

# Trip report No. 19, MX - PA

## English without photos

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**23 March - 4 June 2016**

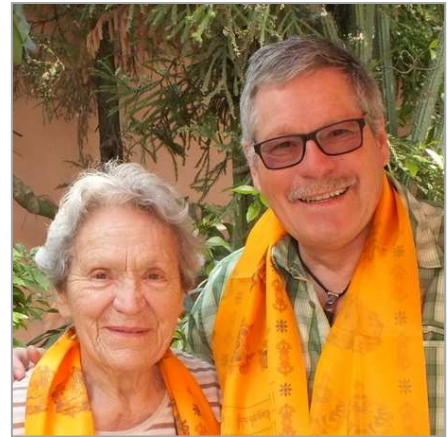
Mileage dangers

Mileage departure Switzerland 8'000

Switzerland - Cancún MX 84'615 76 = '615 km

Cancún - Santiago de Cuba 88'955 = 4'340 km

Total 80'955 km



### Our Mommy has left us

"Learn life is learning to let go"

This guiding principle has been strongly me prior to my departure. I had to let go of most valuable some of my, my beloved Mommy. It could be relatively healthy 93 years old. Two children, three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren enriched her life among many other things. In their last year of life it was granted for me what others want, we spent three months abroad together. Twelve days before the devastating earthquake we entered Nepal after a month back the Switzerland. In September and October, I was allowed to accompany them on their first trip to Turkey. When we left my house in Greece after two weeks, where she like to was a place, we were of the view that we come back next year. A week in Vienna among friends she enjoyed. A special experience was that my sister Rita could accompany us to Nepal in January. Allen was clear that these were final the last visit, and the goodbyes after a striation in Nepal. For 42 years, it has financed the training many young people and supports some people, was an important part of their lives in Nepal. On February 11, self-determined left us our Mommy in the presence of Rita and me. After serious car accident four years ago, she came back on the legs with incredible will and could lead their budgets again, what had thought no one possible. She knew that she could not win the fight against Alzheimer's disease also with will, she was also dependent on the wheelchair since the stripes. We mourn a great people. Bülach is thus complete in my life. I am pleased that I have a contact so congratulations to my sister Rita. Thus, I will stay back and forth in Eglisau and am looking to meet friends in the lowlands.

### Introduction

Cuba is experienced with own bike a special experience. I don't know any other way than with the steel rat, a 113-year-old sailing ship. This year 7 motorcycles in Cuba were accurate. Therefore, my planning was geared for two years on the tour schedule of the steel rat. 2013 I could cover the Roadless distance between Colombia and Panama with this.

It is a country to tour a special feeling with as a luxury vehicle, in which lacks everything. The twin focus on quickly, I will addressed, asked whether a photo can be made. The price interested in each (800% in Cuba will be charged on such luxury goods customs), the contents of the tank and of course the displacement. Since I never experienced envy, not the feeling of superiority was but many personal contacts.

This month has taken me to many places in Cuba. I drove the most westerly point, the easternmost point, the northernmost and the southernmost coast, only the southernmost point is missing. The detour was too big, as I myself had arranged this evening with my ski instructor friend Donat in Santiago. I would have like to stayed with fishermen, who have invited me to a coffee. The highest mountain,

1972 I would have climbed like the m of high Pico Turquino, but my walking shoes have lost their grip after 8 years. In Baracoa, in the West and one of the most beautiful areas of Cuba, I could spend even two weeks instead of four nights, I could bring fins the divers in Baraco, etc. etc. There were plenty of reasons to come back, but the steel rat determines the date. Once again a whole winter in Davos has also its allure. In these countries without motorcycle I can imagine traveling at the moment.

From Zurich with Condor via Frankfurt, I comfortably fly to Cancún in Mexico. When my friend Geyler we have running the Africa twin, I brought a new carburetor from the Switzerland. A new rear tires, oil change, and the twin is travel-ready, the 19-monatige pause has not harmed her. Thank you, Geyler, we meet again at the end of July.

### **Five weeks and 4'254 km in Cuba**

On 1 April, after four days on the steel rat, we create in Cienfuegos, as it says the cleanest city of Cuba. A peaceful place with wide streets, a beautiful city centre, tourists, but not flooded as Trinidad. The first classic car, three-wheeled bicycle taxi, horse carriages as a means of transport, cordial people, empty shelves in the stores, I arrived in Cuba. For some time there in the parks Internet, you need a map of the State telephone company to do this for 30 minutes, or five hours. The hour cost approx. 2 Sfr. Also, buying the phone card is a game of patience, like so much. "Hay No.", it has not, I'm going more often. Today, it has for an hour, none of yesterday and the day before yesterday for 30 minutes. On the black market can be found this anyway, just 50% more expensive. And then I'm in the business that has such for 5 hours, so many of you want, but tomorrow it may have no more.

