

# PINK FLOYD BACK-STAGE



ANOTHER LAPSE FROM THE INSIDE BY BOB HASSALL



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Dedicated to Iréna Domhof  
for housing my sanity.



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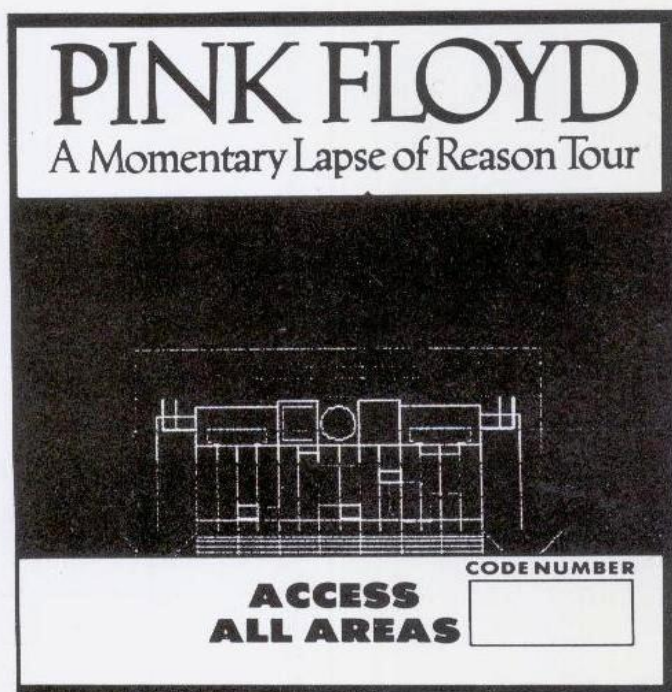
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## THE AUTHOR

Born in Crewe, in 1961 he dropped out of Grammar School during his last year and, after accidentally setting fire to the fish 'n chip shop where he worked, his destiny was nearly to become a tv salesman, until a year later in 1980, when he left jolly old England at the age of 18, to hitch-hike around Europe for a bit. Ending up in Holland, he enjoyed a multitude of jobs including a list of factories, where it varied from thermostats and plexi-glass, to baby milk-powder and glazed-cherries. He was also frequently kept busy as a waiter, electrician, gardener, washer upper in the Chinese kitchens, fork-lift driver, painter/decorator, tulip bulb-packer, and had a year's worth of tearing down houses and making roads. After picking up a business diploma in 1986 and not quite knowing what to do with it, he went on to work as security on an oil transport drilling-rig for a half year. Completely alone on a desert island and only working the night shifts, gave him some time-out to gather his thoughts and when the job finished, he found that he was 25, bored stiff and stuck in Holland. Raised by Marvel Comics, The Freak Brothers and Pink Floyd, they were the only surviving elements. Somewhere in-between the philosophy of old Marvelism, and Roger Waters's ominous (and sometimes almost fatal) text, were lessons to be learned. In a world getting stranger and more frustrated by the minute, we were being reminded of important issues. Bob Hassall has just reached the Big 3, lives with his cat Basil, and intends to travel around the US for a year, in search of the next great adventure.





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## INTRODUCTION

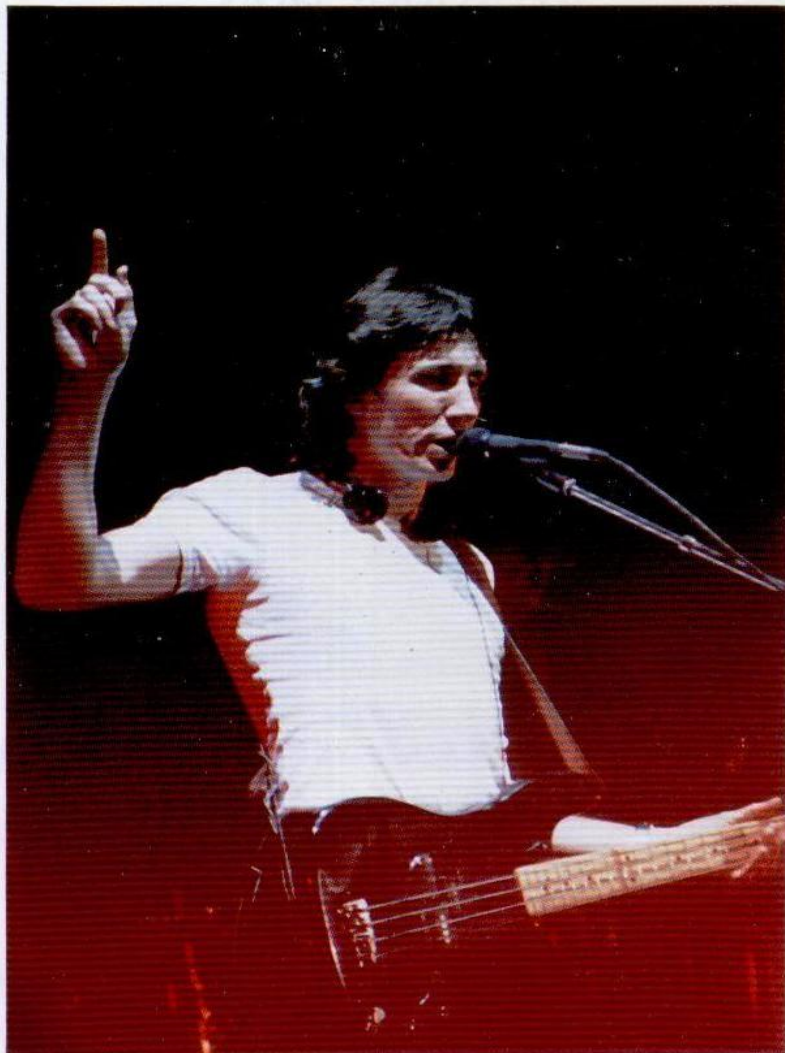
It was a long wait but the dust finally settled in the courts, where former bass player, main song-writer and soul of the band, Roger Waters, had been fighting, claw and tooth, to stop world guitarist, David Gilmour, from continuing under the Pink Floyd name.

Roger Waters had been front man for the band since Syd Barrett's departure and David Gilmour's entrance, in 1968. With Syd gone, Rog was given the breathing space he needed, to develop his natural talent as a song-writer and was a crucial element in the creation of the Pink Floyd sound.

After *Dark side of the moon* (1973) had taken the band to the top of the pyramid, Rog had firmly established them as one of the world's finest groups and in 1975, the follow-up *Wish you were here* album confirmed their position. With his *amazing powers of observation*, on both human and worldly issues, and his ability of transforming concepts into world selling albums, it came as no surprise, that the rest of the band took a back seat, maybe a little too often, allowing him to take the controls and lead the parade.

Having written the last two "theme" albums with global success, nobody complained when he continued to write a third. *Animals* was released in 1977 and by this time, Floyd had accumulated an immense following. For the first time they were forced into playing in enormous stadiums, to large scale audiences. It was this tour that had made Rog a little disillusioned about how messy it had all become. He summed it up during an interview with Chris Salewicz :

"After the 1977 tour I became seriously deranged, or maybe *arranged*, about stadium gigs, because I do think they are awful. They're about statistics for the public. It seems to me, the enjoyment comes from two things. I think it's partly that they are in the presence of the legend, whether it's Bruce Springsteen or another proven brand-name doesn't really matter, so long as it's the presence of somebody you can identify as being "legendary". There's also the statistical thing of being able to say, "Yeah, there were 85.000 of us here, you couldn't move, you couldn't get to the bar (laughs). We all had to piss standing up, crushed together. It was fucking great!" And, of course, on-stage and back-stage, all that's going on is; "Do you know how much we've grossed, boys, how many T-shirts we've sold ?". That's absolutely it. That's all it's about - money. And you go down in *The Guinness Book of Records*, for having played before the biggest audience ever blah-blah-blah. And.. oh dear, fuck that, I mean, alright, I can understand the motivation, but I don't like it. We did Soldiers' Field, in Chicago. Before the gig started, I went up and stood on the bleachers at the back of the stage and looked down at the audience. And Steve O'Rourke came up and stood beside me and he said, "Guess how many people are in here ?". I said, "Dunno" and he said, "63.000". By this time I'd done enough big shows to know what sixty thousand people look like, and I looked down and said, "No, there's at least eighty thousand, if not a hundred thousand". He said, "I'll go and check", and the box-office told him it was completely sold out to an audience of 63.000. So we immediately rented a helicopter, a photographer and an attorney and photographed it from the air, with affidavits from the helicopter pilot and the attorney, sworn, sealed and delivered. And it turned out that there were ninety-five thousand people there. So where were the thirty-two thousand people? \$ 640.000 !"



Rog at the Ahoy in Rotterdam, 1984.



Pink Floyd on the road had become nothing more than a gigantic meat factory. A travelling Demi-god, attracting way out of proportion gatherings. Raving crowds, blowing their minds in orgies of booze, dope, noise, mass-hysteria and unfortunately, the aggression that seems to go with it. There are always a few crazies, a little too zonked and creating unpleasant areas around the front. It's not always easy for security to snatch 'em out of the crowd and bounce them out the back door.

Rog admitted spitting at one guy, who'd been bugging him through the whole show. He started to wonder what the hell he was doing, playing to all this unfeeling cattle and yet hating every minute of it! His eyes were open to how cold everything was. There was distance between the band and the crowds... and that wasn't how it was supposed to be. And worse... Feeling quite alienated from the fans, he found himself brooding and being confronted with other hang-ups of the day; relationships, money, fame, ego, power, knives in backs and other such frustrations.

He became isolated from the band and from the people around him, as he drifted off, reliving past scenes, putting in order series' of events, which had brought the boy to the man. Seeing if anything made sense and wondering why the hell did he feel so bloody frustrated. *The Wall* was released in 1979 and he could finally unload everything in one shot. Too much has been said of *The Wall* project, especially the film. All I can add is, that if you really understand *The Wall*, then you understand the man.

Continuing the interview with Chris Salewicz, he goes on to say;

"Maybe the architectural training to look at things, helped me to visualise my feelings of alienation from rock 'n roll audiences, which was the starting point for *The Wall*. The fact that it then embodied an auto-biographical narrative was kind of secondary to the main thing, which was a theatrical statement in which I was saying, "Isn't this fucking awful? Here I am, up on-stage and there you all are down there and isn't it horrible! What the fuck are we all doing here ?".

**- But I heard that the rest of the Floyd wanted to do *The Wall* tour in stadiums and that was one of the reasons you ultimately knocked the Pink Floyd on the head.**

Yes, in 1980. When we finished in New York, Larry Maggid, a Philadelphia promoter (I remember him promoting us there at the Electric Factory, when we were supporting Savoy Brown) offered us a guaranteed million dollars a show plus expenses, to go out and do two dates at JFK Stadium with *The Wall*. To truck straight from New York, where we'd been playing Nassau Colloseum, to Philadelphia and (laughs)I wouldn't do it! I had to go through the whole story with the other members. I said, "You've all read my explanations of what *The Wall* is about. It's three years since we did that last stadium and I saw then that I would never do one again. And *The Wall* is entirely sparked off by how awful that was, and how I didn't think that the public or the band or anyone got anything out of it that was worthwhile. And that's why we've produced this show strictly for arena's, where everybody *does* get something out of it that *is* worthwhile. Blah-blah-blah... and I ain't fucking going !".

It seemed that after writing *The Wall* and putting it on film with Alan Parker, he still had a bit to say. A few spaces still needed to be filled. *The final cut* ('83) and the in 1984 released, *The pros and cons of hitch-hiking* (his first solo album), were both loose bricks that had come spinning of *The Wall*, and were final statements. The rest of the band agree that *The final cut* was definitely "more of a Rog thing". In fact, these last three albums all belong to the same pot. *The final cut* extends the war element, and *The pros and cons* could only be an after-wave from *The trial*. Everything that had been on his mind for God how many years, was finally out. Like people use diaries, or scribble on pieces of paper when the need be, Rog had spread his heart out and the result was registered on plastic for all time. And now it was all said and the time had arrived to move on to greener fields. He'd out grown the band and wanted to close the

Pink Floyd chapter, forever. When he finally decided to try dismantling the band, in the period of *The final cut*, there were only three official members left; Himself, Dave and drum wizzard Nick Mason. Keyboardman Rick Wright had been squeezed out a few years earlier, due to constant battling with Rog, and was gone, way before the album was cut. It was a negative time, a time of separation. The credits on the back of the album sleeve said it all; A requiem for the post war dream by Roger Waters, performed by Pink Floyd.

His disinterest in the band was now obvious and Pink Floyd were dying. With Rick gone and a planned tour cancelled at the last moment, something had to be done. The whole Pink Floyd empire was in the balance. If they stayed between *being* and *not being* a band much longer, it would cost them their reputation.





KAOS in '87

So, that was it. Rog wanted "out" and at the same time, wanted to exterminate the Floyd, taking with him the copyrights on nearly all the material, claiming it was his, and if he goes, his work goes with him. I suppose he had a point, but the rest of the band thought differently. By this time, Rog was unquestionably the main inspiration and backbone to the Floyd structure, but even so, David Gilmour saw no real reason to close the band, just because somebody had finished with it. A new Floyd could be born and, with Rick being able to come back, they'd be three quarters of the original band. Reproducing the old stuff wouldn't be a problem. Of course they'd have a new style, but that's normal when somebody else takes the wheel.

Everything went to court but apart from all the legal stuff, it became a personal vendetta. The battle to kill or re-fuel the Pink Floyd had begun. This one was gonna be long and tiring!

They've always been an anti-media band and despite their immense popularity, had always managed to stay in the shadows. Not much information was getting through to the press and very little was heard on tv and radio. The fans could only sit back and wait for something to break. Dave, on the other hand, knew that somehow he'd be able to continue Pink Floyd, and was preparing a new album and a tour that would take them to every corner of the planet.

After a few years of figuring out who owns what and how much everyone'll take home at the end of the day, it was generally agreed that a dead band would do nobody any good, in the long run. *A momentary lapse of reason* was finally released in 1987 and, after crawling from the ashes of one of the biggest rock 'n roll lawsuits ever, David Gilmour re-delivered the new Pink Floyd to the hungry public, and Roger Waters could finally fly.



During a back-stage interview at Wembley (6th of August '88), and in reply to this whole affair, David Gilmour said;

"Well, it's my job. What can I say? It's what I do for a living. Pink Floyd is the particular career that I've chosen and have been involved with for twenty years and without a good reason, I don't see why I should pack it in. I don't want to pack it in, I like it. I'm 42. I've got no intention of retiring. I've got no intention of jacking this in or anything else that I do. I have no idea what I'll feel like in the future. You might see us still doddering out there when I'm 60, I don't know. I mean, if it's fun and people wanna come and see it, it's a privilege... I mean, I might have to work otherwise!"

Nick Mason said;

"People had the tendency to sort of feel more and more that Roger held the reigns and was the controlling influence but I think when he did go, there was still a realisation that we *could* carry on. Rog is very fond of saying, "No-one's indispensable", and, er.. he was right".

It's been said that the *Lapse* thing was just a collection of bits and pieces, pulled out of the Floyd history-book. Strangers were brought in to write songs and help produce something worthy

of carrying the Pink Floyd name. But these out-siders were necessary. Losing Rog was a hard blow and putting the new band together was no easy task, especially with the media breathing down your neck, waiting for a false move and just dying to stick their teeth into something. But they'd have to chew on something else, because David Gilmour had pulled in the best teams available and had created an album far beyond what the critics had expected. An album that deserves to stand proud, in it's rightful place amongst Floyd collections everywhere. Back-stage at Wembley, he goes on to say;

"You have to be brave and you have to spend money. You have to get the best. Our philosophy tends to be that, y'know, if you do it right, the money will take care of itself. Which doesn't always work, but generally speaking: If you do everything to the best of your ability, and you spend what it takes to get things done without being ripped-off, hopefully, uhm..... then the people will appreciate what you're doing for them and it'll pay off....And it has".

And sure enough, the complete *Lapse/Sound* venture was so well

organised, it was a more financially successful project than even *The Wall*. In a nutshell; the album was out in 1987, followed by a tour of the US, Japan and Australasia. The tour continued in Europe in '88 and in the same year, a double "live" album (*Delicate sound of thunder*) was released. We got singles, 12 inch singles (one folded out into a poster), cd singles, pink singles, post-cards, posters, a second edition of the *Lapse* album with free posters, a French version pressed on white vinyl, T-shirts; the list's endless. In 1989, the tour carried on for two months and Floyd re-did Europe and played five nights in Moscow. Meanwhile, the 48 track digitally recorded video was out and some of the shows were sold to radio and tv companies, to be sent out "live". In total, there were 199 shows and it was the biggest world domination project of all time. It wouldn't have surprised me if they'd done a show on top of an igloo and played in front of a bunch of culture ambitious eskimos! The money was pouring in.



What do you mean, Floyd stuff ?



The *Delicate sound* release was a good move and for the first time, Floyd had something to compete with the bootleggers. Normally, to hear the band "live", we had to go out bootleg hunting and a good one will always cost as much as an official release, in most cases far, far more. But fair enough. Nowadays we're talking quality. Since the creation of the boot-cd, the illegal stuff is becoming just as good as the studio albums. There was a fortune being made and Pink Floyd were now getting a slice of the pie. As US radio presenter David Jensen once said; "Not only had they proved their point, but they'd underlined it!"

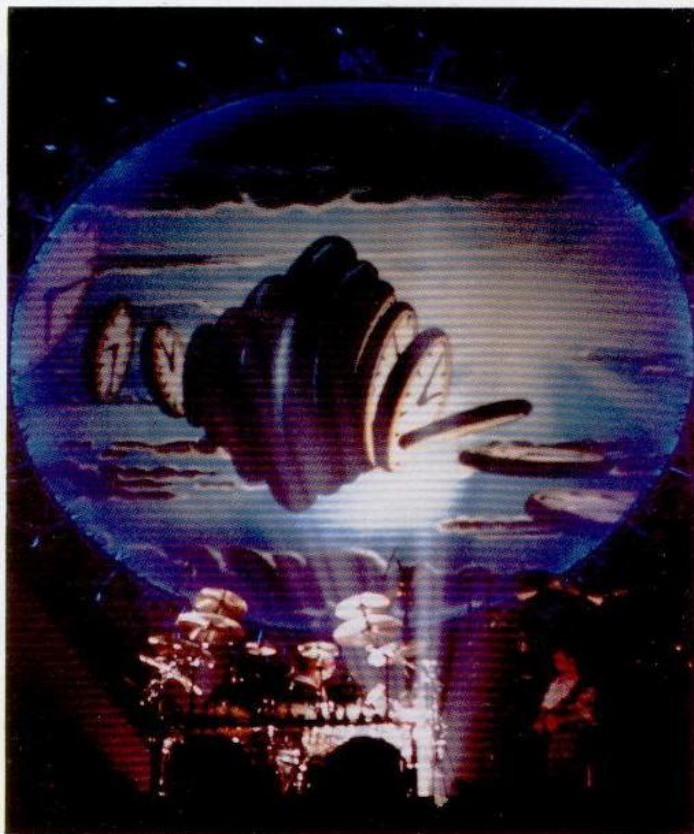
All in all, it was a work of commercial brilliance. Rog's famous out-burst of, "You fuckers will never get it together" was said maybe a little too fast, during the heat of a meaty argument and without thinking too clearly.

## David Gilmour comments about how *"A momentary lapse of reason"* became the title for the new album.

"It came out of the air. It was a phrase. I've got a, erm... I work with a word-processor these days. Most people do, who write anything down. And erm... I just jot any old rubbish down in the word-processor and when I'm working on a particular song idea, I write that out, but I've also got some pages of just any old stuff, and little phrases that come out of the air, or that you beg, steal or borrow and that was just an idea that I really liked, erm... because it is erm... For a lot of people who I know, including me, many of the changes in one's life comes through temporary losses of sanity. You lose your judgement and you do something on an instinct or a whim, and your life changes. Sometimes for the best and sometimes for the worst."



Let's not be too harsh saying, "Yes, but they're exploiting the Floyd", and "they're doing the contrary of what the band stood for", and all the rest. We've had enough of that. Let's just get back to enjoying the music again. Let's only get pissed-off when we see the lads doing a Pepsi advert with Tina Turner at the drums and Michael Jackson, dancing on everything.





Okay, as this is an intro, I'd better do some introducing. About this book and why I thought I should write it. I think it's the dream of every fan to be able to have a quick glimpse behind the heavily guarded security lines. To see the band wandering around in jeans, sound-checking the day away with a cup of coffee and a cigarette, is something the fans would donate an organ for. To cuddle up to the inflatable pig, or to see the crew, playing computer games on a monitor at the mix-desk. But, how the fuck do you do that, without security kicking your ass ?? Arrive days before they even seal off an area, dig a hole, bury yourself and wait for 'em to come and go? Wear black, darken your face and jump around, hiding from big dogs with even bigger teeth? Do you just turn invisible and walk in? Or maybe beg some crew-member to adopt you and cover you with passes ?

I'm not too sure how it all happened; right place/right time, luck, cheek, chance, it doesn't matter. But somehow I managed to get caught up in a flow and found myself able to spend a few days with the crew at different gigs. Before the book starts, let's just nip back for a minute, to where it all started. It was 1988 and Floyd were going to hit the road in Europe and play everywhere for the first time since *Animals* (over ten years ago). *The Wall* had been restricted to Britain, the US and Germany.

The news of a tour was confirmed and the dates for ticket-sales were being given. It was time. Time to blow the dust off your favourite T-shirt and stand in line all night with a bunch of other over-enthusiasts, to make sure of a field-ticket. And time to start trading stuff again and look for new bootlegs. It was time to arrive in some strange town somewhere, before a gig, and party all night with the other over-nighters. And time to feel the pure energy of tens of thousands of people, all gathered

*It was time to see Pink Floyd "live"!*



Lasers, lights, smoke and lots of Floyd.

for the same reason. I managed to see 12 shows (excluding Knebworth). The last eight are in this book, where I either worked

or was a guest, but it were those first four shows as a ticket-holder that were respon-sible for the last eight, and in turn, for this book.



It was Saturday night, two days before Floyd did Rotterdam on the 13th and 14th of June '88. The activity was already at full-steam inside Feyenoord Stadium. Stageco (B) had planted a stage and were putting in the final screws, waiting patiently for the band. In about 10 hours, the road-crew would turn up to transform this skeleton of wood and steel, into the bombastic travelling Pink Floyd altar.



My curiosity was running overload. I'd not seen the show before and was going crazy, imagining what was happening *behind closed doors*. I really needed to have a quick peep, just one... I had to take a closer look. Security wasn't too tight because as I've said, the Floyd's gear hadn't yet arrived, so they were on minimal manpower. Thinking back, I know now that it wasn't exactly the right thing to do (and I definitely wouldn't recommend it!), but I jumped a fence and was in.



I climbed up to the highest seat in the house, up at the back, and sat down in the middle, giving a complete over-sight of the entire stadium. There's a certain kind of romance about sitting there at 2 o'clock in the morning, staring down across a gigantic empty void, in a straight line towards the illuminated stage, the size of a postage-stamp. Witnessed by only a hand-full of scattered trucks and the occasional silhouette at the window of one of the local crew caravans. Every so often, a car would go by on the outside, but nothing stirred here. Not a single sound. There was gonna be 65.000 fans *raving and drooling* all over the place, in just a couple of days, but now I was afraid even to breathe. If security would see me and throw me out, fair enough. I knew I was in the wrong and would totally agree, leaving gracefully.

*I really needed to have a  
quick peep, just one.....  
I had to take a closer look.*





*There was a whole different universe going on back there that we never get to see.*



But for now, I was locked in after closing-time and had to make the most of it. Sitting in the middle of the stage, humming Floyd tunes to an empty audience, and thinking how strange it was, that pretty soon the band would be standing on the very same spot to do it properly. After dawn hit and everything was much lighter, it wasn't long before security did what security do, and I was led to the other side of the fence again. After a couple of ins and outs, and after the final threat from chief of security about cops, death 'n things, I got the message and stayed put. But not before I'd managed to catch a couple of hours sleep under the stage, and had strolled into the roadies' canteen for a cup of coffee and a couple of peaches for breakfast.

You can't imagine the feeling I was left with, having had the whole place to myself all night, while everybody slept, keeping a watchfull eye over things and absorbing the silence. Total blast.... and something clicked. I couldn't shake the feeling of needing to go back. Even after seeing the two shows and then again at London, a few weeks later, I still couldn't shake it. There was a whole different universe going on back there that we never get to see. Then, in 1989, after seeing their opening show in Werchter (B) on the 13th of May, I thought, "Fuck it! There must be more to life than just a cup of coffee and a couple of peaches....."

Floyd were to play in Köln (Germany) in just over a month and this time I wanted to see more than just another show. I'd like to meet the band... or work there... or something, anything. I wanted to be a bit more a part of things.

So pull up a chair, fasten your seat-belt, get your ash-tray and coffee, stick on your favourite album and we're ready to go...

*Back-stage with Pink Floyd '89.*



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# PINK FLOYD

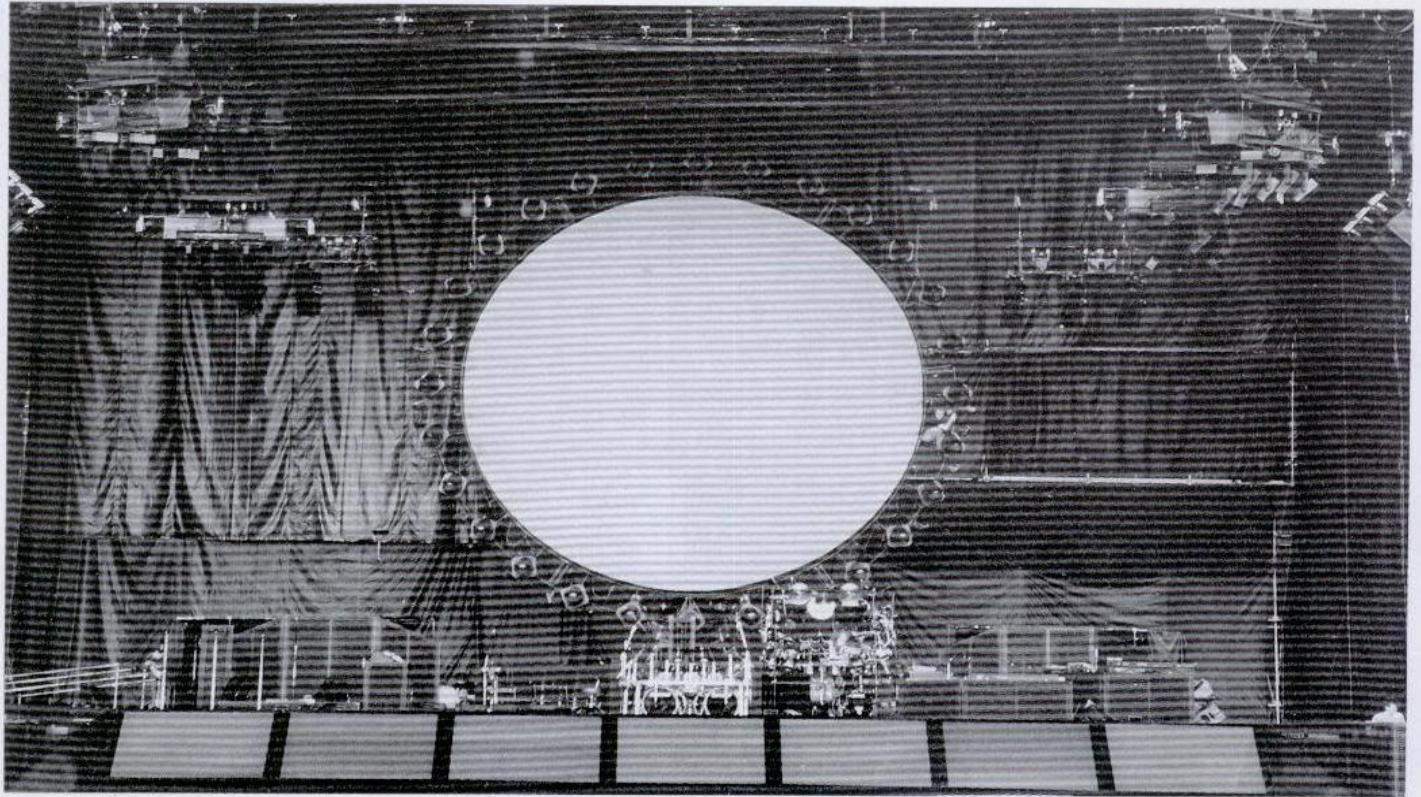


# LIVE!

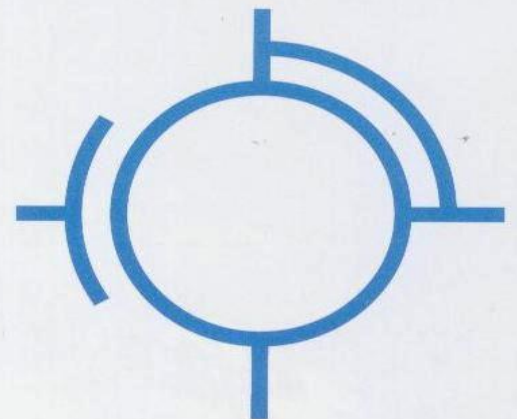
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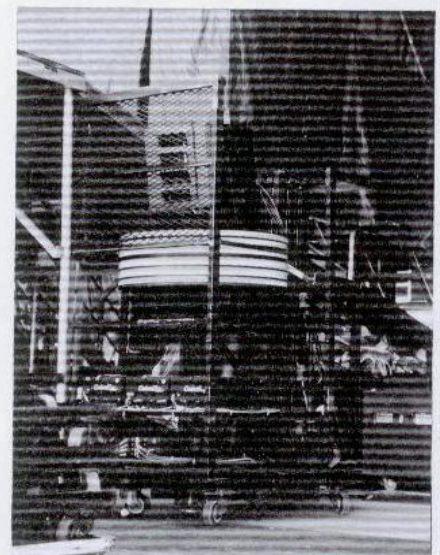


Pods (PTS), are the four clusters of "lites" that move horizontally and vertically across the stage. It's a pod that carries the first stream of white lights, across to Rick, as the shows opens. The four pods are shown here, in their resting positions (2 in each top corner).

