

Thursday, June 25, 1992

7:22 EDT

Wednesday night was the night of the party. Not a 3/4 way party, or any other fractional party. It was BoB's turn at the wheel, and we were steering one lone main, double reefed, with the wind right behind us. We were making good time, but the boat was hard to steer, and jibing was an ever-present problem. We were using the boom vang as a jibe preventer clipped on to the port side [to prevent the sail from violently swing from one side to the other should the wind (or the boat's position relative to the wind) suddenly change]. I was the cook; Griz was at the helm, manually steering. Jack asked if things were all right, and Griz said fine -- no problem. Bob B agreed with him. I somewhat hinted at a tri-sail [much smaller and safer sail for high winds], because the boat was not balanced. Since I was the cook, I really didn't want to make a big deal out of it all, so I went below and began writing what you read above, before the dream part. Changing of the guard, Bob B took the helm. Now, I think BoB is a very technically astute sailor, great knowledge of motors, weather, navigation, etc., but not the feel of sailing. He was steering in the middle of the night. I was sleeping. Maybe, in retrospect, he was too. Suddenly, from a sound sleep, I was awoken by the sound of our boat crashing into a tanker, or an iceberg, or perhaps a continent. BOWOOM. Any reasonably large immovable object will suffice. I was out of my bed and at the hatch in a flash, but not faster than Jack was. He stopped me from running for my life off the boat. Then he assessed the cause of the shotgun-cannon-crash sound: BoB had jibbed the boat, and the boom vang broke. The 1/2 ton screw pin shackle was broken. The main sheet and rigging held, though, and the mast was OK. We had to take down the mast, of course, with water pouring over the side in heavy seas. We had done that drill before, so it was no really big deal, except after being woken up and in a pitching sea, everyone was a bit frazzled. After taking down the main, we ran on bare poles, pushing us downwind nicely toward Horta. After this exercise was completed, I wanted to get off the deck as soon as possible, since my clothes were wet and I didn't have my oilskins on. Just as I put my dry clothes on, Griz called me and told me that I was needed up on deck, and that the Jenny was coming down (the halyard had already snapped, but the sail was being held on by a couple of wraps on the furling). I ran on deck, trying to get my harness on. It thing was upside down, but Griz was starting to go out on deck, and I didn't want him to fall over, so I ran to the front of the deck, in the dark, with the jenny being pulled overboard. I grabbed it, and started to pull it in. It caught my fingers, and it started to pull ME in. I got my fingers out of the way, but not before getting them pinched between the rail and the sail. I held the sail down with my body and my arms. It was still pulling, and the force on the lifelines seemed as if it was becoming excessive. Jack untied the windward sheet, and I told him to let it go. He was reluctant to let go of anything, and then BoB started the motor. That didn't make a big impression on any one of us, and he quickly was discouraged. Finally, Jack let go of the line, and we got the jib on board. Wow, not an easy night. I went below, cold and exhausted, and I tried to sleep. Jack didn't say much in the way thank you, but Liz did cover that point. After that, we ran on bare poles for the rest of the night, making quite reasonable headway, better than 5 knots right downstream, surfing through the waves. BoB later apologized to Jack, and Jack awarded him with the broken shackle. It did seem just a bit rusted, the next day...

Friday, June 26, 1992

Morning - first thing

*I was a consultant on a CitiBank? or something project. I was hanging out with the wrong crowd, and there were two or three helpers That I had on the payroll, and management, since they thought I was doing such a great job. Cut to a bike trip across the ocean, starting on route 46 somewhere, and is it Gary or is it me? I was flying on the bike, or was it my car? I was running a gambling room. During the day, I would come in whatever time I wanted to, and we would steal money from the teller areas after 7:00 PM, and since the bank was just starting and I controlled the money inventory, I could get the VAX to produce any report that I wanted it to. As time when by, my friends who were on the payroll as special investigators, were off the project. We had a plan on how to get into the vault. It involved using certain pneumatic tubes that carried money to it and from it. I needed them to be back on the payroll, so when I was talking to management I mentioned it. But they said that their people never showed up, and that things were getting tighter. I was becoming concerned that the loss of the millions (only two or three by now) was becoming noticed.*

