

South America 24.000

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Viajeros del viento

Z E M L J A N I S M O i odvajkada želimo upoznati tu svoju Zemlju. To je i bila naša namjera, upoznati još jedan njen dio - Južnu Ameriku.

Tamo daleko preko Atlantika, tamo gdje žive naši rođaci nikada prije viđeni, tamo gdje se neumorno pleše tango, tamo gdje šeću Inke, tamo gdje Morales sadi koku, tamo gdje se obrušavaju veliki vodopadi, tamo gdje vino teče u potocima, tamo gdje glečeri zaustavljaju dah, tamo gdje visina Anda zaustavlja dah, tamo gdje žive neki veseliji ljudi, tamo gdje je ovce teško i noću i danju prebrojati, tamo gdje usamljenost godi, tamo gdje priroda traži da ju se zabilježi.

Za putovanje Južnom Amerikom odlučili smo se za konje iz poznate njemačke ergele BayerischeMotorWerkea. Poslali smo ih brodom u Buenos Aires da i oni osjete što je nemirno more. Kao da su jedva dočekali da ih natovarimo prtljagom, da more za-

W E A R E E A R T H L I N G S and since the beginning of time we strive to get to know our Mother Earth. That was also our intention, to get to know another part of Her – South America.

Somewhere far away across the Atlantic, where our never seen ancestors live, where you relentlessly dance the tango, where the Incas are strolling around, where Morales is planting coca, where big waterfalls are tumbling down, where the vine is flowing like streams, where the glaciers take your breath away, where the altitude of the Andes take your breath, where some happier people live, where it is difficult to count sheep in the night and during daytime, where the solitude is comfortable, where nature is asking to be acknowledged.

For our travels across South America we decided to get the horses from the well-known German stable of BayenischeMotorenWerke. We shipped them to

mijene čvrstim tlom i što daljim putem.

Krenuli smo put Urugvaja. Na granici Argentine i Urugvaja dali smo podršku zelenim volonterima za negradnju hartere na rijeci nama neznanoj. Ravničarski Urugvaj mirna je i najstaloženija zemlja Latinske Amerike.

Prejahavši Brazil obalom mora nikad mirnog ni dovoljno plavog, mokrog, ali ne i tako slanog kao što je naše, na našem smo prvom cilju, vodopadima na tromeđi Paragvaja, Brazila i Argentine - Cataratas del Iguazu' - čiji huk dopire do Plitvičkih jezera.

Sjevernim dijelom Argentine jašemo preko predivnih predjela Taffi dela Valle, vjetrovite Salte i Purmamarce i s pijeskom ispod pazuha stižemo u San Pedro de Atacama u Čileu. Nemir nas goni dalje sjevernom obalom Čilea, preko Ikikea, Tacne i Puerto Inka do Nazce.

Leti, leti... kondor! Leti, leti... Cessna. Snima, snima Renco. Mistično. Tko je, kada i zašto risao te velike kondore, kolibrije, majmune...

Machu Picchu osvojili smo u hipu i udri put Can'o'n de Colca. Impresivno i mirno. Kondori su previsoko, sjene na tlu su im male, nema bojazni. Žedni konji navode nas da časkom sjašemo na Titicaci, posjetimo male đake na otoku Uros i k(g)asom preko

Buenos Aries so that they too could feel some rough seas. It seemed like that they could barely wait to be loaded with our cargo, change the sea for the land and start the journey.

We set off for Uruguay. On the Argentina - Uruguay border on for us an unknown river we gave our support to the eco warriors for not building paper factory. Uruguay is a big plain, very calm and the most sedate country of South America.

We rode through Brazil along the coast with the sea which was not blue nor calm enough, nor salty or wet enough as ours. We arrived at our first destination, the waterfalls on the borders between Paraguay, Brazil and Argentina - Catarasu del Iguazu - its roar can be heard all the way to the Plitvice Lakes.

In the northern part of Argentina we ride through the beautiful landscapes of Taffi de la Valle, the windy Salta and Purmamarca and with sand under our arms, we arrive at San Pedro de Atacama in Chile. We are restless, so we push along the Chilean northern coast passing through Ikike, Tacne and Puerto Inca arriving at Nazca.

Flies, flies... the condor! Flies, flies... the Cessna! And Renco is shooting, shooting. Mystical. Who, when and why drew these big condors, colibris, monkeys...



bolivijske Copacabane u La Paz - miran grad kako ime kaže. Kao malo veći Pazin, u sličnoj dolini, ali na visini od 3650 metara. Toga dana smo i mi i konji bili prilično uzbuđeni - sutradan nas je čekala Carretera de la Muerte.

