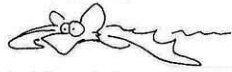




SUBTERRANEO



**NÚMERO UNO
MARZO, 1988**

**NUMBER ONE
MARCH, 1988**

CONTENIDO – CONTENTS

- 3. Introducción al Espeleoclub Zotz, Guadalajara, Jalisco, México y su boletín bilingüe, Subterráneo.** Introduction to Espeleoclub Zotz, Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico and its bilingual bulletin, Subterráneo. Speleology and cave exploration in Western Mexico. La Espeleología y exploración de cuevas en el Occidente de México: Jalisco, Nayarit, Colima y Michoacán.
- 4. Cueva de la Olla y Cueva del Diablo por Jesús Moreno.** Cerca de Casimiro Castillo y La Concha, con Jesús Moreno, Larry Monroe e Ignacio Icaza: petroglifos, formaciones, murciélagos. Petroglyphs, cave formations, bats.
- 6. Trapped in La Venta Cave (later Qanat de La Venta) by John Pint.** La Venta del Astillero, Jalisco. John Pint, Ray Hardcastle, Cynthia Vann, snake. Culebra.
- 8. Atrapados en la Cueva de la Venta, resumen del artículo anterior.** The Caves of Tonaya by Larry Monroe. Ignacio (Nacho) Icaza, Jesús Moreno, José Jaime (Mano) Ibarra: bats. Murciélagos.
- 10. En Busca de las Misteriosas Piedras de La Concha por Ignacio Icaza Campo.** Cueva de la Olla y Cueva del Diablo: cerro de mármol, murciélagos, guano. Hills of marble, bats.
- 13. The First Zotz Christmas Campout. Hot springs and Bat Caves at Las Cuevas, Nayarit.** Ray Hardcastle, Cindy Vann. Cave dig, “raining trees” cabra tree, bats. “Other Entrance” Cave. Verde Valle, Nayarit. La Cueva de la Otra Entrada.
- 15. Mapa/map: La Cueva de la Otra Entrada, “Other Entrance” Cave.**
- 16. Treasure Hunters’ Hole.** La Cueva de los Buscadores de Tesoros. Raining Tree, bats. Mapa/map. Hunt for town and cave of Toxin. La Taza resurgence.
- 16. Toxin Escapes Again by John J. Pint.** Jesús Moreno. San Pedro Toxin. La Taza Resurgence.
- 19. Otras Cuevas Exploradas por Zotz.** Other Caves Explored by Zotz. La Caverna de la Taberna, Jalisco, Nayarit. La Cueva de los Chocolateitos, Tequila, Jalisco. La Cueva de los Perros Muertos, El Arenal, Jalisco. La Cueva de los Chorros, Los Chorros de Tala, Jalisco. La Cueva Hedionda y la Cueva de la Goña, El Grullo, Jalisco. La Cueva de la Venta, Las Cuevas de la Gotera y el Resumidero, La Venta del Astillero, Jalisco.



This PDF ©2016 by John Pint. Espeleoclub Zotz, later known as Grupo Espeleológico Zotz, was started by John and Susy Pint in 1985 in Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico. Publication of the Club's bulletin, Subterráneo, began in March, 1988. Zotz has located, explored, mapped and photographed caves in Jalisco, Colima, Nayarit and Michoacán. PDFs of Subterráneo were published on the Internet in 2016 by John Pint, email: ranchopint@hotmail.com.

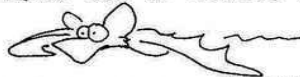
Este PDF©2016 por John Pint. Espeleoclub Zotz es conocido también como Grupo Espeleológico Zotz y fue fundado por John y Susy Pint en 1985. Zotz ha encontrado, explorado, topografiado y fotografiado cuevas en Jalisco, Colima, Nayarit y Michoacán. Los PDF de Subterráneo fueron publicados en el Internet en 2016 por John Pint, correo: ranchopint@hotmail.com.



SUBTERRANEO

NÚMERO UNO
MARZO, 1988

ESPELEOCLUB ZOTZ, Apdo 103 CP 45010, Cd Granja, Jal., México



SUBTERRANEO es un boletín del EspeleoClub ZOTZ* de Guadalajara, Jalisco, que se dedica al descubrimiento, exploración y estudio de cuevas, especialmente en el occidente de la República Mexicana. SUBTERRANEO tiene artículos en español e inglés y se publicará tres veces al año. Suscripción (de enero a diciembre): 10,000 pesos anuales (10 dólares EEUU en el extranjero) que beneficiará el Fondo para Equipo. Tenemos interés en recibir como intercambio otras publicaciones.

SUBTERRANEO is the newsletter of EspeleoClub ZOTZ*, based in Guadalajara, Jalisco and dedicated to the discovery, exploration and study of caves, especially those in western Mexico. SUBTERRANEO, with articles and résumés in both Spanish and English, will be published three times a year. Subscription: 10,000 pesos per calendar year in Mexico, 10 US dollars elsewhere. Profits, if any, will go to our very needy Equipment Fund. Proposals for exchanges with other publications are welcome.

-> * ZOTZ = murciélago (bat) en maya (in Mayan) <-

CUEVA DE LA OLLA Y

CUEVA DEL DIABLO

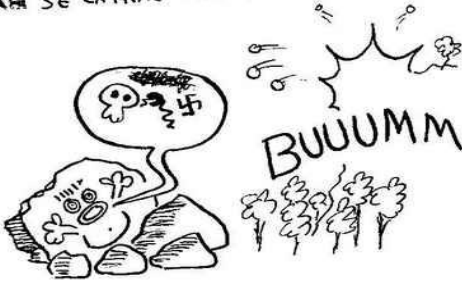
Guión y Monos:
Jesús MORENO.

ESTA BÚSQUEDA DE CAVERNAS
NOS LLEVÓ HACIA CASIMIRO CASTILLO, JAL.
DONDE SUPUESTAMENTE HABÍA UNA
CUEVA "SIN FIN". LA CUEVA DEL DIABLO.

¡PERO CLARO! CALCULAMOS MAL LA HORA
DE LLEGADA Y YA ESTABAMOS EN EL
PUEBLO A LAS 4:AM.



EN EL EXTREMO DE UNO DE LOS MAS
GRANDES EXISTEN PETROCITOS, TODO UN
CANTELADO LLENO DE ELLOS, DESGRACIADAMENTE
LA GRAN PARTE HA SIDO DESTRUIDO, YA QUE DE
AHÍ SE EXTRAE MÁRMOL.



