

RiFLe

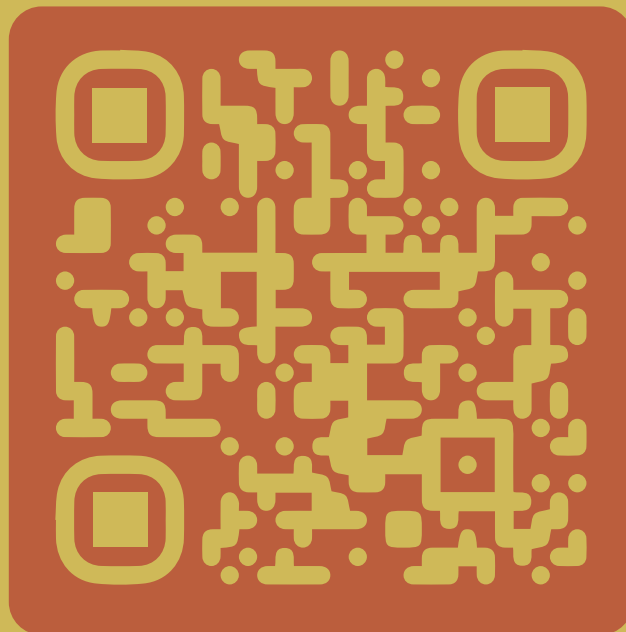
SPRING 2024 •
WRFL 88.1 FM





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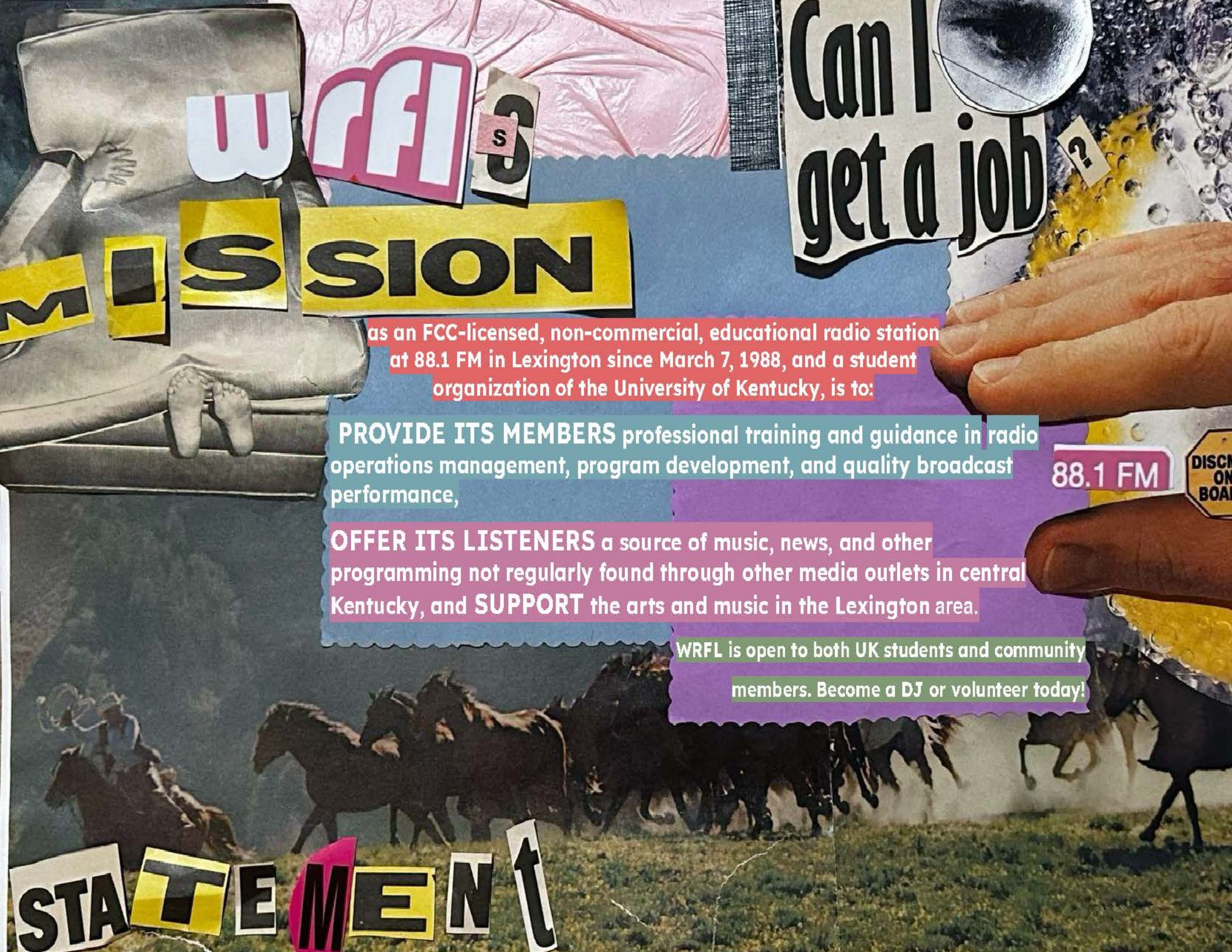
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WRFL

Can I get a job?

MISSION

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** the arts and music in the Lexington area.

WRFL is open to both UK students and community members. Become a DJ or volunteer today!

88.1 FM

DISC ON BOA

STATEMENT

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Re: General Manager



Hello for the final time RFLiens,

As my time here as GM ends, I thought that I'd have some profound words for some final letter. Some kind of deep lesson I've learned from my time here at WRFL. While I have learned a lot, it's rather hard to translate all of that into a one page letter, but I'll certainly try my hardest.

One of the biggest things I've learned a out in my time here is myself. I've learned a lot about myself not only as a manager, but as a person. My time here at WRFL has helped me grow into a completely different person, as it's done for plenty of others before me, and I couldn't be more thankful for it.

That's the biggest thing I've realized, is just how grateful I am. Grateful to WRFL for the space and opportunities it's given me. Grateful to all of the Directors I've gotten the chance to work with over the years. Grateful to all of the General Staff and underwriters who have kept WRFL running over the years. And finally, grateful to all of you listeners and readers who took the time to pick up this zine and read this letter. I hope you all enjoy it, and if you are becoming, or already are a part of WRFL, I hope you all appreciate it, it's a special place, and I'll always remember it.

See y'all around,
Brandon Bost
Outgoing GM

And hello for **MY** final time, too!

Well, here it is: my second and very last RiFLe. There's a load of awesome submissions from students and community members in this one. As always, I thank you all for making up the bulk of this zine o' ours! It could never be this without you.

I want to thank WRFL, and all the wonderful people that are a part of the station, for supporting me during my time as Design Director. I've been so inspired by all of you, and it's been one of the best opportunities of my life to be able to make all those silly posters, stickers and zines for you. When I first started here at the station, I wondered how I was going to possibly fill the shoes of the incredible Design Directors that came before me. But it's been the most creatively fulfilling thing I have ever done, and I could only be so lucky to be able to make work like this in the future.

Funny enough, I only started doing my show, loose change, a year ago; and became Design Director in Fall of 2023. Even though I wish I had joined WRFL sooner, I look forward to continuing my involvement with this community post-graduation. There will never be a group of people as cool, supportive, and passionate as the RFLiens. Long live alternative radio.

Love you RFLiens,
Greer Givens



Re: Design Director

meet the **Board of Directors**



We ask the board:

- 1. Name**
- 2. Position**
- 3. Hometown**
- 4. If their favorite artist was an animal, what would they be?**



- 1. Brandon Bost**
- 2. General Manager**
- 3. Elizabethtown, KY**
- 4. Say Anything - A sun bear**

- 1. Luke Stone**
- 2. Operations Director**
- 3. Lexington, KY**
- 4. C418 - A siamese cat, but they're wearing headphones**



- 1. Aidan Greenwell**
- 2. Programming Director**
- 3. Newport, KY**
- 4. Men I Trust - A jellyfish, all floaty and stuff**

- 1. Valerie Wright**
- 2. Community Engagement Director**
- 3. Shelby County, KY**
- 4. Laufey - A rabbit**



- 1. Greer Givens**
- 2. Design Director**
- 3. Hopkinsville, KY**
- 4. Mr. Bungle - A rabid, slobbering dog**

- 1. Ethan Angelos**
- 2. Events Director**
- 3. Schaumburg, IL**
- 4. Logic - A goat**





1. **Jaclyn Okorley**
2. **Library Director**
3. **Lexington, KY**
4. **Mazzy Star - A dove <3**



1. **Edward Smith**
2. **News Director**
3. **Louisville, KY**
4. **Tom Petty - A camel**

1. **Will Majors**
2. **Local Music Director**
3. **Lexington, KY**
4. **Red Hot Chili Peppers - A horse with four odd looking legs coming together to make something beautiful (sometimes)**



1. **Sam Wallace-Smith**
2. **Production Director I**
3. **Lexington, KY**
4. **The Lemon Twigs - A couple of cocker spaniels**

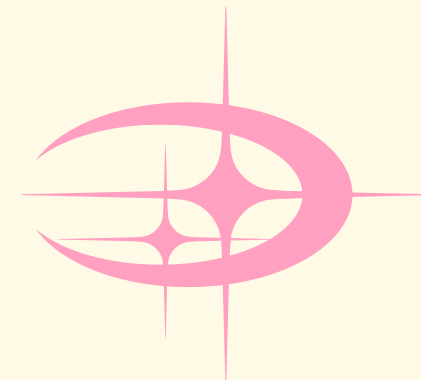


1. **Andrew Mortimer**
2. **Membership Director**
3. **Saylorsville, KY**
4. **Tyler the Creator - A platypus**



