

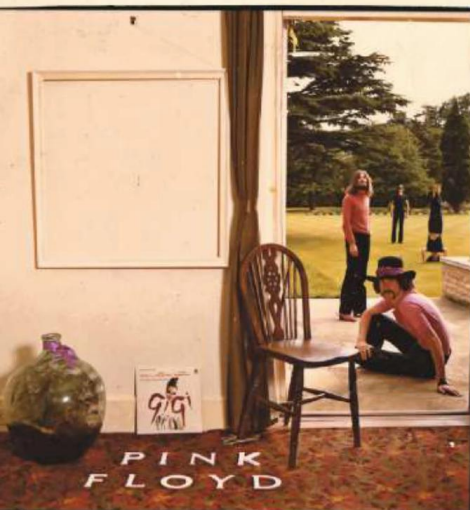
MOJO THE COLLECTORS' SERIES

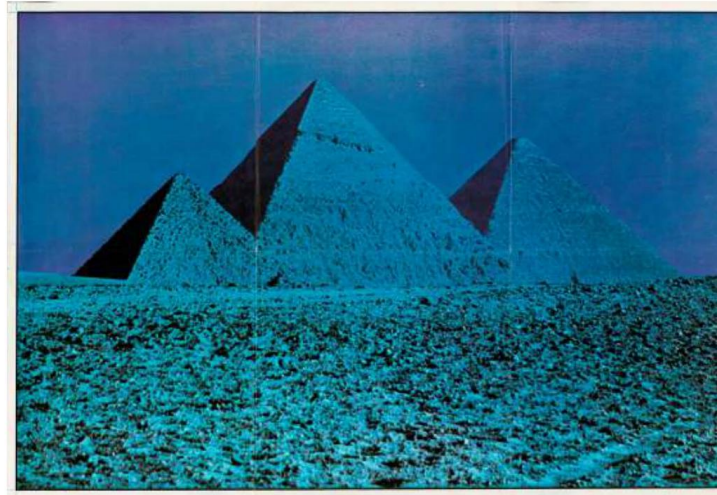
ECHOES 1965-1973

PINK FLOYD

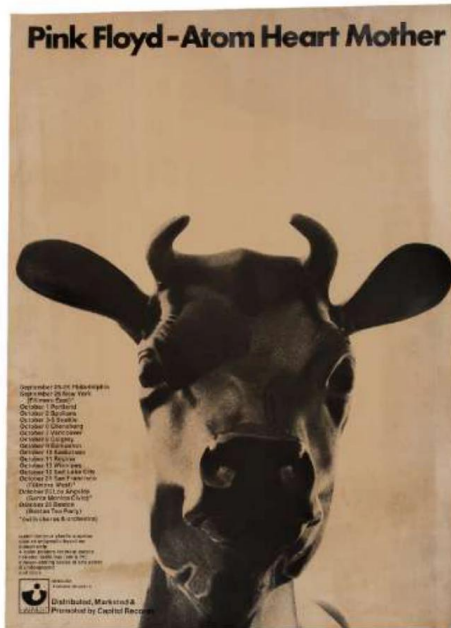


ROCK'S GREATEST VISIONARIES. THE FINEST WRITERS. THE FULL STORY.





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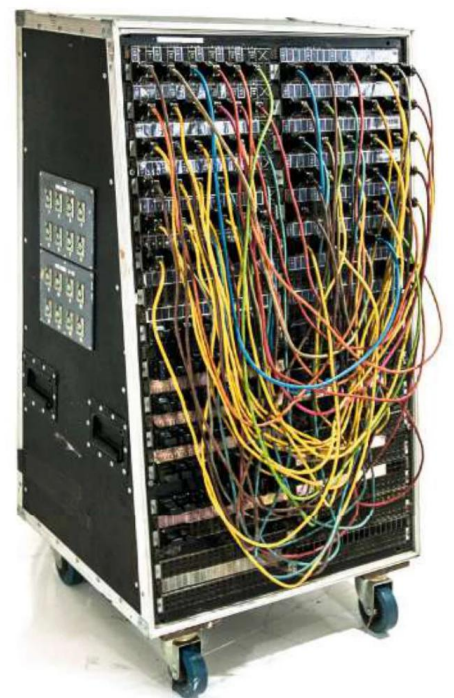
This spring, Nick Mason's Saucerful Of Secrets bring their celebration of Pink Floyd's early music back on the road in Britain and North America. What better time, then, for MOJO to revisit their golden age of psychedelic 45s, art-house movie soundtracks and visionary rock'n'roll.

In this issue, we've gathered together MOJO's finest writing on the early Floyd and many rare and previously unseen images to chart the group's remarkable rise to fame. Here you'll find the true story of mercurial frontman Syd Barrett, explore the wild sonic landscapes of *Ummagumma*, *Atom Heart Mother*, *Meddle* and more, before reaching the grand finale of 1973's world-conquering *The Dark Side Of The Moon*.

Sit back, relax, enjoy the trip, and look out for ECHOES 1974-2019, celebrating the second half of Pink Floyd's amazing journey, coming on April 4.

Mark Blake

MARK BLAKE, EDITOR



Which one's Pink?:
press conference,
Tokyo, August 1971.



THE WRITERS

Johnny Black is a music journalist, author and archivist, of 40 years standing, and has written for *Smash Hits*, *Q*, *MOJO*, *The Sunday Times* and more. His site, www.musicdayz.com, is the world's largest archive of fully searchable, chronologically organised music facts. He tweets via @MusicDayzTwee, and writes about Pink Floyd's 1968, starting on page 44.

Mark Blake, long-time *Q* and *MOJO* writer, is the author of the best-selling biography, *Pigs Might Fly: The Inside*

Story Of Pink Floyd (Aurum, 2007), and has worked on several official Floyd projects, including 2017's *Their Mortal Remains* exhibition. He never tires of the guitar solo on *Time*, and remains unusually fond of *Obscured By Clouds* and *Animals*. More here: markrblake.com

Peter Doggett once sat next to David Gilmour at a London show by David Crosby and Graham Nash. To celebrate the fact, his biography of Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young will be published in 2019 by The Bodley Head.

Favourite Floyd album: *The Piper at the Gates of Dawn*.

David Fricke is a senior editor at *Rolling Stone* magazine and long-time contributor to *MOJO*. He has interviewed David Gilmour and Roger Waters several times and writes about his first ever gig – Floyd at Philadelphia's JFK stadium on July 24, 1968 – on page 56.

Pat Gilbert is a former editor of *MOJO* and these days oversees the magazine's special editions. In 2010, he had the pleasure of grilling David Gilmour for a *MOJO*

cover story on the making of Syd Barrett's *The Madcap Laughs* (see page 60), a job that found him riding around Cambridge on a bicycle. His fave Floyd tracks are *The Nile Song* and *Shine On You Crazy Diamond*.

Mark Paytress was raised on '60s pop before teenage conversions to psych and then punk. The *MOJO* veteran is the author of several books, including *Bolan: The Rise And Fall Of A 20th Century Superstar*. Mark interviewed three-quarters of the original Floyd about

his favourite PF album, *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*, starting on page 24.

Phil Sutcliffe, *NUJ* Member of Honour, has written about music for donkey's years – for *Sounds*, *Smash Hits*, *The Face*, *Q*, *MOJO*, *LA Times*, plus the odd book (Springsteen to come) – and tackles *The Dark Side Of The Moon* here (starting on page 104). His first Floyd experience was at the Newcastle Odeon in 1974. Phil has interviewed them all for hours, including 10 dynamite minutes with a newly lovely,

surprisingly mellow Roger Waters.

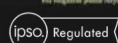
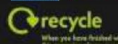
Lois Wilson has been writing for *MOJO* since 1999. She also heads *People Powered* concerts and is the founder of the *NHS1000Musicians* social media campaign. She interviews Floyd's cover artists and photographers, including Aubrey 'Po' Powell, starting on page 36. Lois collects Syd-era Pink Floyd memorabilia, and her original copies of Arnold Layne, See Emily Play and Apples And Oranges make her very happy.



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Hipgnosis sleeve from 10cc to XTC, via Peter Dinklage, Led Zeppelin, Paul McCartney, Pink Floyd, Yes and more. www.aubreypowell.com

Psychedelic Renegades Photos Of Syd Barrett by Mick Rock



Mick Rock first met Syd Barrett in the mid-'60s and was one of the few photographers to shoot the elusive musician in the late 1960s and early '70s. *Psychedelic Renegades*, an

illuminating collection of images and words, was first published by Genesis Publications in 2002. www.mickrock.com



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1965-1973

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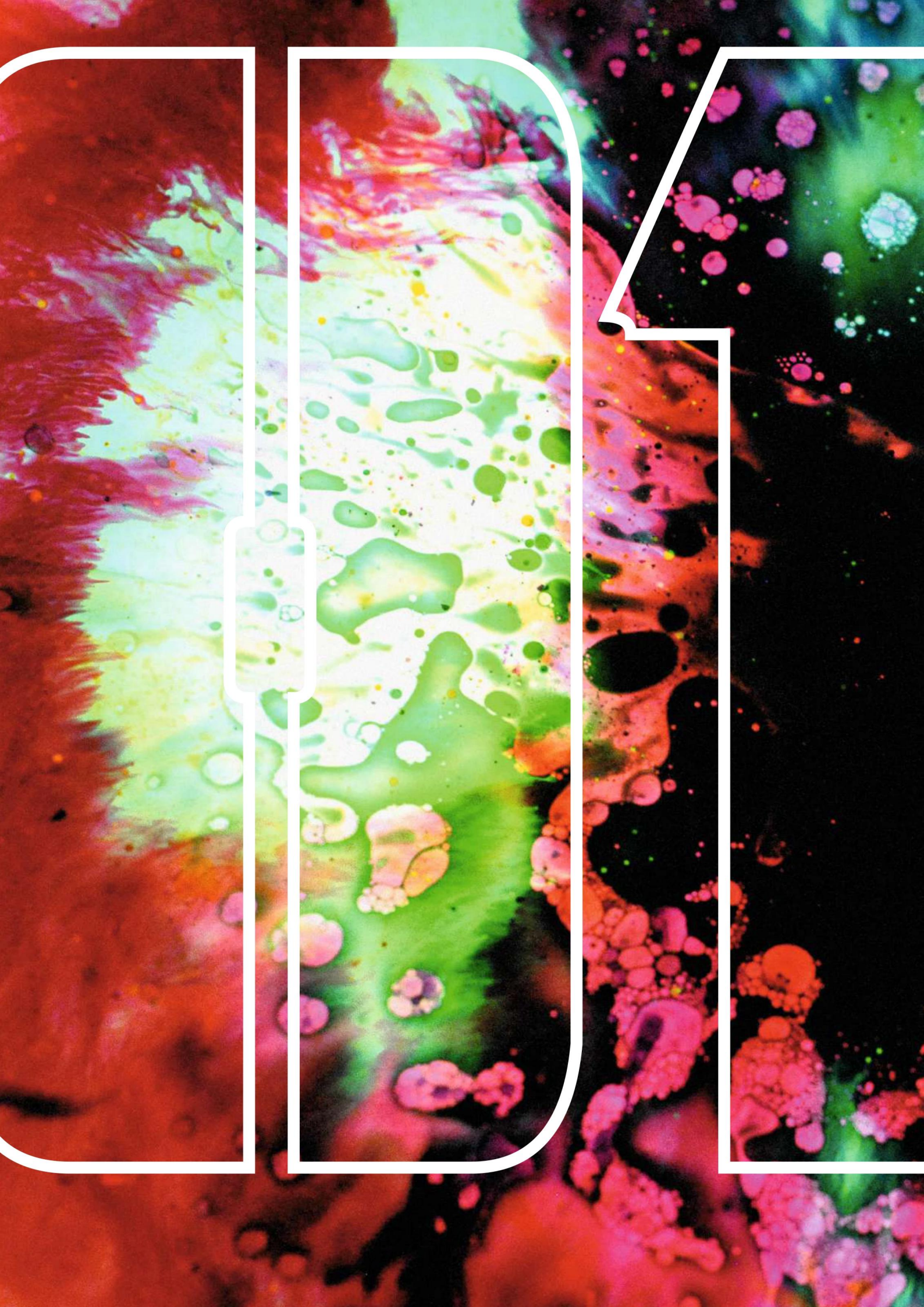
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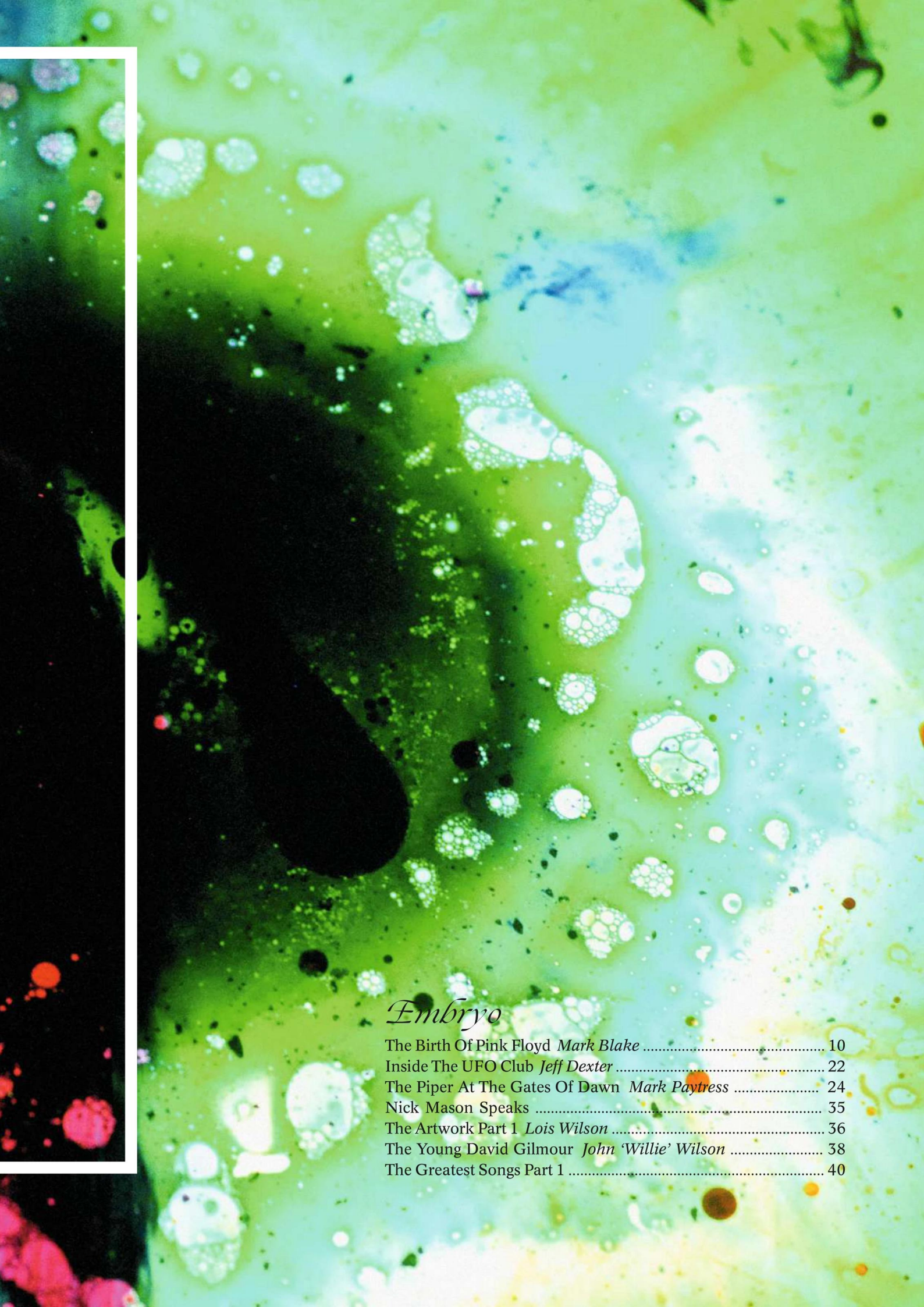
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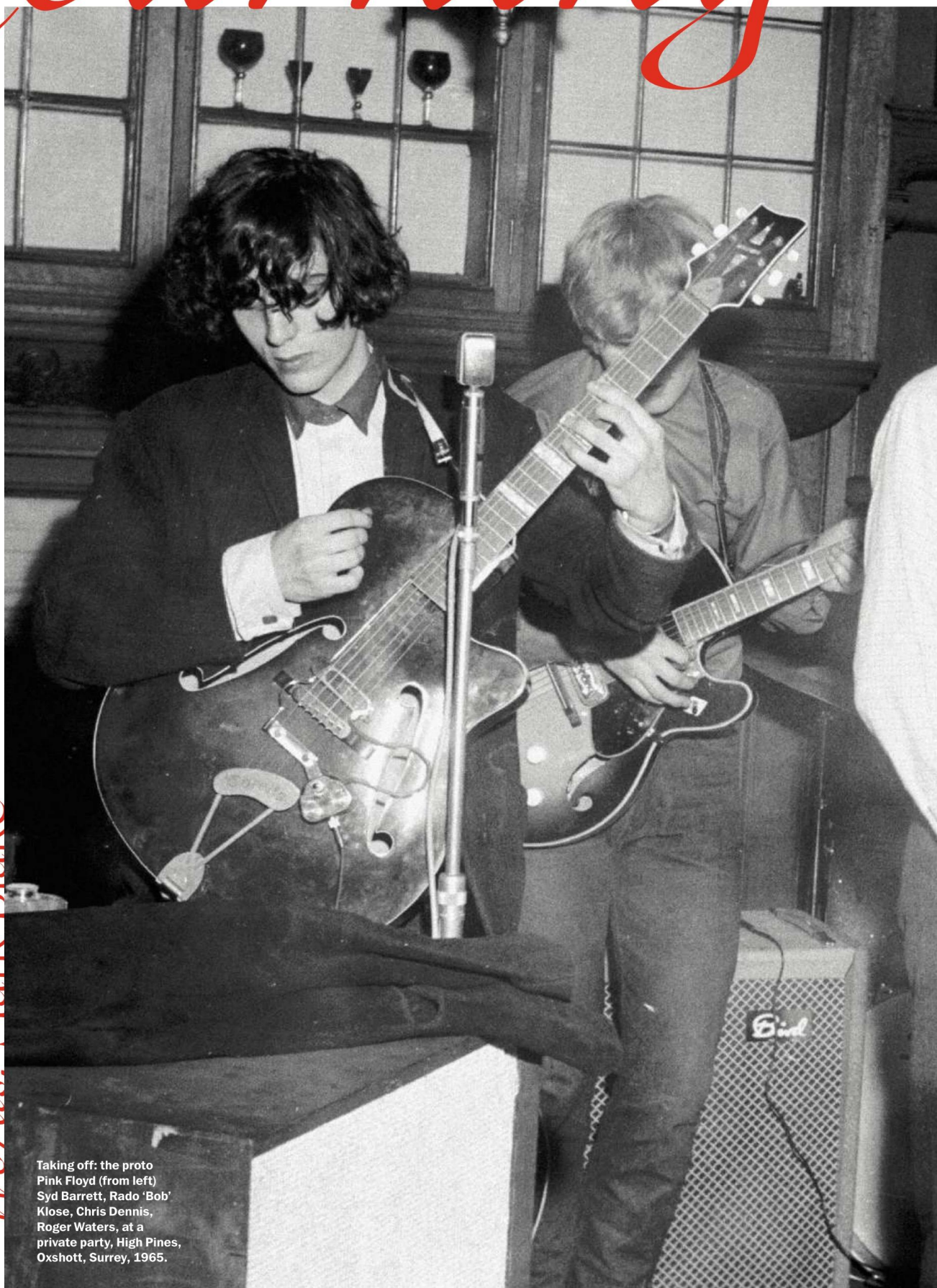


Embryo

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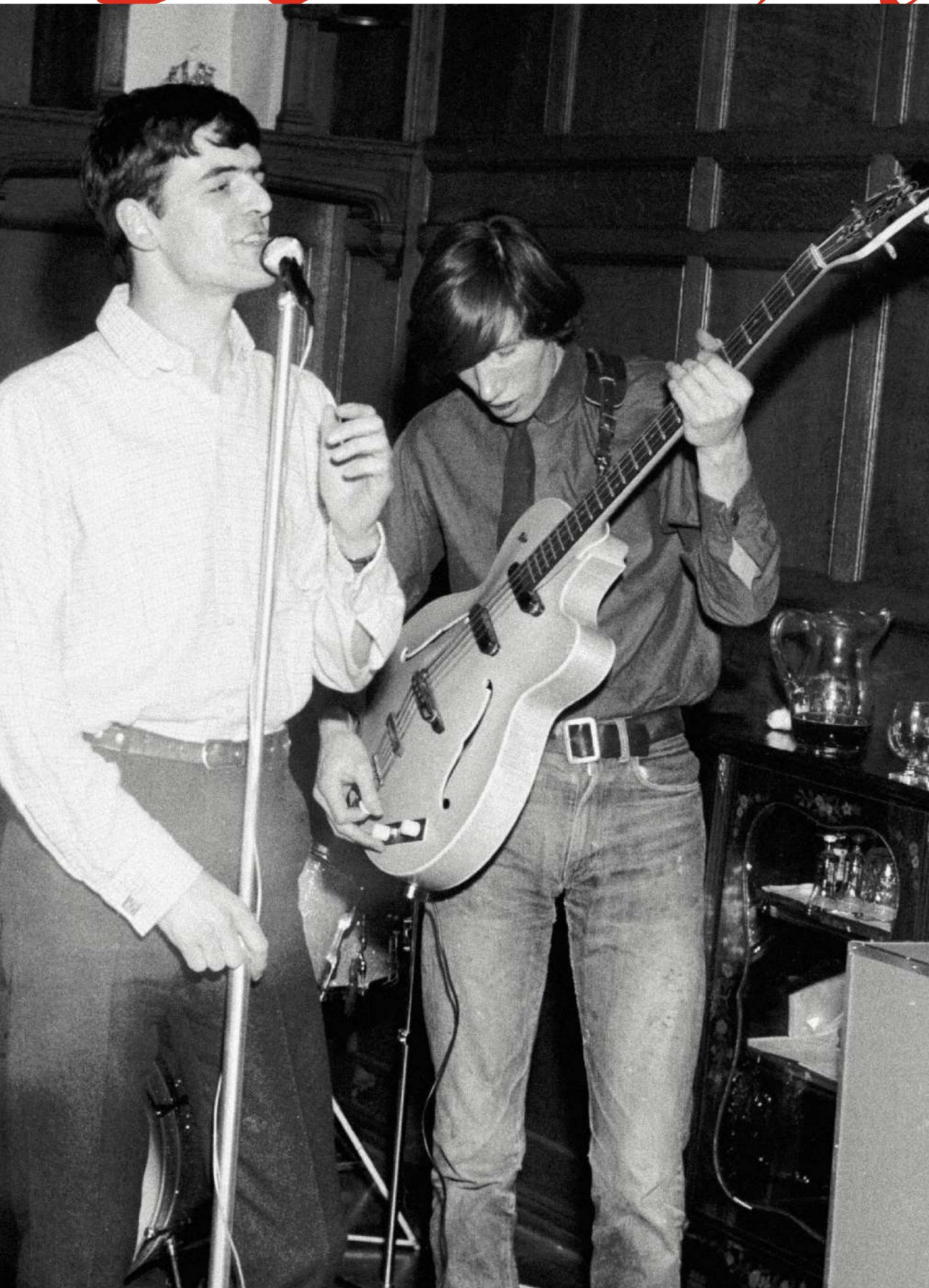
Learning

Words: Mark Blake



Taking off: the proto Pink Floyd (from left) Syd Barrett, Rado 'Bob' Klose, Chris Dennis, Roger Waters, at a private party, High Pines, Oxshott, Surrey, 1965.

To Fly



Portrait: Sebastian Jenkins

Courtesy of Sebastian Jenkins

Pink Floyd's roots lay in Bo Diddley, Leadbelly, Eastern mystics, post-war Cambridge and the LSD shimmer of soon-to-be Swinging London. Free your mind...

In summer 1967, the teenage girls' magazine *Trend* interviewed young pop hopefuls The Pink Floyd. Under the headline "The Pink And Their Purple Door", *Trend* portrayed the group as psychedelic mop-tops cohabiting in a house with a colourful portal at 2 Earlham Street, in Central London.

Look closely and you'll see the outside of Number 2 in the 1961 crime thriller *Victim*, in which Dirk Bogarde's secretly gay barrister takes on a gang of blackmailers. By the time Pink Floyd and *Trend* arrived, the same building had become a nexus for London's counterculture, with artists, actors and sundry scenesters passing through the purple front door and into a rabbit's warren of bedsits and flats.

Trend's journalistic licence and Pink Floyd's thirst for publicity meant everyone overlooked the fact that only their lead vocalist and guitarist Syd Barrett lived at 2 Earlham Street. His bandmates had more salubrious lodgings with their steady girlfriends and future wives. The deception didn't matter. After all, Barrett's top-floor eyrie, with its panoramic views of Charing Cross Road and Shaftesbury Avenue, was the garret in which he wrote most of Pink Floyd's summer '67 debut *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*.

Like the prism lens through which Floyd were photographed for that LP's sleeve, the music refracted Barrett's dizzying influences: fairy tales, folklore, hallucinogenics, nature, abstract art, sex, romance, Indian mystics and the legacy of a mostly father-less

upbringing in post-war Cambridge.

The dramatic story of Barrett's drug use and exit from Pink Floyd too often overshadows what went before: a tale of precocious '60s youth, of a blossoming musical underground and of a new world full of endless possibilities.

In his 2002 memoir, *Give The Anarchist A Cigarette*, the underground writer Mick Farren described life as an art student in London in 1963. He and his friends read William Burroughs, smoked dope and built rudimentary light projectors which created "distorting, flashing, strobing images" to match the distorting, flashing modern jazz they listened to. "Later we discovered that other people in other parts of the city – indeed, in other parts of the planet – were doing the self-same thing," he wrote.

In early '60s Cambridge those "other people" included Roger 'Syd' Barrett and his friends. At the time of their arrival into the world, Cambridge was, as one of their childhood peers, the future filmmaker Anthony Stern, describes it, "a place where licensed eccentricity was considered permissible."

Stern and his friends were used to regular sightings of Cambridge eccentrics: molecular biologist Francis Crick pedalling his bicycle around town in a most peculiar manner, and an unnamed woman who wandered the city streets with a bucket over her head.

Syd's father was another familiar, eccentric figure, often spotted riding around town on an upright bicycle. Dr Arthur Max Barrett – known by all as Max – was a university demonstrator in pathology at the local Addenbrooke's hospital and later became morbid anatomist at the city's world-famous university. In his spare time he was a painter and botanist, with his own set of keys to Cambridge's botanical gardens. Displaying the musical talent for which his son would become better known, Dr Barrett was also a member of the Cambridge Philharmonic Society.

Max was married to Winifred Garrett, the great-granddaughter of Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, the country's first female physician. The couple had five children: Alan, Donald, Ruth, Roger (later known as 'Syd') and Rosemary. Syd was born on January 6, 1946 in the first family home in Glisson Road, near the centre of Cambridge. Three years later, they moved to a larger house at 183 Hills Road.

Syd, like many of his Cambridge peers including some of his bandmates, were the offspring of academics and grew up in the shadow of the university, but also the Second World War. "All our parents had either fought in or been through war," explains Anthony Stern.

"My father suffered from a complete inability to talk about the war. He was also an academic. So one grew up thinking, How do you compete with World War Two? How do you compete in this world of academia and with the weight of all this success? Nothing you really do is good enough."

Talking to me in 2005 Stern coined the phrase 'The Cambridge Syndrome' to describe this collective feeling of inadequacy. Stern maintains that for Barrett and many of their peer group, the outcome of these feelings was a "need to rebel". The abolition of National Service in 1960 and Britain's relative post-war prosperity allowed them to do just that.

After Max Barrett died of cancer in 1961, his youngest son commandeered the front room of the family home turning it into a music rehearsal space-cum-artist's studio, where he could play guitar loudly, splash paint over canvases – and most of the furniture – and blast out his Bo Diddley records, untroubled by a mother who was famously happy to indulge him.

Barrett's good looks and original dress sense made him stand out in any crowd. "Syd was someone people would point out on the street," recalled his childhood friend David Gilmour. "Syd had that charisma, that magnetism." Around this time, he adopted his nickname, from a local jazz bass player, Sid Barrett, but swapping the 'i' for a 'y' so as not to be mistaken for his namesake.

By the time he was 16, Syd, the raffish wannabe art student with the Ray-Ban sunglasses, had already attracted the attention of a slightly older, hip group. Many, like him, were former pupils of the Cambridgeshire High School For Boys (aka 'The County') or its rival The Perse School, and seemed to have fathers who were either physically or mentally absent.

The gang read their Huxley, Kerouac and Ginsberg, smoked marijuana and listened to Snooks Eaglin and John Lee Hooker, aspiring to be what Norman Mailer called, in his 1957 essay, *The White Negro*.

In between, they pondered the meaning of life in coffee bars, on the banks of the River Cam, and at the house of one of their number, Storm Thorgerson, who, with another Cambridge friend, Aubrey 'Po' Powell, would go on to design most of Pink Floyd album sleeves.

Thorgerson was a precocious former County boy with an outspoken opinion on most subjects, delivered in a distinctive nasal tone, acquired after falling, nose-first, onto a bamboo cane as a child. Storm lived with his mother, a potter and schoolteacher, who allowed him to decorate his bedroom with a montage of graffiti and surrealist art, and fill it with his dope-smoking cronies any hour of the day or night. "Storm's room was amazing," recalls Aubrey 'Po' Powell, "and that sort of decoration was really quite unheard of back then."

Barrett was part of this precocious little scene, but also *apart* from it. "He was a highly creative, artistic chap, but also a secretive character," adds Po. "He could be with a crowd of people and then, suddenly, he was gone." Talking to the author in 2006, Barrett's early girlfriend Libby Gausden confirmed Po's impressions: "Syd adored nature, which trendy people didn't do back then. Instead of going to the parties we'd been invited to he'd sometimes drive off and sit in the Gog Magog hills [in south-east Cambridge] – nobody else, just us."

Among the entourage's other regular haunts was 27 Clarendon Street, a notorious refuge for Cambridge's apprentice beatniks. It was here Syd experimented with a projector, ink and microscopic slides to create a light show to accompany the records he was listening to. Storm Thorgerson also had a primitive movie projector, known as a zoopraxiscope. Later, Anthony Stern, who was now studying at Cambridge University, took Barrett to meet the artist Reg Gadney at King's College. ►

**"SYD BECAME
AN ECCENTRIC,
WHICH WAS
FINE, BECAUSE
ECCENTRICITY
WAS LICENSED
IN CAMBRIDGE."**

Anthony Stern



John Coltrane

TWO YOUNG PAINTERS

ANTHONY STERN
ROGER BARRETT

May 29th. — June 25th.

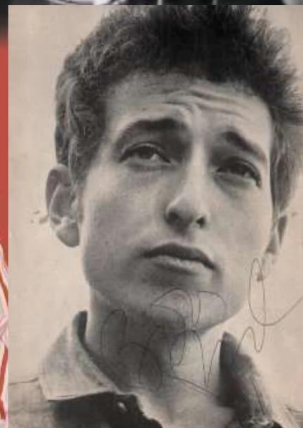
opening evening
of May 29th.

LION & LAMB
MILTON CAMBRIDGESHIRE

Boy band: Pink Floyd,
January 1967; (top
right) Syd and sister
Rosemary, 1949;
(right) with Michael
Leonard on BBC's
Tomorrow's World,
December '67.



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P PRESTIGE BLUEVILLE BY 1938

CAROLINA BLUES MAN

PINK ANDERSON

VOLUME I.

CAROLINA BLUES MAN

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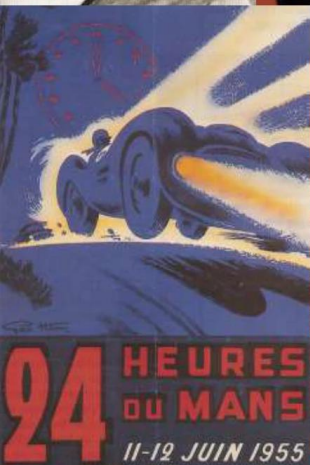
VOLUME I.

CAROLINA BLUES MAN

PINK ANDERSON



Town and country (from left):
Syd's eyrie, 2 Earham Street,
London, today; Cambridge
scenesters, Syd (second
right) with future girlfriend
Lindsay Corner (third left),
summer 1965; (above)
Jenny Spiers models the
'cosmonocles', summer '67.





Another brick in the wall:
Pink Floyd (from left) Nick
Mason, Richard Wright,
Roger Waters, Syd Barrett,
London, autumn 1967.







Stagestruck: shortly before playing Sunday At The Savile, Savile Theatre, London, October 1, 1967.

◀ “Gadney had made these sculptural pieces, like huge television screens, behind which were all these mechanical gadgets and light projections,” he explains. These were psychedelic light shows waiting for psychedelic music to be invented.

With places at art and film schools pending, most of the Cambridge clique had decamped to London by summer 1964. Syd Barrett joined them and took up a place at Camberwell art college. In May, he and Libby Gausden went to see Bob Dylan at the Royal Festival Hall. Surveying the crowd, Syd turned to his girlfriend and declared, “Look, it’s the ‘me and you’ from every town.”

In London, Barrett moved into rented lodging at 39 Stanhope Gardens, Highgate, sharing a room with an older Cambridge schoolfriend, Roger Waters. It was a serendipitous moment.

Roger Waters’ father, Eric Fletcher Waters, had grown up in County Durham, the grandson of a coal miner and Labour Party agent. Eric became a schoolteacher and, as a conscientious objector, refused to sign up at the outbreak of the Second World War. Instead he drove an ambulance and joined the Communist Party. Halfway through the conflict, Eric had a change of heart and decided to enlist. He eventually joined the City of London Regiment, 8th Battalion Royal Fusiliers as a second lieutenant.

Preceded by one brother, John, Roger was born on September 6, 1943. His mother, Mary, was a schoolteacher. When Eric was posted overseas, she moved with her sons from Great Bookham, Surrey, to Cambridge and further away from the German bombing raids over London.

However, Eric Waters was declared missing presumed dead on February 18, 1944, during the Allies’ assault on the beaches of Anzio, on the Italian coast. Roger was just five months old at the time.

Waters, like Syd Barrett and Storm Thorgerson, had attended the Cambridgeshire High School For Boys. He was a gifted sportsman, excelling in rugby, cricket and football, while displaying a keen anti-authoritarian streak. Ex-pupils recall him being expelled from the school cadet force for refusing to wear the uniform; an incident which became the talk of ‘The County’ at the time.

On another occasion, Waters exacted a surreal revenge on the school’s gardener for some real or imaginary slight. He later claimed he and a group of co-conspirators went into the school orchard with a stepladder and proceeded to eat every apple on the gardener’s favourite tree, taking care not to remove the cores from the branches. “It gave me a great sense of achievement,” he boasted.

By summer 1964, Waters was studying architecture at Regent Street Polytechnic, and tentatively playing bass guitar in a group with, among others, drummer Nick Mason, keyboard player and fellow Stanhope Gardens resident Richard Wright, and another Cantabrigian, guitarist Rado ‘Bob’ Klose.

They played college balls and private parties under various names, including The Screaming Abdabs, The Megadeaths and the Spectrum 5. Sometimes they were joined by Wright’s girlfriend Juliette Gale as a guest singer, and by ‘65, they’d acquired a full-time lead vocalist, RAF technician Chris Dennis.

Rado Klose had also been a pupil at ‘The County’. “I was in the year above Syd and a year below Roger Waters,” he says. “We all had similar musical tastes. For a while I was very much into jazz, but only jazz made up until 1935! Then Django Reinhardt. Discovering the blues, though, was a real moment of epiphany – finding a record by Leadbelly.” ▶

SURVEYING THE CROWD AT A BOB DYLAN CONCERT IN 1964, SYD TURNED TO HIS GIRLFRIEND AND DECLARED, “LOOK, IT’S THE ‘ME AND YOU’ FROM EVERY TOWN.”

◀ Nick Mason and Richard Wright comprised the group's London contingent. Nicholas Berkeley Mason was born on January 27, 1944. Like Waters, he'd come from a socialist background. Mason's father, Bill, was a Communist Party member and former shop steward for the Association of Cinematographic Technicians. Accepting a job as a documentary film director, he settled with his wife Sally in Hampstead Garden Suburb, North London, when Nick was aged two.

Bill Mason was also a motor racing buff and driver whose film-making credit included *Le Mans*, a 1955 documentary about the French race. His car collection wasn't the only evidence of their relative wealth. Nick's upbringing was a little more 'comfortable' than his future bandmates. As Pink Floyd's first manager Peter Jenner recalled, "I remember being amazingly impressed that Nick's parents had a swimming pool."

Mason's interest in music was stirred by modern jazz and bebop. By the time he was 14, he was playing drums in a school group called The Hot Rods. But Mason fell into the role of drummer in much the same way he fell into what later became Pink Floyd. "I never had any formal training," he admitted. After leaving school, Mason "drifted into a five-year architecture course" at Regent Street Poly, largely in the absence of anything better to do.

In contrast, Richard Wright was a schooled musician who couldn't decide between pursuing his natural gift or a steady career in architecture. Born in Hatch End, Pinner, on July 28, 1943, Wright was the son of a biochemist, Robert, and his wife Daisy. By the time he reached his late teens, Richard had mastered trombone, saxophone, guitar and piano, and was a frequent visitor to trad jazz gigs at the Railway Hotel in Harrow, where The Who would later launch their career. "I wasn't into pop music at all," he said. "I was listening to jazz. The music I first listened to that made me want to be a musician was Coltrane, Miles Davis and Eric Dolphy."

In Cambridge, Syd Barrett had played guitar with a group called Those Without, named after feminist French author Francoise Sagan's novel, *Those Without*.

Within months of arriving in London, Barrett joined his housemates' group, fumbling through Louisiana bluesman Slim Harpo's (I'm A) King Bee at pub gigs and college balls. By mid-1965 Syd had christened the band The Pink Floyd Sound (sometimes changed to The Pink Floyd Blues Band), by splicing together the monikers of two North Carolina bluesmen, Pink Anderson and Floyd Council.

A few months later, lead singer Chris Dennis took up an RAF posting in Bahrain and quit – or was fired, depending on who's telling the story. "I liked The Rolling Stones and pop music," he said in 2006. "I didn't really listen to the blues and I certainly didn't understand the music Syd Barrett was into."

The next to go was Rado Klose, who left to concentrate on his studies, thereby pushing Syd Barrett to the fore. In a letter to Libby Gausden, Barrett wrote about not wanting to sing in Pink Floyd and – unaware of what was to come – wishing his Cambridge friend, David Gilmour, whom he nicknamed 'Fred', was available to take his place.

The house in Stanhope Gardens was owned by a college lecturer and jazz aficionado named Michael Leonard. It was an Aladdin's Cave of exotic instruments, suits of armour, beatnik books and jazz LPs,

**"MICK JAGGER
AND MARIANNE
FAITHFULL
WOULD COME
ROUND -
EVERYONE
TRIPPING AND
WATCHING
CRYSTALS
REFLECTING ON
THE WALLS."**

Aubrey 'Po' Powell

and also home to Leonard's cats Tunji and McGhee. Waters later recalled their eccentric landlord dragging a piece of tuna over the living room's Hessian wallpaper encouraging the cats to follow the scent until they reached the fish on top of a bookshelf.

While he resided on the upper floor, Leonard's tenants lived and rehearsed below. "The noise was phenomenal," he recalled. "The neighbours sent round the police and council officials. Then they had a lawyer's letter saying someone's health was being damaged."

Undeterred, the band (now sometimes billed as Leonard's Lodgers) continued making a noise, while Barrett and Waters helped their landlord with his inventions. Leonard built light machines containing projectors, rotating discs and coloured cellophane, and was convinced every home would have one in the near future. Leonard's machines and the nascent Floyd later appeared together in a December 1967 episode of BBC's *Tomorrow's World*.

Leonard's Lodgers also supplied the music for their landlord's light shows and experiments at Hornsey College of Art's Sound and Light Workshop. In turn, Leonard would sit in on some rehearsals and play the organ, but, despite a couple of performances in a local pub, he had no desire to become a pop star: "I was a bit too old and didn't have the right image."

Instead, he was content to encourage the band while marvelling at Syd Barrett's hopeless attempts to cook Sunday lunch. "Half an uncooked cabbage would end up on your plate," he grumped.

In Give The Anarchist A Cigarette, Mick Farren claimed that what he and his and friends' multi-media experiments needed to "complete the equation" between the light show and the music were psychotropic drugs. The impact of LSD on the Cambridge contingent was immediate and dramatic.

Two of their number, a would-be poet Nigel Lesmoir-Gordon and his future wife Jenny, had moved to London, and taken over a flat at 101 Cromwell Road, SW7. It became an extension of the salon at Cambridge's Clarendon Road. "I was evangelical about LSD," Nigel told me in 2006. "Selling it for a quid a trip."

"Nigel and Jenny's flat became a focal point," recalls Po. "Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull would come round on a Saturday night to see Nigel – everyone tripping and watching spinning crystals reflecting on the walls." Regular visitor and singer-songwriter Donovan later sang "come loon, soon, down in Cromwell Road" in homage to 101 in his song *Sunny South Kensington*.

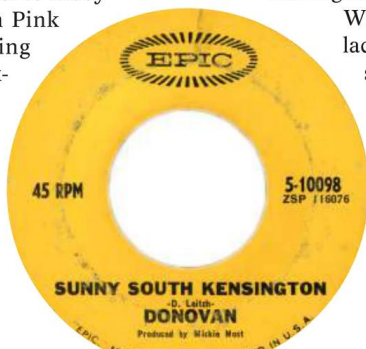
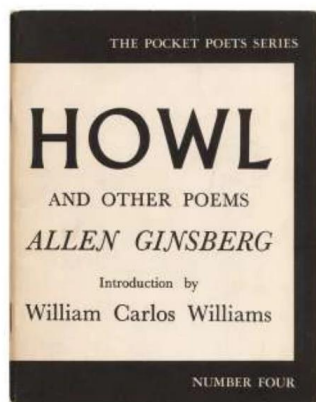
Nobody knows exactly when and where, but at some point between 1965 and '66 Syd Barrett started experimenting with LSD. Future playwright and author David Gale remembers an incident involving Syd at his house in Cambridge in summer '65.

Gale's parents were in Australia for six months giving him free run of the family home. One afternoon, Barrett, Storm Thorgerson and another ex-County boy, Paul Charrier, convened in Gale's back garden. David maintains that some of them were tripping on liquid LSD they'd taken in droplets on a row of sugar cubes. Barrett's imagination was gripped by a matchbox, a plum and an orange, which he'd found in Gale's kitchen and spent the next four hours examining until one of the party stamped on the fruit.

