

# TERRAPIN IS

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MAGAZINE OF THE SYD BARRETT APPRECIATION SOCIETY

1975



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ILLUSTRATED LYRICS: JOHN STEELE  
CONTACT PHOTOS THIS ISSUE/ISSUE 11: HIPNOSIS  
PAGE 1: BARRIE WENTZELL  
AMBASSADOR S.B.A.S: JOHN STEELE

SYD PLEASE VISIT EMCA A SILVER DISC AWAITS YOU!

WELCOME TO THE 15TH ISSUE OF TERRAPIN THIS MARKS  
THE THIRD YEAR OF THE SOCIETY FIRST STARTED IN 1972  
BY JOHN STEEL. ALTHOUGH RETIRED FROM THE SOCIETY  
HE STILL TAKES AN ACTIVE INTEREST IN BOTH THE  
SOCIETY AND MAGAZINE CONTRIBUTING MATERIAL AND  
IDEAS. THOSE OF YOU WHO WRITE TO JOHN PLEASE  
REMEMBER TO INCLUDE S.A.E, IF ABROAD POSTAL COUPONS.

LAWRENCE HIMELFIELD ALSO A FOUNDER  
MEMBER HAS BEEN IN TOUCH, HE'S PLEASED WITH  
THE WAY THE SOCIETY AND MAGAZINE ARE NOW  
BEING RUN, AND FEELS THINGS HAVE WORKED OUT  
FOR THE BEST.

I'M PLEASED TO INTRODUCE TWO NEW  
AREA SECRETARIES, FOR THE MIDLANDS NIGEL  
BRADDER HIS ADDRESS: 'DELVAN' HARCOURT PLACE,  
RETFORD, NOTTS, DN22 7HW. WE'LL HAVE AN INTRO  
LETTER FROM NIGEL IN THE NEXT ISSUE, ALSO ANDY  
GARIBALDI WHO BECOMES AREA SECRETARY FOR STAFFS  
HIS ADDRESS: 11 MANOR GREEN, STAFFORD STAFFS.

THEY BOTH HAVE A VAST COLLECTION OF  
PINK FLOYD MATERIAL, PLUS A WIDE KNOWLEDGE OF  
THE HISTORY OF THE FLOYD AND SYD, SO ANYONE WHO  
HAS OR WANTS INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT THEM.

FOR FUTURE MAGAZINES THERE ARE  
MANY INTERESTING ITEMS PLANNED, AN INTERVIEW  
WITH PETER JENNER TALKING AT LENGTH ABOUT  
SYD, ALSO AN INTERVIEW WITH SOMEONE WHO ONCE  
LIVED WITH SYD AND HAS KNOWN HIM FOR TEN YEARS.

ALSO PLANNED IS A VISIT TO CAMBRIDGE  
WHICH SHOULD LAY THE GROUND FOR SOME INTER-  
ESTING FEATURES. ALSO WE HOPE SOON TO HOLD  
A SOCIETY CONVENTION. Bernard.

Syd Barrett is the mystery man of the Pink  
Floyd, a gypsy at heart. He loves music,  
painting, and just sitting talking to people.  
Totally artistic, born and bred on pop music.  
He used to be a big Shadows fan, and now  
enthuses over the Beatles, Stones, Donovan,  
and Dylan.

Loves fairy tales and outrageous  
clothes. He believes in total freedom,  
he hates to impede or criticise others,  
and hates others who criticise him.  
He doesn't care about money, and isn't  
worried about the future.

When you first began playing  
the music was broadly melod-  
ic, what with numbers like  
"Arnold Layne" and "See  
Emily Play," but now the  
emphasis is on streams of  
musical consciousness.

Originally, you see, I  
wasn't doing anything apart  
from being a student of  
architecture and spending  
money on buying bass guitars,  
but in terms of music I  
wasn't doing anything at all.  
"See Emily Play" and  
"Arnold Layne" are Syd  
Barrett's songs, right, and it  
wouldn't matter who it was  
who played the bass or did  
this or that, it's irrelevant.  
They're very strong songs and  
you just do it. It's nothing to  
do with music, playing that  
stuff, it has to do with  
writing songs, and that was  
Syd who wrote those songs. I  
don't think we were doing  
anything, then, if you see  
what I mean.

