

**ROCK HEROES SERIE**

**STARRING**

ANO I – NOVEMBRO DE 2021 – N°07



Pink Floyd

CX. POSTAL 22

01031-970 SP SP

# EDITORIAL

Segue ai mais uma edição do nosso Rock Heroes Serie com a banda Pink Floyd, aliás essa é muito especial pra mim, pois considero a minha “Rock School” iniciei com ela em 1973 , e não parei mais com a sua trilha sonora em todos os meus momentos e quantos amigos não conheci em sua trajetória pela frente e situações inusitadas , mas isso não vem o caso , vamos relembrar um pouco desses sons, dessas verdadeiras viagens sonoras agora é só se ligar nas histórias que seguem nas próximas páginas falou carinha ?

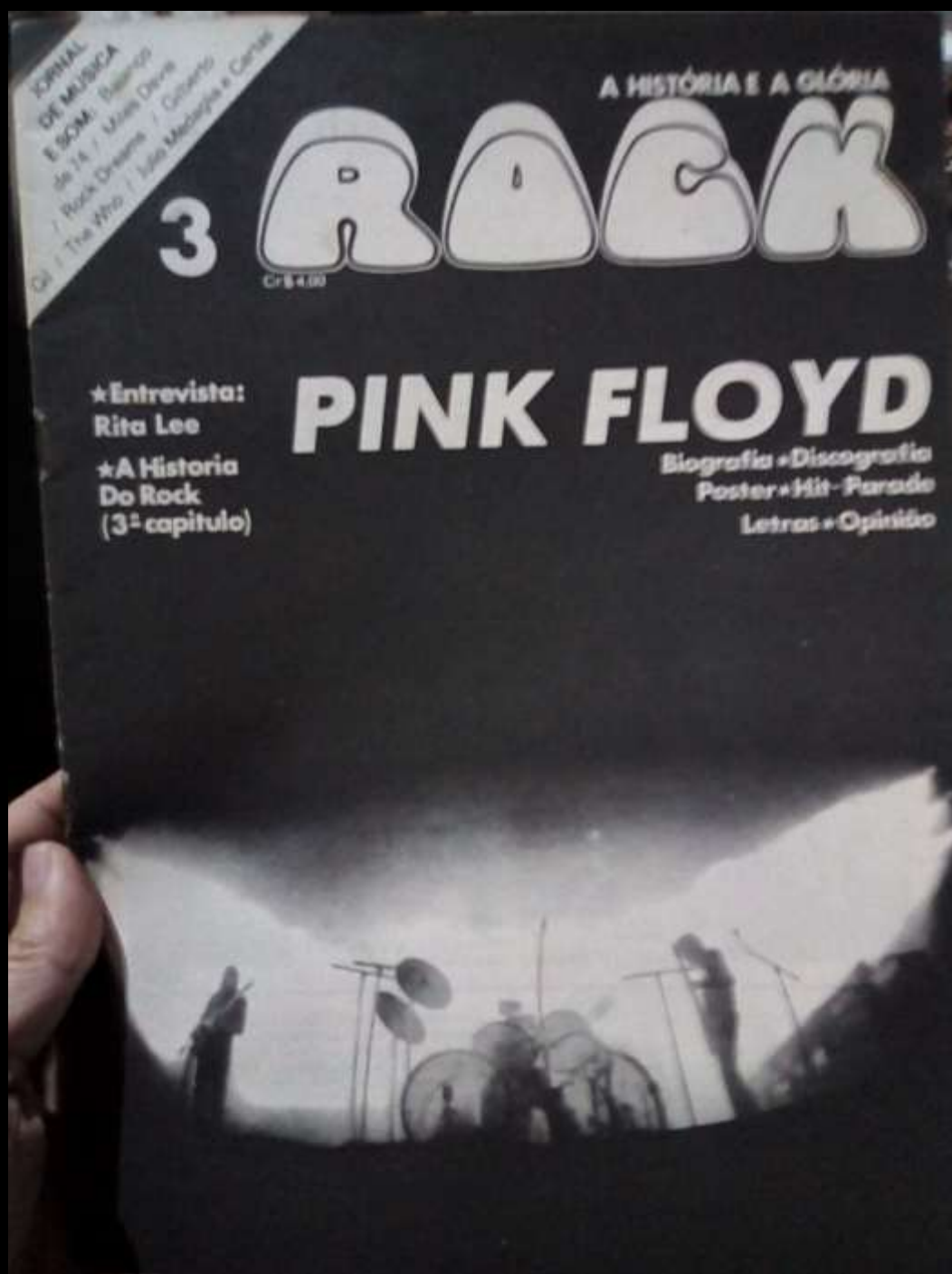
**Editor José Nogueira**



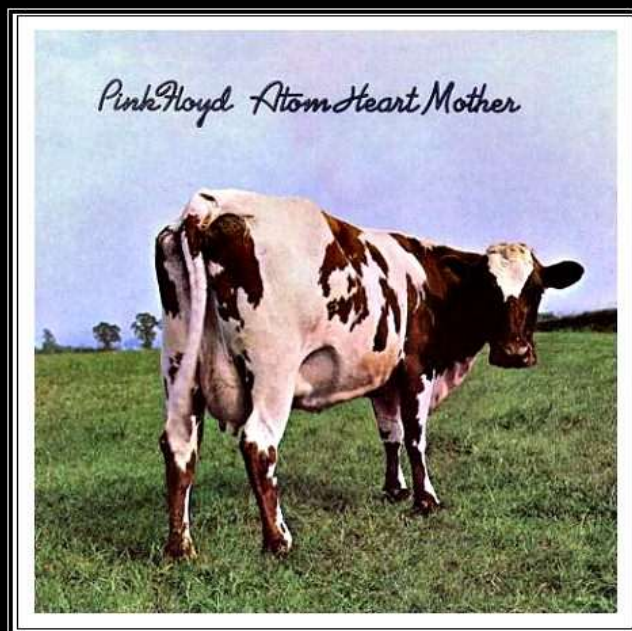
## Impressões das ondas cerebrais

Por José Nogueira

Antes de ouvir “Meddle” da banda Pink Floyd lançamento de 1972 já tinha impressionado com a sonoridade do álbum a seguir o “The Dark Side Of The Moon” de 1973, e confesso que foi uma grande experiência e enorme viagem nas minhas ondas cerebrais que captaram todos aqueles sons e acordes com a enorme simplicidade e perfeição de uma banda autentica de rock progressiva dando seu recado ao universo mas para mim “Meddle” sempre será o grande marco principal desta lisergia toda numa obra prima fenomenal e experimental pois estava sendo lançada uma nova forma de experimentação de sons , e você pode ouvir o disco de um lado a outro que vai entender o que estou falando , sacou o lance carinha ?(JN)



