

kind of central insufficiency of the soul that we must learn to rub shoulders with, to fight, and which, paradoxically, is perhaps our safest engine.

“Walking has something that animates and enlivens my ideas; I can hardly think when I sit still; my body must be in motion to put my mind to it” (Jean-Jacques Rousseau)

“Walking is going to the end of yourself while going to the end of the world” (Jacques Lanzmann)

“Travel does not age us, it rejuvenates us. Travel troubles us, it changes our relationship to time and years, we think we see everything with a fresh look, with a young look, travel disturbs our memory, it makes us forget; we no longer remember our real age, our mistakes, our disappointments, we travel, we believe we are rediscovering our youth, when in reality we are dreaming. We dream, the journey requires it, it requires us to be young. The journey expects us to face the world with an innocent gaze, a novice gaze, to discover things with a curious, hungry gaze (...)” (p.181) Tomas Espedal “It is useless to sit down to write when you have never got up to live” (Thoreau-Journal)

“Slowness is sticking perfectly to time, so much so that the seconds tick away, drop by drop like a little rain on stone. This stretching of time deepens the space. This is one of the secrets of walking: a slow approach to landscapes which gradually makes them familiar. It's like regular attendance that increases friendship. Thus a mountain profile that one keeps with one all day, that one guesses under different lights, and which becomes clearer, becomes articulated. When you walk, nothing moves, it is only imperceptibly that the hills approach, that the landscape is transformed. We see, by train or by car, a mountain coming towards us. The eye is quick, lively, it thinks it has understood everything, grasped everything. While walking, nothing really moves: it is rather that the presence settles slowly in the body. By walking, it's not so much that we get closer, it's that the things there insist more and more in our body. The landscape is a bundle of flavors, colors, smells, where the body infuses”

big frederic

“Staying as little as possible: not believing any thought that has not been composed in the open air, in the free movement of the body - to any idea where the muscles have not also been part of the party. All prejudice comes from within. Being cul-deplomb, I repeat, is the real sin against the mind. “(Nietzsche - Ecce Homo)

Michael Jourdan:

“If manual activity and walking cause this emptiness of the mind, it is still necessary to cultivate it and use it as a mirror and creative emptiness instead of being afraid of it and seeking reassuring futile chatter. Transforming your mind and thoughts into an illuminated void » About M Jourdan's book "Walking. Meditating"

Walking can become active meditation.

And we who run constantly, drowned in our thoughts, we could find the lost meaning of our wanderings by learning to make them conscious. Since the highest antiquity, in fact, there has been a real reflection on walking as an exercise in healing. As in still meditation, attention to breathing processes and mental back-and-forth is essential to knowing the state of inner clarity that brings us to one with reality.

“The spirit of the landscape and my spirit have become concentrated and thereby transformed so that the landscape is really in me”, said the Chinese painter Shi Tao.

Drawing on the experience of wandering and meditating poets of all times and places, this book leads us into a philosophy of walking accompanied by a true psychology of meditation in the East and in the West. Walk, meditate: a map for being. »

THOREAU

“The being who remains perpetually seated, very quiet in his house, may be the greatest of wanderers, but the stroller, the true one, wanders no more than the river which, if it meanders, searches no less for all this time and stubbornly the shortest way to the sea. Other recommended reading:

Chemin faire by Jacques Lacarrière – A thousand kilometers on foot through France - Petite Bibliothèque Payot – 1992 Walking by Henry David Thoreau – A Thousand and One Nights Treaty of the Solitary Cabin by Antoine Marcel (at Seuil 2011)

Dinner at the Parador de Santiago...they offer breakfast, lunch, dinner to the first ten pilgrims who show up at the service door (come an hour before to have a chance)...mini dining room, decent meal but not opulent

[!http://www.parador.es/es/blog/menu-especial-paraperegrinos-en-paradores-del-camino](http://www.parador.es/es/blog/menu-especial-paraperegrinos-en-paradores-del-camino)

20/10/2015

Easyjet at dawn.... return to Geneva

Memories, memories... and already the head is racing for the next Chemin au Printemps.... From Seville? From Madrid? From Mont Saint-Michel? From Geneva again? The road from Rocamadour to Compostela - a road to Saint Jacques in Limousin and Haut-Quercy"?

... something to dream about!

"The adventure is more uncertain than ever, more terrifying than ever, more exhilarating than ever. "Caminante, no hay camino, se hace camino al andar": Walker, there is no path, the path is made by walking. »

Reinterpreting Compostela

<http://www.saint-jacques.info/2004.htm>

"Walking alone manages to free us from the illusions of the essential"

"It is not a question of freeing oneself from artifice to taste simple joys, but of encountering a freedom as a limit of oneself and of the human, as an overflowing in oneself of a rebellious Nature which surpasses me. walking can cause these excesses: excess fatigue which delirious the mind, excess of beauty which capsizes the soul, excess of drunkenness on the peaks, at the top of the passes when the body explodes. rebellious, archaic part: our appetites become frustrated and uncompromising, our impulses inspired. Because walking puts us vertical to the axis of life: carried along by the torrent which gushes just below us"

"Walking, we escape the very idea of identity, the temptation to be someone, to have a name and a story. Being someone is good for social evenings where everyone tells their story , it's good for psychologists' offices. Freedom while walking is to be nobody, because the body that walks has no history, just an immemorial current of life."

by Frédéric Gros ... *Walking, a philosophy* (Flamarion, 8€20 300p)

http://pelerinsdecompostelle.com/?page_id=109

« Le paradoxe de la condition humaine, c'est qu'on ne peut devenir soi-même que sous l'influence des autres »

"We all have two lives. The second begins when you realize you have just one" (Confucius)

"Let go, give up, cease, stop, refuse, eliminate, let go, clear the space around you and within you"

The art of the essential (Dominique Loreau)

"With little we can live the present to infinity"

Jacques Laccariere:

"I said to myself: I too will have my book of paths, my breviary of paths, my gospel of herbs and flowers, in short my bible of roads and The Divine Comedy seemed to me to be quite suitable. I had wanted to read it for a long time. But very quickly, I end up forgetting the book, no longer thinking of it or thinking of it as a present but less and less essential companion. During the day, I liked to stretch out at the foot of a tree (oak or not, secular or not) without thinking of anything other than the changing shape of the clouds, the distant noises signaling a farm, a hamlet , a village.

