

Històries i Llocs

Idensitat07
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Històries i Llocs

A project by Sans façó for
Idensitat i Priorat Centre d'Art



Our project for Idensitat 07 is focused on the relation between the personal stories and the evolving identity of this region. By collecting and sharing a mix of memories, stories and contemporary everyday events we intend to evoke the unique character of Priorat and the presence of people in this landscape. These personal anecdotes and stories will be in direct relation with the specific landscape of the area and assist in presenting Priorat as a place where the landscape is intrinsiquely part of the identity, sitting between modern and tradition,

The project is intended as a statement about what it is to live in Priorat today. However minute these memories and experiences are, they give depth to the territory and make the place more than physical spaces, they constitute an essential role in building a community and an identity.

Whilst a limited number of people visit Priorat - it is still on the edge of the major tourist path- or indeed know exactly where it is, they may well know of its world class wine. It is impossible to talk about Priorat's sense of place without touching on wines.

The wine production is perhaps the strongest driver for the economic change of the region and is therefore deeply implicated within the changes and image of the comarca.

It is our hope that a selection of the stories collected will be shared through the wine distribution and consumption system. By working with the cellars in the region these personal stories of Priorat could be integrated or added to the wine labels and therefore spread and shared widely. The project is an expression of a social landscape, distributed around the world to sit at the dinner table with a local family or in a restaurant in Japan or New York, to be consumed the

same year or to sit in the cellar for years, forever connected with that moment in time, offering a greater understanding of that specific place. The stories become another way of expressing and recalling this distinctive place, like the wine expresses profoundly the terroir.





“Recordo de quan era xiquet que solíem jugar en els munts de brisa que restaven del premsatge del raïm. L’olor era forta i dolça, però lliscava i punxava com l’arena. Als meus pares no els agradava.”

“I remember as kids we used to play in the piles of pomace left over after pressing the grapes. It had a strong, sweet smell, but was as slippery and gritty as sand. My parents didn’t like it.”

“Hi ha una figuera vella, centenària, al darrere del patí de l’escola. Allí vam construir una cabana. És el nostre lloc preferit per jugar, després de la pista de futbol.”

“There’s a centuries-old fig tree at the back of the school playground where we’ve built a hut. It’s our favourite place to play, after the football pitch.”

“Recordo com era d’important la festa major per a tots els pobles. Era l’atracció principal i el moment per conèixer gent, sobretot les noies d’altres pobles. Tot l’any que les esperàvem.”

“I remember how important the local fiestas were for each town. It was the highlight of the year and a chance to meet people, especially girls from other towns and villages. We spent the whole year waiting for them.”

“Una història explica que al llarg d’un any no hi va haver prou aigua per barrejar el morter de calç i que, en substitució, van fer servir el vi per a la construcció de les cases. D’aquí ve el color rogenc d’alguns dels pobles.”

“Molta gent va marxar del Priorat. En un poble com aquest era habitual que hi hagués un poeta, una companyia de teatre i una orquestra local. Ara només hi viuen 250 persones, tot i que la població està augmentant de nou.”

“The story goes that one year there wasn’t enough water to mix the building mortar for the houses, so they had to use wine instead. Hence the reddish colour of some of the villages.”

“Many people left the Priorat. In a village like this, there would have been a poet, a theatre company and a local band. Now only 250 people live here, although numbers are going up again.”

“Quan anem amb bicicleta cap al Molar, el pròxim poble, a vegades prenem raïm d’alguna vinya o alguna mangrana d’algun tros. Però els pinyons són massa entretinguts, prefereixo demanar a mons pares que els obrin per a mi.”

“When we cycle towards El Molar, the neighbouring village, we sometimes take some grapes or the odd pomegranate. But the seeds are awkward, so I ask my parents to get them out for me.”

“Després de la fil·loxera no hi havia prou feina i les dones van haver d’anar a treballar a algunes cases de Barcelona. D’allà van portar receptes i, així, actualment la cuina és una mescla de les receptes rurals i les urbanes.”

