

The original text:

June 10, 1992

15:14 EDT

This is the trip. I am here, and I write these words as we move along slowly, 4.2 kts, heading 110, quietly. A couple of days motoring, bouncing, and feeling sick. Well, now anything forgotten is behind. We see over the side: a turtle, a shark, birds, shark birds, our bucket (f**k it), a real shark, a whale, boats, and lots of sun and moon. [what we thought was the first shark turned out to be an Atlantic Sunfish...a very weird ugly fish slow moving fish, pictured on the right]

Stories of other boaters. A VW engine that will not cooperate.

An aircraft carrier. A friend, mom, dad, a girl. Just a few tears, but no sleep behind me, no shower to my benefit, not completely packed. Last minute, I vowed that I wouldn't do that. I had an excuse to be disorganized. Calling people to tell them, telling people about my launch, and trying to deal with various babes, most of which wanted to get a piece of the action, my return action. I guess I have put myself in the 180d wrong heading. I wanted to leave empty, alone, to be filled as I cut through the ocean.



All that talk about bravery, and the open ocean. Yes, lots of glorious words, speeches, all about crossing the ocean, danger, adventure. Just words. After everyone weathered the first few days of motoring, feeling sick, getting organized, things are fitting into place. I feel sure that as these days pass, the day of the week will seem less and less important.

Crossing the ocean the hard way. Hardly. Today, plenty of sun, quiet waves, and a nice lunch. I still can't spend a whole lot of time below yet, but I will get used to it. I had enough time to do a dead reckoning downstairs, and I even came close. The going has been very easy, but I can't help think that the weather is fooling us, and will give us a complete demonstration of her capabilities soon. I am not looking forward to that demonstration. I fear that this boat cannot withstand the full fury of the ocean...she was not ready. The roller furling was not tied in. Not a problem on a calm day. Then again, nothing is. Had the day been windy, gusty, the result would have been different. It could have lead to a demasting. Sure, the jib flapping in the wind with no way of getting it in would not have been a pretty sight. It would have taken a while of working on the pulpit with two lines to make any headway. Not the kind of experience you would want for a new crew day one or two.

Perhaps I am too critical of the captain. After all, I tend to criticize every captain that I sailed with. With the exception of Win Parker, someone that I raced with. Gotta respect a man that wins races. There are many times when I suggested changes, but they are not followed. It isn't the suggestion, it is the way I phrase things. I don't seem to be able to properly transmit information. Except, sometimes, when I write.

Karen, if you are ever to read this, if my journey takes me another 180d back into your arms, I want you to know that this minute, as the boat passes timelessly through the water, with a tiny bird to my left (starboard side), and as the sun etches my face with more age, more lines, I dream of somehow being lifted off the water, though time, sitting with you next to me in an Italian restaurant, also having been lifted though time, and touching each other, knowing that the future is no longer a mystery, that the future includes us, together, forever. Even past death do us part. I believe that we can pass through that barrier.

6/12/92 13:43

No, I don't think playing Tetris is what to do now. It is our 5th day out. Had to think about it. We have been motoring a lot, not much wind during the day. And Jack doesn't like to sail in light winds. At times when I have suggested squeezing knots out of the wind, he has been reluctant.

Wednesday night was the mystery night. As I sailed into the night, with barely any wind, I heard the sound of breathing outside, following the boat. Bob G said he saw a whale and heard him later. He was two hours late relieving me from duty. I didn't mind though, I wanted to see the moon disappear and the night skies turn black. We headed back toward north last night, so our chances of feeling the warm water are slim.



The water has been VERY calm. At times, almost glasslike. The daytime sun has been bright and harsh. I haven't burned very badly, some sting in my legs, but I think I have a bit of a lower lip burn. Everyone is saying things like "WOW, if this is so easy, we should have done this years ago." The gods are listening, and I fear that we will be eating those words with my magic mayonnaise sauce. (Mayonnaise with cayenne pepper, Cajun spices, curry power)

Captain, there is a beam wind freshening up..."Well, let's see if it persists, we have been let down so many times." It takes experience to feel the wind, a sort of 'sailing gene'. I have it, and perhaps Christianne has it, but I don't see it in any of the crew. Including the captain. He has more years out at sea than me, but he doesn't feel the wind. Too bad, this would make a nice sail right now. When there is someone at the helm that can't find the wind, it seems as though there isn't any. But there is wind there now, free passage for the taking.

