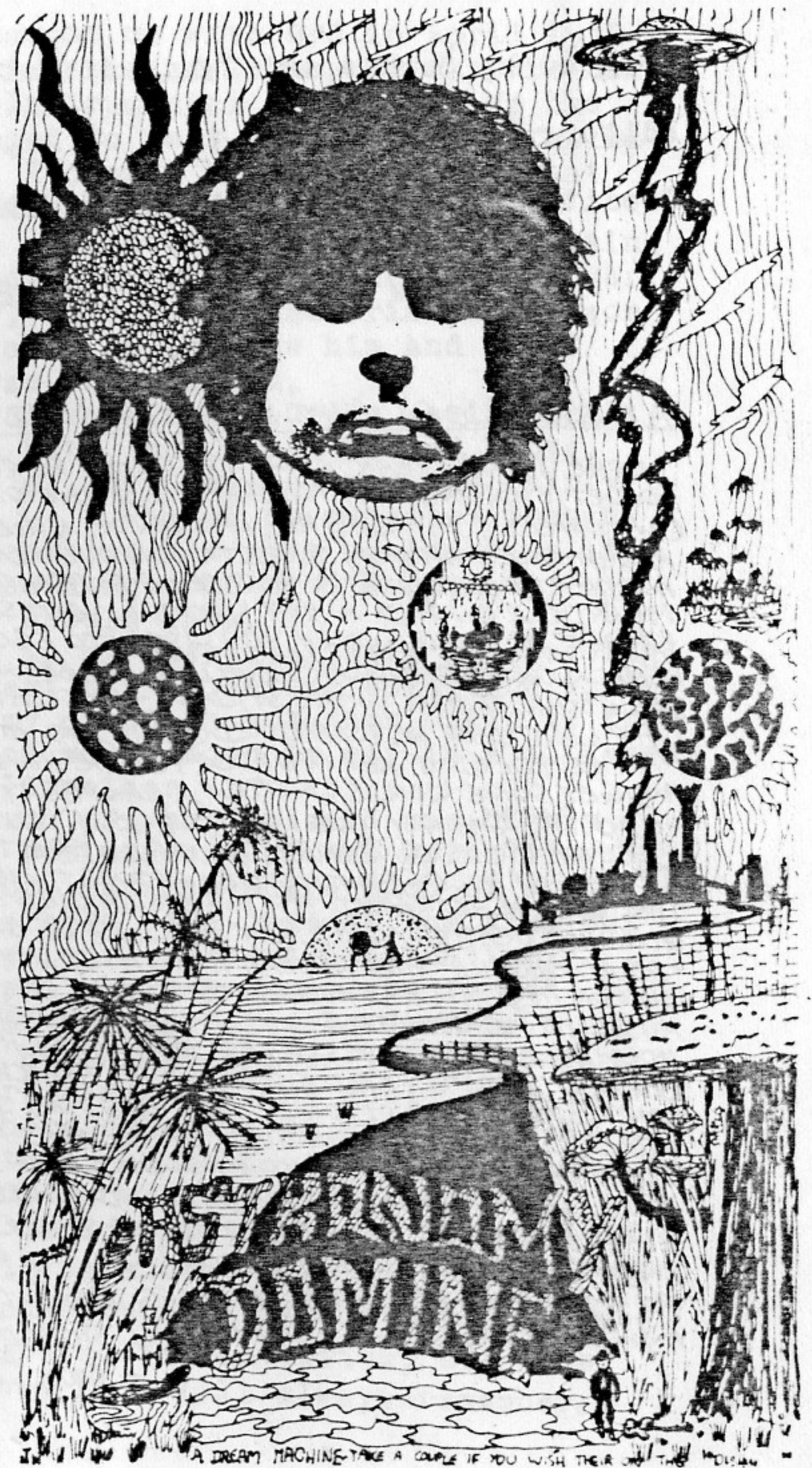


Got it hit down, spot knock inside a spider.
 Said that's love yeh yeh yeh that's love
 yeh yeh yeh. Said that's love.
 All know it-T.V. teeth feet peace, feel it
 that's love yeh yeh yeh, that's love yeh yeh...
 I like the fall that brings me to,
 Ilike the fall that brings me to.
 I make a cord around sinew,
 I make a cord around sinew.
 Duck the weight and East is less,
 craving of the metal West,
 held tomorrows rain and test.
 Love an empty sun and guess, dimples dangerous
 and blessed, heaving and arriving,
 mingling jet and statuesque, seething wet
 we meet in flec, seething wet we meet in flec.
 Lines and winds and half of each fair day
 I give you half, each fair day I give you half,
 I look into your eyes anew,
 laying in the sun for you.
 Blam splattered tactile engine,
 heaving squeaky dormy roofy, wham I'll have
 them cried, cried broken jardy cardy smoochy,
 splosh eat moxy very smelly cable gable,
 splinter shaddle top the seam he'S taken off.
 Rats rats lay down flat we don't need you
 we act like that, and if you think you're
 un-loved then we kno about that,
 rats rats lay down flat yes yes yes.....



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COVER JOHN ROBERTS

A FLICKER OF LIGHT FROM THE CRAZY DIAMOND

COME THE NEW YEAR, COME THE WHOLE FORGIVE AND FORGET (EVERYBODY GET TOGETHER AND LOVE ONE ANOTHER (ANY OFFERS?)) SYNDROME. LAURENCE, NIGEL AND I ARE IN TOUCH WITH THE SOCIETY FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER (MINE BEING TO SCRAPE UP EXTRA INFO FOR MY ARTICLE ON SYD IN HOT LACKS 6 - OUT SOON FOLKS!). BARRETT, AS YOU'LL KNOW IF YOU LISTEN TO BBC RADIO LONDON OR READ ZIGZAG MAGAZINE, HAS BEEN LAYING DOWN SOME TRACKS IN THE