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The 2025 SPRING RiFLe is
right in front of YOU.



What do YOU do?

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>DIVE deeper into the RiFLe
>CARRY on exploring the RiFLe

88.1 FM
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RiFLe



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WRFL'S MISSION

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

PROVIDE ITS MEMBERS

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

OFFER ITS LISTENERS

a source of music, news, & other programming not
regularly found through other media outlets in
central Kentucky, &

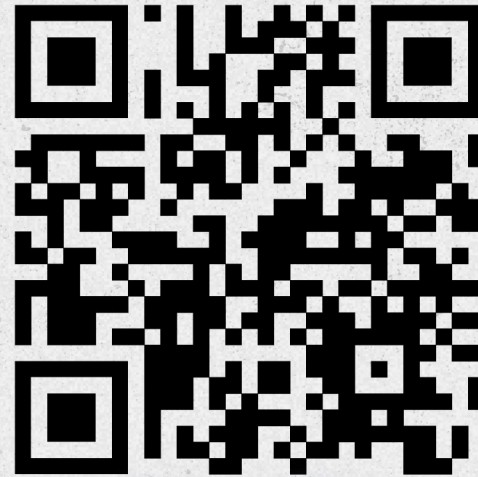
SUPPORT arts & music in the Lexington area.

BECOME A PART OF WRFL

JOIN WRFL,

WRFL is open to community members
& UK students, faculty, & staff.
Become a DJ or volunteer today!

Come to our DisOrientation which
occurs at the beginning of
every semester!



**Donate
to WRFL!!!**



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Merch Store!!!**

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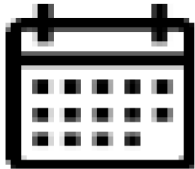
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Film Club

Letter from the **GENERAL MANAGER**

Dear whoever may be holding this zine and reading this right now,

Hi! Hey! Hello! What's up! It's me, Luke, the current (but not for long...) General Manager here at WRFL. I don't know if the ominous message in between the parenthesis in the last sentence set off any signals, but I have some news. This will not only be my last GM letter to you, but this will also be the last RiFLe released while I am General Manager. I know, I know, you might as well get the tissues now. It's a sad day for all "Luke Stone is the current General Manager of WRFL" fans out there.

OK, I know a lot of the time I am goofy and somewhat sarcastic in these GM letters but I really will be sad to leave WRFL. Most of my best memories as a college student have been here at this beautifully eccentric radio station. I've met my best friends here, learned to express myself in ways I haven't before, and without WRFL I would have never pursued a future career in media. I'm truly grateful for the last two and half years I have dedicated to WRFL and I do not regret one second of that time. Well, maybe I do regret taking a 2-5 AM show slot for a second time, but you live and you learn.

I will leave you with this hopefully non-controversial opinion of mine: everything about WRFL is awesome. The Board of Directors are awesome, Haley, our Design Director, is awesome for making amazing zines again and again, the General Staff is awesome, the music that gets played 24/7 is awesome, our events are awesome, and yes, controversial opinion, but even the EAS tests that every DJ has to do every now and then are awesome (they help you become a better DJ, I swear). The point is WRFL is awesome in every possible way. This is easily the most creatively inspiring and exciting place on University of Kentucky's gigantic campus, and the fact that every

student, faculty member, and Lexington resident has the ability to get involved whenever they want is truly amazing. Do not take this for granted.

**With Lots of Thanks,
Luke Stone
WRFL General Manager**

Letter from the **DESIGN DIRECTOR**

Hey there!

Welcome to the latest edition of the RiFLe! I'm so touched and thankful YOU, the reader, have picked up a copy! Each edition is a celebration of the creative voices in the Lexington community, and this one is no exception!

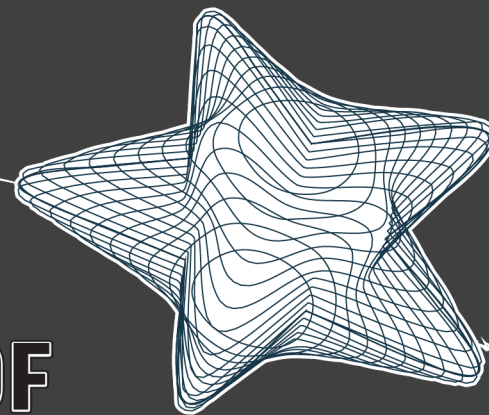
This RiFLe exists because of the passionate artists and writers who shared their work, and I'm endlessly grateful for their contributions. Their creativity and dedication have brought these pages to life! Without their hard work and unique voices, this publication wouldn't be what it is today.

A huge thank you again to everyone who makes the RiFLe possible such as the Board of Directors, DJs, listeners, and of course, YOU, the reader. Everytime I sit down and write my letter for the RiFLe, I still continue to feel so grateful that I have yet another opportunity to curate an edition of this truly unique publication. No matter who you are or where you're coming from, I hope this edition of the RiFLe has something for everyone whether it is a spark of inspiration or maybe just a reason to keep turning the pages. That being said, take your time, get comfortable, flip through, and soak it all in. After all, this RiFLe was made for YOU, my favorite people in the world, and the reason it's all possible: the reader!

**Until We Meet Again!
Haley Wade
WRFL Design Director**

MEET THE

BOARD OF DIRECTORS



RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

LUKE STONE

POSITION: GENERAL MANAGER

HOMETOWN: LEXINGTON, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: A PENGUIN
BECAUSE ALL I DO IS WADDLE AROUND, NOT
SAY SHIT, & LOOK COOL AS HELL 24/7 #REAL
#SELFCONFIDENCE



WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 1948273596



RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

ANDREW MORTIMER

POSITION: OPERATIONS DIRECTOR

HOMETOWN: SALYERSVILLE, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: TURTLE, GOING
BACK INTO A SHELL IS JUST LIKE WHEN MY
SOCIAL BATTERY RUNS OUT



WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 5828937461

AIDAN GREENWELL

RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

POSITION: PROGRAMMING DIRECTOR

HOMETOWN: NEWPORT, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: CHINESE
WATER DEER

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 3894728158



VALERIE WRIGHT

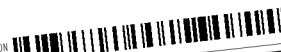
RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

POSITION: PROMOTIONS DIRECTOR

HOMETOWN: SHELBYVILLE, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: A MOUSE
BECAUSE RATATOUILLE REALLY RESONATED
WITH ME

