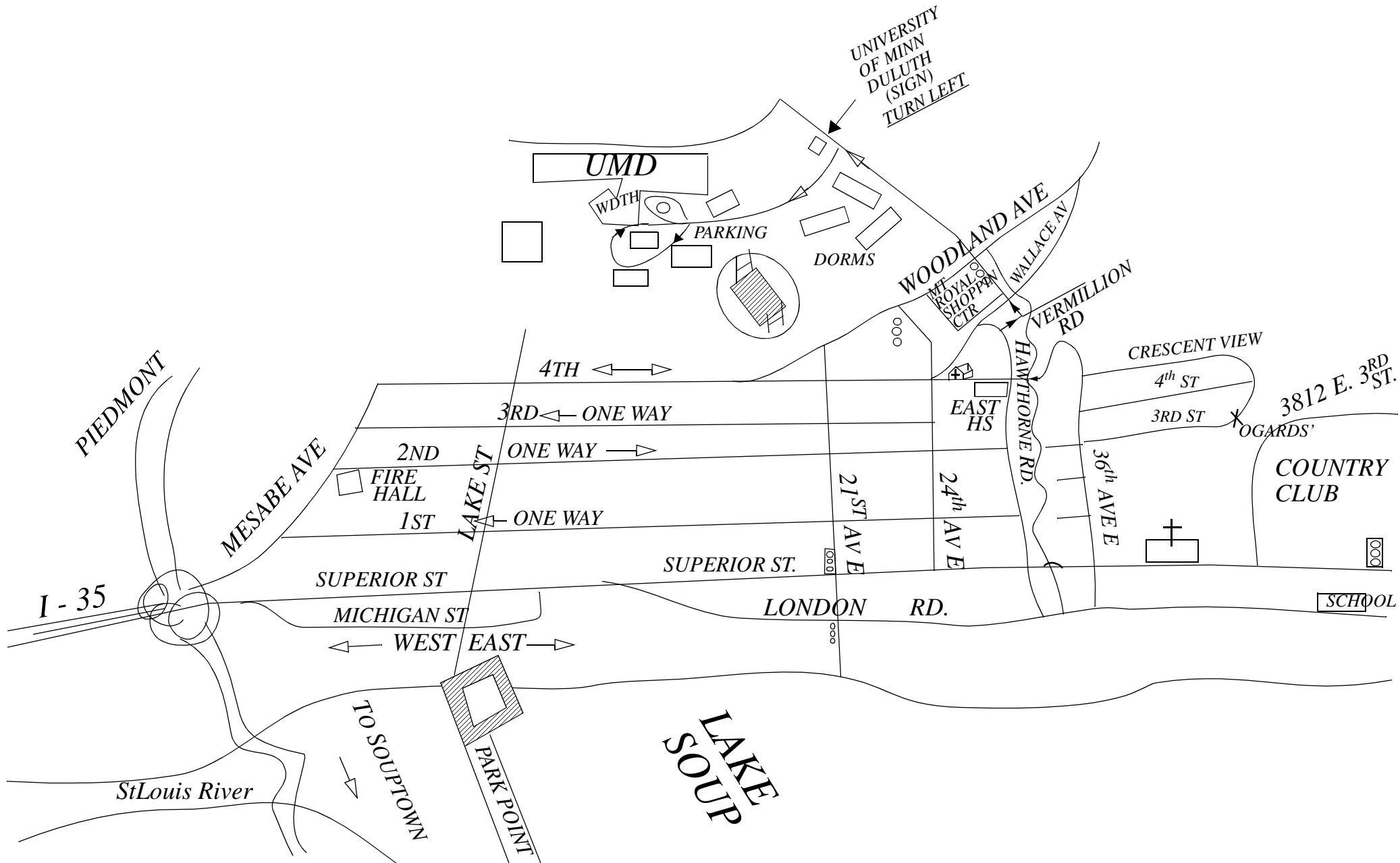


DULUTH, MN.



