

**FREE  
CD!**

**THE SPECIALS** THEIR COMEBACK.  
THE INSIDE STORY!



**MOJO** *Music Magazine*

**THE WALL  
ANNIVERSARY  
EDITION!**

**NORAH JONES**  
NEW ALBUM & INTERVIEW

**PINK  
FLOYD**

**WOODY  
GUTHRIE**

*On the trail  
of Bob Dylan's  
ultimate hero*

**EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW!**

**Why does The  
Wall still haunt  
Roger Waters?**

**PORTISHEAD**

**Barrow's out-there  
festival of noise!**



**THE  
WALL  
RE-BUILT!**



**MOJO PRESENTS  
PINK FLOYD'S 1979  
MASTERPIECE  
RE-RECORDED**

**U2**

**IN THE U.S.**

**MOTT  
TRIUMPH!**

**KISS**

**"WE'RE LIKE  
THE BEATLES  
ON STEROIDS!"**







# WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE...

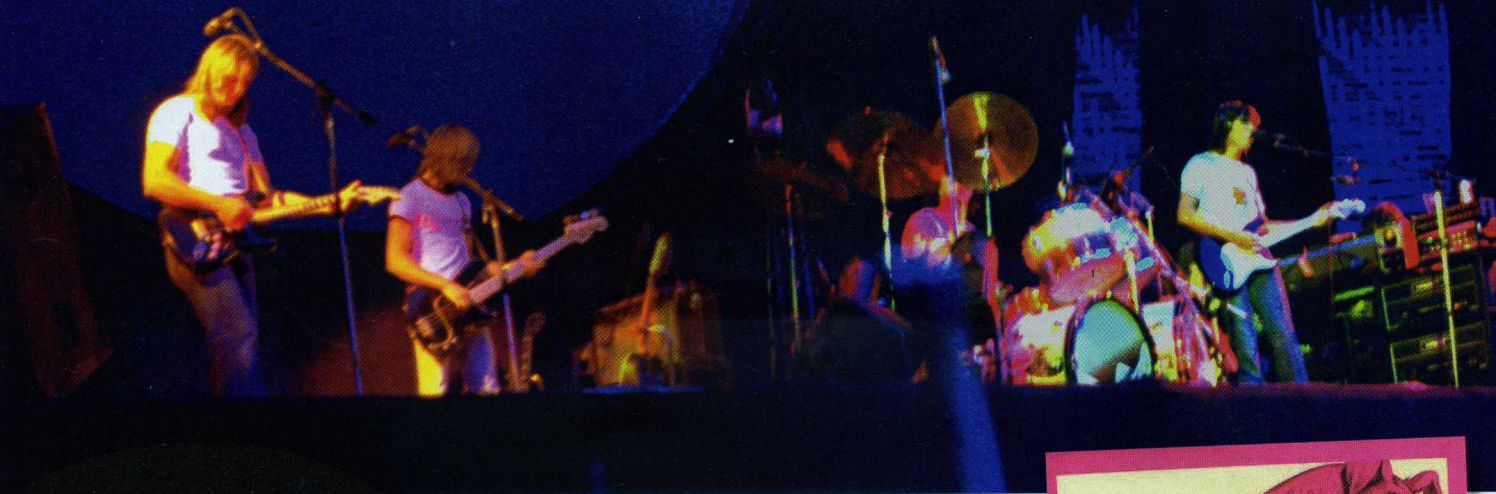
It began after he spat on a fan, and ended up with his final show in **PINK FLOYD**. Three decades on **THE WALL** continues to torment its principal creator. Now, as he prepares to take the biggest-selling double album of all-time on to the Broadway stage, **ROGER WATERS** reveals the inner turmoil behind his most shattering work...

Words: **DAVID FRICKE**    Portrait: **SHAWN BRACKBILL**









IN THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY of his greatest obsession, Roger Waters looks back at the version of himself that conceived and built *The Wall*, Pink Floyd's eleventh studio album and one of the most extravagant and confrontational rock shows ever staged – and quotes Winston Churchill, specifically the great bulldog's 1942 speech after the first Allied victories over the Nazis in North Africa: "This is not the end. This is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning."

"I feel like that, about that part of my life," Waters continues, his deep voice rolling at a thoughtful cadence. "I was 36 years old. It was all very difficult. The band – we had gone our separate ways, mostly," obliquely referring to guitarist David Gilmour, drummer Nick Mason and keyboard player Richard Wright.

"I've grown up to a considerable extent," he replies when asked about how different he is now compared to the years he spent immersed in *The Wall*: composing, recording, performing and filming a collection of songs about his life stripped bare, with a band driven to rancour and fracture by his controlling drive. "I'm less angry about other people's frailties. When I'm being super-critical, often what irritates me is really something about me. I project my inadequacies onto others. I used to do it hugely, in the past. I've gotten a lot better. I feel much more secure than when I wrote *The Wall*."

It is a remarkable admission, during a two-day conversation that proves to be Waters' most detailed and confessional interview about *The Wall* since its original release in November, 1979. Waters, currently living in New York, is working on a Broadway adaption with Lee Hall, who wrote the 2000 film *Billy Elliot* and the book and libretto for the musical-theatre production. "We're on our fourth draft," Waters reports, "and hope to find the right director in the near future."

The singer-bassist is also "doing the sums" for a full-scale tour of the 1980-81 arena presentation, which the Floyd gave in four cities less than two dozen times. Waters has done it only once since, with an all-star cast in Berlin in 1990. "If I were to resurrect the show," Waters says, "there

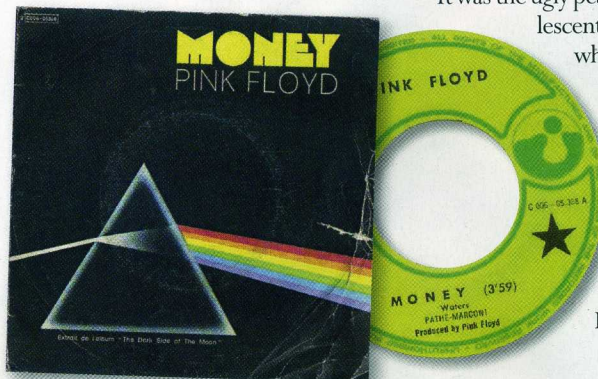
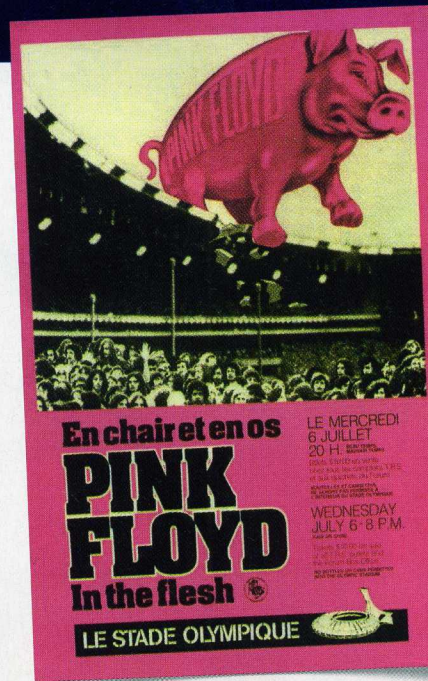
would be changes. I'm 66 years old. Without changing any of the lyrics or the story, I can look at some songs from an older person's perspective. But I feel no compunction about doing *The Wall* with a band, only one member of which was in Pink Floyd. The contributions the others made, David particularly, were

fundamental. Nevertheless, it stands on its own as a piece."

*The Wall* is the ultimate rock-star contradiction: a battle for personal space and peace in a life where privacy is at a premium. It opens at a giant rock show and peaks with the complete separation of band and audience. Along the way, Pink, the unhinged star – mostly Waters with elements of the Floyd's ill-fated acid-era leader, Syd Barrett – is dragged through traumatic flashbacks on his missing father (Waters lost his in World War II), sex life and fucked-up success. The real-life trigger came on September 6, 1977, the final night of the Floyd's *Animals* tour, at Olympic Stadium in Montreal. Furious with the circus that was life on the road after 1973's *The Dark Side Of The Moon* and the band's fluke Top 40 hit *Money*, Waters took it all out on one hapless, howling fan in front – spitting on him.

It was the ugly peak of what Waters calls "a slightly adolescent notion that the audience didn't take what we were doing seriously enough".

Complicating Waters' rage were his mixed feelings about stardom itself. "Money," he notes, "was a sarcastic jibe at the free market." Yet Waters, a native of Surrey who grew up in Cambridge, recalls that "as a poor young townie, I would see rich undergraduates driving around in their Lotus Elans or vintage Bentleys. I ➤



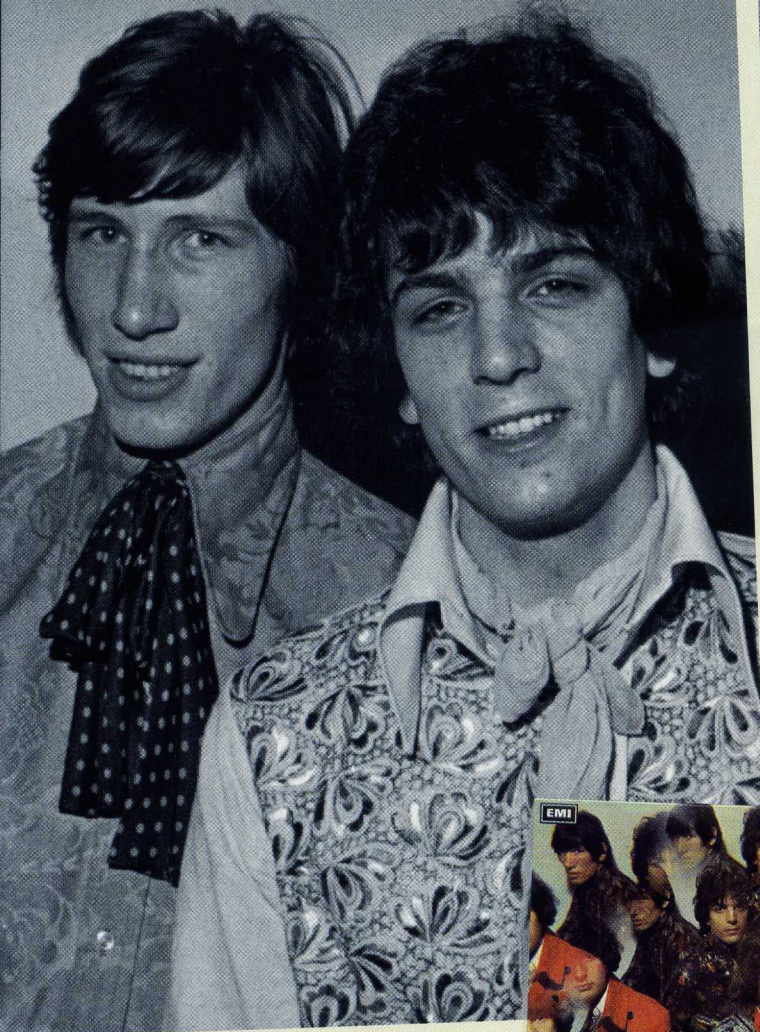




Pink Floyd (left) at Olympic Stadium, Montreal, September 6, 1977, where Roger Waters spat on a fan, sowing the seeds of *The Wall*'s concept of rock star alienation which the single *Money* (French version, below) had touched upon.







