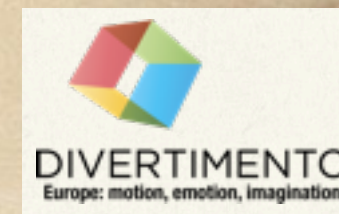


EUROTHENTICA

Spain Mazaricos

COS-TOUR - 699493 DIVERTIMENTO

**Diversifying tourism offers in peripheral destinations with heritage-based products
and services, stakeholder-skills alliances to internationalize
locally operating micro-enterprises**



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Spain Mazaricos

The inner journey on the Santiago Way

ISBN: 9788890859250

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Following the COE tradition for the European Cultural Routes, DIVERTIMENTO innovates not through the assemblage of geo-locations across a line, but with an integrative experience at each location. By defining the places as the great imperative a scenario full of objects is created for each place represented, enabling visitors to select desired objects in the locations of interest with a total of 70 different heritage objects unified as a pluralistic experiences in the Project Area. Capturing realism and providing for emotional impact creating bridges between areas interpreted and visitors the Transnational Cultural Route EUROTHENTICA becomes an interactive learning space, revealing common values and cultural diversity in the Project Area, raising the awareness of policy makers and the general public for the values and fragility of European natural ecosystems and cultural diversity.

GREECE

*THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.
Dress Rehearsal: Rhodes, 1306-1522.*

ITALY

*LOOKING FOR MYTHS
Frederick II Hohenstaufen: Governance as Culture*

SPAIN

*SPAIN MAZARICOS
The inner journey on the Santiago Way*

SLOVENIA

*THE LAST CONSPIRACY
The Plot of Fate in Castle Race, 1668*

ROMANIA

*THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT
Alba Julia, 1st of December 1918.*

BULGARIA

*THE GOLDEN ANCHOR.
Varna, 1869*

TURKEY

*CONNECTING CULTURES
A truly Eurasian Story.*

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Mazaricos!

**Placed on the northwest of Galicia in Spain
Mazaricos extends over a territory of 192
km² allocated to 12 parishes. The Santiago
way enters in Mazaricos at the location of
Maroñas and then passes through the
parishes of Vaos, Mazaricos, Corzón and
Ponteolveira.**



Welcome to Mazaricos!

Placed on the northwest of Galicia in Spain Mazaricos extends over a territory of 192 km² allocated to 12 parishes. The Santiago way enters in Mazaricos at the location of Maroñas and then passes through the parishes of Vaos, Mazaricos, Corzón and Ponteolveira. Mazaricos is very diverse with markedly contrasting and stunning landscapes: mountains and valleys, wild spaces, farmland, thick forests, open grasslands, solid and isolated villages, winding watercourses and roads that bring us closer to all of the horizons. The Mounts Aro, Pedroso, Ruña and Pindo make a combination between mountains and valleys where the rivers Xallas, Beba, Arcos, Maroñas and Santabaia run. A Picota is the capital of the region. Paths, rivers, bridges, heritage, landscapes and warm people are the elements the visitors will find in Mazaricos.



SPAIN MAZARICOS





This film is part of "Il Pane Le Ali e la Spada" directed by Aldo Di Russo. Courtesy of Unicity

SECTION 1

AS MAROÑAS

I am a modern pilgrim accomplishing an inner journey on the Santiago way. I am walking towards the Finisterrae, the end of my pilgrimage. I entered Mazaricos through a peaceful landscape living an intense personal experience. I am close to the end of my journey now, as beyond Finisterrae, is the sea of the dead...



As Maroñas



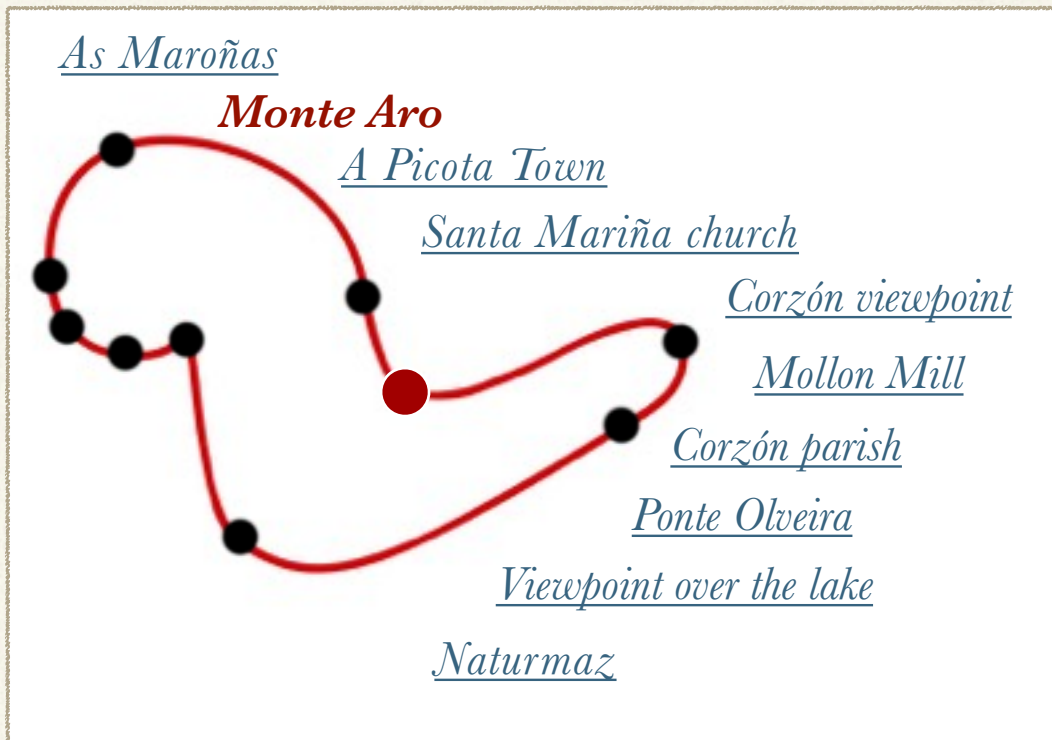
As Maroñas is a parish located in the east of Mazaricos. As Maroñas is the entry point of the Santiago Way in Mazaricos, north-west of Galicia. The old home recorded with the scallops of Santiago dates back to the year 1562. It is surely one of the oldest constructions along the Pilgrim Route.

