

*Cerro Torre, A la Recherche du Temps Perdu and the Ragni di Lecco route.* In early January, taking 32 hours base-to-summit and two days round-trip from their bivy, Kelly Cordes and Colin Haley made the first link-up of A la Recherche du Temps Perdu (800m to Col of Hope, no summit, Marsigny-Parkin, 1994), on the south face of Cerro Torre, with the upper 600m of the Ragni di Lecco route (Chiappa-Conti-Ferrari-Negri, 1974) on the west face and west ridge. See Haley's feature article earlier in this *Journal*.

*Cerro Torre, Southeast Ridge, attempt by fair means.* In early February 2007 Josh Wharton and I emptied our bank accounts and traveled south. Our goal was to climb the Southeast Ridge (Compressor Route) of Cerro Torre in the best style we could imagine. This meant climbing in a single push and, more importantly, avoiding as many of Maestri's 400 bolts as we could. After a week and a half of typical Patagonian weather, we started up our objective, leaving high camp at 8 p.m.—a proper alpine start. We toiled up fresh snow and then climbed the lower crack pitches through the night. Just as the sun rose we stopped and brewed up where the “Monumental Bolt Traverse” makes an illogical rightward traverse across blank stone. Above us, right on the crest of the arête, was a vertical splitter seam. Unfortunately, it was covered in places with a meter of atmospheric ice, too unstable to climb directly. For several hours Josh aided around it, onto the south face, eventually doing a wild pendulum onto the “Ice Amoeba” and then hacked through it to ascend the crack. Two more pitches of perfect rock, with occasional 5.10 runouts, led back onto the Compressor Route. In 1968, two years before Maestri, a strong British/Argentine team attempted this same line, retreating after the aid seam. In 1999 the successful Patagonian climber Ermanno Salvaterra established the excellent face pitches higher, though ultimately retreating.

After a few classic moderate mixed pitches through the Ice Towers we came to the second major bolt ladder. We continued to the right of this, then up a wildly overhanging crack that terminated in unclimbable s'nice mushrooms. The sun came around and started melting the unstable features. It was 3 p.m., and the weather was perfect, plenty of time to descend a pitch and go up the bolt ladders to the summit. After a brief discussion we placed a cam and began our rappels to the ground. At one of the belays we stopped. Without moving my feet I could touch eight bolts. Many were next to hand cracks. We pulled a cat's claw from the pack and for the first time in our lives attempted to remove a bolt, to see if it would be possible to return Cerro Torre to its original state. After several minutes it barely budged. We returned to town. Some climbers slandered and threatened us for our 10-minute experiment and barely mentioned our attempt on the ridge. Many were afraid of the idea, while others were excited by the possibility.

Five days later we got another chance on the ridge. This time it was a lot colder, and sometimes on the lower cracks I was forced to stop and warm my hands, even in direct sun. The “Ice Amoeba” aid pitch went a lot faster, and Josh did an amazing job sticking the delicate and scary slab moves in huge wind gusts. This round we went left at the second bolt ladder and entered a deep chimney system that we had scoped before. The 60m pitch was 50' deep into the bowels of Cerro Torre, 3' wide, and filled with bullet blue ice. If this pitch were at a crag, it would be world famous. We got spit out right at the belay of the headwall, where the bolts began again.

Our original goal was to make it to this point without clipping a bolt, which we did. Looking up at the headwall it was obvious it would go further without the bolts. The weather