# "HOW MUCH WALL THERE WAS WITH ROGER KEITH BARRETT? NONE OF US WILL EVER REALLY KNOW."

## How did you feel later in Montreal, after you'd spat on the kid?

I felt very ashamed. What actually was going on was that the band was on its last legs. Everything that came after *The Dark Side Of The Moon* – *Wish You Were Here*, *Animals* and *The Wall* – expressed, to some extent, the fragmentation of what had been a great garage band. It may be that my frustrations were less with the audience and more with my mates. It's so fucking long ago, but I suspect that was the case.

## What was the first brick in *The Wall*, the first song you wrote?

I don't remember. I remember being in the studio in this very isolated house in southern England. I'd bought this weird mixing console from a famous studio in Florida, Criteria. I wrote *The Wall* using that board, playing acoustic guitar, electric guitar, electric piano and synthesizers. But the germ of the thing – I still have it somewhere – is a sketch on a piece of A4 lined paper, of an arena with a wall across it. It looks exactly as it looked in the show. That was always the idea. The personal stuff appended itself to the basic idea with almost no effort.

## You once told me the idea of Pink Floyd as a space-rock band was a joke. The music was always, "about inner space... human beings and their insides." What was the first truly personal song you ever wrote?

Corporal Clegg, Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun [both on 1968's *A Saucerful Of Secrets*] and Take Up Thy Stethoscope And Walk [on 1967's *The Piper At The Gates Of Dawn*] are all autobiographical. Corporal Clegg is about my father and his sacrifice in World War II. It's somewhat sarcastic – the idea of the wooden leg being something you won in the war, like a trophy.

## Your father and your feelings of separation also loom large early in *The Wall*, in *Another Brick In The Wall Part 1*.

We all get scared in our lives. We all build walls to protect ourselves. Sometimes those walls can function in a positive way. More often, in my view, they function in a negative way. It is legitimate to feel the loss of a parent very deeply, in ways that shape one's life. It can be a negative, if one immures oneself from the pain of that loss.

## But *Mother* is a very mixed reflection on your surviving parent.

The song has some connections with my mother, for sure, though the mother that Gerald Scarfe visualises in his drawings [a huge monstrous woman with a brick-wall bosom] couldn't be further from mine. She's nothing like that. My mother's still alive. She's 96 and still sharp as a tack.

## The woman you wrote about is an overly protective suffocating figure.

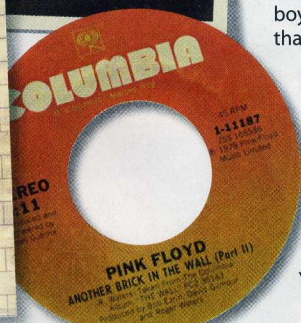
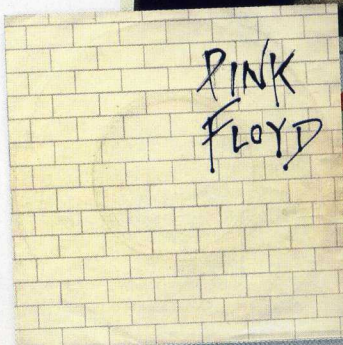
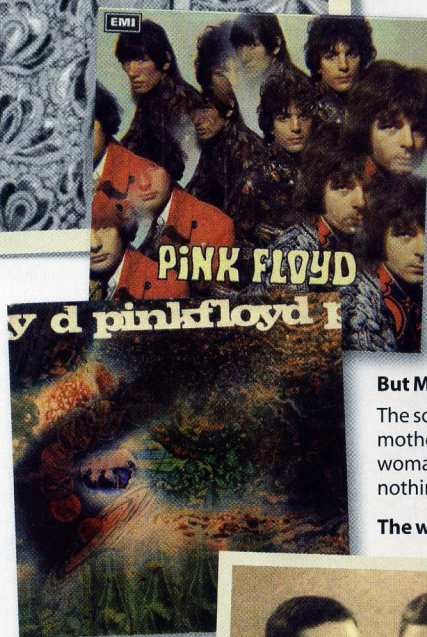
My mother was suffocating in her way. She always had to be right about everything. I'm not blaming her. That's who she was. I grew up with a single parent who could never hear anything I said, because nothing I said could possibly be as important as what she believed. My mother was, to some extent, a wall herself that I was banging my head against. She lived her life in the service of others. She was a school teacher. But it wasn't until I was 45, 50 years old that I realised how impossible it was for her to listen to me.

## Did she see herself in the song?

She's not that recognisable. The song is more general, the idea we can be controlled by our parents' views on things like sex. The single mother of boys, particularly, can make sex harder than it needs to be.

It was surreal to hear *Another Brick In The Wall Part 2*'s chorus – "We don't need no education" – on American Top 40 radio. It's also very short and simple for a Number 1 hit: seven lines and that repetitive guitar riff. Was that all you wrote?

Yeah. I've got the original demo. It's



absolutely aspired to that." He later bought a Lotus Super 7 ("sort of a proletarian sports car") with his first Floyd royalties.

*The Wall*'s part in Pink Floyd's crack-up is well documented. Waters, who gradually became the domineering writer after Barrett's mental collapse and exit in 1968, virtually fired Wright during the sessions; the latter stayed as a salaried player. Rising tensions between Waters and Gilmour – who co-produced the album and co-wrote three of its best songs, including the majestic elegy *Comfortably Numb* – later blew up into public and legal warfare over who *was* Pink Floyd. The group's final London performance of *The Wall* in June, 1981 was Waters' last Floyd show – until July 2, 2005, when he, Gilmour, Mason and Wright reunited for the Live 8 concert in Hyde Park. For that short four-song set, which ended with *Comfortably Numb*, there was at least one less wall in the world.

"It was a moving, magical 18 minutes," Waters says, with genuine ardour. "I feel so happy and privileged that it happened, particularly in the sad light of losing Rick [Wright died last year]. And we played really well – for four old codgers," he says, as we prepare to rewind three decades...

**The Wall's influences:** the breakdown of Roger 'Syd' Barrett (top, right); the effect on Waters' family of World War II in which his father, Eric Fletcher Waters, died leaving Mary (holding Roger), a single mother; grammar school education built *Another Brick In The Wall Pt II*.

Getty



just an acoustic guitar and vocal. It was only going to be one verse, a guitar solo and out. Then the late Nick Griffiths, the engineer at Britannia Row, recorded the school kids, at my request. He did it brilliantly. It wasn't until I heard the 24-track tape he sent while we were working at Producer's Workshop in Los Angeles that I went, "Wow, this is now a single." Talk about shivers down the spine.

#### Who's the teacher yelling at the end of the track?

It's me. All those Scottish voices are mine. I can do mad Scotsmen and high court judges (*laughs*).

#### The great irony is that the Floyd were all college boys, and art school was the ground zero for much of Britain's best pop music in the '60s.

Obviously, the song is satire. You couldn't find anybody in the world more pro-education than me. But the education I went through in boys' grammar school in the '50s was very controlling and demanded rebellion. The teachers were weak and therefore easy targets. The song is meant to be a rebellion against errant government, against people who have power over you, who are wrong. Then it is absolutely demanded that you rebel against that.

#### How much of *The Wall* is based on the life and mental collapse of Syd Barrett? Goodbye Cruel World, which closes the first act, starts with a bass riff that sounds like the one in his big Floyd hit See Emily Play.

Really? (*Hums the lick*) Yeah, OK. It's more Careful With That Axe, Eugene, more legato and closer to that tempo. I was always a fairly sparse player of the bass guitar. The song's sort of pitiful. I wouldn't lay that at Syd's door. That's way more me.

#### What about the rock star holed up in his motel room in Nobody Home?

The Gohills boots are Syd. The Hendrix perm is sort of a *Gestalt*. Rick had one. Syd had one. Eric [Clapton] had one. It was sort of a thing at the time. The satin shirt is mine: "The inevitable pinhole burns/All down the front of my favourite satin shirt." I can see that shirt now, with the pinhole burns from the burning hash. The coke thing – "I've got a silver spoon on a chain" – is not about anyone in particular. The main anguish of the unanswered telephone is my experience – nobody home.

#### In a sense, by design or default, Syd erected the original wall between audience and performer with his retreat.

I think Syd was more affected by his father's death than any of us will ever know. [Dr Arthur Barrett died in 1961, when Syd was 15.] He took over all of the power of the dead father. He was a tyrant as a teenager in his own house. He had two older brothers who deferred to him, Alan and Don. When Syd went crazy, I demanded Alan come to London to check him out: "I think Roger [Syd's real first name] is sick." Alan came to London, and Syd did what Syd often did, which was pretend. He twisted his brother around his little finger. I got a call saying, "Thank you. Roger's had a few problems, but he's fine now." Oh really? How much wall there was with Roger Keith Barrett? None of us will ever really know. The bit that those of us who knew him got to experience was ebullient and charming and artistic. But it burned out quickly.

#### On the original LP sleeve, the lyrics to Hey You appear at the end of what would have been the end of side three. On the record, the song is at the beginning. Were you still moving parts around, even after the artwork was done?

