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**Cover:** Jeff Lowe descending to his pack during the 7th day on the Southeast Spur of Nuptse. Photo: Marc Twight/Equipe Solitaire.

Contents: Kim Carrigan on Latest Rage (5.12b), Smith Rocks, Oregon, Photo: Brooke Sandahl.

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Hugh Herr — First Free Ascent Stage Fright (5.12 + X) Cathedral Ledge, New Hampshire Photo: S. Peter Lewis.

## 

# New Department, Basecamp Change, and Thoughts on Style

*Climbing* no. 98 introduces a new department, *Perspective*, and a major format change for *Basecamp*.

Perspective is an opinion column, designed to relate the attitudes and impressions of the leading activists within the climbing community. Contributors to this column are those shaping the sport today, forcing its direction through their actions both on and off the rock, in and out of the mountains. This column, in effect, allows their actions to speak.

The inaugural piece is written by Christian Griffith, if not the most vocal, certainly one of the most visible of Boulder's incredible number of talented climbers. Potentially inflammatory, "Manifesto" is tempered by its story-like nature, and an ending which gives the true perspective of its writer. Yet Griffith's frustrations are easily interpreted, and for myself, disturbing to read.

Over the last few years *Basecamp* has grown tremendously. An increased number of correspondents has resulted in a wider variation in the quality of information we receive. This has caused the column to become somewhat laborious to read, much more so to write.

To turn *Basecamp* into a more usable source of information while allowing it to continue to report newsworthy events, the column has been reformated into a list of technical route notes introduced by a news report.

This will not only make the column more informative, but more readable. By separating the news and general events from actual route notes, the reader will be able to find out what is occuring across the nation without getting bogged down in details, and the climber interested in repeating new lines will be able to read the details necessary to find the route.

On the surface it may appear that *Climbing* is attempting to scoop future supplements and guides. This is not the case. In fact, we feel that this change will help future publications. *Basecamp* can serve as a clearinghouse for information not readily available to a local author, such as new route activity by visitors. It can provide notice that a guide or supplement is in preparation. And finally, *Basecamp* can provide exposure to guides in print.

Of course there are several climbing communities that wish to keep their existence low-profile. We respect this attitude. We believe, however, that an area's particular flavor, which includes local tradition, is best preserved by thoroughly documenting it. Furthermore, we believe that with more areas in public knowledge there will be less crowding and more of a true community spirit.

Although a more vigorous, journalistic approach will be pursued, the substance of *Basecamp* will still depend on unsolicited correspondence. In addition to information, criticism and suggestions are strongly encouraged. It may take *Basecamp* a few issues to mature, but we feel the format change will not only help *Climbing*, but communication within the sport as well.

Listing correspondent's names has been discontinued unless personally requested, which we encourage for those who contribute substantial information. News reports primarily written by one individual are duly credited.

*Climbing* no. 98 devotes considerable copy to the issue of style. For most of the history of American Free Climbing, hanging on protection to rest or rehearse moves was considered aid, and rappelling a route to place protection was considered very poor style. Toproping before leading a first ascent was simply considered absurd.

Within the past few years these considerations have been changing for an increasing number of people, most of whom climb at high standards. Consequently, disagreements over style take place mostly among those who pursue the higher grades. But stylistic differences have created a highly-charged schism that affects climbers of all abilities, primarily by the development of insular groups that are closed to undeclared visitors and hostile to those with stylistic differences.

Diversity is fine, and there have always been unfriendly cliques, but the attitudes among some of the nation's leading climbers border on hatred. These attitudes may create interesting reading; slander seems to be popular. However, recent correspondence suggests that this form of expression is dated. Personal belief and control of this keyboard may help to bury it.

\_JS

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BASECAMP

#### ALASKA

### THE TUSK Chigmit Range: Untapped Potential

Dwarfed by giants like Denali, Foraker, Hunter, and others in the Alaskan Range, the peaks of the Chigmit Range, 125 miles west of Anchorage, have been all but completely ignored. Unclimbed summits and big walls abound; it could arguably be called the finest virgin range in North America.

The area, part of newly-created Lake Clark National Park, is much like the North Cascades: low in altitude, but with impressive vertical relief. The highest peaks in the park are volcanoes, Mt. Redoubt (10,197 feet) and Iliamna Volcano (10,016 feet). Both have been climbed, but ascents are rare.

The majority of the peaks rise only 7000 or 8000 feet, with granite being the predominant rock type. Much like that in the North Cascades, the rock varies from superb to extremely bad, with perhaps half being of superior quality.

One of the most striking peaks in the Chigmits is the aptly-named Tusk (5780 feet), and the story of its first ascent may be telling of experiences to come. It was first attempted in 1971 by an Alaskan team led by Steve Hackett, and then again in 1977 by Fred Beckey, Eric Bjornstadt, and Craig Martinson. Both parties were halted by bad rock above "Disappointment Col," which Beckey described as "the worst rock I have been on in 20 years."

In June, Gary Speer and Paul Bellamy searched the Tusk for possible routes. They eventually settled on the line of the two original attempts, which starts in the east couloir and gains the South Arete leading to the summit.

Initially, the rock lived up to its reputation. Bellamy was hit by rockfall low on the route, but his injuries were minor and the pair continued. The blank, totten headwall which had stopped both Beckey and Hackett was circumvented by an improbable and exposed rightward traverse. Several moderate pitches of sound granite followed, and the summit was reached without incident. Twenty rappels brought Speer and Bellamy to the bottom of the route, which they rated a surprisingly easy 5.8, grade IV, with 2000 feet of vertical relief.



The Tusk. The Speer/Belamy Route follows the shaded line on the lower left of the photograph to the obvious notch then continues up the South Ridge.

Speer calls the Tusk "a truly fantastic peak, rivaling the Bugaboos or Patagonia for its verticality." Despite Beckey's pronouncement, Speer says the rock above Beckey's highpoint "was absolutely superb, as good as Pingora, and more beautiful and airy than Liberty Bell!" More information about the Chigmits can be obtained by writing Lake Clark National Park, 701 "C" Street, Box 61, Anchorage, AK 99513. Several U.S.G.S. maps (1:250,000) cover the area: Lime Hill, Lake Clark, Iliamna, Kenai, Seldovia, and Tyonek. — from a conversation with Gary Speer

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## CALIFORNIA

#### YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK Three New Routes on Half Dome 5.12 Explosion in Tuolumne

Sparked by the highly-acclaimed *Autobahn*, established last year, Valley regulars have found two more long routes on Half Dome's south face. *Karma* (V 5.11d A1) is the longest and most difficult, with eight consecutive 5.11 pitches out of thirteen total, the majority following diagonal dike systems.

Dave Shultz, Jim Cambell, and Ken Yager worked for nearly two months on the route, placing over 70 bolts. Yager comments, "Dave led the whole climb in what I thought was a remarkable display of ability and perseverance. He placed many bolts while looking at potentially serious falls." Reportedly, much of the edge of the main dike is serrated, prompting their recommendation for two ropes per climber!

The tactics used to establish the route, however, caused a fair amount of controversy. Evidently, bolt ladders were drilled, then freed, the mixed rating reflecting those that remain aid (under 50 feet total). Also, at least one pitch near the center of the route was avoided during the first ascent by a fixed line left from a previous attempt.

The Fast Lane (IV 5.11d), by Scott Burke, Dimitri Barton, and Chris Hash, offers similar slippery dike climbing at a lesser angle, but was done in unquestionable style. The route joins Autobahn two pitches below its 5.11d crux, already responsible for many failures. Eight new pitches were added, graded 5.10d.

Same as it Never Was (VI 5.11b A4) is the newest route to grace the northwest face of Half Dome, taking a line between the *Direct Northwest Face* and *Arcturus*. After five days of humping loads and fixing lines, Karl McConachie, Jay Smith, and Randy Grandstaff completed the 17-pitch route in a single five-day push in July.

Smith, currently involved in an expedition to Kangtega (Nepal), describes the climb as "excellent and involving some very crafty nut work due to the expanding nature of the systems followed," adding, "part of the center section of the route is not long for this world"!

On the Valley floor, a large newlydiscovered crag has generated considerable activity. Apathy Buttress, a half-mile up Tenaya Canyon from Mirror Lake, currently has over ten independent lines, primarily the work of Dimitri Barton and Ken Ariza. In addition to the excellent *Water Babies* (5.11a) and *Valley Syndrome* (5.11c), are Apathy Buttress (three pitches, 5.10a), Meet the Press (5.10d offwidth), and Trick of Treat (5.11d roof). No route descriptions of the latter three routes were unavailable at presstime. A new chapter in the history of Tuolumne Meadows is being written through a recent series of first ascents *both* bold and highly technical. Correspondent Don Reid comments: "While drilling bolts from hooks has been practiced on a majority of these new breed climbs, more and more 5.12's are being tackled with sporty Tuolumne runouts. Desperate grabs and rapid fire sequences become the equation for success."

Kurt Smith, Steve Schneider, and John Bachar have been the most active in this arena. Between *Electric Af*-



Dave Schultz "walking the plank" on the sixth pitch of Karma (5.11c).



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EL CAPITAN 47 Shell Road Mill Valley, CA 94941 (415) 388-3649 rica (5.12d), the Schneiderator (5.12c), and the now all free Bombs Over Tokyo (5.12c), all established traditionally, Tuolumne has reasserted its position as having the hardest face climbing in the state. Only Suicide (see report this issue) has routes of comparative difficulty and quality.

High standard climbing is also taking place on established routes. Two of the more notable repeats are Bachar's flash ascent of Smith's month-old *Electric Africa* and Schneider's second ascent of the demanding *Body and Soul* (5.12b), five years after its first ascent. As usual, all ascents reported here were done traditionally, perhaps indicating that the relationship between high numbers and non-traditional methods isn't as strong as some suggest.

Many visiting and local climbers are expressing concern over the grid pattern of bolts developing on some faces. "At the cost of first-ascent egopumping and roadside convenience, unimaginative, bolt-protected route sandwiching has run rampant and ridiculous" (Reid).

Another curious development in the Meadows is the use of double ratings to describe a pitch. A rating of 5.10a/ 5.11a signifies a technical (single move) difficulty of 5.10a and a sequence (endurance) difficulty of 5.11a. So 5.12a/5.12a is nothing more than a boulder-type move with good rests before and after. This system is spreading very quickly and several routes have been reported to *Basecamp* in this fashion.

Soloing is as popular as ever in the Park, the latest feat being Walt Shipley's first free-solo ascent of the Southwest Face of Mt. Conness, via the tenpitch *Harding Route* (5.10c).

#### YOSEMITE

Vendetta Variation (5.11), Cookie Cliff. Variation of first half of 2nd pitch of Vendetta. Finger to thin hands. (FA: Urmis Franosch, Bruce Morris, 5/ 86).

Spooge Patrol (5.10a), 100' off Yosemite Falls Trail, 300 yds before *Seaside*. Clean Slab next to chimney marks route. Starts near large pine easily visible from trail. 1) Straight-in crack (5.10a). 2) layback w/roof exit (5.9+). (FA: Mike Forkash, Brian Bennett, 7/86).

Safe to Surf (5.10a), Sunnyside Bench. 150 yds uphill from *Lazy Burn*. On shoulder of wavy polished rock. 4 bolts, 2-bolt rap anchor 80' up. (FA: Bob Ost, Matt Hilden, 10/85).

Butthole Climbers (5.10c), Sunnyside Bench. 100 yds downhill from *Lazy Bum*. Knobby boltprotected face to belay tree. (FA: John Tuttle, Brian Bennett, 7/86). Lightweight Vacation (V 5.9 A3), Lost Arrow

Lightweight Vacation (V 5.9 A3), Lost Arrow Area. First of several left-slanting systems right of Lost Arrow. Intersects a dormant Harding-Herbert project 5½ pitches up, continues for 5 more pitches to Lost Arrow notch. (FA: Ost, Norman Boles, 5/86).

Valley Syndrome (5.11c), Apathy Buttress. ½ mile up valley from *The Prude* (Mirror Lake area) and 500' up dry water course. Climbs prominent left-facing overhanging open book via flared hand-and-fist crack leading out large roof. (FA: Barton, Ariza, 3/86). Water Babies (5.11a), Apathy Buttress. 400' left,

Water Babies (5.11a), Apathy Buttress. 400' left, around corner from Valley Syndrome. Start "perfect" finger crack (5.10d) off sloping ledge. 10' ramp leads to 120' corner w/hand crack, left to 5.9 offwidth. 2) Right off ledge, 5.10b face to rap

8

bolts, (FA: Barton, Ariza).

Unnamed (5.10b), Apathy Buttress. Left of Water Babies, short approach pitch leads to tree. 2) From tree reach steep flake. (FA: Barton, Ariza)

Unnamed (5.11c), Apathy Buttress, Right from tree on *Water Babies*. Tips crack in overhang-ing, double corner. (FA: Barton, Ariza). Free Clinic (5.11c). Top of Apathy Buttress, to

the right. Hand crack through roof. 25'. (FA: Barton Ariza)

Fast Lane (IV 5.11d A1), Half Dome, south face. Starts left of Autobahn (Climbing nos. 92, 94), follows dike system for 8 pitches, joining Autobahn for its last 4 pitches. (FA: Burke, Barton, Hash)

Karma (V 5.11d A1), Half Dome, south face. 13 pitches up series of bolt-protected dikes right of Harding-Rowell (regular South Face). Aid: bolt ladder. (FA: Shultz, Cambell, Yager, 7/86).

Looking for Lichen (5.10b), Glacier Point Apron. 2 pitches between Lichen Nightmare and Right Side of Monday Morning Slab. (FA: Brian Knight,

Linus Platt, Michael Harris, 5/86). Scattered Youth (5.12a), Chapel Wall. 15' left of Controlled Burn. Underclings to crack/layback.

(FA: Edward Keller). Tapestry (5.9+), Middle Cathedral. Between Cat Dancing and Tears for Joy. Begin 30' left of a rounded 3rd-class shoulder. 1) Enjoyable face, well protected. 2) Runout (5.8). (FA: Ben-nett, Heidi Pesterfield, 7/86).

Doggie Submission (5.10b), behind Curry Village. 200' uphill from *Circuit Breaker* (well known tr problem). Obvious left-slanting thin crack. (FA: Brian Bennett, John Tuttle, 7/86).

Unnamed (5.10d), Lower Cathedral Rock. 100 yds right of Sex at Six. Chimney start in obvious corner, high quality laybacking above. (FA: Bennet, Tuttle, Drew Devon, 7/86, previously climbed?)

#### **TUOLUMNE MEADOWS**

Electric Africa (5.12d), Pywiack Dome, east face (aka Manu Wall), 93° overhanging seam on left side of wall. 4 bolts, 120′. (FA: Smith, 7/86). The Meltdown (5.11d), Pywiack Dome, east

face. Right of *Electric Africa*, starts left-facing corner. 3 bolts. Crux 15' above pro, turning overhang. (FA: Smith, Alan Swanson, Dana

Hauser, 7/86). Heinous (5.12a), Pywiack Dome. Direct start to Soft White Underbeily. 7 bolts. (FA: Claude Fid-dler, Vern Clevenger, 7/86). Grace Under Pressure (5.12), Stately Pleasure Dome. Steep black streak 35' right of Immacu-late Consecution. Under weith "groups for it."

late Conception. High quality with "going for it on hulled- peanut-sized holds." (FA: Smith, Swanson, 7/86).

Decoy (5.11a), South Whizz Dome. Left of Start Bouldering. 2 bolts then joins Start. (FA: Bachar, Tom Herbert, '7/86).

Blackout (5.11), Daff Dome. From ledge 1 pitch up, climb black streak between Cheatstone and Countdown. (FA: Smith, Mike Lechlinski, Todd Gordon).

Bombs Over Tokyo (5.12c), Daff Dome. Free version (FA: Bachar, 8/86).

Le Coup De Gras (IV 5.12a), Fairview Dome. Comes in from left and meets Mr. Toad's Wild Ride at 3rd belay. Next 2 pitches follow bolts (5.12a).

Fluff Boy (5.11b), Gunks. On right side, boulder problem leads out of cave to face above (5.10c). 50'. (FA: Bachar, 8/86).

The Schneiderator (5.12c), Medlicott Dome. 60' right of Whiteline Fever. (FA: Schneider, Al Swanson, Scott Burke, 7/86).

Silder-Banger (5.11c), Medlicott Dome. 2 pitches between *Shambles* and *Bachar-Yerian*. (FA: Schneider, Dave Caunt, 7/86).

Angelic Upstart (5.11a), Dozier Dome. 3 pitches

between Ursula and Tune Up. (FA: Rob Settle-mire, Caunt, 7/86). Claim Jumper (5.12a), Dozier Dome. 2nd pitch var. to Angelic Upstart. Steep edges on striking

gold-colored polish. (FA: Schneider, 7/86). Grenade Launcher (5.12a), Puppy Dome. Start on Horseshoes and Handgrenades. Overhanging, discontinuous cracks to left. (FA: Bachar).

References: Yosemite Climbs, Meyers, 1983. New Yosemite guide in preparation, contact: Chockstone Press, 526 Franklin Street, Denver, CO 80218. Rock Climbs of Tuolumne Meadows, Reid and Falkenstein, 1986.

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#### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

## Hensel-Woodward Team Storms Suicide More New Routes for Joshua Tree

Darryl Hensel and Jonny Woodward continue to demonstrate their mastery of the steep slabs of Suicide, their most recent coup being the first ascent of the steep headwall on the Deception Pillar buttress. The Great Pretender (5.12b) had been attempted numerous times by many leading southern California locals, including Tobin Sorenson and Tony Yaniro.

Hensel's Ishi (Climbing no. 94) was finally repeated by Woodward, and confirmed at 5.12c. The crux starts with a full extension reach for two dime-size flakes, followed by a vigorous pull-up and fingertip mantle.

Another route of note is John Long's Bukutude which opens with a sequence thought to be B2. Efforts to repeat the route have stripped off key edges and so far have been futile.

More new routes have been reported from this year's explosive spring in Joshua Tree National Monument (also see Climbing no. 97). Many of the new lines are the more obvious weaknesses on newly-developed crags. Consequently, this collection tends to be moderate in grade.

Kelly Carignan, Charles Cole, Dave Evans, Marge Floyd, Craig Fry, Todd Gordon, and Dave Stahl were the most active among a large group of first ascentionists, with Gordon and Evans being in on more than 20 first ascents.

A different sort of record-making event has been developed by several locals, Todd Gordon got off to an early start and was the first to tick off 100 routes in a day. This was soon shat-tered, however, when Charles Cole (The Five-Tennie Kingpin) and Rusty Reno completed an impressive 111.

Difficulty or quality are of no concern for these athletes, just the guidebook's listing of the route's title, for validity. Current champion Cole hopes to go for 150 this fall, and easily envisions a record of 200, commenting, "Carefully written-out plans are necessary for success, and headlamps or a full moon will be critical." He added, "Of course, all routes must be soloed or led." Of course.

#### SUICIDE

The Great Pretender (5.12b). Headwall right of Deception Pillar. 5 bolts, Double bolts at crux. (FA: Hensel, Woodward).

Archangel (5.11d). Edging pitch left of *Hades*, eventually crossing to and finishing on *Boomerang*. (FA: Hensel, Woodward).

Floating Log (5.11c). 3 bolts just left of Munge Dihedral. (FA: Hensel, Woodward). The Untickable (5.12a). On buttress left of *Sloppy Seconds*. Serious to first bolt (5.11a); use pro on *Sloppy*. (FA: Hensel).

Nirvana (5.10c), Sunshine Wall. 1 pitch var. to

and right of Valhalla. 40' fall potential off crux. (FA: Bob Gaines).

Bukatude (5.12+?), Sunshine Wall. Variation just left of Valhalla. Joins at Long Ledge. (FA: Lona).

Moondance (5.11a), Sunshine Wall. Start 2nd pitch of Sundance, do its crux, then go left past 6 bolts. New 3rd pitch also. Excellent. (FA: Craig

Fry, Dave Evans). Flower of Low Rank (5.10b). Dirty diagonal crack just right of *Spoodge*. (FA: Fry, Evans, Eric Charleston).

Manwich (5.10c/d). Tahquitz. Between Jam-crack and Daves Deviation. "Manly" runouts, 2 bolts. (FA: Terry Ayers, Fry).

#### JOSHUA TREE

Ice Blue Secret (5.8), Hidden Dome Area. Thin crack between *Too Secret to Find* and *Calgary Stampede.* (FA: Alan Roberts, Gordon). Bank Note Blues (5.9). Downcanyon from Hid-

den Dome, on left. Offwidth. (FA: Roberts, Gordon)

Lemonhead (5.10b), Wonderland, on the Lemon, a dome-like formation up the first ca-Lemon-slicer (5.10d/5.11a). Directly across

from the Lemon. Straight thin-finger crack. (FA:

Lemon-line (5.10). Left of Lemon-slicer on large wall. Starts in chimney, 2 pitches. (FA: Fry, Evans)

Duncecap (5.10c), Duncecap: formation past the Lemon. From highest pillar on huge north face, climb past bolt to crack. (FA: Mike Lechlinski, Mari Gingerly, John Bachar, Brenda Bachar).

Bighorn Dihedral (5.10b), Suicide Horn Rock, south of Duncecap. Classic steep flake leading to thin corner on west face. (FA: Gingerly, Lechlinski, Bachar). Rock Lypso (5.10a), Suicide Horn Rock. "Wide"

undercling protected by bolt on east face. (FA: Fry, Dave Stahl).

First Steps (5.8), Stepping Stones Area: group of cliffs on distant hillside as one looks east from Willowhole/Super Dome area. This and the following three routes are described right to left.

(FA: Stahl, Fry).
 Steps Ahead (5.10c A1), Stepping Stones Area.
 2 pitches. (FA: Stahl, Fry).
 Stepping Razor (5.10b), Stepping Stones Area.

"Perfect" wide-hands to slightly-overhanging corner. (FA: Fry, Stahl. Bob Roback).

Stepping Out of Babylon (5.9). Stepping Stones Area. (FA: Fry, Stahl). Ganado (5.10a), Fortress Area. Just right of The

Man Who Cried (incorrectly called Julius Siezure Direct in Vogel's guide). Crack. (FA: Gor-don, Fry, Evans, Floyd, Sharon Sadlier). Drop Your Drawers (5.9), Fortress Area. Chim-

ney/offwidth between Drop a Frog and Maltese Falcon. (FA: Brian Povolny, Jeff Hamlin, Frith Yazzie)

Euphrates (5.11c tr), Bighorn Mating Grotto. Be-tween Take Two They're Small and Dangling Woo Li Masters. (FA: Fry).

Love Goat (5.10a), Bighorn Dome. Love Goat is line incorrectly marked as Greenhorn Dihedral in Vogel's guide, which is actually further right and easily located by greenish dihedral. (FA: Fry, Evan).

Zorba (5.11a R), Bighorn Dome. Starts up slanting pillar in middle of formation, then traverses up and right. 1 bolt. (FA: Fry, Gordon).

Time to Take the Garbage Out (5.10a), Bighorn Dome. On far-right side of face. Hand crack over small overhang, then up and left. (FA: Fry, Evans, Floyd).

What's the Question (5.9 A1), Astro Domes, Don Juan Boulder. Left of original bolt line. (FA: Cole, Spencer Lennard, Carignan).

Head, Abdomen, Thorax (5.9 A2), Unmotivated Dome, upcanyon and on the right behind Nomad Dome (near Hook and Ladder Area). Dome is recognized as huge white formation. 2 pitches. (FA: Fry, Evans, Floyd).

Pink Thing (5.10a), Hook and Ladder Area. Just left of City H (aka Solo on the Third Try). Thin di-hedral to face. 1 bolt. (FA: Gordon, Fry, Frank Bentwood, Evans). Iguana Masters (5.10b), Iguana Dome, in ca-

nyon south of the Hook and Ladder Area (on the east side). Dome best reached from abandoned stamp mill; take right of two canyons north of mill. Start from chimney/ramp on west side, face above. 5 bolts. Excellent (FA: Gordon, Fry, Evans, Bentwood, and Jim Angione).

Angione Crack (5.6), Iguana Dome. Striking fist crack around corner to left of *Iguana Masters*. (FA: Angione, Gordon).

Invasion of My Fantasy (5.7), Disneyland Dome Area. Crack right of Thrutcher. (FA: Gordon). Wheel of Fortune (5.11b), Disneyland Dome. Right of Weak Force. (FA: Paul Schweitzer, Randy Vogel).

Mild the Dog (5.10a), Elephant Arches. Mid-height girdle, right to left via obvious crack. (FA: Gordon, Brian Sillasen).

Manly Dike (5.11a A1), Diarrhea Dome. 3 aid bolts and 1 pin lead to diagonaling dike. Clas-sic. (FA: Cole, Evans, Gordon, Floyd).

Turnbuckle (5.8). Cliff just left of large natural arch between dome with Crystal Voyager and Bighorn Dome. Obvious crack up white formation. (FA: Fry, Evans)

Stains of the Stars (5.8), Roadside Rock. On backside, undercling roof leading to wide crack. (FA: Gordon, Derrick, Todd Swain, the Driver)

Poodleloids from the Deep (5.10), Hemmingway Buttress. Left of On the Nob. (FA: Evans, Gor-

Zelda (5.8), Hemmingway Buttress. Just right of Head Over Heals, on same pillar. Dog-leg, lefttraversing hand crack. Excellent, very exposed. (FA: Evans, Gordon)

Ravens Do Nasty Things to My Bottom (5.9), Hemmingway Buttress. Incipient cracks just left of Easy as Pi. (FA: Evans, Gordon).

Terminator (5.9+), Cap Rock. Start in gully right of *Slim Pickings*, traverse right past bolts. (FA: Herb Laeger, Jan McCollum). Hey Taxi (5.11a), Dap Rock. Curving crack on

formation left of Catch a Fallin Star. (FA: Cole, Laeger, Gordon)

Stop Trundling (5.10a), (Lower) Freeway Wall.

Just left of *Start Trundling*. (FA: Gordon). Marcos (5.10a), Phillippino Wall, around corner and up from left side of (Lower) Freeway Wall, easily seen from Lost Horse Ranger Station Road. Right-facing corner high on wall. (FA: Evans, Gordon).

Aquino (5.8), Phillippino Wall. Hand crack over roof down and left of Marcos. (FA: Evans, Gordon)

Strung Out on Chocolate Bars (5.7), Dairy Queen Wall. Between Frosty Cone and Dillybar. (FA: Fry, Jerelyn Taubert).

Why Does it Hurt When I Pee? (5.10b), Rock Valley Garden. Just left of What's Hannen. (FA: Gordon, Evans)

Blue Sky, Black Death (5.5), Rock Valley Garden. This and two other lines, Barn Door (5.9 tr) and another 5.9 tr, are left of Bolivian Freeze Job, (left to right). (FA: Steve Hernandez, Mike Horde)

Blue Monday (5.10), Hill Street Blues Wall. Just right of Blues Brothers. (FA: Roberts, Evans, Darryl Hensel)

Baby Blue Eyes (5.10), Hill Street Blues Wall. Right of where Black and Blue is (incorrectly) shown in Vogels guide. (Black and Blue is actu ally much further left on a completely different section of wall). (FA: Roberts, Evans, Hensel).

The Velvetta Rabbit (5.7), Jimmy Cliff. Left of Laurleen Quits. (FA: Carignan, Floyd). Big Bird (5.8), Mt. Grossvogel. Right of Iron Man-

tle. (FA: Gordon, Kathy Boyd). Dr. Suess Vogel (5.7), Mt. Grossvogel. Just right

of Ranger Danger. (FA: Gordon, Boyd). Immaculate Conception (5.9), Dihedral Rock. Follows right skyline. (FA: Cole, Evans, Dave

Wonderly) Gunks West (5,10b), Locomotion Rock. Be-

tween Snnfchtt and Hhecht. Bolt needs hanger. (FA: Swain, Scheur). Sacred Bear (A3+), The Sentinel, west face.

Obvious traversing aid line joining Scared Bare. Fixed RURPS near start and finish. Include hooks. (FA: Gordon, Jim Murray).

Puss n' Boots (5.11+), Houser Buttress. Just right of Loose Lady. 1st bolt needs hanger. (FA: Bobby Rotert, Carignan)



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ON THE ROCKS, P.O.Box 93974, Los Angeles, Cal. 90093 (213) 466-4921 Rings Around Uranus (5.7), Hall of Horrors. Right of *Hemroidic Terror*. (FA: Swain, Welch, Peggy Buckey). (There is another bolted face

route to the left of *Hemroidic Terror*). **The Grainy** (5.10c), Jumbo Rocks Campground, At end of campground, travers-ing crack leads to crack through roof. (FA: Cole, Bentwood, Evans, Floyd, Gordon).

Against all Todd's (5.10b), Jumbo Rocks Campground. Near *The Grainy*. Buckets to crack. (FA: Gordon brothers, Cole, Vogel, Bentwood)

Washoe Crack (5.10d), Live Oak Area. Near Hobo Chan Ba (incorrectly named Todd Squad in Vogel's guide). Traversing thin crack. (FA: Gordon, Evans). Both of these routes are upcanyon from *Big Bob's Big Wedge*, rather than on Pope's Hat formation as shown in Vogel's guide. I Slept with L.K. (5.10a), Stirrup Tank. Incipient crack in corridor right of Beam Me Up Scotty. (FA: ?).

Double Trouble (5.11b/c tr), White Tank Campground. Overhanging double cracks south of Dangerous Delight. Bolt on top. (FA: Fry)

of the Tail (5.10a), White Tank Campground. Left to right traversing crack on largest formation in area, called White Tank. Gordon, Mike Brown, Reggie Thompson; FFA: ?).

Jody (5.10a), White Tank Campground. Straight-in crack splitting formation in small, hid-den corridor north of *Trick of the Tail.* (FA: Gordon, Fry).

B--For Beers (5.10b). On first climbable rock on left side of road before Hidden Valley, about 3 miles from Quail Springs. Face to slanting dike miles from Quali Springs, Face to starting olde protected by bolts. (FA: Gordon, Brown, Thompson, Taubert, Fry). Bitch, Bitch (5.7), AFPA Rock (ASPA in Vogel's guide's index). Left of *Unknown*. (FA: Evans,

Floyd).

Muddog (5.10a), Room to Schroom Area. Crack just right of Room to Schroom. (FA: Fry, Taubert, Boyd, Angione). Frankie Lee (5.7), Room to Schroom Area.

Straight-in hand crack up left side of north-facing formation directly south of *Room to Schroom* (FA: Gordon, Fry). Yebechai Crack (5.9), Steve Canyon Area. Thin

steep crack right of Watanobe Wall. (FA: Gor-

don, Evans, Carignan). Biscuit Eater (5.10c), Hit Man Rock. Just left of *Bruiser*. (FA: Gordon, Evans). Skinwalker (5.9), Hit Man Rock. Double-crack

pillar just right of Enforcer. (FA: Evans, Carig-

Final Jost nght of Entoreer. (FA. Evans, Gargenan, Gordon).
 East Meets West (5.7+), Varnished Wall.
 Around corner from With Malice and Forethought. (FA: Swain, Elsinger).

Black's Arete (5.10), Left of Left Hand of Dark-ness formation is a longish crag. On far-left side

is an arete with 1 bolt. (FA: Ken Black, ?). Chicken Mechanics (5.10a), Just right of Black's Arete. Thin cracks to roof, hand crack above, (FA: Sillasen, Gordon).

Morgan the Pirate (5.11), Rockwork Orange Area. Steep face w/bolts right of El Blowhole and El Brujo. (FA: ?).