I also fear what this crew would be like in real weather, waves coming into the cockpit. "The Bobs" don't have much ocean experience, and I see Jack and me trying to get this boat to behave, and the Bob twins trying their best to be helpful. When the wave height exceeds the boat length, things get very uncomfortable. All this leads to an exciting time, with Jack and me saving the day. Gulp!

Well, of course, this is what I came for, and I couldn't expect much better. No beer/wine/etc., clean out the system, good food, and of course the dolphins of Wednesday night...hundreds (no exaggeration) of dolphins, sounding like the sea shore, splashing around in every direction. And the sunset that night, with the lobster boat blaring a great rock song (the wheel in the sky keeps on turning), the open ocean, it was a great experience. That night, sailing into the murk, I was scared and elated -- at the helm of a good ship, good people, with Spain somewhere over the bow, and a moonset turning everything into a dream...

6/12/92 13:43

Saturday, June 13,
1992

17:56

A cool breeze blows over the starboard rail. The sails are trimmed fairly well (great for this crew) and I feel a little cool in my Max's Diner



T-shirt, and my omnipresent green late-movie swim trunks. Today is my turn to cook, and I feel we are really under way today. Things have settled down, and the winds have picked up. I am making fewer suggestions about sail trim, and my meals were not spicy, to everyone's relief. The pizza that I made for

lunch is sitting in my belly, and my belly is saying that there might have been some cheese or something that it didn't really like that much.

It seems that this sea voyage really started today. The wind picked up, but even before the wind picked up, being halfway to the halfway party, and everyone settling down to their chores seemed to make this voyage really begin.

Sunday, June 14, 1992

16:04

Things really cooked up after my last entry. I made a chicken thing yesterday after my pizza, then the wind really picked up. Wham! What a ride last night! Making dinner last night was no great treat, but I did get some compliments.

It seems that every time I get cranking (writing) something else happens, and I get off track. There is always a sail to get up (we are thinking right now about putting Bubba up [the very large sail]) and I have to put off my writing. Discussion of singing, sailing at 5.0, 4.8, 5.4, 5.6 (now), etc., seems to stop the writing. The writing interrupt is not set high enough. Now, Captain Jack is going to tell us about eddies, but not before we trim more sails, and play with lines. There is lime on my hands from making sun tea, which after some shaking seemed to break the tea bags, and send the tea leaves throughout the bottle. Eclipse party tonight, if the blue sky holds up.

Well, there I go again. Talking about the Microwave, potatoes, rubber pizza, dial phones. We are falling off to 90d, because Cindy (my original suggestion as a name for the vane steering) can't steer in light wind. Of course, Jack won't admit that, and Liz is calling out the headings. As he tweaks the steering, we are still drifting off course (95, 92, 90, 90, 90, 85...sell! [BoB's joke]).

News! We have no idea what has transpired in the last week. Open conversation drifts from topic to topic. My mind drifts, as the boat does also. Wind slows down, and the boom makes its sound. Sounds like Bubba will be out soon. The wind momentarily creeps up, and we talk about the cat.

I can see this journey taking place now. I was a bit worried last night, when doing the dishes (or trying to), that the rocking and the rolling would make the trip unbearable. We are about at the two week point (away from Horta), and I was hoping that we could get to the Islands on a Friday night. Yesterday, the trip "turned on". Suddenly, it seemed possible that I could make the journey, comfortably, and make this place my home for the next 2 weeks. Seems like a lot of time, two weeks, and that is what lies ahead. If the trip continues as it has been for the last 6 (going on 7th) day, I can not only live with it, but thrive on it. I am sailing across the ocean, my skin is becoming darker, and I am learning about life. And sailing.