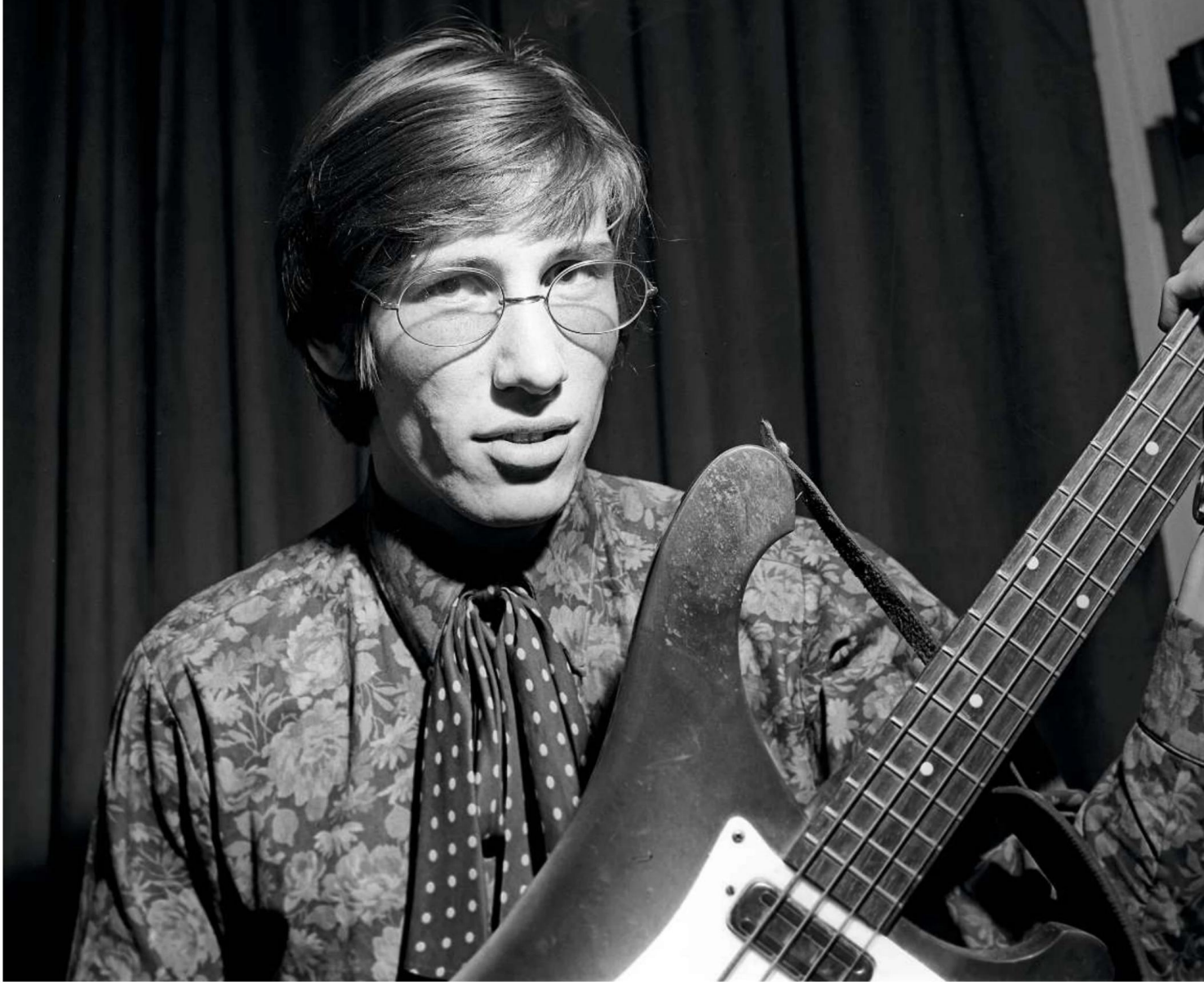
Subsequently, The Pink Floyd Sound's setlist might still feature Chuck Berry's *Motivatin'*, but other sounds were emerging: elongated improvisations, squalling feedback and Barrett's unvirtuoso guitar solos. As Roger Waters explained, "We started making strange noises instead of the blues."

While much of this approach stemmed from a lack of technical ability, their deconstruction of standard musical norms chimed with the changing times.

In June '65, the Lesmoir-Gordons and others had trooped off to the Royal Albert Hall to watch beatnik poet Allen Ginsberg and others at the International Poetry



Flower power:
Roger Waters,
January 1967.



Incarnation. Like the Bob Dylan gig a year before, it was a gathering of the “me and you from every town”. “There was this sense,” says Nigel, “that some kind of scene was finally coming together – and that The Pink Floyd would become part of it.”

That same summer, Barrett gave up his shared room at Stanhope Gardens, informing his new girlfriend, Jenny Spires, that “you can have too much of Roge [sic], even though he is a good mate.” His new digs were a grubby tenement flat at 12 Tottenham Street, W1, alongside three other Cambridge émigrés, David Gale, Seamus O’Connell and Seamus’s mother, Ella.

His new housemate exposed him to another set of influences. “Ella O’Connell was this very bohemian woman, who read palms and tarot cards,” says Gale. Ella also gave Barrett a first edition of occultist Aleister Crowley’s novel *Moonchild*, and introduced him to the ancient Chinese book of wisdom, *The I Ching*.

Before long, Barrett had acquired a copy of Richard Wilhelm’s 1950 translation of *The I Ching* from another nexus of the underground scene, Soho’s Indica bookshop. He would later borrow the line “All movement is accomplished in six changes, and the seventh brings return” to use in the Pink Floyd song *Chapter 24*.

Over time, books were passed between friends, creating a constant traffic of ideas. Among them were Robert Heinlein’s sci-fi novel, *Stranger In A Strange Land*, about a terrestrial raised by Martians; J.R.R. Tolkien’s *Lord Of The Rings*, still regarded as

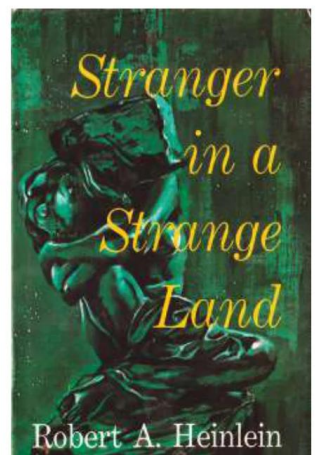
underground literature in ’60s Britain, and Sir James George Frazer’s study of religion and folklore, *The Golden Bough*. “Syd was open to everything,” confirms David Gale. “Hungry for knowledge.”

As 1966 progressed, Barrett and, by default, Floyd were inexorably drawn into this alternative culture. In March, through the Lesmoir-Gordon’s hip connections, they appeared at the first of a series of ‘happenings’ at The Marquee, where, between sets by jugglers and performance poets, they played their otherworldly non-blues accompanied by a formative light show.

Before long, Floyd found themselves playing benefit gigs for writer, photographer and activist John ‘Hoppy’ Hopkins’ London Free School, in Notting Hill’s Powis Terrace, and various subterranean venues, where, as Nick Mason put it, “people painted their faces or bathed in a giant jelly”.

However, there was already a schism emerging. Barrett and Waters were good friends, with much in common. However, while Syd was outwardly gentle and artistic, Waters was a tougher character. He’d read *On The Road*, but many aspects of the counter-culture left him cold.

If Waters needed reminding of how disconnected he felt from the ‘scene’, ►



◀ it came that summer when he and Richard Wright joined the Lesmoir-Gordons on the Greek Island of Patmos. Here, Nigel administered the two Floyds with their first LSD trips. "I don't think they enjoyed it all," he understates.

Waters was seen standing motionless in front of a window for hours, while a badly sunburned Wright was later found, deeply disorientated and crouched on the beach. When a boat came puffing round the harbour, the tripping party were convinced it was a fire-breathing dragon.

As dismissive as Waters was of LSD, he would have even less time for the next craze to sweep through the Cambridge set. That spring, Barrett's old schoolfriend, Paul Charrier, discovered the teachings of Maharaj Charan Singh Ji, an Indian mystic who espoused a strand of Sikhism known as Sant Mat. He was referred to as 'The Master' by his followers, who were known as 'satsangi'.

Some recall Charrier having his epiphany while tripping on LSD in the Norfolk sand dunes. David Gale insists it happened at his parents' house in Cambridge: "Paul was on an acid trip, went into the toilet, and found a book [about The Master], and whilst having a shit had this revelation that this was where it was at."

To Gale's astonishment, Charrier discovered The Master's address in India, and bought a plane ticket to Delhi: "Paul came back

after six weeks having been initiated into this guru's outfit," he recalls. "He cut off his hair, bought a suit at Burton's, got a job and began proselytising like mad."

Charrier's evangelism would split the Cambridge clique down the middle. Half of them, including, the notoriously hedonistic Lesmoir-Gordons, would go on to become satsangi, and preach peace, love, meditation and, crucially, abstinence. Others would remain deeply sceptical: "Storm Thorgerson and I were going, This is bollocks," recalls Gale. "But Paul Charrier gave Syd the books to read – and Syd was impressed."

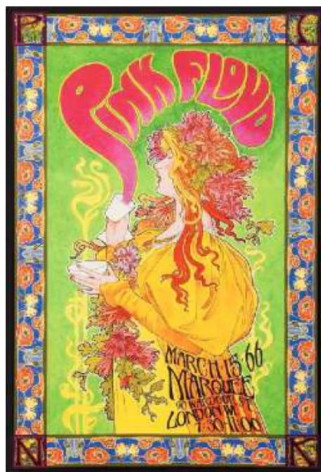
In a remarkable coincidence, The Master arrived in London that summer, and held court at the Bloomsbury Hotel. Among the attendees was Barrett. "Syd met The Master to see if he could be initiated, and The Master told him he wasn't spiritually ready for it," explains Gale. "So did he see in Syd, something we were not yet seeing?"

In his later years, Storm Thorgerson (who died in 2013) rarely spoke publicly

about Barrett, but always maintained Syd was "deeply affected" by this rejection, and that it fed into his disaffection with the music business. Either way, it was a reminder of Barrett and his friends' precocity. It would be 12 months before The Beatles fell under the spell of the Maharishi, and nearly two years before Pete Townshend discovered his own guru, Meher Baba.

As one of the Floyd's Cambridge associates later told the author: "There was a certain elitism about us. I even remember hearing *Revolver*, and thinking, Oh, at last The Beatles have got it... At last, people are catching up with us."

By the end of summer 1966, Pink Floyd had acquired management and would soon begin a residency at a new underground club, UFO, on Tottenham Court Road. Here they'd perform their signature song, *Interstellar Overdrive*, an instrumental that could be spun out for as long as 20 minutes. The UFO residency would eventually lead to a deal



with EMI. With remarkable good luck, the band members' parents agreed to allow them to forego college studies and 'proper jobs' and to try their hand at music.

Storm Thorgerson once posited that there was no better place to be than London in 1966. "It was fantastic. We were all full of hormones and life," he enthused. That same summer, Barrett moved into 2 Earlam Street, right in the heart of what was about to be called Swinging London.

The building's prime tenant was Jean-Simone Kaminsky, a French army absconder who'd wound up in Cambridge, and been introduced to the hip artistic set. Kaminsky later moved to the capital, took over the rent at 2 Earlam Street, and invited his new friends

to join him at these new digs.

While holding down a day job at the BBC, Kaminsky enjoyed a lucrative sideline producing what he called "intellectual sex books" on a couple of printing presses in his flat. Later, after one of the presses caught alight, the fire brigade discovered the illegal literature and called the police. His fellow tenants stashed the offending books in the back of a van and drove around London throwing the sodden remains into any available front garden.

Even before the blaze though, conditions at the property were spartan. Much of the furniture was made from crates liberated from nearby Covent Garden. One tenant had even customised their flat by removing the wall between the bathroom and the main living space, meaning housemates had to bathe in full view of each other. "Not very good for the birds," recalled one male visitor.

"Earlam Street was a place where lying on the floor all day doing nothing was acceptable, if that was your bent," explains Aubrey 'Po' Powell. But it could also be a hive of industry.

The Pink Floyd's roadie and lighting engineer, Peter Wynne-Willson, lived on the third floor, where he covered the bare wooden boards with projectors, ink slides and sheets of cellophane. Among his creations were a pair of welder's goggles customised with glass prisms instead of lenses, and nicknamed 'cosmonocles'. When worn outside, especially in a state of heightened consciousness, Shaftesbury Avenue became a kaleidoscopic otherworld.

Syd Barrett took the top room at Earlam Street, which he sparsely furnished with a bedroll in one corner and his guitar in another. Copious amounts of hash were smoked and The Beatles' *Revolver* played on repeat, but Syd was now writing his own music.

Barrett's compositions traced a clear line between Cambridge's bicycling eccentrics and London's blossoming underground; between the books he was reading; the drugs he was taking and the women he was sleeping with. It was also the sound of the trees, the Gog Magog hills and the (endless) River Cam filtered through the fuzzy prism lens of LSD and Peter Wynne-Willson's mind-scrabbling 'cosmonocles'.

Barrett's songwriting bottled the essence of early '60s England: a black-and-white world twinkling into colour like the first flickerings of a homemade psychedelic light show, and of a fledgling band full of "hormones and life". Pink Floyd's world would become stranger and even more colourful in the months ahead.)

Barrett: The Definitive Visual Companion (Essential Works, 2011) is full of rare, unseen images of Syd Barrett and Pink Floyd and artworks and photographs by Syd himself. Turn to page 4 for our exclusive discount offer.



Spirit guide:
Charan Singh Ji,
aka 'The Master'.



Leap of faith: The Tea Set/
Pink Floyd Sound with Rado
'Bob' Klose (second, right),
London, 1965; (below)
with David Gilmour, 2006.

FLOYD'S GREAT 'LOST' GUITARIST

Rado 'Bob' Klose
quit the band in 1965, but insists he has no regrets.

To ardent Floyd fans Rado Klose is better known as 'Bob' Klose. He was the group's lead guitarist, left in 1965 and didn't reappear in their world until guesting on David Gilmour's 2005 solo album, *On An Island*.

Klose and Gilmour had a shared history. "I learnt a lot from Rado," said Gilmour in 2005. "I've known him since we were literally born. He's a couple of years older than me, and a brilliant guitar player. I used to learn a lot of stuff with him when I was 13, 14."

"I don't know whether David actually took guitar lessons from me," said Klose. "But we both played guitar and David had the most amazing musical ear, even early on. I remember when The Ventures' *Walk Don't Run* came out [in 1960], he was one of the first guys that picked up how to play it."

In the early '60s, while Gilmour played in various Cambridge groups, Klose joined Roger Waters, Nick Mason, Syd Barrett and Richard

Wright in their band, known by various names, including The Tea Set and The Pink Floyd Sound.

"I have good memories of being in the Floyd," he said. "But I never thought, This is something I could make a living out of. It was a college thing, a bit arty. Back then most people probably thought you couldn't make a career out of it. But Syd had begun to write his own songs, and you could see he was going to become an irresistible force. It was going to happen whether or not I left. His writing gave them the push to stop just doing R&B covers and go off in a more original direction."

Klose's only known recordings with what was then The Tea Set were recorded largely for fun at London's Regent Sound Studios in 1965, while they were all still students. They include the songs *Lucy Leave* and *I'm A King Bee* (later officially released on 2016's *The Early Years 1965-1972* box set). Before the fledgling Floyd could record any more, Klose was gone.

"I left because I felt it was time to change direction," he insisted. "I felt adrift. The question everybody asks is, 'Would I have left had I known

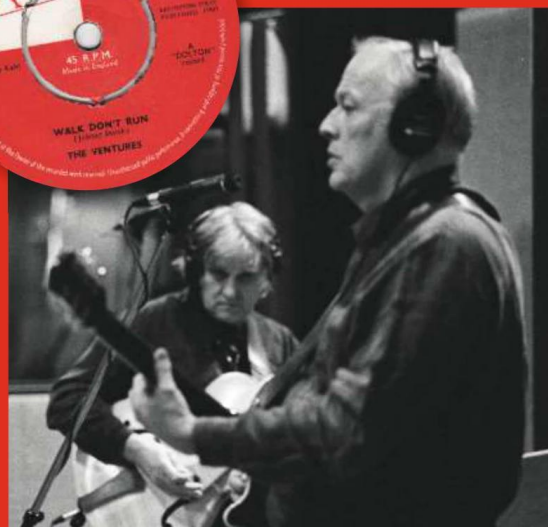
what was going to happen with the Floyd?' And, probably, I wouldn't, but I should have. In the same way David Gilmour is a musician, I am a photographer. I wouldn't have picked up on that had I stayed in Pink Floyd – and that would have been a huge mistake in my life."

Klose went on to a successful career as a photographer, and rejects the suggestion he quit Pink Floyd because of their shift away from their blues roots.

"This idea that I left because I had issues with the psychedelic aspect of the band is way too glib," he said. "Also the idea that the Floyd were a drugs-sodden shambles is nonsense. Syd was experimenting in that way. It influenced the music he played, but he didn't have to be stoned to do it. I heard Floyd after he left – and

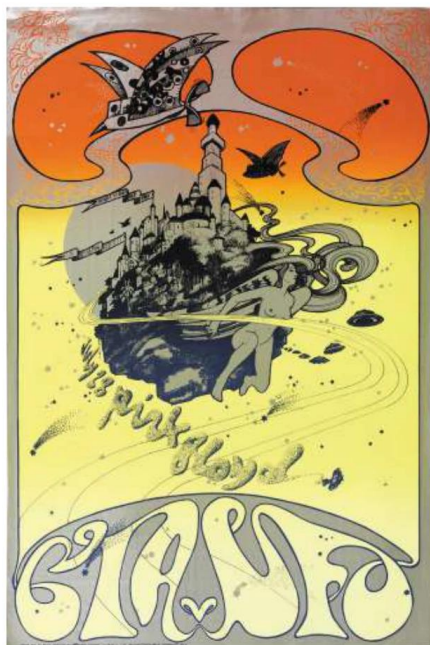
I even did a couple of gigs with them as a stand-in guitarist."

Klose's association also meant he had a ringside seat when Gilmour joined Pink Floyd in 1968. "Syd was the rocket fuel, but David was the steady burn," he insisted. "I know that Roger Waters had this amazing creative impulse, but a great band needs a great musician. You need someone that can sing and play and do all the very musical stuff aside from the grand concepts. They were extraordinarily lucky to find David."



NIGHT TRIPPING

Former DJ and '60s historian
Jeff Dexter recalls his first taste of
the “swirling, kinetic” UFO club.



Alien invasion: poster for Pink Floyd's final appearance at UFO, July 28, 1967, and (below) Jeff Dexter spinning discs, Hyde Park, July 1968.



The dawning of 1966 saw a major shift in the culture of rock, pop and art in London. Psychedelia was coming to the fore, and many friends were getting the experience – and not just through drugs.

Designer Keith Albarn (father of Blur's Damon) took over the gallery at 26 Kingly Street, Soho, with lights, sounds and complete environments to expand your mind in. Then came Spontaneous Underground, which ran on Sunday nights at the Marquee and featured Pink Floyd, plus “Poets, pop singers, hoods, Americans, homosexuals, 20 clowns, jazz musicians, one murderer, sculptors, politicians and some girls who defy description.”

With the arrival of Cream and Jimi Hendrix in town, there were soon ‘happenings’ at The Roundhouse in Chalk Farm. By December 1966, everybody was ‘turning on’ and things were changing in more than one direction. Peter Cook's Establishment Club became the Zebra on Saturdays with The Soft Machine in residence; a new late-night hang-out, The Speakeasy, opened in Margaret Street and Ronnie Scott relaunched the Old Place in Gerrard Street, for what was billed as a ‘24 Hour Vortex of Oral Stimulation’ with [FBI informer turned artist and actor] Harvey Matusow.

Then came ‘The Night Tripper/ UFO’ on December 23 at the Blarney Club, an Irish dancehall below The Gala Berkeley Cinema at 31 Tottenham Court Road.

The club was the creation of John ‘Hoppy’ Hopkins (co-founder of underground newspaper the International Times and a leading light at the London Free School) and Joe Boyd, who'd been head of Elektra Records UK, and was then producer of The Incredible String Band.

Just after midnight on UFO's opening night I left Tiles club on Oxford Street, where I'd been DJ-ing, with a couple friends – all of us on a voyage of discovery. The first thing to hit us on arrival was the smell of

incense and the trippy lights shining on the stairs leading down to the basement. Inside, everything was bathed in swirling lights, and all the faces seemed to melt into one.

At one end of the dancefloor was a scaffold tower, which is where the strange lighting was coming from. Below it was the same little boffin I'd seen running around the Roundhouse for the IT launch party a few weeks earlier [in October]. This was Jack Henry Moore, who played all the recorded sounds at UFO in between the live acts. He worked a reel-to-reel tape machine, at the same time as threading film on to a projector, while coloured ink dripped on his head from the light show above.

I remember asking Jack why he was using tapes instead of record decks. He told me the movement on the dancefloor made the tone arms on the turntable skip. Nevertheless, he did install a turntable in May '67 – along with several hods of bricks – when John Lennon brought down a white-label pressing of *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* to play.

Looking out at the dancefloor, there didn't appear to be any separation between the band on-stage and the audience. They'd all become part of a people show, one swirling kinetic mass.

In the weeks ahead, ‘YooFo’ – as we all called it – was where you could hear anything from Bach to The Beatles, or The Mothers to The Mar-Keys, dance the night away, see/hear The Soft Machine and The Pink Floyd, watch the colours coming out of the speakers, and hear great poets like Michael Chapman. And where you could crash on the floor, and – if you got lucky – get a shag under the piano helpfully camouflaged by the lights.

UFO was a lot of fun while it lasted: it was the rave of its time. But it died young, never to be repeated.

UFO ran from December 1966 to July 1967 in Tottenham Court Road and from September to October '67 at The Roundhouse.

Into the void: Pink Floyd,
the opening night at UFO,
December 23, 1966.



LOST IN SPACE

Words: Mark Paytress

Morning glory: Pink Floyd playing at dawn, The 14-Hour Technicolor Dream, Alexandra Palace, London, April 29, 1967.



It was the soundtrack to the summer of 1967. But Floyd's kaleidoscopic debut LP, The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn, captured a group in transition and turmoil. In 2007, David Gilmour, Nick Mason, Roger Waters and Richard Wright went back through the looking glass.





In July 2007, four released their debut Of Dawn, the four

Waters, David Gilmour, Rick
reminisce with MOJO about
 difficult aftermath. But Roger
genius of Pink Floyd" on
 mood to celebrate Piper...’s
I care about, like a new 5.1
 I’ll listen to it and stick my
5.1 mix of Wish You Were
 until 2011. But The Piper At
I don’t really care." The whiff

decades after Pink Floyd
album, *The Piper At The Gates*
surviving members – Roger
Wright and Nick Mason – agreed to
that epochal record and its
Waters, billed as the “creative
a recent solo tour, was in no
anniversary. “If it’s something
mix of Wish You Were Here,
oar in,” he said, unaware the
Here wouldn’t actually arrive
The Gates Of Dawn? Frankly,
of provocation hung in the air...

Released on August 5, 1967, two months after The Beatles' Sgt. Pepper, and just as flower power hit full bloom, Pink Floyd's debut is the real soundtrack of that psychedelic summer. But Waters, who told me in 2007 that he'd not heard the record in "25, perhaps 30 years", was not convinced.

"You'll never get me to take this stuff seriously," he sniffed. "However hard you try, it's not gonna happen, OK? I refuse to take any of it seriously. We were just young guys getting together, wanting to be rich and get laid."

While there's the ring of truth in his last assertion, Waters' insistence that Pink Floyd weren't a 'serious' band during their first year as pop professionals defies all the evidence.

Watch '60s filmmaker Peter Whitehead's footage of the group performing *Interstellar Overdrive* in his movie *Tonite Let's All Make Love In London*, shot just before the *Piper...* sessions began, for a fascinating glimpse of four earnest young men in pursuit of improvisational nirvana.

Alternatively, check out an October '66 issue of *The Sunday Times* to find Waters himself explaining the band's lofty ambitions as: "Co-operative anarchy... a complete realisation of the aims of psychedelia".

For final proof, just surrender once more to the magnificent *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn* as it floats towards its 52nd birthday in summer 2019. Only in it for the money and the women? Surely there were easier ways?

Though there is no way Roger Waters would ever admit it, there's probably a simple reason why, four decades on, he couldn't take Floyd's salad days seriously. *Piper...* is a reminder of a time when he was neither comfortable with his role in the group or with the pop process in general; when he'd hardly mastered his instrument yet, let alone found the voice that later enabled him to lay claim to being the band's key player. In 1967, there was only one creative genius in Pink Floyd – and his name was Syd Barrett.

Spring 1967. Another late night locked away in Studio Three, Abbey Road, north-west London. There's Syd, his pasty face and dark eyes partly obscured by a mop of fashionable curls and a cloud of cigarette smoke. The youngest of the group and the last to join, Barrett is the band's songwriter and resident pop star in waiting.

"Syd was absolutely up for it as soon as we signed that EMI contract in February 1967," recalled drummer Nick Mason. "There was no suggestion at all that he might be uncomfortable with the idea of becoming a pop star."

Despite Mason's assertion, a strange dichotomy already lay at the heart of the combo then going out as The Pink Floyd. As the house band of London's emerging underground scene, their live sets largely consisted of exploratory instrumental 'freak-outs' with mind-frying oil-based light projections that transformed the four ex-students into grainy, slow-moving shadows.

Yet these abstract soundtracks, performed at UFO and their 'sound/light workshops' at the London Free School in Notting Hill, contrasted dramatically with the dozen or so pop originals Barrett wrote in a creative flurry late in 1966 and into the early days of '67.

"The first thing that came into his head were the lyrics, and his next priority was making the words rhyme," recalled Rick Wright. "He'd come up with a melody later, but never paid much attention to time signatures. Syd's songs were great, but the tempos were always changing. That made things quite difficult."

Floyd's debut single, Arnold Layne, a dark pop ditty about a Cambridge underwear thief, produced by UFO club co-founder Joe Boyd, was released on March 10 and reached Number 20. Norman Smith, the staff producer who'd served his apprenticeship engineering Beatles sessions, had his work cut out recording *Piper...*, between February and June 1967.

Smith had seen Pink Floyd at UFO. He didn't understand the music, but he understood it was popular. "It was my job to get

them to think more melodically," he said in 2005. He found Syd an unwilling pupil: "I'd come up with some suggestion and he'd just nod. Then go back in, do another take and it would be exactly the same. It was like talking to a brick wall."

"I think Norman was hoping we'd produce a 'pop' album – terrible word!" said Nick Mason. "Perhaps we did too."

Though lacking some of *Sgt. Pepper...*'s production finesse, *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn* was wilder, more whimsical and weirder than The Beatles' flower power masterpiece. Nevertheless, there's a second, important dimension to Mason's analogy.

"Syd was influenced by John Lennon's resentment of the pop machine," he said. "Even before his problems became obvious, Syd was already indicating that he wanted to do things differently."

"I liked Syd's attitude," added Wright. "If someone said, 'You can't do that,' he'd be the first to say, 'So what? We're doing it our way.' None of us were desperate to be pop stars. Fuck that. That was the whole point of the light show. It was the norm in those days that stages would be lit so audiences could see the lead singer. When we performed, you couldn't really see anybody. We liked to hide."

In between recording sessions, Floyd continued to play live. They dashed back from Holland to perform a dawn set at The 14-Hour Technicolor Dream at London's Alexandra Palace in April. Peter Jenner recalled tripping on LSD with Barrett and Wright that evening. "Syd was doing a lot of acid," confirmed Waters. "But there were no real problems at this stage."

At the time, Rick Wright was Pink Floyd's second singer, second songwriter, and almost neck and neck with Barrett in the 'ace face' department. His Hammer Horror-style Farfisa Duo organ sound and bewitching Eastern scales did much to define the early Pink Floyd sound and much of *Piper...*

In 2007, sadly just a year before his death from cancer, the 63-year-old Wright cut a wary and somewhat lonely figure in his tidy, if sparse, office in a quiet mews in west London. "I'm afraid I've got nothing to offer you," he apologised, after half a handshake, "but you're welcome to share some of this," he added, pointing at a bottle of water on the table between us.

Unlike Roger Waters, Rick had recently listened to *Piper...* again: "I don't think I'd played the album since its release, and I was pleasantly surprised. Much better than how I remembered it."

Also in contrast to Waters, Wright remembered a state of "absolute excitement" when making the record. His only disappointment was hearing the song *Pow R. Toc H.* again: "I'd forgotten about that one. Never did like those silly voices at the start of that song." That it should have slipped his mind is surprising, given that the instrumental once considered a sequel to *Interstellar Overdrive* is driven by Wright's Dave Brubeck-on-acid piano part.

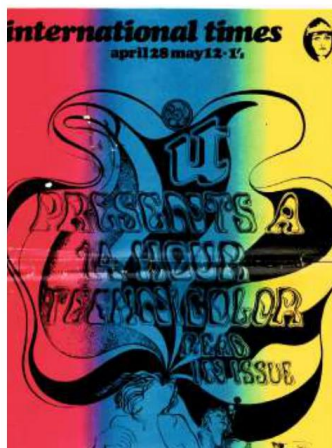
Wright took his music seriously and, evidently, much else too. Not for nothing did Nick Mason write in his Floyd memoir, *Inside Out*, that Wright spends his time "thinking about thinking".

Was he always that way? "I guess so. I mean, I will go and sit at my piano and play all this rather sad-sounding stuff. That's what I've always done. But I think Roger is melancholic too, in a sense, besides his obvious anger about the war. Even David Gilmour is."

Rick, though, was the only group member to tell MOJO his instrument was "my best friend", and though he quickly backtracked, it was clear music was a solace and a form of therapy for him: "I know that if you get really angry or frustrated, people say, 'Go and scream in a pillow, or see a counsellor or psychiatrist.' But I head for my piano." ►

"I REFUSE TO TAKE ANY OF IT SERIOUSLY. WE WERE JUST YOUNG GUYS GETTING TOGETHER, WANTING TO BE RICH AND GET LAID."

Roger Waters



Out of the shadows: (clockwise from left) Nick Mason, Rick Wright, Syd Barrett, Roger Waters, London, summer 1967.





Kick out the jams: publicity
shoot for EMI, London's
Manchester Square,
March 3, 1967.

◀ By 2007, Wright had been doing that for the best part of 60 years, ever since teaching himself to play. “I was fascinated by the piano. I’d hit notes and work out the chords myself. Nobody told me where to put the fingers. Of course, my technique is completely wrong. I still can’t play a scale in the way that you’re meant to play it.” Fortunately, he brought his little idiosyncrasies to the world of mid-’60s pop.

Despite a good head of silver hair, Wright hadn’t changed much since the *Dark Side...* days, a fact confirmed by a classic ’70s-era portrait of himself in a frame in his otherwise memento-free room.

Perhaps it was all those sailing holidays in the Mediterranean, his preferred pursuit ever since he took off to Greece in the mid-’60s after a run-in with his college authorities. In fact, there was always something fitting about Wright drifting aimlessly under the fat old Aegean sun. And not just because he was a self-confessed “lazy bastard”, his way of explaining his dramatic descent down the Floyd pecking order at the end of the ’70s. “What Rick really does best is colour washes,” explained Mason. “And that’s an important part of what makes Pink Floyd unique.”

In turn, jazz buff Wright was often frustrated by his colleague’s apparent lack of musicality. When Waters’ bass needed tuning, which it often did during Pink Floyd’s early days, Wright was invariably there to sort it out. “I hated things being out of tune,” he said, confirming

his status as the only band member with anything remotely like musical training.

Domiciled in New York, as he had been for many years by 2007, Roger Waters was the only one of Pink Floyd unable to show the whites of his eyes for this article. Down a transatlantic phone line, His Master’s Voice rang out loud and clear, as animated and intractable as it no doubt was in 1982, when he practically banished his bandmates from sessions for *The Final Cut*, the album that closed the curtain on Waters’ association with the group.

During his conversation with MOJO, Waters would occasionally say, “OK, I’ll give you that one,” as if

an interview represented a kind of duel. But he was far more likely to ram your questions back down your throat.

“Exploratory and free-form!” he exclaims. “Not *Piper*...! Apart from *Interstellar Overdrive*, everything else on it was ordinary.”

“No,” he answers another time.

Next question. “No idea.”

The band played some 200 gigs during ’67... “I don’t know about that.”

OK, let’s switch to safer ground. How aware was Syd that he was an outsider? “Umm.” A long pause. “What do you mean? He wasn’t an *outsider*. Why do you think he was an outsider? He was one of the beautiful people. He was inside it all. Why do you think he was an outsider? I find that very strange...”

Waters was the big bad wolf of Pink Floyd who huffed and puffed so much that his three little pigs eventually exacted sweet revenge by scarpering off with the band name, and proving to be at least as successful without him.

Whether Waters was legitimately “the creative genius behind Pink Floyd” was hotly contested by the remaining members, but there’s a big question

“SYD NEVER PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO TIME SIGNATURES. HIS SONGS WERE GREAT, BUT THE TEMPOS WERE ALWAYS CHANGING. THAT MADE THINGS QUITE DIFFICULT.”

Rick Wright

over whether the band would have successfully outgrown their *Piper*... apprenticeship without his drive and determination. A rock’n’roll Ingmar Bergman with teeth bared, the bleak, all-too-human Waters wore his inferiority complex about his embryonic musical skills with pride.

“No, I never learned,” he said, starting his answer with a characteristic rebuttal. “I still don’t consider myself a musician in that sense.” Yet Waters proudly recounted jamming in the studio with Eric Clapton while recording his first post-Floyd album, 1984’s *The Pros And Cons Of Hitch Hiking*. “And this came up, my sense of inadequacy in terms of playing an instrument. And Clapton said, ‘Stop right there! You’re a great player, and don’t let anyone ever tell you any different.’ That changed my life to some extent, ’cos this guy really is a proper player.”

Waters’ sensitivity was especially acute because the Floyd came of age at a time when technique was starting to become king. “There was this ‘putting-me-down’ thing later on in the Floyd. ‘He’s tone deaf,’ that kind of thing. A lot of that was because I was writing everything and making all the decisions, all that crap.”

According to Waters, “all that crap” began as soon as Barrett went, early in 1968. The others insist the bassist-turned-ideas-man’s apparent

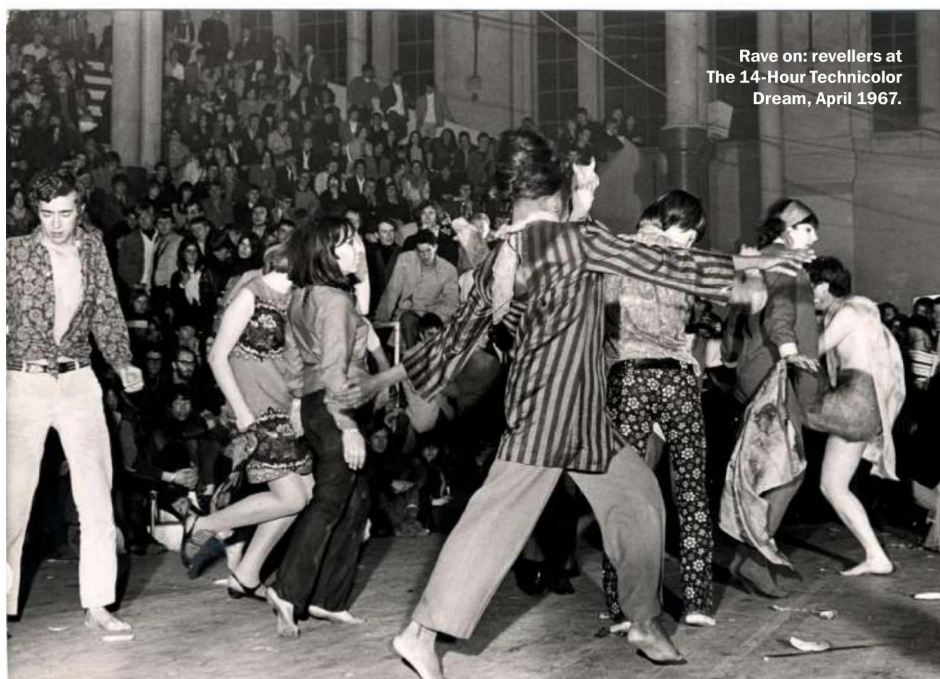
coup took place sometime between the mid-’70s (Wright) and *The Final Cut* (Mason). But what’s particularly intriguing, especially in light of subsequent events, is the relationship that existed between Waters and Barrett at the dawn of Pink Floyd.

“I wasn’t in the band then so what sort of relationship they had I really don’t know,” shrugged David Gilmour guardedly, before rethinking his reply. “But I must say it’s hard to imagine Roger deferring to Syd, not least because when Syd was 20, Roger was 22, which is a big gap at that age.”

Deference and diplomacy are not key Waters characteristics. But while his words can look harsh on paper, there was something compulsive and good-spirited about his combativeness.

“He was writing songs!” gasped the mock-exasperated bassist, on the subject of his relationship with Syd. “Don’t you know enough about rock’n’roll yet to know that’s the only thing that matters in a band? Have you or have you not got a songwriter and/or somebody with charisma, or who’s got something to say, or somebody with a direction? The songwriting is what it hinges on, and having something to say. And Syd had a lot to say.”

“In terms of musical input, you would call Syd the leader, definitely,” confirmed Wright. “But he wasn’t a leader at all. We all had a role to play, but I don’t think there was a leader at that time.” ▶





**"I LIKED SYD'S
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WE'RE DOING IT
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Rick Wright

ity, institutions – that relate to his childhood trauma.

Less known is the fact that, despite the progressive politics (Roger was a CND activist at 15), his family background was, according to his mother in a rare interview, "unmusical and not very creative". This might help explain the sense of mistrust that underpins Waters' attitude towards *Piper...*-era Floyd. Certainly, his view of that time is that of a brutal pragmatist: "Well, we weren't riding very high. I was making about fucking six quid a week. It wasn't a very high ride, trust me."

◀ "Syd was the leader," Mason agreed, "but he was a very relaxed leader. There was no sense of anyone dictating. Syd would bring an idea or a song and let us do whatever we felt was suitable."

Mason also believed that forming the nucleus of the band while he, Waters and Wright were architecture students at Regent Street Polytechnic gave the future Floyd a particular bond; though not necessarily all good vibrations, of course. Even as far back as 1963, when he and Waters first met, Mason remembered his colleague being "rather menacing and sporting an expression of scorn".

The fact that Waters was deeply affected by the death of the father he never knew has been widely documented. From war-wounded Corporal Clegg on 1968's *A Saucerful Of Secrets* to *The Final Cut*, which he dedicated to his parent, killed in action in 1944, Waters has written extensively about the big themes – war, author-

Wasn't what you were doing more important than money? "No, absolutely not! No, no, no. My God..."

Indeed, fiscal matters were clearly an issue for the bassist even back then, and he took great delight in recalling every last detail of his pay packet as a trainee architect.

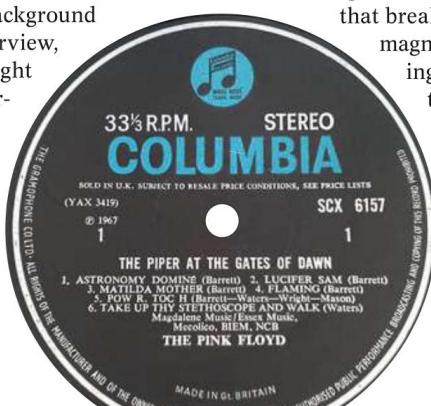
"I was making £1,100 a year, so every week I got £22 in a brown envelope less deductions," Waters revealed. "I had to make a living. If music hadn't worked out, I might have gone into smuggling or property development, something more rewarding than architecture, anyway, which I never really enjoyed."

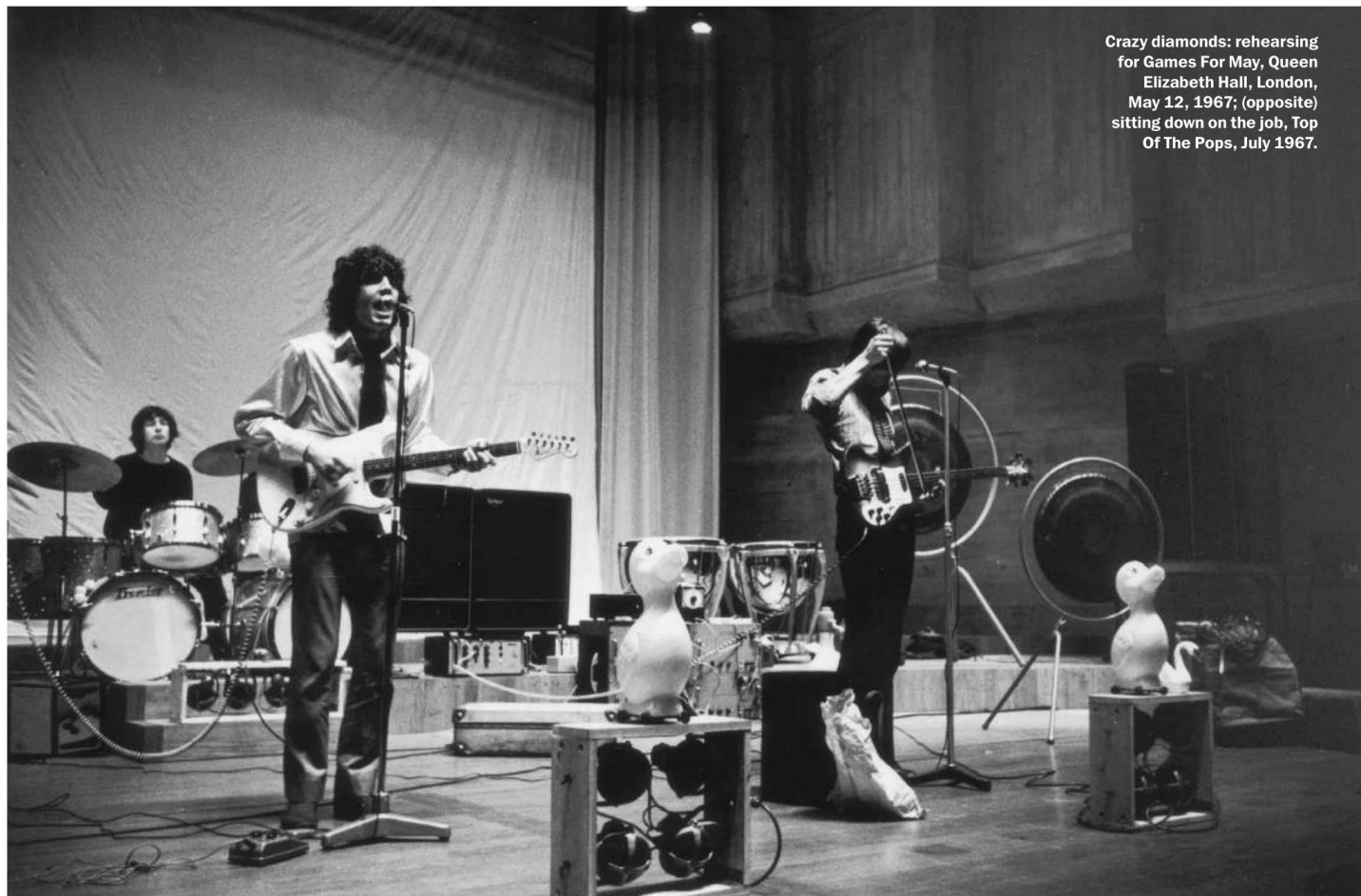
Waters had at least one good reason to make Pink Floyd a success. The immediate problem was how. With Barrett writing the songs, Waters' role was more of a cheerleader than a leader per se. "I provided a little mettle," he said. "Ambition, backbone, steel, whatever you want to call it. You need all kinds of things in a band to keep it moving forward, and in that incarnation maybe Syd and I were the driving forces."

Despite never getting the hang of tuning his bass guitar, Waters was hardly silent on creative matters. Though often regarded as the black sheep on *Piper...*, even by the band, his *Take Up Thy Stethoscope And Walk* was the only non-Barrett or group composition on the record.

Though it admittedly lacks songwriting craft, the extended jam that breaks in after one verse is a perfect vehicle for some magnificent sparring between Wright's mad organ-grinding and Barrett's guitar frenzy. Waters, as usual, plays the part of the Rickenbacker-belted bassist.

But as the track reaches its excitable, Big Top-style finale, the fledgling songwriter lets slip that he might have been having more fun than he now cares to remember. The impassioned cry, "Music seems to help the pain/Seems to cultivate the brain/I'm alive!", hardly sounds like





Crazy diamonds: rehearsing for Games For May, Queen Elizabeth Hall, London, May 12, 1967; (opposite) sitting down on the job, Top Of The Pops, July 1967.

the raving of an opportunistic, non-committal pop passenger. Being “alive!” in ’67 meant, at least for a significant minority of pop enthusiasts, testing the limits of artistic licence and commercial acceptance. The least skilled musician in the band, Waters also seemed the keenest to find ways to extend the boundaries of pop.

“Yes, I spent hours and hours in a ghastly cold basement off the Harrow Road making quadrasonic tapes for [May ’67’s] Games For May concert at the Queen Elizabeth Hall,” he confessed. “I also remember following clockwork toy cars across the stage with a microphone which was, I suppose, playing around with notions of what music is. Now my feeling is that pushing a toy car across a stage and following it with a microphone is a joke, and has absolutely nothing to do with music at all.”

