Isabelle Degrange

by a particularly inspired storyteller named Patrice Leconte.

Stéphane Méjanès

and ravages the English lawns of our second homes. "The wild boar is considered to be harvest the grapes with their Father or Mother". fable on another edifying reality: between the 12th and 18th centuries, animals were second category. brought to justice, an infanticidal sow in this case. Still today, in the age of the ≠MeToo movement, the hash word ≠SquealOnyourPig speaks for itself.

of proofs of the mistreatment of this artiodactyl with a feces smell. Only two brought December 2020. Paris: BnF editions, 2020, p.72-73. larmichettes to our eyes. Babe the pig who became a shepherd in Chris Nohan's eponymous film (1996). And Jerzy, the piglet sketched by Gotlib in a comic strip telling the story of a father offering the animal to his son before entrusting it to a park with a punchline in the form of a flamboyant far-fetched play on words: «e pericoloso sporgersy». If you take the train, you know yourself».

Yet to reduce Sus Scrofa domesticus (its Latin name) to this unglamorous representation alone makes us ungrateful (of pigs). By allowing itself to be domesticates 10,000 years ago, it has indeed become our buddy (do you have it?). At least one specimen in each farm to get rid of the leftovers of meals as well as to make a snack after the "pig slaughter", the ultimate sacrifice and popular ceremony practiced in winter since the dawn of time. It's not a coincidence either if Michel Pastoureau refers to it as our unloved cousin. In 2012, an American study revealed after 10 years of research that humans and pigs have 95% of DNA in common (against 97% for the chimpanzee). So please, a little kindness, what the hell, it's the family.

With each new issue, the challenge is the same for the author of these lines: to embrace Behind a title that will intrigue some and make others' mouths water, there is a unique work of its Too fat, too slow, not profitable enough. in a few more or less well-chosen words the entirety of an animal or a plant, of something kind, of which the Bibliothèque nationale de France possesses the only known copy on its site at the Even when you have a thick rind, that's the kind of remark that stings. The Noir de Bigorre pig that can be eaten in other words. As no one is bound to do the impossible, the enterprise Arsenal. A small work in terms of size and pagination, the *Roti-cochon* is a method for learning to read is systematically doomed to failure. The case of the pig is no exception to the rule. attributed to a late 16th century pedagogue, Simon Girault, which was printed between 1689 and Erik Orsenna of the French Academy (the particle comes with the bicorn and the 1704 by Claude Michard in Dijon. Its specificity: almost all sentences – mainly in French, but also sword) who is not the last of slashers (there is also Jacques Attali) has written a 414 in Latin – proposed to the sagacity of the children deal with cooking and greed. Above a woodcut rather looking for fast-growing animals, lean meat that moreover was not expensive to produce. page book, *Pigs, a journey to the land of the living* (Fayard), without exhausting the depicting a suckling pig on the spit, there is the engraving that gives the book its title: "three cheers subject. It must be said that never has a beast appeared so divisive. Except perhaps for the skin of the still hot roasted pig". Then further down, after a second very appetizing illustration, a former editorialist of the Figaro compared to a pig in a famous Saturday night show one can read: "Pig ham in the best Mayence style is good for eating, not without drinking".

The pig is not the only one to be honoured. Apple, pear, walnut, orange, cherry, apricot, qince, salad, We are not going to lie to ourselves, in the collective imagination, Suidae are disgusting fresh egg, herring, quail, partridge, capon, hare, sheep, duck, pâté, cracker, doughnut, waffle, pancake the first case, you have 65% of lean left. With ours, just over 40%". All the more so as the animal beasts. For the cook Auguste Escoffier (1846-1935) "in the pork only ham is worthy of or dragee.. all types of food are called upon in this singular reading manual. Wine is never forgotten, the gourmet". Alexandre Balthazar Laurent Grimod de la Reynière (1758-1837) the first that "gladdens the heart of Man, serves as Milk for the Elderly, as Nectar to Meals & makes Blood conventional breeds, and all this, as you will have understood, to make fat. Not very much on the line gastronomic critic in history, considered it to be "the king of filthy animals". The truth good when taken at the right time: but it spoils everything when too much is taken". The child who with the productivist dogma... But very practical when you don't have a fridge, a recent invention is that it has lost all nobility since it no longer growls deep in the woods before it goes has done his or her homework well will be rewarded by climbing into the "CARRIAGE" to go and on the scale of humanity, which made it possible to get rid of fat as a means of preserving meat.

