



camargue

photography by Susana Paiva

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up, as snakes, the strings in the fence, that is why to tame is not the verb of their condition, that is why the horsemen don't seem to want to break their original bond to the earth, that's why the saddles don't accomplish their function of oppressing, at the most their function of serving. For the bull, its forever brother, freedom has the size of a circle - arena where, in close countries, its blood is crowned in colourful parties and suffering -, to Camargue, freedom is a line and it is known by the bottomless distance of the look.

Text by Pedro Teixeira Neves





requested by Julius Cesar' larger adventures (and of wider theatres). But if the moth and the verve of the beautiful animal didn't resist to the silence walls that usually come down on the white pages - like an eagle on the prey, or the bull on its opponent -, the truth is that close to the glide and wet lands of Camargue, the whistle of their skulls continues to echo while drum of its freedom thrill. Because its pant its there since the birth of times, because its odour is what covers the landscape skin, because its glance stays there beyond the being itself.

Over there, there is a small horse, in the cutting of the wood (where on top the afternoon is drawn in good-bye tones), that seems to play with the clouds, disputing them geometries in the air in fantasy blows and illusion while, in the pictures aside, the oldest, the progenitors, lend the posture and the grace, the robustness and the pride, to the men that know them and love them in such a way that they don't love nor even know their own wives. Maybe because they respect them, because they worship them, or simply because they fear their strangely docile and wild look, that peculiar way of looking, empty and distant, secret and far away, present and absent, coming from places and times to which men can only get to in dreams. That is surely why they rest the harness in the cold of the wall, why they roll

There is a small horse...

The book cover, in boards, as I remember, was coloured (water-colour or pencil?), just as the colours of childhood dreams. The blue very blue, liquid and first, of a sky without horizons, swept the plains of a green shine where adventures without reins spilled out. Like this: in a gallop without brake, according to the untameable wind manes. Then, the orange sweaters and the smiles in the croup, the hands in a fear hug and anguish to the white and strong neck, beautifully muscled, and the emotions crossing, in a wide step, paso doble one would say, the plateaus of the Rhone Delta's. It was like this for years, growing, line to line, paragraph to paragraph, in a race of endless adventures, without limits and without borders, where the simple, strong and beautiful Crin Blanc took a whole generation. René Guillot was the horseman of the word, the cowboy at the service of the pleased adventure, the small and angry Crin Blanc the interpreter and protagonist of the adventure. This was how, in an untameable thirst for reading, I met the small and wilful Camargue.

Today, I don't know if there will still be children that let themselves be carried away by the writer's imagination, I don't know if they will know or, at least, if they have ever heard of the small white horse formerly also



















