

difficulty with the square, partly owing to the lack of further nourishment.

The night was extraordinary: so quiet that I could hear the two doctors making love at the top of the first pitch ~~at the top~~ in their shared joy at a successful speleological excursion although I was discreetly waiting for them $\frac{1}{4}$ mile away.

There was also that rarest of phenomena - real starlight, unmodified by any other source, so bright that the clouds in the gorge, the rocks, the grass & the details of the crops could all be dimly picked out.

[It was Dr W's 7th caving trip. It lasted 15 hours. A point worthy of record.]

7 AUGUST 1984

Philip S. attempted to calculate the depth reached by the survey so far and found a couple of diurnal readings of 147° and 149° ... Also, the data for stations 1 \rightarrow 36 has no author, date, names of surveyors etc of reference to when the cross sections may be

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found. Given up in disgust. Gave to Lager to do a copy. (NB) ↓

When people copy out results in the ^{logbook} logbook, could they please leave extra columns to lay out the data in 10 columns: ^{to be calculated later} viz:

station - station	clin.	compass	tape	leg depth	leg N.	leg E.	tot. depth	absolute	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	N.	E.
								9	10

If you copy it down in a nice compact table it only has to be copied out again when the data reduction is done.

7.8.84 Phil R, Ukie + Phil D.

Pushing trip 18 hours.

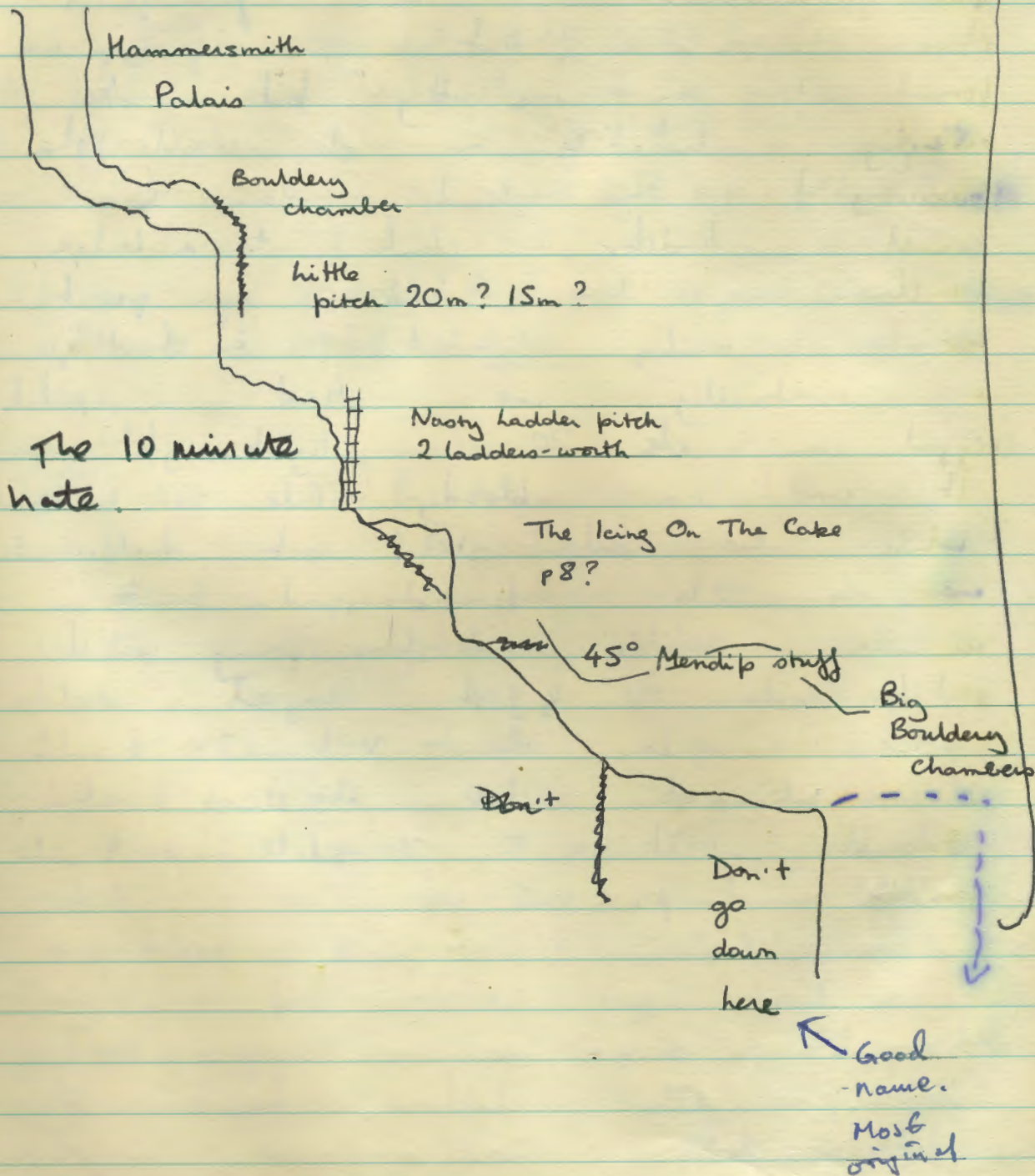
Had a smooth trip down to the top of pitch where the bolt driver expired under the direct of Fred & Ian even though perhaps made less pleasant by tuble bag + preparation.