STUDIOS - BUT WITH NO LYRICS. LATE LAST YEAR HE DISAPPEARED (AGAIN) AND INTERESTED PARTIES HOPED IT WAS IN ORDER TO HIDE HIMSELF AWAY AND GET SOME WORDS WRITTEN. (I CAN'T SAY WHETHER HE DID THIS (MAINLY 'COS I DON'T KNOW!) BUT HERE'S A PIECE OF TRINIA WHICH MIGHT BE OF INTEREST TO YOU: A FRIEND OF MINE (ANONYMOUS BY REQUEST) MET SYD IN THE TOWN HE RETREATED TO (I'VE BEEN ASKED NOT TO GIVE THE LOCATION AWAY). NOT KNOWING OF BARRETT'S "DISAPPEARANCE" AND RECENT ACTIVITIES, MY FRIEND APPROACHED HIM AND ATTEMPTED TO TALK JUST ABOUT MUSIC IN GENERAL TO SYD... AND SUCCEEDED IN HOLDING A HALF-HOUR CONVERSATION WITH HIM! WHAT BARRETT ACTUALLY SAID OR HOW MUCH SPEECH HE ACTUALLY CONTRIBUTED, I DO NOT KNOW... BUT THIS DOES SEEM TO INDICATE A MARKED IMPROVEMENT IN THE MAN'S ABILITY TO COMMUNICATE - AT ONE TIME HE WOULD HAVE RUN LIKE HELL... OR SILENTLY STARED! IS SYD FINALLY GETTING HIMSELF TOGETHER? CAN PETER JENNER SUCCEED IN PRODUCING A NEW BARRETT ALBUM? WILL SYD RETURN IN 1975 TO SAVE US FROM THE WOMBLES, BAY CITY ROLLERS AND CHARLES ARNAVOUR? HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?!

- PAUL COX

Barrett. by Steve Turner.

I finally caught up with Syd in April 1971 after a few months of trying to capture him for a beat Instrumental interview. We had first arranged to meet sooner but he failed to turn up. I phoned him to find out what had happened but in the end he started accusing me of not turning up and of wasting his time and then slammed down the receiver. Fortunately, someone at the Brian Morriison Agency was able to appease him and the interview was re-arranged.

Syd turned up wearing a purple satin jacket, newly shorn hair, and stack heeled boots. My memories of the occasion are now fairly blurred.

