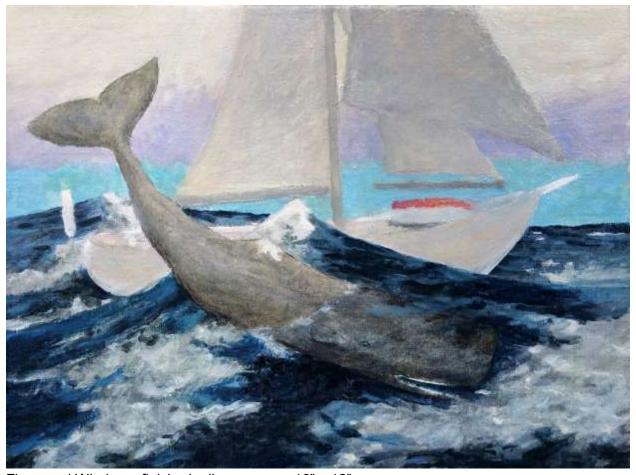
Rough draft of *Fourth Crossing* by Tom Lohre. Look forward to a show of the paintings at the Ohio River Launch Club. Currently on display in the Clifton Market window box gallery on Ludlow Avenue. The 387 page journal starts off with a Image / Caption chapter of the complete voyage followed by lengthy day by day notes, images and thoughts. The kind of sailing book I would like to read.

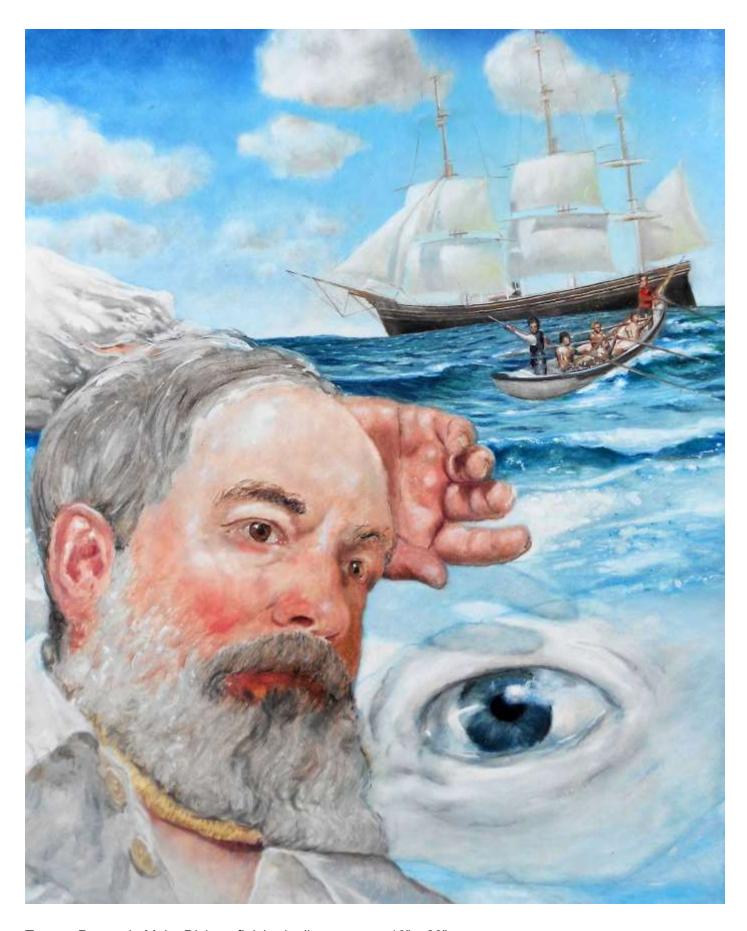




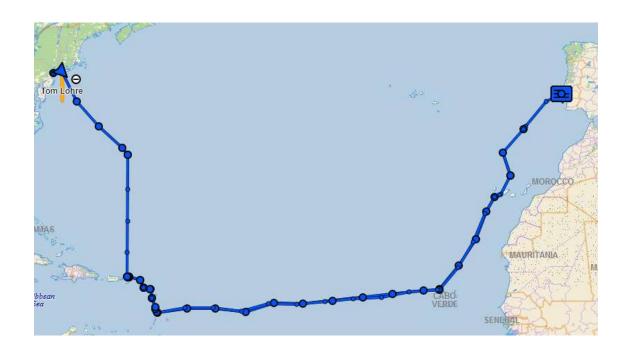
Fourth Crossing "Starts with an Image/Caption chapter"



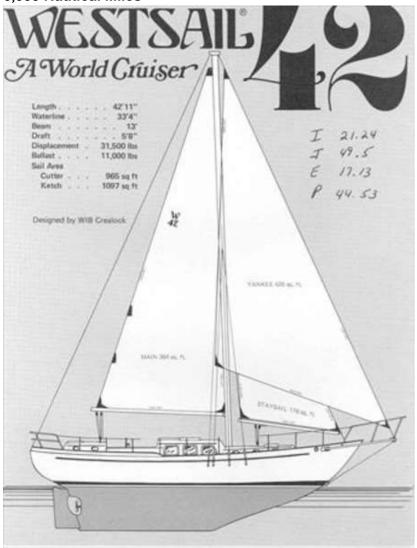
Fiona and Whale, unfinished, oil on canvas, 16" x 12"

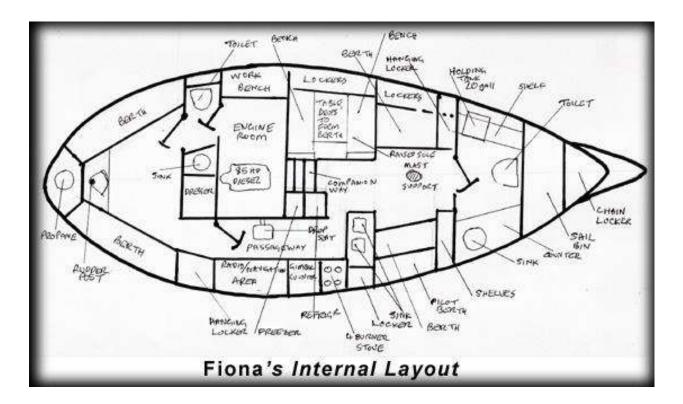


Tom as Parsee in Moby Dick, unfinished, oil on canvas, 16" x 20"



6,000 Nautical Miles

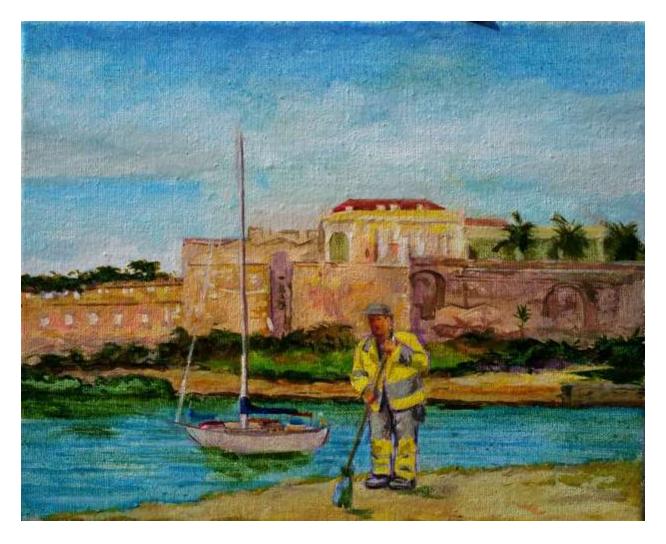




The gnawing in my stomach continued and would continue till arriving on Fiona, my second lady, a 42' Westsail sailboat, I was riding 6,000 miles in a southern loop down the coast of Africa up the coast of North America, finishing in Long Island just miles from Newark Airport where I took off five months ago.



Bought Pastis
Starting painting



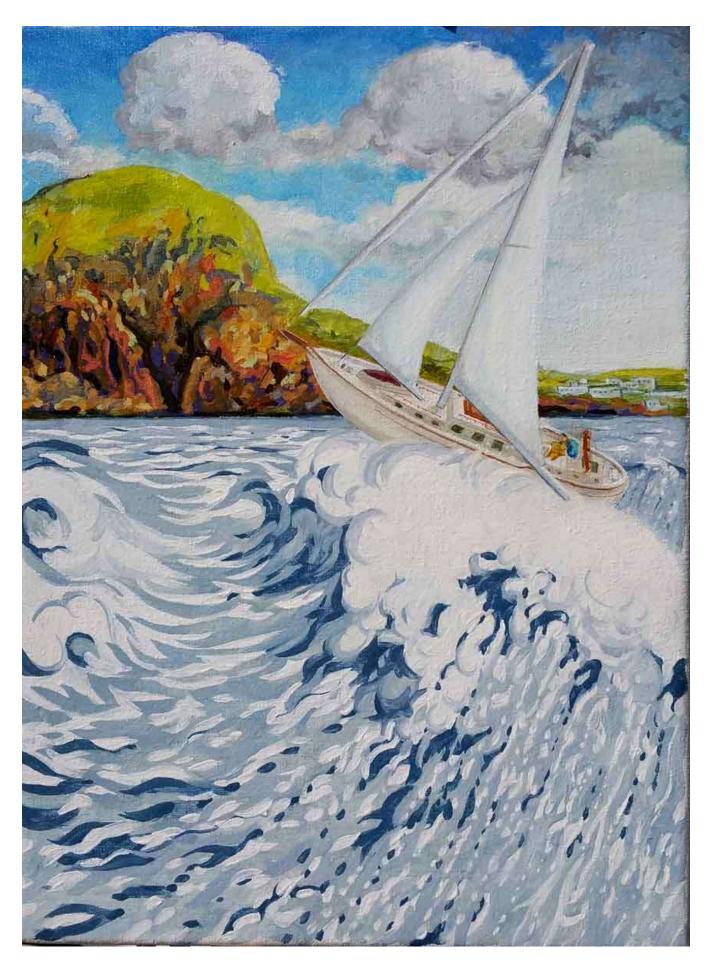
Street Sweeper

The first painting driven by my wife who likes the painting we did in the Quanjo Zoo., a man working a garden of callas amongst the Hawks in the surrounding aviary, in the background the hollowed out caves amongst the volcanic hills where the early settlers

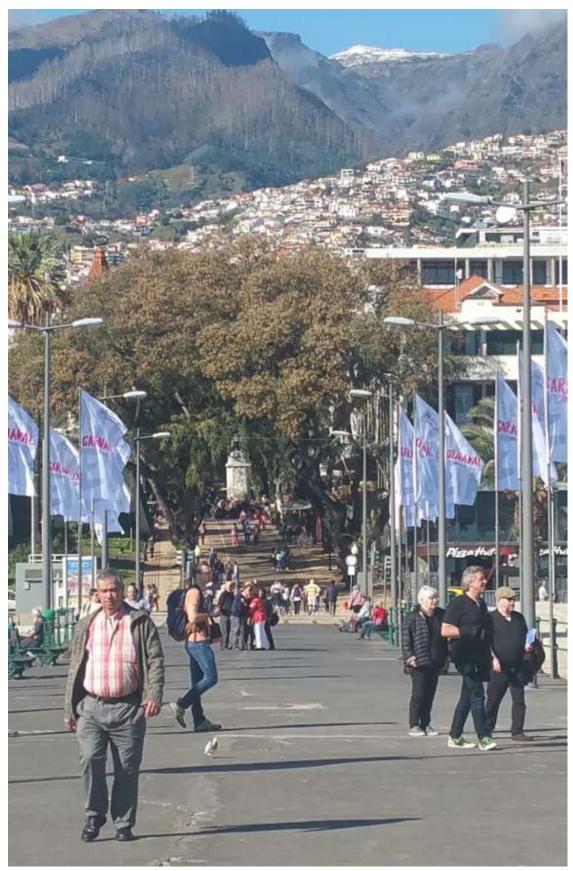


Noon landed,

50kt wind sustained 8nm out, 40kts consistent all morning. Captain says, "He's never seen it like this." Then in the lee of tall point of land it went calm. Lowering sails was a breeze except one reef points stuck on a spreader light and we pulled it loose without damage. Now one points to the foredeck and the original points down. Capt. will adjust when he pulls down the flag halyard



Fiona off Madeira

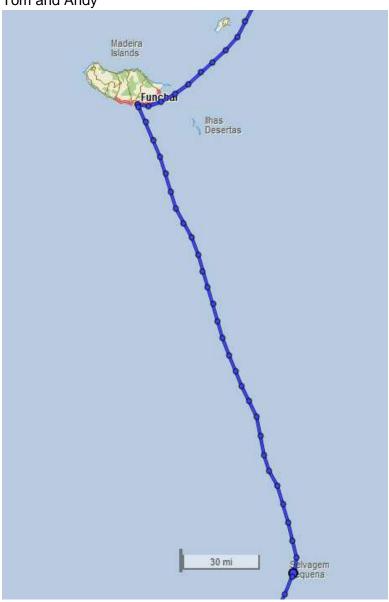


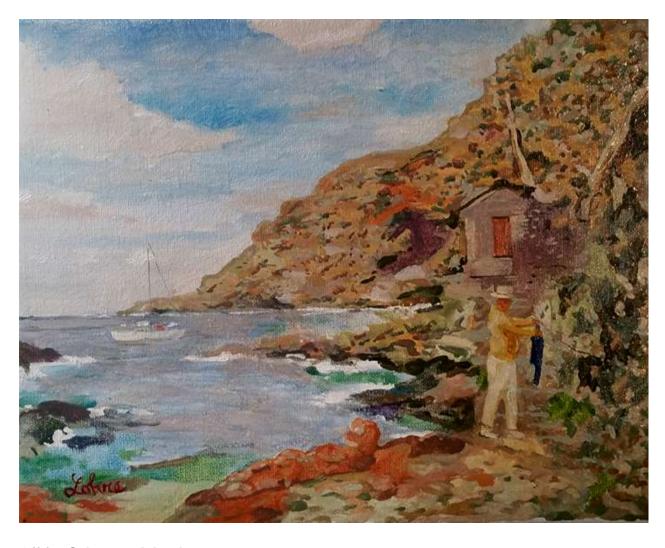
Madeira

Thousands of tourists visit from slues of cruise ships wandering about in groups of retired twos dressed in the same Patagonias. Fiona amongst a small group of crushing boats sailing in the off season. I love the weather hovering around 55° you can always put on a sweater or jacket. It's air-conditioned outdoors.



Tom and Andy





Off for Salvagem Island



Arrived Selvagem Grande noon, blew up dingy, lowered dingy, tried starting engine, hoisted dingy, used chain vise on flywheel to free frozen cylinder, lowered dingy and started, raised Fixed 90° Aries block

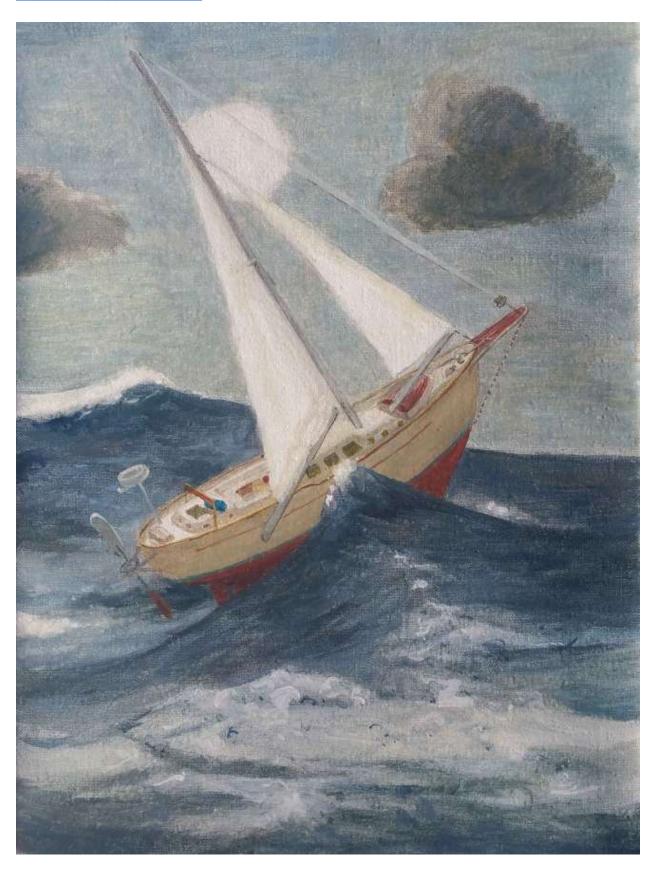




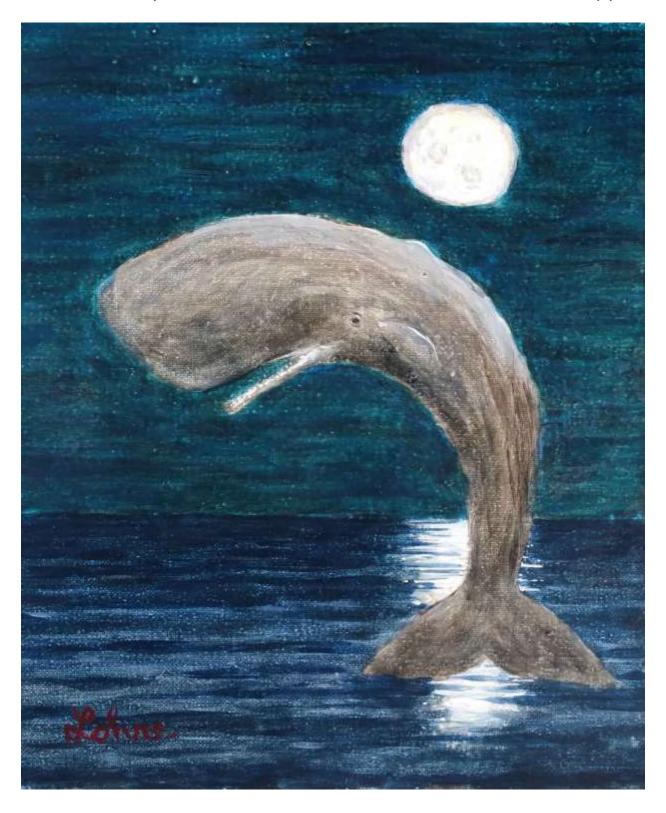
San Sebastian, La Gomera, Canaries

Our neighbor Fred

http://www.skipper-fred.com/

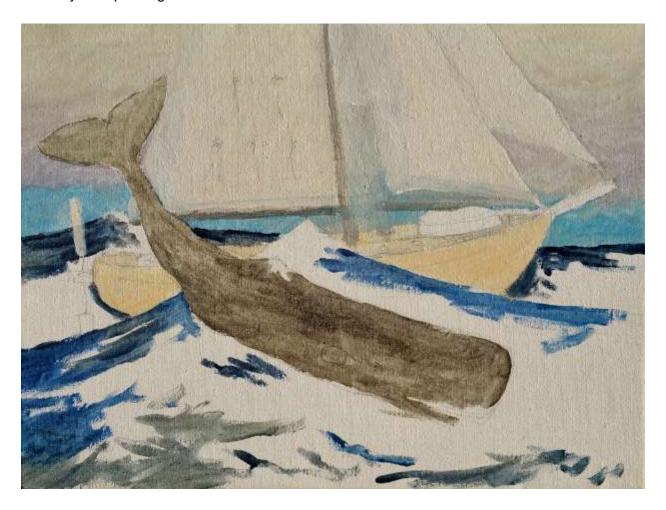


Continuing painting, placing the canvas in the sun after another coat of boat varnish mixed with oil paint. The linseed refuses to dry or thicken as does the varnish. None the less the work has been a joy from the get go.



Sperm Whale Paintings

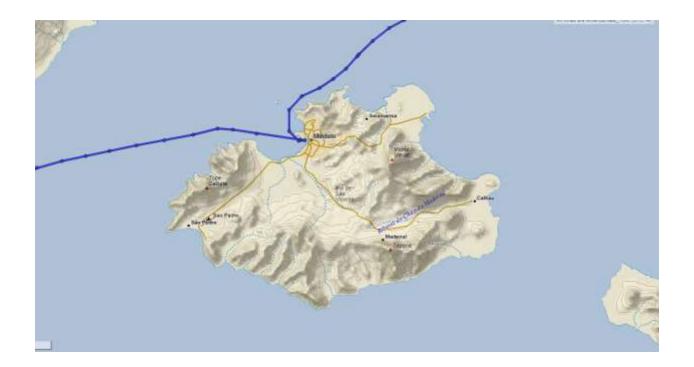
I realize to fully reach out and move people painting Sperm whales is not the way to do it. Needless to say the next painting was planned to be Fiona hit by a whale and probably will happen because it is true. There will be no Moby Dick paintings.



Fiona hits a Whale





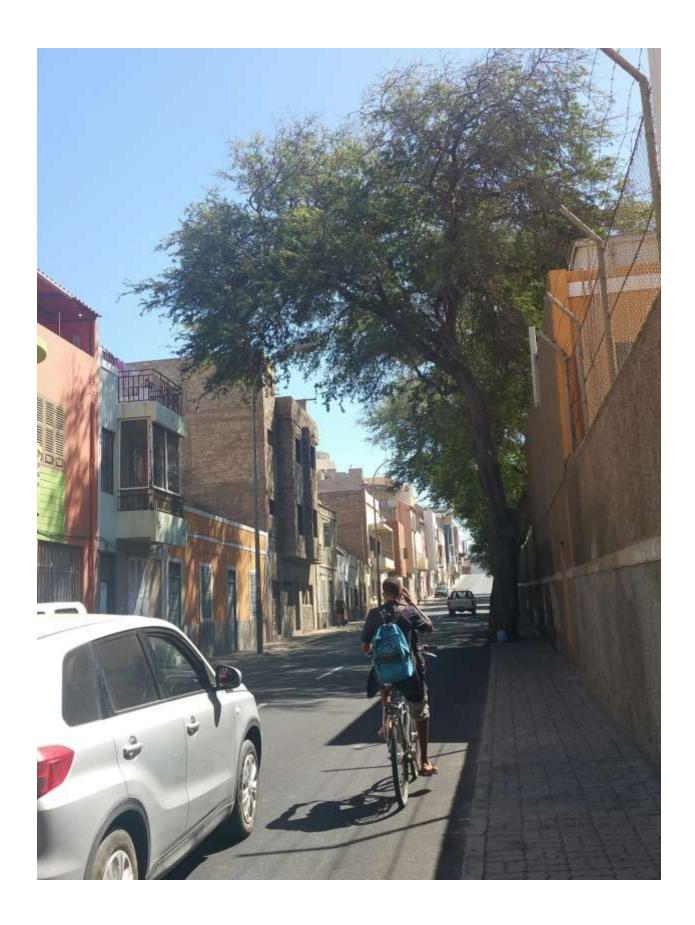


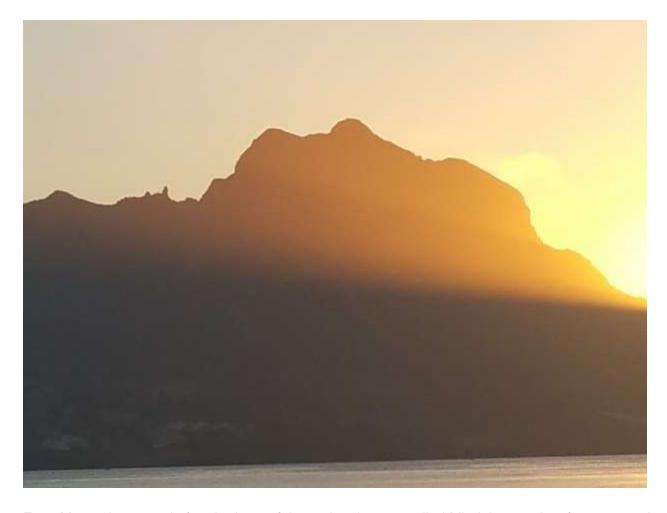
Leaving Mindelo



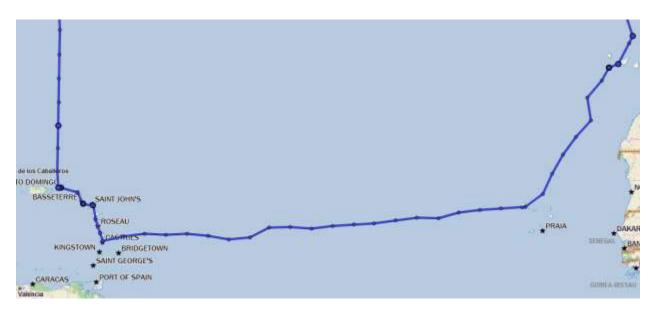


Fresh street vendors





Face Mountain, named after the hero of the nation that controlled Mindelo, now just face mountain





Man's Romper

Several months ago, it was all the rage on the morning talk shows to feature men's rompers, a one colored print connecting shorts and top. It went nowhere. I brought it back with a twist since I'm always tucking my shirt in. Using safety pins under the belt loops to test the idea the shirt tore. Sewing it all around did the trick.



Finished the model of Fiona. Sails need to be more transparent, used stiff drawing paper. More shaping later. This is plenty good for modeling.



Hors d'oeuvre of sardines with Colman's mustard on cracker.



Paradise birds during Happy Hour

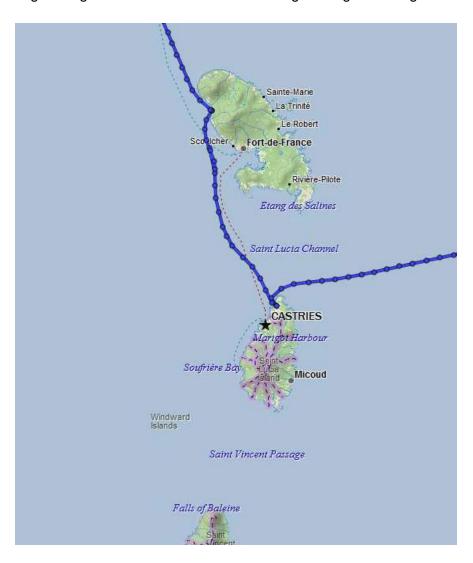


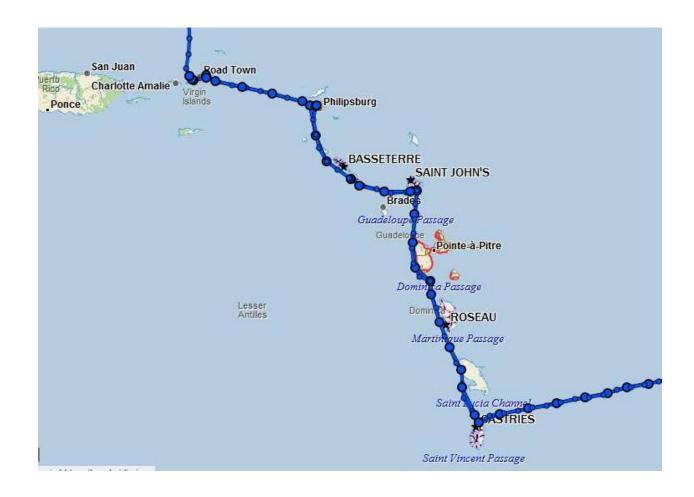
Flying onboard almost every morning





Might not get a chance to see so much sargasso again. Like gold embedded in the sea.







Even in Saint Lucia, sidewalk shrines appear.



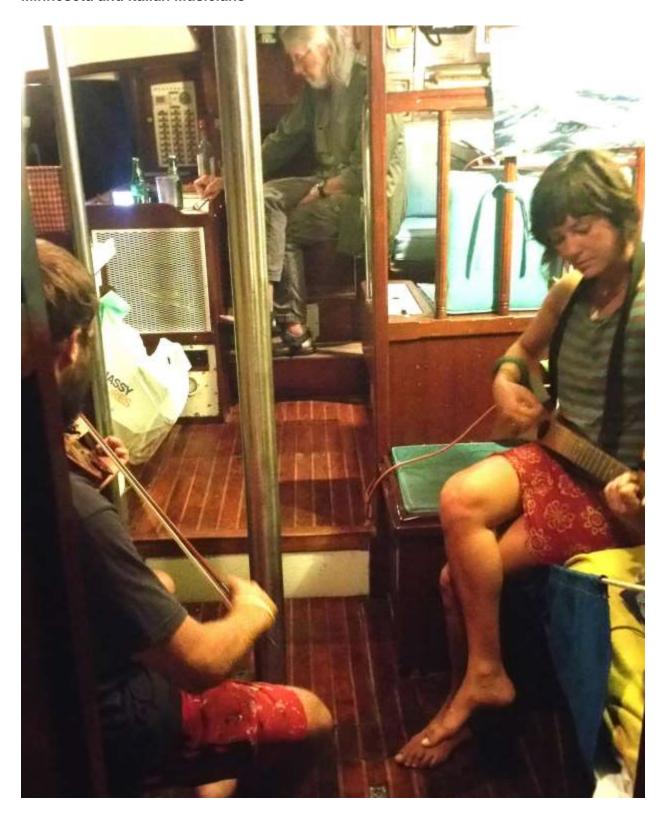
The Easter Bunny Came

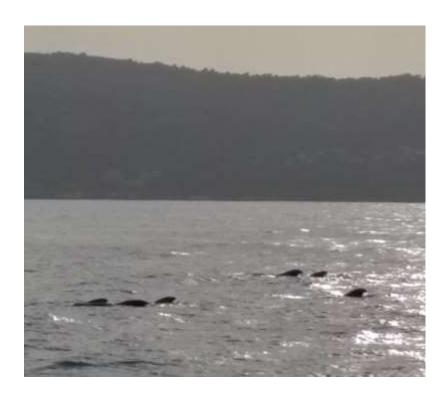
While we were ashore, he laid three stone eggs in a nest of seaweed@ on sponge.



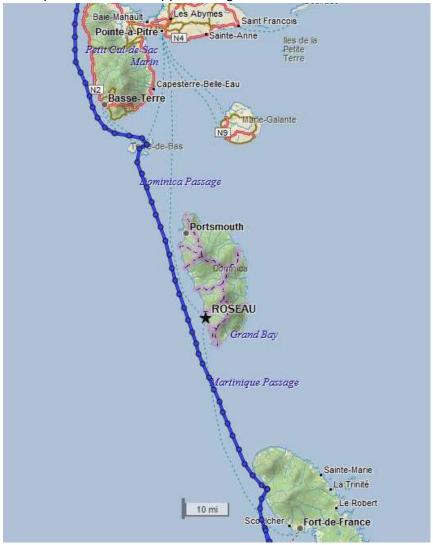
https://www.teliportme.com/profile/tom94?utm_medium=android&utm_source=share-profile

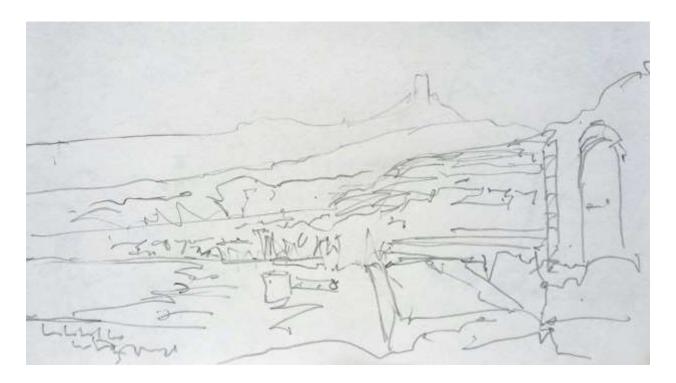
Minnesota and Italian Musicians



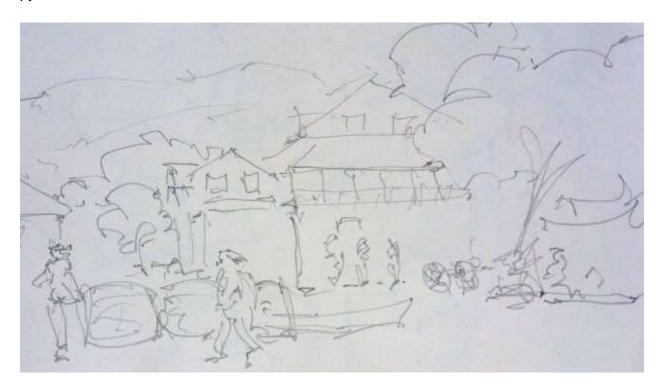


Met a pod of someone approaching Saint Pierre.





After the eruption. Skeletons of everything, cleaned, leveled and smothered by a 1,500 ft. wall of 3,000° F pyroclastic mass of white hot ash



Before a bustling dominate town. The mayor was having an election and refused to allow anyone to leave making the 30,000 deaths higher.

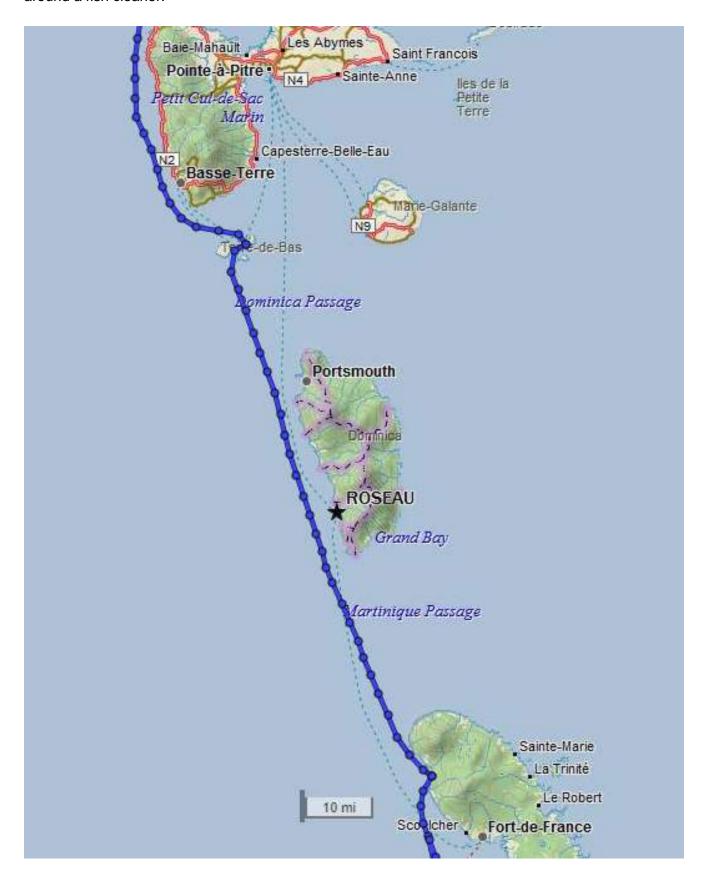


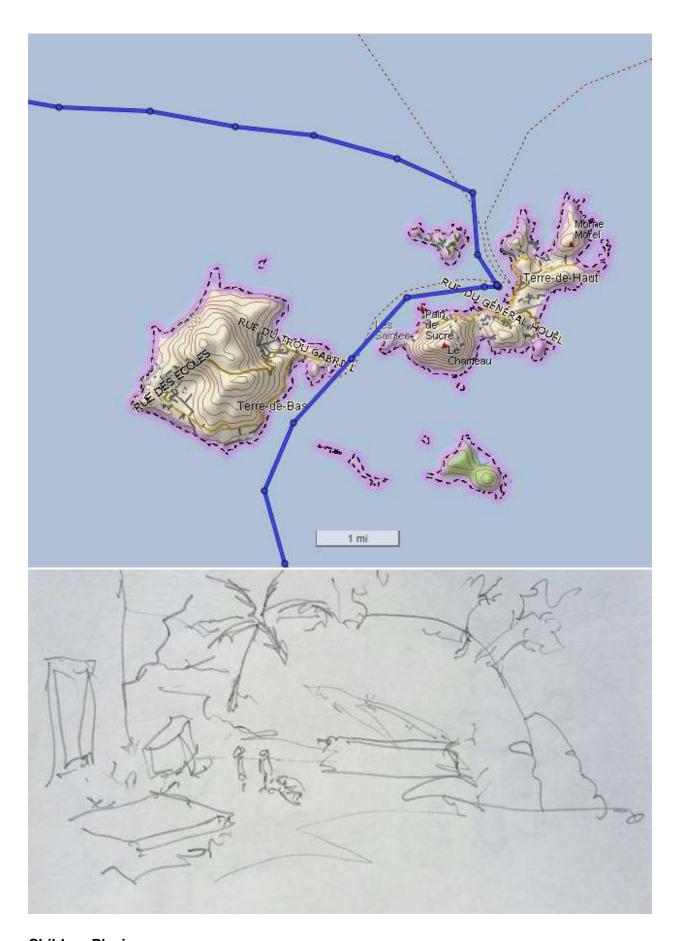
8:30 Approaching anchorage with Sea Cloud leaving. A young man dinghy motoring suddenly experienced a loud wine from the motor then it stopped. Almost immediately another boat came to the rescue.





Le des Saints, Frigates a Pterodactyl type scavenger bird have an evil about them. Here they were swooping around a fish cleaner.





Children Playing

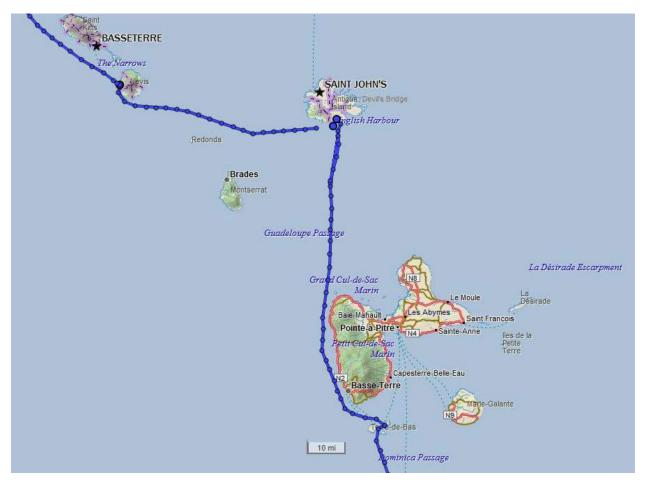


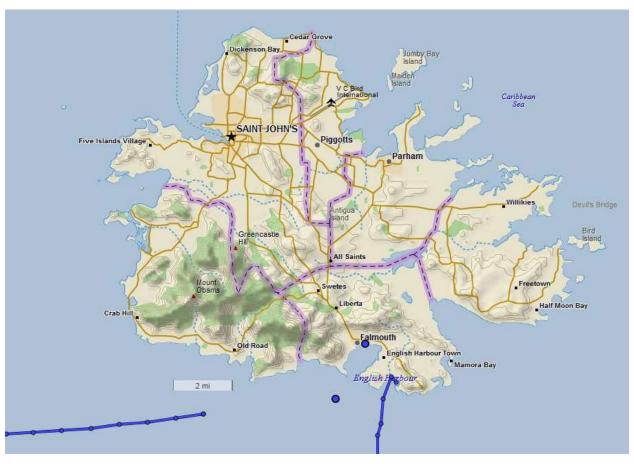
Bought a bottle of Rhum using American dollars. I spoke in french to the cashier, apologizing that I was American and would they accept US dollars.

Chapter 9



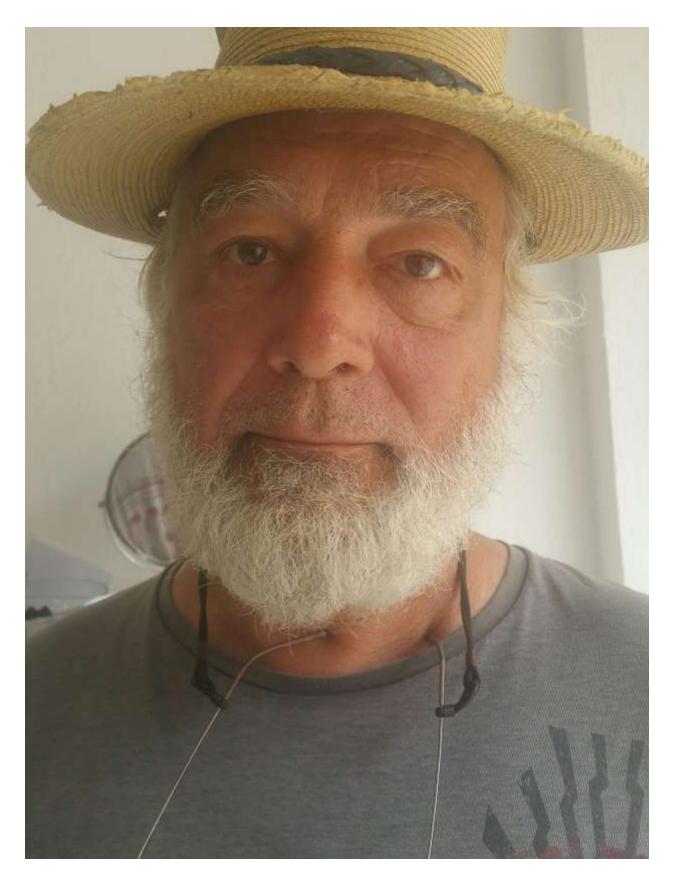
A feisty bird decided the bread crumbs in the kitchen were his domain. He must have taken over the interior when we were gone and just carried on once we returned.







Antigua English Harbor Falmouth



New Amish Beard
Just did not like the mustache, will shave the beard in Bermuda.



Drinking copious amounts of local rhum to get through the mosquito blazing hot Antigua night.



Nevis in the distance.



Shoes get an Upgrade.

The solution to the heel straps coming undone tied with a reef knot. Now I have to take them off occasionally to tan my feet.





By 5 p.m. we were moored on a first class ball at Charlestown, Nevis. Quarter mile of beach umbrella zees ready, everything Caribbean.



Visited Alexander Hamilton's Birthplace Connected with Irene via email



Lunched next door

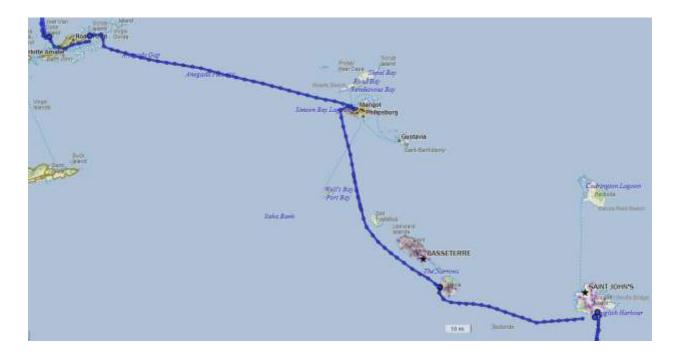
Picked up book about Hemingway's Boat from the lending box named "Feed your Brain" surrounded by Nepali Prayer Flags
Andy found cigars



Bought stamps



Nevis, Swam ashore about ¼ mile to an incredibly quaint party grounds made for spring breakers. Now mostly empty, a few fancy swells mingling with the locals, some selling wears or home made snacks. Party shacks, some home made, could hold 200 people.

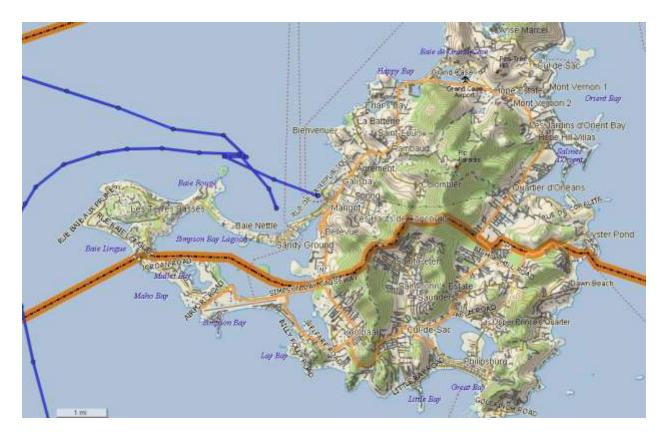


Antigua, Nevis, Saint Martins, Anegada Passage, Virgin Gorda, Beef Island, Tortola



Fort Louis

Marina Fort Louis, Saint Martin





All boats were lost in Marigot. Here the upper part of the mast is tied to the port side.

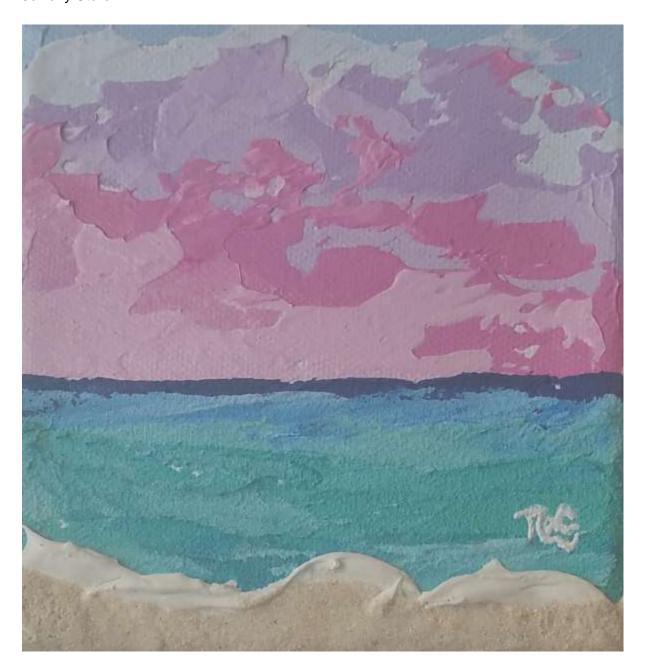


5 p.m.
Andy's happy hour hor d'oreve with log, guide and phone books.
7 p.m.
Dinner at dockside pizza joint, excellent
9:30 Skype with Irene
10 Skype with Chuck





10:30 Visit Phillipsburg, Sint Maarten Coffee Jewelry Store



Art Gallery

Cap bought a painting for \$375. Business has been touch and go. The artist teaches upstairs. Her husband runs the gallery. Their little dog goes three stores up the street and pisses on the sidewalk of the store with the little dog up the street.



