



→ At the front, the pink 1941 Knucklehead.

START
Havana, Cuba
 FINISH
Havana, Cuba
 DISTANCE
1,920 km / 1,193 mi
 DURATION
14 - 21 days
 ROADS
Mostly paved
 BEST SEASON
September - May
 SCENERY
 ★★★★★
 PLEASURE
 ★★★★★
 LEVEL
 ★★★★★



problems, but by now, they had grown used to them and could quickly find help anywhere, even if there weren't always suitable replacement parts for the old Harleys. They made it to the concert just in the nick of time, their sore backsides—a result of hard roads and hard saddles—ready to shake. The Stones rocked the stage for hours—a magical, historical moment for the Cuban people, which surely felt like the beginning of a new era.

The tour through Havana's small streets the next day took the girls right back to yesteryear, however, with old façades and American cruisers from the 1950s abounding. Between the vintage cars and the heavy motorcycles with their lousy brakes, the going was slow. Indeed, time seemed to have stopped since the Cuban Revolution. In the evening, the group rode together to the fishing town of Playa Larga. To their astonishment, not a single boat had a motor—they are forbidden by the government, mainly to prevent fishermen from traveling to the United States. The desire to migrate is present everywhere in Cuba, if you read between the lines.

Uncommonly good food in quaint restaurants, lackluster repair jobs, and terrific encounters with locals continued to enliven every stop on this unforgettable road trip. In Cienfuegos, the gang discovered a great *casa particular* (the name for the small lodging houses found everywhere in Cuba). Ultra-friendly hosts served up fresh fish alongside a campfire accompanied by a direct view of the ocean.

Trinidad, Santa Clara, and Playas del Este were next on their list, their plenitude of idyllic secluded beaches an obvious draw. It was hard for any of the group to comprehend that their time on Cuba was almost at an end. Far too quickly, the ladies had to hop on their rides for the last time and get themselves ready for their return flight to France, though it really felt as if they had only just properly arrived. Even having come face-to-face with the hardships and scarcities the population faces—the Castro regime and the international trade restrictions truly left their mark—Cuba had proved itself a fantastic country, somewhat trapped in time and utterly unique. <<

