

7th August '84. 4:45pm.

Day started badly when we discovered that SOMEONE had sniped the rain gauge - left the glass bottle through (too kind) Blimey, some folk'll sick out. Did a micro carry to Arico out of boredom + saw Richard, Sara, Steve + later Fred, on the way down to Cangas. On way back, met John who with glazed eyes was waving his butterfly net around, slowly on his way to top camp. Returned to find Fred outside Kitcher tent, oblivious to everything (except lemon tea) Tedyn arrived in the infamous cutoff shirt + then Philip S. (me) came down to do a quick carry/return to Arico but the weather closed in on the way and Fred seduced Chris & me to a swim + wash in End. Then Fred & I drank coffee + liquor in the upper bar while Chris went for another swim with Tedyn - this was all incredibly strange because of the thick mist lying close to the lake, the low cloud, and the crowds of incredulous spaniards clustered around the lake wearing their winter woollies. Sara, Richard + Steve came back and SOB zapped up to Arico immediately - unfortunately not taking the gas contained they had just filled at Cangas. The rest of us consumed a Stupendous Soup prepared by Sara and about half a dozen bottles of wine. I think hard all night.

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8 August '84

Stopped raining about 09-15, sun put in an appearance at 9-45. Encouraged by this, Phil packs a sack and heads off to Ario. Hijacked by v. large breakfast of eggs + rations for a couple of hours.

7. August 84. Sara Richard + Steve whipped down from ~~Cangas~~ ^{Ario} to go to Cangas the aim being bank + Palacio de Justicia. Sitting the Rio Grande eating a seemingly endless supply of the Grande's Al tortillas. Mucho cenizas later we enter the Palacio de Justicia which is a huge building with 100 rooms in it. Somewhere inside the P de J we find one bored policeman who was v. helpful but thought we were mad. There are 3 police forces: the (A) Policia, the (B) Guardia Civil and (C) Policia Trafficos. We explained (C) had been told by (D) who had stopped Roberto to take his passport and Roberto (or D) was to pick it up from (A) in Cangas. You see A come from Cangas B from Covadonga and C from Ribadaneella. The real problem was that AB and C are Spanish whilst D is NOT.

After a brief phone call the policeman in the P de J told us to come back before 14.00 and then another office would be open in which many or many not be his passport. Before we left ^{for Lagos} he told us to check back with him.

There then followed an interlude of drunken shopping washing and swimming in the Sella, and an episode of linguistic brilliance when Richard explained in pigeon* spanish to a garage man that he would very much like to take off his hands a used motorcycle inner tube.

Later we checked back at the P de J. The helpful policeman had gone, replaced by an unhelpful one (also helpless - with laughter). He told us to check with a ~~new~~ completely new set of protagonists - the Guardia civil in Lagos. Or E. If we call the passport F, we can represent what Steve and Richard told E as.

$$(D+F) \times B = (D-F) + (C+F) \quad (1)$$

then $(C+F) \rightarrow A+F$ with C cancelling out. ⁽²⁾

The question now asked was

Given $E = E+F$

What could

$$E + D \rightarrow E \text{ and } (D+F)$$

(54)

The Guardia Civil looked bemused in his brown suit and fringed his automatic pistol longly. Then a rapid burst of Spanish was said which we may represent as

$$\sqrt{c^2 + D - A^2} = \frac{F+D}{A^2} \quad \text{which frankly didn't make}$$

anything clear. We did understand when he said $E+D \rightarrow E-D$ and pretty damn quick.

Roberts was unhappy, but cheered himself up by picking up two hitchhikers just outside Cangas. He locked them in the back and then switched on violently loud heavy music. ~~Roberts~~ Roberts drives up to Lagos at a speed only matched by the speed of ~~the sprinter~~ Carl Lewis. The last section involves massive hitches as we speed across the campsite and then Roberts unlocks the back and a scene of indescribable horror is within. The hitchhikers crawl out of the van and both lie face down on the grass, kissing it. One of them crosses himself. They had been sunbathing by the side of the road and hijacked

in a yellow sarcophagus which swarms them
 to bits to the accompaniment of Euro
 bath and then are deposited inside a
 large ping pong ball which they are told
 is for lagers. They staggered off into the mist
 and were never seen again.

