

(27)
18 July 1986.

Report of the expedition psychiatrist.

I arrived this evening after a stiff but pleasant walk and immediately realized the magnitude of the task ahead. I had, of course, been forewarned by those below at the lakes, but nevertheless the immensity of the difficulties and the intensity of the many and various conditions suffered by those at top camp ~~were~~ dismayed me.

Patient May, whom I had known as a jolly, carefree lad, was clearly in the throes of ~~an~~ impenetrable depression; so much so that he could hardly speak. To my inquiries as to the availability and location of alcohol — which in days of yore would have produced an immediate and positive response — I got only grunts. He knelt, in the classic attitude of the traumatized, gazing without taking in his surroundings at a pile of chopped onions.

Patient Collie was nowhere to be found. Those of her companions still able to form sentences indicated that she had gone "walk about" during an attempt to find new cave entrances. Earlier reports had suggested a severe case of Alzheimer's syndrome; my fears were confirmed. As a preliminary diagnosis, I recalled her description of being forbidden to speak normally truthfully on her toast at age 3 by both parents. That juvenile alienation would appear now to be making itself manifest.

Patient Cooper (J) reacted with anger and

frustration at his own mistakes — failure to fry onions, dropping grit in the stew. I could see he was well on the way to deep psychosis. He wore shorts, despite the low temperature and bitter wind. In this case, there may be no hope, the Duracell batteries being insufficiently powerful to drive the ECT equipment.

Patient Mace was a further cause of concern. He appeared listless and unenthusiastic, claiming that a previous "trip" into an underground cavity of 18 hours duration might be an excuse to feel tired. My impression was that he was taking the classic neurotic path of searching for procrastination and means to defer action. Tomorrow I shall begin questioning him in earnest about his childhood sexuality — I fear an element of necrophilia and/or incest may be present.

In general, the group was withdrawn, quiet and uncommunicative, failing to converse with myself or among themselves.

~~There~~ An encounter group and occupational therapy — I have brought up several easy jigsaws — will be only the first step in this arduous task.

The Perils of Cigarette Smoking: Part III in a Series

Mike: "Shall we take a lighter down".

Dave: "No"

Mike: "Oh, why not?"

Dave: "On account of we've got these big flames on our
fifties off heads, like."

Steve M & Neil

on exploration of a last trip. Quickly
at 'Road' and was barred to see the
been rged from the previous trip in right
& loose boulders descent achieved after
bolt to the chamber with the
into it.

followed down a 15m and then 10m pitch

spouting meaning you get totally soaked
stret & mostly very fine steamway
of passing approx. 4 inlets coming eventually
the inevitable sump.

possibilities for a by-pass most promising are:
passage just above sump.

- ② Climb up into large passage under inlet at the
bottom of Thunder Road (located to 300' by SM)
- ③ Climb up near large area in Great Beluga.

Anyway I think possibilities very high for further
progress if sufficient effort put in.

Exited from cave uneventfully after a 10 hour trip.

19/11/86 Arrive ~ 10^{pm} - oh Fred, Sam, they, ~~and~~ the 35
MYSTERY in Gerhard's rucksack,
Hints it's orange coloured & dehydrating.
— lovely sunset & singing, Y.

THE FOOD IN THE GIG BILLY IS CONTAMINATED
WITH BREAD — for use by Dave Rose only
There's rice in the ^{pressure cookers} ~~bag~~ on the petrol stove and
stew on the gas cooker.

F20 "Pushing Trip" Martin M. Son. C, Ian

My usual eventual passage down the entrance series, including
turning a conversation to extract myself from a rebelling loop,
getting into a glove but my troll suit and 2 rope protectors
caught in the my net's result in a re-appraisal of the
possibilities of the trip by Ian. Diplomatically, he claimed
to be not yet fit for a long trip and returned to surface
for another day. Out of the kindness of his heart, Martin
put up with me as we made our way down to
almost the limits of exploration except we couldn't find
the last ladder pitch. Left our backline bags at bottom
of Calamity Jane for next party. Marked out a route
through Ernest Riff - Go below not too obvious plastic markers.
Needs more markers for better route marking.

The outward journey consisted of me talking asleep
and Martin keeping me in the helmet to wake me up. Emerged
just before seven to see brilliant sunrise; which no-one at
top camp saw cos you were all asleep. Bet your jealous.
Next trip should not need much gear cos there's lots down
there - Calamity Jane - 1x50m, 1x60m 1x40m 1x25, 1g

26

1 ladder - 5 ropes, 11 anchors + wedges, 13-14 mauls
+ lots of hammers. Bolt driver

Bottom of entrance series = 50m rope + some food not much
we had breakfast on the way out

P.S. Martin didn't like look of Unlightened bolt on Y-hang
pitch, I never noticed.

S.C.

ON SALE FROM BASE CAMP KITTY NOW:

- gloves "guantes de goma industriales"
- personal tin openers "abrelatas"

check price with Fred, approximately 250 ptas/pair and 15 ptas/bo.
y.

Book on what they found in Ridge (20.7.86):

Paul: High-level fossil passage

Alan: Mike unable to pass squeeze, could see continuing passage
beyond.

