

CSU Cleveland State
University

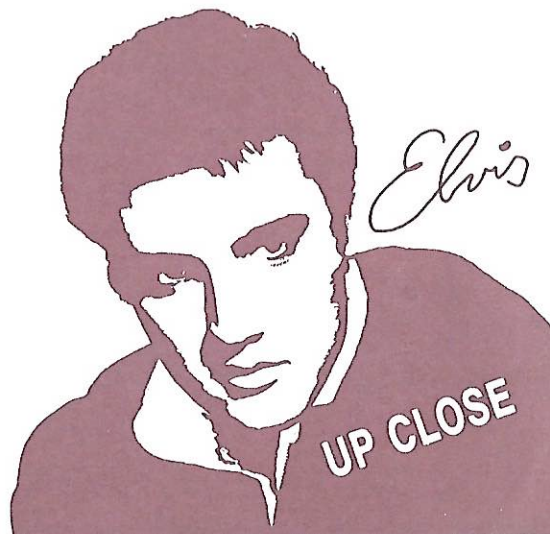
RADIO STATION WCSB

Suite 956, Rhodes Tower • Cleveland, Ohio 44115



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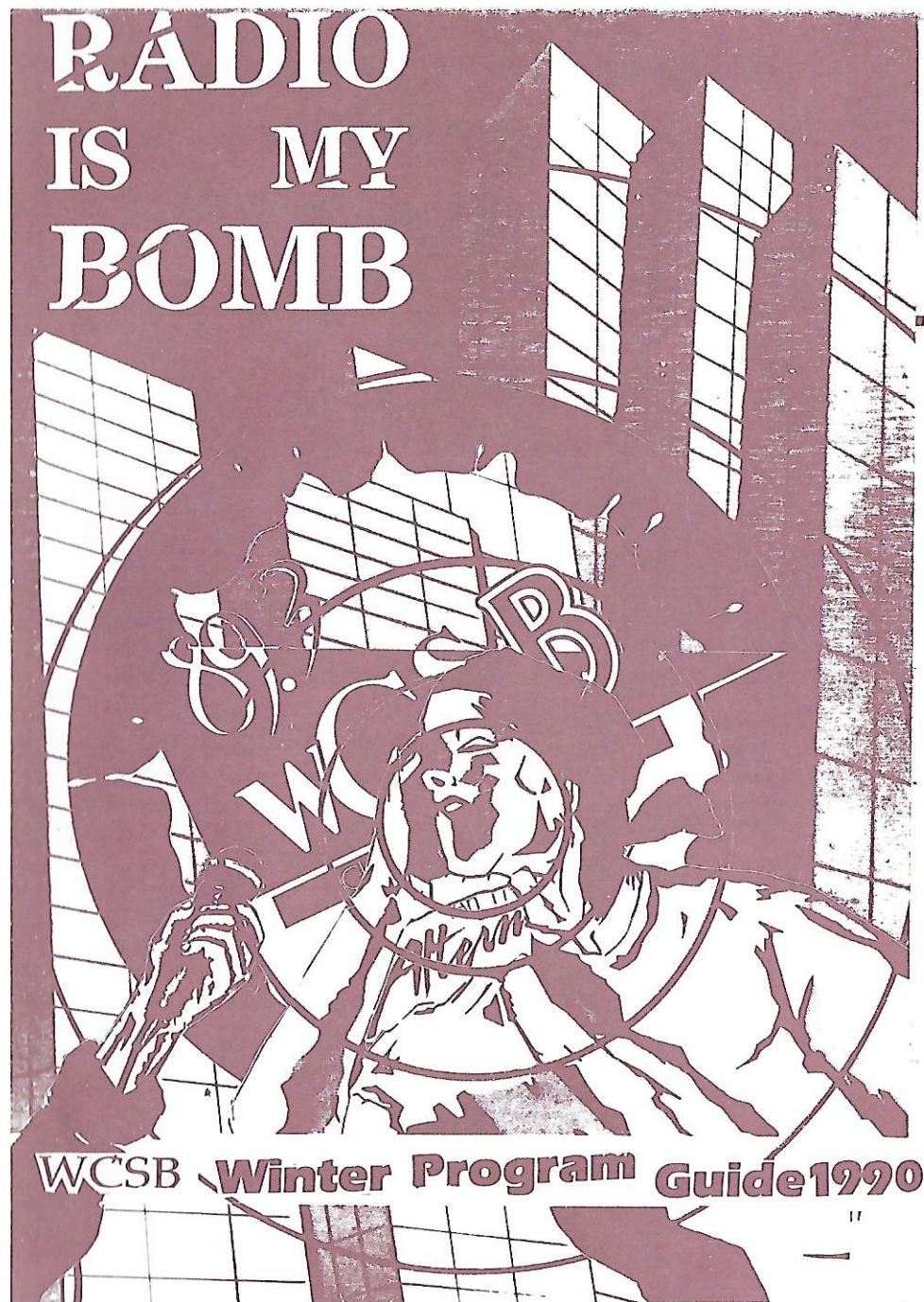
YOUR GUIDE
TO THE