And in the evening - even when the atmosphere of the café where I had been able to find refuge reminded one of Purgatory or Dante's Inferno - I preferred to stay there, with customers when there were any or alone, reading the local newspaper, listen to the noises and silences of a café, this insidious, anonymous time of places which are suddenly deserted of their living cries, their hubbub, and their human noise like a shore from which the sea has just receded. Because even in these often sinister places, I felt more receptive than going to isolate myself in my room to read a book that I could always find at the end of the trip.

The books and the roads remain but the meetings, the words, they are ephemeral. And it is the ephemeral that I came to look for in the geological durability of paths or the movement of faces. This ephemeral shelled in the course of the days and which is thus transformed into small eternities, started again at every moment. »

peaceful...me neither, I don't know how to put it...because, to speak like Plotinus:

A tangent is a contact that cannot be conceived or formulated.

...That day, I thought I had something and that my life would be changed. But nothing of this nature is definitively acquired. Like water, the world flows through you and lends you its colors for a time. Then withdraws, and puts you back in front of this emptiness that we carry in ourselves, in front of this

certainty, he will largely outlive us. Benches nested in its structure invite us to admire the flow of the water and to meditate. In 2000 years, 60 generations, which works, which monuments, which dwellings of the 20th century will still be open to our descendants? Buildings from the 80s are already abandoned and will no longer resist bad weather and weeds.

Caldas de Reis, spa town, source of burning hot water conducive to the feet of pilgrims. Philippe delights with his ice cream almost every day. La Posada de Doña Urraca - Albergue Oficial / 6€ super full, Philippe turns into a hunter of small animals by the light of his headlamp which casts his evil shadow throughout the dormitory. The situation is serious. I scratch my arms and curse.

14/10/2015

Stage 21: Caldas de Reis - Padron - Milagrosa ... 33km

We necessarily start very early, under a very starry celestial vault and in the company of Venus, Mars and Jupiter... don't contradict me. Sunrise between the vineyard, a few forgotten bunches of late grapes. Pleasant warmth to warm our bodies bruised by this eventful night. Drink on the way with Canadians from Vancouver "From where are you from? » At the edge of the national, pension / 10€ ... fatal error, itchy night! Same ordeal for two young Bulgarians in the next room.

15/10/2015 ...

Stage 22: Milagrosa - Santiago - 15km
then bus to Olveiroa

Departure in the night, not had the opportunity to complain. Long crossing of the suburbs of the city, arrival on the forecourt of the cathedral. Third time for me, we congratulate each other, we smile at all the other pilgrims. We decide to take the SUV to Olveira and from there walk to the sea.

Albergue Hórreo (Dumbría) / 10€

16 et 17/10/2015

Stage 23: Olveiroa - Muxia .. 34km

Very nice stage with small paths winding through exuberant nature and country roads. Stop within a community that is renovating an old monastery, dwelling, lodging, Perteneció al antiguo monasterio de Santa María de Ozón XII°, in front, the longest Galician granary (hórreo galego in Galician). It is an agricultural building used as a granary, according to an architecture specific to the region of Galicia,

in Spain. It is used for the storage of cereals after the harvest, especially for maize. It consists of a narrow, long chamber, allowing air to pass through but isolated from the ground to protect the grain from humidity and animals.

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Two nights in Los Albergues: Albergue@Muxía +/ 12€ - Friendly

Meetings as often "From where are you from? ", "Where did you start?", "Oh wonderful, well, me too ...". A 70-year-old German, for a week already in Muxia, yoga teacher, great shape, hospitable every year in Pamplona, what a punch . A German previously in finance looking for another path. A 76-year-old Frenchman, young or almost. Two young German girls who, to celebrate their "abitur" – the German baccalaureate – did the Camino Frances from the Pyrenees.

La Barca (the stone boat), the church at the end of the world, the memories of the Prestige and the oil spill it caused in 2002 (no trace left thanks to the work of hundreds of volunteers... a pretty little town today who seems to have taken advantage of the indemnities paid to pay for a major facelift).

18-19/10/2015

Return to Santiago.

Two nights at the Hospedería San Martín Pinario, located in the historic center of Santiago de Compostela y frente a la Catedral (20€ 4th floor reserved for Péregrinos ...with huge breakfast, almost a brunch ... GREAT!) ask for "Habitaciones dobles , individual, y alojamiento para los peregrinos »

<http://www.hsanmartinpinario.com/>

Crossing a magnificent Romanesque bridge from the 13th century, the Ponte da Ramallosa, which has since been associated with fertility rituals as evidenced by a bas relief in the middle.

With Elisabeth, 3 or 4 km further, we realize that we have missed the lodging of Ramallosa where Philippe is waiting for us, too bad, never back down, we are moving forward, providence will help us. It's raining again. In Priegue, it is getting late, we inquire about a boarding house at the newsstand where we are advised to retrace our steps or continue walking for another 10km. A man hears us talking and says he knows where we could stay. He takes us to private individuals who have an empty apartment with several rooms where they sometimes seem to welcome pilgrims. The mother intervenes to offer us a meal that she will serve a little later on the table... pasta, fish, cake, fruit, hard-boiled eggs for the next day. Photos, thanks, hugs, they don't accept anything in return. A real disinterested, altruistic, generous and so warm welcome. One of the best memories of the way. Thank you Quini, thank you Pablo.

