

88.1FM  
WTF1

RIFLE

LOCATION:

DATE:

LEXINGTON, KY  
SUMMER 2025

ITEM

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PRICE

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88.1 FM  
**wrfl**



# 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!



CHECK OUT  
OUR SHOP

DONATE  
to  
WRFL  
✓



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# LETTER FROM THE GENERAL MANAGER

## Hey everybody!

For those who don't know me, my name is Aidan Greenwell, and I am the new General Manager for WRFL! I have been working at the station for about 3 years now, and I am extremely excited and honored to lead this amazing organization that we all love so, so very much. I have a lot of big plans in the works for making our station better than ever before. With our new Board of Directors, our wonderfully talented DJs, and (most of all) our listeners from across the world, I know that we can do even more truly amazing things for not only our station, but the UK and Lexington community as a whole. I promise I won't let y'all down in making this the best year yet for WRFL.

Currently, I am conducting wildlife ecology research in the great state of Alaska, but that doesn't mean the station stops rollin' on, son!! I, as well as the rest of the amazing members of our BoD and all of our amazingly talented and oh so lovely community DJs, have some amazing events and opportunities for UK students and community members alike to get involved with the station this summer. I'm talkin' training new DJs, I'm talkin' new event collaborations, I'm OBVIOUSLY talkin' submissions for the zine that you're reading RIGHT NOW!! And of course, I'm talkin' some brand new shows spinning some brand new tracks that can only be found on 88.1.

If you're like me when I was a freshman at UK, this might be the first time you've ever picked up anything with a WRFL logo on it. Hopefully by the end of this edition of the RiFLe, you'll also be like freshman me and immediately become enamored by the passion, creativity, and love that this lil' ol' station on the first floor of the student center has been pumping out for 37 years now, and will immediately try to get in on this weird thing we've got going on as soon as humanly possible. What the following pages hold are some of the very best art, writing, and photography the Lexington community has created over the past few months. Flip through it once (or twice), grab some stickers, go see a show, make some new friends, come join the station, and ALWAYS keep it all the way to the left. What are you WAITIN' FOR?? FLIP THE PAGE!!!!

**See You All in the Fall :))**  
**Aidan Greenwell**  
**WRFL General Manager**

# LETTER FROM THE DESIGN DIRECTOR

## Hi, I'm back again!

So, YOU'RE holding the Summer 2025 edition of the RiFLe, and I can't tell you how truly fulfilled that makes me. If this is your first time opening this publication and learning about WRFL, YOU'RE in for a treat! Now that I have been part of the Board of Directors and station for a little bit over a year now, I can't tell you enough how truly special this organization is. Similar to Aidan, I'm spending the summer away from the station while I study abroad for the summer. It's been exciting and I'm thankful for the experiences, but honestly, I miss WRFL and the station as a whole so much. Traveling has made me appreciate just how special the station really is. There's nothing else like it!

This brand new zine is compiled of writing, short stories, poems, photography, and art from the passionate people of Lexington. No two editions of the RiFLe are ever the same. Each one is shaped by the people who show up to submit their voices, their perspectives, and their willingness to share something. I'm so grateful for the artists and writers who contributed because their work gave this issue its shape and soul. That being said, there is NO DOUBT there would be no zine at all if it weren't for YOU talented artists and writers. YOU keep showing up for the station and are the creative voices that make Lexington what it is.

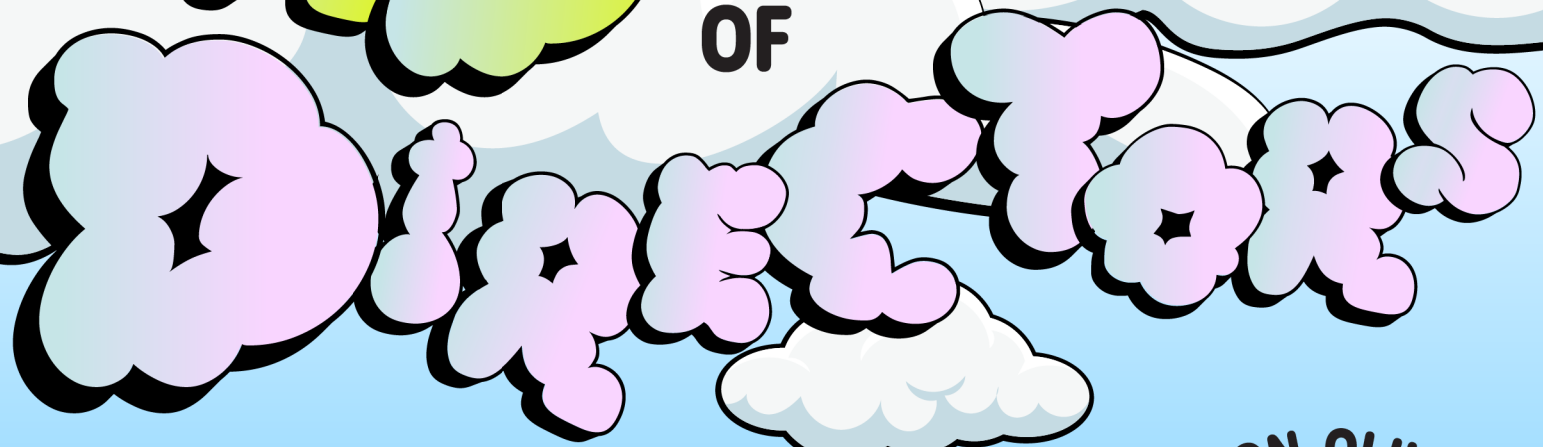
Before you flip to the next page, I want to give another massive thank you again to everyone who makes the RiFLe possible such as the Board of Directors, DJs, listeners, and the readers. And know that as long as we have readers like YOU, we'll keep filling these pages with work that matters. Now it is finally time for YOU to explore the newest edition of the Summer 2025 RiFLe!

