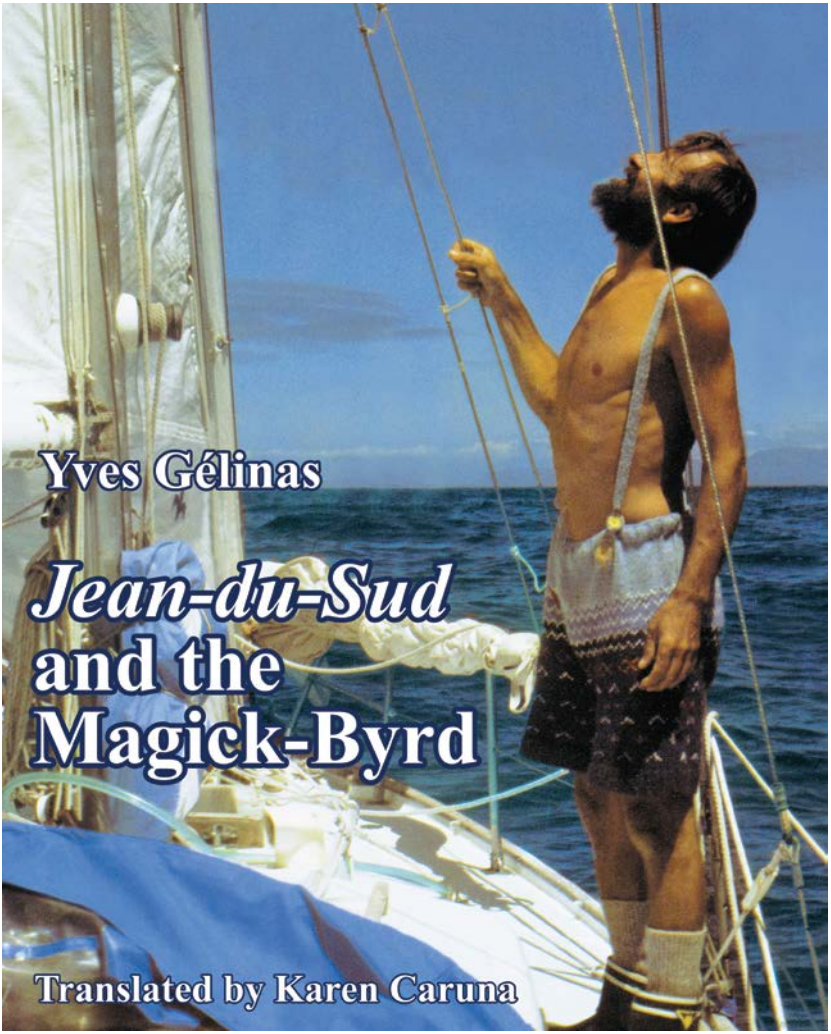

Yves Gélinas
Jean-du-Sud
and the
Magick-Byrd
Translated by Karen Caruna

JEAN-DU-SUD
and
the Magick-Byrd

Yves Gélinas

A story about a sailing voyage around the world

Foreword

I don't recall how I came across Yves'movie, *With Jean-du-Sud Around the World,* but I remember being immediately and utterly captivated. This was before my own career in ocean sailing began, when I was still just dreaming about sailing over the horizon. Yves' film gave form to my dreams, and yet somehow retained a foggy, wistful surreal quality that made the whole project so magical, as I believe Yves intended it to be (just check out the title of this book!)

I do recall the first time I met Yves. It was at the Annapolis Sailboat Show in 2008. My wife Mia Karlsson and I were living aboard our 35' yawl *Arcturus* and preparing her to cross the Atlantic. I was smitten with the elegance and simplicity of Yves' CapeHorn self-steering windvane, and had gotten in touch with Yves ahead of the show to order one for ourselves. Yves was a hero to me back then, a larger than life character that I'd admired from afar. I was a bit star-struck when he took the time out of his busy boat show schedule to come and personally measure *Arcturus* (which was docked just across the bridge from the show, in Spa Creek). My nervousness around my hero Yves quickly wore off - his easygoing attitude and friendly, humble personality soon made me feel comfortable. And the more I got to know him, the more I learned we had in common, from our similar boats (*Jean-du-Sud* is an Alberg 30, a slightly smaller but very similar hull shape to *Arcturus'*), to the Swedish women in our lives and the connection with Scandinavia. I won't tell the story of how I naively tried to copy *Jean du Sud's* brilliant side-mounted outboard motor on *Arcturus*, which, without Yves' artistic and engineering skills, ended in comedic disaster in Ireland.

I'm proud to call Yves a friend. The Cape Horn gear we installed on *Arcturus* - and which we affectionately named 'Sune the Driver' - saw us safely across the Atlantic and all the way to Sweden in 2011 and 2012, a trip which jump started my and Mia's careers and which ultimately led us to our next and current boat, our beloved Swan 48 *Isbjorn*, aboard which we sail 10,000 offshore miles per year with paying crew. Yves joined the Caribbean 1500 Rally in 2015 as a special guest, where he and his young protégé Keven sailed *Jean-du-Sud* to the French West Indies and back on what may have been her last long offshore voyage with her beloved captain. Yves hosted a special screening of his movie that greatly inspired the other sailors in the rally that year. I was thrilled to get to go aboard the real *Jean-du-Sud*, still outfitted in much the same trim as she was

in the 80s during Yves' great voyage.

Yves is my favorite kind of sailor-hero, one who perfectly embodies the philosophical, artistic and spiritual side of the sport. Not since Bernard Moitessier, whom I know Yves looked up to himself, has there been a better example of a person so perfectly in tune with his boat, the sea and himself. I hope that by publishing Yves' book in English, some 30 years after it first appeared in French, that we can inspire those who've missed his story all these years to follow in Yves' footsteps and become one with the sea themselves. And in case you missed it, Yves himself has narrated the unabridged audio version of this story, which first appeared as a serialized season of the 'Sailing Stories podcast in October 2017. Visit www.sailingstoriespodcast.com to hear him tell the tale of *Jean-du-Sud and the Magick Byrd*.

Andy Schell

Written September 8, 2017, aboard s/v *Isbjorn* in Stockholm.

Magick

In the early seventies, I had read several books on spirituality; *The Adventure of Consciousness,* by Satprem (the most important, recounting the experience of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother), as well as many others, including those by Carlos Castañeda, describing the teaching of the Yaqui sorcerer Don Juan.

From these many readings, I had concluded that they all teach the same thing: the need to live at the top of one's consciousness and to surrender to a higher force. Only the mythology and the rituals were different. But these are just reminders.

Among these books, *Magick* by Aleister Crowley had caught my attention (although each time Crowley is mentioned, one adds: “this author is controversial”).

Here is how Wikipedia describes Magick:

> “The term Magick refers to a magical system used by Aleister Crowley. In its broadest sense, it can be any act done intentionally to bring about change. The addition of the "k" at the end of the word was popularized during the first half of the 20th century by Crowley when he made it the centerpiece of his mystical system, called Thelema. (…) Crowley saw Magick (magic) as the essential method to achieve true self-understanding and to act according to one's true will. Magic can be defined as any act aimed at achieving a desired effect. He differentiates between two complementary and indivisible systems, the mystical which allows Man to raise his consciousness to the level of spiritual

> entities; and Magick, which is the art of coming into contact with these said entities. But without mystic, there is no magic. For Crowley, the practice of Magick must essentially be used in order to achieve knowledge and conversation with its holy guardian angel, the Daemon of the Neoplatonists, the divine part which is above us, our God — what the Golden Dawn names the "superior genius".

In the summer of 1973, I acquired *Jean-du-Sud* and in the fall, sailed to the West Indies. On my return the following spring, stopping in a cay in the Exumas, while having a beer in a watering hole, I had seen at the next table someone showing his friends how one could weave a fish and a bird from a coconut palm. Fascinated, I observed him discreetly and when he left, he had left them on the table. I immediately grabbed them. Back on board, I managed to undo and redo the bird, but never managed to redo the fish, though much simpler. I hung the bird below the handrail inside the boat (as a reminder) and decided to surrender to its Magick power.

Shortly after my return from the West Indies, this Magick power manifested itself in a very tangible way: this six-month cruise had left me with an urge to leave again. But I still owed a good part of the money that the Royal Bank of Canada had lent me to buy *Jean-du-Sud*. The bank manager made a small error and I did not have to repay whole amount.

Until then I had been quite honest and I had a bad conscience; I still hesitated. Having heard of a person who had just come back from the Sri Aurobindo ashram and had known the Mother, I seeked her advice, assured that her opinion would be well inspired. During the conversation, it appeared that if I really wanted to take care of my soul, I could very well do it on my boat, and that the sum of the advantages far exceeded that of the disadvantages. To be sure of this, she suggested that we use

this ancient Chinese technique called Yi King, which *"allows man to penetrate the enigma of his destiny and takes one beyond any theology or any philosophical system, to a degree of limpid depth where the eye of the heart contemplates the evidence of the truth"* (Etienne Perrot - author of the preface -, Yi King, Le Livre des transformations). To each question asked, the answer provided by the combination of the hexagrams left no ambiguity: Leave! Go ahead ! Do not be afraid ! This is your way...! »

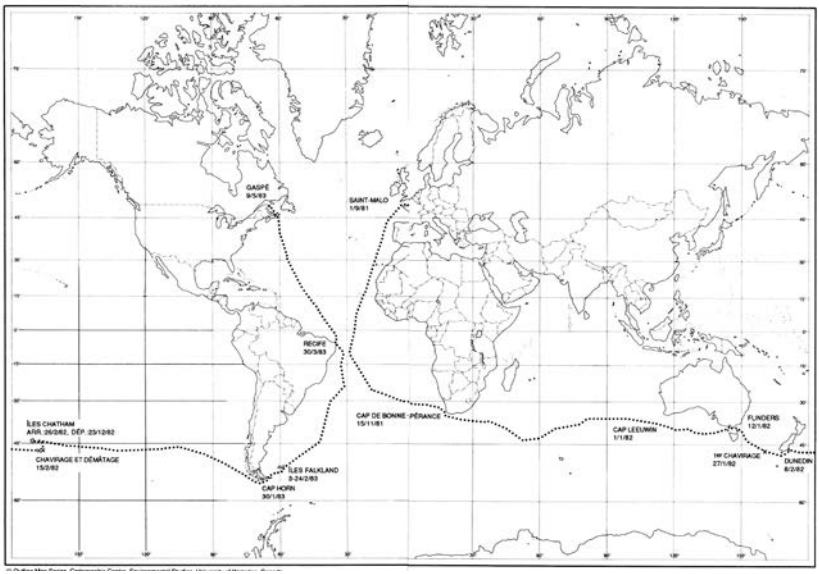
To leave, I had to take some sort of vow of poverty. However, I have never lacked the essential and have been able to receive my two daughters on board every summer holiday.

After a few years cruising on both sides of the Atlantic, I sensed that *Jean-du-Sud* needed a greater challenge to put under its keel. But to sail alone, I couldn't remain stuck to the helm: I needed a self-steering gear that could keep my boat on course even in the heaviest seas. I had already built two vanes that had served me well, but they would never have resisted in the Southern Ocean. After the equivalent of a year of research on the design, I still had not found an acceptable solution. I then sent a request (thought, prayer) to the Magick-Byrd: "I have been searching long enough; it might be time I find something!" Less than an hour later, a very simple solution came to me.

From the top of my consciousness, I felt the urge to go out to sea, alone and for a long time. The hull of my boat would be strong enough to withstand the Southern Ocean, but neither its mast nor its sails, not to mention all the additional equipment that would be needed. Without a penny, how to materialize all this? Simply ask myself, "What can I do today to make this project happen?" As soon as I considered the problem as a whole, taking into account the scale of the project and the limited means at my disposal, I was discouraged and tempted to give up. So I made a conscious effort not to anticipate, to

confront problems only when they arose and to solve them as best I could. *Jean-du-Sud and the Magick-Byrd* tells the rest.

Who said: "Help yourself and Heaven will help you"?


GASPÉ
9/5/83
SAINT-MALO
1/9/81
RECIFE
30/3/83
ÎLES CHATHAM
ARR. 26/2/82, DÉP. 23/12/82
CHAVIRAGE ET DÉMÂTAGE
15/2/82
ÎLES FALKLAND
3-24/2/83
CAP HORN
30/1/83
CAP DE BONNE -ESPÉRANCE
15/11/81
CAP LEEUWIN
1/1/82
FLINDERS
12/1/82
1er CHAVIRAGE
27/1/82
DUNEDIN
6/2/82

Preface[1]

To describe to you in detail the why, the how,
The inner motivation, the impetus
Using everyday words, plain prose?
So very difficult: How to put the essence in words?

It could be conjured up on the wings of a poem.
(We know measured words carry more.)

What a joy it was to find it all written
Perfectly befitting this purpose.
For fifteen years now I have known it was written
for me.

You can see the work of a true poet.
Look: the verses are measured, caesuras defined,
Perfectly rhymed.
Balanced verses – the mark of a classic!
It's *Jean-du-Sud*, the lyrics[2] by Gilles Vigneault.
(He admits his father was the inspiration.
His father, who "was a fisherman by trade".)

When Jean-du-Sud resolved
To go hunting on Anticosti Island
The swells portended a storm
But Jean-du-Sud was already at sea
Sail away…
Tuck two reefs in the main
To sail between stars…
And starfish!

[1] Translator's note (TN): For the original French version of the Preface, see page 213 in the Appendix.

[2] TN: There is no official translation for the lyrics of Gilles Vigneault's *Jean-du-Sud*.

When Jean-du-Sud dropped anchor in the offing
We knew it wasn't fish
That made his barge draw so low.
Women whispered, "He's running booze".
In the bay…
There's rum from Jamaica -
Gallons, and then barrels…
Of wine!

When Jean-du-Sud got hooked into fishing,
Went gigging on Mosquaro bank.
If he wanted to eat fresh cod:
Always loaded to the top strake.
His red sail…
On the mizzen coming into sight
He's here for ten…
Days!

To better convey the essence,
I venture to insert between the verses
A few lines of my own.
You'll know them as mine – they're free verse.
(What! I don't yet feel enough of a poet
To write in rhymes!)

When Jean-du-Sud said, "The sea is vast.",
'Twas as if the sun had risen in his blue eyes
Because he also dealt in contraband
Illusions of a distant paradise…
Captain…
Beware the mirages
Boats on clouds….
In the sky!

Captain, beware the mirages:
Alone, at sea, no one to fool!
Is it an illusion,
This distant paradise?
Or must you travel far

To seek it in the inner reaches of your soul?

When Jean-du-Sud recounted his travels,
We fancied ourselves his sailors
He talked to us, his gaze turned to the clouds
That painted new islands in the water
Trim the sheets…
It's breaking over the shoals
Drift into the passage…
To the north.

But yes! Of course! If I recount the tale of this long voyage,
I would take as many sailors on board
As there are souls who I love and who love me too!

All alone on his Mât d'hune
(That's what his sailboat was called.)
Hadn't reached the other side of the dune
When we thought he was in Anse aux Madriers.
Captain…
At the lines, at the sails
He was his crew…
All alone!

All alone
And it's true:
The ocean is vast!

If I want a crew with me day and night
I just have to tell all of you, my loves!

The real Jean-du-Sud (the father of Gilles Vigneault) on board my first *Jean-du-Sud*, together with my brothe Michel In Natashquan,august 1968 (photo: Michel Brault).

Part One

Karlskrona, June 17, 1978

Jean-du-Sud is currently in Karlskrona, in Sweden, after a long trip from Ystad, across a Baltic Sea as smooth as a mirror. I balked a bit at making this crossing under power, but the calm threatened to last a few days, and I was impatient to see my daughters. To hell with the expense!

Karlskrona, the main port of the Swedish navy, is a very pretty town on the southern coast of Sweden. Since yesterday, *Jean-du-Sud* has been moored at the yacht club dock, offered to us for free, given the distance we covered to get here. Annikki and Julika are at the beach. Finally, I can relax a bit and catch up on my writing.

I needed a full month to make the trip from Saint-Malo in Brittany, where I had taken advantage of the resources at Michel Chabiland's yard in Plouër-sur-Rance to do a serious refit on *Jean-du-Sud* before heading north.

For the most part, I had a gentle north-east wind in the North Sea, which slowed me down a lot. But since I had to travel mostly under power, I sailed via the Dutch canals, enjoying this country while passing through.

Annikki and Julika have been on board for three days. Luckily, it didn't take them long to get used to the boat again and to fall into their routines from last summer. We celebrated Julika's eighth birthday, a week after the fact. There is still quite a difference between the two: Julika has the charm and gentle spirit of a princess from a fairy tale, with the deep and intense gaze of her mother, and Annikki sees the world through eyes filled with honesty and confidence, proud of piloting us through her new country, all of ten years old, her cap on her head and her jeans rolled up to mid-calf, revealing red and white striped knee socks.

The Swedish Baltic coast is a real paradise for cruising: more than twenty thousand islands and islets in a sea with no tides, in this

season of never-ending days, sunsets and sunrises fusing into one. We have the whole summer to make our way to Uppsala. The world looks promising.

A very odd thing happened, which greatly intrigues me.

I was reviewing an article for a Montreal publication in which I tell about my experience of living on *Jean-du-Sud* for the last three years.

So that I wouldn't seem too serious, I thought about introducing the Magick-Byrd into the story, by talking about how this little bird, woven from magick coconut palm fronds, and that is hanging from the hand rail in the cabin, has been watching over me since I left.

This was the conclusion I'd reached, and I was summarizing the signs of solicitude the Magick-Byrd had shown me. Without having already come up with these words in my head, this sentence spontaneously spilled from my pen: "*…and I can already hear him telling me about the long voyage.*" I was very surprised. I looked at my page for a while, asking myself whether I should keep this sentence, or cross it out. I ended up keeping it, and that is the sentence that closes my article

.

For a sailor, *the long voyage* means sailing around the three great capes: Good Hope, the southernmost tip of Africa, Leeuwin, the most southwesterly point of Australia, and Cape Horn, at the tip of Tierra del Fuego. It's the only route you can take to sail around the world without stopping. The final challenge.

Uppsala, August 4, 1978

We finally arrived in Uppsala, after two fabulous months of cruising along this shore, like children let loose in a candy store. The Stockholm archipelago is a perfect family cruising ground: short stretches, water always calm, magnificent countryside, and other children in the ports to play with…

Jean-du-Sud is tied up at a dock in a pretty park close to central Uppsala. This is where our travels end: the first waterfall in the Fyris River is 50 meters ahead.

Up to this point, our cruising destination has been Uppsala – the purpose of the trip had been to see Annikki and Julika to their Swedish home. But now what? I have no idea which direction to point *Jean-du-Sud*'s bow.

Tourism, even under sail, had never been what drove me to move from place to place. Up to this point, the different trips taken with *Jean-du-Sud* have been out of necessity: First to the West Indies, to do charter trips, one of the typical ways to make sailing profitable. I crossed the Atlantic to be closer to my daughters, who had followed their mother to Sweden. So here I was, as close as I could be to where they lived, but it didn't look like I could stay there.

The price of food in Scandinavia means that any earnings from the winter would melt like snow in the sun.

Two seasons of chartering with *Jean-du-Sud* made it clear that a thirty-foot boat was too small to be both comfortable and profitable. Did I want to separate myself from my boat to go work on another boat in the West Indies? It really would be the last resort. Spend the winter in Sweden? I would have to find an apartment and a job, which would mean applying for a work permit, which would probably take until spring to get.

I will soon have to head back south. But where to? What countryside do I want *Jean-du-Sud* surrounded by this winter? Portugal, the Balearic Islands, Greece? Work opportunities there will probably be uncertain. And tourism, even by boat, makes less and less sense. I'm at the point of asking myself if, to earn a living, I should invest my final savings in a typewriter, or a sewing machine. Things are serious!

Kristianopel, September 24, 1978

Even with two kids living in Sweden, I would have had to wait at least six months before receiving a work permit. So here I am, heading south, with the birds.

I sent a letter to Michel Chabiland in Plouër. If his racing catamaran project was going to happen, he might need someone at the helm for the next Transat solo race. But I'm not holding out much hope for that.

My final destination will probably be the Mediterranean. One thing is for certain: this trip has to bring in some money. The cruising kitty is almost empty.

Summer has drawn to a close. From mid-September, the weather here is undeniably fall-like: rain, much colder temperatures, a fresh northerly wind that quickly pushes me south.

Brunsbüttel, October 7, 1978

Now I know where I'm headed. A letter from Michel Chabiland, which reached Uppsala after I left, caught up with me here, in Brunsbüttel, at the end of the canal that connects the North Sea to the Baltic Sea. In his letter, Michel offers me "paid work" at his yard.

So, I've set course for Saint-Malo and the mouth of the Rance, where *Jean-du-Sud* will spend a second winter. But unlike last year, this time, I'll spend the winter on board.

Chausey, October 16, 1978

I can never sail past the Isles of Chausey without stopping. Especially this time – it's my last port of call before I start working at Michel's yard in Plouër.

While lost in thought, gazing over the fabulous seascape of sculpted rocks continuously changing with the tide, I finally understood what the Magick-Byrd was getting at when it was telling me about the *long voyage* . Thanks to Michel's yard, I would now have the chance to do all the repairs and modifications needed to prepare *Jean-du-Sud* for this enormous challenge: sailing around the world, solo, via the three capes, non-stop.

Plouër, November 10, 1978

Michel has set up his yard in an old tidal mill on the shores of the Rance River, approximately ten kilometers from Saint-Malo. It is a huge, stone building; the original foundation goes back to the thirteenth century. The four-story building provides Michel with all

the space he needs to work, and I can even fiddle about without getting in anyone's way.

Taking advantage of a spring tide, I was able to get *Jean-du-Sud* into a pond that at one time held the water for the mill, and then prop up *Jean-du-Sud* on sheer legs, in a mud berth that I cleared near the bank. It's quiet and inconspicuous. I even built a gangway, using old flour chutes salvaged from the abundant mine of assorted objects once used when the mill was operating. Now I can get right onto the deck from the river bank. I float for about four days a month, on spring tides.

The ultimate luxury: now I even have electricity. Michel let me run an extension cord from the yard. I use it mostly for heating, but it makes life on board so much more comfortable. When I wake up, I just have to reach out from under the covers and flick a switch.

Fifteen minutes later I can get out of berth and get dressed at temperatures that would make me the envy of many a Breton.

As far as work goes, everything is going very well. Michel agrees that I also need time for myself, and lets me work at my own pace.

Since Chausey, I have thinking a lot about a solo circumnavigation, and the more I think about it, the more convinced I am that this is what I have to do. I am increasingly feeling the need for an extended period of solitude on the ocean, where all things would have time to settle and take on their true meaning.

When I left Montreal to live aboard *Jean-du-Sud*, I was in search of conditions more favorable to this internal question, which has suddenly become more important than anything. I had understood that if the way to achieve peace was to cast off one's desires, I would be doomed to failure as long as I did not rid myself of this unshakeable need to leave. The only way to rid myself of this was to yield to it.

And I feel it's the same for this circumnavigation: to get it out of my head, I have to make it happen.

I read the other day that a disciple of Sri Aurobindo, having an important decision to make, asked his master what the ultimate criteria was on which to base one's actions. Should one summon reason, morality, religion?

The master gave the following reply, which at first, seems obscure. However, on further reflection, it becomes clear that this is the only possible response: “Place yourself at the summit of your conscience.”

So, if I place myself at the summit of my conscience, if I try to hush rationalizations and moral judgements, I am still left with this yearning to head out to sea alone, for a long time.

I have a lot of work to do on *Jean-du-Sud* before I am ready to face the Southern Ocean. With a 4-ton displacement, it would be the smallest yacht to venture along this route. But it’s a very well-designed boat, solid and seaworthy. The fifteen thousand miles or so we’ve travelled have convinced me that with a few modifications, I can take it anywhere.

All the sailors who have taken yachts into these waters tell the tale of having their mast end up in the water, at least once. I would show myself to be very irresponsible if I believed that *Jean-du-Sud* had a better chance than others at escaping this mishap.

The objective will therefore be to make my boat capsize-proof such that, if I can’t count on the size of my boat, I can at least rely on its sturdiness.

The first thing to do: replace the mast with a more solid one. The current mast, even if it is well supported, would probably not survive a capsizing.

But where will I find a new mast? I’m afraid this trip around the world will remain nothing more than a dream if I don’t resolve this problem. I could always shorten the mast, but this would be a last resort.

My current sails are the same age as the boat. I would have to at least replace the mainsail and the heavy genoa. I might be able to find a sailmaker who will let me sew them myself, in the off-season.

I’ve also been thinking about capturing the story of this trip on film. I’ve been trying to come up with different ways of attaching a camera to certain points of the boat so I can film myself. Since I started earning a living, I’ve worked as an actor, then a filmmaker, and here I am now, a full-time yachtsman.

Maybe if I combine all three professions, I'll be able to come up with something worth showing.

Making a film might even be the way to find the money I need to finance the trip.

Paris, January 11, 1979

I found myself at the boat show with a lot of other broke sailors, consulting with Mr. Coeudevez at the Nirvana Masts booth.

He was very nice, and confirmed my concerns: if I want to leave with peace of mind, I would need a mast section of at least 5 kg per meter (the current mast on *Jean-du-Sud* is about 3).

