the aggressors murderous knives, impales hapless victims and verbally abuses those human targets obsessed with blind convictions. It is perhaps more palatable to be taken as a cautionary tale rather than a genetic map of humanities frailty and shortcomings. "This was the first one I didn't write anything for and it was the first album for me," recalled Rick Wright, "where the group was losing its unity as well." The band was working on a new piece ('Pigs') when Roger discovered the canine and ovine metaphors in the filed away 'Raving and Drooling' and 'Gotta Be Crazy' (from the last tour) - the concept of the Animals trilogy was born. "It gave me the lead to rewrite the lyrics to those other songs to fit the concept of the album", stated Waters. Somewhat resembling George Orwell's classic Animal song cycle carves up the human Farm, Animals allegorical , each heralded by the album's race into three s represented the moralists, self-rightnnical, yet ultimately pathetic; the dogs, gmatists out to claw their way to the top of he heap; while the sheep comprise a mindless and inquestioning herd, dim dreamers whose sole function in life is to be used and abused by the dogs and pigs.

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'Pigs On The Wing', a tender two-part ballad which opens and closes the album, was written by Roger as a love ong to his then second wife Carolyne. "There was a certain doubt as to whether this one was going to find its way onto the album," explained Waters "but I thought it was necessary because the album would have been a kind of scream, you know, of rage." One of the lines from the now restructured and reworded 'Raving And Drooling' ('He will zig zag his way back through memories of boredom and pain) must have stuck with Roger because he used it again on Pigs On The Wing' ('We would zig zag our way through the boredom and pain'), The 8-Track tape version bridges part one and two with a guitar solo by Snowy White, which was recreated during the live shows at the end of part two. (Three Different Ones)' sets Wright's organ arpeggios and Waters' bass harmonics against Gilmour's monolithic power chords. And although the lyrics are unflinching in their attacks against the three pig stereotypes, it's Waters confession of compassion ("...you're nearly a laugh, but you're really a cry") that holds the true core of its meaning. 'Pigs' specifically lampoons Mary Whitehouse ("Hey you Whitehouse..."), the self-appointed guardian of British morality. The song itself generates its considerable

energy through the sheer unbridled contempt in its lyrics.