Peepo Mover (5.10c tr). Corner just right of Mor-gan the Pirate. (FA: Evans). Stinkbug (5.10b), Echo Rock. On smallish for-

mation just left of *Closed on Mondays*. Hand crack to traverse, then mantles to dike leading left. Excellent. (FA: Evans, Gordon, Sillasen).

#### NEEDLES

King Arthur (5.9), Excalibur Rock: 1-pitch crag between the west faces of Witch Needle and Necromancer Needle. Thin finger crack past 2 bolts on extreme left side of face. (FA: Louie Anderson, Mark Reber).

Guinevere (5.8), Excalibur Rock, 20' right of King Arthur. 2 bolts. (FA: Anderson, Reber). Lancelot (5.10a), Excalibur Rock. 80' right of Guinevere. Awkward layback crack to 30' slab protected by 2 bolts. (FA: Anderson, Reber).

References: Rock Climbs of Tahquitz and Vogel, 1986. Joshua Tree supplement in prepa-ration, contact: Randy Vogel, PO Box 4554, Laguna Beach, CA 92652. Stonemasher Rockclimbing Guide to the Kern River Canyon and Environs, E.C. Joe and Dick Leversee, 1983

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## COLORADO

#### FRONT RANGE Unfinished Symphony, Centaur Go Free New Routes for the Platte, Diamond

Perhaps the most surprising additions to this area's ever-increasing list of extreme routes came with Dale Goddard's ascent of the complete line of Unfinished Symphony and Christian Griffith's free ascent of the second pitch of Centaur, the old aid line just right of the Diving Board.

Unfinished Symphony, on Bell Buttress in Boulder Canvon, had been attempted numerous times before Goddard took it on, completing it after two days and renaming it Beethoven's Fifth (5.12c). Griffith's ascent of Centaur (5.12c), in Eldorado Canyon, resulted in an outrageously exposed pitch with excellent climbing. Considering the easiest approach is via rappel, and the methods by which he established it, Griffith's description of the line as "Verdonesque" is well taken.

Other first ascents of note are Charlie Fowler's Surfs Up (5.13a), just right of Wendego, Mark Sonnenfeld's Leviticus (5.12c), the direct finish to Genesis, and Darius Azin's Goukatron (5.12d), yet another line turning the lower roofband on Redgarden Wall.

Boulder has seen many visitors this summer, despite some extraordinary hot days. Very early mornings and nearly rabid excitement has enabled ascents of the established testpieces as well as fierce competition for new lines. Lynn Hill made what is most likely the first woman's ascent of Genesis (5.12d), succeeding on her second day after one fall, and Goddard's Five Year Plan (5.13b) received its third ascent by Bill Myers.

North Conway fugitive Jim Surette threw himself into the frav and came away with the third ascent of Paris Girl (5.13a), the second ascent of Captain Crunch (5.12d/5.13a), the third ascent of Venus de Milo (5.13a), and the second ascent of Centaur (while still fresh with Griffith's chalk). Just another month in the life of an 18 year old!

Unreported from last year is the development of several newly-discovered crags in the maze of rock in the South Platte area. Kyle Copeland, John McMullen, Marc Hirt, and several others have been active mopping up the obvious lines on smaller crags near Wigwam Dome. This area is yet to be detailed in a guide, so some minor sleuthing will be required for non-locals. One hint: there is a National Forest Campground called Wigwam.

Charlie Fowler, Copeland, and Joe Burke copped a new route on the right side of the Diamond. Diamond Star Halo (V 5.9 A4) climbs a system thought to be right of Waterhole #3. A topo for the six-pitch route can be

viewed at International Alpine School in Eldorado Canyon. JS

#### **ELDORADO**

Compound Fracture (5.12a R), Wind Tower Overhang just left of Endless Summer. (FA:

Azin, Mike Brooks, 8/86). Deutsche Sturheit (5.11a R), Wind Tower. Start Scotch & Soda, go 20' left, over roof, up lean-ing, left-facing corner. 2-bolt stance. 2) Up and right to pins, follow scars diagonally right, then straight up. (FA: Chip Ruckgaber, Thomas, Nolteing, 7/86). Road to Nowhere (5.11c), Hawk-Eagle Ridge.

Slanting crack between Cinch Crack and Dead on Arrival. (FA: Steve Sangdahl, John Baldwin, Lumex).

Goukatron (5.12d), Redgardern. In memory of Eric Goukas. Large roof just right of Kloeberdanz. (FA: Azin, Mark Tarrant, 6/86). Leviticus (5.12c), Redgarden. Direct Finish to

1st pitch of Genesis. 2 or 3 bolts on overhanging headwall. (FA: Sonnenfeld, 8/86). Centaur (5.12c), Redgarden. Rap 150' from

trees atop Naked Edge to ring bolt. Follow bolts

and pins. (FA: Griffith, 8/86). Predator (5.12a), Redgarden. Start Rosy Crucifixion traverse. Take first line of bolts heading straight up. (FA: Bob Candelaria, Gregg Fin-noff, 7/86).

Wild Kingdom (5.11c), Redgarden. Line of bolts just right of Predator. (FA: Candelaria, Finnoff, 7/ 86)

Roll Over Rover (5.12a), Redgarden. Outside arete of Rover dihedral. (FA: Candelaria, Finnoff).

Mrs. Clean Gets Down (5.11b/c), West Ridge. Beautiful flat face left of crux pitch of Tiger Balm Arete 80'. (FA: Joyce Rossiter, Richard Rossiter)

What's My Line (5.11c), Rincon Wall. 50' left of finish to Bat's Ass Dihedral. Right facing dihed ral. 60'. (FA: Rossiters, 6/86)

Ventura Highway (5.10c/d), Rincon Wall. Switching dihedral 20' right of Kangaroo Tail, Exit near top via ledge. 80'. (FA: Rossiters, 6/ 86)

Rincon, Direct Finish (5.9), Rincon Wall, From top of Rincon walk off ledge and behind huge boulder. Start left-facing corner w/bolt 20' up. 120'. (FA: Rossiters, 6/86). Continental Drift (5.10d), Continental Crag, on

ridge above Upper Peanuts Wall. Down and left from Primal Scream (Climbing no. 97). Face. (FA: Rossiters).

Big Pink (5.10), Fern Canyon. Several hundred yards uphill from Fertile Crescent, on same ridge just past obvious notch. Prominent leftleaning, right-facing dihedral. (FA: Fowler, Kyle Copeland, 8/86).

#### **BOULDER CANYON**

Fads (5.10 + R), The Dome. Shallow gully w/thin crack halfway up, directly below Cozyhang. (FA: Candelaria, Finnoff).

Beethoven's Fifth (5.12c), Bell Buttress. Fomerly Unfinished Symphony, completed pitch. (FA: Goddard, 7/86).

#### SOUTH PLATTE

I Turkey (5.11d/5.12a), Turkey Tail. Arete be-tween Whimsical Dreams and Hummingbird Way. Pin and 3 bolts. (FA: Mark Sonnefeld, Bill Myers, Steve Carruthers, 7/86). Unknown (5.11d/5.12a), Turkey Tail. Arete just

left of *Jello Party*. 3 bolts. Originally toproped by Harrison Dekker. (FA: ?).

The Boys are Back (5.11), Bucksnort Slabs. 10' overhanging offwidth 50' right of *Sideways*. (FA: Allen Pattie, Dave Bell,8/86).

Trail of Tears (II 5.8 + R), Wigwam Dome (In Lost Park, between South Park and the Platte River). Large right-leaning dihedral on east side

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of south face. (FA: Copeland, McMullen, Hirt, (85)

Bear Tooth Spire (5.10), Wigwam Dome area. From Wigwam parking area, find ridge of rock due south 1/2 mile. At right edge is 2-pitch pinnacle, 1st pitch w/bolts. (FA: Joe Huggins, Copeland)

dome left of Wigwam Dome. Obvious water streak that splits near top, on left side of cliff, R section is on 1st pitch (5.9). (FA: McMullen, Greg Johnston, '85).

Machination (5.9 R), The Sun. Climb 1st pitch of Halogen Angels, Continue past 3 bolts on 2nd pitch, then work right to crack (5.8; 165'). (FA: McMullen, Johnston, '85). Sketch Book (III 5.12a A0), The Sun (see above).

3rd or 4th for 3 pitches to large block in middle of face (The Coffin). Take left of two cracks leading to large overhanging dihedral. (FA: Fowler, Copeland, '86).

Better Lock Next Time (III 5.10c), The Sun. Start at "A-frame" roof, follow long left-leaning dihed-ral to the Coffin. Take right crack (5.9 offwidth),

(FA: Copeland, Hirt, '85). Dark Side of the Moon (5.9 + R), The Moon, small dome to left of The Sun. Black water streak on right side. Bolts. (FA: McMullen, Copeland, (85)

(85). Luna-C (5.10b), The Moon. Black water streak in center of slab. Bolts. (FA: Copeland, Hirt, McMullen, '85). One Small Step Man (II 5.9 + R), The Moon.

Start on top of big flakes on left side. 2) Wide crack to the left. Bolts. (FA: Copeland, Hirt, '85). Lunar Kreep (5.7), The Moon. Headwall just right 2nd pitch of One Small Step for Man. (FA: McMullen, Copeland, Hirt, '85). Buffalo's in Space (III 5.10 A4 + ), Cynical Pinna-

cle. Classic aid line on north side. (FA: Cope-

land, McMullen, Johnston, '84). Banji Man(5.10+), Cathedral Spires. Far-right side of Block Tower is dihedral arching left into roof. 2 bolts above. (FA: Olaf Mitchell, Peter Hubbel)

This Bolt's for You (5.10d R), Malay Archipelago, Atlantis Slab. Malay Archipelago is 2 1/2 miles south of South Platte Hotel. Atlantis Slab is closest to road. Climb left of two obvious cracks in smooth wall on right side of slab. R to first bolt and from last piece on pitch. (FA: McMullen, Tim Hudgel, Carl Rasmussen, '86). Island Rhythm (5.11b), Atlantis Slab. Crack right

of This Bolt's for You. Upper face protected by 5 bolts (sustained 5.11). (FA: McMullen, Hudgel, Rasmussen, '86).

Rasmussen, '86).
The Leper (5.11c tr), Atlantis Slab. Face right of Island Rhythm. (FA: McMullen, '86).
No-Bore-A-Bora (5.10c), Atlantis Slab. Seam uphill and right of Island Rhythm. 2nd pitch tr (5.11d/5.12a). (FA: McMullen, Hirt, Hudgel, Section 2001). Rasmussen, '86).

Mary Ann (5.7) and Ginger (5.8), Gilligan's Island, small slab east of Atlantis Slab. Left and center, respectively. (FA: McMullen, solo, '86). Platte Magic (5.10b), Java Dome, 15 minutes walk past Atlantis Slab to west side of dome. Black water streak on north side (the Gray Wave Wall). (FA: McMullen, Hirt, '86).

El Nino (5.10b), Java Dome. Left of *Platte Magic*. "Some of the best face climbing in the whole Platte area." (FA: Hudgel, Rasmussen, '86). Rock Lobster (III 5.10c), Java Dome. West side

Hock Lobster (III 5.10c), Java Dome. West side of Dome, starting above large dihedral. Follow headwall above. 1st pitch 180'. (FA: Hudgel, Rasmussen, McMullen, '86). Beach Blanket Bingo (II 5.10c), Java Dome. Left streak of 2 small water streaks on south side (Jarop Aleal streak to 1st (Kingel).

(large black streak to left of these). 6 bolts to 2-bolt stance. (FA: Hudgel, Rasmussen, '86). Vertical Beach Party (II 5.9 X), Java Dome. Streak right of *Beach Blanket Bingo* (see above). Three runouts, each over 40' (180' pitch). (FA: McMullen, Hudgel, Rasmussen, '86). '86).

'86).
Island Express (II 5.8 R), Bali Dome, just south-east of Java Dome. Obvious smooth slab in cen-ter of crag. Bolts. (FA: Hudgel, Rasmussen, McMullen, '86).
Good Left Hand (5.7), Bali Dome. Start in small dihedral on right side. Follow arete. 180'. (FA: McMullen, scio. '86).

McMullen, solo, '86).

References: Pictorial Guide to Boulder Climbs (4th ed.), Richard Rossiter, 1986; New route notebook, International Alpine School, Eldorado



Christian Griffith on Centaur (5.12c).

Springs. The Hard Stuff, Climber's Guide to the Turkey Rock Area and other South Platte Crags, Mark Rolofson, 1984, Brown Book of Lies, A To-pographical Guidebook to the South Platte Area, Hubbel, 1983, out-of-print?; For Turkeys Only, Steve Cheyney, 1984.

## DURANGO, TELLURIDE, ASPEN Western Slope: New Rock, **Few Climbers**

Climbers along the entire western slope of the Colorado Rockies number fewer than those living between Arapahoe and Baseline in Boulder, but the abundance of unclimbed rock more than makes up for this lack of population; there's just too much new rock to ignore. And the presence of Climbing's office in Aspen ensures even the most obscure route will be read about!

In the far southwestern corner of the state, locals David Kozak, Tim Kuss, Dick Walker, and John Duran have been at the sharp end of a dozen new routes in the Durango area, ranging from the soon-to-be classic Lucky 7 (5.7+) to what's being hailed as one of Durango's finest, Pale Skinned Nebraskan (5.10c or 5.11d). The newest testpiece is Kozak's *Contortionist* (5.12a), obviously not a straight-forward problem. As with many of the newer, harder routes in the area, the line was first toproped then protected on rappel. Sweet Sandstone and Punta Magna were prepared this way but left as "R" leads.

Antoine Savelli, meanwhile, is busy propping up the standards of western Colorado virtually single-handedly through his development of the Ophir Wall near Telluride. He's added what may be the first 5.13 to this part of the state with his ascent of Dingomanique (5.13a/b), christened after a Verdon route title, meaning "crazy maniac." Morning Glory (5.12d; Climbing no. 97), was originally rated 5.13 but downgraded after the second ascent by Boulder gourmet Mark Sonnenfeld, who bagged the pitch on his third try.

Up at Independence Pass, near Aspen, a handful of new routes have been punched in. The area's typically overhanging rock and shallow cracks make bolt use almost mandatory, and the local aversion to routes placed on rappel holds down the rabble. Two of the new routes, Dreadlock Holiday (5.12a), and Victims of Fashion (5.12b), both overhanging and bolted on aid, represent what may be the future of Aspen climbing. However, with only another month of climbing weather, the future will have to be satisfied on the nearby ski slopes!

#### DURANGO

Sweet Sandstone (5.10c R), Aid Wall. Face pitch up steep water groove protected by 3 bolts. (FA: Kuss, Troy Williams, 5/86).

## IN MEMORIUM Eric Goukas 1963-1986

I once saw a film on primitive hunters of the African desert. These people believed that when something died a space was left on earth, a vacuum created by the fleeing spirit of the animal. This I could never have believed, until two weeks ago when I went to Chasm Lake at the bottom of the Diamond to say goodbye to my friend Eric Goukas. Never had I seen that massive cirque so empty. Eric had died and something in this land of mountains and cliffs was also gone. What was the Diamond now? Not a wall for him to free solo in the summer and later solo in the winter in horrible conditions, rather it was like a sole, rotting tooth in the otherwise toothless grimace of Chasm View.

I stood by the frozen shore of the lake, looking up at the bleak deserted face, a small rock in my hand a symbol of my friend, who would no longer help give life to me and the face. With a shout I threw the stone across the lake, my eyes and the Diamond struggling to keep it above the water. It hung there for a moment, and then it disappeared, eclipsed, sucked into the inky depths without a sound.

For those who knew him, Eric was a force on this earth, a huge mass of a man who truly loved life and fought energetically against all that did not shine for him. He never lost sight of the goals which he had set out for himself. The strength of his determination was a wall against the world, a barrier which always seemed to stem the worst that could be thrown against us. A list of routes will tell you very little of my friend. It adds to the terrible irony of his death, the result of a moderate-length fall on Higher Cathedral Rock in Yosemite. But it is one of the most easily-related memories I have of him, and for the sake then of memory, I give you a list of some of his brightest moments.

This brief biography would have to start with the criteria that Eric considered important, for he was never one to accept what was commonly considered significant as the goal for his actions. Eric had his own set of values which often greatly exceeded those standardly held. While myself and others spent days on *Genesis*, he became a master soloist in Eldorado, with many 5.11's to his name, several of which were on-sight. On one of his finest days, he soloed 20 pitches of 5.10 in a day, several edging into the 5.11 range.

Eric loved the mountains, and it was here that he took some of his greatest risks and claimed his greatest prizes. On the East Face of Longs



Sidewall, Eldorado Canyon, 1985.

Peak he made the first true free-solo ascent of the Diamond (without recourse to a safety sling), climbing the *Casual Route* and finishing above Table Ledge with the last two pitches of the *Yellow Wall*, both of which were wet. Alone again, Eric returned to the Diamond to make a solo ascent in the winter. After jettisoning his bags near the top, Eric was hit first by a storm then by night on his descent. After a 100-foot fall down the north face, he crawled the rest of the way back to his car, arriving just before morning.

Though Eldorado was his home, Eric loved granite and cracks, and it was here that his enormous power and endurance paid off. In California, his solos included *Crack-A-Go-Go, More Monkey Than Funky*, and *Leanie Meanie*, on-sight. Two years ago he and I climbed *Astroman* in 4 hours and 45 minutes, said by some to be the fastest on-sight time so far. This summer Eric repeated Astroman with Alan Lester in the morning, then finished the day with the North Face of the Rostrum. While Eric could easily be considered a 5.12 climber, this fluxed with the pressures of a career in graphic design, and occasional construction work.

It is hard to imagine Eric is gone; that he will no longer appear out of the snow like a great fuzzy ball who, peeling off innumerable sweaters, joins us at the ladder, and adds his energy to the heat of winter training.

And the Diamond? All alone. Maybe a million frozen nights will pass before it will again be warmed by the company of one so brave as Eric.

-Christian Griffith

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Oxbow (5.7), Rock of Afternoon Delights, Face left of Left Crack. 1 bolt. (FA: Kuss, et. al.). Pale Skinned Nebraskan (5.11d or 5.10c), Di-hedral Wall. 5 bolts just left of Jabba the Hut. 11d finish can be avoided to the right. Superb. (FA: David Kozak, Lynda Pritchett, 7/86). Black Coral (5.10c), Dihedral Wall. Left of *Three* 

Open Books. Face to bolt, right then back left to arete. Initial 25' unprotected (crux). (FA: Kozak, Pritchett, 7/86).

Kaltiki (5.10c X), Dihedral Wall. Left of rappel route. Dusty Rock. (FA: Kozak, Pritchett, 7/86). Out in the Woods (5.9+), Dihedral Wall, 80' right of *Psuedo-Cenotaph*. Wide crack pinching to fingers. (FA: Kozak, Walker, 1/86).

On the Side (5.6), Dihedral Wall. Offwidth 20' right of Out in the Woods. (FA: Walker, et. al.,7/ 85)

Punta Magna (5.11c R), Left End. 30' right of Apple Cider. 2-pitch dihedral system. Crux: 2nd pitch. (FA: Duran, Kuss, 6/85).

Make an Offer (5.8+), Left End. Begin Apple Cider, move left over rotten rock to finger crack. Joins 1st belay of Apple Cider. Scary. (FA: Kozak, Pritchett, 6/86).

Contortionist (5.12a), Left End. Start in over-hanging, right-leaning dihedral 20' left of Apple Cider. Aid line (5.8 A3) nails slab to left (2 bolts). Free line heads straight up. Crux 1st 35'. (FA: aid, Clay Patton, solo; free, Kozak).

Glider (5.8). Wall 200' left of Star Gazer (Climb-ing no. 97). Climb left crack of 2 major cracks past tree (right is 5.9), move right into dihedral. Finish with right crack. (FA: Kozak, Pritchett, 10/ 85)

#### TELLURIDE

Where the Eagles Dare (5.11d), Cracked Ca-nyon. Just right of Reptilicus. Steep face/crack protected by bolts and pins. Include small nuts. (FA: Savelli)

Synchronicity (5.12a), Cracked Canyon, Just right of Where the Eagles Dare, joins same at belay (2 bolts; 85' rap). (FA: Savelli). Perpetual Motion (5.11b), Ophir Wall. 50' right of

Broken Drum. A-shaped roof. (FA: Mike Benge, Allen Pattie, 8/86). Dingomaniague (5.13a), Ophir Wall. Between

Doctor Gismo and Hot Wee Wee. 1) Up middle of slab, over roof (5.11d). Steep face leads to 2 bolts. 2) Left-diagonaling traverse to steep wall. Series of boulder problems leads to belay. 75'

3) 5.11c, 150'. Two full raps off. (FA: Savelli). Northern Lights (5.11b), Ophir Wall. Start *Pow-der in the Sky*, after 25' diagonal right, up, then back left to *Powder* belay (5.10b, 3 bolts). 2) Crack above (5.11b, 2 pins). 165' rap. (FA: Savelli, Teri Kane, 8/86).

Cold Beer (5.10b), Ophir Wall. Short pitch be-tween Point Blank and Batman's Delight. 3 bolts to 2-bolt stance. (FA: Allen, 8/86).

#### ASPEN

Man in a Storm (5.12a), Wall Walls. Free version of Fishworm Crack. (FA: Bob D'Antonio, 7/86). A Walk in the Park (5.11 + R), Wall Walls. 2 bolts 10' left of Sucker Face. 40' ledge-fall possible off 5.9 moves. (FA: Gordon Herwig, Neil Harvey, 7/86). Victim of Fashion (5.12b), Grotto Wall (lower).

From 1st bolt of Bicentennial continue straight up past 2 bolts (5.11a) to 2 bolts under roof. 2) Turn 1st tier on right, clip bolt, turn 2nd tier on left past pin. (FA: John Steiger, Michael Kennedy, Mike Benge, 8/86).

Dreadlock Holiday (5.12a), Jimmy Cliff, crag facing highway up and left of Lincoln Creek Wall. Obtuse, capped dihedral on buttress. 2 bolts. (FA: Benge, Steve Galls, 8/86). Pot of Gold (5.10), Cove Rock. 15' right of Treas-

ure Island. (FA: Kennedy, Galls, Arlan Hemphill, 8/86)

References: Southwest Rock, A Climber's Guide to Southwest Colorado, David Kozak, 1985, Climbing no. 97, "Ophir Broke," Allen Pat-tie, August 1986, Telluride Rock, Bill Kees, out of print; Topo Pamphet, Antoine Savelli, 1986, available in Telluride at Between the Covers **Bookstore** 

Corrections: Climbing no. 97, p. 16. Leigh McGinley was incorrectly reported as Leigh McLeigh.

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#### CONNECTICUT

# Traditional Stronghold

## Parking at Ragged Threatened

"In Connecticut we have a very effective way of dealing with the ethics issue. First ascents are only recognized if they have been climbed all free in one push, with all protection placed free on lead...Protection placed any other way is quickly chopped. Everyone around here knows this, the majority agree with it, and as a result, even the minority who disagree with this long-established tradition abide by it," writes Ken Nichols, one of the state's leading activists and author of *Traprock, Rock Climbing in Central Connecticut.* 

With this in mind, climbing in Con-necticut can still be considered synonymous with adventure. This is exemplified by Visions (5.10+), one of Ragged Mountain's most serious leads, which recently received ascents by Rusty Reno and Henry Barber. Reportedly, Barber took a 20-foot fall into a pin fixed several years after the first ascent. (The first ascent party, incidentally, had placed protection on rappel, only to have it promptly removed.) When the peg was placed it rotated under body weight and hence is viewed with suspicion. It's the only piece preventing an unfortunate reunion with the jagged top of Southern Cave Slab!

Also at Ragged, Bill Lutkus succeeded in toproping the fierce *Skull* and Boner Block (5.12+) after attempts spread over five days. Desperate heel hooks, lunges, and sustained difficulty make it one of the hardest problems yet established in the state.

On a sour note, the Southington Police Department has been waging a ceaseless ticketing campaign (fines to \$57) at Ragged's main parking area in an effort to close it permanently. Apparently, the nearby property owners became tired ot the party scene there, and appealed to the authorities. This closing could be beneficial, however, as less vandalism will occur in the surrounding area.

On the other hand, the parking situation at East Peak has vastly improved. Police maintain a residence at the stone tower during the day, which should reduce break-ins and vandalism. Already the amount of trash thrown off the cliff has been significantly reduced.

Nichols has been the most active on



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the first ascent scene, with *Stronghold* (5.11) and *Atom Smasher* (5.11 + ) the most noteworthy of his recent efforts. The former is characterized by sustained, overhanging face climbing; its first crux is protected by a "super-secure" cliffhanger, which required prying to remove! The latter features similar overhanging face, but is well-protected with more conventional gear, and undoubtedly will become one of Connecticut's more sought-after desperates.

Although not in Connecticut, Nichol's first ascent of the superb Forget-Me-Knot (5.11+), on nearby Chapel Ledge in Massachusetts, merits inclusion in this report. Fifty feet up the slightly-overhanging line, Nichol's lead rope slipped out of his harness and fell, necessitating a 15foot leap to a ledge — and a well-conceived route title!

-JS

#### **NEW ROUTES**

Stronghold (5.11–), Rattlesnake Rock. Between Climbing Blind and Frannie and Zooey. Left-facing corner to overhanging face, left of water streaks. (FA: Nichols, 3/86). Correlation of Forces (5.10X). Lone Pine. Near left end of cliff. Start 10' left of spike-like flake, climb through large overhang above. No pro. (FA: Nichols, Rick Murnane, Bob Clark, 4/86).



Edge of Darkness (5.9 + R), Pinnacle Rock. 7' right of *Dream Weaver*. Overhangs and arete, finish on face left of *Donut's Disaster* bushes. (FA: Nichols, Joe Vitti, 7/86).

(FA: Nichols, Joe Vitti, 7/86).
 Woolly Bear (5.9 – R), Pinnacle Rock. Overhang 6' left of Psycho Path. Finish Woolly Bear Variation to Dream Weaver. (FA: Nichols, Vitti, 7/86).

Orb Weaver (5.10–), Spider Wall. Right to left girdle traverse. Stay high, except across *Candle in the Wind* area, and squeeze behind *Shelob* pillar. (FA: Nichols, Alex Catlin, Chad Hussey, 5/ 86).

Challenger (5.9 R), Fall Wall. Start at huge hemlock below *Crossroads*. Short inside corner, to overhanging arete, finish face lett of *Quark*. (FA: Nichols, Bruce Jelon, Mike Lapierre, 2/86).

Atom Smasher (5.11 + ), Fall Wall. Underclings and overhanging, diagonaling thin cracks around corner from *Rock Crusher*. (FA: Nichols, 3/86).

Tiger of the Air (5.10 – ), Owl's Lair. Left to right girdle traverse. 3 pitches. Includes crux of *Prime Rib*. (FA. Nichols, Jim Wilcox, 6/86). Bridgework (5.8 + ), Molar Buttress. Short left to

Bridgework (5.8 + ), Molar Buttress. Short left to right traverse. Stay above *Incisor* roof. (FA: Wilcox, Rick Palm, 3/86).

Forget-Me-Knot (5.11+), Massachusetts, Chapel Ledge. Impressive overhanging headwall 75' left of main slabs. Start from ramp, traverse left to right-leaning dihedral. Turn arch to diagonal cracks, traverse left. Excellent. (FA: Nichols, 5/86).

References: Traprock: Rock Climbing in Central Connecticut, Ken Nichols, 1982; A Climber's Guide to Chapel Ledges, Richard Wilcox, Jr.,

## IDAHO CITY OF ROCKS New and in Good Style

The City is apparently undergoing the same stylistic controversies as the rest of the nation. Correspondent Steve Silva comments, "The following routes were done in impeccable style. This should be mentioned because a lot of new routes in the City are falling into the category of 'rap-and-drill.' A group of us are really trying to climb in as good as style as possible. It is much more fun to take your chances than hammer your way up," or down, as the case may be!

#### NEW ROUTES

No Net (5.10 – ), Morning Glory Spire Area. Thin line next to *Circus Roof.* (FA: Steve Silva, Jeff Lewis, Bob Whited.). Self Hypnosis (5.8 X), American Eagle Rock

Self Hypnosis (5.8 X), American Eagle Rock area. Northern-most open book of series of corners north of American Eagle Rock, directly up from Camp Rock. 150' up narrow fin. (FA: Whited, Lewis).

Milo's Crack (5.11b), American Rock area. The Rookery, Penguin Rock. Flared overhanging problem with chickenhead finish on west side. (FA: Silva, Lewis).

Opus Flake Direct (5.10a), Penguin Rock. Short, steep, detached flake on east side. Right side. (FA: Silva, Lewis). Penguin Lust (5.10a), Penguin Rock. Left side of

Penguin Lust (5.10a), Penguin Rock. Left side of Opus Flake. (FA: Silva, Lewis).

Nightmares in the Closet (5.10c/d), The Rookery. Just down from *Milo's*, 40' overhanging hand and fist. (FFA: Silva).

The All Purpose Face (5.10b), The Rookery. In back of formation with *Nightmares*. Thin diagonal crack. 2 knifeblades (not fixed) for pro. (FA: Lewis.)

Reference: City of Rocks, Idaho, A Climbers Guide, Dave Bingham, 1985.

## NEW YORK

## SHAWANGUNKS Bolts in the Gunks Twilight Zone goes Free

The Gunks are changing, and the controversy runneth over. Three bolts and a host of pins have been placed on rappel on a variety of new East Coast testpieces.

Most of the leading locals agree that a bolt or fixed pin here or there, when nothing else will work, is a sane idea; but all are concerned whether one bolt will lead to another and another. The rock appears to be a natural deterrent,

however; Gunks quartzite makes granite look like styrofoam. As one local put it, "It's not controversy nor ethics that'll keep people from bolting around here. It's the rock itself.'

Just as controversial is the matter of style, or rather lack of it. Toprope rehearsal and preplaced protection is becoming standard practice; very few new hard routes get done from the ground up. It seems to be a matter of



Photo: Jack Milesk

saving time, although most agree that starting from the bottom gives greater satisfaction. What all do agree on, however, is honesty.

Jeff Gruenberg's free ascent of Twilight Zone (5.13a) was not only one of the most notable events of the summer, but also one of the most controversial. An added bolt (after Gruenberg's ascent) caused only a minor rumble compared to speculation about "creative cleaning." Some loose (?) rock was pried off, creating two very useful buckets.

Nevertheless, Twilight Zone has been labeled a "classic." Scott Franklin, Jack Mileski, and Colin Lantz have since led the pitch, all confirming its quality and difficulty.

Most new route activity took place on Lost City and a new wall behind Supercrack. The new crag, the Eastern Bloc, was opened up with rappel-placed pins, leading to the creation of Dip-Iomatic Strain (5.12b) and Iron Curtain (5.12a/b) by Franklin and Al Diamond, respectively. Meanwhile, Punch the Kitty (5.12a/b/), Lantz's Cheeba Patrol (5.12b), and Franklin's Planet Fresh (5.12d), to name a few, were helping to make Lost City the crag to fall off of!

- Russ Clune

#### **NEW ROUTES**

Love Muscle (5.13a), Bonticou. Obvious overhanging wall with crack. Take left variation. (FA: Franklin, 6/86).

Prace Yourself (5.12b R), Skytop. Face 15' left of *Talus Food*. 1 bolt, fixed nut, fixed bashie. Possible to ground if "you blow the last clip-in." (FA: Jeff Morris, Paul Pomeroy, 8/86). Steel Fingers (5.11b/c), Skytop. Face and over-hang 25' left of *No Comment*. 3 pins. (FA: Clune, Dick Williams 9/86).