I always thought it was at the beginning of side three. I don't remember it being anywhere else. It's about the break-up of my first marriage, all that misery and pain and being out on the road when the woman declares over the phone that she's fallen in love with somebody else. It's a complete disaster, especially if you're someone like I was. I was flotsam on the turgid seas of women's power (*laughs*). Hopeless, really. I could do nothing but go fetal and weep. But the song is also partly an attempt to make connections with other people, to say that maybe if we act in consort, some of the bad feelings will go away. In community, there is comfort. The line, "Hey you, out there beyond the wall/Breaking bottles in the hall" – that is an exhortation to come closer to where I live, so we can help each other.

#### There is a reference in Comfortably Numb to getting medicated before going on-stage ("That'll keep you going through the show"). Was the Animals tour that bad?

That comes from a specific show at the Spectrum in Philadelphia [June 29, 1977]. I had stomach cramps so bad that I thought I wasn't able to go on. A doctor backstage gave me a shot of something that I swear to God would have killed a fucking elephant. I did the whole show hardly able to raise my hand above my knee. He said it was a muscular relaxant. But it rendered me almost insensible. It was so bad that at the end of the show, the audience was baying for more. I couldn't do it. They did the encore without me.

#### There are also the famous vivid lines, "When I was a child I had a fever/My hands felt just like two balloons."

It's the truth. I remember having the flu or something, an infection, with a temperature of 105 and being delirious. It wasn't like the ➤

# THUMBING A RIDE

## The Wall wasn't the only concept Roger Waters presented to Pink Floyd.

ONE DAY in 1978, Waters sat down with Gilmour, Mason and Wright and played them album-length demos for two potential Pink Floyd records – *The Wall* and a suite of songs Waters called *The Pros And Cons Of Hitch Hiking*. He told his Floyd-mates to pick one. They did, unanimously. "The Wall, it was obvious even then, was a major new work," Mason recalled in his 2005 Floyd memoir, *Inside Out*. "We could all imagine ourselves performing it." Waters temporarily shelved *Pros And Cons*, eventually releasing it as his post-Floyd solo debut in 1984.

"The Pros And Cons Of Hitch Hiking was a completely different idea about sexual aspirations and the world of dreams," Waters says now, "specifically about a particular dream I had and remembered upon waking. *Pros And Cons* is a series of dreams that all take place in one night." The story takes place in real time, 42 minutes, and Waters went so far as to title every track after a mark on the watch. The first song is 4:30 AM (Apparently They Were Travelling Abroad); the last is 5:11 AM (The Moment of Clarity).

Waters insists "there was no swapping songs between one album and the other. They were different marriages, old boy. *The Wall* was my first marriage. *Pros And Cons* was the second."

In fact, melodic elements of the former's In the Flesh and Mother can be heard on *Pros And Cons*, which is, in a way, the sexual crisis on *The Wall* writ large. The singer passes through misogynist fantasy, fear of rejection and self-righteous anger in the course of his dreaming. There is peace at the end: Waters wakes up next to his wife, reassured. The worst happened only in his subconscious. But both records are about wrenching separation and the long reach back. Another parallel: for *The Wall*, Gilmour provided a vital melodic humanity on guitar; on *Pros And Cons*, record and tour, Waters got Eric Clapton. "I knew I didn't want to make two band albums," Waters says of that '78 meeting. "I wanted to make a solo album. So I said, You choose. Steve O'Rourke, the manager, was strongly in favour of *The Pros And Cons Of Hitch Hiking*. But the other three, to a man, preferred *The Wall*. They could see the concept had more legs."

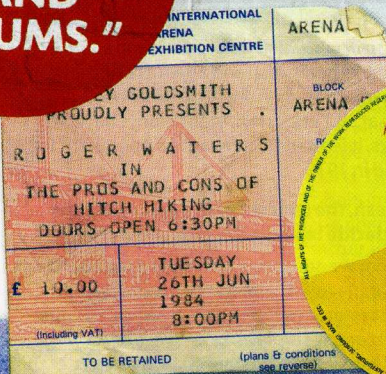
"Let's not forget, the demo of *The Wall* I played for the band that afternoon was 40 minutes long," Waters notes. "It was developed a lot after that. Run Like Hell and the chord sequence of Comfortably Numb were added later and came from Dave. The Trial music was basically [co-producer] Bob Ezrin."

Asked if giving his bandmates a choice of concepts meant the Floyd were still a semblance of a democracy, even as they falling apart, Waters replies quickly and bluntly: "No. I gave them that choice. If I had gone to them and said, This is the next album, they'd have gone, 'Great.' Because everyone who has ever been in a rock 'n' roll band understands, absolutely, that's what we live and die by: Somebody has to have something to say."

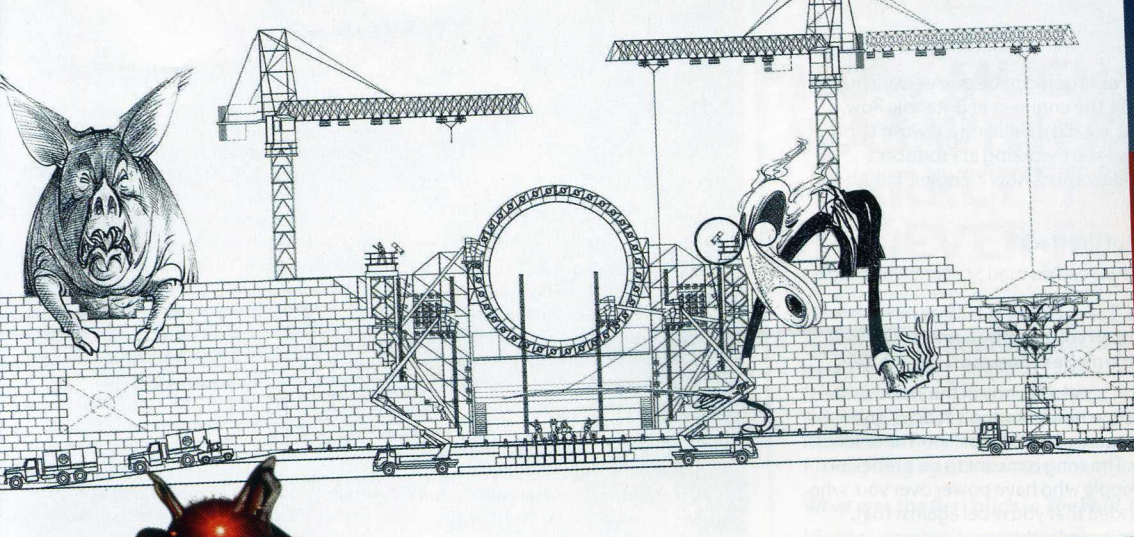
Otherwise, forget it. You might as well go and get a proper job."

The Pros And Cons Of Hitch Hiking, Waters' first post-Floyd LP.

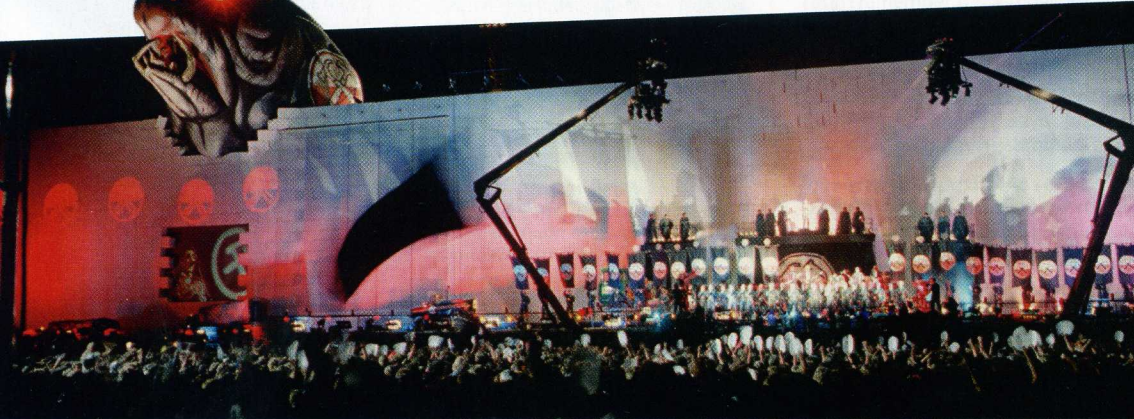
"I DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE TWO BAND ALBUMS."







The Berlin Wall, 1990: from sketch to reality. "I asked the Russians if they'd give me half-a-dozen tanks," says Waters.



◀ hands looked like balloons, but they looked way too big, frightening. A lot of people think those lines are about masturbation. God knows why.

**You've described Bring The Boys Back Home as a core song in *The Wall*. There isn't much to it, just four lines. What makes it so pivotal?**

The loss of a father is the central prop upon which the whole thing stands. As the years go by, children lose their fathers again and again, for nothing. You see it now with all of these fathers, good men and true, who lost their lives and limbs in Iraq for no reason at all. I've done Bring The Boys Back Home in my encores on recent tours. It feels more relevant and poignant to be singing that song now than it did in 1979.

**In the second version of *In The Flesh*, the concert of the first version is now a fascist rally. When did you decide to make the rock star a dictator?**

That was always in there, the idea that we are all susceptible to propaganda. The line "Would you like to see Britannia rule again my friend?" [in Waiting For The Worms] – I am making direct reference to the British National Party, that right-wing bully-boy racist element. It's also the kids [in America] who got beaten up by their parents and turn into the Ku Klux Klan. It doesn't matter what society you're in. There will be the thugs and extremists who want to beat up Jews, blacks and queers.

**Do you think Pete Townshend soft-pedalled that in *The Who's* opera *Tommy* by making the boy a guru? You turned Pink into Hitler.**

They're both victims of the same wall. But Tommy was deaf, dumb and blind, so he could be forgiven for any excesses. But he actually didn't develop any, did he? What happens to Tommy in the end? Not a lot.

**But Pink is hauled into court. *The Trial*, in which mother, schoolmaster and wife return to pass judgment, was not on your original demo. Did you try other ways of getting to the end – bringing down the wall?**

There was a semblance of a trial in the demo, but it was sketch. [Co-producer Bob] Ezrin came up with the Kurt Weill idea, that orchestration. The Trial explains, completely, that this is an internal journey. We carry the women within us, parents, our own judge as well. I had a big judge I carried around with me for years and years – telling me I was useless. If you're going to develop, you have to confront your weaknesses – or accept them. And accept yourself, flawed as you are.

