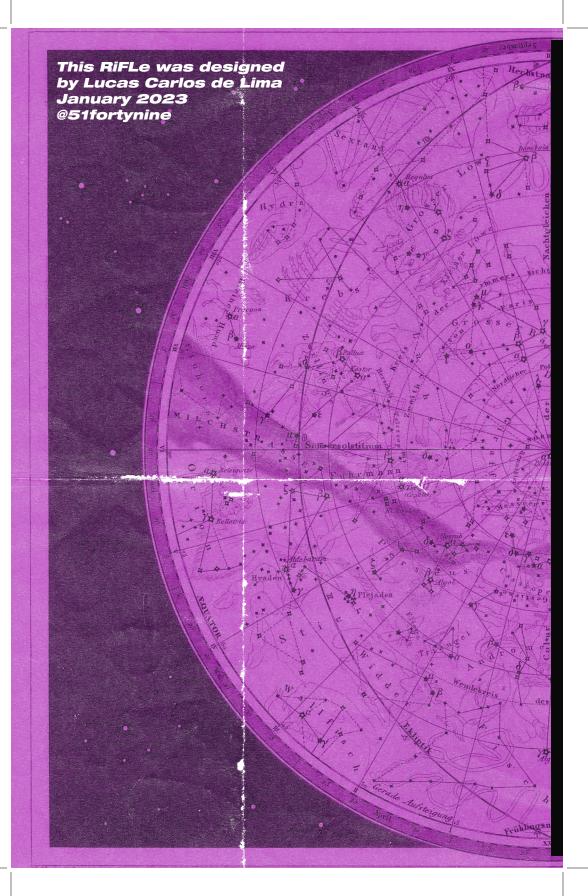
88.1 FM





WRFL.FM



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@wrfl881

wrfl

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@wrfl881

@WRFL

@wrfl881

RFL's MISSIO as an FCC-licensed, non-commercial, educational radio station at 88.1 FM in Lexington since March 7, 1988, and a student organization of the University of Kentucky, is to:

PROVIDE ITS MEMBERS

professional training and guidance in radio operations management, program development, and quality broadcast performance,

OFFER ITS LISTENERS a source of music, news, and other programming not regularly found through other media outlets in central Kentucky, and

SUPPORT arts and music in the Lexington area.

RFL.FM





WRFL is open to both UK students and community members. We have an open training program for DJs every semester!:)

(find out more at wrfl.fm/dj)





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The rest is ripe for discovery



Hello once again, WRFLiens!

Probably.

Six years ago, I set foot on the campus of the University of Kentucky, terrified of everything I didn't know, missing the only home I had ever known, and absolutely lost, figuratively and literally (campus is a damn maze for non-natives). Like so many others, I didn't know what Lexington and UK had to offer, and spent a long while huddled away in my dorm room, bored, and contemplating what I was to do for the next few years.

For the first time in my life, I was entirely on my own.

Luckily, some pretty cool music nerds picked me up out of the gutter, and stuck me behind the board at WRFL. Life picked up from there, and everything is in a completely different place than back then, and I gotta say, it was the ride of a lifetime. After six years of music, mayhem, and a whole lotta shows on Tuesday nights, my time as a student at WRFL and the University of Kentucky is finally coming to its last few stops. Sixteen board meetings, ten more WRFL Lives, eight episodes of the Rapids, four general staff meetings, three bands at the 35th Birthday Bash, two more trainees, and one last RiFLe letter to cheesily say how much it all meant to me. That's all the time I have left, so I plan to make the most of it, the best way I know how: Hanging around the station talking music or making dumb hypotheticals that'll never happen, going to great shows around Lexington (shoutout naptaker. and Whalerus!), spinning CDs on Sunday nights, and working to make WRFL as best as it can possibly be.

I didn't get to this point by myself, either.

This group of people, the Board of Directors and the general staff, they're going to be the difference makers. WRFL has come a long way from where we were in April 2020, fully automated and not sure what the future held. We made it. From being the absolute antithesis of what WRFL aspired to be, to fully back in person as of this show cycle. From no live shows in over a year.

to bringing back the most WRFL Lives done in a semester in a long time. From missing producing a RiFLe for the first time ever, to some of the most gorgeous designs ever done in a zine (not to mention some sweet hats, pins, and stickers. Get yours today!). And there's so many more stories like mine to be told, in the music, the art, the culture, and the people. WRFL is back and better than it ever has been, and I'm so excited to see where the station ends up in the next few years. I'm just a little wistful I won't be around to see it myself.

If you're reading this, and you're a new student on campus, or new to Lexington, or just haven't found your place in life, give WRFL a listen. Poke around, and see if spinning music for the masses suits your fancy. And if it does, find out if being a part of one of the last bastions for all the wild, weird, and wonderful people in the world is what you want from life. Because of WRFL, I found my people, and I gotta say...

With WRFL and the friends I've found here. I haven't been alone in a long time.

Onwards and upwards! Trenton Upchurch

Listen, I'll keep it short this time:

I've undoubtedly gone insane designing this edition of the RiFLe, and for this exact reason I think it is my favorite so far.

Once again, thank you so so so (cannot stress this enough) so much for all of the amazing work y'all submit. It is what makes the RiFLe so special.

Thank you fellow directors, you all know I love ya. To everyone else reading: Keep being weird. Keep being loud. And of course, kick some ass. I love you.

Lucas Carlos de Lima Design Director/ Fool





NAME: Sydney Malatesta; POSITION: Community Engagement Director; ORIGIN: Union, KY; GO TO KARAOKE SONG: It's Oh So Quiet by Björk

NAME: Rob Varillas; POSITION: Promotions Director II; ORIGIN: Lexington, KY; GO TO KAROKE SONG: squonk

NAME: Abigail Brannon; POSITION: Productions Director II; ORIGIN: Atlanta, GA; GO TO KARAOKE SONG: Danke Schoen by Wayne Newton



NAME: Lucas Lima; POSITION: Design Director; ORIGIN: Avaré, Brasil; GO TO KARAOKE SONG: Alberto Balsalm by Aphex Twin (menacingly)



NAME: Annie O'Brien; POSITION: Local Music Director; ORIGIN: Newport, KY; GO TO KARAOKE SONG: Torn by Natalie **Imbruglia**



NAME: Jaclyn Okorley; POSITION: Library Director, ORIGIN: Lexington, KY; GO TO KARAOKE SONG: Back to Black by Amy Winehouse





NAME: Luke Stone; POSITION: Music Director; ORIGIN: Lexington, KY; GO TO KARAOKE SONG: Sleep by Godspeed You! Black Emperor

NAME: Kati Hall; POSITION: News
Director; ORIGIN: La Grange, KY; GO TO
KARAOKE SONG: my favorite karaoke
song is ------ [REDACTED]

NAME: Brandon Bost; POSITION: Programming Director II; ORIGIN: Elizabethtown, KY; GO TO KARAOKE SONG: Amish Paradise by Weird Al





NAME: Kelly Landry; POSITION: Promotions Director I; ORIGIN: Lexington, KY; GO TO KARAOKE SONG: The Goofy Goober Song by Spongebob Squarepants



NAME: Trenton Upchurch; POSITION: General Manager; ORIGIN: Columbia, KY; GO TO KARA-OKE SONG: The Middle by Jimmy Eat World

