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THE AMAZING



ISSUE 30

THE ORIGINAL PINK FLOYD & ROGER WATERS MAGAZINE



APRIL 1988

"The time is gone,
The song is over..."

With this issue, it is our unfortunate duty to report that The Amazing Pudding as we knew it is now over. Amidst unpleasant circumstances, Andy Mabbett has quit the editorial team, leaving us to carry on - or so we thought. It now transpires that Andy is intending to establish a new Pink Floyd magazine, using the name The Amazing Pudding. He claims that he was solely responsible for the magazine's prolonged existence and points out that all negotiations with managements and record companies were dealt with by him. He has already written to EMI, EMKA, Roger Waters Music Ltd and the music press to inform them of the new publication.

We would like to stress that this was done with neither our consent nor support. We are greatly saddened that Andy - who we have considered a loyal friend for the past four years - should choose this course of action. He has withdrawn all money from our accounts and has threatened to sue us if we publish another magazine under the 'Pudding' banner.

We hope our readers will support our fight to continue. Please bear with us as legal complications may delay the publication of the next issue - if there is one. In the meantime, we would like to thank Ivor Trueman - TAP's founder editor - for stepping in to help us.

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These should be paid for with a cheque, postal order or (from abroad) Sterling Money Order, made out to Andy and sent to his Birmingham address. Please note that we always issue reminders when a subscription is due for renewal. Please state which issue the subscription is to begin with.

High-quality dark blue binders for TAP or any similarly-sized magazine are now available. They are wired to hold 12 issues, and cost:

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"We're not playing 'till you say we're rock 'n' roll!"
(Photo courtesy of David Tulskey)

Great Gigs In 1988

Thanks to EMKA, we are now able to confirm the Pink Floyd dates as listed in TAP 29.

January

22	Australia	Western Springs, Auckland
27-30	Australia	Sydney Entertainment Centre

February

1/2/5	Australia	Sydney Entertainment Centre
7/8	Australia	Brisbane Entertainment Centre
11	Australia	Thebarton Oval, Adelaide
13-17	Australia	Melbourne Tennis Centre
19/20	Australia	Melbourne Tennis Centre
24	Australia	East Fremantle Oval, Perth

March

2/3/4/5	Japan	Budokan Hall, Tokyo
8/9	Japan	Castle Hall, Osaka
11	Japan	Sogo Taiikukan, Nagoya

As we reported, the Floyd will indeed return to the States. However, these concerts have yet to be confirmed 'en bloc' by EMKA - therefore we are grateful to Rolf Ossenbergl, Robert Furrer and Vernon Fitch for the following information. We hope to bring you the complete listing next issue.

April

15	USA	Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum
20	USA	Hughes Stadium, Sacramento

May

13	Canada	Toronto
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June

11/12	Italy	Modena
13/14/15	Holland	Rotterdam
16	Germany	Berlin
21	France	Paris
25	Germany	Frankfurt
27/28/29	Germany	Dortmund

August

1/2	UK	Manchester City Football Ground
5/6	UK	London Wembley Stadium

Tickets for the UK shows are available by post from: Pink Floyd Manchester, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire, WA14 2JQ and Pink Floyd Wembley, PO Box 141, London, SW6 5AS. They cost £15.50 (inclusive of 50p booking fee) at Manchester, while London tickets are £16.50, again inclusive of a 50p booking fee. Cheques and postal orders to be made payable to Kennedy Street Enterprises and enclose an SAE.

Tickets are also available by credit card on 01 748 1414 (for London and Manchester), 01 379 6151 (London only) and 01836 4114 (London only). Other outlets around the country are selling tickets, including all branches of Keith Prowse, Premier, Open All Hours, Stargreen, London Theatre Bookings and Albemarle.

THE RETURN OF DOCTOR STRANGE

As you will no doubt be aware, the Syd Barrett Strange Fruit EP is now with us (for details, see Relics, TAP 29) and after years of suffering substandard bootleg versions it really is refreshing to hear the songs sans crackles, pops and hiss. The performances come over as more relaxed and together than their 'official' counterparts, and Syd's 'Two of a Kind' grinds the Soup Dragons' rather insipid cover version into the ground! The first run of 10 000 (which has now sold out) had a bronze-coloured, metallic-finish sleeve, with the usual Strange Fruit artwork (ie the names of other 'Peel Session' acts). As the EP is still selling, there is to be a second run, though these later pressings will be minus the metallic-finish (a bit of a pointless gimmick anyway).

Furthermore, Strange Fruit have recently been releasing their best-selling EP's in CD format. Reaction from trade sources has been encouraging and if all goes as planned, the next two such releases will be a 1977 Cure session and - you guessed it - Mr. Barrett's offering. Expect to see these in about three months time.

The EP's rather poor showing in the Gallup charts was due to its being classed as an album rather than a single. Apparently five tracks qualifies it as a mini-album, and the record consequently had to compete in the albums chart where sales are much greater than the singles equivalent.

Further to the TAP 29 Medialog item, Clive Selwood of Strange Fruit (who supplied us with all the information in this article) has informed us that Steve O'Rourke did not veto all Floyd releases on that label. He in fact requested five copies of the relevant sessions (presumably one for each band member and himself). After these had been delivered, word came back that permission for release would not be forthcoming. TAP believes this to be a band decision, possibly in the light of current legal actions, and hopes it will be reversed once the Strange Fruit label becomes more well-established (see Editorial, TAP 22). The Q article suggesting Steve O'Rourke had personally vetoed the release was wrong on both this and other counts, frequently misquoting Clive Selwood. The latter now intends to re-approach the Floyd with a view to issuing their recordings.

A final piece for trivia fans: the excellent pressing of the Barrett EP was the work of one of Britain's top pressing plants, ADRENALEN. This takes its name from the two owners - Adrian (who used to run the Gene Vincent fan club) and Lenny Hawkes, ex-bassist/vocalist for the Tremeloes - fascinating stuff, eh pop-kids?

Andy Mabbett, with thanks to Clive Selwood

THANKS

Our thanks this issue go to Jim 'Wizard of Oz' Agland and lieutenant Gail McLean. Continued thanks to Douglass MacDonald and Nigel Humphrey for all pre-production work, and to Sonia MacDonald for distribution of back issues. Thanks also to David Tulsy for the Floyd live pix. A pat on the back each to Paul A. Read (typing), Robert Furrer (cuttings), Clay Dean (inspiration) and everyone who's helped us reach the big three-oh. Front cover by Picasso A. Read.

WATERS ON READING

To celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Reading Festival last year, Independent Radio produced a documentary, narrated by Ian Gillan, which was broadcast over the August Bank Holiday of '87. Roger Waters was interviewed for the programme, and on Radio Hallett (South Yorkshire) an edited version of this interview was used twice in the pre-broadcast publicity for the programme. Unfortunately, the source and date of the interview were not given. It started with 'Interstellar Overdrive'...

Ian Gillan: During 25 years many forms of music have been featured at the festival. Who can forget the era of flower-power and Pink Floyd in 1967? As Roger Waters remembers...

Rog: I think people complained because it was very noisy, you know: the local residents. But in those days we would have done 'Interstellar Overdrive' and... other stuff from the first album, I suppose. We wouldn't do 'See Emily Play' because we never played it live. We used to refuse to play the single. We were very kind of snotty, you know...

Int: (Laughs)

Rog: "We're not playing that rubbish," you know. "It's a single," and (deep breath) "We're serious artists".

Int: (More laughter)

Rog: So we would have done 'Astronomy Domine' though, and 'Interstellar Overdrive'. We probably would only have done two, three tracks. In fact, I wrote the... the, I remember... the satin shirts from Take Six, I mention them in... in, um, on 'The Wall', I think. I've got something like a satin shirt with pin-hole burns in, or something. What? I can't remember it. It was a wonderful time for a band to be growing up though, because rock n' roll was so young on those days... And there were no synthesisers and no drum machines and no... So you had to play whatever you played, but in those days at least you did HAVE to play, you know, you did actually...

Int: Yeah.

Rog: ...actually have to play the instrument. But because of that it meant that most of us were bloody awful, you know. We were... most people were real bad at it. We certainly were. We couldn't really play a note.

Int: (Even more laughter)

Rog: But in a way it didn't matter, you know, because it was...

Int: Yeah, it was indicative of the era, wasn't it? The Sixties?

Rog: Yeah. Mind you, having said that, some... some of them of course were... and at that Reading Festival... Some of them were brilliant.

Int: Oh, that's right. Cream were there...

Rog: Yeah.

Int: ...and the Yardbirds...

Rog: Ginger Baker and Eric Clapton and, um, John Mayall - all his band were very good and... They were all very good players and there wasn't anyone... people who weren't players - apart from me possibly.

Int: (Yet more laughter)

The interview concluded with the middle section of 'Interstellar Overdrive'. Well, at least the interviewer enjoyed it!

Transcribed by Laurence Cornford.

Editor's note: BBC Radio One's The Friday Rock Show also featured a Reading special on 12/8/87. Festival organizer Harold Pendleton had this to say about the Floyd: "They pioneered an awful lot of sound things. They were very interested in it and we were very impressed with what they did."

THE KAOS KONTINUES

RADIO KAOS Promo Album (CBS/Columbia CAS 2722)

This promotional version of KAOS was issued in America mainly for radio station use. The first thing you notice is that the lyrics are printed on the outer rather than inner sleeve. Secondly, the pressing is of particularly fine quality.

The critical difference between this and the 'real' KAOS is the absence of almost all of the inbetween - track chatter. Ladd's voice is completely absent, except curiously enough, from Four Minutes, as is almost all of Billy's banter. Therefore, the most interesting aspect of listening to this promo version is that it sheds new light on certain tracks, as the music is prominent rather than the chatter, which can be distracting. This is particularly apparent towards the end of Sunset Strip, where the entire 'Fish Report with a Beat' is missing leaving the listener to hear properly the beginning of 'Home' (The Tom Tom and drum section). The gaps inbetween most tracks seem longer than usual, perhaps enabling the DJ's to cue more easily.

