



1975

Terrapin

number 16

magazine of the Syd Barrett Appreciation Society

7p



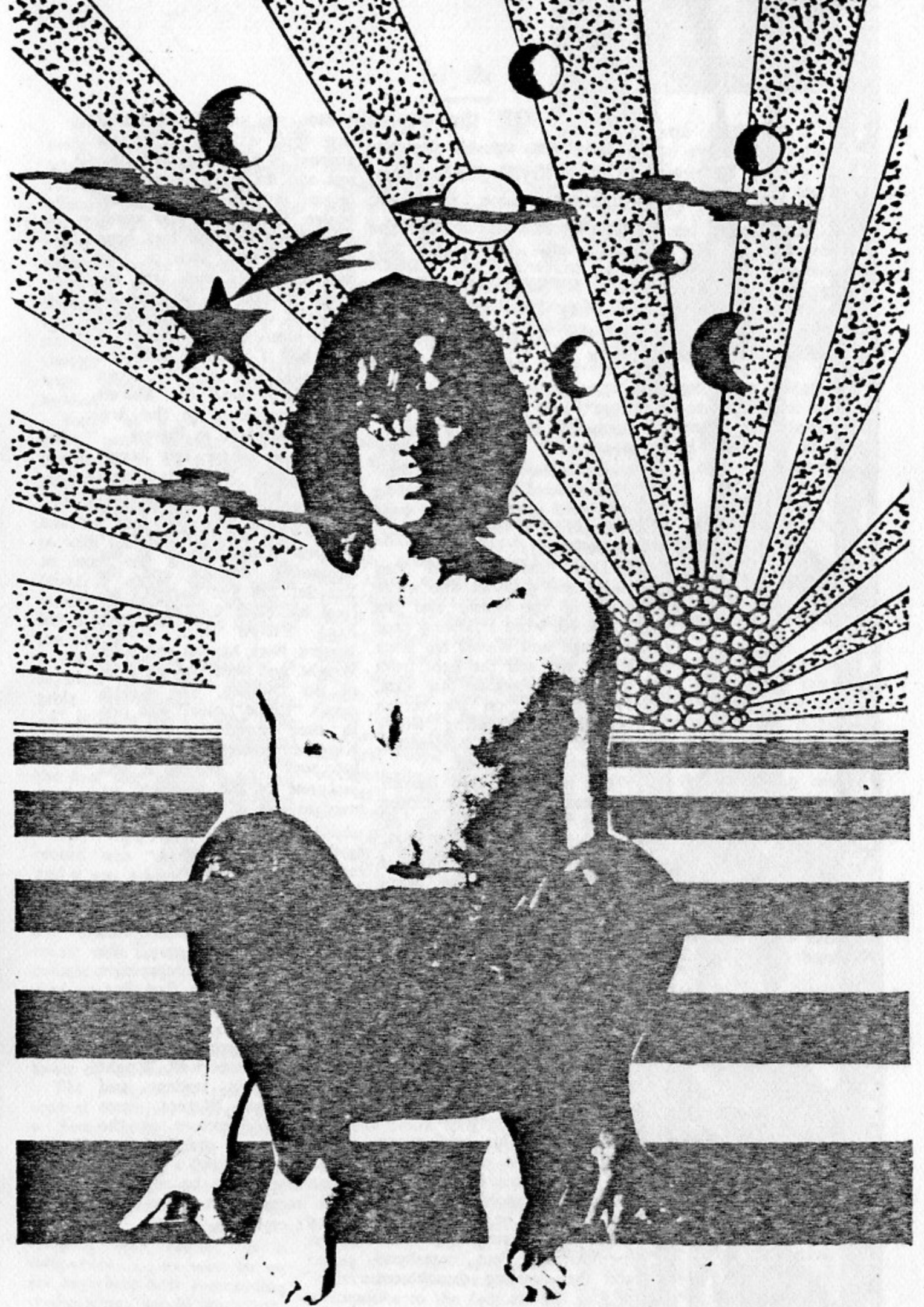
Long Gone

She was long gone, long long gone. She was gone, gone the bigger they come the larger her hand tell no one understand why for so long she'd been gone. And I stood very still by the window sill and I wondered for those I love still I cried in my mind where I stand behind the beauty of love's in her eyes.