Revista ROCK , A HISTÓRIA E A GLÓRIA ANOS 70  
( \* ARQUIVO ZINE HOUSE )



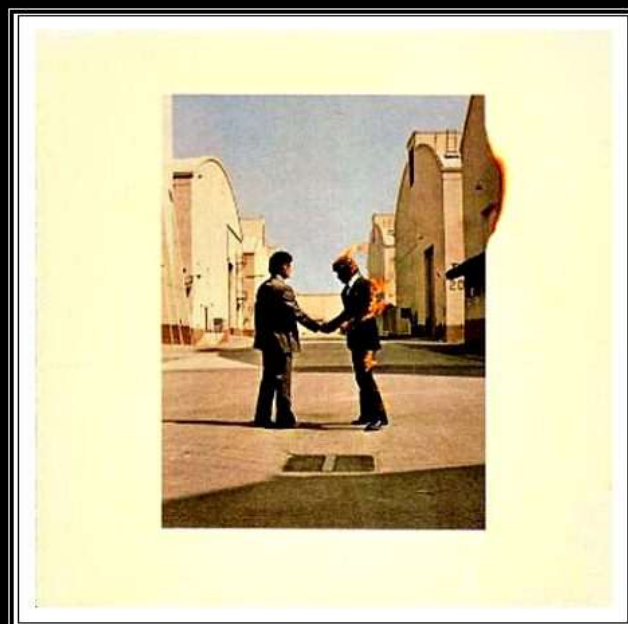
## **Summer 68 e a abertura para o Jornal Nacional nos anos 70**

Isso mesmo lá pelos anos 70, mais precisamente 1973, a abertura do Jornal Nacional da Rede Globo, pasmem... era a faixa "Summer 68" do álbum da banda Pink Floyd "Heart Mother", com patrocínio do banco Nacional, o banco do guarda-chuva, e esse era o clima da época, alias uma curiosidade para esse álbum, não era para ser lançado comercialmente segundo fontes ia ser um trabalho experimental particular para a banda, mas naquele ano, não haviam nada de novo para lançarem e ai resolveram colocar no mercado esta obra prima do Pink e o resto é história (JN)

# PINK FLOYD POSTER



( \* ) Arquivo Zine House

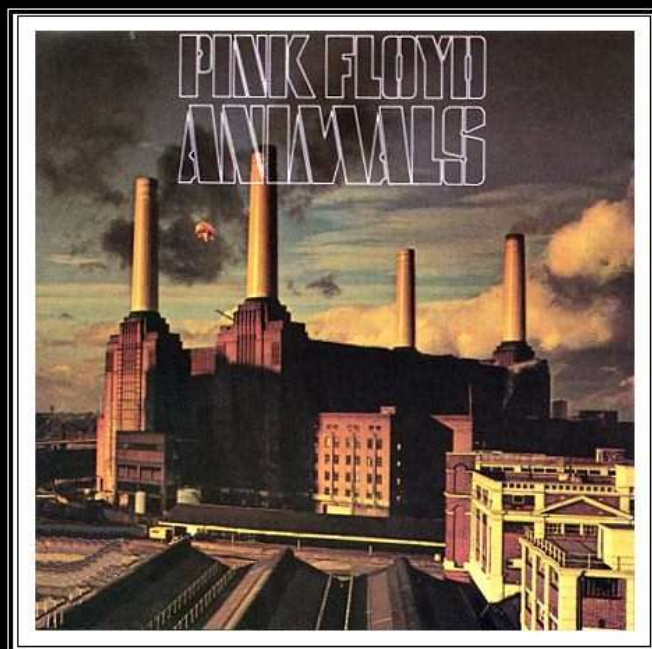


## **Wish You Were Here -197**

O som do Pink Floyd nas tardes da Zona Norte

**Por José Nogueira**

Lembro me como se fosse hoje quando ouvi pela primeira vez a música “Wish You Were Here” da Banda Pink Floyd , no quarto de um amigo na Zona Norte de SP, o som chegou bem mansinho aos meus ouvidos e a sintonia foi muito grande pois já conhecia ouros trabalhos da banda , mas aquele som jamais esquecerei me contagiou por inteiro na minha própria essência e até hoje quando ouço me transporta para aquele tempo mágico dos anos setenta.