(4)
EN ESTA OCASIÓN
PARTICIPAMOS TRES
MIEMBROS DE ZOTZ.
LARRY MONROE
IGNACIO ICAZA
JESÚS MORENO

LARRY Y YO PARTIMOS
DURANTE LA NOCHE,
PARA LLEGAR AL
AMANECER, Y REUNIR-
NOS CON NACHO, QUE
HABÍA SALIDO UN
DÍA ANTES.

AL AMANECER NOS
ENCONTRAMOS CON NACHO,
Y DESPUÉS DE MUCHO
PREGUNTAR, ENCONTRAMOS
QUIEN NOS GUIARA A LA
FAMOSA CUEVA.



HACIA EL SUR DE C. CASTILLO, POR LA CARRETERA QUE VA
HACIA BARRA DE NAVIDAD, LLEGA UNO AL CRUCERO HACIA
LA CONCHA Y POCOS METROS DESPUÉS EXISTE UNA DESVIACION
HACIA LA DERECHA QUE SE DIRIGE HACIA UNOS PEQUEÑOS
CERROS.

DESPUÉS DE MUCHO BUSCAR
POR FIN NUESTRO GUÍA ENCONTRÓ
UNA CUEVA.



BUSCANDO, BUSCANDO, ENCONTRAMOS OTRA CUEVA, Y DENTRO DE LA CUEVA....



AL IR SALIENDO DE LA CUEVA ENCONTRAMOS OTRO PASAJE, PERO YA NADIE QUIERO REVISARLO, YA TODOS QUERÍAN IRSE. SOBRE TODO NUESTRO GUÍA, PUES CUANDO LO ENCONTRAMOS ÍBA A CASA DE SU SUEGRA ELEGANTEMENTE VESTIDO, Y ASÍ SE METIÓ A LA CUEVA, SEGURO QUE A SU REGRESO LE PEGÓ SU VIEJA, O SU SUEGRA, O LAS DOS.



(5)



ESO ERA LO QUE NUESTRO GUÍA CREÍA, PUES LA GENTE PIENSA QUE TODA CUEVA TIENE SU TESORO.

PERO NO HABÍA NADA



LA OLLA NO TENÍA FONDO Y LO QUE HABÍA EN ELLA SE HABÍA IDO POR UN PEQUEÑÍSIMO TÚNEL. ¡NI MODO!

EN ESTA OCASIÓN NO HUBO NECESIDAD DE LEVANTAR CAMPAMENTO, PUES UNO DE NUESTROS ACOMPAÑANTES AMABLEMENTE NOS INVITÓ A DORMIR EN SU CASA.

¡ANDENDE! TOMENSE OTRAS APENAS SON LAS 2 DE LA MAÑANA

¿CUAL DORMIR? ¡HIC!



AL DÍA SIGUIENTE DECIDIMOS SEGUIR EXPLORANDO AQUELLOS CERROS, PUES NO HABÍAMOS ENCONTRADO TODAVÍA LA CUEVA GRANDE.

Y ASÍ PREGUNTANDO PREGUNTANDO, ENCONTRAMOS A UNAS PERSONAS MUY AMABLES QUE NOS LLEVARON HASTA LA ENTRADA.

ESTA ES UNA CUEVA MUY AMPLIA, CON UNA SALA DE UNOS 30 A 35 MTS. DE ALTO Y MUCHAS FORMACIONES



SALIENDO DE AHÍ, FUIMOS A OTRAS CUEVAS, DESGRACIADAMENTE UNA ERA SOLO UN HUECO Y LA OTRA ESTABA INUNDADA. LO INTERESANTE DE ESTA CUEVA FUE QUE CASI EN LA ENTRADA HABIA UN GRUPO DE MURCIÉLAGOS CON SUS CRIAS, QUE SACO LA CAMARA PARA UNA FOTO DE CONCUR Y... ¡IZAZ! YA SE HABÍA ACABADO EL ROLLO.

FIN

* LA INFORMACIÓN MAS DETALLADA SOBRE ESTE VIAJE SE ENCUENTRA EN OTRO ARTÍCULO DE ESTE MISMO NÚMERO



FOR A WATERED-DOWN SUMMARY OF THIS GRAPHIC TRIP REPORT, SEE BOX ENTITLED "THE PETROGLYPHS AND CAVES OF LA CONCHA" FURTHER INSIDE THIS ISSUE

T R A P P E D I N L A V E N T A C A V E



John J. Pint

Ever since I came to Mexico, people have been telling me about caves in their area. Strange as it may seem, the descriptions are always remarkably similar, although the caves, if we find any at all, may be completely unlike.

"This cave starts at a little hole over there by a Guamúchil tree and goes straight through the whole mountain ... ¡Sí, Señor! It comes right out the other side. But no one has ever gone all the way because as soon as you get 100 meters inside, your light is mysteriously blown out, even if it's a flashlight! That's what has stopped us from reaching the treasure ... and then there are the snakes ... no, you'd better not go in that hole!"

The snakes. Everyone supposes that caves are crawling with them, so I always make it a point to tell people that I've seen just about the same number of snakes underground as treasure chests. But a few days ago something happened that has made me change my tune...

Into the 75-Hole Cave

On January 4, 1988, Cynthia Vann, Ray Hardcastle and I made an unsuccessful attempt to locate the unfindable cave atop Tequila Volcano, fabled to contain phosphorescent formations. On our way back home, I stopped to show them La Cueva de La Venta, hoping Ray might shed light on how this cave acquired its 75 neatly spaced entrances. After exploring the lower section of the cave, we used a webbing handline as an aid in climbing down the dirt slope leading into the longer part. As we had originally set out on a cave hunt, we had only one proper (6 volt) flashlight among us, plus Ray's feeble throwaway, which was emitting a hazy brown glow. "No problem," I exclaimed confidently as we made our way down the dusty dirtpile, "there's plenty of light in this section from all those holes in the ceiling."

The four-meter wide fissure we were in quickly narrowed to a maximum of 1.5 meters at shoulder level and a mere 30 cm on the floor. Right at a spot where there was no shaft of light coming from a ceiling hole, Ray, who was bringing up the rear, suddenly began yelling bloody murder at the top of his voice.

HOLY SH__! JESUS! OH MY GOD! were shouted with such a tone of genuine panic that Cindy and I literally leapt into the air and jumped forward while Ray jumped back.

Up until this moment, we had assumed there were only three of us in that cave, but, from a point halfway between us, we could hear inhuman noises that made our hair stand on end. "John, shine the flashlight over there, down on the ground!" And we had our first look at the creature with which Ray had been doing a tango in the dark.

