

The Brits 2012 - before the show

Saturday, 18 February 2012

It's 25 years since I wrote and hosted The Brits in 1987 at the Grosvenor House hotel; cherished by many who attended as the best event so far (I stress "event" - the aftershow parties in suites in the hotel were spectacular and some fantastic deals were done and music created).

After that it was downhill. Breaching contracted agreement, I was replaced by Noel Edmonds in 1988 and the venue was changed to the Royal Albert Hall (serious mistake). After that minor disaster (the live show over ran and Rick Astley was upset going to collect his award - being turned away from the stage as The Who struck up) the clueless BPI decided to reject my steering hand again and instead booked Sam Fox and Mick Fleetwood for 1989.

The result of that famous fiasco was that the BPI came to me cap in hand and begged me to take over again. I wrote and produced the 1990, 1991 and 1992 shows, by which time it was, again, a massive success with enormous ratings and huge sales inspired by the exposure.

So, naturally, the BPI reverted to true nature (it had been so shamed by 1989 that it cowered away like a hyena, slinking away from all responsibility until the lion had finished eating).

I was not prepared to be associated with dull, bad, weak shows so resigned my position (despite the Â£250,000 a year guaranteed for life if I'd agreed to be Executive Producer).

Ever since then The Brits (my name) have been adequate, competent and unimaginative. Sales slightly boosted by the exposure (though nowhere near as much as by my Record of the Year Shows which achieved much greater increases). Nothing worth paying attention to. Like the industry in general; no better or worse than Grammys or MTV Awards or all the other shows.

I wish, like the general music industry, it was original, inspired, bursting with enthusiasm (an essential in music - sadly missing), funny (I still cherish the moment during my tenure when Margaret Thatcher crooned How Much Is That Doggy In The Window), innovative (as music should be), varied, brave, exciting, surprising...

Perhaps one day they will ask me back. Just as perhaps, one day, the BBC will decide it might be nice to WIN Eurovision again (last time was when I was running it in 1997).