

30th July

FV-56

BULLSHIT

(41)

Before we went down Dave & I thought to ourselves that the whole expedition depended on this cave - we'd no other going caves. With no going cave at all no-one would be keen enough to look for another. No cave - no BS expedition. We were desperate. Fortunately the cave responds to desperate measures.

The 35m rope wasn't long enough to bottom the 3rd pitch so we came back with a 56m rope. At the bottom of this ~~3rd~~ pitch we rigged the rope as a traverse line over a blind pit to the 4th pitch, requiring 2 belts.

After the 4th pitch we rigged the next, the 5th, which is up a climb. This leads to a large chamber which has a meandro exit - about 4cm wide at most.

Dave lay in the meandro and hammered at a flake. It had to go. I took the loan Edlerid back up the 5th pitch and was interested in a hole in the wall half way up the 4th pitch. I climbed up about 12 ft before it became ^{too} desperate. So instead I propped up about 8m (leaving 8m of pitch above) and penduled into the passage. Quite a desperate pendule. This leads to a passage - sort of Ming type, which is abandoned but leads above the meandro to a pitch down which I could shout to Dave! He came up & penduled too & we rigged the pitch - the Chair - which has an excessively tight take off. Desperate almost. Dave & I hit it with hammers and just about doubted its size!

The Chair is so named because of the gamble of courage I took to reach it and because before you force yourself through the slot you ~~hit~~ ^{find} the clay in a rock

chair.

The pitch cells out onto a big ledge with another drop of c. 17m below. At the bottom... desperation returned. There seemed to be no way on. The wall ahead was blank; a bouldery climb to a minute slit blocked by a flake. Otherwise, only a short passage leading to an aven.

Once more, leontology took over. While I banged at the flake, Richard dug away at the rocks below it to expose a man sized hole! The Meander of the Argonauts lay open and waiting.

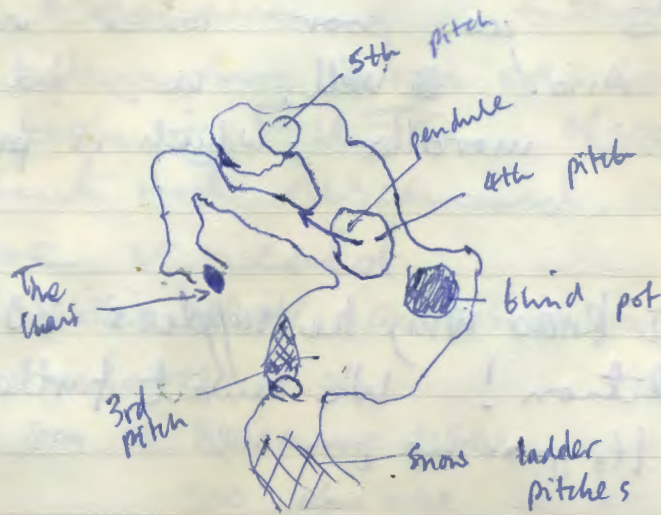
A few squeezes round the bends to get to a wider, lower level and I was once again looking at a booming black space with considerable water at the bottom. Richard cheered and I Gokked and 'naturalled' a Y bley to descend on the 9m Eddard.

Finally, Orgasm chasm. 23m below the takeoff, a ~~bit~~ wide vadore climb. And another pitch. And another, and another, beyond it, all in clean, hard, beautiful rock, soaring straight upwards and plunging down to depths where a big rock tumbled off the edge rumbled down for many terrifying seconds.

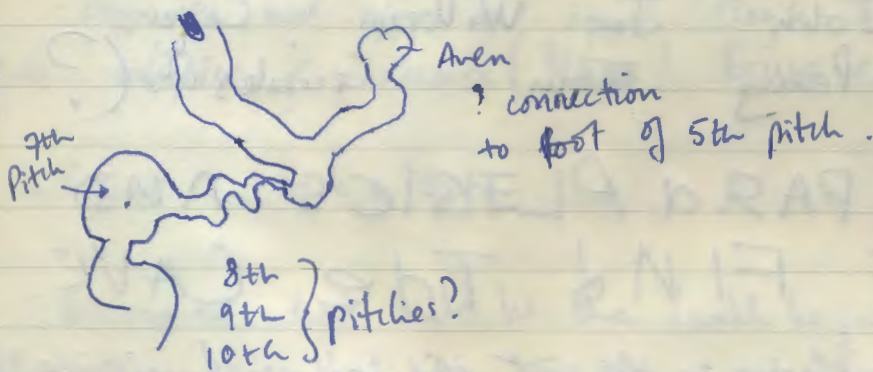
We were excited!