It

There in that narrow slot, the bright beam of my light revealed the coils of a two-meter long snake, type unknown. It was obviously

enraged, crazily striking left and right and putting on a terrifying show. As Ray so aptly expressed it, "That sucker was hissin' an' spittin' an' jumpin' all at the same time." And with good reason. Apparently I had woken it up, Cindy had stepped right on it and Ray was left to make the apologies.

Our Backs to the Wall

How do you get past an incensed serpent in a narrow crack? Even when we moved further away, we could see it lunging at every shadow. It had a good 75 cm reach and there was no way we were going to slip by it in that narrow fissure. The possibilities of chimneying up and over it were not too bright, and a little experimenting showed us that one of the side walls was extremely slippery.

Cindy and I pondered our situation while stretched across the crack at a spot farther away and too high for the snake to reach. Meanwhile, Ray left the cave to hunt up a long stick. One thought kept coming back into our conversation: what if all three of us had got trapped on this side?

The Dilemma

Ray returned with a long pole and we discussed escape plans. Should he prod and push the critter further into the cave, beyond the high spot where we were now perched? Or should he try to hold its head down while we made a flying leap over it? Both solutions might result in the snake taking off after Ray.

Unfortunately, we didn't have a copy of the Guinness Book of Records to find out what this reptile's top speed was, so we decided on option two, which might result in demobilizing the beast for a few moments. Cautiously Ray reached out with the pole ... "Keep the light on it, John! Keep the light on it! ... Ah! Got him!"

Wild thrashing of rippling coils. Hoping Ray had the right end pinned down, Cindy scrambled over, feet on one wall, hands on the other. "EEEEK! I'm slipping!" Ah, what a scene for an Indiana Jones movie! But she didn't slip, and I took a flying leap, which result in my going right over Ray's head. Of course, as I flew over him, there was no more light on the snake. "Run for it, Ray!" I shouted and believe me we didn't tiptoe out. Never have I seen anyone get up the steep dirt hill entrance faster than the three of us.



Afterthought: How to Spot Cave Snakes

On our way home we acknowledged that our little problem might not have developed had we not broken one of the cardinal rules of

caving: each caver must carry three sources of light. One person trying to light the way for three reduced our chances of spotting danger to almost zero. In addition, we might have realized that a cave with 74 holes in the ceiling is 74 times more likely to contain extraneous objects than a single-entrance cave. Breathing frequent sighs of relief, we celebrated the "rescue" with frosty bottles of Carta Blanca. After all, now that we've found our first snake-in-a-cave, we do expect to run into our first treasure chest.

Resumen del artículo anterior:

ATRAPADOS EN LA CUEVA DE LA VENTA



UN MIEMBRO DE ZOTZ SIRVIO DE GUIA A DOS ESPELEOLOGOS NORTEAMERICANOS A LA CUEVA DE LA VENTA QUE SE ENCUENTRA MUY CERCA DE GUADALAJARA. DEBIDO A QUE ESTA CUEVA SE CONSIDERA COMO "MUY FACIL" Y SIN DIFICULTAD TECNICA, ENTRARON SIN HACER CASO DE UN PRINCIPIO BASICO DE LA ESPELEOLOGIA: QUE CADA PERSONA DEBE LLEVAR COMO MINIMO TRES FUENTES DE LUZ. ELLOS LLEVABAN DOS LAMPARAS PARA LOS TRES.

ALGO MUY PECULIAR DE ESTA CUEVA ES QUE TIENE UN GRAN NUMERO DE AGUJEROS EN EL TECHO, POR LOS QUE PUEDEN CAER, GRAN CANTIDAD DE OBJETOS.

DEBIDO A LA FALTA DE LUZ, NO VIERON QUE POR UNO DE ESTOS AGUJEROS HABIA CAIDO UNA SERPIENTE (DOS METROS DE LARGO).

LOS DOS PRIMEROS PASARON SOBRE ELLA PISANDOLA. EL TERCERO YA NO PUDO PASAR PUES LA SERPIENTE COMENZO A ATACAR. NO HABIA FORMA DE PASAR ASI QUE ESAS DOS PERSONAS QUEDARON ATRAPADAS EN LA CUEVA. DESPUES DE MULTIPLES MANIOBRAS LOGRARON SALIR. AFORTUNADAMENTE LA SERPIENTE NO ERA VENENOSA, Y NO PASO DEL SUSTO.



THE CAVES OF TONAYA

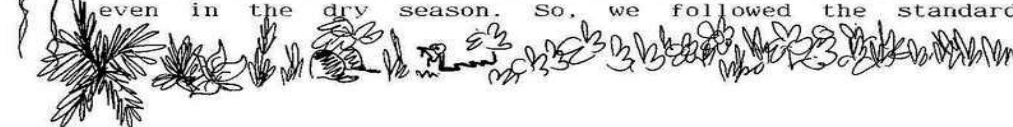
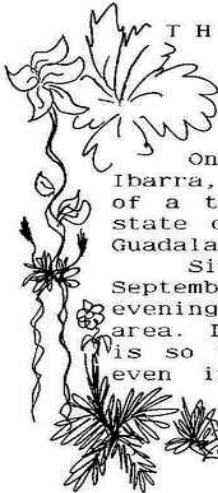


Larry Monroe

11 A

On August 14, 1987, Jesús Moreno, José Jaime (Mano) Ibarra, Ignacio (Nacho) Icaza and I were on the first day of a two-day trip near the small town of Tonaya, in the state of Jalisco. Tonaya is about a four-hour drive from Guadalajara, the state capital, where we all live.

Since it was during the rainy season (May to September), in which it rains almost every afternoon or evening, the vegetation was as lush as it can get in this area. In this part of Mexico (west-central) the underbrush is so thick that it is sometimes difficult to find caves even in the dry season. So, we followed the standard



procedure: we asked a knowledgeable-looking local for the location of a cave we had heard about.

A Plunge into the Depths

After a short, vigorous climb through clinging vines out of a Tarzan movie, and after stumping around looking for the entrance for twenty minutes, our informant discovered where it was hidden.

Ever eager, Nacho plunged into the black space, probing the depths of the cave. All of us had standard caving gear: three light sources (headlamp on helmet, battery-powered flashlight and spare light source), hardhats for our heads (so we wouldn't bump them on rocks or formations) and old clothes we didn't mind getting filthy.

Dreaded Vampires?

