

ENCOUNTER OVERLAND



LONG-RANGE EXPEDITIONS ACROSS
SOUTH AMERICA, ASIA & AFRICA

LONG-RANGE OVERLANDING AND EXPLORING BY TRUCK IS EXCITING, INTERESTING AND DIFFERENT. BUT THIS DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAD BETTER BE SOME SORT OF DROP-OUT OR TOPEE-HATTED FREAK!

What it does mean is a big decision, putting a career to one side for a while, telling friends you're going, tidying up possessions and setting off into the blue.

Years later you will smilingly recall this initial struggle that preceded your going. In retrospect it will have been one of the most worthwhile things you ever made up your mind to do. But if you can't see yourself being geared to planning this in the foreseeable future, you may never be.

This basic decision 'TO GO OR NOT TO GO' is one for which you are unlikely to need or to value much advice. There either is or there is not magnetism enough in remote places for you.

'WHY GO?' is a question full of personal intangibles varied and entwined with the rich tapestry of this planet itself. And this — rather than any practical reasoning for or against — really casts the die.

Deciding to go, or at least to look a lot further into the venture, leads to the next big question which can't be so easily side-stepped with abstractions. . . . The question HOW. . . ?



*Above: Sunset at Persepolis
Opposite: Crossing the Congo*

ENCOUNTER OVERLAND HAS A LONG AND INVOLVED COMMITMENT TO THE ASPIRATIONS OF OVERLANDING — TO THE CO-OPERATION, PARTNERSHIP AND SENSE OF ENQUIRY THAT ARE THE FOUNDATION OF EVERY EO EXPEDITION.

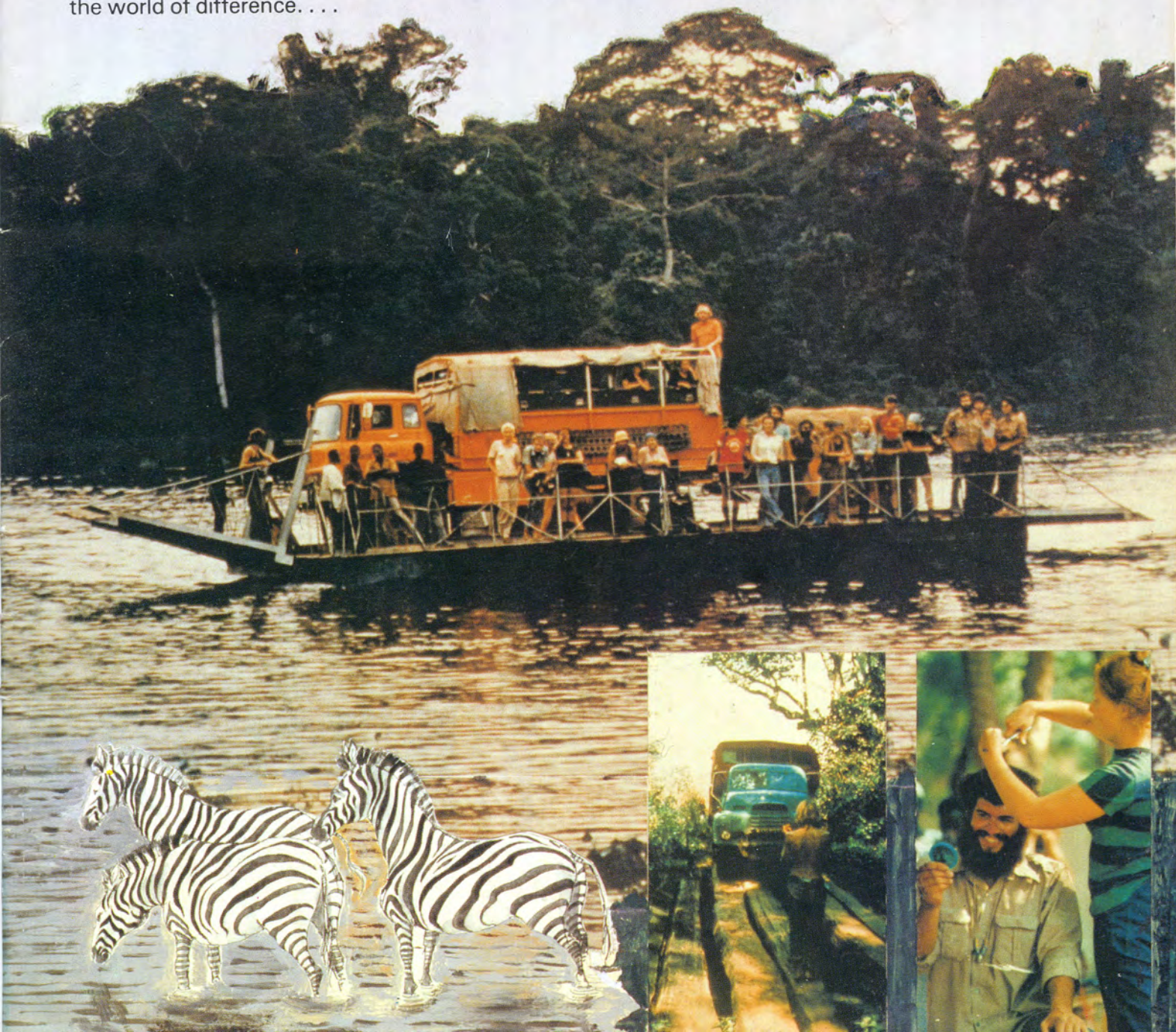
You have got a lot in common with ENCOUNTER OVERLAND if you're interested in doing something well, if you want a lot of fun and you're young and adventurous. Encounter means the continents themselves supply the challenge — fully involving each one of us.

Life on expedition becomes a lot less complicated, puts us in closer touch with nature and with different people, with forgotten realities and with each other. That's why it works.

These facts matter during a long overland expedition. But they must combine with meticulous preparation (including realistic costings), the best equipment, and the use of powerful vehicles driven and maintained by experienced leaders.

The other vital ingredient is a clear understanding of what sort of journey it will be and what it will ask of you.

The following detail and description is concerned with travelling across three continents, and with the concept and content special to ENCOUNTER OVERLAND that make the world of difference to the world of difference. . . .








ALTERNATIVE RIVER PROJECTS

**BARRANQUILLA-RIO
RIO-BARRANQUILLA**

15 WEEKS Extending to 16 weeks
when TIERRA DEL FUEGO is included
DISTANCE 13,000/15,000 MILES

-  **USUAL ROUTE**
-  **16 WEEK EXPEDITIONS ONLY**
-  **CONTINGENCY ROUTE**
-  **AIR CONNECTION**



A Journey in South America

The exciting paradox of South America is that, though we may know little about it, it has become a living collage of fascinating images. Of gauchos and condors, llamas and reed boats; soaring mountains and steaming jungles, grasslands and deserts; cocaine-eaters and poison darts; of lost sun kingdoms and conquistadors, emeralds and El Dorado; of Latin rhythms and haunting Indian folk-tunes; of jet-set wealth amidst abject poverty; clashing ideologies, violence and revolution.

South America is all this and more. The face South America presents to the casual visitor is the garishly displayed benefits and ills of a rapid-growth industrial society and a cultural identity descended directly from its European heritage. The traveller, who sees only this, will have missed the magic and mystery that is there to be discovered. Beyond the fringes of the modern cities the vital pulse of an older way of life still beats strong, a life tied to a majestic untamed land, to the seasonal cycle of weather and crops and to spiritual beliefs lingering on from the great Indian civilisations that Pizarro and his men came to destroy.

Reaching these remote places will require effort on our part. Out here, where we rely on our own resources, is where the challenges and rewards are greatest. As a group travelling together in a rugged vehicle that supplies all our needs for several days at a time, we can rove freely, free to move or stay, to tackle difficult terrain with confidence or to stop when we find one of those idyllic spots. Because we are able to set our own pace we can come to understand the subtleties of this amazing continent.

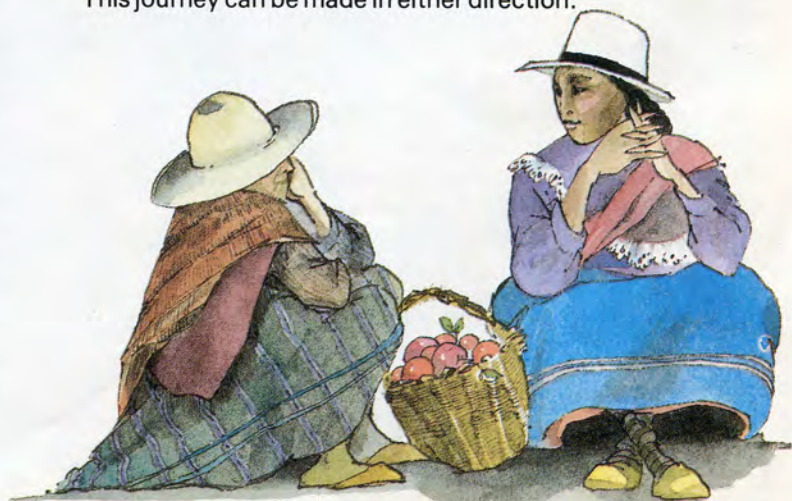
We wind among the ever-changing scenery of the Andes, through colourful Indian market villages, among grazing llamas, through deep rocky gorges and over bleak icy passes at 16,000 feet. We traverse the barren sand-blown deserts where no rain ever falls and penetrate the washed-out trails of tropical rain-forests. We barbecue giant steaks around the campfire in the cattle-ranching lands of the Chaco and the Pampas, and stand in awe at the thundering might of the Iguassu Falls. We blaze a trail of dust across the Altiplano amid salt-pans and volcanoes. We take boats and explore the Amazon tributaries and trade with the river-dwelling Indians. We go to forts, cathedrals and mansions of colonial Spain and reach tombs, temples and entire abandoned cities of civilisations long lost. And, in contrast, we stay in the big cities: a hotel, an elegant meal and a night spot.

This really is a unique journey. The rewards are an untold wealth of travel and friendship.



THE CLIMATE and weather, like much else in South America, can vary dramatically. We might breakfast in warm sweaters at 10,000 feet, lunch in bathing togs by a river, and use mosquito nets in a jungle campsite that night.

THE COST is fully inclusive of *all* EO travel and living including the Amazon tributary expedition. Hotels in all capitals and major cities and restaurant meals in these centres are also included. For this a special 'Town Account' is established and this is explained on page 12. This journey can be made in either direction.



The Caribbean

Barranquilla is the main Colombian port on the Caribbean, a somewhat torrid, tawdry place at the northern end of the great Andean finger of the Cordillera Occidental.

One's arrival will probably be through the airport of Soledad that is sinking among the mosquito marshes behind the town, aboard an aircraft in from Miami, Mexico, Panama or the Caribbean Islands. . . .

By midday of our first day's travelling we will reach the old fortified town of Cartagena which grew to be the key port of the Spanish new world. Peruvian gold and treasures were amassed here for loading onto Spanish galleons. The impressive city walls and fortresses, built to safeguard this vast wealth, face the sea, and the narrow streets, villas and churches inside the walls have altered little since the days of sail.



San Agustin

We turn inland and are soon climbing the refreshingly cooler forested slopes of the Cordillera Occidental. Our progress is slowed by the chaotic jumble of mountains and valleys, a pleasing landscape of forests and fields, torrents, villages and billowing clouds. Eventually we emerge on the high plateau where Bogota stands at 8,600 feet, pressed up against Mount Monserrate. We spend a couple of nights in a modest down-town hotel but are surprised by the city's and citizens' apparent drabness until the 'aguardiente' starts having its intoxicating evening effect. A mind-blowing visit to the famous Gold Museum, where thousands of incredible artifacts that escaped the Spaniards are splendidly displayed, should not be missed. Souvenir shopping can be fun — leather goods are a good buy and so too, for those with cash, are emeralds.

Before leaving, we'll visit the nearby saltmines of Zipaquirá where, deep under ground, a vast chasm has been shaped out of the salt in the form of a huge cathedral — a dank creation. Then we shall press on southwards, descending to the warmer climes of the Magdalena Valley at 1000 feet to follow the river upstream through farmlands into the hills beyond. The tarmac ends but we continue, pursuing

the dirt road up and down, clinging to ledges high up on the Magdalena Gorge where the river, now much diminished, rushes along far below until we finally reach the village of San Agustin.