Dick Williams, 8/86).

Faster Than a Speeding Bullet (5.11b/c R), Skytop. Face and overhang just right of *Comedy* of *Terrors*. (FA: Clune, Rich Gottlieb, 8/86).

Diplomatic Strain (5.12b), Eastern Bloc, Skytop. Orange overhanging face left and uphill from *Supercrack*. 2 pins. (FA: Franklin, 6/86).

Iron Curtain (5.12a/b), Eastern Bloc, Skytop. Overhanging face 20' left of Diplomatic Strain. 3 pins (FA: Diamond, Clune, Kevin Bein, 6/86).

Twilight Zone (5.13a), Trapps. Free variation of original aid line with same name. "Outrageous" buttress and roof to old belay stance. (FA: Gruenberg, 6/86).

Mr. Meatsmoker (5.12a), Lost City. 100 yds right of Thunderdome, incipient crack on white face, left of vague arete. (FA: Jim Hall, Colin Lantz, Pomeroy, Marty Trumbore). Punch the Kitty (5.12a/b), Lost City. Face 25' left

of Mr. Meatsmoker. Excellent. (FA: Clune, 7/86). Resistoflex (5.11d/5.12a), Lost City. 40 ' right of Persistence. Arete into obvious crack on overhanging orange wall. (FA: Gruenberg, Mileski). Cheeba Patrol (5.12b), Lost City. 300 yds left of Persistence. Arete to ledge at 30', continue up

arete (5.11a). (FA: Lantz, Ken Goto, 7/86). Big Mamba's Dude Ranch (5.10d), Lost City. Left of *Cheeba Patrol*. Obvious overhanging face and crack. (FA: Trumbore, 7/86). Honemasters of the Universe (5.12d?), Lost

City. 100' left of Big Mamba's. Face and arete. Two pins. Hold broke off after FA; unclear as to whether it has been repeated. (FA: Trumbore, Lantz, 7/86).

Lantz, 7/86). Barefoot and Pregnant (5.7), Lost City. Just left of *Honemasters*. Obvious crack in corner. (FA: Cathy and Colin Lantz, 7/86). Surfing to Eternity (5.11a), Lost City. Left of *Barefoot*. (FA: Lantz, 7/86).

Rocket J. Squirrel (5.10b/c), Lost City. Just left of Surfing. Thin crack through bulge, face above (FA: Alison Osius, Clune, 8/86)

Jeff Gruenberg on Twilight Zone (5.13a).

Planet Fresh (5.12d), Lost City. 50' left Wishbone Overhang. Obvious left-facing corner/seam (pins) up to roof and orange face above. (FA: Franklin, Diamond, 7/86). Orchasm (5.11d), Lost City. 15' left of *Planet* 

Orchasm (5.11d), Lost City. 15' left of *Planet Fresh*. Crack/flake up to same finish as *Planet Fresh*. (FA: Franklin, 786). Squat Thrust (5.12a), Near Trapps, Start up *Bro*-

Squat Thrust (5.12a), Near Trapps, Start up Broken Sling, work left into shallow right-facing corner, overhang above. (FA: Clune, Morris). Bone Hard (5.12c), Trapps, behind Dick's Prick. Thin crack w/2 pins. Excellent. (FA: Diamond, Clune, Bein, 8/86).

Circumcisor (5.12a/b R), Trapps, behind Dick's Prick, Face w/2 pins 10' left of *Bone Hard*. (FA: Clune, Diamond, Lantz, 8/86).

References: The Gunks Guide, Todd Swain, 1986; Shawangunk Rock Climbs, Richard Williams, 1980.



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OREGON

#### SMITH ROCKS Finest Extreme Cragging in America?

In 1985, Alan Watts speculated that it would take five years for Smith Rocks to achieve national recognition, for its numerous extreme routes to become as well-known as those in the Gunks, the Valley, or Eldorado.

Starting in late April, the parking lot on the rim began to fill up with out-ofstate vehicles. By mid-May the locals were astounded: the parking lot was actually crowded during the week. Intensity was high, 5.12 and above was *the* standard. During one perfect day, a scan across the Dihedrals took in climbers working on eight routes, all 5.12 or harder.

Most of these visitors were the same nomads that wintered in Hueco Tanks. With months of training on overhanging solution holes, Smith's pockets offered no new mental barriers. Between Jonny Woodward, Geoff Weigand, Kim Carrigan, and several others in 1985 and this spring's onslaught, virtually every testpiece was repeated, several in superb style.

Perhaps Smith's most impressive on-sight, no-falls ascent took place in 1985 on Watts' devious Heinous Cling (5.12c). Originally climbed in two pitches (5.12a, 5.12b), the first half exemplifies classic, well-protected Dihedral's face climbing, but the second half rears over vertical and is a runout nightmare. During the second ascent, Woodward cruised through the first and second cruxes, and soon his last piece was receding further and further below his feet. The climbing "eased" to 5.11, but with an accumulated "titanic pump," the scrawny Brit began to moan about the potential for a fifty foot whipper! However, Woodward kept it together and pulled over the final holds, much to the amazement of slack-jawed locals below!

Australian Weigand also left a lasting impression last year with the second ascent of *Darkness at Noon* (5.13a), which has not been repeated so far this year, and the only one-day ascent to date of the spectacular *Chain Reaction* (5.12c).

The stars of this season, besides the incredibly persistent Watts (at one point he was working on five new lines in daily rotation, all 5.13!), were those flashing routes or repeating Smith's most difficult lines. In the quest for the flash ascent, coaching both before and while doing a route became popular. Perhaps "flash" ascents will soon be differentiated as in France: à vue (on-sight), indicating no previous route knowledge, or *premier essai* (first try), indicating a previous ascent had been

watched or move information (the sequence or beta) given prior or during the ascent.

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Among the more notable flashes of this spring were Bill Dockins (Montana) and 19-year old Jim Karn (Ohio) on Watts Tots (5.12b), Christian Griffith (Colorado) on Spank the Monkey (5.12a/b), and Todd Skinner (Wyoming) on Boy Prophet (5.12b). Other impressive repeats, these with falls, were Skinner's second ascents of Double Stain (5.13a/b) and the East Face of Monkey Face in two pitches (5.12d, 5.13c), and Mark Sonnenfeld's and Dan Michael's (Colorado) third and fourth ascents of Split Image (5.12d). These latter two ascents were without toprope rehearsal, employed by Watts and Woodward previously.

The action isn't all out-of-state or foreign, however. In addition to the prophet Watts, locals Brooke Sandahl, Kent Benesch, Tom Blust, and Chris Grover have been very active on the hard rock scene, having the area to themselves between what may become annual spring and fall migrations.

Although most of Smith's desperates have been redpointed before being considered established, many repeat ascents are yoyo, the rope being left through the top piece after a fall is taken. Just accomplishing the sequence from bottom to top in a single day becomes the goal. If the sequence can't be mastered at the end of the day, the rope is pulled for the next day's attempt.

#### **NEW ROUTES**

Since *Climbing's* last report on Smith Rocks, an incredible number of new routes have been established. Usually cleaned and bolted on rappel, the majority of new routes on Smith's redorange volcanic rock are of very high standard. Among those doing new routes, Watts stands out as the major producer of high quality lines in the Park. Sandahl and Benesch have also added a handful, several of which have become very popular.

Located east and up the Crooked River from Smith Rock's main entrance is the columnar basalt of the Gorge. This smooth, very fine-grained rock provides a much needed rest for fingertips trashed by the coarser welded tuff found in the Park. A pamphlet-guide produced a few years ago has opened the area to visitors, but locals still dominate the Gorge's first ascents. Chuck Buzzard's trails and general construction projects have made

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Wike Photos

Alan Watts attempting to eliminate the rest point on Rude Boys (5.13b A0), just left of Boy Prophet.

the Gorge an attractive destination. and his and Watts' first ascents have made a considerable dent in the diminishing supply of possible lines.

Describing the numerous routes established in the Gorge over the last few years is unpractical; lines exist literally every five feet. Many routes deserve mention, however. Watts' Masquerade (5.12b) may be the best of the hard routes, but Edge of the Road (5.12b), Split Decision (5.12a), and Jonny and the Melonheads (5.12b) are certainly contenders, and also all by Watts.

Slightly easier routes to search out are Sandahl's Razor Boy (5.10c); John Rich's Teachers in Space (5.11d) and Mr. Reach (5.11a); Buzzard's Cry of the Whore (5.11a), Jessie's Line (5.11b/c), Master Looney (5.11a), and McKenzie's Way (5.11b); and Watts' Pure Palm (5.11a) and Night Crossing (5.11b). Most locals will be pleased to send you in the right direction.

JS

#### THE PARK

Pubic Luau (5.12a), Picnic Lunch Wall. Left-leaning, left-facing arch left of *Unfinished Sym-phony*. Free version of an old aid route. *Luau Di*rect (5.12a tr) goes straight up to belay anchors. (FA: Sandahl.)

Midnight Snack (5.12c), Picnic Lunch Wall. Leftleaning, left-facing arch left of Pubic Luau. (FA: Watts).

Exile on Main Street (5.11a), Rolling Stones Wall, bright orange face high above valley floor, just upriver from Zebra/Zion routes. Vertical face past bolts. (FA: Benesch).

Gimme Shelter (5.11d), Rolling Stones Wall. Arete to right of *Exile*. (FA: Benesch). Zebra Seam (5.12a), Morning Glory Wall. Lead version of Original Start to the Zebra (FA: Steve Byrne)

Slow Burn (5.12a). Dihedrals, Leads out of the top of Karate Crack via a long reach, 15' after Karot Tots exits, and veers right (FA: Watts). Crossfire (5.12a/b), Dihedrals. Start same as Slow Burn, but work more-or-less straight up

face between Slow Burn and Power Dive. (FA: Watts)

Power Dive (5.12a), Dihedrals. Start same as Slow Burn, but veer left following some large holes. (FA: Watts).

Low Profile (5.12b/c), Dihedrals. Direct start to Karot Tots same start as Firing Line, but goes right before 3rd bolt, then up to 1st bolt on Karot Tots. Runout. (FA: Watts).

Firing Line (5.12b), Dihedrals. RP seam and bolts up wall left of Karate Crack. Rumored to be harder than Eldorado's Genesis! (FA: Watts). Latest Rage (5.12b), Dihedrals. Arete left of Fir-

ing Line. Very popular. (FA: Watts). Watts Tots (5.12b), Dihedrals. Face just left of Latest Rage. (FA: Watts).

Last Waltz (5.12b/c), Dihedrals. Arete left of Sunshine Dihedral. Either start left of arete via RP seam and bolts or up unprotected moves

(5.11d) below arete. (FA: Watts). Heinous Cling (5.12c), Dihedrals. RP seam and bolt-protected face just left of *Moonshine Dihed*ral. (FA: Watts).

Darkness at Noon (5.13a), Dihedrals. Bolt line just left of *Heinous Cling*. Originally done as two 5.12c pitches. (FA: Watts). Chain Reaction (5.12c), Dihedrals. Overhang-

ing, bolt-protected arete left of Darkness at Noon. (FA: Watts).

Boy Prophet (5.12b), Christian Brothers formation. Rising traverse left past 3 bolts to large 85° slab. (FA: Watts).

Risk Shy (5.12a tr), The Beard. Toprope or scary boulder problem on right edge. (FA: Watts). Double Stain (5.13b), Combination Blocks. Free version of old A2 route of same name. Gentlyoverhanging pin-scarred crack. (FA: Watts). Private Trust (5.11b), Combination Blocks. 2 bolt face immediately below Double Stain. (FA: Watts)

JBGHSL (5.11c tr), Smith Rock Group. Just left of Phoenix. (FA: Sandahl).

The Wave of Bliss (5.11d), Smith Rock Group. Just left of *Kunza Corner*, arete leading to face. Full-length pitch. (FA: Sandahl).

A Desperate Man (5.9), Christian Brothers West

Side. Left of *Cling On.* (FA: Doug Phillips). Cornerstone (5.11d). Arete with 3 bolts 150 yds left of *A Desperate Man.* Visible from trail. (FA: Buzzard)

Moons of Pluto (5.10c). Face 35' right of Trezlar. Very high quality. (FA: Frank Cornelius).

Moving in Stereo aka Alan Goes to Hollywood (5.12a), Monkey Face. Bolt-protected variation (start) to Astro Monkey. (FA: Benesch).

Northwest Passage (5.12a), Monkey Face. Free version. Heralded as the best 4-pitch, difficult route in America. (5.12a, 5.11c, 5.11d, 5.11c). (FA: independent pitches, Watts; consecutively, Hidetaka Suzuki).

Spank the Monkey (5.12a), Monkey Face. Boltprotected, very sharp arete just right of East Face of Monkey Face. Double ropes recom-mended. (FA: Watts).

East Face of Monkey Face (5.13d), Monkey Face. 1st and 2nd pitch combined. One of the only Smith Rock FA's not redpointed. Currently

America's most difficult pitch. (FA: Watts). Close Shave (5.12c), Monkey Face. Arete be-tween east and south faces. Start off Bohn Street. (FA: Watts)

Pioneer Route Variation (5.12d), Monkey Face. Follow Pioneer Route bolt line off Bohn Street for 20', move right and up overhanging wall to Mouth Cave. (FA: Watts).

References: Oregon Rock, Jeff Thomas, 1983; Mountain No. 107, "Smith Rock," Jeff Smoot, Janu-ary 1986; Climbing No. 74, "Free Climbing at Smith Rocks," Chris Grover and Alan Watts, September 1982; Climbers Guide to the Gorge (?), Chuck Buzzard, 1984 (?), available at Juniper Junction.

#### WASHINGTON

## City Park Freed, Soon Repeated

Without question, the highlight of this past summer was Todd Skinner's free ascent of the first pitch of *City Park, the* classic aid pitch on the Lower Index Town Wall.

Skinner had attempted the 90-foot pin-scarred crack in 1985, and after toprope and lead rehearsal he finally put it all together in a three-fall yoyo effort this past June. Skinner suggested renaming the pitch "Grease Monkey," as someone smeared axle grease on a number of crucial jams. He managed to burn most of the grease out with a torch, but some residue forced him to take a minor variation at the top rather than the crack!

After Alan Watts gave up a valiant attempt to repeat the route (he suffered a large laceration on a crucial finger), Hugh Herr jetted out from Pennsylvania in late July to capture the second ascent in a brilliant three-day effort without toprope rehearsal. Both Skinner and Watts feel *City Park* is harder than *The Stigma*, and Herr concurs with a "solid 5.13" rating.

Aside from City Park, there were a number of other notable new routes done in Washington. At Index, Darryl Cramer and Max Dufford's Artifice (5.12a) and Jeff Smoot's lead of Arachnid Arch (5.12a), and Herr's Ride of the Valkyries (5.12a) in Icicle Creek Canyon have rounded out the state's "introductory 5.12's," all of high quality. At Peshastin Pinnacles, Jim Yoder's first ascent of White Lightning (5.11a), a continuous friction pitch up a water streak, created an instant classic (Peshastin Pinnacles have been closed, see "Access").

Also of interest was the discovery of a new crag beside I-90 near Snoqualmie Pass, just west of Blondie Bluff, and 45 minutes from downtown Seattle. The Fun Forest (named after a Seattle amusement park) offers several short, high quality routes on excellent granite, and more to come. Access is via a tunnel under the freeway. Park just east of the first driveway on Denny Creek road, across from the Fun Forest.

Several locals have begun to preprotect proposed lines with bolts or pins and occasionally have rehearsed moves on toprope. Artifice, Racer X, Beetle Bailey Arch, White Lightning, and Primate Direct have all been preprotected to some extent, the latter two and Law and Order also being toproped prior to lead.

Jeff Smoot



Hugh Herr during the second ascent of City Park (5.13c).

#### INDEX

City Park (5.13c), Lower Town Wall. Left of Godzilla. (FA: Skinner.)

Artifice (5.12a), Lower Town Wall. Arch and steep knobby corner left of *City Park*. (FA: Cramer, Dufford.).

Arachnid Arch (5.12a), Lower Town Wall. Short arch and corner below main arch of *Sagittarius*. (FFA: Smoot).

Racer X (5.10b), Lower Lump. Slabby face far to left of *Beetle Bailey Arch* start. (FA: Cramer, Terry Lien).

Beetle Bailey Arch (5.11a, 1st 2 pitches), Lower lump. Knobby face and leaning crack at right edge of slab. (FFA: Lien, Cramer, Brian Scott). Repo Man (5.9+), Inner Town Wall. Right of Ecodem (5.4) Society Bick (Cramer).

Foodbar. (FA: Scott, Rick Graham). Stage One (5.12), Upper Town Wall. Formerly Universal Language. B1 start followed by 5.10+. (FA: Kjell Swedin, Eric Winkleman).

Solution (FA: Kjell Swedin, Eric Winkleman). Golden Arch (5.11a/b), Upper Town Wall. Free version. (FFA: Winkleman, Swedin). Law and Order (5.10c R), Lookout Point. 1st part

(also called Anarchy and Chaos, 5.10b R) begins directly above Private Idaho Cliff in unprotected corner. Serious for 60'. 165'. (FA: Jeff Kelly, Matt Arksey).

Ride of the Valykries (5.12a), Icicle Creek Canyon. Prominent 25' roof crack near Bolt Rock bouldering area. Loose blocks on approach. (FA: Herr).

Squealer aka East of Java(5.12b), Icicle Creek Canyon. Short overhanging finger crack. (FA: tr, Dick Cilley, *Climbing* no. 84; solo, Smoot).

Dick Cilley, *Climbing* no. 84; solo, Smoot). White Lightning (5.11a), Grand Central Tower, Peshastin Pinnacles. Bolt-protected water streak between *Direct West Face* and *Scratch*. (FA: Yoder).

Primate Direct (5.11a), Dinosaur Tower, Peshastin Pinnacles. Connection of Washboard with Primate via face traverse from pin above Washboard bolt line. (FA: Yoder).

Wild Mouse (5.11a), Fun Forest, Discontinuous cracks, starting with roof, left margin of crag. (FA: Smoot).

Flight to Mars (5.11c), Fun Forest. Prominent diagonal crack in center of formation. Marginal protection on lower 40°. (FA: Smoot, Herr). Vulcan Death Grip (5.12b), Fun Forest. Thin crack and pinch-rib on right side of crag. Hangers put on 2 bolts of parallel bolt ladder. (FA: Herr, Smoot).

References: Index Town Walls; A Guide to Rock Climbs including Stevens Pass, Jeff Smoot and Darryl Cramer, 1985; Washington Rock, Don Brooks and David Whitelaw, 1982; Icicle Creek Canyon; Washington's Best Kept Secret," Climbing no. 92, Jeff Smoot, October 1985.

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## WESTERN CANADA

#### ALBERTA

### Things Just Keep Getting Harder

It may be that the number of climbers in Alberta has reached a critical mass. Several seasons of inertia have been broken by an explosion of good, highstandard climbs put up over the last two years. Clawing their way to the forefront are several new faces and, surprisingly, several ancient hardmen. Almost every new route has been 5.10 and above; could it be the lycra?

Yamnuska coughed up six new routes, much to everyone's surprise. Even more surprising is the discovery that most of these routes are on better quality rock than the older routes which followed major weaknesses.

Steve Demaio's first ascent of Highlander (II 5.10 A2) in an 18-hour ropedsolo helped motivate many too-complacent locals. A week after his ascent, he and Sean Dougherty repeated the route in nine hours, freeing it at 5.10c. By the end of last summer, the team of Brian Gross, Dave Cheesmond, and Charles Quinn managed three high quality routes, setting a trend by linking stretches of previously-ignored grey bands.

The older hard routes on Yam are getting a great deal more traffic; the C.M.C. Wall (IV 5.11a) has seen at least four ascents, and variations have helped to make it more reasonably protected. Recent ascents are calling it the best climb on the Yam.

Jeff Marshall, Brian Gross, and several others combined forces to push Astro-Yam (IV 5.11c) up the steep wall left of Directissima. This now ranks as the hardest route on the face. It is described as the linking of several unlikelylooking grey patches with long runouts on hard sections. The other contender for this distinction is *Yellow Edge* (IV 5.11c), reported in *Climbing* no. 97. Most of these new routes are protected by bolts (use small-gate carabiners), largely placed from hooks.

The Back of the Lake at Lake Louise continues to grow in popularity, as well it should. Its fantastic quartzite is reminiscent of that found in the Shawangunks, and may provide the finest rock-climbing in Alberta.

Josh Korman has been a major force, establishing three firsts in the 5.11 range and bagging the first free ascent of the oft-tried Scared Peaches (II 5.12a), certainly the singular event of the summer. Several others had been able to reach the roof halfway up the crack, but Korman was the first to move left above the roof and reach the Air Voyage belay

The short cliffs of Grotto Canyon are now swollen with over 100 climbs, many at high standard. Several promise to be classics, notably Walk on the

Wilde Side (5.11c), Grey Matter (5.10d), and The Importance of Being Earnest (5.12a) (route decriptions unavailable). Sean Dougherty and Dave Morgan have been primarily responsible for the area's development.

Grotto's emergence as short technical training ground is a significant departure from history and is responsible for the strength of many young climbers. The crowds found during weekends are unusually large, and seem to mark the acceptance of previewing, pre-cleaning, and pre-bolting often used here.

Several new alpine and ice routes were reported from last winter. Ian Bolt and Ward Robinson climbed a mixed gully rated IV 5.8 A1 on the north face of Little Snowdome. Peter Croft, Joe Buszowski, and Peter Arbic completed a waterfall on the West Face of Mount Wison, The Totem Pole (IV 1000 ft.); it follows a series of steps up a gully about 12km north of the Saskatchewan River Crossing. Finally, Dan Guthrie and Peter Charkiw climbed Cold Choice (V), two pitches up a waterfall at the head of the newly opened Emerald Lake.

-Geoff Powter

#### YAMNUSKA

The East End Boys (III 5.11 A3). Follow 11/2 pitches of *Yellow Edge*, move up and left into obvious corner leading to top. 5 or 6 pitches. (FA: Demaio, Bill Betts).

Brown Pants (II 5.10c). Follow corner directly below 4th belay of Red Shirt crossing that route on the 4th pitch, then continue up for 3 more pitches, following line of old pegs and bolts. (FA: Gross, Cheesmond, Quinn). Wild Boys (III 5.10b). Right of Balrog. (FA:

Cheesmond, Gross, Quinn).

The Heat Is On Boys (III 5.10b). Fine, clean line left of Kahl Wall. Dihedral system. (FA: Cheesmond, Gross, Quinn).

Astro-Yam (IV 5.11c). Scramble to top of pillar right of start to Directissima. Move up and left following bolts to large ledge (same as Directissima 5th stance). 3rd pitch traverses right to groove, 3 more pitches to top. (FA: Marshall, Gross, with Brian Wallace, Powter, Demaio). Highlander (IV 5.10c). Between C.M.C. Wall and Directissima. (FA: Demaio, solo; FFA: Demaio, Dougherty).

#### LAKE LOUISE

Mardi Gras (5.11a). Technical start to Ash

Wednesday. (FA: Colin, Zacharias). Mr. Rogers Smokes a Fat One (5.11a). Start Air Voyage, go left after 20'. A "Pump-a-thon." (FA: Joe Buszowski). Sacred Peaches (5.12a). Completion of original

aid line, joining *Air Voyage* belay. (FA: Korman). Colloidal Impact (5.11d). Right of *Wicked Grav*ity. (FA: Korman).

Polio Roof (5.11a). Direct start to Land's End. (FA: Korman).

Serious Young Losers (5.11d). Right of Strange Date, on Liquid Sky Wall. (FA: Korman).

References: Yamnuska Rock Climbs, Urs Kallen, out-of-print (1976?); Mountain Magic in Banff may have copies of a Back of the Lake topo; new topo in preparation, contact Mountain Magic.



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## FRANCE

#### VERTICAL, ALPIRANDO, MONTAGNES The World According to France

Undoubtedly the French School of rock climbing has influenced the attitudes of climbers throughout the world. This school of style, most commonly associated with pre-placed protection (usually bolts), began to evolve nearly ten years ago, and its results have astounded much of the rest of the world.

Their methods, which they see as not the most elegant, but the most efficient means of developing their skills, permit any sort of toproping, hangdogging, etc., with the eventual goal of a redpoint ascent. Until the problem is redpointed it is not considered "free." This final ascent is, to them, a purer and more beautiful flowing form of climbing movement than with the engineering aspects required when placing fixed gear on lead, or ascents claimed after repeated falls without retrieving the rope (yoyo).

This move away from what Jean-Claude Droyer terms the Anglo-Saxon School has produced a wealth of high

The major factor responsible for the French School is the nature of the rock. Solution pockets in vertical to overhanging limestone characterize most modern routes. Perhaps the closest equivalent the States have to this type of rock is the welded tuff of Smith Rocks. Upper Pichenibule Wall, Verdon. Inset: 7b (5.12b/c) at Buoux.



standard climbs and climbers. There are over 30 climbers who have redpointed climbs of 8a (5.13a/b) or harder (from a population base one-quarter the size of the United States).

Amongst these, Jean-Baptiste Tribout and Didier Raboutou have done over 27 routes rated 8a, and several others are not far behind. Nineteenyear-old Marc Le Menestral has done four of the eight 8b/8b+'s (5.13d/ 5.14a?) in southern France. It's not clear in my mind whether a single route of this difficulty exists in the States. If so, it has not received a redpoint ascent (Patrick Edlinger gave Sphinx Crack (5.13b/c) a rating of 8a+).

Furthermore, every route of 8a or harder has been repeated. Currently, Edlinger is leading the way in on-sight, no-fall leads, being the only one to have flashed an 8a so far.

It seems that such progress has been, in part, the result of a unified climbing community. The north/south rivalry slowly disappeared through communication and interaction between the two groups. The problems of divisive slander tend not to arise when anything goes in order to work out and link a sequence of moves.

Chiseling holds on established routes is taboo, but is a relatively common – though debatable – practice on new routes. However, filing down fleshripping edges is a well-accepted and lauded practice on new routes. Interestingly, there doesn't seem to be a concern about leaving routes for future generations, as they see themselves in a nuclear crossfire.

If anything, resentment arises from the publicity certain individuals receive in a community where it seems hard to stand out above the rest. However, with the massive attention paid to the sport by the French media, finances are becoming less and less of a problem for the top climbers.

Climbing competitions now seem to be adding an air of professionalism to the sport. (There are even televised indoor competitions on artificial walls.) Sponsored teams are starting to emerge, and although many of the top climbers rejected the idea of competitions at first, they are now finding themselves involved for press and profit.

However, there is a feeling that winning may be more a function of luck than of superior climbing skills. Also, in other situations (extreme free climbing, soloing, etc.), there will be better climbers than the competition winner. There is a fear that this institutionalization of climbing may stifle the creative process by forcing climbers to conform and compete for their "bread" rather than concentrate on new routes of extreme difficulty, or equally valid pursuits.

The continued evolution of climbing is, as in the States, a hot topic for discussion. As limestone does not generally lend itself to natural protection (or on-lead bolting) on difficult sections, the rock, in a sense, has dictated the course taken in establishment of testpieces. Placing bolts on rappel, often with a power drill, has become the accepted form of protection. Though the bolts may or may not be closely placed, the rule seems to be that there should not be ledge-fall potential at any point.

Arriving at this protection scheme may sound simple enough, but imagine the reaction of the old guard in seeing this transformation gradually sweep away the alpine-oriented perspective, developed over generations, on how climbs should be done. Obviously there was strife for quite some time. This questioning of the future direction of climbing no longer has the intensely opposed camps it did at one time. This is perhaps due to the lack of a vociferous, reactionary old guard. Most seem to be aware of the changing nature of the sport and seem to be willing to discuss the issues and adapt accordingly.

As this form of climbing has evolved, the moves have become increasingly gymnastic, with lessened psychological barriers of potential injury. However, it is unclear where this will lead. Some believe that the psychological barriers should be removed yet another step by accepting toproping as a valid end. This approach would advance the standards as there would be no need for holds good enough to stop and clip in, as well as eliminate carrying gear which detracts from the joy and flow of movement. On the other hand, many believe that one climbs better when leading because the fear of falling provides motivation, and that fear is an integral part of the sport which should not be eliminated. Mastering the difficulties presented by a route seems much more vibrant while attempting a redpoint lead.

The French, while developing their own form of climbing, are not unaffected by the developments in the rest of the world. The flashing feats of Jerry Moffatt provided a real jolt to the French scene. Even though Edlinger had flashed 7c (5.12c/d) before Moffatt's visit, on-sight, no-fall ascents have played an increasingly important role in French climbing ever since. There is now a well-established code for these no-fall ascents: *à vue*, meaning absolutely no prior knowledge of the route's sequence.

Similarly, the soloing ethic of the British (bold, on-sight ascents) has been questioned and rejected by most French climbers. In France, soloing is usually done on routes which one knows, though not necessarily totally wired. And yet again, the historical aspects of climbing require continually asking the question, "What could be more artificial (and paradoxical) than to hang off the rope every few meters and speak of free climbing?" and,



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"Should not climbing be started from the ground up, especially on established routes?"

Clearly this climbing community is asking itself some intellectually difficult questions. In France there is a feeling that climbing is just beginning to emerge from its prehistoric stages. They view the future as wide open, and that they all have a role in determining the direction of the sport. Most of the French seem to agree that it's foolish to say that climbing is like this or like that; they believe it's in a continual state of change. Who knows where this will take them, and perhaps us. This report is a synopsis of several articles in recent issues of the French magazines Vertical, Alpirando, and Montagnes, particularly an article entitiled "Ici Radio Libre: Les Grimpeurs Parlent aux Grimpeurs" (Vertical no. 6), which relates a magazine-sponsored, round-table discussion of several of the leading French rock climbers. Objectively translating and summarizing these articles was no doubt difficult. Myers, one of the leading climbers in Boulder, pulled off what I believe is a very accurate portrayal of the French rock climbing community.

-Bill Myers

## ITALY

## Patrick Edlinger First in International Meet Lynn Hill Second Among Women

Patrick Edlinger surprised the field by winning the second annual Meeting Internazioanale Competitivo Trofeo Sportroccia, the premier European climbing competition held over two weekends in early July.

Edlinger placed fifth in the first weekend's contest, won by fellow Frenchman Alain Ghersen, but took first the following weekend, giving him enough total points to win the competition title.

Sole American entrant Lynn Hill, from New Paltz, took second place overall in the women's division, won by French star Catherine Destivelle. Destivelle, perhaps the best-known woman climber in Europe, won both weekend's contests and the overall title based on total points.

During the second weekend's contest, however, Hill and Destivelle were tied, but a controversial last-minute rule change eliminated what was to be a tie-breaking "superfinal," giving Destivelle the second weekend's win, and ultimately the women's title.

Despite the apparently arbitrary rule change which eliminated her last shot at the title, Hill is not bitter. She feels that she made a good showing, demonstrating to a relatively chauvinistic European climbing community that women, and Americans, deserve recognition on the international climbing scene.

Edlinger's win came as somewhat of a shock to most of the leading European competitors. Although a media star, Edlinger was not considered one of France's top climbers by many of his contemporaries. In the race to bag the hardest of the European routes, Edlinger is far behind many of the younger climbers, presumably because he prefers to climb *à vue* (see "France").

"He blew them away, actually. He pulled off a coup, he really did," observed Russ Raffa, another New Paltz climber who joined the more than 4000 spectators. Among the favorites were Frenchmen Didier Raboutou, Jean-Baptiste Tribout, and Marc Le Menestral, German Stefan Glowacz (last year's winner), and Brits Ben Moon, Martin Atkinson, and Chris Gore.

