

A woman with blonde hair in a ponytail, wearing a blue tank top, patterned leggings, and blue climbing shoes, is climbing a large, mossy rock boulder. She is positioned on the right side of the rock, reaching up with her right hand. The rock is covered in green moss and is surrounded by large, gnarled trees with dense green foliage. The scene is set in a forest. The text 'GRIT BLOCS' is overlaid on the left side of the image in large, white, bold, sans-serif font. Below it, the subtitle '100 OF THE FINEST BOULDER PROBLEMS ON PENNINE GRITSTONE' is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font. At the bottom right, the author's name 'DAVE PARRY' is written in white, bold, sans-serif font. A blue crash mat is visible on the ground in the foreground, partially covered by a patterned blanket.

# GRIT BLOCS

100 OF THE FINEST BOULDER  
PROBLEMS ON PENNINE  
GRITSTONE

DAVE PARRY



100 OF THE FINEST  
BOULDER PROBLEMS  
ON PENNINE GRITSTONE

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**DAVE PARRY**



Vertebrate Publishing, Sheffield  
[www.adventurebooks.com](http://www.adventurebooks.com)

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PROBLEMS ON PENNINE  
GRITSTONE

**DAVE PARRY**

First published in 2022 by **Vertebrate Publishing**.



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**Front cover** Gwyneth Uttley on *Brain Dead*, Cratcliffe Tor.

**Back cover, top left** Rob Smith on *Chabal*, Gorple. **Top right** Ned Feehally on *Brainstorm*, Doll Tor. **Bottom left** Frances Bensley on *Boyager*, Burbage North. **Bottom right** Rob Smith on *The Scientist*, Great Roova.

**Pages xii-1** John Coe field on *Beth's Traverse*, Goldsborough Carr.

**Pages 8-9** Lower Gorple.

**Pages 96-97** *Elemental*, Thorn Crag.

**Pages 106-107** Stanage Plantation area.

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# FOREWORD

BY DAN TURNER

Over the years, I have been lucky enough to travel to several well-known bouldering areas across the world. A special part of those adventures is meeting and connecting with people from far and wide. Naturally, people are interested to know where you are from and to hear about your local climbing area. Often, when you mention you are from Britain, after the usual comments about the weather, climbers from outside the UK unanimously think of the Peak District. Either reminiscing about their own experiences from times spent at the Stanage Plantation or referring to boulder problems and routes they have been exposed to from well-known films like *Hard Grit* or *The Real Thing*. On the one hand, it is always refreshing to hear people speaking passionately about UK climbing. On the other hand, there is always a part of me which wishes they knew about all the other amazing climbing opportunities the UK has on offer. I guess this was one of my motivations for creating *This is Yorkshire*, a short film which shone a light, albeit a small one, on my local area at the time. An attempt to document some of the beautiful boulders, the unique landscapes in which they exist and the communities that operated around them.

I guess *This Is Yorkshire* was the first time some of those boulders had been captured on film, bringing to life forgotten or overlooked gems hiding in the secluded dales of Yorkshire. Today, it is rare if you can't find a video of a boulder problem. Seemingly, every problem is documented and, within a blink of a second, hundreds of possibilities and options lie before us. All the while, stealing from us an opportunity to think and figure out the puzzles of rock which are presented to us. Unconsciously robbing us of an experience we never knew we could have. However, of all the rock types in the world,

I think grit is one of the few mediums which stands up against this modern culture. You cannot be taught the subtlety of movement and body position from 6K, 240-frame-per-second ultra-slow-motion film; neither will it provide the patience required to master this rock type. In a way, grit is a great teacher; whether you are just starting out or an experienced rock dancer, there is something to discover and somehow days out on grit always provide an enriched and meaningful experience.