Years later, of course, Waters would work with teams of non-musicians in his successful quest to transform Pink Floyd from a “lights-and-sound” combo into a vast theatrical spectacle with added rock’n’roll. Some might argue that, say, *Interstellar Overdrive*, the 10-minute centrepiece of both *Piper*... and the band’s set from late ’66 until the end of the decade, has more to do with music than the big stage shows embraced by the Floyd during the ’70s.

After reminding Waters that he once described the piece as “beautiful”, he snorted. Mention the dreaded phrase “avant-garde” and he became positively icy. “Nah! Bollocks!” he protested. “I hated Stockhausen and all that – thought it was absolute nonsense. I always felt much more connected to The Rolling Stones, The Beatles and The Who than I did to any of that stuff.”

Neither pure pop nor po-faced provocateurs, Pink Floyd found themselves in an uncomfortable no-man’s land. But with buzz words such as “psychedelic” and “far-out” bandied about, there was a big enough audience to keep the genre-busting band in business. And no one, not The Soft Machine in London nor the underground bands from hippy central San Francisco, was cooking up the electronic storm that defined the ’66-into-’67 Floyd concert mindblower.

From behind his drum kit, Nick Mason was perfectly placed to observe what was going on. And as the man charged with holding it

all together, while Barrett and Wright oscillated into freak-out heaven, Mason has a clear explanation of the Floyd’s musical metier.

“Quite early on, we’d discovered the possibilities of musical dynamics,” he says, “the fact that not everything was played flat out, either in terms of speed or volume. That immediately gave people the impression that we were doing something a bit sophisticated. Actually, it wasn’t very complicated at all, but it appeared that way because no one else was doing it.”

Nick Mason has always been a bit of a misfit in Pink Floyd. And never more so than in 1967, when the rosy-cheeked non-smoker in the purple pullover seemed so oddly normal in a group that sounded so strangely strange.

In 2007, as he ambled across his giant warehouse space in a nondescript part of north London, you half expected him to whip out a set of accounts to sign. So it was a relief when he started talking about the “mortification” the band felt when pianist Alan Price took a cheap shot at Pink Floyd and their newfangled music from the Albert Hall stage late in 1966. Price hit the reverb on his Hammond organ and joked: “This is psychedelic music!”

“We felt very vulnerable to criticism,” Mason admitted. “I’m nearly over it! In all honesty, psychedelia had been a bloody good launch pad, but it was not something we felt comfortable with. It was tied in with all these hippy concepts – love, crystals and all the rest of it. Whereas we were heading down this darker road, towards *Dark Side*..., which is a very technical piece about much more introverted ideas. It was important that we lose the ‘tripping-on-acid’ image.”

Mason had an instinctive distrust of the counterculture, but he wasn’t alone. “Yes, hippies used to be a large part of our audience,” Wright agreed, “but I don’t think even Syd or I were hippies. None of us believed in the hippy philosophy. We were part of a wider movement that was all about freedom. And freedom for me meant, Wow, we can actually go on stage and make these weird sounds, and people are gonna listen and pay you for it! And the record company are prepared to give us a deal. And our managers believe in it, they’re ►

◀ flying us first class to America. That was the freedom. When you're 24 and still learning about life, that's pretty exciting."

"It was that eye-of-the-storm thing," Mason added. "Though we were apparently at the centre of it all, we didn't entirely understand it. What we did understand was that to be successful, you couldn't go on complaining about the suits, man, for too long. That's the way of the world. And that's hardly surprising when you've got a record company desperate for you to do something, and you've got a public who really aren't that interested in poetry readings." Or in the musical qualities of a wind-up toy car...

Mason thought the band was "torn between two cravings – between the hard sell and total success, and the belief that actually we liked a little bit of the intellectual high ground." Which is where the team of aspiring music managers Peter Jenner and Andrew King came in.

"They were the ones that were really pushing the boundaries," said Waters, "getting us concerts in seated venues as well as on the old Top Rank pop circuit. It was probably because they were good, middle-class vicars' sons with degrees from good universities, that meant the world of classical music promotion was prepared to take them seriously. And we were prepared to engage in that."

If, as Waters insisted, the Floyd weren't as detached from the pop mainstream as their reputation suggests, then the band were united in their belief that the business itself was less than savoury.

"It was totally corrupt when we started," Wright maintained. "The club owners, the agents, virtually all of them were absolute crooks. We were lucky that Jenner and King weren't like that. But I remember going to our music publisher's office and telling him, 'Look, we're playing these gigs and we haven't got any money to live on.' And he'd have a fit about giving us a fiver. Things like that made us determined not to play the usual pop game."

"Part of it was also snobbery," admitted Mason. But as the Floyd walked through the Abbey Road studio doors on February 21, just as Cliff Richard, The Beatles and The Goons had done before them, the drummer felt both excited and uneasy.

"When you're doing something that's supposedly radical," he said, "you can feel a bit self-conscious about it, that somehow you're getting away with it. And it didn't help when one reviewer said it sounded a bit like Acker Bilk in a Persian market. Actually, when I listen to parts of *Piper*... now, I can say, 'Yeah, it does a bit!'"

No one embodied Pink Floyd's confused attitude towards their work and circumstances more than Syd Barrett. The Floyd frontman was the member whose destiny it was to stall at the gates and remain forever entwined with the psychedelic experience. For the rest of the band, living with his legend has been both an inspiration and an albatross.

After work on *Piper*... had finished, Barrett's songwriting took a seriously weird twist. So too did his behaviour. Whether it was drugs, disillusionment, or a serious attempt to make "Acker Bilk in a Persian market" appear normal by comparison, no one will ever know. What is certain is that, by the end of 1967, Barrett was no longer Pink Floyd's gifted golden boy.

Matters reached a head during a short US tour, where at some dates Barrett appeared unwilling or unable to perform: standing motionless on stage and barely strumming his guitar.

"I said to Peter and Andrew, OK this can't go on," said Waters. "Syd obviously

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Roger Waters

can't perform live. Perhaps he could become our Brian Wilson figure, keep writing the songs and turn up at recording sessions. They said, 'No, Syd wants two girl saxophone players in the group.' I went, Forget it! And that's how our ways parted. I never felt let down by him. He was just... ill."

As his guitar-sparring partner at college, David Gilmour was closer to Barrett than any of Syd's original bandmates. Gilmour saw a marked difference in his friend when he dropped in on the See Emily Play recording session in July. "Syd had these rather glazed, staring eyes, and he didn't seem very pleased to see me," he recalled.

The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn's arrival in August should have been accompanied by an appearance on a prestigious German TV show. Instead, Floyd cancelled. A fortnight later, they backed out of a planned set at the seventh National Blues & Jazz Festival in Windsor. Speculation grew in the music press that Floyd had split up. "It is not true that Syd has left the group," Andrew King told *New Musical Express*. "He is tired and exhausted, and has been advised to rest for two weeks."

By Christmas 1967, Gilmour had been invited to join the band, initially to cover for the errant Barrett on stage. But by the new year, it was obvious he was a bona fide replacement; the idea of a five-piece Floyd stymied by Syd's inability to communicate.

"Obviously, I felt both shy and nervous about replacing him," admitted Gilmour. "Apparently, I spent a lot of 1968 with my back to the audience."

With the trauma of Syd Barrett's departure behind them, the new guitarist's early years with the band were spent finding his own musical identity. In the absence of a songwriter, that's what his colleagues were doing too.

While the band struggled to find a new musical language, their most forthright member managed to discover the benefits of catharsis. "Roger was incredibly driven by this point," said Mason, "but I wasn't aware of him having a particular vision of where he wanted to go just yet."

"I might still have been shy," Gilmour recalled, "but Roger had taken to leaping around, thrashing his bass and gurning a bit,"

While Waters was busy exorcising his pain, Gilmour and Wright struck up a musical partnership that spoke of their own, more subdued emotions: Wright's melancholia and Gilmour's quest for melodic bliss. Years later, Gilmour would describe Wright as "the soul of Pink Floyd".

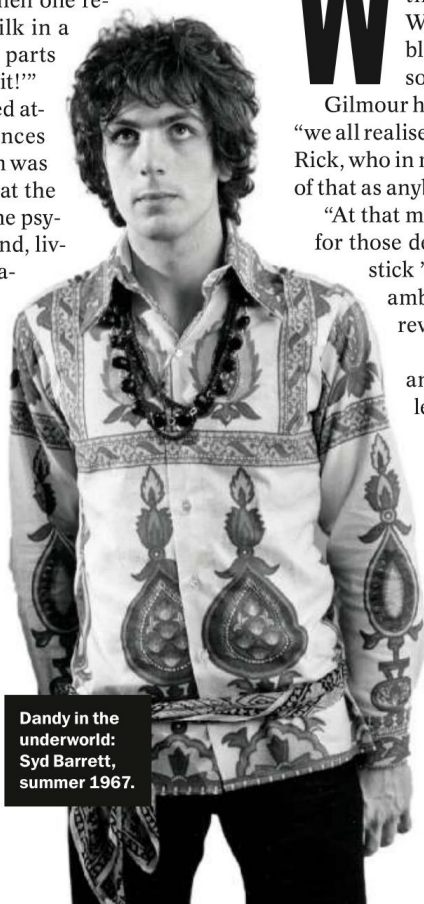
Gilmour has always maintained it took until the early '70s before "we all realised we were getting somewhere, finding a direction. And Rick, who in many ways is the soul of Pink Floyd, was as much a part of that as anybody."

"At that moment, we all had the same objectives," he added. "As for those deeper philosophical and political differences, you just stick 'em on the side at that point in your life. The collective ambition is more important." Until, of course, everyone reverts to type.

As we wrapped up chez Gilmour, the guitarist turned and said, "You know, as a father of eight children, I've learnt that people don't actually change very much."

With those words in mind, Pink Floyd's first press bio from February 1967 makes for interesting reading. Apparently, Nick Mason doesn't like "nasty people and unpleasant circumstances". Rick Wright enjoys Beethoven. Syd Barrett dislikes "having no time for reading fairy stories". And Roger Waters? He prefers "lying in bed, sunshine, Chelsea buns, very large motor cars and science fiction novels, but dislikes almost everything else."

Little wonder, the legacy of *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn* has resounded so loudly down the years. Not least of all among the band members themselves.



Dandy in the underworld: Syd Barrett, summer 1967.

Purple haze: Nick
Mason, July 1967.

"I LIKE THE POETRY OF IT..."

Nick Mason *picks*
his five essential Syd
Barrett-era tracks.

Candy And A Currant Bun

(B-side to Arnold Layne, EMI 7-inch, 1967)

One of the first songs Syd brought to us, and it became a mainstay of our repertoire early on. It was originally titled Let's Roll Another One, which is a bit like [2014's posthumous Floyd album] *The Endless River*'s working title: The Big Spliff. It's great being this age and still feeling coy about references to drugs. The oldest naughty boys in the school:

"Mason! Stop that!" Candy... was one of the first times we came back into the control room and heard something we'd done and thought, Cor, that sounds just like a real record!



People say Syd's songs sound odd and disjointed, but they seemed normal to us.

See Emily Play

(EMI 7-inch, 1967)

We did it in Sound Techniques, where we'd done Arnold Layne with [first producer] Joe Boyd, because [EMI's in-house producer] Norman Smith felt we should go somewhere more relaxed. Abbey Road was fairly formal at the time. Emily... shows the level of Syd's writing, but I don't think he had a vision. Initially he just had some songs and then he became a bit more mystical, then he looked at *Sgt. Pepper*... and the whole LSD thing and then he lost interest in it. He got very

disillusioned about being a pop star. Funnily enough, that was the sanest element about him at the time. Whereas we were all absolutely intent on being pop stars.

Interstellar Overdrive

(from *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*, EMI, 1967)

That was one of the first jamming things we did on stage, and was very geared to the UFO club. It could be extended endlessly if required – 20 to 25 minutes. There wouldn't be any discussion or agreement in advance. Someone would just pick up some element, some tempo, and go. But I don't think improvised jazz was an influence. The technique of most jazz players was so advanced compared to what we had. For us, it was just about using whatever you could do to make it work.

Astronomy Domine

(from *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*, EMI, 1967)

That's one of the few things from *Piper*... we've picked to play since. I still think it's a great song. It's got dynamics, great fun to play for a drummer. I like the poetry of it, the references, it's sort of theatrical, psychedelic in a slightly cod way. Bit

of astrology chucked in, there's a bit of everything. Was there a tongue-in-cheek component to that? Yes. Before Syd became morose he was charming and funny and everything else. Might it have carried on that way with Syd? I don't know. You could see his writing becoming more Nick Drake-ish, more insular.

Jugband Blues

(from *A Saucerful Of Secrets*, EMI, 1968)

The most wonderful, poignant farewell, with the Salvation Army Band. So mournful. We were recording in Holborn at the time, somewhere underground. Somebody made a phone call and the Salvation Army Band showed up. It was a difficult session, the same time we recorded *Scream Thy Last Scream* and *Vegetable Man*. It was felt that those two songs weren't right for *A Saucerful Of Secrets*. We didn't want to put any more of Syd on there than we had to. They felt very unfinished – very Syd.





PINK FLOYD



THE PIPER AT THE GATES OF DAWN
EMI Columbia, 1967

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Photographer Vic Singh captured Pink Floyd in their psychedelic finery for the cover of their first album – with a little help from a Beatle. Words: Lois Wilson

Photographer and designer Vic Singh first met The Pink Floyd under the statue of Eros in London's Piccadilly Circus. "It was a gathering of sorts," he says. "They were very spaced out. I just went up to them and started chatting. A couple of weeks later, they approached me to do an album sleeve for them."

At the time, Singh, who'd studied at St Martin's College Of Art and furthered his experience alongside David Bailey at Studio Five, was running his own studio in Mayfair. Floyd arrived soon after for the shoot.

"There was no brief," he admits. "A friend of mine, George Harrison, had given me a prism lens, which split the image and multiplied it. I thought it would be interesting to use that."

"The session took the entire day. It was relaxed. They came over in the morning, we played music, had a few drinks and got stoned." Singh later recalled Floyd's music as sounding "completely alien and unlike anything I'd heard before".

Photographed in front of a

white background, with a strobe, Singh's only specification was that the group wear bright clothing. They obliged, with Syd Barrett modelling a fashionable Thea Porter shirt. "The lens softens the image as it multiplies," Singh explains. "So we needed vibrant colours to offset that."

In contrast, the LP's back-cover silhouette and lettering was Syd Barrett's idea. The silhouette was taken from a recent publicity photo of the band posing in South London's Ruskin park. Vic Singh never worked with Pink Floyd again, but his prism-lens photo remains offers a snapshot of the group in their summer-of-love infancy.



BIDING MY TIME

David Gilmour joined Pink Floyd in 1968. Before then, he performed for Dutch royalty in a band with drummer John 'Willie' Wilson.



Student uprising: David Gilmour (top, left) on the Cambridge School Of Art's rag week float, 1965; (right) John 'Willie' Wilson, 1974.

I first met David Gilmour around 1963, when he was in a band called The New-comers and I landed the job of drummer. We were a beat group, playing The Beatles, Chuck Berry and even Shadows numbers. We had a singer called Kenny Waterson, and he and Dave had an altercation, which caused the break-up of the band. But Dave and I stayed in touch as we both went to the Technical College in Cambridge.

He went off and formed a group called Jokers Wild, and asked me to join in 1965. We specialised in five-part vocal harmonies like The Beach Boys and The Four Seasons. We sometimes played gigs with Pink Floyd – though in those days I think they were still known as The Abdabs. They were playing songs by Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley. I recall Syd Barrett did a very convincing Bo Diddley.

Sometime around 1965, Dave was approached by [producer/performer] Jonathan King, who was involved with [Beatles manager] Brian Epstein and [Oliver! songwriter] Lionel Bart. King asked Dave to go into the studio with some session guys and sing a couple of R&B songs. Apparently, King offered him a contract as a solo singer, but Dave said he wouldn't do it unless they took the whole band, and so the deal fell through.

Dave suggested Jokers Wild should turn pro, and we ended up being managed by this guy who called himself Jean Paul Salvatori. The big deal was that he was The Move's manager Tony Secunda's brother-in-law. We were offered a six-week residency at a hotel in Marbella, Spain, but it meant giving up our day jobs.

Dave and I were up for it, and so was our other guitarist, Dave Altham, but the others, including our bassist Tony Sainty, didn't want to go, so we enlisted a friend of ours, Rick Wills, from a band called The Committee [later to play bass in Foreigner].

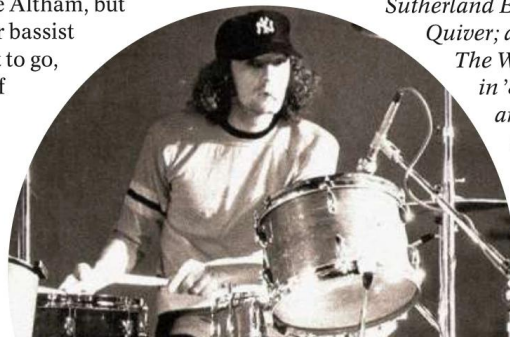
After Marbella, we went to Holland, where we played at the coming-out ball for a Dutch princess [later Queen Beatrice], then on to two or three months in France. By now, we had a residency at the Jean-Jacques in St Etienne, as a trio, because Dave Altham didn't want to go. That was late autumn 1966. Next we were offered work in Paris, so we bummed around there for several months, getting ripped off left, right and centre.

Along the way, we changed our name. The French couldn't get their heads around what Jokers Wild meant. It didn't translate. Back in Cambridge, we used to play a regular gig every Friday night for foreign-language students at the Victoria Ballroom. It was a club night called Les Jours Interdits, and we got to know several of the kids. One of them was Pablo Picasso's son, Claude, who suggested we call ourselves Flowers, because it was in keeping with the times. Then we moved down to the French Riviera and were playing places like St Tropez.

Every month or so we'd come back to England and Dave would visit the Floyd in London where they were recording *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*. He'd come back and regale us with these stories about the bizarre songs Syd was writing, like Bike.

All the time, Dave was keeping in touch with the Floyd, and spending as much time as he could with them when we were in the UK. We knew Syd was starting to withdraw, so it wasn't a surprise when they offered him the chance to join the band – originally to cover for Syd. Though it soon became obvious he couldn't carry on. Dave joined Pink Floyd – and that was the end of us.

'Willie' Wilson joined The Sutherland Brothers & Quiver; appeared at The Wall shows in '80 and '81, and has played on David Gilmour's solo albums.



Young guns: 19-year-old David Gilmour (far left) with Dave Altham and Tony Saintry in Jokers Wild, Cambridge, 1965.



Men about town: Pink Floyd,
London, April 1967.



Celebrating and saluting the music that blew our minds.

PART 1

Walk With Me Sydney

(from *The Early Years 1965-1967: Cambridge Station*, 2016)

Primeval evidence of a unique take on pop.

Recorded when they were still called The Tea Set around Christmas 1964, with Rado Klose augmenting Syd Barrett on guitar, this peppy Roger Waters ditty feels uncanny in light of Barrett's later struggles with the quotidian. Here, singing Syd would love to take a stroll with his lady friend – played by Rick Wright's future first wife Juliette Gale – if it weren't for his litany of afflictions, including “Meningitis, peritonitis/DTs and a washed-up brain”. A Nervous Norvus-style novelty-turned-macabre prophecy. *DE*

Arnold Layne

(single, 1967)

Not just a strange hobby, but a strange debut.

Floyd's first 45 underlined their timely mutation from R&B try-outs to psychedelic ingénues, yet Syd's subject for Arnold Layne's dramatic whoosh and gleam was no lysergic vision, only a detached sketch of a clothes-stealing transvestite familiar with Mrs Barrett and Mrs Waters' washing lines. Still, the realm of English eccentricity chimed with Syd's, while Joe Boyd's production – especially the fairground-queasy organ solo – radiated with the “moonshine” of Layne's nocturnal locale. An audacious start. *MA*

See Emily Play

(single, 1967)

Peak UK psych rite of spring.

See Emily Play gathers all the playful trappings of London's psychedelic scene around it: nursery imagery, vintage Victoriana, toy-box tricks. Released as Pink Floyd's second single, it was a Top 10 hit, but if it was more palatable to the powers-that-be than deviant predecessor Arnold Layne, See Emily Play was just as disturbing. Whatever's happening to Emily in her shroud-like sacrificial “gown that touches the ground”, crying

in a darkened wooded landscape full of strange noises (“Aaah-oooo!”), it's nothing good. Whoever she is – reportedly scene denizen Emily Young – she is isolated and made an example of from the start. She “tries, but misunderstands” and is “often inclined to borrow somebody's dreams 'til tomorrow.” It's an unease echoed in the tension between the intricate prettiness – the milky clink of Barrett's china tea-set vowels, Rick Wright's sped-up piano and electric harpsichord capering – and the martial beat of the drums and organ. Having been told there is “no other day” – less *carpe diem*, more threat – Emily is ordered to “float on a river forever and ever”, not blissful suspended animation, but Ophelia-like oblivion. *VS*



toms-toms and Syd Barrett's pealing Fender Esquire chords, his undulating, nursery-rhyme vocal, numinously harmonised by Rick Wright, vividly name-checking Uranus's ‘Shakespearean’ moons (Oberon, Titania...) en route to outer and, undoubtedly in Syd's case, inner space. *DS*

Interstellar Overdrive

(from *London '66-67*, 1995)

Space rock's first flight: buckle up!

Inspired by a half-remembered melody hummed by co-manager Peter Jenner (was it Love's My Little Red Book? Or the Steptoe And Son theme?) and originally recorded for '60s film-maker Peter Whitehead's *Tonite Let's All Make Love In London* doc, this jam predates the skimpier *Piper...* take by over a month. Were they avant-gardists invigorated by the dynamic potential of rock'n'roll? Or rock'n'rollers liberated by the possibilities of the avant-garde? And, after nearly 17 minutes of ambulatory improv, who cared? *JM*

Lucifer Sam

(from *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*, 1967)

Their punkiest moment, in tribute to Syd's Siamese cat.

Cats are enviable models of independence and inscrutability, their eyes silently staring – especially when viewed through an LSD prism. Syd was definitely receiving dark vibes here, and not just off puss; even “Jennifer Gentle” (supposedly ex-girlfriend Jenny Spire) is “a witch”, supported by the swarthy descending riff. With Syd's neo-surf-rock ‘drone’ solo – quite avant for the period – additional background scrapes/crackles and a hovering ecclesiastic organ, Lucifer Sam created a mood as ominous as The Velvet Underground. *MA*

Astronomy Domine

(from *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*, 1967)

Psychedelic music of the spheres.

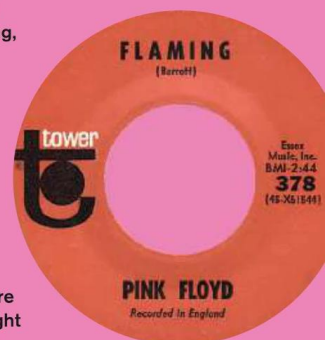
The debut album's tone-setter is both ethereal and clamorous. After a static-ridden intro, featuring Peter Jenner intoning the names of celestial bodies through a megaphone, it slips Earth's surly bonds, courtesy of Nick Mason's

Flaming

(from *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*, 1967)

Icarus lifts off from Lewis Carroll's sylvan meadow.

Featuring Roger Waters on swanee whistle, Flaming marries starry-eyed acid pop with something more unsettling, as Syd roves in Peter Pan-like ecstasies while a perplexed Floyd struggle to keep him in focus. There are shivers galore, though an undertone of voyeurism and threat (“You can't see me but I can you...”) shows just how Barrett's psychedelic excesses were drawing him into the twilight basement of Last Scream... and Vegetable Man. *HH*



Matilda Mother

(from *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*, 1967)

Close your eyes and say a prayer. Goodnight children, everywhere.

A bedtime story from mother fires the young Barrett's imagination, sending him hurtling to blissful faraway kingdoms. It was a magical combination back then, he remembers: mummy and the written word. He and Wright share vocals on this enchanting dream-bubble of a tune, while Waters plays surely his most elegant ever bass runs. Folklore was to become poignant reality in 1982 when Barrett, then 36, did indeed return to the sanctuary of mother, living in her Cambridge house alone after her death in 1991. *DC*

Pow. R Toc H.

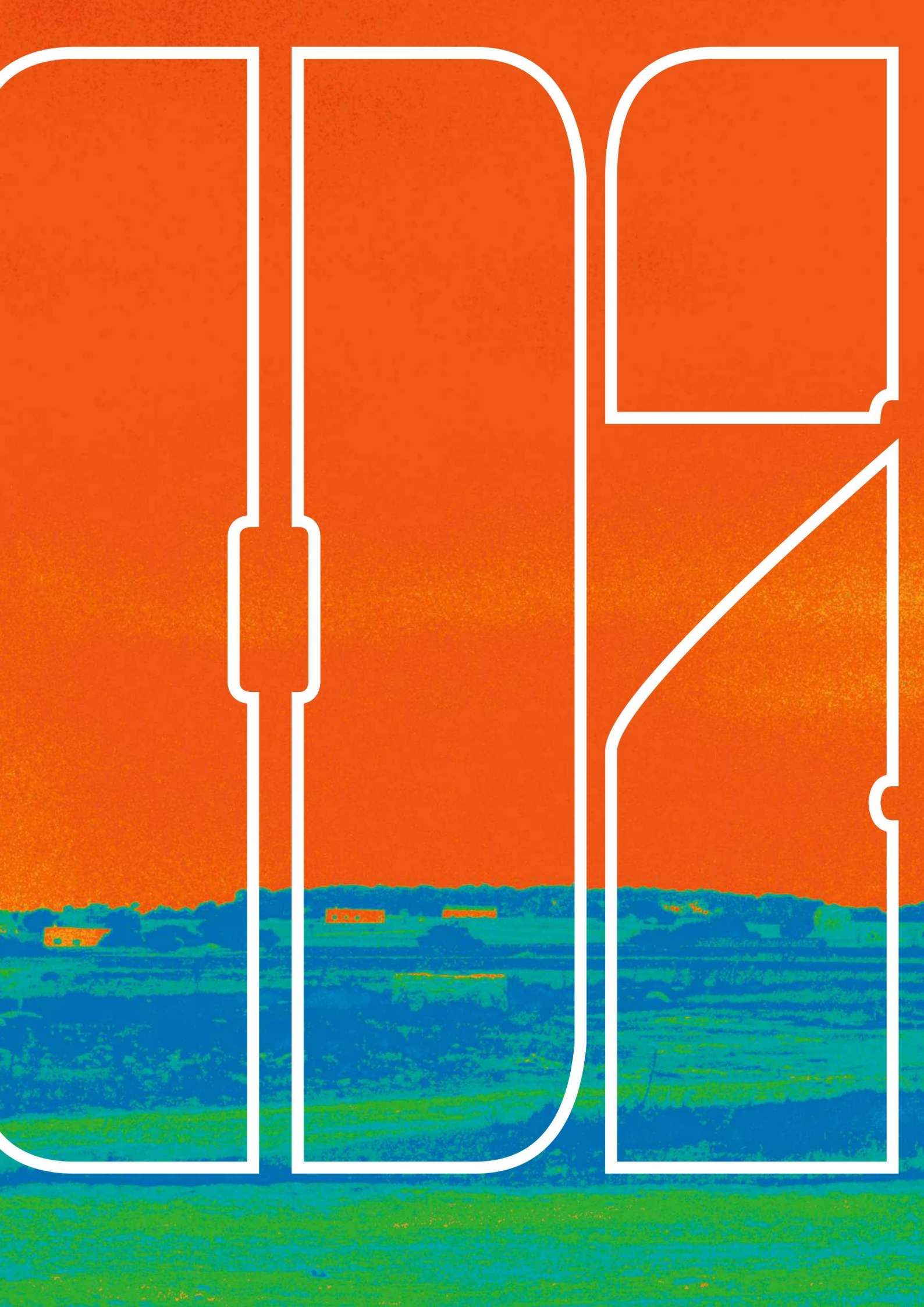
(from *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*, 1967)

Mod loses its mind to LSD.

For all the wackiness of Syd's human beatboxing and the Telecaster/Farfisa freak-out heralding an outro spookily anticipating Ron Grainer's theme music for *The Prisoner* – first broadcast in September 1967, a month after *Piper...*'s release – this piano-led instrumental group composition derives from the then-hip sound of soul-jazz, most obviously Randy Lewis, whose *Wade In The Water* had grooved the Flamingo and other Mod clubs the previous year. And does Rick's tentative playing nod to Monk? *MS*

WORDS: Martin Aston, David Cavanagh, Danny Eccleston, Ian Harrison, John Mulvey, Victoria Segal, David Sheppard, Mat Snow







Breathe

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THOSE MAGNI



It's 1968, and with *Syd Barrett* orbiting outer space and *The Dark Side Of The Moon* still uninhabited, *Pink Floyd* began a slow process of reinvention. Cue: non-hit singles, art-house movie scores and playing gigs to primary schoolkids.

FIGHT

Words: Johnny Black

MEN



Flying economy: Pink Floyd
and Tiger Moth, photographed
for the single Point Me At The
Sky, Biggin Hill, Kent,
autumn 1968.

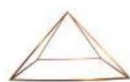




△ It must have been with a certain sense of foreboding that David Gilmour officially joined Pink Floyd on the first day of January 1968. Although the record-buying public knew a great deal about Pink Floyd and nothing about Gilmour's previous band, Jokers Wild, the two had been intertwined for some time. Gilmour had known Floyd members Syd Barrett and Roger Waters in their home town, Cambridge, and the relationship continued after Waters and Barrett moved to London in 1962 and '64, respectively.

△ "We played gigs together – my band in Cambridge and them," said Gilmour. "We went up to London and played things on their patch. We were friends, I used to see them all the time."

△ But throughout '65 and '66, Gilmour lost touch with the fledgling Floyd, so much so that the Syd Barrett he met on May 23, 1967, when the group was recording its second single, See Emily Play, at Sound Techniques in Chelsea, was almost a stranger.



△ Barrett, who was now rumoured to be lacing his morning coffee with LSD, was about to become Britain's first high-profile acid casualty. To see an old friend in the process of falling apart was disturbing, but Gilmour had no way of knowing he would shortly be called upon not just to join Barrett's band, but to replace him. Syd had been Pink Floyd's greatest strength, but had become a ticking timebomb.

△ While Barrett was sending postcards from the outer limits, the other three were, essentially, a bunch of none-too-outstanding Regent Street Poly architecture students thrust into the psychedelic limelight by Barrett's crazed genius. As Nick Mason told MOJO: "I was a middle-class student until we turned professional and then the business of the day-to-day running of a band, it's a bit like running a corner shop. It's not a hippy exercise." ►

"CYRIL WOULD BOOK SHOWS AT PRIMARY SCHOOLS AND WHEEL US OUT IN FRONT OF A LOAD OF EIGHT-YEAR-OLDS, SITTING CROSS-LEGGED ON THE FLOOR."

Roger Waters

Within months, though, it looked as if the 'Out To Lunch' sign would be hanging permanently on the shop door. Barrett's glimpses of the beyond became little more than kaleidoscopic jumbles of disconnected images. He could no longer piece together coherent sentences, far less songs, and it was obvious the group needed something to prevent the band slipping back to obscurity. David Gilmour was that *something*.

"During a month, the five of us rehearsed together," says Mason. "Our idea was to adopt The Beach Boys' formula, in which Brian Wilson got together with the band on-stage when he wanted to. We absolutely wanted to preserve Syd in Pink Floyd one way or the other. But he let himself be influenced by some people, who kept repeating he was the only talent in the band and should pursue a solo career."

Mason's phrase "some people" refers to Peter Jenner and Andrew King, who, as Blackhill Enterprises, managed the group's affairs. Neither had any significant experience in the business. Jenner was a former LSE lecturer, and King had been programming for BEA (British European Airways) when Pink Floyd fell into their laps.

The band's immediate success, they believed, was entirely down to Syd Barrett. It was a fair assumption, given he wrote almost all their songs, fronted the group, looked cute, played guitar in ways never previously imagined and sang in an unmistakably English accent; unique at a time when every other major band was aping Transatlantic mannerisms. Jenner believed the only hope of rescuing the band lay in rescuing Syd. Gilmour's initial employment, then, was as an additional musician.

"I remember Dave being auditioned in Abbey Road," says Jenner. "Somebody said, 'C'mon, Dave, give us your Hendrix.' And out came this extraordinary sound, quite breathtaking. That was the thing, though, Dave was a great mimic. He could play like Hendrix, and he could also 'do' Syd, vocally and instrumentally. That's why we wanted him, but we felt the creativity in the band belonged to Syd. What we underestimated was the power of the band name, the loyalty of the fans. We thought it was all down to creativity."

Sadly, after just a handful of dates as a quintet, it became obvious Syd was more a hindrance. Barrett appeared on-stage with Pink

Floyd for the final time on January 20, at Hastings Pier, Sussex. Having accepted that he could no longer perform live, Plans B and C came and went just as quickly.

"The next idea was that Syd would stay home and do the writing and be the Brian Wilson elusive character," said Gilmour, "and the third plan was that he would do nothing at all. It was obviously impossible to carry on that way so we basically ditched Syd."

An improvement in the band was immediately apparent. "After Syd, Dave was the difference between light and dark," says Mason. "He was absolutely into form and shape and he introduced that into the wilder numbers we'd created. We became far less difficult to enjoy."

Rick Wright was of the same opinion. "He was much more of a straight blues guitarist than Syd, of course. And very good. That changed the direction. Although he did try to reproduce Syd's style live." Another old Cambridge friend, the Floyd's sleeve designer,

Storm Thorgeron, noticed it too: "Dave lent them a sense of musicianship that helped them to be very successful."

As individuals, the members of Pink Floyd felt the loss of Barrett keenly, but they'd seen him deteriorate over a period of 18 months or so – a long time in a young life – and had enough faith in themselves to believe they could function without him.

"Roger Waters was determined that it wasn't going to fall apart because Syd wasn't there anymore," remembered Blackhill Enterprises' secretary June Bolan. Waters put a brave face on it but for many years felt adrift without his old friend. "I could never aspire to Syd's crazed insights and perceptions," he admitted.

"Roger has always known how to work in a way," Nick Mason told MOJO, "which is quite an unusual characteristic – or used to be unusual – in rock'n'roll. It's not now, it's stuffed full of rehab workaholics. When Syd went, Roger really did become a songwriter – he wasn't before, he just did it, went at it."

Convinced a Pink Floyd without Syd was worthless, Jenner and King announced their departure. They would manage Barrett and another cosmic pixie they'd recently signed, Marc Bolan of Tyrannosaurus Rex. On March 2, Pink Floyd was removed from the Blackhill Enterprises team, and taken under the management wing of the more experienced Bryan Morrison and his agency.

"I have to say," admits Jenner, "that it was the right decision. We had no faith in them, the gigs were starting to drop off, and it just wouldn't have worked. Almost as soon as they signed to Bryan, business started to pick up again."

Morrison had earned his stripes looking after The Pretty Things. Within a few months, though, he passed on the day-to-day running of the group to his agent, Steve O'Rourke, who'd manage Pink Floyd up until his death in 2003.

The hit singles, however, had dried up. In November '67, five months after See Emily Play reached Number 6, Barrett's song Apples And Oranges failed to chart. It Would Be So Nice, composed by Rick Wright, followed it in April '68. The first version of the song was banned by the BBC as a reference in the lyrics to the Evening Standard newspaper broke the corporation's strict 'no-advertising' rule. The song was hastily re-recorded without the offending lyric, but failed to crack the Top 50. "Fucking awful, that record, isn't it?" was Mason's concise summation.

Fortunately for Pink Floyd, there were changes afoot in the music business. During the first half of the '60s, the success of pop artists was still measured by the chart placings of their singles. However, by ►



Heavy pedal: the short-lived, five-man Pink Floyd, London, January 1968.

In the pink:
Los Angeles,
July 1968.



Beyond the fringe:
David Gilmour, ORTF TV
France, September 1968.



◀ the close of the decade, album sales would become an equally significant measure of success. Not that every record company caught on straight away.

“Chris Blackwell of Island Records was one of the first people to understand the importance of advertising albums,” says Peter Jenner. “A full page ad in *Melody Maker* meant fans became aware of you outside London. EMI, who had the Floyd, didn’t do that. You were lucky if you got a third of a page. EMI was more corporate so they only promoted whoever was in the charts.”

A vital step along the way to becoming an ‘albums artist’ was the growing university circuit. A glance at Pink Floyd’s gig sheet in 1967 reveals that in the opening months they were still largely playing clubs and pubs. But in January they also performed at Reading University and the University of Essex, and, in March, at Regent Street Poly’s Rag Ball and Kingston Technical College.

Neil Warnock, now the Global Head Of Touring at United Talent Agency, was a teenage pop fan who stumbled across this burgeoning college circuit before any of the major agencies. “I found out about it just because I was the same age as the students, and had the same musical appreciation,” he explains. “So I got chatting to the social secretaries and ended up as the sole booker for University College and Imperial College, London, where I would book up to 20 gigs a year.”

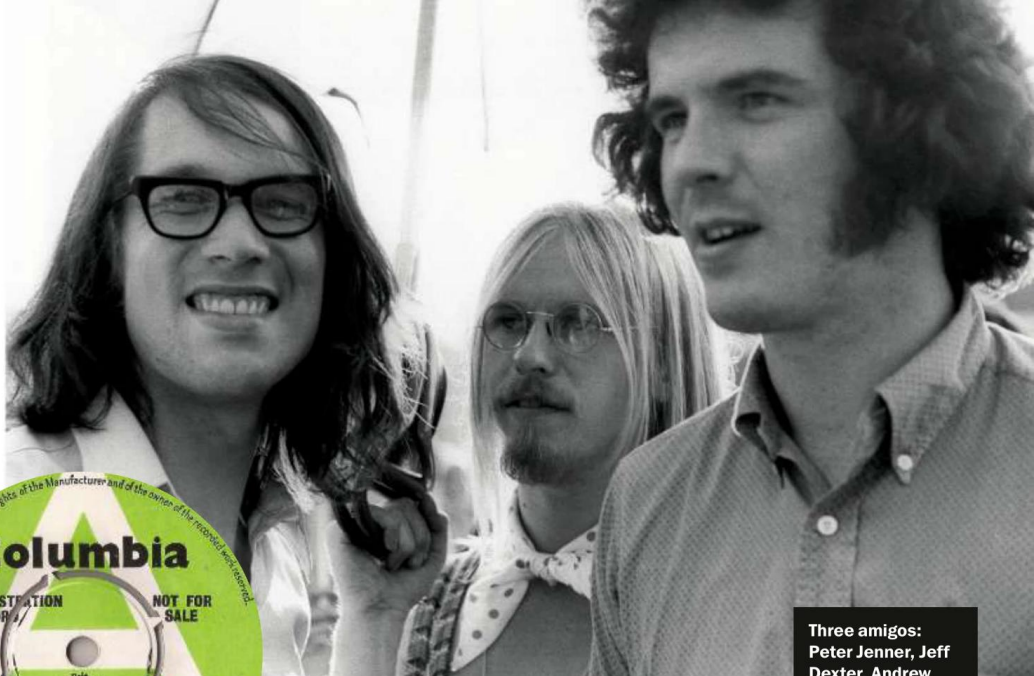
It was Warnock who booked Pink Floyd for the Midsummer Ball at University College in June 1968. “But they did not go down well,” he recalls. “I think it was due to the fact that they’d had a big hit with See Emily Play, and the students felt they’d sold out. The band didn’t enjoy that gig at all.”

In general, though, the antipathy of the student crowd towards singles would prove a blessing as Pink Floyd forged their way into the growing albums-oriented market. Barry Dickins, co-founder of ITB (International Talent Booking), worked as an agent for the powerful Harold Davison Agency in the ‘60s, booking artists onto this burgeoning university circuit.

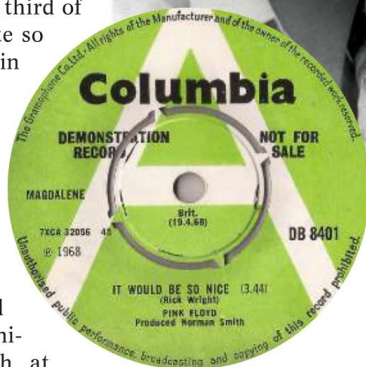
“It was good because those audiences had a more grown-up attitude,” he says. “Most young people, until they’re about 16, just follow who’s in the charts, whoever was on Top Of The Pops. But the ones who went on to university became interested in more avant-garde acts. University encouraged them to think more about what they liked.”

Dickins had his first encounter with Pink Floyd when they played at the Royal Albert Hall in November ‘67, on a package tour with Jimi Hendrix, The Move and others. “I was just 20, and I was left in charge of this show. Pink Floyd wanted to put up their screen for light projections but my boss had told me not to let them erect it because we’d sold the seats behind the stage. Of course, Peter Jenner starts to put the backdrop up and I had to tell him to take it down. I won in the end. That was the only date on the tour that I went to, which was enough, because it aged me.”

See Emily Play had been a hit in June ‘67, meaning Pink Floyd were still welcome in clubland, but there was another good reason for the band to gravitate towards student venues. “When you played pubs and clubs, you were frequently earning a percentage of the take on the door, which might be £50 a night,” says Jenner. “So those were your bread-and-butter gigs, but the social secretaries at the universities had budgets for live music and they also had a captive audience. If there was 5,000 students in the uni,



Three amigos:
Peter Jenner, Jeff
Dexter, Andrew
King, June 1968.



you could bet that 1000 would turn up for a gig on Friday night, so you could pay £1,000. So not only was it more money than the clubs, it was guaranteed.”

Jenner also notes that students had money to buy records and they “got into bands rather than into the latest single, which helped create the album-oriented market”.

Although EMI had not fully grasped the significance of promoting albums, the company proved invaluable to Pink Floyd in other ways. “I have a vivid recollection of sitting on the edge of a canal in Amsterdam with The Kinks and Pink Floyd,” recalls Jenner, “because we’d got a Dutch TV show [Fan Club, April 29, 1967]. EMI was so well-connected internationally, they could send acts abroad. So, by and large in those days, the record company was key to getting you out of the UK.”

And, off the back of the TV exposure, the Bryan Morrison Agency was able to book gigs at influential venues such as The Paradiso in Amsterdam. “Holland didn’t have university halls like ours in the UK, but there were clubs all over Europe,” says Jenner. “The Paradiso was ideal for The Floyd. It had a big capacity – up to 1,200 I think – and it was an arty, university-type audience.”

“There were two equivalents of the Fillmore [the hip San Francisco and New York venues] in Holland,” explains Mason. “The Paradiso and The Fantasia. Both were fully paid-up members of the psychedelic revolution. They were two big old painted buildings with hippy decor, psychedelic posters, all the trimmings.”

“Those gigs in Holland were because of one guy – Cyril Van Den Hemel,” recalls Waters. “He was a very young, ambitious promoter, and he started booking them all.”

Van Den Hemel often booked the group additional gigs before the evening shows. “We wouldn’t tell the management and just picked the money up afterwards,” admits Waters. “But these would mainly be in primary schools and Cyril would say, ‘You only need to bring the drum kit and one amp’, and he would wheel us into the school auditorium in front of a load of eight-year-olds. We’d play for about 15 minutes to these kids sitting cross-legged on the floor wondering what the hell was going on.” As soon as Van Den Hemel had the cash, he’d tell them to stop playing. “He’d say, ‘We got the money, we go now’ – and we’d get the 20 or 30 quid or whatever it was.”

By the middle of 1968, Pink Floyd were well established as a major attraction at student venues, nicely in time for the end-of-June release of their second LP, *A Saucerful of Secrets*, which would become one of the key releases signifying ►

**“IN AMERICA, WE
ONLY GOT GIGS
AT WEEKENDS.
HOUR AFTER
HOUR WAS SPENT
SITTING BY SOME
CRAPPY POOL
WITH NO MONEY
TO GO ANYWHERE.”**

Roger Waters

◀ the dawn of the albums artist era.