Passing through the different parishes Maroñas, Vaos, Mazaricos and Corzón I have encountered many different emotions. The markedly contrasting and stunning landscapes of Mazaricos connected my soul with mountains, valleys, wild spaces, farmland, thick forests, open grasslands, solid and isolated villages, winding watercourses and roads that brought me closer to all of the horizons.

I talked to the locals always willing to help. I met other pilgrims; we talked about the emotions, feelings, missing, and the finding of ourselves. Our journey is rich in self-discovery and colorful in emotions.

The night has arrived and I am reflecting on what I have been told about the place. All that is short compared to what I have lived and experienced here so far. As the light is falling down I am dreaming of tomorrow.





Our ancestors lived in small primitive villages between the 9th century BC and the 3rd century AD. These constructions were principally located in high places and were made up of a varying number of defensive walls that protected their homes, which normally had a circular structure, inside the walls. The fortified settlement of Monte Aro is located inside the highest mountain of Mazaricos: from there, we can see A Picota, the capital of the region; Mount Ruña, the second largest mountain in the municipality; Encoro da Fervenza and the adventure sport complex Naturmaz.

MONTE ARO

It's 07:00 in the morning. My daylight breakfast experience starts: "Organic food?" I asked. The hotel owner, a returned emigrant from Germany smiled, "Organic?" he fired back imitating the Nespresso ad. You are in the rural area of Mazaricos! Our fruit trees, our cows, our eggs, our vegetables, what else?



Another sunny day with high expectations to discover the fortified settlements of Monte Aro is on my list of to do. I have been told that their ancestors lived in small primitive villages in between the 9th century BC and the 3rd century AD. Throughout this long period, these constructions continued to evolve as defensive structures. They were principally located in high places, made up of a varying number of defensive walls that protected their homes with a circular structure, inside the walls.

I start my journey towards the fortified settlement of Monte Aro located inside the highest mountain in this municipality. I think twice to climb it but it is my journey and I have to experience the pain and gain to see what others saw centuries ago.

After a 45 minutes' walk, I arrive, breathless, at the most rewarding scenery in the territory of Mazaricos: from here, I can see A Picota, the capital of the region, where I am staying; Mount Ruña, the second largest mountain in the municipality; Encoro, the water press; da Fervenza and the adventure sport complex Naturmaz.