1. **Abigail Brannon**
2. **Production Director II**
3. **Atlanta, GA**
4. **Rufus Wainwright - A gay lion**

1. **Rebekah New**
2. **Music Director**
3. **Beckley, WV**
4. **John Denver- A deer or some sort of hawk**

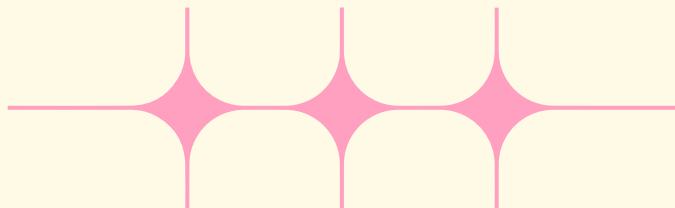




- 1. **Mary Clark**
- 2. **Station Advisor**
- 3. **Lexington, KY**
- 4. **Porcupine Tree- A porcupine, duh**



- 1. **Nicole Greene**
- 2. **Coordinator**
- 3. **Lexington, KY**
- 4. **Victoria Monet - A jaguar**



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Spring 2024 Programming Schedule

	sunday	monday	tuesday
12 am	The Onion Router	Go Home / Backporch & Beyond	Matt's Metal Mortuary
2 am	Zoo Station / The Record Plug	Live on Hare	The Shuffle Arc
5 am	Door Slam / Talleyrand	Egg Carton / For the LEFT of us	Broadway Buzz
7 am	Fun Times / Kentucky Soundscape	silly rabbit	The Brain Scratch / Good Grief
9 am	 Neverland Ballroom	Democracy Now!	Democracy Now! 
10 am		Semilla Sagrada Radio	The Rapids
11 am			The Gray Area
12 pm	Down the Hatch	Working Title	Easy Tiger
2 pm	Union Break	Fresh Finds	Radio Free Eskippakithiki
4 pm	The World Beat	Asleep at the Wheel	Sunflowers & Thunderstorms
6 pm	Generations of Jazz	GRIDLOCK	DJs and Dragons
8 pm	Next Level Radio	The Pacobilly Hour	soundwaves / chick chat
10 pm	The Lab	Old School Hip-Hop	Mars Voyager / BTU

wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
Daniel Tyler Show 2	Turtle in a Hat	loose change / Lipstick is Optional	Vampire Hours
TiMORiS	fingerprints / Radio Rebel	On the "Aar"	The Cool Pool / Senioritis
Monza Towne Coupe	BUGSNOT	Frank and Friends	Into the Void
The B-Sides	For Your Listening Pleasure	Hello!!	Crane? / Easily Suggestible
Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	Democracy Now!	 Unhinged Reality Show
Dave's Deep Dives	Trivial Thursdays	A Voyage Through Sound	
The Humpday Bump!	Lukie Goes Green	Love Love Love	
Your Father's Music Program	The Locust Hour	Velvet Revolution	Something Completely Different
Campus Voices	Russian Radio	Jammin' Bread / Indoor Forecast	All Things Heavy!
The Last Resort	The Matterhorn Mix	Phantom Power Double Hour	El Tren Latino
WRFL Live	Frannie Pack / scam!	Giddy Up	Psychedelicatessen
houseplants!	The Musical Box	Signal Boost	Serious Moonlite 



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<p>APR 19</p> <p>THE HOLY MOUNTAIN</p>	<p>MAY 17</p> <p>DAISIES</p>	<p>Charm City Productions Presents JOHN WATERS'</p> <p><i>Desperate Living</i></p> <p>It isn't very pretty....</p>
<p>JUL 19</p> <p>DAVID BOWIE</p> <p>THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH</p>	<p>AUG 23</p> <p>Silence isn't golden... it's blood red.</p> <p>MS.45</p>	<p>SEP 20</p> <p>"SHATTERINGLY RELEVANT"... & EXPRESS "IRASCIBLE, SHOCKING, BRILLIANT"... & E.G. "TRULY FUNNY, ENJOYABLE AND FANTASTIC"... <small>INTERNAT. TIMES</small></p> <p>week end.</p> <p>FEATURING: MIREILLE DARQ JEAN YANNE</p> <p>JEAN-LUC GODARD'S</p> <p>ABSOLUTELY UNCLUT!</p> <p>At last it can be seen by the public</p>
<p>OCT 18</p> <p>THE BOXERS OMEN</p>	<p>NOV 22</p> <p>eXistenZ</p>	<p>DEC 20</p> <p>PHANTOM OF THE Paradise</p>
<p>JAN 17</p> <p>THE Warriors</p> <p>THESE ARE THE ARMIES OF THE NIGHT.</p>	<p>FEB 14</p> <p>Beyond the Valley of the Dolls</p> <p>A Russ Meyer Production</p>	<p>MAR 21</p> <p>SPRING BREAKERS</p>

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Calm qualified werewolves.
Clam qualified werewolves.
Radio claw swim level queef.
Leafworm weaved ice quills.
Airwave quell disco elf mew.
Saw queer owl film lace dive.
Cleaves quailed filmer wow.
Quail fire came weld vowels.
We love u WRFL.

- sQecial media*

Wildfowl ease camel quiver.
Wallflower maquis deceive.
Coequal farewell midwives.
We caved mellow qualifiers.
Lowlifer waved mice squeal.
Sew a medic fever a low quill.
We ale squirm low devil face.
Qualm fail iced werewolves.
Equivocal feller swam wide.
Clique radio fem wave swell.
Llama wolf we receive squid.

*Almost as much as we love anagrams!



**Street
Scene**

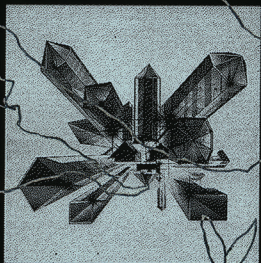
vintage ✿ modern ✿ gifts

2575 Regency Road
Lexington, Kentucky 40503
@streetscenevintage

SEMILLA SAGRADA

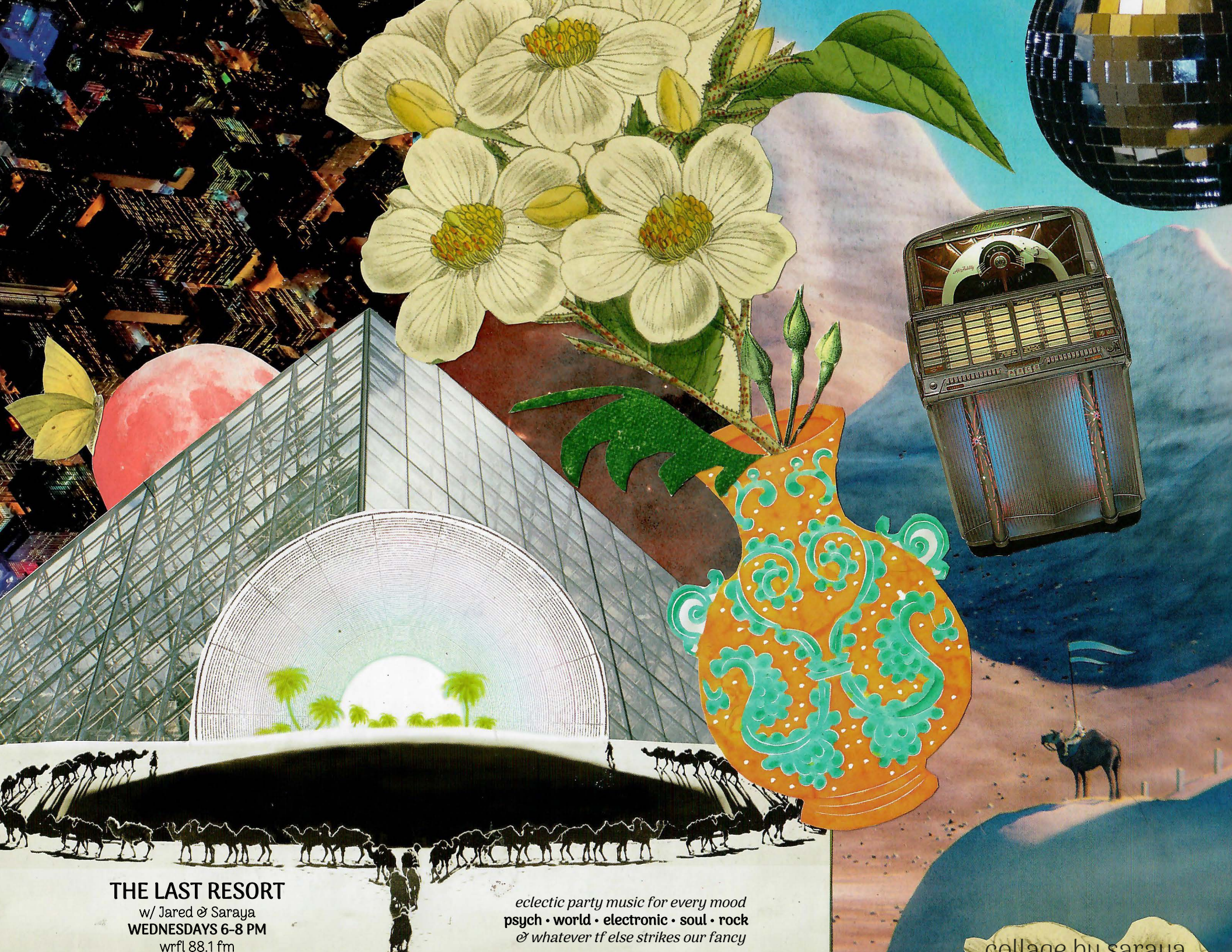
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cass and damia,
featuring a weekly
astrological
conversation with
orion starworks