MUSEUM

*a rare glimpse of
the "personal" Elvis*

**RADIO
IS MY
BOMB**



WCSB Winter Program Guide 1990

WCSB 89.3 FM
Cleveland State University

Rhodes Tower • Room 956
Cleveland, Ohio 44115 • (216) 687-3523

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You people are the greatest!

Not only have you pledged \$18,880 to our 6th Annual Radiothon, but \$11,000 of that came in before reminder cards were sent out. You make my heart sing.

You're building a new studio for your station, and as a result, transforming the production studio into that which was main air.

You've bought a new Wheatstone A-20 console, and most importantly, you're doubling our record library. Thanks!

As soon as these major changes are in place, there will be an open house for you to come down to the station and see what you've done.

*Don't forget to listen at 5:30 pm on Fridays to hear **Nocturnal Transmissions**, the show featuring the best of Cleveland's original bands from all different styles, made from recordings of live/free/all-ages shows put on by WCSB in co-operation with Modern Recording Studio, Inc. Hope to see you at the next taping (Friday night, February 9 at Pat's in the Flats), which will feature Travis Moonchild Haddix, the Schwartz Brothers Band, and Blue Steve Martin, followed by a Metal, and then a Reggae show. Listen to WCSB for more details.*

Alternatively,

— Chris Kofron

WCSB 89.3 FM proudly presents...

Nocturnal Transmissions

Fridays at 5:30 pm

The show that features the best of Cleveland's original bands in all styles, recorded live by Modern Recording Studio, Inc., at free/all-ages shows put on for you by WCSB.

The first 6 shows are as follows:

January 12th — The Fourteenth Floor

January 19th — Gunnblue

January 26th — Sosumi

February 2nd — The Uninspired Five

February 9th — Prisonshake

February 16th — The 2 Bobs

**Be sure to keep your dial locked
to 89.3 for details on upcoming concerts
to be recorded, as well as
the line up for the rest of the series.**

NEWS AND COMMENTARY

In Search of Elvis: One 48 Hour Journey

It started as a joke. By Sunday night, 48 hours after we pulled out of Lou's Parma driveway, we knew it as a weekend of pure hell that would consume our lives forever. Well, not really.

It was Elvis International Tribute Week, and with Memphis being the only city to celebrate it, we knew our destiny lay somewhere down I-71. Four of us would make this journey to the center of the universe [from the "other" center of the universe? — ed.], Lou, whose surprise bachelor party was the whole reason for this trek, his brothers Jim and Chuck and myself. This is our story. It serves as both a reminder and warning for those who follow. (Skip the tour bus.)

Friday night 8:00 P.M. Chuck calls. I'm late. If we're not in Memphis by 8:00 A.M. we'll miss the Elvis memorial 5K memorial run. Lou has no clue where he's going. We tell him we're taking him bowling. Chuck and Jim pack for Lou. A t-shirt, shorts and one pair of dress socks for the 48 hour ordeal.

The ride down is boring as hell. Much to our dismay Lou seems to have absolutely no concern for his destination. Chuck complains constantly. Every time one of us complains, Chuck complains about us complaining and is therefore complaining three times as much as anyone else. We had plenty to complain about as we rocketed south in a borrowed Honda (with very little leg room). Chuck was the driver for the first leg. "The driver must remain comfortable." Should we complain as our breath crystalized and fell into our laps in the air conditioned 40 degrees? "The driver must remain comfortable." Should we complain about repeated playings of 10,000 Maniacs while the dozens of tapes the rest of us brought sit in the trunk? "The driver must remain comfortable." Should we question the need for the front seats to be as far back as Honda allowed? "The

driver must remain comfortable."

1:00 A.M. Combo truck stop/Dairy Queen. Everyone talks funny and we're still in Ohio. Looking back, it could be seen as a preview of what was to come. The bathroom has a special love kit for sale but we can't find exact change. Jim gets out our food supply: stale popcorn, warm Mountain Dew and some kind of red hot jawbreaker thingamajig. Natalie Merchant sings "Eat For Two" for the 37th time since we left FOUR HOURS AGO. (That's every six minutes for the Maniacs.) Everyone sleeps for awhile.

