

June 2026



Image: Søren Solkær

"Music is about tension and release. You have to leave the home key to find the adventure, but the beauty of the piece is always in the way you find your way back." — Herbie Hancock

Humans are hardwired for the refrain. We circle back to the same haunts, the same worn-out t-shirts, and the same songs, not because we're afraid of change, but because we're always looking for something familiar to orient ourselves by.

What draws us back is a delicate balance of familiarity and surprise. The things worth revisiting never reveal everything at once; they feel deeply known, yet never fully exhausted. We return not just to revisit them, but to see them—and ourselves—a little differently than before.

This month's selections explore repetition in much the same way: not as redundancy, but as devotion.

"R.L.," by British soul outfit Sault, embodies the confidence that has made the collective so compelling. The song is built around a simple rhythmic figure that never really leaves, creating the kind of groove that reveals more of itself the longer you stay with it. Small shifts in harmony and arrangement accumulate almost imperceptibly, while Cleo Sol's vocal drifts through the track with a warmth that feels conversational rather than performative. Nothing here is reaching for a climax. Instead, the song trusts the groove and lets the smallest details carry the weight.

Mocky's "Bora!" approaches repetition from another angle entirely. The arrangement draws from a wide geography—Afrobeats interlock, Latin percussion, jazz-tinged keys—stitched together with a light, almost effortless touch. Parts arrive, lock in, and drift back out, each pass revealing a new detail buried in the weave. Recorded in two days in Los Angeles with sixteen musicians in a single room—including Leslie Feist, Moses Sumney, and Joey Dosik—the track captures something that can't really be engineered: the energy of a large group fully locked-in together, imperfect and alive.

Allah-Las' "Ultramarine" suggests a band uninterested in spectacle, focused instead on tone, pacing, and atmosphere. The track moves with ease—surf rock's shimmer rubbing up against psychedelic drift, garage warmth folded into something looser and more aquatic. The reverb sits high, the rhythm hangs back, and the whole thing floats in that coastal in-between where genres stop mattering and mood takes over.

Kevin Morby's "Javelin" unfolds with remarkable patience. The arrangement moves in gentle cycles—acoustic guitar figures returning again and again, each pass gathering slightly different emotional weight. Morby's vocal rarely pushes itself forward. Instead, it circles its themes with the confidence of a songwriter who understands that repetition can deepen meaning rather than diminish it. He sings, "Time will eclipse you now, Time is a picture now, When you fall, You get back up and run." Few songs capture the value of starting over so gracefully.

Perhaps that's what connects these records to Austin itself. Cities are often judged by what's new. Lives are usually shaped by what we return to.

The dog-eared novel. The route you know by heart. The place that still feels right after the hundredth visit. The record that still has something left to say.