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cabinet? The SPF request was acknowledgement.

"and 3— you haven't been around for 3 whole semesters." According to Thompson, "[Then-Treasurer Michael Gibson], Mike Fourcher's replacement, had told us that we had, in fact, been around for three whole semesters," and it was with that knowledge that they went about pricing things, formulating plans, and drawing up a budget. Unfortunately, Gibson's guess was off by three weeks, and Council wouldn't budge. Katz summed up the general feelings of ROC-U toward Council's decision: "What horse shit! Judiciary was out to bust our balls! We followed all the rules and guidelines, [and] now they wanted to pull this crap. Someone on that [committee] had a thing for us. They wanted to see us fail. They *could* have let that slide. It was the spirit of the rule that [should have] counted the most." Ironically, this general sense of persecution was successfully passed down into the present-day leadership, even if nothing else was.

But for now, all their planning was down the tubes. ROC-U had gotten a grand from Council with no guarantees and no idea of what they were doing, and now that they had a clue, and were delivering ten-times their promised programming to StudCo, they were being denied. And as for insult to injury, StudCo *penalized* them for filing early: the date of ROC-U's Council recognition was pushed back an entire semester. They would have to wait until the end of Spring of 1995 to try for a budget.

"It's like fighting a hydra," said Thompson, "You chop off one head, and next thing you know, it's attacking from a different direction. [The meeting with Council] felt more like a battle of wills than a negotiation or discussion."

In fact, they had submitted a budget early, by only a matter of weeks, and if they had waited a little longer, they probably would have been approved. Nobody knew, or thought to ask about, whether ROC-U had gotten University Recognition.

Thompson was pretty burned out by then, and began looking around for people to "run the shop" after he left. TJ Schubert stepped in as Treasurer, in case they got any money. An unassuming freshman named Dave Bernstein agreed to be Secretary, after he was spotted starting a RADIO folder in BULLETIN on Vax.

Jeff Carter agreed to be Vice-President, since it's not really a leadership position and he's admittedly not much of a leader. And rounding out the new line-up, batting centerfield, the man with the plan, your friend and mine, let's give a warm Worcester welcome to Andy Sweet!!!! <<FX: cheering, etc.>>

Andy Sweet is a scary man, with a face like bat and music biz ambitions to make David Geffen's dick go limp. Sweet had started as writer for the *Scarlet*, gotten picked up by the Worcester *Phoenix*, then turned them down to go into the world of radio broadcasting. He started by doing a show with McDonald. Within a semester, Sweet used ROC-U to get a show on WCUW, which he hosted for a year and a half, before he quit "because I just didn't have enough time"— by that point Sweet was managing Poor Yorick and jockeying

record biz offers from all over the country.

When Thompson stepped down, Sweet was a natural to take over. Unfortunately, by the end of the semester, Sweet had already landed his CUW gig, and was maybe-not-coincidentally on Academic Probation. Sweet was somehow convinced that this meant he was not allowed to be President of an organization, and he handed his Presidency over to Jeff Carter for Spring of 1995.

Unfortunately, Carter wasn't really interested in assuming that level of responsibility, and was eventually persuaded to take the job only by reassurance that "you'll just be a figurehead," with Sweet actually running the operations, just like before, only unofficially. Sweet was determined that "I would be the one to put ROC-U on the air," and Carter was more than willing to let him orchestrate the details. But first they needed a budget...

ROC-U vs. ROC-U

Spring 1995 wasn't a quite as bad a time for ROC-U as it may have looked from the outside. ROC-U was still one of the biggest organizations on campus, and for the first time in a year they had all four Executive positions filled. CCN was still run by David Katz, so "politics" with the office were nonexistent and generally trouble-free (though the confiness of the arrangement between the two organizations would prove problematic down the road).

Even more startling, most of the equipment purchased back in '93 was still working, despite certain "mishaps"— a staff memo from late 1994 reads, "We have also had some problems with broken equipment. One microphone was broken, along with a metal microphone stand. The only way to break a microphone stand is to throw it against the wall. Repeatedly." It probably wasn't a good idea *telling* them how to break stuff, but the point was apparently made. As an added bonus, a mixer ordered 2 semesters back finally arrived (even if it was the wrong one).

What went wrong that semester was really an issue of communication. A budget had to be finalized and handed in at the end of the semester, and Council procedures are anal to the point of describing the order in which expenses must be listed. And to come up with a budget, there's hours of phone calls to make regarding pricing, and also the issue of just what to invest in, and when. And this doesn't even touch on what it's like trying to maintain and/or control a hyper, anarchistic staff of college students, some of whom pack heat, and most of whom consider the station's hardware some sort of high-tech Speak 'n Spell with nifty blinking lights.

