

The Amazing Pudding The Amazing Pudding The Amazing Pudding



30p Pink Floyd Pink Floyd

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WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO ROY HARPER

QUESTION MARK

Pink Floyd The Amazing Pudding

10th EDITION

THE AMAZING PUDDING

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THE ORIGINAL
Pink Floyd &
Roger Waters
MAGAZINE

BEST OF ISSUES 6-10



(Front Cover, Issue 6)



Welcome to our second volume of reprints from the pages of The Amazing Pudding. In this edition, we will feature the best material from issues 6-10.

Issue 6, published in time for Christmas '84 (and hence the first "Christmas Pudding"), saw the doubling of the TAP editorial staff; Ivor Trueman being joined by Andy Mabbett. Further festivities included an autographed centrefold of Nick Mason, who assured the waiting public that "Pink Floyd are to get together and do a world tour and make a new album." He added that none of the other members had admitted reforming because they were more proud than he was.

The following January, Issue 7 appeared; characterised, in Ivor Trueman's words, by "The Andy Mabbett machine gets into gear". With little happening on the Floyd front, it featured a mix of reprints, reviews and features, and laid the basis for TAP's presentation today. This pattern was continued by February's issue 8, which also boasted the results of the first TAP Poll. #1 spots in the best and worst albums were claimed by 'The Wall' and 'Atom Heart Mother', respectively, while 'Echoes' featured as best song and 'Seamus' as worst.

Issue 9, "late March 1985" (as the cover had it), saw Andy's dreams come true with the devotion of well over half its pages to Floyd groupie Roy Harper; including a biography, discography, interview, and sundry features and pictures. For the dogged Pink Floyd fan, there was a report of Dave Gilmour's appearance on a US 'Guitar Greats' show, plus an earnest but entirely fictitious article on Pink Floyd badge collecting: the first of TAP's much-celebrated April Fool jokes. Issue 10, published in May, was the best-presented issue to date, with Floydian activity represented by Roger Waters' tour of America.

We would once again like to thank Jatinder Sangha and Nick Hodges for their invaluable help in retyping many of the original articles.

The Amazing Pudding is now over fifty issues old. Published bimonthly, it features 36 pages of reviews, interviews, pictures and features, covering all aspects of Pink Floyd. Sample issues may be obtained from Carole Walker (address below) for £1 (UK), £1.15 (Europe), £1.40 (US/Canada) or £1.45 (elsewhere). Up-to-date subscription and back numbers information is published in each issue.

Bruno



Dave



Andy



BRUNO MACDONALD
64 CLEVELAND ROAD
SOUTH WOODFORD
LONDON E18 2AL
ENGLAND
TEL: 081-989 3602

DAVE & CAROLE WALKER
81 FOSSDALE MOSS
LEYLAND
PRESTON PR5 3WS
ENGLAND
TEL: 0772 456508

ANDY MABBETT
61 MEYNELL HOUSE
BROWNS GREEN
BIRMINGHAM B20 1BE
ENGLAND
TEL: 021 523 3816



ing for holding
Nick Hodges

MARY TURNER : OFF THE RECORD

New York's Radio City Music Hall: the home of 'My Fair Lady' and 'Mary Poppins', Easter Parades and Christmas Pageants, the birthplace of the Rockettes. So what's Roger Waters doing there? Well, he'll be performing not the 'G'-type of show that the music hall is famous for but the Pink Floyd-type show that Waters is famous for. I'm Mary Turner, and for the next hour I'll be talking with Roger about the pros and cons of touring, off the record.

On this tour you'll actually be doing Pink Floyd songs as well as the entire 'Pros and Cons'?

Yes: the first half of the show. Clearly 'The Pros and Cons...' is only the second half. The show will be two hours, I guess: an hour and then a break. So the first hour I'm doing a selection of my songs; the earliest one, I think, from 1968. Suffice it to say that for some of them there is animated material and stuff that was used in the 'Dark Side of the Moon' and 'Wish You Were Here' shows; which Dave and Nick, bless them, have been kind enough to agree that I can use.

I had made the completely rash and wrong assumption that people who'd been to Floyd shows knew it was me who made them and did it all - cos it's written all over the programme: "Written and directed by...", you know. But they obviously haven't made that connection and that may just be a breakdown in our advertising over here. There's certainly a huge gap in communicating the fact that my 'Pros and Cons' show is a Floyd show except Andy Newmark is playing the drums instead of Dave Gilmour and Nick Mason. But everything else is the same: same team doing it, same guys building the sets, same sound system.

Are you anxious to get back on the road? Do you miss touring?

No, I don't miss touring at all. The last tour we did, in 1977, was the 'Animals' tour, and I absolutely loathed it. That's fairly well documented now. I really hated it. We were playing big stadiums and it was horrible.

I must say though, from the audience standpoint - because I saw that show at Anaheim Stadium - it was great, it really was.

Well, that's good. I'm glad it was... Maybe I'm just paranoid, but I got very involved with the fact that 30,000 of them were pissed out of their brains: rolling around the place, hitting each other, shouting and screaming, smashing stuff up. Maybe the other 50,000 were all wanting to be involved or... maybe they accept that; the price that you pay for being in an enormous mob like that.

Also, the fact that some of the people are so far away...: technically it's very difficult to reach people with the feelings that are coming off the stage. My experience of it, from where I was, was that not enough real, human contact was being made with the audience to satisfy me. So I swore there and then I would never play a big stadium again.

Pink Floyd was never the kind of band that merely stepped on stage, plugged in the instruments and played. As early as 1970, they tried to make every live show an experience; complete with intricate stage sets, fireworks and a few monstera. Was the Crystal Palace Garden Party the first time you used inflatable props?

Yeah, that was some Dutch people. They said they wanted to do it and we just said OK. I don't think we actually built those things; I think it was the Dutch. That was great: this huge octopus was buried in the lake at the front of the stage. That floated to the surface and its tentacles unravelled and went up the bank, 50-60 yards into the audience. It was terrific. And a lot of dry ice: we emptied several hundred-weight of dry ice into this pond.

Probably didn't do the fish much good.

That's what I understand: that the fish all croaked.

I don't think so, no. But if they did, you know, then you get that in life sometimes.

"Into each life some rain must fall" (laughs).

(laughs) Exactly.

When you originally put the band together, were you doing it for a lark or with the idea of "I'm going to be a rock n' roll star"?

I was doing it with the idea "I'm going to be a rock n' roll star". I think that's the genuine motivation of everybody who ever puts a rock band together. You might pretend that it's just a bit of fun, but I think deep within you there's a hankering for all that.

The people who first turned you on to the idea of using slides... they were the Leary people, weren't they?

I don't have even the vaguest memory of who they were. Well, I have actually: I've got a picture of a man's face in my mind but I can't put a name to it. I know it wasn't our idea; unless somebody just turned up one day and said, "Hey, this would be fun; let's try this," and we picked it up and started doing it ourselves.

So very early on, Pink Floyd was into theatre as well as music?

Yeah, absolutely. I mean, the famous burning gong things were happening very early on.

Were most of these things spontaneous, or were they planned?

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In #10. TAP campaigned for a Radio One broadcast of the above. This was to pay off in late '85 when DJ Tommy Vance aired 60 minutes of the Floyd half of the show.

Oh no, you can't have a spontaneous burning gong. You have to wire the thing up with a small charge. Later models were worked on propane or something: we drilled a load of holes around the frame of this huge gong and we'd just run gas through it - light it with a charge and some transformation powder. But the early one... the frame of the gong used to be wrapped in asbestos rope soaked with lighter fuel before we went on stage. It was unbelievably dangerous.

It's amazing that no-one was ever hurt.

They were.

They were?!

Oh yeah, there was a famous occasion in the Cobo... is it the Cobo Hall in Detroit? It was fantastic. We used to have these bins specially-made that were made of mild steel to put the charges in. In a number called 'Careful With That Axe, Eugene' there's a particular point where I scream loudly and these bangs go off behind us. We'd ordered these bins to have half-inch steel bottoms and quarter-inch steel sides; they came back and they had quarter-inch steel bottoms, so we said "No, that's not enough," and sent them back. Instead of taking them apart and rebuilding them with half-inch steel bottoms, they put another quarter-inch steel plate on top of the first one. And it superheated. I've no idea of the physics involved. Inside this bin, holding it down, is a stage weight. A big 14lb stage weight, and it exploded. Went off like a bomb. There was nothing left of this bin, it disappeared. The top of the bass cabinet that it was standing on, which was made of three quarter-inch marine ply, just... it just wasn't there any more. How nobody was killed we will never know. A guy sitting thirty rows back in the audience copped a piece of this marine ply - hit him in the stomach. All the speakers - every single speaker in the gear - blew immediately. I just remember feeling this hot blast on the top of my head and seeing the back of the Hammond organ go spiralling up into the air in slow motion. Of course, the audience thought it was fantastic. They were on their feet for... seemed like hours.

We always had a light show. The lighting men came and went. The ideas of doing film and things like that probably came from me.

I guess there is an inherent danger that the music would become secondary to the visuals.

There was always a great battle in the band: we used to be divided into 'the architects' and 'the musicians'. Nicky, Nick Mason and I were relegated to this inferior position of being 'the architects' who were kind of looked down upon by Dave and Rick who were 'the musicians' (laughs). There was a lot of opposition from 'the musicians' to doing anything theatrical at all. So you could say it was by virtue of, if you like, the forcefulness of my nature that we went on and did those shows.

When punk rock came along around '76 in England, Johnny Rotten was appearing quite a lot in a tee-shirt that said "I hate Pink Floyd".

Was he? I didn't notice that.

How do you feel about Punk in general anyway?

It depends what you mean. It depends whether you're talking about the music of the Sex Pistols, which was an absolute load of rubbish, you know. I'm completely disinterested in that. But what they were saying was, "Look, we're teenagers now," or "We're young now," and "We can have our primal scream even though we can't play any instruments or anything".

I acknowledge the fact that it was difficult for that generation. Because my generation, when we started in rock n' roll, nobody except people in dance bands could play anything. Until Eric Clapton learnt to play the guitar nobody could play anything. So we were lucky enough to be growing up in the 60s; to

be growing up when it was alright not to be able to play your instruments because no-one else could and we all learnt together, in a way. So I can understand the frustration of all these old fogies being rather good at it, cos we got bloody good at it.

So the Punk thing, I think, was terrific if it was wandering up and down the Kings Road with your hair dyed a funny colour. All that kind of posing is a very necessary part of growing up, I think. That or a tee-shirt with your cigarettes rolled up in it, over your developing biceps.

Hopefully...

Hopefully, yeah. It doesn't really matter what it is. But I think it's nice for people to have a thing that they can feel safe in; which also - if it's going to be much use to you as you're growing up - needs to appear to be dangerous to your parents. If it doesn't appear to be dangerous then it's not working properly. That's part of the deal.



(Star File)

After twenty years, how do you perceive Pink Floyd's role in music? I mean, how do you think you'll go down in history?

I think you ought to address that to the historians, really. I should think we'll be largely ignored.

Really? Not with 'Dark Side of the Moon' - no way; that's Guinness Book of Records material.

Well, alright; so we're not ignored by the Guinness Book of Records, but we've been largely ignored by the media during our lifetime. If you read any article, no mention is ever made of Pink Floyd. We're never included in the same sentences as the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and The Who, for instance. You see, there's a segment of rock n' roll that is about the way the media responds to it. Right? So the Rolling Stones, for instance, are a far more important part of rock n' roll than we are because Mick Jagger is one of the world's great publicity-seekers. He's perfect pigeon-holeable copy and probably will be for another ten years, you know. It's absolutely perfect stuff for them; the thing about how they were rebels and this n' that n' the other. Does that answer your question? I think we'll be ignored.

"ROCK & FOLK" JULY '84

This interview was sent to me by Orfeo Marino and Wayne Neuwirth, and comes from a double album radio-play set. It's on Westwood One with cat.no. OTRSP 85-11, and also has adverts for Levis 501 jeans and Budweiser beer, plus two promotional snippets for airplay before the main event. The interview was aired in Canada as well as the US, the label requesting that it be broadcast the week of 11/3/85.

Ivor Trueman.

Behind Pink Floyd's Wall



Pink Floyd now functions as a mask behind which Roger Waters (above) works his sociomusical strategems; back in 1967, however, the band (opposite page, from left: Waters, Wright, Mason and Barrett) had a real face.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL DICKSON

By MICK BROWN and KURT LODER

Come in Number 51, your time is up

ROGER WATERS FLIPPED OUT ONE FALL NIGHT at Montreal's Olympic Stadium. The dour bassist and his band, Pink Floyd, were performing the final concert of their 1977 North American tour, and Waters—wound down and depressed at the end of a grueling, stadiums-only slog across the continent—stood tensely onstage as Pink Floyd's music roared around him. Out there in the arena, the usual horde of hyped-up kids yowled and swooned in the typhoon of electronic sound. But the only thing Waters could think about, the only thing he could see, was this one kid: this obnoxious little bug down by the front of the stage, who was yapping and shrieking and beating the air with his arms in a transport of crazed fandom. Through the loud parts, through the soft, whispery parts—it was too much.

Somewhere in Waters' tour-sizzled brain, something snapped. *Insect! Wileless maggot!* Waters began toying with the insensitive worm, beckoning him closer, closer. Awestruck, the kid fumbled to the fore. Waters was coiled, ready. As the kid approached, Waters leaned out—and spat on him. *Phtooey!*

That was it. Roger Waters—a private, ingrown individual, a man who, despite Pink Floyd's zonked-out image, actually disdains drugs—had publicly and completely freaked out. No one knew it at the time, but it was to be the last tour ever by one of Britain's most original bands in its most famous formation.

Set the controls

THE SPITTING INCIDENT WAS, WATERS now admits, "a very fascistic thing to do. It frightened me. But I'd known for a while during that tour—which I hated—that there was something very wrong. I didn't feel in contact with the audience. They were no longer people; they had become it—a beast. I felt this enormous barrier between them and what I was trying to do. And it had become almost impossible to clamber over it."

This "wall" between artist and audience—and, as an extended metaphor, between people everywhere in the numbed-out postwar period—became a subject that consumed Waters for the next five years. Its first incarnation appeared late in 1979, when Pink Floyd released a double album called *The Wall*—a four-sided scream of alienation so disturbing it made John Lennon's primal *Plastic Ono Band* album seem like a Saturday night sing-along at some provincial pub. Waters' grim misanthropy was not new to Floyd followers: on the group's 1977 LP, *Animals*, he had consigned most of humanity to the level of dogs, pigs and sheep. But with *The Wall*, he took interpersonal pessimism and cultural despair—and a morbid preoccupation with madness that has haunted Pink Floyd for

nearly fifteen years—to astonishing extremes. Here, a lost father, killed in World War II (like Waters' own father, who died at Anzio), symbolized the homely horrors of transient mortality. The widowed mother, a particularly grotesque figure, stood only for psychosexual oppression. Schools were depicted as torture clinics for the hapless young. Women were portrayed as cheating wives and brazen groupies.

The Wall was a brutal and unprecedented pop vision, and using it as a wedge, Waters pried open new possibilities for Pink Floyd. The album, which has sold an estimated 12.5 million copies, had been conceived as a theatrical project, and in the spring of 1980, a stage version of *The Wall* was mounted for seven performances in Los Angeles and for seven on Long Island, New York. Later, it was presented, just as briefly, in London. This spectacular production—which involved a state-of-the-art sound system, gigantic and brilliant animations and puppet monsters created by British caricaturist Gerald Scarfe, scores of intricate stage cues, expertly deployed lighting effects, elevator platforms and explosives, and the precisely timed construction, brick by brick, of a sixty-foot-tall wall across the stage—was the most ambitious presentation of live music in the history of rock. For the decidedly unflamboyant Waters, the show was also a perfect mask: "To actually wall yourself off from people is a very belligerent, aggressive idea. But I liked doing *The Wall* live; I felt I was making more contact, because I was expressing all these ideas about what I feel about it."