**Talk to You Soon!**  
**Haley Wade**  
**WRFL Design Director**

# MEET THE



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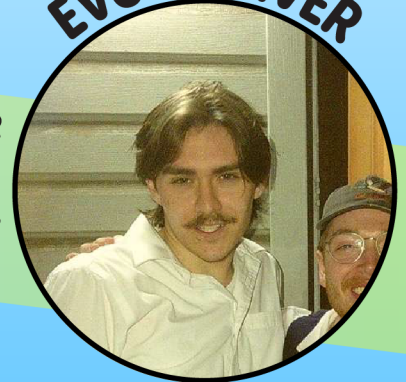


**AIDAN GREENWELL**



**POSITION:** GENERAL MANAGER  
**HOMETOWN:** NEWPORT, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
"LOW RIDER" - WAR

**EVON OLIVER**



**POSITION:** PROGRAMMING DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** LOUISVILLE, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
"ONE OF THESE NIGHTS" - EAGLES

**JAKE BUTLER**



**POSITION:** OPERATIONS DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** LITITZ, PA  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
"CONDUIT FOR SALE!" - PAVEMENT

**VALERIE WRIGHT**



**POSITION:** PROMOTIONS DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** SHELBYVILLE, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
"FROLIC" - LUCIANO MICHELINI

## CAROLINE WEST



**POSITION:** COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** LEXINGTON, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
 "WHAT'S NEW SCOOBY-DOO?" - SIMPLE PLAN

## HALEY WADE



**POSITION:** DESIGN DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** ATLANTA, GA  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
 "CYANOTYPE OF BLUE" - SALAMI ROSE JOE LOUIS

## WILL MAJORS



**POSITION:** EVENTS DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** LEXINGTON, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
 "LOSE YOURSELF TO DANCE" - DAFT PUNK

## EMMY WELLS



**POSITION:** LIBRARY DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** LOUISVILLE, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
 "SILLY GIRL" - DESCENDENTS

## ADARA NORMAN



**POSITION:** LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** LOUISVILLE, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
 "HELP I'M ALIVE" - METRIC

## ABBY BULLOCK



**POSITION:** MUSIC DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** COLUMBIA, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
 "C U IN DA BALLPIT" - CAMPING IN ALASKA

## MADDIE WALLEN



**POSITION:** MEDIA DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** SHELBYVILLE, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
 "FEELING MYSELF" - WOLF ALICE

## CJ JONES



**POSITION:** MEMBERSHIP DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** LOUISVILLE, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
 "HEADBOARD" - LIL UGLY MANE

**NOLIA WILLIAMS**



**POSITION:** NEWS DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** OWENSBORO, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
"BOING SERIES (02)" - SOUND EFFECTS OF HOLLYWOOD

**GAVIN PROBUS**



**POSITION:** PRODUCTION DIRECTOR  
**HOMETOWN:** CRESTWOOD, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
"DISCO ULYSSES" - VULFPECK

**MARY CLARK**



**POSITION:** STATION ADVISOR  
**HOMETOWN:** LEXINGTON, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
"GAIA" - KING GIZZARD & THE LIZARD WIZARD

**NICOLE GREENE**



**POSITION:** STATION COORDINATOR  
**HOMETOWN:** LEXINGTON, KY  
**IF YOU HAD A THEME SONG, IT WOULD BE:**  
"GOOD DAYS" - SZA

**AND**

**TO OUR**

**Farewell**

**Graduates**

**Students**

**LUKE STONE**



**ANDREW MORTIMER**



**REBEKAH NEW**



**LA'MIYA STARNES**



**SAM WALLACE-SMITH**



**AS CAPITALISM DIES,  
VINYL SURVIVES**



**POPS**

**NEW & USED**

**VINYL RECORDS**

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# PROGRAMMING SCHEDULE SUMMER 25 WRFL.FM/SCHEDULE

	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN
12 AM	Manic Pixie Dreams	Matt's Metal Mortuary	BUGSNOT	Radio Rebel	Voyager Golden Records	120 Minutes	The Alan Hour
2 AM	Sharky's Island		You're left too!	Pink Dahlias	Live From The Crawlspace	Black Moon Lilith	Coming at You Live
5 AM	Commitment Issues		Cantus Divintatis	Mint Jams	The 'O' Show	mirror/image	savepoint.
7 AM	Afrodesia	Palate Cleanse	Algorithm Indie	Better Than Dead Air.	Frank & Friends	members only.	Harmony Hangout
9 AM	Democracy Now		Democracy Now			Unhinged Reality Show	Neverland Ballroom
10 AM	Semilla Sagrada Radio	The Rapids	Dave's Deep Dives	Discontinuity	90 Degrees		
12 PM	Lukie Goes Green	Easy Tiger	Live on Hare	Slow Blink	Love Love Love	Blue Yodel #9	Down the Hatch
2 PM	bag fries	Rhythm, Beats & Rhythms	Your Father's Music Program	The Middle Ground	Velvet Revolution	Something Completely Different	Fun Times
4 PM	Asleep at the Wheel	Knock Knock!	Spare Change	Easily Suggestible	Traffic Jams	All Things Heavy!	The World Beat
6 PM	The Shuffle Arc	Here Comes Treble	Inside the Box	The Last Resort	The Matterhorn Mix	Phantom Power Double Hour	El Tren Latino
8 PM	The Pacobilly Hour	Alternative Midwest Grunge	WRFL Live	Japan Jams	Giddy Up	Donut Shock!	WRFL Psychedelicatessen
10 PM	Old School Hip-Hop	BTU	Blood And Oranges	The Musical Box	The Cool Pool	Serious Moonlite with Brandon Costello	The Lab