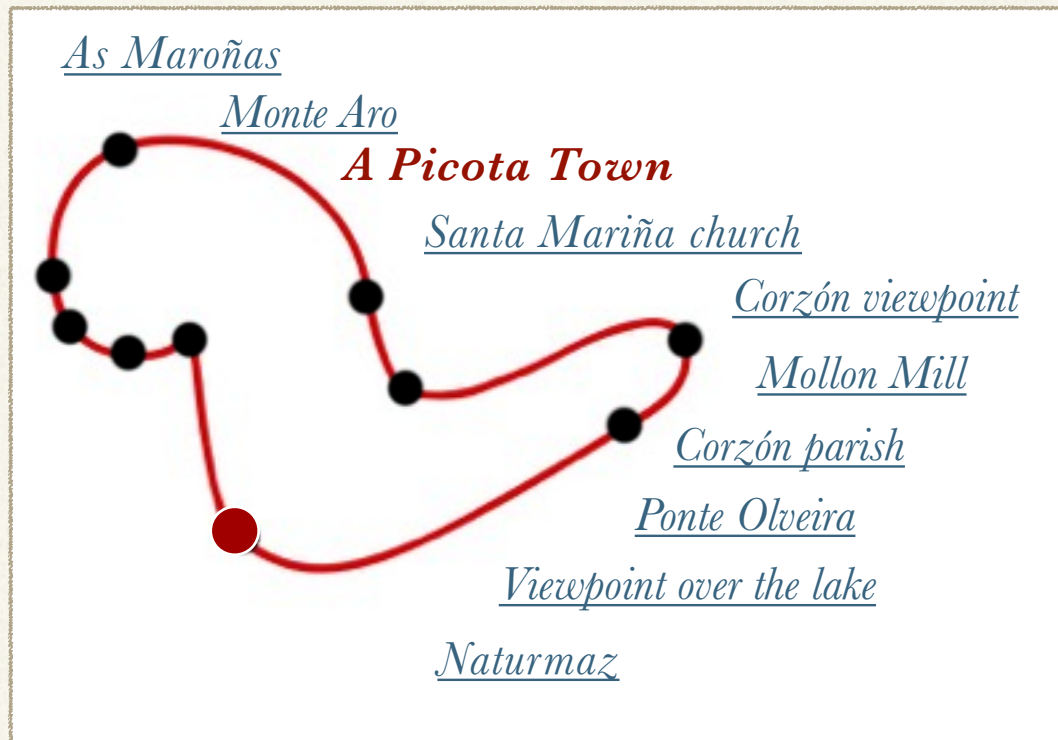
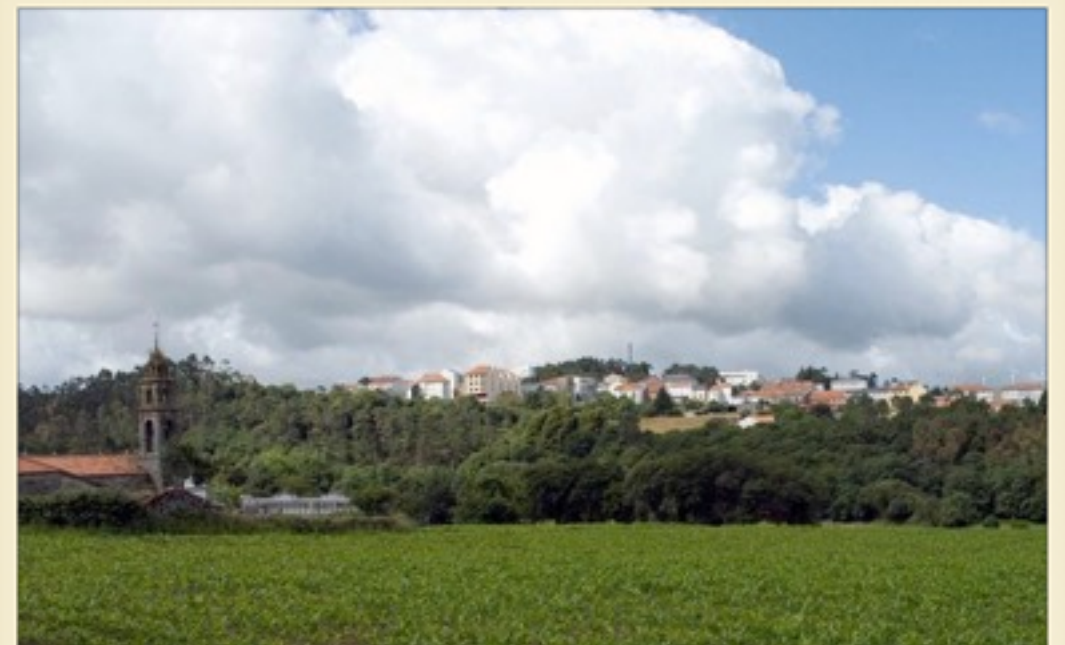
I feel powerful, as nothing can be hidden from my eyes, and only now I start to understand the why of this journey. But there is more to feel and enjoy. The river known as Rego de Lago runs on the settlement's east side. The water is cold, clean and flowing. I ask myself if this is a river of life...



A PICOTA

A PICOTA

I want to know more about this town that was created in the last century. I need to ask the locals. People are passing by; the taxi booth is giving services to pilgrims, who are too tired to carry on their backpack. “Shall I take yours to the next point on the way?” the young man kindly asked me. “Not yet”, I replied. “Today is the day of the bi-weekly fair; I can't miss seeing the



A Picota was created at the end of the twenties in the last century, next to an important connection route, such as the road that joins Outes with Dumbría. Its centrally-located geographic position and the carrying out of a bi-weekly fair, which is still held today, were all key elements for developing and subsequently setting it up as the capital of the Municipality of Mazaricos. A Picota has been used as capital since 1960, although 1992 is the year that it was officially announced as the capital. Previously, the capital of the Municipality was located in Atan, one kilometre away from A Picota.

locals in action.” Now I start to picture why the fair is a key element to bringing people together. But not always was A Picota the capital. The locals mentioned Atan, one km away from where I am, but it is not in my journey.

Suddenly I realize that I am at the center of the town life. I close my eyes; I listen to the sounds, the horses, the cows, the dogs, and the people offering their products. I hear the bells, a church announcing... Or is it giving the time? I must follow the bells! Now I see it: San Juan of Mazaricos, an early 16th century church in Baroque style with tower and altar.