In these isolated uplands are some of the most amazing relics of an ancient culture. Little is known of the Indian tribe that fashioned this strange cult in these far-flung hills, for all that remains are the graves. Every tomb is guarded by a grotesque carved statue, up to ten feet high. Each represents one of the gods of a strange pantheon, menacing, fang-toothed creatures, wielding cudgels and wearing necklaces of skulls — disquieting presences in the lush and serene countryside. Here we can hire horses or hike to see widely scattered burial sites or enjoy the beauty and tranquility of the scenery.

We loop back over high moorland passes to Popayan, a fine colonial highland town, and during the following days we continue our progress winding, climbing and dropping through tortured landscape, tacking endlessly over dirt roads up and down the mountainside. The countryside remains mountainous but becomes more pastoral as we cross into Ecuador. Indians with oxen are everywhere laboriously tilling the near vertical hills. The natives of the Otavalo region are perhaps the most handsome in South America, dressed in white calf-length cotton trousers and dark blue ponchos. The men wear their hair in long braids, the women are in ankle-length skirts wearing necklaces of gold. There is a Saturday morning market at Otavalo and a number of others in the region on other days, where Indians in their thousands gather to trade and gossip.

Just before Quito, the equator cuts through the road and through the snow-capped summit of Volcan Cayambe; an unobtrusive plaque marks the spot. (Several miles away, a grand monument gloriously celebrates the meridian in what is now accepted to be the wrong position!). Quito is a capital, situated at 9000 feet, below the volcano of Pinchincha. The bustling old city contains a wealth of colonial architecture and, more specifically, some of the richest churches anywhere. When the Incas were crushed (and Quito was their second capital at the time), the Conquistadors gave thanks and glory to their Christian God with the plentiful gold that the New World was yielding, melting down thousands of priceless Indian artifacts to plaster their own temples with the gold that now gleams darkly in La Compania, San Francisco and other Quito churches.

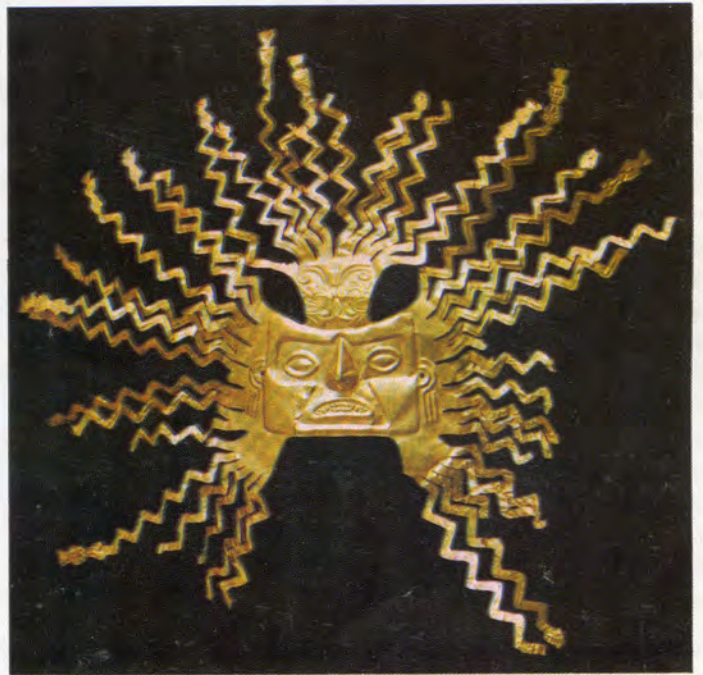
After a couple of days in Quito, we'll set off south through the rich tapestry of the Ecuadorean landscape and through the beautiful 'Avenue of the Volcanoes', a series of highland basins lined on either side with snow-shrouded volcanic peaks. One of them, Cotopaxi (20,000 feet) has been climbed by some of us. On market days, the farmers can be seen walking through the dew-soaked dawn and gathering to trade in the markets of Latacunga, Perilleo, Ambato, and Riobamba. We shall continue through the mountains to Cuenca, or descend to the coast. The descent from these cool heights is long and tortuous, down through damp forests festooned with epiphytes and orchids to the hot and humid coastal plains.

Coastal Perú

As we cross from Ecuador into Peru an abrupt transformation in the scenery takes place; within the space of twenty miles the tropical green gives way to scrub and cactus and then to desert. Dramatically, we are now under the influence of the cold Humboldt Current that sweeps up from the Antarctic and keeps the coast of northern Chile and Peru virtually rainless. South from the Peruvian border town of Tumbes (where Pizarro and his derisory force of 150 men first landed in 1527), the desert is total, though broken by several river valleys that bring water down from the high Andes. It is in these valleys that the coastal towns lie and the agriculture of coastal Peru thrives on extensive irrigation projects that spread the Andean snow-melt over large tracts of the littoral. Entering these oases is a striking contrast—after 50 miles of arid sand and gravel waste, suddenly there is a solid green wall of sugar cane, bananas, maize, cotton and even rice.

The towns of this coast are unattractive and the hovering stench of their fishmeal processing plants will not encourage us to linger. But the desert by the sea can be eerie and magnificent. Its desolation and whispering noises are haunting. At times, drifting sand dunes creep inexorably over the road; in another place, a lunar waste of rocks and gravel lies strewn below cliffs that glint with exposed minerals. Frequently we run alongside the sea where the rolling Pacific surf pounds timelessly onto the desert's flanks while pelicans and frigate-birds dive for anchovies. We can swim here but even in these equatorial latitudes the Humboldt Current chills.

Curiously, it was in this hostile arena that the first civilizations of South America flowered. The empires of the Chavin, Mochica, Nazca, Chimu and others flourished here, channeling water from high in the Andes to feed a complex irrigation system on which they depended. These desert sun-kingdoms attained a high level of artistic achievement; a wealth of outstanding pottery, textiles and gold objects has been found alongside mummies in tombs. We can visit the remains of the vast Chimu capital, Chan-Chan, which



Detail from Gold Museum, Bogota

survived the conquests of Inca and Spaniard only to fall in 1925 when the first rain in literally aeons sent its great adobe walls and ramparts slithering. Nearby, the pyramids of the Sun and the Moon and the fortress of Paramonga stand forlorn witnesses to the ravages of time and treasure-seekers. At Sechin, the temple walls are graphically etched with victorious chiefs and the dismembered bodies of the vanquished, a primitive but dramatic record of a brutal inter-tribal battle in the dawn of time.

And so to Lima, City of Kings, ringed around with desert, shanty towns and acute urban problems. Here, from a central hotel in the capital, we can divide our time between museums, churches, shopping, cinemas and hot bath-water. And Pisco sour is the local lethal cocktail!



Otavalo villager



Our Amazon river craft

The Amazon Basin: river expedition

Beyond the easternmost ranges of the Andes, the highlands fall off dramatically to the vast jungle-covered Amazon flood-plains. Occasionally the few roads that give treacherous access to these regions afford magnificent views through the trees. From cliff-hanging tracks, a panorama sometimes opens out over an infinity of green-carpeted foothills and plains far below, stretching to a blue-hazed, curving horizon. The jungle of the Amazon basin covers almost half the continent with a mantle of rampaging greenery. Untouched since time began, these vast virgin tracts of land are now being tapped for their immense economic potential. Roads are being cut into the wild rain-drenched montana valleys and across the forested plains and the newly cleared swathes of ranchland, to reach the primitive river ports where rudimentary craft chug through the swirling brown waters. The settlements here have a frontier atmosphere, with dirt streets, wooden sidewalks and sleezy bars. Vultures stalk the streets and brilliant butterflies flit by in the damp sunshine.

To witness these pioneering attempts to harness one of the world's wildest regions is interesting in itself, but we have really come here to see the primeval forests and the forest-dwelling Indians before both are drowned in the advancing tide of progress. This is not easy, for wherever roads give access, settlers move in; the great trees are felled, ranches built, trusting Indians are assimilated into the labour force and decultured, and more apprehensive tribes retire to the remotest regions. Our only hope is to take to the water-ways and explore the tributaries of the world's largest river.



Junale nanorama

For five days we shall use motorised canoes, taking with us a local boatman, an Indian guide, to the seldom-visited rivers and lakes where the Indians live in their villages of stilted, thatched huts. The journey is not a particularly pleasant one, we carry only the most essential supplies. Mosquitoes force an early retirement under nets, and a dip in the river might just provide a meal for piranha fish or crocodiles! But our discomfort can be well rewarded, the sensations at the end of the day are those of being somewhere unique.

There are alternative river projects. Pucallpa in Peru is typical, but we can explore alternative jungle regions of Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, the southern Mato Grosso region of Brazil or other parts of Peru. Whichever region is finally chosen, the river expedition will prove an exciting undertaking.



Detail from EO feature film by P. Sinclair

This journey to Pucallpa from Lima takes four days on an amazing road. From the coast we drive directly to one of the world's highest passes at 16,000 feet where we can expect snowy conditions and some of us might find a sniff of our bottled oxygen useful. We cross the high bleak plains of Junin at 15,000 feet and our descent to Huanuco brings a pleasant spring-like climate and welcome relief from the effects of the altitude. The truck is coaxed slowly down the forested lower slopes and we reach a spectacular 6000 foot gorge, the Boqueron de Padre Abad, the rock walls are draped with water falls and the road criss-crosses the thundering river on spindly, bouncing bailey-bridges—and leads us on into the jungle.

At Pucallpa, we fit out a 60 foot canoe for the river journey. We soon leave the broad, busy Rio Ucayali (navigable from here 3000 miles via the Amazon to the Atlantic) and head up a minor tributary. Trees arch overhead, parrots and toucans flash squawking across our bows, fresh-water dolphins leap alongside. We call in at the riverside villages of the Shipibo or Conibo Indians who have adapted sufficiently to living on the fringes of the white man's world not to be adversely affected by our visit. They will make us welcome, offering a roof over our heads and a rare insight into life in a primitive society. The women radiate a serene beauty with their south-east Asian features, long black hair and skirts patterned with motifs drawn from a long folk memory. The men fish and hunt with bows and arrows while their women make ceramic pots and weave necklaces and bracelets with tiny glass beads. There is a barter economy, and an old T-shirt or pen-knife can be traded for a beautiful keepsake. Here we can trek into the jungle or try fishing before returning to Pucallpa.

The Peruvian Highlands: Inca Heartland

There is a choice of routes in the mountains of central Peru. We can branch off the Lima road at La Oroya, and continue through the wheat-growing plains of Huancayo to tackle the long series of high passes and deep valleys that continue to torment the road south to Cuzco. Or from Lima we can follow the fast coastal desert road past the unexplained extra-terrestrial markings scarred in the plains of Nazca before turning inland and climbing back into the mountains. (Despite the extra mileage, this fast route through the desert is less time overall.) On either route the Andes present a formidable barrier. The narrow, twisting roads that take on the challenge of the landscape are little used and landslides are frequent. Time and again we painstakingly haul ourselves up to the bleak moorlands of the Puna at 14-15,000 feet before twisting and turning our way down to the hot tropical valleys at 4,000 feet amid sugar cane plantations. It is in the shelter of these valleys that the main Indian settlements lie, small colonial towns and rustic villages where people continue an age-old way of life. They tend their flocks of llamas, spin the wool and cultivate tiny plots with the primitive foot plough used in Inca times. We then climb over the next range, up among the cottonwool clouds, the wind-ruffled llamas and the views of snow-capped mountains and glaciers.

