

AREA

A documented uchronia



A radio piece produced by

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SCRIPT – English translation

Introduction

(Voix off)

2020 the ritual did not take place

2405 the ritual did not take place

2475, 1567, -403

2021 the ritual has not yet taken place

+405, -403, the ritual has not yet taken place

2475, 1567, 1567, 2021, 2020, 1567

The ritual has not yet taken place

2025 the ritual has not taken place

The ritual has not yet taken place

2034 the ritual did not take place

2062,

2021 the ritual took place differently

Who are the beasts here and there

Amassed in a well circumscribed place surrounded by screams and fury

(Maëlle)

Podemos ir arriba

espera espera

16th century, there was the plague

Two women gave two horses to San Lorenzo to say thank you for protecting them.

Two horses went into the forest and that's how all the wild horses came to live in Galicia.

GOLD

4 billion years ago

Or - Oro

(Malva)

Serra los ojos

(Voice-over)

It's the story of an investigation, It's the story of an investigation to open up perception, reception by opening up antennas without knowing which ones of an uncertain order, one by one, of an uncertain order because it is not controlled by the one who is receiving.

(Maëlle)

Caballos

(Lùa)

There is someone with a trumpet

in his hand

A very big horse with wings and then some babies

(Maëlle)

Si muchas caballos con alas, se llaman pegasus.

(Malva)

Estaba encima de un caballo unicornio que volaba

(voice-over)

A stardust, we find it small, we call it nugget, in the deep body of the earth, buried, in the deep body of the earth like the tiniest part of the starry sky

GOLD, origin, gold as stardust,

Collision of two stars, the shock would be such that it would distort space-time.

The collision propels the equivalent of ten solid gold moons into the universe. Including a few terrestrial nuggets.

SALT
2020 Sel – sal

(Voice-over)
2020 the ritual did not take place

In a sleepy village, Sabucedo
There is always that first bird, the first to set the dawn alight
A first beak from which the day springs discreetly
It calls the other beaks to open,
A first yawn,
Water is boiling for the thermos, warmth to accompany the inhabitants of Sabucedo in the Monte
A shutter opens.

That day it had to be the Rapa
The Rapa das bestas custom in Sabucedo
They would have gathered in the church square
A tribute to San Lorenzo would have been paid to thank him for his protection against epidemics
And this moment to remember the first horses offered to the saint for this protection
Then, on the day still so young, on foot or on horseback, they would have gone to the mountain to gather all the horses.
The ritual did not take place;
Only the wind visits the mountain and the horses of the Saint Lawrence remain quiet.

About fifty years ago, most of the people who took care of the Rapa das bestas were people who worked in the area, that is to say, farmers, ... But now more and more they are people who don't work here anymore, they are in Madrid, Barcelona, him in La Coruña, ... so it takes a great effort on their part to come here every week, well every week especially in this period, but in winter at least once a month, to take into account how things are for the animals in their natural environment.

The horses, they live in families, and they are very proud to be like that. And when it comes to the festival of gathering them all together, we have to surround them to keep them, because for the Rapa festival we have to gather at least 200.

There they are in their natural state, part of the family

Hola!

You have to avoid making noise
against the wind... approaching... against the wind...

2021 The ritual took place differently

Las dos yeguas que van por allí, van por el lado detrás, pero es muy difícil de cortar el paso...

Esta solo ... espera espera... ven par alli

*Falta alguien detras
Vamos mirar
Genko sale
Parraras*

Deja la

(José)
Vamos

They have seen since they were little, with their parents, their grandparents, with their eyes they keep all the images, of course the first time there is always his father or his uncle or his godfather who explains to him how to go, on which side...
Have you never seen an aloitador? There is one that goes to the tail and two that go to the head.

A horse that can't see, he surrenders ... well, if he also feels the strength, the strength of the support, also a little bit of trickery, like making him go blind for a few seconds. One he goes to the head to prevent him from doing that, and the other he goes to the tail to destabilize him. A horse that can't see and feels that someone is holding him and that the other is destabilising him, he falls.
And there, he almost gives himself, he already gives up his resistance.