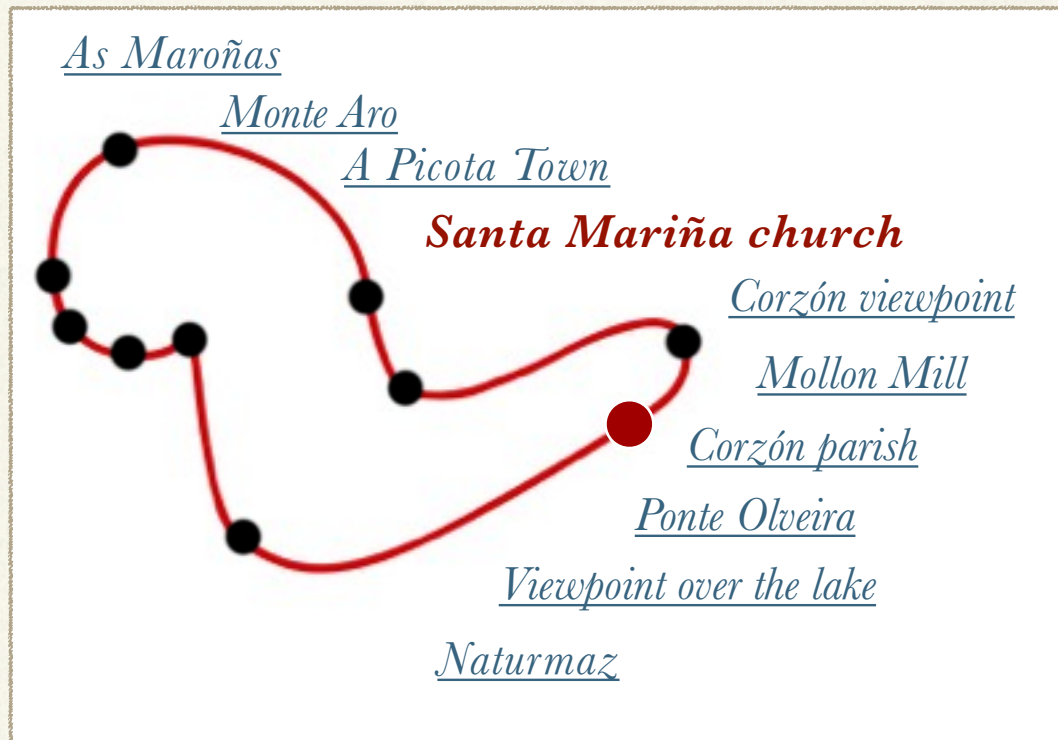
“Have you seen the public place for washing clothes?” asked a girl in perfect English. “No. But please take me there!” She adds “My grandmother used to wash the family clothes there”.

In the horizon wind turbines convey a sense of modernity...



SANTA MARIÑA CHURCH

After my experience with San Juan of Mazaricos, I am inspired to explore the iconography of life and death around the walls of Santa Mariña. I want to know whom they glorify, what are the



Built in 13th century, Santa Mariña, has a single nave covered by a barrel vault that was built later, possibly in the 18th century. A circular hollow is over the apse, although it lost its original Romanesque configuration. The modillions under the cornice, decorated with animal representations and geometric motifs, protrude from the original construction. Special mention must be made to the Baroque altarpiece, which combines archaic elements, such as spiralled columns and the pillars, with very innovative small stone decorations.





connections with history, how it can enlighten me as I am hungry for new knowledge.

I returned to the hotel as quickly as I could and asked the young man at the reception to provide me with a map with the key churches on my path. He confirmed that I should go first to Santa Mariña. He offers me to sit down and have a tea, (he already knows that I don't drink coffee) while he is telling me the story. I am fascinated with pure ethnography, the time stops as I am enjoying the details. My mind and soul are open for new stories, I take notes. "This is what you need to know" he said with a sort of a teacher approach. "The patron saint of the parish church is Santa Mariña, a Galician martyr, killed during the first years of Christianity. The cattle breeders pray to the Saint that the cows get pregnant and give birth well, a tradition connected to the fact that

Mazaricos has one of the most important cattle livestock in Galicia. That is why on the 18th of July, the day of the Saint's festivity, in all Mazaricos you will hear the bursting of bombs and fireworks in her honor.





CORZON VIEWPOINT

I write words and words are expressing meanings, am I doing myself enough inner listening to understand my pilgrimage. I go back to the way, or shall I say my path, my journey. I go back to watch the landscape from a different perspective. I need new answers to the feelings, to the emotions, to my deep encounter.

From this spot, it is possible to gaze upon a set of panoramic views that are quite indicative of the region's scenic beauty. From right to left we can see the places Vilar de Corzón, A Picota (capital of the municipality), Lugarnovo, Sanfoga, Ponteolveira and Busto. To the south, at the outer edge of the horizon, we have Mount Aro, another of the points of interest on the path. The foot of the mountain is home to the valley watered by the River Mazaricos, which is where the parish of the same name is located together with that of Corzón.



I say goodbye to my hotel owner, he hugs me, one day a new encounter, who knows. Memories, loneliness, calmness, questioning, flowing, and endless views like as if I could watch my thoughts flying over the places like Vilar de Corzón, Lugarnovo, Sanfoga, Ponteolveira and Busto.

To the west in the foreground, I can see the junction of the Rivers Mazaricos and Xallas, which is surrounded by masses of willows, alders, meadows and croplands. In the distance, encircled by the Ruña Mountains, there is the valley formed by the River Beba. On the east, the Fervenza dam, a huge mass of water that is similar to an inland river. The bank of the river is home to the sport complex NATURMAZ, which takes advantage of the conditions of the area offering a complete schedule of sport and leisure activities all year round.