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 8475829361



CAROLINE WEST

RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

POSITION: COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT DIRECTOR

HOMETOWN: LEXINGTON, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: MANATEE, THEY
JUST FLOAT AROUND AND DO NOTHING ALL
THE TIME

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 6138492768



HALEY WADE

RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

POSITION: DESIGN DIRECTOR

HOMETOWN: ATLANTA, GA

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: SLEEPY KOALA

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 7364829815



WILL MAJORS

RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

POSITION: EVENTS DIRECTOR

HOMETOWN: LEXINGTON, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL:
FROGS, THEY COOL

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 4728619365



JAKE BUTLER

RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

POSITION: LIBRARY DIRECTOR

HOMETOWN: LITITZ, PA

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: JERMA985

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 9582897416



RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

MADDIE WALLEN

POSITION: LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTOR

HOMETOWN: LOUISVILLE, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: THE LORAX

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 3264958671



RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

EVON OLIVER

POSITION: MEMBERSHIP DIRECTOR

HOMETOWN: LOUISVILLE, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL:
A MISCHIEVOUS HARE

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 7885412862



REBEKAH NEW

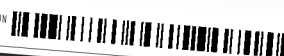
RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

POSITION: MUSIC DIRECTOR

HOMETOWN: BECKLEY, WV

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: A SILLY RABBIT

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 5991738462



LA'MIYA STARNES

RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

POSITION: NEWS DIRECTOR

HOMETOWN: NASHVILLE, TN

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: TIGER

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 7842619356



RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

SAM WALLACE-SMITH

POSITION: PRODUCTION DIRECTOR I

HOMETOWN: LEXINGTON, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL:

BIG OL' GORILLA

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 6214898735



RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

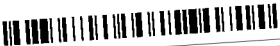
GAVIN PROBUS

POSITION: PRODUCTION DIRECTOR II

HOMETOWN: CRESTWOOD, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: GOLDFISH

WRFL IDENTIFICATION
NO. 246011528



RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

MARY CLARK

POSITION: STATION ADVISOR

HOMETOWN: LEXINGTON, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: WOLF



RIFLE CARD/SPRING 25

NICOLE GREENE

POSITION: STATION COORDINATOR

HOMETOWN: LEXINGTON, KY

IF YOU COULD BE AN ANIMAL: PANTHER



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TUESDAY, MARCH 4TH



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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2ND



KELLY MORAN
SATURDAY, APRIL 12TH



BONNIE "PRINCE" BILLY
PRESENTED IN PARTNERSHIP WITH THE JOHN JACOB NILES CENTER FOR AMERICAN MUSIC
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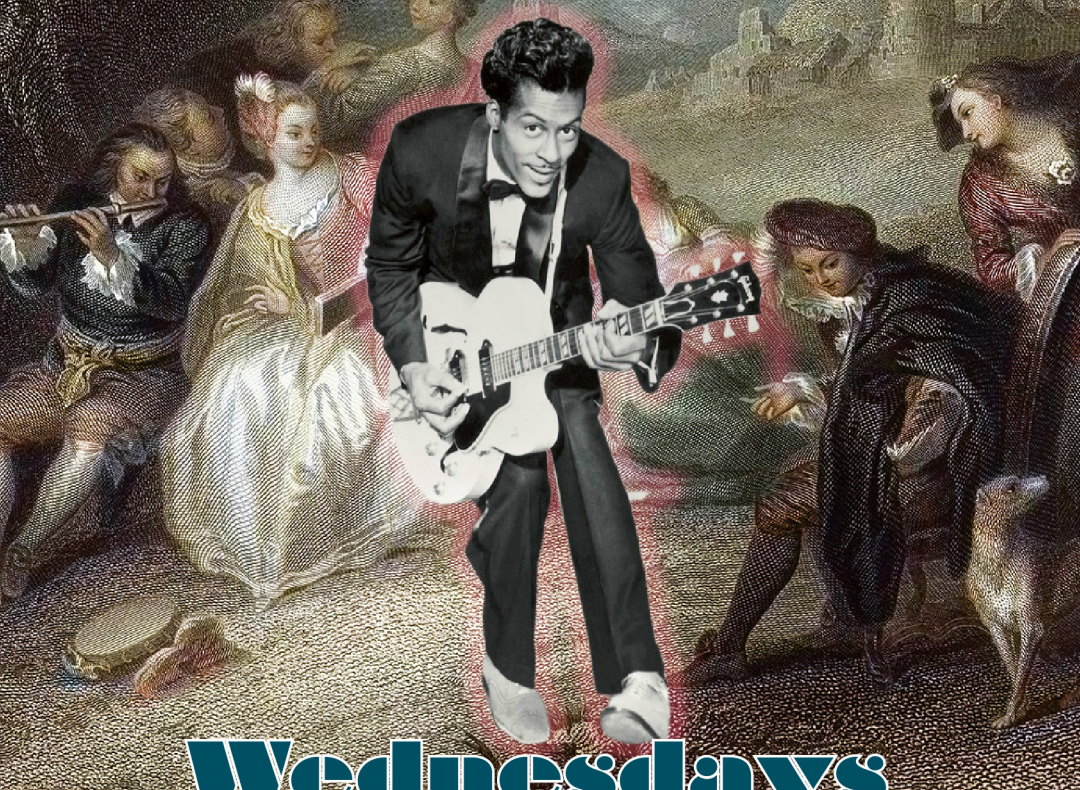
PROGRAMMING SCHEDULE 2025 SPRING

★ WRFL.FM/SCHEDULE ★ ^{88.1 FM} wrfl

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY
12AM	Manic Pixie Dreams	Matt's Metal Mortuary	turtle in a hat
2AM	Caught Between Extremes	That Wonderous Chaos	Filmophonic
5AM	One World Radio	James Jams	Algorithm Indie
7AM	Clustercuss	SideBar	The B-Sides
9AM	Democracy Now		
10AM	Semilla Sagrada Radio	The Gray Area	Dave's Deep Dives
11AM		The Rapids	
12PM	Working Title	Easy Tiger	The Humpday Bump
2PM	The Cool Pool	Radio Rebel	Your Father's Music Program
4PM	Asleep at the Wheel	Sunflowers & Thunderstorms	Man Without Ties
6PM	GRIDLOCK	meowza!	The Last Resort
8PM	The Pacobilly Hour	bag fries	WRFL Live
10PM	Old School Hip-Hop	BUGSNOT	houseplants!

THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Donut Shock!	Voyager Golden Records	The Egg Carton	Vampire Hours
incoHEARent	Junk Drawer	Pink Dahlias	Black Moon Lilith
I STEAL MUSIC	Good Folk	Kim's Corner	In The Works
Zoo Station	Better Than Dead Air.	Frank & Friends	Broadway Buzz
Democracy Now		members only.	afterimage
Trivial Thursdays	Silly Rabbit	Unhinged Reality Show	Neverland Ballroom
Slow Blink	Jammin' Bread	Blue Yodel #9	Down the Hatch
The Shuffle Arc	Velvet Revolution	Something Completely Different	Lukie Goes Green
Russian Radio	Good Grief	Cim Jramer	The World Beat
The Matterhorn Mix	Phantom Power Double Hour	El Tren Latino	Generations of Jazz
Live On Hare	Loose Laces	to the mountains	Giddy Up
The Musical Box	Signal Boost	Serious Moonlite with Brandon Costello	The Lab

Dave's Deep Dives



Wednesdays
10a-12n

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from the 1960s to NOW

Genre & theme shows, alternate takes, rarities, and plenty of live
recordings, all from the last 60 years of music.

88.1 WFTL.fm

WFTL FM

WEEKEND
MUSIC MIXTURE

A POP MUSIC MIXTURE

WEDNESDAYS, TEN - MIDNIGHT

WRITING SUBMISSIONS

A photograph of a stage with red curtains, viewed from the audience. The text "WRITING SUBMISSIONS" is overlaid in large white letters. The stage is dimly lit, with the red curtains being the primary light source. The audience is visible in the foreground, silhouetted against the stage.

photograph by Brandon Costello

JamCats is one of those 'screw got momentum

it, why not?' ideas that actually behind it.



by Trenton Upchurch

Like most amazing things, JamCats was created by accident. Casey and I were lamenting the lack of musical opportunities on campus (besides the beating heart that is WRFL, of course) and decided to solve the problem. Five minutes and a catchy name later, the JamCats were born. The newest club on campus, the music makers, the dreamers of dreams! We'd start a new live music scene at UK, it'd be the space we'd always wanted to jam. We were on top of the world, planning and scheming how we'd be the next musical powerhouse in Lexington.

We had two members in August. Me and Casey. Whoops. So much for a powerhouse. We had a plan at first. Create a logo (branding!), make an Instagram (marketing!), table at student events (recruitment!), and then give students the opportunity to play on stage in the Cats Den (MUSIC MAKING!). It started out with a few of us in September. Fifteen JamCats, a few guitars, and a rather awful performance of Folsom Prison Blues that stopped halfway because I was just

playing way too fast. We had much better performances after that, from the Trio singing great ballads, Jake doing a great cover of Everlong, some Spanish karaoke, and Casey shredding for all she's worth. Everything was going exactly to plan for our first event, though we weren't as well put together as we'd hoped by that point. Something was missing, and we didn't know exactly what, couldn't put our finger on it. How do we do better, what can we provide, where are we going next? What do we need to do for JamCats to have a real impact on student musicians?

AND THEN THE DRUM KIT HAPPENED.

You ever have a piece in a project that was a 'well duh?' moment? That's the JamCats drumkit. Snagged because of our incredible advisor Mary Clark's musical connections, that kit became our real draw, and what made me figure out what the JamCats really were about: opportunity. There's nowhere else on campus that just lets people play the

drums, and it became our chance to help those students play their instrument, alongside providing our usual set of guitars and mics. So, we did. Hauling that kit alongside the rest to Cats Den every month, we set up a full stage with help from WRFL, and let students get to jammin'. And boy do they.

Almost 50 students have been on stage for the JamCats at this point. Nearly 120 have attended the shows to watch the musicians.

I guess my point about all this is that it wasn't about anything other than the tools and the opportunity. Students need a space to play, and they need the instruments to do it. That's what we've always wanted to be as a club. Hauling the kit and kaboodle to the Cats Den every month is nothing compared to the excitement and joy that the music brings. We've had so many different musicians on stage, singing covers, playing originals, goofing off, playing new instruments, and having a great time in general. JamCats became in such a short time a space where

everybody can find their people and make their music. Single cover artists, musical duos and trios, and even full-fledged bands have been up on stage playing their very best and learning the whole while. We've all made mistakes, flubbed a chord, forgotten the lyrics, but we're doing it together. Building the next generation of musicians, finding our voices, figuring out how we can be who we want to be musically and beyond. That's all we wanted JamCats to be, and it's going so well I can't believe it. Bands have been formed, songs are being written, covers are being played off the cuff, and hours are spent jamming with the next great musicians on campus. So, if that sounds up your alley, give us a listen and join us in the Spring of '25. We've got a whole bunch of music and other neat ideas coming up, and you won't want to miss any of it.

Those 'screw it, why not?' ideas really do end up being the best ones, don't they?

The Ghostwriter

C.J. Jones

Click clack click. Puff puff puff. The metallic clanging of a typewriter and the exhale of cigar smoke turned a once dormant study into a whirlwind of activity. He was caught in a feedback loop. Type out a sentence or two. Cigar puff. Churn out three more? Two cigar puffs. The air was thick. His wife paced in anxious circles behind him.

"The ending is shit, Roger," she said politely, gently gripping a thin cigarette between her fingertips. "They won't be happy."

The clicking at the typewriter met a brief intermission. Roger gave a deep sigh. "For the last time, I couldn't give less of a fuck what those chickenshit publishers think. If they don't like it, I'll go out on the street corner myself and pass the damn manuscript around like Soviet bread lines!" he said, doing his best to keep his voice from teetering into a shout again (Dr. Miller's suggestions were occasionally taken into consideration). The murky cloud of smoke above his head grew thicker. Click clack click. Aggressive. She could almost hear their novel weeping.

She frowned, crossed her arms, then gently brought the cigarette to her lips. Nicotine embraced her with a lover's delicacy, whispering sweet nothings and delicious votes of confidence in her ear. She raised her chin just a tad bit higher. "This is just as much my book as it is yours, you know," she said, walking towards her husband whose irritated

mutterings engaged in a fiery conversation with the consistent clattering of the typewriter.