**Did you ever consider a musical climax featuring all of Floyd? The big finish, on record and in the show, didn't involve the band at all.**

**Unseen images of *The Wall* On Broadway. "It can't go down the dancing British Bobbies route," says Waters.**

No, it didn't. The fact is, at the end of the story, Pink finds himself alone. There is no band. It's just him, confronting his demons and asking questions of himself. Why is it he feels so bad about everything? Luckily, he comes up with some answers and is, to some extent, freed.

**Was that part of Pink based on you as well?**

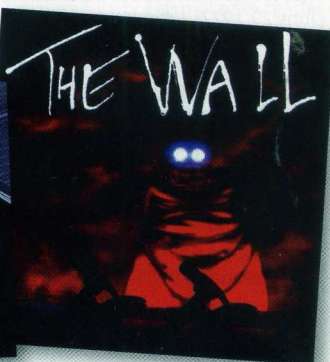
Yeah, it is. (Very long pause) What I like about the end of the piece, certainly *The Trial*, is that nothing could be less enigmatic. It absolutely hits you over the head with the logic of what it is, why it is and why it's necessary for the character to expose his weaknesses, to himself and everybody else.

**How much fun – and pain – was there in revisiting yourself, as Pink, when Floyd first performed *The Wall*, in Los Angeles and New York in 1980?**

It's a funny thing you should ask me that. Over the last several months, I have discovered a whole load of new footage of *The Wall* shows. When we were making the movie, we shot a number of songs in 35mm. We were talking about using bits of the show in the film. I knew we had a few things in the can from the shows [in 1981]. What I didn't know was that the guys who shot those things, they thought, "Sod it, we've got the cameras here. Nobody seems to be bothered or talking to each other. Why don't we just shoot it all?" And they did. I've been editing it, and it's fascinating for me to look at it, to see what the performances were actually like. It's a bit like home movies – they are only interesting for people who are in them (laughs). What's compelling about it is the performances are authentic and deeply moving. I keep asking the guys who have been editing it with me, "Am I being narcissistic?" They say, "No, you're not. It is moving."

**One of the show's highlights was the motel room that came out of the brick in *Nobody Home*. In one close-up photo I've seen, you are sitting there, singing this not-exactly-happy song, with a bemused look on your face, clearly enjoying yourself.**

When I'm on-stage. I'm always in character. If I sing *Wish You Were Here* or any of the Floyd songs, I stay in the feeling of the lyrics. Certainly half of me, in *Nobody Home*, is the character. But there is also a bit of me being very pleased with myself, enjoying







## "TOMMY AND PINK ARE BOTH VICTIMS OF THE SAME WALL. BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO TOMMY IN THE END? NOT A LOT."

the fuck out of the moment, having gone through all of the rehearsals, working with [stage designers] Mark Fisher and Jonathan Park on how to build that set, with [lighting designer] Marc Brickman on how to light it, where to put the Tropicana neon sign. We spent years, literally, on it. So I'm sitting in the middle of that set. Part of me is in character. Nobody's answering the phone, I'm miserable. But there's a little bit of me feeling smug, thinking, "Fuck me, this must look great out there."

**David Gilmour once told me the set was designed so that when the wall collapsed, the first few bricks fell at the audience, to give the front rows a good scare.**

The whole thing was controlled by a computer. The sequencing in which the wall came down – the ripple effects – were all programmed. We only saw it in rehearsal. During the show we were behind the wall, under cages. But the front rows were quite apprehensive when it came down, because it was very loud – the music, the thunder and noises. It looks fantastic in the movie, I must say.

**But after all of that planning, work and expense, Pink Floyd performed *The Wall* only 23 times.**

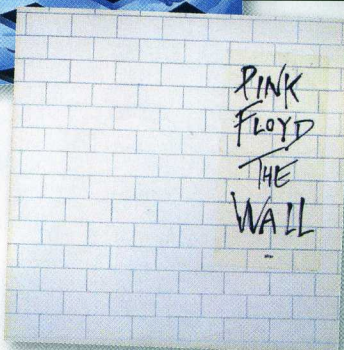
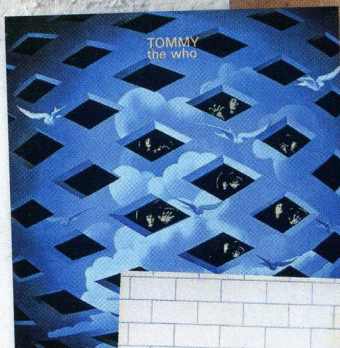
It cost a fortune, which was one reason for not going on. Things have changed. The technology is a lot cheaper now. Certainly the bricks would be much easier to make. They were cardboard, but they were pretty heavy. But I felt we did enough. And the band was a bit tottery. We famously had our dressing rooms in a circle backstage, like covered wagons. But all the doorways faced out. We literally turned our backs on each other backstage. And Rick was no longer in the band, but he was performing. It was all a bit odd. Enough was enough.

**You performed *The Wall* in its entirety once more, with guest singers but no Floyd, in Berlin in 1990. How true was that show to the original?**

It was a good cause [the concert was a benefit for disaster relief] and it seemed fitting to perform that piece on the Potsdamer Platz [a no-man's-land section of the by-then-fallen Berlin Wall]. And we got some exciting collaborations. That I had a Russian Army marching band on-stage was pretty amazing. To rehearse them, we had to drive into the depths of [the former] East Germany. We couldn't find the base. None of the locals would tell us where it was. We eventually came upon it by accident.

After the rehearsal, we sat with the officers, eating potato soup and drinking vodka, talking to them about what they were going to do. Because they were all going home. That was the end of it for them. It was fascinating. The only thing the Russians wouldn't do – I asked them if they'd give me half a dozen tanks. They had a ton of them they weren't going to use. I said, "I want to paint them black, put crossed hammers on them and have them do a choreographed thing with the gun turrets." That would have been great. But they said, "No, you can't have tanks. But we'll give you lorries."

**How successful was *The Wall*'s translation to film? Alan Parker's movie is a literal telling of a story that was, in concert, performed metaphorically. You didn't see a real schoolteacher. You got a marionette.**



What can I say? I think the rock-theatre version was more successful, in its own terms, than the cinema version. I felt overwhelmed by the film, in a way that made me uncomfortable. It is good in parts. The animation Gerry [Scarfe] did was phenomenal. And the way Alan dealt with the childhood aspects, looking for the father – that was good. But I found it hard to sympathise with the central character. At one point, when we were working together (laughs), Alan said, "Why don't you direct the film?" I went, "Are you crazy? I don't know anything about directing a film." He said, "Yes you do. You directed all this" – the record, the concert. "Why stop now?"

**How will you squeeze an arena-sized production like *The Wall* into a Broadway theatre? And are you ready to have someone else play Pink?**

Oh, God, yeah. I wouldn't dream of being in it. The book that Lee [Hall] and I have been working on is very different from the rock show. In the early conversations we had, I said the reason I wanted to do it was I wanted to have a laugh. There aren't any laughs in the Wall movie. In the live show there are a couple of laughs I'd forgotten about. I used to introduce Run Like Hell – "Are there any paranoids in the audience tonight? This is for all the weak people in the audience!" I wanted to use the idea of *The Wall* in a small venue to achieve a sympathy and rapport. And I want to write as many laughs into it as we can. There are also things we can do in the theatre, because it's controllable, to create moments. What we won't do is what we did in the arenas – build a wall across the stage. We will do it in other ways.

**But I can't help getting nervous when I see the words "rock" and "Broadway" in the same sentence. There seems to be too much room for error and corn.**


Another thing I've said in conversations with people about this – I can't go the dancing-British-bobbies route. It can't have the slightest whiff of that Broadway, that kind of singing, dancing and pretending. People will have to sing. People will have to move about. People will dance.

But I promise you: We won't fuck it up.

**WALL LIVE!**

Turn the page for an exclusive eye-witness report on Pink Floyd's monumental work...





# BEHIND THE WALL

One of the most spectacular rock shows of all time, staging **PINK FLOYD**'s claustrophobic concept album

**THE WALL** was fraught with danger. An unrelenting assault on the audience's senses — cue tales of fear, fire, Nazis and gorillas.

**MARK BLAKE** files an eye-witness report...







AUGUST 8, 1980. PINK FLOYD'S SINGLE *Another Brick In The Wall (Part 2)* is the topic of some fanciful conversations among one gang of north London school kids. We are at Earls Court Arena, waiting to watch Floyd perform *The Wall*, and most of us are claiming to know someone who knows someone whose cousin/brother/best friend is "one of the kids" singing on the Floyd's recent hit. We are, of course, making it up.

Playground hierarchy dictates that the sixth-formers in our party studiously ignore the wider-eyed 14- and 15-year-olds. But a truce had been declared months earlier when we bought our tickets. Now we sit, side by side, in the cheapest seats in the house (a princely £7.50), squinting through a fug of smoke – part-cigarette, part-hash, a strong underlying aroma of patchouli oil – at a partially built wall of white bricks at far end of the arena, waiting for the show to begin.

When it does, Pink Floyd will deliver the perfect bluff by not being Pink Floyd at all. The musicians on stage grinding out the clanging opening chords to *In The Flesh?* look like Pink Floyd, but they aren't. When the real thing appears, there is delight, but also a strange unease as we realise we've been tricked. With its airborne pig, crashing dive-bomber, giant puppet schoolmaster (during our beloved *Another Brick...*) and the mighty *Comfortably Numb*, *The Wall* makes a thrilling spectacle, but that unease remains. Not once can we quite take our eyes off Roger Waters, oozing malevolence as *The Wall*'s anti-hero Pink. When Waters deigns to speak to the crowd, dedicating *Run Like Hell* to "all the paranoids in the audience", his supercilious tone sends a ripple of nervous laughter through the crowd. Thirty years on, it's impossible to forget how exciting, terrifying and challenging *The Wall* actually was. And challenging, after all, was always the idea.

