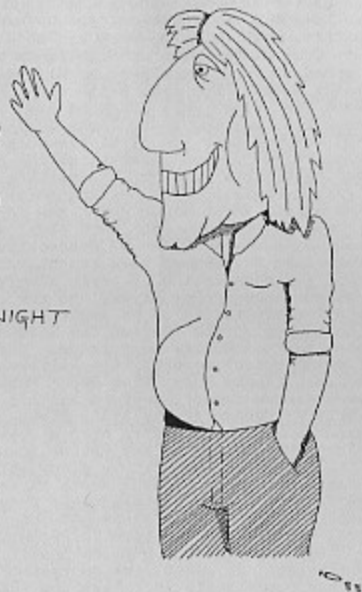


THANKYOU
THANKYOU
THANKYOU
THANKYOU AGAIN
ONCE MORE,
WE THANKYOU
THANKYOU
THANKYOU
AND GOODNIGHT



D.G. SHOWING HIS OUTSTANDING
ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE WITH
AN AUDIENCE AT WEMBLEY.

Many thanks to Ray Martland for taking the risks for us.

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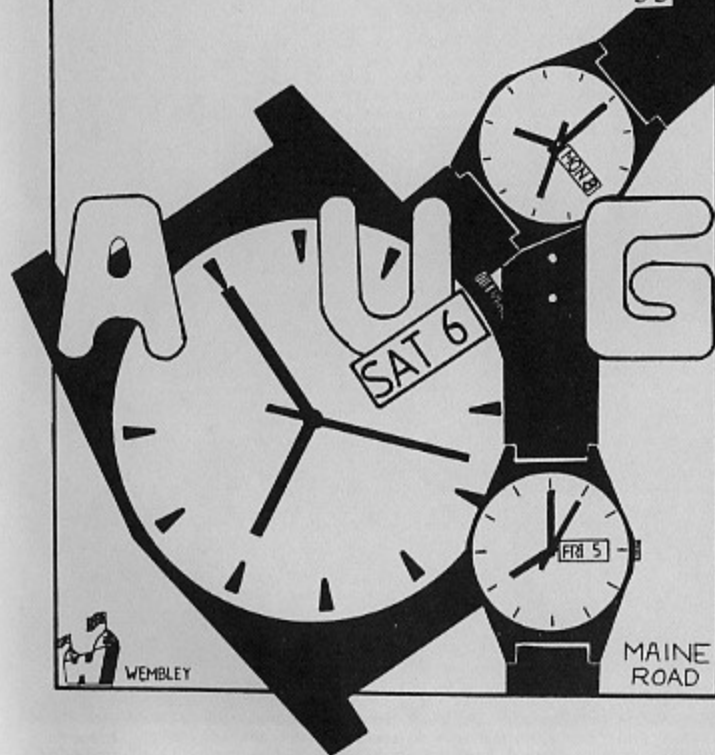
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THE AMAZING PUDDING

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THE ORIGINAL **Pink Floyd &
Roger Waters**

MAGAZINE ISSUE
33





OCTOBER 1988

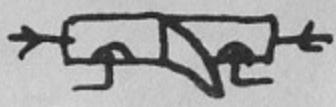
Phew! We trust that you all had as good a time at the recent Floyd gigs as we did? Thought so! We had the added bonus of meeting many of you in person and it was good to be able to put faces to some of the voices we hear on the phone a lot.


One negative aspect of the gig confirmed our misgivings concerning stadium concerts (see TAP's 28 and 29). Pink Floyd's decision to play in the open ultimately worked against them when Wembley restrictions forced the band to play in bright sunshine - effectively destroying much of the atmosphere - and omit songs from their set. We can only hope that when we next see them, it will be in the more suitable (and comfortable) surroundings of an indoor arena.


Our thanks go to all our leaflet distributors, particularly Steve from Bath who managed to get rid of thousands of the wretched things, even if he did spend most of his time giving them to nubile young ladies! Thanks also to Mal Gutteridge for producing so many of them and Abbots Travel in South Woodford for the loan of their life-endangering guillotine!

The leaflets were as successful as we hoped and, as a result of this and our success in other publicity endeavours over recent months, we now have a much-improved circulation. One side-effect of this is that each time we produce an issue it is necessary for the paper suppliers to deforest an area of woodland the size of a minor county. In order to make amends for this, subscribers should receive with this issue a leaflet about The Woodland Trust. Seriously, this is a good cause and one we hope you will all support.

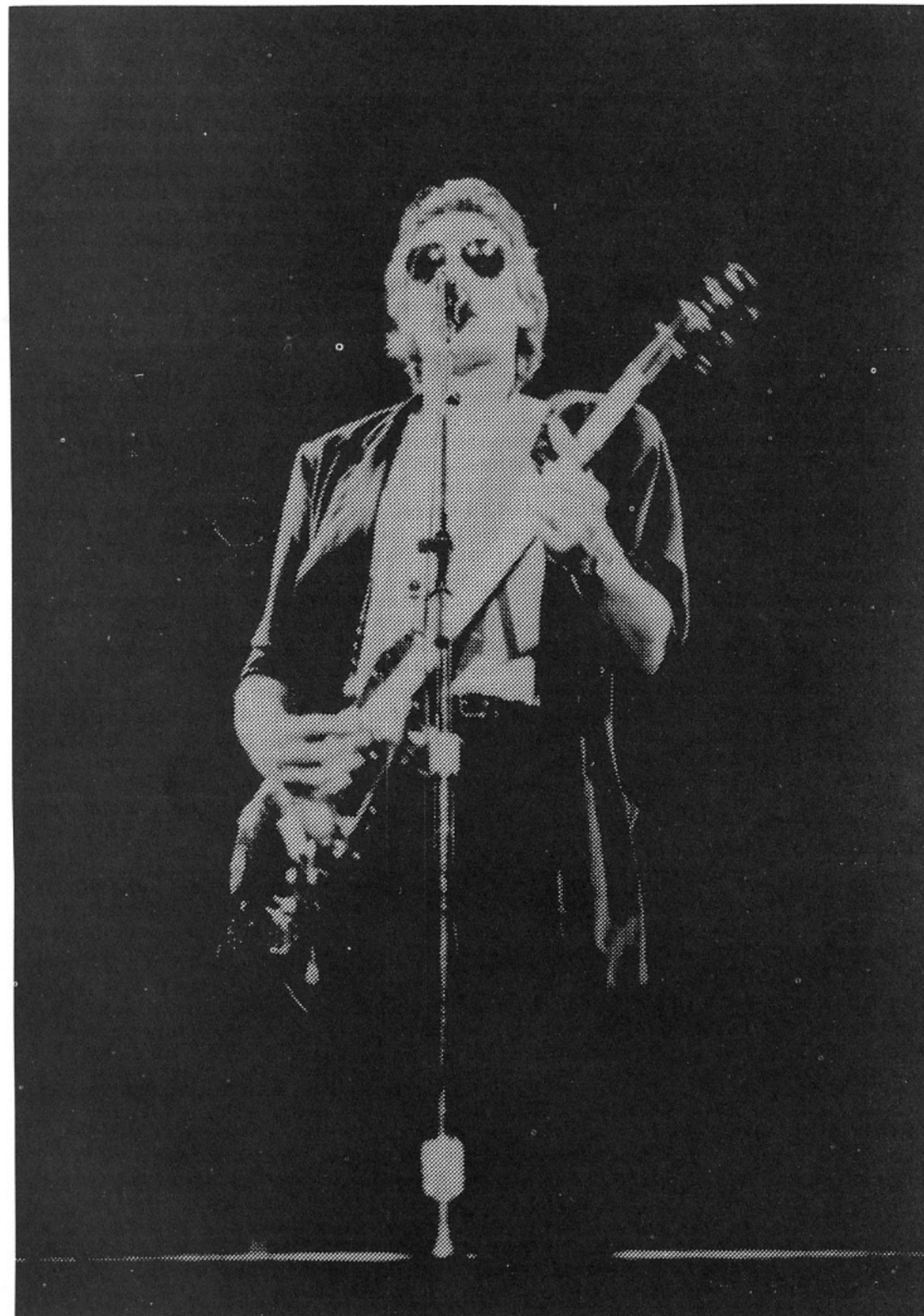
Moving on to another matter, it never ceases to amaze us that, in the same post, we get letters from Pink Floyd fans accusing us of being biased in favour of Roger Waters, with others from Roger's fans accusing us of bias towards the Floyd! It seems you can't please all of the people all of the time! While it is inevitable that some articles, or even some issues, will be imbalanced in one direction or the other (because they reflect the feelings of the individual writer), we hope that overall we strike a medium, in line with our policy of editorial neutrality. We believe that Pink Floyd and Roger Waters each have valid points to make and, without being party to the legal arguments - let alone personal knowledge of events that each side must have - are unable to judge who is right or wrong. There is evidence to support both sides' claims of bad treatment by the other. Nevertheless, it should be made quite clear that no one article reflects the views of the editors (particularly since we can't agree amongst ourselves!) and that sometimes we deliberately print articles with which we do not agree, but which have sound arguments; in order to both stimulate debate and ensure fair coverage of the two sides.

Andy 

Bruce 

Dave 

This issue was typed with the help of The Joshua Tree, various Prince and Floyd, an Olympia typewriter, an undying faith in human nature, George Loaf, a healthy cashflow and the goodwill of the LEB!



SHOCKING! Roger Waters reveals all in Penthouse
(see elsewhere this issue)

STOP !

Terminal trivia freaks will remember Sam Brown as David Gilmour's backing vocalist on the 'About Face' album and at the recently televised Columbian Earthquake Benefit Concert. She has also worked as a session singer with a variety of acts, including pop favourites Adam and the Ants, Dexy's Midnight Runners and Spandau Ballet. As reported last issue, she has recently released her first album, 'Stop!' (A&M, AMA 5195). with David Gilmour returning the favour by playing guitar on two tracks.

Sam has a very musical family background. Her father, Joe, had regular chart success in the early 60's with his band The Bruvvers and now crops up from time to time on chat and variety shows. He isn't on the album, but plays on one of the single B-sides (of which more later). Her mother, Vicki, is a very popular singer on the Continent, with several platinum albums under her belt. She also sang on 'About Face' and is on 'Stop!'. Sam's brother Pete is a record producer (for bands such as The Mighty Lemon Drops and the Soup Dragons) and has, with the lady herself, co-produced this album.

This variety of musical influences has produced an album that is both diverse and very listenable. Amongst the styles present are soul, blues (on the title track, which has a great Hammond organ solo), coffee-house jazz, spanish guitar and a quirky stab at English musical humour in the 41-second 'Tea'. All tracks were written or co-written by Sam and feature a variety of session musicians in a mixture of combinations. The CD has three extra tracks, including a weak cover of Ike and Tina Turner's 'Nuthush City Limits', although none feature David Gilmour. It also lists the lyrics, which strangely do not appear on the album sleeve.

David Gilmour can be heard on 'This Feeling' and 'I'll Be In Love'. His contributions were recorded at Greene Street Studios in New York, presumably as he was too tied up with the Floyd tour to return home and play. Both feature Dave prominently throughout although the latter is closer to Pink Floyd in sound. Full details of these two tracks are as follows:-

'This Feeling' - 5'21", written by Sam Brown and Margo Buchanan, produced by Pete and Sam Brown. Also featuring Richard Newman (drums), Jim Leverton (bass), Danny Schogger (piano, keyboards and piano accordion), Pete Brown (acoustic guitar) and Vicki Brown (backing vocals).

'I'll Be In Love' - 5'16", written by Sam Brown and Danny Schogger, produced by Pete and Sam Brown. Also featuring Danny Schogger (all keyboards, programming and arrangements).

'This Feeling' is an excellent vehicle for Sam's strong voice, used in this case in a slightly unusual but very moving style. Similarly, Dave's playing is slightly different from what we have come to expect, yet recognisable in seconds. In contrast, 'I'll Be In love' has a light and dreamy quality with Sam adopting a more bluesy sound. The intro is particularly Floydian, in the vein of Michael Kamen's 'Duty Men' theme (see Relics, TAP 29).

Two singles have been released from the album. The title track was released some time ago, with three further tracks on the 12" and CD single versions (A&M AMY 440 and AMCD 440, respectively), although again none feature David Gilmour. The second single is a remixed version of 'This Feeling'. A subtle drum machine has been added onto the album version - unobtrusively

but unnecessarily and overall I think I prefer the track in its original form. The video for the song (with no sign of David Gilmour, I'm afraid) was shown on Channel Four's 'The Chart Show' on August 5, with the claim that David Gilmour had actually requested an appearance on the album. On hearing that this was to be the next single, I felt that there was a good chance we'd be hearing David Gilmour in the upper reaches of the chart again, and I am quite surprised that this hasn't been the case. My only complaint is that the song isn't long enough! As before, the 12" and CDS (A&M AMY 455/AMCD 455) have three extra, non-Gilmour tracks.

All in all, an album worth hearing and certainly worth buying if you value Mr Gilmour's soloing.

Andy Mabbett.