$$\frac{15.4}{240 / 3700}$$

$$\frac{240}{1300}$$

$$\frac{1300}{1200}$$

$$\frac{1200}{8000}$$

$$\frac{8000}{30}$$

$$\frac{30}{240}$$

$$\frac{1140}{-500}$$

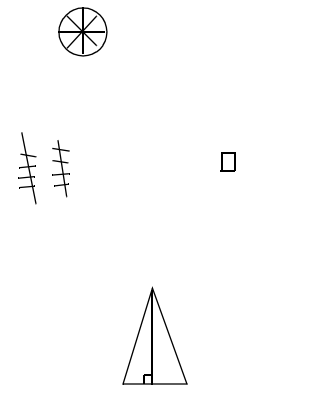
$$\frac{640}{240}$$

$$\frac{240}{400}$$

$$\frac{12400}{}$$

$$240$$

$$\frac{1000}{}$$



$$\frac{2400}{1600}$$

$$\frac{1600}{4000}$$

$$\sin\theta = \frac{d_1}{h}$$

$$h = \frac{d_1}{\sin\theta}$$

$$\cos\theta = \frac{\frac{1}{2}h}{r}$$

$$\tan\theta = \frac{d_1}{d_2}$$

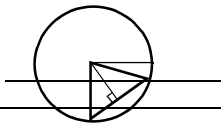
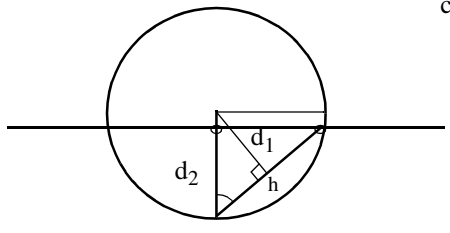
$$r = \frac{\frac{1}{2}h}{\cos\theta}$$

$$r = \frac{\frac{1}{2} \cdot \frac{d_1}{\sin\theta}}{\cos\theta}$$

$$r = \frac{\frac{1}{2} \cdot \frac{d_1}{\sin\theta} \cdot \frac{1}{\cos\theta}}{d_1}$$

$$r = \frac{1}{2 \sin\theta \cos\theta}$$

4500
4000



“The loss for all those other nine sectors in Peru consists in that the existance of the law of the community for the labor sector of private industries only, eliminates the participation in the ownership of enterprize for most other sectors of Peru which would be attracted under a free system for all.” WHAT?

CORREOS DE BOLIVIA	RECIBO DE CERTIFICADA	
	R N° 3.004	PORTE \$b. 38-
OFICINA EXPEDIDORA C B B A	CLASE Paquetito	
OFICINA DE DESTINO E U S A	AEREA INTERNACIONAL	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
	TERRESTRE INTERNACIONAL	<input type="checkbox"/>
REMITENTE C 3657	AEREA INTERNA	<input type="checkbox"/>
	TERRESTRE INTERNA	<input type="checkbox"/>
DESTINATARIO Hector Gutierrez	8/3/79 FECHA	 FIRMA EMPLEADA

REGLAMENTO GENERAL DE CORREOS

Art. 96. Queda prohibido incluir en la correspondencia ordinaria o certificada, dinero en efectivo, monedas de oro o plata y alhajas o otros objetos preciosos.

Dear Mike,

I'm sending this to you c/o Hector because I don't want it mixed up with house mail if you catch my drift. The first big news is that the bank in Cbba. still has had no word on my check, possibly the letter that my bank sent was without casilla and landed in the poste restante pile, from whence it may never be recovered. My aunt has been doing all that she could, as I left her authorized to forward the money to me when the bank recieved a reply. Before I left Cbba. I went with her to the bank and regretfully handed over the check endorsed and with passport # so anyone who gets his grubbies on that bugger could be \$1000 richer. They were sending it to their NY office to recieve a cable reply in no more than two weeks, which of course are already up, so my aunt who called me this evening is going to the bank one more time tomorrow AM and if there is still no reply she is to cancel the check and have my parents do so in Duluth when she arrives. Then I'll have them cable me the money direct. Right now I'm so pissed that I could walk in and start waving my machete at the nearest neck, starting with Sr. Navajas.

Last week, no two weeks ago, I ran into Elaine, who spent 3 months in Lima partying, and she says that Chris Cotton was also there, had bought 250gm and when that was gone sent home for \$2500 and though he intended to take the derivative home with him, blew it all and went home broke. 500g in less than a month! His only response was "It's something I've always wanted to do". I also ran into Colin and Gizella and spent a couple of days traipsing LaPaz with them, including a trip to Huayana Potosi - what a nice hill. Leslie and Amy showed up a week late from Peru, and are as fine as ever. We just returned from the Cumbre to Coroico trail, or rather I returned, they went on to Cranavi and the jungle and should be home, unless their plans change again, by Halloween. The trail is a whole lot of downhill and every day ended with foot massages - all they wore were tennis shoes and peruvian made at that. But we made it to Coroico in a leisurely four days, camping the last night in an orange and tangerine grove, fresh-squeezed orange juice in the morning and carrying out the fruits of a midnight candlelight raid, 45 lb of citrus; we carried more the last day than we started out with. So in Coroico we bought a jar of the magnificent peanut butter made by the nuns there, and on my little alcohol burner made a couple of batches of orange marmalade. Leslie decided to take me up on my Tarabuco proposition (could it have been the massages?) and Amy got sent out a lot during the next week to read in the park.