“After the phylloxera epidemic there wasn’t enough work and the women had to go and find work in houses in Barcelona. They brought back recipes with them, so now the cooking here is a mixture of country and city recipes.”

“Després de la fil·loxera es varen abandonar vastes extensions de vinyes. Encara es poden trobar algunes parres velles entre les garrigues i al bosc.”

“Vaig marxar a treballar deu anys a Barcelona perquè aquí no hi havia res en aquell temps. Una nova generació torna al Priorat per conrear de nou les vinyes dels seus avis.”

“After the phylloxera epidemic vast tracts of vineyards were abandoned. You can still find the old vines in the scrubland and the woods.”

“I went to work in Barcelona for ten years because there was nothing here. Now a new generation has come back to the Priorat to cultivate their grandparents' vines.”

“Abans de la fil·loxera les vinyes arribaven fins als cims de les muntanyes. Practico sendrisme i ho he pogut comprovar: està ple de terrasses, “màrgens” que diem nosaltres. Fa goig de veure com s’ha conservat.”

“Before the phylloxera epidemic the vines reached as far as the mountain tops. I go walking and I’ve seen that the land is full of terraces, or màrgens as we call them. It’s great to see the way they’ve been conserved.”

“Ara es queixen que vermar és complicat, però jo recordo quan ens aixecàvem de matinada, a les fosques, i a peu o amb carros marxàvem fins al tros, on fèiem foc i esperàvem que es fes de dia per poder treballar. Mai no he entès que s’hagués de matinar tant.”

“People complain now that winemaking is complicated, but I can remember when we had to get up at the crack of dawn, when it was still dark, and go on foot or by cart to the vineyards, where we made a fire and waited for it to get light so we could start work. I never understood why we had to get up so early.”

“A l’escola jugàvem a ser reis i reines i prínceps i princeses. El motiu era que s’hi conservaven les restes de l’antic castell. Recordo que a la part del darrere hi havia unes escales amb marques de ferradura. Nosaltres dèiem que per allí entraven els reis amb els seus cavalls.”

“At school we used to play at being kings and queens and princes and princesses, since there were the ruins of the old castle. I remember that round the back there were some steps with horseshoe marks on them. We used to say that was where the kings came in on their horses.”

“El primer alcalde del poble va anar fins a Madrid amb una mula carregada per demanar la independència. Els Guiamets formava part del terme de Tivissa i, actualment, al davant de l’església, la Plaça de la Independència commemora que la varem obtenir.”

“The first mayor of the town went to Madrid on a packhorse to ask for independence. Els Guiamets formed part of the Tivissa municipality and the Plaça de la Independència, in front of the church, celebrates the fact that we won our independence.”

“L’any 1808, els camperols de Falset es van posar tots camises blanques, per confondre en un matí de boira els francesos que s’enfrontaven al poble. Des d’aquell dia, cada 17 de gener ens vestim d’època amb camises blanques i fem una ruta amb carro. És la festa més popular del meu poble.”

“Quan el castell de Falset estava en runes hi anàvem a jugar. Allà ens trobàvem amb túnels, que antigament comunicaven amb l’ajuntament i la presó, així com restes d’ossos, possiblement de presoners. Amb la restauració, ara el castell sembla una fàbrica, qualsevol altra cosa abans que un castell.”

“One foggy morning in 1808, the farmers of Falset all put on white shirts to confuse the attacking French. Since then every 17 January we put on period dress with white shirts and go round in carts. It’s the most popular fiesta in my town.”

“When Falset castle was still in ruins we used to go and play there. There were tunnels that used to go to the town hall and the gaol, and we found bones, possibly from the prisoners. Following the restoration, the castle now looks more like a factory than a castle.”

