

Cheese oozing from radio job



Jessica Kennedy

"I've had propositions involving a heart-shaped jacuzzi, 'lewd' acts and breakfast. Omelet anyone?"

"It ain't easy being cheesy." Sure, Chester Cheetah said it first. But I doubt that neither he nor his ad execs realized that the implications go way beyond a crunchy cheese puff.

Being a disc jockey requires an element of cheese. You've got to be friendly, funny and personable.

And for the past two years or so I've worked as a DJ, top-40 to alternative music. And it's a fabulous job — sit on your butt, push buttons, talk every few minutes, get free music, free T-shirts and free concert tickets.

But it's not the Perfect Job. It could be if it weren't for the occasional touchy situation.

There are two variations of the game: the "pervert" and the "best friend."

Perversity has its time and place. For what it's worth, I don't think it belongs in a conversation between two strangers. Especially when I'm one of the strangers!

I've had propositions involving a heart-shaped jacuzzi, "lewd" acts and breakfast. Omelet anyone?

Um, no thanks.

It's touchy turning people down. The irony is we're, as DJs, paid to be nice to these people — so we have to do it tactfully. That ain't easy.

The perverts are egged on by any suggestion of sexuality. When I worked the graveyard shift, the jock (short for disc jockey) on the shift before mine loved to use descriptions to introduce me.

He frequently had me in leather minis, high heels and halter tops. I found it very humorous since my normal uniform consisted of sweat shorts, a T-shirt and tennis shoes.

The "best friend" scenario follows this general plan.

You and a listener get to be good friends over the phone. The

Listeners are attracted to a cheesy "personality." But so are rats.

A radio personality is a developed group of traits that sound desirable on the air — i.e. you sound cool and as if you know what you're doing.

But this may, or may not, be a good representation of who the DJ really is.

For me, it's only a small part of who I really am.

While I'm on the air, I'm more likely to be funny and light of heart. And always very quick to laugh at myself.

In general, I'm a cheeseball. Hey, it's not like I'm not funny in my day-to-day private life. I am. Just not as consistently as I am on the air.

I also have my grumpy, stressed-out, bad days.

So next time you turn on the radio or call up a DJ, remember:

We have lives beyond our jobs. We have bad hair days, and we fight with our friends. Hell, we may even be totally unpleasant people to work with at times. It's not unheard of.

I love being a DJ, and I love my listeners. But there is an occasional fan who goes too far.

If you have a tendency to be that person, please don't get offended if I am hesitant, don't know what to say or just say no.

DJ-ing is a job. Just like working at Jiffy Lube.

But you probably wouldn't ask the Jiffy Lube guy to come hang out in a heart-shaped jacuzzi after a five-minute conversation, would you?

It really ain't easy being cheesy.

Kennedy is a junior broadcasting and public relations major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

DJ enjoys the conversation because it helps the time go faster and keeps her awake.

The listener enjoys the conversation because he is lonely or doesn't have friends or anyone to talk to — because of a certain Limburger odor?

I like cheese as much as the next guy, but this just doesn't cut it.

Then the bomb drops. BOOM! The chummy listener suggests that the two of you hang out sometime.

What proceeds is up to the DJ's discretion.

I belong to the "stay the hell away from me" school of thought.

I don't, as a rule, pick up guys at bars or parties, and I don't pick up friends to hang out with over the phone.

It doesn't mean I don't like the caller's company. Obviously I do. After all, I've spent a significant amount of time talking to him on the phone. But my private life is just that — private.

Need a loan? Don't bank on it

Before you rush off to deposit your recent student loan check, remember the immortal words of a famous man from long ago: "Banks are Satan."

These three words, if recited daily, can change your life forever.

I should know. Three short years ago, I was a freshman at this university.

Amazed at the differences between my one-bank town and Lincoln, I eagerly placed all of my seven dollars into the closest bank.

I had never even seen an Automatic Teller Machine (ATM) before I came to Nebraska.

Usually, whenever I needed money, I would borrow it on my name or wait until the Democrats had seized the presidency and then ask them for it.

I wasn't very fond of ATMs because every time I attempted to use one, I was behind the guy who, hourly, was trying to refinance his car loan through it.

