

temperatures. While we scoped other attractive but less evident routes west of the ice ramp, the objective hazards of a direct line up the ramp appeared manageable. Unexposed crevasses and a small bergschrund were present on the ridge and small snow face above. Looking at early summer imagery on the Internet, it's clear that Naran, like most peaks in the Altai, is best climbed late spring to early summer, but, even in midsummer, an early morning departure resulted in excellent front-pointing on the ice ramp and an amazing view of the sunrise. Getting off Naran also provided a routefinding challenge.

We descended the rocky south ridge to the lowest point of the saddle, then plunged down a 40° face to the west, crossing multiple crevasses and a bergschrund. It appeared that this descent had the least amount of exposure, and would likely form the best normal route. However, crevasses are significant and clever route finding is in order for a safe return to base camp. Altogether, we had a brilliant day.

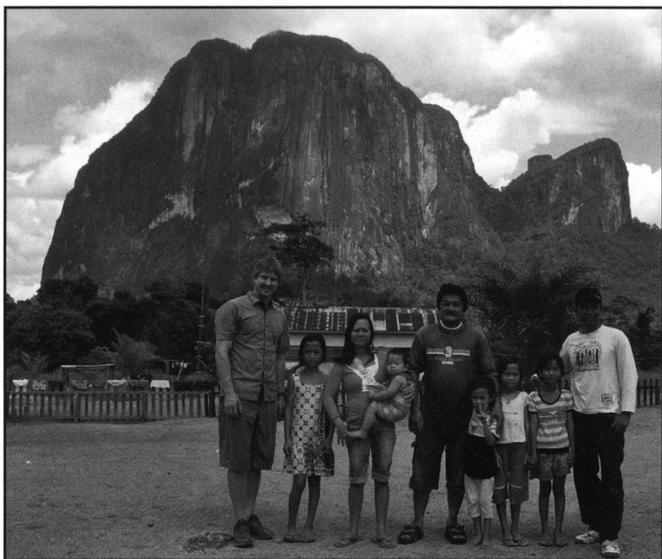
JEFF REYNOLDS

Editor's Note: The north face was first climbed in 1992 via a line up its eastern edge, finishing on the northeast ridge, by Julian Freeman-Attwood, Lindsay Griffin, and Ed Webster (AAJ 2003). At that time the mountain was known to them as Hadat Chajrchan (Rocky Peak).

Indonesia

BORNEO

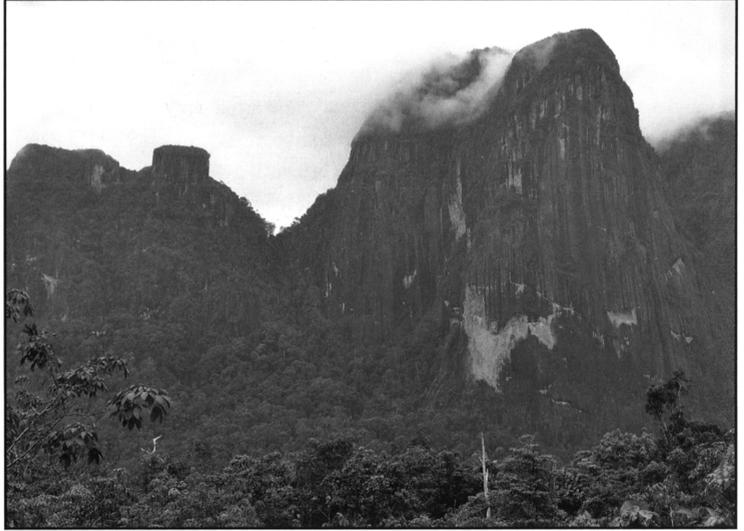
West Kalimantan, Mt. Batu Daya, southeast face. In 2011, after authorities denied me a visa to return to Socotra Island, Yemen, due to war mayhem, I looked at my long list of areas to explore, with more than 20 expeditions on the docket. Batu Daya caught my eye; I had never been there. The first two weeks of December are in the rainy season, but I decided to go. I arrived at Jakarta and flew to Ketapang. A few hours drive, a few hours on a speed boat, a hitched lift on a big truck working the palm oil fields, and I was near Batu Daya, staring at its massiveness. I made this journey with a local guide and new friend, Herry, from Kalimantan. We paid locals to camp at



Mike Libeck with locals in front of Batu Daya. *Mike Libeck*

their house near Batu Daya. As in so many places, these people were wonderful and kind. I had many good meals and laughter with them, but with a roundtrip from home limited to two weeks, there was no time to lose.

Herry and I hacked through the jungle with razor-sharp machetes. It took a few days to



Unclimbed rock formation near Batu Daya. *Mike Libeck*

reach the base of Batu Daya, some of the worst suffering of my life. Hours of slogging in swamps, razor-wire bushes, 35°C, 95%+ humidity. Jungles are the worst; I would rather freeze. I have been in many jungles, always a sufferfest. Respect to all fellow jungle explorers. Of course, there is something wonderful about suffering: the pay off, survival and/or summit, seems so much better. We had a base camp near the foot of the tower, making beds out of vines and trees. The route looked like it would allow a fast ascent, and Herry asked if I could teach him some rope work, so he could follow me up, as he had always dreamed of going to the summit of Batu Daya.

We left super early and climbed all day. The rock was good and highly featured, with solid jungle foliage and vines to hold. The runouts were quite fun, as everywhere there were sweet holes and pockets in the stone. The worst part was getting to the jungle after the end of bare rock. This jungle was the thickest, most insane, I have ever seen. After four hours of being shredded by the vines and organic razor wire, we reached the summit as the sun disappeared.

Herry was able to light a fire, and we sat waiting for the sun to light our descent. It was a creepy night, and I wiped several bugs and spiders off my neck and face. Next day we reached base camp by nightfall, and the following morning got lost trying to find our way out of the jungle. I got increasingly worried as we spent all day walking through muddy swamps and razor-wire bushes and vines, but 20 minutes before full darkness we stumbled onto an old, barely visible bulldozer trail. Definitely some of the worst suffering I've experienced.

Locals say there was a team that tried to climb Batu Daya 10 or 15 years ago, and one climber died. I talked with an elder local who helped carry the body. Other than that I can find no information on attempts or successes. I graded our 650m route on the southeast face V 5.10 A1.

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