

Trip Report Nr. 7

www.hans-ueli.ch

17. May – 24. July 2009

		Km	
Start:	Bern, Switzerland	8'000	
Last Report	Iquique, Chile	33'200	= 25'200 km
Actual:	Sucre, Bolivia	36'620	= <u>3'420 km</u> 28'420 km

Introduction

A friend meant he had heard for a long time nothing of me, when the next Trip report comes. For a long time? Unbelievably, Middle of May, so fast passes the time!

I am in Bolivia, whereby it folded however only in the fourth approach.

Iquique - Calama

My first attempt to Bolivia to travel failed because of my computer virus.

My stay in Iquique pulled itself into the length. After the television appearance the radio did not want to be inferior, and then I was allowed to visit the Studio and to give a life interview. We agreed, after the second music engagement, that they communicate the questions before to me. Since the two reporters were main supervisors of the motorcycle meeting from the following weekend, I decided to stay and to receive the price for the furthest journey.

In the Beach Hostel I felt at home. Elizabeth, the charming owner, Ricardo its man and Luz, the good Fee, made a pleasant stay for me possible. Our relationship was put also to the test. I inhabited the roof room with view on the sea and the laundry slopes. As I took my towel down of „the line“ (together-turned wires), fell down the „construction“. It cannot be a problem, to build up the pieces. I stepped on the Roof and already I was on the ceiling of the underlying room. The termites had carried whole work out and had through-eaten the Wood construction. Around on the roof to rise I had to repel something, thus fallow the Plaster and my foot was in the room. Here, it NEVER rains, the roof serves only protection from the sunbeams.



Sport must be, therefore I had to try out also the Body-Boarding, and since that time, I know that it has into the rock the sea-hedgehog.

The motorcycle meeting was a beautiful experience, where one can exchange the motorcycle otherwise with a policeman? I have met several Bikers from Bolivia, from La Paz, Cochabamba, Oruro and Santa Cruz. In my next Trip Report I can communicate then, which I met again. Actually it was unfairly that I had received the cup for the furthest journey, other one from Santiago de Chile or Santa Cruz / Bolivia traveled, and these are against 2'000 km. As

example: If you live in Hamburg and you would drive to Bari to a motorcycle meeting! But here, the distances are different.



I spent much time with the Bikers, a sad moment was the death of Armin. Briefly after I had said good-bye to him, he died in a self accident. In such moments, me again consciously the burr between lives and death becomes is as narrow.

I could be helpful in the production of the Website www.civet-adventure.cl. Also with Sergio I spent much time and a fantastic day in the desert. If I would live here, a small Enduro would be one of my first acquisitions.

Bolivia calls! I take the 2. Approach. Tovanna, I knew for some time, offered to show me the oasis Pica, a good idea, therefore we spend one weekend in this fruit garden with warm hot springs.

I want to visit the traces of the dinosaur, these are partly in vertical walls. The mystery solution; the Andes



folded only later. I drive to the gas station, there become acquainted with Gary. Since it is for the maintenance „of the Sendero de Chile“, which is responsible way of the Inca, in this range, it’s the ideal information person. Immediately it shows me a video, the road is really problem-free. Now, I know even that there is a boundary stone between Bolivia, Chile and Peru in Surire, I drove only some kilometers too little far. Subsequently, I am invited to the lunch. He is an artist and proud father of six children, from four women...

Thus I make myself on the next day on the way to the dinosaurs. On the way I realize with frights that I lost a luggage cover, despite driving off the whole distance remain disappeared it. Bolivia must wait, back to Iquique.

From fiber glass soon a new cover is manufactured, again a common weekend in Pica, before I leave the civilization.

Bolivia, I come! Fast the road rises to 4’500 m, a good runway, Gary has not too much promised. Three „trucks“ from the close mine stand



at the roadside, unfortunately may I photograph only from the outside. Around 3 p.m. I am at the border from I. Region (Duty-free area) to II. Region of Chile. The Carabiniero control my paper and say that the road is to be driven on to Ollagüe well, for 80 km has I thus still well three hours daylight. As soon as the last entry to the mine behind me, changes road conditions. Sand (do y learn to drive to sand one day?), Rubble,



away-rinsed pieces of road, which one loves in such a way. It becomes dark. The only car crosses. I am to watch out, a bridge collapsed, I must drive over the train viaduct. I would like to stay overnight as far as possible down, I drive on, and several times I put down the twin. Over 7.30 p.m. on 4'200 m is finished, I stand before a further away-rinsed piece of road and see in the dark no possibility for drive on. Bivouac! After 1 ½ h I set up finally the tent, had with this cold storm no easy venture, the herrings I have fixed in the sand with large stones to weight. At half past nine I can prepare finally my warm night meal. Here I came for the first time to my physical borders. In the tent it was not under 0°C.