In response to my reaction to the too-high price – for me – of a tube this size, he said, "Come see me at the factory, in Switzerland. I'm sure we'll find a second-hand mast that won't be too expensive." Very kind on his part, but I can't even afford a trip to Switzerland!

I came to Paris with Michel. He is very proud of being able to display his technical skills: he is the only person to have manufactured a windsurfer out of aluminum.

We didn't see much of each other. He spent most of his time at his booth, and I spent my time checking the boat show.

Paris, January 18, 1979

Yesterday I celebrated my fortieth birthday with Anne and Henri, who were kind enough to put me up here, in Paris.

Forty years old.

I am under the very distinct impression that everything that I have experienced to this point, theater, film and now, the boat, were merely to equip me for this new experience that I am getting ready to live. It's almost as though my life has suddenly taken on meaning.

Plouër, May 18, 1979

I spent yesterday evening in Saint-Lunaire, for the opening of the restaurant "Babaorum", launched by two friends on shore leave who

decided to see if running a restaurant for the season would help them get together the funds for another trip.

I readily accepted the excuse to go out. These days, I don't have many opportunities to see new faces.

I met lots of nice people, including Alain, the boyfriend of Guylaine, one of the two restaurant managers.

They are co-owners of *Kantread*, a twelve-meter steel cutter that he operates as a cruising school while she works on land.

Alain told me he'd just picked up a batch of mast extrusions that he'd purchased from a bankrupt yard. He assured me that there were several at 5 kilos per meter, and 12 meters long. *Jean-du-Sud*'s mast is 10.5 meters, so this is exactly what I need! And the price of 1200 francs is perfect. It's an amount I can easily scrape together on my current salary.

I slept in Dinard, and this morning, before returning to Plouër, I went to select *Jean-du-Sud*'s next mast.

Plouër, June 4, 1979

Alain decided to take *Kantread* on an outing up the Rance River to the Plouër dock, to deliver the mast extrusion, which he had lying on the deck of his boat. The *long voyage* has suddenly moved from dream to reality.

Up to this point, the work at the yard has been interesting. I've had to build production tools, and solve different problems every day. But a week ago, we starting the production of boards, and the work has become very repetitive and mechanical. There's nothing more to invent and I spend each day looking at the time, surprised by how slowly it passes.

Annikki and Julika will soon be here for the summer holidays. I've decided to leave the yard when they arrive and enjoy my time with them as much as I can.

Saint-Malo, June 15, 1979

Just before leaving for a cruise with Annikki and Julika, I received a contract to translate into French "A New Way to See the Stars", by H.A. Rey[3].

I had been looking for a captivating book that teaches you how to identify stars and constellations.

I discovered Rey's book in Saint-Barth, aboard *Bellatrix*, an American yacht, and I thought it unfortunate that this book was not available in French. When I arrived in France, before the cruise to Sweden, I wrote to Les Éditions Maritimes et d'Outre Mer offering to do the translation. It had taken a year for the editors to agree.

A great gift that arrived just on time. Now I know I'll make it through the fall and most of the winter.

Saint-Malo, August 20, 1979

I've turned another page!

I am back from Paris, after taking Annikki and Julika to catch their flight back to Sweden. Like all happy moments, the summer simply flew by.

Now I have to get to work. I have just under a year to get ready. I'd like to leave mid-August next year.

Jean-du-Sud picked up a mooring near the Plouër slip. It's vacation time and there's more going on than usual on the banks of the Rance. But from here, the joyful cries fade into background noise.

I have set up a table in the cockpit and for a week now, I have been uncovering the secrets of the stars, amidst dictionaries and the typewriter, in the shade of an awning sewn in the West Indies. The weather cloth in the lifeline shields the cockpit from nosy onlookers, and sailboards zigzagging among rowboats, canoes, dories, yachts and speedboats, all neighbors to *Jean-du-Sud*.

[3] H.A. Rey is best known for his books about the monkey, *Curious George*.

I am so absorbed by my work that quite often, I don't go ashore for a whole day.

Plouër, September 2, 1979

I know I can finish the translation this fall, so I replaced the typewriter in the cockpit with a drafting board, and for a week now I have been working on designing a self-steering gear.

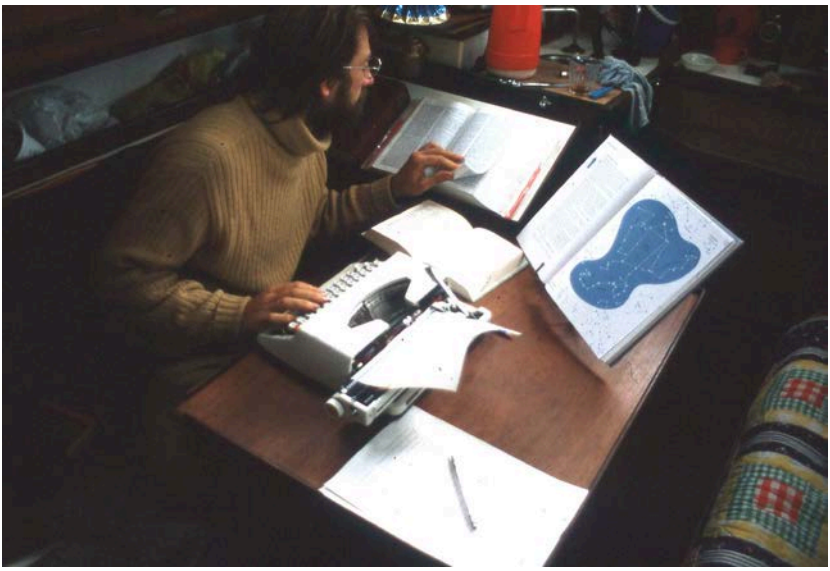
For as long as I have been cruising under sail, I have been thinking about this problem. There are more interesting things than being stuck at the helm. But all the designs I've seen on the market seem to be too heavy, too fragile, too ugly and, above all, too expensive. I'm convinced I can do better.

Chausey, November 3, 1979

Last week, my father left his home in Oka, Quebec, to come visit me in Brittany. Usually, parents expect their children to visit them. His gesture touched me deeply. I took him on a cruise to Chausey, and the few days we spent enjoying one-on-one time allowed me to re-establish my connection to him. I was happy to show him how I live.

I drove him back to Granville, where he took the train to Paris, and I returned to Chausey, propped up in Port-Homard.

I want to finish the translation as quickly as possible. There are fewer distractions here.



I spend the rest of my time meditating, and picking and drying mushrooms. There are so few people during the week that I can watch the mushrooms grow and only pick them when they are ready. Parasol mushrooms, meadow mushrooms, fairy ring mushrooms… on rainy days, *Jean-du-Sud*'s cabin turns into a dehydrator.

This silence and solitude does me well. It feels as though I'm at sea.

Plouër, November 22, 1979

Jean-du-Sud has taken up winter quarters in the pond in Plouër, after three weeks spent in Chausey. I've finished a first draft of the translation and I'm making corrections, revising my work and retyping.

Now that fall is here, the pace of life has changed a lot. The dock is deserted and I only see a few regulars; distractions are minimal. I continue with my work and only go up to the village every two or three days to buy some milk, cheese or seasonal vegetables: leeks or cauliflower.

I am getting myself used to eating like I would if I were at sea: seeds, nuts and dried fruit. I want to find out how much I eat. I've been milling my wheat with the grain mill my father gave me, and then I sift it through some fine netting held in place with Julika's embroidery hoop. I roast bran and eat it with kefir, and knead my flour into bread. I enjoy doing this.

Plouër, December 24, 1979

It's Christmas, and I am sad. I almost feel like crying. All those dear to me are far away.

I wasn't able to reach Annikki and Julika on the phone. They must be at their grandparents. My heart feels as cold as the inside of the boat.

Plouër, January 27, 1980

I returned to the boat show in Paris. I wasted no time, and my efforts were worth it.

I ordered a set of sails from Michel Ralys: a mainsail, a Yankee, a foresail, which will serve as the storm jib and trysail. I still don't

know how I'll pay for them, but I included the cost (along with all the other circumnavigation expenses) in the film budget.

On this note, I contacted the producer of the television documentary series *Thalassa* on France 3 and the Radio Canada[4] office in Paris. I spoke about the possibility of doing a co-production. As soon as I returned, I set the program to paper and sent it to them. I will follow up when I return to Paris.

I still haven't managed to get into a work routine that makes sense. In the morning, the boat is very cold, so I find it hard to get up. I go to bed late, I wake up late.

And I'm finding that those I love are so far away. I would do anything to be able to hold Annikki and Julika in my arms.

Plouër, February 12, 1980

I heard that Quebec is getting ready to mark the 450th anniversary of Jacques Cartier's first voyage to Canada. In 1534, he had been sent by King François the First to explore beyond the "Baie des Châteaux" (the Strait of Belle-Isle), where fishermen from Brittany had been harvesting cod for half a century. He sailed from Saint-Malo, explored the Gulf of Saint Lawrence and planted a cross in the bay of Gaspé, taking possession of the land in the name of France. Major celebrations are being planned for the summer of '84, including a gathering of tall ships linking Saint-Malo, Gaspé and Quebec, and a yacht race between Quebec and Saint-Malo. *Jean-du-Sud* could join in the celebrations.

In fact, I wasn't very happy with the idea of sailing around the world on a route that would have taken me back to the port that I had left from. The goal is to do a long solo passage, not to "go around the world". Besides, I like the idea of arriving in Quebec.

Gaspé is the first port of call in Quebec when you come in from the Atlantic. To leave Saint-Malo like Jacques Cartier did, *Jean-du-*

[4] TN: Radio-Canada is the French language service unit of Canada's national public radio and television broadcaster, branded as the CBC/Radio-Canada (CBC: Canadian Broadcasting Corporation).

Sud would also finish the voyage in Gaspé, Quebec. Except that it will have been via a detour around the other side of the world.

Plouër, March 19, 1980

I'm back from a cruise to Chausey and Jersey, to test a new prototype of my self-steering gear. It works almost better than I would have hoped, even under spinnaker, with a very slight wind from behind.

When I got back from the boat show at the end of January, since I still didn't have any great ideas and because heating seemed to be more urgent, I started building a stove-oven heating system, designed to fit into the space available in the galley.

This was about a month ago (probably on February 17). My work had been put on hold as I'd had to order a small part and I had nothing better to do than to think about the self-steering gear.

I was still stuck on how to transform with a single moving part, the vertical movement of the connecting rod coming from the vane, into the rotation of the servo-pendulum that cancels itself as it tilts laterally under the force of water flowing past the hull. The hydraulic system that I tested in September had too much inertia, not enough precision.

Now what? The mechanical controls I'd tried up to this point were all too complicated to build or too fragile. I had no idea.

I thought about asking Magick-Byrd to give me a hand. I felt as though I'd been beating about the bush for long enough. Less than an hour later, I'd found the solution: a simple crank made of bent stainless steel wire[5].

I remember it was Saturday or Sunday and I couldn't wait to experiment. But the yard was closed and I couldn't tinker about. As soon as Monday came, I got to work, and a week later, I had built a prototype in aluminum. Ten days later, I tested it on *Jean-du-Sud*. A few improvements and adjustments, and I'm confident it will work. I

[5] See the complete description of the self-steering gear built for *Jean-du-Sud* on page 168 of the Appendix.

have a self-steering gear that is at least as accurate as any found on the market, but much simpler and lighter and, more importantly, more reliable and robust.

The last time I went to Paris, I went to the Patent Office and researched everything that has been patented in the last 20 years. What I have can be patented, and I'm quite sure that this patent will be sellable. This might be what I can use to pay for my sails.

Plouër, April 13, 1980.

Letter to my children

Yesterday was your birthday, my dear Annikki, and I often thought about you.

Many times during the evening, I went topside to try to see, up in the sky, the lovely constellation of the Dolphin. I finally had to go to bed without seeing it: the Dolphin is a summer constellation and even late at night, it was still too low and the horizon was cloudy. I told myself that I should have given you a group of stars that can be seen on your birthday, but I comforted myself at the thought that the Dolphin is a lovely constellation, even if it is not very bright. As soon as I discovered it in the sky, I thought that you would like it because you are always joyous and playful like a dolphin. I can still remember the day I saw you for the first time, the day of your birth, twelve years ago yesterday, you were already smiling!

Several times this evening I went outside to look up in the sky for the Dolphin constellation. I ended up having to go to bed without seeing it, because the Dolphin is a summer constellation, and even late at night, it was too low on the horizon and hidden by clouds. I told myself that I should have given you a group of stars that you can see on your birthday, but I consoled myself with the knowledge that the Dolphin is a very pretty constellation, even if it is not very bright. As soon as I discovered it in the sky, I thought that you might like it, as you are always joyful and playful, like a dolphin. I remember, twelve years ago yesterday, the day of your birth, you were already smiling! That evening, in Uppsala, the Dolphin becomes visible

around eleven p.m. If you want to see it, I'm sure that Kerstin will let you stay up late enough.

On the other hand, high in the sky, I was able to clearly see the Northern Crown, with the pearl at its center. Right away, I saw the gracious smile of my little pearl, my dear Julika.

For a long time now, I have wanted to share with you the reasons that drive me to undertake this long passage from Saint-Malo to Quebec, by going around the world, and I realize that it's really very difficult. It's easy to find reasons, but none of them seem more real than the others, and I finally had to come to the conclusion that it goes beyond reason. If I am leaving, it's because it seems that for me, this is the only thing to do, and nothing else. It is a dream that I have been nurturing for a long time now, and chance – or maybe, better yet, the Magick-Byrd –made the circumstances even more favorable, though I did not plan it consciously.

Of course, there is the fact that I love sailing – for me, it has become an art that I do to the best of my abilities. The success or failure of an ocean passage like this one depends almost entirely on the amount of energy I put into its preparation. If I don't want to stop, I must have take care of every last detail. Of course, I try to benefit from the experiences gained by those who have gone before me – they are my guides. But I try to steer away from the mistakes they could not avoid, and to add to the sum of this know-how, the fruit of my own experience and talent. Maybe that way, if the Magick-Byrd so desires, I can contribute to the art of sailing a small boat across oceans.

And if I chose to go non-stop, it's also because it's the only way I can sail around the world without missing a single summer with you. If I leave in August, after having spent June and July in your company, I will be back, if all goes well, in April or May, just in time to spend another summer with my loved ones.

When I left Montreal five years ago to sail with Jean-du-Sud *and the Magick-Byrd, I was in search of a way of life that suits me better, that was closer to my inner truth. I felt it was more important for me to establish silence in my head than to continue to earn and spend money. After five years of this life, I am able to observe the good it has done me, and it seems that eight or nine months of solitude would*

reinforce what I have already achieved and help me move further. Sometimes, certain people find the need to isolate themselves for a given period in their lives, whether it's to overcome a particularly difficult time in their spiritual development, or simply to give themselves the freedom to grow more easily.

This is what I have been feeling for almost two years, and I believe that this is my deepest motivation.

"When you have long skirted vast expanses stretching to the stars, beyond the stars, you come back with different eyes.[6]*" Perhaps I, too, am in search of these different eyes that Bernard Moitessier found deep within himself.*

Moitessier also wrote that in the high latitudes of the Southern Ocean, one is in the hands of God. I prefer to say that I am in the hands of the Magick-Byrd, and I'm under the impression that, since we have been living together, He and I, that I trust He will do everything He can to guide me through. You can also help Him help me. Anybody can do it, it's very easy, and the more love there is, the more effective your help will be.

Sir Francis Chichester, a great British sailor, completed a circumnavigation on this same route, aboard a boat very difficult to handle. His wife, who loved him very much, got together a group of people in England who prayed for him while he was at sea, and he recounted that this helped him a lot when the going was rough.

But to get the same result, you don't even have to pray. All you have to do is to create silence in your head and in your heart, and you will find yourself on the Magick-Byrd's wavelength. And then you can ask whatever you want of Him, knowing that if it really is necessary, it will happen.

Who knows? At that particular moment, I may be fighting my way through a big storm, and I will feel that I am not totally alone, that somewhere, are people who love me, and this new energy will help

[6] TN: Bernard Moitessier, La Longue Route, originally published in French by Editions Arthaud. From the translation into English by William Rodarmor, under the title The Long Way. The original text reads as follows: *Quand on a côtoyé si longtemps les grandes étendues qui vont jusqu'aux étoiles, plus loin que les étoiles, on en revient avec d'autres yeux.*

me overcome my fear or my fatigue, and remind me that the Magick-Byrd is watching over me.

And should it so happen that, like in the song, "Jean-du-Sud found his storm", I hope that you will not be too sad for me. I will try to undertake the great passage without fear or regrets, as consciously as possible, and my final thoughts will doubtlessly be of you. You may not see me, but I'll be fortunate enough to roost close to you, deep inside your heart, to help you from within, with the Magick-Byrd, for the rest of your lives.

À bientôt, my sweet Annikki

À bientôt, my Julika

Papa Yves

Plouër, May 19,1980

I have been working on the mast since the middle of April. Except for the shrouds, everything is ready.

I didn't have the money to buy them ready-made, so I had to make the tangs myself.

First, I drew the rigging plan, and then each tang for the masthead and mast step, and the spreaders. The recommendations that Michel Chabiland and Michel Ralys made were very helpful. I then fabricated them using aluminum scraps I found here at the yard. I only had to buy one hundred francs worth of metal, from the scantlings the boatyard wasn't using.

I think the fittings will hold. Whenever I needed a weld, I went to one of the welders, saying, "If the mast ends up in the water, I'll think of you!"

I worked almost non-stop for a whole month, with total concentration. Whenever I put in a screw or a rivet, my only thoughts were of the screw or the rivet, trying to imagine the way in which it would work and the different loads it would be subject too. I think I have managed to build an extremely robust mast, one that will

survive capsizing. My only day off was May first, to clean up *Jean-du-Sud's* interior.

Two weeks ago, I found out that Radio-Canada would buy the film if I could find a production company that they trusted. Now I just have to find a producer. That's what I plan to take care of in Paris next week.

I will also see about the rest: have the cameras and sextant overhauled, get a first-aid kit, etc.

However, *Thalassa* won't work out. The producer said he doesn't want to risk the budget a show without the guarantee of having one hour of film to put on the air. What would happen if *Jean-du-Sud* sunk and all the footage was lost?

I had no counter argument!

I'm going to put aside my work on the mast to tackle the interior refit. Since I have to totally gut *Jean-du-Sud*, I've moved into a tent that Jacky lent me. I'm a bit intimidated by the extent of the work I have to do. My list includes:

– Laminate extra ribbing to the bow section.
– Separate lockers under the forward berths into compartments to store food.
– Make the four existing bulkheads water tight.
– Install a bilge pump in each compartment.
– Modify the layout in the head.
– Enlarge the forward lower shroud chainplate gussets.
– Install shores to keep the two fresh water tanks in place and support the deckhouse.
– Double up the cabin portholes.

Plouër, May 26, 1980

Yesterday, I spent my last franc. I wasn't worried, just curious, and I said to myself, "I can't wait to see what the Magick-Byrd will do!"

This morning, a letter arrived. It's from my father. He tells me how he shared my *Letter to my children* with the family as per my instructions, as I had sent him a copy. He had read it to my grandmother, who said, "I've been meaning to give him something.

Get me my checkbook, in case I die tomorrow!" There was a cash transfer for $600 included with the letter.

It was the $400 she had managed to save from her old-age pension and $200 that her daughter, Rollande, my godmother, had added.

At the age of 93, my grandmother has 8 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren. There was still enough room in her heart to understand this long-distance message.

I feel extremely moved by this testament of love shown by two people who remain connected, despite the distance.

This is the encouragement I need to carry on. I am not alone. I feel as though there are several people in the physical realm as well as the occult realm who are working with me. Or am I the one who is working with them?

Plouër, June 7, 1980

Annikki and Julika will be arriving in less than a week for the summer holidays and there are still three inches of shavings on the floor of *Jean-du-Sud*'s cabin.

I have no other choice: they will have to settle in the tent with me.

I've been working non-stop, but things are going too slowly. Up to this point, I've been doing things in order of importance: first the self-steering gear, then the mast, and now I'm refitting the interior. These are the biggest jobs. After that, I hope things will move more quickly.

Plouër, July 7, 1980

We're still set up in the tent. Luckily, Annikki and Julika enjoy it, it's still a novelty, and they are entertained by the mice that come visit us at night, instead of being scared of them. But time is going by quickly and the work is moving too slowly.

Here's my list of the remaining work and an estimate of how long each job will take:

– Fabricate the self-steering gear out of stainless steel. My current prototype is made of aluminum and it works, but it won't be solid enough to last through a circumnavigation. Three weeks.

– Install batteries and overhaul electrical system. One week.
– Finish the watertight lockers. One week.
– Finish the cleanup. One week.
– Make a new canvas spray dodger. The existing spray dodger won't survive the trip. I've gotten used the comfort it provides and will never sail without a spray dodger again. Three weeks.
– Buy, wrap and store the food. Two weeks.
– At least one or two weeks to sort out the final details of the film. I've been o busy with the work that still needs to be done here, I haven't had the time.

Total: 14 weeks. And this is a very conservative estimate, maybe even idealistic. I couldn't put to sea before October.

Those who have sailed this route agree that you should never leave after August, unless you wish to run the risk of reaching Cape Horn too late in the season.

I want to respect this rule: *Jean-du-Sud* is very small, and Cape Horn very imposing.

It's hard for me to accept that I won't be leaving this year. And I wonder if I'll still have the courage to sustain the effort.

For ten days or so, I've had the sense that I should let myself be guided by circumstance. But I was too focused on my work to have the time to give it much thought. Now that the extent of work remaining is in front of me, in black and white, I see I have no choice.

It's also becoming more and more obvious that I'm being held back by my lack of money. The sails have been sewn, the sextant and the cameras have been overhauled, but I have no way of paying for this, or even my food supplies. And I don't get the sense that I'm going to find money any time soon.

I've tried to not anticipate or consider problems before they need a solution. I've done as much as I can without money, but now I'm at a standstill.

I'll never be able to finance the film and the trip from here. I have to go to Quebec.

Here in France I've managed to find all the help and technical support I could have wished for. In Quebec, where I know people in

the film world, I'll be able to get the production of the film started and finance the voyage.

Most of the work is done. Before *Jean-du-Sud* can sail again, the shrouds need to be measured and cut and the mast stepped. This gives me enough time to spend a few days' holiday with the girls in Chausey before taking them to England, where Kerstin, their mother, will accompany them back to Sweden. Then I'll try to get the money together for a plane ticket to Montreal.

Paris-Montreal flight, November 8, 1980

I took the girls to England on board *Jean-du-Sud*, via Chausey, Jersey, Sark and Aldernay. We crossed the Channel and landed in Dartmouth, where my precious passengers disembarked.

A week after my return to Plouër, Yves Delamorinière, a friend from Plouër, asked if I would take his place as skipper in a sailboat operating as a cruising school out of Saint-Malo. I worked six weeks, the time it took to earn a plane ticket to Montreal.

I had never taught cruising (charters are not at all the same thing), and I found the experience enriching. First, a three-week cruise to Ireland, and then three one-week cruises around the Channel Islands.

The return trip is January 10, in time to place orders at the Paris boat show. Two months should be enough to complete the arrangements to produce the film and find funding.

I'll put this axiom to the test: if you are deeply convinced, from the summit of your conscience, that you must do something, it will become possible and you should find the circumstances that will allow it to happen.

I have meditated enough on this matter and reached the conviction that this trip around the world is one of the things that I have to accomplish in this incarnation. If my axiom is real (and I have thus far received enough clues to give it the benefit of the doubt), I should be able to find the means to sail away under favorable conditions. I will attempt to do my share as impeccably as possible, in a total state of confidence and abandon. The other half should happen, too. This

will be a confirmation of what I believed I had to do. If it doesn't happen, it's because I was mistaken, and I have to do something else.

Outremont, November 19, 1980

My brother Michel is putting me up here. He offered me a room in his large home in Outremont. I set up my desk in a beautiful, light-filled sunroom; this room is not used during the day, so I take advantage of the space. Because I have been living on a boat, I have become heliotropic.

As soon as I arrived, I contacted Robert Roy and Philippe Laurin, from Radio-Canada's film service. One of them has known me since I started my acting career; the other just finished building a ferro cement ketch and had already heard talk of me as a sailor. They said that if a Québécois was going to undertake a feat of this scale, he should be supported, even if there was risk involved.

But they will only commit if they can work with a production company they trust, one that would be prepared to deliver the film. So, it's up to me to find a brave producer.

I summoned up several film-maker friends who know about the ocean and boats, to introduce them to my project and get their opinion on some of the different scenarios I was thinking about.

It was a cordial and very productive meeting. They feel that my ideas are good and that the different solutions I came up with are a possibility. This strengthens my resolve and my determination. Several ideas arose as a result of the discussion, ideas that I'd like to build upon.

I always need someone I can talk to about my ideas, someone who can evaluate them and provide feedback. In Plouër, this person was Michel Chabiland. He listened to me empathetically, and criticized my ideas objectively, which gave me the opportunity to develop them. His great competence kept me from making lots of mistakes.

Here, Yves André is the one I've bestowed this role upon. I got to know him in 1963, first on the dock at Percé, and then on board *L'Airelle*. After that, whenever I needed crew, he was the one I turned to first. The strategy evolved with him. He is approachable, knows

everyone, and has enormous talent for “allowing complementary energies to complement one another,” as he says himself.