Častili smo naše konje u „mirnom gradu“. Spavali su na recepciji u hotelu, vezani za svaki slučaj. Opet gmižemo Panamericanom u Čileu, u očekivanju najimpresivnijeg prijevoja Agua Negra na 4780 metara. Bez riječi, lasen si die Augen sprechen, ja merkam a majstoru prepuštam da to bilježi s tom velikom makinom. Opet bježimo iz ljepote visina i eto nas na proputovanju Mendozom prema jugu.

Paaaaatagoooonijaaaaaaa, u najboljem izdanju. Puna plavog neba i još bjeljih oblaka, dugo očekivana zemljana cesta Ruta 40 ili Carretera de la Soledad. San Martin, San Carlos de Bariloche, Sarmiento, El Calafate stoje nam na putu do El Caltena i visokoga mu Fitz Roya.

Perito Moreno i Torres de Paine nismo mogli izbjeći na putu prema najvećoj koloniji Hrvata u Južnoj Americi - Punta Arenasu. Ugostila nas je signora Dinka, vječno vesela plava pravcata Moira Orfei. Adios Patagonija nakratko, moramo do Ognjene Zemlje, okovane snijegom toga ljetnoga dana.

We conquered Machu Pichu in a blink of an eye so we continued to Can'o'n de Colca. Impressive and peaceful. The condors are flying high, their shadows on the ground are small, no fear.

Thirsty horses make us dismount briefly at Lake Titicaca to visit a group of school children on the Uros Island and then, at full throttle, through the Bolivian Copacabana to La Paz – a quiet city, as the name suggests. Just like Pazin, a little bit bigger, in a similar valley but at an altitude of 3650 meters.

That day we were all pretty excited, we and our horses, as tomorrow was awaiting us the Carretera de la Muerte. Our horses had a special treat in the “quiet City,” they slept at the hotel reception, tied down, just in case.

Again we crawl along the Panamericana in Chile in expectation of the most impressive mountain pass – Agua Negra at 4.780 meters. Speechless... “ let the eyes speak.....”, I admire and let the maestro make a record with the big machine. We are again running away from the beauties of heights and then travelling through Mendoza heading South.

Paaaaatagooooniaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa, at its best. Full of blue skies, and whiter than white clouds, the long awaited unpaved road Ruta 40 or Carretera de la Soledad. San Martin, San Carlos de Bariloche,



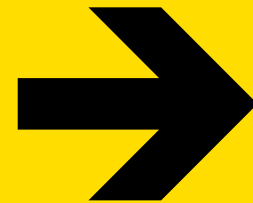
Vraćamo se rutom 3, obalom uz Atlantik i više je-
drimo nego jašemo. Putem smo mahnuli balenama
u Puerto Mandrinu. Vjetar nam pravi društvo sve
do Buenos Airesa i tamo se pretvara u Dobar zrak.
Tango de la noche. Hvala konjima, još više hvala
Rencu.

Sarmiento, El Calafate are on the way to El Calteno
and His Highness the Fitz Roy.

We could not avoid Perito Moreno and Torres de Paine
on our way to the biggest colony of expat Croatians in
South America – Punta Arenas. Our host was Signora
Dinka, an eternally cheerful blond, and a Moira Orfei
lookalike.

Briefly we say “Adios Patagonia”, we get to Tierra del
Fuego, icebound that summer day. On our return we
ride along Ruta 3, along the Atlantic coast, and we
are sailing rather than riding.

We wave briefly to the whales in Puerto Mandrin. The
wind is keeping us company all the way to Buenos
Aires and it turns into “Good Air”. Tango de la Noche.
Thank you to our horses, but most of all thank you to
Renco.



Buenos Aires



Buenos Aires

*Dobar zrak zvao bi se taj grad u Istri, ali bolje mu pristaje izvorno ime. Istina je da je ovdje ugodno živjeti i disati. Grad s najvećom avenidom na svijetu, grad s najviše mesa po jednom želucu, grad u kojem se izlazi danonoćno, glavni grad tanga, tamo svi žive i rade za Bocu i River Plate. Tamo daleko žive i naši rođaci. Calatrava je mostom *Puente dela Mujer* spojio grad s Puerto Maderom. U Palermu Viejo živi se kao nekoć – ljudski. Čemu žurba.*

Good Air would be its name in English but it suits him better its original name. It is true , it is nice to live and breath here. City with the largest *avenida* in the world, city with most meat per stomach, city where party is on day and night, Capital of tango, where everybody works and lives for Boca and River Plate. Our relatives live so far away. Caltrava linked the City with Puerto Madero via the *Punte dela Mujer*. In Palermo Viejo the life goes on as in the times gone by... What s the rush?