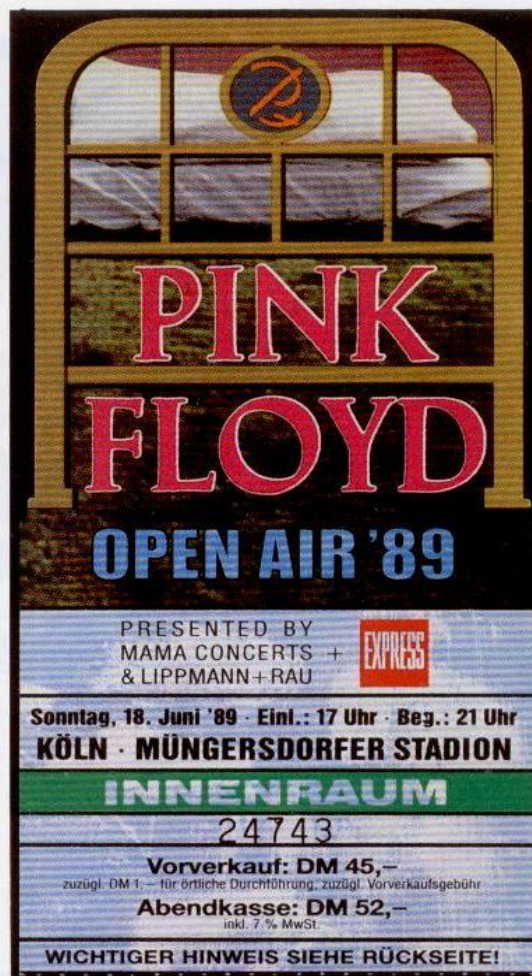


A Vari-lite is a kind of rotating, multicoloured, computer-operated spotlight. There's a bunch under each pod and 28 around the screen. There are big chunks of equipment at the mix-desk with professionals at the controls, holding it all together.

Floyd Droids are the three robot-like machines, that pop up from under the stage every now and again, to shoot the crowd with fast-moving, fingers of multi-coloured lights. To the right, a lonely Droid waiting to be slotted into place.







## KÖLN

I hiked down to Köln alone. It was late afternoon on the 17th of June when I arrived, a day before the gig. Work was already being carried out, so I headed off back-stage to see what was happening. The Templines (quad. generators) were being unloaded and Gus, one of the technicians, was keeping his eye on things. I didn't have the money for a ridiculously high priced bootleg ticket, so I asked Gus if I could buy one through him, at the normal price. We talked for a while and I told him, that this was my fifth show. He said, if I turn up tomorrow morning (showday), at around eleven, he'd give me a free ticket.

Fans were already making camps on a field across the road from the stadium. We partied until about four a.m., then I tried to grab a couple of hours sleep.

Some guy had brought his Hi-fi and connected it to a reserve battery. He blasted the whole camp awake, cd on full power, with the alarm clocks from Time. This was at six o'clock and people either threw up or grabbed for a beer. *Most people threw up and then took a beer.* The guy with the whopping great speakers on top of his car must have been waiting for this all night.

I went to the back-stage gates trying to find Gus, but by this time there were loads of fans all over the place. There was no way security would let me in to find him, so I had to wait outside and hope to get a glimpse of him somewhere.

By 11.30 I started to get nervous. No Gus and even if I got a ticket, I'd have to queue behind all the

fans, who were pouring in from all directions. I'd get a shit position after being there all night! I was wearing my security T-shirt from the Floyd gig in Rotterdam, last year and in a panic move, I went over to a side-gate, with a plan. I marched up to the guy guarding it and asked him to let me in because I had to get back. He didn't understand English, but looked at me a bit, saw the T-shirt and knowing that the Floyd-security were English also must have been enough, because he let me in and closed the gate.

I just marched in a straight line towards the stage, to make it look like I knew where I was going. I tried not to look nervous and didn't look back as I was walking towards all the Floyd stuff. I had this feeling that thousands of people were pointing guns at me.

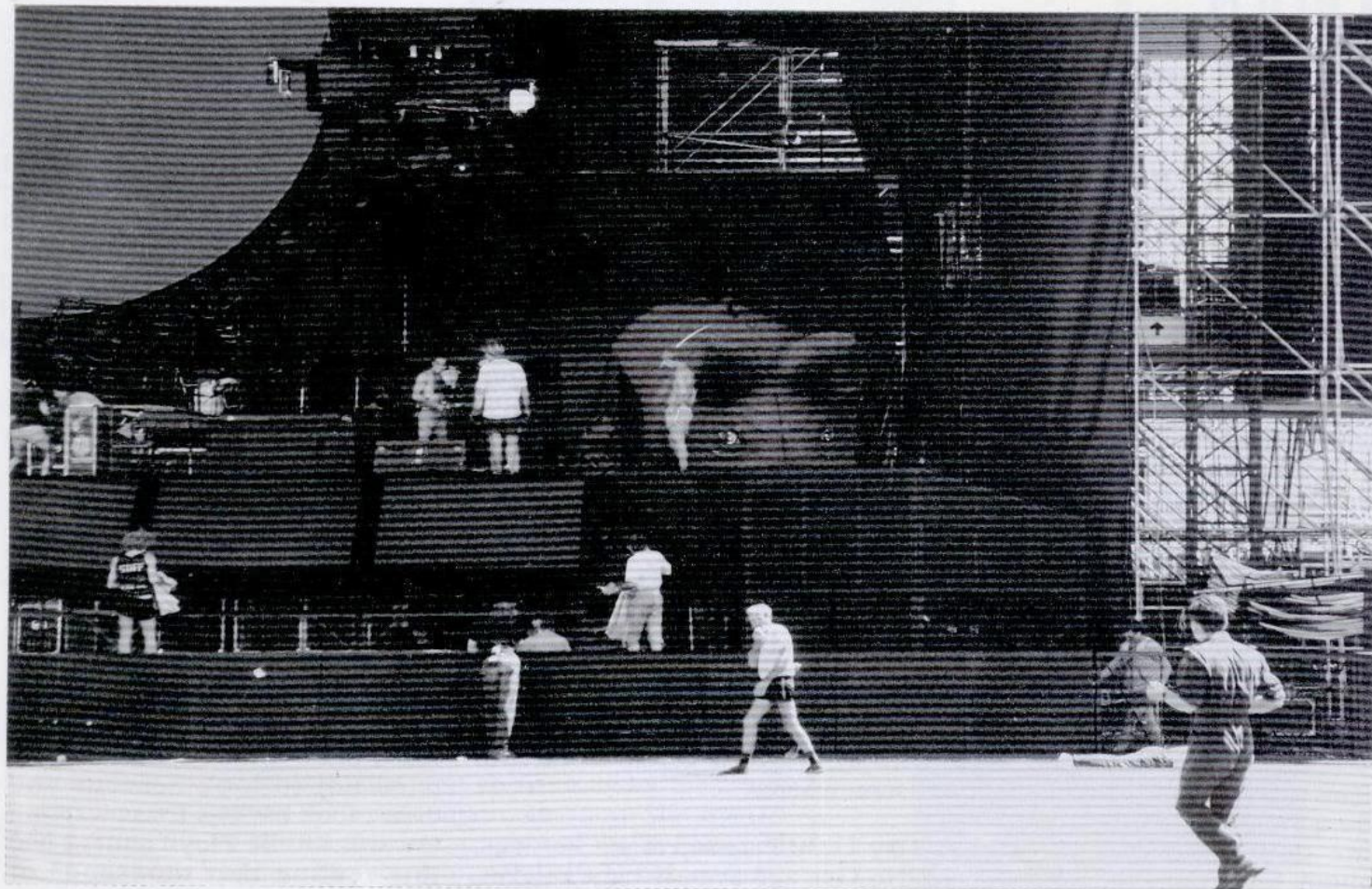


I got to the field just as about fifty caterers turned up and I managed to mingle. Most of them didn't know each other, so I didn't stand out.

It was by this time around noon and I was sitting on the field of the Mungersdorfer Stadium, where tonight, 60.000 fans were going to get mowed down by the Floyd machine-gun. I got talking to this german guy, who worked for catering. Apparantly they were a couple of men short and I could earn \$ 70,00 frying burgers at one of the stands on the field. Start at 5 p.m. and finish at around 2 a.m. the next morning. Sure, I took the job and I got a workers-pass !

It was 12.30, so I had four and a half hours to just look around *legally* and no-one could throw me out. It was the first time I'd been so close to the stage, while there was so much *behind the scenes* activity going on.

The mirror-ball burst through the back of the stage, the Vari-lites were going through sequences, the bed took a dive and even the pig came out to stretch his wings.



A lot of stage-activity a few hours before show-time.



I never did see Gus again that day, but to be honest, I think I was too mesmerised by all this to think of much else. When Floyd turned up for the sound-check, it still wasn't time to go over to my frankfurters, so I stood in front of the stage. The crew had seen it all too many times already and were not taking too much interest. They were walking around tying up the loose ends, doing this here and that there. Floyd played *Learning to fly* completely and bits and pieces of other stuff, just giving it all the final touches.

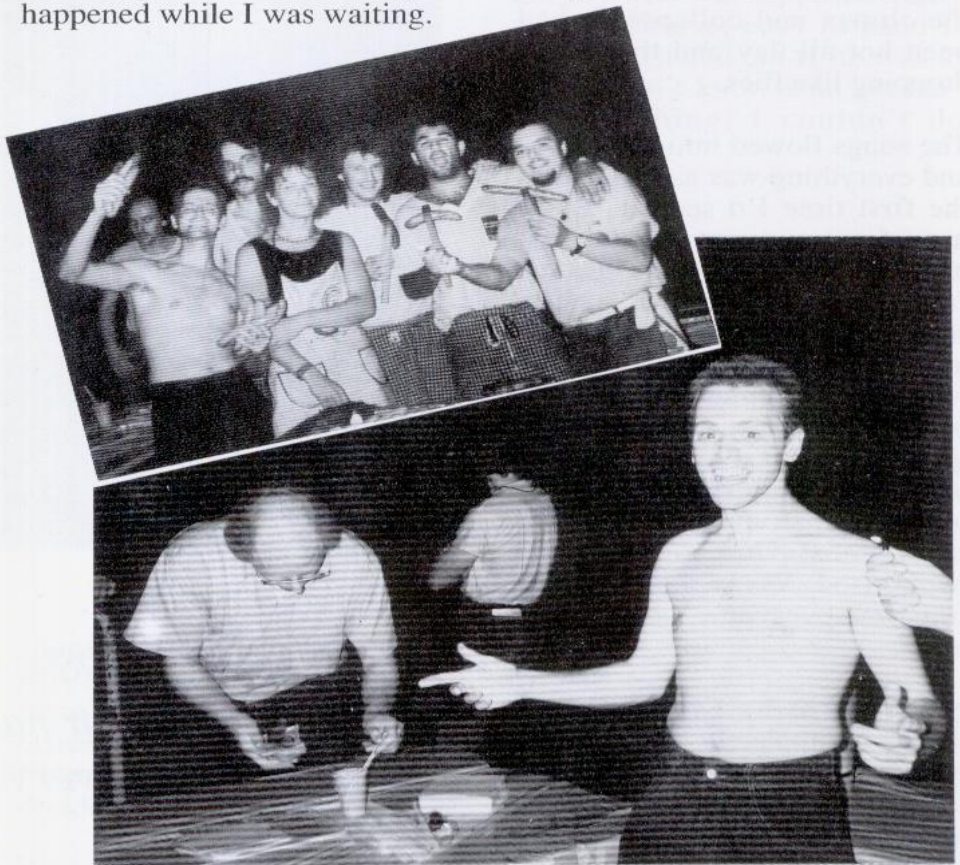
In a way, I felt like a spy. A fan in the secret guise of a burgerman. I'd made it through the outer gates and there I stood. Tonight, when *Learning to fly* would be played, it would be for 60.000 fans. This one was mine.....

Rick Wright had been across to the mix-desk and on his way back to the stage I managed to shake hands and exchange a few words with him. I cursed myself for being penless. He returned to the stage and the band finished the sound-check.

It was ten minutes before the gates opened and I took a last look around the empty stadium. You wouldn't think that in a few moments this place was going to be packed to the rims with thousands of....Oh shit, the hungry ones would be coming straight for me ! I'd nearly forgotten that I had an appointment with a couple of tons of frozen meat ! The gates opened at five and the show started at nine. I had the four busiest hours of my life that day. I can't speak a word of German and these guys couldn't speak English. Hundreds of freaky Germans ordering food and generally confusing me with weird foreign words. I felt like I was a prisoner of war that had to serve food all day. Screaming faces, waving hands, small guys being crushed by big guys and steaks and other crap flying all over the place. Really heavy y'know.....

Actually I was having the time of my life; the lads I was working with were fabulous, even with this language problem. They knew I was there for the Floyd and the job was something that happened while I was waiting.

They were doing a days work and thought the show was o.k. and everything, but didn't *know* the Floyd. When the band came on they covered for me and I merged with the crowd.



Me and the frankfurter-gang.

25 JAHRE  
EXPRESS

★ EXPRESS  
★ präsentiert ★

DAS ROCKEREIGNIS DES JAHRES

PINK  
FLOYD

Sonntag, 18. Juni '89

Einlaß: 17.00 Uhr – Beginn: 21.00 Uhr  
Köln – Müngersdorfer Stadion

Karten an allen bekannten Vorverkaufsstellen und  
telefonischer Kartenbestellservice

**hotline: 02 21 – 32 70 22**

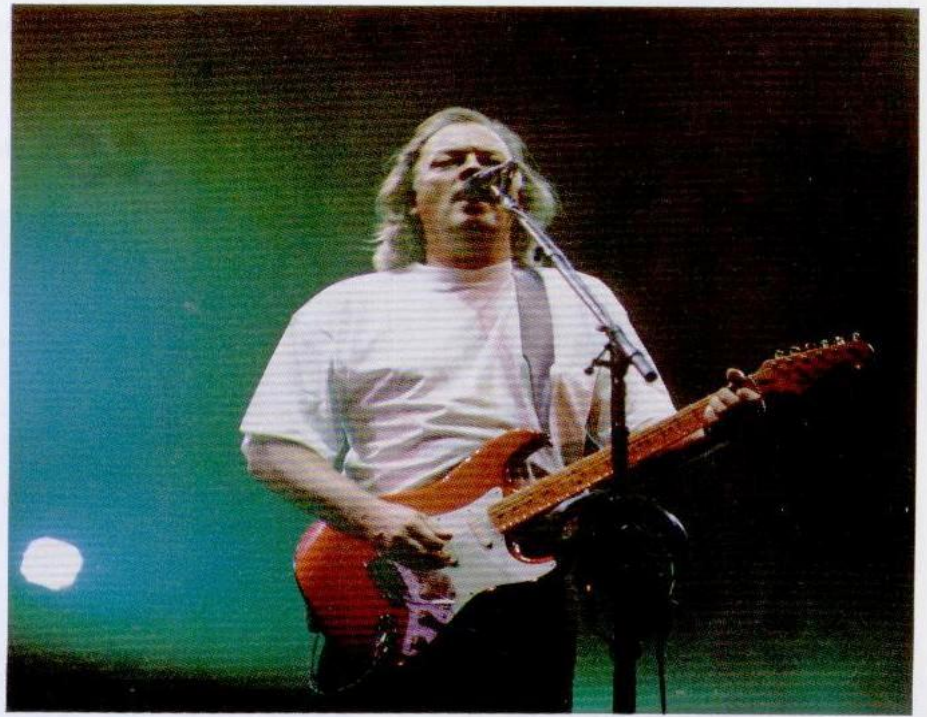
Veranstalter: hotline GmbH & Co. KG, Ubierring 9, 5000 Köln 1



9 p.m. and the Mungersdorfer Stadium exploded. It doesn't matter where you are, when Dave plays those first three notes, there's always a few poor buggers who take that as being the climax and collapse. It had been hot all day and they were dropping like flies.

The songs flowed into each other and everything was as magical as the first time I'd seen it. As in most foreign countries, the first half of the show was not as familiar to the crowd as the second. Even so, Dave had 'em hanging on every note. The whole experience remains the perfect marriage of sound and vision. Floyd had again managed to fill a stadium till it's bursting point and had everybody wide-eyed, staring forward, hypnotised. When the first half finished, everyone looked very lost.

Normally at half time, I'd sit down, a completely broken man, waiting for the next bit. This time I had to rush off to my post for the fifteen minute surge of hungry Floydies.



*Köln 1989,  
David Gilmour had 'em  
hanging on every note.*

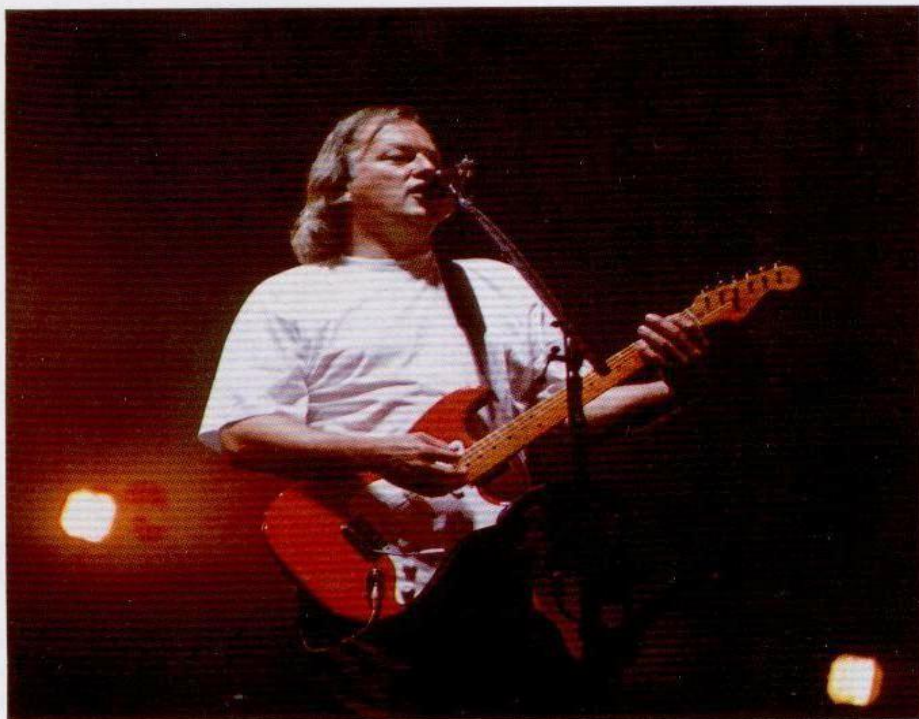
*One of these days started up and there was just one guy at the stand for a couple of frankfurters.*

Nick Mason came in with that fantastic drum freak out and I smashed this poor guy's sausages to smithereens, using them as drumsticks. I snapped out of it and, flicking pieces of raw sausage off everything, gave him a new order and dived back into the crowd.

When *Time/On the run* started up, the fans were in a total frenzy. I had the feeling that I wasn't in Germany any more, I was at







the Floyd ! The bed exploded for the umpteenth time and you could see that the inflatable guy had a headache and was getting a little fed-up with the whole thing. The girls took the reigns and the stage burst into life with *Great gig in the sky*. Without flaw for the 180th time, it made me wonder what kept these lovely lasses going.

*Great gig* is one of the best live-vocal performances of all time and to most of the fans, one of the highlights of the show. We tend to forget it was written by Rick Wright, who is hardly ever mentioned in newspaper or magazine write-ups, even now that he's a "real" member of the band again. When he is, he's always referred to as the guy who got sacked and only came back (as a paid musician) to make Floyd more complete for the public eye. It's time to wake up and respect Rick's past Pink Floyd involvements. *Gig* is a perfect example. Staying clear of all the fighting that was going on in the courts, meant that he couldn't be an official member of the band while the *Lapse* thing was going on, but he was there for the whole project, from

album to world tour. Who gives a shit about what's written on a piece of paper in some lawyer's office ? Rick had been with the Floyd again since Dave first decided he wanted his band back.

We sailed through *Wish you were here*, *Welcome to the machine* and *Us and Them*, riding on waves that had started out as ripples in the 70's and which were now engulfing millions of both old and new generations of Floyd fans all over the world. *Welcome to the machine* again held me in it's hypnotic grasp. With those captivating screen visuals and Rick's symphonic tones, it's just a sheer work of art. If the crowd hadn't snapped me out of it by freaking out and screaming after it had finished, I'm sure I would have fallen over.

As always *Money*, *Brick II* and especially *Comfortably numb* was enough to completely obliterate the fans. *One slip* and *Run like hell*, blasted the remaining survivors and with yet another spectacular show under their belts, Pink Floyd left the stage. It was fantastic to be able to just hang around when all the fans left, but we still had to tidy

up. We were finished around 2 a.m. and I took a final look at the stadium, absorbing the last few drops of an incredible experience, before heading for the guy who was supposed to pay me. Of course, cash to hand is never registered, so if he was to say, "I don't know you, get out" or something, I couldn't do much.

It had been a :

"Wanna job ??",  
 "Yeah.",  
 "Okay, pay you later",

type of conversation.

Actually, if I did get screwed, it wouldn't have mattered.....I got a free Floyd show, right ? But anyway, I got my pay and was ready to hit the road again. Apart from two or three Redburns still loading in, the place was nearly totally empty. Quite spooky really. On my way out, I passed a security-guy standing next to a pile of posters and postcards, confiscated from some poor bootlegger outside. I managed to scrounge a couple of cards "cause I worked there" type of thing, but the fucker wouldn't give me a poster. I was told that everything had to be destroyed. Bullshit ! It probably gets thrown into the back of some car and a few weeks later, it'll all be on the bootleg market again.

Stadiums are always situated in the middle of no-where and the Mungersdorfer Stadium is no exception. One of the local crew coaches was about to leave and as I was tired and in need of a lift out of there, I jumped aboard. It seemed like a good idea at the time, how was I to know that "local" in this case, meant 175 km east and home for me was west ?! And yes, I only found out when I woke up. Shit, I'd be late for dinner again. Floyd were to play four gigs, before I bumped into them again, nine days later for the five Paris shows. My girlfriend at the time would be with me.



Nº 000130

INVITATION

A 20H30

PARIS/BERCY

CONCERT

IN

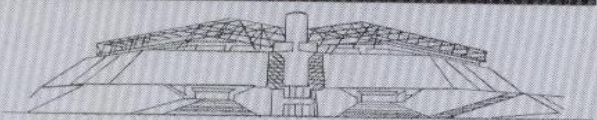
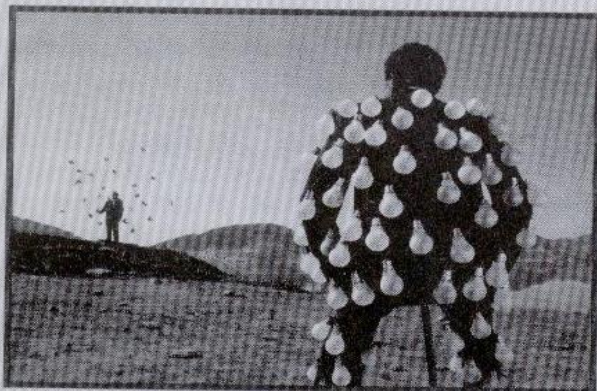
PINK FLOYD

LES LY PRESENTE

LES LY PRESENTE  
**PINK FLOYD**  
IN  
**CONCERT**

PARIS/BERCY

A 20H30



Nº 0000130

INVITATION

## PARIS

The five Paris gigs were being played indoors at the Palais Omnisports de Bercy and were scheduled for 27, 28, 29, 30th of June and the 1st of July. You can only cram around 14.000 fans inside, but over the 5 days that's 70.000 tickets sold.

We managed to see all the shows without even having to buy tickets. It happened so strangely and it was all thanks to the Floyd road-crew.

We arrived in Paris a few days before the Floyd did. I was a little nervous about the whole thing, as this was to be my first real contact with members of the crew. Because Gus (quad. technician) had promised me a ticket for the gig in Köln (Germany) and it hadn't happened, I felt that I could maybe hold him to it and get a ticket for this show instead.

It was now a day before the first gig and I'd already checked out the theatre, so I knew where back-stage and truck-entry points were. It had become instinct to circle the buildings before approaching the entrances. A *vulture circling it's prey*, so to speak. It was still early, so we sat down in the area I figured was to be the new Pink Floyd carpark.



With still a little time to get mentally prepared, we laid out in the sun, had a quick lunch, a few gulps of the good stuff and waited.

Things were just about getting tranquil, when our peaceful little carpark got stampeded by a herd of Redburns. It wasn't long before the drivers had made up a camp and could finally stretch out and pop a well deserved beer. The drive from Stuttgart (Germany) was long and trying to get through a billion caravans, tourist crammed busses, cars and the rest, couldn't have been too relaxing.

All the guys (including the drivers from the Berryhurst busses, used for transporting the crew), had been standard issued with a road log book, containing data covering the whole tour.

I'd met a few of the drivers in Germany and they trusted me enough to allow me to snuffle through the pages to kill time. Hotel phone-numbers, times, places, golden rules, addresses from a multitude of head-offices, stadiums, flight-numbers and loads more. It was about 100 pages of really interesting material. Flight arrangements and hotels were booked months in advance, all over Europe (and Moscow). Reading it made me appreciate the whole tour as an operation, a fantastic demonstration of perfect organisation.

We still had to wait for the crews to show up, to supervise the load out. Gus would be with them. And an hour later, when the first mini-bus turned up, he was.

Apparently, Gus had looked for me in Köln with no success (he should've bought a burger !). Seeing that our enthusiasm for the Floyd had brought me to yet another country, he said he'd arrange back-stage passes for tomorrow (showday 1), but for today we could go in anyway to see the build-up of the biggest mechano ever to hit the streets.