mondays
from
10a-12p





THE LAST RESORT

w/ Jared & Saraya
WEDNESDAYS 6-8 PM
wrlf 88.1 fm

*eclectic party music for every mood
psych • world • electronic • soul • rock
& whatever tf else strikes our fancy*

collage by saraya

SOMETHING
COMPLETELY
DIFFERENT

SATURDAYS 2-4 PM
with Stephen Hicks

88.1 FM
wrfi



signal boost

with tyler marie

fridays 10pm to midnight

art by PONIN
ARTHAS



visual art submissions

art by Madie McMillian

Lucas Lima

@51fortynine

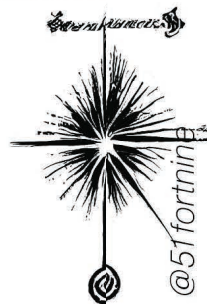


To exist in the face of

And somehow



*suffering
death* and



*still. keep.
singing.*



**DRY YOUR
EYES START
BELIEVING**



**THERE'S ONE
THING THEY'LL
NEVER TAKE
FROM YOU**



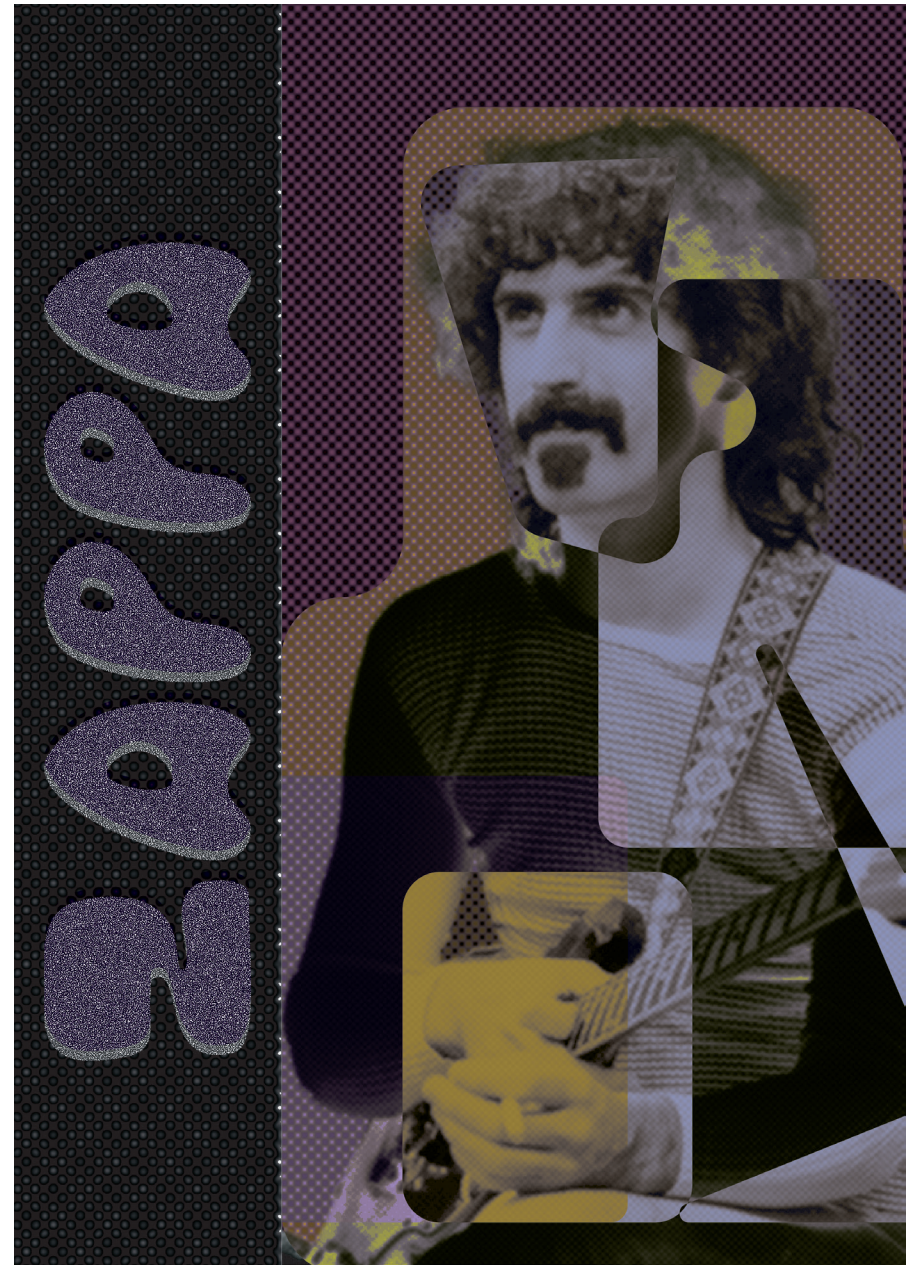
549

Christy Brown

@cscottb0423



Twisted Personalities



Zappa



Night Shards

Brian Connors Manke

@bcmanke



*Jeff Parker and the New Breed
photographed by Manke*



*Robert Beatty
photographed by Manke*



Donna Jo Thorndale and Kacie Urch on the WRFL Alumni Show photographed by Manke

Madie McMillian

@madiepadiee





PPD
CAUTION

Rebecca West



Journey 1
pen and marker



Journey 3
pen and marker



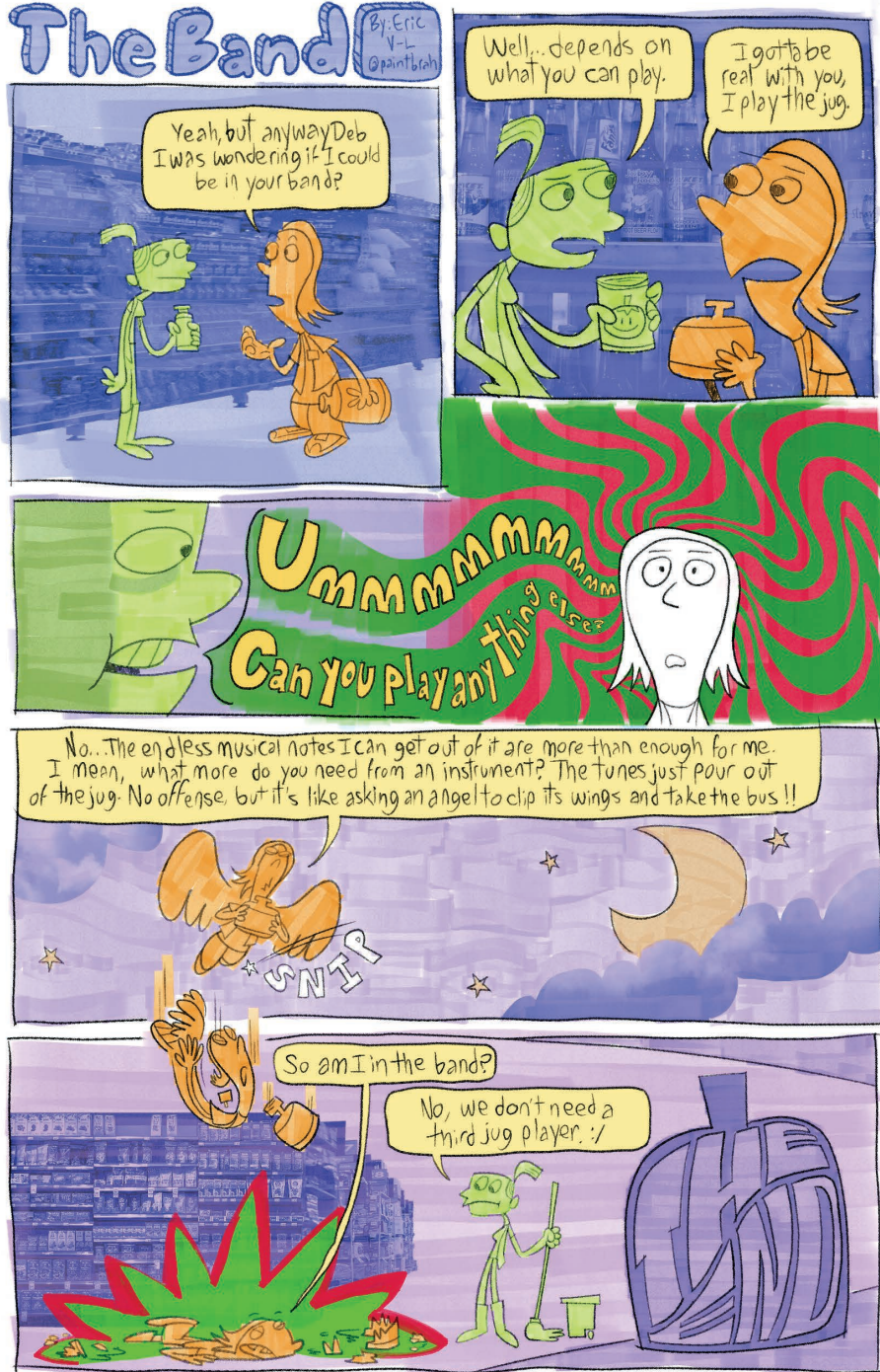
Journey 2
pen and marker

Ana Suarez



Eric Varillas-Llewellyn

@paintbrah



Karl Thomas

@bugwtr



Brandon Costello

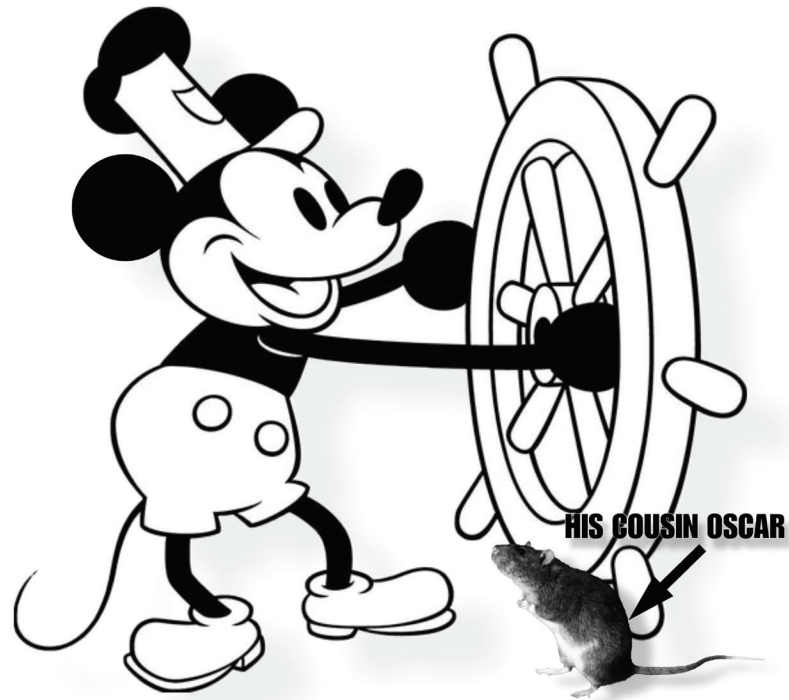
@therealbrandoncostello



Sarahy Lopez-Quintana



C.J. Jones



THE MOUSE IS PUBLIC DOMAIN

Cole Ledweg

@coco_is_goin_loco





Sands of Time
Cole Ledweg

SANDS OF TIME

Greer Givens

@greerdraws





writing
Submissions

art by Brian Connors Manke

The Kentucky Theater

A Review and Ode

by Audrey Suit

Love movies outside of the blockbuster bubble? Wish you could watch alternative, indie, and foreign films on the big screen? Looking for something new to do on an off night? If this is you, I humbly implore you to visit The Kentucky Theatre. On top of their reasonably priced tickets, they offer a student discount, ensuring you can enjoy the cinema without hurting your wallet. The walking distance from campus makes it even more convenient and accessible for you as a student.

The building itself is beautiful and historic, having first opened in 1922. The brightly lit marquee welcomes you into a glamorous, mirrored foyer. Just beyond, you're drawn in by the smell of popcorn to a concession stand offering classic snacks, local drinks, and sweet treats. The main theatre is grand and ornate with gold accents, a domed ceiling, and lush red curtains. They have certainly earned the right to call themselves a theatre. If

You're met with a dreamy scene in the secondary theatre, with flickering lights in windows and cloud cut-outs hung from the sky-painted ceiling.

You feel a little transported in time, back to an era when going to see a movie was a big deal, even more so when you're watching an old release in one of their events that highlight throw-back movies, like their Summer Classics and Freaky Fridays. I've loved seeing movies like *The Godfather*, *Goldfinger*, and *Star Wars* in the warmer months. Leave it to them to have an organist play live before the lights dim. *Freaky Fridays* is a current, longer-running film series where cult films are shown once a month, keeping the joy of watching classics alive all year long.

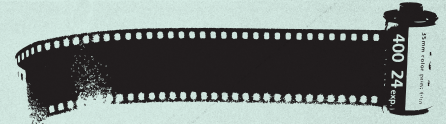
If you don't want to wait for the next feature, perhaps the most exciting way to experience the theatre is their monthly hosting of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. If

you're not familiar (though if you're here, you probably are) *Rocky* is a dynamic combination of showing of the original movie and live performance, aka shadowcasts. While the film plays on the screen, performers sing, dance, and act alongside the characters on stage. As an audience member, it is encouraged to participate in crowd "ad libs" and coordinated prop throwing. Movie-goers are encouraged to dress up, but for many people, dressing the part isn't about putting together a costume. It means pulling out their tightest, blackest, and/or most revealing clothes they don't get enough chance to wear. It's hard to describe the thrill of arriving at the midnight showings, knowing you're safe to wear whatever you want and be as loud as you care.

For me and my sister, fellow TKT enthusiast Heyna, *Rocky* isn't the only excuse to dress to theme. Those mirrors in the entrance have seen us decked out in pink garb for *Barbie*, green outfitted and eyeshadowed for *Shrek*, plaid and 90s for *Clueless*, and slicked-back and dazzling for *Elvis*. We've never been met with a funny look or rude comment, just smiles, compliments, and

