

BOLFA 2022



Snakes and ladders

A long, hard day's play: the Blue Mountains

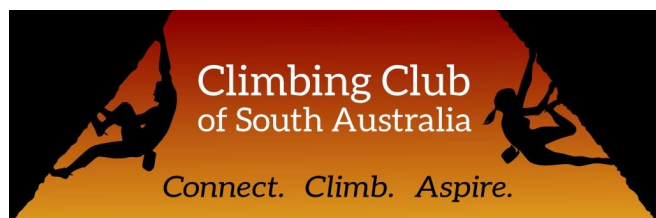
Arapiles: the new family holiday destination

Pssst! The Grampians is open again!

A Round of 21 Holes at the Moon

Q & A with Raphaela Wiget

Crag Care and more...



Welcome to BOLFA 2022!

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Presented by the Climbing Club of South Australia and supported by the UniSA Rock Climbing Club.

On the cover: Raphaella smiling upside down: having too much fun sending IP (Intellectual Property, Norton Summit), 28.

Rock climbing is dangerous. It is your responsibility as a climber or boulderer to have received adequate training and to know and accept the risks involved.

Warning, some of these articles contain coarse language.

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Editor's note

I'd like to begin by acknowledging the Kurna and Peramangk people, the Traditional Custodians of the lands where I am writing today and where I climbed this weekend. I acknowledge their continued connection to these lands, and pay my respects to their Elders past, present and emerging.

There's a compendium of BOLFA treats this year that I hope you'll enjoy. Also I hope they'll inspire you. We have a Blue Mountains theme by Sarah Endlich, Caleb Skirrow and Raphaella Wiget. It was a great experience for me to chat with Raphaella this year and learn about her amazing climbing.

How sweet it is to easily visit Victoria again after dealing with COVID pandemic times. James Thomson tells us the Grampians is still open, and Emma Adams has me smiling after reading about her family outing to Arapiles / Dyrurrite.

In SA, Fraser Darcy and Davey Edwards take us to Moonarie, and there's more. We are lucky to live in a part of Australia that has such diverse crags and parks.

A big thank you to Emma Adams and Joel Williams for their help, and to Raphaella Wiget and all the contributors for their stories and photos. I have very much enjoyed putting BOLFA together. Happy reading!

Kylie Jarrett
BOLFA Editor





Snakes and Ladders

A record of 10 pitches worth of thought, while having a single song on loop in my mind. Enjoy!

Sarah Endlich



There's nothing like feeling small. A pebble. A speck of dirt under the sole of a giant foot.

Except that giant foot is an inverted blanket of cloud trapped in a chilly valley, and you truly are a speck of unshowered dirt on the ground searching for the first hold of the first pitch. If you choose the right one, it will guide you out of the mist and up the cliff of the valley's sides and into the sun at the top. If you choose the wrong one, you might end up caught in a pile of choss. Either way, it's a good time guaranteed.

The jingle bells of climbing gear pierced through the mist, and we were on our route. A red snake of rope trawled up the grey wall, following grainy crimps, little pockets, and the occasional party ledge. The Blue Mountains in June are frosty, particularly for the average soft South Australian climber accustomed to the heat of

the Flinders Ranges and the comfortable temperate climate of the city crags hugging Adelaide. Climbing on rock in the single digits Celsius numbed our fingertips nicely - crimps were no longer as sharp, and jugs all the more bomber in contrast. We were on a cool date with mother nature, and she took us up to Hotel California, a four-star establishment.

Was it hot and steamy? Not particularly, but she did take my breath away when we came across an unexpected visitor hidden under the bed of a bolt in the master bedroom of the 7th pitch.

It was right under a bolt. It was a wee black thing, curled up in a scoop of rock. Three delicate loops of muscle led to a small black head, a forked tongue flickered. The snake probably tasted the chalk in the air and my sweat glands going into overdrive, and wondered what the hell I was doing up here, disturbing its peace. So was I.

I threw a pebble at it, hoping it would slither away from the bolt. It didn't. I threw another

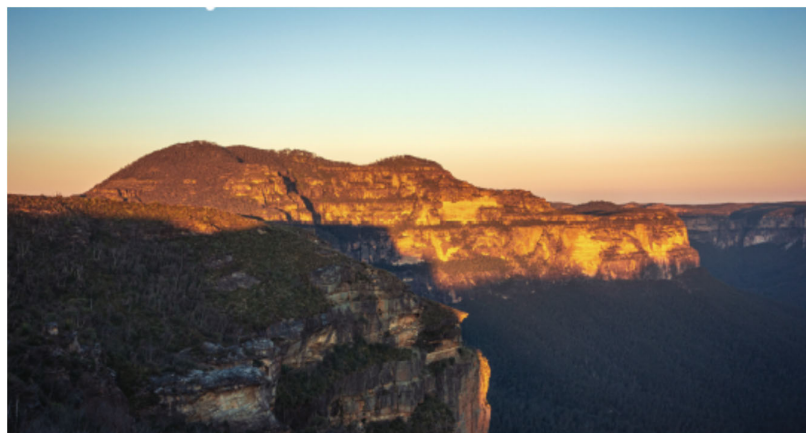
with trepidation, to no avail. My aiming skills were as good as my bouldering. I informed my climbing partner of my predicament, who in turn got very excited and told me to get a move on, so he could photograph the black beauty/venomous worm, depending on your view. It was too cold for it to move, even if it wanted to. The sun only hits this side of the valley for a few hours in the afternoon. My fingers were numb, but at least my breath was steaming and my heart was pumping, hot blood in my forearms. I decided to take the long way around.

The red rope continued up the final few pitches. Losing oneself in movement was easy on a route like this. The expanding face of rock, above cloud at the brink of the day, was now reduced to a clear sequence of holds, which flew by like a ladder. My hands never fit into the holds perfectly, but gave me just enough traction to dance my way up the climb. Climbing seemed to put everything into perspective, and made life kind of simple. Music played on and the dance continued. Dialling into each move, the mind and body finally became one, and blended into the environment with ease.

I love being a speck of dirt. I love being insignificant, and relishing in that feeling of freedom as a result. That's what climbing feels like for me.

Thank you for listening!