With daylight I find a possibility for drive on, also the next obstacles can good be mastered. A large stone is on the way, I drive past right and notice only in the flight that I got a rock with a suit-case. Bolivia must wait, I drive from Ollagüe instead to Bolivia to Calama for the repair of the Twin and the suit-cases. Here I have separated the 15. April from Steffen, it already is in the meantime into Costa Rica. Why weren't the information of Gary correct ? Logically, he is only up to the border I. Region responsibly and does not know the resuming piece. Later I found out that there are 200 km in the driest desert of the world a broad strip, at which the weather fronts meet one another and it therefore strongly rain can - and here I was.



On the search for a motorcycle workshop I stop next a Honda Enduro, which leans at a house wall. Yohn offered itself me to show the workshop. There I rented in Yohn guest room. The whole family Chau drives motorcycle, the grandfather drove to high age a Lambretta, the father is the president of the Enduro club. Johana, its wife and the 11-year old Kimberley have motorcycles, that three-year Joshua might approximately in two years be first motorcycle to receive. Yohn carries me forward on the Motocross ride, thus my

departure continues to retard, and this makes fun for me!

For Swiss conditions are the apartments very small, but nice. The family Yohn sleeps in a room, the range of the daughter is separated by a cabinet, and in the kitchen is hardly place. My suggestion to create in the kitchen somewhat more work surface is gladly accepted. We together roam across Sodimac, the Home center, and further special firms. Yohn is surprised, what gives it everything. Mañana is a well-known word, but the rack nevertheless still copes hours before my departure, Yohn is proud on its work.

The father of Yohn has 12 children, and this from 10 women, whether he is proud I don't know. The mother of Yohn was 16, just as his wife Johana, when the first child came. Yohn cleared Kimberley up, since he wants to save it this lot. Rome prevented further a clearing-up at school, the result are school children with kids. In the school buildings in addition a



child stronghold is furnished.

Calama with its 200'000 inhabitants is not my dream place, on the day hot, at the night under 0°C. There are not heaters actually. The body cannot adjust itself. In the newspaper was written it got sick to 1'000 at pig flu in Calama and gives some dead ones, one notice however nothing of it. Here mainly mine workers and their families live. Yohn is a studied geologist. Over 5 a.m. the bus drives into 2 hours to the mine, there works it to twelve hours with a short interruption to the lunch and around 9 p.m. is it again at home. At six days in the week, with 15 days holidays. If one complains, they tell sufficient different applicants had. Yohn cures momentarily a back injury out, therefore he is at home. The foreign mine operators takes the country's copper out, get the environment dirty and hardly pay taxes. This problem I discussed with Sergio in Iquique, he am already environmental activist.



With Tovanna I visited the Laguna Inca-Coya near Chau Chau. This is almost circular and soilless. It might from a meteorite impact. Jacques Cousteau looked with its Calypso without success for the ground.



From Calama to Sucre



The fourth approach, it must fold! In Ollagüe I sleep for a long time again once under a warm, light cover, a wonderful feeling! The customs formalities in the morning are problem-free, I am in Bolivia! Street signs are in Bolivia relatively unknown, since on my map however only one road is drawn in and I see only one road, drive off and enjoy the good runway. With the sun glasses I cannot read off my GPS. To 70 km a board, still 10 km comes to the historical Pueblo mansion Alota, to 5 km still 5 km, and I

am there, at the purged village, but far away of my goal, the Salar de Uyuni. Thus I continue to drive on the runway to Uyuni, in place of over the Salar. Where I missed the road is still unclear to me.

I enjoy the first day in Uyuni with arriving at Bolivia. I saunter by the large weekly market, observe the population, watch the women with her hats and the colored carrying cloths, I am in another world. On the day it is warm, in the night under 0°C. The criterion of the choice of the restaurants is in each case the interior temperature, two I found, which were kept at a moderate temperature.