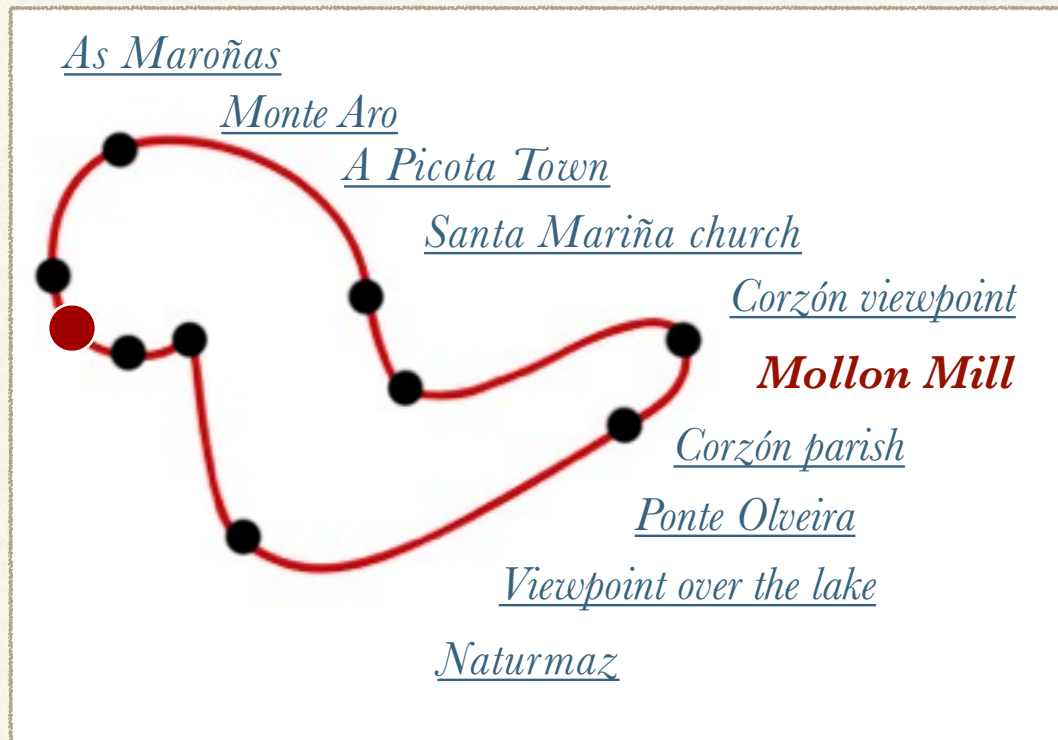
I am heading towards the rivers where life flows with an extraordinary strength. I find the junction of the Rivers Mazaricos and Xallas, which is surrounded by masses of willows, alders, meadows and croplands. In the distance I see, encircled by the Ruña Mountains, the valley formed by the River Beba. At the Fervenza dam, a huge mass of water is building an inland river. I close my eyes and practice mindfulness, the river gives me the music, I feel the intensity of life.



MOLLON MILL

Looking at the wind turbines polluting the landscape and creating noise, I can't help to feel nostalgic for the picturesque watermill and his eternal companion, the rolling water. The excitement of a new challenge to find them, which way to go, shall I ask the locals or shall I become an explorer?

I take my map as I have a hunch. I am not googling, I am reading the map. I am listening to the river, following the water



The Mollón Mill is a communal mill. The alternation between different owners when milling was established by a system of “pieces” that equalled 12 hours of use each. Distribution normally took place on a weekly basis. Each mill had 14 weekly pieces and the turns were given so that each user had a similar proportion of day hours and of night hours.



path. Suddenly the mill appears before my eyes. The mill is fed by the flow of the River Mazaricos through a stone canal. The water was returned to the river once its power had been used.

I read the panel it says:

“The mills were very simple constructions that consisted of one square or rectangular floor. They have two storeys: the bottom floor, known as “inferno”, is where the “reducio” and the channel in which the water enters are located. The upper floor was an area used for milling. Here you will find the two milling stones: the upper one, “a moa”, turns over the lower one, “o pé”. Both are connected in the middle by a stick to the “reducio”; when the “reducio” moves as a result of the power of the water, the upper stone moves and thus mills the



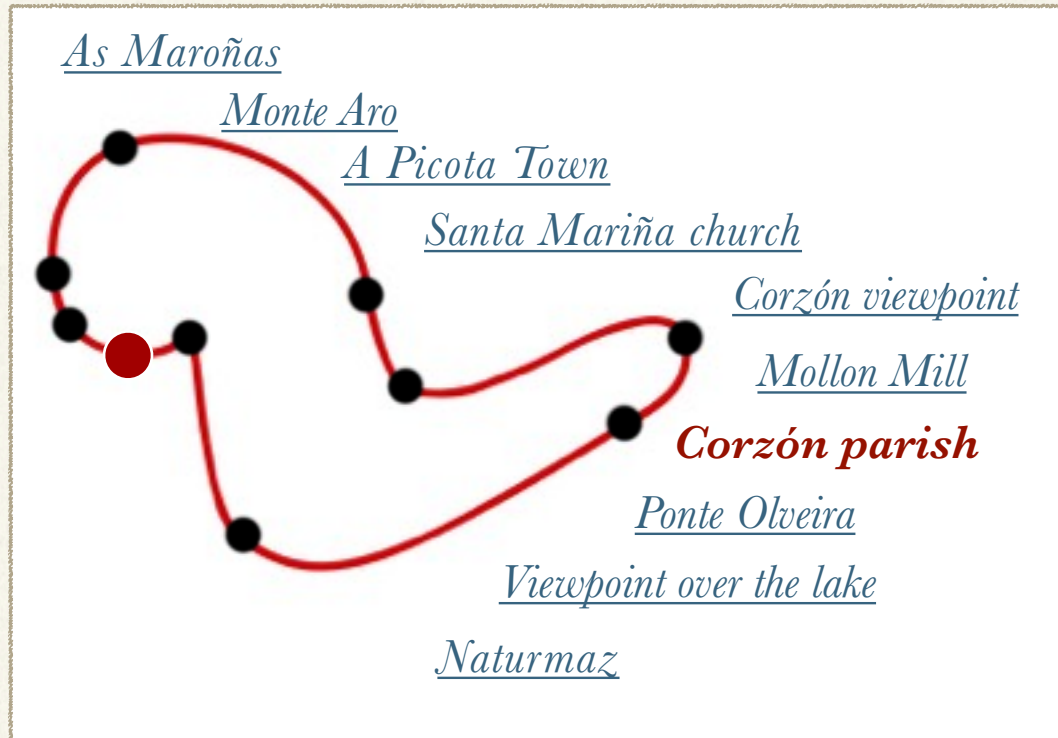
grains. The roof of the Muiño de Mollón mill is made out of stone, although it is also common to find roofs covered with tiles.”