*One day, during work, I went to see about taking flying lessons. There was a girl that I knew from years ago that was there for some kind of safety instruction. We left, and went to my parents house for some fun. She was worried that I wasn't protected, but I told her that having my baby wouldn't be such a terrible thing. We were interrupted by my parents unexpectedly coming home. I left, but not feeling like going back to work, I went to the airport. I spoke to the flight instructor, and then I went back to work, after almost everyone had left, to find my friends talking about the final plan to get into the vault. I gave them my final opinion and showed them what I worked out.*

*Me and my shady bunch (my babe, and two guys, sometimes a third girl) would go out and cause trouble from time to time, and we had planned on breaking into a doll store. The front door was already opened by us. However, my mom was walking around the area (sort of a combination of the Ann street area downtown, and Venice) and I knew that she wanted to go to that store, and I met her, steered her away from the store, and told her not to talk to me when I am in the city, to just ignore me in case I was doing another job. Without being explicit, she understood and became upset that I was hanging around with the wrong people, and my life was in shambles. I told her that I was very successful, and had plenty of money. After I got rid of her, I went back to my friends, who were quite upset. They said that I screwed things up, and they couldn't pull off the job. Etc.*

*....time for Purina cat chow (looks like it...it's Jack's favorite breakfast cereal)...meow.*

**Friday, June 26, 1992**

**16:16 EDT**

OK, time to write again. Wednesday was a relatively mellow day, with BoB sulking and saying how he was angry at himself for making the mistake. I told him that it was a matter of two things - him being at the helm at the wrong time (a wave-wind-rudder position thing) and Jack leaving too much sail up. That evening, I was sailing with Griz, and then he took over. We were flying, quite conservatively, a storm jib (stormy) and Trixy, and then a few waves hit us late in the evening. Christianne and Liz started to complain about the noise, and Jack popped his head up to tell us that we had to slow the boat down, and taking the storm jib down was the only way to do that. I said that that would make the boat rock too much, and he said just do it. Griz and I just looked at each other, and we sort of said -- forget it, the noise of the waves will subside, and everyone will go back to sleep. Well, a few minutes later, more screams, and Jack screamed at us and said some rather unpleasant things. Lack of sleep and the tension of all these days at sea, damage to the boat, etc., made him just a bit frazzled. I complied, on a pitching deck covered with sails, and took it down by myself. After that, I went below. The scene was something out of poltergeist. The stove was rocking back and forth almost out of its bearings, as few degrees more it would have been spinning like a pinwheel. EVERYTHING was rocking and rolling to its full extent -- things flying off of shelves, then swimming among the floor with everything that started there. I couldn't believe the scene. With all this rolling, I was surprised to peek my head through the hatch and still see Griz at the wheel. I told him of the scene, trying not to wake everyone with my laughter. There was a gray box under the table downstairs, and it worked its way out, inch by inch. It contained all kinds of cans and other food, and it made quite the shocking noise when it hit either my bunk or the Jack's bunk. Everything that wasn't bonded to the boat became alive, writhing with delight to and fro. BoB came out twice to tame the spirit in the gray box, but like a cat that won't stay put, it would somehow untie and escape again, to proudly prance around the floor. Once out from under the table, it would pace back and forth, testing and then extending the limits of its cage. Finally, after BoB's second attempt, I grasped the gray box and wedged it between my bunk and the table, where it timidly remains, even now.

That morning, Jack mentioned to Liz that we were all upset with her, since she slowed down our progress by saying that the boat was "skimming across the waves, and then slamming into the next wave." Not very likely since we were going at 6 knots max. BoB said that it would be embarrassing to go the doctor with a broken collar bone and tell him that you got it from a flying can of spinach.

Last night was more of the same, but less so. A bit more quiet. With warnings of storms everywhere, but not much of anything anywhere, we chug along without the jib. That is the same sail that the other boat, the Majema, lost. Jack should know never to make fun of someone else's problems and misfortunes.

Today I discovered a rip in the main sail, and a problem with the second reef - the shive was hanging out. Had I not noticed it, it could have fallen in the water, lost for the next few days. Little problems, starting to settle in to the boat. A result of many days at sea with an inexperienced (or, perhaps, exhausted) crew.