On the whole, it is an interesting album to have, although not a vital addition to a collection, unless you are a completist. Contrary to what you would expect, there seem to be quite a few copies of this promo album floating around. You shouldn't have to pay more than £10 for a copy.

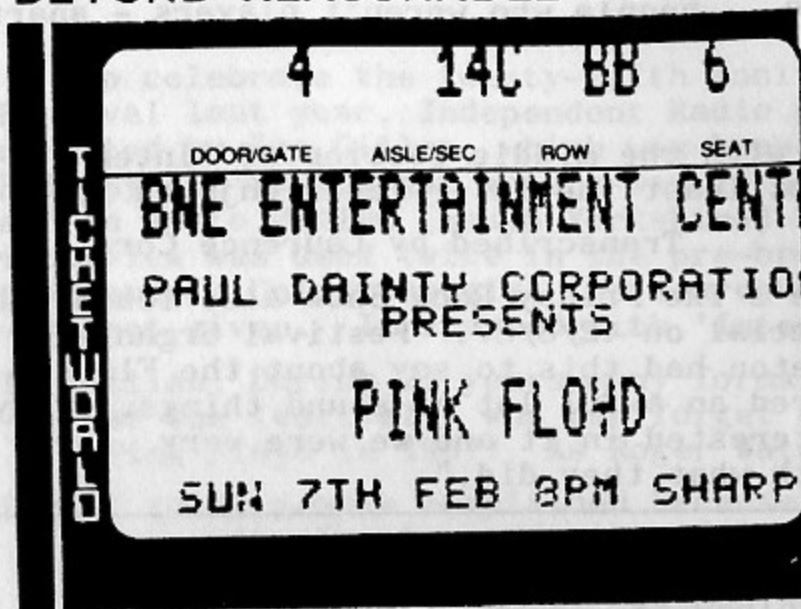
Dave Carlin

TAP SMALLS



Cuttings on: Accept/ACDC/Anthrax/Beastie Boys/BOC/Julian Cope/Guns 'n' Roses/Janet Jackson/Judas Priest/Magnum/Megadeath/Zodiac Mindwarp/Motorhead/Run DMC/Saxon/Scorpions/Sigue Sigue Sputnik/Status Quo/Stryper/Suicidal Tendencies/Thin Lizzy/Twisted Sister/UFO/Van Halen/Venom/Whitesnake/Zeno/ZZ Top. Contact Bruno at the editorial address.

BEYOND REASONABLE DOUBT



I arrived at 6.30pm, two hours before the concert, to get an idea of the crowd capacity and to distribute leaflets for TAP. By 8 o'clock, I was seated in the vast auditorium. I was in the fifth row with the mixing desk to my left, and had a good view of the stage. There were terrific banks of speakers (Some 32 or so in all), another bank high in the ceiling above the mixing desk and many more around the auditorium.

Consequently, I could hear the sound effects of running waters, twittering birds and planes all around me. By 8.15 the hall was packed to capacity. A sudden test of the dry ice, both on stage and above our heads, brought cheers from the audience. Scanning the crowd, I would say that their ages ran from 15 to 30-odd years (plus some old guy - me!)

Suddenly the lights dimmed and a hush settled. You could feel the expectancy rising - this was it! The legend was about to come alive! We've listened to their music, we've read about them, and we've listened to others talk about their gigs and how fantastic they were and are. Now it was all about to go down. Would they live up to our expectations? Or would it be a terrible disaster? Would all that we had read of and heard be realized this night - or not?

The lights went out completely and the crowd began chanting "FLOYD, FLOYD, FLOYD". The dry ice poured onto the stage and suddenly cheers went up as Pink Floyd walked on and took their positions. As the familiar strains of 'Shine On You Crazy Diamond' drifted across the audience all went silent. This is one of my favourite pieces and it was one of the greatest moments of my life to finally hear and witness this: a dream come true. I could feel Dave's chords reverberating through my body. I have never heard nor felt anything like this before, the quadrophonic sound system was something else! Scott Page came in with short but good sax solo and Rick's keyboards were great.

After this first number, Dave stepped up to the mike to thank us all for coming and said they would be playing numbers from the new album and then some golden oldies, which brought a thunderous cheer from the audience. They then moved into 'Signs of Life'. This was really good, as was the film on the big circular screen behind the band. A man rows along a river and you hear the water splashing off the oars and the side of the boat. Some of the shots give you the impression that you are looking forwards from the bow of the boat, others look upwards through the branches of overhanging trees, while yet more have you looking through the wildflowers on the banks. But the best of all are those taken underwater, shown as the music takes on a deeper, more sinister, note - truly a magnificent spectacle!

After the film-clips, the lights brightened and four laser

stands rose up from the stage floor (I believe these are known as the Floyd Droids!). This was followed by 'Learning to Fly', the film of which featured the man from the boat standing on a runway watching an airliner preparing to take off, with a funny little man sitting out on the top of the plane apparently giving a running commentary on the proceedings. When this faded out, huge lighting rigs which looked like the battle ships from Star Wars moved to and fro above and across the band. Dave's vocals were superb and very clear: much clearer than on my stereo at home!

'Yet Another Movie' started in darkness as Nick took up the drums, his sticks glowing red and blue and looking fantastic as they twirled in the hands of the maestro. Suddenly, up rose the Floyd Droids to cast their laser beams around the auditorium. They rose, fell, twisted and turned; shooting beams out, then slowly dropped down into the bottom of the stage.

'Round and Around' was accompanied by laser displays from the sides of the stage. This was followed by 'A New Machine I', a song that I am not particularly fond of, but I must admit the setting made up for it. A spotlight shone on Dave from behind. When I noticed several people looking behind me, I turned to see

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Dave's silhouette spreading from roof to floor. It was very impressive. The lights went out and the band moved into 'Terminal Frost'. Dry ice issued forth from above and, from the back of the stage, green lasers came on in wide fan shapes and upon hitting the ice gave one the impression of being underwater and looking up into the swirling green currents towards the surface. Such effects really had the audience gasping in awe. By now the audience had reached the stage whereby they were watching everywhere for something to happen. 'A New Machine II' and 'Sorrow' completed this sequence as the lights came up and the rest of the band joined in with Dave. Nick, in particular, really seemed to be enjoying himself!

After 'Dogs of War', Dave once again thanked everybody for coming. He announced that a fifteen-minute break would follow the next number, 'On the Turning Away'. Rick played really well and Dave's solo was truly Far Out, Truly Floydian! The audience absolutely loved it.

'One of These Days' opened in darkness with the wind howling... As the tempo picked up, a huge pink pig appeared from the left of the stage to ascend over the seats and slowly glide over the audience with menacing, glowing red eyes. As the growling sounds came through the speakers so it swung in towards the audience and I do believe that a few people became a bit apprehensive as the song drew to its close. The pig slowly made its way back again.

'Time' followed, complete with movie showing a wonderful chromography with clocks - a fascinating sight. Nick once again used his glowing drumsticks in this sequence much to the audience's delight, and Guy Pratt performed a really good guitar solo. Then came 'On the Run' - now this was really great! An actual bed came hurtling down from the back of the auditorium to hit the front stage with a massive explosion and burst into sheets of flame! The audience just couldn't believe their eyes and after a momentary silence just went wild!

Dave really sang his heart out on 'Wish You Were Here', the last sequence being especially fantastic. 'Welcome to the Machine' followed and I must admit I found the film a bit garish (or am I just getting a bit squeamish?), but there was some excellent teamwork between Dave and Rick on this one. 'Us and Them' had more sax from Scott Page with Dave and Rick singing well together once more.

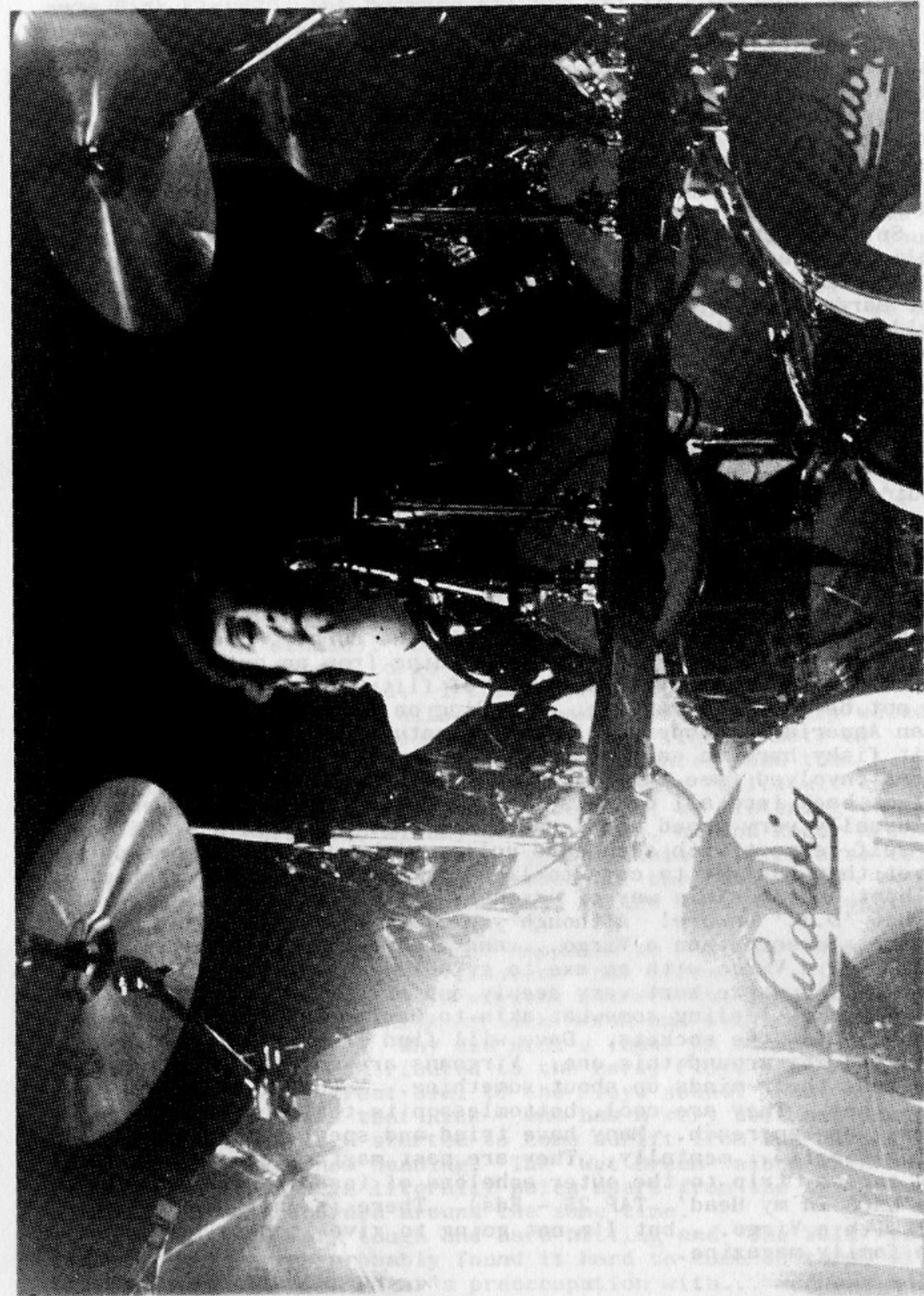
The by-now familiar film of cash registers led into 'Money', with its images of the extremes of riches and poverty: mannequins parading in fur coats and luxury coats as opposed to slum areas and riots. Then came 'Another Brick in the Wall pt. 2'. The band really got down to this one and once again Dave was excellent. The front of the stage lit up with white lights which revolved continuously, becoming quite dazzling after a while. The crowd cheered as 'Comfortably Numb' followed, and were further mesmerised by the huge mirror ball that rose revolving behind the band to slowly transform into a blinding spectacle.