I wish I could read my life's panel.....



CORZÓN PARISH

Following the river, I found myself in a bridge, shall I cross it?
Looking ahead there is a parish, the sign reads: “San Cristobal de Corzón”.



The parish of San Cristobal de Corzón is located at the foot of the highest mountain of the parish and opens towards the expansive views of the valley formed by the River Val and by the River Mazaricos before flowing into the River Xallas.

The church, is a Romanesque construction with some additions and reforms in later periods. It has a main chapel that is covered with a barrel vault and stonework. There is a large round triumphal arch that rests upon semi-columns and is open toward the temple. The exterior is typical of traditional rural Romanesque constructions: there is no decoration on the facade, it is rather short, there are high-quality stonework pieces and the layout of masses greatly contrasts with the empty spaces.

In the churchyard, the belfry has a simple structure made up of two openings that are composed of two round arches crowned with a significant overhang. It appears outside of the church, which is rather unusual for that time. The compound is completed with a simple Calvary and the priest's home, which has a considerable size and was carefully built.

The church is closed, but an old lady who lives close by keeps the keys and offers to open it. The covering of the nave is wood and has a high choir at the base. May be the old lady has a fascinating story? No, she doesn't, but the church is

gorgeous with its three altarpieces. Two altarpieces are Baroque in style, from the 18th century. The main altarpiece is neoclassical, from beginning of the 19th century. All three have a large number of high-quality sculptures. One word comes to my mind: imagination. Were the artists interpreting their own reality? Is any of the faces shown in the altars the own faces? Is the lady holding the keys of the church, just the

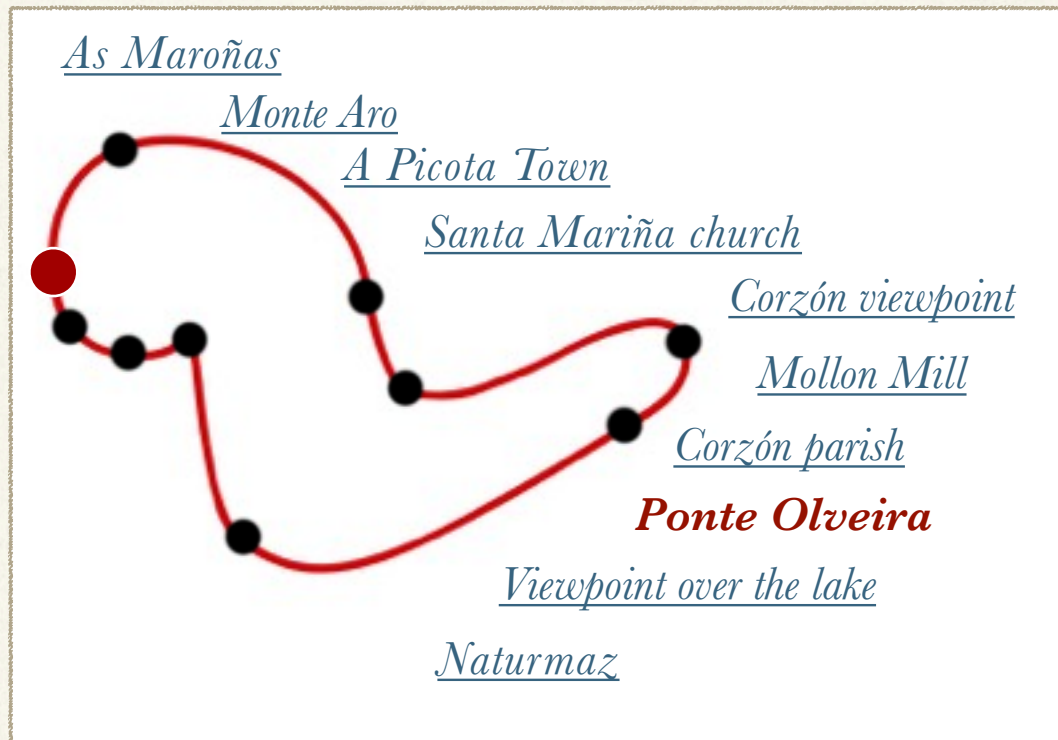
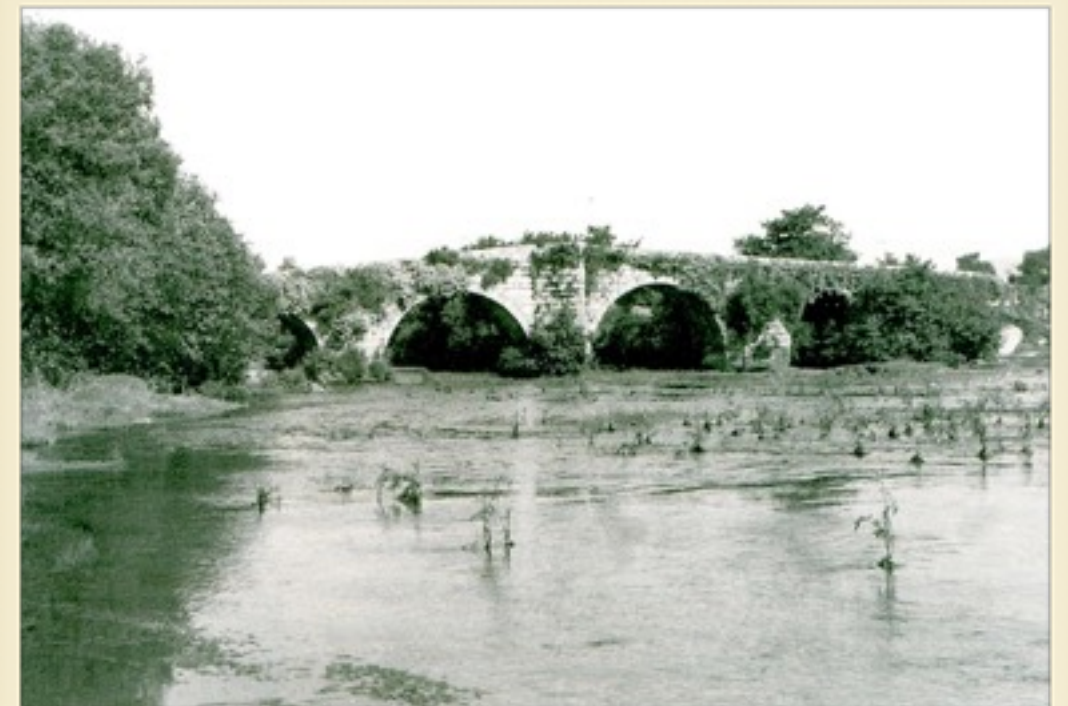
one who cares about pilgrims, or is it the Patron of the church?