Kai comes to the steel rat, he's come to Cienfuegos, along with five other motorcycles about a month ago with the first trip from Cancún. He will sail with us to Panama. The twin need a Cuban number, this process is easy, all shows me Kai.

So I will in the near future in parks often sit and communicate with the big wide world. Be one of the few banks in the shade of a tree stand and is still free, as a bank on the shadow find all which would in the Internet, then you are lucky. If you escape, because after an hour on the Internet of the blog the same distance as in the beginning, it has the advantage that the Bank neighbor understands the curse, it is Hans-Peter from the beautiful Arosa, now in the Zurich Oberland at home. So there's a nice afternoon at Swiss. There are many Swiss in Cuba I realize soon, because I'm often addressed. The Africa twin with the Swiss cross and GR number is a real eye-catcher. In Trinidad, an Australian show me a photo of my twin, which he did a few days ago in Cienfuegos.

So that people lose sight of the goal, one encounters everywhere advertising: E.g. "now we win the war!".

Packed full of my journey begins, on the main road I Hans-Peter see, which is waiting for the taxi. He gives me the address of his Casa particular, a private home in Trinidad.

About 30 Monteros (Gauchos) riding on the road, a reason for a photo stop. Finally, my twin is the topic of discussion.

I would like to try out my new hi-tech hammock if you the waterfall "El Nicho", but the local campground is closed to foreigners. The only restriction for foreigners is that you may like to stay only in hotels or Casas Particulares. So, I'm going further to Trinidad and find Hans-Peter.

Together, we get to know the area in the saddle of a horse and look at the Valley of the sugar mills on the next day. The 43.5 m high tower in Iznaga served to monitor the slaves. There were originally over 50 sugar mills, cane sugar was produced in large quantities. The theme of slaves will meet me still often a sad chapter which was never rebuilt.

You can see a few tractors and when, then ancient, but bullocks and horses be used everywhere.

About Sancti Spiritus my path led me to Santa Clara. The Che Guevara monument is the most important object. Matanzas is the next station. The "Cuevas de Bel-lamar" should be the most beautiful and largest Cave of Cuba. Of course I have looked more in all of these places and made photos, look at however, this on my site!

"La Habana". Who has no desire to visit this city? And if there is, with what attraction to start? The selection is huge! I have "gestreikt" and me just drift away, am rode with Kai or alone with my twin in the city, have put me in a restaurant and watched the people and felt the atmosphere, have plunged me into the night life and met nice restaurants with Kai. I've just stretched out and enjoyed it.

It has many ruins in Havana!

After I was already in Colombia in Honda I also used the opportunity to photograph my Honda at Honda.

I went to the westernmost point of Cuba, the Roncali Lighthouse via Viñales. The 60 km through the Park was exciting. Thousands of crabs crossed the street, Vulture cleaned away the victims of traffic, searched for edible wild boars, a beached freighter waited of rust dissolved it, also this "detour" was worth.

Via Pinar del Rio with its tobacco factory I Varadero steer to, one of the most popular tourist destinations. He is best known for its endless sandy beaches. Unfortunately, most of the beaches is completely capitalist reserved capital, large fenced luxury resorts are strung. Near my hotel, the beach was public, I enjoyed the peace and quiet in the early morning. I had picked out the most beautiful beach umbrella with Bank, so I later came up with the Beach police and the Lifesaver in the conversation, it was their "job". I finished the trip at the northern tip of Varadero with a visit to the bats in the "Cueva Ambrosio".

Remedios was the destination with its beautiful Plaza, on the way I spied one of the rare "Camello", these were replaced by more modern buses in Havana and now eke out their existence in the province. With the weather, I was very lucky to see the opportunity "Bici-Taxis" as a weather-proof vehicles. To drive in the rain is extremely dangerous, because many cars lose oil and thus the wet roads for heavy motorcycles are unpredictable.

I would have to show many ruins such as here in Sagua la Grande, it is sadly lost on old buildings around the country. For me, this city means "Life in ruins".

On the road, the opportunity to chat arises again and again with happy people. Anyone trying to earn something, no one can live with a monthly salary for simple work of sFr 10. A doctor earns approximately Sfr. 30 to 40.