Over 120 men and 20 women participated in the contest. Many of the top climbers, several organized into teams reminiscent of pro-cycling competitions, were sponsored by various European equipment manufacturers. The first weekend's contest took place on the steep limestone of a hot and humid Arco di Trento in northern Italy. For the second weekend's contest, the climbers moved to a much cooler Bardonecchia, a ski resort in the Italian Alps.

During the first day of each weekend contestants were required to lead three routes of up to 80 feet in length. The routes increased in difficulty from 5.10b to 5.11 for the women and 5.10c to 5.12 for the men.

Routes were bolted and equipped with quick-draws. The contestants had nine minutes to climb the route once started, lowering to the ground and pulling the rope if a fall was taken. Each climb was worth between 200-300 points based on difficulty and climbers were free to watch others do the route.



On the second day of each weekend the finalists were required to climb only one route, more difficult than anything on the previous day. Fourteen minutes were allotted to complete the problem, and contestants were not allowed to watch others attempt it. After the final, contestants returned to a route done the day before and climbed for style, rated by five judges.

Points based on difficulty and style, and time taken to complete each route, were totaled from both weekends. Style generally accounted for less than 5% of the total points and time was used only in the event of a tie (superfinal tie-breakers were to be held if there was a tie for first place).

Despite confusion over judging and unclear rules the contest was evidently a media success as planned; eight TV cameras broadcast the competition. The female winner took home nearly \$1500.00, and the male winner drove away with around \$3000.00 and a new Fiat; competition directors were reluctant to give exact amounts.

> Based on a conversation with Lynn Hill and Russ Raffa — JS



Gambert, Destivelle, Hill, Pattisier.

Performance

Raffa/Peak

Russ



## PAKISTAN

## Deadly Season in the Karakoram

Despite some notable successes, the summer was a tragic one in the Karakoram. Several very strong expeditions were active on the Pakistan side of K-2 (8611m), the second highest peak in the world, but by mid-August the mountain had claimed twelve victims.

A stormy June presaged events to come, when a nine-member American team attempting the South Pillar met with a freak accident. Expedition leader John Smolich and Alan Pennington, both of Portland, Oregon, were just below the Negrotto Saddle, when a huge rock fell onto the lowangle snowfield they were traversing. The resulting massive avalanche – the fracture line was reportedly visible from several miles away – swept the pair to their deaths, and the expedition was abandoned.

A month later, Italian climber Renato Casarotto died attempting the South Pillar of K-2 solo. Descending from his final attempt, he fell into a crevasse and suffered severe injuries. Friends at basecamp (including his wife, Goretta) had seen Casarotto disappear, but were able to establish radio contact with him. A rescue party reached Casarotto and managed to pull him from the crevasse. Shortly thereafter he collapsed and died, apparently from massive internal injuries.

The majority of the traffic on K-2 fell on the Abruzzi Ridge, with teams of all nationalities apparently sharing camps, fixed ropes, and, presumably, trail-breaking duties. On June 23, Wanda Rutkiewicz (Poland) and Liliane Barrard (France) became the first women to climb K-2; they were accompanied by Liliane's husband Maurice Barrard and another Frenchman, Marcel Parmentier. While descending on June 24, the Barrards disappeared, having either fallen or been avalanched off.

On July 5, four Italians, Czech Josef Rakoncaj (for his second time on K-2), two Swiss, and a Frenchman, Benoit Chamoux, all reached the summit. Chamoux, who had climbed Broad Peak (8047m) earlier in the season in an amazing 17 hours round-trip from basecamp, made a similar dash to the summit of K-2, completing the 3500meter climb in under 24 hours!

Late in the season, K-2 claimed six

K2 from Concordia. Right skyline is the Abruzzi Ridge. The new Polish route follows the sunlit rib to the left of the Abruzzi then diagonals left to the summit.

more victims. Details were scarce at presstime, but a wire service story reported that Julie Tullis and Alan Rouse (Britian), Alfred Imietzer and Hans Weise (Austria), and Dobroslawa Wolf-Miodowicz and Wojciech Wroz (Poland) all perished in severe snowstorms after reaching the summit between August 4 and 11.

A very strong American team attempted the North Ridge of K-2 from China, but no news was available as of the end of August.

## Kukuczka and Piotrowski Climb South Face of K2

K-2 was also the scene of one of the hardest and boldest routes yet accomplished in the Himalaya. Polish climbers Jerzy Kukuczka and Tadeusz Piotrowski made a magnificent first ascent of the huge South Face, following an independent and direct line between the South Pillar and the Abruzzi Ridge.

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BUZZARD MOUNTAIN GEAR 250 Moraine • Box 2163 Estes Park, CO 80517 303-586-4638 The pair was attached to a large international expedition, and in the initial stages, several expedition members worked on establishing the route to Camp I. After this, the Poles were alone. They established a second camp at 6400 meters, fixing 500 meters of rope on the difficult rock rib (UIAA IV +) in the center of the face.

Starting their final push from basecamp on July 3, Kukuczka and Piotrowski made rapid progress to Camp II, where they spent the night. Climbing alpine style from here, they made four bivouacs on the upper section of the face, encountering very difficult mixed ground (V+) between 8100 and 8200 meters.

The pair reached the summit at 6:30 p.m. July 8 in bad weather, and immediately began their descent via the Abruzzi Ridge. Continuous snowfall and poor visibility forced them to bivouac two more nights, at 8300 and 7900 meters, without tent, food, or water. While downclimbing steep ice on July10, Piotrowski lost his crampons and fell to his death. Kukuczka continued the descent alone, using two South Korean camps along the way; despite a search by another Polish party climbing nearby, Piotrowski's body was never found.

Climbed with no supplementary oxygen, minimal fixed rope, and in alpine style (from two fixed camps relatively low on the mountain), this ascent is clearly a major accomplishment. Proficiency at high-altitude technical climbing and incredible commitment and drive were necessary to pull off this audacious climb.

Piotrowski's death as well as that of numerous others on K-2 this year, brings up a number of questions as to the direction that Himalayan climbing appears to be taking.

Virtually all of the people killed on K-2 this year were very experienced Himalayan climbers. The Polish pair can hardly be accused of rushing into their climb - Kukuczka has now climbed eleven of the world's fourteen 8000-meter peaks (seven by new routes, three in winter, and one solo), and while not as experienced at extreme altitude, Piotrowski had climbed Noshaq in winter. Renato Casarotto was well-known for his solo exploits all over the world, including numerous climbs in the Alps (many in winter), and first ascents of Broad Peak North (Karakoram) and the North Pillar of Fitzroy. As a husband-wife team, the Barrards had made ascents of Gasherbrum II and Nanga Parbat, and nearly successful attempts on Broad Peak and Makalu, And Alan Rouse was one of Britian's most seasoned Himalayan veterans, with alpine-style ascents of Jannu, Broad Peak, and Kongur to his credit.

It would be fair to say that the climbers who lost their lives on K-2 this year were well aware of the risks they were taking. However, it may be time for people to question the validity of ascents which are accomplished at such great cost.

Relatively easy routes, such as the South Col on Everest, the Abruzzi Ridge on K-2, and the Northeast Ridge of Dhaulagiri, are apparently becoming trade routes for an increasing number of 8000-meter peak baggers. However, despite a vast fund of common knowledge and experience, and highly sophisticated equipment, the great peaks of the world are still a cold, remote, and unforgiving arena for even the most seasoned and well-prepared climbers.

## Gasherbrum-IV Receives Second Ascent, 28 Years after Bonatti

One of the most striking and difficult peaks in the world saw its second ascent in July, when Greg Child and Tim McCartney-Snape (Australia), and Tom Hargis (U.S.) stepped onto the elusive summit of Gasherbrum IV (7925m), 28 years after Walter Bonatti and Carlo Mauri's first ascent.

Just shy of 8000 meters, Gasherbrum IV was first climbed in 1958 by a very strong Italian team led by Ricardo Cassin. After an extended and uncertain siege, Bonatti and Mauri made the difficult traverse to the summit, rightly described as that "lofty conclusion to that 10,000 foot wall of bright marble with lights up the Baltoro along its entire length" (Dyhrenfurth, *Mountain* no. 49). The Italians had climbed the Northeast Ridge.

In the early 1960's, the Karakoram was closed to foreign expeditions for political reasons. And with many high peaks still unclimbed, and the entire Himalayan chain virtually unexplored by climbers, it is perhaps understandable that Gasherbrum IV wasn't even attempted again for 20 years.

The government of Pakistan reopened the area in 1974, and since that time, the Baltoro region has seen an ever-increasing number of climbers each year. While several neighboring peaks have assumed trade-route status – notably Gasherbrum II and Broad Peak – Gasherbrum IV has proven to be one of the most problematic of the high peaks surrounding Concordia. The mountain has repulsed at least six strong attempts in recent years by British, American, and Japanese teams.

In a brilliant alpine-style effort, Voytek Kurtyka (Poland) and Robert Schauer (Austria) climbed the West Face and descended the Northwest Ridge in an 11-day round trip in July 1985 (*Climbing* nos. 93 and 95). Completely extended, they were forced to turn back just a few meters short of the lower north summit.

This year's climb was made via the Northwest Ridge, which had been attempted by American teams in 1983 and 1984. Arriving at basecamp on May 17, Child, McCartney-Snape, Hargis, Jeff Radford, Andy Tuthill, Randy Leavitt, and Steve Risse set to work, establishing camps on the upper West Gasherbrum Glacier (5700m), the col below the Northwest Ridge (6700m), and in a snow cave on the ridge proper (7100m). Between Camps II and III they followed a line on the east side of the ridge, rather than the snow ramp on the west side which had been used in 1983 and 1984. They were able to make use of ropes left from earlier attempts, fixing some additional line above Camp III.

Initially, poor weather hampered progress, but good conditions returned in mid-June. Child, McCartney-Snape, Hargis, Radford, and Tuthill started their final push from basecamp on June 17, reaching Camp III the foliowing day. From here, they climbed to the top of the first major rockband and bivouaked at 7400 meters, which was the highpoint of the 1984 attempt.

Carrying bivouac gear, the five climbed steep snow and ice to the foot of the final rockband barring access to the summit ridge. Radford decided to bivouac here, while the other four left their gear and continued on. The rockband was easier than expected, but time-consuming; it was 4 p.m. when they reached its top at 7900 meters. In order to make the summit the following day, a bivouac at 7900 meters, without food, stoves, or sleeping bags, was necessary. Tuthill elected to descend to Radford and the gear, leaving the other three to dig a snow cave and shiver the night away.

Child. The following day, McCartney-Snape, and Hargis climbed directly up the ridgeline to the north summit, then traversed to the main summit, arriving there at 10 a.m. The highest point was difficult to determine, as the summit ridge consisted of a number of rocky pinnacles of approximately the same height. McCartney-Snape found a piece of Bonatti's rope attached to a piton close to the summit. The descent was uneventful, although the trio came very near to getting a grand tour of the West Face when McCartney-Snape fell 50 feet, only to be held by a boot-axe belay from Child. They returned to Camp IV at 10 p.m. that night, and to basecamp June 24.

Child comments: "Gasherbrum IV was a very difficult peak; the outcome was in doubt right until the end. We definitely stood on the shoulders of the 1983 and 1984 teams by making use of their fixed ropes and the knowledge gained from their attempts. We were especially impressed with Kurtyka and Schauer's West Face climb, which seemed an awful lot to bite off for just two people."

— MK

#### **Editorial Note**

Several abbreviations and terms are used to describe a route or the style of its ascent. "R" and "X" are seriousness ratings, the latter indicating virtually no protection. The use of seriousness ratings depends on the area and the correspondent; often, seriousness is not reported. "tr" indicates the route is climbed with a toprope. "FA" and "FFA" are abbreviations for first ascent and first free ascent.

Style of first ascents, quality of line, and rack lists generally are not reported; this should be information recorded in local guidebooks and judged by the local community. However, style is often referred to when discussing local trends.

"Redpoint" is used to describe an ascent where the rope is not weighted and all non-fixed protection is placed on lead. "Flash" is a redpoint ascent with no prior rehearsal, lead or toprope. Yoyo is an ascent where a fall or falls have occurred, the leader lowering to the ground but the rope remaining in place for the successful attempt.

First-hand information and corrections are necessary to the validity of this column, and correspondence and criticism are heartily encouraged. The deadline is 5 weeks before the month of issue. Deadline for December issue is October 21.



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**OCTOBER** 1986 -



He is arguably the best known American climber in the world. During the latter half of the 1970's, John Bachar's strength, determination, and effortless style formed an image of invincibility, and his success on what many considered the most difficult routes of the time elevated him to the stature of Royal Robbins and Henry Barber.

With the turn of the decade Bachar's reputation began to evolve from that of a master of difficulty to a master of boldness, as he established such routes as *Body and Soul* (5.12) in Tuolumne Meadows, repeated once since its first ascent in 1981, and the *Bachar-Yerian* (5.11a), said by Wolfgang Gullich to be scarier than most routes in Dresden.

His penchant for climbing without a rope needs no introduction. One of his most impressive efforts took place on a cool fall day in 1982, when he free-soloed *Left Ski Track*, *Spiderline*, *Leave it to Beaver*, *Wet T-Shirt Night*, *Hot Rocks*, *Baby Apes*, *Big Moe*, and finally *More Funky than Monkey*, six pitches of solid 5.11 and two of 5.12.

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Photo: Bachar Collection

New Dimensions (5.11a), 1982.

An elbow injury in January, 1983 forced Bachar from the forefront of extreme technical difficulty, but he still takes pride in pushing himself to his uttermost limits. He continues to seek out days of maximum "footage." This last May, a week before he and Peter Croft climbed both Half Dome and El Cap in a day (*Climbing* no. 97), Bachar warmed up by soloing *Gripper* (5.10b), *Leanie Meanie* (5.11b), *New Dimensions* (5.11a), and *Anticipation* (5.11b), cruised across the Valley to solo the *North Face of the Rostrum* (V 5.11c), then cooled down with a solo of *Catchy* (5.10d) onto *Catchy Corner* (5.11a).

Bachar's most recent first ascents tend to blur the distinction between leading and soloing. And although their numbers don't draw national attention, several are at the cutting edge of mind control. *Johnny Rock*, named in jest at himself and the seriousness with which he is perceived, is perhaps the most notable – a vertical to slightly-overhanging pitch of Tuolumne Knobs, rated a Bachar 5.11a, and protected by a single bolt placed from the only natural stance. His soloing, his successful entrance into business with the American introduction of the Fire rock shoe (although he claims he is a "5.2 businessman"), his refusal to compromise style, and a tendency towards arrogance have left Bachar's image as confused and controversial as any of those he ideologically opposes.

For 12 years I've watched the "golden boy." As a teenager he was obviously very gifted, the center of attraction as he roamed Yosemite Lodge on his stingray. Years later I found myself staring at him, a saxplayer in his mid-20's, standing amidst a crowd in front of his red VW van. Last spring he was still an imposing figure, showing the latest Boreal technology from the tailgate of his slick new Toyota truck, parked in the center of the corridor formed by the vehicles of the Valley locals.

I forced away my intimidation on that crisp May morning, and cautiously approached him. My short awkward sentences managed to convey my intent, but Bachar was somewhat incredulous, wondering at *Climbing*'s motivation after printing several pieces dumping on the California scene: "Most climbers apparently dislike me."

A week later we met on the stumps in front of Degnans, and within minutes were engaged in conversation about philosophy and style which lasted until the sun slipped behind the Valley walls, sending us in search of our respective sources of warmth – his a home and wife in nearby Foresta and mine a damp tent in the mechanized depths of Upper Pines.

That conversation and several that followed left me surprised and a bit pleased to discover John Bachar as very personable, with many of the same doubts and motivations as myself, and others who have dedicated their adult lives to climbing. My attitude toward Bachar had been shaped by years of something akin to hero-worship, but tainted by recent events, both real and imagined.

After I spent a month-and-a-half in Hueco Tanks, where I learned to appreciate the value of rap-placed routes and heard numerous stories about the California scene, I had conjured up images of Bachar as rock climbing's Jerry Falwell. I found many of the rumors to be untrue, and Bachar's sound logic and convincing arguments caused me to seriously reconsider the validity of routes established from the top.

Understanding Bachar requires understanding his heritage as a Yosemite free climber and the dynamics of the sport which have placed him in his current position. His views are not static, and his apparent disregard for what others think is an illusion. Despite the plethora of articles about him, he feels climbers are his most important audience, this, his most important interview.

The current divergence of climbing styles and the resultant controversies, especially those which have surrounded Bachar as a public figure, have caused him and many others in the Valley to become extremely defensive. As a result, most of our conversations dealt with style. We'd start talking about his business or his family and end up ranting about style, often from opposing viewpoints. But by the time I left the Valley, I felt we had gone beyond our differences and focused on what makes us who we are, what separates us from others – an overwhelming passion for movement on rock.



#### Brenda Bachar

American free climbing is suffering an unprecedented upheaval of controversy over style. It seems that the movement toward organized competition, pre-placed protection, and hangdogging is based solely on European concepts, primarily developed over the last few years. I call it the neoeuropean style. Your first visit to Europe, in 1980, must have forewarned you. Tell us about it.

Sportscheck offered me a free ticket to go to a three-day sports show, Sportklettern International, in Germany. The show blew my mind. I couldn't believe how many people were there, nearly three thousand. My first day in Europe I'm signing a hundred autographs. I'm sure most people didn't know who I was, they just knew I was one of the main guys.

We had to climb in front of this crowd on these little climbs in Konstein. We would lead a route, get to the top, and all of a sudden you'd hear this clapping, and you'd remember there are a thousand people in the meadow watching you. It was really funky. In a way it was a meet, because Ron Fawcett would lead something and everyone would run over and watch him, then we'd get this pressure to go lead it so everyone could watch us. There were weird vibes. People were competitive. I thought it was going to be really avantgarde, you know: "Let's get together and talk about ethics, philosophy, spiritual aspects, concentration..." But it was so basic. People were asking: "What do the numbers mean?"

Afterwards we did what we wanted. I went to Germany and hung around some of the climbers there, like Kurt Albert, Wolfgang Gullich, Norbert Sander, and Norbert Bates. They're all really nice guys.

After doing some of their routes, I started learning

how they put routes up. I asked how they got the bolts in. "Rappel," they said. I went, "Rappel? How do you know where to put the bolts?" "We toprope first." It just seemed so ridiculous. I said, "Why don't you at least try hanging off a hook?" This was before I'd ever done that – it's where I got the idea, a compromise, but one that still maintains the adventure. They thought my ethics were really pure; it appealed to them.

So they tried this new route, a 5.12. A guy got up, hung on a hook, started drilling. Ping! The hook popped and he flew. "Yes, it is very much more adventuresome." Then he got up and finished it, which I thought was bitchin'. But after I left I guess they went back to the other way. Maybe they couldn't compete with the French; who knows why? But I'm sure it had something to do with competition.

You went to the Verdon didn't you? The routes there are said to be some of the best in the world, and they were placed on rappel.

It was neat climbing but after a while all the routes started feeling the same. There are bolts every five or ten feet, it's like trails they've set up. I really love the rock in the Verdon, and it is my favorite rock to this day. But after a while it seemed so contrived – you can't relate these routes to a first ascent. Sometimes it felt like an insult to your climbing intelligence – like a bolt next to a perfect stopper slot or chiseled arrows telling you where to go.

Eric Zschiesche, who pretty much gave up climbing for bouldering, thinks that placing routes on rappel will be short-lived because the goal is maximum gymnastic difficulty, so why not just toprope it? Why go through these machinations to contrive more difficulty when you can be putting that effort into the moves?

I agree. On the other hand, it is enjoyable to just walk up and climb a route with a rack of 'biners. The French are totally into this. Far out. You don't have to carry a lot of weight, you don't have to worry, it's all fun. But many climbers are going to miss something in that situation. I did. I liked all the routes, I dug the rock, it was totally bitchin', but it was just a little too easy. They were hard routes, but it was just too set up. Gymnastic difficulty isn't everything. There's a lot more to climbing than that.

Advocates of the neoeuropean style might say that they're pushing difficulty to a point where the ultimate challenges in the future can come from doing established routes in better style.

Maybe people will even solo them. But there are a certain number of people who want to establish new routes from the bottom up. Like me. I just like the adventure; you don't know what's up there, you don't know if it's going to go. Everything you know about climbing, your judgment, concentration, and physical ability, is important on a first ascent. If you start knocking these things away, you're just reducing the challenge.

People call these other guys "rock gymnasts." I'm a rock gymnast, I want to do some ultimately difficult gymnastic moves on the rock, but I'm not going to knock off the other parts of the challenge just for that purpose. I want it all, I'm going to take it all.

Okay, maybe it's really hard. So you toprope it a couple times, put in the bolts, lead it with a few falls, then come back and finally redpoint it. Fine. You've done some really hard gymnastic moves. What's so much greater than just toproping it? Maybe it's neat for the second ascent, you can walk up and try to fig-



Baby Apes (5.12b), 1981.

ure this thing out from the base. But is the first ascent party really doing it for others?

Also, bolts put in on rappel may not be in the best place for an on-sight ascent, but if they're put in on the lead who can argue? What if I put up a route on rappel, after toproping it, and create a death runout, would it be fair to expect someone to lead it on-sight, or would they have to rehearse it too?

I would think that attempting to lead routes rather than toproping them will ultimately make you a better climber. It's not called the sharp end for nothing.

It's ridiculous to think you can get better only by leading. All those years I spent toproping at Josh gave me lots of physical power, and taught me a lot about technique and relaxation. And soloing gave me mental strength and concentration. By combining these I felt I became incredibly powerful.

There's no doubt that these rappel-placed routes are raising the standards, maybe it is a natural evolution.

Man, they're just playing a different game. Even Todd Skinner admits that. They may be raising the standards in their game, but they're not raising them in the game the rest of us play. Yeah, maybe you can call changing the game the evolution of climbing, but it's not any more superior. There is no doubt it is harder to go to the base and climb up virgin rock than it is to go to the top and figure it out.

If we view climbing as two games, how can they coexist? Maybe the solution is regionally, in Yosemite and JT, all of California let's say, you don't put up routes from the top ...

All right! (laughter)

But at Smith Rocks you can, in Eldorado you can. Would that work?

It doesn't seem fair to me. I could go to Smith Rocks and put up a route on lead and no one would complain, I bet some people would even be impressed. But if someone came to Yosemite and put up a route on rappel, people would say, "Oh no, he put it up on rappel, he totally copped out on the challenge. Let's chop it." The climber that starts at the bottom is universally accepted as a climber, but rappellers are going to run into problems, no matter how popular placing routes on rappel becomes. You'll probably never be able to go to Dresden and do it, because they're totally into style.

The guys who start at the top are going to have to understand that the guys starting at the bottom want to feel the complete challenge, they want to be able to do a first ascent in style, and as soon as bolts are slapped in on rappel, it's going to offend them. Period.

Is it just rappel-placed bolts that offend you?

I don't really care if people do cracks by starting at the top; because nowadays, modern crack protection doesn't alter the rock. It doesn't affect me. Like on Acid Crack, I toproped it, then ended up leading it. Now, I wish I would have left it as a toprope, but I didn't permanently alter the rock. It's there for people to climb in the same way I found it. But bolts change the rock - permanently. People might say. "Who gives a damn." Those who do first ascents from the bottom do, and they're going to get pissed.

But there's got to be a solution, or this thing will just keep going in circles.

People might say the solution is first come, first serve. But that's unfair too, because it's obviously fas-
ter to put up routes on rappel than on lead. The challenges are going to disappear on rappel just like that – bam, bam, bam, while the other guy is working on one route from the ground.

Maybe the solution will have to come from the land management agencies, like the Park Service. In Yellowstone there are streams that are designated for flyfishing only and others that are open to all types of fishing. A big part of resource management is recreation management.

You don't want it to come to that. That's why people better get it together. I thought the locals in Hueco Tanks were blowing it by bringing the officials in to look at the bolt problem. They didn't realize it, but those guys, the archeologists especially, could have closed the Park to all climbing right then, because of the chalk and it s possible effect on the pictographs. Once it's out of our hands these guys can do anything they want.

The regional solution sounds good to me. In a way it's already happening. No one is putting routes up on rappel here or in JT, they've learned.

That's an interesting statement – why do you think they learned?

Because you were out there chopping their routes.

I wasn't the only one. In fact, I've only chopped a few routes in Josh, *Apollo, Powerfingers,* and *Out to Lunge,* maybe one other. Twenty other routes have been chopped that I know of. Many, many locals feel that way, and they've felt that way for a long time. I always get the blame. "Ah, Bachar chopped it." Bullshit, man. I didn't chop any of Yaniro's routes. I've chopped less than a half-dozen routes in my life. Besides I don't "chop routes," I pull bolts – then patch the holes with cement and rock dust.

Once this gets printed, I wouldn't be surprised to see a lot of what happens in California happen in other areas, like Hueco Tanks. The locals there aren't really sure what to do.

I told them to chop. (laughter) Don't print that though...

I won't. In the Gunks a handful of pins and bolts have been placed on rappel by several of the leading locals, and the controversy is just heating up. And rapplaced routes already appear to be standard in Eldorado.

I can't believe they're having problems in the Gunks. And it's funny, ten years ago we used to think, "goddam, those guys from Colorado are so awesome, so pure." They were like spiritual masters of the rock. You know, Gill, Erickson, Ament, Wunsch, Breashears, Higbee, Briggs, Duncan Ferguson. I was saying, "Wow, that's where free climbing is going, it's going to be this intense spiritual thing, taking it on with less and less gear."

People don't even care about what's going on. To me, some of the greatest things are Gill's *Thimble* and Breashears' *Perilous Journey* and *Krystal Klyr*. Except for the *Thimble*, these routes could have been protected with bolts placed on stances. But they weren't, just to take it to the limit.

All the values these guys strived for are totally nothing now. Breashears risked his life on *Perilous Journey*; it just stands as a monument to what you can do if you set your mind and body to something, eliminate the technology. *Free* climbing in general is a move in that direction. The ultimate is to eliminate all gear, a barefoot and chalkless, free solo, on-sight first as-



Sole Fusion (5.12a), 1983.

cent. You can't get any freer than that. Maybe you can; quit climbing and become a monk.

I haven't heard of any rap-related routes outside of JT and Yosemite being chopped, and I know there is a lot of dissent. Why hasn't chopping become more widespread?

Maybe they feel that chopping is not the answer. It's a tough question. Some say I'm destroying the rock by pulling the bolts out, but the rock has already been destroyed when the bolts were put in, and chopping them might make people think twice about doing another new route on rappel.

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You're destroying the rock when you put a bolt in on lead, but you're putting it in because you need it at that moment, or you'll get badly hurt or die if you fall. When a bolt is put in on rappel it's for some future psuedo-first ascent. It's contrived.

I think your approach is doomed, John. The momentum is just too strong. I talked to a Californian in his early 20's, quite talented, who said, "Yeah, it's the wave. Putting routes up on rappel is the only way to make really hard routes, to increase the standards." Why even struggle against that?

Maybe it's not worth it, maybe I'll just say screw it and go to the mountains or something. What can I do? But I have made people think about chopping bolts. They know someone has been offended.

But you haven't been explaining your actions along the way, and I think that the rumors have ultimately hurt your message. Why haven't you written anything?

For one, I just thought it was obvious. Even five years ago it was obvious that you just don't go to the top and put in bolts. Sure, Bridwell put bolts on *Wheat Thin* and a bolt was added on rappel to *Split Pinnacle* too, but it just wasn't happening really.

People have said, "Bachar places bolts on hook, we place bolts on rappel. They're both the same because your weight is supported by equipment, so how can you say it's okay to place bolts on hook and not rappel?" The difference is placing bolts on rappel is starting from the top; placing bolts on hook is *climbing*, it's something you can do on El Cap or Cerro Torre.

Here in the Valley, people aren't so quick to give up

style. All the great walls have been climbed from the ground up. Even to the general public it would seem strange to climb El Cap from the top. This carries over to the small things too. Short free climbs were originally established to see what could be done on a big wall. They didn't even name them. This influence is still real strong here. Sure, maybe you can aid a pitch on El Cap, fix it, then try to free it, but is that *free* climbing?

I suspect that a lot of the problem stems from the fact that Yosemite has always been *the* showcase of American climbing, but standards are slipping below those elsewhere.

You can slander the Valley, say the people there are screwed, behind the times. You can say whatever you want, if it makes you feel good. But if you want to understand it, it's real easy. People in the Valley want to maintain a certain kind of style, and that basic style is starting from the ground. Unless they're toproping, which is tantamount to what everyone else is doing by going to the top, the only difference is that *you're not hurting anyone*. People are just going to have to realize that Yosemite is way ahead; it's in a spiritual league far beyond these other areas.

There are still some great challenges out there. There are big walls that can be freed. What do you want us to do, go to the top and fix it so it'll go free? That's just copping out on 40 years of climbing history, saying it doesn't mean a thing. Man, that's like giving up...

You place a lot of emphasis on the experience of the first ascent, the richness of the moment. Many of your latest routes are, frankly, horror shows. More and more you seem to be ignoring good drilling stances just to make the route scarier, to make them more imposing.

I don't look at it that way. When I did You Asked For It I tried to do the least amount of damage to the rock in order to get myself up it. It's only 5.10c, but if you fall off of it at several different points, you'll probably die.

To climb that route and do the least amount of damage I used all the skills I have learned, trained for, and thought about over many years. It can be viewed as an art, the art of admiring the mountain with the skillful use of bolts, of respecting the rock by using as few as possible.

When I was on You Asked For It I wasn't thinking about other people, I was so gripped. I just wanted to get up the rock. I pulled out all my trcks and made it. It was an experience in time, a great adventure. It's not something I own. Its name and number really don't mean anything.

The problem with your adventures are that very few people want to repeat them.

If other people are putting up routes with lots of bolts, so that everyone can try some gymnastic sequence, why can't there be routes in which another type of difficulty is encountered? You should have respect for the guy who sticks it out. Seriousness and danger are difficulties that are as deeply-rooted in climbing as technical difficulty. These routes I've been putting up are mental routes, not necessarily physical ones. It's unfortunate, but maybe seriousness needs a number before it is recognized.

Speaking of numbers, you're getting a reputation as a sandbagger. It seems your ratings are consistently two or three letter grades below everyone else's. Vogel's Joshua Tree guidebook has so many sandbags with your name associated with them it's ridiculous.

The problem is that I was removed from the system. I usually went out and tried new routes, and standards for many of the routes I did weren't very well set. Also the system is expanding. When I started climbing, *Leanie Meanie* was 5.10d, now it's 5.11b; *Crack-a-Go-Go* was 5.10d, now it's 5.11c. At times it's hard for me to relate old ratings, the ones I grew up with, to these new ratings.

I can dig Gill's bouldering system more. B1 is really hard, B2 is really, *really* hard. That's what you got: hard and harder. That's about how I can relate to these things, I can't figure out exactly what it felt like and what letter it relates to.

It seems so weird to me that to so many people the number is god. "It's a 5.13b," bing. It's so absurd. It's like a judge awarding a 9.95 to a gymnast. How can you put a number on this thing this guy just did, a work of art in movement and space, a moment in time? Maybe five years from now, when there are many 5.12's and 5.13's, we'll be able to make sense out of the number system, but one ascent or even a handful doesn't mean a route will have a perfect rating.

In addition to climbing's obvious parallels to gymnastics, you've often mentioned its parallels to the martial arts.

Well, to start with the major difference between the two is martial arts is not a sport. In climbing you choose to be in a perilous position, but in martial arts you avoid it. You just don't go walking down dark alleys. The martial artist is tuned and aware all the time, climbers obviously aren't.