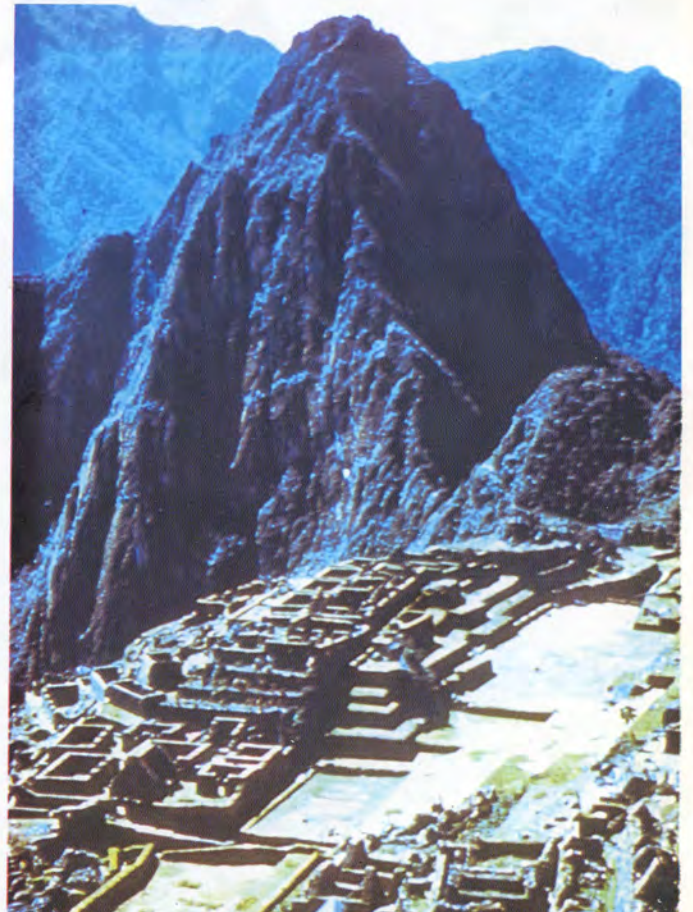
Eventually we arrive at Cuzco, sheltered in a hollow at 11,500 feet, one of the most picturesque little towns in the world. This was the royal capital of the Inca empire; a city of temples and palaces and incredible wealth. When the Spaniards came it was looted and destroyed but its buildings were so stoutly constructed that the ancient city layout of streets and plazas survives to this day. Narrow cobbled alleys lead between walls of precision-cut Inca stonework — the Conquistadors merely added their own comparatively crude upper stories. Though the idolatrous temples were razed with religious fervour, it was on their solid foundations that the Spanish churches and cathedrals rose.



Overlooking the red-tiled roofs of Cuzco, the mighty fortress of Sacsayhuaman stands, a massive defencework wrought in colossal megalithic stone which saw the most exciting, cruel and courageous chapters of the Spanish conquest. Beyond the nearby hills are the ruins of Pisac and Ollantaytambo, nestling in the warm Sacred Valley of the Incas. And from Cuzco a railway (of all things) makes its spectacular descent through the roadless gorges of the swirling, tumbling torrent of the Urubamba, to the great green mountain on which Machu Picchu is perched. 'Lost City of the Incas' straddles its magnificent eagle's nest position, 1,500 feet above the rushing river. Here an entire ceremonial city existed high among the clouds, completely unknown to the Spanish. To walk its silent streets and staircases in this savage setting is an unforgettable experience.



Painstakingly over bleak moorlands



Machu Picchu

Lake Titicaca and the Altiplano

From Cuzco, we follow the Urubamba (now called Vilcanota) upstream through the richly cultivated valley where Quechua-speaking Indians toil on a patchwork of fields, up to the high regions of snow and ice where the river has its source. Near the pass, bubbling hot springs provide an opportunity for a group bath (strictly for sauna enthusiasts!). Over the watershed, an undulating valley slopes gradually down to the Altiplano, a high treeless plateau that extends from here to cover most of the Bolivian highland. Lake Titicaca blazes deep blue among the sombre autumnal colours of the highlands and to the east the jagged, snow-covered peaks of the Cordillera Real provide a magnificent backdrop. Legend has it that the first Inca chiefs were born here on the shores of Titicaca, from whence they set out to found Cuzco. But this dramatic region is the birthplace of civilisations much older than the Incas. Here can be seen the remains of the ancient ceremonial centre of Tiahuanaco, where puzzling statues, a mysteriously-carved 'Gateway to the Sun' and superbly fitted masonry are all that remain of the accomplishments of an ancient lost race. Around the shores of Titicaca there also stands the silent foreboding funeral towers of the ancient Colla people.



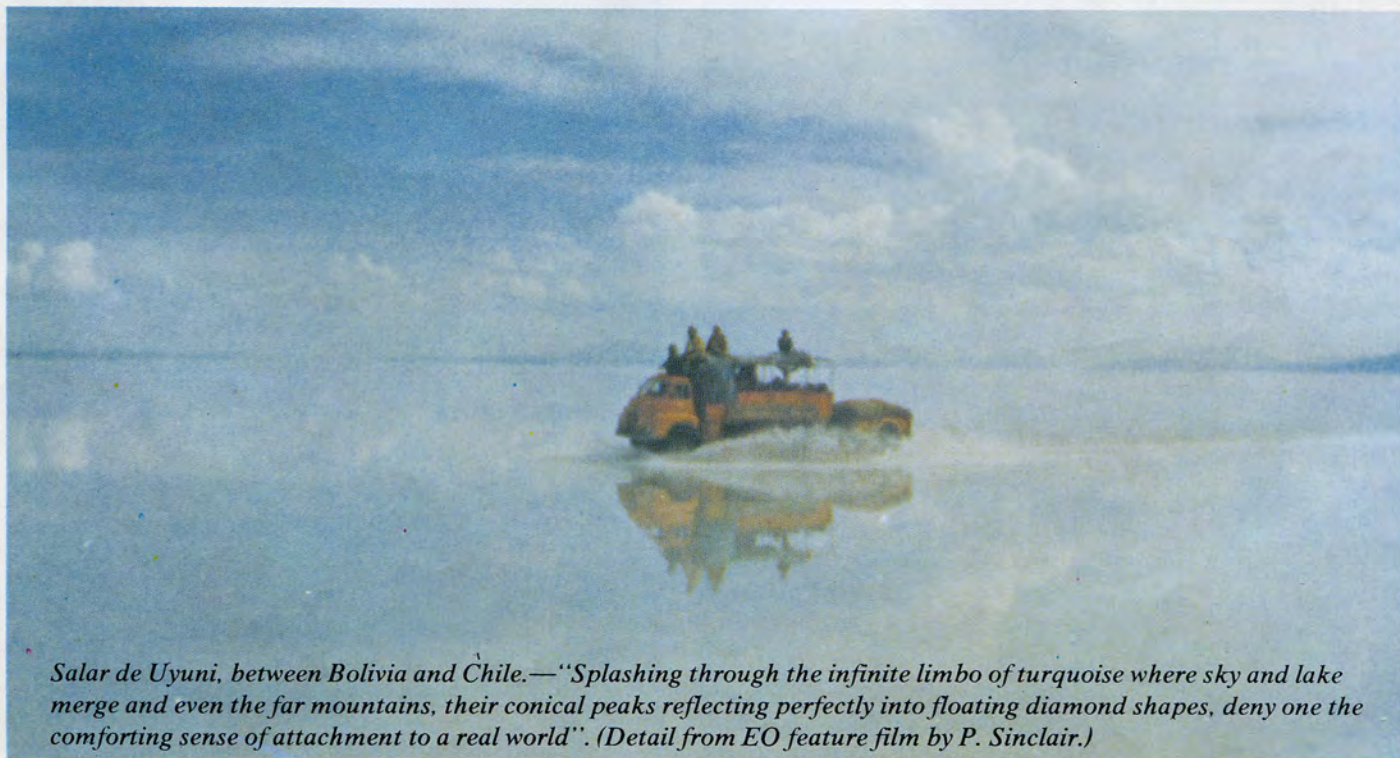
Lake Titicaca

Out on the lake, Indians live on floating reed islands in humble shelters, with their reed boats alongside. And across the border in Bolivia is the pretty lakeside town of Copacabana.

La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, lies huddled in a great crevasse in the desolate Altiplano. At 11,000 feet, it is the world's highest capital and one of the most fascinating. Straggling down from the rim of the crater, the teetering streets of the Indian quarter spill over with jostling activity. Herbs and roots and unidentifiable organic matter, potions and pills, the skins of strange animals and the shrivelled remains of llama foetuses are the ingredients of witchcraft and the stock-in-trade of the back alleys behind the baroque facade of the church of San Francisco. Despite the harshness of life here in Bolivia, and especially La Paz, an almost unjustified joie de vivre finds its voice in a treasury of folk music. It seems that everyone sings or plays the flute, the pan-pipes, the guitar or the charango (a stringed instrument whose soundbox is the armour-plated skin of the armadillo). Song and music are in the air and La Paz is indeed a very friendly city.



A street corner pharmacy in La Paz



Salar de Uyuni, between Bolivia and Chile.—“Splashing through the infinite limbo of turquoise where sky and lake merge and even the far mountains, their conical peaks reflecting perfectly into floating diamond shapes, deny one the comforting sense of attachment to a real world”. (Detail from EO feature film by P. Sinclair.)

South from La Paz, the Altiplano becomes progressively more desolate. After Oruro, the roads peter out and a maze of tracks lead over the quicksands and salt-pans towards the Chilean and Argentine borders. EO has in the past forged through this remote and dangerous wilderness, but it should only be done in the dry season and only with preparation and awareness for the difficulties. Other routes are open throughout the year. We may enter Chile to cross the expanses of the High Atacama. Or we may take the road through Cochabamba and Sucre in Bolivia to see these beautiful old colonial towns and go down the rickety shafts of the Potosi mines where the Spaniards extracted phenomenal quantities of silver with dreadful human suffering.



Miners!

Chaco, Pampas (and Tierra del Fuego)

The expeditions that do not go all the way to the extreme south nevertheless cross the Chaco and Pampas and usually turn north again at Bariloche.

Three general routes southwards exist:-

One route is into Argentina through its historic north-western provinces from Bolivia over the rocky Sierras, or from Chile across the bleak volcano-ringed pass of San Antonio de los Cobres.

An alternative route to the Pampas is to cross from southern Bolivia into Paraguay and cross the Paraguayan Chaco. The last ramparts of the Andes are now behind us and we head generally eastwards across the dusty sand-covered plains, where early European immigrants and Mennonite settlers still ranch with a religious fervour and a turn-of-the-century simplicity.

The other and most often preferred alternative is travelling the length of Chile. The Atacama Desert of the north contrasts sharply with the fertile farmlands and vineyards of the heartland, while in the south near Osorno and Puerto Montt, the lakes and mountains earn the area the name 'Switzerland of the Americas'.



Moreno Glacier



Inside Argentina is the fashionable ski resort of Bariloche located in one of Argentina's most spectacular national parks.

For the gourmet, Argentina is a highlight of the trip! — indulging earthly appetites with the finest steaks, excellent wines and delicious temperate fruits.

Southward we travel rapidly across the exposed plains of Patagonia through the oil town of Comodoro Rivadavia and a weird petrified forest. Roads are straight for mile after mile till we come to Lago Argentino. Here is the breathtaking Moreno Glacier, the only growing glacier in the world. We are some of the few who are able to take the 50 mile mud track and to camp close to this incredible spectacle.

It is only a day's drive from here to the Magellan Straits and a ferry takes truck and group to the island of Tierra del Fuego. The scenery is desolate and eerie on the way to the campsite by the forested lakeshore. Here is the setting for a typical 'asado': an entire sheep spit-roasted and duty-free drink to wash it down! We re-cross the channel and, seasonal road conditions permitting, visit a large colony of Magellan Penguins — scores of penguins making their burrows in ground rich in archeological remains.

Our next step is to the Valdes Peninsula where sea-lions, sea-elephants, killer whales, flamingos, rhea, armadillos and guanacos can all be seen in their dramatic natural environment. Crossing the Rio Negro, the scenery north of it changes from tundra scrub to waving pampas; gaucho country with huge herds grazing as far as the eye can see — all the way to Buenos Aires.

Iguassu Falls & Rio



So, by a choice of greatly different routes we will reach the ferry that takes us across the Paraguay river to Asuncion, Paraguay's hot and sleepy capital.

Paraguay is a heroic little country, its population several times decimated by vain-glorious campaigns against mighty neighbours. This part of Paraguay is farmed by Guarani Indians. The fertile countryside is a patchwork of fields dotted with the ambling progress of ox-carts.