# STUDENT SUPPORT OPTIONS

As everyone comes back to campus, we want to make sure you're aware of some of the support options available! Here are just a few below, and for more check out [studentsuccess.uky.edu/find-services](https://studentsuccess.uky.edu/find-services)

**CARES  
First-Generation:**  
1st floor, McVey Hall

**Counseling Center:**  
3rd Floor, East Wing,  
Gatton Student Center

**Disability Resource  
Center (DRC):**  
Room 443, Multidisciplinary  
Science Building

**Financial Wellness:**  
2nd Floor, East Wing,  
Gatton Student Center

**POWER:**  
2nd Floor, East Wing,  
Gatton Student Center

**Student Support  
Services:**  
Room 302,  
Patterson Hall (North Campus)

**Violence Intervention &  
Prevention (VIP) Center:**  
Room 401, Multidisciplinary  
Science Building

**TRACS:**  
2nd Floor, East Wing,  
Gatton Student Center

**Martin Luther  
King Center:**  
Suite A230,  
Gatton Student Center

**LGBTQ\* Resources:**  
Suite A250,  
Gatton Student Center



# WRFL 37<sup>th</sup> BIRTHDAY BASH

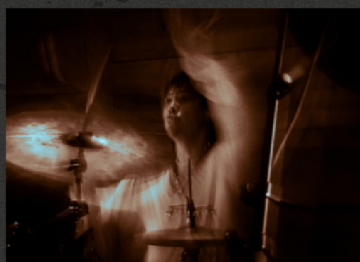


WRFL celebrated our 37th Birthday  
at The Burl on March 8th, 2025

with headliners:



and openers:



photos taken by @bcmanke



iykyk



signal boost + vampire hours  
have died and have risen from the grave as

# 120 minutes

dark wave, goth + electronic music  
friday nights at midnight

88.1 fm lex

88.1 FM  
wrfl

wrfl.fm/120

MUSIC FROM ANYWHERE  
MUSIC FROM ANY TIME

# The World Beat Sunday 4-6pm

WRFL 88.1/WRFL.FM

<sup>wrfl</sup>  
Psychedelicatesse

Saturday Nights  
8-10

88.1fm  
wrfl.fm



## THE LAST RESORT

with Jared & Saraya  
wednesdays • 6-8 p.m.

eclectic party music for every mood

## Semilla Sagrada Radio



with Cass  
& Damia ♡

Monday  
from 10am-12pm



# WRITING SUBMISSIONS

# Fenrir

Elizabeth Kneibert

I'm just like that black coated dogmatist—growling at what I can't understand.  
She's been at my heels, silently tracking me, shattering teeth met  
With masochistic bliss. Navigating the night with her nose alone,  
Domesticated death—how else might you describe this household prophecy?  
A pet, the mutt of mortality. Only trained to do temporal tricks,  
Tamed her while tracking the same terrible truth.

Tell me, have you ever been suspended between sleeping and waking?  
When the ticking of the clock seems like a symphony?  
When you palaver with the sound of time passing?  
Loyal companion, the whine at the back door to which I always answer—  
Herder, protector, nature chasing nurture's tail, who's walking who?  
Caused that collar myself.



# The Sitter

Samantha Ratcliffe

My insomnia is worse now and it exhausts the rich pets. They huff and push against me with all their weight, pull themselves from restless sleep to peer back at my typing hands, as if to say "My mothers would never be this reckless," and "What could you possibly have to say after nine days of silence?" In the morning I try to be polite in the yard, gently pulling at leashes, bargaining with timeframes. But I'm always met with distrusting eyes, snouts that can't stop sniffing the lonesome smells off my clothes. I spend all my time with their small bodies, stoic like rocks, they threaten that they'll never leave the yard. This is the closest I'll come to the American dream. To try to rest here, soaking in someone else's tub, to lay my head against the fresh decorative eucalyptus and drink the cheapest fridge wine I can find until my body burns all the skin outside itself and drowns the numbness back in. I sit in all of it until the dog's expectant bark outweighs the weight and I find a way to pull myself up. I'll pack up all my worn out belongings and clean my way out like I used to when I was a residential maid. I'll wash the sheets with bleach and fold triangular hospital tucks at each end of the spare bed, confirming that I never really slept to begin with, that I was never fully here at all. No one in this house will know me, but they'll know I'm a good person because I've taken out the bathroom trash and wiped down all the kitchen counters. I'll write a bubbly farewell letter that boils up and cooks some trust.

Good morning,

Everyone here has been waiting for you since the moment you left. Everyone here told me with their eyes everyday just how much you belong to them. Even the cardinals missed your shadow by the window. Even the fridge buzzed differently when you were gone. The floors creep for your feet back. The doors told me the whole time that they'd rather stay closed until your hand is near again. How lovely it is that you own this many windows. How absolutely real your smiles look in each hallway vacation picture. Thank you for having me, that I might get drunk on your wallpaper choices. Thank you for the opportunity to pick up your spoiled dog's medicated kibble turds. It's been a true dream, though I will always be hungry and all my vacations will be jobs. It's been a dream, wallowing on the furniture you're ready to move, to sit in such richness. But I simply can't stay.

Welcome home,

The Sitter

# An Ode to My Bedroom

## Holly Newton

This has been a place of healing.

Abundant laughter and love

Intentional Conversation

It is a space filled with inspiration and life.

The sun catcher filled windows, pooling in rainbows all across the floors and walls.

Green leaves of plants sitting against white lace curtains.

The many colorful paintings and drawings, thumbtacked to the dainty purple floral wallpaper.

The glow in the dark stars that only shone while in bed with him, as the crickets chirped outside and the lightning bugs danced in the trees.

This has been a place of rebirth.

A nursery of a young woman finding herself again.

Discovering what makes her happy.

What gives her life.

It holds warmth on her blue days, reeking of incense and soft blankets, with a dog at her feet.