Phillipsburg High School Drum Band



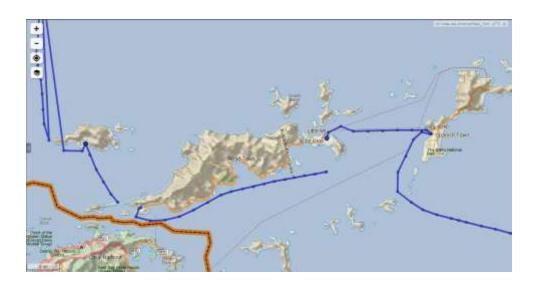
You can see Fiona in the space between the mega yachts.

Sunday, April 15, 2018 Set way points Bend storm main Leave for Virgin Gorda



Iguana, Saint Martin





Spanish Town, Virgin Gorda; Trellis Bay, Beef Island; West End, Tortola; Great Bay, Jost Van Dych



Paid harbor master \$25 for two hours



10:30 Set off for Trellis Bay above Beef Island off Tortola, British Virgin Islands.



Trellis Bay, Beef Island, Surveyed damage



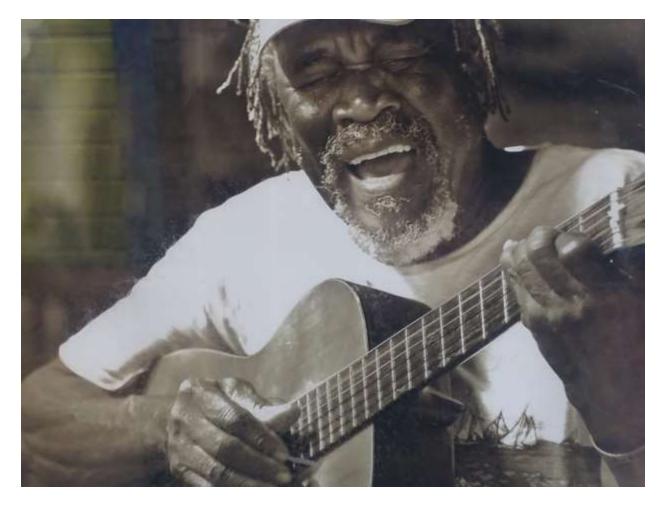
Wireless Catergory 7, password: Trellisbay617



West End, Tortola



5:20 p.m. Happy Late Hour, West End, Tortola In Comey's Book, he described Trump like a Mafia boss, his minions declaring their loyalty for silence and money.



Foxy, was one of 12 people living on Jost Van Dyke, in 1962. His bar Foxy's, still survives. It's said he had sex with every woman on the island all six.



A shell of a man waves goodbye to Jost Van Dyke.

Check out of customs 8





Lunch at Cool Breeze Restaurant, Jost Van Dyke Password: Coolbreeze2

 $1 \frac{1}{2}$ hours of happiness listening to the grocery store owner pontificate.



Leave for Bermuda



Leaving Jost Van Dyke

Spirit of Recovery

A lone palm froum shows healing from the stripping Irma winds.

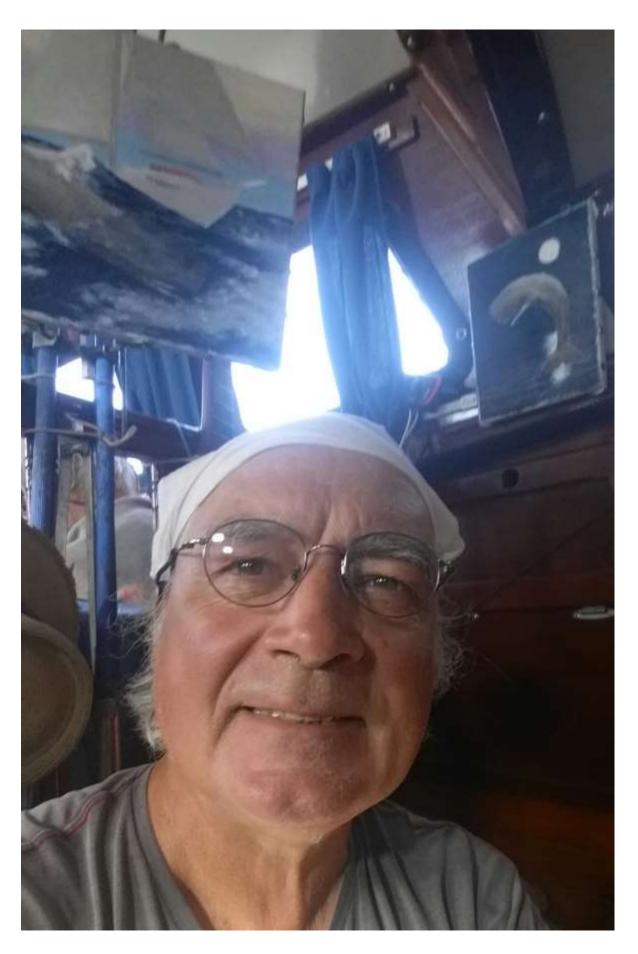
Thinking is free and thinking is what makes great art. When things get miserable, I think my way out of it. When I need an idea, I lie in bed, and think. I think my way out of it.



Transendence

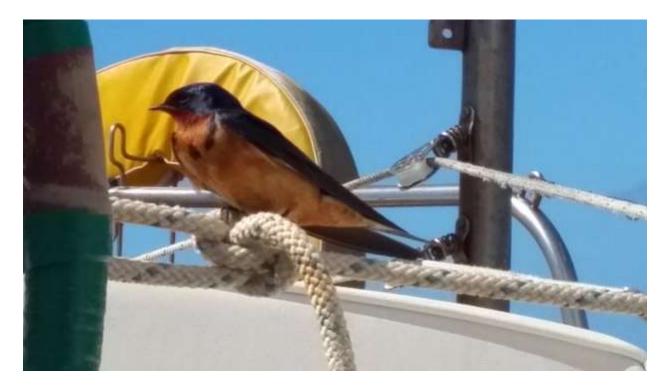
In the end, I'm trying to create paintings that deeply move people, not by berating, belittling, stomping, crushing them but by giving them a door to transendence.

Does my 64 of age and never having commercial success to support a family matter? Probably not.



Working on a new look, one that shows a smile and no furrowed brow. A performance smile, the fakest smile in the book. I need not express myself with facial features. People misinterpret it.

The right-side crease in my forehead nose area is devotion to art. A deep crease on the left side may have showed up when our child died. The complete lack of horizontal lines in this area shows a complete lack of financial responsibility.

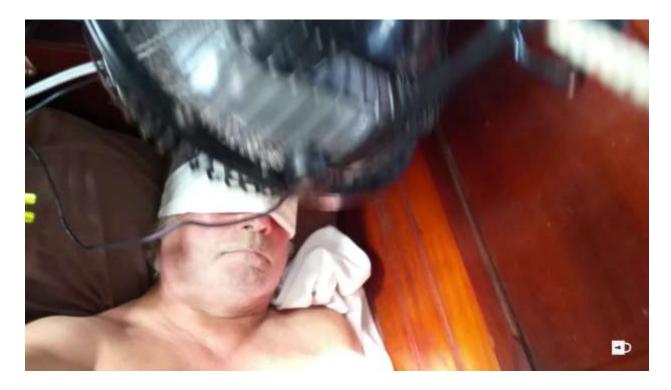


A swallow landed quite disheveled being 500 miles from land. He must have been migrating and lost his navigation.



Happy Hour Flight

Our swallow kept trying to get into the cabin so we put up mosquito netting.



Perfect sleeping, aluminum foil wrapped in handkerchief, tiny fan cooling breezes.

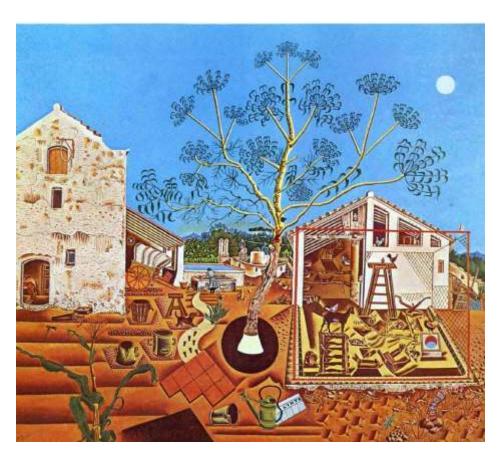




BYS Guest

Password: superyacht1

Yacht



My course is true. The fact that I am 64 makes no difference. Youth has no quarter on thought and hard work. I find myself an infant learning. My daughter has grown up teaching me. I discover new major basic principles of humans at 64. Is there no end to learning?

Lunch paying yourself, Dried charts, Front moving through





Bought carving

Laurel and Hardy film about a sailboat an x convict



Youth Sailing Camp

Noon picked up Irene



Checked into Aunt Nea's



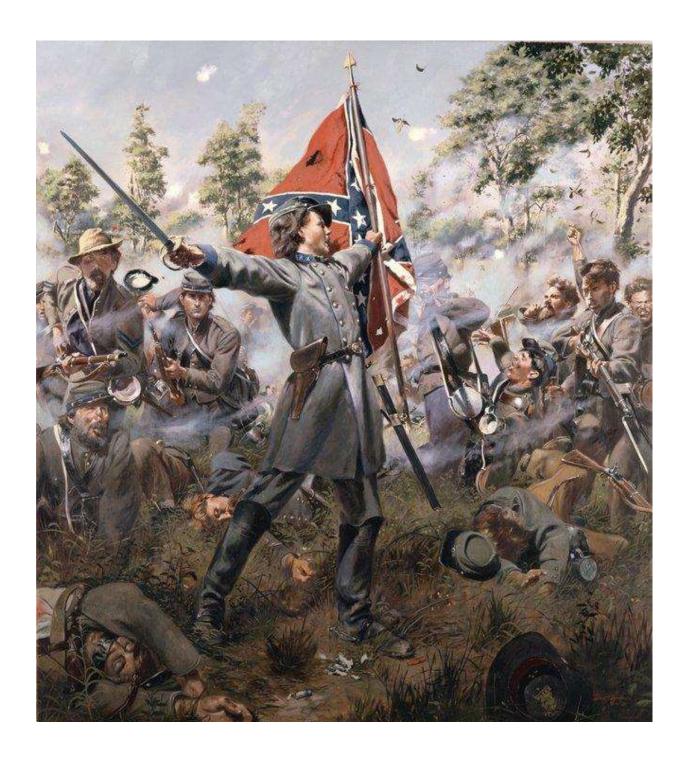
5 p.m. Happy Hour with oatmeal cookies and rum.

Password: Auntneas Greg, handyman Faith, proprietor

Amy Curtiss security airport picking up Chuck



Dinner with me turned into a cat.



Henry K. Burgwyn - Wikipedia The Boy Colonel" by Don Troiani. Colonel Henry Burgwyn Jr.

Met the ancestors here for a wedding.



Frogs (Anura)
Eleutherodactylus johnstonei
The Antilles coqui (also known as the Montserrat whistling frog or the Lesser Antillean whistling frog,

Visited Dockyard via ferry



Oracle Ship, home of 2017 America's Cup



Long boats for delivering pilots and small racing boats stored on the grounds of the Commissioner Home.



The Commissioner's defended point



The Magazine Grotto Beer Andy



Met Paul Bracken, captain of the Spirit of Bermuda his wife and child, staying at Aunt Nea's http://www.bermudasloop.org



Town Crier



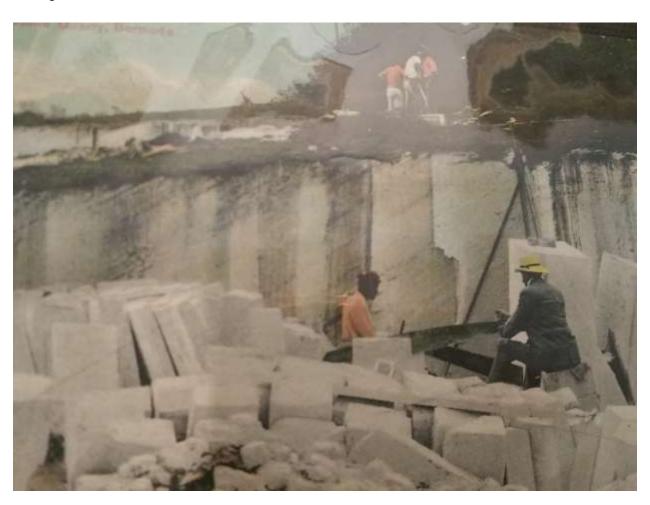
Town Crier shames a woman.



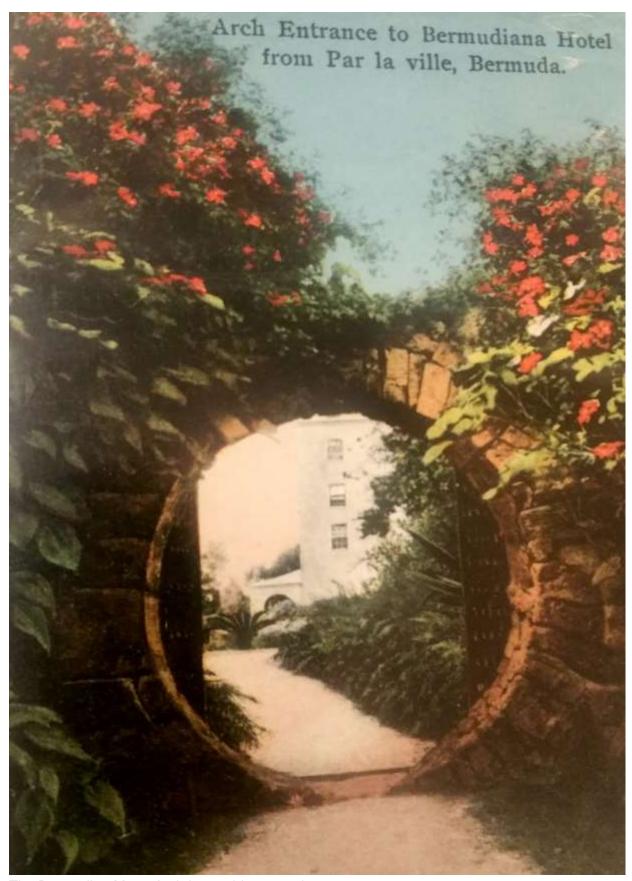
Birds at Deliverance

Dinner out of Somers Grocery hot table

Wednesday, May 2, 2018 Changed rooms



Limestone cutters from postcard at museum in Hamilton



The Bermudian Moon Arch in an old postcard.



Bermudian Doll at the post office display in Hamilton, home of one of the rarest stamps.

Hamilton



Vernmont, cedar lined interior walls, owned by two dowagers who walked to work in Hamilton 5 km away everyday, a Bermuda Monticello.





Tobacco Bay

Got Tide Tables

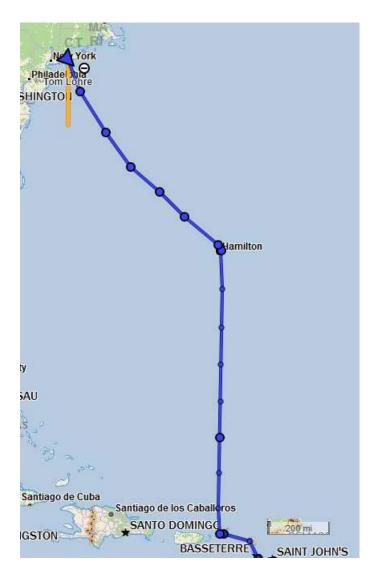
Thursday, May 3, 2018

Paint trim



Swam and napped at Tobacco Bay

Farewell drink at White Horse



On watch





Peregrine Falcon

Herald



Swallow joins Falcon



In the southern edge of the Gulf Stream $\,85.5^{\circ}\,$

Took sails down



Drove Jag Dropped staysail boom on Ford.



2018 Crossing

Wednesday, January 17, 2018

Fidn Lose Weight
Difn change
Got a little bit more limber
Banned for two years

I can't have any contact with my first crossing captain

Maybe it is my wife in one case and my exuberance in calling out the wrong names of things.

Play list You can get it if you really want it

Leaving

The plane left the ground smoothly, without notice it was airborne as if it wanted to be high instead of sitting still on the freezing ground. Even the de-icing clunge as if wanting to hitch a ride to 37,000 feet. Though 50° below the two movements propelled the plane flawlessly as if it was its natural state.

The gnawing in my stomach continued and would continue till arriving on Fiona, my second lady, a 42' Westsail sailboat, I was crewing 6,000 miles in a southern loop down the coast of Africa up the coast of North America, finishing in Long Island just miles from Newark Airport where I took off four months ago.

Sailing through paradise during the best time means the ship gently glides through the endless miles meeting up with one warm volcanic island after another till finally settling into a narrow shallow slip in Patchogue.

The calling sea for me is intrepid. Not exuberant but cautious as if thinking the ship through its paces. She responds well to attention, readily allowing you to spruce her up as you continually listen and feel her wearing.

Synopsis

The trip was like going to a remote part of the world doing research. You brought everything with you and lived independant for four months. Your research required satellite communication and equipment constantly running. A diesel supplied power for the equipment and charging the batteries. You worked 24/7 on research making detailed analysis and adjustments to the equipment. Occasionally you would go into town.

The team leader was a bit of a pill since it was his grant and his ideas were pretty much dead on. Not that he didn't like to hear your thoughts, he having 50 years experience in such expeditions and you only a few, still, truth in interpreting data was something everyone strove for. It was just that we were his minions. A minion is not your friend. We were not his friends. We were specialists.

Specialists on a space missions have a army working on systems including compatibility. We had the Captains intuition, picking up crew off the Internet. Resulting in the classic shipboard phenomenon of everyone bending for the ship.

The captain is a single hander picking up minons off the Internet.

Sounds like going to Mars. Some may say we do not have the right stuff to match the self sufficiently the early world travelers. In the not to distant future, humans will go to Mars to live. Super engineers will step up and travel to Mars. None of the equipment they take will be simple. Living will be several magnitudes more complicated than any ocean voyage. This exploration will trigger across the board rethinking of who we are. Following families living in caves on Mars broadcasting their last breaths. Learning from earlier explorers.

We were three geriatric gay guys without the gay, pulling into harbors where most boats had couples, families, delivery captains and vacationers in catamarans as crew.

We were more like a crew that needed compatibility selection. How much can you bend. The ship comes first, that leaves about 20% to diffey up with the crew. Cap gets 15% you get 5%.

Cap is an "I'll get by," person. All he has done was done by getting by. Many times the picture was not pretty but "He got by." Jet fighter pilot, astronaut candidate, nuclear engineer, ocean sailor, master blogger, all got done by getting up at 8 a.m. After a pleasant breakfast till 9 a.m. you worked until 2 p.m. including a tea break at ten and a fine lunch with beer at noon. You were off the hook after 2 unless a special situation arose. Everyday you do this and with an incredible brain you can do anything except write a symphony or paint a masterpiece.

What makes believing in something you can measure different than something you cannot measure.

Our Captain, a first class engineer, revered in every neighborhood and everyone who met him,

a dark side of endless energy, unlimited possibilities, constant motion, believing in facts.

How many bottles of rhum were needed? One bottle every five days. An a pack of cigarettes every week. Sure, I didn't know the names of everything. Always forgetting what the procedure was. My exuberance was caustic next to the standard model of a shipmate. It came back to bite me big time. At a time when you would be sitting back and enjoying the world passing by, we were working all the margins to "Get by."

A happy, laughing sailor is one who has seen everything and takes everything in stride with a smile.

It's great to be back. As if I was stationed at a military base somewhere, on a field trip for a company, taking care of a sick relative, but in reality I was in a small boat with two others where the dynamics of the crew towered over sailing and destinations.

It did not help that I was the youngest. An 86 and 72 year old are set more in their ways than a 64 year-old.

Sure, I ran around with my head cut off when we maneuvered the boat in harbor. In time I carefully laid out lines to manage the confusion.

We all not being at our best with reflexes, sight and hearing, led to problems we lovingly accepted.

But the biggest problem was the captain being supreme lord and commander, never being talked back to, always taking the reprimand as a lesson.

We were his minions, his entourage, we were with him from morning till he went to bed. It wasn't so bad when we were sailing but in the fantastic harbors we visited it was painful to sit with him through meals listening to his fascinating lifelong escapades. Not being able to hear means the conversation is one way. Sure, it was like

hanging with Chuck Yeager, Neil Armstrong, Elvis Presley or Donald Trump; I can put up with it for four months but what it taught me was how insensitive I am. Bullies are sensitive.

Creating while sailing went well for the first half as the tension of being away from the captain took its toll and I left all painting and documenting aside for the second half.

The psychological makeup of a crew is vastly more important than the ship, destination or weather hardships.

I asked for it and got it in spades.

I learned the real world is a whole lot more cynical that the artist, even an insensitive artist.

I am insensitive, to live my life, you are insensitive, you are the major domo, sneaking in hours of work painting while managing the estate.

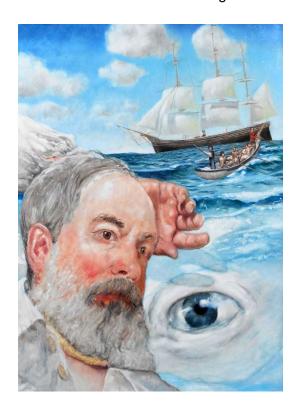
On the upside there is the never-ending learning that takes place. A whole world of undone things has sprouted. I was the youngest.

How does being insensitive affect your art? It makes you want to paint reality. Keep it topic. Use everyday happenings

Thursday, January 18, 2018

Met Andy Brooks at Airport

Took bus and train to Cascais Walked 2/3rd mile to boat with gear



My Youth

Much of my youth spent building balsa model airplanes that flew. Our family got into Ohio River boating while I was in high school. I narrowly missed being a river man for life.

Slowly I became an artist, learning under the tutelage of a master portrait painter of the old school. After many magnificent full-size portraits in the old manner I started painting a canvas everyday of scenes around me.

This continued as I again went to sea. For ten years I opened and closed the season, sailing out of the tip of Long Island. Later we refitted a sailboat and sailed to Ireland.

Now I tinker with other people's boat and catch voyages where I can.

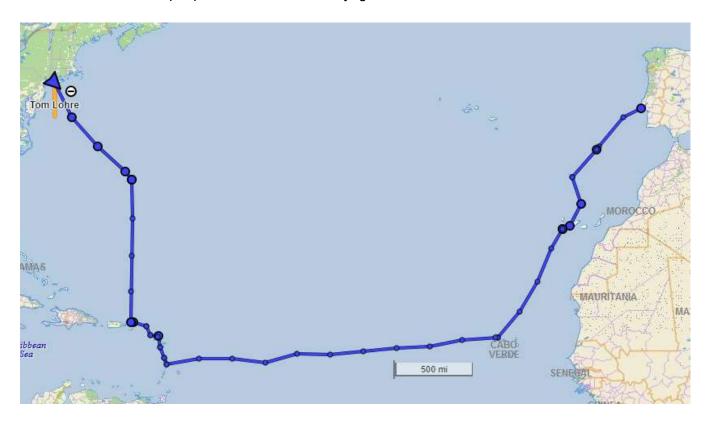
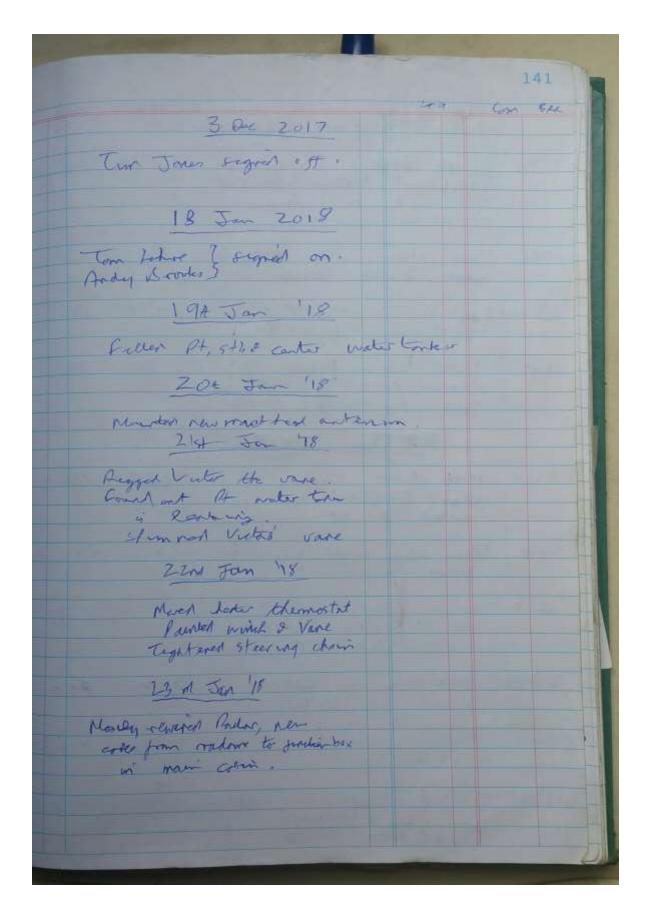
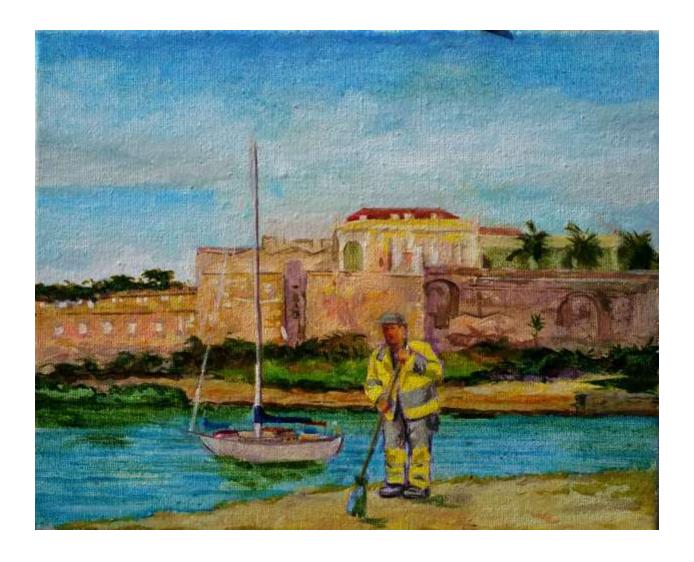


Chart of 6,000 Nautical Miles



Ship's Log

Diligently added to by the captain at every interval.



Street Sweeper

The first painting driven by my wife who likes the painting we did in the Quanjo Zoo., a man working a garden of callas amongst the Hawks in the surrounding aviary, in the background the hollowed out caves amongst the volcanic hills where the early settlers lived.

Friday, January 19, 2018

Fixed Water Pump

Under the sink there is an electric and foot pump for the two spigots one fresh one sea water. By changing two valves under the sink you can make the electric pump pump fresh water if you want to empty a tank where the water has gone foul of tastes funny.

We opened the faceplate on the pump and replaced the impeller. The whole contraption is a maze of plumbing under the sinks.



Bought Pastis
Starting painting

Saturday, January 20, 2018

Installed antenna

The connection for the old mast top antenna had broken off at the solder leaving a brass cap and no antenna. A hole was drilled in the brass cap for stainless bolt head filed to fit inside leading to accept the antenna wire. Lockite applied and taken up in the boatswain's chair for the second time.

Heater grill both ends

Painted in cabin

Accompanied with guitar

Watched "High Noon"
The movie of incredible bullies.

Sunday, January 21, 2019



John and Carol stop by. They live in Portugal and have a 54' sailboat.

Dropped Aries

Repaired paddle Remove sail cover hold downs. Painted man in cabin Watched "Chicken Run"

Monday, January 22, 2018

Install heater controller

Tightened electric autopilot chain Painted Aries paddle Painted Burned line ends Radar technician Start engine Painted castle

Tuesday, January 23, 2018

Installed Radar Connection

Shopped for dinner 4 Irene 5:15 Willard Painted Fiona in Cascais Man

Talked to motorcycle man

Working at marina, fixing a light switch, needing to bleed the front brake line.

Walked to art store then market for cleaning jar for paint kit since the plastic one was melting, bought a olive paste jar.

Wednesday, January 24, 2018

Fixed stove burners

Shopped for Fluids and Stores

Uber back in electric Leaf \$5.38
Refrigerator not staying on, starting then stopping
Bought Pastis, ladies top and drawstring bottom.
Watched old RAF film starring David Niven.
Cascais Man MiguelPatanta@hotmail.com

Right Stuff

To know you do not have the stuff and know that you have to be born with it leaves you with a sinking feeling. A feeling of almost giving up.

This makes me want to stop complaining and get to work. Drive on knowing that many geniuses never do anything.

Many masterpieces start with Ernest and pass the threshold into the light without the knowledge of the doer.

Pondering this since I came of age as a painter the solution was ignoring everyone. While continually ruminating with fellow writers, singers, theater people about what is to be done. It's easier to see the greats as just touching everything into gold.

Not having the support of the industry, gloomed me from the start. No one powerful said anything to help, they looked away as I struggled on.

I have fooled myself into being an artist because I did everything independently without the help of a gallery. Even with twenty years as the village artist in Greenwich Village, it never developed onto a,show. I staged my own shows. It's easy to be an artist if you can cook a good fish and brew beer. Still not inspiring anyone with knowledge. Had I been a con, money could have been made.

I'm holding onto this series of works for a year to see how they settle.

The quiet rolling harbor is great for painting on board. Soon to be replaced with violent motion. Fiona chomps at the bit to get away.

\$375 Groceries

Refrigerator started working, serviceman not available till spring.

Gardeners planting peonies

Filled jerry can with water

Retired bumbler

Ships computer stopped booting during movie

Watch movie on Tom's computer

Filled in painting, both Andy and Eric had advice, not as successful as wanted

Installed external wi-fi, worked perfectly on Tom's and Eric's

Ran engine 1 hour to freeze freezer.

Skype Irene 4, Helen 4:30, missed Will at 5:30

Friday, January 26, 2018

Picked up Fresh Foods for Hammock



Everyday you pick through the apples, tomatoes, pears, potatoes, onions and garlic for those going bad. The hammock is tied down to prevent violent swinging. The engine for the dingy is also kept in the forward head.

Friend visits Eric Tom paints

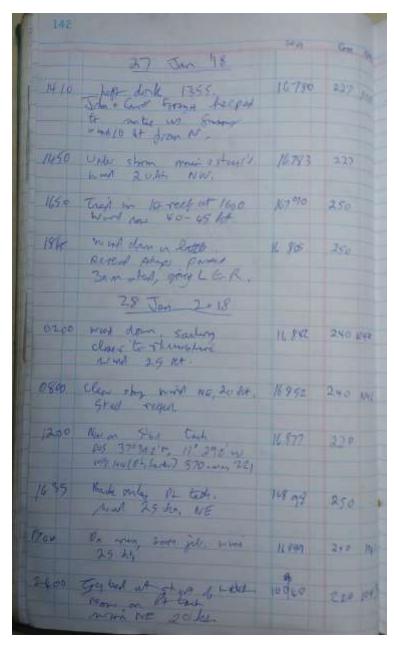
Chapter 4

Leave Cascais

Out at sea just off shore we experienced Hugh swells 15 feet high and 1200 across. Fiona was a gem. As we passed three fotillas of class sailboats the wind hardened and we reefed the main. 20 fishing boats lit the surroundings, one we were very close by at 11 p.m. maybe 75 yards.

Settling into life at sea. Sleeping as much as possible so to jump to when needed.

Foul weather at the ready. Wearing wool.



The Log
Saturday, January 27, 2018
Leave for Madeira
Waypoint east off Porto Santos
10 p.m on watch
Heading 260° COG 225°
North East Wind 30 kts
North East Waves 15 ft 1200 fetch

11:05 Ship Crosses Bow

3 miles off heading SW Purchased marine weather

Sunday, January 28,2018

4 a.m. on watch

Tightened boom vane

ENE Wind 15 kts

ENE Waves 15 ft 1200 fetch

Heading 260° COG 250°

11 a.m. on 3 hour watches during the day

Tacked

Heading 220°

Sunny

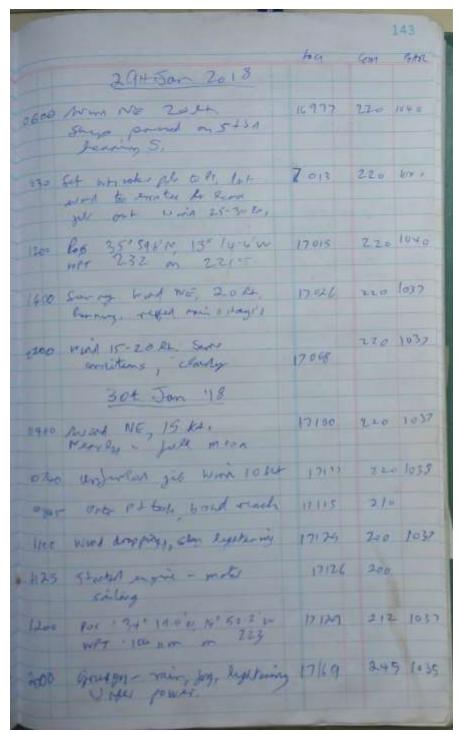
NE wind 15-29

Starboard tack, slight jib out

8 to 10 watch

2 bells large two lit masts crossing our bow moving to the right.

Woke Eric and changed tack Course 220°



Course 219°
Wind 80° 20kn
9 a.m. disengaged Victor, turned wheel to starboard 1/7 turn
Wind 80° 20kn
10 a.m.
Bar 1021
Wind 18kn ENE 67°|<
No rain, sunny

2 a.m. Monday, January 29, 2018
Jan 29, 2018 11:20 AM
15' hills of confused sea make you hold
first before you move carefully. Sleeping,
cleaning, 2hr watch at night, 3hr during
day, painting this in Madeira, FW

On watch Ship with two lit masts abreast port 15 mi Course 220° Wind 90° 20kn 3 a.m. Course 220° Wind 90° 20kn Ship with two lit masts abreast port 15 mi 3:30 a.m. Course 220° Bearing 217° Wind 90° 20kn Ship with two lit masts abreast port 15 mi 4 a.m. Ship astern 10mi Ship starboard stern 10 miles Course 220° Bearing 217° Wind 90° 20kn

8 a.m. Monday till 11 a.m

Took watch

Wind on beam course South

Turned Aries wheel quarter turn to
starboard and engaged





Rigging Pole

Take tie downs from pole laying on port side

Move to side needed

Use gasket to tie forward end to lifeline

Clip aft end to top bail pin side down

Rove fore and aft guys with bowline through shackle on bottom of forward end of pole

Fore guy, black line, goes through sheave closest to deck then to shackle hanging downward Figure 8 the end.

Aft guy, red line, goes outside of sheet through movable block aft of jib block to cleat aft of sheet winch. Figure 8 the end

Free and straighten topping lift and snap to small wire loop in center of pole

A special tackle is used to attach the sheet to the pole. By pulling on the line attached to the pin and anchored a foot from the mast end, you can disk connect the sheet from the pole quickly. The special tackle runs down to the deck block and can be removed by opening the sheet snap. This special tackle is a snap block, allows block to open and receive sheet, attached to 1 foot of wire with eye in it to receive pin from forward end of pole. This rig was created to keep the sheet from cutting into the pole.

All is on top, the guys on the bottom. Hoist pole into position with man at each station Raise jib

Make sure sheet is parallel to red line on jib.

Rat Lines

You can also see the rat lines in this image, pieces of wood attached to the shrouds with rivets and wire. The ends are grooved to receive the shroud. They make steps up to the spreaders. Another step goes from just

below the shroud mast anchor to the shroud going half way up from the spreaders to the masthead. Steps start above the spreaders. Line is feed through the steps to the outer shroud to prevent the halyards from getting fouled. Four shrouds on each side.

Took in jib because forestay loose
Downloaded Grib file
Low centered off African coast delivering usual high waves a strong wind.
Downloaded local weather for where we will be at midnight. Wind NE 30kn

5 p.m. watch till 8 Monday Wind 50° 25kn Speed 7kt Course 221° 7 p.m . Wind 2 NNE 23° 7:30 p.m. Course 210° Wind 40° 20kn

Tuesday, January 30, 2018

Jan 30, 2018 5:45 PM

3rd mate gave us a lesson in Madeira wine. Must get you a bottle. Dinner, nap, watch now, wind came back, 40 nm to land, 44nm to port, ETA 2 p.m. Wed. R U in R

Jan 30, 2018 7:40 AM

Collect chocolate for Irene. Drinking the local product. Motor sailing. Rain came through settled wind and waves. ETA Wed 2 p.m. Leave Madeira in a week.

Midnight on 2hr watch
Course 222°
Distant ship astern
12:30 a.m. Tuesday
Wind 55° 20kn predicted 25-23 45°
Bar 1018 predicted 1018-1021
1 a.m. no ships Tuesday
Wind 55° 20kn
Course 222° Bearing 219°
1:30 a.m. no ships Tuesday p
Wind 55° 18-22kn
Course 220° Bearing 217°

Tuesday 6 to 8 watch 6 a.m. Tuesday On watch Rain, variable wind 6:30 Tuesday Course 206° Bearing 216° Wind 55° 10kn 7 a.m. Waves 6' 1000' fetch Bar 1020 Bearing 217°8 predicted at location

2 - 5 p.m Tuesday

On watch

Bar 1017

Course 217°

Bearing 222°

Wind apparent 13kn NE 45°

Speed 6kt

Motor cruising

2:30 p.m. Tuesday

Furuno Bearing 225° Course 217°

3 p.m. Tuesday

Wind apparent 8kn NE 45°

Garmin Bearing 222° Course 214°

Predicted wind NE 19kn

3:30 Tuesday

Wind apparent 7kn NE 45°

Garmin Bearing 222° Course 214°

4 p.m. Tuesday

Furuno Bearing 226° Course 211°

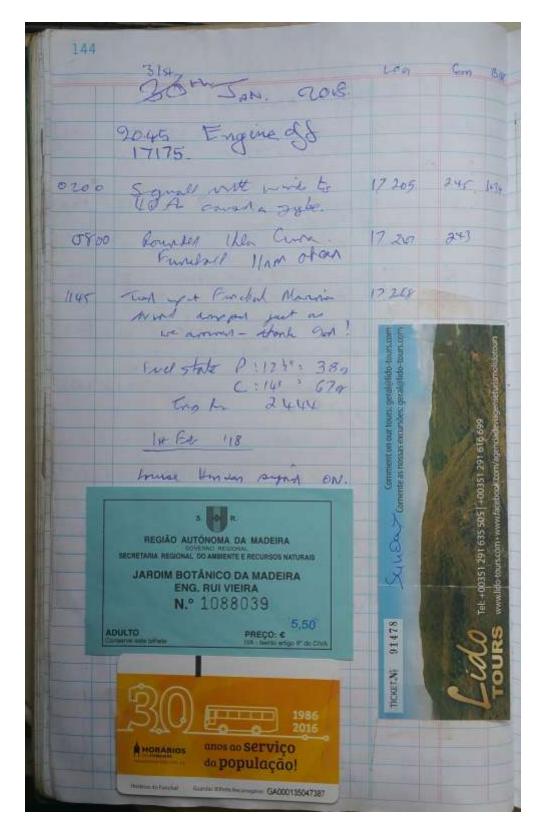
Wind apparent 5kn NE 45°

ETA 10 a.m. Wednesday

4:30pm Tuesday

Wind apparent 3kn NE 45°

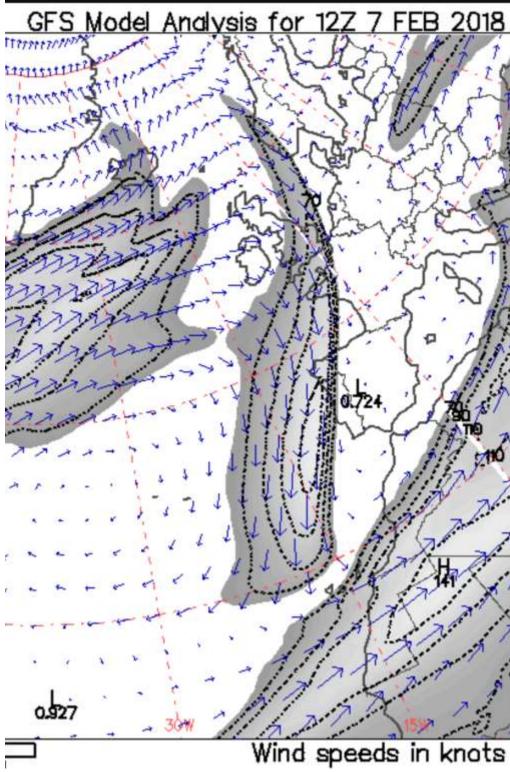
11pm location Predicted wind NNE 18k



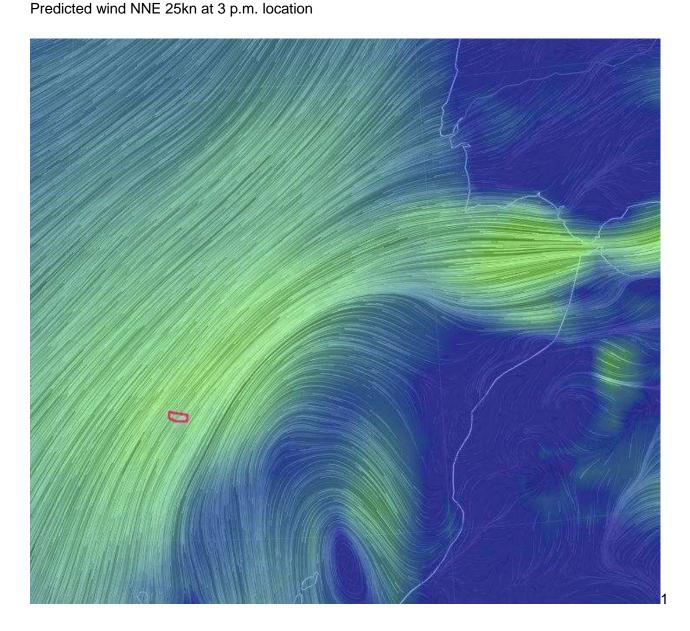
Wednesday, January 31, 2018 On watch 10 - 12 midnight

Entered Way Points





Electric auto pilot
Garmin Bearing 226° Course 226°
Wind 25kn NNE 23°
Speed 6kn
11:30 a.m.
Wind 30-35kn NNE 23°
Speed 7.5kn



Noon Landed

50kt wind sustained 8nm out, 40kts consistent all morning. Captain says, "He's never seen it like this." Then in the lee of tall point of land it went calm. Lowering sails was a breeze except one reef points stuck on a spreader light and we pulled it loose without damage. Now one points to the fore deck and the original points down. Capt. will adjust when he pulls down the flag halyard.

Sinking Feeling

Having a sinking feeling of nervousness slowly getting to embrace numerous systems the self steering the most complex. Everything about is flexible. If you could imagine a device that with a sneeze

Finally having my first shit was a milestone, still not drinking coffee. I wonder why Melville never mentioned personal things like where he sat or how he slept.

All the surroundings get involved. Sweeping the cabin floor and fixing little things makes you feel part on the ship. You can't be a piece of stainless steel, sail or line but you can love her here and there. The ship is old and long in the tooth, but fully operational, the new slowly replaces the worn.

Staying warm seems to do the trick. Watches are normally a spent at the gallery table neatly tucked into a space so as not to move. Every half hour you walk the deck so to speak because no goes out of the center cockpit unless someone else is with you much less at night. You push open the hatch cover and sit on the threshold surveying everything, ships, sea, moon, and maybe turn your light on the sails and rigging.

We are sailing slightly to the left of our course because of the wind having switched sails from one side of the boat to another zig zagging along our "Rum Line" the direct course.

To ship aboard Captain Eric's Fiona is to take a break from being my own captain of several boats I manage. Though Fiona is 6 times heavier than the one we plan on sailing across the ocean, she still puts her pants on one leg at a time. She is the person I want to know. Someone who had been around the world twice in the big rolling ocean. So foreign to me. My self doubt belayed. She is what I seek, to be at sea, never coming home, only stopping to get parts and stores.