“L’any 1956, la nit de la Candelera, va fer una gelada que va matar totes les oliveres del terme. Durant la resta d’hivern el meu avi, el meu pare i un jornalero les arrancaven per tornar-les a plantar, ja que les rabasses eren vives. Avui en dia encara hi collim olives.”

“On Candlemas night in 1956 there was a terrible frost that killed all the olive trees in the area. My father, grandfather and a journeyman spent the rest of the winter pulling them up to replant them, since the stumps were still alive. We are still picking olives from them today.”

“Una cosa que m’agradava molt és quan anàvem al tros: els camins estaven plens de gent i fèiem petar la xerrada, fins que cadascú arribava al seu. El nostre tros era molt costerut i per vermar s’havia de fer a bast, amb una somera pujant i baixant pel coster.”

“I used to really like going to the vineyards: the tracks were full of people and we’d all chat on the way to our land. Our plot was on a steep slope, so picking the grapes meant constantly going up and down.”

“Els meus avis compraven la verema a diferents propietaris i la transportaven amb mules carregades de botes de pell, per camins rurals fins arribar a la Seu d’Urgell. Allí la recollien viticultors francesos, que reforçaven els seus vins amb els d’aquesta terra, perquè tenen més graduació i color.”

“My grandparents bought the grape crop from different landowners and transported it with packhorses along country tracks to La Seu d’Urgell. There it was collected by French winemakers, who would fortify their wine with wine from here, which is stronger and richer in colour.”

“A l’època de la verema tot el poble era una festa. Hi havia missa a primera hora i tot el dia la gent anava amunt i avall del camp. Però jo em sentia sola perquè la meva família no tenia finques. Tan aviat com vaig poder em vaig llogar per poder participar-hi.”

“The whole village was a fiesta when it came to grape-picking time. There was mass first thing in the morning and people spent all day going to and from the fields. But I felt a bit lonely because my family didn’t have any property. I rented a place as soon as I could so I could take part.”

“Un matí el campanar no sonava, s’havia aturat a les dotze de la nit. Sense el so de les campanes es podia apreciar molt millor la tranquil·litat del poble. Però desgraciadament des del matí següent el campanar ha tornat a repicar.”

“One morning the church bell didn’t ring; it had stopped at midnight. Without the chimes, the most amazing silence hung over the village. Unfortunately, the bell started clanging again the following morning.”

“En l’anomenada “cova del rector” és on es varen refugiar els habitants de Pradell en l’última guerra d’Espanya. Amb ells es varen emportar les campanes del poble perquè els invasors no se les enduguessin. Per sort allí no els van descobrir mai.”

“The inhabitants took refuge in the Parson’s Cave during the last Spanish war. They took the church bells with them lest the invaders should seize them. Luckily, they were never discovered.”

“Quan era petit vaig preguntar a la meua àvia que com és que tots els falsetans tenen odi als de Marçà. Ella em va respondre que no ho sabia, però que cap a l’any 1600 els habitants dels dos pobles ja es trobaven en una finca d’entremig per a pegar-se.”

“When I was younger I asked my grandmother why people from Falsset hated people from Marçà. She said she didn’t know why, but that even back in 1600 the inhabitants of the two towns were already at each other’s throats.”

“L’atractiu del Priorat és el paisatge, els llocs on pots estar tranquil i no et molesta res. Però també té les seves coses dolentes: l’avorriment i que sempre fas el mateix. Sé que del poble marxaré, a estudiar o a viure, però sempre el tindrè present perquè hi hauré passat 17 anys.”

“The main appeal of the Priorat is the countryside, the places where you can relax without anything bothering you. But it has its drawbacks too: boredom and the fact you’re always doing the same thing. I know I’ll leave the village and study or live elsewhere, but I’ll never forget the 17 years I’ve have spent here.”

“Es deia que els templers sortien a les nits de Tots Sants amb els seus cavalls. La gent explicava atemorida que te’ls podies trobar per la muntanya, que podies sentir el retrò dels seus cavalls a les roques del Montsant.”

