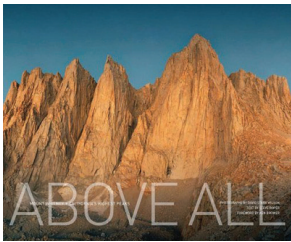


Graver's stories divulge their camera, film, lighting techniques (and tricks) for creating the critically acclaimed yet low-budget productions. With the same reverence given to his filmmaking skills, Graver describes Welles' unpredictability and humor (which often led to surprised actors and crew), insomnia (which led to late-night calls and early morning shoots), and eccentricities (such as halting shoots to watch the television shows *All in the Family* or *M*A*S*H*).

When not filming for Welles—always unpaid for the mere privilege of working alongside a genius—the self-taught cinematographer was employed by other notable filmmakers, including Roger Corman, Paul Bartel, John Cassavetes, Ron Howard, and Steven Spielberg. Graver's memoir is a valuable companion to his documentary, *Working with Orson Welles*.

While this look at Welles' frenetic, independent filmmaking is a boon to film scholars and critics, fans of the actor and director will enjoy discovering the man behind the black cape. *Making Movies with Orson Welles* reveals why watching movies by the eccentric Hollywood giant is such an exhilarating experience. (October) *Angela Leeper*

PHOTOGRAPHY



Above All: Mount Whitney and California's Highest Peaks

Steve Roper,

David Stark Wilson, photographer

Heyday Books, Hardcover \$35.00 (144pp)
978-1-59714-107-9

After naturalist John Muir ascended the tallest mountain in the continental United States, he wrote, "Well-seasoned limbs will enjoy the climb of 9,000 feet required by this direct route. But soft, succulent people should go the mule way."

Muir had climbed California's Mount Whitney on its more difficult eastern face. He's one of several mountaineers whose adventures among the Sierra Nevada's fifteen Fourteeners—those mountains measuring 14,000 feet and above—are recounted here by Roper, a climber himself who has written several books about these mountains since the early 1960s. His first person narrative of the early hearty souls who conquered Whitney and three other peaks is tucked between Wilson's exhilarating photographs.

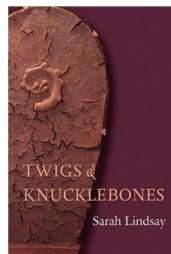
Wilson, a photographer for almost thirty years, is also a native of the area who climbed the mountains in his younger years and only recently returned to the pastime, "when I found

a rope in my pack and a willing partner in my son." The majority of the sixty-five photos are spread across two large pages, and Wilson captures many striking views at sunrise after hiking out and spending the night. In several of the shots following the text on Whitney, the snow-sprinkled brown, rocky terrain seems almost otherworldly. In another picture, switch-back trails are visible, resembling tiny ant paths. A distant mountain is reflected in a clear mirror lake in a photo dated June 17, 2007. In one black and white photograph a solo climber stands aloft on a peak's highest point. White Mount Peak, home to the nearly 5,000-year-old Bristlecone pines, is described as being easy to ascend, "if one is acclimatized and can handle a round-trip hike of fifteen miles in such a super-bright, skin-sizzling landscape."

While all the photos are breathtaking in their scope, two of the best appear at the end of the section on Mount Shasta. Both plates 58 and 59 depict views which seem to go on forever. A map showing the mountains referenced and a glossary of terms associated with mountain climbing might have been useful for armchair travelers.

Those who enjoy history (especially of this specific region) and nature's beauty will find this book both informative and a feast for the eyes. (November) *Robin Farrell Edmunds*

POETRY



Twigs and Knucklebones

Sarah Lindsay

Copper Canyon Press,
Softcover \$15.00 (116pp)
978-1-55659-164-8

In her latest collection of poems, *Twigs and Knucklebones*, Sarah Lindsay revels in the pleasure of being omniscient. Writer and reader alike enjoy the privilege of superhuman knowledge in poems that blur the line between the apocryphal and the real world. A spider crawls out from the ash in "Elegy from Quagga" as if to say, "Not yet"; however damaged, the world remains.

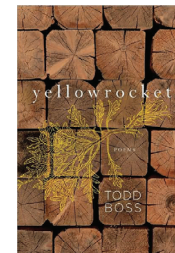
Nowhere is this trope of continuation more on display than in the centerpiece of the book, a series of poems about the fictional kingdom of Nab. In reverse chronological order, Lindsay explores the eras of Nab—late, middle, late middle, early middle, and early—via the archeologists who pry into the remnants and the Nab people who left them there. As the archeologists try to fill in the infinite blanks left by broken bowls, pillars, and a couple of red beads, Lindsay gives us the missing stories. The parallel between poet and archeologist is a satisfying one, highlighting the shared tools of fact and imagination.

Indeed in "Destruction," the fictional archeologist Baron van Hausknecht is described as an artist, "melancholy, solitary, / in love with

beauty in all its forms." This all-embracing approach easily describes Lindsay's poems, which are impressive in their attention to detail. Each event, however small, is given weight and understood in the larger context of humanity. In "Flukes," one example of a fluke is "the tail of a whale—especially a white one, / cleaving the sea with a sound to our puny ears / like a cataclysm, world derailed."

Despite frequent derailings, the world continues, and these poems that highlight decomposition are also poems that suggest something akin to hope.

Lindsay made a splashy debut with her first collection of poems, *Primate Behavior*, a finalist for the National Book Awards. *Twigs and Knucklebones* is her third collection, and the title comes from a description of van Hausknecht: "his well-fleshed memory withered reluctantly / to a few twigs and knucklebones." The decay of this vibrant character is appropriate for these poems that toe the line between life and death. In order for the historical cycle to continue, there must be loss. One Nab woman who has buried her infant son asks with affecting insight, "Where does it come from, this stubborn idea / that we should decide what we keep?" It is one of the few questions left unanswered by *Twigs and Knucklebones*. (November) *Erica Wright*



Yellowrocket

Todd Boss

W.W. Norton, Hardcover
\$23.95 (96pp)
978-0-393-06768-2

Todd Boss's first collection of poems, *Yellowrocket*, takes its title from a wildflower that "reeked" when pulled from the soil. The poems also wish to, and do, hold as tightly as plants to the plain earth, and to heritage, to being human. "Ruin had ways," the first poem ends. All the poems celebrate the primal kind of ruin, the tempting kind, that makes one want to buy a mess of a farm, pick window glass shards and bent nails from the muck, pull barb-wire out that has grown into the birches, and mostly, to arrive at these fine, spare poems. They grow from the complicated soil of family—a grandfather who plays pinocle with his pals, who calls 911 the day his wife dies, a mother who's still mourning her own mother's death, fights between husband and wife—all the weather of relationship, as well as the turbulence outdoors. The six sections of Boss's book move gradually outward from the initial investment in a few acres of ruined soil, to small studies of the concrete objects of daily life—a dog, a son, a chimney, icicles, a mechanical toy. "Kind of nice to know that things/ like dogs, grow fond and want/ to be had, to be used, to be played," Boss writes. It would be tempting to call the poems charming—they are that—but