a vigorous, courageous animal that is a pleasure to hunt and sometimes to confront in This richly gastronomic primer which seems to please some disciple of genetically destined to be chubby, has come close to extinction: in 1930, there were about 30,000 hand-to-hand combat", recalls Michel Pastoureau in *The king killed by a pig* (Seuil). Gargantua, contains among other delights a delightful description of the country of Cocagne, «with "The pig on the contrary, is a vile and impure beast, a symbol of filth and gluttony", its Roasted Larks, Mountains of Butter, Streams and Rivers of Honey, Wine, Milk, &c.». But it does not according to the medievalist historian. "Pig" is in fact an insult that appeared in the forget to give pedagological advice from the outset: educating the child from the age of 7, adapting to Middle Ages. "Curse the pig who turns away " has been used since the 13th century to his character. If the child is haughty, it is necessary to stop at the figures in which we curb naughty designate any lout who is unable to keep promises, especially when he is standing for boys in order to repress his audacity. But if he is gracious and courteous, we will keep him in his election. In his novel, "The trial of the pig" (Grasset), Oscar Coop-Phane constructs a good nature by showering him with praise. We can bet that our readers only know children of the Raised in the wild, the animal spends its days roaming through undergrowth and meadows. With its

Sources: Coron, Sabine (dir.), Livres en bouche: cinq siècles d'art culinaire français, du XIVe au XVIIIe siècle. climate is mild, temperate, but also rainy. In short, between Circe the mixologist who poisons Ulysses's companions with her Exhibition, Paris, Bibliothèque of the Arsenal, 21 Novembre 2001 to 17 February 2002. Paris, Hermann, 2001, honey and Pramnos wine cocktail to turn them into swine, and Hayao Miyazaki, author p.127-128. ICourvoisier, Dominique, «Recherches sur l'origine du Roti-cochon», in Bulletin du bibliophile. Paris, of animated mangas who in Spirited Away, turns the heroine's parents into hogs while Librairie Giraud-Badin, 1982, pp.375-380. | Lesage, Claire; Queyroux Fabienne, (dir.), Pour l'amour du livre : sitting at the counter of a deserted restaurant, one could go on and on with thousands Ia Société des bibliophiles françois, 1820-2020. Exhibition, Paris, Bibliotheque de l'Arsenal, from 6 October to 6

knows something about it. Established in the Pyrenean foothills since the Gallo Roman era, it was made clear to it that it no longer fitted into the boxes at the end of Second World War. The fault of intensive breeding and its new standards. "In order to repopulate and rebuild France, people were The Noir de Bigorre pig – like many other local breeds - does not meet any of these requests, and its performance is poor", explains Alexandre Fonseca, the director of the Noir de Bigorre consortium. We stumble a bit on the notion of low yield applied to the pig...The man illustrates his point: "Take two carcasses, one of standard pig, the other of Noir. You debone them, you remove rind and fat. In "grows slowly", it needs to ingest almost 7 kilos of food per day as opposed to only 2.5 kilos for In short, both on the hips and on the plate, our view of fat has changed. And the Noir de Bigorre pig, sows; in 1981, there were only 28 left and only two boars.

Narrowly saved by a handful of over-motivated breeders, the breed is once again spreading in its fief straddling Hautes-Pyrénnées, Haute- Garonne and Gers. Today, it counts nearly 2,000 individuals. Good news for the preservation of the Pyrenean heritage, and more selfishly for our taste buds. Because this cousin of the pata negra has a unique flavour which comes from its diet, its lifestyle and...its fat. snout to the ground, it eats whatever inspires it: cereals, fruit, acorns and chesnuts in season, a few earthworms as it goes by, and above all kilos of fresh grass all the year round because in Bigorre, the

"To obtain a high quality product, you need a fairly high degree of fattening says Alexandre Fonseca, and this is a step-by-step process: the pig first develops cover fat, then inter-muscular, and finally intramuscular". The intra-muscular grail, one might say, because it is this fine, aromatic fat that gives the meat all its full flavour. "The consumption of grass, a source of vitamin E, has anti-oxidant properties, he continues. This explains the very white colour of the fat, the absence of a rancid taste, and gives a very good balance between oleic acid (the essential component of olive oil) and linoleic acid". Good fat with a Mediterranean flavour which does not necessarily meet the expectations of the agrifood industry, but now satisfies those of good food lovers. A deserved return to grace.

