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RiFLe

FREE FOR ALL

Summer 2026 Edition





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P.S.

Thank you to all the DJs who drew a shark! You rock!

WRFL's MISSION STATEMENT

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

PROVIDE ITS MEMBERS

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

OFFER ITS MEMBERS

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

SUPPORT

arts and music in the Lexington area.



BECOME A PART OF WRFL

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

**Donate
to WRFL**



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Shop**

Letter from the General Manager

Fellow RFLiens,

If you are reading this, you have just opened the Summer 2026 edition of WRFL's RiFLe (and maybe flipped through a few pages before getting to this one). When I first flipped through one of these a couple of years ago, I was so inspired by the unique submissions from so many different students and community members. I had no idea that I would be so involved with the organization that published it just two years later.

I am so excited to be writing my first letter as the new General Manager of the station! So far, it has been clear that this position is going to provide so many incredible experiences and challenges. I assure that I will be putting my best foot forward when presented with said challenges and I cannot wait to see where this station is a year from now.

While every organization goes through changes throughout the years, there are core aspects of this one that have stayed extremely consistent throughout the two years that I have been here. If you are familiar with the station, you know what I'm talking about. If not, then I will just say that this station has one of the greatest communities you can find on campus. If you have any particular interest in alternative culture of any kind, this is THE place to get involved with. If you have a weird interest that you feel like is shared by no one, chances are you will find someone here with that same interest or at least someone who will be willing to hear you out. This is the place where you may walk in on a loud argument about whether Geese is actually a psy-op or not (they might be but the music is good so I don't care).

While yes, we are an FCC-licensed 24/7 student-run alternative radio station, we are soooooo much more than that. If you play your cards right, the type of people you meet at WRFL or WRFL events are the type of people that you will share the best memories and experiences with. That is certainly what happened to me, and I believe it will continue to happen as new members continue to cycle through.

If you are an incoming freshman that picked this up at an orientation or during K-Week, and you are even somewhat relating to anything in this awesome zine, stop by the station. We're located in the student center by the exit closest to the Cats Den. If you are interested in becoming a radio DJ, go to the soonest DisOrientation to start the process. If you are not totally sure about getting involved with the station just yet, that's totally okay, but keep an eye out, because we put on some really cool events and we're not going anywhere anytime soon! Also, be sure to tune in at 88.1 FM or on our website at wrfl.fm.

With that said, I can't wait for you to see what we have in this edition of the RiFLe! It was all put together by our new design director, Alexa, who you are about to hear from!

Keep it left y'all,
Gavin Probus
WRFL General Manager

Letter from the Design Director

Hi readers, it's nice to meet you!

I am going to start by stating how thankful I am to be WRFL's Design Director! Everyone here has truly welcomed me with open arms. And let me just say, I have had an absolute blast making this latest edition of our beloved RiFLe.

Even though I have only been a part of the station for a few months, one thing became clear to me quite quickly: everyone here at WRFL is incredibly kind, creative, and all around impressive. You all inspire me so much.

I hope that in this issue of the RiFLe, you too find some inspiration- go make something! it may not be up to everyone else's standards, but that's ok- make for the sake of making. If you feel so compelled, maybe even submit it to the next RiFLe, coming this fall :)

To everyone who has submitted something, answered one of my questions, looked at really really rough drafts of spreads, and/or helped me spitball ideas, you get my heartfelt thanks. Without you, I would not have the honor of contributing to this tradition that we all hold so dear. An extra thank you is also in order for the Board of Directors, DJs, listeners, and of course, YOU, dear reader!

And with that...

Welcome to the Summer 2026 RiFLe!
Alexa Cunningham
WRFL Design Director

SLOW BLINK

PURR-FECT INDIE POP



DAVID KING
THURSDAYS AT NOON

88.1 FM

wrfl

RETURNING IN AUGUST!
10-NOON EVERY THURSDAY!



Join WRFL lifer **Mick Jeffries**, chatting with a cadre of KY-centric guests each week for two hours of *#allthethings*. It's all about community builders, do-gooders, artists, musicians, educators, and extraordinary geeks, nerds, and beloved kooks ...

your kind of people ... admit it!

Trivial Thursdays — It's not just for breakfast anymore; *it's a bedtime snack if you're listening in Tokyo.*

www.trivialthursdays.com

Also Videostreaming on Facebook LIVE!

MEET the BOARD of DIRECTORS



GAVIN PROBUS

General Manager

Hometown: Crestwood, KY

Song of the Summer: "Sleep For Days" by Jackie Evans



C.J. JONES

Programming Director

Hometown: Louisville, KY

Song of the Summer: ":(again :)" by Earl Sweatshirt



EMMY WELLS

Operations Director

Hometown: Louisville, KY

Song of the Summer: "Stars" by Hum



JOHN HOENIG

Promotions Director

Hometown: Lexington, KY

Song of the Summer: "Of All the Gin Joints in All the World" by Fall Out Boy



MACHENZIE FABAN-BARDIN

Community Engagement Director

Hometown: Lexington, KY

Song of the Summer: "Punching the Flowers" by Death Cab for Cutie



ALEHA CUNNINGHAM

Design Director

Hometown: Crestwood, KY

Song of the Summer: "The Lovers" by Nine Inch Nails



AYILAN C. STONE

Events Director

Hometown: Lexington, KY

Song of the Summer: "Wild and Alone" by FKA twigs & PinkPantheress



RACHEL FERGUSON

Local Music Director

Hometown: Georgetown, KY

Song of the Summer: "Out Of Your League" by Blood Orange ft. Steve Lacy



LEAH ULLMAN

Membership Director

Hometown: Lexington, KY

Song of the Summer: "Aaj Shanibar" by Rupa Biswas



ABBY BULLOCH

Music Director

Hometown: Columbia, KY

Song of the Summer: "Over My Shoulder" by Pinegrove



BEN HINGREY

News Director

Hometown: Columbia, KY

Song of the Summer: "In Between Days" by The Cure



LIAM ARORA

Production Director

Hometown: Lexington, KY

Song of the Summer: "Together" by The Avalanches



NICOLE GREENE

Station Coordinator

Hometown: Jamestown, NY

Song of the Summer: "Hurricane"
by Infinity Song



LIBBY LANGLOIS

Interim Station Advisor

Hometown: Shelbyville, KY

Song of the Summer: "Aftertaste"
by Katie Gavin

STEADY SAILING TO OUR GRADUATING SENIORS :



Jake Butler



Haley Wade



Evon Oliver



Aidan Greenwell



Maddie Wallen



Will Majors

WRFL SUMMER SHOW SCHEDULE

<https://wrfl.fm/schedule>

	SUN		MON	TUE	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
12 AM	The Third Space		Dissident Discord	Matt's Metal Mortuary	D-Generation Z	the etherXD!!!11! :3	Sharky's Island	Donut Shock!
2 AM	From the Void		Art Music with Dr. Jeff	SIGNAL JAMMERS	1's and 0's	HeART POP	The Eclectic Metal Space	Wee-Hour Wiggles
5 AM	TONE SHIFT!		Tenatively Libby	Predawn Hours	Saturation Point	Creatures of Love	Sunrise Sounds	Live! From the Crawlspace
7 AM	Video on the Radio		Recreational Delay	Sequential Circuits	Better Than Dead Air.	Spin the Black Circle	Frank & Friends	Midway Music Melodeon
9 AM	Weather STARXL	Laminar Flow	Democracy Now!					Unhinged Reality Show
10 AM			Semilla Sagrada Radio	The Dunce Hour	Dave's Deep Dives	Soul Not For Sale	She Doesn't Even Go Here	
12 PM	Down the Hatch	A Walk in the Park	Zoo Station	Island Time	the Rapids	Slow Blink	Love Love Love	Blue Yodel #9
2 PM	Fun Times		Subspiria	Easy Tiger	Your Father's Music Program	The Middle Ground	THE DIGITAL DREAMSCAPE	Something Completely Different
4 PM	The World Beat		Asleep at the Wheel	Knock Knock!	Man Without Ties	Coming at You Live	Just Friends	Giddy Up
6 PM	Generations of Jazz		Easily Suggestible	Here Comes Treble	The Last Resort	The Matterhorn Mix	Phantom Power Double Hour	Beep Street
8 PM	Next Level Radio		The Pacobilly Hour	The Egg Carton	WRFL Live	Inside the Box	Feature Presentation	Psychedelicatessen
10 PM	The Lab		Old School Hip-Hop	Them's the Breaks	BUGSNOT	The Musical Box	The Cool Pool	Serious Moonlite