Imaginary Cave Mk3 (?)

Plan. FBU

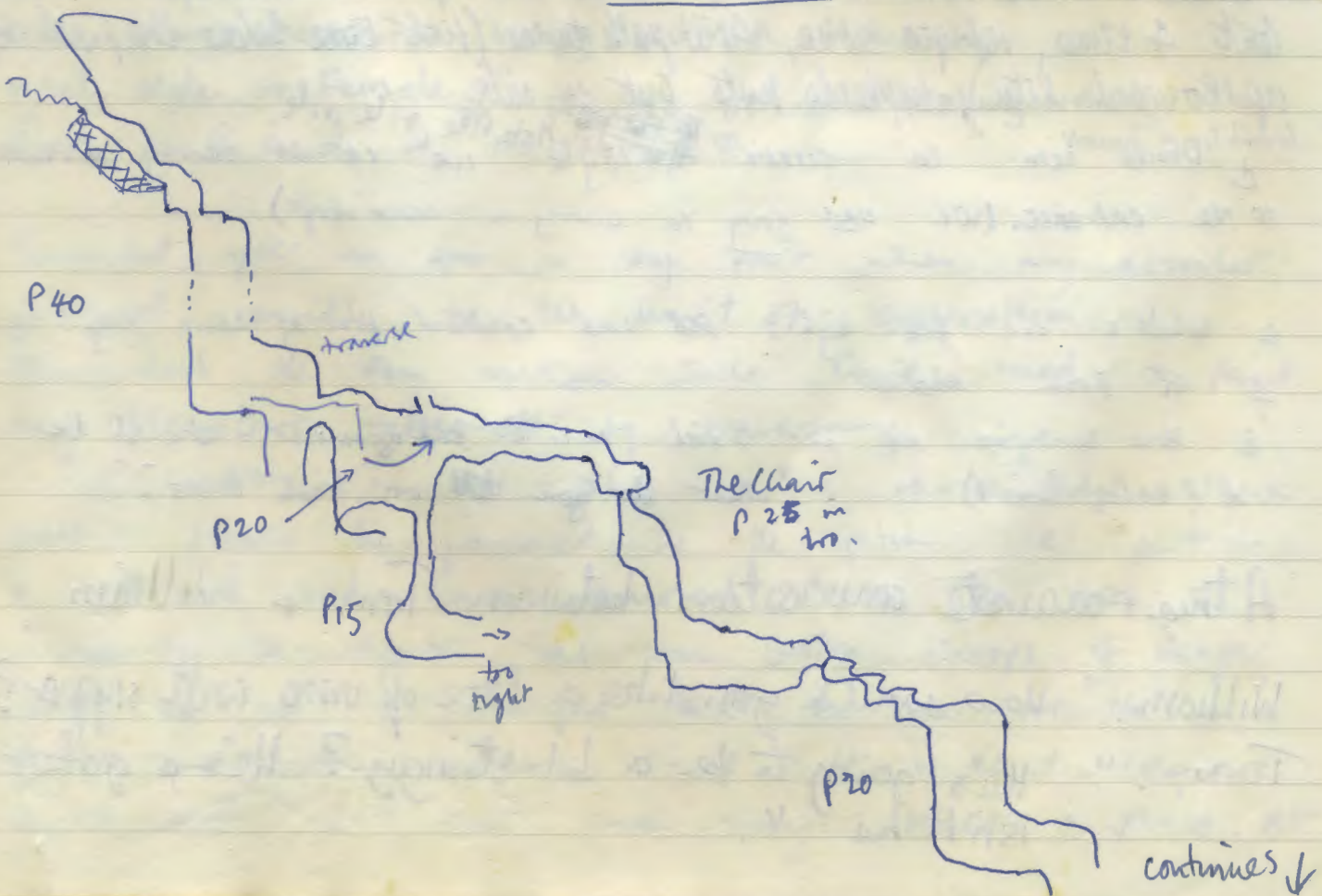


The Chair



This cave pushed entirely because Penny, Martin & Martin carried a large amount of gear to FV 56. Quel Hombre y Mujer