Thinking back to my most memorable climbing experiences, my thoughts regularly return to the days spent venturing out to gritstone boulders, perched proudly on the wild and windswept moors. I am continually drawn to big, beautiful lines, in remote locations. The kind of boulders which create natural sculptures that look like works of art. On first inspection, they look impossible. They take commitment and time to unravel the mysteries and sequences of the movement, until it becomes familiar and free. Where the little successes are sporadic but just frequent enough to keep you asking questions, even against the backdrop of frustration and failure. This process can often take whole seasons, even years, until you find the key that unlocks the gateway to success. Sometimes it never comes. Whatever the outcome, you build a relationship; you see your friend in different lights, from different angles and in different seasons. The fading purple of the rich heather moorlands marks the start. The calling of the grit. As life gradually retreats from the moors, we are presented with small windows of opportunity. Where crisp, cold days occasionally surface among the wild winds and rains of winter. Agonisingly, seemingly always aligning with times we are locked up, only left to stare out of a window, dreaming of



what could have been. Over time the pressure mounts – time is running out – you start to notice the little white hats of cotton grass gently swaying in the wind against an ever more vibrant backdrop of emerging yellows in the hay meadows below. The solitary whistle of the curlew indicates time is nearly up. It's now our time to lie dormant, to think and prepare for our next opportunity.

Through this journey you begin to realise how extraordinarily lucky we are. Not only due to the incredibly unique circumstances by which these iconic boulders exist, but the access we have to them. Wrapped up in the moment – in the pursuit – it's sometimes easy to forget this. We are all guilty of becoming unconscious of our surroundings, the fragile environment in which we exist, as nature teeters in the background desperately trying to support all our needs. It takes thousands if not millions of years to create, but seconds to destroy. We must learn to look after our natural assets while respecting the wider community, appreciating their needs and priorities and finding some mutual ground, so we

can continue to coexist in harmony and protect our valuable wild spaces for future generations to enjoy, just as we did.

This book is a beautiful reminder of what nature has created for us and Dave has captured this in a compelling way. I have only met Dave a few times, but I have always taken a keen interest in his photography. What has always struck me is the depth of his photos, the way he uses light and frames his images; he somehow manages to bring you into the moment, making you get a feel part of the image. Unsurprisingly, his passion comes through in this book and takes you on a voyage, expanding our horizons to the grit experience while also documenting the communities that help to build them. It makes you dream of the crisp winter days, scraping frost off your car window and knowing that the grit season is coming.

So, place this book somewhere which occasionally catches your eye, and acts as a spark of inspiration to go off and explore and create your own grit experience.

# INTRODUCTION

It's funny the twists and turns life throws at you. For most of us, 2020 was a rather bizarre year unlike anything we'd ever experienced and, fingers crossed, unlike anything we'll experience again. So it was with some pleasure that late in 2020 I came across a copy of a French climbing book, in French, called *Bleau Blocs*. Here was just the sort of escapism I needed. Written and photographed by renowned Fontainebleau photographer Stéphan Denys, upon turning the pages I was transported back to the Forest instantly.

I could smell the pine trees and the pastries; I could imagine walking back to the car through the fading light of a Trois Pignons evening with sore skin and a feeling of supreme contentment. And all this was based on the strength of the photos alone, as I can barely read any French prose beyond spotting a few key nouns, the odd verb, and extrapolating the rest based on context (a key skill for any Brit abroad). It was a great relief that in the spring of 2021 Vertebrate published an English translation of *Bleau Blocs*. I could finally close my Google Translate browser tab. Little did I know that barely a year later I would be putting the finishing touches to a British counterpart to that book. But the seeds were well and truly sown.

In the UK we tend to live in the shadow of Fontainebleau bouldering. We borrow the French grading system, we even appropriate French climbing terms – arête, gaston, bloc – and the highest compliment we give to a boulder problem is to say it is 'Font-like'. So, the question that inevitably comes up in conversation between grit aficionados is: what does our native Pennine gritstone have that can compare with its sedimentary near neighbour, the sandstone of Fontainebleau? Can we even compete? And assuming we can hold our

own, what does the best of the best on grit look like? Which guiding principles would lead us to the best? What would those 100 grit problems be? Messages were exchanged, lists were written and rewritten, spreadsheets were populated.

So here we are. *Grit Blocs* showcases 100 of the finest problems on the Pennines' gritstone outcrops, edges and even quarries. The words 'of the' are of key importance here because by no means is this a definitive list. The palette of gritstone bouldering is too rich to quantise into just 100 problems. It is a bit like building an epic sunset scene out of Lego bricks. You don't have enough different colours to do it justice but you can at least achieve a recognisable picture.