The son of Trish is a doctor and works 48 hours a week at a time. The Swiss Kony and his wife Bety I spent some wonderful days in Camagüey. Camagüey has much to offer. However, many people have never seen this phenomenon of the Sun.

As individuals, only academics have the right to buy a car, so everyone in his way found themselves.

Even if people have not much, they have time and joie de vivre.

"Cremeria La Suiza". Who can resist? Today it has (only) chocolate ice cream on sale. I eat a cup with three bullets, most people take two with pastries. If there is something you must use it. It looks mostly like before the shops.

Today I'm going along the South coast to Santiago de Cuba, the western part of this beautiful route is not recommended for tourists. Laurelia, the fisherman's wife I am spontaneously invited to the coffee and the cottage may look at me. I am amazed how clean and organized it is. Like I'd stayed over night, but my Donat waiting in Santiago.

In throughout Cuba, all apartments with petroleum are smoked every couple of weeks to the mosquitoes (dengue, Zika etc.) To be Mr. A tedious procedure.

In Santiago, I meet Donat and Silvia, they are on the road with a rental car. Spend a day together, then parted our ways, we meet again in Davos.

I have my first major breakdown in Holguin, in Cancún, we had pulled the throttle cable when replacing the carburetor too little, now they have loosened. The error occurs in the city Fortunately, close to the best mechanic from Holguin. Jorge Luis has worked eight years at MZ in the GDR. Thank you, Jorge Luis. So I can ride with some hours delay still to Baracoa. The road MOA - Baracoa is likely be the second worst of Cuba. Where the tar in resolution is there, it is most difficult to drive, for cars where he himself has already evaporated, it is no problem.

The next evening I meet Kai in the Casa de la Cultura. He knew I was here, a lot of people have told him that his friend was driving this track yesterday. A group of riders had passed a few months ago, was assured me.

Baracoa is one of the most beautiful places for me, it is secluded and the nature is beautiful. In the "Arce de Noe" by Lidia and Christian, I'm in very good hands.

Kai and I are going to the eastern point of Cuba, passing on the impressive "El Paso de los Alemanes".

Unfortunately, we can not climb the Lighthouse "Punta Maisí", because the key is "absent". On the return trip, we decide to eat something in the restaurant "La Flaca" at the Playa Barigua. Kai has all the baggage with him, he wants to stay here. The idea is good, so I drive the 25 km to Baracoa and get my hammock etc. We dine excellently and sleep as well, after we have long enjoyed the night under the Palm trees.

Such a sunrise from the hammock makes up for much! Kai stays another night, I have tomorrow back to Santiago, gone are the 30 days for my twin and for two days I wanted to not renew. Anyone has informed the police that Kai must move in a Casa particular, wild camping is a controlled substance.

If I come back, I'm going Yonlis new fins. Sadly, if you must earn his bread with such material, or catch his fish.

I'm driving through the mountains, a stunning setting direction of Guantanamo, of course, I climb the Mirador "Alto de Cotilla".

Guantanamo Bay can be seen from a distance, must apply for a visitor's visa but some days previously. I must not lead but this eyesore of the United States to

heart. So I'm going right back to Santiago de Cuba, where the steel rat at the port waiting for me. The export of the twin needs some time, but it's easily. My Africa twin is only unpacked on May 31st again in Panama. In the morning, I hear a ship's Horn and experience the first entrance of a cruise ship under the flag of the United States at the port of Santiago.

How do I get to use the Internet after my twin is firmly packed in the nearest hotel? A team driver mercy is mine. A last walk to the Parque Frank Pais and already we drive towards Jamaica under the fortress of Morro, tomorrow we will anchor in Port Antonio.

Nice memories of five weeks in Cuba!

### **547 km in Jamaica with (my) Chinese 200ccm**

Lulu, our captain, has many friends and for special occasions always rum on board. The port police officers in Port Antonio know this, so that five police officers come to work on the steel rat, to greet us right. Anyway, we went deep into the night with three swim before they showed us the night life in Port Antonio.

White there are 10 percent in Jamaica, highest. There are all shades of Brown and black, often deep black. One problem is the Jamaica-slang, which is hard to understand, except "Hey you". If you tell people but, English is not the native language, and there are problems with the slang, then people will be mostly trouble. The staff is tremendous. If I stopped somewhere I was usually asked whether everything ok. I myself looked around and tried to get my bearings, someone came immediately and has offered to help. In Kingston, I have overtaken a motorcycle COP and paused. I asked him for directions and said that I never found a road map. He says he knows where I could purchase one and has led me to this bookstore and came with me in the business. Unfortunately, I have found also no guides yet I have visited many bookstores.

