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Graveyard disc jockeys pin down faceless mass

By Randy Wymore

The hours between midnight and 5 or 6 in the morning on week nights are filled with a special type of people.

People studying, partying, working or being insomniac lurk in Lincoln's dark shadows. Leading this army of the night are Steve Mark and Scott McArdle, disc jockeys of the graveyard shift.

Mark, the traveled, experienced latenight DJ for KFMQ, and McArdle, a young lion of the radio business, are-the gurus of midnight. Though they come from varied backgrounds, they see most things in the same light.

Mark's roots in radio trace back to the Twin Cities area of Minnesota, where he worked at station WRKD playing polkas and broadcasting American Legion baseball games, a long way from rock 'n' roll in Lincoln.

Moving from WRKD and polka music to KTTT in Columbus, Neb., working a 5 p.m. to midnight shift with no real structure which is a "good way to start out," ac-cording to Mark-he came closer to the "Q."

At WRKD, he had his own albumoriented rock program, "Nightwatch." A

department store in the area had five commercial spots on the program, and in return Mark got five different albums a week from . the store's record department.

The show preceding Mark's provided an interesting contrast for the listener, Mark said.

"What sounds better after Loretta Lynn?" Mark asked. "Ozzy Osbourne, of course."

Mark's and KFMQ's late-night competitor is Scott McArdle at KFRX.

Originally from Omaha, McArdle later graduated from Waverly High School. His next stop was Lincoln and UNL.

McArdle received his degree from UNL in journalism and English in 1981. He had originally wanted to become a lawyer, but there was no pre-law program to fit his needs, he said. McArdle's adviser suggested pursuing something that he would enjoy. The next thing he knew, he was a parttime DJ at KFRX, working the graveyard shift on the weekends. Full-time work soon followed.

"I've gotten into this, and I'm having fun doing this," he said. "I might get into law later on, if I get some bucks."

The most important part to any entertainment business is the audience, and disc

jockeys especially have to know who this faceless mass is. Not surprisingly, the radio veteran has the midnight listener pinned down.

"There's a lot of people that work out there, people at parties," McArdle said. "I know I got a guy out there that counts boxcars between here and York."

And it is to that faceless mass that Mark feels truly committed. "Even if there's just one person out there listening-just one," Mark said, "I feel I've got to do my best."

Mark, however, feels that Lincoln is a "button pushing" market. If listeners don't like the song one station is playing, they can just turn the dial to another station.

McArdle agrees with this theory but acknowledges the "loyal listener" in the audience, and that is where McArdle and KFRX put their energies, he said.

"We'd like to think that our listeners are loyal," McArdle said. "We think we play the songs that people wanna hear-we play the hits."

Another aspect of the late-night radio business is the calls and star quality that goes with being a DJ. Both McArdle and Mark like the fan mail and the somewhat "popular anonymity" of the business where a lot of people know their voices

but could never recognize them in the supermarket.

But Mark related a story that puts the whole "star" aspect into perspective. Mark said he had a friend, also a disc jockey but in a smaller city, who received calls from an overly adoring female listener. The listener followed the DJ around and kept calling, until one day he confronted her and tried to tell her that he just wasn't interested. She shot and killed him, Mark said.

No matter how many stations he travels to, Mark said, he will always have one thing he will remember from his days in Columbus. Mark met his wife on a request line.

"She called up and was at a party and wanted to hear some Iggy Pop, Todd Rundgren and Tommy Bolan," he said. "Then she invited me to the party."

Mark went, and the rest is history to him.

Through all the calls, the play lists and the commercials, Mark and McArdle share a quest with each other and all DJs-daylight play time.

For Mark, the journey continues. For McArdle, it is just beginning. Stay tuned.

