

could treat the whole subject from all its angles. Now I know that the best I can do is to . . . establish a certain contact with the theme."

Mr. Noyce has attempted a tremendous and worthwhile job. He has collected and organized a wealth of material, and has turned out a thought-provoking book. It is as rich and appetizing in its quotations as a fruitcake stuffed with plums, and the cake itself provides an abundance of solid nourishment.

ELIZABETH KNOWLTON

Une Victoire sur les Andes, by Bernard Pierre. Paris: Bibliothèque Hachette, 1957. 213 pages; ill.; map.

This little book is an inexpensive version of M. Pierre's "La Conquête du Salcantay, Géant des Andes" (for review, see *A.A.J.*, 1954, 9:1, p. 145), intended particularly for children and is a model of its kind. It is beautifully illustrated with twelve full-page color photographs and many pen and ink drawings, and the story is told in graphic manner with much remarkably accurate dialogue. The result is a book eminently readable by anyone, whether a school child or a member of the expedition. In this respect it is, perhaps, unique.

M. Pierre has a flair for telling a story, which seems to be largely lacking in American and British mountaineers. The introductory portion is not the usual dull account of slogging in to base camp, but instead affords a vivid picture of a strange land, with overtones of mystery and suspense. The problems, obstacles, and delays are themselves made interesting and heighten the anticipation of the reader on reaching the mountain and beginning the ascent. Indeed, the reader becomes one of the party. The book is a pleasure to read.

JOHN C. OBERLIN

Au dela de la Verticale, Livanos as told to Arthaud. Paris: 1958. 268 pages; 17 ill.

It was a happy day for me when I was asked to review Livanos-Arthaud's delightful *Au dela de la Verticale*. A description of Class VI rock-climbs of the Alps can be almost as difficult reading, even in English, as the climbs themselves would be to one who was brought up on Class IV at best, but Livanos takes the reader over every difficulty without fright, like an old Zermatt guide. But unlike a Swiss, there is always that effervescent French wit, reminding one of *Le Voyage de M. Perichon*, or *Tartarin sur les Alpes*, both also from the Midi.

To try to translate passages would be murder. Here are just a few that

cohere, even though selected completely at random—just visualize 247 such pages:

"Nous deambulons dans les rues de Sestogradcity [Cortina?]-ici, ça, sent l'escalade."

"Après consultation de la bouteille de Cognac, le baromètre bondit au 'Beaux Fixe.' Nous demarrons d'un pas énergique."

"Un tel horaire donne des droits; des droits à une halte, par exemple."

"Remontons; les occupations suivantes s'effectuent, alors—poser les sacs; s'asseoir; allumer une cigarette; et examiner la situation. Une seule chose compte—grimper. J'avance lentement—ce n'est pas beau, c'est le style 'rouleaux compresseur.' On avance le fil de l'arête, avec précautions; parfois à quatre pattes, à l'américain, vé. Je couvre d'injures les divinités locales."

"Finalement, tout bien pesé (et ma paresse a du poids), le bivouac est décidé. Le placement est bon, ce sera une des meilleurs de ma collection nocturne. La nuit passe lentement. Si ceux qui ont déterminé la vitesse de rotations des astres, à nous visibles, auraient eux mêmes fait des bivouacs, leurs calculs auraient pas fait les mêmes résultats."

"Enfin, le jour arrive, l'équipe descend, sans s'arrêter au refuge, étonnant le Gardien 'Ancora signora, si fre qualche giorni siamo di ritorno e questa, volta sua l'ultima' (parolles de MacArthur!)."

"Il n'est ainsi pas nécessaire, au sestograde, de faire beaucoup de courses, mais il est indisputable de parler beaucoup de celles que l'on a faits."

And interspersed through the text is authoritative historical matter which we here do not all know—in particular, the steady progress of Class VI, from the time when the editor of *A.J.* condemned piton work—including mention of (alphabetically, here) Andrich, Cassin, Dibona, Dimai, Dülfer, Fiechtl, Kugy, Lochmatter, Maquignaz, Preuss, Rath, Rossi, Steger, Wiessner and Zanutti—I count myself fortunate to have climbed with three of these, even if not on Class VI.

JOEL E. FISHER

The Puma's Claw, by Simon Clark. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1959.

223 pages; 22 photographs; 3 sketch maps; 1 diagram. Price \$4.95.

This is a light-hearted, well-written account of the first ascent of Pumasillo (20,490 feet) sixty airline miles west of Macchu Picchu, in the summer of 1957. The author, twenty-one, was the joint leader of the Cambridge Andean Expedition, of which all but two were Cambridge undergraduates; and the oldest, twenty-four, had worked in Peru and spoke Spanish. The irrepressible yet unobtrusive sense of humor and the easy attractive style make this book the kind that one is reluctant to put down until the end.