NAME: Jing Zhang; POSITION: Graduate Assistant for Events and Marketing; ORIGIN: Beijing, China; GO TO KARAOKE SONG: Xu Wei (许巍) by The Blue Lotus (蓝莲花)



NAME: Mary Clark; POSITION: Station Advisor; ORIGIN: Lexington, KY; GO TO KARAOKE SONG: Du Hast



35 Most Influential Albums from the Past 35 Years

- 1. Sonic Youth 'Daydream Nation' (1988)
- 2. My Bloody Valentine 'Loveless' (1993)
- 3. The Cure 'Disintegration' (1989)
- 4. Radiohead 'Kid A' (2000)
- 5. De La Soul '3 Feet High and Rising' (1989)
- 6. Nine Inch Nails 'Pretty Hate Machine' (1989)
- 7. Nirvana 'Nevermind' (1991)
- 8. Aphex Twin 'Selected Ambient Works 85-92' (1992)
- 9. Pixies 'Doolittle' (1989)
- 10. Cocteau Twins 'Heaven or Las Vegas' (1990)
- 11. Crystal Castles 'Crystal Castles' (2008)
- 12. Soundgarden 'Louder than Love' (1989)
- 13. Slowdive 'Souvlaki' (1993)
- 14. SOPHIE 'Oil of Every Pearl's Un-insides' (2018)
- 15. The Strokes 'Room on Fire' (2003)
- 16. Björk 'Post' (1995)
- 17. Beastie Boys 'Paul's Boutique' (1989)
- 18. Phoebe Bridgers 'Punisher' (2020)
- 19. Slint 'Spiderland' (1991)
- 20. Public Enemy 'It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back' (1988)
- 21. Animal Collective 'Sung Tongs' (2004)
- 22. Mitski 'Bury Me at Makeout Creek' (2014)
- 23. Arca 'kick ii' (2021)
- 24. Deerhunter 'Halcyon Digest' (2010)
- 25. Grimes 'Visions' (2012)
- 26. St. Vincent 'St. Vincent' (2014)
- 27. Blonde Redhead 'Misery is a Butterfly' (2004)
- 28. Big Thief 'U.F.O.F.' (2019)
- 29. Sufjan Stevens 'Carrie & Lowell' (2015)
- 30. Japanese Breakfast 'Jubilee' (2021)
- 31. Tame Impala 'Currents' (2015)
- 32. Iron Maiden 'Seventh Son of the Seventh Son' (1988)
- 33. Soccer Mommy 'Sometimes, Forever' (2022)
- 34. 100 gecs '1000 gecs' (2019)
- 35. Alex G 'God Save the Animals' (2022)

We asked our Board of Directors, current student and community DJs, and WRFL alumni what their favorite albums from the past 35 years are and put them to the test through multiple rounds of voting. This list showcases multiple generations of WRFL, from the albums that helped define WRFL's sound and mission early on, to the newer albums that are currently adored by our community.

#5 - De La Soul '3 Feet High and Rising' (1989)

De La Soul came out with their debut album, '3 Feet High and Rising,' almost exactly one year after WRFL started broadcasting. It is a positive and pleasant album to listen to which was notably contrasted with other rap music that was being released around that time. It is a little jazzy, a little psychedelic, and has plenty of good grooves. '3 Feet High and Rising' has since been added to the National Recording Registry at the Library of Congress (as of 2010) and – in case you missed the recent news – De La Soul's first six albums will finally be on streaming services soon!

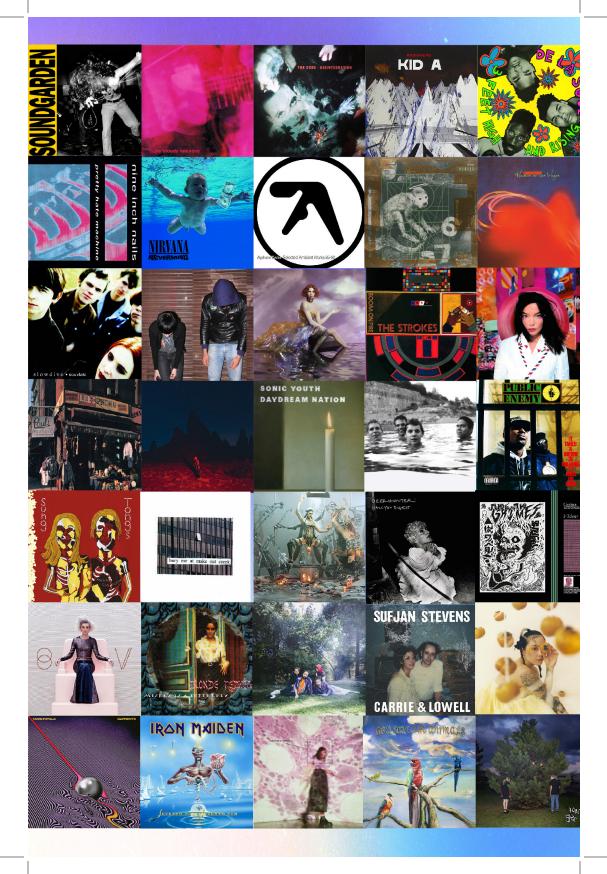
#4 - Radiohead 'Kid A' (2000)

'Kid A' is Radiohead's fourth studio album, and it is a complete departure from their earlier rock sound and marked the beginning of them becoming more electronic/experimental. Though this was rather divisive among music critics and fans at the time, in retrospect it seems fair to say that this was a defining moment in their discography. It also was their first number one album on the US Billboard 200.

#3 - The Cure 'Disintegration' (1989)

'Disintegration' is The Cure's highest selling record to date. It is their eighth studio album, and it is said that while writing this album Robert Smith was quite depressed about being close to turning 30. As someone who is currently in my late 20s I feel rather inadequate that I am not also writing a quintessential goth album, something that is so dismal yet so lush and does indeed sound like sonic representation of depression (but in a good way!). Throw this into any vampire drama and you are set.

Here is what one of our former DJs had to say: "Oof. Prayers for Rain, gut wrenching." – David Schatz (Dave's Hellride [late 80s to early 90s] and Big Hair Armageddon [mid-90s])



#2 - My Bloody Valentine 'Loveless' (1993)

My Bloody Valentine's second studio album, 'Loveless,' is a standard in shoegaze. At the core of it is Kevin Shield's signature "glide guitar" technique, and Pitchfork has named it the best shoegaze album of all time. WRFL DJ Bill Widener (current co-host of Phantom Power Double Hour, Fridays 6-8 PM) reviewed the album when it first came in to WRFL, and said it is "like licking a huge battery dipped in chocolate."