Entering a cave that is unknown to you, you hope you are about to discover a big one. This was no exception. Ignacio, Mano, Jesús and I went into all the different passages. Before we were a few feet into the cave, bats started to whiz by us. We didn't know what kind they were, but the passages were narrow and they came close enough for us to sometimes feel their wings.

Since we were all experienced caving veterans (— This is just 2½ months after the founding of the club! — Ed.) we knew that even if they were the dreaded vampire bats, they wouldn't harm us. We were glad we brought our face masks, though, because without them it would have been difficult to breathe, due to all the bat guano (feces) in there. Plus, we didn't want to catch histoplasmosis, a disease of the lungs.

We only found two passages, though. One of them ended about 15 meters (50 feet) from the beginning, and the other petered out about 24 m. (80 feet) from where we started. This was not to be a big cave.

That afternoon, it rained cats and dogs, but we had brought a tarp for just that purpose and we cooked our supper in a very dry place on the hillside.

Resumen del artículo anterior:

LAS CUEVAS DE TONAYA

EN AGOSTO DE 1987, CUATRO MIEMBROS DE ZOTZ VIAJARON RUMBO A TONAYA, JALISCO, CON EL OBJETO DE EXPLORAR UNA IMPORTANTE ZONA DE ROCA CALIZA EN LA SIERRA DE TAPALPA. A MENOS DE UN KILOMETRO DE TONAYA SE LOCALIZO LA ENTRADA DE UNA CUEVA QUE, A DECIR DE LA GENTE, "CRUZA TODO EL CERRO." ESTA RESULTO, SIN EMBARGO, SER MUY PEQUEÑA PERO CON MUCHOS MURCIELAGOS. AL DIA SIGUIENTE LA EXPLORACION SE LLEVO A CABO A PARTIR DE COATLANCILLO. ERA NECESARIO SUBIR HASTA EL LUGAR MAS ALTO DE ESA PARTE DE LA SIERRA LO CUAL SOLO SE PUDO REALIZAR HASTA EL SEGUNDO INTENTO. AUNQUE NO SE LOCALIZO NINGUNA CUEVA POR FALTA DE TIEMPO Y A QUE EN ESTA REGION LA VEGETACION ES MUY DENSA. EN UN FUTURO PROXIMO SE INTENTARA UN VIAJE MAS LARGO PARA EXPLORAR COMPLETAMENTE ESTA ZONA QUE PROMETE MUCHO.

EN BUSCA DE LAS MISTERIOSAS PIEDRAS DE "LA CONCHA"



por Ignacio Icaza Campo

Con el amanecer aún en penumbra y las lámparas que iluminaban el parque del poblado cañero de Casimiro Castillo, Jalisco, del día 15 de agosto de 1987, se encontraban entre las bancas los espeleólogos Larry y Jesús, ya que días antes habían decidido ir a explorar unas cuevas de esos rumbos. La hora de la reunión era a las 8:00 A.M. y Larry y Jesús llegaron a Casimiro Castillo a las 4:00 A.M. por lo que tuvieron que pernoctar en el parque hasta la llegada de Ignacio. Después de la larga espera, aún adormilados y con el fresco de la mañana, Ignacio los despertó anunciándoles su llegada.

Posteriormente partieron a encontrar esos mundos extraños de sueños entrelazados por venas vivientes y que sin ser tocados por la brisa del exterior nos condujeran al misterioso y mágico mundo de cuevas y figuras petrograbadas por antiguas manos que nos dejaron su mensaje en esas formas, como sombras sobre el silencioso mármol. Una vez reunidos los tres espeleólogos se dirigieron en busca de una persona que les sirviera de guía para llegar al lugar que la gente conoce como las piedras labradas de La Concha que pertenece al municipio de La Huerta, Jalisco.

El Espectáculo de las Piedras Grabadas

Muy entusiasta, el guía se prestó para llevarnos a La Concha y nos proporcionó una ayuda increíble, ya que se nos llevó en su camioneta. Poco después de las 10:00 el calor empezó a sentirse sofocante, pero no tuvimos que caminar mucho, ya que la camioneta nos dejó frente al cerro del mármol, donde con asombro y tristeza vimos como lo destruían a fin de arrancarle el mármol, pero también arrancarle esos vestigios de nuestros antepasados al destruir con los explosivos su propio pasado misterioso. Esa gente sin escrúpulos causa graves problemas ecológicos.

Después de 15 minutos de ascenso vimos el maravilloso espectáculo de las piedras grabadas. Pasamos largos minutos en su contemplación. Había una figura de un hombrecillo con "casco" como de un motociclista, flores, círculos y signos que despedían líneas y sombras mágicas llenas de un misterioso pasado que ahora casi en forma moribunda gritaban que no se les extinguiera, que no se les agrietara que no se les hiciera daño. Quizá ahora en este momento ya formen parte de alguna "bonita construcción."



Hacia La Cascada de Mármol

Después de esto, le dimos la vuelta al cerro comenzando a buscar la cueva que nos había dicho el guía que ahí estaba. Al fin ¡eureka!

apareció una grieta y una abertura la cual decidimos explorar con suma precaución ya que la entrada estaba un poco inaccesible y una gran piedra bloqueaba el paso por lo que tuvimos la necesidad de moverla para poder penetrar en el interior de la gruta que despedía sombras mágicas sobre el silencioso y sofocante lugar. Algo nos hizo detenernos y observar con mas detenimiento la entrada ya que parecía haber sido hecha por la mano del hombre al haber una forma casi octagonal y piedras acomodadas o labrado el lugar de la entrada y con mucho cuidado y puesto que desconocíamos si era un tiro vertical, no nos arriesgamos y sujetamos una cuerda para poder bajar con mucha seguridad en ese lugar.

La entrada era corta con un pequeño tiro de tres metros para después abrirse un poco en una gruta silenciosa. De repente nos salieron al paso murciélagos (quizá vampiros) de la cueva. Había mucha humedad y lodo pastoso y así se empezaron a caminar y a trepar 15 metros hasta subir por un costado en forma de cascada de mármol de tres metros de alta y orillas de pared del lado contrario.

Una Olla Semienterrada

De repente se oyó un grito de Jesús "¡Hey, Nacho, Larry! Aquí hay una olla de barro muy grande." Y ante el asombro y la incredulidad, avanzamos más rápidamente casi atropellándonos por la emoción de ese descubrimiento y llegamos hasta donde Jesús estaba y nos señaló con su lámpara y efectivamente ahí inerte y quizá con siglos de antigüedad y semienterrada, encontraba la olla que discernimos que quizá era una tumba, el lugar natural que utilizaron nuestros antiguos para enterrar "a alguien" y tratamos de mover la olla sin ningún resultado.

