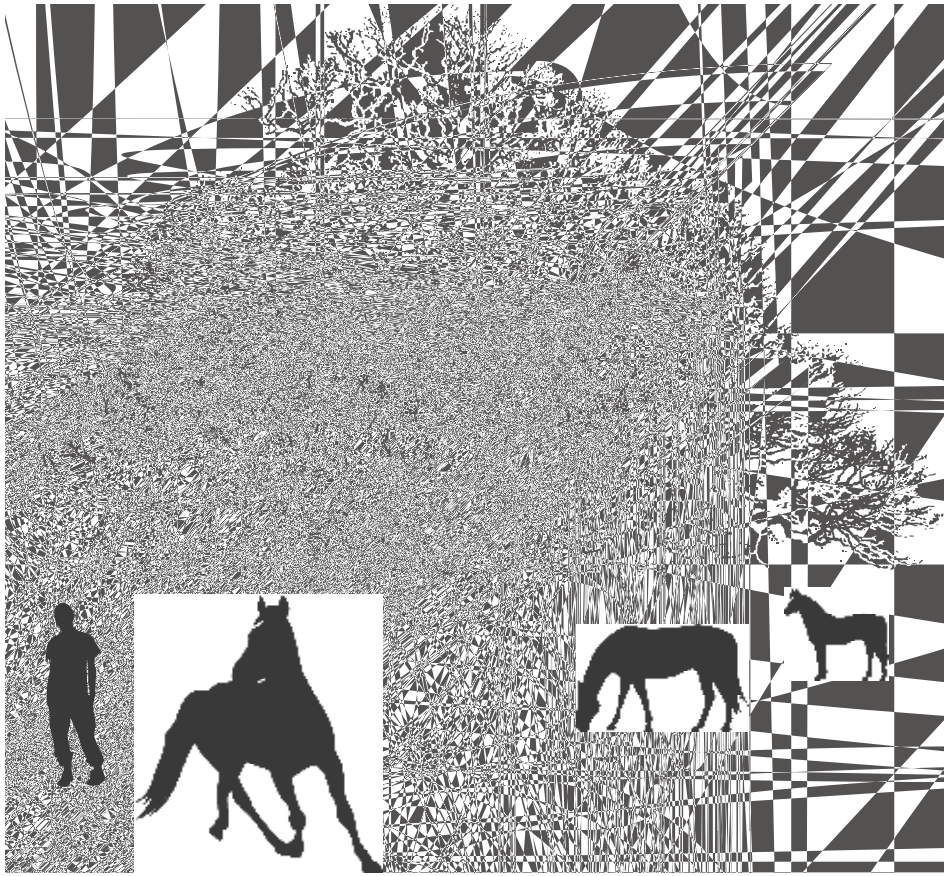
“Na memoria de Luís de Bouzas, e en agradecemento á xenerosidade da súa familia”

“To the memory of Luís de Bouzas, and in gratitude to the generosity of his family”



2º Concurso Internacional de Fotografía “Rapa Das Bestas De Sabucedo” 2009 A Estrada

2st International Photography Contest “Rapa Das Bestas De Sabucedo” (Shearing of the Beasts in Sabucedo) 2009 A Estrada

Edita / Publishing:
Concello da Estrada concellería de medio rural e turismo
www.aestrada.com
concelleriaruraleturismo@aestrada.com

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Deseño portada . Catálogo / Cover . catalogue design:
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Traducción / Translation:
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Impresión / Printing:
Litonor

Fotomecánica / Photo mechanics:
Más Planchas

Agradecementos / Acknowledgement:
Consellería de Cultura e Turismo
Fundación Cultural A Estrada / A estrada dixital
Asociación Rapa das Bestas de San Lourenzo de Sabucedo