11/10/2015

Stage 18: Priegue – Vigo - Redondela 15Km

Left at 7:15 am, dark night, headlamps, steep climb, insolent drizzle. Coffee, growing much later in Vigo, an industrial city (300,000 inhabitants) in the province of Pontevedra, in the autonomous community of Galicia. Run away quickly. We find Philippe at the station, he walks at almost 5 if not 6 km per hour and knows how to find shortcuts. 15 minutes and 2 train stops later and we are already in Redondela. Damn I forgot my sticks, bits of branches roughly pruned and picked up in the forest and to which I had promised a trip to Santiago. Too bad, we got used to each other, them and me. I will find others among those forgotten by the pilgrims in the lodgings. So little by little all these sticks will also make the pilgrimage. Municipal gîte Albergue / €6, very full this time. Italians, Spaniards, Belgians, French, Australians... The lighting war in the bedroom is declared from 8 p.m.! There are those who pretend to sleep, there are others who are preparing to go out for dinner, to each their own culture! A full dormitory is an almost musical score made up of innumerable noises: crumpled plastic bags (a whole range), falling sticks, footsteps, slamming doors, conversations or even stifled laughter, cell phone beeps, the screeching of the springs, the flushes, the snorers alone are the apotheosis like hell. In the morning well before the first light of day, some are already getting ready, around 6am (and we are

in autumn), it is more and more difficult to continue pretending to sleep.

12/10/2015

Stage 19: Redondela - Pontevedra 18Km

Crossing the border at Tuy, by the bridge over the Rio Miño, which separates the two states. In the Middle Ages, in the boat that crossed the Rio, pilgrims were allowed to "passar sem dinheiros" (pass without money), because they had enjoyed the privilege of the protection of Queen Teresa of Portugal since 1123. Above all, Tuy symbolizes the arrival of the walker in Galicia.

We are now back on Central European Time.

Everything becomes greener, more hilly too. The path looks like a coastal path and passes through Rias, a kind of "fjords" where the ocean enters several kilometers inland.

Albergue Aloxa / €6 opposite the station, clean, well-spaced beds... a group of Dutch people fresh off a bus arrives like a groundswell. The group is diluted between their room and the toilets. Yet another world.

Kebab restaurant, cider, Indian dish, in the company of a retired French couple. He, a former high school headmaster, monopolizes the floor, no questions asked of the other guests, me I, me I... ah far from the spirit of the path. He's not a walker.

On one of the TV screens, we guess that there was an attack in Turkey, some fleeting images, comments in Portuguese. It all seems a long way off. Severe ? I do not know. Living it in the present has taken over everything else. Selfish path, beside the plate? Maybe. But where is real life? The one I live while walking, in symbiosis with our Mother Earth, nature (not always), the towns crossed? And what does this international zapping mean? No time to digest them that, "phew", football returns to the screen (sometimes three screens in the same bar)... Fahrenheit 451 is not far away or the decline of the Western empire? Recommended book: "Forgive us our trespasses" Forgive us our trespasses, as we also forgive....
Who ? what ?

13/10/2015.

Stage 20: Pontevedra - Caldas de Reis. 23Km
in 5 hours ... turbo mode

On the Via Romana XIX, a magnificent Roman bridge, still in use, which has seen others. One

Beautiful day. Paths made up of large cobblestones, some have long scars that testify to the passage of thousands of carts in remote times.

One cannot help imagining these wheels slipping, noisily scraping the stone and above all the efforts, the cries which echo in the forest, of all these men and women who pull, push heavily loaded carts.... with fear of bandits. Path lined with dry stone walls joined two to three meters high. Protecting oneself, delimiting one's property, a constant at all times. Sometimes the walls are eaten away by vegetation, some old paths between the walls become impenetrable.

Near the villages, pavilions without any architectural quality, surly dogs, perhaps in the image of their masters, are supposed to be their guardians. Encounters are rare. Oh yes, three women who speak French, they have worked a lifetime as housekeepers. Today they are divided between France (where they each have an apartment) and Portugal for holidays, sun, friends, family meals. Ferry for crossing the estuary, La Guarda without much charm, abandoned buildings Albergue municipal / 5€, we are only five pilgrims in a huge dormitory

09/10/2015

Stage 15: Viaña do Castelo - Caminha - La Guarda 20Km

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in a huge dormitory Stage 16: La Guarda - Mougas 22Km

We leave the lodge at 8 a.m., the day is barely dawning, no coffee in sight, we will take it at 11 a.m. only in Oia. Nice path along the sea, then we take the bike path for miles. Lunch on a terrace overlooking the ocean, fish, a glass of wine, life is good, safe. Arrival at the Albergue Turistico Aguncheiro 10€ ++ No football match on TV for once. The calm of the end of the world.

<http://aguncheiro.wix.com/alojamientoturistico>

The sea is right in front, three tables, umbrellas, a beer, no traffic, or almost paradise. It feels a bit out of time. In the gîte, with us, an educator accompanies a 15-year-old youngster in reintegration for two weeks, it was that or prison.

It was Philippe's turn to comment on a few slices of his life.... Dismissed from a school of cats, placed at 14 with a mechanic, navy, Algerian war, seller of outfits to peasants, boat attendant, educator for National Education, bicycle raids, sled dogs... two girls, several necessarily love. Le Chemin lends itself to depicting the fresco of his life, a way of taking stock above all for oneself. The advantage being that it is possible to perfect your work several times during the journey. It is also possible to embellish your past, to conceal doubtful aspects and to sum it all up with a few anecdotes. Confidences or self-mockery? The pilgrim has an ear that lends itself to the confidences of others. What if the path was just an opportunity to empty your bag? To filter samples of his existence tied up, hermetically packaged sometimes for a long time. A kind of therapy or simply a way to make our memories travel randomly with the people we meet.