(Paolo)
El curro Antigua

(José)
We have triple, plus...
The old curro I think we could fit 500 people, and now it's 1800.
Did I show you there?

The festival as it exists today is from the end of the 16th century and everything was managed by the Church, like almost everything in Spain. And the horses belonged to the Church. One or more horses running free, there is no man who can jump on them, if it's already difficult to jump on a curro (...)
A curro is easy for the experts because there are a hundred or so animals, and between them, they squeeze each other and the space is really small.

Even if you have all the technique,

(Sheila)
Muy complicado,
impossible

(Jose)
Anyway, the most important thing is not to shave them, it's to deworm them, there's a vaccine by mouth to eliminate the little bugs that live in the intestine, but also there are *garapates*, little bugs that cling to them, ticks.
The hair, the shaving, is for the party but it doesn't bother them, it even protects them from flies, to make them go away.

Ah, the marking too. There are animals that belong to private individuals

(Sheila)
Tengo marquas

(José)

Ah she says she can show you the markings, her family always had horses in the wild.

(Sheila -> translation voice-over)

My horses, all my horses have this mark.

And when I go to the mountains I can recognise them by this mark.

(José)

And each horse family, each herd lives more or less in the same places, so it's already easier to see the herd in the wild in the mountains.

And this has always been done since a certain age. That's how it comes.

(Sheila -> translation voice-over)

Oral, oral transmission

Here there are many women who work in the mountains all year round, and this is as important as being an aloitadora.

When you have to go and fetch the horses in the mountains with ropes, the women also help.

This part of the work should also be given more visibility.

The moment of the ritual is the most visible, the most spectacular, but there is much more behind it.

Every Sunday in the mountains we do things for the herds;

There can only be one male per herd, so the others are removed.

Then we also have to put up fences, maintain them so that the horses don't come down and eat the crops in the fields

Las gente que saben son la gente que viven con ellos

FLESH

16th century, 1567

Poulpa - Chair

(Voice-over)

Somewhere in Galicia, in a stone house, covered with moss.

There are two of them, one with brown hair, many grains of it on her face, illuminated by the fire of the hearth.

The other, with the golden complexion of wheat, carefully selects the herbs for a beverage offered to the night star.

The one and the other meet

Praying to the dawn to renew itself.

The star of the sky that suckled the lord
eradicated the deadly plague
that the first parent of human had planted
May this same star stops the war
that strikes mankind with a cruel deadly plague

O glorious star of the sea, free us from the plague

That our prayers may reach the cavity of the Gods and Goddesses
To escape stupefaction.

The star of the sky that suckled the lord
extirpated the deadly plague
that the first parent of men had planted

Gods and Goddesses,
Receive this perfume.
Plants in smoke,
Plants in smoke,
desperate
to count the dead
the rotting bodies,
the bitter souls.

Receive this perfume.

San Lorenzo, Saint Lawrence, protect us from this deadly plague.
Send this message to the Emyrean Heaven.
Send this message to the Gods and Goddesses

Stump and moss, shoots and shafts, seeds of the firmament

Enlighten the human soul.

Glorious star of the sea, free us from the plague.

In gratitude, here are two mares, precious friends, kept here in the stable, ready to join the mountain in freedom, towards the mount, the mountain, to teach the centuries to come as they were guardians of past wisdoms.

(José – chanting)

Stélla caéli exstirpávit

Quae lactávit Dóminum

Mórtis péstem quam plantávit

Prímus párens hóminum.

Ipsa Stélla nunc dignétur

Sídera compéscere,

Quórum bélla plébem caédunt

Dírae mórtis úlcere.

O gloriósa Stélla máris

A péste succúre nóbis:

MOSS

25ème siècle, 2475

Mousse - Musgo

(Voice-over)

2475

Under the hooves the moss

Guardian of the memory waters

The moss a chalice

dip your lips in it and collect the salt of past centuries

dip your lips in it and open it in a new temple

Chimerical appearances in the Galician night

This gallop penetrated our bodies

We were two, they were two with contrasting colours

One as bright as the moon and the other as brilliant as freshly watered earth.