The band then said goodnight and left. But no way was the audience settling for that! They clapped, they stomped, they stood on chairs and roared for more. It was five minutes in fact before the band returned for 'One Slip', lights flashing around the auditorium. When that song ended, all the lights went out and the crowd thought it was over. Then the band - under cover of darkness - broke into 'Run Like Hell'. The crowd roared with their fists punching the air, lasers flashed everywhere, coloured floodlights spun around the revolving screen creating a myriad of colours, and last but not least, fireworks exploded all around the stage.

When the last notes died away, the band were given a standing ovation. I have never seen Dave so happy as when he stepped up to the mike and thanked us all for coming. He said they would be back soon - you can't make it soon enough for us, Dave - how about tomorrow?

The show lasted for just over two and a half hours. Afterward I mingled amongst the crowd to get some feedback. One just kept saying "Wow!" and another that "it was worth every cent". Some of the girls were so hyped up and spaced out that it was impossible to get a sensible answer out of them. Most of the veterans of Dire Straits, Midnight Oil, Angels, Bon Jovi, Tina Turner and Michael Jackson concerts stated that they had never seen anything as fantastic as Pink Floyd: no-one could come anywhere near them. I know what they meant. It was certainly one night in my life that I will never forget!

Jim Agland.



Nick Mason: Live in the USA (David Tulskey)

STAR WARS IV : THE GREAT PINK FLOYD SCANDAL

As Pudding readers will know, of late, we have seen many articles on Pink Floyd as well as being treated to rare radio interviews, many of which have dealt with the 'Floyd Split'. At first, everybody was being polite, but now things seem to be hotting up a bit and after reading the feature in Rolling Stone (see Medialog, TAP 28) I think that the public is no longer prepared to be hoodwinked by the claims made in these interviews and has started to read between the lines.

So, what can the unassuming Floydette make of this now widely-publicised battle between former bandmates, Dave 'D.J. the Paunch' Gilmour and Roger Waters, the man who has done for Foster Grants what Bardot did for the Bikini? (Seriously, I do wish that Roger would dispose with the shades for a while. It leaves you with the feeling that either this man is suffering from a really bad cataract problem or he's done a secret sponsorship deal with Polaroid. I wonder if he wears them in the bath while he's singing along to 'Bike': "I've got a Bike and it's very very nice.... 'cept I can't see the damn thing!" Rock on, Rog! Here's a guy who must really know what living in the twilight zone is all about*).

With the main characters firmly in place, let's get back to the interviews. Roger's interviews seem to be very witty, intelligent and open, while the Pink Floyd ones that I have listened to seem to be very 'Closed' with 'D.J.' firmly in the hot seat. When Nick Mason is allowed to comment, he sounds as if he has been gagged and tied to a chair in the corner, and when the gag is removed sounds as if he is reading from an autocue - with any misdemeanour carrying a threat of fifty lashes; which may or may not be to his advantage, depending on his proclivities (Oh, to be an Aquarian, bounder of life's adventures!). Something smells a bit fishy here to say the least and considering that there is a Pisces involved (see TAP 22) I'm not surprised. How the little Leo got back into all of this I'm not quite sure. These people are usually very proud and I can't see that Rick would sacrifice his self-respect with such ease unless either there is some dark secret that has yet to come to light or Rog truly did give him the boot and it's his way of saying: "Sit on it!"

But 'D.J.' beware! Although you claim to be stubborn, no-one is more stubborn than a Virgo... and that's when they're being nice. But a Virgo with an axe to grind is a very Heavy Dude indeed. They take hurt very deeply and right now I should imagine that Roger is feeling somewhat akin to having had both his thumbs ripped out at the sockets. Dave will find it very hard going trying to get around this one. Virgoans are unmovable once they have made their minds up about something. No-one ever truly knows them. They are cool, bottomless pits that no-one but themselves can reach. Many have tried and spent a long time paying for it... mentally. They are past masters at sending you on a one-way trip to the outer echelons of insanity (For proof, see 'KAOS in my Head', TAP 25 - Eds). There is only one way to deal with a Virgo... but I'm not going to give it away here, this is a family magazine.

*Sorry Rog: I do respect the fact that you are entitled to your anonymity.

After reading scores of interviews it would seem that there is a lot more to all of this than just "Who is entitled to use the name Pink Floyd?", but because all has yet to come out, I think one can be forgiven for now and again trying to draw one's own conclusions.

That there was dissention in the band at a very early stage is now quite clear, a lot of which seems to have been based around personality differences and perhaps even a bit of jealousy sneaking in here and there. That Roger was largely responsible for the bulk of the writing and ideas for Pink Floyd's music is an indisputable fact, not many are denying that, least of all Dave himself. But I find it incredibly hard to swallow such claims as "Roger forced himself to become the central figure by being tough" and "He made life hell for everybody that worked with him", etc - to the point where it was apparently intolerable. I fail to see why three grown and not unintelligent men put up with what we are led to believe was an absolute dog's life under the supposedly tyrannical Hitlerite Waters. If, as we are told, they sacked Wright for a comparatively minor misdemeanour and if, according to Dave, they were "capable of making better records without leaning on Roger" and things were that bad - why didn't the three of them band together and tell Waters to get on his bike?

The answer would seem to be clear, that Roger was the main talent behind the band and they knew it. His particular style of writing and conceptual ideas, together with his production skills, are what really made Pink Floyd what they were. In other words, it was mighty convenient for them to be in that particular place at that particular time (After all, for all that we hear about Roger I'm sure he didn't tie them to the amps every time they walked into the studio). So it seems that this went on and on until they were forced to go out on their own when Waters quit. He felt he was being used. I think perhaps he was right.

Rick Wright, at last allowed to make a brief but very welcome comment tries very hard to keep things on a lighter note by claiming it was down to 'Personality differences' and that although "Roger has great ideas", he found him "difficult to work with." This is very understandable because, as listening to 'Wet Dream' (his superb solo album) demonstrates, he and Roger are obviously motivated by different types of music. Rick also talks about how in the old days other members of the band would contribute to the albums and the band worked much more 'together as a band should'.

So I find myself asking what happened to the band between 1975 and '77? From that point on it seems that there was either very little or no collaboration in writing between the band members anymore. Certainly not Rick or Nick Mason and only occasionally between Roger and Dave. Why did Rick's input so suddenly dry up? The music that Rick contributed to the early Floyd albums was terrific and lent a great deal to the Floyd sound. What quite possibly happened was that Rick - who has a very soft and soulful way of writing songs - started to come adrift from the direction in which Roger was now heading. The 'Wet Dream' album which was recorded in '77/'78 is literally poles apart from the 'Animals' album which was recorded around the same time.

'Animals' is very tough and hard-hitting and 'The Wall' is even more so. Rick probably found it hard to come to terms with this kind of thing. "Roger's preoccupation with... madness and the business is something that I didn't feel nearly so strongly about," he said in '77, "I'm not sure if I really like it either." Therefore his music probably didn't fit in at all with what Roger

was now doing. I still find it hard to believe that he just sat there and got on with it. If the relationship between he and Waters had deteriorated to the point where his place in the group was placed in jeopardy, why didn't the others stand up for Rick and do something about it? After all, they'd been working with the guy for more than ten years. Did they really just stand there and let one member of a four-man group decide that another was to be sacked? If they did - and that in itself is despicable - then it could only be for one reason... because it was again convenient for them to do so in order to keep their own bank balances in the black.

Roger's ideas may have started to become a bit over the top and hard-hitting compared to their usual stuff, but judging by the record sales it was obviously what the public wanted. Why? Because Roger has the insight to keep up with the times and trends and what's going on in the world... in fact, I believe that he's often one or two steps ahead and therefore the writing and subject matter had to change and become more aggressive - because life and the world was becoming that way. Consequently, people could identify with it, just the same as they could identify with the subject matter on 'Dark Side of the Moon' back in '73.