Only one track, Jugband Blues, had been salvaged from the Barrett era. The rest was written by Waters or Wright. Among Roger's offerings was the anti-war song Corporal Clegg, Let There Be More Light (inspired by the mythical tale of a UFO landing in the East Anglian fens), and Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun, with lyrics borrowed from a book of Tang Dynasty-era Chinese poetry.

Rick's contributions included the vaguely psychedelic Remember A Day and See-Saw, which the band dubbed "The Most Boring Song I've Ever Heard Bar Two". Gilmour later insisted Barrett could be heard in the mix on See-Saw and Remember A Day, as well as Jugband Blues.

Floyd's new guitarist received his sole writing credit (alongside the rest of the group) on the spacey, multi-part instrumental title track. Producer Norman Smith was unimpressed; insisting this 12-minute cosmic noodling was just not on. "We were pretty cocky by now and told him, If you don't wanna produce it, just go away," recalled Wright.

"I still didn't understand the music," admitted Smith. "But what I'd noticed is that they'd started developing their own tapes at home, so I encouraged this, as I always thought they should produce themselves in the long run."

Gilmour clearly remembers the track's curious genesis which saw "Nick and Roger drawing out A Saucerful Of Secrets as an architectural diagram, in dynamic forms rather than in any sort of musical form, with peaks and troughs. That's what it was about.

"It wasn't music for beauty's sake, or for emotion's sake," he insisted. "It never had a storyline. Though for years afterwards we used to get letters from people saying what they thought it all meant and scripts for movies sometimes too."

New Musical Express dismissed the new album's title track as "long and boring, and has little to warrant its monotonous direction." But it was the first indication of Pink Floyd's future. In Gilmour's words, "That was the first clue to our direction forwards. If you take A Saucerful Of Secrets, the track Atom Heart Mother, then the track Echoes – all lead quite logically towards *The Dark Side Of The Moon*."

A Saucerful Of Secrets was released on June 29, 1968, the day Pink Floyd headlined the first free concert in London's Hyde Park. Organised by Blackhill Enterprises, the bill also featured Roy

Harper, Jethro Tull and Tyrannosaurus Rex. "Pink Floyd performed well and the crowd received them well," says Peter Jenner. "Despite my doubts, they seemed to be pulling themselves together already."

Two of the UK's premier underground DJs, John Peel and Jeff Dexter, were also in attendance. "We did some announcements, but we weren't working," stresses Dexter. "We were all in the park just as friends. There was a sense of relief in the band that they no longer had to look after Syd, and although Dave was obviously intimidated by having to fill those shoes, they played an amazing set."

Peel, who experienced the Floyd's performance in a boat on the Serpentine, was in raptures, later writing in his column in *International Times* that "the sounds fell around our bodies with the touch of velvet and the taste of honey..." and how "A Saucerful Of Secrets was a hymn to everything that can be if we don't give up. It filled the head and the air with music."

Disappointingly, *A Saucerful Of Secrets* fared much worse in the US than it did in the UK, barely grazing the bottom end of the Billboard album chart, despite the band spending July and August '68 in America. The tour found them sharing bills with the likes of The Who, Blue Cheer,



Jeff Beck and the Psychedelic Stooges. It wasn't all good fun, though.

"What I remember most from that period is that we spent interminable amounts of time at the Mohawk Motor Inn on the outskirts of Detroit," recalled Roger Waters. "We only ever got gigs at weekends. So, when it wasn't the weekend, we were at somewhere like the Mohawk Motor Inn, where you could get a room for \$8 a night. Hour after hour was spent sitting by some crappy swimming pool with no money to go anywhere."

Returning home, Pink Floyd launched into a sustained three months of gigging in Britain and Europe. But the immediate after-effect of the cinematic *Saucerful...* was that they now found themselves being approached to write movie soundtracks. They'd dabbled before. A year earlier, Floyd composed some abstract music for the conceptual artist John Latham's short movie, *Speak*. In April '68, Floyd took time out to record a soundtrack for director Peter Sykes' film-noir drama *The Committee*, starring Manfred Mann singer Paul Jones.

At the start of 1969, they were approached by the Swiss filmmaker Barbet Schroeder to supply music for his hippy drug-parable *More*. "I thought Pink Floyd's first two albums were the most extraordinary things I'd ever heard," said Schroeder. Waters later claimed the *More* soundtrack was done "as a personal favour for Barbet. He showed us the movie – which he'd already completed and edited – and explained what he wanted, and we just went into the studio and did it."

In his memoir, *Inside Out*, Nick Mason recalled that, "A lot of the moods in the film – a slow-moving, fairly frank and moralistic tale of a German student who travels to Ibiza and finds himself on a fatal descent into hard drugs – were ideally suited to some of the rumblings, squeaks and sound textures we produced on a regular basis night after night."


Gilmour, on the other hand, has characterised *More* as a simple cash transaction. With £600 of Schroeder's cash in each of their back pockets, Pink Floyd hunkered down in London's Pye Studios for eight days in March '69 and knocked out a combination of celestial pop songs (*Cirrus Minor*, *Cymbaline*), ambient instrumentals (*Main Theme*, *Quicksilver*) and one proto-heavy metal track, *The Nile Song*.

Mason clarified the recording process, stating, "There was no budget for a dubbing studio with a frame-count facility, so we went into a viewing theatre, timed the sequences carefully and then went into Pye Studios."

The bulk of the tracks were composed by Waters. Gilmour might have replaced Barrett as guitarist and vocalist, but Roger was fast emerging as its principal ideas man. "He had a vision," said Wright.

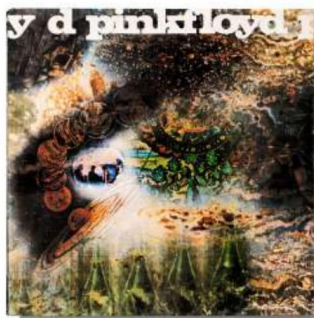
Barbet Schroeder said Floyd's music was "the greatest present they could have given my film". Not everybody was convinced. The critical response to the movie and soundtrack (released in June 1969), was underwhelming. But *More* still worked its way up to Number 9 in the albums chart. It also signposted the way ahead.

Seven months earlier, Pink Floyd's latest single, *Point Me At The Sky*, had sunk without trace. It was their third flop single in a row. They couldn't ignore the signs anymore.

"The light dawned," said Nick Mason. "We decided to treat the singles-buying public with disdain, and ordained ourselves an 'albums only' band for the next 11 years." Pink Floyd's future had finally begun. 

"I THOUGHT PINK FLOYD'S FIRST TWO ALBUMS WERE THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY THINGS I'D EVER HEARD."

Film-maker
Barbet Schroeder



Setting the controls:
Roger Waters, Hyde Park,
June 29, 1968.



FURIOUS MADNESS



The first rock concert I ever attended was cut short by disaster and nearly ended with a fatality. On July 24, 1968, I was sitting in the upper deck at the far end of the 100,000-seat, horseshoe-shaped John F Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia, halfway through what I expected to be the greatest night of my 16th year. Then the skies above started to rumble with thunder and crack white with lightning. Torrential rain was on its way. I was staying put, though: The Who were on next.

The weather had other ideas, though. A bolt of lightning lit the air as The Mandala, a Canadian psychedelic-soul band, soldiered through their set. Their guitarist took a shot of electricity from somewhere and hit the boards. He wasn't badly hurt, but the management shut down the show. The Who never played. Neither did Procol Harum; work-visa problems meant they didn't even get into the country.

However, two bands did perform that night. The first were a local pop-psych combo, Friends Of The Family (look for their sole 45 on the Smash label). The other was Pink Floyd. And they were amazing – even from a quarter of a mile away. JFK Stadium is no longer standing, but in summer 1968, it was the largest enclosed venue in the nation, and the biggest the Floyd had played in their career so far.

In New York, a week before the gig, Roger Waters, Richard Wright, Nick Mason

MOJO journalist **David Fricke** saw Pink Floyd live in Philadelphia in July 1968, and wondered if they'd landed from another planet.

and David Gilmour spent three nights recreating the outer space of new album, *A Saucerful Of Secrets*, in Manhattan's hipster hangout, Steve Paul's The Scene.

From where I sat at JFK, the Floyds were tiny moving matchsticks. Yet the music – the psycho-circus menace and seagull-song of Wright's organ; the stern authority of Waters' bass guitar; Gilmour's cutting twang; Mason's unflappable heartbeat – was big enough to move the air. For the 40 or so minutes the Floyd were on that stage, it *was* the air.

At the time, the group were slowly recovering from the loss of Syd Barrett's voice, songs and exploratory brilliance. "My initial ambition was just to get the band into some sort of shape," David Gilmour told me in a 1987 interview. "The band was awfully bad at the time I joined. The gigs I'd seen with Syd were incredibly undisciplined."

The Pink Floyd I saw in June 1968 was finding sense and healing, playing fewer notes with more concentration. The set list, as I remember it, was mostly from *A Saucerful Of Secrets* and, in retrospect, there was no better way to hear Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun and its opening SOS bass than under a heavy, blackened sky that looked like space itself.

I also walked away with an indelible image: Waters ferociously banging a huge gong with what I swear was his bass during the new album's title track. In his dismissive review of *Saucerful...* Rolling Stone's Jim Miller had been especially unkind to the title suite: "Psychedelic muzak, hardly electronic music, but hardly creative rock either." Maybe this was chaos you had to see: Waters' gong show was the physical translation of a madness Floyd could only simulate on record.

The band's first US tour with David Gilmour proved to be a greater success than expected. Originally scheduled to last a month, the itinerary was extended by three weeks: an

indication of the band's growing underground reputation and enormo-dome future in the US. They almost didn't make it, though.

On July 4, the group arrived in New York expecting to receive their work visas, only to discover they'd yet to materialise. They detoured to Montreal to take care of business, with plenty of time to make the opening night at Chicago's Kinetic Playground, where Gilmour discovered his guitar had been stolen en route.

Two days after the Philadelphia show, the Floyd gave the first of two concerts at the Shrine Exposition Hall in LA, and stayed on the West Coast until the end of August. The band did not play in the US again for nearly two years. By then, they were previewing the title suite of what would become *Atom Heart Mother*, while continuing to find unexplored terrain inside Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun and *A Saucerful Of Secrets*.

"The space thing was a joke," Waters told me in 1987. "None of those pieces was about outer space. They were about *inner* space. That's all it's ever been about."

"None of us in Pink Floyd are technically brilliant musicians," Gilmour said. "And we're not terribly good at complicated chord structures. We stopped trying to make overtly 'spacey' music and trip people out in the '60s. But that image hangs on."

Still, in many ways, Pink Floyd refused to come back down to earth. When I covered Floyd's Waters-less 1987 tour, I was given a sweatshirt emblazoned with the words 'Still First In Space'. Later, on a US tour preserved on his 2000 live album, *In The Flesh*, Waters returned to Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun for the first time in a quarter of a century.

But I never left. The day after Pink Floyd brought thunder and lightning to JFK Stadium, I bought my first Floyd album: *A Saucerful Of Secrets* – and I still have my ticket from that show. The admission price: \$1.



Raving and drooling: Roger Waters, Steve Paul's The Scene Club, New York, July 15, 1968; (opposite) the rebooted Floyd.,

Point me at the sky: Wright, Waters and Mason, on the eve of a US tour, Heathrow Airport, July 1968.



Celebrating and saluting the music that blew our minds.

PART 2

Bike

(from *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*, 1967)

Think once, think twice...

Perhaps Floyd's most blatantly Cambridge moment. Syd gifts his latest squeeze his few worldly possessions (although not the titular two-wheeler) over dustbin-lid timpani and music hall joanna. They even outdo *The Beatles* (recording *Sgt. Pepper...* next door) for invention with its "room of musical tunes" – a parting collage of oscillators, clocks, violins, gongs and a reversed loop of laughter uncannily redolent of Canada geese honking their way over King's College. *AC*

Vegetable Man

(from *The Early Years 1965-1967: Cambridge Str/ation*, 2016)

Not a paean to Syd's five a day...

One of several Barrett songs recorded as a potential follow-up to *See Emily Play*, this remained officially unreleased for half a decade, portents of its author's incipient mental collapse being deemed too painfully obvious. A by-turns whimsically sardonic and darkly candid self-portrait ("I've been looking all over the place for a place for me/But it ain't anywhere"), wedded to coruscating guitars and primal drums, its titular chorus chant errs toward the comedic, but this is an essay in haunted disorientation. *DC*

Scream Thy Last Scream

(from *The Early Years 1965-1972*, 2016)

Fasten your safety belts. "Blam blam your pointers..."

The next projected single after *See Emily Play*, this much-bootlegged '67 Barrett song is comprised of wild tempo changes, hair-raising sound FX, utterly mad vocals – Barrett is a menacing Chipmunk, Nick Mason like Anthony Sher's Richard III – and impossible-to-follow lyrics about an old washerwoman. Is it a forewarning of schizophrenia? Is it a bizarre version of the hokey cokey ("Fling your arms madly!")? The Floyd sat on it for decades, before sanctioning an official release in 2016. *DC*

Apples And Oranges

(single, 1967)

Uncomfortably done.

Opening with a fanfare of guitars, distorted and slightly out of tune, Floyd's last notable recording with Syd Barrett took psychedelic pop to a place even the band could barely comprehend. Hastily written and produced, *Apples And Oranges* wears its verse-chorus-verse structure lightly. With the rhythm section virtually obliterated, it's Barrett's fast-moving lyric scenario – walking, shopping, feeding ducks, instant love! – and bouncing-off-walls guitars that dominate. By

contrast the nursery-rhyme chorus sounds banal, perhaps deliberately so. Syd's wah-wah pedal waves a knowing farewell. *MP*



Paint Box

(B-side, *Apples And Oranges*, 1967/from *Relics*, 1971)

Psych anomaly, song title irrelevant.

"Trying to impress but feeling rather empty," sings Rick Wright on his pretty psych-pop curio about a bad night out, its chirpy, gimmicky swinging London feel – which the lyric neatly skewers – going somewhere they'd never visit again. The predominant E minor chord imparts the era's sense of anticipation and possibility, the refrain "I opened the door to an empty room/Then I forget" takes it back. The song's admission of being out of one's depth might once have seemed risibly off-message but now seems poignantly candid. *JJ*

Point Me At The Sky

(single, 1968)

The great lost flop single that made them turn their back on 45s.



Dismissed by Roger Waters as a "notable failure", Floyd's fifth single was in fact cosmic pop par excellence, from its opening missive to "Eugene" (presumably the one on the B-side with his axe) from Henry McLean with his flying machine. Dreamy

Gilmour-sung, Hammond-supported verses explode into trippy, aptly propulsive choruses as take-off is giddily achieved. Discarded for years (it wasn't even included on the much-loved *Relics* compilations), dusted down it's a forgotten gem. *TD*

Jugband Blues

(from *A Saucerful Of Secrets*, 1968)

And what exactly is a joke?...

It begins cold, just Syd singing, in a voice somewhere between drowsy and sardonic, that, "It's awfully considerate of you to think of me here/And I'm much obliged to you for making it clear that I'm not here." They're

words that might have been uttered by the Dormouse or the Cheshire Cat in Barrett's childhood copy of Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures In Wonderland* – a paradoxical riddle about appearance and disappearance. Like many Syd Barrett songs, *Jugband Blues* at first appears deceptively slight,

a fragile creation born in the moment of first utterance, and displaying few signs of authorial nuts-and-bolts 'craftsmanship'. As with a child's nursery rhyme, the song's first third floats in a limbo of the eternal present, shifting character from the innocently romantic to deeply disturbed to a kind of naive resolve. It may mean nothing. While it's easy to read Syd's final Floyd song as a portrait of acid-fried crack-up, mightn't it also be a wet autumn abdication, from a band member simultaneously "here" and "not here" to a band he no longer felt a part of: I'm off, I'll do my loving in the winter, and who's writing this song anyway? What they want? What to make of it all? Surely the last line must go to Syd: "And what exactly is a dream/And what exactly is a joke?" His time in Pink Floyd had been both. *AM*

Remember A Day

(from *A Saucerful Of Secrets*, 1968)

Rick Wright inherits Syd's soft side and attempts to turn back time.

Rick Wright's soporific lead vocal and becalmed piano embodied the comedown from the figurative party of 1967 and Floyd's ascendancy. It's easy to read his lament for childhood innocence and games ("Why can't we play today/Why can't we stay that way?") as a metaphor for the departing Syd, and in the slow madrigal of the chorus, the "chhhhh" vocal additions and the curlicues of Sputnik-evoking slide guitar – played by Syd in a rare *Saucerful...* cameo – a vivid echo of his departing bandmate's sound. *MA*

Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun

(from *A Saucerful Of Secrets*, 1968)

With Syd on the wane, Waters pitches a space rock vision of Floyd's future.

The title comes from Michael Moorcock's 1965 novel *The Fireclown*, some lyrics are lifted from Tang-dynasty Chinese poetry, and the Eastern melody fits with the Summer of Love's Phrygian

tinge (see also: *White Rabbit*). Yet for all its gauche psych tropes, *Set The Controls...* has a bleak force that's both distinctive and compelling. Reputedly one of the few Floyd recordings to feature both Barrett and Gilmour, you'll struggle to hear either above the sound of Waters directing Mason and Wright along a new path. *KC*

WORDS: Martin Aston, Keith Cameron, David Cavanagh, Andy Cowan, Tom Doyle, Jim Irvin, Andrew Male, Mark Paytress

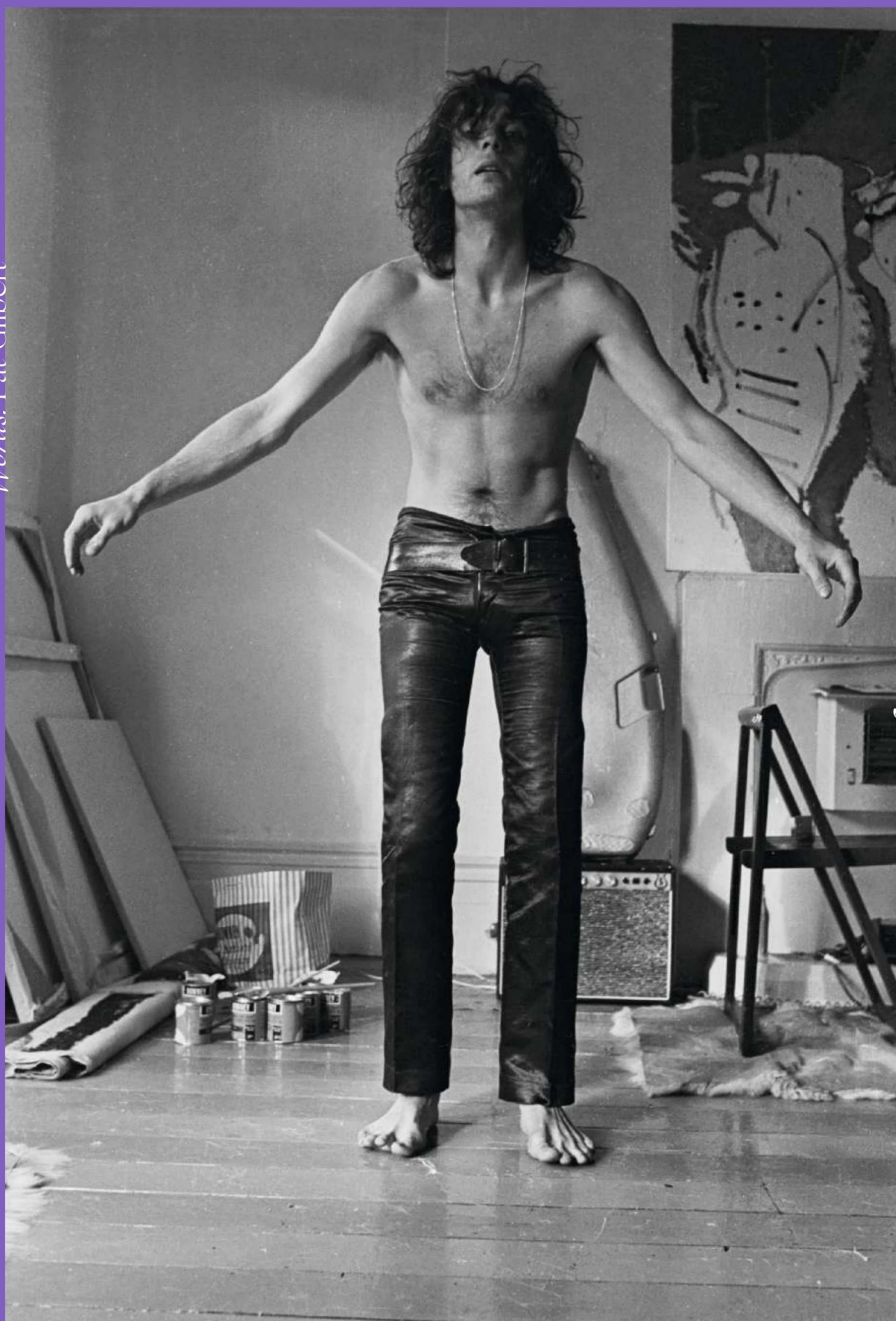


alone and mad

Syd Barrett's *first solo album*, The Madcap Laughs, *sealed his reputation as a doomed poet and saw him withdraw further into himself*. David Gilmour, Robert Wyatt, Mick Rock *and others who knew him reveal the truth behind the myth.*

Leather messiah: Syd
Barrett at home, Wetherby
Mansions, Earls Court,
London, late 1969.

Words: Pat Gilbert



Portrait: Aubrey Powell



In the early hours of July 21, 1969, Syd Barrett and his flatmates settled down to watch the BBC's coverage of the Apollo 11 moon landing, an event many of the acid-fried heads present believed was being faked in a Hollywood TV studio on the instructions of the Pentagon.

Handsome and tousled, Syd sat in the corner, next to his friend Susan Kingsford, star of a TV advert for the Cadbury's

Flake chocolate bar – and said nothing, seemingly lost in his own inner space. Perhaps the fact the BBC were soundtracking their Apollo coverage with an instrumental (later titled Moonhead) by Pink Floyd, the group from which he'd been ousted 18 months earlier, wasn't helping to lighten his introspective mood.

But the truth was that, by the summer of '69, visitors to his flat were used to Syd Barrett's silences and wild stares. As British pop's first high-profile LSD casualty, it was accepted that Syd had left the planet a long time ago and, unlike Neil Armstrong and friends, had neither the means nor the inclination to return to Earth.

Already, aged just 23, Barrett was referring to himself in the press as a "has-been", having been the driving force behind Pink Floyd's initial success, then effectively sacked in the early months of 1968 when his behaviour became too bizarre and erratic. Over the next 18 months he disappeared from public view, further annihilating his brain with copious doses of LSD and Mandrax.

"Syd was at a crossroads with nowhere to turn," explains his former girlfriend Jenny Spires. "He didn't like the music business, and when he realised its hard-nosed attitudes weren't changing in line with the times, he'd showed his disaffection. He didn't want to participate any more – and so had no way forward."

However, Barrett's story was about to take an unexpected twist. Six months after Neil Armstrong took his historic steps on the Sea Of Tranquillity, the singer would release an extraordinary solo album that would cement his reputation as '60s psychedelia's great English eccentric, inspiring a cult around his life and work that grows bigger with each passing decade.

Curiously, that album, *The Madcap Laughs*, was pieced together by David Gilmour, Syd's old Cambridge friend who'd replaced him in Pink Floyd. But the tale of how the two musicians came to create one of the most mysterious records in rock history is coloured by insanity, guilt, violence, the dark excesses of drug abuse, and an unpleasant incident involving a steaming turd left on a doorstep...

Stepping out of the train station in Cambridge, fans in search of Pink Floyd landmarks will be immediately minded of 1967's quirky Bike. There are, literally, thousands of the things chained up everywhere; the vehicle of choice for this city's huge student population.

At the start of the '70s, Barrett's debut *The Madcap Laughs* was something of a student favourite here, and everywhere else in Britain. Appearing on the progressive Harvest label, it sounded like the work of a posh home counties Englishman gone stark raving mad.

Perhaps its most famous track, Octopus – a single in late 1969 – resembled a strange, Shakespearean witch's curse recited over a Beatles 'White Album' outtake. Elsewhere there was a genteel, jazzy Here I Go and the sublime, charming Terrapin, while the album closer, Late Night, a semi-spoken blues, seemed like the ultimate love song for clinical depressives: "Inside me I feel/ Alone and unreal/ And the way you kiss will always be a very special thing to me."

At a stroke, Syd became a cult hero: the man who'd created the free-form psychedelia of Pink Floyd, then crawled from LSD-induced exile to make the ultimate outsiders' album. Thereafter, the Syd Myth exploded, his reputation as a deranged hippy magus fanfared by any number of disciples who've purported that he was – among other things – telepathic, a genius, "the sane one," Britain's Brian Wilson and "a dark star".

The truth about his life and work is, however, both complex and contradictory. For Syd's younger sister, Rosemary Breen, a retired nurse who still lives in Cambridge, her brother's story is a painful and profoundly human one. Understandably, she has little time for the voyeurism that underpins his legend. "I wish it had never happened," she states poignantly, referring to the disturbing course the life of Roger Keith Barrett took.

Barrett, who withdrew from the public eye in 1972, died of pancreatic cancer in 2006, following a long history of diabetes. Rosemary had looked after his welfare throughout his reclusion, and requested in the early '70s that none of Pink Floyd, nor their fans, should bother him. Some of the latter ignored her: a French journalist famously door-stepped Syd at his unremarkable Cambridge semi in 1982, and conducted a short interview, while YouTube has several minutes of footage of a fiftysomething Barrett walking to his local shops, a shaven-headed, boggle-eyed echo of the Bohemian waif on the *Madcap*... sleeve.

"He just wanted to become the real person that he was," says Rosemary. "I'm not sure how genuine the Syd character was. Roger wanted to live his life as Roger. When the people who wanted him – in other words, the press – knocked on the door, he did once say, 'Syd doesn't live here.' He wasn't being obtuse, it was the truth."

Perhaps the most unsettling aspect of *The Madcap Laughs* story is that plain Roger Barrett seemed to have had a happy and privileged start in life. "We were very lucky to have a very talented father who was interested in many things – art, music, literature – and who encouraged us to explore all possibilities," recalls Rosemary. "Syd developed a very original approach to things. He never seemed to do anything normal, I don't think he had it in him."

Rosemary remembers the young Syd as a confident, cheerful and mischievous spirit. At family gatherings, he and Rosemary – the youngest of five siblings – would perform duets on the piano, while at bedtime their mother would enrich their imaginations with fairy tales, poems and the 'nonsense' rhymes of Edward Lear. Syd was well-liked and impish.

"I remember one trip climbing up Snowdon," says Rosemary. "When we arrived back at the car park, we realised Syd was not with us. He'd gone off on his own, and there was a very tense hour or so until he came down the mountain, grinning broadly."

Syd's memories of an idyllic childhood would reverberate through his recorded work, partly, perhaps, because his inner life was about to take an unhappy turn. In December 1961, his much-loved father died of cancer. The loss seems to have hit the teenage Syd particularly hard. "I think it left a huge gap in his life," says Rosemary. "I don't think he ever connected with anyone else in quite the same way."

He outwardly coped with the tragedy, though some contemporaries felt the experience lent him a barbed, anarchic edge. "He had a real mouth on him," observed one school friend. "He wouldn't take any bullshit and was always pissing about."

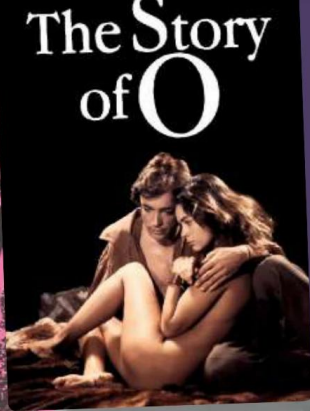
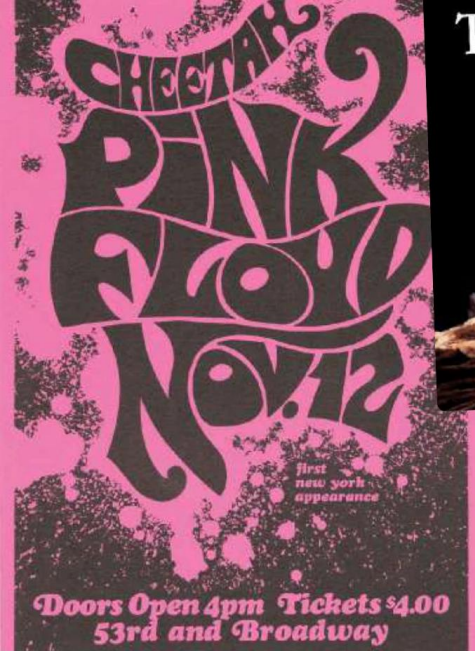
During his year at Cambridge College of Arts & Technology, his interest in rock music blossomed. The guitarist with an irregular combo called Geoff Mott And The Mottoes, he also began jamming with a fellow student who would be inextricably linked to his future fortunes. The son of a respected zoologist, David Gilmour – a shy, pretty kid seemingly welded to the guitar his parents had bought him – had apparently first encountered Syd some years earlier at a Saturday morning art class at Homerton College on Hills Road.

"Syd was a pretty remarkable character," recalls Gilmour of the teenage Barrett. "He was good-looking, always snappily dressed, attractive, funny, provocative, rational. I looked up to him, with a little jealousy."

At lunchtimes, Syd and David would meet up to play Stones, Beatles and Bo Diddley numbers. Some students remember Barrett as a kind of Pete Doherty figure, studiously slouched on a windowsill strumming old

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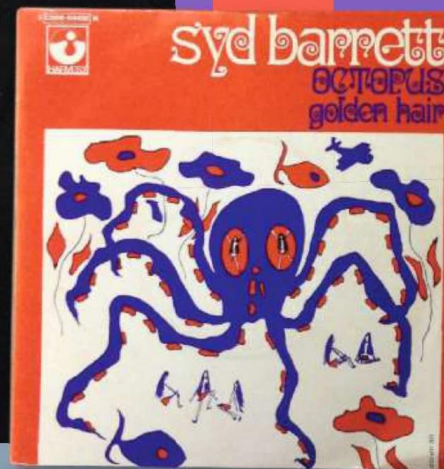
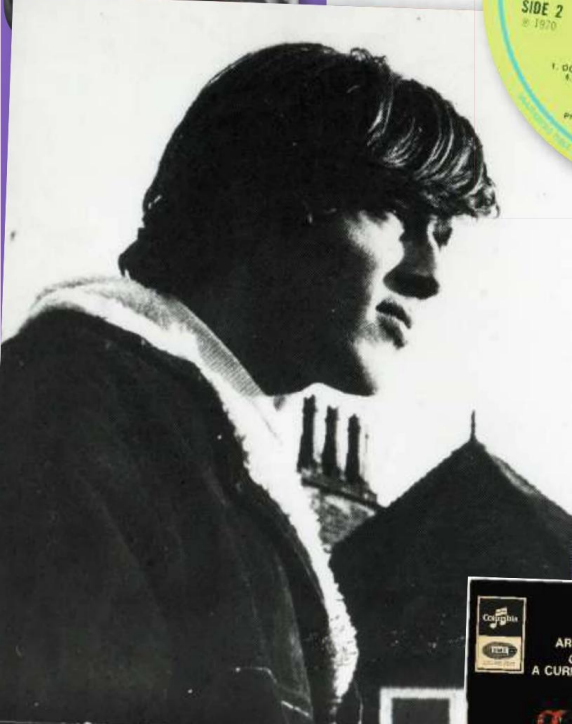
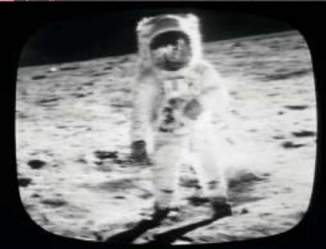
Jenny Spires



CAMBRIDGE

ON THE
LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY
OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

Here I go: Syd and girlfriend Jenny Spiers at 101 Cromwell Road, 1967; (clockwise from below) Barrett with Cambridge friends Mary Wing and Marc Tessier, Ibiza, August 1969; a pre-Floyd David Gilmour, 1965; psychiatrist R.D. Laing; 'faked' moon landing, July 1969.



Blank page: posing for a
Japanese music magazine
shoot, backstage in
London, November 1967.



◀ music-hall songs. Gilmour simply remembers them as “fairly normal teenagers, interested in girls and drinking, and weighing up our options. Oddly, I didn’t sense that there was anything particularly musical about Syd at that time.”

In fact, Syd’s most obvious gift was for painting, and in September 1963 he enrolled at Camberwell Art School in south London. Meanwhile, Gilmour flunked his A-Levels and began playing full-time with his band Jokers Wild. The two boys remained close during the next few years. In 1965, they enjoyed an adventure in the South of France, where they camped out near St. Tropez, got drunk on cheap plonk, and were busted by the gendarmes for illegally busking.

In Paris, nosing around the stalls on the Left Bank, they bought two books then banned in England, Anne Desclos’ pseudonymous erotic novel *The Story Of O* and William Burroughs’ *The Naked Lunch*. “We got back to our campsite and read them by torchlight,” smirks Gilmour, “then got nervous on the ferry back to England in case we got searched by Customs and arrested for possession of illegal literature.”

In London, Syd joined forces with another old Cambridge pal, Roger Waters, in what would eventually become Pink Floyd. On a couple of occasions, Jokers Wild and the Floyd played on the same bill. Gilmour didn’t feel threatened by Syd’s outfit, which were still playing mainly R&B covers – and not very well.

“We were a lot more slick and professional than they were,” he explains. “That change in Syd becoming a writer, an ideas person, that particular bloom hadn’t blossomed.” It was Pink Floyd’s aversion to being “slick” – and a growing fascination with volume, noise and pushing their blues jams into more avant-garde territory – that would be their making.

Syd’s early experiments with LSD – a drug that looms large in *The Madcap Laughs*’ story – were bending the Floyd’s music into ever more abstract shapes, and by the autumn of 1966, their trippy performances had made them stars of London’s underground psychedelic scene. That December, the Floyd played what was effectively a homecoming gig at Cambridge Arts College Christmas Ball. Photographer Mick Rock, a first-year Modern Languages student at Cambridge University who would later shoot the cover of *The Madcap Laughs*, saw the group for the first time that night.

“The show was an amazing revelation,” says Rock. “It was only four years after The Beatles’ first records, remember, and there was this mesmerising figure bobbing up and down in front of a swirling oil-slide projection. There was no reference, it was like nothing you’d ever heard or seen before.”

After the gig, Rock joined Syd’s entourage at a party in his den at 183 Hills Road. “We spliffed away – tobacco and hashish,” recalls Rock. “I got to know Syd that night. We talked about Childhood’s End, an Arthur C. Clarke book with a scene at the end when these kids dance themselves into oblivion. It seemed kind of appropriate! Syd was very cheerful, open, communicative.”

Also there that night was Syd’s girlfriend, Jenny Spire. “He rang to say he’d written a great song, and came over to fetch me from my parents’ to play it to me. It was Arnold Layne, which was completely unlike anything else I’d heard the Pink Floyd play.”

With Syd having written what became, three months later, the Floyd’s first hit single, the omens looked good. Little could anyone know that the next 12 months would, instead, mark the beginning of Syd’s nightmare.

In April 1968, four weeks before Barrett began work on the first tracks for *The Madcap Laughs*, his management released a statement saying he’d left Pink Floyd. The banal circumstances of Syd’s dismissal have passed into rock lore: en route to a gig at Southampton University on January 26 in the band’s old Bentley, one of the group asked whether they should pick up Syd. Roger Waters supposedly replied: “Let’s not bother.”

“The band had got bored of him,” says their former co-manager Andrew King. “And I don’t blame them for that.”

No one can pinpoint exactly when Syd’s personality changed, but people tend to agree it was around April 1967, when Barrett, by then with girlfriend Lindsay Corner, moved into 101 Cromwell Road, a large, dilapidated townhouse in Earls Court divided into multiple flats. Syd’s Cambridge friend Nigel Lesmoir-Gordon had been the first to move into the notorious 101, now home to many pharmaceutical adventurers, whom Floyd’s other ex-manager Peter Jenner describes as “messianic acid freaks”.

Barrett and his friends were ingesting the infamous LSD-25, a powerful psychiatric drug, still legal at that time in the UK. Mick Rock was a regular visitor to Cromwell Road, and lived there during his summer vacation in 1967. “There was this geezer and he’d be high on acid, dropping sploshes of acid on blotting paper with an eye-dropper,” he recalls. “That stuff was incredibly strong. Plonk! Bingo! You were off to another dimension. The first time I took it I didn’t move for several hours. It was crazy.”

As with many others, LSD proved an almost religious experience for Syd. “He really did believe the psychedelic revolution was flowing through him,” explains Andrew King. “The world was changing and he believed we should all be perfect beings, cool and groovy. I think that tipped it for him. It seems like hippy nonsense now, but it was all very serious then. The Vietnam War, the idea of world peace...”

Barrett began taking acid regularly, with an enthusiasm many found alarming. Some visitors felt a malevolence surrounded Cromwell Road that cast a dark shadow on its blitzed occupants: it was here allegedly that one of Syd’s cats was dosed with LSD.

In late May 1967, Gilmour returned from a year living in France and caught up with the Floyd at the Chelsea studio where they were recording their second single, See Emily Play. Barrett seemed barely to recognise him. “He’d definitely turned a corner into madness,” asserts Gilmour. “Maybe his friends who’d been with him every day didn’t notice, but I saw a tremendous change.”

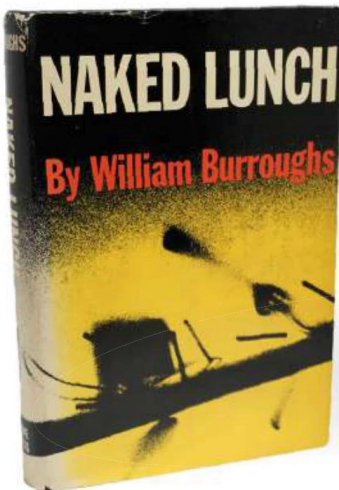
Around this, time the Floyd’s first producer Joe Boyd recalls seeing a dishevelled Syd sitting on a kerb in central London, “his eyes crazed”. He’d apparently been taking acid every day for a week. His commitment to the band also began to suffer. In July, when Pink Floyd were invited to perform See Emily Play on Top Of The Pops for a third time, Syd went AWOL. “We couldn’t find him,” sighs Andrew King. “I mean, telling the BBC, ‘Erm, sorry, we can’t find the lead singer.’ It was unheard of. You can chart his decline through those three performances. The first one he looks lovely, the last one he looks rough.”

Promoting See Emily Play meant a wearying carousel of TV, radio and live promotion. It didn’t seem to suit Syd’s temperament – or chime with his attitude towards creativity. Throughout his life, Syd would set fire to his paintings once they were completed. “Once a creative need was out of his head and onto the paper he had no further use for it,” explains sister Rosemary. But now, repeating things endlessly was part of his job.

On October 6, 1967, Syd failed to turn up for a show at Brighton Top Rank – Floyd’s 117th gig that year. Soon after, the group flew to America for a short promotional tour. “It was a fucking nightmare!” cries Andrew King. “By then, we weren’t talking to Syd, and Syd wasn’t talking to anyone.” The weirdest incident came at Santa Monica’s Cheetah Club, where a wild-eyed Barrett slathered his hair with Brylcreem and did little on-stage but blow a whistle. It was a typically confusing instance of what David ►

**“THERE WAS
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BINGO!”**

*Photographer
Mick Rock*



◀ Gilmour refers to as “The Madness of King Syd”.

“I thought there may have been an element of play-acting that night,” admits King. “Syd was a good actor. It was like he was saying to us, ‘What are you going to do about me?’ Pushing us. It was impossible to fathom what he was thinking. Was he withdrawing into himself to alienate us? Or had we done something to alienate him? I think he thought the others were too straight.”

Alice Cooper’s band witnessed the parlous state Syd was in that night and took him back to their flat to try to “cool him out”. Clearly his acid-fried hippy mumbo jumbo was infectious. The band’s guitarist, Glen Buxton, claimed in all seriousness that Syd sent him telepathic messages during dinner to pass him the sugar bowl.

Back in Britain, Syd’s eccentric behaviour continued, even among his close-knit friends outside the band. King organised a getaway weekend at his family’s cottage on the Welsh border, handing the assembled throng the keys and absenting himself. It was a crazy, drug-fuelled trip. One night the Bohemian aristocrat and Rolling Stones acolyte Stash De Rola stepped into the flames of the log fire, convinced that if they all believed in love, he wouldn’t burn. But Syd surpassed even that lunacy, squeezing out a huge turd on the cottage doorstep – an act considered somewhat outré even in acid circles. Clearly, things were reaching crisis point.

In December, after a testing pre-Christmas show at Olympia, the Floyd’s drummer Nick Mason asked David Gilmour if he’d like to join the group as Syd’s back-up. “I said, Yes,” says Gilmour. “I was being invited in to help.”

The following month, January 1968, proved to be a bizarre one, even by Pink Floyd’s standards. At rehearsals at a Ladbroke Grove school to get Gilmour match-fit, Syd showed them a new song: Have You Got It Yet. The band attempted to learn it, but every time they played it, the chords appeared to change... until they twigged: no, we haven’t got it yet, and we never will... “It was pure Syd mischief!” roars Gilmour. “One cannot help but think he was hooting with laughter as he led us up that particular garden path.”

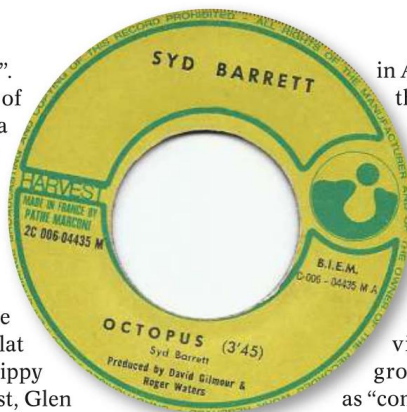
“That was the thing about Syd,” says King. “On one level he always seemed completely together. It was frustrating. Peter Jenner, myself, and Dave, we all tried speaking to him directly. But he was like an object that, depending on which way you looked, always appeared different.”

Outwardly, Syd seemed to express little emotion at the recruitment into the band of one of his closest teenage pals, and the four shows the five-piece Floyd played passed without incident, bar one night when a spaced-out Barrett circled Gilmour on-stage, examining him as if he was some kind of hologram. David himself recalls that sometimes everything “seemed almost normal”. Indeed, Nick Mason has 8mm film of Syd and the band cheerfully doing a jokey tap-dance routine together backstage in Weston-Super-Mare.

However, with Syd’s musical contributions becoming ever more unpredictable, the inevitable happened. In fairness to Gilmour, no one has ever suggested he was an active participant in this bloodless coup. Nevertheless, at the Southampton University gig, Gilmour became Pink Floyd’s new lead singer and guitarist, replacing his old friend whose charisma, talent and original mind-set had created the band’s success.

“It was upsetting,” admits Gilmour. “But what could we do? To be frank, no one really tried hard enough [to help him], and like most ambitious young people we were too busy getting on with other things in life to dedicate the time to sort him out.”

Syd technically stayed a member of Pink Floyd for another three months, in which time he even signed a new band contract with EMI. However, when the decision came to oust him



in April, his reaction was typically enigmatic. When the group played the Middle Earth club in Covent Garden in May, he stood alone at the front of the stage staring at Gilmour as he sang Barrett’s old songs.

“Whether his look was anger, hatred, annoyance, something else... I don’t know,” says Gilmour. “In my paranoid state, I interpreted it as a bad vibe.” However, he dismisses the story – popularised by Barrett himself in a 1971 interview – that his predecessor took to tailing the group around the country in his Mini Cooper as “complete bullshit”.

It was a testament to Syd’s reputation as Pink Floyd’s sole talent that Jenner and King chose to leave with Syd, in the hope he might rouse himself to record a solo record.

Within a week or two of officially leaving the Floyd, Syd announced he was ready to record some new material. Jenner arranged half-a-dozen or so sessions at Abbey Road, beginning on May 6 and ending July 20. They would prove testing for everyone. The engineer, Peter Bown, summed up the meandering, energy-sucking mood with his weary announcement at the beginning of one track, Lanky Part 2, “Five minutes of drums!”