REDBURN TRANSFER  
The best way to move rock and roll.

Nervous as hell, we followed him past the load-out area, towards the front of the stage (which still needed to be built) and leaving us at the mercy of the crew, he dived between a pile of flight-cases to do whatever it is that quad. technicians do. At first I felt as though I'd lost my mum in a big supermarket, so to get used to all this, I found a safe little spot where we wouldn't get tripped over.

The crew were very cheerful and all too eager to explain what they were doing. Getting things done in the right order was the essence of getting things done on time.

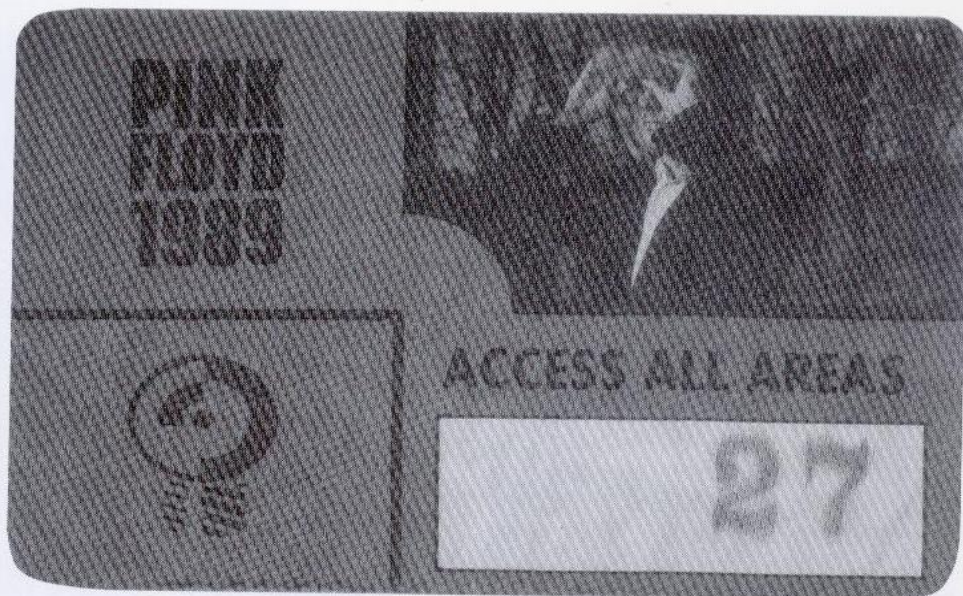
It was an honour to witness such a bunch of professional guys, doing what they're best at in such

a casual and unstressed manner. The work carried on until about 1.30 am, showday 1. The riggers were getting everything in place, putting the chains in position, so that they could pull up the stage speakers. And everything else for that matter. It was all suspended from the steel girders running across the top of the building. Tele-scan operator, Christophe Ducret, was busy changing the colour filters and everyone seemed to be taking bits and pieces out of flight-cases. All under the watchful eyes of Morris Lyda (prod. manager). Like any true ringmaster, he had to make sure that this gigantic circus was scooped out of the ground at one place and very carefully replanted somewhere else.



The stage-call on the first showday was at 9 am. In the morning we managed to speak to monitor technician, Mickey Sturgeon, who'd been working with the Floyd, on and off, for 17 years. He gave faces names, explained who did what and generally gave us the rundown of how it all fits together. Later, as we were looking around on our own, he came over and gave me a pair of Nick Mason's drumsticks; "to remember today", he said and with a wink, went back off to work. Gus came along with our back-stage passes, so we stuck 'em on and were ready to go. The passes read: **Access All Areas**. I'd seen people wearing these at other gigs and would have given anything to have one. It started to sink in that we were now official guests of the day, and were in the position of freely being able to cross security-lines, even if it meant leaving and re-entering the building.

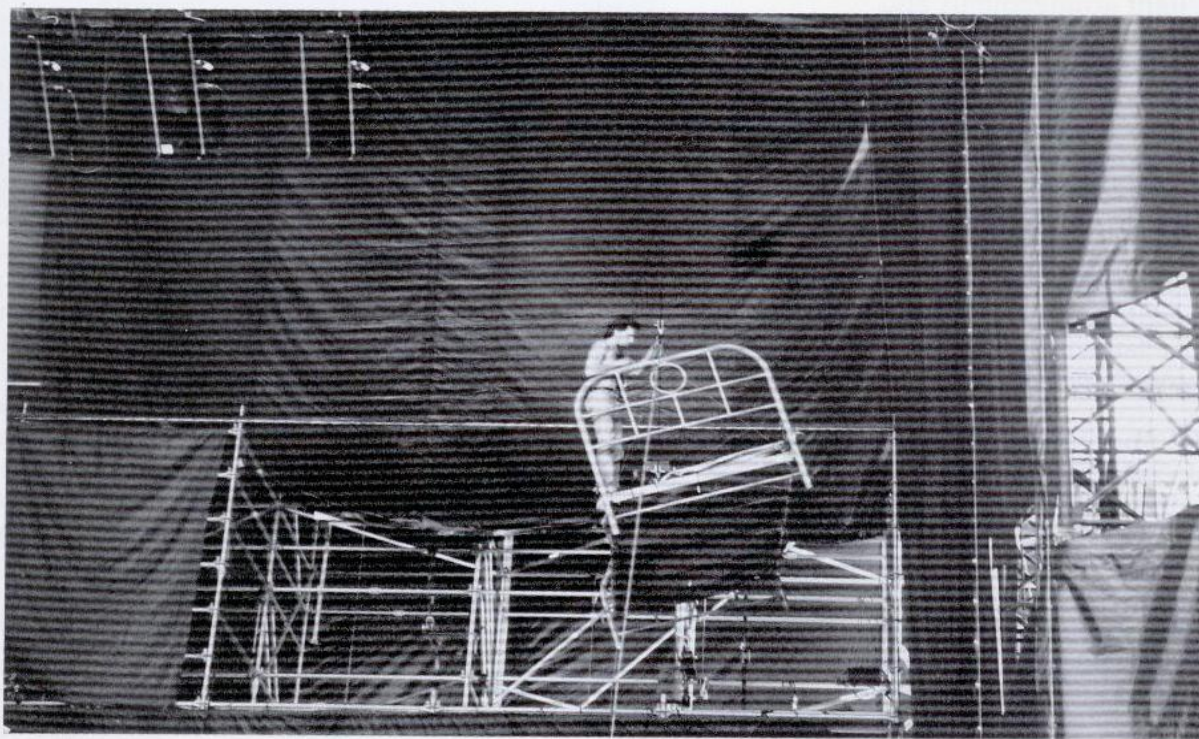
There was a lot of checking to be done. The pig, bed, lasers, lights, sound, mirror-ball, FX. It all had to come together. It had to be set up, tested and by 9 pm, ready to blast all those Floyd freaked Parisians.



There was something I'd not seen before. They were going to smash the bed into a wall as it "exploded", to give a better effect. Normally it flies quite high over Dave or Rick's head and the explosion is much to low. You had to be lucky enough to stand in the right place to appreciate this one.

Within a few hours the stage was set up and the crew started to sound-check the Floyd's gear, waiting for the band to show up and give it the final touches. When they arrived I was still standing in the bed crash-zone

and was pushed behind the stage, out of the way. Right into the arms of Durga McBroom (backing vocals). Not wanting to miss a chance, I asked her to sign a *Delicate sound* postcard I had with me. She fell in love with this security T-shirt I was wearing, from last year's Rotterdam gig. Like most of the crew, she is an avid collector of the back-stage shirts. What T-shirt and where it was from, is the main topic of breakfast conversation for some of these guys. I can relate to that, being a collector myself. We're always looking for a good trade and I'm



One of the crew discussing new pyro techniques with the inflatable guy.



sure I could've swopped with Durga, but I'd already promised Clyde Taff (mirror-ball operator) about two hours earlier.

T-shirt collecting goes a little further than just the official and bootleg stuff. What the lads behind the scenes have, for example, are specially made with their company's name printed somewhere (e.g. Redburn, Pyro crew etc.) and the words "Pink Floyd" majestically across the front or back. Every tour has it's own batch made. The local crews and security in each country get their own and these are all different, being written in other languages and with the names of promoters also printed somewhere. There are more shirts out there than we imagine and none of them for sale. I managed to get three from Clyde for the security one I had on, but I've side-tracked because that happened after the second show. We go back to before the first....

Durga signed my card and went on stage, so I returned to the field-area because obviously the band had turned up for the sound-check. Durga's sister, Lorelei (also vocals), was still in front of the stage, so I went over

for a quick word. The band are very overprotected, making it rather difficult to approach them without someone scowling from some dark corner somewhere. I think the problem was, that the band (and we have to agree) were very pushed for time and were being bounced around, hotel to hotel, country to country, with no time to breathe. They didn't need over-enthusiastic fans jumping on them for autographs and especially not when they were "safe" in a secured theatre.

But still, Lorelei was looking around the Bercy in a way that made me feel that she'd seen enough of these places and it could very well be nearly time to go home. I thought that a conversation with a new face couldn't harm. So, taking everything into consideration, I went over and we chatted for about fifteen minutes. Apart from having a voice that can rip a man's soul in half, she happens to be a beautiful person inside 'n out.

The sound-check was about to begin, so she went on stage taking my card with her, with the promise that when the band had a spare moment, she'd ask them to sign it. The sound-check was

familiar; it was more or less the same as the one I'd seen in Köln, but with more communication between Dave and the desk. All of it through the mikes so it was very clear. I felt as though I was eavesdropping in stereo. Rachel sang solo a few lines from *Miss you like crazy* and Durga's was a piece from *True colours* (Cyndi Lauper). It was definitely strange to witness the girls singing other than Floyd material, whilst standing between a mass of Varilites, droids, pods and the rest of the band's gadgetry. Having individually finished their own checks, they teamed up to play *Learning to fly* completely. Within twenty minutes it was over and they left the stage looking satisfied.

It felt silent now, after a full blast sound-check like that and was nearly time for the gates to open. Mickey came over with two beautiful invitation-tickets in booklets and when Lorelei handed me my postcard (signed by all eleven members), my day was complete. I'd been watching as it was being passed from hand to hand. Jon Carin (2nd keyboards man), bit and tried to look through it, like checking counterfeit money.





We still had to get in position, so we moved across to the first row (facing Dave's mike), sat down and turned to face the back of the theatre. There was not even time to piece this weird day together, before we found that we were now not the only fans in the building. It started with a few screaming people running forward..... *showtime !*

It's amazing how so many people, running in such a frenzy, manage to stop in time without splatting themselves into the stage security-barrier. After the first couple of hundred settled in around us, I stopped feeling invaded and started to join in with new enthusiasm. All day I'd had this feeling that I wasn't quite in the right place, there behind the scenes, but now with thousands of Floydies pouring in, I felt like I was back with the pack.

The Floyd audience of today are a mixed bunch indeed. From the guy who rips a piece of his ticket off, to use as the cardboard for his joint, to the guy who neatly replaces his back in it's plastic bag, unscathed. I've never sat between a more interesting crowd than at the Floyd gigs. The older fans still held the majority, but as we head for the 90's and especially after such a gigantic project surrounding the *Lapse* thing, the new generation is definitely ever increasing. I just hope that they understand what Rog's Floyd stood for and not join the masses way of thinking, regarding him as some kind of tyrant who left and caused trouble for the rest of the band. It's always been : Don't forget Syd Barrett, but we must *never* forget Roger Waters.

With only minutes before showtime, I had a quick glimpse at all the crew, waiting at their posts for the cue to start the ball rolling. And at the fans, who were ready for this nearly three hour blast to clean out the cobwebs. A total escape from hang-ups, set up by master-technicians. The Arc-foggers (smoke) had been on for a couple of hours

already, so when the band were ready to play, it was very cloudy. The advantages of playing indoors are obvious: the smoke can't escape , so it can only get thicker, making every laser razor sharp. And, of course, because the theatre is dark from the first moment, the screen visuals are always crystal-clear.

Floyd effortlessly went through the motions and the 14.000 fans who had stampeded towards the stage a few hours earlier, staggered back the other way, with just enough energy to keep their legs moving. It wasn't fair. I was observing everything instead

of taking part. We should have been in there somewhere, just as bewildered, being herded out by security. But we stood by the stage with our passes visible and were left alone. I didn't quite know where to go. We didn't belong with the fans anymore and it was a bit heavy to even think that we belonged with the Floyd people for a couple of days. Even so, before we left, Mickey came over and said that he'd arrange for passes for the next day, if we wanted to come back.

So we did.



Three passes for five Paris gigs.



We arrived for stage-call early in the afternoon. The second showday had started. Each day had it's own pass colour and ours were still from the day before. The local outer security recognised us and let us through anyway. We got our new ones later. I could see that the crew were getting used to the idea of making camp for a few days, instead of constantly rushing from place to place. The familiarity of taking the same ride back to the same hotel a few nights in a row must have been enough to recharge their batteries. They looked very at ease and relaxed.

Everything was already in place and the concert the previous evening had proven that it all worked. The fact that they seemed to have more spare time, gave me the opportunity to speak with some of the lads. I went across to Bob Mardon. He's the P.T.S. driver and was responsible for those four clusters of lights (pods) that horizontally and vertically moved across the stage. He told me that the guy in the *Lapse* films is actually the same guy who looks after David Gilmour's boat house/studio. The location used for the films was Grantchester Meadows, a place that's always been close to the hearts of the band. An inspirational place, responsible for many good tracks back in the early days.



Back in 1988 at Rotterdam (NL), there was a third object used on a cable besides the pig and the bed. When *Learning to fly* was played, a wraith like spirit thing with red flashing eyes, "flew" up from the stage to the back/top of the stadium.

It was about the same size as the bed. A few weeks later in London, it wasn't there anymore. This years shows didn't have it either. Apparently because it wasn't all that good, the crew had burnt it in Manchester on the carpark; they'd been carrying it around but not using it for too long.

Back-stage in Werchter (B), I'd seen a life size bulbman standing between two white pillars (a plastic fern plant on each). There were electric cables running up one leg, so I presumed that all the bulbs came on when it was "plugged in". It was neither part of the show, nor was it used as a publicity-stunt. Again, I'd only seen it once and it wasn't here in Paris. I couldn't ask anyone at the time cause I'd jumped a fence to get in, the night before the gig and those were the days when security threw me out all the time. Bob told me that it was only to brighten up the dressing-room areas !



Tickets worden noch terugbetaald, noch omgewisseld. Verboden zijn: flessen, blikjes, scherpe voorwerpen, alcohol, bandopnemers en film/fotocameras. Koop je tickets niet op straat. De kans bestaat dat ze vervalst zijn. Koop ze enkel bij gevestigde voorverkoopadressen. Alvorens het terrein te betreden, zal iedereen rechtmatig afgetast worden. Bij weigering wordt de toegang verboden. Namaak van dit ticket is strafbaar.

**BELANGRIJK BERICHT:** Niet geldig zonder strook. De toegang kan steeds geweigerd worden. De organisatoren, het stadion, de groepen en hun agenten, bedienden en personeel kunnen niet aansprakelijk gesteld worden voor schade, verlies en diefstal, noch voor om het even welk gebeurlijk ongeval.

vzw. Altsien presents

# PINK FLOYD

## IN CONCERT

ZATERDAG 13 MEI  
SAMEDI 13 MAI 1989

### WERCHTER

DEUREN: 17 H. SHOW: 21 H.

Met dank aan het GEMEENTEBESTUUR van ROTSELAAR

**VOORVERKOOP PRE-VENTE**

# 900 BF

(50 FI)

Taksen on B.T.W. Inbegr.  
Taxes et T.V.A. compr.

## 20015

Tickets Voet, Delnze

Les tickets ne seront ni remboursés, ni échangés. Sont interdits: bouteilles, canettes, alcool, enregistreurs, caméras et appareils photo. N'achetez pas vos tickets en rue, ils pourraient être falsifiés. N'achetez vos tickets que dans les bureaux de prévente reconnus. Avant d'entrer sur le terrain, chacun sera fouillé de façon permise. En cas de refus, l'accès au terrain sera refusé. La contrefaçon de ce ticket est punissable.

**AVIS IMPORTANT:** Non-valable sans souche. L'accès au terrain pourra être refusé à tout moment. L'organisateur, les groupes, le stade, leurs agents et employés, les bénévoles, ne peuvent être responsables du chef d'accident, de quelque nature qu'il soit, et en cas de vol ou perte, qui pourraient se produire au cours ou à l'occasion du spectacle pour lequel ce ticket est délivré.



Time flew much too fast and it was already late afternoon when Floyd turned up for the sound-check. When Lorelei waved across, smiling, I really felt at home. The check was basically the same as yesterday and when it was over I spoke with Clyde Taff (mirror-ball operator). He said that if I still wanted to trade T-shirts, we should meet him after the show, so we could go back to his hotel and see what he had.

And speaking of the show, it was again nearly time. Everyone had advised us to stand in front of the mix-desk, if we wanted to see the full potential of the laser show indoors. From this position we couldn't see the band so clearly and knowing that, didn't waste the three hours trying. When I look back at all the shows I've seen, this one really sticks out as being the total blast in sound/visual experiences. Apart from Dave having a laughing fit during *One slip* and missing a few lines, it all flowed as smooth as always. Mick McGuire from the Pyro-technicians, flicked his last switch, exploding the fireworks around the screen and yet another 14.000 fans got chewed up in the Floyd grinder and were spit out back onto the streets. We had to look for Clyde.

A really spaced out fan tried to cross the security line with us but this big guy convinced him it would be sensible to go the other way. Back-stage was an ant hill of activity so I stood against a wall to watch all the passing faces. When Guy Pratt walked by it gave me the opportunity to find out what had happened to his bass during the show. It was something simple, a lead came out. Even so, it held the show up long enough to have the fans agitated. I could have asked Guy so much but, completely overwhelmed by all this, ended up saying something like, "Er, well thanks. It was another good 'un". We shook hands and he headed for the door.

I was having a hard time trying to believe what was happening.



David Gilmour, Paris 1989

This was heavy. I was mingling with the back-stage crowd waiting to go to the crew's hotel to swap T-shirts with one of the Floyd people, for Christ's sake! Clyde looked like he was ready to go so I went over. The minibusses left for the hotel at certain times. One had already gone.

Instead of waiting for the next, Clyde said that it'd be quicker to use the metro. We left in a group of six and spent the twenty minute ride listening to the crew's chit-chat. I heard why *Welcome to the machine* hadn't made it onto the video that had just been released. Floyd are allowed to play it but Rog still has a say in the matter concerning whether or not it goes on film. The same reason it wasn't to be played in Venice, which was to be filmed and sent out "live" to 27 countries.

By the time we arrived at Le Meridien hotel, the lounge was already full of familiar faces who must have taken an earlier bus. It

was a shame that Floyd were staying in a different part of town. We went up to Clyde's room and he literally emptied the contents of a cupboard over the bed. A side-line of this Pink Floyd fanaticism of mine is collecting the T-shirts and suddenly I was confronted with a mountain of 'em. I'd never seen stuff like this before. One of them was made especially for the people directly involved in the making of the *Delicate sound* video. Printed on the front was, "Thanks for bringing the pig alive" in pink hand-written letters. There are only about 200 in circulation.

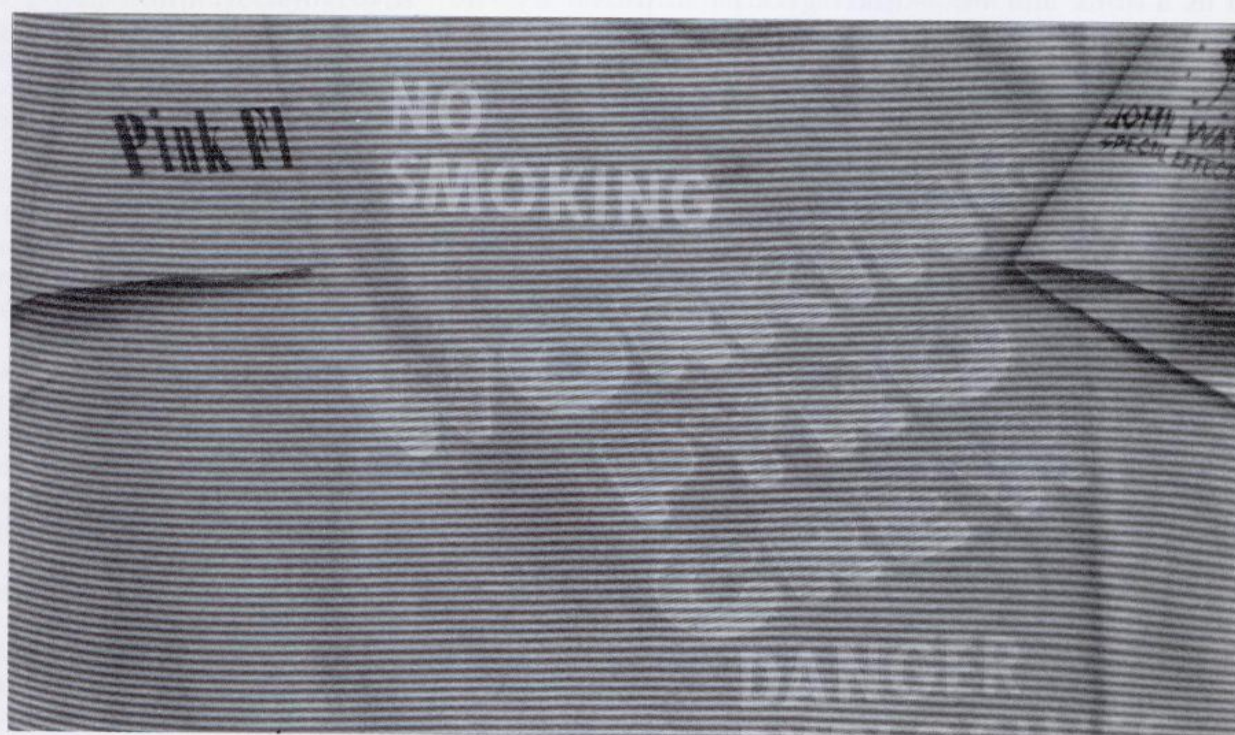
Another had a drawing of the pig riding the bed as it plunges towards the stage. Clyde was attached to some of them but I could make my selection out of about fifteen. There was no way. How do you do something like that? I was like a kid with his nose pressed up against a sweet-shop window.



He saw I was overloading so he gave me three to get rid of the situation. I got an American bootleg one, with U.S. tour dates on the back and the prism on the front.

The second was made for the lightcrew. On the front is a drawing of a speed freak (big round speedometers for eyes) who's called "the Alienator". If anything went wrong and somebody were to ask who was responsible, everyone would blame the Alienator.

On the back is the name of the company : Roy G. Biv Inc. Venice, California. The third is a "Pyro crew" T-shirt made for the special-FX people. It has "Pink Floyd" written on one sleeve and on the other, "John Watkins Special Effects Inc". Across the front and back it has, "No smoking, working pyro crew. Danger, explosives." There were only 14 made. My security shirt had done it's job well. It was the perfect disguise for getting me through local outer securities, making it possible to contact the crew inside. I handed it over.





Before we left, Clyde showed us his time-table which went back as far as the time he'd worked on Bowie's *Spider* tour. The people pulled together to make up the Floyd team are definitely the cream. They'd worked with some of the bigger names and were the best you could get. They had to be. A professional family was necessary to take care of such a gigantic project. Marc Brickman had worked with Roger Waters back in '84 when *The pros and cons* hit the road.

For the third showday we were on our own regarding getting through outer security. We were going to be passless for the next three shows. Each crew member had only two guest passes to give away per city instead of two per gig. Most of them had friends in Paris so with two shows gone, and three to go, the remaining passes were spoken for.

But anyway, the guys said that we were welcome to turn up for stage-call, if we could get in. I

was a little concerned. It would only take one security guy who didn't know us or one in a pissed-off mood and that was that. I needed a few minutes to get into a

the Floyd turned up at 5.30. Being late didn't stop Guy Pratt joining in with the crew in a little fun on the field area. He shot off on a tiny motorised kiddies scooter, a cute little gadget used for zooming across the great distances around the arenas. Seeing the rest of the band on stage looking like they were ready to get down to business, he gave this chap his toy back and headed for his bass.

The rehearsals started and *Dogs of war* was timed to see what could be snipped. Again Scott Page (sax) was busy with his video camera. More than once I'd seen him filming the sound-checks. For his scrapbook, I imagine. Actually, I'm sure that everyone knew basically what the Venice thing would turn out like because within fifteen minutes they were through. Not so much was played but a helluva lot was technically discussed and sorted out.

The band disappeared and nearly simultaneously, the gates opened. Amongst the "front rowers" were a few fans I'd seen in the same spot, yesterday and the day before. You have to hand it to some of these guys, God knows how many hours they've sat at the entrance each day. To manage to get to the front for every show probably means they just sleep outside.

About ten minutes before the gig started I saw Gary Wallis wandering around, mingling with the fans. Nobody expected one of the band to come out to the public so he managed to stay unrecognised. In only a few minutes everyone would be freaking to Gary's fantastic drum play but now they seemed to be annoyed at yet another guy pushing his way through.

It made me wonder whether he did it purposely not to be recognised or did he want to meet the few fans who did know who he was? Either way, it was a nice game to play just before a show starts.

positive frame of mind, so we circled the building to watch the fan activity first. It's always a bummer when it rains and it was raining, making the fans look for bits of shelter and there's never much. You'll always find small groups huddled by the entrances, soaked to the skin and smiling. Absolutely nothing stops these guys from standing in front of the stage.

As we rounded the corner towards back-stage, the mini-bus turned up and the crew were dropped right where we were standing. We all ended up walking in together. It was as if fate, seeing the unstableness of the situation, synchronised things in our favour. I grabbed a cup of coffee and could finally relax and have breakfast (2 pm). The band were expected at 4 o'clock to do the Venice rehearsals, the object being to chop a nearly three hour show and cram as much as possible into a one and a half hour concert for tv.

You can imagine that the crew were feeling a little restless when

000353



**sportpaleis ahoy'**

**Roger Waters**

Dinsdagavond 19 juni 1984, 20.00 uur

**BEWIJS VAN TOEGANG**

**f 35.—**

Het is verboden om foto-apparaat, film- en/of geluids-opnameapparaat, glas of blik mee het Sportpaleis in te nemen op straffe van inbeslagname.

Officiële verkoop van T-shirts e.d. slechts binnen de poorten van het Sportpaleis. Koop niets buiten.

He also had his hand in the making of *The gunner's dream* film, from *The final cut* album (1983). Here he was again with the Floyd, this time as the lighting designer.

Clyde offered us a drink and we left, it was already about 1.30 a.m. We still had to walk back to our hotel but luckily stage-call wasn't until two in the afternoon, so we could still manage to get some sleep. This whole experience was draining me mentally.

Every day my brain would try to take in as much as possible. So much to see, so much to remember and so much to remember to ask. When I'd remembered to ask, I then had to remember all the new info. Even now I sometimes have to strain my memory when I think back on certain conversations I've had. It's very easy to short circuit.

A good nights sleep.  
A good idea.



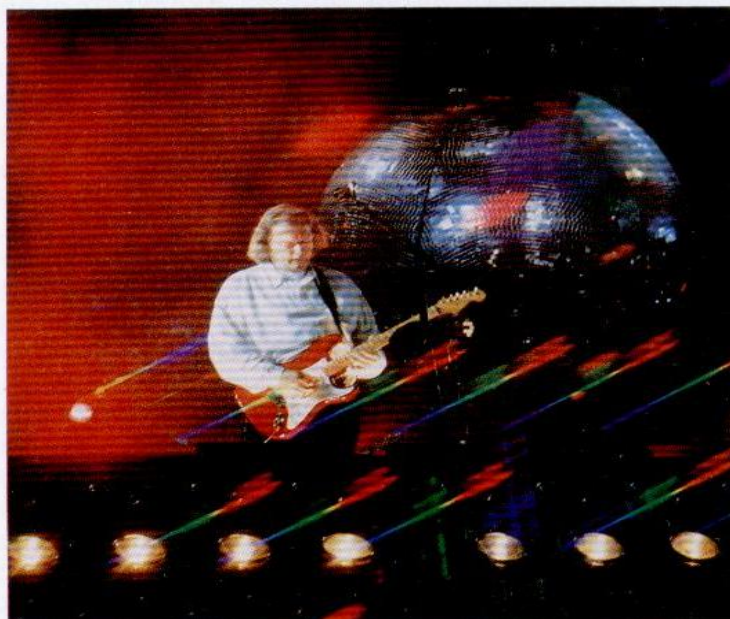


Above : The Venice rehearsals at the Paris Bercy.  
Note : Scott Page filming Dave on his Super 8.