His use of the first person is appropriate, for by this point *The Wall* had come to represent Waters' complete domination of Pink Floyd. Although guitarist David Gilmour continued to have musical input, *The Wall* was clearly Waters' psychodrama. As for the other two members of the group, keyboardist Richard Wright and drummer Nick Mason, their names hadn't been mentioned anywhere on the album,

nor had they been formally credited as band members since the release of *The Dark Side of the Moon* nine years ago.

"We no longer pretend to one another," Waters said one day last November, at his home in a London suburb. He is a tall, anonymous-looking man, unfailingly polite, agreeably candid in conversation, and yet remote, ultimately unreachable. The house, which he shares with his second, common-law wife and his two children, is large and comfortable, but reflects more the unaffected nature of its owner than his rosy financial status: the only real luxuries in sight were a fully equipped, twenty-four-track recording studio, where he was polishing new music for the movie version of *The Wall*, and an adjacent billiards room, where he liked to knock off a few games between sessions. *His sessions.*

"Back in the early Seventies," he continued, "we used to pretend that we were a group. We used to pretend that we all do this and we all do that, which of course wasn't true. And at one point I started to get very resentful, because I was doing a lot more and yet we were all pretending that we were doing it."

And now? "Well," he said, "we don't pretend anymore. I could work with another drummer and keyboard player very easily, and it's likely that at some point I will."

And the future of the group?

"Depends very much on me."

Obscured by clouds

SINCE ONLY A QUARTER-MILLION PEOPLE HAD been able to see *The Wall* onstage, a film version was obviously called for. Waters and Scarfe began plotting a movie scenario and were soon joined by Alan Parker, the English director noted, with varying degrees of critical enthusiasm, for such kinetic entertainments as *Midnight Express* and *Fame*, and for the recent, less frenetic *Shoot the Moon*. Parker was a Floyd fan and had been captivated by *The Wall* on first hearing. Initially, he was only going to advise Waters and Scarfe, but the more he became involved, the more he wanted to direct.

The collaboration between Waters and Parker was incredibly fractious, riven by rows and walkouts from beginning to end. Given Waters' personal identification with the project, and the fact that Pink Floyd was financing the film to the tune of \$10 million, a tempestuous transit was probably unavoidable. Parker, after all, had his own very definite ideas about what the movie should be. It was he who decided that the film would have no dialogue and that the members of Pink Floyd would not appear as narrators, or in any other capacity; and, since Parker wanted to sever any connection between the film and the stage show, he also decided to drop Scarfe's puppets. Friction was inevitable.

"Roger went on holiday for six weeks," Parker explained in his director's bungalow at Pinewood Studios last April. "In that period, I was allowed to develop my vision, and I really made the film with a completely free hand. I had to have that. I couldn't be second-guessed by Roger, and he appreciated that. The difficulty came when I'd finished. I'd been shooting for sixty days, fourteen hours a day—that film had become mine. And then Roger came back to it, and I had to go through the very difficult reality of having it put over to me that it actually was a collaborative effort."

Waters acknowledged that the filming of *The Wall* had been "the most unnerving, neurotic period of my life, with the possible exception of my divorce in 1975. Parker is used to sitting at the top of his pyramid, and I'm used to sitting at the top of mine. We're both pretty much used to getting our

own way. If I'd have directed it—which I'd never have done—it would have been much quieter than it is. But that's one of the reasons I liked the idea of Parker doing it. He paints in fairly bold strokes; he is very worried about boring his audience. It suits us very well, because we did want a lot of this to be a punch in the face. I wanted to make comparisons between rock&roll concerts and war. People at those big things seem to like being treated very badly, to have it so loud and distorted that it really hurts. But there is very little of that left in the film. For a long time, the script had this image of a rock & roll audience being blown up—bombed—and, as they were being blown to pieces, applauding, loving every minute. As an idea, it is quite pleasing, but it would look silly to actually do it on film. It would be hard for it not to be comic."

Careful with that ax, Eugene

IN THE MIDST OF WRECKING A HOTEL ROOM ONE DAY LAST November, Bob Geldof shredded his hands on a Venetian blind. Despite his bloody injuries, however, he refused to quit trashing the place until Alan Parker had nailed the shot. Everyone on the set at Pinewood was awe.

Geldof, who is best known as the lead singer for the Boomtown Rats, is the star—if that's the right word—of *The Wall*. His character is called Pink, a name apparently derived from an anecdotal lyric on Floyd's 1975 album, *Wish You Were Here*, in which a cigar-chomping music-biz hustler asks the band, "Oh, by the way, which one's Pink?" In the movie, young Pink, a musician with a sensitive soul, is battered by society at every turn and ultimately retreats into a catatonic state, incapable of love or communication, even as he attains the peaks of pop stardom. Interspersed throughout this grueling chronicle are evocations of England's tacky post-war prosperity and nightmarish scenes of war. At the end, there is a "trial," at which all of Pink's lifelong antagonists make a final appearance.

Since Pink utters not a word in the film and is required to disport himself in a rather bizarre manner throughout, Geldof's performance was fueled largely by his faith in Parker. "Alan keeps saying, 'It's an experiment. Trust me, trust me.' It could be a gigantic cock-up for all anybody knows. I haven't a fuckin' clue if I've been any use."

There were times when even a casual observer might have questioned whether Parker had a clue, either. The director had laid out the film "on the backs of my eyeballs," he said. And there wasn't much of a formal script—a fact that was vividly apparent when cast and crew gathered one day last November to shoot a sequence that was baldly described on the day's schedule as "swimming-pool scene." The set was the hotel room previously demolished by Geldof: a garbage pit of Jack Daniel's bottles, junked room-service orders, stage clothes, cigarette butts, roaches and tossed towels.

"No, no, no," said Roger Waters, picking his way through the debris. "This isn't my room at all," he said fussily. "Dave Gilmour, perhaps, but not me. I'm much tidier."

Waters glanced at his watch. He was already late for a golfing date. Through the patio door, a turquoise pool was visible. The lights of an ersatz Los Angeles blinked in the hills beyond. Bob Geldof floated silently on his back in the pool, eddying the water gently with his hands and feet to hold his position. From two speakers set up beside the pool, the strains of "The Thin Ice," a song from *The Wall*, suddenly gathered volume in the oppressive heat. Geldof's body began to jerk convulsively in the water, arms and legs thrashing wildly as a cascade of prop blood—an on-the-spot improvisa-

tion by Parker—rained down from above. Wave after crimson wave coated his body, turning the gem-blue pool a dark, foaming red.

"It's all right, Bob," promised Parker. "It's perfectly edible."

"That's what all the girls say," Geldof spluttered. He clambered out of the pool as prop men gently stirred the reddened pool back to blue. He might have hoped for an opinion from Waters, but the real Pink had already left for the golf course.

Later, Geldof mused about the nature of Pink's anguish. "A lot of what happens to Pink is his own fault," he said. "I think he brings it upon himself. People who try to achieve something—and then, once they've achieved it, can't handle it—are essentially weak people. You shouldn't strive for something if you don't know what you want it for."

Comfortably numb

ALTHOUGH PINK FLOYD NOW FUNCTIONS AS A MASK BEHIND which Roger Waters works his sociomusical stratagems, the group once had a real face. His name was Roger Barrett, but he came to be called Syd, and he was the composer of brilliant, fractured pop songs, strangely wrought melodies and wild, flailing guitar excursions. Syd's voice suggested Jonathan Richman on acid, and that pretty well describes the image still cherished by the cult that has grown around Barrett's abbreviated body of work.

Barrett was born in Cambridge in 1946. David Gilmour was one of his boyhood friends, and the two of them often played guitar together. When Gilmour entered Cambridge Technical College to study languages, Barrett, an aspiring painter, enrolled in the school's art program. Later, he moved to London to attend another art school, and there met architecture student Roger Waters. Waters and two classmates, Nick Mason and Richard Wright, had formed a band that worked under such names as Sigma 6, the T-Set and the Screaming Abdabs. Waters played lead guitar. They were not successful. The Abdabs broke up, and the core trio regrouped; this time, Waters brought in two new guitarists, one of them Syd Barrett. It was Barrett who named the new group after two grizzled bluesmen, Pink Anderson and Floyd Council. Barrett also exerted an unusual musical influence. The other guitarist soon left.

Pink Floyd began building a following at the London Marquee in the winter of 1966. In October of that year, armed with a customized light show, they played to 2000 people at a benefit for the alternative newspaper *International Times*, held in London's Roundhouse. By December, they had become the house band at the UFO Club, a key slot in London's heady new underground scene. In January 1967, the band's first single, Barrett's weird but wonderful "Arnold Layne," became a Top Thirty record. In the spring, Pink Floyd presented a full-length solo show in London called "Games for May." A Barrett composition called "See Emily Play" went to Number Five on the British charts. Barrett titled the first Floyd album *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn*. Almost entirely written by Barrett, it was released in August. In October, the band paid its first visit to the U.S., playing both Fillmores. They sounded like no other group.

But this first, brilliant version of Pink Floyd was doomed, according to legend, by Barrett's insatiable use of LSD, which turned him into a vegetable. David Gilmour, however, remembers it differently:

"I wouldn't put it down to drugs or LSD, necessarily. I

suspect that it would have happened anyway, and maybe that stuff acted as a catalyst. He certainly couldn't handle success and all the things that go with it. As in *The Wall* story, really. And he started going mad after the first hints of success.

"Toward the end of 1967, he was in a condition where he wouldn't play with the band at all. He would just stand onstage with his amp and guitar turned full up, his left arm hanging down by his side and just sort of smashing the guitar with his right hand, making a fearful racket all night long. No one would book the band back for return dates. Their career was diving downhill as fast as it could go."

Just after Christmas of 1967, Gilmour was asked to join the band. Initially, it was put about that Syd would remain a member. But that, says Gilmour, "was just a political way of dealing with the situation. There was, at one point, an intention for Syd to stay home and write wonderful songs, become the mystery Brian Wilson figure behind the group. But there was no point in him coming with us."

Syd continued writing, despite his increasingly acute illness. His later songs survive on two entrancing and essentially out-of-control albums, *The Madcap Laughs* and *Barrett*. "I've got a few other songs at home on cassette," says Gilmour. "But Syd was...the long and the short of it was that he was quite severely mentally ill. Every psychiatrist who's seen him says he's incurable, and he's still the same. He can't look after himself now. His mother has to look after him, and I expect at some point he'll have to be institutionalized."

"I don't know whether he writes anything at all these days, but his romantic madcap image is entirely false. There's nothing romantic about it. He's not a happy person.... He's just on a completely other level."

Empty spaces

IT IS A HOT AUGUST AFTERNOON IN NEW YORK CITY, BUT in Gilmour's hotel suite high above Fifth Avenue, the air is cool and calm. The stolid, heavy-lidded guitarist is in town to attend the premiere of *The Wall*. So is Waters. Neither Wright nor Mason will be on hand, though. Wright, Gilmour explains, has left Pink Floyd and probably won't be replaced. Was it a personality conflict?

"Well, you know, none of us has ever been the best of friends," Gilmour says softly. "I have never been a close personal friend of anyone else in the band, and neither was Rick, really. Roger and Nick have at times been fairly close. We don't not get along, but we're working partners."

It took awhile for that working partnership to develop, for the period immediately after Syd Barrett's departure from Pink Floyd was not a happy one. The band floundered for an identity, since Barrett had taken the group's creative charisma with him. *Atom Heart Mother*, *Ummagumma*—Gilmour can't believe that people actually liked those albums.

Waters began finding his own voice around the time of *Meddle*, in 1971, and he was fairly firmly in charge two years later on *The Dark Side of the Moon*, an album that has remained among the top-selling 200 LPs in the U.S. for nearly a decade. With *The Wall*, Pink Floyd has become utterly his instrument, the teller of his tale—or is it? "Roger doesn't want to get it confused with too many other people," Gilmour says, "but obviously there are aspects of Syd in there as well."

Outside the wall

THESE DAYS, ROGER WATERS THINKS HE FINALLY HAS A handle on life. "I spent an awful lot of my life—until I was

about twenty-eight—waiting for my life to start. I thought that at some point I would turn from a chrysalis into a butterfly, that my *real* life would begin. So if I had that bit of my life to live again, I would rather live the years between eighteen and twenty-eight knowing that that was it, that nothing was suddenly going to happen—that it was happening all the time. Time passes, and you are what you are, you do what you do."

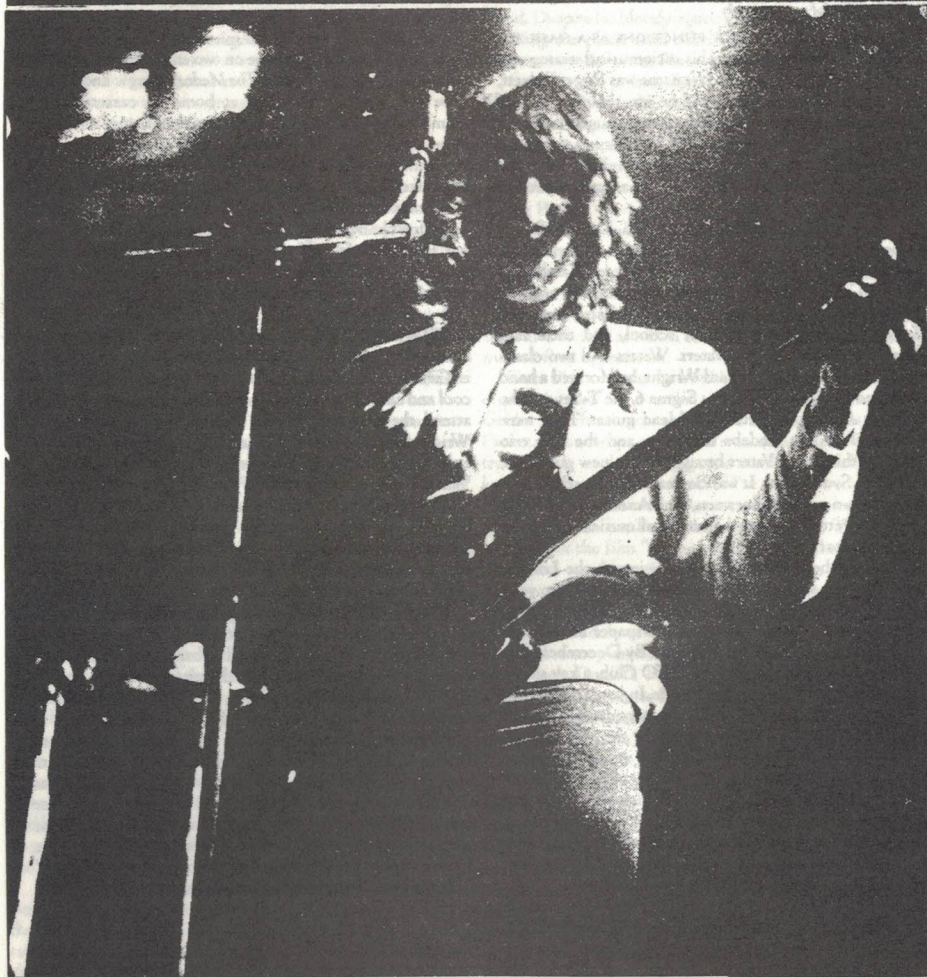
Now he has his movie to point to—and in November, there'll be a reworked soundtrack from the film, including some new songs. Love it or loathe it, *The Wall* is not a "dismissible" movie, he says. "It does say quite loudly that it is bad for us when we're isolated from one another and frightened of one another. And the film gets criticized for that—either by people who say it's not true, or by people who think it's self-evident and therefore not worth saying. I believe that

it is true and it is worth saying."