Here is what one of our current DJs had to say: "Everyone wants to do what MBV did here and they *can't*, speaks to the album's crazy irreplaceable sound!" – Brady Saylor (Go Home, Tuesdays 2-5 AM)

#1 - Sonic Youth 'Daydream Nation' (1988)

Released just seven months after WRFL first started broadcasting, 'Daydream Nation' is Sonic Youth's fifth studio album and it is noisy, avant-garde rock at its finest. Not only did it leave a lasting impact on the station (to the point where WRFL bringing Kim Gordon in with Body/Head back at the 2013 Boomslang was a literal dream come true for lots of RFLians and Lexingtonians alike), but it also left a lasting impact on college radio culture throughout the whole country and has been preserved in the National Recording Registry at the Library of Congress. It's high energy, aggressive, and just the right amount of dark – what's not to love?? Here is what some of our current and former DJs had to

"Although it is not my personal fav Sonic Youth record, I believe that modern indie would not be the same without this album." – AJ Miller (Russian Radio, Thursdays 4-6 PM & The Wired, Thursdays 6-8 PM)

sav:

"My older brother started at WRFL in 1988/9 and the Daydream Nation album cover was ingrained into my then 12yo brain (I think he even created a digital version of it on our Mac II). He ended up taking me to my first show at Bogarts in Cincy a few years later: Sonic Youth was on their Dirty tour. It was an amazing experience and memory!" – Lindsay Hoffman (This Woman's Work, and served as News Director & General Manager [1995-1999])

For reviews of all 35 albums go to wrfl.fm/35albums

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Teenagerdom lit me up like a roll of firecrackers ignited by accident, and it was Sharpie-drawn Nirvana t-shirts and Zoloft side effects and skate shoes and falling in love with girls with lip piercings as the snarl of Marilyn Manson CDs boomed out of Aiwa mini-system speakers until the day my friend Chris Purvis reached out his hand to me and said, "Here you go man, take this, you can have it."

It was a clear case containing a cassette and a handwritten tracklist on paper: a homemade mixtape.

The thing to know about Chris is that he was cooler than I was. He was a few years older. He wore Buddy Holly glasses. In the late-90s fashion zeitgeist of JNCO jeans with legs the size of cat tunnel toys, Chris wore slim-fit blue jeans, cuffed at the bottom. He had a black t-shirt that said "Rainer Maria." I had no idea what Rainer Maria was, but it sounded brooding and enigmatic and intimidating and intellectual, like a 1960s avant-garde artist from Paris or New York, smoking an unfiltered cigarette in the rain.

The mixtape was also cooler than I was. I had never heard of any of these bands: Guided by Voices? The Black Heart Procession? Modest Mouse? I felt small and dismayed as I read

these mysterious names, as if they represented an elite and exclusive society of which I-a mere Z-ROCK 103 FM plebeian with a jumbo KoRn bumper sticker on the back of his Volvo 240 sedan-was unworthy.

But dismay, insecurity, and a general feeling of unworthiness were not new nemeses to me. Indeed, those were the very same feelings that had compelled me to dye my hair blue in the first place, as a means to define myself in direct opposition to the "popular" high school crowd. If I can't be

cool in that way, my thinking went, then I will wear Nine Inch Nails t-shirts and be cool in this other

wav.

oceanon reben DXI

So I popped the mixtape into my Volvo's tape deck. And my life changed forever.

Not long after, I was a freshman at the University of Kentucky. One night, I went to a party with my girlfriend (now wife), and entering the living room was like walking into an underground museum of bohemian curiosities and delights. There was a huge, trippy, hand-painted sign hanging over the fireplace: "The Hypnotic Eye," it read. I saw a CD box set on a shelf. It had a picture of a yellow banana on it. In blackly haunted psychedelic font, it read: "The Velvet Underground"—a band I'd never heard of, and which I imagined was probably some kind of 1980s electro/goth outfit.

Like Chris's mixtape, this house was forbidding and beguiling at the same time.

A guy on the couch said, "Hey, check out what I scored today!" and pulled out a gatefold stereo LP of The Beatles "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band." Hey! I knew that album! I mean, I had never seen a vinyl copy of it before, but I knew all the songs by heart. I suddenly felt less inadequate than before. The guy—his name was Tony Manuel, and he still works at Pop's Resale—went over to what appeared to be a long wooden... sideboard? For storing grandma's linens and porcelain dinnerware? Nope: he opened a lid on the top. There was a record player inside. I felt inadequate all over again.

I do not recall what happened immediately thereafter. But I clearly remember wandering back into that living room later into the party. The room was hazed with an exotic, mind-bending pungence. Tony and another guy with glasses were sitting in there, talking quietly.

Music was playing. What was that music that was playing, which sounded like a wild and furiously funk-fueled fusion of drum-and-bass with a guitar that sounded overdriven and overcast at the same time? I did not know, and I desperately wanted to know; but I also didn't want to interrupt their conversation. My brain flip-flopped. I took the plunge:

"Hey, sorry to bother y'all, but what's this band that's playing?"

The guy with glasses-his name was Tyler Palmquist, and he, too, still works at Pop's Resale-replied: "DJ Shadow." And he went back to his muted conversation with Tony.

I still have no idea whether my question annoyed them. They are both my friends now, so I'm guessing that it did not annoy

them-at least not too much. But back then, I was prone to bouts of crushing neurosis. So I sure felt like I had annoyed them-a lot. I retreat-

ed from the living room.

I went into the bathroom. There was a vintage advertisement for paper towels hanging on the wall. The ad interrogated me: "Is your bathroom breeding BOLSHEVIKS?" I really had no idea what a Bolshevik was, although I figured it probably had something to do with communist Russia. But whatever it was, the ad struck me as a sophisticated and ingenious display of high

irony-surely as intellectual as it gets for bathroom wall decor-and my brain vaguely connected it to the introductory philosophy course that I was enrolled in at the time. I made a mental note to try to figure out what the hell a Bolshevik was when I got back home to my beige Gateway 2000 desktop PC. I went back out into the party.

At some point, I wandered back into the living room. It was still just Tony and Tyler hanging out. But this time, they were listening to something else: something sultry and downbeat and moody and dark, pulsating with the essence of twilight. Tyler and Tony both looked up at me. I judged their expressions as friendly enough. I took the plunge again:

"Hey, sorry to keep asking you guys stuff, but what's this

that's playing now?"

Tyler looked at me as if I had just arrived from a neighboring solar system. "DJ Shadow, bro. Same album. 'Endtroducing.'"

"Oh, ok, cool. Thanks man. Sorry man." We left the party soon after.

I soon discovered that the first track I had heard was "The Number Song." The second one was "Midnight in a Perfect World."

There used to be a big house on Grosvenor Ave. nicknamed "The Charles Mansion." Bands would play



there, and the parties were all-out rippers that rumbled all night. With its stadium-seats-as-guest-couches and endless parade of people with asymmetrical haircuts and voluminous record collections, the Charles Mansion was the epicenter of art-deranged hipsterdom in Lexington, KY, circa early-2000s. It also seemed like everyone there had their own DJ show on WRFL-something that I would have loved to have had myself. I had nurtured fantasies of hosting a party where people would come over, and I would play music, and everyone would be blown away by the searing, bracing power of my track selection. (I kind of tried this on the rare occasions that I had guests over, but it seemed like everyone always just congregated in the kitchen, well beyond earshot of my stereo). Having my own DJ show on WRFL-with an audience of listeners, all over town!-would be the ultimate fulfillment of this fantasy. But at the same time, I knew I was hopelessly unqualified for such a gig. I mean, it went without saying that my music knowledge database wasn't nearly expansive enough. It went without saying that I would quickly run out of cool songs to play, and my shows would end up becoming drearily repetiillitaatillitaa tive-or, worse, in an ill-fated quest for playlist variety, I'd haplessly play an uncool song, and literally every single person who had ever been to the Charles Mansion would hear it on the radio that day and think, "Who is this loser playing this lame song on

My now-wife and I went to the Charles Mansion sometimes, but not too often. Much of the time, a party would sizzle and a noise band would erupt in a roar of caterwauling feedback, but we wouldn't even hear about it until it was already over. My wife recognized one of the Mansion regulars from one of her classes at UK. But she was afraid to speak to her-just as I, too, was afraid to speak to most everyone in that house. So we drank beers from the sidelines, without knowing whether anyone noticed we were there.

