

ILLUMINATIONS

Publication of the NSS Arts & Letters Section

Issue No. 27

January 2018



Illuminations



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Canvas prep for the Collaborative work

Carolina Shrewsbury, Tom Cottrell and others
Painting

Front Cover:

Collaborative painting from the New Mexico Convention

SpeleoArtist
Painting

Back Cover:

Your Dreams
Carolina Shrewsbury
Acrylic



arts & letters
section nss

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Batstar II
Emily Davis
Quilt

Contents

Art Work

Batstar II	Emily Davis	2
Fall TAG T-Shirt	Kenneth Storey	7
Blue Dot	Charles Loving	10
Caving 1978	Clariona	22
Area 51	Charles Loving	23
OTR Tees	Emily Davis	24

Music

"And water flows from the vast depths of the ocean..."	Steve Beleu	16
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Non-Fiction

What is Wrong with this Picture	Carol S. Jackson	6
Close Call	Bill Steele	8

Poetry

Dead Cave	Steve Beleu	6
Karstified	Jo Schaper	10
A Meditation	Stuart Marlatt	11
Indian Cave	Jo Schaper	19
Our Third Cave Trip	Jo Schaper	20

SpeleoArt/Fine Arts Salon

From the Chairman	Carolina Shrewsbury	4
Art Salon Demystified	Carol S. Jackson	5
NSS/Smithsonian Exhibition	Carol S. Jackson	6
Monochromatic Sketching	Carolina Shrewsbury	15
Making Art Work For You	Carolina Shrewsbury	18
Remembering Tom Cottrell	Carolina Shrewsbury	21



FROM THE CHAIRMAN

Carolina Shrewsbury NSS #46182

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to us all!

This Year, Arts and Letters has become a Salon through the NSS due to the changing needs of our members who are becoming more involved with sessions and classes at NSS Events around the country and less of just writing and talking about it.

We have more than an annual meeting once a year! We now have an established Writers Workshop on Fridays of Convention. A whole day of professionals, guiding and assisting in the written word for Journals, magazines and books, with sources for publication, how to get your work online and further courses on professional writing.

The SpeleoArt Workshops are classes held throughout the year, mostly East Coast for now but starts at Convention with a Tuesday Cave Drawing/painting class that will start you on the road to becoming a speleoartist and joining in other trips and excursions to look at caves in a different way.

Speleoart is not just drawing and painting. It is all forms in the Arts as a whole, from quilting to poetry to music and performance... this is where we are going. Join in, be part of the action, the future.

WANTED

Cartoon Strip artists
 Illustrationists for articles
 Pay: terrible

SpeleoArt

Want to become a member?

The Arts & Letters section welcomes new members. It doesn't matter if you create art, write, make music, make movies, teach, or just a fan of the speleoart process.

You can find a membership form, submission guidelines, and samples of our newsletter Illuminations on our web site at:

www.caves.org/section/arts_and_letters/

For information on the many different Speleoart salons, workshops, and speleo- news you can go to:
www.hawaiiiflow.com/SpeleoArt/.



FOLLOW US ON



Speleoart

ART SALON DEMYSTIFIED

Carol S. Jackson NSS # 20127

Salon Chair

Next door there are hobby cows. The neighbor gets a new batch every year. They are tranquil as they fatten and are sold. I mused, "There's the beef." I likened his pasture to the NSS Art Salon, tranquil, with a need to fatten it up, and sell more art.

Several years ago the Arts & Letters Section voted to add categories to the Art Salon to broaden interest and clarify entries. The categories are fine art, craft and design, cartoons, textiles and letters. Old habits and small shows sometimes muddy the categories.

The more one researches art in general, the thicker the mud. Time to declassify the categories, and strain the mud for our purposes. Arts and Letters contain several sections which now exhibit in a common area whenever possible.

Symbolic Emblems Salon: Exhibition of symbolic emblems (patches, decals, pins, etc.) related to caves or caving.

T-Shirt Salon: Exhibition of T-shirts related to caves or caving

Cover Art Salon: Exhibition of printed cave publication covers, including art, photos, and computer enhanced photo covers from any grotto or cave publications.

Print Salon: Exhibition of photographic prints, including those in series or with story lines.

Posters and Pamphlets Salon: Exhibition of paper media (posters, pamphlets, postcards, brochures, etc.) related to caves or caving.

Cave Ballad Salon: Performance of cave-related songs and music: Songs about caves or cavers.

Fine Art Salon: **Fine Art** - includes drawings, pen and ink, oil, acrylic, water color, charcoal, pastels, mixed media and related renditions of pictorial representations of caves, cave life and cave related activities.

Craft and Design - Fine workmanship in carving, mosaics, wood turning, jewelry making, scrimshaw, glass etching, sculpting, collage, diorama, instillation art or similar handcrafted items.

Cartoons - Flat or 3-D items designed to amuse the viewer. May be a stand alone or a strip.

Textiles - Quilts, crochet, knitting, needlepoint, cross stitch, felting, garments, and other fiber arts which depict caves, cave life, cavers, or their events and activities. This excludes entries better suited for the T-Shirt salon.