Iguassu Falls

Climbing the escarpment from these tranquil scenes, we enter the plateauland of the Misiones Jungles, and a good road speeds us on to the Brazilian border which we cross high above the Rio Parana on the International Friendship Bridge. An hour's drive from here are the incomparable Iguassu Falls, where the broad Rio Iguassu hurls itself into a 250 foot chasm amid billowing vapour and shimmering rainbows. In a setting of magnificent jungle, one of the world's mightiest waterfalls (and many say the most spectacular) crashes over a huge horseshoe rim in an estimated 275 separate falls. Paths through the jungle and cat-walks over the river allow incredible panoramic views. For stout hearts only, a row-boat negotiates the swift-flowing waters immediately above the falls to land at a tiny islet alongside the Devil's Throat, where the mighty river roars and thunders over the precipice into the cauldron below.

The following few days through the Misiones Jungles take us to Rio; bustling colourful Rio; although utterly of the 20th century, it is perhaps one of the most beautiful cities of all time.

Hectic multi-lane highways pass fabulous beaches a stone's throw from the chic boulevards of downtown. The colour and mood of Rio by day is only excelled by Rio at night. The bay is overlooked by the Sugar Loaf and the whole sprawling city is dominated by the great Christ of Corcovado, prevailing it would seem, not only over Rio and Brazil, but over the whole New World of South America.



Rio

SOUTH AMERICAN 'TOWN ACCOUNT'

Included in the cost of the South American expedition is what is known as the 'TOWN ACCOUNT'. The 'Town Account' is designed to give more flexibility and group influence in decisions relating to time spent in major cities, the standard of accommodation used and the restaurant meals taken during the trip.

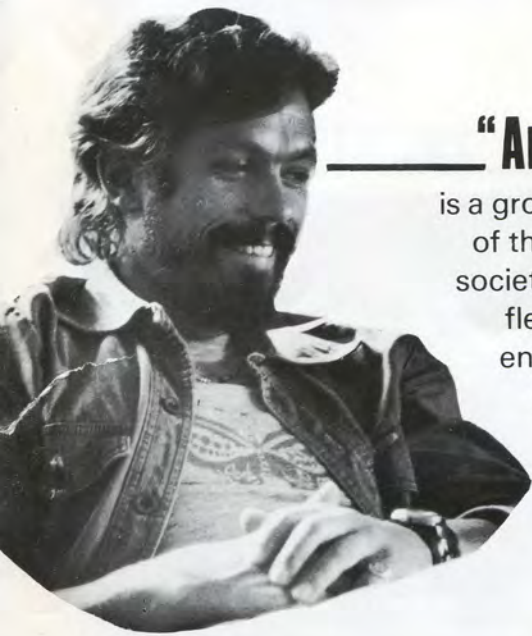
The fixed amount of the 'Town Account' is shown on the application/booking form and is part of the inclusive cost. Your payment into the 'Town Account' will be required as part of your final balance.

During the first days of the expedition, the group will appoint a treasurer. The total amount of each person's 'Town Account' payment plus the same for each EO

personnel on the expedition will be paid across to the treasurer by the leader and properly secured.

The amount is expressly and exclusively for hotels and meals out. The amount comfortably covers these costs, allowing the group to decide on its most effective and precise use. The guide lines are six or seven hotels of three nights in such places as Bogota, Quito, Lima, (Pucallpa), Cuzco, La Paz, Santiago plus meals in towns and an occasional meal en route. The leader/driver will be able to make plenty of recommendations along the way.

Should EO (for administrative etc reasons) require a stay in a particular town more than one night beyond that preferred by the group the extra expenses will be met from the main EO funds, not from the 'Town Account'.



“An Encounter Overland expedition.....”

is a group of young people setting off to experience first-hand regions of the world where the all too familiar encroachment of modern society is still held at bay. There is an important element of built-in flexibility supplied by the self-sufficiency of the expedition which enables us to seek alternatives in response to contingencies and to give fair scope for each expedition to vary its itinerary to group preferences. This being the case, ENCOUNTER OVERLAND is not suited to those who prefer to be pampered and amused with minimum effort to themselves.”

TONY JONES, EO

EXPEDITION MEMBERS are a varied mixture of nationalities and backgrounds. Everyone is under 35 (or so!)—men and women in about equal numbers—bringing different interests and useful attributes to the expedition. People join in ones and twos and certainly nobody needs to feel anxious about being alone or about lacking camping experience.

Knowing what to expect before joining means that those not interested enough don't! The group that then sets off has basically a lot in common. The initial apprehension is no bad thing—consideration for others is established and lasting friendships grow.

There needs to be an honest, open, un pompous spirit of enquiry and goodwill, a preparedness to put up with a bit of discomfort from time to time and a realisation that things will not always go quite as planned.

Heat and humidity or high altitude and cold will at times make real demands of us and a sense of humour is the best antidote to most of these occasional discomforts.

But projects as ambitious as these require something more. Each member of the group must see himself able to contribute tangibly. These expeditions can use anyone who is prepared to do their share of cooking and other domestic

chores and who can respond to the requirements of the situation—whether it's digging us out of sand or mud, pitching tents in pouring rain or simply getting up at dawn!

There are specific needs for good linguistics in Spanish for South America and in French for Africa, and for nurses or a doctor. And help with maintenance is never scorned (spare overalls supplied!) and an accountant could keep in practice running the bar or keeping the South American 'Town Account'.

THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION has been carefully selected and trained. His role is not so much to impose on others, or simply to apply the operational standards required by EO. Rather, as a particularly experienced member of the expedition with specific areas of detailed knowledge and responsibility, he can be turned to for leadership. He has been selected not merely for his driving and mechanical skills but for his ability to get jobs done effectively. (The EO team is well known for its resourcefulness and ingenuity, possessing a unique reputation for solving any problem—from border hassles to rebuilding washed out bridges.) Success does not come solely from him but from something that he can help find—the formula that brings together all the ingredients, personal and practical, of the expedition.



CAMPING

WE SHALL BE CAMPING most of the time and will be finding a nightly home in many fascinating places. The tough equipment is excellently designed and is easily manageable—the basis of it being roomy, two-bed tents with flysheets and built-in ground-sheets and comfortable campbeds.

On the expedition, daylight hours are valuable and our day starts with the rising sun. It need take little more than an hour to have breakfast and move out. . . .

There is real contact with the local people, and on a better, friendlier basis than if we were dependent on them every time we needed somewhere to sleep or something to eat.



GOOD FOOD is an essential part of the expedition. The vehicle is stocked with a wide variety of provisions. We will be shopping in the local markets which, as you might imagine, is really interesting. Fresh vegetables, fruit, bread, eggs and meat combine with the non perishables to help us produce three nourishing meals a day.

Meals are easily prepared and eaten in or outside the vehicle—usually on four gas burners—and barbecue-grills are also carried. All the necessary tables and utensils are there for



civilised meals. Everyone lends a hand and the main jobs of the day (shopping and cooking especially) are shared. In this way the catering is fun and easier than you might expect, and by cooking our own meals most of the time we are a lot less susceptible to tummy troubles.

The limited availability of fresh provisions in certain areas (especially of Africa) will mean that we use tinned and dehydrated 'iron rations' and it will need to be realised that these are sometimes inclined to become a bit monotonous.

From time to time we try good local cuisine, knowing or finding an interesting typical restaurant and having an evening out—courtesy of EO. (Introductory details to each continent are explicit about this and about the extent of the use of hotels, houseboats, etc., and any special extras that are included.)

EVENINGS UNDER CANVAS are relaxing with electric light to read and write, research and discuss the coming days, play chess, strum a guitar. People take evening walks to get away or just sit around solving the world's problems!

There are sometimes campfires and barbecues. And these are often the same warm nights that people don't bother with tents but just put up their campbeds under a canopy of stars.



ENCOUNTER'S TRUCKS



Extremes of climate and road conditions, heat, humidity, mud and dust, slogging gradients, appalling pot-holed tracks and fast open roads, call for a very versatile vehicle.

ENCOUNTER'S TRUCKS handle these conditions very well. In Africa and Asia we use the latest British-built Bedford 'M' and 'KM' five and eight tonners. In South America, Dodge and GMC are currently used. All the Bedfords are diesel powered through eight or ten forward gears and are four-wheel drive. These trucks are tough and work well within their capacity with one-ton cross-country trailers. They are meticulously prepared and equipped at EO's sizeable workshops to meet the very exacting requirements.

The unit is rugged and dependable and is designed and equipped to allow us to be totally self-sufficient for days on end. The truck has a specially designed body and 'soft top', windowed superstructure, which can give all-round protection when required. More often it is rolled completely open or kept as an awning when really hot, and either way, there is uninterrupted vision, plenty of fresh air and sunshine—and sometimes the inevitable dust!

The high-backed individual seats are comfortable and the EO truck/trailer unit provides a lot of room per person. There is plenty of storage space on the vehicle and baggage, tents, spares, etc pack away in the trailer.

Large fuel tanks give a range of over 1,200 miles. The water tanks hold enough water for all group needs. Simple, successful standards of hygiene are carefully applied and a professionally stocked medical kit is carried.

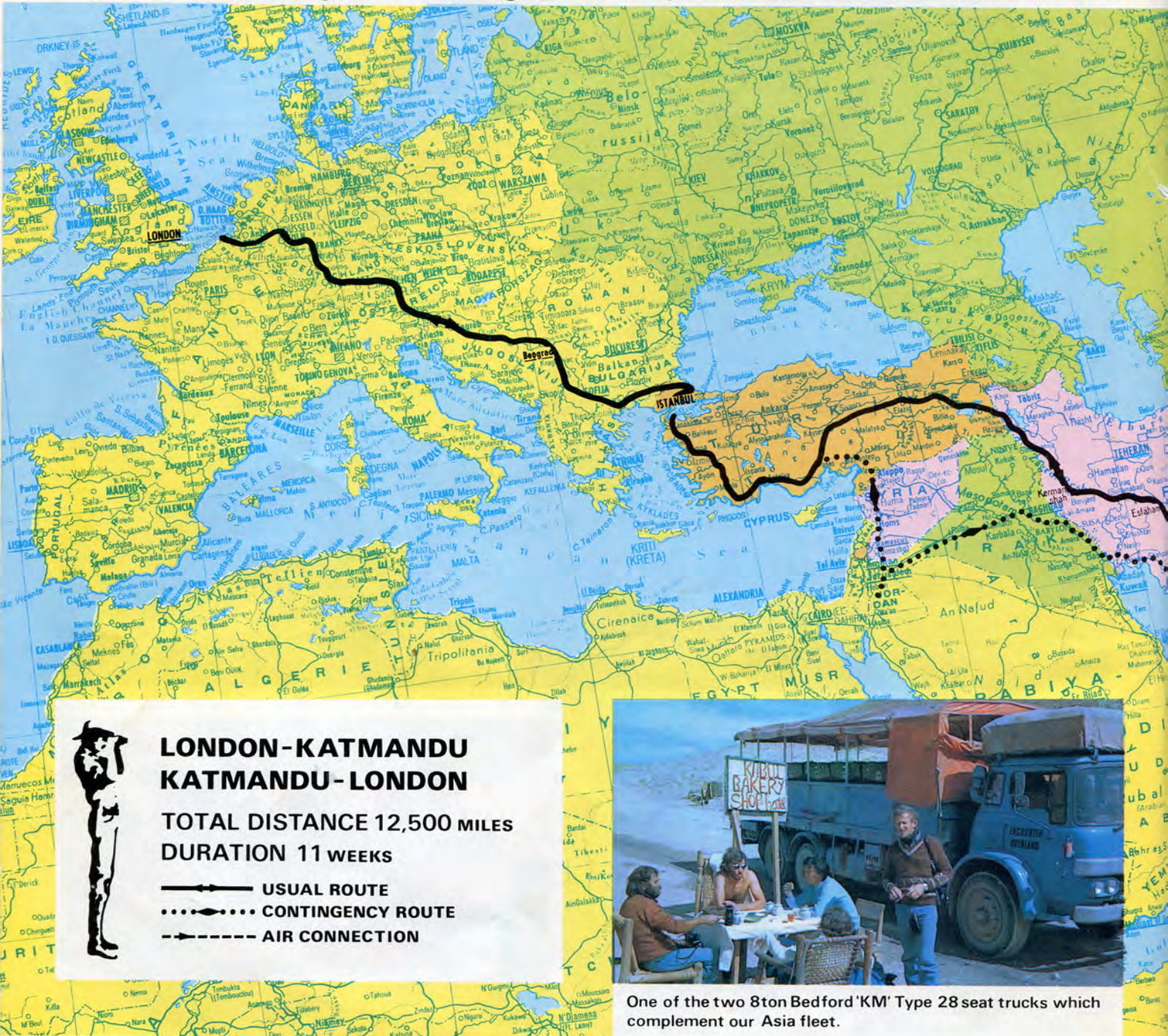


TIME AND TROUBLE have shown that the EO way works best. For a long time ours were the only groups travelling in this way, but now there are some alternative organisations who provide similar itineraries and expedition details, and whose vehicles have an obvious initial resemblance to EO's.