That can't be true. I loved sailing out of East Hampton. The sails were always pleasant. Nothing like the open ocean. You had strong currents, rain, nearby rocks and sand bars but never howling winds and steep seas. This takes getting used to. Every part seeming on the chance of breaking.

I see now It's the captain, Fiona and the sea that makes a pure life away from the destruction of civilization. The self steering device the supreme leader. Setting it is as conjure. But still I doubt this is why I am on board. Maybe my first crossing was so painful to myself and my wife to not continue would be a waste of blood.

The ship is like all ships, a ship of the day, a ship with modern parts. Was it not so much like voyages of old. The sailors lounging about till call to the mast. We sleep copious amounts. Only the captain has many things on his mind. Did I want that? I was setting myself up for it. The independence seemed not worth the money and trouble. But still we sail. The water and boat are restorative. A day on the water could hardly be compared to crossing a large body of open seas.

I never was restored on such crossings. They seemed to be challenges. Some necessary evil to get to a quaint unknown island.

The sometimes violent rolling of the ship makes sleeping difficult. A lee cloth holds you in but it only works if you wedge yourself in so as not to roll side to side. It might be better to sleep perpendicular to the keel and make your bunk just long enough so you don't keep knocking the top of your head or bottoms of your feet.

Anyway it's a feat sleeping in a rolling boat.

Sailing in the ocean on long voyages is not unlike the freeing of hiking the wilderness. The restorative nature abounds. A natural desire.

Landed in Madeira

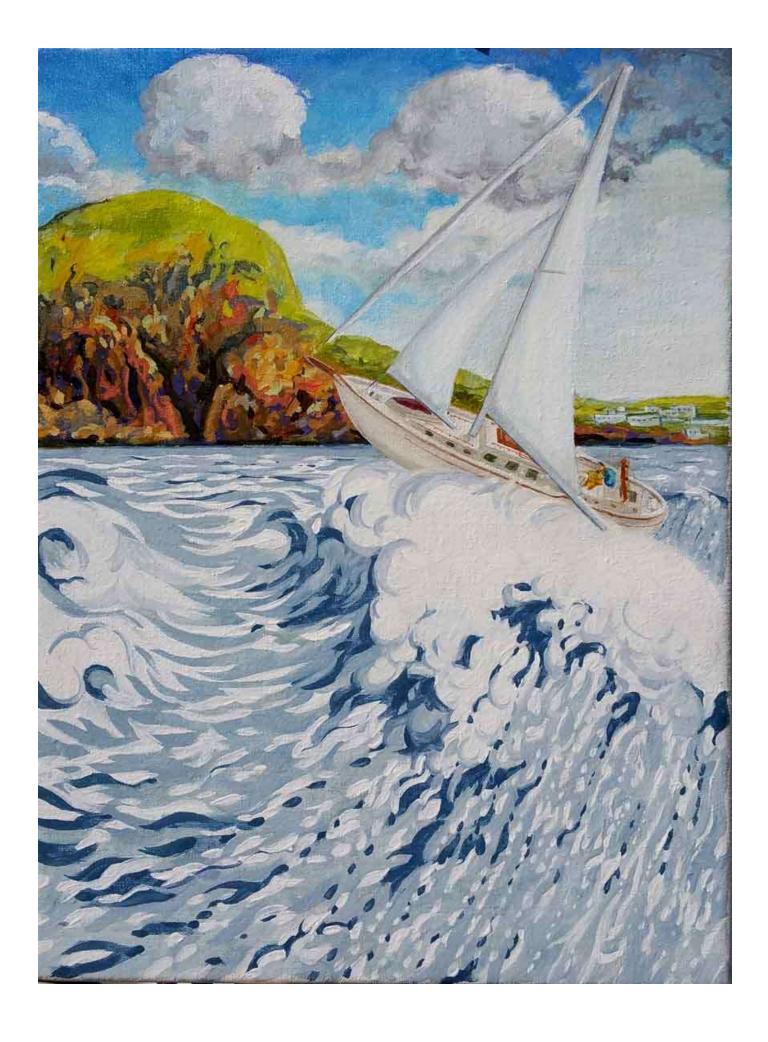
Thursday, February 1, 2018
Centered mainsail halyard winch cover so it runs free
Freed 90° shives for Aries
Moved to floating dock

Dried Charts and Bedding

Stretched canvas
Secured shoe straps
Purchased Pastis
Louise Hanson arrives
Irene Skype at 4

Friday, February 2, 2018
Cleaned Aries
Working on starboard interior light for pilot berth
Working on composition
Visited old chandlery
Irene Skype at 4

Saturday, February 3, 2018
Tighten forestay
Put sail covers on
Replaced pilot berth light
Replaced dock lines
Sketch done

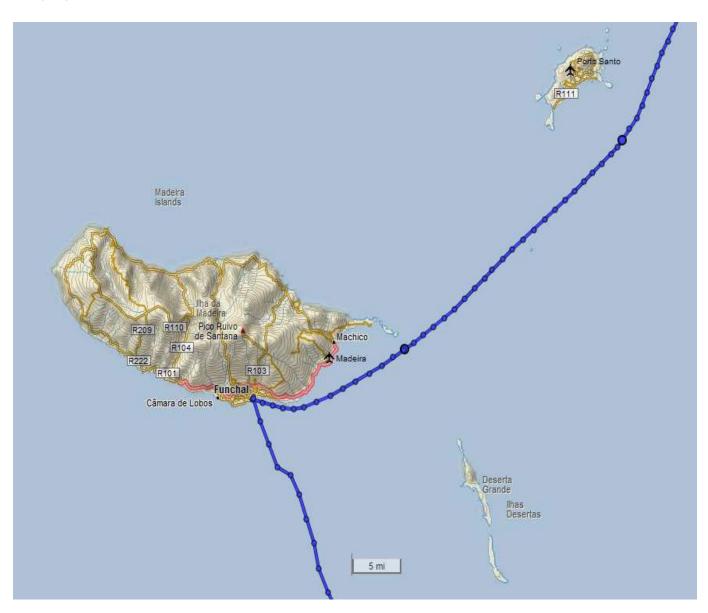


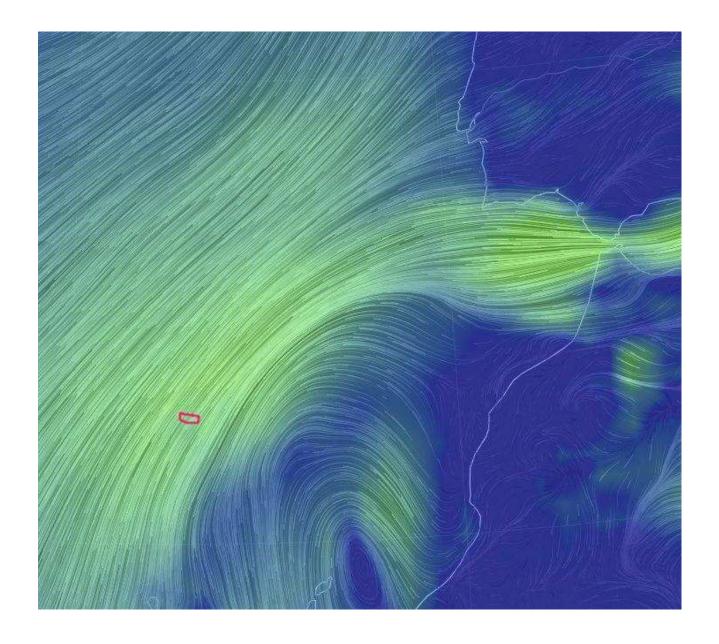
Started Fiona off Madeira Painting

Painting the story

Fiona at sea will be the motif this time out. The next painting will depict the last leg as will all the rest.

I have no ax to grind against humanity. No rage against the machine feeds me. I see paradise aways at every corner. No straps keep me from going quickly to a resting place. I think being able to create paradise wherever saves me from being disheartened. Though I am disappointed in success it has not hindered happiness everyday.





Jet Stream Merges with Surface Winds producing 50 kt Winds

The Second Canvas

What luck to have a rousing first leg, one for the record books. 50kt winds as we approached Madeira. Caught with our pants down having shaken out a reef in a lull. Though flying the storm main, it still gave tremendous weather helm. Foam instantly develops at 50 knots moving in parallel streaks across the entire surface.

My composition tries to emulate the old masters, trying not to be cliché. Saved by Japanese wood cuts and Thomas Chambers, 1850's American, influence.

First the sketch in pencil on canvas transfering the pencil drawing on paper and refining it for the canvas size. Initially the horizon was in the middle moved upward. Research into masterpieces yielded a composition not

unlike the ancient Japanese woodcuts mixed with my favorite American artist from the 1800's Thomas Chambers. Strange unnaturally forms emerge explaining the scene visually.

The paint is tinted medium of Damar varnish and linseed stand oil. Very fluid out of the container the volitals evaporate and the surface becomes thick. The pigment is added without using thinner of English turpentine. Mixing on the pallet is done with a pallet knife. The knife is also used to draw the paint out of the expensive Sable brush lightly drawing the paint out then changing the color the same way all done to gently preserve the brush. No paint is wasted. Slowly one color in the brush becomes another. Only when drastic color changes are needed will the brush be cleaned. Initial painting is done with a stiffer camel hair brush in the same way.

The second day of painting showed color on the drawing

It's like moving back to #2, 89 Christopher St. Greenwich Village. Right outside the door, thousands of tourists. Painting continually without interruption except for maintenance in the morning and pulling up stakes to another such spot. Painting Fiona in the sea state.

The cliff and land filled in.

Now working on the sea in three colors not unlike the Portuguese tiles.

Not painted for the tourists or me. Painted to deliver emotion and feeling to the viewer. What's next in this series of Fiona in the Sea State? Must rely on strong color demution. The grayer a scene the more emotion it has. The problem is all tube colors are high intensity color from chemical process. I always have to grey my skys. Laying the painting in the sun to dry mutes the colors and brings more emotion.

Emotion to in Fiona the light pastels of the ship make blend into the sea and sky. With time and thought small changes will be made in every inch to bring together the work. The major work is done, the sails set.

Thinking more about the next painting.

Working on building a 3D village of my home village so I can stage paintings complete with atmosphere. Not so far away from animation. Still, nonetheless a story must be told and it must have all the elements of a story: plot, conclusion, climax, beginning, end. All in one painting, not for the faint of heart. In the past I've used a 3D sailing program to stage paintings. Not as effective as working them out in long hand, sketch, stylized form.

I'm having Chuck be my weather man. Anyone could see we should have left the main sail reefed looking at the https://earth.nullschool.net/...

site during the passage. The Garmin Communicator weather report was not effective.

The Log

Sunday, February 4, 2018 Super Bowl Painted all day Crew went on tour 8 a.m. 5 p.m. Irene Skype at 4.

Monday, February 5, 2018

Worked on anchor winch,

replaced up solenoid,

Painted water, having trouble, didn't take nap Caulked hole in radar masthead Fixed stove switch Irene Skype at 4

Tuesday, February 6, 2018 Finished anchor winch switch Painted Water Got bed bug cover and light Bought carrots Irene Skype at 4

Wednesday, February 7, 2018

Did Laundry

Switched propane tanks
Very strong winds, jet stream above, 60kts reported in harbor
Bow spring line severed
Doubled up lines
Helen Skype at 4

Thursday, February 8, 2018

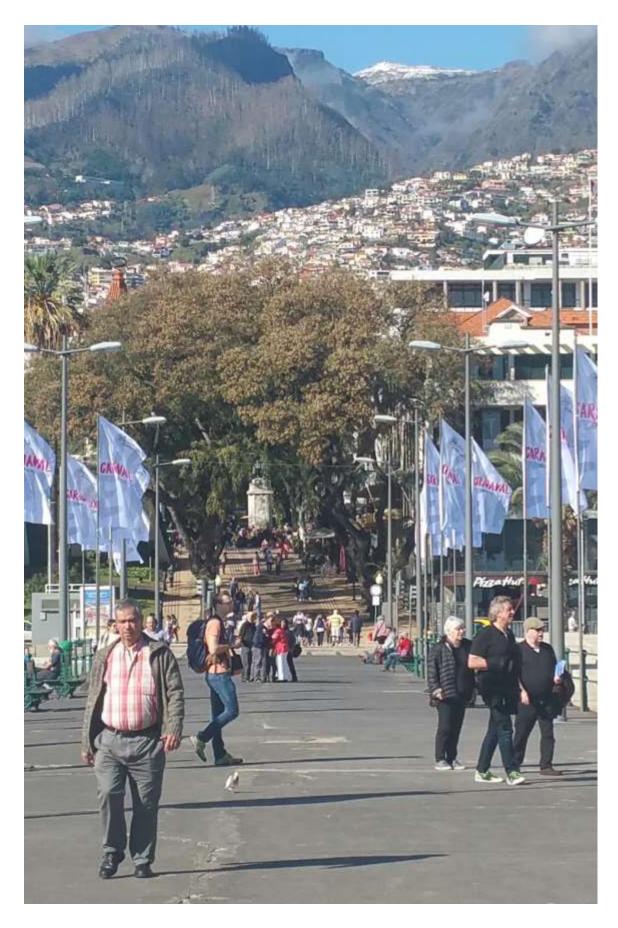
Grocery shopping

Paper towels, cereal, crackers, cookies, chocolate, Irene Skype at 8

Louise tries to leave

Jerome Karl 85 Nobel in chemistry for developing the mathematics for crystal identification using x-ray diffract.

Friday, February 9, 2018 Cleaned frig Caulked rear port side Finished painting Got more potatoes

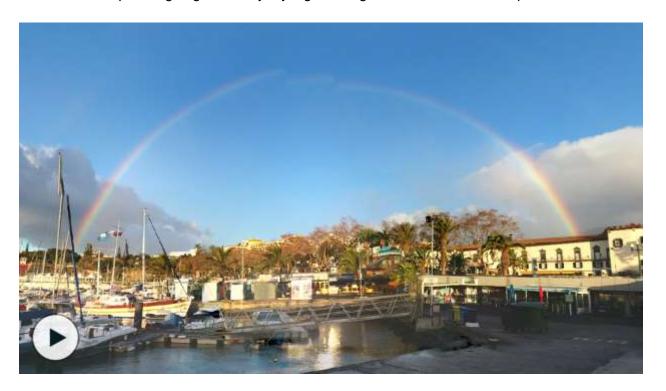


Madeira

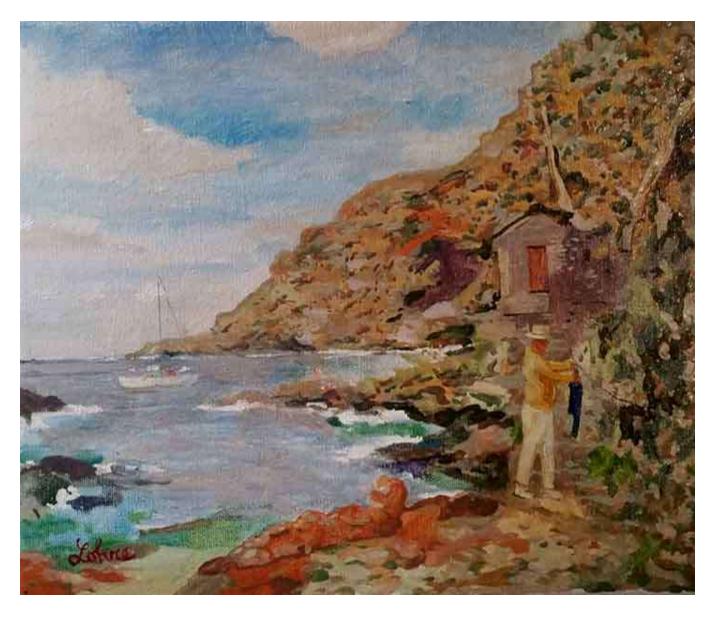
Thousands of tourists visit from slues of cruise ships wandering about in groups of retired twos dressed in the same Patagonias. Fiona amongst a small group of crushing boats sailing in the off,season. I love the weather hovering around 55° you can always put on a sweater or jacket. It's air-conditioned outdoors.



Santa Maria duplicate going out everyday sightseeing whales, turtles and dolphins.



The coffee shop on the lower right served everything and Internet capable of being picked up at the boat with an external antenna.



Chapter 6

Off for Salvegen Island

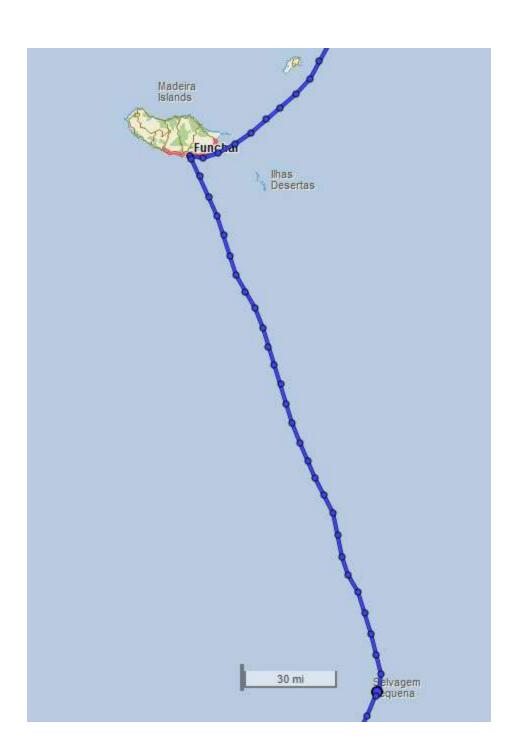
Started thinking about the next painting, a story of the visit to a lonely island group little visited by man. After listening to Van Gogh's letters there seems little hope in being a painter. Line after line of mastery. Still working alone. After watching the launch of the big SpaceX rocket, anything seems possible. Musk himself said he had to be the engineer in the beginning because no one else believed it could be done. Thousands of launches will be needed. Hundreds per week to populate Mars. Everything reusable.

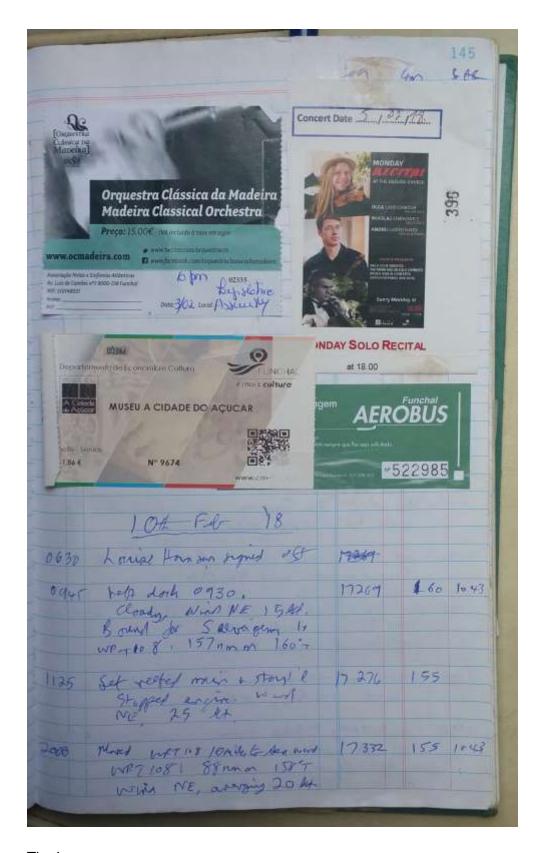
Still does science translate to art. Moving a mountain and a soul are not the same. Souls change the course of man profoundly. Forceful material change is easy in comparison.

Did anything Van Gogh move the ball forward?

I feel this last painting is a success, a great success. The brilliant used of three colors for the water emulating the Dutch tiles in itself is worthy. The form of the water is new.

Now safely moored very close in an open harbor.





The Log
Saturday, February 10, 2018
Left 9:30 a.m.
On watch 2-5
Furuno Bearing 160° Course 165°
Garmin Bearing 226° Course 226°
Wind 15k NE 44, 45°

Speed 6kn

3 p.m. Furuno Bearing 160° Course 155°

Speed 7.5kts

Jib out

Cruise ship 8nm port beam

Wind 20

Wind ENE 68°

4 p.m.

Speed 7.5kts

Jib out

Wind 20 ENE 68°

Furuno Bearing 160° Course 145°

2 clicks left

4:30 p.m.

Speed 7.5kts

Jib out

Wind 20

Wind ENE 68°

Furuno Bearing 160° Course 145°

10 p.m.

Threw up at 5 p.m., must have been the tuna salad sandwich at noon.

Bar 1025 60°

Speed 7

7.5kts

Wind 20 ENE 68°

Furuno Bearing 158° Course 151°

Garmin Bearing 161° Course 157°

10:30 p.m.

Speed 7.5kts

Wind 12kts ENE 68°

Furuno Bearing 158° Course 151°

Garmin Bearing 161° Course 157°

Reset Goto Waypoint 108

Corrected Waypoint in Garmin

11 p.m.

Speed 6 kts

Wind 12kts ENE 68°

Furuno Bearing 158° Course 151°

Garmin Bearing 158° Course 160°

11:30 p.m.

Speed 6.5 kts

Wind 18kts ENE 68°

Furuno Bearing 158° Course 151°

Garmin Bearing 158° Course 160°

4 a.m.

Andy gave 1 click up wind

Speed 7 kts

Wind 20kts ENE 68°

Furuno Bearing 157° Course 155°

11th Feb, 2018 0200 Mind 15-20 Mm. Sarling 17.376 155 neich troud wear. Pt tack . 48 mm 158 "T 17420 165 1042 Vector externo him broken, berry in commend. About 18 nm to belongen asonle. Avent NE, 15 ht Perped up moving at 17846 Capealor des Emparono, Felingen Grante 13th Feb 2018 ogo Anoped moving 17446 218 104 wished the wanter Maurico the Gast. bound for he Borner wat 110: 10 pm on 2110+ 6950 Set main (repl), stong 1 + 18 h GOD Huy day 1/ will 116 10-12 lets

FIRST AGERING a bood week

WIT 110: \$30 m on 212. T 17.4.71 Shook ant rell is man - 17, 488 New 10 line NE 2200 Neigh movey 7-9 News during est watch hard or 4 9-80 his toward we end "
WE THE TOWN TO THE TOWN ME THE STATE OF THE TOWN THE THE TOWN THE TOW

Off .69nm downwind Garmin Bearing 158° Course 160° 6 a.m.

Bar 1023

Tom gave 1 click upwind Speed 6.5 kts

Wind 18kts ENE 61°

Furuno Bearing 157° Course 155° Off 1.45nm downwind

Garmin Bearing 155° Course 160° 7:30 p.m.

Speed 7 kts

Wind 18kts ENE 61°

Furuno Bearing 157° Course 155° Off 1.47 to right

nm downwind

Garmin Bearing 155° Course 160° 6 a.m.

1 Click to port, tightened upper line

Furuno Bearing 157° Course 155° Off 1.56 to r

Below goes before leaving

Friday, February 9, 2018 Cleaned frig Caulked rear port side Finished painting Got more potatoes 21nm to 108

Sunday, February 11, 2018
Arrived Salvagem Grand noon,
blew up dingy, lowered dingy, tried
starting engine, hoisted dingy,
used chain vise on flywheel to free
frozen cylinder, lowered dingy and
started, raised
Fixed 90° Aries block



Monday, February 12, 2018

Salvegen Island Painting

Launched dingy and went ashore, Tom painted, Eric and Andy hiked to the top. Only three birds, many lizards, Left Tom to paint, picked him up in time to stow the dingy before happy hour

The next day Eric and Andy hiked up to the top. I painted the old private home built into the side of the hill. Eventually the owner sold the Selvegen Islands to Portugal.

Three military and two nature wardens live here with spotty wi-fi. Ten foot westerly waves directly hitting the cove at times prevent any landings for weeks.

A blue tile painting of bird man did not happen. Instead it was me hanging laundry with my back to the ocean, Fiona in the cove and only the original home in view.

The water color was still hard to peg down. Slowly working continually the #6 Sable filled in the scene. Painting the workman in paradise. I set up the video camera and took footage of me hanging laundry on a line that led to the old home. Later took a frame grab to paint from.

I also shot some 369° video. What will happen with this record is a mystery. Maybe it will be used in a show, a show of what? Paintings. Having never been able to get prices which could sustain a small family, I am left with experimental work. Always searching for a manner which connects with people and has a distinctive flare all my own. I almost reached this goal with my nine-color melted oil pastel manner. My shoe string, fly by night marketing approach has yet to break through to a steady stream of sales. The product lacks something. Something that stirs people. I can get front page press but never the front page of the art world. Now, at my age, small bones of recognition from the art system are thrown at me to cover their asses. I cannot blame them for what cannot be explained. The art directors and curators are using their gut feeling, normally on the same

page, to present a concerted front to the art loving public. What good could come front such adulation? I have seen my artists friends honored in the highest way but still living day to day. If I could only be more eccentric. Painting workmen is noble but hardly breaking new ground. I have always avoid figures in paintings but including them full faced for who they are is always better than the over the shoulder hidden identity figure intended to become a friend of the buyer.

I tried to avoid lighting effects only to see them being used. A successful painting needs grey colors and figures that speak truth. Going to a deserted island was not necessary. I could have painted Irene raking leaves at our home.

The men treated me to a beer and potato chips when finished. They enjoyed their 2 p.m. lunch watching me paint. Setting a beautiful blue and white table on the covered veranda where I worked. I sat on one of the heavy wooden benches near the front wall of the porch where my equipment was laid out. All day they spoke in the laughing manner of firemen. One Navy person offered me a beer early on and I begged a cigarette from him. He was born in the Azores. Just as I was half way through Captain and Andy came back from their hike. They two were offered beers. We had agreed to go back at 1 p.m. but I asked to forgo lunch and continue to paint. I worked continually finally getting to the sea while I imagined lunch then nap on Fiona. At 3 p.m. activity started and at low tide and a calm sea the dingy was able to nuge the end of the concrete ramp with her motor running in deep water. I climbed aboard and off we went trying not to step on the sandwich and beer they bought.

The mounts for the canvas holding it to the easel had broken on the way in so I poked four holes in the canvas back near screws so it could be securely tied to the equipment bag making a solid package. Still a streak appeared on the canvas which was carefully retouched in the cabin during happy hour.

The cabin was starting to look like an art gallery. One wet painting attached to wall screws with wire another removed from stretchers and taped with masking tape to the white formica inserts of the cabin.

After lunch all but one went walking part of the island looking for a tobacco like plant that is not welcomed. Pulling it up root and all. He had a sample laying on a window sill. Now that the rabbits and mice are gone having been poisoned the plant grows to big and disturbs the landing is of the native bird whose wingspan reaches up to a meter.

The nature warden talked at length about the duties and challenges of living isolated. He said this is the most difficult time. The time when the birds are not here. Sometimes you can be stranded for weeks when the long swells prevent landing.

When the wind blows westerly for days a ten foot high surge pounds the shore. Over the years many ways have been tried to protect homes and equipment. The front of the station, twenty feet above sea level, has a curved concrete wall before the windows to divert the surge. A shelter house been built to protect the stations boat that yet has seen the worst the sea can give. Now they have a large boat with separate engine to the two 250hp outboards, that drive wheels let down so they can land using a,surge and wheel power to drive the boat up a forty foot concrete ramp into the shelter.

There was a large anchor afixed to a pin in front of the station which was washed away. Numerous wooden timbers crossed the ramp to facilitate driving the boats up the ramp were washed away in a surge. The ramp now is new. A previous two foot high shovel shape was placed across the ramp about 15 feet above sea level was washed away. Now a foot hight one replaced it yet to be tested.



Dingy

Besides the hard dingy that sits on the bow, Fiona has a rubber dingy with 6hp Tohatsu. Setting it up require standing and tying the hard dingy to the starboard stanchions along with the staysail.

Untie the dingy blue bag above the rear quarters, unload it on the open for deck and blow up with electric air pump kept under the port crew berth along with anchor, foot pump and bailey if needed. Extension for 12v is behind the rear table seat. Pump the sides partly then inflate the keel and floor tucking it in under the sides, pump the bow and stiffen the sides. The engine and gas tank are taken out of the forward head and tied to the boat. Check hoisting shackles, if engine has seized, remove pull start and rotate magneto with chain vise after putting spray oil in cylinder. Before stowing for lengthy periods, spray fogging oil in cylinders and rotate engine. Start the engine with ether if stubborn. Small less than a second in the air inlet is needed. Once several pulls with a full choke and throttle in start fails, put choke in and open throttle.

While approaching a critical landing needing to slow down, do not idle engine in forward. Put in neutral and keep engine idling high.

Board the dingy using the starboard rear ladder m.

Dock lines

Four lines hold Fiona close to a floating dock to prevent her from getting momentum. The bumpers are out of the water. Ideally the spring line attach to a cleat in the center so as not to chaff against the bolt heads of the shrouds. They enter the boat through the hausers, holes in the side through the bullwarks for lines. A plastic tube is placed around the lines to prevent chaffing through the houser hole

Propane

The stove has an electric switch that cuts off the gas at the tank which is enclosed in its own camber in the very stern. A large circular bronze plate covers it. Lines hold the top in place and a raised wood block bottom holds the bottom. A separate tank is tied to the stern stanchion.

Electric Anchor Windlass Aviatus

The 12V system has heavy ½" wires leading to a box forward in the head. On the way it passes through a circuit breaker. The control board holds the two solenoids, one for each direction and a terminal, board. A diode crosses the switch connectors to buffer the load. There us a two way switch in the cockpit and in the bow. Looking forward the right side has the brake next to the housing then the cat, chain grabber, and finally a cone clutch. The clutch handle has a pointed chisel like edge to move the clutch cones apart if it gets stuck since it does not have a spring. The left side has a drum for a anchor rode. The scope is the length of rode out.

Water System

Fiona has fresh water and sea water spigots coming to the double sinks. A sealed electric pump delivers sea water from a waterproof switch. Two plastic valves connected allow fresh and sea water to the pump, used when pumping out the fouled fresh water tank. Three fresh water tanks are switched with valves in the engine room. The impeller was replaced, another ordered. Electric connections repaired and all worked. A foot pump supplies fresh water. One time it stopped pumping and after taking it apart three times without solving the problem, discovered the strainer had become clouged.

Furuno GPS Navigator

Fiona uses each device simply. The Furuno GPS Navigator stores waypoints and goes to each one individually numbered in series 1,2, etc. Half a years waypoints are up to 104. Once at a Waypoint the next way point is selected. You have a major Waypoint then one or two short distant ones focusing on the harbor. Coordinates are entered in degrees minutes with decimal for seconds. You want to round up which natural when taking the coordinated off a paper chart.

Captain says,

"GPS waypoints are taken with dividers off a chart."

He explicitly does not want you to use electronic devices.

AIS

Email & Weather GRIB Images at Sea

SSB (Single Side Band) Shortwave Radio ICOM HF Marine IC-M802 Modem
Tuned antenna

The single side band or short way radio is part of the communication / weather system. Digital electronic communication is sent to SailMail analog short-wave radio stations around the world using a modem that translates text and weather maps into digital signals.

To start a communication, you open a computer program called SailMail. It is an private worldwide organization that maintains numerous stations, around the world to receive and send digital communications. It costs \$250 a year to use the network. An additional \$3,000 in equipment is needed.

Getting a GRIB weather file Turn computer on Select station closest or one near with best signal. Night is best, dawn and dusk are hardest because the ionosphere acts up because of the sun.

6.329.0 is set on radio, 6.330.5 is Belgium

1.5 less than station

Listen on the head phones if there is digital chatter, means someone is using it, wait awhile.

Select send for Grib

Determine coordinates

Send

Wait for K

Posted

Wait for L

Open

Text email can be sent the same way.

Chartplotter RADAR

Radar Raymarine C90

The chart plotter, part of the Radar, is used simply. None of the multitude of functions are used. Turned on it shows the ships position on a detailed electronic map. You must zoom in all the way to see all the data needed. This is extremely important. Significant data in the electronic chart is only revealed in close up mode. Normally the Radar function is turned off unless fog is persistent or many oil rigs, wind mills or ships present.

ENGINE

85 Perkins

To Start:

Throw top center switch to left

Throttle slightly forward right hand lever looking forward, on starboard side,

Turn key in lower starboard cockpit inclosure clockwise.

To Turn Off:

Press black button

Throw top center row "Engine" switch to off/port

Freezer

To turn on:

Start engine, let warm up till turning on 5hp freezer pump.

Twist timer knob all way to right for about an hour

Once timed out, turn off engine

Refrigerator

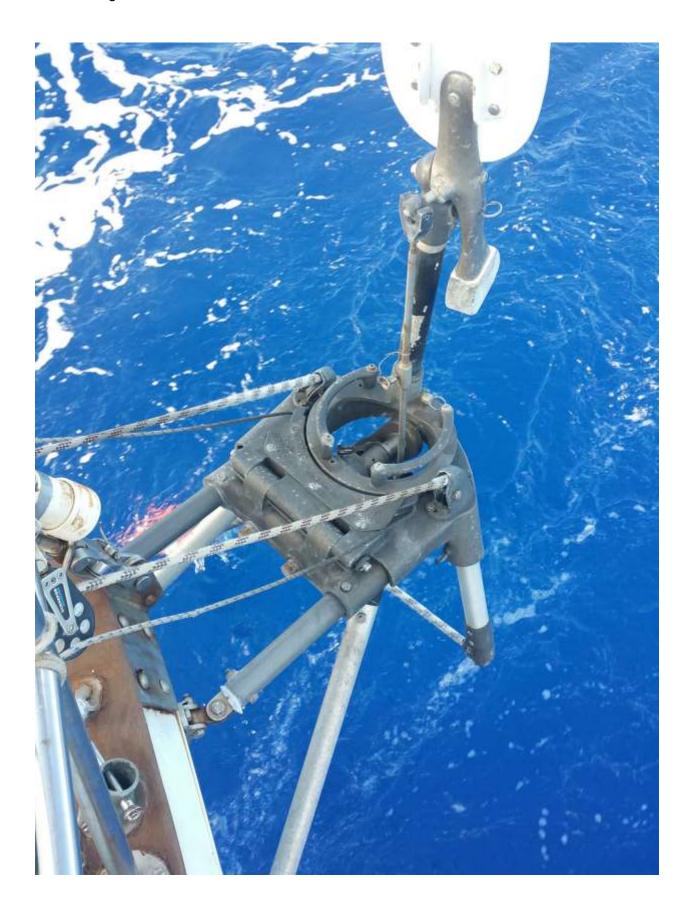
Switch, second from bottom, center row, throw left to starboard for on, always left on.

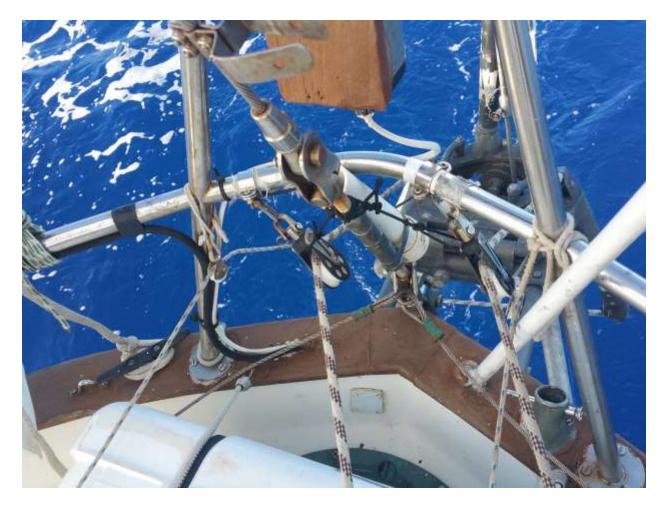
Needs to be cleaned once a week. Water gets smelly in the bottom.

Sensor is attached to bottom and needs to be protected, we put three beers in front of it.

Rewired power line from terminal board.

Refrigerator does work when engine is running making you think it's a poor connection. Tomorrow we will check voltage.





ARIES Self Steering Device

is an elegant mechanical device that translates a small force into a large force to turn the wheel. The servo pendelum, that looks like a rudder hanging down off the stern, is the strong force. The wind vane, the small force, turns the shafts of the pendulum making it move to one side or the other. The lines attached to the pendulum close to the water surface directly attach to the wheel. The lead weight at the bottom of the vane points windward. The vane rests in a carousel that turns 360°. Orientate the vane, weight into the wind, parallel to the wind which makes it stand up straight. If it tilts left, looking at the vane from front it turns the wheel left.

In a dance made in mechanical heaven the boat plows along a straight course if the sails are balanced, the wheel weather helm is adaquate, the waves are not too great, the wind is not above 45 kts

Balancing sails becomes second hand on a boat you sail all the time but for the most part when the wind whips up the distance from the center of effort and center of resistance gets closer. Usually this means reefing the main. The sail balance is directly transferred to the wheel called weather helm, the force on the wheel to bring the ship into wind. Weather helm can be visualize by thinking of a weather vane. The tail feather has more area than the arrow so it points to wind. By changing the size of the feather you change the amount of force trying to point into wind. You want slight force.

The pole holding the weather vane is the center of resistance. If the arrow head and tail feathers were the same size the center of pressure would match the center of resistance and the weather vane would spin around in a wind. The center of resistance on a boat is the place on the side of the boat that when you push

the boat sideways it moves evenly. Heeling of the boat and weight in the bow or stern change the center of resistance.

This last time out we applied to much sticky grease to the sensitive paws that oriente the wine vane carousel and adjusting the angle became a job done at the stern instead of in the cockpit by pulling one line on the port side or another on the starboard to adjust the angle of the wind vane. Paws on either side of a horizontal wheel or carousel with notches around allow you to move the wheel 3°. The paws are like a spring stop on a ratchet.

You want the vane straight up. As the boat goes one way or another the vane angles down starting the mechanical process.

PRO FURLER

Two stainless steel straps straddle the headstay turnbuckle. Taken off they allow you to tighten the headstay. The bobstay under the bow attached underneath the headstay and to the hull just at the water can also be tightened to put less spring in the headstay.

The Easel

A re-purposed large aluminum Stand-Rite easel, cut down to fit my suitcase.

The bottom holders for the canvas normally are a L shaped wire that is attached to the round easel poke with a compression screw tightening a U shaped fitting that embraces the poke.

The wood tabs attached to the canvas have holes drilled in them to accept the short part of the L.

The top has been replaced with not a clamp but a small C clamp the. Hose the top tab.

When not in use the painting and the easel are tied to the railing that separates the table area with the forward sleeping quarters.

The Stretchers

Since I was doing multiple canvases but carrying only two sets of stretchers, consistent holes wear the tacks usually go were replaced with screws set in finishing washers. When you stretched a new canvas you used a awl to poke the canvas and set the screw.

Three metal patching plates were

placed under one screw at the top and two at the bottom to attach the canvas to the easel semi permanent. They also hold the canvas without hiding the surface.

Repair Notes

Tap the wood with two resins, 1st thinner to set the wood to the hull then thicker over top

Schotocovich the Gadfly Hogarts writings

The Log

Tuesday, February 13, 2018

9 a.m. left Grande Salvegen Island

Bar 1020

4:30 p.m.
Winds NE 10kts
Bar 1018
Garmin Bearing 212° Course 207° Speed 5kts
Furuno Bearing 212° Course 207° Speed 5kts
Wind 10kts EES 101° wind veering
5 p.m. on watch till 8

Tore upper outer point out of mainsail

while hoisting reef outo

6 p.m.

Winds 8kts 101°

Bar 1018

Garmin Bearing 213° Course 205° Speed 5kts

6:30 p.m.

Winds 5kts 113°

Garmin Bearing 213° Course 207° Speed 5kts

Furuno Bearing 213° Course 211° Speed 5kts

X track 2.71nm left

7 p.m.

Winds 5kts 113°

Speed 4kts.

7:30 p.m.

GPS Speed 3.8kts with current

Log Speed 1.8kts

X track 2.5nm left



Wednesday, February 14, 2018 On watch till 2 a.m.

Starry night

Winds 5kts 111.5°

Log Speed 1.8kts inaccurate at low speeds

X track 1.6nm left

Garmin Bearing 213° Course 207° Speed 5kts

Furuno Bearing 213° Course 209° Speed 4.2kts

Range 37.4mm

12:30 a.m.

Outside Temp 63°

Speed 3.7kts

X track 1.56nm left

Wind 5kts

1 a.m.

Speed 4kts

X track 1.39nm left

Wind 5kts

1:30 a.m.

Speed 3.8kts

X track 1.25nm left

Wind 5kts

9:55 a.m

ETA to Way point 110 off Tenerief

6 a.m. On watch till 8

Can see the northern shore

Lights of Tenerief

Wind 5kts

Speed 4.5kts

X track .25nm right

Wind 5kts

9:16 ETA to Way point 110 off Tenerief

Bar 1018

Weather Pro shows we are on a downward pressure track.

Wind 8kts

Battery drain -0.8

6:30 a.m.

Entered San Sebastian Harbor Way point 111 listed in pencil in cruising guide

Saw satellite moving across southern horizon.

7 a.m.

Wind 9kts

Speed 5kts

X track .16 right

Battery charging 0.2

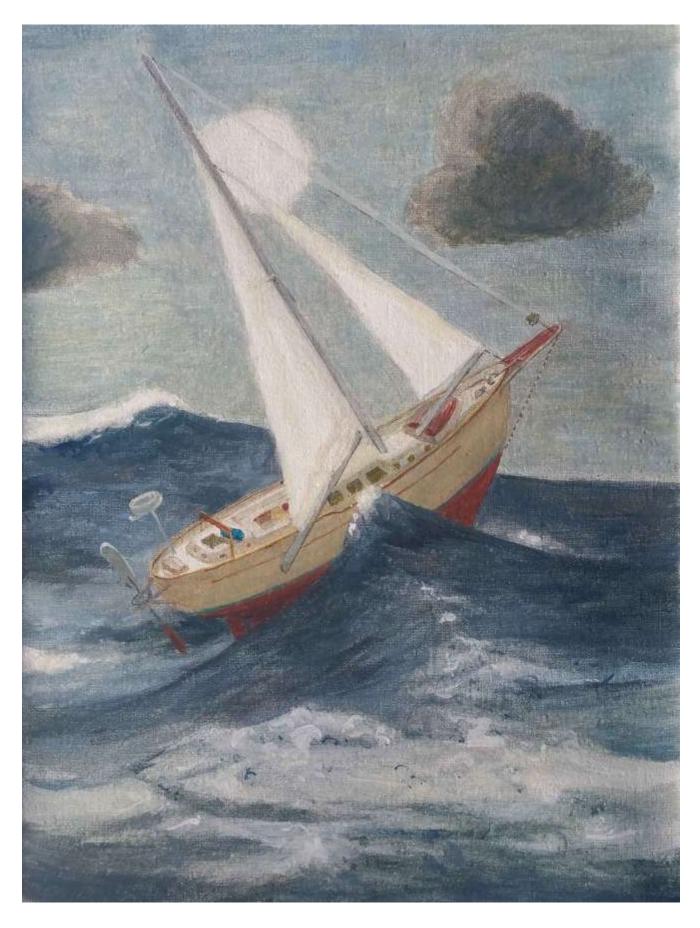
7:30 a.m.

Getting light, lights disappear and top of Tenerief towards.

5:15 p.m. Cocktails after taking down

Main in for Repair

Owen and Darin took it to Tenarief.



The Story

Fiona in Rough Night Sea

Fantasizing about the next painting. It will be an honest attempt at what I started after my second North Atlantic crossing with Captain Eric. Muted dark blue, yellow and white with ship swirling in the center. I was using castor oil and powdered pigment in an attempt to match Pinkham Ryder, American artist who studied under Thomas Hart Benton. His best known works are 10" × 10" dark works of ships at sea.

In my work I will be using medium to thicken the surface with as much transparency as possible. The moon will light the deck and sails with partly cloudy dark clouds above a darker sea of deep blue black.

The earlier work never finished because it would have taken too long for the time I had now will be given the time needed. The biggest challenge is working out the light and dark pattern..

Equipment and Procedures

Taking Down the Main

After tearing a strip in it by having the point wrap around the reef line and while hoisting it while taking a reef out it tore.

First we took out the gaskets then removed the two reef lines. A ½" socket wrench removed the gate on the mast and the guides were slid out of the track. The clew line was removed. The sail was harbor fueled by folding a two foot back and forth starting with the foot then one foot folds were folded from each end till meeting in the center. Finally cinched with a gasket and put in a bag.

Quickly Darian took to the ferry. The whole process took 30 minutes. Andy and I left the Captain at 4:30 at the marina waiting for the sail agent to arrive at five. We had a have hour to go to the local liquor store and get back by happy hour at 5. I got to thinking they may take the main down so we hurried up. Sure enough Owen and Darian were there standing on deck looking over the job right at 5. We quickly went into action.

Later a lovely lady from next door came over and had a rum. I played guitar. Later I messed around for a half hour trying to get logged in on the Captains computer. Edge and Chrome were blocking it so I used iexplorer.