Letters - Memory/Scrap books, poetry overlays, greeting cards with verse, and related uses of words displayed in an artistic form.

Depictions in any fine arts category include cave animal, mineral or vegetable matter. Although most bats are not cave dwellers, all bats are acceptable art subjects.

The Fine Arts Salon further challenges the artist to follow an annual theme. The 2018 theme is The Caver. All entries are judged using the same scale. Points may not be awarded for entries outside of the theme, but the work may earn merit in other areas of judging. Therefore, a work may be judged with a higher score, even though it is not within the theme.

Under consideration is a way to give a more equitable break for all artists. Currently, no consideration is given for experience level, which can be intimidating to the budding artist. Some advanced artists, aware that they may hinder entries from the novice choose to no longer exhibit. This, even though a self-imposed courtesy, deprives them from showing and selling their work in the Salon. Likewise, visitors to the Salon miss the opportunity to see some truly fantastic works. Divisions being considered are Novice, Intermediate, and Professional. This division would bring the Fine Arts Salon into line with many national galleries and salons designed to further the arts.

This is a simple breakdown of the Art Salons. For a more refined explanation, visit the Salon webpages on the NSS website, and contact the chair of the particular salon in which you are interested.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE

Carol S. Jackson NSS # 20127

The studio beckons. Shelves are filled with stretched canvas and art boards, packages of water color paper, conditioned brushes, sharpened pencils, bottles, tubes, pots and trays of inks; paints, pastels, gourds, wood burner and carving tools all await. Stained glass and mosaic supplies languish alongside jewelry-making tools and beads, a mountain of paper crafting materials await new order, and clays call for new shapes.

The evil block has hit. One would think that there would be inspiration in the myriad of sights outside of the window. Fall foliage is near its peak. Recent rains filled the brook with water breaking over the rocks. Deer feast on the abundance of fallen acorns. Browsing through the sketch book, there are projects which need to be completed before an upcoming show. But no. No inspiration moved my hands.

None, that is, except caves. It is an obsession. Time is limited in the studio, so I decided to work on quick projects. I selected some scrap strips of water color paper and the brushes and paints to pass the time while hundreds of children streamed by my door, many coming in for a closer look. The scraps were well suited for bookmarks, and cave formations fit nicely on bookmarks. The children and their chaperons asked about the formations and caves. I rinsed my brush and chatted until the group rotated. This was repeated all week. I am left with a small stack of bookmarks, and little time to read. Sounds almost ideal. Read a chapter, insert bookmark, fall asleep. Next day, open a new book, read a couple pages, insert bookmark, fall asleep. Soon, all the bookmarks will be used.

Hooray for speleothems on bookmarks, but I really need to get some work done.

NSS/Smithsonian**Cave Print Exhibition**

Carol S. Jackson NSS # 20127

Currently at the Shenandoah Valley Discovery Museum is exhibiting the NSS/Smithsonian cave print exhibition that was originally shown in 2005.

The public is invited to attend a special event night on 23 Feb, from 6-8 pm, where there will be live rope climbing demonstrations, a chance to view Journey Into Amazing Caves, and purchase books from the NSS Bookstore.

Special museum discount fee of \$5 will include a free youth ticket to Luray Caverns for the first 50 children admitted.

The Shenandoah Valley Discovery Museum is at 19 W. Cork Street, Winchester, VA 22601.

DEAD CAVE

Steve Beleu (NSS#33577)

Driving up "The Northeast Passage"
To caves beneath gypsum hills
Only cedar trees are healthy.
Prairie fields are dry, brown;
All other trees, bare branches.

Seasons come and go: hot, cold.
People come and go: happy, sad.
Caves become wider, deeper,
Fill with mud, gravel, eventually
Collapse into breakdown.

Where there was once a cave
Now there's a narrow valley.
We stare and wonder what
It was like to cave here.
At night this gypsum glows.



2017 FALL



SPRUCE KNOB
MOUNTAIN CENTER
WEST VIRGINIA

25th Anniversary PMG
HOSTED BY PINE MOUNTAIN GROTTO, KY

KENNETH STOREY 2017

Fall VAR shirt

Kenneth Storey
Screen Print T-Shirt

Left is the back of the shirt. Top is the design for the front pocket.

Close Calls

Bill Steele NSS #8072

Many years ago, a big time, highly accomplished rock climber I met warned me: "Keep climbing and eventually you'll get hit by a rock." The odds are your number will come up.

My number has come up a few times. When I was 20, I got a fractured skull in a 150-foot entrance pit in an Indiana cave when the guy climbing before me knocked off a rock at the top which hit me in the head and punctured my helmet.

When I was 27, and then 28, I had close calls in caves. The first was the flood in Sumidero Yochib in 1976 that seemed like certain imminent death but British caving legend Mike Boon did a hero swim to the wall in a fast current and got a rope rigged. I dedicated my book "Yochib: The River Cave" to him for that feat.

