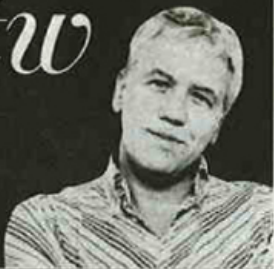


btw



BY JOHN WALSH

Fans of Pink Floyd, and more specifically of David Gilmour, will fall like slavering dogs on *Remember That Night*, a new DVD of his epic concert at the Albert Hall last year. One of the extras, a fly-on-the-wall documentary, shows footage of Gilmour's entourage relaxing and carousing. On the American edition, there's an odd moment when Rick Wright, the Floyd's keyboard-tickler, celebrates a birthday, his pals fetch out a cake and sing – and the sound cuts out. A sub-title urges: “Due to copyright restrictions, please sing happy birthday to Rick here.” Copyright? On “Happy Birthday to You”? Apparently yes. It seems the world's most popular song, written in 1893 by two Kentucky schoolmarm sisters, was copyrighted in 1935 in a contract that's locked up until 2030; the copyright was bought by Warner Brothers in 1995 for \$15m. And yes, “unauthorised public performance” (like, say, in a bar) are technically illegal unless you hand over some cash. No way are they opportunistic killjoys. Merely businessmen.