We awake outside Nashville as Jim swerves the car from side to side. He says he was amused by the way all our heads flopped back and forth at the same time. Driver change. As we're stopped on a deserted road changing drivers we look for Randy Travis' house. Lou is yelling Dolly at the top of his lungs as a Nashville police car drives by. The theme music from *Deliverance* starts. We argue over where to eat breakfast until we pass all of the exits that have food.

8:30 A.M. Graceland Blvd. Lou knows, Chuck complains. Everyone on Elvis Presley Blvd. is selling Elvis. A giant Arby's sign reads "try our new grilled chicken sandwich, stop here for free Elvis music." Every sign welcomes the Elvi from across the country. We all feel important. We head straight for Graceland. Runners are everywhere. We've missed the Elvis Presley International 5K Memorial Run. Spirits pick up as we see an entire shopping center devoted to the King. Memphis is one happening place this weekend. We browse through these museums of poor taste and take pictures of Elvi with big sideburns as they shell out their hard earned bucks for ashtrays and beach towels. These are not the official Graceland stores, but everybody has the exact same stuff for sale, it's just a matter

of deciding which of these places will be lucky enough to rip you off. We spend about \$25.

At Graceland we observe all the rules posted outside the parking lot and leave our flash equipment, video recorder, alcoholic beverages and firearms under the seat. We put our shoes and shirts on and go to buy our tickets. A huge tent outside the visitor center holds about 20 Elvi at the Elvis trivia quiz contest. Fearing our Elvis ignorance will be discovered by these Elvis Einsteins we don't go in. The visitor center is swarming with goofy looking middle aged women in Elvis t-shirts too small for them and much to our surprise, hundreds of Europeans. What scares us the most is that many of these foreigners will go away from this thinking this is America. The visitor center houses the Elvis Up Close art exhibit. More black velvet than a corner Shell station. It looks just as bad from far away. This stuff really sucks.

We stand before the ticket window. We can't decide what to do. The recreational bus tour, the mansion tour, the car museum, the *If I Can Dream* movie. Fist fighting erupts and we purchase the entire package. Everything costs more than the automobile club booklet said it would. Chuck complains. We go to another gift shop. You can't go to anything at Graceland without first going to the gift shop. The bus tour is a letdown. The guide is making weekend plans with another guide. They're going to see *Batman*. Maybe we should have gone to see *Batman*. Next we tour the Lisa Marie jet airplane and Hound Dog lear jet. We all get our pictures taken in front of the actual engine from the Lisa Marie which is on display. Our next stop is the *If I Can Dream* movie. A paper plate in the window of one of the gift shops says "movie in here." We wait in a long line with other Elvi and are finally allowed into the theatre. None of the chairs match and the screen looks just like your father's slide screen. We take our seats in

the front row. A large woman sits next to Bill even though half of the seats are empty. A worn out video tape is shown as the woman moans, sighs, cries, and tells us everything that is happening as if we were blind. We refrain from laughter for fear of being attacked by unfriendly Elvi. Everywhere we go we begin to feel that we are outsiders in this strange place. Saving the mansion tour for last, we proceed to the Elvis Up Close museum. The entire display is of the most tacky things that Elvis owned. It's a shrine to bad taste in clothing, furniture and art. Jim reads everything thoroughly claiming, "I'm going to get my money's worth and the rest of you will be sorry someday." We all fear that Jim is being overcome by Elvis. Chuck complains. Tension mounts as we enter the car museum, our last stop before the mansion. Jim reads everything and takes twice as long as anyone else. The staff changes three times while Jim is in the car museum. We notice that none of the things displayed match the ones in the pictures with Elvis. The Elvi are taking pictures like a busload of Japanese as we find our favorite display, the orange jumpsuit the king wore in *Viva Las Vegas*. As we exit through the gift shop we consider buying mock Elvis #1 license plates. Jim buys one for his bike as Chuck continues to spoil our trip with his incessant whining.

We can hardly control ourselves as we near the shuttle that will take us to the center of the rock 'n' roll universe. Hundreds crowd a tiny waiting area. A large black woman who smokes too much calls out tour numbers over a p.a. system loud enough for the Who's next farewell tour. Numbers 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. The crowd swells but no one steps forward. Numbers 26, 27, 28. We look at our tickets. Number three. We ask our tour status and are brought to the front of the crowd. 300 middle aged fat women watch as the four of us are whisked away by our Graceland tram. Our driver starts telling bad jokes. When he asks if anyone has

been here before a particularly stupid looking couple with two porky kids eating chocolate says this is her third time. No one looks surprised. Our 1/10 of a mile journey ends at the front steps of Graceland. We notice that nothing looks as nice as it did in the U2 movie. They line us up like prisoners to be shot. The guide wants to know what time it is because she wants to go home. How can she want to be away from the King? She asks if we have any questions and Lou boldly asks what TCB with the lightning bolt through it means. It's on virtually everything here. "Taking care of business in a flash, the King's personal motto." Everyone waiting in line turns to reveal their hats, shirts and pins that display TCB. We don't ask any more questions.