Sweet began the semester as if he never resigned, but as the semester wore on, he started pulling back from the organization as other commitments began to take priority. Carter, who considered his job to sign memos to the staff and run meetings (the one each semester), was left without anybody to turn to. Fortunately for his sanity, he thought Sweet would take care of things; unfortunately for ROC-U, nobody made sure they knew what the other guy was doing, and Carter turned out to be wrong.

When it was time for ROC-U to submit a budget, in Carter's own words, "I simply

forgot. I was very busy, and stressed, and the deadline went right by me. I make no excuses." Soon afterward, however, Sweet showed up at Carter's door bearing the news that he (Carter) had been impeached as President.

This is interesting for a few reasons: 1) When Thompson handed the reigns over to Sweet, he neglected to mention that there was a charter, or anything about ROC-U's status in the eyes of Council. Without a charter, there is no way to "impeach" anybody; in fact, the word "impeach" loses all meaning.

2) There was nobody to take over the position. There was no Vice-President that semester, and nobody was jockeying for position. In fact, in the world of ROC-U, jockeying is something that's more effort than it's worth; if you want a job beyond being DJ, you need only be crazy enough to ask.

3) It's not much of a threat when the person's been saying from day one "I don't really belong here..."

But Carter was frustrated with not knowing what's going on, and for what must've looked like being set up as a patsy. Sweet and Carter had it out in Carter's dorm room, and, according to Carter, "almost came to blows," but things settled down, and in the end everyone put the best interests of the radio station and the larger Clark community ahead of their personal goals, and decided to have a shoot-out in Red Square with pistols (just kidding— Carter agreed to step down).

Fortunately, this was at the end of the term, the end of a school year, and a shining bright star was dawning in the cold primordial night of Clark radio...

AGE OF THE MODERN RADIO CZARS

The best thing about freshmen has gotta be the fact that they're young and new here. Otherwise, nothing would ever get done. Submitted as Exhibit A, your honor: Dave Bernstein.

Bernstein is practically the antithesis of a traditional, Alexander-style leader. Diminutive, soft-spoken, prone to wearing a so-over-sized fedora that it looks like he's being eaten, he can neither be considered short, quiet, or especially silly. He lacks the pretentious sense of gravity that many confuse for sensitivity, the commanding presence of people like Sweet and Katz, the oratory skills of a modern Demosthenes, the cleverness and witty repartee of a 21st Century Algonquin reject.

In short, he's been forced to improvise a leadership style based on —egad!— basic human virtues like decency, honesty, common sense, hard work, and a sense of humor.

In the Spring of 1995, Bernstein busied himself with coming up with ideas for ROC-U, since the position of "Secretary," strictly defined, is somewhat laughable on an organization like ROC-U, where decisions are made

mostly by consensus, and meetings are better described as "chance meetings," often, in the University Center during hours with a high degree of traffic.

One way for radio stations to acquire decent audio libraries is to form correspondences with record labels; the label sends free music, and the station writes polite thank you notes and promises to listen to it once for at least 10 minutes in the next 50 years.

So ROC-U started collecting the soda cans of the DJs who would never ever dare drink in the studio, and the money was spent on postage for letters to indie labels, and before you could say "birth of an in-joke," ROC-U was festooned with enough *ska* CDs to make a grown man cry (oops). Bernstein swears it was a coincidence, but how should one explain the tattoo on his forearm that reads "Jamaican Gangster"?

Sweet claims he had a hunch about Bernstein. "When I was President, I wanted to be the guy to get [ROC-U] on the air, I couldn't do it. But now my satisfaction is, I was the guy who got Dave. I can't say enough good things about him. He is so balls-out. I've got so much respect for him." And this is coming from a man who works in the *entertainment industry*...

When Carter resigned, Bernstein was the only remaining office-holder with actual tasks. He officially became President of ROC-U in Fall of 1995 because nobody objected, and he tapped his friend and soon-to-be-roommate-in-holy-matrimony, Zack Ordynans to be Veep. Also jumping on board was Technical Advisor Bill Evans, a man whose fearlessness before technology made him a perfect choice for the tasks of keeping everything working, and getting ROC-U into the atmosphere.

StudCo vs. ROC-U:

THIS TIME IT'S PERSONAL

When Carter resigned, Bernstein went straight to work, writing the FCC for information, contacting StudCo about getting acknowledgement, and contacting administrators for advice. These activities should sound familiar, because they are the same activities Bill Thompson did exactly

ROC-U 1996

from l to r: Dave Bernstein ('98), Zack Ordynans ('98), Bill Evans ('98), TJ Schubert ('96)— Nobel Savages all.