The Wicks

In the stern two portals there are strange pieces of rope attached to the bottom lip like they were remnants of ancient device that cooled the aft cabin. They are wicks made of cotton to drain the water that collect against the glass. I knew this but still chiseled them off while preparing the aft ports idea for caulking. Captain called me, "The destroyer." I said I should have, "See and Ask." We went through this before but they looked so ugly, I instinctively chiseled them off. In La Gomera I will purchased some lamp wicks and make some first class ones.

The Clew Line

A certain piece of 4' ½" line with orange tape around the bitter in, stays in the box in the cockpit used to hold the clew to the mast when reefing. The clew is away from the reef turning block so a line is used to make it more secure. You tie clew using a bowline, take two turns through the loop and then two half hitches. Try to position with room around the knot to make easy to undo, preferably between the clew and boom.

The Cockpit Box

Contains:
Gaskets
Snap shackle for poke
Winch handle
Clew line

Shaking Out the First Reef

If winds are high, drop the main boom into the starboard notch in the gallows by having the man at the helm slack or pull the main sheet to aline with it and then the man at the topping lift releasing it into the notch. The topping lift wire runs through the boom end. Inside it changes to a ½" line running through the port side lever caulk then to a cleat.

The points are released.

Remove clew line

Reef lines clear to run.

Main hoisted up. Make sure if the winds are light and the boom never having been pulled in to the gallows does not catch a reef point in a shroud. This happened and the man at the winch just ripped out a two inch wide three feet long piece of sail to the next seam. Upper reef points will be removed. The sail hopes to be repaired in La Gomera. It only has 20,000 miles on it, normally good for 40,000.

Once the main is up, take up the topping lift, secure the main sheet and vang.



The Fresh Food Hammock

The hanging fruit and vegetable hammock in the forward head holds onions, garlic, potatoes and what ever fruit or vegetable the crew wants. It is tied to keep from swinging into to hull. Should be checked everyday for spoilage.

Map Locker

On the upper forward starboard head locker are the charts. They should be dry and in sealed Jiffy Bags.

Your Bunk

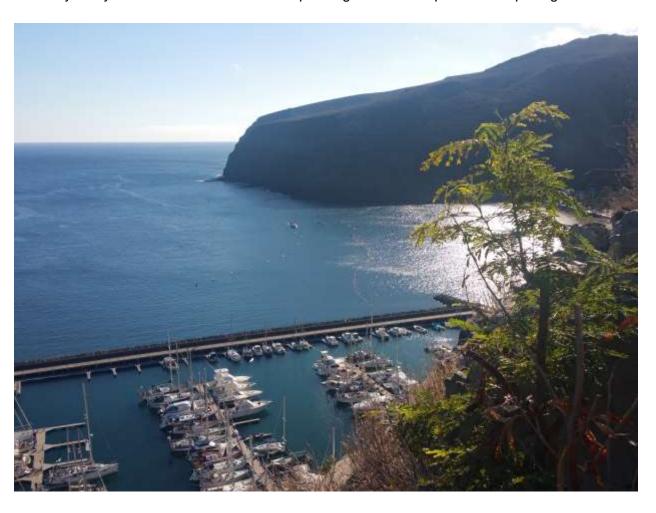
Each crew gets a bunk, 24" x 72" port, 30" x 72" starboard, and two lockers. The starboard lower bunk gets the forward and aft lockers on that side. The port bunk get the center starboard locker and the one on his side. The wet locker on port before head is shared.

I find using pillows or rolled up blankets at your shoulders wedged against the hull and Lee cloth keep you from rolling. The only problem is when you are on you back or stomach you are so wide but if you are on you side you need more wedges.

Since I have the port bunk, when on port tack, meaning the boat leans to starboard, I pull the mattress out over the rail to stop the mattress. It lays into the lee cloth. When beating to wind, it's almost impossible to sleep. That's why you lay in your bunk as much as possible to be rested.

I used to go to sleep focusing on my heart beat, breathing and senses but this is impossible in a noisy rolling boat. Now I go straight to dreams. I try to latch onto any start of a dream and it's working.

I also lay in my bunk to think about the next painting. Hours are spent contemplating the direction.



Our neighbor Fred

http://www.skipper-fred.com/



The view on the way up to the top of the precipice.

Can artists be futurist?

Does the artist just depict what is around him in a new light or his he a fortune teller.

Cookie and Cracker Locker

In the forward upper port locker above the port crew bunk is well used for getting chocolate (after dinner) cookies (for tea) and crackers, tuna, spread cheese and sardines (for appetizers.)

Thursday, February 15, 2018 Sunny

Shopped for liquids

Stretched Fiona in Moonlit Rough Sea canvas and started. Using varnish as medium

Friday, February 16, 2018 Sunny

Shopped for canned food.

Continued painting



Carnevale in La Gomera

Can you believe a drag queen show to kick off the weekend?

Continuing painting, placing the canvas in the sun after another coat of boat varnish mixed with oil paint. The linseed refuses to dry or thicken as does the varnish. None the less the work has been a joy from the get go.

Such independents here.

Sail boaters arrive with every rig imaginable. They say little, don't smile, swagger with a focused unhappiness. I smile my performance smile and they smile back. Breaking the ice takes a sledge hammer.

As I look to rigs that help our Bayfield redo, I slowly, painfully, shyly meet fellow sailors. Why can't we have happy hour everyday?

I met a chap, his boat was on the hard nearby for hull work. A 33', I wanted so much to know everything but ended up just letting into the facilities with my card.

Looking for electronic charts for our sailing grounds. Posting a message on the board with my email address. Captain thought it best to just use email for contact instead of slip #.

It's not so bad having someone wait on you. The Captain called me out today about treating him like he could not go down the companionway with three glasses in his hands as I reached out from below to take them. The unspoken rule is to not move about with things in your hands. None the less, I was taken aback. In the future I will not wait on him but still carefully pitch in with expertise.

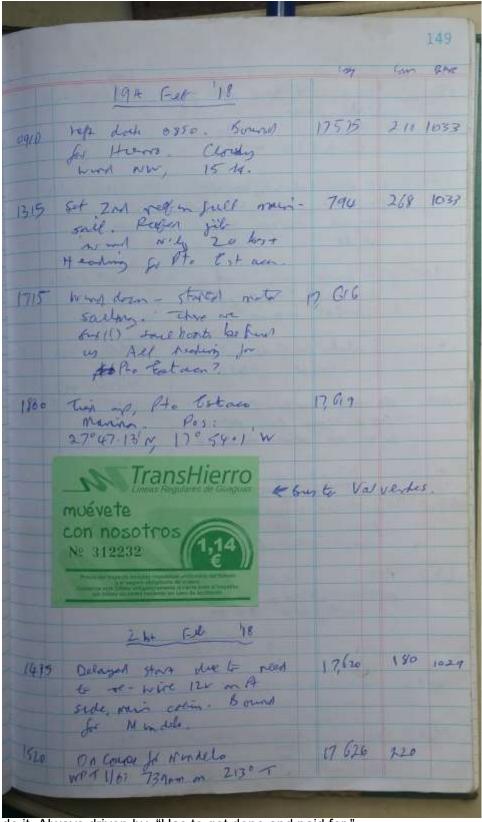
Saturday, February 17, 2018

Shopped for can goods

Raised full main Received storm main Skype Chuck at 3, Willard at 3:15, Helen at 3:45, Irene at 4

Sunday, February 18, 2018

Fresh food shopping



do it. Always driven by, "Has to get done and paid for."

Filled water, on starboard and main tank, using starboard monitoring for leak

Clean log sensor under board just on the floor when you enter the engine room. The plug you put in while cleaning is wired to the lower right wall along the door.

The depth sensor in just forward but needs no attention.

Skype Irene at 4

Way point 117° 41.000"N 01c7° 41.0000W Off El Hierro

Finished the 4th painting, the most successful. Almost from start to finished it pleased me. Could I become the Utrillo of the sea?

Monday, February 19, 2018

Leave for Hierro

Best Painting Practices

The best painting is one given everything. Many times I stopped working figures into a work because there was no time, it sold just as well. But the works suffered. Now this last work broke through, achieving what has never been achieved.

A thoughtful drawing followed by a consumett painting. Never have I had the privilege to take the time to

A week, is it so much to ask for, all the while the family is hungry but accept the paltry sum.

Peter sailed to Mendelo on Ocean Bird

Things are not perfect.

The work needs work.

Work towards the next work.

Why the constant

struggle to make money?

To the artist putting money first, providing for the family, bringing home the bacon seems secondary. A odd way of life, unknown or incomprehensible to many. I don't know why I feel responsible for my family. Creating a work of art totally eclipses my interest in anything other than living hand to mouth. The pleasure of snaking by, going for every twinkle in the bush and paying bills at the last minute by creating art fuels my fire.

I drank to much last night but had a wonderful time meeting a young sailor, blues guitar player with a Westerly 30' and a girlfriend. Maybe I would not have met him sober. You reach out much more when drunk. We even we were berated by her, coming out of the cabin, telling us to be quite it seemed just like the old days,

The sail to El Hierro was mixed in the beginning with swirls around the land and on shore breezes, regular windy in the middle and calm at the end. I ran the paces through four navigational systems, one totally new, a laptop running two open software platforms, OpenCPN and OpenMap. Putting the computer to sleep gave a full day of battery. A GPS and AIS device was part of the system. You could even see planes on the chart.

I have taken over navigation.

This last trip I had the waypoint wrong in the beginning but checking it regularly I corrected it.

Captain wants rounded waypoints taken off the paper map with a divider and placed in the GPS.

Working out the decimals for minutes is the next thing. Some devices use decimal minutes and no seconds. When we get to taking sextant sightings during the crossing because their is so much free time, everything will be in seconds and the Captain likes seconds. It just means 50.50' is 50' 30".

Sperm Whale Painting Finished

A 8" x 10" of a Sperm whale, a painting and series needing to be painted because it needed to be done well. Willard gave me the definative book on Sperm whales by Whitfield. For twenty years he traveled their routes in a 40' sailboat with a look out half way up the mast.

It's a male breeching in the full moon light on a calm ocean. Painted in tintied varnish it allows the transparency for night scenes. A dark painting but a good start at many to come.

Is it longlasting? Maybe? A little too cartoonish. I did not have much research into the work. Whiteheads book, though over the top in data has few images useful and all of the poorest quality. I tried watching several old movies looking for moon light on the still water.

Seems that all the breeches come in still water. What Sperm whale surface activities take place in a big sea? This is a great use of Whitehead's book for he has to write about it.

A Sperm whale is a huge animal over 50' long with a big head, jaw and tail. The rest is a thin long body compared to its lenght. I am surprised Whitehead does not go deeply into the skeleton and fat layer, stating the amount of each or each organ for that part.

To stay focused on moving people through painting in the highest form of a superb challenge. The jump off from nostalgia is difficult to know or see but you have to go light years past the normal to achieve it. The solution is shocking in it's simplicity. The Sperm whale is an excellent motif.

We set sail for a 7 day run to Mendelo on Saint Vincent in the Cape Verde Islands. Wind will be coming from the NE. We'll be putting in the third reef line since normally with anything above 30kts we need it. The weather helm becomes too much and the self steering wind rig does not like it. It's easy to take out a reef.

We didn't do any chores today in Puerto de la Estasa. I painted and Andy and Eric took the bus to the nearest town and brought back some groceries. We desperately tried to get on free Internet put it was not happening. I had purchased a sound increasing program for Eric's computer but it needs to be activated. I should have done it right away but now we gave 14 days, just enough time to get to the Verde's with a day to spare. That's if we have wi-fi



Eric befriends Marigold

A 30 year old, 4 year veteran of backpacking. She was looking for a ride to Cape Verde. She met us when we came in and had drinks, dinner, a beer with me, and slept in the cockpit. She normally sleeps in caves on El Hierro. From Poland, she works as a maid and landscaper to make money. Captain gave her money for the ferry back to San Sebastian, La Gomera where she has a better chance to get a hitch hike on a sailboat maybe. To the Mediterranean.

The Log

9 a.m. Motoring to El Hierro

Off shore breeze, seeing still water like lake sailing. No waves. Motoring 12 noon
Wind NE 15
Motoring
Wind kicked up, raised main, then double reefed,
Landed a 6 p.m. in Puerto de la

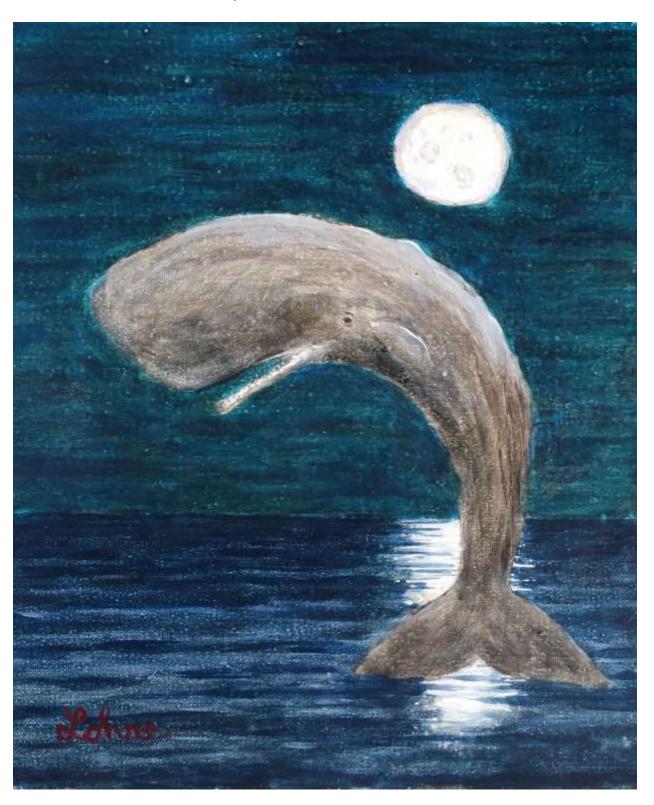
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Wednesday, February 21, 2018

Stereo Rewired

Tried to leave but the 12 volt line to the stereo and 12 volt plug went down to 2 volts and we had no wire. Eric and Andy took the bus to town. I taped up some loose wires, re-anchored two door latches, activated the volume booster and got Eric's computer Gmail up.

Took some 360° video of a walk up the hillside of volcanic crumble and a shower.



Off for the Verdes

8 p.m. on watch till 10

Motoring

6 gallons left in tank, Eric will change over on his watch. At 6kts using a gallon an hour.

Sea swell from NW 6', fetch 2000'

Clouds along horizon, new moon

Fixed clew line

8:30 p.m

Course 201° Bearing 213° X track .54 left

Wind NW 3kts

9 p.m.

Course 210° Bearing 213° X track .94 left

Wind SE 3kts

Andy and I Moved main and staysail to starboard side

Pressure dropping from 1014 to 1010 in last 24 hours

9:30 p.m.

Course 207° Bearing 213° X track 1.01 left

Wind SE 3kts

5 clicks to right

Thursday, February 22, 2018

No wind, Eric's GRIB says large low north is causing it. May not be wind until this afternoon.

On watch 2 to 4 a.m.

Course 213° Bearing 213° X track .01 right

Wind SE 2kts

2:30 a.m. no change

X track .04 right

3 a.m.

X track .54 right

One click left

Temp 65°

Bar 1008 dropping

X track .59 right

13 clicks left

3:30 a.m.

X track .47 right

Wind W 4kts sails flog once a minute

X track .31 right

8 a.m. on watch till 11

Points chafed through

X track .81 left

3 clicks right

Partly cloudy

Bar 1008 rising

8:30 a.m.

X track .72 left

Fixed latches

X track .47 left

9:30 a.m.

X track .22 left

Replacing points

10 a.m.

Stopped engine to check water and oil.

X track .35 left

11 a.m.

X track .09

left

5 p.m. on watch till 8

10 p.m. to 4 watch will be suspended so everyone

gets 6 straight hours of sleep.

Bar 1004 falling

X track 2.36 right

Sailing close hauled with 10kts of wind.

Course 212° Bearing 252°

Wind SW 10kts

Speed 2kts

6 p.m.

Course 212° Bearing 258° X track 3.58 right

6:30 p.m.

Speed 3kts

Wind SW 10kts

Course 212° Bearing 250°

7 p.m.

Course 212° Bearing 253° X track 4.58 right

Speed 3.5 kts

NW Swells 8' fetch 2500'

7:15 p.m.

Motoring, furled jib, main and staysail full

Sunset

After dinner

Course 212° Bearing 228° X track 4.58 right

The Engine

After running a long time, idle the engine down, called senseable heat, the engine tends to heat up around the cylinders because the cooling water has slowed down.

Check the oil and water.

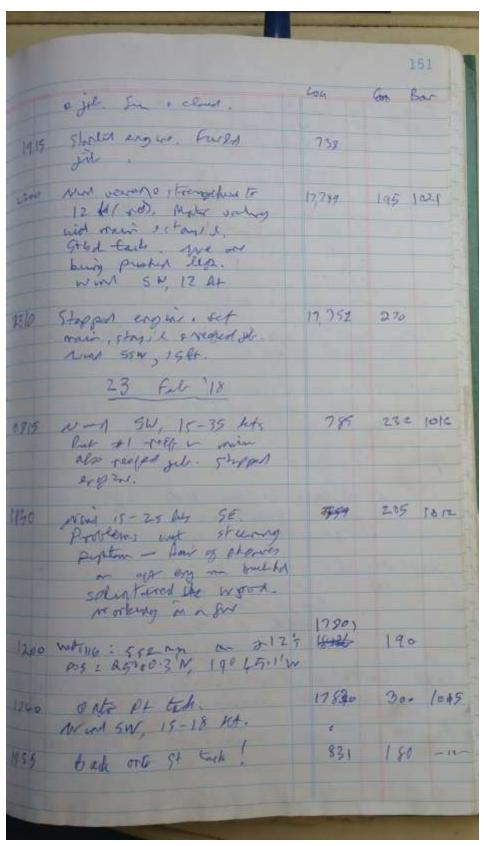
When the vacuum on the fuel filters reaches 15 change the filters. Now it was 2.

The 85 Perkins transmission was replaced in the big flood this spring. A leak developed. A rebuilt replacement was installed and the shifter controls got switched, forward you pill the lever back. The trotted is also prevented from going faster than 5 kts because of a stopper screw.

Check the pencil zinc that screw into the coolent water.

Wear Ship

When the jib and staysail back, then the ship has to turn round.



Speed 6 kts
Bar 998 falling
Apparent wind 30 kts
Close hauled
7 a.m

Fosfourescent sea with dolphin breeching

The Story

Sperm Whale with Fiona Painting.

Hoping I have Poser on the computer, otherwise maybe get Google Sketch Up loaded in Mendelo. To composed a flying body so long needs carefully study.

Fuel Tanks

The three fuel tanks are gauged by air pressure. Air tubes go into the tank bottom and by pumping air into each line you can determine the level in the tank using a developed chart. The range of the full tanks is seven days. Normally Eric motors four five if needed and reserves the other two days. When motoring you have to pay close attention to violent motion caused by waves while running the wngibe, for it can stir up deposits on the bottom and cause the fuel filters to clough and stop the engine. This is especially important when coming into harbor. If the engine stops you immediately put out the anchor.

Friday, February 23, 2018 On watch 6 to 8 a.m

Squalls 40 kts gusts

Wind 15 SW X track 9.9 right

150				M
152		109	Cros	0.
2,00	Clar hould, sold tack , will will will tack , will	17, 939	180 J	015
	needed, vieter in control			
	24K Ed 18	17.867	155 1	D16
0500	Main. Souling much, gold back, Well			0.
	Streeting ofpair is holding up of			+
9629	Onto 14 tall word	17,881	240	2015
0500	Mind has dirpped a recent- 7-8 st 5m fet fall	17,886	260	
1000	Starter engine - no vin	17, 886	230	
	wind come in from Nov.	17,891	240	
	Set your stopped by the			
1200	108 1 730 44.4 4 19° 27.5'm	895	250	1020
	And 8 = 97 C = 429			
1530	torsed by a facted en gine	17,918	240	tols
1705	Motel Southing, would highed	912	220	int.

Port tack course would be NW Speed 4.5 kts

Heel 30° difficult moving around,

Tacked to changing favorable wind, lasted half hour, motoring Refreshed beer

Patched Steering

30kts apparent SW 225° wind, heavily reef jib, 1 reef main On watch 2 to 5 p.m Rough confused sea Very hard work Lunch at 2 p.m Course 177° Bearing 214° X track 10 + right Squalls 4 p.m. One click left to keep jib from flogging Course 154° Bearing 214° X track 10 + right Speed 6 kts Bar 998° rising 35kts apparent SSE 148° wind

Saturday, February 24, 2018

Feb 24, 2018 6:50 AM Tkx Chuck for wther, 24hr 25 kt headwinds off course sailing, difficult moving, now sailing directly twrds Mendelo, all is well, fixed steering & bilge pump

On watch 4 to 6 a.m Squalls Wind 28kts SW apparent X track 69nm left

Bar 999 steady Closed hauled, starboard tack last 24hrs Course 152° Bearing 219° On watch 11 to 2 p.m

Motoring
Cleaned Forward Bilge
11:30 sailing
Wind NW
1:30 p.m.
3 clicks left wind veering, good

Captain says,

Wait a Half Hour

when comptiplating a sail change"

The Forward Bilge

Under a beautiful wood grate floor in the forward head you see the bilge pump and two switches, one for upper level to turn on and a lower to switch off. They all nest together in a wood fitting. The three sets of wires go to a board with a switch, manual, off, auto. A red light goes on when running. The bilge was very dirty and the strainer was cloughed.

You get the grate out by lifting and moving forward over the door latch hole, wiggle it about till it passes by the door stop and lift it out.

Water comes into the bilge mostly by water forced between the hull and deck seams since it increases when water comes over the deck running about ince an hour, pumping about five gallond. The head sink drains into the bilge and once had a filter. Best pratice is to clean it once every month.

Raymarine Auto Pilot

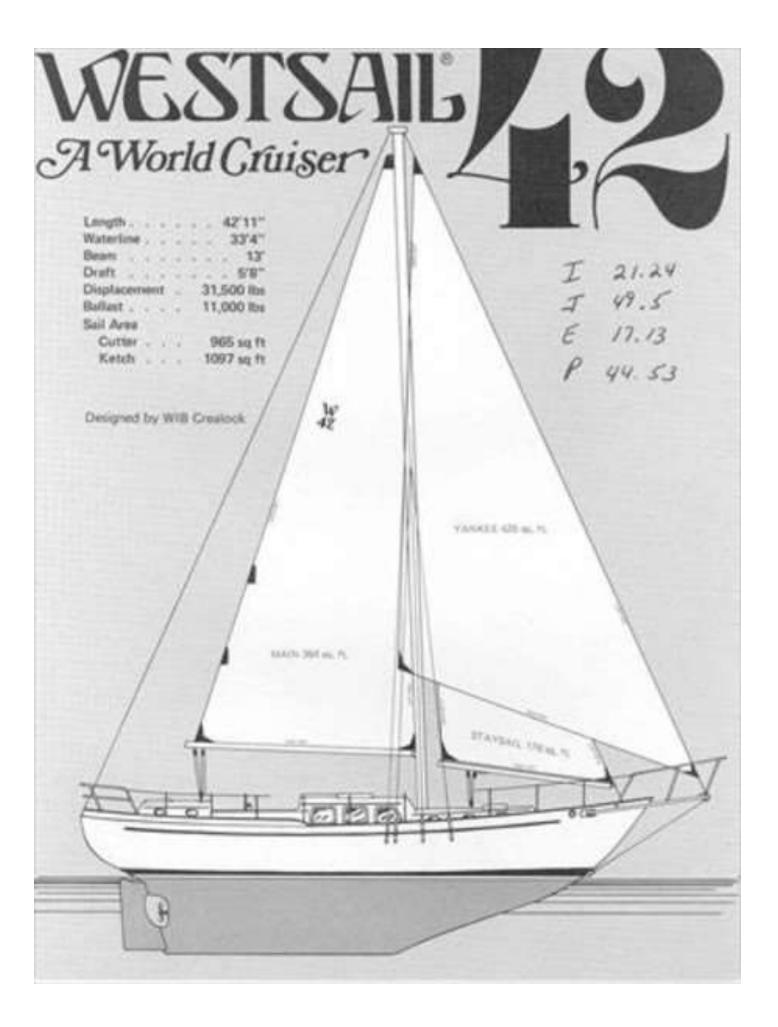
Also rudder indicator and compass set to Magnetic

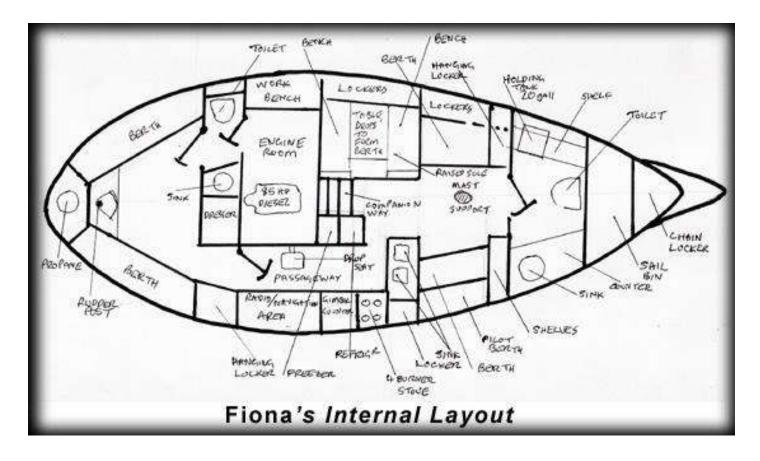
Resolution or power is set by pressing -1 & +1 buttons to activate, press -1 or +1 to select from 1 to 5 When motor sailing, when wind is kept in the sails the ship develops weather helm, the auto pilot does not like weather helm. We experienced this in sea with confused 2' 200 fetch waves. When it does this it goes to self steering, a process that does this automatically.

Directly under the wheel pedestal and above the engine the works are attached just aft. A rubber belt transfers the power to a sprocket and chain connection. When the force is greatest the notched rubber belt slips with a audible noise.

Sailing Herself

Sometimes Fiona sails herself. This happens when close hauled. The boat tends to head up wind and the wind tends to have her fall off so she sits right at the point of sailing.





Fiona Specs

Westsail

Designed by William Crealock, in his ninties when he died

Got It Right

Balance, sails well down wind

Got it wrong

Rail Cap Is diffcult to access

Custom interior with spacious engine room

2 tanks 50 & 85 gallons of diesel, new aluminum, uses Tank Tender to give level

3 tanks, main 90, starboard 60, port 60 of water, port leaks and maybe srarboard, stainless steel

Through puts: 7, stainless lever valve

2 heads

Sleeps 7

Cutter rig

Rat lines

Mast steps

Hard and soft dingy

6 hp 4 cycle Tohatsu

3hp 2 cycle seagull

Lenght: 42' 11"

Waterline: 33' 4"

Beam: 13'

Draft: 5' 8"

Displacement: 40,000 lbs.

Ballast: 11,000 lbs. Sail area: 965 sq. ft.

Main has negative leech because no battens

Boom was shortened a foot for it would snag on the back stay Yankee is 70% with clew coming about a foot away from the mast

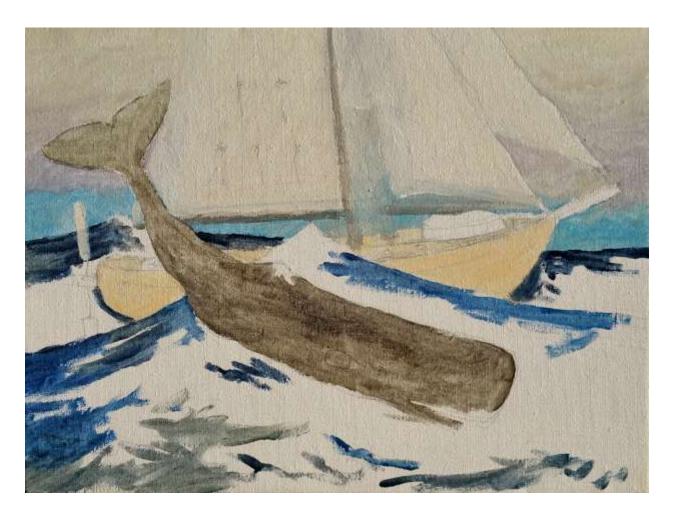
All 8 oz. Dacron

Notes

Tap the wood with two resins, 1st thinner to set the wood to the hull then thicker over top

Schotocovich the Gadfly Hogarts writings

To do



Sperm Whale Hits Fiona Paintings

I realize to fully reach out and move people painting Sperm whales is not the way to do it. Needless to say the next painting was planned to be Fiona hit by a whale and probably will happen because it is true. There will be no Moby Dick paintings.

Fiona in the sea state will be the medium.

What effects me? What makes me feel strongly?

Painting to evoke feeling is not the same a experiencing it. It can be calculated. Like a formula. Principles of Creativity by Poe goes through the process of writing "The Raven."

But all this potificating is usless. Paint the best you can? At 64 I'm still beating a dead horse. Stupidity not to give up, using a society that created enough leisure time to not work. I became a product of societal change, allowing anyone with a fair amount of talent to live the life as an artist.

My additions to the art legacy may be slight. My own inabilities to not know great modern art when I see it allows me to enjoy the works I create in a simple way. Thinking they rival masterpieces is naive though I enjoy them as such. This is why I am ostrized by the art curators. I do not have the stuff, the mystery, the alure, sometimes considered, "My child could paint that." by the uneducated.

8 to 10 p.m. on watch

Starboard tack

At 2 p.m. reset Goto Waypoint

Course 190° Bearing 218°

Aries Vane Steering

Speed 5 kts.

Wind SE 20 kts gusting to 25 kts.

Full sail, close hauled, if 25 kts. persists we reef

Partly cloudy, light squalls

Twilight, half moon, no red sky

8° heel,

8:30 p.m.

Speed 5.5, heel 5°

Close hauled, full main slightly luffed, 50% jib,

Course 185° Bearing 218°

Wind SW 10 kts.

X track 5.73 left

9 p.m.

Speed 5.5, heel 5°

Close hauled, full main slightly luffed, 50% jib, staysail

Course 185° Bearing 218°

Wind SW 14 kts.

X track 6.7 left

9:30 p.m.

Speed 5.5, heel 5°

Close hauled, full main slightly luffed, 50% jib,

Course 181° Bearing 218°

Wind SW 12 kts.

X track 7.73

10 p.m.

No change

Starry night half moon

Com BAQ LOH 17919 230 luza 1740 wind coul back to 20 ht Stopped ung in, Act yet 25# Edt 18 0230 Onto Pt-Cach, wind 290 1022 5W, 18 At Noon ext right P600 Close bould, P+ tack.
Making wasterny 1
mind 5 m, 18-20 Pds 1100 Reeged main (#1), fields gelf- being 5m, 30+ At 912 200 1023 1023 1200 WPT 116: 426 mm m 216.T Pox: 22.5720'N, 20°52.0'W Ey L 2474 Fred P 8 F C 9' 43 0 1400 Completator home- formal 18002 190 1023 parage Contract, Jul. Tools 1. Non -200 We are still saling the 18039 whenh line trus Why 12-16 M. 230 1026 cea Culm

Saturday, February 24, 2018

Feb 24, 2018 6:50 AM
Tkx Chuck for wther, 24hr 25 kt
headwinds off course sailing,
difficult moving, now sailing directly
twrds Mendelo, all is well, fixed
steering & bilge pump

8 to 11 a.m. on watch

Sunday, February 25, 2018 Feb 25, 2018 5:19 AM

Feb 25, 2018 5:19 AM Very Safe, I slither on deck, no computer updates, into wind two days more, very rough going, clear sky, starry night, all well, ETA Friday, no Sperm whales

Very Safe, I slither on deck, no computer updates, into wind two days more, very rough going, clear sky, starry night, all well, ETA Friday, no Sperm whales

Port Tack at 2 a.m.
Analysis
Sailing slightly north of West all day to get back to the original rum line, moving through stationary low SE winds veering

to SW, Jet Stream W and slightly S Waves SW 4' fetch 1500' confused, with swell Speed 5.5, heel 15° Close hauled, full main slightly luffed, 50% jib, Course 282° Bearing 218° Wind SW 246° 21 kts. X track 4.3 right



10 a.m.

Speed 4.5, heel 15°

Close hauled, full main slightly luffed, 50% jib,

Course 282° Bearing 218°

Wind SW 246° 23 kts.

X track 4.3 right
Bar 1005 rising
10:30 a.m.
Speed 4.5, heel 15°
Close hauled, full main slightly luffed, 50% jib,
Course 282° Bearing 218°
Wind SW 23 kts.
71° in the cabin
11:30 p.m.
1st reef in main, wind gusting to 35 kts. Reefer jib
2 p.m. starboard tack
Course 162° Bearing 216
Wind SW 23 kts.

to work with what is out there and not try to figure it

Do not understand where we are in the low. Better

out.

Andy says,

"Often a different cloud means different wind."

Dish Cleaning

The crew trade off cleaning. Washing with sea water and dish soap. If you dry, do not dry the bottoms of the pans, they have carbon deposits and make the towels black.

Analysis:

Meals

Captain makes lunch and dinner, the crew fend for themselves for breakfast.

Lunch is soup and sandwich with beer. Dinner is meat, beans, sauce and potatoes, rice or pasta with beer. Fresh just out of port then cans.

Meals are served at regular times, no cooking in between. Breakfast at 8, lunch at noon, dinner at seven. If you don't want to eat then it will be saved. Tea at 10 and 3, cocktails at 5 pm.

Fiona Cocktail

Rum and apple juice with lemon

Mix one shot Mount Gay rum from Barbados with ½ cup clear apple juice. Serve with slice of lemon. Only drink after the toast, "Here's to the cruising life."

Captain Says

"When it's like this things break."

Referring to beating for two days in a rough sea.

Reefing the Main

Port tack for reef lines are on that side
Lose the reefing lines
Bring down main to cringle
Put in tack line
Loosen main enough to bring in reef line
Tie clew line inside jack stays
Bring up main
Tie points only collecting sail

5 to 8 p.m. on watch Pleasant, sunny, beating Bar 1005 rising Seas down

Set the Aries for the night for the first time and it held all night as the wind and speed went down around 3:30 a.m.



Dolphin Feeding Video

		49	C	- 70
	26t Feb 18		Gn	15
1100	Made power - no wind	18079	22	6 10
1200	P& 5 : 21325 N 21 261' W	18084	236	102
	Fruit P 199 c . 369			
1440	200	18,079	228	1024
1530	Stocker er give again !	19,099	230	
2000	much the same no wind	13, 117	235	1.02
	27# Feb 18			
0800	however the the right -	18167	2.90	1022
	son so but and wine: Son so but and 27507, 4 at			
115	Stapped engine. Win 5 W 12 Wtr., Cruis phip 5 nm in 8th quarter.	18, 176	165	Toza
1200	POS: 20' 075'N, 12" 27.8 W Ry he 2440	18, 18)	179	1021
	Fruel C: 179			

Winds veer approaching a squall.

Reefing in Heavy Weather Painting

Thinking about Homer's Gulf Stream Paintings makes me want to paint something similar. The works are a series where all is lost in broad daylight on a heavy sea.

I started many paintings of boat people while vacationing in the Bahamas. Few completed, many drawings remain. The work resides on one of my most popular Web pages.

I never had the time to work out the careful watercolor forms. Maybe now is the time to do it. In a small way, I've already started with the street sweeper, then the lonely man on a deserted island hanging laundry.

A great weight has been taken off my chest now that the direction of my work is settled. Now to keep the

Monday, February 26, 2018

6 to 8 a.m. on watch Summery: Got up at 2 a.m. tightened vang,

on course, 3 kts
Had a beer and crackers
Tough sleeping over the racket but was able to go back to sleep after Andy came on watch at 4 a.m.
7:20 a.m. Started engine
Made 45 nm overnight sailing
Bar 1009 rising

Bar 1012 rising, over halfway to it recent highest

Put stick in splash guard and reversed it to show the bright side, now it lays straight. Made it during my 1st crossing with Eric, Saint John's, Newfoundland to Oban, Scotland.

Caulk sink splash board

Reattached wick with Gorilla glue and thoroughly berated by Eric for making it permanent.

Cleaned forward sole drain holes

WNW 280° swells 9' 1500' fetch

10 Jelly fish, a turtle and storm petrel spotted

4 p.m. Had sail up for half hour now motoring

5:30 p.m. staysail boom separated from staysail stay. Learned not to use adjustable wrenches.

Used Gorilla glue on rubber deck shoes, does not stick

11 p.m. No wind 4 to 6 a.m. on watch No wind, motoring, mostly clear sky, half moon,gentle swells, X track .89 right Bar 1009 stationary 5 a.m. No wind

Fiona Dismasted in the Gulf Stream Painting

A tribute to Homer's painting, this work will have single handed sailor, Eric, lying along side the shrouds with a vise grip undoing the turnbuckle to let the \$10,000 rigging and mast loose from banging the hull.



Deviled Egg with Peanuts

A Fiona invention. The egg needed something to bed it so peanuts it was.

Spam, beans & instant potatoes

Standard boat fare

Tuesday, February 27, 2018
11 to 2 p.m. on watch
Engine off, sailing left of rum line
Boudicca cruise ship 5 nm off starboard beam, got
AIS off computer
Tightened shackle on staysail halyard
Bar 1012 stationary

Rolling seas, easy on motoring and sailing

Winds SW 219° at 15 kts.

Course 180° bearing 219°

Replaced bungee for electric and cockpit speaker box.

5 p.m. pleasant happy hour in cockpit, only thing making it not perfect is beating.

7 p.m. cargo ship

8 to 10 p.m. on watch

Changed course to west, took down main & jib, motoring to make position for tomorrow's predicted west wind to sail into Mendelo.

Bar 1009 steady

Apparent wind 12 kts dead ahead.

Expect to arrive in position by morning for straight sail into Mendelo.

Speed 3.7 kts, may get faster with calming sea. Every wave forced up by the bow is useless energy expended by the engine.

10 p.m.

Course 258°

Speed 2.5 kts.

Captain, says

"Pour from the kettle into a held cup...

not to a cup on the gimbal. They are in different time and space."

"Use wrenches not an adjustable wrench.

I hate them. They turn the corners of the nut." 5/16 uses ½" wrench ¼ - 20 uses 7/16th" wrench

"If it's not broke don't fix it.

Referring to greasing the slides in the mast attached to the sail. I thought they were sticking not allowing the sail to hoist easily and quickly. The slides may be of plastic with nylon strap doubled wrapped to sail. In classic boat mystery fashion, I found a slide in my bunk.

Turns out my apprehension about the slides sticking, since Andy had trouble with raising the main, they are nylon and glide nicely in their track.

"I hate beating," says the Captain.

The popular term "Gentleman don't beat." Refers to the continual pounding a hull takes in a rough sea when heading into wind.

Taking Down Mainsail

Hoist the lazy jacks.

Center boom close to starboard gallows notch by cleating main sheet in starboard cleat Drop sail three feet in preparation to loosen topping lift.

We forgot about this step. I've experienced it before on Fiona. You think you've done all the steps, and stand puzzled until someone comes to the rescue.

While communicating with man holding all the lines from the main sheet blocks, the man on the topping lift lowers the boom in the gallows.

As sail is lowered, man standing on hatch cover pulls sail aft to fold it neatly.

				155
1700	Chose hower, 5+40 touch Min wsw. 12-15 th. Win is playly reening. Showly closing on the shows-	18202	L-WIFT I	toze
2000	men dan to furlan mein a jik Mating ma course that wass put wit was shumbling.	18.21L	270	1026
	Plan is with were por Willy Common - according to 97 13			
0 400	Vider gover: Soutched to Pt tonk, contex tonk is among to g. Pt tonk: 5" > 89.	19.4.37	24,	1026
8445	stoppen engine. Unter foll sail, with wis, 154	15 235	230	
0000	Ale parling about 200 legg of thoms evir. in the Wise 12-15 let. 12-15 let.	18, 23 9	275	
1200	WPTHG: 149 mm 2254 PES: 18°540 m, 23°04.1 m Eng br. 2×95 Full C: 6 P:34° 49	11,265	192	1025
1245	Transferred 103 desert from sorry Joy & Pt text Buil 5 to P: 7" 15g	2.48	195	

need to motor back to rum line Need to transfer fuel 180 nm to port

5 to 8 p.m. on watch Same starboard tack and half hour of port. 10 kts wind SW Put line in head board as soon as possible and take up slack in halyard.

Put gaskets on including the boom and avoid including lazy jacks.

Push reef lines and points into sail folds

Raising the Main

Start engine

Take out all gaskets except one near wheel, position the slip knot under the boom so the helmsman can pull it loose quickly

Stow Lazy Jacks

Raise topping lift while mainsheet is eased

Harden main sheet

Steer into wind

Loose tack line and hold tight letting it slide out of your hand while hoisting sail watching to space the halyard wire evenly. Place halyard into high torque, empty shaft area of wench, when head is one foot from top or when you see one fold left on boom.

Wednesday, February 28, 2018 8 to 10 a.m. on watch Wind SW 15 kts 5 a.m. raised main shut engine off Bar steady at 1009 Starboard tack Sailing 25° left of rum line will Calm sea
NE Swell 11' fetch 2500'
Transferred fuel
Fixed main vang chock
Sunny, 74°
Wind veered 15° giving us a Southern course overnight

1400 Still on 5that tack, human legt of when Sailing an how on It tech 230 102 wind has vered a little W' or WAN, 8 W Sea calm. 2000 No win Vertuble True. 18 2.73 WHT 116 + 127 nm on 25507 IST MARCH 18 Completelos be colored as a 1030 252 103 starte engine - con RPM WAT 116 : 106 Am - 239"+ Enel, A Enh: 75 = 19 onl. Change my along in bright 1100 11 299 sun phine over a com-1200 WPTH6: 100 nm - 239'+ 15 302 260 105 POS . 17" 692'N 23" 22- A'W By he 2497 terd to Mountain to 1940 15 330 8000 W. sign of wins. Files 18 331

Thursday, March 1, 2018 6 to 8 a.m. on watch Woke Andy up 4, Captain came out of his cabin, sailing without noise 6 p.m. sailing close hauled with some noise Speed 2.5 kts Course 231° Bearing 238° Bar 1013 and rising Clear moon lit night. Wind W 5 kts. 111 nm to Waypoint 16 then 15 nm to harbor 7 a.m. Wind backing Course 182° Speed 2 kts. 12 noon, motoring, previous speed

Lunch egg salad with Spam sandwich

1.5 kts,

with tomato on whole wheat and soup with beer

Dinner can peas, beef and rice with sautéed onion with beer

Fiona and the Whale canvas stretched

Drawing on canvas a sperm whale, proportions from Hal Whiteheads book. Longer thinner with 1/3 nose and various body changes after the mid way dorsal fin. Boat and whale are the same size. Delicately balancing objects

in canvas so the composition will work of any size canvas.

Whale broadside with its head down in transparent water, tail out, Fiona coming forward exposing her starboard side.

Tacking

Take coiled lazy sheet off wench Take coiled sheet off working wench Move main sheet to other cleat Move main vang

Ready winch to receive sheet

Wait for command to loose working sheet

Captain says, "Ready about! Helm hard to to lee!"

Captain says, "Let go!" (Loose working sheet) when the jib has backed and starting to slip over the staysail stay.

Captain says, "Haul away!" when new working sheet is ready to be pulled in. One turn around the wench pulling quickly then taking two more turns and locking, inserting the wench handle, turning counterclockwise for fast turning until turning clockwise for slow high torque turning.

Go forward and move staysail vang to other side.

Clean up lines in cockpit



2 p.m. on watch till 5 Changed 116 Way point to 17°N 024° 50'W



Polished compass with light rubbing compound doing wonders for the ravaged plastic, where you would have thought no hope, hope sprang eternal.

Cleaned bare teak wood companionway steps with dish soap and water

Glued splash guard sticks

Motoring while sea still glassy calm
8 p.m. Saw mountains of Cape Verde as sun set and moon rose
75 nm from Waypoint 116
No green flash
10 p.m. on watch till 12
Bar 1014 rising
58 nm to 116
Speed 4 kts.
11 p.m

Moved main for port tack, ready for the expected NNE, the regular trades.

Continued sketching Fiona and the Whale

Finished to the point of painting. Working in the cabin or in the cockpit is easy drawing. Always some main sail shade since we are going SW.

Running through canvases, sending first two dry 8" x 10"'s home from Verde for Irene's birthday present. Also sending a bunch of notes for Irene for Helen to hide at home. No painting for a month while we cross. Expect to finish Fiona and the Whale before we leave Mendelo. During crossing will put images with story, producing a final document as I go. Plenty of time to clean and work.

Feel Jealous

A great weight has been taken off my shoulders having decided to just paint Fiona, albeit dramatically in twilight, in her various stories. Eventually completing scenes of reefing under heavy weather in near darkness. These paintings I like. I must focus on keeping them universally proportioned for any size. A strange new quality that means giving the surrounding space room to become a player. Though Fiona and the Whale almost has the whale and the boat filling the canvas, I expect chiaroscuro to save the day.