Dan: Nothing at the sump, way on in the Big Beluga

Martin: Fossil passage over the top of the sump.

Gerhard: Passage stopping at a "foolhardy climb".

Urs: Nothing.

A drink at the lower bar to the nearest contender.

I am going down to Base heading North first. I may be back this evening. I will bring

- Bread
- Petri
- General Food
- Friends + stuff
- Fruit.

20th July, 1986.

2/6 Gerhard, Ian Doughton.

Ridge. Surveying. Wkg. Paul B. Jan. Out early tomorrow

20 July: Brilliant Sunday afternoon pushing trap in 2/6, having dragged up (supposedly) 200m of Marlow and 4km of PMI. Martin Lavery was extremely helpful with the dragging but abstained from pushing. Enter Ian at 2⁴⁵ pm spider-man fashion, Gerhard hides in the only bit of shadow to be found and drowns off. Sounds of a hammer from way below. At last shout: "Gerhard, come down and bring the other Marlow with you!" (9 pm) Eye in the Sky is going big, and the inadequate rope lengths mean knot changeovers on tiny ledges. (Well, one knot changeover). Another bolt is knocked in while G. does some hypothermia research. At last we stand at the bottom of a large chamber. A little snow. A shimmer of daylight. Straight above us a small patch of blue sky. Next to it a yellow path of reflected sunlight.

Ian kicks 16 tons of pebbles of all sizes down a steep 6m climb and then follows rather more diligently. "Dead Sump!" This

Dovers

276

216 so far:

present rigging:

Marlow tied round the secondary tape as primary

rebelay bolt

EYE IN THE SKY I

IN SKY I

35m?

IN SKY II

EYE IN THE SKY

many bolt inlet aways

end of upper rope attached to sting (pull in to pass the knot on a ledge)

knot

2nd length of Marlow

rebelay 2 bolt on ledge

rub point

bath-ledge

EYE IN THE SKY III

Still daylight here!!

chamber

hatchbag with rest of Marlow

snow

steep loose climb down to stings

enormous boulder

climb up loose boulders left of enormous boulder

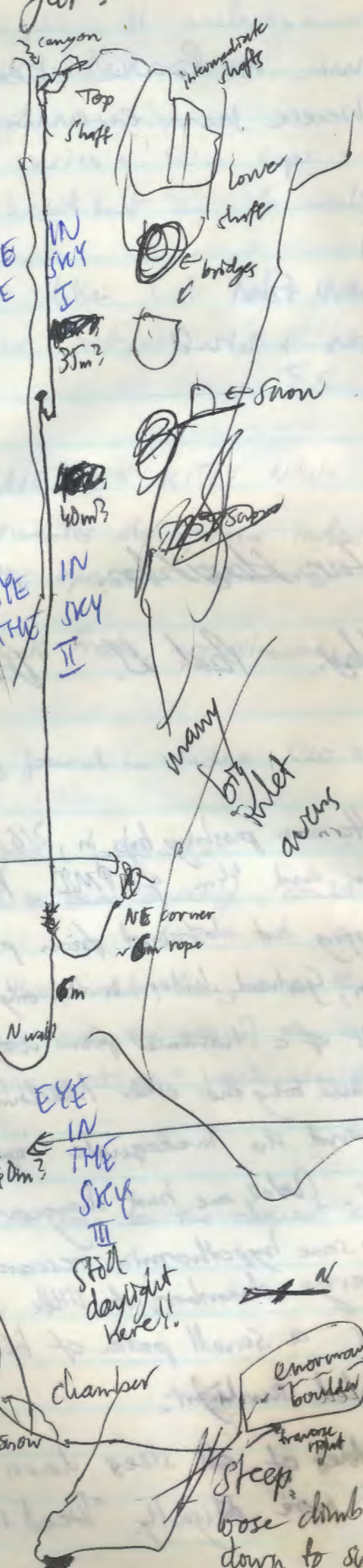
undo the "pullover" take upper rope down to rebelay use 65m rope for the rest of the entrance shaft