Writing Submissions

All My Heroes Really Are Cornballs

By C.J. Jones

JPEGMAFIA has always thrived on the idea of being an outsider. On 2016's *Black Ben Carson* (which was his debut studio album under the JPEG alias after he abandoned making music under the moniker of Devon Hendryx) he came for hip-hop's biggest stars and underground critical darlings alike. He declared on the album's very first track that he wanted to "take hip-hop out of the Drake era," and threw plenty of direct shade towards artists like Eminem, Kid Cudi, Hopsin and even MC Ride—the lead vocalist for Death Grips—throughout the entire record. He's worn the whole "I don't give a fuck, fuck everybody" attitude on his sleeve from the beginning, carefully curating an aesthetic of bad boy irreverence to pair with his music; whether that be in the form of his notoriously hotheaded Twitter presence or in his aggressive lyrics that openly threaten the well-being of famous musicians and public figures (see the very bluntly-titled track "I Cannot Fucking Wait Until Morrissey Dies"), or even his tiresome tendency to start pointless beef with his peers with almost zero provocation (see his feuds with Armand Hammer, Freddie Gibbs, and now, for some reason, Earl Sweatshirt of all people). Peggy's made no secret of how much of a wrestling fan he is, and I feel as if this is an attempt for him to emulate the villain role that so many professional television wrestlers have taken on to great success. But I don't know if it's really working for him like he thinks it is.

And don't get me wrong. I do understand why he does it. That persona has done him plenty of favors over the course of his career, namely in the form of engagement-baiting for likes and streams (it pays off to generate as many headlines for *Complex* and *XXL* as he does, after all). And hell, even I used to get a kick out of it myself. But as of late, it's sort of taken him into this weird little feedback loop where he just keeps patting himself on the back for being so experimental and tough and cool without any real hint of the self-awareness and intimate vulnerability that—paired with his typical rapper bravado and hyper-awareness of internet culture—made his earlier music so fresh and unique. We used to get amazingly-written tracks like "The 27 Club" or "Free the Frail" that actually explored interesting concepts like Peggy's complicated relationship with fame and fandom in the post-internet age. But on the new album, we just get some deluded ramblings about how much he hates his haters—a very tired subject

by now—and about sex. Plenty of sex. Maybe too much sex, actually.

In the rare moments throughout this album that you can actually *hear* Peggy's bars through the tinny mixing and his claustrophobic triplet flow, you'll probably be able to just barely catch the tail end of him screaming about how he's "fucking your bitch" (no, like, trust me; he's really doing it guys!) which falls in line pretty well with what seems to be the overarching theme of the record: viscerously petty misogyny. Now, it's true that hip-hop as a genre and an artform has had a very long and well-documented struggle with misogyny since its inception; which is a whole other can of worms that I don't really have the page count to get into right now. So you might be thinking that this isn't really an exception within the genre, which would be quite honestly fair enough. You may also be thinking that this isn't really anything new for Peggy, either. His older music that he recorded as Devon Hendryx back in the day wasn't exactly the most socially progressive stuff in the world, true—he fantasizes about murdering an unfaithful girlfriend on the track "MissingNo." off his 2011 album *The Rockwood Escape Plan*—and sure, there probably isn't a full album in his discography besides his instrumental works that don't have at least a *few* disgusting and demeaning sex bars on them. However, I'd argue that *Experimental Rap* takes the misogyny from a troubling though unfortunately typical background element to the full-frontal focus of the entire record, both musically and aesthetically.

Here's an interesting statistic for you to take in: across the album's duration—a little over fifty minutes—there's about 199 usages of the word "bitch," which is a *major* uptick from its presence in his prior output. His last studio album, *I LAY MY LIFE DOWN FOR YOU*, clocked in at 83 bitch-drops, while *Scaring the Hoes* had only 60 appearances from the word (and since it was a collaborative album, you can attribute half of those to Danny Brown). The album before that, *LP!*, only had 53. And the studio album before that, 2019's now fittingly titled *All My Heroes Are Cornballs* only had 30 instances!



There's been a consistent increase in Peggy's usage of the word "bitch" since 2019, and it more than *doubled* between the last album and this newest release. (And yes, by the way, I actually went through and checked. My keyboard's CTRL and F keys were begging for me to put them out of their mercy by the end of it, but I truly am that petty.)

Even outside of the actual music, women have been constantly objectified and used as props within the album's rollout and aesthetics. Take for example, the album's monochromatic cover art; which features Peggy himself dressed like a second-rate school shooter in a thick leather jacket and wannabe Morpheus (or perhaps even wannabe Andy Morin . . . ?) shades, standing dead-faced amidst a crowd of scantily-clad women who all wear not much at all besides rather confused and troubled expressions. The intended effect here is clear. Look at this cool guy in these cool glasses and this cool jacket! Look at how many conventionally attractive and underdressed young women surround him! My, oh my, what an alpha male. And the same thing applies to his recent music videos, too. The video for the album's lead single "babygirl" is entirely comprised of a horde of Asian women marching in military formation as one fully naked woman (also Asian, if you can notice a recurring theme there) stiffly rotates in the center as the regiment salutes her (then OMG they all start taking their clothes off and KISSING!!!! woah . . .). It's just art, bro! You don't get it, bro! It's not a poorly-disguised fetish video at all!

After listening to this album, I had only a very disappointing conclusion to make. For a man who spent so much of his career rapping about how much he hates incels, it didn't take him very long to become one.



What She Said to Her (The Neutral Third Party)

By H.C. White

Love knows she never wanted this.
But she has to know: what has she done to her love?
She's just afraid there's no one left.
She knows they both deserve better and they can at least try.

But she has to ask, what has her love done to her?
She says she's sorry, but you're not even looking!
You could at least try for me!
She says she's sorry — you just caught her in a dream.

I'm so sorry, you don't need to look.
When you walk away, she says she thinks you're better off.
Sorry, fuck, I'm sorry — I'm just giving myself a nightmare.
A broken machine; only seems to replay hopeless dreams.

When you walked away, it understood why you left.
You should not be expected to fix what has been totaled.
A new machine for your stolen dreams.
I'm glad you're happy now, though.

It should not have expected to fix what you decided was totaled.
It couldn't have known you never wanted her.
She says she's glad you're happy now.
I'm afraid no one left.