Gaspar **Willmann**

MICHEL GIORGIS COMTE

Laetita Soléry

of the material in a "devirtualised" framework. It is from this material that he wants to learn to oil and to acrylic without other alternative. almost banal story-telling, alternating interiors and landscapes. Easy-sighting in a way, like surrealistic, already coexists in force with colours.

the musical easy-listening of corporate lifts and seventies consumerism temples. blurred with an electronic brush and windows, systematically retouched according to cuts.

Selected from the American Dream internet, Gaspar Willmann's video sequences compose a Then a new perspective emerges, an outside world reinvented by the same painting that has nevertheless field of experimentation for painting. Each one is edited from the screen to restore the artist's abolished transparency of it. A tension in the perspective of these contemplative "contentporary" short visual corpus. Of course, he piles them up into digital strata, but he is actually thinking animations that, and there, is the paradox, lead this very young artist to entrust his hands to the brush,

his own craft as a multimedia painter. The collected images evoke an ordinary, uncertain, His experiences flow throughout his paintings. The material, real at last and strangely dreamlike, even

Précis artistique Mdes mots de bouche

The Panses series by the painter Simon Hantaï whose birth centenary is being celebrated in 2022, are In fact, Willmann confronts all these images reduced to few elements of semantic language – said to be born from his desire to give up what he knew how to do in order to then re-start from scratch. where everything becomes an advertisement, with his research: outlines of decor elements Gaspar Willmann's latest painting is inspired by one of these *Panses* and shows an equal dynamic.

Το Γουρουνι

Christian Parra Black pudding

& grandma's puree

VICTOR LENORMAN CHEZ LÉON & PETIT LÉON

Ingredients for 4 persons:

- One tin of 800 g of Christophe Parra 's black pudding - 800 g potatoes
- 250 g soft butter - 15 cl whole milk
- 1 pinch of ground nutmeg - 600 g yellow onions
- 1 sprig of thyme
- 100 g brown sugar Salt and pepper

1 Peel the potatoes and cook them in salted water. Once cooked, mash the potatoes, add 200 g of butter, 15 cl of whole milk, a pinch of nutmeg, salt and pepper. Whisk the puree well to make it smoother.

2 Peel and slice the onions, sweat them over a high heat for 5 minutes with 50 g of butter, then lower the heat, and add the brown sugar and thyme, and leave to cook for 20 minutes, strirring regularly. The colour should be brown and the texture melting. Season with salt and pepper. **3** Cut the black pudding into 4 nice thick slices, grill them for a few minutes on each side and then roll them in the oven at 180° for 15 minutes, they must be hot through and through.

4 Presentation: preferably in a deep dish, arrange the puree in a circle of about 10/12 cm in diameter, add a nice tablespoon of candied onions, and then put the slice of black pudding on top.

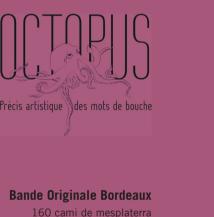
Optional: for the dressing, I like to add some fried arugula on the top, (throw some fresh arugula in very hot frying oil for 2 minutes) it gives volume and a very nice flavour.

Les mots d'Olivier Rællinger

Poudre quatre-Epices à la Française :

Poivre noir, muscade, gingembre, épices

C'est le grand mélange traditionnel de la cuisine française que l'on retrouve décrit et formalisé au XIXè siècle dans les ouvrages culinaires. Le mélange rassemble le poivre noir, la noix de muscade, le clou de girofle et le gingembre. En France, certaines recettes du XIVè siècle recommandent déjà d'associer ces quatre épices à des sauces pour ds plats de viande. Ce mélange parfume les grandes charcuteries à la française, les plats tradition mijotés comme les Daubes, les sauces au vin et les marinades de gibier.



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Le cochon

for the many blessings it had bestowed on men since its domestication. This domestication at the market.

on the island of Cyprus. What symbols were once attached to the pig?