Nonetheless, though the sessions inconclusively ground to a halt, they did show that later *Madcap*... gems like Octopus (then titled Clowns And Jugglers), Late Night, Silas Lang and Golden Hair (a song based on words from James Joyce’s Ulysses) had already been written.

Clearly, Barrett had found moments amid his dissolute existence to compose. “Everyone thinks Syd got up around lunchtime, took some acid, then wrote a genius song,” says Andrew King. “And that really annoys me. He was a competent classical pianist, a skilled guitarist and he’d worked, practised and knew his craft. Syd told me it had taken him two weeks to write the lyrics to Arnold Layne. He took his art really seriously.”

Yet, now freed from the Floyd’s crushing work schedule, Barrett found himself being sucked further into a decadent, drifting, druggy existence. Sometime in 1968, he and new squeeze Lindsay Corner moved into a flat in Egerton Court, South Kensington, whose art deco interior was featured in Roman Polanski’s 1965 film Repulsion. The stories that emerge from this era are perhaps the darkest in Syd’s life. His and Lindsay’s relationship was tempestuous, and an out-of-it Syd occasionally ended up lashing out at her. An old friend from Cambridge, Iain ‘Emo’ Moore, recalls intervening when Barrett repeatedly banged Corner’s head on the wooden floorboards. Copious doses of LSD were, once again, the inhabitants’ drug of choice, and Syd continued to partake enthusiastically. It has also been suggested that Barrett was by now experimenting with heroin.

At this point, he was generally viewed as having lost control. One visitor, the future broadcaster Jonathan Meades, recalls arriving at Egerton Court to hear banging upstairs: he was told they’d locked Syd in a cupboard. They hadn’t; it turned out he’d actually locked himself in a bathroom, and was too stoned to figure out how to get out. Roger Waters has claimed that, around this time, Barrett began cross-dressing and pondering whether he was homosexual. He also began reading works by the occultist Aleister Crowley.

Naturally, those around him were concerned by Syd’s worsening condition. Andrew King recalls an aborted attempt to take him to see the noted unorthodox psychiatrist R.D. Laing. “I was quite into that R.D. Laing thing – that Syd was the sane one and we were all mad,” says King. “I think genius is overused, but you know it when you see it. And Syd was a genius. Sartre had a phrase about ‘a false position’, and Syd had put his talent in a ‘false position’. He simply couldn’t function as part of the music industry.”

Towards the end of 1968, by which time Syd had effectively left the music business, he moved into a large flat in Wetherby Mansions on Earls Court Square with an artist

**“SYD WOULD
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ANARCHIC
CHANGES IN
METRE – THINGS
I’D NEVER
BE BRAVE
ENOUGH TO DO.
I LOVED IT.”**

David Gilmour

Homebody: in his half-painted bedroom at Wetherby Mansions, autumn 1969.



friend, Duggie Fields. Weirdly, his nemesis David Gilmour was living in a flat behind their block. "I could look into their kitchen window," recalls Gilmour.

Soon the two estranged friends would enjoy a rapprochement that would give Barrett's story an extraordinary, unexpected turn.

Away from the excesses of Egerton Court, Barrett's general condition seemed to improve, though his behaviour remained erratic, especially where girlfriends were concerned. "He was with a girl called Gala Pinion by then," says Duggie Fields. "He behaved very badly towards her. He stubbed a cigarette out on her after they'd had sex. He only did it once, but once was too much."

If anything, the dark romance of a beautiful young Englishman gone mad increased his allure, and female groupies tracked him down, as did 'followers'. "Sometimes he'd just lock himself in his room," says Fields. "It could get too much."

His old girlfriend Jenny Spires crashed at Wetherby for a while at the beginning of 1969. "He was in quite a good mind-set," she remembers. "He didn't really have any visitors at this time. I think people weren't sure how he'd be with them. In the past, his behaviour had been bizarre. He wasn't communicating."

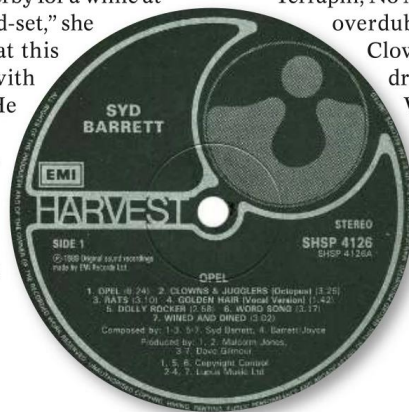
In the cleaner air of Duggie's flat, Syd, for the first time in a year, rediscovered his muse and began writing again. Not long after Spires left for America in February 1969 – leaving her mate 'Iggy The Eskimo' to lodge with him (see story, starting page 70).

Barrett then did a remarkable thing. Out of the blue, he phoned Abbey Road's booking office, asking to record some new tracks. This unexpected request found its way to Malcolm Jones, who was then in charge of a new label, Harvest, catering for EMI's progressive acts. In 1982, Jones (who died in 1991) wrote a detailed account of his part in what would become *The Madcap Laughs*. In it, he stressed that, following the failed recording sessions with Peter Jenner, "no one at EMI had gone out of his way to encourage Syd back."

Jones was intrigued, and also understood the cachet of anything decent Barrett might record. He phoned Syd, who told him he had an album's worth of songs; he also felt he could salvage some elements from the abandoned Jenner sessions. A meeting was arranged at Wetherby Mansions. Jones was impressed by what he heard, and booked him into Abbey Road's Studio 3.

Over four sessions beginning on April 10, 1969, Syd and Malcolm Jones completed six new tracks – Opel (a beautiful, cracked, misty ballad that wouldn't see the light of day until 1988), No Good Trying, Terrapin, No Man's Land, Here I Go and Love You – as well as overdubbing the Jenner recordings of Late Night, Clowns And Jugglers and Golden Hair. Bass and drums were added on some tracks by John 'Willie' Wilson and Humble Pie's Jerry Shirley. "No matter what people say to the contrary, Syd was very together," insisted Jones. "He was on top form."

Peter Mew, the engineer, begs to differ: "It was boring. In those days, doing four songs of just guitar and vocals in four or five hours wasn't considered very productive. There ▶



◀ were lots of takes of everything. Those were the kind of sessions engineers tried to avoid."

In early May, Syd drafted in the Soft Machine – minus guitarist Kevin Ayers – to provide backing. "I was very surprised when, out of the blue, I got a call saying Syd wants you to play on some songs," remembers Robert Wyatt, the group's drummer and vocalist. "So we trooped along."

The group played along to several tracks, including Octopus, with its tricky changes and irregular metre. "There didn't seem to be much of a regular rhythm, he just played guitar as he sang," continues Wyatt. "The songs would stop, start and falter, just like you'd get with an old blues singer. I really enjoyed that. So we just clattered along amiably."

Their contribution was brief. "After we finished, he was very shy and polite and said, 'Thank you for coming along.' And that was it," recalls Wyatt. "We thought it had been the rehearsal, but it was the finished take."

What happened next is the subject of contention. Some sources claim David Gilmour, who had been recording Floyd's *Ummagumma* in an adjacent studio, was played the Soft Machine's version of Octopus and was so horrified he volunteered to sort things out.

Gilmour remembers events differently. "In my memory, work on the record had stopped and they were going to dump the album," he says. "They'd spent too much time and money getting just half-a-dozen or so tracks. Syd asked if I could help him and I said, Sure. So I went to EMI and asked for some more studio time to complete the album."

That Barrett should have approached the very man who had unwittingly deposed him may have appeared odd. But, as new neighbours in Earls Court, Syd had already popped round to see Gilmour, and even borrowed an amp from him for one of the Malcolm Jones sessions.

"Syd looked up to Dave," believes Jenny Spire. "I think, despite everything, he trusted him. It was arduous making *The Madcap Laughs*, but therapeutic for them both, I should think."

Gilmour freely admits that "a guilty conscience" helped to influence his decision. "I haven't talked to my shrink about it," he deadpans, "but I'm sure it played a part."

Over the next month, the Floyd singer found time in the group's schedule to re-record several of the Jones tracks, record four new ones and tidy up the rest.

It wasn't a particularly pleasant experience. "It was murder, murder, trying to get him to do anything," he sighs. "He was usually on Mandrax, and would sit on a stool then fall off it. You can practically hear him fall asleep on some of the takes. But I always felt there was a part of him that wasn't impaired, that knew what was going on."

Duggie Fields was also in attendance. "By that time, you didn't know if he was playing with you," he says. "Is he going to forget the words? Does he know where he is? Those all became issues in your mind."

Gilmour, with Roger Waters occasionally in tow, knocked the material into shape, playing drums seamlessly through the cranky time changes of Octopus and adding bits of rhythm guitar. "Syd would have all these anarchic changes in metre, things I'd never be brave enough to do,"

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Robert Wyatt

says Gilmour. "I loved it. That line [in Octopus], 'Little minute gonk coughs/Clears his throat'. I could play it perfectly well because I knew that when the words finish the chord changes. I followed it on the drums in an unlearned way. He certainly had a bent towards making the words take over. It was part of what made him so exciting and original."

It's impossible to know what Syd thought of *The Madcap Laughs* sessions, if indeed he was capable at that time of rationalising such things. Interviewed in 1970, he said, confusingly, of the record: "It's verytogether. There's a lot of speaking on it, but there's not a very recognisable mood. It's mainly acoustic guitar and there are no instruments at all."

With the album in the bag, Barrett flew to Ibiza to meet some friends, including old Cambridge pal Mary Wing and her partner Marc Tessier, for a holiday. He turned up in full King's Road regalia, carrying a plastic bag filled with pound notes. But before he left, he did something extremely touching.

"I gave him a lift back to Earls Court when we'd finished the album," recalls Gilmour. "I went up to his flat with him in this rickety little lift with the iron gates you draw across. As we got to his floor, he turned to me, looked me in the eye, and said, quietly, 'Thank you.'"

The *Madcap Laughs* was released in January 1970 and was warmly received, selling 5,000 copies within a few weeks. 'The Madness of King Syd' seemed to touch a nerve with a generation who'd seen the end of the decade take a darker turn with Altamont, the bombing of Vietnam and the apparent failure of the hippy revolution.

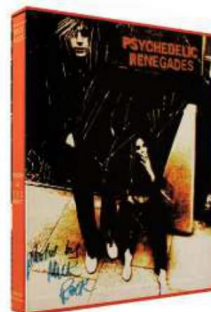
EMI were pleased enough to request a follow-up, *Barrett*, which came out in November the same year and was again produced by David Gilmour. Syd would only ever play three solo gigs: one a short set at Olympia in June 1970, with a backing band including Gilmour, which was plagued with sound problems, and two in a half-arsed boogie band called Stars in Cambridge in early 1972.

By then, Syd had moved back to his home town, ostensibly to get married to Gala Pinion and supposedly train as a doctor. Neither happened. He did, though, give up making music, turning instead to his first love, painting, and to pottering around the house doing DIY.

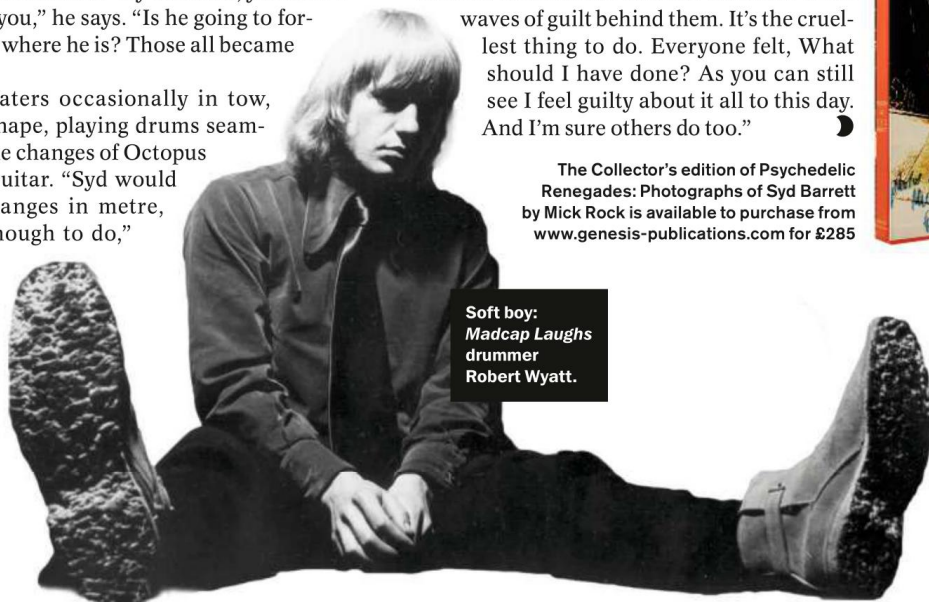
As for his musical legacy, as early as 1972 his influence as a singer and composer was being heard in artists such as David Bowie. The first of many musicians, from R.E.M., Paul Weller and Julian Cope, to Blur, Oasis and J Mascis, to fall under the magical spell of his brilliant ear for melody, and reputation as a tortured genius.

For those closest to him, though, Syd's memory will always be tinged with complex and difficult emotions. "I still think we treated him very badly," says Andrew King. "We all felt we could have done more after he left Pink Floyd to help him get through it all. When he fell off the map, it was as if he committed suicide. Suicides leave waves of guilt behind them. It's the cruellest thing to do. Everyone felt, What should I have done? As you can still see I feel guilty about it all to this day. And I'm sure others do too."

The Collector's edition of *Psychadelic Renegades: Photographs of Syd Barrett* by Mick Rock is available to purchase from www.genesis-publications.com for £285



Soft boy:
Madcap Laughs
drummer
Robert Wyatt.



Garden party: Syd Barrett's
last photo session, his
childhood home, 183 Hills
Road, Cambridge, 1971.





THE STRANGE TALE OF 'IGGY THE ESKIMO'

*In 2011, the naked woman on the cover of *The Madcap Laughs* broke a 42-year silence to tell MOJO her story.* BY MARK BLAKE

If there's one image of Syd Barrett that fascinates it's the one on the back cover of *The Madcap Laughs*. The naked woman on a stool with her face obscured by swathes of long dark hair was Barrett's occasional girlfriend, known only as 'Iggy The Eskimo'. But who was Iggy and where did she go?

Interviewed in the 1980s, *Madcap*... photographer Mick Rock believed his cover star had "married a rich guy and moved off the scene". Barrett's ex-flatmate, Duggie Fields, heard that "Iggy had become involved with one of the vogueish religious cults", before recalling the time he saw her disembark from a Number 31 bus in Kensington, wearing a 1940s-era gold lamé dress – and little else.

Rock's 2002 coffee-table book, *Psychedelic Renegades*, featured more photos of Syd and Iggy outside Barrett's Earls Court flat. These pictures found their way onto several Pink Floyd fansites, where Iggy soon acquired cult status. The Holy Church Of Iggy The Inuit, a fansite in her honour, also appeared. Among its webmaster's discoveries was a November 1966 issue of NME showing a photo of "Iggy – who is half Eskimo" dancing at South Kensington's Cromwellian club. But there was still no trace of Iggy in the 21st century.

While researching my Pink Floyd biography, *Pigs Might Fly*, in 2006, I asked several interviewees about Iggy's whereabouts. Syd Barrett's old friend Anthony Stern told me he'd met her at a Hendrix gig and had film of her dancing in Russell Square. Former Middle Earth club DJ Jeff Dexter first encountered Iggy in 1963, when she was "part of a group of wonderful-looking south London girls" dancing at The Orchid Ballroom in Purley.

Jeff even hatched a plan with his fellow DJ and Shadows songwriter Ian 'Sammy' Samwell to turn Iggy and two of her friends into "a British version of The Supremes". They booked a studio only to discover none of the girls could sing.

Believing Iggy may have gone to school in the area, Dexter and Stern contacted the Croydon Guardian in 2010. The newspaper ran an article ('So Where Did She Go To, My Lovely') enquiring after the whereabouts of Iggy, the girl "who captured the spirit of the '60s".

Then, in March the same year, prompted by the Croydon Guardian article and MOJO's recent Syd Barrett story, the magazine received a letter from a reader who'd known Iggy in the 1970s. They claimed she'd last been heard of working at a racing stables in Sussex.

The reader also sent a copy of the letter to the Croydon Guardian, whose reporter contacted the stables, and was given her address. The paper's subsequent short article included Iggy's emphatic statement: "I have now left that life behind me."

Which is why it came as a surprise when my mobile rang one evening. "It's Iggy!" announced a voice on the other end, as if I should have known that already. "I've been reading what you wrote about me in MOJO..."

The Croydon Guardian's call prompted Iggy to borrow a neighbour's computer and go online for the first time. She was astonished to discover the fansites and the photos. In October 2010, seven months after her initial phone call, I finally arrived at an otherwise deserted Sussex railway station to be met by the woman on the back cover of *The Madcap Laughs*.

Three hours in a local gastro-pub and countless phone calls later, Iggy gave us her story. She was born Evelyn Joyce. "But when I was a child, my neighbour's young daughter could never pronounce Evelyn, and always called me Iggy," she explained. But the 'eskimo' nickname was a joke: "Something I told the photographer from the NME when he took my picture at The Cromwellian."

In truth, Iggy was the daughter of a British army officer and Indian mother. The family lived in India and Yemen

Madcap and muse: 'Iggy The Eskimo' and Syd Barrett, Earls Court Square, London 1969.



"I PUT THE KOHL AROUND HIS EYES AND TOUSLED UP HIS HAIR - COME ON SYD, GIVE US A SMILE. MOODY! MOODY!"

◀ before moving to England. "I grew up by the seaside," she told me. "I became a mod in Brighton, and met The Who when they were on Ready Steady Go! I loved soul music, and I loved dancing, so I used to go to all the clubs – The Orchid Ballroom, The Cromwellian, The Flamingo, The Roaring Twenties..."

It was at The Cromwellian that Iggy was introduced to Eric Clapton. "I didn't know who he was at first," she insisted. By the mid-'60s Iggy had become a familiar presence on the capital's pop scene, sometimes in the company of Clapton, Keith Moon, Brian Jones, Keith Richards.... She saw Hendrix make his UK debut at the Bag O'Nails, and in February '67 narrowly avoided the police raid at Keith Richards' country pile, in West Wittering: "The night before, I decided not to go, thank God."

By then, Iggy had appeared in a short documentary, *Look At Life – IN Gear*, screened as a supporting film in cinemas. In one scene she was shown browsing through a rack of clothes in the Kings Road boutique *Granny Takes A Trip*.

Around this time, she met Syd Barrett's ex-girlfriend, Jenny Spires, and became a regular at the UFO club. "When I watched that Syd Barrett documentary [2001's *The Pink Floyd & Syd Barrett Story*] and saw Syd chanting [on Pow. R Toc H.], the memories came rushing back," she said. "I'd been there. I'd seen *that*."

By early 1968, Barrett was out of Pink Floyd and soon sharing a flat in Earls Court with artist Duggie Fields. Iggy needed a place

to stay, moved in, and hooked up with Syd. She always claimed she didn't know he'd been a pop star: "I honestly didn't make the connection between him and the person I had seen at UFO."

She realised only after she picked up Barrett's acoustic guitar, and he took it off her and started playing. "He said, 'Do you think I look good?' I said, 'You look amazing. Wow!' He then said, 'Would you listen to this?' And bought out this big reel-to-reel tape recorder, and said, 'Tell me what you think'."

Syd then played her the songs that would later appear on *The Madcap Laughs*. One track, *Terrapin*, made an immediate impression. "I said, 'That's quite catchy, and, of course, I don't think Syd was really into 'catchy'. At the end he said, 'Someone at EMI wants me to make a record. How would you feel about having a rock-star boyfriend?' People talk about Syd's madness and his dark side, but I never saw it. We had a wonderful giggly time."

Only once did she glimpse a more troubled side. "One day, he said to me, 'How do you feel? Are you sad?' I was naked, and he got some paint and painted two great big eyes on my breasts with two tears coming down, and on my belly button he painted an arrow and underneath that a picture of me with a big belly, and said, 'There could be life in there. I could give you life.' But I didn't want that at all. So I panicked, and scrubbed it off."

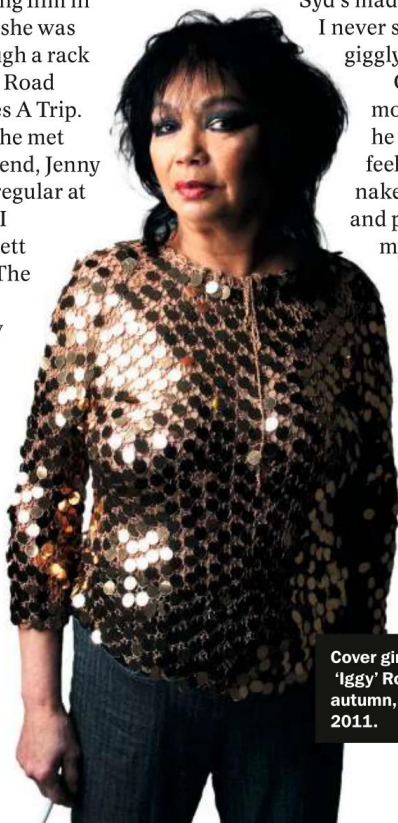
Syd was also uncomfortable with fame, as Iggy discovered when they visited the music-biz haunt The Speakeasy: "We'd

persuaded Syd to go, but it was full of posers. Someone asked the DJ to put on See Emily Play, which was a stupid thing to do, and Syd ran off."

In autumn '69, Barrett prepared his bedroom for the *The Madcap Laughs* cover shoot, by painting the floorboards orange and blue. He asked Iggy to help finish the job. "If you look at the pictures, I have paint on the soles of my feet," she said.

When Mick Rock and Storm Thorgerson arrived to take the photos, a naked Iggy went to put some clothes on. "But Syd said, 'No, don't.' That was his wicked sense of humour. I put the Kohl around his eyes and tousled up his hair – Come on Syd, give us a smile, moody, moody, *moody*! But he knew what he was doing. He was as sharp as anything. He was the manipulator."

Iggy joined Syd for further photographs outside the flat, posing alongside his now



Cover girl:
'Iggy' Rose,
autumn,
2011.





abandoned Pontiac Convertible. Before long, though, she'd drifted out of Syd's life as quickly as she'd drifted in. When she returned to the flat later, Duggie told her: "Syd's gone back to Cambridge. Don't bother trying to find him."

She never saw Syd Barrett again, and always maintained she only found out about her picture on *The Madcap Laughs* after being told about it by the Croydon Guardian: "I finally saw the record and thought, Oh yes, that *is* my bottom." There was, though, a nugget of truth in the story of her meeting "a rich guy" and hanging out with a cult. After Barrett, Iggy was briefly involved with a wealthy Scientologist. She also confirmed Duggie Fields' story of travelling on a bus wearing a lamé dress and nothing else. "Yes, it was a beautiful dress that cost £50," she said proudly.

After Syd, Iggy remained a fixture on the music scene. She recalled attending the 1969 Isle Of Wight Festival, and later

spotted herself in film footage from the first Glastonbury gathering: "Although I don't actually remember going."

In the '70s, she frequented London's hippest clubs, including Tramp, hung out in Marbella with celebrity hairdresser Gavin Hodge, and appeared in experimental film-maker Stephen Dwoskin's 1976 movie, *Central Bazaar*.

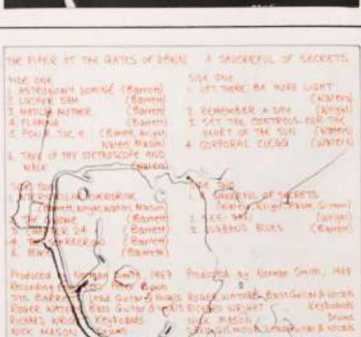
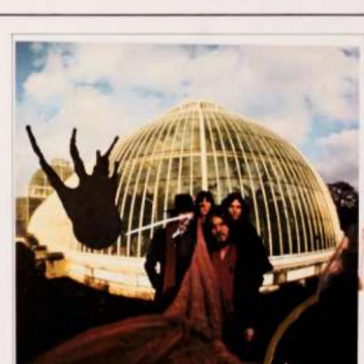
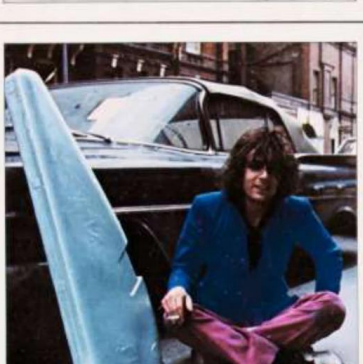
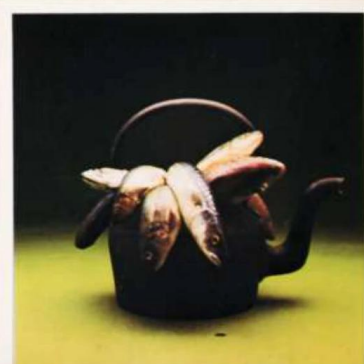
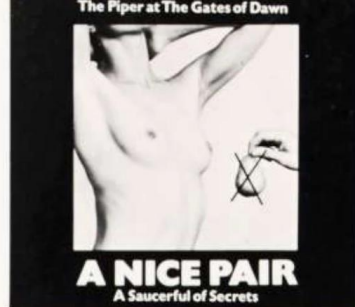
Dwoskin's silent film was a precursor of TV's *Big Brother*, and featured a group of strangers living together, isolated from the outside world. Iggy described the film to me, but couldn't remember the title, only that it had been on TV once, as a work colleague asked if it was her they'd seen "naked on telly last night". Iggy denied it.

By then, though, she'd become Evelyn Rose after marrying husband, Andrew, in 1978. The 'Iggy' nickname stuck, but she spent the next three decades far away from the world of showbusiness, living in Sussex, and working as a cook at a racing stables

and, later, in a supermarket. Even her closest friends didn't know about her old life until her March 2011 interview in *MOJO*.

Soon after, Iggy attended an exhibition of Syd Barrett's art in London's East End. Guests, including Blur's Graham Coxon and comedian Noel Fielding, wanted to meet her. From here on, she reconnected with old friends and, after signing up to Facebook, made many new ones. Her famously lengthy phone calls and fantastic ribald humour were soon the stuff of legend.

Iggy and I gradually lost touch, and it was Jeff Dexter who called to tell me she'd passed away. She'd been ill for some time, and died on her 70th birthday in December 2017. After years of anonymity, though, she'd relished her newfound fame in Pink Floyd fan circles, and the friendships which followed. As she once said, with her familiar, distinctive laugh: "Now *everybody* knows me – and my bottom." ■



PAINT BOX

Hipgnosis' cover imagers for Pink Floyd became world famous – and it all began with a cosmic collage created in the Royal College Of Art's dark room.

2

A SAUCERFUL OF SECRETS
EMI Columbia, 1968

**SOUNDTRACK FROM
THE FILM MORE**
EMI Columbia, 1969

UMMAGUMMA
EMI Harvest, 1969

ATOM HEART MOTHER
EMI Harvest, 1970

"Pink Floyd were interested in atmosphere, emotions, politics, war, drugs, girls," said Storm Thorgerson, co-founder of Hipgnosis, the design collective behind their most famous album sleeves. "A simple picture of them on an album cover would *never* do."

Instead, Hipgnosis gave Pink Floyd a prism, a burning man, an ear underwater, a pig over Battersea Power station, a cow in a field... creating some of the most enduring and instantly recognisable images in 20th-century music.

Hipgnosis were the brainchild of Thorgerson and his design partner, Aubrey 'Po' Powell. Both had grown up in Cambridge and mixed in the same social circles as Syd Barrett, Roger Waters and David Gilmour.

In the mid-'60s, Thorgerson moved to London to study at the Royal College Of Art; Po enrolled at the London School Of Film Technique and later found work as a scene designer for the BBC. When Pink Floyd were casting around for somebody creative to design a sleeve for their second album, *A Saucerful Of Secrets*, Thorgerson volunteered his and Powell's services.

Storm always credited Syd Barrett for the name 'Hipgnosis', claiming Syd had scribbled the word on the door of the Kensington flat he shared with

Thorgerson and Powell.

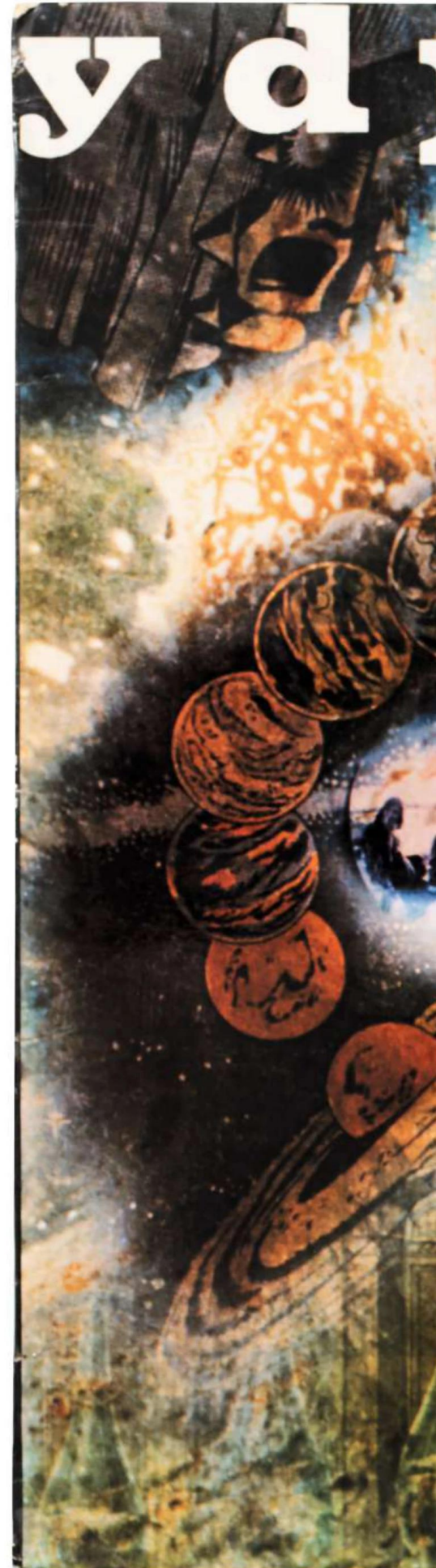
After *A Saucerful Of Secrets*, Hipgnosis were officially in business. Storm and Po set up a ramshackle studio/HQ in London's Denmark Street, from where they created artwork for Free and The Pretty Things and, later, Yes, Led Zeppelin, Black Sabbath and Wings.

In the meantime, these early sleeves for Pink Floyd capture the band and Hipgnosis in their youthful prime. "It was a high old time," said Aubrey 'Po' Powell in 2017. "Everything was beautiful... for a while."

A nice pair: Storm Thorgerson (left) and Aubrey 'Po' Powell in Hipgnosis' Denmark Street studio, 1973.



Words: **Lois Wilson
& Mark Blake**



A Saucerful Of Secrets

Aubrey 'Po' Powell recalls the brief for Pink Floyd's second album cover as "very simple". "To represent the band and the time," he says. "Being part of the psychedelic era we were interested in drugs, Marvel comics, zodiacs, montages, collages the whole Eastern essence that had drifted into the hippy movement."

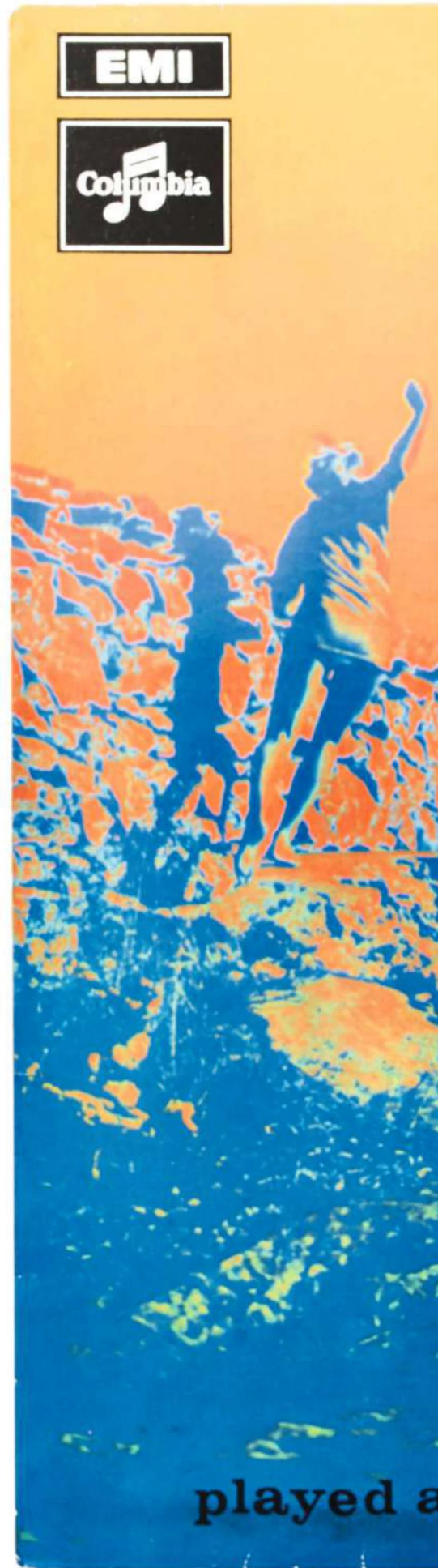
Powell and Storm Thorgeron's idea was to blend these influences together and reflect Floyd's stage show. "An intrinsic part of their act was their use of oil lamps and lighting. We wanted this to come across on the album cover – give it a surreal, acid feel."

Powell took the band photograph in Richmond Park using infra-red film. The lettering was created by Letraset rubbed

directly onto the print. The photo and images were then re-touched in the Royal College Of Art's dark room. "We began experimenting in black and white making multi-layered, superimposed montages. When we saw one we liked we got the colour lab round the corner, near the Royal Albert Hall, to experiment. They were very conservative but we badgered them until we got the result we wanted."

The final shot of the collage was taken on Thorgeron's Pentax. The Marvel comic images of Dr Strange and pictures of the cosmos were individually cut out, then placed on the floor and photographed using natural daylight. The sleeve took two weeks to complete. Hipgnosis were paid £80 plus £30 to cover costs.





Soundtrack From The Film More

Shortly after departing from Pink Floyd in spring 1968, Syd Barrett fled to the Balearic island of Formentera for some rest and recuperation. By then, Formentera and neighbouring Ibiza regularly hosted visiting pop stars, writers, poets and actors.

In summer 1969, Pink Floyd composed the soundtrack to Iranian-born Swiss movie director Barbet Schroeder's new movie, *More*. A tale of hippy thrill-seekers let loose in Ibiza and included scenes of sex, nudity and drug taking.

Pink Floyd later admitted that the nature of the commission left them little time to over-think the music. The same mindset applied to Hipgnosis' artwork. Powell photographed a windmill on Formentera, as

seen in the movie, and he and Thorgerson solarised the picture. The tone of the image was then reversed, "suggesting the fuzzy edges one experiences during an LSD trip."

It wasn't all down to drugs, though. Powell recalls Andy Warhol's covers for the Blue Note jazz label being another primary influence: "They had all these wonderful splashes of bright colour on them."

As an aside, it was Hipgnosis who suggested the film's title when Schroeder was short of inspiration. "We observed that the central character always wanted more," said Thorgerson. "More thrills, more sex, more drugs... Barbet was delighted. He kissed us both, but never told us what he thought of the cover."



soundtrack from the film

MORE

pink floyd

and composed by the

Ummagumma

According to Floyd legend, it was Iain 'Emo' Moore, a roadie and court-jester figure on the Cambridge scene, who suggested the album title. "Ummagumma" was his slang term for having sex, and was absorbed into the group's lexicon.

The cover was partly inspired by what Powell calls "the Droste effect", referring to a Dutch cocoa powder whose packaging showed a woman holding a box of Droste on a tray, thereby creating a picture within itself. But also by Aldous Huxley's novel *The Doors Of Perception*.

"In particular, Huxley's idea of going through a door into another realm and so on and son," explains Powell. "Because there were four members, we thought we'd change each picture slightly. It's looking beyond a reality into a second reality that's almost the same, but not quite."

The photo was taken at the Cambridge home of Storm Thorgerson's girlfriend, Libby January. Powell insists the *Gigi* soundtrack LP sleeve and the glass ornament held no great

significance: "There were placed there simply to fill a space."

The 'Pink Floyd' lettering was provided by the Cambridge department store, Eaden Lilley & Co, where Powell had once worked as a window dresser: "On the morning of the shoot I rushed to their art department and asked them to provide the letters as a favour. It was *that* spontaneous."

The sleeve is a collage of photos. The shots were taken separately then cut around with a Stanley knife and stuck down with paper glue. Powell then took a photograph of the collage on a 10x8 copy camera and re-touched the transparency.

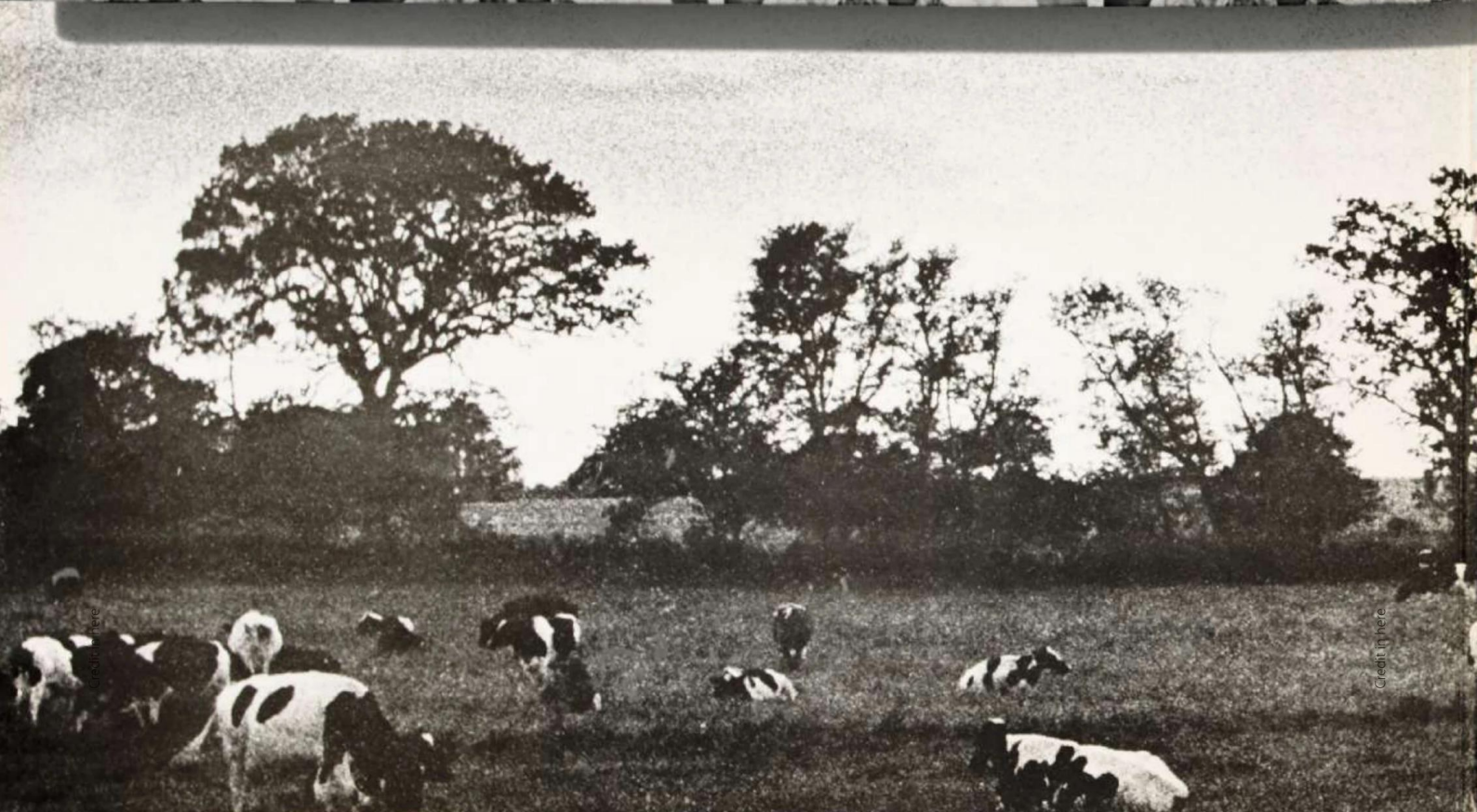
The inside gatefold (overleaf) has separate band shots, with Roger Waters photographed with his first wife, Judy Trim. Meanwhile, the back shows Floyd roadies Peter Watts (father of Hollywood actress Naomi Watts) and Alan Styles, later of Alan's *Psychodelic Breakfast* fame, with the band's equipment arranged in the formation of a military aircraft in order of size.







DAVID GILMOUR
lead guitar & vocals



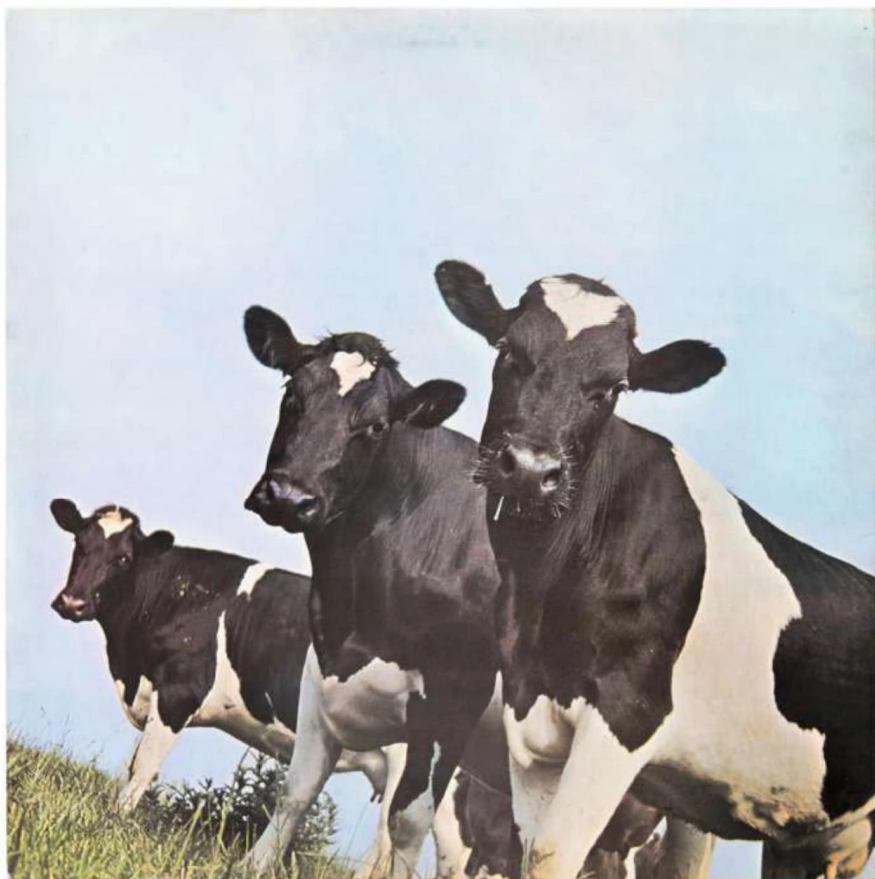


ROGER WATERS (AND JUDE)
Bass guitar & vocals



RICHARD WRIGHT
Organ, Keyboards & Vocals





Atom Heart Mother

“Storm and I had twice-weekly think-tank meetings,” recalls Powell. “Our friend, the sculptor John Blake, was at Storm’s flat one evening and suggested us putting a cow on an album sleeve. It seemed so perfect, so obtuse and off the wall. He and Storm went out to find a cow and snapped the first one they saw as they drove out of London.”

The Friesian in question was found with a herd in a field in Potters Bar, Hertfordshire. “When we first showed Roger [Waters] the image, he creased up with laughter,” says Powell. “There was no tinkering, no re-touching. We took the cover straight from the transparency. It was our idea not to have any lettering on the sleeve. It caused huge arguments with the record company, but we thought the image was so striking the cover didn’t need any.”