The Stiff Shoulders

By C.B Mutt

I came home around 6:30 at night. I took off my clothes,
had a piece of bread, and laid in bed not intending to fall asleep.
But before I knew it, I had fallen.
Turning wheels, turning arms, burning paint. The never-ending crush of pressure.
I heard the song of the piano, the buzzing alarm, I must have set it,
the feeling of bodylessness. My mind was blank, except for sensory input.
The dim light was the only thing that kept me from falling into complete blackness. The strange
stiffness of a corpse. I lay there confused, shocked, and overwhelmed by plastic hands and
translucent eyes that moved around me.
My feet ache, my shoulders hang limp in unconsciousness.
Had it been a minute, an hour, a lifetime, a millennium? What am I doing here?
I must be dead.
I looked at my clock, it was 9:13. I need to get a shower, I need to eat,
the cat is hungry, why am I still in bed?
A sharp driving sound echoes through the room, stabbing through my ears.
It keeps getting louder and more intense until ...
I shoot up to see my sister, yelling at me. Confused and terrified I say "I love you!" like some
scolded child with the only desperate recourse being notions of love.
She shot me a confused look and walked out of the room, I looked at my clock. 8:13,
I gained an hour.

Innate Stupidity

By C.B Mutt

Innate Stupidity is what runs through my veins,
around my head, and to the bottom of my feet.
It works its way through the muscle and soaks into the bones.
My head tells me not to do something, but here I am doing it.
My mind says don't say this and before the thought is finished,
the words machine gun their way out my lips.
And when I think I should do this and do that,
something important no doubt, I don't do it.
I leave it alone,
like a lit fuse connected to a neutron bomb.
Strange innate qualities leave one on edge,
off kilter, and at the same time, not on high alert.
It leaves the person open to be duped by plastic hand shakes,
or in most cases, duped by themselves.
And when they try to fool someone, they reveal their own stupidity,
whether they like it or not.
Stupidity is only charming to those who don't have to deal with it.
And I deal with it from the outside in.

Open To Interpretation

By Sunny Hensler

After Sharon Alonzo, Three Whistles and a Howl (2024)

I stand at the bottom of the ocean
watching something drown.
Bodies melting into bodies,
limbs grasping for purchase,
as if to claw out of the mound
and reach for the surface.
But the ocean's grip is too much,
white-knuckled and nail-less,
with hands as big as me,
unable to be thrown off.
I circle around the creature,
avoiding its frantic grappling,
watching its fraying flesh shrink
as I come up for air.
From above the waves lap at me,
enticing me,
Come back down, it seems to say.
I wonder if I hear it right,
or if I'm hearing myself instead.

Interview: **tigers jaw** on *Lost On You*, College Radio, and Two Decades of Touring

Abby Bullock

When I started at WRFL, people often told me I had the "coolest job ever."

While that may be true, what they didn't mention was that one day I'd get to interview a band I've been listening to since I was 14, and somehow be able to call it "work."

Being Music Director at WRFL comes with a lot of perks, but one of my favorites is connecting with promoters across the country who help bring new music to college radio stations like ours. Through those conversations, I've gotten a firsthand look at how important college radio remains for artists and listeners alike. It's also how I ended up with the opportunity to interview Tigers Jaw before their show at The Burl.

Tigers Jaw formed in Scranton, Pennsylvania in 2005 while the members were still in high school. Over the years, the band has become one of the most influential names in modern emo and alternative rock. Ahead of their Lexington stop, I spoke with vocalist and guitarist Ben Walsh about the band's new album *Lost On You*, touring, college radio, and even the pizza shop featured on one of their most iconic album covers.

On *Lost On You* and Songwriting

Abby: What does college radio mean to you and the band?

Ben: "When I went to college at Marywood in Scranton, the university had a really awesome college station. I always fantasized about having a radio show, but I never had the time between studying and playing shows."

"I have a lot of respect for college radio. It's such an important part of supporting up-and-coming artists because students have their ear to the ground for discovering new music. Also, you get played on the radio when you otherwise might not. It's a foundational part of growing a band and reaching new people."

The Name

Abby: Where did the name Tigers Jaw come from?

Ben: "The name comes from a lyric by The Microphones. They were hugely influential, especially in the early days of the band."



The Joyce Manor Collab

Abby: How did your collaboration with Joyce Manor come together?

Ben: We were supposed to play a show together in Central Park, but there was an insane storm and the show got rescheduled. Unfortunately, Bri and I had a friend's wedding in California on the new date, so we couldn't play."

"People started texting us saying, 'Oh my God, Joyce Manor is covering one of your songs.' A couple months later they reached out and said they had recordings from the show and wanted to do something with them. We ended up recording 'Constant Headache' and released the split. We've been friends with that band for a long time, so it was really cool. Their new album is awesome!"

The REALLY Important Questions

Abby: Where was the pizza spot featured on your self-titled album cover?

Ben: "It's a place in Scranton called Buona Pizza. It's kind of a time capsule. It has looked the same for as long as I can remember. We'd go there after practice or before shows downtown. It was an instrumental spot for us. When the album got picked up by Run For Cover Records, they asked if we wanted alternate artwork. We spent a day taking photos around town, and that's one of the pictures Bri (vocals and keyboard) took."

Abby: If you had to introduce someone to Tigers Jaw with only three songs, which would you choose?

Ben: "I'd say 'The Sun' because it was the first Tigers Jaw song that existed. Then 'June,' because it represented a new era for the band. For a newer song, I'd choose either 'Head Is Like a Sinking Stone' or 'Baptized on a Redwood Drive.'"

Abby: What's the funniest disaster that's happened on tour?

Ben: "Actually, last night we got locked inside our bandwagon. Pool Kids had just finished playing and we were getting ready to go on. I went to leave and the door wouldn't open. I ended up climbing out the window and later had to completely disassemble the lock to fix it. You couldn't get in on the inside or outside."

Abby: Weirdest thing you've signed for a fan?

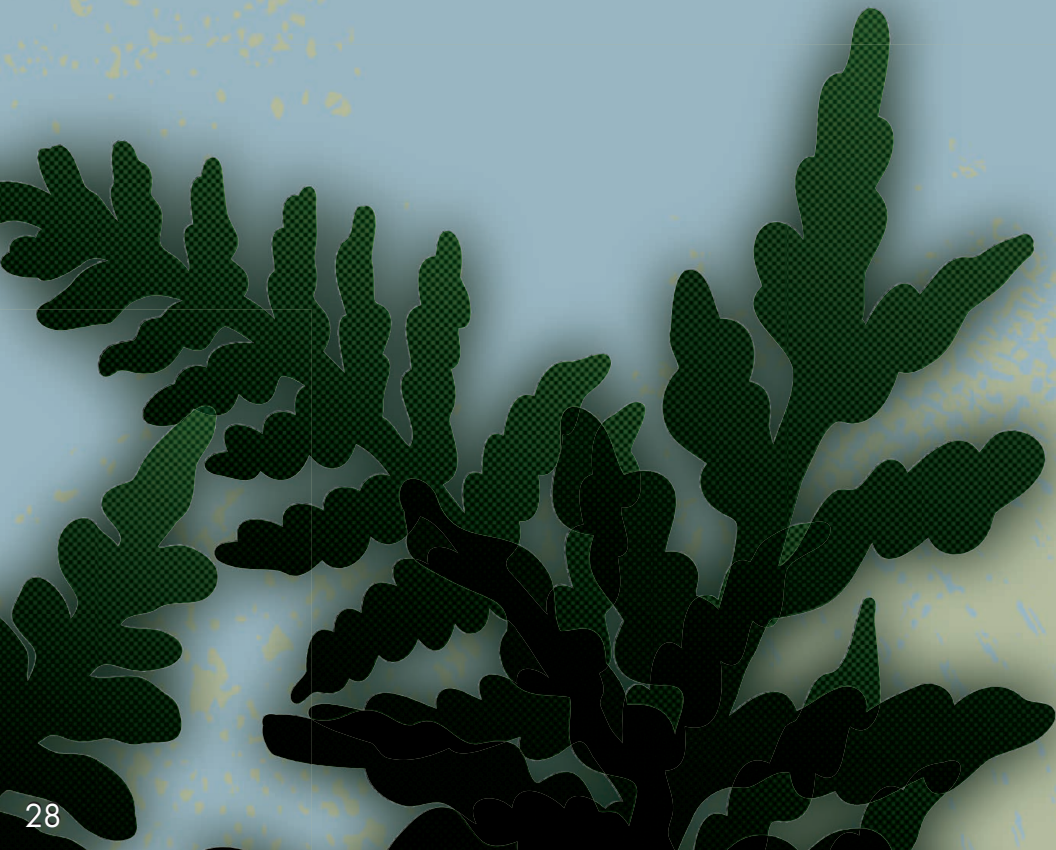
Ben: "Probably either a Zyn container or, lately, a lot of Pokémon cards."