Since ancient times, the pig has symbolized fertility... the sow is indeed very prolific. Gauls didn't eat wild boar... but farmed pig. And they exported their very highly reputed And its gestation precisely lasts 3 months, 3 weeks, 3 days! These figures had struck salted meats to Rome. Rich Romans preferred pork to all other meats. The famous cookbook the spirits of the Ancients who were very much imbued with symbolism. The pig was also attributed to Apicious, a wealthy gourmet who lived in the 1st century, contains many associated with prosperity. Besides its prolificity, it is easy to breed, unexpensive to feed pork-based recipes including a dish of sow vulva and teats stuffed with sea urchins! (it eats everything) and it is very prodigal. It provides significant amounts of meat, fat and How is the pig perceived during the Middle Ages in the Christian West? offal. Even its blood can be consumed in the form of black pudding. In addition, the pig People love eating it...Pigs are everywhere, including in town hearts where they are the which means ... little sow

Does the pig have other particularities? Yes, its biological proximity with the human species. Like us, the pig is omnivorous: it can **Even today, some populations do not eat pork for religious reasons** feed on almost all plants and products of animal origin. It has the same digestive system

Everyone knows that Jews and Muslims have made pork, a food taboo. It is easy to see that 15th century the Church forbade dissecting human corpses.

always shown towards pigs: sometimes admiration and attraction, sometimes contempt refuge in a herd of pigs.

Can you give us some examples of these contrasting attitudes towards pigs?

this was the case of Egyptians, Cretans, Phoenicians, Hebrews...On the other hand, Greeks were black, grey or brown and looked more like our present-day boars. They were less shorthave always accepted to eat pig meat. The oldest Greek texts already stress this biological legged than our "current industrial" pigs because they ran and moved much more. They also proximity of pigs and Men I have just mentionned. It appears in myths that evoke the had a longer snout, stiffer and harder hair, and large canines that looked like small tusks. transformation of men into pigs. For example, in Homer's Odyssey, Ulysses discovers with horror that his companions have been changed into swine by Circe the witch. Fortunately,

You told me that once the pig had been a highly respected animal in the French countryside this metamorphosis is reversible and the sailors will regain their male appearance. We find Absolutely. Until the middle of the 20th century, the French peasants showed the pig this same idea of the transition from human to pig, and vice and versa in the medieval a deep respect. They used to call it "the Gentleman"! And in many other countries – with legend of St Nicolas. The Holy one restores life and human form to three children that a the exception of those where it was subject to religious prohibitions – the pig was praised butcher had turned into piglets before killing them and cutting them into pieces to sell

ERIC BIRLOUEZ

using wild boar, was first initiated just over 10,000 years ago in eastern Turkey and You were talking about the ancient Greeks. Were they the only ones who liked pork at that time? In Europe, Romans, Gauls, Germans, also Scandinavian and Slavic peoples appreciated pig meat too. I take the opportunity to debunk a generally accepted idea: unlike Obelix,

can be processed into deli meats by salting, drying, smoking or cooking. These saltings subject of small farms. Pigs eat up waste thrown in streets, thus fulfilling the very useful were very valuable because they provided food until the end of winter. But the benefits function of urban garbage collectors. But there is a downside, they invade grain fields at of the pig were not only food. Its skin was used to make leather, its bones glue, its bristles the city gates, they dig up corpses in cemeteries, they cause serious accidents and even brushes, its bladder tobacco pouches. Even rancid grease was once used to lubricate death by frighteneing horses. The Church makes the pig an animal carrying many vices: waggon axles. "Everything is good in the pig", says a French proverb. From the beginning, it describes it as filthy and dirty, voracious and gluttonous: it stuffs itself with garbage, the pig has been associated with food security and wealth. Remember the pig shape of carrion and excrement, it wallows in mud... Having its head constantly turned towards old porcelain money boxes. By the way, porcelain is a word derived from the Latin porcella the ground which it searches with its snout, the pig does not look at God... which makes its case even worse! One of the most serious vices attributed to it is that of debauchery, lust, lewdness... in connection with its great prolificity.