### **Animals nas tardes da zona norte**

Eram outros tempos que não voltam mais, e a grande curtição na época era esse Lp do Pink Floyd “Animals” numa referência a George Orwell em sua publicação “A revolução dos bichos”, fora as grandes sacadas de David Gilmour com altos solos na faixa “ Dogs “, numa grande atmosfera sonora nas tardes da zona norte num imenso registro de energias e astrais considerado como uma obra prima da banda numa experiência única,(JN)



# PINK FLOYD LETRAS

## Time

Tickin' away the moments that make up a dull day  
Fritter and waste the hours in an offhand way  
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your hometown  
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way

Tired of lying in the sunshine  
Staying home to watch the rain  
You are young and life is long  
And there is time to kill today

And then one day you find  
Ten years have got behind you  
No one told you when to run  
You missed the starting gun

And you run and you run to catch up with the Sun  
But it's sinking  
Racing around to come up behind you again  
The Sun is the same in a relative way  
But you're older  
Shorter of breath  
And one day closer to death

Every year is getting shorter  
Never seem to find the time  
Plans that either come to naught  
Or half a page of scribbled lines (oh, oh)

Hanging on in quiet desperation  
Is the English way  
The time is gone, the song is over  
Thought I'd something more to say

Home, home again  
I like to be here when I can  
And when I come home cold and tired  
It's good to warm my bones beside the fire

Far away across the field  
The tolling of the iron bell  
Calls the faithful to their knees  
To hear the softly spoken magic spells

## MONEY

It's a gaas

Grab that cash with both hands and

Make a stash

New car, caviar, four star daydream

Think I'll buy me a football team

Money

Well, get back

I'm all right Jack

Keep your hands off of my stack

Money

It's a hit

Don't give me that do goody good

Bullshit

I'm in the high-fidelity first class

Travelling set

I think a need a Lear jet

Money

It's a crime

Share it fairly

But don't take a slice of my pie

Money

So they say

Is the roof of all evil today

But if you ask for a raise

It's no surprise that they're giving none

Away

"HuHu! I was in the right!"

"Yes, absolutely in the right!"

"I certainly was in the right!"