We enter the mansion. It's a bad flashback to the '70s. Suddenly our pants flair out at the bottoms and platforms protude from our shoes. Well, not really. They cram about 300 people up against a rope and begin reciting their one minute speeches. We can't understand a thing as 20 feet away another guide is talking to another group of Elvi. We wonder why it wasn't like this when U2 came here. They won't show us the upstairs and the bathroom where he died. They herd us from room to room while Chuck complains. Elvis had no taste. I think he was color blind. We go into the jungle room. Our disgustingly perky guide tells us that it took 20 minutes for Elvis to pick out the furniture for this room. We would have guessed 5. Suddenly we're outside again. We only saw about 1/3 of the house for \$13.95. Buy the postcard set and avoid the crowd.

As we walk to the trophy room Jim sees something in the bushes. Our hearts race as I ready my camera. Our thoughts turn to the money we'll make. Tourists discover Elvis Presley hiding in bushes! It's Elvis! Well, not really. Just the gardener.

The trophy room has the King's guitars, costumes and gold records, among thou-

sands of plaques from little league teams he sponsored, etc. Guides explain each display as we are rushed through. There's so many guides talking at once that it reminds us of the end of a Donahue show. We hear the names of the costumes, The Aztec Warrior, worn by Elvis over 40 times. Elvis stood 6' 1/4" tall, 6' 3/4" in show boots. Lou asks a lady in our group if the gift shop sells copies of the prescriptions that Elvis OD'd on. Our last stop is the meditation garden. Homemade funeral wreaths from around the world are on display everywhere. The place looks like the Sears garden center in spring. Everybody's buried here except the family pets. The ride back to the visitor center is a somber affair. We keep wondering if that gardener was really Elvis in disguise.

We return to the hotel, sleep, eat at Red Lobster and sing a rap version of happy birthday to someone we don't know. Two hour tour of Memphis. Lou and I pay \$2.00 to see a mile long replica of the Mississippi. We're disappointed to find the hall of river disasters museum closed. On to see G.R. Westly, world famous Elvis impersonator. We find seats. Elvi are everywhere again. Most sit up front and give "Elvis" flowers. G.R.'s not too bad except for the fact that he's only about five feet tall. He plays two songs and runs off. We sit and watch the drummer eat a fish sandwich for a half an hour. The band finally goes back on, but no Westly. They play bad cover versions of CCR and Three Dog Night. As the band begins "Wooly Bully" we leave for the sake of our taste.

The hotel room, 3:00 A.M. As our heads hit the pillows the lights go on. Chuck, our return trip driver, says get your stuff we're leaving now. Elvis Presley Blvd. is quiet as we head for home, only a drunk driver stopped in front of the gates.

As we round the freeway entrance ramp Chuck pops in the 10,000 Maniacs tape and reminds us, the driver must remain comfortable.

— Bill Stone

PROGRAM DESCRIPTION

Actualidades Bilingues: A program dedicated to the Hispanic community of Cleveland. Interviews with community leaders on their educational, social and philosophical opinions. Hosted by Ann Caldwell-Moore. Saturdays, 1:00-3:00 p.m.

Best of Britain: Music of the British Isles and news of Cleveland's Anglo-American community. Hosted by Florence Duncan. Tuesdays, 6:00-7:00 p.m.

The Bill Stone Bassmaster Show: Millions of anglers can't be wrong. Tuesdays, 12:30-3:00 p.m.

Blue Monday: Since 1978, the best contemporary blues with a fine representation of the classics. John Veverka hosts. Monday nights, 10:00 p.m.-1:00 a.m.

Captain Tacky's Blue Light Special: Captain Tacky digs deep into the booger vault to find the world's WORST bad music. It's part of Wainstead All Night, Fridays, 1:00-1:30 a.m.

Common Ground: Presents an alternative view of the political, military, economic, and social aspects of international affairs and US foreign policy. Tuesdays, 5:30-6:00 p.m.

Cool Hippy Music: Let's give love another chance, baby. I play the softest hits in my hippy buck truck. Now you can hear them every humpday. Ready Freddy? Wednesdays, 12:30-3:00 p.m.

Creative Quietude: New Age and Progressive music to ease you into your morning of relaxation. Hosted by Dave Stiffler. Sundays, 10:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m.

Crisol Latino: A presentation of Hispanic music and culture. Hosted by Dan Vargas. Sundays, 1:00-2:00 p.m.