I am grateful to her, I continue my journey.



PONTE OLIVEIRA

I went from bridge to bridge, like as if I were playing a game. War, violence, death, victory, defeat, power and surrender go hand in hand, testimonies of the dark side of the history. I wonder what the troops of Napoleon were looking for in here. A bit of history I read in a panel. The story is, again and again, the same repetition, just names are changing.



The path leaves behind Mazaricos in Ponteoliveira with a Romanesque style bridge that was not built before the 18th century. The bridge crosses the River Xallas and delimits the municipalities of Mazaricos and Dumbría.



On the 11th of April 1809, the bridge was the site of the Battle of Ponteolveira to prevent Napoleon's army from crossing. Instigated by the priests of the surrounding parishes, neighbours clashed

with an army of 900 French soldiers. Unable to get around the river, the French were forced to pass over the bridge. Larger in numbers and better armed the French troops have knocked out the local resistance. During the night of the 11th to the 12th, the troops crossed the bridge heading towards the towns of Corcubion and Cee. They left a small party in A Picota in order to control the area. In retaliation, they beheaded the leaders of the local resistance, primarily the priests of the district.

That event gave rise to the name A Picota (the pillory), although other theories assert that the name comes from the existence of Mount Picota.

Until the middle of the last century, a trade fair was held in the vicinity of the bridge on the third Saturday of each month. The fair had great economic and social importance in the period. It disappeared in the early fifties, but some of

the constructions that the sellers rented to sell their products still exist.

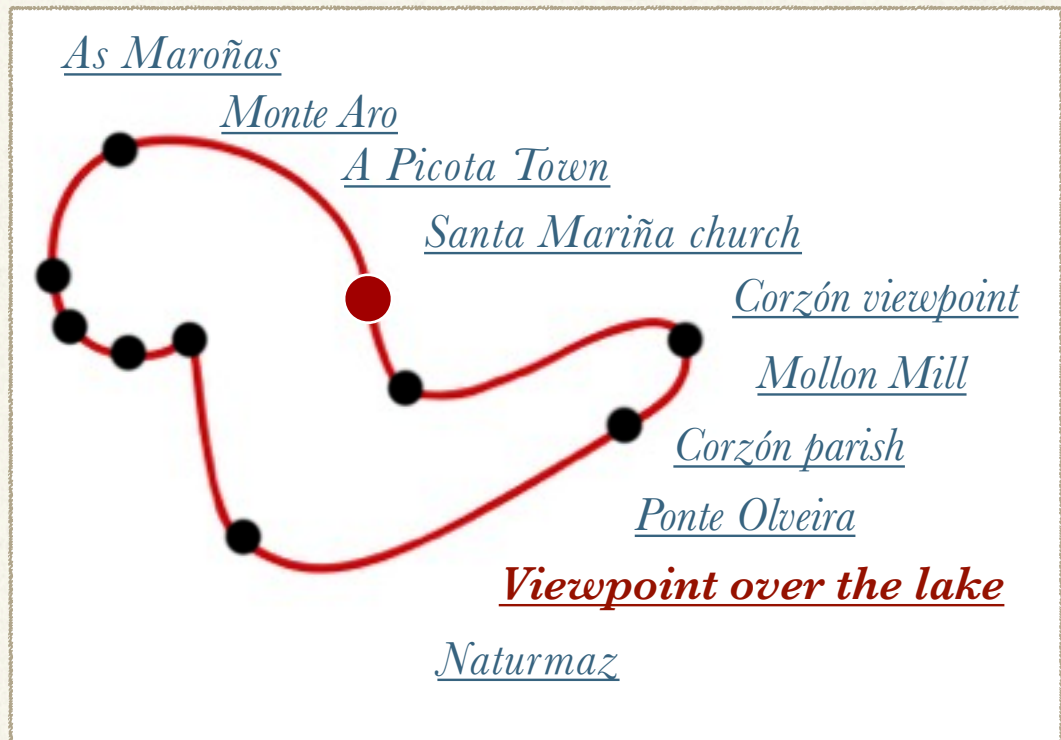
Just before leaving Mazaricos I finally learnt how A Picota earned its name. Shouldn't this story be mentioned in the town?