Así fue como terminó la aventura. Llenos de lodo y empapados de sudor y después ya afuera, estuvimos todos de acuerdo en nombrarla como la Cueva de la Olla, que aún encierra su misterio si es que no han destruido todo el cerro.

La Cueva del Diablo



Al amanecer del día 16 de agosto de 1987 con la misma emoción que el día anterior y con el deseo de encontrar nuevas y misteriosas cuevas, el guía nos llevó a la Cueva del Diablo, no muy lejos. Es un cerro de mármol y enfrente un pequeño valle en donde se cultiva caña de azúcar. El guía nos dejó enfrente del cerro con todo el equipo y comenzamos el ascenso de 30 metros de largo. Llegamos a la entrada y nos encontramos con dos lugareños, padre y hijo que estaban dedicados a extraer el guano de murciélago para fertilizar sus cultivos de caña. Nos saludaron amablemente y nos dijeron que la cueva no era muy profunda por lo que aún así aseguramos una pequeña cuerda para bajar y poder subir con mayor comodidad.

Fué de hacerse notar el guardián de fulgurante mirada y con aire formal al dominar con grandes ojos a los intrusos dándole a ese momento un toque de advertencia de no invadir su territorio de gran buho.

Una Maravilla Natural

Pues bien bajamos 15 metros y se abría la gruta hacia el techo teniendo unos 35 a 40 mts. de alto y de ancho 15 mts. Ese lugar se

distingue porque tiene algunas formaciones de estalactitas en formas como de cascada y aguas malas parecen salidas de un cuento de hadas con sus refulgentes rayos brillantes al contacto con la luz de nuestras linternas con un aroma el interior de la cueva no muy agradable al olfato humano, notamos con gran tristeza que los lugareños también la han dañado al extraer el guano de murciélagos que aunque les hace falta el fertilizante también dañan las formaciones de esas cuevas que durante cientos y miles de años tuvieron que pasar para formarse en su base del techo y del piso mismo, se hace notar que es una de las pocas cuevas que se conocen en el estado que tiene formaciones de estalactitas y que debe de cuidarse esa maravilla natural.

Cuevas Inundadas

Ese mismo día nos trasladamos alrededor del cerro como a 500 mts. del lugar para ver otras dos cuevas que nos mencionaron había en ese lugar. En la entrada de la primera, notamos unos murciélagos cafés y un murciélago hembra que sostenía a su crío sobre su espalda. Era un crío de piel desnuda. Al igual que otros que había en el lugar, se mantenía un charco de agua caliente que tal vez proporcionaba ese calor necesario que necesitan esos animales mamíferos.

Se cerraba la cueva a dos mts. Después, a continuación, a cinco mts de la cueva encontramos otra que estaba llena de agua sulfurosa con olores fétidos y en la cual no pudimos entrar ya que no llevabamos el equipo apropiado y le pusimos el nombre de la Cueva Inundada. Después bajamos a un estanque de aguas sulfurosas a observarlo ya que estaba sucio y no se podía meter uno a nadar y después al regreso, estábamos ya todos fatigados de tanto calor y falta de aire en esas cuevas, pero lo mas duro fue la caminata al regreso ya que el guía no regresó con la camioneta y tuvimos que caminar hasta la carretera del cruce a La Concha y de ahí tomar el autobús de regreso a Guadalajara.



Summary of the previous article:

THE PETROGLYPHS AND CAVES OF LA CONCHA

THREE MEMBERS OF ZOTZ SPENT A WEEKEND IN AUGUST, 1987, EXPLORING SOME PROMISING HILLS NEAR LA HUERTA, JALISCO, AN AREA RICH IN MARBLE. THEY FOUND IMPRESSIVE PETROGLYPHS CARVED ON A CLIFFSIDE AND IN GREAT DANGER OF BEING DESTROYED BY QUARRIERS. NEXT, THEY ENTERED A NEARBY BOULDER AND SOLUTION CAVE WITH SOME FORMATIONS. HERE THEY CAME UPON A CLAY POT CEMENTED TO THE FLOOR OF A SMALL, EASY-TO-MISS PASSAGE. UNFORTUNATELY, THE BOTTOM HAD BROKEN AND THE CONTENTS HAD LONG AGO FALLEN INTO CREVASSES BELOW. THE NEXT DAY THEY EXPLORED LA CUEVA DEL DIABLO, WHICH CONTAINS A HUGE, BEAUTIFUL FLOWSTONE FORMATION, OWL'S NESTS, GUANO THAT IS BEING MINED, AND A FEW TEMPTING PASSAGES STILL WAITING TO BE EXPLORED.

THE FIRST ZOTZ
CHRISTMAS CAMPOUT



Hot Springs and Bat Caves at Las Cuevas, Nayarit

The first annual Zotz Christmas caving trip began December 30, 1987, with a two and a half hour drive to the tiny town of Valle Verde in the neighboring state of Nayarit. ZOTZ was represented by Jesús Moreno and John and Susy Pint. Our guests were Ray Hardcastle and Cindy Vann, now residing near Washington D.C., but curiously speaking Spanish with a German accent.

We left our Bug with Mario the Beekeeper, threw all the gear in the Jeep, and headed for the awful road that leads to a virtual hidden paradise. Ray, Cindy and Jesús hoofed it all the way and found cold chicken and a hot pool waiting for them.

On the topo map, this place is called Las Cuevas, The Caves. On an earlier visit we discovered that this name refers to three shelter caves, one of which is very large and "furnished" to accomodate temporary workers who live in it during the corn planting season. We understood that the floor of this shelter had been filled in to plug the entrance to a bat cave that "goes all the way through this mountain." A local farmer had given us permission to dig up the floor and reopen the cave entrance.

Sausage Soup and Exploding Worms

On Wednesday afternoon, however, the bathtub-hot water bubbling in the pool near our tents lulled us into such a lazy stupor that no one felt like starting the dig. Besides, dark clouds had gathered overhead in pernicious defiance of John and Susy's guarantees of fabulous weather during the "dry" season. Aside from the making of our standard Sopa de Chorizo (sausage soup), the only event of the day worth recording is Jesús's exploding firewood trick, in which one chop of a machete produced the loud report of a bullet. After a futile attempt to demonstrate that this effect was caused by an "exploding worm," Jesús practically admitted he had used plain old magic. What else would one expect in a place famous for its "raining trees?"