Sarah



A long, hard day's play: lessons from a day in the Blue Mountains, NSW

Words and Photos by Caleb Skirrow



I'm very grateful for a recent experience I had where I was reminded of what must be one of life's greatest and most long-standing lessons: the power of the opportunity to make the most of each day we are given, every single day. You see, between each sunrise and sunset is a sometimes cold, sometimes busy, but above all beautiful window of opportunity to make the most of the gifts life has given us.

I practiced this lesson in late June on the last full day my climbing partner, Sarah, and I had together on our road trip in the Blue Mountains during our University breaks. She was to drive home the next day while I stayed on one more week. We had been blessed all month with exceptional and scenic climbing, memorable animal encounters, a cosy and reliable little van, and laughable moments with each other and new friends, but woke on our last day together wary of it ending soon.

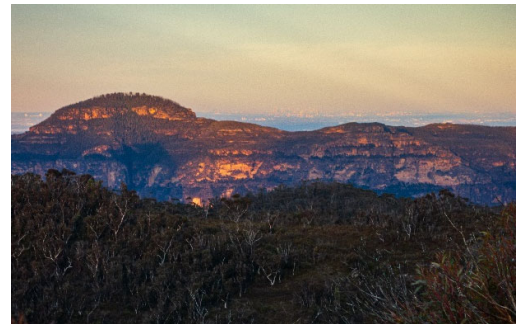
An advertisement for Paddy Pallen, a climbing equipment store. The background is a photo of a climber in a red shirt and white helmet on a rock face. Text overlays include: 'Equipment & Footwear for Bouldering Trad Sport & Mountaineering' in the top left; the 'Paddy Pallen SINCE 1930' logo in a green box in the top right; the address '228 Rundle Street Adelaide SA 5000' and phone number 'Ph 08 8232 3155' in the middle right; and a promotion '20% off Climbing Equipment for CCSA Members' at the bottom. A small photo credit '© Paul Bulley' is in the bottom right corner.

This wasn't going to deter us from making the most of this day however, as we had a full days' worth of climbs to tick and views to witness. We woke before sunrise, prepared our hot drinks and carried them from Jelly, Sarah's Toyota Townace, to Perrys Lookdown in time to catch a welcome winter's sunrise above the walls of the Grose Valley. We had seen plenty of similar scenes during our time in the Blueys, but every gold-glowing cliff and pink fluffy cloud in the sky was as unique and appreciated as the last. The day had officially begun; it was time to start climbing.

Sarah enjoying her daily essential caffeine fix in front of Mt. Banks



We excitedly made our way back to Jelly, gobbled our muesli, packed our sandwiches and hit the trail. The day's plan was to climb at Bald Head and on Tiger Stripe Wall, two standout features we had spied on our ascents of the Pierce's Pass Classics earlier. These destinations are accessed via a beautiful and surprisingly well-cleared pad from the road, which meandered up a hill with views of the concrete columns of Sydney, and into a shaded, lush valley for thirty minutes until we reached our turnoff for Bald Head. We were inspired to check out *Weld Party*, a 3-pitch grade 19, through a chance encounter with Evan Wells, the bolter and first free ascensionist himself, a few days prior at Bardens Lookout. Our anticipation grew as we traversed the cliffs to the base of pitch one.



Sydney shimmering on the horizon of the hill at the start of the



Sarah looking small as we approached the start of *Weld Party* (19)

Let the climbing commence!



The first two pitches consisted of loads of funky, flexible moves through endless large juggy scoops in all orientations with bolts neatly placed on the blank wall to the left, allowing for minimal rope drag and the option to link pitches, which we just had to do. I flowed through 60 metres on this gorgeous rock and could have just kept going if it weren't for running out of draws right at the belay ledge (and the length of my rope). Besides, it was about time I shared the fun! Sarah then partied up the whole climb, leading the last pitch as an eagle graced us by circling overhead, but only after a compulsory photoshoot given the views of hanging rock and the rest of the Grose Valley that we had from the belay ledge. The third pitch had a delicious Blue Mountains-special crux before topping out and giving us a severe case of summit fever. What a beautiful morning, and we still had a whole afternoon left!



Behold: The Blueys! From atop pitch 2 of Weld Party (19)

We returned to our bags and continued to the top of Tiger Stripe Wall, where we gorged on our cheese, hummus and veggies in dumpster dived bread, and the view of waterfalls and endless cliffs below rolling clouds. Nothing tastes as good as sandwiches in the mountains! We took the long rappel down to the base of Tiger Stripe Wall, gaining a sense of the scale of this 100m wide, 50m tall and perfectly flat face, with distinct black water streaks running down the wall leading to its name. We began with *The Dimerisation Interface*, a sustained grade 22 on the left side that just seemed to go on forever and ever before coming back for more in the form of *A Pill for your Vain Pain* (24), which turned out to be quite the sandbag. Maybe it's just our Adelaide-born naivety around face climbing, but the holds on this climb seemed to just about all disappear after the fourth bolt. Quicker than I would like to admit, I found myself heaving up on my draws, reaching for the highest feature I could call a hold, and hoping to reach the next bolt just to sit on it again. After what felt like half an hour of desperate hauling and



exhausted wailing, I looked up only to see that I wasn't even halfway! This was the first time I had ever thought that I might not make it to the top of the climb, but with enough sweat, swearing, toil and taking, I stumbled over the lip to the sanctuary of two bolts on a rock seat.

The long rappel off our fixed line to the base of Tiger Stripe Wall

Once Sarah had joined me at the top, we lay in a cold, exhausted heap. But while the clouds kept soaring, the sun began to lower, and it was time for us to begin making our exit. Our day was far from over, as we bore witness to a spectacular display from the heavens guiding us back to Jelly on our way out.

Smiles all around!





Left: Sarah reluctant to leave after such an amazing day
Below: a spectacular sunset, a warm van awaiting, and a girlfriend eager for her photographer to hurry along already



As dinner simmered, I reflected on what we had accomplished. We hadn't seen another soul, but instead saw so many cliffs and clouds, struggled, laughed, shivered, and admired. We had a window of opportunity that day, and boy did we make the most of it. Now for some Monopoly deal and a well-earned rest!



@calebskirrow

Arapiles: The New Family Holiday Destination

By Emma Adams

After a long time off climbing, it was time to make our pilgrimage to Mount Arapiles / Durrig in March of this year.