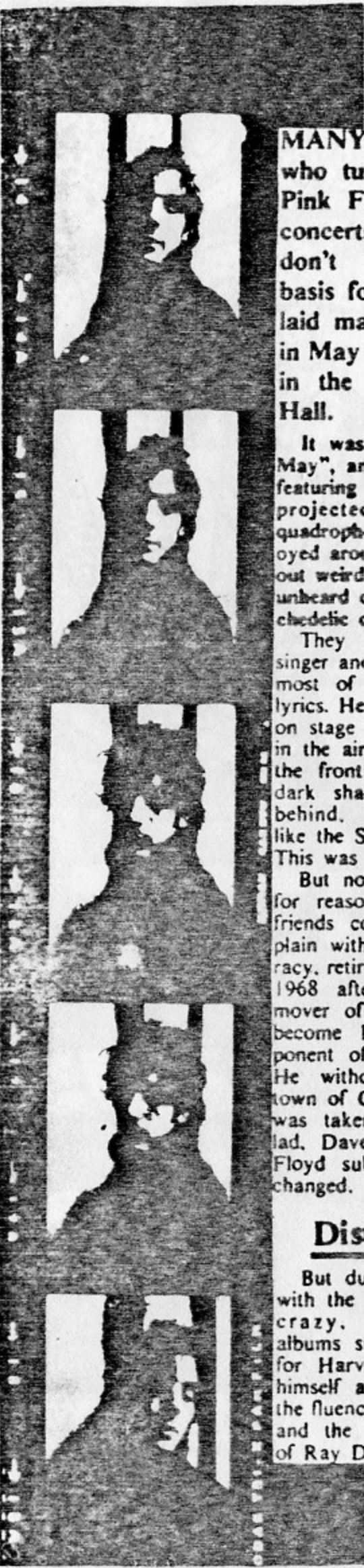
She was long gone, long long gone. She was gone, gone the bigger they come the larger her hand, tell no one understand why for so long she'd been gone. And I borrowed a page from a leopard's cage, and I prowled in the evening sun's glaze. Her head lifted high to the light in the sky the opening dawn on your face.

She was long gone, long long gone.

PRINTED BY SOPHIE AND JAMIE OF SUBURBAN PRESS
EDITOR: BERNARD WHITE / AMBASSADOR S.B.A.S: JOHN STEEL
SECRETARIES: NEIL HENDERSON 13 WHITE ST. GLASGOW G11 5RR
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PHOTOS PAGE 4: BARRIE WENTZALL. PAGE 3: HYPNOSIS
COVER AND ILLUSTRATED LYRICS: JOHN STEEL



Drawing by John Steele



MANY OF the people who turn up to see the Pink Floyd's miraculous concerts now probably don't realise that the basis for their show was laid many years ago — in May 1967 at a concert in the Queen Elizabeth Hall.

It was called "Games For May", and already they were featuring liquid light shows, projected 35 mm. films, quadrophonic PA system deployed around the hall pumping out weird spacey sounds quite unheard of in those early psychedelic days.

They had a weird lead singer and guitarist who wrote most of the music and the lyrics. He wore a flowing cape on stage and waved his arms in the air, and the light from the front projected his vast, dark shadow on the screen behind, gesticulating wildly like the Sorcerer's Apprentice. This was Syd Barrett.

But no more. Syd Barrett, for reasons only his closest friends could attempt to explain with any hope of accuracy, retired from the Floyd in 1968 after being the prime mover of the band's rise to become England's finest exponent of psychedelic music. He withdrew to his home town of Cambridge; his place was taken by another local lad, Dave Gilmour, and the Floyd subtly but perceptibly changed.

Distinguished

But during his brief career with the Floyd and with two crazy, throw-away solo albums subsequently recorded for Harvest, he distinguished himself as a songwriter with the fluency of Pete Townshend and the questing detachment of Ray Davies.

Not, you understand, that I say this without a certain amount of prejudice. Syd Barrett and the Floyd were local heroes in the city of Cambridge. Everywhere you would meet someone who had been at school with Syd, or told how Gilmour's mini was entirely composed of various pieces of other Minis acquired under unusual circumstances. I even had a beautiful girlfriend who said she travelled down to London with the Barrett circus and lived in the first crazy household in Putney.