Obrero

Na nagovor Bona Voxa i g. Phaidona, obreli se mi u Obreru, kako mu ime kaže - *radničkom* restoranu u Boci, siromašnoj četvrti davnih talijanskih emigranata u Buenos Airesu. *Nostalgico y muy buen comer*, sve je baš kao nekada, nekada kada i nas nije bilo. Tamo su nas nahranili i u dolasku i na povratku. Na povratku, u znak poštovanja što smo obišli njihovu zemlju, nismo bili dužni platiti večeru. Časti Anselmo, *el jefe de restaurante*. Meso & meso + malbec.

After a suggestion from Bono Vox and Mr. Phaidon we ventured to Obrero, a *workers* restaurant in Boca, an impoverished quarter of former Italian immigrants in Buenos Aires. *Nostalgico y muy buen comer*, everything is as it used to be, in time before our time. They fed us there at our departure and at our return. On our return as a sign of respect for visiting their country we do not have to pay for our meal. Anselmo is buying - *el jefe del restaurante*. Meat & meat + Malbec.



Fangio

Juan Manuel Fangio toga kišnoga dana nije bio kod kuće u Balcarceu, zato smo posjetili muzej posvećen tom velikom i skromnom vozaču, pobjedniku pet velikih nagrada pedesetih godina prošloga stoljeća. Njegovo geslo “Nastoj biti najbolji, ali ne vjeruj da to i jesi” živjelo je onoliko koliko i on, sve do 1995. Zadnjih godina života popravljao je automobile mještanima u svom rodnom kraju.

Juan Manel Fangio was not in the house Balcarce on this rainy day, so we visited the Museum dedicated to this great and humble driver, winner of 5 Grand Prix in the 50's of the last century. His motto “Try to be the best but do not believe you are” lived as long as he did, until 1995. In the last few years of his life he repaired cars for the locals in his native county.





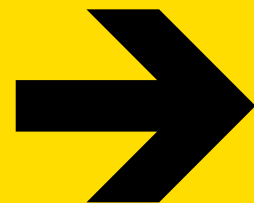
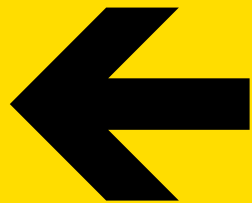


Tango

Confiteria *La Ideal* pleše već skoro sto godina, tako je i večeras. Pritajena tuga, strast, žudnja, sreća, čežnja, nostalgija, romantika, ljubav, prolaznost – i sve to usklađeno u tišini plesnog sklada uz savršen orkestar. Prevelik zadatak za iskušenje. Jedan par nadmašio je sve ostale. U svemu, a naročito bliskosti koju je lako prepoznati, pa makar bili i samo promatrači. U jednom trenutku ostali se parovi povlače s podija i ostavljaju par da sije ljubav. Tango!

Confiteria *La Ideal* has been “dancing” for almost 100 years and so it is tonight, also. Hidden sadness, passion, desire, happiness, longing, nostalgia, romance, love, transience and all that harmonised in the calmness of the dance with a perfect orchestra. Tempted, but the task is too big. One couple has excelled. In everything but especially in the closeness which is easy to detect even if you are only a bystander. And then in one magic moment all the other dancers vacate the podium for the couple to share and shine love. Tango!





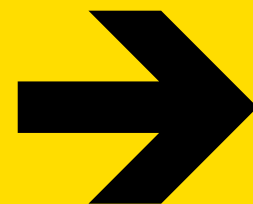
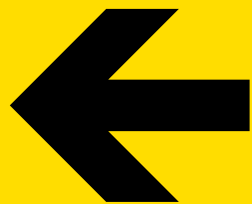
Buenos Uruguay
Aires











Uruguay

Brasil

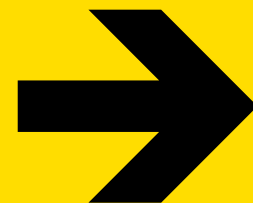
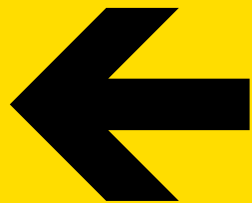












Brasil

**North
Argentina**

























Salar Atacama

Bjeline, kao da je sam Escobar posuo brašno salarom Atacama. Ali nije, slano je. Najsuša pustinja na svijetu. I ovdje je Bog rekao laku noć kiši, nikada ovdje nije padala. Flaminzi zvlače dugačku surlu u dno pličaka i nije ih briga što smo izdaleka. U pustinji nigdje nikoga. Ali, vrativši se našim konjima, nalazimo poruku ispisanu ružem na tablicama: *Sretno*. I sreća nas je stalno pratila. Hvala autoru/ici i neka se javi ako ikada vidi ovu knjigu.

