

but viewed up close his one-track passion is also perhaps sad, even bordering on irresponsible. His family suffered from his never-ending quest; he was divorced recently, an event he says humbled him more than any mountain ever did.

Each time frequent-flyer Scott leaves England, his Pentax accompanies him, and this book shows his photographic talents to spectacular effect: *Himalayan Climber* is basically a coffee-table picture book. About 300 photos, virtually all in breathtaking color, grace this volume, though this profusion leads to one of the problems with the book: repetition. How many shots do we need of a figure struggling up an icy couloir?

But photographic repetition is nothing compared to the textual. Each of the twelve chapters opens with a block of text covering Scott's climbs of a certain year, or in a certain area. This several-page section is followed by short accounts of the identical climbs, in the form of extended captions. I found it insulting to have to read the same stories twice, as if I were a child made to learn Tennyson by rote. Here's an example from the main text of a Makalu attempt: "... [the wind] pinned us down in a swirling holocaust of snow for the whole of the next day. At this point Georges [Bettembourg] began to develop what proved to be a pulmonary embolism." And from the extended caption, six pages later: "... the winds pinned us down in our tent next day during which Georges had stabs of pain around his liver—symptoms of pulmonary embolism." This sort of duplication occurs throughout the book and could have been dealt with easily.

Another minor flaw is the difficulty in matching captions to photos. Some captions sleep subtly in the main text, where a parenthetical "right" or "left" indicates that you've just read a caption. Other captions, though more traditional, are often placed in such a way that you have to work hard to match them with their photos. Since seven photos sometimes appear on a double-page spread, your eyeballs get a real workout.

Lackluster writing also mars the book, but even though I usually rant and rave about this shortcoming, I was not bothered this time, for *Himalayan Climber* is one of the finest picture books about mountaineering I have ever seen. The photos are ravishing, full of life and color and action. You can feel the wind in some of them. Even the group portraits, potentially so boring, are worth studying closely when you have people like Messner and Rouse and Anthoine and Whillans and Haston and Kukuczka in them. That many of these lads are now dead serves as a poignant reminder that high-level climbers rarely attain old age.

Scott has been called "the great survivor." I hope for his continued survival, partly for a selfish reason. Given his intelligence, his fascination with Eastern philosophies, his sterling record, and his basic humility, he should be able to write a spirited and thoughtful autobiography, something we see all too little of nowadays.

Leave the camera behind in the next book, Doug, and tell us what it's really like to struggle with your mortality up at 7500 meters. We need to hear more about the Real Quest.

STEVE ROPER

*Lost Lhasa: Heinrich Harrer's Tibet.* Heinrich Harrer. Abrams, New York, 1992. 200 pages, 200 black-and-white illustrations. \$39.95.

Heinrich Harrer was an impatient young man. As he put it: "I was highly ambitious; I often thought that if you can be first, it doesn't particularly matter what you are first at. In mountaineering, you have a lot of chances to be first—at least you did during the 1930s when I grew up." Harrer's ambition led him in 1937 to the north face of the Eiger where with Fritz Kasperek, Anderl Heckmair and Ludwig Vorg he climbed what was then thought impossible. Harrer's ascent of the Eiger's north face was at least in part motivated by an attempt to gain the recognition necessary to be invited on a Himalayan expedition. This goal was fulfilled when an invitation arrived to be a member of the German-and-Austrian reconnaissance of Nanga Parbat in 1939.

Harrer's mountaineering ambitions were dramatically cut short when he was imprisoned in India by British forces with the outbreak of World War II. After several unsuccessful attempts, Harrer was able to escape and make his way to Tibet which, although it was neutral in World War II, was forbidden to foreigners. The outlying districts of Tibet effectively denied penetration by foreigners by simply refusing to supply the provisions which were necessary for travelers to survive. It was here that a Tibetan gave some advice which was to serve Harrer in good stead. His European haste and ambition simply had no place in Tibet. Harrer was told he must learn patience if he wished to arrive at his goal, the forbidden city of Lhasa.