It'll be a bittersweet day whenever she packs up her life into boxes and enters into a new chapter of her story.

A blood-thirst for knowledge

Wanting to spread her love to every person

Embracing the light that shines for her from the universe.

## MOVIE REVIEW: *The Stuff* (1985)

Maxwell Reams



**DIRECTOR:** LARRY COHEN  
**WRITER:** LARRY COHEN  
**GENRE:** HORROR/COMEDY  
**LANGUAGE:** ENGLISH  
**RUNTIME:** 1 H 27M  
**RATED:** 

As someone who watches a lot of relatively obscure and goofy movies, I've never seen one that befuddled me quite as much as this one. At almost every turn I went "Huh?" "What?" "Why did they do that?". It's supposedly a horror movie, but it barely feels like one. The opening scene shows a random man walk up to a strange pile of white goop bubbling on the ground and he decides to give it a taste, and that's the catalyst for the plot. The main character says at least three times "I go by 'Mo,' because when someone gives me money, I always want mo'." It's so cheap that you can see the edge of the green screen every time they use it. I found it quite entertaining, but maybe that's because I'm too amused by the absurdity of the main cast being deathly afraid of a giant glob of shaving cream encroaching upon them.

**RATING:** ★★★★★

# NOSTALGIA SO PRETTY

Alaysha Crowe

Mechanical  
silver fans staccato unsteadily  
beside damaged security cameras  
blue and yellow seats  
stagger below one magazine  
disrupting the flow  
humid air and mold  
feet sticking to tile floors

Laundry Center Rules

use at YOUR OWN RISK  
DO NOT hand your laundry card to an  
employee to do your  
laundry or finish doing your laundry  
(they will be fired).  
We have a drop off service.  
No overloading.  
No sitting on counters or machines.  
Please do not overload the washers or dryers.  
Please remove clothes promptly.  
Laundry left unattended may be discarded.

Owner & Management are not liable for any  
loss or damages.

quarters clatter stuck  
underneath  
haunted by past customers and  
stranded folded sheets  
my mother's hand in my mine  
ghostly  
A reflection  
in a reflection  
I turn and turn and turn  
inside a ragged machine  
suds drying in a wheel of  
blurry blouses  
a red bench sits sadly  
in a corner  
alone  
a sad reminder  
of home

There are places that stay the same even  
when you don't

I take wet clothes and  
remember that remembering isn't worth  
the hurt  
nostalgia so pretty  
a curse  
rose covered thorns

I find myself wanting the pain if it's the pain  
of yesterday  
if it's the pain that she's a part of

# SENSELESS STATE

Isabelle Morgan

Paint it with your teeth  
And shout it in the shower  
That's how I know  
Towels are for cowards  
A touch I can swallow  
A taste I can feel  
A smile I can explain  
And a voice I can devour  
Why the hell do we do it  
I'm tying my shoe to  
prove something stupid  
God imagine it that simple  
What if sense  
Wasn't something we had to make

For the reasons I swallow  
For the dreams I debate  
For the mom I was chanced  
For the dollar I quickly misplaced  
For the fucking holes in my socks  
For the hair I cut short and  
For the patches I leave alone  
For the body I've out grown  
For the borrowed labeled new  
For the guess I leaned on too late  
For the fucks I actually give  
For the sighs I should have phrased  
For the love of those backwards gods  
For the smile I forced  
As if I can hide a smoke  
As if I can mask any feeling  
Without starting to choke

# JAMCATS STUDENT SHOWCASE

## Trenton Upchurch

It always starts with an idea.

Eight months ago, Casey and I sat down and hashed out the first details of what would eventually become the JamCats. Music making, open mics, jam sessions, the works. We ran our first few open mics, fumbling along, singing karaoke, building our community of musicians and friends on campus, and generally having a blast. Y'know, fun stuff! Then somebody (I'll let you guess who) got the bright idea to host an end-of-year event, one where we could host a few of our student-led bands during class hours. We wanted to show off all the cool musicians on campus to students as they were leaving class or grabbing lunch, and make the day a little bit more enjoyable for everybody with some good local student-led music. April 18, 2025, the day JamCats would bring student music to the forefront of campus!

We had no idea how much we signed up for. We *really* had no idea.

The JamCats Student Showcase (TM) would become an absolute *behemoth* of a show on complete accident. It started with a few bands we had on campus that we knew through our open mics: Shoegum, Valus, and Jarley Yung. Shoegum was a shoe-in, since they'd joined us a few times and rocked the Cats Den every time. Valus and Jarley Yung are also rocketing towards local stardom with DANCE CLUB. Seven bands came crashing together for a five-hour show. The Showcase suddenly became a massive event, and we had to plan the show itself in just a few weeks. JamCats has basically no collective experience running one of these from scratch, but we called up our musical brothers and sisters in arms over at WRFL to beg for help running live sound and putting it all together. Sam, Gavin, and



fourth show ever. You couldn't tell; they absolutely rule). The most incredible part was how the showcase went off without a

hitch. Five hours exactly, from start to finish, and no major delays, mistakes, sound issues, nothing. It was near musical nirvana. Honestly, writing about it doesn't do it justice. Even the photos don't (even as good as they are!).

Jake were instrumental in putting it all together, running live sound, media efforts, helping with our drum kit, and more. Most of the board showed up, actually, and I'm super grateful and stoked that they decided to join us that sunny April afternoon.

On the JamCats end, Abigail, Jacey, Rob, Deakon, Lauren, Bea, Xander, Camdyn and Sam were huge in promoting the showcase, taking good photographs, hauling equipment, checking everyone in, and generally being my moral support while I ran around Barker Plaza fearing for my sanity. Without them and without WRFL's crew, this showcase would have crashed and burned before it ever started.