10/10/2015

Stage 17: Mougas - Ramollosa - Priegue 23Km

7:30 a.m. the bar is open, Fabien, the manager, prepares coffee for us and seems more melancholy than ever. The campsite opposite, where a multitude of French people met, was closed and since then its turnover has collapsed. The few passing pilgrims are not even enough to fill the dormitory 3 to 4 months of the year. Beyond the grave atmosphere, but breathtaking beauty.

Magnificent path by the sea. An anthracite black cloud bar dissolves the horizon line, in the foreground, the foam of the waves envelops the rocky islets like fireworks. A rainbow announces rain. You have to keep moving forward, like zombies in the pouring rain.

The belly (at this time considered the seat of feelings) is central, it directs the brain and the phallus (and lets it be known) to clearly mark its absolute power. It is of course not possible to question the architect Niccoló Nasoni from Tuscany on this subject, but, as an architect, I would not be surprised if he used, like others elsewhere in his time (and as some contemporary architects have done) a symbolism of this type as the common thread of his project..

<http://www.torredosclerigos.pt/fr/>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J0qtJ6rWjWI>

Accommodation at Hostel Yes €16, electronic badge, sleigh beds with curtains, relaxed young atmosphere. Located right next to the main monument of the city of Porto, the Clerigos Tower !

www.yeshostels.com/fr/hostels/porto

06/10/2015

Stage 13: Pova de Varzim - Esposende Marinhas 25km

Caminho da Costa... metro exit from Porto Philippe and Elisabeth are in front, they walked the day before along the river, but left the path to the right of the airport to take the metro back to the city center then another metro to Varzino.... Fatal variant: Philippe was badly scratched when he fell on a metal walkway and the two of them spent a sleepless night chasing bed bugs! I find them in the evening at the gîte in Marhinas (Albergue).

From Porto to Varzin by metro, so I cheat once again (less than others, however)! The subway sequence is always a little traumatic. It's commuter time. The suburbs with their conglomerates of dwellings, like rabbit cages, follow one another in the day which dawns slowly, so quickly that nothing catches the eye. I then observe the regulars, young people, their gaze fixed on their screens, who go to school, sad-looking men and women who prepare for a new day of work. Terminus! Objective: find the first yellow arrow, then let yourself be sucked in by this path, a virtual pipe that you have to follow like a treasure hunt, so as not to get lost and focus on the present. Above the sea still floats a light fog of salt, the surge of the waves will accompany me for a good part of the day.

It's beautiful, the ocean under a threatening sky, a pleasure for the eyes in front of an ever-changing spectacle. A downpour forces me to look for a tree to put on rain pants, a man invites me to take shelter in his barn, he speaks French, his children live in Corsica, he offers me a glass of port, we chat about his family, about Portugal and at the first thinning, we set off again by taking a long wooden path laid out on the dunes.

Albergue -donativo - keys to pick up at the Red Cross. We are now in our twenties. Porto is the real starting point of the Caminho for most Portuguese. Now the contacts become more superficial, we smile at each other, we are like brothers and sisters, that's for sure, and it's already good like that.

A few red dots on the arms the next day attest to the presence of small animals perhaps hidden in the blankets. Ah, we should have taken some precautions... three days to recover. A thought to the soldiers in the trenches of the 14-18 war who endured much more.

07/10/2015

Stage 14: Esposende Marinhas - Viaña do Castelo 19Km

Beautiful path between the Eucalyptus, spanning rivers on structures dating from Roman times or the Middle Ages, long and very high walls protect who knows what properties. Hush, we're just passing by, we're just breathing the world to the rhythm of our steps. Arrival at Viaña do Castelo, whose name is linked to the story of a prince who fell in love with a princess who was at the window or on the dungeon of a castle located on the other side of the river. "Via Anna, Via Anna de Castelo", "I saw Anna" would have shouted the prince at the top of his voice. Today a two-level Eiffel bridge connects the two banks. The prince and princess have left our imagination.

Dinner in a small restaurant run by an elderly couple, with Philippe and Elisabeth, we are the only customers with however a regular sitting in silence in front of a bowl of soup and a glass of wine. Well, we were served like royalty. Delicious. Opportunity to develop the 3Bs of the Way: Bars, Benches, Clams but it depends (we also thought of BlaBla, Kisses, Food, Drink) Youth Hostel - Pousada de Juventude - clean lines, but lack of water leaks in the toilets, doors that no longer close, and almost empty 10€ The youth hostel in Viana do Castelo, located in front of the Lima river, in one of the most peaceful areas of the city, was built between 1996 and 1999 by João Luis Carrilho da Graça.

[http://microsites.juventude.gov.pt/Portal/pt/PViana do Castelo.htm](http://microsites.juventude.gov.pt/Portal/pt/PViana_do_Castelo.htm)

08/10/2015

Stage 15: Viaña do Castelo - Caminha - La Guarda 20Km

We meet the "little old people" at the entrance and we can't help but estimate the time we have left to bring us to the slow rhythm of their steps. The bedridden, the dying, are upstairs. Next to the entrance, a small chapel full at the time of the office, we pray there with fervor, there is nothing left to do. Please never put me in a hospice! Rather die on the Way! They die of it, moreover, about forty a year it seems... heart attacks, especially road accidents. Masses of scrap metal in movement disturbed from time to time by the soft mass of a pilgrim. It's not just the sky that can fall on your head.

05/10/2015

Stage 12: Saõ da Madeiro - Porto

by bus, day in Porto

We are close to Porto, so we consult each other and we say to ourselves that if we want to enjoy the city a little, we might as well take the bus. But what is enjoying the city? Admittedly, we have a superb view of the Minhoil river, there is the old town, the path of the churches with their incredible display of riches from the Baroque era, a monumental cathedral, monasteries, chapels and these azulejos of the station in particular (decorated earthenware tiles adorned with historical motifs), museums (too bad, they are closed on Monday), charming little steep alleys (with, from time to time, swarthy vendors who offer you a dose), café terraces with people who seem rather well-off, scrambling traffic and this panoramic bus for tourists armed with their cameras, witness shops of all the known brands, tasting port ..