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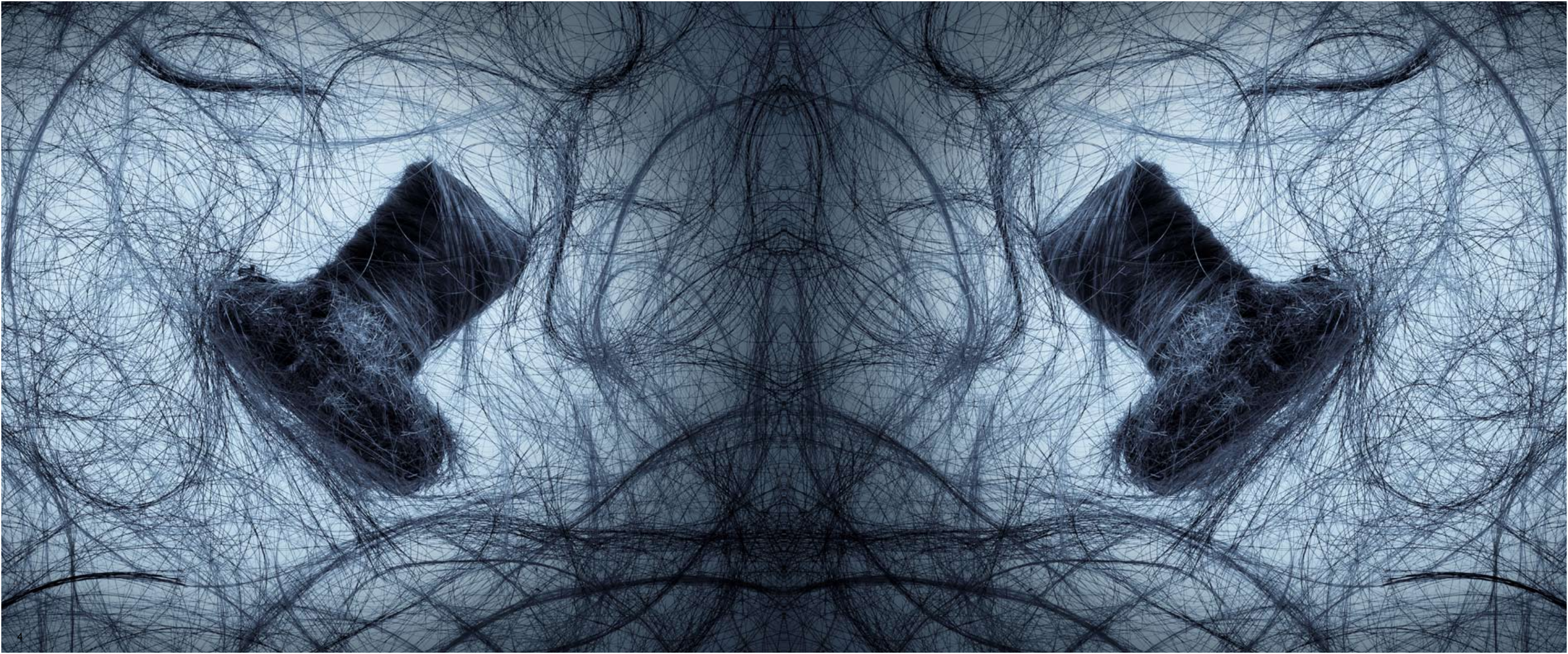


Pequenas Bestas

Xavier Alcalá

Din que o can é o mellor amigo do home e o cabalo, o seu mellor escravo. O cabalo ten potencia dabondo para tratar os humanos coma monicreques; mais acaba obedecéndoos, logo de domado.

O cabalo foi obxecto de cobiza dos nosos antepasados primitivos por razóns de alimento e abrigo: a carne valíalles para alimentarse e a pel para se cubriren. Hoxe segue a valer para o mesmo; mais nunha altura do camiño histórico en que as especies –humana e equina– se encontraron algo aconteceu para que se producise a simbiose do transporte, do deporte, do xogo común entre bípedes e cuadrúpedes. Os cabalos pasaron a ser compañeiros de aventura no crecer sen fin da Humanidade. Mesmo cruzaron mares no tempo das grandes descubertas. Nas pampas arxentinas, por exemplo, descubriron un paraíso. E os indios pampeanos, ata entón pedestres, fixéronse cabaleiros expertos, capaces de competir cos españois que os querían someter. Os cabalos pasaron a proporcionarlles a velocidade necesaria para cazaren avestruces e guanacos, dábanlles coiros para tendas, botas e arneses; tendóns, graxa e oso para mil usos. Aínda máis, as tropas de equinos que os acompañaban nos seus desprazamentos por aquel mar de herba eran “despensa a pé”, carne e sangue para comidas e ritos. Na fin da vida dos guerreiros, as súas cabalerías acompañábanos na viaxe derradeira...

O cabalo é un vello coñecido dos galegos, moitos dos cales loitarían contra os xinetes indios na “conquista do Sur”. Seica os antigos gallaeci xa se defendían dos cabaleiros romanos montando uns cabalechos pequenos, mais durísimos, con bigotes nos fociños para os protexeren das plantas espiñentas...