It was Syd Barrett and The  
Pink Floyd?

Right. But I wasn't think-  
ing about musical policy in  
those days — not that I think  
much about it now. Most of  
the stuff on the first album  
was Syd's. The only thing on  
that album that was much  
like what the group was  
going to do later was the  
thing that we all did together  
— "Interstellar Overdrive,"  
which we don't like playing  
much now. ROGER WATERS

Beetle: Why do you think Syd  
Barrett cracked up?

R.W.: It was always in the  
cards. Roger and Dave knew him  
as a kid in Cambridge. There  
were things in his childhood that  
suggested he wouldn't last. He  
was really extraordinary, top of  
the class. He could do anything  
he put his mind to. I really  
believed in him. He was a  
fantastic writer. He's alive  
now but he doesn't exist, if you  
know what I mean.

I FEEL perhaps that I could be  
claimed as being redundant. — SYD  
BARRETT (March 27).

O ever-moving, O lithe and free!  
Fast in my linen prison I press  
On impassable bars, or empty  
Laugh in my great loneliness.  
And still in the white neat bed I strive  
Most impotently against that gyve;  
Being less now than a thought, even,  
To you alone with your hills and heaven.

# GREAT ROCK SOLOS OF OUR TIME

by Fred Frith  
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WITH THE possible exception of "I Heard Her Call My Name", last week's solos are fairly unlike anything else by the people who played them. Syd Barrett and Captain Beefheart, on the other hand, maintained their idiosyncratic and bizarre approach over a long period of time, and succeeded in saying more than most with the rock medium.

Not that Beefheart's a guitarist, but the consistency and "un-learning" apparent in three of the players he's worked with — Zoot Horn Rollo, Antennae Jimmy Semens, and Winged Eel Fingering—must largely stem from his manic energy and vision; ditto the work of the original Pink Floyd with regard to Barrett.

Plenty of people write about Barrett's brilliant songwriting, tediously discuss his mental state, or argue about whether his departure from the Floyd made or broke them musically; but few acknowledge the fact of his being a great and inspired guitar player.

Much of his reputation in this respect must obviously rest on early live appearances. I was never fortunate enough to see him in action at that time, but I'm told he was utterly amazing — a revolutionary source of electronic racket.

However, there's quite enough evidence on half a dozen recorded tracks to convince me of his importance. It matters little to what extent Syd was in control of what he was doing, and there are conflicting reports, but the results have an extraordinary originality, urgency and expressiveness.

Surprisingly, he has something in common with many of those I've mentioned already, notably Jeff Beck and Pete Townshend. For example, there's the unity of spirit between the songwriting and the guitar accompaniment, the clear conception of sound and the drawing on the Instrumental tradition in, say, the introduction to "Lucifer Sam". Or the occasional surfacing of blues influences, the best instance of which is in the way "Smoketack Lightning" becomes "Candy And The Currant Bun".

Aside from these basics, one should take into account the innovative use of the slide, emulated only by a studious Dave Gilmour; brilliant and painful wah-wah playing; violent treble feedback and a disjointed, aggressive rhythm style.

His rhythm playing is in fact quite spectacular. One of the most telling moments on "Piper At The Gates Of Dawn" occurs on Roger Waters' "Take Up Thy Stethoscope And Walk", a fairly straight song built around a single descending chord phrase. The number consists largely of a long 4/4 jam in the middle during which a weird struggle takes place between on the right, charmingly inept blues clichés on the bagpipe stop of the Farfisa organ, and on the left a non-stop barrage of clipped rhythmic noises from a

Mr. Barrett, clearly on a totally different plane of existence from his fellow musicians. This is one of the strangest musical contrasts I've ever come across and one which lifts the song from ordinary to absolutely riveting.

The most complete example of his style, though, is on the single "Apples And Oranges". This is my favourite wah-wah playing of all time — incredibly incisive and articulate. He makes the pedal hang on the edge of feedback which eventually breaks through as the final sound of the song.

Overall, the guitar acts as a fixed entity in an excellent construction, giving coherence to all the various departures. Considered in detail, it's great the way the lines which underpin the first part of each verse are made up of tiny units, each contributing to something which becomes greater in concept than any of them.