At 28, I erred while exploring a virgin pit in Meanderbelt Cave on Silvertip Mountain in Montana and got myself detached from the rope 100 feet above the floor with my back to the wall. It took my partner 20 minutes to swing the rope to me. Then on the way out he got utterly exhausted. I slowly talked him out of the cave after he gave up and wanted to be left for dead.

When I was 40, a stove mishap in a deep underground camp in Sistema Huautla ignited a liter of fuel right in front of me and set my clothes on fire. I had second and third degree burns on my right hand. I climbed out from 2,000 feet deep with my hand wrapped in gauze and stuffed into a glove.

Those are the biggies, not to mention a couple of deadly poisonous snakes, bad rope frays above me, the Huautla truck wreck, an assortment of minor cuts, various things caught in rappel racks like my hair when it was long, my beard, a glove, and a shirt tail. Until this summer.

Having only been to one International Congress of Speleology before, the one in Kerrville, Texas in 2009, I wanted to go to the one in Sydney, Australia in July 2017. I got a round trip airline ticket from DFW to Sydney using 80,000 frequent flyer miles, the remainder of what I had from the flying I did for the



Cheated death again

Mel Nickerson

job I retired from three years ago. I registered for the Congress and submitted an abstract to give a talk, "Cave Access Challenges at Sistema Huautla, Mexico," which was accepted.

The ICS was a great time. The USA was the best represented country there, even more than the Australians. To me what made it good were the talks about speleology here and there around the world. Former Texas caver Dr. George Veni was elected as president of the UIS, the International Union of Speleology. A four-person team of Andrea Croskrey, Jean Krejca, David Ochel and I represented the USA and Texas in the Speleo Olympics obstacle course, which had fifteen national teams compete. The Puerto Rican team won it with the best time.

Andrea Croskrey and David Ochel hosted a party in their hotel room midway through the week of the ICS. I overheard Geoff Hoeser talking about how a sailboat had been rented and they were going to the Whitsunday Islands out toward the Great Barrier Reef beginning the following Monday. I got in on it.

After sailing, I had no set plan. I had two more weeks in Australia, or maybe even New Zealand. The rest of the sailors left Airlie Beach, Queensland, leaving me at a backpackers' resort, a hip spot. There was a

travel agent set up in the office/lounge, a high-energy scene with Wi-Fi, good music, and a bustle of activity.

The travel agent was quick with his MacBook, typing fast and telling me costs and opportunities at Ayres Rock and other destinations in Australia. I asked about New Zealand and in seconds he had the cost of airfare from Sydney to Auckland. Then he asked me a stumper, a question that left me staring at him without saying anything for a long pause. "How about caving, have you ever thought about doing that?" I was speechless, searching my memory for anything I'd said that would cause him to ask me that.

"Why do you ask?" I said.

"Ever heard of Black Water Rafting, THE best adventure in New Zealand?" he asked.

"No, tell me about it." He excitedly did, telling me that people came from all over the world to do it, that they put you in a wetsuit and you swim in fast water in a cave, climb waterfalls, and do a zip line in the cave's darkness beneath glowworms.

"How much does it cost?" I asked. "I've done a lot of that sort of thing in my life, so I will probably do other things rather than pay a lot for something I've already done." "Let me call them," he said. We were in Australia and he was offering to call New Zealand. Obviously, he'd steered people to Black Water Rafting before.

Within seconds the travel agent was talking on the phone, telling the person on the other end that I was an active caver from the States. "Here, he wants to talk to you," he said, handing me the phone.

Of all things, it was Canadian caver Nick Vieira on the phone, a caver who'd been to Huautla with the Brits in 2013, Cheve on a Bill Stone expedition, and I'd met at the Mike Boon memorial in Alberta, Canada in May 2015.

Nick said I could join a group of Black Water Rafting guides and have a wildly exhilarating trip in Ruakuri Cave, Waitomo, North Island. I flew to Auckland, stayed with noted cave photographer Phill Round, and drove a rental car to Waitomo Cave, world famous for the in-cave boat ride beneath glowworms. That night I rendezvoused with Nick at a pub, and met famed Kiwi caver Kieran McKay. The next day we did both the Black Abyss and Black Labyrinth trips back to back in high water and at no charge.

A major highlight of the trip was wearing wetsuits and floating in inner tubes with a strong current, caving lights OFF, illuminated by only glowworms, with a German cave guide singing with an exceptionally good voice. That over 100,000 adventure tourists

do these rather challenging caving trips annually is amazing. In their peak season they can have over 1,000 in a day.

Phill Round lined me up to go caving with the Auckland Caving Club. They planned to go in the Stinkpot Entrance (occasional dead sheep) of the Pukeroa Cave System and do an entrance to entrance traverse, exiting the Frustration Entrance. Apparently, it's rarely done because of an awkward 30m entrance drop (free hanging rebelay from a tree limb), a swing over to a passage on the wall near the bottom of the entrance drop, lots of breakdown canyons to find your way through, followed by several hours of traversing mostly narrow stream passage with many climbs way above the cave floor. It had been raining a lot, so water levels were high in the caves. Our trip leaders said they'd never seen the water so high.