Outhaul

Starboard line under boom at tack cleated on starboard side. Fully tightened with boom slightly raised.

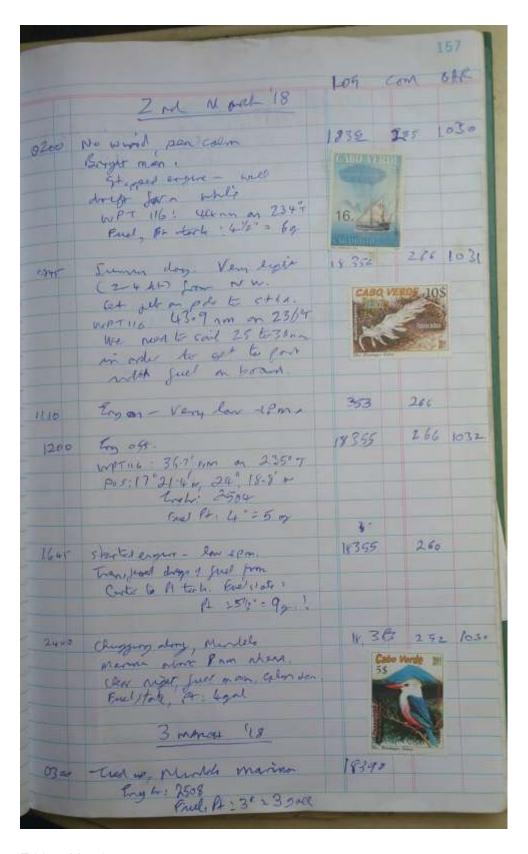
Hors d'oeuvres

Spam, Laughing Cow cheese, Coleman mustard on a Ritz cracker

Motoring

The best time to motor is with glassy water. All the engine pushes the boat not water upward.





Friday, March 2, 2018
Laid a hull from 8 to 8
9 a.m. rigged pole on starboard
Course 230°
Speed 2 kts
Wing on wing
12:30 p.m.

3 kts from NE Speed 2 kts Sunny ETA midnight

Lunch

Tuna salad





Saturday, March 3, 2018

Irene's Birthday of the Fishes

Of course I left no present. While in a noisy bar with the crew having just Isnded, Skyping, we sang no song. A horrible birthday.

Arrived in Mendelo, Sao Vincent, Cape Verde under a full moonscape cliffs at 2 a.m. motoring, landing with 3 gallons of fuel left after a strange crossing, days of SW head winds then calm till the jet stream moved out of the way. One day moving at 1.5 kts half of it ahull, meaning the boat drifting perpendicular to the wind. Eric has never been stranded within site of harbor after 350,000 at sea, cruising after death at 87.



Mindelo is a place where everything is picked over every 15 minutes. Sorta like every door being tried every 15 minutes in New York City. It's Spanish Harlem with aggressive know it all helpers, more than willing to help you, street vendors, prostitutes. Poverty where prepared food is scarce and everyone eats fresh vegetables and fish with starch from a huge sack.

Skyped Irene 3 p.m. Saturday Sunday, March 4, 20188 Skype Helen 3 p.m. Sunday, did not work

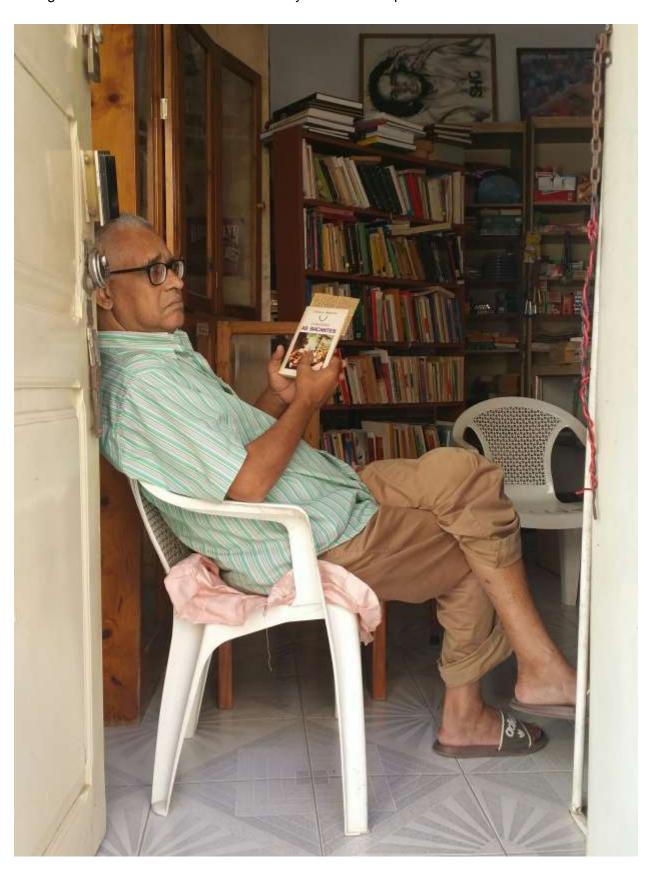
Painting versus Film

Having gotten on the road to painting easily it never occurred to me till now that film is a bigger way to tell a lasting story. My friends in the film business envy me and I envy them.

These paintings attempt to make one frame itell a story eternal. Such pressure need not bestowed on anyone. This new painting only has a chance if the light and dark set up a pattern deeply affecting the viewer. Much must be kept in the shadows. Leave 80% to the imagination. The viewer filling in his own details. Though the image is crammed with detail, the details must be obscured.

I met a bookseller,

selling all the classics. He said he is the only one in the Cape Verdes.



You name it he had it in Portuguese. His brain is a giant genius. I bought a pack of cigarettes.

He never smiles, like an artist who never is happy. I'm never happy, yet I can cry with transcendence looking at my own duplication of the greats I revere and emulate. Yes, they miss the mark of genius but they inspire me a simple man without the smarts to stop acting like a privileged artist, prima donna, because those around are impressed. These are the club people I wish not to join.

There is a rarified group who would embrace me if I had just a handful more of eccentric. I can name three such artists in Cincinnati, living, who had their life printed and distributed in masterful, scholarly form. How I dread the end of life grab at recording by the institutions or even the constant full blown shows by the great institutions of the same living artists over and over again. I know both the artist and the institutions can't help themselves, all the pieces fit whether we like it or not. I myself would deny myself for the same selection if asked to do so. There is a deep trough, of unspoken truth in the back of everyone's mind that guides the surface ship of action thought.

No above board shows sponsored by my peers, makes me cringe to have to go through with it. Years of self promotion clouds my mind as to whether I entertained the devil or christ.

The Captain called out a young mother for bringing into the world another worthless child. I see a chance, though small, of that child being great. I keep our family tree and nothing happens except birth and death. The humour is in divorce, a living scratch out of the tree. No one goes to jail, no one becomes famous no one achieves anything.

A handful of unknowns run the world.

A teachers most important comment is to tell a student he will never make it, it's the catalyst for incessant work to prove otherwise. Though not in my case. I took advantage of a new leisure society that allowed artists to live amongst working people. They wanted to be your friend and support you. You job was only to work in Earnest.

Stopped Selling Paintings

I peaked in monetary gain in 1981. Though the figure was \$15,000, I would never see it again and has declined every year since. Should I have left painting? Was I hamboning myself and those around me? Tough questions. My only answer is, I produce some work that rivals the greatest and I enjoy the same exuberance from them as I do from the masters. Am I naive? I who relish in a great work of art if only to be dubbed by the artists formula.

Voyage to Russia

Even today while going over a great voyage to Russia, Captain scoffed at attempting to travel from Archangel, Russia north around Norway to America in a small lightweight boat. Why couldn't you do it in small hops waiting for good weather windows? His insistence it was undoable makes me want to give up. We will see. First we have to get there traveling from Boston to the Orkney, Scotland to Southern Norway then Denmark, Finland, St. Petersburg, Russia, the lakes and Archangel.

Now I see the better route is Lake Erie - Hudson River - New York City - Azores - English Channel - Kiel Canal to Saint Petersburg, Russia. We can always go back and take the original route.

Monday, March 5, 2018

Monday Helen at 4, Irene at 4:30

Irene Tuesday 4:30 Chuck 6:15 Wednesday Helen 4 Irene 4:30 Chuck 5 Willard 5:45 Thursday Irene 5 Willard

Love notes to Irene

- 1. The light in your bedroom where I came twice.
- 2. The night by the fire place where you told me you were pregnant.
- 3. The sign in the yard when I came home.
- 4. The calls every Sunday at 8.
- 5. The lovely, clean, 1bedroom of the old home.
- 6. The slow breaking of my habits.
- 7. The incredible beauty I saw in you that nobody had seen.
- 8. The voulsuibus body. Real flesh to caress.
- 9. The long blond hair over a swelve white body.
- 10. A vivacious hylacy on making logistical magic.

Letter to Helen Dearest Helen,

At the beginning of the end of the world, I dream of sailing to you: Saint Helena Island. Napoleon was exiled there. It very much like Cape Verde only farther off the grid. Even here we struggle to connect, frustrated the Internet is so slow. A letter seems easier.

Your accomplishments in college warm my heart and make me feel confident you will have the careful analytical mind your mother has managing our estate. I constantly learn from your mother how to be prudent and thriftly. Maybe in a few years I can match her toe to toe in our retirement years.

Willard was going on about the logistics of his trip to Russia, saying how we might have to store the boat in various places waiting for him to get time off. Wow, this means your mother and I can go live on the boat in Finland and Portugal for maybe half a year.

Your first love makes me happy you chose well. Sending good vibrations you have smooth sailing in the rough waters of young love. The constant rocking with unimaginable tricks and forbiles not to mention the stomach churning, longing, looking, waiting and inevitable harshness and extacy.

Irene said you are driving to to Ferdinanda on May 15. I think I will fly to Jacksonville and be there for the ceremony. I will fit in perfectly with my tan. Well have lots of time driving back to talk about the trip.h

"I can't say how every time I ever put my arms around you I felt that I was home."

2. Napoleon to Josephine

"Since I left you, I have been constantly depressed. My happiness is to be near you. Incessantly I live over in my memory your caresses, your tears, your affectionate solicitude. The charms of the incomparable Josephine kindle continually a burning and a glowing flame in my heart. When, free from all solicitude, all harassing care, shall I be able to pass all my time with you, having only to love you, and to think only of the happiness of so saying, and of proving it to you?"

3. Frida Kahlo to Diego Rivera

"Nothing compares to your hands, nothing like the green-gold of your eyes. My body is filled with you for days and days. You are the mirror of the night. The violent flash of lightning. The dampness of the earth. The hollow of your armpits is my shelter. My fingers touch your blood. All my joy is to feel life spring from your flower-fountain that mine keeps to fill all the paths of my nerves which are yours."

4. Georgia O'Keeffe to Alfred Stieglitz

"Dearest — my body is simply crazy with wanting you — If you don't come tomorrow — I don't see how I can wait for you — I wonder if your body wants mine the way mine wants yours — the kisses — the hotness — the wetness — all melting together — the being held so tight that it hurts — the strangle and the struggle."

5. Beethoven to his "Immortal Beloved"

"Though still in bed, my thoughts go out to you, my Immortal Beloved, Be calm-love me-today-yesterday-what tearful longings for you-you-my life-my all-farewell. Oh continue to love me-never misjudge the most faithful heart of your beloved. Ever thine. Ever mine. Ever ours."m

8. Oscar Wilde to Lord Alfred Douglas

"Everyone is furious with me for going back to you, but they don't understand us. I feel that it is only with you that I can do anything at all. Do remake my ruined life for me, and then our friendship and love will have a different meaning to the world. I wish that when we met at Rouen we had not parted at all. There are such wide abysses now of space and land between us. But we love each other."

9. Henry VII to Anne Boleyn

"But if you please to do the office of a true loyal mistress and friend, and to give up yourself body and heart to me, who will be, and have been, your most loyal servant, (if your rigour does not forbid me) I promise you that not only the name shall be given you, but also that I will take you for my only mistress, casting off all others

besides you out of my thoughts and affections, and serve you only. I beseech you to give an entire answer to this my rude letter, that I may know on what and how far I may depend. And if it does not please you to answer me in writing, appoint some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and I will go thither with all my heart. No more, for fear of tiring you."

10. Vita Sackville-West to Virginia Woolf

"But oh my dear, I can't be clever and stand-offish with you: I love you too much for that. Too truly. You have no idea how stand-offish I can be with people I don't love. I have brought it to a fine art. But you have broken down my defenses. And I don't really resent it."

Captain says,

"An old boat dies of diseases you never thought of."

"Pain is good for you."

Mendelo

Everything is used. Every so often everything is looked over and picked at.

Dogs look at you longingly.

Tuesday, March 6, 2018

35 kt wind, sunny,
Filled propane
Replaced prop shaft zincs
Replaced fuel tender valve
Too much fuel prevented the tinder from working

You do not need to go anywhere to paint a great painting. Sure, it's fun to travel a work. Get away to give you more time to focus. Here we have lots of free time, almost too much of it.

Listening to Van Gogh's letters makes me think it's possible to continue on my path. I need to be more aggressive in stating my thoughts.

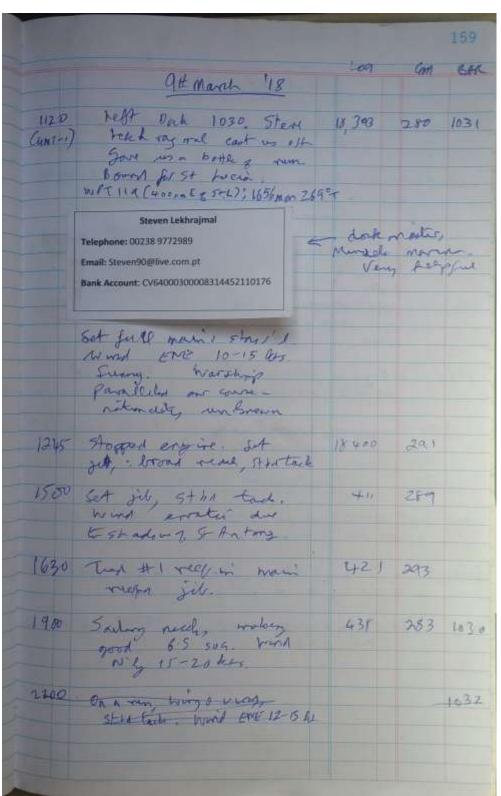
Work to explain in words what is going on in my head. My usual thought process is worth documenting. Working at a frantic pace is worthwhile.

The painting is coming along. I am happy about it but have reserve about its being universal.

The image must be sober.

Working on getting sails filled properly.

Lighting will be especially difficult because the sun is coming from the upper left, illuminating the stern and port side. Since you are looking at the starboard side, most of the ship is in shadow. This makes painting especially difficult because you have two sets of lighting, one for shadow one for light. On top of this, I am using the moonlit sky as as sky, a gentle transition from light purple to pearl white, the varnished stained white sails over top.



The whales head submerged under a translucent sea in heavy residual seas. Wind 12 kts. With boat heeled 12°.

The fun part of the painting is that the whale is gray and the boat is white. Work stops on Thursday till after landing in the Caribbean. I may paint during the crossing but the will have to be rough work, nothing like the detail needed to complete the whale painting.

Wednesday, March 7, 2018

Case shopping
Transfer meat to kitchen can
locker
Transfer fuel
Inventory fluids

Thursday, March 8, 2018

5 Irene 5:30 Willard

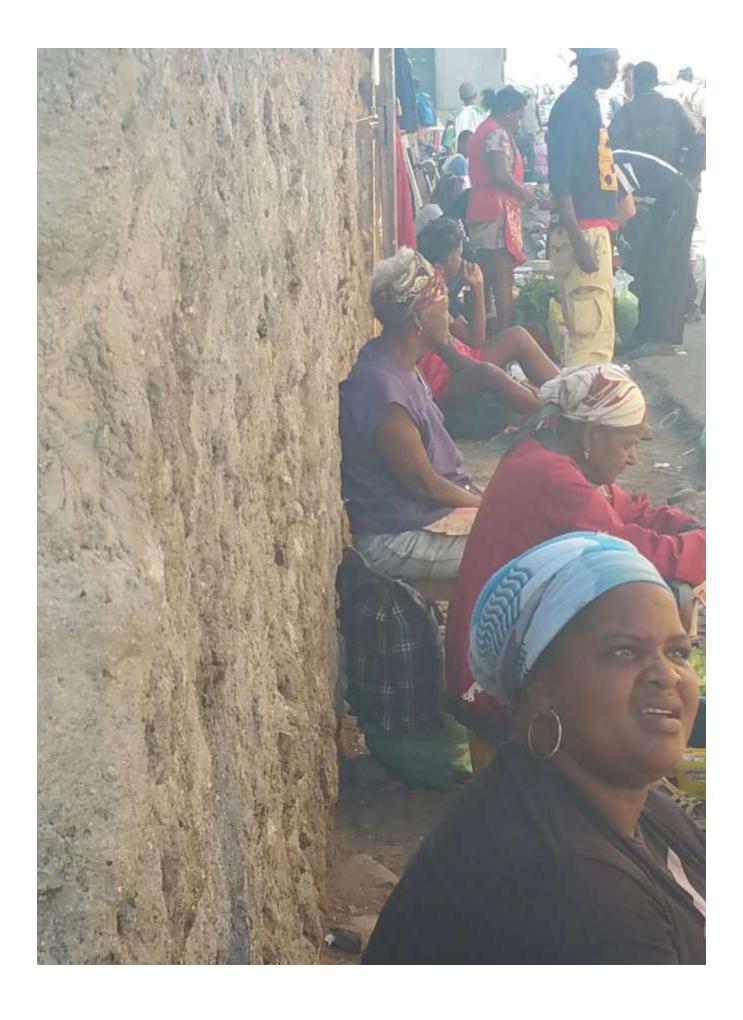
To Do
Shop for canned goods
Main vang block
Staysail hank
Main points

Friday, March 9, 2018

To do: Get bread



Leaving Mindelo



Fresh street vendors



The trees of Cape Verde.



Face Mountain, named after various heroes of the nation that controlled Mindelo, now just face mountain

Notes

For Bayfield

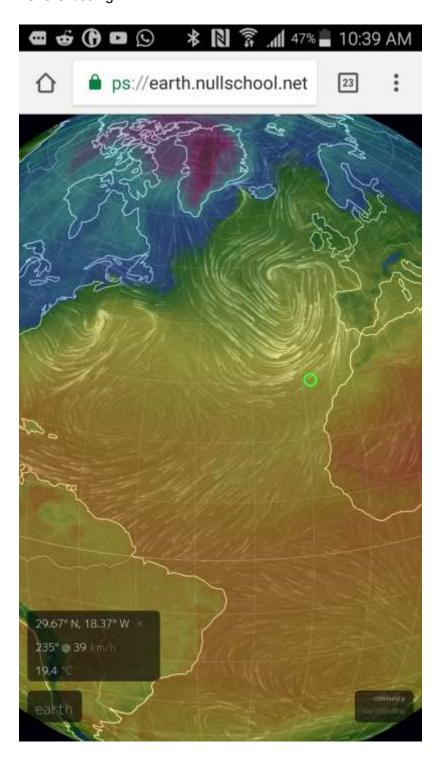
73 north convoys Dudley Pope about supplying Russia during the war.

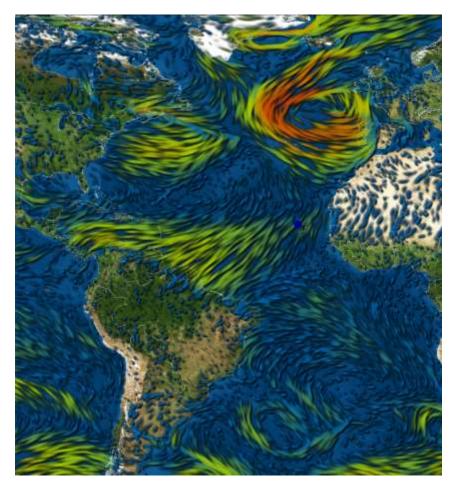
US Coast Guard Navigation Rules COMDTINST M16672.2Bh

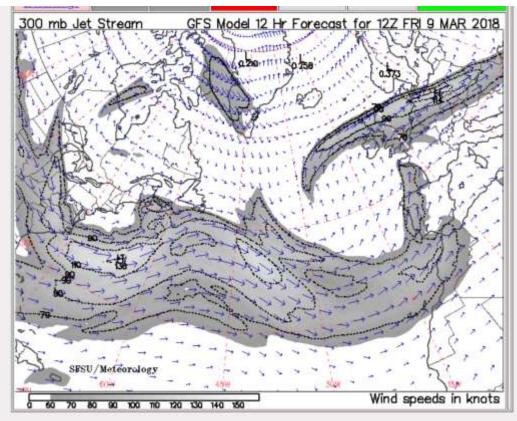
Tinker type tender with inflatable sides used for survival from JM Henshaw Marine Ltd.

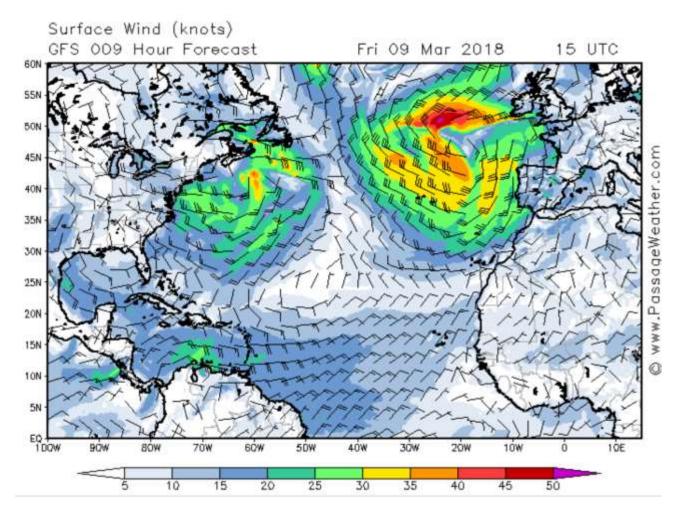
Two life buoys, one with flag.

The fatal shore, life as criminal in Australia.











Friday, March 9, 2018



Steven, our go to man, gave us a bottle of homemade grog. Here is a local label.

5 to 8 p.m. on watch Order of watches changed with Captain first, Tom second and Andy third by drawing cards.



Summery: Left around noon. After the wind swirls of the last island the wind picked up to 30 kts. and we put the first reef in, I'm working the 5 to 8 p.m. watch, then happy hour. Steven, the dock worker, who dove down without tanks, changing the zincs on the prop shaft, saw us off with a home made bottle of homemade grog in an Smirnoff bottle.

All well, forecast shows NE winds picking up a little more tomorrow, making 6.5 kts. Darn near hull speed.

Put in waypoint 119 for 400 nm east of the north end of the Saint Lucia and WP 120 for the. Cut between the north end and the next island north. Saint Lucia port is on west side of the island.

70°
Bar 1012 steady
Mostly sunny
Bearing 264°
Course 274°
Speed 6.5 kts
1622 nm to WP 119
Wind NE 15 kts

Mindelo, Sao Vincente, Cape Verde

Spanish Harlem with a twist. Everything is picked over every 15 minutes like every door is checked in Manhattan. The people warm and friendly with aggressive panhandlers but I felt safe wandering remote parts of the town looking for acetone or an old curiosity shop I never found for I forgot to bring a paper map, relying on Google maps which refuses to work without a battery.

Grog

Grog is the drink du jour and I wasted no time getting a bottle. My first premium the second cheap and you think it's thinner. Can't wait to taste Steven's.

Facebook

Made six friends of Facebook. Such residual fun should not be allowed. Some Swedes in a 30' I especially want to follow. A couple dismasted so much like friends at home. A deliverer with a million nautical miles under his belt, thrown off his latest hire, maybe they drank too much for the owner, they certainly looked the part.



Cape Verde disappearing.

Fiona and the Whale Painting

The Whale & Fiona affixed to the easel and tied to the dinette railing. I will not work on it for the rolling boat is too much for the next step of adding detail. I may paint an impressionist work.

Big Marketing Thoughts at the Taverne

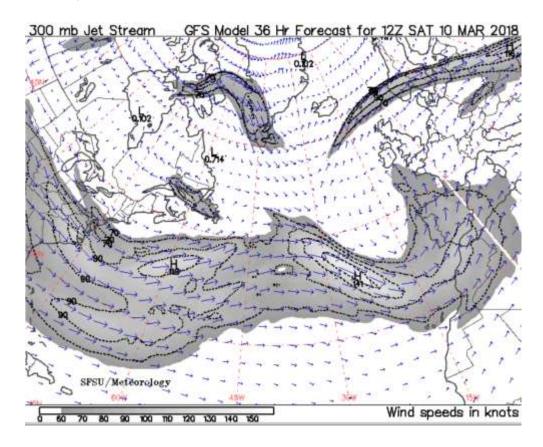
Ruminating at a fancy restaurant for our last night, Andy stayed home and I pitched in on the bill. Both Eric and I agree we need more vigor in getting our visions across. His a green regatta mine a successful motif but how much more time do we have? I see the solution as a new optimal Google business website like the one Myk Amend made for my brothers advertising agency. Eric may have to hire a PR consultant. Time and money well spent in the new age of marketing.

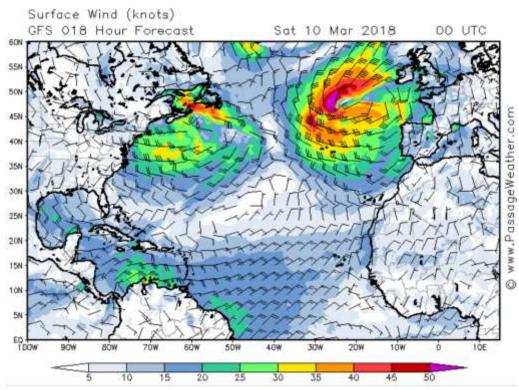
But on second thought, producing two shrine portraits and take care of the ones I have would be better.

Producing the best work you can trumps PR. Take all the money when offered.

I get a kick out of the naive way my friends try to sell my work. All excited and optimistic, none of the serious information a dealer uses.

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2000	State ma man, wing	18737	270	tol
Acres de				





On watch 6 to 8 a.m.

Summery:

Winds NE all night, now 10 kts. Captain let out the all the jib except one wrap.



Sailing with 1st reef in a full main, staysail and Yankee jib on starboard tack
Bar 1014 steady
Sunrise
Course 273°, Bearing 268°
Speed 6 kts.

Just Missed something leaving Mindelo

Andy saw something ahead around eleven, then astern around midnight, since he was not on watch, we have no watches from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m., he did not wait to see what it was until he saw it on our stern, with two red lights above each other meaning no engine, stationary. The deck was lit up with workmen but it was two small for an oil rig. Andy assumed we barely missed it. Our AIS is not working. If we see something I will turn on mine.

I think we should have had all night watches the first night leaving port.

Slept 10 hours and looking forward to going back to sleep at 8 a.m. Slept until lunch then till 2.

Two hanks jumped off the staysail. Andy and I will try and fix it when he goes on watch by using stainless wire to hold the staysail stay in place. We think the spring in the pin is weak and when the stay rubs it open it comes out.

On watch 2 to 5 p.m.
Course 256° Bearing 264°
Speed 6 kts
Gave to clicks to port
X track 9.89 right
NE Waves 4' fetch 75'

Summery:

Pulled ²/₃'s jib out on the pole to the starboard side, staysail and main on port, wing on wing. Victor Aries, the vane steering device in control. Captain said he has sailed thousands of miles like this.

Rigging the Preventer

Sailing down wind requires a %" line preventer from the end of the boom to the block on the bowsprit then around the deck drum and cleated on the post. The line goes outside of everything except where it enters the pulpit. A line from the end of the bow is already rigged being held under the boom by a bungee anchored %'s in. The preventer is stowed on top of the cabin starboard side lashed to the hand holes.

Guitar Tuner

All of a sudden the clamp to my guitar tuner broke. Low and behold I bought some clamps in Madeira and it retrofitted replacing the broken part with only a small reaming of the hole, amazing.

Got to use corrosion spray on metal and wood cleaner every four days.



Man's Romper

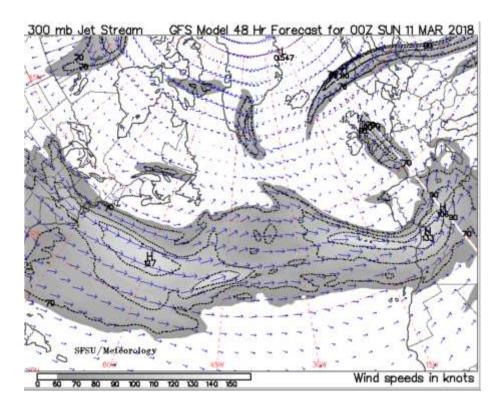
Several months ago, it was all the rage on the morning talk shows to feature men's rompers, a one colored print connecting shorts and top. It went nowhere. I brought it back with a twist since I'm always tucking my shirt in. Using safety pins under the belt loops to test the idea the shirt tore. Sewing it all around did the trick.

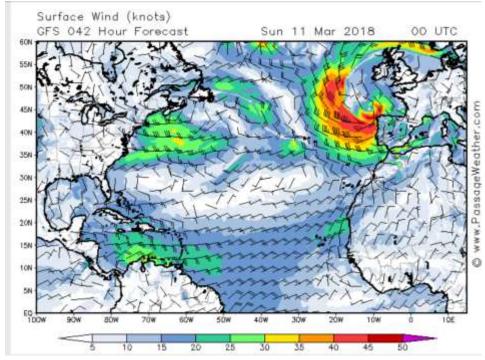


This local red could have gone well with beef stew but Andy ruled it inferior so I drank it. It tasted like French table wine.

Beef Stew

Dinner of stew with fresh new potatoes boiled in. 10% seawater, can of Werlings beef, can of mixed vegetables Sunday, March 11, 2018





May not change sail set for days, boat even when dead down wind, heeling to port 10° when jib gibes, the swells make Fiona head into wind. You can lay in your bunk and feel the cycle over and over again with the occasional rogue wave slamming into the hull and on the deck. Lots of slight fiberglass movement noise on the cabin top around the mast. Don't remember hearing that the last crossing.la

Course 262° Bearing 268°
Speed 6.5 kts
X track 5.89 right
NE Waves 4' fetch 75'
Winds NE 15, gusting to 20 kts.
Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, jib poled out port Bar 1012 steady

11 a.m. to 2 p.m. on watch

Course 265° Bearing 268°
Speed 6.5 kts
X track 3.95 right
NE Waves 4' fetch 75' NE Swell 9' fetch 1200'
Heel 10°
Winds NE 15, gusting to 20 kts.
Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, jib poled out port Bar 1015 rising

Chaff

Captain wants me to go around looking for chaff. He already let out the jib sheet so it does not wear in the same place. Having the sail set the same for many days make the rig prone to chafing.

A Roque Wave

With NE waves 3' fetch 75' and NE swells 9' fetch 1200' there comes a time when a wave covers the boat.

A Man's Retreat

A three week retreat into yourself. Little changes, a lot of sleep, regular meals, I'm reading two text books, one in wooden boat building that Slocum would have written and Whiteheads text on Sperm whales. Making a wood model of the boat. Soon I'll start celestial navigation.

The captain agrees. We look forward to endless days of the same sail set, nothing to do on watch. Sit in the sun, sit in the shade, take a nap if you're not on watch. Three weeks to contemplate or not.

I have busied my hands while trying to make strides in art theory.

The temperature hovers around 70°. When we get the Caribbean it jumps up and sometime becomes oppressive.

Sitting in the cockpit at Happy Hour gazing out to the vast sea and sky forces you to contemplate.

Laundry while Sailing

Washed one set of clothes, sewed together long sleeve shirt and shorts, handkerchief and boxers. I have two changes, in salt water, rung out and drying in the head with a slight breeze coming in through the open hatch under the dingy.

Of course I threw out with the rinse water three brushes small, medium and large. Lucky I found toothbrush repurposed.

On watch 8 to 10 p.m.

Summary: Slowly getting back the rumline, GRIB for casts the same. Making 150nm a day. Went around looking for chafing.

Course 264° Bearing 268°

Speed 6.5 kts

NE Waves 4' fetch 75'

Winds NE 15, gusting to 20 kts.

Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, $\frac{2}{3}$'s jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing X track 2.29 right

NE Waves 4' fetch 75' NE Swell 9' fetch 1200'

Heel 10°

Winds NE 15, gusting

9:30 p.m.

Wind gusting to 30 kts, took jib to 30% about the size of the staysail, Captain said, "Reeded main will take 30 kts, so can Victor Aries."

Speed 7 kts was 8 before reefing jib.

Gave 2 clicks to left because jib was flogging so much it shakes the whole boat. Will wait out to see what levels out. Don't want main to gybe.

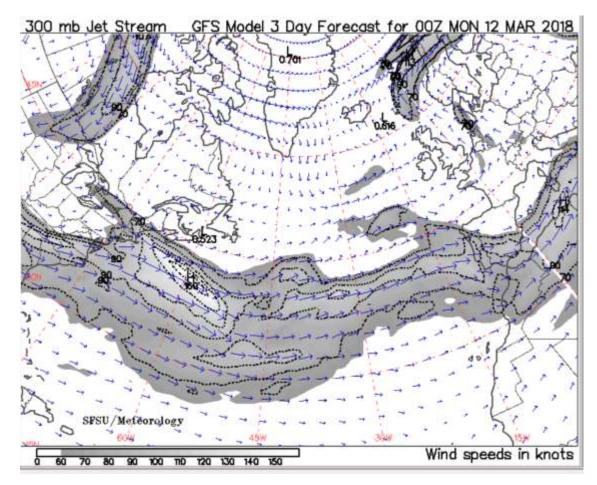
Cold Reality of Death

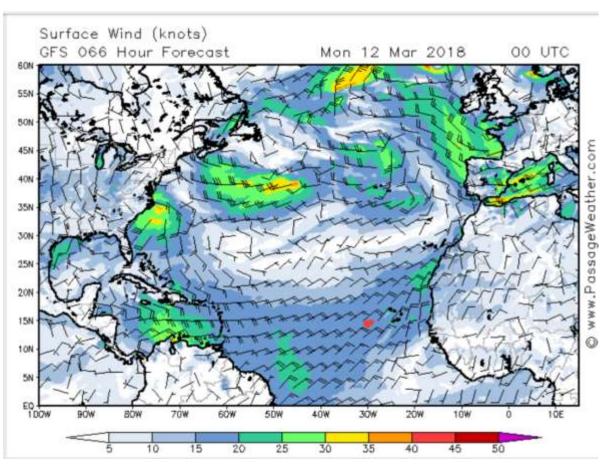
All my consternation trying to pick a direction seems pitiful now that I have my direction and inevitable realization that I may not hit the mark every time but must go on like a school child, full of energy and hope.

I'm just on the edge of discovery, discovery of a new motif, one that will strike hard and deep in the souls of men. Maybe painting on board would help. I can't really paint like Pinkham Ryder. The Utrillo tack has a better chance. My shrine portraits really have a chance.

Worked on planning the cutting of the wood for the model. Three pieces glued together then carved, a 6" model of Fiona.

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8 to 11 a.m. on watch

Captain mentioned we were well south of the rumline and I told him I did it. He said, "You don't get there if you don't follow the rumline." I apologised adding that the jib when flogging shook the whole boat putting the fear of God in me. He mentioned we could go to a reach, sails on one side instead of wing on wing but since we were following the rumline line now, it was better to stay the course.

Bar 1016 following a diurnal pattern

Speed 5 kts

Bearing 268°

Course 254°

X track 20nm left

Wind 15 kts

Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, ²/₃'s jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing

2:30 p.m. moved jib to port, now on port reach with wind off our port beam.

Heel 20°

Speed 7

We've been left of the rum line and this sail set will bring us back. It's easy to change back and forth by just pulling the jib over top the staysail stay.

Staysail Boom Bracket

A nut came out over night. We secured it with a lock nut. The bracket attaches to the stay. It takes a lot of wagging back and forth.



X track 5.5 right

Wood Model of Fiona

To orientate Fiona in paintings, I am making a wood model. Epoxied three pieces of soft pine and started carving. Good thing I have lots of time.

5 to 8 p.m. on watch

Cleaned towel rack panel, stereo cover, rear speaker panel

X track reset 1.85 right

Speed 7 kts

NE Wind

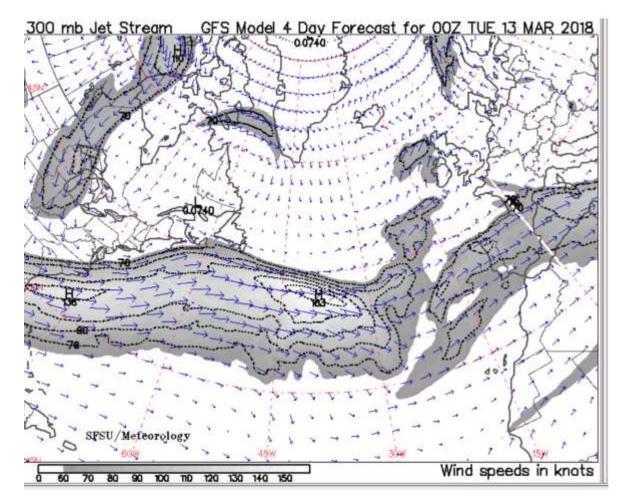
Bearing 268°

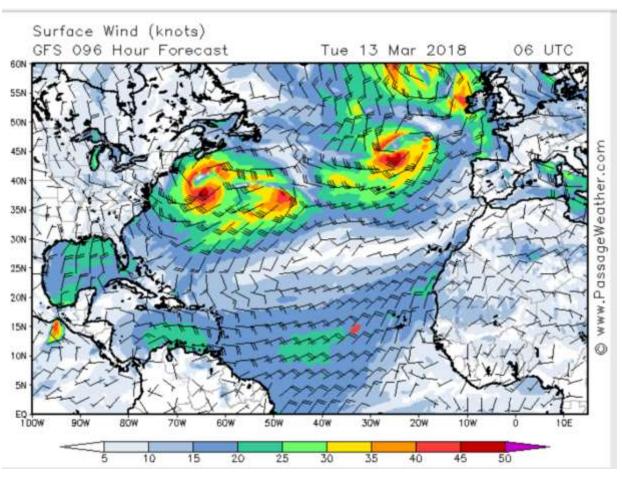
Course 290°

Sent text to Irene

8 p.m off watch

Walked around deck, hank wire needs resetting.





6 to 8 a.m. on watch

When I came on Captain and I moved the jib to the port side, we were going right of the rumline, this will take us left.

Summery: Stay on or under 5 nm from the rumline.

On a broad reach it is easier to change the course to suit the bearing is easier than goose wing or run though the heel is more.

One of the same hanks came off the staysail.

Captain says,

"The hell with it."

Bar 1013 mb rising since it is morning.

Speed 6 kts.

Bearing 267° Course 263°

No red in the morning so it looks to be a fine day.

X track 8.99 right going down

Andy and I took the staysail down to remove the wire, reattached one and taped them both for the jib passes by often and wire could rip the sail.

2 to 5 p.m. on watch

Bar 1013mb rising since it is morning.

Speed 6.5 kts.

Bearing 267° Course 263°

Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, %'s jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing X track 9.60 right

3:30

X track 9.63 right



Replaced my first bung on the companionway hatch.



Washed one set of clothes. The new men's romper, no longer will my shirt button come undone and show my belly button.





Re-rove the preventer to a straight line from end of boom to bow point. It is a safety measure when running downwind. If the boom gybes, meaning the wind fills the other side, it is very dangerous to possibly break the boom. Even with the boom vang in place, (See boom vang in laundry image, 2 before. It is always on the opposite side of the sheet but when going downwind with the boom out as far as she can go without laying too hard against the shrouds, it can not take the force of a gybe) the force is monumental.

Received text from Helen, enjoying a luxury day at the Griffin Gate spa & resort, Lexington, Kentucky; a spring break in a day with Irene.

A balcony with sea all around.

Who sits outside watching the wind change? If we lived on a perfectly flat surface we would sail the land. Both scenes harbor deep meaning with sky clouds the only variegation.

What other sport sits outside continually judging and using the wind while going 6 miles an hour? Rain, sleet, bitter cold, tropical heat all experienced while focused on how best to use the wind to get to your destination.

The water is Three Colors

White for the waves crests and two shades of blue for the water, a dark one, value 8, for it's true color and a light one, a value 5, for the sky's reflection.

The three colors play tag with each other vying for attention. The white crests get all the attention, announcing how strong the wind is. 2% means 15 kts. Waves upto 5' 70' fetch. It's the swells 9' high and 1200' long, that add character, opposing and contributing to what will or may have been a great white crest. Most crests are small, individual to a single waves seemingly rushing forward as to catch their own wave.

The collective crests are 10 times bigger fighting itself for superiority while 75% that can't make it pull the crests back in resolute desperation.

After the big excitement come the bubbles. A strange Web like pattern, all that is left from a roar. Slowly the amoeba pattern reverts to bubbles then a single bubble or cluster hanging on for minutes.

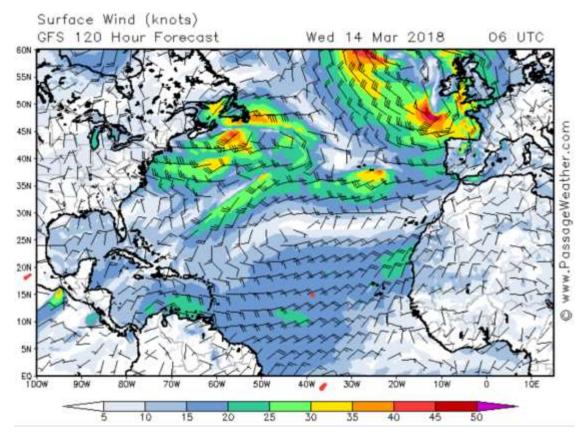
Second fiddle to the crests is the true color of the water. A side hidden from the sun where you can look deep into what's living there. Making up only 25% of the tableau. It's singly transparent a deep with darkness. Always seen trailing a crest like a sidekick.

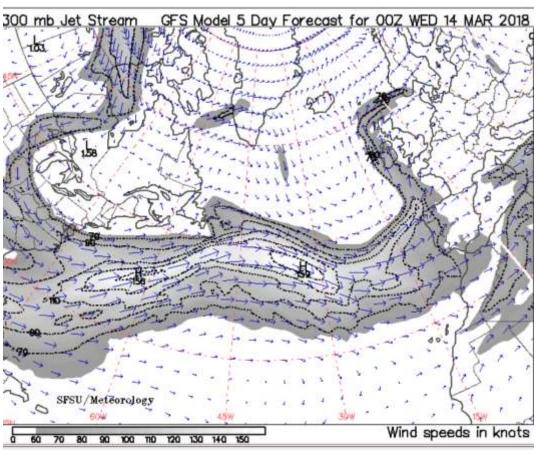
The reflection of the sky on the water makes 75% of the sea. Dominating the color scheme, it's a funny combination of the color of the sea and sky with the dull sea color winning. Painting such reflected form is better left to chance. Try to make every stroke count and keep tweaking till perfect.

The big trouble with the Fiona and the Whale painting is much of the scene is lit with shadow of the boat and whale.

Last is the sun reflection in the water, too be avoided at all cost for its effect is not emotional but nostalgic.

The bigger show are the multi layered clouds and colored sky. There is the meat of ocean landscapes. Just endless diversity, you can never repeat yourself.





4 to 6 a.m. on watch

Bar 1014 mb falling for it is still night

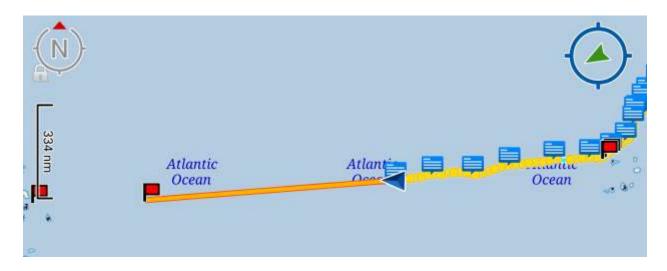
Speed 6 kts.

Bearing 268° Course 266°

Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, ²/₃'s jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing X track 1.88 right

Temp 72°

Luminous sea, mostly starry night



Summery:

Finally getting on track. Boat sailing flat down wind with the occasional wild rolling. It will be fun to hand over the craft to Andy at 6 with a 0 X track.

The captain loves zero. We are halfway to waypoint 119 (400 nm from St. Lucia). Making 158 miles a day. Unheard of in my experience. This is the way to go to the Caribbean.

Addressing preventer issues and setting the sheave on Aries to not chafe. Soon to start cleaning the white formica panels between the mahogany strips in the ceiling, for mold is creeping in.

11 to 2 p.m. on watch

Cleaned wood with Pledge.

Walked deck found 2" squid, 5" flying fish. Andy found dried yellow finch in locker.