Below : Dave is *Comfortably Numb*.

The show went perfectly. It was getting to be like playing the cd every night only instead of my living-room, I had a theatre and instead of headphones, I had the band. *Us and Them* had a slight problem in the beginning. Dave did the first guitar line and then re-started because the film didn't begin on cue. During the day I'd seen Clyde wearing the T-shirt we'd swapped and when the mirror-ball burst open in *Comfortably numb*, I couldn't help but think that it had finally got something useful to do in it's life, rather than hang on my body. The last note was played leaving the cleaners to sweep everyone out onto the streets. The ventilators were turned on to disperse the thick grey cloud created by the burning of strange substances.

Another day had passed.





Trying not to worry too much about getting in, we turned up at the Bercy at 3 p.m. for the fourth stage-call and found a lost crew member and his girlfriend, trying to get in at the wrong gate. We knew the territory a little better so were able to show them the right way in. Security glanced up from his newspaper and let us all through. Again things were in our favour. Our two day old passes were becoming harder to explain, if anyone with authority were to approach us on that matter.

When the rest of the crew arrived, they were quite amazed to find us already inside, talking to a night watchman who's job was to sit at the front of the mix-desk, facing the stage and keep the bad guys away. Guarding the Floyd stuff alone all night gave him the perfect opportunity to grab Dave's guitar and have a shot at a couple of riffs. I imagine he just sat there instead.

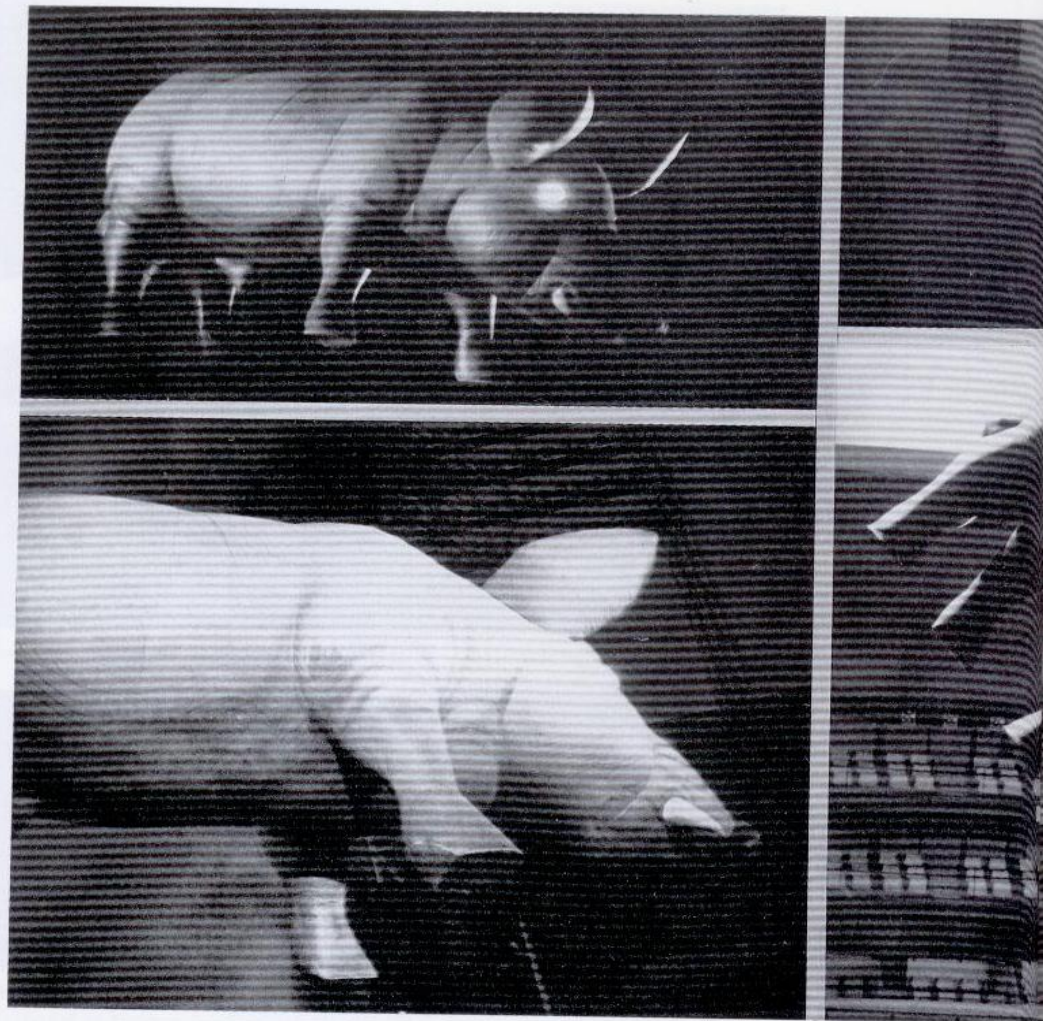
There was not much to see during the day. The band only played at showtime so the only sound-checks were done by the technicians. A couple of the guys busied themselves changing a damaged woofer, stage right. *Everybody do the dinosaur* was played through the Floyd's gear and three of the crew went up to the girls mikes and started singing and "doing" the dinosaur. Really weird.

The spot where I felt most welcome was over at the P.T.S. with Bob. I asked him to fill me in on a few of the gigs I'd missed out on.

In Moscow, during *Money*, over-enthusiastic fans began to throw coins at the stage. The whole band had to wear safety helmets before they could carry on. During one of the U.S. dates back in '88, a downpour of rain the size of marbles knocked out a complete channel, leaving the mass of 20+ speakers (stage left) as dead as the grave. The piece of equipment responsible was no bigger than the size of a normal

tape-deck. But still, it didn't function and they only had the one, so the show continued with the front of stage completely in mono. It's like what Marc from the desk told me. You just can't carry two of everything and when something like this happens, you have to adapt and fix the problem after the show. This particular problem couldn't have been repaired without holding things up. Also in '88 at another U.S. gig, the crew had a slight pig problem during *One of these days*. When they tried to pull him back, he wouldn't budge so a rigger had to go out on the cable to bring him home. As a point of interest, Floyd were carrying a second pig, the main difference being that on the one, the horns protrude and on the second they are drawn on. They were being used at random. First one out of the flight-case, type of thing.

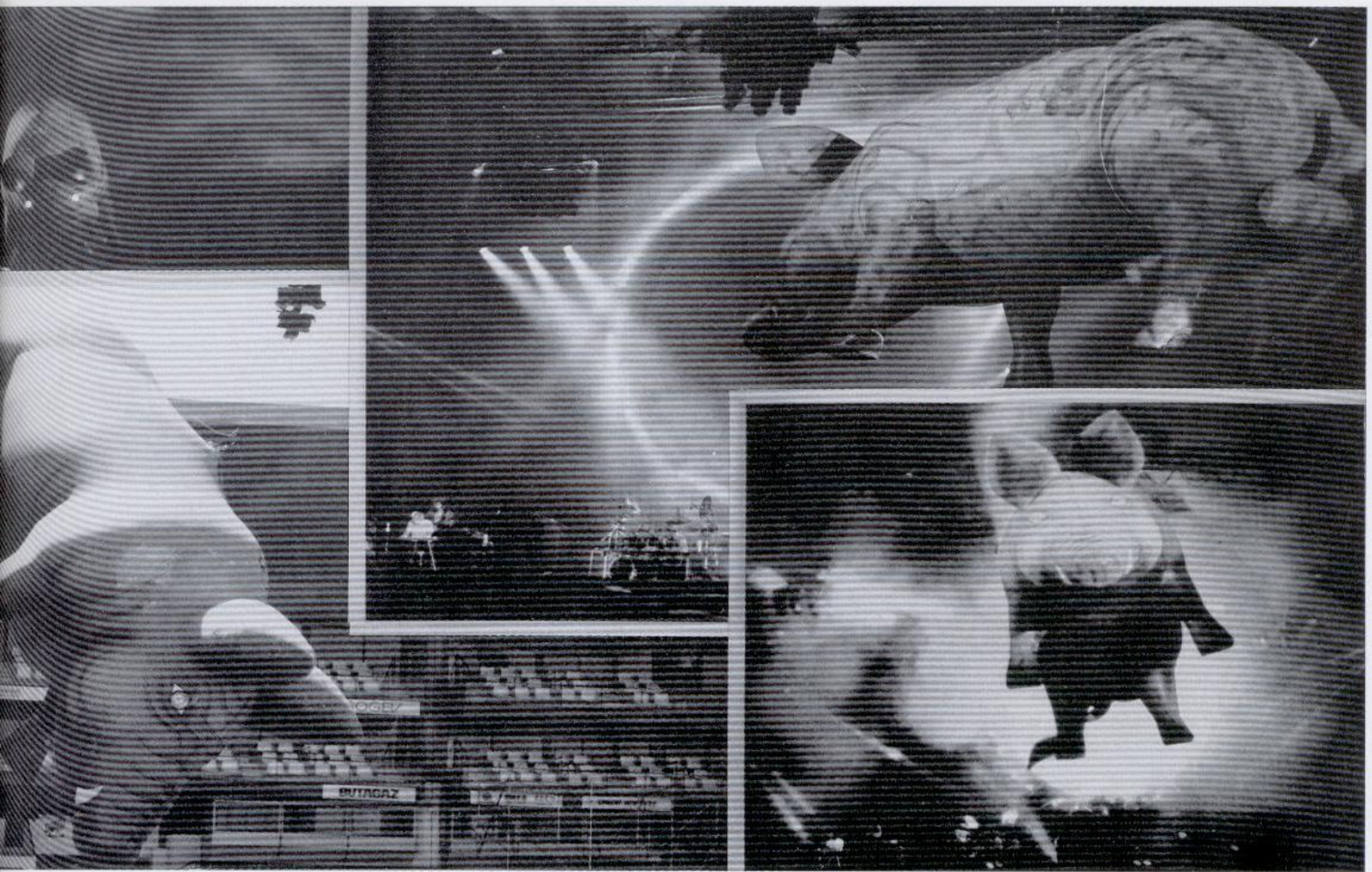
It was in the meantime, half an hour before the fans were to re-



*Floyd were carrying a second pig. They were being used at random.*







storm the place. Still time enough for Dave Gilmour's father to make an entrance on the stage. Sitting at Nick's drums, hands on knees and looking around the theatre, I can imagine that he felt quite proud of all this. It never occurred to me before that the band would sometimes have members of their families with them. Dave's parents were here for Paris and I remember seeing Nick Mason's daughter in Germany. She was also there at the very last show in Marseille, France.

It was definitely a luxury to have the choice of where to stand for each show. Today we'd be at the front again. When the girls entered the stage, Lorelei noticed that we were back and waved down. It was comical, the looks we got from the band during the show. We'd been around long enough to have become a recognisable unlisted piece of the Floyd furniture. They were not too sure how we belonged there,

but it sometimes looked like they were trying to figure it out, and I'm sure that Scott Page purposely shot us a couple of times with his sax, making today's show more personal than usual.

Fortunately, the only technical flaw happened during the last number. As the light-crew took the reins and let rip with *Run like hell*, humidity caused one of Bob's four clusters of lights (pods), fail to respond when it was called to move across the stage. As the screen Vari-lites slashed at the canvas with a vengeance and the pods menacingly hovered above the band, the wounded pod refused to do anything but move up and down. The lights didn't seem to mind that they were hanging on a dead shell and continued to slice down anything that moved. The show finished, the fans left and we slipped back-stage to congratulate the crew. Dave Gilmour was standing (together

with Eddie Perez, chief of Floyd security) less than three feet away, talking to a girl fan who had a back-stage pass for today. Local security were so used to seeing us around that the two day old passes didn't seem to matter. After all, we were not exactly unwelcome. It was *their* theatre, and they'd kind of adopted us as a couple of lost fans or something. Even so, Eddie looked at the passes and, proving he was definitely the right man for the job, saw that something was amiss *and threw us out*. Well, not exactly "out". He wouldn't let us approach Dave and I could see his point. It was a shame that when I had a valid pass a couple of days ago, I didn't realise it's full potential. I think I blew a chance to speak with Dave and that's not a nice thought to have to live with. But still, I got within a yard and as they say, "tomorrow's another day". And it was.....and we were back.











July 1st 1989. The fifth and final Paris showday had arrived. We turned up a half hour before the three o'clock stage-call and after nonchalantly nodding at outer security, entered the hall to find only one crew member present. Vari-lite technician Mike (Oz) Owen sat at the desk, twiddling around with the controls on his panel and was looking as if he was sorry for being so early.

I strolled across to find him more than willing to demonstrate the amazing versatility of the screen/Vari-lite system. Each of the 28 "lites" surrounding the screen can be individually rotated in any direction, shooting any of the programmed colours at the punch of a key. Instead of needing 28 fingers and a typing speed of two bibles an hour, it's a lot easier to compile sequences for the lites to go through as a team, number them and call them up on cue when they're needed. So, instead of sitting there and attacking the panel like a mad pianist for nearly three hours during the show, you casually punch in a few keys every so often and let the computer do the rest.

The theatre was still empty giving Mike the perfect opportunity to let rip and, adding the human element to all that computerised stuff, went through some fantastic sequences not used in the actual shows. It was strange though. There was a kind of empty hall silence, which is quite unbearable when you're used to these places being full and chaotic. And yet, hanging behind an empty stage, the screen was bursting with life as if prematurely awoken.

The crew turned up and I could feel that they were ready for a change. Fully rested by now, they were again eager to wrap things up, break it down and hit the road. There was so little activity, it left plenty of time to just stare around at the empty hall and I started to miss a few things. The fans were turning up by the truck

load and while the excitement outside was building up, I was oddly enough becoming bored. It was not that I thought, "*Shit, this is a drag.....let's get out of here!*", but I'd just seen too much. Being so familiar with the band, crew and the whole Floyd set up had made me somehow lose the magic.

I'd forgotten how it felt to be waiting all day at the gates, alert for signs of life (oops!) from the inside. To see someone emerge wearing a pass and wonder how you get one of those things. Constantly straining to hear bits of sound-checks and literally going crazy as the last few minutes arrive before "opening time". *To feel the warm thrill of confusion* was something I was losing. Sure enough, I could go out and sit with the fans but on the other hand I could just stand up at any moment, walk past security, grab a cup of coffee and sit with the Floyd people as well. The big mystery of what was happening in there was not really a question mark anymore. Please don't misread this. Christ! That I had the choice was certainly an honour, it's just that everything was becoming matter of fact. The actual shows were just another part of another day.

I had to get out of the hall and merge with the fans for a while. The last thing I needed was to have a bummer on this, the final showday. It turned out to be a good move and after picking up some supplies, we re-entered the Bercy with renewed spirit. Again there was no sound-check from the band and I think for everybody, it was a long day. It was a welcome change of mood when the fans flooded in to give the place it's sparkle back. I'd decided to sit in the contained section reserved for guests. This area was security sealed and was for the band's family and friends, the limo chauffeurs, people belonging to the crew, VIPs and ticket winners from magazine competitions. French pop mag "Best" had given out a few and

their passes read (in bold red letters), **Best Guest**.

It's a helluva lot more exciting on the field at the front, than it was there in the wings. We were actually only sitting there to get a free "glow in the dark" Pink Floyd button, handed out only to the people in this section. They were not for sale so it was the only way to get one. Sitting in the front row had us raised only two feet above the field crowd giving us a perfect view of the few thousand heads beneath us. I was watching two girls deviously plotting and obviously making plans to infiltrate the "in-crowd". They'd had the guest section under a microscope for a good half hour and on seeing a sudden break in security, made a dash for it. I was really rooting for them. They'd made it up the stairs and got within inches of a couple of empty seats before being casually booted back to the lions. It was like having something to watch while waiting for the main feature. I found myself chewing on a sandwich and really digging this. Floyd's second security man, Barrie Knight, escorted some of the band's guests to the mix-desk. It was nearly time for the last show. Then there was light and he saw that it was good.....and then there was dark and he saw that it was better. **Showtime.**

After tonight the band had three days off before having to play again and after five gigs in a row, was something to look forward to. Reason enough to be cheerful and it showed. The Floyd emanated pure energy and had decided to leave Paris with a bang. When the final curtain fell and the place was cleared, I couldn't move. I just couldn't believe it was all over. It had been a strange week and I didn't want to go home. Tomorrow, we'd be on the road again, hiking back to Holland. Actually, things were not so bad. I had our tickets for the Nijmegen show (NL) and that was only nine days away. There was also the possibility

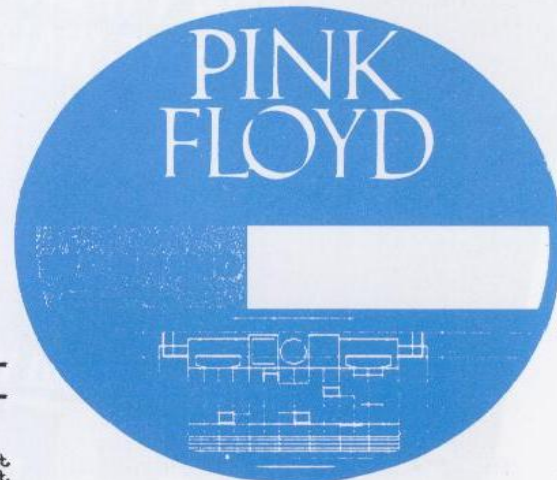


that we'd get passes. A nice thought to take home. I thought I'd see if Bob needed a hand moving the PTS. It was the least I could do after all the crew had given us during the last week. Even without passes they had allowed us to hang around and see all the shows and that's something I'll never forget. I should imagine that some of the guys will get to read this, so I'll throw in a quick thank-you, even

though a thank-you can never be enough. From the last note being played to the final truck leaving the Bercy theatre, took only three and a half hours. Suddenly the place was Floydless, there was nobody left. A group of very tired night shift cleaners began to straighten the place up so we decided to leave. After all, there was nothing to stay for. The Pink Floyd family were already heading for London.

I wandered back-stage and rummaging through waste paperbaskets in the "ex" production office, found all kinds of memorabilia.

Unused passes, invitation tickets and other stuff like that. Jen managed to acquire a crew T-shirt. On the front it had a complete list of all the companies involved in the tour and on the back it read, *would like to thank local crews.*



rev: July 1, 1989

SUNDAY/MONDAY JULY 02,03,89 LONDON, ENGLAND - DOCKLANDS ARENA

PROD. PHONE: (44)(1)537-3038 "WE" 537-3039 FAX 537-3298  
SUNDAY CREW HOTEL: THE BARBICON HOTEL (44)(1)251-1555  
MONDAY CREW HOTEL: THE TOWER (44)(1)481-2575

NOTES D'JOUR:

BAGS DOWN - 1130 HRS  
DEPART HOTEL - 1200 HRS

1. Travel to London will be via air charter, the plane departs Orly Airport at 1400 HRS and Arrives London Luton Airport at 1400 Hrs. Everyone except Catering, M.L., J.T., and Dave Carter will check into the Barbicon Hotel upon arrival to London. At 1300 HRS on the 3rd, crews will check out of the Barbicon and move enmasse to the Tower Hotel for the run of the shows.

2. The venue is real familiar to most of you, so I shall not bore you with repeating what you already know. However, these are the things that are different. All three Quads will be flown, we will be using all six of the touring spots, and we will be on house power except for the 60 Hz Equipment. Four of the tour spots will be mounted in the "New Spot Gantry" that has been installed for the show. The other two spots will locate right and left at the Quad Amp platforms.

3. Catering will be upstage behind the Acoustic Barrier instead of the concession area that we used before. This north hall area will also be the site of most of our storage. Hopefully, this North Hall area will also serve as the landing area for the Bed. It will be necessary to pay more attention to fire exits. Refer storage/fire exit questions to myself or J.T.

4. There will be Pyro, FX'S, & Laser Inspections at 1500 HRS on the showday.

5. During the show days we will be using (2) 15-seater Pax Vans for transport to and from the Venue.

MEAL TIMES	MEAL	VANS DEPART TOWER HOTEL AT:
1445 - 1900 HRS	COLD BUFFET	Van #1-1230, 1330, 1430, 1530, 1630, 1730
1900 - 2100 HRS	EVENING MEAL	

CATERING CALL : 13.00 HRS

Labor: 4 Hands, 1 Electric, 1 Fork.  
1 Catering Runner w/Van, 2 Wash up Girls  
1 Production Runner w/Pax Van

Labor Notes: 1. The Crew will unload the catering truck and then they will start helping lay Genny Cable.

GENNY CALL : 14.00 HRS

QUAD/RIG CALL : 15.00 HRS

Labor: +20 Hands, 1 Rigger, +1 Fork, 2 Bucket Trucks.  
+1 Production Runner w/Pax Van

Distribution: 8 FDH, 12 Push, 4 Genny, 1 Rig-Stage, 1 Frk Stage.

Labor Notes: 1. The FDH Hands will unload the Center Quad truck and then unload the Mix truck.

P.A. & "M" TRUCK : 16.00 HRS

UNLOAD "Z" TRUCK : 17.00 HRS

Distribution: 2 Laser, 4 Sound, 10 Push, 8 FDH.

Labor Notes: 1. Two of the pushers will work with Lasers.  
2. By 1800 HRS the Genny Crew will be through and they will become the Sound.  
3. By 1900 HRS the FDH Crew should be finished and they will help on-stage with LIGHTS & TRUSS.

LITE/TRUSS CALL : 18.00 HRS

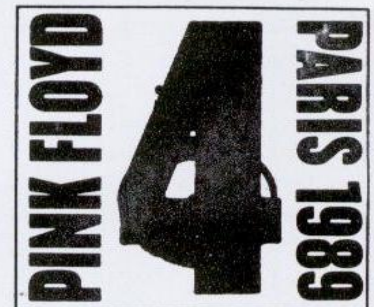
SECURITY CALL : 22.00 HRS

Labor: 04 Security.

At the close of the day we will require all night security to be in place. We need (1) security at the Mix, (1) in Tour Catering, and (1) Supervisor checking all positions. These men should check with the production manager prior to their report time. This security will remain on-site and in position until tour staff return to the Venue the next day. .cw24

WRAP WORK : 22.00 HRS

Crew instruction telex.



After a quick visit to the hospitality area to grab some of the left over food for on the road, we left. The place was so desolate, it was hard to imagine that Floyd had been there at all. I expected tumbleweed to come breezing through the hall, like in some ghost town. We weren't going to be at the London gigs, but as I've said, Nijmegen was only nine days away and I was already making plans.



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N°3

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Nº 007884

**PINK FLOYD**

MOJO CONCERTS  
I.s.m. LOCHEM 7000

ENTREE f 45,00

MAANDAG 10 JULI 1989  
GOFFERTPARK, NIJMEGEN  
AANVANG 21.00 UUR, DEUREN OPEN 19.00 UUR



ANOTHER LAPSE

**ON TOUR**

Nº 007884

**10** PINK FLOYD  
ENTREE f 45,00



## NIJMEGEN

The only Holland gig was held in the Goffertpark in Nijmegen and was, what the crew called, "doing a runner". This meant that the whole Floyd set-up had to be shifted to another country for only **one** show, and immediately after, leave for the next. A quick *in and out*, so to speak.

On July 9th, Floyd had played the last of the six London shows and were scheduled to play Nijmegen the very next day, on the 10th. This gave the crew a squeezed time limit of about 27 hours to jump from England to Holland, get a show together and leave again to do another "runner" in Lausanne (Switz.), on the 12th.

Time was short, therefore any sleeping that had to be done, happened during the eight hours it took to cross the North Sea, or in the crew busses. Stageco from Belgium were using three stages for this leg of the tour and when Floyd arrived, had made sure that there was one already standing firm in the Goffertpark. It takes the road-crew approximately 13

hours, to turn an empty stage into the magical Pink Floyd fair-ground, working at a comfortable tempo. This time, they had seven and when two Redburns went missing in Arnhem, (*even with a police escort !!*) they were cut down to just five hours.

Earlier, in Paris, the production office were already worried about whether or not Nijmegen would happen, because of this time factor. Plus, there was talk of an upcoming dock strike in England (where else ?), which had everybody wondering if the equipment would make it across, without having to charter a ship.

MOJO Concerts were promoting the gig and must have had the biggest headache, especially when the two trucks went missing. They'd already sold nearly 65.000 tickets and there was no stone big enough to crawl under, if they had to cancel the show. Outer security had been given the word that nobody was allowed in until six o'clock, the same time as the gates opened. This would keep the useless humanoids (especially guests and

photographers) from getting in the way. We'd been there since the previous night, around 9 p.m. and it was now early afternoon, on the 10th. This "tight security" business, was keeping us, and four other guests, on the wrong side of the fence..... and we were slowly starting to get pissed-off.

I'd bumped into these four *back-stagers* in Köln, and then again, in Paris. They'd just got back from seeing two gigs in London and after one of the shows, were invited to share a drink with the band. They'd seen the Athens gig and a bunch of others, sometimes as ticket-holders, sometimes as guests. This time, the six of us were guests, but back-stage security wouldn't let us through to get our passes from the road-crew, to prove it.

They wouldn't bring anyone to us and they refused to "walkie-talk" a message to the inside, saying that we were there. These guys were playing *power over thee* games and wouldn't listen to reason, so I had to resort to an old habit and sneaked off to jump a fence.



Across the field was the familiar sight of the complete Floyd family, making camp. It was nice to be back. Walking across towards the stage, I could see that things were busier than usual. Everyone was trying to do everything at once and people were pointing at pieces of paper, screaming and then running off. I went over to one of the prefab catering buildings for a cup of coffee and it wasn't too long before I met up with some of the crew. Not wanting to bug them for too long with all the boring details, I quickly explained about how shitty we were being treated by the ego-tripping guard-dogs at the gate. If I promised that we'd stay clear of the activity area and just sit around on the field, in front of the stage, passes were no problem. I was handed the six I needed and with a feeling of, "mission accomplished", looked for the way out. The passes read, **Front of house**. Things were certainly looking up; that is until I reached the outer gate.

The three security guys from earlier, jumped me, snatched the passes and threw me out. I couldn't fucking believe it! We were way out of view from the crew, so no-one could see any of

inside, despite their pathetic efforts to keep me out. They blamed me for vandalising a fence to get in and that's bloody ridiculous! Why would any-body claw their way through a fence, when it's a lot easier to step over it?! But anyhow, they now had a good reason for keeping us out, if this shitty affair would reach *the powers that be*. They had to prove where the real power was.