CSU Forum: An award-winning public affairs program hosted by CSU faculty and staff members. Discussions cover issues of interest to northeast Ohio residents, combining the expertise of CSU guests with

community representatives. Produced by CSU's Office of Media Relations. Tuesdays, 12:00-12:30 p.m.

Czech Voice: Music of Czechoslovakia and news of Cleveland's Czech community. Thursdays, 6:00-7:00 p.m. Hosted by Vaclav Hyvnar.

Cyclotron: Giganto has had it with you fucks. Local music from 4:30 to 5:30. Join me for the Daussault Mirage. Programmed by Steve Wainstead, Wednesdays, 3:00-5:30 p.m.

Dub Style: Come take part in a live Third World jam session every Monday afternoon with host Rob "Mighty Jah Rock" Weaver at the controls. This program features the best in reggae music along with compa, cadence, calypso/soca and much, much more. Mondays, 3:00-5:30 p.m.

Earth Tones: Music from around the world, hosted by Lore. Mondays, 12:30-3:00 p.m.

Ebony Fine Arts: Host Mike Gaye talks to local artists, writers and actors from Cleveland's Black community. Mondays, 5:30-6:00 p.m.

Folk With TTH: Features a potpourri of acoustic styles, ranging from the international folk scene, right on through what's happening on the local level. Timmy the Hippy has something for all the foot-stompers, hand-clappers and finger-pickers out there — so tune in! Mondays, 9:30 a.m.-12 Noon, and Thursdays, 7:00-9:30 a.m.

Friday Morning Groove: Take a straight-ahead jazz show, add a pinch of easy-listening and a bit of the blues. What have you got? **Friday Morning Groove** with Diane Walker. Fridays, 9:30 a.m.-12 noon.

The Fungi From Yuggoth: Join your host, Mars, for three hours of myxo-music transmitted from certain esoteric regions of space/(time)? Various musical emulsions

SPRING 1990 PROGRAM SCHEDULE

Request
Line!
687-3515

Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
7 a.m. *Magic Soup Jennifer Schneider	Jello with Marshmallows Laura	The Morning Train Tom Bogus	Folk TTH	The New Age Revolving Door	Folk Polpourri	Serbian Radio Program
8 a.m. TTH's Other Folk Show	Guitar Flatulence Nervous Jimmy	Cut Out Gems Tony C	*Electrified Fairy Tale John	Friday Morning Groove Diane Walker	Hungarian Hour German Hour	Slovenian Hour
9 a.m. Sing Out's Song Bag	CSU Forum	Poetry Int'l	Radio Static	New Voices	Polish Hour	Creative Quietude
10 a.m. Earth Tones Lore	*The Bill Stone Bassmaster Show	Cool Hippy Music Brother Jimmy	Loud & Happy Rock & Roll Bruce	The Friday Afternoon Fusion Show Randy Allar	Actualidades Bilingues Ann Caldwell-Moore	New Age/ Progressive
11 a.m. Dub Style Mighty Jah Rock	Wrath and WROL Tony Crimaldi	*Cyclotron Steve Wainstead	ClubHouse Dominique	Ill-Advised Fanaticism Greg Mangino	Groove Angel Unlimited Doug Gillard	Dave Stiffler
12 noon Ebony Fine Arts	Common Ground	This Way Out	High School Radio	*Nocturnal Transmissions	Just Say Yes! Jodi	Crisol Latino Jr. Vargas
1 p.m. Music of Science Fiction & Fantasy	Best of Britain	Slovenian Hour	Czech Hour	Arabic Show	The Fungi From Yuggoth Mars	Latino Internacional
2 p.m. Twisting in Bedrock Berni	Seduction Salsa Israel Diaz	Through The Glass Darkly	ESO Radio Chas Smith	The Tim Ski Show	Psykick Dance Hall Tom Wilson	Wind Words
3 p.m. Blue Monday John Veverka	Odd Tuesdays	Poetry	The Inconsistency Principle Martin	Heavy Metal Joe Mack	Propaganda Mike Kole	In the Tradition Mwatabu Okantah
4 p.m. My Third Leg The Nightmare Boy	Magick Without Tears Sade	Krapp's Last Tape Luigi	Captain Tacky	Millions of Dead Chicken Heads Scurry	*The Dead of The Night	Hip-Hop Rebel D.
5 p.m. Nada	Static	Half-Step Clev. St. Toodle-ooo Jerry	Wainstead All Night			
6 p.m.						
7 p.m.						
8 p.m.						
9 p.m.						
10 p.m.						
11 p.m.						
12 p.m.						
1:00 a.m.						
2:00 a.m.						
3:00 a.m.						
4:00 a.m.						
5:00 a.m.						
6:00 a.m.						

