

This is the story of the first South African expedition to the Andes. Since in their homeland South African climbers do not confront problems of snow and ice, they wisely chose as their objective a rock peak of the Cordillera Real of Bolivia, an 18,400-foot three-peaked rock bastion with a reputation of inaccessibility. All three difficult peaks of Tiquimani were climbed, as well as six ice mountains, mostly first ascents.

Something appears to be lost when the story of an expedition is told by a person who did not participate in it. The author, a Capetown journalist, did an excellent work within the limitations imposed by the lack of first-hand contact with a foreign country and its people. But the familiar touch with the mountains is lost; the narrative of travel in the high country is mostly a narrative of the difficulties encountered (and there were many). The graceful Bolivian peaks are described with little love. Nor do we find much to learn about the Aymara highlanders of Bolivia, although the author partially compensates this omission by devoting one chapter to Julio, the porter-climber of the expedition, who is named "a Tensing of the Andes."

The story is told in a style direct and brisk; the chapters on equipment are particularly interesting and useful, but other essential details, such as height and location of new peaks, are not found. In fairness to the author, she stated in the first pages that her book was not intended for the expert, but "for the reader who would like to have been with the team, but who lacks the necessary skill and application for such an undertaking." It is evident, from the vocabulary used, that the book was intended mostly for home consumption.

Still, a more precise sketch-map, with more names and approximate location of the peaks climbed would have been most useful, the more so since a Yugoslavian expedition climbed afterwards in the same areas and a confusion of names has arisen. The photographs, however, are very good and well reproduced, the peaks of the Condoriri group looking particularly attractive.

Although the author does not claim to have written a mountaineering book, *Tiquimani* is the most valuable contribution to the meager literature of the Bolivian Andes which has grown but little since Sir Martin Conway did his climbing half a century ago.

EVELIO A. ECHEVARRÍA

*Zwischen Himmel und Hölle* by Toni Hiebeler. Frankfurt a/M, Germany: Wilhelm Limpert Verlag, 1965. 261 pages, 32 photographs, one folding out photograph of the Civetta NW-face. DM 24.80.

*Between Heaven and Hell* is the title of Toni Hiebeler's latest book. He

finds himself in heaven when climbing in his beloved mountains and in hell when struggling with the problem of making a living. In chronological sequence Hiebeler takes us through the most important years of his mountaineering activities, culminating with the first winter ascent of the northwest face of the Civetta. This, by necessity, involves some duplication of certain material heretofore presented in other Hiebeler books. Even so, it does not detract from the novelty of this book which is written in a fluid narrative style. While following Hiebeler on his climbs, which are not all sixth grade, we learn to know the author, his family, his friends from the human side. There is never a dull moment, the book makes fascinating reading and will also be enjoyed by the non-technical climber.

HORST VON HENNIG

*Ce Monde Qui N'Est Pas Le Nôtre*, by Robert Tezéas du Montcel. Paris: Gallimard, 1965. 201 pages. Price: 10 F.

This slim volume by the former president of the Groupe de Haute Montagne (G.H.M.) of which he has been a member since 1924, is most refreshing reading in a mechanical age of crowded cable cars and Alpine summits teeming with humanity. Robert Tezéas du Montcel achieved his major climbs between the two wars. In this book he shows us his discoveries of the mountain world, his first palpitating meeting with those Olympian personages, the members of the G.H.M., his adoption into the fraternity and a few of the outstanding moments in his climbing career. He takes us with him on the first ascent of the north slope of the col de Blaitière, a moonlight ascent of the southwest couloir of the Aiguille Verte, a descent of the Brouillard ridge of Mont Blanc. The last chapter shows him immediately after the war, climbing the great wall of the Drusenberg in the Vorarlberg with two Austrians who by chance had fought opposite him on three different fronts in World War II. There are no illustrations; the writer is mainly recapturing in poetic and sometimes almost mystical language his reactions to "this world which is not ours."

Perhaps the deepest meaning of his message is expressed in the chapter on "beloved solitude." "There are no more summits, whose routes are not so minutely described in guide books that there is not a crack capable of holding a piton which is not mentioned, not a movement of the climb which is not submitted to complete analysis. Where can one exercise, amid all this rigorous regimentation, not only strength and flexibility, but an individual spirit of invention, initiative and decision . . . ? One tries to protect nature. Isn't it time also to respect the desire for mystery in the heart of man? I sometimes dream of a mountain guidebook which would