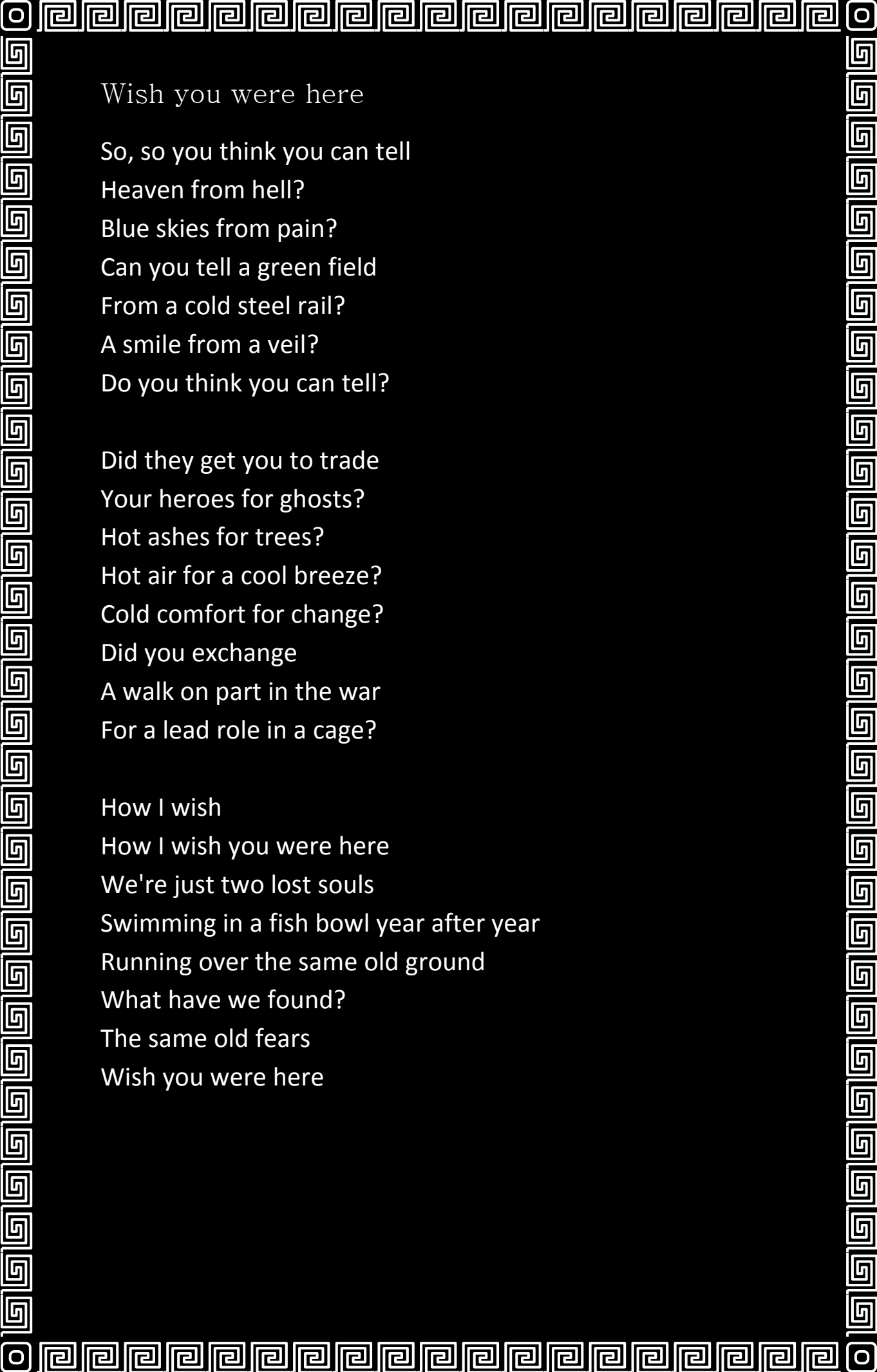
"You was definitely in the right. That

Geezer was cruising for a brusing!"

"Yeah!" "Why does anyone do anything?"

"I don't know, I was really drunk at the time!"

"I was just telling him, he couldn't get into number 2. He was asking why he wasn't coming up on freely, after I was yelling and screaming and telling him why he wasn't coming up on freely. It came as a heavy blow, but we sorted the matter out"



Wish you were here

So, so you think you can tell

Heaven from hell?

Blue skies from pain?

Can you tell a green field

From a cold steel rail?

A smile from a veil?

Do you think you can tell?

Did they get you to trade

Your heroes for ghosts?

Hot ashes for trees?

Hot air for a cool breeze?

Cold comfort for change?

Did you exchange

A walk on part in the war

For a lead role in a cage?

How I wish

How I wish you were here

We're just two lost souls

Swimming in a fish bowl year after year

Running over the same old ground

What have we found?

The same old fears

Wish you were here

Cymbaline

The path you tread is narrow  
And the drop is shear and very high  
The ravens all are watching  
From a vantage point nearby  
Apprehension creeping  
Like a tube-train up your spine  
Will the tightrope reach the end  
Will the final couplet rhyme  
And it's high time

Cymbaline

It's high time

Cymbaline

Please wake me

A butterfly with broken wings  
Is falling by your side

The ravens all are closing in  
And there's nowhere you can hide  
Your manager and agent  
Are both busy on the phone  
Selling coloured photographs  
To magazines back home  
And it's high time