On the ride back to La Paz I met a Yugoslavian fellow who's done a lot of hiking in the Cordillera Blanca including climbing a few peaks, and he tells me that the Cordillera Huayhuash just a bit south is less traveled and better scenery. So after he and I climb Illimani Sat - Wed and I get my money straightened out I'm off to peru. I managed to get my visa extended another 30 days (could have gotten 90), so I'll have a little time to play with in the event that I have to hassle with bucks. I may ask you to telex me some money in Lima, I understand it's relatively hassle free and they'll give you US \$, that however remains to be seen, so I'll keep you posted on what's happening and where I am.

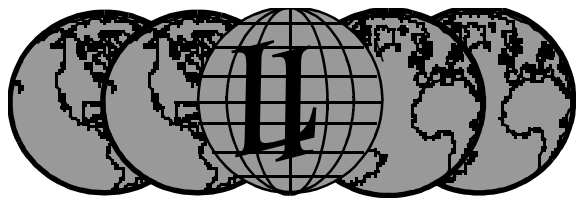
I'm pushing a batch of film through tomorrow and another when I return from climbing Illimani (did you know that it's 6490m - how am I going to breathe?) so you should get this letter about the same time. Jane sent me a telegram which very explicitly said "NO, Jane" but Leslie and Amy said yes which will defray postage. I am going to my uncle Julio's tomorrow to pick up a letter which I presume is from you, so I shall reserve closing this until such time as I read it in the event that there is anything more to add, besides it's closing in on 2AM and I'm bushed

the letter was from Jane - I'll write soon letting you know how things progress, shipment # 1 left

this am. Keep doin' it

Norris

Hello Micheal !



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Tel. 3-42485

Casilla 7355

La Paz

Bolivia

SURCURSALES:

SUCRE Calle Audiencia 16 - Tel. 4682

TARIJA Calle Daniel Campos 21 - Tel. 3431

You'll never guess what happened, wait a minute, I think you can! We got lost in time again & are still in Bolivia. It all started out with Norris, Amy & I hiking from la Cumbre to Coroico. An unforgettable hike starting out in the snowy peaks of the Altiplano then descending down down DOWN to the wet lush Yungas. We took our time - 4 days, & had San Pedro breakfast one morning; but I think it lost its potency, a slight high day eating the wild strawberries along the way. The trail is like a road in the beginning, built by pre-incans it was used (& still is) to carry the riches of coca & lumber to the barren altiplano. On the second day we ~~were~~ passed a herd of 40 or 50 llamas each carrying a load of axe ~~handles~~ or plow handles. God, I felt sorry for them having to go up up UP. That night we found a shelter, very cozy with wood shavings from the axe handles. The next morning was San Pedro Breakfast, we doodled most of the morning forcing us to hurry before sunset to find a flat campspot which were far & inbetween. Without Norris' boyscout knowledge of building a lean-to we probably would have been very wet that night. There was a flaw, I woke up in the middle of the night with a nice waterfall pouring directly into my sleeping bag thru a hole in a poncho. Luckily, the temp was warm. The next day, the truck sized road was heavily overgrown & oozing with moisture. I think Norris had the worst time, getting caught in branches & vines with his height. By this time my feet were pulsing with "no more" signals, only having a cheap pair of Peruvian Tennis shoes

(If you came on this hike you'd only have 8 toes!)

(I gave yours to a beggar) but, as fate would have it, Coroico was still valleys away & food was getting worse. We hiked & treked & pushed on to a small town, discovering we missed the truck to Coroico by 3 minutes. Oh well. We camped in an orange/mandarin orchard, pigging out on fruit & filling our backpacks with greed. The next day when we finally hobbled into Coroico my feet ached so bad that I only went to the Nun's cloister to pick up a batch of excellent peanut butter, hobbled back to the room & stayed there the whole next day. It was easy to blow a week there giving massages, eating peanut butter, spaghetti, making orange marmalade & gaining 10 pounds in our laziness. The sad day came to kiss Norris good-bye as he headed west & we east, determined to experience the jungle. We trucked & boated to Rurrenabaque - a beautiful, clean town on the last mountain slope, to the east the land is flatter than Kansas. I was amazed by how much the jungle wasn't what I thought it would be (if you can figure out that sentence). The only thing I ~~thought~~ imagined before was hot, dripping humidity, & bugs galore. In reality, the climate was pleasant - not at all too hot, & once I got adjusted to the bugs they weren't bothersome. There, we were invited to go on a \$50 jungle excursion for free!! Can't pass up that opportunity. With boats (4) loaded down with 12 french, 2 hollandeses, 2 germans, 8 guides & us, we motored up to a piranha filled lake & made camp there. It was very beautiful & wild, fiery red & orange sunsets, chattering papagayos & tucans flying, monkeys swinging in trees that pierce the sky. Jungling is not easy, as I found, neither is hunting. For the 2 days there, I went with hunters exploring the forest & was impressed with all the knowledge they had. To be a hunter you have to train yourself in animal ways. Not making noise when walking, knowing signs of animals, odors, habits, & imitating calls. The first day, I went with "Choco Manú"