Admittedly, but then I still prefer the Portugal of small towns, sometimes ghost villages, surprises just for me, small chapels... It's also surprising how even the physique of the Portuguese changes completely between those of the city with an international look. and those of the countryside weathered by the sun and marked by poverty, especially on their faces, their clothes and their walks.

Found an open exhibit explaining the origins of the organization Santa Casa de Misericordia (Foundation of Misericordia do Porto). We are not in a hurry, so much the better. Impressive ! So much luxury, crockery decorated with patterns, jewelry, utensils for worship, gilded or silver, finely chiselled. What wealth. The power of the Church in Porto was total, even the King, it seems, when he came there, could not stay there for more than three days. Nice canteen of the school of arts, 4€50 the menu (the lowest price to date) and in addition you can chat with your neighbors - Bar Cesap - Cantina Escola Superior Artistica do Porto -

University School of Arts Visit mainly from the Church of the Clericals with inside a magnificent temporary exhibition of Christs on the Cross, a remarkable private collection.

The Clerical Church - Torre Dos Clerigos - with its Clerigos Tower, in baroque and rococo style (18th century) is the architectural symbol of Porto. I understood that the Italian architect Niccoló Nasoni planned the construction of two monumental bell towers behind the Clerigos church, but the church was barely completed, he will finally build only one, between 1754 and 1763, of Italian baroque style taking the Tuscan bell towers for inspiration. This is the official version.

The layout of the different main buildings of the Clérigos Igreja, however, is quite surprising! After my visit, the night and the Helping Way, I built up the hypothesis that the architect had perhaps well imagined the organization of the plans of this religious building with the desire to symbolically mark the three levels of the power of the Church at the time. There are, in fact, three very distinct adjoining parts:

The church itself, the place of worship, open to the public has hollow peripheral walls in which galleries accessible from the central part allow, in certain places and in a plunging and even discreet way, to see if not to control the crowd of the faithful. . We could consider this part, this place of prayer as linked to the beyond and the people and above all as the brain irrigated by these passageways coming from the center, from the heart of the whole.

In the center we have the premises of the ecclesiastics with everything that makes them ceremonial places (meeting room, dining room, offices perhaps). It could be a bit like the belly of the building, the organ of life (with an analogy to the intestines and the heart), where the things of the life of the city are discussed and decided. The belly feeds on the city (via the tithe in particular). It is the organ of true power.

Finally there is the tower located in the axis. A high tower (76 m, 240 steps) similar to an immense candle, it is said, but which could also be understood as the third part of power: a tower high enough so that from there too one can watch over the inhabitants of the city and to that it is above all a very visible presence for everyone. But this tower, the way it is, could, why not also, be considered a phallic symbol that points to the sky and reminds us that it is men, the ecclesiastics, who decide everything in this place, to procreation to relationships between women and men, marriages, hierarchies of power between men.

Juxtaposition of several worlds, to each his trip! We have to deal with it, we're just passing through.-----

01/10/2015

Stage 8: Coimbra - Mealhada. 23km

Albergue Hilao /10€

there are only four of us in this vast dormitory, me alone at one end, near the toilets, an ideal location.

Ritual Bars on the way, chronic cough, going as early as possible early in the morning before the great heat of noon and calmly supporting the effects of the hot tar under the feet. I marvel at a gleaming 2ch. My next car, let's keep it simple! Earphones, France Culture podcasts to marry high-flying thoughts and landscapes that parade like in a video game.

Peregrinos menu at 8€50. Dead, at the stake at 8:30 p.m. already!

02/10/2015

Stage 9: Mealhada - Agueda 25Km

Short day, only 6 hours of walking, arrival around 1 p.m. here and there, some beautiful buildings attest to a prosperous period. Today a part of history seems to be gradually falling into oblivion.

Portugal, in these regions at least and outside the big cities, seems impoverished. Since 2011, under pressure from the EU, Portugal has been ordered to drastically reduce the number of its civil servants, as well as their salaries and the duration of payment of unemployment benefits from 30 months to a maximum of 18 months. More than one in three young Portuguese people are unemployed, young people emigrate to Angola or Brazil, the former Portuguese colonies... or to Germany (decidedly). Portugal says it is ready to welcome 1,400 migrants, but very few agree to go there.

“Walking is experiencing reality”

Albergue Antonio Celeste / 12€ - We use food left by our predecessors, pasta, vegetables... A free meal in a way.

03/10/2015

Stage 10: Agueda-Albergaria to Nova 23km

Alberga / 10€

More Eucalyptus forests, the National Road, industrial areas. Beautiful abandoned villas. Mesh doors that lead nowhere. Amazing how nature resumes its ease through all the interstices. A few more decades and green will prevail again. It

reminds me of a fiction documentary (1h29) which imagines the fate of the Earth after the end of humanity

(<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ot0A1s-ao5Y>)

... around 10,000 years after our era, only a few stone remains, such as the Great Wall of China, the pyramids of Giza or Mount Rushmore, will still bear witness to an “illustrious past”.

Ephemeral encounters: a 63-year-old Australian who announces his marriage on his return to a French woman from the French consulate, a German from Stuttgart, a young American from Montana, Philippe from Lyon (raids, documentary films, treks). Communal meal, the men run on beer. Kristina from Montana, Martin from Nebraska, Wal from Australia, Maëlle, Paulina....