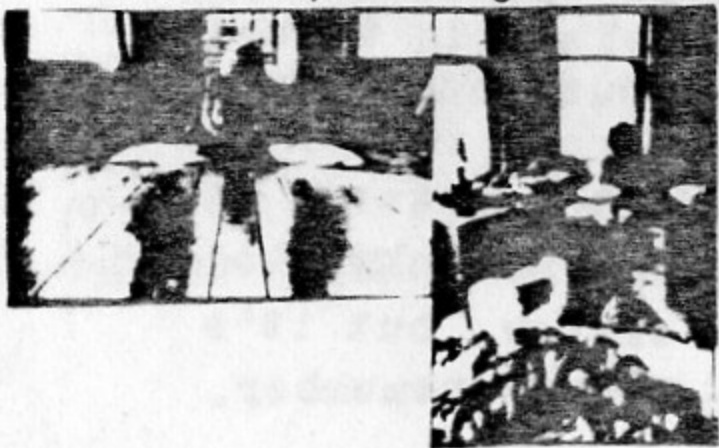
What I do remember though is the fear behind his eyes...almost as if there was the danger of my discovering more than I should know.

His answers to my questions were interesting. He would start off by saying something that related to my question but then begin to free associate and would soon be off in a different direction altogether.

Even then much of what he said was highly perceptive, reminiscent of the Dylan Playboy interview for instance where much of what was said was seen as a joke at the time but proved to be in retrospect penetratingly true. "Do you see pop as an art form?" I asked. "As much as sitting down is." He replied. He talked excitedly about buying a new guitar, I asked if he would join me in a taxi where he could be dropped off at the music store, he obviously didn't want that and made an excuse about something else he had to do. But the real reason I'm sure was his paranoia. Months later I met him on an underground train, he acknowledged me and remembered the interview, but it's the frightened face I'll always remember.

In every great revolution heroes are created who in turn are often killed by the very ideals which they fought for. The 'psychedelic revolution' of 1966-67 has been no exception. Some are dead and some are living. Hendrix, Wilson, Joplin and Jones aren't living. Syd Barrett isn't dead. However Barrett isn't quite the person he was in those early days of the 'underground' when the Pink Floyd were the acid kings of British rock.

He now has his hair cropped to *Love Me Do* length but compromises with a purple satin jacket and stack heeled boots. During the interview he relights each cigarette from the remnants of the previous one and pivots his eyeballs at an incredible speed as he speaks. "I've just left a train and had to pay an awful taxi ride" he says slowly tipping his ash into an empty coffee cup. "I've come to look for a guitar. I've got a neck in the other room. Quite an exciting morning for me." Something about him makes you think that this may well be right.



His talk is slow and unrevealing. The answer given often bears no relation to the question asked. Particular areas of his life he carefully avoids mentioning. "It was only two years ago" he says of his departure from the Floyd - but as to what happened immediately after "It's really difficult to relate. There's much more interesting things happening right now. There's quite a sense of freedom in doing it as well."

In these two years he has returned to his home in Cambridge where he now lives in a cellar. His time is spent listening to records and playing his own music. "I mainly play the guitar" he says. "It's very comfortable playing and it sometimes gets very interesting. I'm writing songs with it as well. You can play it all day though and you're not really saying much."

His opinions of life back at home seem to vary during the interview. "Cambridge is very much a place to get adjusted to" he says early on. "I've found it difficult. It was fairly unusual to go back because it's the home place where I used to live and it was pretty boring so I cut my hair." Later on his feelings change "It's quite fun" he smiles. "It's a nice place to live really - under the ground."

Barrett like Stones, Richard & Watts, Lennon, (Ray) Davies, Townshend, Clapton, Page and Beck is an art school product. His songs, like paintings, are used essentially to convey a mood. Throughout the interview he speaks of 'relating to a mood' when referring to his work. His recorded work possesses a lazy quality - an almost dreamlike state of consciousness. *Dominoes* on his second album is a beautiful portrayal of meaninglessness and alienation which is sung in a voice sounding aptly weary of life. 'You and I in place/wasting time on dominoes/a day so dark so warm/life that comes and goes on. You and I and dominoes/time goes by.'