Whiteness, like Escobar himself, scattered flour across Salar Atacama. But it is not, it's salty. The driest desert in the world. Here, too, God said goodbye to the rain, it has never rained in our lifetimes. Flamingos are sticking their long necks into the shallow waters and they do not seem to care that we come from far away. Not a living soul in the desert, but on our return to our horses we find written with lipstick on the number plates – *Sretno*. And lady luck was on our side all of the time. Thank you to the author and please do come forward if you ever come across this book.





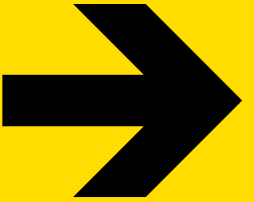
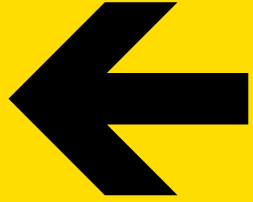


Mendoza

Grad i pokrajina mirišu na *malbec*. I neka. Ljubav prema vinu nije ugrozio ni potres koji je grad u bližoj povijesti gotovo sraunio sa zemljom. Lujan de Cuyo, Maipu', Tunyan, Tupungato, San Rafael domovi su vina u provinciji Mendoza. Obišli smo mnoge vinarije, ali nam konji nisu dali baš sve i kušati. *E viva* Mendoza, ali e *viva* i San Juan.

The town and the region smell of *Malbec*. So it should. The love for wine was not even jeopardized by the earthquake that almost levelled the town in the recent past. Lujan de Cuyo, Maipu', Tunyan, Tupungato, San Rafael are wine estates in the Mendoza region. We visited quite a few wineries but our horses did not allow us to visit them all. *E viva* Mendoza, but also *E viva* San Juan.





**North
Argentina**

Chile









Punta Arenas

Najveća kolonija Hrvata u Južnoj Americi. Najprije su ovamo dogurali Bračani u pretprošlom vijeku ne bi li iz mulja isprali malo zlata i uspjelo im je. Nakon toga došlo ih je još, ali zlato više nije tako jako sjalo. Mi nismo došli ispirati zlato, ispirali smo mozak i uspijevalo nam je. U najboljem tamošnjem restoranu, Sotito's, večerajući s pilotom aviona Xavierom, dogovarali smo let za Antarktik sutradan ujutro. I tako smo dogovarali dva-tri dana, uz *congrío ala planca*, na istom mjestu, s istim pilotom. Antarktik nismo vidjeli jer vjetar danima nije popuštao. *Next time. Macht nicht*, rekao bi Xavier na tečnom njemačkom.

The biggest colony of Croatians in South America. It was first the immigrants from the Island of Brač who arrived here in the last century in search for gold. We did not come here searching for gold, we came to “wash our brains” and it was working just fine. In the best local restaurant – Sotito's – having dinner with a pilot by the name of Xavier we were arranging a flight to the Antarctic for tomorrow morning. And so two, three days later we were still arranging the flight with the same pilot and with “congrío a la plancha”. We never saw Antarctic as the wind did not stop for three days. Next time. “Macht nicht” – as Xavier would say in his fluent German.



Paso del Agua Negra

To je ono nešto što je bez fotoaparata jako teško opisati. Ovdje mašta ne stanuje. S toliko nestvarnih pejzaža jedva smo ostali na životu, nekoliko sati bez daha, disali smo očima. Nismo ni primijetili da stiže mrak, a s mrakom i gorska žandarmerija koja nas je jedva odvukla na granični prijelaz s Argentinom, ponudila čaj, pitala za Šukera i pokazala put San Juana.

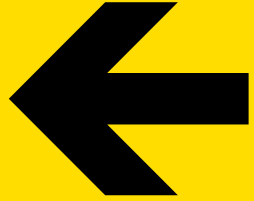
E viva la Argentina!

This is something that is hard to describe without the camera. The place where imagination is absent. With so many surreal landscapes we barely survived, few hours out of breath, we were breathing through our eyes. We did not notice the dusk approaching and with it the mountain patrol who escorted us to the border crossing with Argentina, offered us tea, asked about Šuker and showed us the way to San Juan.

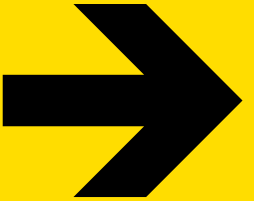
E viva la Argentina.