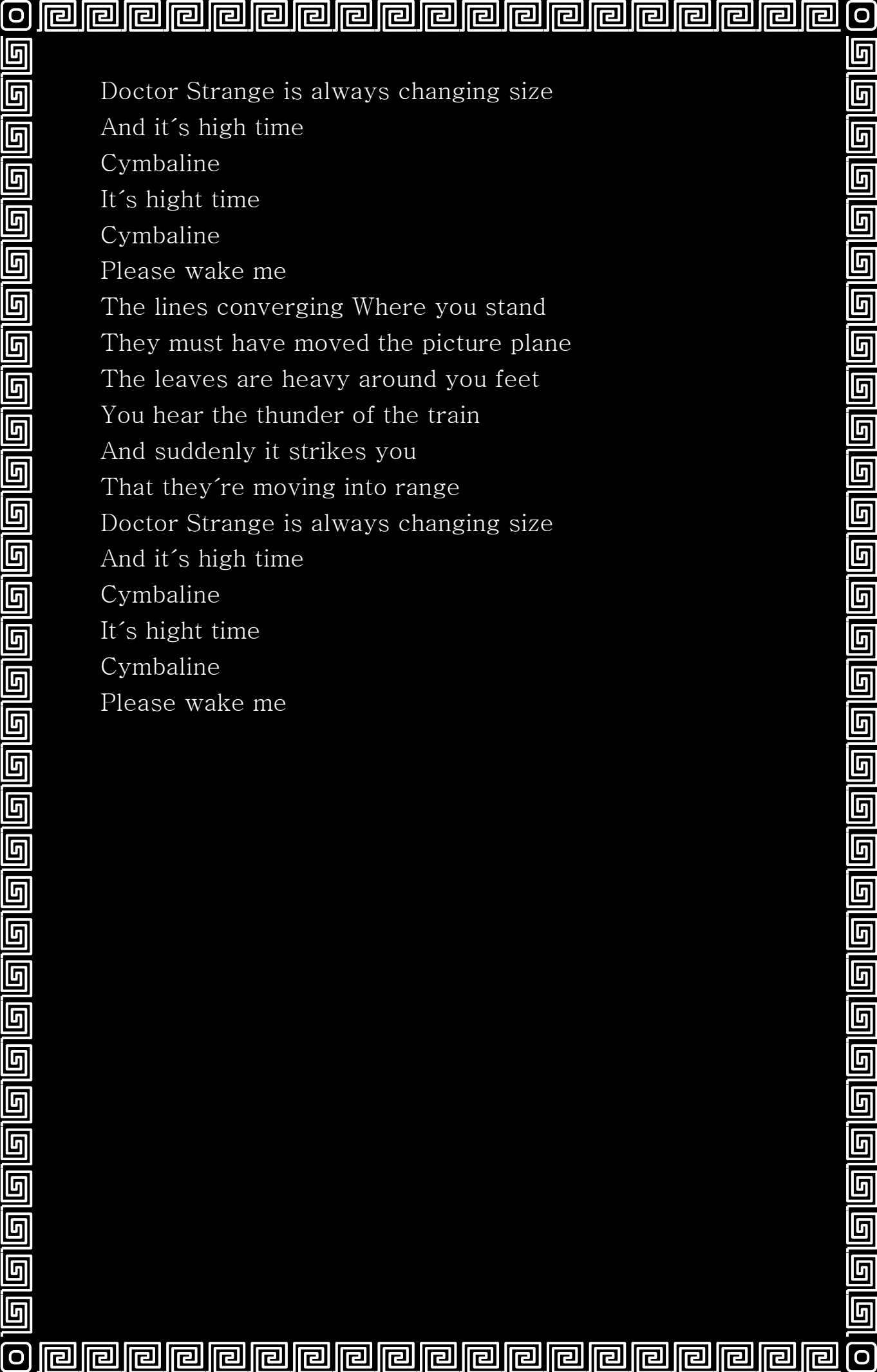
Cymbaline

It's high time

Cymbaline

Please wake me

The lines converging Where you stand  
They must have moved the picture plane  
The leaves are heavy around you feet  
You hear the thunder of the train  
And suddenly it strikes you  
That they're moving into range



Doctor Strange is always changing size  
And it's high time  
Cymbaline  
It's high time  
Cymbaline  
Please wake me  
The lines converging Where you stand  
They must have moved the picture plane  
The leaves are heavy around you feet  
You hear the thunder of the train  
And suddenly it strikes you  
That they're moving into range  
Doctor Strange is always changing size  
And it's high time  
Cymbaline  
It's high time  
Cymbaline  
Please wake me



## HIGH HOPES

Beyond the horizon  
Of the place we lived when we were young  
In a world of magnets and miracles  
Our thoughts strayed constantly  
And without boundary  
The ringing of the division bell had begun

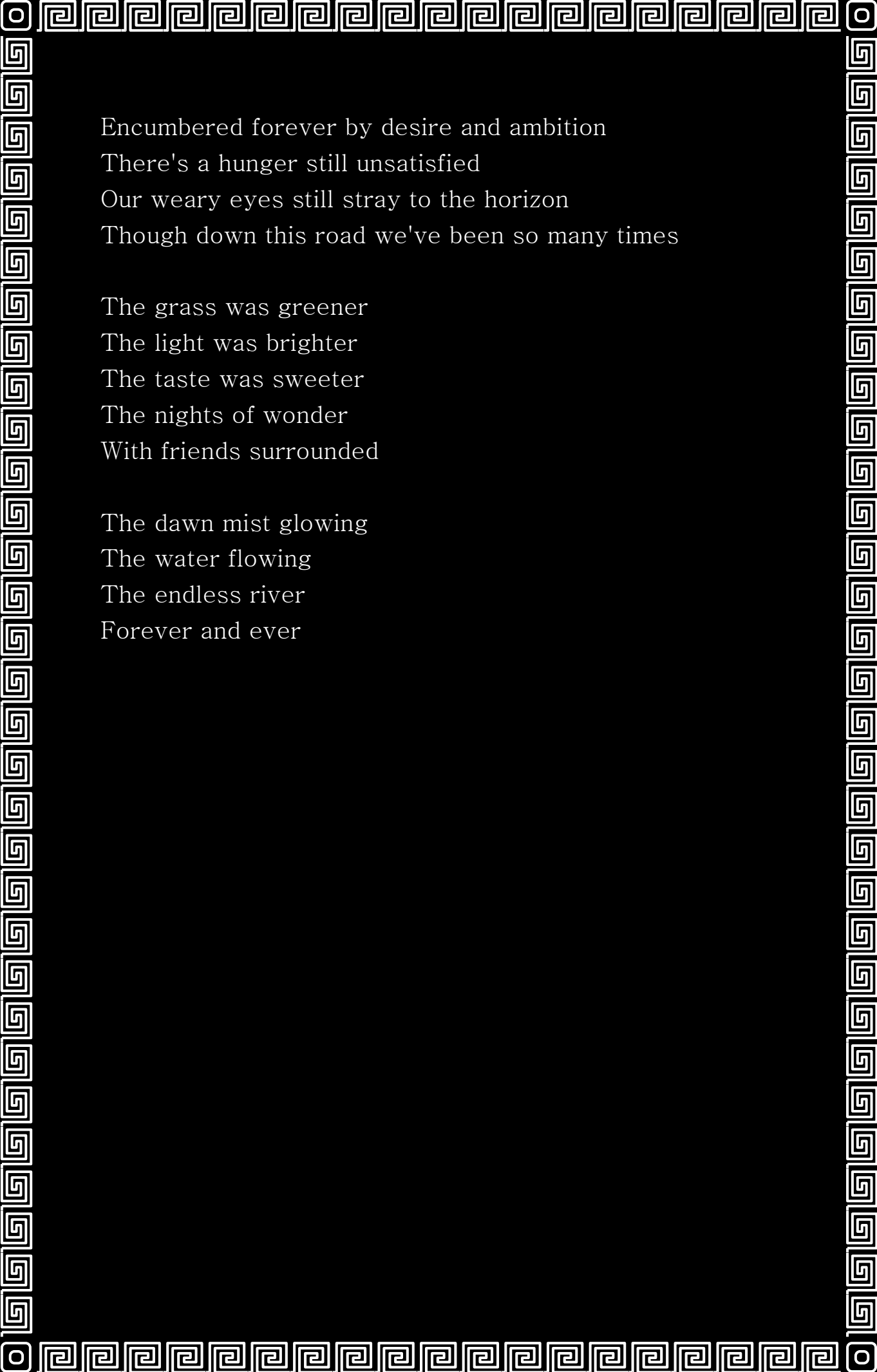
Along the Long Road and on down the Causeway  
Do they still meet there by the Cut?  
There was a ragged band  
That followed in our footsteps  
Running before time took our dreams away