While it was an easy decision for Jake and I to head off to Arapiles, taking a 15 month old toddler with us, would be a logistical challenge. Luckily, we have parents that are more than keen to come along for the ride... in fact it might have been their idea!

The plan was set that Jake and I would take turns climbing with Jake's dad Luke. Neither of us had the endurance to keep up with Luke as a very frequent climber. Whoever wasn't climbing would hang back at camp with our daughter Grace and Jake's mum and brother.

We awoke quite early on a Thursday morning at home to get as much of the drive in before Grace woke up for the day.

To her credit, we got about two hours in.

We arrived at the Natimuk Lake Caravan Park around midday.

We decided to go with the extra amenities provided at the caravan park (namely Jake, Grace and I stayed in a cabin) and I can highly recommend it for those travelling as a family, or just want a bit more luxury not offered at the pines (such as a shower!).

Not long after arriving on Thursday afternoon, Luke and Jake went off to climb Butte (9) and Mesa (10) in the Pilot Error area.

Grace got acquainted with her new surroundings, mostly by exploring nanny and poppy's campervan and chasing the neighbourhood chickens.

The next morning, after a miscommunication between Luke and I about our start time, we were heading toward Arapiles from the caravan park at around 8am.



Jake and Grace

We geared up and started heading up towards Arachnus (9) on the Watchtower Buttress.

I have always had a desire to climb Arachnus ever since I set foot at Arapiles and especially since seeing it off to the right while climbing Tip Toe Ridge (my first multi pitch). We arrived at the base of the climb.

As I have had significant time off climbing, Luke did the leading.

At my request, we used walkie talkies to communicate on the climb as I struggle to

yell loud enough.

As Luke put me on belay at the first ledge and I started to climb, the familiar feeling of climbing on that amazing Arapiles rock flooded back through my memory.

I was a little apprehensive to start back on a multi pitch after not doing one for so long. I felt fear for what if something were to happen; I have a young child now.

I also felt guilt for being away from her all morning to climb.

While those feelings remained throughout the climb, once I started, I remembered how

everything feels climbing and really started to get into the enjoyment of it.

The first crux tested my mental game, coming to a point where I had to commit to quite rounded holds that made for not very good hand or foot holds.

Once I finally committed (after some encouragement and beta from Luke over the walkie talkies), I made it through and up to the ledge.

I told Luke that I hoped that was the hardest move. It was, to an extent.

Luke linked the second and third pitch together while I belayed rather awkwardly in a little hole. The anchor not quite long enough for me to sit down, but too long for me to stand up.

So I gently leaned to the side whilst enjoying the view of the Wimmera region.

As I began to untie the anchor once Luke was safe and I was on belay, I heard a different voice over the walkie talkie.

It didn't sound like Luke, but who else would it be?

As it turns out, Luke's other son Ryan and Jake were using Ryan's CB radio to radio to us from the Natimuk Lake Caravan Park.

After a brief chat, they signed off.

Just as well as I needed Luke's assistance figuring out to get this one nut out of the anchor.

Another reason why I like the walkie talkies.

I started up the second pitch and was having quite the enjoyable time until landing on the second crux.

A series of rails that were just not giving me the assurance of good holds that I was accustomed to since the last crux.

As I mentioned, as it had been a while between climbs, my mental game was lacking and I was starting to stress a little bit.

Some time must have gone by as Luke radioed in to see how it was going.

He reminded me that I needed to go to the right of that section.

Then I remembered that he told me that already when he was there earlier.

Phew! Another couple of committing moves and I was up at the next belay ledge, a gorgeous little cave in the upper quadrant of the wall.

Luke kept me on belay a little longer and told me to walk over to the right-hand side of the cave to have a look at Watchtower Crack. I thought that was a very cool looking climb but one that I would never set foot on. Off Luke went again, while I sat in the cave admiring the view and being grateful that climbing has taken me to these kinds of places that most people don't get to experience; a little cave on the side of a cliff, looking out onto the open plains.



Almost there

There was another committing crux move on the third pitch and when I topped out, I recall saying to Luke that although I had a great time, I was glad it was over.

I was tired but could finally relax.

We belayed each other one final time to step over into safety as there is a huge drop between the top of the climb and getting back onto the main wall.

We walked down the descent track, sometimes chatting about past climbs that Luke had done that we walked past and sometimes in silence, in need of a break.

As we arrived back at camp around lunch time, Grace greeted me with a big hug and Jake mentioned that she had been looking for me all morning.

Again the guilt crept in, but I was back now.

After a quick lunch, Jake and Luke headed off to do Tip Toe Ridge while nanny, Uncle Ryan, Grace and I hung around camp and relaxed.

The next morning, Luke, Uncle Ryan, Jake, Grace and I went up to Bushranger Bluff.

We chose the location as the “flatter” base of the climb might make an interesting place for Grace to explore.

She went complete with her impact absorbing beanie to protect against any potential falls. She had only recently taken up walking a few months prior.

We climbed Revolver and the variant (with Luke leading again) before heading back to camp around midday.

Luke, Jane and Ryan then headed home while Jake, Grace and I headed into Horsham to the playground before heading home the next day. Arapiles proved to be quite a family friendly trip if you go with some other friends or family to help make camp life more fun.

The Natimuk Lake Caravan Park was clean, affordable and seemed to be a popular stopover point with several people staying just one night before continuing their travels the next day.

Whilst the Pines has the proximity, is very affordable and has that “dirtbag” climber appeal, I would encourage climbers to give it a go next time they head over east as an important way to help small business in these trying times.



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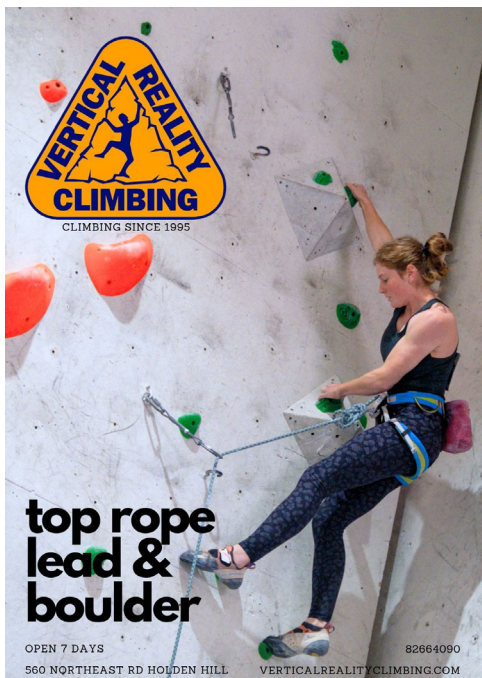
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Summit selfie



The Natimuk Lake Caravan Park cabin



Pssst! The Grampians is open again!