Yesterday Liz mentioned I was doing too much foredeck work, and would I show her and the Bob twins what the story was up there. I was delighted. It was right around there that I found I was loosing my seasickness, and gaining confidence aboard ship. Jack even let me use the ham radio, trying to make a call to home. Couldn't get the operator. After cleaning up, with the boat rocking quite a bit, I came on deck and orchestrated taking down the tri-sail (Trixy) and putting up the main. Actually, I had Griz do most of the coordination, and I just helped, cleaning up lines and then the deck. Scrub scrub scrub. A cleaning binge, started with my polishing the stove top a few days before. I began to feel more in control of the boat, and more in control of the crew. Jack is taking my suggestions without as many questions. I suggested heaving to when we had to stuff the battens back in today, and it was a very quiet and pleasant maneuver. Then we raised the jenny with a spare halyard while going downwind, the staysail was blanketing the jenny, and I held on to the sail making sure it wasn't filling. Jack said it was the easiest raising of the jenny ever, but he didn't admit that it was my idea. I said to take the staysail down, because it was still blanketing the jenny. Jack didn't seem to want to do it, but he proudly suggested it later on, claiming a wind shift.

Liz started to cut in to my today, when I was cutting to Jack, just a little, in defense of Griz. I said that the Captain of a vessel has to make the decision of who does what. The fact that Jack made 5 sail changes on his own this morning before anyone was up didn't take into account that I often ask if he needs help and he turns me down. I said that if Jack can't take the sail down and get all the lines fixed up, the work isn't done. He is the captain, crew selection and choosing who does what is his decision. Liz didn't like that, and begun defending Jack and saying that I was always negative. She forgot the suggestions that I have made that helped the boat, and the many times that I help off my shift, etc.

I said if you expect something of someone, you have to state it clearly, OR not complain when it isn't done. Sure, this isn't the love boat, it is a work boat. So -- state what you want done, and how often and you want it done. Don't try to prove that you can do it, and then complain that you are doing it alone. The old sailing ego story. That is why people buy their own boats. Then she was about to say something else, she stopped herself, and went below. Doing two shifts and extra shifts of cooking takes its toll..

Yes, it was a big sleep deprivation experiment, with (Bob)\*\*2, myself, and the control subjects..

**Sunday, June 28, 1992**

**20:24 EDT**

**0:24 next day local time.**

Well, it is three weeks, give or take 12 hours, since I touched the Intrepid good-bye. I was the first to touch land. Now, I am in the Hotel Fayal, near an empty fireplace, with the best swordfish that I have ever eaten in my belly, writing by the light of a nearby lamp, 220v as opposed to 12v. Stationary. I am not worried that this computer will go flying out of my lap, or sliding along into someone's lap, for into the ocean, for that matter. A strange look from a local, peeking at what is going on here, perhaps trying to determine if my beer is finished or not. A welcome sip (of Super bock, a local beer). Yes, this computer is firmly sitting on my legs, and I can write without holding on to it, or making mental contingency plans as to what I am going to do when I lose my footing.

Arriving here today, we found many boats with many problems, boats that had a crossing on highway 41 and got battered big time. Or perhaps (another sip) lost a sail, all sails, or even a rig. Lots of battered sailboats. Charity had some problems. Many people motored in after all kinds of disasters. We had an easy trip. A Non-Such jibbed and lost her rig. Yes, the gods smile upon us. Almost enough to become religious, or something.

Dinner at Alfredo's tonight, with all the crew. I made the toast to the Captain, and he apologized for some of the yelling. Lunch at the hotel, char-broiled squid and steak. Dinner was much better. After some TV, phone home, a mega bath/shower, BoB and I met the others in the lobby for dinner, and we took a taxi over to Alfredo's. The wine was also great, and was the spinach. The soil here does magic, and so does the waters here for the fish. Speaking of which, I stayed up late with BoB last night, and did we ever have a BIG fish on the line last night, before seeing a red over red fishing? boat. When the fish hit, I really didn't know what to do. BoB kept telling me to hook him, but that was really the last thing that I had in mind. The fish kept running and running, finally the fish bit through the line. Jack said that the only fish that could do that is a shark. Glad I didn't catch him. Even if it was a tuna, what would we have done with it? Midnight sushi? In any case, we missed the fish, and settled back to talking about future kids, future wives and the incredible meteor shower that was going on at the time. A meteor that left a 10d arc in the sky, AND a vapor trail.

Tomorrow, we will be renting motor scooters and see the island. Just in time too, because Tuesday Jack needs help on the boat. Zoom, zoom. And much fun. Breakfast for free before 10:am. A challenge. Just to get up. Plenty of ethanol to go around.