04/10/2015

Stage 11: Albergaria a Nova - Saõ da Madeiro 29Km

Rain, wind, low and gray skies. With a low-end pancho from Decathlon, I am half soaked, even from the inside due to perspiration. I envy that of Elisabeth, much more expensive sold at Vieux Campeur which seems to be breathable and really waterproof. I'll have to save some money for next time. Well 25km of asphalt, much of it again along the busy Route Nationale. Obviously, the “Long Vehicles” do not take the Sunday break. Feeding the people, bringing everyday consumer items to the townspeople, signs of well-being, it seems. The shops in the villages, on the other hand, have a post-war appearance with sparse shelves, a Portuguese woman explains to us that in the countryside the average salary, for those who have one, is only €350, their purchasing power is necessarily very limited.

Hood, twirling as the mastodons pass, we advance despite everything, head down, in automatic mode, almost in a daze of torpor. Coffee stop, chocolate roll at 1€70 under the mocking gaze of the natives on duty...

Arrival at 1:30 p.m. - Free accommodation in the basement of a home, a Catholic health facility for the elderly managed by Santa Casa de Misericordia. Established in 1498, Santa Casa is the main charity in the country which also runs the Portuguese Lottery, the oldest lottery in the world.

Two real beds in an angle, otherwise a mountain of mattresses at our disposal. The first to arrive are distributed in the corners, the following create a beginning of dormitory. Everyone builds their own little home with separate borders, chairs, furniture.

Frances in Spain - and 75% of bitumen during the day! Crossing huge Eucalyptus forests, another monoculture that kills all the undergrowth. A few rare bars still offer the same industrial ham/cheese sandwich! But how is it that there no longer seem to be quality local products? Only advantage, the prices are low. A coffee or a beer at 70 cts, the sandwich is at 1€20. It is very hot, a heat wave like in the middle of summer.

At the bend in the path, a huge and magnificent building by the water comes out like a fairy tale, we can guess the splendor of the great owners of the 19th century. In front of small, very humble single-storey houses, probably those of the workers of the time, empty and also walled up. Not a living soul, the site seems almost abandoned for some time, the vegetation is reclaiming its rights. Arrival at the Hostel Tomar run by a very friendly woman "Relax, Make New Friends" appears in large letters on the wall of the living room. Foot massages, siesta. Pizzeria, breaded escalope, ice cream (thank you Philippe) Not a single night for Elisabeth, but three, who announces withdrawal the next day the time to restore order in her intestines, the second brain they say.

29/09/2015

Stage 6: Tomar - Alvaiazere 31 km

Alberga / 12€50

It had started well in the early dawn, but after long climbs and a few breath-taking climbs, in a maze of paths lined with eucalyptus trees as if lacerated with their hanging and intertwined bark, I felt struck down by the heat. But you have to hold on. Take advantage of the shade cast by a few low walls, do not let go of Jennifer and Regina, think of nothing, move forward, move forward with the sole perspective that the distance to the lodge is gradually reducing. Immense cork oaks, olive trees more than a hundred years old, and sometimes a luxurious villa in disuse which probably dates from the time of the return of the Portuguese who made their fortune in the Americas or in the colonies. Everything passes like the decline of the Roman Empire. Colds, sore throats, bruised feet, sore shoulders, everything is fine, everything is fine... ah finally a bar, a beer on the terrace is appreciated as a gift from heaven. They even offer a professional foot massage.

Thus, in a few hours, you can easily go from one world to another, from pain to joy, from thirst to satiety, from loneliness to the feeling of being part of a tribe, a group or even from a family, from strange nature to a familiar urban landscape, from silence to the multiple and often incomprehensible languages of human beings.

30/09/2015

Stage 7: Alvaiazere - Coimbra .. 30Km

including 15Km by crazy taxi

Hostel Serenata 16€ +

<http://www.serenatahostel.com/fr> with a view of the cathedral

"the most academic city in the country; one of the cities that most identifies with Fado, full of history and tradition. Love the music, live the life!"

Left late and studying the map and the dense network of roads approaching the city, we decided to take a taxi to Coimbra. The "crazy driver" does not respect the speed limits, doubles in the turns ... we serve the buttocks hoping not to finish the race in the scenery. Heaven, no thanks. Phew well arrived.

Would I become allergic to these cities traversed by these hordes of tourists identifiable by their attire and the flag raised at arm's length from the guide? The Latins dispersed, the Germans well organized in groups as it should be. Finding a bar of autochromes is a challenge.

My cough is getting worse, maybe because of the pollution or the stress of the city? I can't wait to find the countryside, the villages as if levitating in time. Overnight at Hostel Serenata, Warm welcome from the person present but the place is however magnificent, steeped in history... in the past it was a welcome for young mothers with their children as evidenced by the many frescoes and the writings on the walls.

A short tour of the maze of university buildings to rub shoulders with these students from around the world, stairs here, alleys there, a bistro without tourists, a drink, a piece of local cheese, dinner in a good-natured restaurant, fish, vino tinto always again, so you sleep better no matter how, although before going to bed you have to memorize the way to find the toilet and avoid making too much noise at the crucial moment... the lamps come on as you go, magical. It even happened to me to forget the electronic bracelet which allows to open the doors and I had to wait a little time in the living room before someone had the same desire. The vagaries of the night and the prostate, plus those revelers screaming under the windows - students, tipsy tourists? – they have a knack for waking you up in the middle of the night

... is that "they" do not make the journey, do they only work the next day? Please don't disturb!

existence (the social veneer has melted), relieved, freed from social addresses, purged of futility and masks... To walk is to put oneself on the side, on the margins of those who work, on the margins of the high-speed roads, of the producers of profit and misery, of the exploiters, of the hardworking, of serious people.

26/09/2015

Stage 3: Azambuja – Santarem 33 km

Hostel / 15€ Santarém Hostel na lista dos 10 melhores alojamentos low cost in Portugal
<http://santaremhostel.blogspot.ch/>

As on a boat, the bells of the adjoining church punctuate the events of our community life at the lodge: return of Spanish cyclists at 12 strokes of midnight, Elisabeth's snoring at 4 strokes, trip to the toilet accompanied by 5 strokes, alarm clock at six sharp strokes. The bag already ready is taken out of the dormitory so as not to disturb the cyclists who will leave anyway later and who will catch up with us in the morning. 20 minutes later we are at the bar of the first open café, workers are already there, almost tired, perhaps envious of our freedom and surprised to see us leave before daybreak. Two parallel worlds come together for a moment!