Which principles ended up guiding us to these problems? It might seem odd to impose rules on such an already difficult task but, as with any creative endeavour, limitations are key. Rules in this case are more like an imposed structure, without which we have no framework to work to, just as a musician might struggle without a beat, without rhythm.

Eventually, out of the fog of discussion, a working concept crystallised: non-eliminate up problems, without chipped holds, which must top out, on sound rock, the problems must be at venues that are accessible (i.e. not banned), and they must be legitimate boulder problems rather than routes or solos masquerading as problems. On top of this, a desire emerged to give a full account of gritstone bouldering across the grade range but also the stylistic spectrum. The high and the low, the old and the new, the well known and the esoteric, and the entire geographic spread. This, in theory, gives as full as possible a picture of the state of grit bouldering in the present day. Like all rules these have been bent on occasion,



but not broken. However, I must offer a specific apology to fans of traverses – this isn't the book for you. Perhaps the next volume can be dedicated to the horizontal.

Another good reason to embrace the esoteric and look at the full range of climbing across the Pennines, not just Caley and Stanage, is because gritstone is not a medium which is frozen in time. Just as the wind and rain have shaped the rock into what we see today, humans are also capable of shaping the rock. Most obviously by quarrying, but also by chipping and vandalism. But more insidiously for climbers, we ourselves are capable of irreparably altering the rock by the very act of climbing. This is one of the main challenges we face today as gritstone climbers.

A universal truth we face is that entropy will take hold given half a chance. If we climb on gritstone which is wet or even just damp, we are damaging the rock. As we are already seeing at popular venues which actually have some fairly poor rock, like Stanage Plantation, it's usually a one-way street once the surface patina is compromised. Further to this, if we keep only climbing the same few problems that the social media algorithms amplify, if we submit to the commodification of climbing, just chasing soft-touch 'ticks' at a certain grade, then we're really putting a curse on the thing we love. Holds will get worn, landings will erode, and the soil will wash away. Certain problems have been left out of this book for that very reason, as indeed have entire crags.

Ned Feehally on *Ram Air*, Ramshaw Rocks.

None of us are perfect, but we can do better. We can spread the load wider, we can call out poor behaviour and educate each other, we can look after the rock, we can even pre-empt damage. We can wait until problems are actually dry, no matter how far we've driven or how psyched we are. 'Dry enough' to do the moves with a ton of chalk isn't dry enough to not be damaged. The ball is in our court with this one, and we're more than capable of making sure grit bouldering has a healthy future to add to its rich and varied history.

There is one crucial factor where gritstone can't compete with Fontainebleau, and never will. The Forest does have a rather unfair advantage in terms of density of climbing. In contrast, the problems in this book span a 140-mile stretch of upland from beyond Hadrian's Wall in the north all the way south past Matlock. To make matters worse, Stéphan Denys had a fifteen-year head start on the photography in comparison to my paltry quarter of a century of climbing on grit. However, our trump card is the huge number of talented climbing photographers we have in the UK. As a Sheffield-based photographer, a project like this is basically a dream job, and it's a privilege to be able to present my work alongside that of others with a similar affection for grit bouldering and an eye for a compelling image. Hopefully, between us we've done it justice.

# GRITSTONE - BEHIND THE SCENES

If, like me, you've always regretted not spending more time exploring the climbing on offer in Scotland, or had the Lofoten Islands granite on your bucket list but never got round to going, then I have some good news for you. The tiny grains, pebbles and crystals making up the Pennine gritstone we climb on today originated in the rocks of mountains way to the north, from the granites of what are now Norway and the Cairngorms, around 300 million years ago.

It's a good job gritstone, and indeed climbers, didn't yet exist during the Carboniferous period, because decent conditions would have been hard to come by. Although it sometimes feels this way now in the middle of our humid climate-change summers, the UK was actually positioned down in the tropics, and a warm sea covered the north of England. Over countless years the mighty mountains in the distant north were laid siege to by the most innocuous and benign substance on the planet: water. Drip by drip, relentlessly the rain, snow and ice liberated tiny particles of rock and this water eventually unloaded its cargo in a huge river delta system.