Down into the Garbage

Next morning, the men tried to convince the women that the rules of Feminism suggested their full participation in digging out the cave. They, however, suddenly reverted to the ancient rôle of housekeepers or, in this case, hot spring keepers, and the three

men ended up with the privilege of digging down into the garbage and trash that had accumulated on the cave floor over who-knows-how-many decades.

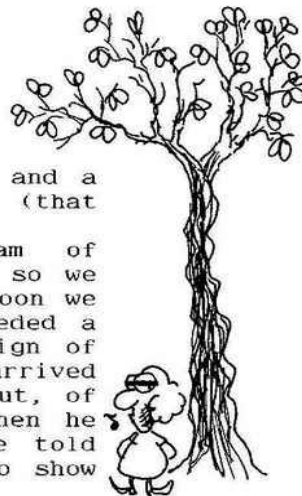
We started digging next to a wooden cross marking the spot where Feliz Perez died in 1939, but passing farmers told us we'd find a "long, long" tunnel under the western wall of the cave. At least half a dozen men told us this, but when we asked if they had actually seen that tunnel, they all said it had been filled in before their time. "Still, that's where it is, amigos, for sure!"

The Hog's Ball Tree

Our long channel soon turned into a tunnel, with no breakthrough in sight. Meanwhile, our visitors spoke of the other end of the cave we were searching for. It was supposed to be round the other side of the hill, "not far away," so we packed up and started hiking. "Look for a clearing," we had been told, "with a lone Cabra Tree in the middle of it." We'd never heard of a Cabra Tree, but since its fruit comes in pairs "like large hog's balls," we figured we couldn't miss it.

Several hours later we had circled the entire mountain, after unsuccessfully examining all clearings and trees, and found ourselves back at our campsite. Beer, burgers and another hot bath put all of us to sleep long before midnight. 1988 arrived to the soft drizzle of rain, the quiet plop of falling Strangler figs and a contented buzz emanating from the Hardcastle tent (that couldn't be Cindy, could it?).

New Year's Day brought a constant stream of bather-picnickers to our little piece of paradise, so we packed up early and headed back to our cave dig. Soon we had extended our tunnel to the point where we needed a flashlight to see what we were doing. Still no sign of a breakthrough. Then an old timer on horseback arrived and told us we were digging in the right spot — but, of course, it had been filled in before his time. When he brought up the subject of the "other entrance" we told him of yesterday's futile search. "I'll be happy to show you where it is," he said.



"Other Entrance" Cave

The old man, still on horseback, led us through cornfields into a thicket of weeds higher than our heads. It wasn't exactly our definition of a "clearing," and none of the small trees there sported hog's balls, but that's where the cave entrance was, a little hole only fifty cm (20 inches) high and less than a meter wide.

The first few meters are a belly crawl, after which one can stand. The number of bats inside is truly impressive. They are tiny things only five cms (2½ inches) long, with red bodies and white heads — possibly Mexican freetails, says Ray. They fluttered everywhere around us, and when we looked up, we discovered plenty more hanging from the ceiling only inches above our heads. The floor of the cave is covered with a deep, spongy

layer of guano inhabited by black beetles, several of which have now joined Jesús's bug collection. We moved forward slowly, giving the bats plenty of time to follow our progress through the cave.

After twenty meters, the passage turns right and then left. There were so many bats in the air now, that it was like walking in a snowstorm. After a mere nine meters more, the cave ends. The "hundreds" of meters of tunnels leading to "the other entrance" exist, sad to say, only in legend, probably created when some early explorer's candle blew out halfway into the cave. There is now a register at the far end, and we hope it will someday list the names of visitors from Bat Conservation International, who have asked Espeleo-Club ZOTZ to inform them of large concentrations of bats in our area.

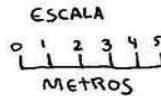
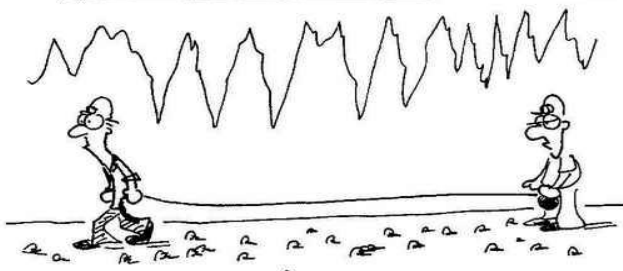
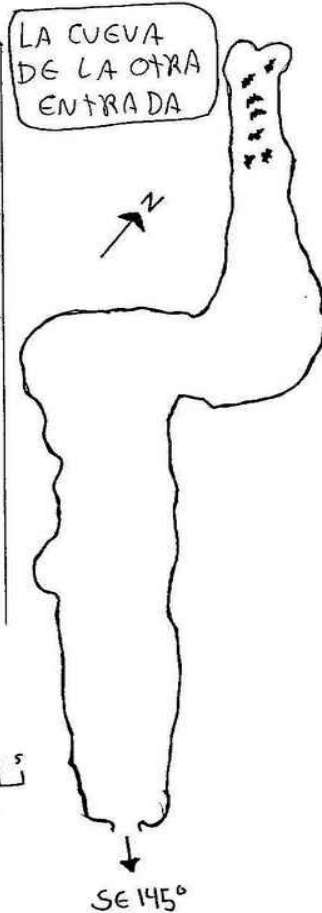
With Jesús and Ray clinging to the sides of the undulating Jeep, we made our way back to Valle Verde. We may never continue our dig, but we'll surely be back to visit the hot pool and "Other Entrance" bat cave.

Resumen del artículo anterior:

PRIMER CAMPAMENTO NAVIDEÑO DE ZOTZ

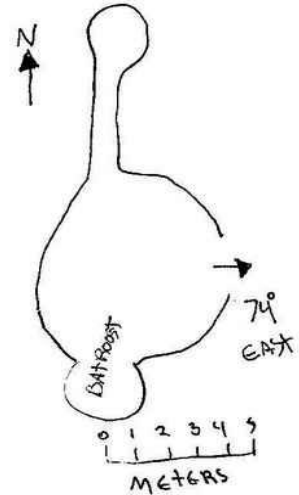
TRES MIEMBROS DE ZOTZ Y DOS ESPELEOLOGOS NORTEAMERICANOS EXPLORARON UNA PEQUEÑA ZONA DEL ESTADO DE NAYARIT EN DONDE SE SUPONIA QUE PODRIA HABER ALGUNA CUEVA. AUNQUE ESTE LUGAR ES DE ORIGEN VOLCANICO, EXISTEN ZONAS DE BRECHA QUE PUEDEN OCASIONAR LA FORMACION DE CUEVAS DE INTERES.