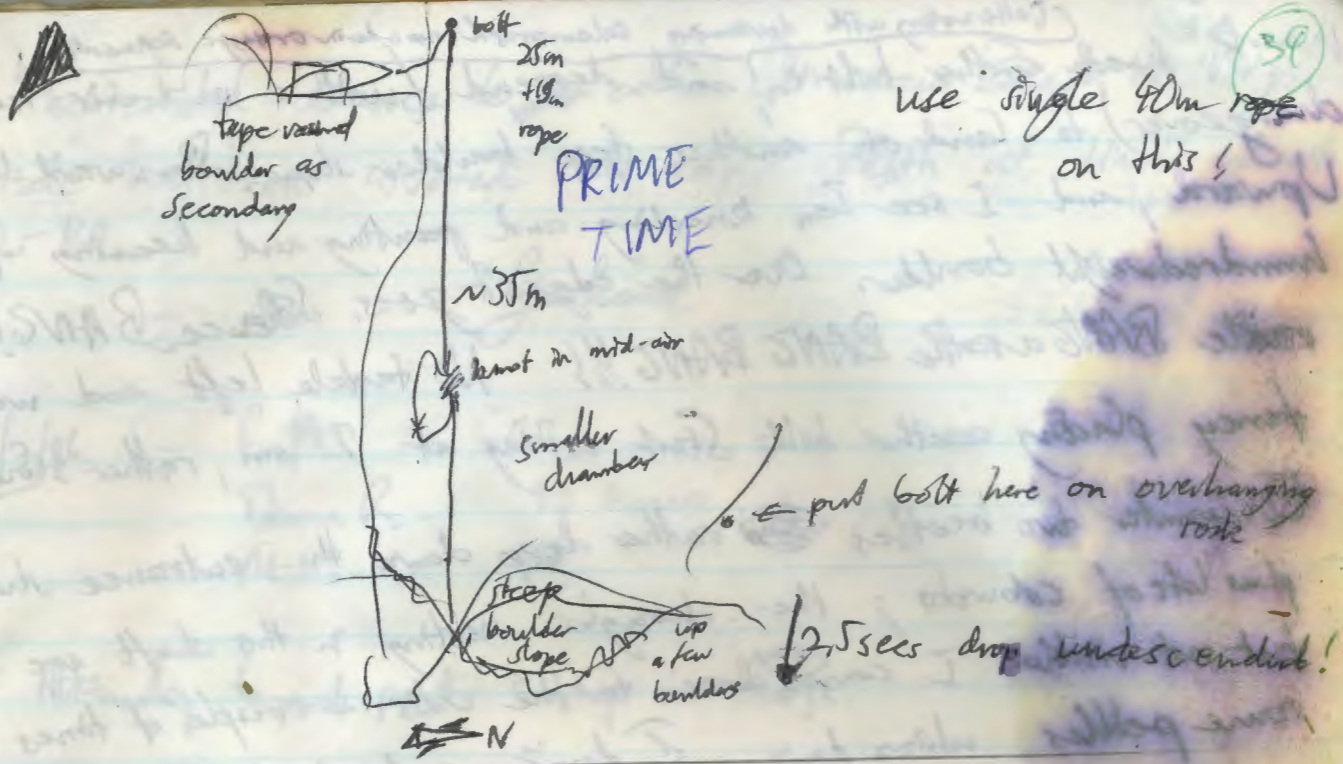
needs protector or another bolt

see over

to be changed to:

tape round the secondary to save 7m of rope takeoff has to be simplified (transverse line 10m + 2 bolts?)





"Don't think sorry's easily said
 Don't try turning tables instead
 You've taken lots of chances before
 But I'm not gonna give any more
 Believe me
 The Sun in your eyes
 Made some of the lies worth believing."

Chris: "I am the EYE IN THE SKY
 Looking at you
 I can read your mind
 I am the maker of rules
 Dealing with fools
 I can cheat you blind
 And I don't have to see any more
 To know that I can read your mind."

(Alan Parsons Project, Eye in the Sky)

"And it's a PRIME TIME
 Maybe the stars were right
 I had a Premonition
 It's gonna be my turn tonight
 Gonna be my turn tonight"

(Alan Parsons Project,
 Ammonia Avenue)

Down can't be true - and isn't. A short traverse to the right, then up
 more loose boulders past one enormous piece of rock. Ian with a glint
 in his eye lifts the largest pebble he can find and throws it ahead.
 2 seconds - DANG! We tie the 25m & 19m PMI together, partially

Over ^(Alternating with descending calaveras and orange segments) knock another bolt in, and descend (with a mid-air knot changeover) to land on another steep boulder slope. Downward chokes. Upward, and I see Ian kneeling and panting and heaving up a hundredweight boulder. Over the edge it goes. Silence. BANG! rattle rattle BANG a rattle BANG BANG!! No tackle left and we don't fancy placing another bolts. Start exiting at 7³⁰ pm, rather slowly.

Encounter two beetles ~~at~~ rather deep down the entrance shaft, plus lots of cobwebs; the choughs nesting in the shaft are audible but not visible. I come ^{too} close to the walls a couple of times and some pebbles whizz down. I don't understand Ian's comment on this but gather later that one of them had hit his helmet, luckily leaving no trace. - Out just before gm, Martin Goodman still around, and a brilliant view over the lowlands.

Things to be done:

- Sort out the take-off: 1 or 2 bolts & a 10m traverse line needed. Use none of the Marlow on the secondary, ~~at~~ the end of that rope wants to be a few metres lower down. Rerig the first rebelay accordingly.
- Get rid of the knot, and the pull-over belay. Join the next rope, which wants to be ~5m long at the second rebelay. Take the second length of Marlow down. The last stage needs ~~another~~ ^{some} bolt or a ^{6m} ~~feet~~ ^{down}.
- Hang a 40m rope on PRIME TIME and take the 25m & 19m down. Bolt and push the next pitch...

(You really want to rig the thing from the top shaft - the lower shaft ends on a snow-covered ledge some 30m down.)

The general trend of the horizontal bolts in the chambers is north - i.e. towards Ridge Caves. More than a third of