

# FREEWAVES—KUCI 88.9 FM SPRING PROGRAM GUIDE

## kuci

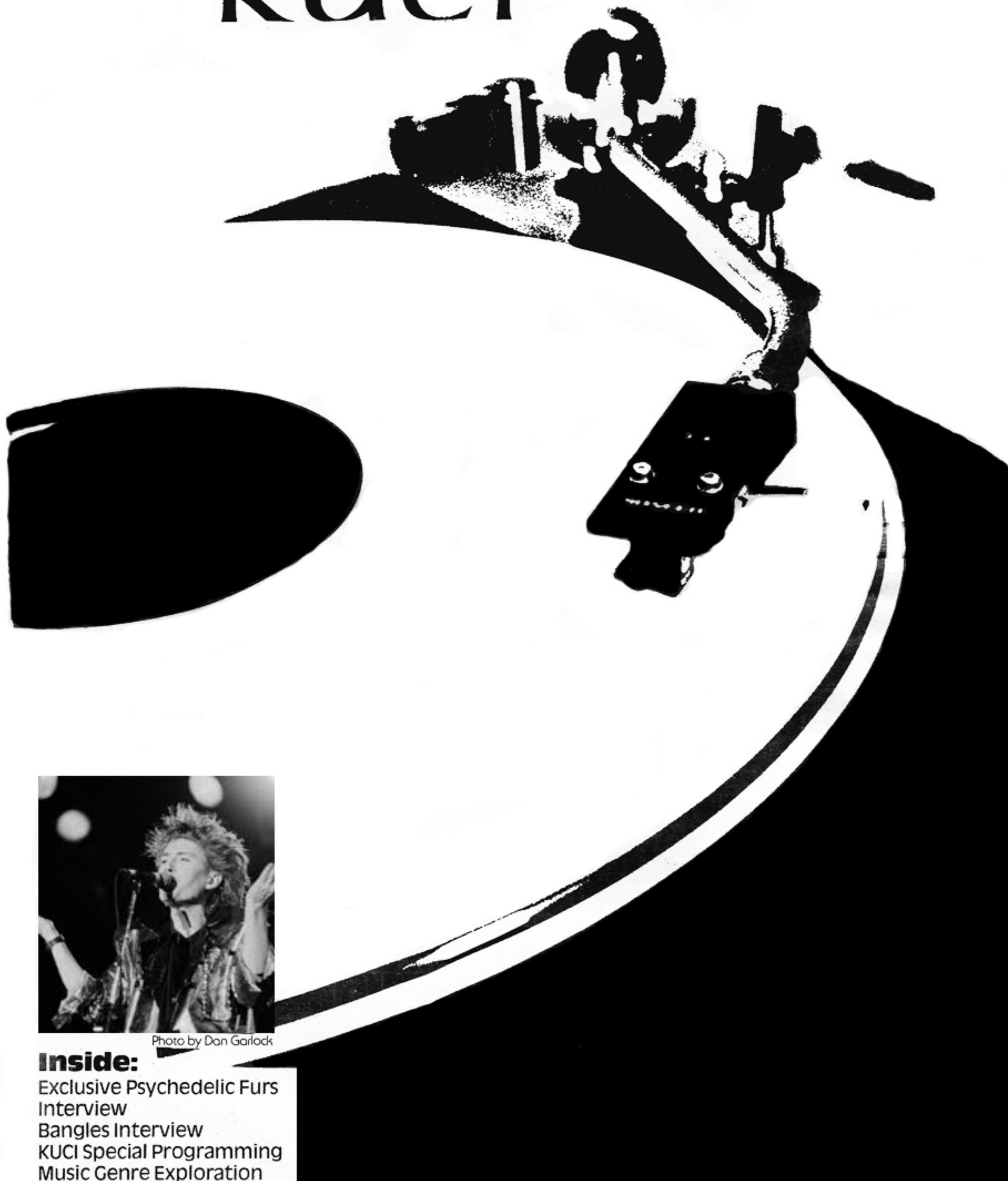


Photo by Dan Garlock

### **Inside:**

Exclusive Psychedelic Furs  
Interview  
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Music Genre Exploration

## **Orange County's Finest Alternative**

## A Live Test

# A Remote Experience With Josie Cotton

by Al "Rolling" Stone

This Saturday's atmosphere was one of excitement as we packed our mikes, headsets and other various remote studio location paraphernalia into those red boxes we "borrowed" from the cafeteria's garbage dump.

Nobody really knew what to expect this evening. Our mission: broadcast the Josie Cotton concert from the Concert Factory live on KUCI 88.9 FM.

My name's Stone. I'm a D.J.

