comprehensive *Utah Mountaineering Guide* carefully documents his many hiking trips to the major mountain groups and canyon systems of Utah. I say "hiking" because it is exclusively a guide for the backpacker, not the rock climber.

His guide is particularly valuable because of its information about mountains I've never heard of and about places I've always meant to visit but put off for lack of access data. For example, I've never heard of Ibapah Peak in the Deep Creek Range and it might inspire me to go there if only the author would say why. Again, someday I intend to wander around the Oquirrh Mountains downwind of Kennecott Copper Corporation's smelters to snoop out the plant and erosion effects. Now I know how but it would have been appropriate for the author to have added his own notes on this environmental condition.

His sixty-three maps are as good as his eighty-eight photographs are poor. The former are clearly drawn and detailed while the latter are frequently overexposed and out of focus. In fact, many of his snapshots are of a very undistinguished mountain or taken from the one described giving the reader almost no clue about what he's in for.

The text is good. For each hike there is given the location, geology, access, trail information, best season and duration for the hike, camp grounds and map data.

Kelsey majored in geology at one point in his student career so the reader is treated to mini-accounts of that business for each hike as well as a small treatise on Utah geology with cross-section maps at the guide's end. There he also tells us about old mountain heliograph stations, the Bristlecone Pine, climographs, the extinct Anasazi Indians famous for their inscrutable canyon petroglyphs and Park & Forest Service information. With Kelsey, the reader must think metric. I like that. But he also gives a conversion table for the only half-yet-converted.

The author's localisms are sometimes funny. In the Raft River Mountains he says they raise ". . . sheep, cattle, jackrabbits, alfalfa and wheat . . ." While there, by the way, he might have mentioned that just twenty-five miles to the northwest stands the City of Rocks, a splendid haven for turn-of-the-century thieves on the lam and rock climbers. The Lowe brothers and cousins skinned many a knuckle there.

Michael Kelsey's new guide is welcomed because it should cause the Utah hiker traffic to disperse into those less visited areas thus taking pressure off well known glamour areas and so broaden our appreciation of the state.

JOCK GLIDDEN

A Rock Climbers Guide to Pinnacles National Monument. Paul G. Gagner. Taylor-Powell Printing Co., Fort Collins, 1983. 146 pages, 14 black and white photographs, 24 maps (including topos). $12.00.

The Pinnacles has recently seen a radical advance in climbing practices and a dramatic influx of climbers. The 1974 guidebook claimed that "Pinnacles is in

the final stages of its development;" in fact, the recent routes have updated the standards into the realm of 5.11 and attention is turning away from peak bagging to the imposing vertical walls.

This is the fourth in a continuing series of guidebooks that began in 1955 and updates the 1974 version. About two hundred routes are described (roughly ten percent are new) and the profusion of maps should help cut down bushwhacking time. For the first time at the Pinnacles, topos have been used to describe the longer routes.

Paul Gagner worked as a ranger at the Monument and has climbed there for many years. His intimate familiarity with the area and respect for environmental values are evident throughout the introductory material. His style, perhaps, reflects the new generation's attitudes in its reduction of the fear factor. Compare his description of the Hand: ". . . this large mass of rock with its enjoyable high-angle face routes" to Chuck Richards' (1974) ". . . sheer, towering mass of rock presenting such a formidable challenge with no 'easy' way up." Encompassing route activity and free ascents into 1983, this is a complete and accurate guidebook to an area whose popularity demands a continuing update and an available source of route descriptions.

GREG DONALDSON

Beyond the Mountain. Elizabeth Arthur. Harper & Row, New York, 1983. 211 pages. $12.95.

Elizabeth Arthur's first novel has some big ambitions. Its structure is intricate, its heroine complicated and its aim lofty: to show, in the context of a Himalayan expedition, the spiritual recovery of a young woman afflicted by guilt and uncertainty. The book is a considerable accomplishment. While it cannot absorb all its implications, its failures are never less than interesting and its achievements are vivid.

A work such as this assumes a special burden: to be convincing as mountaineering literature and as fiction as well. The author says that she is "indebted to all those mountaineers, living and dead, whose deeds I studied and whose books I plundered to learn what I could about climbing." Despite some errors in the names of routes and peaks, she has repaid the debt handsomely, with brightly-observed climbing passages that do not patronize the reader with explanations of technical terms. A lot of the writing is reminiscent of the gritty precision of her earlier book, *Island Sojourn,* a glittering, realistic non-fiction account of almost two years on a remote British Columbia lake. She writes with the tactile grace of someone who has both registered and contemplated experience:

> The rock was cold in the shadow and hot in the sun. Once a bat came squeaking out of a crevice as I drove in a piton, and looked at me malevolently before he flew away. Every time I leaned forward to trace a bit of mica in the rock with my finger, the clinking of the hardware racked across my chest was like the tinkling of bells, the rustle of aspen leaves in the forest.