WRFL? LOL." And then I would have no choice but to vanish

from the scene forever.

We stayed on the periphery because we felt like we were on the periphery, and we felt like we were on the periphery because we stayed on the periphery.

Then we went home to bed, our radio alarm clock set to WRFL, 88.1 FM.

In 2006, we moved to Louisville for graduate school. Lots of things happened during the ensuing fifteen years: incomprehensibly beautiful things that shot straight into the nerve center of the great starry wheeling everything, and nightmarish things that made me wish the whole wheel would dissolve

into nothingness. Somewhere between these two
extremes (but closer to the former), I bought
borderline-psychotic quantities of records, and
used the internet to learn about still more
records that I instantly knew I would I die

without adding to my collection, even though I hadn't even known they existed just minutes before (RIP, Terminal Boredom forums).

We eventually found ourselves trudging back into Lexington. We were not on a winning streak. Somehow, I still had my record collection (thanks Mom). But all of my memories and all of my visions trembled under a din of inexorable catastrophe.

As Nico laments in "These Days": I felt like I'd been losing. For so long. I submitted a show application to WRFL.

I had erred spectacularly in viewing WRFL DJing as something for which I had to "adequately prepare"; as if knowing, say, a mere 1,019 obscure songs meant you were unworthy of DJ-hood, but knowing 3,643 obscure songs—well, that might bring you within striking distance of The Acceptable Level. The fact that I just made up these arbitrary figures underscores their profound absurdity. I have no idea how many obscure songs are stockpiled in WRFL's dizzyingly bountiful archives, but I am 100% sure that there are way more than 3,643. And they are all right there: hungry, wide awake, burning to be unleashed by an inquisitive DJ who isn't sure which track to

play next.

WRFL DJing is not a destination. It begins as a nascent curiosity, fueled by a love for music, and develops into an endless and unfinishable voyage. I mean, I haven't even fully mapped the ocean of first-wave punk yet, and that is the main theme of my show. The exploration never ends. And this is good, because I don't want it to end. We don't want it to end.

I also suppose that I should have gleaned a key insight way back in the day, within those weirdly-lit hallways of the Charles Mansion: That the WRFL DJs became WRFL DJs for the same reasons I ultimately did. I realize that I'm painting with a broad brush here, but I'm gonna go out on a limb and speculate that many of them-many of us-were, as kids, the ostracized weirdos and nerds and freaks and other assorted neurodivergent exiles who, rather than succumb to crippling and lifelong insecurity and self-doubt, decided to repurpose their status as "social outcasts" into a powerful status symbol. Cheer from the stands at a pep rally for the high school football team? Ha ha, no: we're gonna sneak under the bleachers to smoke clove cigarettes and read Jack Kerouac novels while listening to Pavement.

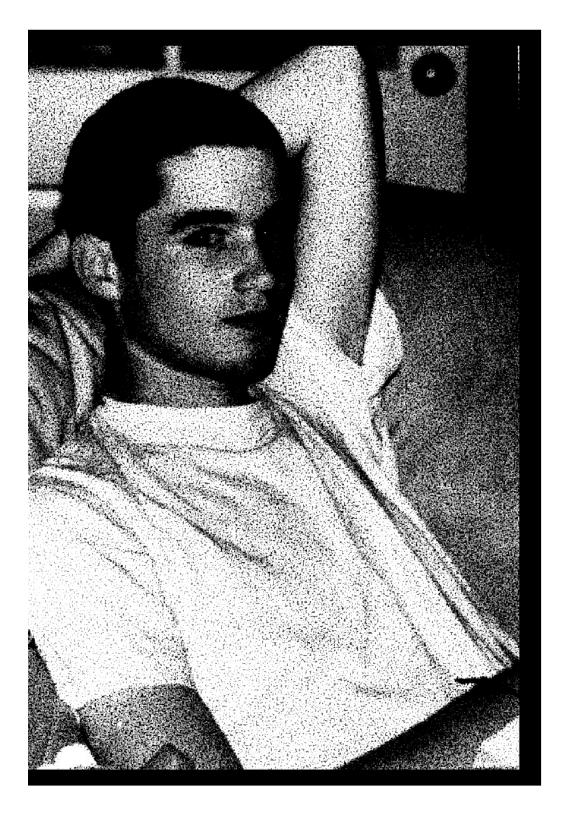
Looking back, I also wonder whether some of the habitués of The Charles Mansion may have been as intimidated of me as I was of them. Maybe the fact that I just kind of lurked on the outskirts of the debauchery gave me a cryptic cachet that I didn't even know I had?

I dunno-maybe not. But I do know this: While we were living in Louisville, my wife somehow crossed paths with the Charles Mansion frequenter that she had recognized from her class at UK. They introduced themselves to each other.

"I was scared to even talk to you before," my wife said to her. "I thought you were so cool!"

"Oh, no!" replied Carley Bryant (who now lives in Spain). "I was afraid to talk to you!"





1985 - Kakie Urch's article on why UK needed WRFL

1987 -- First edition of RiFLe

March 7th, 1988 - First live broadcast

1995 -- Creation of the WRFL Advisory Committee, a year-long task force to ensure the sustainability of the station (included writing a mission statement, proposal for a full-time staff member, and wrote the initial proposal to boost the power)

2007 -- Kakie Urch & John Clark start "Boost the Power Double Hour" radio show to begin fundraising for power increase

2008 -- FreeKY Fest - 20th anniversary and fundraiser to boost our power, it was a huge outdoor concert on top of the Transit Center in the middle of downtown Lexington

2009 -- Power upgrade takes place

2009-2013 -- Annual Boomslang festival (included performances from Faust, Os Mutantes, Death, Wolf Eyes, Swans, Ty Segall, The Jesus & Mary Chain, Jeff Mangum, Blonde Redhead, BODY/HEAD, Youth Lagoon, Tom Tom Club, Kurt Vile, and many, many more!)

Fall 2013 -- Balkan Beat Box @ Cosmic Charlie's

Summer 2015 -- WRFL moves to the basement of Whitehall while the Student Center gets renovated

March 2018 -- 30th Anniversary celebration, had Washed Out play at The Burl

Summer 2018 -- WRFL moves back into the Student Center

AND WHY DOES IT MATTER?

Because we're still here, 35 years later. Playing awesome music, being a safe space for creative minds, and supporting the local arts and music.





SPRING 2023

MIDNIGHT

2 AM

5 AM

7 AM

9 AM

10 AM

NOON

2 PM

4 PM

6 PM

8 PM

10 PM



SUNDAYS

Brain Static

Sleepwalker

Dance Entourage

pardon my emotions

What's This?

Neverland Ballroom

Down the Hatch

Union Break

The World Beat

Generations of Jazz

The Creature

BTU/ the Rapids

MONDAYS

Afterdark Adventure

Frontier Psychiatrist/ Grungenola

end of days radio

Creative Sound

Democracy Now!