This is where our hero's story starts. There had been bands before, of course; according to the Floyd's first manager and producer Andrew King, known as the Screaming Abdabs and the Tea Set. On Syd Barrett's arrival his band formed as the Pink Floyd with Roger Waters, Nick Mason and Rick Wright, and were playing a lot of Bo Diddley. The Kingsmen's "Louie Louie" was one of their stand-out numbers, King remembers, but he's not too sure... "maybe it was just one of the numbers we used to sing in the car."

Student

"As soon as things began to come together they started to do more of their own numbers. It was easy," he muses, "to get the impression that the Floyd was Syd Barrett and anyone who happened to be playing with him." At this point Barrett was an art student at Camberwell, Wright was a music student and Mason and Waters were studying architecture at the Regent Poly: a pretty diverse collection. Barrett's artistic temperament can be regarded as an integral part of the early Floyd's make-up.

Myth

What was more immediately recognisable was Barrett's guitar style, apparently clumsy and anarchic, but effective and intensely dramatic. The first stage number to come together was "Astronomy Domine", which was more of a group effort, although credited to Barrett. In fact, it was copped from a riff on the first Love album, although the time signatures were chopped and changed around.

Early as it was, "Astronomy" seems to have been the prototype for the Floyd's subsequent style. The bass opens with a crescendo single string and the heavy tympani bursts in with fearsome power. Here as later, the words are obscure, a chant which seems almost unintelligible, sounding like a recitation of the signs of the zodiac.

Barrett was to specialise in mystical chants and unintelligible mumblings: "Chapter 24" is from the I Ching (The Chinese Book of Changes) and "No Man's Hand" from the first solo album fades out through a just out-of-focus conversation.

The Floyd's first success on record was "Arnold Layne", and it was a knock out. It was written by Barrett and sung in that precisely modulated English drawl over the surging music with the same tricks in evidence as on "Astronomy". And the lyrics were... unusual. Strange hobby? Collecting clothes? Arnold Layne certainly was no dedicated follower of fashion.

The prospect of recording seemed to inspire Barrett with a fierce creativity. Nobody quite knew whether he had the songs already written or whether he wrote them specifically for the sessions. King again: "Syd started developing very rapidly as a songwriter... as soon as we got anywhere near a recording studio songs would start popping out."

One of these was "See Emily Play" which was in much the same vein as "Arnold Layne". This time it was a hit. "Games For May" had made its mark, and soon after the first Floyd album was recorded. The commercial pressures were building up on a group which was, as far as the "serious" money-making part of the business was concerned, a bit of a joke. They were students, playing a music which had never been heard before and obviously was not compatible with anyone else's act, and what's more they were being handled by novices.

Barrett was far from being overwhelmed. The myth of the fragile artistic temperament here takes a bit of a knock. King remembers seeing Syd sit down in Peter Jenner's (King's partner) room and write two songs in half an hour; and they weren't already in his head: "They just came out when they were needed".

There are few influences on the first Floyd album, though occasionally (in hindsight) Barrett's guitar reminds me of Lou Reed's on the first Velvet Underground album and Rick Wright's organ of Ray Manzarek's, but probably the development was parallel. Recorded in full glorious Abbey Road pan-pot stereo, clear but plummy in the same way as "Sergeant Pepper". "The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn" had eight out of the eleven tracks credited to Barrett, among them "Astronomy Domine", "Mathilda Mother", "Chapter 24" and "Bike".

After the two singles Norman Smith took over from Joe Boyd (of Witchseason) but the change was comparatively smoothly accomplished. "Everybody knew exactly how to get on with making that record — it was as easy as falling off a log," says King.

Occasionally there are some concessions to the fads of the time: "Mathilda Mother" has a sort of Tyrannosaurus Rex pixieland feyness to the lyrics.

but points forwards to the childhood experience theme of "No Good Trying", but neither the words nor the extreme and stylised vocal and instrumental mannerisms of the time obscure the strong, catchy melodic lines which distinguish Barrett's writing.

The second side of the album had more of the rumbustious (King's word) material which distinguished Barrett's songs from Waters's more measured, sombre tone-poems. There's a wide-eyed, astonished quality about "Gnome" and "Scarecrow" which is a real ear-opener; and the deadpan surrealism of "Bike" is worthy of Alfred Jarry (look 'im up).

