

# of things unpopular ? ”

Emmanuel Kamersun, Zurich 1643 (pop. trans.)

I talked with several people who are active in CKSR about the problems they are having at the moment. Jack Berezan, in charge of production filled me in on their biggest hassle —staff.

“Its funny, last year we had twice as many people as we have this year”, he said. The present staff numbers around forty, out of these fifteen can be considered hard core, willing to show up on a regular basis. But to operate effectively, CKSR needs people in all areas of production and programming, news staff, announcers, sports staff, engineering - in fact every facet of radio production.

The most popular job is of course announcing, ; everybody wants to be a radio personality. Unfortunately it takes talent and not everybody has the skill to project himself over the air in an effective manner. Though the actual mechanics of being an announcer can be learned by anyone in a matter of an hour or so, the ability to think quickly and correct mistakes without the program being interrupted is something only talent can give.

However, one thing is required to work for CKSR, and that is enthusiasm coupled with bright new ideas. Just walk in and say you want to work, they'll love you.

Many former announcers and staff members of CKSR have gone into commercial radio with ease. The commercial stations consider CKSR an excellent training ground and graduates of the station have little trouble making a start.

In contrast to the Gateway, which also is having staff problems, CKSR is not news orientated to any great degree, instead they concentrate on informative programs, interviews with interesting people, a little underground music, and entertainment for anyone willing to listen.

CKSR contrary to the opinion of several students broadcasts for the major part of the day - twenty hours most days and all night on Friday. To fill these time spots they make use of a large music library containing upwards of three thousand albums in all fields of music. The announcer will take requests over the phone at 432-4326 and even dedicate them at any time of the day.

Sometimes the announcers will go through an entire night of programming and not receive a single request. At those times the job becomes pretty lonely. A feeling of apathy sets in and they wonder if anyone is listening at all.

They have tried a few surveys to find out how many people listen to them but the results have been inconclusive and generally reflect the lack of interest of students in the station. Some students know nothing of the student radio set-up and are quite surprised when they find out there is such a thing.



Peso Cheladyn

Cyril Gurevitch manning the control panel for his radio program. The announcer is responsible for his own programming, taking requests, and his suffering through boredom.



Peso Cheladyn

Some of the vast library of records containing over 3,000 45s available for request by phoning 432-4326.

*Back in the control room, the people have gone and there is no one except the announcer. It is dark except for the green and white glow of the dials reflecting off the plate glass window that looks into the deserted studio in front of the announcer. The record ends and he spins another into life on the heavy turntable before leaning back and lighting a cigarette. By the time he has finished with the match a needle has crept out of position and his hand shoots forward to a control knob and puts the needle in its home again.*

*The music sighs quietly out of his control speaker without fault and he sits still, staring into darkened studio. The only movement is from the dozen or so needles dancing strangely in their dials to the music. Minutes go by and there is still no movement from the announcer, the world seems dead but the music goes on.*

*That record comes to an end and suddenly he finds he has to speak, anything to reestablish contact with the world and break the dreadful loneliness.*

*Click go the switches and a few knobs are turned to new positions. He goes cold over the air with a plug for Chilliwack and a plea for people to phone in requests, then plays a new album before lapsing into motionless.*

*The clock keeps moving but seems slower than ever and the night begins to stretch. The phone stays silent and he wonders again if there is anyone out there listening.*