8 August 1984

De France Logos, - which is a
 reasonable feat considering my load & the metro

Am sitting in the lower bar filling in time &

settling out my thoughts about this years

expedition as I'm about to leave tomorrow.

First thought - I favour the lower bar over the top

bar - primarily because I know the people there

better than at the top bar - they seem much more

friendly in general, I've given me a free bottle

of vino & gas when I got here. (I probably don't

take a lot of fun out of my Spanish (Indonesian)

and especially my pronunciation - its sounding is

I think a good measure of it eat here today

that the local posters drink and eat here today

in an way, after the dinner time next and

to kill to listen to the barter between the

posters and the bar-men. (Not the women in afraid

(16)

- This is not a liberated country - far from it. I'm reasonably chuffed at the moment having found a bloody great hole at my first attempt this year. 2 days ago went shaft bashing in a new area. Truly amazing - virtually nobody has been there before; huge holes and rifts proliferate. So many holes! I marked 8 of those I saw which looked ~~then~~ like descent was worthwhile, yet ~~at~~ this was only a cursory glance at a small chunk of a vast area we have access to at top camp. Tom + I took a look down the first one I discovered, F20. A 20m plus free ~~and~~ hang in a big shaft to a gravel bottom with snow 'hump' - 2 ways on. One down a small rift \approx 40 ft into darkness, round the snow hump. - you stand ~~on~~ on an enormous lead and can pitch stones down a 10 second tumble / fall abyss.

My point is as follows, - I was the last down F12/S with Roo + Simon F in 81, when we found it too tight to enter + left it, promising yet impossible without banging / hammering. So this year for some reason we find it necessary to smash entry into a cave

Admittedly premises? while rejecting a vast area of superb case potential (an asset which is virtually all covering clubs would call these grounds for. Second ~~point~~ - although I prefer vertical cases and rights fight rights etc. - what about the ethics of smacking ones way into cases? Now I could be verbally assailed by a variety of reasons, - ranging from why not? to its share in 'robbery' and covering, differed anyway. Well - judging by the manic enthusiasm once ~~one~~ covers have for 100m etc. and depth they obviously regard covering as 'competition' in which case there are rules to be obeyed. Few people here consider it as such - and have even thought seriously and long about it. Mudd has been written in the "spots" yet few here have read it. Many aspects of covering can be considered as science - yet when one introduces such things as temp/rain measurement they are artistic in a manner and I quote - "Is this a covering expedition or a weather station". This person better get out his ideas - for a state science funded a large part of his expedition and secondly if he does consider covering a sport as he implied then let

better get a grip on the rules + ethics! - for I have seen none shown yet! I was here because I feel it is a better medium for comment on an expedition than some of the outbursts of juvenile gibberish that is spoke ~~from~~ from those who purport to represent the spoken word back in England and who by their very experience should realize that ~~the~~ their comments are not required on a expedition which needs a team spirit and not ~~per~~ prima-donnas.

This expedition has been the best run and organised that I've been on via OUCE. I was staggered by the achievements + enthusiasm of the initial members of the exped. "Humbresdun's" Applies to the lasses as well as the lads but I find that the attitude of latecomers not ~~been~~ ~~been~~ bueno! -> hence early departure.

I hope that OUCE come here many times in the future and continue to have good relations with the upper + lower bar + the ICONA (+ Enjanque. Spelling?). This is a mega place! let us try to do the place justice and come in style also.

~~J.M. Victoria
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Enjanyer?
ICDNA warden

Josep M. Victoria

Address
Redacted
- 5 all

(60)

Hutch

ERCIWA

only a small hummock separates from Vega del Brial

falls to lake (dry)

level dry streamway but periodically with deep standing water.

wet streamy ~~not~~ dropping steeply
springs

dry - more houses here. El Togu

sinks, suddenly but not in a lake or anything downstream.

meandering stream in flat valley - water flow < Vega de Comeyra but > R. El Brial

cliffs = Carta Ceñal

Los Tomas

houses
another flat area
50m of watercourse
in it only

houses

downy
Bare dry valley
of hummock
of willows in
with water

below
El Togu