I don't know if I can handle this trip solo. Technically, with this boat, I could have come at least 60-70% of this trip so far. With the self steering and the better sail trim, I might have been able to compensate for the fact that Jack has a good knowledge of his boat, and using the radio and getting the weather reports. I might have insisted on a weather fax before I left, which would have compensated a bit for the weather. Of course, knowing how to read the weather fax would help. I would not win the race, and I could not trim 24 hours a day, and the self steering is something I would have to learn. Mentally, I don't know if I could do it. The music would be a bit better, and I could shout, scream, and sing as much as I wanted to. But in thinking about how little I have written so far, I would write almost nothing.

Unless, of course, the lack of conversation and the presence of a good 'Oscar' (the power self-steering machine) or 'Shirley' (the wind vane self-steering machine used for sailing) would make me a more frequent writer. I guess the only way to find out is to do it someday. The true test. Another goal, for someday. I don't have another sailing goal, and long as I reach Spain. I had thought of sailing around the world. This trip will tell.

Wednesday, June 17, 1992

14:38 EDT

Splash! Bang! Boom! We are in at least force 5 winds. I don't know how long I can write. The winds are picking up right now, and the boat is taking some real punishment, to say nothing of the crew. Cookie (Bob G.) got sick while contemplating making breakfast. The waves are ranch house, bi-level, and there are even some tri-level babies out here. Everything is moving round about the floor, and the sound of

wind, water and straining fiberglass is everywhere. I don't think anyone is really worried about the boat. I for one know how strong fiberglass is. Sonia Ray took her share of ups and downs, and never seemed worse for the wear.

Tuesday night Liz met her match (her words) when she was at the helm alone in the dark. I relieved her, but she insisted on having two people outside last night. Bob B came out, clearly not happy about the



deal, and after some quiet times we kept each other company by telling stories and singing songs. We also discussed the fact that Christianne cannot keep her watch as of late, and if Liz keeps it all the time it is too much strain on her. Jack is also taking more than his share, but I can tell that he is really enjoying it, as any good captain should. And a good captain he is. We spent most of Sunday and Monday trying to outrun a storm, and the benefits are clear. Tuesday, the big day of the storm, we had sun most of the day. Monday night the rain passed through, during my watch. After that, we have had VERY rough seas, high winds, and sunshine. With this crew, the same trip with true

gale winds (reported north of us right now) and rain would not have been a pleasant sight.

I was calling this stage two, when the easy stuff is past, we are used to the boat and the schedules, and then we all get sick in bad seas. I fear that we will not do well in phase III, when the TRULY bad weather rears its ugly head.

Seems as though I am reaching my personal rock and roll limit. Boom, bang, burst, strain, squeak, slap, crunch, pop, etc. See you later.

Thursday, June 18, 1992

14:55 EDT

Well, I feel much better now. Don Henley sings about sleepy bedroom towns, and I think about making dinner tonight. Another chicken special, to be sure. Well, then again, maybe just some pretzels. During breakfast coffee making procedures, I got the unique sensation of boiling hot water on my right hand during a particularly big wave.

OK, we are in the middle of phase two, and it looks as if the dreaded phase three WILL be coming here. Phase two is the rocking and rolling, steady, another round of sea sickness, and the hopeless feeling of not even being halfway there, combined with rain (written synchronously with Don's *New York Minute*) on Monday night and the threat of a bad storm on Tuesday. Phase three is a REALLY bad storm, gale force stuff. There are three major low pressure systems circling around us, like the shark from jaws. (Like a tempest of fury-JL.) Phase three arrives when we have two or three crew members off line (already Bob G and Christianne are off the list -- so far today) and seas higher than Jack has ever seen, and even Bob B is



scared. I hope it won't come, because that is what I fear the most. I have never gone that far, no one aboard has ever gone this far. Here there be dragons. Not dragons outside, but the ones inside.

