

puffing from many gas cylinders of helium into the proper pig orifice and it was expected the porcine balloon would rise majestically into the perfect moody sky with ideal photographic conditions. Alas the pig wouldn't budge - not enough helium to get it off the ground, so the champagne was consumed and everybody went home.

Next morning, the same party, minus a few Floyd members, assembled under bright clear skies for the anticipated launch. This time the balloon was pumped up with extra helium until its eyes bulged! Slowly up the side of the power station piggy went with cameras snapping away to the sound of



applause. Near the top, framed by the four chimneys, the 40 foot pig hovered majestically like only a flying pig could. Suddenly, a fateful gust of wind erupted from nowhere and the chilling sound made by the snap of the mooring cable was heard in the crisp air. In seconds, the pig ascended rapidly toward the heavens. Apparently no one had told the marksman to return. No matter, piggy was out of sight in five minutes and absolute horror turned to raving panic.

The first pig sighting came from a pilot landing at London's Heathrow Airport who frantically (and no doubt a bit reluctantly) reported having seen a huge pink pig floating through the sky. After the officials realized this wasn't a hoax, they dispatched a police helicopter to tail the pig as it flew over London. But, the Floyd porker soon developed a bad attitude and ascended at a high rate of speed to 5000 feet where the helicopter was forced to abandon the chase. Enter the Civil Aviation Authority alerting all pilots that a flying pig was in the airspace and should not be approached - it could be hostile.

Soon the newspapers began receiving UFO reports from readers claiming "a large pink thing flew over their garden". Meanwhile, Heathrow was flooded with inquiries from pilots about unusual activity in the sky. Obviously the

pig had a date because it was last sighted at 18,000 feet over Derling (near Chatham in Kent), before the pressure release valve on its belly blew out and the pig slowly deflated only to crash land on a Kent farm. The surprised farmer thought it was "a bit unusual," and tied the lifeless balloon up and called the authorities. Undeterred the Floyd dispatched roadies on a pig rescue, repaired the puncture and a third attempt was planned. This time everything went right - piggy was well behaved, the weather was nice, and the photographers snapped away. Everyone was jovial. The press had a field day with blazing captions like "Flying Pig Interrupts International Flight Patterns" and "Flying Pig Heads ForHome". Ultimately a pig photo taken on day three was matted into the power station and sky picture taken on day one and retouched for a bit of surrealism - precisely the 'stripped-in montage' the band steered Hipnosis away from doing.

Hipnosis went on to design the In The Flesh tour programme which included few concert shots and a wealth of pig photos. Full page adverts of the pig muzzling up to the phallic smokestack appeared in major newspapers and