African-styled 'Zombie Birdhouse' LP trendy, but not Iggy Pop at his best

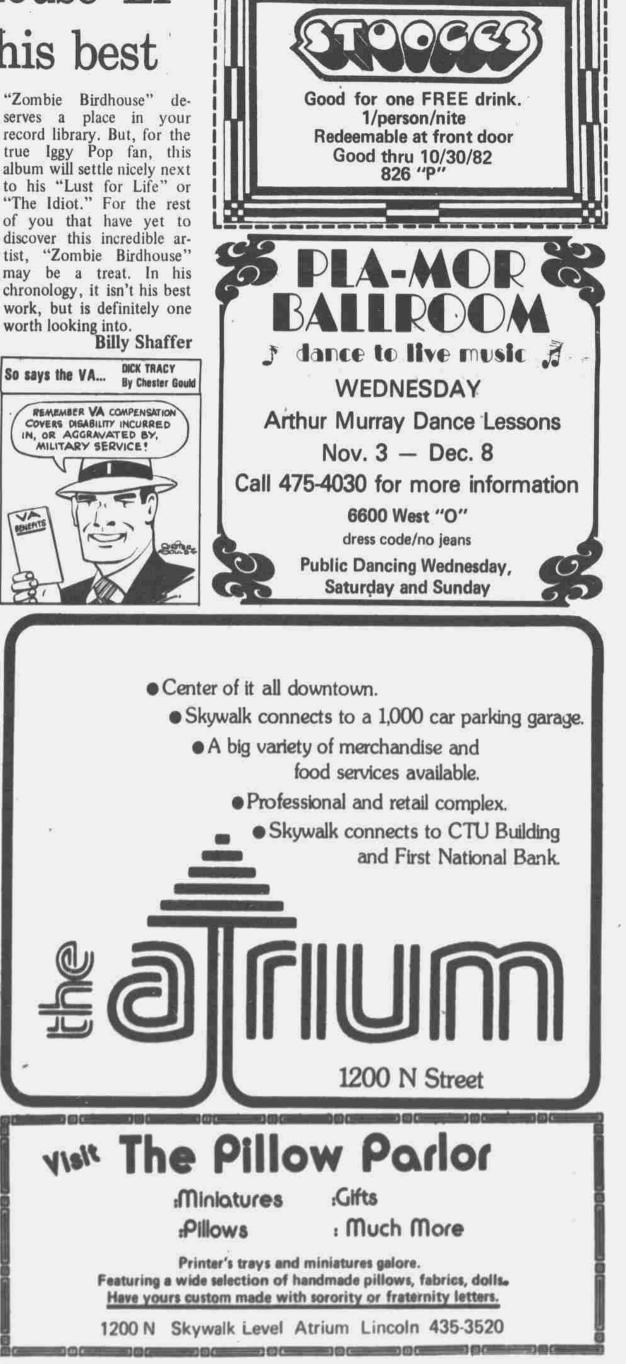


visual appeal. The change has increased both his musical diversity and his personal integrity.

lggy's got a knack for surrounding himself with great musicians, and "Zombie Birdhouse" is no exception to that rule. With Rob Duprey on drums and Chris Stein of Blondie producing and playing bass, the album is a quality product.

Although the ingredients are all there for a trendsetting LP, somehow this record doesn't quite live up to expectations. "Zom-

"Zombie Birdhouse" deserves a place in your record library. But, for the true Iggy Pop fan, this album will settle nicely next to his "Lust for Life" or "The Idiot." For the rest of you that have yet to discover this incredible artist, "Zombie Birdhouse" may be a treat. In his chronology, it isn't his best work, but is definitely one worth looking into. **Billy Shaffer**



Page 13

the X

ZOMBIE BIRDHOUSE Iggy Pop

Chrysalis/Animal

Iggy Pop has gone from being an unknown curiosity a few years back to being a bankable quantity. His "Party" album of 1981, arguably his best and most post-punk performances re-

repertoire.

Iggy has been one of rock's most innovative performers, from his pre-punk days as "Iggy & the Stooges" of 1970 to his



accessible work, is definitely his finest album since his days with the Stooges. In the last year, the Ig has worked African drums and rhythms to his impressive

cently. Although he was noted earlier for his stage atrocities, Ig has toned down his public appearances for a more musical rather than

bie Birdhouse" has all the careening guitar and synthesized drums that David Bowie promised years ago. But Iggy's stab at the current trend of African music seems half-hearted. At the very least, he meets the heart of the jungle. On his own terms. Fine, Iggy, but show something new, OK?

Actually, "Zombie Bird-house" is a good, maybe great, album. It might not be up to the Ig's "Party" or "Funhouse" albums, but then these are tough acts to follow. Thank God, this 5-foot-6 inch jerk is still exploring, lest we rot in popism, or in Iggy's words, we'll "eat or be eaten, strike or be striken."

Don't get me wrong.