Other tracks convey lightheartedness (*Effervescing Elephant*), bounce (*Gigolo Aunt*), chaos (*Rats*), last year's love (*Wined And Dined*) and fear (*Wolfpack*). His first album *The Madcap Laughs* is of a similar quality although he himself disagrees 'They've got to reach a certain standard' he says of the albums 'and that's probably reached in *Madcap* once or twice and on the other one only a little - just an echo of that. Neither of them are much more than that.'



Barrett was always more of a writer of songs than the electronic extravaganzas that the Floyd have become known for. Think back to *Piper At The Gates Of Dawn* and you'll remember that Syd was in their singing about Lucifer Sam and mice called Gerald. It is possible people still expect Barrett to produce work in the Floydian mould and are slightly disturbed to hear this slightly stoned voice singing very often with only an acoustic guitar. 'It puts people off their guard' he says. 'I think that people miss the fact that it's obviously a gentler thing - because it's clever and it's into that more than content. The message might be a bit lost because people find it hard to grasp.'

Present plans for Syd include a new album and a new single. Also there is a possibility that he'll get a band around him and do some gigs. 'It'd be a groove wouldn't it' he smiles as he mentions the idea. 'I'm still in love with being a pop star really. As a job it's very interesting but very difficult. You can be pure enough to talk about it where you can actually adapt to the grammar of the job. It's exciting. You channel everything into one thing and it becomes the art. I don't really know if pop is an art form. I should think as much as sitting down is.'

ST



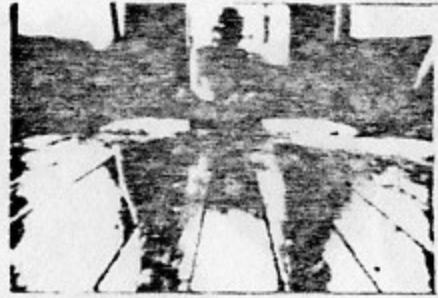
"Waving my arms in the air" By Syd Barrett.

Waving my arms in the air. Got my love
got no care, no no. Pressing my feet to the
ground stand up right where you stand
call to you and what do you do,
laying back in a chair she's so high
in the air, she's so high in the air
half and half, half and half.
All you have to do to call is hold her hand,
stand a while and smile and we'll understand.
Yes we do, yes yes we do.
Oh what a girl iv'e got too,
Oh what a girl iv'e got too.
With a slinky look she held her tie to her
hair, she could see everywhere
no-one in the land no-one,
no-one in the land no-one,
no-one in the land no-one.
It rains on Saturday cats and dogs in the hay,
stormy day hey hey you shouldn't try to do
what you cant do, you shouldn't try to be
what you cant be, call to you and what do
you do.
There will be shoulders pressing in the hall,
and I wont know if you're here at all.
There will be wine and drinking in the yard,
there won't be anybody very hard.
There will be lots of thing that we can do
and all the more will be for you,
everything I knew I tried with you
but everything to you was never easy
so I went around my world , but saw the things
you do, arriving by your side to see you
looking too, but I know this, I know
I never lie to you its been just like you're
gone for just one day its been so hard to bear
with you not there but I think of you the things
you do, when I'm with you, to be alone.....
Why am I here, what's meant to be?



Robert Wyatt talking to Steve Lake.

The Madcap Laughs—arguably the most controversial singer/songwriter album yet. Robert Wyatt was at the recording session and recalls, "I thought they were rehearsals! We'd say 'what key is that in Syd?' and he'd say 'Yeah', or that's funny Syd there's a bar of two and a half beats, and then it seems to slow up, and then there's five beats to the bar, and he'd say 'oh really?' And we sat there with the tapes running, trying to work it out, when he stood up and said "Right thank you very much."



SYD BARRETT — The Madcap Laughs (Harvest): The charm of this album is its raw naivety. Syd makes mistakes, hits wrong notes, sings out of tune and has to start again, and is generally human.

The songs are simple, but very heartfelt and strong. As shown on earlier Pink Floyd albums, Syd is a songwriter of no mean talent.