VIEWPOINT OVER THE LAKE

Now is the time to watch one more time the land I left behind. Some of the viewpoints gave me new perspectives; some of the thick forests are a metaphor of the complex emotions I feel. The isolated villages reflect my loneliness, the water courses bring me hope for my life, give me strength, speed, a powerful sense of creation, self-confidence for changes the future might bring.



Mazaricos has a territory that is very diverse with markedly contrasting and stunning landscapes. The viewpoints on one of the sides of Mount Aro over the lake, give excellent opportunities to view the varieties in the land: mountains and valleys, wild spaces, farmland, thick forests, open grasslands, solid and isolated villages, winding watercourses and roads, roads that bring us closer to all of the horizons



NATURMAZ

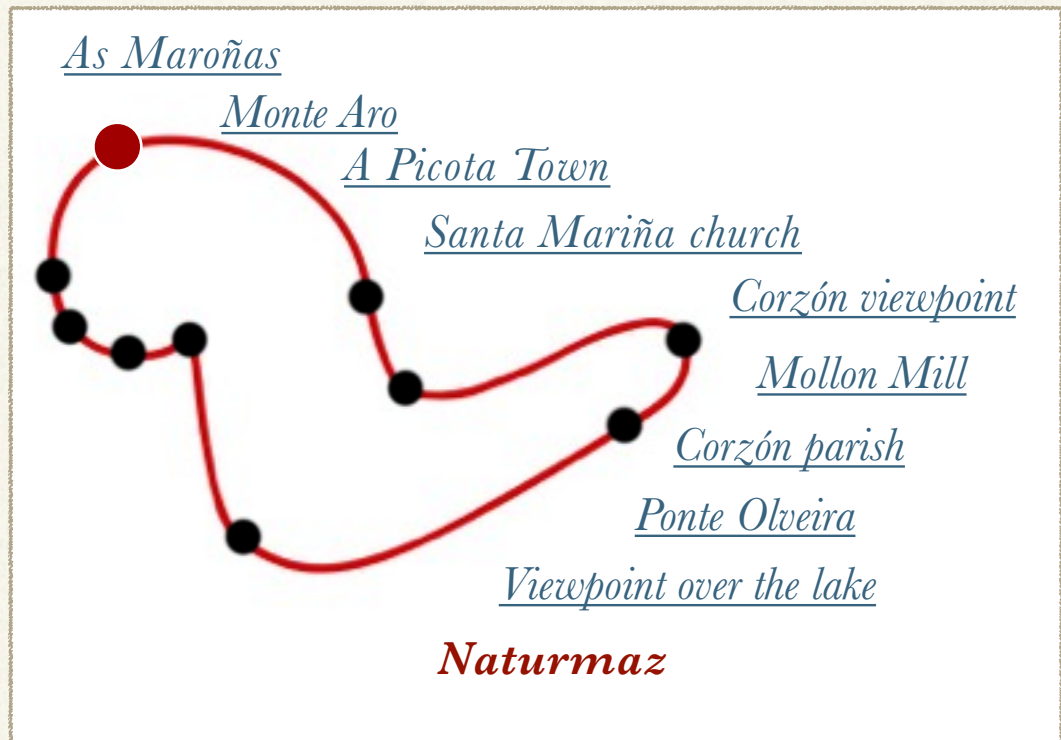
Naturmaz welcomes me with a very poetic introduction:

The Fire, the sun that never burns here

The Air, which breaks the silence of the mountains,

*The Water that gives a thousand forms to two seas
and a thousand rivers of life.*

The Earth... the maternal nebula of Galicia



From the slopes of Mount Aro, which are open to the four winds, we can see the Fervenza dam to the northeast which interrupts the slow flow of the River Xallas, thus creating a large lake perfect for sports and leisure. On its shores lies the service company Naturmaz, which one of the largest leisure and adventure centres in Galicia.



The bank of the river is the home to the sports complex Naturmaz, which takes advantage of the unparalleled conditions of the area all year round to offer a complete schedule of sport and leisure activities and possibilities.



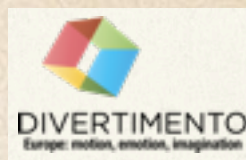
Naturmaz invites its visitors to feel the Galician soul and experience the adventures life through walking, riding, to diving, flying...

I will certainly consider an invitation, for a last adventure before I reach Finisterrae, the end of the earth! This time my big adventure is not sports it is my inner journey. I leave Naturmaz with the promise to return one day.

I walk toward the Finisterrae to reach the new great adventure I start today.







EUROTHENTICA

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