Chile



Peru





Nazca

Linee Nazca otkrila je izvjesna *signora* Maria Reiche početkom prošlog vijeka. Stare od pamtivijeka, a otkrivene tako kasno... nije bilo aviona prije toga. Pustinjska visoravan u Peruu, *il desierto che abla*, skrivala je gigantske crteže kolibrija, astronauta, majmuna, kondora..., dok se nije razgrnuo stoljećima taloženi pijesak. Tko, zašto i kada... Možda i zato što u Nazci nikada ne pada kiša, baš nikada, pa su se stanovnici udvarali bogovima da im daju bar pokoju kap. Däniken je vjerovao da je to bio ufodrom, a mi se u mišljenja procjenitelja nismo miješali, ali smo ih za svaki slučaj nadletjeli u poluraspadnutoj Cessni. Alal im vera, kaže glava.

The Nasca Lines were discovered by Mrs Maria Reiche at the beginning of the last century. Old "since the beginning of time" but discovered so late... there were no airplanes before. The desert plateau in Peru, El desierto que habla, was hiding gigantic figures of colibri, astronauts, condors, monkeys... while the centuries old sand deposits were not removed. Who, why and when... Maybe because in Nasca it never rains, never, so the old inhabitants were trying to appease the gods to send them just a drop or two. Däniken believed it was a UFO landing site.









Cusco

Ta stara prijestolnica Perua žubori od vreve mladih hodočasnika sa svih strana svijeta. Jedva pristaje da namjernici otprhnu rano ujutru put Machu Picchua ili kamo god se zaputiti. Uživat će od *vid' ovo*, *vid' ono*, stalno se pitajući kada su, kako su i zašto toliko ljepote stvorili Inke i Priroda im materina. Pivo u pubu Norton bilo je izgovor da upitamo vlasnika kako se već 20 godina snalazi ljuljajući se Peruom i Čileom svojim motorom. A motor mu ima isto ime kao i onaj kojim se i Che vozao nešto ranije od svih nas. Svaka mu čast, znao je mali.

This old Peruvian metropolis is full of murmur from young pilgrims from all over the world. She barely allows them to venture early in the morning towards Machu Pichu or wherever they are setting out to. They will enjoy in “look at this” and “look at that,” constantly wondering when, why and how did the Incas and Mother Nature made all of this beauty. Beer in the pub Norton was an excuse to ask the owner how he has managed in the past 20 years to swing on his bike through Peru and Chile, the same make that Che used for his ride a little earlier than any of us. My hat off to him.



Machu Picchu

Gradić nastao u vremenima tkoznakojim, povodom nikom poznatim, interpretiran i opjevan znanjem vodiča s dvanaestodnevnom kursom, na visini od 2500 m, niži od Cusca-grada. *Penjemo* se 1000 metara niže, imali smo sreće što ga oblaci nisu prisvojili. Predivan je i mističan rano ujutro u 5 i 45. Kada smo tamo jedino mi i 17 vrijednih Japanaca koji dolaze *obješenog nosa* Nikona. Bilo je djelomično oblačno toga jutra, a Rencu je to odgovaralo.

Town founded in the time of who-knows-when, in the occasion of who-knows-why, interpreted and celebrated by a guide who finished a twelve day course, on the altitude of 2500 mtrs, lower than Cusco. We are *climbing* down 1000 mtrs, and we were lucky that the clouds did not claim it. So beautiful and mystical at 5:15 in the morning. It is just us and 17 hardworking Japanese who are arriving with their Nikons, their *noses hanging down*. It was partly cloudy that morning, which suited Renco just fine.









Inca

Vrijedni neimari kao da su prije 700 godina mislili na svoje potomke darujući im Machu Picchu, Cusco, Paracas, Trujillo, Nazcu... kako ništa više ne bi morali raditi u zemlji bogatoj pustinjским pijeskom, Andama, Kordiljerima i nebom najbližim bogovima, kako god se oni zvali. I mi smo do tamo došli, i Japanci, i Slovenci...

It seems like these hard working people some 700 years ago were thinking of their descendants giving them Machu Picchu, Cusco, Paracas, Trujillo, Nasca.....so that they do not have to work anymore in a land rich in desert sand, Andes, cordilleras' and a sky that is closest to the Gods, whatever their name .

So we did get there, so did the Japanese, Slovenians...







← Puqio

Glavni grad krumpira u Peruu. A možda i nije, ali u budućnosti će to sigurno postati. U izvrsnom restoranu Stancia, uvidjevši s kojim žarom ih gutamo, poklonili su nam dva sirova krumpira. „Posadili” smo ih u vlažne čarape i povelili kao slijepe putnike preko svih granica u Južnoj Americi. Njihovi potomci rastu i množe se u Novoj Vasi i govore sve jezike.