Speaking of which, it is time to enjoy my fine meal, sleeping on a stationary bed, digesting this huge meal. You know, except for the first few minutes, I haven't felt any swaying floors or tables. Jack said he felt it when he slept and awoke. I'll let you know...



**Griz, BoB, Herman and I'm on the right.  
Behind us, the little car that we were driving up to the dormant volcano in  
Horta, as we tour around beautiful landscape.**

June 29, 1992

The taste of a love that lasted...tonight it is the taste of Frangelica, in a bar, in the Azores, in Horta. A place that I got to the hard way. Pilgrim, pilgrim. Emily. The thought that lasted. Now, we wade through life in the Azores. A small town, complete with craters.

That is why I came here, to be here and to write this. A compelling story, about to come true, all for the lack of a pen to write something down. So I try to remember. I forget part, get mixed up, and find what I really came to find. How lovely a story to come true in my hands like this, even if it is only the tips of my fingers that get to touch you, darling.

The beauty and magic of writing is that every night I can be with you, and touching you. MEI said that knowing someone is in the world is good enough, but that is not enough for me. I need the touch. Today, June 29, 1992, I have not only the one I love with me in this world, but I have her touch. Through the keyboard, through this medium, another way to express myself, but not in vain. Drinking alone is a very vain way to express yourself, because there is no one to hear, here. I can be as close to her as I type and think this, as if she was here. Here and hear are so very important words. I remember a time that I thought I was with her, and the word hear didn't work, or perhaps the word here didn't work. It turns out, that on this planet, you need to get both of them working at the same time for the whole thing to get together. Why does that seem to be a difficult thing to get to resonate, like the bell in the field of this dream that I am having now, a bell with people all around, and one person looking at the bell from many miles away, and one person ringing the bell with that salt water on her face. Is she the one looking from a distance, and is she in the/a far away place. Can't tell through all this smoke, from the indecision and the last fall.

A really good flashlight that can focus right on the spot that you want. Switch it to red so you can even see with the light off. A trick, to be sure, when you turn off the light and you can see as well as with it on. Not at this piece of paper though. Since I have the flashlight loaded with the wrong batteries, it won't work, so I can't read this paper at all. Of course, it is too bad, because as a result I will wind up losing so much time. I mean, I could see if I had a reason to lose all of this, then it would be no problem. But it is a know problem, like the hear/here thing all over again. Flowing around, meandering, washing back, and starting over again.

Hiiiiiiiiiiiiigh - let's shake it loose. Yeah, if we have the right tune, the right song, the right note, we can even make the castle rise right out of the ground. Years ago that story passed in front of my eyes. That one special song, and man am I ever singing that song tonight. Moow Woow wow woowow. Just the right tune, for just the right amount of time.

'Came out here for so many reasons, and this song is one. There is the song I will sing the day that plane touches ground in the US/A again, and the light goes off behind the fasten seat belt plastic thing in the overhead ceiling. Then my life will be very very different than the day I left. The water was a doorway to all this, and she has taught me more than I can absorb in the time I have been given. Spain is the last part of this magic potion that I am quaffing now. In fact, my whole life has been part of this potion, and the Spain ingredient, the hard way, seems to be the peak of this whole episode. Land that boat, all kinds of things will finally be true. No one to prove anything, just me and her. Hear. Here. Like the angel said in my dream. She told me, floating above my head, that I had a secret that I would somehow share when the thing happened, and now that is the case. Well, not now. Here is the place to reflect and to write. Next. Yes, the next part will be what she told me about. I worked for it, not that hard, but the compass is set. I made it this far. Does that prove that I can make it much further, or even any further? No, it doesn't state anything, but it does indicate that I CAN do it, not that I will.

Yes, I will. Such a nice place to be, I will. Not much of that stuff now-a-days, will. I brought some with me, have it right hear. Floating down this river, just in time for a calling. Noises outside mix with the noise inside, kind of like when you here the Perkins diesel going pop-pop-pop, and knowing that you are plowing your way through the waves and heading toward your goal, over some far away horizon.

Certainly past the one that you are pointed at. Pointed toward, the one you see is a thousand miles from the one you seek, but they are in a way the same goal. They just look different. A different name, but the same place all rolled into one horizon. Kiss the sky, and form one of those god sunsets or one of those hand painted air-brushed skies. Wisps of clouds everywhere. A place that my soul can rise up and go play, frolic and the such, and then come home and sleep silently. Pop-pop-pop. Never doubting that the next pop will come. Even doubting more the next sunrise than the next pop. Perhaps since they come so often, and so close together. Perhaps the melody that it forms, soft yet harsh. Like making love on sailcloth, in a rolling sea, with the one true lover that you have waited for this moment for. Like keeping a sailcloth in your bedroom ...