Outside the wall, where he finds himself now, Waters no longer agonizes over the lost father, the perverted teachers, the predatory women, the enormous mother (who he says isn't based on his real mother anyway). "You make your own decisions, your own life," he says. "What 'they' do clearly impinges on your life, but in the end, the responsibility for what you do and how you feel about yourself is yours. You are an individual. You're alone, but that's all right."

Shine on, you crazy diamond

DURING THE RECORDING OF 'WISH YOU WERE HERE,' IN 1975, a fat, bald, silent man showed up at Abbey Road Studios. It was Syd Barrett. No one recognized him. No one has seen him since. □



SOUNDS 10/03/73

Playing in the park

Disc and Music Echo—July 25, 1970

THE MULTITUDE returned to Hyde Park on Saturday for the first of the summer's free concerts there, courtesy of Blackhill Enterprises.

Over five hours of varied and contrasting music was topped by a performance from the Pink Floyd, who treated the gathering to a preview of their forthcoming album.

But most important of all, the weather was kind.

The only unusual incident to be witnessed by everybody came just after Edgar Broughton finished his set. A middle-aged father, who had apparently lost his son in the crowd, was handing in a message when he suddenly grabbed the microphone from Jeff Dexter. The bewildered man spluttered into the P.A.: "I want to tell you kids—because that's all you are—that I think this b..... music of yours is a load of rubbish!"

The remark was met with uproar, and a shower of empty coke cans rained down on him from the audience. The man was escorted off stage by some burly roadies who seemed to calm him down.

In other parts of the park two fans were injured when a hot dog stand caught fire, half a dozen or so were treated for drug overdoses, and a hundred coloured plastic birds were released for peace and freedom (the toddlers loved them). By mid-afternoon there was a crowd of probably 50,000 at the concert, billed as "Blackhill's Garden Party."

Formerly Fat Harry was the first group on. Welcoming the fans to "Hyde Park, Mississippi" they capered into their selection of jaunty, summery country rock which was perfect in the sunshine.

A tight little band with a cool sense of humour, they got the crowd chuckling over their parody of Southern revivalists. They featured good vocals and some nice

PINK FLOYD win over gathered multitude

bottleneck guitar.

Kevin Ayres and the Whole World took longer to warm up than one might have expected. Admitting that the audience was a little subdued throughout Saturday, the group didn't take off until "I Didn't Do That," and "Why Are We Sleeping," numbers which received big applause.

The group was joined by drummer Robert Wyatt, on a day's outing from the Soft Machine. Ayres was a member of the Soft Machine until last year, and although Wyatt is not leaving the group, he'll be playing regular gigs with the Whole World.

His hair streaked with purple dye, he added to some deft instrumental work between the husky vocals, but the powerful arrangements often degenerated into organ-bashing and sax-

strangling.

Next on stage was the Edgar Broughton Band who whipped up the usual frenzy with "Silver Needle" and "Out Demons Out," the crowd chanting along in unison, although the band had begun with a perfunctory blues and got a slow reaction on "Refugee."

Possibly Britain's only pop dissenter to be set alongside the Fugs and Beefeater, Broughton rampaged through a series of fitful guitar solos, finally torturing his Stratocaster into submission.

Roy Harper went on while the stage was being prepared for the Floyd. He replaced the Third Ear Band who were unable to appear. Despite some ignorant hostility from a certain section of the crowd, Roy went on to hush the fans and keep their minds on the lyrics of his songs.

The Pink Floyd gave an hour of beautifully mature music, soothing and inspiring to listen to. They kept the numbers short, apart from the finale, and carefully restrained. With the sun glinting on Nick Mason's drums and the clouds breaking up overhead, it seemed as if the sounds were dropping from the sky itself.

After a quiet and lazy, bluesy introduction, they went gently into "Green Is The Colour" and "Careful With That Axe Eugene." Even in the latter the volume was down, and the mood reflective. "Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun" was at its most ethereal, the smooth crescendos flying away over the heads of the captivated audience.

To end, a brass section and choir were brought on for the 25-minute finale, which will figure on one side of the group's next album. The piece began with an arrangement for the brass, and then switched into a lengthy choir pattern, followed by a dash of marvellous Floyd rock-jazz. In came the brass again, pursued by incantations from the choir and swirling special effects in twin-channel stereo.

A reprise took up the original theme—based on a simple chord progression akin to the finale of "The Man"—and group, choir and orchestra projected it together in fine combination.

SET THE CONTROLS FOR THE HEART OF THE SUN

After waiting a suitable period of time since thanking John Blake for my competition prize of tickets to the world premiere of "The Wall" it is now time to examine the way he and his paper have treated Pink Floyd in their Bizarre column.

This can be divided into two broad areas - the reporting of the Wall film and Blake's 'Floyd Split' story (yawn).

The former begins with the statement on the 29th September 1981 that "Bob Geldof cannot put on weight (for his role in the film) no matter how he stuffs his face." A quiet spell followed until November 3rd, when we learnt that Bob was seen 'in a different light', as the 'startling' picture showed. (The Sun is very fond of its superlatives!) Having shaved his eyebrows, but not his head as originally planned, he "settled for the slicked-back style that makes him look like something out of Star Trek." ran the blurb.

By the next report, on the 21st May '82, John Blake had arrived, and the 'Gossip Column' became 'Bizarre'. He reported, referring to a still from the film, "It's Bob Geldof as his fans have never seen him before - frighteningly pictured cowering against a wall in a mental hospital... (he) stars as a mad rock star." Blake described the film as "the most eagerly awaited rock film since Tommy" and called Geldof "sensational". By the 12th of July the film was "deeply disturbing... set to earn them many more millions" and "when I went to a sneak (? - AM) press preview this week, the audience of hardened hacks actually applauded at the end. In the States preview shows in New York and Los Angeles sold out within fifteen minutes" yet on November 11 he claimed that The Wall "is doing feeble business in the States."

In his review of the above-mentioned World Premiere (see TAP 4 for mine) on 16 July, Blake reported "Already the three people who made the bloody and disturbing epic - Waters, Parker and Scarfe - have fallen out. And at the premiere... Bob Geldof snarled 'If you want to know, I'm bored with it all. I don't even know if I'll stay.'" (I left before he did, and I'm the 'Floyd fan! - AM) Blake continues "And when the lights came up, the audience sat at first in stunned silence then burst into rapturous applause" yet I clearly remember not being able to hear "Outside The Wall" due to the applause, BEFORE the lights came back on. He concludes "I found this film unsettling and slightly shocking. But it is a brilliant and revealing glimpse into the mind of one of rock's most idiosyncratic stars. See it." - Strong words indeed.

By the 20th, the word was that "Yet another bitter row has blown up behind the scenes of Pink Floyd's The Wall."

"Cartoonist Gerald Scarfe, who directed the film's sensational animation sequences, has come under fire from his aides."

"Chief animator Mike Stuart is annoyed that Scarfe is getting all the credit for The Wall's cartoon sections."

"He says 'Greg Miller, Chris Counter and I did 95% of the animation. We haven't had a mention.'"

"Scarfe replies 'All the designs and character ideas were mine. The criticism is malicious and stems from jealousy.'"

Blake had earlier, on the 31st May, decided to enlighten the World with the revelation that "Pink Floyd's The Wall was inspired by the tragic life of Syd Barrett, the band's original leader - who has now vanished without trace."

With the Sun's usual tact and diplomacy, he refers to Syd swallowing 'a few gallons' (?!?? - Eds) of LSD and "falling off his trolley."

Despite referring to Syd as 'vanishing without trace' Blake then quotes Capital Radio DJ Nicky Horne as having seen him 'lately' - in Syd's apartment at the London Playboy Club! (A follow up piece on 8th June said that Dan Tracey of the Infamous TV Personalities had telephoned Blake

to say that Syd had supposedly painted everything in his mother's house green - including fridge, cooker and telly - "You have to admit he's an interesting figure' Dan says."

As the rumours surrounding The Wall faded Blake's attention turned to the shock headline "Three Way Split Shatters Pink Floyd" (16/9/82), "Pink Floyd are disintegrating" ran the story, "... Rick Wright has already left the group and Nick Mason is expected to follow in the near future." There followed a set of quotes from Roger Waters which the NME later identified as being lifted from the Rolling Stone interview which is featured elsewhere in this issue. (The Sun, unlike TAP, did not bother to give the source of 'their' quotes.) These were repeated in February '83 when the release of The Final Cut was announced.

The 'rows' over The Wall popped up again on April 6th, with Blake noting that the figure on the back sleeve of The Final Cut with the knife in his back was an "astonishing attack" on Alan Parker - how Blake could claim to be astonished when he also said that "there is little love lost between Waters and Parker" escapes me.

The 'Not Now John' single also made the news, under the headline 'Blushing Pink' it was stated that "After years of sticking two fingers up at the establishment, Pink Floyd have decided to erase a four-letter word from their latest single in a DESPERATE attempt to get a hit" (my capitals.)

Just in case anyone had missed the point, the Rolling Stone quotes were printed for a third time the next day under the headline "Rows Wreck Floyd Harmony". Now that everyone was convinced that the Floyd were no more, the last day of June saw the report that Pink Floyd were amongst the stars lined up to play in "the most spectacular week of rock concerts the world has ever seen", along with Elton John, Eric Clapton, Cliff Richard and the Shadows and Status Quo. 'Secret' negotiations were already taking place for the NEC concerts, with all proceeds said to be going to the Prince of Wales Trust and the Music Therapy charities. "It is not possible to book tickets yet" wrote Blake, "but watch Bizarre for details". - These have still to appear.

By October 18th it was obvious, at least to the Sun, that since Waters, "the groups megalomaniac leader" was "going it alone", the 'Floyd were 'washed up'. Blake also informed us that, after a row with Steve O'Rourke, Waters had placed his business affairs in the hands of Peter Asher (ex of 60's pop duo Peter and Gordon). Blake claimed that Waters had used Clapton on guitar after a row with Dave Gilmour. A 'friend' of Waters' was quoted as saying "there were plans for the group to get together for the last time for some shows in London at Christmas, but they have now been scrapped".

Blake's final mention of the 'Floyd in the Sun came on April 18th 1984, when he informed the World that "bitter rows between Pink Floyd's millionaire stars, Dave Gilmour and Roger Waters have caused the super-group to disband." Blake said that Gilmour had told him personally of "the squabble that forced him to go it alone."

Blake, who once earned himself the title of "Wally of the Week" in Melody Maker (but then again, so has Dave Gilmour), left the Sun at the end of 1984 to join rival publication the Daily Mirror.

In an NME interview (issue dated 19 Jan '85), it was stated that Blake was lured to the Sun from London's Evening Standard (made famous by the band's penultimate 60's single, It Would Be So Nice) by the promise of being allowed to continue with the 'Legalise Cannabis' style he had used in that paper's Ad Lib column. In the interview, Blake said that he was appalled when, soon after his joining, the Sun began its 'Kill An Argy' campaign backing Thatcher's bloody Falklands tactics. "The newspaper is far bigger than a journalist" he said, "there was a lot of pressure to exaggerate and distort... I picked up the paper on average once a week and there would be a story in my column with my name on it which I hadn't written."

This does make one stop and think, but it must be borne in mind that Blake is now working for 'the enemy.' He also gives the game away later in the interview when he admits "I'm not ashamed of it, I know I could write on a much more intelligent plane, but for a lot less people."

While Blake has a brief to steal all Sun readers under 24 over to the Mirror, the Bizarre column is now handled by Martin Dunn - I wonder what he will have to say about the only major rock band in the world not to employ a press officer at the height of their popularity - such was their disinterest in the media.

This article was written by Andy Mabbett - or was it?

For those who don't recognise it, this is the full spoken introduction by the 'presenter' of the original concerts of 'The Wall' in 1980/81.

WELCOME TO EARLS COURT...

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome to Earls Court. My name is Jeremy Godsher and we're going to have a fine show for you tonight.

The stage is set and we'd like to thank you for your patience in waiting. The stage is set and the band is about ready to begin I think... No not quite yet.

Well, this will afford me the opportunity to remind you all of a few regulations by which the band would appreciate you to oblige. Please sit down and enjoy the concert in your seats, no rushing the stage and please, no photographs are permitted. Any cameras found being used will be confiscated. Also please, no fireworks. Believe me, there will be enough explosions in your mind.

Well I think the band is about ready to go now... no not quite yet. I'd also like to remind you, at the conclusion of the show, depart carefully, go slowly, especially those of you driving as the local violation of the XXXXXXXX XXX XXXXX concert.

We'd also like to thank the hundreds of people who came out here earlier today to set up tonights show. Without these people I almost think we wouldn't be here tonight. So please sit back and enjoy the concert. Also anyone found standing on their chairs will be shot.

Well I think the band is about ready to go now... no... no... not quite yet.

I'd also like to remind you when leaving tonight to be careful of your neighbours. We've had reports of people falling down and hurting themselves. We all of us want to have a good time here at the concert. What we don't want are people walking into and falling down on each other, so when you are leaving tonight be careful you could hurt yourself. So watch yourself upon leaving the theatre tonight and be careful not to fall down or bump into anyone else. We've had reports... Hello... we seem to be having a problem.

The Pink Floyd is not going on, so I guess I'll just stay up here and entertain you for the remaining show.

And I'd also like to remind you that when you come to a concert be careful and watch yourself because, when you look to your left be careful, when you look to your right be careful because if you're caught in between your neighbour and your friend you loose, you can fall down too. You could be a victim of bumping into each other. This occurs when certain people have certain problems when handling certain types of drugs. Now you may be the sort of person who handles themselves properly. That's all fine and well but there is another sort of person who doesn't know to handle themselves and will fall down on themselves and hurt themselves.

I know what you're thinking, 'Why doesn't he go? We want to hear the music.' Well, believe me you'll hear the music when the music is ready to be played. Technically we have a technical problem, problem with some of the gear on stage tonight so you'll have to bear with us as we're continuing to put on the kind of show that you expect from the band you are seeing tonight. I know you wouldn't want us to start it without having the proper effects and sound and lights that

you would come to expect from a fine band like you're seeing tonight. You wouldn't want to hear a piece of shit would you? No... No.

Let me see if they're ready yet... no... no... not quite yet. I would like to remind you that everybody is invited to have a good time tonight here in Earls Court. Sit and enjoy and relax and don't be afraid to show your appreciation for the band because they like it when they know you're out there.

After all this IS a rock 'n' roll concert isn't it, here??

Are you all having a good time tonight?

I hope you are because I am too.

Sometimes when you come to a rock 'n' roll concert it's not always what you would expect it to be. That's what makes it so much fun and that's why I like to be here tonight with you.

I'd like to remind you at this stage here, upon exiting please be careful of your neighbour, they have a tendency to fall down and bump into each other and we don't want anyone hurting themselves now, do we?

Well I think the band may be ready to begin now... no... no... not quite yet. I'd like to remind you to sit back and enjoy yourselves here at Earls Court and pay good attention to the rules and regulations that I've set out. If you've listened to my rules you'll all have a good time tonight. I know you wouldn't want to do anything which would be against the rules and regulations, regulations, regulations, regulations.

MAGIC

As you know, Nick Mason outside his role in the Floyd has found time to help produce a few other artists. His first attempt being with Principal Edwards Magic Theatre.

