

deep, unconsolidated snow to smatterings of shallow ice and several broken rock bands. As the afternoon wore on the blue skies departed, and clouds descended upon the mountain.

The summit ridge was reached by the evening of the 28th. As we arrived a storm began swirling spindrift in our faces and reduced visibility, so we dug a snow cave and spent the night crammed in our packs. By morning visibility had improved somewhat, and we were able to proceed along the ridge, being careful not to walk off into space. As the summit was gained, the weather deteriorated again, and hailstones violently stung exposed skin. We spotted footprints and began to follow them down. Luck was not on our side, though, as the prints vanished in the wind. For a second night we were forced to dig a snow cave. During the evening the clouds momentarily lifted, and we were given a clear view down the mountain. With no tent or sleeping bags to keep us warm at camp, we stayed put. By morning the clouds had descended once again, but we were able to find our way down. At Nido de Condores a local guide, who had awaited our arrival, fed us hunks of bread and cheese that we washed down with numerous cups of tea. Feeling refreshed the three of us hiked back to Cohoni and spent a final night there before catching an overloaded bus back to La Paz. The bus ride was the crux of our entire adventure. We called the route *Nada es Seguro* ("nothing is certain"), 1,450 meters, V WI3+.

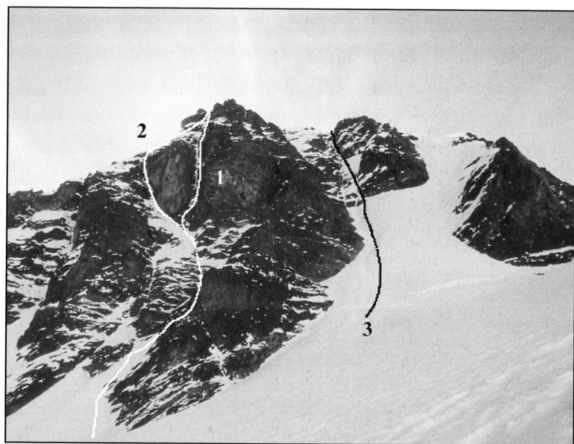
KAREN MCNEILL, *Canada*

*Condoriri Group, Huallomen, southwest face, Bon Anniversaire Annick.* In 2001 I spent a few days climbing in the well-known Condoriri group near La Paz. The snow/ice conditions were very good considering we were there at the end of July. With a friend, Martin Imgrüth, I climbed a route on Huallomen's southwest face that would appear to be a first ascent. It is an obvious line cutting through the rock face. When I talked about it with the guides in La Paz no one could tell me if it had already been climbed. The best information I managed to get was from Jose Camarlinghi, of Andean Summits, who told me that it was previously a Bolivian guide's project that he didn't complete. Jose said he hadn't seen this line in such good condition for many years.

After walking 20 minutes up the Tajira glacier we turned left to reach the base of the triangular face. To get to the bottom of the line we climbed a snowy couloir for 200- to 250-meters. The first pitch followed a diagonal ramp, from left to right, leading to a chimney. We belayed with two pegs at the base of the chimney. We climbed the vertical chimney (UIAA IV+) on poor rock and then a thinly iced gully to belay on friends. Following up the gully it steepens to 75-80 degrees and then a snow wall of 85-90 degrees. Belay on ice screws. The gully continues with good ice then a very steep mixed section. Belay on cams. From there the ascent became easier up a gentle snow couloir leading to a section of poor rock. After this last rope length the couloir continued for 150-200 meters only interrupted by a little mixed section. The last difficulty is a poor rock chimney (UIAA IV) leading to a saddle. From there the view is very impressive. We then followed the



Low on Bon Anniversaire Annick. *Martin Imgrüth*



Huallomen: (1) Bon Anniversaire Annick; (2) unknown route; (3) British route. Jacques Pahud

saddle ridge to the base of a rock tower that we avoided to the right by an easy section that leads to the upper slopes of the normal route. We descended by the normal route after reaching the end of these slopes having decided not to follow the ridge to the true summit of Huallomen. This route is about nine rope lengths from the start of the diagonal traverse to the saddle. We found poor rock sections, poor and thin ice, steep snow sections, and very little in the way of good protection except at the belays. All this made the ascent a bit exposed,

although the hardest sections are not very long. No material was left on the route. With more ice and less snow it could be easier to protect. We called this route Bon Anniversaire Annick.

To the left of the start of the route (traverse) there is an ice line going up to the left which seems to have been climbed. We found the hole left by a snow-stake at the top of the last chimney (saddle). That led me to think that those who climbed it carried on by the upper part of the line we climbed. From the base it seems the easier and more obvious way to finish this ascent.

JACQUES PAHUD, Switzerland

*Cuernos del Diablo, north face; Gigante Grande, Via Loco.* On May 26 Brent Loken, Bruce Hendricks, Brent's father, and I drove in Brent's jeep from La Paz to the Quimsa Cruz. We stopped for the night in the tawdry mining town of Viloco, where we were able to convince a few locals to put us up in the Evangelical Church and to porter to our base camp. Bruce and Brent had decided to put our base camp at Taruca Umana Pass. This site makes good granite accessible but is a half an hour from water. In the vicinity of the pass we climbed a number of one- to three-pitch routes. We found that it was comfortable to climb in the sun on north-facing rock, but that south-facing rock was darned cold. Many of the cracks were filled with dirt and moss, but the granite itself was perfect. The best-looking reasonably accessible peak for longer routes was Cuernos del Diablo, and twice we climbed there. Our first climb on Cuernos led on new ground for about five pitches on the left side of the north face, with climbing up to about 5.10a. The approach had proven to be more complicated than it appeared, though, and with daylight dwindling we retreated. Two days later we came back to Cuernos and started up a route to the right of our first attempt. After Bruce started with a Tuolumne-like left-facing corner, we veered left onto unclimbed ground, with face climbing and then cracks that were sometimes dirty and up to 5.10. Then we connected, we believe, with a 1987 German route known locally as La Clasica for the last couple of beautiful hand- and fist-crack pitches to the top (IV 5.10-). It seems that no one had climbed the highest of the 30-foot tall splinters that make up the horns of Cuernos.

Brent then drove out, while Bruce and I took the bus from Viloco south to Laguna Laram Khota, a lake with a roadside view of the southwest face of Gigante Grande (18,858'). Two obvious