agreeing looks from others dressed up. It truly makes me feel like we're kids again, except the crazy outfits we put together actually make it out of the house.

The Kentucky Theatre's emphasis on a fun experience and commitment to keeping cinema alive guarantee a good time for every guest. I love going on a whim, usually with Heyna, who I haven't turned down once. However, convincing and dragging along a friend who has never been is always a pleasure. So what I'm saying is, the next time you see an ad or preview for a movie coming out that you want to see, go and check if the Kentucky Theatre is showing it. Or, the next time you have an empty evening, take a walk and see what's playing.



Tyler Childer's NYE Concert Review



by Zach Seybold

In August of 2023, tickets went on sale for one of the most anticipated concerts in Lexington history. Tyler Childers would play two shows to end the year, one on December 30th and one on the 31st at Rupp Arena. Being the massive Tyler Childers fan that I am, I quickly signed up for the presale code, and patiently I waited, hoping to be one of the lucky fans chosen to purchase tickets. In a crushing blow, I was waitlisted, and there were no general sale tickets for the shows, as the presale had been in such high demand that Rupp Arena was completely sold out for both nights. Defeated, I held out hope that maybe I could score a ticket on the ticket exchange, set up to prevent scalping. After weeks of refreshing the Ticketmaster website to no avail, I finally found a ticket within my price range, and aptly pulled the trigger. Mission successful, I was going to see Tyler Childers on New Year's Eve.

To say that I was excited to

spend my New Year's at Rupp Arena with Tyler Childers is an understatement. Listeners of my show "Giddy Up" know that I was beyond giddy to be seeing one of my favorite artists for the first time, and when the 31st came around, I was overjoyed.

Before the show I met up with some friends that were also going to see Tyler Childers, and we began discussing what songs we wanted to hear, what song he would play at midnight, etc. They both agreed that his cover of S.G. Goodman's "Space and Time" was the song they wanted to hear the most, but I opted for a deeper cut. The song I was most dying to hear is an unreleased song, which can only be found from a recorded radio performance on YouTube, "Her and the Banks." I knew the chances of him playing this song were low, but a man could dream.

The 31st rolled around, and Tyler Childers and the Food Stamps

took the stage at 10:15 PM, and after bellowing an inviting "What do ya say?", the band kicked into the first song of the night, one that I didn't immediately recognize. Then Childers sang out "Hair like the sun, and eyes just as green..." and I immediately had to sit back down and process what was happening. I was hearing "Her and the Banks," live in the flesh, with full instrumentation. By the second verse I was back on my feet, and even though I was in the upper arena, I swear that Tyler Childers was singing straight to me (I'm convinced we made eye contact). With my night having been made with the first song, the band followed it up with a thundering rendition of "Whitehouse Road," and not a single person in the arena was sitting down. After those two songs, Tyler Childers set the mood for the majority of the night with his rendition of "Old Country Church," and as the band played out, I reminisced on the Sundays I spent with my grandparents as a kid, going to their old country church.

It's no secret that Tyler Childers has given up on his days of heavy drugs and alcohol, and he made an effort to talk about his sobriety throughout the night.

This didn't stop him, however, from bringing the energy on "I Swear (to God)," one of my favorite songs to play on nights that go "sideways" for lack of a better term. Shortly thereafter, the band broke into their first instrumental track of the night, "Cluck Ol Hen," featuring Childers on the fiddle. To me, however, the real star of the track was Jimmy Rowland, the band's new keyboard player, who was playing his second ever show as part of the Food Stamps.

Of course, no Tyler Childers show would be complete without a few love songs, and he and the band certainly delivered. They played "All Your'n," "In Your Love," "Space and Time," and Childers played "Lady May" as part of his acoustic set. Across the board, the emotion that Tyler Childers put into these songs was unlike anything I had ever seen. You could tell that he was holding on to every word he sang, and it was as if there was no crowd in front of him, just his wife, Senora May.