The potato capital of Peru. Maybe not yet, but it will certainly become one in the future. At the great restaurant “ Stancia” , they gave us two potatoes as a gift, after they saw us devour a plate full of them for dinner. We “planted” the potatoes in the damp socks and took them as stowaways across all the borders in South America. Their offspring are now growing and reproducing in Nova Vas, and speaking all the languages.

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NECESITO Señoras y
JOVENES para atender en
Rest. Av. Paramaricana # 470
(Barrio Chigota)

NECESITO Maestro para
Cambio de aceite
1. Llantera con Esp.
3. Ayudantes de Llantera
Av. Simón Bolívar 1523

NECESITO URGENTE
Un maestro para un
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NECESITO 2 Sitas
Cosmetologas para Peluqueria
Tutor: Jr. Condesa # 246
Preg. y Sin Experiencia

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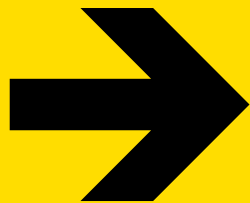
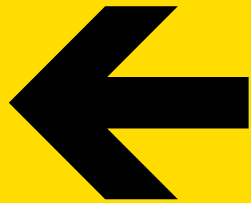
Titicaca

Trucha, trucha, trucha... najbolja i najveća pastrva na svijetu. Gleda s visine od gotovo 4000 m, najvišega nastanjenog jezera na svijetu, kornatsko plave boje, živeći malo u peruanskom, a malo bolivijskom jezeru Titicaca. Na plutajućim otočićima Uros male i mali Inke redovito idu u školu kada god su turisti u blizini, a kada odrastu, love pastrve. Fernanda je danas bila dobre volje, Xavier je donio punu košaru truche i nismo mogli odoljeti. Istina je, najbolja je na svijetu. Zapisali smo da se to zbilo 4. veljače 2007.

Trucha, Trucha, Trucha... the best and the biggest trout in the world. It is looking down at an altitude of almost 4000 mtrs, the highest inhabited lake on Earth, Kornat-blue in colour, living partly in Peruvian and partly in the Bolivian part of Lake Titicaca. On the floating Uros islands, little Incas attend the school regularly when the tourists are in the vicinity and when they grow up they fish for trout. Fernanda was in the good mood today, Xavier has caught a basket full of trucha and we could not resist it. It is true, the best trout in the world. We noted, these events took place on 4th February 2007.







Peru

Bolivia

Coca – Mate de Coca

Vitaminski energent koji omogućava izdržljivost, smanjuje umor i *lakše se diše*. Istina. Na visinama većim od 3000 metara često smo žvakali i pili čaj od koke kako bismo prevladali tegobe od halucinacija i umora. Šteta što i naši konji nisu mogli uzeti taj energent, za koji u Ministarstvu zdravstva Perua kažu: Žvakati lišće koke ili piti čaj isto je što i piti mošt ili zobati grožđe. Bijela prašina dobivena od biljke koke isto je što i destilacijom grožđa dobivena rakija. I još puno gore pa dolje.

A vitamin supplement which increases endurance, lowers fatigue and makes *you breathe easier*. True. At altitudes higher than 3.000 meters we have frequently chewed coca leaves and drank the tea so that we can overcome fatigue and hallucination. It was a shame that our horses were not able to take this supplement for which the Ministry of Health in Peru says: To chew coca leaves and to drink the tea is the same as to drink *mošt* and to peck on grapes. The white powder obtained from the coca plant is the same as the *grappa* which is obtained with wine distillation. Even worse.





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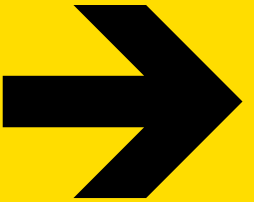
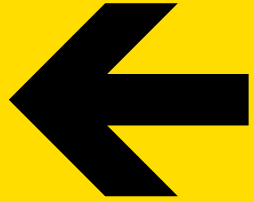


Coroico – Carretera de la Muerte

Početak veljače, nakon tri neprospavane noći, što zbog visinskih tegoba, što zbog nestrpljenja, znatiželje i, budimo iskreni, *straha*, zaputili smo se iz La Paza prema Coroicu, na Cestu smrti. Na početku ceste ploča s brojem 43. Toliko je nesretnih putnika nastradalo u njenim provalijama u 45 dana. Šutke smo kimnuli glavama i Coroico je morao pasti. Učinjeno. Heroji se busaju u prsa, a hlače se, još i danas, samo na njen spomen tresu.