He offered his help in getting a radio station involved in this project. He suggested sending out daily messages from the boat.

I never explored the topic from the technical end (I had never dreamed of installing a transmitter on board *Jean-du-Sud*) and I don’t know if it’s possible to communicate across such a great distance with the power I have available on board, but I will definitely look into it. I will have to get to know an amateur radio operator.

Yves is amazed to see the extent to which I am polarized by my project. It consumes my thoughts, I talk about nothing else, am interested in nothing else. I suspect that, after a while, my friends become bored with me, but Im convinced this is the only way Ill be able to get through all the difficulties.

Outremont, November 23, 1980

I am amazed at how things fall into place. Last Friday, I wrote that I had to get to know a ham radio operator.

On Saturday, in Oka, at my father’s, my sister Sylvie told me that she had just met Pierre Décarie, a long-time family friend, who has been a ham radio operator for thirty years or so. Pierre had heard about my plans and said that he could communicate with me on a regular basis throughout my passage.

Today I went to meet Pierre at his place. He has one of the most elaborate and powerful stations imaginable. In addition to his daily contact with land-based “OM[7]” throughout the whole world, he has often followed mobile maritime stations installed on yachts crossing oceans. Pierre is prepared to tune in at the same time every day to hear my broadcast. He confirms that whenever propagation allows, an output of 100 watts could be heard by me from anywhere in the world. There are several transceivers with this output on the market, designed to be installed in cars, and powered with 12 volts.

[7] In their jargon, which goes back to Morse code days, an amateur radio operator is referred to as OM (Old Man).

The only problem is getting an amateur radio license. Apparently, they are pretty hard to get in Canada. I am so busy with the preparations for the trip, there is no way I'll have the time to study Morse code and radio theory.

Rather than getting a fake call sign, I'd prefer to tackle the problem head on and see if I can get an exemption.

In effect, by law, if it is impossible to pass the exams, one can get a temporary license. I'll try to avail myself of this clause.

Outremont, January 23, 1980

I wanted to make sure that, in terms of my health, I could leave with a clear conscience. I had a full physical: blood work, electrocardiogram. The doctors found nothing, and it was not for lack of trying. I've been given the green light.

I went to the offices of the Ministry of Communications office regarding my amateur radio operator's license. These people are as flexible as a concrete block. In their eyes, the fact that I am totally absorbed by my preparations for a non-stop, solo circumnavigation is not a valid excuse. "*The law is the law. If you are here, you can take the exam, so take it. The experimental amateur radio service is not for communicating, it's only for experimenting. There are frequencies for maritime services. Use them.*"

Based on what I've read in yachting magazines, it is much harder for a yacht to establish contact via marine frequencies than via amateur radio frequencies. A yacht has limited output and is no match for ships equipped with more powerful stations that often cover a yacht's signal. Marine operators tell stories of trying for hours to send out a message before receiving a reply, whereas amateur radio operators simply have to go on air at the appointed time and on the given frequency and connect with their correspondent right away.

Accounts by solo sailors (Chay Blyth, Robin Know-Johnston, Naomi James, Alec Rose, etc.) do not encourage using marine frequencies. They were rarely, if ever, able to make contact when they were more than 500 miles offshore.

A marine transceiver that can be heard from the other end of the world costs about six times more than an amateur device.

For all the above reasons, particularly the last, I still want to put an amateur radio transceiver on board and I continue to feel that the law has been poorly conceived. I am going to do everything I can to conform. Even if I won't have the time to study a lot, I am still going to show my good intentions and do the exam.

Outremont, January 9, 1981

Tomorrow I have to fly back to Paris. Imy return ticket I'll lose my flight. Since a one-way ticket is more expensive than a return ticket, I have to heed the circumstances, even if I haven't finished everything here.

Unfortunately, I won't be able to order anything at the boat show. Still, I will try to find a French co-producer who might be interested in my project.

January 28, 1981, Paris-Montreal flight

Whirlwind trip to Paris – I'm already on my way back to Montreal. Didn't even have time to go to Brittany to say hello to *Jean-du-Sud*.

I was able to meet with Pierre-François Degeorges, executive producer of the program *Les Carnets de l'Aventure* (Adventure Diaries), televised on Antenne 2[8]. He was very cordial in his welcome, and he listened to me with empathy. In a letter, he declares himself to be "deeply interested" by my project and asks that I provide him with a detailed budget.

I urgently needed to return to Montreal to prepare this budget. But how was I going to conjure up another plane ticket? I didn't have the time to spend six weeks teaching sailing!

[8] TN: French public national television channel, now France 2.

My brother Michel, who often travels to Paris for his work as an impresario, suggests that I get myself out of this predicament by putting the ticket on the Magick-Byrd's account!

So now I have to disguise myself as a businessman and conclude the contract. If I've managed to awaken the interest of two broadcasters, I should be able to get at least one producer to commit.

Outremont, February 13, 1981

The National Film Board of Canada seems to be quite hard to get into for someone from the outside. Up to this point, my efforts with the producers of the French team have gotten me nowhere, and I'm appealing to the producer of the English team.

The NFB could easily provide services, such as the use of their laboratory, or even film stock, cameras, and sound equipment.

Yves André put me in touch with Yves Michon, one of the two directors of the Canadian animation studio Ciné-Groupe. Yves got into the film industry through editing, and is now interested in production, and seems eager to be involved in this project. He has been able to pass on some of his enthusiasm to his associate, Jacques Pettigrew, who filmed the voyage of the *J.E. Bernier II* through the Northwest Passage.

We submitted a request for financial support with the *Institut québécois du cinéma* (Quebec Institute of Cinema)[9] together with a 40-page scenario describing the film I hope to make, and indicating that I have given much thought to the problems that might arise due to the fact that I am both in front of and behind the camera. Answer early April.

I had thought I'd be able to finance the trip with the money I would get to make the film, but this illusion has definitely disappeared from sight. I'll consider myself lucky if I even manage to find money to cover the cost of the film itself. The financing for the trip needs to come from another source. If I manage to put in place

[9] TN: Now known as the Société de développement des entreprises culturelles (Society for the development of cultural enterprises)

what I need for the film and radio communications, it will probably be much easier for me to find a sponsor.

Outremont, April 3, 1981

I received a reply from the *Institut québécois du cinéma* to my request for financial assistance to make the film: “The internal evaluation committee endorses the jury’s negative recommendation”.

I was doubtless entertaining some serious illusions by hoping that public officials or people who are paid to think in their way would show any semblance of audacity. Because that’s what it would take for a governmental organization to get involved in a project like this. If there is even the slightest opportunity to run for cover, to pass the wet baby on to someone else, they’ll do it!

I understand that this film project entails too many risks for me to be able to fully finance it before setting sail. The only way for this to happen is to proceed one step at a time. The advance promised by Radio-Canada might pay for the film and its processing. But I still have to find some cameras.

On this note, it will take a miracle to get the National Film Board of Canada to so much as budge. Jean Roy has been distributing copies of my scenario to producers and directors, but that’s about all he can do to help me. The only person who is in the position to make this type of decision, the director, Jacques Bobet, told me, face to face, “a guy alone on a boat has nothing to do with cinema!”

I don’t know if I’ll be able to convince Ciné-Groupe to commit if the *Institut québécois du cinéma* will not contribute. I might be able to win over Yves Michon – I get the feeling that he shares some of my fervor – but I didn’t connect in the same way with Jacques Pettigrew.

If I sum up the progress I’ve made since arriving in November, I have to admit that in five months, I haven’t gotten very far. My quest to find sponsorship is not going much better. I knocked on many doors, but none of them opened for me. I contacted all the Montreal radio stations, and everywhere, I was met with a polite but firm “no”.

The more time goes by, the more I am faced with the prospect of failure. I have three to four months of intense work to do in France before I can leave, and I am increasingly worried I will miss the boat again this year! Soon, I'll have been working on this project for nearly three years, and I still can't envisage a departure date. I get the sense I've exhausted all the resources my imagination has to offer.

Outremont, April 8, 1981

One of my good friends, Roger Perron, has been teaching scuba and free diving for several years now. He was the one who introduced me, some ten years ago, to the underwater world.

Over the years, his courses have evolved to align with his personal evolution, and now Roger talks more about aquatic yoga than scuba diving. This winter, I got into the habit of attending his classes regularly, to get some form of exercise at least once a week. But over the last few days, I have been bothered by a terrible stiff neck that restricts my movement. Yesterday, I went to see him to ask for some advice, as I was worried my condition would worsen if I went swimming.

"Don't make any sudden movements, and you shouldn't have any problems", he said. "Come relax in the hot sauna."

When I got out of the sauna, I went up to see Roger in the small pyramid he'd built on the roof of his house. He gave me a massage, which really felt good.

Suddenly, I realized my stiff neck could be a symptom for a much more serious ailment: I have become tense, nervous and anxious as the result of my efforts. I have lost this attitude of abandon that I'd tried to adopt when I arrived in Montreal, and I am no longer putting my faith in the Magick-Byrd.

If I try to control everything according to my will, to want this thing to happen at any cost, to the point where I get sick, I am far from taking a leap of faith.

Once again, I've become aware of the great distance that separates the understanding of an intellectual concept and its assimilation into

the day-to-day. Having understood and decided this in your head does not protect you from falling into a trap.

I deluded myself into following the dead-end path that is the ego and the desire to project oneself into the future, and it is now time for me to change course and allow myself to be pulled along by the strong magick current; it is time to force myself to reconnect with this state of confidence and abandon that I nurtured on my arrival in Montreal, but which, in my race to find the means that would allow me to pursue my life's dream, has eroded without my being aware of it. I have to content myself with doing my half, as perfectly as possible – that is all that is required of me. The other half does not depend on me.

This morning, I had a meeting with Pierre David, a producer I had worked for on several occasions. His thoroughness, his sense of organization and his extraordinary capacity for work had always commanded my greatest respect, and I came to ask for his advice. I was wondering if I should change my tactics. In five months, I had not made any noticeable progress, neither in search of a sponsor, nor in the production of the film.

When I phoned him to make an appointment, he asked me how much time I would need.

"About an hour."

"An hour?! What do you think? I don't have that much free time."

"Listen, Pierre, I am really troubled. I'm asking you, as a friend…"

"OK. I'll see you Wednesday morning at 8."

Pierre listened to me closely, asked a few good questions, and said, "Your project is going in the right direction. The radio broadcasts you make during your trip around the world could be rebroadcast by stations of the Radio-Mutuel network. By dividing the twenty thousand dollars you'll need by the number of stations on the network, the amount that each one will have to spend is totally reasonable. I'll work on convincing them. You should have a reply in a few weeks."

It seems my financing problem has been solved.

I cannot help but be amazed by coincidence: yesterday, I realized I was following the wrong path and that I have to force myself to live in the present as best I can, without worrying about the future. This morning, everything fell into place, as though by magic.

Montreal-Paris flight, May 12, 1981

I feel a huge sense of gratitude for the Magick-Byrd (and for Pierre David, the directors of radio CKMF and the directors of the Radio-Mutuel network) – in my pocket I have a draft for ten thousand dollars. The other half of my preparation budget should follow in a month. My project has just turned from being a dream to becoming a reality.

I have reached the point of no return.

It is also the beginning of the countdown. I still hop to leave on August15. Three months to finish all the work. It's still possible, but I don't have a moment to lose.

As for the film, nothing is set in stone, but there is no way I can stay Montreal without compromising the voyage itself. I've done everything I could, and now the ball is in Yves André's and Yves Michon's court. ¡Que sera sera!

Part two

September 1, 1981, Day 1

Eight o'clock. I'd hoped to leave at the beginning of the ebb, but there was no wind and the microphone for the shortwave transmitter still hadn't been delivered from Paris. I put out a call with the VHF transmitter microphone. An OM from the Emerald Coast came to my rescue: André, F6AMF, would gladly lend me a microphone for the duration of my trip.

I got a lift to his place in Dinard. He was waiting for me, his soldering iron already hot, and in a few minutes, he soldered his microphone to the jack that would let me plug it into my own device.

I was back in Saint-Malo an hour later, but the wind was almost non-existent and visibility was poor. Not the best time to set out on a boat with no motor to play in the currents and the numerous rocks on both sides of the entrance channel.

11 a.m. A light northeast breeze finally lifted, and visibility has improved a bit. The Grand-Jardin lighthouse is visible.

Jean-du-Sud was towed out of Bas-Sablons harbor by the customs boat. Michel and his family came to see me off. A bit beyond the Buron beacon, the towing line was cast off, but the boat kept me company all the way to Cézembre. Michel took some photos.

3 p.m. *Jean-du-Sud* is moving at just under two knots, barely stemming the tidal current, which has just turned. I am between Saint-Malo and Bréhat, off the bay of Saint-Brieux. It is so foggy I can't see the coast, and I'm not sure of my position. The current is strong. I hope the wind will hold – I have to sail between the coast of Bréhat and the Barnouic reefs, the last dangers to worry about before veering towards Ushant.

September 2, Day 2

This morning, for a few hours, I had a bit of wind; it pushed me to speeds of 4 to 5 knots, enough to test my hydro-alternator. It produced about 3 amps, as promised[10].

4 p.m. No wind, zero visibility. Still not out of the Channel. Either way, this calm will not allow any maneuvers, so I might as well take advantage and catch up on sleep.

The blip-blip of the radar detector woke me up and I leapt on deck. A ferry confirms that I am off the port of Roscoff.

I am too exhausted to worry about the consequences of a collision in this fog. Under the second spreaders, I still have the radar reflector I fabricated on the docks at Percé the morning of my first solo sail across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Magdalen Islands. I have total faith in it. Apparently, it bounces an echo like an oil tanker.

A bit of an easterly. Wing on wing, under mainsail and reacher poled out. The radar detector picked up a ship; I can hear its engine, but I can't see it.

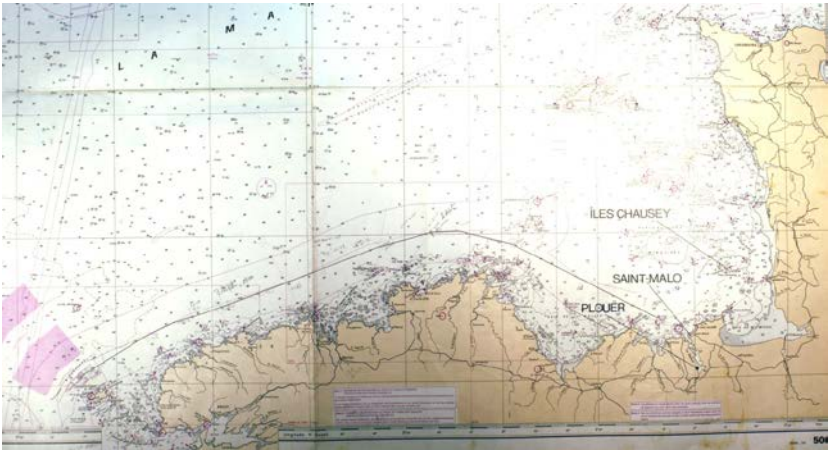
I'm trying to keep myself about ten miles away from the coast. Ships coming in and out of the channel are much further out to sea, but even here there is traffic, especially trawlers.

I am amazed at the performance of my self-steering gear. I am even more relieved because while I had tested an aluminum prototype, I never found the time to test the final stainless steel version.

The gear steers a perfectly straight course, despite this light tailwind that barely prevents the sails from flapping. The tiller scarcely oscillates, moving to the rhythm of the vane. The wind is barely perceptible, yet it is enough: *Jean-du-Sud* feels as though it is gliding on rails.

I shot some footage showing the fog, the sails flapping. Mostly, I filmed because I thought I should; I don't feel there's much worth filming.

[10] For technical details, see page 195.



I succeeded in making my first QSO[11], one hand turning dials on the transmitter and antenna tuner, and the other flipping through the instruction manual. Pierre's voice is welcoming and it feels good to hear him.

September 3, Day 3

3 p.m. The weather is clearing somewhat and the wind remains light. I still can't see land, but I can distinguish the horizon, and the sun is breaking through the fog. A quick sextant sight tells me I am a few miles away from Ushant.

5 p.m. I hear the Ushant fog horn, but I still can't see it. I meet a French submarine and ask for a position over the VHF: 3.8 miles northwest of Keller Island. I am happy to find that this agrees with my dead-reckoning and the sextant sight, despite an indistinct horizon. A few minutes later, weather suddenly clears, just as I'm sailing out of the English Channel, abreast of the Isle of Ushant. Behind me, fog, but ahead of me, a radiant sun illuminates the Iroise Sea.

[11] Radio contact jargon meaning a two-way conversation.


ENGLISH CHANNEL
FRANCE
BAY OF
BISCAY
GOLFE
DE GASCOGNE
E S P A Ñ A
SPAIN
PORTUGAL
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
ENGLISH CHANNEL
TO THE
STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR
AND THE
ARQUIPÉLAGO DOS AÇÔRES
1:3,500,000 (22°30')
DEPTHS IN METRES
HEIGHTS IN METRES
STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
MAROC
DEPTHS IN METRES
24

Jean-du-Sud takes a big turn: instead of continuing straight ahead, to the west, towards the St. Lawrence Gulf, I turn left to take the opposite route, the one that will take me to Quebec via the other side of the world. I film the change of course and the gybing, the Arriflex camera mounted above the stern pulpit. After shooting the maneuver, I realize I've forgotten to record the sound.

Two and a half days to get out of the Channel. The dangers of coastal sailing are now behind me and I feel a great sense of relief. For months now, I have been measuring time in droplets: first the mad dash to the departure, and now my haste to reach open sea. I feel as though the time dimension is changing. I promise myself a long, restful sleep sometime soon.

September 4, Day 4

Midnight thirty. No relaxing sleep for metonight. There are ships in every direction. I feel like I'm in Place de l'Étoile in Paris! Not a good time to sleep.

8 a.m. All night long, I reached at 4 to 5 knots, in a light southeast breeze, still under reacher and mainsail. It's somewhat cloudy, but visibility is fair. This morning's weather forecast predicts a high-pressure system moving from the east Atlantic towards Portugal and Scandinavia, promising similar conditions for the next 24 hours.

Traffic has lightened considerably and for the first time since yesterday afternoon, not one boat on the horizon.

September 5, Day 5

One a.m. The wind, still coming from the east, has piped up and pushes me at 6 to 7 knots, under working jib and mainsail with one reef. The sky is clouding over and the seas are building.

I lost the propeller that drives the hydro-alternator. The snap hook came loose. It was a good size, but it was made of bronze, and the vibration created by the higher speeds must have caused it to release or break. The instructions recommend connecting the alternator to the line coming from the propeller using a shackle or a snap hook, but

they don't specify that it has to be totally symmetrical to prevent vibration. I brought along three propellers, so I still have two. It's stupid, this loss, so soon after departure.

Overnight, two little fish had landed on the deck and had gotten stuck in the scupper. I think they are balaos. They have a long "beak", similar to that of a swordfish. I kept them, planning to cook them sometime today, but I didn't have an appetite, so finally, I threw them back into the sea.

A bit later this morning, I noticed *Jean-du-Sud* was no longer on course. The self-steering gear was not working; the movement of the paddle was not being transmitted to the tiller. I noticed a bolt fastening the quadrant to the horizontal axle had sheared. I hugely underestimated the stress at this point and I spent more than an hour crouched down in the stern locker, drilling and tapping to add two more bolts. This prolonged period in the lazarette turned my stomach and my morning meal ended up as fish food.

I finished just in time to take a morning sight of the sun, and then it was time for the QSO. I had a lot to tell, but propagation was not good and Pierre had a hard time copying me. It was also Saturday, and CKMF Radio doesn't broadcast my messages on weekends.

This morning, at dawn, I found a bird in the cockpit. A few hours later, it was dead. This evening, another one landed. I hope it does not meet the same end. These weren't seabirds, they were land birds. Right now, I am wondering if I am myself a seabird.

September 6, Day 6

The wind has shifted and is now blowing strongly from the SW, right on the nose. I am seasick. I still haven't had a chance to recover from the great fatigue of my departure.

September 7, Day 7

The wind has become lighter, but won't shift. A SW swell, stronger than the wind, shakes the wind from the sails and forecasts more headwind. One week has gone by. 38 to go!

September 8, Day 8

Cleared the Bay of Biscay. Cape Finisterre is 130 miles to port. The wind remains on the nose, though fairly weak, when there is any. I have made enough westing and tacked, which gets me closer to the coast, but also takes me further south. I take advantage of periods of calm to catch up on sleep. The swell is still SW, the barometer is stable, and the clouds show no sign of a change in weather. I don't think the wind will shift any time soon.

I spent the afternoon listening to ham radio operators, hoping to raise a Swede who could pass a message on to my daughters. Early in the evening, after several futile attempts, I managed to speak to an OM from Stockholm and asked him to phone a message to Uppsala.

September 10, Day 10

All day long, a fresh WSW breeze, still on the nose, under foresail and two reefs in the main. This evening, there's no more than a slight breeze, not enough to prevent the sails from flapping in the chop created by this afternoon's wind and the large SW swell that has been running for two days.

September 12, Day 12

I am unable to rid myself of this feeling of oppression, fear and doubt. I have lost faith. I keep asking myself what drove me to take on this voyage. I've been revisiting my motivations, and nothing seems serious. My morale is at an all-time low and I'm wondering what on earth I'm doing in this nightmare! I worry about everything: *Jean-du-Sud* is overloaded, the hardships ahead of me, etc.! I thought I'd be happy once I was at sea, but I'm not!

Since sailing off, I've been trying to relax and get things organized on board, but it's not easy. Of course, six days of headwind is exhausting! I want to get out of this mess, fast!

September 13, Day 13

76 miles the day before yesterday, 50 yesterday and just 20 today. When there is wind, it's a headwind. At these speeds, the hydro-alternator will not kick in and forces me to keep my radio transmissions to a minimum. I want some wind!

The SW swell has subsided. This evening, the sea is completely flat, save for some weak undulations here and there. The setting sun puts on a beautiful show and I can't resist shooting a slow panoramic.

September 14, Day 14

Only 16 miles in the past 24 hours, but I slept well!

I have rigged a line that passes in front of the companionway and allows me to set the course on the self-steering gear from inside the cabin. Then I opened up the bakery and kneaded two loaves of bread.

Hint of a NE breeze this morning, which turned into a slight NW breeze in the afternoon. Is this really the end of the headwind that I dared think had passed, after the SW swells disappeared yesterday?

September 15, Day 15

104 miles at the noon sight, with the wind astern.

I put some peanuts through my meat grinder to make myself some crunchy peanut butter.

September 17, Day 17

Pierre gets up at 5 a.m. every morning to make contact with me and relay my message to CKMF Radio. North America is still asleep, there is little interference from other stations, and as soon as propagation opens, this is the best time to pick up my weak signal. Thanks to his strong signal and a rotating, seven-section telescopic antenna, I almost never have any problems picking up his signal. But sometimes it's hard for him to copy my weak, 100-watt signal over


ARCHIPEL
DE MADÈRE
ÎLES CANARIES
ÎLES DU
CAP VERT
MAURITANIE
NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
LISBOA
TO
FREETOWN

the atmospheric noise or interference from other stations. Pierre connects me to the radio station by phone patch and my message gets recorded there, to be broadcast later, at 8:45 every weekday morning. If the reception quality is poor, the station will only broadcast my position and the few details that Pierre was able to copy.

Over this morning's QSO, I told Pierre that I would like to meet up with a boat off the coast of Madeira, so that I can give them the 6 rolls of film and the sound reel I've recorded since my departure.

When I went on deck right after, I could see a sail on the horizon. A short while later, I tried contacting the boat over the VHF. I got a reply right away. He'd also seen me and had the same idea.

His name is Richard Wickham, and he left Falmouth 15 days ago, on route for New Zealand. He is alone aboard a 27-foot sloop named *Blue Moves*, a boat he finished himself from a bare hull. We talked for a while, until a stern voice reminded us that we were still on channel 16, reserved for emergency calls.

Richard will be stopping in Madeira, and agrees to take my material. So that I can catch up with him, he heaves-to, and I rush down below to wrap everything in plastic.

I tried filming the maneuver, with a wide-angled lens on the camera mounted above the stern pulpit. But in my rush, I neglected to stick some tape over the latch that closes the camera. It opened on its own, and the whole side of the camera, with the viewfinder, went overboard. Luckily, I could replace the part by removing it from the back-up camera.

Richard managed to throw me a line. I attached my precious parcel and watched my spools further and further away, hoping that my knot would hold. It did.

We talked on the VHF like a couple of grannies. *Jean-du-Sud* is a bit faster than *Blue Moves*, and at some point in the afternoon, I was several miles ahead. I don't know if the racing devil took over him, but Richard hoisted a spinnaker. I refused to do the same. After all, he promised me a beer if he managed to catch up with me.

But this new maneuver didn't go quite as well as the previous one. In exchange for the beer, I left a mark of white paint on his nice blue hull.

September 18, Day 18

2 a.m. I can see the lights of Porto Santo Island, located about thirty miles NW of Madeira. There is a lot of traffic, so I don't sleep much. Just before dawn, a submarine crosses my bow just a short distance away, and I spend several minutes wondering if I should maneuver to avoid it.

By mid-afternoon, I had Madeira on the beam, 20 miles away. I gazed at the island for a long time.

