

Pink Floyd figured that it could defray the cost of this studio

by making time available to other artists on an hourly basis. However, keeping time open

for when the band needed to use the studio severely limited the amount of time available

to others, preventing Britannia Row from becoming a financially successful venture.

Ironically, the Floyd's new studio started to resemble the Apple Records situation that the

Beatles created, as thousands of pounds went through the petty cash bin each day. Not that the

Floyd were worried about their finances... yet.

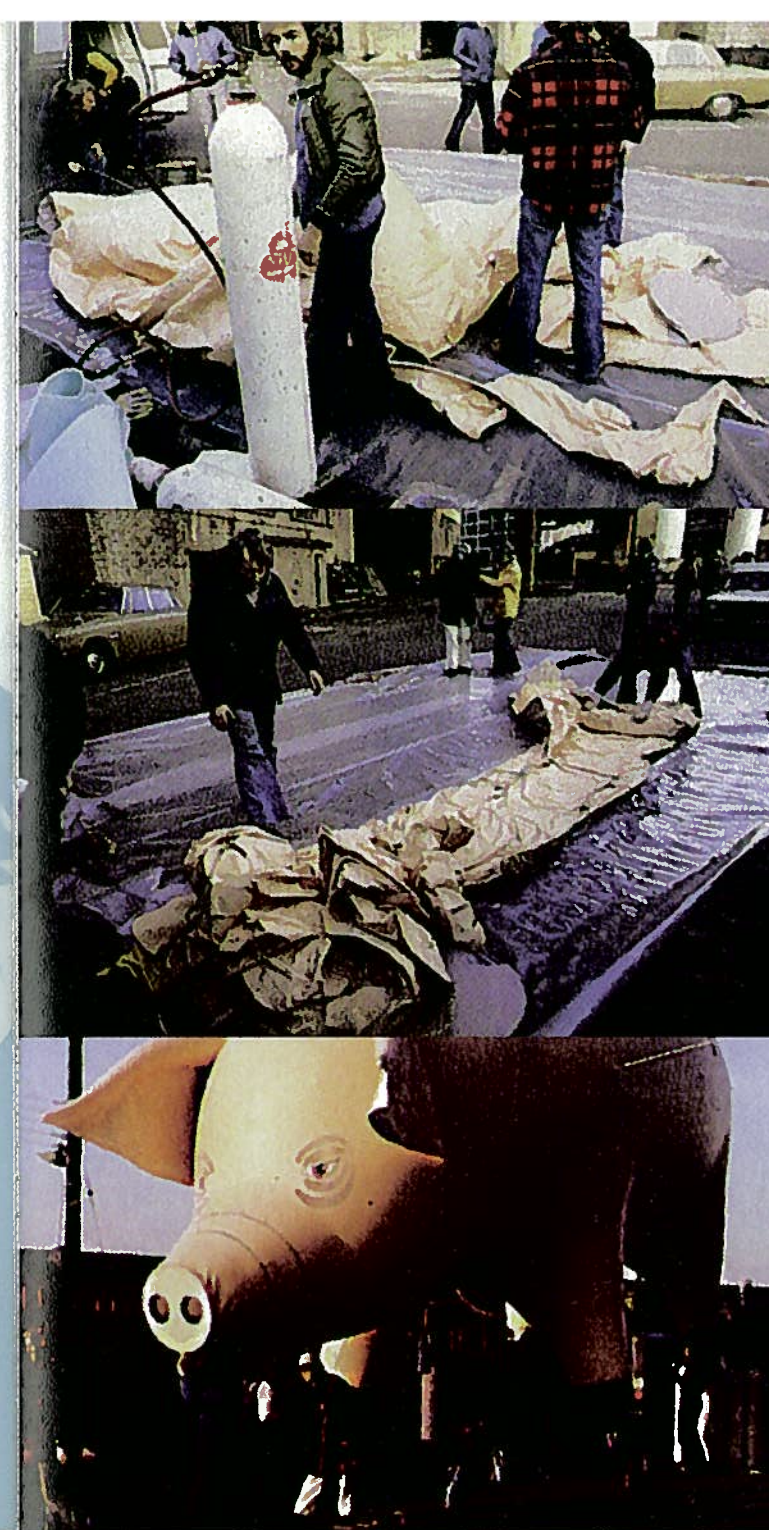
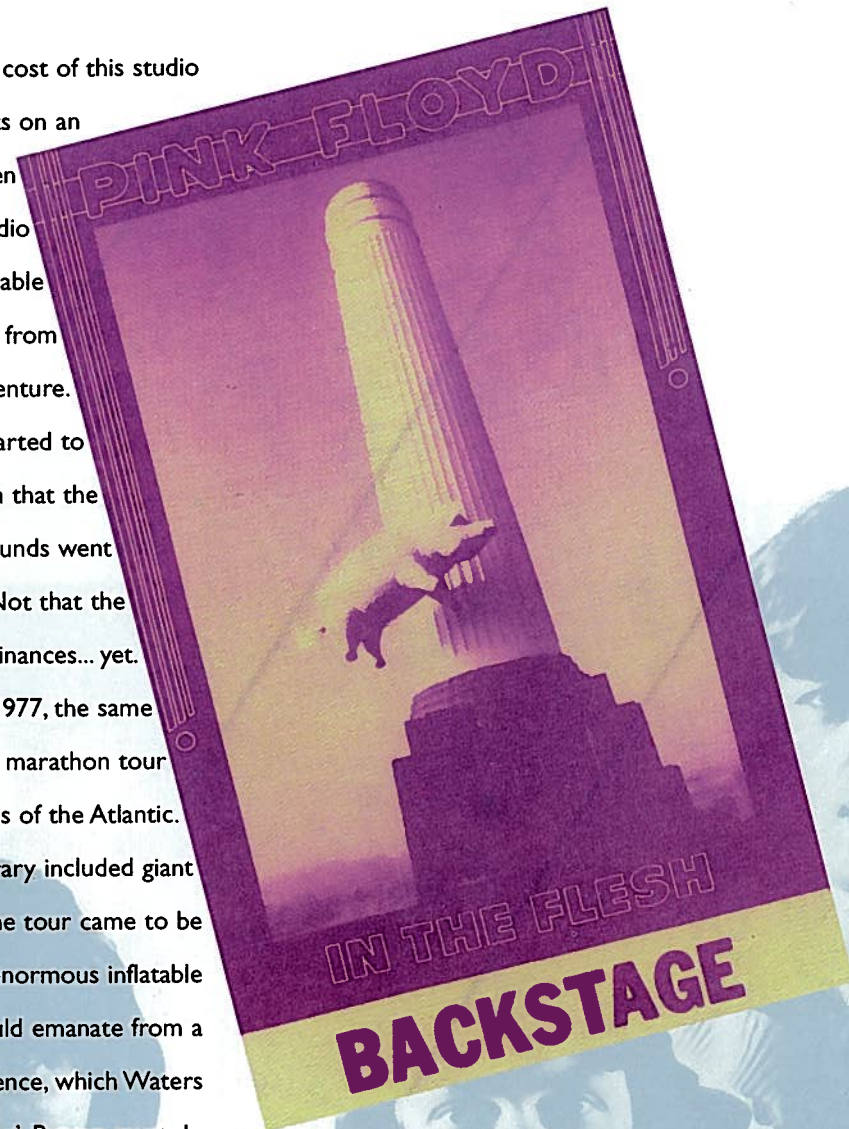
*Animals* was released on January 23, 1977, the same day the band embarked on a six-month marathon tour spanning nine countries on both sides of the Atlantic.