A new Frank Zappa magazine goes under the characteristically subtle monicker T'MERSHI DUWEEN, and can be obtained for £1.10 (UK), £1.30 (Europe) or £1.60 (Elsewhere) from Fred Tomsett, 96A, Cowlshaw Road, Sheffield, S11 'XH.

CARRIAD KATE is a recently-established Kate Bush zine packed with information and TAP-type trivia. Send SAE for details to Nev Williams, 28, Millbrook Street, Plasmarl, Swansea, SA6 8JY.

ANGRY not only covers the 'prog rock' scene with better-than-average understanding and some exclusive interviews, but offers a forum for "moral, political and philosophical" discussion. Send £1 (inc p+p) for the latest copy to Mark Oswin, 103, Church Lane, Backwell, Bristol.

Tomorrow's superstars featured exclusively in SOWING SEEDS magazine. Issue 6 includes Danielle Dax, the Hypnotics, Godfathers, Pop Will Eat Itself and a free Loop flexi. Send £1 to Paul May, The Groovy Top Flat, 23, Malmesbury Road, South Woodford, London, E18 2NL.

Pothead Pixies everywhere can contact THE GONG APPRECIATION SOCIETY via Rob Ayling, Ommadawn Hall, 15 Malvern Road, Dewsbury, West Yorkshire, WF12 7JX. You never blow your trip forever, kids!

TAP SMALLS



CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Ken Langford has now moved to: 3686 East Birch Avenue, Parker, Colorado 80134, USA. He would like to hear from any European readers who trade jazz and fusion tapes.

We have three spare copies of the 'Learning to Fly' CD single for £5 each inc p+p (UK). Contact Andy for details.

WANTED: Photos, cuttings, live tapes, info - anything on Danielle Dax. Contact John Rich, 13, Edward Road, Arnos Vale, Bristol B54 5ET.

Andy would like to hear from anyone with an Amstrad PCW.

Bruno would like to hear from Sheila E.

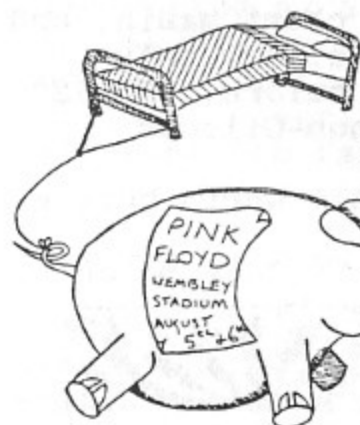
Dave would like to hear from Pat Benatar.

Sadly, we don't always get what we want in this life.

Sigh.

PINK FLOYD LIVE '88

Back when 'A Momentary Lapse of Reason' was first released, Gail McLean and Douglass MacDonald wrote to tell us just what they thought of the 'new' Pink Floyd. Nearly one year on, we sent both to the August 6 Wembley concert. Here are their reports...



... MUST THE SHOW GO ON ?

Finally, I've seen the pig: the one that I and many others thought we'd never see a couple of years ago when the papers were screaming headlines of 'Pink Floyd is dead... no more... kaput!'. The Wall shows, and then the film were accompanied by more silent whispers about Pink Floyd's swan-song, which I remember saddened me deeply at the time. As a then newish recruit to the Floyd camp, I had never seen the band live and if the rumours were true now I never would.

Then followed the solo tours and albums amidst more rumours of demise, more or less making the end a certainty, closely followed by Monsieur Waters dropping his departure bombshell, viz the court case, backbiting interviews, sacked managers and so on. But all was not lost - we had the 'Pros and Cons' tour, the 'About Face' tour, the superb 'KAOS on the Road' and the biggest surprise of all: the news that Messrs Gilmour, Mason and Wright had reformed the band, were releasing an album and were also to tour.

Next up we had a very furious Mr Waters trying to prevent the whole caboodle taking place... "Pink Floyd should be left as it was...", etc. At the time I thought that he was being a bit harsh - after all, nobody tried to prevent him doing the KAOS tour - but after having been to Wembley and sat through the 'Momentary Lapse' show I can now quite understand where he was coming from.

Wembley Stadium itself as usual was full of herds of beer-swilling Neanderthals; swearing, shoving and puking their way around the arena and making life in general hell for the other two-thirds of the punters who actually seemed to be on a genuine 'high'. I'm getting fed up with the fact that every time I go there I come back with a gobbed-on jacket and head full of beer shampoo - and that's just in the seats! One can only guess as to what wonders life down in the arena must hold! If only the boffins who are still trying to find the 'missing link' cared to attend any major rock concert at Wembley, they'd find enough study material there to keep them busy for years to come.

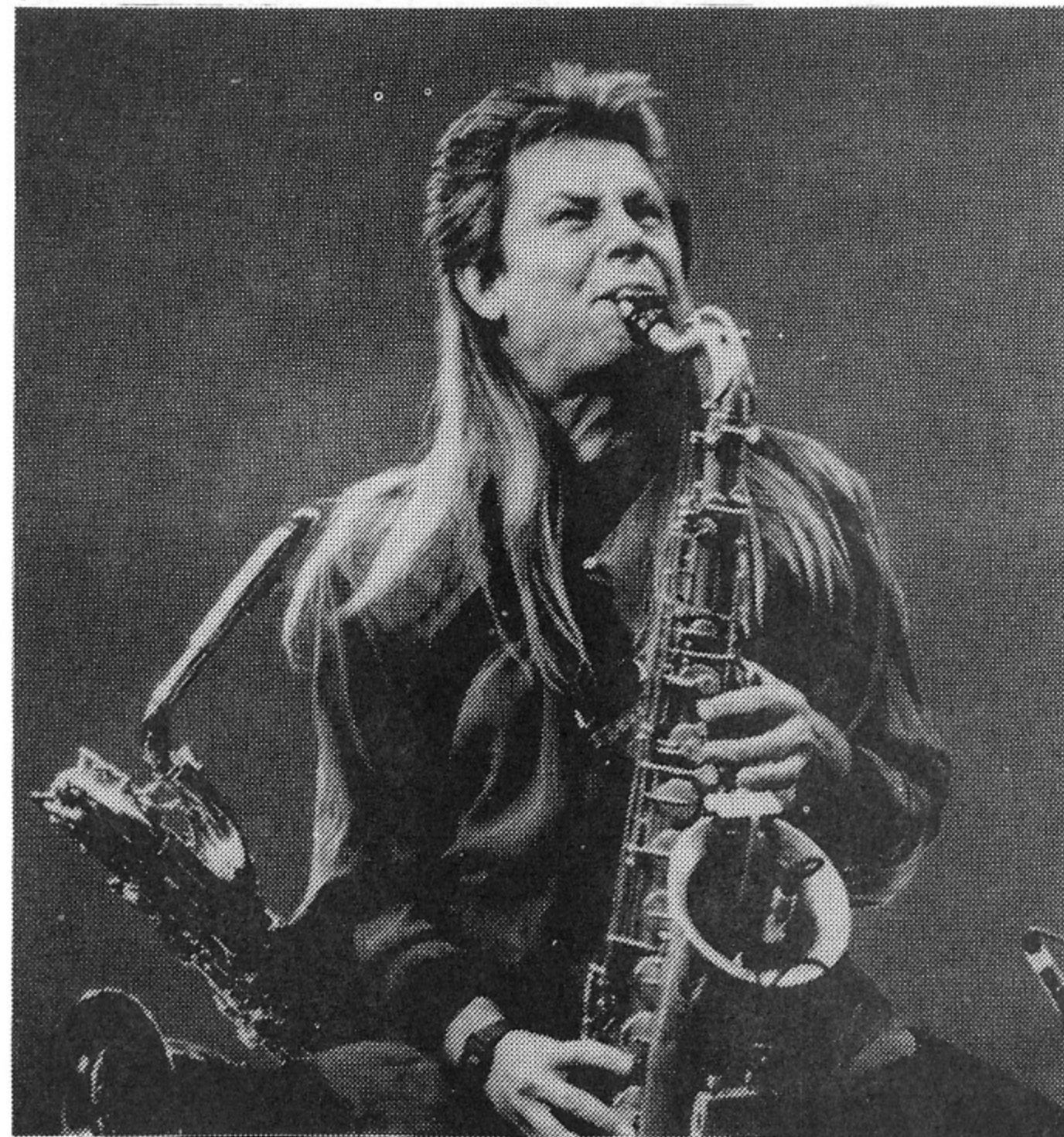
It also had to be one of the worst venues for the Floyd to put on a show like this. A lot of the visual effects of the first set were totally lost to the daylight. The short bursts of film which were apparently accompanying some of the songs were barely visible and the laser effects were also lost, which just left us with the music which was a comprehensive guide to the 'Lapse' album (Apart from the A New Machine/Terminal Frost suite, which was strangely omitted - Eds) plus a few 'old Floyds'.

There has been a lot of controversy with this record as to whether or not it sounds like a Pink Floyd album. The answer lies in its title 'A Momentary Lapse of Reason' because the album lacks any kind of reason at all. It doesn't really have a beginning or an end. There are nice tunes inbetween, but they don't seem to have much meaning either (in Floyd terms anyway). 'Learning to Fly' has got to be about the most bourgeois effort ever to be put

down on vinyl while 'Yet Another Movie' doesn't make sense at all and 'Dogs of War' is just totally out of sync with the rest of it. The whole album is incomprehensible and doesn't gell at all, so, no; it isn't a Pink Floyd record (as we know Pink Floyd records to be).

What it is, however, is a Dave Gilmour record, just as what we were treated to on Saturday night was more a case of 'The David Gilmour Road Show' than 'An Evening With Pink Floyd'.

I'm afraid that this band is no way up to Floyd standards, whoever they all are (and there's so many these days that it's hard to tell where the band stops and the audience starts). The whole musical score seemed to hang on Gilmour's guitar, which was extremely loud and resonant. Luckily enough for us (and him) he is a brilliant guitarist and carried the whole thing off without one fluffed note.



Scott Page: "I must be the only person in the world who'd never even heard 'Dark Side of the Moon'." (courtesy of Julie Angel)

As a saxophonist myself, I was totally dumbfounded at the way Scott Page showed almost no imagination with his tired-sounding

solos. There has always been a great scope in the Floyd's music wherein a solo can be used (especially live) to totally transform an original number into something more enigmatic and at times explosive - as Mel Collins has shown with the Bleeding Heart Band on, particularly, 'Welcome to the Machine'.

The little 'Rickettes' that we were treated to were a pleasure - that's when he wasn't busy spring-cleaning his keyboards.

And apparently the drummer was Nick Mason!

Overall, there was no precision, no direction and, above all, no presence... but then the person who used to be responsible for that side of it wasn't there and I'm afraid it showed through.

There were some moments of light relief when somebody's dirty washing went flying across the stadium. One can only presume that in the 'Who gets what props' debate, Mr W got to keep the plane and the effort we saw was something hastily put together after an afternoon's viewing of Blue Peter repeats. In the second set the bed came as no surprise - what was going to take place could be seen a good five minutes beforehand as the road crew frigg'd about all over the roof with it. And then we had Senor Pig (and wasn't he a BIG Senor) without whom no Pink Floyd show would be complete. I just thought that it was nice to see that at least someone in the band's got balls!

The second set, thank goodness, was much better than the first - the fact that darkness was descending meant we could now see the film and totally amazing laser show... 'Time', 'Run Like Hell' and the superb presentation of 'Comfortably Numb' were more like what I expected to see (and hear), and the accompanying fireworks display was a real treat. But, alas, just as things started to liven up, it was time to go home. I can't say that I was too sorry though, as the whole thing left me with a rather 'sinking feeling'. Apart from a couple of numbers, it was very loose musically, almost awkward, which left me feeling that DJ et al are relying a bit too much on the visual effects to make the show go off with a bang (sic).

It seemed very much a case of minimum input for maximum output - why else take a show like that to Wembley? Then again, why do five nights work at Earls Court or Wembley Arena when you can get it all over and done with for the same box-office in two nights at Wembley (you can draw your own conclusions here)?

On this showing it seemed that half of Pink Floyd was not better than no Pink Floyd at all. The Floyd uniqueness has gone. The same show under a different name would be more acceptable - the audience wouldn't be expecting 'total' Floyd and DJ and Co. wouldn't have such a big image to live up to. Dave is a very good musician in his own right as is Roger and their solo writing is quite distinctly different from that which they produced when working together within the nucleus of the Floyd.

Roger out on his own with the Bleeding Heart Band is certainly not Pink Floyd and Dave with his new band (even if it does include Rick Wright and Nick Mason, who rarely contributed to later Floyd albums and not at all to the new one, leaving little doubt that they are only there to make up the numbers) should also accept the fact that neither is he.

Pink Floyd past was a band with four members actively writing and creating their own unique style of music. The Pink Floyd of today is one member actively writing material with the help of a long list of outsiders, who are nothing whatsoever to do with the band. I don't see, therefore, how this can be said to be Pink Floyd.

This became even more apparent after Saturday's show and I for

one have to agree with the basis of what Roger says in so much as the 'New Floyd' is not the 'True Floyd' and therefore Pink Floyd as we knew it has now ceased to be.