As the night continued, the clock grew closer and closer to midnight. Childers and the band saved their high energy songs for that three-song run leading up to

the new year, starting with a sped up rendition of "Way of the Triune God." From here they busted into a funky, barn-burning iteration of Kenny Rogers' "Tulsa Turnaround." From here, they broke into an extended version of the song that would bring the city of Lexington into the new year, "House Fire." As the time grew nearer and nearer, a countdown appeared on the screen behind the band, and a man dressed as a human disco ball took to the stage and began to dance around, until the time for him to heartily scream "Happy New Year" fell upon us. I still have no idea who that guy was, and he was never acknowledged by the band, but Rupp Arena loved his energy.

After some serious smooching with his wife, Tyler Childers announced that they still had a few songs left to play, and the band started up "Universal Sound," one of the most delicate songs in their discography. I was completely blown away by the band's dynamic control, going from whisper-quiet, to arena-filling sound. I found myself closing my eyes and just letting the music take the wheel.

From here, it was time for the

final song of the night, which was probably the song that spoke to me the most, "Heart You've Been Tending." Childers held nothing back, and the insane guitar solo from James Barker was the perfect song to end the show with. Tyler Childers took one final bow and off the stage he went, with the Food Stamps following close behind him. Shockingly, people in my section were somehow unfulfilled because he didn't come back out for an encore, and that he didn't play "Feathered Indians", but if you asked this DJ, I'd say that over two hours of nonstop dopamine was more than enough, and "Feathered Indians" is overrated anyway. This show was life-changing for me, and if you ever get the chance to see Tyler Childers live in concert, I can't recommend it enough.



ECCOJAMS:

The Birth of a Genre, a Review

by C.J. Jones

"What's your favorite kind of music?" is a question I get a lot when I tell someone that music is a major interest of mine. My immediate response to that will depend on how much talking I feel like doing. If I am not in the mood to ramble on like a madman, I will answer with something quick, general, and easy. "Oh, you know, electronic type stuff. Stuff like that." I'll reply. But if I feel like info dumping? You had best believe that I'm answering "vaporwave." "Oh, what is vaporwave?" they may ask (and perhaps you too, are wondering this). Vaporwave is an internet-based musical genre that is typically made up entirely of slowed down, chopped and screwed, glitchy, and pitched down samples of music from the 70s, 80s, and 90s. When these samples are chopped and rearranged, an entirely new track can be made from the remnants of the original. I like to think of it as musical reincarnation. Old songs getting a fresh breath of air, a second

wind in a new and digitized format. Now don't be fooled into thinking that this simple formula is all vaporwave has to offer. What was once a niche subgenre of plunderphonics has evolved and branched out into several new, even smaller subgenres of itself, such as slushwave, dreampunk, mallsoft, barber beats, future funk, and broken transmission. But the genesis of the original, classic style came with the release of 2010's Chuck Person's EccoJams, Volume 1.

This album by experimental electronic musician Daniel Lopatin (more famously known as Oneohtrix Point Never) was originally nothing more than a fun little side project that Lopatin could work on while bored out of his mind at his office job due to its simplicity and its lack of a requirement for any real technical hardware to produce it. But Lopatin had no idea how influential the sound of this project would truly be. This album has a pretty consistent style of taking

songs from either the 70s or 80s, pitching the whole thing down, then taking very small snippets of the track to loop over and over again, creating a repetitive, hypnotic soundscape purely comprised of glitchy, haunted sounding samples. The upbeat pop tunes of artists like Toto, Michael Jackson, Tears for Fears, Kate Bush, Fleetwood Mac, Marvin Gaye, and many more are distorted and molded into pure sound collage, repeating themselves over and over again, creating an effect that resembles what would happen if the listener were to listen to these original tracks in a cave of some sort, hence the title (EccoJams meaning jams comprised of echoes). The album almost sounds like some hazy dream built off fading yet shining childhood recollections of carefree summer days. Various songs from this project made their rounds around the internet from 2008 – 2009, appearing as music videos on Lopatin’s obscure “sunsetcorp” YouTube channel or finding their way onto other Lopatin projects under the more official OPN name, but they were all collected onto the mysterious and once exclusive to cassette project that we know as EccoJams.

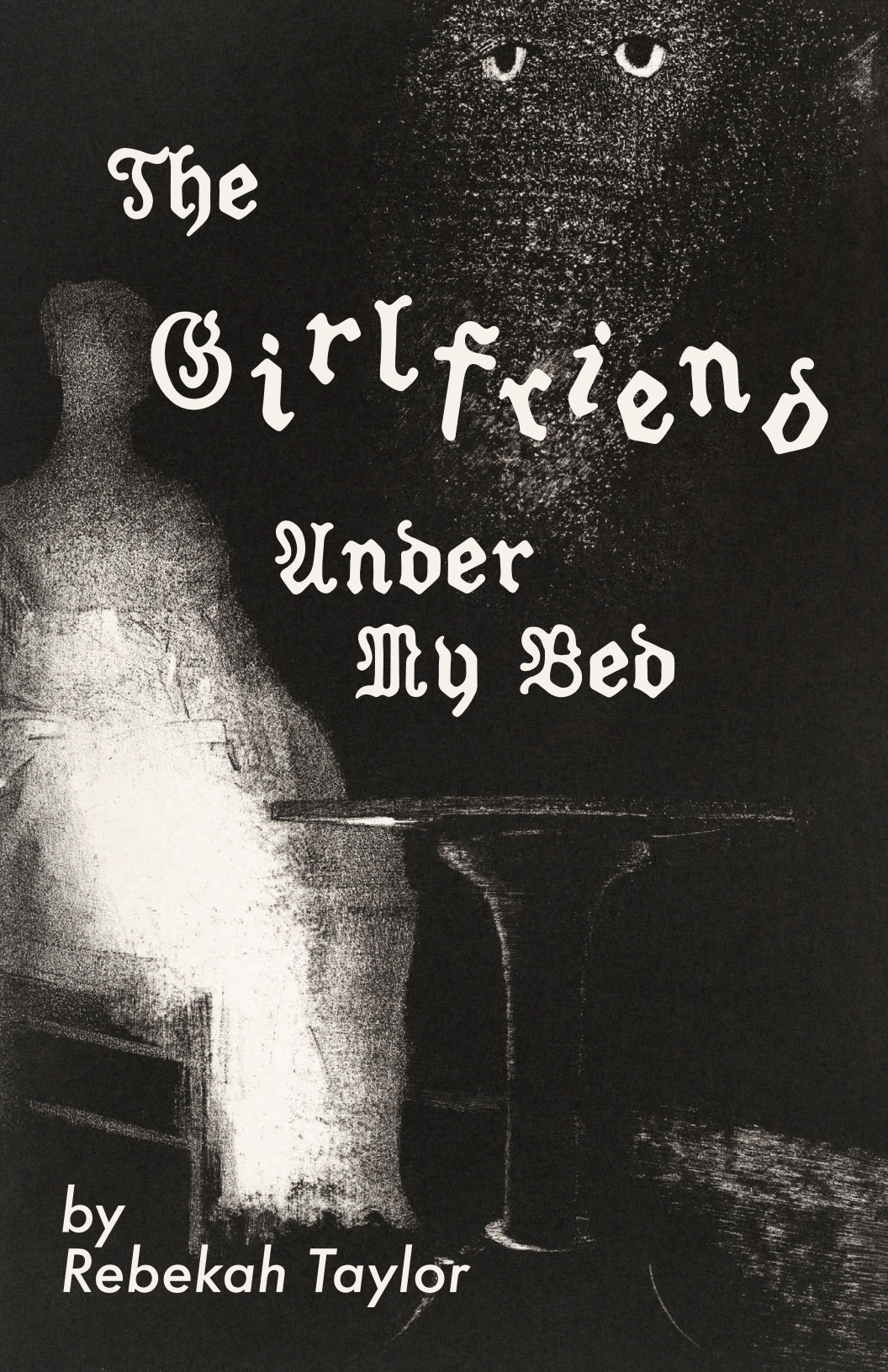
While the project did not achieve immediate critical or commercial success, it went on to be the biggest influence in the subculture and genre that vaporwave has evolved into today. Artists like Macintosh Plus, Luxury Elite, and Christ+++ were incredibly inspired by EccoJams, while artists like t e l e p a t h テレパシ一能力者, and George Clanton took Lopatin’s initial foundation and used it to further the genre in their own unique directions. The distorted and psychedelic way that Lopatin “revived” these old songs (and their associated memories, as it can be assumed based off his age that these are the songs he grew up with) has massively influenced the vaporwave movement’s historic fixation on nostalgia for a distant, almost fictionally utopian past, a world where the internet had yet to consume everything. The DJ Screw-inspired style of chopping and screwing these old songs has also influenced the technique-side of actually producing vaporwave music: slushwave artists pitch down their samples to such an extent and add so many phaser and flanger effects to where the track sounds practically submerged underwater, while mallsoft artists add so much reverb and delay to their samples

to where their tracks sound like one is hearing them over the speaker system in some sort of massive abandoned mall (hence the genre name).

Nowadays, EccoJams, while having received a lot more critical attention than it had at release (years after its release it received many accolades by music websites and journals like TheNeedleDrop, Tiny Mix Tapes, and Stereogum) still manages to remain a footnote in the near-legendary career of Lopatin, who has achieved superstar-status in the electronic community. He produced the soundtracks for the films Good Time and Uncut Gems, as well as working with famed Canadian popstar The Weeknd (Lopatin is credited as a producer and writer for The Weeknd’s previous two studio albums, Dawn FM and After Hours, as well as being the executive producer and director for his 2020 Super Bowl Halftime Performance). He has also worked with other notable artists like Charli XCX, FKA Twigs, MGMT, Soccer Mommy, and Arca. With such standout career highlights and iconic collaborations like this, it would be

easy for things like EccoJams to get forgotten. But I’m glad it hasn’t. Vaporwave fans of all ages will always remember this album and its importance for music as a whole. Especially me. It’s one of my favorite albums ever made, and you will be hearing it quite frequently if you’re ever to tune into my show on WRFL...