*an excellent
 hunter. We paddled
 across the lake (1¹/₂ hrs)
 to a cerro where he said
 would be monkeys. About 1/2
 way across the lake he began
 his monkey calls & tuned in his ears
 to the distant response - we parked the
 boat & started the search for monkeys.
 He even knew the smell of monkey piss!
 I was so lost once we were enveloped by vegetation
 that looked the same in every direction. Every time
 he asked "where's the boat" I'd point wrong, causing him to
 roar in laughter. After he shot his monkey, he was ear to ear with
 a smile of satisfaction, as for me & my romantic concept of monkeys, felt*

*a bit ill, & ate it anyway. He showed us the different useful plants,
 & we ate wild fruit for lunch. That night everyone (except me)
 drank alcohol de caña getting quite smashed. It was interesting
 for me to watch the change - everyone getting loose - usually
 I'm drinking right along & don't realize the change of
 behavior. Good theatre, all the french were at
 the table bellowing out old time songs, one
 woman, unaware of the potency, stood
 up began singing an emotion packed
 song & wham-passed out cold
 backwards. Good fucking
 humor. The next day
 with the lack of
 get-up-and-go
 energy of
 most,*

I had the chance to go along with another hunter. Goodness - we flashed thru the jungle, but it was mysteriously quiet that afternoon, sometimes only the crackling of plants could be heard.

In the afternoon I was exhausted because it's so difficult to walk without making noise.

Amy & I went out Pirana fishing to relax in the boat. They're easy to catch - the majority of mine were caught in the eye, or gills, very few actually ate the hook. A little gruesome to undo the damage. Ouch, they have powerful jaws, while cleaning one dead

fish, I made the mistake of putting my finger by its mouth, still had snappy reactions putting a nice hole in my finger, me screaming & throwing the fish from the unexpected attack.

We returned in the pouring rain to Rurre, topping off the jungle experience. The people have a very lively spirit, distinct from other parts of Bolivia. I think it has to do with their bubbling, active environment & rich variety of life. The altiplano has its culture, but somehow it feels sadder in the brown, empty earth. I'll take the trees & mountains any time

4)

As you can tell, I ran out of writing paper after page 1 & am now sacking the useless napkins in a restaurant. Bring back memories of all those greasy dinners that cling to the face, & the serviettas that only help smear it about? So tell me now that you're home, have you adjusted easily? I like your description of "my body is in Minn, but my mind remains in CBB." We had an A - 1 chance of flying home free with a pilot who was going to Miami with an empty cargo plane. It was tempting, but I'm not ready to find myself smack dab in the U.S.A. Yet. It must be a zap-shock to the spirit.

*We received your photos - I really like
the one of the statue, and of course the
feet picture (only one of mine) & of the
2 silly gringas with tubes ready to
snort up. Boy, if the custom boys find
that one it could be intense search!
How are the rest of the pics? You
didn't sound too jazzed by
them. I'm looking forward
to seeing them in Calif. -
as to when I'll be home
it now seems in Sept.
I'll keep you up to
Date. Well, friend,
end of letter-bleep
keep on peddlin'
it sounds good,
right now to be
whizzing down
a street. We're
thinking of you
way down here
love,
leslie*



FOR THOSE RECEIVING CARBON COPIES OF THIS ACCOUNT, PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES BUT TO WRITE OUT SIX COPIES, ASIDE FROM TAKING A WEEK THAT I DON'T HAVE AT MY DISPOSAL, MY FINGERS WOULD PROBABLY FALL OFF FROM EXHAUSTION AND EXPOSURE.

.....
FOOL ON THE HILL

"Bud, ya son las cinco." The knock on the door roused me with the realization that this indeed was it. Groaning, wondering just what I'd gotten myself into, I rolled over and turned on the light.

"Gracias tia." The night table was already laid out with breakfast, bread, jam, and a thermos of café con leche, which I gulped unaware if I tasted anything until my burning throat indicated that the coffee was indeed hot. Net T-shirt, turtleneck, wool shirt, alpaca sweater, wind jacket, jeans (why didn't I get long underwear?), two pairs of wool socks, and those clunky boots...I felt like a six year old kid whose protective mother had dressed him for January in Duluth. "Well, I'd better get going if I'm going to make it to the market in time." and I headed out the door. It was two days before full moon and cold in predawn La Paz as I walked toward the Mercado Rodriguez a couple of kilometers across town. The truck was due to leave at 6, and since it was the only one going to Mina Urania, I walked as fast as the thin atmosphere and my hammering heart would permit, trying to reckon which of those clusters of lights was the market. A concrete wall six feet tall blocked my passage, and I retraced my steps, still looking for a taxi, or someone to give me directions. Down and around and once again climbing the hill, I found the market, the truck and Milan, climbing into the truck just as it pulled out.