That David wants to carry on making albums and touring is great but I think that he should take a leaf out of Roger's book and leave 'Pink Floyd - The Band' as it was and as we'd all like to remember it; right up there with all the other great bands - take another name for his band, follow the direction he now wishes to head in. Dave's two solo albums stand up very well in their own right. The songs show his own independent style being allowed to flow freely, something which is missing from the 'Lapse' album because they have so obviously been 'moulded' into Floydish-sounding ones.

The name of a group is one thing, but the actual 'presence' is something quite different. To roughly quote a line from 'The Wall' "I turned to look but it was gone... the dream is gone." Which is a very just argument in itself.

To me the concert represented a new Floyd trying desperately to live up to the old image and the strain showing through. The second set and the visual effects were quite stunning but musically the Bleeding Hearts have no competition.

Gail McLean.

ANY COLOUR YOU LIKE : CONTRASTS IN STYLE

Floyd at Wembley crystallized my thoughts that the Pink Floyd and Roger Waters debate really is all about some probably now wholly incompatible contrasts in style.

Look again at page 19 of TAP 32 and read Waters' anxieties about the "very drawn-out nature of the overture bits that go on and on and on and on... before there's a voice." There speaks a man who knows only too well where his priorities lie: let's cut short the best twelve minutes (his timing) of music Floyd ever achieved, and get on to some more anguished word-beating about Waters' private (or rather, public) neuroses. No thank you, Roger - my altruistic streak is very narrow indeed.

"Don't you try to ignore my vital message, mate," says Messiah Rog, "I'll show you my video." Cue some superbly photographed movies, viciously intercut in a surrealist's nightmare of war, poverty, starvation, rage and politics. Meanwhile the music degenerates, sounding ever-fainter behind the Wall until it vanishes into the nullity of KAOS.

Waters at Wembley Arena had one really big (small) advantage: a reasonable-sized indoor venue. It had other good things too, of course: a medley of Floyd classics - Waters classics, if you like - and the unsurpassable highspot of the year; the lump-in-the-throat 'Arnold Layne' film. And it had the personal magnetism of Waters himself, as well as his skill in building a program rather than just a succession of items. Pink Floyd could have played their sets in virtually any order, without any effect on the overall impression.

But Waters paced and built the evening superbly... until it collapsed in ruins with that dreadful failure of an 'anthem' with yet more miserable wailings persuading me the tide is emphatically NOT turning.

Waters' tragedy seems to be that he wants to change the world, but is either written-out or too perverse to use the magical weapon he once had. So, instead of the marvellous music we used to get, he harangues us with these miserable verbal diatribes.

Gilmour, by contrast, interviewed in late July, said his

ambition had been to be a musician - and that was still what he wanted to stay.

An ambition stupendously demonstrated in the capacity-crowded excitement of Wembley Stadium; despite the awful venue, with daylight still pouring in the open top and making nonsense of the videos during the opening set. Not that it mattered - from what I could discern, we weren't missing anything except a few ratty canines in 'Dogs of War' and some old home movies from the Mason/Gilmour amateur aviator show.

It mattered not at all, because the music was the thing - and sounding better than anything I've heard in the open-air. No, of course it wasn't a patch on 'The Wall' at Earls Court, but for out-doors it was tremendous. The weight and solidity of the sound at the peaks, the furry guttiness of the saxophone, the surround-sound special effects that worked very well from where I sat, and the soaring Gilmour guitar. It was very exciting, very beautiful and oddly affecting - the emotional 'catch' as Waters' despised 'overture bits' crept into the expectancy was only one of several times I found myself with unexpectedly tear-filled eyes.

So, OK, what I later discovered was Icarus looked to me like a demented dishcloth on an aerial rampage (Mabbett says it worked very well in the dark at Versailles). And the flying bed wasn't even technically slick, and seems pretty silly even if it had been.

But we heard lots of really great music off 'A Momentary Lapse', which shows quite clearly that good Pink Floyd music does not depend on Waters writing it. Waters is just a composer, now, so far as Floyd is concerned - and nobody ever complains that Sinatra is "still singing Cole Porter instead of writing all his own material". Why does the Waters camp keep trying to pretend there is something somehow dishonourable about playing music unless you actually wrote it?

There was none of that nonsense about message and concepts at Wembley. And if you were close enough to see them, I expect the trio of dancing girls was quite fun as well. The programme said they were doing backing vocals, and for all I know they could have been singing away like crazy, but little or none of it got to my ears. I wonder whether this was just a rare technical miscalculation by the sound mixer, or whether it accurately reflected Floyd's - and my - views on the value of backing vocals?

Here, at least, Waters was way out in front. He had Clare Torry, properly balanced, to demonstrate why she is still the unmatched queen of session singers. It's just a pity that he no longer writes anything worthy of that kind of talent.

After 'Momentary Lapse', Floyd broke for a 10-minute tea-break during which Mason's auntie apparently ran off with the old home movies, so the big screen wasn't wasted on any more "meaningful" images. Instead it became genuinely a visual complement to the music - a succession of Floyd classics including a 'Welcome' that far outstripped Waters' 'Machine', and a tremendous, extended, re-working of 'Money'.

What overwhelmed me was how the show had been so supremely engineered to fit the scale of the venue. Whereas Queen, for example, looked puny in that vast slum, despite the size of their show; Pink Floyd had a much smaller stage, that erupted right across the stadium. Those waves of rippling green laser that washed out over the pitch (I saw it from slightly above, and it worked marvellously - I gather the effect was much less if seen from underneath). The dazzling fantasia of dancing lights that accompanied The Pig cavorting across the sky (I've no idea what he

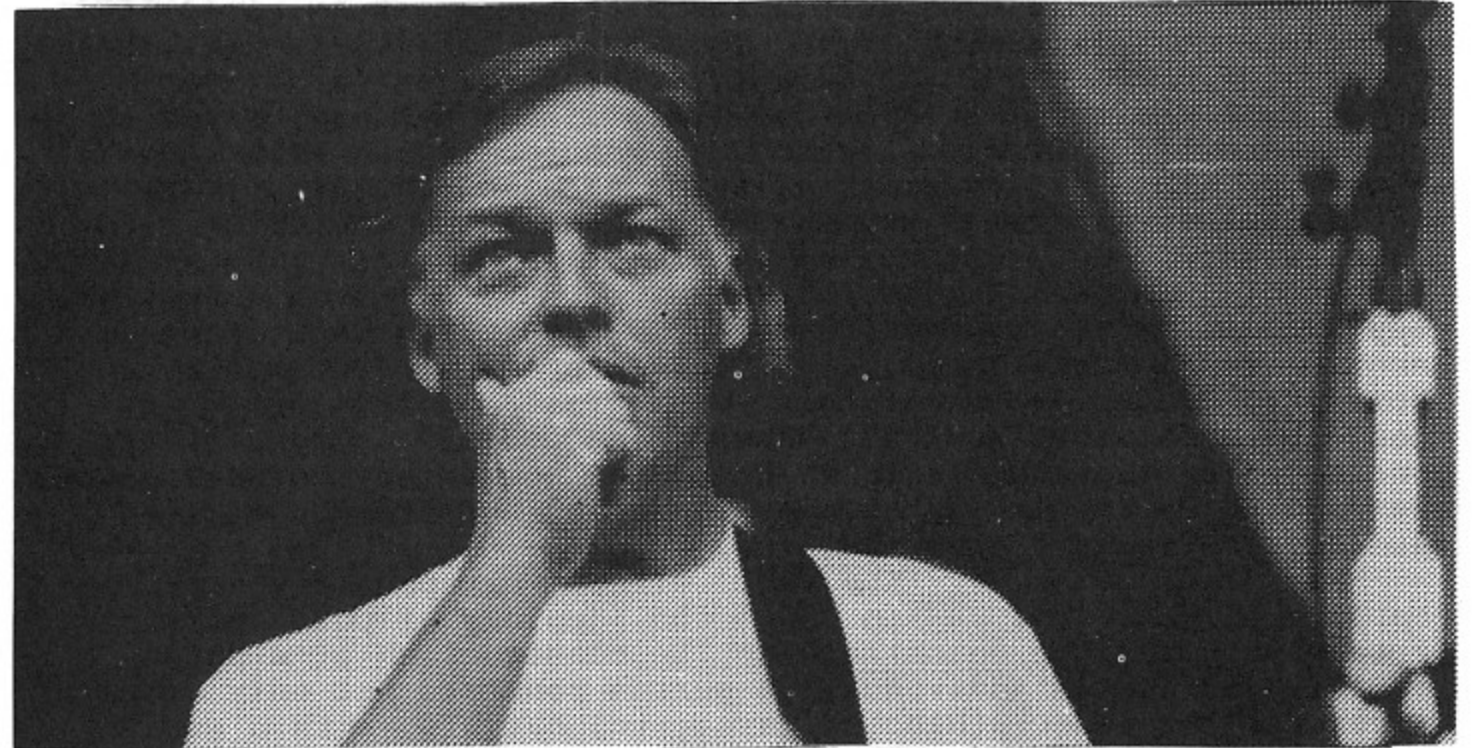
was doing there, but everyone reckoned he was the guest of honour, and he certainly put on a show to remember). Those wonderfully choreographed manoeuvres from the droids, endlessly gliding and intertwining like the computer-docking spaceships in '2001'. And the dumbfounding splendour of the mirror-ball that combined with a stunning, monumental 'Comfortably Numb'.

I've never encountered anything remotely to rival the combined audiovisual spectacle - and frankly I don't think anyone else has: the cries of "tacky" from the RW fanatics sound to me just like sour grapes.

It's actually rather ironic that Waters now claims many of Floyd's visual effects were his invention, because the effects in 'Pros and Cons' and 'KAOS' were depressingly literal and literary: that gab-mouthed bore Jim Ladd, the Sparky's Magic Piano jangling of the imbecilic Billy and his wretched newscaster display, those ghastly quadrophonic choirs, endless 'meaningful' newsreel juxtapositions of Reagan, Thatcher, napalm and schizophrenia.

Today's principal Floyd effects have far outgrown these teenage socialist obsessions, to the point where the visual inventiveness now matches the superlative music.

Seventy years ago, the brilliant Russian pianist Scriabin was composing gigantic scores for piano and orchestra accompanied by a "light organ" that would bathe the audience in visual sensations



"I have become Comfortably... er..." (Photo courtesy of Julie Angel) as all-embracing as the music - and ultimately add tastes and fragrances to further heighten the thrill of the experience. I guess he'd have been as bowled over by Pink Floyd as I was and 74, 957 other people were on that Saturday night. The other 42 are welcome to their next dose of death before death from their burnt-out hero. Myself, I shall continue to honour the Waters of old, and hope that one day he'll recover the form that helped to create the legend of Pink Floyd.

Meanwhile, I'm grateful I went to Wembley, against all my instinctive revulsion from stadium rock, and thankful for one of the great experiences of my life: Pink Floyd live in 1988.

Douglass MacDonald.



... THAT IS
REALLY
WHAT I
THINK



P. Hamilton's 'Which One's Pink?' (TAP 32) was a curious amalgam of perceptive observations, secondhand journalism and intemperate naivety; all qualities which made it an entertaining contribution. My purpose here is to discuss some negative aspects of the piece.

Here was an article which, having accused Waters of "Dallas-style mean-mindedness", went on to employ the kind of caustic put-

downs which pass for wit in the music-press majors.

DANGEROUS WATERS. The style is one where even

praise must be laced with poison (note the cheap shots at 'AMOR' and Gilmour's writing ability). This is the territory where the established performer is invariably shit, the fans (a term of abuse) dumb and the critic a super-intelligent analyst of music, society and the universe - the reader who identifies with the writer can share the smugness of being so bloody superior. It is precisely this kind of posturing which appeals to the sixth-form mentality.

What is 'The Wall' about? According to P. Hamilton Waters was responsible for the production of an LP about "... rock stars becoming fascist dictators...". Other listeners, deafened by their prejudices, apparently hear a manifesto setting out what should be done with "queers", "Jews", and "coons". Maybe it is considered pretentious to look for social commentary in rock music these days; certainly any attempt to attach and expound a given ideology is flagrant sneer-baiting.

Nonetheless, for me, 'The Wall' effectively provides a popular representation of the way in which the ideology of post-imprial Britain produces the potential for the construction of a pathologically alienated individual: a person consumed not only with hatred of "the other" (blacks, gays, etc) but also with a subconscious self-loathing. The essential message is **TEAR DOWN THE WALL** (ie. the barriers of fear and neurosis). Yes, of course it can be enjoyed on a purely musical level - there are many interpretations, but surely none so hideously distorted as those of the "he really means this" nature; and none so crass as the inoffensive but rather deliberately literal one made by P. Hamilton.