“Hi havia una vegada, al Montsant, un pastor que després d’haver dinat s’estirava davall del seu arbre preferit i feia la becaina. Un dia va veure una escala que pujava cap al cel, on hi havia uns àngels tocant trompetes: és l’origen de la Cartoixa de Scala Dei.”

“People used to say that on All Saints Night the Knights Templar would ride out on their horses: you could find them on the mountain and hear their horses’ hooves echoing on the stones of Montsant.”

“After lunch, a shepherd on Montsant would stretch out under his favourite tree to have a nap. One day he saw some stairs leading up to heaven, where some angels were playing trumpets: this is the origin of the Cartoixa de Scala Dei.”

“Des que les tropes de Felip V varen retirar les armes als catalans, els llops proliferaren al Priorat. Mataven ramats sencers i van fer danys nombrosos. Fins i tot van anar als pobles a ple dia i van atacar directament a les persones.”

“After Phillip IV’s troops disarmed the Catalans, the wolf population in the Priorat exploded. They killed entire flocks and caused a lot of damage. There were even occasions when they went into the villages in broad daylight and attacked people directly.”

“Quan la meva padrina era petita va caure una gran nevada. Per fer-li una broma un home li va dir que la neu torrada amb el vi era deliciosa. D’aquí que va començar a fer boles de neu i les ruixava amb el vi, fins que va deixar la llar de foc feta una piscina.”

“Once when my godmother was young, it snowed very heavily. As a joke a man told her that toasted snow with wine was simply delicious. So she started to make snowballs sprinkled with wine – until the fireplace looked like a swimming pool.”

“Durant la Guerra Civil al Senyor Antonio el van destinar com a soldat a Ulldemolins. Ell era de Barcelona, però li va agradar tant el poble que l’any 1965 hi va començar a estiuejar amb la família, fins que quan es va jubilar hi va venir a viure.”

“During the Civil War, Antonio was sent to fight in Ulldemolins. He was from Barcelona, but he liked the village so much that in 1965 he started to spend his summers there with his family and when he retired he came to live there.”

“A la casa de pagès on el meu avi treballava va néixer una nena que li van dir Filomena. Li van encomanar que anés aquella mateixa nit fins a la Vilella Baixa a comunicar la bona nova als avis paterns. A cavall d’una euga es va repetir el nom de la nena tota la nit. No cal dir que el viatge se li va fer etern.”

“A girl was born in the house where my grandfather worked and she was named Filomena. That very night he had to go to Vilella Baixa on horseback to tell the paternal grandparents the good news. He repeated the girl's name over and over again all night long and, needless to say, the journey took forever.”

“Un dia la meva mare em va portar al celler perquè la veiés treballar. Però em va perdre de vista i jo vaig caure en una bota plena de vi. Sols us voldria advertir que podria ser que aquest sigui el vi en que vaig caure!”

“One day my mother took me to the wine cellar to see her at work. But she took her eyes off me and I fell into a container full of wine. I just wanted to warn you that this could be the wine I fell into!”



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La realització d'aquest projecte ha estat possible gràcies a la col·laboració d'entitats locals i centres educatius de la comarca:

Consell Regulador de la DO Montsant ; Esplai de la gent gran de Falset, Biblioteca Salvador Estrem i Fa, Centre de Formació Ocupacional (Falset), Centre de Recursos de Cornudella de Montsant, IES Priorat (Falset), SES Montsant (Cornudella de Montsant), CEIP Dr. Piñol i Aguadé (Cornudella de Montsant), CEIP Sant Isidre (Capçanes), CEIP Sant Feliu (Els Guiamets), CEIP Josep Riba (La Serra d'Almos), CEIP Onze de Setembre (Masroig), CEIP Rossend Giol (Porrera), CEIP Montsant (Ulldemolins), CEIP Garbí (Poboleda), CEIP El Castell (Cabacés), CEIP Montsant (La Bisbal de Falset).

