

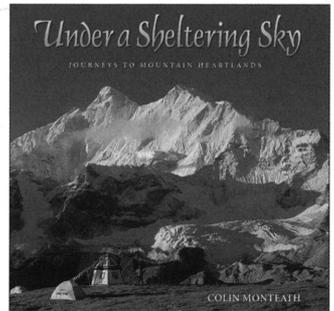
beautifully sculptured curve that I could just perceive in the beam of the headlamp. Cars twinkled by, 3,000 feet down, threading their way along the flowing moonlight below me where the river had been earlier that day. I leaned back to await my last sunrise here and, perchance to sleep.

Some, of course, will quibble with the selections, asking why this was left out or that included. But I am grateful to Roper for a job well done. Many of the book's photos are recognizable from his *Climber's Guide to Yosemite Valley*, published in 1964. It is nice to see them back in print. However, if I have any criticism of *Ordeal by Piton*, it is in the plain presentation. It would have been nice to have seen a book more along the lines of *Camp 4* with its lush black and white photographs.

Great writing and fond memories recreate a special time and place in Yosemite climbing history. It is not that the "Golden Age" was better than the years that followed. Who from that time is not awed by climbs of 5.14, or the climbing of El Cap three times in one day, or the Nose in ... how fast was that? But, for us it was a special time, and it is a great pleasure to share our adventures and misspent youth with today's climbers through this new collection of old Yosemite tales.

ROBERT SCHNEIDER

Under A Sheltering Sky: Journeys To Mountain Heartlands. COLIN MONTEATH. CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND: HEDGEHOG HOUSE, 2003. 240 PAGES. HARDCOVER. \$60.00.



Under A Sheltering Sky is a large format photography book with unexpected visions of the enchanting beauty in mountain and polar worlds: a work replete with more pictures of faraway alpine places—Tibet, Bhutan, Mongolia, Greenland, Antarctica—than even Galen Rowell's most ambitious productions. The Altai, Mt. Kailas, Mt. Erebus, Shackleton Gap: these evocative names, and the book's 12 chapters, each chronicling a separate expedition, form a roadmap to the life well lived of New Zealand mountaineer Colin Monteath. Writes polar legend Sir Wally Herbert in his introduction: "Colin ... is one of those rare individuals in our day and age—a romantic who is drawn to the wilder regions of the Earth, not by the call of instant fame to which so many of the modern 'explorers' all too eagerly respond, but by that far subtler insistence of spirit the more sensitive souls call wonder."

And so Colin takes us on his prolific journeys to some of the world's wildest and most remote quarters. His writing, colorful, insightful, humorous, and at times hypnotically evocative, complements his images; his descriptive passages are some of the best I have read. *Under A Sheltering Sky* weaves together the threads of Colin's personal experiences in these remotest regions with the fabric of historic tales—of Mallory, Younghusband, Nansen, Shackleton, and Kingdom-Ward, among others—who first explored them. Part adventure narrative, part historic travelogue, each chapter ends with a definitive bibliography of the books penned by these early explorers, complete with photographs of the books themselves from the author's extensive, well-read library.

Monteath's photographic eye has few, if any, contemporary rivals for capturing not only the decisive moment in images of people and animals, but the stunningly pure color of the alpine

and polar landscapes. To hike in Shackleton's, Crean's, and Worsley's footsteps across South Georgia, from King Haakon Bay to the Stromness whaling station (to the very bathtub where they took their first baths in nearly two years!); to camp and climb the same route George Mallory and Guy Bullock took in Tibet's Kama and Kharta valleys as they tried to unravel the unknown approaches to Mt. Everest ... Ah, the stuff of legend, and the yearning for future adventures, lies within these pages! In a hopeful tone, Colin writes, "The more I travel, the more convinced I am that this is far from a shrinking planet with nothing left to discover ... For climbers with imagination and resolve, the scope for new routes knows no bounds."

I cannot recommend *Under A Sheltering Sky* highly enough—to young aspiring climbers and to older, more contemplative mountaineers alike. Go to Colin Montearth's website at hedgehoghouse.com to obtain your copy of this exquisite book.

ED WEBSTER

Southeastern Rock, HARRISON SHULL. ASHEVILLE, NC: HARRISON SHULL, 2003. 144 PAGES, 250 PHOTOGRAPHS. HARDCOVER. \$39.95.

Having accidentally tucked this book in the seat pocket of my van, I carried it around with me on a road trip for several months. Everywhere I went, anyone who had a chance to flip through its pages was instantly intrigued by the obvious climbing potential of the Southeastern states. As my friends looked at the photos they made comments like "Oh my god, where is that? Have you been there? Wow, this makes me want to go there."

I knew from personal experience that the South is host to world-class climbing, and to every genre of climbing one could want—from granite splitter cracks, to sandstone roofs, to Fontainebleau-esque bouldering. I had been, of course, to well-known areas such as the Red River Gorge, the Obed, the New River Gorge, and Tennessee Wall. I had even been to some of the lesser-known walls. But though I had spent six years of my life living there, Harrison Shull's *Southeastern Rock* made me realize that I hadn't even touched the climbing potential that was to be had. I was astounded by the quality of some of the obscure areas featured in its pages—places that I had never heard of, but which had been literally "out my back door."

The book covers 43 climbing areas spread across the 10 states that comprise the Southeast. Divided into chapters detailing every featured state, each includes an intro written by a seasoned local. The intros vary in style and form, but each includes a brief synopsis of the place, the climbing, and the people. After the intro, the reader gets snapshots, with page after page of brilliant photographs. There are moderate trad climbs, hard sport climbs, boulder problems, famous climbers, and unknown climbers. There are also blue skies, foliage thick with rhododendrons, fields covered with fall leaves, and local climbers' hangouts.

There is great diversity in the South, not only of style of rock, but of culture. One thing remains constant: southerners are very proud of their home states, and of the rock therein. There are a few areas Harrison included in his book that seem to be a stretch to call world class, or even high quality. But I'm sure there are proud locals who are right now taking offense to an outsider who has the audacity, without even having climbed at these areas, to claim that