We know little about this group so if anyone can expand the information we'd be grateful. Prior to Nick's involvement they'd released one LP called "Soundtrack" (Dandelion 63752,1669). The group, composed of ex-students from Exeter University, used to accompany their music with a theatrical performance typical of several groups in the late sixties. Their music is rock/folk/drama with similarities with the kind of music evolving around Canterbury at the time; with quiet rock, soft voices, violins - British folk.

At the time of the second album, "The Asmoto Running Band" (DAN 8002), comprised of seven musicians, three actors, plus 4 others and they split up afterwards. Nick Mason produced this LP and today the sound is very dated and brittle. To be fair an album cannot re-create a theatrical performance in full (unless you happen to be called Genesis!). The LP, whose cover was by Hipgnosis, is divided into the Asmoto Side and the Gambini Side, (whose real name is Poufpouf Delle Palle Prodigiose Gamnianini which can be translated as Poufpouf of Prodigious Balls!!) but the story is not so clear to me.

After some time the band reformed with three of the original cast; Belinda Bourquin, Root Cartwright and David Jones. They made another album in 1974. "Round One" (DERAM SHL 1108) under the shortened monicker "Principal Edwards" - again produced by Nick Mason. It's difficult to describe the sound of the music on the album, it's more 'rock' and closer to pop songs than any "Canterbury Sound", anyway it's totally different to Pink Floyd music.

The group may also have released some singles but I don't have any details about these (if there were any). I think these two albums are not for Floyd fans and can only interest collectors who also want Floyd productions. The only musical connection with Nick Mason is in the piece "The Rise of the Glass-White Gangster" (divided into 5 parts) in which some of the percussion is very similar to "The Grand Viziers Garden Party", it could be a little 'thanks' to the bands producer.

And after listening to the bands two albums consecutively in order to write this article, I have to play the Damned "Music for Pleasure" to wake up.

Edoardo Bertoletti.

Pink Floyd have gone mental

STEVE PEACOCK

THE PINK Floyd's current stage repertoire, which they'll be performing at Lanchester, includes just one old number in the whole two hours which, as Roger Waters says, is quite a breakthrough for them.

They have plenty of oldies to choose from — but they'll probably be ending their set with either "Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun", or "Careful With That Axe Eugene" — the two pieces from their old repertoire that they most enjoy playing still.

As he said when I spoke to him in December, when the group were rehearsing and getting material together for the tour: "The old stuff is being phased out, but there are still a couple of them that are still fun to play — the two that spring to mind are "Set The Controls" and "Careful With That Axe". But the first half hopefully won't be a great kind of epic . . . you know, "Atom Heart Mother" and "Echoes" are both kind of odysseys. Epic Sound Poems. I think we're coming down to earth a bit. I hope we are —

getting a bit less involved with flights of fancy.

DISASTER

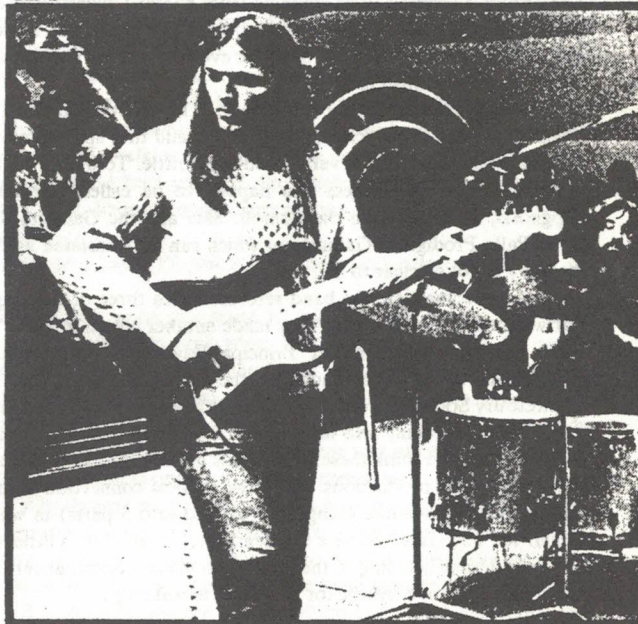
Last week after the start of their tour, I spoke to him again, and asked him how things had gone. "At the first gig we had a terrible technical

disaster during the first half of the set, which is 50 minutes long and is one whole new piece, and we couldn't finish it. The tape we were using just wouldn't play on to the end; but I think that's been sorted out now."

The new piece seems to have worked out as he had hoped, in coming down to earth a bit. It's about the pressures that come to bear on people working inside the rock and roll business — dealing with things like travelling, and the wearing effects that has on you, and in more general terms, with the passing and the wasting of it, money, and authority — the church and violence.

"It is," he says, "more theatrical than anything we've ever done before, more into the whole theatre/circus thing. And in concept it's more literal, not as abstract as the things we've done before. It's more mental — we've gone mental."

They're using a lot of specially made tapes with this



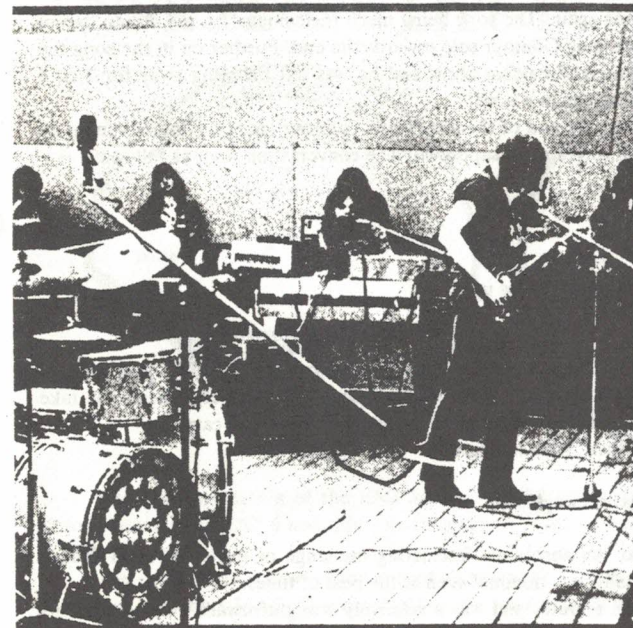
first half of the set, and of course the quadrasonic sound system, as long as the hall they play is suitable for it. It's hardly surprising that technical disasters happen, but even when they do, the people seem to relate to what the music is saying. Roger had heard a report from one guy who'd seen the concert in Brighton, and apparently he hadn't really realised they hadn't been able to finish the piece, and he'd been moved and frightened by it.

The second half of the set includes "Echoes", and I think "One Of These Days", plus the oldie.

And finally, another point of interest will be to see how they've coped with controlling their volume. When I did the December interview with Roger, he said: "The whole thing is getting completely insane, and that's another thing we've done. I'm happy to say, we've got quieter." It'll be interesting to see if the Floyd can be effective without being ear-shattering, because if they can do it, other bands might just follow their lead.



PINK FLOYD: Meddle (Harvest SJVL 795). Marvellous long-awaited album from a recluse group that maintains its high regard with every release. Typically professional use of studio effects, plus excellent musicianship. 'Fearless' is a superb track featuring electric guitar picking, steady drumming and an ascending base line. Terrific blend of acoustic guitar and electrics and added Liverpool football chanting to end it. Pastiche howlin' blues includes doggy wailing on 'Seamus'. The whole of side two is taken with the symphonic scale of 'Echoes'. From mood to mood, rhythm to rhythm, an expertly devised musical life-cycle that will take you down, back up, in, around, through and leave you on your way into outer space. Their best album yet. RM 13/11/71



At Sutherland Brothers / Quiver gig at Newcastle Poly last weekend Pink Floyd's Dave Gilmour shared lead guitar duty with Tim Renwick, Rick Wright guested on keyboards and Blackbirds (used to help out Humble Pie), sang back-up vocals. Sounds smashin'.

MELODY MAKER
16/11/74

EDWARDS ALBUM

NICK Mason of the Pink Floyd has produced a new album by Principal Edward's Magic Theatre for John Peel's Dandelion label.

MELODY MAKER
3/10/70

PINK FLOYD CHRISTMAS PARTY

Sheffield City Hall, 22nd December 1970.

Back in the good old days when you could expect the Floyd to tour perhaps twice a year, a ticket for one of their shows cost just £1.5/-, a mere snip of what it would cost today.

However this was to be the Floyd's last show before Christmas which Roger Waters pointed out to the audience by asking them all to relax and look upon the show as a "kind of party."

The band have only performed "Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast" live on a handful of occasions so it was a great surprise to discover that this was their opening number of the night.

The track must have been particularly awkward to perform live which may have been why it was dropped from their future shows, yet the band seemed extremely well at ease whilst performing it which came across in the chit-chat by the group throughout the song.

Nick Mason seemed to be in charge of most of the talking during their "Breakfast" which the audience found amusing, breaking into laughter on numerous occasions.

Part of the stage was set out as a breakfast table and at one point, one of the band poured a load of 'Crispies' into a big bowl, covered them with milk and then shoved the mike into them!!

Nick Mason then announced:-

"What do you think he's going to do with the sugar?"

"Is he going to pour it all into the cup or is he going to use a spoon?"

(audience laugh)

"He's going to SPOON it ALL into the cup" (more laughter)

"It's not going all too well up here boys!"

"Mmmmm-Ugghh-Aaaahh"

"Well this is pretty disgusting isn't it? - It's hardly music"

The band then start up playing again. The song being much the same as on the album except for extended sound effects bits and a long Gilmour solo towards the end. Further on in the song the radio was tuned into the Jimmy Young Breakfast Show and he was left babbling away for 3 or 4 minutes while one of the band beat an egg in a bowl!

The best bit, I thought, came at the end of the song when Gilmour spent 5 minutes tuning up for the next song - "Embryo" - much to Waters disapproval! The conversation went as follows:-

RW: "Are you together?"

DG: "What?"

RW: "Are you together?"

DG: "Not yet, hang on a minute" (tunes up)

RW: "Are you together?"

- no reply -

RW: (sarcastically) "It's OK Dave, - I mean there's no hurry. It's only five past eight, I mean we only started at half past seven, I mean we have done one number, I mean you take as much time as you want mate, I mean don't mind me standing here, you carry on."

DG: "Off we jolly well go then" (still tuning up)

RW: "Are you together?"

DG: "Not very, but we'll go anyway!"

RW: "OK then"

He then introduced Embryo. An absolutely fascinating exchange of words between Waters and Gilmour on stage, which is usually very minimal even at the best of times.

"Embryo" lasted about eleven minutes and was a relatively straightforward version with not

much to write home about. This was followed by "Fat Old Sun" which eventually crescendoed superbly into a really long and heavy guitar and organ outro.

For the next song, the stage adopted very subtle lighting - the tune started up slowly getting louder and faster - Waters whispering eerie words into his mike, contorting his face to produce animal like whines - Mason came in with a sudden blast of the drums - flashbombs erupted from the stage coinciding with Waters death-like screams. This was "Careful With That Axe, Eugene" at it's best. Long after the show it remained an audience favourite and possibly a band favourite too, which led to it being included in one of their last shows in the USA 77 tour.

"Set The Controls" included some quite superb improvisation type playing from Gilmour and Wright in the middle of the piece.

Next up was "A Saucerful of Secrets" which was also riddled with incident. All went right up until the Celestial Voices bit at the end where Gilmour came in aahhhing. As soon as he started, the power cut out completely just leaving the sound of Mason's drumming, which also stopped as soon as he had realised what had happened. While the sound crew fixed the fault, Wright gingerly attempted to carry on with the tune by himself on the piano but he too soon gave up.

After a while the band were "plugged back in" and they continued from where they had stopped without further incident.

To end their set, they played a 32 minute version of "Atom Heart Mother" including a short encore where they played "Remergence" again. The songs great length, I think was mainly due to an extended middle piece which featured Wright dabbling away on keyboards.

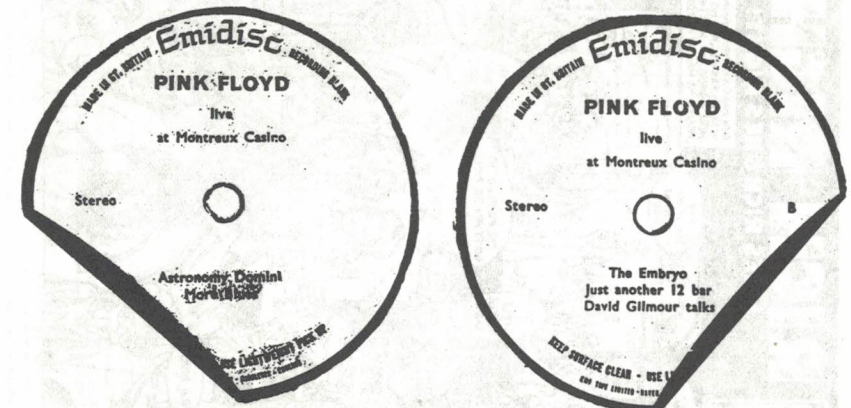
The entire show lasted something like two and a half hours which, I think, could only have been improved by selecting a fresh encore.

"Cymbaline", "Green Is The Colour" and "Astronomy Domine" were all conspicuous only by their absence but the Floyd perhaps chose to have a bash at "Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast" at the latter three songs expense, just to see how it went.

All in all - a very enjoyable Christmas Party.

Dave Carlin (lucky sod - Ed)

PINK FLOYD LIVE IN MONTREUX



These are the labels of the EMI acetate for the unreleased Pink Floyd 'Live in Montreux' album. Contrary to TAP 6 and other music journals, it would appear that this album was recorded in 1970 and not 1969.

The most likely source of the recording would be Floyd's appearance at the Classical Music Festival in Montreux 18/09/70 when they became the first rock band ever to appear there.

THE THINKING HIPSTERS GUIDE TO PINK FLOYD

In response to many questions along the lines of "What does such-and-such mean and what has it got to do with Pink Floyd?" Andy Mabbett spent a few hours in Birmingham Central Library annoying the staff with similiar questions, not to mention several evenings picking the brains of Ivor, Andy Leslie, Nigel Powell and Stephen and Celia Hoare (thanks to them all).

In order :-

Anzio

As the single "When The Tigers Broke Free", (taken from the film of The Wall, as you well know) tells us, the British First Division landed North of Anzio on 22nd Jan 1944. Together with the US troops involved they totalled 50,000. They made the fatal mistake of pausing to consolidate their beach-head, leaving themselves caught in the open with no shelter and ground unsuitable for digging fox holes. Thousands died on the beaches (including Roger Waters' father) - the lucky ones shot, those less fortunate dying from starvation, disease and exhaustion.

Churchill complained "I had hoped we were hurling a wildcat onto the shore, but all we got was a beached whale.", while Eisenhower commented sympathetically

"In the final outcome, the Anzio operation paid off handsomely..."

Cirrus Minor

Cirrus is a cloud formation, one of the highest known types, found between 16,500 and 45,000 feet (5-13 km).

... The Coming Of Kohoutek

Another bootleg title, "In Celebration of the Comet - the Coming of Kohoutek" refers to Kohoutek's Comet, discovered by Checkoslovak scientist Lubos Kohoutek at Hamburg University on the 7th March 1973 while it was a distance of 400,000,000 miles from Earth (a mere nothing in comparison to it's maximum orbital distance from the Sun of 320,000,000,000 miles, or 90 times the distance of Pluto from the Sun). It's speed at that time was 100 miles per second (the Earth travels at less than 20 miles per second) and whereas Hailey's Comet appears every 70-odd years, Kohoutek's will next show up in or around the year 75,000. The comet has another name, scientists, showing a great lack of imagination, refer to it as 1973f (in other words, the 6th discovered in 1973). UK scientists predicted that Kohoutek, as the comet itself became known, would be clearly visible to the naked eye, even during daylight hours, from November 1973 to February 1974. This turned out to be rather over-optimistic, as the comet only appeared as a faint star in the early evening, and then was only visible from Southern England. It was observed, however, by Kohoutek and his team at the European Southern Observatory, at La Silla, Chile, between the 5th and 30th January 1974 and by Skylab's last crew.