Sabucedo, terras altas do concello da Estrada. Verán. Xente que trae nos xenes trazas de precelta, de celta, de romano (lexionario de calquera punto do Imperio) e de suevo. Soben a pé e a cabalo en pro-

cura das pequenas bestas con que os seus ancestros se opuxeran ás regras de Roma. O costume quizais sexa prerromano, mais a tradición é católica, da relixión que converteu cada deus local nun santo. Os veciños de Sabucedo falan do santo, e no monte van formando as tropas de ponys (polas medidas e as normas) que acabarán no curro, embaixo. Acompáñanos outros galegos, e moitos forasteiros curiosos. Hai mesmo reporteiros de revistas de xeografía e viaxes. Chaman a atención tanta cámara, tanto micro de intemperie para recoller o estrondo do tropel...

Á tarde, con ánimos de viño no aire e no sangue, comeza o espectáculo. Os cabalos acurralados son pequenos, si, mais cabalos, que rinchan e escarean para mostraren furor, que escoucean e tentan trabar con dentes afiados e esmagar con mans cascudas. Os espectadores afeitos a trato de cabalerías pregúntanse por que os aloitadores non usan o lazo para derrubaren as bestas; por que non lles amarran as patas para procederen ao corte de crina e ás marcas. Tal vez porque este pobo montañés ten a gusto demostrar que pode cos cabalos do santo a penas cunha vara, e cos seus músculos. O de Sabucedo é demostración de proximidade, dos humanos con bestas bravas: peito contra peito, pel contra pel, sangue con sangue (pois o sangue brota logo de comezar a encurrada), tendón a tensar músculo, ollos fronte a ollos, hálitos mesturados, ríos de suor que se xuntan na area da praciña.

¿E tanto esforzo para que? Para que os cabaletes rexos volvan, liberados de pelo, marcados a tesoira cara aos curutos e ás veiguiñas onde o lobo axexa e os temporais azoutan sen piedade. Nin transportan nin se comen. Só serven para xogar; e para manter o monte no equilibrio en que a vida se desenvolvía cando as primeiras tribos se asentaron nas súas abas, xunto dos regatos, co oído alerta de rinchos e ouveos.

Sabucedo, en toda a súa cor, na plenitude dos seus cheiros, nas harmonías e conflitos dos seus sons, nas molezas e as durezas dos tactos, é unha cerimonia de amor, de cariño ao Animal que máis axudou o Home a ser o que é: un ser con présas, a soñar horizontes inatinxibles...

Sabucedo merecería honras do Cabalo se o Cabalo soubese falar.

“Little “Bestas”

Xavier Alcalá

The dog is said to be the man’s best friend and the horse, his best slave. The horse is strong enough to use humans as if they were marionettes; however it does finally end up obeying them, after being tamed.

Our primitives considered the horse as an object of greediness because it provided them with food and shelter: they used the meat to feed themselves and the skin to cover themselves. Nowadays, the horse is considered still the same; nevertheless, somewhere along the track when both species –human and equine – met each other, something happened and the symbiosis of the transport, the sport and the common game between bipeds and quadrupeds took place. From then on, horses became partners of adventure for the human being. They even crossed oceans together during the grand discoveries. A good example is the discovery of a paradise in the Argentinean’s pampas. It was then that the Indians from La Pampa, until then pedestrian, became excellent cavaliers, able to challenge the Spaniards, who wanted to subdue them. Horses provided them not only with enough speed to hunt ostriches and guanacos, but also with leather to make tents, boots and harness; tendons, suet and bones for a thousand uses. Furthermore, the troops of equines that accompanied them in their trips through that sea of grass were «pantry on foot», meat and blood for meals and rites. At the end of the warriors’ life, their mounts accompanied them in their last trip...

The horse is an old acquaintance of the Galicians. Many of them would have fought against the Indian riders in the «conquest of the South». It is said that the ancient gallaeci already defended themselves from the Roman cavaliers by riding little but hard horses, with whiskers on the muzzle to protect them from the thorny plants...