Milan is taller than I by just a bit, blond, an alpinist of 11 years, the Yugoslavian fellow that I had met on the truck ride from Coroico to La Paz three days previous to this Saturday morning excursion. The truck made it about 5 blocks and parked to await cargo and passengers, so we stretched and wandered about finding another truck going to the mine earlier and bargained 5 pesos off the passage. Since the driver claimed that he would arrive at 2:00 at the mine, two hours earlier than the other, and the passage was cheaper, we hopped on and were off just at dawn. The driver appeared to be a partial maniac, as we tore through the streets of La Paz, but as it was Saturday AM and not yet seven there was little traffic. Passing Obrajes, Calacoto, Valencia and Wecapaca, we headed out the south end of town, hunched low to keep out of the wind atop the cargo of empty crates which filled the truck to the gunwales. The first stop at Palaca was a relief after all of the bouncing, and an opportunity for a hot meal. The fellow waiting on the tables couldn't believe that gringos like llajua (hot sauce) in their soup and I had to go to the kitchen to get some, to the delight of the driver and other passengers. After picking up a couple of passengers and cargo, we were once again off, wending our way round the mountains whose precipitous drops were at times no more than a foot away from the tires. We made a brief stop in Cohoni for a bottle of pop, and headed down a narrower and lurchingly uneven road for the mine. Our intention had been to reach the mine, get a hot meal, spend the night and head for base camp on Illimani the next morning, but we arrived at the road which passes the base of the mountain at around 1:00 so we jumped off and started walking.

Since 1963, when I first saw Illimani, I have had an affinity for the mountain, snowy and dominating the city of La Paz. So when Milan suggested that we climb it, I was eager, yet apprehensive. After talking with two guides, my fears as to the difficulty of the climb were reduced to wide-eyed terror, and I set about arranging for crampons and piolet (ice axe), and talked the folks at migracion into extending my visa a week so that I'd have time to climb. The guides had suggested that we go on our own since it would have cost a small fortune to hire them (something like \$50/day), which we had intended to do anyway, and the whole trip cost us \$8.25, including two hot meals on the road.

Once off the truck, we walked slowly uphill across fields almost covered by the short sparse grass that grows in altitudes above 4000m, and diagonally up a slope of finely crushed and, thankfully, firmly packed rock, meeting the road as it reached the pass between the hill, and the HILL. We passed a fellow sitting by a roadside marker at the pass who indicated that the starting point for the trail was just around the curve. Two or three curves later we spotted a place that met the description given us by the guides, but it just didn't look right, so we went further and lo, there were the three cabins that one guide had mentioned (the other denied their existence), so we started up. Passing the huts, whose tin roofs lay in a heap a bit uphill, we decided to try to make it to the visible plateau to camp for the night. Up through a field of rock, gravel, and sand we trudged for about two hours, one step per second in order not to become winded. We reached a moraine at the foot of a knoll at whose base was a large amphitheater-like recess, complete with overhang. Milan went to investigate while I stood about, doing my best to breathe, and when he called, I cautiously picked my way across the slippery flat rock chips, which slid rather easily, fearing that I'd end up at the bottom and have to start up all over again. The site was definitely better than the plateau which had been about 50m above where I had waited, but here we were more or less protected from the elements, and had a fairly level place to sleep, albeit rocky. We set out our ground pads, and climbed immediately into our sleeping bags in order to conserve body heat, ate a cold dinner of meat and cheese sandwiches, and waited for dark, chatting a bit, but mostly listening. Jets, rocks rolling and bouncing down the hill (not very far away either), wind, occasional crashes of who-knows-what origin, and silence. We could see the lights of La Paz in the distance, the autopista climbing diagonally to the alto, and propping my back beneath my head, hoping that the rock ledge overhead remained firm, I tried to sleep. My heartbeat and rapid breathing sounded like drums and cymbals to me as my head raced with fears and anticipations, and just plain wondering if I'd make it. Two or three different occasions I was ready to call it quits, but succeeded in thinking myself out of it. The wind blew in from the northwest, our open side, bringing a mist of snow, as if to say, "this is a mountain, Jack," and between snows and rocks, and the moon in my eyes, I slept fitfully until morning.

Just before dawn we awoke and started breakfast - oatmeal with lots of sugar - merely rolling over in the sleeping bags, not wanting to get out until the last possible moment. We packed up only what we would need for another night, planning to be back down by the end of the following day, and left the excess in a stuff sack under a small rock ledge, and set off on a full day of climbing. Crossing the moraine was easier this time, whether I was more courageous or less apprehensive, and we started up past the plateau (which would have been an awful place to sleep) and through another rock field. Curious rocks, these; they are broken off flat, i.e. in strata, and are slippery not only unto your feet but unto themselves. After clambering for a couple of hours we finally reached the snowline. Donning crampons we proceeded up, following alongside previous tracks - my crampons kept pulling off or twisting and I had a bitch of a time trying to get them to work. So up along the ridge rock plunging down on one side, and a massive snow field full of crevasses on the other, we worked our way up to the nido de los condors (condors' nest) where I dropped, took off my boots, and planted myself in my sleeping bag with my boots, in order to warm my toes. We made some tea after scooping out a little kitchen about a foot deep in the snow, and I drowsed while the snow melted and the tea brewed. After fortifying ourselves with the rest of the bread and meat, and tea (even though we didn't feel like eating), I replaced my boots and devised a new means of strapping on crampons, made necessary by a strap that broke, which proved successful.