By James Thomson

Not sure if too many people know ParksVic published a [map](#) of gazetted climbing areas in November 2021, and with a bit of cross referencing to the guide books, you can work out which areas are open. We went to Central Grampians on ANZAC Day long weekend, had a fantastic time and on 3 out of 5 climbing days we didn't see any other climbers! We took two guidebooks: 1) *Central Grampians Comprehensive Guide – Vol I*, Steve Toal, CrashDog Publications January 2019 which is comprehensive, runs to 3 volumes, focuses on Central, and given the nature of the climbs has a heavy Trad focus; 2) *Grampians Climbing*, 2015 Edition, Neil Monteith & Simon Carter, Onsight Publications, which covers selected sports climbing spots in the whole of the Grampians, including two of the areas we visited (Wall of China & The Watchtower).

On the first afternoon we visited Labour Ward/Garrets, just outside Halls Gap. It's unique boasting short sports climbs – grades 9 to 17 – on a slab – it was good for a warm-up before we settled into our camp at Borough Huts (drop toilets, fireplaces and water tank).

The real climbing started at the Wall of China. **Little Bourke St** (Gr 15, 27 m) – was a great lead; my first on sandstone and I was surprised how curvy it is after a staple diet of local Adelaide quartzite. My sports climbing friends climbed **Checkpoint Charlie** (Gr 17, 25 m) which was excellent. Then we headed to the Elephant's Hide and did the slabby sports climb **Elephant Slide** (Gr 17, 40 m). It was challenging to seek out the slightest dips and bumps for purchase on the otherwise smooth rock and if you don't get the weight distribution right one foot might slip out from under you!

The next day was spent at Lookout Point Wall, Sundial Area – the standout climbs were **Don't get me wrong** (Gr 15, 26 m, Trad) **Error! Reference source not found.** To quote the guidebook, “consistent at the grade, easier than it looks.” First bit agree, second bit not so sure (!) and **Dancing Feet** (Gr 18, 22 m, Sport) “technical thin face climbing” – you bet!

The standout climb (actually there were only 2 climbs there remotely within the group's ability) at Mt Rosea North/The Far Right was **Strange Fruit** (Gr 19, 33 m, Sport) “An excellent long pitch which keeps you thinking all the way to the end” and “Still a bit loose down low”, couldn't be truer! If you set this up as a top rope, consider re-clipping the rope on lower off until the last climber because the name is very appropriate (lots of swing potential) and the rock is hard and quartzite-like with some sharp edges. A nice walk in and a beautiful location with moss covering the rock at the base of the cliff – it can't see much traffic or it rains a lot in winter (or both!).

Before the drive home we visited The Watchtower finishing with **Beelzebub** (Gr 15, 18 m, Trad) and **Flying Buttress** (Gr 14, 35 m, Trad) which was an excellent way to finish the trip. Can't wait to get back there in summer and do some of the multi-pitch routes at Mt Rosea and check out Bundaleer and Wurzlegummage Walls. Have fun, stay safe, leave only footprints and take only memories!



Checkpoint Charlie (Gr 17, 25 m, Sport) at the Wall of China, Wonderland Area; Don't get me wrong (Gr 15, 26 m, Trad) – Lookout Point Wall, Sundial Area; Elephant Slide (Gr 17, 40 m, Sport) – Elephants Hide, Wonderland Area; The Crew, Rosea North

The Pleasure Dome

Connor O'Donnell

Hey my name is Connor. I got into climbing this year while in drug and alcohol rehab (it was one of the main activities we did there). I loved it and have got a great shot in particular of myself climbing the dome at The Bluff. This was such a hard climb, very uncomfortable and I hate to admit it was scary as fuck. But that didn't deter me, I managed to complete it cleanly and my mate Roo copped this amazing shot.



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A Round of 21 Holes at the Moon

By Fraser Darcy

The idea started in Brodie's head first.

"Imagine climbing a route for every grade at Arapiles, from 1 up to 21, to celebrate my 21st birthday."

My initial two thoughts were what a great idea but what a terrible choice of location. Sure Araps has all the routes and there are some classics at the lower grades but Moonarie is really where it's at it when you consider how much time we've both spent there in the last two years. Heck, I love the place so much I moved to Quorn...

Coming up with an idea that we are both psyched on is the hard part of adventure. Once the idea exists though, working out how to actually go about it and making it happen is what separates the people who are 'gonna do stuff' from the people who actually 'do the stuff'. I prefer to sit in the latter category.

Throughout the first few months of 2022, Brodie was all head down bum up at university whilst I was head up, bum down on a plastic chair by the pool deck at Quorn earning some money for myself. Both of us were consulting the guidebook working out the best set of routes to climb every grade. The original plan had climbs at Moonlight Buttress, Point Bonney and even some boulders (to get a Vo in) to really stretch out the adventure. There were no hard and fast rules set because this was our adventure and we could really make it up as we go along, but the general guideline was that

for each grade we had to have a separate climb. This quest was also a test run to see what it's like doing arbitrary link-ups of climbs that no-one cares about individually but collectively, create a nice set.

As Easter approached, like many Australians, we were both looking for a holiday from a busy start to the year. The thought of thrashing ourselves in the pursuit of 21 routes was a little bit like rubbing your back against Velcro. Great if you have an itchy back, but if you don't it could be slightly unpleasant... It was with this common mood between ourselves that when Brodie arrived on Saturday morning (after a late Good Friday shift at Beyond Bouldering and

getting in the car at 3am on Saturday morning) the weekend's outlook was shifted to:

'Let's just start and take it one climb at a time. We're here to enjoy ourselves first, it's Easter after all, and if we get it done, good on us, if not, well at least we can say we had a good time.'