We are informed that Bowie "... did it half-a-decade before Floyd..." (ie. made a record about rockstars becoming fascist dictators) and that he (presumably a plus point this), "thought he was one in real life." Oh dear. This statement suggests a degree of gullibility. Bowie is the ultimate conman and self-publicist, slipping from one guise to another as the commercial (and artistic) possibilities of each persona are exhausted. Far from being susceptible to any form of delusion, the creator of Ziggy, Aladdin Sane and the Thin White Duke is as safe as (albeit a good deal more talented than) Alvin Stardust.

There is reference to Waters' "vocalising", a term used because he "cannot sing in any accepted sense...". What about in the generally accepted rock sense? True, Waters does not sing in the same technical way expected of Jessye Norman, Pavarotti or Aled Jones. Neither did Ian Curtis, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin or John Lennon. Neither do Joe Cocker, Leonard Cohen, Bob Dylan, David Gilmour, Mick Jagger, Van Morrison, Bruce Springsteen, Neil Young, etc. Neither (even) do Bono, David Coverdale or Joni Mitchell. Rock music is an entirely different genre to opera, or even to popular light music (eg. the Kings Singers); "vocalising" is wholly appropriate and anybody "singing" would sound like a total prat. Waters does have his limitations even as a rock vocalist (if we are going to be pedantic), but he generally recognises them and keeps within his range.

'The Final Cut' is dismissed as an "execrable abomination". One wonders what words would have to be used to describe the less-inspired occupants of the singles charts. It would be tedious to discuss the rhymes/dynamics/song-structuring of the record in this context. People will make up their own minds but no reasonable judge would dismiss 'The Final Cut' with the kind of infantile contempt shown by P. Hamilton.

P. Hamilton hopes (very fashionable this) that Floyd will go on to use "African, South American and folk music like their contemporaries Paul Simon, Talking Heads and Sting". This would be a disaster for Gilmour. Floyd have a hugely successful formula - the artistic limits of which have not yet been exhausted. They have never chased trends and never should. What Floyd fans want from Floyd is Floyd and what they want from Waters is more Floyd. The other stuff can be obtained from elsewhere.

I too do not subscribe to the idea that Waters is God, but I do think that his best work stands comparison with anything which has emanated from rock/popular music. 'The Wall', far from being "one of the worst Floyd LP's", is arguably their finest achievement, and most of the credit for that belongs to Waters.

A public venting of the spleen can often be fun, but if the stated aim is to redress an imbalance, then a sense of proportion is called for.

Roy Fisher.



MERCHANDISE

Several of you have written to ask if it is possible to obtain Pink Floyd merchandise from the recent UK dates. We are currently looking into this and will bring you details, if we have any, in TAP 34.

ARTICLE

Roger Waters
exposes the secrets
of rock 'n' roll's
most self-destructive
supergroup,

PINK FLOYD

"Is there anything more sad and unjust than a fake?" frets radically flustered British rock legend Roger Waters, seated in his Spartan loft offices in London. His fervid question fairly scars the afternoon air with its savagery. "Can you imagine the disappointment in learning you'd spent your savings on a false Magritte or a fraudulent John Lennon manuscript? Not to mention the spiritual trust and emotion people invest in the symbolic power of any name."

Indeed, Waters allows, in many ancient cultures names were sacred things that could never be changed, transferred, or falsely assumed. To tamper with a name, much less manipulate it in the marketplace, was to desecrate the spiritual force it contained. It was like spitting on the soul.

"And it was the struggle against these kinds of attitudes," adds the wiry Waters, his square jaw stiffening, "that helped John Lennon create the sense of artistic decency that I like to call 'the Lennon Instinct.'"

The fight that Waters is discussing is closer to home than any cunning exploitation of the far-flung Beatles legacy, but the stakes are still plenty high. Indeed, one of the biggest and most bitter battles in the annals of the billion-dollar rock business concerns the much-coveted legal custody of a quirky musical trademark: Pink Floyd.

In the beginning were the words, and the words were the Pink Floyd Sound. Derived from the first names of two obscure Georgia bluesmen (Pink Anderson and Floyd Council), the term was applied in 1965 to a certain experimental British rock band; and over the course of two decades it has become synonymous with a magnetic, edgy music in which its pervasive chilling mood is the star.

The man at the center of the ugly contest for control of this potent rock presence is songwriter Roger Waters, a lyricist *extraordinaire* whose spiky meditations on death, madness, and apocalypse were pivotal in leading an obscure British psychedelic

BY TIMOTHY WHITE

group to the pinnacle of commercial preeminence in progressive rock. In particular, Waters wrote all the words and the better part of the music for Pink Floyd's 1973 album, *The Dark Side of the Moon*. One of the most successful records of all time, the hypnotic *Dark Side* has lingered for a staggering 725 weeks on *Billboard's* pop charts; yet its spooky cover image of a prismatic pyramid is the closest its faceless creators have ever come to iconic stardom.

Waters's legendarily fertile imagination yielded another phenomenal blockbuster in 1979, the epic autobiographical ode to postwar alienation, *The Wall*—and under his leadership the band would ultimately move more than 55 million albums. But the focus



of fans' adulation remained the anonymous banner of "Pink Floyd."

The Floyd broke up in 1983—notwithstanding all flamboyant appearances to the contrary—and now Waters and longtime Floyd lead guitarist-vocalist Dave Gilmour are locked in a fight over rights to the name. Waters wants "the reigning trade-embler of rock" to be permanently retired, pleading, "Let's be fair to our public, for pity's sake, and admit the group disintegrated long ago!"

Gilmour vehemently rejects such notions, raging, "I've been working on my career with Pink Floyd for 20 years—since 1968. I'm 44 now, too old to start all over

again at this stage of my career, and I don't see any reason why I should. Pink Floyd is not some sacred or hallowed thing that never made bad or boring records in the past. And I'm not destroying anything by trying to carry on!"

Actually, these pitched acrimonies evolved out of a 1985 management rift, in which Waters ended his representation by veteran Floyd manager Steve O'Rourke. Their falling-out was over contractual agreements for future Floyd output—a matter Waters deemed moot since the band was, to his mind, defunct. When O'Rourke bridled, calling his termination by Waters a violation of his own formal agreements with, and responsibilities toward, the entity known as Pink Floyd, Roger sought support from former band members Gilmour and drummer Nick Mason. (Roger even rashly proposed to cede the band's rights to Pink Floyd if they'd close ranks against O'Rourke's claims; neither Gilmour or Mason accepted Waters's never-to-be-repeated offer.)

As Waters tells it, when he calmed down and took the long view on both the deepening breach with O'Rourke and his estrangement from Gilmour, Mason, and Floyd orphan Rick Wright (who Roger says was fired by mutual consent of the rest in 1980), he decided the sanest course of action was a writ to nullify the name Pink Floyd.

In 1986, on Halloween, Roger Waters filed suit in London against Gilmour and Mason. Last year, the dispute spilled out of the offices of the principals' attorneys and onto the world's concert stages. Roger Waters mounted a massive tour in support of *Radio K.A.O.S.*, his second solo LP, while Gilmour, Mason, and Wright performed the *A Momentary Lapse of Reason* LP under the Pink Floyd flag.

Waters's record drew wildly mixed reviews and sold modestly; yet his much-praised *K.A.O.S.* concert pageant, while pitted against the rising tide of pseudo-Floyd promotion, slowly prospered to where Waters could sell out solo shows in England's gigantic Wembley Arena on two consecutive nights. Meanwhile, the product of Gilmour's Floyd facsimile drew similarly mixed notices but triumphed in record stores, sparking a hefty three million purchases in the U.S. alone; and the lasers- and props-packed *Lapse of Reason* dates proved a steady sellout internationally.

On both tours, crowds were treated to the bountifully foreboding sweep of the Pink Floyd aesthetic. Hits and FM favor-

ites like "Welcome to the Machine," "Money," and "Another Brick in the Wall" were lavished on all comers—but it was only during the *Radio K.A.O.S.* concerts that noted Los Angeles deejay Jim Ladd (performing as the voice of the mythical KAOS station) deigned to declare, "Words and music by Roger Waters!"

While Waters's authorship of the best of the Pink Floyd repertoire was plain from the start, it was opponent Dave Gilmour who won the crucial first round at the box office. While savoring the bounty from *A Momentary Lapse of Reason*, Dave permitted himself a bit of boasting last November in the pages of *Rolling Stone*: "We never sat down at any point during this record and said, 'It doesn't sound Floyd enough. Make this more Floyd.' We just worked on the songs until they sounded right. When they sounded great and right, that's when it became Pink Floyd."

Roger Waters read that "arrogant soliloquy" down in Nassau's Compass Point Studios last spring while at work with Paul "Don't Shed a Tear" Carrack and the Bleeding Heart Band on the then untitled follow-up to *Radio K.A.O.S.*

For Roger, Gilmour's assertion was the last straw. "That's an outright lie, absolute and barefaced," he seethed, slamming the magazine down, "and someday the world will know the depth of this entire hoax!"

Waters saw Gilmour's quote in *Rolling Stone* as the rock equivalent of the contragrate crew and their droll demurrals concerning official misconduct, despite a damning paper trail to the contrary. The Gilmour statement emboldened Waters to come forth for the first time with details of what he sees as the behind-the-scenes disloyalties and double-dealings that gave rise to *A Momentary Lapse of Reason*. "I must say," Waters quips, "that under the circumstances, it's a superb title for a so-called Pink Floyd record."

Granted, anyone can say anything in the press to justify his position to Pink Floyd's legion of rabid fans. However, the intrigues that emerge from six months of independent inquiry into this epic test of rock 'n' roll wills differ shockingly from all previous accounts.

What emerges is a saga of greed, cynicism, and misrepresentation in the modern music business. Over the last 20 years, rock has grown from the simple expression of a spirited singer and his song into a gigantic entertainment juggernaut in which even the most splendid displays of "talent" and "vision" can be of synthetic origin. Thanks to the convolutions of current recording technology, a musician needn't play, a band needn't assemble, an artistic bond needn't exist. A songwriter-producer can adopt the focused traits of an assembly-line foreman as he brings the illusion of a supergroup and its latest album into being. This is the story of a massive controversy, centered on the marketing of two seemingly foolish words: Pink Floyd.

"You learn nothing from a lie," says Roger Waters, stretched out in the Billiard Room, a home studio that has supplanted the game room of his spacious house in Barnes, West London. It's been a troubled six months since our initial Pink

Floyd-related talk, and the sinewy Waters looks distinctly world-weary. "Even as you discover a deliberate untruth, it always only confirms what you already knew but refused to face."

This blunt observation is at the core of Roger Waters's outlook as a composer, since un sentimental confrontations with delusion form the fundamental themes of his work. Like many old-guard rock practitioners, Waters values the unconditional openness of the best rock as a public expression of a personal truth. Naysayers claim that rock no longer requires any creed or substance beyond the brazen announcement of itself.

"In Aldous Huxley's book *Brave New World*," mutters Waters, nursing a cup of strong tea, "he warned about every human being conditioned to accept his lot so that the bosses arrive at a nice smooth situation where nobody questions anything and everything is supposedly 'taken care of.' This is the deluded scenario I put forth in *Radio K.A.O.S.*—which was my doomsday-bound vision of a 'soap-operatic republic' in which nobody gives a shit if, for instance, Oliver North did the right thing or was wrong, or what effect it had on anything else. All that many

Pink Floyd is not some sacred thing that never made boring records in the past. And I'm not destroying anything by trying to carry on!

viewers still care about concerning the indicted Mr. North is whether he gave a good, solid John Wayne television performance. And because North's airtime suddenly became entwined with the American networks' sickening concept of what constitutes great television, it was literally excused!

"What it comes down to for me is: Will the technologies of communication and culture—and especially popular music, which is a vast and beloved enterprise—help us to understand one another better, or will they deceive us and keep us apart? While there's still time, we all have to answer for ourselves. But neither Huxley nor Meese nor Ollie North could have prepared me for the creative, technological, and moral issues I'm facing with the Pink Floyd sham—a grand display that's also being excused in public because it makes for great arena rock.

"Naturally," he chuckles, showing a handsome, seldom seen grin that merits more exposure, "all of this solemn contemplation is turning up in my music. *Radio K.A.O.S.* was hopefully universal in its pained concern, but my new album's themes involve anguish in my very own backyard."