Elevation



44

2nd July Arrrrrrghhhk! No breakfast.
Whilst the committee dined in splendour
up at FUSG the poor lower ranks
starved at Ario. Well, we did eat some
fabada and fried morcilla, which is possibly
worse!

William wants to know why he supplies 30% of the quotes
on each expedition! We await further comment on
these pages! Its gone up from 20%

2nd July John Jan William Covers
Penny Tom Guides (?) (?)

WE ARE PARAPLEGICS AND
COULDN'T FIND THE CAVE

We spent many a happy ¹/₂ hour in the mist, rain, fog, wind, circling the
mountains behind Ario in search of the elusive Optimists. We passed the store
tent 4 times, refugio twice, Ario path twice (first time below the final slope
up towards kitu), shepherds huts but no cave
¿ Dónde esta la cueva? ~~Maybe~~ ^{Make rite, rite, rite.} we should survey a route
to the entrance. (We were going to survey the cave itself)

- Q What's one foot high, red and splattered over a show plug?
- A An Irish absceiter
- Q How can you tell an Irish man? Bad grammar - should be
- A (Replies invited) "what do you tell an Irish cover?"

A true + accurate conversation between Tom + William

William: "How would you like a litre of vino with suppa?"
Tom: "He's going to be a bit stringy? He's a gafer
isn't he?"

2nd August

Paul & Graham. 2 tuble bags containing assorted belays plus 86m Marlow to limit of exploration of FU-56. Next pitch rigged but not descended. Came out because v. cold.

Later Tom & William decided to fix Opticisto for once & for all, since the mist had cleared.
walked from rocks up slope 280 to col
from col 330 to edge of slope
300 along ridge

Then the mist closed in again. Maybe we should offer the weather gods sacrifices of Zumix (Now! Erwe'ema Lee Trevino)

3 August. Mark & Martin

Discovered what could be the (will be when Danny has dug it) 7th deepest cave in the world. Ex Cueva del Hielo (Cueva del Queso) actually seems with one dodgy borch - to go

A) "Hear young Hostford's living with A Salamander"

B) "What, Male or Female?"

Dave & Richard in FU 56 3.8. A) "Female, of course. Nothing wrong with Young Hostford."

Descended, after an epic on my part when my abseiler jammed, rapidly to the limit of exploration. I descended the 86m marlow while Dave tried to find an alternative take-off by traversing high.

The bottom of this pitch is a choss ledge, where massive flakes he jammed in the pitch. We put in a bolt each and Dave vanished down the drop; the silence of the chamber was soon broken. Whoops of delight came up as he realised that he was at the edge of an enormous, circular shaft. It is about 10m across and well over 40m long. What a place. At

the bottom - no choss! This cave is choss-free, and carries a large stream. We were delighted. Another pitch of 16m follows, then the stream disappears down two small holes. These were easily by-passed by climbing up to the (R) and then down, where a massive stone erection makes a useful and friendly hand-hold. The next pitch is a ladder pitch. 10m to a ledge, then 5m in true pushing style we rigged the 15m ladder pitch with our 10m ladder - putting a tape at the top to climb onto it, and a tape at the bottom. It's not that bad actually, but the next 5m pitch posed a problem. The only rope we had left was the 100m Edelrid, which struck us as rather excessive, for a 5m pitch. Furthermore, we wouldn't have anything to rig any other pitch: answer - absent on the 10m polypropylene. This we now did. Dave went down and gave the gloomy news: the cave ended. The stream vanished down a tiny gap, which, if we weren't Englishmen, we would call a meandro.

