



00. Above the odd paddock and fence line and cow and sheep and
01. dom. then slowly a vista of them all and then a scope
02. where they have receded beyond ~~attached~~ ^{attached} reality
03. into a world, below which you fly. And lifting to ~~the~~
heads and up through holes, cumulus up and in and
down and out and magical flying machines, propeller
drones and goggles and scooters, and a whole other
world above. And then swirls and long jet stream,
sweepets, smiling stewardesses and long cigars ~~to~~
super sounds of the sixties and seventies

indians, ~~the~~ jet age, and then above that into their
Troposphere and Ten kilometers ^{economical} of cruising height.
The podlocks made of dried beeing become a crust,
and the crust encapsulating a huge rock ~~and~~ spreading
in a shallow curve everywhere. This is not of a planet,
not that high yet, but a definite earth, and we still
only skimming the thin atmosphere, sense like around
it, and sunsets and coastlines.

And then an easing off, ^{and} ~~and~~ of noise, of sphairic
like and clouds, ~~one on~~ ^{with} off, off, and
then overcastness and podlocks again, and houses
and real moving speeds, ~~and~~ ~~and~~, and the clean
breaking up around the edges, piles of earthworks and
shored land and dirty gravel and tufts of grass
and luminosities unkept development and Torrance
and temperatures and an unfortunate drop back into
velocity, reality, ^{seeing} ~~or~~ everywhere. Different people,
different times and a slow ~~down~~ decline and adjustment
in their ^{new} reality ~~down~~ starts, very slowly at first to
it itself be known.

14:03:00 Arrived in Santiago. Started this trip as with
many others in the back of a speeding minibus from the
airport. These other faces in the dark and cold flashes
of signs and factories and merge and exit ramps. An
other Santiago, first a smell, diesel and dry sweet
dust and heat, lots of other things, arised springs
to mind, that some dark caramel type of thing but it
wasnt. Could have been India or China or Hong
Kong, the smell of decaying iron belts and oil filters
given on the side of the road maybe is. And then the
'Central Station' buses, big old yellow single type
at the front, lots of clearance, dented scratched
tatted curtains and fluorescent lit buses. Sounds
this time of diesel in and out as they slowed down
or speeded up, lots of them, two deep on the side
of the road picking up and leaving down at two
And more city, older buildings, close together,
taller apartment blocks, streets, jessed off. And
middle aged women with shawls and veryl handle
in the fluorescent light, two to a bus head ~~the~~
turned to watch the other traffic, an international org

hands on bag on lap on bus coming and going. And people on the streets then in between the buses you start to notice, paper seller stalls, people walking, talking, taxi drivers play fighting, people eating and walking, lots of people on the streets (for a Monday night?). And then we duck off the main boulevard to drop a passenger off, darker, older three and four and five storey rendered buildings with security grilles over entranceways (open). And a corner store with old furniture and a wall with lots of small simple colour paintings with large gold corniced frames slightly ajar and with too many coats of paint. ~~The~~ fluorescent light hiding from the darkness around. An unpretending corner shop full of humility, and considered ^(venerable maybe) openness, a warm sign of lifeblood here rearing in veins and arteries through what will vary to cold and hard and deep in places. And back again to the boulevard, into the centre (Centro), very similar to my town, London, Claring Cross road with another 10°C. And off again. Ange

following the map in Lonley Planet, it doing in her hand, we are close she thinks. The church San Francisco, big red walls and old stone. Then a passing moment of an elder man looking a some going on with an exasperation. Confined not being able to be met by his circumstances, or too slow, thinks too slow? I don't know but sigh of woe and of watching it disappear, not the means to meet it, the release of that moment! heart went silent and I was scorned for him or for others, and I registered how many people had seen and here without the same softy. An belt near and hard because I did not have some vulnerability, I had US dollars that were inefficiently, in ~~the~~ terms, spent. I hoped he had place to sleep. ~~And~~ Reflection in that moment come and pity and a bit of guilt, an appreci of other lives, and of them of being scorned & lest they be ~~see~~ my eyes there with a mischief the drunk passing by. An ~~association~~ ^{associating} of a m which is not ~~good~~ ~~but~~... exasperation on

Hotel Paris Ltda.