Through the action of deposition this river delta eventually filled up the basin of this tropical sea, laying down sediment on top of the seabed, a seabed which would eventually become the limestone of the Pennines. We'll never know if it's just a coincidence that the limestone is below the gritstone both physically and in terms of climbing quality, as science doesn't have an answer for that. Geology does however give us some insight into how the genesis of the rock impacts directly on climbing.

One of the most recognisable characteristics of gritstone is horizontal bedding – giving rise to the break-to-break style of climbing and horizontal texture that dominates crags throughout the length of the Pennines. But why are some layers thick, others thin, and others show dramatic differences in texture? Why are hard layers atop softer layers which subsequently weather away to produce horizontal roofs and the steeply undercut bases of various crags?

The aforementioned river delta formed a complex and ever-changing system of swamps, channels, lagoons and streams. The local topography of such a delta is prone to dramatic change every time there is a big storm, a flood, a change in sea level, or simply a change in the type of sediment coming from upstream. Hence the horizontal bands of rock we see in grit mark changes in the delta – events in time recorded like the rings of a tree trunk.

The exact nature of the deposited material depends a lot on local factors. Generally speaking, faster streams and channels deposit larger grains and pebbles, with lower-energy areas giving rise to finer-grained deposits. Areas of softer rock, lacking the dissolved quartz to eventually glue it together solidly, form the sorts of caves and low roofs we recognise from the base of many crags. Smaller spots of softer material give rise to 'Huecos' and pockets. Where different speeds of flow occur in close proximity to each other, like where a fast channel abuts a shallow lagoon, we see huge changes in the resulting rock over a small area. Bear this in mind when visiting Simon's Seat and Hen Stones, where dramatically different rock occurs within a space of metres.



As fans of a sun-drenched evening session will note, the majority of gritstone edges face roughly west or south-west. The Pennines is formed of a broad anticline, a type of fold in the underlying rock. This makes most of the sedimentary layers of gritstone slant downwards to the east, and hence the rock generally comes to the surface facing west. This slant is plainly visible at many crags; a great place to observe this phenomenon is along the top of Stanage Edge, where the moor visibly and gracefully rolls away from the crag down towards Sheffield.

The eastward slant is shared by younger sandstone and coal-bearing layers east of the Pennines. The term Carboniferous comes from Latin, actually referring to the coal-bearing nature of the rock from this period. In more recent history this presence of coal, along with the gritstone, was a crucial factor in the North's role in the Industrial Revolution. Rock provided the energy source for industry, the building materials for towns and cities, and drove huge social and cultural changes which have shaped the north of England as we find it today.

Curbar Edge – where natural buttresses sit next to freestanding boulders and quarried bays.

# NORTH PENNINES





# SHAFTOE CRAGS

8a+

## Blood Sport



Dan Turner sets up for (right), and latches (above), the big move to a distant fingertip edge. © Rowan Spear-Bulmer



We begin our journey through gritstone with the most northerly problem in this book. Shaftoe is distant from the main grit scene of the Pennines, although it's not actually the most northerly grit crag as Rothley sits four miles further north. Still, this is well and truly off the beaten track for most grit connoisseurs. We are eight and a half miles north of Hadrian's Wall here, only twenty-three miles from the Scottish border and well and truly in Northumberland. It's fair to say you're unlikely to bump into anyone nipping out for a quick after-work session from Leeds or Sheffield.

Shaftoe has suffered in the past from being a little oversold, leading to disappointed visitors turning up expecting a 'Fontainebleau of the North'. The climbing is scattered over the moor and rock quality is mixed, ranging from fairly poor and sandy in some places to very good, sound grit in others. This is not somewhere to climb unless the rock is absolutely one hundred per cent dry, but with care Shaftoe is a great venue to explore for a circuit, with some choice standout lines for the visitor.