The real irony, however, is that the concert on the bootleg is one of the 1972 Dark Side of the Moon shows, performed in England over a year before the comet was discovered.

Grantchester Meadows

Grantchester is an area two and a half miles South-West of Cambridge. Listed in the Domesday book as GRANESETE. It was the site of both a Roman Camp and an ancient manor house. It was mentioned by Chaucer and is the subject of a well known poem of the same name, written in May 1912 by Rupert Brooke.

Situated on the West bank of the River Cam, the meadows are very popular with those who enjoy torturing innocent fish with barbed hooks.

... Grooving With A Pict

The Picts were a race of Scots who forged their own kingdom before uniting (in 843 AD) with the rest of Scotland under Kenneth I McAlpin. First mentioned in 297 AD, their name (from the latin PICTI, meaning painted) refers to their custom of body tattooing. In the 8th Century the Pictish realms extended from Caithness to Fife.

Let's Get Metaphysical

Metaphysics is the branch of philosophy whose object is to determine the real (or true) nature of things (wow, that's really heavy, maaan...) The literal meaning is 'That which comes after Physics'.

Mihalis

Greek for Michael, Mihalis is the name of David Gilmour's Greek fishing tug. The Greeks consider it bad luck to change a boat's name, so when Dave bought the boat, being an old softie, he kept 'MIHALIS' on the bow.

The Nile Song

Everyone who ever did O-Level Geography, or watched Mastermind, will know that the Nile is the longest river in the world. With a length of 4132 miles (that's 6648 km) it rises in Tanzania and flows North over the equator to the Mediterranean. Nile means (wait for it) "river".

Omayyadd

The Omayyads, or Umayyadds, who gave their name to a bootleg recording of out-takes from Zabriskie Point, were the first of the two great Muslim empires ruling from 660 to 750 AD. The name is derived from the family of Umayya, the main part of the clan of Abd-Shams of the Meccan tribe of Quarish. It was this family which surrendered to Mohammed after years of resistance to Islam.

The political ideas of the Omayyads were essentially Arab, the basis of their power being the Syrian army, with the dynasty's capital in Damascus - a pyramid connection, perhaps?

After their over-throw by the Abbasids in 750, one member of the family established the Muslim dynasty of the Omayyads of Cordoba, in Spain, which finally disappeared in 1031.

An interesting point is that a senior military position in the dynasty was apparently that of the Grand Vizier.

Sisyphus

Or rather Sisyphus, to spell it correctly. In Greek mythology (now we're getting cultured) Sisyphus was the cunning King of Corinth who was punished in Hades by repeatedly having to roll a huge stone (or sometimes marble ball) up a hill only to have it roll down again once he reached the top. This continued indefinitely (a feeling not unlike that of editing a fanzine).

Later legend tells that Sisyphus' crime was that when Death came to collect him, Sisyphus chained him up. No one died until Ares came to Death's aid and Sisyphus was forced to submit. In the meantime he had persuaded his wife Merope not to perform the customary rites nor to bury his body. Thus, when he reached the underworld, he was allowed to return to Earth to punish her. Instead he continued to live to a ripe old age (sensible chap) before dying a second time.

Sisyphus was, in fact, a widely popular figure of folklore - the trickster or master thief.

Ummagumma

This is Northern slang for 'Nookie', requiring no further comment...

Up The Khyber

The Khyber pass is a strategic route in the Khyber agency of the North-West Province of Pakistan. It is the most Northerly, and a very important, passage between Pakistan and Afghanistan.

Through it have passed Persians, Greeks, Tartars, Mughals, Afghans and the British. In fact it was a key point in British border control during the occupation of what was then the Indian Empire. This is well illustrated in the classic film 'Carry On Up The Khyber'.

So now you know, and you can amaze your friends at parties - don't ever say that the 'Pudding isn't educational. I intend a second article to cover other lexicographical mysteries - suggestions are welcome.

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE

Music? For Pleasure? Oh well, it takes all sorts. I should point out that I don't like reviewing records. I'm a strong believer that one man's meat is another man's poison, besides, what right have I to criticise another man's hard work or sincere artistic efforts? Anyway, someone's got to report on the album. If one of you apathetic lot wants to have a go, please do and we'll see if different opinions show themselves.

To start with the boring facts, the album was produced at the Floyd's Britannia Row studios by Nick Mason and was released in 1977 on the Stiff label; Cat No SEEZ 5. For the purpose of this recording, the Damned were :- Lu (guitar); Brian James (guitar and vocals); Captain Sensible (bass guitar and vocals); Rat Scabies (drums) and Dave Vanion (vocals).

The album is deleted, but can be found fairly easily at record fairs for about £7. European editions exist in gatefold sleeve and in blue vinyl. Out of deference to my folks, the album was reviewed at low volume. I assume it is meant to be played at ear-splitting level and would then seem much more lively.

Time to get down to the nitty-gritty :-

Side one opens with Problem Child, sounding to my ears rather like the Beach Boys on speed. Next up is Don't Cry Wolf, with a sound that earned only scorn for many heavy metal bands in the turbulent days of '77. Still, anything's better than Happy Talk! After that we find One Way Love, with rather weird guitar lines and punky vocals over what is essentially a rock and roll track. An average Politics crops up between this and Stretcher Case, in which Dave Vanion finally makes up for some mediocre drumming on the opening songs - I wonder what Nick made of such fast drum work? The side closes with what would seem to be a slow track, Idiot Box. This image only lasts for a few bars, after which it's back to the 'if in doubt - give it a clout' style.

A quick flip and side two gives us You Take My Money. Actually, when reviewing this I was in some pain, having just lost two wisdom teeth, what I really needed was some nice soothing tunes (I followed the album with a genteel Steve Hackett bootleg) so this track, being more at home at a wild party, was probably lost on me. Nor did I spot the end of this and the start of the next track, Alone. (Honest!)

I have a theory that Punk Rock never was a new movement, just a clever way of marketing old ideas. Your Eyes is a classic example of this, being the Damned's trip into R&B land. There is, however nothing 'old hat' about Creep (You Can't Fool Me), which opens with a powerful drum intro. The best surprise is the closing track, You Know, with Lol Coxhill's guest saxophone developing into a Soft Machine-like blow, possibly the records saving factor.

Rumour has it that the Damned approached Pete Jenner to see if Syd would produce the album for them - this was obviously not on and Pete then suggested Nick, who was looking for someone to produce at the time.

Andy.

PINK FLOYD BADGES

Whilst most Floyd fans are well acquainted with the vast number of bootlegs on the market, the wide range of promos and foreign singles and the plethora of press cuttings, few are aware of the possibilities available to them by collecting such a common item as a Pink Floyd badge. Due to the 'pirate' nature of most of these, a large variety exists, with many variations on a theme.

Badges can be divided, for the purposes of this study, into two broad categories, crystals and button badges.

Crystals, or enamels as they are often known, generally sell for around the 65p mark. They consist of an enamel design on a metal base, covered with a dome of clear resin to protect the face from scratches. The pin is soldered to the back of the base. The relatively high cost of these badges (compared to button badges) means that there is less variety, but there is still plenty to interest the serious collector.

(I would count myself amongst the serious collectors, with a collection of about 542 Pink Floyd badges, eight key-rings and 27 sew-on patches, all catalogued and stored in glass cases. We collectors have a lively correspondence amongst ourselves with a regular newsletter called 'Pin Floyd'.)

Returning, however, to crystals, the commonest is the Dark Side Of The Moon prism. Over 50 different types have so far been identified, the main difference, as with all crystals, being the type of metal in the base (with Bronze or Silver finish), the diameter and the thickness of the resin dome itself. Variants of this particular design are the colour of the light rays and the angle of spread as they leave the prism. Often, instead of the six colours on the LP sleeve there are four, red at the top, then yellow and green, ending with blue.

One particularly rare example, currently changing hands amongst collectors at about £7.50 and thought to originate in Hong Kong in 1975, has the design reversed, with white light on the right and the rainbow on the left. There is also an American variety, with a pale blue background, selling at around £2.50.

This is a good point to mention import badges. As I stated above, the wide variety of badges exists because of their 'pirate' nature. Instead of one manufacturer making large quantities under license, there are several 'back-street' operators producing small batches to suit demand. This tends to localise production. Another factor is that export licences cannot be obtained for pirate goods, so any imported badges have to be smuggled past customs at the risk of large fines and/or imprisonment.

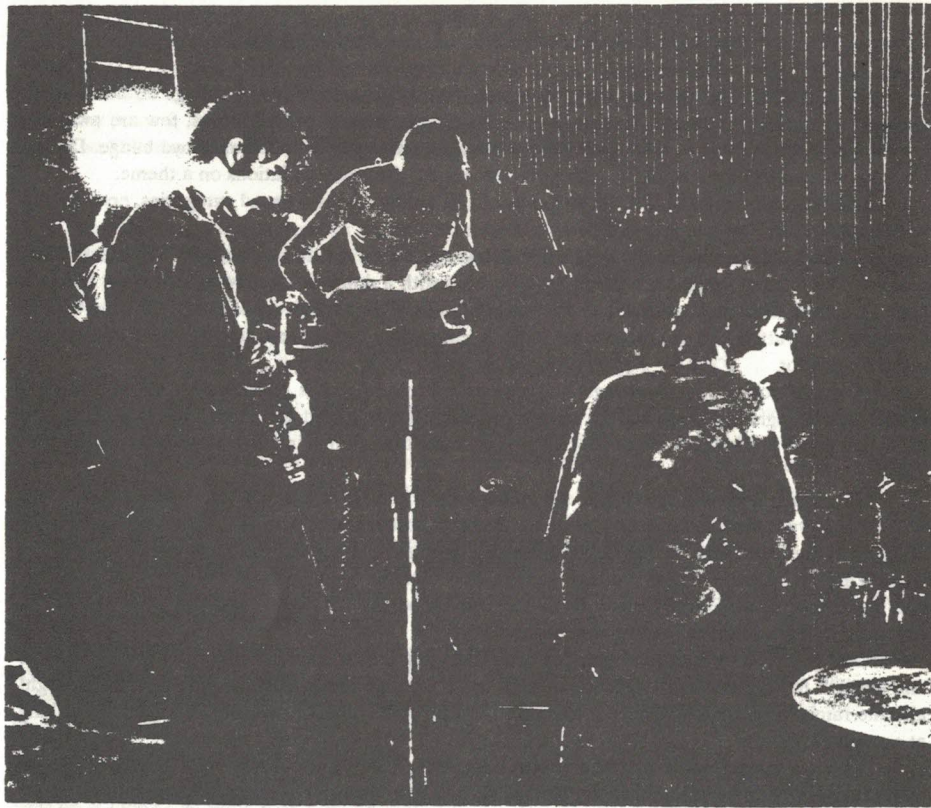
Turning now to the much more common button badges - production costs involved are minimal - a 1.5 inch badge in a medium sized run costs only 20p to produce. One genuine and very collectable rarity is the limited edition Syd Barrett badge produced by Ivor Trueman. Barrett badges are exceedingly rare, and the production of an exclusive badge of such quality, with original Barrett artwork, caused a great stir amongst my badge collecting correspondents!

One of the rarest buttons in my collection is a 1.3 inch French badge with white background and the words Pink Floyd in black Sans Serif type. I was lucky enough to obtain this little gem for only £8, but I had to do a lot of haggling.

My favourite is the well known 'Wish You Were Here' badge equivalent of an LP mis-pressing. This is a 3/4", multi-colour robot logo as on the album labels. Due to a factory error a few (only 37 are believed to exist) are mounted upside down. (see left.)

I hope this little summary of Pink Floyd badge collecting inspires you to start a collection of your own, but remember, it would be foolish to invest without doing some research first -

A P Riley



Pink Floyd on stage with Frank Zappa, Amougies Pop & Jazz Festival, Belgium 25/10/69
(Courtesy Vernon Fitch)

DAVID GILMOUR

About Face

(CBS/Fox Producer: Steve O'Rourke 101 mins)

Combine excellent concert footage with a couple of promo clips - and then add some extensive documentary and interview footage and what have you got? — one of the most interesting rock video packages to appear in a long time.

Spotlighting material from Gilmour's new solo album, *About Face*, the video's live concert footage is of excellent vintage with the Pink Floyd guitarist

mixing Floyd nuggets like *Comfortably Numb* and *Run Like Hell* along with the new tracks.

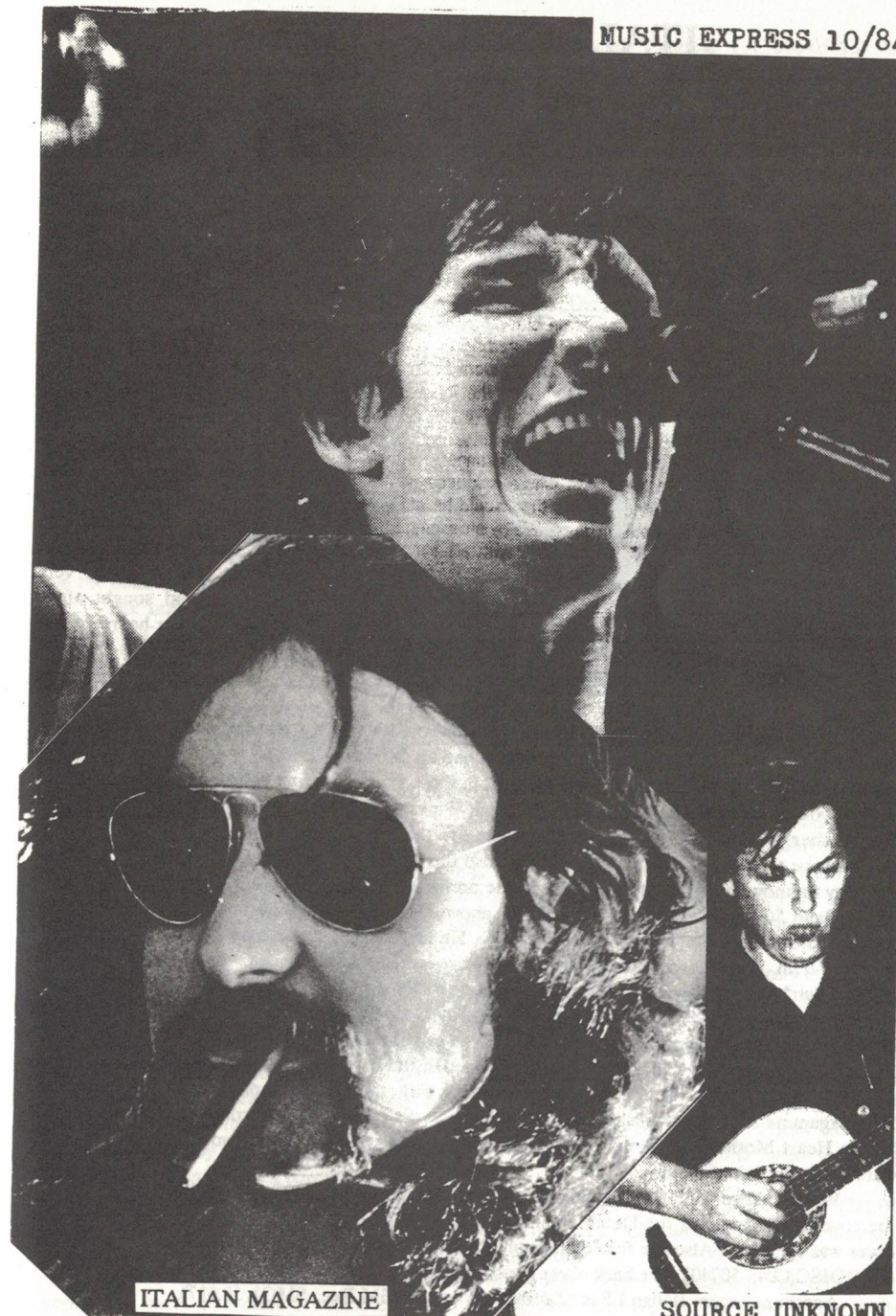
Supported by a band that includes Floyd drummer Nick Mason and ex-Bad Company and Mott The Hoople guitarist Mick Ralphs. Gilmour seems well at ease as a solo performer. His guitar work is exemplary and he's even passable as a vocalist with *All Lovers Are Deranged* and *Until We Sleep* being particularly effective.