The playing not only reveals an acute perception of sound, but explores a little exploited region and menacingly undermines the apparently harmless and half-sense lyrics.

Like Barrett, Captain Beefheart often appears to attract more attention by his "weirdness" than any other way.

Both Beefheart and Syd Barrett have in the past exerted this powerful questioning force by redefining the medium in which they operated. It's only a pity that, for the time being we have to refer to both of their achievements in the past tense.



# Gigolo Aunt

Grooving around in a trenchcoat with the saturn on-trail  
Seems to be all around in tin and lead pail we pale  
Living on down to the beach to see the blue and the grey  
Seems to be all and its Rosy its a beautiful day.  
Will you please keep on the track, cause I almost want  
you back. Cause I know what you are, you are a Gigolo  
Aunt, your'e a Gigolo Aunt. Yes I know what you are a Gigolo  
Aunt, you're a Gigolo Aunt.

Grooving on down with the light the dust in your way  
she was angrier than, than her watershell male  
Life to this love to me heading me down to me  
Thunderbird shale. Seems to be all and its rosy its a  
beautiful day. Will you please keep on the track 'cos I  
almost want you back. Cause I know what you are etc.

Grooving on down in a napsack superlative day  
[words undecipherable - deleted from song sheet] move jiving  
away. She made the scene should have been  
superlative day. Everything's all on its rosy its a  
beautiful day. Will you please keep on the track  
cause I almost want you back.  
Cause I know what you are etc.

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# WOLFPACK

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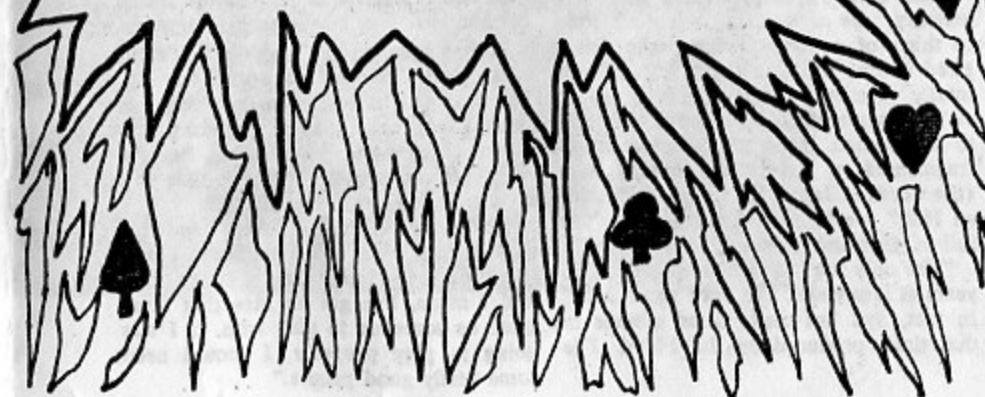
Howling the pack in formation appears. Diamonds and  
clubs, light misted fog, the dead waving us back  
in formation the pack in formation.

Bowling they bat as a group, and the leader is seen  
so early. The pack on their backs - the fighters.  
Through misty the waving, the pack in formation,  
far reaching waves on sight, shone right I lay as  
if in surround.

All enmeshing, hovering - the milder I gaze all the  
animals laying trail, beyond the far winds, wild  
the reflecting electricity eyes.

Yes the life that was ours grows sharper and stronger  
away and beyond. Short whedding, fresh spring,  
gripped with blanched bones, moaned, magnesium  
proverbs and sobs.

Howling the pack in formation appear. Diamonds and  
Clubs, light misted fog, the dead waving us back  
in formation the pack in formation.



LONDON—If you tend to believe what you hear, rather than what is, Syd Barrett is either dead, behind bars, or a vegetable.

He is in fact alive and as confusing as ever, in the town where he was born, Cambridge.

In 1966-67, Barrett was playing lead guitar with Pink Floyd. He'd named the band and was writing most of their music, including the only two hit singles they ever had. His eerie electronic guitar style and gnome-like stage presence made him an authentic cult figure for the nascent London underground, then just beginning to gather at the UFO club and the Roundhouse. The Floyd were a house band and the music went on into the wee hours.