Final Thoughts

After nearly twenty years as a band, Tigers Jaw continues to evolve while remaining connected to the community that helped them grow. Whether they're talking about discovering music, collaborating with longtime friends, or reminiscing about pizza shops in Scranton, it's clear they haven't lost sight of where they came from.

For someone who spent years listening to Tigers Jaw through headphones and speakers, getting to sit down with Ben Walsh and talk music was a surreal reminder of why college radio matters: it creates opportunities for connection that wouldn't happen anywhere else. It also made the 14 year old me very proud of how far they have come! They rocked the hell out of that show.



PREVIOUSLY UNTITLED WRFL POEM

DJ ABIGAIL

WE HAVE PROG ROCK AND SYNTHPOP, SEA SHANTIES AND HIP HOP,
A LITTLE JAZZ FUSION, SOME JAMS FOR THE SOCK HOP, NEO-SOUL, R&B,
SOME ORCHESTRAS, SURF ROCK, SHOE GAZE, NEW WAVE, AND DISCO,
SOME LAME SONGS FROM TIKTOK,
WE HAVE DANCE HALL AND PUNK ROCK "HEY NAZI PUNKS FUCK OFF" AFROBEAT,
PSYCHEDELIC, ALT COUNTRY, NU METAL AND GRUNGE
RIGHT HERE AT WRFL LEXINGTON

WE HAVE MIDWEST EMO AND BRIAN ENO AND RAPS FROM SMINO
WE'VE GOT CARTOON THEME SONGS, GAME OST SONGS, AND HALLOWEEN SONGS
WE HAVE ELECTRONICA AND BLUES HARMONICA, BLUEGRASS, AND SMOOTH JAZZ,
AND BANGERS AND MASHUPS AT WRFL LEXINGTON

WRFL.FM
SERIOUS
MOONLITE
A POP MUSIC MIXTAPE
SATURDAYS, TEN - MIDNIGHT

UKY Batman- Dark Knight, Bright Day

Ben Kingrey

This past school year, universities around the country have faced a new wave of attention. As classes began in the fall, whimsical characters from pop culture began to flood out onto our campuses. The University of Kentucky was no exception to this trend, with this wave of costumed characters bringing us our very own protector from the shadows, “UKY Batman.”

Although Lexington may fall short in comparison to the gruesome Gotham City in terms of scale, it certainly doesn't lack any of the transgressions. As our Dark Knight initially descended onto the city of Lexington on September 21, 2025 he set out early with a mission statement of making the University of Kentucky a safer environment for its students, declaring “While I truly want to help, I will not always be available and there is only one of me. [but] Believe me when I say I will try my best to fulfill the hearts of the student body.”

As the fall semester advanced, the love shown by the culture at the University of Kentucky continued to grow. With students by the masses organizing stakeouts at the historical William T. Young Library late at night just to gain the opportunity to meet UK's Dark Knight for his kind gestures of late walks home with students and noise control management in study spaces. Although the UKPD had already beaten many of them to the punch, infamously requesting a photo with Lexington's greatest detective in an attempt to join in on the festivities surrounding UKY Batman's journey in protecting those in need.

As a result of the ever growing publicity of UK's very own Dark Knight after taking up the mantle of the bluegrass bat-signal, UKY Batman would make his radio debut on WRFL's original programming segment Campus Voices on February 28, 2026 to share with the people of Lexington not only what our caped crusader has been busy fighting against but why he dawned the cowl in the first place.

UKY Batman's appearance on Campus Voices would start off charmingly as he playfully solved a riddle left for him by his most competent antagonist on campus, UKY Riddler. Lexington's greatest protector would go on to make a statement on the programming that the idea to take up his mantle was inspired in a moment of clarity, once seeing two individuals on the platform YikYak dressed as the fellow DC Comics character Superman. During the interview, UKY Batman would later note how seeing these individuals led to an expansion in his confidence to pursue his goal of making our campus a safer institution, stating, “Seeing those guys just dressing up and not having a care in the world really showed me I could put myself out there on a larger scale.”

Although traditionally Superman's emblem is universally seen as a symbol of hope, UKY Batman has turned that narrative upside down within his pursuit to make the University of Kentucky's campus a safer institution. With the world in an ever-changing state of revolving panic, to many students UKY Batman represents a wave of combativeness towards a sense of discontent and discomfort within the University of Kentucky; showing us by example the importance of kindness, or in other words, how bright our campus can be when looked over by a Dark Knight.



Ricky

C.J. Jones

Garrett watched the hamster run around in its spinning plastic wheel. From behind the bars of its cage, the little guy seemed awfully content. He liked to call this particular hamster Ricky, even though the creased sticker on the door of its cage was merely labeled *SYRIAN HAMSTER — 3 MONTHS OLD — \$15 WHILE SUPPLIES LAST*.

Now, a lot of pet stores actually *did* name the animals that they sold, but Rodents "R" Us® was a notable exception to the rule. Most of his coworkers made fun of him for the way he gave each animal they sold a name. His manager called him a softie for it, and said that most of 'em were just gonna be fed to some punk ass kid's snake anyways. So what was the point of getting all attached? Well, Garrett thought that maybe, just maybe, they deserved some common decency and respect. We give human babies names, right? So why not these guys? Plus, Ricky just looked like a Ricky, so how was that Garrett's fault?

The kid next to him pointed to Ricky—who was still tearing up that wheel like it was no one's business—and made a proud declaration. "I want him!" she squealed. "He's perfect, he's perfect, he's perfect!"

In her excitement, the girl poked her finger through the tiny bars of the cage and jabbed poor Ricky in the side, sending him flailing headfirst into the bed of shredded paper that made up the cage's carpeting. "Oopsie," she giggled. "I'm gonna have to call you Mister Dumb-Butt if you keep fallin' on your head like that, silly."

Garrett winced and thought about Ricky's future with this little girl. He saw visions of her squeezing the hamster until its eyes popped out of its socket like one of those plastic stress toys with the bulging eyeballs that they sold at elementary school book fairs; then glimpses of her running around her backyard pulling Ricky by his dainty limbs until they just popped out of their socket like a Lego minifigure's arms would. He had heard stories, after all, from more than a few former acquaintances at that agonizing class reunion last month about the dreadful things their kids would do to the toys they bought them—Melissa Sweeney was going on and on about how her daughter (who was, by the way, a very similar age to the girl right here, yikes!) was really getting into the practice of quickly and efficiently decapitating every single Barbie doll she owned. And everyone at the table *laughed*. They laughed like it was some charming habit of play and not an early indicator of serious psychopathic tendencies. Sure, it's just the toys right now, but that's just where it starts. Wait until she starts finding torn-up rabbit corpses in the backyard. Who'll be laughing then? Not Melissa, that's for sure.

The girl was blowing raspberries into the cage now. Ricky had gotten up from his bedding and was now staring wide-eyed up at the new god in front of

him. Her father, who'd been standing behind her with crossed arms the whole time, was clearing his throat. "She said she wants that one. Right, sweetie?" he said.