Indeed, one day last winter, as the per-

sonnel calling themselves Pink Floyd were moving across the map from San Diego to Sydney in fierce pursuit of ticket sales, a pensive Roger Waters went to the Billiard Room and began writing stanzas for what became a song for his new album:

*We watched the tragedy unfold
We did as we were told
We bought and sold
It was the greatest show on earth
But then it was over*

*We oohed and aahed
We drove our racing cars
We ate our last jars of caviar
And somewhere out there in the stars
A keen-eyed lookout spied a flickering star
Our last hurrah
(©1988 Roger Waters. All rights reserved)*

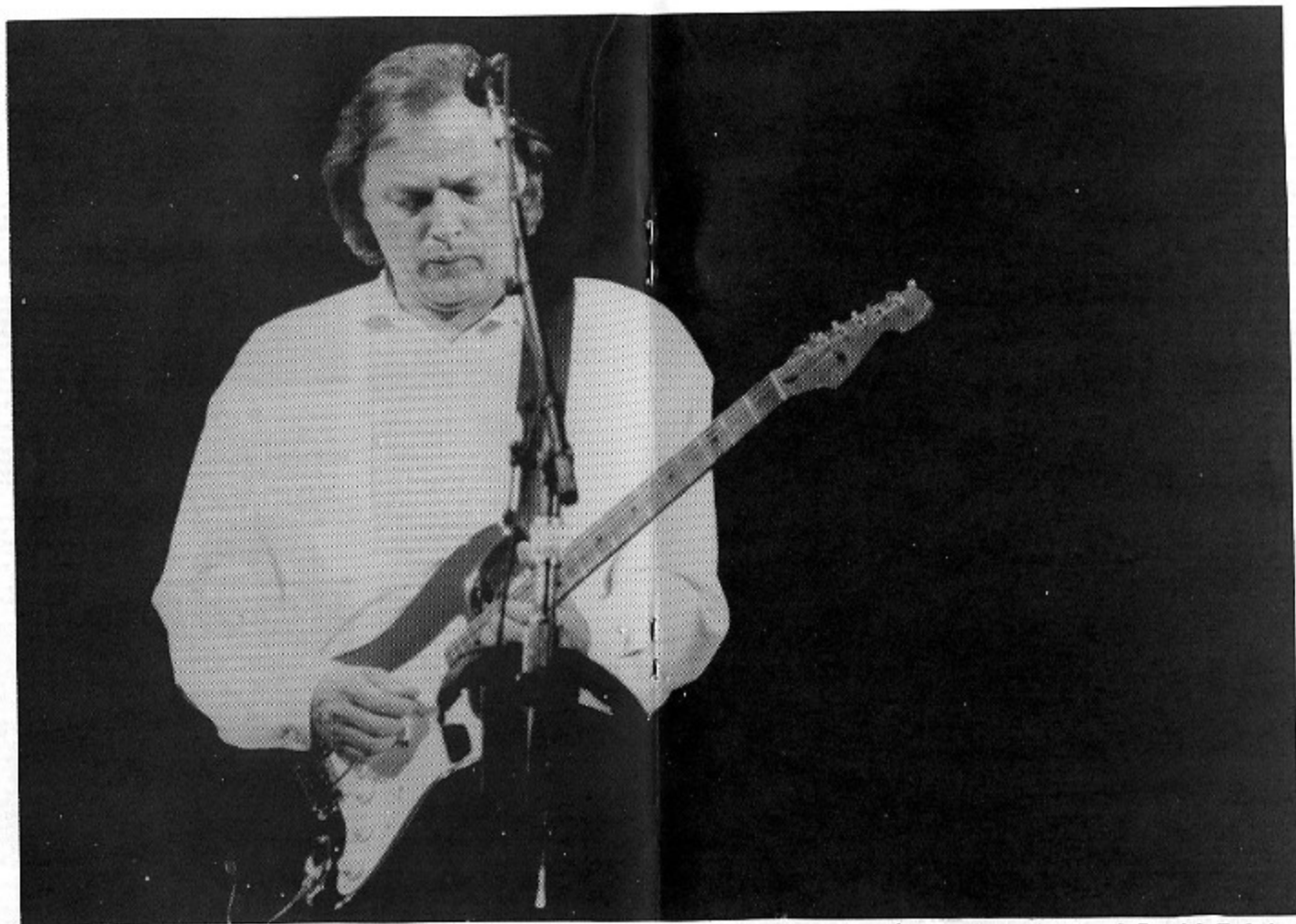
Waters gradually realized the two verses were a requiem for the fragile integrity of the Pink Floyd reign. And yes, tens of thousands of spectators were at that moment crowding arenas to hear a band calling itself Pink Floyd. Yet the most devout fans surely were aware that the whole presentation could not be further in fact or intent from the aims of the idealistic school chums who forged the Pink Floyd Sound.

When a title for his bittersweet new song eventually occurred to Roger Waters, it also seemed an apt name for both his latest solo album and the tragic creative destiny that it summarized. "I didn't know what else to call it," he shrugs, "but *Amused to Death*."

Among ultra-hard-core Pink Floyd zealots, the period of mourning for the band commenced way back in 1968, when another Roger—Roger Keith "Syd" Barrett—was booted from the psychedelic act he'd named. A fellow student of Waters's at Cambridge High School for Boys, Syd Barrett was invited by Roger in late 1965 to join a combo he'd formed with two other architecture majors (Nick Mason, Rick Wright) at London's Regent Street Polytechnic. Spewing barrages of feedback-cum-Chuck Berry chords during Sunday-afternoon "Spontaneous Underground" sessions at the fabled Marquee Club, Pink Floyd quickly became the vanguard experimental outfit on the London underground scene.

Unfortunately, young Syd too quickly became high-priest-without-portfolio of a surreal strain of hallucinogen-fueled-rock songcraft, whose halcyon era was as hazy as his own cerebrum. While still sufficiently grounded in January of 1967 to author Pink Floyd's first British hit, "Arnold Layne," Barrett soon tired of the rigors of reality. He was halfway to the laughing house when *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn*, the debut Floyd LP, emerged from Abbey Road Studios in August 1967.

Cambridge High School alumnus Dave Gilmour, fresh from gigs as a male model in France, was brought on board in February 1968, to serve as backup guitarist and vocalist for the dangerously balmy Barrett. When too many visits to the pop-star pharmacy paved the way for Syd's



DAVID GILMOUR: Stratomaster captured live

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(photo courtesy of David Tulsy)

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inevitable on-tour mental collapse, Gilmour got the nod as new guitar hero. Waters, Gilmour, and Rick Wright went on to assist Barrett in two loopy solo LPs (*The Madcap Laughs*; *Barrett*), and then Syd retired to his mum's house to preserve his premier rank as acid-fried rock savant.

With Gilmour the appointed front man, Waters gripped Floyd's artistic reins and steered them into years of exotic progressive-rock reveries. The electronics-drenched albums had titles like *A Saucerful of Secrets*; *Ummagumma*; *Atom Heart Mother*; *Meddle*. And the spacey songs followed suit: "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun," "Astronomie Domine." The band also provided sound-track scores for a few of the more outré late sixties-early seventies art movies, notably *More* and Michelangelo Antonioni's daffily desolate *Zabriskie Point* (1970), in which the Floyd song "Careful With That Axe, Eugene" soared over the closing sequence of desert explosions.

The Pink Floyd stage productions of the era were the forerunners of the modern rock extravaganza, featuring elaborate special effects and one of rock's inaugural light shows, plus protracted instrumental suites served up via a remarkable 360-degree sound system called the Azimuth Coordinator. At one U.K. concert, a 50-foot inflatable octopus rose from an adjacent pond during a climactic number, the Floyd playing so loudly the decibel level actually decimated the real aquatic life in the water.

For all its bizarre overkill, the Floyd had no impact on the American market until 1972's relatively subdued *Obscured by Clouds* was embraced by FM radio. From there it was a short step to a commercial blast-off courtesy *The Dark Side of the Moon*, with its immaculate instrumentation, ominous phonic mumbles, and jarring sound effects (ticking clocks, ringing cash registers). Each band member contributed something to the mix of *Dark Side*, but lyrically, musically, and conceptually it was Roger Waters's coming-out party. While the rest of the group basked in the glow of their abrupt mass acceptance, Waters busily exorcised his ingrained demons, expounding throughout *Wish You Were Here* (1975, dedicated to Syd Barrett), *Animals* (1977), *The Wall* (1979), and *The Final Cut* (1983), on gloomy human themes rooted in grief for his airman father's World War II death.

"My father was a schoolteacher before the war," Waters explains evenly. "He taught physical education and religious instruction, strangely enough. He was a deeply committed Christian who was killed when I was three months old. A wrenching waste. I concede that awful loss has colored much of my writing and my worldview."

It has also shaped Waters's intense sense of protectiveness toward Pink Floyd's recording heritage, since it encompasses major developmental horrors in his life—whether they involved coping

with the death of the dad he never knew, or witnessing the psychic dissolution of adolescent companion Syd Barrett.

"Syd and I went through our most formative teen years together," Waters shyly admits, "riding on my motorbike, getting drunk, doing a little dope, flirting with girls, all that basic stuff. I still consider Syd a great primary inspiration; there was a wonderful human tenderness to all his unique musical flights."

From his alternately slack and hyper-tense body language to the crackling clarity of his discourse, Roger Waters, 44, is the epitome of the overly bright man for whom intellect, self-awareness, and social conscience are a decidedly mixed blessing. The hardness of his chiseled visage and flinty gaze are leavened, however, by the disarming vulnerability of his nature.

"There's something to be said for disastrous business miscalculation and failure in the marketplace," he says with a hapless chuckle. "They send you back home to ponder your value systems, and at the same time they reward you with a

“That's an outright lie,” seethed Roger Waters, slamming the magazine down. “And someday the world will know the depth of this entire hoax!”

new freedom to follow your creative heart without worrying about commercial tyrannies.

"I've also discovered that the law is not interested in moral issues so much as the cold factors of ownership, treating the name Pink Floyd as if it were McDonald's or Boeing! On a personal level, I have nothing against Dave Gilmour furthering his own goals. It's just the idea of Dave's solo career masquerading as Pink Floyd that offends me!"

Gilmour is the polar opposite of his adversary in both appearance and opinion. Round-faced, smiling, with a teddy-bear torso, he projects amicability and approachability—until his darting eyes sense weakness in their vicinity. At which point, the smile turns to a fixed leer and a fabled sarcasm spills forth.

"I don't share Roger's sense of angst about music and the world," he banters scornfully, speaking at dusk in a Providence, Rhode Island, hotel room shortly before another concert stand. "If I did, maybe we would have come to an agreement on our dispute. While Roger's acted dumbly and isolated himself, I've discovered new strength with the extra work load I've had to put on myself in this last year. But like him, I did several solo LPs myself and made no demands on anyone when I did. Granted, I did less work with Pink Floyd back in the old days, but that was

something Roger was forcing. And now," Gilmour adds with glee, "the poor chap has lost his whip hand!"

Perhaps. But David Gilmour is singing a vastly different tune than he did back when his solo future seemed brighter.

"Roger comes up with the concepts—he's the preacher of the group and spends more time home writing with Pink Floyd in mind," a breezy Gilmour told *Rolling Stone* in 1978, as his *David Gilmour* album was being issued. "We get along fine. I know what I give to our sound, and he knows it, too. It's not a question of him forcing his ideas on us. I get my ideas across as much as I want to. They would use more of my music if I wrote it."

Gilmour took an aggressive stab at writing his own music for his *David Gilmour* and 1984 *About Face* collections, but it appears that only Pink Floyd cultists bought them. It was after his second solo album that he began to press the Pink ploy.

"From there, the story takes a sordid turn," says Waters, "and after long thought on this mess and the mountain of falsehoods that this scheming bunch has created, I'm now going to divulge the cold, hard, indisputable facts. Please do feel free to go back to any of the parties mentioned about their side of the story. I think you'll stop them dead in their sneaky tracks."

The first bombshell Waters drops is that Bob Ezrin, who served as coproducer on *The Wall* as well as *A Momentary Lapse of Reason*, was originally supposed to produce *Radio K.A.O.S.*

"That's right," Waters says with a grim nod. "We met in New York City in February of 1986. This was after Gilmour had been spouting for a year about how wise it would be to get Pink Floyd back together in any passable form—with me always refusing that scam."

"So I see Ezrin for a two-day meeting and give him cassettes of the K.A.O.S. material I'm working on. He said he was interested in doing the record. We shook on the K.A.O.S. agreement, and we agreed to start work in England on April 16 of 1986."

Come early April, Waters found it impossible to contact Bob Ezrin.

"I couldn't reach him," says Waters. "Then, exactly ten days before my first scheduled K.A.O.S. session in England, I manage to catch him at home in the wee hours of morning. He picks up the phone, is startled to find it's me on the other end, and he blurts out, 'My wife says she'll divorce me if I go to work in England!' I was stunned. I said, 'Couldn't you have told me that three months ago?'"

"I'm in a state of shock, and the minute I put the phone down after the conversation, my wife Carolyn says to me, 'I'll bet he's going to do that pseudo-Pink Floyd record David wants.' All I could reply was, 'I can't believe he'd do that.'"

"I discovered exactly one week later," Waters says, "that he had indeed been hired to do a Pink Floyd record."

After having Waters's detailed accusations read to him, Bob Ezrin replies, "I was in Los Angeles in the midst of a Rod Stewart album when Roger called from London in February of '86, and I set two days aside at Roger's insistence and we

met each other halfway, both of us flying to New York to talk about K.A.O.S. At the time I met with Roger, I said I wanted to do the album, but I had an instinctive sense that he was being too rigid and intense in his attitudes about the project. And believe me, I know how rigid Roger can get from doing *The Wall* with him."

"See, Roger was completely inflexible about when and where he wanted to do K.A.O.S. I have five kids, and he was wanting to move my whole family to England for a minimum of three months. My wife was against it because she felt it would disrupt our children's school schedule. And so after I thought it through, I exercised my right as a potential employee of Roger's to decline."