Nearly four months of planning went into the showcase. Five hours, seven bands, and over two hundred attendees later, that four months was well worth it all. Hours and days spent agonizing over poster and sticker designs, recruitment forms, scheduling, catering, it all came back to being about what JamCats is: a space for student music. That was it all it ever was about, and it came back to that mission the day of the student showcase. All the stress became about giving back to the community and letting them strut their stuff to a brand-new crowd. JamCats has grown into and beyond the massive shoes I wanted us to fill, and I'm beyond proud of the people that have made it happen. You know who you are, and I can't thank you beyond words that the RiFLe lets me have.

Thank you for everything the JamCats are, and will be. We couldn't do it without you.

For the show itself, Valus kicked off in massive fashion, with "Off the Cuff" after (I joined them in a cover of "Basket Case" that needs to become lost media with my singing inability), and Shoegum rounded out the middle with their usual smoothness. Jarley Yung and Swing Dance Club gave us some groovy tunes, while Topsoil and K. Vincident brought some veteran experience and new excitement to the scene (apparently it was K. Vincident's



# they say you have to a window...

## Zoe Harper

The day my door began to unfold  
fear and anxiety poured in thoughts that howl in the ominous shadows  
that screamed I wasn't worthy, I wasn't the type

The others beyond the door moaned in agony over never being capable of love

I keep this door open for seven months  
I try to cover the cracks with the others  
stuffing them under the threshold instead of me  
struggling to muffle the screams

There came a day where the screams were no longer screams  
Just a never-ending shrill impossible to endure

So I open the window

With the door now closed, my ears were led to serenity  
The window let through a breeze, similar to a warm summers day



# close a door to open

Two weeks went by and the breeze subtly turned to wind  
and that wind learned to whistle  
quieter than the screams, but still disrupting my peace  
Two days later, a storm came  
beautiful from afar, it came and wrecked my room apart

The storm stayed for three weeks  
my room in a constant state of havoc  
warning sirens started to seep through the door frame  
through it all, I kept the window open

I still preferred it to the open door  
the storm didn't scream at me  
but with no words, the nights felt twice as long

The day came where I took a step back from the window  
I opened it with pure intentions, to capture my demons in the dark  
but I was unaware of the damage it would leave behind  
and the mess it would inevitably make

I can't fault the storm for destroying me  
it believes it was made for pure destruction  
never trusting anyone that comes near

since that day, my doors are open and my windows shut  
the open doors cry with regret and pain, doing what they've always done

scream

I leave my window unlocked now  
in hopes the whistles come again, seeping through my window sill  
I don't know if I could ever repair myself again

in the end  
you can never truly predict a storm

# Mr. Mangel on the Seventh Floor

C.J. Jones

Last week, a man named Kurt Mangel was fired from his position of adjunct professor of English literature at Dansbury Community College. His firing was somehow completely unrelated to the mountain of complaints about him that the dean had received in the span of the mere six months Mr. Mangel had been on faculty payroll. This is the story behind the incident, which is completely fabricated. This is called a *lie*.

\*

Michael Lyman had lived on this planet for thirty-four years and had spent approximately five of those years working night shifts as a janitor for Dansbury Community College. On his first night on the job, he'd been assigned to clean out Sullivan Hall: the biggest and ugliest office building on campus where most of the school's faculty had been crammed into. No one had ever told him to keep doing it, but no one had ever told him to stop either, and after hearing extremely detailed tales about what his fellow janitors on dorm duty had to clean up, Michael had found that picking up after professors didn't offer him much to complain about. So he never said anything to his superiors. He just kept cleaning, and soon enough he settled into a pretty comfortable routine.

\*

Kurt Mangel had lived on this planet for thirty-one years and had spent approximately half of one of those years working as an adjunct professor of English

literature for Dansbury Community College. He was not particularly thrilled to be teaching at a community college, but upon graduation from his doctoral program, he quickly discovered that without substantial publication or research of any kind (which he lacked), getting a tenured position at a real institution, as he described it, would be nigh impossible. So he'd been forced to play the field until he could finish his manuscript, which he just knew was so groundbreakingly genius that whichever publication house was lucky enough to get ahold of it first would make him their poster boy.

But for now, he was not a legendary figure in American literature. He was only the new guy at Dansbury Community College, leaving him to teach the crowded ENG 101 lectures that let out at 4:45 p.m. (this was referred to among the English professors in the Dansbury faculty lounge as "paying your dues"), which required him to hold his office hours at a ghastly 5:00 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Unsurprisingly, it was rare that anyone, students and faculty alike, ever paid him a visit in his office.

Last Thursday, at 4:57 p.m., Mr. Mangel reached his office, Room 0727 of Sullivan Hall, and gave himself a moment to stop coughing and catch his shaky breath, as his office was on the seventh floor of the complex, and the elevators were currently on their third week of being out of service. He

had lodged several complaints with the campus repair team, but he had quickly discovered that the opinions of the faculty unimportant enough to be on the seventh floor of Sullivan Hall were not well-regarded by anyone who had the power to change anything.

When he'd recovered from his concrete hike, he maneuvered through the towers of books sprawled across his office floor (his requests for actual bookshelves had been similarly ignored), flicked the humidifier in the corner on, and flung a massive binder of student papers onto his old desk. This was the only time in the day he had to work on grading, and since he didn't have anyone to go back home to, he usually ended up locking himself in his office until midnight. His therapist had advised against this sort of prolonged isolation, but as with most professionals in his life, Mr. Mangel tended to pick and choose what advice of theirs was legitimate and which was, as he referred to it, "hokey-pokey."