"Yes, yes, yes," she said, nodding furiously. "I'll literally die if I don't get him, Dad."

"Alright, alright. Jesus. We'll take him."

Ricky was giving Garrett some serious doe eyes right now. Or maybe he wasn't; hamster eyes were basically just little black beads anyways. Somehow, though, it really felt as if this inarticulate, unintelligent hamster was really begging him to save him from this little demon child. Whatever. He opened the cage door and grabbed Ricky. They locked eyes.

The hamster sniffed the air. If Ricky could talk—and of course, Garrett knew that he could not—perhaps he would say something like *Garrett, Garrett, what are you doing here, man? I thought we were cool. Why are you throwing me away? Look at that kid, she's crazy. Feral, even. She's gonna name me Mister Dumb-Butt. You can't just leave me with her.*

Then Garrett would respond with something along the lines of *I'm sorry, Ricky. I'm just doing my job, man. It's not personal. Trust me. If I could do something about it I would. This whole situation that you hamsters got going on really sucks.*

What is a "job?" the hamster would ask. *Is it like how I run on my wheel?* Ricky's nose twitched and his paws began to move in circles in mid-air, miming the motions of running on his wheel.

Garrett would nod, and express some quiet wonder that Ricky has already grasped such a profound understanding of his life, being that he is a hamster and all. *Yeah. It's kind of like if you had to leave your cage once a day. And go to a different cage. And run on the wheel all day. And in return, you get some pellets to eat, he would reply.*

So this is your cage then? Ricky would ask.

Garrett flinched at the question.

And you think us hamsters have it bad? Geez.

"Can we get the hamster, already, or are you just gonna keep looking at it?" the father sighed.

Garrett nodded, and reminded himself that hamsters cannot talk. Ricky can't talk. "Sorry, sir. I've been a bit distracted today."

"No kidding."

"Here you go," he said as he handed the hamster to the giddy kid who was bouncing up and down next to her dad.

Coward, Ricky would say, if only he could.

They walked away with Ricky in hand, and as they entered the line to go to the register at the front of the store, Garrett saw the hamster's tiny eyes flicker with something he recognized as quiet surrender. Or maybe Ricky just blinked.

***Venomous Lumpsucker:* A Humorous Apocalypse**

Sunny Hensler

Ned Beauman's *Venomous Lumpsucker* is an ecological novel unlike any I've ever read. Although the end of the world seems so serious that humor should be removed from its discussion, Beauman dares to employ it anyway, and is successful in his decision. Making fun of the end of the world and humanity's part in it makes readers more apt to read it, and it gives the opportunity for criticisms to be taken more seriously. So, to answer the question of if a satire of global extinction can exist, this novel is affirmative proof.

To write an ecological novel in which the world is falling apart in a comedic way is a risky choice, as it is not a common style of writing within the genre. To write in an easily-accessible and enjoyable way takes the pressure off the reader. Reading something funny expends less emotional labor, and in the bleak topic of global extinction, this labor exists in heaps. Even though humor is readily utilized, criticism is found within it. One of the biggest criticisms within the novel is the monetization of species extinction and the creation of extinction credits. Although it's discussed within the novel as normal and just the way the world works, the reader can understand it to be a jab at how capitalistic societies will create workarounds to anything in a way to benefit themselves. Take, for instance, the character Selim, who travels to Surface Wave to forge extinct species as a way to gain more extinction credits to take advantage of their rising prices (Beauman, "Chapter Thirteen"). Beauman's critique of greed is found everywhere within the novel as well, in which Halyard's character is the shining example. After all the trouble he goes through due to his luxurious palate and the moral revelations he has with his time spent with Resaint, Beauman shows that greed will still prevail. After Resaint's untimely death, Halyard is moved and works on a large plan to infect a room full of "industry cunts" with a modified version of kaptcha, but abandons his plans immediately when he learns that he will be able to eat his favorite chef's cooking, through his son, and drink the most coveted whiskey ("Epilogue One"). Through this satirical finale to the novel, Halyard demonstrates how easily morality is thrown out in favor of material possessions and greed.

Although teeming with dark humor, this novel still fits in moments of seriousness. The "Black Hole," as Resaint calls it, is the extreme bleakness that can swallow someone up when it comes to thinking about

the expansiveness of the universe and humanity's hand in its demise, first-hand or complicit. It is a "region of infinite horror" ("Chapter Seven"), and Beauman treats it as such. The conversations that follow between Resaint and Halyard about this Black Hole are moments of serious contemplation. They serve as the exploration of moral values between someone who has been converted to deeply caring about humanity's hand in global extinction and someone who is more apathetic, caring more about a few cute species and prioritizing working the industry in their favor. In the most basic summary, Halyard feels the Black Hole "makes you irrational", where Resaint feels it "changes your sense of what is important" ("Chapter Eight"). These musings serve as a breeding ground for the analysis of the moral values surrounding extinction and how it might be mitigated.

Overall, to make fun of the end of the world shows an understanding of the absurdity of the relationship between environmental destruction and capitalistic powers. It serves to highlight the ways in which humans do more harm than good, yet also opens the door for criticisms and the exploration of ideas. Beauman criticizes the free market solutions to global extinction and explores how morality plays a part in the decisions of the people in the industry as well as the ones who struggle against it, all through a darkly humorous perspective.