Cambridge is an hour's train ride from London. Syd doesn't see many people these days. Visiting him is like intruding into a very private world. "I'm disappearing," he says, "avoiding most things." He seems very tense, ill at ease. Hollow-cheeked and pale, his eyes reflect a permanent state of shock. He has a ghostly beauty which one normally associates with poets of old. His hair is short now, uncombed, the wavy locks gone. The velvet pants and new green snakeskin boots show some attachment to the way it used to be. "I'm treading the backward path," he smiles. "Mostly, I just waste my time." He walks a lot. "Eight miles a day," he says. "It's bound to show. But I don't know how.

"I'm sorry I can't speak very coherently," he says, "It's rather difficult to think of anybody being really interested in me. But you know, man, I am totally together. I even think I should be." Occasionally, Syd responds directly to a question. Mostly his answers are fragmented, a stream of consciousness (the words of James Joyce's poem "Golden Hair" are in one of his songs). "I'm full of dust and guitars," he says.

"The only work I've done the last two years is interviews. I'm very good at it." In fact, Syd has made three albums in that time, produced by the Floyd. *The*

*Madcap Laughs*, his second, he says, was pretty good: "Like a painting as big as the cellar." Before the Floyd got off the ground, Barrett attended art school. He still paints. Sometimes crazy jungles of thick blobs. Sometimes simple linear pieces. His favorite is a white semi-circle on a white canvas.

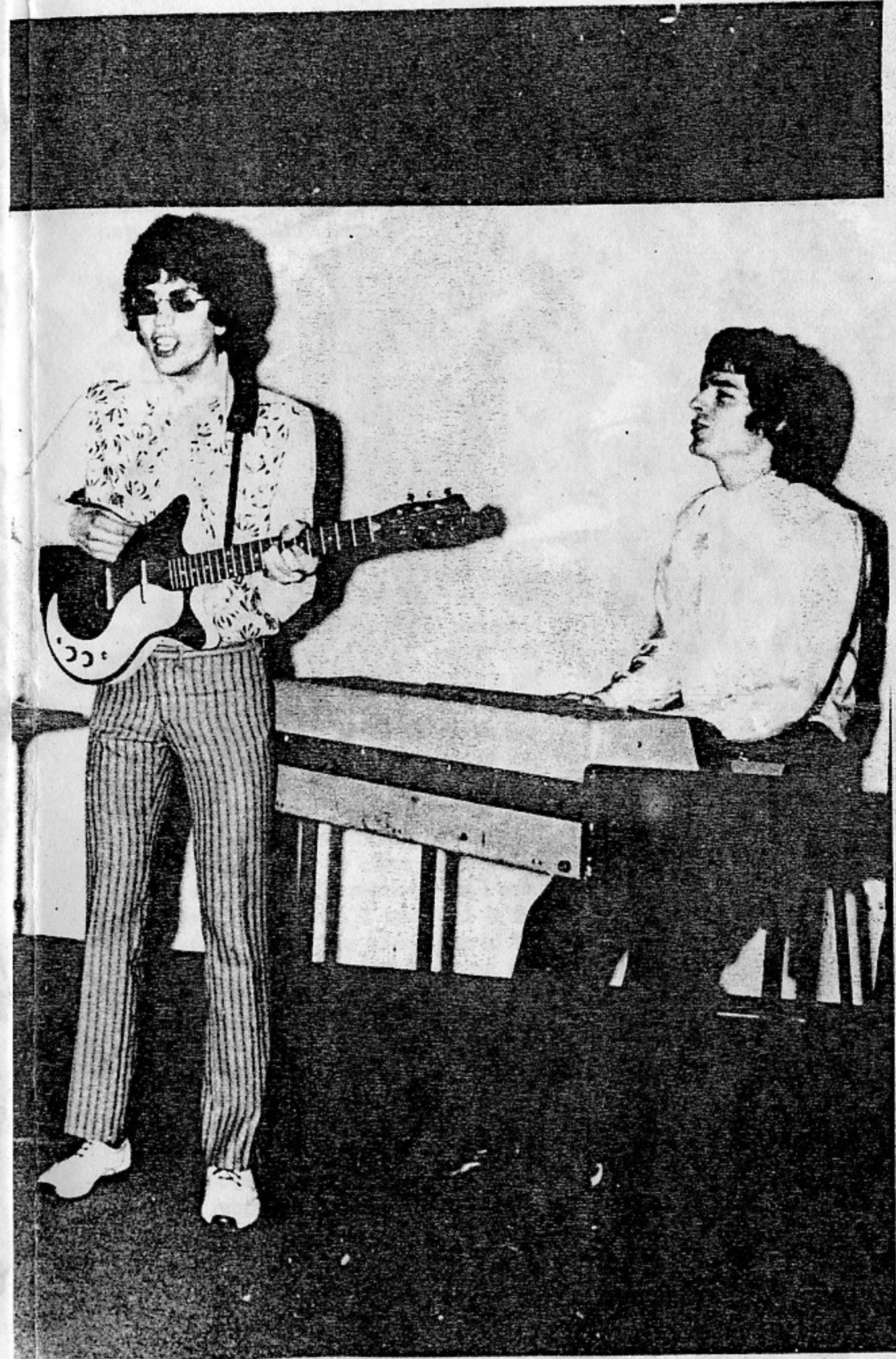
In a cellar where he spends much of his time, he sits surrounded by paintings and records, his amps and guitars. He feels safe there, under the ground. Like a character out of one of his own songs.