Their apparent cost is usually a little less than Encounter's, perhaps because similar sized vehicles (without trailers) are intended to provide for more people and because equipment (like campbeds) that we consider well worthwhile are items others feel won't be missed.

'Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery' (and of recommendation!). But hardest of all to copy is the concept that first inspired the original. This, with all it means, has been preserved by EO while every other facet of our operation, including consistent attention to detail and constant research, reflect the experience and enthusiasm that began with the first EO expedition in 1963.

“A decade ago it was generally considered madness to



THE ROUTE

Early spring and late autumn expeditions in both directions need to avoid snowed-up passes in northern and central Afghanistan. At all other times these remoter parts of Afghanistan are some of the most exciting lands within the striking distance of equipped groups on a Trans Asia route.

(Just occasionally spring or autumn trips visit Syria, Jordan and Iraq, avoiding colder weather to the north.)

CLIMATE

All expeditions avoid harsh winter conditions in Central Asia between 1 December and 1 April. Some expeditions however meet Indian monsoons June/August. Otherwise conditions are good-to-excellent.



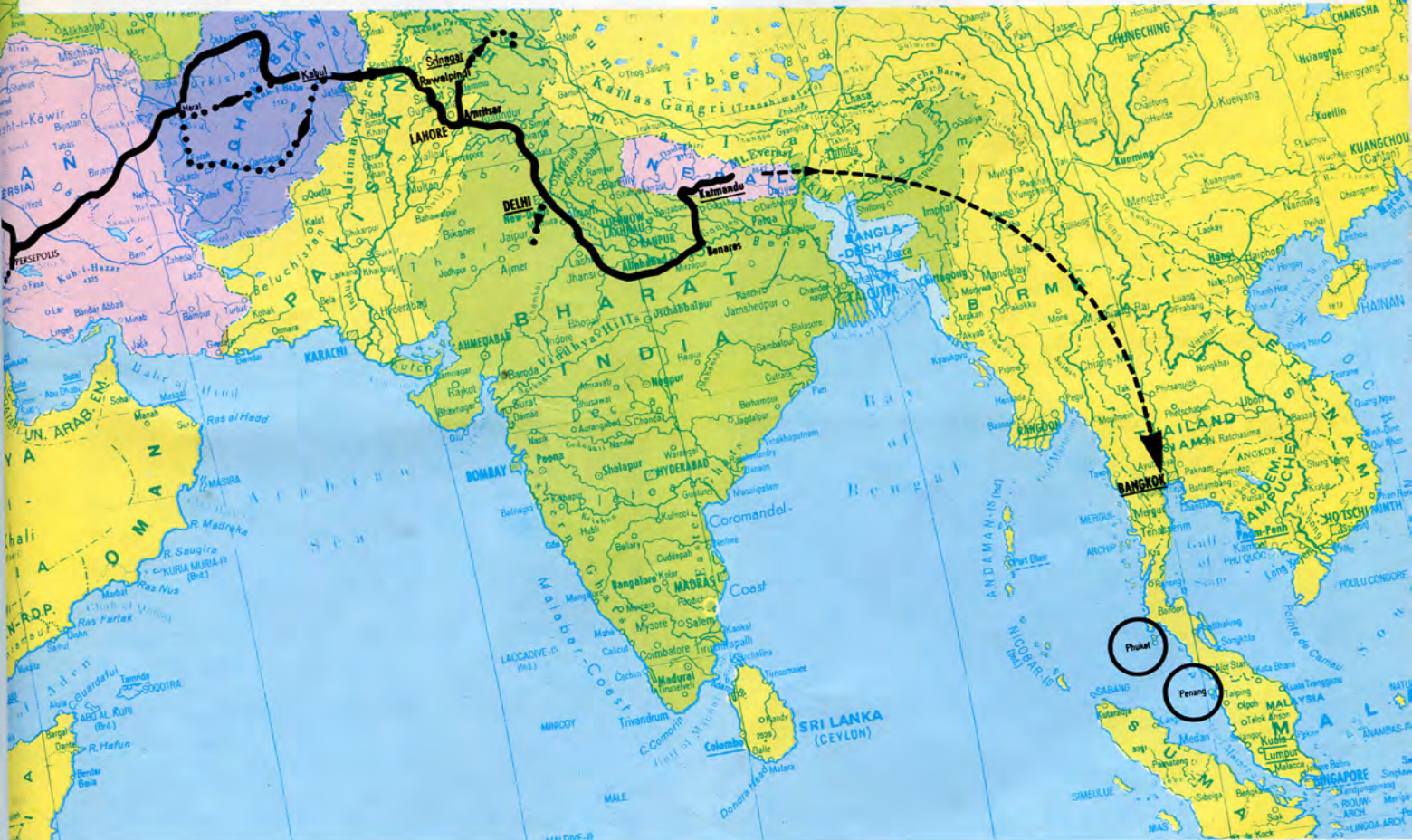
“risk your neck travelling overland through Asia...”

...How times change! Now the popular view seems to be quite the opposite—there’s nothing to it. The truth of course lies somewhere between.

As the only overland organisation which gained its first experience with trucks in Asia in the sixties, Encounter Overland still retains the excitement and adventure of those early days.

But seeking out the real Asia today requires a greater sense of exploration and inquiry than ever before. This in turn means planning, preparation and rugged well-equipped vehicles.

Today people can set off to cross Asia without much trouble and by sticking simply to the used routes they can reach a more familiar western life-style on the other side. As likely as not though, they will have felt little of the essence of the East, will have passed by its real mysteries and its strange truth. They will have missed something special that lies cradled in Asia’s wastes and its seemingly unimportant villages, something that needs to be seen and felt and experienced, something that neither this nor any other piece of information will ever quite explain.



CAMPING

provides the freedom and flexibility simply not possible when tied to an itinerary necessitating arrival in a particular town each evening. The self-sufficiency of the vehicle enables us to get well off the worn paths and explore more peaceful, unspoilt wilderness regions, especially in Central Asia where we can find places of ancient and natural splendour out of reach of other vehicles. There is also time for a lengthy restful stay aboard our houseboats in Kashmir.

THE COST

is fully inclusive of all EO travel and living, plus 5-6 nights in Kashmir and the occasional hotel and/or dak bungalow and organised campsite, it also includes at least five good typical meals at local restaurants on the way.

EUROPE

It is early morning in London and a group of young people are leaving on a 12,000 mile journey across Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan to Kashmir, India and Nepal. Goodbyes are said before the drive down to take the Dover ferry to Ostend. We are on our way. . . .

The expedition travels through Belgium and then south along the Rhine valley. The following days take us across the Black Forest and part of Bavaria, and at Salzburg we enter Austria. Soon the Alps close around us and we are climbing, beautiful, twisting alpine passes.

The group is settling into the simple routines of the expedition, and although the pace is not rushed, the route through Europe is fairly direct.

Leaving Austria we continue south to Zagreb and Belgrade and travel through Serbia, Croatia and Macedonia into Greece.

From the Greek border it is only a few hours to the shores of the Aegean. On the way we pass the ancient city of Phillipae where Alexander raised an army of 40,000 Macedonians and marched into Asia along a route similar to our own.

Along the coast on the way to Istanbul are marvellous beaches and the first chance for a swim. Here too we can start to relax, meet the fishermen and enjoy the sea food. The heady ouzo and wine and the emotive bouzouki music work their therapy in that strange luminous air which is Greece.



Castle at Anamur

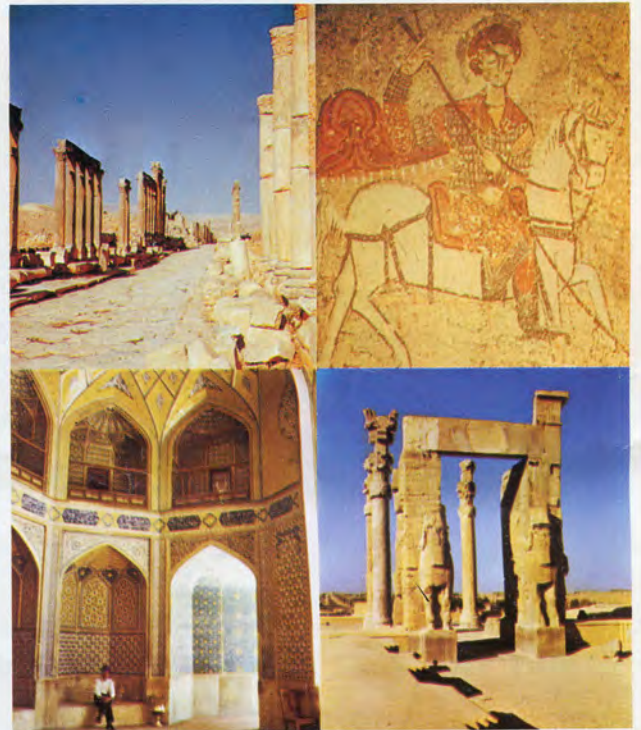


Undercover Bazaar

TURKEY

Istanbul, port and metropolis, is packed with interest. We have ample time to visit the famous mosques and the Topkapi Palace. You can explore the waterfront and the labyrinth of narrow cobbled alleys. The famed Grand Bazaar does not actually thrust bargains upon those who walk its covered ways; if one is to be found it will need patient search and hard bartering. You can wash off the day's grime in a turkish bathhouse and reflect on where you are.

From the bridges that span the Golden Horn, the myriad domes and slender minarets form the city skyline; all around is that curious mixing of western culture with the hustle and intrigue of the East.



We cross the Bosphorus into Asia and head south into a region that has played such an important part in history. Here in Asia Minor are many of the early Greek city-states where Christianity found a first tenuous foothold. Here fertile minds learned the advanced techniques of the Middle East and sowed the first seeds of western philosophy and learning. Many of the ruins are in a fine state of preservation and it's not necessary to be an amateur archaeologist to enjoy exploring them in the eternal sunshine.

Ephesus was the mightiest city of Roman Asia, where Paul the apostle preached and was imprisoned. Inland is Pammukkale where hot mineral springs form huge weird terraces of sediment. Here too are the Roman Baths at Hierapolis, where you can still bathe in the warm clear water of the pillar-strewn pool.

The following evening we reach Antalya on the south coast. Splendid seascapes are studded with the ruins of antiquity. Thermessos is situated in pinewoods on almost inaccessible cliffs a thousand feet above the sea. Side was a slave centre, providing the world's first democracies with their labour force of wretched savages from the mountainous hinterland. Aspendos has one of the most exciting amphitheatres in the world. It is easy to visualize people jostling for seats here, or paying homage to their gods in the temples, and to imagine the crowded market and the oratory of the Forum.

PERSIA



Here the Mediterranean is an endless stretch of rocky coves and sandy beaches. You can be almost sure of the sunshine, and certainly of the time to laze and go nut-brown or lobster-pink, whichever is your inclination, and to swim and let the warm afternoon turn to evening.

Along this coast there are three fine castles built in the days of the Crusades. They stand silent and deserted, but climb to the battlements, and the stories and legends of medieval chivalry come alive.