Kurt Mangel's trembling left hand now glided across Savannah Mason's midterm paper, leaving shaky splotches of ink in its wake. He always paid very close attention to the marks he left on his students' work, as he liked to think that literary scholars a century from now would peer at the serial-killer-scrrawl feedback he left on half-baked essays about Huckleberry Finn and nod with knowing approval at his thoughtful insights. This fantasy was a real possibility in his mind because a late-night internet search had revealed to him that an archive of David Foster Wallace's papers, including syllabi and graded student work, was stored in the University of Texas' library. This, of course, gave him the rather arrogant impression that there would one day be a Kurt Mangel collection in some university's library (there would not), or that there could ever be works of his that were even close to significant enough to populate such a

collection. He thought of his style of grading as attentive and engaged. Students reportedly thought of it as tight-assed.

\*

Last Thursday, at 5:05 p.m., Michael Lyman was sitting on an old sofa in one of the many faculty lounges of Sullivan Hall, recovering from the effort of dragging a shopping cart's worth of cleaning supplies up seven flights of stairs. He huffed and puffed loudly. Dr. Lucy H. Reynolds, chair of Dansbury's history department walked inside to use the coffee machine and flashed him a pitiful smile. "Hey Mike, howyadoin?"

"I'm doin' alright, Dr. Reynolds. Thanks for asking. Just takin' a breather after the marathon I did to get up here. How 'bout yourself, sugar?"

"Can't complain, I reckon, other than this killer headache I've got. Sorry that I'm sticking around a bit late tonight. I know you've gotta clean my office and everything. I don't wanna be in your way. I've just got so much to grade tonight," she said, gesturing toward the machine gurgling out a brown stream of coffee into a cracked mug. "That's what this is for."

"No worries 'bout that, Lucy. It wouldn't be the first time someone stayed a bit too late around here, now would it?"

"You're bad, Mike," she chuckled as she shook her head. She knew he was talking about Mr. Mangel. The entire seventh floor had been a bit on edge since he'd taken up residence in 0727. Michael heard the complaints and the rumors every time he changed the trash bags in the faculty lounge. He had particular complaints of his own about the man but he didn't find it professional to badmouth someone to a colleague of theirs.

"Have a good night, now," Lucy called out to him as she left the lounge,

steaming mug in hand.

Michael smiled before he craned his head up long enough to notice the massive blotch of dark-lime mold that had formed a watery ring in the center of the lounge's ceiling. He swore under his breath. He had diligently worked to rid the seventh floor of the epidemic of mold that it had endured after last summer. It'd been a wet and humid season with more rainstorms per month than the county had ever seen before. The ensuing water damage didn't mix well with the seventh floor's already-stuffy climate. He sighed as he reached for his bottle of Instant Mold Remover™ for the third time this week.

\*

At 7:39 PM last Thursday, as Kurt Mangel finished tracing the massive red D+ at the top of Naveah Branscomb's midterm paper, he suddenly felt the warm presence of someone else in his office.

"Now, Professor, that seems a bit harsh, doesn't it?" asked Mary Mahosa, Mr. Mangel's teaching assistant. "Naveah's a real hard worker, you just gotta give her the right incentive."

"Mary!" Mr. Mangel exclaimed. "How long have you been sitting there?"

"With how many papers we have to go through, I'm always here. You gave me the keys, y'know," Mary said as she stretched her legs out on the couch across from Mr. Mangel's desk. She flipped a dial on the controls to the humidifier in the corner to amp it up a level.

"I guess I was so wrapped up in grading that I didn't even see you come in," he muttered. "Can I get you anything?"

"Water would be nice. I'm parched."

"Right. There's a cooler in the lounge.

I'll be right back."

On his way out, he noticed Mary's dress, a long piece of fuzzy fabric tinted such a dark shade of green that it was almost black. Something about her outfit seemed to make him feel light-headed.

\*

Last Thursday, at 7:42 PM, Michael Lyman dragged his cleaning cart out of the men's bathroom on the now nearly deserted floor, and yanked his gloves off with a sigh. An unidentified individual had left such a mess for him to clean up today that he planned on giving dagger eyes to any male professor he came across the next day, just to cover all his bases.

The lights on the floor had dimmed now, and he didn't notice Kurt Mangel scurrying out of the faculty lounge with two plastic cups in hand until he bumped into him, sending the tepid water flying from the cups onto the cold white floor.

"Ah, Mr. Mangel, I'm so sorry! It's so dark in here, I didn't even see you. I'll clean that up for you, don't even worry about it," Michael said as he squatted down to the floor and grabbed a towel from his waist.

Mr. Mangel smiled at him. "No worries, Mike. It's my fault for being in such a rush, eh? And remember what we talked about. You can call me Kurt, y'know."

"Say, I see you've got two cups here. You got a guest in your office, or are you just extra-thirsty tonight?"

Mr. Mangel's face scrunched suspiciously. "Oh, uhm, just my TA. We're... going over papers together."

"Ah. I didn't know you got a TA, Kurt. Bet that makes everything way easier, huh," Michael said as he finished wiping up the spill.

"Yeah. She's...new." Kurt Mangel appeared in no mood for small talk now. "Well... I've got to get back to the grindstone. See you around, Mike," he said as he quickly refilled his cups and hurried back down the dark hallway.

As he watched the professor hobble away, Michael Lyman began to try and recall if he had ever seen a professor and a TA in an office together so late at night with the door closed before. He hadn't. He had heard a lot of stories about things like this, but he'd never wanted to believe it could happen at good old Dansbury. The thing with those stories, though, is that they never ended well. Especially for the TAs. He gripped the ring of custodial keys in his pocket a bit tighter and began to slowly approach room 0727 of Sullivan Hall.

From outside the office, Michael heard a muffled conversation through the door, in which he could make out the rumbling of Kurt Mangel's voice. He listened for a while, waiting to hear another voice chime in. He waited for what felt like hours. It sounded like a rather one-sided conversation, but perhaps the TA had been on the receiving end of a lengthy lecture.

Eventually, he heard this: "Anyways, Mary, I got that water you asked for."

Michael listened for a "thank you" in response. There was nothing. But Kurt replied to the silence with a "you're very welcome" anyways.