Roger spun around in his chair to face her and stood up. "Is it? Will your name be on the cover? Will you be pitching it to the publishers who see a thousand pieces of trash just like ours every-single-fucking-day? Will your reputation be at stake if people hate it? Have you been funding the whole thing out of your own damn pocket from the start? Huh?!" he barked, leaning over her and gripping his cigar in his reddened fist.

His anger—thick and palpable—made her jump backwards a little bit. Normally, a spectacle like this from Roger would leave her trembling, but the nicotine had calmed her nerves.

"No," she said, her voice a furious whisper. "None of that. But why not? Why aren't I doing any of that? I wrote half the damn thing myself, and I spent hours combing through every word you write for any slight mistake you could have possibly made." Roger towered over her still, but she tilted her head upward to return eye-fire with her giant of a husband.

"You aren't doing any of those things because I have too much self-respect to let my peers know that half my work is penned by the nagging bitch of a housewife that you turned out to be."

Something strange took hold of her. She took another drag of her skinny cigarette, and then blew the smoke right into Roger's sneering face. "Oh Roger, don't you read the reviews?" she cackled as he coughed from the residue. "Your peers in the Times might be onto our little secret already."

Roger was clearly not keeping up with the world of contemporary literary criticism. With a deep grimace, he reached for the stack of

newspapers beside his desk (every issue of any paper that reviewed their work would find its way onto the pile at some point) and fished out a weathered copy of the New York Times. His eyes darted through the pages like a madman on a hunt, looking for what could be his downfall. As soon as his eyes landed on what must have been it, she interrupted his concentration with a clearing of her throat.

"You don't have to read it. No need. I read every copy in that stack at least three times over. I could probably recite this one for you. Near word for word," she said, her once quiet voice rising with a hint of bitterness.

Roger gave her a quick glance, then turned his attention back to the paper. Trying to tune her out.

"The first half of Roger Mayfield's third novel, *Thorned Rose*, provides the potential to be the next great American novel. Mayfield uses his exceptional mastery of prose to craft a deeply existential and nihilistic portrait of the deep connection between two lovers turned enemies. But, right around the middle of the book, the story fell nearly flat on its face: its tender moments overwhelmingly bitter and clearly rushed, the once breathtaking imagery created by Mayfield's picturesque language was suddenly nowhere to be seen; the descriptions of anything and everything in the world of the novel were akin to a three-year-old pointing at things he sees and calling out, 'That tree is green!' This novel felt like two deeply different people wrote two separate stories, bound it together, and sent it to be printed. Perhaps it was the author's attempt at making a statement with the wildly different styles that divided *Thorned Rose*, but perhaps not. Either way, Mayfield takes a ground floor of greatness and builds a hut of sticks and dirt upon it," she recited the review in full, never once stopping to take a breath. She knew every review by heart, or at least the important bits. Roger looked up at her again from the paper.

"Do you know who wrote the first half, Roger?" she asked with an ever widening grin. "The half that all the critics adored?"

He shot a scowl at her. "You proofread and edited my half. So what does that say about your craftsmanship if they all hated it so much?" he asked.

"You can put lipstick on a pig all you want; it does not make it less of a hog," she replied. He held the paper up to his face and continued to read it. A few times over. He was paralyzed in this loop of disappointment.

She walked past her entranced husband, plucked the cigar from his meaty fists, and took a seat at his desk. Pungent smoke erupted from her lips as she began to move her fingers wildly across the keys like a master pianist. Click clack click. Puff puff puff.

"What are you doing?" he asked meekly.

"Fixing the shitty ending, of course. We don't want to have to hand our manuscripts out on the street corner like a bunch of commies, right?" she teased.

"I suppose not. What about the ending will you be changing?" he asked, a man defeated.

"The protagonist does not have to die. I spent all that time on his journey in the first half just for it to be cut short with no proper conclusion. It's not very satisfying, is it?"

"No. But that was the point: things in real life don't usually have happy endings. Closure is a myth. That was the idea I was trying to convey with that," said Roger.

"Well, lucky for us, this is not a real-life story. It is one of fiction. And our story of fiction is anticlimactic. No one will buy an anticlimactic book."

"I suppose you're right."

Right Person, Wrong Time

Makelah Arzu-Porter

calm, cold, dewy air outside
the warmth of my bed reminds me of you
the images of our nights appear in my **Mind**
thoughts rummaging through my head. A smile
Creeps onto my face

Quickly, it turns into a *frown*
realizing I'm not there anymore
longing. wishing. hoping I can go back
to that temporary happy place of **mine**
to be kissed by the sun again
Just one last time

I miss you.
The mere feel of your touch
Vibrates throughout my whole body
Your smile, Your face **stained** into my brain
I miss you.

what could have been. I ^{harp}
on our time together, ^{precedent}
feels like I've been running up a ^{scarp}
but you don't care, it's clearly ^{evident}

Maybe . . . if things were different
Maybe . . . one day I could change your **Mind**
Maybe . . . next lifetime you would be **Mine**

Right person, Wrong time

Paper Crane

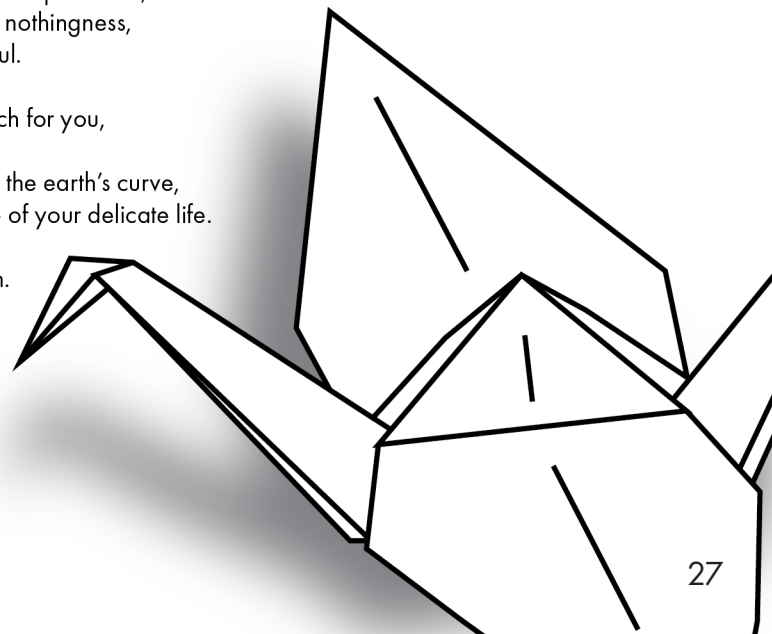
Chase Myers

Oh, folded paper crane,
Neck bent and beak broken towards a tabletop,
Where have my aspirations flown?
Do they still wander in the forgotten softness of my soul?
Surely, for my bones bloom in winters sunlight,
And my furrowed brow balances the mornings dew.
Though the night bleeds only for cool, rigid things,
Like owl talons dug deep in field mice flesh,
Like car wheels burning imprints in gravel roads,
I am finite, yet still I am stubborn.