**W**ATERS' PLOT TO BUILD A BARRIER BETWEEN the band and its fans had been forged on Floyd's 1977 US tour, when he'd grown despondent about playing in 60,000-seater venues to audiences who, in his words, were busy "screaming and shouting and throwing things at each other". He was, a band confidante later noted, "looking for ways to intimidate the audience. *The Wall* was all about giving people a hard time."

In November 1978, architect Mark Fisher began working with Waters and artist Gerald Scarfe on visual ideas for what would become *The Wall*. By August 1979 the design was agreed. Engineer Jonathan Park joined the team in September to help sort out the details: 450 foldable cardboard bricks, each measuring 5ft x 2.5ft, would construct a wall 33ft high and 260ft wide. The bricks slotted over a telescoping aluminium framework that stopped the wall falling over. As the show progressed, the framework left open spaces through which the individual band members could perform.

**Roger Waters:** The first time I went to see Mark and Jonathan and the crew [in Culver City], when they were first physically building the wall, you walked through the door and the sound was horrific. The lifts they had designed and made [for the crew to put the bricks in place] squeaked. They didn't just squeak. They howled, they shrieked. They spent six or seven days with those lifts going up and down, with people putting grease on them to get them to stop making this horrific noise. Eventually they did. They solved so many engineering problems.

In addition to the challenge of erecting the wall itself, there would be three stages: front stage would support theatrical effects and additional musicians; back stage, behind the wall, would be used by the main players; the third stage was built inside the wall itself. Though Waters' original idea had been even more forbidding.

**Gerald Scarfe:** Roger's very purist idea at the beginning was that there should be no let-up. He wanted a wall between band and audience. Everything would be sung inside the wall. I think David [Gilmour] vetoed that.

**Roger Waters:** The frustration I was expressing when I said, "Let's build a

wall" [was] to show this disaffection with the people who think they are fans of the work yet behave in ways that show they are not. And, of course, as soon as we performed it, we ceased to be alienated. In the act of creating the theatre, we became one.

**Robbie Williams (Pink Floyd sound engineer):** I don't think anybody had any conception of what was going on in Roger's mind. And when we first heard that he wanted to build a massive wall across the stadium with the band performing behind it, we all said, "You've got to be fucking mad!"

On-stage Floyd would be joined by four backing vocalists plus four extra musicians known as the 'The Surrogate Band'. This comprised Floyd's 1977 touring guitarist Snowy White (replaced for the 1981 performances by Andy Roberts), bassist Andy Bown, moonlighting from his day job as keyboard player with Status Quo, and drummer Willie Wilson and keyboard player the late Peter Wood, both ex-members of Sutherland Brothers And Quiver. Wilson was a veteran of Gilmour's earliest bands in Cambridge. Aside from fleshing out the sound during the show, the surrogate band would also pose as the real Floyd, lit in shadow on the front stage for the opening number *In The Flesh?*, while the real thing were hidden behind a curtain on the main stage. The surrogate band would wear a latex mask of their corresponding Floyd member's face. It was, explained Waters, to demonstrate "what we become when we succumb to the trappings of power and turn into this fascist kind of machine." In January 1980, Pink Floyd, their crew and extended players gathered in Los Angeles for two weeks of stage and musical rehearsals.

**Gerald Scarfe:** Roger once told me that his dream was to have a surrogate Pink Floyd, so he could go to the Bahamas while they played Earls Court.

**Andy Bown:** The whole thing didn't faze me, as I didn't know anything about Pink Floyd. I wasn't a fan. I went to LA and was in a rented house where I received the cassettes. It was only then I realised that the show was called *The Wall*. I'd thought it was called *The War*. I'd misheard on the telephone, when [Floyd manager] Steve O'Rourke called me. I remember I played the *Animals* album and thought, "Cor that's a bit heavy."

**Willie Wilson:** I'd been around Pink Floyd for years, going to gigs and soundchecking with them, so it was weird wearing a Nick Mason mask. Weird but amusing.

**David Gilmour:** At the beginning, Roger didn't come to rehearsals because he was busy helping get the show going in a different place. So they were putting together all the different aspects of the lighting and the film stuff on a film lot in Culver City while I was rehearsing these musicians to do the whole album live.

**Andy Bown:** Those rehearsals were strange, because David was in charge, and there was no sign of Roger to start with. The whole time I kept hearing, "Oh Roger's coming tomorrow... Oh no, not tomorrow, the day after... Oh Roger's coming." I was like, "Who is this Roger?" I knew he was the boss and he was paying, but everyone else thought he was God. After he turned up, we'd been rehearsing with Roger for a couple of days when he made a fucking awful mistake and I turned to him and said, "If you're going to play like that I'm going to want smaller billing." I rather think that broke the ice and we got on like a house on fire after that.

**James Guthrie:** More often than not halfway through [rehears-

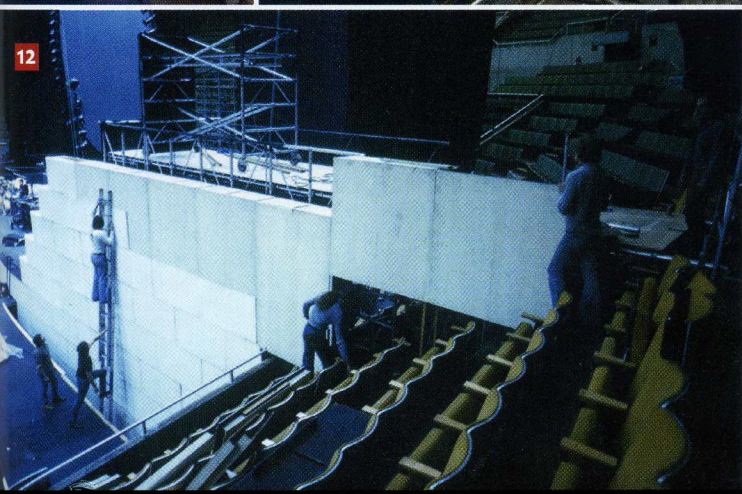
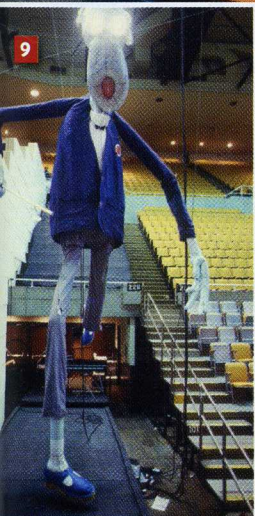
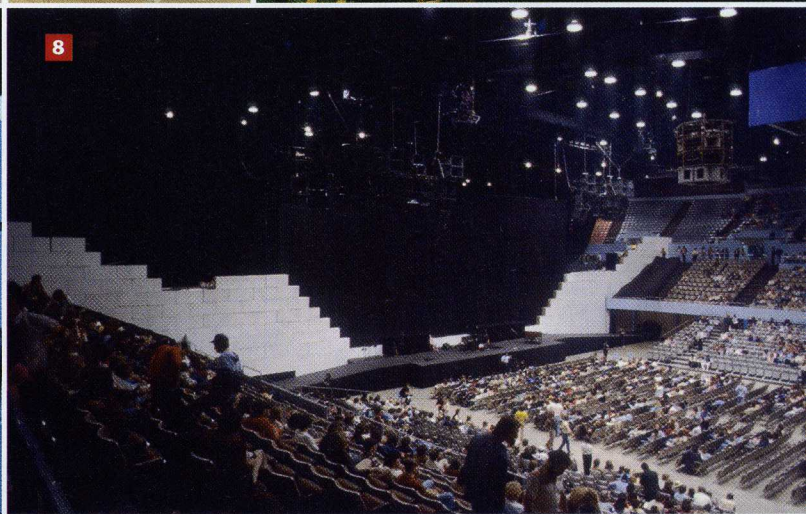
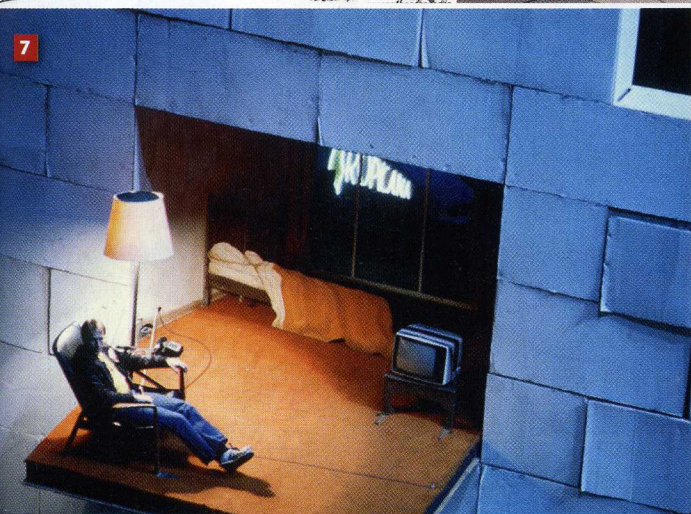
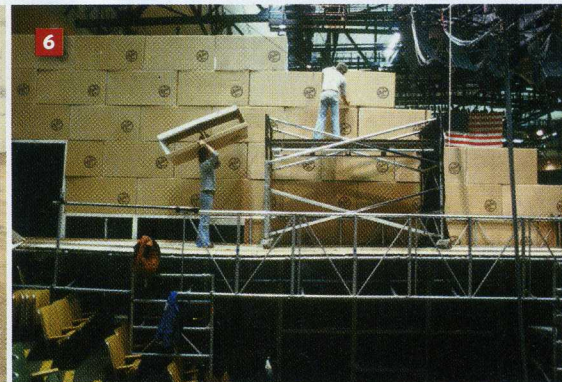
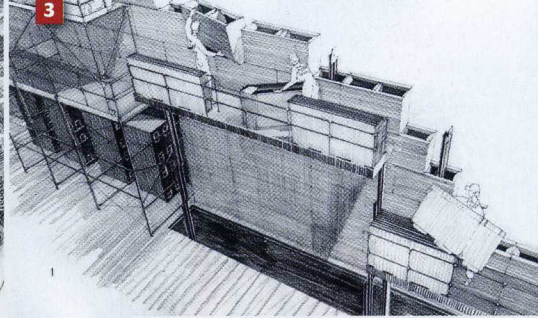
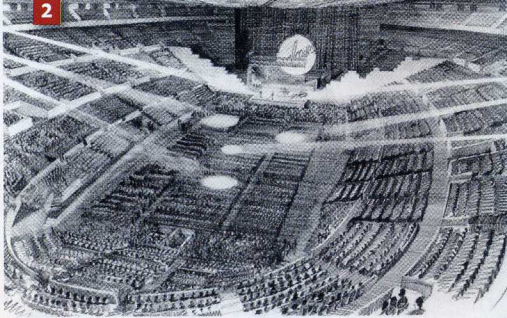
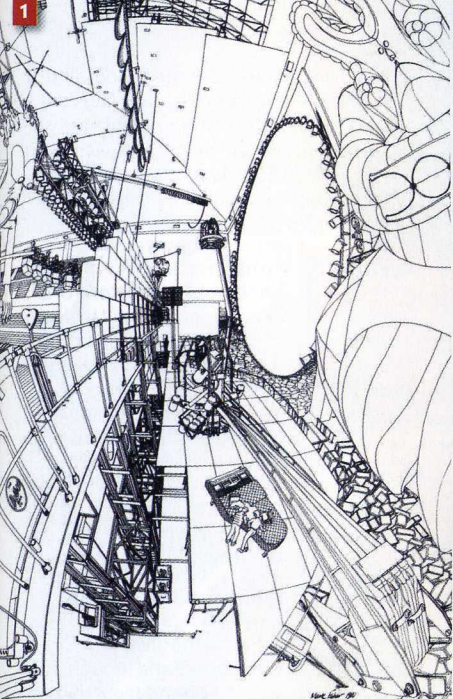