Right Place, Wrong Time

Film Club/ Green Talks

Fresh Finds

Asleep at the Wheel

GRIDLOCK

The Pacobilly Hour

Old School Hip-Hop

TUESDAYS

Matt's Metal Mortuary

Working Title/ Go Home.

> Daniel Tyler Show 2

Made-Up Dreams

Democracy Now!

The Gray Area/ The IN

Easy Tiger

Sunflowers & Thunderstorms

Melodic Galaxy

Soundwaves

Mars Voyager

APPLECORE



SHOW SCHEDULE



WEDNESDAYS	THURSDAYS	FRIDAYS	SATURDAYS
scram!	Turtle In a Hat	YOSHI CITY	Vampire Hours
gum/ The Lab	loose change/ Close Knit Misfits	Pure Gonzo/ Dream Catcher	houseplants!
Mountain Momma	Nothing is Wrong	Espresso Machin3	Alphabet Soup
Crane?	Just Like Heaven	Hello!!	A Voyage Through Sound
Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	Folk of the Future
Dave's Deep Dives	Trivial Thursdays	Alternative Midwest Bookclub	Unhinged Reality Show
The Humpday Bump	DISCONANI	LOVE LOVE	Blue Yodel #9
Your Father's Music Program	THE FOOL	Jewelry Garden	Something Completely Different
Campus Voices	Russian Radio	kitty cafe/ Where My Soul Wanders	All Things Heavy!
The Last Resort	The Wired	Phantom Power Double Hour	El Tren Latino

Luke's Listening

Log

The Musical

Box

WRFL LIVE!

Frannie Pack

wrfl.fm/schedule

WRFL

Psychedelicatessen

Serious

Moonlite

The Matterhorn

Mix

Signal Boost



The SCORPION by Annie O'Brien with art by Robby V.

I feel it on my eyelids as I rest my head at night, scratching into my brain. It creeps through the house at a pace so slow that I should assume safety, comfort, serenity. Safety. This is my house, and no big creaks can change that. It's almost as though it's speaking to me, begging for me not to worry, and instead to settle into the comfort of my bed, rest my head on the pillow and let it have its way with me, whatever that might mean. Ignore the slow creaks and you will be safe.

I cannot.

It hurts. It hurts.

I might have time to run. To jump out from my two-story window and splat onto the ground and let myself turn to a mash of blood and bone. I can stuff myself into the back of the closet behind the coats and mothmeal clothing. Then, maybe it will pass me up. Perhaps it will think that I'm not worth its time, show me some mercy, some compassion. Anything to escape it, to feel the safety, comfort, serenity, all of it.

I cannot.

It will find me, and it hurts, oh, it hurts more than one could even begin to imagine, a pain I'd wish upon not even my worst enemy. A pain nearly as excruciating as being forced to listen to its slow gait. Each leg scrapes across the old worn floor like nails on chalkboard. It knows where I am. Its grotesque limbs inch towards me, huge and longing and so, so angry. Big beady eyes rich with anger, more anger than I've ever seen in a creature's black gaze. Every night I hear it, and every night I beg for it to please, please end the pain and suffering. I offer myself and it does not want me. It takes pleasure in putting me through a persistent nightly torture, scraping along and along and along until it finally reaches me, and then I am stuck with it for the remaining hours of the night.

When the morning comes I am left feeling cold and dirty. I can hear the rough scraping moving away, awaiting for me to return to my bed in the night.

It hurts, it hurts, it hurts.

Celebrating WRFL and You Today

Celebrating is a wonderful mindful practice. Celebrating small and large milestones enhances all areas of life you want to grow and flourish. And it keeps you in the present moment.

Celebration boosts your physiology, and you release the feel good endorphins.

Celebration prepares you to be more inspired and more likely to replicate success.

Celebration helps you create more of what you want to achieve.

Celebration strengthens motivation.

Celebration invites friends and loved ones to share in your success.

Plan small celebrations acknowledging your achievements and see how you flourish.

Yay you!!

For more tips on creating your best day with music, mindfulness, and meditation tune in to

Creative Sound

Mondays 7am- 9am.







TEWELRY CARDEN

A Radio Show with Dancer



Friday 2-4pm



PHANTOM POWER DOUBLE HOUR

With your hosts

JOHN CLARK & BILL WIDENER

FRIDAYS 6-8 PM EST On WRFL 881 FM



88.1 FM

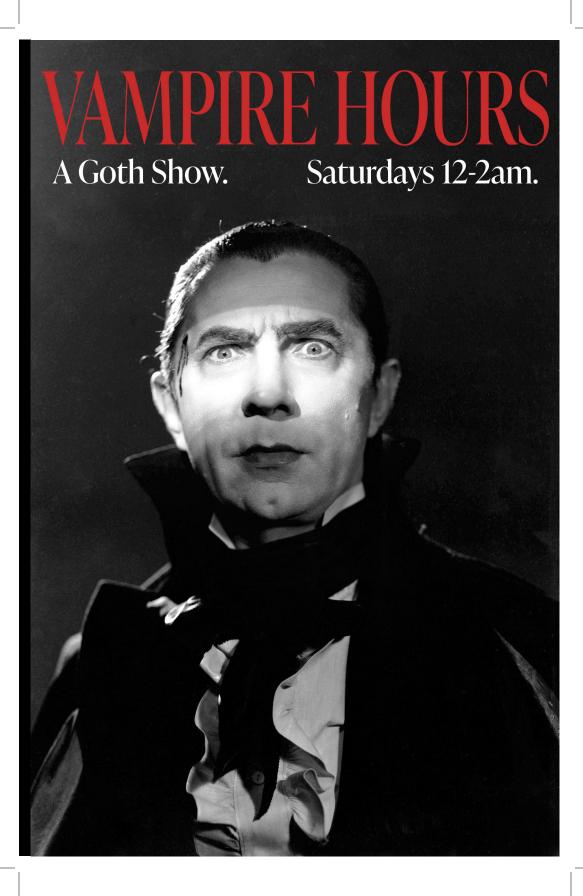


start your weekend with 2 hours of hot new indie pop and electronic music by all women and queer artists

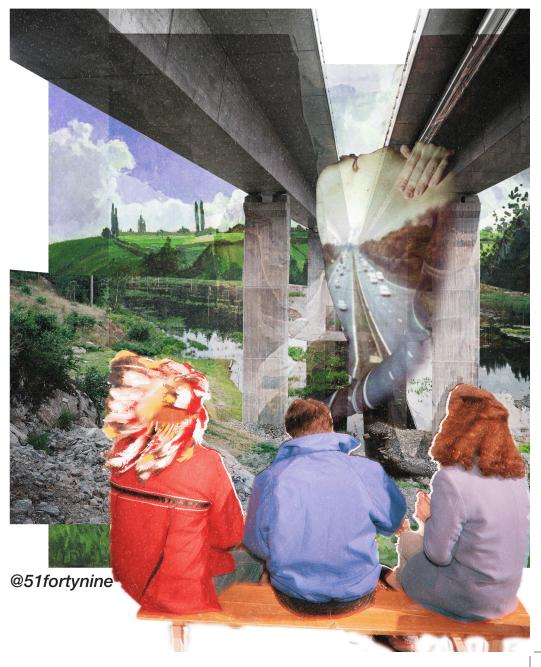
signal boost

with tyler marie friday nights at 10pm only on wrfl

wrfl.fm /sianal



Student Submissions



The following section is dedicated to showcasing artworks submitted to us by UK students, recent alumni, and community members.