Poking out from the hillside at the northern edge of the moor, Turtle Rock is as impressive a piece of Pennine grit architecture as any other. Solid rock, overhanging in every direction – it's a sight to behold. Various older problems skirt the fringes of this prow, but it wasn't until 2007 that Northumberland stalwart Andy Earl realised the potential of the underside of the Turtle's head, giving us *Blood Sport*. Huge moves on open-handed holds mark the way to gain the main horizontal break, from where just the 6a finish *Soft Centre* awaits. Just to the right, *The Boss* is a worthy 7b with a big move to the lip from the break. Elsewhere on the moor, *Purely Belter* remains a popular local classic, not least because the leaning rippled wall used to be given 8a. A good one for an ego boost, even if it is actually somewhere in the 7b or 7c range now.

# YORKSHIRE





## BIRK GILL

7c+

### The Lash

In terms of absolute standout bona fide classics, it has to be said there is a bit of a hole in Slipstones' repertoire between 7b+ and 8b. But it turns out that for all these years there has been a superb line just a few hundred metres away ready to fill that gap. It waited patiently until 2014 to be unlocked by Will Buck, and is undoubtedly one of the best finds in Yorkshire of the last decade.

Given how close it is to Slipstones, Birk Gill has a completely different character than its neighbour. We swap open moorland for a more sheltered situation in mature woodland, overlooking the gill bottom. Dropping in from the approach path gains a little shelter from the winter westerlies, and before long a sort of descending terrace in the hillside deposits you at the base of a big leaning wall.



An incredible system of writhing seams and dykes break out across the wall from the bottom left, arching across the face, just asking to be climbed.

The rock on *The Lash* is distinctly different to Slipstones, no silvery grey angular holds here. Instead, the vein system crosses a wall of slightly more fragile fine-grained grit, laced with iron deposits, almost reminiscent of the hardest fell sandstone of Northumberland. Flat crimps hidden in the ripples lead up right and build to a crescendo; an awkward stab into a pocket allowing a long final move for the ledge. A variation exists taking the pocket with the left hand leading to a rightwards exit, and a line just right again on the iron crimps, but thankfully neither detract from the main attraction.



Dan Turner (right; © Rowan Spear-Bulmer) and the author (left) adrift in a sea of ripples.



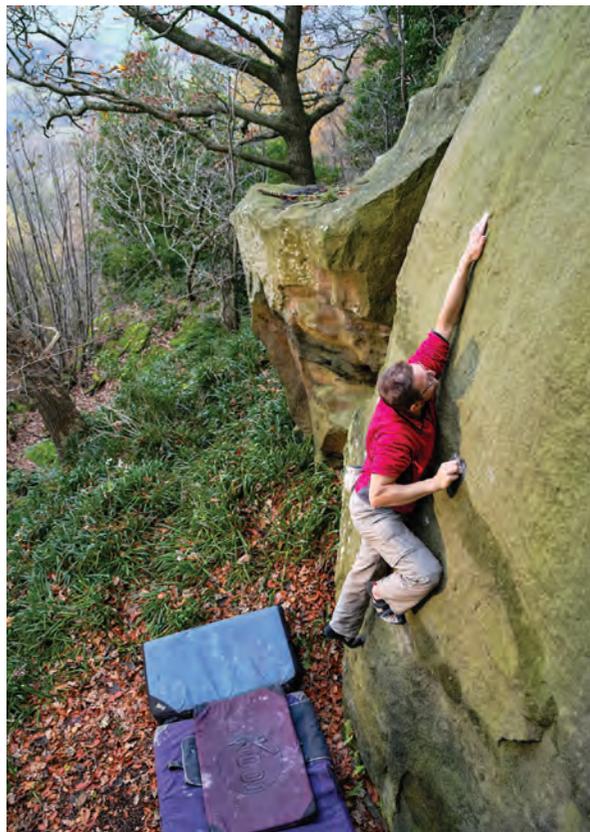
## PANORAMA CRAG

7b+

### Phoenix Wall



James Parrott puzzling out the slab intricacies of *Phoenix Wall* (above and right) and *Make My Heart Fly* (centre).



It speaks well of the beauty of Yorkshire that it sports not one, not two, but three crags named Panorama. It sounds like a big claim, but the view over Pateley Bridge is worthy of the name. The little viewing platform you'll pass on the way in marks Panorama Crag as a popular local landmark, but in terms of bouldering *Phoenix Wall* is really the sole attraction here (pun intended). Although it has to be said the slabby *Goanna Arête* and *Lizard Wall* problems on the buttress just to the right are delightful, they are in no way adequate warm-ups for what awaits.