The Girlfriends Under My Bed

by
Rebekah Taylor

Scrolling through my phone for hours before bed doesn't help me sleep. But I mean, if I can't sleep anyway, I may as well keep myself entertained. That, in turn, delays the melatonin or whatever from releasing in my brain. In general, I have a hard time falling asleep. That, and I'm scared to be unconscious because I'm almost definitely sure my house is haunted.

The lights flickering, doors closing on their own, appliances turning on and off at will—whose will? I don't know. But that combined with the creepy shadows and noises I hear every night have convinced me my house has been haunted since I moved in. And tonight, I get an assurance that it is.

Finally, I put my phone down and roll over, then toss and turn for another thirty minutes before falling asleep. Once I am asleep I have odd dreams. I see myself with a woman. Ha. I'm single as can be. I'm a 200-pound, non-muscular, five foot six guy with chronic patchy stubble.

I'm not exactly the conventionally attractive type and women generally avoid me. Still, it's nice to have a lady by my side in my dreams. Weird, but nice. There's a moment where I reach out to grab her hand, and when our fingers intertwine, hers are cold and clammy, and bony. It feels so real. I ask her, "Do you love me?" I'm longing for her response. She looks directly at me and shrieks, an unearthly, rasping howl. It jolts me awake. The hairs on the back of my neck are on end. I take a deep breath and go to roll over, but my hand, the one currently hanging off the bed, doesn't budge. I try to pull my hand away again with no success, then realize with a sense of dread that something is holding my hand. Slowly, I peer over the edge of the bed.

At first I don't see anything, it's too dark. Then the shape of a humanoid thing comes into view. I scream and snatch my hand away, partially pulling whatever it is out from under the bed. Its head hits the nightstand and it groans. Then, as I'm cowering in fear it rises to its full height. The scrawny figure with blister-patched skin and stringy hair stares at me with its sunken eyes. It hunches over and points at me with a finger made of bone, then whispers indistinctly.

But ... it's a girl. I realize it's a girl now. And she must be the one from my dream. Of course, she looks more dead, but it has to be

the same girl, the one I loved if only for a brief moment. Still sweating, I smooth back my hair and pant, "hey, uh, I'm Clark."

She just stares at me. Maybe I didn't start right.

"Hey pretty mama, how's it going?" I say, and throw in a slanted smile.

She cocks her head and lowers her bony finger, then makes a chirping sound, her eyes still watching me. I don't know what to do. Looking around, I find a tissue on my nightstand. I quickly grab it and fold it into what could be interpreted as a rose. I extend it to her, and she surveys it for a moment before taking it. She squeaks a thank-you and tucks her greasy hair behind her ear, then smiles a little.

"So ... a beautiful girl like you must have a pretty beautiful name," I say.

She nods and makes a sound equivalent to a vacuum choking. I pretend like that wasn't the worst sound ever and nod. "I don't think I can pronounce that. Let's call you Trisha."

Trisha claps her hands slowly while squawking, which I think is a good sign. Then she draws on the wall with a finger and dark blood forms on the wall, oozing down in streaks. She spells the word D-A-T-E?

"It's like 4 in the morning," I say. But she growls in a way that quickly makes me reconsider. "Okay, let's go on a date."

We get in my 2008 Honda Civic and drive to the nearest Wal-Mart, which is open 24/7 thanks to some miracle. I take her inside, holding her by her rotting hand. As the doors slide open we're greeted by a worker pushing carts who blandly drones, "hey, welcome to Wal-" He stops in his tracks when he sees my girlfriend, then says, "Whoa, that is a freaky cosplay."

Sweet! I hadn't even considered that she looks like a cosplayer. That's even better! Cosplay girlfriend!

We walk over to the small flower section and I say, "pick any flowers you desire, my princess, and I will buy them for you."

She reaches her hand toward half a dozen roses, and when her ghostly fingers touch them they instantly begin to wilt. She retracts her hand and groans sadly.

I pick the flowers up and hand them to her. She looks at me,

confused as the flowers wilt, and I tell her, "they look just as beautiful dead. Just like you."

She smiles, or at least does what I consider to be a smile. Next we drive to McDonald's. We pull up to their drive-thru, since their lobby is closed. I look over at her. "What number meal for you, my lady?" She holds up two fingers and I say, "excellent choice."

"Welcome to McDonalds go ahead and order when you're ready," the guy working drive-thru says. He sounds like he hates his life.

"A twenty-piece chicken nugget with Sprite for me, and a number two meal for the lady," I proclaim.

"What to drink on the meal?" The guy asks.

I look over at my new lady, thinking this might be difficult. Then she goes "croak."

"A coke for the woman," I say, hoping I'm right.

We get our food and eat in silence in the car. She and I don't really speak the same way, so conversation is difficult. This might be a more complicated relationship than I thought. Still, I'm determined to make it work. And there's a question burning in the back of my mind. In between bites of chicken nuggets I turn to her and say, "I love you, Trisha. Do you love me?" She turns her sunken eyes to me and slowly squawks three times. I. Love. You.

He Smiles

by Rebekah Taylor

He smiles, running his thumb over her pale pink cheek. It's cold out, but despite the cold they're lingering in the snow just to see each other for one more minute. She reaches up, putting her hand on his.

"I have to go now," she says.

"I know. I just wish you didn't," he says.

She smiles softly. "Goodbye, Oliver. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Goodbye, Lydia." He lets her go, and she retreats into the warm house.

Lydia kicks off her shoes and, realizing how cold she is now, rubs her hands together and breathes into them, trying to warm up her frozen fingers.

"How was the date?" Lydia's sister asks.

"It was amazing," Lydia says, her eyes lighting back up as she remembers her time with Oliver. This had been their first date since declaring themselves a couple. Lydia was over the moon with her new status of "girlfriend."

"He's still out there," her sister comments, peering through the blinds.

"Angelica, stop being such a snoop," Lydia scolds.

"I'm telling you, girl, there's something off about this guy."

Angelica keeps her gaze focused out the window. Lydia comes to her side and looks out of the blinds. Oliver is there, staring at his phone. He looks up, makes eye contact with the girls, and waves. He smiles.

"He's just making sure I got in safe," Lydia says.

"I think it's weird," Angelica murmurs.

"Whatever." Lydia notes the time and decides she should head to bed. She has a teaching job tomorrow at a local elementary school, substituting for the art teacher. Lydia goes through her nightly routine,

her mind constantly floating back to Oliver. He is so caring, so naturally protective, so thoughtful and is very interested in her, unlike other boys she had gone on dates with. He even went as far as to walk her home after their dates.

Lydia stops. Her toothbrush hangs from her mouth, foam dripping out.

Had she told him her address?

She shakes the thought away. She probably had, just hadn't remembered.

Before she goes to sleep, she makes a point to text Oliver goodnight. If she is going to be in a relationship, she is going to fully commit. She is going to be the best girlfriend ever, especially since Oliver is already so good to her. She sighs, leaning her head back and grinning. She has the best man in the world as her partner. How lucky can she get?

She checks her phone and finds that Oliver had texted back almost immediately. But before she can text him again, she's asleep.

Lydia has a strange dream that night that she's being followed through a forest. She can't tell who her pursuer is, just that they want to reach her, and she needs to do everything in her power to keep them away. She wakes up at one point, and the dream seems so real that she can swear she sees the thing from her dream standing in the corner of her room, smiling at her. She shrugs it off and goes back to sleep, where she has more pleasant dreams for the rest of the night.

The next day Lydia texts Oliver good morning and goes to the school where she is teaching. She goes through the lesson plans the regular teacher has left and begins the lesson with the students. They make a mess, getting glue and glitter everywhere.

About halfway through the day, a surprise visitor comes in to give the substitute teacher flowers. Oliver smiles as he hands Lydia a bouquet of a dozen roses.

"Thank you," Lydia says aloud, then leaning in whispers, "what are you doing here?"

"I thought I would bring my beautiful girlfriend flowers at work. Is there anything wrong with that?"

"They're beautiful," Lydia says. "How did you know which

school I was working at today?"

"You told me last night," Oliver says.

Lydia is fairly certain she hadn't told him last night, but he seems so confident in his answer that she has to believe him. He leaves, and throughout the rest of the day she glances over at the roses and forces herself to smile. Isn't her boyfriend so sweet? Isn't Oliver so thoughtful? Doesn't she have the best boyfriend in the world?

On her way home she keeps thinking about Oliver, this time in a different way. Maybe Angelica is right. There is something off about this guy. That's when she looks in the mirror and locks eyes with the person in the car behind her. It's him. It's Oliver. Her heart stops beating for a second as she stares at him. He stares back. He smiles.