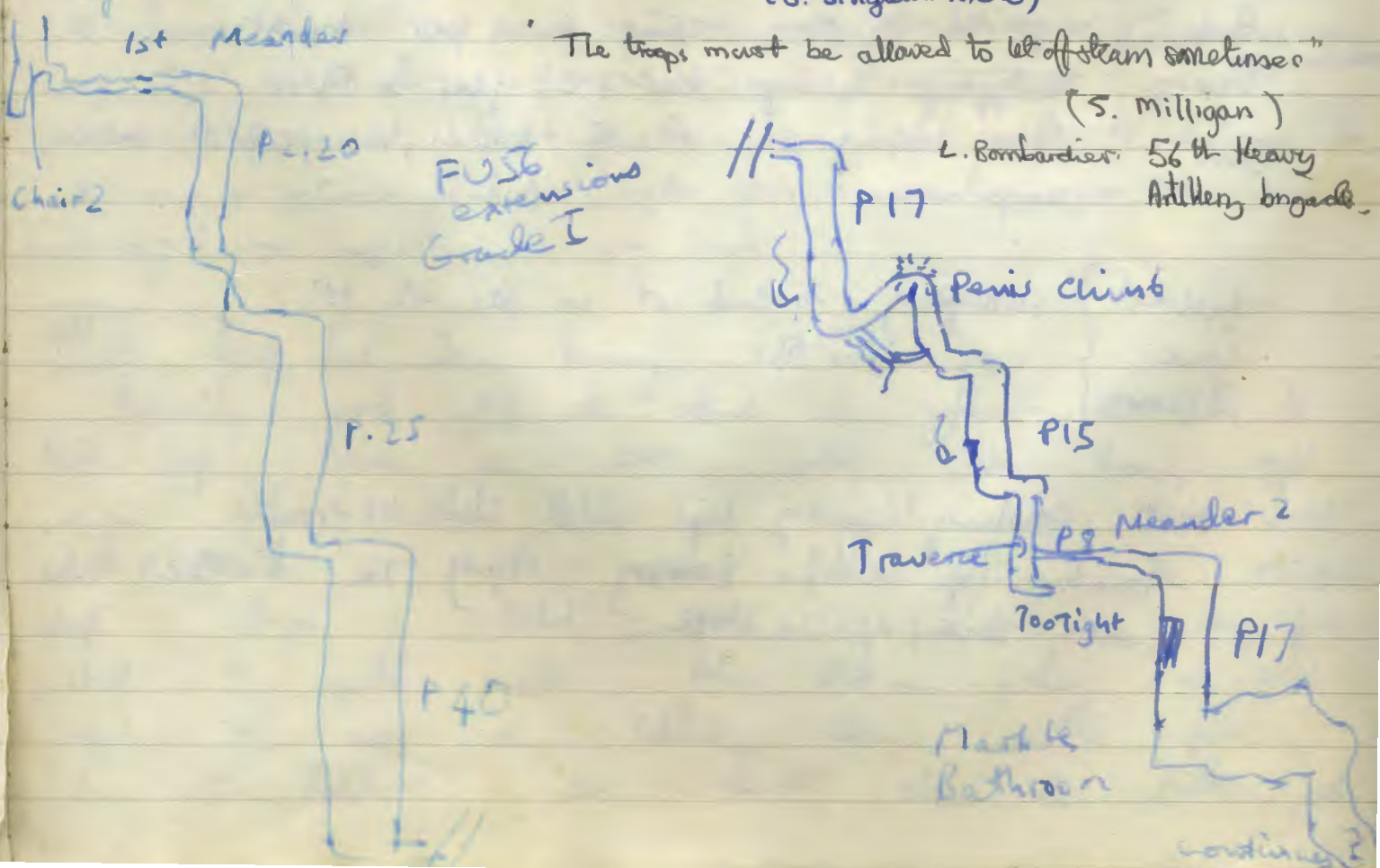
However, being an Englishman, before I had even climbed back up on the polyprop Richard was off traversing airily across the drop to what looked the way on. It was, although we did not establish this until several awkward manoeuvres with the polyprop and Richard trembling had been completed. I then followed and trembled too.