It seems that someone had to take the initiative - rock 'n' roll is about making music but even more so about making Big Money and the way to do that is to make a record that people can identify with...

Pink Floyd had now become one of the world's top bands and produced some of the best music ever. When this stage is reached you are therefore bound to be under some kind of tremendous pressure. Any future work that you put out has to measure up to those standards. Waters was continually relied upon to come up with the next 'Big One' and that has to generate a great deal of strain - especially when your right-hand man readily admits that the things he likes doing best are drinking too much red wine and screwing for a bit of exercise (Joke - we hope! - Eds), your drummer's gone off to play with his cars and all that remains in his place are a well-programmed drum tape and a keyboard player who may as well have not been there.

At least Roger has had the guts to go out on his own, under his own name, and no; he doesn't pull in the crowds like Dave does whilst posing under the Pink Floyd name. Neither can he possibly hope to sell as many albums, but that says more for him than for Dave, who has had a go at touring under his own name and found that it was just too much of a hard slog. By the end of the tour, he knew that the pot of gold lay under the Pink Floyd rainbow... not his own.

As for 'A Momentary Lapse of Reason', Dave says "It sounds like a Pink Floyd album", and he's right - it does - but then any record with Dave playing lead guitar will sound like Pink Floyd. He created that unique guitar sound and used it within that group. The sound of those riffs will always be his. Perhaps this is also why Rick was re-recruited, to add even more authenticity to the sound. After all, anyone can get up and strum at a bass (no offence) - but Dave's guitar and Rick's organ were mainly the sound of Pink Floyd. Roger's actual input in other ways - lyrics, ideas, concepts and the skill he had in putting them all together so that the others could play them - created the real feel behind Pink Floyd. Without this initial input then, we have a record that sounds like Pink Floyd but the mystique is missing and this to a lot of people is what the group were about.

I shall go to see Dave, Rick and Nick when they come to London

as I never got to see them play before and I am looking forward to hearing the old songs which I adore; but it will be a very sad day I think for a lot of people because Pink Floyd without Roger Waters has got to be a bit like the Trooping of the Colour without the Queen turning up.

I really enjoyed the KAOS concerts. I went to them for the same reason that I will go to the Summer gigs, because whatever the band's differences, I just like their music - combined or solo. Whether Roger is playing to a crowd of 50 000 or 5000 I'm sure he knows that the audience is there because they like what he does and for an hour or two can switch off and enjoy the experience he is bringing to them through his music. And, above all, isn't that the real issue at stake here?

Gail McLean.

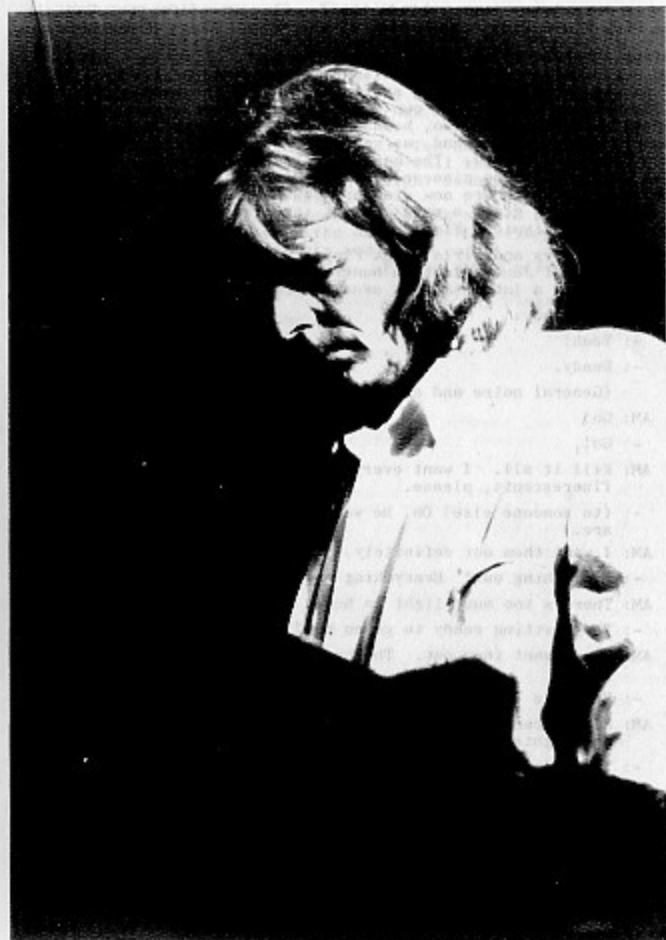


THE PINK FLOYD SHOOTING GALLERY

Cartoon courtesy of High Times magazine (see Medialog next issue). Kindly supplied to TAP by Robert Furrer.



Pink Floyd: Live in the USA '87 (David Tuisky)



THE PINK FLOYD STORY pt 4 DARK SIDE

In this issue, we conclude the fourth part of Capital Radio's The Pink Floyd Story: Dark Side of the Moon. Nicky Horne narrates.

After the release of 'Dark Side of the Moon', the Floyd embarked on a tour of America. The following recording was taken directly from the lighting intercom system, which was the communication link between the Floyd's own lighting and effects crew, and the spotlight operators, who, because of union restrictions, were supplied by the hall and, as you'll hear, are not part of the Floyd's regular crew. The man directing operations at that time was Arthur Max, who pioneered a number of effects, such as Genii Towers (?), which are now standard equipment with most rock bands. This recording gives a rare insight into the mechanics - and the chaos - of a typical Floyd gig.

AM: OK, boys and girls, Pink Floyd, Detroit City, Saturday the 24th of June, nineteen hundred and seventy three. 9:45pm. Off to a late start as usual. Are we ready?

-: I'm ready.

-: Yeah!

-: Ready.

(General noise and cheering)

AM: Go!

-: Go!

AM: Kill it all. I want everything out. These back fluorescents, please.

-: (to someone else) Oh, he went off, maybe he knows where they are.

AM: I want them out definitely.

-: Everything out! Everything out!

AM: There's too much light in here.

-: They getting ready to go on now?

AM: No, I want them out. The backs of the stage area is still on.

-: He wants the back of the stage area off.

AM: Fluorescents - you have plenty of fluorescents still on. Spotlights - somebody's got a short connection there.

-: It's mine.

AM: Got any tape?

-: Trying to find... Where's that short?

AM: Could we have those fluorescents out? OK, would you please sort that connection out?

-: Got it.

AM: Keep your boxes and your cables on your belt, keep the cables away from the base of your spotlights. Now, how many spotlights do we have here? Ten?

-: Eight.

-: Eight.

AM: Eight. Alright, we'll number them starting stage-left (Wild cheering in background). There's still a circular fluorescent on.

Which is number one? Would you flash please? Number one lamp. Thank you. You are the lead guitar. It's opposite side of the stage, stage-right. Extreme. And number three. One and three, on the lead guitar, stage-right of centre. Two and four - the drums. The drums are located dead centre.

Five and seven - the bass guitar. The bass guitar is not the same as the lead guitar. I'll call them by bass and lead. Lead guitar is wearing a light-coloured tee-shirt. Bass guitar is wearing black.

Five and seven - please cover the black-suited bass guitarist. He's between the drums and the keyboards. Keyboards will be lamps six and eight.

I'll call for a sound-off now. Please sound off when you hear your number.

Number one. Sound off into the microphone, please. Don't flash your light. Number one?

-: Whaddya want?

AM: Just say yes.

-: Er, yes.

AM: Two. Two!

-: Two here.

AM: Thank you. Three.

-: Right.

AM: Four. Four!

-: Four is out!

AM: Where is four?

-: Four is out!

-: Four is out?

-: Four is out!

-: Non-operational. Hello?

AM: Er, hello, five?

-: Eight.

-: This is, uh, five and six.

AM: What's the matter?

-: Oh, we came up in a hurry. We forgot wrenches: we need a wrench to check this lamp. man.

AM: Bob, can you send one up?

-: Yeah. we'll see.

AM: One of the other follow-spots got a spare? Yeah, what number is that?

-: Five.

AM: Five and six.

-: These are the two...
AM: Seven and eight, are you there?
-: Yes.
-: Yeah.
AM: OK.
-: That light backstage there is the exit light.
AM: OK, we're beginning now. If you could keep the cross-talk down and your microphones above your head; not feed back into the intercom system.
Smoke, go! (Wild cheering as 'Obscured By Clouds' starts)
Full. Is that full?
-: Yup.
AM: I can't see a thing. Keep it coming. Towers, stand by. OK coming up fine now, Paul.
On my cue, I want all follow-spots available to fade in on the positions I gave earlier. Nice and smooth. Not too wide. Just get the musician, not his equipment or anything: just the man.
Keep that smoke coming, Paul. There's a big draft in here. Stand by, towers... Ready, follow-spots... Nice and smooth... Spots, go! Ooh, damn you Nicky.
-: Thank you, Nick! (Ironically) Thank you, Nick!
AM: Number two, towards the centre more, you're missing the drums. You have the drummer and his drums. Thank you.
-: This is number two. Do I have the drummer by himself?
AM: No, the whole drum-kit please, coz I'm missing the forelamp.
OK: Towers, go! (Drums start)
Nice one. Keep it coming. Right is finished here!
-: It's these bulbs!
AM: Scare the life outta me! (Shouting) What do you want?! I know! Stage right, stage right. Here.
Gram, I've lost my power up there!
-: Shit!
AM: Bob, I still have those fluorescents in the balcony behind the stage on. Can I kill them please?
-: What's the story?
-: They're going off! I think you blew all the bulbs!
AM: Tommy?
-: Yeah?
AM: Oh, he's busy is he?
-: What's this?
AM: Ready... frame two, please. Stay on the headset, Tommy.
-: Right.
AM: Don't take it off for a minute.
-: It's the front light. Do you want us in?
AM: Yeah. Stand by, lead guitar.

