

# Party Fears

# 16 1/2

## FRONT-LINE REPORT

SPECIAL

ROCK AWARDS

FRONT-LINE REPORT

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29/10

So. Shit, eh? Boy, do I have a lot to tell you.

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1. The West Coast Rock Awards, now called the WA Music Industry Awards, aka "WAMIs". To cut a long and potentially juicy story short, I won the top award of the night. The top award of the FUCKING night. Jesus.

Did you ever realise just how fuckin' ugly industry people actually are? UGGGHHH. Not just on the faces ... they're ugly on the inside. Ugly in the bones. In the soul. All the ind. people were fat and ugly.

The top award is the Golden WAMI, for services to the industry. This is for publishing PR for the last year, one presumes. Needless to say, I'm not here to serve the industry. The industry awards itself and each other to its shrunken little dick's content.

Start: the industry party; Vivienne and I got there 7:45pm. Free beer, bon/bon/coke and cocktails, the last if you could catch the performance artist doing the tray-balancing act with the green things on top. Too many green things, that must have been it. The clear deep green things were nice (Midori-based ... I burrvee Midori), but the creamy green things were distinctly dodgy and to be avoided ... sort of an alcoholic spearmint milkshake. I eventually got some drinks and sunk them very fast indeed. I could see this was going to be one of those nights. I'd paid my thirty dollars and I was getting the free drinks I could. Dr. Duke would have been proud of me. I was sinking spirits and greenery as fast as possible. Then we found out table. I was sinking fast by this time.

Must admit that the snacks at the industry party were really nice. Neither Viv nor I had eaten so we nicked all the cheese we could and ate some mutant strawberries. Must have been industry strawberries — two or three inches long and warped to one side. Weird food. (*longue & shiny* shaped like a *drill*)

Ugly, ugly, UGLY scene, as my friend Johanna [REDACTED] would say. The upstairs was sardined with industry people. A sea of gross mutant mongoloid people with no ears. That's why I started on the drink. (Alcohol features prominently in this tale.) If you'd been there you'd have understood to the depths of your soul that it was either the drink or get out the Uzi 9mm RIGHT THERE AND THEN and start production on Terminator III without delay. I found about three people I actually wanted to talk to and we went downstairs to the tables.

Down to the tables. OK, we're at the tables now. Metropolis Concert Club. This has a rat's maze of six hundred bars with intertwining stairways connecting, wrapped around a dancefloor below. The tables were on the dancefloor. I was with Viv, Bernard (Langham, Viv's brother) and Nathan from [REDACTED]. Nathan arrived late but was tanked up beforehand. Sometimes you just gotta go in armed.

Tonight was the night. There are some nights when being a rowdy drunk is the only option. Nothing else makes any kind of sense. Tonight was the night.

Hey, did you realise that we work in the most important part of the music industry? Think about it. Tell people that's what you do for a living.

The awards slithered their way along. Let's be fair: The WA Music Industry Association is a decent org. with good people. (Remember, I was on the committee for three years and only quit because of time problems with work.) The possibility of a Rock Awards Ceremony being meaningful does exist and is there. But the industry itself is convinced that the Year is nineteen seventy twenty one, if you see what I mean. The daisy chain of noses up arses still circles around and around, oblivious to its surroundings.

(That's where rowdy drunks come in.)

Kim Salmon won two or three of the awards he was put up for, which is a bit of justice. (Rob Grant from Poons Head ticked 'em up for him. One day I will ask Rob where his accent is from.) Healers got a pile. There were a few real sparks of truth and justice in this year. The fire came at the end. I stood up and loudly yelled approval for anyone I liked. Sometimes you just gotta. Sometimes you've got to let the people know. Sometimes you've got to give advance warning. Sometimes just-ice needs to be spoken. Sometimes, you've just gotta tell 'em. I 'know', the "industry" in Perth is still two nations. They may try to mix 'em, but they're oil and water. But oil and water don't sometimes explode on contact. This was one nation. I was representing the other. The under-nation. "We're the Morlocks. Coming up."

I kept drinking, as did we all. We had nowhere near enough. I don't think I could have drunk enough in that entire night to throw up. Cans were — are you sitting down? — three dollars eighty. Three fucking dollars and fucking eighty FUCKING cents. I had two cans which, on top of the greenies, did me.

Final round of awards. Best band/artist. Songwriter. (Salmon got one or both of these, I think — have to check mah book.) The A-C.Smith Award for Excellence, forget who. Then the Golden WAMI.

(Hey, if Salmon won two, is that a double WAMI? Ho ha ect.)

I spent the final round trying to psych myself sober real fast. Like in a car when you've had too much and you have to drive. Didn't manage it too well, but there you go. I remember in P.J.O'Rourke's (is it Rourke or O'Rourke?) Holidays In Hell, how he spoke of the Beirut bar where the journalists stayed. The bartender gave out something you could take that would let you keep right on drinkin' after the twentieth one, for the simple reason that you would really fucking need to. Final award. The Golden WAMI. "David Gerard." Fuck me.

Weaved up there, notes in hand. Bernard had handed me a speech that he had made up for if the journalists had won anything, which they didn't. A real "you'll never play *live* this town again" speech: a list of bands who deserve the lot (this year's crew of talent, more or less — see PR) and ending with "Fuck the lot of you." Entirely truthful, of course. Bernard and I understand: it's a jinx. We're here to defend the true nation. Sometimes, you've just gotta tell 'em.