Near Tarsus we head inland through a high pass known as the Cilician Gate. In the region around Nevsehir are tiny villages built in the sandstone rock. Life has gone unchanged for centuries: time's only influence is slow erosion. And here is Goreme a place of eerie splendour, of troglodyte dwellings and the beautifully frescoed seventh century cave churches of the persecuted Christians.

The landscape becomes steadily more barren as we cross the high plateaux of eastern Turkey, where the Tigris and Euphrates rise. We continue eastwards through magnificently rugged scenery, past the southern shores of Lake Van and so into Persia.

Between the border and Esfahan is the region of empty arid plain known as Azerbaijan, once the kingdom of the Medes. Here and elsewhere in Persia we meet camel trains and sometimes drive across to the black tents of nomads pitched in the hollows where there is a little grazing.

We climb into the rugged Zagros mountains, over rough dirt roads past remote Kurdish villages, through the old carpet towns of Kermanshah and Hamadan to Esfahan.

Esfahan is surely the loveliest of all the old Persian cities and is famous for the continuance of its ancient crafts. Nimble-fingered girls work faster than the eye can see, month in, month out, tying the million knots that make a Persian carpet. The lofty bazaar echoes to the ring of hammers. Copper, bronze and silver are all worked here, the craftsmanship as traditional as the legends depicted on the trays and vases caught in the shafts of sunlight.

The techniques and motifs of tile-ceramics are as old as the first beautiful mosque. Delicate as lace, they adorn the ceilings and walls of all the holy places of Esfahan.

The Chahar Bagh Mosque stands in its own quiet cloister—the noisy bazaar just outside. At one end of the great Medan, which was a polo ground in the days of the Caliphs, is the Masjd-E-Shar, perfection of Persian Islamic architecture; domes, minarets, cornices and tilework achieve a rare blue harmony.

With the Zagros Mountains on our right we cross the rim of the shimmering depression which is the Great Salt Desert, moving towards the heart of the largest land empire the world has ever known — Persepolis.

From this palace city 2,500 years ago King Darius embarked on campaigns that were to stretch the Persian Empire from the Punjab to the Danube, from the Nile to Samarkand. He acquired Babylon and the Land of the Pharaohs. Reaching Europe his armies clashed with the Spartans who desparately defended the emergent democracies of Greece. Persia dominated the world and the Royal Palace of Persepolis was built accordingly. Twenty thousand craftsmen laboured to perfect this most eloquent cultural expression of the ancient Near East. The pillars, walls and staircases are enriched with thousands of relief carvings showing the members of subject nations bringing tributes to the King. Then the tables were turned; Alexander advanced and beat the Persians in battle.



Lunch beside an old Ottoman bridge

AFGHANISTAN

150 years after Athens had been threatened at the battle of Marathon, the Greeks took their revenge. They sacked, looted and burned Persepolis.

The most exciting route is now through the region of Fars; through the mountains and down in to the shimmering mirages of Dasht-e-Lut, the huge desert region of central Persia. The going is exceptionally rough across blinding white salt-pans and the lands of the Kashgai tribes. Southern Iran is hot and dusty. The people are withdrawn but fascinating. From time to time the arid landscape is broken by the silhouette of a fortified village, or softened by a small date palmery, or oasis of yucca trees. Villages often have a stream or domed well of clear fresh water that has come underground from the heart of the desert.



The frontier posts with Afghanistan are some of the wildest outposts of officialdom in Asia. Some of your new found Asian temperament is likely to be called upon to help you treat the delays philosophically, while, hopefully, sitting in the shade. This land has been the crossroads of Asia throughout the centuries, but few have settled here—the warm nights of summer and autumn belie the bitter winter winds from the Hindu Kush.

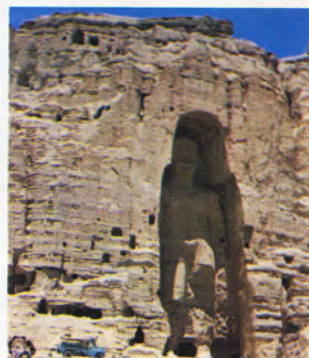
Herat is a bustling semi-desert town of the north. Tribesmen, nomads, merchants and trappers of many different races converge on its hectic mainstreet. Horses and buggies move among lumbering gaily painted vintage lorries.

Kandahar is a sleepy bazaar town in Baluchistan to the south that is linked with Quetta, in Pakistan, by the Spin Baldak Pass.

The centre of Afghanistan is the huge massif of the Hindu Kush, quite out of reach of all but a few well equipped travellers. We shall be going to the very heart of the Kush, to the lakes of Band-i-Amir, set like turquoise deep in old gold. Here too in these stark mountains are the great Buddhas of Bamiyan. We will make our way over streams, through narrow valleys and up over high passes. The track, mainly used by mules and impassable in winter, is in bad condition and going is slow and bumpy. It takes us through wonderful scenery and past little villages into this unspoilt part of Afghanistan—one of the few parts of this world where landscape is quite unscarred by progress.

Two giant and incredible Buddhas are carved in the face of a sheer 400 foot cliff. In one, an ancient stairway climbs up inside onto the head of the Buddha. The Buddhas are about 2,000 years old and are considered to mark the western extent of traditional Buddhist influence.

From Kabul it is only a short day's drive through wild mountain scenery to the borders of Pakistan. The road follows the river through a deep ravine and snakes down to the level of the plains.



Band-i-Amir

Bamiyan

PUNJAB

Once in the Punjab of India we go to the old capital, Amritsar, which is the holy city of the Sikhs. Its heart is the Darbar Sahib—The Golden Temple—set in an artificial lake stocked with giant golden carp. We must remove our shoes and cover our heads before crossing the causeway to the holy-of-holies where musicians and singers softly chant and the air is filled with the intoxicating fragrance of incense and musky flowers.



Darbar Sahib

PAKISTAN

From the customs post at Torkham the road winds up past the forts of the Khyber Pass. It is not hard to see the strategic importance of the place nor to understand its romance. The Khyber has been silent witness to many great and awful events. Astride the invasion path to India, it has seen the Aryans, the Persians under Darius, the Greeks of Alexander, Ghengis Khan, The White Huns, Tartars, Moghuls and Afghans—conquerors all. The British came to secure this remote northwest frontier and to try to keep peace among the fiery Pathan. Around the Frontier Agency Post armed Pathan tribesmen sit talking and joking in the sun. Beyond is Peshawar and the fertile Indus Valley.

In Peshawar we find the bustle, colours and smells that will become so familiar as we travel throughout India. We cross the Indus at Attock, pass through Rawalpindi to Lahore, see the Shalimar Gardens and the Red Fort and find the old siege cannon known as 'Kim's Gun'. At the shady place called Banda Singh Wala is the check point into India.

KASHMIR

We travel north now on through Jammu and begin a climb through green hazy foothills to 8,000 feet. The road goes into a mile long tunnel. On the other side we can look out across the Vale of Kashmir. We are away from the heat of the plains to where the air is clear, to a land of beautiful and brilliantly contrasting seasons, remote from the outside world.

On the lakes near Srinagar the famous houseboats are moored. Here we will be honoured with the finest Kashmiri hospitality. The food, both Indian and European, is excellent—and at last a real bathroom and bath. The idea in Kashmir is to relax—a complete change in the mode of life. The houseboat people will pack you a lunch so you can go pony trekking or walking in the mountains. You can also take a 'shikara' out on the lovely lotus lakes, or just wander through the fascinating bazaars. At certain times of year a visit to Ladakh (Little Tibet) is possible by road over the mountains of the Korakoram.

INDIA

It is rare not to be deeply and spontaneously affected on arrival in India, no matter how accurate your preconceptions. If you are wise you will not reach hasty opinions, you need an open mind that is prepared to try to re-examine accepted values.

To have an enjoyable and interesting stay in India is not as easy as having an exhausting and tense one. India will not meet you halfway. It is you that has to want to accept India for what it is, to come to terms with the pace of life, with the odd adaptations of western bureaucracy, with the values—or the apparent lack of them. Your own eventual views of India and her great problems will be far better gained through patience and goodwill than through rushed judgment.

And this way you will discover the beauty of India; the richness of the arts, the music and dancing, the epic stories of the Ramayana and the Mahabhrata, the fabulous materials and baubles. You will sense the philosophy that has shaped Hinduism and you will see the strange vitality that generates from this seemingly apathetic religion into the everyday life of common people.

We return to the plains and go into the region of the great rivers Jumna and Ganges and after several days in Delhi, India's colourful capital, we go to Agra. Here on the banks of the Jumna stands the palace fort of the Moghuls.

This huge red sandstone fort was built by Akbar the Great when he occupied Agra. His son, Jahangir, extended the fort and added fountains and gardens, and his son, Shah Jahan added the cool marble pavilions and intricate mosaic. From a balcony above the grim ramparts this ageing Emperor would gaze across the broad sweep of the river to the great mausoleum that he had built to fulfil a promise. He had vowed that over the grave of his queen he would raise an edifice worthy of her love in the eighteen years of their marriage. Shah Jahan died at the fort in 1666 and his body was taken by barge to the mausoleum and interred there beside that of his queen. Her death had separated them for thirty years but now they lie together beneath the high marble dome of the dream-white Taj Mahal.

Not far away is Fatehpur Sikri, for a time the Moghul capital. It stands today almost as perfectly preserved as on the day the source of water finally dried up and the last occupants drifted away.



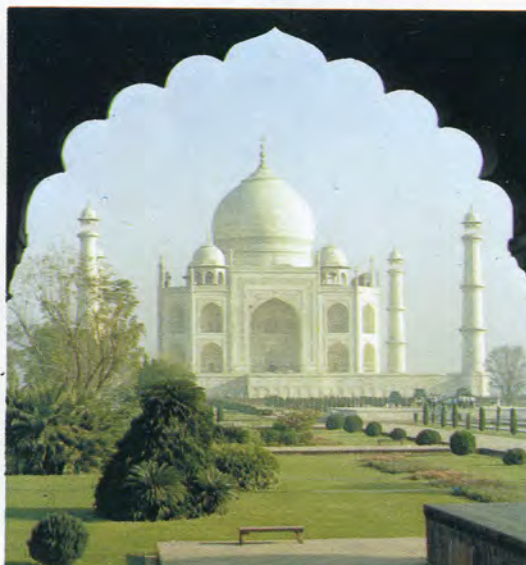
Aboard our houseboats in Kashmir



been mentioned only in whispers. The celestial beauties of this reconstructed heaven are shown in provocative attitudes, yet transcending their sensuality is a graphic, dynamic form and a sublime impression of gaiety and happiness.

Along the byways of rural India monkeys chatter in the trees, girls draw water from a village well, a bullock cart creaks slowly to the roadside, an elephant stops to watch us with a kindly eye.

There is everywhere a closeness to the rhythm of time, a gentleness and a sense of mystery and drama, an awe of life which pervades the sights and sounds of India like the ubiquitous sunlight.



NEPAL



At Benares

At Benares, the river Ganges comes slowly to life as the first rays of the sun touch the ghats along the western bank. To the temples close by the river, pious Hindus are brought to die and in the early morning their bodies are burned on sandalwood pyres. Hindus believe in three aspects of a supreme being; Brahma, the creator, Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the great destroyer. At Benares many of the temples are dedicated to Siva. But the daily ritual enacted here is not only for the dead. The river ghats are a vivid insight to Hindu life. Ash-smeared holy men, soothsayers, gurus, pilgrims, cows and goats all mix in unabashed colour. From all over India pilgrims come to Benares to bathe and be spiritually cleansed. Men and women make floral offerings to the river and sprinkle its holy water on effigies of their divinities—extensions of their hopes and fears.

Lateral route through Nepal



The group moves on across the Ganges near Patna and into southern Nepal. Almost at once the scenery changes. At first it is still flat, but the plain is behind us and we are driving through tropical vegetation with frequent fast-flowing streams. The Nepalese call this low lying jungle area 'Terai'. Horizons are close as we begin the long climb into the foothills of the high Himalaya. Then as we reach the crest of the pass at 9,000 feet, we can see, from west to east, the highest mountains in the world thrusting their peaks up into the thin atmosphere.

The valley and lake of Pokhara lie below, dominated by the sometimes beautiful, sometimes menacing peak of 'The Fish Tail' (Annapurna 4).