-: Where is he?
AM: Number... don't come in yet! Stand by! (Dave starts) Lead guitar is stage-right! Should be...
-: My right or your right?
AM: Stage right!
-: Right.
AM: Number five frame. Bass guitar, please! Number six lamp. He's wearing black; let's have him please! Go! That's the wrong colour. Leave it. Should be red. Number five frame.
-: That's my five!
AM: Turn the smoke back on please, Paul!
-: That's my five!
AM: Tom?
-: Yeah!
AM: Oh, never mind. Who's that? (Garbled answer) Well, it's wrong! This is not the list I gave. White everybody, ready? Go! Ready blackout... Where's the smoke? Ready black? And... two... BLACK! (screaming) BLACK!
Right, frame number one, please. Everybody ready... and hit it! Right, number one is a light lavender. Number two - that's the wrong colour.
AM: Steady lamps. What a beginning.
-: I'll say, yeah.
AM: Alright, is everybody happy?

ROCKIN ALL OVER THE WORLD

After the Floyd's recent show at the Brendan Byrne Arena in East Rutherford, the group rushed back to New York where CBS America were holding a party for them. Nothing particularly out of the ordinary there, but it seems their activity that night was not finished. At 3:20 am on October 11, Gilmour and Mason hit the stage of the cellar room of the 'World' night club in New York, to delight an estimated crowd of 100 with a selection of cover tunes.

This began with an untitled blues jam. Mr Gilmour stopped after some minutes to mumble that they'd take a five-minute break to have a drink and decide what was to be actually played, and, sure enough, they were soon back for an hour's worth of entertainment. Apparently, the set ran: 'Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me', 'Respect', 'Born Under a Bad Sign', (Untitled jam), 'I Heard It Through the Grapevine', 'Kansa City' and finally 'Living For the City'.

It seems that the Floyd were augmented by the bassist, saxophonist, and backing vocalists from the current band, together with a guest drummer and keyboard player. Members of the audience were roped in to play second guitar. All in all, it was very much in contrast to their usual presentation. There were no lights (but lots of drinks!) and the drum sound was unamplified - just straight and natural.

Rolf Ossenberg.

Floyd juggernaut ...the road to 1984?



"Richly they merit their place among the symphonic overlords of today's popular heirarchy," wrote Derek Jewell in the Sunday Times. "At Thursday's opening they reeled off, apparently effortlessly, a performance with musical textures so ravishing and visual accompaniments so surprising that, for once, the thunderous standing ovation was completely justified."



November 23, 1974

So, how do you argue with that (and with more than 30,000 apparently satisfied customers)? Answer: you don't. Not unless you're looking for trouble — or feel, as did NICK KENT and PETE ERSKINE, a fair amount of anger and bitter disillusion concerning "symphonic overlords" and "ravishing musical textures" when it's clear and admitted by FLOYD'S Dave Gilmour that Wembley was plainly a bad gig. On this showing, say our men, it's time to get the Floyd back in perspective. NICK KENT, at Wembley, PETE ERSKINE, talking to DAVE GILMOUR, attempt to do just that.

ON NOVEMBER 14, 1974, approximately 7,000 people washed their hair and travelled down to the Empire Pool, Wembley,

to witness the Pink Floyd live. Almost everyone, that is, except Dave Gilmour — his hair looked filthy there on stage, seemingly anchored down by a surfeit of scalp

grease and tapering off below the shoulders with a spectacular festooning of split ends.

Rather like Bill's locks, in fact.

Bill was sitting next to me

throughout the concert y'see. Said he came from Hayward's Heath, Sussex — and well, anyway he *did* have something of the patent Gilmour style about him: stringy unwashed hair parted in the middle and furrowed behind the ears, an earnest complement of peach-fuzz masquerading as facial-hair, plimsolls — the lot, in fact, even though his face lacked Gilmour's bully-boy well-formed features, substituting a kind of bleary-eyed doggedness which wrinkled up everytime he took a blast off one of a constant series of "cool jays."

"Good stuff, this," Bill muttered. "We get it from this spade guy down in Brighton. Straight off the boat it comes."

Bill said he didn't go much on any other kinds of stimulant.

He also didn't like too much music. Said it almost boastfully. Only a few albums. And the Floyd of course. "I've got a good stereo, mind. Big speakers."

So what does he do with it?

"I'll tell you. I mean I like to get really, y'know *really* stoned — spaced, y'know, and I put on me Floyd... ah, 'Meddle' or 'Dark Side Of The Moon' — that track 'Great Gig In The Sky', and I'm laying there between the speakers really spaced, getting off on the stereo cross-overs."

Stereo crossovers?

"Yeah, y'know, when the sound goes from channel to channel. Phasing and that. Those are the bits I like best."

Bill's girlfriend "Jiff" thinks the Pink Floyd are the best group in the whole world. "They're taking music to this whole new level. It's really..."

Cosmic?

"Yes, that's just what I was going to say."

"ONE THING I've always taken into consideration, and which sums up, for me anyway, the fundamental personality crisis inherent in the old Floyd is that Syd (Barrett) was an artist and the other three were all student architects. I think that says an awful lot, particularly when you study the kind of music the Floyd have gone on to play since that time."

That quote came courtesy Peter Jenner, who confided the same to me some months ago. I'd almost forgotten it until

about half way through the Floyd's Wembley set, straight after the three new numbers had been performed.

At 7.55 p.m. I'd entered the Empire Pool toting healthy expectations for a thoroughly enjoyable evening of entertainment at the very least, already.

At 10.45 p.m. I left the same hall possibly more infuriated over what I'd just witnessed than I can ever remember being over any other similar event. Angry and rather depressed.

It was hell. But let's begin at the beginning.

At 8.20 p.m. or thereabouts the four members of the Floyd saunter onstage. It is not a spectacular entrance. In fact they wander on rather like four navvies who've just finished their tea-break and are about to return slowly to the task of tarring a section of a main road.

After approximately five minutes of slightly laboured tuning up, the band start their first number of the set — a new composition entitled "Shine On You Crazy Diamond." It is very slow, rather low on melodic inventiveness, each note hanging in that archetypally ominous stunted fashion that tends to typify the Floyd at their most uninspired. The song itself is dully revealed to be of very slight mettle; the chords used are dull, as is the pace.

The song distinctly lacks 'form'. And then there are the lyrics. "Come on you raver, you seer of visions/Come on you painter, you piper, you prophet and shine," sings Roger Waters at one point, his voice mottled by a slightly squemish, self-consciousness of timbre, not to mention the fact that he also appears at this point to be somewhat flat. The lyrics are not very good, you see. Pretty much like sixth-form poetry — prissy, self-conscious and pretentious.

"You were caught in the cross-fire of childhood and stardom/Blown on the steel breeze/Come on you target for faraway laughter/Come on you stranger, you legend, you martyr and shine."

The song is for and about Syd Barrett. He could have deserved better.

This thoroughly unimpressive beginning is duly followed by the second of the three

new numbers to be showcased in this section. "Raving And Drooling" is motivated by a rhythm somewhat akin to that of the human heart-beat with further references gathered from numerous Floyd stylised devices.

Wright drags some suitable moog-orientated "primal screams" from one of a mighty arsenal of keyboard instruments, Waters manipulates a stolid simplistic bass-pattern, Mason plays one of the two three standard rhythms he habitually employs — usually incorporating much emphasis on the tom-toms and cymbals — while Gilmour blithely chunks out a "One Of These Days" rhythm stab on his guitar.

The song is again of incredibly minor import, Waters doing his whole "Careful With That Axe, Eugene" tormented horse-faced routine — "Raving and drooling I fell on his neck with a scream/He had a whole lotta terminal shock in his eyes/That's what you get for pretending the rest are not real" etc, etc.

Pretty undistinguished stuff except for the fact that yours truly noted that the first line was wrenched out in much the same way that Barrett sang "Wolfpack" on his second solo album. Otherwise, more identikit Floyd bereft of any real originality or inspired conceptualized conaissance.

So then there was "Gotta Be Crazy", the magnum opus of this dubious triumvirate for which Waters had regurgitated the old "Dark Side Of The Moon" study of society-and-its-destructive-pressures gruel to even more facile conclusions.

One could of course begin by pointing out that the song features a fairly decent melody — a fetching minor chord progression strummed out by Gilmour who also sings over it Water's lyrics — "You gotta be crazy you gotta be mean/You gotta keep your kids and your car clean/You gotta keep climbing, you gotta keep fit/You gotta keep smiling, you gotta eat shit!"

Boy, what an indictment on the whole bourgeois high-pressured schism of our time!

But then again, who better than the Floyd to commandeer such a grievous lambasting of the aforesaid life-style when

after all I can't think of another rock-group who live a more de-sparately bourgeois existence in the privacy of their own homes.

And whaddyamean, people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones . . . Waters hasn't even begun yet! I mean, here he is concluding this mighty epic with a potent list of bland psychological causes for his hapless victim's doomed condition — "Who was born in a house full of pain/Who was sent out to play on his own" — when only a few verses prior to this he avidly gloats over the poor bastard's decline and fall — "And when you lose control, you'll reap the harvest you have sown . . . So have a good drown and you go down alone."

There's obviously something here that doesn't, how you say *corrolate*. Not to mention a very perverse sense of morality at work.

So there are the lyrics — which I personally find quite offensive — and I still haven't mentioned the song's musical construction beyond that pleasing opening strum section which I forgot to mention sounded like the kind of chord structure the old Wyatt-Hopper-Ratledge Soft Machine used to do wonders with way back when.

Unfortunately, the Floyd, as always, let the song sprawl out to last twice as long as it should, summoning the aid of some of the most laboured bouts of aural padding imaginable. I mean, the very least one would expect from a song like this would be a tight, incisive structure, but then again incisiveness has never been something the post-Syd Floyd have prided themselves on, and so one has to wade through laboured sections of indolent musical driftwood before, lo, the plot is resumed and one is sent careering back to our Roger's bloated denunciation:

"Gotta be sure, you gotta be quick/Gotta divide the tame from the sick/Gotta keep some of us docile and fit/You gotta keep everyone buying this shit."

