



# SCIJ Summer Meeting Argentina 2006 Travel report #2



## Chapelco, living the sun

### In the footsteps of Che by Isabel Conway, Ireland

In 1953, Che Guevara, then 23, embarked on a journey like something out of Don Quixote with his best friend aboard an ancient motorbike. They arrived in St Martin de los Andes, cadging



meals, nicking bottles of wine and shamelessly scrounging free beds for the night (just like SCIJ...-< a joke). It was more Groucho Marx than Karl Marx. And had history taken a different turn he might well have become a resident of this wonderful town surrounded by magnificent wooded mountains that melt into the blue depths of the Lago Lacar. He describes it as a heavenly spot with the power to pull on the sedentary part of himself, in his Motorcycle Diaries, a rollicking travelogue now turned into a hit movie. Sitting in Plaza San Martin eating a “melt in the mouth” Alfajor de Dulce de Leche , as darkness fell, I imagined the young handsome and laddish Che hitting town astride La Ponderosa, a 500cc Norton. His main concerns then were where the next glass of strong red wine was coming from, where the next bed was to be found and who might be around to share it. Now there’s a thought!

### The Southern Cross By Tom Scheck, Netherlands



Looking for the Southern Cross with a glass in hand – it was Bodega del Fin del Mundo - is an exiting idea. A

couple of hours after hot Buenos Aires we were

rather confused: a red haired double-decker bus introduced us to the who’s who of San Martin de Los Andes. When this little monster started to

climb into the mountains on a road close to a beautiful lake, we hardly dared to breath to avoid transforming the bus into a submarine.

All of the sudden, a cute wooden construction above the road showed a pink image of a huge glass of wine (!!): we were definitely back on earth! A minute later, we understood, that this was indeed our destiny for our first

night in the wilderness. Our red beauty stopped and we were freed to discover a paradise. Being highly intelligent journalists, we rapidly found our way to our pink painted fortune. Inside, Paihuén Wine Bar, a lovely atmosphere, fire, nice people, fine wines, and the most personal and friendly opening ceremony we’ve ever experienced. In this unusual



and exiting universe of down under, we even didn’t have the feeling to be hanging from the ceiling! Once warmed up, our interest grew for

the southern stars above our heads. We stepped into our first Patagonia night and Michel succeeded in showing us the “false” Southern Cross. The real one remains mystery, since our new and magic friend tumbled down the rock-stairs and despite the brilliant diving technique saving his glass, the nature kept the secret.

### General Assembly

On Sunday, August 27<sup>th</sup>, SCIJ held an extraordinary general assembly. As 21 countries were represented, it was a good opportunity for discussing ideas which can be decided upon during the next winter meeting in the Pyrenees.





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According to Roberto Micalli, SCIJ Secretary General, also following decisions were taken:

1. Every national captain will receive a questionnaire with easy questions on the respective national organization for SCIJ to have a fact sheet on each club.
2. A code of responsibility was discussed and approved by the general assembly with only 3 votes against.

He also mentions that a good general discussion took place; and President Aquiso confirms during the interview that during the next winter meeting the statutes of SCIJ will be discussed in the regular general assembly.

## Sous le soleil de Chapelco par Simon Matthey-Doret, Suisse

Le trajet depuis San Martin de Los Andes vaut déjà le détour: un lac magnifi-que dans lequel se



reflètent les montagnes, puis la forêt qui entoure quelques fermes indiennes. Enfin, la petite station de Chapelco apparait, comme une parenthèse dans cette nature pratiquement vierge. Un endroit familial, voulu comme tel, loin des usines à skieurs connues sur d'autres continents. Une télécabine, quelques téléskis et télésièges. Pas plus, et c'est tant mieux. Les canons devraient faire une apparition discrète l'an prochain, si tout va bien (sauf pour les indiens). Cette semaine, la neige était mince mais le soleil brûlant, avec en point de mire la pyramide parfaite du Lanin (3700m.), volcan-totem de la région. Difficile de rester concentré skis



aux pieds face à un tel panorama. Difficile aussi de résister à l'appel de Federico et Florencia,

deux Argentins déjà rencontrés aux Diablerets (!) et qui nous ont accueillis comme des princes à midi dans leur Casita del Bosque, au milieu de la forêt. Au chapitre sportif, félicitations au vétéran Sepp Thayer, vainqueur toutes catégories de la Fun Race mardi après-midi. Rendez-vous dans dix ans?

## Birthday in Tango Rythm by Marta Przybylik, Poland

I celebrated my 20<sup>th</sup> birthday with SCIJ



friends in the Casino of San Martin de los Andes. It

was a nice evening, which was spent in the rhythm of Tango. Tango was shown, played, danced and sung. An outstanding orchestra, consisting of very experienced musicians, who were never tired, treated us with lovely. We were accompanied by a couple from Buenos Aires, who – with their over-average enthusiasm- showed clearly that Tango is the language of love and passion. Some of us even had the opportunity to present our newly

gained experiences – Agneta from Sweden impressed us with her confident show. Stefano as well, who proved that Italians are made for music. I myself was able to enjoy a dance with the argentine tango singer – I had always dreamed of dancing tango with an Argentinean... This evening was also very sweet, for two reasons. First, we were able to enjoy the finest chocolate types from the region. Second – it was a nice experience to celebrate the birthday in such nice circumstances and receive birthday wishes – for 2 days – in so many languages. I thank you.

Stefano and the New Kids on the Block: The Splendid Tango Orchestra...



## Una mirada crítica por Stefano Marroni, Italia

Hay momentos en la vida de los pueblos que los ponen sorpresivamente frente a problemas inconcebibles. Eso me hizo pensar nuestro encuentro con los jefes de la comunidad Mapuche

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al ver la cara de nuestra amiga Victoria, traduciendo conceptos probablemente muy distintos de su visión del espíritu argentino.

Porque los Mapuches, a más de 125 años de la Conquista del Desierto, no se sienten ni quieren convertirse en Argentinos, en una nación que ha canonizado mismo en su constitución la idea de que entre la Quebrada de Humahuaca y Tierra del Fuego sólo existe un pueblo, una cultura, una bandera. “Lo que queremos -explican los Mapuches- es el reconocimiento de una diferencia originaria y no el asistencialismo que nos brindan para aquietar nuestra histórica pobreza.” Aquí está en toda su radicalidad el desfile que se ha repetido en muchos países de Europa, España e



Italia incluidas. Y que ha sido enfrentado pero no resuelto, con el nacimiento de las diferentes entidades autonómicas. Esta experiencia puede ser comprendida con algunas dificultades por un pueblo como el argentino, tan orgulloso de su identidad y más proclive a decir la palabra Patria que sus hermanos europeos. Pero esta, sin embargo, preciosa. Y confío en que la cultura de su pueblo, el sentido cosmopolita de sus jóvenes y las potenciales oportunidades ofrecidas para un turismo interesado en la defensa de la naturaleza y en las sorpresas de la antropología, conducirán felizmente a la Argentina a construir una manera nueva de relacionarse con su distintas almas. Aborígenes y no.



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