The ridge that faced us looked narrower and infinitely steeper than the one we had climbed, but this was no time to back down. Periodically the mist (clouds) would sweep in, but we could still see where we were going, thankfully there was no bright sunlight or we probably would have gone blind and been burnt crisp. After climbing the seemingly interminable ridge we came upon a level area, drifted deep with snow, with what looked like the remains of somebody's camp. There was a 2 ft. steel post projecting from the snow with a red flag, or remains thereof, attached, in an area where it appeared that three tents had been dug in. Looking up, the peak didn't look that far away, but I knew for certain that it was at least another 800 vertical meters above us. The tracks ended abruptly at a round coll whose pitch must have been 45⁰, but we still had to climb it. To me it appeared to be almost vertical, but the guide had told us that there were no slopes greater than 60⁰, so you take your pick. Virtually no snow covered the ice with only a thin crust, beneath which I could see ice as blue as Paul Newman's eyes. Undaunted Milan walked slowly up, but still not trusting either my balance nor my crampons, although they proved secure, I picked or rather drove home the piolet, and cautiously inched my way, clinging like a fly, to the hard ice. It couldn't have been more than a 20 - 30m rise, but it felt like I was climbing forever. Then, instead of finding another plateau as we had expected, we were faced with a hill 10m wide and sloping sideways, not as steep as the coll but a climb nonetheless (or should I say allthemore?). As if that weren't enough we could see the peak, so near yet so far. Onward, ever upward we pressed judging that we had about 2 hours of light, when at midpoint in the hill, the top being judged as the point where the degree of slope changed, we came upon a crack (crevasse) which Milan went to explore. He shouted for me to come down, so I started in, twisting around ice ledges, to find the crack widening and dropping steeply perhaps 50ft. to the bottom. Well, those 50ft and their subsequent scaling proved to be the hardest climbing I had yet done. Whimpering, I got past one twist that hung-up my pack for a while, jumped down to some loose snow (any looser and I'd have had no problem reaching the bottom rapidly) and twisting and slipping I made it to another squeeze spot which, in order to pass, I had to belly down to the ice and hope that my tenuous hold on a small (3in dia.) ice chunk didn't give way. As I poised one foot on the snowdrift below, my handhold broke and luckily my weight and balance were above that lone poised foot which dug into the snow. I quickly planted my other foot and lay listening to my heart pound jackhammer fast and hard while trying to catch my breath, which at 6000m is no small feat. From thence it was like climbing down a ladder to the floor, which was drifted snow, loose only next to the icewall of the glacier. Shortly we stamped out a flat area, breathing hard with the slightest exertion, laid out my rain poncho, and the foam pads and set to melting snow for food. Stretching out my bag I thought only in getting my frozen feet out of their equally frozen leather prisons, and for the first time since the winter of '77, I felt like the clumps at the ends of my legs would have to be amputated. Using my boots to secure the edge of the space blanket, without which we'd have frozen (or at least have been awfully cold), I tried rubbing, slapping, and generally agitating of my feet, trying to get long since ceased circulation regenerated. Mike, one interesting note in the effectiveness of the alcohol stove: I'm not sure whether it was the altitude or the cold, or a combination of the twain, but it seems that the stove consumed a lot of fuel in order to first warm up the apparatus to full burn (incl. holes), then to warm up the pot, melt the snow and bring it to a boil; you may want to take that into consideration before plunging into production. It took about 3 pints of fuel to cook avena once, quinoa once, and tea twice. Back to the saga... Into the heated water went quinoa, a nutritious grain grown in these high altitudes, and after about an hour of cooking, we forced the food down as we were not very disposed to eating due to the altitude. Realizing