We had seven men and three women. The NZ cavers wanted to see if the traverse could be done with the water so high. There was speculation that we might not be able to exit the cave out the lower entrance because of the high water. And it has a very tight spot. It was pointed out to me that I had the thickest chest of everyone on the trip. If we couldn't go out the bottom entrance, we were going to have to go all the way back about seven hours the way we had come.

The stream passage had lots of climbs, traverses, tight squeezes, and some crawling. I wore thick knee pads I brought.

When we got to the spot by the bottom entrance which was questionable whether it had air space to get through, it did, but only about three inches shaped like an upside down "V". When going through it face up the current of water backed up by your head and if you didn't go real slow it washed over your face. The water was icy cold, coming in from the surface, and it was winter here in the Southern Hemisphere. Two people were through it ahead of me.

I got through the low airspace slowly coasting my face through the inverted "V"; just fine. It wasn't so tight on my chest. I turned over chest down and found out that the real tight spot was a meter ahead. Looking at it I didn't think I could get through it. Ice cold water washed over me. I sure didn't want to go all the way back through the cave.

I got to the tight spot and carefully extended my left arm into it to lessen my chest width, something I've done countless times. Then I pushed hard to get my chest through it. It wouldn't fit. I wiggled and tried

a different angle. That's when I got my right arm all the way to the shoulder wedged in a slot underwater. I couldn't get it out. I was lying in cold water (no wetsuit) with ice cold water flowing fast over me.

I began to get tired. I can remember my thoughts. I thought, this is how you die in a cave. I'll go hypothermic in ten minutes. There was no panic in my mind and no fear. There was an intense feeling of disappointment. I was disappointed that I might die here, and it be a burden to my new New Zealand friends. And I thought about the people I love back home and had a pang of sadness.

I resolved to work smart to free myself. Mike Allen, the trip leader who was ahead of me, came back to me and asked if there was anything he could do to help. I said to pull on my cave suit collar and maybe some material is caught. I'm not sure that it helped. When he

moved to clear the way for me to try to get through the squeeze, water dammed behind him surged forward and flushed into my face and over my head, almost drowning me.

I calmly wiggled backwards until my right arm was free and then crept forward, pushing upwards through the squeeze, centimeters at a time. It exhausted me, but I escaped.

It was the closest brush with death in caving I've had in many years. I recall my maternal grandfather, who was a Kentucky farmer and 30 years old in 1925 when Floyd Collins died in a cave of hypothermia while trapped, and who listened to the daily drama of Collins' entrapment on the radio as it happened, telling me when I was a teenager and getting into caving, "Billy, keep going in those caves and you'll end up like that Floyd Collins!" Not yet.

Karstified

Jo Schaper NSS #27624

I feel I am fading from view.
Blue dye brilliant in the bottle
invisible when mixed
in an Ozark spring--
peanut butter delicious from the jar
just another brown smear
mingled with the mud--
a brilliant calcite crystal lost
in the shimmering dripstone forest--
a grotto salamander suddenly vanished
against the mottled chert.

No matter how hard I try to stand out
pen and ink in the watercolor
the rains come and my image
diffuses into the page.



Blue Dot

Charles Loving

Pen and Ink

Cartoon submitted by Bill Steele for the artist.

A Meditation

Stuart Marlatt NSS #19583

...to the multitudes in the monasteries and their manners so fragrant to thee, and to the teeming solitudes of the wilderness, of which we knew nothing at all. (Augustine of Hippo)

Follow the wind. (Herb Conn)

This is the outer world.

A wind lifts from the canyon, sensuous, infused
 With all the scents of the montane: aspen, lodgepole and fir,
 Scrub oak, diesel, myriad late spring flowers, campsmoke,
 Dust. The music of a stream is tempered by distance,
 Too quiet to discern. Here below the rim, the life of the canyon
 Is a harmony of confused voices. Rustling and shimmering
 Leaf songs twine with birdcry, the hum of an interstate,
 And overhead, deep rumbling
 From the silver point of a lengthening contrail.

The morning is chill, the sun on wisps of
 Red-rimmed clouds above rocky walls
 Defines the canyon rim. Beneath these soaring walls
 A man waits below a great dark hollow, solitary, insignificant
 Against the age of the canyon but compelled
 To be in this place and in this time.

Below the cliff are columbine and wild rose, punctuating
 In red and blue a slope of dirt, of scree. These compete,
 Demand attention, draw the eyes and tempt the nose.
 All this to be left without. This is the outer world.

Beneath an arching sweep of grey-blue limestone,
 In the twilight between the dawning day and the endless night,
 He cups his hand against a battered reflector:
 Palmful of hissing gas, flint against steel,
 Light which springs from a narrow jet of yellow flame.
 In this age, the carbide, water, brass and flame are archaic
 Obsolete and chosen with deliberation. In this place he eschews
 Efficiency in preference of warmth, embraces tradition
 Requiring more attention than modern trends.

The cavern is spacious, irregular, muddy; traversing this hall is easy
 But requires consideration. Senses are yet attuned to the outer world,
 The terrestrial world of sunlight and dysfunctional relationships.