I have on board a sailing magazine that describes the charms of this port of call. I had to content myself with reading about it; I'll save this visit for another time. It was hard to sail by such a beautiful port without stopping!

As if to console me, I was rewarded with a sight of Mercury at dusk. This was a huge event for me: it was the first time in my whole

sailing career that I could see the planet! Mercury is closer to the sun than Venus, so it is only visible on certain days, and only for a few minutes, at dawn or at dusk. Since it is always low, the horizon has to be extremely clear to see it.

September 20, Day 20

The barograph draws an almost straight line. The breeze maintains a constant force 2 to 3, still from behind, and the sea is smooth.

I replaced the reacher with the spinnaker. I hadn't yet tested the self-steering gear under spinnaker, and was eager to find out how it would do. *Jean-du-Sud* kept gliding ahead as though on rails, and the speed increased by a knot.

104 miles by noon. The log shows only 92 miles and reveals half a knot of current in my favor. Thank you!

While flipping through my log book, I noticed I hadn't written a thing in the three months leading up to my departure. I'm not surprised. I went to bed exhausted every night and had no energy to write. Time to fill in the gap.

❖

My first task, on arriving in Paris on May 12, was to see Michel Ralys in Poissy to pick up my new sails, which had been ready for a year.

When I returned to Plouër, I got rid of the engine. It's still at the yard, I was unable to sell it or even give it away. It's a gas engine, and French yachters are scared stiff of this combustible.

As I'd hoped, I was able to get Luc Delahaye, a friend I'd met in Falmouth two years earlier, to do the carpentry. He'd built his own boat and completed his marine carpentry internship at the Falmouth Marine School. He'd returned to France and had just opened his yard, the *Chantier du Grand Val* in Minihic, a short distance from Plouër.

His most beautiful creations on *Jean-du-Sud* are a new, super strong rudder, and an arch made of laminated iroko supporting the coach roof from the inside.

I was a bit worried about the fragility of the two cabin sides, on account of the two big portholes. If the boat is thrown on its beam ends into green water, they could get stove in. Thanks to Luc's work, that is no longer a concern.

I told Yves Delamorinière about my project of making a spray dodger to cover and protect the cockpit, and which could resist breaking seas. I had been musing about making a permanent structure with stainless steel tubing, but with the cloth on the inside and gussets attached with Velcro. A sea breaking over it would cause the Velcro to detach, preventing the weather cloth from ripping, and keeping the frame from getting bent out of shape.

"Why don't you use firehose blown with air? If that can hold up a tent, it should support your dodger. I've camped in one of those *Igloo* inflatable tents, the ones you inflate with a bicycle pump. It can withstand any wind. And because it's so flexible, it should be able to resist a green sea." Yves had me convinced in a flash. But between

the idea and its inception, there is a wide gap that Yves, motivated by genuine friendship, bridged beautifully. We spent several days testing things out and taking measurements, finally agreeing on how to make it work.

He and his wife, Christine, who, by day, tailors and sews oilskins, cut, sewed and then soldered the beast on machines they have access to in the evening and on weekends.

They worked like slaves and built a veritable paragon of comfort. It can be closed from the front, back, or side, or the cockpit can be fully enclosed, while still allowing access to the sheets. Clear plastic panels provide vision in all directions, even overhead, to see the sails. I can even put two reefs in the mainsail without leaving its protection.

René Allo, a machinist at the Brosselin yard in Landriais, built the stainless steel version of the self-steering windvane. He is a true artisan. If *Jean-du-Sud* is able to maintain such a straight course with a full tailwind, under spinnaker and the lightest of winds, it's thanks to his precise workmanship. There is barely any friction. I was very worried about this. Now I know I could never have dreamed of a better version.

Around the middle of June, I was thrilled to find out I'd be able to leave with some cameras. Yves Michon heard that the National Film Board had lent some equipment to a French team to shoot some footage off the coast of Labrador, in the Torngat Mountains. Armed with this information, Jean Roy was finally able to elicit the authorization he had been trying to get for several months.

Yves André flew in from Montreal early August to film the preparation and departure. I took advantage of his talents as a handyman: I was in the final sprint and didn't want a thing to do with the film.

A week later, the cameraman and his assistant arrived, and the pressure mounted. I had to send Annikki and Julika back to Sweden. They had been with me since mid-July and were supposed to stay until my departure, but I needed every spare minute and had no time for them. I was even starting to wonder if I'd be able to leave by the 15th, as planned.

It took everything in my power to forget the problems regarding my imminent departure and focus on the filming. The only thing going through my head was whether I'd forgotten something.

On the 12th, I had to make the difficult decision of delaying my departure by two weeks. I had everything I needed, but nothing had been stowed away. I was totally exhausted and could only sleep with the help of sleeping pills. Going to sea in this state could be disastrous.

It wasn't easy to inform the team of my decision. They had come to film my departure.

To keep them happy, we staged a fake departure, just for the camera. I barely had enough time to familiarize myself with the equipment they brought. A half hour before the team was due to leave, I asked the assistant cameraman to show me how to load the camera. To make sure I remember them, I recorded his instructions.

I have two Arriflex 16S cameras, one has a constant speed motor, the other is variable speed, and a whole case of lenses. The camera runs on batteries that can be charged from the 12 volts on board. I can also connect the camera right into the boat's batteries: they were made for 8 volts, so the motor runs a bit faster, but a rheostat reduces the speed to 24 frames per second.

This type of camera is very sturdy and should be able to withstand the voyage, but nothing had been provided to protect it from ocean spray, and I'm wondering how I'll film when the weather is bad.

To record sound, I have a Nagra tape recorder and three microphones.

Between here and Cape of Good Hope, where a meeting is planned, I have to avoid excess: I only have 27 hundred-foot reels of 16 mm negative color film. This is all we could buy with the advance payment from Radio-Canada.

I often think of all the people who spontaneously offered me their help in that final mad dash. I feel extremely privileged to have been able to experience a unique friendship that translated into free and tangible gestures. I hope their goodwill is returned.

❖

September 21, Day 21

Today is the fall equinox: the sun will be crossing south of the equator.

Jean-du-Sud sailed by La Palma, the westernmost of the Canary Islands. I felt slightly heavy-hearted nonetheless – another island that I could only contemplate from afar.

I took advantage of the nice weather to rig baggywrinkles on the spreader ends and the aft lower shrouds, to protect the seams of the mainsail. Given all the miles I will be sailing, I have to do all I can to prevent chafe.

September 22, Day 22

120 miles at noon. This morning, this wind shifted to NE, and then to E, increased to force 5. The trade wind, finally. Dropped the spinnaker, up for 3 days now, and replaced it with the heavy genoa.

September 23, Day 23

122 miles. Since Saint-Malo, *Jean-du-Sud* has sailed 1766 miles, an average of 80 miles per day. This is well short of our usual daily average. The real wind only started a week ago. From now on, the average daily run should improve.

There was a good wind and the seas were pretty big. I took in a reef: there was less yaw, but no loss in speed. With the wind slightly aft of the beam, *Jean-du-Sud* frolics along nicely at 6-7 knots, maximum speed. Sometimes I can feel *Jean-du-Sud* accelerate over a crest.

In the evening, a bucket-full of water found its way through the dodger and flooded the galley. Later that night, the sound of flapping sails made me jump out of my berth. *Jean-du-Sud* was no longer on course. A quick look in the lazarette confirmed my suspicion: the three bolts I'd put in place the other day were not enough and had sheared from the additional strain on the self-steering gear from the strong wind and heavier seas.

After a few attempts, I managed to get *Jean-du-Sud* to stay on course by lashing the helm, wind slightly aft of the beam, jib sheeted flat and main sheet eased all the way out. No sense in making the repair tonight, so I went back to my berth.

September 24, Day 24

I spent part of the night and the whole morning thinking about the problem. This time, my repairs have to be permanent.

After the noon sight, I got to work. The wind and the seas had gotten stronger and I knew I wouldn't be able to work in the lazarette. I had to take the gear apart to work on it below decks. I spent the afternoon drilling and tapping into the stainless steel tube so I could put in as many as 6 ten mm bolts. If that doesn't hold…

I finished by sunset and was worn out. It is blowing a gale, so I dropped the main to run under foresail alone, at 5 knots.

September 27, Day 27

134 miles yesterday, 139 today. But I'm so bored! There's too much spray to stay on deck, and it's too choppy to do anything inside.

I spent a lot of time thinking about what motivated me to undertake this voyage. I delighted in thoughts of abandon and duty, but found myself wondering if my real motivation was not professionally-driven: sailing is the profession I've chosen (or should I write that it chose me?) and maybe I needed to accomplish something difficult in this field, to prove that I am competent, talented, etc. Perhaps this whole thing is nothing more than stupid egoism!

But it remains to be seen whether I have the endurance it takesdoesn't seem to be the case right now.

September 28, Day 28

The wind died down and the sea became calmer, though there is still some swell. I kept myself busy in the galley, roasting rice, sesame seeds and rolled oats.

The only inconvenience with a hydro-alternator driven by a propeller towed astern is that I can't fish, for fear of having to chop my trolling line into one inch pieces if the boat yaws and the propeller catches the line. But we had been moving at a good speed the last few days and the batteries are fully charged, so I took advantage of the moderate speed today to cast some lines into the sea. Result: a mackerel and a little sea bass.

September 29, Day 29

Temperature: 31°C. No motivation to move quickly!

September 30, Day 20

I filmed a sequence with synchronous sound. The camera, from its position at the back of the cockpit, shows *Jean-du-Sud* under mainsail

and genoa poled out, running at 4 to 5 knots under a nice breeze and a radiant, sunny sky. In the foreground, the helm moves gently from side to side, under the impulsion of the self-steering vane. I am on the coach roof, power drill in hand, drilling a hole into the coaming.

I interrupt my work to talk to the camera:

"Today I'm taking advantage of the weather to do some small jobs I never had time to do before I set sail. I'm just finishing up rigging the foresail. I'm going to put cleats in here, I've got to drill holes in the bulwark. This is the foresail halyard, that's a line for hoisting the foresail, and I'll put in a winch for it here and when I've put in the jam cleats, right there, then I'll be able to reef the foresail from down in the cockpit and still be sheltered by the dodger. So, if the weather gets bad, a gale comes up, and I've got to reduce the sail, then I can do most of the work and keep dry. Well, almost dry, anyway.

I'm still in the trade winds here. These are the trades. Normally, at this latitude - I'm just a bit south of Dakar at the moment

-I'd have lost them by now. Left them well behind. But it seems they've come a bit further south than usual. And believe me, I'm not complaining! And I'm quite sure they won't be around longer than a couple of days. And then when they've gone, I'm going to make some adjustments on the self-steering gear. It's been working fine up to now, but I want to make it perfect. I've got to trim the pendulum a little to make sure it's right on, but I can't do that while we're moving, of course."

October 2, Day 32

At dawn, a fierce squall changed the wind to SE. Is this already the end of the north-east trade wind and the beginning of the doldrums?

Rather than weight down my boat by carrying more freshwater, I felt it would be wiser to create a simple and effective system to

collect rain with the mainsail. But my system needs refining: The boltrope at the foot of the sail pushes up against the crack and prevents water from getting in.

October 3, Day 33

Definitely doldrums. Calm all day. Work: I sawed a short strip of wood from the leading edge of the servo-pendulum paddle. Then I dove under to inspect the bottom and scrape off some barnacles.

October 3, Day 34

Calm alternating with squalls and light breezes between NE and SE, which force me to maneuver constantly.

This evening I had a chat over the VHF with a Finnish freighter, *Saggoe*, from Mariehamn, on route from Abidjan and heading for Puerto Rico with a load of tuna.

October 5, Day 35

I spent the morning sewing little bits of gasket in places along the mainsail foot boltrope, so rainwater can more easily drip into the boom. I'm waiting for the next squall to test my work.

In the afternoon, the wind lifted from the SE, force 3. The swells were also from the SE and fair-weather cumulus clouds make me hope I've reached the south-east trade wind and the end of the doldrums. All that's missing is some flying fish.

October 6, Day 36

I'm not through the doldrums yet. A squall awoke me, changed the wind direction and gifted me with half a tank of fresh water. Then the wind dropped, and the squall left a choppy sea that shook the sails, preventing them from catching any wind.

At the end of the afternoon, when I was getting ready to go for a refreshing dip, I noticed little fish under the hull. I hesitated for a

moment, wondering if I should dive under with a spear gun or use a fishing line, and I decided to try this second option first: if I had no luck, I could always fall back on the first method. I attached the mackerel rig and a lead weight to my fishing pole and let it drop into the water. I felt something on the line immediately. I reeled in the line: 4 sea bass on 4 of the hooks on the rig.

I hooked 10 fish in a few minutes, so I stopped. The day was already too far gone, and it was too cloudy to dry them; besides, I already had enough to fill my canning jars.

I made myself a lavish meal of two fresh sea bass and preserved the others by filleting them and cooking them in a court bouillon.

October 7, Day 37

This morning, Yves Michon came to Pierre's place in Dorval to let me know he'd received the reels from Madeira. I'm relieved to learn that the picture and the sound are fine. The only concern was that the parcel was damp when it arrived! Yves said that if it was filmed like that to the end, the result would be excellent. This is encouraging. He also told me that Yves André had managed to obtain two plane tickets for Cape Town and he will bring two thousand feet of film.

I asked him if he could get me a replacement for the part I lost, and for the nth time, a robust camera with a spring-loaded mechanism and protected by a water-proof bag, to film in bad weather. Whenever some spray is flying, I don't dare take out the Arriflex, as I'm sure it won't last the voyage if I do.

The wind came back. A strong SE trade forced me to take a reef in the main.

In general, dolphins never stay around for long, but today a school kept me company all afternoon. I could hear their whistling through the hull. They would swim ahead, on either side of the bow, turning briefly on their backs, as though trying to get a better look. I took three rolls of film before I was certain I'd captured the moment. I also tried to record their whistles, but there was always too much wind in my microphone. I tried from inside the boat, by sticking my

microphone against the hull, but I didn't get good results until I stopped the speedometer.

I tried charming them by playing flute, but was stopped by a volley of spray. *Jean-du-Sud* was sailing as close as possible into the trade and punching into a choppy sea.

October 8, Day 38

In the radio contact this morning, Pierre told me that two inspectors from the Canada Communications Department[12] had come to his place to warn him that if he continued to talk to me, he would lose his license. Amateur radio operators are only allowed to communicate with other certified amateur radio operators, and I am not certified. A Canadian boat has to have a Canadian radio license.

He sincerely regrets that he has to stop talking to me.

This is quite a blow. I realize now how important these communications were to me. It feels as though the people who listen to me in Quebec have become my friends. For the first time, I feel truly alone.

October 9. Day 39

I felt the need for an extended regimen of silence, and I had intended to make this trip without a radio. I had never really been interested in a radio. I could never afford a little VHF, let alone a short-wave transmitter.

But the radio is what made everything possible. In exchange for daily reports, I was able to finance the voyage.

I had seen immediately that this was a good solution. Via the radio, I would be in constant communication with hundreds of other people who, if they had the slightest bit of love deep in their hearts, could send me an abundance of energy.

Now it feels as though my oxygen supply has been cut off.

[12] TN: Now under the federal government department *Innovation, Science and Economic Development Canada*.

On account of the spray flying, the companionway has to remain closed, and below, the air is hot and humid, giving me little desire to do much of anything.

Add to the fact that we are sailing close-hauled, hammering into the seas, and the course is no better than SSW, pushing me slowly towards the coast of Brazil…

October 10, Day 40

I sailed across the equator at sunset, at 26° longitude west. *Jean-du-Sud* is still close hauled, beating into heavy seas, lifted by a force 5 to 6 breeze.

Despite all this, those I love are still with me. I feel as though I am doing this trip for lots of other people besides myself, and I vaguely feel that I am not the only one to benefit. I find solace in this thought.

October 14, Day 44

We just sailed under the sun. Up to this point, whenever I measured its altitude with the sextant for the noon sight, I pointed south. Today, my latitude became greater than the sun's declination and I had to point the sextant to the north.

October 16, Day 46

Pierre received authorization to communicate with me one last time. He informed me that while he is not allowed to communicate with me, there is no law preventing him from listening to me. He will continue to tune in every morning, but he won't be able to talk to me. At the set time and on the agreed upon frequency, I will hear him say, "Hello, test. VE2KD, test…" I will know that he is listening and will transmit my daily message.

This is wonderful news. I will miss Pierre's friendly voice, but at least I have re-established contact with Quebec.

October 17, Day 47

The wind has eased and shifted east. After 10 days, the SE trade wind will soon be over.

Cape of Good Hope is 860 miles away.

October 19, Day 49

The wind continued to shift to the NE and the sea has calmed. *Jean-du-Sud*'s movements are less choppy and there is no more spray. The companionway can be opened again.

I did a few repairs. I soldered the stand of a broken fishing reel. I don't really know how to solder, but I brought along instructions. I have time to learn.

October 20, Day 50

I shot a scene with synchronous sound.

The camera is inside, attached to the forward bulkhead in the cabin, pointed aft. I am in the galley, kneading a large ball of dough.

I talk while working:

"I bake bread about once a week. Closer to the equator, I had to make bread more often, it would get moldy too quickly, it was too hot. Now it's a bit less hot, so I make more than one loaf at a time.

After it's risen, I'll get about two average-sized loaves. There's ground soya mixed in, there's sesame, and some cracked wheat. Now and then, I put in barley flakes or some rolled oats, maybe. It depends on what I feel like.

It takes about two hours for me to make bread. Of course, I have to grind the grains by hand. I do that here."

I flip the section of counter located under the companionway. The grain mill appears, attached to its underside.

"Here's where I store the mill to keep it handy. And this is where I grind my soya, my barley, or my cracked wheat. I made things easier on myself and I brought some flour that's already ground, because grinding flour takes time. It takes about a good hour to grind flour for the week's bread, and I don't need any more of this, I have enough with the winches…generally, I get my fill!"

A short time later, camera at the same angle, I open the oven to take out the pressure cooker:

"Came out perfect, no? Both loaves did." (You can also see a second crown-shaped loaf that was taken out earlier.) "It's pretty tough for me to resist the urge to taste it right away, it's so fresh." (I cut myself a slice, and take a big bite.) "I'm sure eating warm bread's bad for you … but … not bad. It rose beautifully."

October 22, Day 52

Latitude 22°S. The wind force is the same, but the seas seem to be harder. They're also colder, as I find out after several volleys of

spray. The air is colder, too, and after a month of living entirely naked, I have to start donning clothes in the morning and evening.

October 23, Day 53

The breeze has calmed and shifted north, the seas are less heavy. *Jean-du-Sud* sails on a broad reach, wind on the port quarter, heading SE to skirt the high-pressure zone along the African coast.

Those nicer conditions gave me a chance to clean the forecastle, which needed airing out, and to get out another bag of provisions. I distributed my ten months of provisions over five bags, each containing two months' worth of food, so I can keep track of my consumption and avoid running out of essentials.

One of my molars has been bothering me. A filling came out. I tried patching it with some temporary filling from a dental repair kit, but it didn't hold.

October 27, Day 57

Five thousand miles since Saint-Malo. I celebrated with a meal of the sea bass I preserved while I was in the doldrums.

For a few days now, the light winds have allowed me to make some repairs, clean up, and do some cooking. This afternoon, the barometer dropped, there were cirrus clouds and a halo around the sun, signs that the breeze would pick up again.

October 29, Day 59

A small gale marked our passing of the 30th parallel south.

It could hardly be called a gale, as I don't think it was stronger than force 7, but the seas were heavy, without being dangerous.

The wind slowly shifted from NE to NW. After supper, I climbed on deck to jibe the foresail. I stayed there for a while to admire the very heavy seas under a sun setting in shades of orange to indigo. I yell out, "It's beautiful!"

Just as I was getting ready come back down the companionway, a sea grabbed hold of *Jean-du-Sud* and knocked it almost flat. The entire contents of the locker above the stove, which I'd left open (it had been on the leeward side before I jibed), spilled onto my berth.

October 31, Day 61

It took me a while to regain the sense of peace I had before setting sail (the peace I felt before the mad dash preceding my departure). The frantic pace of the preparations had exhausted me, and it took a good month and a half before I finally felt content to be at sea and on this trip.

At the beginning, I kept asking myself, "Why am I here? What am I doing here? Isn't *Jean-du-Sud* overloaded? Is the boat strong enough? What have I forgotten?" Now, this is all in the past, and I've finally found the rhythm of the open sea. I've almost managed to convince myself that questioning everything is a waste of energy and I've stopped thinking about what lies ahead. I am getting better at living in the present moment, without anticipation. I am perfectly content, I want for nothing.

November 2, Day 63

My two water tanks are empty. I draw from my reserve: 12 1.5 liter bottles.

If it doesn't rain, I won't only be thirsty, I'll go hungry: almost all my food is dried and needs water to be prepared. I hope it rains!

November 4, Day 65

There are squalls all around me. I've been watching them to windward for over an hour. I'm ready. I've lifted the boom with the topping lift, the hose is connected under it, the bucket, a siphon and a jerry can are ready to collect whatever runs right past. But the squall missed me and changed the wind to SE, so here I am, beating to windward!

I spent the day reefing sails and then shaking reefs off, hoisting and dropping jibs, in highly unstable and squally winds. By day's end I'd managed to collect a liter of briny drizzle.

Despite everything, I feel a marvelous sense of peace.

November 5, Day 66

Camera on the stern pulpit, looking forward.

I'm on the coach roof, dancing a jig.

"Can you tell me how to do a rain dance? It could help me a lot. I'm desperate for rain, I'm out of water. My tanks are empty. I don't believe it, not one day of rain from the time I sailed, I'm at 65 days."

"It has to rain some time! I still have bottles, a few liter-and-a-half of mineral water bottles I filled with fresh water from my reserve when I left. That's enough to get me to Cape Town, which I should reach in 5 or 6 days maybe. But it's silly, having to stop for water!"

"It's all provided for! The rain's supposed to run down the mainsail, and drop into this groove, here. It runs down the boom, into this pipe that you see here, which takes it straight down to the tank. All I have to have is one hour of rain. A solid one hour of rain would fill up both my water tanks."

"But up to now, all I've had is some drizzles that last ten minutes every now and then, that's about it. Only maybe enough to put about say 6 liters in the tanks, no more. What's more, most often it comes when the winds are blustery. I mean, rain's often accompanied by squalls, so the salt spray was running off the sail as well, and the water wasn't drinkable, it was too salty."

"I need some rain, come on! It's got to rain. Up till now, the Magick-Byrd's given me whatever I needed to come this far to make this trip. Now if he'd just give me some rain. Wait a minute. How does that work?"

I take up my jig. After a moment:

"Are you coming? Guess not! Cut!"

November 8, Day 69

A very frustrating calm. Squalls all around me, but I'm stuck in the same spot.

Still, I took advantage of the good conditions to keep preparing *Jean-du-Sud* for the Roaring Forties. I put up a net to hold pots and pans in the locker where they are stored. I don't want the pressure cooker to hit my head in a knock-down. I also put locks on the openings in the cabin sole, so they don't open unexpectedly. All the everyday objects inside that aren't usually stowed away also have to be secured. I've read accounts by sailors who regret the chaos created by a knock-down. I try to avoid their mistakes.

November 10, Day 71

Cape Town is 480 miles away. The sea has changed from blue to green.

I installed a new compass compensated for the southern hemisphere. The vertical component of the geomagnetic field is stronger here, and the compass rose tilted downwards the further south I travelled. On this new compass, it remains perfectly horizontal.

Now that I am nearing land, I spend more time at navigation. At dusk, I got a good fix with a position line from Venus intersecting a line from the sun I had shot earlier.

I chose not to equip myself with a satellite navigation device. In part because of the cost, and also because I like celestial navigation. The only concession I made to the electronic era is a small navigation calculator. It eliminates the painstaking work of flipping through tables and making calculations, but still gives me the pleasure of fixing my position with a sextant.

November 11, Day 72

I found 2 1.5 liter bottles of water in the aft locker. My last two.

November 12, Day 73

Cooking has become difficult.

November 13, Day 74

Still no rain. Less than one liter of water left.

115 miles. I raised Cape Town on the VHF. The operator informed me that Yves André and Jacques Pettigrew have already arrived and put me in touch with Yves, at the hotel.

It was nice to hear his voice. He told me he has all the things I asked for and is looking for a boat to come meet me at sea.

The evening forecast predicted a gale from the west. Since I don't want to risk getting caught by an onshore wind or driven onto Agulhas bank, I dropped all but the foresail and I headed south, at 2 to 3 knots.

November 14, Day 75

The predicted gale never materialized. A three o'clock this morning I hoisted the sails.

Land ho! At 8 a.m., when I climbed onto the deck with the sextant to shoot the sun while it was peeking through a hole in the clouds, I spotted the coast, with Table Mountain well defined. I decided to film the scene as is[13].

I mounted the camera at the stern, directed at the companionway, and I returned below. *"Sound! Camera! Action!"*

I climb into the cockpit, sextant in hand, and look ahead.

"It's the coast! Ah! Land! I've made it to Cape Town. That's the Cape of Good Hope. I really wasn't ready for it so soon. I didn't expect the visibility today to be so good."

"From my fix this morning, I took a sight on the sun and on the moon (I shot both earlier today), we should be out about 35 miles.

[13] In my rush, I neglected to close the diaphragm, so that the scene is overexposed. Luckily, there was a way to save it in the lab, but the colors look washed out.