The religiosity in the Americas is big, but so many churches, temples and I know I've still nowhere seen what all like in Jamaica. All which exist in Europe, there is also here, just not liberal. Actually I should have pictures of the many names of religion, which are new for me. Here a small selection of Port Antonio:

"Religion", the business model seems to work in Jamaica.

I knew that it is possible either in Jamaica or in Providence to take my Africa twin ashore. So, I opted for a rental motorbike, not an easy feat! After two days, the search in the 100 km from Ocho Rios (eight rivers) was successful. In this city, it has several rivers, the Spaniards had miscounted however, there are not eight. The English have adopted many names of the Spaniards. So I took my little Chinese girl, a 200 Zhujiang. For \$50 a nice car I was offered, the Chinese took only 52 US after lengthy discussions \$/ day. The price was worth it however, we have 547 km after all together he-drive. I could easily overtake with 200 cc, how fast she ran, she hid me because your speedometer was broken. Some potholes along the East Coast took her and me, I was able to evade the most. The trip to the blue mountains, I had to eventually turn because I me was no longer sure whether their brakes for these steep slopes were built. Come down them all, but how? Maybe I'll even older and put limits me earlier. No secret is that I'm OASI pensioners since February. The left was trouble-free, except at entrances, etc. I looked in the wrong direction sometimes. Traffic is very cozy, will stop before crosswalks, it will regard taken, etc. Of course, there are exceptions and young men who need to demonstrate their PS power everywhere.

About Kingston, I've heard much negative but I have the city fondly. The streets are partly very wide and in good condition, cleanliness is no worse than in other major cities, it has many beautiful parks. I have not seen slums, for a final opinion, I was but too long there. What is lacking is a historical center, in Spanish town, there are still a few old houses around the emancipation square, the museum looks neat from the outside, from behind, you can see only the supported House facade.

The visit of the "Holy Trinity Cathedral" was a special experience. The impressive, large building with a large round dome was almost entirely occupied because farewell was taken from a popular man. The mixer had an impressive size for a church. Of sadness was little, music is an important Element. In "Emancipation Park" meet the wedding couples for the wedding photo. The slender men seem to have a predilection for plump young women.

I was very lucky with my accommodation. Kingsworth is 15 minutes of Kingston, in the pure nature. From the large garden, you can enjoy the view of the metropolis, a place to recover. But the steel rat gets on the 17th we say lines away.

The "flat bridge" resists every flood, it has washed away the previous two. Whether such a thing without railing in the Switzerland would also be possible?

My Chinese is back with Anthony, her owner. I enjoyed the time with her!

Unfortunately a spare part for the desalination plant of steel rat has not arrived yet, so our departure is delayed by three days. We just hang out and visit the Trident Castle. Who can finance anything, except recently a Katari?

It is worth noting that we simply, but very good ate on the steel rat! Thanks to Lulu, Joan and Anna!

Stupidity is learned, but I never learn! On the last evening, I forget my Fanny Pack in the restaurant of the Marina, with fresh draw 500 US\$, and my iPhone. The bag is the guardian, the rest is gone. I met only a white, the owner of the restaurant. That the video recording did not work exactly on this day (the 8 cameras were ok), the engineer was not tangible, she saw from her place on my chair, but knew nothing, etc. etc. A rogue who evil thinks!

### **Providencia (CO)**

Who has heard about Providence? A bead, a small piece of Colombia in the Caribbean. Mass tourism is never lost on this island of only 4 x 7 km wide! In 20 minutes, it has bypassed the island with the scooter. The catamaran will bring tourists from the island of San Andres or small planes landing at the small airport. A place to relax, the hotels are small, the nature and the people originally, time seems to stand still.

I could a scooter for 16 US\$ rent, one-third of the price in Jamaica! How many times have I run to I suppose the island three days?

The boat trip around the island with visits to three snorkeling is unforgettable, I've never seen such blue water!

The ascent to the Pico, the highest point on the island with 360 m, lasted just under an hour and opened a 360 ° panorama. Long I sit alone at the Summit and enjoy the panoramic view, in the distance, I see the steel rat.

At the restaurant "Deep Blue" we will witness how a shark attacking a ray and later hand - fishing and finally of the fisherman, a staunch Christiano, is released. His meat was of poor quality.

Long I have the training of the swimming club watched Providencia. Since there are no swimming lessons in the school must, begin at the bottom sitting/lying on a pool noodle. The trainer is the continent from Bogota. The organisational demands more than technical, should be easier to tame a sack of fleas. When I watched the elite swimmers however, she seems to have success. Wendepunt there is a pillar, a buoy marked the 25 m. Next weekend, the elite flying to Bogota to the National Championship. It is somewhat different in a pool to swim!