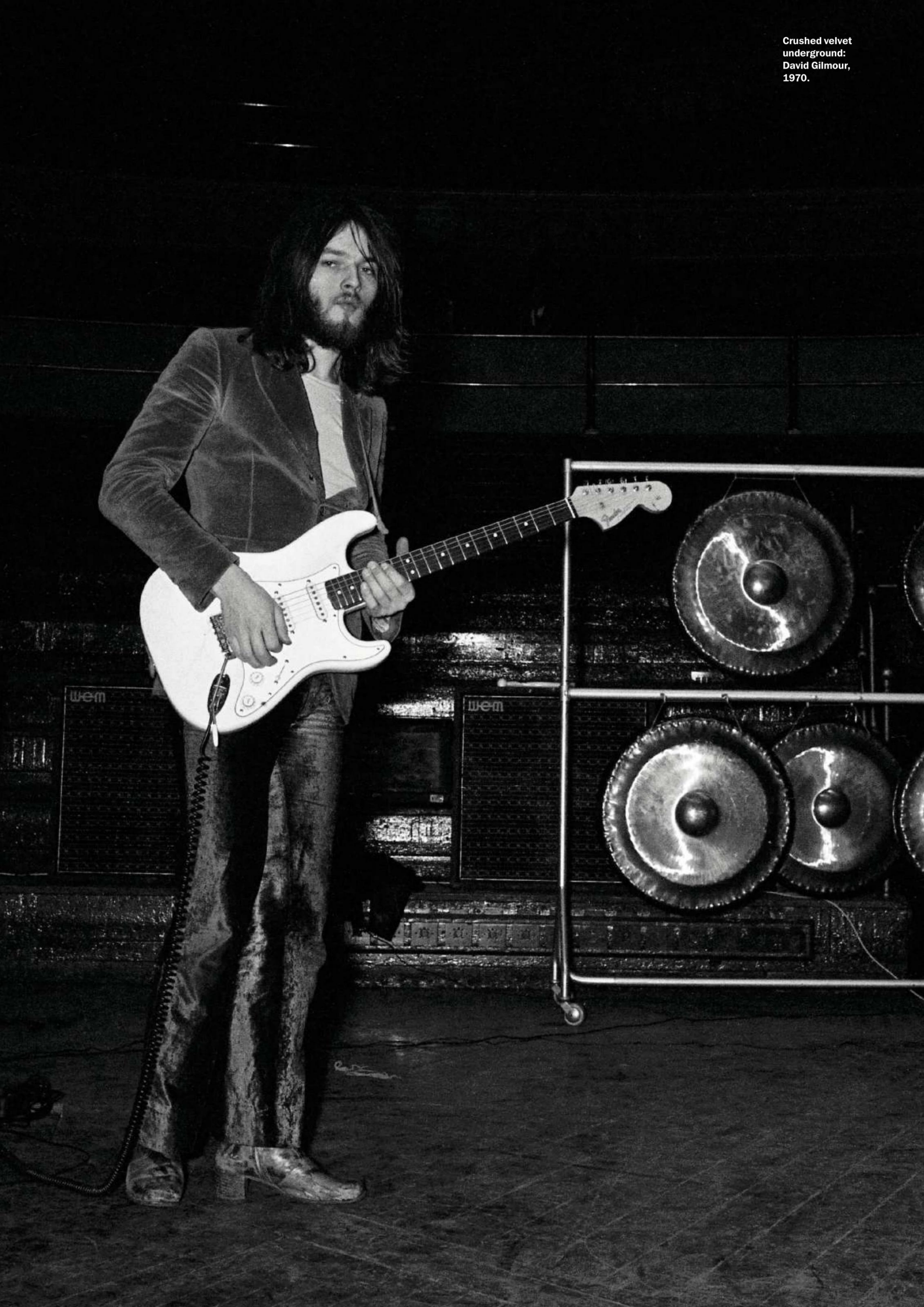
EMI’s fears proved unfounded when *Atom Heart Mother* gave Pink Floyd their first UK Number 1.

TURN TO PAGE 116 FOR MORE OF
HIPGNOSIS’ FLOYD ARTWORK





Crushed velvet
underground:
David Gilmour,
1970.



Celebrating and saluting the music that blew our minds.

PART 3

Quicksilver

(from *More* OST, 1969)

Sound-painting on the subconscious mind's cave-wall.

Augmenting director Barbet Schroeder's tragic hippy romance, this impressionistic instrumental variously soundtracks heroin use, "tripping balls" and toying with a dish of mercury. An oddly guarded, deep aural void featuring manipulated tapes, shimmering gongs and psychotropic organs – one passage manages to suggest the interplanetary call-sign in *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind*. It also called out to such West German adepts of the coming kosmische milieu as Edgar Froese, Klaus Schulze and Florian Fricke. **1H**

Green Is The Colour

(from *More* OST, 1969)

We're all together and chilling is our aim.

Eighteen years before acid house, this is what hippy drug music sounded like on Ibiza. Two acoustic guitars, a half-awake piano and a tin whistle, played by Nick Mason's then wife Lindy, adding a soupçon of a Spaghetti Western heat-haze. Gilmour, straining upwards in a daunting key, sings of a woman's eyes and the colour of jealousy; in the film, gamine Estelle dances, tickles Stefan's nipple with a blade of grass and kisses him. The island passes from dawn to dusk in three minutes. **2C**

The Nile Song

(from *More* OST, 1969)

The road – or river – less travelled...

If Roger Waters and Richard Wright were battling for songwriting control of the Floyd in 1969, *The Nile Song* presented a radical solution from the former: reinventing the band as a brutalist power trio. A Cro-Magnon stomp very much attuned to the heavy vibes of the time, Wright doesn't feature, while Gilmour delivers Waters' wispy invocations in a surprisingly belligerent holler.

Best heard in the pure mono mix that surfaced in 2011, for maximum sledgehammer impact. They could have been as big as *Blue Cheer*... **1M**

Careful With That Axe, Eugene

(from *Ummagumma*, 1969)

Carry on screaming...

Initially an organ-led improv with a fluid title (Keep Smiling People, Murderotic Woman), *Careful With The Axe, Eugene* took on a more disturbing quality as the months passed. By December '68, you could flip the latest Floyd flop single (*Point Me At The Sky*) and there was... Eugene, a macabre Struwwelpeter of a song, languid in tempo, lulling the listener to sweet slumber with drowsy drops of glockenspiel. Somewhere around the 1:30 mark, though, the lullaby became a penny dreadful. The words of the title were whispered, a strangled scream was heard and the axe fell again and again. After Gilmour's solo, the drama subsided and the song returned to its former calm state. The Pompeii version is justifiably highly rated, but the '69 performance on *Ummagumma* is better: a perfect coalescence of horror, the cosmos and the English countryside. **2C**

Grantchester Meadows

(from *Ummagumma*, 1969)

Innocent pre-Floyd Cambridge idyll recalled.

Both a bucolic elegy to a stretch of the Cam near Gilmour's childhood family home and a quiet cry of desperation. Waters over-eggs the pastoral with skylark chirps, a goose honk, and a parody of Barrett assonance ("Hear the lark and harken to the barking...") in an attempt to bring the bygone "sounds of yesterday into this city room": a return to innocence that would become the key theme of Waters' imperial Floyd work. **1M**

Explosion

(from *The Early Years 1970: Deviation*, 2016)

Sun-dazed psychotropia.

Possibly the best thing about 2016's mammoth *Early Years* box, the Floyd's unused contributions to 1970's Zabriskie Point soundtrack showcase the group at their most telepathic and agenda-free, contrasting the sun-kissed textures of *Crumbling Land* and its more leisurely cousins (*On The Highway*; *Love Scene Version 7*) with this head music high-watermark. Wright and Gilmour weave exquisitely up to a point at 2:50 when all the drugs kick in. The Verve used to think they were this good. **2E**

Atom Heart Mother Suite

(from *Atom Heart Mother*, 1970)

First proper mini-symphony.

Begun as the theme for an imaginary Western and described by eccentric

co-writer Ron Geesin (who worked on it in a garret in the sticky summer of 1970 wearing only underpants) as "Argument in E Minor For Band And Orchestra", *Atom Heart Mother* is deliciously overwrought with sound effects and Geesin's orchestral colourings, creating a kind of wartime stroll in the countryside under ominous skies. **11**

Fat Old Sun

(from *Atom Heart Mother*, 1970)

Gilmour shines solo – and plays the drums too!

Sounding like its writer is surveying a bucolic sunset through a haze of Red Leb, Gilmour's senses are working overtime here ("Distant bells/New mown grass smells"). *Fat Old Sun* has something of the *Abbey Road* Beatles about it and may be the dreamiest Floyd tune ever. Although often wiggled-out on-stage with various solos tripling its length, the studio version remains the most focused and mesmeric. **2D**

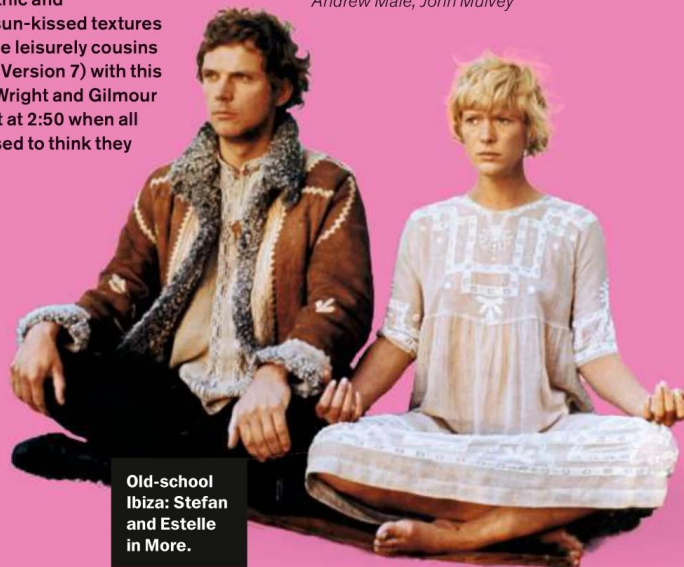
Fearless

(from *Meddle*, 1971)

Understated stoner rock meets football terrace chant.

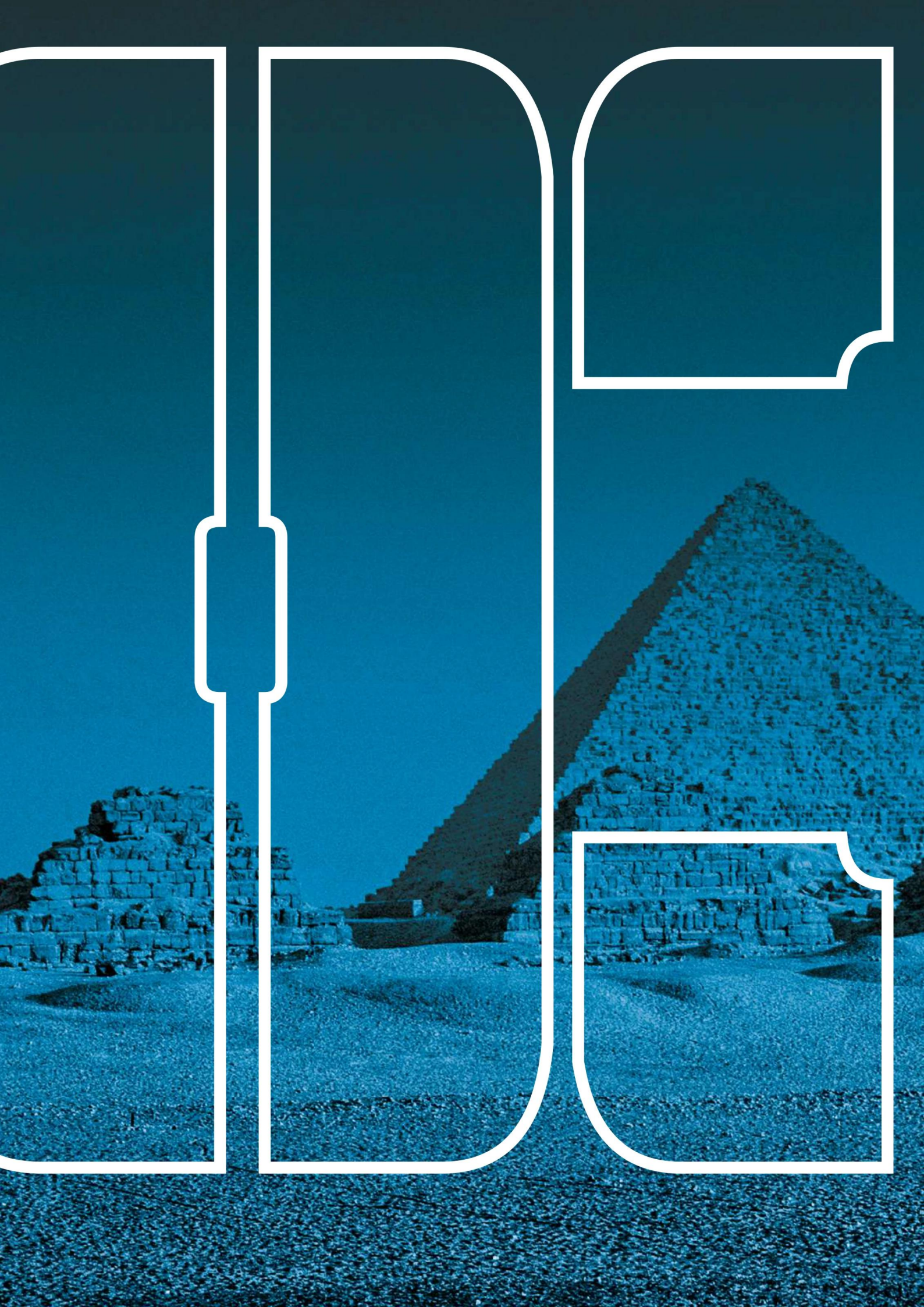
The strange case of *Fearless* continues to bemuse. Why did Floyd never perform this song in public? Fan polls routinely rank it among the band's greatest. The mystery stems from the roots. *Fearless* uses a highly unorthodox variant on the open G tuning. Waters credits Barrett with showing him this beautiful sequence of notes, but it's where Floyd take them that makes *Fearless* special. Gilmour's guitars pick their way upwards, in affirmation of the lyric: "You say the hill's too steep to climb/Chiding/You say you'd like to see me try..." Its mass appeal was highlighted by excerpts of the Anfield Kop singing *You'll Never Walk Alone*, which only rendered its absence from set-lists all the more bewildering. But, in October 2016, just weeks before the US presidential election, Waters finally accorded *Fearless* due status, playing it at the 2016 Desert Trip festival, juxtaposed with colossal backdrop images of war in Gaza and on America's streets, and accompanying slogans: "If you are not angry, you are not paying attention." Hardly subtle – but *Fearless* could take it. **1C**

WORDS: Keith Cameron, David Cavanagh, Tom Doyle, Danny Eccleston, Ian Harrison, Jim Irvin, Andrew Male, John Mulvey



Old-school Ibiza: Stefan and Estelle in *More*.







Eclipse

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CHILDHOOD'S MEDDLER

Syd-less and fancy free, Pink Floyd rode out the rest of the 1960s, peeing on their audience and creating music from the sound of mumbling roadies and dripping taps. Then came that gig in Pompeii and the subtle majesty of 1971's *Meddle*.

Words: Mark Blake Portrait: Aubrey Powell



Hippy chic: Pink Floyd,
Kensington Gardens,
London, 1969.

The music floating out of the Pompeii amphitheatre this afternoon in October 1971 is slow and tranquil, and in contrast to the clamour of the arena's ancient past. In the First Century AD, locals gathered to cheer as gladiators fought to the death below. Today's 'sport' consists of Pink Floyd, four English rock musicians, hunched over their instruments on the same spot where blood was once spilled. Instead of baying locals, their audience comprises roadies, a film crew and a few inquisitive youths who've followed the electricity cables running from Pompeii's cathedral into the crumbling venue.

Overhead, the Mediterranean sun casts shadows around Rick Wright's piano, the theatrical-looking gong suspended behind drummer Nick Mason's kit and a ragged line of amplifiers stencilled with the words 'Pink Floyd London'. Bassist Roger Waters, dressed from head to toe in forbidding black, taps out a slow rhythm with his foot, scuffing up tiny clouds of dust around his chi-chi leather boots.

Pink Floyd are playing a new composition called Echoes. The song lasts over 24 minutes, building from a languorous introduction before disintegrating into a cacophony of spooked sound effects. As the song returns to its opening theme, an overhead camera pans back to show a bird's-eye view of these four 20th-century musicians transplanted amid the Roman ruins. As pivotal moments in dramatic '70s rock go, Echoes, from the film *Pink Floyd At Pompeii*, is hard to beat.

Between 1968 and '70, the group had defied the odds, skirting commercial disaster to conjure four UK Top 10 albums out of a quixotic mix of art-house movie scoring, saucer-eyed space rock and semi-classical doodling. It was a period rife with identity crises and artistic confusion.

A month after Pink Floyd's Pompeii jaunt, Echoes emerged on *Middle*, an album destined to make sense of the group's probings since they'd left the path of pop in early 1968. It would light their way out of the underground and towards their mid-'70s status as one of the biggest-selling bands in the world. But it would be wrong to suggest that the route was immediately clear, or that the existential crisis that had forced Pink Floyd into the role of rambling experimentalists had been instantly dispersed. Where, exactly, did Pink Floyd think they were going?

Since Syd Barrett's muddled departure, the band had sustained themselves with a combination of naive self-belief and the goodwill remaining from their early hits. The transition had not been easy, and was a departure for David Gilmour, a musician who'd spent the past few years performing pop covers.

"In one of the first rehearsals we did, Roger [Waters] got so unbearably awful, that I stomped out of the rehearsal room for a few hours," he recalled. "I was just trying to be a part of what was going on – I was playing a bit of Hendrix, a bit of Syd. I don't think the band had fixed ideas about what I should do or how I should do it."

Gilmour and the rest of Pink Floyd learned on the job. "*A Saucerful Of Secrets* helped us sort out a direction," said Mason at the time. "We're not competing for who can play the guitar fastest. It's actually about finding that you can provoke the most extraordinary sounds from a piano by scratching around inside it."

Still, EMI had their reservations. "Their attitude was, 'Yes, that's very nice, but now you have to get back to making proper records,'" recalled Waters.

But the group were investigating further alternatives to "proper records". That summer, Waters told Melody Maker that Floyd had applied for a £5,000 Arts Council grant to stage a live production of a new piece, which he compared to Homer's *The Iliad*. Meanwhile, there was film work; notably their score for Barbet Schroeder's *More*, completed in a hectic nine days at Pye Studios.

For a band later renowned for wasting days at Abbey Road nibbling at half-formed ideas, this was fast work, and the results were equally impressive. Better still, Floyd's *More* soundtrack cracked the UK Top 10.

Live, Floyd pounded the college circuit and played fund raisers for the Glasgow Arts Lab and the Camden Fringe Festival; their increasingly unconventional approach continuing to curry favour with Afghan-coated 'heads'.

But the degree to which Floyd and the underground were attuned was still moot. Wright and Gilmour smoked weed, but Waters and Mason preferred scotch, and the former had sworn off LSD after his second 'trip' in New York in 1968 found him "stuck halfway across Eighth Avenue while trying to buy a sandwich and a bottle of milk... frozen and unable to move."

In July 1969 the BBC asked Pink Floyd to play live as they broadcast footage of the Apollo 11 moon landing. The group utilised material from *The Man*, one of two compositions they'd been working on since before *More*. Also known as *The Massed Gadgets Of Auximenes*, *The Man* and *The Journey* marked Pink Floyd's inaugural trip into what Waters called "inner, not outer space".

"The Man and The Journey was the story of a day in the life of Everyman," Waters explained in 1971. "Sleep, Work, Play, Start Again..."

That summer, Floyd played a show billed as 'The Final Lunacy' at London's Royal Albert Hall. Partway through *The Journey* one of their art-school friends, Peter Dockley, appeared in the aisle, dressed as an orc-like beast, nicknamed 'the tar monster', and sprayed the audience with fake urine from a large plastic phallus. Earlier at a concert at the Royal Festival Hall, the band sawed wood and hammered nails on-stage to dramatise the *Work* theme, before being served tea by their road crew.

"They spent 20 minutes building a table," recalls Hipgnosis' Aubrey 'Po' Powell. "It was incredibly avant-garde and shocking, but the longer it went on I started to feel slightly embarrassed and awkward. I'm not sure they felt totally comfortable either, especially David Gilmour. In retrospect, it was the beginning of what Roger Waters has since described as 'electric theatre'."

"It was all part of Roger's desire to make a bigger show," confirmed Rick Wright.

However, neither *The Man* or *The Journey* were deemed suitable the next time Floyd prepared to make an album, in January 1969. "Everybody assembled on the first day at Abbey Road," recalls engineer Peter Mew. "[Producer] Norman Smith asked, 'Have you got any songs?' To which they replied, 'No'."

It was decided that each band member would have a quarter of the album each to pilot a separate song, but not everyone was sold on the idea. "I experienced abject terror," admitted Gilmour. "We didn't know what the fuck else to do." In desperation, he asked Waters to write lyrics for him, but the bassist refused. In the end, Gilmour fashioned part of *The Journey* into *The Narrow Way*, one of the more inviting of the finished album's solo tracks.

Ummagumma (a slang term for sex coined by a Floyd roadie/familiar nicknamed Emo) appeared in November '69. It was a double album containing two sides of live material as well as their latest 'solo' works. But to hear the band thundering through their UFO signature tune *Interstellar Overdrive* next to Waters' musique concrète-meets-BBC Radiophonic Workshop experiment, *Several Species Of* ▶

"PINK FLOYD ASSEMBLED ON THE FIRST DAY. NORMAN SMITH ASKED, 'HAVE YOU GOT ANY SONGS?' THEY REPLIED, 'NO.'"

Peter Mew

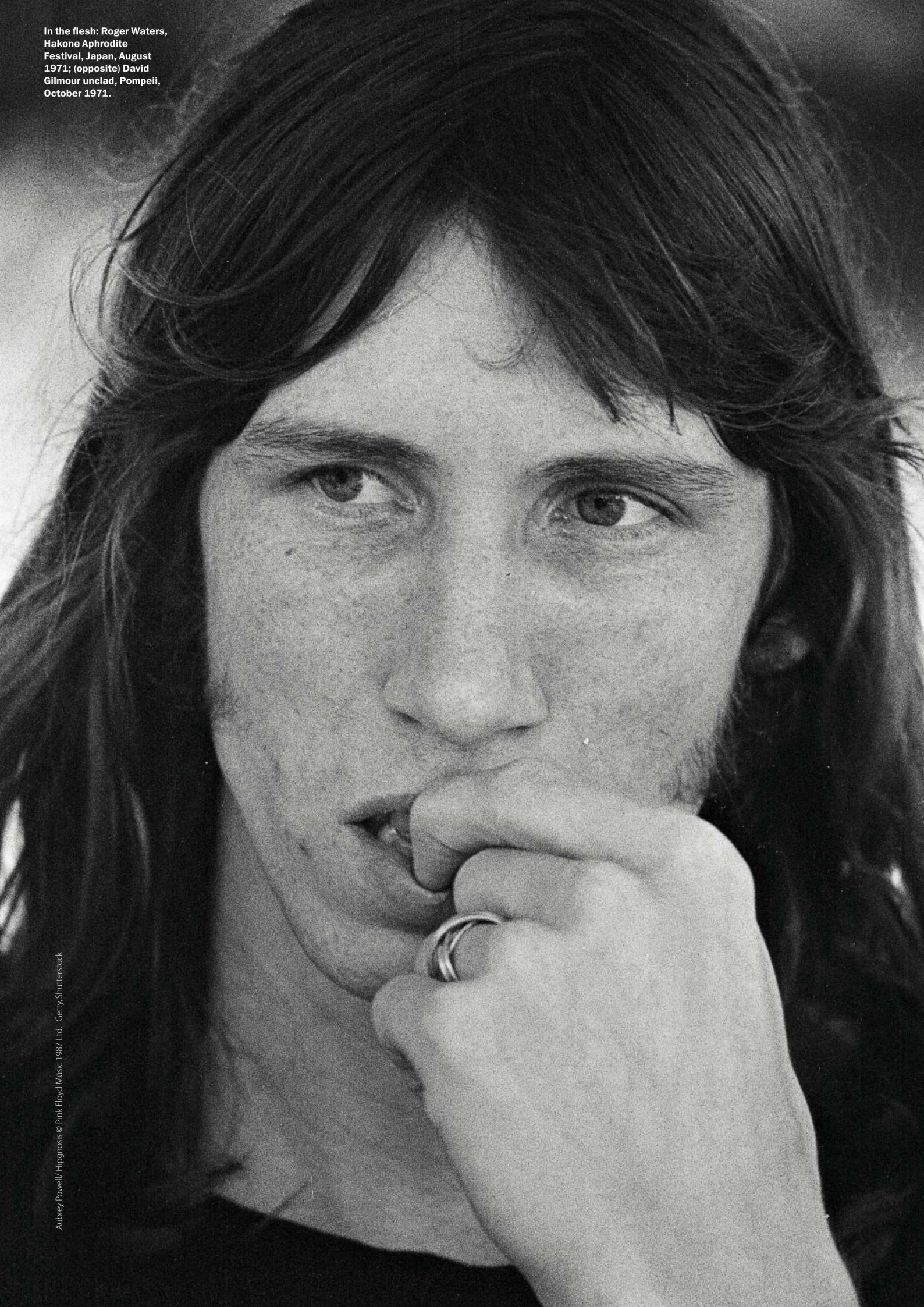


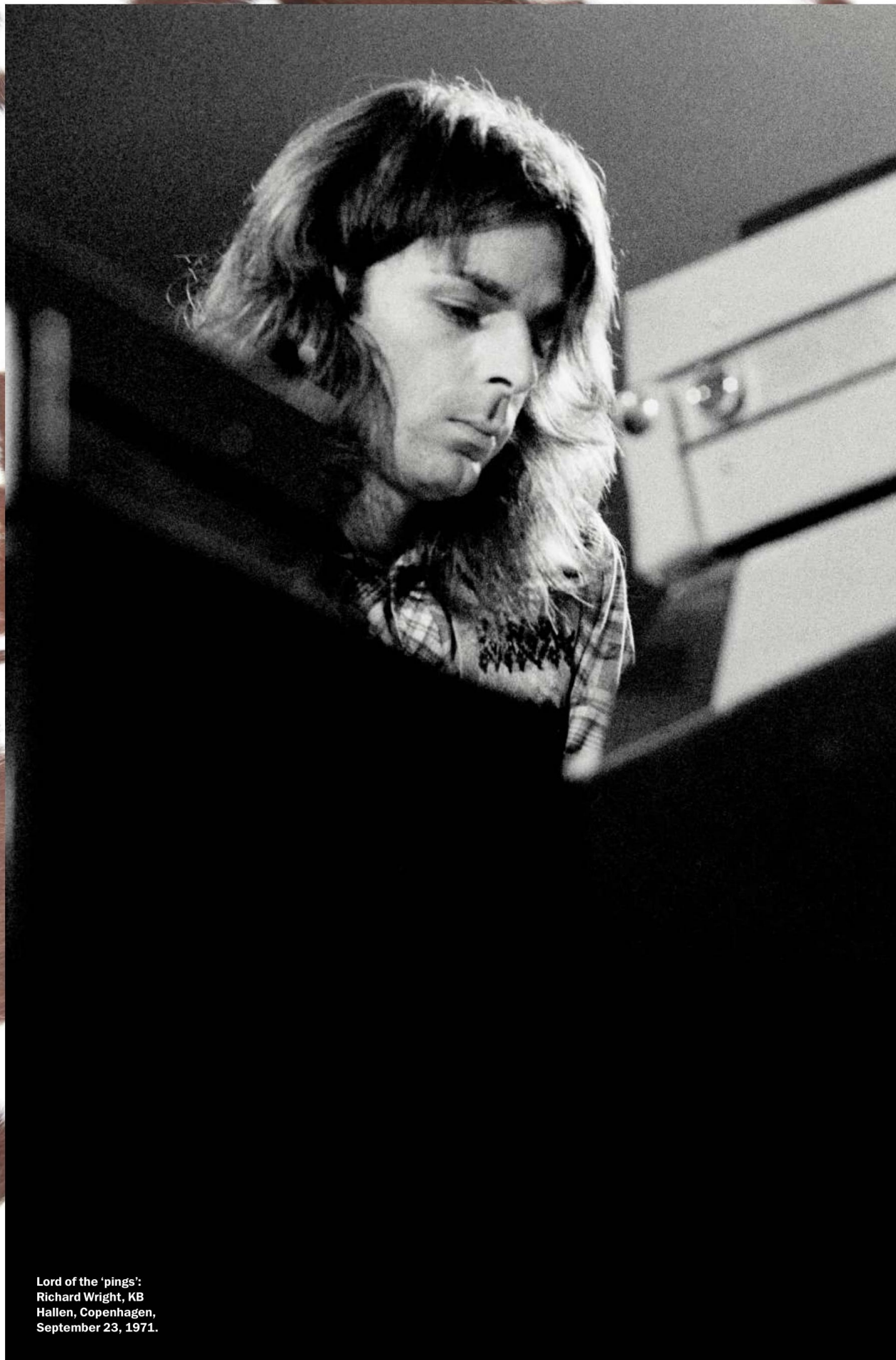
Have a cigar: Nick
Mason inhaling,
October 1971.





In the flesh: Roger Waters,
Hakone Aphrodite
Festival, Japan, August
1971; (opposite) David
Gilmour unclad, Pompeii,
October 1971.





Lord of the 'pings':
Richard Wright, KB
Hallen, Copenhagen,
September 23, 1971.

◀ Small Furry Animals Gathered Together In A Cave And Grooving With A Pict, illustrated how much Pink Floyd had changed – and not entirely for the better.

Rick Wright's piano concerto *Sisyphus* and Nick Mason's percussion odyssey *The Grand Vizier's Garden Party* were similarly ambitious but challenging. "*Ummagumma* proves we did better when everyone worked together rather than as individuals," admitted the drummer.

Floyd's audience seemed happy enough, though. *Ummagumma* reached Number 3, making it the group's highest charting album so far – a boost for EMI's new Harvest imprint, which was being pitched as 'the home of progressive music'. On a roster that included psychedelic folkies East Of Eden and counterculture heavies Edgar Broughton Band, Pink Floyd led the field in terms of profile, sales but also sound.

Their status as the intellectuals' rock'n'roll band was underlined when *Blow Up!* director Michelangelo Antonioni hired them to write the music for *Zabriskie Point*, his formless eulogy to sexy student radicals confronting *The Man*. But the work ethic that had borne fruit on the *More* project was abandoned.

Instead, the band checked into an up-market hotel in Rome and proceeded to work their way through the wine list on Antonioni's dollar. Harder to please than Barbet Schroeder, the Italian included only three of Floyd's compositions on the soundtrack. "You'd change whatever was wrong and he'd still be unhappy," recalled Waters. "It was hell."

Meanwhile, with their bank accounts looking healthier since the success of *Ummagumma*, Pink Floyd

had been slowly clearing their debts from the Jenner/King era and making money. Mason and Waters had married their childhood sweethearts, Lindy Rutter and Judy Trim, and bought townhouses in Camden and Islington respectively. Rick Wright had married long-term girlfriend Juliette Gale, and had just become a father.

Only David Gilmour was still enjoying a rock-star-about-town lifestyle. His Earls Court pad overlooked Syd Barrett's flat, and featured a handy grass verge beneath the balcony, allowing a soft landing for any house guest who might accidentally topple over while out of their mind on Mandrax. Soon, though, Gilmour would move out to the country, purchasing a farmhouse in Roydon, Essex, where he would later live with his American girlfriend, 'Ginger' Hasenbein.

A regular at Rick Wright's Bayswater dinner parties was Scottish poet and jazz musician Ron Geesin. Geesin had seen Pink Floyd at UFO. Although he wasn't impressed by what he calls "their astral wanderings", he was happy to hang out with them now, listening to jazz and arguing about politics, albeit with one caveat: "Whenever any pot smoking started, I stayed out of it. I was a pint-of-beer man."

With Waters, Geesin co-wrote the soundtrack to Roy Battersby's eccentric documentary introduction to human biology, *The Body*, and before long he'd signed up to help out on Pink Floyd's next long-player, *Atom Heart Mother*.

"Pink Floyd were all essentially 'very nice boys' – sensitive, well-educated and considerate," Geesin told me in 2006. "But by the time I appeared, they had also hit creative exhaustion. They needed an outside view."

Among the *Zabriskie Point* leftovers was a guitar theme that would become the catalyst for a 20-minute composition – provisionally titled *The Amazing Pudding* – to which Geesin would write a score for brass musicians and a choir.

First, Waters and Mason were tasked with recording the backing track. Unfortunately, EMI had imposed a new rule rationing tape at Abbey Road, meaning the rhythm section were restricted to just one erratic take before disappearing on a US tour.

"They handed me this track and left me to get on with it," says Geesin. "I sat in my studio stripped to my underpants in the unbelievably hot summer of 1970 and wrote out a score for a choir and brass players. It was incredibly hard work."

But the backing track's wavering tempo and Geesin's inexperience as a conductor led to problems when he and the band reconvened at Abbey Road with EMI's top session players. "One horn player was especially mouthy," Geesin recalls. When Ron threatened to punch the recalcitrant musician "they had me removed". The more emollient conductor John Aldiss replaced him, and the Floyd's new suite was completed without any blood being spilled.

The six-part piece, destined to become *Atom Heart Mother*'s title track, fused brass, strings and a choir with some distinctively sleepy guitar and organ fills. The album's second half comprised four individual songs, including Gilmour's melodious *Fat Old Sun*, and concluded with the comical Alan's *Psychodelic Breakfast*, which incorporated the sound of sizzling bacon, dripping taps and mumbling roadie Alan Styles reproduced in glorious quadraphonic.

Fat Old Sun would prove a turning point for David Gilmour. A year on from *The Narrow Way*, his confidence as a writer had grown immeasurably. "I still think it's a fantastic song," he said of the tune he'd later roll out at solo shows in the 21st century. "It felt like I was giving something properly of myself." So certain was Gilmour of what he wanted he played drums on the song instead of Mason. The dynamic within the group was changing.

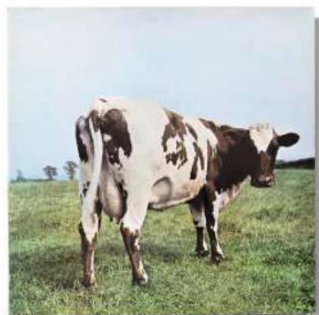
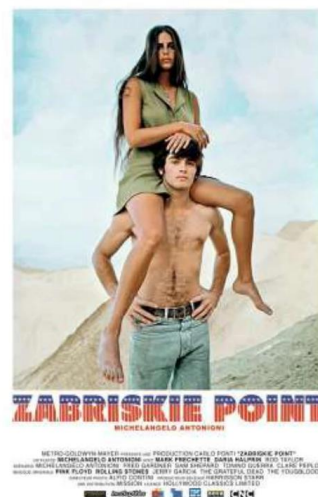
"My report card for *Atom Heart Mother* would be: good idea, could try harder," said the drummer. Waters would later condemn the whole album as "horrible", yet it presaged the future with the ambition and seriousness of *Side One* and the accessible melancholy of *Side Two*'s pithier songs. And if the music was variable, there was still the sleeve to enjoy. According to Storm Thorgerson, Hipgnosis had chosen an image "as un-cosmic as we could find" and stuck a photo of a cow on the cover. "Pink Floyd's most human LP," according to Sounds, reached Number 1 in October '70.

Within the group it seemed like a hollow victory. Roger Waters was soon telling interviewers that he was "bored with most of the stuff we play" – soon to be a familiar mantra. And when French choreographer Roland Petit asked Floyd to compose the score for a ballet based on Marcel Proust's epic novel *À La Recherche Du Temps*, they jumped at the chance, although the idea never came to fruition.

But the art-house movie scores, the ballets and the experimentation couldn't hide the fact that Floyd's greatest strength was now more conventional song-writing. The classically trained Wright may have listened to Stockhausen, but, collectively, Floyd were Beatles and Dylan fans, whose guitarist/vocalist used to sing Sam & Dave and Four Seasons covers.

Unlike their friendly rivals at UFO, the experimental Soft Machine, Floyd's approach to experimentation came from rock, not jazz or the European avant-garde, and had been partly dictated by their inability to write conventional pop songs after Barrett left.

Three years on, that had all changed. ▶



"PINK FLOYD WERE ALL ESSENTIALLY VERY NICE BOYS, BUT BY THE TIME I APPEARED, THEY HAD ALSO HIT CREATIVE EXHAUSTION."

Ron Geesin



Atomic booster: Ron Geesin.

◀ “In a few months you will probably be hearing an entirely different side to the group,” forewarned Gilmour in Melody Maker. “*Atom Heart Mother* was the beginning of an end.”

In January 1971, Pink Floyd started work on what would become *Meddle* in Abbey Road, later moving to George Martin's Air Studios. For the first time, the band were producing themselves, without any input from Norman Smith, and the early indications were inauspicious.

“They spent days and days working on what people now call the Household Objects project,” says John Leckie, the future Radioproducer, then a 22-year-old tape op at Abbey Road. “They were tearing newspapers to get a rhythm and letting off anaerosol can to get a hi-hat sound.” “It was like we were setting ourselves obstacles to overcome,” Gilmour admitted.

“MEDDLE WOULD
BECOME THE
TEMPLATE FOR
EVERYTHING
ELSE WE WOULD
EVER DO.”

Nick Mason

By the end of February, they had assembled what Leckie remembers as “lots of ideas – a bit of guitar jiggerypokery, a bit of piano, a bit of sound effects...” The pieces were all titled Nothing: Nothing 1, Nothing 2, up to Nothing 36.

Recording continued in bursts between live gigs. Steve O'Rourke had cut a shrewd deal with EMI which allowed Floyd unlimited time at Abbey Road. It wasn't unusual for a session to start at 2pm and not finish until 4am and, says Leckie, “for nothing to get done”. By spring, though, various Nothings had

been arranged into some kind of order.

Having to stop the sessions to play live gave the band the opportunity to test out the ideas. In April, the group premiered a piece they called The Return Of The Son Of Nothing in the liniment-steeped surroundings of Norwich Lads Club. On May 15, just as EMI released *Relics*, a budget compilation of Floyd singles and curios, the band played the Crystal Palace Garden Party, by which time The Return Of The Son Of Nothing had been re-named Echoes.

The show offered another chance for Waters to explore his growing concept of ‘electric theatre’. Former ‘Tar Monster’ Peter Dinkley was back on the payroll and tasked with heaving dry ice into the lake in front of the stage, while Floyd's latest prop, a huge inflatable octopus, struggled to inflate in the water.

The music, though, proved more buoyant. When Pink Floyd returned to Abbey Road at the end of the month, John Leckie realised that the Nothings had been “knocked into shape”.

At 23:31 minutes, Echoes would take up the whole second side of *Meddle*. It began with a Rick Wright piano note fed through a Leslie spinning-speaker cabinet and transformed into a ‘ping’ – like the ghostly call of a submarine-seeking sonar. From here the piece shifted through changes of pace and mood, before building to an eerie middle section, with a noise similar to crying seagulls. The sound had been discovered by accident when Gilmour's wah-wah pedal was wired incorrectly. The music may have emerged from a process of trial and error, but the lyrics saw Waters making a concerted effort to dump what he called “the airy-fairy mystical bollocks”.

A lyric about “strangers passing in the street... by chance, two separate glances meet” dealt with real life. It marked the emergence of Waters as a serious lyricist and Pink Floyd as a band that dealt with human emotions, rather than, as Mason put it, “anything to do with aliens”.

Two years earlier Waters had watched commuters from the window of his Shepherd's Bush flat, hurrying down the Goldhawk Road every morning and evening, and filed away this image of ant-like humanity trapped in their ‘sleep, work, play, start again’ cycle. “A lot of people go to school and the great boot comes down on top of them, and they never get out from under it again,”

he said. “Music is a very real way of communing with people.”

While Echoes found Pink Floyd discovering a new sound and approach, rivalry within the band was increasing. John Leckie had a ringside seat: “Roger was the leader. He took command, sat at the desk, and Dave always objected and was grumpy. Rick wouldn't say anything for days, but his piano playing was always the highlight of any session.”

Despite the creative tension, the overall mood of the music was almost inviting. After rumbling, instrumental opener One Of These Days, the rest of Side One evoked an English summer's day lazing by the River Cam. There was the starry-eyed A Pillow Of Winds – the title inspired by a scoring combination in mah-jong – and Fearless (for Leckie “the highlight of that first side”), with its uplifting lyric and closing chorus of the Liverpool FC's Kop Choir singing You'll Never Walk Alone.

Collectively, *Meddle* finessed all the best elements of Pink Floyd's work over the previous three years: it was atmospheric and strafed with trippy sound effects to keep Harvest's target audience of freaks and heads on side, but was also streamlined, focused and full of great melodies. The only thing that let it down was its cover.

While on tour in Japan, Waters had telephoned Storm Thorgerson to talk ideas for the artwork. Storm proposed a close-up of a baboon's anus. They ended up with a close-up of a human ear underwater. “Unlike *Atom Heart Mother*,” confided Thorgerson, “I think the music on *Meddle* is much better than the sleeve.”

Still agreeable to the idea of their music being used in films, the band joined French director Adrian Maben in Pompeii in October. With its footage of the band playing in a deserted amphitheatre and roaming the lava-strewn landscape in their best hippy finery, Pink Floyd At Pompeii retains a wonderful sense of time and place. “I'm glad it's there,” said Waters in 2005. “It's a nice document.”

Meddle was released in October 1971. Oddly, Pink Floyd's best work yet only made it to Number 3 in the UK, denied the top spot achieved by *Atom Heart Mother*. A critical review in Melody Maker provoked a mischievous response, when the band mailed a spring-loaded boxing glove in a box to deputy editor Michael Watts. They might have considered sending one to their American label, Capitol, when *Meddle* just scraped into the US Top 70.

Meddle's reputation, though, has grown immeasurably in the years since its release. “It was us realising that the best way for Pink Floyd to work was together, as a band,” reflected Nick Mason. “It would become the template for everything else we would ever do.”

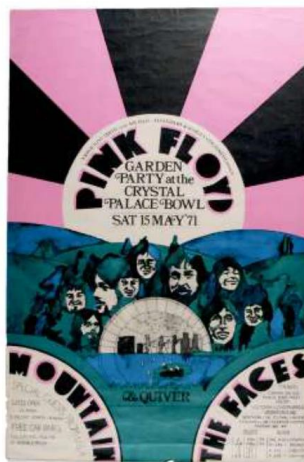
Years of what David Gilmour called “floundering around in the dark” had paid off. *Meddle* is more than just a precursor to *The Dark Side Of The Moon*, it's the first chapter in a success story that would later include *Dark Side...*, *Wish You Were Here* and *The Wall*.

Evidence of the great affection in which the album is held came during Gilmour's 2006 solo tour, where Echoes closed the main set. Rick Wright was touring in Gilmour's band, the keyboard player now a gentlemanly 63-year-old rather than the bearded, bare-chested hippy of Pink Floyd At Pompeii.

As Wright prepared to play Echoes' famous opening note, it wasn't unusual to hear a voice shout from the audience: “Give us a ping, Rick!” Wright would smile, and pause long enough to enjoy the moment before obliging with Echoes' opening note.

For the next 20 minutes, audiences could close their eyes and be transported back to autumn 1971, a sun-baked afternoon in a crumbling Roman amphitheatre, and the sound of Pink Floyd, soon to become one of the biggest rock bands in the world, unwittingly mapping out the road ahead.

Mark Blake is the author of *Pigs Might Fly: The Inside Story Of Pink Floyd*, published by Aurum Press.