Thus into the second meandro^{er}, or rather Second Rift - not as bad as the first, though the route through is quite complicated. At the end, more whoops of delight - a pitch! 2 natural down about 3m ~~into~~ to a ~~solid~~ rubble. Then 15m... to a 4m square marble splash platform - The Marble Bathroom, The start of a

8th wide, lovely vadose streamway. After
a pitch bypassed by a traverse and
climb, we reached the present limit
at the head of a 25' ladder pitch
with the water flowing away
under a broad arch below, at an
estimated depth of -280m.

Our exit was knackerising, and we emerged
about midnight after a trip of almost
13 hours. FUSE is going and going
and going!!

Next day, we walked down to Ard
before breakfast to find quite decoratively
The side of the hut and the bedroom -
oliveros wine and Dani had arrived
together to produce an orgy of decadence
The Maj Gen. and I were scandalised -
we cannot have breakdowns of discipline
of the nature. Hear, Hear
(J. Singleton N.C.O)



3/VIII/82

Everyone got very pissed

'cept John, Jan & William who surveyed & deripped ~~some fucking skulls~~
Optimists! & Paul, George, Tom, Martin, Richard & Dave at FU56

Numerous tigers were parked in the environs of the
refugio. Graham died but got better (very slowly)
Martin discovered that it is preferable to open a window
before calling for Ralph through it.

4. 8. 82. Tom, Paul & George } pushing FU56.
Best recovering. Plan for tomorrow.

John } Pushing FU56.
Martin H.S }

Graham } going to Oriedo to get more tape (+ food.)
Mark }

Andy } - guided by penny taking personal gear tonight
Danny } ~~deripping~~ taking that + C3 gear → FU56.
Jan } Also looking at Enene Aliseda, re prospects moving
camp

Richard } surveying to end or as far as pos.
Dave } of FU56.
William }

Next pushing / survey trips will then be from
Graham (if well) Danny Andy Jan & others who
have their gear there.

3/4/82 John, Jan + William Surveying + Derigging Opticisto at 12:30

Weather Sunny at last, so we managed to locate the entrance, William having taken the precaution of locating here on compass bearing with Flock earlier that morning. Took the John + William took bearings of entrance while Jan absconded down. A laborious survey down to the bottom via moonmilk, squeeze and mud. John's large backside nearly stopped him getting through the oublicette. Unleash, Vulkan lived up to its name and covered the engineer's log and the compass + inclinometer in mud, John licking the wax latter so he could read it, Eventually reached the bottom + pixed off out derigging as we went, John (superhero!) forcing the tacklebag through the squeezes. Much light trouble with Jan having an whimsical electric + carbide + John's ~~Alaca~~ lighter and carbide being for ex non-operational. ~~Other things~~ In spite of this, the superheroes exited at 10:45pm, derigged to entrance. Stars, made ~~the~~ goodness. Received Driv + more by Andy Riley who ran up to us, staggered around + described how much more sober he was than anyone else. ^{Also Penny greeted us by shouting "Ralph" several times from the window. Who's Ralph?} ~~No-one~~ ^{For Procell} else neer ever go down that hole again!!!! ~~THEY~~ ANDY "Everyone's Absolutely Shit-faced" RILEY

(it seems to be the only thing he says after 9pm) ^{Also} MARTIN "Jolly Good, Jolly Good" LITTLE