Sabucedo, high lands of A Estrada’s council. Summertime. People who have inherited blood from pre-Celtics, Celtics, Romans (legionaries from any place of the Empire) and Swabians. They climb either on foot or on horseback in search of the little beasts with which their forbears had opposed to the Roman rules. Although it could have been a pre-roman custom, the tradition is catholic, the same religion that converted each local god into a saint. The inhabitants of Sabucedo talk about the saint, and, up in the mountain, they gather together ponies’ troops (according to their measures and the norms) they finally bring these troops down into the curro. They are accompanied by other Galicians, and many curious foreigners. Some reporters from geography and travel magazines do also join them. It is amazing the amount of cameras, microphones, etc, to catch the sound of the beasts coming down the mountains...

In the afternoon, the show starts surrounded by an atmosphere of wine floating in the air and in the blood. It is true that the horses are small. However, as soon as they are cornered they start to show their most furious rage by kicking or even trying to bite with their sharp teeth. The spectators used to the treatment of the cavalries wonder why the fighters do not use the lasso to bring the beasts down; why do they not tie up their foots in order to start the horsehair’s cut and the stamps? Maybe it is because the villagers want to show that it can take on the saint’s horses scarcely by using a stick and their own muscles. This party in Sabucedo can be considered a demonstration of the proximity between the humans and the brave beasts: chest to chest, skin to skin, blood with blood, tendon tensing muscle, eyes face to eyes, mixed breaths, rivers of sweat that get mixed up in the sand of the little ring.

And, so many effort for what raison? So that the spike horses come back, free of hair, marked by the scissors, towards the summits and the little fields where the wolf stalks and the storm lashes without pity. They neither transport nor are eaten. They only are useful to play with; and to keep the mountain in the equilibrium in which the life developed when the first tribes established themselves in its hillsides, next to the streams, being on the alert of whinnies and howls.

Sabucedo, in its entire colour, in the plenitude of its smells, in the harmonies and conflicts of its sounds, in the softness and the hardness of its touch, is a ceremony of love, of affection to the Animal which more helped the Human to be what he is: a being who dream about unimaginable horizons...

Sabucedo would deserve honours of the Horse if the Horse could talk.

Extract of the jury minute of the prize concession in the international contest of photography "RAPA DAS BESTAS" according to the bases approved by the local council board on 2nd June 2008.

Gathered the Jury of the II International Contest of Photography "Rapa das Bestas", which is made up by Vari Caramés, Xulio Correa, Anxo Cabada and, acting as minute-taker, José Naveira González (Council secretary) on 4th September 2009 in the Town-hall. After have been valued the 36 works of the Contest, the Jury proposes the prize to D. Alfonso Durán Castillo, with the work called "The legend of the time". They considered that "it is a work where the author dares to choose a particular moment of the Rapa. He captures it in a compact photographic series of great force and mastery".
The Jury recommends the inclusion of the following works in the exposition and the catalogue. This is done because "they are series that either have a personal style which brings a concrete and interesting vision of the Rapa or they include photographs of great quality".
-Pablo González-Cebrián, Sabucedo: Memories of a tradition. The beasts' shelter.
-Manuel Matías Ramos: Day of sorrow in Sabucedo. To your memory, Luis.
-Javier Fernández Ferreras: YER
-Roberto de la Torre Camiña: Arm-wrestling with the wild.
-Ramón Vaamonde Vilas: Looks to the sky.
-Carlos Cazurro Burgos: Shake before use. The aloitadores' arm.
-Javier Amosa: Hand to hand.
-Fernando García Fernández: The origin of the beasts.
-Ralf Pascual: The ritual which rides.

The Jury wants to put on record that "in the rest of the works also figure pictures of great beauty and interest".

In witness thereof, as secretary of the Jury.

A Estrada, 4th September 2009.
José Naveira González.

Extracto da acta do xurado para a concesión do premio do concurso internacional de fotografía "RAPA DAS BESTAS" segundo as bases aprobadas pola xunta de goberno local do 2 de xuño de 2008