Beginning of February, after three sleepless nights, caused by altitude problems, expectations, curiosity and *fear*, we set off from La Paz towards Corioco down *the road of death*. At the beginning there is a board with the number 43 on it. That is the number of unlucky travellers who perished in the ravines in the past 45 days. We just gave each other a silent nod, and Corioco had to fall. Done. The heroes are thumping their chests, but the trousers are, even to this day, shaking at the mention of its name.





Bolivia

Patagonia



Oblaci / Clouds

Najljepši oblaci na planetu. Roje se najviše u Patagoniji , a ne zaostaju ni oni u Boliviji, gdje im dojam „kvari“ jezero Titicaca. U Andama na međugraničnom prijevoju između Čilea i Argentine - Agua Negri, na visini od 4765 m, oblaci su nam sezali do samih gležnjeva.

The most beautiful clouds on the Planet. They swarm mainly in Patagonia, although the ones in Bolivia are not far behind, where the effect is “spoiled” by Lake Titicaca. In the Andes at the border crossing between Chile and Argentina – Agua Negra, at the altitude of 4765 mtrs, the clouds were reaching to our ankles.



Estancia

Na *estanciji* sa 80 tisuća ovaca, 50 tisuća goveda i 20 tisuća konja, debelo na jugu Patagonije, zatekli smo petu generaciju Hrvata. Stari pazi gaučose, gaučosi ovce, krave i konje, a sin Alejandro juri Subaru Imprezom od 300 neupregnutih konja, utrkujući se s prijateljem sa susjedne estancije, udaljene jedva 260 kilometara, odavno neasfaltiranom cestom rute 40. Srećom, taj dan nismo bili na cesti.

On the *Estancia* with 80.000 sheep, 50.000 cattle and 20.000 horses deep in the south of Patagonia, we encountered the fifth generation of Croats. The old man oversees the gauchos, the gauchos look after the sheep, cattle and horses and the son, Alejandro, is racing his 300 wild horses of a Subaru Imprezza against his friends of the nearby estancia some 260 kilometers away, down the long unpaved Ruta 40. We were lucky not to be on the road that day.







← Ruta 40

Caretera austral *ruta 40* počinje na jugu Bolivije i teče nizbrdo sjevernim i srednjim dijelom Argentine, nastavlja Patagonijom i zabija se u Ushuaiu. Put je dugačak gotovo 5000 kilometara, većim dijelom cesta je zemljana, najusamljenija cesta na svijetu – *Caretera de la Soledad*. Uz toliku ljepotu i osamu koža se ježi. Ushit misli u tako velikom prostranstvu povremeno ugosti znatiželjni guanaco ili nandu. Upamtili smo ih i kad-tad ponovno ćemo se sresti ako ne potaracaju cestu.

Carretera Austral *Ruta 40* starts in the south of Bolivia and continues “downhill” through the northern and central parts of Argentina, continues through Patagonia and slams into Ushuaia. The road is almost 5.000 kilometers long and mostly, it is an unpaved and the most desolate road in the world – *Carretera de la Soledad*. An abundance of natural beauty and solitude that gives you goose bumps. As your thoughts get carried away in this big expanse, they get visited by a curious guanaco or nandu. We remembered them and we shall meet again as long as they do not tarmac the road.





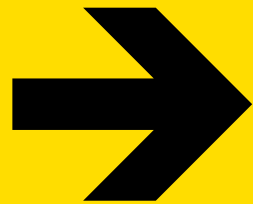
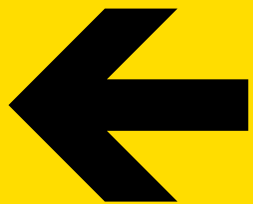


Fotoaparati / Camera

Nikada ne hvali dan kojemu jutro lijepo započne, istina je koja vrijedi samo za prvi dio dana. Opet smo nisko u Patagoniji. Renco projuri kraj mene, malo se zanio veseleći se razvedravanju nakon dana s kišnim nebom. Poispadali mu i kofer i skupa fotooprema a da nije ni primijetio. Uvidjevši da me dugo nema u retrovizoru, vratio se i on, koji više voli svoj Nikon nego Papu te me zagrlio. Ma koji Nikon, važno da si mi živ pa da se imam s kime vratiti u Buenos Aires. Ne znam je li Bruce Chatwin ikad doživio nešto slično.

Do not glorify the day that has started with a beautiful morning, it is true only for the first half of the day. We are down in Patagonia again. Renco is racing past me, looking forward to blue skies after a day of clouds and rain. He lost his boxes with all his expensive photo gear without noticing. When he realized it, he cannot see me in his rear-view mirror, he turned back, and he who loves his Nikon more than he loves the Pope, gave me a big hug. Nikon, who cares about Nikon, the most important thing is that you are ok, he said. I do not know if Bruce Chatwin ever experienced anything like this.