Leaving the myriad small creatures  
Trying to tie us to the ground  
To a life consumed by slow decay

The grass was greener  
The light was brighter  
With friends surrounded  
The nights of wonder

Looking beyond the embers  
Of bridges glowing behind us  
To a glimpse of how green it was  
On the other side

Steps taken forwards, but sleepwalking back again  
Dragged by the force of some inner tide  
At a higher altitude with flag unfurled  
We reached the dizzy heights  
Of that dreamed of world

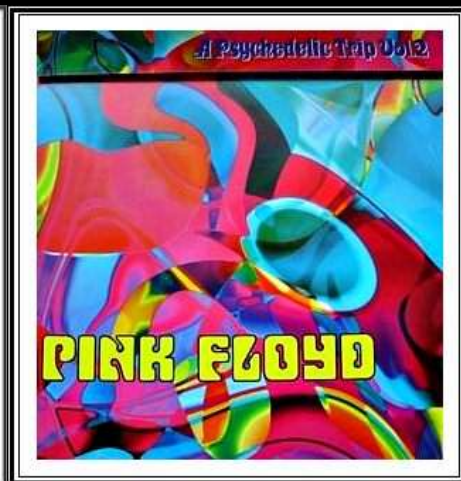
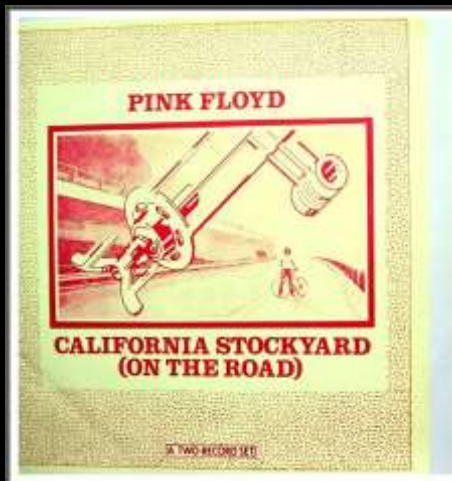


Encumbered forever by desire and ambition  
There's a hunger still unsatisfied  
Our weary eyes still stray to the horizon  
Though down this road we've been so many times

The grass was greener  
The light was brighter  
The taste was sweeter  
The nights of wonder  
With friends surrounded

The dawn mist glowing  
The water flowing  
The endless river  
Forever and ever

# BOOTLEGS RECORDS



ARQUIVOS ZINE HOUSE

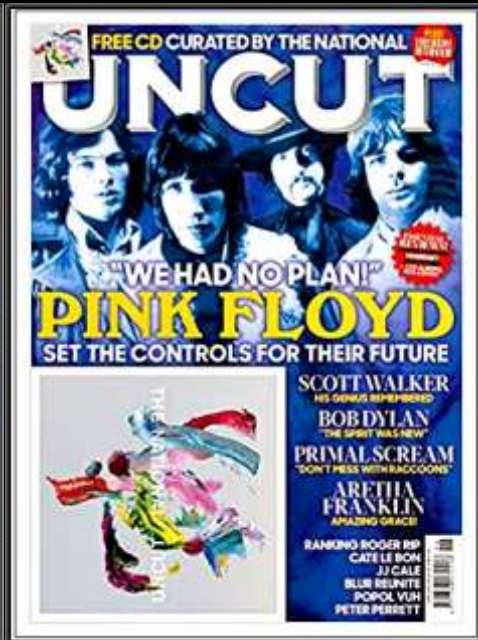




## **Cymbaline a canção que não sai da cabeça...**

Comprei esse Lp numa relojoaria na zona norte onde morava , e tinham vários discos de rock em ofertas , então ajuntei meus trocados e corri pra lá, e logo de cara estava na prateleira o “More” do Pink Floyd então não hesitei muito em leva-lo ,essa trilha sonora do filme ,... e uma das faixas a “Cymbaline” foi uma das canções que não sai mais da minha cabeça, em uma época de descobertas e novas amizades pintando no pedaço, e uma equipe de som se formando com mais dois super amigos, a EQUIPE WINGS em 1978/1979 (JN)

# MAGAZINES



ARQUIVOS ZINE HOUSE



**Pôster The Wall**



Um muro no meu quarto

**Estávamos na década de 80, e a grande novidade no momento era o novo disco da banda Pink Floyd chamado “The Wall”, já tinha gravado inteirinho numa fita k-7 , mas o que queria mesmo era estar com o vinil duplo em minhas mãos, na época uma namorada sabendo de meu interesse quis me presentear com o tal vinil , e não deu outra , fiquei mais apaixonado por ela e pelo Pink Floyd do qual rolava noite e dia num aparelho Philips com duas caixas super potentes numa verdadeira viagem sonora em um muro no meu quarto (JN)**

# VINTAGE CONCERT TICKETS

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**PINK FLOYD** **2**

THURSDAY, 30th MARCH, 1972  
at 7-30 p.m.  
A NEMS PRESENTATION

Centre Circle £1-25 (25/-)

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with

**PINK FLOYD**

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TAMPA STADIUM, TAMPA, FLORIDA

GOOD ONLY  
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DAY OF SHOW \$6.00 TAX INCL.

