

*An underground party  
with a difference*

# Raving it up on a railway

By Incant reporter



*Students rave it up at an  
underground party with a  
difference.*





**GO TO THE** Giles Lane car park, wade through a patch of damp grass, climb over a muddy slope, slide down a small hillside, jump over a six-foot ledge—and you have reached the entrance of Rutherford Tunnel.

The tunnel, long since disused, is dank and dirty. You can go inside—but don't raise your voice. The bricks have a nasty habit of dropping on people's heads at the slightest provocation.

Anyone with enough pluck and who doesn't mind the cobwebs, can walk down the tunnel for several hundred yards before it comes to a dead end. At one point it goes directly beneath Rutherford College.

Not the sort of place to have a rave-up party, you might say. But you'd be wrong. Last week the tunnel celebrated its 126th birthday, and what better way of marking this anniversary than by giving the tunnel a birthday party?

And that's just what happened — courtesy of the Rutherford Tunnel Entertainment Committee.

### Earthy success

The Committee, whose members like to remain anonymous, is not sure about the legality of holding parties in a disused railway tunnel which was declared unsafe by the local authorities years ago. Therefore the party was very unofficial — but it didn't stop it being a big, earthy success.

A few days beforehand discreetly worded invitations were distributed round the colleges, and subtly phrased small ads. were inserted in *InCant*. Guests were asked to bring a bottle and a candle and to wear old clothes.

The preparations were complete by 8.30 p.m. on the great night. When I arrived at the Giles Lane car park a guide was waiting to show me to the tunnel entrance.

### Mud and sludge

As we waded through the mud and sludge I asked him if he thought the party would be safe. Looking back at me nervously, he muttered "I don't see why not. I noticed that he was crossing his fingers.

After 10 minutes of slipping and slithering through a slimy sea of mud we reached our destination. "From now on you're on your own," my guide informed me. "Keep to the left-hand side of the tunnel and just keep going."

By the light of his torch I could see that I was already caked in mud from head to toe. Feeling slightly slap-happy I trundled off into the tunnel, tripping over old sleepers and assorted bits of metal.

### Ghostly music

A long way off I could just make out the flickering light of row upon row of candles. But strangest of all was the eerie noise — a kind of ghostly music floating down the tunnel, sometimes loud sometimes soft.

Before long I reached the outskirts of the party. By

this time I was choking and spluttering. Someone had lit a bonfire to roast some rather unhealthy looking potatoes, and what air there was had been contaminated by the smoke.

But I pressed on and soon I was in the midst of the party. A sea of empty bottles littered the ground and every now and then there would be the crash of breaking glass as someone put his foot in the wrong place.

### Dancing

Mary Hopkin, the Rolling Stones and the Monkees were issuing forth from a portable tape recorder, but few people were actually dancing.

Most were standing around talking, or rather trying to make out who they were talking to, for the light was so dim that one couldn't see more than a few feet.

Some couples had gone deeper into the tunnel away from the party, and were amusing themselves in a rather more intimate fashion. Occasionally a high-pitched giggle would come echoing out of the murky depths and once I thought I heard groaning.

But however much they may have been enjoying themselves, I soon decided that this was the end of the line for me.

### Dusty walls

The tunnel was not much wider than a study bedroom and it was almost impossible to slither through the mass of shadowy bodies without being half-suffocated or squashed against the dusty walls.

But what finally unnerved me was when a large group of people started a sing-song — and a very loud sing-song at that. I thought of those nasty soundwaves smashing against the crumbling stone work and of what it would be like to be buried alive 50 feet below Rutherford College.

There would be a lot of blood spilt if that lot came tumbling down.

I looked at my muddy clothes. "Better mud than blood." I thought, and stumbled off towards the fresh air.

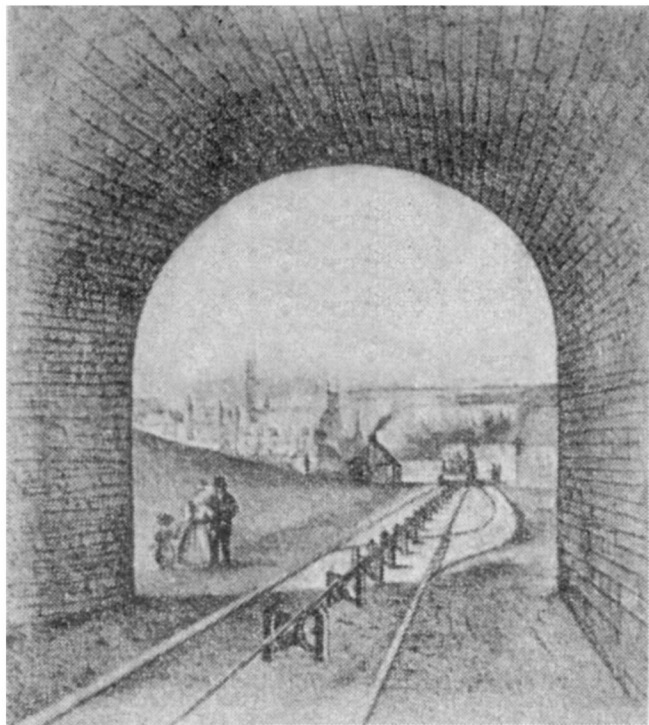
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