

Marc Peruzzi is the former editor of Skiing magazine and frequent contributor to Outside magazine. He wrote this review for a prominent national magazine, only to have his editors re-cant the story and ask for less a review and more of a news story. Nonetheless, he was generous enough to share it.

Edge of Never review

By Marc Peruzzi

Chamonix Legacy

When I wasn't skiing, I spent most of my time in the early 1990s passing skinny skis through a deafening relic of a stone grinder in a basement ski shop in northern New Hampshire. It was a dank hole of a worksite. But as the ski's tail cleared the grinder with a screech I would turn and look at the skier Trevor Peterson's dark ponytail sailing out behind him as he flew sideways through cobalt British Columbian sky. A thousand times a season I stared at that poster.

The image resonated with me. Trevor didn't look like an Austrian racer or some cheeseball ski model. He was like the people I skied with. The poster helped inspire me to follow my own modest ski dreams west.

When a Chamonix avalanche killed Trevor in 1996, the ski world mourned the loss of one the fathers of big mountain skiing. But I couldn't shake the news that Trevor was a father of a different sort. He had a six-year-old son named Kye. As memories of Trevor faded, I wondered what had become of Kye. I'd heard that he was a promising skier in Whistler, but that's all I knew.

***The Edge of Never* (Stone Creek Publications), by the Utah writer and skier Bill Kerig, fills in the gaps. The book shares its premise with a feature length documentary of the same name due out next year. In 2005, two of Trevor's contemporaries, Glen Plake and Mike Hattrup, joined the 15-year-old Kye in Chamonix to ski the 55-degree chute that claimed his father—the notorious Exit Couloir.**

The narrative chronicles the making of the film and grippingly recounts the skiing, but it's more compelling as biography. We learn how an eight-year-old Trevor—deserted by his father and befriended by a Swiss mountain guide—develops his love for skiing and his longing for big mountains. At one point, sitting at the kitchen table with his mother, Trevor cracks open an atlas, draws a circle around Chamonix and says, "That's where the mountains are, Mum. That's where I'm going to be."

The story is full of such harbingers, and heart wrenching coincidences as well. Freshly arrived in Chamonix, Kye is introduced to Anselme Baud—one of Trevor's heroes, the author of the definitive guide to ski mountaineering in the Alps, and the expedition partner of extreme skiing pioneers Patrick Vallencant and Sylvan Saudan. Kerig is at first baffled as to why Anselme has agreed to spend a day with Kye. But as the pair gazes at the face of Mont Blanc, Anselme points out the Exit Couloir where Trevor was found sitting upright as if admiring the line, and then he aims his pole a little ways over at the Gervasutti Couloir—which took his son's life a few months prior to Kye's arrival.

"This is a bad story," says Anselme. "But it is a beautiful life. Sometimes. We have to take the best of the mountain and follow life."

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