Body and Soul (5.12), 1981.



Edging Skills or Hospital Bills (5.10b).

However, when the climber goes for it, and gets himself into a position where he can't fall or retreat, he's in a similar position to that of a martial artist during an attack – a situation both have prepared and trained for. It's all for that moment. For me, the onsight first ascent situation is the closest thing in climbing to the attack situation for which a martial artist is so highly prepared. Both are battles with the unknown.

The fear of failure, the fear of not being able to do a route or do it in good style, seems to be a real hinderance in high standard free climbing, especially when you have a reputation. Do you fear failure?

That's one thing I have to fight now that I didn't have to fight 10 years ago. When you're worried about what others think, it detracts from your concentration. When I'm around people with whom I sense some kind of negative competition, it bothers me, although I know it shouldn't. I can't climb as well as I could before my elbow injury, but I still have a good time, and push to my own limits. The pressure is there, but that's my problem.

# How do you overcome fear of failure?

I convince myself that failure is good. It offers you an opportunity to learn, a tangible goal, and inspiration. It still keeps me off some routes, though. I know I can do them, but I really want to flash them, and that kind of makes me motionless.

Fear of failure is a real important topic in martial arts. If you're in a fight you have to think positive. That's the real struggle. That's one thing that soloing gives me that I think is really valuable. I'm not saying soloing is a safe and sane activity, but when you're soloing you don't worry about what people are going to think when you fail. It's you versus the mountain, pure and simple. You totally concentrate.

It seems that you really got into soloing about the time that the current Valley testpieces started going up. Did you start soloing to avoid the pressure, to avoid the fear of failure?

I don't know. I started soloing for a lot of reasons. One is freedom. It's such a great feeling to be unhindered by gear, just moving. Soloing is just great when you're hanging off a bomber fingerlock looking a couple hundred feet to the ground. You feel like a bird, or a lizard. You know it's outrageous, in a way, insane – it's like being on the moon.

Why else do you solo?

I'm not going to say that I wasn't aware that it was going to impress people, that it's egoless. I knew soloing *New Dimensions (1975, first 5.11 solo in the Valley)* would blow some minds. I thought it would be great for climbing to reach that stage.

I also realized that I could do a lot more climbing. On a good day I might be able to climb 1500 feet of 5.10 and 5.11 that I have pretty wired. It's not challenging as far as figuring out new moves, but it's challenging spiritually and mentally.

Your on-sight solo of the *Moratorium* (5.11b) was another milestone in the history of Valley climbing, yet you've said it left you somewhat unsatisfied.

I was a little out of control. I wasn't shaking like a leaf, but I was scared – usually I don't think about the ground or falling, I'm just into the moves. On that I was one foot over the line.

To me just making it up the thing isn't the goal, it's how you feel that counts. The whole purpose is the flow of the process and control of your mental state.

With the crux of the *Moratorium* coming after 300 feet of stemming, with several sections of 5.10d, I can understand why you didn't back off. Do you back off of shorter things when you don't feel right?



Cocaine Corner



Phil Photo:

It takes more courage to admit that a move is too hard and downclimb than it is to continue. It's stupid if you're not solid and you still go for it. You don't want to say, "No, I'm not good enough." But it's important to face that, it spurs you on.

#### One of your best friends, Rick Cashner, took a very serious fall soloing Bachar's Revenge, a route you put up solo in Tuolumne. Did that make you reconsider soloing?

Rick had soloed that route before; I had watched him and noticed he stood on some knobs that I didn't use. About a year later I heard he fell on that same route. I saw him in the hospital and tried to talk to him. He didn't make any sense. He wasn't Rick Cashner. It was like looking at a hollowed-out person. I thought he had damaged his brain, permanently. I staggered out in the hall and passed out. When I came to they told me it was the drugs and a concussion, and that he'd come out of it, which he did.

The day after I went out to the route. I wanted to see what happened. Nobody was soloing. Everyone was freaked out. I climbed up to the crux with no intention of soloing it. Right off the back I saw the broken hold, and above it a chalk mark like a hand slap. He fell about 30 feet straight to a slab, then bounced to the ground. I looked down and wondered what I was doing there. There were really weird vibes. I figured if I was in command as well as I believed, I should be able to relax and go up there. It made me redo the process, really question my own precepts about soloing. I made the move and did the rest of the route.

Have you had any close calls?

I took a bad fall off the roof of Clever Lever (5.12) in Eldorado Canyon. On that route you do a funky undercling, grab a bucket, then cut loose with your feet while maintaining the undercling. When I first did it I led it, and felt that the rope helped me control the swing, so I thought I might solo it.

I climbed up to the crux a few times and jumped off. The landing wasn't too bad. Next time up I got the holds, cut loose with my feet, and the undercling didn't do shit. I spun off, facing straight out, and flew over the slab toward T-2. I landed almost at the bottom of the slab, tumbled over, and went into total shock. Evidently when I landed, I dislodged some rocks and one put a big hole in my back.

These dudes on Kloeberdanz hadn't realized I was

there, and they thought I had fallen from the Lower Meadow. I got up, managed 20 feet and passed out. They couldn't believe I was walking, and were yelling at me to stay there until they could rap off.

I thought I needed help quick, so I stumbled down to the bridge and crawled across. I must have passed out four or five times. I barely made it to Pat Ament's house, who was living there at the time. His wife, Paula, was a nurse and she really helped me out.

It scared the shit out of me. I couldn't solo for a while. It just really shook me up.

Next March you'll be 30. By this age most gymnasts are retired. What are your goals? What does the future hold for you?

I plan to continue climbing for a long time, like Werner Braun. To me free climbing is a form of Tai Chi. You learn how to deal with your energy, what you can be mentally, physically, and spiritually using climbing as the medium. I'm trying to perfect my movement, to learn about myself.

Every day I go out and climb, like a dancer works on his dance. He probably has some goals, some pieces he would like to perform, but his main goal is to work on his dance. This is how he expresses himself. Both he and I are interested in the same thing. It's the dance that counts.



OCTOBER 1986





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Poised on the breakwater but two miles from my pad is the most dubious boulder to ever feel a climber's touch – the J. Paul Pebble. As to the name, 200 yards inland is the J. Paul Getty Museum, with all its peerless art. Though the Pebble reflects little of that splendor, it is a gem in its own right.

One called it "a sterling little road apple"; another "just a shitpile." Regardless, handy location has endeared local boulderers to

it. I have also dragged numerous house guests to the J. Paul Pebble, and consequently, some of America's premier free-climbers have tried their luck on the overhanging West Face. That is luck, not prowess, though the easiest line is 5.10 + . The best holds are doubtful, making the J. Paul Pebble a different sort of challenge. Such a challenge has wrought controversy as to the stone's worth.

Some scorn the plum as an insignificant dirt clod, a blight on an otherwise swank stretch of beach. Others disdain the delicate texture, the ever presence of paint and excrement, plus the glass and assorted detritus on the final holds. Then there is the slew of desperate buggers who perpetually litter the base. (The J. Paul Pebble is a beloved hangout for flagrant gays.) But this cannot discount the impressive West Face which ranges from 20 to 35 feet, depending on the tide. Thereon, the sly craft of pebble pinching has been redefined, whereas digits are employed in most novel and intriguing fashions. You laugh, but the climbing so vexed the assumed first ascentionists, they found cause to install a six-bolt ladder. The first bolt is at shin level, while the sixth festoons some two or three inches from the lip. An even more ambitious ladder exists on the 50° North Face (second and third class). It takes a sweeping right-to-left line, boasting perhaps a dozen bolts. I did not realize the total folly of that expedition until I saw a stray mongrel lope up to the sixth or seventh bolt (in search of chicken bones).



J. Paul Pebble

John Long and the Pebble.

The eminence of the J. Paul Pebble occurred through happenstance. Owing to superb bodysurfing nearby, it became common practice to hop onto the Pebble between sets. In this manner, the original problems were solved. Later, in more competitive surroundings, gaps were filled with sometimes ludicrous eliminates, all the while yarding on holds whose continued existence proved the subject of manifold

side bets. Climbers came and went – some enraptured, some disgusted, but all had a story to tell. Other sagas further flushed out the Pebble's Legacy, the standard epics attending all classics. All this contributes to the Pebble's rich history, a history reaching well back into mythology. Local legend says this:

The J. Paul Pebble is the last vestige of an ancient mudslide. Concurrently with the slide, Ulysses and his crew were held captive by the hulking cyclops, Polyphemus. Ulysses hoodwinked Polyphemus into swilling copious wine loads, whence he crashed into a Homeric slumber. Ulysses and his men produced a large pole, sharpened and burning at the end. They plunged the lance into the cyclops' eye, then made haste, the blind Polyphemus rapidly swatting the air for the fleeing Greeks.

The cyclops laid chase to the ocean, stumbling, tumbling, and trodding underfoot all villages checking in his path. The coast gained, his wrath increased 100 fold upon hearing Ulysses' mocking voice, a halfmile out to sea. Vehement, Polyphemus began hurling small stones at Ulysses' ship. The velocity seemed atomic, but his aim was blind; so bad was it that many stones whizzed far above their mark, only to thunk into the malleable mud of the J. Paul Pebble. As centuries passed, the sun did its handiwork, fossilizing a single matrix, and preserving for eternity those trusting holds of this little crag.

Photo: Bob Gaines

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# by Marc Twight

I've always dreamed that I would die being eaten by rats. Perhaps I've read George Orwell's 1984 once too often. Indeed, 1984 was the beginning of my descent into the black depths of extreme alpinism. This obsession has destroyed my relationships, driven me into depression and changed me from a happy, future-hopeful young man into an embittered cynic.

In 1984 I went to the Eiger because it was the most radical, dangerous climb I could imagine myself doing. To prepare, I backed away from everything except the mountain and my ambition; they were all that mattered. Relationships that were incomplete or inconsequential were cut away. I consolidated my power by not sharing it. Sure, I'm a self-centered asshole, but being possessed is something not easily shared, nor is it often appreciated.

I suppose it came from the music to start with. Joy Division taught me that cynicism is okay. Ian Curtis, the band's vocalist, was so consumed by it that he hung himself as a solution. Johnny Rotten stated that the future is a "pointed stick," so why bother? The young punks and the music generated in me such vehement intolerance of stupidity and mediocrity that extremism became *my* solution.

Kiss or Kill.

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Left: Nuptse. The route attempted by Lowe and Twight follows the prominent mixed ridge (see Climbing no. 97). Right: Lowe jumaring to the 7th bivouac during an attempt on the Southeast Spur of Nuptse.





# Lowe on 5.10+ at 19,000 feet, Nuptse.

The Eiger wasn't enough. Alaska was not enough. The wild soloing didn't do it either. No matter what I did, the suffering I experienced did not satisfy me. I had to have more...

Then I met Jeff Lowe.

Jeff is ten years my senior, he's not into my scene. In fact, he used to be a hippie; being so young, I don't know exactly what that means, but I suspect that hippies were basically punks that weren't angry. Mind you, Jeff is intense, although not with my kind of dark intensity. He wouldn't have a birthday party where all the guests wear black.

I don't care about the cash.

I don't care about life's "necessary accessories."

I only care when provoked.

I care about climbing, period.

Jeff invited me to Kangtega and Nuptse: "New routes, Marc, hard, high, unknown ground..." I'd met Jeff once before, I knew he was good, I accepted. With only ten days notice, I cut off everything that might hold me back. I am very good with the knife now.

Photo: Marc Twight/Equipe Solitaire

Twelve days after Jeff's call I was in Kathmandu, which is a third world cesspool no matter what the travel books allege. I hated it and couldn't wait to get out. But I had to wait, because there are no schedules, there are no exceptions made for climbers, and the bureaucrats do not understand ambition which one does not profit from, which *they* do not profit from.

I hated Kathmandu, but I understood it; the crying souls, the poverty, the futurelessness. This condition disgusts some, enlightens all and inspires others to join the Peace Corps to "help." As I trudged through the filth, I understood it.

Entire chapters of expedition tomes have been devoted to the approach towards the Khumbu; that horse is well-flogged. But it's no longer necessary, because the approach has been modernized. Now, we fly to Lukla, above the leeches, above the wasted landscapes, above the porter hassles.

Both Jeff and I came down with amoebic dysentery in Lukla and spent three days weakly laughing at each other as we alternately vomited and shat without control. Feverish, shivering, always hoping it would end. Two macho, high altitude athletes driven to their knees by something microscopic – too poetic. Now that was suffering. I flip on the Skinny Puppy tape: The world's a hell, what does it matter what happens in it? Yeah, what's it matter?

"Basecamp was languorously pitched at 14,000 feet among blossoms and boulders, with waterfalls



Pema Samge Sherpa pouring Twight another glass of chang after the attempt on Nuptse.

Photo: Jeff Lowe

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# Alison Hargreaves 20 feet below the summit of Kangtega (see Climbing no. 97).

that lulled us to sleep at night and birds to wake us at dawn." Waxing eloquent? Lying. Basecamp was at 14,000 feet, but we'd come too high too fast and headaches shreiked like jackhammers, our stomachs hadn't adjusted to the food, and the only birds to be seen were crows the size of baseball mitts. We gave them anything they wanted.

We wasted no time at Kangtega basecamp, but immediately moved up to Lobuche village, beneath the mighty Lobuche Peak. We intended to acclimate. "Skoage village," as Nancy christened it, awakened new states of disgust in me. A trekking group had pitched their toilet tent over the water supply, raw sewage polka-dotted the few campsites, and western garbage, American garbage, was piled high everywhere. Yeah, I felt like a gringo. Yeah, I felt sick.

After climbing the peak I left the others behind and ran away. I ran ten miles back to Kangtega basecamp. I couldn't embrace what our presence had done to that awesome place. I had to escape. I had to forget. So I drank. I drank all that I could. I crawled semi-conscious from my tent on hands and knees, and I vomited long and hard. Morning found me half-in and half-out of my sleeping bag; I was hung over, but I felt cleansed. The same morning we started up Kangtega, an epic that lasted through ten long and hungry nights. I knew I'd get up the mountain, but a voice inside sadly assured me that it would not be enough.

I returned to basecamp lean and wasted, the warm-up climb had worn me out. I needed rest but never got it; on May 7 we began trekking towards the apocalypse.

At anxious last I saw it: the southeast spur of Nuptse was terrifyingly beautiful. It has the elegance of a Halston dress and the abruptness of a metal-studded dog collar. There was a hollow feeling in my stomach; it became an ache, the ache became a stabbing pain. I fell to the rocks clutching my frightened head in my hands...I wanted like I had never wanted before.

Oh precious ambition that feeds me, I worship your power with emotional violence. I am struck down by watching angels and paralyzed by haunting fear in the final hour. I must go to the wall, driven by anger, by anguish, by anxiety. Oh precious ambition, I just want to die with a smile on my face.

I tried to use the music to prepare myself for the suffering ahead, but all I found in it was my own insignificance.

No conscience, just confidence Your glue-on smile, your social style You're tired, you're ruled, you're such a fool.

—Skinny Puppy

Photo: Marc Twight/Equipe Solitaire



Photo: Marc Twight/Equipe Solitaire



Photo: Jeff Lowe

"You never run out of batteries for that thing, do you?" Jeff pointed to my Walkman. It'd be poor style to run out of batteries; besides it's my survival mechanism. When the going gets tough, the tough turn up the volume.

The avalanches have a tremorous effect on my bowels. The sustained primal groan excites my fight or flee reaction even when nothing could be achieved by either. We are quite safe out on the spur. We continue upward day after day. It is enjoyable. It is horrifying. Always, it is painful. I am a drowning man and I climb desperately; pushing, demanding, trying to lose my mind within my body. I may be possessed, I may be obsessed, but I can feel, I can love just like the rest of you. I don't have a Walkman with me so I sing, and I suffer when Jeff does.

This is the crisis I knew had to come, destroying the balance I kept. Doubting, unsettling and turning around, wondering what will come next...

Joy Division

The storm hissed like a serpent, we were burned. It couldn't kill us, but it was fierce enough to stop us. We'd climbed 4000 feet toward clear skies until the seventh day when it began to snow. I pushed one more pitch into the spindrift and wind on the morning of the eighth day. At the top, I set up the anchor to rappel from and dropped back to the cave for a decision. At 1 pm we began descending. 6 pm the next day found us walking into basecamp with no hardware left, no food or fuel, no bivouac gear and nothing material to show for our desperate act of volatile ambition. All we had was a resolve to return in November.

Upper: Lowe rappelling to bivouac, day 5, Nuptse. Lower: Twight at the base of the second pitch of a 500-foot rock headwall near the high point.

There is a damp smell in my tent. I stare at the waxy yellow ceiling and turn myself inward, introspection that eventually ends in pain.

Back in the city the darkness stalks me with cold skill. I dash down bombed-out streets through a hard and dirty rain. Pavement scatters as my feet pound beneath cliffs of buildings that soar up into the filthy mist. I see faces that carry the marks of strain, faces that wear weariness like lumps of clay; tired, danceless faces. I see people who are stained and damp, with ashtray breath like the smell of decay. Everywhere I look I see hope that's been smothered by deadly routine. And I see the rats hunting.

I remember the mountain from a distance and I try to convince myself that the rats will not catch up to me. At long horrible last, I am truly suffering.

And long hearses without drums or music drag in slow file through my soul; hope vanquished weeps, and atrocious, despotic anguish plants on my bowed head her black flag.

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# EL CAP AND HALF DOME, 1986

#### COMMENTARY BY CHARLES COLE

The Nose, El Capitan The Northwest Face, Half Dome These were the routes of the 1970's. They were a must for all Hardmen. Anything more and you developed a reputation as a real wall climber.

In 1982 George Meyers' yellow guidebook came out and people's attitudes changed. The downrated *Nose*, and *Northwest Face* became mere training routes for the *Shield*, *Zodiac*, and *Mescalito*. And with the new guide, scheduled for 1987, these too will become training routes, mandatory stops on the Yosemite Hardman Tour.

Everything changes. *The Nose* and *Northwest Face*, now A1, used to be called A3 – a fearsome rating in the 1970's. The *Shield*, *Zodiac*, and *Mescalito* sport A4 ratings in the current guide, even though they are all in the process of being downrated to A2.

Ratings change, goals change, attitudes, styles, and situations change.

Thirty-six routes existed on El Cap in Meyers' 1982 guide. Four years later there are fifty-three routes on the old Capitan. But there won't be many more. It was a wild four years as everyone tried to bag the last of the lines. High-powered telescopes were brought into the valley just to search for the last of the last. Technology triumphed, and in a mad rush they were found and bagged. So is El Cap really climbed out? Six routes bear 95% of the traffic: *The Nose, Salathe, Zodiac, Shield, Mescalito, West Face.* For thrill seekers, at least ten routes have had no second ascent, and even more have not been soloed. There's still excitement to be had on El Capitan.

First ascentionists have moved to Yosemite's other walls, Half Dome in particular. This rock commands at least as much respect as El Cap. The routes are the same length as many of the routes on El Cap, but often they are more committing and dangerous. Three new lines have been done on the Northwest Face since Meyers' 1982 guide, and there are a few potential lines left. Because any first ascent on this wall is quite an undertaking, it will be some time before the *last* route on Half Dome is accomplished.

Twenty-two routes have been soloed on El Cap. Each year, one or two more fall to the ambitious and daring.

Soloing a big wall used to be a sure sign of insanity. Now it seems that some climbers have discovered that partners are superfluous. *Zodiac* was soloed five times last year. At one point, there were two climbers soloing it at the same time.

Four new grade VI's were put up solo during the past four years – three on El Cap and one on Half

Photo: Galen Rowell/Mountain Light

Dome. As new routes become scarce on the Valley's walls, I hope that soloing will become the only legitimate means of doing first ascents. Techniques, equipment, and know-how have killed a large part of the unknown. Success has become assured. The boldness of the old wall-masters (Robbins, Porter, Bridwell) can only be matched or exceeded by improving the style by which we climb, by bringing back a possibility of failure. This is the future of wall climbing.

Speed climbing reflects the casual attitude climbers have toward walls today. *The Nose* in a day has been done an uncountable number of times. For a competent party, the only question of success is whether slower traffic will allow them to pass with minimum delay. One party did *The Nose* then ran up the *Northwest Face*, passing seven parties in just over 20 hours.

In the Valley, the speed climbing game is not determined by how many hours it takes to do a specific climb, but rather by how much you can pack into a 24hour day – nature's time limit.

Route/Rating	First Ascent	Soloed	Ascents	Comments (days for experienced party)
<i>WestFace</i> V5.11d	T.M. Herbert, R. Robbins (6/67). FFA: R. Jardine, B. Price (5/79)	5, N	many	This amazing route could well be the longest free climb in the Valley. It is the only free El Cap route. Only one bolt placed during first ascent (19 pitches). (1)
Mr. Midwest VI 5.10b A3	B. Russell, D. McDonald (fall/85).	, N	1	Go up a few pitches left of the <i>West Face</i> , then cut right along a huge arch (the New World) and climb the featured wall above. 80% free. 16 drilled holes. (3)
Realm of the Flying Monkeys VI 5.10 A3	D. McDivitt, S. Bosque (fall/85)	Ν	1	Climb the West Face to the huge arch that leads right. Follow it to the end past where Mr. Midwest exits. Then aid and free to Thanksgiv- ing Ledge. 4 drilled holes (3)
<i>Mirage</i> VI 5.11 A4	J. Bridwell, K. Schmitz, J. Pettigrew (9/77)	Ν	2-3	This has a reputation as a hard route to find. 33 holes in 20 pitches. (4)
Lurking Fear VI 5.10 A3	D. Bircheff, J. Pettigrew (5/76)	Y (?)	many	After no ascents for several years, this route re- ceived 14 ascents in one summer. For a while it was one of the most popular routes on El Cap. This popularity has since declined. (3)
VI 5.8 A3 +	M. Corbett, G. Edmondson,	N	1	
Lost World	R. Albuschkat (4/82) C. Folsom, D. Anderson, M. Warburton (4/75)	N	2-3	Both these routes are unpopular. Although bolts have been replaced, bad ones rumored to still exist. (4)
West Buttress VI 5.10 A3 +	L. Kor; S. Roper (63)	R. Kayen (4/82)	many	Seven pitches in a row of grassy, discontinu- ous cracks (pitches 5-12) effectively inhibit modern ascents. 21 bolts in 23 pitches. (3)
	B. Hawkins, M. Champan (78)	J. Middendorf (85)	5-10	An improved version of the Aquarian Wall. 75 holes in 21 pitches. (3)
	J. Bridwell, K. Schmitz (6/71)	M. Graham (spring/77)	many	An elegant way up the left side of Great Blank Slab (see below). (3 1/2)
	R. Jensen, M. Smith (7/81)	N	1	Almost every other placement is a bolt. (145 drilled holds in 13 new pitches <i>reported</i> ). In- experienced kids, having never climbed El Cap before, spent over 30 days on the wall (the last 7 on the Aquarian—normally a 3-day route), then had the temerity to hype their route with slide shows and articles. The 1st pitch was chopped, then replaced.
	C. Porter, H. Burton (10/74)	R. Jensen (82)	many	The dihedral after the Great Arch is probably the single cleanest corner on El Cap. (3 1/2)
	S. Grossman, S. Harrington (84)	N		Eight pitch direct finish to <i>Horse Chute</i> (rather than rejoining the <i>Dihedral</i> ). (3 1/2)

Salathe.

OCTOBER 1986

Photo: Phil Bard



Photo: Galen Rowell/Mountain Light



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Route/Rating	First Ascent S	oloed A	scents	Comments (days for experienced party)
Dihedral Wall VI 5.9 A3	E. Cooper, J. Baldwin, G. Denny (11/62)	J. Beyers (76)	many	El Cap's third route and first to be soloed by a woman (Bev Johnson). 100 bolts in 27 pitches. (3 1/2)
Cosmos VI 5.10 A4	J. Dunn (72)	J. Dunn (72)	many	El Cap's first solo first ascent. Legend has it that Royal Robbins was very disappointed at having missed this "first." Soloed after partner was injured 800 ft. up. 70 bolts in 22 pitches. (5)
<i>Excalibur</i> VI 5.10 A4	C. Porter, H. Burton (75)	M. Konian (spring/86)	many	Rarely done in its entirety—most connect somewhere in the middle with the <i>Salathe</i> or exit via Thanksgiving Ledge. (6)
Heart Route VI 5.10 A3 +	C. Kroger, S. Davis (4/70)	Ν	5	For no good reason this is rarely climbed. Rumor has it that Tower to the People fell off. 27 bolts in 29 pitches. (5)
Bermuda Dunes VI 5.11 A3 +	s S. Schneider, J. Barbella (84)	N	1	Surprisingly easy nailing up high. It's amazing this didn't get climbed until 1984. (5)
Pacemaker VI 5.9 A4	S. Bosque, M. Corbett Barnett, Silber (82)	Ν	2	Starts on Heart Ledge, takes line between Heart Route and Salathe, joining the Heart at the "A5 Traverse." (5)
Verano Magico (Magic Summe VI 5.11 A5	J. Gallego, J. Gallego r/ (85)	Ν	1	The Gallego brothers are good climbers but because of a heat wave they fixed ropes most of the way. However, if you can't take the heat, stay out of the kitchen. A new longer and more difficult route was soloed during the same time over 12 days. (7)
Son of Heart VI 5.10 A4	R. Sylvester, C. Wreford-Brown (71)	Ν	4-5	Scene of many epics. Mandatory offwidths in the upper section make this a Valley local's dream, but a visitor's nightmare. At least two parties have run out of water days below the top (one was rescued). About 50 bolts placed. (6)
Sunkist VI 5.9 A5	B. Price, D. Bard (10/78)	N	4-5	A Shield-like route requiring many C-heads. (6)
Jolly Roger VI 5.11 A5	C. Cole, S. Grossman (79)	N	1	Despite added bat hook holes, still no 2nd as- cent. Attempts have suffered 120- and 200- foot falls. 76 holes in 23 pitches. (7)
Magic Mushroom VI 5.10 A3	H. Burton, S. Sutton (5/72)	R. Piggot (80)	many	Yvon Chouinard called this the easiest route he's ever done on El Cap. 1 don't believe it. 50 bolts in 31 pitches. (5)
Shield VI 5.9 A2 +	C. Porter, G. Brocade (72)	J. Beyer (5/76)	many	Although much easier now, it's still the most aesthetic route on El Cap. 24 bolts in 13 new pitches. (5)
Dorn Direct VI 5.9 A4	T. Yaniro, R. Olevsky (6/77)	N	1	Four pitch direct start to the Magic Mushroom. (5)
False Shield VI 5.10c A4 +	C. Cole (spring/84)	C. Cole (84)	1	Seven pitch variation to the <i>Muir</i> , starting where the <i>Shield</i> cuts left and the <i>Muir</i> goes right. 40 new holes. (6)
Turning Point VI 5.11c A4 +	S. Grossman (spring/84	4) S. Grossman (8	4) 1	Starts via very difficult face climbing between the Nose and the Salathe, crosses the Muir at mid-height, then continues straight up con- necting with the last pitch of the Muir. (7)
Muir VI5.9 A4	Y. Chouinard, T.M. Herbert (6/65)	R. Robbins (68)	many	<ul> <li>First route to be soloed on El Cap. 30 bolts in 29 pitches. (6)</li> </ul>
Triple Direct VI 5.9 A3	J. Bridwell, K. Schmitz (69)	B. Carson (72)	many	7 This route misses the best of three routes: Salathe headwall, Muir dihedrals, Nose Stovelegs. Erroneously labeled as the easiest El Cap nail-up. There are at least three easier and better: Nose, Salathe, Zodiac. (3)
Mediterraneo VI 5.10 A5	M. Gallego, J. Gallego, C. Gallego, J. Gallego (81)	Ν	1	Originally sieged, with ropes fixed past the Great Roof. Difficulty is no excuse for poor style—other more difficult routes have been done in superior style. Starts roughly left of the Salathe, crosses under the Half Dollar, then heads up between the Nose and Muir dihed- rals. These brothers from Spain may have made the first all-foreign first ascent of El Cap (7)

Dave Lomba, Zodiac.

9 inte

Photo: Phil Bard

Route/Rating	First Ascent	Soloed	Ascents	Comments (days for experienced party)			
Salathe VI 5.9-5.12 A1	R. Robbins, C. Pratt, T. Frost (9/61)	P. Haan (71)	many	The second route on EI Cap. Usually done by fixing 5 ropes down from Heart Ledge and hauling from there to start. It has much better ledges than the <i>Nose</i> and very few sling belays, yet receives 25% as much traffic. The only possible reason for this is herd instinct. 13 bolts in 35 pitches. (3)			
Grape Race /15.9 A5	C. Porter, B. Johnson (5/74)	N	2-3	After coming off the second ascent, Dale Bard declared the guidebook topo not even close. Good luck! (4)			
<i>lose</i> (15.9-5.11 A1	W. Harding, W. Merry, G. Whitmore (11/58)	T. Bauman (69)	many	By far the most popular route on the Captain. Most competent parties treat this route as a grade V and climb it in a long day. Werner Braun and partner have climbed it in 8 hours, 14 minutes, 7.3692 seconds. 125 bolts in 34 pitches. (3)			114
he Real Nose  5.11c A5 +	C. Cole, S. Grossman (84)	N	1	Starts on Armageddon (slab protected by bolts below Mescalito start), continues just left of New Dawn, then works up left side of El Cap Tower. A5 + pitch oft Camp 4 leads to a di- hedral system just right out on the prow of El Cap (hence the name). 88 bolts in 24 pitches. (7)			
	W. Rosenthal, T. Carter A. Bard (10/78)	T. Cosgrove (82)	3	A wild position on El Cap—heads off Boot Flake and connects with the roof on the Dawn. After Cosgrove topped out he parachuted off and was caught by the Park Service, which soon after became \$500 richer. (5)		11	
ew Dawn 5.9 A3	Rt. side El Cap Tower: Y. Chouinard, C. Pratt D. Hennick, C. Jones; complete route: C. Porter (72)	C. Porter (72)	many	Starting at the <i>Real Nose</i> to the left, and cross- ing the wall past this to the <i>P</i> .O. are the longest routes on El Cap. These are in a different league, like comparing a novel to a short story. Between Chouinard, et. al., and Harding, et. al., Porter only had 50 ft. of new climbing to do to bag this "first." (6)			
lescalito 5.9 A2 +	C. Porter, H. Burton, S. Sutton, C. Nelson (10/73)	R. Leavitt (83)	many	Currently the big trade route in the Valley, it still takes most parties a week to do. 85 bolts in 26 pitches. (7)			
ockey Night in anada 5.9 A3 +	D. Hatton, ? (78)	R. Reno (81)	12	A popular start to <i>Mescalito</i> or the <i>Wall of Early</i> <i>Morning Light.</i> (6)			
all of the Early orning Light 5.9 A4	W. Harding, D. Caldwell (11/70)	(cor 10 (1	2 nplete) w/alt. start)	The bottom 300 ft. remain chopped but <i>Hockey</i> <i>Night</i> runs into it after four pitches, so you can still do the bulk of the route. Nearly 300 holes drilled during the first ascent. (6)			*
pace I A5 +	C. Cole (7/85)	C. Cole (85)	1	Goes between <i>Mescalito</i> and <i>South Seas</i> for many pitches, connecting with <i>Mescalito</i> four pitches below the Bismark. From there it goes between the <i>New Dawn</i> and <i>Mescalito</i> to the summit. I suspect it might be the hardest route on El Cap. 50 bolts in 20 new pitches. (8)	X		
outh Seas 15.8 A4	B. Price, C. Row, G. Thompson (10/79)	Ν	4	Every year from January 1 to August 1, El Cap routes between the <i>P.O. Wall</i> and <i>Tangerine</i> <i>Trip</i> (inclusive) are closed to protect nesting Peregrine Falcons. The <i>South Seas</i> connects in with the <i>P.O.</i> up high and thus may not be climbed during this time. A beautiful, chal- lenging route. (7)			
	J. Bridwell, B. Westbay, J. Fiske, F. East (5/75)	R. Slater (4/82)	many	The original Bridwell El Cap testpiece. One of the finest extended A5 copperheading routes, the $P.O$ . gained instant reputation as the har- dest in the Valley. Over time and many ascents, it has become only A3 + but is still popular due to great exposure, location, and history. (6)			
ea of Dreams 5.9 A5	J. Bridwell, D. Bard, D. Dieterman (10/78)	Ν	3-4	Bridwell returned 3 years after the <i>P.O.</i> with a strong team to create a new "hardest route in the world." It was the first route in the Valley with an "if you fall, you die" pitch (the Hook or Book). With an estimated 300 hook moves, it still has a fearsome reputation. Its last ascent was in 1982. (8)			

Karl McConachie, Randy Grandstaff, Same as it Never Was.