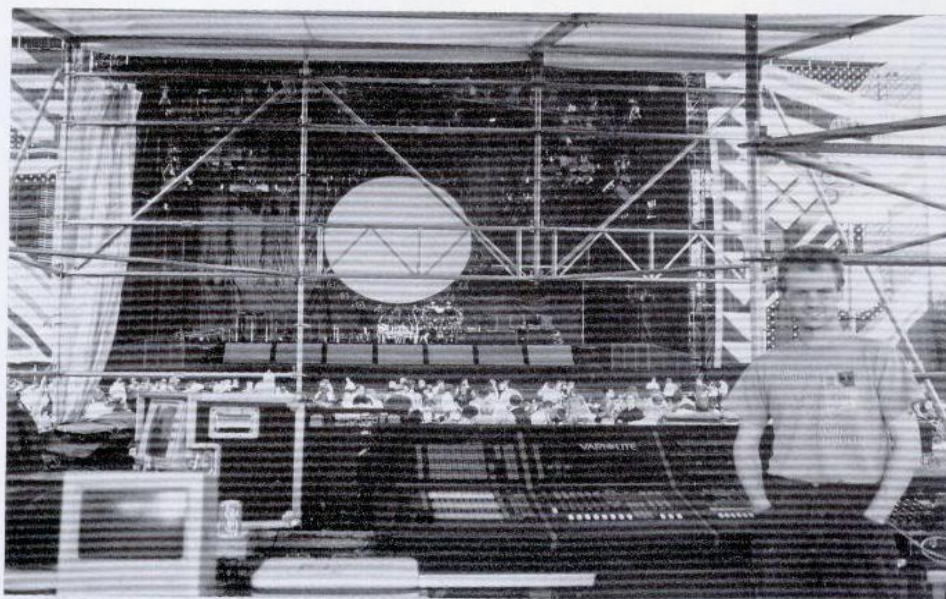
So, that was that. We had to wait until six o'clock. I was hyped-up all afternoon and spent every minute, hovering all over the back-stage gates. I always have a hard time, handling this type of crap. Actually, the creep that

took my passes wasn't as succesful as he thought. Being able to count would have given him an advantage. He'd taken **four** passes off a guy, who had been sent in for six. Yeah, ..... I had two left.

Not that they did us any good until the gates opened, but we were at least allowed in through the catering entrance, without any hassle. Jen and three of the guests headed for the front of the field, and Wilma had secured the two of us a place at the mix-desk. We'd be watching the show from here, but still had about three hours to look around and talk to the desk-crew.

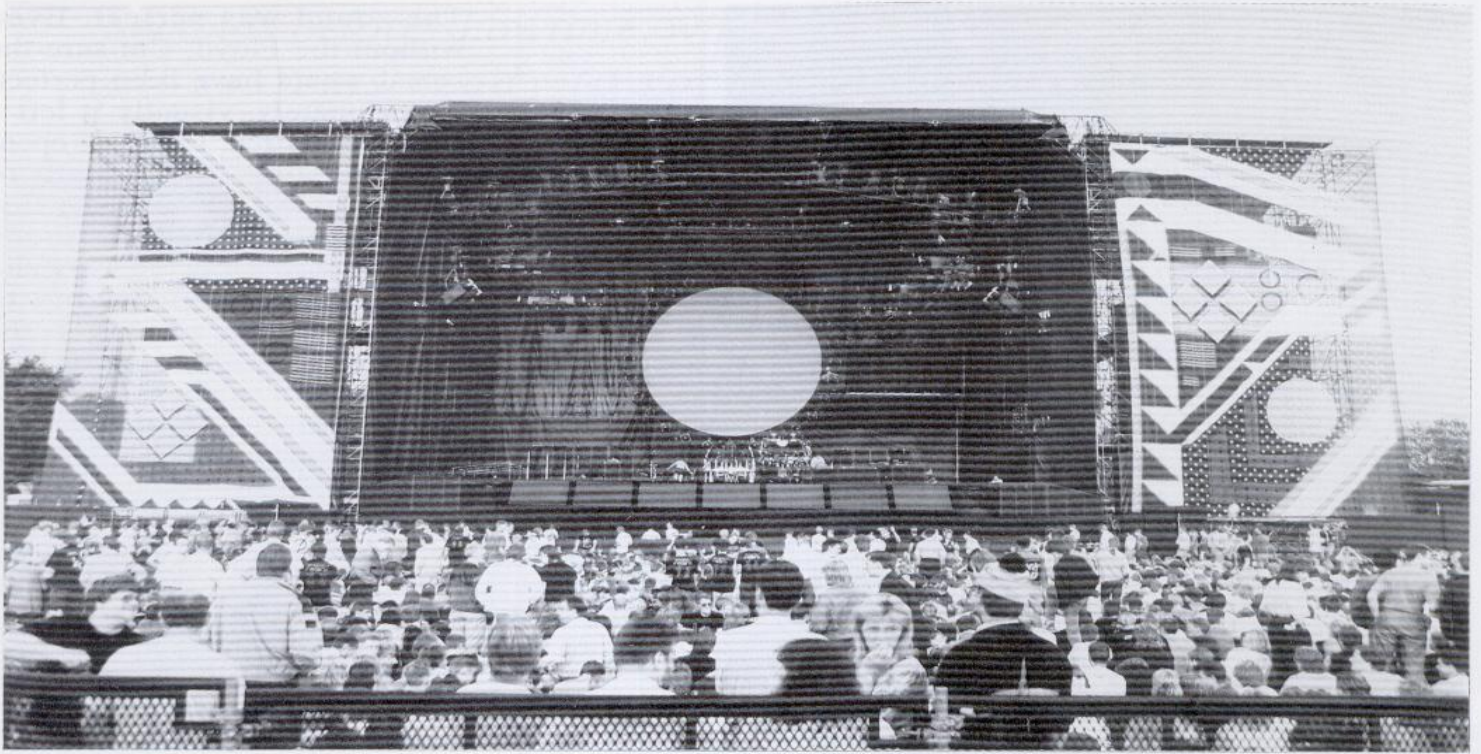


this happening. The passes went into the fat guy's pocket and I was back on the street. They couldn't handle the fact that I'd outsmarted them and had been



A view at the mix-desk





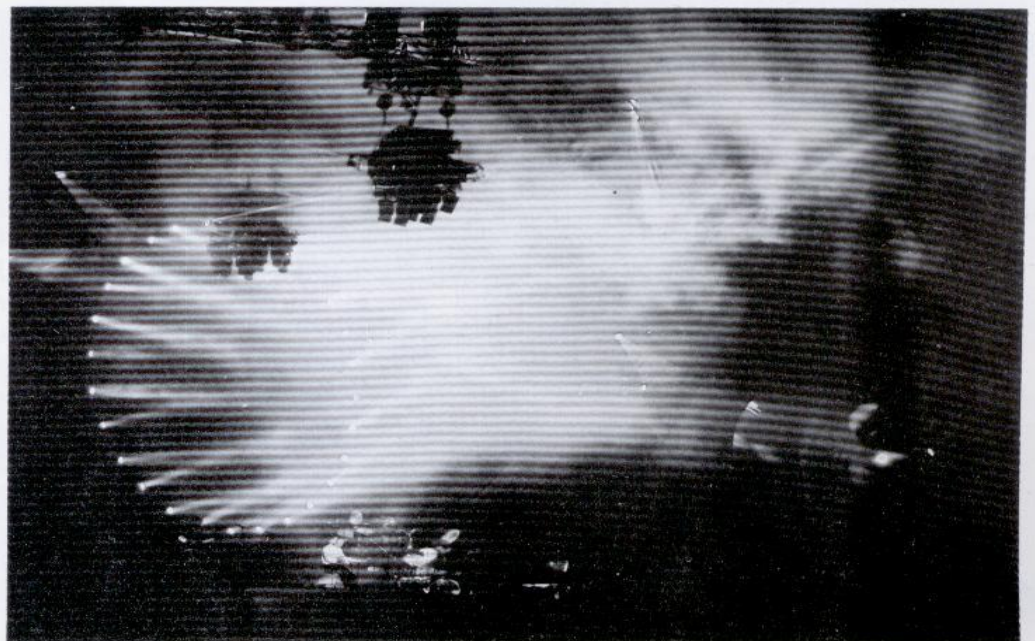
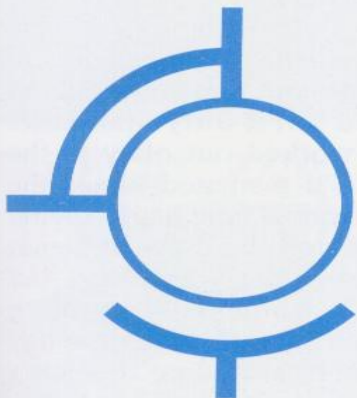
A view from the mix-desk.

Again, due to lack of time, there was still activity on stage as the fans were settling in. Normally, the stage would be cleared of technicians by now, but at least we all had something to look at in those dragging three hours before the show. I stood between the two stacks of speakers, up in the scaffold at the back of the desk. From there it felt like being

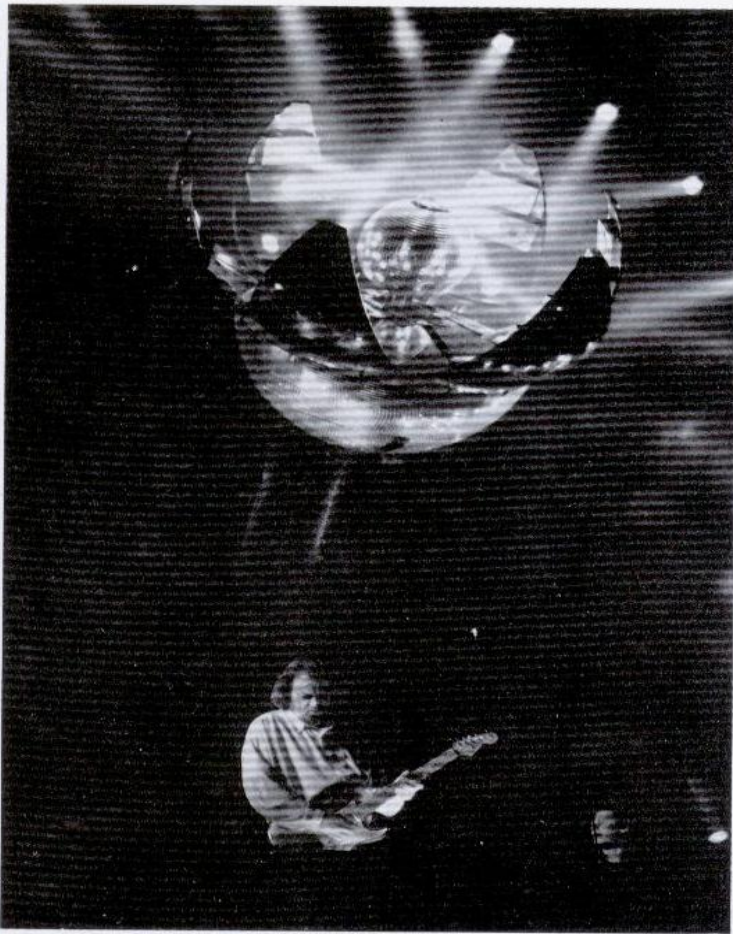
on a raft, safely floating on top of a sea of heads. After a day like today, it was like finding sanctuary. At 8.20 p.m., the walkie-talkie at the desk, told us that the band had arrived. There had been no sound-check and everything had been knocked into shape, under more pressure than the crew were used to. Nail-bitten fingers were crossed and

we were all hoping that when the on/off switch was flicked, it would all work. The crew got into place. They'd become one with the equipment and, despite the worries of everyone else, they knew that once that gigantic mechanical lego was up, it would do it's job, .....

*and Pink Floyd played Nijmegen.*







*The last note was played, the pig jumped into bed and it was time to tear it all down.*



The sound was perfect. Even without the Floyd, I'm sure the sound would have been perfect. Unfortunately, visually it left a lot to be desired. Being an open-air show, it was too light to appreciate the screen in the first half. There were no screen images until *Dogs of war*, and there was too much wind to allow the smoke to hang in the air, so we lost the lasers a bit. But these were things caused by the natural elements. Both the band and the crew were giving it their best. They'd all been under a lot of pressure during the last few days and had now proven that they're at their strongest, when pushed into a corner.

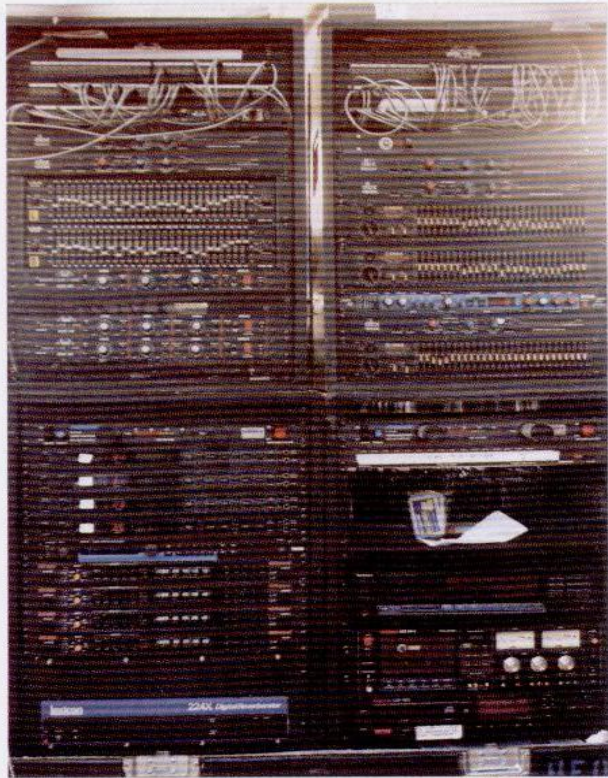
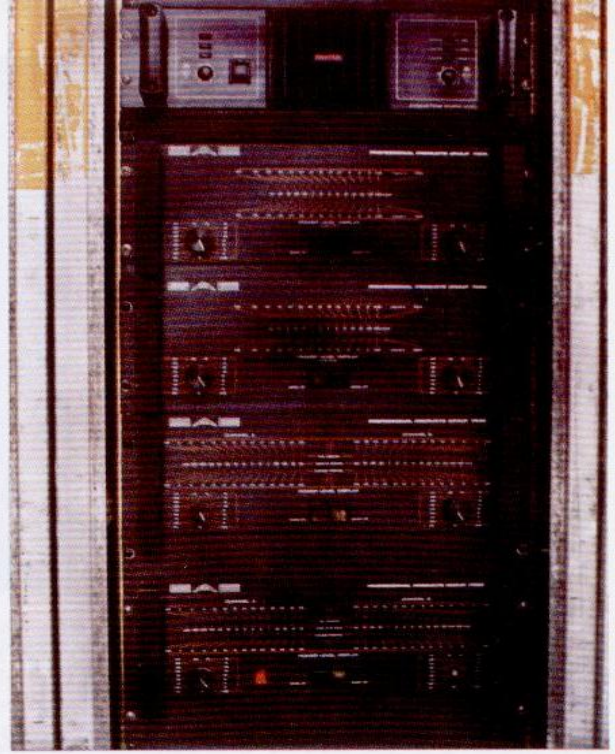
The biggest difference between this show and the rest was that *Terminal frost* wasn't played. This must have been the "floater". If time or another factor, didn't allow a complete show, it was skipped. The 1988 Rotterdam gigs didn't have it either.

The last note was played, the pig jumped into the bed for a good night's sleep and it was time to tear it all down again. It took the crew only three hours to wrap things up and be ready for the road, a new record. It took them three and a half hours to leave Paris. There was more to load into the trucks this time, as well. More equipment was needed for the out-door shows, including a few extra stacks of speakers and a quad. generator.

The Nijmegen show was going to be my last, but something about today had left a dirty after-taste. Sure, it worked out okay in the end and I'd managed to see the concert from a new angle (being able to watch the crew in action during showtime, was a first), but still. This whole security thing had pissed me off, making today not the perfect ending to such a fantastic experience. I'd not even had the time to thank the crew properly. No, it was not over yet. In 7 days, Floyd would play Venice (It.) and I had to be there.....



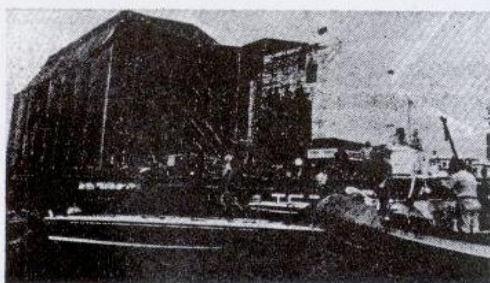
*Seconds before showtime, with  
all systems ready to rock.*





The Venice show scheduled for the 15th of July was to be held on a barge (nick-named "Mak") floating on the lagoon opposite San Marco square, 192 metres from the quay. At a monstrous 91 x 27 metres, "Mak" completely overshadowed the back-stage barge (TR-1; 50 x 16 mtrs.), used to accomodate the changing rooms, rest and food areas. Weighing hundreds of tons, no chances were being taken and so all three barges (incl. the mix-desk) were pile-driven into place as well as using anchors. If the stage swayed even a fraction during the show, it would be enough to cause the four pods (held up only by thin chains) to swing dangerously above the band.

The vice-admiral of the harbour required certain lists before giving the project the okay. A certificate of sea-worthiness was needed before "Mak" could be towed in position and he demanded lists of how many people were on each barge and who they were. No unregistered personnel were allowed aboard (for both safety and insurance reasons), therefore no guests and **no** back-stage passes.



After the Paris experience, I'd stepped over a line and would have felt very locked out if I now had to watch things from the wrong side of the fence. I couldn't just sit back and wait for the show anymore. Something

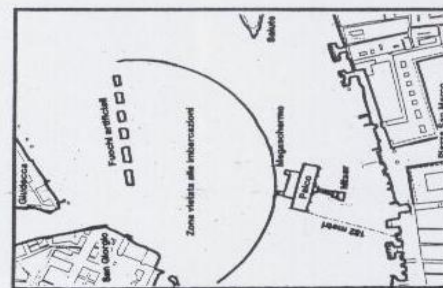


was pulling me to "Mak". With no idea which hotels the crew were using and not knowing where Floyd HQ was, it was my only option. Those security nurds in Nijmegen (NL) had stopped me seeing the guys before the show, so I was quite determined to get through this time.

After two full days on the road, Venice was finally only a few miles ahead. I'd timed it right, it was now the day before the show and on arrival, I instinctively headed for San Marco square. It was three in the afternoon and the whole area facing the Floyd barge was buzzing with activity. There were still 31 hours to go before showtime so the back-packers had already started making camps. They were turning up by the hundreds and had come from all corners of Europe...and further. Tomorrow's gig was going to be something else.

I walked to the edge of the water to finally stand face to face with what I'd come for. Standing firmly above the water and complete with pirate flags (which were taken down before filming), the Floyd's showcase was a meer 200 metres out of reach. It was like a small television balancing on the sea. A floating technical wonderland of modern wizzardry surrounded by an ancient, crumbling piece of history. An odd sight indeed. It looked like I needed a boat. The taxi-boats for

the tourists were much too expensive. I was already down to two quid a day and even a second cup of coffee was becoming a luxury. With a few days left here and the 1000 mile+ hike back home, I had to be careful. Even so, I did manage to buy a T-shirt specially made for the Venice gig, though. I couldn't resist.



There were loads of bootleg shirts for sale, a lot of them far better designed than the official stuff. The Italians are respected as being the best designers of the illegal merchandise and this year was no let down. Using quality material and with very competitive prices, they definitely top the market. Bootlegging is big business nowadays. I met up with a British bloke who I'd seen in Werchter (B). Here he was again, wandering through the crowd with his arms full of shirts.

Together with a couple of mates and a van crammed with T-shirts, he'd travelled from gig to gig, selling his wares. It was silly really. He'd been to quite a number of Floyd gigs without actually seeing a single show !



Once outside, I headed back to the place where the boats were and within the hour, the couple from the hotel were standing next to me. We all had our eyes on a taxi-boat, who's only purpose seemed to be getting people to and from the rig.

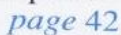
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The crew were used to seeing me pop up all over the place but I could sense they were nervous this time. We all knew how tightly secured the barge was and my being there could have gotten somebody in trouble. But it was obvious that I'd never connect the guys with the fact that I was naughtily on board. After all, I wasn't invited by anyone this time, so if I was to get kicked off by security, I'd totally agree and leave with a handshake and a smile. I'd already experienced

Knowing this certainly made it easier for me to leave. I could take my place with the fans, find my spot and after the show, pick up the trail again. And speaking of leaving, this place was like

Once ashore and back opposite the rig, I met up with this guy from Kemp engineering who'd had the mirror-ball back in the factory for a quick polish just before this tour had started in May. He was on vacation with the wife 'n kids and saw the rig. Small world. Journalist Andreas Hilmer from NDR 2 radio (Ger.) was looking around for interesting things to film and take back to Hamburg. We talked about the tour and arranged to try to meet tomorrow (showday), somewhere between the seething crowd. By then this place would be packed out, giving the perfect

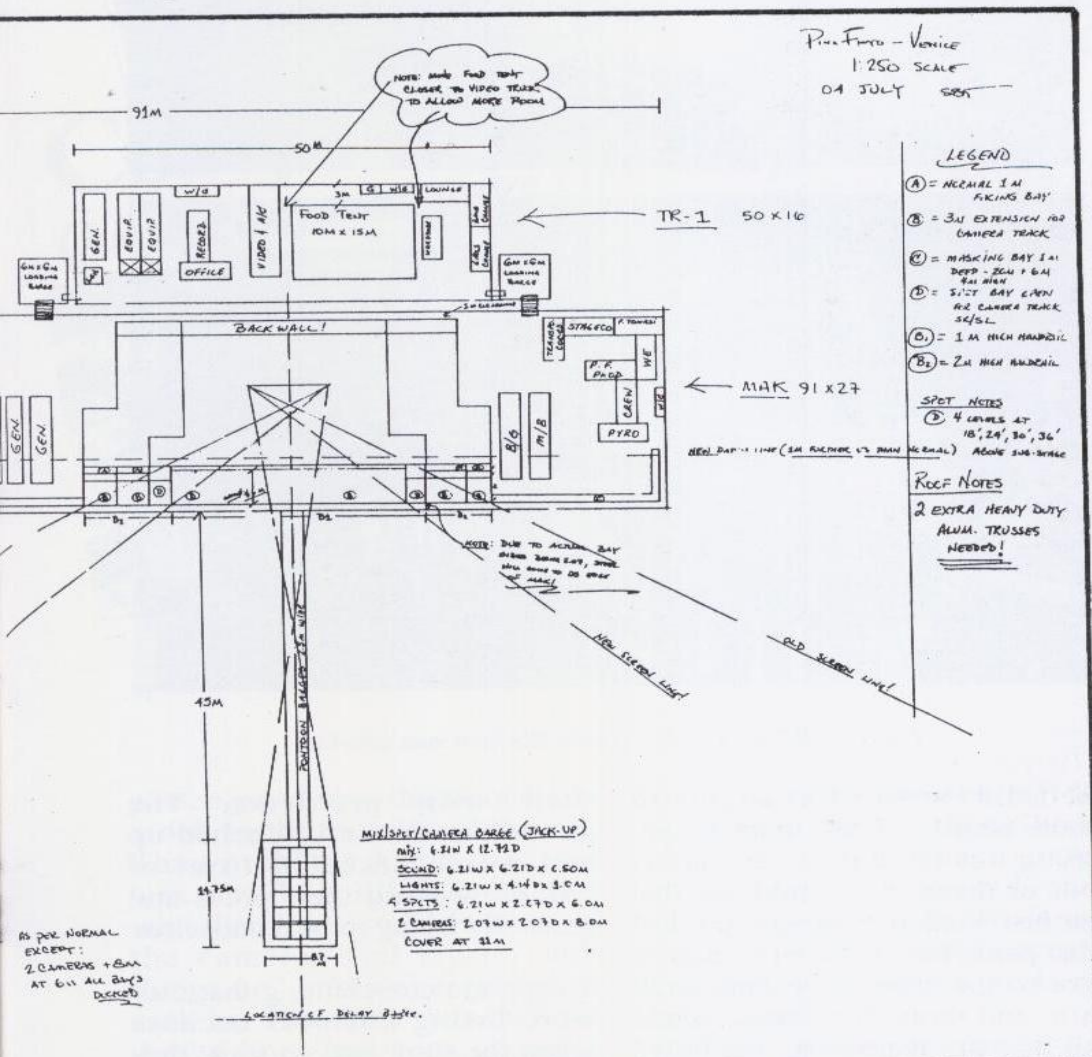
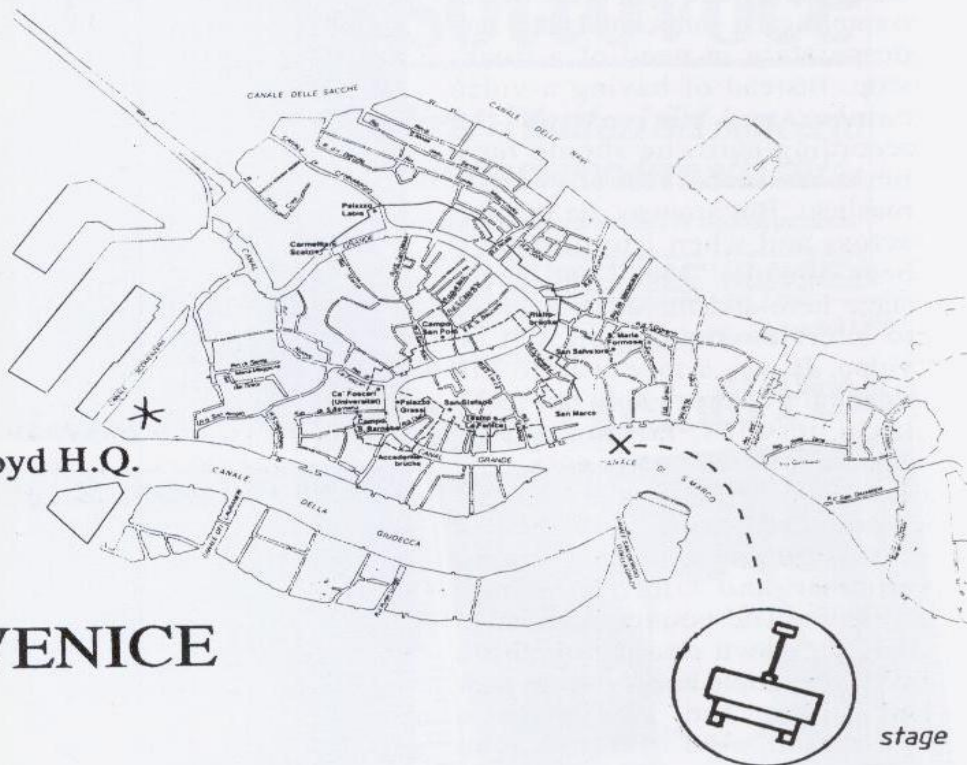




15 July 1989, 9 a.m.: I woke to the most incredible sight I've ever seen. With still eleven hours until the show, the amount of people gave the impression it could have started within minutes. There were thousands of 'em. Obviously, nobody had considered the consequences of giving a free concert in an already over-populated tourist magnet like Venice.

Floyd H.Q.

# VENICE



Doing it in the peak holiday season was definitely not a smart move. At 2 p.m. the band arrived for the sound-check. We got 5 minutes of *Shine on you crazy diamond* and of course, *Learning to fly* was done completely. With a good pair of binoculars, it was a perfect sneak preview for the people who had not yet seen the show.

Actually, it was hard to believe that anybody hadn't seen it before. We'd all seen the show at least once and because of that, everyone just had to be there again. Pure magnetism. It was turning out to be a second Woodstock. Thousands and thousands of beautiful Floydies walking trance-like towards Venice, forming a nucleus at San Marco square and further. By now there was no empty space anywhere. All the rooves were covered, all the boats filled and if you stood up, it was impossible to sit again. A surge from behind pushed a few front rowers into the lagoon.



I spotted Andreas (NDR 2) struggling through the crowd, trampling on innocent heads and desperately in need of a truck-stop. Instead of having a video camera and the rest of the recording stuff, he should have been standard issued with a machete. But anyway, he made it across and when I told him I'd been aboard "Mak" and backstage here and there, he decided to interview me and stick it on video. It was a nice way to kill time but I couldn't help but feel a little nervous, talking with a camera rammed up my nose.

Venice was full, too full. I expected the whole thing to crumble and sink. A second Atlantis. The council had ruled that the town could only hold 170.000 people and we were now way over the line with a estimated 375.000. Reason enough for the mayor to order the bridge to Venice closed, allowing nobody else in, and by 3 o'clock we were one gigantic secured Pink Floyd stadium.