Beyond the dripline the air is sweet, pungent with guano and flotsam,
The excrement of bats, of swallows and all manner of troglodyte, decaying
Leaves, the spoils of wind and storm. This is not the smell of caves, no more
Than the ocean smells of fish and rotting salt grass. Those piquant scents
Are the boundaries between surf and sand, sea and marsh,
These the frontier between light and darkness, between commotion
Of community and stillness of contemplation. These odors, these tangy airs
May affront the senses or may welcome
Like the scent of home.

Here begins the inner world.

The passages beneath the mountain are familiar,
Well-traveled, like the streets roamed as a child,
Or the dark halls of the family home. But here,
These stony corridors are never wholly known.
In the corner of a room a shadow overlooked
May lead to undisclosed worlds, truths
Awaiting first touch of light.

The end of the beginning is slow and gradual
A transformation, from gentle descent into rock and into darkness.
The tunnel narrows, constricts, drawing him onto his knees. Ahead
A rocky crawl which bruises and which separates, calling
To attune and to release, letting go the springtime sun,
The pressing thoughts of tasks unperformed, of conversations
Unresolved, of vague apprehensions for all the world
Which he cannot control. How often
Explorations retreated here, on the margins,
When the confrontation of pain and struggle,
The insistent call, the pleading distractions
Have turned him back to seek the sun.

At length the crawlway ends, and so end
The effort of transition and attunement,
More by surrender than achievement.
The confinement spans, a lofty room
Creamy flowstone embellished by glittering extravagance.
Here he pauses, allows himself to rest,
To reflect and to be reflected. In light and shadow,
He is faced by imperfection, by
Insufficiencies against objective stone.
His failures find no excuse,
Meet impassive, just conviction.
But in conviction, neither pardon nor condemnation.

For a time he travels more by habit
Than by conscious decision. Here, the low-ceilinged
Portal to the right leads to a high and jagged fissure,
An awkward climb into a smooth phreatic tube.
Other choices exist, many with memories of previous explorations.
Some are different paths, leading to the same conclusions,
Others to different places altogether.

How frequently the cave seems cold and silent,
The tunnels regressively recursive,
Leading inward from branching junction,
To branching junction. Unexpectedly, some corridors
End abruptly, terminating in barren walls,
Or exhausted in piles of breakdown, closed by collapse.
Others, bifurcating into what would be undiscovered halls,
Lead only to places he has been before.
In these times he is remote, disquiet,
Cold and silent within, holding him apart.

But he does not find solitude in isolation,
Or community in company. In perseverance
He is brought into engagement. Here
In a passage unremarked, indeterminate, unrecognized
He ceases to struggle, is brought into communion.
Now his light shines into new places,
Into new truths, new realms unexplored.

He is drawn by a breeze upon his face,
And exploration transcends cognition.
The physics of airflow through karst have many models,
Find explanation in elegant equations: such winds
Are driven by barometric exchange,
By buoyant potential, by shear entrainment.
These theories are useful mostly in abstraction.
Here, navigating through narrow contortions,
Or unraveling a path through boneyard maze,
Such models are less important
Than the gentle touch of air upon his cheek.

For a timeless time he is disconnected,
Wholly disengaged from surface and from self,
Absorbed wholly by the unrolling cave.
The air leads through canyon and through crawl, up
Climbs and fissures, passing halls and rooms,
In and out of corridors never touched by light.

Through another squeeze, helmet off and pushed ahead,
With chert nodules grinding knots along his ribs. Moving slowly,
Carefully to avoid gypsum flowers blossoming
Along the nether wall. This is a sacred place.
A short ascent and he pauses, piling stones, a cairn atop a chimney,
An ebenezer beside a ring of rimstone gourds.
He is lost in discovery, in admiration, accepting
Each quiet room, each passage
An opening of an unexpected,
Undeservéd gift.

But he is flesh, the cave about him stone,
In this place he finds comfort but cannot be at home.
An end he reaches within himself, before the passages end;
And stops, ceases from exploration.
Beneath a cloud of crystal straws, beside a depthless pit,
He reclines upon a gravel floor. Pauses, quiet,
To reflect and to be reflected, to rest and to be renewed.
From a tattered pack a broken bagel,
And water from a cold, clear drip -
In this place, wine and bread for body and soul.

Return retraces paths which led within,
But the journey distorted in retreat.
Obvious turnings are confused, obscured by new perspectives,
And what were beautiful in discovery routine in repetition.
Rooms and tunnels, crawls and canyons devolve
Into indistinct and undifferentiated blur.
He is refreshed, renewed,
So utterly exhausted.

At length, at last he surfaces,
Emerging from deep darkness into darkness,
Into an outer world transformed by turning,
To the fragrance of forest air,
To sky sprinkled by starry points of light.

He carries from the cave only solitude within,
A peace to be carried back into community.

Monochromatic Sketching

Carolina Shrewsbury NSS #46182

The hardest part of creating an artwork is starting out.
 You ask yourself, "What equipment do I need?"
 "How do I make myself comfortable outside with art?"

The best equipment is a mechanical pencil and a small sketchbook in a plastic bag. The most important gear is your headlamp and a small backpack with a simple garden kneel pad.