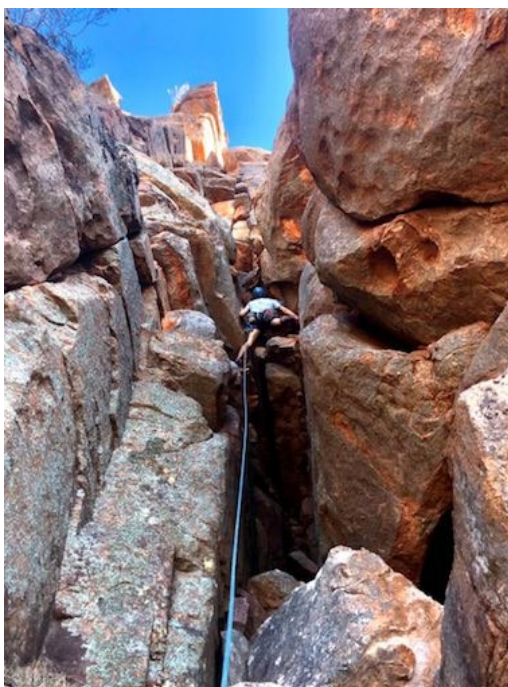
– One of us, or maybe both of us... or maybe the climbing gods of Moonarie?

Off we went then on our little adventure amongst all the other frivolous climbers up at the Moon

for Easter. The first day saw us swagger up some classics such as Nervine, Vortex, Outside Chance, and the best located grade 6 in the country, Chaullay. Sitting on the right-hand edge of the Great Wall, Chaullay gives you a front row seat to the best face at Moonarie, something that many grade 6 climbers would never dream of climbing.



How can you not enjoy yourself at a place like this?



As we ticked off our metres for the day and bumped into mates up at the cliff, everyone seemed interested and quietly stoked for the cool little idea we had. This was nice to hear and definitely kept the mood positive. While for us on the other hand, some of our easier routes also gave us grandstand viewing for people jumping on harder things. The highlight of this occurrence was getting to watch the ultimate master of Australian climbing, Malcolm 'HB' Matheson, stalk his way up 'Downwind of Angels' like a panther. I botched my attempt at a conversation but did get to climb next to him for a bit. For those not in the know, this would be like rolling down to your local tennis court and having Pat Rafter hitting up beside you or Kelly Slater joining you at your local surf break. Stuff like this happens in climbing quite frequently which is why it is such a great sport.

Anyhoo, once we'd come back from fan girl-ing over HB it was back to business for the rest of the weekend. By business, I mean, enjoying ourselves on climbs titled 'Pretty Fucking Intense', a 30m grade 3 that was pretty fucking fun actually. To help enjoy the weekend I ensured Brodie did not go without knowing the

Brodie on Pitch 3 of Nervine

latest AFL scores thanks to the trusty pocket radio I carried. Hearing Carlton hang on to beat Port Adelaide while we were high off the ground ticking our last route for Sunday was a pleasurable moment.

To keep things moving swiftly throughout the day, Brodie was the leader and I was the belayer/route adviser. Usually on climbing trips there's always the 'is it your lead? Oh no, you can lead now' back and forth that chews up time. Frankly, I'm so focused on my running at the moment I was happy to take a back seat and come along for the ride as a belayer first, climber second. When we realised this set-up was like a golfer and their caddy cruising up and down, in our case, a 21-holed course, that was a nice moment. I went full pro caddy mode after that. My job was rope management, ensuring Brodie didn't wander off route and kept his spirits high. All Brodie had to worry about was grabbing the rock and getting to the top... and then belaying me.



Malcolm 'HB' Matheson on a Moonarie classic of his, Yerba Mate. Photo by Simon Carter.

Come Monday morning we were finally within touching distance of completing the quest. A cherry on top was getting the second ascent of Rob Baker's new variant to Thor's second pitch

titled 'Freakshow' to start off the third and final day. He gave it Grade 18 just so it fit into our set, what a nice man! As we came down from that route and headed over to the final series of climbs, it was like we were finishing an ultra-marathon. You're not really focused on the finish line and soaking it all up like they make out in the movies. Instead, you're just on autopilot mode looking towards the finish. For Brodie, his final route was a Grade 19 called 'The Prince' that he once hoped to 'onsight' (climb it first go) but fell off due to a silly mistake. As his caddy I advised him that if he fell off this time, I'd kill



The belay 'office' I had set-up. Radio and unnecessary gear

him... we had to finish this in style! Sure enough, Brodie had learnt from that mistake he made last time and topped out with ease, thus completing our quest. Cue the 'We are the Champions' music.

Two years ago, neither of us had climbed at Moonarie and so this Easter weekend adventure was a very fitting cap on what has been a great start to our careers at the Moon. For Brodie especially, he'd only really started climbing two years ago, so this weekend represented a great celebration of all he has learned about climbing in that time. From the physicality required, to operating in a successful 'belay-tionship' and to route finding, Brodie has developed more skills than most in the past two years and has laid himself a great foundation. I only hope that as his caddy, I'll be around for when he turns maybe 30 or 32 and I'm giving him a catch on

some climbs at that pay grade... I don't know if I'll be seconding him up those though...

The Prince in action



What next then for the team of Brodie and Fraser? Back to climbing hard routes at the Moon? Or maybe re-creating big wall routes, like the Nose of El Cap, in more link-ups? Or what about a real round of golf?! Who knows really. Like I said at the beginning, sometimes the hard part is getting the idea for an adventure. Other times though, the hardest part is trying to work out what cool idea to choose to do next!

21 Holes at the Moon by the Numbers:

Grade 1: The rock-step on the approach to Top Camp, 2 metres

Grade 2: Southern Descent Gully, 150m

Grade 3: Pretty Fucking Intense, 15m

Grade 4: Vandals Delight, 112m

Grade 5: Might Maggot, 20m

Grade 6: Chaullay, 73m

Grade 7: Attunga, 70m

Grade 8: Yanama, 45m

Grade 9: Oedipus (Pitch 1 only), 30m

Grade 10: The Mouse that Roared, 57m

Grade 11: Bangachang, 35m

Grade 12: Nervine, 115m

Grade 13: Gargoyle, 40m

Grade 14: Shangri-La, 105m

Grade 15: Flying Buttress, 105m

Grade 16: Outside Chance, 40m

Grade 17: Vortex, 45m

Grade 18: Freakshow, 30m

Grade 19: The Prince, 33m

Grade 20: Epicol, 30m

Grade 21: Crawling into Acid Rain, 25m

27 Pitches. 13 abseils. 2.5 days.

Editor's note: yes, Fraser and Brodie got to all the climbs listed, nice one!