The visibility is fine. So, I think I'll change course up over to the north, up where I can meet the team from the movie company Ciné-Groupe. Up there, just off Cape Town."

"Well, not bad! This'll be the first land I've seen since back at the Canaries, which in time, would make it 40 days or so. And these are the first people I'll be seeing for twice as long almost, it'll have been 75 days ago, now, when I meet them, in a while. That's something! I'm really pleased! I won't need my sextant anymore, after all. I think my position now is fairly obvious."

"I have to show my colors!"

Reverse angle: camera in front of the cockpit, pointed at the stern. I come into the camera's field of view, flagpole in hand, flying the Quebec fleur-de-lis, and I place it in the socket, on the caprail. I turn back to the camera:

"There! The colors of Quebec at the Cape of Good Hope. This makes me feel great. It pleases me to see these colors here. The Québécois Navy!"

Before I left, I debated whether *Jean-du-Sud* would keep flying the Quebec fleur-de-lis or if I should fly the Canadian flag, with its red maple leaf.

Yachts are supposed to show their national flag. Without a doubt, Quebec is my nation, these are the people I identify with. The existence of this nation has not yet been legally recognized. Maybe one day it will be, when the time comes.

Nations are probably like individuals: they need to wait until they reach maturity before they are emancipated. Feats like this one could make it happen. Acts that push back limits and allow a society to become aware of its potential.

The wind dropped completely mid-morning, allowing me to watch, at my leisure, the parade of cargo ships, oil tankers, fishing boats and all sizes of pleasure craft. It's Saturday, and the beautiful weather has drawn Cape Town residents out onto the water. The boats are heading south, decked out in fishing rods, no doubt headed for the rich marine life on the Agulhas Bank.

In the afternoon, to stave off my impatience, I got into the water to scrape barnacles off the hull. But I didn't stay long. The sea was too cold, and *Jean-du-Sud* was rolling a lot, making the work difficult.

At sunset, I was graced with a visit from a sea otter that had come to watch me, floating on its back, its flippers in the air.

Over the course of the evening I had another conversation with Yves André, to let him know I hadn't gotten far that day. He warned me to not get into the water – there are sharks around!

November 15, Day 76

Around four o'clock, the sound of wind got me out of my berth and I sailed to within 5 miles of the coast, and then it became calm again. Sometime mid-morning I spotted a large motorboat heading my way.

I was finally able to distinguish the silhouettes of Jacques Pettigrew on the foredeck, his eye to the camera's viewfinder, and Yves André waving wildly.

We were very lucky. The weather was calm and the sun was shining. Only a slight swell reminded us that we were not on a lake, but close to the mighty Cape of Storms.

I could see a small boat being lowered into the water. Jacques, a camera on his shoulder, and Yves, carrying a tape recorder and a microphone, step into the boat. I was ready to welcome them, fenders out, and I also filmed their arrival.

The boat was loaded with bags, parcels and cases, that we transferred aboard *Jean-du-Sud*.

They hesitated to climb aboard. After all, I'm attempting to sail non-stop around the world, and their presence might be considered as outside assistance. I made no bones about telling them that I am not trying to beat some record and that I have every intention of enjoying their friendship from as close as possible.

I felt like a child at Christmas.

They had all the equipment I'd requested from Ciné-Groupe, an envelope stuffed with mail, three jerrycans of fresh water, that I

siphoned into my tanks right away, a full case of fresh fruit and vegetables, cheese, eggs, rum, wine…

Jacques shot a close-up of me sitting in the cockpit, removing the wrapping from a tray of strawberries.

"Strawberries! Lovely and fresh! Two-and-a-half months, 75 days from Saint-Malo to Cape Town, which isn´t bad. The sailing ships used to do it in 60, it just took me fifteen more. That's pretty good, I'm happy. I had superb weather, just splendid, all the way down… mmm…. excuse me, I'm enjoying this, it's been a while…" Zoom in. I take a big bite into a large strawberry. There's no disguising the expression of pure enjoyment on my face when I taste the strawberry.

…" The weather was too good, that's why my water ran out. That was my only headache, except for a small gale, nothing really, just as I crossed the thirtieth parallel. But besides that, warm steady winds, nothing much more than a force 7. Getting there has been the approach, if you like. Now's when the fun begins, when the real climb begins. Now I'm entering the Roaring Forties and I'll be in the southern hemisphere and the weather there can get much trickier to deal with."

Before too long it was time for Yves and Jacques to leave. I watched them pull away, and my heart sank a bit, so I spent some time in the cockpit, savoring the warmth their presence left behind.

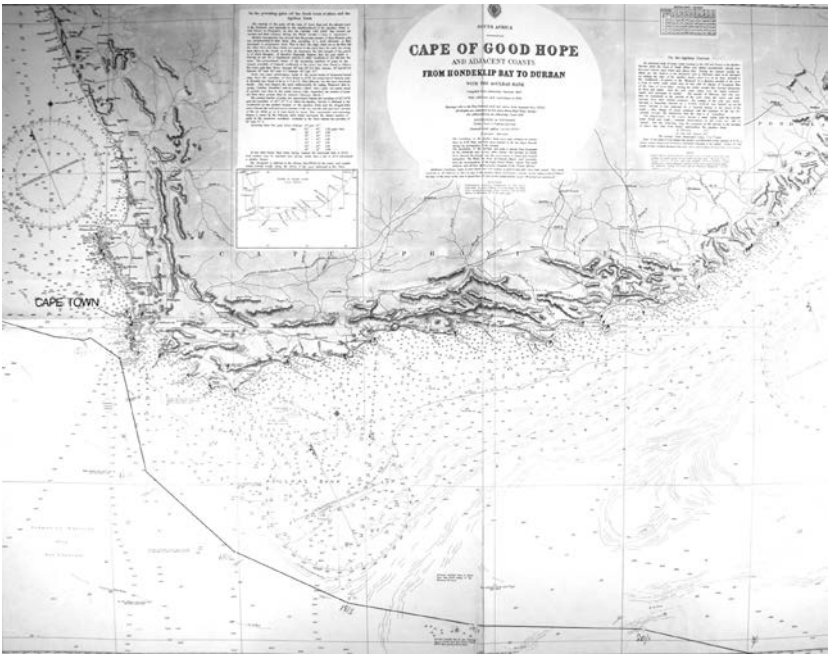
As soon as I'd finished stowing everything, the wind returned, as if on cue.

The book *Ocean Passages for the World* strongly advises against sailing east before you have cleared the Agulhas Bank, which extends about 60 miles south of the Cape. A westerly gale on the Bank, with the Agulhas current flowing west, against the wind, creates dangerous conditions. I take the book at its word and steer south.

November 17, Day 78

SW gale all night, on the beam, under reefed foresail and the trysail, which I hoisted for the first time. I am a good distance off the Agulhas Bank, yet the seas are already heavy. Easy for me to imagine what it must be like on the Bank!

This morning, when I climbed on deck, I noticed that the hydro-alternator was no longer turning. I pulled in the line and saw that the propeller had disappeared. It was mounted at the end of an aluminum shaft that had been broken, and there were scratches on it, as though teeth had scraped along it. A shark must have taken the propeller. I hope it gets indigestion. With the Agulhas Bank nearby and the Agulhas current, the sea must be filled with fish and with sharks on high alert. I'll wait until I'm well away from the bank and the current



before using my last spare propeller. I can't lose any more now, so I'll have to be extra careful.

Noon. The wind calmed, but the seas remained high. I've been heading SSE for two days now, and I'm 120 miles due south of Cape Agulhas. The shelf is about 30 miles to the northeast. Although I've sailed well beyond the edge of the bank, I keep adding some south to

my easting, to skirt the west-flowing Agulhas Current, which follows the outer edge of the bank.

November 18, Day 79

The wind is blowing at force 3, if that, but the seas are like under a force 5 or 6. I've never seen the likes!

This morning, the wind shifted just after the weather forecast came out, as though it was waiting for an order. It did the same thing after last evening's weather report.

4,400 miles to Cape Leeuwin.

November 22, Day 83

Since Cape of Good Hope, the wind has been strong and the seas high. Actually, in the past week, the wind has exceeded force 6 five times. I only had two days of manageable weather. Because of the spray, I have to keep the companionway closed, so I'm confined below. It's impossible to be on the deck for more than five minutes without getting dumped with a bucket of water. I even have to don my oilskin to get a sextant sight.

The seas are rough, heavy, and high. Not yet dangerous, but very uncomfortable. Inside, the rolling makes itself felt even more and the little daily chores become much more demanding, so I do no more than necessary. I have no energy left to do little maintenance tasks or the other improvements needed to render *Jean-du-Sud* capsize-proof.

I didn't expect such difficult conditions. There is quite a difference between the Atlantic Ocean and the southern Indian Ocean (I'm only at 39° latitude). I get shaken copiously. I don't know if this is normal weather, or if things have been exceptionally bad this season, but if this is going to go on for the 4 months it will take me to cross two oceans…

I'm starting to understand what they mean by "Roaring Forties".

November 23, Day 84

First reef at 11 p.m., second at 1 this morning, third at 3. At 5 a.m., I totally dropped the mainsail to run before a westerly gale, under reefed foresail sheeted flat.

At 7:30 a.m., the reefing line broke. I dropped the foresail to run under bare poles at 3 to 4 knots. The seas were very high and *Jean-du-Sud* was rolling a lot.

7 p.m. The wind lessened an hour or two ago, but is still blowing hard. I hoisted and poled-out the working jib. The seas did not yet seem really dangerous, and *Jean-du-Sud* did not seem to risk dunking its mast into the water, but I've been thoroughly thrashed about all day long.

November 25, Day 86

The wind is almost calm. The seas are back to normal. Whew! What a relief!

I took out the flour mill and opened up the bakery and pizzeria.

The barometer is high and steady.

There are a lot of birds. I see mostly cape petrels, medium-sized petrels easily recognizable because of their uniform brown-black color, with the exception of two white, almost square-shaped wing patches. I identify another bird as a Salvin's prion (it could also be an Antarctic prion, but I prefer the name Salvin's prion, a name that is less depressing than its other name in French, *Prion de la Désolation*). They travel in large flocks, and their flight is graceful, like that of terns. They're a bit smaller than the cape petrel, a beautiful blue-gray, with a darker, W-shaped stripe across the wings and back.

There are also many species of different-sized petrels, not to mention the ever-present large albatrosses, that glide by majestically without ever flapping their wings.

November 30, Day 91

I am sailing through banks of fog in a force 7 head wind. I haven't seen the sun in several days, and my water tanks are full, thanks to the abundant rain, which hasn't stopped.

December first, Day 92

I can't wait until the wind shifts! For a week now, it has been blowing briskly from the northeast, forcing me to add some south to my easting. The boat gets tossed, banged around, and drenched. Yet, according to the pilot chart, the relative frequency of easterly winds in this area is very low.

Looking at the document more closely, I noticed that I am about to sail through the meanest part of the entire Indian Ocean: the percentage of winds equal to or above force 8 is 21! More than one day in five. This is the highest number on the whole chart. This promises to get interesting!

In the afternoon, the wind seemed to lessen and the fog changed to drizzle. I sink into reading *Lord of the Rings*. I think this book is monumental and totally suits my present circumstances. I lose myself in it entirely, marveling at Tolkien's rich imagination and talent as a storyteller.

December 2, Day 93

I have not moved since dawn. The wind has died completely, and the absence of northeast swells makes me hope the wind will soon come back to the west. Even the sun has returned. I finished the bottom scraping work I started off Cape Town. I found impressively large barnacles, mostly around the stern overhang and the rudder.

December 3, Day 94

This morning I noticed that the third and last propeller for the hydro-alternator is gone. This time, I can't blame the sharks. It's my own fault.

The propeller line connects to the hydro-alternator shaft through a little plastic sleeve, the resistance of which is set so that it breaks if the tension on the line goes above a certain value (so I won't lose the hydro-alternator or tear off the stern pulpit, should the line get tangled in a fishing net, a rope or some other flotsam).

The little piece of line that was lashing the hydro-alternator to the pulpit wrapped itself around the sleeve, forcing the hydro-alternator to pivot upwards: the sleeve, which was meant to work in tension, but not in flexion, snapped, setting the line and the propeller adrift.

What is worse is that I noticed this bit of line yesterday and I neglected to coil it, never thinking about what could happen. I could kick myself!

Fortunately, my batteries are charged, because I can't really count on my two solar panels. Save yesterday, I haven't seen the sun in close to a week. The panels are installed on the cabin top, so they are often in shade. I will have to keep my radio communications a minimum, give my position, that's all. And I won't be able to show a masthead light at night.

The wind is near gale again, but now from the SW. The seas are high, but beautiful (to look at).

The southerly wind caused the temperature to drop several degrees. To go out and reef the sails I have to wear a thick woolen toque and gloves.

December 4, Day 95

I can't stop thinking about the loss of my last propeller. Not so much because it deprives me of electricity and radio contact, but because it is the result of a flagrant lack of impeccability.

Each time I furl a foresail on the top lifeline, I force myself to do so impeccably, no matter how strong the wind is, even if I expect to

unfurl it half an hour later. I will not give the sea the slightest opportunity to penetrate the sail, to find a little opening and then, through repeated blows, to work it out of the gaskets. But this task is relatively simple. I can foresee the consequences of this action, because it's something I've been doing for a long time.

I clearly remember seeing the loose line the day before yesterday, and thinking I should coil it. But since I couldn't see any negative consequences from leaving it the way it was, I left it. Carlos Casteneda confirms that a warrior acquires power by being impeccable.[14] Indian yogis talk about conscience. It's the same thing.

A light wind today allowed me to climb the mast to replace the anchor light with a weaker one. I have to compromise between saving power and signaling my presence. I haven't sighted any shipping since Good Hope, but I find it hard to sail at night without a light.

December 5, Day 96

This morning, there is a halo around the sun, and the barometer falls. This evening, near gale from the west.

This afternoon, in an accidental jibe that told me it was time to reef, the mainsheet caught the stern support for the camera and spat it into the sea. I still have the other support, mounted at the front of the cockpit. Now I'll have to move it each time I need it. (The whole camera attachment device is pretty crude: a bolt welded to some vice grips clamped on a tube; the bolt screws into the threaded hole on the underside of the camera, secured with a locknut.)

December 6, Day 97

6 a.m. It didn't seem like the wind was stronger than force 7, but *Jean-du-Sud* was nearly knocked over. The mast didn't go in, but it came pretty close to the surface. Since yesterday, the wind has been from the west, and there didn't seem to be any cross swell. I have no

[14] The Second Ring of Power, Simon and Shuster, p. 123.

idea what happened. Midday, the wind shifted to SW, still near gale, and the sky started to clear.

6 p.m. The wind didn't abate until the end of the afternoon. Right now, it's just about force 5, but the seas are still vicious They keep breaking and the companionway has to stay shut. It's very cold. I feel tired and depressed. To lift my spirits, I reread the mail I received at Cape of Good Hope.

December 7, Day 98

I had imagined a long retreat at sea, where internal silence would easily settle in, far from the distractions of life on land. But here, I encounter the same struggles I was dealing with before. The change needs to come from within, not through external circumstances.

December 8, Day 99

For a few days now, I've noticed that the self-steering is not working well. *Jean-du-Sud* has been zigzagging along and the response to the impulse from the vane is delayed. I'm worried that a part has worn out, and I'm waiting for a period of calm to have a look.

This morning, the wind abated, so I took the opportunity to disassemble the device. Luckily, it's only a bolt that became loose. There is no sign of wear.

I finally managed to dry the laundry I did two weeks ago. There was always too much spray or not enough sun to hang it out to dry.

The wind picked up mid-day, very light, but a headwind, from the NE. It wasn't very strong, so I dropped two trolling lines. All I managed to catch was a bird. It was probably interested in my lure and got its wing caught on the hook. It had drowned by the time I reeled it in. I think it was a giant petrel. As its name implies, it's very large, brown with white marks on the head and neck, and a greenish-yellow beak. This will likely be my last attempt at fishing in the Southern Ocean.

Because I have to ration my electricity use, I keep my QSOs to a minimum. Position, distance covered, wind, sea conditions.

Being able to communicate every day makes a huge difference. If I didn't have a transmitter, I wouldn't think about it or miss it. But I have one, and it's like a drug. I feel deprived.

December 10, Day 101

Wind forward of the beam for the third day: northeast, force 6 to 7 yesterday and this evening, a gale. The seas were hitting too hard and I just replaced the storm jib with a reefed foresail. I still managed to bake some bread, no small feat. I ran out two days ago.

I've covered half the distance between Good Hope and Cape Leeuwin. The rough weather tired me out; this headwind is doing me in.

As soon as the wind allows, I'll head a few degrees north, in search of kinder weather. According to the pilot chart, the frequency of gales drops by half north of the 40th parallel.

December 11, Day 102

When I woke up, the wind had shifted 180 degrees, the seas were confused, and the barometer had risen to vertical.

I just crossed over the ten thousand-mile non-stop threshold: 10,038 miles from Saint-Malo at the noon fix, 2,743 miles to Cape Town, an average of 114 miles a day in the Indian Ocean.

While flipping through my large collection of charts, I noticed I have no detailed chart for the south of Tasmania. But I have one of Bass Strait, between Australia and Tasmania. The next rendezvous will have to be somewhere off the coast of Melbourne. At this rate, I should be there by January 7.

After 64 days of silence, Pierre informs me that he once again has received authorization to talk to me. The Ministry of Communications has granted me a temporary ham operator license, along with a nice, new call sign: VEOMAP Maritime Mobile.

At the Good Hope rendezvous, I had signed an affidavit declaring I knew everything required to become an amateur radio operator and that I would take the exam on my return (once I was at sea, this provision of the law could be invoked). I sincerely thank the Ministry people for showing empathy.

This is the perfect gift to mark the first 10,000 miles.

Without electricity, I couldn't spend a lot of time on the radio, but I was still very happy to hear Pierre's friendly voice and get news from Montreal. He told me that last week he went to a screening of the raw footage I passed on at the Cape of Good Hope rendezvous. Yves André and Yves Michon had invited about 50 people who, according to Pierre, had really appreciated the screening and laughed a lot.

When I film a sequence, I try, of course, to do so with the utmost care. But as soon as the roll of film is out of the camera and in its canister, I try not to give it any more thought, so I don't waste energy worrying about the result. It's encouraging to hear this. Another nice gift.

December 13, Day 104

The wind has been SW for the last two days, between force 4 and 6. I took advantage of this fair breeze to add a bit of north to my easting, and sail along the 38th parallel.

December 17, Day 108

Beautiful weather for the last five days, with gentle fair winds. The swell has almost disappeared. I did a thorough clean-up and a few repair and maintenance jobs that I'd neglected since sailing the Indian Ocean.

Unfortunately, there is a halo around the sun and the barometer is slowly starting to fall.

December 19, Day 110

The barometer, which has been dropping for the last two days, only brought a bit of rain and winds that never climbed above force 5. I'm still fiddling about. *Jean-du-Sud* is shipshape.

December 22, Day 113

Yesterday, I realized I had everything I needed to make a new propeller for my hydro-alternator. I have aluminum sheet for the blades, and a lead cylinder that was meant to weigh down the propeller when the seas are rough or the speed too high, that I can use for the hub. I can mount all that onto the end of the shaft and the line that the shark left me.

I started work first thing this morning. First, I cut two identical blades from 2.5 mm aluminum sheet. Then I made two slots in the hub to insert the blades, and attached everything with brass wire.

It took me almost the whole day. I filmed the operation with two cameras, thank you very much! The Arriflex at the very front of the cabin, providing an overview of the scene, and the little Bell-Howell shooting down the companionway for a close-up of the work. It's a lot more work to film with two cameras at the same time, but the weather is nice and I'm in no rush!

But speed is just under 3 knots, so I will have to wait until I can test the fruit of my labor.

December 23, Day 114

4 knots. I was able to test my new prop, and there's too much pitch to the blades. Twisting them with pliers corrected this easily enough. The hydro-alternator puts out 2 amps, which is pretty close to its normal output for this low speed. What more can I ask?

December 24, Day 115

I don't mind the solitude, but I do miss those I love. Especially Julika and Annikki. Their smiling photos give me much joy and strength, and I look forward to when I will be able to hold them in my arms again. I hope they don't miss me too much.

In filming my Christmas dinner, I tried to make it seem like dusk by waiting for daylight to fade just enough to make the warm light of my kerosene lamps visible.

At the end of the afternoon, I set the camera up at the front of the cabin, with a wide-angle lens that takes in the whole cabin. Then I prepared the meal: pizza garnished with lentils, onions, tomatoes, olives and cheese, and a salad of grated carrots.

Then I set up my lighting: my two kerosene lamps, their glass chimneys polished to make them as bright as possible, and my big spotlight (with a thin sheet of paper to diffuse the light) to open up my face, in case there is too much shadow.

Then I waited until the light had faded enough to let you see the light cast by the lamps, taking readings with the photometer now and again. At f/2.8, I put the pizza in the oven. At f/2, it was baked, and I shot the sequence.

I take the pizza out of the oven. *"December 24. Christmas Eve. I am now at 105 degrees longitude east, the exact antipode to Montreal. I couldn't be farther from the ones I love, unless I climbed up the mast!"*

Christmas dinner will be pizza. I made some bread. When I make bread, I always make pizza. I save some dough."

I serve myself some pizza, uncork a bottle and toast the camera. *"Well, Merry Christmas! At least the weather's not bad. All the best, to everyone back home: my children, my parents, and to my friends and loved ones!*

"Cider from Brittany, from the Saint-Malo area. Cider from Geneviève. Thanks, Geneviève!" This is the last of the three bottles that Geneviève, a friend from Plouër, gave to me a year before I set sail. The bottle had gotten lost in the bilge, and I was very happy to have something bubbly to uncork for the occasion.

December 25, Day 116

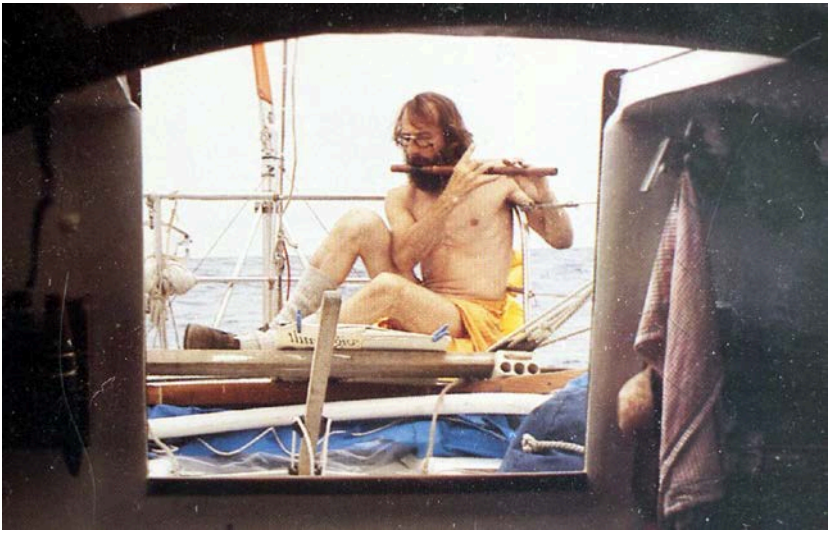
While listening to yesterday's sequence, I noticed the sound quality was very poor. The heads of the tape recorder had become corroded.

I carefully cleaned them and the humming lessened, and then I rerecorded my voice at different speeds, to make it easier for the editor to synchronize the sound with the picture.

The wind is still very light and there is a light swell. A thin layer of cirrus clouded the sky overnight.

December 26, Day 117

This exceptional weather allowed me to hoist the spinnaker. The swells are weak and the self-steering gear easily keeps course, despite the wind, between force 1 and 2. There was nothing for me to do but enjoy the view and take advantage of the full sun. Christmas holidays! I welcomed the weather with a sense of relief.



When I find the time to play my bamboo flute, I usually end up playing Gilles Vigneault melodies. This afternoon, I played my entire repertoire.

December 29, Day 120

The wind suddenly shifted to the south and increased to force 7 with a squall. I'm getting closer to Cape Leeuwin, and I believe this is a "*southerly buster*", a wind that typically accompanies a front off Australia's southern coast.

For reading, I brought along mostly serious works: the complete works of Sri Aurobindo, the 10 first volumes of "*Mother's Agenda*[15]", etc. But I am no longer motivated by *The Agenda*. I've discovered that it is more important to become than it is to know.

December 31, Day 122

I covered 170 miles over the last 24 hours, *Jean-du-Sud*'s best run to date, in a force 6 south-westerly breeze, on a broad reach, under foresail and three reefs in the main.

Some people thrive in mountains, others among trees, in the forest. I find resonance with the sea.

The whistling of the wind, combined with the slap of water against the hull, produces steady music that is punctuated by the cymbal of the bow as it rides the crests or the boom of the bass drum created by the shock of a sea on the point of breaking.

Sometimes the noise makes me wonder if I've hit a big piece of wood or metal.

I am impressed and at times frightened by the blind and colossal strength of a heavy, stormy sea. It goes beyond anything I'd imagined, though I've read a lot on this.

I can easily do without recorded music.

[15] Institute for Evolutionary Research, New York, 1978-1981.

I listen. It's through the ear that I know what's going on. If there's a slight variation in the rhythm of the crests or a change in the whispering of the waves I know the wind has shifted, or that it's time to reef or trim a sheet, or that something is happening.