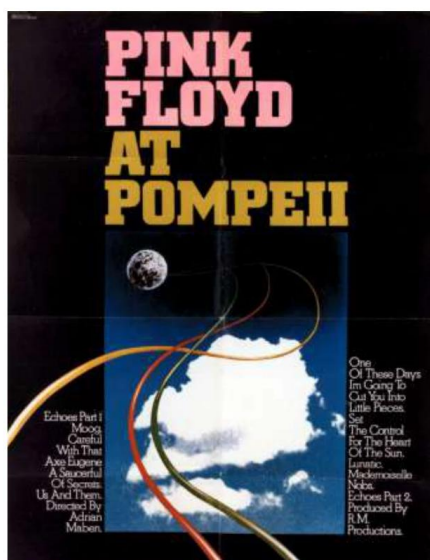


Summertime blues: Crystal Palace Garden Party, May 15, 1971; (below) looking bored "with the airy-fairy mystical bollocks", 1970.



THE ITALIAN JOB

Director Adrian Maben revisits the making of the “anti-Woodstock” movie, Pink Floyd At Pompeii.



Volcanic rock: promotional posters (above and opposite) for the film, *Pink Floyd At Pompeii*, released in 1973.

“Anyone been to Pompeii? I want to know if I can wander around the amphitheatre where Pink Floyd played?” was a question recently posted online. Interestingly, it would seem some people visit the historical site not for the ruins but to see the place where Pink Floyd played.

By 1970 I had the idea that concert films with audiences jumping around were becoming a cliché. Woodstock was the best or worst example, depending on your point of view. *Pink Floyd At Pompeii* was conceived as an anti-Woodstock film, where there would be zero audience, except for cameramen, their assistants and one script girl. It would make visible everything that is normally kept hidden. But Pompeii was an integral part of the film. Destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in 79AD, its amphitheatre, streets, ruined temples and mosaics seemed to be linked to Pink Floyd’s music.

I visited Pompeii in the summer of 1971 and spent one lunchtime eating sandwiches with my girlfriend on the stone seats of the amphitheatre. Later that evening I realised I’d lost my passport and must have dropped it at the venue. I persuaded the guards at the entrance to let me back in. It was around 8pm, and the light was fading fast. Bats were flitting overhead and you could hear insect noises reverberating around the walls. Immediately and instinctively I knew this was the place for the film.

I returned to our hotel and wrote a letter to Pink Floyd’s manager Steve O’Rourke in London. I suggested that Pompeii had everything for a concert film, and it would be unprecedented for a rock group to choose this historical site.

Pink Floyd agreed, but problems played havoc with our planned six-day schedule in October. On Day One, we couldn’t get the electricity to work. On Day Two, the same thing happened again in spite of help from the Italian electricity board.

Since we couldn’t film anything in the amphitheatre, we went to nearby Pozzuoli

intending to show the Floyd wandering around pools of bubbling mud. Alas, this was the first Sunday in October, the day of the procession of the Madonna, the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary, between the Cathedral of Pompeii and the Piazza Garibaldi in Naples. Thousands of pilgrims blocked the streets, so Pink Floyd and the camera crew sat in their car and waited – for three hours.

I began to think the film had been cursed and that we would never be able to shoot anything. But we stuck it out and eventually arrived in Pozzuoli and shot some images around the volcanic crater Solfatara. On our return to the amphitheatre we finally received some good news: the electricity was working. A very long cable had been connected from the cathedral to the venue.

Then, on the evening before the shoot was due to begin, Steve O’Rourke came to see me with a test pressing of *Meddle* and played us the new song *Echoes*. “That’s what we want to do,” he said.

I pointed out that my detailed script work and timings had been planned for their earlier pieces, and that it would be impossible to re-do everything the night before the first day of shooting.

After a certain amount of discussion we agreed we’d film *Echoes* first, before playing at least two older numbers. On the day, they performed *A Saucerful Of Secrets* and another new track, *One Of These Days*. In the meantime, I borrowed a portable plastic gramophone from the hotel concierge and worked all night with a stopwatch, a ruler and an exercise book, calculating the camera positions and movements in relation to the music.

The film was shot in 35mm on four cameras, and the recording was made on an eight-track machine. After each shot, the band would stop playing and listen. I distinctly remember seeing them huddled around the recorder checking very



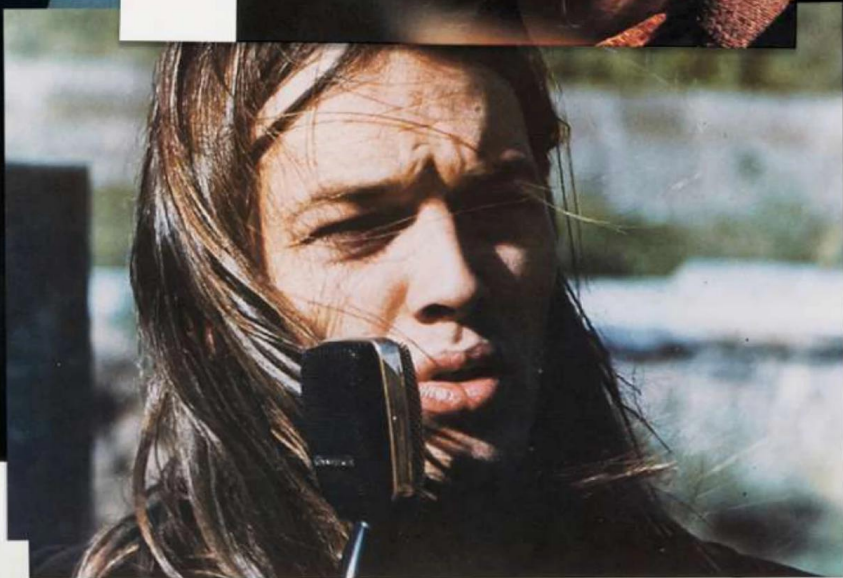
PINK FLOYD A cinema concert !

PINK FLOYD

A cinema concert !



PINK FLOYD A cinema concert !



PINK FLOYD A cinema concert !

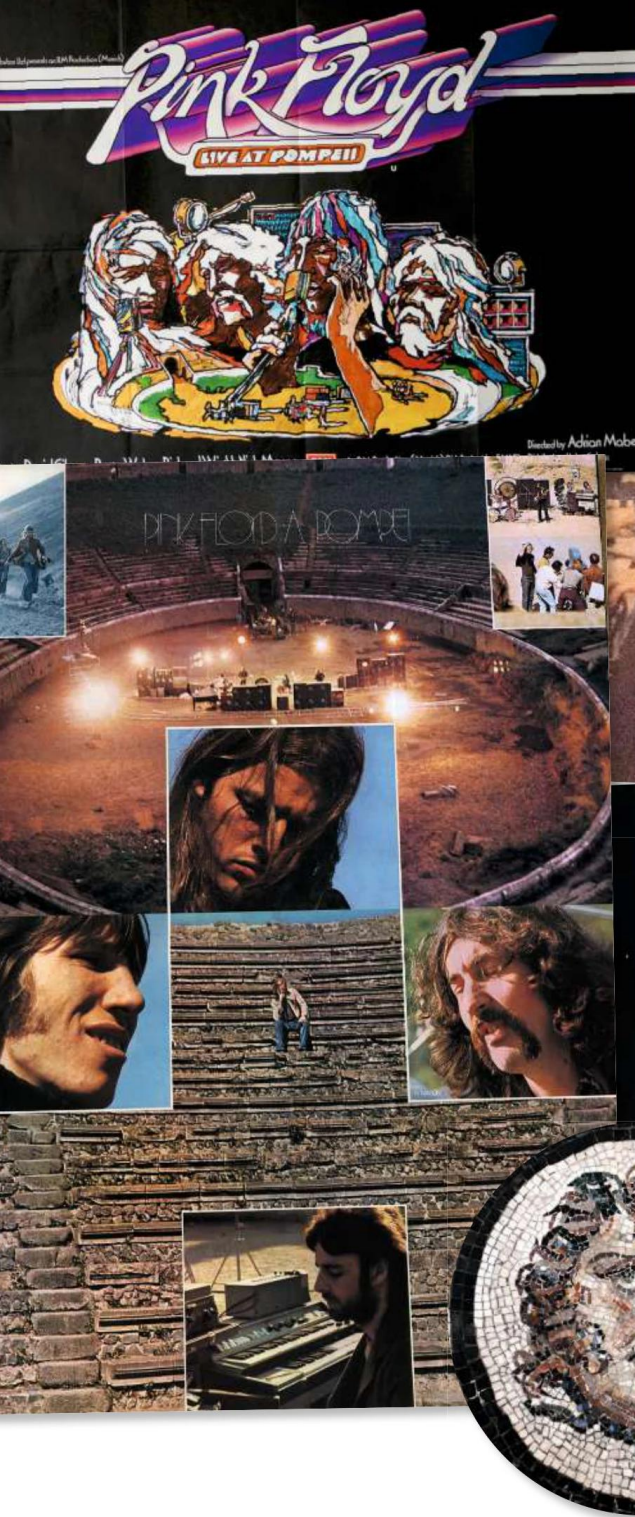


PINK FLOYD

A cinema concert !



PINK FLOYD A cinema concert !



"THE AMPHITHEATRE, RUINED TEMPLES AND MOSAICS SEEMED TO BE LINKED TO PINK FLOYD'S MUSIC."

◀ carefully what they had just done. If they found mistakes, they would do it again until they were satisfied.

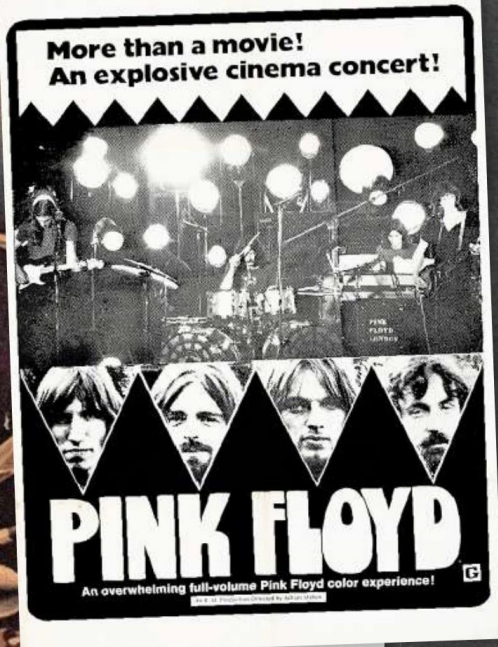
Unfortunately, there was the ongoing problem of expensive 35mm film, and it was clear we'd never finish the shoot with the stock we had. The producer said it was too expensive. I came up with the idea of recording the numbers we'd agreed on, but leaving gaps in the film that could be filled in when the band came to Paris later in the year.

The second shoot at the Studios de Boulogne in December went surprisingly smoothly, and we filmed three additional numbers: *Careful With That Axe, Eugene*, *Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun* and *Mademoiselle Nobs* (which became *Seamus on the Meddle* LP). While in Paris, the group visited the Europa-Sonor Wagram studio, and spent the day

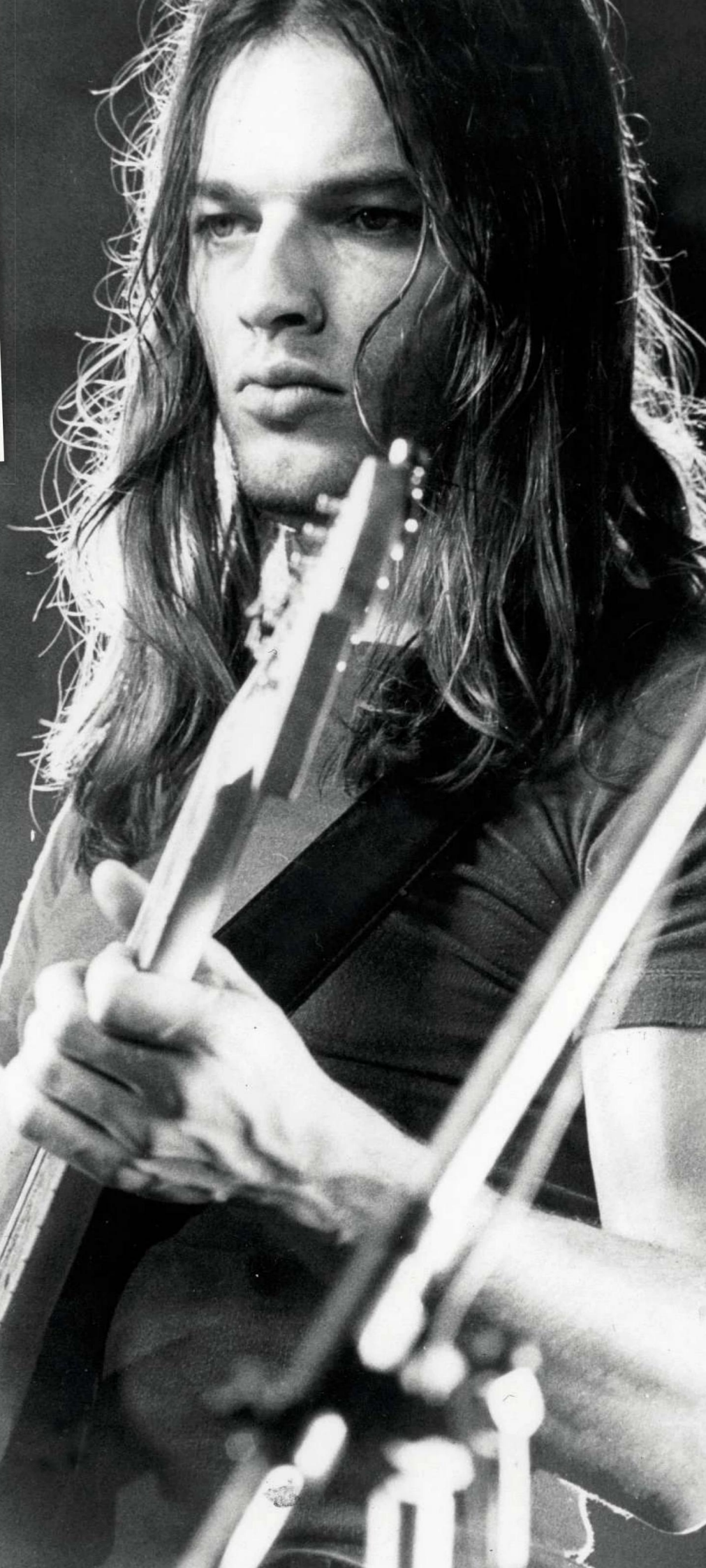
improving what had already been recorded, drinking beer and eating oysters. I'd brought along a 16mm camera, some film and a cameraman. The laughter, cutting remarks and jokes about oysters, which appeared in the subsequent interview, summed up Pink Floyd as they were at the end of 1971.

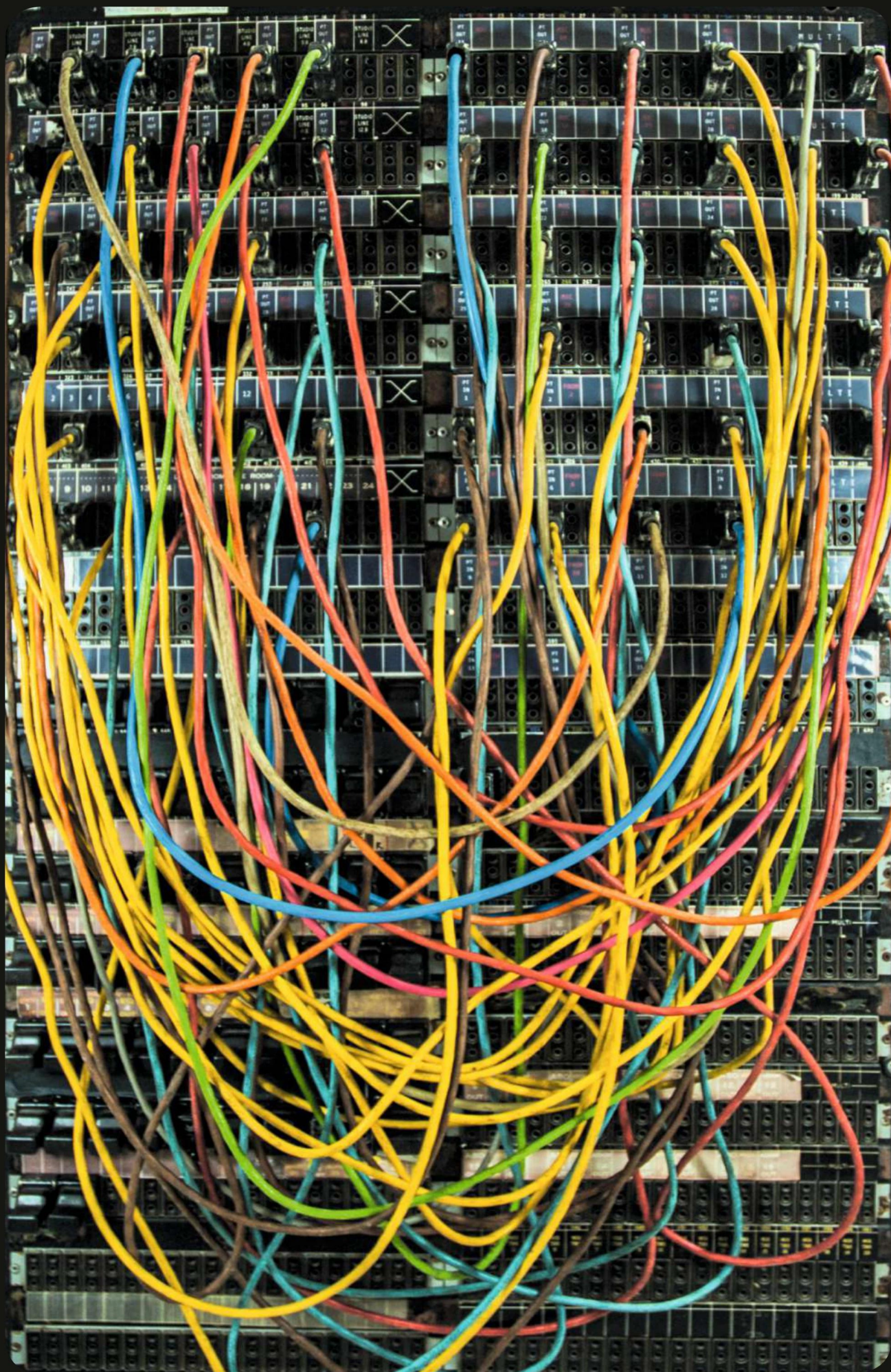
One year later, I timidly asked Roger Waters about doing a third shoot. He replied, "I will think about it."

I must ask the others, of course." Two months later, I got a call: "Come over to Abbey Road next week. One camera only and no interference with the recording." It turned out that I had been asked to film the band making *The Dark Side of The Moon*. Good luck, I suppose. But, as Pasteur, once remarked: "Chance favours people who are well prepared" – or words to that effect. ●



Movie night: Pink Floyd, live at Pompeii, October 1971; (top, centre) Studios de Boulogne, Paris, December '71.





A
SHOT
IN THE

DA

ARK

Pink Floyd were bored and seeking inspiration. They found it in wilful studio experimentation and by condensing all our earthly woes into 43 cosmic minutes. Enter: *The Dark Side Of The Moon.*

Words:
Phil Sutcliffe



Pink Floyd's *The Dark Side Of The Moon*

is one of the great monuments of rock history – as overwhelming aesthetically as it is statistically. It's impressive to think it's currently sold over 45 million copies worldwide. Despite never actually reaching Number 1 in the UK, it stayed in the Top 75 for 310 consecutive weeks from the day of release on March, 1, 1973. Meanwhile, in America, where it did make

Number 1, it swanned around the Billboard Top 200 for 740 straight weeks. But it remains even more impressive to listen to it.

Without *The Dark Side Of The Moon*, Pink Floyd might have remained a fascinating eccentricity of the post-hippy era. None of their six previous albums had sold more than 250,000 copies, and in America their LPs had never risen higher than *Atom Heart Mother's* Number 55 in 1970.

The question, "Why *The Dark Side Of The Moon*?", is unanswerable except by generalities. The key appears to be the acute balance of opposites. It's full of electronics, technology, sound effects, synthesizers, space, intellectuality, but it's also full of soul, big emotions, voices singing – and speaking – from the heart, and guitars and saxophones doing the same. It's full of great big noises – and quietness that's almost subsonic.

Then there's the language. Roger Waters concentrated on symbols of simple, fundamental extremes: "the sun and the moon, the light and the dark, the good and the bad, the life force as opposed to the death force," as he once put it. And somehow this did not come across as an academic exercise – perhaps because of what he expressed once when explaining what the album's title (taken from the song Brain Damage) meant to him: "The line 'I'll see you on the dark side of the moon' is me speaking to the listener, saying, I know you have these bad feelings, because I do too, and one of the ways I can make contact with you is to share that I feel bad sometimes."

Plenty of artists can explain their work lucidly, but it doesn't mean their music will touch millions for over a quarter of a century. Part of the album's power must lie in the background and experience of the four members of Pink Floyd. All of them broadly middle-class, they'd been touched by the mental discipline and orderliness of a decent education.

Only up to a point, though. Then they veered away into London's late-'60s underground, but never lost the quintessentially English emotional reserve they all share. Pink Floyd learnt to dig out of themselves a sliver of the wildness of their friend Syd Barrett, and learnt to bring to bear some of the hard feelings they admired in R&B.

Beyond such rationalisation, lies an unfathomable 90 per cent of the music, the music makers and the way their listeners respond to them. Pink Floyd thought they had made a great album and then millions of other people agreed. But within that satisfactory outcome, many of the detailed ramifications had nothing to do with the band's character or intentions.

The *Dark Side Of The Moon* was widely enjoyed as great drug music, the soundtrack to a perfect trip on the listener's narcotic vehicle of choice. It was widely assumed Pink Floyd were similarly loaded. Not so, says David Gilmour.

"Roger's and Nick's largest indulgence was alcohol, mine and Rick's involved the occasional reefer," he allows. "But at that time we were nothing like our image. LSD certainly wasn't on our menu after Syd left. We've never got away from that reputation, though."

By late 1971, when they started to write *The Dark Side Of The Moon*, Gilmour was the only unmarried member of Pink Floyd. Mason and Wright both had their first children. They were serious men with serious lives, making a serious album.

Nevertheless, success took it beyond their control, beyond anything they meant (or *thought* they meant). The fate of *The Great Gig In The Sky*, closing Side One of the original vinyl, best illustrates how far music can

get away from its creators. Conceptually proposed as a track about death, after the album's release it became a favourite backing tape for Amsterdam sex shows in the '70s. Then, in 1990, Australian radio listeners voted it The World's Best Song To Make Love To, and Nurofen later adopted it, through a facsimile re-recording, as their soundtrack to a god-awful headache and its cure. Magic is a funny business.

Think Pink Floyd and you still think years spent in the studio, hundreds of takes and obsessive perfectionism. Because of its monolithic standing, *Dark Side...* has been absorbed into that picture of rock in its grand old man phase. But its true story is of non-stop tearing around.

It started in a rush. Albeit a sit-down-and-think sort of rush. A North American tour closed in Cincinnati on November 20, 1971. The band reconvened in London about 10 days later at a familiar rehearsal studio in Broadhurst Gardens, near West Hampstead tube station, with a view to writing a new album. But there could be no idle waiting on a visitation from the muse. A harsh deadline had presented itself.

Their first substantial British tour for four years was booked to start on January 20. Yet reviewers had been saying their shows had gone stale for lack of new material. In the context of the times, the band tended to agree. In interviews earlier that year, they'd admitted they were disappointed by their last two albums, *Ummagumma* and *Atom Heart Mother*. Waters pronounced himself "bored with most of the stuff we play" and Mason that he was "dying of boredom".

However, they were not despondent. They saw their latest album, the just-released *Meddle*, as a step in the right direction – especially the side-long track Echoes, described by Waters as "an epic sound poem". They fancied some more of that and, used to testing out new material on tour, decided the songs for their next album should be ready and roadworthy to form the first half of their live show within six or seven weeks.

There was nothing high-flown about their next move. "When we started on a new album we'd always dredge through old tapes to see if there was anything left over we could make use of," says Gilmour.

This was hardly a sign of desperation; a fairly prolific band, always involved in several fringe projects outside their own albums, they could generally come up with a lump or two of somewhat tarnished gold. And again it worked. Waters began to kick around an instrumental called Breathe which he'd written for the soundtrack of *The Body* (a 1970 docu-movie about human biology). Rick Wright, meanwhile, excavated a piece Michelangelo Antonioni had rejected for the *Zabriskie Point* soundtrack, which later took shape as *Us And Them*. He also resurrected an apparently moribund sequence of piano chords – "one of those things the band just didn't know what to do with," Gilmour recalls – which, in due course, found new life as *The Great Gig In The Sky*.

But this was just craft and graft, knocking something together, they knew not what. They needed something more – and they got it. "When Roger walked into Broadhurst Gardens with the idea of putting it all together as one piece with this linking theme he'd devised, that was a moment," says Gilmour.

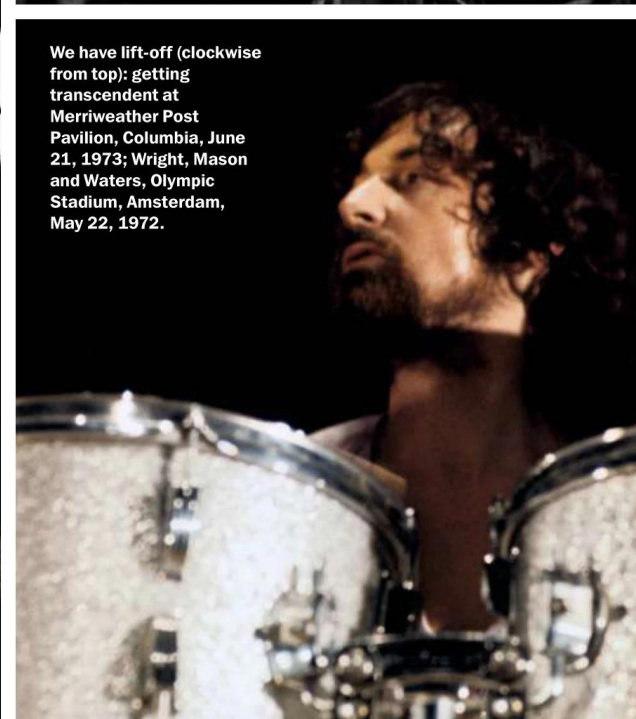
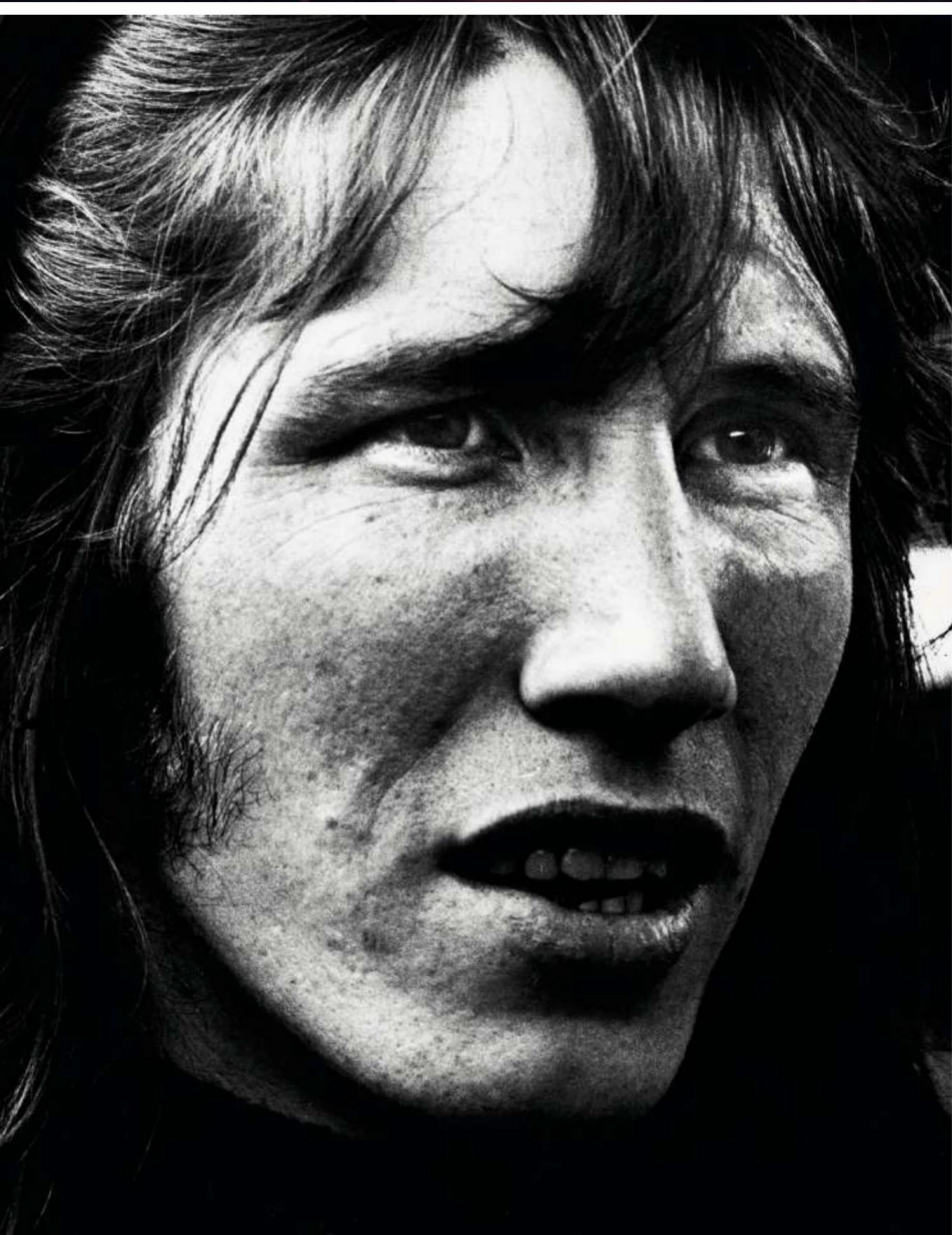
From the hubbub of the subsequent brainstorming session and the passage of memory through the years come diverse accounts of the big idea Waters presented to them.

"The concept was originally about the pressures of modern life – travel, money and so on," Mason has said. "But then Roger turned it into a meditation on insanity." On another occasion, the drummer cheerily reported it as a bleak prediction of a future involving "a lot more unpleasantness and ghastliness".

Rick Wright tended to remember Waters' concept in terms of reference to his own life. On one level, he thought, it was a satirical critique "about the business". But when it ►

**"THE LINE 'I'LL
SEE YOU ON
THE DARK SIDE
OF THE MOON'
IS ME SAYING,
I KNOW YOU
HAVE THESE
BAD FEELINGS.
I DO TOO."**

Roger Waters



We have lift-off (clockwise from top): getting transcendent at Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, June 21, 1973; Wright, Mason and Waters, Olympic Stadium, Amsterdam, May 22, 1972.

Four wise monkeys:
band photoshoot
in Belsize Park,
London, to promote
the spring 1972
UK tour.





◀ came to the notion of death, and the deployment of his own *The Great Gig In The Sky* to cover that theme, it hit home: “For me, one of the pressures of being in the band was this constant fear of dying because of all the travelling we were doing in planes and on the motorways in America and in Europe...”

In his urbane way, Gilmour will loosely remark that it was “about life, wasn’t it”, but then expresses how much Waters’ thinking, and writing, meant to him: “The concept grabbed me. You see, nobody back then had problems with the concept of concepts, so to speak. Their fall from grace happened later, and I’ve never gone off the idea myself.

“I didn’t pull my weight when we were writing *The Dark Side Of The Moon* – though that wasn’t true when we were playing it live and recording. But I went through a bad patch. I didn’t work myself as hard as I should have. Hence the credits, you see. But Roger worked all sorts of hours on the concept and the lyrics while the rest of us went home to enjoy our suppers – I still feel appreciative of that. He did a very good job.

“I think at that time he was finding himself as a lyric writer. He was realising that he could get to grips with more serious issues, some political and others that involved him personally. His style had developed and improved. I remember him saying that he wanted to write this album absolutely straight, clear and direct, for nothing to be hidden in mysteries, to get away from all the psychedelic warblings and say exactly what he wanted for the first time.”

They had to get on. Time and Money, high-concept titles, came quickly enough. Then from December 13 to 21 they decamped to Paris to record and shoot more footage for the *Live At Pompeii* film, begun on location in October. After Christmas they switched

operations to The Rolling Stones’ warehouse studio in Bermondsey, South London, writing while rehearsing their full set for the tour.

Come January 20 at the Brighton Dome, what was then titled *Eclipse* was still a work in progress. But that didn’t bother Pink Floyd. In effect, for them, that was the point. They could change the songs on the hoof if they needed to and jam the between-song segue music they planned for the album, see what fitted.

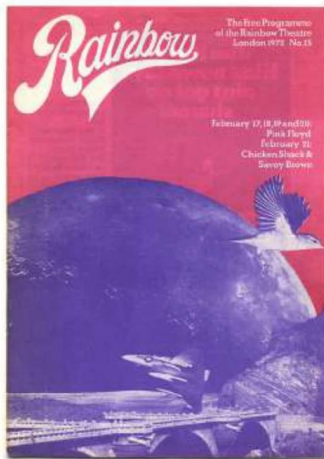
As it happened, Brighton lost the retrospective honour of a world’s first complete performance when the effects tape for *Money* snagged terminally and they had to move on and play the *Atom Heart Mother* suite instead. Apparently, a full run-through ensued the following night at Portsmouth Guildhall. Pink Floyd pushed on round the circuit, enjoying the usual privations and laughs. At the Lanchester Polytechnic Arts Festival on February 3 their magnum opus was wheeled out at 2.30am, immediately after Chuck Berry had left the stage.

As the tour progressed, they tweaked the new songs this way and that. Time had begun life much slower than in its recorded form and accelerated in performance; the vocals shifted from the Gilmour/Wright harmony throughout to solo leads by Gilmour on the verses and Wright on the bridge.

But for Pink Floyd the whole tour felt like a build-up to four gigs at *The Rainbow* on February 17-20, featuring the re-titled “*Dark Side Of The Moon – A Piece For Assorted Lunatics*”, as advertised.

Evidently, the band had that Broadway feeling. They still boast that no one had filled so many nights at the Finsbury Park venue before. Gilmour admits it was “nerve-wracking playing our home city again” and, in truth, remembers nothing of any live performances before they reached London, not even their Brighton debacle.

Happily, they felt able to pronounce the shows “terrific”. The ordinarily stolid *Financial Times* went further, proclaiming that “the



Floyd have the furthest frontiers of pop music to themselves”. However, their joy was alloyed when they discovered that a quality bootleg of the *Rainbow* performance had hit the racks at all bad record shops. It went on to sell an estimated 120,000 copies and almost deterred Pink Floyd from ever developing unreleased material in concert again.

So far so purposeful. Eleven weeks after starting to write a new album, and Pink Floyd already had a hit bootleg. But they were still more than a year away from releasing the official version. Theirs was a life of distractions – some planned, some not. One of the stranger aspects of the making of *Dark Side...* is that,

once written, it seems to have been recorded in fragments, whenever they had a moment, on odd days; if they could tear themselves away from recording another whole album of new music, for instance.

In February and March they spent the best part of two weeks at the ‘Honky’ Chateau D’Herouville, near Paris recording the soundtrack to Barbet Schroeder’s latest film, *La Vallée*, another spiritual-quest movie, in the style of *More*. With tracks such as *When You’re In and Wot’s...* Uh *The Deal* lasting no longer than five minutes, Floyd’s soundtrack had the same musical economy as the material they were recording for *Dark Side...*

Gilmour insists Pink Floyd’s seemingly artistic-butterfly approach in 1972 was more pragmatic than it looks, reflecting the reality of their musical lives at the time: as middle-class boys from comfortable backgrounds, they still felt uncertain and insecure enough about their future in a pop group to explore other avenues which might extend their careers. “I suppose it seems silly now,” he muses. “But we thought of films as one of our possible futures.”

Floyd still had to fulfil a lot of touring commitments, though, playing and revising the putative album as they passed through Japan, North America, Germany and Holland.

Then, in June, just as *Obscured By Clouds*, the *La Vallée* soundtrack, was released, Pink Floyd moved into Abbey Road to put in a good 18 days’ work on *The Dark Side Of The Moon*. They re-emerged with the basic tracks for *Us And Them*, *Money* and *The Great Gig In The Sky*.

However, the studio sequence was broken when they played two nights at the Brighton Dome, as replacements for the unsatisfactory show on January 20. The Brighton audience got a first, after all. Proving the value of roadwork, Waters came back from America with a new song, *Eclipse*, to close the album. “The piece felt unfinished to me when we were doing it on the road,” he says. “I came in one day and said, Here, I’ve just written the ending and this is it.” Brighton heard the world premiere.

At this juncture, it seems appropriate to ask how Pink Floyd coped with such a hectic schedule. Gilmour shrugs it off: “I didn’t find it a problem. Go off to America, come back, do three or four days work on an album, off again – we were used to it. Nick has the year planners from those days and every day is full. Record in the morning, drive up to Newcastle for a gig in the evening, that sort of thing every single day of the whole year.”

That said, Pink Floyd then took time off. Not a note was recorded again until mid-October.

The Hollywood Bowl, that was a wonderful show,” says Gilmour, summoning up one image from their second North American tour of 1972. “We still didn’t have any films to go with *The Dark Side Of The Moon* and we couldn’t sell the place out then, it’s so enormous. They partitioned off the back half. But what made it was we hired a lot of those big searchlights they use at LA film premieres. We fanned them out backstage and pointed them up at the sky. It looked fantastic. There’s a picture of us taken that night which I especially like. We’re all pink and mauve.”

Thinking back to those road-test gigs, Rick Wright’s memories seemed to be more fraught and concern the hazards of old-time technology. “It was a bit scary,” he told *MOJO*. “We’d always have problems with cue tracks to keep in sync with the sound effects ▶

“THE CONCEPT WAS ORIGINALLY ABOUT THE PRESSURES OF MODERN LIFE. THEN ROGER TURNED IT INTO A MEDITATION ON INSANITY.”

Nick Mason

Going Dutch: bringing
a work-in-progress *Dark
Side...* to Amsterdam,
May 22, 1972.



"THE FLOYD WERE FAMOUS FOR USING EVERY MACHINE IN THE STUDIO, WITH WIRES AND MANGLED TAPE STREWN OVER THE STUDIO FLOOR."

Alan Parsons

◀ and visuals – we were one of the first bands to use them, click tracks they're called now. It was a massive headache because the equipment was pretty unreliable. There were a lot of missed cues and struggles to get back in time, whereas today with everything digital it goes like clockwork."

After their holidays, Pink Floyd plunged back into a maelstrom of activity. Seventeen dates in North America through September. Nine days on the album in October, but three more dropped so that they could play a benefit for War On Want at Wembley Empire Pool on October 21. The music paper *Sounds'* reviewer noted that, "They gave the packed stadium a faultless demonstration of what psychedelic music is all about... *The Dark Side Of The Moon* is an eerie title for an equally eerie piece of music that takes the listener through a host of different moods."

No sweat with regard to completing the album, although October 27 turned out to be their last day at Abbey Road until January 18. Throughout that period, between short bursts of gigging in Europe, they gave much of their attention to a grandiose and ultimately preposterous project proposed by Roland Petit, eminent avant-garde choreographer of Les Ballets de Marseilles.

"It started off with discussions about us doing the music for an epic ballet and movie of Marcel Proust's *À La Recherche Du Temps Perdu*," says Gilmour. "Again, we were interested because we thought of it as one of the possible ways to extend the scope of what we could do in the future."

Naturally, Pink Floyd were expected to read the source material. Legend has it Gilmour waved the white flag on Proust after 118 pages, while Waters claims he did plough through Swann's Way Volume 2 before concluding, "Fuck this, I can't handle it, it goes too slowly for me." When this critical judgment was conveyed to Petit, he resourcefully suggested realignment to Scheherazade's *One Thousand And One Nights* – which still sounded like a long job.

"There were long dinners with Petit, Rudolf Nureyev and Roman Polanski which came to nothing," Gilmour recalls. More coarsely, Waters suggested it all ended in "much poovery" among the ballet types, but little progress on the planning front. Eventually, says Gilmour caustically, the grand design crumbled to "a bit of old ballet danced to a bit of old music".

Nonetheless, Pink Floyd did their bit, rehearsing the company through a programme comprising *One Of These Days*, *Careful With That Axe, Eugene*, *Obscured By Clouds*, *When You're In and Echoes*, then backing the dancers live in Marseilles in November, then again in Paris, playing two shows a day, on January 13 and 14, and February 3 and 4.

Although *Sounds'* ballet correspondent pronounced himself impressed with the dénouement to *Echoes* when the leading male dancer dragged the prima ballerina "right across the width of the stage with her in the splits position", the band emerged rather disabused of their aspirations in this particular field of high art. "In the end," reckons Gilmour, "the reality of all these people prancing around in tights in front of us didn't feel like what we wanted to do long term."

Just as well, really. They still had an album to finish – accomplished in 11 more days at Abbey Road between January 18 and February 1: a total of 38 days in the studio spread over seven months.

A diffuse process, then, but Roger Waters' concept held strong through all the diversions and digressions. Whenever they were at Abbey Road, the album would quickly fall back into focus again and their mutual support was never in doubt.

"We were stuck in a small room for days on end and we did work very well together as a band," says Gilmour. "If we weren't playing,

Roger and I would be at the mixing desk usually and grabbing the talk-back to say our piece. Rick and Nick sat in throughout and gave us their thoughts if they wanted to."

At this apogee of cooperation, they brought out the best in each other. Waters felt free to explore with words and sounds, while Gilmour diligently rummaged through his extensive library of ideas – and confesses to the theft of Eric Clapton's Leslie speaker sound from *Badge* for *Any Colour You Like*, and borrowing the alternation of echoey and dry sounds on *Money* from Elton John. Engineer Alan Parsons notes that Gilmour took several hours to prepare his guitar sounds for each track, but then recorded straightforwardly with one mic, very fast and at "wall-shaking" volume.

It was important too that, despite their collective confidence, Pink Floyd were able to inspire spectacular contributions from outsiders who were recruited from beyond the usual session-elite roster.

When, during the October sessions, they wondered whether a sax might do the trick for *Money* and *Us And Them*, they were uncertain, says Gilmour, because they had never used the instrument solo before. Gilmour suggested the band try Dick Parry, who he had played

with in a jazz band at Cambridge's Dorothy Ballroom. Although this was not necessarily a world-beating credential, Gilmour says, "It's nice to involve your friends, people you have empathy with. There were several big names we could have gone to, but it can be tedious bringing in these brisk, professional session men. A bit intimidating."

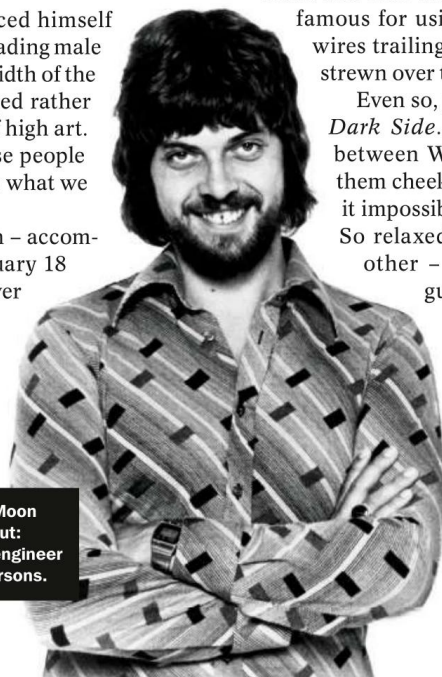
Conversely, when Waters suggested that some vocals might set the seal on *The Great Gig In The Sky*. None of the band had heard of session singer Clare Torry. They just accepted a recommendation from Alan Parsons. "We'd been thinking [session singers] Madeline Bell or Doris Troy, and we couldn't believe it when this housewifely white woman walked in," says Gilmour. "But when she opened her mouth, out came that orgasmic sound we know and love."

Pink Floyd stretched themselves, they stretched others, they stretched the technology. Curious about the latest gizmos, they made the VCS3 synthesizer a feature of *Dark Side...* after Gilmour visited its inventor, former BBC Radiophonic Workshop staffer Peter Zinovieff, at his home in Putney: "He built this thing in his garden shed. He showed me the original machine, masses of wires and components all around the walls, floor to ceiling, which he had miniaturised down to a briefcase model."