So I had my speech and I had Bernard's speech. Now then... In my silly idle daydreams of winning, I had thought X IS XXX. I'd make a good thirty second speech. As [REDACTED] says, thirty second is the ideal length for an acceptance speech. It would go something like this:

"Thank you for this award. Party Pears Magazine has come out regularly this year and for the foreseeable future, and has been spreading the word on Perth music across the world in that time; hence this.

"But PP has never been about the industry in any way at all. PP is about music. Music bears the same relation to the music industry as gourmets do to meat packers. If I'm an industry person claims to have anything to do with music, he is a liar and is just after your money. If you want to get into the music industry because you are into music, DO NOT. XIX Be an artist instead. Thank you. Enjoy your drinks."

"Well, OK. Forty seconds. But you get the idea.

What actually ensued was ~~unbelievable~~ something like this. Influenced by getting applause and cheers and no boozing or hissing, we had:

(etc etc) "... MUSIC bears the same relation to the Music INDUSTRY as GOURMETS do to MEAT PACKERS! (cheers) "If someone from the Industry claims to have ANY FUCKING THING to do with MUSIC, he is a FUCKING LIAR! Kick him in the FUCKING shins and RUN!" (cheers) ...

That was the round of cheers that, I think, really did it. That was where I cut loose (sorry, CUT FUCKING LOOSE!) and said a few things about those gathered here tonight. I believe I called them a bunch of pigfuckers. I mentioned how all the ugliest people there that night were the industry people. The fat and ugly ones, oh yes. I think I said "fuck" every second word. I screamed out that list. Talked about awards for Kim Salmon this year and David McComb last year... ten years too later. Talled about A Terminal Posture (I was wearing their t-shirt) and how ~~to~~ you fucking pigfuckers would wait till they'd gone to fucking Europe and made their fucking million, then you'd give them their FUCKING award and fucking act like you had ~~had~~ something to do with it. FUCK me! etc. etc.

I actually raised left fist straight out in their air and shouted VYKXKKE "THE ARTHUR NATION WILL RISE AGAIN!" a couple of times. (Other crap, it's never risen. We have always been and will always be below. I mean, good luck to those of our number that make it above -- they deserve everything. But we remain below in general.)

Anyway, you get the idea. I was pissed and proud, an embarrassment to the industry and a FUCKING CREDIT TO OUR NATION.

Someone (forgot who...) I recognised him at the time) ran up on stage and kissed and hugged me. I staggered off stage and didn't quite fall over. Waddled back to the table, getting waylaid every ten steps.

had more to drink than me, I think. Everyone said it was the speech they'd been waiting for. I said that it was the speech I'd been waiting to make for six fucking years. Fuck yes!

"It's over," he gasped. "We've won."

The award itself is bloody heavy. Four point two kilograms of stainless steel. I think it's actually meant to be a trophy for body building. Last years' were little wooden pyramids ... I was disappointed.

I think the only things I ~~wanted~~ forgot to say that I might have wanted to (on this, my ONE CHANCE ... never a-fuckin'-gain, you can bank on that) were:

1. Naming names. If Scott Howlett were still in Perth, I'd have remembered.

2. Expanding on the two nations theme. e.g. ~~the~~ cover band syndrome (which hit Perth in 1980, a good ten fucking years before it hit Sydney): we (out nation), spent years telling the other nation (the one with the money) that this was shortsighted, that it would kill music, that people would eventually just stop buying the idea of four guys in leather pretending to be a rock'n'roll band... then, in 1987, people stopped buying the idea of etc. and bought other things. They went to see basketball instead. They rented a video etc. What they did NOT do was go to see bands. Live music in Perth is now dead in the water. Sometimes it's really horrible to be right.

3. Our nation might be only two or five or whatever percent of revenues... but that two percent is the ERIN. Like it or lump it.

4. How many industry people does it take to change a lightbulb? One to charge the bulb and ten others up his arse.

5. Enjoy your drinks.

Fuck me, I had a good time.

Well, I was meaning to talk about a load of other things -- my new house in detail, my temp. housemate, ny forthcoming permanent one -- but time has run away from me. It's midnight and I must go to bed. More later.

take care,

X.

David.

Good morning! Self-confident lottery billge is because several people had seen the letter and asked for a copy, and also to help bring into focus that have been mentioned around town at the speed of light. Many around over the past week. A FULL AND PRESENTLY SITTING SOCIETY RECENT WILL BE IN NOVEMBER, 1986. WITH AN CENTRAL TRANSCRIPTION FOR POSS. WITH A SHELF ABOVE MY FIREPLACE. NO, I HAVE NOT PUT IT IN THE TOILET. NO, I HAVE NOT

REPLIED TO THE X-PRESS REVIEW, A FEW THINGS MUST BE SETD: IN REPPLY TO THE X-PRESS REVIEW, A FEW WORDS ON THE X-PRESS FROM MY YEARS; THE SALMON HAS BEEN IN IT FOR FIFTEEN

MONTHS. SALMON HAS BEEN IN IT FOR NEXT YEAR.

THE GOLDEN XAMI IS PRESENTLY SITTING ON A SHELF IN THE NIGHT. (THIS WAS NOTED BY SOMEONE ELSE AS "THE STANDARD X-PRESS

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