**June 30, 1992**

**19:59 EDT**

**23:59 Azores time**

Amazing what one can write in state, and that's where I was last night. The state of this country, a little tired, and a little high.

Next, a new feeling of high. The world is full of high, so many variations. The doors close to this place, and I get the feeling the whole town will close it's doors soon. Perhaps a few nights alone would have made the journey...

**Back on the boat...**

**Thursday, July 2, 1992**

**17:01 EDT**

Well, it finally happened. The horseshoe broke. Jack fudged a chain, but I hope that we don't use it. Not a good first day. Of course, I was late, cause I was with Emily and Dorothy on the Pilgrim having lunch. I have a slight ear infection, after going into the pool yesterday. In fact, Liz over the radio just gave me credit for pointing it out, and even said that I had a dream about it. I didn't, but I was glad that I got the credit. Bob admitted that it was my original observation, but also said that anyone could see the problem. The guy would not give me all the credit, and why should he. I mean, just cause I deserve it..

Yesterday we went to see the light house, and a general trip around the island. Bob drove, and I took pictures. Spas, views, and lots of flowers. Dinner with part of the Pilgrim crew and Bob. We went to that place on the concession street that had just opened. The food was again just OK, but the company was good and it was a fun evening. Bob either let me have more control than usual, or I maintained more control than usual. Either way, I did much more talking, and got Emily's address and phone #, and Dorothy's number. Perhaps, I will see them again, but Emily was not the answer to this trip.

In fact, Bob could be a part of the answer. We talked about taking his big trip together, which of course is also my big trip. Having someone with his skill aboard, whether serving or commanding, is a great thing. This might be a door to another door, a ticket to a ticket. Well, doesn't feel like it. I still feel the Karen thing just around the bend..

Well, my watch starts in a few minutes. I told Mom over the WOO to call Lupe and Maria, and Her message was simply call Riva. So it seems that all systems are go, at least for now. A pretty sunset, and over my right shoulder Pico, a very large breast. Time now to get clothing, socks, and prepare for a cold watch. Hopefully, my ear thing will go away.

**Friday, July 3, 1992**

**17:28 EDT**

Well, everyone is getting out of work now, looking for parties, fun, weekend activities, bars, drinks, love, and of course, fireworks. Well, some of those are the same. I see instead a sunset over the bow, past my feet. The fishing line glows in the light. The home tape is on right now, and Peter said that the movie could be "The Tin Man". Bob wanted to hear "Darling be home soon". Quiet, simple day, some sleep, beating into the wind with some sail changes. A ship passes to our starboard beam. Bob just lost his Intrepid hat - the second hat that he lost today. The light blue on the keyboard is making things hard to see. Did you write the book of love? The moon grows, the clouds dance, and we motor at a smooth 5

knots and we pass within a 1/2 mile or so of the ship. A quiet night, the sail up to slow the roll, and I have the 1 to 4 shift. The sky does its prism imitation, blue green yellow, red, and that dusk color. The ship accelerates now into memory, still within sight. Three birds fly around, and I get the hankering for some more music...perhaps Enja. The bike on board seems strange in silhouette, and jack's cigar glows with a deep orange, filling in his silhouette. I can still see the keyboard, the white keys are light blue turning lavender, but the screen is invisible. Just words, letters are no longer visible. Smooth seas today, and good spirits. All good old boys. Sort of a retiree party. I have not been doing the post card thing, and my opportunity window decreases. Perhaps some sleep now, my watch, then an early postcard start in the morning. Very quiet and contemplative, put put put put. Home is over one of these horizons. Somewhere over the stern. The fish lure mocks the meat dinners that we have had. The home thoughts now. I drift, to the alternate reality of being home and safe. And doing the 4th of July thing. Of course, one Fourth of July was spent with a bunch of guys this age. On the 503 road, drinking St. Paulie's beer. This year would have been different.

Well, it seems that I have run out of light. Tomorrow, again, land.

Then...

Dot on the horizon. This trip will be that someday. A dot on the horizon of time. Now, I am in the dot...on the open ocean, drifting through memories, time, and water...