And although Barrett liked his simple songs, he was responsible for the dramatic mixes, with astonishing use of panning. In "Astronomy" and "Interstellar Overdrive" whole sections of instruments criss-cross crazily from side to side of the stereo screen. King: "Syd had a unique way of mixing. He would throw the levers on the board up and down apparently at random, making pretty patterns with his hands. He was very demanding. You see, he was a painter and wouldn't do anything unless he thought he was doing it in an artistic way. He was one hundred per cent creative, and he was very hard on himself."

There are few songwriters who cut through the sugar with Barrett's directness: Wined and dined, 'o it seemed just like a dream Girl was so kind, kind of love I've never seen.

About a year ago Syd Barrett played a public gig at Cambridge Corn Exchange. Friendly freak promoter (but no more) Steve Brink phoned, left a message, but I didn't get back to the office. Sometime in the future, maybe? Or shall we never hear any more of Syd's silly, miraculous songs?

MARTIN HAYMAN

'WHAT EXACTLY IS A JOKE'

The following is an extract from an American magazine "Westport Trucker." And is included mainly as an insight into the narrow minded viewpoint of some rock writers regarding Syd Barrett. The kind that see him as a kind of sideshow freak to be poked and prodded and examined. This article has a particularly handed writing style. Typically American?



It's awfully considerate of you
to think of me here
And most obliged to you for
making it clear that I'm not
here
And I never knew the room
could be so big
And I never knew the room
could be so blue
And I'm grateful that you
threw away my old shoes
And brought me here instead
dressed in red
And I'm wondering who could
be writing this song...



Syd Barrette over the past few years has not been in the center of stardom as have the groups who capitalized from his head trip material. Probably for many reasons, one, he's considered insane by his peers who pride upon themselves as being crazy (one is not crazy if he can admit it to himself, bla, bla) two, the average social-minded-freak-record-buyer would be turned off by Syd's style of mind fuck-up music, three, the mentally handicapped are probably the most discriminated against class of our human society. Syd Barrett (former member/songwriter of Pink Floyd) is the original FREAK of the world of rock music. He was taking acid when most of us people masterbated over our fantasies in our back yards.

After a few years of gigging around Europe, Pink Floyd landed

a recording contract. Around February 67 Syd Barrett's song "Arnold Layne" hit England's charts. Because of its strange lyrics and semi-commercial music the song made a fair mark on English music trends, but didn't exactly give Pink Floyd super group stardom. A few months later America got its first taste of Pink Floyd music. Another Barrett song titled "See Emily Play" was on the charts. Pink Floyd was no smash success in America either. After these two 45s Syd Barrett and his band of weirdos put out an album titled "Piper at the Gates of Dawn". Only a small gathering of English and American music lovers copped on to it. Today this album sells like wildfire, five years after its release, people finally understand "Piper at the Gates of Dawn". Barrett wrote every song on the album except one and the material on the album is still over many listener's heads.

Pink Floyd music today, minus Barrett, is still similar to their early material. Barrett used stranger voice simulations on "Piper" than Pink Floyd presently uses. He put sound effects right up front with the voices. Each song had eerie chord progressions with spacy middle eighths. No writer today has come close to Barrett's style of music, even most copies are poor. Pink Floyd has truly capitalized off of his genius, for this is where they got their direction.

In 1968 Pink Floyd's second album titled "A Saucerful of Secrets" came out. As their first LP, it didn't reach any great selling heights. Barrett was only on one song, "Jugband Blues", which he wrote. This song is undoubtedly the most far-gone acid song ever written in rock history (and that's a mouthful - ed.). At the time this album was being put together, Syd Barrett was locked up in an asylum for the criminally insane. Reason, well, it was best put by Pink Floyd members as "he just took too much acid". Barrett's days in Pink Floyd were over, he was replaced by a friend named David Gilmour whose style of guitar playing, but not writing, is very close to that of Barrett's.

Pink Floyd continued to do some of Sydney's songs on their albums. For instance, Rolling Stone's favorite cut off "Ummagumma" was a Barrett song titled "Astronomy Domine", also my favorite. English-copy-only "Best of Pink Floyd", over half of the songs were written by Barrett and "Relics", he has four songs. A note on "Relics", you will find "Arnold Layne" and a song titled "Bike". If you listen to "Bike" you'll hear familiar sound effects that Pink Floyd uses in some of their songs now, like "several species of small furry animals".