*denotes program schedule change

Photo: Steve Wainstead

are regularly heard, such as some of the more bizarre new-age, international thingz, cassette releases (old and new), and of course the latest audio-mind recordings in addition to the old. Warning! Non-FDA approved, and not recommended for satisfied hominids (hint — an arachnoid mind-set and vocabulary will help). Saturdays, 8:00-11:00 p.m.

German Hour: Music of Germany and news of Cleveland's German community. Hosted by Peter Weber. Saturdays, 11:00 a.m.-12:00 noon.

Groove Angel Unlimited: The strength is the song itself. The image is the garbage. Featuring emphasis on the instrumental, with forays into the various. Requests? Maybe. Hosted by Doug Gillard, Saturdays, 3:00-5:30 p.m.

Guitar Flatulence: Nervous Jimmy seeks serious-minded devotees of the six-string. Spend an over-indulgent 2½ hours listening to an eclectic amalgamation of the best guitar music ever captured on vinyl. Every Tuesday, 9:30-Noon. Poseurs and wimps need not apply.

Half-Step Downtown Cleveland State Toodle-oo: The bus came up and I got on; that's how it all began. Three hours of radio gonzo. Thursdays, 4:00-7:00 a.m.

High School Radio: The original weekly show returns, representing different area high schools while providing practical hands-on experience in journalism and radio broadcasting. A fast, upbeat show that highlights segments in entertainment, fashion, music, news, and sports. Hosted weekly by Don Hohman, Thursdays, 5:30-6:00 p.m.

Hip-Hop: Hot rap/funk served up by Rebel D. Sunday nights, 9:00 p.m.-1:00 a.m.

House/Funk: Dominique profiles new house and funk talent from around the city and the country in his clubstyle show. Clubstyle means no breaks between songs. Interviews are a possibility. Thurs-

days, 3:00-5:30 p.m.

The Inconsistency Principle: You know, one of those "free-form" college radio shows where the DJs put on any record they can find. But wait, could it be a musicological inquiry into the process of intercontinental transmission of culture in the Post-electronic Age? Nah... Thursdays, 10:00 p.m.-1:00 a.m.

Jello with Marshmallows: A mix of "old" modern and "new" progressive, a combination you just can't beat! Tuesdays, 7:00-9:30 a.m.

Just Say Yes! Therapeutic radio. Listen Listen Listen, Yeah! Saturdays, 5:30-8:00 p.m. Hosted by Jodi.

Krapp's Last Tape: In our consumerist culture, "art" (including music) is no longer about beauty, truth or self-expression; it's about producing "product" to sell. As a protest against this, The Praxn group has called for an Art Strike for the years 1990-1993. In support of this endeavor, Krapp's Last Tape will not broadcast "art" (including "music," "literature," or "audio art") from Jan. 1, 1990 thru Dec. 31, 1993. Co-hosted by Karen Eliot. Wednesdays, 10:00 p.m.-1:00 a.m.

Latino Internacional: Host Mario Ivan brings you the best of South America's music every Sunday, 3:00-4:00 p.m.

Loud, Happy Rock & Roll: Your mom kicked you out of the house. Your dog has rabies. Your boss sucks bongwater. Loud, Happy Rock and Roll can help. Metallica to Motorhead. Slayer to Sodom. Thursdays, 12:30-3:00 p.m.

Magick W/out Tiers: We have no "problems." Everthang iz free four everbody. Money sux. Leaders sux. Underwear sux. School sux. Thee white honkie culture that haz been handed to us onna silver plastick platter iz meaningless to us! We dont want it!... (Thee) program is cv total freedom four everone. And we are totally coummitted to carrying out our program... to

drive people out ov thera heads an into thera bodies. (adapted from thee White Panther manifesto, c. 1967). Spun be Sade X, Tuesday nite-Wednesday morning, 1:00-4:00 a.m.

Millions of Dead Chickenheads: Hardcore, thrash metal, underground roots, and commentary for good clean fun on a Friday night/Saturday morning. Saturdays, 2:00-7:00 a.m. Hosted by Scary.

The Morning Train: Features a wide variety of contemporary and popular blues. Hosted by Tom Bogus, Wednesdays, 7:00-9:30 a.m.

My Third Leg: SWM 24. Looking for a little action and suspense. Unemployed, undereducated CSU student, though has some musical insight. Willing and able to associate. Hasil Adkins/Nancy Sinatra wanna-be with laundry and bicycle repair experience sought. Help program show. Calls taken. Must have own wheels. P.S. No dope movers or record company shakers. Thank you, The Nightmare Boy. Tuesdays, 1:00-4:00 a.m.