I clutch memories with paper cut fingers,
And snap the neck of a delicate dove,
Actions spread across an empty house,
Still sighing and heaving with forgotten voices.
A nurser rhyme choked in chimney plumes,
The baby rocked in creaky oak,
Steel wool scraping the unsaid off dinner plates.
Another empty orchestra.

From the observation deck I spot a white sail,
Battered and poorly knotted to a boats mass.
No Andrew or James sits at the bow sewing verses from net line,
It just huddles across the great pale blue,
Pitiful and massive against nothingness,
Though hopeful, still hopeful.

And even in this fog I search for you,
Invisible though you are,
I stretch my sight long past the earth's curve,
Hoping to catch a glimpse of your delicate life.
My final paper crane.
My last regret on this earth.



Papa

Ethan Weig

He could talk forever
He never stopped
He had the moon tucked away and locked
He had the sun shining on him alone
He always felt alone
Of course the sun was still here
All his friends had gone and passed
He was reminded by,
Decembers decedent chill

He could tell a story
He could make you smile
Then he'd go off by himself again
Usually took him awhile
I guess he left and spiraled
Just out of sight
I wouldn't see him for days at a time
He'd come back to say,
He had a meeting to attend to,
And that everything's fine
It seemed that way to a child

He got her a new wedding ring
It's been so many years together now,
She lost the damn thing
Fell down the kitchen sink
The way she cried and sank
He was there to spread open his broken wing
I was his reminder of,
What happiness could bring
What happiness looks like
I looked like,
What he looked like when he was just a boy

He showed me animals, they'd flock to him
He'd keep shed feathers and old snakeskin
Guess he thought it was just good luck
He showed me the peace you could find,
Deep in the woods
He showed me silence
He showed me the compassion in a human
Showed me there wasn't much use in,
Trying to be a man
Just do the best you can

The same field I used to run in
Back when I understood the field was endless
Back when we had a garden that bloomed
Gravel roads and trees with stone faces
Back when I used to call it,
One of my most favorite places

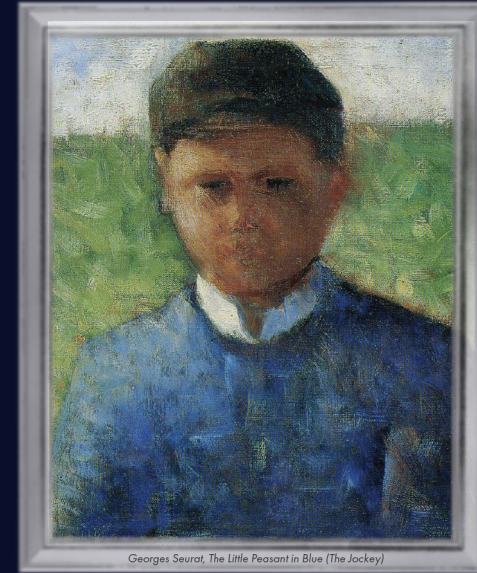
He didn't park the truck, it was stuck
So he worked on drinking a case
After he gave up,
He looked into the empty bottle, body warm
Held it up to the moon
That beautiful light still shined through
He ignored it
Now I've been ignoring it too

No reason for any crops to grow
He laid down out in the snow
Found him still
Found him blue

He looked handsome and still looks like you
Now I carry you in my shoes
Step with you in mind
You might not be around here anymore
But you're not too hard to find

Do I Know You? (Blue Jockey)

Benjamin Melton



Georges Seurat, The Little Peasant in Blue (The Jockey)

Do I know you?
Something about your face seems familiar, but it's a blur.
Everything kind of blurs here.
Blurs into.
All the days are the same and all the people are the same.
Correct me, but aren't you the jockey?
The one who wanted to go to flight school, but his family said no.
So he learned to ride a horse instead.
Ride it out of this green beautiful wasteland where nothing grows but things fade.
Yeah, I remember you now.
I never dreamed you would return.
Maybe you can take me now before it's too late.
Before the heart fully fades.
I'm still waiting for someone to take me to the place that will save me.
My fake soul stays lukewarm here like all others as my real soul freezes.
But God knows I could never learn to fly or to ride a horse.
This could be my last chance before the grass envelopes me.
Please take me.
Please take me now.