Walk or descend into the cave of your choice then when it is good and dark, find a place to sit. Take out your sketchbook and pencil, sit on your bag with the pad in it and start drawing exactly what your light falls upon.

Rule #1. Do not attempt to draw a landscape!

Rule #2. The object must be within 5 feet of your face.

Rule #3. Draw large shapes first- The Contour. Look for the midpoint of your rock, use your pencil to size...
 (see *sizing illustration*)

Rule #4. Shadows. Draw in shade, texture patterns, and highlights.

Rule #5. Detail. Tie all the shapes together.

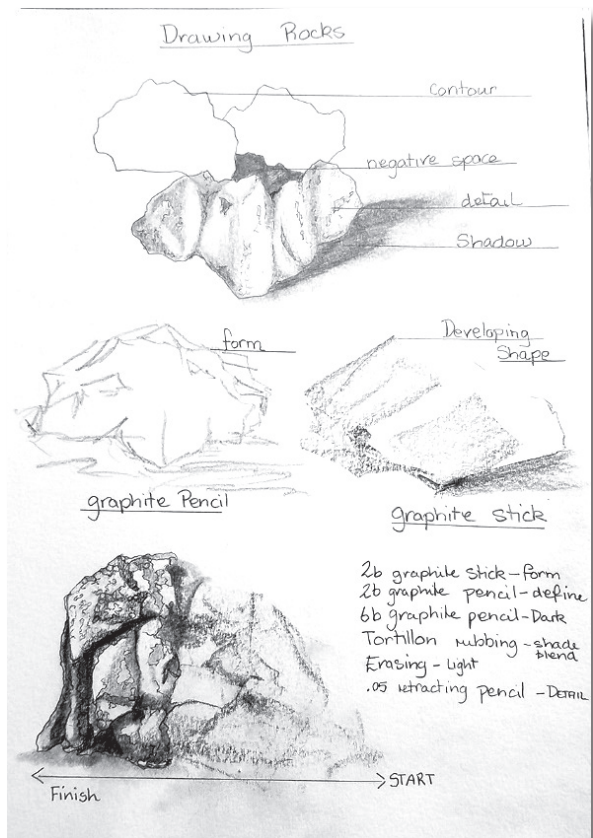
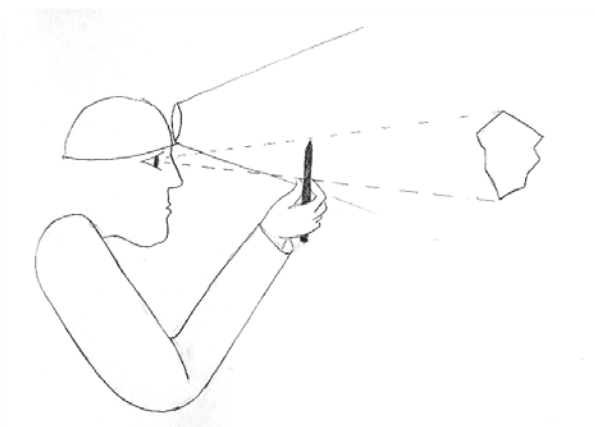
Rule #6. Negative Space. Go back over your work, to draw in any trapped shapes. (see *Drawing Rocks Illustration*)

Use soft lead pencils and graphite, for detail and work-in work use fine nibs of mechanical pencils.

A plastic eraser is better than abrasive rubber and will keep the delicate integrity of your paper if used in your work....use your eraser as an extension to your drawing tools rather than to just correct work you think looks wrong.

Go to Convention and see the Salon, join the NSS Arts and Letters, go to the classes at events. Read this magazine and be inspired. See you on our next TRIP!

speleoart@hawaiiiflow.com



"And water flows from the vast depths of the ocean..."

Steve Beleu

Quarter note = 90

Piano

mf

mf

Pno.

mp

No crescendos or decrescendos between these mf and mp sections

Pno.

mf

mp

Quarter note = 80

Pno.

mp

mf

2

"And water flows from the vast depths of the ocean..."

Pno.

19

mf *f*

a tempo

Pno.

23

mf *mf*

Pno.

27

f *f*

Pno.

32

mf *mp*

Decrecendo gradually

Pno.