Rigging this proved interesting stuff a lip too on a chussy proposition trying to put a bolt in as far above my head as I could? This gave a nice 40m pitch to superb unabled ledge followed by a 15m pitch ^{riped rigged}

an mounds. The passage is
 the large but soon you are
 forced into a scrubby pit with
 amazing helictites on the wall. (the
 wormy?) This lead down to a
 small ladder climb to a ledge
 + the ... we had a great
 tie making and a dis ledge
 + eventually we had a pitch
 rigged on the 70 m lightweight rope.
 It was now bloody late so I decided
 while the others started out # elements
 were. I dropped it in
 mainie mable streamway with
 pitch down & just began - d clips
 up the - is this X it u ? & wait
 i - - anticipati for the Dues net
 Suzath exit to complete on Suzath's
 pusly trip.

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Sketch to join onto Due + Stone's





Don't go
down here

Climb down in right



20m pitch to
muddy chutes

Room 101

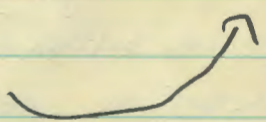
No!!
Aargh!!



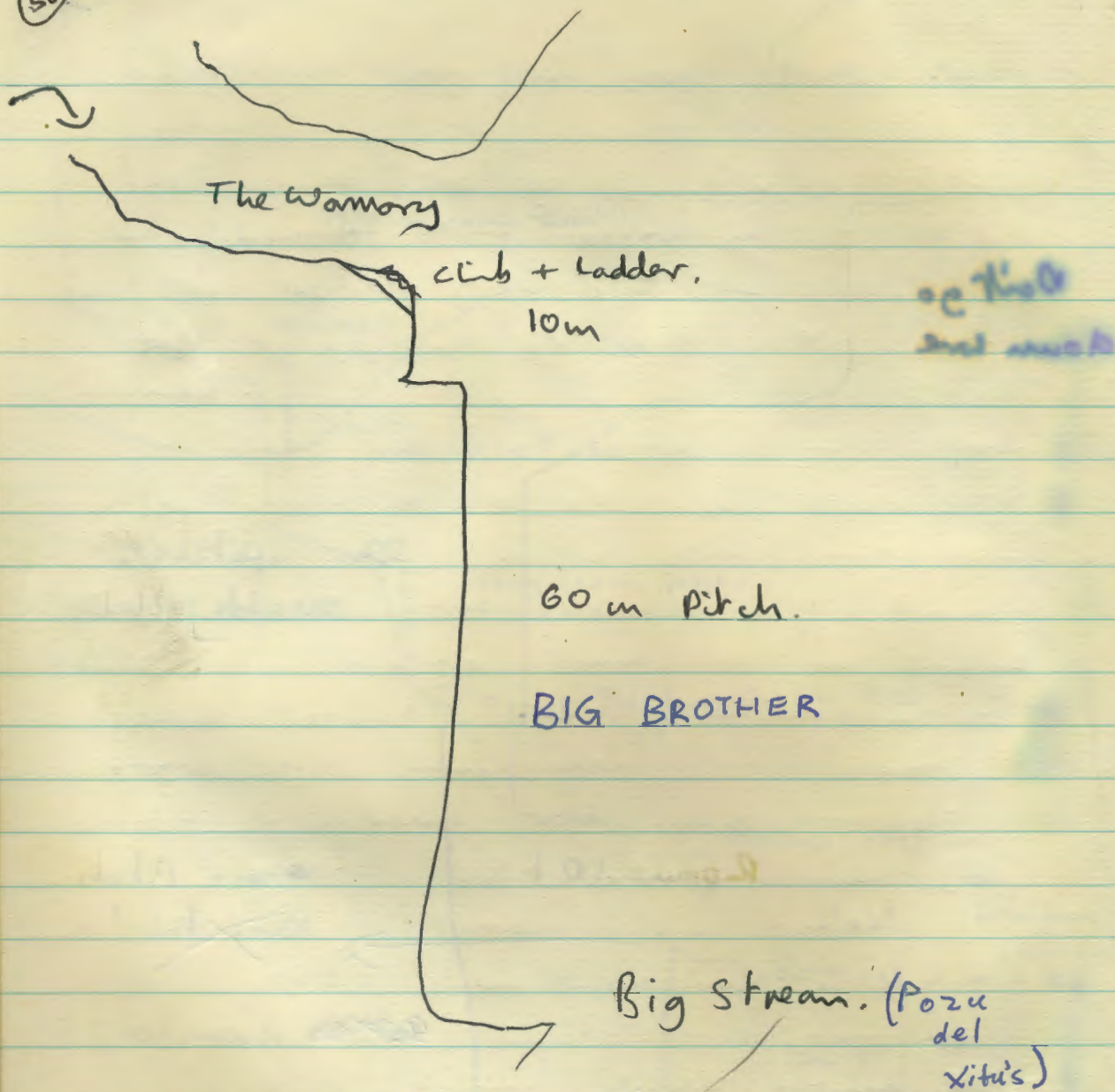
40m pitch.
~~Xanadu?~~

~~Room 101?~~ ROOM 101?

✓ Jump for you
like 15m.



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7 August 1984 Martin Hicks, Stephen Gale, Sean Hedges. Photographic trip: 15 hours.

Photo record of high-level entrance passages, Geological Disaster chamber and the cave between Armadillo and Thompson's Gesellschaft. It seems that Sean eats even more than I do underground.

Dave + Steve Verification Trip 8.8.84.

Despite the ~~obvious~~ obvious unfashionability of verificationism, with the heaped-up critiques of philosophers like Kuhn + Newton-Smith undermining its premises + objectives from many angles — more significantly, perhaps, the logical explosion (or "reductio") of verificationism's reductionist elements, the discovery of this postulated "master cave" (a very big hole into which other, smaller holes emerge — Steel, 1980, et al) demanded that this approach be adopted.

OK. Now a short sentence. Was it So or was it ain't Poru del Xitu? (Fitzgerald, 1946).

Since Richard was making love with the other qualified medic with redoubled vigour at Los Lagos I was the only 1981 veteran equipped to find out.

Our big mistake was to take a bag of tarte down early. Prima facie, the chances of it not being ~~del~~ Xitu were remote: while the 6 cans of fruit, 17 cans of tunc + 26 packets of olives in one

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of the sacs came in handy, the ropes did not.

We reached the top of BIG BROTHER after several hours, marvelling at the bolt on the 40m above along the way.

~~the~~ I reregged BB with PM1 and descended.