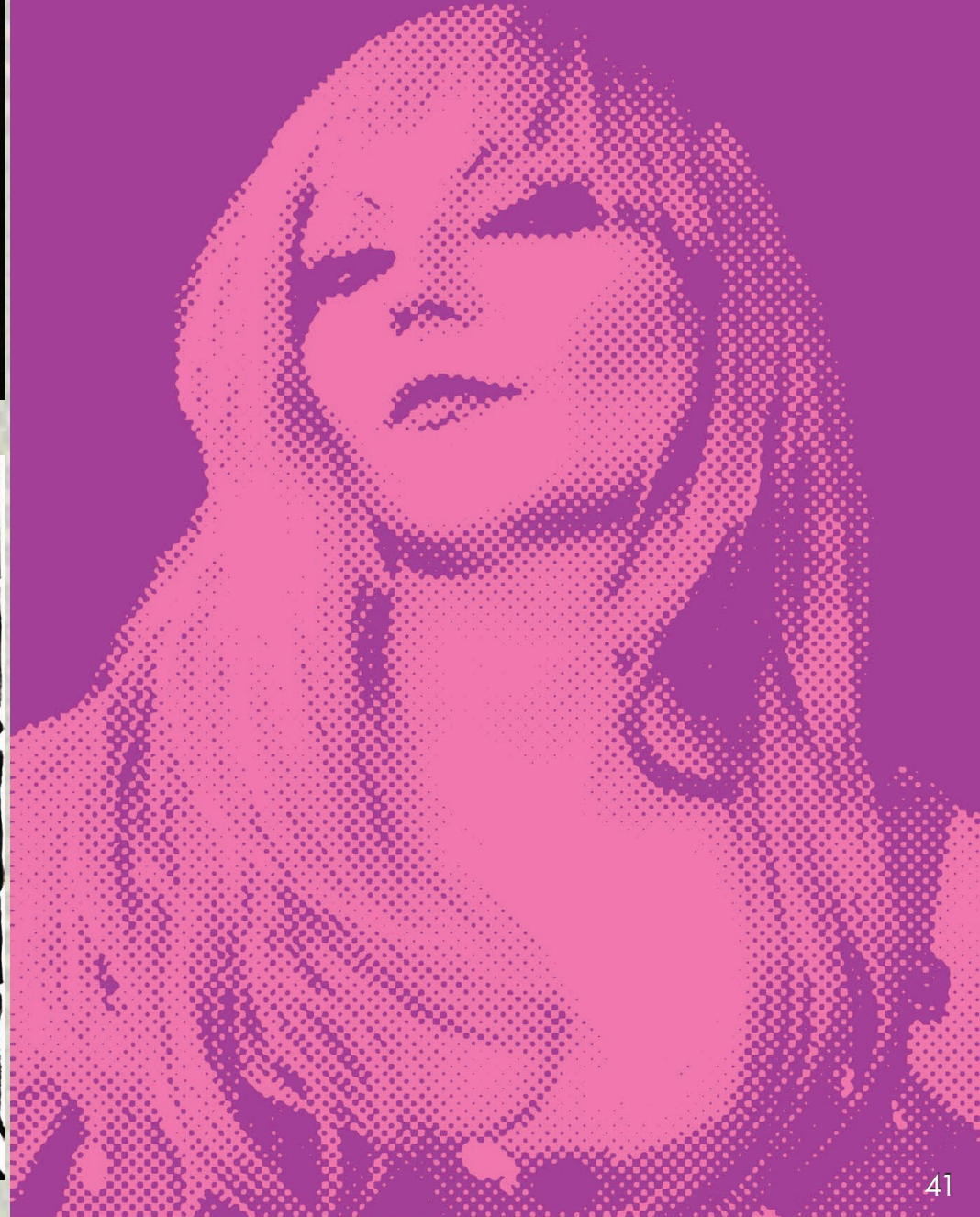


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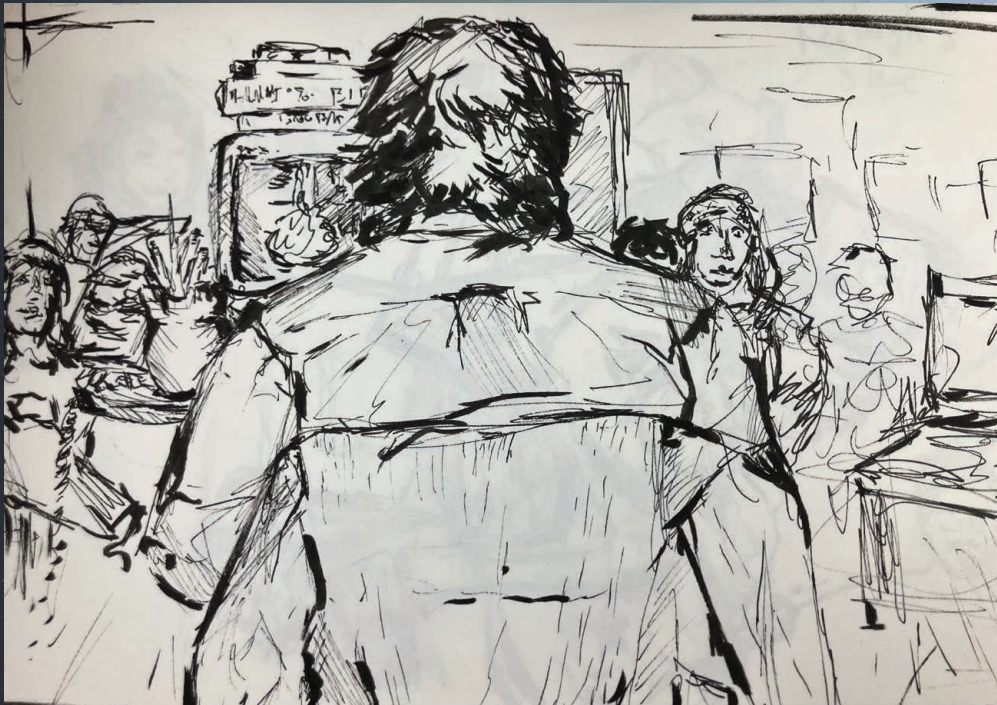
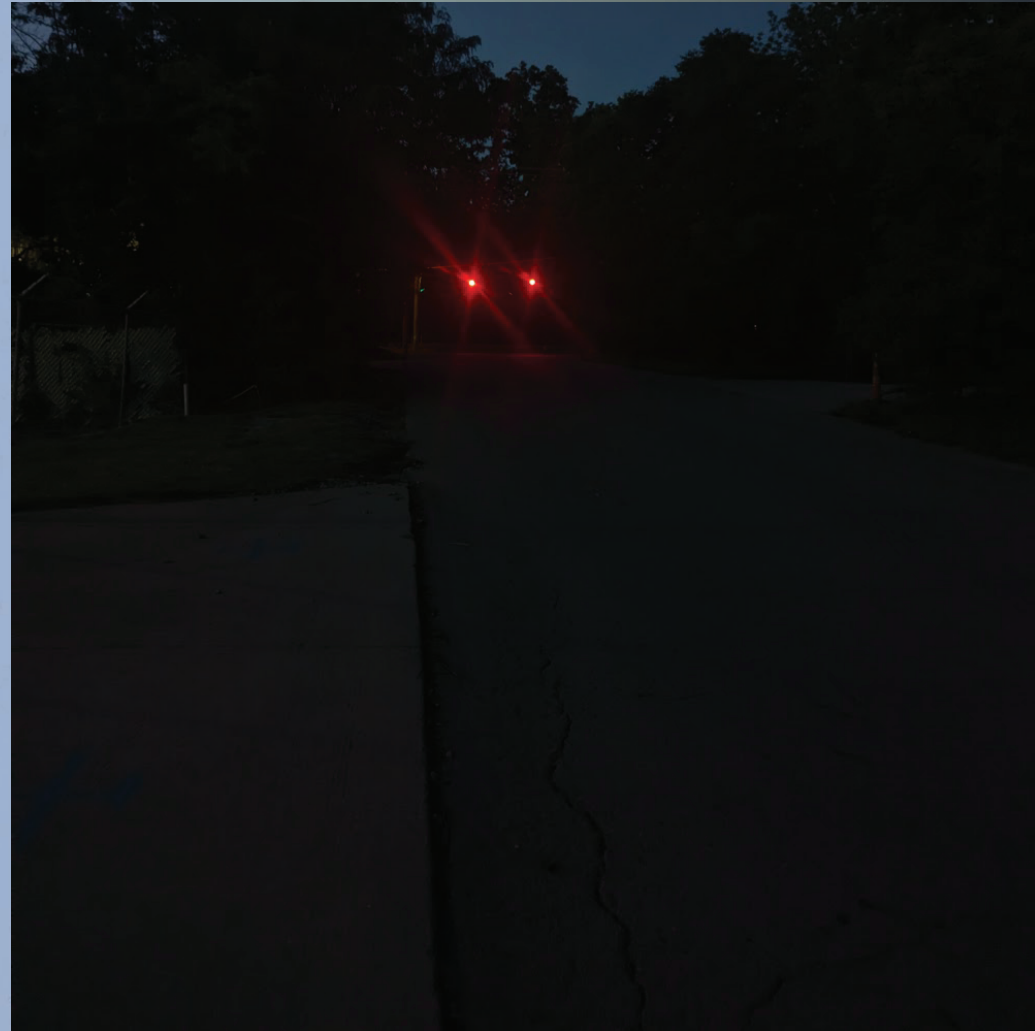
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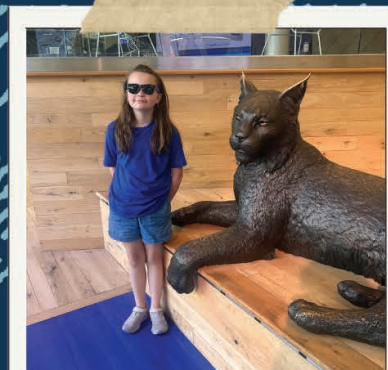