Here on the sea, I have been thinking of Karen now and again. I can hear her call in a wave once in while, and I can feel her touch in spray. I realize now how much I fear her. How much I have always wanted to be here, and how much I fear here (her). This is something new, like being with Karen, and like the open sea. I can smell the perfume of the open ocean, and Karen's perfume. In my isolation here, I have thought of many women of my past, dreamt of being with them, day and night dreams. All familiar places, and I guess I knew that I would be leaving one and all. Now, as I face the sea, (looks gray through my sunglasses) and the sun to the rear port quarter, I feel my tomorrow over the horizon. Just over, kind of like when the sun sets, and you can still see it, or just before a sunrise you can still see the sun. Light ray refraction, or something like that. Well, the ocean can distort time just a little also, and I can see, through tears of happiness in my heart, my Karen, coming home at last, into my arms. A beautiful thought. And to get there, is the phase three stuff. Now, as I write this, I am in this sailing moment, bouncing around on this deck and trying to balance this computer, I realize that I will make it back, and I will find what I have come for.

After many dreams (Judy's large painting, some job at the JSTC, Claudia and me in the back of a car, the yellow and orange drug with Lupe, girlie and Aihwa and driving in the car getting stopped by the police and going to the disco and hearing Frank D' Amadeo's name) and many waves, more cooking and bouncing, and riding the waves, I will survive this. Port tack or not, my little bed arrangement will hold out, and I will hold out. All I fear will come and go, cause the sun doesn't care, it will rise tomorrow morning and I can see it happening now, 'cause the ocean does that refraction thing, with light, and with time.

-tkslg

Friday, June 19, 1992

17:09 EDT

Well, I tried to call home last night, because I had a feeling that I should. Unfortunately, I got the idea too late to call Moby-mud, and Mom, and Dad were reviewing stuff there. I got through to mom today, this morning. Told her to call Riva and got updated.

We made it halfway today, and as a result we are about to have sort of a halfway party...beer and kielbasa. Gotta go now.

Saturday, June 20, 1992

18:28 EDT

We are past halfway, and there will NOT be a phase three. Our heading is 120d, speed 7 knots. Wham! We are really booking. The 'halfway' point, which is really one day down already (Jack didn't measure exactly halfway from the bridge, it comes out to halfway between the tip of long island and the Azores), is one day past us. We celebrated today with wine for lunch, ham for dinner, and the launching of a bottle containing a note from the intrepid and from us. Ham for dinner, made by Liz, the wine was a French wine (captured on the video), olives with anchovies, salsa and chips (five dollars per bag, all kinds of starch plants) and much good cheer.



Spirits are really up, and any storm that comes now would be no big deal. Jack said that we are 900 miles from the Azores, which means 9 days, perhaps 8. That equates to next Sunday, or Monday. Wednesday at the latest.

Last night, I listened to the CSN tape, and learned most of the words to Helplessly Hoping. The song seems to study an instant of a man meeting a woman, both wanting to meet each other, but shy and not sure. I was reviewing in my mind (not much else to do) of the times in my past that I have made such mistakes. When the time is right, I will know, but will I question and question until I miss my opportunity?

Talking to Bob G last night of my past, I know that after this halfway point, that my future and my past lie in separate directions, and I have crossed the point of know and no return. Now, there is no going back. I have more links back home than I have had in a long time, but my future lies at true heading 87d, the Azores and Spain. THAT is what I came for, and what I hoped for. The element from last night's songs is the song 'lady of the island' it sounded beautiful, what a feeling to set a new heading, and know that it contains your whole future. I guess, that is what this trip is all about.

Sunday, June 21, 1992

9:22 EDT

Many dreams last night. Good night to sleep, mostly smooth. Dreams about breaking into an electronics shop in a place that I used to work, and the Marriot hotel dream, where I kept meeting people that I knew. And Jack was on the lawn with his weird leaf blower device.