Christy Brown

I Don't Care

No matter what people do or share, I don't care.
If there is no harm, it does not alarm.
If someone dresses in flamboyant wear, I don't get a big
scare, I don't say beware, shout through the air.
I don't care.
If I see someone having fun, with a person they run.
I don't tell them it's wrong, blow them my song, criticize
or analyze, cause others to go and despise.
Cause rumors and spread lies.
I just simply step aside and let petty matters lie.
Other people would cry and scream, call you obscene.
Go and lie and part moralize.
I, on the other hand, do not care.
I think it's only fair, to let people wear and share, without
a scare.
Make people aware, all those who easily scare, that it's
not fair to demonize and stare.
Even though the world is not fair, we should still try to
care.
No matter what they wear, or their hair.
To some, this might be square.
Calling me immoral or give me insulting stares.
Swear me to damnation, say that I'm typical of my gener-
ation.
These people always blare, but I don't care.

C.J. Jones

Rats

I eat rats
Grilled rats
Fried rats
I eat them under bridges
I eat rats, but I don't eat pigeons
I worship rats, they are our gods
I fear rats, because they control us
And they control the world
That's why I eat them: to be free from their chains
I eat rats, to end the pain.

My wife told me to stop eating rats
For this was a job best left to the cats
But what is done cannot be undone
And of her words I heard none
"There would be hell to pay",
My dear wife would always say,
If I continued my rodent buffet
I heeded not her warnings,
Nope, not a single one
So, in retaliation to my fun
Those wretched rats, they ate my son



Hunter Newbold

Alleyway Ambience of the Pompous and Devil-Costumed- Morosoph-Dreamer's Gaze

In the deepest darkness of lagoons is where you'll find your sparkling blue moons to which all the sailors croon and the most magnificent flowers bloom.

Check on your counters for hidden reflections that wince in the light like runes, inflecting the inner pronunciation of your ghastly wounds which help you deploy from any platoon you choose after this upcoming cocoon expecting soon a release that will coy all of your kin into joy and hymn because once you have seen the doom that is apart of you and lies in everyone who has lived lives through then you will finally see what is true and what cannot be bought.

Rudimentary banter grows from the trees like jack-o'-lanterns on halloween that have no after, they all get splattered, by baseball bats and laughter, a catastrophic capture like a sportsman's kneel amongst all of his chanters, a priest who yells aloud to his unjust chapel.

Smack em' with action and you'll catch em' he says, just like a man who doesn't know what he's after, Amen!

Alexandria Landgraf

Untitled

speak up

I say it
I yell it
I scream it

but I didn't really

the words
the sound
the voice
it's in my head but not in my mouth
not in the air that surrounds us both

you're sitting there
smiling
laughing
glowing

my heart and my mind say it

my friends say it

strangers I pass on the street see the look in my eyes
and say it



the words I write in the margins of
my books
my notes
my newspapers say it

but I do not

is it
fear
doubt
hesitation

or is it
courage
certainty
unwavering

because everything
in me
around me
outside of me

says

speak up

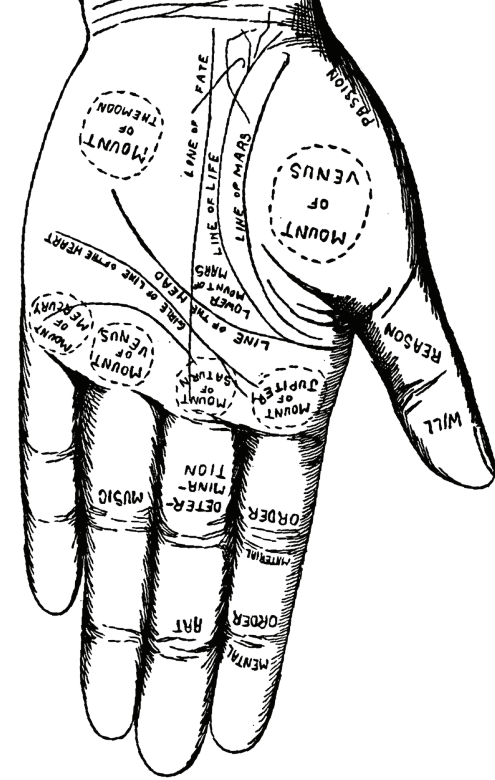
Chase Myers

Heavy is the Hand Which Guides God

Fire flying through the night
Summer destruction
I watch the heavens spit on it
Nature battles in an empty theatre.

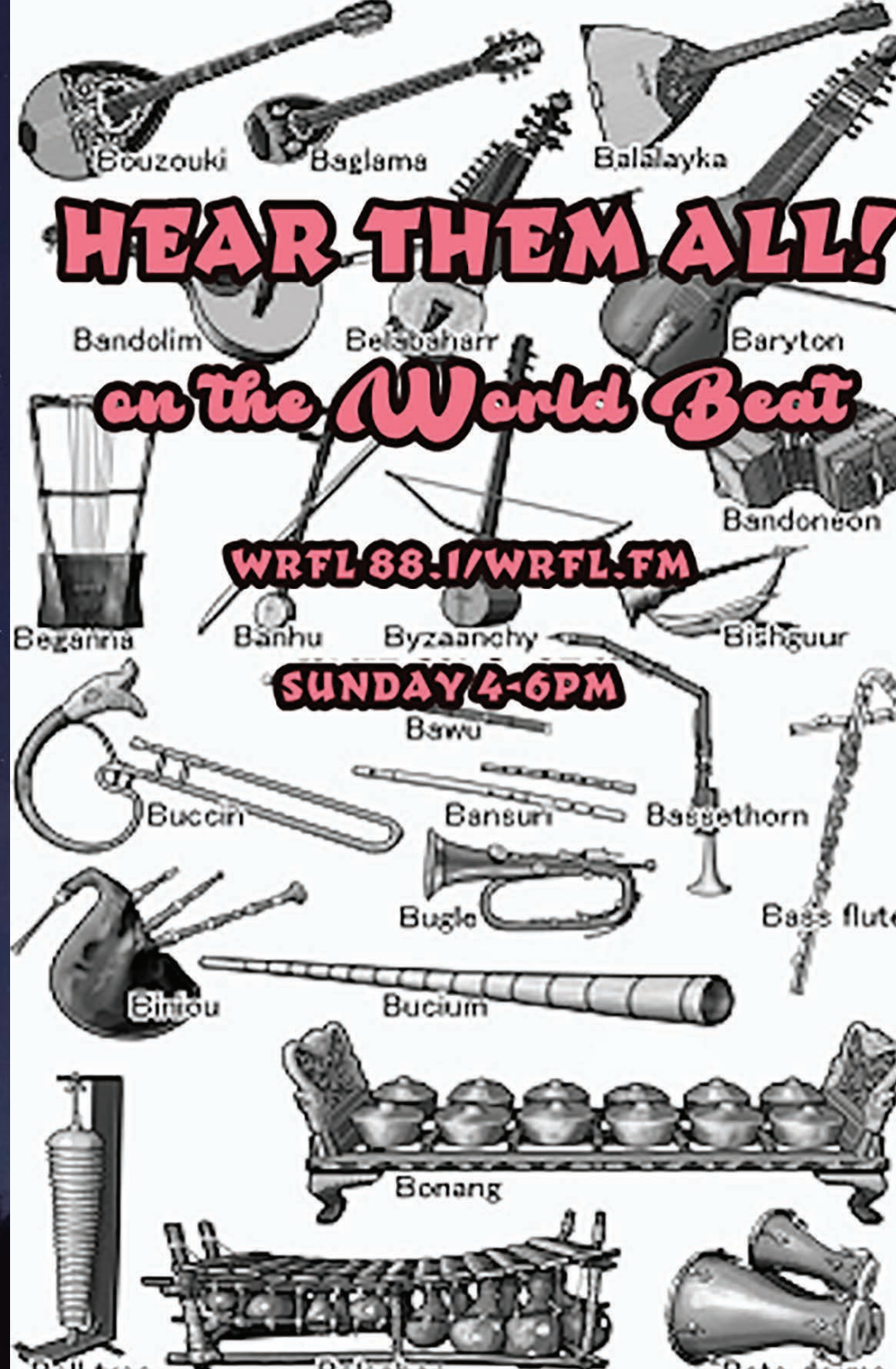
No drunk aristocrats,
No whoop, no holler,
no pistols, no blades.
Where's Cyrano?
Did the poets die?
Is the audience bored?

Listen!
Listen well!
Here comes the storm.
That blue beauty, it craves red.
Listen! It begs!
The civil war is over!
We've found a new enemy!



Bones crack and we clap!
You scream and we erupt in thunder!
Do you hurt? Do you burn? Do you choke? Do you
drown? Are you hot?
These are your lines!
I spit on you!
I am your own evil, I am everything. I am everywhere.
Why are you blind?
You are already deaf.

Red screams echo off the
walls in an empty theatre.