ART SUBMISSIONS

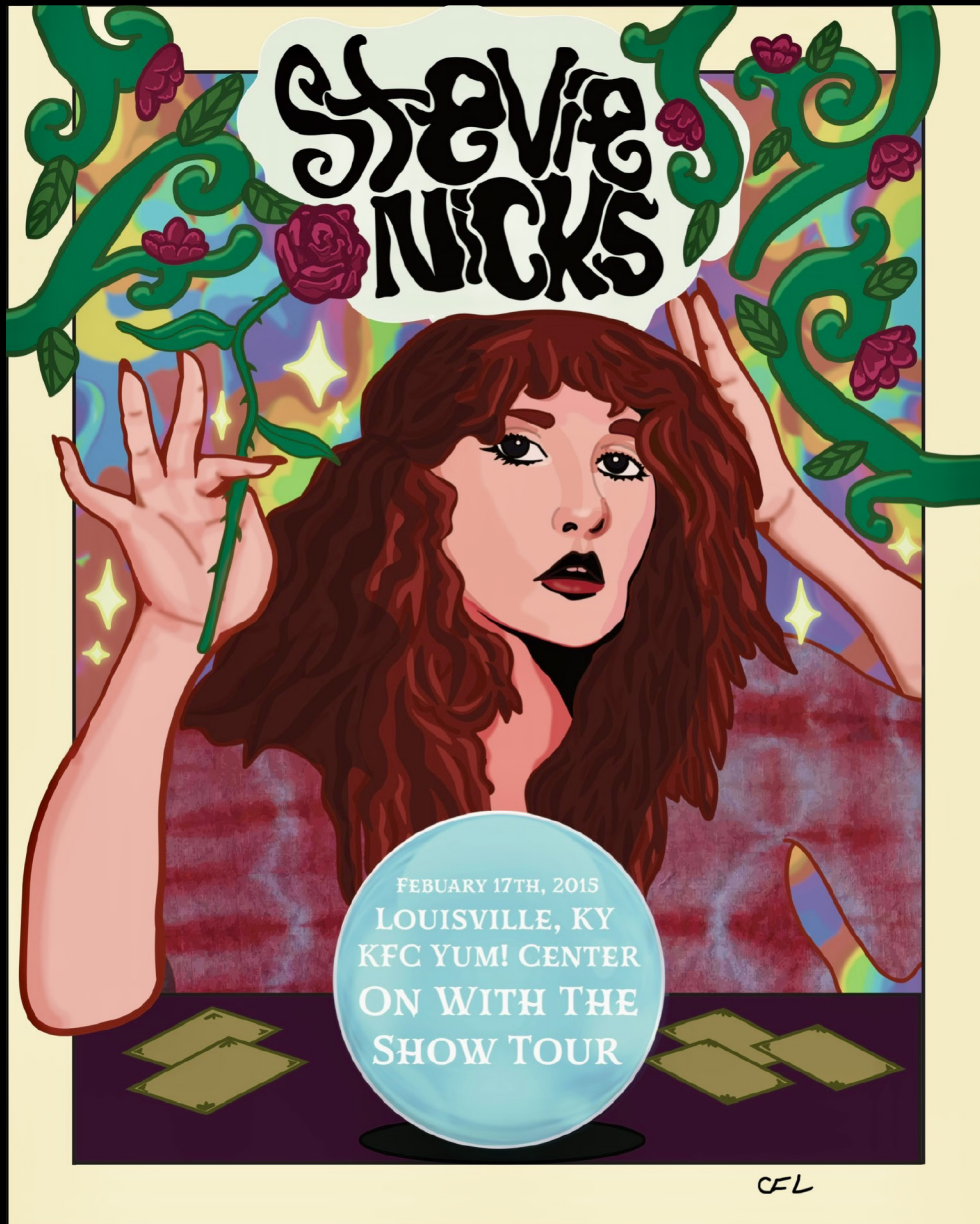
photograph by Brandon Costello



@_flashcreary_

Cole Ledweg

@Coco_is_goin_loco



Nathan Rink

Madie McMillian

@bluelaloon



Monkey Centipede Knucks
 sizes 7, 8 and 9
 copper



Abby Bunch

@abbysartstudio

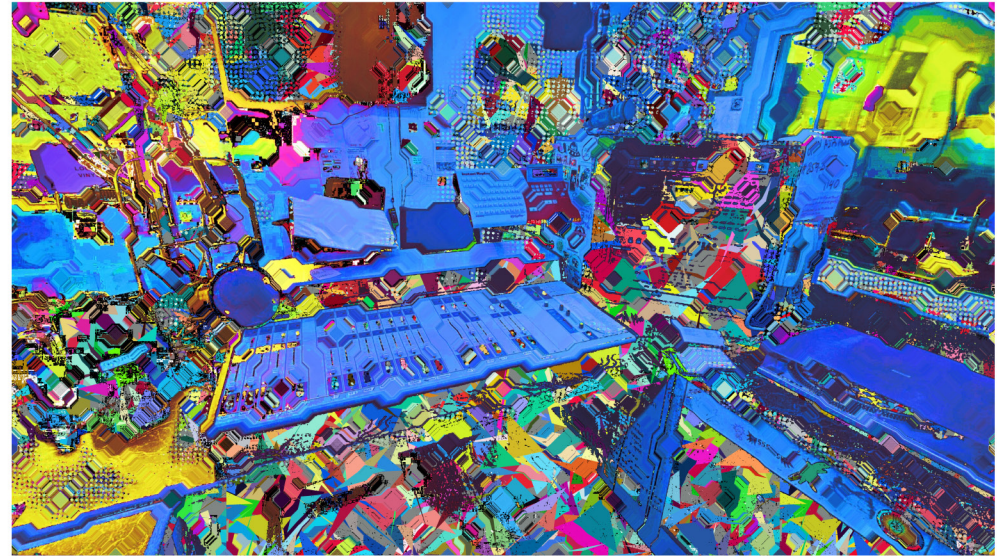


Shell Ring
 size 8
 copper



Newport on the Levee Mural series 1/5
 Nova mural paints on parachute paper
 11' 8" x 9'

@StylelessKnave



Lauren Clay Sampson

@ayoclayart



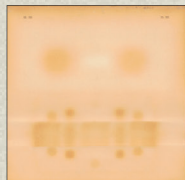


Brian Connors Manke

@bcmanke

MOST PLAYED ALBUMS IN THE

1



Dr. Dog
Dr. Dog

2



Underdressed at the Symphony
Faye Webster

3



Manning Fireworks
MJ Lenderman

4



Mahashmashana
Father John Misty

5



A Dream Is All We Know
The Lemon Twigs

6



Weeds Under Concrete Stones
Routine Caffeine

7



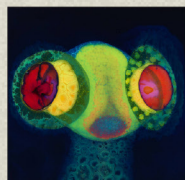
FIRST LPI
Autobahns

8



Strike Gold, Strike Back, Strike Out
Tha Retail Simps

9



SORCS 80
Osees

10



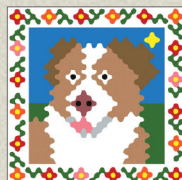
life till bones
oso oso

11



Catalyst EP
Catalyst the Band

12



Spotlight City
Dan Rincon

13



deconstruct, reconstruct, repeat
Naptaker.