Today, purely the cream of sailing. Long night's sleep, making good speed toward the Azores, (8.0, 8.4, 8.5, 7.2, heading 95d), cool breeze, and BoB's beer muffins sitting happily in my stomach (3 cups Bisquick, 3 tbs. sugar, 10 oz beer, mix let rise 15 min., bake 450 until brown, add stuff to taste, makes 12). The fear of the bad weather is gone, since we are within Bermuda range of the Azores (800 miles or so) and our course and speed is ideal. Last night, the ham, message, some videos, a late night watch (10-1 and I left 15 min. early). I am living on this island, and listening to Orinoco Flow, with the cool breeze on my face. Good tape. Well, thoughts now turn to the adventure ahead. From here on, it's all down hill sailing, changing sails, fixing a few problems, letting Shirley sail...perhaps, it's time to wash my hair...in a bucket of ocean.

Tuesday, June 23, 1992

15:55 EDT

OK, no phase three, but there was gale force yesterday. Since I am cook today, yesterday I had only one watch, and during the watch we were flying only our storm jib, no main. I played Dire Straits while I was warm and safe downstairs. Knowing what was all around me, 360 degrees and hundreds of miles in any one of those directions, I tried to store up the warmth and the comfort of the cabin in every part of my soul and my body. Then it was my turn to go topsides. I requested the FIRE tape, and someone turned it up for me (Bob G. I think). At times, the rain and wind were so strong that we traveled at 6 knots with only the storm jib, and as I looked around, the waves were covered with wavering white streaks. It was like watching a fog roll in on a video tape, and speeding it up on playback. I have never seen anything like it, anywhere. It certainly didn't feel like I was on the planet earth. The waves were growing, hitting the boat broadside, and a couple of times it seemed that we were about to dump over - never really felt like we WOULD, but there were times that I wasn't SURE that we wouldn't. I was no longer afraid of the wind, though, or the near-gale force weather. Just another run in the park.

Listening to FIRE, I did my usual rerun of last girlfriends, one by one, in the huge smell-o-visu-o-tele-listen projector. Comforting thing to do, in the middle of the ocean in what could any minute be a near death experience. Visiting old friends. I was reading my old journals on Sunday, after dinner, and after washing my hair with salt water and Prell, and I tried to read something that I wrote in Florida, something about not being lonely or afraid anymore because I knew that the sea was out there, warm, waiting for me with open arms. And there I was, music blaring into the storm, in the very heart of the ocean, in the arms of the one that I looked for, in the height her glory. I had arrived. Fear was gone, and calm understanding took

its place. After the jumble of past love and justifications, like a chef's salad, there was only one thing left - the trip ahead, the heading that this vessel has, the direction that the ocean is allowing us to take. The rest of my life waits just over the horizon, and that was very clear yesterday.

Today, I was the cook. Starting with pancakes, that really do flip, just like in the movies. The pancakes didn't taste like the pancakes one would remember, though. The raisons, pineapple juice and maple syrup in the batter gave an interesting taste. Then I spent the morning cleaning the stove top. For lunch I make hot dogs and salami, boiled with melted mozzarella, and with it red kidney beans and beets cooked together. Interesting dish.?.

Calling home has been a downer. After calling up Girlie Sunday night, spirits high waiting for Monday morning, and the radio interview with WMCA, weather turned off and Jack had to adjust the main (probably reefed it) and we wound up calling late. Then we wound up not getting an operator. A very helpless feeling. We didn't try later to call, Jack just dropped it.

After a full evening on looking forward to the call, and then an evening of nightmares of not being able to get through, I felt very disappointed. The rain the whole day did not help at all. Spirits came down, which lasted through the night, and the good ship took its worst beating. The Jenny halyard became broken, and the radar reflector fell to the deck. Jack spent the whole night bouncing around trying to fix things, but the Poltergeist effect was under full power - things flew left and right, banged every which way, and the was covered with 'cruising soup' is when you take everything in boat that is not nailed down and throw it in the cabin, on the floor, let it mush around for a day or Here is a photo of the radar reflector that came bouncing down to the deck in the deep evening whilst I slept. It is being 'stored' on Jack's navstation



floor
(This
the
and
two).
chair.
the
rain,

Today began brighter, but now sun passed its control over to

lots of it. The seas are OK, though, and the Paella that I plan to make should be relatively easy. Cook it with some carats, and most of the leftovers will be gone. Hate to throw food overboard. Still have 5 or 6 more days, so it will be mostly canned food. This might be my last dinner until Horta. I no longer hate the idea of cooking onboard, but the helpless feeling of not being able to find what I want/need to cook/cook with is the real downer. A better organized galley and food storage system (there was a list, but I think it became fictional at some point) would surely make this a more pleasant necessity.