On this rough sweep of quarried grit, *Phoenix Wall* boils down to one very long move at the top. As we find time and time again, when a 7b+ is condensed into more or less one move, it's going to be a tough one. And when it's off vertical, expect at least to have to pull on some kind of grim, tiny hold, or a hard piece of footwork, or both. *Phoenix Wall* doesn't disappoint, with a thin matchstick crimp being basically your only handhold. Grit your teeth and choose between either a very high step and rockover, or otherwise a little bit of smearing alchemy and a quick pop might land you on the flatty, marking the end of difficulties.

For a completely different experience, nearby there are the moorland crags of Cow Close and Yeadon, a short drive from Panorama Crag. The views across Nidderdale are fantastic, the rock formations fascinating, and both venues really feel away from it all. The contrast in rock quality couldn't be more pronounced though, as the rock is some of the most fragile and sandiest you'll find on grit. The 5+ highball *Make My Heart Fly* at Yeadon is held back from classic status by the scrittley disintegrating nature of the rock, but if you can drop on it after a few dry weeks of being baked hard in the sun you might enjoy it, otherwise it's tough to recommend. Cow Close does sport a remarkable long, low bulging wall which boasts mantel after mantel: a pure-evil set of tricep-busting horror-show sloper mauling. Take a soft brush and plenty of ibuprofen.

## BRIMHAM

### 7a Successor State

Nowhere is the often-bizarre juxtaposition of climbers and the non-climbing public more obvious than at Brimham Rocks. Justifiably popular, Brimham's photogenic micro-landscape is a unique local landmark, now complete with a pay-and-display car park, toilets and cafe – all mod cons. For better or worse, there really isn't anywhere else quite like Brimham, and it has to be experienced.

Parallel with its identity as a tourist destination is Brimham's long history as a rich climbing spot. The various crags and pinnacles offer challenges across the grades. One of the aspects of this symbiosis is while the picnic tables may be full of tourists seeing away endless coffees and ice creams, yards away a climber could be quietly committing to a palm-sweating run-out finish to a trad route, or a necky solo.

The bouldering at Brimham often requires a similarly singular focus. There's plenty of good problems on decent rock of normal bouldering height, like the classic groove of *Whisky Galore* for example. But arguably the finest problems here, on the best rock, are those which bridge the gap between boulder problem and solo. The classic highball walls, ribs and arêtes, along with the more modern, harder highballs. It's on these challenges where nothing punctures the concentration bubble more abruptly than a kid walking around the corner and loudly exclaiming: 'Mum, what they doing up there wi' no ropes? They're gonna fall off – look!'.

*Successor State* is one of the finest highball arêtes at Brimham. First climbed in 1986, it's a serious undertaking as a pure solo but one undergoing something of a renaissance thanks to bouldering pads and judicious use of a spotter to deal with the landing. A tricky start to turn the bulge leads to a comfortable standing position before committing to the top. Maybe too comfortable if anything, giving plenty of chances to talk yourself out of it. Just be sure to save a little juice in the tank for the very top, as there are no straws to clutch at after the final, good face hold. Be pleased with yourself strutting back to the car through the crowds. They don't know, and it's probably for the best that they don't. That feeling is just for you.



**Top and right** The arête moves lead James Parrott to a brief respite before the top-out. **Above** The author on the more sedate *Whisky Galore*.



# LANCASHIRE





## THORN CRAG

7b+

### Bad Moon Rising

Notching things up a gear from the superb slab lines, *Bad Moon Rising* is arguably the essential steep modern-style problem at Thorn at this grade. First climbed by Neil 'Nige' Kershaw in 2003, this chunky overhanging arête sits on its own below the main crag. Commanding a formidable view out across the shooting track and the Trough of Bowland beyond, it's understandably popular. Expect heelhooking, beautifully textured slopers and a bit of physicality.