Photo: Jay Smith



		a complete			
First Ascent	Soloed	Ascents	Comments (days for experienced party)		
T. Frost, Y. Chouinard, C. Pratt, R. Robbins (10/64)	W. Shipley (85)	many	It's amazing this route wasn't soloed until 1985—21 years after the first ascent. For many years it was considered the hardest wall in the world. 38 bolts in 25 pitches. (4)		
R. Slater, J. Barbella (8/84)	Ν	1	Miles of hooking on rotten diorite makes this a good candidate for the "hardest route on El Cap." It begins 150 ft. right of the <i>N.A.</i> , passes through Wyoming (on the diorite "continent"), then connects with the <i>N.A.</i> near the Cyclop's Eye. A potential 300 ft. fall and several other hideous propositions make this a greatly feared route. 38 holes in 25 pitches reported. (8)		
B. Hawkins, R. Kauk, D. Bard, H. Burton (4/77)	Ν	2-3	Starts atop the Footstool and drives up the east coast of the North American "continent." Very long pitches. (6)		
J. Middendorf, J. Barbella (85)	N	1	Starts on the right side of a huge rock scar right of the Footstool, climbs to El Cap Tree, turns the roof above, then sails up just off the east coast of the North American "continent." Finally joins <i>New Jersey Tumpike</i> 8 pitches from the top. 58 holes in 15 new pitches. (7)		
D. Bard, R. Kauk (9/78)	Ν	6	Bard called this route the Shield of the South- west Face. Beautiful thin nailing in a very ex- posed location. 85 holes in 12 new pitches. (6)		
P. Mayfield, G. Child (9/81)	R. Leavitt (84)	3-4	An improved version of the <i>Tangerine Trip.</i> 70 holes in 16 pitches. (6)		
C. Porter, JP. de St. Croix (73)	<ul> <li>A. Nelson (11/81</li> </ul>	) many	Robbins soloed the first 4 pitches in his bid to do the first solo first ascent on El Cap, but rap- pelled off. When Porter finished it several years later, it was the most overhanging route on El Cap. (3 1/2)		
R. Leavitt, G. Child (85)	N .	1	One of the most recent routes done on El Cap (see <i>Climbing</i> no. 96). A <i>long</i> cheater stick is mandatory equipment. The line parallels <i>Zenyatta Mendata</i> , joining it several pitches from the top. (6)		
J. Bridwell, P. Mayfield, C. Row (9/81)	D. Raleigh (83)	6	Like most Bridwell routes, this was very de- manding. Subsequent ascent parties, in their quest for hollow glory (starting with the sec- ond), have added <i>many</i> bolts. (4)		
C. Porter (11/72) +	C. Porter (72)	many	Perhaps the most popular of the new Yosemite trade routes. In 1985 Sue Harrington became the second woman ever to solo El Cap via this route. 74 bolts in 16 pitches. (3)		
J. Barbella, S. Schneide (82)	r N	3	A beautiful crack just right of the <i>Zodiac</i> . Sup- posedly a very good route. 45 holes in 14 pitches. (5)		
	1. Lurk 2. Squ 3. Lost 4. Wes 5. Nev 6. Aqu 7. Win 8. Gro 9. Hors 10. Dihe	ing Fe eeze F World t Buttr er Nev arian V gs of S ssman se Chu edral W mos	Itay     18. Son of Heart       19. Sunkist       ess     20. Jolly Roger       er Land     21. Magic Mushroom       Vali     22. Dorn Direct       steel     23. Shield       /Harrington     24. False Shield       te     25. Muir		
	T. Frost, Y. Chouinard, C. Pratt, R. Robbins (10/64) R. Slater, J. Barbella (8/84) B. Hawkins, R. Kauk, D. Bard, H. Burton (4/77) J. Middendorf, J. Barbella (85) D. Bard, R. Kauk (9/78) P. Mayfield, G. Child (9/81) C. Porter, JP. de St. Croix (73) R. Leavitt, G. Child (85) J. Bridwell, P. Mayfield, C. Row (9/81) C. Porter (11/72) t. Barbella, S. Schneide	T. Frost, Y. Chouinard, C. Pratt, R. Robbins (10/64) R. Slater, J. Barbella (8/84) N B. Hawkins, R. Kauk, D. Bard, H. Burton (4/77) J. Middendorf, J. Barbella (85) N D. Bard, R. Kauk (9/78) N P. Mayfield, G. Child (9/81) C. Porter, JP. de St. Croix A. Nelson (11/81 (73) R. Leavitt, G. Child (85) N J. Bridwell, P. Mayfield, C. Porter (11/72) C. Porter (12) C. Porter (11/72) C. Porter (72) J. Barbella, S. Schneider (82) C. Porter (11/72) C. Porter (72) J. Barbella, S. Schneider (82)	T. Frost, Y. Chouinard. C. Pratt, R. Robbins (10/64)W. Shipley (85)manyR. Slater, J. Barbella (8/64)N1B. Hawkins, R. Kauk, D. Bard, H. Burton (4/77)N2-3J. Middendorf, J. Barbella (85)N1D. Bard, R. Kauk (9/78)N6P. Mayfield, G. Child (9/81)R. Leavitt (84)3-4C. Porter, J.P. de St. Croix (73)A. Nelson (11/81) many (73)1J. Bridwell, P. Mayfield, (281)D. Raleigh (83)6C. Porter (11/72)C. Porter (72) (72)manyJ. Barbella, S. Schneider (82)N3Southwe (82)N3Southwe (82)N. Lurking Fe 2. Squeeze P 3. Lost World 4. West Buttr 5. Never Neve 6. Aquarian V 7. Wings of S 8. Grossman, 9. Horse Chu 10. Dihedral W 11. Cosmos		

Last pitch of The Nose.

Photo: Phil Bard

\_ C L I M B I N G



Photo: George Meyers



# Southeast Face of El Capitan

#### 1. Nose

- 2. Real Nose 3. New Dawn
- 4. Tribal Rite

- Theat Fitte
   Wall of Early Morning Light
   Mescalito
   Hockey Night in Canada

- 8. Space
- 9. South Seas 10. Pacific Ocean Wall 11. Sea of Dreams
- 12. North American Wall 13. Wyoming Sheep Ranch 14. New Jersey Turnpike 15. Atlantic Ocean Wall

- 16. Iron Hawk 17. Aurora 18. Tangerine Trip

19. Cowboys in Space 20. Zenyatta Mendata 21. Zodiac 22. Lunar Eclipse

- 23. Born Under
- a Bad Sign 24. Eagles Way 25. Waterfall Route
- 26. Chinese Water Torture
- 27. East Buttress

Route/Rating Born Under a	First Ascent B. Price, T. Washick (79)	Soloed N	Ascents 2	Comments (days for experienced party) One of the most significant ascents of the past	
Bad Sign VI 5.10 A4 +				decade was an attempt by Russ Fish Walling and Walt Shipley to do the second ascent of this Bill Price testpiece. On the crux pitch they had to place a bolt to reach the belay. Because they wanted to do it in good style, they rappel- led off, chopping the bolt on the way down. The next year they climbed it without drilling. Price called the roof pitch the hardest he's ever done on El Cap. 70 holes in 17 pitches. (4 1/2)	
Bad to the Bone VI 5.10 A4 +	J. Smith, L Painkiher (84)	Ν	1	A mysterious route. It appears to be very difficult. (4 1/2)	
Eagles Way VI 5.10 A4	M. Champan, M. Graham J. Orey (76)	N	3	Rarely done even though parties that have done it report only good things. (4 1/2)	
Waterfall Route VI 5.10 A4	D. Teske, T. Polk (10/75)	N	6	Meyers' topo labels the two A4 crux pitches A1. Route finding is a problem on the lower pitches. (3 1/2)	
Chinese Water Torture VI 5.11 A4	K. McConachie, J. Smith (7/81)	N	2	The shortest EI Cap VI. Very natural line with hardly any bolts. (3)	
HALF DOME					
Regular Northwest Face V 5.11 + or VI 5.7 A1	R. Robbins, J. Gallwas, M. Sherrick (7/57); Free variants: J. Erickson, A. Higbee (76); FFA: L. Coyne, et.al. (80)	E. Beck (60's)	many	First VI in Yosemite. 5 to 8 hours for good par- ties. First climbed in a day in 1966. (1)	
Direct Northwest Face VI 5.9 A2 +	R. Robbins, D. McCracken, (6/63)	E. Hawkins (84)	many	The fourth pitch on this was one of the first A5 pitches in the Valley. The route features fan- tastic bivy ledges and relatively easy nailing. Rick Cashner and Mike Corbett have climbed this in a day. (2 1/2)	
Same As It Never Was VI 5.11b A4	K. McConachie, J. Smith R. Grandstaff (7/86)	N	1	Climbs between the <i>Direct</i> and <i>Arcturus</i> , join- ing the Lowe finish to the <i>Regular</i> for the final pitch. 68 holes in 17 very long pitches (the <i>Di-</i> <i>rect</i> is 24 and <i>Arcturus</i> 25). 50% is free. (4 1/2)	
Arcturus VI 5.7 A4	R. Robbins, D. Dorworth (7/70)	Ν	2?	Ugly, unaesthetic. If there has been a second ascent, they haven't admitted it. (3)	
Queen of Spades VI 5.9 A4 +	C. Cole (7/84)	C. Cole (84)	1 、	Starting with the third, this route has fourteen A4 pitches in a row. Not a good place to be in a rainstorm, but very beautiful otherwise. 92 holes in 18 pitches. (5 1/2)	
<i>Tis-sa-ack</i> VI 5.10 A4	R. Robbins, D. Peterson (10/69)	W. Shipley (85)		This route was the first to brave the central part of the Northwest Face. This was, and still is, a much feared route. 110 bolts in 23 pitches. (4 1/2)	
Zenith VI 5.9 A5	J. Bridwell, K. Schmitz (7/78)	N		Tis-sa-sack took the wide cracks, Zenith the thin—lots of hooking and thin nailing. The route has become fairly popular ever since the book Yosemite Climber came out with Zenith as the cover photo. (5 1/2)	
Arctic Seas VI 5.10 A5	D. Raleigh, T. Cosgrove (83)	N		A hundred or so drilled hook holes (in 15 pitches) and miles of chiseled copperhead placements will prevent this from ever becom- ing popular. (4 1/2)	
Bushido VI 5.10 A4	J. Bridwell, D. Bard (10/77)	N	1	The most obvious line on the Northwest Face Rumors of huge death blocks ready to releas at a feather's touch keep many parties off. Bri well called it a route he'd "only recommend 1 his worst enemy." 105 bolts in 12 pitches. (4	
Autobahn V 5.11d	C. Cole, R. Reno, J. Middendorf (4/85)	N	8	Not technically a big wall, it is still big. 14 pitches of exciting run-out climbing on the highest quality rock in Yosemite. Starts on dikes 1000 feet right of <i>Snake Dike</i> . (1)	
South Face VI 5.9 A4	W. Harding, G. Rowell (7/70)	Ν		There have been more rescues on this route than ascents. Bathook holes are deteriorating, making A5 likely. 180 holes in 19 pitches. The entire upper section will probably go free. (4 1/2)	
<i>Karma</i> V 5.11d A1	D. Shultz, K. Yager, J. Cambell (7/86)	Ν		This is one of the scariest routes in Yosemite; supposedly, a fall at several points can cut the rope. (1)	

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# FIRST PERSON APPROXIMAL

# BY MEL BANKS, JR.

The thin vertical line of the crack widened slightly above him, forming a sharp-edged slot in the blank face of the rock. Conrad reached high, twisted in three fingers, wrenched them downward. The fingerlock was solid. He pulled up on wedged knuckles, grimacing with pain. Cautiously he freed his other hand and reached higher. Fingers crawled toward a rounded edge of rock no bigger than his lower lip, then quickly drew back. Trembling, muscles rigid, he backed down the crack until it widened, then jammed his hands and feet deep inside and hung from them, taking the strain on his joints rather than his muscles. "Stats," he gasped.

"Elapsed time, one hour and fifty-five minutes," the Sports Center computer responded in bored, electronic tones. "Cumulative vertical progress, 239 feet. Retrace, 97 feet. These are your statistics. Thank you."

"Damn," Conrad breathed. The stats were rotten. He should be able to float this route. Peter had done it, calling it "moderate." Of course, anything you struggled up, no matter how desperate at the time, became "moderate" in the telling.

Conrad glanced down at the sharp forms of boulders silently waiting 200 feet below. Beyond, the valley floor was a sunlit sweep of meadow greens and patchworked hues of October. The day was perfect – crisp and bright as a fresh apple. No excuses on a day like this. He just wasn't concentrating.

A movement below caught Conrad's eye. Startled, he watched as a battered hand, fingers taped for crack climbing, appeared from beneath an overhang. The hand groped, found a hold, gripped it. A blucol pulled nimbly over the lip of the overhang and stood up on the tiny ledge 20 feet below Conrad.

The blucol seemed youthful, with quick movements and deeply tanned arms that flickered with wiry muscle. As if indifferent to his airy position, the blucol leaned back against the cliff and lit a cigarette. The rich, aromatic smoke of real tobacco wafted upwards. He tilted his head back and scanned the route above; then, his gaze met Conrad's, raised his eyebrows and grinned. "You goin' up it now, or what? I haven't all day, y'know," the blucol said.

Conrad gaped at him. Surely the man didn't think to climb this. No blucol could master a route this hard; few among the Privileged could do it.

Conrad uncramped a hand from the crack, shook it vigorously to restore circulation, and jammed it higher. Without realizing it, he was moving up. Don't hesitate this time, he ordered himself. Commit to the move, don't worry about retreating. "Your body can't climb up if your mind is climbing down," as the sports instructors liked to put it.

Conrad reached the crux, aware that the blucol was watching his every move. Smoothly, powerfully, he shot his hand up and caught the small, rounded edge.

It was no good. He clung to it longer than should have been possible: fingertips bloodless, forearms burning, feet scrambling. Where was the next move?

"There's a thing or two you could learn about this game," the blucol shouted from below, breaking Conrad's concentration. "Meet me at the Twisted Pin."

Conrad fell. Through the roaring in his head he heard the blucol laughing. "Twisted Pin," the man called as Conrad plunged past, "...me at the twzzdpin." There was a series of sharp, jolting pains, then blackness.

Conrad picked himself up off the soft floor of the telepresence chamber and steadied himself against the wall. Naked, he stumbled into the ceramic glare of the Sports Center's main conditioning room. Everyone stopped exercising and turned to stare from the ranks of glittering stress machines. Peter hurried over. "Conrad...?"

"I crunched out," Conrad said in wonder. "Can't be-

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lieve it." His entire body ached. His remote vicarion unit, the size and mass of a human body, had smashed into the rocks at the base of the cliff. Although Conrad himself had dropped mere inches, the vectors from the distant impact had been fed back and reproduced on his body with just enough force to give climbing the necessary element of risk. "I'm all right. Nothing."

Peter gawked. "Nothing? Look at yourself."

Conrad glanced down. His body was true to the classical ideal of the Privileged – sculpted ripply-hard by a regimen of sports and stress training; smooth and hairless for positive contact with the control web. It was now covered with livid red splotches beginning to darken like rotting fruit.

"You should have those examined," Peter said with a frown of distaste.

Conrad nodded vaguely. Examined. "I'll stop by the Med Center," he lied. "I'll have them examined." He threw on his toga and made his way unsteadily out the door.

Conrad wandered the corridors of his complex, trying to get the accident off his mind. He rode the lifts, strolled the indoor park. His thoughts kept returning to the blucol. If he fell, what would be left to examine? On impulse, he stepped into a databooth tucked into a grove of evergreens. "Identify," he stated flatly. "Place name: 'Twisted Pin.'"

Glowing text filled the screen. "Twisted Pin (After 20th c. American slang 'pin' for 'piton,' an obsolete mountian climbing implement). Fourth Disrtict drinking and gambling establishment frequented by members of the vocational class (i.e. blue collar or 'blucol' class)."

The Fourth District wasn't far, perhaps thirty mi-Illustration: Steve Wood

OCTOBER 1986 ----

nutes on foot. Conrad knew little of the blucols outside the childhood tales and the occasional sighting of a climber. It couldn't hurt to take a quick look then come right back. It would feel good to get outside and walk somewhere in the flesh.

That night, as he pushed open the main door and stepped into the street, Conrad felt a thrill of excitement he hadn't known since his first climb.

A peeling sign above a timeworn storefront identified the Twisted Pin. The sign was trimmed with bent and rested steel spikes – pitons or pins, no doubt. Conrad entered cautiously, squinting into smoky gloom. Faces swung toward him like searchlights. Large, rough-looking men, muttering darkly and clutching dripping tankards, approached him. Conrad tensed.

Something nudged him from behind. He whirled, hands raised in sports combat position. A woman, obviously drunk, leered wetly at him, pink tongue protruding through a gap in her front teeth. "My ain't we the fine one. Cute," she said, reaching for Conrad's bare shoulder. "I could show you a thing or two that would make them fine privvie gals blush." Her breasts, plump and firm beneath a lowcut pullover, glistened with an oily film of sweat. Conrad stared, feeling himself flush.

Suddenly a hulking blucol barged forward, grabbed the woman by the shoulder and spun her roughly away. The huge blucol stood swaying slightly, glaring down at Conrad with dull, savage eyes. Black hairs prickled through his t-shirt where a massive belly swelled against the fabric. "A misunderstanding, I'm sure," Conrad said, backing away. "May I buy you a..." He hestitated, unsure what to offer. "...a beverage?"

The man shot out a meaty hand, caught Conrad by the throat and slammed him against the wall. He thrust a heavy face into Conrad's. "Whazza idea, my

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Sponsored by Captain Ethos and the Intergalactic League of Super Climbers lady an' all, huh?" His hand, which nearly encircled Conrad's neck, squeezed. Conrad gasped.

"Give it to 'im good, Floyd," the woman screamed from the bar, where she now stood holding a drink. The blucol cuffed the side of Conrad's head. Blackness fringed his vision. He knew the sports combat moves to use, had mastered them sparring with other Privileged athletes. But that was in vicarions.

"Sounds good to me," an amused voice said. "A 'beverage' is just what I had in mind." The blucol climber stood behind Floyd, curiously close, a hand on the big man's shoulder. He wore that same faint grin – half question, half challenge – that Conrad remembered from the morning.

Floyd stiffened. "Whaddaya, Billy, a privvie lover, huh? I can take you both."

"I know that, Floyd, that's why I'd rather drink with you than fight you. But right now you got bigger troubles, my man." Billy nodded toward the bar, where Floyd's woman was giggling in the midst of several men. One of the men, even bigger and drunker than Floyd, playfully patted her buttocks. Floyd bellowed and lumbered away, trailing the crowd behind. Billy folded the heavy-bladed knife with an oiled click and slipped it in his pocket. "Over here," he said, walking away.

Conrad hesitated, rubbing his throat and looking around the room. These blucols were a dangerous lot, but they'd found another diversion, at least for the moment. He straightened his toga and followed Billy to a dimly lit booth near the back.

Billy leaned forward across a scarred wooden tabletop. He was older than Conrad had first guessed. A lean, animated body and a thick shock of unruly hair gave him a boyish air, but his eyes, set in the seamed face of an aging blucol worker, held none of the softness of youth.

"Why did you invite me down here?" Conrad asked. Billy shrugged. "To see what you're made of mostly. All I ever see is those monkey things out on the cliffs, those vikes." A commotion was growing at the bar. There were grunts and thuds, followed by cheers. Billy glanced over and shook his head. "This used to be a decent place. Mostly climbers. But climbers are a dying breed. *Real* climbers, anyhow."

"Real climbers? Meaning blucol climbers? Let me explain something to you," Conrad said patiently. "The hardest routes in the world have only been climbed by Privileged athletes in vicarions. And as for realism, telepresence feedback reproduces all the sensations of climbing except taste and smell, which don't matter. It's just infinitely more convenient."

"Right. If you hadn't been in a vike this morning when you fell, it sure would've been inconvenient, all right." Billy leaned back and chuckled amiably, showing crooked yellow teeth.

"They don't aid us any more than boots aid you," Conrad said tightly. He was not going to let this arrogant lout upset him. He forced a smile. "And crunching out is not exactly a massage, you know."

Billy laughed hoarsely. "Ever see a man die, privvie?"

Conrad frowned and looked down at the table, tracing his fingertips over a crudely carved lightning bolt. The inscription read, "Stone Masters." It looked very old.

"Friend of mine," Billy continued, "damn fine climber he was. He tried something really hard one day, something only the privvies in their vikes do. Could of made it, too, but he froze up, you know, ten feet from the top. Scared to move up, scared to move down." Billy's grin was wooden. "Hung in near an hour before he fell. Got to give him that much."

Conrad absorbed this, wondering what the friend looked like after falling 250 feet into the rocks.

"It weren't even the hard move. That's the hell of it." Billy tapped the side of his head with a gnarled finger. "It's all in here, privvie. Sometimes it gets all knotted up. Remember how you felt when ol' Floyd had you pinned to that wall like a butterfly?"

This was insane, Conrad thought. These people risked their lives for mere sport. What was he doing in this place? Conrad rose to leave.

Billy caught his wrist in a surprisingly strong grip. "Meet me at the cliffs in the morning. You, not your climbing puppet. I'll show you what real climbing is. What's your name?"

Conrad told him. "Meet me tomorrow, Conrad," Billy called as Conrad pulled away. "You're not like the other privvies." Conrad looked back when he reached the door, but Billy was gone. He threw open the door and hurried into the night.

The ancient music was best, Conrad decided. He lay on his bed in the dark, letting the crescendos of the Eroica Symphony crash and flow over him. Gooseflesh prickled his arms as the piece drove toward its climax. There was a power in the old music that was missing in today's, something vital and alive, something glorious, mad. Beethoven, Wagner, the Stones – their music leaped and laughed; wept, fought, died. Curious that the music from the past, created by societies in many ways as primitive as the blucols, remained unsurpassed to this day.

As the music soared, Conrad closed his eyes and imagined himself on the rock, like Billy, climbing in the flesh. Perhaps he would go out in the morning, take a quick look, then come right back. Perhaps he would touch the rock.

Gazing up at the sheer, east facing wall of rock glowing in the first sunlight of the day was like seeing it for the first time. It was immense. Low on its base, Billy climbed up and down in methodical patterns, varying the path slightly each time, as if practicing musical scales. The weather was warm for October, and humid. Billy was shirtless; the bunched muscles of his back, sweat-gleaming in the rising sun, seemed carved from the rock itself. Conrad watched, fascinated by the barbaric splendor of it.

"You try it," Billy said. "Stay low, so you can jump." Conrad stepped up to the rock, then hesitated, looking down at his loose sandals. Billy said, "I thought of that. Here." He upended a canvas sack and shook out a heap of lightweight climbing boots. Conrad worked his feet into a snug pair, wiggled his toes, and stepped up on a tiny foothold. The boots were tattered and sour-smelling, but their black rubber soles gripped the rock securely. Cautiously he moved up, testing the feel of the rock under his hands and feet.

"Don't get too high 'til you're used to it," Billy said. "We're just bouldering, remember."

"I'm fine. This is nothing." Conrad reached, gripped, pulled. His fingertips tingled with the warm grittiness of the rock. It was climbing in a vicarion, yet it



was more – it was the difference between a perfect recording and a live musical performance. Subtle odors of sun-warmed rock and human sweat mingled with the mountain air. A light breeze ruffled his hair, the sun washed warmly over his back. The details of the rock's structure and grain leaped out at him with sparkling clarity. He fell into a smooth climbing rhythm, feeling alive and at one with the rock. Was this what the blucol had meant by "real" climbing? Perhaps there was something to it after all.

"Get back down here now. That's *Arms Race* you've got yourself on," came a shout from below. Billy's voice sounded remote. Conrad glanced down in surprise. He was eighty feet above the ground. He, himself, Conrad. Not some bloodless vicarion. Fear flashed through him like an electric shock, then subsided leaving his heart pounding. No call for alarm; this was only Route 97c. The blucols, with their quaint custom of naming the climbs, evidently called it *Arms Race*. It was strenuous – the name was apt – but Conrad had done it before. Besides, even blucols could do it.

Billy shouted hoarsely from below. "I didn't bring you here to kill you, you cocky little snot. You got no business soloing *Arms Race* yet. Now get your privileged ass down here."

Conrad smiled inwardly and resumed climbing. Poor old Billy. The blucols were a weak and pathetic lot, despite all their brutish posturing. Billy had challenged him to this, "dared" him as they'd said as kids. Now he was losing at his own game.

"All right then," Billy shouted. "You know the difference 'tween boldness and bad judgement, kid? If you make it – then it was boldness." Abruptly Billy turned and left.

Conrad watched the tiny figure of the blucol make its way along the cliff base and disappear around a buttress. The breeze had picked up and grown fitful; ragged clouds moved across the sky, their shadows rippling darkly over the face of the cliff. A vicarion, insect-like in the distance, inched its way up the face of a far crag. Conrad thought about Peter and the others back at the Sports Center. They'd be wandering in, laughing, punching shoulders, making dinner plans.

For a moment Conrad felt horribly alone, a soft thing adrift on a great, vertical sea of stone. The rock, like the sea, did not care why you came to it. It would let you play, or it would let you die. It made no difference.

Conrad shook off the feeling and started up again, anxious now to reach the top.

The crux was familiar: a massive ceiling of rock jutting into space, split by a ragged, narrow crack. Easier than it looked, actually. The trick was to keep moving – don't let the exertion catch up with you. Above the lip was a rest.

Conrad breathed deeply and stretched high. He cramped first one hand then the other solidly into the crack. Hanging from two handjams in the ceiling, he walked his feet up the vertical main face until they were on a small ledge. Carefully, he brought his feet up one at a time and twisted them into the crack. Hanging slothlike, back to the ground, he worked his hands farther out the crack. He reached blindly above the lip and groped for a hold. Nothing. Must be higher. He didn't remember a reach problem the last time.

The strain of his position was fast becoming un-

bearable; he knew he couldn't hold much longer. Conrad reset his toes in the crack and pushed against them, inching his body outward, forcing his arm high above the lip. His hand clamped onto the hold.

It wasn't right. Not what he remembered.

Suddenly Conrad was aware of a vast emptiness beneath him, sucking at his body like the vacuum of space, pulling him toward the shattered rocks far below. To fall, it dawned on him with awful clarity, meant death. Real death, not a crunchout. Death and twisted limbs and splintered bones, a crushed skull and staring eyeballs. Brains and blood. Blackness.

His forearms burned with lactic acid buildup from the continuous strain and the elevated, blood-draining position of his arms. *Move!* You've hung around too long. Fighting back the same paralyzing dread he'd experienced with Floyd, he worked loose his jammed hand from under the ceiling and brought it up to join the one above the lip. Blood oozed from scraped knuckles; the hand was stiff and numb, a useless club. No time to worry. With a grunt of effort, he heaved his head and shoulders over the lip. His legs remained in an awkward pike position, feet still wedged in the crack beneath the ceiling.

He should have backed off while he had the chance, he thought in panic. Now it was too late. Move, move. But his body wouldn't move. He looked up the cliff and there, twenty feet above on the summit, stood Billy.

Billy grinned down. "You're doin' just fine, boy," he said in an unexcited voice. "Now kick loose those feet and pull on over the lip, grab that big bucket of a hold there and you're home free."



"I can't," Conrad said, his voice taut. Billy didn't understand. "If I let go with my feet my hands will come off. I know it."

"That next hold's better'n a beer mug handle. Grab it!"

The hold beckoned two feet above Conrad's hand. It might as well have been ten. "If I let go I'll fall," he said, his voice breaking shrilly. "I'll die, I tell you. I...will...die!"

"An' I tell you, if you don't do what I say, you'll die just as dead."

Conrad studied the hold. It looked solid enough, with a good sharp edge his fingers would sink behind and lock onto. So close... he relaxed a hand, preparing to reach, sensed the other begin to slip and instantly clenched them both. A low moan welled up from inside him. A cold, heavy liquid seemed to fill his insides, weighing him down.

Conrad tried to think. Three ways to go: move up, move down, don't move. He knew he couldn't reverse the ceiling – he'd barely made it in the first place, and now he had only a fraction of his strength left. Exhaustion is only a state of mind, he told himself, exhaustion is only a...

"Now!" barked Billy. The anguish contorting the blucol's tough features was more terrible to Conrad than the rocks below.

Part of Conrad wanted to let go, drop, end the agony and suspense. Get it over with. It was hopeless.

No. Act. Do something. Lunge!

Conrad's feet swung out beneath him as his hand shot up and locked over the hold. Quickly he brought up his other hand. Gritting his teeth against the pain, he wrenched it solidly into a deep, horizontal slot. He hung, legs thrashing the air, long enough to taste blind terror. Then his feet found holds above the lip. He was standing up. He was in balance.

Conrad leaned into the rock. Sobs wracked his body between gasps for breath. His hands were useless, forearms swollen stiff in tetanic contraction. He shook and swung his deadened arms one at a time, forcing blood back into them. When at last he could open and close his hands again, he climbed the remaining short distance to the top.

Conrad stood on the summit, staring at his cramped and bloody hands in wonder. He'd done it. He was alive. He looked at Billy. The blucol's face was split by a grin so wide his jaw threatened to drop off. He pounded Conrad on the back, then hugged him.

"So, privvie, what do you think of *real* climbing, huh?" he said. "How was it?"

Conrad breathed deeply. His legs wobbled and he sank to his knees. "Moderate," he said. "It was moderate." Billy burst into rich peals of laughter, holding his belly and staggering.

Conrad pressed his palms against the rough, solid rock of the summit. Enduring, he thought. Not at all like flesh. The rock would be here whether he'd made it or not. But he'd made it, and somehow that was more satisfying than anything he'd ever done before.

Beaming like a father, Billy helped Conrad to his feet. Together they began the hike down from the top. It was good to have survived, thought Conrad. Next time, though, it would be better – he would stay in control, show some style. Show Billy what he could do. Conrad could hardly wait.





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# ACCESS

LIABILITY

# Why to Convince The Public that Climbing *is* Dangerous

#### by Ed Leeper

Who is legally liable in the case of a climbing accident? This is a sticky question that will plague us all in unexpected ways in the coming years.

The first difficulties have already arisen: mountain guides are finding it hard to buy the liability insurance required for operating on public land. This is a serious problem but it may be only the beginning. For the sake of climbing as a whole, I hope that the guides are *not* successful in finding such insurance, and that some other solution to this impasse can be found.