"Buying this shit"???

Explain, Mr. Waters, if you please. The song ends, as I stated earlier on, with a mildly potent "J'accuse" blast of postured psychological cause-and-effect ranting, leaving the au-

dience with a 20 minute interval in order to gather themselves for a further assault.

THE SECOND half is, of course, taken up by the whole "Dark Side Of The Moon" presentation. Visuals for the new numbers had been muted to a minimum: two sets of spotlights tastefully flanking the stage throughout, while three mirror-balls were put into operation during "Raving And Drooling." But "Dark Side" was to be graced by the projection of a special film made as a visual complement to the music.

Again the Floyd light into the first section of the effort. More assured . . . but God, they look and sound so uninspired.

Wright's solo moog doodling signals the first reel of the film being unleashed on the audience — random shots of a plane taking-off viewed from the cockpit, a garish cartoon segment of touch-down on an alien planet ending with a section of total incendiary destruction.

S'alright, mind you. Very obvious and that, but it keeps you engaged if not enthralled. It's only when you're informed by an intimate of the Floyd's entourage that the likes of Lindsay Anderson and Nicholas Roeg — i.e. the best film directors in the country — were at the outset interested in helping out on the film until they actually came up against the Floyd and immediately made their excuses in order to opt out that it all starts to fall into perspective again.

It's also around this time that you start realising how incredibly *limited* the band seem to be as musicians. As a rhythm section, Mason and Waters are perhaps the dullest I've ever witnessed filling a large auditorium, the former going through his tedious tricks most of the time, and falling apart at those unscripted junctures when the band are forced to involve themselves in attempts at spontaneity. (These junctures of course are very few and far between, due to the situation of the whole show being moulded around the constrictive dictates of the visual presentation which depends ultimately on stop-gap timing).

Waters is not a very imaginative bass player, and doesn't im-

prove things by incorporating a tone akin to the dull atonal thud one gets when hitting the strings of a piano with a rubber hammer.

Rick Wright is merely an adequate keyboard player, and always seems uncomfortable when forced to take action (at one point he attempted some gospel-tinged pianistics to complement the fine performance of Venetta Fields and Carlena Williams' "Great Gig In The Sky" segment and muffed it badly).

This weakness creates numerous watersheds in the music which just scream for some inspired interjection, whether in the form of a Ratledge-styled piece of inspired doodling or even one of those quasi-Herbie Hancock soft-jazz flurries which every young dolt in an up-and-coming progressive unit seems perfectly adept at pulling off these days.

Waters really hasn't improved that much since the old Floyd days; only the arsenal of keyboards has been added to.

Finally, there's Gilmour — who, although an adequate guitarist, projects little personality into his playing, well-doused as his solos are in the blues guitar school traditions.

Here again a lack of inspiration fails to perceive vast holes in the music which could so easily be cemented in by some tasteful rhythm work or a short-tight solo such as he is capable of.

So anyway the Floyd battle on with their films (more obvious footage of currency for "Money" plus some shots of "political leaders" for "Brain Damage" — is this a political statement, boys? — and their tapes and their perfect P.A. system, and the audience are loving it).

Those still awake, that is. Our Mr. Erskine was being flanked by somnolent corpses on his side of the fence while I noticed a few bedraggled-looking souls dozing off in my corner.

Even our old mate Bill — remember him? — was rendered inert for some ten minutes until the applause for "Money" brought him around.

Finally the "Moon" set is completed and the band walk off to ecstatic applause. They eventually return for an encore

— no "thank-yous" or anything . . . I mean that would be just too much to ask, now wouldn't it, and the band do "Echoes".

Visuals are now relegated to luminous green orbs of circular light projected on the big screen (they never seem to really be spinning properly), while towards the end the band's ankles are engulfed in — wait for it! — "dry ice".

The above constituted what could easily be the most boring concert I've ever been forced to sit through for review-purposes. Mind you, the Floyds themselves were reportedly none too enamoured by the event either:



apparently there was a nasty fight between the band after the set which culminated in a sound man being sacked and some guy from Island Studios being brought in at short notice to replace him.

HAVING BEEN informed of this, we decided to curb the venom long enough to give the band a second chance and go back on the Friday night. This time the sound had indeed improved beyond all recognition and the first half went pretty smoothly until there arose some "contretemps" betwixt Roger Waters at [most morose and someone *who* dared yell out

"Get on with it" during yet more laboured tuning up in order to preface "Gotta Be Crazy".

"We're going as fast as we can," muttered Waters derisively, sounding amazed that this young upstart actually dare criticise them.

If that weren't bad enough, someone yelped out, of all things, "1967" straight afterwards. Ings, "1967" straight afterwards.

This was too much for Waters. "It's not 1967, it's 1974," he snapped back.

Anyway, Friday's show still pinpointed how poor the band are at jamming or really sustaining either drama or dramatics, flailing around to little

the air-waves and moreover be touted as fine art in the latter's vision of 1984.

David Bowie, on his "Diamond Dogs", unwittingly (as far as I can see anyway) hit upon something which totally invalidates the rest of his similarly facile theorizing on a computerised cruel future planet when he plays, of all things, "Rebel Rebel".

"Rebel Rebel", you see, is the ultimate identikit diluted series of computerised rock gestures — the mechanical Stones riff, the brainless lyrics — real "1984" rock. The Pink Floyd are even closer to that though. Over the last few years the band have in fact come to establish themselves as the total antithesis of what they started out representing: the whole Brave New World school of rock musicianship which broke loose back in '66-'67 and brought about real masterpieces like "Eight Miles High", "Revolver" and "Piper At The Gates Of Dawn".

The Floyd in fact now seem so incredibly tired and seemingly bereft of true creative ideas one wonders if they really care about their music at all anymore.

I mean, one can easily envisage a Floyd concert in the future consisting of the band simply wandering on stage, setting all their tapes into action, putting their instruments on remote control and then walking off behind the amps in order to talk about football or play billiards.

I'd almost prefer to see them do that. At least it would be more honest.

Still, the Floyd can content themselves on one score. They are definitely the quintessential English band. No other combine quite sums up the rampant sense of doomed mediocrity inherent in this country's current outlook right now. "Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way." Just delete "quiet desperation" (Thoreau, for one, will be pleased) and choose your own depreciative little phrase as an amendment and we've got it all pigeonholed very nicely thank you, squire. And there's absolutely nothing "cosmic" about any of it, really, now is there?

DAVID GILMOUR is

almost by accident probably the most proficient musician in the Floyd — without, in terms of his guitar work, ever imposing any kind of “personality” on the group. Past history reveals his style and approach as being, to say the least, *malleable*.

Gilmour joined the band in '67 as replacement for Syd Barrett. They'd all known each other from the band's embryonic Cambridge days. Prior to this Gilmour had been gigging in France and was, on his own admission, a fairly stock rock guitarist whose roots extended no further back than Hank Marvin.

“At the time,” reports the Floyd's then co-manager, Pete Jenner, “Dave was doing very effective take-offs of Hendrix-style guitar playing. So the band said, ‘play like Syd Barrett’.”

The familiar slide and echo-boxes were purely of Syd's invention.

Subsequently, in an interview conducted last year, Gilmour stated that his joining such an apparently disparate unit as the Floyd was in no way anything more than a minor wrench for him. Which is possibly why he finds it so easy to fit in with such other apparently disparate elements as Unicorn, Sutherland Brothers, Quiver and Roy Harper. Hence the term “malleability” may also imply (a) a lack of personality in musical style and therefore (b) a suspicion of an “it's-only-a-gig” philosophy.

In a way, you could say that Gilmour was a geezer who struck lucky — which is why, I've always felt, he's regarded the band — and his role within it — with a certain tinge of cynicism. It's almost as if the Floyd, having loafed about half-seriously in the beginning as “The Architectural Abdabs” (sic), garnered their persona from Barrett and, when he dropped out, for want of anything better to do clung on to the momentum he provided. Until — in a manner of speaking — success crept up from behind and goosed them.

Sometime in between, of

course, they must have realised, that they were On To A Good Thing.

The Floyd are nothing if not shrewd.

More, even, than Brian Eno, they're well aware of the benefits of concocting a low-profile Emperor's New Clothes' syndrome — which is why, I'd guess, Roger Waters makes no little show onstage of his apparent disdain for their audiences. And why, too (you'll have noticed) that the band do few interviews and, when they do, try and avoid discussing the intrinsic grits of their music too much.

They like, you see, for you to make your own deductions — and with intellectual paranoia in the ascendant (possibly as a result of The Rise Of The Reeper) how can they fail?

Thus confronted, Gilmour's attitude remains uniformly *laissez-faire*.

“Cynical?” he says querulously. “No. I mean, last night on stage I was just hung up. Because it wasn't very good.”

At one point — the night before the Thursday gig — the first of their Wembley gigs — he'd raised his eyebrows as if to say, let's pack it in and piss off home.”

BUT NOW it's Friday morning and we're camped down in the bedroom of his recently-renovated Notting Hill Town house.

Concert licks first, please Dave, how about the gaps between numbers — Roger stalling over lighting a cigarette with this “well-we-can-do-this-we're-artists” attitude?

“Oh yeah. But I don't really think that's what it's down to. It's just . . . ah . . . well, I dunno . . . Roger likes smoking cigarettes. He can't get through a gig without a few straights.”

He is, however, more than willing to admit that Thursday night's gig was “probably the worst we've done on the whole tour.”

“The first half . . .” he continues languidly “ . . . when that wasn't very good it didn't particularly worry me because they're all new things and we're not doing them very well yet. But we have done them better than that. I thought the second half would click into place because it has done on a couple of other nights when the first half wasn't good.”

The standard of musicianship was very low — for example Rick Wright's solo on the end of “Us And Them” which didn't approximate to the recorded version in any way. Yes?