January first, 1982, Day 123

New Year's present: I pass the longitude of Cape Leeuwin, approximately 250 miles to my north. *Jean-du-Sud* is still in fine form, but I'm beginning to show signs of wear.

For several days now, I've had to urinate more often than usual. I have a slight pain in my lower back, so I consulted the two medical books I have on board: *Médicine en mer sans médecin*[16] and *The Well Body Book*[17]. I think I may have cystitis, no doubt due to the extreme fatigue I've been subject to over an extended period, and maybe also because of the questionable quality of the water in my tanks. I start a course of antibiotics.

I scheduled a rendezvous with the Ciné-Groupe team in Port Phillip at the entrance to Melbourne Bay. In addition to new film stock, they'll be bringing me two replacement propellers for the hydro-alternator, and another Nagra tape recorder, as the head on mine is corroded.

Pierre told me they won't be there until the 11th, and I'm worried I'll get there before they do. I still have a thousand miles to go, less than ten days if I continue at this speed. Having to wait for them would annoy me to no end. I'd probably be tempted to walk away from it all, the film, the radio communications, etc., and to continue on.

January 4, Day 126

Pierre put me in touch with Heini (VK3HL), an Australian ham operator living in Geelong, near Melbourne. Heini has a strong radio

[16] TN: ("*Medicine at sea without a doctor*"). First published in 1977 by Editions Maritimes Et D'outre-Mer.

[17] Written by Mike Samuels. First published in 1973 by Random House.

station and relays my messages when propagation is not strong enough for Pierre to copy me. Laurie (VK3BXO) also joined us. He is getting ready to sail across the southern Pacific and recommends meeting off the small port of Flinders, about twenty miles past the entrance to Port Phillip Bay, where Melbourne is. According to him, this is the most accessible spot and it won't put me too far off course.

I allow myself two radio contacts per day: the daily QSO with Pierre, which, when propagation is good, is broadcast by CKMF Radio and also the "Maritime Net" (for network), moderated by Bruce (VK2DFH) in Sidney and Tony (ZL1ATE) in Auckland.

I contacted them after I received my Canadian call sign. Ham radio operators sailing in the Indian Ocean, the Tasman Sea or the Pacific Ocean come in one at a time, when called by Bruce and Tony, to provide their position, their route, their speed, and the weather. Then Peter (VK9JA), who is based at Norfolk Island in the Tasman Sea, decodes the weather bulletins broadcast in Morse code and gives us the forecast for the zone each boat is in.

Jean-du-Sud is the only boat sailing so far south; others are in the sun, in the trade winds. I envy them!

I've had a headwind for the last two days. Yesterday it was manageable, but today it is blowing a gale, and I refuse to heave-to. It's not very comfortable, but *Jean-du-Sud*, sailing at 3 knots, withstands the heavy seas and doesn't seem to be suffering any ill effects.

It takes a lot of effort to cook and to eat while clutching my plate, trying to keep it from either flying out of my hands or from ditching what's on it. I do only the absolute minimum. My meals have become monotonous and I have no appetite.

I seek refuge in my berth and try to store some extra sleep in anticipation of my landfall and then sailing across Bass Strait.

January 6, Day 128

To sleep more or less normally, I finally hove-to last night. At sunrise, the sky had cleared and the wind finally agreed to shift to NW, then W, but still at near gale force.

I'm tired. I have no energy and have no idea what to make to eat. I would to place an order of barbecued chicken!

January 7, Day 129

It's gray and drizzly, yet I was able to get a few sextant sights through a small hole in the clouds, in anticipation of my landfall on Cape Otway. My fix places it at 291 miles in the ENE.

I tried to sleep for the rest of the day, and continue my antibiotic treatment, but the symptoms haven't diminished.

This infection worries me. Would it be wiser to stop in Australia to get this problem under control before it gets worse and possibly unmanageable, later, once I'm in the middle of the Pacific, far from help? Given my current state of extreme fatigue, perhaps the antibiotic treatment is not enough. Would it be better to take drastic measures right away? Going ashore in Australia would mean that the trip would no longer be non-stop, and I'm in a quandary.

If the infection worsens, my bladder could become obstructed. I'd have to empty it with a catheter, and I asked Pierre to include one with the items the team is bringing me. Still, I can't see myself using it.

Will I have the strength I need to get through the most difficult part of my voyage, Cape Horn, still ahead?

January 9, Day 131

I saw a sail, approximately 4 miles astern, sailing on opposite tack. This was the first boat I'd seen since Cape of Good Hope. The wind shifted to the east and is now from ahead, forcing me to beat to windward.

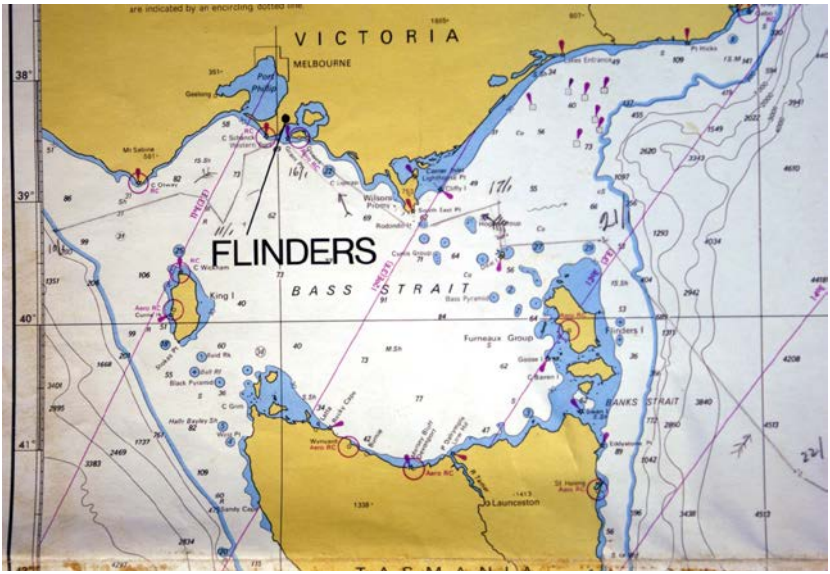
At dusk, a clear sky and a manageable sea allowed me to take sextant sights on the moon, Sirius, Canopus, Betelgeuse and Aldebaran. With three or four sights on each star, the averaged position lines intersect within less than two miles.

January 10, Day 132

At dawn, I could see the Cape Otway light, three flashes every 18 seconds. The wind was still ahead, but had lessened, so I hoped it would change direction. But it picked up again, still NE, and kept changing in strength, so I've had to change jibs and reef several times, something I could do without right now.

January 11, Day 133

I have to sail across Bass Strait, which is the size of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It separates the Australian continent from Tasmania. Flinders, the small port I am heading for, is right in the middle, about 75 miles northeast. But the wind, when there is any, stubbornly blows head on, forcing me to tack to take advantage of the slightest lift, like in a regatta. Unfortunately, my light genoa is as old as the boat and no longer has the shape of a racing sail. We're crawling!



Over the radio, I hear that an extreme heat wave has spread across the entire Australian continent. Twenty-five miles offshore, I can already feel the warm gusts.

The wind picked up in the afternoon, forcing me to reduce to heavy genoa. I am still tacking. A plane flew low over me twice and returned in the direction it came.

January 12, Day 135

I kept tacking through the night (a third sleepless night) in a headwind that, since yesterday, has been strong. At the end, I also had to fight the tide.

At 5:30 this morning, I picked up a mooring in the small port of Flinders. Over the VHF, I asked the port authorities to delay customs formalities until the end of the morning, so I can have some time to recover. I also said that I intended to wait for the Ciné-Groupe team here, without coming ashore, and would be leaving as soon as I've handed off the film and the equipment has been put aboard.

I had barely fallen asleep when I heard knocks on the hull. Two journalists were there, and they'd been waiting for me since yesterday evening. They show me the first page of their newspaper: an aerial photo of *Jean-du-Sud*. A short article gives a few details provided by Heini, the ham operator from Geelong, and also comments on how I kept cool during this heat. They called me Mr. Cool, because when I heard the plane circle overhead and climbed on deck, I was completely naked. Apparently, I made quite an impression on the female journalist, and they wanted some information and a few more photos (fully clothed this time). They said it would only take a few minutes. Afterwards, I could return to my berth.

They came one after another, all morning long. First the newspapers, then the port authorities, when they saw I wasn't sleeping. The port doctor assured me that my diagnosis was correct, that I'd taken the right medication, and that with a bit of rest, I should feel better. And then the local radio and television stations stopped by.

* Page 2—The Sun, Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1982

MR COOL SAILS IN

...a way to beat heat

By TRICIA QUIRK

WHILE Victorians sizzled yesterday, a lone yachtsman in Bass Strait was Mr Cool.

French-Canadian Yves Gelinas, 42, had found a way to beat the heat — he appeared on deck naked to wave to The Sun plane.

And he's in for cooler days still — when he goes to the fringe of the Antarctic Circle on the way round Cape Horn.

Gelinas is on a round-the-world voyage and yesterday was heading slowly for Flinders for his only Australian stop.

He was to arrive in the early hours this morning to take on supplies and to have a medical check-up.

Gelinas left the French port of St. Malo about four months ago.

He plans to sail his 10-metre sloop around Cape Horn and back to Canada.

The Sun plane found the Jean du Sud (John of the South), making its way slowly towards Flinders.

Gelinas, a keen amateur radio operator, has maintained communications through his trip with ham radio operators around the world.

Melbourne contact Mr Gary Jordan said he first talked to Gelinas about two weeks ago.

Each night the two have made contact and Mr Jordan has reported on the yacht's progress to a group of Canadian pressmen due in Melbourne today.

Mr Jordan said the yacht would be at Flinders for a couple of days, but Gelinas must not go ashore if he wants the trip recorded as "non-stop."

Perth yachtsman Jon Sanders set out last September to try for a world record for the longest time spent at sea alone.

He planned to sail 100,000 km — twice around the world — in 13 months, and is due for a re-supply rendezvous at sea south of Hobart early next month.

The Guinness Book of Records says Robin Knox Johnston spent 312 days at sea in 1968 and 1969 when he circumnavigated the world from Falmouth, England.

At noon, everyone headed out to lunch, and I was invited to join them. To spare me the work of inflating my dinghy, they offered to

take me back aboard *Jean-du-Sud* with their boat. Exhausted and unable to think clearly, I followed them.

Of course, their cameras did not miss the first steps on solid land by this solo navigator who had been at sea for 134 days.

At the Flinders Hotel, I was offered a hot shower, which I drew out a while, and then a meal, every mouthful of which I thoroughly enjoyed. It was the first meal that I didn't have to prepare myself in four and a half months.

When I returned on board, after all the excitement had died down, I had the time to reflect on what had just happened and suddenly, the enormity of my actions hit me – I had set foot on land.

No matter how often I told myself that I had all the excuses in the world, that I was exhausted after 75 miles of a head wind and three sleepless nights, that I didn't really know what I was doing, that going into port and mooring was playing with fire, that I was starving, but no longer had the strength to make myself some food, that the temptation of a good meal with others was stronger than I could bear, I'm not superhuman, after all, and if I really did want to go non-stop, I would have to forget about meeting Ciné-Groupe and keep going!

But the proof is there: this is no longer a non-stop voyage. And suddenly I start bawling, broken by this failure. After a while, my fatigue gets the better of my grief, I collapse on my berth and sleep deeply.

In my sleep, I hear a female voice calling my name…

But no, I am not dreaming. I am very much awake, and the calls continue, so I drag myself from my berth and come on deck. Against the light of the setting sun, I can see a pretty blonde on the wharf, waving wildly at me. I can't resist. I drop the mooring, hoist the mainsail and put in a few tacks to come closer to the wharf.

Before too long, I recognize Louise, a childhood friend, a neighbor of my father's in Oka. She had read about my stop in the newspapers and for the last two days, had been checking all the ports in the region, to make sure she wouldn't miss me.

In this morning's newspaper, she saw that I was headed for Flinders. She and her three pretty girls, also blond, had followed her

husband for a few years of work in Australia. I was welcome to stay with them, but I had to decline her invitation. Of course, I had already set foot on land, and could no longer claim to have made a non-stop voyage, but still, I wanted to limit my time on land to a minimum and didn't want to be far from *Jean-du-Sud*. Our reunion is a pleasant one, and we spent the evening on the wharf, enjoying a bountiful picnic that her husband picked up.

Flinders, January 15, 1982

The next morning, the somewhat less charming voice of Jacques Pettigrew tore me from my sleep. Yves André is there again, but this time, they are accompanied by Paul Houde, the CKMF radio host. He is the one who introduces my messages every morning and who comments on the information transmitted to him by Pierre on days when propagation is not good enough to play my message on air.

They landed yesterday, and even came to Flinders in the afternoon and called me, without managing to wake me (obviously, I needed a blondwoman's golden voice to drag me from my berth). They went to their hotel, also to sleep, to recover from their jetlag. Jacques makes no pains to hide the surprise and disappointment he felt when he turned on the television in his hotel room and saw that I had set foot on land.

First, we recorded interviews with Paul, to fill in the days when propagation was bad. And then we filmed inside *Jean-du-Sud*, as the editor had requested some match cuts. This took two full days. We even went out to sea, along with a fishing boat, from which Jacques shot some footage. The breeze was fresh and the angle of the late-afternoon light should make for some beautiful shots. Yves was on board with me and helped me maneuver the boat, hiding in the cabin whenever filming started.

I am deeply moved by how nice people are here. Someone left a case of beer on the deck, someone else left a three-liter cask of Australian wine. They ask good questions, and their comments are informed – it is clear they are sailors.

I accompanied the team to a restaurant for a goodbye meal. With the exception of these two meals ashore, I did not leave the boat or the pier. However, this wonderful visit in Australia leaves me with tremendous heartbreak. During the meal, I fell head over heels in love with the young and pretty waitress, who hopelessly remained ice cold!

Here I am again, alone on *Jean-du-Sud*. It feels strange to once again find myself in silence after this communication blitz.

I admit I undertake this new leg with a certain apprehension. Tasman Sea, between here and New Zealand, has a bad reputation. Pilot charts say that at this time of the year, average wind force is between 8 and 9! I still have half the trip ahead of me, and the risk of committing a serious mistake is amplified by my fatigue.

January 16, Day 135

On account of the prevailing easterly winds in Bass Strait, sailing directions recommend going out via the west, by sailing around the west coast of Tasmania. But I tell myself, "Why should I retrace my steps and make my trip longer, my boat can sail to windward under the lightest breeze, these directions are from the days of square riggers! Besides, the forecast is calling for a west wind."

So, I find myself beating against the wind, watching out for rocks!

Deal Island, January 19, 1982

I left Flinders feeling more tired than when I arrived. Two more nights of keeping watch, and now the prospect of at least one or more sleepless nights: to port, I have to watch out for rocks; to starboard there are drilling rigs and boats engaged in a seismographic survey.

Yesterday, it was blowing a near gale, still from ahead, so I decided to anchor between two islands at the mouth of Bass Strait, until the wind turns. This was safer. I was totally spent. To continue in this headwind would have been suicidal.

January 20, Day 138

The east wind had abated considerably, and the forecast called for SW, so I pulled up anchor early in the afternoon to take advantage of a strong tidal current that added two knots to my speed. But the weak breeze dropped just when I left the passage, and the SW didn't show up. It's still alright, the current is pushing me out to sea. But I hope the breeze comes before the tide turns, otherwise the current could take me to the rocks.

Even the force of the wind and the sea seem to abide by the laws of Australian hospitality. First a headwind prevents me from leaving, and now that I'm ready to leave, the calm is prolonging my stay by a few hours.

As the tide turned, a little breeze came from the north, finally allowing me to sail away. I hope it holds and I don't have to stand watch again tonight!

After those two days at anchor, I feel a bit more rested. I met some friendly people. First, the crew of *Baybea*, a yacht that had also sought shelter from the bad weather, and then the lighthouse keeper couple, with whom I spent a nice evening yesterday. Both had heard about *Jean-du-Sud* and my voyage, and insisted that I not fire up my stove!

My speed is too slow to tow the alternator, so I threw in a troll line. A mackerel invited itself to dinner five minutes after I had opened a can of sardines!

January 24, Day 142

This evening, Radio-Canada will be broadcasting an initial half-hour film about my preparations and will show a few of the first shots of my voyage to Madeira. I'd give everything to see it!

The wind has remained manageable since Deal Island, and allows me some much-needed sleep. I slowly recover from my fatigue.

January 27, Day 145

A Chilean sailor I met on the wharf in Flinders told me that Cape Horn was nothing compared to the Tasman Sea. He said he'd rounded the Hard Cape several times on cargo ships and crossed the Tasman Sea a few times. He found the first was easy compared to the second.

I am starting to believe him: *Jean-du-Sud*'s mast just dipped in the sea at 46° south and 160° east, two-thirds of the way between Tasmania and New Zealand.

A SW gale had been blowing for 24 hours.

I was on a broad reach under foresail and three reefs in the main. *Jean-du-Sud* was behaving quite well and didn't appear to be suffering. In the early morning, the wind seemed to have picked up to force 9. I replaced the mainsail with the trysail. *Jean-du-Sud* behaved well all day, taking the seas on the quarter, without shipping anything except some spray when a breaking crest slammed into the hull.

At 8 p.m., I was dozing in my berth when I felt the boat slowly tip. But the listing didn't stop, and the mast went into the water, at least 30 degrees below horizontal. I was sleeping on the leeward side, so at least I didn't get ejected from the berth. The boat righted itself immediately.

Luckily, the damage was minimal: the vane on the self-steering got bent (despite this, *Jean-du-Sud* was back on course) and the shackle holding the tack of the foresail got twisted. Only the radar reflector, attached to the mast, under the top spreaders, was completely destroyed; I rigged up my replacement. Luckily, the companionway was closed, so very little water got inside.

In short, this scenario confirms the faith I have in the sturdiness of my boat.

Unfortunately, the same doesn't apply to me: the symptoms of my bladder infection, which had subsided for a week, returned yesterday.

January 30, Day 148

I was able to get a great star fix yesterday evening (Sirius, Canopus, Aldebaran and Alpha Centauri) and I decided to shorten the

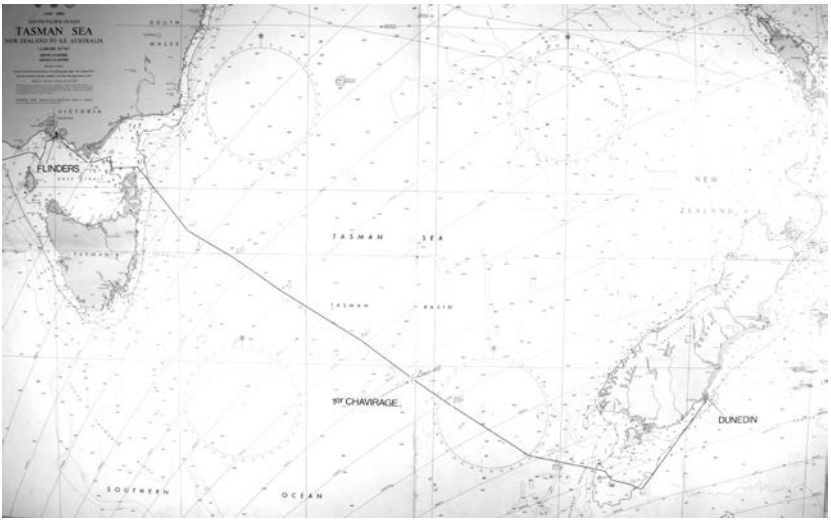
route somewhat by sailing through the 50-mile gap between South Trap and the Snares, islands to the south of Stewart Island (which is south of New Zealand). But even if I climb to the spreaders, I can't see the Snares, which, according to my navigation, should be about ten miles to the south. A dry fog limits visibility.

January 31, Day 149

I just discovered that the knock-down four days ago caused more damage than I thought. The shrouds seemed soft and I naively figured they had stretched as a result of the knock-down. But it's more serious: the cabin-top has sunken down a good centimeter and the forward hatch cover no longer closes tight.

It was the water coming in through the hatch (which had been watertight until now) that made me suspicious.

The mast is stepped on deck immediately behind the hatch. To allow passage to the forward cabin, it is supported by a horizontal beam of solid laminated oak and mahogany. Under the pressure exerted by the mast in the knock-down, this piece delaminated and now caves downwards slightly.



Before leaving, I had wondered if the step was solid enough. But I'd decided this construction was sufficient and I didn't reinforce it. I have even less reason to make excuses because I read Brigitte Oudry's account. She was the first woman to sail around Cape Horn, and she'd had the same mishap.

I wonder if it's wise to continue. I don't have any wood long or solid enough to support the step from the inside. I dare not head west, so I head northwest, in case I have to put in at port. I can put in either at the Chatham Islands, 600 miles northwest, or the port of Dunedin, in New Zealand, 150 miles north.

I don't want to think about the consequences of another knock-down.

February 2, Day 151

Even if it diverts me more, I've decided to put in at Dunedin, in the south of New Zealand. I'm more likely able to make repairs there.

If the wind holds, I'll be there before day's end.

To be completely honest, I don't regret having to stop. This time, I hope to rid myself of this infection. It's been going on for a month. I am exhausted. My fatigue is due mostly to the storms on the Southern Ocean, but also, to a great extent, from beating across Bass Strait: six full days of coastal sailing, watching for rocks and cargo ships, and only time for catnaps…

The ocean is an extremely demanding environment and now I'm running out of steam. If I want to avoid breaking something on the boat, ripping a sail, or injuring myself, I have to do everything perfectly. With my increasing fatigue, this is becoming more and more difficult.

When I got knocked down, I had restarted the antibiotics, and I was still very tired. Maybe I should have paid more attention and shortened sail even more, but I did what I could at the time.

Dunedin, February 8, 1982

I had read that in New Zealand, sailing is popular, and that cruisers passing through are welcome. I can now confirm this is true. Tuesday, end of day. I was still adjusting my docking lines on the wharf at Port Chalmers (the port that serves the city of Dunedin), when Bruce Tranor introduced himself and asked if I needed anything. I explained my problem and he told me he'd be back in the morning to help me find a solution.

The next morning, just as I was getting ready to head out on my own, I saw him arrive, true to his word. We drove to the three yards in the region, but they were too busy maintaining fishing boats (we're in peak season). He's confident we'll find a solution. He took me to see one of his longshoremen colleagues, Peter Manning, who was completing the construction of his 40-foot yacht. Peter told me not to worry, he would take care of my problem. He'd need a few days to get together the materials, and then he would come do the repairs after work. All I had to do was wait.

Six days later, the repairs have been made. A thick piece of wood reinforces the horizontal beam, supported by two solid vertical beams bolted to the bulkhead. As an extra precaution, I even have a removable vertical post, that I can wedge into place, to provide additional support to the underside of the step and which rests right on the keel. I'll put it in place if there is a danger of being knocked over. And Peter did not want a single cent for all his work!

I took time to rest. Once again, I consulted with a doctor, who confirmed my diagnosis and prescribed different antibiotics. I hope they work this time.

I was welcomed into the homes of several families, first at Mike and Lynn Dawson's. Mike works here, near the port, doing excavation work. When he saw me busy working on my boat, he invited me for tea at his place a few times (I quickly learned that in Kiwiland, tea means dinner). It feels good to be in the welcoming environment of a family home. I also got to know Fin Bruce, a ham radio operator (ZL4HI), and he let me make a few QSOs with Pierre (the weak signal from my backstay antenna was absorbed by neighboring masts and construction cranes around the port).

In addition to opening his home to me, Fin also offered me free rein in his vegetable garden, to round out my supplies.

February 9, Day 151

It is to the refrains of the Irish reel *Champion of the Seas*, played by Fin on his bagpipes, that I cast off my lines and left Port Chalmers, a week to the hour after having put in here.

The Pacific is ahead of me.

I put to sea fifteen days behind schedule, lost a week sailing across Bass Strait and putting in at Flinders, lost another week here. All in all, a good month's delay into the season. I admit I am somewhat apprehensive about what lies ahead. Worried that the fall gales may already have started at Cape Horn.

February 12, Day 153

At about 5:30 a.m., I was pulled out of my berth by the sounds of a motor. Just behind me was a Japanese trawler. I had just crossed his bow, and now it was slowly pulling up alongside. The crew was leaning on the rail, checking me out, doubtless as surprised as I was. I was not far away when I crossed their bow, and I assume it had needed to maneuver to avoid hitting me. This is the first time that I have sailed so close to another vessel. The chart shows no bank nearby, and I wonder what the boat is doing here, more than a hundred miles from shore.

Since leaving Dunedin, I have been running before the wind, which is blowing at force 4 to 5. “Mac” Mc Donald (ZL4JC), a ham radio operator I met in Dunedin, has been providing me with the forecast every day. He advises I follow the 47th parallel to cross the Pacific. This is where I should find the best compromise between fair winds and depressions. Right now, I’m at 46° latitude and I slowly head towards the 47th parallel, having gained one degree south per day since Dunedin.

February 12, Day 154

As predicted by Mac this morning, gale from the SW this afternoon. According to him, it should calm tomorrow. The seas are high, but not dangerous.

February 13 (still), Day 156

Today, I crossed 180° longitude, the international date line. I am now in the west longitudes. Yesterday, I was 12 hours behind Greenwich Mean Time, and now I’m 12 hours ahead, but I have to set the date back and relive February 13.