It was not, on reaching the bottom, presque vue - It was not jamais vue. It was déjà vue, or in other words, Dampfontain Much bigger + cleaner than La Cista. Beautiful.

Tears of nostalgia came to my eyes as I peered round the all-too-familiar gutters of Dampfontain Pitls and spotted Graham's bolt with hanger still attached: ~~the~~ and the memories of those jolly times of 1980 + 1981 came flooding back.

How we would sit around the bolt ordering ~~stish~~ round after round of drinks while Skunk tinkled cool jazz on his little portable piano. How long-forgotten hombres of oucc like John Singleton gaily enlarged the cave by

lumping into it, to the gratitude of their companions. How we were young once too. And yes (more seriously) how Graham + Keith Potter had pushed down Dampsturation and on to Pythagoras, + before that how Keith + Stunk had free-climbed the bread mantleshell.

But it was time to dry the tears. Dr. Roberts had arrived and was demanding to know the location of the nearest latrine. I pointed them upstream, where we sat on a ledge having our 15th meal of the trip, and then he (alone) covered his STI equipment with faeces.

I got out of there fast. 5 or 6 hours later we were on the surface. We had arrived, in a sense, at a Truth, a Fact, a Certainty. As we walked back to camp and later sat ~~over~~ eating in the frosty (yes, frosty!) night I pondered on the implications of the trip. Yes, it was is but not was aint xite. But contemporary philosophy would never be the same again.

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Rigging Trip Ian

8/8/84

3-30 pm and it was still ailing. But I had, as they say, to go. Dave^{R.} + Steve^{R.} were pushing, having absailed down the Armadillo rope (worn through $\frac{1}{2}$ of the sheath) on the understanding that I'd re-rig it before they returned.

I was to go with Dave H. but he'd been stricken down with a surfeit of Mornflake 'Data', so solo it was.

An age sorting gear out, packing it in a bag at the entrance, and then finding the bag too big to go through the Nest set the mood for the day.

Wild anger prevailed and proved that the boot is mightier than the bag. Heave, thud down the Streamway to Armadillo.

Somehow, I couldn't sort out an easy way to rig it and finished with a '3 way' belay at the pitch-head which had involved traversing out on BOTH sides of the pitchhead. (The RH side is ailing!)

Down to the mega lorry park ledge that Dr Wobley ^{had} ~~previously~~ disembarked ^{onto} from the rope. Various combinations of rebelay, deviations ... They didn't work.

Back up $\frac{1}{3}$ of the pitch. Put in a bolt. Tried a X-hang on various flakes. They all fell off at a glance. Tried perditions and deviations. Geronimo like-hurtles across the pitch thudding.