14



Under Your Branches
Mars FM

15



Bright Future
Adrienne Lenker

16



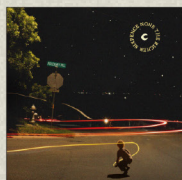
POWER
illuminati hotties

17



Tower
Kind Skies

18



Rosemary Hill
Sixpence None The Richer

19



Planet Pearl
Pearl & The Oysters

20



See You at the Maypole
Half Waif

21



Love Heart Cheat Code
Hiatus Kaiyote

22



The Worst of Itchy and The Nits
Itchy and The Nits

23



Dulling the Horns
Wild Pink

24



Fountainhead
Volunteer Department

25



I Saw the TV Glow
Various Artists

26



A La Sala
Khruangbin

27



EELS
Being Dead

28



My Method Actor
Nilüfer Yanya

29



Box for Buddy, Box for Star
This Is Lorelei

30



Rocanrol in Mono
Pleasants

FILM



CLUB

Q: If you have to recommend one movie to an alien to explain humanity, it would be?



VALERIE WRIGHT

Chicken Little (2005)

dir. Mark Dindal

I would show them Chicken Little so that they know we are ready to take them on.

ANDREW MORTIMER

Speed Racer (2008)

dir. Lana Wachowski, Lilly Wachowski

The funny anime racing movie represents hope, family, and passion better than any other. John Goodman also says "non-ja" while dissing a ninja.



MADDIE WALLEN

WALL-E (2008)

dir. Andrew Stanton



EVON OLIVER

Superbad (2007)

dir. Greg Mottola

We're gonna make some great friends out of these little rascals.





AIDAN GREENWELL

Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle (2004)

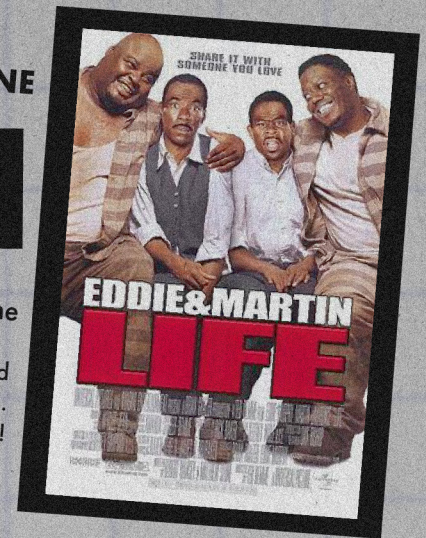
dir. Danny Leiner

NICOLE GREENE

Life (1999)

dir. Ted Demme

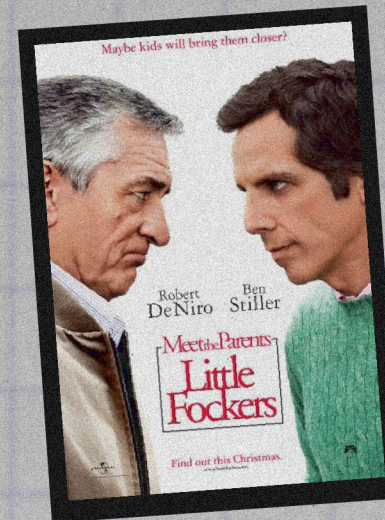
A good display if the many injustices of the world
and how humans preserve with humor and resilience.
Also, Martin Lawrence and Eddie Murphy!



LA'MIYA STARNES

Joker (2019)

dir. Todd Phillips



SAM WALLACE-SMITH

Little Fockers (2010)

dir. Paul Weitz



GAVIN PROBUS

The Truman Show (1998)

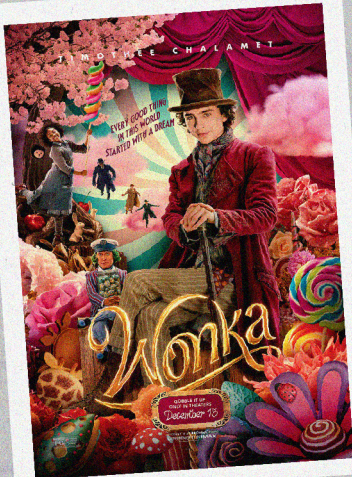
dir. Peter Weir

REBEKAH NEW

Little Miss Sunshine (2006)

dir. Valerie Faris, Jonathan Dayton





CAROLINE WEST

Wonka (2023)

dir. Danny Leiner

2023 Wonka so they know Earth is whimsical

HALEY WADE

Bee Movie (2007)

dir. Steve Hickner, Simon J. Smith

Thinking Bee.



JAKE BUTLER

Children of Men (2006)

dir. Alfonso Cuarón



MARY CLARK

Oppenheimer (2023)

dir. Christopher Nolan



WILL MAJORS

Balto (1995)

dir. Simon Wells



LUKE STONE

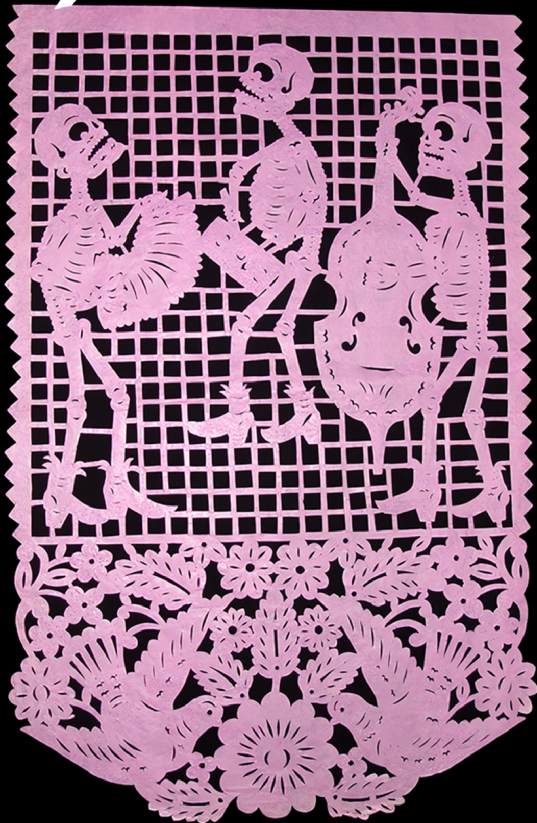
Hundreds of Beavers (2022)

dir. Mike Cheslik

This movie clearly and expertly showcases how humans will fight for their survival no matter the cost. This guy has to battle tens if not hundreds if not thousands of beavers in this film. I don't know what else could represent the plight of man better.



vampire hours



the goth show.
friday nights at midnight.