Patagonia **Tierra**
del Fuego

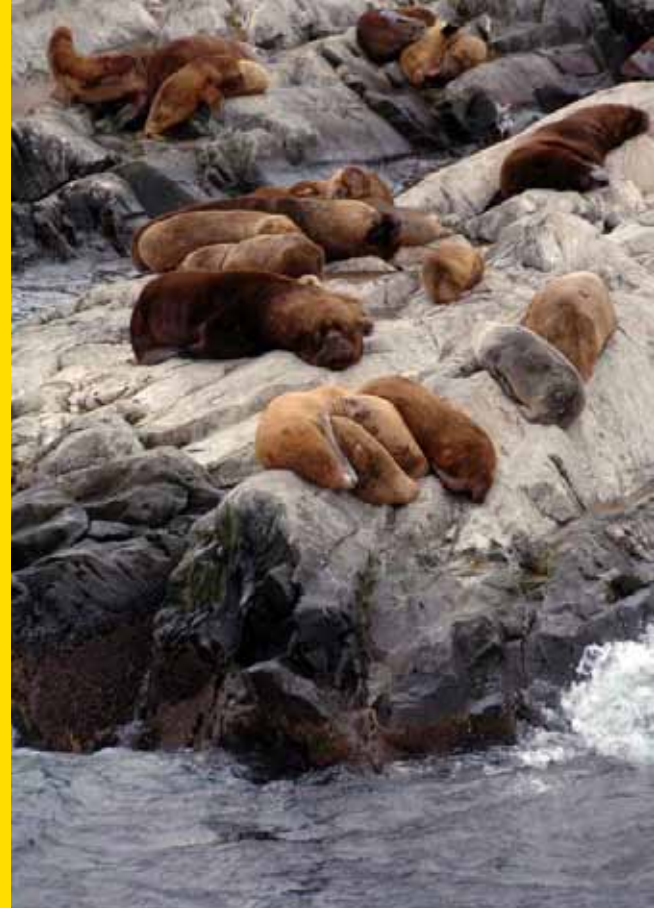




Ushuaia

Svojedobno zloglasni zatvor, danas najjužniji grad na planetu. Dalje cestom nema. Zove se još *Fin del mundo*, a ima i zašto. Ljeto je, a kad tamo - snijeg, temperatura minus tri. Opa, da nam je znati kako tamo zec traži svoju mater zimi. Kad smo već tako daleko dogurali, ajmo vidjeti što rade pingvini na otoku Magdalena u Magellanovu prolazu. Veselili su se, makina škljoca... Zbunjuje ime Ognjena Zemlja, mislili smo da tamo sve gori od sunca, ali tamo gori kako bi dimilo i grijalo.

Used to be a notorious penal colony, today it is the most southern city on the Planet. No onward roads. It is also known as *Fin del Mundo*, very appropriate. It is summer, it is snowing and the temperature is -3 C. Wow, I would like to know how hard does a rabbit look for his mother in the winter. Since we came this far let's just go see what the penguins are doing on the Island of Magdalena in the Strait of Magellan. They were happy, the camera is clicking away... I get confused by the term *Tierra del Fuego* - we thought it would all be *burnt* from the sun, but it is burning to produce heat and smoke.







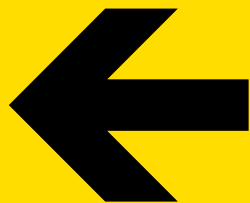
Viento

Vjetar koji ni bura ni jugo ne može otpuhati. Stalni pratitelj koji u Andama djeluje kao pješčana oluja, u Rio Galiegasu prati ga kiša, a u Terra di Fuego rado ljeti bira snijeg. Udara *prsa o prsa*, napada bočno, vrti. Na kraju smo ipak uspjeli bez posljedica ovladati vještinom *jahanja vjetrom*. Često smo jedan od drugoga prikrivali strah te ga radije nazivali adrenalinom. Jedva smo čekali da se za jake bure zaputimo na Maslenički most.

The wind that can not be blown away by bura nor jugo. The constant friend that feels like a sand storm in the Andes, accompanied by rain in Rio Galiegas, and likes to choose snow in the summer in Terra di Fuego. Hits you in the chest, sideways, spins around. At the end we mastered the art of *riding the wind*. We frequently hid our fear from each other and we preferred to call it – adrenalin. We could not wait to ride across Maslenički most.







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del Fuego**

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