Then: "Here, I'll help you drink it."

*That was the final straw*, Michael thought as he rummaged through his custodian's keyring for key #0727. He jammed it into the lock, kicked open the door, and pointed his lopsided set of keys at Kurt Mangel in the most threatening manner he could manage. "Don't you lay a finger on that

girl, Kurt!" he cried before the reality of what Kurt was truly doing set in.

Kurt Mangel, who was pouring the contents of his plastic cups onto a ravenous patch of mold on the wall, gave Michael Lyman a shell shocked look. "Mike, I think you may be confused," he said, pointing to the black pattern of gunk next to his humidifier, "This is Mary. She's my TA. She was helping me grade papers. I had to help her drink some water. She was thirsty."

\*

Last Thursday, at 8:15 p.m., custodian Michael Lyman, age thirty-four, performed a citizen's arrest on former adjunct English professor Kurt Mangel, age thirty-one in Sullivan Hall on the campus of Dansbury Community College. When campus security arrived, they discovered an entire colony of mold in Kurt Mangel's office that had managed to spread to the rest of the seventh floor through unknown means.

The next morning, Kurt Mangel's office was empty. Every other office on the seventh floor was empty too. The entire floor had to be fumigated.

**ART**

**SUBMISSIONS**



# Katherine Pitchford

@shark\_bite\_studios\_

# Brian Connors Manke

@bcmanke





# Nathan Rink

@nrinkphoto  
46

# Chelsea Adams

@c.adams.art



Good Love  
spray paint on canvas

# Jake Butler



# MOST PLAYED ALBUMS IN THE WRFL PLAYBOX IN SUMMER 25'



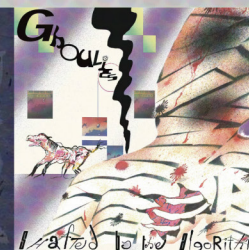
1. **POWER**  
illuminati hotties



2. **Teddy**  
Planet Parlor



3. **Mascot**  
Valus



4. **Shifted By The Algorithm**  
Ghoulies



5. **The Human Fear**  
Franz Ferdinand



6. **Weeds Under Concrete Stones**  
Routine Caffeine



7. **Manning Fireworks**  
MJ Lenderman



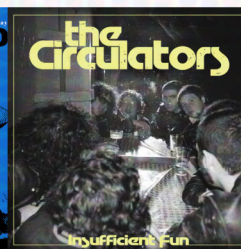
8. **Heartache in Room 14**  
The Altons



9. **Mahashmashana**  
Father John Misty



10. **Turning Face!**  
Tojo Yamamoto



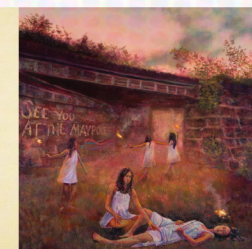
11. **Insufficient Fun**  
The Circulators



12. **Grinning William**  
Blood Wizard



13. **Fountainhead**  
Volunteer Department



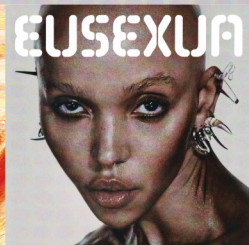
14. **See You at the Maypole**  
Half Waif



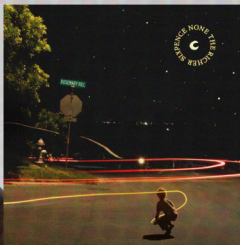
15. **The Bad Fire**  
Mogwai



16. **Forever Howlong**  
Black Country, New Road



17. **Eusexua**  
FKA Twigs



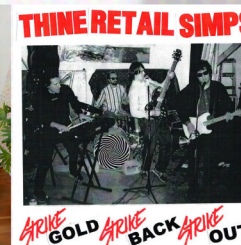
18. **Rosemary Hill**  
Sixpence None The Richer



19. **Planet Pearl**  
Pearl & The Oysters



20. **What a Relief**  
Katie Gavin



21. **Strike Gold, Strike Back, Strike Out**  
Thine Retail Simps



22. **Like All Before You**  
The Voidz



23. **TREG**  
TREG



24. **Under Your Branches**  
Mars FM



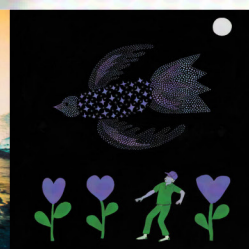
25. **ST EP CS**  
Vague Fugue



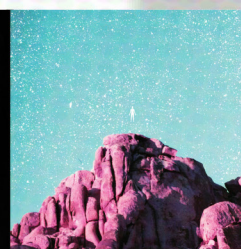
26. **Digital Pet**  
1-800-Mikey



27. **Everything is Love and Death**  
Oceanator



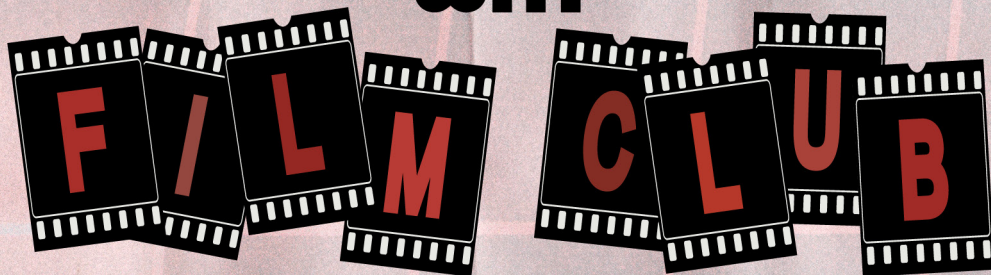
28. **The Purple Bird**  
Bonnie "Prince" Billy