Ava
Xenos



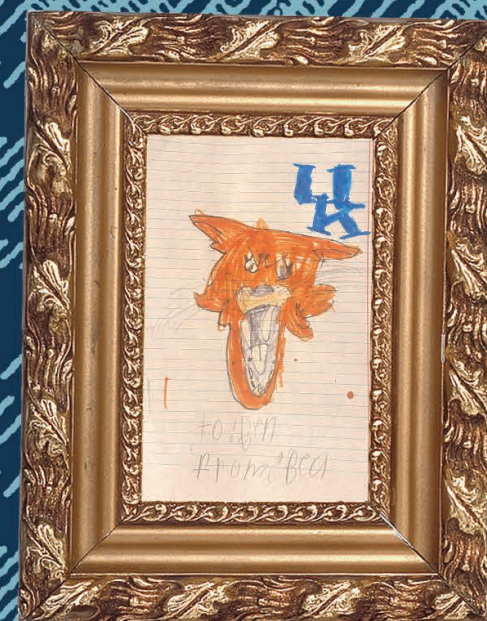
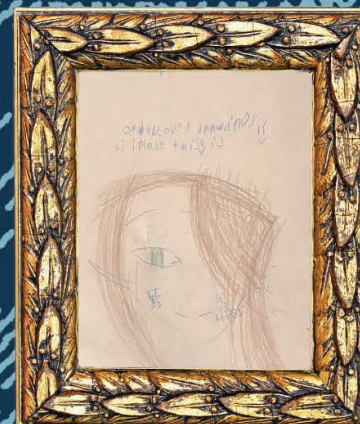
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Future Wildcat

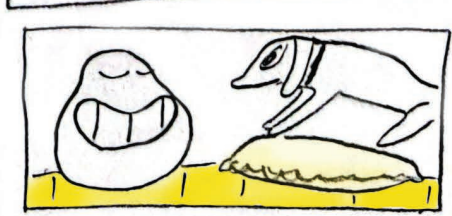
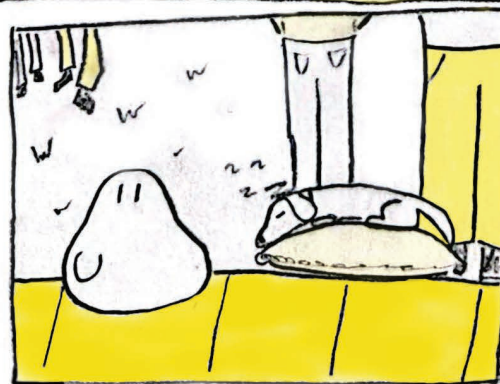
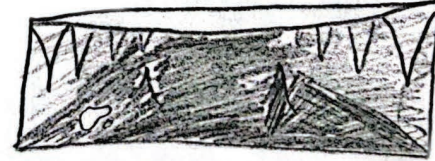
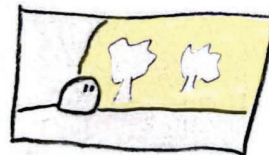
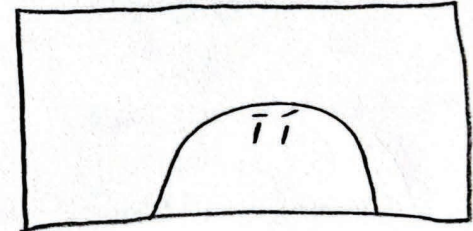
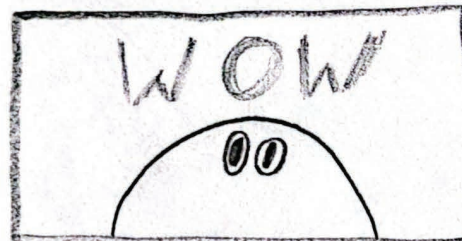
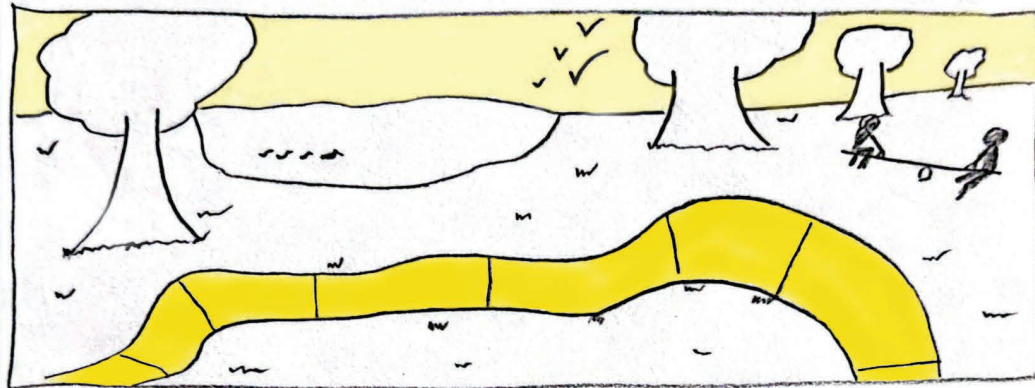
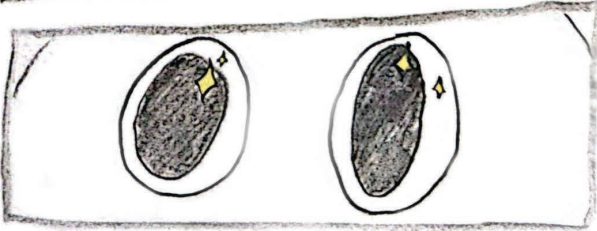
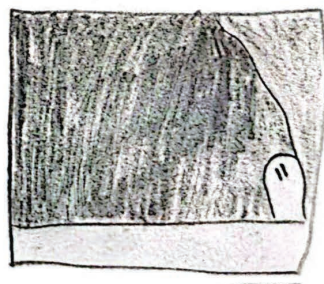
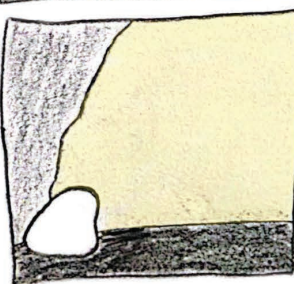
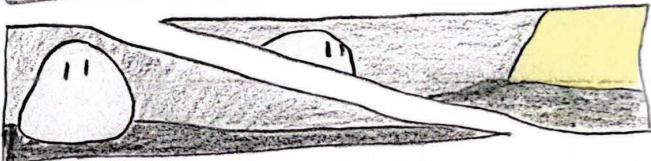
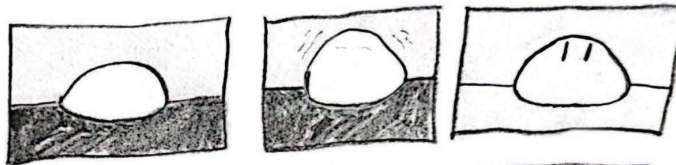
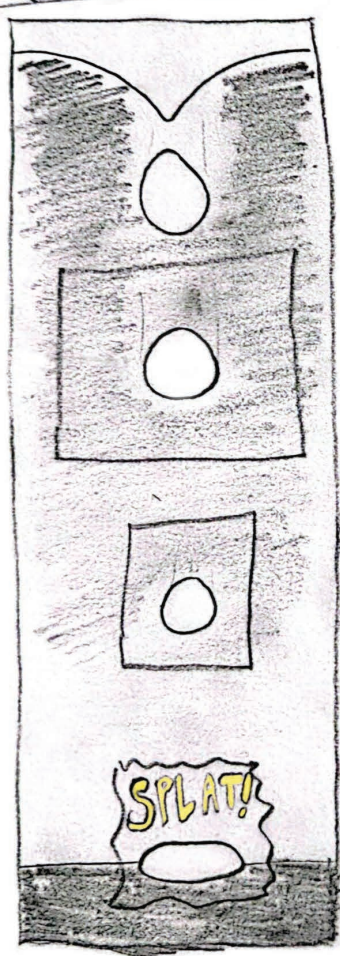
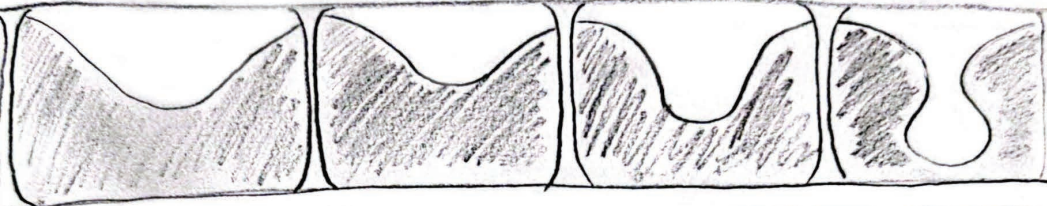
Bea's Art!!



