From Wyoming to Nepal, the book repeatedly strikes us with its sense of observed life.

The marvellous descriptions come through the central figure, Temis Phillips, a tough, self-questioning and often very funny protagonist. Entangled with her brother Ryan and her husband Nicholas, she tries to free herself from the claims of her formidable ego. By the time she reaches the nameless Himalayan mountain of the title, in an expedition with eight other women, she has become the afflicted survivor of an avalanche in the Tetons that claimed the lives of both Ryan and Nicholas. Even before the accident, the introspective Temis had turned toward Buddhism; but enlightenment, she asserts, is not "a kind of present you get, for being good, perhaps."

A Zen koan provides the book's epigraph: "All the peaks around it are bare. Why is this one covered with snow?" On this mountain alone can Temis struggle to achieve a saving vision. She succeeds with the help of the very worldly Naomi, the woman on the expedition with whom her relations have been the most intense and antagonistic. It is she who rescues Temis, physically and spiritually. In the fatigued sight of the heroine, helped off the mountain after more than a week of storm, Naomi becomes the husband whom she loved and fought.

These climactic sections on the mountain are unfortunately the book's weakest. Readers, of this journal especially, are unlikely to find a fully persuasive account of a Himalayan expedition. The higher the climb ventures, the less convincing it becomes. Temis is so busy searching within herself, trying to cast off her powerful, worldly will, that she fails to let us see the physical peak itself. As the book strains toward resolution, the literal details lose much of their immediacy and, consequently, their power to reinforce our sense of the psychology of the heroine. The dramatic climax is internalized; the expedition nearly vanishes.

Beyond the Mountain gives us some fine minor figures: Temis' exuberant lover Beckett; a yak herder in whose hut she spends a chaste, moving night; a mute, entrancing child. But many of the Western characters are insubstantial, particularly Temis' beloved brother Ryan. He is meant to be centrally important, but Ms. Arthur has left him largely undefined. And I wish that he and his sister had not been named after Greek deities. (Ryan is for Orion, Temis for Artemis.) Such touches hang heavy symbolic weight on a book that is at its best when it is most straightforward. But they cannot obscure this novel's many virtues: its seriousness, memorable heroine and its striking imagery. Climbing fiction this good is a rarity.

STEVEN JERVIS

Management of Wilderness and Environmental Emergencies. Paul S. Auerbach and Edward C. Geehr, editors. Macmillan Publishing Company, New York, 1983. 656 pages, illustrated. $68.00.

Weighing in at over four pounds, and written in medispeak, this is not the book you will choose for your traverse of the John Muir Trail or an attempt on Rum

Doodle. Darvill's small booklet, *Mountaineering Medicine,* or Wilkerson's *Medicine for Mountaineering* is more suitable for that. Nor is it fireside reading for the nonprofessional. But for the emergency-room doctor, and the general physician in communities adjoining wilderness areas, it will be indispensable.

Everything a doctor might need to know and much more is covered in this encyclopedic work: profusely illustrated, adequately indexed and well arranged. The double-column format makes for quick scanning and the chapter headings are excellent signposts. You will learn that beautiful cone shells can kill, that only fifty species of spider found in this country have fangs that can penetrate human skin and are, therefore, somewhat dangerous and that shallow-water scuba diving can be more dangerous than deep dives. More than eighty percent of all animals are arthropods and half of these are insects. A hundred Americans die of plant poisoning each year and the best treatment for hypothermia is still being argued. Just about everything is covered authoritatively. The clinical picture of many problems is not as well done as a harried ER doctor might like to help in his differential diagnosis and the exotic sometimes overwhelms the ordinary. But these are small complaints. The book is a splendid and essential addition to the reference library of all nonspecialist doctors—and to some specialists too.

CHARLES S. HOUSTON, M.D.

Hypothermia: The Facts. K.J. Collins. Oxford University Press, New York, 1983. 136 pages, 8 black and white illustrations, charts. $13.95.

This is a disappointing book which will satisfy neither the doctor nor the mountaineer. Though apparently written for the nonphysician, many passages will be difficult for the layman, others too elementary for the scientist. The author, a lecturer on problems of aging, understandably stresses the dangers and frequency of unsuspected hypothermia among the poor, the old and the feeble: 2000–3000 cases and 700 deaths a year in chilly Britain. Forty pages are devoted to a good discussion of the physiology or temperature regulation, thirty to the home environment and fifteen to hypothermia caused by accidents on the water or in the hills. There is one serious omission: the danger of heart irregularity and arrest if the seriously hypothermic person exerts himself. It is, therefore, essential that the victim be kept quiet, not allowed to walk or move, and handled with extreme care. The importance of this has been shown repeatedly but is nowhere mentioned. Nor is the frequency of irrational thinking leading to hallucinations adequately stressed. Though there is considerable discussion of clothing, the large heat loss from the head, necessitating good headgear, is not mentioned. Methods for rewarming in a hospital are covered well but, for the mountaineer, the instructions are superficial.

CHARLES S. HOUSTON, M.D.