Brodie's battle scar



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www.exurbia.com.au

Did you know Climbing Club of SA members get 20% off all climbing gear on presentation of their membership? Did you also know, as a member you get 10% off gear store wide, see the team in store for more information.

T's&C's apply





Sticking the Crux hold of Stugang

Q & A with Raphaella Wiget

Kylie Jarrett

The outdoor journey started a few months later, starting bouldering outdoors at The Pad, and then we were going to the Grampians a lot. I didn't start rope climbing until about three years ago; I've been climbing for six years overall. I used to be scared on rope, would start crying on top rope, I didn't have very good head game. But now I do, and now I rope climb more than I boulder.

1. Tell us a bit about yourself

I'm a 27-year-old radiographer and I'm currently living in the Blue Mountains. I moved up in January, and it's been pretty good so far.

2. How did you get into climbing?

I went to VRC with someone I was seeing, and I remember one of the staff members coming up to me and saying, 'You look like quite a natural at this, have you done this before?'

And I was like, 'No.' I thought this was a novelty thing you did at fairs, when they have the walls up, and he was like, 'No, it's an actual sport.' He pointed out Ali Carter on the wall, saying you can train for it, and I thought, oh my God, she's the strongest person! From there I got really obsessed, once I found out you could go bouldering at Adelaide Bouldering Club and

didn't need someone to hold your rope, I just started going five times a week.

3. What do you love about the sport?

For me personally, it definitely makes me feel the most alive, and I feel the most present when I'm climbing outdoors especially. It has also helped me feel quite strong and confident in my body which is something I didn't have before climbing. I think it gives you a lot of purpose. And the community is super awesome and supportive, so that's fun too.

4. Share with us some of your finest SA climbing moments

I don't know about finest, because they're not my hardest grade sends, but it's getting the first female ascent of Stugang (V7), also the first female ascent of Camel Filter and Top Shelf Material, they're two 27s at Red Cliff. Especially the Red Cliff routes, because at the time there weren't other girls or anyone my height trying those routes. So when I was working the routes, it was with a group of boys talking about beta

together and none of it worked for me. It was a big challenge for me to figure out my own way through them, they're pretty burly routes as well. So I think they're probably my finest moments.

I've seen a couple of girls like Amy and Jo trying the harder stuff, which is super wicked to see. Can't wait to see some more ascents down there.

5. Were there any SA mentors who inspired you?

Ah yes there are so many. Initially Ali Roush was my biggest inspiration as an upcoming climber in Adelaide and now a very good friend of mine. Also Kristy Hansen. She's a badass, watching her crush really hard routes at the Summit, that for me was awesome. In terms of actual mentors, Adelaide Bouldering Club was amazing, so many people there took me under their wing. From having zero strength to climbing my first outdoor V7 in two years. I never would've done that if Ed Heddle, Lobby, Dan Berry, Jordie, Andie, Ire hadn't given me tips along the way, such a good community.



Took my first lead fall on this route, and it triggered a new stronger head game and love for lead climbing. Weaveworld, 23 at the Gallery in Grampians (now not permitted)

6. Tell us about some of the highs and challenges about competitions, and being a Ninja Warrior

The highs of competitions are when I feel like I've performed at my best, irrespective of whether that means I've won, or made podium or finals, of where I've come. If I felt like I was able to give it my all, that's probably a high. The biggest challenge for me is mentally preparing. Sometimes I get people's expectations of my own expectations and it gets in my head, and that's usually when I end up making mistakes. So

the biggest challenge for me is probably managing expectations.

Ninja's just fun! Ninja's ridiculous, I can't believe I get paid to go and jump on massive fun obstacles – it's mainly highs on Ninja. I don't train for it or have any expectations, I just do it for fun, and that probably makes me perform better overall. It feels like another world almost, when we're filming Ninja, it's great.

7. Can you describe your experience of building confidence through climbing, and how it relates to your mental health?

I've struggled in the past, still currently sometimes, with body confidence. So I think getting into climbing and being more focussed on what my body can do rather than what it looks like, was a huge thing for me which is really cool. I can climb this rad rock climb, my body must be awesome, irrespective of anything else. Personally, the biggest mental health boost I got from climbing was an increase in body confidence and decrease in body dysmorphia. But in general, you're doing something pretty courageous and every time you get on a boulder regardless of the grade, it's something that pushes you. You feel kinda good

afterwards, you're like, 'I challenged myself'. I guess it gives you value, you value yourself a bit more, you're proud of yourself so that gives you positive impacts on your mental health.

8. What is your fondest climbing memory anywhere in the world?

There are so many. Obviously a hard question. I'll think of recent times – the last 5-6 years will disappear into a mush of happiness! Recently I got really obsessed with a route called Tsunami which is a test piece Blueys 29, and the

conditions were terrible. It was like 7 degrees, 60 km/h gusts hitting the wall, it started raining lightly, but I had been so fixated on this route and I ended up sending in probably the worst conditions I've ever climbed in. Probably one of the hardest routes I've ever done. It showed me that you can push a lot harder than you think you can. Motivation, good head game, and belief in yourself sometimes counts more than conditions and strength. It made that send all the more satisfying. It was almost unbelievable that it went down. Probably one of my most elated moments climbing. I almost shed a tear at the top of the route! I was like damn, it was a big moment for me.

I think it's very rare to tap into such a tunnel zone

obsession with a project, I hadn't had that in a while, not to this extent. So it's pretty unreal when you do get it, because you're so focused and it's really nice. Irrespective of what's happening in the world, all you've gotta do is train or do attempts on this project like nothing else matters. A very simple want!