Syd says his favorite musician is Hendrix. "I toured with him you know, Lindsay [an old girl friend] and I used to sit on the back of the bus, with him up front; he would film us. But we never spoke really. It was like this. Very polite. He was better than people really knew. But very self-conscious about his consciousness. He'd lock himself in the dressing room with a TV and wouldn't let anyone in."

Syd himself has been known to sit behind locked doors, refusing to see anyone for days at a time. Frequently in his last months with the Floyd, he'd go on stage and play no more than two notes in a whole set. "Hendrix was a perfect guitarist. And that's all I wanted to do as a kid. Play a guitar properly and jump around. But too many people got in the way. It's always been too slow for me. Playing. The pace of things. I mean, I'm a fast sprinter. The trouble was, after playing in the group for a few months, I couldn't reach that point.

"I may seem to get hung-up, that's because I am frustrated work-wise, terribly. The fact is I haven't done anything this year, I've probably been chattering, explaining that away like anything. But the other bit about not working is that you do get to think theoretically."

He'd like to get another band together. "But I can't find anybody. That's the problem. I don't know where they are. I mean, I've got an idea that there must be someone to play with. If I was going to play properly, I should need some really good people."





Syd leaves the cellar and goes up to a sedate little room full of pictures of himself with his family. He was a pretty child. English tea, cake and biscuits, arrives. Like many innovators, Barrett seems to have missed the recognition due to him, while others have cleaned up. "I'd like to be rich. I'd like a lot of money to put into my physicals and to buy food for all my friends.

"I'll show you a book of all my songs before you go. I think it's so exciting. I'm glad you're here." He produces a folder containing all his recorded songs to date, neatly typed, with no music. Most of them stand alone as written pieces. Sometimes simple, lyrical, though never without some touch of irony. Sometimes surreal, images weaving dreamily, echoes of a mindscape that defies traditional analysis. Syd's present favorite is "Wolfpack," a taut threatening, claustrophobic number. It finishes

Syd thinks people who sing their own songs are boring. He has never recorded anyone else's. He produces a guitar and begins to strum out a new version of "Love You," from *Madcap*. "I worked this out yesterday. I think it's much better. It's my new 12-string guitar. I'm just getting used to it. I polished it yesterday." It's a Yamaha. He stops and eases it into a regular tuning, shaking his head. "I never felt so close to a guitar as that silver one with mirrors that I used on stage all the time. I swapped it for the black one, but I've never played it."

Syd is 25 now, and worried about getting old. "I wasn't always this introverted," he says, "I think young people should have a lot of fun. But I never seem to have any." Suddenly he points out the window. "Have you seen the roses? There's a whole lot of colors." Syd says he doesn't take acid anymore, but he doesn't want to talk about it . . . "There's really nothing to say." He goes into the garden and stretches out on an old wooden seat. "Once you're into something . . ." he says, looking very puzzled. He stops. "I don't think I'm easy to talk about. I've got a very irregular head. And I'm not anything that you think I am anyway."