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HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS  
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**PINK FLOYD**  
IN CONCERT  
SATURDAY, 19 MARCH, 1977  
at 8 p.m.

SOUTH UPPER TIER  
**£4.25**

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MARCH  
**19**  
ENTER AT  
SOUTH DOOR  
ENTRANCE  
**60**  
ROW  
**L**  
SEAT  
**101**



## **Ummaguma e a capa encantada**

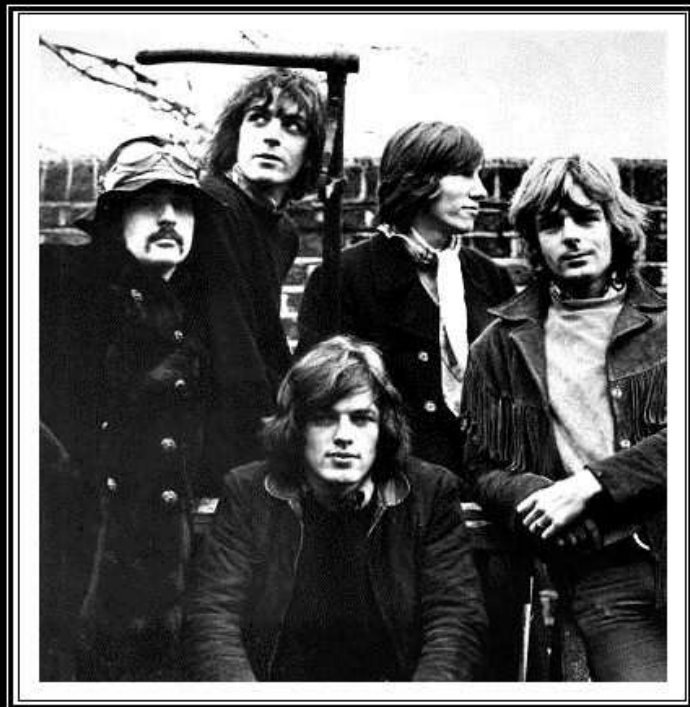
**Anteriormente já havia ouvido na integra o Lp da banda Pink Floyd o Ummaguma num programa de rádio chamado “Laboratório” apresentado por Marisa Leite de Barros na Rádio Cultura AM de SP ainda nos anos setenta, mas mais tarde cairia nas minhas mãos esse Lp duplo , do qual ouviria várias vezes , e uma coisa me chamava atenção aquela foto do disco de GIGI na capa, e então fui atrás e comprei o tal disco do qual ouço todas as minhas manhãs (J.N)**

# PINK FLOYD ARCHIVES

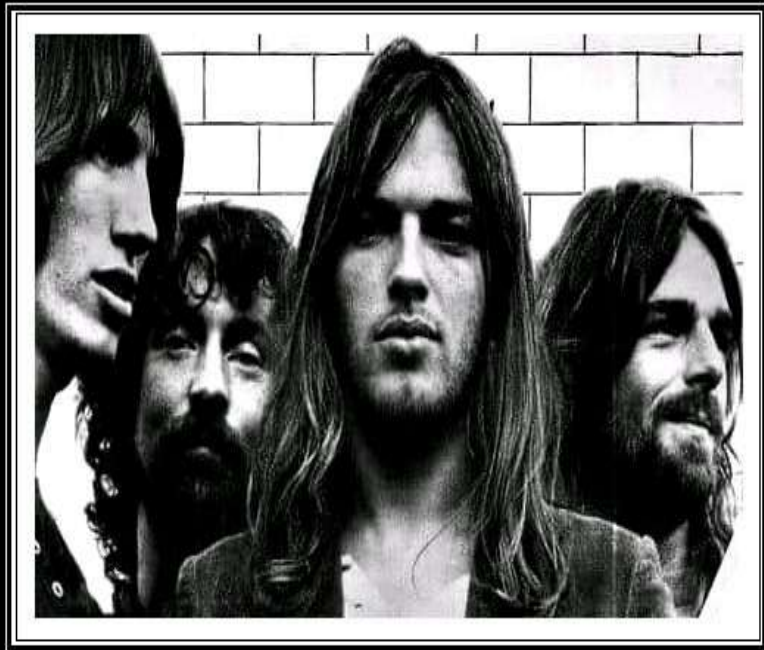
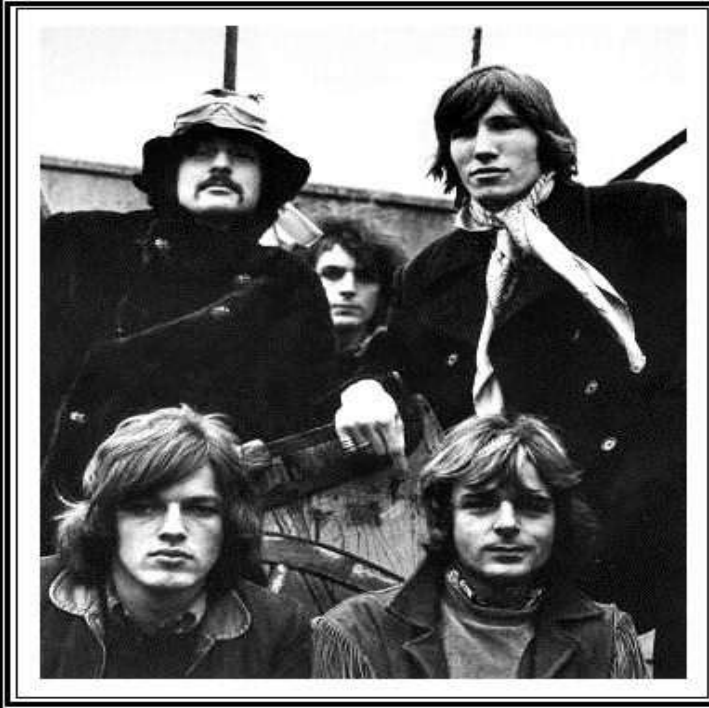