We still haven't gotten to speak to the Intrepid. As I was typing this on my bunk with the hull resonating just behind me and the rain whispering above me (actually, sometimes rushing), Jack made contact for just a few minutes, but we weren't able to read anything -- too many Russians boaters or fishermen walking over our signal. I might call mom tonight, or tomorrow night. Waiting until we reach Horta just to save \$20 seems a bit silly.

Spirits automatically come down during rain, with a definite lack of things to do. Less rocking and rolling is very welcome, to be sure, and I can type a lot below, and (hopefully) still be OK to cook. Bam - blast of wind, and we heel! OK, time to make the doughnuts...

21:03 EDT

OK, the doughnuts didn't come out so good. Carrots, raisins, sweet corn, with maple syrup (a common theme), cloves, cinnamon. And paella with salmon.

We are thinking of taking the main down. With the jib up, it will be another rolly night. No, we decide to keep the main up for a somewhat more comfortable night. We shall see. (We are doing 9 knots over ground!)

I was up on deck before. There was a boat in the distance, and I stood over the cabin to get a better look at the ship in the distance. As I looked down into the water, I realized two things: one, the way the boat was moving, I could easily slip off and that would be that! The second thing that I realized is that the ocean, the woman I was talking about before, the only thing that separates me from that other world is a thin membrane, called the surface of the water. I could see, looking down from the deck, past the membrane and into infinity, into the almost infinite world that I feel I used to know, somehow. Perhaps this trip is simply a way to get close to that world, like tonight. I saw a sparkle, perhaps a wave, perhaps a flying fish. It was almost as if I could see into that world, that the membrane for a few seconds became even thinner, and I could plunge in and become a part of that world. It seemed so viable, as if that is the way the fish see it, when they fly up and then dive back in. I could see inside, all the life, and the great depths. That light of the plankton was the doorway, somehow. I simply pass over it, like a bird, or a Portuguese man-of-war. Pass, from the now into a dream, then into tomorrow. That is the beauty of time. How liquid it is, you know, just like the ocean. Flowing, changing, building up, easing off, and almost responding to teetering coffee filter things in your hand, almost wants to give a little pain as you bring up the two cups of tea, just to remind you that she can, that she has the ability to do so, and now she will. Makes you feel closer to her, in a 'please don't tickle me anymore' kind of way. Well, that passing will begin now, I will pass into a dream, and then my tomorrow will be ready for me, and I for it. I have prepared all my life for this dream, and now it is not only at hand, but I am in it. And now it can expand forever.

/gth

Wednesday, June 24, 1992

5:41 EDT

...and the thought was lost like a teardrop (raindrop) falling with no one to hear it...

From a dream about girl that I was with, and a thought of love or something wonderful entered her mind, and it flowered on her face, and it excited me because I knew she finally felt what I have been waiting for, but she ignored it, and she would not let her self feel it, and it simply faded from her face. We were watching a movie together, similar to "The Secret to My Success" The kid in the movie had to do something technical: it was important, and his first thoughts were "who else more qualified could accomplish this?" and he mentioned out loud these people who weren't there. Then he said "so that leaves....me". That is when I turned to the girl, who was watching he movie with me, and said..."yes, that's me in the movie" as I identified with the character, hoping someday to get to prove my resourcefulness. She was enjoying the movie, with a look of enjoyment and fun, but when I tried to connect to this happiness energy, she would not share it, thus the first line of this entry.

Kaiser as an accountant working on the PA records, A big two headed dragon that is fake and has people inside, telling me to tell Alfredo, who was also working on the PA files, but perhaps different ones.

OK, time to assess the damage...Full report to come.