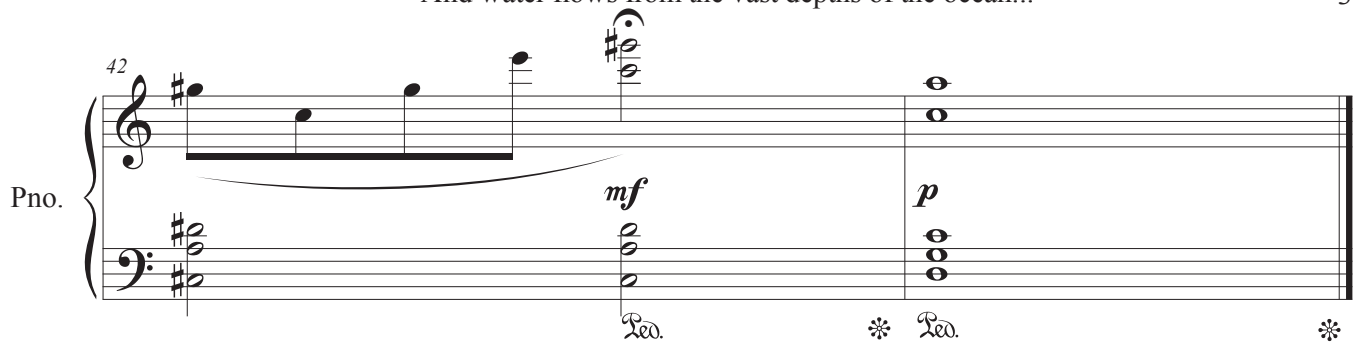
37

p *mf* *mp*

rit. *a tempo*

"And water flows from the vast depths of the ocean..."

3



Leonardo da Vinci: "And water flows from the vast depths of the ocean in the deep and wide canyons that lie within the foundations of the earth." For Leonardo these canyons were deep caves from which waters flowed onto the Earth.

Making Art Work For You

Carolina Shrewsbury NSS #46182

2017 saw the beginning of bringing the knowledge of art and caving to caving events.

The first class was held in the new Events Tent at OTR.

The class was successful with attendance, though we had a bit of a clash with another event held at the same time! So we all headed off on our artwalk before anyone had a chance to gain much of the detail training needed to fully appreciate the reason for the walk to sketch.

Thus, it was appreciated we needed more time to study our materials and their uses.

The following class was at TAG Fall Cave-in. I was not sure I was completely ready. This idea was still so new and untested! Never mind, I decided to just see who might turn up. There was no pre registration for the class so I was relying solely on word of mouth and hastily made posters! I had 4 people... more than I expected but it did mean I had a chance to go through some plans I had worked on and refined from the OTR class. Everyone got to try a variety of materials, everyone got to know more about observational techniques. I included a storyboard of the walk with photos because the weather was deteriorating, though we did go off to look for the items listed to sketch just to point them out for contemplation.

The results from these two workshops were some fun sketching. The OTR class was a successful contemplation of subjects over the time of the actual walk, some rapid sketching and more concentrated efforts on the final object. The TAG class was more scientific, looking at objects and experimenting with materials and surfaces. The walk became a flighty distraction, discarded for the studies produced through class instruction.

Conclusion is to balance out the two components of making art work you. The adventure and the experience need to go hand in hand; one cannot attempt a pit successfully without learning the ropes. It is also a lot more enjoyable to have everything you need, and know how to put it on before getting on rope... which is there, right in front of you.

The 2018 Speleoart Classes will be

- SERA Scottsborough AL
- SpeleoFest Lone Star Preserve KY
- KOR Gt Saltpeter Cave VA
- NSS Convention, Helena MT
- OTR WV
- TAG Fall Cave in

Indian Cave

Jo Schaper NSS #27624

I. Down.

Down the boulder scrambled hole
dark rock, gritty underfoot
dislodge a cobble, which clatters below
a headfirst dive into black—
batwings, like wind gust leaves
flit in the space before my face.

Within these walls, the dreamers sleep
spirits captured under glaze thin glass
the story scribed with pens of ochre
whose images move in the torchlight
flicker red shadow, black shadow on tan rock
until in stillness they awake.

II. Entrance

No sky so blue as that which hung
as backdrop to the gold dappled leaves,
reflected then into the air clear water
besides turtle & fish. Up hill,
a grove of pines stands guard
confusing intruders. Below the cliff
the fire circle burned—
the rim of rock another circle,
marking this spot as mutely sacred—
a sense so deep that scientists a thousand
years hence
bring tobacco, bring sage, bring incense.

III. At The Wall

Black squarish figures raise atlatls here
attack the deer, the frog, the snake—
other animals with no names. Across the ages
Osage chiefs look on. This mural,
powder on stone, has attain a third dimension.
Off to the side, the elegant tracings
of nineteenth century penmanship scrawl
the caricatures of some explorer curl
in the blank spaces. Was it native man
or white, who changed these atlatls
into bows and arrows?

IV. Water Monster

Algonquian demon—a piasa
says the archeologist.
Don't you believe it, says the bones.
The rack of antlers, the dagger teeth
could come forward from that wall
at any moment. Eat you alive
and enjoy it. In that mad stare
lies the essence of your worst nightmare
by torchlight it moves, striking fear
on all whom it views. Turn your back,
tell yourself this is all superstition—
and you will be the one caught unaware.

V. Interlude

Oh ya hey Oh ya hey
We come deep underground to feel
the touch of the earth mother
to pray for luck for the hunt
for food
we come
to see visions lurking
on the edges of sight
to know our mother
to grow one in our fight
to emerge changed
from this world
to bring vision back
to those in the light
Oh ya hey Oh ya hey Oh!

VI. The Gate

Oh, yes we must gate this site
preserve it, protect it, save it
for posterity. It must have been
a place of powerful ritual
for primitive cultures. Mustn't let
the spraypaint happy masses near it,
we are the scientists, it is a treasure—
Wall up the holes. Here's another
and another and another, oh dear
we cannot fill them fast enough
to wall this magic in— no protection
against the it's ultimate collapse—
spirits live here...and they will breathe.