as ours and its internal organs are arranged in the same way as our own organs. This is an animal that feeds on filth and is known for its dirtiness may have appeared impure why in the Middle Ages, future doctors studied anatomy by "opening" pigs: until the in the eyes of certain societies. But the root causes of this food ban are not reduced to this notion of dirt and impurity alone. Its origin remains a mystery, which has not prevented Even today, scientists use the pig as a "model" in many laboratory experiments. Until the flowering of hypotheses. Like, for example, the hygienist explanation... but this is the early 1980s, diabetics were treated with porcine insulin injections, and now the no longer retained by anthroplogists today. Unlike Judaism and Islam, Christianity has not animal's organs and skin are used to graft them onto humans. Moreover, the researchers prohibited pork consumption. However, the very negative opinion that Jews had of this have shown that pigs are one of the most intelligent animals - they know how to identify animal spread to the Christian world. The Gospels themselves conveyed this "diabolical" their reflection in a mirror - and they are capable of genuine attachment. This "biological image of the pig. For example, when Jesus chases out of a man's body the demons that cousinhood" could explain, at least in part, the very ambivalent attitude that men have possessed him...What do those evil spirits do then? They will immediately find a new

One last question ... Have pigs always been pink?

No, not at all! It was not until the 18th century that the first pink pigs appeared! This In ancient times, many Mediterranean peoples had totally banished pork from their diet: colour is the result of crossing European breeds with Asian pigs. In the past, European pigs

Ο ΚΟΛΠΟΣ ΤΩΝ ΧΟΙΡΩΝ

THE BAY

Michel Giorgis Comte

It was a long wandering on the waves of the ancient Mediterranean back to Ithaca! Believing they were docking to it at last, Ulysses and his crew set foot on the shores of Aiaia, since then called the Island of Sobs. A foretaste of the Lost series. Here reigns Circe, daughter of Helios with a mortal woman. The scouting crew enters a sumptuous residence. The enchanting magician honouring the sacred duty of hospitality greets the sailors with a welcoming cup. Alas! Her beverage is corrupted. The men fall in a deep narcosis. And they wake up as pigs locked in a stable

On his way to rescue his companions, Ulysses providentially meets Hermes, the winged psychopomp with its caduceus erected. The God *initiates* him in the use of *môly* an antidote to the spells of the genial herbalist but only known to gods. Once absorbed and after boozing, Odysseus will remain lucid until he unites body and soul with the flamboyant and lunatic witch. What is this cocktail whose active principles precipitate some specimens endowed with reason into the abyss of primal instincts? Homer in Song X of his Odyssey, describes it as a mixture of cheese and barley gruel bound with honey and wine to which are added the juices of a poisonous plant while mumbling in petto. Science is trying to draw up a toxicological map of the poison and then of the divine antidote. The mythical herb of the metamorphoses that wrests human reason from animality, exfiltrating the salty storms of instincts to bring back to the haven of philosophy, is said to contain atropine, the alkaloid common

In contrast the universal belladonna features prominently in the composition of the hallucinatory apparatus, here merging with the irresistible bella donna Circe. It is a deadly poison that makes hearts beat beyond reason, while today it remains the miraculous meds of our hospital emergencies. Death and life in one root. Biological Mysterium conjunctionis. Time for the pig.

A true walking alchemical *athanor* that cooks just about everything, the pig is the undisputed master of the greedy. It comes on strong, it slaps like four, burps like it breathes, grooms itself with excrements, guzzles mammals if it feels like it and pisses like a drunk docker on bad beer.

If our vocabulary-pig, boar, swine, sow, snout, sty, slurry-dishonours it, it is because it is a convenient scapegoat, certainly vegetarian but not only. A bit of a jerk and vaguely dumb, it deviates from good manners. It is also perceived as a slacker-which from my point of view is just because it likes to slack off when searching acorns. Why then does Circe not metamorphose humans into toads? Because the pig holds up a mirror to us. Omnivorous, individualistic, social, intelligent, playful, it is also the very essence of sacrifice. It is, as we were before sapiens, a prey. And Circe (from kirka, bird of prey), a predator. Doctor Ulysses and his hermetic môly thwart the process that demands by superstition or religious belief to kill the innocent in blood in order to wash away the red of our incessant wars and hunts. A 130 kg pig is as affectionate, funny, sweet, mischievous, loyal and sensitive as a brother of arms, and it does not lack grace. The toad does. More universal and on a human scale than the indomitable bull, the pig enters, smoked or not, into our soup or dinner plates, it can fit between our fingers like ham and butter or Parma pizza, under forks in mignon or chopsticks in sweet and sour sauce. It feeds half the world. We only throw away its teeth. It stands where all is good.