A new road winds through the valleys eastwards to Kathmandu, the capital of this mountain kingdom, which until the 1950's could only be reached by walking over the mountains—or by ropeway!

Houses overhang the narrow streets, the ritual music of many temples comes from every direction. Idols, images and carvings are part of Nepal's long-standing heritage; not abandoned relics of the past but a vital part of the living present. Pagodas are topped in beaten gold and everywhere the eye is instructed upward. Everest and Katchenjunga are there in the east and to the west is the Annapurna Massif while to the north beyond the Kathmandu valley the folds of the hills roll away towards Tibet.





LONDON-JOHANNESBURG
14,000 MILES - 16 WEEKS

JOHANNESBURG-LONDON
14,000 MILES - 17 WEEKS

ALSO TO & FROM EAST AFRICA
(NAIROBI or DAR ES SALAAM)

11,000 MILES - 12 WEEKS

————— **USUAL ROUTE**

..... **CONTINGENCY ROUTE**

SAFARI IS A SWAHILI WORD MEANING JOURNEY

AFRICA—The Great Safari

AFRICA is immense. A vast landmass that time and man have barely changed. Africa is the cradle of man where for the most part he still conforms to nature's scheme of things. Where the simple peoples of the deserts, forests and plains preserve the life style of their ancestors.

Here is still the greatest concentration of wildlife anywhere; the primeval equatorial forests go unchecked and the Sahara remains a fascinating waste of kaleidoscopic contrasts.



The Sahara's Hoggar Mountains

Africa itself is indifferent to the attraction it has for us—but not so the peoples. We are shown a welcome which has helped involve us in growing affection and concern for the traditional cultures of Africa that in turn contribute much to our own cultural prosperity as travellers.

But Africa is no longer 'timeless'. There is now an odd sense of urgency. Africa is in the news; the rest of the world can't ignore it.



Forest sunrise

With a few notable exceptions, African response to entrenched white attitudes is reasonable and considerate and it would be a mistake to construe the African political picture to be one that is likely to totally disrupt overlanding across most of the continent. There is no reason why it should.

But at the same time the flexibility and self-sufficiency of EO is nowhere better suited nor more applied than on this great safari.

Since 1970 EO has had expeditions continually deep in Africa. No project has been fundamentally altered. At times of course we have had to—and will have to—use all our combined resources and ingenuity to overcome difficulties. Politicians are opening and closing routes and nature ensures they don't have a monopoly of this activity!

ENCOUNTER OVERLAND is the organisation with the solid trans-African record and with the unique reputation for handling a difficult overland situation with all the necessary confidence and competence.



Kilimanjaro

In the span of this 14,000 mile African safari, 6,000 arduous miles are over barely maintained track. The few who cross are creating a place for themselves in the closing chapters of the story of Africa's alignment with a new age. If, for you, crossing Africa is a venture that ought not to be missed then so too is it one not to be wasted—properly planned, prepared and equipped it is surely the richest most rewarding challenge within the real overlander's grasp.

NO ONE CROSSES AFRICA EASILY.



FOUR MONTHS
AGO I DECIDED
TO HEAD OFF.
I'D MADE SOME
MONEY AND
FIGURED I'D
STILL HAVE
A BIT TO
FALL BACK ON
WHEN I
GOT HOME.

The Great Safari ————— Approaches

Two approach routes south exist linking London with the northern Sahara. And one usual route north exists linking southern Africa with Tanzania.

London to The Sahara via the Straits of Gibraltar...

Is a route through France and central Spain (Madrid) to Granada and Malaga. A week after leaving London we cross the Straits to Morocco. In Fez we stay close to the great Medina and motor over the High Atlas to the border with Algeria and to the desert beyond.

London to The Sahara via the Toe of Italy...

Is a route through the French Alps into Italy and via Florence, Rome and Naples to Sicily. A ten hour ferry joins Sicily with Tunisia. After Tunis we head in the direction of the salt-pans of Nefta via the souk of Kairouan and into Algeria with the huge dunes of the Grand Erg Oriental immediately to the south.

Hostels are used on both these approach routes when camping seems a bit ridiculous during the winter months!

Johannesburg into Tanzania via Botswana and Zambia...

Is using the dirt roads across Botswana via Francistown to the ferry across the Zambesi into Zambia at Kasungula. After staying at the Victoria Falls we will go to Lusaka and from there we will continue on the tarmac route (once known as the 'Hell Run') to the Zambia/Tanzania border at Tanduma.

Various routes through Rhodesia and/or Mozambique and/or Malawi have also been used. These are not preferred but could again be available as a contingency.



The Medina



EXPEDITION MEMBERS TO AND FROM EAST AFRICA may join and leave in NAIROBI or DAR ES SALAAM, and Encounter Overland reserves the right to substitute Dar es Salaam for Nairobi as a joining or destination point as circumstances require.

THE COST is inclusive of all EO travel and living including celebration meals-out on completion of the three phases of the expedition, also included is entry to three game reserves. Not included are the permits and hire fees for the optional ascents of Kilimanjaro and Nyrangongo.



I USED TO
THINK
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IT
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The Great Safari

is in three quite distinct phases—

Deserts, Forests and Plains

What follows briefly describes a southerly journey.



Splashed randomly on a canvas of glaring yellow dunes and apricot cliffs are the green oases and white flat roofs of El Golea.

For nearly 2,000 miles from here the desert stretches before us, dunes give way to a hundred miles of barren level plateau finishing abruptly in a steep escarpment. Below the escarpment a thin layer of sand covers the hard rock surface which aids smoother, faster progress into the wastes of the central Sahara.

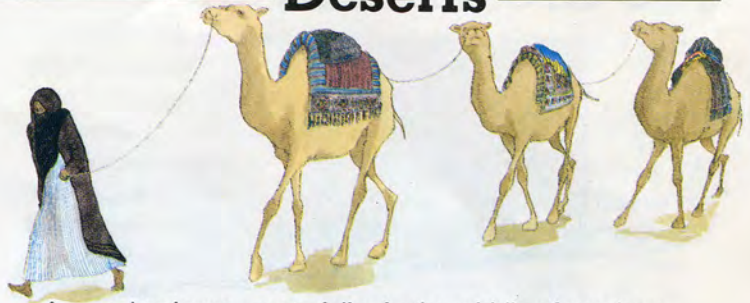
Out of the horizon the outline of the mountains of the Hoggar emerge like the massive desolation of an uninhabited planet. Yet settled in the lee of these peaks is Tamanrasset, barely more than a village but the administrative centre of the Algerian south. Toureg traders amble among the dozen shops and cafes of its main street lined with tamask trees. These are the 'blue men of the desert', the famed cameleers who have made it their home.



Toureg

If ever an outpost was measured to be in the middle of nowhere it is Assamaka, the isolated check point into Niger. From here we pick our way across a soft sea of sand, digging, pushing and sandmatting. When going gets easier, all eyes strain for the occasional marker as seemingly unattainable horizons stretch ahead.

Deserts



A camel train may materialise in the middle of nowhere days from even the nearest water. The sky can suddenly darken; a wind springs up obscuring the sun with grey clouds of sand and blasts it at us, stopping us directionless—trapping us for a while, more alone than when the desert seemed infinite. Weird sandblown rocks sculptured into shapes like modern bronzes provide us with a campsite to sleep out in the cool night with only the galaxies above giving a proportion to the landscape.

Signs of brittle savannah begin to appear and the first herdsmen with cattle raising the dust. A noisy crowd of Felani and Hausa people are gathered around every well, busily drawing water for their cattle and themselves. This is a night for a campfire—the first of many south of the Sahara—barbecueing mutton or beef over charcoals.

The first landmark of the desert's southern edge is the baked-mud tower of the mosque of Agadez. After another three days travelling through this changeless scrub and heat we reach the market of Zinder and the good road that puts us within easy reach of the Nigerian border. The Sahara is behind us.

160 miles inside Nigeria is Kano a busy west African city dating from AD 1000. The ancient city walls are eleven miles around. The dye pits, famous for ochre and indigo, and the Emir's Palace and alleyways of the market are well worth seeing. Final preparations need to be made here for the start of the forest phase of the expedition.



Bangui market



BUT THEN I DECIDED TO DO THIS CRAZY THING. I DIDN'T EXPECT TO DROP OUT. I TOOK THIS E.O. TRIP ACROSS AFRICA.



Due east, in the direction usually taken from Kano, lie the northern Camerouns, although there is an alternative route via south-east Nigeria to the Cameroun capital of Yaounde. The northern Camerouns is an interesting buffer zone keeping desert and forest apart. Our transit over red dust tracks is through a region of simple hillside farms and one-day markets where an air of latter-day French colonialism still prevails. After tropical downpours these tracks turn to a red soap-slippery mud (and sandmats turn to mudmats). Rain barriers sometimes halt progress for hours and at best the going is slow and slithery.

Permission for a night's camping on the edge of a village is granted by the village chief and mangoes, pawpaws and pineapples can be bought or bartered in the course of a friendly if reserved little scenario. Fires are lit and sleep must be under mosquito nets.

In the lush equatorial vegetation bordering the Ubangi River, where the many lesser rivers have fabulous waterfalls, is the town of Bangui. No proper roads reach this central African capital, the navigable river is the natural lifeline although the essential trappings of this emergent state arrive by air.

450 miles east of Bangui is Bangassou the country's other sizeable town and the main reason for a fairly good dirt road between. Coffee is the cash-crop and the villages attached to the plantations are clustered around the red brick mission churches and school rooms. Here we usually cross to Zaire over the broad Ubangi employing the first rundown ferry. This north-east corner of Zaire, remote from the centres of power and commerce, is dense primeval forest. Roads are poorly maintained as are the precarious half-rotting bridges and half a dozen archaic ferries. Axle-deep mud sometimes restricts progress to barely 60 miles a day. The great trees arch overhead and the forest is never silent but full of undergrowth noises and screeching alarm calls from the upper branches. In other places soft dappled light filters through glades of giant bamboo and thousands of bright butterflies flutter in the sunlight above stream-fed sandy pools.



Several routes exist through the forests via Isiro or Kisangani to the Ituri Forests where paths tunnel through the undergrowth to clearings of pigmy encampments. Excited adults greet us while children look on in silent terror. Deals are struck — bows and barb-tipped poison arrows for T-shirts and sugar!

The climb out of the Zaire basin brings us onto the western slopes of the Ruwenzori Mountains. In this fresher climate we turn south through eucalyptus woods, cross the equator and enter the huge reserve of Virunga, to descend the dramatic escarpment to the flatland and to suddenly find ourselves among herds of zebra and wildebeest. The park is also occupied by Africa's only active volcano, Nyrangongo, 11,000 feet. The trek that is sometimes possible from the base at 6,000 feet takes the afternoon and the view from the rim into the crater at night is an amazing spectacle of erupting livid red lava. A dozen miles away is Lake Kivu. Here we leave Zaire and enter Rwanda.

Travelling over narrow winding tracks between steep terraced hillsides of maize it takes two or three days to cross Rwanda and reach Tanzania.



"ARE YOU CRAZY OR SOMETHING?" I KEPT ASKING MYSELF, "FOUR MONTHS OUT OF YOUR LIFE? THINK OF ALL THE MONEY YOU COULD BE MAKING."

The Great Safari

Plains



We enter Tanzania and use the 'graded' dirt roads over the unfarmed scrub of the north-west to Mwanza the lake port which in co-operative times has ferry links across Lake Victoria with Uganda as well as Kenya. A day's drive from here is the boundary of the Serengeti—probably the greatest single preserve of wildlife.

Giraffe, zebra, gazelle, bush and waterbuck, impala and wildebeest graze where for once men have shown some restraint. Pink flamingo, stork and crane populate the several lakes. Lion, leopard and cheetah prowl and chase leaving hyena, jackals and vultures to tidy up while buffalo, rhino, hippo and elephant feud only with themselves. The huge migrating herds move with the seasons across this central region of the Masai Steppes where spear-armed Masai herdsmen tend cattle still plagued with tsetse fly. The vehicle, in yet a third quite distinct environment, again comes into its own; this is the only type of 'open' vehicle with the permit to roam these reserves—allowing an uninterrupted all round view from high off the ground. Keeping human noise and animation to a minimum, the truck can go close to unconcerned animals around a waterhole, stop by a pride of lions beneath a clump of thorn trees or approach a leopard surveying the scene from the branches of a lone acacia.