After Syd Barrett's exit from the asylum he recorded an album titled "Barrett" in 1970. Being an English-release-only LP makes it almost impossible to find here in the U.S. "Barrett" is a very smoothed out production, not quite as sharp and clangled and jangled as he was when he was with Pink Floyd. David Gilmour and Richard Wright produced this first solo album. Both Gilmour and Wright accompany Syd on all the songs. Jerry Shirley, whoever he may be, plays drums.

For this to be Barrett's so-called come-back, he did a damn good album. Comparing it to all he has done it could best be put - it tops anything he did with Pink Floyd, but not with himself. The best works off this album are "Rats", "Maisie" and "Effervescing Elephant" because they can give you an inside view of what Syd's style goes to. "Rats" is a chanting vocal describing sexual activities of rats compared to human beings. The musical background is definitely a neurotic syn-copated rhythm. "Maisie" is about a bad luck cow - bride of a bull. Syd plays the part of a bull telling the story of Maisie and her bold bull stud husband. It's a blues tune played at a slow creeping pace. When I first heard it I thought I had the turntable turned down to sixteen Syd's vocals seem to stumble and roll out of speakers onto the floor and melt like jelly in the afternoon sun.

Those good Barrett sound effects accompanied by a tuba are what make up the most strung out speed rapping song ever, "Effervescing Elephant". I would love to explain this song, but I'm at a loss for words. I'm even more unable to explain the whole album, all I can say is if you ever find the album "Barrett" buy it and just listen to it, I guarantee you've never heard anything like it before.

CONTINUED

Barrett's music has now changed a little. He seems to dig words that sound like the music being played at that particular moment, using words as another musical instrument, rather than just for communication. Sometimes his lyrics sound like what goes through many people's heads when they are letting their minds wander aimlessly. He has the capacity to repeat them vocally. Barrett's guitar mechanics have also changed. He seems to rely heavily on the added percussion sounds of the pick loosely clicking across the strings. Comparing Barrett's music now to the early days, I find it more scattered and erratic, and at a slower pace. It's a strange thing that the majority of people I've known who have been in an institution seem to freak out and ask for Syd to be taken off the record player. Has he reached the perfection of insanity?

"Love You" off "Madcap Laughs" is a good song to get a picture of his neurotic lyrics:

Honey love you, Honey little,
Honey funny, sunny morning,
Love you more funny love than
the skyline baby,
Ice cream, excuse me
I seen you looking good
The other evening.

The rhythm of this song is the same as in almost all of Barrett's songs. They seem to be a mass collection of rhyming words and split second flash thoughts. "Octopus" is the same type of flash thoughts and multi-rhyming words. The main theme in "Octopus" is being able to "Trip, trip to a dream dragon and tide your wings in a ghost star." Barrett, being a mystical person as he is, finds that the poem, "Golden Hair" by James Joyce is suitable enough to include with music, on the album. When he sings, "lean out of your window" you tend to lean not out of a window, but fall into an icy grey mist of Barrett's reality. The song "Long Gone" is a good choice to show how Barrett can move your inner thoughts. You actually feel like you are stretching great distances. The song is about a girl

who is long gone from him and you capture the distance by feeling the stretch sensation.

There are three songs combined on side two of "Madcap Laughs", "I Took a Long Cold Look", "Feel", and "If It's In You". Here is where reality strikes... Barrett's insanity right there before your ears. From the beginning of the first song he seems to crumble at the mind and ramble off into some sort of foggy mental breakdown. In between the songs "Feel" and "If It's In You" Barrett completely loses it. You hear him telling the engineers to cut out or dub over a complete line in the song to come. He then attempts to sing and fails, saying again that he is kinda lost so they cut out the lost parts or whatever they choose. I honestly think that he was about ready to cry. It reminds me of another line, "Controlled Chaos" but that's in another article.

"Late Night" is the last song on the album. This song is more like the Pink Floyd days than any of the other songs on "Madcap Laughs". Slide guitars slide on. Syd keeps hoping on stars and brooms but always remembers the way she kissed which meant everything to him. That's about all you can say about this song. Barrett's insanity is very self-evident in this one as it is throughout the whole album.

"Madcap Laughs" is over two years old and might be Syd Barrett's last album, but I hope not. Without Syd Barrett the world is lost (moan, cry, whine, whimper - ed.) and if it wasn't for Syd Barrett, where would Pink Floyd, Vandergraft Generator, Soft Machine, David Bowie, Alice Cooper, Iggy Pop, Moody Blues, The Deviants, King Crimson, Emerson, Lake and Palmer, etc. etc. be today?