Μεγάλη περιπλάνηση στα νερά της αρχαίας Μεσογείου η επιστροφή στην Ιθάκη! Πιστεύοντας ότι επιτέλους αγκυροβολούν εκεί, ο Οδυσσέας και το πλήρωμα πατούν τις ακτές της Αιαίας, που από τότε ονομάζεται Νήσος των Λυγμών. Μια πρόγευση της τηλεοπτικής σειράς Lost. Στο νησί βασιλεύει η Κίρκη, κόρη του Ήλιου και μιας θνητης.

Το πλήρωμα προπορεύεται ως ανιχνευτής και μπαίνει σε ένα υπέροχο κτίσμα. Η γοητευτική μάγισσα τιμώντας το χρέος της φιλοξενίας, υποδέχεται τους ναυτικούς προσφέροντάς τους κάτι να πιουν για το

Αλίμονο! Το ποτό είναι δηλητηριασμένο. Οι άνδρες πέφτουν σε βαθιά νάρκωση. Ξυπνούν μεταμορφωμένοι σε χοίρους και κλεισμένοι σε ένα

Ο Οδυσσέας, σπεύδοντας να βοηθήσει τους συντρόφους του συναντά τον Ερμή, τον φτερωτό ψυχοπομπό που κρατά όρθιο το κυρήκειο. Ο θεός τον μυεί στη χρήση του μώλεος, βοτάνου αντιδότου στα μαγικά κόλπα της ευφυούς μάγισσας. Το βότανο αυτό που γνωρίζουν μόνο οι θεοί. Μόλις το πιει και αφού υψώσει το ποτήρι, ο Οδυσσέας θα παραμείνει νηφάλιος μέχρι να ενωθεί ψυχή τε και σώματι με την αστραφτερής ομορφιάς μάγισσα που αλλάζει συχνά διάθεση.

Fredrich Murnau or the dawn of the Pig

Although considered today as a classic of silent cinema, Murnau's "Dawn" (Sunrise in English) was overshadowed on its release by O'Brien's "Jazz Singer" the first talking film. However this twilight drama is probably one of the most accomplished silent films with its quality of direction, its superprints and the beauty of its black and white. By the way, Truffaut himself considered it "the most beautiful film in the world". But if it is worthwhile for its aesthetics, its story of disconcerting simplicity deserves just as much praise. It follows the journey of a country couple whose husband under the spell of a vamp coming from the city (a recurring archetype in silent cinema) decides to kill his wife by drowning her in a lake. But as he is overcome with remorse at the last moment, his wife flees to the city and together they are confronted with a place teeming with people and life (and vices!).

One would tend to believe, and rightly so, that "Dawn" only has three characters: the farmer, his wife and the vamp. But there is another character, central to this story: the pig. Appearing at first sight as a comic element in a single sequence, it carries a considerable symbolic charge in several respects. But first let's put it in context. Having reconciled (in 1927, a wife could easily forgive her husband for trying to murder her!) the couple who had sunk into their country routine, discover a city full of life. She shops, he goes to the barber, they go to a photographer to immortalize their love. In the evening while they are having a good time at a funfair, a pig escapes from its pen and causes trouble for the visitors.

In the collective imagination, the pig represents rurality and in this scene it could thus be the synecdoche of the couple's countryside. It is as if it were drowned in the teeming city by its smallness, as the farmer and his wife are. A sort of corkscrewed version of Lewis Carroll's white rabbit, inviting the two characters to follow it to wonderland. But in reality, Frederich Murnau offers another reading of this scene, darker than it appears. The pig is black, a symbol of evil. Therefore, this pig that escapes from the funfair would not represent the couple as a whole, but only the farmer. A farmer who, on the day before, wanted to kill his wife. This is all the more convincing as the pig escaping in the direction of a restaurant kitchens stumbles upon a bottle of wine, but it gets so drunk that it staggers to find its way back. The pig is thus the victim of the vice caused by the city, just as the vamp (who came from the same city) was the victim of the man. Moreover, it is a coincidence that it is the farmer who finds the pig, and brings it back to safety. As if by this action, he finally manages to rehabiliate his souL. The next sequence shows the couple, serene, returning to the countryside following this crazy interlude. Finally after fooling around with sin, the two "pigs" of "Dawn" return to the pen.