The Concert Factory was bustling with activity when we arrived. Josie's crew was already doing a sound check. We were shocked at the grass roots decor of this night spot. The fragrance of stale beer and the dark hidden corners of this barn attacked and gnawed at the confidence I usually carry into such an ordeal. We made our way upstairs to the loft and set up our studio.

As a rule, we usually plan on five unforeseen problems to arise once we begin to test our remote system. We were right on the money as soon as we got started. The power of the mixer board for Josie's music was too much for our transmitter, and so began our scavenger hunt for a "line transformer." To this day, I still don't know what this thing does. Fortunately, the lead singer of "Video Choir," one of the warm-up bands, never leaves his house without one. We were fine until NBC, who shares our remote transmitter frequency, decides to start transmitting. Really, I found it rather interesting to hear their engineers discuss which camera to use to get shots of the flooding in Huntington Beach. We didn't, however, believe that your average bio-sci major would be all that enriched by such a discussion. A couple of calls to Burbank and our troubles were over . . .

Everything was back to normal as we awaited Josie Cotton's appearance. Well, maybe not all that normal. The "E" man (another remote D.J.) had just torn his pants to shreds as he climbed around the Concert Factory's attic installing our cord to the antenna on the roof. Wally Wave was entering nirvana as he sold more and more KUCI buttons to the relentless hoards of Costa Mesa radio button junkies. Mike Duffy was entering the third or fourth level of transcendental consciousness as he became transfixed on the never ending movements of a little red needle on a brightly lit dial in a dimly lit



Josie Cotton with Robert McNaughton, teenager from "E.T."

-Photo by Al "Rolling" Stone

room listening to a gently humming remote transmitter. Back in our home studios Stevo the Devo's blood pressure was rising as he juggled a basketball game broadcast, playing records and desperately trying to improve the audio quality of the sound of our transmission using every electronic device available to modern man. Rumor has it also that his mother was in the studio complaining to him that he never calls any more. John Ottina, our program director, was engaged in an intense decision regarding the quality of our test transmission. He had the flu, his temperature was 103 degrees. Personally, I think that was working in his favor. He didn't have the strength to get

too bothered by the problems of the moment.

Finally, Josie and her entourage arrived. Josie seemed to be in good spirits, but it was the people around her who fascinated me. She was the ringmaster and around her were the circus side shows. There was the "Horse-Man." With his modern-day studded black leather accessories he pranced around winking at all the drooling mares, flaunting his huge white mane. I don't know if hair is normally grown the color of pearl, or if it naturally has the ability to stand in such waves that make the wedge look like a pond, but whatever mutation created this phenomena, it was real! Oh, he played

keyboards, too.

Then there was "Le Femme, Shea." With her long flaming red hair, she reclined on the couch and studied her "how to speak French between sets" book. She wore only red, with the exception of a yellow KUCI button hanging just below her belt. She refused to speak anything but French to me. I thought perhaps this was a subtle proposal, and spoke to her in Spanish with the best French accent I could muster. Later, when we were on the air, I asked her if she would grant us a live interview. She smiled sweetly, and said, "No speak le engles." I turned as red as her hair. I felt fortunate that radio is not a visual medium. I seemed to recall saying something about having quite an international audience assembled at the Concert Factory that evening. She sang back-up vocals and played keyboards. Then there was Josie's bass player, former Knack bassist Prescott Niles. He always had his bass on. I asked him if he felt naked without it. He said, "Only when I'm not wearing any clothes." Josie's lead guitarist was an Irish Chuck Berry clone. I liked that; he could go far. I understand he writes much of Josie's music, too.

Mark Levy, Josie's agent, had brought his Jewish teen-age girlfriend. She wore all black, and seemed uncomfortable. I was swiftly falling in love and I knew it. The band was ready to go on stage and I didn't have time to pursue a soul-mate.

A post-concert interview with Josie Cotton proved more than enlightening. The French redhead, Shea, was sitting under a huge World War II-type fan cooling off after the show. I was wrapping things up to end the broadcast. It was then that she grinned and blew me the kiss I could never forget. It seemed to cut right into several of my instinctive hormonal glands which caused secretions in my mind and body that I think science will never fully understand. There I was, on the air, drooling all over an expensive microphone. I continued to say those mindless things a D.J. says when there's nothing to say, but my mind was eagerly learning French. I thought to myself, "Aurevoir, moi cherie." I gave the verbal cue to Stevo in our Irvine studios and we were off the air.

It was too late, I'd been bitten by the bug. I knew I'd return to the Concert Factory for additional live broadcasts. And maybe, just maybe, learn how to speak French.