New Voices: New Voices is a weekly half-hour public affairs program providing in-depth analysis of emerging issues and covering under-reported aspects of international policy, social and economic justice, the environment and special concerns of women, children, the elderly and people of color. **New Voices** is a production of the Public Interest Video Network in Washington, D.C. and is hosted by Patrick Esmond-White and Rosetta Robertson. **New Voices** airs every Friday 12:00 noon-12:30 p.m.

Polish Hour: Music of Poland and news of Cleveland's Polish community. Hosted by Joseph Szulecki. Saturdays, 12:00-1:00 p.m.

Propaganda: 'Tis better to surrender than to be defeated. Avoid demoralization. Listen...or else! Sundays, 2:00-7:00 a.m.

Seduccion Salsera: This program fetures the hottest tropical sounds of salsa and

merenque. Major features include interviews with top salsa artists and the latest information in the world of Latin music. Hosted by Israel "El Salsero" Diaz. Tuesdays, 7:00-10:00 p.m.

Serbian Radio Program: A selection of the finest in Serbian music and news. Hosted by Milan Vukadinovic. Sundays, 7:00-9:00 a.m.

Sing Out's Song Bag: Produced for *Sing Out!* the folk song magazine. Heavy concentration is placed on the folk scene's newest developments. Appropriately, it follows TTH on Mondays, 12:00 noon-12:30 p.m.

Slovenian Hour: Music of Slovenia and news of Cleveland's Slovenian community. Hosted by Milan Pavlovic. Sunday, 9:00-10:00 a.m., Wednesday, 6:00-7:00 p.m.

This Way Out: An internationally produced lesbian and gay radio magazine featuring news, interviews, music, media critiques, humor, poetry, and special historical reviews and other specific-topic program features, produced and co-hosted by Lucia Chappelle and Greg Gordon. You don't have to be gay or lesbian to discover and appreciate it. Wednesdays, 5:30-6:00 p.m.

Through the Glass Darkly: And what of the lowerworld let us fly into the mantle of fire? Should we love the upperworld? Wednesdays, 7:00-10:00 p.m.

Tim Ski Show: Underground sounds and the people that make them. Fridays, 7:00-10:00 p.m.

Twisting in Bedrock: Industrial fly girl music. Hosted by Berni. Mondays, 7:00-10:00 p.m.

Vindicator Viewpoints: A news program concerned with the social events, politics, and economic affairs of the Black community. This program is produced in cooperation with the Vindicator, CSU's award-winning newspaper. For entertaining and

provocative news and information tune in every Sunday, 4:00-5:00 p.m.

Wainstead All Night: WCSB would like to apologize to anyone who has ever tuned in to this program. We don't really approve of this sort of thing, and they do all come from broken homes and are bound to go through this sort of phase. We humbly apologize. No, we really mean it. Friday mornings, 1:00-7:00 a.m.

Wet Iron: "We have passed from a pleasure to be recounted and heard, centering on the heroic or marvelous narration of 'trials' of bravery or sainthood, to a literature ordered according to the infinite task of extracting from the depths of oneself, in between words, a truth which the very form of the confession holds out like a

shimmering mirage." Tuesdays, 10:00 p.m. -1:00 a.m.

Windwords: An Afro-American Cultural Center program designed to provide an open forum to discuss African-American issues and interests. Hosted by Mwatabu Okantah. Sundays, 5:00-6:00 p.m.

Wrath and Wroll: Continuing the tradition of drive-time **HEAVY METAL**, Tony Crimaldi sets Cleveland aflame while entering the third year of Wrath and Wroll. Listen for the newest releases of independent and import metal along with obscurities of the past. Giveaways, local bands and concert listings are featured weekly. Join Tony for the damage! Tuesdays, 3:00-5:30 p.m.

My Dad Is Dead

featuring former WCSBer Mark Edwards
will perform **LIVE** on
The TIM SKI Show
Friday, February 2 from 7:00-10:00 p.m.



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EDITORIAL: Letting the Cat Out of the Proverbial Bag

This is the first in a series of editorials by, of all people, the Editor. What I will be doing in this space over the next few Guides is to give away precious trade secrets. These items are not so guarded that no person, living or dead may have suspected such, but these are things that are discussed daily here at 'CSB, and even within the ranks of the commercial stations (referred from here on out as 'the big guys').