## BUILDING THE WALL

Bringing the concept to life. *The Wall* in production. Photography by Mark Fisher.

- 1) Fish-eye pen sketch of the wall installation at Earls Court.
- 2) Pencil illustration of proposed pre-set at Madison Square Garden.
- 3) Detail of the construction plan for the cardboard bricks.
- 4) Testing the lifting mechanisms.
- 5) A brick shown to scale.
- 6) The complete wall is tested.
- 7) The Tropicana Motel third stage that opens out of the wall.
- 8) The pre-show wall in situ.
- 9) The teacher puppet.
- 10) View of the wall from behind including the supporting holed plywood lintel brick.
- 11) The inflatable mother.
- 12) The permanent side sections under construction.
- 13) The model Stuka that crashes into the wall during the first rendition of *In The Flesh?*

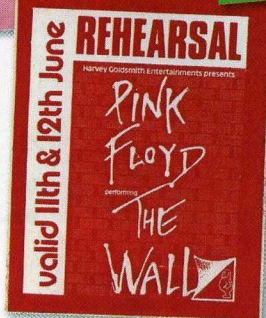
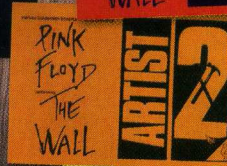
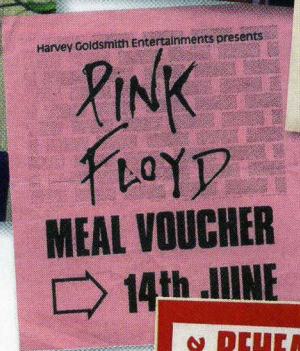








Assorted passes, and unseen shots from *The Wall* 1981 tour by guitarist Andy Roberts: (clockwise from top) David Gilmour in rehearsals; 'surrogate' band member Andy Bown (on loan from Status Quo); Gary Yudman and (right) Willie Wilson.



ing] a song, Roger would shout "Hold it!" Roger was trying to perform on-stage and direct the show at the same time. The only way was for him to keep stopping and fixing bits as we went along. This went on for weeks. Right up until the end of rehearsals, we'd still not done a full, non-stop run-through.

**F**EBRUARY 7, 1980. *THE WALL* DEBUTED AT THE Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena. The band had hired an MC, local radio DJ Cynthia Fox, to perform a mocking introduction to the show in keeping with the mind-set of *The Wall* ("Are you starved for rock'n'roll?... Guess, we're all gonna make a lot of money off you guys, huh?"). Her shtick would be cut short by the opening chords of *In The Flesh?* and the appearance of what the audience believed was the real Pink Floyd.

**Willie Wilson:** We could actually see the first five or six rows of the audience, so when we came on you could see they thought we were the band and we got that reaction. The minute we stopped playing and the crowd saw the real Pink Floyd you could actually see the shock and confusion on their faces: Who the hell are you?

**Andy Bown:** The first couple of shows in LA were nerve-racking, especially when the stage curtain caught fire...

At the end of *In The Flesh?* a replica Stuka dive bomber 'flew' over the audience on a steel cable to crash into the stage, accompanied by pyrotechnic explosions. On the first night this set the curtains ablaze. During the second number, *The Thin Ice*, riggers overhead tried to extinguish the fire as lumps of flaming material fell onto the stage.

**Roger Waters:** The first night, in *Thin Ice*, we had to stop because we had set fire to some drapes that had been rolled into the ceiling. We let off some fireworks and one of them set fire to the drapes. Rocky, one of the riggers, was up there with a fire extinguisher with no safety harness, hurling himself from one bar to the next, leaping through space, clutching this fire extinguisher, trying to put it out. Burning material was falling to the stage.

**Nick Mason:** Roger had to call a halt and wait while the riggers put it out. Since the shouted command of "Stop! Stop!" was an integral part of the show, it took Roger some time to convince the well-drilled road crew that this time it was an emergency.

**Roger Waters:** Eventually I thought, "This is wrong. We have to fly this

thing down, put the fire out, and fly it up again." The building was filling with smoke. So I just yelled "Stop!" into the microphone. The guys – James Guthrie and the team out at the mixing console – didn't move a muscle. They were so used to me in rehearsal shouting, "Stop!" None of them did anything. I had to repeat it several times. Then they started looking at each other: "Are you hearing what I'm hearing? Do you think he really wants us to stop?" Finally, we stopped, and I made a speech: "Don't anybody panic. Let us put this out, and we'll start from where we left off." That was pretty odd.

**James Guthrie:** Half the fans panicked and ran to the exits, the other half were stoned and thought it was all a pretty far out part of the act! By the time they restarted the show I could just about see the stage as the beams of light shone through the thick smoke left behind.

As the first half of the show progressed, the full scale of Waters' ambition became apparent: as the wall was built, brick by brick, Gerald Scarfe's flailing grotesque puppets reared over the audience, the cane-wielding teacher in *Happiest Days Of Our Lives* and *Another Brick In The Wall Part 2* and the corpulent Mother for the song of the same name. For *Don't Leave Me Now*, Waters performed the bruised vocals in the guise of Pink sat on the steps between the stages, ending the song in a near fetal crouch. The first half of the show ended with *Goodbye Cruel World*, the wall built, save for one last brick. As Waters delivered the final line, the brick was slotted into place, the house lights immediately turned on and the audience confronted by a wall spanning the entire width the arena. Waters: "They must have been thinking, Fucking hell! What's going to happen now?" After a 20-minute interval, the second half began with *Hey You*, the house lights still on with Pink Floyd playing hidden behind the wall.

**Rick Wright (interviewed, 2000):** It was bizarre, but also very funny, to be playing with an audience that couldn't see you, and all the road managers walking around having a chat and it didn't matter – nobody could see them.

For *Nobody Home*, the third stage came into effect, as a brick opened to reveal Waters in a mock-up of a shabby motel room, compete with standard lamp, flickering TV set and an armchair stolen by one of the Floyd's entourage from West Hollywood's rock star flophouse, the Tropicana Inn. Unquestionably, though, *Comfortably Numb* delivered the most enduring spectacle with Gilmour over 30 feet up in the air, on top of the wall performing the final, lengthy guitar solo. Hidden from the audience was 'Dave's Pulpit', a wooden box placed on top of an elevated lift giving him the extra height to appear above the wall, below which was perched his guitar tech, Phil Taylor, hanging on for dear life in the darkness.

**Willie Wilson:** *Comfortably Numb* was amazing – to be sat behind the wall playing as Dave stood on top of the wall. But it was the only part of the show where he could stretch out a bit. For the rest, you had to play it exactly the same every night, so that you were in time with the animations, the films, the marching hammers, the whole show. So I would be wearing cans, listening to Dave's voice counting down bars. Everything worked to a cue.

**David Gilmour:** I was in charge of making sure that all the cues worked, so I had a six-foot long cue sheet draped over my amplifier for the first few ➤



◀ shows which I later memorised. But it was a fantastic moment, standing up there [doing Comfortably Numb]. Every night there was this sort of gasp as the audience looked up and saw me.

The MC's reappearance signalled the return of the surrogate band for a reprise of In The Flesh?, and an airborne pig in Run Like Hell. As the show wound to its melodramatic close further grisly animations accompanied Pink's transformation into a screaming fascist in Waiting For The Worms and The Trial. Finally, as the wall came down, strobe lights strafed the arena and dry ice billowed into the auditorium.

**Barbet Schroeder (director of the Pink Floyd soundtracked movies *More* and *La Vallée*):** I saw one of the shows at the Sports Arena in LA, and I will remember it for the rest of my life. The sheer noise... and the sensation when the wall fell down at the end of the show was especially impressive, particularly in a city with a well-known earthquake problem.

On February 16 the band began a week of rehearsals before a five-night run at the 12,000-seater Nassau Veterans Memorial Coliseum in New York. Joining the touring party was a new MC, comedian, actor and Saturday Night Live regular Gary Yudman. However, one Floyd collaborator was non persona non grata: *The Wall's* co-producer Bob Ezrin had accidentally disclosed details about the show to a friend which were then published as a spoiler in trade magazine *Billboard*...

**Bob Ezrin:** Roger was apoplectic. So I was banned... but I saw it, fuck yeah! I saw it in New York, brought the whole family down from Toronto. Got a limo. We drove to the backstage entrance and the Pink Floyd security guys said I couldn't come in, but the staff security were Kiss's guys, who knew me well and let me in. I think Roger heard I was backstage, but he hid in his dressing room.