29. **Speck**  
Weep Wave



30. **tiageol**  
Jeun



## Q: FAVORITE MOVIE SOUNDTRACK?



**ADARA NORMAN**

### *Ratatouille* (2007)

DIRECTOR: Brad Bird  
GENRE: Family/Comedy  
RUNTIME: 1H 51M  
RATED: **G**



**MADDIE WALLEN**

### *Mid90s* (2018)

DIRECTOR: Jonah Hill  
GENRE: Comedy/Drama  
RUNTIME: 1H 25M  
RATED: **R**

**CAROLINE WEST**

### *La La Land* (2016)

DIRECTOR: Damien Chazelle  
GENRE: Musical/Romance  
RUNTIME: 2H 8M  
RATED: **PG-13**



**JAKE BUTLER**

### *Princess Mononoke* (1997)

DIRECTOR: Hayao Miyazaki  
GENRE: Fantasy/Adventure  
RUNTIME: 2H 13M  
RATED: **PG-13**



**AIDAN GREENWELL**

### *Pulp Fiction* (1994)

DIRECTOR: Quentin Tarantino  
GENRE: Crime/Drama  
RUNTIME: 2H 34M  
RATED: **R**





**EMMY WELLS**

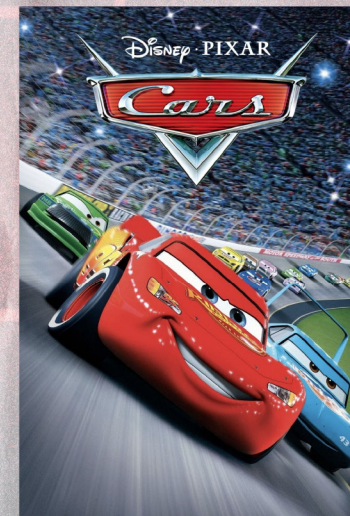
## Repo Man (1984)

DIRECTOR: Alex Cox  
 GENRE: Sci-fi  
 RUNTIME: 1H 33M  
 RATED: **R**

**WILL MAJORS**

## Cars (2006)

DIRECTOR: John Lasseter  
 GENRE: Family/Comedy  
 RUNTIME: 1H 57M  
 RATED: **G**



**CJ JONES**

## Challengers (2024)

DIRECTOR: Luca Guadagnino  
 GENRE: Drama  
 RUNTIME: 2H 11M  
 RATED: **R**



**Evon Oliver**

## Mamma Mia! (2008)

DIRECTOR: Phyllida Lloyd  
 GENRE: Musical/Comedy  
 RUNTIME: 1H 49M  
 RATED: **PG-13**

**NOLIA WILLIAMS**

## The Blues Brothers (1980)

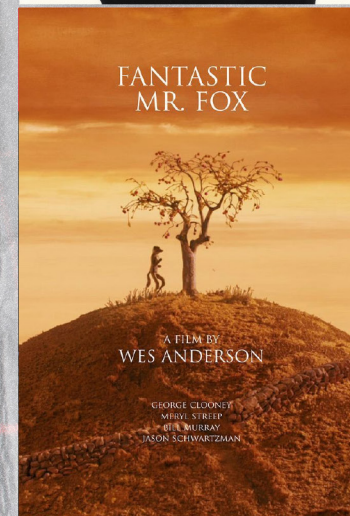
DIRECTOR: John Landis  
 GENRE: Comedy/Musical  
 RUNTIME: 2H 13M  
 RATED: **R**



**HALEY WADE**

## Fantastic Mr. Fox (2009)

DIRECTOR: Wes Anderson  
 GENRE: Adventure/Comedy  
 RUNTIME: 1H 28M  
 RATED: **PG**



.)



GAVIN PROBUS

## Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind (2004)

DIRECTOR: Michel Gondry  
 GENRE: Romance/Sci-Fi  
 RUNTIME: 1H 48M  
 RATED: **R**



VALERIE WRIGHT

## Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire (2005)

DIRECTOR: Mike Newell  
 GENRE: Adventure/Fantasy  
 RUNTIME: 2H 37M  
 RATED: **PG-13**



ABBY BULLOCK

## Fight Club (1999)

DIRECTOR: David Fincher  
 GENRE: Action/Crime  
 RUNTIME: 2H 19M  
 RATED: **R**

So underrated.

NICOLE GREENE

## Dreamgirls (2007) Love Jones (1997)



OR



DIRECTOR: Bill Condon  
 GENRE: Musical/Romance  
 RUNTIME: 2H 11M  
 RATED: **PG-13**

DIRECTOR: Theodore Witcher  
 GENRE: Romance/Comedy  
 RUNTIME: 1H 48M  
 RATED: **R**

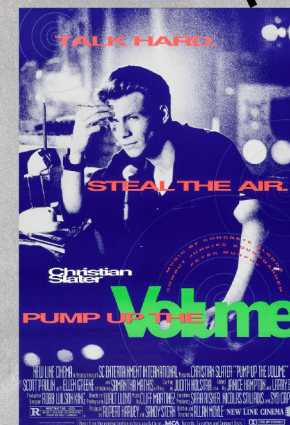
## Donnie Darko (2001)

MARY CLARK

## Pump Up the Volume (1990)



OR



DIRECTOR: Richard Kelly  
 GENRE: Sci-fi/Thriller  
 RUNTIME: 1H 53M  
 RATED: **R**

DIRECTOR: Allan Moyle  
 GENRE: Comedy/Musical  
 RUNTIME: 1H 45M  
 RATED: **R**

It is a total tie for me between Donnie Darko & Pump Up the Volume

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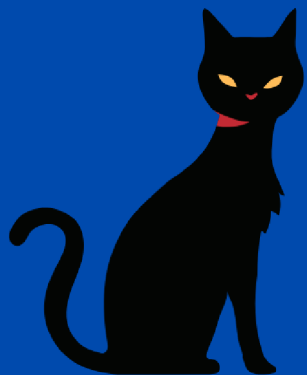
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