In a way the squid, fish and finch are like us, by chance ended up in a strange place normally unknown, here a thousand miles from land we like the finch flew into Fiona's

cabin and could not find a way out. The squid and flying fish, minding its own business ended up on deck.

Listened to Holbein's Planets during lunch.

Carved on the boat.

Swept the floor.

Bar 1017 mb high for the day
Speed 6 kts.
Bearing 268° Course 266°
Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, ¾'s jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing X track 3.9 right
Temp 82°
1 p.m. X track 2.44 right gave one click left
1:30 p.m. X track 1.75 right
Mostly sunny

What Moves Me

I enjoy a great classic story with pathos, humour told in a modern setting. Where are the classic retold paintings?

I keep thinking of Obama's portrait painter. A well developed manner using patterns as background. Anything he does of the president will be great.

You don't have to go very far to retell an old story with a slight difference only the masters good detect. What painting am I retelling? Fiona In a Storm walks hand In hand with Ryder or Chambers. Even the painting on the easel is shaping up.

Why this apprehension? My life is over yet I still think I can make good if I could just get a ground swell. Just around the corner is success. What insanity has taken over me these last 50 years? How come I didn't give up and get a real job. Just a few friends egging you on is not a reason. Still with a boyish zeal, I come up with yet another idea that's going to cross over to the other side.

My brother said it takes 50 years to make a connection. When I first moved back to Cincinnati I started just a database. I should go back and rekindle it. Those cards and notices were welcomed even without response. Not unlike an art dealer who makes it his business to know buyers and the business.

Once again I am talking myself into a new WordPress blog site, optimized for business.



Continue to carve Fiona

Using $\frac{1}{4}$ " chisel to advantage. Prime goal is to cut away from everything including my hand.





8 to 10 p.m. on watch X track .68 right Bar 1015 mb evening Speed 6 kts.

Bearing 268° Course 266°

Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, ²/₃'s jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing Temp 82°

9 p.m.

X track .78 right

Summery:

Tweaking the boat. Don't let furnisher polish on floor or hand holds, very slippery, had to clean off with acetone.

If this wind keeps up we could be there in 16 days.

Listening to Van Gogh

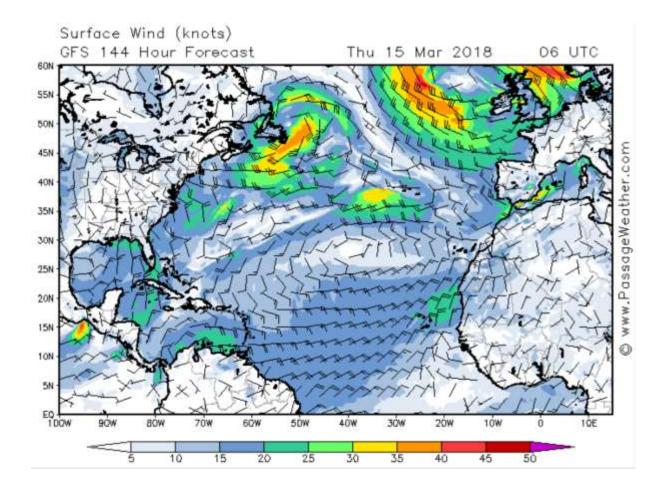
My shift ended at 10 but I woke at 3 a.m. poured a drink of grog and listened to three letters from van Gogh in the darkness of the starlit sea. The following 70° wind comes into the cabin coufting my bare skin.

Do not forsake your own thoughts. Write down as much as you can. My curious situation makes my writing unusual. Most never have the privilege or honor to travel their dreams.

This place, a retreat, allows continual reflection, all the ready to jump up and make ready. These rolling days are fodder for thought. Though the same thoughts could come from everyday living, thoughts here seemed

derived from the drug of the sea constantly around us with a constant following wind. Who lives this way? I always say I want to go to sea and stay at sea for it is life simple. Too bad you cannot paint at sea. Finding paradise on every street corner Is paradise to me.

162				
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0 600	A mole No of them's look	19,353	290	1631
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1600	Change & votize Agreed to Stavenza	19 409		
2200	Put ships time to	19,435	280	1031
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1100 (201-2)	With was light at start of natil (orn), Now up to 15 letrond it has yearer. Now one head run.	14, 507	2.81	104



8 to 11 a.m. on watch

Summery:

Fiona continues to run the rumline with a click left or right as needed. NE swell 12' fetch 1200' continues to interface with local wind built waves 4' fetch 100' making for a sometimes violent movement side to side but great for sleeping, no consistent heeling to speak of. A pleasant 70° at night, a cool breeze coming in the cabin from the aft wind.

Bar 1016 mb diurnal rising

Mostly cloudy

X track 2.95 right can't get any more left,

Wind 12 kts

Speed 6 kts.

Bearing 268° Course 266°

Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, ½'s jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing 15° 26' 54"N 039° 41' 02"W

Course 260°

Bearing 267°



Hors d'oeuvre of Spam, Laughing Cow Cheese and Colman's mustard on a cracker.



Testing the model lighting for Fiona and the Whale painting.

5 to 8 pm. on watch Summery:

Relieved Eric, he just gave it one click to the left. It's easier to correct being left of the rumline, you just go on a reach, meaning all sails are on the left, a starboard reach. If wanting to correct for too much right, sails would be moved to the starboard side.

8 to 11 a.m. on watch Summery: Bar 1013 mb rising Mostly sunny

X track .22 left Wind 12 kts Speed 6 kts.

Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, $\frac{2}{3}$'s jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing 15° 20.247N 040° 28.447"W

Course 270° Bearing 267°

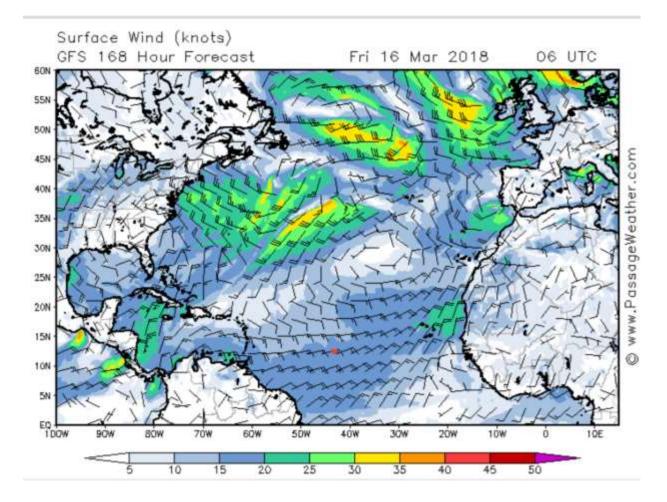
11:42 p.m. Listening to van Gogh

"You have a place in my heart and can never be cast out."

Irene could not find Tuesdays and Wednesdays texts. Started sending texts to Helen and Chuck.

Leaping along to my quirky caring love.

Walking the decks looking for loose bolts and notes from you. Never out of my thoughts.



6 to 8 a.m. watch On track per Eric Wind NE 20 kts Bar 1014 mb rising

Cloudy no stars

X track 2.62 right increasing rapidly

Change in wind direction, veering

Probably will have to move main sail over and move pole if this keeps up. Sailing as close to the wind now. Speed 6 kts.

Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, ²/₃'s jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing 15° 17'N 041° 44"W

Course 280°

Bearing 267°

Temp 75° getting hotter.

2 to 5 p.m. on watch

Moved whisker pole towards shroud to move the chaffing points and bring it into line with the sails red line, indicating the optimal stress line for the sheet.

Wind NE 20 kts Bar 1014 mb rising Cloudy X track 1.33 right Speed 6 kts.

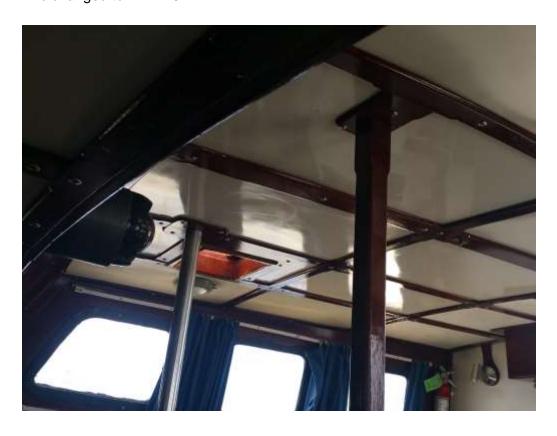
Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, ¾'s jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing 15° 13'N 042° 21"W

Course 280°

Bearing 271°0

4 p.m. X track .88 right

Eric changed to WP 120



Cleaned and applied spray Pledge on the next set of ceiling panels. Funny how slick the ceiling is, just the opposite of the floor.

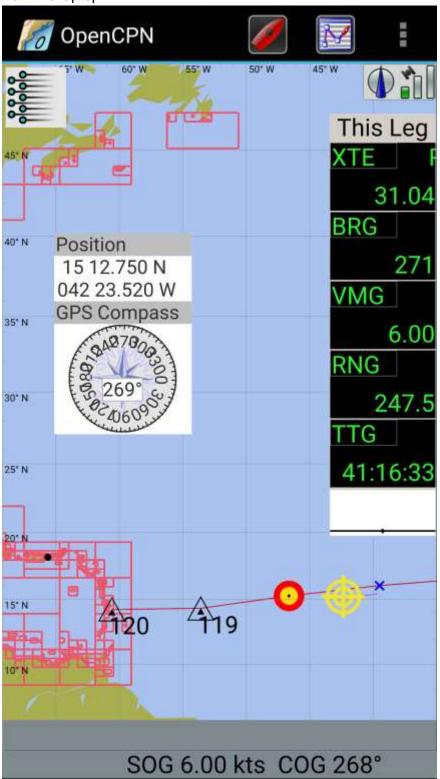


Finished the model of Fiona. Sails need to be more transparent, used stiff drawing paper. More shaping later. This is plenty good for modeling.

Now on to celestial navigation.

Fiona has a negative leech and a smaller Yankee.

Using Open CPN on my Android. Loaded the North Atlantic and Caribbean charts and Bluetoothed in a route from the laptop.



1050 nm to go, half way.



Hors d'oeuvre of sardines with Colman's mustard on cracker.

Saturday, March 17, 2018

990 nm to WP120 then 22 nm to point and 3 nm more to Rodney Bay, Saint Lucia

Van Gogh the School Kid

Listening to the letters leaves you with a child like dissertation. The rebuttal by Theo will prove to be sobering. None the less, selling is carefully educational, interfacing with who is spending money everywhere and paintings are the coup **de** grâce.

The vast number of artists van Gogh mentions are unknown today though they have an important place in his discussion. Oh, how I would like to see a book showing the paintings as he mentions them.

I struggle to fit into today's market, his market, though they must be the same. A huge turnover was happening during van Gogh's time, not so much now.

Van Gogh was a genius for writing honestly. Reading Noa Noa by Gauguin left me wanting to know more about his thought process. I must read his Paris published journals.



Wow, winds have veered, good. The upper blue line is the great circle route from Mindelo WP 118. The red line is a straight shot from 118 to 120, northern tip of Saint Lucia.

4 to 6 a.m. on watch Immediately gave one click left then 2 more. NE Wind 20 kts. X track 6.99 still Wind down 2 clicks right, don't want to gybe.

Noon to noon 133 nm

Noon Site

Andy says,

"Pick up the sextant out of the box with your left hand."

The handle is on the bottom and held in your right hand. Transfer the sextant to your right hand and put the lanyard around your neck.

Zero the sextant by lining up the mirror and glass so the horizon is in both is aligned. It should read zero. Check if plastic sextant has been in the sun

Captain Blye knew the declination in his head.

Captain Eric calls out the Latitude directly from the sextant. Just wait till you start turning the vernier the other way and you have the zenith.

Using the 2018 Nautical Almanac from United Kingdom Hydrographic Office \$35 Bluewater Books and Charts Fort Lauderdale, FL 1-954-763-6533 www.bluewaterweb.com

You can also use the Air Almanac in 3 vols. Jan. to April, etc.

Get Declination for noon (Constant daily angle of the Sun. S in winter N in summer) March 21 it crosses to N.

In lower right hand corner of the page is Greenwich Meridian Passage time For Saturday, March 17, 2018 it is 12:08

Meridian passage at our location takes place at 13:08 per Almanac Recorded 13:09:15

Take sextant readings as the sun approaches its zenith until the angle stops getting greater.

Hs (Height off Sextant)

+ 12' (Fisherman's Correction)

Takes the place of: Index error

Dip

Refraction

Semi-diameter

Equals

Ho (Height Observed from Sextant)

Subtract Ho from 90° or 89° 60'

Subtract Declination when Latitude (N/S) is opposite. Add if it is the same.

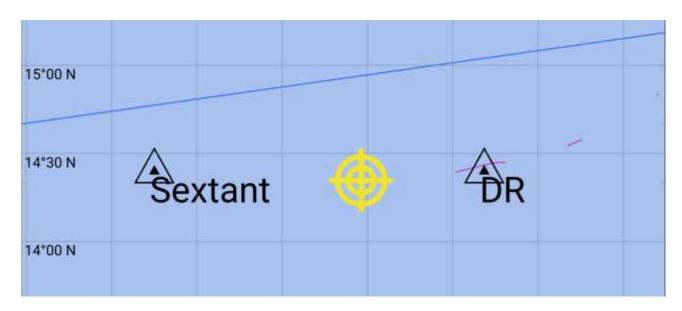
This change takes place on the spring & fall equinox.

Add Declination to Ho if Declination is same as Latitude (N/S)

Result is Latitude

Longitude

The time should match your longitude if you adjust for length of minute. A minute equals a nautical mile only at the equator.



Sextant position for Latitude was dead on to the minute but time position for Longitude was off by 120 miles. In the last two plottings the error seems the same. I still haven't found the equation to correct for minutes to nm at this Latitude.

11 a.m. to 2 p.m. on watch X track 8.12 right X track 8.34 right

Did laundry

Finished ceiling in main salon

Cleaned Eric's computer and instrument screens with glass cleaner applied to paper towel

Fixed utensil drawer by putting 2 finishing washers of the screws, keeping it from being accidentally opened while passing by

Prepared counter splash guard for epoxy

Walked decks

Dead down wind and still 9 nm right according to ships GPS

Don't want to change sail set

According to Opencpn we are 30 nm left of the great circle route



Happy Hour with Sargasso Strings

Long strings of Sargasso weed go parrell to the wind. Andy thinks it's because with a slight bit of weed above the surface it sets up a path where the waves don't break and the surround breaks move the weed into channels.

Velvet Artist

Eric told the story of an artist in 1960's who was given a stand of trees on Long Island and built a boat. Sea Swan

C later Miles

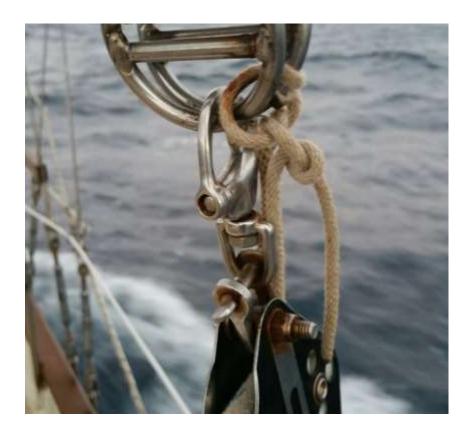
Eric has 8mm movie of maiden voyage to the Caribbean

Painter of velvet

On watch from 8 to 10 p.m

Summary: First light winds in the afternoon, used the electronic autopilot. Running directly downwind trying to avoid having to change the pole and main. Clear sky at night. Put the lazy jib sheet on deck to prevent chafing. Sea down, gentle rolling, best night for sleeping. Wind backing keeping our X track within acceptability.

X track 9.2 right 15° 13' N 045° 14' W Bearing to WP 120 366° Course 267° Speed 5 kts. 9:30 p.m. X track 9.85



Boom vang came off at the D Ring

and snap shackle was found closed, no damage noticed, reattached, stranger things happen. Discovered pin was working itself out, as you can see here, turned pin to see if orientation would prevent it but it only slowed it working itself out.

Captain says,

"I'm an engineer.

If I can't measure it, I don't believe it."

8 to 11 a.m. on watch Light shower X track >20 nm right Bar 1014 mb falling 15° 12' N 45° 34' W

Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, 3/3 is jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing

Summery:

4 p.m. moved boom over for port run, took jib off pole. Headed SW for more wind and favorable wind for running to St. Lucia.



Paradise birds during Happy Hour

Running Rigging



The staysail sheet, vang and outhaul

The staysail is a stabilizing sail. It normally moves slightly when tacking, moving the boom vang is the only operation when tacking, done after all else is done. The outhaul cannot be too tight for it puts undue strain on the center two hanks.

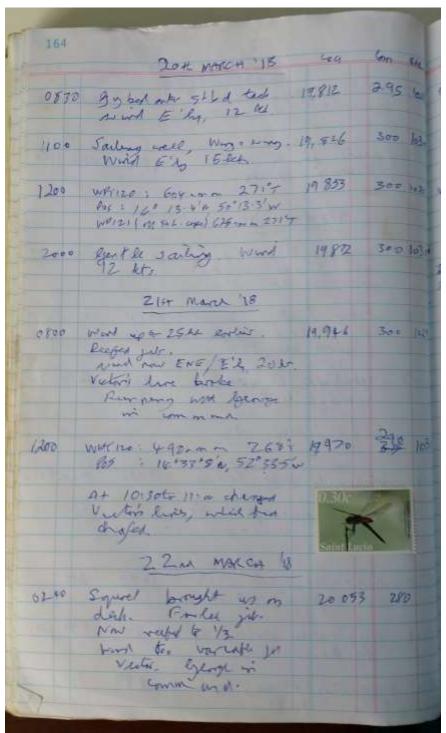
Monday, March 19, 2018

6 to 8 a.m. watch
Moved 40 nm south
X track 5 nm left
Bar 1009 first time seen it this low since March 7th
Winds predicted E then ESE then back ENE
Sails on a port reach, all sails on starboard side, pole
out but not connected

COG 235° SOG 6 kts. SE wind 8 kts 14° 35' N 047° 45' W

2 to 5 p.m. on watch

Summary: Overnight ran port reach making 50nm South to position better for wind and Saint Lucia approach.



11 a.m. moved to port run, main and staysail on stardboard, jib poled out to port

Difference between port and starboard run is 25°

X track 40 nm left

COG 262°

SOG 4 kts.

SE wind 8 kts

14° 36' N 048° 22' W

SE wind 8 kts

14° 24' N 48° 27' W

Cleaned stove and companionway steps

Noon sight was right on Latitude, 5° off Longitude by 300 miles

Tuesday, March 20, 2018

4 to 6 p.m. on watch

Summery: Got up at 10:30 stayed up till midnight. Put two clicks in to the right right away and waited to see it it would stick. It did but the wind is backing and we are making a slow curve southward since midnight.

To do list
Clean contacts for refrigerator?
Give steps a coat of teak oil
Move turning block for Aries
Fix stereo speakers

Captain says,

"I hate anything light."

"Just have less of the real thing."

Van Gogh's Letters

Advantage of Study

Having woken up at 10:30, had a pee and beer, gave two clicks to right then sat listening to Chapter 9 of the letters while waiting to see if the clicks would hold; I am transported back to endless days of study in major museums, The Louvre, MOMA, CAM, Taft Museum, Frick Museum

I am sorely lacking in complete explanations for my direction via study. My writing is not an explanation but a history of action. Instinctive action that feels right.

My thoughts wander to my unfinished figurative work. Soon Solomon and the Rose of Sharon will be done and then Helen with Saturn. Later the Alien and the Blessed Mary followed by Irene and Helen. All works requiring months of unpaid work. Work I must complete without pay for they represent my highest level of effort.

In retirement you find the

Time to do Right

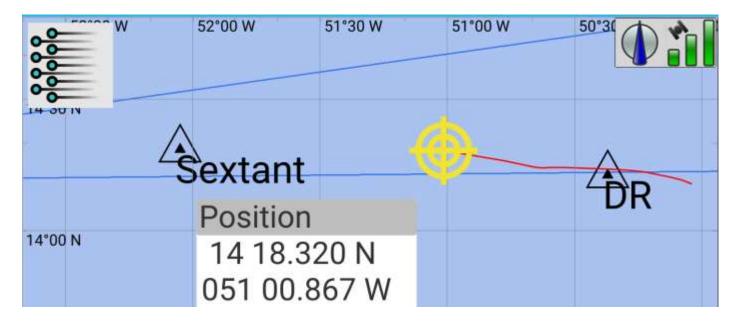
My shrine portraits need to be done but I have no money. I can only sneak one out every so often. Constantly squeezing money from Irene. I must be up to \$50,000. When we married, it took years to slowly realize I had no prospect for making money and being the house husband, it was easy to finance my art out of our budget. Only occasionally, Irene would put the fear of God in me for wasting her money.



My shrine portraits honor those whose family remembers them with sidewalk shrines usually where they died from gunshots. Painted in nine special colors. The above portrait is Hillary Clinton.

I have about ten within a 10 mile radius around my home for we live in a violent inner city. Currently I produce a 8" x 10" melting the nine colors and print a 24" x 24" vinyl sticker for the metal sign that goes into a re-purposed realtor metal yard sign frame. In the old days I would hand paint the signs as they wore out but the vinyl sticker is more suited for outdoor signage. It's the supreme modern graffiti. Revered by the communityc free standing art. I never take money for them, sign them or seek publicity.

11 a.m. to 2 p.m.



Noon site 14° 20' N 52° 03' W

Once again close to Lat but 90 nm west of Lon. I still haven't found the equation to correct for minutes to nm at this Latitude.

On one crossing, Eric and the crew tried to measure Longitude with the chronometer but could never get it. Eric says you have to have a program that makes the sightings fit the sin curve.

Tomorrow, the first day of spring, I will start making regular sun sightings twice a day, plotting our position, plus a noon site by just waiting till the veinier levels off. Maybe I can discover a constant that makes sense out of time into Longitude. As you move through 15° time zones the extra minutes should be small in the beginning and increasing to an hour by the time you get to the next 15° mark.

COG 291°

Bearing 271°

8 to 10 p.m. on watch

X track 4 nm right of 121 rumline.

Resetting Goto makes your current position the beginning waypoint.

Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, %'s jib poled out to starboard, wind on wing Speed 5 kts

Course 277°

Bearing 269°

14°18' N 51° 02'W

Summery:

Blessed with this wind, soon to come from NE allowing a starboard reach to port.

Keeping an eye on Victor's chafing and main vang snap shackle.

Endless hours gazing out to sea or sky.

10:14 p.m. 1 click left X track 4 nm right

I have

No upper eyelids

Meaning I am all community. Never thinking about myself. It hurts not to squeeze money out of those around you. My father had huge upper eyelids and everything was about him. He made lots of money being creative. Oh how I wish I could squeeze money out of people. It's terrible to be an artist who works for the well being of the whole. None get rich and most die obscured. It's my destiny to never have money. My incredible way of being useful has carried me.

Van Gogh had huge upper eyelids as did Gauguin.

Recently I spent four months working for my local co-op grocery store. Before that I spent 5 years publishing our local newsletter. Both for no money, no gain.

My shrine portraits are the pinnacle of community art. Portraits in the great tradition of street art and modern portraiture.

Ocean sailing is a lot of sleeping as you constantly optimize the sails 24/7 and fix what breaks, all while rolling around rather violently.

Paying to have your lover come visit you in a remote port is wildly romantic. Why can't I find the money?

Answer: Did not ask the right person, the one with the river of money flowing past them.

Wednesday March 21, 2018

8 to 11 a.m. on watch

Aries line broke. Andy climbed over and re-rove it. Used hose clamps to bolster turning blocks attached to pushpit. I may have been the catalyst, trying to prevent chafing, I moved a turning block on the pushpit and it gave way over night and quickly chafed the line through.



Taking a noon site plus one around 10 a.m. and 3 p.m to get a running fix. I still haven't found the equation to correct for minutes to nm at this Latitude.

Got to the final figure (Intercept) in the first part of two sightings, giving a running fix.

Captain asked why I do it. Answer? Hobbyist Mathematician. He clarified that today it was not necessary to know how to use a sextant. I told him I could not be an engineer for I did not have the math skills ready at hand

but could learn any math given enough time. Needless to say he must have thought strange the hours I poured over the books to retrace my steps in celestial navigation when in seconds he could do it.

5 to 8 p.m. on watch Sailing with 1st reef in a full main and staysail starboard tack, $\frac{2}{3}$'s jib poled out to starboard COG 266° Bearing 267° SOG 6 kts Cloudy Temp 80°



Werlings canned turkey, pouched tice, instant cheese sauce, canned beans with Heineken, standard boat fare.

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Thursday, March 23, 2018 6 to 8 a.m. on watch Summery:

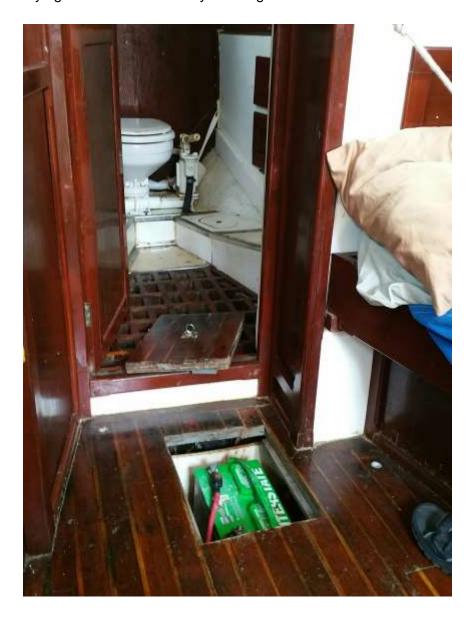
All hands on deck at 2 a.m. as a squall, not uncommon in the West Indies, came up and moved us 1/5th nm North. Swirling winds and a rough sea made Victor Aries incapable of keeping course. We contemplative putting another reef in but the wind never got above 25, only gusting to 30 kts. We put the pin in Victor and let

George take over, increasing his resolution to 4 from the normal 3. Eric stayed up for he was on at 4 a.m. Ran the engine to charge the batteries and shut off the refrigerator.

386 nm to the point of St. Lucia then 3 nm to harbor.



Flying onboard almost every morning





In a effort to get the refrigerator working, we are cleaning the terminals on the three batteries. The top one services the anchor winch with the two in the engine all connected together in parallel.



The replacement handles on the two original pots have been worked on many times. Yesterday the original aluminium insert corroded away on one.

Notice the break in the top of the pot. There are two of them, imagine slamming into it in a turbulent sea, like today, hopefully without hot stuff in it.



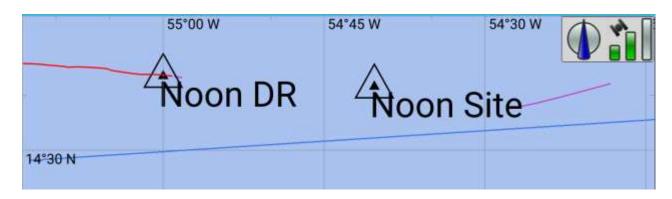
The pot in action, held in place with stainless steel fiddles with slots that fit in a frame around the stove.



Came aboard last night, maybe a baby flying fish.

Every morning I walk the deck looking for loose fittings. Usually finding some tough luck for the fishes.

2 to 5 p.m. on watch



Noon site still Longitude off, now 50 nm east. I still haven't found the equation to correct for minutes to nm at this Latitude.

DR 14° 47' N 055° 00' W 14° 30' N 054° 30' W

By multiplying the extra minutes by .25°.

By the time we get to 060° it will be 4 Zone Hours, 15° for each hourly

Notes:

Get for Russia trip

Reeds 2017 Nautical Almanac has tides and other pertinent local information for Europe from Denmark to Gibraltar. May have to get one for Gulf of Finland

Get a dingy that seconds as a lifeboat. Keep engine and gas in V berth along with chart box line box and sails.

Friday, March 23, 2018

On watch 4 to 6 a.m.

Summary: After a lumpy sea all night and day, we hope it calms down. ETA Rodney Bay Sunday. Waves from E 10' fetch 1000'. Since we are going West, the waves overtake us turning the boat in violent gyrating motions.

Been obsessing about making money. Must be seen where money flows like water. It's not hard to focus on whose is spending money. These days all you need is a tablet and you can show your work quickly.

It's just a bunch of baloney unless I can get the sale. Maybe a total makeover is due. You've got to be likable. Maybe like making friends feel they are part of the fun.



Here's great screen shot of wind vane steering. Sailing down wind. Wind 15 knots she sails straight. Wind 25 knots she turns right. Much of this is embedded in the quarter turn the steering mechanism has to work with plus the 1" tolerance Aries has since all the supporting poles are loose.

Watch Summery:

Went to bed early knowing I would wake up at 1 a.m. After checking everything settled into sending a text to Irene, encouraging her to visit us in Bermuda. I will not be able to paint since the paint won't dry before I have to wrap them up to fly home so all my time can be with her.

My nonsense about not having money is nonsense.

My dilemma has not gone unnoticed. A friend has been schooling me in showmanship and con man tactics. I must act on these proven result getters.

Just doing what I know best doesn't hurt. How to stage this next show is the challenge.

My best guess is several informal parties for prospects. Or better yet one on one lunches.

Have a display at the Launch Club



A new motif?

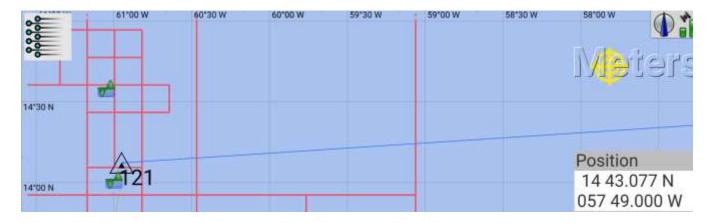


Might not get a chance to see so much sargasso again. Like gold embedded in the sea.



Glued sole lip on locker plate with epoxy then shimmed space between plywoods with two nail files so it will not happen again and used Gorilla glue to fill in the space making a solid footing.

Laundered one set of clothes, boxers, handkerchief and shirt/shorts rompers.



8 to 10 p.m. on watch

Summery:

Turned on the spreader lights and moved pole and main over to get back on the rum line. Sailing with poked out jib to port, main with preventer on starboard. Much better course to stayed glued to the rumline as we approach Saint Lucia.

Speed 5.5 kts COG 262°

The ideal way to find a client

Listen to your friends.

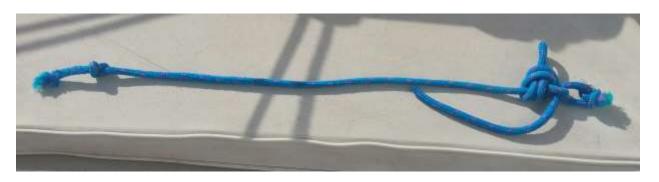
Painting Sea & Sky

"It's better to look into a human eye than sea and sky" from Moby Dick.

I just talked myself out of my new motif, to paint sea and sky. Nonetheless, I will give it the Yeoman's try. With dark dramatic effect and maybe even an eye in the water.

Better to include a generic boat but then it's just like Pinkham Ryder. Why the constant struggle to find a new motif? Is it an attempt to tell a new old story with new ways and directions? Years ago I painted a young woman eating an ice cream cone looking at her flip phone, little did I know it would become a rage.

These little societal changes are not to be painted. If I stick to my guns, I could have something to say using ships and water. The first painting I sold was to my father of the tow boat I worked on. A dramatic unreal sky influenced by my mentor Ralph Cowan.





The second from the mast point chaffed through even though it only holds the bottom section of the reefer sail, it shows how violent the accumulation of motion on it from slapping full again and again. It broke at the place where it goes through the grommet held in place with knots on either side.



My nurses shoes with the grip soles are holding up well if I keep the strap forward and Gorilla glue over the two tears which were stitched. The best pair of boat shoes yet. They lose their inside grip only when completely submerged with water only to regain it soon as the water drains from the holes I burned into them with a heated brass tube. You just have to treat them like bare feet and not bang into things indiscriminately.



NASA Target NAVTEX Pro receives text weather automatically every four hours from a local station, in this case San Juan, Puerto Rico.

Saturday, March 24, 2017

8 to 11 a.m. on watch

Summery:

After I tweaked Victor she steered the ship right on the rum line all night, no one touched her.

5 to 8 p.m. on watch Summery: Shook main out, motoring Points were chafing sail. Light wind.

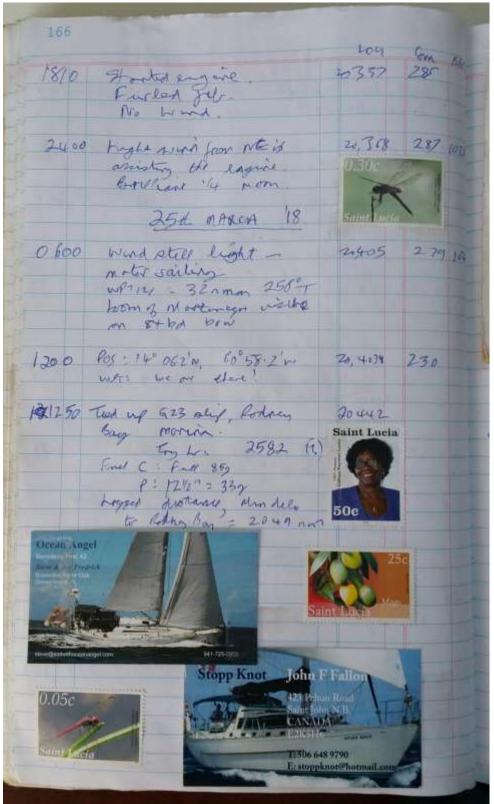
Joshua Slocum

"Alone around the World"

Listening to the book runs rings around Van Gogh's letters and my own dribble.

Here's the way a blog should be. Straight facts minced in a masterful way with pontificating and dream like storytelling.

Best to leave doubt behind and focus on telling a mystifying story.



Sunday, March 25, 2018

Midnight to 2 a.m. on watch Slept with my clothes on with a 2 amp suspended USB fan above me tied hammock style looking not out of place with the easel attached painting and guitar tied to the railing, my glasses having found a unique spot amongst the rigging. In modern necessity, two USB extensions cords come to my bunk from the 12V cigarette lighter socket above the table. If it's not the fan it's keeping my three devices charged. Like a little home decorating, I have everything I need at a moments notice. Most important the blue cloth bag not unlike a ditty bag holding flashlights, comb, toothbrush, camera, cell phone and water bottle usually filled with grog.

12:30 a.m.

Warmest cool breeze sitting the cockpit in front of the steering wheel not like the stuffy cabin and jacket not required. Little wind from the NE still fills the main with the occasional flap as we go 267° dead on the rumline looking for our first ship. The half moon shifting through the hugh speckled clouds obscuring most of the stars. I hardened the main sheet to keep it and the boom vang in synch.

As soon as I got up I had an evil snack of a packet of club crackers and hard white parmesan type cheese from Mindelo which has gotten a bad rap from the captain. He threatens to chuck the 10 packets out so I absconded with a pack for several days of snacks which I don't need. Water washed it down but in the end I got a small beer to seal the meal.

1 a.m.

Gave 4 clicks right on George to keep near the rumline. Listened to the last chapter of "Sailing around the World"

1:48 a.m. A large bird flew over and called like a struggling crow, barely see able as the half moon was being blotted out my the horizon.

2 a.m. Transferred watch to Andy

6 to 8 a.m. on watch

Clicking in steering revealed it's loose. Captain heard it to. Nothing to do till we get in.

There is just a sprocket at the top of the wheel pedestal, the forward chain us clearly lurching from time to time. Always just after turning right and while turning back left.

Land Ho





Just when you know you can see it, it appears.

17 days out from Cape Verde. Only one day motoring, the last. A traditional trade wind crossing, something I had not experienced with my first milk run crossing where we had seven days of calm but we also left from the Canaries, not known to have trades all the way across in March, any large low moving off the states will stall winds.

No baths but you were allowed one two gallon shower a week.

I started doing laundry with sea water this trip and it worked well. We had the fresh water to rinse them but I did not. I had two changes of clothes with handkerchief and shorts, on beige shorts and light blue long sleeve and the other, blue shorts and mustard yellow long sleeves.

We started cementing as a crew, falling into a groove of helping where we are best suited Andy looking to visit as many islands as possible. Me, looking forward to the next long leg.



How to belay lines

The Fiona way of gathering a line, coil it right up to the cleat, take two turns, run a loop out of the end through the top hole and thread the end through it leaving a long tail to secure it on the cleat with a hitch.

Landed with Shower

Noon we gathered our lines and made tight at the dock. Sun broiled my face and arms first exposed since traveling.

Being in the same time zone seemed alien.

10 hours have been spent studying celestial navigation worked to my advantage.

First Port Dinner continues to prove difficult to persuade Eric and Andy public service reveals.

Changing of the trash bags

Abandoned mother nature once in port. No more paying attention to her wind.

Monday, March 26, 2018 Filled water tanks, gave laundry to laundress, converted money, took out trash.



Lashed water cans further aft to clear dinghy boarding ladder.

A gentleman behind me in the bank cue asked me if I wanted some weed.



Charged the freezer.

Mother Nature Revered then Ignored

We pay strict attention Mother Nature's while at sea, consulting her every half hour 24/7 but while in port drop her like a hot potato



Easter bunny came early replacing Heineken coasters that may have gone around the world and looked it.

Tuesday, March 27, 2018



Rasta Cat



Morning chores: Epoxy left splash guard on countertop, put stick in plastic tablecloth splash guard, sanded Aries wind vane to make it easy to put in and remove and coated bare wood with epoxy.

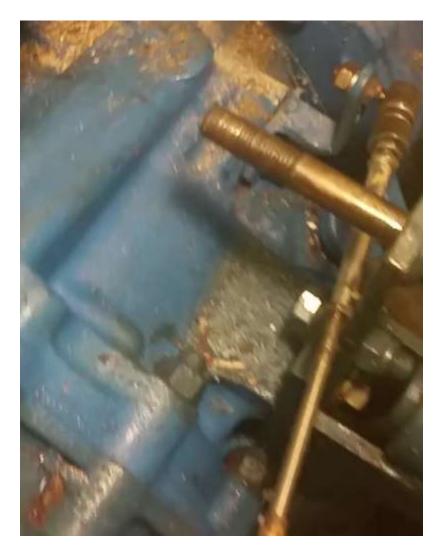


Image of shifter extension we made out of aluminum round stock, drilling holes in ends and tapping.



The new linkage bypasses the large lever that used to reverse the shifter action so forward was backward.

I think I lost three gallons of water working in the engine room. At one point the extension jumped out of my hand and flew off into the engine room, me fully expecting never to see it again for it had gone into the bilge

but it was saved, it nested in a easy to reach space and we continued to to soon finish the job instead of having to start from scratch.

Tues Helen 8 Chuck 9 Irene 9:30 Willard 10

Wednesday, March 28, 2018



Captain's famous pancakes. Batter fried in oil. Andy and Eric remember their mother's making them with lemon and sugar one them rolled up.



Hot, hot, hot.

Got the boys off in the dinghy to Pigeon Island after working my magic on the Tohatsu. My right shoulder is still recovering from a strain and limbering up.

Swimming mylaps in the pool after happy hour and before dinner.

My guitar playing is welcomed. I am twice better since my last cruise.

Saint Lucia

The perfect place to start to know the islands. Many sailors, each story different.

The gate to the docks was near the native customs wharf. Various boats of all sizes transported the citizens.

We stayed in a gated community not unlike a wealthy marina in Florida. Just outside the walls you get the since of great disparity and struggle to live.





Even here sidewalk shrines appear.

Chores:

Launch rubber dinghy to ride to Pigeon Island and see the old fort.

Check on VHF antenna at masthead.

Wed 8 Irene Thurs 8 Helen 10 Willard

Notes:

Airex core panels for bulkheads

Get NAVTEX digital radio for weather

Fiona weighs 40,000 pounds

POE

Power on Ethernet

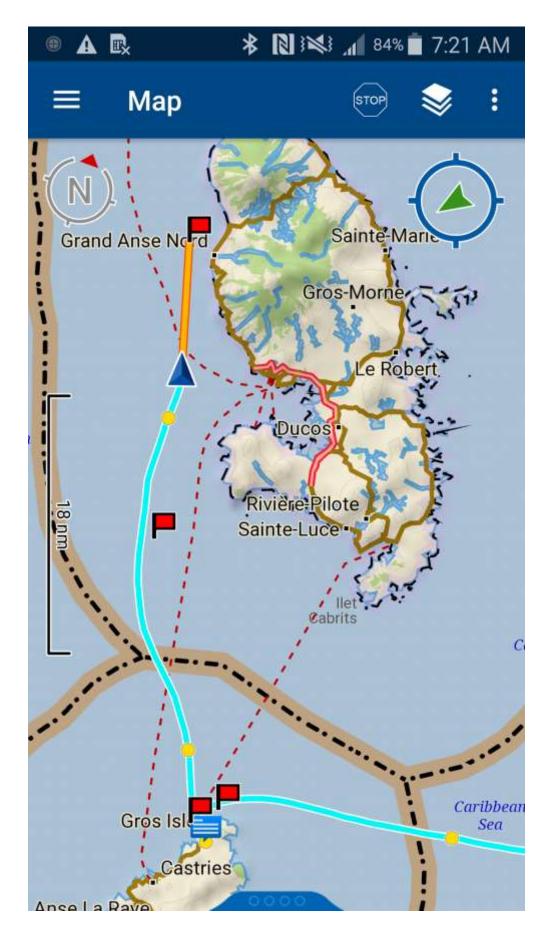
Wednesday, March 28, 2018

Blew up the dinghy.

Andy and Eric went to Pigeon Island.

Tom proofed Irene book chapter on aging and driving.



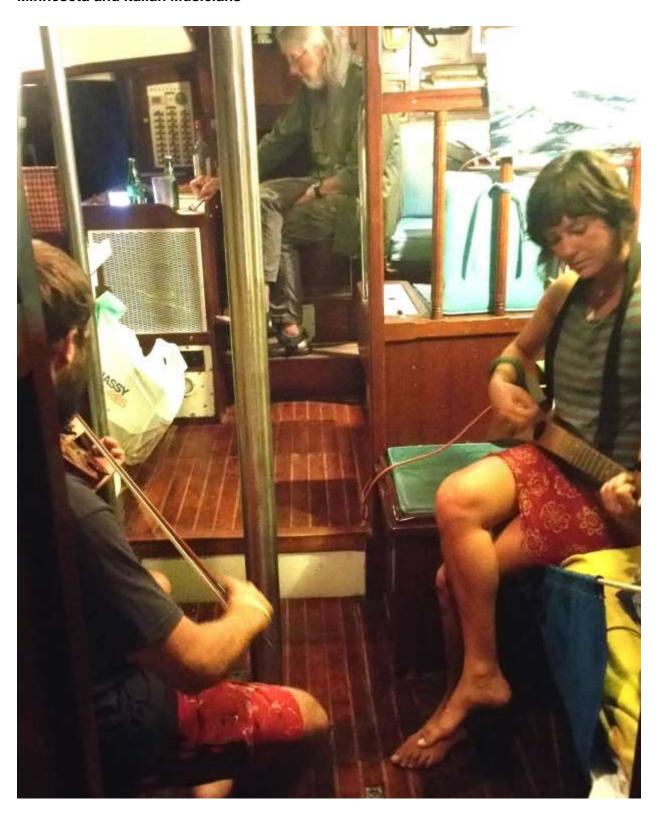


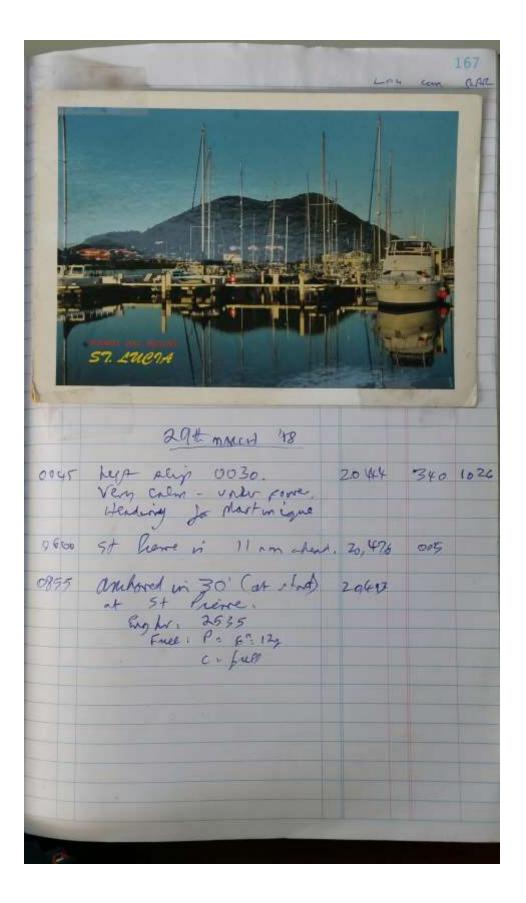
Left Rodney Bay, Saint Lucia at midnight to be able to check in with customs on Thursday since Friday, Sunday and Monday are Easter Holidays.