He is about the only person around who can compose beautiful, sad fantasies about little animals, scarecrows, gnomes, and lending your bike to someone. He has the gift of transforming the everyday into magic, and owes it to the music lovers of this country to get himself together. (CB)



It's taken a fair time for Syd, a founder member of Pink Floyd, to get through with his first solo album — a modest, meandering selection of 13 of his own compositions.

As might be expected there's a good dose of Floyd in the backings — the group's David Gilmour and Roger Waters produced half the tracks — but a good many other influences as well. Backings use a variety of instruments to gently flow along behind Syd's understated vocals, now and again fusing off into electronics.

Late Night uses sitar for Eastern feel, while on some tracks the vocal effects are reminiscent of the Incredible String Band. Others, like No Good Trying, one of the best, remind me of Donovan.

It's the kind of album you could develop a fondness for but for me it sticks in the same mood too much. I kept wanting the songs to take off and snatch my attention.

And why, when there is space to list five engineers, is there no information within the lavish sleeve as to who plays what and what is played? — NL

Other titles: Terrapin, Love You, No Man's Land, Dark Globe, Here I Go, Octopus, Golden Hair, Long Gone, She took A Long Cold Look, Feel, If It's In You.

Syd Barrett—"The Madcap Laughs" and "Barrett" (Harvest)

My God it's hard to listen to these albums one right after the other! Syd Barrett, the acid case who survived the summer of 1967 . . . barely. He was the genius of Pink Floyd's first album, the man responsible for their original sound. He was the owner of that strange droning monotone voice on "Bike" and "See Emily Play." He stood there almost hitting the strings of the guitar, staring blankly ahead of himself, seeing things others would never see. He's the epitome of everything British and freaky and totally unfathomable . . . he was up there with Jimi and Brian Jones and that summer . . . and he lived to tell the tale, or at least he tries to.

The Madcap Laughs and *Barrett* were made with the help of a great many loving friends. The first LP, *Madcap*, was produced by Pink Floyd-ers David Gilmour and Roger Waters, as was the second album. Back-up work on *Barrett* is credited to Jerry Shirley (drums) Humble Pie's thumper, David Gilmour (bass), Richard Wright (organ). These albums are extensions of the first Floyd album without the coherence, with the edge taken off, with the stark clarity all but gone. What remains are rambling lyrics that make little or no sense, melody lines that go from droning blues to hokey jugband. It's all so totally sad.

Many have said that these albums were made to make sure that the very delicately balanced Syd would not starve or go totally over the edge. I don't know if this is true: when a man reaches the legend proportions of a Syd Barrett it's difficult to separate reality from grossly exaggerated fiction. What must be said is that there is really little excuse for music on the calibre of this stuff being released now for anything other than historical reasons.

Floyd fans found it hard enough to accept the re-issue put as *A Nice Pair* . . . few being able to get into the relatively clear, though drugged, reality of it all. One really heartbreaking song, "Dark Globe," on *Madcap Laughs*, says it best. "Oh where are you now . . . when I was alone you promised a stone from your heart . . . please lift a hand, I'm only a person . . . won't you miss me, wouldn't you miss me at all? My head kissed the ground, I was half the way down . . . please lift a hand, I'm only a person, with eskimo chain I tattooed my brain all the way, won't you miss me, wouldn't you miss me at all?" His voice screeches pathetically out of tune.

Barrett, in comparison to the *Madcap Laughs*, is much closer to the original Pink Floyd sound, probably because they're all backing him and took great care to make him sound as good as possible. For a moment of reassurance you can listen to "Baby Lemonade," "Gigolo Aunt" and "Wined and Dined."

The best song in the set and a very philosophically valid one is the closer of side one on *The Madcap Laughs*, "Here I Go." As Syd Barrett sings: "This is the story of a girl I knew! she didn't like my songs and it made me feel blue/she said a big band is far better than you . . . well everything's wrong and my patience was gone when I woke up one morning and remembered this song (kinda catchy) . . . I hope that she will talk to me now and even allow me to hold her hand and forget that old band." Poor old Syd, what a waste of the good mind he had. The moments of coherence are few and far between, but if you've got a lot of love and patience you might come to some very important realizations listening to these records.