Guyveline de Talancé 1959 in Gatinais Pauvre between Beauce and Sologne. I am seven years old. That very year, around Easter, my grandmother told me that she was going to take me with her to a nearby farm to choose a little pig. I had seen pigs coming in before but I had never been invited to pick them. The next morning we both left on our bicycles. Once arrived at Billardins farm, I followed my grandmother to a long building from where a horrible cacophony made of high-pitched screams and loud growls emerged. These were the pigs. Marguerite, the owner of the place, was there feeding them with a large bucket filled with a

thick brownish porridge which she emptied in their troughs. The pigs were enjoying themselves. Then she took us to a corner of the pigsty where there was an enormous sow and her young. True little cartoon pigs. They were all pink, nice and clean with their little corkscrew tails hanging from their mother's udders. My grandmother said to me: you are the one who chooses it, it has to be a female, and she showed me three piglets. I pointed out the one who in my imagination was watching me with a cheeky look as if saying: "Take me". And I uttered: "This one". The animal was unsparingly extracted, it let out small sharp cries which sounded hopeless to me. Then my grandmother tied its legs before putting it in a small wicker basket attached to the luggage rack of her bike. The deal was done. Before going to fetch the little pig. I had helped to prepare its future roof, a tiny shelter located at one end of the family longere, opening on a small enclosure where the little pig would be free to come and go. So the pig would live right next to us, and was part of the family and our daily life.

As soon as we returned, my grandmother freed the animal that shouted shrill cries while trotting towards its new home. My sister was waiting for us. She said to me: "It's crying because it has lost its mom. It must be baptized". My sister officiated. Sprinkling. Salt grains into the snout. After two "Hail Mary" and one "Our Father" the piglet received the same name as all the other little pigs that had preceeded it: Julie. But this one would be "our ours" my sister declared. From an animal that the French language made masculine, the little pig systematically became a little girl. And so it was throughout her life. Then began several months of an emotional and careful companionship. During her first weeks when her weigh allowed us to carry her in our arms, Julie suffered the fate of our dolls with its advantages and disadvantages. We would give her baths, she was dressed in flowery dresses cut out and sewn into our grandmother's old pinafore dresses, the pig having the reputation of not smelling good, Julie was dolled up and perfumed with Cologne Mont Saint Michel we discreetly borrowed from our grandmother's dressing table, we powdered her bottom. We used to make her neckties that we attached to a little leash to take her out for walks. Everything didn't always turn out good. Julie would fight back and bite us, sometimes she would elude us and escape throughout the garden, so we had to call our grandmother to the rescue to get Julie out of the vegetable plants that she devasted. We were scolded because Julie was apparently upset and could not gain weight. And so went Julie's life with whom we would share our snacks. We never went to school in the morning without saying hello to Julie, and our first visit back in the evening was for her. During the holidays Julie had gained so much weight that it was then impossible for us to take her out, bathe her, dress her. However she continued to benefit from all our attentions and gratified us with grunts particular to our approach. Then it was the return of classes that corresponded for us to the announcement of an inevitable drama: Julie was going to be killed in order to be eaten. Somewhat lost in the calendar, we then started a long period of tight surveillance: Julie received our visit, morning, noon, evening, before going to bed. Julie was still there for Christmas. She was not forgotten in our letter to Santa who was asked to let her live as a gift to us. We didn't talk to our grandmother about anything in order to ward off fate and fear of reminding her the idea of having Julie killed. What if this year she forgets? But the fatal day arrived: our grandmother took out the pipes and installed the "laundry", a sort of huge cast iron tank with a fireplace below it where a fire was lit to boil water that would be used to clean Julie's body once killed, and prepare the charcuterie before sterilizing the jars. The cast iron tank out, that was the signal. And one evening around five p.m. on the way back home from school, Mr. Pavard's van, the pig killer, was there. We had not been told anything. The tank was smoking, Julie had already flown into the paradise of pigs, she was hanging from a beam under a shed. And then I began a deadly ballet. The choregraphy consisted in running to the shed to see if it was Julie or not Julie. It was definitely "her", her place was empty, a round hole in the straw indicated that she had slept there. Then I ran into my grandmother's arms, I was plunged into a despair that seemed unbearable, incurable. My grandmother took my hand to gently lead me to a table where slices from big loaves were waiting, that she was going to cover with hot pudding. My last sobs swallowed the delicious charcuterie. Then I found the courage to go and caress Julie's pink and rough skin one last time, sometimes I pulled some hairs out of her, for the memory, and Mr. Pavard allowed me to watch the cut-up of Julie who was transformed into hams, roasts, chops. To die was not to disappear but to change status as to size: Julie became an anonymous pig again, which I knew would feed us for many months. Within a few hours, a reversal of situation would inexorably take place in me, my culture and education would be stronger than my feelings for Julie. Julie's death would bring life. That night the adults would forget about the children, we would take the opportunity to organize prohibited games such as opening hutches or starting the tractor and drive a few meters... Soon the next Easter would be announced.