Flashing Burning Spear link up on the Moai, Tasman National Park

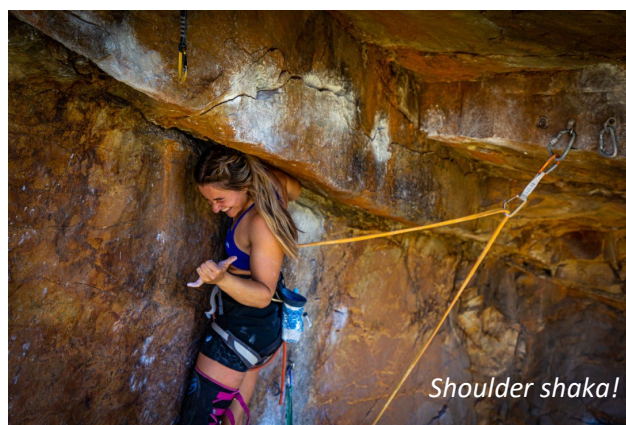
9. How is life in the Blue Mountains treating you?

Big smile, absolutely love the Blue Mountains. It's incredible, it's nice having tonnes of routes to choose from and a lot of psyched strong females to climb with as well. Not saying there aren't strong females in Adelaide, there are heaps, but at the time I was into hard sport

climbing and up here there are so many people with so much experience. It's nice to be surrounded by that, to push harder. It was easy to climb out Adelaide's best routes, so I got to the point where I was like, 'What do I do this weekend? I guess I go to Red Cliff again? Cool.' Whereas in the Blue Mountains there are so many different crags, and I can choose routes that aren't reachy and aren't burly! I can choose arete climbs and face climbs, which is just really good. The community's awesome, weather could be better, wildlife is great. It's pretty great.

10. Do you have a pearl of advice for your younger self, or for people starting out on their climbing journey?

Forget grades. Trying hard on a lower grade, anti-style climb is leagues better than flashing a higher grade in your style and calling it a day. I think, really kicking ego out the door and focussing on just trying hard is what's important. Also, no one's watching you, no one cares what grade you climb, just get on the wall, have fun. You know, climbing's for everyone and sometimes you see people in the gym who climb the lower grade, they're not sure if they should be allowed time on the wall because, 'Oh, I'm just doing the blue climbs.' It doesn't matter, we're out here to climb rocks, get on the wall, just have fun.



A pictorial tribute for Michael Hillan and Simon Bou



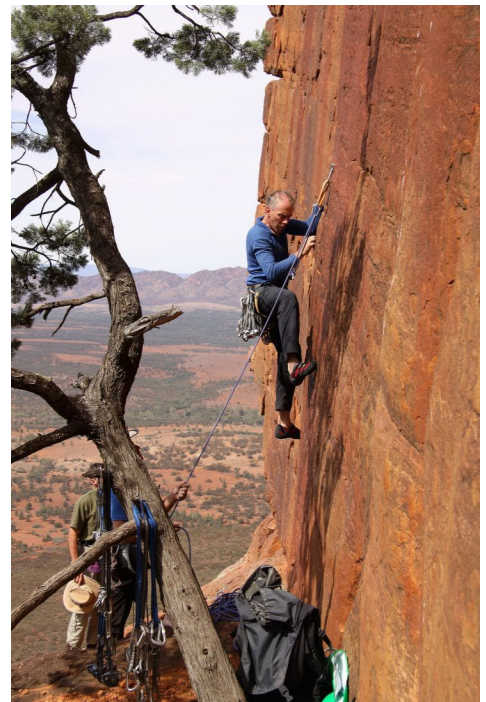
Mike Hillan belaying a second up Kaiser at Arapiles, 2019. Photo by Nelson Gaske.



Memorial plaque on the Great Wall, Moonarie. Photos by Luke Adams.



Simon Bou questioning what is taking so long on the way to Central Gully, Arapiles, 2019. Photo by Nelson Gaske.



Clockwise from top: Simon Bou on the 1995 Stuart Williams route, Stugang Willich Extension (28), the Hole. Belayer, Paul Kinnane. Photo by Damien Hall; Garth Wimbush and Mike Hillan at the track intersection overhang at Moonarie, 2015. Photo by Garth Wimbush; Mike on Eat or Die (22), Moonarie. Photo by Paul Badenoch; Simon Bou creatively placing a cam at the start of Dreadnought, Arapiles, 2019. Photo by Nelson Gaske.



Mike & Luke a bit strung out on the Kiandra to Kosciuszko Ski Tour. Big days of cross country skiing in really bad weather. Photo by Luke Adams.

Flight of the HiAce (22 ★ ★ ★ ★)

Davey Edwards

The Honda brings him down the dirt road
ending at the sea,
Where I've been parked enjoying a calm breeze.
Taller than my memory,
A weight he's left unloaded, shifted.
A warm northerly meets a toothy grin,
It's been a minute,
Friend.
Heysen to the ironing board seen far
in the distance,
My friend is tired but enjoys our freedom.
Warm autumn air loaded with salt and sound
whip through the low gums.
The quartz dyke is a fine line,
The best you'll see.
Home made hangers zig zag,
Clip and breathe.
Steady feet,
Blessed by smooth sailing.
Admiration of human beings,
Connection to nature.
Ponder.
The tide rises beside our fatigue,
Waves take dry shoes,
Pack is heavy with some new booty.
We walk back to kings; feeling as such.
A bbq chook, loaf of bread and some berries,
A paddock of ruminants share the sunset.
It's been a good day.
A big deep sleep.
Isolation.
We walk on a continent along with
26 million others,
Yet we're here alone.
We laugh as we navigate the dry creek beds
in the HiAce.
Angus has just finished sampling SA's finest -
Farmers Union.
She's a good old girl this van, dirty,
reliable but also has the tendency to heat up
in traffic, but I understand - so do I.
The sky is clear and we gawk at the towering
orange rock that we came for,
tessellated features.
Cracks, flairs, pockets, flakes, rails, edges.
We don't look for an empty spot to camp

but the best one,
This gum tree with its reaching low limbs,
And a tarp that was lent to us,
Home.
But that can wait,
It's 1pm and the Ramparts are covered by shade.
It's time to hike to Top Camp,
only once with our racks.
We howl like dogs
That have just made a trip to the Pound.
This old country and its hard rock,
Angus steps barefoot on a branch of bursaria;
He says "fuck me, what the fuck"
We both laugh more,
He's still barefoot.
A buttress can fly, well it did before it landed,
And now,
Towers high and proud,
Contorting leaders.
Forcing them to use their heads,
Flat palm laybacks,
tense cores.
Pagodas!
There a place of spiritualism and prayer,
Someone had offered a no. 1 RP.
I said my prayers,
as I slid out of the flaring crack.
Tired perseverance,
let's do an easy pitch.
"I didn't bring my headlamp, sure to be down
before the sun"
A new crag,
Aesthetic guidebook,
Left in the bag.
Linking pitches on unknown territory.
Damn,
It's true,
The grades are stiff.....
Ramble, garden, crank above a nest of gear,
Take a mystery elephant ride.
Forced rest tempts reflection,
Navigating softly the slow, steady,
thoughts.....
Gently closed eyes and a sharp focus.
Hear the bird song,
The wind through the leaves of the

