

American to summit Mount Everest and the second person to climb the highest peak on each continent.

To achieve a peak-bagging record like Roach, one must be a proven mountain fanatic. Empowered by thirty-plus years of difficult climbing, Roach unleashes his most humorous, comprehensive, and creative work to date. This book sparkles like Chasm Lake itself.

Mechanically, it is without flaw. Its twenty-four black and white photos have been shot from precise vantages that somehow organize the vast terrain of Rocky Mountain National Park into coherent athletic test pieces. The only gripe I've heard about the book is the absence of maps to orient the climber. Roach's response to this complaint: "I elected not to include maps because 1. doing so would drive the cost of the book up; 2. the small format (the book measures 4"×6") would quickly become cluttered by too many maps; and 3. a scaled down USGS map is confusing and misleading."

There is perambulation for everyone in this volume: hiking routes make up 41% of the book; scrambles, 29%; and technical climbs, 30%. There is a lifetime of adventures to try: 21 trailheads, 36 trails, 69 peaks (yes, Roach has climbed them all), and 143 routes. In keeping with his "Flatiron Classics" style, no technical climbing reaches above the Yosemite decimal scale of 5.6. Additionally, to ensure that visitors get their ankles' worth of climbing, Roach again has a "Classic" category which highlights excursions most apropos to the alpine experience.

In addition to his always clear and concise descriptions, Roach also teases the climber into further mountain escapades with all sorts of fascinating "Divide Traverses," "Extra Credits," and "Special Events" along the way. It won't take the reader long to realize that Roach has crafted a guidebook that urges him into the farthest and highest experience possible in Rocky Mountain National Park. Unlike the majority of guidebook writers though, Roach accomplishes this elusive task with the quiet intensity of an early autumn snow. The book informs, enchants, and inspires its readers.

STEVE ILG

Boulder Climbs North. Richard Rossiter. Chockstone Press, Denver, 1988. 320 pages, black-and-white photographs, route diagrams, map. \$19.95 (paper).

Has Boulder lost its lycra-clad mind? Already the main trailheads into the once pristine foothills are becoming bottlenecked by crowds of bolt-clipping rock-mongers, many of whom are eager and determined to "put up a first." Tiny boulders, that even Pat Ament wouldn't bother with, are now replete with titles, bolts-to-clip, bolts-to-belay-from, bolts-to-rap-from, bad-bolts, here-a-bolt, there-are-a-bolt, and are bolted into publication with the first-ascensionist's names always spelled without error.

How in the world Richard Rossiter calmly and quietly processed all of this pandemonium into a beautiful, artistic plea for our sanity is a miracle. He has

produced an exceptional guidebook that somehow gives grace to an area known for its malignant growth of arrogance and trite one-upmanship.

Boulder Climbs North is not new. It is the first part of a completely overhauled 5th edition of a series of smaller, less splendid guides and addendums known collectively as "*The Pictorial Guides*." Rossiter was the first to spearhead topographic route outlays in Boulder. No one else has dared compete, for the simple reason that Rossiter topos are widely accepted as the best in the business. Veteran topographist publisher George Meyers (of *Yosemite Climbs* fame) has wisely allowed Rossiter plenty of creative elbow room. There is true magic in a Rossiter pictorial. Unique blending of fine lines and space offer the viewer a genuine insight into the heart of each climb without jeopardizing its spirit. Merciless clarity, accuracy, and brevity are the general principles to which Rossiter tenaciously clings. Rossiter's well-known love affair with Eastern mysticism is featured throughout the book by his use of Chinese characters which give a pervasive but not obtrusive Oriental flavor to the volume.

The little text that Rossiter elects to keep is likewise succinct and wastes no time getting to the bottom line of his philosophies. For years Rossiter refused to publish the names of first ascent parties. The self-elected elite of Boulder's climbing society have complained about this omission, and here Rossiter has bowed to their demands.

Rossiter speaks authoritatively about two things: Safety and Respect for the Environment. Although this section could be easily bypassed, I recommend his introductory comments. Rossiter is a wise athlete, who has seen and contributed much to the Boulder area. He possesses masterful wit and knows how to use it.

At a retail investment of \$20.00, you get what you pay for. The book formally introduces an entire dimension of the Boulder area that has been largely neglected by Eldorado-addicted climbers. It contains not only vivid photographs that provide both information and inspiration, but also concise and up-to-date route and trail descriptions. Most pertinent, in my opinion, is the sense of artistry that is restored to the guidebook genre. Rossiter's artwork simultaneously calms and heightens the senses and exudes the author's appreciation of things transient and things delicate.

STEVE ILG

South Platte Rock Climbing and the Garden of the Gods. Peter Hubbel and Mark Rolofson. Chockstone Press, Denver, 1988. 292 pages, black and white photographs, route diagrams, maps. \$19.95 (paper).

Time was when most climbers would keep local crags secret—not just to hoard the first-ascent opportunities, but out of a genuine belief that they could preserve the mystery and adventure the early explorers enjoyed. The numerous crags southwest of Denver, Colorado, near the South Platte River once comprised one of these mystery areas, a wild place where the only access is dirt roads. For years one had to depend on lore or a knowledgeable local to reveal the intricacies of the approach and distinguish the climbing gems from the fool's gold.