

who has toured or climbed in the Alps will certainly find the book rewarding. Finally, the many photographs are excellent but the captions are inadequate.

GRANT BARNES

*La Montagne des Autres—Alpinisme en Pays Kurde*, by Bernard Amy. Paris: Arthaud, 1972. 239 pages, 26 photos, 4 maps.

In southeastern Turkey, close to the frontiers with Syria, Iraq and Iran, lies a fascinating range, the Cilo Dag, which rises to some 13,000 feet. These comparatively little explored mountains are interesting in themselves, but much of their attraction comes from their remoteness from all but the proud and independent inhabitants of the region, the Kurds.

The well known French climber, Bernard Amy, and some friends visited Kurdistan in August of 1969 and made some remarkable ascents. They soon found that in the Cilo Dag "one can not live except with the Kurds. The climber is assured not only of discovering new mountains but of doing it side by side during his whole stay with the tribes of the region." Consequently Amy has given us not only the story of difficult ascents in a remote area, but also a detailed highly interesting account of the Kurds. Appendices on the light expedition, of climbing in the Cilo Dag and an extensive bibliography complete the volume. Four maps give important details. There are 26 excellent photographs both of the peaks and of the Kurds. I hope that American climbers will soon turn to this region which has been sadly neglected by them. In making their plans, they will have to lean heavily on *La Montagne des Autres*.

H. ADAMS CARTER

*Deborah: A Wilderness Narrative*, by David Roberts. New York: The Vanguard Press, 1970. 188 pages, 15 photographs, \$6.95

Who has not had at least one mountain experience ruined by some kind of intrapersonal conflict? Planning may be flawless, weather perfect, rock and snow solid, yet given one abrasive personality—or two otherwise nice guys who just can't get along—a brilliant climb may fail as a total experience. Leaders of major expeditions, knowing this to be true, consciously survey character as well as conditioning and technical abilities in choosing companions.

But the young, the novice and even the grizzled veteran if it is a short trip—are not so discriminating. Which brings us to *Deborah*, a story about two college chums who grate on each other's nerves in the best of circumstances, yet set off for a two-month attempt on the unclimbed east ridge of Deborah, in the Hayes Range, 100 miles south of Fairbanks. A third of the book is taken up with a history of the ambivalent relation-

ship between Roberts and Don Jensen, including stories of previous climbs, preparations for Deborah, and an account of a non-stop drive from Boston to Fairbanks. These pages are not intrinsically interesting, yet because Roberts is a skillful writer, and because we are given ominous hints of trouble ahead, there is some dramatic tension. We are even made to squirm a bit, wondering how the author could commit to print such intimate details of a troubled friendship. And what will become of our heroes alone in the subarctic wilderness?

In reality nothing happens: no crisis, no resolution. We are told about a route that doesn't go, two crevasse accidents (their dramatic potential is underplayed), and interminable squabbling over crumbs on the tent floor; and we are asked to explore the interior of two minds that, on this occasion at least, are revealed to be empty. It is a good idea to tune in on the stream of consciousness of men coping with adversity, but here most of the coping is with boredom, pettiness, petulance and disappointment. That is reality, Roberts would say, but not all reality is worth writing about. We cannot complain too much, for Roberts went on to climb other mountains with Jensen, including Mount Huntington (in a party of four), and gave us the excellent *The Mountain of My Fear* (same publisher, 1968, reviewed in these pages in the 1969 issue).

Roberts does not trouble the general reader, for whom his book is written, with discussion of the "lessons" of the experience. These are fairly obvious: Don't count on improving a sour relationship during the course of a major climb in Alaska. Don't travel *à deux* on big, bad glaciers (both of Jensen's crevasse falls were very close calls only because they chose to ignore this dictum). And don't attempt to write a book with such a small stock of story material.

GRANT BARNES

*Chouinard Equipment*, by Yvon Chouinard, Tom Frost and Doug Robinson. Santa Barbara, California: Sandollar Press, 1972. 72 pages, \$.50

What is a commercial catalog doing in the book review section? Doesn't it list items and prices just like Sears and Roebuck? Yes, but what other catalog quotes the Rolling Stones, Einstein and Yvon Chouinard? Is it geared to the mass sale of equipment?

Page 3: "Given the vital importance of style we suggest that the keynote is simplicity. The fewer gadgets between the climber and the climb, the greater is the chance to attain the desired communication with oneself—and nature."

Chouinard has chosen the ideal place to air his views about a sport he deeply loves. When he first began to denigrate the use of pitons, he was privately accused of hypocrisy. (Your business revolves around pitons and now you're running them down while you stuff the money in your pocket with your spare hand.) This catalog proves that outlook