“In the first half . . . the sound wasn't very good and the vocal mikes were pretty terrible — which makes it that much harder to sing and that much harder to work. And also it didn't sound as if there was any bass and drums. Unless there's a bit of that ‘oomph’ you can't really get off . . . it was just one of those nights where you bumble around and don't really get anything together. It sounded ragged all the way though.”

“It doesn't worry me particularly, it just happens sometimes. Just chemistry really, innit?”

Mmmm.

Well, okay, was the audience's response an accurate one, then?

“I think they enjoyed it reasonably — but I think a lot of people didn't really think it was very good. There's a difference between going home and thinking it was pretty good and going home and thinking ‘wow’. And I know we do get that pretty often. More nights than not I know that most of the people there are going to go home and say ‘what a groove!’ I think they probably want to convince themselves that they did have a groove just so that they don't think they hit on a bad one . . . and wasted their money.”

Right. On to the Big Picture. The band has reached a level now — with “Moon” — where, inevitably, when you're at a party, someone will put it on and everybody will say ‘Jeepers, THE FLOYD!’ — almost as a conditioned reflex. i.e. whatever the Floyd do is hallowed. How do you feel about it?

“It's a drag.”

It's almost as if the band could put out a double album of Roger tuning his bass and it'd sell.

“I'm sure there would be people who'd react that way — but I'm sure sales figures would reflect a bad album in the end. But I don't mean that 100 per cent. I'm sure that if we put out an album of pure tripe it would

sell vastly more than lots and lots of other band's records. But in relation to our sales, a bad record would sell badly. It has done in the past.”

What with?

“Well, ‘Atom Heart Mother’. I'd say that was the worst record we've made. I didn't like it and I don't like it much now. I'm not very keen on ‘Umma Gumma’ either.”

Well, how about “Moon”? Did its musical content really merit its universal popularity — or was it the Floyd album that coincided with the peak of interest in the band?

“Quite possibly. You may be right. But it certainly was a very good all-round . . . uh . . . package. Everything about it was very well done. It was one continuous idea. It was recorded well, it was pretty well mixed, had a good cover and all that sort of stuff.”

“But I've always felt, right from the word Go, that the musical side of it wasn't that hot in some parts. And I still feel that. Some parts are a bit weak. We'd have a lyrical-idea but no real idea of a musical piece to put to it, so we'd just make something up and take the first thing that came — rather than being critical about the musical side as it was being done. But then some of those bits got knocked out during the months we were playing it onstage before we recorded it. The original travel section we played for months onstage and even recorded it before deciding to scrap it and start again.”

Yes. But getting back to this bland acceptance thing . . . surely the band is to blame? Onstage the music is almost moving towards a kind of Automaton Rock, towards a kind of non-participatory non-thinking music — where all the audience has to do is walk in, sit down and watch it all exploding in front of them. In terms of presentation you could be getting to the point where you walk on stage, throw a few switches and walk out. Will it come to that?

“Oh I don't think so, no. I don't think that the audience have a very great participation in what we do but I don't think that's a bad thing necessarily.”

Don't you think it promotes Bland Acceptance?

“No. Listen,” he says (per-

haps beginning to get a little riled), “we still have to get off. I mean you know what the difference is between a good gig and a bad gig. And it's not mechanical. We're quite capable of blowing a gig and we're also capable of doing a great gig.”

But in the main it tends to glut the listener's faculties, promoting a glazed ‘okay feed-it-to-me’ attitude (which, taken to its fullest extent, I might add, is positively somnambulist. I personally noted four people sound asleep in my row.

“You think so?” he replies (perhaps stalling a little). “I think it's up to them. I think they're free to take it any way they want. A lot of people don't though. We had someone the other night who must've known that we're football fans who was shouting ‘cyyyyomomom you Floyd!!!’ just like they do on the North Bank.”

The new material sounded a bit recycled — like some of the more tangible stuff on “Moon”. Does that mean you're having trouble sorting out new ideas?

“Umm, yeah. I don't know . . . uh . . . ‘Raving And Drooling’ — the middle one of the three — sounds a bit recycled to me, but they're not there yet. I'm not very keen on that one at the moment . . . but, I dunno, these things get worked into shape. I know that one or two of them are gonna sound great recorded. I think the last one, ‘Gotta Be Crazy’ is very different to a lot of stuff we've done, but I don't think the words go right at the moment.”

“I mean, the singing thing's been worked out a bit too quickly. Roger wrote the words to fit over a certain part and I'm not sure that we did it quite the right way.”

But how can you equate doing something like “Gotta Be Crazy” — or “Money”, even — from the relatively secure position you're in as a band?

“Well, ‘Money’ is obviously a satire on . . . money. And it is a self-satire. Obviously. It's easy to tell that because a lot of the lyrics relate specifically to things that various of us have done, but I mean, I don't think we're as capitalist as . . . I think it mocks us, the song says that we're more than we are, in fact. It just keeps us aware of it all.”

“‘You Gotta Be Crazy’ is ab-

out business pressure really. It does relate to us — I'm sure — you'll have to ask Roger really, he wrote it. The way I understand the words is that I guess you have to harden yourself up to — uh — you know *Make It* in this world . . . if that's what you call *Making It* . . .”

The other thing about the new material is that it sounds “safe”. It's years since the band's taken any musical risks which, for a group that claims its main appeal is that it “sounds different” from any other, is a little incongruous.

“Ah well,” replies Mr. G. “I think that's all down to what you want to do. I mean, I certainly don't want to do a lot of things we did earlier on. I'm just interested in actually writing music and getting the music done that we do.”

Ahem.

“ . . . You know I think that everyone's interests have gone more towards that sort of thing rather than some of the old rubbish that we used to do. Although it was good fun.”

“But I dunno, I don't think anyone's got any great interest in it now. You can't do that sort of thing for ever. Like there are lots of things we used to do. Like we used to do an encore where we'd just go on and not decide what we were going to do until we'd started . . .”

How long ago was that?

“Oh, four years ago, at least. But I don't really want to go through that thing of doing five loads of rubbish and just once getting something that's pretty good and new. Or getting a half-hour number with about three minutes of worthwhile music in it.”

But don't you think that if you'd have kept on progressing from the original improvising basis that by now you could've achieved a personal empathy that would alleviate most of those duff patches?

“I don't know. I really don't know . . . I've just got memories of standing onstage farting about, plonking away on stuff and feeling terribly embarrassed for long periods of time — and looking across at everyone else realising that they were all obviously feeling the same way.”

“Maybe guaranteeing that what you play is something that you'll enjoy is ‘playing safe.’ But I don't think we've got an intentional play-safe policy.”

rock

JOHN ROWNTREE

The happy saga of the English rose continues with a pair of new releases from major home-bred bands. Depending on your age and your head, the music of the Pink Floyd will probably be etched deep into your just post-adolescent consciousness. After *Ummagumma* the band vacillated: *Atom Heart Mother* was too full of gratuitous effects to count for much; *Meddle* seemed full of *Echoes*; and, despite their concerts, the odd soundtrack album seemed to confuse the

band's direction. *Dark Side of the Moon* proved the major recovery point — at the risk of pulling their heads far out of conventional rock into classical muzak the Floyd concentrated on what they could do best — arranging and the technical side of recording. On this album came *Money*, a no-holds-barred motherfuckers-to-the-wall rocker that turned many a cynical head. By extension they came to *Wish You Were Here* (Harvest SHVL 814), undoubtedly their best album since *Ummagumma*, crammed with beautiful and surprising things. As ever, form easily outstrips content: the kernel of *Shine On You Crazy Diamond* is a neat little exhortation to a lost colleague (Syd Barrett), on most other albums a three-minute filler. Preface with a hugely atmospheric jam eating up a spectrum

anywhere from David Bedford to Savoy Brown, add a scary little laugh after the first line of the lyric and you have a concept that dominates the album — around a quarter of an hour to begin with and another 10 minutes at the end. Another such device, on paper painfully obvious, translates Roy Harper's guest vocal on *Have A Cigar* via the effect of tuning across a radio waveband to a sinister acoustic rendition of the title track. The use of extended saxophone solo against a moog backdrop and much simple exploitation of the lead electric guitar as pure sound confirm experiments attempted on *Dark Side of the Moon*. *Wish You Were Here* gives no clues as to where rock is going in the future; but then it did take about 200 years before they ran out of ideas for symphonies.

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FANZINES

Issue two of COSMIC CRYSTAL is now available for 70p from Chris Jillings, 26, Holtdale Drive, Cookridge, Leeds, LS16 7RT. The magazine covers an extensive range of 'prog rock', including live reviews of both Pink Floyd and Roger Waters. Please mention TAP when ordering.

We have just received the first issue of a new Barrett magazine — 'Friends of Syd Barrett' — from the States. Issue one contains the first part of 'From Floyd to the Void', a Barrett article originally published in Trouser Press, a review of 'Beyond the Wildwood', the lyrics to the TV Personalities' 'I Know Where Syd Barrett Lives' and Syd's 'Opel' plus a review of a new bootleg, 'Vegetable Man'. The magazine costs \$US 2.50 inc. p+p from Robert Koenig, 41, Brown Street, Mineola, NY 11501, USA — tell 'em we sent you!

ALICE COOPER fans may be interested in a magazine all about the masked marvel himself. Contact Andy at 93, Connaught Gardens, London, N13 5B4.

Issue 12 of the ROY HARPER magazine *Hors D'Oeuvres* is now available, featuring details on the new album, tour dates and other news. It costs 90p + 20p p&p from 3, Norton Park Crescent, Sheffield, S8 8GN.

ELO and related artists are featured in *Face the Music*. It costs £1.70 per issue from 87, Dryfield Road, Edgware, Middlesex, HA8 9JW. The magazine is published quarterly.

Anyone interested in Festivals, Peace, Ecology and Alternative Lifestyles should check out *TRIBAL MESSANGER*. SAE for details to TM, 37, Stokescroft, Bristol, BS2.

THE SPIRIT OF RUSH is now three issues old and going from strength to strength. SAE for details to Mick Burnett, 26, Berwick Tower, Knoyle Street, New Cross, London, SE14 6EY.