The concert footage is followed by the two promo video clips for *Blue Light* and *All Lovers Are Deranged* before concluding

with a fascinating 'After The Wall' sequence which documents the band on tour through France and Germany before concluding with a performance at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

Through the sequence, we get a realistic look at life on the road, some interesting insights from Gilmour himself as well as cameo appearances by The Who's Pete Townshend and Floyd's Nick Mason.

Overall, a well-rounded, totally entertaining videomontary that represents state-of-the-art video. A shining example for other video makers to follow.



ITALIAN RARITIES



The Piper at the Gates of Dawn (Italian sleeve)

I think it is almost impossible to list a complete discography for each country, however I am trying to do my best with the Italian Pink Floyd records, some of which are very interesting and collectable.

The first rarity is the single "See Emily Play" / "Scarecrow" (Columbia 7066) issued in 1967; it has a fantastic picture sleeve showing Pink Floyd in a light show (see the photo in OPEL 3 page 6). This single is very rare and sought after. I've never heard of any other Floyd singles issued on Columbia in Italy.

I know that "See Emily Play" was also featured on a Various Artists compilation, but I can't remember the title. (I can only remember that it had an "X" in it.) 1967-68 is an obscure period for Italy; neither "Piper" or "Saucerful" saw the light in those years. The first two albums were published in 1971; you can read the date printed in the vinyl: "Piper" (22/4/71 I), and "Saucerful" (12/5/71 I). The number "I" after the date proves that these are the first editions. Almost all the Italian EMI records have the date printed in the vinyl and also the number of the edition (I, II, III, IV, etc.). So it is easy to know the birthdate of the disc. The prefix for Italian EMI is 3C (Compare with France 2C, Holland 5C etc.) "Piper", as you can see above (and in TAP 6), has a totally different front cover; it shows Pink Floyd with Dave Gilmour... He had nothing to do with this LP. Today it is a very rare item. "Piper" and "Saucerful" were never re-issued separately and were deleted as soon as "A Nice Pair" was published. Another rarity relating to "Piper" is a 4 LP's box set called "Progressive Story" containing "Piper" without cover and LP's by Deep Purple, Nice, Steve Miller Band and a little booklet. The box has an art cover in which you can see the cow of "Atom Heart Mother".

Probably the first Pink Floyd album published in Italy was "More" (my copy is dated 23/9/69) maybe because there was the film in circulation with the title "Di piu ancora di piu". Also "Ummagumma" was not published in 1969; it had to wait until 5/2/71 to come out. However after "Atom Heart Mother" the albums were published regularly except for the two Barrett solo's which were never published separately.

We also have "The Best of Pink Floyd" but only in cassette (MC 244-04299); I don't know if the cover is the same as the Dutch album but I think it is, I once had a French cassette and that cover was the same. Also the first edition of "Relics" is on EMIDISC with orange and black labels; (EMIDISC C048-50740). The back cover gives information on other EMIDISC albums.

Another obscure Italian LP is "Zabriskie Point" (MGM Rec., SMGL 50.017).

With "Meddle" there was the single "One of These Days"/"Fearless" (3C 006-05013) dated 1/3/72. The cover is the same as the LP. The back cover publicises other Floyd records. Related to this single there is also the juke-box promo, (JBP). JBP's have a white label (instead of a yellow/green Harvest label) and have the prefix 3C 000 - the number is the same on the B-side if that is blank (ie. No other artist is featured). These JBP's are issued without sleeves.

The first 60,000 copies of "Obscured By Clouds" were defective and EMI withdrew them; I don't know what the defect was. From this album there came the single "Free Four"/"The Gold it's in the..." (Harvest 3C 006-05086) dated 11/7/72. The cover is like the LP; the rear jacket gives only the titles. There is also the JBP single.

Then there was the big success of "Dark Side", accompanied by the single "Money"/"Any Colour You Like" (Harvest 3C 006-05368) dated 25/5/73. The cover shows pyramids similar to the poster in the album; the back cover has publicity for "Dark Side". The JBP single "Money" (Harvest 3C 000-60039) is backed by the Italian singer Al Bano with "La canzone di Maria".

After "Dark Side"'s success the interest in Pink Floyd grew and EMI released "Point Me At The Sky"/"Careful..." (Harvest 3C 006 054 59) dated 20/9/73. The cover shows a photo of clouds with the writing "INEDITO."; and the back cover has publicity for "Dark Side". The JBP single is backed by Suzi Quatro's "48 Crash", (Harvest 3C 000-70007).

After "A Nice Pair" came "Masters Of Rock"; this LP is on the Harvest label and has the horrible cover with PINK FLOYD written in relief on gold.

The double "Syd Barrett" (Harvest 3C 154-50330/I) was published 10/1/74 and sold at a special price. The cover is the same as "The Madcap Laughs" (gatefold) and the titles are all written on the back cover.

The same year another rare album came out for the first time in Italy; it was "The Body" (Harvest 3C 064-04615) dated 7/11/74; it has a completely different front cover (see TAP 4, page 16). In the same period the film was in circulation in Italy with the title "Questo tuo fragile corpo meraviglioso".

1976 was the year of "Wish You Were Here" with the single "Have A Cigar"/"Shine On pt 1" (Harvest 3C 006097357). It has a nice art cover showing a robot hand holding a cigar on both front and rear jackets. There's also the JBP.

In January 1977 the monthly musical magazine GONG came out with a free Pink Floyd 7" EP inside (see the cover in TAP 3 pg 10 and BEST OF 1-5 pg 13). It is taken from the bootleg "Live In Hamburg" (1971) and contains segments of "Green Is The Colour", "Careful...", "Embryo" and "Set The Controls". However, this EP is not a bootleg; in fact it has the regular SIAE ink stamp on the label (ie: the copyright society). This EP was the first of 5; the others were by Dylan, N. Young, Henry Cow and Capricorne. Who knows if a still sealed copy of the magazine exists (I saw one in 1981 - IDT).

In 1978, after "Animals", there was a mysterious event. All the Harvest singles were re-issued (I'm not sure about "Have a Cigar"). The strange fact is that they didn't appear in the Italian shops. And they weren't advertised anywhere. I think they were all sent to the UK; in fact it seems that the UK is the only place in which they are available. However, these re-issues are easy to distinguish. First of all you can read the date on the vinyl and the number of pressing (II); then there are differences in the covers. For example: "Point Me At The Sky" has now the same photo on both sides and there isn't the writing "INEDITO." across the front. "One Of These Days" now has a black cover that has only the titles of the songs. In the re-issued 45's the EMI logo is inside a rectangle and positioned on the back covers.

Another 1978 single is D. Gilmour's "There's No Way Out Of Here"/"Deafinitely" (3C 006-61320) with the same photo's as the LP. Both Dave's and Rick's LP's were released as normal in Italy. I haven't heard of Gilmour's single occurring in JBP form.

... and "The Wall" came out. The lyrics are in the right order, compared to the UK and US copies I've seen. The more collectable "Walls" are the one's coloured in red vinyl - very limited

editions. I have a copy in orange vinyl but there are also yellow and a mixture of yellow and orange (ie. one LP of either colour). These are really very hard to find. There are three singles from "The Wall". The rarest and most collectable one seems to be a mispressing, but I suspect it was intentional; the cover and labels read "Another Brick pt 2"/"One Of My Turns" but on the B-side there is "Young Lust" really!! It's difficult to find a copy without hearing it. This "Young Lust" is not exactly the same as on the album; it has a disco-music introduction and at the end you don't hear the voices or the telephone. The matrix number is 63494, 21/11/79 I BIS; the normal single hasn't the word BIS. The third single is "Run Like Hell"/"Don't Leave Me Now" (Harvest 3C 006-63833) dated 2/5/80; on the cover there is a little picture of the crossed hammers.

"Another Brick pt 2" also came out as a JBP backed by Jean Pierre Posit with "Le vent de l'amour", a French song (3C 000-7911 0); a rarer edition is backed by Paul McCartney's "Beautiful Christmas Time" (3C 000-79111). I haven't heard of a "Run Like Hell" JBP.

After "The Wall" Italian EMI put out a box set called "Collection" containing the LP's from "A Nice Pair" to "The Wall". (3C 162-53826/38) It is nothing special because they are only normal LP's without any picture discs or booklets. The box has the design of the wall. The normal albums have been re-issued many times without special differences. The only re-issued album I have to mention is the double "Syd Barrett" in the cheap series TALENT (3/3/82). The cover is again "The Madcap Laughs" but this time it is not gatefold and the titles are on a pale brown background. The rest of the story is too recent and it isn't particularly interesting from the point of view of the collector. There was "Not Now John" juke box promo backed by Italian singer Bobby Solo and "Straniere" and there is one 12" single, consisting of a DJ remix of "Blue Light" and two songs by Talk Talk and R. Lee. (EMI 04 01792716) The matrix No. of the "Not Now John" is EMI 000-1792477.

"Oh balls" (This is your editor speaking - I've just seen Edo's PS which says...)

PS. I've forgotten to mention a Various Artists album (about 1970) called "Underground Show" featuring "The Nile Song" and "Ibiza Bar". The situation is under control.

Edoardo Bertoletti.

These are the lyrics of 'The Merry Christmas Song' performed by Nick Mason on the John Peel show, Christmas 1975.

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS SONG

Here comes Santa in his sleigh
Those silver bells they sound so gay
His shiny sleigh is heaped with toys
To give to all good girls and boys

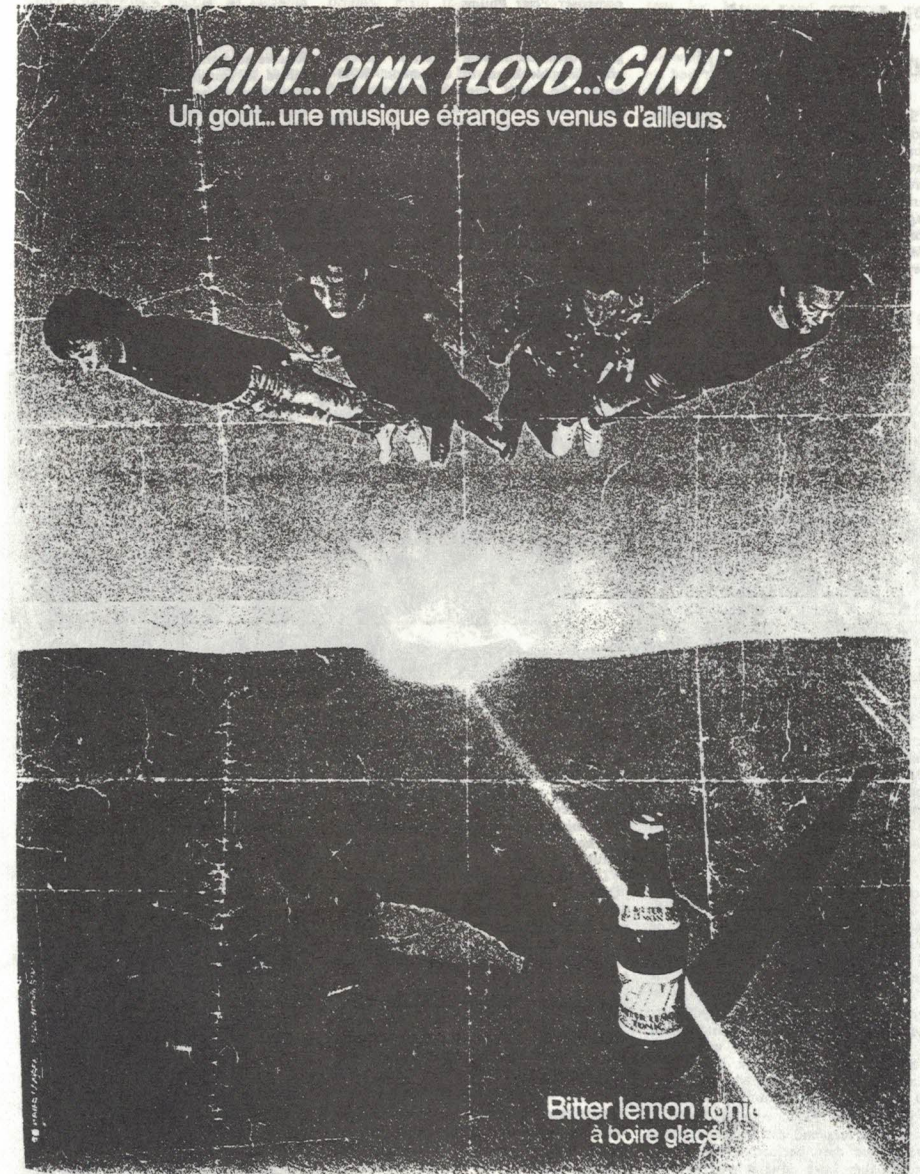
With dolls and golliwogs and clockwork trains
Prams, tin soldiers and little model planes...

Going to fill your stocking
So long as you've been good
As I'm sure that you have
Because you know you should

His cheerful face is wreathed in smiles
Can see him coming for miles and miles
As he passes by he'll catch your ear
With:

"A merry Christmas guv and a happy new year."

Turkey and sausages and Christmas pud
"Have another helping John"
Oh I don't think I could
Christmas parcels, under the tree...
None for you and
SIX FOR ME...



Taken from a French magazine in June 1974 this is the Gini Bitter Lemon advertisement which made use of Pink Floyd. Predating other corporate sponsorship by over a decade, Gini sponsored Floyd's June 1974 6-city tour of France to the tune of £50,000. Little realising that their integrity might be compromised, Floyd went ahead with the deal. Afterwards they donated all of the money to charity.

Pink Floyd – the Interstellar Band

BY JACK McDONOUGH
 SAN FRANCISCO — That was Pink Floyd on the Fillmore stage October 21st, along with the Roger Wagner Chorale, three French horns, three trombones, three trumpets, and a tuba. They were performing, for the second time ever on stage, the suite from *Atom Heart Mother*. For an encore the Chorale did an *Ave Maria* written in 1562.



Pink Floyd: images of black, moving water, of the exhilarating bleakness of the moon

The Fillmore crowd may have wondered at the print-dressed and short-haired Chorale, and the Chorale may have likewise been curious about this audience. For warmers at intermission the Chorale had done Vittoria's *Ave Maria* in the dressing room, and the general idea after that—propagated mostly by Floyd manager Steve O'Rourke—was that if *Atom Heart* went well, the Chorale would do the *Ave* as an encore.

Atom Heart got a standing ovation, and bassist Roger Waters introduced Wagner. But it was too much for some of the more dazed and diehard Fillmore freaks: as the Chorale neared the "Amen," scattered give-me-back-my-candy shouts of "We want Pink Floyd" came through from the sides of the auditorium. If they didn't understand what Pink Floyd's music is all about in the first place, it is a bit puzzling why they spent \$3 and four hours to come to see them.