Anyhow, here are the trade secrets . . . free of charge. Lucky you! I understand that to many of you, this will mean zilch. Fine. To others, this is hot stuff, the kind of stuff that will find its way to the office photocopier, and will be taped to the fridge or above the typewriter or perhaps above the terlit. And now . . . the trade secrets:

How do you view the process of radio? Yes, it is a process, and that is important. I bet you think that it is the purpose of radio stations to deliver entertainment to you the listener. Top 40 stations deliver Top 40, jazz stations give you jazz, college stations give you what it is we give you, etc. **WRONG!** They don't. Here's the scoop: When a radio station is delivering, the package is not entertainment, the package is **YOU** the listener. The station is sending you directly to the advertiser. Sound perverse? It is. The advertiser finds out first, which station has the highest ratings. (They also figure out if they can afford the rates of the top dog.) Second, the advertiser finds out who is doing the listening. Males 18 to 35? Teens? Golden Agers? This info is used to determine if a) there are enough sheep in this particular herd, and, b) are these sheep the kind that will buy our product. If your product is Depend Undergarments, you will not try to sell them to the teeny-bopper crowd. Is it clear that the listener is being given to the advertiser? Feel like a two-bit whore? **GOOD!**

Have you ever wondered why the big guys won't play your request? It's likely because your request wasn't on the official station playlist. I bet you'd like to know what the playlist is. Good. Simply, it is a list of songs compiled by either the station's Music Director, or Program Director. If, by chance, your request is on the playlist, the DJ may decide to play it. If not, forget it. It's impossible. The big-shot star DJs **ARE NOT ALLOWED** to play songs that are not on the playlist. Simple as that. Wanna know how the official playlist is compiled? Good. The Program or Music Director will select songs by the latest 'big stars.' Why? These are generally things that the listener can easily latch on to. That keeps the ratings. Keeping the ratings keeps the advertisers which keeps the cash coming in which keeps the Program Director in a job. Don't think the big guys play for keeps? Naturally, the new songs on the playlist cannot contain any controversial material. That could upset the advertiser who wouldn't want to be associated with such material, causing them to pull their account. Controversial materials as well as unfamiliar songs by non-stars are avoided for these reasons.

Have you ever wondered why radio operates this way? Hell, it would be bad for business to operate any other way, any shmuck should see that. I bet you remember when radio could afford to take chances with unknown acts, and even try to be the first to discover a new star. It used to happen in this very town. Something changed all that a few years back. Know what caused it? Can you spell **D-E-R-E-G-U-L-A-T-I-O-N?** Good. I knew you could. See, before the deregulation of the airwaves, those who purchased a radio station were required by law (or regulated) to own it for a minimum of three years before they could legally sell it. If, during those three years, the format being used

did not fetch the ratings necessary to hold the interest of the advertiser, the Program Director would be forced to initiate some, gasp, changes to the format (after all, his ass would be in the proverbial sling). The P.D. might try anything: new DJs, some fringe-type music (such as the majority of WCSB's programming is), a new format altogether, anything that might stimulate an increase in ratings. Those days are gone. Nowadays, if the ratings are poor, and the P.D.'s ass is in the sling, the DJs may be replaced, the format changed, or the "for sale" sign may be posted. The difference between then and now is that experimentation will not occur. Only those proven commodities, proven in that they will get the ratings of a populace weaned on hits, will be employed.

That's how the big guys operate. Take it for what it's worth. If you think that somehow you can do something about it—by all means, try to.

Now on to college radio. Unfortunately, many college stations across the country are adopting the format process of radio. Program Directors (sometimes in college) and Music Directors (usually) are now creating playlists from which DJs must select what bands can be played. Some are so specific as to narrow it down to which tracks by which bands. The formatting itself isn't necessarily inherently bad. If the playlist is comprised of a wide variety of styles and includes a fair balance of major vs. independent label music, it's bound to be a good one. The problem is that many Music and Program Directors are lazy. They can't seem to be capable of any investigation which is necessary to compile a list with any variety. Usually, they simply look to trade magazines. The trade rags were intended to provide that information to M.D.s. Once upon a time, they were pretty good at reporting on most new releases. Now it seems that the major-label "alternative" stuff gets featured by the rags

while the indie-label stuff is relegated to the "Oh-By-The-Way" column. Lazy Music and Program Directors and dismal trade rags have lead to a mainstreaming of college radio in general.

A smaller percentage (WCSB is one) of college stations do go out of their way to obtain most everything. It makes sense that to make a fair appraisal of what's what, one must have all the items to be considered. If there is something that you can think of that should be heard, and isn't receiving airplay anywhere, call WCSB! Call the other area college stations. Ask that the release be added. Since the Program Director isn't saddled to the ratings game and the advertisers, she can add anything she wishes to. At WCSB, we add it all. Whether the DJs *want* to play it is another question altogether. . . but the option does in fact exist. Remember, those big shots Jeff and Flash, Those Guys, etc., ARE NOT ALLOWED to play a tune that isn't on the playlist.

Use this information as you may. If you are in a musical group, for instance, you may now see where to send your recordings for airplay. Disgruntled listener, you may now realize who must be approached to get the new Da Willys EP aired. Etc., etc.

Another trade secret to be let out of the Proverbial Bag in the Spring Guide.

— Mike Kole

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