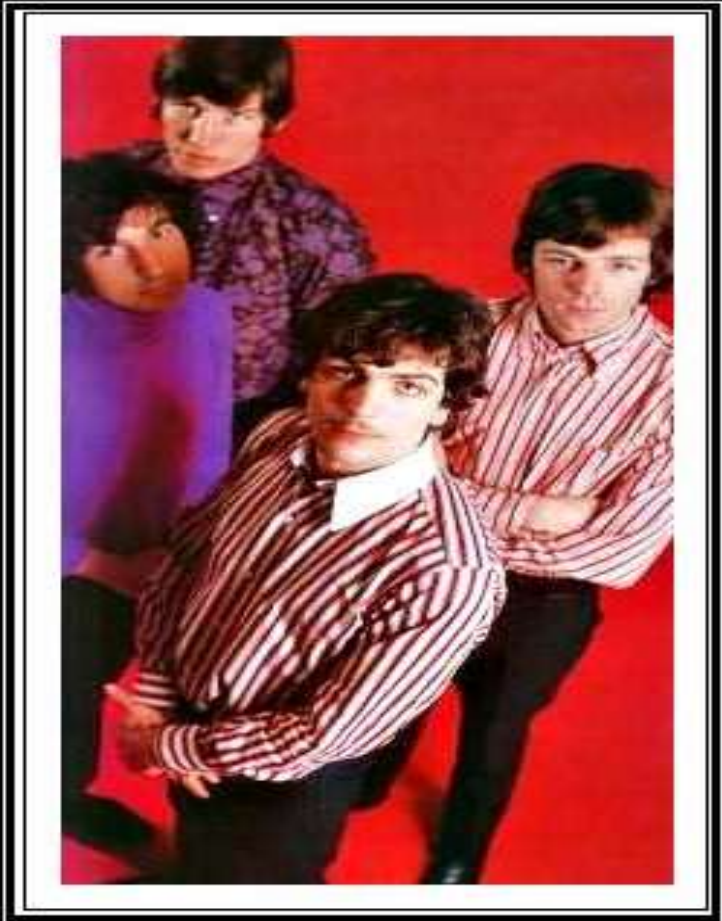
David Gilmour seu pai e mãe















ANINMALS PICS



WISH YOU WERE HERE PICS

## RARE LAPEL PIN - BROOCHES



## RARE VINTAGE PINS

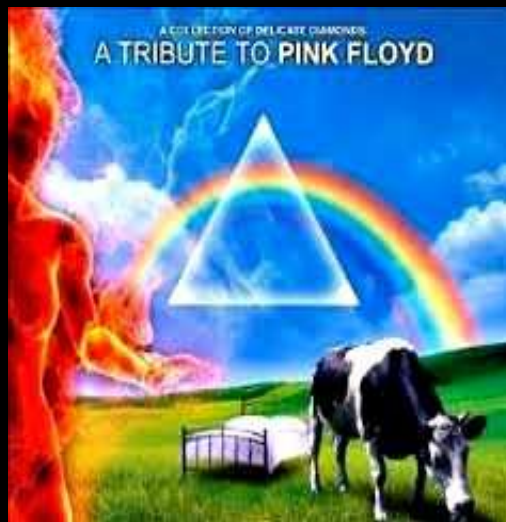
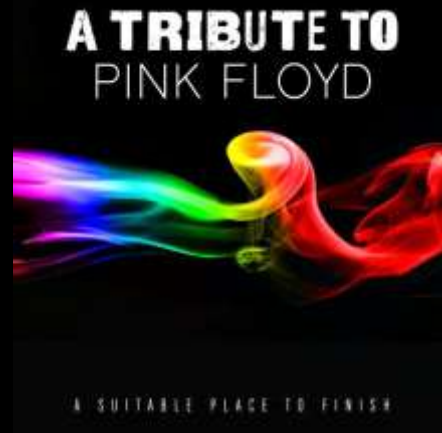


# RARE VINTAGE PATCHES





# PINK FLOYD TRIBUTE



**DAMN GLAD**

covers *Pink Floyd*

Pigs (Three Different Ones)  
for Tribute album on Versailles Records



# FANS AROUND THE WORLD