The first light of day is the most active time. By mid-morning life has taken on a 'siesta' mood which lasts until late into the afternoon. Africa's wildlife in the setting sun of a blazing African sky leave an indelible memory.



Encounter with a Masai

Serengeti, Masai-Mara, Amboseli, Meru, Manyara, Tsavo are the reserves from which we pick three.

The Ngorongoro reserve can be visited, but access to the central area is permitted only to Tanzanian light vehicles.



The Masai Steppes are dominated by often cloud-veiled Kilimanjaro. This 19,340 feet extinct snow-capped volcano is a challenging but not technically difficult peak. The hike, in three stages, begins at 9,000 feet and a mountain hut is available each night. The route is up through rain forest to a lateral trail across grassy slopes and on to a barren saddle from which the final assault up a tricky and exhausting 40 degree 'scree' is made to the summit. Those determined can reach the top and return in four to five days and there is time for this if a squad of about eight or ten of the group are interested.

On the coast of the Indian Ocean there is time for climbers and others alike. On the Kenya coast is the resort and port of Mombasa joined to Nairobi by a good road. In Tanzania the coast consists of white sandy beaches, palms and clear water reached by little used tracks. Bagamoyo is one such small place facing the island of Zanzibar. Once it was the centre of the Arab trade in negro slaves from where white explorers (Speke, Livingston, Stanley) went in search of the source of the Nile.

By Dar es Salaam the main purposes of our expedition have been achieved and at this point we start the drive south-west in the direction of the Zambian copperbelt and the Zambesi River 2,000 miles away.

Moshi-ai-Tunya—Smoke-that-Thunders—is the local name given to what we know as the Victoria Falls. Six million gallons of water pour over these 400 feet high, mile-wide falls every minute of the flood season. They are quite incredible.



Victoria Falls



BUT CROSSING
AFRICA BRIDGED
A GAP IN
MY LIFE....
FOUR MONTHS
FILLED WITH
EXPERIENCES.
—ADVENTURE,
FRIENDSHIP,
CONSERVATION,
ECOLOGY HAVE
A REAL MEANING
FOR ME NOW.

THE IMPORTANT RED TAPE

THE COST



The fact is that the cost of the project is shared and that it covers in advance all expenses of a well planned expedition. You know the actual cost and you know that you and your personal spending money won't get caught up in sometimes bottomless miscellaneous 'kitties'. This concept of 'inclusiveness' is not spoon-feeding: it is a fundamental principle of full participation.

But Encounter Overland isn't cheap and won't look cheap. It is simply about the best value there is. Remember the cost of Encounter Overland covers all the following expenses throughout the journey:

- Administration and 'count-down' costs—our involvement in helping you to set off smoothly.
- Transport costs—everything related to the high standard of vehicle preparation—and taxes, tolls, maintenance, spares, repairs.
- Top quality camping equipment; including big two-man tents and campbeds and all the cooking and domestic equipment to make life as comfortable, convenient and healthy as possible.
- All accommodation—campsite fees, hotels/hostels as detailed.
- Special planned highlights as:
 - Houseboats in Asia
 - Amazonian project in South America
 - Three great game reserves in Africa

and the flexibility to implement unplanned ideas on all continents!

- Food, three meals daily, usually prepared ourselves and occasionally (as specified) at pleasant restaurants.
- And, perhaps most valuable of all, the involvement of a highly able expedition leader fully supported from an experienced base.

JOINING



When joining an Encounter Overland expedition you should first carefully read the application and return the completed portion together with the required deposit. We will promptly acknowledge your application and confirm whether or not a place is available. All payments will be receipted. In the event of your application not being accepted, your deposit would be returned immediately.

N.B. Each heading below is discussed fully in the details received by members of each expedition well in advance of setting off.

The cost of obtaining visas and of personal insurance and vaccination is not covered in the price of the expedition.

PASSPORTS



Passports must be valid for the duration of the expedition and have sufficient blank pages (eight at least) for visas and border stamps. As a general rule VISAS are obtained prior to departure. Obtaining them is not generally a problem, but to lessen the chances of difficulties EO usually obtains them 'en group'. An individual application direct to the issuing authority should only be with EO agreement and should follow EO instructions precisely.

INSURANCE & MEDICAL



All expedition members must have PERSONAL TRAVEL INSURANCE. Various policies are available, but whatever policy you arrange it must meet the minimum specifications that EO considers adequate.

A personal policy arranged with one of EO's recommended underwriters is probably the best way to deal with this. You are strongly recommended to make sure that your policy provides for medical repatriation, cancellation and curtailment and baggage. Any expedition member with family commitments must also be satisfied that they are responsibly provided for.

(Full details can be supplied.)

Participation in any EO expedition calls for vaccination. This varies from continent to continent. Smallpox and cholera are generally required as is TABT (inoculation against typhoid, para-typhoid and tetanus). You are also very strongly urged to have a Gamma Globulin injection against hepatitis as near as possible to the time of setting off.

These expeditions are operated by:

ENCOUNTER OVERLAND LTD.

271 Old Brompton Road
London SW5 01-370 6845



AFRICA ISN'T
JUST A
CONTINENT
TO CROSS, BUT
A WORLD TO
EXPLORE.
NO JUNGLE
SCARES ME
NOW, ESPECIALLY
NOT A CONCRETE
ONE.

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT



Without doubt the easiest and best way to travel is as lightly as possible, taking just what is necessary. This can and must be contained in three pieces of luggage:

- 1 a medium-sized suitcase, canvas bag or rucksack;
- 2 an airline type hold-all;
- 3 a sleeping-bag roll.

A clothing list is supplied which might include a few things you haven't thought of, but no vast outlay in a new wardrobe is necessary! When you pack, however, you must obviously reflect the type of climatic conditions to be encountered—and these on some trips at certain times of the year can include extremes.

There is no particularly vital *photographic advice* to give except that it is usually best to set off with all the film you expect to need. Once used, it will survive perfectly until developed at the end of the expedition.

RECOMMENDED READING AND MAPS



We'll let you have a list of books we've found of particular interest. And if there is a '1,000 page classical tome' you have always meant to read—you could probably get it read on the trip. We'll also advise you of the maps we ourselves use.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



If you play a musical instrument, do think about bringing it along. It adds a lot to the fun—particularly around a campfire in the evening. But if it's especially large, delicate or expensive, please contact us first!

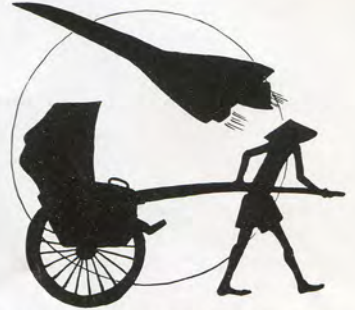
AGENTS STAMP

POST



En route mailing points for news from home will be supplied with our approximate dates of arrival.

CONNECTING TRAVEL



Far too large a subject to be dealt with here but it will probably be a significant part of your total outlay. Make sure you discuss the alternatives with us or with a switched-on specialist agent.

BRIEF ENCOUNTERS

EO organises some three to six week trips in:

- MOROCCO
 - TUNISIA
 - EAST AFRICA
 - TURKEY
 - AFGHANISTAN
 - INDIA/NEPAL (including trekking at Darjeeling)
 - CENTRAL AMERICA
- EO has a small sloop cruising in
SOUTH EAST ASIA

Full details of these shorter expeditions are contained in a separate brochure BRIEF ENCOUNTERS.

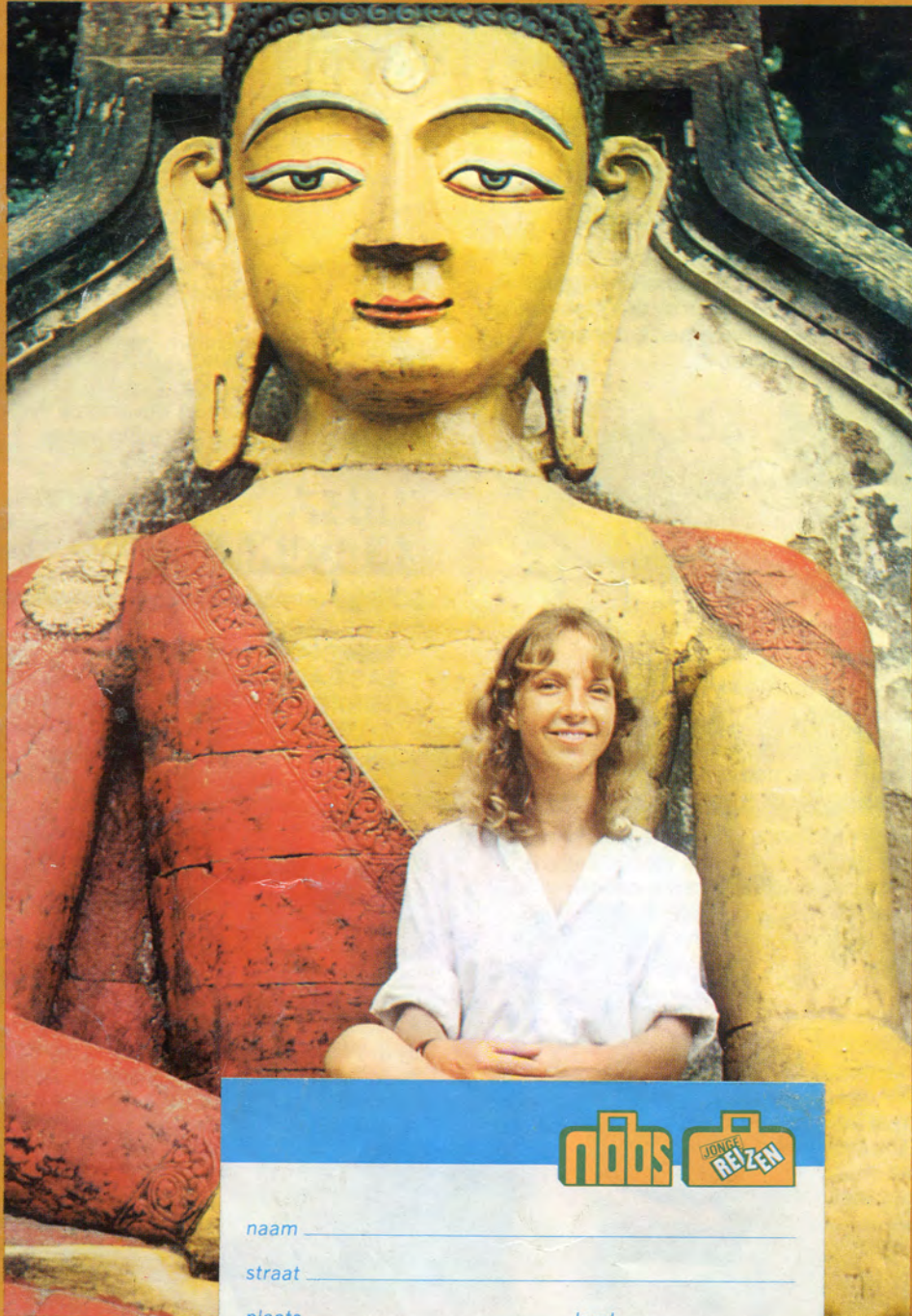
IN THIS BROCHURE photographs were taken on EO expeditions. Photographic contributors include J. C. Thomson, J. Calder, H. Kerr, P. Mengel, J. Berry and J. Osborne. Watercolours and cartoon strip by J. Watley. Red tape captions by M. Ram. Brochure produced by A. L. Jones and P. J. Henderson.

ALL AT EO WISH YOU HAPPY OVERLANDING.



TAKE MY ADVICE.
TAKE TIME OUT.
DO THE E.O. TRIP.
IT
WILL
BE
THE
TIME
OF
YOUR
LIFE!

ENCOUNTER OVERLAND



naam _____

straat _____

plaats _____ land _____

NBBS JONGEREIZEN HOLLAND

“.....
the World!”

for