"Reunido o Xurado do II Concurso Internacional de Fotografía "Rapa das Bestas" integrado por Vari Caramés, Xulio Correa e Anxo Cabada, e levantando Acta, José Naveira González (Secretario do Concello) o 4 de setembro de 2009 na Casa do Concello, e unha vez valorados os 36 traballos presentados ao Concurso, o Xurado propón a concesión do premio ao traballo "A lenda do tempo", de D. Alfonso Durán Castillo; considera que "se trata dun traballo no que o seu autor se atreveu a escoller un momento particular da Rapa, resolvéndoo nunha serie fotográfica compacta de gran contundencia e mestría".
O Xurado realiza, para a súa inclusión na exposición e catálogo, a seguinte selección de traballos por considerar que "son series que, ou ben contan cun estilo persoal que aporta unha concreta e interesante visión da festa da Rapa, ou ben inclúen fotografías singulares de gran calidade":
-Pablo González-Cebrián, Sabucedo: Memorias de una tradición. El refugio de las bestias.
-Manuel Matías Ramos: Día de luto en Sabucedo. En tu memoria, Luis.
-Javier Fernández Ferreras:YER
-Roberto de la Torre Camiña:Un pulso ó salvaxe
- Ramón Vaamonde Vilas: Olladas ao ceo
-Carlos Cazurro Burgos: Agitar antes de usar. O abrazo dos aloitadores
-Javier Amosa: Corpo a corpo
-Fernando García Fernández: As raigañas das bestas
-Ralf Pascual: El ritual que cabalga

O Xurado desexa deixar constancia de que "no resto dos traballos presentados figuran tamén imaxes illadas de gran beleza e interese".

Dou fe, como Secretario do Xurado.

A Estrada, 4 de setembro de 2009.
José Naveira González

Verdict of the II Competition «A Rapa das Bestas»

The competition of «A Rapa das Bestas» of 2009 is consolidated as a meeting of professional photographers and amateurs. During the Rapa's days, Sabucedo becomes an authentic «photographers' reserve» and an important icon of the Galician's traditions.

The quality and the quantity level of the photographs displayed this year has increased considerably in comparison with the last year. Moreover, the different techniques and formats have contributed to raise the offer of the multiple visions generated by the rapa.
The discussions between the jury's members made difficult the final selection. They considered that the winner work kept a quality level, in its six photographs, that made it deserving of the final prize.

The chromatic shade, the movement and the plastic power of a narrative sequence of the horses' fight in the curro, made chosen the collection showed by Alfonso Durán.

Jury's members thought that there were many good odd photographs which will be worthy of figure in the catalogue, and they encourage the next participants to risk a little more in their personal vision of the rapa.

We want to demand to the organization of the rapa some limitation of the photographic work in the curro because the high number of photographers in the arena –low part of the curro- impede the realization of photographs. And also to keep the tradition's respect.

Vari Caramés, Xulio Correa e Anxo Cabada

Fallo do II Concurso "A rapa das bestas"

O concurso da "rapa das bestas" de 2009 consolídase coma un encontro de fotógrafos profesionais e afeccionados a fotografía, nos días da Rapa, Sabucedo convertese nun auténtico "coto fotográfico" e nunha grande icona das tradicións galegas.

O nivel de cantidade e calidade das fotografías presentadas este ano mellorou considerablemente os do ano pasado, así como as diferentes técnicas e formatos, contribuíron a mellorar a oferta das variadas visións que xera a rapa.
As discusións entre os membros do xurado, fixeron difícil a selección final, pero consideraron que a obra gañadora mantiña un nivel de calidade, nas seis fotografías, que a fixo acredora do premio final.

Case que unha mesma secuencia narrativa da loita cos cabalos no curro, onde o ton cromático, o movemento e a forza plástica fixeron que a colección presentada por Alfonso Durán resultase a elixida.