So far, climbing has been remarkably free of multi-million-dollar lawsuits arising from injury or death. We should all be thankful for that, because we could lose access to many public and privately-owned climbing areas if such suits become common. And the absence of liability insurance may be one of the most important factors to which we owe our good luck – simply because its presence might invite suits.

There are many other reasons why injured climbers do not sue. Anyone who climbs knowingly risks death or injury. Perhaps he even chooses to climb because of that risk. So when a climber is injured, he usually doesn't blame the landowner for letting him climb on a dangerous cliff, or his partner, who may have urged him on.

We can debate exactly how dangerous climbing is (and of course that depends on how one climbs), but the important point is that non-climbers perceive all climbing as dangerous. If an injured climber ever tried to sue his partner, his attorney would have a hard time convincing the jury that the partner was to blame; to the jury, the injured climber was obviously reckless himself, just by being on a mountain.

Do we want to change all this? Suppose we could persuade the public that climbing is really safe, and suppose that guides could then buy liability insurance. Would that be to our advantage?

There would still be climbing accidents. But it would seem that they shouldn't have happened, and people would want to assign blame. There would be lawsuits where there was insurance to pay the judgments.

The difficulties would begin once those first lawsuits went to court. Landowners, afraid of being sued, would feel a need for liability insurance. But such coverage is never cheap even when a sport is considered safe, and it would be easier to simply close the areas to climbing.

This is an unlikely scenario; I doubt that the public could ever be convinced that climbing is that safe. But we still may see big lawsuits in the next few years. All it will take is one or two, and climbing areas all over the country will close almost overnight. Large and small ones. On government and public land.

It won't matter who gets sued or why, or even whether the suit is won or lost. To the private landowner, or the government agency responsible for public land, the easiest thing will be to put up no trespassing signs. What do they get from climbing that's worth the risk of being sued?

Some areas may be reopened with stiff entry fees to pay for insurance; but that will be a hassle for the landowners, and probably impossible at many smaller areas. And climbing will have moved in the direction of becoming a rich man's sport.

The next thing that may happen is that we will face insurance requirements – all of us, not just guides. The landowner's insurance company won't want the risk of its client being the only defendant in a courtroom with any resources. To avoid that possibility, insurers generally require that any potential co-defendant also carry insurance. The landowner might then be forced to insist that anyone who leads or belays on his land (or even climbs in the middle of a rope) be insured to do so.

If it's difficult for a responsible-looking guide to buy insurance, wait until some of the flaky types I've climbed with (and felt perfectly safe doing so) ask their neighborhood State Farm office for a climber's policy. Even if such insurance can be bought, climbing will have moved another notch towards being a rich man's sport.

America loves the high-stakes lawsuit lottery game, but it could kill climbing as we know it. Is there any way that we can stay out of that game?

It is essential to avoid the first big, well-publicized lawsuits, because once one or two have happened, it will be all over. Perhaps we should do our best to reinforce the public's perception of climbing as a dangerous activity, pursued by a bunch of crazies who get their kicks out of flirting with death. It shouldn't be hard to do. That is the way we like to see ourselves, after all. Does it matter if it's really true?

I hope that climbing can continue to be accepted as an obviously dangerous activity, and that we will be allowed to take our own risks as we have in the past. However, guided climbing may be our Achilles' heel. The fact that guided climbing is safer means that when an accident does happen, it is more likely to be seen as someone's fault. And there is the unavoidable implication that the guide is responsible for his client's safety.

A guide could very well be the first climber to be sued by another climber. And a guide with liability insurance is even more of a lightning rod for lawsuits than a guide without.

Wouldn't it be better to establish that guided climbing is like any other climbing, that the client knowingly takes a risk, and accepts that responsibility? A few clients might balk, but most responsible guides are already making it clear that climbing has unavoidable dangers, and that even the best guide cannot totally shield a client from those dangers. We need to emphasize the client's individual responsibility, not play it down. Requiring liabilty insurance may be a step in the wrong direction, as it implies that the guide is in fact responsible.

If government agencies feel vulnerable or responsible because of guided climbing, perhaps the client should be required to have ample accident insurance. This may sound like a minor distinction, but it is an important one. Accident insurance is easier to buy than liability insurance, and this would clearly put responsibility with the individual client rather than with the guide. Guides could still be sued, but most would go bare of insurance as they have in the past. They would not be an inviting target if ample accident insurance was paying the medical bills and compensating for disability.

Accident insurance could also handle non-guided accidents. And it would keep the high-stakes lawsuits from happening, rather than encouraging them. That's a goal we should all be trying to implement.

A climbing accident involving death or serious injury is always tragic. The economic consequences are sometimes heavy. But often the survivors look more for meaning in the face of what has happened than for whom to blame. This is consistent with the spirit of independence and individual responsibility that is inherent in climbing.

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## WASHINGTON

# Liability Insurance Forces Closure of Peshastin Pinnacles

One of the northwest's finest climbing areas, the Peshastin Pinnacles just east of Leavenworth, Washington, was closed on August 1 – and the region's climbing community is irked.

The two fruit growers who own the 30 acres of sandstone slabs explain that liability insurance is just too scarce and too expensive for them to continue allowing climbers to romp on their spires.

The reaction of many climbers is a blend of anger and astonishment. The Peshastin Pinnacles is one of the warmest and driest climbing areas in the state, and offers a welcome refuge from poor weather characteristic of nearby Index and Leavenworth. Most of the classic lines are in the 5.8-5.9 range, but the good rock and pleasant climbing conditions attract climbers from all over the country.

"Some days there are at least 100 cars parked in line out there," local Jim Yoder observes. "I see license plates from all over the U.S., and from British Columbia, Alberta, even Quebec." Since 1947, when partners Orland Bitterman and Perry Flick of Cashmere bought 130 acres of pear and apple orchards within a 265-acre parcel that includes the spires, the area has been open to climbers – except during fall harvests, when the growers hoped to discourage fruit filchers.

Veteran Washington climbers agree that Bitterman and Flick have been generous and good-natured benefactors of land worthless to anyone but climbers. However, Bitterman explains that the orchard's liability policy was slated for renewal on August 1; and their insurance agent warned them if they continued to allow climbing, they might lose it all.

"We had to close it," Bitterman says. "I feel bad for the climbers, because I know they really enjoy it. But we're getting close to retirement age, and we don't want to take any chances because of the huge jury settlements. If someone falls and sues, we'd have to get lawyers, and we don't think it's worth the gamble."

Mark Shipman is chairman of the Chelan-Douglas Land Trust, a private, non-profit group dedicated to protecting "unique" wild lands. Shipman, who is also a climber, says his people are laboring in earnest to save the Pinnacles. However, the orchardists have indicated no interest in donating the spires to the northwest climbing community via Shipman's trust.

As an alternative, Shipman and friends would like to try raising money from organizations, businesses, and individuals throughout Washington to purchase the Pinnacles outright.

The Land Trust has a committed ally in Dianne Hoff, chairwoman of the Seattle Mountaineers' Climbing Committee. The Mountaineers have about 2000 active climbing members this year, out of a general membership of 10,000.

Hoff says the Mountaineers are working with the Land Trust to raise money any way they can. Meanwhile, Bitterman, whose entire property is for sale, says he would part with the Pinnacles if the price were right; but, he'd insist that any buyer also purchase a few adjoining orchard acres to be converted into a fenced-in parking lot in order to protect their fruit trees. (Good orchard land in these parts fetches about \$12,000 an acre.)

The same liability insurance shortage that haunts the Pinnacles is striking outdoor adventure businesses across the U.S. in the wake of recent extravagant court settlements. Schools and guide services that professional guides insist are low risk are closing down because insurance brokers believe they are too hot to handle.

6 3



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# YURIKA FOODS

Did you read Nancy Clark's article in CLIMBING no. 97 (August 1986)?

Did you know you could order those YURIKA meal pouches directly?

Marilyn Harvey 2 Orchard Lane Littleton, Co. 80121 (303)797-0776 Independent Distributor Perhaps the most glaring example of this insurance crunch is at REI Co-Op, the region's largest outdoor gear retailer. For the first time in the six years of its popular rock and ice climbing classes, REI was forced this summer to shut down the program. Leavenworth Alpine Guides, which has run REI's climbing school for the last five years, could not find an insurer anywhere in the U.S. who would write a policy covering \$500,000 of total annual liability.

This year, according to guide service owners, only one U.S. firm offers any liability coverage to outfits that guide climbing, rafting, heli-skiing or trekking trips: B & B Insurance Co. of Palm Desert, California.

"It's really tough out there," says Mike Kahout, an account executive for brokers who represent B & B in Washington state. "The adventure industry is kind of at the mercy of the market. Two years ago, they paid about \$600 for \$300,000 coverage. Now, the minimum premium is \$1500 to \$1800." Ironically, throughout the past six years, there has not been a single successful lawsuit against any club or guide service in Washington state.

—John Hessburg

### COLORADO

# Eldorado Quarry Fight Still Rages

The fight against the proposed gravel quarry on Eldorado Mountain is not over (see *Climbing* no. 94). Conservationists won the first battle in January, when the Mined Land Reclamation Board denied Conda Company's application for an expanded, 203-acre mine on the basis that Conda had not received approval from Boulder County. Many people thought the war was won.

However, Conda promptly filed suit in state court, arguing that Boulder County had no jurisdiction over state land. At the same time, Conda also applied for Boulder County "special use" approval of a smaller, 67-acre quarry at the same site.

Conda is currently asking Boulder County for approval of a 15-year mining plan. Their original proposal, however, was for a 70-year plan. If Conda gets its foot in the door now, climbers will almost certainly be confronted by a growing mine scar for the rest of their lives. By 2056 the two pits would be visible as a 2000-foot scar, the largest on

Support International Women's climb on Kanchenjunga (28,208 feet). Buy a T-shirt S, M. L, XL raspberry or jade. Slogans: "Support women on top", "It's better on top" "A woman's place is on the face". Short-sleeve \$11 postpaid. long-sleeve \$13 postpaid. Down mummy sleeping bags, \$128 postpaid.

IWEC, 3325 Garland Wheatridge, CO 80033 the Front Range. Truck traffic, dust, blasting noise, and the din of heavy machinery would destroy the serenity of Eldorado State Park and the residential areas surrounding it. The golden eagles, prairie falcons, black bears, and mountain lions inhabiting Eldorado Mountains would most likely flee.

To prevent this, climbers must make their voices heard. Write the Boulder County Commissioners (Josie Heath, Buz Smith and Ron Stewart, P.O. Box 471, Boulder, CO 80306). If you live in Colorado, write your state legislators and your local newspaper. Boulder/ Denver area climbers should come to the Boulder County Commissioners meeting, tentatively scheduled for November; watch your newspaper for the date, time, and place, or call (303) 499-9697 or 499-3009 for information. Your support is needed!

-Glenn Randall

# WASHINGTON, DC

# **Bull Run Reopened**

Bull Run Mountain, after several years of closure, has been reopened to climbers on a limited basis. This ridgetop quartzite crag offers short, strenuous climbing in a spectacular setting among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains near Washington, D.C.

Bull Run has been explored by the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club since 1935. Hikers and climbers freely visited the area until the late 1970's, when the property through which access had been traditionally gained was taken over by a state-chartered foundation. This group began to enforce a restricted access policy which essentially closed the area to public use. Climbers who snuck in for a day's outing often returned to ticketed or altogether missing (towed) vehicles.

The PATC has worked for several years to regain access to Bull Run Mountain, and was finally successful this year with the purchase of a trail easement and small parking area. Because of liability, climbers interested in exploring Bull Run are required to notify the Mountaineering Section of the PATC in advance (or you can join the club, in which case you can climb anytime). Climbers are also urged to be especially sensitive to the nesting sites for several endangered bird species. The Mountaineering Section has also responded to the growing vandalism problem by asking visitors to help haul out litter.

Access information may be obtained from: Potomac Appalachian Trail Club, Mountaineering Section, 1718 "N" Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20036. (202) 638-5306.

-Stuart Pregnall

# EXPEDITIONS

# Aconcagua Prize of the Argentine Andes

by John Hessburg



South Face of Aconcagua.

Viewed from the Horcones River Valley, the steep immensity of Aconcagua's South Face is enough to excite even the most jaded mountaineer. Midway up its 3000- meter expanse of rock and ice is a hanging glacier with a leading edge so deep it would dwarf many skyscrapers. Although magnetic in beauty, the South Face is intimidating enough that only a handful of expeditions try it each season.

Two-thirds of the several hundred alpinists who are drawn to Aconcagua each year choose the Ruto Normal, the standard trail up the Northwest Ridge. This is a stiff test of endurance, but offers no technical challenge. The ridge is mainly a long, tedious slog up scree slopes that can murder your knees and destroy your ankles.

Most of the Polacos Glacier, the mountain's intermediate technical route, is a steeper version of that same scree hiking until you reach the two highest camps. And even in summer, the Polacos route is strafed by some of the most savage wind storms the Andes can muster.

So, why would anyone invest the long green and the long days needed to climb Aconcagua? At 6960 meters (22,834 feet), this peak is the highest in the western and southern hemispheres, and an excellent place to earn high altitude experience for later ventures on big Central Asian peaks. What's more, an Aconcagua climb is relatively accessible in distance and dollars. And while its lower slopes are nothing to alert National Geographic about, vistas from the mountain's summit and northern flanks are unique. On a cloudless day, you can look westward across 100 miles of Chile to the Pacific Ocean, and eastward towards the great Argentine Pampas.

The best time to climb any route on Aconcagua is during the central Andean summer, between late December and early March. However, severe winter-like storms have been recorded on the fringes of this season, and local guides agree that late January through February is prime time on the high massif. This year was a glaring exception. Veteran muleteers and climbers in the region say last February was one of the stormiest summer months in the past two decades.

"It was an exceptionally aggressive season," maintains Luis Parra, a longtime guide and mule supplier in Mendoza, capitol city of the like-named province and springboard for most Aconcagua expeditions. "Aconcagua has a special micro-climate," he says, "and this year it cost climbers a lot of tents."

Not to mention their lives. Citing records of the Mendoza Mountaineering Association, Parra confirms that at least six climbers died on Aconcagua last summer: three Japanese from one team and another from a separate group, one Argentine, and one Pole. That's a significant number when you consider that only 48 climbers have perished on the mountain since 1897.

Juan Galera, an affable little man who owns a Stradivarius violin and pro-

cesses Aconcagua expedition permits for the provincial government in Mendoza, has kept detailed records of all attempts on the mountain the past several years. During the 1983-84 season, a total of 92 expeditions (346 climbers) tried Aconcagua; 520 climbers in 115 different expeditions attempted the peak during the 1984-85 season. Both Galera and Parra agree that only 30 to 40 percent of the climbers who set out for Aconcagua's summit actually get there.

### **Climbing History**

The first, and perhaps the noblest bid for Aconcagua's summit was in 1883, when a stubborn but illequipped Dr. Paul Gussfeldt of Berlin University reached 21,500 feet on the North Face. This route was completed in 1951 by an Austrian-German team.

But the first climber to reach the summit of Aconcagua was Swiss guide Matthias Zurbriggen, a member of English adventurer Edward Fitzgerald's expedition, who plodded up the northwest flank to success on January 14, 1897.

Then in March of 1934, a team of Polish climbers tagged the top via the northeastern glacier, hence its current name. Two decades later in the summer of 1954, an intrepid French team, which included Lucien Berardini, Pierre Lesieur, and Robert Paragot, climbed the forbidding South Face and reached the north summit. That climb is still hailed as one of the boldest in Andean history.

### Geology

Aconcagua has two summits: the false south and the true north. This nonvolcanic massif was formed when the earth's crust was thrust upward in great ripples of rock by a powerful geologic process called folding. Geologist Federico Reichert, author of *The Exploration of Mendoza's High Range*, says the "dado," or central platform of the peak, is ancient marine sediment topped with a folded cape of crumbling rock. The mountain's midsection comprises green and river sandstone, Oxford gypsum, and various calciumbased rocks.

The vicious Andean temperature extremes between summer-winter and day-night produce a surfeit of mindbending scree, which at some places seems just about as steep as scree can get without sloughing under its own weight. A summer snowstorm followed by a cold snap can be a godsend, because it jells the loose rock. somewhat and allows more than mincing footsteps. For awhile.

There are two fascinating quirks to the glaciers of the Aconcagua region.





Above 15,000 feet are vast fields of "penitentes," or thin ice blades three to seven feet high. These are great fun to clamber through, providing you run manual interference for the family jewels. The blades were named by some myopic explorer with a poetic flair who once thought they looked like people kneeling at prayer. No way. They look like giant kitchen cleavers. But you'll sometimes find a welcome trickle of water under the mess at midday. Penitentes are formed by the combination of long dry spells and the angle of intense solar radiation peculiar to that latitude in summer.

The other quirk is that, at first, the lower reaches of Aconcagua's enormous glaciers look like sweeping rock and boulder fields, until you realize they are rivers of ice buried under thick mantles of alluvial debris. Yes, it's the same infamous Andean scree, which seems like demon scat halfway through a hot afternoon of load ferrying.

# Transportation

Inexpensive flights leave daily from Buenos Aires to the city of Mendoza. The peak is located in the northwestern corner of Mendoza province, a short distance from the Argentina-Chile border. The trailhead at Puente del Inca (from which the South Face and standard route expeditions leave) and at Punta de Vacas (from which Polacos Glacier teams depart) are easily reached via cheap and reliable buses from Mendoza. It's a 170 km trip over well-paved road along International Route 7, with a brief stop midway at Uspallata, where bored young soldiers will rifle meaningfully through your travel documents. Be polite to them, have your expedition permit and passports in order, and you'll be on your way.

The three main mule brokers in Mendoza can arrange private transport to Puente or Punta on small buses, for which you can bargain a decent price. (Details on mules will be provided later). You can dicker down just about any price in Argentina, except maybe for underwear or a shot of booze. Enjoy the game.

While you're organizing in Mendoza, take advantage of the city's cheap, efficient cab company, Radiomovil Taxis (tel: 255-855), which has about the cheapest cab rates you'll find in Argentina.

It's also possible to find bus transport from Santiago, Chile, across the border to Puente or Punta, a scenic jaunt of less than 200 km. But don't try it on a weekend. The tourist lineup at border checks is a nightmare.

# **Climbing Permit**

Go see Galera, whose office is in Mendoza's new soccer stadium in San Martin park, just west of the downtown area. Make sure you have the following items in order and the process will be a cruise: summary of physical exam and a stress EKG, performed less than 30 days before your arrival in Argentina, two passport-sized photos (one front and the other three-quarters angle), a climbing résumé, and valid passport and visa. The man will give you a brief form to fill out, which mainly verifies your experience level and basic personal data. There's no charge, and – presto – you're out the door.

#### Food

Mendoza, a crowded metropolis with still a hint of Old World charm, boasts an abundance of fine ma-andpa specialty food stores, as well as several decent supermarkets, where you can stock up on dry sausages, cheese, rice, lentils, and fresh produce for the climb. From the U.S. you only need to bring enough freeze-dried food for three or four days, for use at high camp. It's well worth the weight and extra mule cost to lug in an ample supply of fruits and vegetables, which should last until at least your second camp. An Argentine staple that's cheap and highly nutritious is the corn meal called "polenta," which is also a slang term for "go-powder." It's light and packs a good carbo wallop. Avoid Argentinc chocolate bars. They have the taste and consistency of bathroom tiles. Items we relished included small whole wheat rolls from a downtown bakery (which stay fresh for two weeks), mayo to help lubricate the breaded gullet, nuts, and dried fruits. All are readily obtainable. Probably the best market in town is the Supermercado at Mitre and General Paz streets.

While in town, take advantage of Mendoza's excellent wines and beef, renowned throughout Latin America.

#### **Essential Gear**

Bring kerosene stoves. You can't find white gas in Mendoza, but butane is available.

Come prepared for some serious, possibly extended, winterish weather at the higher camps. Temperatures may dip as low as 20° F above 20,000 feet and winds commonly reach 50 to 60 mph on the Polacos route. Even in summer, summit winds have blasted over 100 mph.

You're not likely to see a drop of rain above 13,000 feet, but a rugged Goretex or coated nylon wind suit is indispensable to beat the wind. Given the rocky terrain, a Therma-Rest or double-thick foam pad will be appreciated greatly. Don't skimp on lip guard and sunscreen; the solar radiation at Andean altitudes can render you into a pizza face in a hurry. Bring a good number of heavy-duty duffle bags with locks; the muleteers, sometimes curious guys, tend to rasp the hell out of them with their cinching ropes. And it's a good idea to take a pair of lightweight aluminum ski poles sans baskets to ease gear-ferrying pressures on the

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#### Mules

There are four main options for securing mules. Keep in mind one rule of thumb: 60 kilos maximum per mule. Contact:

Luis Parra (Guiraldes 246, 5519-San Jose, Mendoza Province, Republica Argentina; tel: 242-003). Parra, an honest and likeable guy, owns about 30 mules and knows the good muleteers in the valley around Puente and Punta. He speaks reasonable English. Parra works only the standard route. Including however many muleteers you need, Parra's latest one-way prices (quoted last February) progress along this sliding scale: up to 60 kilos of gear, \$120 US; 60 to 120 kilos, \$160; 120 to 180 kilos, \$200, and so on. Parra has an agent stationed at the Plaza de Mulas basecamp for the standard route. That agent, who speaks English, is there most of the summer season and guards team gear. That's good, because it's common for this camp to be jammed with 50 or more tents and climbers from all over the world. It's a nylon zoo.

Jose Rinaldini, commonly known as Archy, is the new kid in the local mule business. (Molina 461, Septimo Piso-J, 5500-Mendoza; tel: 292-617). Archy is

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friendly, quite earnest and open to bargaining, but not fully tested yet, since he just started last season. He speaks good English and appears to be a straight shooter. A Seattle friend who co-led seven clients up the Ruta Normal last January says Archy was dependable. He charged them \$510 for a guided tour of Mendoza, help with the permit process, transport to Puente, and five mules to base camp. Archy will work either main approach route. He's worth a try.

The longest established mule man in the area is Fernando Grajales (Jose Moreno 898, 5500-Mendozal telex 55154). Grajales offers dependable service but is very expensive and hard to bargain down. The prices he charges are mega-income by Argentine standards, yet he pays his muleteers peanuts. The man is very fond of making money. I cannot enthusiastically recommend him, but he'll get the job done right if you're willing to pay through the nose.

If your command of Spanish is good and you like to dicker unabashedly, you might be better off striking a deal directly with the muleteers, who are easily found near Puente. There are a couple scam masters in the area so be wary, but I can recommend three men who are trustworthy and skilled: Mario Hector Flores, his cousin Cesar Pissaro, and their friend Sergio Camilo Borges. Flores, a strong, savvy 25-year-old gaucho with a positive attitude, can be reached at Correo Uspallata, 5545-Mendoza. He'll coordinate his buddies for you. They're good bets and will undercut the bigger outfit's prices.

#### Standard Route

Plan for 10 to 15 days total, from trailhead to summit and back. Follow the Horcones River northward from Puente on an easy two-day approach of about 38 km through a beautiful high desert valley; it can be windy, and temperatures may nudge 95° F. The muleteers will take your gear into Plaza de Mulas in a quick day, passing you. Since the Horcones water is muddy and exposed to loads of pack animal feces, a reliable water filter is imperative. Portable Aqua tablets or iodine helps, too.

Puente stands at about 8960 feet, a good place to rest and acclimatize. There's a lodge, cheap and clean, with decent meals. If you use Archy's services, he's pals with the local police chief and might find you free sleeping space at the jail.

An old joke says the hardest part of the standard route is fording the Horcones about three hours into your first approach day. When the water is high, a lot of rocks are tumbling down the riverbed, and there's a tricky jump between boulders. Parra lost a mule there last summer.

Basecamp is at about 14,000 feet,

another ideal level for passing a couple days eating and building up for the hike. Genet Expeditions recommends three camps: at Nide de Condores (the Condor's Nest, about 17,000 feet), at Berlin Hut (19,300 feet on the crest of the Northwest Ridge), and at the Independencia Hut (21,300 feet). The latter, a tiny A-frame, is apparently the world's highest alpine refuge.

Bring tents; do not count on these huts for shelter, they merely serve as milestones. The climb from Independencia to the summit will take you 6 to 9 hours, but leave ample daylight time for getting back to high camp. Parra cautions that you stick to the trail all the way down; there are tempting but deceptive alternates that can lead to big trouble if storms arise.

#### Polacos Glacier Route

Plan for 15 to 21 days, trailhead to summit and back, depending on your party's strength and level of acclimatization. While not technical, this route is rugged above 18,000 feet and requires cardiovascular conditioning.

For the approach, follow the Vacas river north out of Punta de Vacas, through a hot, parched valley, for about 40 km to the confluence with the Relinchos River. You'll find some clear water, but treat it with iodine. Bear west and you'll catch your first glimpse of Aconcagua's stunning eastern flanks from the lower valley notch. It's another 20 km to Plaza Argentina and basecamp at about 13,800 feet. Allow three days for the approach. There are two obvious campsites along the Vacas, with a stone shelter at each, but the gauchos traditionally get to sleep there.

Once you're at basecamp, the route is easy to find. Head west up the left flank of the lower Polacos Glacier, veer left just below the high col between Aconcagua and Mount Ameghino, head south up that demon scree to some cliffbands, and then head towards the huge, three-layered Piedra Bandera, the flag rock, which Argentines say is God's own version of their national banner.

There's a fine flat campsite at about 15,200 feet if you want an advanced base. Camp I goes in at a long, flat gully on the far left of the glacier at about 16,200 feet. Camp II, windy as hell and only big enough for four medium-sized tents, can be placed at 18,900 feet below the rusty brown cliffs; if that's crowded, try the exposed shelf atop the cliffs. It's easily the most spectacular campsite I've seen. Depending on the ice conditions on the upper Polacos, which starts at about 19,500 feet, you'll set up high camp either nestled against the base of the Piedra Bandera (21,300 feet) or across the glacier in the rock bands at the far left of the North Face (about 20,500 feet). From either high camp it's crampon city to the upper slopes. Then

there's a grinding walk to the top with scads of false summits to spur you on.

Allow at least eight hours from high camp to the top and four to six hours for the descent. Don't be alarmed if you encounter several bag-wrapped bodies along the way above high camp. It's hard for authorities to remove them when choppers can barely sputter at that altitude.

#### Other Climbs

If you're seeking more bang for your expedition buck, there's a wealth of excellent climbing to be found in the Aconcagua region. Within a 400-mile radius there are a half-dozen peaks above 20,000 feet. The most aesthetic are Tupungato, a classic volcanic cone of 22,310 feet, and Mercedario, which towers to 22,211 feet. Tupungato, located about 85 km southsoutheast of Aconcagua, is easily approached via the Tunas River valley, with the town of Tupangato as the supply springboard. Mercedario is about 75 km north-northwest of Aconcagua, and easily approached from either the Chilean or Argentine side.

In the immediate vicinity of Aconcagua, there are some beautiful technical routes up peaks in the 16,400foot to 19,500-foot class. At the left of Ameghino's sheer South Face is a tough, steep ice couloir. Ameghino stands at about 19,300 feet. The principal neighboring peaks are ice-plastered Cuerno (17,814 feet), Tolosa (same height), Catedral (18,160 feet), and Los Dedos (16,463 feet).

From Camp II on the Polacos route you'll see some formidable ice faces on the unnamed crags to the north. Argentina also has three other mountains higher than 22,000 feet: Ojos del Salado (22,572 feet), Bonete (22,546 feet), and Pissis (22,241 feet). For more information on these peaks, write Parra or Dr. Alfredo E. Magnani (Jose Zapata 48, 5500-Mendoza, Argentina). The latter is Argentina's godfather of mountaineering. The Mendoza Alpinist Club also has an excellent library. Write them at: Casilla Correo 400, 5500 Mendoza, Argentina. You can also phone their president, Fernando de Rosas, at 9 am Saturdays (tel: 224-521).

Another good source of climbing information is the Asociacion Mendocina de Actividades de Montana, Guiraldes 246, Guaymallen, 5519, Argentina.

For excellent topo maps, contact the Instituto Geographico Militar in Buenos Aires. And if you're planning a South Face route, contact Alejandro Randis (Soler 721, 5500-Mendoza, Argentina). He's one of Argentina's finest alpinists, and can tell you a lot if you speak Spanish.

You'll find Argentina a cheap, safe, and friendly land, where the U.S. dollar goes a long way on the black market if the local currency is floating internationally. I wish you *buena suerte* on your adventures there.



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# REVIEWS

## THE AMERICAN GUIDEBOOK

# A Bibliography to Guidebooks Past and Present

This is the first in a series presenting a preliminary bibliography of every technical rock climbing guide ever printed for the contiguous United States. Only guides containing fifthclass routes have been included. This first segment will list guidebooks from the New England states.

Guidebooks are objects of derision, yet they are religiously consulted as bibles of the "true way." And as dependency upon guidebooks have increased, so has the intensity of this love-hate relationship.

Despite all the attention (and use) a guidebook receives, it is ever so quickly tossed aside whenever a newer edition appears. In reality, these out-ofdate, out-of-print guides deserve a second look; there is much more between their covers than a mere listing of routes. Often, they speak eloquently of the history of climbing and the contemporary perspectives of earlier generations.

The technical climbing guidebook is nearly as old as rock climbing itself, the first guides appearing in England in the 1890's <sup>1</sup>. And as the British Isles were the Garden of Eden for the sport of rock climbing, here too the guidebook was conceived.

While the various British guidebooks have been well chronicled <sup>2</sup>, no serious attempt has ever been made to keep track of the rich diversity of technical climbing guides printed for the United States. Unlike the British guides, which tend toward excruciating uniformity in size and layout, U.S. guidebook writers have experimented with nearly every size, shape, format, and approach imaginable.

The major factor in this variety of approaches was originally the lack of a centralized-club/ specialty-publishing company, and more recently the profit potential which self-publication offers. As a result, earlier guidebooks tended to be either offset or even mimeograph productions, or high quality, typeset, and cloth-bound volumes, such as the early editions produced by the Sierra Club.

Furthermore, prior to 1970 there was a very limited market for even the most popular guidebooks, and therefore, the number of copies produced was also limited. This factor, coupled with the poor binding/materials used in many guides, has made for a very low survival rate. Today many early (and by Randy Vogel



not so early) guides are nearly impossible to locate.

All this is well and good for the devoted collector of guides, but what is the relevance to most climbers?

This is no esoteric pursuit. Climbing guides, past and present, offer one of the best historical perspectives available on the development of climbing and the prior attitudes of those that pursue it. However, guidebooks do not just reflect ideas; more than any other single factor, they have actually helped shape them.

Guidebooks also chronicle the tremendous diversity of climbing that the United States has to offer. Yet at the same time they serve as poignant reminders of the tenuous status of access rights to a large number of crags. Sadly, many of the areas described in the guides listed have since been closed to climbing, or worse, have been quarried or flooded <sup>3</sup>. We are reminded that our rock is a dwindling resource, its continued existence often conflicting with increased urbanization.

But just as guides have helped shape attitudes about climbing, so too has the increasing popularity of climbing caused an evolution in the way climbs are described. The early precursors to guides (not actually intended as guides) were usually narrative works, which were read by others and used as a basis for repeating the particular ascent so described. This allowed the reader to enjoy the experience of the first ascent as well as learn about the nature of the route.

Obviously, reading an entire chapter

is far from the most efficient way of obtaining route information. As a result, the first real guidebooks adopted a narrative approach to route descriptions, albeit in abbreviated form. Exceptions to this generalization do exist, however <sup>4</sup>. And except for the use of specialized terms to abbreviate descriptions, this narrative approach to describing routes continued well into the 1970's.