Then crossing a footbridge over the railway line, we plunge into the night on a small country road with a faint gleam on the horizon to the east as a landmark, enough to guide us on the asphalt. On the left further, a small aerodrome which must probably be used to ensure the spreading of pesticides from the air on these fields of tomato cultivation as far as the eye can see. Monoculture, yields, efficiency, everything we try to reject. Temptation of gleaning, ah what beautiful little yellow, red tomatoes ... but inedible. Endless sandy path that follows a dyke, small hamlets at the end of the world, a bar fortunately from time to time, two tables, a farm worker, the family, English and Italian pilgrims rub shoulders, a small ephemeral Tower of Babel in a way, but also with the observation that there are those who remain, who are tied to a land, a priori because they have no choice, and there are those, us pilgrims, who only do passing, a bit voyeuristic, certainly privileged even if there are also modern homeless among us. The average salary in Portugal in these regions is only €350 per month ... a budget corresponding to a fortnight's walk for a pilgrim.

Painful climb before Santaren the next stop. The last 2 kilometers often appear exhausting. We are not a horse that speeds up at the smell of the stable.. Exciting podcast on the notion of desire ... France Culture ... via my iPod.

The hotel in Santaren is very nice, very nice decoration, the owner is a collector of guitars and LPs, spacious dormitory, few people, you can choose your bed in the bottom in particular. Arrives, a young French couple who met on the way from Hendaye, 1500km from here, they make the way upside down towards Lisbon (for better and for worse). Do not forget to recharge the phone, the iPod to be able to continue listening to the France Culture podcast. Peregrinos menu, vino tinto, everything is fine.

27/09/2015

Stage 4: Santarem - Golega 31 km

Bombeiros Voluntarios / Free

In the afternoon arrival in the small village of Golegà, cradle of equestrian dressage and of the most prestigious lines of lusitanos. We quickly forget the pain in the feet, in the legs, in the back. We forget the many abandoned houses and factories, the tomato fields as far as the eye can see, the vineyards, without landmarks.

Accommodation with the fire brigade, in the party room, mattresses of your choice, I choose two as long as I can and the wooden platform and I take myself for the star of the moment under the portraits of a slew of heroes, these firefighters. Shower at the adjoining campsite negotiated at 50% of the normal price displayed at 3€50! Not given!

Nice little restaurant, pulpo of course, good mood. We are more than 100 km north of Lisbon (by road). Elisabeth and Regina wanted to go through Fatima, a variant of the Way, following the blue arrows. Grandiose it seems, although I doubt it. We also hear that the sanctuary looks like a huge lifeless stadium surrounded by car parks and souvenir shops, especially with all the religious utensils of the market made in China.

In fact, the via Lusitana, created by the Romans, was once an important axis of pilgrimage but also of exchanges between Spain and Portugal. Today this path to Santiago follows the same route as that of the Fatima pilgrimage. The arrows are yellow to join Galicia and blue to go to the sanctuary of Fatima.

28/09/2015

Stage 5: Golega - Tomar 30 km

Hostel Tomar 2300+++ / 15€

6am, we leave the fire station almost on the sly. A new stage with 20% of national roads (the horror), without shoulders - as there are on the Camino

Wooden walkways, industrial areas still follow one another with several abandoned buildings, a setting that could be perfect for a film on Earth after the disappearance of humans. At a bend in the road, a young Hungarian joins the group "I'm exhausted" "Me too" ... a few words of English essential to share with others, and with a smile, their joys as well as their sorrows.

Another two or three painful stages, it seems, walking along national roads, being tossed around by huge humming trucks is an ordeal in itself. Succession of villages, towns, industrial areas. And to think that there are people who live on both sides of this strip of asphalt. But fortunately they seem to be well there, otherwise the risk would be great that they will be added to the flow of refugees! In the time of the hunter-gatherers it must have been more peaceful. This uninterrupted flow of vehicles just seems good for stirring air. In the sky planes still clearly visible above our heads, prove that we are still well in line with the Lisbon runway, heading due north.

Finally arrived at the Alfa19 pension, just correct, a room with four beds for 15€ each. Shower, small laundry washed in the yard, siesta. Restaurant just opposite at 7 p.m., full of people, friendly, French, English, a Canadian, a Hungarian. Menu at 7€50 .. 8 choices, soup, main course, salad, dessert, coffee and of course a bottle for two of *Vino Tinto*, which has the effect of accentuating the hubbub, the laughter and will make us already forget the sorrows endured for the day. Opportunity, as in Speed Dating sessions, to tell what you want about your life and to swallow the story of the other raw.., too bad for the absent and the approximations.

The room is full of locals who, even on a Monday, come as a family with the children. It looks a bit like the neighborhood community canteen. It must be said that at this menu price, it may be cheaper to go to a restaurant than to prepare a meal at home, not to mention the time to do the shopping, the work time to pay for gas and the necessary gasoline.

The Canadian confirms that the walk may in fact have little importance, it is the encounters that are decisive, also the meals of the pilgrims and especially the fruity wine which stains and loosens the tongues. In *Vino Verita!* Muslims abstain, although exceptions can be made. There are leftist Muslims, at least in Senegal. We are all part of a brotherhood, almost a sect, with its rules and its hidden codes! But do we really know why we walk? To ask the question would already be to shatter its mystery and its infinite beauty.

Walking, an exercise in slowness in any case already compared to other means of locomotion. A snub to all these drivers in a hurry and sad. They don't look at us, it's too hard for them. They may even be angry with us for our displayed freedom.

