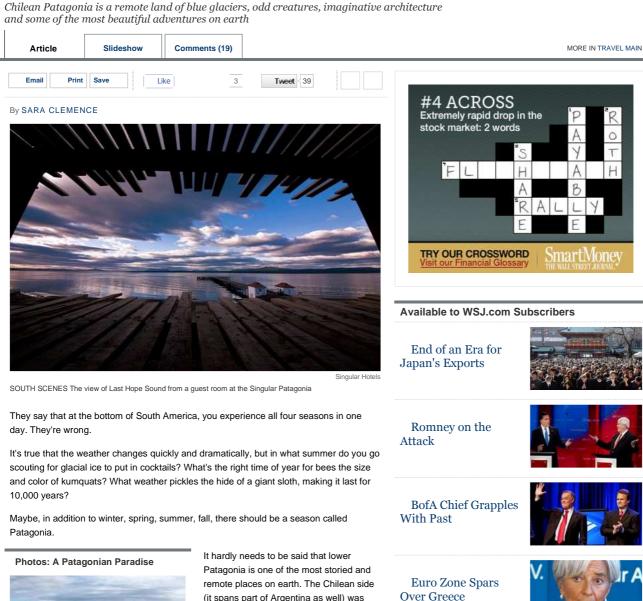


TRAVEL | JANUARY 21, 2012

So Far, So Good





The spires of Torres del Paine National Park

It hardly needs to be said that lower
Patagonia is one of the most storied and
remote places on earth. The Chilean side
(it spans part of Argentina as well) was
almost exclusively home to indigenous
tribes until the mid-19th century, when
some hardy Europeans started arriving to
raise sheep and cattle. In the 1970s, when
British novelist Bruce Chatwin wrote his
defining book, "In Patagonia," he
described a land of icy fiords and
mysterious caves, still the preserve of
adventurers and misfits

Subscribe Now and Get 8 Weeks Free! Learn More »

Subscribe Now

Even today, Patagonia feels otherworldly, untamed and quite strange, even-maybe especially—from the comfort of a super-luxurious hotel.

My husband and I went deep into Chilean Patagonia in January, the height of summer in the Southern Hemisphere, to experience its raw beauty-and to counteract our urban existence by taking on as many adventure activities as possible in four days. I planned to see my first glacier, ride horseback and summit a set of granite spires in Torres del Paine National Park. We'd be aided by the sun, which at such low latitudes stays aloft for some 17 hours a day.



A gaucho herding cattle

The trip required two flights from Temuco, a city about halfway down the length of the country, and a long drive on a rutted highway, past shrub-filled valleys and craggy mountain ranges. After three hours, we came over a hill to Seno Última Esperanza—Last Hope Sound. The fierce wind that had been shoving our vehicle into oncoming cars was whipping the deep -blue fiord into a frenzy. The van pulled into a long, dim warehouse with a worn tin roof, part of a former slaughterhouse

complex.

"Is this where they dump the bodies?" I whispered to my husband.



We'd gone from a scenic western to a bleak murder mystery to a real-world version of 'Myst.'

At the end of the emptiness was a room framed in glass and steel. A bellhop ushered us into a tiny, clear-sided funicular that glided down the slope and into the brick lobby of the Singular Patagonia hotel, which late last year unveiled its imaginative overhaul of a historic sheep processing plant. In 20 minutes, we'd gone from a scenic western to a bleak murder mystery to a real-world version of the '90s videogame "Myst."

It was late afternoon and flushed, excited guests were starting to return from the day's kayaking, hiking and boat trips. As distinctive and inviting as the hotel was—our room had a full wall of glass overlooking the sound; the industrial-chic dining room boasted brick walls, funky brass lamps and cushy leather seating—we wanted to get moving. We borrowed a couple of shiny mountain bikes to ride three miles to the nearby town of Puerto Natales, but the 30-mile-an-hour gusts beat us into retreat.



The Singular's dining room

modest houses clustered on a point overlooking the sound. It was a chance to focus on the breathtaking scenery, which in Patagonia changes constantly along with the weather. Mists part, waters roil. mountains silently appear and disappear from view. Look away from a mirror-flat fiord reflecting a mound of clouds, and when you turn back there may be milky

waters below a snow-capped mountain streaked with sunlight. We proceeded almost reverently; there were so many layers of landscape to take in. Horses grazed in fields marked with rough posts, oblivious to the mountain ranges behind them. The wind made feathery grass undulate like a golden sea. A friendly mutt accompanied us down the road until a large, speedy gray hare

appeared in some brush.

Instead, we walked in 8 p.m. daylight around the "neighborhood," a half-dozen

The next morning we were determined to be less leisurely, and piled into a van for a halfday hike in Cueva del Milodón Natural Monument. In the late 19th century, explorers found, in a 260-foot-deep cave, the hide of a huge, hairy creature. The skin looked so

Subscribe Now and Get 8 Weeks Free! Learn More »

How the Brain's Wiring Forms Thoughts and Emotions

Romney and Gingrich Spar over Bain and Freddie Mac

Steven Tyler's New \$4.8 Million Maui Home

More in Travel Main

Adventures in Chilean Patagonia

A See-Worthy Wreck

Getting In on Fashion Week

The World's Longest Flight, in Coach

Maui's Highway to Heaven

Most Popular

Read	Emailed	Video	Commented

- Justices Rein In Police on GPS Trackers
- 2. When Lawyers Become 'Trolls
- Target Fights 'Showrooming'
- Subway Sees Four Deaths in One Day
- 5. RIM's New CEO Sticks With Strategy

Most Read Articles Feed

Latest Headlines

Romney on the Attack

Justices Rein In Police on GPS Trackers

Charges Brought in CIA Leak

U.S. Sanctions Iran's 3rd Largest Bank

Sen, Kirk Faces Difficult Recovery

Deal to Fund FAA Advances

Marine Pleads Guilty in Iraqi Deaths

Two Dead, 100 Hurt in Alabama Storms

Average Silicon Valley Tech Salary Passes \$100,000

Two Insurers Sued Over Unclaimed Policies

More Headlines

fresh the animal was thought to have recently died, but it turned out to be the 10,000-year -old remnants of a mylodon, an extinct 10-foot-tall sloth.

