

SEASIDE

Swiftly out from the friendly lilt of the band,
The crowd's good laughter, the loved eyes of men,
I am drawn nightward; I must turn again
Where, down beyond the low untrodden strand,
There curves and glimmers outward to the unknown
The old unquiet ocean. All the shade
Is rife with magic and movement. I stray alone
Here on the edge of silence, half afraid,

Waiting a sign. In the deep heart of me
The sullen waters swell towards the moon,
And all my tides set seaward.

From inland
Leaps a gay fragment of some mocking tune,
That tinkles and laughs and fades along the sand.
And dies between the seawall and the sea.

By Rupert Brooke

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MADCAP LAUGHS: HIPGNOSIS I've got it right this time!
LYRICS. LUPUS MUSIC



MERRY CHRISTMAS SYD
AND A PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR

FROM
ALL SOCIETY MEMBERS
THE PINK FLOYD
HIPGNOSIS
BLACKHILL



INTRO LETTER FROM 75 CROSS FLATTS AVE.,
NEW AREA SEC; JOHN ROBERTS. LEEDS 11, YORKS.

I'M PLEAS'D TO ANNOUNCE MY APPOINTMENT AS AREA
SECRETARY, A GOOD FRIEND OF MINE, GARY NICHOLS
WILL BE HELPING ME SO MEMBERS SHOULD'NT BE
SURPRISED TO OCCASIONALLY RECIEVE LETTERS FROM
HIM. MY INTERESTS LIC ON THE ARTISTIC AND
CREATIVE SIDE OF THINGS, I MEAN THE MUSIC OF SYD
AND THE FLOYD IS VERY COMPATIBLE WITH THE
VISUAL ARTS IN MY OPINION!

I THEREFORE HOPE TO PLAY A PART IN THE
PRESENTATION SIDE OF 'TERRAPIN' AND ENCOURAGE
PEOPLE TO CONTRIBUTE ARTWORK AND ANY RELATIVE
OBSCURITIES TO 'TERRAPIN' AS I WILL BE DOING
INTERGALECTIC MYSTICISM, SONIC ASSAULTS,
DOPE - IN FACT ANYTHING WHICH IS ARTY, MUSICAL
AND APPROPRIATE. SO LET THE INTERSTELLAR ECHOES
OF DREAMERS CONTINUE TO SOUND! Peace John.

LETTER FROM NEIL(?)

Hoots Shmoots,

Well, I woke up one morning and found out
that I was a new area secretary for the good
ol' S.B.A.S. Imagine that! Anyway, that's your
problem, mates.

As you may know, I have been a member of the
Society since before it began(?), and I know
what makes it tick - DISCIPLINE.

So I want no bickering in the ranks, and be
sure to have 359248 1/2 cold baths per annum. If
any poor soul is desperate enough to want to
contact me, my address is :-

13 White Street, Glasgow G11 5RR.

Keep taking the porridge,

Neil. (Henderson).

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SIDE TWO

- * 6. Ron Geesin - "Where Daffodils do Thrive"
- 7. John Steele - "Poor Michael"
- 8. Boudicca - "Birds and Shadows"
- 9. Paul Cox - "Goodbye Karen (its quicker by snail)"
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forthcoming l.p.
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SYD BARRET (har 500)

The MADCAP LAUGHS

OCTOPUS
a new single from

W.M. Records (The Gramophone Co. Ltd) E.M.I. House, 20 Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES





OCTOPUS by Syd Barrett

reproduced by courtesy of Lupus Music

Trip to heave and ho, up down to and fro. You have no word. Trip trip to a dream dragon hide your wings in a ghost tower sails cackling that ev'ry plate we break was cracked by scattered noodles the little minute gong coughed and clears his throat. Madam you see before you stand hey ho never be still the old original favourite grand, grasshoppers green herbarian band and the tune they play is in us confide.

So trip to heave and ho up down to and fro you have no word please leave us here close our eyes to the octopus ride.

Isn't it good to be lost in the wood isn't it bad so quiet there in the wood. It meant even less to me than I thought with a honeyplough of yellow prickly seeds clover honey pots of mystic shining seed. For the madcap laughed at the man on the border Hey ho huff the talbot Cheetah he cried shouted Kangaroo so true in their tree they cried Please leave us here close our eyes to the octopus ride. The madcap laughed at the man on the border hey ho huff the talbot the winds they blew and the leaves did wag and they'll never put me in their bag the reaching seas will always seep so high you go so low you creep the wind it blows in tropical heat the drones they throng on mossy seats the squeaking door will always squeak two up two down we'll never meet so merrily trip and good my side Please leave us here close our eyes to the octopus ride.

A ZIGUIDE TO
SOUND OF THE 70's

SYD SPEAKS OUT

—at last!



SYD BARRETT (Harvest)

It wouldn't be as far-fetched as it sounds to say that what Bo Diddley was to the rock and roll scene, Pink Floyd were to the psychedelic era and, to a lesser degree, much that has come out of it. At the height of Floyd's success, though, lead guitarist and main songwriter Syd Barrett opted out.

Vast outpourings from the talented Syd were expected, but for over a year — nothing. Just as people were wondering if the game was up, along came "The Madcap Laughs," Barrett's solo album which re-established him among the front-runners of the contemporary music scene.

"After I left the group I just spent a year resting and getting the album together," he said. "I didn't do much else at all, some painting and thinking about getting a band together. I've got a lot of ideas I want to explore later."

Barrett's involvement with art — later to become a predominant feature of the Floyd's specialised act — developed during his studies at Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts. Oil slides and strobes appeared and these were allied to the group's unusual series of sounds. Behind all this lay the thinking brain of Syd Barrett.

When the group made the charts with "See Emily Play" and "Arnold Layne," Barrett was the composer. The first album, "Piper At The Gates Of Dawn," was also largely his. When he left to go his own way, many people wondered what would become of Floyd. After a few months, they began to wonder the same thing about him.

Twenty-four-year-old Barrett kept silent while the questions were being asked. Plans were formulating inside his head but not being transferred to circular pieces of plastic. Until "Madcap," the next step will be the band and another LP.

"Making my own album was fine because after two years away from the group I didn't have to lead on from anything," he explained. "I want to discover now if it's possible to continue some of the ideas that came from a couple of tracks on the first album." — RICHARD GREEN.

To wish you every happiness at
CHRISTMAS
and Good Health and Prosperity
IN THE NEW YEAR

from John Steele, Terrapin, Flaming Star,
and all at Madcap Records

CHRISFARCE IS GONE ! !

HASN'T IT ?

ALL DAYS SHOULD BE CELEBRATED.

THEY'RE BETTER !

LIFE IS EVERY DAY AND NIGHT, NOT
ONCE A YEAR.

(I'VE GOT IT IN FOR BIRTHDAYS TOO,
YOU KNOW)

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Ron Geesin". The signature is stylized with long, sweeping lines.

RON GEESIN