One or the other sometimes honks as if to say that yes they too will one day get started on the Way. A relative slowness, however, because we can allow ourselves to undergo a certain pressure (consensual or not) from those who precede us, the hares, as well as those who follow us, the followers who can become voice actors. And so would our ego.

A pee stop, a drinking water tap, a point of view, taking a photo of an architectural detail and it's an opportunity to break the rhythm, to breathe, to free ourselves from constraints... we found alone, finally.

Moving forward, always moving forward, is like sinking into the landscape, like a video game hero, a tunnel in soft pudding with multiple layers that punctuate the passage of time, the succession of yellow arrows. Walking is active melancholy. Amazing feeling of being both the actor of the permanent change of the decor and the tiny pawn of a diabolical theater.

25/09/2015

Stage 2: Alverca – Azambuja 30 km

including 6km and 5mn by train, too tempting!

Lodge in the church square managed by the *Bombeiros Voluntarios / donativo*

Path along the river, the railway, stifling heat as in the middle of summer! Stop at the Azambuja pilgrims' refuge, 12 bunk beds, key removed from the volunteer firefighters, *donativo*, you can put whatever you want in a box... so it certainly depends on the quality of the lodging but also on the state of the spirit of the moment, the state of everyone's finances.

The church is opposite, a worker repairs with dexterity the small stones of the place, stones of all sizes which one will find everywhere along the way, as being an identity of Portugal. On the church square, a gallows, aesthetic as a work of art, recalls the practices of yesteryear to do justice. The vagabonds, the outlaws, of the time may have had a right to it. Times have changed, for us modern vagabonds who live on the fringes during walking time, our pain is limited to enduring pain in the feet, back, shoulders or even enduring bed bugs when they choose you at their menu. No, walking - as Frédéric Gros writes so well - is to live a stripped

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More information on my website:

On the Paths to Compostela - The Way

www.habiter-autrement.org/25_Tourisme/01_tour.htm

My little stories regarding the Camino in English to Santiago from Lisbon, from Sevilla, from Geneva PDF

www.habiter-autrement.org/mestextes.htm

... some of my drawings (550)

<https://photos.app.goo.gl/P7vgJW24bL4XfpyB3>

Caminho Português Via Lisitana 2015

~670 km from the capital to Santiago/Muxia

September/October 2015 ... Buen Camino!

Google translation

23/09/2015

Geneva-Lisbon by air – Easyjet 45€

Some voices: the one that punctuates the bus stops, then this other, almost divine, that announces the flight of planes leaving for cities that sound like an elsewhere, almost utopias, names that I try in vain to place in my head on a virtual world map. Flow of people, so many people on this Earth, walking, like me, strange, strangers forever. We brush against each other, we sometimes observe each other fleetingly, but our memory is very volatile from this point of view, we quickly throw them into the dungeon of our memory. Long futuristic white cigars from air terminals, metal spindles, motley with a few acronyms, welcome us for a galactic-scale leap. Spaces of transition to remind us of the world, loneliness, anonymity, vertigo...

A ticket, a piece of paper in your pocket authorizes us to use these places. It includes our name, the date, the supposed route, the last warnings - anything can still happen - a validity of one day, the time to go from one seat to another, from the bus, to the room waiting, then on the plane and then on the bus again, a bit like in musical chairs.

Waiting lines, between two seats, I gauge the carriers of backpacks, my brothers, my sisters, the same brotherhood, on the lookout for a very relative rallying sign. "Are you making the Way? » And bingo, Elisabeth, with a shell sewn on the back of her backpack, is also leaving for her second Camino, we recount our respective experiences, « ah me too ... » We get lost on arrival, we find him much later at his hostel in Lisboa.

My Hostel/Pension is not very far, Maxime is my bed neighbor, ritual "where are you from? » What are you doing in Lisbon? (he had no backpack). He

tells me that he came to attend a conference on esotericism... recommended reading list, ah a certain Lee Carroll and Jan Tober, his spiritual partner, give conferences all over the world with messages of love and of hope. Maxime came to listen to them. "The twelve layers of DNA. An esoteric analysis of inner mastery »

So goes the Way with improbable encounters, extraordinary personalities wandering in the margins of our daily routine. First Portuguese lesson in front of a beer on the terrace ... it is not won, this language has phonic singularities which require a long learning process for my oral organs. Would I just have time? The opportunities may miss me. The Portuguese crusaders are like extras.

24/09/2015

Stage 1: Lisbon-Alvera 31km

including 8km by metro to Oriente

The identity of a country, of a people, is also determined by that of its cafes, its pastries. Easier to understand. Systematic presence of one, even two if not three flat screens that make the walls talk and animate. Sports, especially football, reality TV, singers flooded in a space of glitter and neon bursting with streams of lights. Ah the bar, the pilgrim's stopover, I love discovering what makes it special: sweets, appetizing little things, temptations just to taste! I join Elisabeth early in the morning at the local metro station, yes indeed, we have agreed on the advice of the guide, we are going to cheat a little to avoid a long walk through the city and especially the area industrial. Four stations devoured in a few minutes, 6 or 8 kilometers to gain, although gained on what? The only constraint, if we can say so, is that of having to rub shoulders with all these poor people leaving for work, with haggard eyes, some seem asleep, many are glued to their Smartphones, silent dialogues directed by feverish fingers, the hubbub of the train drowns any other human sound, quickly, quickly let's leave this world, without a bad conscience!

Exit and descent opposite towards the Tagus where we finally find the first yellow arrow, a sign that we are finally on the Way. Along the majestic and placid estuary we pass a 5-star hotel stuck in the water like an enormous suppository of steel and glass, then Lisbon is finally behind us, a path infested with mosquitoes, along a small river corresponds to the real start of our wandering by stupidly following these yellow arrows, proof that others, many others, have already passed by there, from bar to bar and that at the end there is a lodging, a pension or an Albergue.