BACK TO TOP



A guanaco at rest

Our guide led us along a pleasant and sometimes hilly path; we paused to examine a delicate porcelain orchid and to gasp at views. In one cave, we donned headlamps and got a thrill squeezing through a low passage to a rear chamber. But in the main cave there was something more exciting: dozens of light-brown hairs bristling out of a patch of ground. There were no scientists around to confirm it, but we think we touched the fur of a long-lost

The food served at the Singular may be some of the best in Chile (the service is warm but a little disorganized). Menus change daily and include indulgences like lamb prosciutto and beet gnocchi, served with wine or Ferran Adrià's gastronomic beer. A three-course lunch was just what we needed for fuel-we spent the afternoon on horseback in nearby hills crossing small creeks, picking through

yellow-flowered shrubs and urging the horses up rocky hillsides. All around, always, was a huge sky and the ever-changing vista.

The sun signaled that we had time for more fun—specifically, dual massages and a swim in the hotel's indoor-outdoor pool. We dove under a glass partition and sat outside wethaired, close to the edge of the fiord.



A glacier at Bernardo O'Higgins National Park

I was light with anticipation the third day-I'd wanted to see a glacier for years, and when wildfires in the area had threatened to derail our trip, my stomach ached with disappointment. But conditions were ripe for a boat trip to Bernardo O'Higgins National Park. Speeding through Last Hope Sound, we passed cliff walls with swirling rock patterns and narrow glacial waterfalls. Far off, we could see pale patches that marked the edges of ice fields. Then, rounding a bend, we came squarely upon a bright glacier that seemed to pour from the top of a ridge down to the water, framed by dark crags.

Pulling up to a silent dock, we disembarked for another hike, spotting buttercups the size of pinkie nails and the aforementioned bee, which our guide described as "friendly." He pointed out blue calafate berries; local lore says that if you eat one, you will someday come back

to Patagonia. Our trail ended near the foot of a turquoise glacier. The balmy weather encouraged lingering—long enough to hear the deep booms and crashes that signaled the glacier was calving, and to catch the rare sight of a huge tooth of ice toppling over and smashing before it vanished into a crevice. Before he turned the boat home, our captain circled the inlet looking for tiny icebergs to cool our drinks.

There was one big item left on our list, so after another decadent lunch we hustled to Hotel Las Torres, at the base of the national park's trademark spires. But Patagonia is huge; we got there around 7 p.m., and had to leave early the next day for a six-hour ride to the airport.

The consolation prize was a 90-minute hike to a lagoon. Around 9 p.m., having clambered down boulders, slogged up hills and marveled that we were the only people in sight, we arrived at the sapphire-blue lake. It was so much, yet not enough. We told each other that the towers were slathered with mist anyway. And at least, we said, we'd eaten the berries.

Subscribe Now and Get 8 Weeks Free! Learn More »



The Lowdown: Chilean Patagonia

Planning: Santiago Adventures handled most of our logistics; agents can get cheaper airfares in Chile, and they helped us change plans when wildfires hit Patagonia

(santiagoadventures.com).

Getting There: Punta Arenas's Presidente Carlos Ibáñez International Airport receives flights from Santiago and a few other Chilean cities. It takes at least two hours to drive to Puerto Natales and five hours to Torres del Paine

Staying There: The Singular has 54 rooms and three suites; service isn't as consistent as it should be at these prices (a front desker got ratty when we didn't understand her rapid-fire

Spanish), but may improve over time. Rooms can be booked with breakfast or allinclusive, which covers the excellent meals, drinks and excursions (from \$660 per night for two, thesingular.com). Hotel Las Torres, in Torres del Paine National Park, is familyfriendly and less expensive. But it can feel a tad backpacker-y, and food choices are limited (from about \$230 per night for two, lastorres.com).

What to Do: Guided excursions include horseback riding, hiking, kayaking, boat trips and more. You can do some activities on your own—hiking from Hotel Las Torres, for example.

What to Pack: Layers are crucial; even in summer, temperatures can veer from the 40s to the 70s. Bring hiking shoes, a hat, sunscreen and a sleep mask, since the sun is up $\frac{1}{2}$ before 6 and sets after 10.

Explore More

Cruise Operators See Shares Fall, Defend Safety

U.S. investors dumped shares in Carnival Corp. and other cruiseline operators on Tuesday, showing fears that the weekend tragedy off Italy's coast will hammer bookings for sea vacations, even as the industry highlighted a strong safety record.

Ship-Operator Shares Plunge

Shares in Carnival, the operator of the Costa Concordia cruise ship which ran aground off the coast of Italy, have plunged as investors worry costs for the company could far exceed its initial estimate of up to \$95 million in lost earnings.



New on the Ski Slopes for

JOIN THE DISCUSSION 19 Comments, add yours

Subscribe Now and Get 8 Weeks Free! Learn More »

MOREIN