that my boots weren't getting any warmer sitting in the snow and cold, I stuck them in the bottom of the sleeping bag in order to keep them somewhat warm through the night. However, since the only thing between the snow and the bottom of my bag was a thin rain poncho, they remained frozen, and when I tried to stretch out during the night, my feet in the vicinity of the frozen leather, became cold as well; consequently, I spent an uncomfortable night curled up, in a cold sleeping bag, inside a glacier. I shivered as often as I was awake, seemingly every fifteen minutes. During one of the early wakeful moments I witnessed a thunder and lightning storm, with high winds and lots of snow, some of which would drift down to us well below the surface. I couldn't help but wonder what would have happened if we had been forced to sleep outside. There was a constant glow entering through the crack, and we couldn't tell if it was night, or day without climbing up to peek, so we remained in the dark (sic) until we were certain that it was morning. When I awoke in the AM having to relieve myself, I found that my boots were rigid and I had to walk on my toes because I couldn't get my feet into the boots. So while snow melted for tea, I lay on top of my boots inside the sleeping bag in an effort to warm them sufficiently to get them on. Fuel consumption being what it was inside the ice, we opted for tea instead of avena, or both, just in case we wanted to cook later; we were at the end of the fuel. Then came the tricky business of putting on boots and crampons without puncturing anything and staying warm at the same time. By the time my first boot was on and the crampon firmly fixed, my toes were cold, so that by the time I got the second boot on, I had to take the other off and warm my toes because they hurt so badly. But in getting them back on again I realized that I was in the midst of a never ending cycle and tried stamping my feet to get the blood moving. "Well," I rationalized, "at least when you start walking they'll warm up." Wrong. The stamping didn't help much, it's about 4 1/2 feet from my heart to my toes, as the temperature drops(sic) and either the blood was cold when it got there, or it didn't matter anyway, but my toes remained COLD. So, gritting my teeth, I encumbered myself with pack and started out, which proved to be trickier than getting down, as handholds broke when I exerted my weight. You can't drive an ice axe into glacial ice with any degree of success-- it just chips away, the axe won't sink in. So perilously perching on a drift, I grabbed what seemed to be a solid chunk of ice and swung my left knee up to a ledge 3 1/2 ft above my feet, and with the toes of my crampons scratched a tiny hold in the ledge. Now what? There were no handholds, and my ice axe was stuck in a hole, down behind me and to the right. Feeling my hip pop with the effort, I levered myself with left knee and toes, hoping that I could pull the axe out just by the cord that way around my wrist as I reached for a chunk of ... what? air? Luckily the swinging motion put most of my body on the ledge and my fingers found a small knob of ice, while my right leg dangled and I wiggled the axe free. Cautiously I transferred the axe to my left hand, dug a bit of a hole and jammed it in. This part of the glacier being close to the surface (2-3m) received a certain amount of sunshine and beneath a layer of snow the ice was similar to a honeycomb. Thankfully the ledge didn't give way until after I'd gotten my other knee up, feet planted, iceaxe dug in, and was twisting around to maneuver my pack through the small crack down which we'd entered, but by that time I was out. Whew!

Once out, I took a look around and felt the almost foreign sting of driven snow in my face, as the furthest I could see was 15- 20ft. "Oh, great. I suppose this climbing nut is going to want to go for it," I felt tired and cold and there didn't seem to be much sense in going up, as were smack dab in the middle of a blizzard at 6000m. We thought it out and decided to give it an hour to clear up, as any later than that and we'd never make it down by nightfall, but where to wait? There had been a level part somewhere below we thought, where we could leave our packs during

the ascent. I don't know whether it was better judgement or we just talked ourselves out of it, but by the time we reached the more or less level part, which wasn't as level as we'd thought, as I wiped the frozen snow off my glasses we decided not to go for the summit, even though it may have been above the weather - which it wasn't. A wise decision for two reasons: going up, and going down. There was a dangerous zone where judgement relied on visible signs, and since visibility was limited, we wouldn't be able to see if we were indeed close to the right path.

"What a shame," I thought. "I finally get my crampons to seat well on my boots, and it's not worth doing it. Besides, we're at 6000m and it's just a hop, step, and jump." But like it's not I'd have gone one step too far and over the other edge winding up, or down if you prefer, in the Yungas. So now it was thigh building, downhill, braking, let's-not-fall-on-our-face time. I'd have done the Tungurahua slide but for the precipitous drops with no way of stopping before plunging over the edge into oblivion. No doubt you've heard of Oblivion, Bolivia? The crampons were holding nicely, staying on my boots, but it was still treacherous going due to the recent snow covering glaze ice, and pitfalls such as crevasses. Downhill is relatively easy since you aren't working so hard and don't need so much oxygen, so I had a much easier time of it. Milan was having amoeba problems and had to rest frequently - what a sorry pair we were. My toes felt as though they were a solid block at the end of my foot but surprisingly, not cold. (I understand that frostbite feels that way) The recent snow had drifted high on the ridges so we walked low closer to the drop, but not wanting to rely on loose snow, and not knowing what was underneath. My mountaineering expertise had grown appreciably during the expedition and although I remained cautious, I didn't feel the need to cling to the hill as on the way up, which made descending a veritable treat. The final snowfield before the rocks seemed so wide and gradual that I nearly ran down, relieved to be approaching the bottom. The rocks were covered by a layer of snow, which made them even more slippery, but I was going down anyway, so other than the usual fall-and-break-your-head precautions, I relaxed and let slide which made the going much easier. Finally we dropped down past the rocky pass onto a moraine, and having divested myself of the crampons before the rocks, I skated down the small loose gravel covering yards at a stride. (a style which we had earlier named the Tungurahua slide after the volcano we lived beneath for a month in Baño, Ecuador - ask Mike for details on that trip, I was home with a case of exploding guts) There were three heavily loaded fellows heading up, and checking my downhill plunge, I stopped to chat with them. They had brought enough provisions to wait 8 days for an assault on the peak, which must have meant another trip up to the upper camp, I would surmise. I told them of the post with the red flag which seemed to me the best place to camp "up there", and wished them good fortune, and skated off down the moraine to the more level rocky part, and finally to the three huts, where I removed the long woollies that I had borrowed from Milan (who luckily had two pair), while he recovered the stuffsack of left-behind goodies. Taking the opportunity, I filled a canteen with freshly melting snow water from a drift on the rocks above the field of llama droppings - delicious.