The good thing about ATMs is that they have eliminated my need to keep a balanced checkbook. Checks now can be written at my leisure, and if I ever have a balance inquiry, I simply withdraw some money.

My negative balance, along with medium to large amounts of profanity, is printed clearly on the bottom of my receipt.

Be careful when you withdraw money, however, because the banks stop at nothing to make sure it's accounted for.

There are two things in this world that never should be argued with:

1. Naked New Yorkers holding hammers, and
2. Banks.

Judge Lance Ito has it easy. If he wants a real challenge, he should try to settle a financial dispute between me and any number of



Steve Willey

"Hello Mr. Bank man," I sighed. 'I was considering failing chemistry again this year but am short on funds.'"

Lincoln bank tellers.

"ONE THOUSAND!"

"ONE DOLLAR!"

This argument seemingly goes on forever with no clear-cut victor except the banks.

Banks especially love college students, because college students get college loans. And when college students get college loans, they tend to spend the money entirely in a couple of hours.

This was the case with me. When I got my first student loan, it was the only time in my life that I had more than one digit in front of the decimal.

I immediately set aside 20 dollars for tuition and mailed the rest to UNL parking services.

Banks, being the nefarious demons that they are, realize they have to get their cut of the money before it gets in the students' hands.

That's what all those fees are on

the top of your loan check stub. Ever wondered what a Guarantee or Origination fee was?

They never mentioned these fees when I applied for the loan. I remember the conversation distinctly.

"Hello Mr. Bank man," I sighed. "I was considering failing chemistry again this year, but am short on funds."

"Steve," he said as he placed a manicured hand on my dusty shoulder. "We'd be glad to help.

Every time we see you crawl up those stairs, this entire bank knows that our jobs are guaranteed for at least another year."

I never even thought to charge them a guarantee fee.

I'm also convinced that banks own and operate every computer system in the world. They developed the Internet to keep us occupied with computer porn while they sucked the money from our accounts.

Even your trusted computer at home is tapped into a central bank computer somewhere in your banker's basement.

It has to be true. Every time I contest a \$20 withdrawal, they produce gallons of computer paper that emphatically state that I did indeed withdraw money on the evening in question.

It even told me the location of the strip club at which I made my withdrawal.

Despite what I thought was an effective display of verbal arrangements, "No I didn't" held less weight than I initially planned.

Currently, I am bankless and ATMless, and plan on remaining so until all the banks of the world undergo a religious awakening — or until next semester's loan check.

Willey is a junior ag-journalism major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

...doomed to repeat it. 1994

The following editorial ran in the DN on Aug. 25, 1994. Does any of this sound the least bit familiar, or is it just me? — ED

Housing nightmare cramps new students

Two years ago, it would have been a dream come true for university housing officials. Now it's more like a nightmare.

It seems no room is left in the inn for University of Nebraska-Lincoln freshmen. Residence halls are full, and 300 students are left without shelter ... well, almost.

Housing officials have given 186 freshmen temporary room assignments, such as the TV lounges of Abel Residence Hall. Staying in rooms with carpeted walls might seem like an adventure, but it actually could spell trouble for new students.

It is challenging enough fostering an academic environment living on campus, but if students don't have a room in which to study, academic problems begin.

The first semester of classes is critical to the success of any student. Freshmen are busy buying books, finding their way around campus and getting used to living away from home. They shouldn't have to worry about whether they will have a place to sleep at night.

The university doesn't promise students they will get the classes they request or an easy ride through university bureaucracy and red tape, but it did promise freshmen a place to sleep.

The housing nightmare needs to be solved immediately, before students' academic careers are affected. In the future, adequate room must be made for freshmen, even if that means putting a cap on upperclass students living in other residence halls.

Room and Bored?
or
Room, Board, and a whole lot more...



UNL RESIDENCE HALLS
A great place to be.

This ad was part of a 1994 campaign to bring upperclass students back to the residence halls. It proved wildly successful. — ED

BE OUR GUEST

The Daily Nebraskan will present a guest columnist each Monday. Writers from the university and community are welcome. Must have strong writing skills and something to say. Contact Mark Baldrige c/o the Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St., Lincoln, NE 68588. Or by phone at (402)472-1782.