"It was a full month afterward," Ezrin proclaims, "that I was approached by Dave Gilmour about producing a Pink Floyd project. I hadn't been in touch with Dave since producing his *About Face* solo album."

So why, after rejecting a three-month Waters-related stay in England for the good of his family, did Ezrin wind up spending almost seven months in London recording *A Momentary Lapse of Reason* with Gilmour?

There, a long pause. "Dave didn't demand things like Roger did," Ezrin finally replies. "While Roger was thinking only of his family's schedule, Dave was willing to work out a more flexible calendar plan that would accommodate the school schedules of both our sets of kids. Also, Dave flew to L.A. to hang out and play his work tapes—rather than insisting I go to him."

Ezrin's disclaimers sound peculiarly prissy coming from an itinerant veteran whose studio dance card has regularly included heavy-metal hell-raisers like Alice Cooper and Kiss. However, giving him the benefit of the doubt, we move on to the artistic integrity of *Lapse of Reason*. Roger Waters's outspoken ire, you'll recall, was triggered by Gilmour's assertion to *Rolling Stone* that "we never sat down at any point during this record and said, 'It doesn't sound Floyd enough. Make this more Floyd.'"

On the contrary, according to Waters, it was Bob Ezrin who rang just such an alarm at the halfway mark in the *Lapse* sessions.

"After four to five months of constant work with Gilmour and company," says Roger, "Bob spoke to Michael Kamen, who did orchestral arrangements on *The Wall* and also coproduced my first solo album, *The Pros and Cons of Hitchhiking*. Bob told him the tracks were 'an absolute disaster, with no words, no heart, no continuity.'" Michael Kamen, who had declined involvement at the start of the project, confirms Waters's account of the conversation with Ezrin.

"Ezrin was so depressed," says Waters, "he took a cassette copy of the tapes home to his house in Encino, where his teenage son Josh discovered it and played it with his friend. Both of the kids got angry, and Josh told Ezrin, 'Dad, it's not Pink Floyd!'"

"What happened next," says Waters, gathering steam, "was that Bob Ezrin, David Gilmour, and CBS Records executive Stephen Raibovsky had a confidential lunch meeting at Langan's Brasserie,

the famous London bistro in Hampton Court, in October or November of '86, wherein both Ezrin and Raibovsky told Gilmour, 'This music doesn't sound a fucking thing like Pink Floyd!' And according to what Dave told me, they had spent \$1.2 million on it!"

Back to Bob Ezrin. Is Roger Waters's account of this secret meeting correct? "Omigod!" gasps Ezrin in dismay. Then, in a quavering tone: "How Roger could have known that we all had that meeting is remarkable to me! Okay, fair enough; the point of the meeting was for me to tell David that what he had thus far was not up to Pink Floyd standards."

"Wait a minute, let me rephrase that: I said it was not up to our standard of a Pink Floyd project, and that we should start over again. And David was open and willing to do that."

"But the fact, amazingly, that Roger has become a detective to learn about that meeting says to me that this thing has become . . . er, it's gone too far past, er. . . It's not about the music anymore! It's about the simple 'making' of the *Lapse*

“The law is not interested in moral issues so much as the cold factors of ownership, treating the name Pink Floyd as if it were McDonald's or Boeing!” Waters told me.

of *Reason* record—as well as the fact that Roger's not on it."

Precisely. Roger Waters's most vociferous charge has always been that the intention on the part of Gilmour, Ezrin, et al., was never to create music that succeeded on its own terms, but instead, from the corporate estimation on down, to endeavor to fake the Pink Floyd Sound. Right?

Another uncomfortable pause. "Well," Ezrin murmurs, "I won't tell you that there weren't times when I didn't say to David, or David didn't say to me, 'This would be easier if Roger were here,' or 'Roger would know what to do,' or 'Roger could give us that flavor.' But both David and I knew that that would mean contending with the rigid, intense, obsessive, and artistic Roger—which we didn't want."

And which Roger had closed the door on, anyway.

"Er . . . yes. So we had no choice but to go our own route and start over—and we did."

Which brings us to the question of exactly whose fingerprints are on (and not on) the version of *A Momentary Lapse of Reason* that reached the marketplace. Scanning the fine print on the inside of the expensive gatefold album jacket, one discovers—in addition to Gilmour, Nick Mason, Rick Wright, and Bob Ezrin—a guest list of 15 noted session musicians.

No less than 18 more musicians and technical experts are acknowledged and thanked in the sub-fine print. And the songwriters tucked away on the record's label include, besides Gilmour and Ezrin, Messieurs Anthony Moore, Phil Manzanera, Jon Carin, and Pat Leonard.

This mysterious multitude is discreetly substituting for an act that last consisted of Waters, Mason, and Wright, with Roger doing the overwhelming majority of the songwriting. Does Dave Gilmour still presume to call this army of hired guns and mercenaries Pink Floyd?

"Listen," Gilmour fumes, "the band is bound to change! It must, regardless of the external or internal climate it faces. But Nick and Bob Ezrin and I ultimately sat down with the material and decided what worked and what didn't!"

Notice there is no mention by Gilmour of the fourth "member" of the unfathomable Pink Floyd, Rick Wright.

"That's because Rick Wright is merely on a wage on this entire Pink Floyd world tour," Waters explains. "Rick has been burnt out since September 1979, when Gilmour, Ezrin, and myself unanimously decided to fire him."

"Ezrin was the person to first call Rick during Rick's odd little vacation that fall to Greece—just as *The Wall* was being completed—and said, 'You're no longer pulling your weight.' And Rick told him, 'Fuck off!' It was then we all discussed the matter, and Gilmour said, 'Let's get rid of Nick Mason, too!' Eventually Rick did some *Wall* shows, but he only received a wage, and then in 1980 we fired him for good." (Gilmour corroborated these charges of Wright's failings and "severance" arrangement in a 1984 interview, in which he said of Wright, "He wasn't performing in any way for us; he certainly wasn't doing the job he was paid to do. On *The Wall* . . . Rick didn't play many keyboards.")

"On August 4 of '86," Waters says, "I had a meeting with Dave on the *Astoria*, his houseboat—recording studio that's anchored on the Thames, because we were still trying to settle our differences. Dave told me himself that he still had no respect for either Wright or Mason, but that they were useful to him. The man who was most useful, however, was Bob Ezrin, which is why Dave and Bob now each split three points right off the top from the gross retail sales of *Lapse*. The remaining 12 or so points are divided amongst a sea of other participants like Mason. As for poor Rick Wright, he's on a weekly salary of \$11,000. I know, because I've seen his contract with my own eyes."

"At least Rick knows it's just a payday. Nick Mason goes around acting like Pink Floyd might really be a functioning tour band. And once again, I invite and urge you to go to Wright and Mason and repeat all these charges."

Unfortunately, Wright and Mason refused all requests for interviews, which were repeatedly tendered through both the press offices of CBS Records (which also remains Roger Waters's label) and those of JLM Public Relations, Waters's own Manhattan representative.

If, as Waters alleges, the erstwhile personnel of Pink Floyd merely function as

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potted phantoms and paid-off tour props, who can be counted on to propagate the Pink Floyd Play beyond the '88 world tour?

"That's the most scandalous facet of this whole ruse," Waters rules, "because Gilmour has built up an entire cast of backstage characters that he's sought to enlist as sources of material for the next so-called Pink Floyd album. Many of them are leftovers from the first abortive try, when he and Ezrin were pulling their hair out in vain efforts to concoct a concept album. Failing that, they just established relationships with anybody willing to cook up songs that resembled something Pink."

Could Waters reveal the names of any of these other phantom Floyds?

"Oh, sure. One is Eric Stewart, a founding member of the original 10cc band and a very talented British musician and songwriter who's collaborated with Paul McCartney, for instance, on Paul's 1986 *Press to Play* album. Another lyricist David has waiting in the wings is Roger McGough, the Liverpool poet, who was a member of the famous experimental mid-sixties rock group Scaffold—which also had Mike McGear, McCartney's brother. And then there's Carole Pope, who's one of the finest contemporary Canadian songwriters. I'll give Gilmour credit: When he devises a fraud, he goes to first-class talent for assistance."

"Yes," Eric Stewart confirms, "Dave Gilmour and I got together around August or September of 1986 to work on a concept that was definitely intended for the next Pink Floyd album. We sat around writing for a period of time, but we couldn't get the different elements and ideas to gel. The songwriting itself was acceptable in certain parts, but not as a whole; so the concept was eventually scrapped."

"I don't want to divulge the concept because, especially knowing Dave, he may want to go back and revive it. It may well be used in the future."

Peter Brown, former director of the Beatles NEMS Enterprises management company and present manager of Roger McGough, is happy to give similar confirmation of his client's Pink Floyd-related collaborations with Dave Gilmour.

"Dave worked with Roger McGough late in 1986 on original ideas for the Pink Floyd project," Brown explains, "but those ideas remain a gray area. We're waiting for Dave to finish his Pink Floyd world tour to see what will come of it all."

"The idea to contact me came from Bob Ezrin," says Carole Pope. "It was January of 1987 and they were looking for somebody to rewrite a batch of Dave Gilmour's material, so I went over to England for a few weeks to lend assistance. Bob and David also asked me if I had any suggestions for concept albums in the Pink Floyd style. By the time I left England in February, they still couldn't decide what to do. They did have one song, though, which I thought was quite nice, though it never surfaced on *Lapse of Reason*. It was a mid-tempo thing about Roger

It's as if a surviving Beatle—say, Paul McCartney—had instituted an employment agency for Beatle clones and dared to call the fickle roster the Fab Four.

Waters, called 'Peace Be With You.' Seems strange that they didn't use it."

And so, while the genuine creative alliance of the Pink Floyd Sound lies in an unquiet grave, David Gilmour has contrived a ghoulish farm-club system designed to generate prolific stand-ins and impostors. As you read this, the current Floyd cavalcade is fulfilling its last global concert commitments. But peace is not at hand. Once Gilmour completes the tour, perhaps he'll contact those collaborators currently on hold for whatever Pink Floyd roles stand vacant. It's as if a surviving Beatle—say, Paul McCartney—had instituted an employment agency for Beatles clones, and found it worked efficiently enough to dare call the fickle roster the Fab Four.

Bob Ezrin, who could be at the helm for the next episode of this pop chicanery, has his own convoluted rationale for the enterprise.

"I think Roger is brilliant, but he's a tough guy to disagree with, and he can be overly passionate and uncompromising. It's those qualities that go into making him a great artist, but neither Dave nor I would ever consider ourselves great artists. We're more interested in creating something that's popular and fun. Actually, I hate the word *artist*, but I would definitely concede that Roger is a great artist—as well as a total obsessive and a psychiatrist's dream. I love Roger, and I truly love most of what he does, but not enough anymore to go through what's necessary to be a part of his process. It's far easier for Dave and I to do our version of a Floyd record."

For Gilmour's part, he will press on unless a court decision prohibits him from such activities.

"I don't see any reason why I should stop," he states tersely. "It took decades of care and feeding for Pink Floyd to find its loyal audience, and I won't throw in the towel, especially after *Lapse of Reason* has been such a huge success. Roger doesn't have the right at present to tell me what to do with my life, although he believes that he does. And he'll not ruin my career, although lately he's been trying to."

Actually, apart from the ongoing legal fray, Roger Waters is pouring most of his energies into promoting and performing *Amused to Death*—plus writing material for a fourth album of his own.

"Things change so drastically and yet they remain the same," Waters assures, leaving his chair in his West London home to begin another afternoon of trial-and-error songcraft in the Billiard Room. "The Lennon Instinct tells me that, as with John's song of the same name, my approach to the Floyd fight is 'just like starting over.' Yet I'm also pleased that I've got a new career, a solo career, that I've been nurturing since 1984."

"The main difference between me and Dave Gilmour is that, when it comes time for him to finally confess his dishonest... venture to the world, I'll at least have the justice of a solid, credible head start on him."

Waters shows a fatigued grin. "That's the benefit of putting your own good name on your work. If people do decide they enjoy it, they always know who to thank and where to find you."

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OVER THE WALL



Beginning May 15th, 1988, MTV held a Pink Floyd Weekend to coincide with the second leg of the Momentary Lapse of Reason US tour. Numerous Pink Floyd videos were featured, but the highlight of the weekend was a one-hour feature titled 'Over the Wall'. This special documentary, put together by producer Shari Bernson, was a journey into the world of Pink Floyd, including a behind-the-scenes look at their current world tour.

The show began with the familiar metallic flower sequence from 'Welcome to the Machine' which was followed by the title of the show. Following the words "World Tour 1988", we are introduced to the first segment:-

MACHINE I

David Gilmour: It's a little more than our usual tours, but the last big tour we did in 1977 was very intense. In late 1977 when we finished that last big Pink Floyd tour, I did a solo album in 1978, then Rick did a solo album in 1978. At the end of 1978 we started 'The Wall', and that took us through until late 1979 when it came out. The the Wall shows, the Wall tour, the Wall film, then 'The Final Cut' album, and then my second solo album and second (sic) solo tour. And then we started this record. There hasn't been a holiday.