**Gary Yudman:** It was the show's New York promoter that hired me. He said, "Pink Floyd are looking for someone to do 15 minutes and really get the audience riled up." Talk about welcome to the machine. There was a timing for everything. Backstage during the show was this hive of activity: roadies getting the bricks ready, a giant schoolmaster being blown up... My first night went OK - a few boos and cheers, but then Roger took me aside. So the next night I started reading out all these regulations - things like, "Please no fireworks, there will be enough explosions in your mind." But I talked really slowly, so everything I said took three times as long as it did at the beginning, and it went on and on and on and got everyone pissed. Roger seemed rather delighted.



**Bob Ezrin:** Watching the show was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life. It was the physical realisation of the idea, it was perfect, the best rock show I ever saw. Watching David play the solo to Comfortably Numb, I was moved to tears.

**Gary Yudman:** I can remember on that first night being just so impressed by the sheer theatricality. David on top of the wall, Roger in his lonely little room... I'd seen rock concerts before but never anything like this.

February 28, 1980. The band celebrated the final New York show with a party at Manhattan's Privates Club. Among the guests are Andy Warhol, who when asked if he'd enjoyed the gig replied, "I always thought The Velvet Underground were a good psychedelic group." By now, US promoter Larry Magid had offered Pink Floyd \$1 million plus expenses to stage two nights of *The Wall* at Philadelphia's JFK Stadium, but Waters refused. The rest of the band pitched the idea of Andy Bown replacing a possibly absent Roger.

**Andy Bown:** They asked me, "Would I do it?" and I said, "Yes." I would have been delighted. The rest of them wanted to do it. But it cost them so much money to set up. Steve [O'Rourke] told me some phenomenal figure, "We're in the hole for..." No, sorry, I still can't tell you. [Waters has said that *The Wall* shows lost the band in the region of \$600,000.] Whatever reason, it didn't happen.

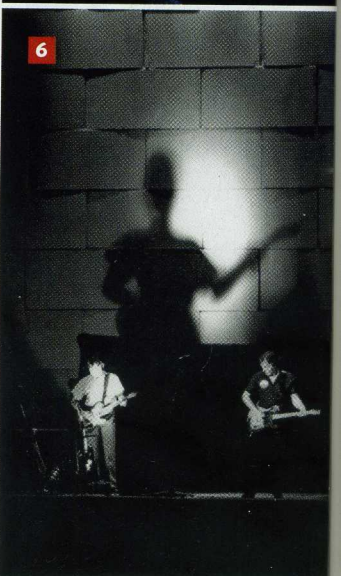
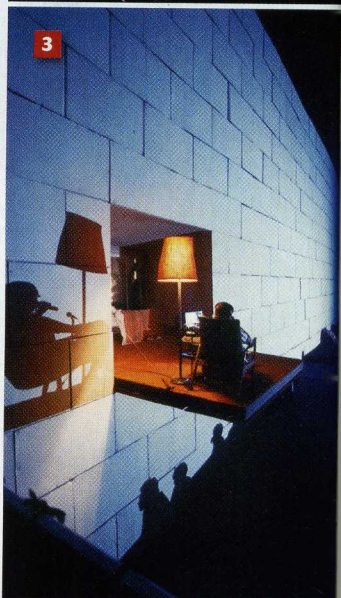
August 2, 1980. Rehearsals began at Shepperton Film Studios for a six-date run at London's 19,500-capacity Earls Court Arena. Five of the gigs were professionally filmed, as had some in New York, but then discarded, while interviews with Waters, Mark Fisher and crew-members were shot for a planned documentary about *The Wall* by Californian director Howard Lamden.

**Gary Yudman:** Roger must have thought it worked well enough for them to invite me to England. For Earls Court, they wanted me to take the MC another stage further. I would come on-stage for the second half of the show with my hair greyed out and my face covered in death make-up. So after my initial introduction, I would be backstage spending 45 minutes in make-up. My cue to go back on again was Comfortably Numb. Roger and I always passed each other in the wings as he came off. One night he glanced up and just said, "You're very weird, Gary." I took that as a compliment.

The fifth date at Earls Court on August 8 followed a scathing review in *Melody Maker* of an earlier *Wall* show ("...the dullness of which is almost impossible to convey.") Waters took time out during his introduction to Run Like Hell to denounce the writer, Allan Jones, as "a stupid shit". ➤



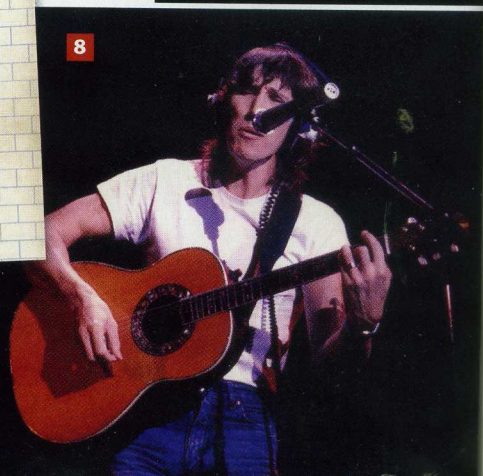
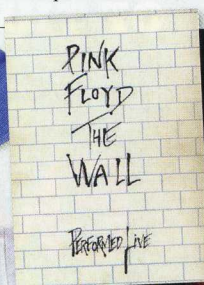
**Programme and tickets for the final run, June 1981.**



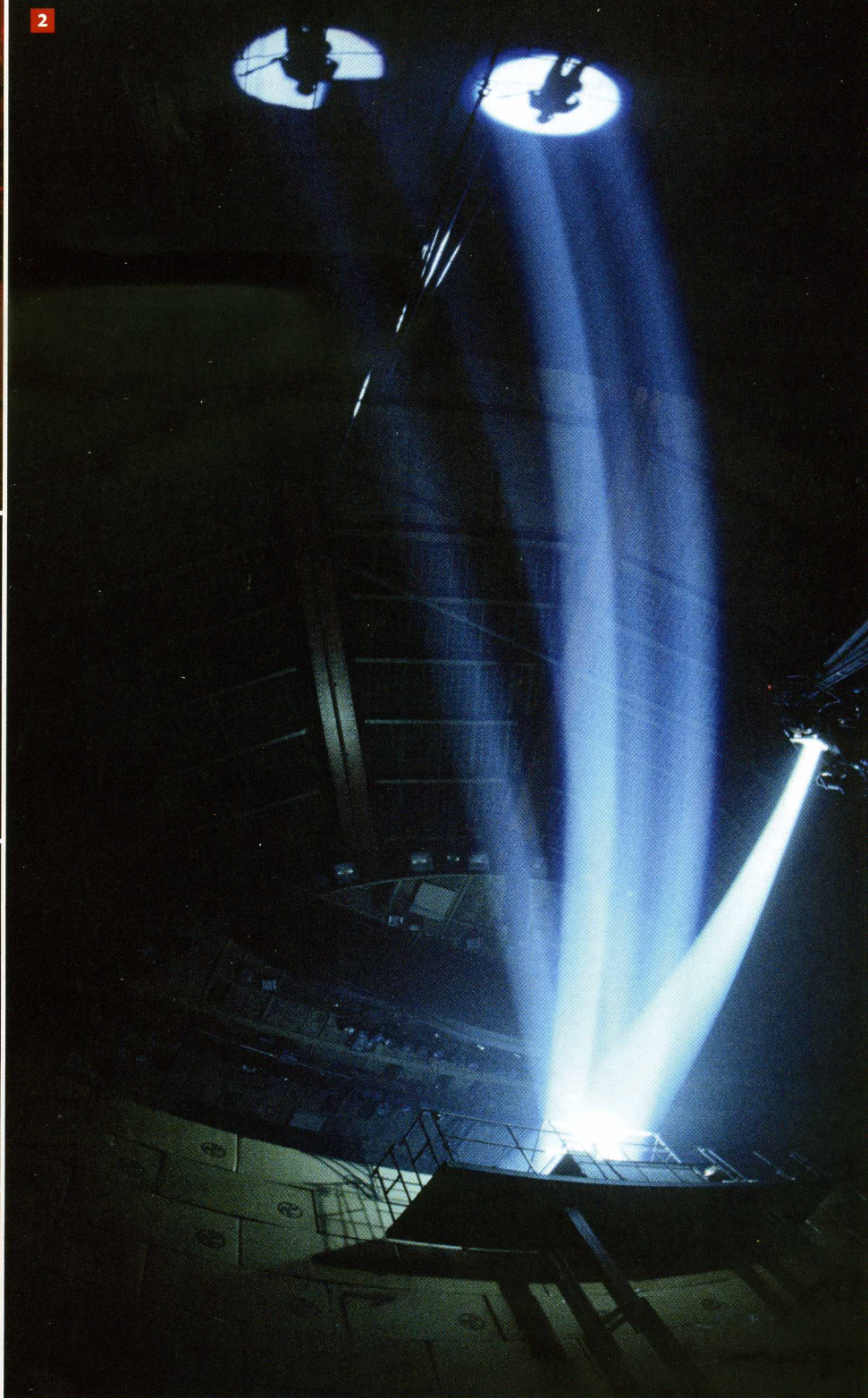
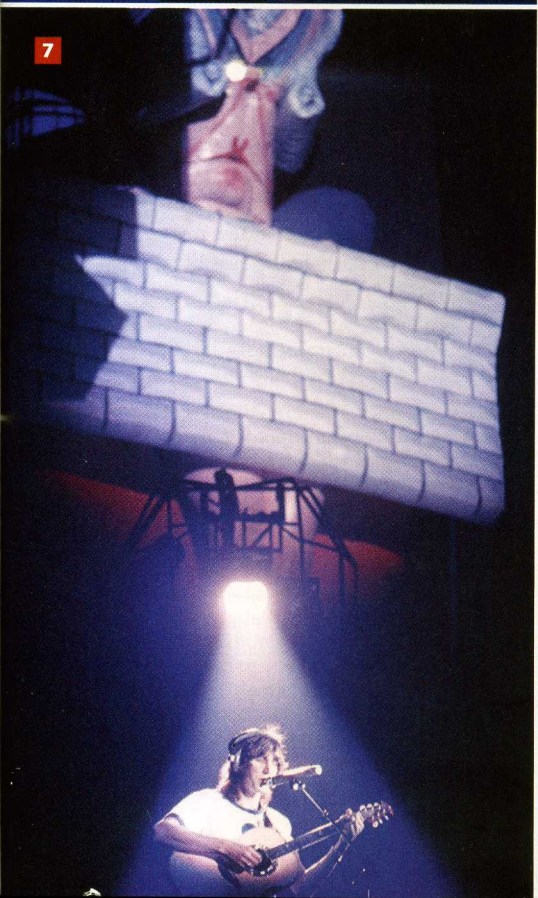
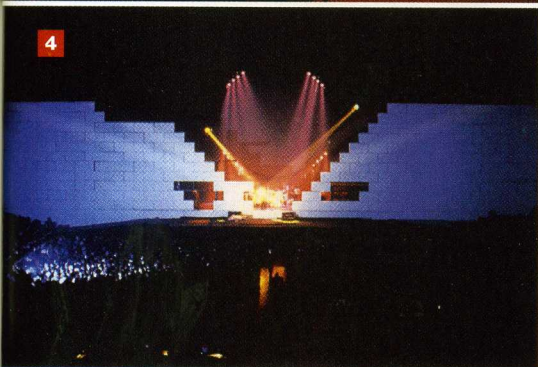
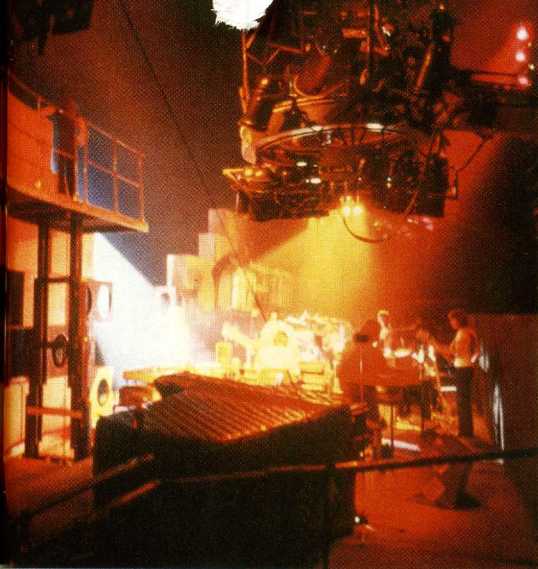
## BRICK BY BRICK