The wind dropped to force 6 yesterday, but today, is once again gale force. According to Mac’s forecast, and according to another forecast from a station in New Caledonia, I should expect something serious. I am sandwiched between a huge high-pressure area just to my north, that extends along 40 degrees of longitude, and a depression to the south, producing closely spaced isobars.

The weather is cloudy. There is still a fair-sized SW swell, which has not yet had the chance to abate since the gale the day before yesterday.

Jean-du-Sud is ready for heavy weather. This morning, as the wind increased, I dropped and tightly furled what was left of the mainsail, using plenty of sail ties. All that is up is the reefed foresail, which is moving us at 5 to 6 knots, the wind almost dead behind. The

self-steering gear doesn't seem to have any problems maintaining our course, lurching on both sides is limited, and the boat doesn't seem to want to surf down the crests.

Below decks, everything is tied down and the post made in Dunedin is firmly wedged into place to support the mast from the inside, in case it goes into the water. There's nothing else for me to do, so I lay on the berth, my senses on high alert, ready to jump at the slightest suspicious noise, watching the little compass and the log attached to the bulkhead, at the foot of my berth. For now, everything is going well.

February 14, Day 157

All yesterday and all night, the wind stayed at 8. This morning's forecast is still pessimistic. The barometer continues to fall and the wind just picked up a notch – it's now blowing at force 9, from the west.

The seas are high and are starting to break. I try to take in the foresail, but I hoist it back up after an hour, with two reefs, because

Jean-du-Sud didn't seem as happy under bare poles. The speed had dropped below 3 knots and was no longer enough for the self-steering gear to hold course in this confused sea.

With two reefs offering the wind only a few square meters of canvas, *Jean-du-Sud* keeps its stern to the seas.

I am happy that I asked the sailmaker to put a second set of reef points on the foresail. He was against it, saying I would never need it. I told him that it wouldn't hurt and might be useful in extremely high winds, to control my speed.

6 p.m. The wind seems to have gone up another notch and is now blowing at force 10. It's very impressive. To make sure I'm not overestimating the wind force, I keep referring to the description of the Beaufort scale, which I'd cut out of an old sailing magazine and use as a bookmark for my logbook: "Force 10. Storm. Very high waves, long overhanging crests. Surface of sea white with foam." The sea around me totally matches this description.

I would like to shoot some film, but the spray would quickly soak the camera. However, I do manage to take some photos of a few beautiful breaking waves with the Nikonos, through the slightly open

hatch, before the sea washes over the boat. *Jean-du-Sud* is behaving well. The stern lifts to the seas and the cockpit has not yet shipped green water.

February 15, Day 158

One a.m. I am sleeping in my berth, strapped in. A knock-down wakes me up. *Jean-du-Sud* has been knocked over by a breaking sea. Only damage: the line fastening the end of the boom to the backstay has come undone and the boom is rocking gently to the rhythm of the roll, still held in place by the sheet below and topping lift above.

For a few long minutes, I debate whether there is a risk in leaving the boom as it is, or if I should go on deck. If the topping lift snaps, I am in big trouble, the boom might even break. I should probably gather my courage and climb on deck to reattach the boom to the backstay.

Just when I am putting on my oilskin, there is a loud crashing noise, and I feel *Jean-du-Sud* being lifted again. But this time, the movement doesn't stop. I suddenly realize that I am on the cabin top, and that the boat is doing a full roll. Everything happens very quickly. In the time it takes me to realize what is going on, *Jean-du-Sud* is back upright.

I didn't hurt myself. Just a bit of pain in my lower back. The damage inside doesn't seem too severe: things are wet, the mattresses are upside down, the sextant case on the cabin sole, opened up (it was held in place against the locker with bungee cords, which stretched from the impact), but the sextant, secure inside its case, didn't suffer any damage. It doesn't look like much water has gotten in.

Still, I try to get the bilge pump started, but notice it s already running, and that the switch is broken. Now I know why my back is sore!

Outside, things look more serious. From the porthole, I can see the boom.

I still refuse to believe that the mast is gone. I tell myself, "It must be the gooseneck that couldn't take it…" But when I opened the hatch a few moments later, I had to admit defeat. The mast is down,

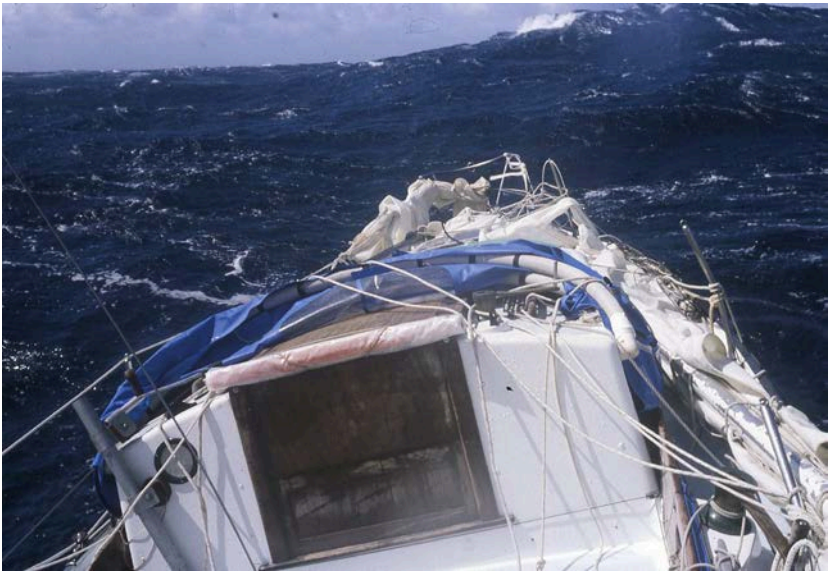
broken in two. The lower part hangs in the water on the starboard side, still linked to the mast step by the halyards. Luckily, the top part is hanging down, held by halyards and shrouds, so there is no danger of it pounding against the hull.

Without the inertia of the mast, the movement of the boat has intensified, and it's pretty much impossible for me to stay on deck. There's nothing I can do right now, so I return to my berth. It's the only spot where I can stay in one place, where I don't need to grab onto whatever I can reach.

For the rest of the night, I am plagued by terrible nightmares. Several times I jump out of bed, hoping it was just a bad dream, refusing to accept reality. I truly believed I'd built a mast that would be capsize proof. But the noise of halyards holding the trunk remind me of the current state of affairs, as they keep grinding into the teak toerail, to the lugubrious rhythm of the roll. By morning, they'd already worn a deep gash. I refuse to cut the rigging and jettison it. I put so much effort into this mast, that I will only cast it off as a last resort. I made each piece with total concentration, and I feel as though I know each bolt and rivet by name.

At dawn, I open the hatch. Where the view from here was once broken by the mast and sails, now there is nothing between me and the horizon. The sky is turning red. The seas are still high. In its fall, the mast flattened the lifeline, bent two stanchions and is jabbing at the water. The bow dips into the water after the crests roll by, but its climbing movement is slowed down by the halyards, attached to the top part of the mast, which hit the toerail with every passing sea.

Over the course of the day, the wind goes down to 9, but the seas are still high and each movement requires ten times as much effort. All I manage to do is to detach the boom and salvage the mainsail, which suffered no damage as it was furled. I can't say the same for the foresail. It is still in the water and I won't be able to pull it out without getting the top part of the mast out of the water, as it is still dangling down. I try to retrieve it, but the movements are too violent for me to be able to do anything by hauling on the halyards, which get pulled out of my hands from the rolling, or snap one after the other



from chafing on the ragged edge of the mast. At least I manage to limit the damage to the rail from the repeated slamming of the shrouds and to lash the other section along the side deck.

The backstay served as an antenna for my transmitter, so I had to jury rig an antenna. I attached a small vacuum vise to the deck and clamped in the antenna lead wire, in contact with a thin, vertical, 2-meter long piece of stainless steel wire, which I'd kept in case I had to repair the self-steering gear. If I can't reach Montreal, I should at least be able to be heard in New Zealand.

At the predetermined contact time, I am dismayed. I can clearly hear the calls to me, but no signal is coming out of my transmitter. It must have received some water in the capsize, and the relay of the output amplifier refuses to make contact. In my last transmission, I had mentioned force 10 winds and seas that could become dangerous. What conclusions will they make when they don't hear from me?

Without too much hope, I try the VHF transmitter, connecting it to the small emergency antenna. To my great surprise, it works. I take a moment to decide what kind of call to send out. I don't want to send

out a Mayday, as this is a distress signal. I don't feel that either I or my boat are in immediate danger. A distress call could alert a rescue boat. I don't have any insurance, and I have no intention of abandoning *Jean-du-Sud* to a boat that might come to tow us away. I opt instead to send out a "pan-pan" call, which will indicate that I'm in no immediate danger. In any case, all I want to do is send out a message to reassure my correspondents.

Jean-du-Sud is not the first boat to be dismasted, and I'll be able to get myself out of this mess.

But I receive no response. Incidentally, I sent this call out mostly to be sure. This little emergency antenna is barely above sea level, so I don't think my signal transmits more than ten miles.

While investigating why the mast broke, I discover that the two port lower shroud chainplates have pulled out of the deck. The 3 quarter inch bolts that fastened them to the gusset below have been sheared clean. The mast snapped at the first spreaders. I have to admit that once again, it's my fault. I had increased the size of the bolts for the backstay chainplates and the cap shrouds, but those on the lower shroud chainplate gussets had seemed large enough and I had left them as is.

February 16, Day 159

Overnight, the wind decided to ease and the seas dropped somewhat. Once again, I will be able to do some work, so I try to get my transmitter going. I unscrew the casing and with cotton swabs dipped in alcohol, I carefully dry the different parts I can reach. I am scared to take it apart too much, in case I can't put it back together.

No luck. It still won't work. I can hear Pierre, then all the other operators in the area call me, each one in turn and I hear the concern in their voices. In the end, I turn off the radio. I don't want to hear these calls if I can't reply.

I explain to the camera that if I turn on my emergency beacon, it is not to get someone to come and tow me out of here; I am not in immediate danger and I'll be able to reach land by my own means, it's only a matter of time. But in Montreal, they are used to hearing

from me regularly, and now they are no doubt imagining the worst. A radio transmitter is great when it works, but a breakdown at the wrong time and everything gets blown out of proportion. To reestablish contact, I have to use my emergency beacon and call for help. Never in my wildest dreams did I see this happening!

Overcome with emotion, I begin to sob.

Once I've calmed down, I realize I'd incorrectly loaded the tape recorder, and that the sound didn't get recorded.

To get the mast out of the water, I have to dive down to tie a line around the middle of the trunk which hangs vertically from the side. In putting on my wetsuit, I think with gratitude of my brother Michel, who gave it to me. Still, the water is so cold, it makes me gasp. I catch my breath, then dive down. The distance seems endless and it's all I can do to not resurface to take another breath. I finally reach the middle of the trunk, attach the line around it and kick vigorously upwards to burst through the surface.

By using a sheet winch, I manage to bring the mast to a horizontal position, and then, with the help of tackles, I hoist it to deck level. Now that the halyards are no longer slapping against the rail from the constant rolling of the sea, I feel a great sense of relief.

The work of securing the mast is interrupted at the end of the afternoon – the gale is back.

February 18, Day 161

The wind has abated somewhat, as has the sea. I can pick up where I left off the day before yesterday and continue to secure the mast along the side deck. I also attempt to step the boom as a jury mast, but there is still too much rolling for me to be able to do it.

While trying to untangle the mass of lines, I realize how much rigging *Jean-du-Sud* has: halyards, sheets, reefing lines, steering lines, topping lifts, lifelines, shrouds, running backstays, it's a tangled mess, as if a huge pile of spaghetti had been dumped on-deck.

At 4 p.m., the onset of rain and wind, and the barometer falls.

February 19, Day 162

After four days of not moving, *Jean-du-Sud* is under way again: I managed to step the boom as a jury mast and hoist the jib by the clew, and then the storm jib. With this set-up, we reach a speed of one and three-quarter knots. The wind agrees to lower to force 4 and blows from the west. The closest land, Chatham Islands, is 300 miles WNW. To reach it, I will have to sail against the wind, and this rig does not allow me to sail much closer to the wind than a beam reach.

For the moment, I'm heading north.

In the afternoon, the wind drops to force 3, shifts to SW, and allows me to sail NW. This is encouraging.

February 20, Day 163

The emergency beacon battery died after 4 days. According to the instructions, it was supposed to run for at least 8 days, but this one had expired more than two years ago. I have two spares that are more recent.

On this morning's *Maritime Net*, Tony asked me to set off my emergency beacon, if I can still hear him and to stay near my VHF, sending out a call every 30 minutes on channel 16. An Orion plane, equipped with electronic surveillance equipment, is supposed to fly over the area where I am and will try to contact me if it picks up my signal.

I retrieve the VHF antenna, which is still attached to the top of the mast section and seems to be intact. The coaxial cable that connects it to the transmitter is cut in two, but I manage to solder the longer piece to the connector that allows me to plug it into the device, and I send the antenna to the top of the boom, attached to a piece of wood, which raises it up by another meter, increasing its range.

I send out a call every half hour all day long, as requested. But I receive no reply.

This drives me to make a second attempt at fixing my transmitter. This time, I take it apart a bit more, and I manage to dry out relays and contacts I wasn't able to reach the first time. But now, it's my

batteries that refuse to cooperate; they're almost dead. All my vain attempts and the VHF calls used up the few amps they still held. The hydro-alternator won't kick in below 3 knots. And because it's cloudy, the two solar panels won't work, either.

February 21, Day 164

On the *Maritime Net* I hear Mac tell Tony that the Orion plane did not deviate from its routine surveillance route and did not travel more than 300 miles beyond New Zealand. So, there's no way it would have been able to pick up my signal.

This morning, a hole in the clouds allows me to catch the upper limb of the sun with the sextant. Early afternoon, the sky continued to clear and I could take another sight that placed me 235 miles east of the Chatham Islands. In the last two days, I've sailed 70 miles west.

A small SE breeze allowed me to head due west, straight towards the Chatham Islands. But seas were still heavy. I replaced the jib with the heavy genoa, but my speed didn't exceed 2 knots.

February 22, Day 165

The easterly wind continues, increasing to force 4 over the course of the morning. The SW swell has almost subsided, and the forecast predicts an exceptionally high-pressure zone of 1034 mb, located at 45 S, 170 W. I am currently at 44° 20' S, 171 39' W, and my barometer confirms the forecast. (After having looked for the instrument for a long time, I found it two days ago, under a mattress, at the other side of the cabin, and I am surprised to see that it still works; as with the sextant, it was held in place by a bungee cord that stretched from the impact of the capsizing.) It's probably the same anticyclone that caused the storm that is now giving me an east wind and a clear sky, and that is finally drying out everything that got soaked in the capsize.

At the end of the afternoon, the breeze got a bit stronger and my speed climbed to just above 3 knots, enough to get one ampere of charge from the hydro-alternator (to get one battery to the 12.8 volts I

needed for the transmitter as quickly as possible, I disconnected the three others.)

February 23, Day 166

At four o'clock this morning, a sharp noise woke me up. The strap fastening the jib halyard block to the boom had just pulled out. The wind is now blowing at force 6, from the north. I took in the sail, hoisted the trysail and went back down below to sleep. I will repair it in daylight.

By noon, I'd covered 86 miles in 24 hours; I'm only 115 miles from the Chatham Islands.

Now that I've fed the battery some 30 amps, I'm eager to test my transmitter, and I wait impatiently for Pierre's QSO. I can clearly feel the output amplifier relay activate, and I see the antenna power needle slowly climb. At first, I was able to transmit my call sign in Morse code, which Pierre picked up immediately, but without really believing it was mine. He asked me to confirm my presence with three successive beeps. Once I could see that the transmitter had warmed up and the power had increased, I took the microphone and was totally surprised to see the device transmit a modulated signal. Pierre copied me clearly and his sense of relief was obvious. I described to him in detail the circumstances of the capsizing and the reason for my extended silence.

When I rigged the jury mast, I ran a wire from the stern rail to the top of the boom, to replace the two-meter rod that I had first used as a jury antenna. This second antenna allowed me to be heard directly in Montreal, halfway around the world. I didn't expect as much. I am clearly favored by an excellent propagation.

I feel a huge sense of relief, knowing that nobody is worried about me anymore.

February 24, Day 167

I heard that an Orion plane has left from New Zealand on its way to find me. I question the usefulness of this, now that I've re-

established contact, given my position, confirmed that I'm fine and am headed for the Chatham Islands.

The pilot copies me on 14320 Mhz. First, I am informed that he has picked up my emergency beacon, and thinks he has located me. He then asks me to send out a flare, to help him find me, despite the visibility, which can't be more than 1 or 2 miles in the current fog. But he can't see through the fog and has to climb to take new bearings.

We tried this several times, but I was unable to see him fly overhead. He gave me a position that differed from my dead reckoning by several dozen miles. I'm not surprised. I hadn't seen the sun since yesterday afternoon. Then he leaves, his mission accomplished. At the end of the day, Dave, a radio operator from the Chatham Islands, also a ham radio operator (ZL3PA/C) informs me that a fishing boat has left to meet me. It doesn't matter how often I tell him that in the current foggy conditions, and with my exact position uncertain, the boat has no chance of finding me – the boat left anyways.

February 25, Day 168

Of course, the boat could not find me in this jet-black, foggy night. Dave informed me that the boat returned in the early hours. I am touched by all the attention, but I'd prefer, now that I've re-established contact, that they wait until I call them, rather than coming to my aid. This would waste less time and energy.

A light SE breeze all day, with speeds between 1 and 2 knots. The sailing directions signal strong currents off the Chatham Islands, which troubled me. My speed is barely faster than the current. Luckily, every now and then the sky lets me glimpse the sun, and I made good use of my sextant.

Just before sunset I was finally able to see The Pyramid, one of the southernmost Chatham Islands, 172 meters high, and visible from afar. But my speed was still very slow and the effect of the unknown currents worried me.

February 26, Day 169

Yesterday evening, when night fell, I set my course so that The Pyramid would be 10 miles to starboard. At dawn this morning, it was 10 miles to port. There are lots of rocks around these islands, the wind is weak and very irregular, and because I've put it into my head that I want to get into port under my own power, I run the risk of being set onto a rock. I decide to stop playing this game of Russian roulette and let Dave know that if there is a fishing boat nearby going back into port, I would gratefully accept a tow.

It's the end of lobster season, and the *Escapade*, which is hauling in its last traps, happens to be nearby. As soon as he's done, he'll come tow me in. I can't talk directly with him on the radio, because the fishing area is too large to use VHF, and the boats are equipped with SSB marine transmitters. Dave has to relay my messages by phone from his amateur radio station to the island's main transmitter, who then retransmits them to the boat.

Near 11:00, I see the *Escapade* approaching.

We quickly introduced ourselves. The skipper's name is Joe and his crew is Leslie. In any case, we will be able to get to know each other better later, because I am given no other choice but to sleep at his place tonight.

By sunset, *Jean-du-Sud* was moored in the port of Waitangi, the main urban area in the Chatham Islands. The trip will be interrupted here, after 15,732 miles. With the delays that have added up since I set sail, including the extra delay to repair the mast, it would be ill advised to continue this season: I risk finding myself at Cape Horn after the start of the southern winter. I've already seen what the Pacific can look like in summer, and that was enough for me.

Waitangi, March 8, 1982

I'd figured that I would do some temporary repairs, enough to sail over to New Zealand, where I could do all the work. But after thinking about it, I see that to sail the 400 miles between here and Wellington under what will be mostly a headwind, I'd need a fully

repaired mast. However, it is out of the question (or rather, out of my price range) to send the mast there. It's in two pieces now, so it might fit into the plane flying to Wellington, on the North Island, but once it's been repaired, it would have to come back via cargo ship, and they only leave from the port of Christchurch, on the South Island.

The most practical and least costly solution would be for me to make the repairs here. After consulting with a representative of Yachtspars New Zealand (the company that just spliced the mast of *Cermaco*, the New Zealand yacht that was dismasted in the last race around the world), I learn that the work doesn't require any special tools or knowledge beyond regular skills. I had managed to build a mast in Saint-Malo using a naked mast extrusion and scraps of aluminum, so I would be able to repair it no problem.

I will do the repairs when I return for the second leg of my voyage. I do have one major asset: I still have a 1.50 m section of this mast extrusion, which I can use to make a sleeve. It's still in Saint-Malo, but I have all the time I need to get it. I had thought of taking it with me, but I ended up leaving it ashore, since I didn't have enough space aboard, and I thought that the mast I'd built was strong enough. What a presumption!

All I have left to do is beach *Jean-du-Sud*. It would not be wise to leave it afloat. The port of Waitangi is not well protected and winter storms force fishing boats moored here to seek shelter in a different port.

However, the port is not equipped for hauling yachts. Fishing boats are put ashore using cradles mounted on tires that are hauled up the flat sand beach

A boat tows the rolling cradle out into water, and the boat positions itself over the cradle. A powerful electric winch then hauls everything onto shore.

Among those on the beach, we chose the cradle that looked best suited to the shape of *Jean-du-Sud*'s hull. Still, we had to make a few major modifications: attach two solid horizontal beams for the keel, and then two more, higher up, attached to vertical steel cross pieces and padded with old tires for the hull to rest on.

Dressed in my wet suit, I had to get into the water to make sure the keel was positioned over the beams. When I gave the signal, the big winch was started, and *Jean-du-Sud* was slowly pulled onto the beach. I even managed to shoot some footage with the Bell-Howell. The voyage may have been interrupted, but the film continues.

Then I had to empty *Jean-du-Sud*. Everyone around was amazed by how much was on board. How could such a small boat hold so much? I distributed the food to families who wanted it. When I leave, I will get fresh food. Joe, who has been putting me up since my arrival, lets me use his attic and his basement to store my gear.

The plane leaves Wellington tomorrow. Yesterday, I received a telegram informing me that a ticket would be arriving soon in Auckland so I can fly back to Montreal to edit the film. Until then, I will be staying with Tony, the radio operator who runs the maritime net. I have said my goodbyes to *Jean-du-Sud*, who doesn't look that great, stripped bare, on the beach, supported by crutches. *"Be patient, Jean-du-Sud. I will soon be back with everything needed to get you back into shape."*

Outremont, March 27, 1982

I didn't think my "disappearance" would have caused so much ink to flow in Quebec. I figured everyone would have been worried, of course, but not that one of the newspapers would have declared me lost! People write whatever they think will sell a paper. One journalist even suspected it was all a publicity stunt!

Of course, all this speculation had those near and dear to me extremely worried. He carefully tried to keep it from me, but my father had been very worried. I truly feel bad.

I'm happy that my brother Michel did not get caught up by this fake news. He'd guessed that I'd been dismasted and remained convinced that I would reappear, sooner or later. I'm also glad that this drama was kept from my daughters. My father regularly sent taped recordings of my radio broadcasts to them in Sweden. Of course, he did not say a word to them about the drama. They only found out about the dismasting after I got in touch with them again.

Before I left, Pierre Décarie had asked me what he should do if I suddenly stopped transmitting messages. I told him, "Nothing. Transmitters are way more fragile than boats." A few days after the dismasting, he received a message from Mac, one of the OM I met in Dunedin, letting him know that the seas were gigantic in the area I was in and that they had lost all hope of finding me alive. This had pushed him to convince my father to alert the Canadian authorities. They asked the New Zealand authorities to start searching for me. The episode with the Orion plane must have been the result of this.

By deciding to sail with a radio transmitter, I was no longer really alone. I had to expect consequences such as this.

Outremont, April 23, 1982

I have moved from ocean air to the thick and smoky atmosphere of an editing room. I was eager to see the footage I'd filmed. It was with great pleasure that I rediscovered scenes I'd forgotten about.

After viewing the footage received at Good Hope, Jacques Pettigrew had managed to convince the powers that be at the Institut

québecois du cinéma and he received some production support money, to finance the editing work. I will even get paid enough to allow me to fly Annikki and Julika from Sweden for the summer holidays, and cover the expenses for the second leg.

I was lucky to have found a perceptive editor, Normand Allaire, who had already assembled the rushes and given the film the look and feel I was striving for. I have total faith in his abilities, and have given him the last word in all decisions relative to the editing. I only intervene regarding the story to be told. My goal is to convey as precisely as possible what I have been through.

My experience in film had been limited to the pre-production and the shooting. I naively believed that once a movie had been shot, it was done. Now I know there is a lot of work to do to transfer all the separate sequences into one coherent, harmonious entity that has the power to move. I realize that a film can be ruined if you don't divest the same amount of care and energy into the post-production as you did in the shooting.

The film is scheduled to be broadcast May 2. We had to work overtime. Near the end, we would get to the editing room in the morning and not leave until evening of the following day, hardly noticing the time fly by.

Now the work is done. The sound track was mixed at the end of last week, the negative is being cut, and print zero is due out of the lab in a few days.

Outremont, May 20, 1982

A short while after my return, I received a letter from the Ministry of Communications with this bit of great news: I am liable to a fine of one thousand dollars because I used my new call sign for voice communication. The exemption that I'd received only granted me the privileges of a *basic* radio operator certificate, which allowed me to send out messages in Morse code only! To be allowed to transmit voice on the 20-meter band, I needed an *advanced* amateur radio certificate!