Remembering Tom Cottrell

Carolina Shrewsbury NSS #46182

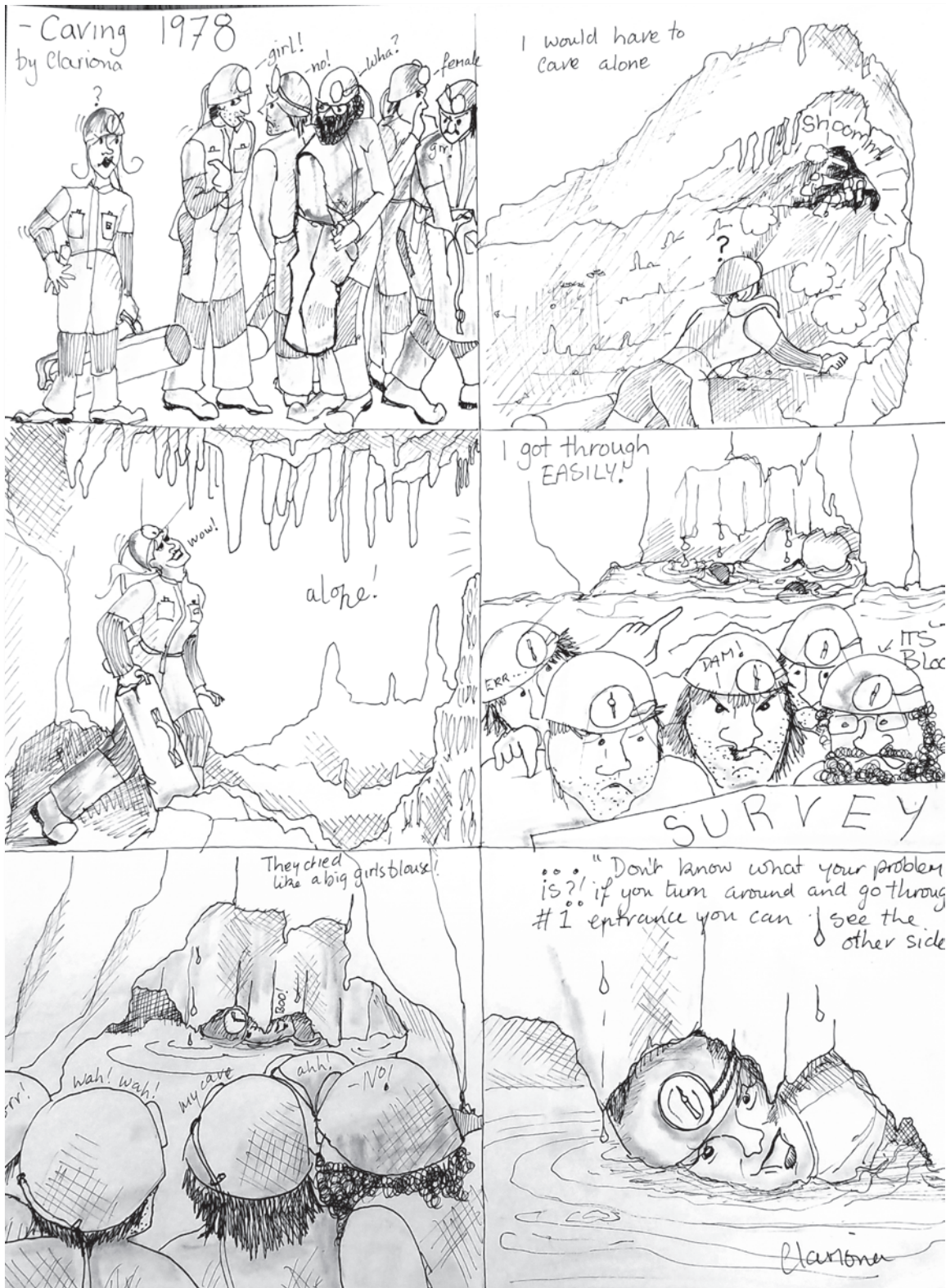
I was saddened by the sudden loss of A&L artist Tom Cottrell last year. He was a leader when it came to the Collaborative paintings at the NSS Conventions, encouraging everyone to participate in the creation that would represent the arts section of that year's convention.

He would make origami bats out of \$1 bills at Convention and sell them for \$2. He was famous for creating the ibuprofen bat and corrupting the Fine Arts Salon with his folk art depicting a caver sitting on a toilet as well as other hilarious ideas! I had to create the Craft and Design Salon just so Tom would have a place for his wacky art!

Tom made me laugh and was such a lovely human being to be around. He loved the Speleoart Classes and made it to every one. Last year's OTR would be his last Speleoart class.

I'll miss you so very much Tom. Your art will live on as will your Speleoart Workshop you loved so much.





Caving 1978
Clariona
Cartoon



Area 51
Charles Loving
Cartoon



OTR Tees
Emily Davis
Quilt

