks
 Swing Lo Magellan Dirty Projectors
- 7. Watusi Humans
- Get Lucky Daft Punk
- 9. No Country The Jezabels
- Leaving It Too Late [Remix] (ft. J.u.D.) Laser
 - 1. Bubble Games Magic Bronson
- 12. World Princess part II Grimes
 - 13. Kid Mother Falcon
- 4. Monkey Tree (UK Mix) Mother Mother



Zodiac Shit - Flying Lotus 15. Surf Solar – Fuck Buttons

Amlochley - Tyondai Braxton

Futura – Battles

20. CHEETAHT2 [Ld spectrum] - Aphex Twin

Lemons in a Jar – Locust Toybox

Revival - Deerhunter

Dayvan Cowboy – Boards of Canada

Rose Quartz – Tori y Moi

The Skin of My Yellow Country Teeth – Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

Space Song – Beach House

Gangs in the Garden - Black Moth Super Rainbow Smoke & Mirrors – TOKiMONSTA

Feather – Little Dragon

29. N. Splendored/Find Out - Shabazz Palaces

30. Rainbow in the Dark - Das Racist









twee playlist fall '16

- 1. too dark frankie cosmos
- 2. underground kimya dawson
- 3. laying on my floor adult mom
- 4. kind cbmc
- 5. only a prayer nothing more florist
- 6. singalong karen o
- 7. perspective addie pray
- 8. i can't sleep gobbinjr
- 9. blue waxahatchee
- 10. cut your bangs girlpool
- 11. red planet alvvays
- 12. teenage girls cherry glazerr
- 13. "come on petunia" the blow





Christopher Browning

This is just to say that I never really liked William Carlos Williams, I always found his poems rather pretentious, perhaps he should have stuck to medicine. Those poems, so light, one detail, never gave me more than one second of freedom; your artwork was the same. I am leaving his book you gave me on the counter; he's all yours now.

APPENDIX B:

Nathan Hewitt

Algeria: Sofiane Saidi Argentina: Isla de Caras Australia: Sampa the Great Austria: Sixtus Preiss

Bangladesh: Joler Gaan

Belgium: Warhaus

Bosnia & Herzegovina: MIAUX

Brazil: Cosmos Amantes

Canada: ABAKOS

Chile: Amanitas

China: MC Webber

Denmark: M.I.L.K.

Egypt: Living Too Late England: biLLLy

Estonia: Ingrid Lukas

Finland: I Was a Teenage

Satan Worshipper

France: Sydney Valette

Georgia: Nika Mghvimeli

Germany: DENA

Ghana: M3NSA

Hungary: RedRed

India: Hashback Hashish

Italy: Android Apartment

Japan: Young Juvenile Youth

Jordan: Zzool

Kenya: Alfa Mars

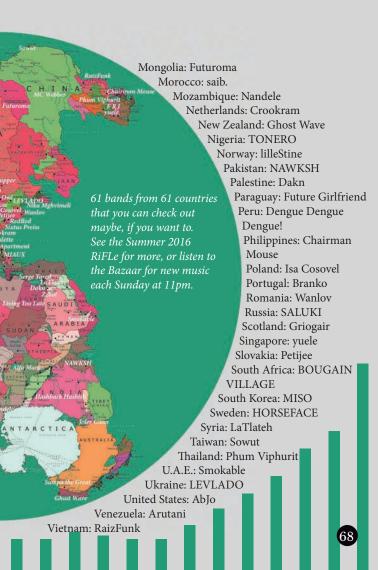
Latvia: Howling Owl

Lebanon: Serge Yared

Lithuania: Sarukas

Malaysia: E R I

Mexico: Isaac Soto









FREE FOR ALL