To the music of 'On the Turning Away', we see the preliminary backstage happenings of a Pink Floyd concert. David walks up a stage ramp and we see the crew at work. There are roadies hard at work on the scaffolding and the bed being set up on a wire across an openair stadium.

Scott Page: It's probably the biggest tour I've ever been on. I've never been on a tour that was quite this grand. One thing about Pink Floyd, they do everything really grand.

Jane Sen (tour co-ordinator): This tour is going on and on, forever. I'm convinced that I'm going to have to pass it on to my children.

Morris Lyda (production manager): The most significant thing about the whole tour is that the people that come to the show inevitably walk away saying - whether they like the music, don't like the music, or thought the show was overblown - "Man, that's a great show!".

Margaret Taylor: It's been great, it's been a great tour.

Rick Wright: It's such a happy tour. For me, It's the best tour I've ever been on with the Floyd, in terms of the music, the crew, the staff and the audience too.

You get the idea that everyone is having a great time! After the mood has been set, we are treated to the 'Welcome to the Machine' video, beginning, of course, with the insect creature crawling over the rocky terrain. It is fantastic to see this incredible video close-up in full detail. The skull sequence and the hands coming out of the river of blood are some of the most unusual images ever put to Pink Floyd's music. This brings an end to the first segment of the show.

Penthouse (USA) September 1988 article courtesy of Tom Fabietti.

Thanks

Our thanks this issue go to: Rolf Ossenberg, Brian Pinkerton, Vernon Fitch, Steve Leafletperson, Janet Impey, Paul Brown, Martin Baillie, Steve Smith and Edward Bliss. Andy would particularly like to thank Trevor 'Pa' Mabbett and his faithful biro, all the staff at the Great Barr branch of the Leeds Building Society and Graham Hicks. Bruno would particularly like to thank Mohammed Kelani for his generosity - "Best of Luck!". Original TAP artwork courtesy of Nick 'Fast, Lost and Always' Dawe and Kirstin 'What-evertheysingidraw' Kennedy. Tireless slaving by Nigel Humphrey.

MACHINE II

'Breathe' accompanies scenes of the band entering the stage to begin a concert...

Nick Mason: What we do is a combination of music and lasers and lights and video and all the rest of it. It's that which I think is good and special. It's something that is our particular niche.

The scene switches to a bit of the live video shot at the pre-tour rehearsals in Toronto last September (This was originally for the band's benefit, so they could see what the show looked like from the audience - Eds) and the song 'Run Like Hell'.

Dave: An awful lot of time and energy, and cash of course, was put into trying to create the whole thing, and make the whole thing work. I don't think any one particular thing is significant or important.

Robbie Williams (production director): This is a custom-built stage that we had fabricated, which has very exciting lighting effects in it, and the combination of the whole lot, when they all synchronize together, is just amazing.

Nick: What should happen is that things should move from one to another - the music takes over then there is a lighting effect or something pops out of the stage, or whatever. It should all keep moving on, rather than there being some clear elements that take over. It's a great group, it really is. It's a great credit to the crew and the designers. All the shows: they've all worked. We've not had any of those major disasters, where we've come off after it saying "Well, that was a pity."

MONEY

This segment begins with the video for 'Money', over which the band reminisce about the history of Pink Floyd.

Dave: The first tour I came on, in 1968, we were here for ten or twelve weeks. We only did a few gigs and we lost a fortune. We toured for years, building up larger and larger audiences across America, without ever really selling a record. By the time we got to 'Dark Side of the Moon', we were touring playing 12-15,000 seaters; sold out the Hollywood Bowl and stuff like that. Then, after 'Dark Side of the Moon', the whole picture changed.

Nick: It gave us a secure base to operate from. It's probably very necessary for the sort of work we do.

The 'Money' video continues to play, interspersed with scenes of waves from the 'Crystal Voyager' movie. This makes for an interesting effect when you see the waves in the moon (Cosmic! - Eds). A couple of fans add: "Everybody's got memories associated with some Pink Floyd music - mine in particular was with 'The Great Gig in the Sky'," and "'Dark Side of the Moon' was a big album for a lot of people." The fans in question are two of the Floyd's backing vocalists. The next image you see is again taken from 'Money' - hundreds of 'Dark Side' albums being blown up. This is followed with scenes from the 'Us and Them' video.

Rick: The business of saying "You can't do this, you can't do that,"... we said "It doesn't matter, we're going to do it anyway."

Dave: This didn't start out of any marketing concept or have anything to do with any sort of promotion. It just happened as a band who built up a following by live performance.

The video for 'Brain Damage/Eclipse' followed - what a treat to see these incredible images on the TV screen. Yeah! Brain surgeons, world leaders, explosions and a solar eclipse, all in your own living room!

PIG

The fourth segment begins with the song 'The Dogs of War' and the accompanying visuals of dogs with glowing red eyes, interspersed with more interviews:

Dave: There's only a certain amount of themes that most people do get into, in terms of these things; life and love and death and madness, madness, madness, madness... An idea, and the effect that it has on you, is something, sometimes, that you want to use yourself and so you don't do it quite the same way. But you see what effect a certain thing has on you and then you try and use that.

The beginning of 'Pigs' is accompanied by footage of the pig over Battersea Power Station and an interview with one of the 'Pig Crew': "It helps getting it out, close to the audience, because it helps make them feel more a part of the show. We try to keep it down as low as possible so they can almost touch it." As the footage continues, 'One of These Days' takes over as backing.

Dave: While not deliberately wanting to enter into all the political areas, if they come up (and they do come up), I don't see any reason why we shouldn't follow them through."

LIGHT

Nick: We are using stuff on this tour that we never dreamt of seven years ago. Things like lasers. Laser technology is still in its infancy, really, in terms of how it can be used for large shows.

Marc Brickman (lighting designer): I was involved, along with Paul Staples, in the design of the stage and the production. We basically have lasers and we have droids which are liquid vapour with fibre optics that come up through the stage, with a robotic kind of look. Four pods travel across the stage that have various lights and telescans on them, and they track on X/Y coordinates so that they will basically come to a place, then decelerate into a position, and stop. We can pretty much change the look of the stage at any time we want. So, a lot of the cues are programmed according to the music and what's going on in the films, etc.

The promo for 'The Dogs of War' is then shown in its entirety. This is another classic example of the expertise with which Pink Floyd use film to add to their music. Scenes of mercenaries, dogs with red eyes and live shots are intermixed to great effect.

SOUND

Nick: I think that I would disagree that we have had an influence on rock 'n' roll. I think that we have carved out a little niche for ourselves.

Dave: I started when I was 14. What's 14 from 42? 28? 28 years

I've been playing guitar. Well, certainly for me, being raised listening to classical music, show music... from Broadway musicals to classical music to blues music, to sort of Forties pop music, that very, very wide influence of musical background is an incredibly valuable one that I certainly draw on all the time. I find it so narrow today if you listen to the radio, that I can't see how people can get half those influences.

The 'Signs of Life' video follows. This is one I hadn't seen before as a promo, and it's great! As in the other new videos from 'A Momentary Lapse of Reason', this one has video images mixed with live footage. An MTV VJ announced that this video is going to be part of Pink Floyd's concert movie which may be released in theatres, on cable, on home video or maybe all three I for one can't wait!

FLY

This segment begins with scenes in an airport and excerpts of the 'Point Me At The Sky' promo, prompting Dave Gilmour to comment astutely, "That's an airplane."

Nick: If you tell the story visually, you take away the opportunities people have for using their imagination.

'Point Me At The Sky' fades into the 'Learning to Fly' promo.

Nick: It's a general feeling that the performance gives something to see without trying to spell out the meaning of the song.

Dave: I think that 'Learning to Fly' was a good choice to make a conceptual video for, which I think is a great video. I adore it. I want people to think of what it says, and the atmosphere that the music creates and the words that go with it. That's a sort of delicate thing. You can destroy that in people's minds with a poor video.

The entire 'Learning to Fly' promo is then played. I like this one better every time I see it. As with Pink Floyd's music, the video leaves a lot to the imagination, so it does not grow boring in time; just the opposite, new meanings are there to be picked up with every repeated viewing.

TIME

'Shine On You Crazy Diamond' plays over the clocks from the 'Time' video.

Nick: We have to go back to the dawn of time really, when we started doing some work with one of the London art colleges who were running a light and sound workshop, and we started supplying the music for that.

Dave: Roger and Syd went to school in Cambridge. I went to a different school. I didn't know Roger, but I knew Syd. Syd went up to an art school in London, and Roger went up to an architecture school in London where he met Nick and Rick.

Rick: Everyone knows the story of Syd. It's a very sad story because he was, I think, brilliant. For Syd, acid certainly had a part to do with his mental breakdown.

Dave: The significance of Syd in the modern-day Pink Floyd is vastly over-emphasised. I don't think it's nearly as important a thing as some people seem to think. However, he was a fantastic talent.

WALL

The final segment begins with extracts from the movie 'The Wall'.

Nick: I think it is fair to say that it was much more of Roger, Alan Parker and Gerald Scarfe. Dave had quite a lot to do with the music and the organization of it.

Dave: I had a lot to do with getting the music right for the film and trying to keep the peace between the warring factions at Pinewood Studios, with directors walking out and being begged to come back. That was my role, begging the director to come back.

Nick: (Laughs) It did get quite sort of spiky.

Rick: It was quite good. But it was very sort of pretentious in a way.

Dave: I quite like it. I think it's pretty powerful, but I don't think it quite achieves what it could have done.

'Another Brick in the Wall II' follows. Meat grinders and schoolkids busting up a classroom, tearing down the walls. It's a powerful statement indeed.

So ends the 'Over the Wall' special. I enjoyed it very much and hope that we will see many more such Pink Floyd specials soon. Also, let's hope that CBS will see fit to officially release this feature (as they did with the David Gilmour 'Beyond the Floyd' film), perhaps as part of the upcoming Pink Floyd concert movie. That's all for now. Think Pink.

Vernon Fitch.



Pink Floyd: Happy ever after! (photo courtesy of David Tulskey)

THE PINK FLOYD STORY pt 5 WISH YOU WERE HERE

"Do you not know what I'm talking about?" Storm Thorgerson pauses to allow the rest of the human race to catch up with him. Nicky Horne narrates. Roger complains some more. Gail McLean transcribes... The Pink Floyd Story pt. 5 (continued from TAP 32). The Floyd have already commented on 'Wish You Were Here's themes of absence. Storm Thorgerson explains how these were carried through to the record's sleeve.

ST: So, like, the cover's wrapped up in black plastic, okay, so you can't see it. It's, like, absent. The sleeve is absent from your first gaze.

NH: The metal handshake?

ST: The sticker on the front is... What we have to do in order that people will know this record from Geraldo (mind you, they aren't the same people that buy Geraldo that buy Pink Floyd but you can bet there's somebody out there that does), you know: you just have to write down a piece of information so we put something that had Pink Floyd on it, okay? (Nicky Horne interrupts) Hold on a second. Something that said Pink Floyd on it.

At the time that the album was being made - and also in reference to various business decisions that were or were not being made - there were considerations about the ethics of the business, the way that business people operated, and this was where I started, in fact. One of the greatest, I thought, um, one of the best motifs for communicating absence - or presence but absence, where somebody says "Well yes, of course I'm here," but they're not really - is the old handshake, which is as phony as you can get. You know, especially in rock 'n' roll: you can shake hands with an entire room of executives and that means sod all!

Okay, so the handshake was a symbol, if you like, of the whole notion of how you might get hold of somebody, shake them by the hand and they're trying to tell you how much they're really there because they've gripped you but in fact they're miles away. You know, they're miles away emotionally or they're miles away intellectually or whatever way you care to name it and... Do you not know what I'm talking about?

NH: Yes.

ST: I mean, it's like taking a... You don't know what Americans are like. They're kind of... You shake their hands like... They shake the hand very strongly and say "It's wonderful to meet you," and all that and it's bullshit. They don't know you from Adam. There's some honesty in it. I mean, sometimes they mean it but an awful lot of times they don't mean it. So that means that the currency of that action - the value, the currency of that piece of negotiation between humans - is devalued. It's undercut. It doesn't contain the weight it should contain. That's kind of one of the motifs of presence and absence: a person stands up and says "Yes, I'm really here," - looking you in the eyes - and in fact they're not. They're miles away. And that would refer to the Floyd as well. Because it's also about them and about how much they were present. See? So that if they or you or anybody were to agree - or partially agree - with me in my notion of why the album's

flawed then it would be partially a reflection on themselves as well... that they weren't totally present.

NH: That leads me on to the burning man, because I can't see the analogy...