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PARIS 809 / 813 — SANTIAGO CENTRO

Santiago, 13 de 3 de 1992000

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Extras	

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Total \$

13000

Nº 191577

BOLETA DE VENTA
DUPLICADO - CLIENTE

out I guess, may there be a higher order that
looks after this man, gives him a moment of security
each day in which to rest. Or am I talking about
it probably. — All too much, but not devalue it
I by thinking about it. (Not just say a moment in which
was watching, scared for him and then and for
re. And Hotel Paris. The people here seem really
nice, the minibar guy Marco at the airport and the
adly here. It's all real costs though \$US 10 from
the airport \$US 26 for a room. We will have to
watch that. A nice feeling about Santiago though,
come from sitting on the terrace at the airport,
hills ~~of~~ silhouetted, washed, around as having
Haven is around Aconque^{ca} (6960 m) and the Andes on the
way in. Simple, open space, dry dirt cattle
type feel to it all. And a flight down the Andes
tomorrow to Punta Arenas and the start of our
little trek. Should be good.

(5 1/2 HOURS)

16.3.00 Day 1 - Slept in + were lost to leave

Walked up to Campamento Torres, right up

the valley of the lookout. Beautiful day which
made it enjoyable and raised our spirits a bit
(we are both a little anxious still I think). Hard
walk with full packs on, straight up around
400m and then up and down a bit by the river
The lookout was fantastic, about 45 min walk a
steepe slopes to see the lake and the Torres.
Spectacular! Set up there for an hour or so
just watching and being. Rarely saw them at a
on the way up so was nice. This is supposed to
be the most spectacular part of the walk so
probably should have saved it till last but
there is a chance we might not come back the
way. I must admit the bit I am really
looking forward to is the circuit. Not neces-
sarily being right at them the whole time but
being in the countryside around and getting
into a rhythm, a more gradual and slower
being, letting it unfold and taking time to
associate with it all.

Day 2 - back down to camping Laos Torres, (5 ~~hours~~ hours). Got up early this morning - 6:30 and went up again hoping to catch sunrise on the Torres, did but only on the way up! Couldn't believe it, half an hour earlier and I would have been ok. The rocks were burning orange and pink, was beautiful. By the time I had got to the top the sun had risen above the cloud line and it was all washed out! Still very nice, I spent an hour or so exploring in the quiet hoping for some sun but didn't see any. Early morning you could leave the odd avalanche or geyser of the ice. I couldn't see anything and it was quite hard to tell where it was coming from, ~~heard~~ the sound muffled around the canyon from one side to another. Wolly days down on the knees and a still this time camp site with clearing weather. Beautiful ranges in the distance, every one spectacular in itself. This is Patagonia!



frontier land, jagged mountain mostly break out into the gorges of the west, low by both land and large property forms where old lakes with pink horizons, ~~words~~ words and living ~~in the~~ in tandem with forms and phenomena - guitar music. The rays have seen strongly out of place, the land large and remote and desolate they seem those like islands of humidity with waves. ~~the~~ what is the Patagonian land breaking off their outposts, the weather, the light, the land everything. ~~W~~ Longies on undercurrent of nervousness that is probably more in me than them. It's just this remoteness, lots of square miles of silence and wind in grass for ever, warm room with a fire + phenomena music & little ear, I wonder what they think, rather so melodramatic I'm sure :-)

18:30 Short day today (4 1/2 hours). Arrived 2:30 to see everyone else arriving at 4 onwards

having done huge days 1/2's etc. Man we were sore after 4! Hmmm...

All Patagonian farmland today, still very frontier feeling to it all. Scenes from ranchside kept popping up, expecting to see Ox round the corner in a ten gallon mug second. Path had more bovine hoof marks amongst other things - the smell brought me back to primary school camp at Sarringal farm! Even saw a Torii down court hours that far from farmland. I think I would get very depressed being here, the cold and the the desolate environment (environment is the right word - a little harsh and hard as a landscape) would get to me.

Scenery is very nice although not as awe-inspiring as the Himalayas (+ cold!!). Keep making that comparison. The Himalayas seem so full of warmth somehow, the people + villages + culture you pass through! Guess, and the mystique (+ the weather!!!). Pretty relaxed getting into it day even though this

ALPINE MEADOW
DAISY - SERON

←

is day 2, still only day 1 of the circuit proper. Nice to see others in camp. A lot of comfort maybe in soul to lean against - look over it, shallow Bower - perhaps. It that more, changes sake I think. I probably would be doing the depressed meditative thing I think, absorbing all that desolation (to my demise) - maybe, probably not, depth I prefer to think. I have been getting into a bit, just not fully yet - an introduction day, Patagonia! Kind of has its own mystique just one of... of big country, of lots of square miles per person like I think I mentioned yesterday. Of ice cold water over your hands in a stream when your out in the bush. The mystique of cold there even when the sun shines a bored Notta say bud, just cold. "And nothing grows in that cold and desolate place" springs to mind even though it is not true

19:00 Day 4 - 6 1/2 hours.