5.4.82 Mark, Graham, Jan, Penny

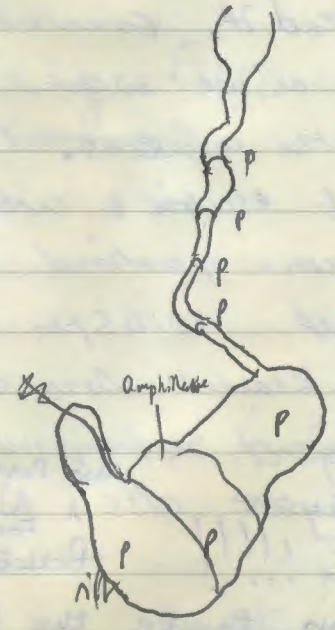
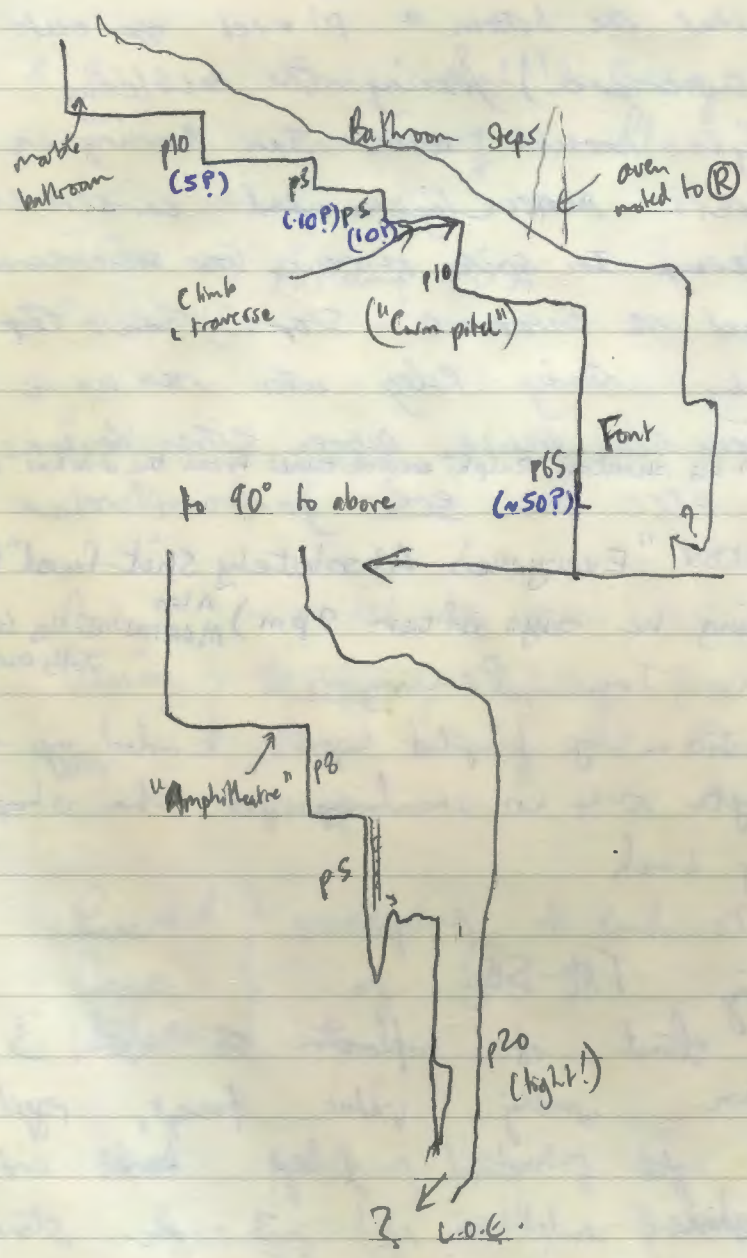
Went to Oviedo to buy 50m of 1" flat tape. Ended up with 30m of 25mm Tubular, after 4 hrs searching for the shop Shopped in Infiesto on way back

4/4/82 George, Paul, Jan pushing FU-56.

Reasonably quick trip to summit of exploration ~~to~~ with 3 tackle-bags. Pushed on down winding vague passage, rigged several pitons with ladders to natural belays. Series ended with traverse in rift which ended in 3-sec. stonefall shaft. Ripped ~~to~~ belaid, descended - prob. 65m, very fine shaft ~~to~~ mabled walls. Belas that - further short pitel rigged ~~to~~ end of belaid, then another pitel done ~~to~~ ladder - too short, step off bottom of

NE. Are we not planning on going to Oviedo where the other

ladder on to flake. Then you're in a chossy
 rift - widest point is about of 20 m or so
 rigged E & W on 18m Bluewater tied together -
 Below this is a tight rift which is current limit
 of exploration. 13-hour trip in total. Emerged at
 then 5/8/82 to push back the known frontiers of
 human sleep.



BCRA grade 0 (good trip)