Want to see your work here? Submit to the Summer 2023 RiFLe.



"I am Mary Magdalene"
36 x 48 in, oil paint on canvas, inspired by Mary Magdalene in the Cave
by Merle.
-Lindsay Maystead

birds

i've left my body for a willow tree. yes, i wish to droop to the ground like a damsel, want my branches spread like i have something grand to declare. decay so you will protect my roots from all the things that wish to steal nutrition from me, or maybe a set of chimes would suffice. you can throw me in with the wind & i'll just start hollering pretty sounds, my yell will sound like church bells or the sound of cans clanking in pretty syncopation. i wanna mold myself into your laughter, ricochet off the walls & back into your mouth like a boomerang, i want to be the walls. yes, i want to hold you inside of me, keep you warm in the embrace of my chipped mahogany. but we're birds, we fly free & who am i to trap you between my decomposed ribs? i'm scared of them anyway, birds, the weight of them in the sky reminds me of a compact mirror, as it watches me watch myself in the palm of my hand. but you're the sky & i'm a bird flying through you & the weight of you around me keeps me from drowning in the current of the wind & i'm also the wind.



brevedé

when you walk into the coffee shop everyone is barking mad silent about the intrusiveness of your presence setting into their spines, you're an-other brewing heavy on the stoop of their comfortable chaos lounging in empty ceramic smiles, what do you say when their empty glare casts your body in a spotlight of trepidation? but the polite tongue you hold in restrained protest, yes ma'am, thank you ma'am, may this cortado be hot & heavy oat wafting away the uncomfortable otherness creeping up your spine, may you enjoy your delicate drink in peace.

Poetry by Karrington Aliyah



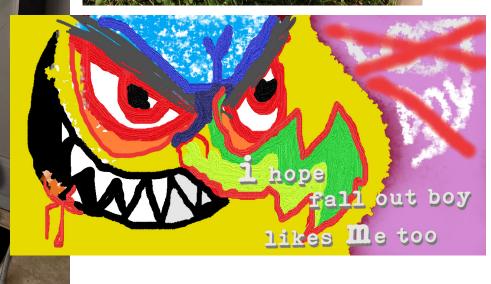
"What is Real?" 36 x 48 in, oil paint on canvas

Lindsay Maystead



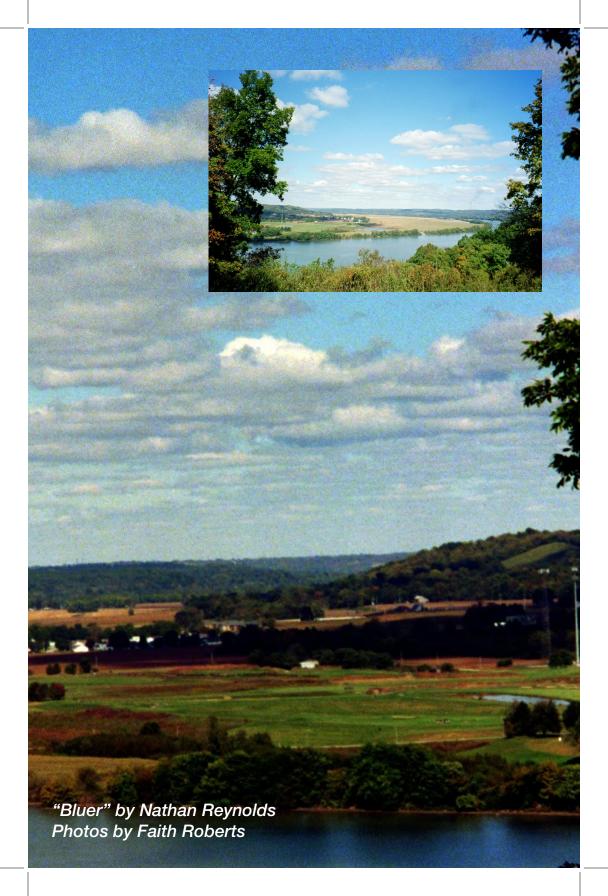


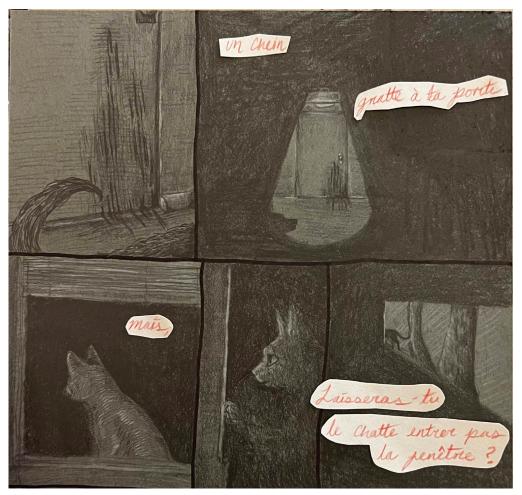




Bluer

if a tree falls in the forestwait nevermind let me rephrase so youre walking in the woods behind the house you grew up in ten years too old and the leaves are everywhere and rich and red and so youre walking, right? in the oak tree on the right hand side of the creek is the bluest bird youve ever seen in your whole entire life i mean this thing is blueberry blue it almost looks like its glowing maybe because of everything else but you believe it (because you let yourself) anyway what are you gonna do? you reach into your pocket for your phone to to do what exactly? call natgeo? tell them youve got the bluest bird youve ever seen in your whole entire life i mean youve googled pictures of the bluest bird youve ever seen and it didnt come half as close to this one youre looking at right now and you go to take a picture but its not doing it justice you just had to be there kinda thing so? so nothing there are other birds in other trees and they are probably bluer