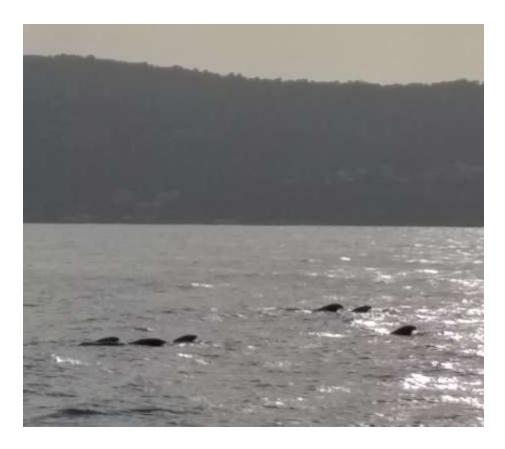
Captain lamented, Fiona was finally going North to home.

Had fine send off by two talented young sailors. Eric treated them to happy hour and dinner. They gave us a paper lantern to cover the drop light illuminating the cockpit.

Minnesota and Italian Musicians







Met a pod of someone approaching Saint Pierre.

Thursday, March 29, 2018 9 a.m. anchored.



Went ashore only to find out customs was closed.

Above is the tracking ashore a remnant of the man overboard mark to see if the anchor held. Wandering for an hour after walking right by the check in point. Traffic was like New York City. Everyone getting ready for Easter and dealing with the closing stores and curtailed hours.

We leave Saturday night for Saint Islands.

Put up awning. Tried to get stern light to work. Andy confirmed the strobe attached to the life ting worked.

I swam ashore about 1500'. Spoke to two gentlemen.

Had a beautiful French meal with the boys. Shark, Flambeau?

Friday, March 30, 2018

Rewired stern light, we inadvertently cut it during reroving the steering thinking it was not used.

Took dinghy in, no customs, coffee shop, looked for wi-fi.

Large swell made for difficult dinghy landing. Swell calmed down later in the day. Wind from NE, amazing how it still blows hard on the leeward side.

Had a long nap then wrote down way points for II'd Saints, pass Dominica, an over night.

Then happy hour and swim to shore, about half of the 45 minutes I normally swim in the pool.

Drank two tall Lorraine's, Martinique's own beer, in a small fun bar on the beach I could use as an office for the rest of my life, witnessed a drug deal then walked up the street in my bathing suit looking for Le Caribe, the place recommended for wi-fi. On the way back hailed a thin as a rail, tan as can be sailor in a 20' red hulled boat. He had a simple wind steering gear on the stern that can only be used if the rudder is attached to the rear. The device uses a small rudder on the rear edge of the rudder to move the main rudder. The small rudder is directed by the wind vane. I saw some boys climbing around it seemingly for a way end.

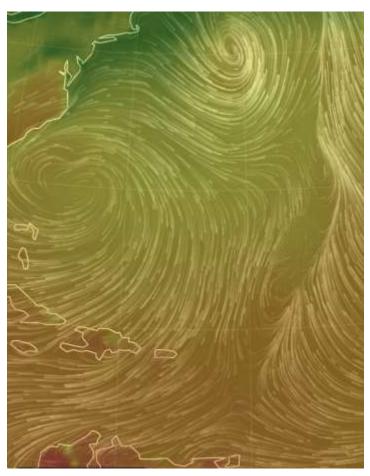
The children continually play on the beach all day. You can hear their voices long into the evening.

Leaving tomorrow night for II'd Saint, an overnight.

Having trouble focusing on art. The brief time between chores, meals and sleep. The island's allure taking its toll. Not a care in the world cajoled by rolling waves, anchored boats, dinghy's criss crossing between them.

Painting at anchor is undoable. Sketching is possible. Visiting the 1902 Eruption Museum we were caught taking images of the images of the pyroclastic mass that plowed through the premier French town of Saint Pierre on the heels of the Mayor's race, he refusing to let people leave. A 1500° furnace wave came down the mountain and melted the town.

I sketched a few of the scenes, focusing more on the head bundled women and striding men.



Saturday, March 31, 2018

Put in way points
Swept floor
Cleaned stove and counters
Adjusted idle on engine up
Put longer painter on dinghy
Sewed swim trunks for second time. Falling to pieces
and both times they ripped I had to wear them around
town with my junk almost hanging out.

Went ashore to by groceries, check in with customs, upload image and have lunch. Accomplished all with excellent meal of salad green with vinegret, hot potato salad and frankfurters. A French Alsace pleasure.

Took my swim before happy hour. I was getting to love it. Swim ashore have a couple of beers and swim back. Just like Clifton Meadows. Even saw a woman on the bamboo floating swim platform with simple mast and flags of many countries. She swam back

before I passed it but got to watch her do her toilet and rinse down with a two liter bottle of water standing just inside a volcano remnant door. No one could see her accept me from the sea.

and after dinner pulled anchor for II'd Saints, a small group of islands north of Dominica.

The super blue moon made the night electric with favorable winds for an easy sail.

We drew cards for watch and I am back waking up Captain.

10 to midnight on watch
Starboard tack, close hauled with full main and jib.
Winds 12 kts from 60°
Speed 3 kts.
79° humid
Bar 1010
Sailing rumline.
Approaching Scott's Head, quick flashing light.
Seems like a classic cross islands at night journey.

We do not have a paper charts so I turned on the chart plotter to confirm the flashing like.

Electric auto pilot, George, is doing the piloting.

11 p.m. X track .2 right Have one click left Speed 6 kts with 10 kts of wind Hot in cabin

Halfway point between Martinique and Dominica.

Uncomfortable in the cabin without my USB fan that follows me wherever, normally hanging on a string above my bunk.

Take Charge

While on watch you are the man of the hour. Slowly I begin to think of my own boat with the thousands of things running around Captain's brain to make this happen. To be the go to person.

The responsibility is sometimes overwhelming. Having two other competent crew members makes the trip so much nicer. You don't have to worry. If you're on watch, you worry.

Easter Sunday

April Fool

Sunday, April 1, 2018

4 to 6 a.m. on watch

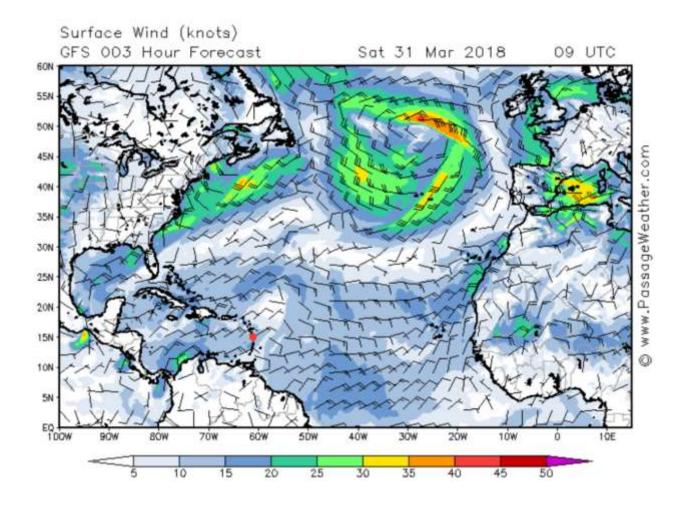
Summery: Andy turned Fiona over motoring. Cooler. Two large ships to port, not moving. The S Saints straight ahead.

Wind apparent 10 kts off starboard bow.

Set Goto to waypoint 128, just off Saints.

Distance 18 nm

Motoring



5 a.m.

Large ship off starboard bow.

Course 340°

Bearing 340°

Apparent wind 8 kts

Speed 5 kts

Dawn

Gave 5 clicks left

5:30 a.m.

Getting ready to turn off motor. Wind should pick up once clear of Dominica.

Motor off.

Set jib.

Woke up Eric.

Speed 5 kts.



8:30 Approaching anchorage with Sea Cloud leaving. A young man dinghy motoring suddenly experienced a loud wine from the motor then it stopped. Almost immediately another boat came to the rescue.

9 a.m. caught a mooring

Put up awning

Went back to bed

12 noon had lunch

Put second mooring line, both now with chafing guards.

2 p.m. dinghy into town

Three Gay Men

Yes, it's not true but how funny. Everyone so old sex is not necessary, always heckling at the naked youth. Everyone is naturally skinny except me. What other cruiser have we seen that was three old men? None, nothing even close,



I've taken to cleaning my comb with my toothbrush. Might as well taste everything like a fine pate. Since 2012 I started using my toothbrush to think with. Dry with no paste, I clean them it almost overdoing it, thinking, thinking, thinking. Thinking as my nose hairs grow ¾'S of a inch outside my nostril. My beard covers my mouth so my performance smile can only be seen in my eyes.

Il'd des Saints are charmed with community. Small with bungalows covering 12%, few cars, no crops, shops offering the Faire of the day.

Throwing cigarette butts in the street is one of the sad qualities. You saw no butts in Saint Pierre or Lucia. Trash cans are also scarce.

After my run in Nantucket and Palm Beach I thought about Saint Barts. The guide book on the boat continually mentions artists who help the rich with everything and that's me. But the Caribbean is like Key West, very tough. All the bums go to Key West because you can hitch hike there. The water just filters out the regulars and leaves the eccentrics to make it to the islands. In Homer, Alaska I met a jeweler who switched seasons with the Caribbean with her own line of silver. I imagine she flew to Tialand between seasons to have her work made.

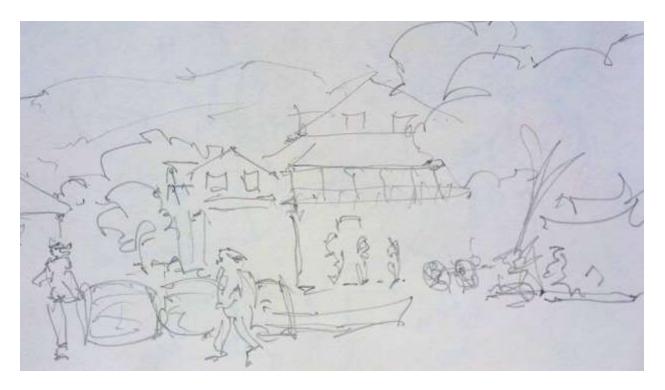
Another motif is needed, one of the regular.



This image from the Mount Pele Eruption Museum.



After the eruption. Skeletons of everything, cleaned, leveled and smothered by a 1,500 ft. wall of 3,000° F pyroclastic mass of white hot ash



Before a bustling dominate town. The mayor was having an election and refused to allow anyone to leave making the 30,000 deaths higher.

I feel like I must go ashore and paint her but the dinghy couldn't handle the easel and paints with the boys.



The Easter Bunny Came

While we were ashore, he laid three stone eggs in a nest of sea weed on sponge in the middle of the table.

April Fool's



Lady selling home cooked cakes.

I told the captain she was the next crew member. April Fool

Mark and Melanie, British, on Topaz, San Francisco made sold to them in Antiqua, one off resin and wood 36', were invited and came over for cocktails. Based out of Antiqua, they will be going back to England for the winter.



Frigates a Pterodactyl type scavenger bird have an evil about them. Here they were swooping around a fish cleaner.

7 p.m. left for pizza only to find a 30 minute wait for a table and 1 hour wait for take out. It started to lightly rain so we went back to the boat.

Everywhere you look you see Winslow Homer's Bermuda. The halfway up walls white washed giving way to large flowers and greenery.

Too bad he left no notes. Once a dealer asked him to list his works, it never got done. His work must have sold like hot cakes.

Were Monet such Prima Donna's they could not take care of themselves? Yes, they were. Do I hold it b against them, no. Do I wish I had the magic touch that gathered enablers, yes. I do have care blanch to paint what I should, derived from study and thought.

I must sell the smell, sizzle, flash, bang, explosion, greed.

Each piece to tell a somber story linked with current news. A modern classic.



Children Playing

Monday, April 2, 2018

Check in with customs
Buy groceries
Cleaning brushes
Isopropyl Alcohol, turned out to be ethyl (drinkable)
Dental floss, got toothbrush
Go to Fort
Paint
Swim

Buy Rhum

We had a rewarding trip ashore. Checked in bought groceries, I took them back, Andy and Captain walked around, I swam, sketched and did the same thing.

Living on a Mooring

Mooring life is off the grid. All three go when taking the dinghy. We've worked out the protecul. The dinghy is always raised up out of the water when not used for several hours. It hangs from the staysail haylard half way up the side with the engine completely out of the water.

Captain man's the winch, I the stern and Andy the bow. Lowering and raising it.

I get in start the engine, Captain gets in then Andy, he sits on the port side balancing the load.

Silence that is Comradery

3 men set in there ways say little. Silence is 5/8 th's of the noise.

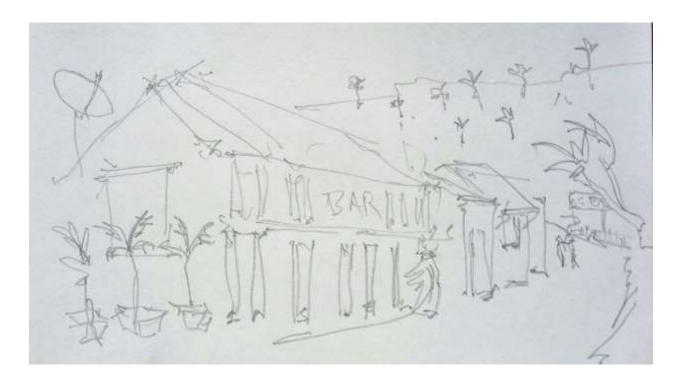
Putting Up Awning

Locking up Dingy

Scrubbed the marks off the hull from Salvegem mooring buoy.



Bob stopped by at 5 p.m. 35 year single hander in the Caribbean in his own design aluminium 36'



Bought a bottle of Rhum using American dollars. I spoke in french to the cashier, apologizing that I was American and would they accept US dollars.

Later after a fine pizza ashore, Andy and I sat in the cockpit at night smoking and drinking.

Later I played some Slocum and discovered dialog was a major story teller in his book.

Where I could not include conversations with the governor, my readers would have to settle for a conversation with cashier.

I think I went to bed at 2 a.m.

Not

Living alone

Retired but not retired

I am not rediscovering.

No songs about trains

Belligerent

Tuesday, April 3, 2018

Stayed on the boat all day finally getting to paint 3 to 5 p.m.

Cleaned freezer, refrigerator counterparts and cushion.

I got around to asking if Chuck could take my berth while Irene was in Bermuda and it must have gotten miss translated for Eric thought I said Chuck was sleeping in my berth, not can he sleep in my berth.

Captain does not like strangers sleeping on his boat. He does not want them ruining his vacation.

The whole bit put a bad taste in my mouth and I never got enthused about painting. I filled in some color I knew had to be done. Captain was going to leave earlier but gave me another hour. I think he was recapitulating about his gruff attitude.

Louise was always calling Eric on his meanness and I think he knows when he is mean.

An encounter with a young girl on a fast catamaran.

In the most fun colors and style, three small cats passed by the stern. Two teenagers were on board each making 15 kts. As they passed by the stern within 18 feet a young woman having noticed New York on the stern and American flag spoke in English, "Hello, how are you? Have fun."

5:30 p.m. left Les Saints 8 p.m. Andy thought he heard a whale. I took a nap till midnight

Midnight, Wednesday, April 4

Laying in my berth I heard a familiar bad sound coming from the auto pilot, a jerking clank like there was too much slack in the chain. I want to open up the cover and take a look.

Once awaken for my watch, I made mention of this noise and Captain said, "You are not to worry about this. Put this out of your mind."

On watch till 2 a.m.

Motoring

Winds NE 5kts

Temp 82°

6 nm from Northern tip of Guadeloupe waypoint c

1 a.m.

.7 nm from waypoint 135

Bearing 306°

Course 8°

Speed 6 kts.

Clearing Guadeloupe

Bright moon

60% clouds, high speckled and low cumulus

New heading

Waypoint 136 to mouth of English Harbor 37 nm

E Wind 8 kts

1:30 p.m.

NE swell

2 a.m.

Turned engine off set jib.

Speed 6 kts.

6 to 8 a.m. on watch
.79 left of rumline
Speed 6 kts
Close hauled
Squall just started influencing us
10 nm to English Harbor
6:30 a.m.

9:30 we arrived with the obligatory motoring around the inner harbor.

Anchor Set
Trip ashore
Boat hits boat
Dinner ashore with music
Discussion in cockpit

Thursday, April 5, 2018

Move to Catamaran Marina

Landed at fuel dock took in fuel and water.

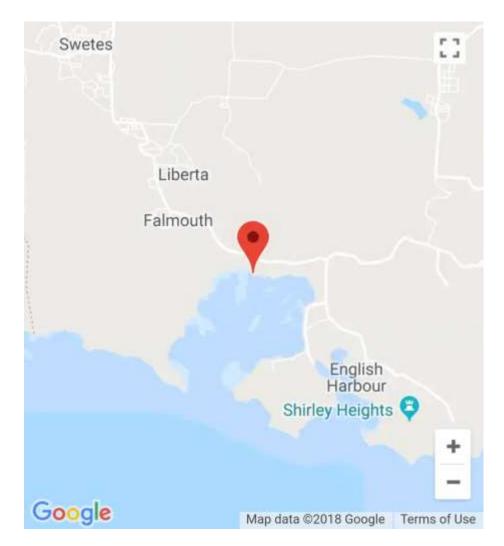
12 noon moored bow in Catamaran Marina, an incredible place of island charm too cute to realize.

Met Carl a fellow cruiser on his first loop with his wife. https://syhelmi.com/

Carl-Gustan Mahlcu
cgmahlck@hotmail.com

Friday, April 6, 2018

Tried to change oil, pump gave out halfway through, just added new to the make up the difference





http://catamaranmarina.com

PO Box W2088, Antigua, West Indies Email: catamaranmarina@candw.ag Phone:+1 (268) 460 1503 / 1505

Fax: +1 (268) 460 1506

VHF: Channel 68

Sir Hugh Bailey established the Catamaran Marina in 1974 as one of the first full service marinas in Antigua & Barbuda. With his partner, Helen, and their loyal trusted team, the Cat Club Marina continues to support the Caribbean yachting ...

Truly heaven on earth. Heaven is not always the way you imagine it. No showers because your boat has five.



A feisty bird decided the bread crumbs in the kitchen were his domain. He must have taken over the interior when we were gone and just carried on once we returned.

Dutch Beef Sausage

In the afternoon I bought a Dutch beef sausage. Thinking I would eat it as dinner. It was terrible. I put it in the freezer. In the past I put it in my locker keeping my dinner food separate from the food in the frig or freezer just to be private. Huge mistake.

Irene 8:15 Willard 9:15

Once returning from Skyping. Eric asked me why I had a sausage in the coolers. I said I felt like eating a sausage and if he wanted some he could have it. Hugh mistake. It was the catalyst that set off a tiraid par excellance. Cap has mentioned in the past about crew members food in the coolers but this was very different. It's as if something big was festering in Caps crawl. I was not subservient. Not having dinner with him on shore, painting instead of doing what he was doing was getting to him. I was spoiling his vacation.

The enormous love I had for him was sucked completely out of me taking with it any creative spirit. I was devastated, yet I knew this was my doing thinking we were friends. I became a zombie minon in seconds. Never talking, not painting, completely severiant. Cap paying for

everything is little excuse for stomping to death a little bird that just wanted to sing for you. Cap cannot have a servant. You have to be a quasi equal ranger where brains are king and pointed insults are frequent when you screw up.



Cap is a fighter pilot, top gun, astronaut, supreme engineer, where engineering takes the place of being human. He's become Donald Trump seeking loyalty over truth.

My paintings have taken a 180° turn not depicting the sea but showing a bully. The whale hitting the boat is just a beautiful creature coming up against the white hull of uneventful selfishness. Cap has huge ideas to save the planet but none of the hard work to mold thought. Solving that materials can be made the hard way and not selling it is not an engineers forte. To not see truth in the unproven is to lead a shallow life.

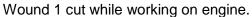
I was ruining Caps vacation because I was not a lock step non combative. Our conversations always came to a spearhead of "His way or the highway."

It's worked. Cap seems better, but his shallowness remains ever present. He is Eric.com.



Andy was so much better seeing this from the get go. Add to it Caps forgetfulness, lack of sight and hearing he is just like two other older men who went off the deep end in petit destruction of all who loved them.

What to learn? Nothing except aging. There is no lesson. There is no fault or problem.





Wound 2 cut one outdoor prop hanging off dinghy on deck during refueling at Falmouth, Antigua

Wound 3 fell into a stump of a palm tree blown down by Irma at Saint Martin's

Captain shops for groceries Tom to Saint John's for clothes Sunday morning leave early for Nevis stay till 4/11, then Statia till 4/14, Saint Martin till 4/18. May leave for Bermuda from Saint Martin. Arrive Bermuda 4/28

I took the bus into town to replace my worn out clothes. I was quite a sight with a torn shirt soaked in perspiration as we fueled and moored yesterday.

I bought the captain a shirt. It was buy one get one free. The shop was totally strange owned by a worldly gentleman whose nationality may have been Egyptian.

I took the bus into Saint John's, the main town of Antigua, got in and out as quick as possible since as soon as I arrived back it was changing the oil. At least I had old dirty clothes to wear recently my only new clean clothes.

Hailing from Paradise, where paradise is not as you imagine it, more like a Star Wars Resort. You cannot help but like it even with the foibles.

3:14 met John and Ginny looking for a guitar, working on a Swan, one of the prized sailboats to own.

Dinner at the local greasy spoon. Captain went to bed at 8 and I made wi-fi calls and worked on computer till 11 p.m.



The harbor is for racers. The word is always, "Have you been out today."

This from Irene

Start where you are

Use what you have

Do what you can

It will be enough!

Ease your mind Tom. No one is better taking care of someone then you.

When you speak to Captain face him and deliberately make the words with your mouth. Talking to his back or beside him is a problem for anyone with hearing loss.

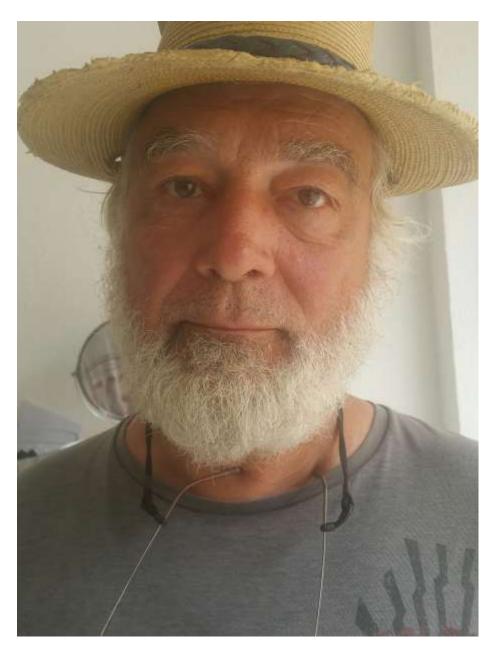
I plan to brag on Brenda and her kindness. I think

Think of something he would want like car crackers for a cocktail as an exampl

Hang in there and relax your brow. Try to have a frank conversation with Andy of how you can make the rest of the trip fun for everyone. Love Irene.

Mentors

I've always sought mentors, my father was my first one, then John Beatty, my first boss and legendary riverman
Henry Williams
Mr. ? The manager of Mike Fink
Vince Ellis,
Manager of Mike Fink's
In college I met my painting mentor Ralph Cowan
In 1992 I met my wife
In 2009 I met Eric Forsyth



New Amish Beard

Just did not like the mustache, will shave the beard in Bermuda.

Nothing on Melville

In all his sea stories he mentions himself only once saying he kept his head down, made no notes and did what he was told. Too appear in anyway different was to bring heckling and prodding.

Put a wrench in someone's wheel

definition: to thwart someone's plans

I joked with the crews on the mega yatchs in Marigot, Saint Martin, about how our crewing is not so different from dealing with the mega wealthy, they pay for everything and expect indulgence. They're the ones on vacation.

Saturday, April 7, 2018
Captain's special pancakes
Grocery shopping
Checked out
Entered waypoints
Irene at 8:30



Looks like Clapton owns the whole point.



Sure to be in the classic regatta coming up.



Bob has been single handing the Caribbean for 35 years in his custom built aluminum boat.



Swedes Carl and Helmi gamming on Fiona. Their first loop. Captain was a wealth of information much appreciated by Carl. His 46' was meticulously appointed with every gaget. True love of wife and sea.



Drinking copious amounts of local rhum to get through the mosquito blazing hot night.

Though fifty feet away the 100' yachties sleep cool with flowers.

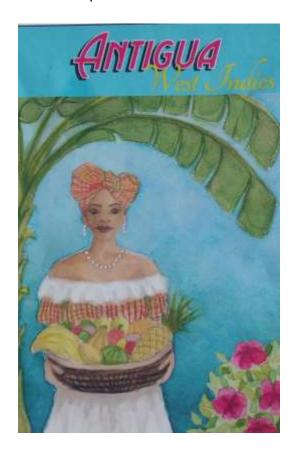


wrapped Gouda.

Sat in cockpit till 9.

After lunch, lunch at Sweet T's our local greasy spoon, password: icecream. By chance, a special of Irene's Salmon Cakes \$1 Caribbean about 10 cents US.

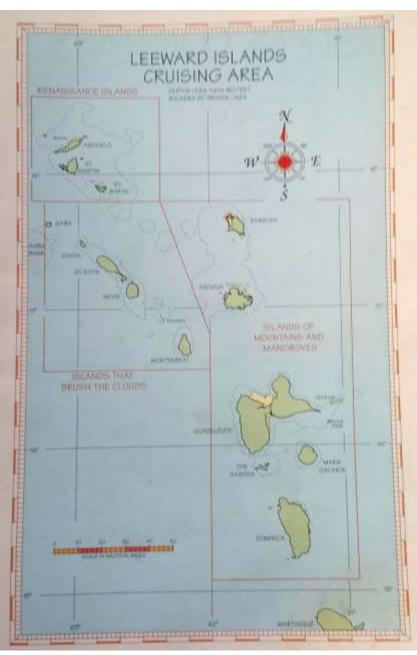
Dinner back at Sweet T's, karaoke night. We tried to get some cheddar at the full service grocery store next door but nothing was vacuum packed so we settled for a small loose



Antigua

An island forging. 1% vast wealth rubbing elbows with their servers. You wonder where the sugar cane fields were. The prior slaves have a matter of fact way of coping, not meaning to be your friend but being friendly enough not to bring the master down on you, though he now resides behind the curtain right next to you.





Sunday, April 8, 2018 6 a.m. off for Nevis 93° Winds 10 kts Flying jib on port tack, flapping 5% Temp 95° 8 a.m. Captain retired Bearing 279°

Course 262° Speed 4 kts.

10:30
Jib on pole starboard tack
Bearing 283°
Course 281°
2.5 nm left of rumline
Speed 5 kts

12 noon Raised main, port run, jib poled out to port



Nevis in the distance.

Major Mistake

Made the terrible move of taking the vang snap shackle off without verifying that the boom was stable and incapable of gybing. To free a jack stay I undid the snap shackle and without notice the boom gybed with Andy clearly in harm's way.

The captain called on my stupidity and I had no reason. Later I looked him right in eye and apologized. I also begged Andy's forgiveness.

The snap shackle as if to dog me the rest of the day, it being the one that started coming undone, let go twice. I sat up in the shady area and watched it all afternoon till finally putting some tape around it, leaving a tab so it could be easily undone. So far it's working.

6 hold the line, let go and go around.

Best to have light long line cleated, end rove through port anchor guide. Once grabbing line on buoy feed through, let go, and use the length of the long line to bring end back through and secure. Now leisurely pull in and rove heavy line. Many times you only have seconds to get a line through the eye, the long line gives you time to bring it back through the anchor shive.



Saint Martin 4/9-14

Virgin Gorda, British, need to check in there before going to Amagata. 20 minute ferry ride to American side.

Amagata 4/15-16

Monday, April 9, 2018

Nevis

Going ashore ½ mile ride to the dingy dock

Checked in and took all Cap's money

Had coffee with retired Nevis surgeon and now author, soon to be a movie

Bought groceries



Visited Alexander Hamilton's Birthplace Connected with Irene via email



Lunched next door
Picked up book about Hemingway's Boat from the lending box named "Feed your Brain" surrounded by Nepali
Prayer Flags
Andy found cigars



Bought stamps
Used ATM
Came back
Set waypoint for Statia
Andy freed the padlocks
Took nap
Hoisted Nevis flag and took down yellow quarantine flag.
Happy Hour



Swam ashore about ¼ mile to an incredibly quaint party grounds made for spring breakers. Now mostly empty, a few fancy swells mingling with the locals, some selling wears or home made snacks. Party shacks, some home made, could hold 200 people.

Just down the road there two hundred more umbrellas in front of a vacation resort. This must be the place where the spring breakers live.

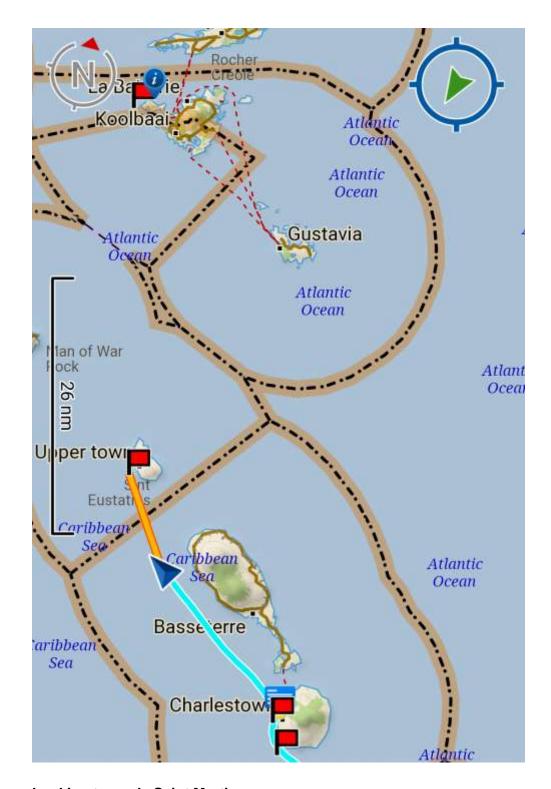
Had jerk wings and two Carib beers. Dinner Sitting in the cockpit Cleaned dishes

Tuesday, April 10, 2018 7 a.m. woke Dingyed ashore



Treacked ½ mile to gas station
Tried to get passports stamped
Left Saint Georges
Raised dinghy
9:30 leave mooring
10:30 under jib starboard tack
6 kts
May go on to Saint Martin.

11:30 a.m. E Wind 25 kts Flying jib 7 kts 84° mostly sunny



Looking towards Saint Martin

Sailing past St. Christopher (Kitts)

With this wind we may bypass Statia (St. Eustatius) and anchor in Marigot Bay, St. Martin at night where we did the same on my last crossing with Eric.

35 nm from Statia it is well worth it with this wind

Then spending a week there with showers, washing machines, slip and wi-fi.

Tohatsu Spark Plug

We shortened the gap on the spark plug hoping it would make it easier to start. An old trick per Eric.

6 p.m.

18 nm to St. Martin waypoint then 6 nm to anchor. Been a red letter day for sailing, jib only. Seas NE 125' fetch 7' high because the wind always blows from that direction.

Nursing the upper torso tan I got on the way to Nevis, wearing no shoes sometimes to even out my tan.

A 70' private sailboat passed us.

11 p.m. anchored

Terrifying Paradise.

Rum all around. Cap said something about sailing being terrifying or paradise.

I have the same constant feeling knowing I will be using all I know in the time ahead as we prepare to go out, come in or deal with heavy weather.

Bayfield Modifications

In many ways a small boat is easier to handle but at sea a heavier and bigger boat is more comfortable. If I can make the Bayfield 32' comfortable by having great bunks and sitting areas for the three crew it will match the bigger boats. This means making three areas where you can wedge yourself into a seat, locking yourself from movement. I think we can get two bunks out of the main cabin on port, stacking them and the other in the port bow V berth. The bunks would have 30" x 72" x 4" waterproof vinyl covered latex mattresses from standard small hospital beds.

They would be wrapped in a lee cloth so you could make them into a long hammock by anchoring one side to the hull and the other side would be a pole that set in two different notches, one a gentle slope and the other a severe slope that basically make a trough 72" long and 24" wide. You would be solidly anchored from rolling motion, something that prevents sleep.

Hammocks are another idea but they are not as adaptable as this three tiered method. It's great to sleep on a flat 30" mattress in harbor and even better to be completely contained in a 24" trough.

The seating areas would be the chart desk, and the two spots between the starboard and mast (forward) and bulkhead for kitchen (rear). Everything would be reinforced as if to be a bulkhead. This still leaves two extra seat along the starboard. In the middle of this square is the table anchored with two poles at each end of the center section with two folding tops, also reinforced to take great weight. I think the table would mostly be closed during rough sea, sailors eating their meals holding it while wedged in and their drinks in the narrow fiddled space of the folded table.

The table would be perpendicular to the keel, separating the two wedge in spaces with plenty of room to get thrown into their space. Standard boat cushions would be used.



mooring, stern in, French style.

The navigator table would have a bulkhead behind his back, maybe two large storage bins that could be brought out of the space regularly used for the pilot berth. The table would be clear for charts, work bench, eating.

The bulkhead created to make the two port bunks would hold all gauges and electronics with a table 6" over the regular table to secure the laptop.

All bulkheads would go from hull to cabintop, fiberglass in and preferably solid wood planks diagonally placed.

Wind still usually strong at 25 kts 12:15 a.m. Five cigs and multiple drinks ready for bed.

Wednesday, April 11, 2018 8:30 finished with breakfast and toilet Hung French flag and quarantine yellow flag.

The very different and colorful flags represent the letters of the alphabet and numerals each have separate permanent meanings. The yellow flag for Q is the quarantine flag to be hoisted once arrived and before seeing customs to be checked in.

10 a.m.

Connected with marina

Up anchor and prepared lines for mooring. Here they come out with a rubber boat and push you into your

11 p.m.

Walked into town to get cigars and money.

Walked to supermarket, bakery for 2 French baguettes, then to bar for lunch.

Now, splitting a sandwich with Cap and ordering fries to share with three Heinekens.

Always try to put money into the bill.

Cap and Andy went to see what was at the supermarket, I bought some rhum, got three shower tokens for the crew, took shower and high tailed it out for the rest of the afternoon till happy hour. 3 p.m.



Fort Louis

Marina Fort Louis

marigot2018 free wi-fi

To Do in Marigot, Saint Martin

Change oil by getting new pump Fogging oil Snap shackle

Raise storm main

Grocery shopping for rest of trip since food in Bermuda is expensive.



All boats were lost in Marigot. Here the upper part of the mast is tied to the port side.



5 p.m.
Andy's happy hour hor d'oreve with log, guide and phone books.8 7 p.m.
Dinner at dockside pizza joint, excellent
9:30 Skype with Irene
10 Skype with Chuck



Thursday, April 12, 2028
Dinghy ride 2 miles to Water World
Witnessed complete devastation
Saw 36' Bayfield
Dinner at pizza place
Fell and scraped leg
9 p.m. Irene

Friday, April 13, 2018
Pumped engine sump to get socket and tools
Rewired extra pump plug
Put screw in flag to hold lower tie down
Kay & daughter with husband visit

9:30 Irene

Rudder SSB Kay Buy 3 cases Mount Gay Rhum Sump pump switch Auto pilot chain Tools in sump

Saturday, April 14, 2018 Took stock of stores Dropped off laundry



10:30 Visit Phillipsburg Coffee Jewelry Store



Art Gallery

Cap bought a painting for \$375. Business has been touch and go. The artist teaches upstairs. Her husband runs the gallery. Their little dog goes three stores up the street and pisses on the sidewalk of the store with the little dog up the street.



Phillipsburg High School Drum Band

Lunch

2 p.m. looking for USB Cable

Bought Rhum

Picked up laundry

Fixed power, short in extension cord, electrical tape does not seal from rain, power went out just when the rain started at 4 a.m.

Visited Kay for tea

Happy hour

Pizza dinner and caught two songs

9 p.m. Willard

9:30 Irene

Chuck 10 p.m.



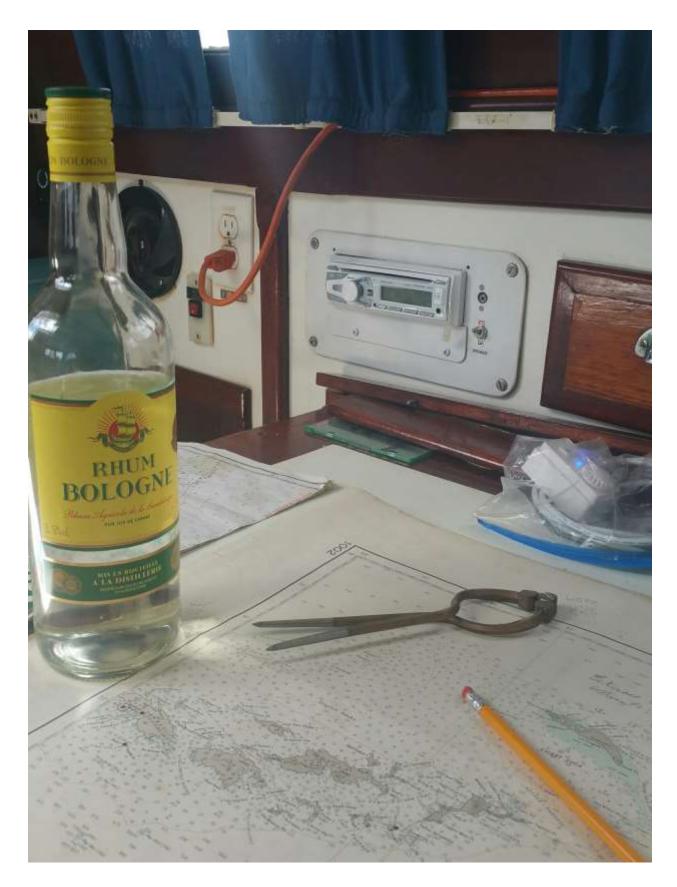
You can see Fiona in the space between the mega yachts.

Sunday, April 15, 2018 Set way points Bend storm main Leave for Virgin Gorda



Kay Pope Pope0530@gmail.com

Finished changing sail. Cap and Andy getting fresh food. I am entering waypoints and downloading images.



I am much better at sea. The stress of landing with Internet is much.

Leave at 5 for Anegada Passage 4/15

79 nm to

Round Rock Passage

Then 4 nm to

St. Thomas Bay, Spanish Town, Virgin Gorda to check in 4/16

Then to Trellis Bay above Beef Island off Tortola, British Virgin Islands. 4/16

Then it is on to the West End, 4/17 Tortola, Sopersll Hole, then day ferry to St. John's 4/18, then maybe to Jost Van Dyke Island 4/19, then Bermuda 4/20.

Monday, April 16, 2018

April 20, 2018 Leave for Bermuda



4:40 p.m. Sunday, April 15, left Saint Martin's for Anegada Passage

79 nm to Round Rock Passage WP 002 then right to Thomas Bay and Spanish Harbor.

Clean exit

Raised storm main

Adjusted reef lines and Jack stays

Happy hour

Sailing rum line

Starboard tack with storm main and ½ jib

Quarter turn weather helm

Waves 5' fetch 75' uneven from NE

NE Wind 20 kts apparent

10% clouds

Pumped dinghy

Opened dinghy drain

Tightened cruising burgee

Dinner: instant mash potatoes and lentil cassoulet

Drew cards for watches

Cap 8 - 10

Tom 10 - 12 on watch

.35 to the right gave it two clicks left

Starry night

No ships

1017 dropping

Sailing rum line

Starboard tack with storm main and ½ jib

Bearing 283°

Speed 6 kts

10:30 p.m.

2 ships miles away one astern the other 5 O'clock

10:45 one more click to left, X Track going from .36 to .35 right

Ships 5 and 6 still following

11 p.m.

Ships at 10, 11, 5 & 6

Temperature 80°

No moon

X .33 right

11:45

X .32 r

3 ships, 9, 5 and 6

Midnight

X .34 r

3 ships: 8, 5 & 6

Sailing as best we can on edge reach, jib flogging condtantly, could not give it another click left

Monday, April 16, 2018

Andy 12 - 2

Happy Birthday Andy and Cap

4 to 6 a.m. Tom on watch

X .39 left, Cap just gave 1 click right

Starboard tack with storm main and ½ jib

Will be $1\!\!\!/_2$ nm from Round Rock when watch is over, Andy to wake up Cap when Rock seen Ships at 3 & 6

See lights on land

Milky Way

4:30 a.m.

X .36 I

5 a.m.

X .16 I

Getting light Ships: 7, 9, 3

5:30 a.m.

X .07 I

1 click left Ships: 9 & 7

6 a.m. transferred watch to Andy

8 a.m. woke up

9 p.m. moored in slip

St. Thomas Bay, Spanish Town, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands to custom check in Had coffee



Paid harbor master \$25 for two hours



10:30 Set off for Trellis Bay above Beef Island off Tortola, British Virgin Islands.
Beer all round
Rigged for anchor.
Noon landed, Picked Up Mooring
Covered mainsail
Put up awning
Had lunch
Nap



Ashore for dinner



Surveyed damage



Wireless Catergory 7, password: Trellisbay617

Dinner at dinner Cap used wireless Set waypoints

Tuesday, April 17, 2018 7 a.m. rise

Worked on grounding of SSB

9 a.m. loosed mooring for West End, Tortola, Sopers Hole

1:19 p.m.

Picked up mooring buoy in West End

Lunch at Pussers, West End, Tortola

Password: pussers4281

Walked ½ mile to customs. No ferry to Saint John's

No grocery

Thoroughly enjoying Cap's nap, smoking cigarettes, which is forbidden and connecting via a small wi-fi on my cell.





5:20 p.m. Happy Late Hour In Comey's Book, he described Trump like a Mafia boss, his minions declaring their loyalty for silence and money.



7:30 p.m. Pizza Dinner at Pussers

Cap spoke of Grenfell a doctor in Newfoundland during turn of century who stuck on an ice flow with 4 sled dogs, killed, skinned and made sail of them to be rescued.

Cap spent the rest of the dinner describing odd crew jumping ship over the years, stating, "I never did anything wrong."

Wednesday, April 18, 2018

Get bread, fresh stuff, tomatoes, cheese Took dinghy 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles to grocery store. Bought cheese, tomatoes, bread Left West End



Foxy was one of 12 people living on the island in 1962. His bar still survives.

12 noon moored Jost Van Dyke Island Wi-fi media, open, allowed Gmail send and receive but nothing else. Who cares. Moored in a postcard Caribbean spot on Jost van Dyke Island. Going ashore this evening.

Have everything for passage to Bermuda.



Foxy's Live Irma2017



A shell of a man waves goodbye.



Bought bottle of rhum, best yet.



Met Furniture Designer Nikola Ipsen on FB Instagram sailing_capricho_ii

Dinner ashore Sat in cockpit, smoked and sipped aged rhum.

Thursday, April 19, 2018

Chores:
Mount Aries Wind Vane Steering
Throw out trash
Check out of customs





Lunch at Cool Breeze Restaurant Password: Coolbreeze2

 $1 \frac{1}{2}$ hours of happiness listening to the grocery store owner pognificate.

Leaving Cap on the boat alone you could tell he did not like it.

The Old Man and the Sea



Happy Hour Drone Launch

Just above bow and red roof is a drone launched from the cat. It buzzed the tall ship in the harbor and Foxy's Bar.

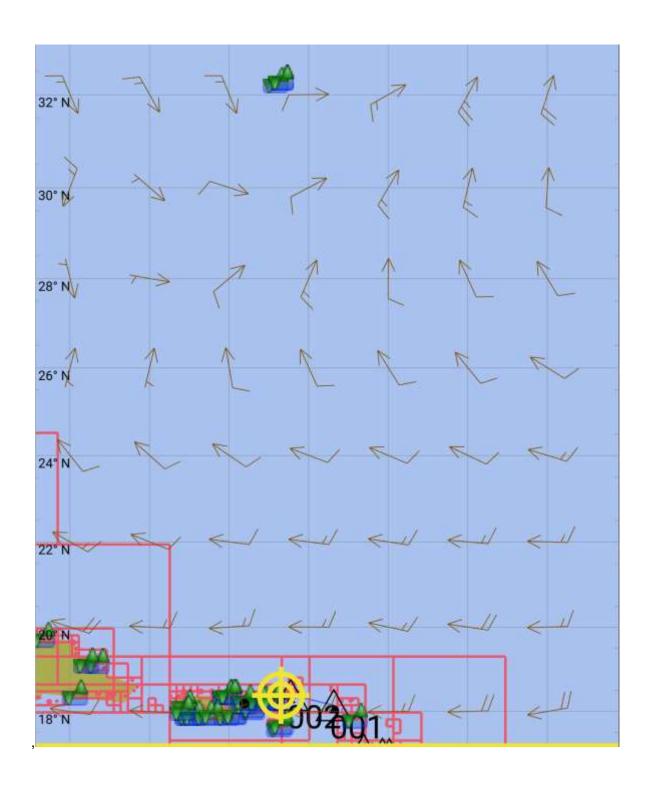
Friday, April 20, 2018

Pick up bread Put dinghy away Leave for Bermuda



Spirit of Recovery

A lone palm froum shows healing from the stripping Irma winds.