If I was forced... ooouuchhc... I've forced myself. I would choose a song titled "Apples and Oranges" as my favorite Syd Barrett song. It is truly his greatest and eat your hearts out. I have access to a rare copy of the album it's on. Syd Barrett, the mysterious madcap, lives on.

David Gilmour

Following someone like Syd Barrett into the band was a strange experience. At first I felt I had to change a lot and it was a paranoid experience. After all, Syd was a living legend, and I had started off playing basic rock music — Beach Boys, Bo Diddley, and "The Midnight Hour." I wasn't in any groups worth talking about, although I had a three-piece with Ricky Willis who's now with Peter Frampton's Camel.

"I knew Syd from Cambridge since I was 15, and my old band supported the Floyd on gigs. I knew them all well. They asked me if I wanted to join when Syd left, and not being completely mad, I said yes, and joined in Christmas '68.

"I later did the two solo albums with Syd. God, what an experience. God knows what he was doing. Various people have tried to see him and get him together, and found it beyond their capabilities.

"I remember when the band was recording 'See Emily Play.' Syd rang me up and asked me along to the studio. When I got there — he gave me a complete blank.

"He was one of the great rock and roll tragedies. He was one of the most talented people and could have given a fantastic amount. He really could write songs and if he had stayed right, could have beaten Ray Davies at his own game.

"It took a long time for me to feel part of the band after Syd left. It was such a strange band, and very difficult for me to know what we were doing. People were very down on us after Syd left. Everyone thought Syd was all the group had, and dismissed us.

"They were hard times. Even our management Blackhill believed in Syd more than the band. It really didn't start coming back until 'Saucerful Of Secrets' and the first Hyde Park free concert.

"The big kick was to play for our audiences at Middle Earth. I remember one terrible night when Syd came and stood in front of the stage. He stared at me all night long. Horrible!

A quote by

Dave Gilmour is here worth noting if only for enlightenment as to the exact nature of the Barrett/Floyd predicament:

"The band, just before Syd departed, had got into a totally impossible situation. No one wanted to book them. After the success of the summer of '67 the band sank like a stone; the gigs they were doing at the time were all empty because they were so bad. The only way out was to get rid of Syd, by which time the ball had definitely stopped rolling. We had to start it all over again. *Saucerful of Secrets*, the first album without him, was the start back on the road to some kind of return. It was the album we began building from. The whole conception of *Saucerful* had nothing to do with what Syd believed in or liked. We continued playing some of his songs for a while but...in the beginning the songs were all his and they were brilliant, right. No one disputes that. But I don't think the actual sound of the whole band stems from Syd.

"As far as I can see, there's no relevance in talking about Syd in reviewing one of our concerts."

Except for the fact that the very first song they perform in their current set (which presumably they'll bring intact to the States with them when they tour here in April) is openly for and about Barrett. It's a new Roger Waters number entitled "Shine On You Crazy Diamonds" and strings together all the awed epithets ever used to describe a figure whose life up to even its current creatively paralysed and hyper-confused state, has been immeasurably more tragic than 'mysterious.' It's a direct call to arms from Waters to Barrett, only it doesn't really work. And that's simply because it isn't very good.



LOVE SONG

I knew a girl and I like her still
she said she knew she would trust me
and I her will.

I said OK baby tell me what you be
and I'll lay my head down and see what I see

By the time she was back
by her open eyes
I knew that I was in for a big surprise.

I knew a girl and I like her still
she said she knew she would trust me
and I her will

I said OK baby tell me what you be
and I'll lay my head down and
see what I see.

By the time she was back by
her open eyes
I knew that I was in for a big surprise

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IF IT'S IN YOU

Yes I'm thinking of this yes I am
Puddle town Tom was the underground
Hold you tighter so close yes you are
Please hold on to the steel rail
Colonel with gloves draughts leeches
He isn't love on Sundays mail
All the fives crock Henrietta, she's
a mean go getta got to write her
a letter.

Did I winking of this I am
Yum yummy yum dum yummy yam yum yum
Yes I'm thinking of this in steam
Skeleton Kiss to the steel rail
Fleas in Pamela gloves draughts leeches
Chugging along with a funnel of steam
All the fives, crock Henrietta,
She's a mean go getta got to write her
a letter.

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