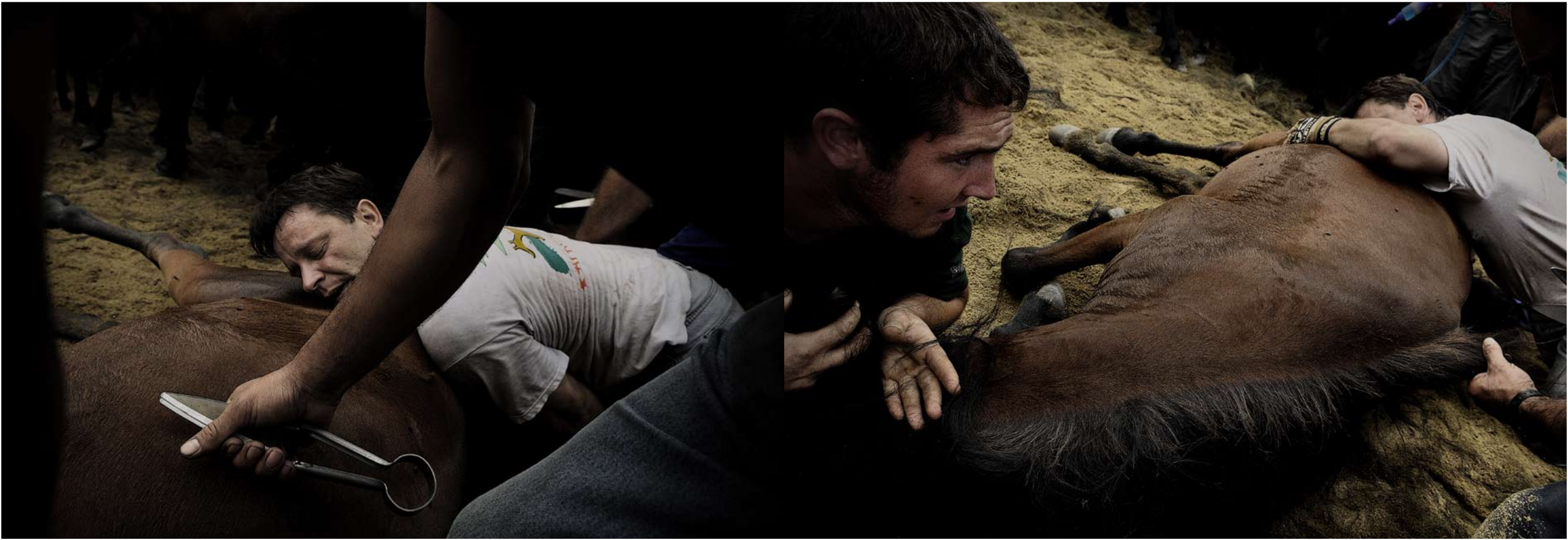
Os membros do xurado valoraron que había moi boas fotografías soltas, que serían dignas de figurar no catálogo, e instaron os próximos participantes a arriscar un pouco mais nas visións persoais da rapa.

Así como cominar a organización da Rapa a que para o traballo fotográfico no curro, limite dalgún xeito a presenza numerosa dos fotógrafos na area –parte baixa do curro- xa que impide a realización de fotografías, e tamén para manter o respecto a forza da tradición.

Vari Caramés, Xulio Correa e Anxo Cabada

“A lenda do tempo”

“The legend of the time”



As raigañas das bestas

The origin of the beasts

NIKE

YER

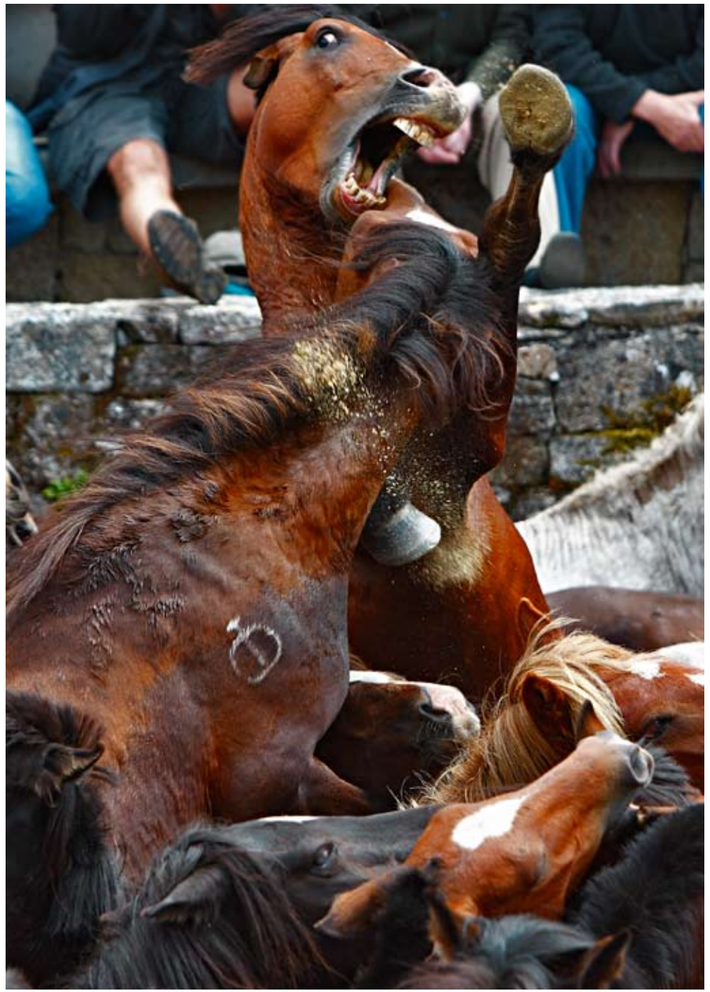
Agitar antes de usar. O abrazo dos aloitadores

Shake before use. The aloitadores' arm

SANTI
9

Día de luto en Sabucedo. En tu memoria, Luis

Day of sorrow in Sabucedo. To your memory, Luis.