On the next day I visit the Salar, here salt still by hand won. Its size with 180'000 km² is inconceivable, with 100 km/h over the salt to drive is a special experience.



But hardly goes into the curve to lie correctly, you believe the white could be slippery like snow. With the museum of the salt hotel I become acquainted



with Wolnei from Brazil, he drives a 250 Yamaha. Back in Uyuni, Sylvain from France tells hello, it is with a Honda 200 on the way. In the evening we eat together, Wolnei tells in such a way of the Isla of the Pescados, that we decide the next day again to visit the Salar and to enjoy the 75 km salt ride. This island is really an experience. The age of the 2007 died Cactus is indicated to 1'203 years. It surprises me that they can on the year exactly determine, even without fall it.



Tovanna has sent a Mail, she makes holidays in Bolivia and arrives tomorrow at Uyuni. Thus leave my new colleagues alone to drive on and I remain a further day in Uyuni. On the next day there is only 200 km to Potosi, but the travel takes six hours, just as for a long time as the bus needs. Last 15 km asphalt road are a genuine recovery.

Potosi is the silver city, it became from the Spanish in 16. Century based and was during 200 years the largest and richest city of completely South America.

Millions of slaves died there. The Cerro Rico was over 5'000 m highly, today it's only 4'700 m, so strongly it was drawn back. We made an inspection tour, earn the transport workers per day approx. USD 5, the specialized mine workers USD 14. We bring along gifts, the transporting system has be payed by the tourists. It gives far over 5'000 entrances. Since the mountain is exploited, the miners may work and sell today independently the metal over a cooperative. Silver does not give it for a long time, and none becomes rich. But they do not have other earning facility. Pablo, the 49-year old Chief, works for 30 years in the mine and is proudly that he has 10 children, the youngest is 4. There are two opinions also here: As much as possible children in accordance with Rome - or few children, but with life-worthy life.



The youth hostel in Potosi, the hotel Jerusalem, is impressive, in our room we had even a heating, which luxury!



The travel after Sucre, the capital, was nearly "boring", all good tar route! Together with the colors and rock formations particularly an old suspension bridge from 19. Century that impresses me, a wonderwork of the technology.

In an old travel guide the number of inhabitants before 8 years indicated as 100'000, today there are 200'000, many unemployed mountain workers from Potosi have arrived. Thus one can introduce oneself, how the external areas grew. The roads are close, but it has a very efficient transport system with Microbus and Taxi.



In Potosi and Sucre I have been impressed by the many buildings of splendors from the colonial age, which are in very good condition. Generally I do not feel refrained in the city centre in a third world country, beside from the many beggars.

A further high point is the meat quality, anyhow in the "better" restaurants. The cows feast in the low Amazon country like Santa Cruz or Beni. I never enjoyed this quality in

Chile, except whole in the south. Bolivia was noticeable to me up now very positively, some topics such as poverty, waste in nature, hygiene etc. one must fade out. Humans are generally very friendly. The youth Hostel cares for in co-operation with German youth hostels a project for volunteers work within various ranges. For young people surely an exciting and enriching experience.

My first stomach emptying I had the other day, shortly thereafter was appropriate for Sylvain in bed, up to now had I however luck.

August 8. is a large motorcycle meeting in Santa Cruz, two friends from Iquique travels particularly on (2'000 km). Sylvain needs a new number, we drives therefore over Paraguay and Brazil.



Continuation follows - and I try to keep my diary further current.

Cordial greetings, Hans-Ueli



Picture legend:

- Page 1: Cup furthest journey / Roof break-through / Body-Boarding
- Page 2: Motorcycle exchange, Iquique / Environmental damage by mines / Gary, the artist / New fiber glass cover / „Trucks“ for mine
- Page 3: Road away-washed on 4'200 M. / Fam. Chau at the Waterfall near Calama / Kitchen optimization
- Page 4: Suspended St. Bernard / Tovanna at Laguna Inca-Cola / Station Ollagüe / After 5 km I have turned / With Wolnei and Sylvain on the Salar / Getting Sal
- Page 5: Dance on the apple / Isla the Pescados / Cementario del Tren, Uyuni / In the Mine, Potosi / Hotel Jerusalem, Potosi
- Page 6: Wind and water as artists / Market at Uyuni / Old Bridge near Sucre / Current map