People without water were in trouble. We were in the middle of a burning heat-wave and the poor buggers who fainted had to just snap out of it. We couldn't move and even if we could, there was no place to take them. I was in the same spot for twenty five hours before the show actually started. Most of the day had been spent dodging plastic bottles filled with urine and looking through my pockets, trying to find things to eat, knowing quite well that there was nothing 'cause I'd checked at least ten times already. Floyd were smart. They were staying clear of the mainland and were staying in the Excelsior Hotel, on Lido island, a couple of kilometres behind the stage-barge.

With only one hour left before showtime, the shit really hit the fan. And hard.....A police squad (complete with truncheons 'n shields) tried to clear San Marco square. God knows what they had in mind. I mean, where the



With 375.000 people the *Venice-Stadium* was sold-out.

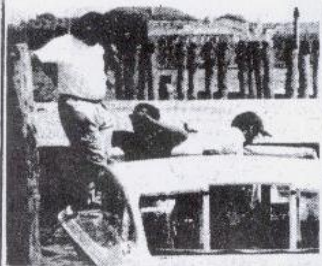
hell did they expect to put all those people ? I saw this tiny guy trying his hardest to get his ass out of there. You could see that he just wanted to escape (he had that panic/fear look), but when he got to the cops, they clobbered him and threw him back. While all this was happening, the Floyd people at the barge were having

their own problems. The gondoliers had all bunched up and were parked in front of "Mak", waving their poles and generally trying to be a nuisance.

They were complaining that they were losing business because when the show was to start, they were not allowed to take



# Sì ai Pink Floyd, ma sottovoce



Nella sequenza fotografica, David Gilmour, leader del Pink Floyd, batterista Nick Mason, anch'egli alle Zattere.



**Rigo: «I fautori del concerto devono rispondere alla città»**

Nuove dure dichiarazioni dell'ex sindaco socialista

Al sen. Mario Rigo, il concerto del Pink Floyd, non va proprio giù. Dopo una prima dichiarazione infuocata, ora giunge a formulare giudizi politici.

Pink Floyd sono espressione della cultura dell'oggi, ma è la città storica e sono in particolare i siti prescelti inadatti a tali manifestazioni.

sessori, sono nel dubbio. Certo, non più tardi di una settimana fa, all'indomani del referendum, i

Venezia. Si farà domani sera il concerto del Pink Floyd in Bacino San Marco

Il complesso inglese è arrivato ieri al Marco Polo. Alloggia all'Excelsior del Lido

**Okay, per qua decibel in m**

Venezia. Stessa ora, stesso posto, il concerto si farà ma con qualche decibel in meno

**loro, i grandi Pink**

VENEZIA - Il concerto del Pink Floyd la notte del Redentore si farà. E mentre ieri pomeriggio il Comune falliva l'ultimo tentativo di mettere i bastoni fra le ruote al concerto che prima aveva autorizzato, i tre inglesi, serafici, stavano prendendo il the sulla terrazza dell'hotel Excelsior del Lido. Sono arrivati alle 12.40 con volo privato: David Gilmour è come sempre allergico alle foto, Nick Mason dimostra che non gliene importa nulla, Richard Wright non lo si è visto perché è arrivato un'ora



I Pink Floyd sbarcano a Venezia.

**Pink Floyd, si**



Ecco David Gilmour, "anima" del Pink Floyd, appena arrivato all'aeroporto Marco Polo di Tessera. (Fototelegraf)

**Compromesso sui decibel**

**Quattro ore per trovare l'accordo, poi il sì al concerto**



Il soundman del gruppo, Scott Page

VENEZIA - Tanto rumor per nulla. Dopo tre giorni di tira e molla, alla fine si è scoperto l'uovo di Colombo: il concerto si può fare, basta abbassare il volume. I Pink Floyd terranno dunque il loro concerto a Venezia, ma con un compromesso sui decibel. Per arrivare al vertice di questa mattinata di giovedì, David Gilmour, Nick Mason e Rick Wright sono atterrati ieri con un volo privato all'aeroporto di Tessera. L'arrivo è stato illuminato dal sole. L'autore del concerto, il solo pubblico illuminato dal sole, è stato visto guardando il cielo sopra il palazzo del Doge. Ad attenderli non c'erano altri che Marco Balich, il direttore del festival, e i due soci del gruppo, David, Nick e Rick, jeans, maglietta di cotone e occhiali da sole, hanno salutato calorosamente Marco Balich, che ha accompagnato anche i tre inglesi nella recente tournée italiana. E dopo le strette di mano, i tre hanno chiesto a loro volta se questo super-concerto si sarebbe fatto o no in Piazza San Marco. Alla risposta affermativa, anche sulle spalle e congratulazioni. I Pink Floyd hanno scelto un atterraggio anticipato (era previsto infatti nel pomeriggio) per evitare

**Una visita anche al cimitero**  
**Subito a spasso**  
**e da Stravinskij**

curiosi, fotografi e autografi. Nel pomeriggio, in effetti, alle 15.30, è giunto un altro aereo del gruppo: quello dei musicisti al seguito. Tornando ai tre signori del rock doganale, sono dopo il rito doganale, sono partiti via in fretta fino a Venezia. Da Piazzale Roma, un motoscafo per raggiungere il ristorante «Bar Riviera», alle Zattere, vicino a San Basilio. Fino alle 15 e 30 il pranzo in terrazza, a base di pesce, innaffiato da un buon vin bianco. Quindi, con il motoscafo



I Pink Floyd all'Hotel Excelsior



cesco del Deserto. Murano (Burano). Con i loro immani in via di allestimento. Ma in par sono voluti Cimiero, p del musicis Tempo fa, manager, il berto detto peliti (cer bile...) p veneziane Wright s go verso chiusi in In s all'Han dire a Piazz presen a Pal renza dopo Giar festa a suc

passengers across the lagoon any more, in the vicinity of the rig. They probably knew that this was a multi-million event and with that, "let's stand in front of the cameras and try to fuck things up" attitude, expected to cash in. The thing was that the dotted lines had been signed a long time ago so these guys

hadn't a foot to stand on. All in all, it was one of those nice chaotic days with enough going on to keep us amused and luckily, the guy with the large cigarette papers created enough of a smokey atmosphere to keep things bearable. Finally a familiar hum started up from across the lagoon. It was

9.50 p.m. and Floyd took the stand for the 198th time. It had been a long day and we were ready for this. Under weird conditions, starved and dried out, we all had reasons to roar; so we roared,.....

**and Venice exploded.**



It was obvious that this show was aimed at the media and priority one was to make it perfect for the tv screens. Those of us who'd turned up were merely observers to the most spectacular tv production since *Live Aid*. We couldn't actually see much because of the nearly 200 metre gap between the front row and "Mak". We couldn't hear much either, due to the fact that the decibel level had to be turned down or the vibrations may have caused damage to the foundations of the ancient monuments.

It's been said that the whole Venice project was a final stab at screwing the public for even more money, turning Floyd into nothing more than a commercial venture. An uncaring band making loads of cash and not giving a damn about the fans or anything else. Bullshit ! It's time to put the record straight. Sure, they earned on this one, but fair enough 'cause the '89 tour had been running on a loss. Not because of lack of public interest (every gig was an instant sell-out), but more due to a few factors most of us are unaware of.

For instance, the charity show they did in London. No personal gain there. Nor in Moscow, where the Floyd were only paid for their expenses. They did five nights without earning a cent whereas normally, a few million quid would have been shoved in their back pocket.

It was here in Venice that cost them the most cash. It's usually the promoters that have to pay for everything that surrounds a show. Local hands, security, ticket printing and distribution, advertising, caterers for the local crews, the hire of a stage for the band to play on and a stadium, theatre or field area to play in. Even the band receive a fixed "wage" because like the rest of the above, they're just another tool hired by the promoters to make a concert happen. When all

this is paid for, the profit made from ticket-sales is hopefully enough to refill the hole in the promoters bank account. This was the only gig where Pink Floyd promoted themselves and of course, had to foot all the bills. A "real" promoter was pulled in (Fran Tomasi), but this time, contrary to the normal way of doing things, was paid to set things up. They knew the ropes a little better and were on home turf so it was the natural thing to do. The barge was rented from a company in Ireland and it must have cost a fortune to have it dragged to Venice and back.

It took about 75 local hands, three days to build the stage on board "Mak" and a further three days to tear it down after the show. I'm not too sure how much the lads were earning but (and we'll come to this later), when I worked with them for a day (after the show), I got \$ 95 pushed into my hand. A catering group were hired to keep all this hungry muscle fed and were there for ten days. Breakfast, lunch and dinner, all of it being five star stuff.

A big chunk of cash must have gone to the IDTV camera team that was made up of about 40 professionals, all of them using the best hotels. Even the docking area for "Mak" had to be paid for and extra drivers were flown in from London to make sure that the Floyd gear and crew were in Marseille (Fr.) on time for the final show.

All this and lots more must have cost the Floyd millions. And that for a one and a half hour concert. So after all's said and done, selling it worldwide to tv companies wasn't such a bad idea, right ? If your going for world domination and have already had the ticket holders a few times, giving out cash right, left and centre, it's smart to throw the show at the rest of the universe through their tv screens. If someone will pay you to do it, better still.





All that crap about Floyd earning too much by bleeding this tour and not caring about the fans, is pure bullshit. A potential 30 million people at home and the 375.000 standing in front of the stage got this one for free. Free, but paid for. We got our share and Pink Floyd deserved (and worked bloody hard for) theirs, so hats off to the production whizz-kids who put the whole thing together.

There'd always been the worry of whether or not "Mak" would survive the one and a half hour onslaught without uprooting itself, causing havoc on board. But no problem, this thing was really nailed to the ground. It was Venice that had the shake-up and it wasn't Floyd's fault. Well, not directly anyway. It was more the vibrations caused by having more than double the maximum amount of people, stomping around at the same time. Bridges were taking the weight of thousands of people, shoulder to shoulder and moving only inches at a time. Once you stepped into a flow, there was no turning back and if you tried to stop for a second, you'd instantly feel the sheer weight of the masses urging you forwards again. It would be like trying to stop a bulldozer with one hand.

Oh yeah, Venice trembled that night. In fact, when the dust had settled, the only thing left standing in this section of Italy was a towering stage on top of a pile of rubble!! Hardly anybody knew where they were going, they were just moving with the tide. I had to flow west, to find the harbour where "Mak" would be towed and unloaded in about twelve hours. It was already midnight so I eased myself through the crowd and started to make some kind of plan for the next bit. Can you imagine, a one and a half mile walk taking three hours? But I finally made it and found an obstacle I'd not yet bumped into at a Floyd security-line before..... *customs*. I'd forgotten that Yugoslavia was

only fifty miles on the other side of the sea and because of ships coming in and out, the place was riddled with customs officers. And, er....this is the embarrassing bit.....some *twat* had just lifted my passport. It was going to be tricky. Or so I thought because actually, it didn't go so bad. The crew T-shirt from Paris and the photographer's pass from Köln were enough for the guy to point me in the right direction towards Floyd HQ. I had to report the missing passport later in the day (it was now 3 a.m.).

There was a prefab catering building and it still had coffee. It was like finding the golden fleece. The local security were wearing cotton vests with the words "Cinquestella for Pink Floyd, Venezia '89" written across the front and yeah, I got one. I managed to curl up in a corner for a few hours sleep but the day started early and at 7 a.m. already, my bedroom became the canteen again.

Obviously, now that the show was yesterday's news, everyone wanted to pack up as soon as possible. As the day progressed, things got busier when representatives from the different companies turned up to make sure that all their stuff was taken off "Mak" before Stageco started ripping the stage apart. "Mak" was in on time and when the crew came ashore, I managed to speak to Bob (PTS) again, before he and the rest of the lads were to leave for France, to do the last show in Marseille and close the immense *Lapse/Sound* project. He'd even arranged for me to get a lift from one of the Redburn drivers so I could be there for the final chapter (it was now Sunday; the gig was scheduled for Tuesday). And this is my biggest regret from the whole experience; **I couldn't go!!** I still had to arrange with customs, some way to get out of Italy and past the other borders between here and home. It felt shit to watch my ride disappear around a corner, heading for the motorway leading to Floyd.



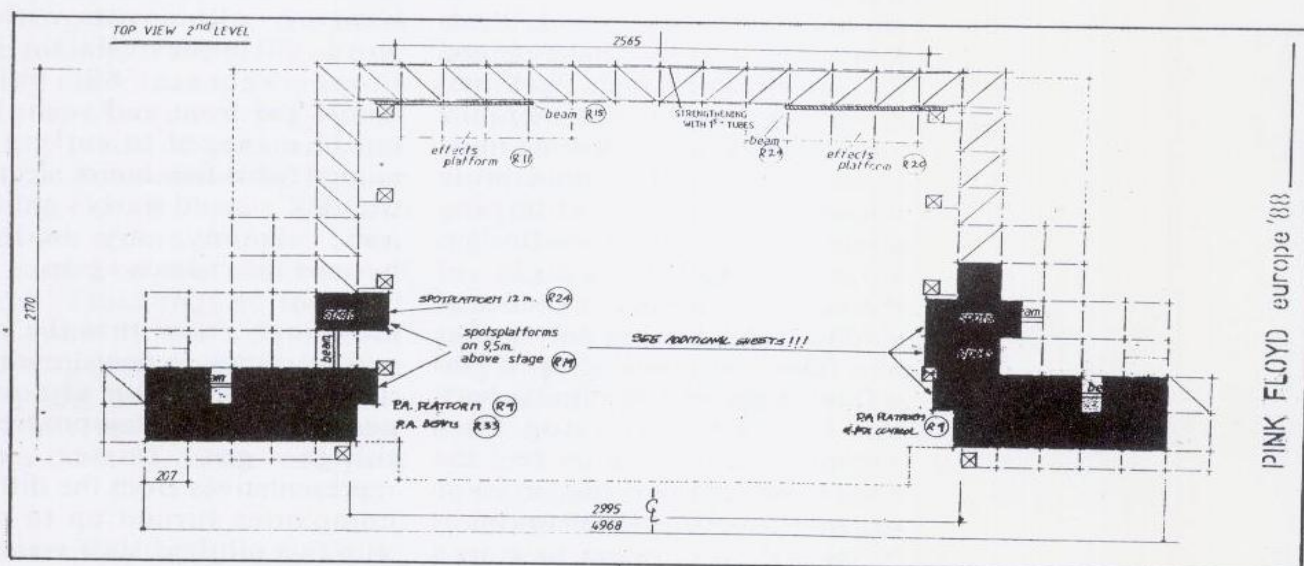
Stageco still had a couple of days work ahead of them (they had estimated that by Tuesday, their last truck would pull out), so I could at least hang around to see what would happen. Amongst the other people still at the docks were Fran Tomasi (promoter), the owners of "Mak", caterers and two Redburns that would leave tomorrow.

I felt quite guilty just hanging around while everybody else was working, so I spent the rest of the

day tidying tables and sweeping the floor. It also made me feel a bit better whenever I took a coffee or the occasional sandwich. I mean, the food was free, there was enough and nobody seemed to mind (everyone probably thought I belonged with somebody else !), but because I wasn't exactly invited, I felt a bit like a parasite. I was at least earning my keep by emptying rubbish bins and cleaning out ashtrays. In fact, if the place got dirty, people would

look at me as if it was my fault. Once, one of the guys serving food muttered something in Italian and shoved a broom in my hand because I was sitting down for too long !

Breaking the stage down carried on until about 8 p.m. The roof was hydraulically lowered and dismantled leaving two pillars of scaffolding on either side. It was going to take 75 local hands a further two days to throw it all on trucks.



**STAGECO FVBA**  
STAGING COMPANY

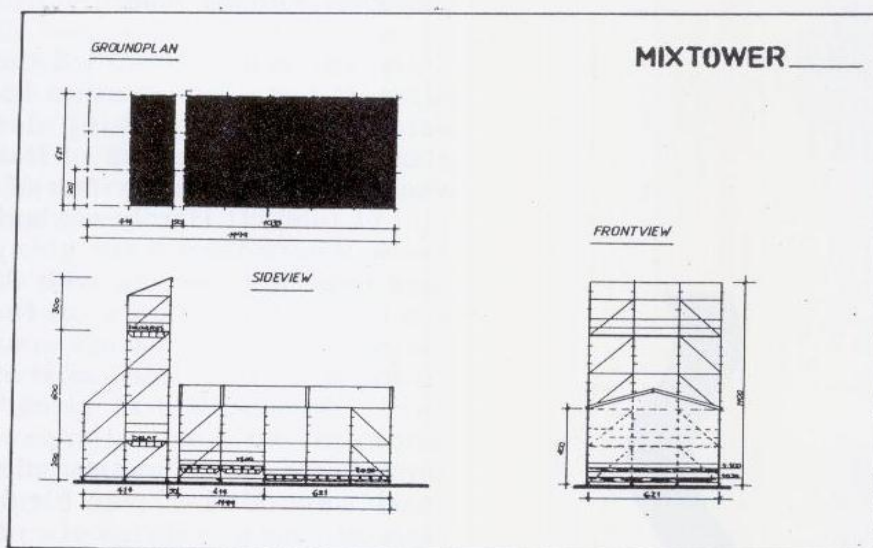
**PINK FLOYD**  
EUROPE '89

- TOP VIEW 2nd LEVEL
- QUAD SOUND
- SPOTLIGHTS
- MIXTOWER
- LASERTOWER

Scale: 1/100  
Date: 25-06-89  
Drawn by: I. D'HAESE

Dimensions in cm.

**2**





**LASERTOWER** (2.)

GROUNDPLAN

SIDE VIEW

backwall

beam

steelplates

207

207

207

200

400

621

☐ Q50 m. STANDARDS without pin  
☐ 1 m. " with pin  
☐ 2 m. " with pin  
☐ 3 m. " with pin

## GRUNDPLAN

SIDE VIEW

## DETAIL EFFECTS PLATFORMS

**QUAD SOUND** STACKING

PLANVIEW

SIDEVIEW

FRONT VIEW

PINK FLOYD  
EUROPE '89

- | SIDE VIEW PA WINGS
- | FRONT VIEW STAGE & PA WINGS
- | GENERAL GROUNDPLAN

Scale 1/100 | Dimensions in cm  
Date 28-03-08 | Revise: 25-04-09  
Drawn by: I.D'HAESE |

1

[illegible]

SIDE VIEW

[illegible]



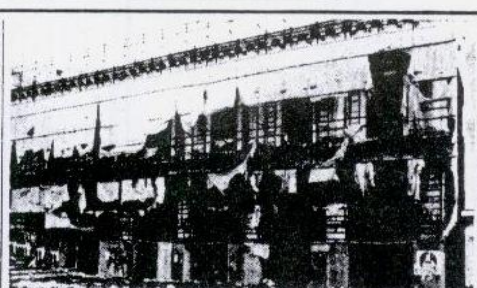
I spent the evening sitting at the drivers' camp, listening to stories of things that had happened on other tours. These guys were not new to driving for the big bands. They'd worked with The Stones, Phil Collins, Bowie and a bunch of others.

What other perfect way was there to finish a Sunday? A couple of bottles of wine shared with fantastic company. It was a shame when the party broke up and at around 2 a.m. we all went to our nests. Mine was still in the corner of the catering building.

disillusioned tourists who'd lost their Super 8s and no-one seemed to have wallets anymore. On the serious side though; the mayor and his "comrades in arms", who had accidentally destroyed their town, by giving the okay to the free Floyd show, had to look for other jobs (someone had to take the rap!), and the postage stamp that was to be released to commemorate the occasion, was scrapped. It was decided that it was best not to commemorate anything. They wanted this event buried and

up a 20 metre high scaffold tower. With nearly everybody gone, I found myself hiding from the rain, next to the coffee machine, sitting with a few of the drivers. The catering building was like a gigantic bus shelter. The whole front section was missing so we sat staring out at the gloom and wondered what to do to kill time.

Andy Marsh, an English guy driving for Stageco suggested it was time to see if anything was happening in the bars around



Can you imagine what mess 375.000 people leave behind....? In Venice they can.....

Monday. The 75 local hands turned up early so it was breakfast at 7 a.m. for the lot of them. Apart from keeping the place clean, I had enough time on my hands to still chat to the drivers and even to go into Venice to see the destruction I'd heard the 375.000 of us had made. The way it was reported in the local papers, I expected to find all the monuments resembling crumbled sugar cubes, heaps of dead people filling alleyways and a 2 metre high pile of trash. It wasn't so bad.

Okay, so there was a lot of mess but a few days tidying up would have put things right. And okay, the buildings will sink a lot sooner than they should have, but anyway. They were right when they said that nearly everybody had been ripped-off. The embassies were full of

forgotten as soon as possible.

When I got back to the docks, I went aboard "Mak" and found a crew stage-call sheet, giving estimated times of arrival in Marseille, new hotel addresses, the routine of setting things up, what time the checks would be at and other bits of info the crew needed for the last gig. I'd miss being there, alright. I wandered back to the drivers' camp and Lee, from one of the remaining Redburns, gave me a meal voucher.

Normally I'd grab a piece of bread and a handful of something to throw on it. Now I could sit down and have a meal with the rest of the guys. Rain stopped play and at around 6.30, the local hands were sent home.

Normally they should have worked until 9 p.m., but the down-fall made it too dangerous to play Spiderman, somewhere

here. Andy had earlier done me one hell of a favour. He'd heard I was a bit broke, and stuck here in Venice, so he'd arranged with the local promoters for me to work for a day, slicing the remains of the stage down with the local hands. From eight in the morning till around 7 p.m. I'd be one of the chain gang, passing scaffold hand to hand and loading up the last trucks. We'd be the ones to sweep the docks and move out, erasing the last signs that Floyd had ever been there.

Stageco are based in Werchter and, as Andy's 30 ton cargo of steel wasn't needed anywhere else, it was called back home. I could hitch a ride as far as Belgium and we'd be leaving tomorrow night after work. A job and a lift nearly all the way home.

Things were looking up!



Together with a guy who was trying to get Andy in on the Simple Minds venture, we toured a few bars until about 4 a.m. and three hours later, the thunder of the transit vans and the 75 stage-hands grumbling and coughing themselves awake reminded me that it was a stupid time to have a hang-over!

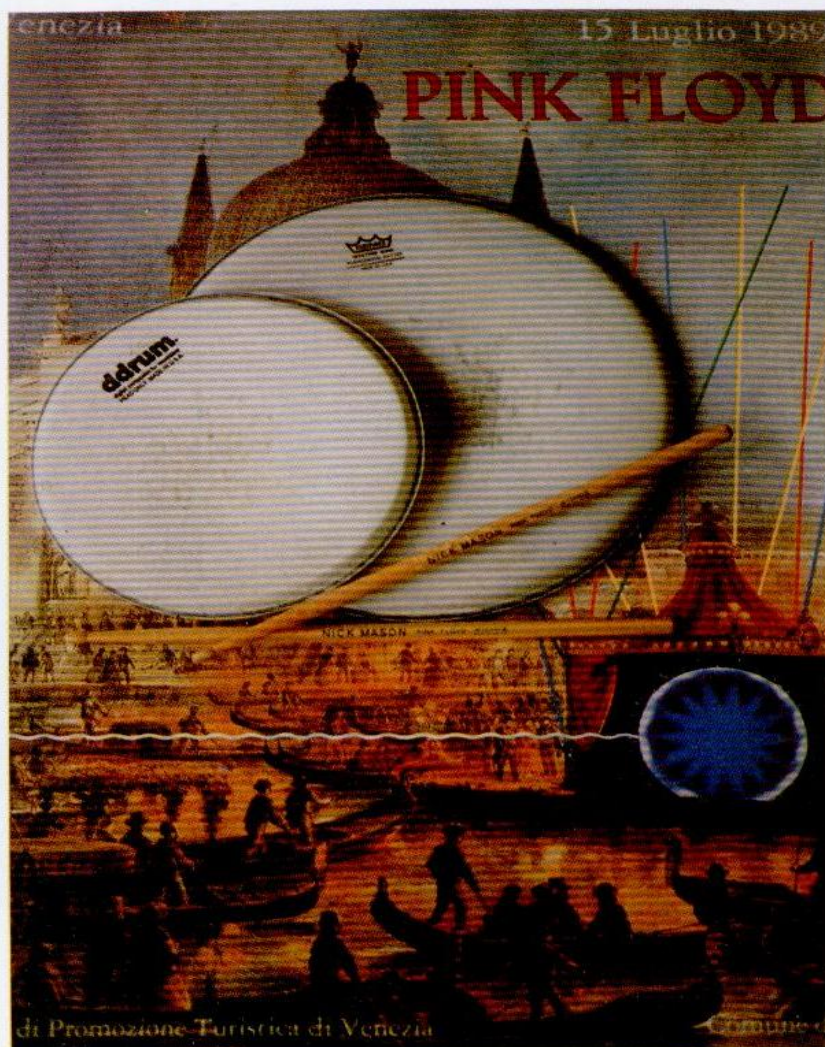
Working aboard "Mak" all day gave me the opportunity to have a good sniff around and while I was snuffling through the backstage trash-heap (the kinda thing you find at the end of the rainbow), I found a few interesting souvenirs to take home; one of Gary Wallis's *DDrum* digital drumskins and a *Remo Weather King* skin from Nick Mason. I had the image of broken champagne glasses, half eaten portions of caviar and the like, but it was more; plastic cups and broken guitar-strings surrounded by pieces of sandwiches. After deciding that it wasn't the right place to start acting like a wino, I went off back to work. It wasn't easy standing in the scaff all day, reaching up, grabbing a pipe and lowering it to the guy below. If the guy above dropped one wrong, trying to catch it to save the people underneath could make you slip as well. Being aware of the dangers was probably the reason why no accidents occurred. We were all constantly looking in every direction, expecting to be crunched by a steel pole. Actually, there was one accident but it had nothing to do with us on the chain.

Steel cables as thick as baseball bats were securing "Mak" to the quay, with about half a metre space between the two. Due to the water pushing "Mak" into and from the side, the cable buckled and snapped down hard onto the deck. It would have been a real bummer if someone had their hand under it at the time... one guy did. He was one of the two men who'd just arrived for "Mak" and with all squashed red stuff coming out of

his sleeve, he shot off to hospital but was back two hours later, smiling and all stitched up.

It was enjoyable working with such a friendly, well organised team. It definitely made the day go faster. By 7 p.m. we were finished, so it was time for the promoters to hand out the beers and the T-shirts. And that was well deserved too. Everything was neatly packed away on trucks and, what had once housed the complete Pink Floyd spectacle, had been turned back into being a gigantic floating piece of wood again. After picking up my \$ 95 pay and with only enough energy left to pull the rings off cans, I jumped into Andy's truck and we were off.

It was 8 p.m. and in one hour, Floyd would play their final gig in Marseille.....,but we were travelling the other way.





It was a forty hour drive to Werchter (including the two sleep-overs in truck-stops, somewhere in Italy and France) and Andy was leading the three truck convoy.

It's a strange thing to look back on, when I think about it. It's not every day you get the chance to drag a 30 ton chunk of discarded Floyd stage, up and down the Alps. I couldn't help but study the decor inside Andy's cabin; the walls were covered with back-stage passes, nearly a bucket full of unspent foreign coins from at least twenty countries and the best selection of tapes a man could possibly wish for, for such long drives. He even had *Momentary lapse* but we both agreed that we'd had enough of that. It was a pleasant two day drive filled with good conversation. A lot of the drivers are loners and scarcely ever take hitchhikers. Six had turned me down before Andy helped me out. He was a guy who saw another guy with a couple of problems and offered the ultimate helping hand.

The job had sorted the cash thing out and the lift took me most of the way home. We stopped at the last truck-stop before the motorway split into two, one leading to Stageco HQ and the other to Holland, so with a handshake and a "good luck" from both sides, my very last connection with the tour shot off with two identical trucks, trying to keep up.