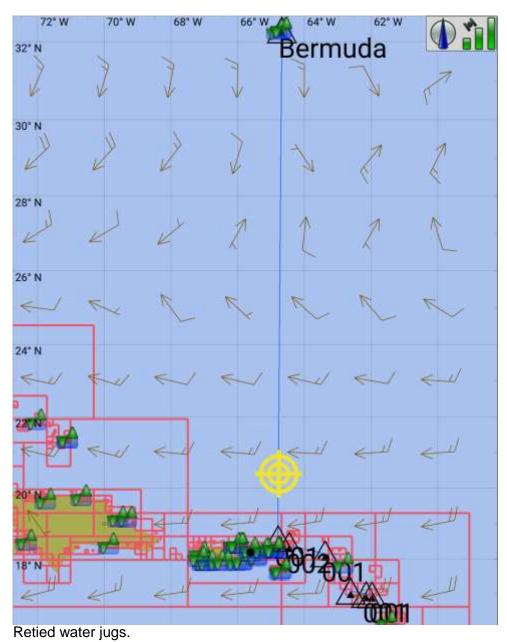
1 p.m. on watch till 2 then Cap Staysail and storm main on starboard tack Bearing 001° Course 357° X .24 left 1 click right on Victor

Starboard paw sticking Waves 4' fetch 100' Wind 25 kts.

Napped all afternoon Spaghetti dinner

Furled jib to Staysail size

8 to 10 p.m. on watch X 1.24 right Speed 8-9 kts Nearly all jib out, Staysail and storm main on starboard tack NE Wind 15-20 kts 8:30 X .96 r 9 p.m.



Speed 7-8 kts Wind 15-25 9:30 X .31 r 7 kts

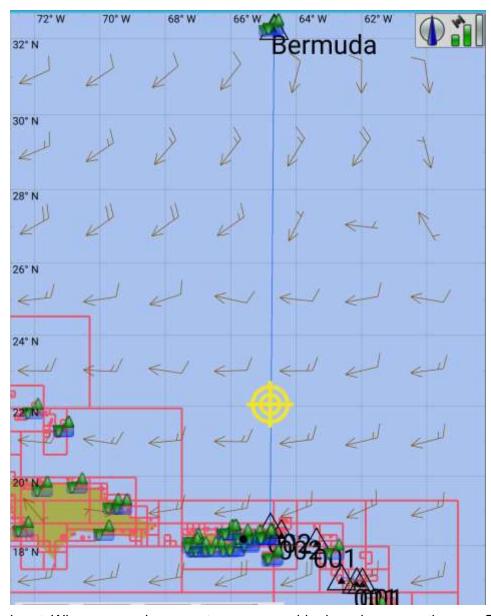
Saturday, April 21, 2018

Slept or in bunk 8 hrs. resting up for when needed.

4 a.m. helped Cap let out the jib

8 to 11 a.m. watch X .35 left Nearly all jib out, Staysail and storm main on Wind 15 kts Swell NE 6' fetch 750' 8:30 a.m. X .62 left 9 a.m. X 1.6 left Wind 25 kts Container ship Rio Blackwater crossed bow 9:30 a.m. X .24 left 10 a.m. Much the same

5 to 8 p.m. on watch Saw sailboat to rear starboard. Happy Hour 6 p.m. Walked the decks 7:30 p.m. X 1.34 left



Sunday, April 22, 2018

Irene is Captain

How many times have I found myself at the mercy of my provider. My dad, Ralph, Jimmy and now Eric and Irene. They had me over a barrel and what can you do? Something set them off. Maybe I was to blame but is that any way to behave? Wouldn't a conversation do just as good.

Now I go back to my wife after being torn a new asshole. Nothing's changed, I go back to squeezing in my art work while providing for the home and family. Is this the way it works?

I believe yes. You should never have it your way. It puffs you up, makes you a shell of yourself and prevents you from helping those around you.

Is it so bad living under a roof where your best intentions are at

heart. Where everywhere you turn your provider has shown you the way. The complexities of creation are not in how to do the dishes. The plebeian chores cannot be given a back seat to lofty ideals. They work hand in hand. It's always best to have a nervous breakdown in a clean home where every leaf is raked, blade of grass cut and your loving spouse showing you the way.

It sounds stifling. I want to eat it and let it slide off my back. I do not have a grasp on who is eating who. "You're not so bad," is a casting call for life.

Thinking is free and thinking is what makes great art. When things get miserable, I think my way out of it. When I need an idea, I lie in bed and think. I think my way out of it.



Transendence

In the end, I'm trying to create paintings that deeply move people, not by berating, belittling, stomping, crushing them but by giving them a door to transendence.

Does my 64 of age and never having commercial success to support a family matter? Probably not.



Working on a new look, one that shows a smile and no furrowed brow. A performance smile, the fakest smile in the book. I need not express myself with facial features. People misinterpret it.

The right side crease in my forehead nose area is devotion to art. A deep crease on the left side may have showed up when our child died. The complete lack of horizontal lines in this area shows a complete lack of financial responsibility.

Provider

I provide for the even though I contribute no money. Could I tear a new asshole in the team around me because "I did nothing wrong." I would like to develop such talents. A John exhibits power over his women, yet they give him the money. The John uses the same argument "I did nothing wrong." "It's you who is making my life intolerable. It's you who is ruining my vacation."

Still how many new assholes do you have? Eventually you have to leave because things are not working. I left Ralph and Jimmy for the time had come to move on. It's not that easy with a family where your spouse is the nicest bully you'll ever know. The love family holds tight and can suffer a lot more tension.

Needless to say you cannot create when you've been tore a new asshole. All work stopped. I'm in analysis. I'm a crab drawn into its shell.

Bullying

The bully never admits he did anything wrong. We all are bullies for our own self preservation.

6 to 8 a.m. on watch
Ship holding true, zig zagging across rum line
Cleaned stove, counters
Sharpened bread knife
Freezer latch fixed
X 2.39 right
11:30 a.m.
Dried out pilot bunk

Cleaned refrigerator

Forward head door stopper rubbers replaced

12 noon

Lunch Cap talked about Bermuda Race

2 to 5 p.m. on watch

X 1.0 left

Heel 15 to 20°

Nearly all jib out, Staysail and storm main on.

3 p.m.

X .34 left

3:30 p.m. X .71 left

4 p.m.

Took in main 2 clicks right

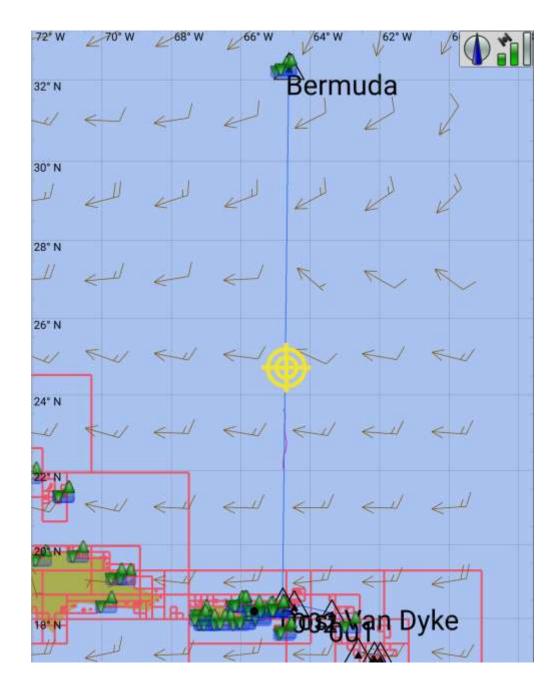
X 2.23 left

4:30 p.m.

X 2.21 left

5 pm. Happy Hour, Cap talked about tides at Fire Island at Democrat Point, current, channel and Sandy Hook X 1.5 left

7 p.m. dinner, Cap talked little



4 to 6 a.m. on watch X .54 right 4:30 a.m.



X .84 left gave 3 clicks right, close hauled, you can see the effect. How the ship sailed all night from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. and still be on track is a mystery. The blue line is the rum line.

Speed 6 kts

Temp 82°

Getting light but can still see the milky way

5 a.m.

X .74 left

Course 2° right of bearing

5:30 a.m. 2 clicks left



A swallow landed quite disheveled being 500 miles from land. He must have been migrating and lost his navigation.

10:30 a.m. woke Cap made himself and me coffee.

11 a.m. to 2 p.m. on watch, gave two clicks left



Cleaned Sole & Head Bilge

Dirty even in the impeller past the strainer, a big hair ball. I said I'd never detail the boat again but I can't help it. Spiders lived under the grate capturing hair. They were the only insects onboard.

12 noon lunch, Cap talked about birds dying in the cabin and they have mites.

1 p.m. X .5 left 4 clicks right Speed 4 kts Wind ENE 10kts Temp 84° Mostly sunny

Took down paintings, loosely rolled and stored in head sunscreen locker. Cap said nothing. I think he knows I'll jump ship in Bermuda. But I cannot. He's not so bad. The same thing my wife tells me.

X left .71







2 p.m. motor sailing till at least 27° 30' 90 nm, each minute is 60 nm. Actual distance varies according to laditute and longitude. They match a real nautical mile at the equator.



Happy Hour Flight

Our swallow kept trying to get into the cabin so we put up mosquito netting.

7 p.m.

Curry dinner, Cap spoke little because engine was running. Down to 12 cans of beer.

8 to 10 p.m. on watch

X .86 left

Motor sailing with full storm main and staysail.

Half moon

Two swells

NE 3' fetch 900'

SE 2' fetch 1100'

Heel 2°

8:30 p.m.

X .45 left

X .34 left

One click left to slow it down.

X .14 left

9:30 p.m. One click left to slow it down.

Course on cockpit magnetic 017°

Bearing 001°

9:45

X .1

1 click right

The Sensitive Bully and his Minon

Bullies are overly sensitive. They feel threatened when there is no threat. They lash out as if a cornered rat.

I can take the verbal abuse only so much. Every bully has dominance over their minon only to the level the minon wants. Sometimes it just takes one verbal lashing to end a friendship. In other cases like family and long term relationships it might take years of abuse until it's over.

Many times the minon will try to make things nicer for the bully but the bully does not consider his minon's efforts when starting a tirade.

Physical violence can start once the bully has a more control over his minions. I never have witnessed it but know many who have experienced it.

Adapt or Die

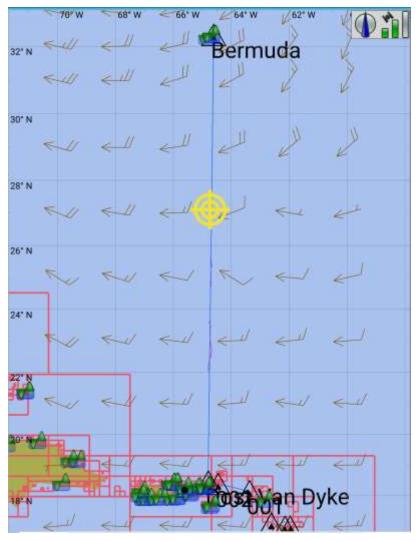
The best Artist is a Workaholic

Focusing on the work, not the price, shortcomings, lack of sales and recognition. None of which help creativity. The hard working artist rises to his ability and should not compare himself to anyone. He is a reflection of what

he study and experiences. I always recommend studying the greats and maybe a little will rub off. No not associate with the mediocre.

Success Ruins Artist

It is best to have a short little long success than a big short fat success especially in the beginning.



Tuesday, April 24, 2018

This GRIB is 5 days old. Actual winds are from NNE 25 to 30 kts.

4 a.m. all crew on deck for squall

8 to 11 a.m. on watch, closed hauled, pounding into waves

12 noon lunch, Cap spoke about how this is like North Sea, wait till we cross Gulf Stream and face the seas before Fire Island.

2 p.m. finally wind veering, much more comfortable and better for Fiona, better sailing, winds should veer more making for a run.

5 p.m. Happy Hour on watch till 8 p.m.
Cap talked an hour about his cars.
Left of run going down.
Still very rough but boat not pounding quite as much. Must be very careful moving about.
Cannot sit outside all day, too much spray.
Spray covering boat every 7 minutes.

Winds NNE 10 to 25 kts Waves NE 6' fetch 75' very lumpy Mostly cloudy

East side of high centered around Bermuda delivering winds.

5:30 p.m.

Tried to fix mounting of stove splash board. Too rough.

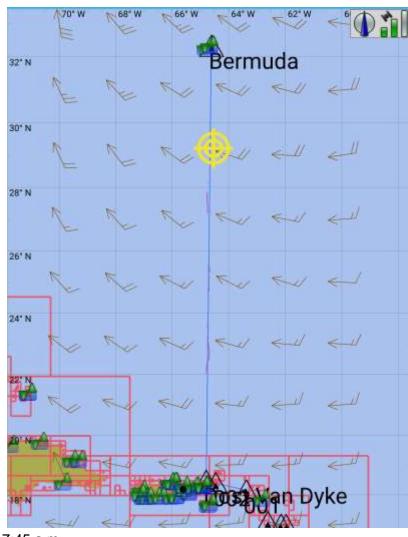
6:30 p.m.

Walked deck saw nothing.

7 p.m

Dinner, Cap talked about how odd it was to go from trades into a high. Normally you go through a frint

Tightened Aires lower line X 4.44 left going down Bearing 002° Course 008° Speed 7 1 click left eased main.



Byby

Wednesday, April 25, 2018 This is an old GRIB Wind 20 kts from 90°

Overnight

Boat pounding in a sideways manner, yesterday closed hauled more in a bow manner

Auto pilot out Aeromonitor out, reading low Engine selinoid out

X 5.21 going down

6 to 8 p.m. on watch
X 4.94 right
Waterproofed Andy's bunk
Wind veering more comfortable ride, wind on beam
X 5.11 right
One click left
Speed 7 kts
Wind 20 to 25 kts
One click left
Wind a beam

7:45 a.m. One click left Let main out

11 a.m. reefed main

11:30 a.m. cleaned 1 quart mess in lower locker, material beige unknown, soulable with dish soap. Nobody cared. Cap said Fiona was bleeding.

12 lunch, Cap talked about the difference between the trades and the North Atlantic.

George not working

2 to 5 p.m. on watch X 2.34 right moving left

3:30 p.m.

Let out jib

75° 25 kt wind

Lumpy sea with swells from E

Overcast

¾ jib, full staysail, reefed main

X 1.36 going right

One click left

Speed 7 kts

Temp 78°

4 p.m.

One click left, little more weather helm added.

5 p.m. Happy Hour Cap spoke of Bermuda

6 p.m.

X right 1.6 moving left

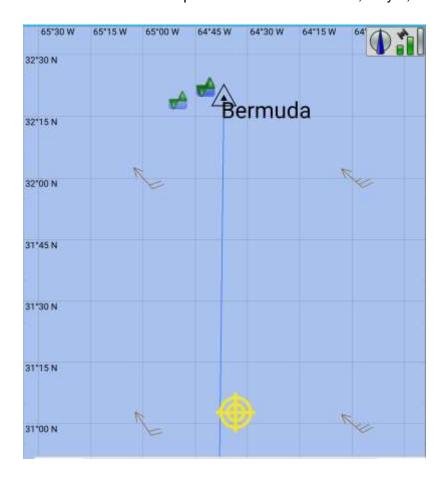
Going to full watches to keep on track

7 p.m. dinner Cap talks about Bermuda

X 1.5 right

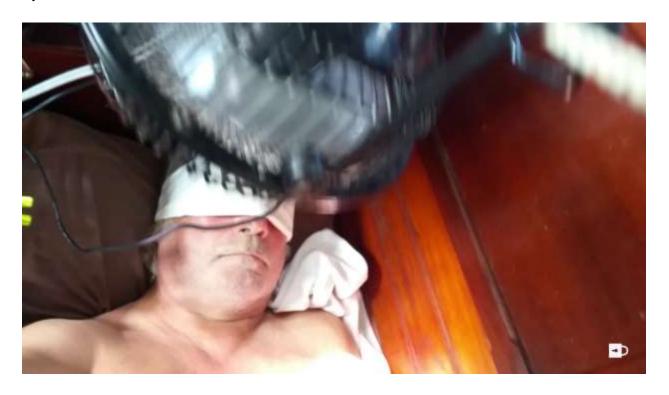
Irene arrives at noon on the 29th Leaves on 4th at 1 p.m.

Lew arrives 29th at 2:17 p.m. leaves one week later, May 6, We may leave on the 7th.



7 days old GRIB prediction and pretty dead on. Caps fastest crossing. Same starboard tack the whole way.

10 to midnight on watch X 2.48 right Gave one click left Light rain, dark 11 p.m. ByX 2.48



Perfect sleeping, aluminium foil wrapped in handkerchief, tiny fan cooling breezes.

Thursday, April 26, 2018

4 to 6 p.m. on watch

X 3.68

right

Gave one click left

X 3.58

5 a.m.

X 3.49

6 a.m. rain

May have to hand steer in.

7 a.m.
Shook out reef, bad idea
Rigged pole on starboard side
Sailing down wind on Victor.

WP 152 4 nm from Long Bay, Copper's Island, Bermuda, 5 nm from Town Cut Battery, Saint George

11 a.m. Bermuda in sight12 noon arrived



BYS Guest

Password: superyacht1

Yacht





Dinner a la carte from grocery.

8:30 Helen 9 Irene Friday, April 27, 2018

Late rise
Raised Aries
Worked on autopilot
Went to Hamilton
Contacted Raymarine dealer
Happy Hour
Dinner
Aunt Nea's



My course is true. The fact that I am 64 makes no difference. Youth has no quarter on thought and hard work. I find myself an infant learning. My daughter has grown up teaching me. I discover new major basic principles of humans at 64. Is there no end to learning?

Now I know I should have put the long extensive effort in painting, meaning studies, sketches and consummate time. I know this now and at 64 know everything is in front of me, this was just the set up for the effort I know must be spilled.

Cap started ocean sailing at 65. Life begins again at 65.

Sure it's easy to look upon the masters and see these seemingly effortless tasks take place when they were 20 but rest assure, age makes no difference, it's the result that lives forever. No one asks the artist's age, they are more prone to ask how long it took, which the proper answer is, "About a week."

Step into the world greatest. Embrace it, it will be , nobody greater than you has done it. Step off the cliff and except the challenge.

Saturday, April 28, 2018

Late wake

Replaced freezer belt Cleaned kitchen Re-anchored stove panel Bought coffee

Lunch paying yourself

Dried charts

Front moving through





Bought carving

Laurel and Hardy film about a sailboat an x convict



Youth Sailing Camp

Sunday, April 29, 2018

Noon picked up Irene



Checked into Aunt Nea's



5 p.m. Happy Hour with oatmeal cookies and rum.

Password: Auntneas Greg, handyman Faith, proprietor

Monday, April 30, 2018 8:30 woke Amy Curtiss security airport picking up Chuck



Dinner with me turned into a cat.





Henry K. Burgwyn - Wikipedia The Boy Colonel" by Don Troiani. Colonel Henry Burgwyn Jr.

Met the ancestors here for a wedding.



Frogs (Anura) Eleutherodactylus johnstonei

The Antilles coqui (also known as the Montserrat whistling frog or the Lesser Antillean whistling frog, Spanish: coquí antillano, scientific name Eleutherodactylus johnstonei), is a species of frog in the family Eleutherodactylidae found in Anguilla, Antigua and Barbuda, Barbados,

Bermuda, Colombia, Dominica, French Guiana, Grenada, Guadeloupe, Guyana, Jamaica, Martinique, Montserrat, the Netherlands Antilles, Panama, Saint Kitts and Nevis, Saint Lucia, Saint Vincent and the Grenadines, Trinidad and Tobago, and Venezuela. Its natural habitats are subtropical or tropical moist lowland forest, subtropical or tropical moist montane forest, subtropical or tropical moist shrubland, subtropical or tropical dry lowland grassland, arable land, pastureland, plantations, rural gardens, urban areas, and heavily degraded former forests.

5 p.m. Happy Hour

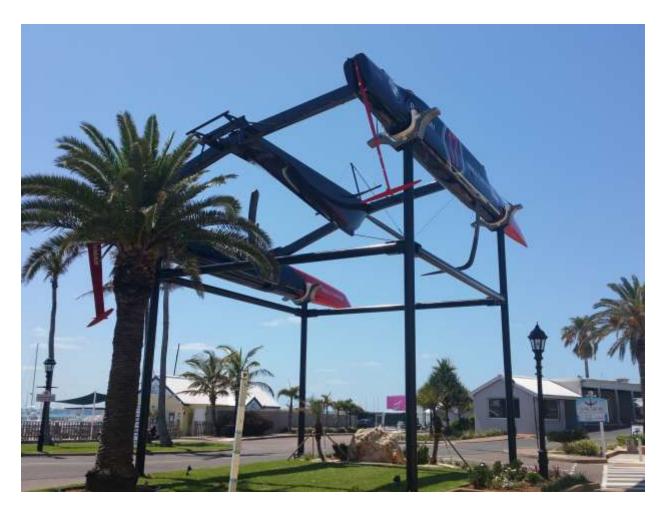


The perfect shot. Me looking forward to inexperienced events Irene enjoying the moment, the craft in the background.

Chuck presented flashlights to Andy and Cap.
Touching the Void by Joe Simpson
Climber is cut hanging off cliff and lives to tell about it.
Recommended by Andy Brooks

Tuesday, May 1, 2018

Visited Dockyard via ferry



Oracle Ship, home of 2017 America's Cup



Long boats for delivering pilots and small racing boats stored on the grounds of the Comissioner Home.



The Commissioner's defended point



The Magazine Grotto

Beer Andy



Met Paul Bracken, captain of the Spirit of Bermuda his wife and child, staying at Aunt Nea's

http://www.bermudasloop.org



Town Crier



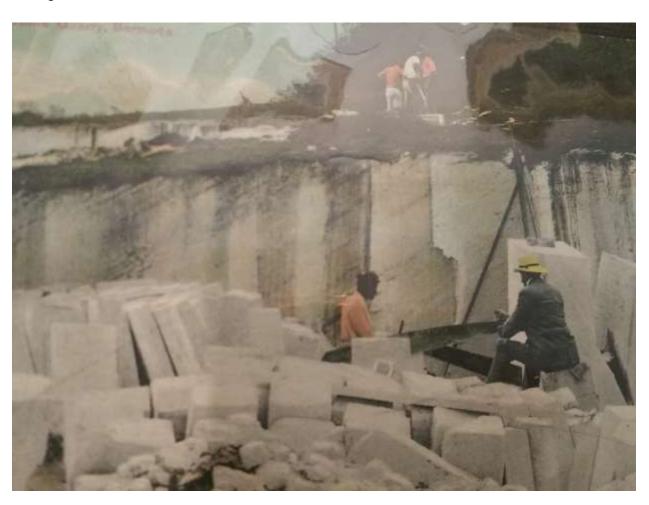
Town Crier shames a woman.



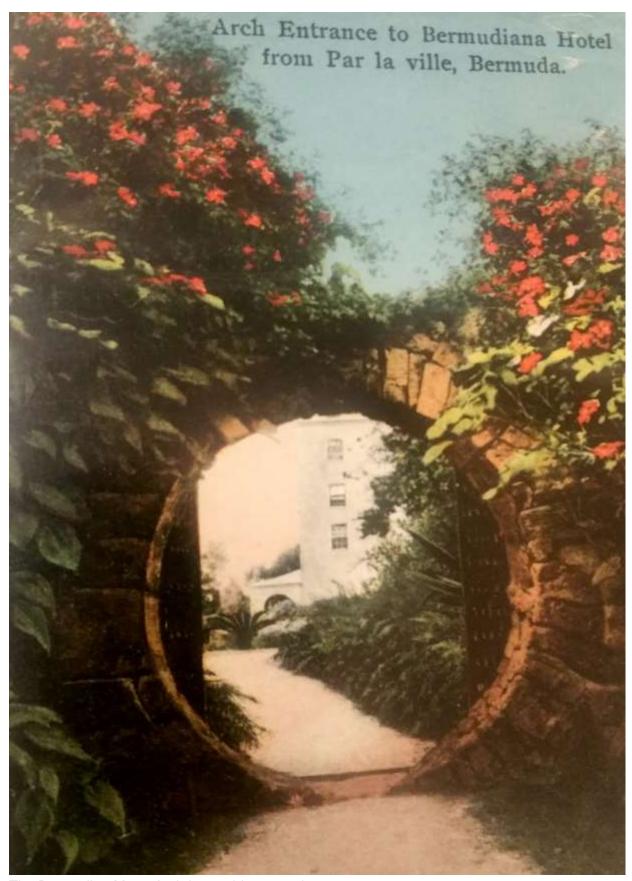
Birds at Deliverance

Dinner out of Somers Grocery hot table

Wednesday, May 2, 2018 Changed rooms



Limestone cutters from postcard at museum in Hamilton



The Bermudian Moon Arch in an old postcard.



Bermudian Doll at the post office display in Hamilton, home of one of the rarest stamps.

Hamilton



Vernmont, cedar lined interior walls, owned by two dowagers who walked to work in Hamilton 5 km away everyday, a Bermuda Monticello.





Tobacco Bay

Got Tide Tables

Thursday, May 3, 2018

Toured museums Lunch at inn Chuck to more museums Dinner at Tobacco Bay

Friday, May 4, 2018 Checked out

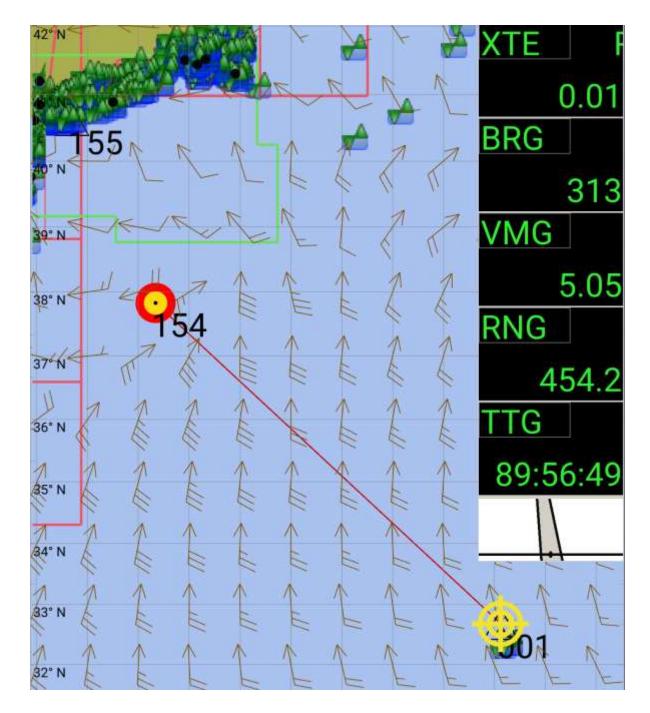
Saturday, May 5, 2018 Paint trim



Swam and napped at Tobacco Bay Farewell drink at White Horse Non call with Willard, Emma had siesure.

Sunday, May 6, 2018

Lowered Aries
Secured lines and deck objects
Fresh food shopping
Fuel
Left Bermuda
2 p.m.
Sailing port tack wing on wing
Drew for watch
Cap 2 to 5
Andy
Tom



Wind South 13 kts

Sunny

Temp 76°

Sailing to 154 slightly west of rum line to compensate for Gulf Stream moving us east.

SSW Swell 4' fetch 75'

Waves lumpy 1.5' fetch 15'

Sailing this in Defiant

Always having wanted to sail from Long Island, this voyage will deliver what it can be but for the most part it is clearly ocean sailing with the added bonus of the help or hurting of the Gulf Stream.

Clearly a passage that needs a carefully selected weather window and the time to wait. We never could have crossed both ways in two weeks. You need at least a week to select a time to leave and another week to select when to go.

5 p.m. Happy Hour

7 p.m. Curry dinner

Listened to Swan Lake, the boys said it was genius they could never do. I say I have touched the highest high and could not explain it to them as if these creators lived on another planet and they would never rub elbows with them much less three men in a boat. I guess I have the upper hand if I continue of my new mission of creating only masterpieces.

Changed propane tank to butane tank filled in Mendelo, Cape Verde.

8 to 10 p.m. on watch

Set ship's clock back an hour at 10 to New York time.

X 1.29 right decreasing

Wind flogging jib, may improve as X track zeros and one click right can be added

Wind South 13 kts

Sunset

Temp 76°

Sailing port tack wing on wing

SSW Swell 4' fetch 75'

8:30 p.m.

X .74 right decreasing

1 click right

9:30 p.m.

Adjusted Aries for non-flogging, will be way right but just could not go to bed with just flogging.

11 p.m.

Move jib to starboard

X 2.19 right moving left

Notes:

McMaster Carr catalog has explanations of alloys and more info.

Lennart Sunderland 516 Ludlow

Monday, May 7, 2018

K

2 a.m.

All on deck, jib flogging, left rig alone

Half jib out, full storm main, port tack

8 to 11 a.m. on watch

X 5.65 left going right South Wind 20 kts Swell SSW 6' fetch 125' Waves small lumps Wrapped propane valve. 9 a.m. X 5.51 left going right 9:30 p.m. X 6.29 left going left 25 kts. 10 a.m. One click right X 5.97 left going right SSW wind 24 kts. Cleaned table and kitchen 10:30 p.m.

X 5 left moving right



3 p.m Looking to reef main, hoist staysail before Happy Hour.

Full storm main, ⅓ jib



5 p.m.

Happy Hour

Cap decided to not reef main read the GIRB perfectly, to our counter-intuition. 30 kt. wind passed over. Expect light winds tonight.

6:30

3 clicks left, pretty much on course

X 1 kn left moving center

Tuesday, May 8, 2018

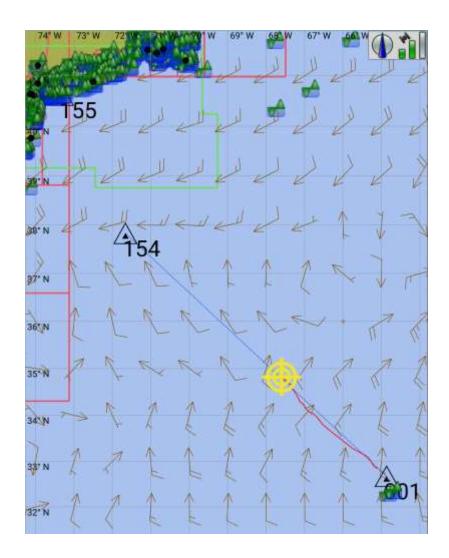
2 a.m.
Wind died
Hove to
4 a.m.
Set sail, port tack reach
S wind 10 kts

6 to 8 a.m.

On watch



Peregrine Falcon



7 a.m. No ships Falcon still here.

Next Paintings

Finish Rose of Sharon
Finish Saturn & Helen
Paint new shrine portrait
Up date shrine portraits
Write sidewalk shrine story for Herald

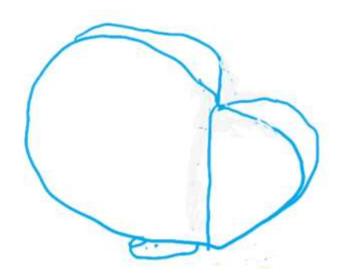


Swallow joins Falcon

2 to 5 p.m.

On watch, sat the whole time in waterproofs at wheel subtly advancing or restricing the notches on the wheel part of adjusting Aries steering and monitoring GPS. Gloomy but I love it.

5 p.m.Happy Hour, Cap talked about Fire Island Entrance7 p.m. dinnerCap talked about Patchogue



Airship

Why can't there be a air ship almost lighter than air that moves through air like a butterfly? I imagine a foil shaped air bag that holds the gas and orientates itself to go slightly left or right of the downwind course.

You could travel the world, while waiting for the proper conditions not unlike an insect looking to go somewhere. Travel would be slow and like sailing oceans. May have to wait days but close focus on w

4 to 6 a.m.

On watch

3.5 kts

Little SSE wind

X 5 left going right

Cap got up, got grib, weak low SW moving NE delivering calm patch between sustained SSE winds till home 2 clicks right

11 to 2 p.m.

On watch

Rain

Gybed sails,

Sunny, °65

Calm, motoring

X 0 going right to keep sails quite

5 p.m. Happy Hour

Cap spoke of towns and harbors around home.

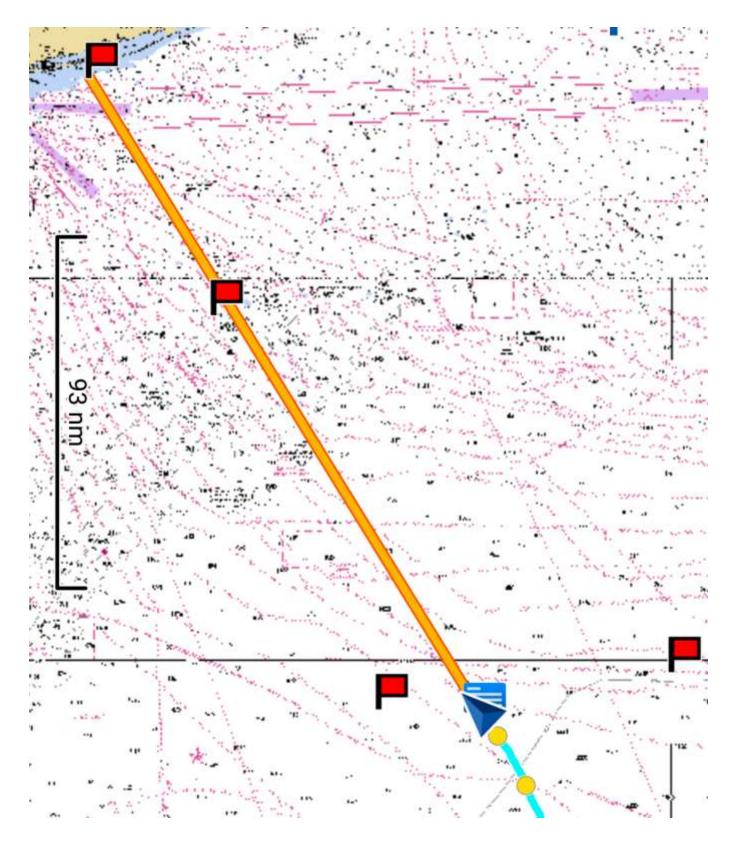


6 p.m. sailing 8 p.m. motoring



In the southern edge of the Gulf Stream 85.5° No wind
Ship 1 O'clock stationary 6 nm away
Freezer started smoking, disconnected it
Auto pilot on range 3
Autopilot lost bearing set resolution to 5
9 p.m.
X .24 left going left
Autopilot 253°
9:45 p.m.
Water 87.5°
X .31 left going down
Autopilot 254°
Starry night

Research Ship adrift 3 nm starboard beam



You can see the Gulf Stream marked as a black dashed line in the lower right crossing through the cyan track line and the red way point on far right. Fiona is the dark blue triangle.

Thursday, May 10, 2018 3:45 a.m. got up to pee and check everything, Cap was also up for his watch started at 4 a.m. 8 to 11 a.m. On watch

Cloudy, seas down

Temp 65°

Water 87.3° through the Gulf Stream

Motored all night, no wind

X 4 right going left

Autopilot 303°

9:30 a.m.

Water 86.4°

X 3.38 right going left

10 a.m.

Water 83.8°

X 3.37 right going left

2 p.m.

Water 72.3°

Autopilot 336°

5 to 8 p.m.

On watch

Happy Hour Oysters from Korea

Must make over 6kts to make the inlet at high tide around 5 p.m. Friday, May 11.

Full jib, storm main and staysail with engine.

Wind 12 kt SW

7 p.m. curry dinner

May get green flash at sunset.

62°



Friday, May 11, 2018 Midnight to 2 a.m. On watch 100 nm to go 1 a.m. Object No Name on AIS
6.5 nm off 1.5 nm to starboard
COG 53°
SOG 1.5 kts
1:24 still visible but no AIS target
1:30 a.m.
Autopilot 339° after giving one click left
X .56 right going left



ship light rules

Not Under Command: Two all around red balls one on top of the other high up mast with side and stern lights

Fishing Vessel: One all around red ball on top of an all round white ball high up mast with side and stern lights.

Trawling Fishing Vessel: One all around green ball on top of an all round white ball high up mast with side and stern lights.

Pilot Boat: One all around white ball on top of an all round red ball high up mast with side and stern lights.

Sailing Vessels underway under sail only:

Tricolor masthead

Or Tricolor masthead combined with centerline side lights plus stern light

Sailing Vessels underway under power One centerline light Centerline side lights plus stern light

6 to 8 a.m. on watch
Wind 300° WWN 5 kts
Motoring 6 kts
Clear, sunny, 55°
Autopilot 342° after one click left
X .78 right increasing

11 a.m. engine stopped, air in fuel 2 to 5 p.m. on watch Sunny, clear WWS 300° wind 10 kts Staysail and full storm main close hauled port tack 2:30 Autopilot 340° one click left

X .18 right

Can see Fire Inlet Towers

3 p.m.

X .19 right

One click left

Autopilot 339°

2 clicks left

Autopilot 337°

X .19 right

Wind 15 kts on nose

5:01 p.m. high tide Democrat Point

3.5 hours from inlet to port

Democrat Point Robert Moses Tide Times & Tide Charts

Today's tide times for Fire Island Breakwater, Long Island, New York (0.6 miles from Democrat Point Robert Moses)

8515014 Fire Island Light,

Saturday, May 12, 2018
Unload food, awning, dodger, liquor, belongings
Lunch at dinner with Louise
Dinner at home
Jade Scorpion movie
9:30 call Irene
Frank M Weeks Yacht Yard
10 Riverview Ct, Patchogue, NY 11772

Sunday, May 13, 2018
Life raft, inflatable,
Bedding, mattresses,
Remove final belongings
The Road, film about living off a nuclear reactor.
9:30 p.m. call Irene

Monday, May 14, 2018 Took sails down



Drove Jag Dropped staysail boom.

Tuesday, May 15, 2018
Bring cart
USB
Engines
Sail
Measure steering plate

Wednesday, May 16

Leave Cincinnati. Spending the night in Atlanta

12 noon Paul 305 7th Ave NY, NY 917.833.9509

1 p.m. Evonne Eric, Chatham Square ,chinatown 2:30q

4 p.m. Rocco 243 Bleecker St, New York, NY 10014 Bob & John

Thursday, May 17
Southwest LV 9 am 12:555 AR
Southwest
Flight 1594 IS TO BWI
9 - 10:10
Flight 5733
BWI Baltimore to JAX
10:55 - 12:55

Jimmie has Tom's arrival info. His number is 904-583-0112.

Irene and Helen pick up dalton drive to F Beach.. the bacerlarate sermon is at 7PM

Friday, May 18 4 pm Call Willard Alex Party at 6

May 19 Graduation in Jax.

May 20 Drive home. I have written Teresa dorian about staying in Knoxville on 20th. I think she may be away.

Call Dave Brockmeyer about insurance status called 5/18 LMx Bonn

Monday, May 21st ORLC meeting 7 pm

Post to Friends

It's great to be back. As if I was stationed at a military base somewhere, on a field trip for a company, taking care of a sick relative, but in reality I was in a small boat with two others where the dynamics of the crew towered over sailing and destinations.

Zip

It did not help that I was the youngest. An 86 and 72 year old are set more in their ways than a 64 year-old.

Sure, I ran around with my head cut off when we maneuvered the boat in harbor. In time I carefully laid out lines to manage the confusion.

We all not being at our best with reflexes, sight and hearing, led to problems we lovingly accepted.

But the biggest problem was the captain being supreme lord and commander, never being talked back to, always taking the reprimand as a lesson.

We were his minions, his entourage, we were with him from morning till he went to bed. It wasn't so bad when we were sailing but in the fantastic harbors we visited it was painful to sit with him through meals listening to his fascinating lifelong escapades. Not being able to hear means the conversation is one way. Sure, it was like hanging with Chuck Yeager, Neil Armstrong, Elvis Presley or Donald Trump; I can put up with it for four months but what it taught me was how insensitive I am. Bullies are sensitive.

Creating while sailing went well for the first half as the tension of being away from the captain took its toll and I left all painting and documenting aside for the second half.

The psychological makeup of a crew is vastly more important than the ship, destination or weather hardships.

I asked for it and got it in spades.

I learned the real world is a whole lot more cynical that the artist, even an insensitive artist.

I am insensitive, to live my life, you are insensitive, you are the major domo, sneaking in hours of work painting while managing the estate.

On the upside there is the never ending learning that takes place. A whole world of undone things have sprouted. I was the youngest.

How does being insensitive affect your art? It makes you want to paint reality. Keep it topic. Use everyday happenings

Replies

On Wed, May 23, 2018 at 11:51 AM, Margaret Susan Lohre wrote:

Interesting experience....however I vehemently disagree with the insensitive part. You are one of the most sensitive males I know. AND buliles are sensitive to only one thing - the pain they are causing others!!!

To Dave M.

Yes, it was not so bad. Yes, the captain has had numerous people leave him in the middle of the night. He is a tough man to stand up to for he never does anything wrong.

Though I told him I would ship again with him, it could only be for a crossing and not the points in between. My first two crossing were like that so I did not get the full dose of life in port. He actually banned me from going with him for two years. I think I got on his nerves asking to many questions and being too exuberant.

To Bill T.

Yes, I am calling you soon. I will text you to see if you are receiving calls and then we can have a good conversation.

I am in the process of formulating the 14 Chapters of the blog. I think I will put in the form an e-book with the extension .epub so you can load it into your kindle or reader. I need to discover how to create a table of contents so you can scan and go to something that interests you.

All the harbors are satisfying once you have had several days of ocean.

I normally would immediately get a bottle of rhum and a pack of cigarettes.

To Jerry H.

More like a book about the psychological aspects of going to Mars. The early astronauts had to live in a seat for days on end. Talk about tough.

Well, I read and reviewed all your photos and maps etc and maybe the coolest thing is you driving the 69 Jag. See you soon.

d

To David L.

Thank you for the review. Those are just the images. I have 14 Chapters of gobbly gook. Think I will just keep them as google docs and let people read them from there.

The whole trip was cool in the way a pioneer is cool or an explorer is cool. The steadfast look in their face as they accomplish everything with a small boat and crew.

Hey buddy you were too cool before cool became so damned cool.

d

I am working on complying the 14 Chapters of the blog into an .epub extension document that can be loaded into a reader.

A good song could distill the whole trip.

I have paintings from the trip that will be shown soon.

Looking forward to catching up with everything.

Nikolaj Ipsen, Danish Furniture Maker met in Jost van Dyce https://www.facebook.com/nikolaj.ipsen.7

https://www.marinetraffic.com/en/ais/details/ships/shipid:3811856/mmsi:215000123/imo:0/vessel:CAPRICHO II/ :11e 3eeeef32476626c5e05829bff9584

https://www.instagram.com/sailing capricho ii/?hl=en

Victoria Pope
tritibou@gmail.com
https://www.facebook.com/oceanquill

ronald van zelderen, dismasted waiting for mast in Saint Martin's

https://www.facebook.com/ronald.vanzelderen

WIfe Carla

Contacted https://www.facebook.com/emily.marr.1232/photos in hopes to connect to Ronald.

Götz Förster

https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100009448054794

Villa Haiku

Alain French berth next to us in Saint Martin's, while their guest house is being rebuilt from Hurricane Irma they are living on a sailboat, part of their package to guests.

https://www.facebook.com/villahaiku/

Met in Saint Lucia

Erik Halsen, 37' sailboat s/v/ Nami https://www.facebook.com/ehalsen

A Cautionary Tale – and a rallying call to the Cruising Community

by Jill Dickin Schinas, published in April 2018

https://www.yachtmollymawk.com/2018/04/a-cautionary-tale-and-a-rallying-call-to-the-cruising-community/

Met Francisco and his mother in Mindelo, they enjoyed happy hour with us. Francisco almost went on the voyage that ended with a ten year jail sentence in Cape Verde.

francisco salles marcondes

https://www.facebook.com/francisco.s.marcondes

Mother of Francisco: cristiana salles de aguiar

https://www.facebook.com/search/top/?q=cristiana%20salles%20de%20aguiar

Thierry respiland

https://www.facebook.com/search/top/?q=respiland%20thierry

Met in Mindelo, Cape Verde, wanted to sell boat but ended up crossing to Martinique johan wildering

https://www.facebook.com/johan.wildering?fref=search

S/Y Anna Perenna

https://www.facebook.com/sailingAnnaperenna/videos/382698282199364/

May 27, camping at glider port

Thursday, June 7 drive to WS

Friday, June 8 Drive to Jesse's Graduation Saturday, June 9 Jesse's Graduation 7

Last week June Irene Volunteer Romp Fest Owensboro, Ky

Irene & Helen to Miami July 22 Sun and return on Friday July 27th.