



EL SUPREMO on the air

Radio Concord

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outs, alias telephone answerers. The ones coming in are blue with cold and they make a bee-line for the small gas fire.

The ones going out look depressed — it's not surprising, since the calls have dwindled to a mere telephonic trickle and there's not a lot you can do in a North London phone box at four in the morning.

Supremo, happy now that he's near the fire, says: "It might seem mad but I think we're doing all this for a good reason.

"We don't see ourselves as pirates so much as alternative radio. We play absolutely anything on the station and we think it really is an alternative to Radio One and Capital.

"They just play their top thirty playlists or whatever, but we play anything. And anyone can come and have a go. They've all got as much right as anyone to broadcast.

"The Post Office say we interfere with other stations and emergency broadcasts but that's just not true. We're very careful about that." King Kong adds that with unidirectional aerials there could be thousands of stations throughout Britain. Supremo nods and then lies down on the floor and falls asleep.

Dawn breaks slowly and now there are no phone calls at all. I've got the horrible feeling that there's just no-one listening. It doesn't seem to bother Concord; though. They just keep on.

The transmitter is still glowing away in the corner and King Kong looks at it appreciatively. "That's a bloody good transmitter," he keeps saying to no-one in particular, and then reaches for a chocolate biscuit, one of about 100 that John the Baptist brought to help us through the night.

By seven I've just about had it but for Supremo and John the Baptist it's time for the Completely Mad Breakfast Show.

Says Supremo, in between mistakes, "We run a Big Tits competition and a Disease of the Week Contest.

"Another quiet night and no raids," he says later, obviously a bit disappointed that there hadn't been any action. "It's very funny really, because if they do raid us they can't legally arrest us. They confiscate equipment but that's it."

Looking at their gear it hardly seems worth it. Besides, they could knock up another transmitter for less than £30.

"There's no money in this," says Matt Black. "It's just an important thing to do." He means it, but doesn't look all that convinced since he's just spent three hours curled up in the car by the phone box.

"And it's good fun, if you don't get caught," adds Supremo.

The calls start coming in again but soon it's 10.00 a.m. and time for closedown. King Kong wanders over to the block of flats and climbs to the roof — by the stairs, I hasten to add.

As he's uncoiling the wire a woman wanders out onto her balcony and sees it snaking down past her window. She summons her husband and he comes to have a look. Pretty soon every balcony is full of people gazing at the wire like it's a giant anaconda, but no-one does anything. Kong, nonchalance itself, emerges and the lads pack up and go.

"Every day's a holiday on Concord," comments Supremo as he drives off. Everyone else seems to be asleep.