SE LOCALIZO LO QUE PARECIA SER LA ENTRADA DE UNA CUEVA QUE DESGRACIADAMENTE LA GENTE DEL LUGAR HABIA TAPADO. DURANTE UN DIA ENTERO SE INTENTO ABRIR LA ENTRADA SIN CONSEGUIRLO. SEGUN INFORMES, EXISTIA OTRA ENTRADA POR OTRO LADO LA CUAL SE ENCONTRO GRACIAS A LA AYUDA DE UN LUGAREÑO. ESTA, SIN EMBARGO, NO TENIA CONEXION CON LA OTRA ENTRADA, ADEMAS DE QUE LA CUEVA ERA PEQUEÑA. DENTRO DE ELLA SE ENCONTRO UNA COLONIA GRANDE DE UNA ESPECIE DE MURCIELAGO, NUEVA PARA NOSOTROS, DEBIDO A SU COLOR Y PEQUENISIMO TAMAÑO (CUERPO ROJIZO, CABEZA Y ALAS CAFE CLARO).



T R E A S U R E H U N T E R S ' H O L E

On November 21, 1987, Jesús Moreno, John Pint and Bob Nelson spent a few days fishing (trying, anyhow) in the small lake at Las Cuevas, Nayarit. We located a second hot spring, this one very small and extremely hot, discovered that the "raining-tree" phenomenon is caused by insects, and got an unexpected shower of hot "cajeta" (Jesús's exploding dessert). We were also shown the location of a small cave minutes from our campsite. It is man-made, or rather man speeding up nature, created by treasure-hunters who removed tons of loose dirt from what they (wrongly) assumed was a filled-in cave. Apparently this dig took place only a few years ago. Bats in the area quickly discovered the spot and moved in. The members of this small colony are not the same kind found in nearby Otra Entrada cave. To us, these look a lot like vampires.



Resumen del artículo anterior:

LA CUEVITA
DE LOS BUSCADORES DE TESOROS

EN NOVIEMBRE DE 1987, JESÚS Y JOHN ENCONTRARON UNA PEQUEÑA CUEVA CERCA DEL OJO DE AGUA DE LAS CUEVAS, NAYARIT. CONTIENE UNA COLONIA NO MUY GRANDE DE MURCIELAGOS, POSIBLEMENTE VANPIROS.



T O X I N E S C A P E S A G A I N

John J. Pint

On December 11, Jesús Moreno and I set out to locate El Resumidero de Toxin, Jalisco's longest cave (3005 meters). This scouting trip was supposed to be in preparation for our Zotz Christmas Campout with visiting U.S./ex-German cavers Ray Hardcastle and Cindy Vann.

Toxin is a very elusive town. Last dry season we tried reaching it by driving south from El Grullo, over hot, rocky roads that nearly

finished off our 4WD pickup. But the more we drove, the farther away Toxin seemed to recede.

This time we decided to attack from the south, and with the Jeep that has replaced our pickup. First we headed out of Guadalajara on route 54, a beautiful, divided highway that goes all the way to the coast, via Colima. Once you've left Guadalajara, the road cuts right through the center of an enormous shallow lake teeming with water birds of many kinds. All along this stretch are signs ordering you to slow down to a crawl during sandstorms, phenomena I had been accustomed to in the Saudi deserts, but did not expect to find in a Mexican lake! But wide patches of flat salt beds indicated that dry-season evaporation was already in full swing and would eventually create desert conditions.

The pleasant drive to Sayula was complemented by an almost total lack of traffic on the winding mountain road to Venustiano Carranza. Driving along Mexican cliffhangers, with no competition from diesel-belching trucks, was a whole new experience, and we headed down towards what we thought was Toxin, in high spirits.

Driving the Undrivable Road

Crossing the Armeria river, we entered a small town and immediately looked for a place to buy a cool drink. "Excuse us," we told the shop girl, "but could you please point out the location of Toxin Cave? We understand it's only 500 meters from town."

"Well, I guess it must be near Toxin, then."

"What? This isn't Toxin?"

"Oh no. Toxin is on the other side of that huge mountain over there. This is San Pedro Toxin." She then described the road to Toxin as "undrivable" and suggested we join a group of pilgrims who were walking all the way to Toxin the next day for the Feast of the Virgin of Guadalupe ... and leaving at 3:00 AM!

"These people have never seen a Jeep in action," I thought as we headed up the road to Toxin. Twenty minutes later we were stuck among the boulders in a dry river bed that cuts across the "road." We jacked up the two diagonally located, freely spinning wheels and piled up enough rocks to get out of the stream. Onward we lumbered for another five minutes ... before conceding that Mexicans do not declare a road "undrivable" for frivolous reasons.

Next morning, right on time at three, a crowd of happy pilgrims passed by our campsite, but we were too busy trying not to scratch our no-see-um bites to get up and join them. However, at seven it began to rain (yes, this is the dry season!) and, since we were sleeping under the stars — or rather the clouds — we decided to get up and follow the burro tracks to far-off Toxin.



Somewhere Over the Mountain

The hike took three and a half hours. Along the way we saw two places where water suddenly flows for short stretches. These may be connected to the Toxin system, which, according to Carlos Lascano, feeds La Taza resurgence down in San Pedro.



We passed through fertile cornfields on top of the mountain and soon found ourselves surrounded by a curious mixture of karst and volcanic rock. The place was beautiful, with thick vegetation. As we made our way down, we came upon a large crowd of people dressed in their Sunday best. In front of a small shrine, a group of male dancers kept time to the beat of a drum. One of them wore a hideous mask that surely harks back to ancient times. While the dance was in full swing, two men were busy on the roof of the shrine trying to tie a small plastic Xmas tree to the top part of the cross! In discussing what we had witnessed, we concluded that these people had decided to make peace with all the gods that had come their way, including that of the most modern religion, Consumerism.

At the Threshold of the Entrance

I hate to admit it, but we never quite made it all the way to Toxin. Once we reached the next valley, some very kind local ranchers pointed us at a low spot near a hillside, claiming that the famous cave entrance was "over there by that tree." This was not too helpful, as the hillside was covered by hundreds of trees. But we had only an hour to spare before heading back up the mountain, so we wasted no time and soon located and checked out two insurgences that we found, one dry and one wet. To our dismay, neither flowed into a cave entrance that a human being could get into. So, with heavy hearts, we started back.