It costs the Floyd roughly \$5000 in musician's fees and extraneous expenses every time they perform *Atom Heart*, and so they have done it only in New York, where the current tour opened almost five weeks ago, and here in San Francisco. They did it for the last time when they closed their current tour in Los Angeles October 23. The brass and the voices, which were scored by organist-pianist Rick Wright and his friend Ron Geeson (who does some composing, mostly for documentary films, in England), were conducted by New York

composer Peter Philips.

The music of Pink Floyd evokes images of cold, clear, far interstellar regions, of black moving water, of the exhilarating bleakness of the moon. It is easily the most intellectual music in rock.

All this was clear from the opening segment of the Fillmore performance. They began with "Astronomy Domine" went on through Dave Gilmour's pastoral "Fat Old Sun" from the new album; a longer piece which incorporated some of "Careful With That Axe, Eugene"; a very extended version of Roger Waters'

in France by Barbet Schroeder, got some bad reviews here and those reviews hardly mentioned the score, although O'Rourke said that the film was better received in Europe. Working under pressure, they completed the track in eight days, and although it has weak spots, "It's a pretty damn good track for a week's work."

Ummagumma was almost a year in the making, taking up large chunks of 1969. In November of 1969 they steadily put in almost twelve hours a day for the month doing the sound track for *Zabriskie Point*. The undertaking was

sensual and apprehensive "Cymbaline" ("Will the tightrope reach the end, will the final couplet rhyme?/And it's high time, Cymbaline/It's high time, Cymbaline/Please wake me") from the soundtrack they did for the film *More*; and then finished off with "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun" and "A Saucerful of Secrets."

The last two pieces taken together, "Controls" and "Saucer" were surely as unremittingly exhausting on an audience as anything Hendrix ever did. "Hendrix was the only one," said O'Rourke. "The only one. He was such a total performer."

Pink Floyd has been performing "Saucer" on the road for almost two years now, and the distance they have brought it even since the live *Ummagumma* recording is remarkable. The group, and particularly Wright, has achieved a complexity and a depth, building nuances onto the main line of the music, far beyond what is on either the studio cut of the song on the second album or the live cut.

Their reputation in England and on the Continent as experimental artists is much greater than in the States. The solidity of that reputation is made clear by the work they have done in the past year or so and the work they plan to do before next summer.

They did the sound track for *More* in late 1968. The film, which was done

that they were to do the entire track, and they worked particularly hard producing the love scene. But then Antonioni decided to use other groups, and Jerry Garcia ended up doing the love scene, although Floyd's composition for the explosions, "Come In, Number 51, Your Number Is Up," is probably the strongest piece on the track. They got on well personally with Antonioni, according to drummer Nicky Mason, "but he's a fucking crazy man to work for. We ended up not doing anything in the film that much. That's why he wasn't working with experienced actors. The *Zabriskie* actors were ordered to do everything. They had no freedom."

After that they began work on *Atom Heart Mother*, and then came on the current tour. The cows on the cover don't really mean anything, said Mason. "They're just basic. Everyone's trying to put out complicated, superhip album covers. We just wanted something plain. The title of the album came from a news headline about a pregnant woman who had been kept alive with an atomic heart. There is a connection between the cows and the title if you want to think of the earth mother, or the heart of the earth."

After the stateside tour, they began a European tour for most of November, and after that begin working with producer Roland Pettit and Russian dancer Rudolf Nureyev on a ballet to be based

on Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*—which they're all carrying around and reading now.

They have a December meeting with Pettit, who, according to O'Rourke, is being very open about the whole thing, and Floyd will have at their disposal a hundred-piece orchestra should they wish to use it. The studio work will be done in England, and it will be performed for ten days in June at the Grand Palais in Paris, with Floyd performing the score live for all ten performances. The closing performance will be carried via Eurovision, and they expect a viewing audience of about 70 million throughout Europe.

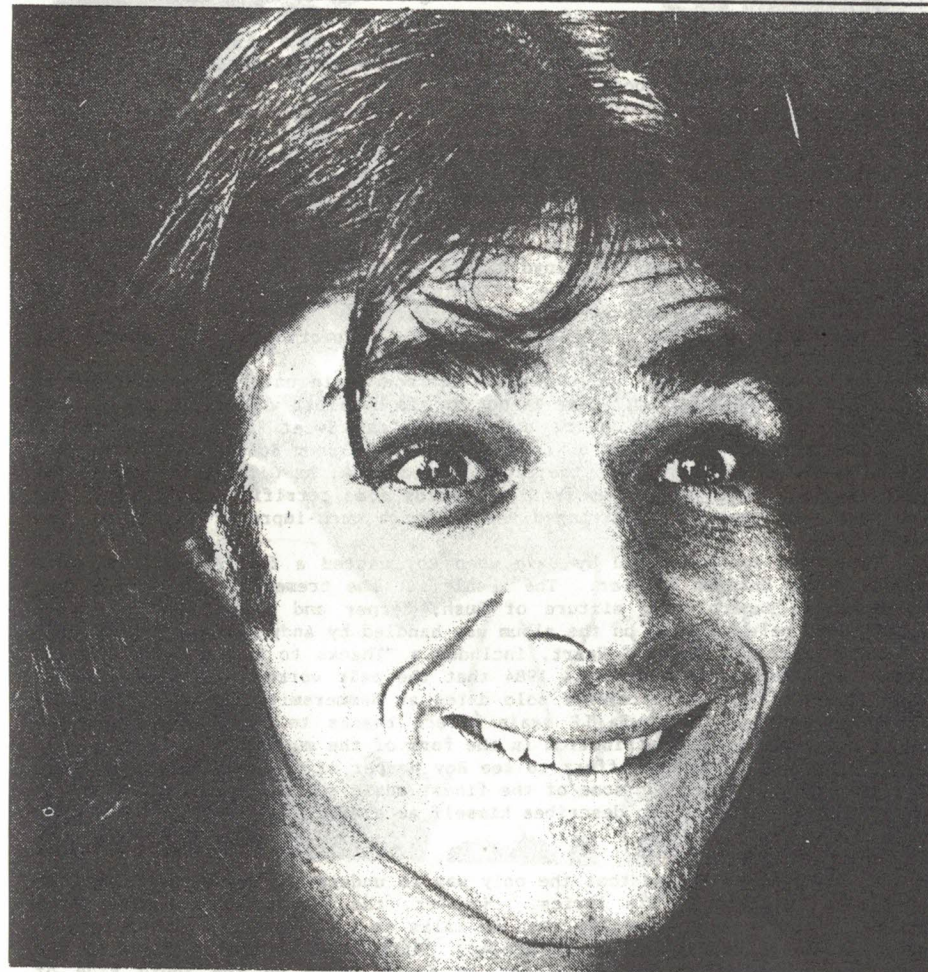
Which is a long way from "See Emily Play," off the first album done in 1967. Pink Floyd has been together since 1964.

Syd Barrett seems to have been the original main force of the group; he was the lead guitarist and wrote most of the material on that first album. Dave Gilmour took his place the next year. According to the band, Syd wiggled out: A little too much acid. He is still doing a good bit of writing, and Gilmour and Wright are at work now producing an album with Syd singing his own material. They have no idea yet when it might be ready.

The Floyd is an extremely well-balanced, democratic group. Record two of the *Ummagumma* set, the studio album, contains basically four separate pieces, each one featuring a single musician. Again, side two of *Atom Heart* contains

four pieces, one by each member except for Mason, and a group piece, "Alan's Psychedelic Breakfast." The psychedelic breakfast is akin to some of the material on *Ummagumma*; while there we had such things as footsteps coming down stairs to swat a bee (who has by that time driven you crazy with buzzing if you are listening to it on earphones), here we have the sounds of bacon frying. As the cook lights a match to start the breakfast fire, he ignites a guitar chord. As the fire builds, the song is made. Alan is Alan Styles, Floyd's road manager, and it is his voice on the menu. That's him on the back of *Ummagumma*, on the left, amidst that intriguing symmetry of instruments.

ROLLING STONE/NOVEMBER 26, 1970



MELODY MAKER 17/06/72

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Those of you with particularly vivid imaginations may just be able to conceive of an artist who has been around longer than Pink Floyd - this man is Roy Harper, whose first LP, *The Sophisticated Beggar*, was released in 1966. Roy claims that he first met the Floyd while Syd was still with them, at the first Hyde Park free festival on June 29, 1968. By this time, however, Syd had already left; I suspect Roy has got his dates mixed up!

The early Floyd were managed by Blackhill Enterprises - a six way partnership of Syd's band, plus Pete Jenner and Andrew King. At the split, the latter chose to stick with Syd - commercially a bad move, so they looked around for acts to add to their roster. One of them was Roy; an association which was to last for many years, with Jenner producing several of Roy's albums.

1974 marked the emergence of a musical collaboration, as a band consisting of Harper, Gilmour, John Paul Jones and Steve Broughton played the Hyde Park gig of August 31, premiering material to be released on 1975's HQ album. Reviews of the gig were good.

HQ was recorded, fortuitously enough, at Abbey Road, at the same time as Floyd's sessions for *Wish You Were Here*. Gilmour is one of many guitarists on the album and it is hard to distinguish him from Chris Spedding, Harper's chief guitarist of the time, who has a very similar style. It was Jenner's idea to use Gilmour, having been much impressed with his playing at Hyde Park. "It was a pity," said Jenner, "that by the time we started recording, Dave had started rehearsing with the Floyd again. Though he'd been playing fantastic lead before, his contact with the Floyd tightened him up and he could only play Floyd-style on the session." Dave, in fact, plays lead only on the first half of *The Game*, which is finished off by Spedding.

The Floyd's only UK gig of 1975 was the Knebworth Festival, where Roy joined them on stage for *Have A Cigar*.

The collaboration was not to openly surface again until 1978, the year of Gilmour's first solo album. Dave is not at his happiest writing lyrics and Roy was asked to do the job on one song, *Short and Sweet*. This track was to reappear two years later on the Harper album *The Unknown Soldier*: an album that could be called the zenith of the Floyd-Harper link, as Gilmour co-wrote about half of the tracks as well as finally lending some terrific guitar work. The new *Short and Sweet* has rearranged verses and a much-improved production over the Gilmour solo effort.

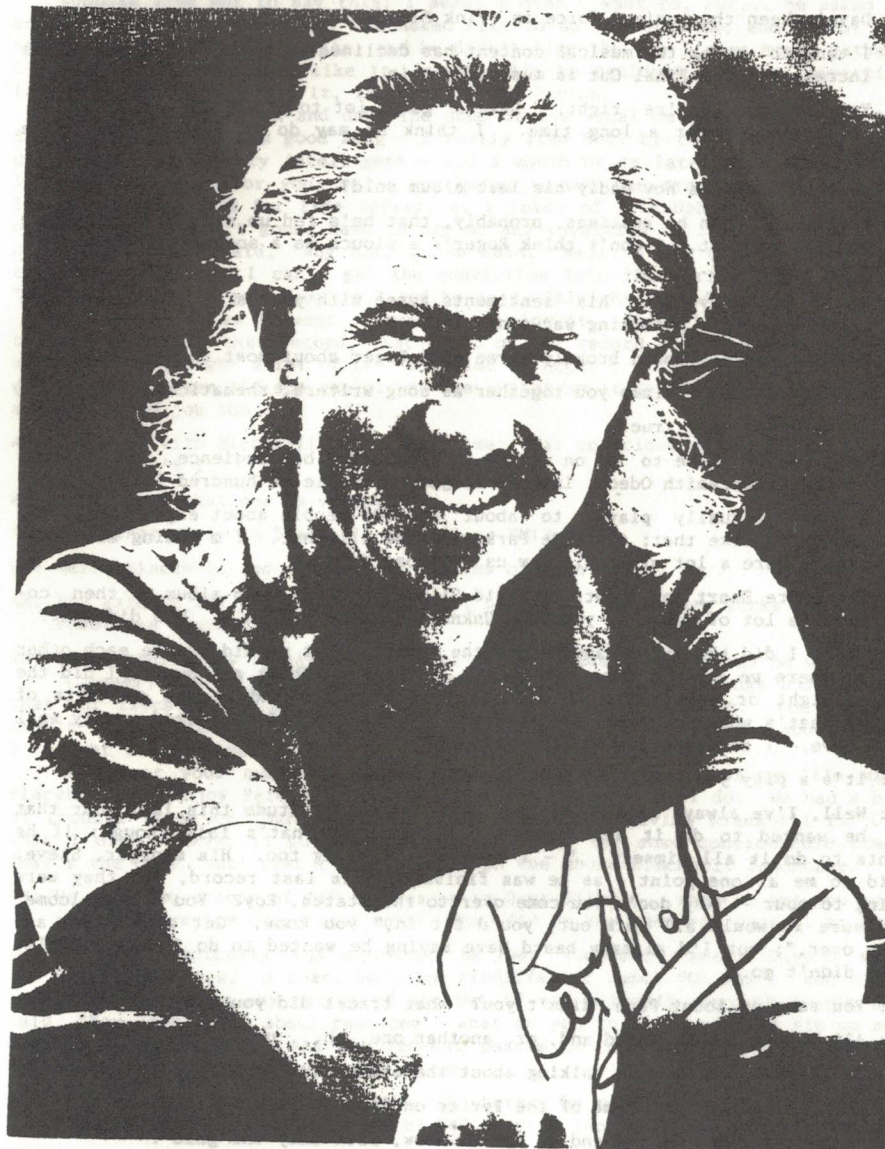
Kate Bush was suggested by Dave when Roy wanted a female vocalist for a track on *The Unknown Soldier*. The result was the tremendously powerful *You*, which is as superb as a mixture of Bush, Harper and Gilmour on one track promises to be! Drumming on the album was handled by Andy Newmark.

Roy's next LP, *Work of Heart*, includes a "Thanks to Dave Gilmour" on the inner bag, but it was not until 1984 that the pair worked together again, on *About Face* and two of Gilmour's solo dates at Hammersmith Odeon. Roy's 1985 *Whatever Happened to Jugula* LP again offers thanks to Dave Gilmour, not to mention an uncredited contribution in the form of the music for *Hope*.

If you don't make the effort to see Roy Harper at least once in your life, you deserve to miss out on some of the finest music to be played in the 80's by a survivor of the 60's who describes himself as a star of the 90's.

Andy Leslie

It may well be argued that the only way to understand Roy Harper's work is to listen intently to his lyrics. However, the events lying behind these lyrics are often only revealed when he talks to his audiences either between songs at a gig or through an interview. With this in mind a party of TAP reporters ventured to the Red Lion, in Kings Heath on the South side of Birmingham, on January 19 '85, to see Roy perform and interview him beforehand.



ROY HARPER

Those present included Roy (RH), his girlfriend Jacqui (J), Andy Leslie (AL) and Andy Mabbett (AM). We first asked him for his opinion of Dave Gilmour...

RH: Dave's been the musical force in (Pink Floyd) for years.

AL: I tend to think the musical content has declined as Waters' domination has increased. The Final Cut is musically thin.

RH: Yes, it is. You're right. Dave's got a lot to offer and I don't think Roger saw it for a long time. I think he may do at some stage in the future.

AM: When he realises how badly his last album sold?

RH: Perhaps. When he realises, probably, that he's fed up with having average musical content. I don't think Roger's a slouch as a songwriter at all. I think he's alright.

AM: Would you say that his sentiments agree with your's - attacking the music industry, attacking war-mongering...?

RH: Yeah, I guess I would broadly agree with Roger about most things.

