

# Arts and Entertainment

## Climber gets 'high' from Pallasades trip

By Mark Davis  
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heights told me to forget it. But my desire to overcome my fears had me at the first meeting Wednesday.

"The path that I have chosen now has led me to a wall. It rises now before me, a dark and silent barrier between all I am, and all that I was ever meant to be."

These words (from Terry Livgren's "The Wall") represent a universal feeling that everyone who has had a barrier to pass can understand. Passing beyond a barrier reveals a new horizon on the other side. To fail means to exist in mundanity. But to try, fail, and then try again will prepare you for your next attempt or show you another path to the top.

Rock climbing is an exercise in passing "The Wall" in a literal sense. To stand and look straight up a cliff is intimidating. To look to the ground where you once stood is the greatest high I have ever encountered. The challenge of the climb is as intense as any barrier I have ever attempted to pass.

When the UNL recreation department offered the trip to the Pallasades in South Dakota, my fear of

We watched a slide show of drawings illustrating people walking up innocent-looking hills with smiles on their faces. I was somewhat relieved. Even though I wanted to conquer my fear of heights, I wanted to do it safely.

The next day we went to a climbing wall on East Campus for training. Once again I was relieved to see that the challenges we faced were easy. I became more confident about rock climbing. I did not lose any sleep that night.

The next day we were at the Pallasades, but when we arrived it was dark and we were not able to see much. The road to the Pallasades is mostly prairie farmland, as were the campgrounds where we stayed. Once again I lost no sleep in anticipation.

Everyone was up before dawn. We ate some strange breakfast foods, which were surprisingly good considering they had no artificial additives. And then we set out to climb.

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Photos by Mark Davis

## Travel



The natural beauty of the Pallasades was inspirational. Clockwise from upper left: While most of the rock formations were angular, some were as smooth as the waters that carved them. Equally inspirational were efforts to reach the top. Bruce Rishar, one of our guides, took this shot of my first repel. The tiny white dot on the left is the helmet of one of the trip members. Dave Bumsted takes a long look at the view that surrounded us in the Pallasades. Both mornings the camp was up and anxious to meet the day's challenges. Along with the work came many rewards.



"Doc"