But they were also determined to improvise and achieve whatever they heard in their imagination, no matter how primitive the equipment. Their click track was a miked-up metronome. An unorthodox vibrato effect could be created by wiggling an oscillator with a finger. To produce certain or delays, tape could be spooled around a mic stand on the other side of the control room and hand-fed into the Studer recorder. "The Floyd were famous for using every machine in the studio, with wires trailing down the corridors and mangled tape strewn over the studio floor," says Alan Parsons.

Even so, perhaps the crucial factor that elevated *Dark Side...* was the year-long summer of love between Waters and Gilmour. Parsons watched them cheek-by-jowl in the control room and found it impossible to deduce which one was the leader. So relaxed were they that "they produced each other – Roger would produce Dave playing guitar and singing and Dave would produce Roger doing his vocals."

One of Gilmour's sweeter memories of his erstwhile colleague concern Waters' lead vocals on *Brain Damage* and *Eclipse*: "[Roger] rarely sung leads before and was very shy about his voice. I encouraged him. On occasions, he would try to persuade me to sing for him and I wouldn't.



Fellow Moon astronaut: studio engineer Alan Parsons.



All singing, all dancing: with choreographer Roland Petit, (third right) and Les Ballets de Marseilles, November 1972.

“Our working relationship remained very good, even through making most of [1979’s] *The Wall*,” he insists. “There were many moments when we were talking well together. We had huge rows, but they were about passionate beliefs in what we were doing. Roger is a very intelligent and creative person and I am very stubborn and pig-headed, but I think I have a good musical sense. Sometimes he would be willing to sacrifice all sorts of musical moments to get his message across. We recognised each other’s strengths and weaknesses. We would prevent one another’s worst excesses and indulgences.”

Gilmour recognises the insight behind Waters’ remark about Pink Floyd being divided between architects (himself and Mason) and musicians (Gilmour and Wright): “Roger believed he could bring to bear on our work elements of what he had learnt about structure and dynamics.” He’s equally acquiescent when it comes to an aperçu from another Pink Floyd sound engineer, Nick Griffiths, who said that “Dave made people enjoy it and Roger made them think”.

“I wouldn’t argue with that,” he nods. “A bit simplistic, but it’ll do. It’s a great combination if you can please both minds and hearts.”

There was a moment when it all came together,” says Gilmour. “Eventually we’d finished mixing all the tracks, but until the very last day we’d never heard them as a continuous piece. We had to literally snip bits of tape, cut in the linking passages and stick the ends back together. Finally you sit back and listen all the way through at enormous volume. I can remember it. It was absolutely...” He teeters on the edge of some precipitous adjective, but at the last second Englishness tugs him back to safety – and bathos. “It was really exciting,” he sighs.

Pink Floyd had the chance to display their capacity for hauteur when only Rick Wright turned up for *The Dark Side Of The Moon*’s press launch because EMI had failed to install a quadraphonic system for the

playback at London’s Planetarium. However, they couldn’t remain aloof when, on March 31, it topped the American album chart, boosted by Money reaching the singles Top 20 and a revived promotional shove from their US label, Capitol. As Mason succinctly put it, “That changed everything.”

Andy Warhol came to see them at New York’s Radio City Music Hall, New York, in March; 20,000 came to see them at London’s Earls Court in May (where a plane swooped down from the roof to crash on-stage and the band appeared to fire a barrage of rockets into the audience). Suddenly Pink Floyd were both chic and enormous.

“We were underground until *The Dark Side Of The Moon*,” says Mason. “Before, we were seen as some form of intellectual rock’n’roll. Its success was our defining moment. You can draw a direct line from the release of that album to our later global scorched-earth policy.”

“It was Money that made the difference rather than *Dark Side...*,” insists Gilmour. “It gave us a much larger following, but it included an element that wasn’t versed in Pink Floyd’s ways. It started from the

first show in America. People at the front shouting, ‘Play Money! Gimme something I can shake my ass to!’ We had to get used to it, but previously we’d been playing to 10,000-seaters where, in the quiet passages, you could hear a pin drop. One always has a bit of nostalgia for the days when we could perform without compromise to that level of dynamics.

“I think that tendency is what culminated for Roger in the famous Montreal incident at the end of the *Animals* tour, when he spat at a fan,” he adds. “Something’s lost and something’s gained in living every day, you know... Joni Mitchell said that.”



TURN OVER FOR ROGER WATERS' BESPOKE GUIDE TO DARK SIDE...



Bass odyssey:
Roger Waters, Earls
Court, London,
May 18, 1973.



MAN ON THE MOON

Roger Waters' track-by-track guide to Pink Floyd's lunar mission.

Speak To Me

I thought the album needed some kind of overture and I fiddled around with the heartbeat, the sound effects and [session vocalist] Clare Torry screaming until it sounded right.

Breathe

This developed out of the writing sessions at Broadhurst Gardens. The rundown in the chorus sounds very Rick-like and I wrote the lyrics and the top line. It's so simple – only two chords. The lyrics, starting with "Breathe, breathe in the air/Don't be afraid to care", are an exhortation directed mainly at myself, but also at anybody else who cares to listen. It's about trying to be true to one's path. Dave sang Breathe much better than I could have. His voice suited the song. I don't remember any ego problems about who sang what at that point. There was a balance. You'd just say, "How does that sound in your range?"

On The Run

This just came together in the studio. What's gratifying from my point of view in trying to claim ownership of this stuff is that some of Adrian Maben's film Pink Floyd In Pompeii was shot while we were making *The Dark Side Of The Moon*, and there's a long shot of me in the studio recording On The Run with the VCS3 [a 'briefcase' model with a sequencer in the lid]. Trying to find out how the sequencer works, I played something into it and speeded it up and out came the part. I thought, That's quite good. It added a certain tension.

Time

The year we made that record was the year I had a sudden revelation, which was that this was *it*. I had the strangest feeling growing up – and I know a lot of people share this – that childhood and adolescence and one's early adult life are preparing for something that's going to happen to me later.

I suddenly thought at 29,

Hang on, it's happening, it has been right from the beginning, and there isn't suddenly a line when the training stops and life starts: "No one told you when to run/ You missed the starting gun." The idea in Time is a similar exhortation to Breathe. To be here now, this is it. Make the most of it.

This song was the closest to what you'd call a group collaboration. Nick had some rototoms set up in Broadhurst Gardens. We had a VCS3 doing those bass notes, and all that clicking comes off a Fender Precision bass.

Breathe Reprise

The decision to place Breathe Reprise after Time arose during the process of working the piece up live before we started recording.

The Great Gig In The Sky

Are you afraid of dying? The fear of death is a major part of many lives, and as the record was at least partially about that subject, the question was asked, but not specifically to fit into this song. I don't remember whose idea it was to get Clare [Torry], but once she sang, it was great. One of those happy accidents. The slide guitar was just something Dave was into at the time. A brilliant sound.

Money

I was just fiddling around on the bass at Broadhurst Gardens and came up with that riff – seven beats long. The rest of the song developed after I thought, Let's make a record about the pressures that impinge upon young people in pop groups, one of which is money.

It doesn't sound to me like a song that just started to pour out of me.

It doesn't feel close enough to the nature of my being, so I'm sure it was written to become specifically part of *The Dark Side Of The Moon*.

I then thought it would be good as an

introduction, to create a rhythmic device using the sound of money. I had a two-track studio at home with a Revox recorder. My first wife [Judy Trim] was a potter and she had a big industrial food mixer for mixing up clay. I threw handfuls of coins and wads of torn-up paper into it. We took a couple of things off sound effects records too.

The backing track was everyone playing together, a Wurlitzer piano through a wah wah, bass, drums and that tremolo guitar. One of the ways you can tell that it was done live as a band is that the tempo changes so much from the beginning to the end. It speeds up fantastically.



Home again: Waters with ex-wife/accidental *Dark Side...* collaborator, Judy Trim.

Us And Them

Rick wrote the chord sequence for this and I used it as a vehicle. I can't remember when I wrote the top line and the lyric, but it was certainly during the making of the album because it's the political idea of humanism and whether it could or should have any effect on any of us is what's the record is about really – conflict, our failure to connect with one another.

The first verse is about going to war – how in the front line we don't get much chance to communicate with one another, because someone else has decided we shouldn't. I was always taken with those stories of the first Christmas [during World War I], when the British and German troops wandered out into No Man's Land, had a cigarette, shook hands and then carried on the next day. The second verse is about civil liberties, racism and colour prejudice. The last verse is about passing a tramp in the street and not helping.

Any Colour You Like

A little instrumental fill. Apart from the songs that are credited to one person, it's all a bit of a grey area. Money, Eclipse and Brain Damage, which are credited to me, were mine. Us And Them was clearly Rick's tune and I wrote the lyrics. The Great Gig In The Sky was Rick's [though he later had to share the credit with Clare Torry after she brought a lawsuit against Pink Floyd in 2004]. Breathe and Any Colour You Like are grey areas and so is Time, because it was close to a real collaboration of all four members. The distributions got divided up in strange ways afterwards because we were being

very egalitarian and group-like in those days. I regret it now. I gave away a lot of the publishing and I wish I hadn't, but these things happen and that's how it is and that's how it will always be.

Brain Damage

That was my song. I wrote that at home. The grass [as in "The lunatic is on the grass"] was always the square in between the River Cam and King's College chapel [in Cambridge]. When I was young that was always the piece of grass, more than any other piece of grass, that I felt I was constrained to "keep off". I don't know why, but the song still makes me think of that piece of grass. The lunatic was Syd, really. He was obviously in my mind. It was very Cambridge-based that whole song.

Eclipse

This was interesting because it was something I added after we'd gone on the road. It felt as if the piece needed an ending. It's just a run-down with a little bit of philosophising, though there's something about its naive quality I still find appealing.

In a strange way it re-attaches me to my adolescence, the dreams of youth. The lyric points back to what I was attempting to say at the beginning. It's a recitativ of the ideas that preceded it saying, "There you are, that's all there is to it. What you experience is what it is." The rather depressing ending, "And everything under the sun is in tune/But the sun is eclipsed by the moon", is the idea that we all have the potential to be in harmony with whatever it is, to lead happy, meaningful and right lives. ●







GREEN IS THE COLOUR

*Hipgnosis' prism, heartbeat and underwater body parts were the perfect visual accompaniment to Floyd's music. But don't forget **Nick Mason's** mysterious machine...*

3

MEDDLE

EMI Harvest, 1971

RELICS

EMI Starline, 1971

OBSCURED BY CLOUDS

EMI Harvest, 1972

THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

EMI Harvest, 1973

Words: **Lois Wilson
& Mark Blake**

Meddle

Photographer Robert Dowling was hired by Hipgnosis to take the photograph of an ear for the *Meddle* sleeve. "I met Storm through my brother-in-law, who owned a design agency," said Dowling. "Hipgnosis needed an expert. He and Aubrey Powell didn't have the facilities or equipment necessary for the brief – and I fitted the bill."

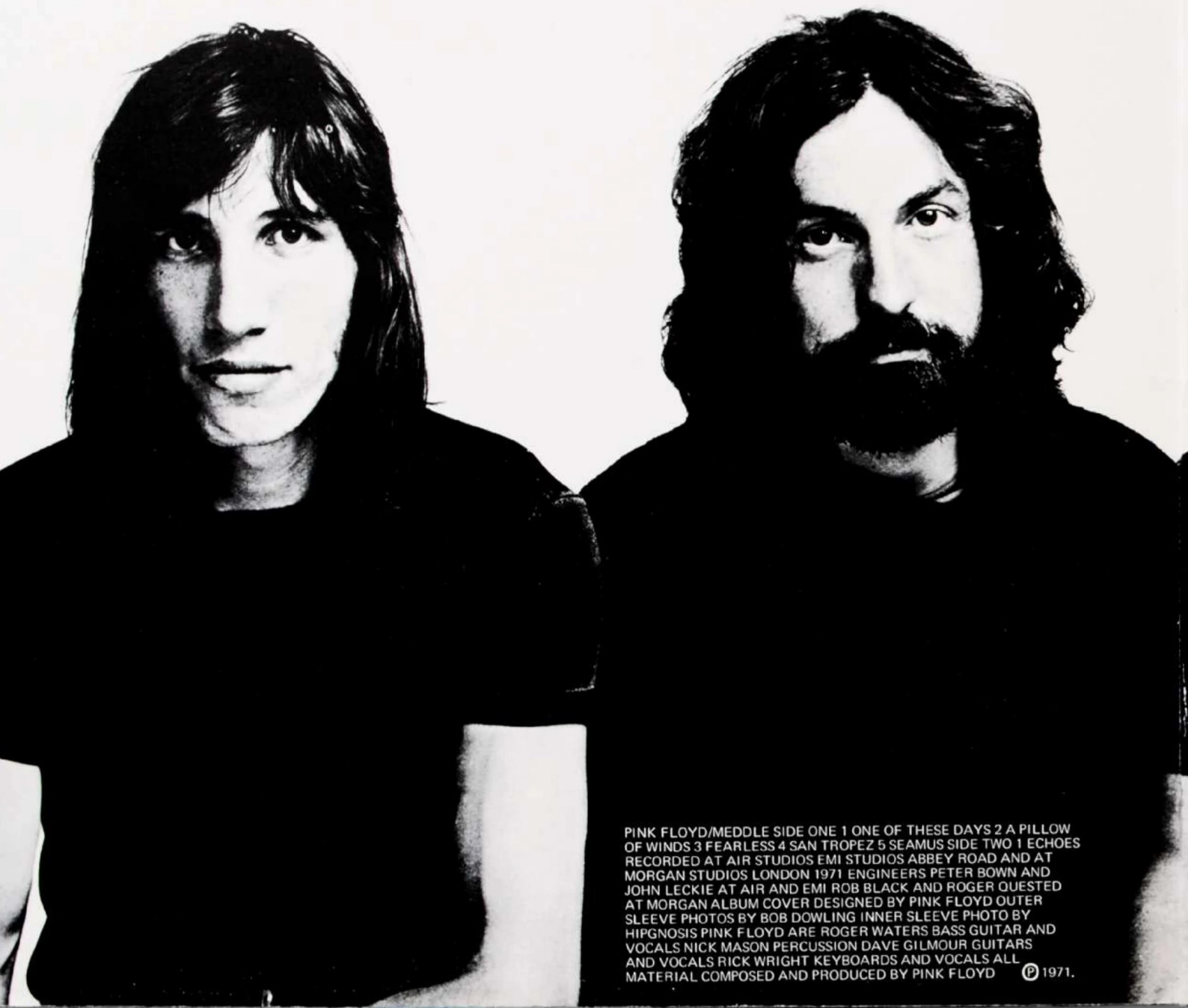
Hipgnosis hired a male model, photographed his ear, then shot droplets of water and sandwiched the two images together.

"It was our way of saying,

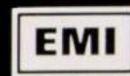
"This is pure sound," explains Powell. "We conceived the idea of having an ear with water droplets over it, representing the sound waves emanating from it. The photographers Bill Brandt and the artist Man Ray inspired us, but there's a touch of Salvador Dali in there too. Nowadays I think as an image it's too vague and simplistic, though. It's certainly not one of my favourites."

In contrast, the inside gatefold (shown overleaf) offers a rare glimpse of the lesser-seen Pink Floyd in 1971.

All images: Storm Thorgerison/Aubrey Powell at Hipgnosis



PINK FLOYD/MEDDLE SIDE ONE 1 ONE OF THESE DAYS 2 A PILLOW OF WINDS 3 FEARLESS 4 SAN TROPEZ 5 SEAMUS SIDE TWO 1 ECHOES RECORDED AT AIR STUDIOS EMI STUDIOS ABBEY ROAD AND AT MORGAN STUDIOS LONDON 1971 ENGINEERS PETER BOWN AND JOHN LECKIE AT AIR AND EMI ROB BLACK AND ROGER QUESTED AT MORGAN ALBUM COVER DESIGNED BY PINK FLOYD OUTER SLEEVE PHOTOS BY BOB DOWLING INNER SLEEVE PHOTO BY HIPGNOSIS PINK FLOYD ARE ROGER WATERS BASS GUITAR AND VOCALS NICK MASON PERCUSSION DAVE GILMOUR GUITARS AND VOCALS RICK WRIGHT KEYBOARDS AND VOCALS ALL MATERIAL COMPOSED AND PRODUCED BY PINK FLOYD © 1971.



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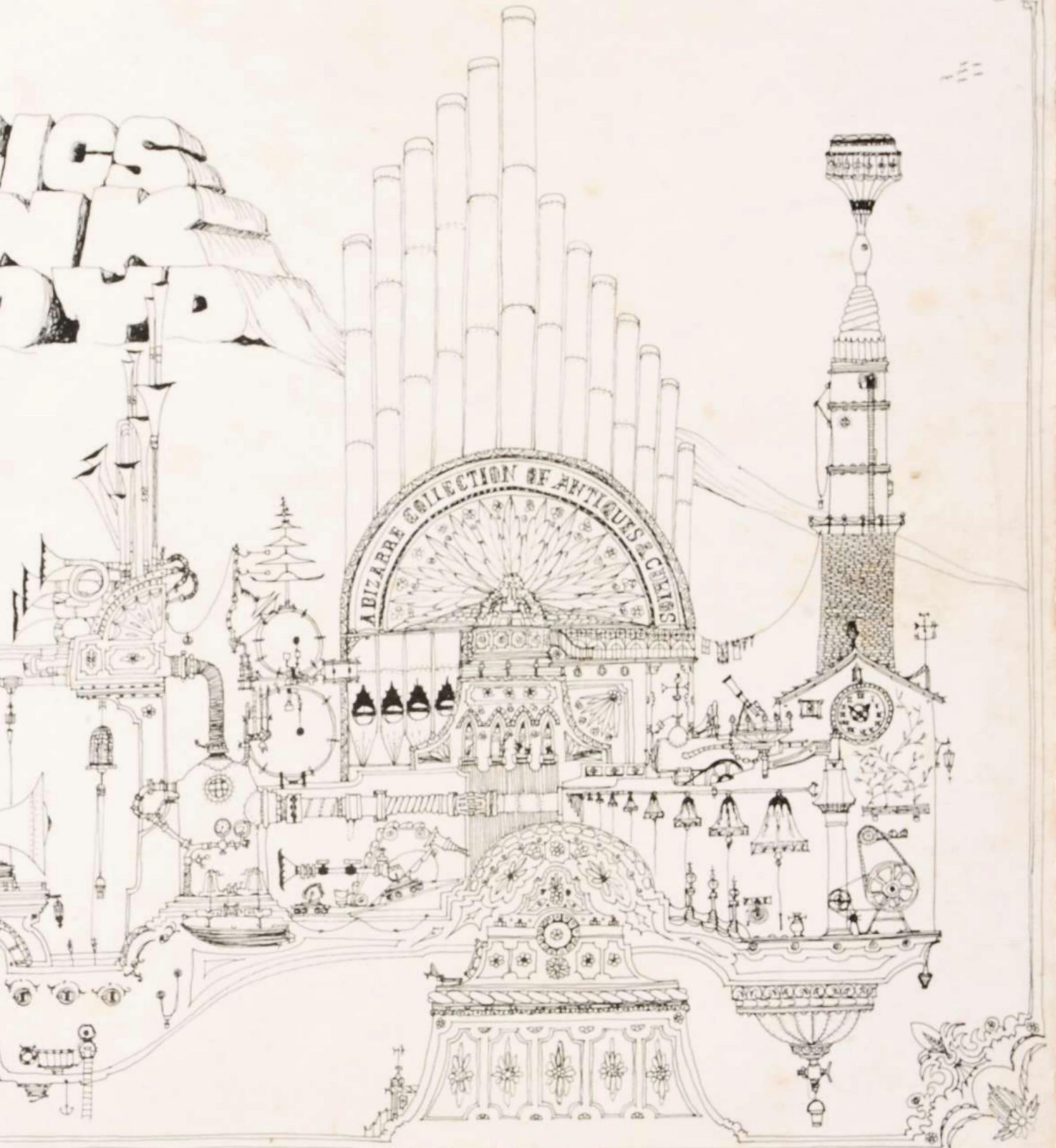
File under POPULAR Pop Groups 7110 TPS Patent No. 1524338 SHVL 780



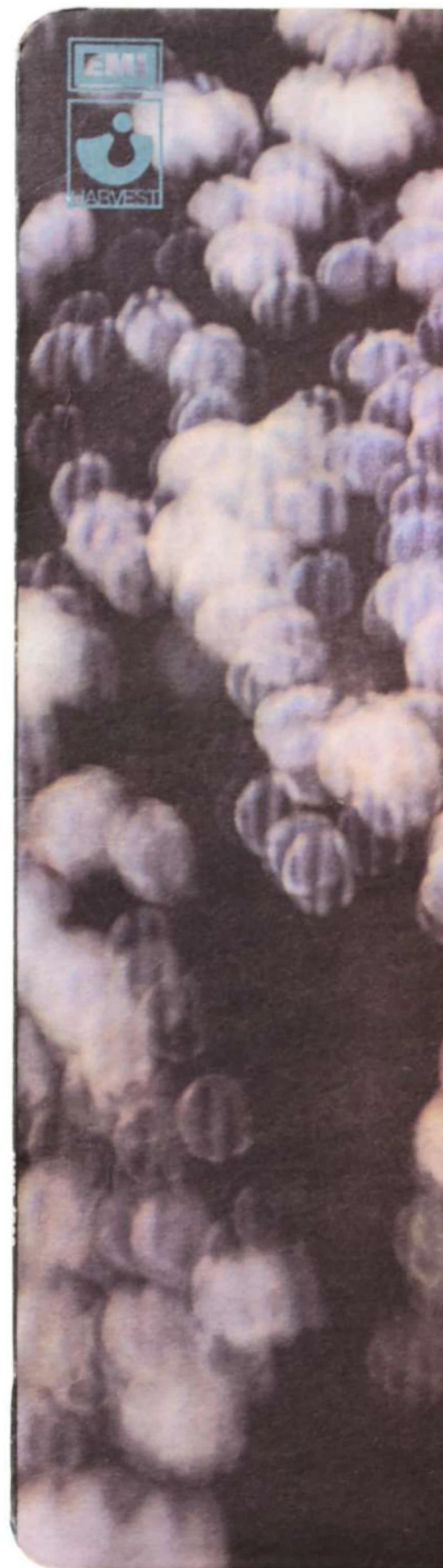
Relics

While not an original Pink Floyd studio LP, *Relics* deserves an honorary mention. It was the first Floyd compilation (originally released in May 1971) and lived up to its subtitle, *A Bizarre Collection Of Antiques & Curios*, by corraling the best of the Syd Barrett era with the pick of the early Gilmour years. More than that, though, it's the only Floyd LP to have a cover drawn by a member of the band.

The wonderful, Heath-Robinson-style contraption was the brainchild of Nick Mason, and saw him deploying the drawing-board skills acquired at Regent Street Polytechnic. "*Relics* is the only evidence of my time studying to be an architect," Mason later said. When the album was released on CD, Thorgerson re-designed the cover using a real-life model of Mason's original design. The model now resides in the drummer's North London office.



Starline



The title suits *Hipgnosis*'s cover, as many have presumed the abstract image was cloud-related. In fact, it was a still showing one of the film's characters in a tree (the scene was cut from the final print).

As a further twist, Hipgnosis reversed the LP packaging, so the inside of the sleeve had a glossy finish and the outside a matt effect. They then insisted the corners of the sleeve were rounded off. "We wanted to make sure it stood out from every other LP in your record collection," says Powell.





The Dark Side Of The Moon

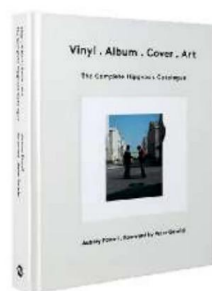
“We were inspired by a black-and-white photo in an old photography book,” recalls Powell. “Storm and I found it in a junk shop. The book was called something like *Great Photographs From The 20th Century*. There was a mix of images – everything from fishing nets in France, to German athletes from 1936, but the image that caught our eye was one of a prism sat on top of some sheet music. It was black and white but had a colour beam projected through it to give it a rainbow effect. We attempted to duplicate that image. The prism symbolised the solidity and power source of the Floyd.”

According to Thorgerson, the design was also inspired by a school textbook illustration of white lightning passing through a prism and forming a spectrum. Hipgnosis then reversed the traditional black line on white background. The prism was a line drawing by the company’s graphic designer George Hardie, which was then air-brushed by his assistant Bob Lawrie.

The spectrum continues across the inside of the gatefold sleeve. “Roger Waters came up with the idea of having a blip, a heartbeat, coming out of the spectrum beam and echoing the audio heartbeat that introduces the album,” explains Powell.

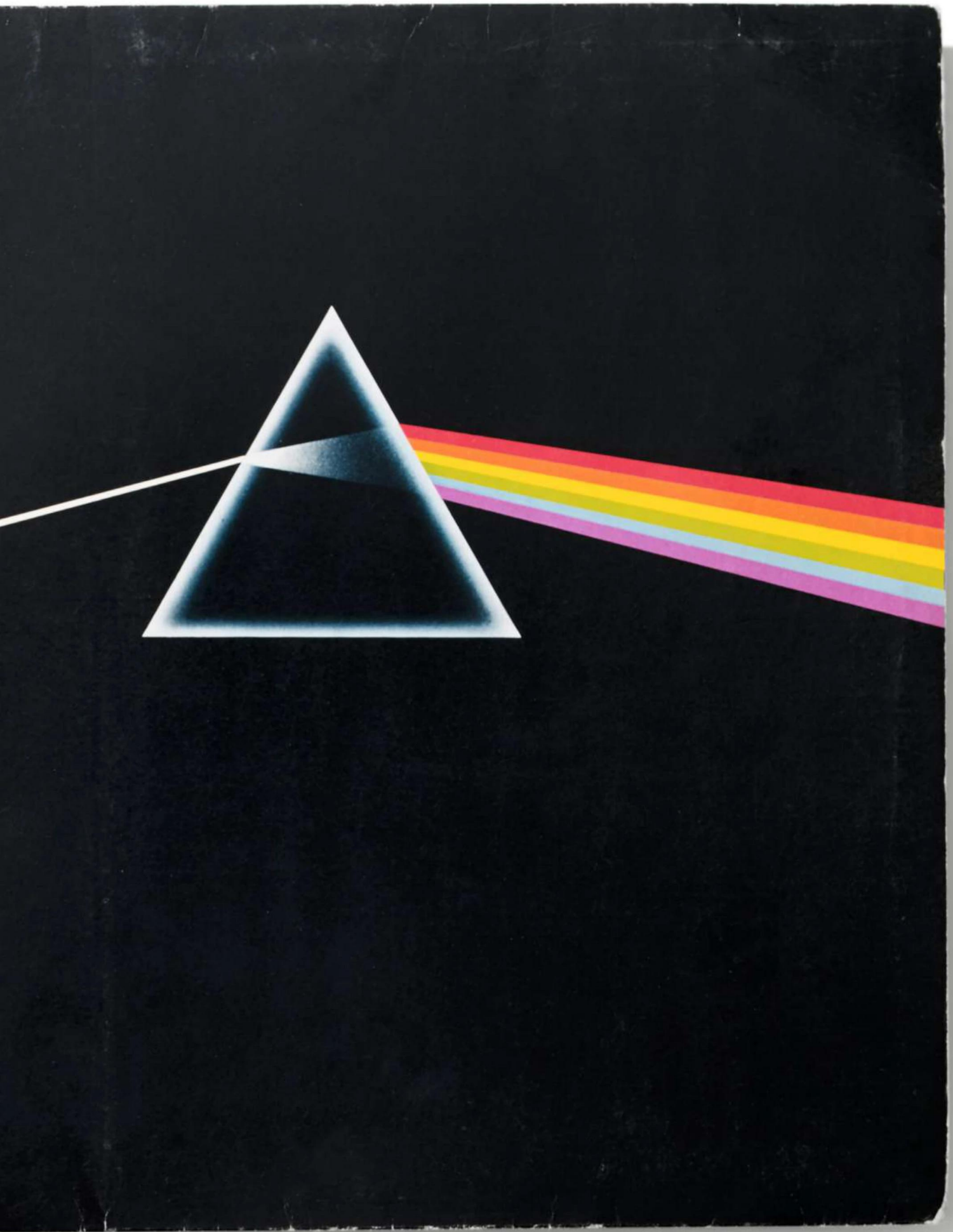
The original LP included two stickers and a double-sided poster. One side was given over to live band shots; the other a treated picture of the Giza pyramid – a link to the prism on the front cover.

The prism was one of several ideas submitted. Another, using the Marvel super-hero Silver Surfer, was rejected. “We loved the fact he was this cosmic character who could surf the universe,” recalls Powell. But the band unanimously chose the prism. Apparently, Rick Wright had previously suggested Hipgnosis do “something simple” on the next cover. “Something like the artwork on a Black Magic box of chocolates,” according to Powell. The final *Dark Side...* cover was put together in just over three weeks for a £5000 fee.



See all these sleeves and more in *Vinyl. Album Cover Art. The Complete Hipgnosis Catalogue* by Aubrey Powell, Thames & Hudson, 2017.





BREATHE

Breathe, breathe in the air
Don't be afraid to care
Leave but don't leave me
Look around and choose your own ground
For long you live and high you fly
And smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry
And all you touch and all you see
Is all your life will ever be

Run rabbit run
Dig that hole, forget the sun,
And when at last the work is done
Don't sit down it's time to start another one
For long you live and high you fly
But only if you ride the tide
And balanced on the biggest wave
You race toward an early grave.

TIME

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day
You fitter and waste the hours in an off hand way
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way
Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain
You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today
And then one day you find ten years have got behind you
No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun
And you run and you run to catch up with the sun, but it's sinking
And racing around to come up behind you again
The sun is the same in the relative way, but you're older
Shorter of breath and one day closer to death
Every year is getting shorter, never seem to find the time
Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way
The time is gone the song is over, thought I'd something more to say

Breathe Reprise

Home, home again
I like to be here when I can
When I come home
It's good to warm my bed
Far away across the land
The tolling of the iron
Calls the faithful to
To hear the softly sp

MONEY

Money, get away
Get a good job with more pay and your O.K.
Money it's a gas
Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash
New car, caviar, four star daydream,
Think I'll buy me a football team
Money get back
I'm all right Jack keep your hands of my stack.
Money it's a hit
Don't give me that do goody good bullshit
I'm in the hi-fidelity first class travelling set
And I think I need a Lear jet
Money it's a crime
Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie
Money so they say
Is the root of all evil today
But if you ask for a rise it's no surprise that they're
giving none away

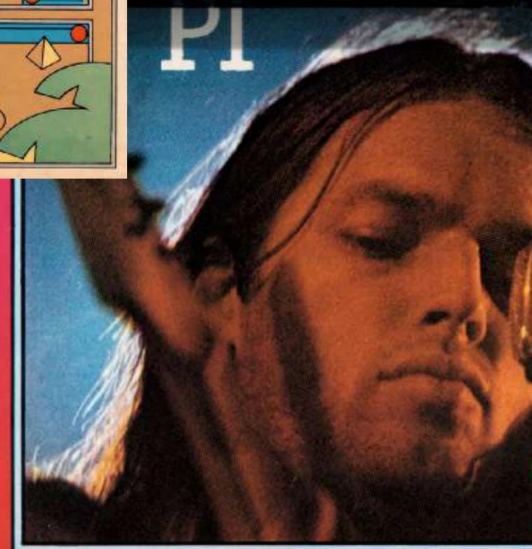
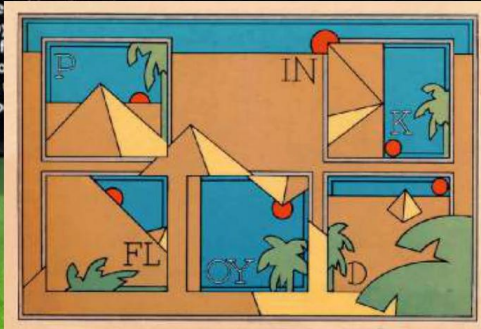


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US AND THEM

Us, and them
And after all we're only ordinary men
Me, and you
God only knows it's not what we would choose to do
Forward he cried from the rear
and the front rank died
And the General sat, and the lines on the map
moved from side to side
Black and blue
And who knows which is which and who is who
Up and Down
And in the end it's only round and round and round
Haven't you heard it's a battle of words
the poster bearer cried
Listen son, said the man with the gun
There's room for you inside

Down and Out
It can't be helped but there's a lot of it about
With, without
And who'll deny it's what the fighting's all about
Out of the way, it's a busy day
I've got things on my mind
For want of the price of tea and a bun
The old man died

BRAIN DAMAGE

The lunatic is on the grass
The lunatic is on the grass
Remembering games and daisy chains and laughs
Got to keep the loonies on the path

The lunatic is in the hall
The lunatics are in my hall
The paper holds their folded faces to the floor
And every day the paper boy brings more

And if the dam breaks open many years too soon
And if there is no room upon the hill
And if your head explodes with dark forebodings too
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon

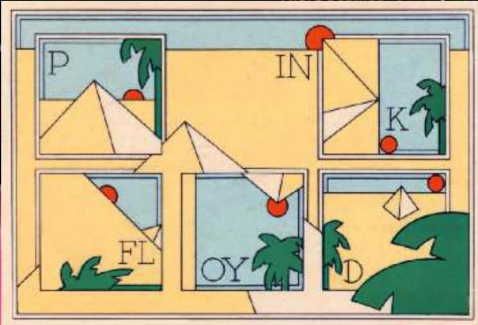
The lunatic is in my head
The lunatic is in my head
You raise the blade, you make the change
You re-arrange me 'till I'm sane

You lock the door
And throw away the key
There's someone in my head but it's not me.

Under in your ear
to hear
starts playing different tunes
of the moon.

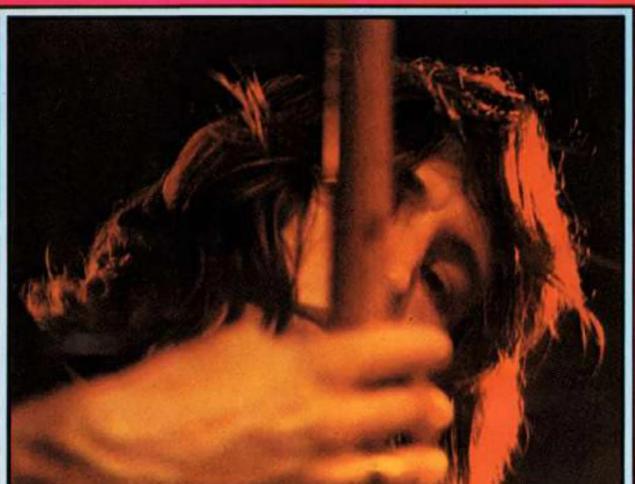
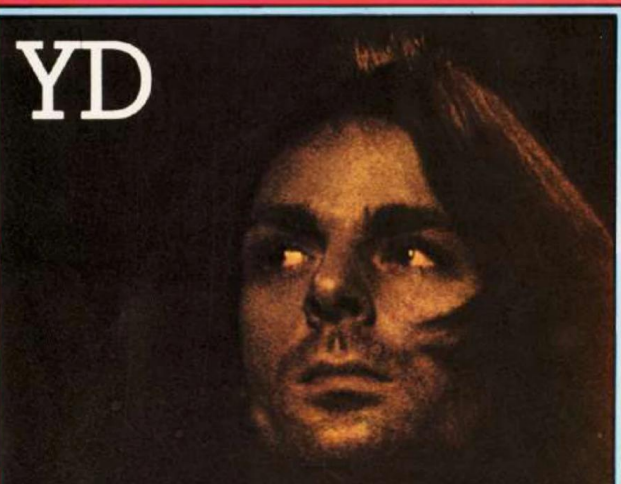
ECLIPSE

All that you touch
All that you see
All that you taste
All you feel
All that you love
All that you hate
All you distrust
All you save
All that you give
All that you deal
All that you buy
beg, borrow or steal
All you create
All you destroy
All that you do
All that you say
All that you eat
everyone you meet
All that you slight
everyone you fight
All that is now
All that is gone
All that's to come
and everything under the sun is in tune
but the sun is eclipsed by the moon.



N

K





Mr Meddle: Echoes' superstar Richard Wright, 1970; (opposite, top) On The Run's EMS Synthi AKS.

Celebrating and saluting the music that blew our minds.

PART 4



On The Run

(from *The Dark Side Of The Moon*, 1973)

Waters and Gilmour tamper with a new synth; invent techno...

A jittery guitar workout previewed live in 1972, little more than velocity and a prevailing anxious edge survived when the instrumental Travel Sequence was recorded and renamed the following January. Now, extensive fiddling with an EMS Synthi AKS results in the piece being re-scored as a bobbling, overdriven sequencer demonstration. Not just a precursor of cosmic synthscapes like Tangerine Dream's *Phaedra* and Jean Michel Jarre's *Oxygene Part II* but, thanks to its gritted-teeth intensity, a harbinger of the bracingly unmellow techno that would emerge out of Detroit a decade later. *JM*

Time

(from *The Dark Side Of The Moon*, 1973)

Ding dong! The meaning of life... and that solo.

Take up thy tennis racquet and wail! From its first live airing in early 1972 – far gentler than it would become six months later in the studio – Time was all about the guitar solo. Unleashed unusually early in the song's development, it's a sonic spectacular of overdriven, Binson-echoed, full-fuzz

Stratocaster, yet is exquisitely measured in its emotional amplification of Waters' lyrical message of how we are enslaved by our fearful regret over wasting precious lifetime. *MS*

The Great Gig In The Sky

(from *The Dark Side Of The Moon*, 1973)

In an inspired late substitution, the death track bursts into life.

Few great bands have been so under-served vocally, Floyd's post-Syd appeal having been hitherto more about the instrumentation. *Dark Side...* changed the game by hiring the human high emotion of soulful backing singers and Dick Parry's sax. Here, on what had been a moody organ track overlaid with sundry spoken words – and working-titled The

Mortality Sequence or The Religion Song until the band had a brainwave – sessioneer Clare Torry's blue-eyed soul wailing transforms a melancholy think-piece into a spiritual epiphany. *MS*

Money

(from *The Dark Side Of The Moon*, 1973)

The corrupting power of filthy lucre.

With its iconic bass line, taut Gilmour chords and best-heard-in-quadrophonic kerchings! and jingles, Money's 7/4 groove is so pukka James Brown might have overseen the tape-splicing. It also provides a uniquely inspiring bed for Dick Parry's wanton tenor sax.

Waters' lyric excels because it confides a love/hate relationship with the root of all evil, while Gilmour's thoroughbred soloing rides magnificent interplay on the romp home. A musique concrète blues only Floyd could mint. *JMCN*



Us And Them

(from *The Dark Side Of The Moon*, 1973)

Too churchy for Antonioni – perfect for Dark Side's bleak majesty.

This ruminative, jazzy glide originated as a melody Wright penned for the soundtrack to Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*, which the director rejected as "too sad – it makes me think of church". The heavy, existential vibe of *Dark Side...*, however, proved a perfect home for the piece, paired with a Waters lyric observing man's inhumanity, and the futility of protest. Bleak stuff, though Dick Parry's sax and Gilmour and Wright's heavenly harmonies made something blissful of its melancholy. *sc*

Brain Damage

(from *The Dark Side Of The Moon*, 1973)

You don't have to be mad to work here, but...

If the lunatic is "on the grass" as Roger Waters' haunting, haunted study of insanity begins, he soon creeps inwards, from "the hall" to "in my head". Syd Barrett's shadow falls hard here – "games and daisy-chains and laughs" hints that this is See Emily Play's inevitable destination – yet while Brain Damage attempts there-but-for-the-grace-of-God solidarity, red-blooded Hammond organ and churchy backing vocals promising redemption, the fearful laughing (tour manager Peter Watts), lobotomy allusions and no-radio-contact imagery keep it very much on the dark side. *vs*

WORDS: Mark Blake, Stevie Chick, Jim Irvin, James McNair, John Mulvey, Mark Paytress, Victoria Segal, Mat Snow

Blue-eyed soul wailer: *Dark Side...* guest Clare Torry.

Echoes

(from *Meddle*, 1971)

The musical pivot on which a remarkable career swings.

This is where accusations that Pink Floyd sound cold and distant evaporate. Echoes, a side-long epic that marked their transition from underground soundscapers to progressive rock sophisticates, swells with passions both raw and spiritual. It starts out with submarine 'pings' and ends with howling winds. But it's flesh and blood that makes this journey: Richard Wright and his chordal washes, Gilmour's dexterity, Mason's unifying groove and Waters' tough bass and salvation-seeking language, realised with great tenderness by Wright and Gilmour. "It just rolls," Wright said. Effortlessly. *MP*

Wot's... Uh The Deal

(from *Obscured By Clouds*, 1972)

Floyd go CSNY...

Echoing *The Dark Side Of The Moon* – and hastily recorded half-way through those sessions – *Obscured By Clouds* is also six songs and four instrumentals, unfussily arranged (for a film, Barbet Schroeder's *La Vallée*), and full of arresting moments, such as this pretty Gilmour/Waters composition with a Beatley, country-rock aspect, led by acoustic guitar and harmony vocals, and featuring a lyrical piano interlude by Wright. Pleasingly diffident in its original mix, when given a polish in 2016 for the *Early Years 1972: Obfuscation* set it sparkled and soared. *J*

Breathe

(from *The Dark Side Of The Moon*, 1973)

Basic bodily function celebrated in the ultimate stoner rock song.

The Dark Side Of The Moon's first proper song has Roger Waters' lyrics exploring life's uncertainties while the group seem to be playing through a Valium fug. And that's the joy of Breathe: its wonderful lack of urgency. David Gilmour's measured vocal and keening pedal steel and Richard Wright's Hammond glide gently over what sounds like Nick Mason playing drums with one hand tied behind his back. "Run rabbit run," declares Gilmour, sounding mildly enigmatised. But, really, nobody's running anywhere. *MB*

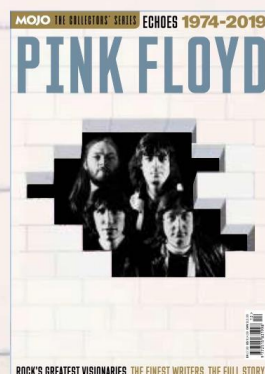




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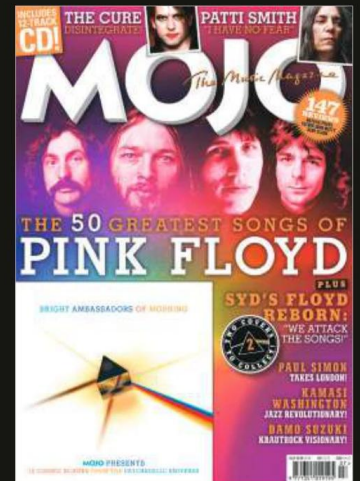
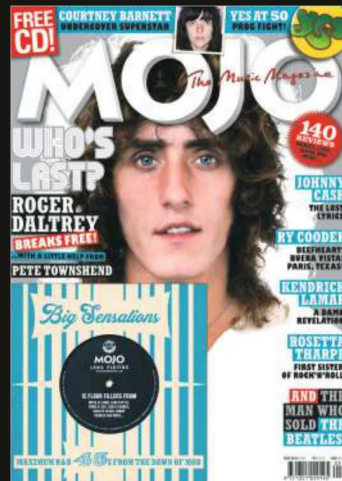
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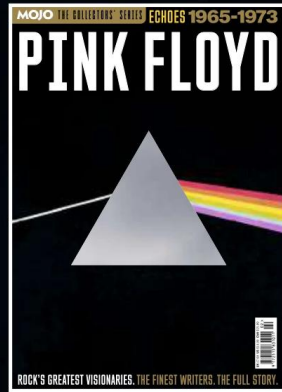
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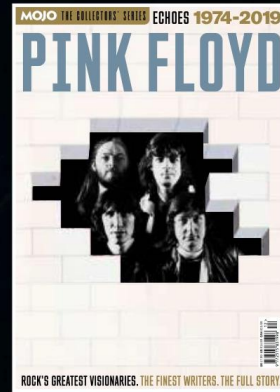
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