We didn't talk much as we walked up and out, taking the shortcut sliding down the loose soil after the pass, and down dale to the road to the mine. For the first time in the past two days, I was aware of my thoughts, which were mixed with regret that we hadn't been able to get to the top, relief at being down where I could breathe almost normally, and satisfaction at having climbed to 6000m sndm (sobre nivel del mar) (or, above sea level for you gringos). We looked for a place to eat, and thought about spending the night at the mine, when we spied a truck heading laboriously up the hill perhaps 5km away. So, in short, we caught it back to La Paz. I tried not to think of the road with every sideways lurch of the truck, and managed quite well. We entered La Paz through the "Valley of the Moon", an area of eroded sand

whose spires and valleys elicit images of moonscape - especially under full moon, as we saw it that night.

We arrived Monday night at midnight, it's now Wednesday night and my toes are still numb, but those popsicle toes are a very small price to pay for the experience of climbing a mountain - my first mountain, other than a volcano - without a guide, no ropes, minimum equipment, and even though I didn't make it to the peak, I did make it to 6000 meters, that's almost 20,000 ft. Would I do it again? Not this week, but I certainly would give it my best shot in fair weather. I'm just crazy about that Hill.

Wed 11/VII/79

Miguelito mi compañero,

Just a short note to say that round two is on for this week. I hope all film processing and developing is going well, 100 - 125 good ones sounds fair to me. I'm heading for Cuzco within the next two weeks, and you can write me in Poste Restante there or at the Embassy in Lima, as I'll check mail there both going north to the Cordillera Blanca, and south to Chile. From what I understand, prices in Perú have jumped in the last couple of weeks, and there may be a civil war there soon if the gov't doesn't do something to allay the ire of the citizenry. Elections are over here, and although the final tabulations aren't in, Silas is in front, Paz close behind, and Banzer bringing in the third with less than half of what the others have. Nonetheless, Banzer will be the deciding factor in the parliament, whomever he thrown his support to will be head honcho. There are rumors that Siles has brought in 300 cuban mercenaries armed to the teeth, and Paz has his forces, and of course ex-military Banzer has the army with him, supplied with a recent shipment of modern deathdealing instruments from the USA. August 6th is when the gov't is supposed to be turned over, but who knows what all of the itchyfingers poised on the triggers have in mind. I hope that I'm out before it happens.

I finally get the money for my check tomorrow. I was at the BofA today but they didn't wait on me for a half-hour during which time passed the hora de caja, and I have to return in the A.M. But I saw the order and I watched the official sign it so I'm almost certain that IT will be in my grubby paws almost two months after it was sent.

Thurs.

I got the bucks, but the creeps took out \$30 in commissions between Cochabamba, La Paz, 1% for the checks and 2% for US\$. What does it matter? I've finally received the money that started out from the States in April.

I sent a couple of letters to Mpls. this AM and will be sending greetings to the folds in LaC. this afternoon. Since Jane wrote explaining her plight, the total is three short, but Leslie and Amy ... Well, I've got 5 letters to go so I'm signing off. I hope the photo situation keeps developing, drop me a line in Cuzco, and I'll keep you posted on what's happening here. Maybe on my return to Bolivia later this year I can send another shipment of film, what thinkst you? Keep your feet warm, and your spare socks dry.

Norris

Well Mike and Norris, here I am at Macchu Picchu. As I am writing this the only sounds I hear are multilingual mumblings and the ~~wind blowing~~ Urubamba river far below.

The sight would have taken my breath away but the walk up already did.

As I sit here and marvel at this incredible scene I can't help but to think that I owe a great deal ^{of this experience} to the two of you.

*Thanks again
GREG*

P.S. I sure wish the two of you were sitting next to me right this minute, with Norris rolling a big fat joint.