A New Home



By: John Koenig



"the blind date" by C.J. Jones (with additional writing contributions by John Koenig)



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Street Scene Loves WRF!

STREET SCENE VINTAGE

2575 REGENCY ROAD

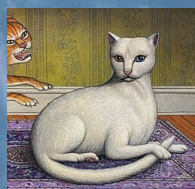
WRFL's Top Playbox Plays of Spring 2026



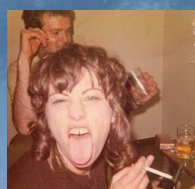
Die Spitz
Something to
Consume



Valus
Stable for
Scoring



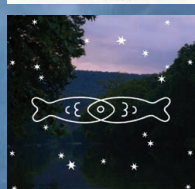
Mitski
Nothing's About to
Happen to Me



Joyce Manor
I Used to Go to
This Bar



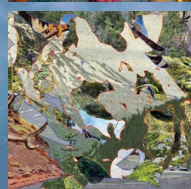
**PARKiNG
PORTRAITS**



Topsoil
Fisheye



Pink Crayons
Flip It



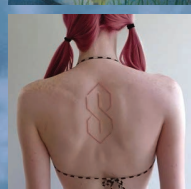
Junaco
In Motion



Ninajirachi
I Love My
Computer



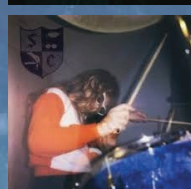
fanclubwallet
Living While
Dying



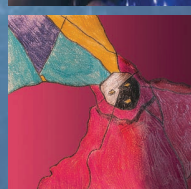
Frost Children
SISTER



Buck Meek
The Mirror



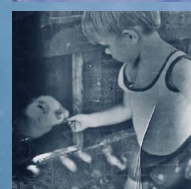
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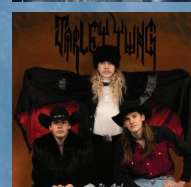
Swing Dance Club
Safety in
Solitude



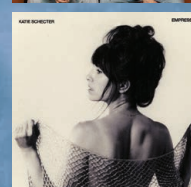
Superchunk
Songs in the
Key of Yikes



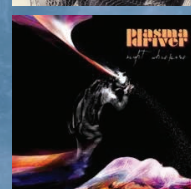
Middle Mass
Songs for the
Sapphic Hare



Jarley Yung
...It's Alive!



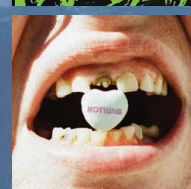
Katie Schecter
Empress



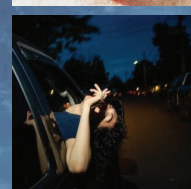
Plasma Driver
Night Whispers



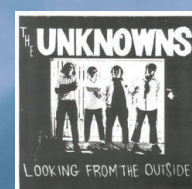
Oneohtrix Point Never
Tranquilizer



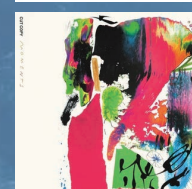
Nothing
a short history
of decay



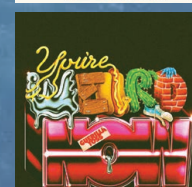
Jane Remover
♥



The Unknowns
Looking from
the Outside



Cut Copy
Moments



Guerilla Toss
You're Weird
Now



Remember Sports
The Refrigerator



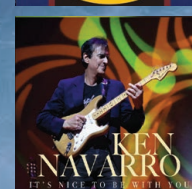
Jeun
This is a Genuine
Expression of Love and
All the Ways I Don't
Understand It



Phantom Wave
Echoes
Unknown



Lettuce
Cook



Ken Navarro
It's Nice to Be
With You

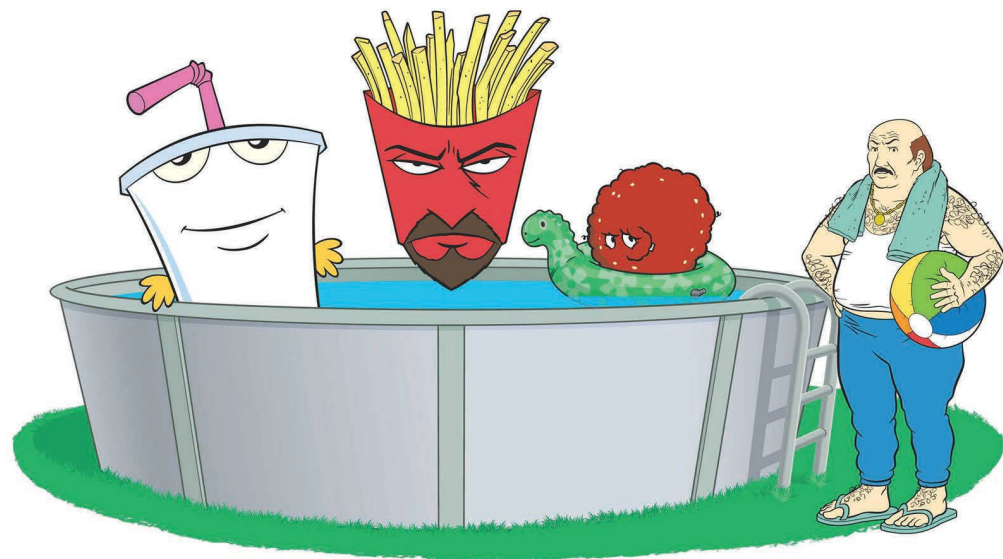
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FILM CLUB

What's a standout film from a genre you don't typically like?

Rylan C. Stone

The Mummy (1999)

Genre: Action

Libby Langlois

Skeleton Key (2005)

Genre: Horror

Nicole Greene

Kill Bill: Volume 1 (2003) and *Kill Bill: Volume 2* (2004)

Genre: Action

Emmy Wells

Inglourious Basterds (2009)

Genre: Action

C.J. Jones

It Happened One Night (1934)

Genre: Romantic Comedy

Rachel Ferguson

Emma (2020)

Genre: Period Romance/Drama

Leah Ullman

Pride and Prejudice (2005)

Genre: Romantic Drama

John Koenig

Sense and Sensibility (1995)

Genre: Romance

Liam Arora

Phantom Thread (2017)

Genre: Romance

Alexa Cunningham

Marriage Story (2019)

Genre: Romance/Drama

Gavin Probus

The Princess Bride (1987)

Genre: Romance

Ben Kingrey

My Dinner with Andre (1981)

Genre: Chamber Film



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with love,
sQecial
media



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