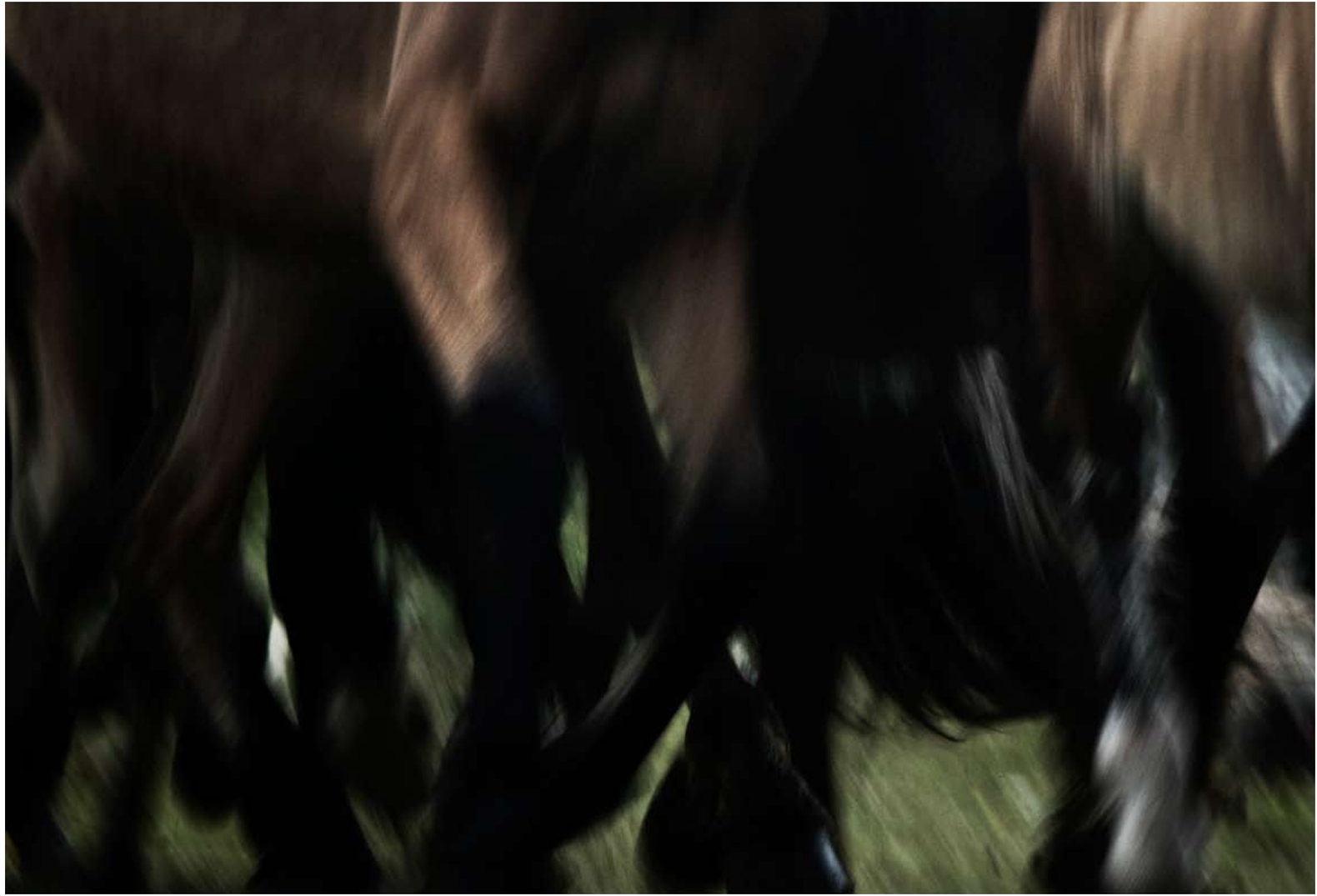


Corpo a corpo

Hand to hand

El ritual que cabalga

The ritual which rides



Olladas ao ceo

Looks to the sky

Pablo Gonzalez Cebrián

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