

things from him in one year than in all my 17 years of activity. Through the millions of circumstantial smiles and sneers that a great part of the world of alpinists gave, we communicated in November our intention to try the south face of Annapurna during the winter of 1997-98. There would only be the two of us, without Sherpas, without any other expeditions at base camp, deprived of any method of satellite or radio communication, and facing a mountain that counts more dead than alpinists on its summit and that, in winter, has been summited only once in more than 20 attempts.

We did not want to be disrespectful of a repeated invitation toward a more tranquil style of alpinism; we simply wanted to try an ascent of a mountain in a climatically difficult moment and with an old approach and style. Anatoli and I did not believe (and continue not to believe) in the “death of alpinism” that the sport has been sentenced to, often by illustrious persons who, due to their influence and the habit of wearing comfortable slippers, pretended that alpinism retired with them. Himalayan alpinism is alive and growing! And without a doubt changed, in respect to 15-20 years ago—but it is enough to have a pinch of imagination, some contrary ideas and no fear of eventual lack of success, to remember that there also are alternatives to the pilgrimages to high altitude. Without condemning sponsors and “intelligent” commercial expeditions, Anatoli knew how to marry his spirit of adventure with the sacrosanct need for making a living from alpinism. Extreme moralism, denigrating or defaming actions against other “colleagues” or other summits, never entered in the language or mind of Boukreev (even if it was part of interesting gossip. . . .)

All of this constitutes the testament that Anatoli has left me and that I leave to those who still have a passion, energy and desire to go to the mountains.

No one, ever, has seemed to me so human. No one, ever, has appeared to me so terribly strong. An abyss exists between him and the other champions and personalities of the Himalayas that I have had the good fortune (and with some, the misfortune) of having known. There remains now his imprint and the many lessons he has left me. There remain also the many ideas that he and I had in mind and that occupied also the last hours we spent together on that night, the 25th of December. . . .

SIMONE MORO

DOUGLAS BYRON HALL  
1969-1997

**O**n January 25, the earth lost a most remarkable individual and a great creative spirit. Doug Hall was killed in a dramatic avalanche while climbing the notorious *Fang* route in Provo Canyon, Utah. He left behind a legacy of climbs and adventures by which his friends and family will remember him.

I had the good fortune of meeting Doug in 1992 and sharing many climbs and wonderful moments with him during our formative years as aspiring alpinists. He was attracted to the alpine regions of the world like snowfall to the mountains. Rarely in our short lives do we meet an energy as strong and constant as his. Always positive and seldom without his infectious smile, he touched many lives and added a sparkle of hope to the darkest situations.

Doug grew up in Pennsylvania, the son of Gerry and Nancy Hall. He was a talented young athlete who excelled in baseball and football, as well as being an excellent student and guitarist. He went on to graduate from Bucknell University with art and engineering degrees. He moved to Colorado in 1991 and soon became part of a close-knit group of Boulder adventure climbers. In just a few years, Doug had climbed extensively in such traditional areas as

Yosemite, Zion, Black Canyon of the Gunnison and Rocky Mountain National Park. I shared many of these climbs with Doug, and they remain some of my fondest memories.

Doug was an avid skier, spending several winters in the Colorado Rockies and Alta, Utah. He loved to tour in the backcountry with his friends and ski off the lovely summits of the Wasatch Range. Doug also was an avid photographer and was in the process of developing a productive professional career. His stunning images remain as a testament to his artistic genius. He was, no doubt, in position for a great shot when the white wave of energy surprised him from above.

When not climbing or skiing, Doug was the life of the party. His friends, many of whom were not climbers, will remember him as a warm, loving individual who gave his heart and soul to every friendship. He was a prolifically generous person, giving clothes and climbing gear he had accumulated during his tenure with Black Diamond to those in greater need than himself.

Doug was particularly intrigued with the allure of first ascents, and opened new climbs in the Wind River Range, Canyonlands, the Kichatna Spires of Alaska, the Cordillera Blanca and Cordillera Huayhuash in Peru. After Doug's death, his ashes were spread about a virgin summit in Tibet and the top of a fantastic rock spire in Kyrgyzstan so that his spirit may reside in the high and wild places that he loved so dearly. His dreams and aspirations will manifest themselves in those that he loved and those who loved him. . . .

Adios, brother. Until we meet again.

a whisper, a cry  
the wind takes his hand  
and leads him to the heavens  
where he waits for his friends in peace

DOUGLAS J. BYERLY