ST: No. Well, one of the ways in which Hipgnosis works is that you take a them and intellectualise it in order that you don't think of a million images. I mean, if you think of your brain as a repository of possible images, it's immeasurable. There are millions, okay? I mean, whether you can drum them up is another matter. But, for everybody, if they just think of their dreams or fantasies and you ask them to imagine outer space or inner space or ask them to imagine the 4.15 from Paddington, they can do it. They can do any variations. They can imagine a train painted pink, but you don't get pink trains particularly. So the number of images that are in your brain or in your body are limitless. So for a designer or somebody who has a facility for producing images, then it becomes a problem not of finding images but finding the right one.

So, you can get a brief... Now, this is for a commercial artist. It's not perhaps for the artist in his garret, the er... starving Magliani, but it's for the commercial artist. It's not a problem. Well, it is for some but, I mean... Maybe I should just talk about me. It's not particularly a problem for me to think of images that I like. Pictures or scenes or events or things like that. Because I like looking. I like the act of looking. I mean, voyeurism and all. In all possible ways I like looking and I like seeing things. So you need a brief in order to cut down, like... Because of that vast repository, you want to make sure you isolate the right one or the one that's appropriate at the time.

So we then have a brief and we may make it up ourselves a bit, you know. I got this from the Floyd about absence but I cut it down to intellectualise it so kind of that gives me a theme for me to hang my images on, so that I don't get too many.

But the image is irrelevant to all that. You see, once I arrive at an image - I don't only work that way, that's just one way in which we work... Okay? So, then, the image of the burning man has a thematic and intellectual explanation but it seems to me to be pretty irrelevant. I mean, you either like it or you don't like it. Usually people are fairly positive in their reactions to our stuff. I think they either like Hipgnosis sleeves or they don't like Hipgnosis sleeves. I think they don't tend to often be just mundane. You know, people either just can't stand them and think they're a load of old rubbish or they quite like it. But I think the burning man is... I like it a lot. I find it really moving. I mean, when I thought of it... I mean, it came to me as an image. When it came up on the old tele-scanner. I thought "oh, that's definitely exciting." I mean, it depends. (Suddenly) How do you look at it? Do you look at it and think... If you're moved by it, ie you think it's curious, it's... I think it's haunting and I think it's in a haunting place.

NH: Yes.

ST: It's got all that space, you see? Okay, and they're doing

the handshake, right? That's where I started and that's why there is a handshake on the front. The sleeve is actually a very complicated sleeve. If you want me to go on, I could go on and could spend half an hour explaining it because there's quite a lot of other complexities in it.

NH: What about the splashless dive?

ST: What? Yeah, well, the dive. Yes. So, one of the ways of doing absence - one of the favourite ways in graphics - is to do the traces and not the person - see?

So you see a sort of bed that's rumpled (Sound familiar? - Eds) so we just turned it around. But maybe it harks back to the thing I was saying earlier about there being recurring riffs or tunes that go into... You know, someone like Paul McCartney must write an awful lot of material. I mean, it can't just happen all consecutively, all at the same time. You might just come up with something that you were half-toying with two or three years earlier and it's the same for me.

So, maybe that comes back: the diving, right, and the splashless dive - it tickled my fancy, I suppose. In discussing pictures I think it's down to whether they move you or not, really. Same for the music. If it moves you - it doesn't matter which way - then it's worth giving your time to, because you're getting something back from it.

('Shine On You Crazy Diamond' (Excerpt) is played)

A song about Syd Barrett? I asked Roger Waters why he keeps going back to him.

Rog: I don't keep going back to Syd Barrett.

NH: Well, 'Shine On...' is...

Rog: Well, that's one instance. That's the only reference to Syd in the last - what? - eight years? In any of our work. To Syd Barrett. It's YOU lot that keep going back to Syd Barrett. That's the only instance in all this and it seemed very... It seemed like a natural progression from 'Dark Side of the Moon', which was a statement about a much... more obvious statement about our state, our contemporary state and... 'Wish You Were Here' is a less obvious statement about the same thing.

NH: And, as you said to me the other day, "When your band starts playing different tunes... I'll see you on the dark side of the moon." That's a direct reference to Syd Barrett.

Rog: Well, yeah. Okay, that's a kind of reference.

NH: And this 'Shine On You Crazy Diamond'. The madness, the paranoia of... As I said to you the other day, is something that you continue to write about, all the time. I think it seems to be a major preoccupation.

Rog: It is a preoccupation of mine, yeah. It is.

NH: Well, you know - why?

Rog: Because... continually bombarded with it as aren't we all? From within my own feelings and from what I see and experience of other people's feelings... Just the way people... People behave in a very... People - I mean, including me - behave in a very bizarre way. The quality of life is very bizarre, I think. And very, very full of

stress and pain, you know, and that kind of very real despair is very close to the surface in most of the people that, you know, I meet.

NH: And in yourself?

Rog: Yeah, and in myself. ('Welcome to the Machine' fades in) Yeah. Yes, I would say so. A kind of... You know, the kind of feeling of not really being able to really grapple with it all because it's all too complicated and it's all too quick. And everybody knows too much. You know, because... I don't know why. I think probably it's the telly that's done it, mainly. Since the War. I think we've changed an awful lot after the Second World War. It's a kind of very severe social revolution.

('Welcome to the Machine' is played)

Rick: Why, you know, he's preoccupied with things like that - you'd have to ask him. I'm sure you have asked him. I think it's probably getting less now, but, as I say, I've noticed that and I'm not sure if I really like it either. It's all the time and it's a phase of his life, obviously, he's going through. As I say: speak to Roger.

NH: Why? Doesn't it reflect on you?

Rick: Yes, well...

NH: Not just the emotion but also the fact that you're playing it and you're involved?

Rick: It does, yeah. And it gets very heavy, obviously. A lot of sort of personal differences anyway; all the time between this 'Dark Side of the Moon' and 'Wish You Were Here'. Roger's preoccupation with things - such as madness and the business - is something that I didn't feel nearly so strongly about, at the time anyway. So that made it very difficult for us to communicate about it.

NH: One of Roger Waters' other preoccupations seems to be about the music business.

Rog: I'm not really preoccupied with it. It's just that, you know, it does impinge on you. I suppose it's because those are the only people... record company executives, you know, particularly a couple who I've met at CBS, are the only people who are like that, that I ever speak to. I'm sure that marketing executives are the same whether they're selling beans or LP's because it doesn't make any difference. It's completely irrelevant what you're selling, and so that's why I wrote the song. Just because they impinged on me strongly. Strongly enough so that when I'm sitting strumming a guitar somewhere, this song starts bubbling out or one phrase does and that's enough really. Because songs are so bloody thin on the ground - songs and ideas and things are so difficult - that once a bit of one comes out of you, you work on it and try and finish it.

EDITORIAL SUCCESS

CONGRATULATIONS BRUNO !! Dave and Andy are sure that you will all join with us in congratulating Bruno on getting 2 As, 2 Bs, 3 Cs and a grade 1 in his GCSE examinations this summer, and in wishing him good luck with his A levels.



Pink Floyd's arrival in the UK didn't go un-noticed by the press, so this edition of Medialog is even more crammed than usual - if we've missed anything out, please send us details or, if possible, a copy of the relevant piece. Eyes down, here we go...:

The Independent: indifferent review in August 8 edition, with small photo of David Gilmour - "The magnificence of the production simply added to the prevailing sense of blissful inertia."

Kerrang!: ecstatic review in issue 201 (August 20), concluding with "It was like World War III without the casualties."

Financial Times: somewhat bemused reaction to the show's "blowsy charms" (August 8); "the music... creates an anonymity which paradoxically carries its designer label like a badge."

Melody Maker: incomprehensible review (August 13) chiefly concerned with the pig's genitals.

NME: scathing review (August 13) called 'One of These Days' 'Echoes' and claimed 'Another Brick' was "faithful to vinyl version, almost to the note." Included photo of David Gilmour.

The Times: favourable review (August 8) by David Sinclair, another of the select few to have heard 'Echoes'

The Sun: another favourable review (August 8), with a list of the various celebs present.

The Guardian: August 8 review contained yet more mysterious additions to the apparently flexible song list - "excerpts from Animals called for animals"...

Record Mirror: one of the few reviewers to set foot in Maine Road for a glimpse of "Pink Floyd - a hippy juke-box with nice lights! Amen." (August 20).

Daily Telegraph: (August 8) - "To mislay one quirky genius in Syd Barrett is unfortunate. To lose a second in Waters begins to look like carelessness yet the Floyd are back... (their) live style was considerably less interesting than the accompanying pyrotechnics..."

Music Week: refreshingly unbiased account in August 20 edition - "most of the time it was the spectacle of the effects that grabbed the crowd's attention with the music providing a pleasant soundtrack."

Scotland on Sunday: August 7 review mourned Waters' departure and claimed 'The Final Cut' was the Floyd's last "true" album.

Daily Express: favourable review in the August 8 edition.

Manchester Evening News: a very favourable review on August 9; referred to the "unstoppable phenomenon of Pink Floyd."

Blackpool Evening Gazette: favourable review on August 9.

Morning Star: extremely disillusioned ex-fan Karl Dallas vented his feelings on August 8, lambasting the "awful" sound and tame visuals, but sensibly praising the ever-green 'Wish You Were Here'

Details of live reviews supplied by Andy Mabbett, Bruno MacDonald, Steve Smith, Nigel Powell, Patrick Garrett, Dave and Carole Walker and Paul McNally. Normal Medialog service is resumed soon.

Such is the acrimony in the Pink Floyd camp, their legendary inflatable pig, featured tethered to Battersea Power station on the cover of the 1977 LP Animals, has become the subject of a fierce copyright wrangle. Copyright on the original pig is reportedly held by Roger Waters, consequently the other Floyd members were concerned before they started their current world tour - that they would not be legally entitled to include the pneumatic porker in their live shows. That was until they noticed a considerable loophole in the copyright: the creature pictured on the sleeve of Animals is a sow. So Messrs Mason, Wright and Gilmour concluded, if they made sure their pig was obviously a boar they would neatly sidestep any potential unsightly courtroom scenes. Hence 'a nice pair' of what can only be described as 'massive inflatable testicles' were made a prominent design feature of the re-vamped porcine prop

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RELICS

As predicted in last issue's Relics, Dave Gilmour featured in 'The Late Shift' presentation of The Columbia Volcano Concert. Unfortunately, only one song from his 25-minute set was shown - a wonderful 'Comfortably Numb'. Highlights of the concert have been released on Hendring video; Mr Gilmour's contributions being 'Comfortably Numb', 'Run Like Hell' and 'Out of the Blue'. (BM)

We knew Pink Floyd were planning some very special effects for the UK concerts, but the Radio Times listing for 'The Sky at Night' on July 31 told us that the first two weeks of August would see shooting stars as "several members of the Perseid meteor stream... plunge to their fiery death in the Earth's upper air...". (AM)

The gigs certainly had a healthy influence on the band's album sales: the August 14-20 album chart saw 'A Momentary Lapse' bouncing back into the Top 40, and 'Dark Side' and 'Wish You Were Here' re-entering at numbers 77 and 97 respectively. (BM)

Barrett fans The Shamen have recently released their version of 'Relics' - a compilation of early singles, out-takes and live tracks called 'Strange Day Dreams' on the Italian label Materiali Sonori. Available in the UK on import, it features two Syd-penned songs, 'Long Gone' (from 'Beyond the Wildwood', see review TAP 24) and 'Golden Hair'. Review next issue. (BM)

On the subject of imports, the white-vinyl 'Momentary Lapse' mentioned last ish by Andy 'Frog Rock' Mabbett is now available in the UK as a German import, posters an' all. (BM)

An early Rotterdam gig by Syd's Floyd is now available on CD for around £15. We have yet to hear a copy, but see no reason to suppose that the quality is any better than the somewhat grotty tape of the gig which has been in circulation for some years. (BM)

All Floyd albums from 'Atom Heart Mother' to 'The Wall' have just been reissued. They retain their original sleeves and catalogue numbers, but now have a bar-code on the back. (LG)

Several readers have written in recently with corrections and the occasional moan about the Miles book. While we are grateful for contributions, we would like to repeat that Andy Mabbett was not given the opportunity to revise the '66-'80 portion of the book so all the original mistakes remain unaltered. (Eds.)

Regarding the item in Relics, TAP 32, I recently purchased the Deep End video (Virgin Music VVD 318) and found both sound and picture quality to be first-class. (ML)

Some time back, Roger Waters donated a set of hand-written lyrics to 'The Wall' for an auction sponsored by New York radio station WNEW. The auction was in aid of the T. J. Martell Foundation which works against leukaemia. Also auctioned was the station's visitors book which contained 500+ celebrity autographs, including Roger's. (VH)

A recent centre-spread in the Express' colour supplement showed one of Michael Jackson's stage-outfits: a leather jacket covered completely in badges and patches, two of which depicted 'Dark Side' and 'The Wall' images. Rock 'n' roll; phew! (DCW)

Two US car ads recently have used what sounds like the original version of 'Run Like Hell' as backing music. (VH)

Contributors: BM-Bruno MacDonald, AM-Andy Mabbett, ML-Mike Lane, LG-Liam Gretton, VH-Victor Hopson, DCW-Dave and Carole Walker.