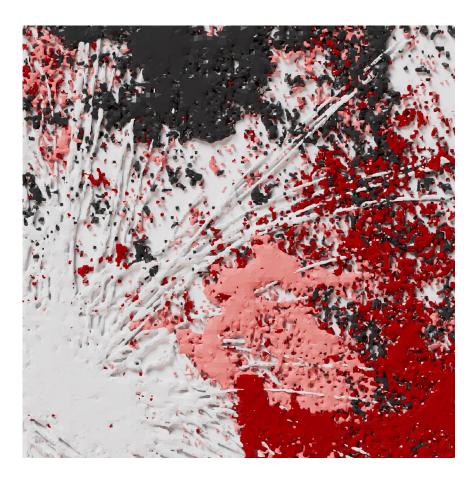




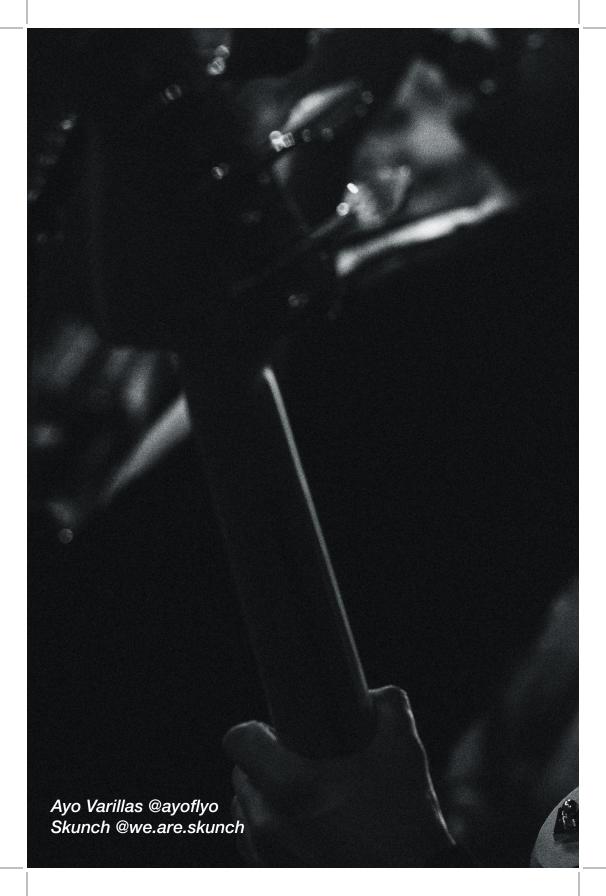
Kati Hall @wrflkittycafe

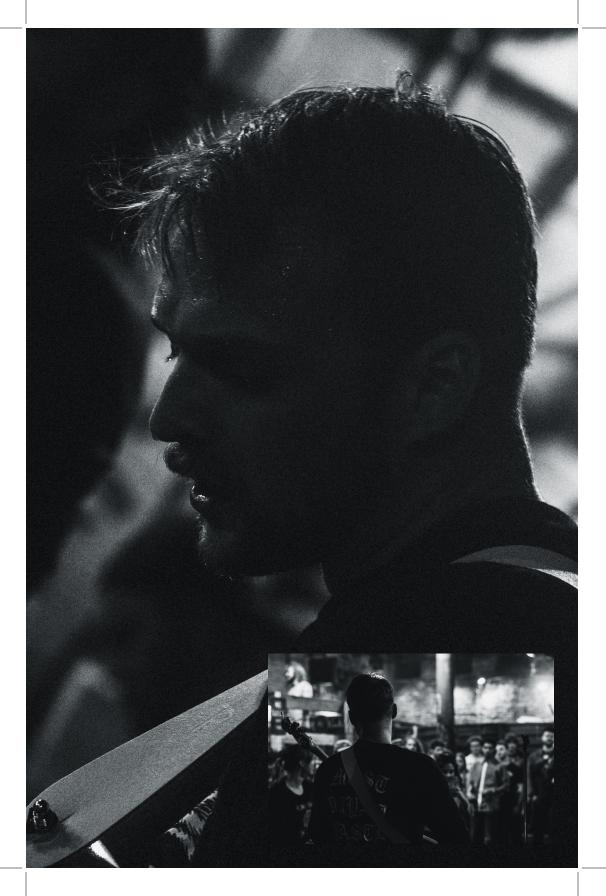


Tice Hannemann









WHAT DOES YOUR HEART DESIRE?

35 mm portrait of Bob Willcutt

I released my first solo album this past fall. It felt more like a diary. Synthesized manifestations of what I wanted, healing from pain, trying to escape the world...but realizing I had just been trying to escape my mind. Nearly all tracks recorded as one takes, being the said diary entries. The album cover is a self portrait I took on polaroid, crouching naked with red silk gloves and mannequin heads surrounding me, manic and home alone. I suppose if you listen, it could be as if you were my older sister snooping through the diary that I forgot to hide under the bed, and it's just sitting out waiting to be read....if you want to take a snoop:

PADLOCK by ANGIE WILLCUTT 2023 will have more to come.....

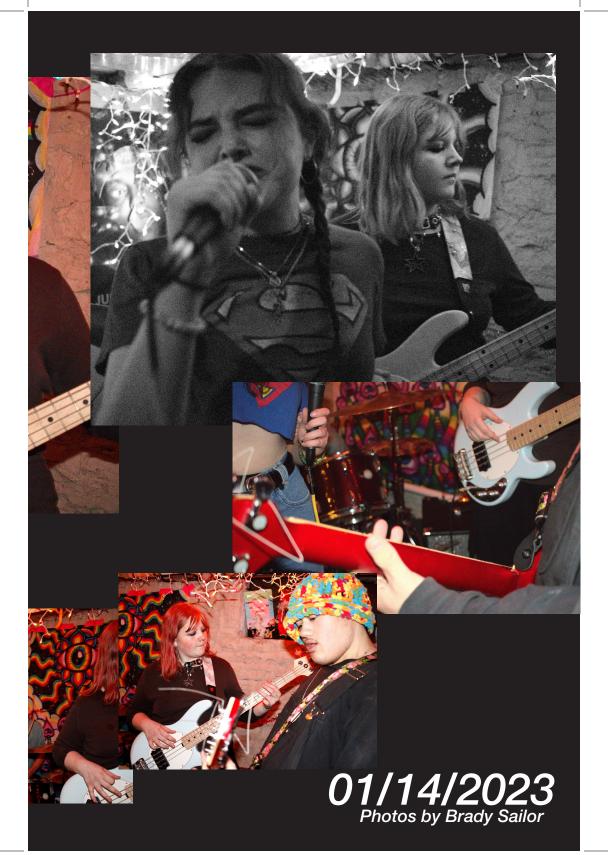
@ ANGIE WILLCUTT



polaroid self portrait

OF DAYS AVONO





The Menzingers and Oso Oso

At first I didn't get why Oso Oso's fourth album "sore thumb" sounded different when it released March 2022. The project of Long Beach guitarist/vocalist Jade Lilitri has so far delivered three albums of polished indie emo. Then I read this was the pre-production version before guitarist, as well as Lilitri's cousin, Tavish Maloney, passed away in March 2021. Something stuck out, hence the title. It became my favorite album of the year.

Last November, The Menzingers had to cancel their show with Touche Amore at Bogart's in Cincinnati due to illness and I was bummed. When they announced a rescheduled date with replacement opener Oso Oso, everything was redeemed. In front of a packed crowd of nearly 1,500, they started with album opener "computer exploder" to a polite reception. The band's laid back energy made for a loose performance as they strummed new songs "father tracy" and "describe you." To my pleasant surprise, their setlist consisted of tunes more chill and less punk rock like "basking in the glow" cuts "dig," "the view" and the titular track. They did end on the upbeat 7" single "gb/ol h/nf" to the loudest pop from the crowd, now hungry for their headliner.

At 9:45, the Philly quartet took the stage to a roar of applause. "On The Impossible Past" was the breakout album that saw the group play more Bruce Springsteen americana-inspired songs instead of straightforward pop-punk, and it connected with audiences so well, they decided to play the record front-to-back for their 10 year anniversary. The audience went absolutely nanners for the first three songs, including a giant sing-a-long during "The Obituaries." It was cool watching guitarists/vocalists Gregor Barnett and Tom May switch off as the frontman for their respective songs. The band efficiently sped through 15 songs in 58 minutes, only talking briefly to reveal Barnett was born in Cincy ("best three years of my life" he joked).