By the 1960's the narrative descriptions had become so refined that only essential route information was included. The description of the view, or other subjective factors, had simply become extraneous information, which could not be justifiably fit into a guide swollen with numerous routes. Nevertheless, long routes often had descriptions which went on for pages.

The Europeans were probably the first to utilize specialized drawings to signify a route's location. Commonly referred to as "topos" (short for topographic), these drawings were used as early as the 1950's. Nevertheless, they were not fully perfected until their later export to the United States. Climbers in Yosemite Valley found a topo not only much more informative than a narrative description, but both quicker to read and to produce.

The first popular topo guide to a U.S. area was ironically produced in England<sup>5</sup>. *Rock Climb of Yosemite*, by Peter Livesey, was an immediate success. When the few copies available for public consumption quickly sold out, the Xerox machines began rolling. It wasn't long before George Meyers produced *Yosemite Climbs*. That


green-covered, loose-leaf topo guide was quickly embraced, and served as a model for other guidebooks.

Although photo-diagrams have long been used to show the line of a route, it was not until recently that they have been used as the sole means of describing a route. The first major guidebook to extensively use photodiagrams was 5-10 by Pat Ament and Jim Erickson. However, the limited success of this guide to Boulder did not cause overnight acceptance of this approach. More recently, John Harlin's Climbers' Guide to North America and Joshua Tree, A Rock Climbers' Guide have been very successful in utilizing the photo-diagram format.

The current trend in guides is the use of various different means of conveying route information. Topos, verbal descriptions, and photo-diagrams are now often used in conjunction in a single guidebook. And just as guidebooks continue to evolve, their numbers are steadily growing. Each year more guidebooks appear than the year before, making the task of keepincreasingly track difficult. ina Coupled with an explosion in new route activity, the average useful life of a guidebook is rapidly dwindling.

#### Guidebooks of the **New England States**

This installment covers Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

For each state the guides will be given an individual number (i.e., 1, 2, etc.). It is hoped that such universal nomenclature will make for easier identification. Where a guide covers material in more than one state (other than regional-type guides), they are listed and cross-referenced in each state.

Furthermore, it has been decided to exclude "guides" to areas which have only appeared as an article in a magazine or journal. However, where these have been later reprinted and/or separately disseminated, they have been included.

Since the scope of this bibliography could become overly broad if not limited, only guidebooks containing at least one 5th class route have been included. This has meant that some mountaineering and hiking guides have been excluded.

<sup>1</sup> The first rock climbing guide to the British Isles

was a two-volume set, *Climbing* guide to the British isles vas a two-volume set, *Climbing in the British Isles*, by W.P. Hasket Smith, 1894 and 1895. <sup>2</sup> Rock Climbing in the British Isles, 1894-1970, A Bibliography of Guidebooks, by George Bridge, West Col Productions, England, 1971. Lists over 300 guidebooks up to 1970. Probably

<sup>3</sup> Granite Point in eastern Washington was flooded by a dam. Once a popular area with climbers from Washington State University, who reportedly produced several editions of a Gra-tic Detended beaution of the State University. nite Point guidebook. <sup>4</sup> See Mountain Records of the Sierra Nevada,

by Richard Lennard, Sierra Club, 1937. This was the first High Sierra guidebook ever published, and contains interesting early ascent informa-tion. Includes routes in Yosemite Valley.

<sup>5</sup> Although some copies of this guide were sold in the United States, it was intended for the British climber

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#### NEW HAMPSHIRE

The White Mountains of New Hampshire are rich in high quality granite, and probably represent the second most important climbing area in the Eastern United States. Cannon Cliff, at 1000 vertical feet, is the largest Eastern cliff, bearing several grade V's. Cathedral Ledge, Whitehorse Ledge, and Humphrey's Ledge are the other primary crags. Standards tend to be very high.

1.	Climbing Routes on Cannon Cliff (Reprinted from Appalachia June, 1965)	Earle Whipple	1965
2.	The Conn Course (Supplement to No.1, 1 sheet)	Earle Whipple	1965
З.	Revised Guide To Cannon Cliff	Bob Hall c. 1968	n.d.
4.	A Climber's Guide To Cannon Cliff	Howard Peterson & John Porter	n.d. c. 1972
5.	A Climber's Guide To Cannon Cliff (2nd Ed.)	Howard Peterson & John Porter	n.d.
6.	Cannon, A Climber's Guide	Howard Peterson	1975
7.	A Climber's Guide To Cathedral and White Horse Ledges	Joseph & Karen Cote	c. 1968
8.	A Climber's Guide To Mt. Washington Valley	Joseph Cote	1972
9.	A Climber's Guide To Mt. Washington Valley, 1973 Supplement	Henry Barber	1973
10.	Cannon, Cathedral, Humphrey's and Whitehorse, A Rock Climber's Guide	Paul Ross & Chris Ellms	1982
11.	Cannon, Cathedral, Humphrey's and Whitehorse, A Rock Climber's Guide (Revised Edition)	Paul Ross & Chris Ellms	1982

12.	Rock Climbs in the White Mountains of	EdWebster	1982
	New Hampshire		1975
13.	A Climber's Guide To Rock Rimmon	Mark Hudon	1975
14.	A Climber's Guide To Pawtuckaway State Park and Southeastern New Hampshire	Todd Swain	n.d. c. 1980
15.	Guide to Bouldering at Round Pond, Mt. Pawtuckaway	n.a.	n.d.
16.	Notes on Joe English	Paul Duval	c. 1976
	Notes on Joe English (2nd Edition)	Paul Duval	1978

#### MASSACHUSETTS

Of the numerous small outcrops and bouldering possibilities, Quincy Quarries and Crow Hill are the two best known. Unfortunately, much of the climbing is on private property and access is restricted. Many of these guides are no more than topo graphic drawings mimeographed on sheets of paper, while others are full-fledged guidebooks. Nevertheless, access to any particular area should be checked prior to visiting it.

	A Climber's Guide To Chapel Ledges	Richard Wilcox, Jr.	1970
	MIT Boulderer's Guide	John Hollerback & Skip King	n.d.
	Bouldering Around Boston	John Hollerbeck	
- Service	Rock Climbs North of Boston (5 mimeo sheets)	Appalachian Mtn. Club	1966
000.00	Bouldering Boston By Bus	Harvard Mountaineering Club	1980
	Bouldering Boston By Bus (2nd Edition)	Harvard Mountaineering Club	c. 1981
	A Climber's Guide To Quincy Quarries (2 mimeo sheets)	William R. Crowthe	r 1964



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#### Solo Khumbu, April 1986

An unusually dry winter had left the faces of the peaks bare, but a wetter than normal spring was trying to make up for it. Our "expedition" of four climbers, sundry family and friends straggled in various groups up the valleys of the Dudh Kosi (Milk River). We greeted old Sherpa friends in villages along the way, receiving chang and Katas (prayer scarves) to speed us on the way.

We were in Nepal to have a good time and climb new routes on Kangtega and Nuptse. The trip was also an obvious opportunity to test Latok ropes, hardware, and clothing under a wide variety of conditions over an extended time. Such a thorough test allowed us to return home with some important information.



Tom Frost, showing off the Papillon and Levis, the latest in base camp fashion wear.

#### Good Ideas, Bad Ideas

As a warm up and acclimatization climb, Henry Kendall and I went to 20,000' Lobuche peak to try a new ice route. I was equipped with a prototype super-light alloy Big Bird and a pair of titanium Footfangs. Although 63-year-old Henry stood up well



Jeff Lowe inspecting the route ahead. Late start at bivouac #3, 6500m on Nuptse, with only 1355m to go.

to the challenge of his first ice climb in twenty years, my Big Bird didn't fare quite so well. Halfway up the first pitch of steep water ice I realized this light-weight tool didn't have either the penetration or the efficiency of the standard model. Just as this became all too obvious, the head of my new "Bird" snapped right off. Oh well, back to the drawing board.

On the other hand, even after Marc Twight's and my equipment-shattering attempt on the South Spur of Nuptse, the titanium Footfangs were in good shape. Although expensive, they'll be available soon.

Our new 8.5mm ropes, another of our entries into the ultralight arena, also passed the test on Kangtega and Nuptse, coming through with life left over. Another brand of 8.8mm rope, even though bulkier and heavier than ours, quickly developed holes in the sheath that required extensive taping.

#### **Established Winners**

In addition to testing new gear, our enthusiasm was reconfirmed for these earlier designs. Winter



Jeff Lowe, finding out if the titanium Footfangs and B.C. anorak will stand up to 5.10 mixed climbing. They did.

'Biners, for their ease of use with heavy mittens and over-mitts. Tubers, for belaying and rappeling on iced ropes for over 100 pitches without a hitch. The Gore-tex O.W.L. System for its flawless performance, and how dapper it made Tom Frost look on the summit of Kangtega. Finally, the Papillon Pullover, Keeler Kneelers, and the Diamond Pullover, part of the Mountain Wear line, win an award for their ability to stretch with us while climbing the mixed ground on Nuptse, and the approving stares we got while wearing them in the most fashionable tea house in Namche Bazaar.

See the complete line of Latok Mountain Gear at your dealer, or write us for a free catalog. We think you'll like it.

Good climbing!



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8.	A Climber's Guide To Quincy Quarries	William R. Crowther & Anthony W. Thompson	1968
9.	A Climber's Guide To Quincy Quarries (Reprint with Supplement)	William R. Crowther	1970
10.	A Climber's Guide To Quincy Quarries (Reprint)	William R. Crowther	1976
11.	Climbing in Eastern Massachusetts	Steve Hendrick with Sam Striebert	1975
12.	Climbing in Eastern Massachusetts	Steve Hendrick with Sam Striebert	1976
13.	Crow Hill, Leominster State Park on Rt. 31 (5 mimeo sheets, topos & photos)	Bill Phillips	n.d. c. 1966
14.	A Guide To Crow Hill (Mimeo)	Bob Hall	n.d. c. 1967
15.	The Crow Hill Guidebook	Ed Webster	1973
16.	Monson	n.a.	n.d.
	Guide To Westford Quarries	Paul Duval	n.d.
18.	WOC Climbing Guide (Williams College)	Williams Outing Club	1978
19.	WOC Climbing Guide	Williams Outing Club	1986
20.	Central Mass. Climbing Areas (2 Xerox sheets)	Al Rubin	n.d.
	RHODE Not a	EISLAND state well kno	wn for
	climbing		

Not a state well known for climbing possibilities. Yet one guidebook has reportedly been published to an area called Diamond Hill. No confirmation exists.

#### CONNECTICUT

The cliffs of Connecticut figure prominently in the history of eastern climbing. Ragged Mountain and Sleeping Giant were the first areas to be regularly visited by climbers, but the closure of the Sleeping Giant area for a number of years forced concentration on the more difficult (and better) routes at Ragged. More recently many other cliffs in central Connecticut have been developed, and at present an extremely large number of routes (30 to 100 feet) can be found in all difficulties.

1.	Climbing Guide To	John Reppy &	1964
	Ragged Mountain	Sam Streibert	
2.	Supplement to Above (3 sheets-blue paper)	Sam Streibert	1966
3.	Climbing Guide To	Reppy & Streibert	1964
	Ragged Mountain (Supplement info. added in back)	(Reprinted by others)	(1967)
4.	Climbing Guide To	Reppy & Streibert	1964
	Ragged Mountain (Bootleg edition of No. 3-yellow cover)	(Reprinted by - unknown)	(?)
5.	Climber's Guide To Ragged Mountain	Marvin Johnson, Alan Long & Simon Whitney	1973
5.	Ragged Mountain 1974 Supplement	Ken Nichols	1974
7.	Traprock, Rock Climbing in Central Connecticut	Ken Nichols	1982
З.	Sleeping Giant	Dave Harrah	1952

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9.	A Climbing Guide To Wolf Rock and	Ron Matous	Early- 1970's
10.	Pothole Killingworth Cliffs	Tom Saunders,	1978
11.	Woodbury Cliffs	Joel Anderson Ken Nichols	1984
	REGIONAL		
	REGIONAL	GOIDES	
1.	Obscure Crags Guide, A Guide to Cliffs in New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont (no route descriptions)	Dwight Bradley & Tad Pfeffer	n.d.
2.	Climber's Guide To North American, East	John Harlin, III	1986

#### Postscript

76.

Coast Rock Climbs

Randy Vogel is an attorney and climber living in southern California. He is author of Joshua Tree, A Rock Climber's Guide (1986) and Rock Climbs of Tahquitz and Suicide Rocks (1985). Much of the information presented above was derived from the author's personal library. However, several individuals collaborated in this project. In particular, Paul M. Ledoux, Jr., an avid collector of guides and active climber, shares a great deal of the credit for helping compile much of this information. George M. Pokorny, librarian of the John Speck Memorial Library, has also provided information and helped track down several very obscure guides.

Many guidebook authors have been very generous of their time in providing detailed information. The author would like to especially thank David Harrah, Dr. Ivan L. Jirak, Layne Kopischka, Ken Nichols, Sam Streibert, Chuck Wilts, Dave Dornan, Richard DuMais, Jeff Thomas, Bob Loomis, Bill Webster, and George Meyers.

The author plans to eventually publish this series as a book. The following information is requested for guides not included in this bibliography: exact title, subtitle (if any), author(s), publisher (if any), date (or approximate date if none listed), number of printings/editions, variations between printings/editions, number of copies printed each printing/ edition, number of pages, type of cover material (and manner of binding), type and number of illustrations.

The author welcomes copies of new and old guides. Please send all information or inquiries care of the author at P.O. Box 4554, Laguna Beach, CA 92652.



\_ C L I M B I N G

#### **BANFF FILM FESTIVAL**

The 11th Annual Banff Festival of Mountain Films will be held November 7-9 at the Banff Centre in the heart of the Canadian Rockies. The Festival has become one of the largest and most prestigious events of its kind, drawing over 4000 people annually.

The Banff Festival is devoted to films covering a broad spectrum of mountain life, from environmental issues to adventure. The Festival is juried with cash prizes awarded in categories such as Best Film on Mountaineering, Best Film on Mountain Sports, Best Film on Environmental Issues, and others.

This annual event, founded in 1976, is more than a series of films. It may be one of the most important social events for people who love and enjoy the mountains on the American continent. *Banff Life* Magazine calls the festival, "The second leading event of its kind in the world."

The 1985 Festival attracted more than 60 film entries from all over the world. This year's Festival promises to have as many or more quality films, which will be shown during the day, Saturday and Sunday. Free panel/ seminar discussions featuring wellknown climbers and film-making personalities take place during lunch breaks on both days. Saturday night is the traditional Festival Social and Sunday evening is the awards presentation.

Over the years, The Festival has consistently sold-out in advance. For advance tickets, phone (403) 762-6349/ 6351, or write: Denise Lemaster, Coordinator, Banff Festival of Mountain Films, The Banff Center, Box 1020, Banff AB, Canada TOL OCO (before October 25). Telex: 03-826657. Cost for the entire Festival (including the Friday night opening program) is \$60.00 (Canadian), or \$18.00 for each day and \$10.00 for each evening (\$20.00 for the Social). The Festival is sponsored by The Banff Centre School of Management, the Festival organizer is the One Step Beyond Adventure Group, and assistance is provided by the Alpine Club of Canada.



Dan Goodwin on White Line Fever. Photo: Anne Marie Weber/TKO Images.

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## LETTERS

#### Fowler's Crucible

#### Dear Editor,

Charlie Fowler's article on the Colorado climbing scene ("The Sandstone Crucible," *Climbing* no. 96) is a fine concise history, yet there are several discrepancies.

While the ideal of climbing combines both excellence in style and technical achievement, such alignment these days has become increasingly rare. While some climbers profess that style is a paramount end of climbing, others maintain that the mastery of desperate moves is the ultimate. Both arguments are valid for their own reasons, yet both sides hold their beliefs in a state of religious supremacy. Correctly, Fowler idealizes that it would be best for the sport if the two factions could coexist amicably.

Although he points out the separate goals and admonishes all to live and let live, Fowler's text is suprisingly impugned by his own values, which often diverge from his expressed ideals. He can discern two different schools, but he appears unable to let them coexist.

Fowler states that today's desperates are destined to be tomorrow's trade routes. The historic progression from desperate to mundane does not occur spontaneously, rather it is a continual building process from generation to generation. The factors that are built upon are the perception of what is possible, advances in technology, and technical prowess. While perception of the possible is vital to this progression, this does not diminish the importance of rising technical ability.

Fowler uses *Genesis* as an example of that progression. Jim Collin's success on *Genesis* in 1979 was a great leap in the perception of what could be climbed, although, as Fowler points out, Collins' extensive sieging was repeatedly attacked. Collins' effort was of the new school of technical ability, not style. The fact that Patrick Edlinger recently flashed the route in no way diminishes Collins' achievement as Fowler seems to infer. What Edlinger's flash points out is that in the seven years between the two events, the technical abilities of the top climbers have greatly increased.

The vital question here is how did Edlinger get so good? He did have the door of perception opened for him by others, but he also diligently threw himself into difficult climbs, suffering repeated setbacks until his skills flowered. Although Edlinger may have genetic gifts, his efforts were the prime factor in his improvement. On-sight ascents in good style were certainly a part of his work, but on extremely difficult climbs the sequential ballet had to be mastered, and most frequently that mastery entailed yoyoing, sieging, and hangdogging.

If the climbing community lauds the brilliance of Edlinger's flash ascents, then it must condone his methods. It is clear that in developing the expertise to flash *Genesis*, stylistic purity was often set aside.

Closer to home, Alan Watts has openly stated that when he started on the *East Face of Monkey Face* his technical ability was not at all sufficient for the extremes of the climb. Yet by working on it his skills flourished. In much the same manner it is certain that Bob Horan polished his skills on the *Rainbow Wall*, as did Tony Yaniro on *Grand Illusion*!

What is clear is that to perfect one's technical abilities to their fullest, stylistic transgressions must be accepted.

Fowler makes the point that a contributing cause of declining standards in Boulder is the fact that the leaders "spend too much time on the end of their ropes and forget how to free climb." This statement can not be reconciled with his praise of Edlinger. If Boulder climbers have been 'held back' at all, it is by the other charge in Fowler's indictment: that they are reluctant to cross the line of stylistic purity and so improve their skill. However, this is no disgrace. It is a separate game from technical challenge, and should be respected as such. Here Fowler loses sight of his own point of separate goals. To climb in one way or the other is each climber's choice, and neither decision has more validity than the other.

Fowler's greatest *faux pas*, however, are the often blatant discrepancies between the ideals he generalizes from, and his specific commands. He idealizes that climbing has no rules, then turns around and blasts those who hang on their ropes. Worse yet, he hedges on his sermon, stating, "Sieging is certainly a valid tactic on hard climbs..." Who decides what is hard? He continues, "Massive yoyoing can only be viewed as a retrograde tactic on free climbs of 5.12 standard or easier." Now we know.

Not only is Fowler breaking his own stern command about sieging from the end of a rope, but he is elitist in his hypocrisy. Siege tactics are okay for him on 5.12, but taboo for those trying 5.10a. Who is Fowler to decide? If Joe Fivesix wants to hangdog a 5.8, that is his decision. We should applaud Joe's enthusiasm and effort. If no harm is done to the rock, no harm is done to anything at all.

Aesthetic style is wonderful and should be held as climbing's purest goal, but if the quest for improvement in skill is the climber's aim, it should not be reprimanded when purity is violated. No one has ever died from a bad style epidemic. Fowler should follow his own splendid concluding words: "Climbing is saved from stagnation because there are no rules, but perhaps there is one sin; telling someone else



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than how you do it.

guidebook to climbing in Idaho. Route descriptions, photos, topos, first ascent, and other information would be helpful; all levels (to 2nd class) and types of climbing (rock, ice, snow) are of interest. Idaho has tremendous potential if climbers only knew what was here. Information or comments can be sent to me c/o COPA, Box 699, Boise, ID 83701-0699.

how to climb. After all, getting some-

thing out of climbing is more important

**Contributors Wanted** 

-Curtis Olsen, Boise

-D.A. Albert, Reno

#### Dear Editor,

We are compiling information for a new guidebook to Washington state rock climbing areas. Route names, topos, black and white photos, as well as first ascent information for all areas is requested. Please send all information to: Sky Valley Publications, 10805 N.E. 39th Place, Bellevue, WA 98009.

–Jeff Smoot, Darryl Cramer Lynnwood, Washington

#### Let's Talk Terminology Dear Editor,

It used to be easier to know who wins. Hillary's first on the summit – he wins! Bachar is the first to free-solo *Butterballs* – he wins! Jerry flashes *The Phoenix* – he wins (big)! But as routes become more difficult, it is time, not being first, that is making the reputations.

"Wolfie took two days to do it, with just two falls!"

Yet with the hardest routes, comparisons depending on time alone leave grey areas that any bumbler can use to fall into fame, fame being anything from product sponsorship to boasting rights in the parking lot. Did Wolfie lower to the ground after each fall? Pull his ropes? Hangdog out the moves? Watch someone do the crux?

To clear up this inexactness, it is



necessary to differentiate styles, for which I have drawn up The List. I have borrowed some Eurocragging terms and put them in order of "purity," a loose, but deliciously debatable word.

*On-sight solo:* No falls, no beta, no watching others, no rope. (Hanging a rope next to the route diminishes this achievement more than slightly).

*First-try solo:* A French distinction used to acknowledge a lessening of difficulty after previewing of any kind – watching, rapping, getting beta.

*On-sight flash:* As in "Jerry flashed *The Phoenix*" – but different. Flash still means no falls, but on-sight adds no beta and no previewing. Did he?

*First-try flash:* Again, a no-falls lead, placing all gear. But you could have rapped it, watched 30 prior ascents, and been told which direction to place the Rock under the roof. Still no mean feat. I'll take it.

*Rehearsed solo:* Or Joshua Tree bouldering? In some manner you have climbed the route before.

American redpoint: Classic yoyo rehearsal (but no doggin', Mick), followed by a no-falls ascent, placing all the gear (but bolts and fixed pins) on lead.

American pinkpoint: Some or all of the gear left before the no-fall ascent; yoyo rehearsal only. Who placed the gear? Grey area, see note below.

English redpoint: Yoyo and Hangdog rehearsal followed by a redpoint ascent. Essentially roped bouldering.

*English pinkpoint:* Doggin' and falls rehearsal, gear left in for the final no-falls ascent.

*French red- and pinkpoint:* This is either expediency or commonsense at its lowest/highest form. No mucking with falls or hanging. Toprope it.

*Slingshot:* Any method of rehearsal allowed, but unlike the "point" ascents, the rope is left through the high piece.

Australian slingshot: The boomerang? Ropes left up overnight, over weeks, over months – distinctions may be necessary.

*Slime-dog:* Basically, the leader falls or rests on gear and continues to top without lowering, then says he led it.

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Finally the question about who placed the gear needs attention. Formally termed sieging, this is when a pair, or small army, works on (rehearses) a route, taking turns placing gear. To make clear the distinction, "Hudon-Jones" should be added. Not only does this add accuracy ("We pinkpointed *Fire and Ice*, Hudon-Jones style"), it is fitting. Those who draw a blank have some back issues of *Mountain* to catch up on.

There you have it, a bank of terms that should be ripe fodder for any oneupping session worth throwing one's deeds into, much less those of the truly famous. Furthermore, The List may be most useful in opening up the not-soopen issue of recognition at the level of first ascent performance: namely, what gets the prestige, the highest numbers, or the greatest boldness?

-Bart Cannon, Racine, WI

#### Local Rule

#### Dear Editor,

It was reassuring to read Jonny Woodward's letter in *Climbing* no. 96. Because rock is a natural resource shared by us all, ethical rules must be established *and* enforced. Otherwise, anything goes. Ideally, these rules are "a consensus of opinions of the majority of climbers" using the area. The local's opinion should obviously carry more weight than those of visitors or members of the "Letters" peanut gallery.

The local climbers of any area have the right and responsibility to develop ethics which may seem ridiculous to some. Others need only respect those rules when they're in that area. Watts, et.al., at Smith Rocks may decide that rappel-placed protection is ethical. The same goes for Carrigan and friends at Arapiles. It just so happens that some areas, notably Joshua Tree and Tuolumne, have comparatively strict ethical codes. If these rules are not enforced by retaliation against transgressions, they may as well not exist. It is pointless for a religion, similarly, to dictate a list of commandments if no punishment awaits those who break them. If you're not going to roast in hell, why bother to obey?

Climbers like Vogel, Bachar, and other informed locals should be applauded. They have done something about breaches of what climbers at those crags have defined (however arbitrarily) as acceptable style. If rules were not established and enforced, would it be okay to chisel holds and place bolts within two feet of *The Naked Edge*?

I was appalled by Ward Smith's letter in the same issue, which suggests that good pro is more important than the ethics which have been holy to generations of climbers in some areas. Should the hardmen of the Meadows (or anywhere) give up their traditional and acceptable rules to get "safe, permanent protection points, regardless of their method of placement?"

Maybe Mr. Smith is too far from the scene to know this, but scary, poorlyprotected routes, in Tuolumne at least, have always been the most respected, and their creators the most praised climbers. If the first ascent party ran it out from a manky bolt, RP, or nothing at all, they got my respect. If you don't like doing moves where you pay a big price if you blow it, do other routes. Certainly don't condemn those that do.

Mr. Smith tells us that the respected, ethically-clean athletes who put up routes such as *Burning Down the House, Bachar-Yerian,* and *Perilous Journey* have erred because they "have an obligation to ensure that life and limb not be needlessly jeapordized." Most Californians don't believe that a route is unethical just because a later climber could die on it. I've placed and clipped questionable bolts, nuts, etc. If somebody doesn't like it, that's fine: dangerous routes are meant to keep the riff-raff off.

—Brian Knight, Rancho Cordova, California

We reserve the right to edit all letters according to available space.

## PERSPECTIVE

#### MANIFESTO

It was an old man I met as I walked out of the canyon that evening. Old and wrinkled in the most unusual way, his face consisted of a series of three folds. The top one, the deepest rift, contained two watery blue pools, eyes which seemed too old to see. Below this was a sort of swelling for a nose, his cheeks and nostrils were fused together in one puffy flap that hung down against his face and trembled to the rhythm of his shallow breathing. The last fold was a red and pasty crease which split the entire lower portion of his face. It was a mouth like that of a puppet. Had not large ears appeared from under his wool hat, I would have easily thought that those bulges disclosed hidden hinges where a wooden jaw had been bolted to his head. It was this, the lower wrinkle, that caught my attention as I passed, it spoke:

"Friend, I've finished the Manifesto, my last gift to the world. Come here if you dare and listen."

As I was the only one there I knew this old man must be speaking to me. Speculating on his tattered pack and the rope he sat upon, like a dog on a worn piece of carpet, I knew he must be – or at least have been – a climber. With this conclusion I took the fateful opportunity to meet this strange old fellow.

"Hello," I began, "Have we met? My name is...so what is this 'Manifesto'?"

To meet my chalky white hand he produced a blackened old paw, two fingers of which were missing, torn off it seemed by the rudeness of their stumps. "Hello," he replied, then laughed, "Manifesto?...First, how is your spirit? Youth you are, but your mind? Has it age? To understand the Manifesto, tell me, do you still pay attention to the old, and the young?" "And which are you?" I countered, smiling at the life in this aged figure coiled before me on the rope.

"I am young of course and you my young friend..." he glanced at the glow of my tights which were bright even in the twilight. "I have a gift for you, I have written down our thoughts on this sport called rockclimbing."

"How can you, old man, know my thoughts!" I laughed.

At this, as though deeply hurt, his countenance changed and he sunk deeper upon the rope. Gravely he said:

"If youth is a bird then it must see the ancient tree for more than its gnarled trunk. Surely you must know the play of our highest limbs which are, like the bird, free to the winds."

"Truly old man you are among the freest I have met, take no offense at my play, don't take it seriously." With this I reached forward to give his shoulder a pat.

Quickly with a spark of energy he caught my hand and his expression turned back to one of guile and amusement. "Here strong climber. Take this then." He pushed some folded papers into my hands; "See if your heart is young enough to stomach the merriment of the oldest of the young!"

I opened the stack and his grin broadened. This is what it read:

"The slaughter of the last bastions of traditionalism has begun. The old monarchy is dead and its values rot of age which has lost its wisdom to the fear of time, of being forgotten. Against this repression of a tradition which reeks of a terrible reduction, climbing has emerged. Like a bull crashing from the hands of its tormentors through the walls of the arena, a new generation shakes its horns and parts the crowd. They are free. They are the new power that will decide what direction climbing should go. Who can deny that power!

"They are tired of kneeling before old kings, containing themselves, their energies and potential. What is this myth of savings for the future? What is this cannon held above their heads? What future justifies their being sacrificed? A future that again will be forced to kneel before the long dead tyrants of the sport?"

Here the page is torn, it continues:

"Individuality, freedom, and personal aspirations are the blessings of climbing. Let them not be smothered so easily again!

"This revolution is spurred by a rebirth of responsibility. Its ideas are not new, but reflect those primary to every stage in climbing's development. What is possible? What can be braved? How can new heights be reached and old barriers dissolved? These are the questions of the vanguard today. What trifles! What petty waste of time the old pursuit of, "What's hardest?" and the begged questions of, "Who's best?" These are crippling insignificant questions! Is climbing to become solely the means for inflating egos? For building personal temples? And if the sport is to become static to protect these fragile constructions, what will the cost of their maintenance be? As before, is it not likely to be a price paid by the future?

"The new generation can look forward to age and decay. When no longer able to add strength to the spearhead of the sport, they can live on the energy and achievements of the next revolution, not on its subservience to the artificial limits an an older perspective imposed. The new generation should not be afraid to face even the most radical prophecies, including 'the hardest routes of the future will be manmade.' What magnificent fuel from which kings yet unborn may emerge.

"It is the dynamic of man and rock that makes climbing strong. Only by reordering what can be done, and thus taking the responsibility for what climbing is, can climbers affirm this power and keep it vital."

The next page pursued:

"What old style lord thought safe upon his throne of skulls and bones wouldn't object to the proponents of this reckless new force. They mean directly his destruction! Respect for the past should be measured by respect for the future. Where there is none, neither should respect or mercy be! To hold proud the heritage which gives footing is important, but where the intent is to trip, vengeance must be felt!"

The final scrap of the small stack of paper he had given to me was scrawled across a small sheet from a notebook and told everything of its three-fingered author. Alongside smudges of charcoal came:

"Climbing needs no shaggy watchdogs, whose low growl disguises their worn teeth, teeth worn from snapping in their own self interests. Let the tyrants burn, the climbing dynamic must live!"

I couldn't believe what I had just read. All this from a decayed old man I had never seen before, who could boast of no routes I knew of. Could anyone dare to strike the core of climbing from so far underground? The audacity of this mole to claim to split the coulds and let the sun shine down!

But yet, what was I? Was my position, or anyone's for that matter, better? Even the heroes of the sport, could they really be in better standing to make such an appraisal, and if so, would they dare demand so much in a critique? Might they in reality be in a worse position as this "Manifesto" proclaimed?

The solution to this puzzle didn't evade me for long. To see the value of climbing as lying in its process and not in its product was wisdom regardless of perspective. Height, steepness, difficulty? Hah! How stupid I had been! Like the old man I now saw it was the doing of climbing that was important. It was what I must now reassure this old man I would protect!

I plucked a shiny new twist-lock from my rack. "This is for the fourth bolt on my latest. Speed is everything – you'll need it!" I grinned and dropped the 'biner into his lap.

-Christian Griffith

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