Uphill from the *Bad Moon* boulder, past the next tier of great easier problems, up on Thorn Crag proper, lies the off-vertical wall of *Return of The Fly*. This 7c+ could have been parachuted in direct from Crookrise. A blind crack traces a line up the wall before running out unhelpfully, where smears and poor pockets lead to a better high pocket, leaving just a careful top out. Even if this isn't your bag, it's worth the walk up just to eyeball John Gaskins' other main contribution to Thorn, the almost-mythical slopey bulging arête line which dominates the crag: *A Moment of Clarity*. Wow etc.



Right Kitty Morrison makes the crux move to a beautiful handful of finest Bowland grit. © Sam Lawson





# PEAK DISTRICT





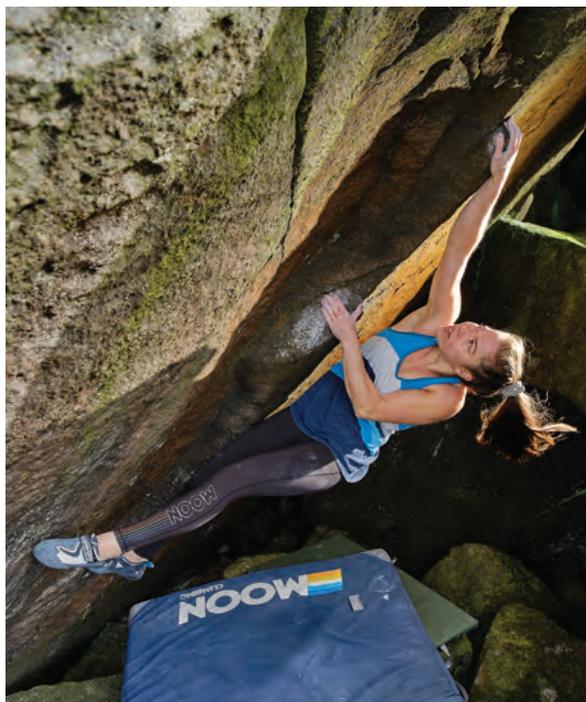
## STANAGE

8a

### Solomon Grundy

Plumb-vertical 8a walls are something of a rarity on gritstone. Arêtes, slabs and bulges are in good supply, but somehow walls are thinner on the ground – if you pardon the pun. A solution to an apparently blank wall is something really special. Nowhere is the breach of the apparently impossible so obvious, after all everyone can identify and relate to the vertical.

The constructed urban world offers no shortage of verticals, but in climbing terms something about the geometry of the vertical means the margins for finding the perfect hard wall of natural gritstone are infinitesimally narrow. Only one or two variables separate the impossible and disappointingly trivial, not least at Stanage, where the geology of the crag favours break-to-break climbing. Such a premium-quality compact wall at the magical 8a grade of just the right height, and sporting a decent landing, is a rare find indeed.



Far from the crowds, Ned Feehally (top) and Char Williams (bottom right) on *Solomon Grundy*, and Frances Bensley on the nearby hidden *Soft Top Beetle* (bottom left).



## BURBAGE NORTH

7a+

### Boyager

At busy, popular crags there's usually an assumption that everything has been found, everything of value has already been done – the crag is 'worked out'. But time and time again it turns out not to be the case. These boulders in the woods of Burbage North are definitely testament to the power of the humble bouldering pad to unlock otherwise unclimbable rock. *Boyager* in particular is, or rather was, a fairly necky undertaking, but the recent accumulation of dead wood in what used to be the gaping coffin-sized hole masquerading as a landing has greatly improved things. Still, you'll want to arrive armed with a couple of pads, and make sure your hamstrings are warmed up before embarking on the full-bodied heelhooking and compression moves.



Along with the problems on the block immediately below – the best being *Monochrome* and *Mono Bulge* – there's plenty of steep and powerful bouldering to be enjoyed in the mid 7s here, all in a very modern, physical style. The downhill face of the block is beautifully rippled, but the rock quality of the flakes lets it down somewhat, as the sheer volume of glue keeping the holds on demonstrates. Don't pull too hard!



Left and right Frances Bensley makes short work of *Boyager*.  
Centre The author on *Monochrome* circa the first ascent.