The Wall performed in all its glory.

- 1) Floyd viewed from behind the wall.
- 2) Dave appears atop the wall and plays that solo.
- 3) Roger performs Nobody Home in The Tropicana motel room.
- 4) "Oooh, I need a dirty woman!" Young Lust builds as the wall stands half finished.
- 5) The Trial begins. Roger screams!
- 6) The surrogate band appear again for the second part of the show... Run Like Hell!
- 7) Roger croons below inflatable mother.
- 8) Waters shows his "dissatisfaction with the people who think they are fans."
- 9) The 'fascist' crossed-hammer banners hanging from the hall's ceiling.









➤ **Guy Pratt (future Pink Floyd bassist; then an 18-year-old in the audience):** Unfortunately I was on acid, but one thing I do remember about Earls Court was Roger wearing his T-shirt with Number 1 on it and having a big tirade against Allan Jones of Melody Maker. I thought, "Wow, he's really playing this rock star character well." I didn't know he was just being himself.

As in the US, backstage visitors noted that each Floyd member had his own personal Winnebago, positioned facing away from the others. Unknown to the audience, keyboard player Rick Wright had now left the band, but had agreed to play *The Wall* shows as a waged musician. When one of the group's old Cambridge familiars complained that the music was too loud, he was told: "Take more drugs."

**Gary Yudman:** I went there expecting drugs and saw none. Instead, I saw Nick and Rick in the hotel lobby after the show eating cheese sandwiches with the road crew. They were such perfect English gentlemen. I also got introduced to sushi, as they had a chef backstage. I was like, "What is *that*?" Gilmour was like, "That's sushi Gary, you must try it. It'll give you energy."

**Andy Bown:** There was clearly grief going on with Rick, but the difference between Pink Floyd and every other band I've worked with is that they are intelligent people who know how to behave. No outsider would be able to tell there was friction.

**Rick Wright:** I enjoyed playing *The Wall*. And I put everything I could into the performances, and I think Roger approved of that. And we would talk civilly to each other. I made a little money – \$5,000 a show or something.

**FEBRUARY 13, 1981. AFTER A SIX-MONTH BREAK-UP** Pink Floyd reconvened for eight *Wall* shows at the 14,000-capacity Westfalenhalle in Dortmund, West Germany. Surrogate band member Snowy White had quit to join Thin Lizzy and was replaced by sometime Roy Harper guitarist Andy Roberts.

**Andy Roberts:** I finished a tour with Billy Connolly on January 31 and on February 2 was rehearsing *The Wall*. I knew I was stepping up a division to play with a stadium band. I was so happy to be there, but there was some delusional stuff going on. The scale of the thing was monstrous: they had 160 people running the show and four of them were accountants. In Germany, Dave, Rick and Nick were staying in one hotel, Roger was in another with his wife and kids, and he had a couple of security guards to look after him. But no one knew who any of Pink Floyd were. So you'd have these great big blokes with earpieces spending their days waiting for Roger's then wife Carolynne to phone down and say, "Can you take the kids shopping?"

For the Dortmund shows German actor Willi Thomczyk took the role of MC. Tickets for each of the shows were sold in different European countries to reach a wider audience without the cost of touring further abroad.

**Andy Roberts:** You'd show up and ask, "Where are we playing tonight?" "Oh, right, Spain and southern Portugal." There was a different atmosphere every evening. That would sometimes make a difference to how the crew dismantled the wall at the end of the night. If there was a particularly loud or difficult audience, the bricks would come down a little harder and faster than they might have normally.

**Gary Yudman:** I recall some nights at Earls Court as well, the wall would be taken down with great pride, and other nights it was, "Aw fuck it!" and the whole thing was physically shaken down.

**Andy Roberts:** I was the only one playing on-stage when the wall came down. I was inside a metal cage but there would still be these roadies holding the cage because the weight of the bricks used to leave these great big dents in the metal.

With the wall in ruins, the musicians – Pink Floyd, surrogate band, backing singers – would walk through the rubble to perform the closing song, *Outside The Wall*. Accompanied by acoustic instruments, Waters sung the vocals to provide what he called a "vital bit of human contact at the end of the show". This was undermined somewhat in Dortmund.

**Andy Roberts:** Before the last night in Dortmund, Andy [Bown] and I had gone out on the town. Bown

had bought the full Nazi gruppenführer outfit and I had one of those gorilla outfits, and that's what we wore when we walked out into the ruins at the end of the show. Afterwards, Roger came up to us with a completely straight face like thunder, shouting, "I want to see the gorilla and the Nazi in my caravan right now!" So me and Bown went in there expecting to get ripped to shreds, only to find Roger laughing and opening the champagne. At the end of show I got paid in cash by one of the accountants out of the petty cash box. They told me the exchange rate was very good, so I took it in Deutschmarks. I kept the money stuffed under the bed and used it for drugs and groceries for the next few years.

In the Dortmund audience was British film-maker Alan Parker, director of 1978's Oscar-nominated *Midnight Express*. Parker had already approached EMI with a view to filming *The Wall*.

**Alan Parker:** Coming from the slow, archaic film process to see everything – every hoist, every light, every cue – hit on time was wonderfully impressive.

In the UK, plans for *The Wall* film dictated a further run of six nights at Earls Court to capture the concert on film.

**David Gilmour:** Alan Parker and the film people came to see the show in Dortmund. Having done that, Parker wanted to use stuff from the show so we then went back the following year later, to do the whole thing again in order to get film stuff for *The Wall*.

The surrogate band was reassembled and Gary Yudman reinstated as MC. On the opening night on June 13, near disaster struck when Willie Wilson was taken ill minutes before showtime.

**Andy Roberts:** Willie was sat backstage, then he went rigid and his seat tipped back and he was on the floor. But I don't know who looked whiter – Willie or Nick Mason's drum tech Clive [Brooks] when Roger called him to his caravan and said, "Clive put this shirt on now." Of course, Clive knew the show better than any of us. He was perfect.

Outfront, Gerald Scarfe, then still the planned director of the movie and Alan Parker's director of photography, Michael Seresin, were entrusted with filming the show; a process fraught with difficulty.

**Gerald Scarfe:** We filmed Earls Court and it was very uncomfortable, because every time I put my lights on to film, fans were shouting me down and claiming I was spoiling the show.

**Andy Roberts:** We were told that *The Wall* [film] was going to be the concert cut in with some other dramatic footage. So they had to go back to Earls Court for these extra nights. Every night I used to start the second part of the show playing a solo on an acoustic guitar and my cue to play was this camera crane on a cherrypicker that swept over the wall and down into the audience. It was all about the film.



## MORE WALL!

### THE WALL REBUILT – PART 2!

Free with next month's issue! Get the second disc of our exclusive Pink Floyd tribute with MOJO. On sale November 27!

## PLUS!

On set during *The Wall*: the movie! Read MOJO's exclusive report!

## ULTIMATE FLOYD! Time vs Money? Sheep vs Dogs? Mother vs Matilda Mother?

The band's Top 30 songs revealed and reappraised! Join the argument exclusively at [www.mojo4music.com](http://www.mojo4music.com)

## AND! MAKE MINE A DOUBLE!

Rock's greatest double albums ranked and reassessed!



**AUGUST 17, 1981.** Pink Floyd performed *The Wall* for the last time; it would also be Roger Waters' final gig with Floyd until their reunion at Live 8 – 24 years later. In the meantime, their extended musical family returned to real life.

**Andy Bown:** I think I started a Status Quo tour the day after Earls Court... They'd held it up for me by three or four days. But *The Wall* was the best thing I've ever done.

**Andy Roberts:** Even being on the periphery of something like that was a treat. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. I think I got paid £500 a gig plus a £500 signing-on fee. That was a heck of a lot of money back then. Of course, just days after, I was back home playing my regular pub gig with Hank Wangford.

**Gary Yudman:** I went back to New York and went about my business. These days, I am a voiceover artist. But I was in a music store in LA about 10 years ago and there was a live album of *The Wall* [2000's *Is There Anybody Out There?*] that had just come out, and I heard my voice. I was like, "Should I get money for that?" I spoke to the authorities and they said I'd signed something 20 years earlier. Damn! The remuneration may be lacking... but I have never ever seen a musical production like it, before or since. **M**