The vibration of their run informed us, each of their steps delivered a message.

The vibration reaches us again and this time... hear it.

(Lùà)

I see

I see many horses in a very large field

Open

With grass all around

Then

I see

(Anne - Telepath)

Plants, minerals, stones, with the earth, with the trees, with the clouds, with the wind.

With all that lives, all that is animated by a vibration

It is a birth baggage that we all have, that our ancestors had.

We are human beings too with all this intuitive wiring, granted at birth

We'll walk with them

We will graze with them

They are our guides, they teach us a way of life

Their doors are wide open.

Awareness of the past and the future.

Some horses are more open, can pick up on things much more at the level of a group, even the soul horse or a disaster or upcoming event for the planet.

Noise

noise scream scream

Noise scream

The first thing I felt was the heartbeat going up going up going up going up as fast as their hooves on the ground.

A disappearing energy,

the clans,
the mares calling their young.

Noise
noise scream scream
Noise scream

When I ask the horses, the spiritual dimension of the horse. I felt that there was a kind of acceptance of this ritual as if it was the price to pay for their condition of being able to live all year round more or less in a free state, they are well aware that they are spoiled, that they are a bit pampered to be in a relationship that many horses lack and to have this freedom of movement.

They know very well that every year there is this ritual where they are gathered in a group.

They made me convey that they are well aware that they are the pride of the region but they also ask that they be respected much more.

The message they wanted to convey was the importance of being recognised and thanked for this acceptance.

(Luà)
I see
There are lots of horses all stuck together,
Very stuck in a circus,
With lots of people looking at them all around.
Then, I think they are not, ... not domesticated.

This horse doesn't like to be touched, and when he puts his ears like that, it means he's angry.

(Maelle)
And if he doesn't want to, he goes *loco*

(Luà)
To talk to him you have to make noises
Then also whistle

(Maelle)
I make movements with the code

(Anne - telepath)
We believe, whether here or in other parts of the world, that we dominate the horse, but it's the horse that lets itself be dominated.
So we are under the illusion that we dominate it. It's the horse that lets itself be approached, that lets itself be put a saddle on its back, that lets itself be sheared, that lets itself be vaccinated, that lets itself be put in small pens or in boxes. Everything we do with the horse is because the horse wants it.
If you try to do that with zebras, you'll never succeed with zebras because they won't allow it.

Whether it's large pens or stalls, it also speaks of our own barriers, our inner pens, our limits, and our fears... The horse can no longer travel horizontally; there is perhaps this vertical dimension to explore. The horse can no longer travel horizontally, there is perhaps this vertical dimension to be explored, with us too, and that we can explore it with the horse, to go further in this exploration with the divine.

(Luà)

What he wants (...)

(Maelle)

Attentas

(Luà)

They are, *relajado*, patient and (...)

(Maelle)

All of them are *idénticos pero son diferentes porque los están diciendo diferentes posturas*

(Anne - telepath)

The horse has an ancestral knowledge of our humanity;

The horse knows us much more than we know ourselves.

They really want us to go into another relationship with them and make us evolve spiritually too.

IRON

Some 800 years BC

Hierro – Fer

(Voice off)

According to legend, putting an horseshoe over a door would prevent the devil from entering.

(L'ua)

Era un señor que ponía herraduras.

Y un día, Y un día,

Llego un señor allí y digo.

Puedes poner herraduras a mis pies que me duele mucho me duelo mucho.

Y digo : Pero no es un human no puedo ponerte herraduras.

Y vi sus pies – ah! El demonio

Entonces ... digo... vale

Va a la paredes Y ponértelas

Y el demonio digo que parara parara.

El señor digo, paro pero no vuelva hacer daño a ninguna casa que tiene un herradura.

(Sète – le maréchal ferrant)

Suave

Eso es.

(Voix off)

Unravel

An opportunity to unravel, an opportunity to unravel,

To get out of the shackles

Travel

Credits

(Maëlle)
And this is the end
Yes the end

Què es area ?

(Luà)
Sand en Galician means Area

(credits)