Although it took two years during which he suffered extreme cold and near starvation on the high Tibetan plateau, Harrer and his companion, Peter Aufschnaiter finally reached Lhasa. Ironically, they learned that the closer they came to the forbidden city, the less suspect they became. It was generally assumed that anyone who had made it that close to Lhasa had authority to be there. And rather than being immediately expelled, Harrer and Aufschnaiter were treated with great kindness. In Harrer's words: "I would say that there is no other country in the world where two fugitives would be as welcomed as we were in Lhasa." After the extreme deprivation of their travels, the two Austrians found a life of comfort with "no rush and no stress." Eventually Harrer was befriended by the older brother of the Dalai Lama who was then a teenager. This led to Harrer becoming the tutor to the young ruler. Harrer's tutelage of the Dalai Lama which he describes as being the best years of his life, was cut short by the Chinese communist invasion of Tibet. Both Harrer and the Dalai Lama were forced to flee.

Harrer's classic adventure was the subject of his book *Seven Years in Tibet*, which was published in 1953. Harrer's inspiration to write *Lost Lhasa* nearly four decades later, came after the Dalai Lama was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1989 and declared 1991 to be "The Year of Tibet." *Lost Lhasa* is Harrer's response to the Dalai Lama's effort to rouse the world's attention to the Tibetan cause. Harrer selected 200 black-and-white photos from thousands of previously unpublished photographic negatives to give a view of the forbidden city before the invasion.

*Lost Lhasa* begins with a message from the Dalai Lama, an introduction by Galen Rowell and some concise introductory chapters. The body of the work is centered around thematic essays on Tibetan customs, personalities, projects, sports and festivals. In Lhasa, Harrer and his camera saw a theocracy where daily life was ordered by religious belief and there was a complete tolerance of other people and creeds. No one was made to lose “face” and aggressiveness was unknown. The photos and essays of *Lost Lhasa* are, in short, a remarkable glimpse of a now suppressed culture and people.

Harrer has dedicated *Lost Lhasa* to the “children of Tibet, with the hope that they never forget their origins.” One can only hope that the Tibetan children will have the staying power that Harrer learned from their countrymen—and that one day their patience will be rewarded.

ROBERT F. ROSEBROUGH

*The Climbers—A History of Mountaineering.* Chris Bonington. BBC Books and Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1992. 288 pages, 40 color photographs, 102 black-and-white photographs, maps and diagrams. £16.95.

Chris Bonington is well acquainted with the history of mountaineering and he is an excellent writer. This is certainly the right combination to make this a very worth-while addition to climbing literature.

My attention was caught immediately by the first chapter, a description of Albert Frederick Mummery’s first ascent of the Grépon with the Swiss guides, Alexander Burgener and Benedict Venetz. That outstanding pioneer and developer of the art of climbing was indeed modern in the way he went about it and seems to tie the Victorian age perfectly to present-day climbing. Bonington strengthened that tie even more by repeating Mummery’s climb with two French guides, using tweed clothing, nailed boots and equipment of the earlier epoch, albeit substituting nylon rope for the much less safe manila hemp. From there on, Chris does include himself from time to time, as befits one who has been for thirty years on the cutting edge of modern mountaineering.

The beginnings of climbing in the Alps, with particular emphasis on the struggle to ascend Mont Blanc, and in the Himalaya follow. I was particularly interested in his descriptions of the climbing between the two World Wars, having been at an impressionable age when I avidly studied everything that came out in print in either German or English. There was not a single name unfamiliar to me. This was the era of the great North Faces, particularly of the Eiger and of the attempts on Everest and Nanga Parbat. Naturally I was also happy to read about our ascent of Nanda Devi and the American attempts on K2.

After World War II, Bonington’s task becomes much more complicated. As he states, “It starts as a clear tumbling stream that is easy to follow but, as we get closer to the present time, it spreads out into a wide delta as opaque as the mouth of the Ganges. It is less easy to pick the main stream, and inevitably I will have left out some ascents or climbers whom my readers feel should have been