And for the first time, the Floyd's itinerary included giant stadiums. "Pink Floyd: In The Flesh", as the tour came to be

known, is remembered largely for its enormous inflatable props, notably the flying pig that would emanate from a

burst of smoke to hover over the audience, which Waters described at the time as 'a symbol of hope'. But we must do

some back-tracking first (the bloody pig fiasco must be told... too fantastic to be planned), so let's get on with it then.



The Waters-conceived album cover, once again created by Hipnosis, featured London's Battersea Power Station because Roger liked the "four phallic towers". It was suggested that a large inflatable pig be secured between the towers since photographic fakery simply would not do (no 'stripped-in montages', the band insisted). Thus the design of a forty foot pig was conceived by Mark Fisher and constructed in Germany by Balloon Frabrik, the company famous for their humongous Zeppelin airships. Once the snout and the tail were sewed in place and copious amounts of German beer consumed, ol' piggy was crated up and shipped to London for assembly.

Cut to the Battersea Power Station on December 2, 1976, just a stones throw from the Thames and yet another celebration - this time with crates of vintage Pink champagne. Assemble a still-camera crew of eleven positioned at every good vantage point, add an eight man film crew, a helicopter, roadies, the group and Steve O'Rourke. And just to be safe, add a marksman with a sharp telescopic rifle to gun down the pig in case it should escape and ultimately fall on some poor bloke's orb while weeding his garden in the city (the logical place for city pigs) - risking a lawsuit, injury, and severe mental distress no doubt. Enter much huffing and