We were going to prepare the shed for a new Julie. And so life went on in this countryside where

Springs and symbols of a surprising duo

"pig killing" was a real initiation to learn how to accept to kill life to live it.

JEAN-RODOLPHE LOTH

n 1976, the famous "Muppet Show" with its hilarious Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy, the romantic and loving pig, was introduced to the British television scene by ITV. From 1977 until 1988, the series was rebroadcast by Antenne 2 and FR3. Who does not remember this great parody show of animated puppets around a "guest star"? Thus, the musical comedy acts punctuated by funny interludes, with a lot of puns, will make the happiness of a "crazy theatre". But let's not forget that burlesque is not just banterful entertainment. It is the occasion for a game of masks which reflects back the mirror of the favourable or the gritty to society and to individuals.

Despite the devastating humour that runs through the episodes, the audience hardly soars: the appearance of headliners with high media potential becomes a key objective to save the programme...

In October 1977, the renowned ballet dancer was invited to perform in one of the episodes of the famous "Muppet Show". We can see Nureyev parodying the "pas de deux" from Tchaikovsky's Swan Lake, renamed "more than two steps" for the occasion while the famous ballet becomes the "Swine Lake", in other words the lake of the swine or even the bastard. The semantic shift is, to say the least, bloated and the line was not without controversy, even though Nureyev had just become a leading figure in the intercontinental jet set, in demand on the stage but also on the cinema set. We mention the controversial Rudolph Valentino by Ken Russel released in 1977. The episodes of this duet between Miss Piggy and Nureyev also include a sauna scene that directly alludes to certain places in gay life as well as certain moments of seduction in the backstage area, which the dancer was accustomed to: depending on the position of the towel tied around the waist, you were invited to grasp the nature of the proposal made to the visitor of the dressing -room..

In the 1970s, Nureyev is at the peak of his career. He is an international star particularly in demand in the United States. His aura is extraordinary in Great Britain with phenomena of collective passion compared to that of a "rock star". In June 1961, shortly after his heroic emancipation from the Kirov, then on tour in Paris, Nureyev was expected in London for a season at the Royal Opera House in London. Endowed with a powerful sense of the decisive moment, the dancer will ask Sir Frederick Ashton to compose a solo for him, which will lead to an incredible triumph. The Royal ballet will hire him later on. This is how a duet of exception will be formed between a dancer 20 years her senior- Margot Fonteyn - and the young dancer yet designated traitor by the USSR. Gifted with a strength of resilience and a genius like no other, Rudolf Nureyev was subjected to a hunt and worrying threats almost throughout his career. Media over-exposure particularly in the Anglo-Saxon world was a way of asserting his side with panache, especially in a context marked by the Cold war. The duet with Miss Piggy, a clear sign of his popular notoriety, is not without reference to crucial data of the dancer's career and life, not to mention that The Swan Lake almost holds the rank of hymn and national monument in Russia.

With Miss Piggy, Rudolf Nureyev plays with the iconic or sulphurous images of himself, in life as well as at the stage, including the less glittering. The volcanic temperament of the dancer was not without recurrent excesses, even scandalous incidents. So when he sends off the dancing puppet of Miss Piggy to wander behind the scenes and without hesitation, would this not be an evocation of certain difficult moments when partners denounce Rudolf's violence or partiality?

The ransom of this heroic resilience, hallmark of the vital commitment of the great dancer, is the permament difficulty of being able to overcome serious trauma at first those of chidhood (cold, misery, hunger, lack of paternal love). The puppet of the "dancing pig" kicked out of the "more than two steps " in a way becomes revealing of the destinal atmosphere of the great dancer, saved by the excess of dance, but at the same time fearfully besieged by it, with the superego obligation to be the one, the only one, despite exhaustion, risk, the compensating release of impulses... Piggy life as much as of glory: Nureyev will be carried away by AIDS on January 6, 1993, on Orthodox Christmas Day... And for our information, for us who met him at the age of 14, while learning ballet, we do not forget that we share the same name!