One of the biggest risks of playing an older album all the way through is the potential lull while the crowd waits for the more popular tracks. The band were well aware of this when immediately after "Nice Things," Barnett reassured the crowd "this next song's called 'Casey'" to reinvigorated cheers. following "I Can't Seem To Tell" was tailor-made to get off your feet with the crowd surfing starting back up again. Once they finished playing the album, kicked right into thev crowd-pleaser "I Don't Want To Be An Asshole Anymore." The evening ended with "After The Party" selections "House On Fire" and my personal favorite "Tellin' Lies." The elation of an entire venue belting the chorus "where we gonna go now that our twenties are over!" made that two months between November and now well worth the wait.

Stephen Hicks

1/6/23 at Bogart's Cincinnati, OH

THE SECTION What movie leaves you feeling refres

feeling refreshed? Here's what WRFL staff had to say...

Kati Hall MATILDA (1996)

Dir. Matthew Warchus

"Watching Matilda leaves me feeling like things will be okay. People are all different and it's not a bad thing, just try to be good and do what you think is right. Family can be found and it will be found. Having a kind heart is what really makes you strong in this life and Matilda makes me feel like I'll find a place that I belong. Very refreshing, like taking a walk on a warm day with a big cup of iced pineapple juice."



Jaclyn Okorley

DO REVENGE (2022)

Dir. Jennifer Kaytin Robinson

Lucas Carlos De Lima DESPICABLE ME 2 (2013)

Dir. Chris Renaud + Pierre Coffin

"I like the scene where the minions are at the fake beach after they are kidnapped by El Macho. They look like they're having such a good time, I want to go to there."

Faith Roberts **INLAND EMPIRE (2006)**

Dir. David Lynch

"At the crossroads of cinema and serenity lies Inland Empire"

Jing Zhang MR. CHURCH (2016)

Dir. Bruce Beresford

"A story of trust and love, a lifelong friendship. Whenever you fall, back to me, just as back home. A meal cooked with love worth thousands of words."



Dir. Wim Wenders









Luke Stone

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY (2013)

Dir. Ben Stiller

"For years I was recommended this movie and only recently did I give it a chance, but I'm so happy I did. It's a very simple film, but something about it just sticks with you. I think the best thing I can say is this movie just makes you feel. It makes you feel alive. It makes you feel human. Above all else, this movie makes me feel complacent, and every time I watch it I want to get up and do something with my life. Plus, it's just a super feel good flick. Thanks, Ben!"



Abigail Brannon

MOONRISE KINGDOM (2012)

Dir. Wes Anderson

":3 it's so pretty and I love it so so much"

Rowan Brazel THE GIRL WHO LEAPT THROUGH TIME (2006)

Dir. Mamoru Hosoda

Mary Clark ALICE IN WONDERLAND (1999)

Dir. Nick Willing

"As an Alice in Wonderland enthusiast, I must admit that this is my favorite (made-for-TV) film adaptation of the whimsical story. Tina Majorino stars as Alice and she portrays the perfect mix of stubbornness, childlike wonder, and curiosity. To add to the charm, this adaptation also includes an incredible roster of performers in other beloved roles, including Martin Short (Mad Hatter), Miranda Richardson (Queen of Hearts), Gene Wilder (Mock Turtle), Ben Kingsley (Major Caterpillar), Christopher Lloyd (White Knight), and Robbie Coltrane (Tweedledum). While it does stray away from the source material a bit, it still evokes the same tone of magic, delight, and absolute absurdity. Curiouser and curiouser..."

A secret recommendation for you, eagle eyed reader! Robby V. recommends: *The Venture Brothers*. "My favorite show of all time, a go-to whenever I need a refresh." If you like the look of this page follow **@HeavyOnYourHead** on IG + Twt for more cool art + design: ")

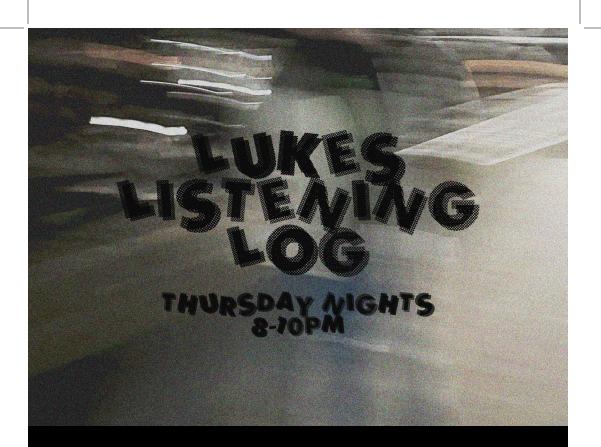




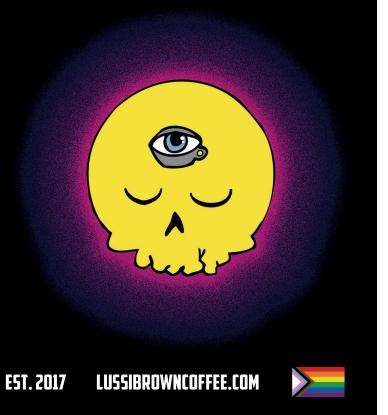








ESFFEE BAR NMOYB ISSNI



Song recommendations based on your zodiac*

ARIES "Bone Blossom Green" by The Mary Veils

VIRGO "Breaking Bright" by The Renaus

SCORPIO "Tell Me" by Dreaded Laramie

PISCES "Good Times are Hard to Fake" by Tiny Tiny

SAGITIARIUS "Winter Rose" by Marco Benvento

LEO "Kissing Lessons" by Lucy Dacus

CANCER "Your Sweet Love" by frigidkitty

TAURUS "See the Fight" by The Worn Jets

CAPRICORN "Shotgun" by Soccer Mommy

AQUARIUS "Edging" by Venice Under Water

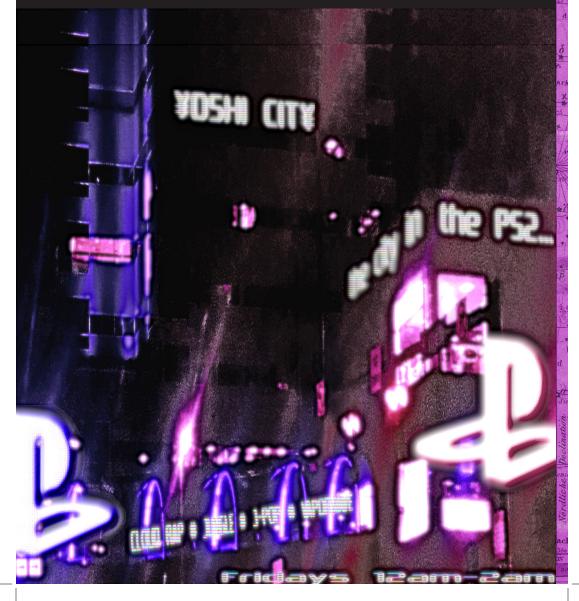
GEMINT "Just Another" by Virgil Lewis

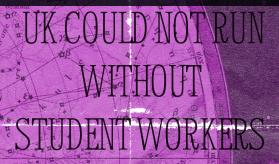
LIBRA "Interstate Loops" by Lylak

*All songs in this list were compiled from the top played songs at WRFL in 2022

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As Undergraduate Workers, we demand that UK:

- 1. Establish a \$15/hr minimum wage for ALL student workers, no exceptions
- 2. Provide a fair legal pathway for student workers to address workplace grievances
- 3. Give student workers access to paid sick leave

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Student SIIX Worker Advocacy