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@slavvyter
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@z3llamusic

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@lynksmusic
@lux_mala
@ppprettyerl
@uffieufficial

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@cecilebelieve
@juarozas
@juicyromance
@sheishyra
@thathahlo
@thisisraissa

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**DANCE
DARK WAVE
ELECTRONIC**

**signal
boost**

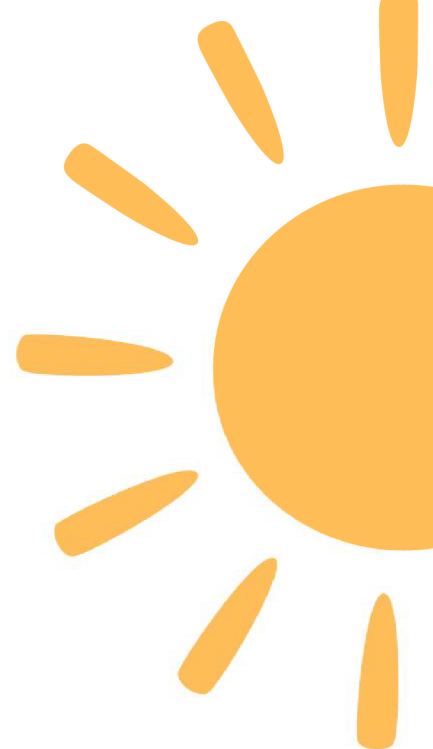
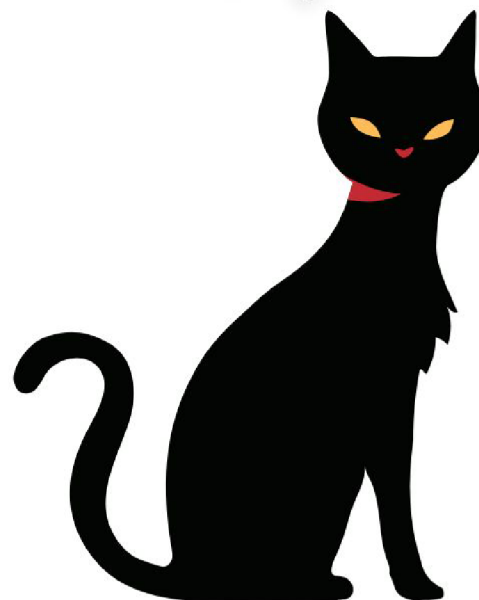
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2025 SPRING RiFLe!!

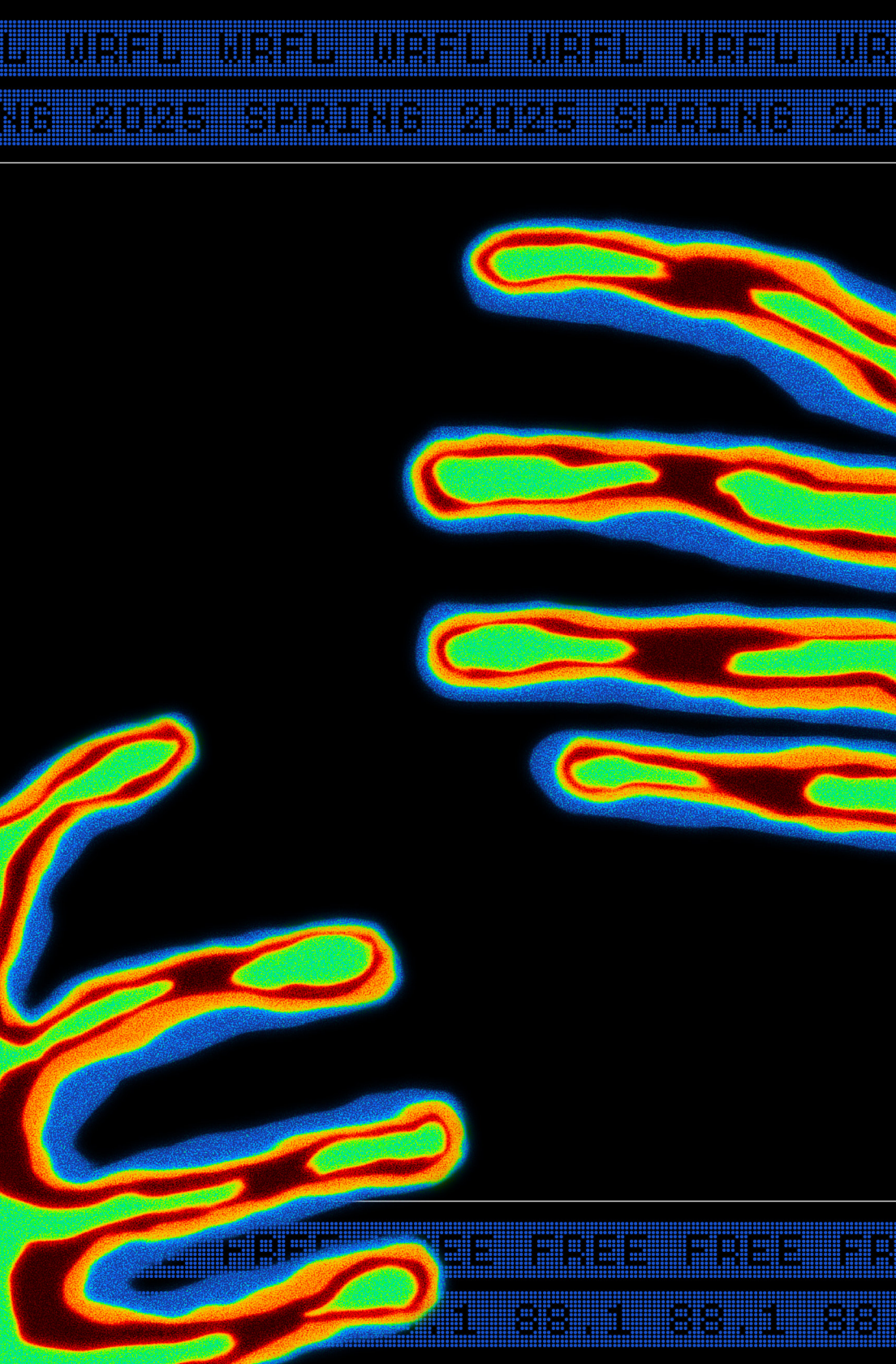


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WRFL LOVES YOU!!

What do YOU do now?

- >READ the RiFLe again
- >SHARE the RiFLe with someone
- >EXPLORE past RiFLes



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