Callitris,
 Eucalyptus,
 Bees high.
 Inhale the rise of the collar bone,
 Exhale the sternum drops.
 Red dirt across my skin,
 Reverse into a stump at the resort,
 Laugh some more.....
 And shower.
 Passing soap over the stall,
 It cannot reach beneath the skin,
 It won't erase any memories.
 Our beaten bodies welcome back the stench
 of fright, excitement and joy.
 Leaving the showers with a smirk,
 And a bag of Doritos.
 Spritely after a rest and ready.
 Back on the trail,
 a stellar experience, a primer.
 Nervine to nourish the nerves,
 Tickle the vagus.
 I roll up my sleeves,
 We are miles from nowhere,
 But my hands are right there in this mighty
 corner crack.
 A pinch that only works with the right smear,
 My heart thumps and I rapidly place a .3;
 Yuck,
 It wouldn't hold a heavy screw gate.
 I hold my breath, solid jam with the right.
 Fumble with my left and sink a bomber nut,
 Oxygen.
 Double coat is good but there is better,
 Ask Angus.
 This shady but warm avenue,
 Filled with the oils released from the callitris.
 Soft heat, stillness.
 Melted Tim Tam featured wall,
 Sticky caramel crimps.
 A sugar rush from mum's fruit cake,
 One last pitch.
 Hell,
 I'm going to link them.
 Directed focus,
 A funky short cut to ascension,
 One more time today.
 Calves cramp from dehydration,
 Fibres contract and turn to stone.
 A grotesquely carved figure,
 A quartzite gargoyle sitting high above
 a sanctum.

6 ascents straight of the great ascent
 and my legs are heavy.
 Tripping, tumbling, stubbing, wonky walking,
 It's time for a rest.
 My socks resemble nori sheets,
 Thin cotton with avocado prints.
 Stiff from salt and slightly sweet.
 I didn't eat enough today.
 An overcast morning and posed with a decision.
 Positioning my tatty green chair....
 Watch the rock glow up or gaze out east.
 I find myself looking at the rust coloured ground,
 And listening to the birds.
 A tumbling rock from a spooked sheep.
 A cool breeze tunnels through the holes
 in my shoes,
 Caresses clammy feet and I breathe.
 I didn't realise how scuffed up
 the backs of my hands were.
 Multiple flies gravitate to the open wounds.
 Contentment.
 Just ease.



**Adam Sabic leading first pitch of
 Nerve (12), Moonarie.
 Photo by Luke Adams.**

Crag Care

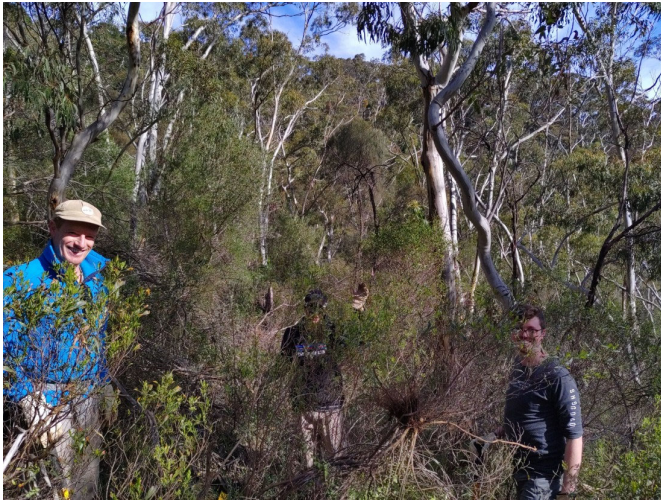
Ross Christian



Eight years and going strong. Thanks so much to everyone who has come along!

Crag Care began in May 2014, the brainchild of CCSA and FOBHM members Liz Milner and Garth Wimbush, having served on both committees. Liz and Garth noted a synergy between the two groups both having common interest in the environment and particularly the crags at Morialta. A successful partnership was struck, they invited the Adelaide University Mountain Club and the UniSA Rock Climbing Club, and since, enormous work has been undertaken under Liz's and Garth's leadership. After over a decade of dedicating themselves to volunteering at the CCSA and FOBHM Liz and Garth are pursuing adventures interstate. An enormous thanks goes out to Liz and Garth for making this connection, their stewardship and guidance. Together, they have shown we can make a difference in caring for our precious bushland.

The focus for the most recent spring bushcare was Morialta's most significant weed species, *Muraltia heisteria*. For those of you who do not know about the weed *Muraltia*, it was introduced to the Norton Summit area at the Morialta Barns property several decades ago. As with many of our environmental weeds it was not foreseen then what a problem it would be. It is considered the most important species to control within the Morialta Conservation Park due to its invasiveness, its prolific production of long-lived seeds, and its ability to look like a local native most of the time making it hard to find. *Muraltia* also has the ability to out-compete native plants, reducing habitat for local flora and fauna species. Its current distribution may indicate a preference to areas of high rainfall within shrubby woodland dominated landscapes, so its potential distribution far exceeds current populations. This weed is a serious threat to the habitat of our locally endangered species, the Southern Brown Bandicoot and the Chestnut-Rumped Heathwren.



An olive tree popping frenzy.

Our efforts resulted in a total of 15 Muraltia plants being found in September. Although it may have felt disappointing to have found so little Muraltia relative to the effort, it demonstrates the good work that has been undertaken in years gone by to reduce the population. Future patrols will ensure gains are maintained and this invasive weed does not threaten our precious bush.



Muralita weed in flower.



*Removal of seedling broom by hand.
Photos: Friends of Black Hill and Morialta
<https://www.fobhm.org.au>*

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