Please mention TAP when writing to any of the above!

RELICS

Roger Waters' September 20 show at the LA Forum last year ended with a performance of 'Outside the Wall'. Special on-stage guests were some of the original 'Wall' vocalists. (VF)

'Star Cars' is a relatively new book by Beki Adams, published by Osprey. Reviewing it for *Kerrang* 162 (November 14 '87), Howard Johnson wrote: "... a reasonable technical rundown and some nice pics of the machines in question..." and "We start with a few dead stars' cars (Jimmy Dean, Steve McQueen), move onto the nearly dead (Jeff Beck, Nick Mason)..." (BM)

A recent Horizon documentary (BBC2, January 18, '88) described manic depression as "... an emotional rollercoaster"! (AM)

A new Floyd bootleg titled 'Pink is the Colour' is being sold out of Israel. It features 'The Narrow Way' and 'Green is the Colour' from a '69 session, 'Baby Blue Shuffle in D Major' (a '68 version of 'Careful With That Axe, Eugene') from 'The Great Lost Pink Floyd Album', 'The Committee and Other Stories' from 'The Committee soundtrack', 'Obscured By Clouds' and 'When You're in' live in Vienna 13/10/73, 'Embryo' from 'Picnic' and 'Labyrinth' from 'The Man'. It is packaged in a delux sleeve and is on the Renaissance Records label. (?)

Staying with bootlegs, the "Pink Floyd - World Tour" triple set reviewed last issue is actually taken from a show in Ottawa (9/9/87) rather than Toronto. Some copies are on the Screaming Oiseau Records label and actually indicate which side is which. The album claims to feature the entire show but 'Wish You Were Here' is not present; can anyone confirm whether or not they played the song that night? (VF/TJ)

A triple set that was recorded in Toronto (at the CNE Stadium on September 22, in fact) is 'A New Machine'. The first album (*Echoes*; *Signs of Life*; *Learning to Fly*; *Yet Another Movie*; *A New Machine I*; *Terminal Frost*; *A New Machine II*) is on red vinyl, the second (*Sorrow*; *Dogs Of War*; *On the Turning Away*; *One of these Days*; *Time*; *On the Run*; *Wish You Were Here*) is on green vinyl, and the third (*Wish You Were Here cont.*; *Welcome to the Machine*; *Us and Them*; *Money*; *Another Brick in the Wall II*; *Comfortably Numb*; *One Slip*; *Run Like Hell*) is a tasteful shade of pink! The cover is again a variation on 'A Momentary Lapse...', although actual recording quality is slightly inferior to 'PF World Tour'. (MH/LC)

On the September 27 '87 edition of BBC Radio 4's 'Desert Island Discs', the castaway was French modern composer/arranger/performer Jacques Loussier. He mentioned that the Floyd had used his recording studio for 'The Wall' and that he liked Roger Waters very much and had regularly played tennis with him during those sessions. He chose 'Another Brick in the Wall pt 1' as one of his eight favourites, the rest of which were either classical or the Beatles. (PS)

A special charity motor race was held at Wimbledon Stadium on Sunday, March 27, '88, in aid of the Nordoff-Robbins Music Therapy Centre. Various celebrities turned up, and members of the Floyd are thought to have been among them. If anyone went, or has details, would they please contact us. (Eds.)

Contributors: VF-Vernon Fitch, BM-Bruno MacDonald, AM-Andy Mabbett, TJ-Tony James, MH-Matt Healey, LC-Laurence Cornford, PS-Partha Sengupta.

MEDIA LOG



Over Christmas, both 'The Tide is Turning' and 'On the Turning Away' were being played on Polish State Radio. (MC)

Sounds reviewed the Syd Barrett Strange Fruit EP on 13/2/88: "Five tracks of trippy hippy stuff, recorded in 1970 and sounding like it too." (BM)

Watch out for Strange Things magazine. Edited by Richard Norris of the truly wonderful Bam Caruso record company, the first issue features an in-depth article on Syd Barrett, originating from the pages of Malcolm Jones' 'The Making of The Madcap Laughs'. Interviewed on Night Network, 27/2/88, Richard answered accusations that Syd was "dead and buried in Cambridge" (and therefore not worth writing about) with: "Well, he probably was, but then he's had a lot more influence than, say, Pop Will Eat Itself will." (BM)

Sounds' February 20 edition saw Robert Plant including Pink Floyd in his "Top Ten Artists" selection. In fact this was just a chance for the increasingly uncharitable Mr Plant to slag off such people as the Mission and John Paul Jones. As regards the Floyd: "If Zeppelin reformed it'd be like Pink Floyd - a joke. Terrible!" The article was plagiarised, without credit, in the Daily Mirror, March 2. (AM)

Rolling Stone, February 25, included a 1987 gig retrospective. The Floyd came third in the 'Top-Grossing Rock Tours of 1987' listing, their sixty shows accounting for nearly twenty-eight million dollars-worth of ticket sales. Number one was U2. The Floyd also scooped the 'Top-Grossing Rock Concerts of 1987' with three nights in Toronto. U2 were an honourable second, with the Floyd gaining their second entry at number three with two nights in Cleveland. Think I'll buy me a football team! (MH)

The January '88 edition of 'Q' magazine - issue 16 - featured a review of 'Bricks in the Wall' (see TAP 29). Awarding the book two out of five, Phil Sutcliffe complained "The relative obscurity Floyd have maintained as individuals leaves a vacuum which human nature abhors. It will be filled by the journo who tells the Floyd's life-stories, and though Dallas may know, mostly he ain't telling." However, "Dallas' long experience and wide reading do offer some stimulating perspectives on Floyd in the context of their generation."

That issue of Q also saw reviews of the CD re-releases of 'The Madcap Laughs' and 'Barrett' (two and three out of five, respectively). "He had a natural gift for inventing simple melodies and a nicely disingenuous way of singing them," wrote Robert Sandall, "both of which talents are reduced to the level of self-parody by the childish, doodly strums of 'Madcap'." 'Barrett' fared little better with "... by today's standards it still sounds too scrappy to warrant enshrining on CD."

Final Floydian titbits in that issue concerned George Harrison and the Henley Music Mafia - featuring, among others, Jon Lord, Mick Ralphs and Dave Gilmour - who occasionally convene for the unpolished playing of "old 12-bars, Everly Brothers and the odd bit of Django Reinhardt." Last but not least, Q's season's greetings were extended to "All at The Amazing Pudding magazine". (AM/BM)

UK radio ads for the Floyd's Summer shows have Tommy Vance

proclaiming the 'Momentary Lapse' show "The rock music event of the year!" over snippets of 'Money', 'Time', 'Run Like Hell' and ecstatic crowd noises. Ads for the shows have appeared in most publications, featuring the 'Beds On The Road' motif. (BM/GM)

David Gilmour appeared as musical guest on the US TV show 'Saturday Night Live', December 12 '87. He performed two songs and appeared in the closing sequence on stage. The first was a blues instrumental of which only twenty-five seconds was shown. The second was a four-minute instrumental, a mix of 'Wall/About Face/Momentary Lapse' material. He was backed by the show's 'house' band on both. (KK)

'Q' has continued its very healthy '500 Floyd Mentions an Issue' policy in recent editions. In March (no. 18), TAP gained 11th place in the 'Best-selling British specialist music magazines' listing. A 'Backstage Rock 'n' Roll' type article noted that "Pink Floyd, on their current tour, insist upon a fridge's worth of ice-cream". Bringing up the rear, a review of Eugene Chadbourne's 'Camper Van Chadbourne' noted the presence of a 'Careful With That Axe...' cover-version on the album ('Axe, Eugene' - geddit?). Special guests on the album (cat no SAVE 46 LP, on Fundamental records) are the moderately strange Camper Van Beethoven who recently included 'Interstellar Overdrive' in their live sets.

Q 19 opened innocuously enough with peculiar person Robyn Hitchcock answering accusations of an unhealthy Syd Barrett obsession with: "There was some truth in that because I did let it get out of hand. Syd went beyond being an influence to points where there'd be a takeover. It was quite sinister. It was as if at certain times when I was writing or singing it was no longer me but this other guy. There were times when I thought, My God, this guy is roosting in my head... I think I've exorcised that now...". Within mere pages, a reader's letter quoted the Sunday Sport of February 21, thus: "... under the heading Floyd's Soft Rock, I quote: "Rock's hell-raising wild men Pink Floyd are just a bunch of mild boys at heart - they prefer ice-cream and mineral water to sex and booze. The former bad band confessed th y'd rather go home to a fridge full of knickerbocker glories than anything glorious in knickers, and hard booze is also out. Bass guitarist Neil Murray (sic) said "We prefer plain water to the fizzy mineral one" (See the Q Backstage article)." Not content with that, there was also a two-page over-view of PF's CD output. Written by David Sinclair, it was fair if somewhat superficial. Best marks were awarded to 'Piper', 'DSOTM' and 'Wish You Were Here'.

Q back issues are still available for £1.75 each including p+p for the UK and overseas surface mail; £3.30 each for air mail. Only issues 8, 10 (featuring a review of 'KAOS'), 13 (featuring a review of 'A Momentary Lapse'), 14, 16, 17, 18 and 19 are still available. Write to Q Back Issues, PO Box 500, Leicester, LE99 0AA. Tell 'em which issues you want and include a cheque (not a postal order) made out to Q magazine. Please mention TAP when ordering. (AM/BM)

The Sunday Express' colour supplement (21/2/88) featured Pink Floyd's "first interview in 20 years" (sic). It was surprisingly candid and featured Rick Wright talking for the first time about the reasons for his departure. The Express can be contacted at Express Newspapers plc, 121 Fleet St., London, EC4P 4JT. (DCW)

Contributors: MC-Martin Court, BM-Bruno MacDonald, AM-Andy Mabbett, MH-Matt Healey, GM-Gail McLean, KK-Keith Klopp, DCW-Dave and Carole Walker.