And that was that. I'd seen twelve shows; four as a fan, six as a guest and two as a worker. The Venice thing had worn me out a bit. When I saw the last trucks leave, I felt quite lost at first. It hit me that it was now completely over and I had to go home. But first I wanted to just sit down on the grass for an hour or so. I remember thinking, *maybe I should write this down.*

So, I did.....

**SUNDAY JULY 16, 1989 -- CALL TIMES**

PROD. PHONE AT DOCKS: (33)(41)522-4027 / 4029 FAX-522-1477  
 MAX TRANSP NUMBER - 0333-786-523  
 CREW HOTELS: EUROPA-REGINA (39)(41)520-0477 - B/L, CATERING, LIGHTS, SOUND  
 LONDRA (39)(41)520-0532 - PRODUCTION

1. Since Marseille is a short fused setup it would be nice to get a jump on things. We want to get R & C/Q out before Monday so that we can at least be rigged when we reach Marseille. We will accomplish this by loading all production onto TR-1 and all of the rigging onto small barges. This will enable us to load both C/Q and R at the docks around 1200 HRS. L&R/Q has left for Marseille. Advance trucks will be there by 1700 HRS on the 17th.

2. The correct list of who is staying and who is leaving on Sunday is:

STAYING		LEAVING	
SOUND BUS	PRODUCTION BUS	LIGHTING BUS	BAGGAGE
J. Richards	M. Sturgeon	J. Magnan	Minus Callahan/Grega
P. Callahan	A. Trebus	Loren	Plus Goldsman/Wallace
S. Guest	M. Grege	E. Haddon	
Scorno	D. Lohr	R. Elias	
D. Carter	E. King	C. Taff	
	J.J.	B. Anderson	

4. For those at the Londra that are leaving on busses tomorrow, you will depart the hotel at 1230 HRS on (1) Taxi & (1) luggage transport. Those at the Europa will be met by the Londra crew's transpo plus (2) more Taxi at 1300 HRS. All (3) Taxi and Luggage Boat will depart for the docks and crossload into Busses.

MEAL TIMES	MEAL	WATER TAXI DEPARTURE TIMES FROM HOTEL-DOCKS
1	NONE	10745, 0800, 0815

**LOAD OUT CALL : 08.00 HRS**

**MONDAY JULY 17, 89 MARSEILLE, FRANCE - Stad Velodrome**

PROD. PHONE: (33)(91)261-994/999 "RE" 262-001 FAX 262-008  
 FRENCH PROD: (33)(91)548-300  
 CREW HOTELS: SOFITEL - (33)(91) 529-019

**NOTES D'JOUR:**

1. Travel to Marseille will be via bus and the estimated drive time from Venice is 16 Double Drive hours for busses and 27 hours for trucks. Assuming that we leave Venice by 1600 HRS on the 16th, that puts the last bus in at 0800 HRS and the last truck in by 1900 HRS on the 17th.

2. The venue is a soccer stadium with a lovely seat around the pitch. There has never been a concert within this facility. WHAT A FITTING PLACE TO CLOSE.

3. The reason there has not been any shows is that until now there has not been any equipment access. New Access is being excavated that will create 3 new tunnels. SL will be 3.2m tall x 4m wide x 35m long, SR is 3.0m tall x 4.0m v x 35m long, and DSR 3.5m tall, 4.0m wide x 45m long.

4. D/R's are located in port-o-cabins offstage right, P/O'S against the stadium wall upstage/outside, while CATERING will be located offstage left/outside in a lovely marquis.

5. E2 will park outside the SR entrance and have a 50m cable run to USB. Quad gennys will be on up and over routine of approx. 25m.

6. QUAD SR/SL will unload outside each side entrance, roll to tribunes and fork to 2nd level, then haul up 27 rows to SR AND SL positions. C/L will unload outside opposite end, go up 25 steps, then up another 25 more.

7. Parking for trucks & busses will be offstage left.

8. FX'S are TBA, with no crane parking at opposite end.

MEAL TIMES	MEAL	COACH TRANSPORTATION	PAX VANS
1	1945 - 2300 HRS - COLD BUFFET	CATERING..1630	1900, 2200,
		LITE...2130	
		B/L&L..1820	

**CATERING CALL : 17.00 HRS**

Labor Notes: The Catering truck will probably arrive prior to other trucks and will need to be unloaded and the cases placed in either catering, production, or dressing room areas.

**RIG/QUAD CALL : 19.00 HRS**

Labor Notes: 1. 18 Hands will unload the rigging truck and then start on Quad.











A dramatic concert scene with bright stage lights and smoke. The image is dark, with several powerful spotlights creating beams of light that cut through the air. The lights are a mix of warm orange and cool blue. In the upper right, there are some stage fixtures and what looks like a small crowd of people. The overall atmosphere is one of a high-energy live performance.

## EPILOGUE

Well, here it is then, the end bit.

After 18 months of getting this book together, I still feel that there has to be a kind of epilogue. A few lines to seal things up. About this strange experience: there's no bullshit added to give things an extra shine. In fact, there's probably a hell of a lot missing. Some stuff, I purposely haven't put down on paper and I must have forgotten quite a bit. Even so, I'm sure that there's enough to give everyone a good idea of what went on out there. The last show had been held on the 18th of July '89. For most of the band and crew, the year was far from being over.



With only a three day break, Tim Renwick (2nd guitar) shot off on the road again, this time with "Mike (Rutherford: Genesis) and the Mechanics" and is now a fixed member of the band. Bob Mardon joined the road-crew and, after the three month tour had finished, linked-up with the Phil Collins team. *The Serious Tour* kept him busy, together with Floyd's production manager, Morris Lyda, until October 1990.

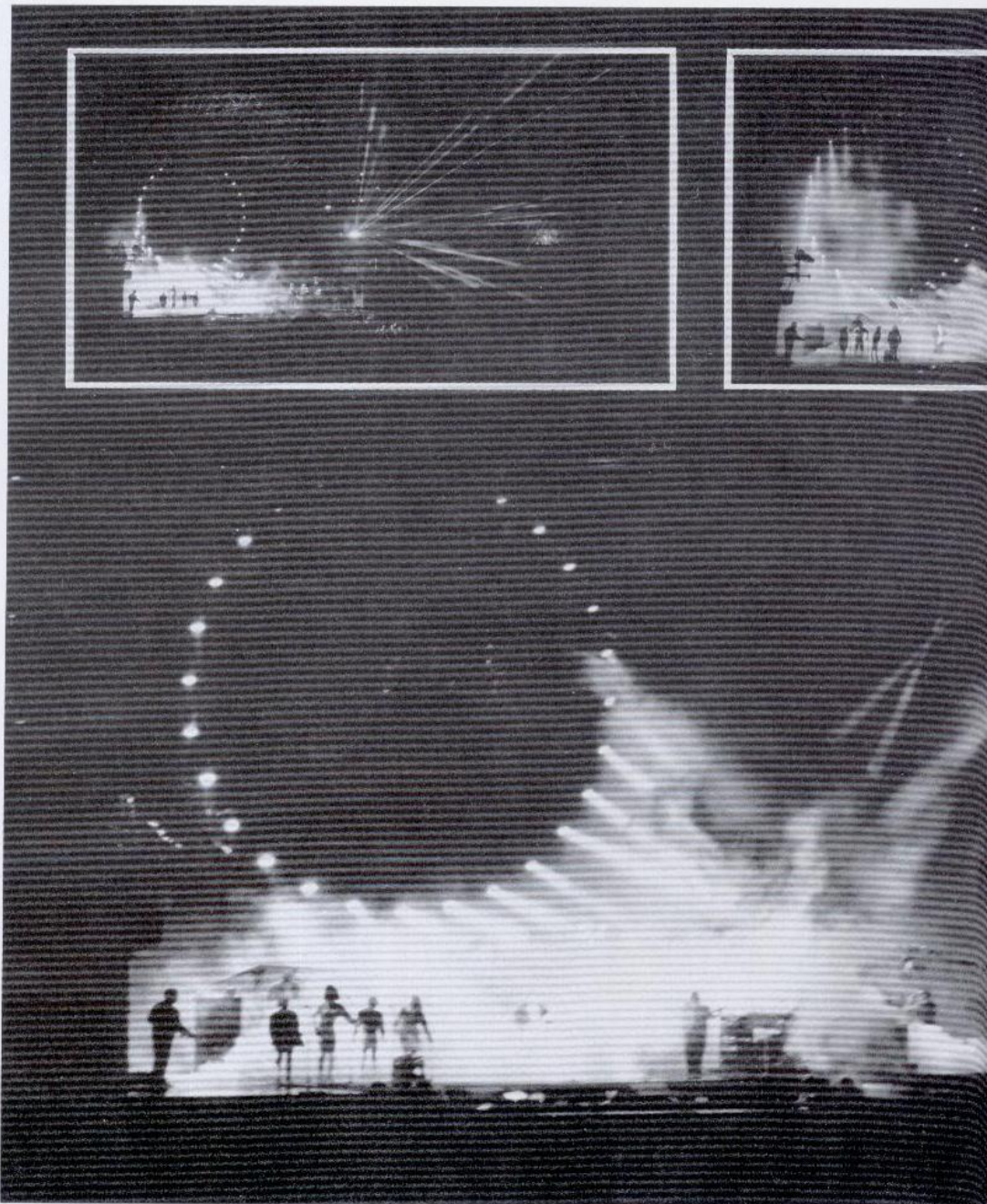
Pink Floyd have only played "live" once since the tour finished. They appeared to close the immense 12 hour *Knebworth Festival* (pronounced: Nepworth) in England, on the 30th of June 1990. Nicely finishing off with a round number, it was the 200th Rogless show and was more or less an encore. The band could take a final bow and, nearly three years after it had started, hammered the last nail into the *Lapse/Sound* coffin.

Backstage at Knebworth, Nick Mason said: "It's like a wonderful old-folks home back-stage here, isn't it? Lots of silver haired people, trembling about... being helped up onto the stage, to play yet another old song."

Scott Page (sax) was seen, jamming away with members of Motley Crue, the Scorpions and other heavies, on the 13th and 14th of August '89, at Moscow's first ever hard-rock spectacle, held in the Lenin Stadium (100.000 capacity). After only playing Floyd stuff for the last couple of years, it must have been like taking a shower. Andy Marsh (Stageco) had been called in, to take them a big chunk of the stage.

Guy Pratt (bass) worked with Robert Palmer, Durga McBroom (vocals) went off to make a movie and Lorelei backed the Stones on their *Urban Jungle* tour. A motor-bike crash put Clyde Taff out of action for a while, but he bounced back a few months later, to join Bowie's crew.

David Gilmour busied himself with a number of projects, including a comical appearance in the English comedy series "French and Saunders". He was also involved with *The sensual world* album from Kate Bush, released in October (89). Still in the same year, Ritchie Blackmore and Ian Gillan, from Deep Purple, re-cut their *Smoke on the water* single and together with David Gilmour, Roger Taylor and Brian May, from Queen (amongst others), they became the one-shot band, *Rock Aid Armenia*. Profits were for the earth-quake victims.





# KNEBWORTH

Saturday 30th June  
1990

THE  
SILVER  
CLEF  
AWARD  
WINNERS

KNEBWORTH  
SHOW

ISSUED SUBJECT TO CONDITIONS ON REVERSE  
LICENSED VARS ON SITE

Show Time - Midday - 11pm

THIS TICKET SHOULD BE NO MORE

003427

BE RETAINED



Pink Floyd playing at the Knebworth festival without screen, but with new laser-effects.

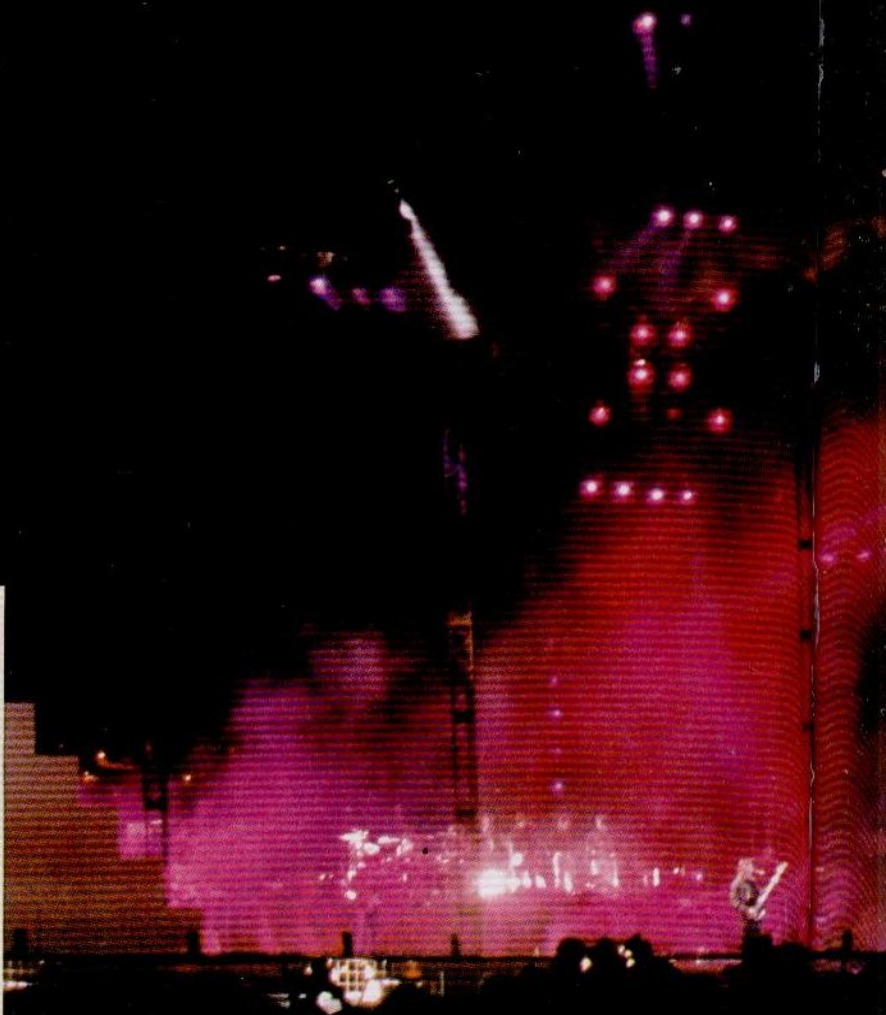
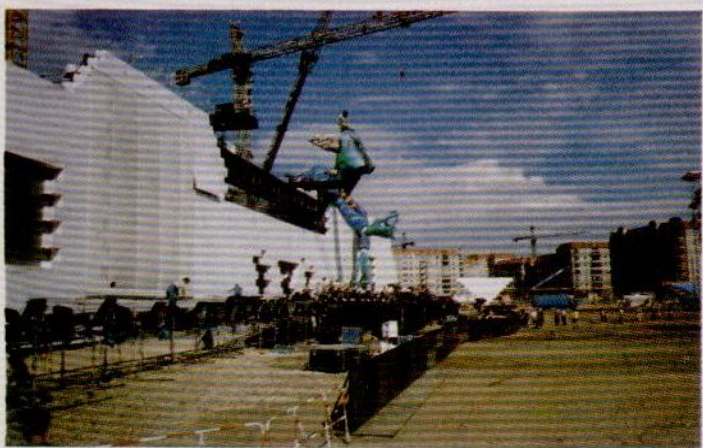
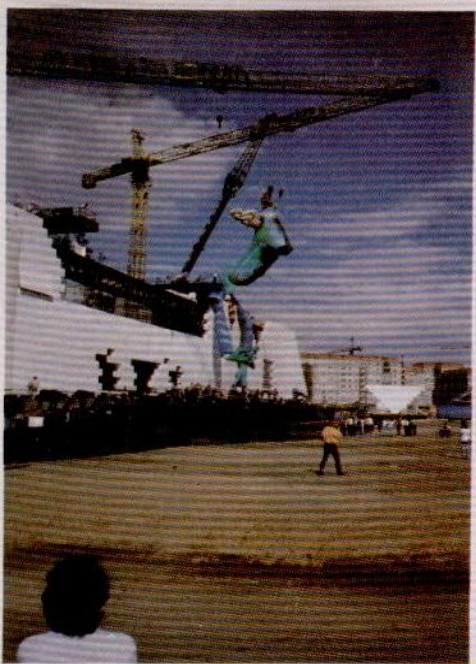
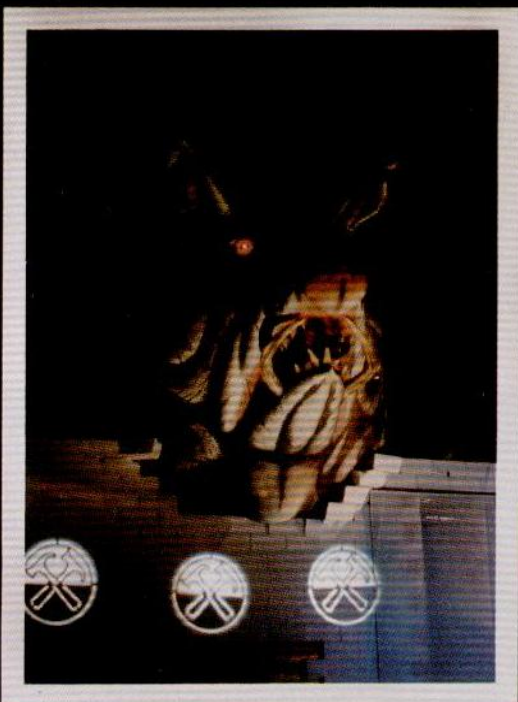
The line-up had changed slightly. Candy Dulfer filled in for Scott; Vicki and Sam Brown, for Rachel and Lorelei. An added delight were the guest appearances of Clare Torry and Michael Kamen.

Neither were strangers to the Floyd. Clare is the original voice behind *Great gig in the sky* many moons ago and in November '87, stood on stage next to Roger Waters, during his four month *K.A.O.S.* tour, to prove it. She appeared on the album on two tracks; *Home* and *Four minutes*.

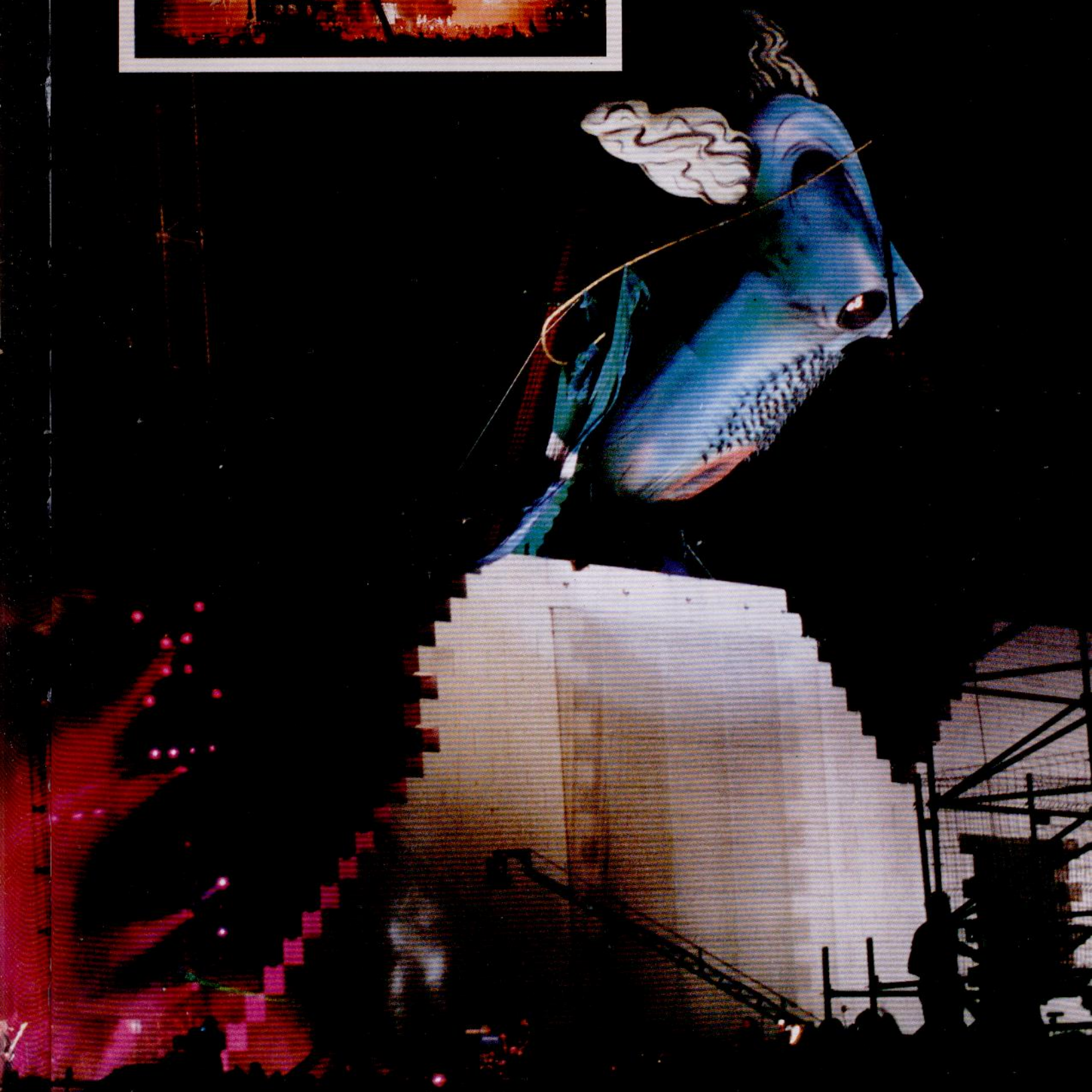
Michael Kamen (keyboards and piano) had started working with the Floyd, just over ten years ago, when he arranged and conducted the orchestra on *The Wall* album and then again, on *The final cut* from '83, when he also filled in for Rick at the keyboards.

In 1984 he also played on and helped produce the first Roger Waters solo album *The pros and cons of hitch-hiking* and toured it in the same year. So here he was at Knebworth and in three weeks, he'd be in Berlin, conducting and arranging the orchestra for Rog, at the spectacular *Wall'90* event on July the 21st.











But, going back to Knebworth, even though the Floyd had just less than an hour to play, a lot of thought had gone into the production. We were given more than just a compact summary of the three hour shows. It was in fact, an extension and final pieces were slotted into place. Before the band entered the stage, there was about 20 minutes of film shown on enormous video screens. Apart from getting a mini history of the Floyd (made up from clips and old b/w footage), we were also given some new scenes from the *Lapse* film. The oarsman would sit on the floor, in the middle of an empty room and make rowing motions, with a glazed look in his eyes, as if reminiscing on things gone by (*Signs of life* was shown). He'd take a feather and stare through it, trying to hold on to some vague memory (we got *Learning to fly*). In this way, we were taken by the hand and led through 20 minutes of pure nostalgia.

Sadly enough, even though there were enough bits 'n pieces of Syd shown, the only piece of film where you could see Roger Waters was in the b/w, three minute *Arnold Layne* clip. Probably Dave's doing. It's about time that these two guys stopped spitting at each other. But anyway, the film finished and the band came on to play the "live" stuff. We got *Shine on* completely, followed by *Great gig*, *Wish you were here*, *Sorrow*, *Money*, *Comfortably numb* and *Run like hell*. There was no exploding bed, no droids, no mirror-ball and no pig. There were no screen visuals, either (the screen was taken down, minutes before the show, due to wind and rain).

What we *did* get was a totally new explosive laser effect, to replace the mirror-ball during *Comfortably numb*. The rain sprinkled through the lasers, scattering the entire field with millions of liquid diamonds, and David Gilmour stretched his

guitar to it's limit, as he played riff upon riff, screaming out to the storm in defiance to the elements. All in all, it was a masterpiece of technical perfection. Actually, we could expect no less. The crew were just as familiar with the Floyd set-up, as were the band who shared the stage.

Marc Brickman directed and designed the lighting, Mickey Sturgeon was there, doing the sound with Britannia Row Productions and the Fisher/Park combination were responsible for the stage set design. As creators of the original *Wall* production in 1979, Fisher/Park have worked on all the Floyd shows

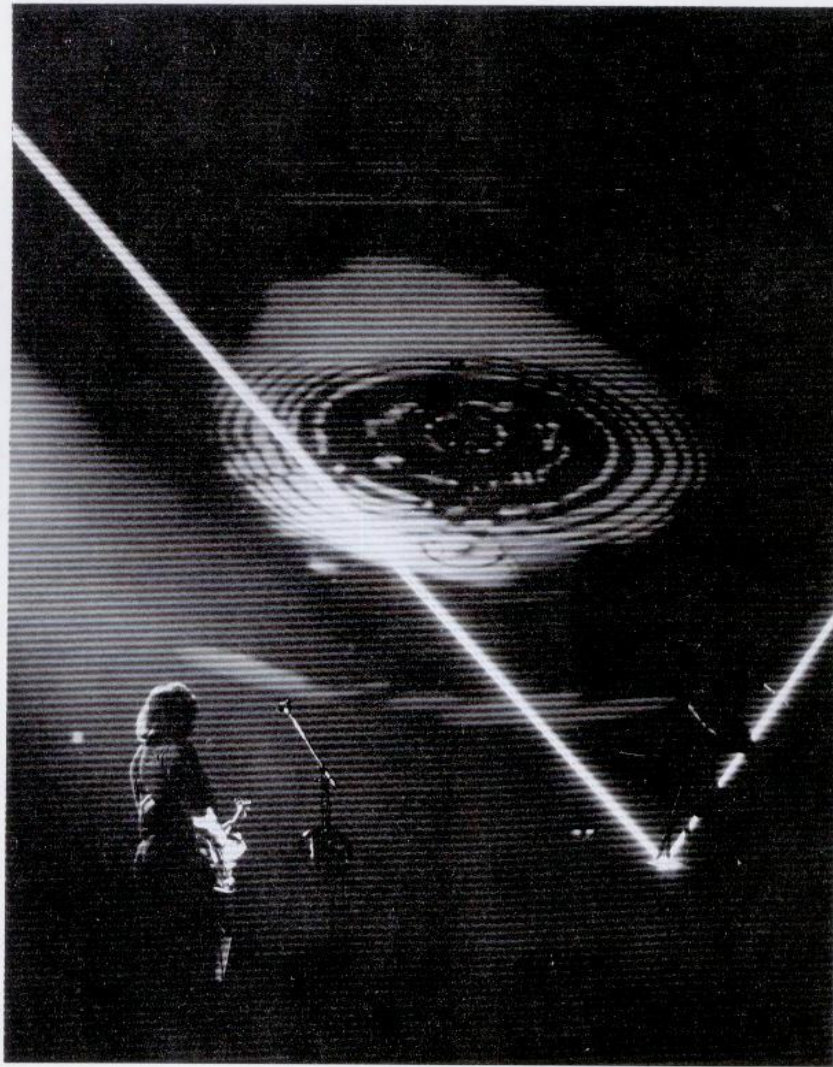
since *Animals*, and with Roger Waters, when *The pros and cons* hit the road in '84 and *K.A.O.S.* in 1987. Other credits include:

George Michael's *Faith* tour, both *The Nelson Mandela 70th Birthday Tribute* and the recent *International Tribute*, the critically acclaimed American *Steel Wheels* and *Urban Jungle* tours for the Rolling Stones, Tina Turner's *Private Dancer* and *Foreign Affair* tours, and Janet Jackson's *Rhythm Nation World* tour. In addition to this impressive roster of clients, they were also to be responsible for the design of the worlds most ambitious music event ever staged; *The Wall*, Berlin 1990. Oh no, they were not strangers to the Floyd. In fact, nearly the entire Floyd family were behind the scenes at Knebworth. The 12 hour show was digitally recorded and a few months later, it came out on a double cd and three videos.