AL: People do tend to lump you together as song writers, thematically-speaking.

RH: Yeah, absolutely true.

AM: What was it like to go on stage in front of a big audience, as it was at the Hammersmith Odeon, instead of just a couple of hundred like tonight?

RH: I have actually played to about 400,000 people about eight times, or something like that: the Hyde Park gigs and all that. I'm adding all those up - there were a lot of people saw us in those days.

AM: You wrote Short and Sweet for David Gilmour's first solo album, then co-wrote a lot of songs on your The Unknown Soldier with him. Who did what?

RH: Well, I did the lyrics and he did the music. But we did advise each other on where we thought what should go. I think on Short and Sweet, I did the middle-eight or something. I did odd bits of music and he did odd bits of words; that's what it really amounted to. In the past, I've worked really well with Dave. I really enjoy working with him.

AM: It's a pity you don't get together more often.

RH: Well, I've always said this; but Dave had the attitude this last tour that he wanted to do it all himself. I thought, "That's fair enough: if he wants to do it all himself..." - I have that feeling too. His manager, Steve, said to me at one point - as he was finishing this last record, and they were going to tour - "Why don't you come over to the States, Roy? You'd be welcome, I'm sure it would all work out, you'd fit in," you know, "Get on a plane and come over,"; but I'd already heard Dave saying he wanted to do it all himself, so I didn't go.

AM: You sang on About Face, didn't you? What tracks did you sing on?

RH: All Lovers Are Deranged and, er, another one, oh... um...

J: Is it that one we were talking about the other day?

RH: Yeah, I helped with some of the lyrics on it as well.

J: "Standing alone at the end of the rainbow, with only the gold".

RH: Yeah (hums a bit). I did write some lyrics for him; which he chose not to use for some reason, I dunno.

AM: Jacqui was saying that he co-wrote one of the songs on Rizla (the original title of Harper's new album - AM).

RH: Yes.

AM: But he's not appearing on it?

RH: No, he's not. He asked me to do one of the songs on his album and, er... I suppose I've got to say this; I mean, I didn't want to, but... he asked me and he asked Pete Townshend. He asked Pete to do two of them; and one of the songs from Pete he didn't like, and he didn't like the one I gave him. Rather, it wasn't that he didn't like it, but he said he couldn't put the conviction into it that I'd put into it, in terms of the lyrics.

One day I'd gone in and done the demo of the vocal on their track and Bob Ezrin thought it was a good song - I really like Bob, by the way; he's a good guy, very bright, very intelligent - and a month or so later Dave said, "Roy, I've got bad news for you: we're not going to use the track on the record." I'd given it to him for free anyway, as a token of friendship; like a debt I owed him. He wasn't gonna have to pay me any royalties on it as far as I was concerned. So I said, "Why not?". He said, "Well, I can't sing it the way that you sang it - I can't get the conviction into the lyrics." So I said, "Oh, um, well, I'm gonna use it," and he said, "Alright then."

That's as far as it went. I ended up using it. So, it's one of the songs that he wrote for that record, that isn't on the record and has ended up on my record cos I thought a lot of it. I called it Hope... it's a good track. I've got a sixteen year old son who played the guitar on it instead of Dave and does a pretty good job too.

AM: You were with Blackhill for a long time; that coincided with your period at EMI, didn't it?

RH: I remember that one as victim.

AM: Does that apply to Blackhill as well as EMI?

RH: Well, Blackhill and I were just victims of each other.

AM: You said on the back of Lifemask that Blackhill "sometimes works for us and sometimes against".

RH: Yeah, that's how it always was; that's how it was always gonna be with Pete (Jenner) and I. Pete and I are two intelligent human beings who decided that our lives should be in something artistic - mine in music. God knows I didn't realise that my life was gonna be in music. I had no idea about that. I thought I was a poet.

To answer your question, I had some of the best years of my life with Blackhill. I enjoy Pete as a friend still and I always will do. We had a bit of trouble three or four years ago, when I ended up giving Blackhill £17,000 that I didn't have; it put my nose out of joint for some considerable time. That's the only 'but' that I can think of on the whole Blackhill landscape.

AM: We gave you a copy of TAP to pass on to Dave Gilmour, when we met you outside Hammersmith Odeon last April. What did he say when you gave it to him?

RH: He didn't actually say anything; he just tucked it away! Dave's very droll, you know. I mean, he'll go (indifferent tone) "Oh yes". You think he's not even taken any notice of it, but if you actually went up to him and said, "Now look, what about page one - what do you think?" and tied him up and started to torture him and put red-hot poker in his face, he'd be able to repeat the entire contents of every page.

AM: It's whether he liked it though, not whether he read it. Still, he hasn't sued us yet (Roy is given copy of TAP 3, with Ivor's review of Hammersmith)

RH: Thanks, we will read it; or rather Jacqui will read it to me - that's what usually happens.

AM: It's been really good tonight: thanks a lot and thanks for the drinks!

RH: Thanks, gang.

PINK FLOYD BIRMINGHAM TOWN HALL

Pink Floyd: Birmingham Town Hall 11.02.70

- Side 1: The Embryo/ Main Theme (from 'More')/ Careful With That Axe, Eugene/ Sisyphus
Side 2: The Violent Sequence/ Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun/ Atom Heart Mother

Why is it that all the really interesting tapes of Pink Floyd are shit audio quality?

Birmingham Town Hall is a classic example. It begins with 'The Embryo', with distortion - murky sound and fast tempo. Introduced as a new tune it features some nice bass work, not as lazy as Waters can be. Gilmour does the ritual 'clangerer' guitar and the song is well received.

Following this is some inaudible chatter introducing 'Main Theme' from 'More' which is much the same as the LP, featuring a crescendo cymbal opening. It is nice to hear a live version; the echoes slide is quite relaxed and the song is received with polite applause. The next song is a pretty average version of 'Careful With That Axe, Eugene'. The quality of recording is really awful - like listening to it with your ears full of sand, it has quite a slow build up to the climactic scream.

Then as a refreshing change it's Rick's 'Ummagumma' composition, 'Sisyphus'. Again the vocal introduction is hard to make out, courtesy of automatic recording levels. The track begins with cymbals echoed giving way to the main heavy mournful organ riff - there are cymbals in the background and this repeats a few times. Roger then picks up the main riff on bass and it slows down. Rick begins to play/improvise on some jolly/nice piano lines that go further than those on 'Ummagumma'. Sometimes it is difficult to make out the tune because of the background hiss and hum. As the piano becomes more discordant Roger begins to recite his lyrics to 'Several Species' and to be honest they aren't very clear. Rick (still on piano) takes up the main riff again and all the other instruments then come in playing the main riff and the tape is cut just before the end.

On the other side of the tape (a C90) drums greet the listener with something almost identical to 'Heart Beat Pig Meat' (predating Bow Wow Wow by ten years. C30, C60, C90 GO!) As this begins to get tedious strange noises warble over the top, the drums are mixed down slightly and Roger begins to whine, screech and scream with good use of echo - like on 'Pow R. Toc H.' or 'Several Species'. The music then shifts direction with a tune played (it sounds like) on slightly echoed chimes. The bass begins to follow this creating an impression of soundtrack music. After a little while the organ begins - cymbals crash and we are treated to the descending bass line of 'Corrosion/Moonhead' which later formed the descending bass line in the middle of 'Money'. Gilmour does his solo bit over this blues based progression and this heavy section ends. Then the piano begins - a piece later to become 'Us And Them' - we now have a solo piano outing, more extended than the 'Dark Side' track then back into the 'Us And Them' sequence - but with the other guys playing their bits as well until the end when the piano plays the riff alone.

The next track 'Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun' again has the cymbal introduction and is pretty straightforward - a great version but terrible recording, there is a slight cut in the tape but the track is still good.

Finally we are treated to 'Atom Heart Mother'. It begins with the crescendo drumming intro and then the main guitar riff as expected. Then however comes some very Hendrixian guitar noises, like revving feedback/freakout not on any other version of A-H-M that I've heard. After a while the cymbals crash and we're back into the main riff again, some of the organ parts get a bit drowned out and then the familiar arpeggio sequence begins. From that we again go into the main riff and then the arpeggio's with guitar solo floating over the top. Then comes 'Mother Fore' with the quiet atmospheric vocals by Gilmour... and the tape runs out.

Despite the terrible quality it is a shame this tape, like many others is not made more available. Why do bootleggers persist in re-issuing things like 'Floyds Of London' when there is this choice of different material?

Peter Walker

Subsequently this tape has been re-issued as a double vinyl with the title 'Violence In Birmingham', the quality is still dire, and it omits the track 'Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun' but at least it is now more widely available.

ROGER WATERS THANKS FOR THE RIDE

Roger Waters: Thanks For The Ride
Recorded: Isstadion, Stockholm, Sweden 17.06.84
Mirror Records 16-17684 [CD: Golden Stars GSCD 1018 PHC]

- Side 1: Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun/ Money/ If/ Welcome To The Machine
Side 2: Have A Cigar/ Wish You Were Here/ Pigs On The Wing pt 1/ In The Flesh/ Nobody Home/ Hey You
Side 3: The Gunners Dream/ The Pros And Cons Of HitchHiking pts 1-6
Side 4: The Pros And Cons Of HitchHiking pts 7-12/ Brain Damage/ Eclipse

This double bootleg originates from abroad, but I don't know exactly where. My guess is either France or Italy. [The CD version, released in 1990 originates from the vague geographical area of the EEC.]

Side one opens with "Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun" and to be honest, the most striking thing is the sound quality. It sounds as if the master tape could have been taken direct from the mixing desk, as the instruments, particularly the drums and acoustic guitar, are crystal clear, and the audience are a (fairly) faint murmur on the soundscape. Waters' voice sounds a trifle peculiar (doesn't he always?) - not his usual self - but he blends in well with Doreen Chanter and Katie Kissoon. Eric's guitar is also well to the fore throughout the recording.

The first side is good, but there are few surprises in any of

the tracks. Those of you who saw the shows (or heard the bootlegs) will be familiar with the slight variations in these songs; different arrangements, solos etc. The same goes for side two, though 'In The Flesh' is odd, with Waters bawling "Testing! Testing! Can you hear me? Can you hear me dammit!!" before the "Ein, Zwei..." bit and the main riff. There is a sharp cut at the beginning of the vocal section, and it opens with "Are there any queers in the theatre tonight?"

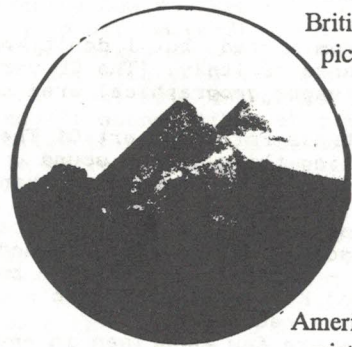
Side three starts with the superb 'The Gunners Dream', followed by what was the second half of the show: 'The Pros And Cons Of HitchHiking'. This kicks off with two minutes of 'Shane', before the explosion and 'Apparently They Were Travelling Abroad'. After the bang Waters mumbles "No, I didn't! I didn't!" before the song begins. The extra verse is present on 'Running Shoes', as are the alarms before 'Arabs With Knives And West German Skies'. Waters makes a few mistakes in this gig, notably missing out some of the lyrics to 'The Remains Of Our Love'. He sings - "I just covered...", then has a mental block or temporary bout of amnesia, and picks up with "...and her cold eyes..." etc. He also manages to swap words round in 'Go Fishing', "the leaves all turned brown, the crops all fell down (laughs), it was over..."

By 'The Pros And Cons... ten' it is all over as Roger yelps, whoops, and sings some parts in a rather silly manner. On 'Every Strangers Eyes' he speaks the waitresses part in a womans voice (with a poor American accent) before the proper intro comes in. This is also poorly cut, going straight from "plundered from the pool" to "the hope you kindle in your eyes". I'm not sure why it was cut, probably to save space (the bootleg runs for over two hours).

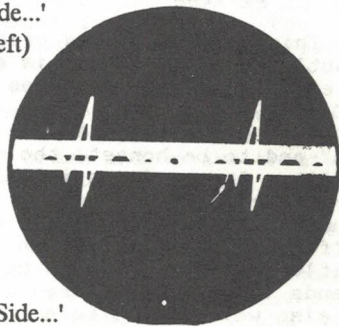
As normal 'Brain Damage' and 'Eclipse' are the encore. After the band has left the stage for the second time, Waters returns. "We don't know any more songs, so that's it, but thank you. Thank you for being a fantastic audience, but that really is it (laughs), I'm sorry! Good night and thank you! Thank you!"

A pretty light hearted gig and a good one musically. The LP is wrapped in a full-colour deluxe art cover showing an abstract image of a womans head along with most of the pages of the programme. The line-up of the band is given and 'bass' is spelt 'bas'. The labels are brown and black with a picture of Reg (see Best Of TAP 1-5) on each one, and access is aided by the track separation.

Chris Lonsdale



British 'Dark Side...' picture disc (left)



American 'Dark Side...' picture disc (right)

DAVID GILMOUR MIHALIS

David Gilmour: Mihalis
Isstadion, Stockholm, Sweden 24.04.84
WOW Records 240-484

- Side 1: Until We Sleep/ All Lovers Are Deranged/ There's No Way Out Of Here/ Love On The Air
Side 2: Mihalis/ Cruise/ Short And Sweet/ Run Like Hell
Side 3: Out Of The Blue/ Let's Get Metaphysical/ You Know I'm Right/ Blue Light
Side 4: Murder/ Near The End/ Comfortably Numb

A double album recorded 'Live In Scandinavia', the exact date and venue are not stated, though the matrix number gives a clue to the date and investigation proves it to be from Sweden. It's a fitting recorded statement of Dave's shows performed in April 1984, presenting the high points and low points of his concerts. I expect most of you are familiar with the songs played through the shows in London and Birmingham. All are laced with Dave's delightfully curvy and distinctly original guitar playing and he only cocks up the lyrics once (on 'There's No Way Out Of Here'). The whole of 'About Face' is played and all seem to come off better live than on vinyl, especially 'Let's Get Metaphysical' and 'Near The End' - the latter with a superbly atmospheric guitar solo from Mick Ralphs. The older songs off the first album also come off better live, particularly 'Mihalis' which is less jazzier and receives sax and synth solos as well as guitar solos. Mick Ralphs does a fine job deputising for Roy Harper on 'Short And Sweet' and 'There's No Way Out Of Here' is simply brilliant.

The Floyd songs however come off less well. Although 'Run Like Hell' does manage to convey the excitement that was undoubtedly in the audience when it was played, it's handled chaotically on vocals - perhaps it was intentional? I was not too impressed with the treatment of Roger's vocals sung by Mick Fleet and Greg Dechart during 'Comfortably Numb', 'Murder' and 'You Know I'm Right' also had extended and rather boring closing solos.

What is also evident is that Dave spoke very little to the audience (leaving most of it to Mick Ralphs) for there is no song separation on this album. What you get is a faithful recording of a complete concert - tuning and vocal banter included, and all in excellent quality stereo. You are also not ripped off in terms of length - each side of vinyl approaches thirty minutes. Neither do you get any irritating audience chatter that is present on some other bootlegs. On this record the audience sounds far away and small giving the impression that this is a club gig when it is clearly not. The album is also the best packaged Floyd related bootleg I've ever come across. The cover is deluxe and has a black and white photo of Dave on the front and photos of Dave, Greg Dechart and Mick Ralphs on the back. There are also four columns of an interview pinched from Kerrang - very cheeky. The record labels are pale blue and have 'David Gilmour - Mihalis' written in Gothic script together with a list of the songs and the song writing credits. All that for £16 - not overtly cheap but definitely worth it. Overall I'd give it 9/10.

Andrew Herborn