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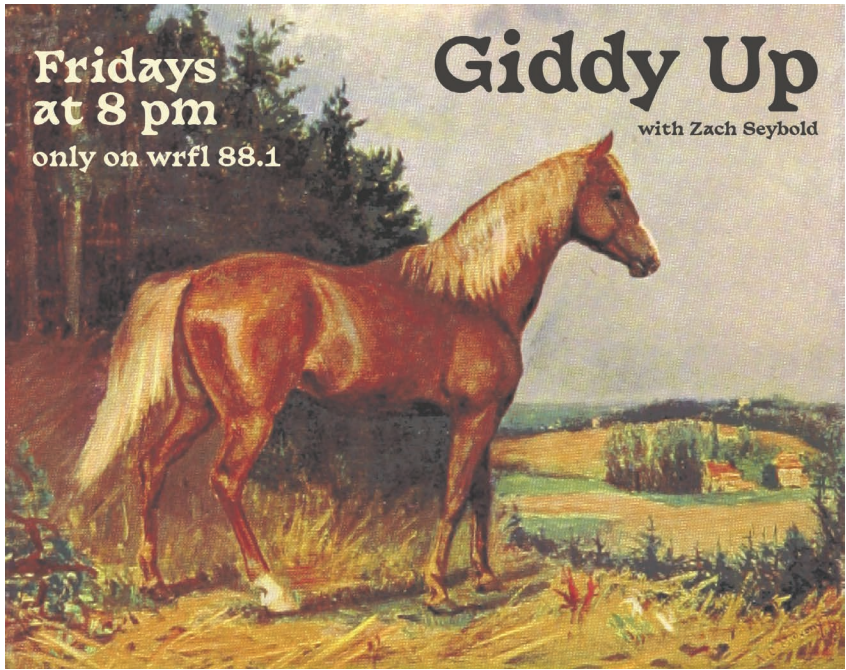
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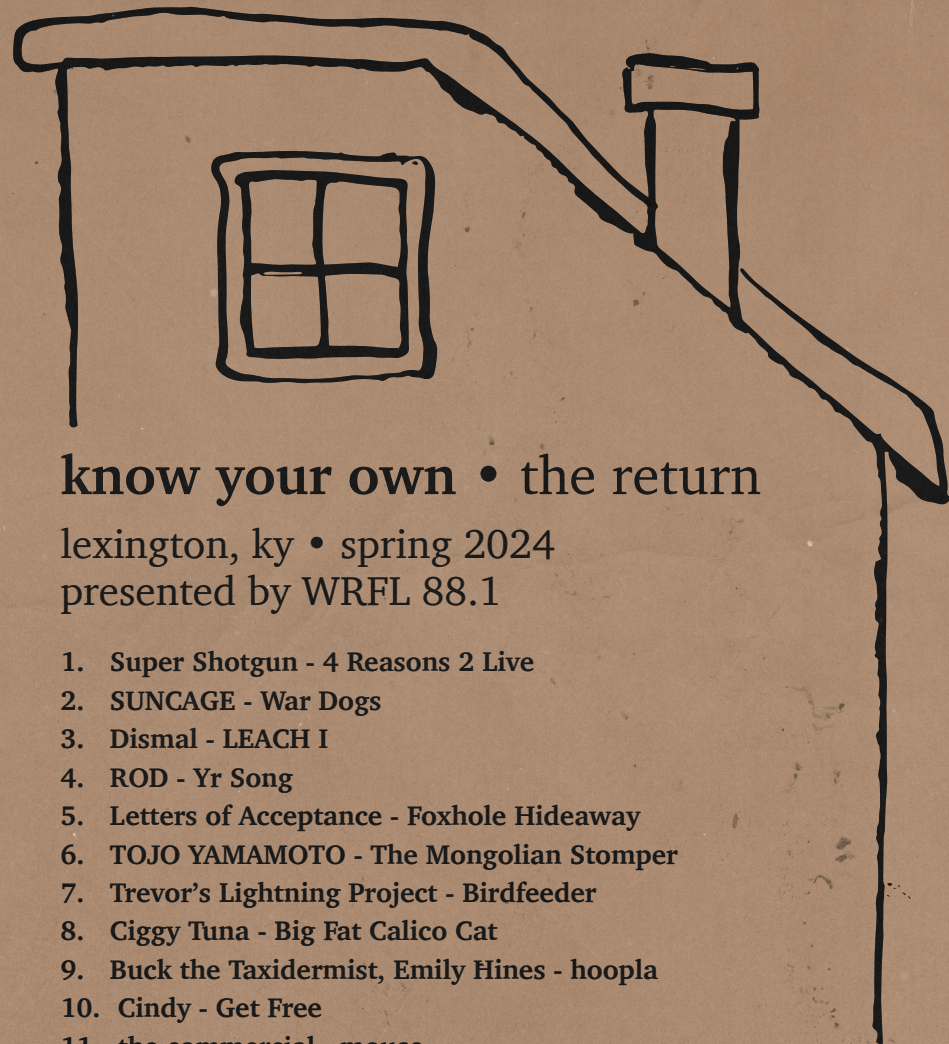
know your OWN the return



Look! It's the return of the RiFLe's classic series, *Know Your Own*. **Twenty Lexington artists you should know about.**



Sadly, this edition does not come with a physical CD, but the good people at **WRFL** have presented this code to scan which leads to our Spotify page.



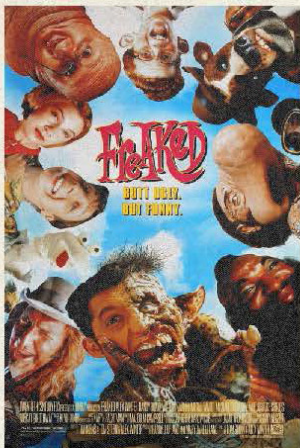
know your own • the return
lexington, ky • spring 2024
presented by WRFL 88.1

1. Super Shotgun - 4 Reasons 2 Live
2. SUNCAGE - War Dogs
3. Dismal - LEACH I
4. ROD - Yr Song
5. Letters of Acceptance - Foxhole Hideaway
6. TOJO YAMAMOTO - The Mongolian Stomper
7. Trevor's Lightning Project - Birdfeeder
8. Ciggy Tuna - Big Fat Calico Cat
9. Buck the Taxidermist, Emily Hines - hoopla
10. Cindy - Get Free
11. the commercial - mouse
12. Vandy - No Fun!
13. Monkeys of a Bygone Era - Love Those Things That You Made
14. MOM'S MAD - Soul Searching
15. Skunch - Comfortable Silence
16. TABS - Constellation
17. Lady Laveaux - Even Exchange
18. Anemic Royalty - Gun to Your Head
19. Killa Kaiju - XXX
20. Luke Stone - 4AM Guestroom (Demo)





What's the most bizarre film you've ever seen?



Greer Givens
Freaked (1993)

dir. Alex Winter, Tom Stern

This movie so insane, and it gives you NO room to breath. A joke every 0.5 seconds, a Butthole Surfers soundtrack, and giant gun-weilding Rastafarian eyeballs.

Luke Stone
Mad God (2021)

dir. Phil Tippett

Such a great date movie.



Will Majors
House (1977)

dir. Nobuhiko Obayashi

There is a scene where a dude turns into a pile of bananas and it's surprisingly emotional.



Mary Clark

Twin Peaks: Fire Walk With Me (1992)

dir. David Lynch

Combine David Lynch's surrealism with a puzzling David Bowie cameo, depicting seedy underbellies of quaint small-towns and other realms entirely, and some of the quirkiest characters you can imagine... and well, you have one bizarre film, and a tale both "wonderful and strange."

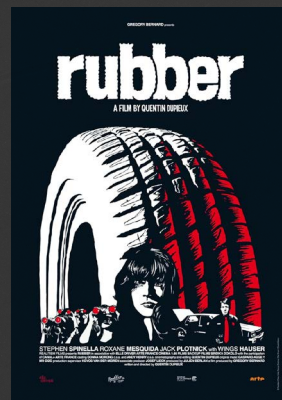


Nicole Greene

I'm Thinking Of Ending Things (2020)

dir. Charlie Kaufman

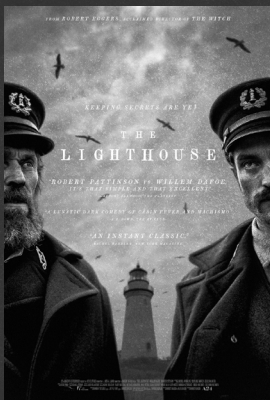
This movie was based on an equally crazy (if not more) crazy novel by the same name. Without giving up any spoilers, everything - from the characters to the setting - was constantly changing!



Edward Smith & Sam Wallace-Smith Rubber (2010)

dir. Quentin Dupieux

A rogue tire goes on a killing spree.
(Edward)



Ethan Angelos The Lighthouse (2019)

dir. Robert Eggers

This movie will make you question if what you just watched actually happened...

Brandon Bost Star Wars Holiday Special (1978)

dir. Steve Binder

Chewbacca has a son named Lumpy and the grandpa Wookie watches sexual ASMR. Shit's weird.



Aidan Greenwell Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (1998)

dir. Terry Gilliam

Its just two guys on a bender in the middle of the desert and pretty much none of it makes any sense. By far the most distorted and nonsensical movie i've seen, and I love it for that very reason.



Jaclyn Okorley Beau Is Afraid (2023)

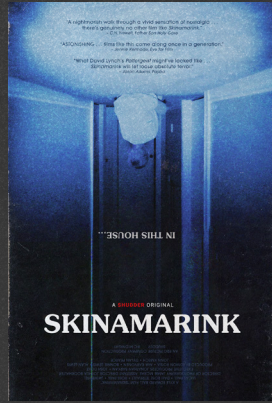
dir. Ari Aster

Watch at your own risk.

Abigail Brannon & Rebekah New
Skinamarink
(2022)

dir. Kyle Edward Ball

The most bizarre movie I have ever seen. I don't know if I loved or hated it, but I admired the patience it must have taken to make it. (Abigail)



Valerie Wright
The Sweet East
(2023)

dir. Sean Price Williams

This is probably the most bizarre movie I have recently seen and I am choosing not to elaborate on that.

Andrew Mortimer
Akira (1988)

dir. Katsuhiro Otomo

Came for the cool motorcycles, stayed for the crazy psychic flesh monster!



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Thanks for reading!



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LOVES
YOU**