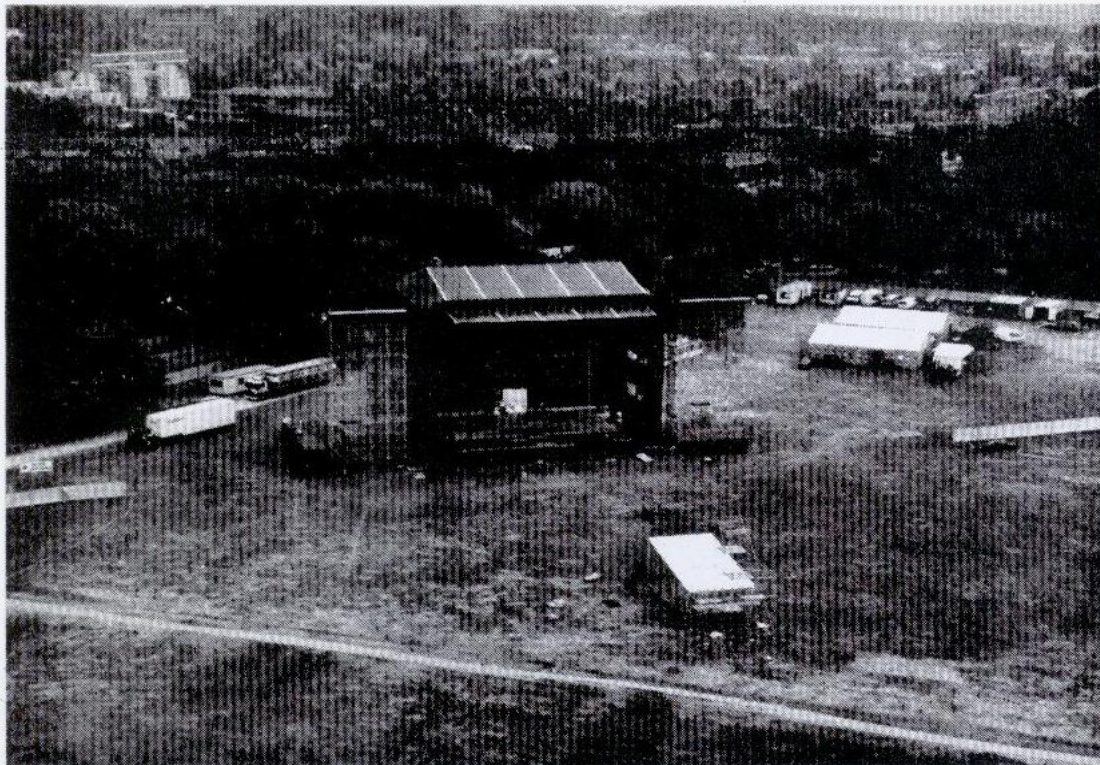
And that was that. Floyd had done 200 shows and even though I'd only seen 13 of 'em, it felt like a hell of a lot more. It makes me wonder how the crew felt, doing the whole 200.

*The rain sprinkled through the lasers, scattering the entire field with millions of liquid diamonds.*









De Goffertweide gistermiddag, vanuit een helikopter gezien door fotograaf Roen Moes. Een gigantisch podium wacht op verdere afbouw en tienduizenden bezoekers.

## Pink Floyd circus gearriveerd

NIJMEGEN - Zaterdagmiddag kwam een gedeelte van Pink Floyd's crew, totaal 200 man sterk, al naar Nijmegen.

Terwijl de heren muzikanten nog in Londen verbleven (gisteravond gaven ze daar nog een concert) werd in Nijmegen alweer met man en macht gewerkt om alles voor de show van vanavond in orde te brengen. In de loop van de ochtend komen er via Engeland de laatste karverrachten aan om alles in gereedheid te brengen.

Daarbij laten de tourmanagers van Pink Floyd niets aan het toeval over. In dikke draai-

boeken is precies vastgelegd wie wat, waar en wanneer moet doen. Alles ligt al maanden vast. Tot aan het menu toe, want behalve roadies, gaan er ook koks, kelners en serveersters mee op toernee. In elke stad die tijdens de tour wordt aangedaan is een compleet restaurant ingericht. Om te kijken of alles goed verloopt heeft de tourmanager, behalve een eigen kantoor, een helikopter tot zijn beschikking. Geen overbodige luxe, de crew van Pink Floyd is continu op drie verschillende plaatsen in Europa bezig.

De afgelopen twee maanden heeft Pink Floyd ongeveer veertig concerten gegeven,

waarvoor zo'n beetje heel Europa, tot in de Sovjet-Unie toe, werd afgereisd. Over twee dagen wordt de toernee afgesloten met een concert in Venetië. Waarschijnlijk zal dat concert worden opgenomen door IDTV, de Vara zal het dan uitzenden.

Hoewel Pink Floyd vorig jaar ook al met dezelfde show in Europa was, trekt de megagroep ook nu weer onzettend veel mensen met haar 'Delicate sound of thunder' tour. Ook de verkoop voor vanavond loopt nog steeds als een trein. Organisator Joost Carlier is zelfs afgelopen dagen nog overstelpd met aanvragen, uit heel Europa, voor kaarten.



Due dei Pink Floyd in concerto

## Dopo 3 giorni di tira e molla Sì al concerto dei Pink Floyd ma a bassa voce

VENEZIA - Dopo tre giorni di tira e molla, alla fine si è scoperto che il concerto si può fare, basta abbassare il volume. I Pink Floyd terranno dunque il loro spettacolo nel posto previsto, in mezzo al Bacino San Marco, di fronte a palazzo Ducale, ma non dovranno «colpire gli edifici storici con suoni superiori ai 60 decibel». Il verdetto dopo un vertice di quasi quattro ore in prefettura tra sindaco, questore, responsabili della Forza pubblica.

(A pagina 3)

## Venezia cartolina telematica

di Gianfranco Bettin

(A pagina 3)

THE TIMES SATURDAY AUGUST 6 1988

☆☆☆

## THE ARTS

# The diamond shines anew

### Pink Floyd/ Wembley Stadium

Having chosen practically the first pleasant summer's evening of the year to mount their gargantuan touring spectacle in London, Pink Floyd set to work at 8pm sharp in the still-gathering twilight, thus knocking out some of the early visual stunts which they have been pulling during later starting shows abroad.

Yet, as David Gilmour picked out the languorous, bluesy guitar phrases which introduce "Shine On You Crazy Diamond", and the reverberations were fed through huge banks of quadrophonic speakers and bounced eerily round the stadium, the tone was set for an event of some gravity.

When Pink Floyd all but fell apart during the making of *The Final Cut* (1983), few pundits gave credence to the idea that the band could mount a convincing comeback without its erstwhile singer, bass player and leader, Roger Waters. Come back they did, but only recently has the extent of the group's commercial and critical

rehabilitation become apparent, with *A Momentary Lapse of Reason*, now certified as their best-selling album since *The Wall*, and the faces of the two remaining full-time members, Gilmour and the drummer Nick Mason, even turning up on the cover of *New Musical Express*.

This extraordinary show has undoubtedly been instrumental in ushering in such an Indian summer. For as darkness fell, its stunning dramatic effect became ever more apparent. The lighting, designed by Marc Brickman, was some of the most impressive yet seen on a rock stage. The colours alone deserve mention: beautiful slow washes of peacock blue, salmon pink, lusciously blended shades of lime and lemon.

Four huge pods, comprising great clumps of vari-lites, patrolled the upper reaches of the stage with slow stately movements, while at ground level the musicians were dwarfed by the 'Floyd-droids', robotic contraptions on mechanical arms which spat out pencil beams of light. Lasers raked the sky in eccentric latticework patterns and billowing

clouds of smoke and dry ice permeated the scene like mists round an alien mountain-top. Near the end, during "Comfortably Numb", a huge reflective crystal ball opened

And there was music, too. Most of the second half was given over to 'greatest hits', including "Money", "Echoes", "Time" and "Another Brick In The Wall (Part 2)", while new material such as "On The Turning Away" and "The Dogs Of War" fitted snugly into the familiar Floyd mould of slow tempos and grand expositions of relatively simple ideas.

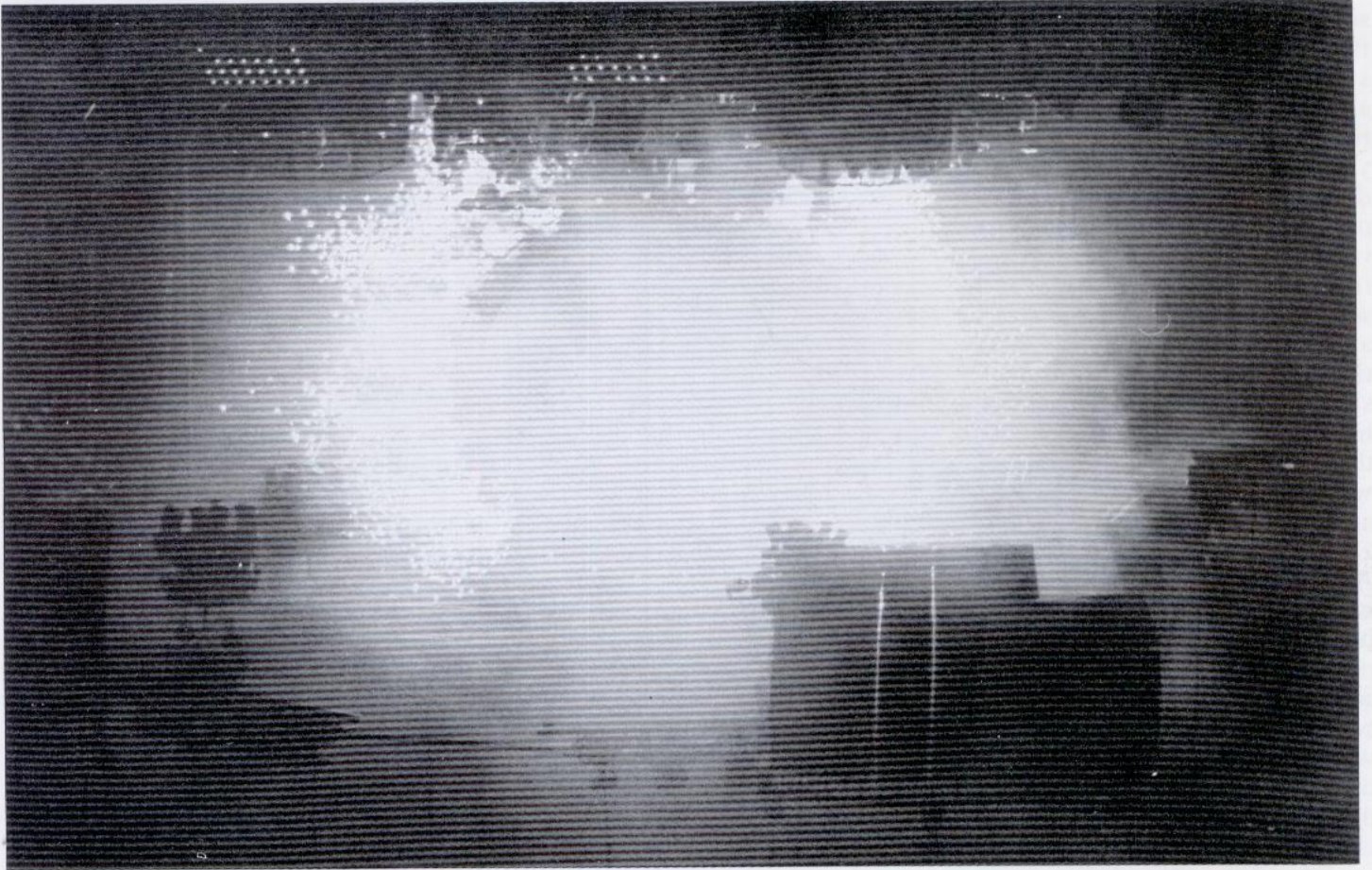
Of all the acts that have arrived to try their hand at stadium shows this year, Pink Floyd is the only one to have harnessed the outsize scale of such an event to its own advantage, and therein lies the group's greatest strength. Having taken the spacey visual attitude of Sixties psychedelic performance art to its logical conclusion, on this form they now look fit to carry on producing state-of-the-art rock circuses into the nineties.

David Sinclair



David Gilmour last night: Illuminating the extent of the Floyd's commercial and critical rehabilitation







It was weird, coming home. It's impossible to float through something as phenomenal as Pink Floyd on the road and then stabilise for the "real" world again. You're zonked, stuck with it, and that's that. Suddenly you're back in an apartment, in the middle of Nowheresville and no matter what you try to get into, hardly anything is impressive. There were after-waves. Jen decided, *Hey, I'm off*, and after back-staging a few times with Art Garfunkel (?!), she ended up being a roadie herself, in London, and within the first half year has managed to work for Santana, Bob Geldof and a few smaller bands.

As for me, the 2 years that this book took to write (with lots of big empty, uninspirational periods included) was enough for something to go "whumph" and, completely overdosed, I was left with a bit of a Floyd short-circuit, I'm afraid. At one stage, I packed all my Floyd stuff into a cupboard, couldn't bear listening to the albums and had no enthusiasm for the band whatsoever. I was even going to stop writing, but when I saw the dead-lines coming at me like a brick in the face, I decided to finish it and get it out of my system.

But anyway, the couple of years in-between standing in line all night for my first ticket for the show, and finishing the book, a lot's happened. Maybe too much, because somewhere down the line, some of the magic had faded. When I was back-stage to see Bob Mardon, at one of the Phil Collins gigs, instead of being mesmerised by being able to mingle with the band, I found myself counting Vari-lites and wondering if the beer was different than what we'd get in the store !!

And nowadays, after working as local-crew for two months, for the *West Side Story* U.S. Broadway tour, in Holland, I've now been offered a three month

job, touring Germany as one of the travelling road-crew for *The Cotton Club* musical. Not exactly Rock 'n Roll, but it keeps you in *the bizz*. It's a weird business. You never seem to be able to jump off the wagon. But all that's for another day.

I still feel it was all just a lucky break, that one thing led to another. And, on saying that, I'd like to put the real makers of this book in the spot-light for a minute. After all, without the support from the lads behind the scenes and the people around me, it wouldn't have come this far. The Floyd family, local crews, drivers and the local caterers who fed me when I was broke. Special thanks go out to Bob Mardon who, even when things got stressy out there, always found time to make me feel welcome (even though I was probably in the way a lot).

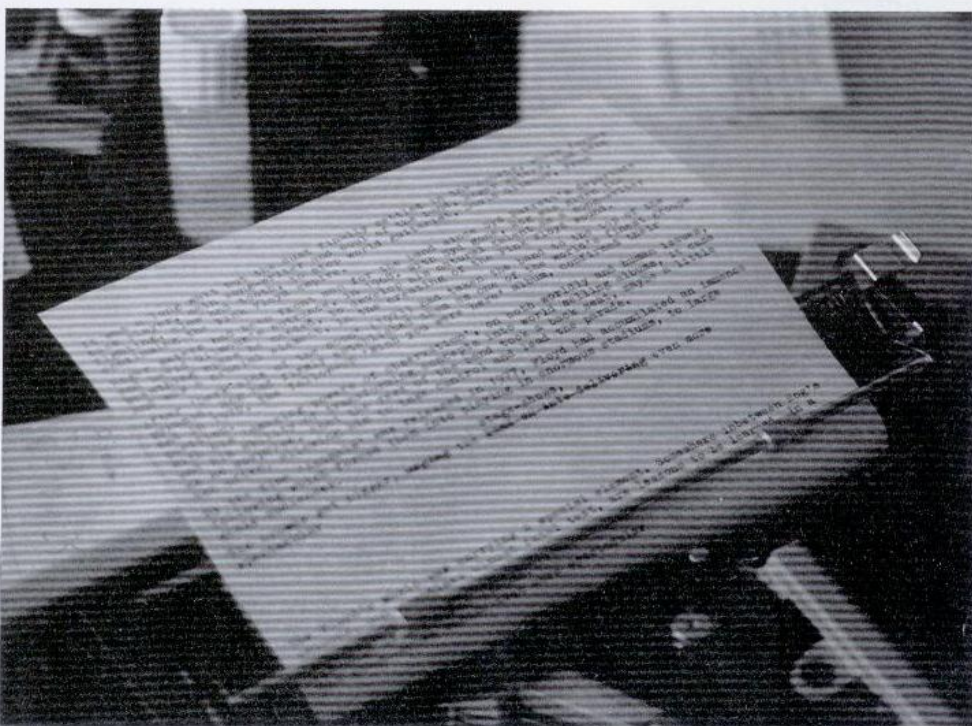
Thanks also to : Wilma Noordijk and co. for the use of some fabulous photos. Caroline for the security shirt, Dieter Wolf for the job in Köln, Mickey for the sticks, Gus for the very first pass, Clyde for the swop, Lorelei for the kiss (sorry, er...and for the

autographs), Pete, Alice, Lee and the other Redburn drivers, Andy from Stageco, Linda Jongbloets for helping to keep rusty wheels turning at the beginning of the book and Theo van Wijk at the end, when he spent the deepest of hours, scrutinizing every page for mistakes and "genErally giviing it the finol touchiz".


But okay. The last show finished ages ago and, as this is the last paragraph, it finishes for me in about five minutes. I think we've all seen enough photos and reviews of the tour, in newspapers and music mags. Basically, it was the same type of stuff. A shot of Dave or the stage, a list of what material was played and a few lines on how the show was. I hope that this book fills in a few gaps.

Well that's it. There's nothing more to say. Two years of a life. Dig it or hate it. If it only reaches a few people out there, that's okay. It's for you guys, anyway. Take a good look at the last full-stop on this page, folks. It's going to be responsible for me getting unbelievably drunk.

Cheers.







A final note from Dave. *What's next ?* Is there life after *Sound ??* "Well I've got another album written, pretty much but, er... I don't know. I haven't really thought about it yet. I want to finish all the stuff I have to finish on this... sort of... bits of erm... recording, and some filming and stuff, where it's all sort of... kinda working on, erm... and then have a break, and then spend some time playing with toys and sitting around in the studio, knocking things together, and when I think I know what I want to do, I'll do it... but erm (laughs) don't hold your breath".

Dave Gilmour interview clip,  
courtesy of BBC Radio One (UK).





# Pink Floyd läßt das rosa Schwein fliegen

Musikanlage leistet 50 000 Watt

Von P. PIONKE  
exp Köln —  
Kaum einer kennt  
David Gilmour,  
Nick Mason oder  
Rick Wright. Doch  
Millionen kennen  
Pink Floyd, ihre  
Band. 23 Jahren  
sind sie im Ge-  
schäft, lebende  
Legenden. Und  
trotzdem schaffen  
es die Altmänner  
immer wieder,  
noch eins draufzu-  
legen. Auch dies-  
mal: Das von EX-  
PRESS präsen-  
tierte Live-Konzert  
im Köln-Müngers-  
dorfer Stadion  
(Beginn: 21 Uhr)  
ist das größte  
Spektakel der  
Rock-Geschichte.  
„Gigantomanie“:  
in Zusammenhang  
mit Pink Floyd kein  
Wort mit negativen  
Touch. Im Gegen-  
teil. Nur das Beste  
ist dem Trio gut  
genug. 26 Sattel-  
schlepper karren  
das Equipment  
nach Köln. Die  
Bühne ist 50 Meter  
lang, 24 Meter  
tief und 30 Meter  
hoch. Die  
Musikanlage  
bringt insgesamt  
50 000 Watt. Klar,  
daß Pink Floyd  
auch in Köln ihren  
berühmten Qua-  
drophonie-Sound  
fahren.  
Und auch die  
Lightshow ist das  
Feinste vom Fein-  
sten. Vier Licht-  
Roboter und vier  
Laser sorgen für  
unvergleichliche



David Gilmour, Nick Mason, Rick Wright = Pink Floyd

Licht-Effekte. In-  
gesamt 1 250  
Mann sind not-  
wendig, um die  
Super-Show auf  
die Beine zu stel-  
len. Wenn es um  
die Anlage, den  
Sound geht, wird  
bei Pink Floyd ge-  
klotzt. Ansonsten  
geben sich David  
Gilmour (43),  
Rick Wright (43)  
und Dave Mason  
(44) eher be-  
scheiden. Zwar  
bestehen sie und  
ihre Management  
auch auf 500 Kilo  
Eiswürfel, 400  
Handtücher, 400  
warme Mahlzeiten  
und 600 Liter Soft-  
drinks (Kaffee,  
Tee, Cola), aber  
sie selbst „leben“  
im Köln-Müngers-  
dorfer Stadion  
eher spartanisch.  
Sie verlangen  
keine Luxus-Um-  
kleidekabinen wie  
etwa Michael  
Jackson. David &  
Co. begnügen  
sich mit drei  
Sofas, diversen  
Steh- und Tisch-  
lampen, sechs  
Spiegeln, jeweils  
zwei Garderoben-  
ständern und  
Kühlschränken  
und einigen Grün-  
pflanzen.  
Knapp drei Stun-  
den wird die  
Mega-Band auf  
der Bühne stehen,  
ein einmaliges Er-  
lebnis. Und natür-  
lich lassen Pink  
Floyd wieder ihr  
berühmtes  
Schwein fliegen...

LETZTES KONZERT IN EUROPA  
**PINK FLOYD**  
— OPEN AIR '89 —  
Montag, 10. Juli '89, 21.00 Uhr - Goffertpark Nijmegen/NL

Dans un parc de verdure sortie porte de Brancion  
RESTAURANT - TERRASSE D'ÉTÉ  
**Le Pavillon de la Tourelle\*\***  
FERMETURE DIMANCHE SOIR ET LUNDI 10, RUE LARMEBOUX - 92170 VANVES  
Réceptions  
Lunchs  
Cocktails  
Repas d'affaires  
Séminaires  
Tél. 46.42.15.59

48 36 48 79

Mercredi 28 juin 1989  
45<sup>e</sup> année - n° 13933

Pollution des mers  
APRÈS LE PÉTROLE, LES SOUS-MARINS  
RUSSES

11 Nouvel  
accident au  
large de la  
Norvège. Un  
sous-marin  
nucléaire so-  
viétique a  
pu se égarer  
dans les eaux  
norvégiennes  
autre sub-  
mersible nu-  
cléaire, lui  
aussi, avait  
été vu au  
large de la  
Norvège.

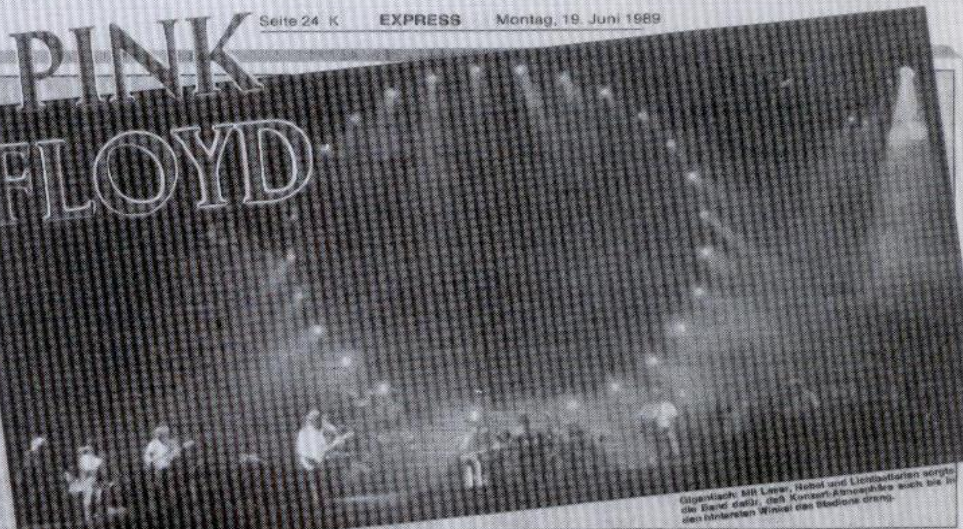
Photo  
de l'agence  
AP (28/6/89)

PAGE 2

LES 15-20 ANS RESSUSCITENT LES PINK FLOYD

11 Raps de ver-  
gences. Les jeunes  
(160 000 specta-  
teurs) des Pink  
Floyd ont re-  
nouveau leur  
soul et ont pu  
constater que  
toutes les génér-  
ations, pour les  
quatre-vingt ans  
se terminent la  
main pour leur  
belle et dernière  
œuvre. Les  
jeunes ont été à  
Bercy jusqu'au  
1<sup>er</sup> juillet inclus.

Photo  
de l'agence  
AP (28/6/89)



## Rockfest des Jahres: 60 000 feierten



### Drei Stunden standen die Superstars auf der gigantischen Bühne

Die drei Stunden standen die Superstars auf der gigantischen Bühne. Pink Floyd, die vierköpfige Band, die seit Jahrzehnten die Rock-Szene dominiert, haben am Montagabend in Köln ein letztes Konzert gegeben. Die Fans, die von allen Seiten in das Stadion strömten, waren begeistert. Die Band spielte ihre größten Hits und wurde von einer beeindruckenden Lichtshow begleitet. Die Fans waren begeistert und haben die drei Stunden bis zum Ende ausgenutzt.



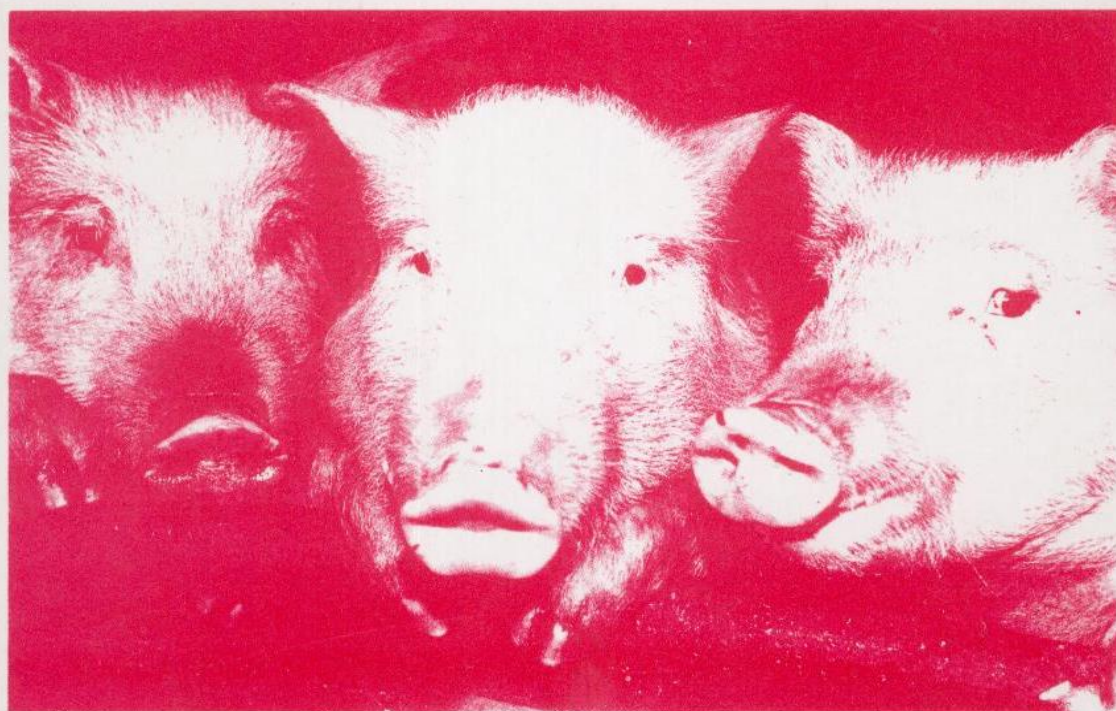
Die Lightshow der Band - genauso beeindruckend wie ihre Musik. Die Fans waren begeistert und haben die drei Stunden bis zum Ende ausgenutzt.



## Alles friedlich! Sanitäter hatten fast nichts zu tun

Fans waren mit Zelten und Schlafsäcken angestrotzt. Die Fans waren begeistert und haben die drei Stunden bis zum Ende ausgenutzt. Die Sanitäter hatten fast nichts zu tun, da alles friedlich verlief.





Three little pigs standing behind a fence  
The middle one thought the others had no sense  
The left one had a lot of writing to do  
The right one thought to use his photos too  
The result? Three pigs made a book for you

MADE IN ITALY