At this point our luck took a turn for the better. We chanced upon our friendly ranchers again, who then pointed out near which tree (one with ash or smoke-colored leaves) the true entrance lay. They then proceeded to describe the SMES and foreign cavers who had been inside, restoring our almost-shattered belief that there is a cave at Toxin. Moreover, we learned that one could get to this hard-to-reach town on "drivable" roads from Colima, via Minatitlán.

Resurgence at La Taza

Having hiked another three and a half hours back over the mountain through the sporadic drizzle, we arrived too tired to brew our traditional "sausage soup," too dead to peek at the armadillo that visited us at night. But the next morning we had recuperated enough energy to get the Jeep back through the river and on to La Taza, where a tremendous volume of cool, clear water surges up into

a small reservoir which Lazcano dived in an unsuccessful attempt to enter this cave from its supposed exit.

The heavy flow of water suggested it may be better to enter Toxin cave very late in the dry season. To our knowledge, it still contains at least two side passages not explored by previous groups.

Resumen del artículo anterior:

OTRA VEZ SE NOS ESCAPA TOXIN

EN DICIEMBRE DE 1987 DOS MIEMBROS DE ZOTZ INICIARON LA BUSQUEDA DE LA CUEVA DE TOXIN, LA MAS GRANDE DE JALISCO HASTA EL MOMENTO (3005 MTS DE LARGO). PERO HUBO UN PROBLEMA. EN LA REGION EXISTEN POR LO MENOS TRES TOXINES, SAN PEDRO TOXIN, EL PUERTO DE TOXIN Y SIMPLEMENTE TOXIN. EL GRUPO LLEGO A SAN PEDRO, DONDE SE LES INFORMO QUE EL TOXIN QUE BUSCABAN ESTABA DEL OTRO LADO DE LA SIERRA, ASI QUE HUBO QUE CAMINAR 3½ HORAS BAJO LA LLUVIA POR UN PASO ENTRE LA SIERRA PARA LLEGAR A TOXIN. DESGRACIADAMENTE NO HUBO TIEMPO DE ENCONTRAR LA ENTRADA DE LA CUEVA, PERO UNA PERSONA MUY AMABLE LES INDICO EL LUGAR EXACTO PARA REGRESAR LA PROXIMA VEZ, LO CUAL TENDRA QUE HACERSE EN PLENA TEMPORADA DE SECAS (ABRIL O MAYO) YA QUE VISITANDO LA RESURGENCIA DE LA CUEVA EN UN LUGAR LLAMADO LA TAZA, SE VIO QUE LA CUEVA AUN TENIA DEMASIADA AGUA.

OTRAS CUEVAS EXPLORADAS POR ZOTZ:

(Other Caves Explored by ZOTZ:)

LA CAVERNA DE LA TABERNA: Jalisco, Nayarit
LA CUEVA DE LOS CHOCOLATITOS: Tequila, Jalisco
LA CUEVA DE LOS PERROS MUERTOS: El Arenal, Jalisco
LA CUEVA DE LOS CHORROS: Los Chorros de Tala, Jalisco
LA CUEVA HEDIONDA y LA CUEVA DE LA GOÑA: El Grullo, Jalisco
LA CUEVA DE LA VENTA, LAS CUEVAS DE LA GOTERA y EL RESUMIDERO:
La Venta del Astillero, Jalisco

SUBTERRANEO

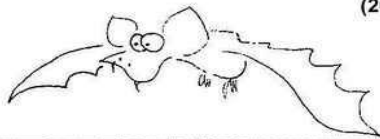
REPRODUCCIONES:
ROSI, S.A.

EDITOR: John J. Pint

ASISTENTE: Susana Ibarra de Pint

ARTE: Jesús Moreno

(20)



CURSO INTRODUCTORIO A LA ESPELEOLOGIA

VIERNES, 25 de Marzo, 6:00 PM:

INTRODUCCION GENERAL A LA EXPLORACION DE CUEVAS
POR MEDIO DE UNA PRESENTACION DE TRANSPARENCIAS:



"LA ESPELEOLOGIA, AVENTURA BAJO TIERRA"

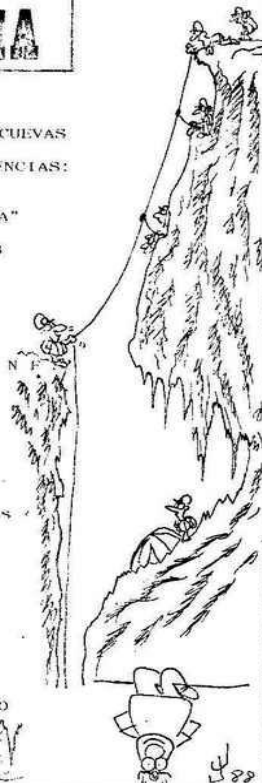
LUGAR: López Cotilla 769, Interior 3
(frente al Parque Revolución)
COOPERACION: \$1000

DOMINGO, 27 de Marzo, 9:30 AM:

TECNICAS Y ORIENTACION

- Bajar en Rappel
- Nudos Básicos
- Subir y Bajar Escalera de Cable
- Demostración de "Prussiking"
- Procedimientos para la Seguridad
- El Equipo Necesario
- La Conservación y Protección de Cuevas

LUGAR: Las Cuevas de La Venta
COOPERACION: \$20,000



Coordinadores:

John J. Pint y Jesús Moreno
ESPELEOCLUB ZOTZ
APDO 103, CP 45010 CD GRANJA, JALISCO

EL CALENDARIO DEL CAVERNÍCOLA

19 - 21 febrero:

la cueva nueva
de La Concha

19 - 21 marzo:

Estudio
de los monolitos
de Las Águilas

25 y 27 marzo:

el segundo
Curso Introductorio
a la Espeleología

1 - 3 abril:

búsqueda de cuevas
en Zenzontla

15 - 17 abril:

El Resumidero
de Toxin

5 - 8 mayo:

el macizo calcáreo
de la costa
de Michoacán

No perder el próximo ----> SUBTERRÁNEO <---- Don't miss the next

¶ MURCIÉLAGOS en Monitos (The Illustrated Bat) por Jesús Moreno

¶ La Cueva Sin Fin de Tala (The Endless Cave of Tala)

¶ Las Amazonas Subterráneas (Underground Amazons) por (by) "R"

¶ Recetas ZOTZ: La "Gin Koya," La Bebida Que Hizo a Jesús Moreno"
(The "Gin Koya," the Drink that made Jesús Famous)

REUNION MENSUAL ZOTZ:
el primer lunes del mes
5:30 PM en Helados Danesa 33, La Minerva

INFORMACION ZOTZ: TEL 13-94-43, Guadalajara; preguntar por (ask for) "Nani"