After I had conquered the "Crow's nest" I wanted to of course 'Outdoor rum' perfect start and again to enjoy the magnificent view from 20 m.

On May 27, the anchor is raised, we took course to Panama under all six sails, partly supported by the machine. On May 30 we have at the Chchime cays in San Blas anchored, our goal has been reached.

### **San Blas (Panama)**

Kai and I decided to stay some days on the steel rat and something to meet this island paradise with its inhabitants, the Kunas. The first motorcycle riders are expected to Cartagena on June 4 in the "port" of Carti.

Lisa picked us up with the dugout with a 9.9 HP outboard engine, where most such large trees grow? We climb a small river on the Mainland and there. He comes from the sacred mountain and is therefore Holy, anyway, healing powers are said to him.

The five-day Festival begins tomorrow with the deceased loved ones. We pass walking three cemeteries, the people make incense offerings and invite their ancestors. It has a family graves under one roof. We can't take pictures. When we finally reach the bathing place our clothes are so wet, as if we were swimming, the humidity is incredibly high. We have seen wild pineapples, flowers which hot lips and also look, a wide variety of flowers and plants, a nice walk.

The water of the river is a beautiful cool, the small fish are really aggressive and angriffig. Jan they bite a wart, so he's bleeding. We go back by the small river, with jumping and diving. The guide is our backpacks. I didn't realized that it should have with slippers, so I go barefoot. A Kuna says that it cannot be easily barefoot, that does not mean that this is easy for a white man, but I got through it! Now, the cemeteries were empty and we were able to photograph Lisa much about their culture has told us. Of course the Catholics wanted to convert even here, the Kunas were but steadfast. The built churches are visited only by newcomers. The crosses in the cemetery are more stable than wood panels, these have but nothing to do with Christianity. Men may have no possessions, women inherit everything, pulling the man to the woman's family after the wedding. If no girls there is the youngest son as a girl brought up an interesting culture.

Of course, I was also in San Blas snorkeling! Unfortunately, it has always suspension parts in the water, which muddies the view in the sandy area in shallow depth. Personally, I see no great advantage in these places, when diving with compressed air. Photography of animals should be but easier.

When we anchored before guna Yala following images arose from the masthead:

Some photos from the small town of guna Yala. Personally, I would prefer the life on an "island" if I had to live here in the 'paradise', but I am traveler and must move on.

The last day on the rat of steel has arrived, the southernmost point of my journey is reached, making 1 of my second trip of this year day today. Part 1 lasted 73 days, ahead of me another 60 days to me bringing back Condor in the Switzerland.

We set sail again and us driven by the wind after Carti, the small harbour where we can unload the bikes. You are already packed. Only stupid, that my battery has discharged, but this problem is solvable.

My home was my bunk and the steel rat.

The time on and with the steel rat was intense. I thank the crew Lulu, Joan and Anna for her great commitment, was exciting, that we often were allowed to be part of the crew. The guard on the deck, especially at night, has left time for alone in the immensity of the sea of Star and place for talks. Unfortunately I felt very constricted by two people which partly led to tension - but there were still six others. Since the steel rat for 23 people is designed, we were only 9, much of the available space was us. When I imagine a sailing trip on a Charter ship with the tight spaces and all other people, I know that, for me, my Africa twin is the proper means of transport. I am grateful that I was able to make this journey with the 113-jährigen steel rat, also two years later I was pleased. We have about 1'400 nautical miles traveled, approx. 2'500 km. The majority of under sail. If the wind collapsed the machine has supported us. I can well imagine to be a guest on the steel rat once again and can only recommend it.

Chris takes the masthead in attack, also he's going to make him, he has still time to Cartagena.

The last Sunrise, unfortunately behind clouds.

Four bikers waiting at the pier and look forward to the "adventure steel rat", which will bring you to Colombia. My twin is unloaded, the others are invited - keep turning the wheel of time

The report of this trip was quite different than the previous. I have so many photos, which I have described, a real flood of images. If you read the report on the screen / look through the photos are larger. On my website-> on the go you can find [www.hans-ueli.ch](http://www.hans-ueli.ch) or many more.

If now you want to get to know Cuba, then I can only recommend it friends!

I don't need a caption this time, as I described - most of the photos in the text and the others are self explanatory.

Stretch out the blue I drove this year, the Green 2014.

Best regards sends friends from Panama City  
Hans-Ueli Flückiger