And since I had confirmed at Good Hope that I knew everything I needed to know to get my certificate, I was asked to write my exam as soon as possible.

I replied that I was totally involved in the editing of my film, but that I would take care of the required formalities as soon as this was done. With respect to the offense of having used voice communication, I pleaded that I had naively believed that the primary objective of a Ministry of Communication was to allow citizens to communicate with one another, and that the reports broadcast from the boat would have been a lot less interesting for the public if they had been in Morse.

Since Monday, I have been studying radio theory full-time: induction and capacitance, transistors and Zener diodes, the whole kit and caboodle! The exam is in three weeks and I cannot fail! Annikki and Julika are due here tomorrow for the summer holidays.

❖

It is slowly dawning on me: I was exhausted after crossing the Indian Ocean, Bass Strait and the Tasman Sea, and later, in the Pacific or at Cape Horn, I could have made some mistake that would have resulted in dire consequences. But I would never have stopped simply for the purpose of resting. I would only stop due to technical issues. Clearly, the caving in of the mast step wasn't enough, I was back out to sea a week later. It took something as serious as a dismasting to force me to delay the second leg of my voyage long enough to rest. Wise Magick-Byrd!

THE MELBOURNE SUN
FEB 26 1982

Yves near to disaster

DUNEDIN, Thurs, AAP — Lone round-the-world yachtsman Yves Gelinas has narrowly escaped disaster on his way to Cape Horn.

The French adventurer lost his mast during a storm on February 16, about 400 km south-east of New Zealand's Chatham Islands.

Regular radio contact with Gelinas's yacht, the Jeanne du Sud, was lost soon after he left New Zealand early in February.

But he managed to contact a radio ham in the South Island city of Dunedin.

He said he was heading slowly for Pitt Island in the Chatham group, and last night was 100 km east of his target.

It had been almost impossible for Gelinas to contact anyone because his transmitters were waterlogged and all three radios low on batteries.

Planes and shipping have been asked to look out for him.

A Royal New Zealand Air Force Orion exchanged flares with the yacht about 2.30 p.m. today.

Gelinas decided to make his way to Pitt Is. without a tow as he felt the damage to his craft would be too great.

● YVES GELINAS

Once on the island, he will spend several days repairing his 30 - metre yacht, then head back to New Zealand for more extensive repairs.

Gelinas made the first stop of his round - the - world voyage at Flinders last month.

Since then he has been plagued by rough weather on his route to Canada.

DEAR YVES,

IT IS SAID THAT BAD NEWS TRAVELS FAST. TRUE IT IS THAT WE HAVE FOLLOWED YOUR TRAVELS (AND TRAVAILS) THROUGH REPORTS IN OUR PRESS TELLING OF YOUR MISFORTUNES SINCE LEAVING DEAL ISLAND.

I HOPE YOU HAVE NOT YET LOST YOUR SENSE OF HUMOUR AND I HAVE THEREFORE DRAWN THIS LITTLE CARD, HOPEFULLY TO RAISE A SMILE.

ELAINE, ANNETTE AND I SEND YOU OUR BEST WISHES. OUR THOUGHTS ARE WITH YOU.

THE PHOTOS HAVE BEEN POSTED TO YOUR DAUGHTERS AS PROMISED.

WE WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU WHEN TIME ALLOWS.

KINDEST REGARDS
KAY (BEE BEE)


TO HELL WITH THE SOUTH !
ITS THE NORTH FOR ME
FROM NOW ON !!!
HE MUST HAVE SHOT AN ALBATROSS
Jean du Sud Nord
R. BARNARD-BROWN
1962

Part three

Christchurch, October 19, 1982

As soon as I got out of the Auckland airport, I headed to Yachtspars New Zealand, the section of mast under my arm, to have them make a sleeve that I'll use to repair the mast. I also had them make two new lower shrouds and a cap shroud, which had been bent when the mast was hanging overboard. At noon, I left with my sleeve and shrouds. I'd finished what I set out to do that day.

The next day, I took the plane for Wellington (where I'd landed when I came from the Chatham Islands). I picked up the sails that had been damaged in the capsize, and that I'd left with a sailmaker. I also stopped at a ship chandler to order the materials I would need for the repair work. Next stop: Christchurch, on the South Island, from where the plane for the Chatham Islands will be leaving.

When I was editing the film at Ciné-Groupe, someone said, "*If you go through Christchurch when you're back in New Zealand, make sure you phone my brother, Guy Daigneault. He's been running a hotel for the last 20 years, and he knows lots of people. He'll probably be able to help you.*"

When I landed, I phoned this Guy Daigneault. He was extremely welcoming. He couldn't come get me at the airport, because he'd lent his son his car, but he said he would be expecting me at his home - staying anywhere else was out of the question. For four full days, all the while informing me about New Zealand's flora and fauna in a

most amusing way, Guy ferried me to bulk food and natural food stores so I could get my food supplies. For this second leg of the voyage, I've decided to add a few items to my basic diet of grains and dehydrated vegetables, nuts and dried fruit: some Swedish bread, crackers, and some canned food, for when the weather is rough.

I also stopped by the greengrocer that served the Chatham Islands, to put in an order for fresh vegetables, which will be delivered by plane just before I leave. I was a bit concerned by not being able to select each one individually, and I emphasized that the vegetables would not be stored in a refrigerator and had to have as few blemishes as possible. It's still too early in the season for summer vegetables and I will have to content myself with winter vegetables. But the Chinese grocer seemed to know what he was doing and assured me I had no cause for concern.

When he saw me getting all my supplies ready to take on the plane, sails, shrouds, materials, food, etc, Guy told me that I would be paying a lot in excess baggage. Until last year, he had owned a hotel at the port, and he knows all the sailors and what is going on at the docks. He is confident he'll be able to get my stuff aboard the *Holmdale*, a small freighter that does service runs to the Chathams and will be leaving for Waitangi in the next few days. For free.

We went down to the harbor to meet the boatswain of the *Holmdale*. No problem, he'll find a corner in the crew's cabin for my things. I can even make the trip with my supplies. Officers never come to the crew quarters, and if I stay in his cabin, I have nothing to worry about. An offer I can't refuse, as it'll save a lot of money.

I got on board the day before yesterday, on Wednesday afternoon. The *Holmdale* cast off early evening. I haven't left the boatswain's cabin for two days and am gradually getting used to my role of stowaway. My view of the outside is limited to what I can see from a small, round porthole, so I spend my time sleeping, listening to tapes or reading, rocked by the regular purring of the engine. At meal time, the cook brings me plates meant for hard working sailors, but I'm getting so little exercise, that I end up throwing three quarters out the porthole. We are scheduled to arrive in Waitangi Friday at end of day. I can't wait to see how *Jean-du-Sud* made it through the winter.

Waitangi, October 23, 1982

I disembarked from *Holmdale* this afternoon. We had arrived yesterday evening, but the captain didn't want to run the risk of berthing alongside at night and had anchored out.

I am so happy to see *Jean-du-Sud* again, waiting for me on the beach.

When I opened the hatch, I was shocked. The inside is so dirty, it's disgusting. Of course, it wasn't exactly clean when I left, but the winter humidity had covered all the surfaces with a blackish mold. I'll have to do a thorough cleaning before I start splicing the mast.

Waitangi, November 6, 1982

On Monday, the Wellington plane will bring the epoxy resin fiberglass and gel coat I ordered to repair some of the minor damage caused by the knock-down. I've finished cleaning and painting the inside and all I have left to do is reinstall all the equipment I'd removed.

Yesterday, I brought down the two mast sections that had been stored in a fishing boat maintenance hangar over the winter. I tackled the repairs today, and I'm getting ready to do some filming shortly, to describe how I plan to proceed.

I find it harder to get ready this time around. During my eight-month stay in Montreal I had been immersed in a totally different world. First, editing the film, and then an amazing vacation in Oka, at my father's, with Annikki and Julika. I find it difficult to shake my memories of this time. My desire to leave is less strong now that it was in Plouër.

Some nights, I have trouble sleeping. Thoughts of what I have left to do, how I will plan the next day, what lies ahead…

I have to admit that sometimes, I get the jitters. The experience of the dismasting has made me think seriously. When I left on the first leg of my voyage, I was convinced I had built a mast that would survive a regular capsize. And the one I experienced was no way unusual. It's hard to evaluate a knock-down, but I the sea I experienced was never really crazy. The waves were breaking, of

course, but this wasn't unusual; I was in really bad weather, but it wasn't exceptionally bad.

First a knock-down causes the coach roof to cave in, then a capsize brings the mast down. This proved that I had reached the extent of my competence – I had underestimated the load on the mast step and then on the chainplate bolts.

I can't find any other weak spots, and this time, I am quite convinced that nothing has escaped me. But I won't know for sure until I've landed in Gaspé.

I no longer have the blind confidence I had in the first leg. This voyage began as an exercise in total abandon, but this time, it requires more effort for me to acquire this attitude. I have a bit more of a hard time letting the Magick-Byrd take the helm.

Waitangi, November 27, 1982

I am happy to finally see the mast in one piece again. The work wasn't too hard. The break was at the first spreaders, where the lower shrouds are attached to the mast. The break was ragged and I had to replace some 6 inches of the mast extrusion. I had to be extremely careful to make sure that the mast ended up the same length and the fittings were at exactly the same height, so the shrouds would still fit. I think I've managed to do so, right down to the last millimeter. The sleeve is bolted, riveted and glued to the mast. I think it is now as solid as before[18].

Tomorrow morning, I'll tackle the exterior. Redo the gelcoat where the mast rubbed against the hull, and then apply two coats of antifouling to the bottom. That's all I have left to do before I step the mast.

I am completely absorbed by my work and think about little else. Sometimes, the wind gets me worried. Since my arrival, it has rarely gone below force 6, and is mostly at 7 or 8 Beaufort. When I'm working outside, I'm almost worried that my hammer might get blown away by the wind!

[18] For details of the repair, see page 198.

Normand confirmed his arrival next Tuesday. He'll help shoot some footage of my preparation, to add to what I've already filmed. The closer the departure, the less time I have to film. He'll also bring the equipment I'll be using on the second leg. All I have with me now is the Bell-Howell camera.

Joe Wills, the fisherman who put me up the first time I was here, was on holidays in New Zealand when I arrived, and David Jenner, the amateur radio operator I'd been in touch with before arriving, invited me to stay with him. Dave works here as a radio operator. He emigrated from Britain a few years ago after a few years working as a radio operator on ships.

His wife, Jan, is a New Zealander, and thanks to her, my opinion of this country's cuisine has improved. They are so welcoming, and I feel an immense privilege to be able to relax in their home after a long day of work on the boat, without having to wonder what I'll make to eat.

I fall asleep listening to Morse code. At the start of the summer, in Montreal, I passed my exam on radio theory (I was proud of my 82% grade), but I didn't pass the Morse code exam, even though I'd spent all my free time listening to a tape of Morse code letters and signals. It was simply not enough. I really would have needed my transmitter, to listen to actual QSOs in Morse code, but I had left it here.

There is nothing intellectual about learning Morse. You have to train the ear to a rhythm, which has to immediately translate it into letters, numbers or punctuation. Unfortunately, I don't have much of an ear for rhythm, and Morse code is giving me more trouble than radio theory.

I am not sure I'll pass my exam before leaving (you have to get 100% at a rate of 10 words per minute), but I hope, owing to my good will and the promise to continue studying during the second leg of my voyage, that David will convince Leslie, the station director, to give me a certificate that will satisfy the Ministry.

In any case, we agreed with CKMF Radio to not rebroadcast my QSOs with Pierre on this second leg. I think I'll be able to quietly circumvent the law and use voice communication on the 20-meter band, whereas a license will only allow me to use Morse code (I

would have to take a second, much more difficult theory exam, and be able to copy Morse at 15 words per minute). But if this infraction became public by being broadcast over the radio, Pierre would definitely have more problems. He will, however, continue to pass my news on to the radio station, to stay in touch.

Waitangi, December 5, 1982

Normand landed the day before yesterday, as planned, but for a short time, I was worried. All the passengers had gotten off the plane, but there was no sign of Normand. I was just about to return to Waitangi when I saw him get off the plane, camera at the ready. He explained that he'd been shooting some footage from the plane (I had told him I hadn't filmed anything while I was on the *Holmdale*, and that we needed some footage from the plane to illustrate my return to the Chathams.)

Yesterday evening was spent sorting out the filming equipment. There were three cases, and I couldn't wait to tools I would be working with. When I came back from my first leg, I had to return the equipment lent by the National Film Board. Normand took charge of upgrading my equipment, based on the experiences I'd had during the first leg. This new equipment is much better suited to the conditions under which I'll be filming.

I had my hands full with stepping the boom as a jury mast after I capsized, and regretted not being able to film the whole thing. That's when I came up with the idea of a camera mounted on a helmet of sorts, equipped with a wide-angle lens, enabling me to take close up footage of my hands carrying out a maneuver. It is even protected from spray with a Plexiglas box. A tool like this should help me give the spectator a sense of being aboard my boat.

Ever since I got here, I've been asking myself how I will step the mast of *Jean-du-Sud*. In the port of Waitangi, which is at the bottom of a large, north-facing bay, a permanent swell makes it impossible to do anything from the wharf. The boom on the mobile crane used to unload cargo on land would not be long enough. I feel it is better to put *Jean-du-Sud* back on a cradle while it is still empty, then tow it

onto the beach, ready to be launched, step the mast, stow the rest of the gear and the provisions and finally tow it into the water just before I set sail.

Today, Joe and Bill helped me get *Jean-du-Sud* back onto the rolling cradle, using the small crane and a large nylon hawser as a sling. The crane was working at the limit of its four-ton capacity, and it was a very tricky maneuver. Normand filmed the whole operation; I supervised and recorded the sound.

Waitangi, December 8, 1982

To step the mast, I used the technique I had planned while building the new mast in Saint-Malo, in case I had to do it single-handed, without a crane. I had tested it once before, but it was with the old mast, which was much lighter. I have to admit that this time around, I was pretty nervous. Even though this technique is tried and true, it is pretty tricky. A poorly adjusted cable, an unsecured pin, and the mast could crash down onto the deck before it reaches the vertical.

I had discovered this method in a Dutch yachting magazine. The mast is pulled up with the spinnaker pole and a few other arrangements in the rigging [19]. I took all of yesterday to carefully prepare everything I needed and I did it today. I was amazed to see the masthead slowly lift skyward. I even enjoyed the luxury of stopping partway through, leaving the mast at a 45° incline, so that Normand would have the time to get a shot from a different angle. Once the mast was back to vertical, I couldn't contain a joyous "Yippee!" of relief, yelled at the top of my lungs, almost loud enough to cover the constant noise of the generators feeding power to the homes of Waitangi.

Waitangi, December 22, 1982

Jean-du-Sud was hauled back in the water yesterday. I was a bit worried, watching it perched on the cradle, loaded up and mast stepped, being pulled out to sea by a boat over which I had no control.

An extremely rare event here: two sailboats in Waitangi harbor. *Damien II* belongs to Jérôme and Sally Poncet and arrived yesterday. Their crew consists of Dion and Leif, their two young children, and another couple. They left from Christchurch, on route for the bases located on the Antarctic continent. One of the children had contracted a high fever, and they had to detour to the Chatham Islands to see a doctor. Luckily, it was nothing serious, and they will leave tomorrow. So they can travel more independently, Jérôme prefers to do without a radio transmitter. This decision means that sometimes, he has to make detours.

Jan invited all of us to dinner, but the party got interrupted midway through dessert. Joe, who lives across from the moorings, called to let us know that the wind had picked up and that *Damien* was dragging anchor. We had to scramble to the dinghies in a hurry!

Once the problem with *Damien* had been taken care of, I decided to stay on board *Jean-du-Sud*. My departure is planned for tomorrow.

[19] This method is described on page 163 of the Appendix.

Jean-du-Sud is ready. As for me, I'm a bit tired, as usual. I'd been working non-stop, and was happy that Normand came to help me at the end.

Two weeks of scraping, cleaning, painting the inside, just as much time to repair the mast, just as much time to re-rig and step it. Loading supplies, stowing, adjusting the rigging, double-checking everything, another two weeks. In two months, I rarely made it beyond the triangle formed by David's house, the general store and the beach, which is where the boat and the workshop were located. Luckily, I had time to explore the island a bit when I first landed here, last March; otherwise, I would have had no idea of what it has to offer.

I am happy to leave before Christmas. Here, the year-end celebrations always include alcohol, and I have no desire to get caught up in this spiral of events.

On the other hand, I'm in no rush to cook for myself again, after enjoying Jan's cooking for two months. She has gone above and beyond when it comes to kindness, and, with the help of her friends in Waitangi, went so far as to collect eight dozen eggs, some lettuce and other fresh vegetables. My provisioning is less spartan than on the first leg. When I left Saint-Malo, I had not even been able load eggs and cheese. The boat was full, and I had preferred to do without, rather than consuming them sparingly. This time, I only plan to be at sea 5 months, instead of 10, so I have more space and I can take a bigger variety of food.

Even after two months of preparation, this new departure still seems like a warm-up. When I left Saint-Malo, I had been driven by momentum. My dream was becoming reality at the end of three years of intense work. This time, the challenge is different. All I am doing is continuing what I've already started. I have to regain the state of grace that energized me at the time and consciously strive for a sense of abandon.

December 23, Day 1

At noon sharp, on December 23, 1982, *Jean-du-Sud* left the port of Waitangi on the Chatham Islands. The weather was perfect. A nice force 4 westerly wind allowed me to round Durham Point, at the entrance to the bay, in a single tack and then ease the sheets to sail along the west coast of the island.

Jean-du-Sud was sailing at top speed: 6 knots or more. I sailed under main and a working jib until I was past the anchored fishing boats, and then I hoisted the Yankee and my speed climbed by 2 knots. In fact, I can't call it a Yankee anymore. In Wellington, I had two feet of luff cut off at the tack, because the clew was too high and hard to reach when I poled out the sail. Now it's somewhere between a genoa and working jib in size, perfect for this wind.

Before setting sail, I prepared a lunch with a fish Jérôme caught this morning while spear fishing. I'm glad I did, because with the seas the way they are, and my stomach not yet acclimatized, there's no way I would have dared cook.

Damien sailed alongside for a good hour, so Normand could get some good footage from up in the crow's nest. On seas like this, it must be quite a joyride up there!

Then *Damien* turned back, to take Normand ashore. I should see it in my wake before too long, its speed is two knots faster than mine.

The weather is beautiful, the barometer fairly high, and there's no low-pressure system in the forecast.

David just radioed in the latest weather forecast: west wind, 20 to 25 knots.

I couldn't ask for better weather: maximum speed (46 miles in 7 hours), not too much spray, demanding but manageable seas.

I feast my eyes on red cliffs and green fields, because soon, I'll only be looking upon blue seas!

The Pyramid, the final danger, is now behind me, disappearing into the setting sun.

No land until Cape Horn.

December 24, Day 2

I slept almost all day. Still feeling the effects of all that preparation.

QSO with David. He'd received a fax from my brother Michel, letting him know that the Ministry had accepted the Morse exam I'd done with Leslie last week, and has granted me my advanced amateur radio operator license. What a great Christmas gift!

December 24 (again), Day 3

I crossed the international date line again, so this year, I get to celebrate Christmas Eve twice.

But I have no appetite, no desire to prepare a Christmas meal, and don't feel like celebrating. We're flying along at 8 knots, wind on the port quarter, surfing down the heavy western swell. *Jean-du-Sud* is trying to put as many miles as possible between us and the Waitangi sick bay!

December 27, Day 6

I used to change jibs and reef sails without wasting any time or movement, my body acted on its own, without being told what to do. Now I have to readjust to the movement of the boat and relearn each maneuver.

December 29, Day 8

I'm not really seasick, but all I can keep down is scrambled eggs or milk and cereal. Some tomatoes were on the point of spoiling, so I made tomato sauce, but now I can't stomach the idea of tomato sauce.

The wind has been blowing at force 5 or 6 since I set out to sea. I've had one or two reefs in the mainsail.

Jean-du-Sud has never performed so well, never sailing under 6 knots. We've covered about 5 degrees of longitude in two days.

Since I left, I've been sleeping a lot, reading, listening to music. On the first leg, all I had was a cheap, monophonic cassette player

that I rarely used. Now I have a little cassette player to record sound for the film, so I also use it to listen to music. My favorites are the two Mozart flute concertos, played by James Galway. I love how Mozart and Galway express joy.

I've only shot two reels so far. One the other day, when we were flying along at 8 knots, and then today, in the fog. I'm glad I have a waterproof bag for the Bell-Howell camera.

The weather's been pretty thick since yesterday evening. I keep expecting a big "bang!" and then see water engulf the bow. I'll never rid myself of my fear that *Jean-du-Sud* will ram into some flotsam. I've known for a long time what I'll do if this happens: use the electric drill to bolt the watertight bulkhead into place to seal off the forward cabin, get my wetsuit… hmm, maybe I should stow it in a cockpit locker…

I sail due east; I dare not add any south to it, it's windy enough where I am, and I stay near the 47th parallel. Taking the shorter great-circle route would bring me too far south, among growlers and icebergs.

January 1, 1983, Day 11

Happy New Year! As a new year's gift, a gale from ahead! At midnight UTC to be exact (3 p.m. here), the wind, already force 7, climbed a notch on the Beaufort scale. The new year starts with a hard beat!

John, who gives me the forecast every morning, told me there is a low on my tail. Here it is.

Maritime Net informs me that my time is as good as Paul Rodgers' last year aboard *Spirit of Pentax*. He'd set out to sail around the world twice, and had also stopped at Dunedin for repairs, getting to know the same amateur radio operators, who then followed his progress. His boat was at least 5 meters longer than mine, which says a lot about *Jean-du-Sud*'s progress to date.

Under this wind and sea forward of the beam, speed has dropped to 5 knots, but 'til now, it was rarely below between 6 and 8 knots.

I've discovered a spider. I wonder what it could be feeding on. There aren't many flies or other insects out here!

January 4, Day 14

My spider isn't just feeding herself, she's hatched a whole bunch of baby spiders, and they all seem to be doing well. She must be surviving off something other than insects. I'll have to learn more about entomology when I'm back ashore!

Now Mac (ZL4JG) is the one sending me weather forecasts. Once I'd sailed past Norfolk Island, I was out of John's range (VK9JA). Mac gets the forecasts straight from Wellington.

This morning, he informed me of a 1,000 mb low-pressure system, not too low, but bordering on an anticyclone to the north, with a tight pressure gradient, which probably means 30 to 40 knot winds. The low-pressure center will probably catch up with me by the end of the afternoon.

My barometer has fallen and is at 1,002 mb, confirming his forecast.

It seems hard to believe when I look outside. Except for the fog, the wind is at force 3, at most. *Jean-du-Sud* is under full sail, a rare thing at these latitudes.

Still, time to stow everything and add gaskets to furled sails: *Jean-du-Sud* is ready for the wind.

January 5, Day 15

The wind didn't go above force 6 and is already abating. False alarm!

I haven't been communicating with Pierre as much on this leg. Propagation is not as good as last year. We decided to change the time and cut back to three QSO per week.

January 8, Day 18

This morning on *Maritime Net*, Alain (FK8ED), an amateur radio operator out of New Caledonia, told me that now he can put a face to my voice. He saw *Jean-du-Sud* on TV last night. The one-hour Radio-Canada film had been rebroadcast there.

The barometer has really dropped. The wind is only blowing at force 6, but the sea is big and chaotic. Suddenly, the wind picked up. It didn't go up over force 8, but I had to bear off to run down wind, for fear of a broach.

January 9, Day 19

This morning, when I looked astern, I could not see the hydro-alternator! I rushed to the stern.

What a relief! It was still there, hanging just by the cord and by the line that keeps it from spinning on its own. That was close! The lashing that attached the snap shackle to the stern pulpit had chafed through.

I'm halfway to Cape Horn.

January 11, Day 21

Excellent weather. Almost no spray. The perfect time to finish all the work I didn't have time for before leaving the Chatham Islands: put the shock cords back on the lifelines to make it easier to furl the jib, re-rig the lines so I can reef the staysail from the cockpit, etc.

Big cleanup, air out the forward cabin.

I also got some kerosene out of the watertight locker under the cockpit for the oven, and while it was open, tightened the rudder stock stuffing box, as it was letting in a bit of water.

January 12, Day 22

No more weather forecasts. Mac informs me that I'm out of the area covered by the Wellington weather office.

I wouldn't mind knowing what's brewing. There's a moderate gale and the barometer's almost in a freefall. 5 mb in 3 hours. It doesn't look good!

I must be at the limit of Tony's *Maritime Net* propagation range. It's getting harder for them to copy me.

On the other hand, my QSO with Pierre was excellent. He copied me 5 by 5. Good enough to connect me with Paul Houde over the phone, who reminded me that one year ago today we met in Flinders, Australia.

January 13, Day 23

The barometer's still falling and the wind picked up another two notches, to 9.

The experience of capsizing has led me to review my defenses against rough weather. Rather than running under self-steering, I drop all sails and stream warps to reduce speed and prevent broaching.

After dousing all sail, I let out the big 300-foot hawser in a big loop, the ends cleated each side of the transom. *Jean-du-Sud* feels more stable, even if we sometimes surf down crests at 12 knots. The seas are heavy, but not breaking.

The wind abates mid-afternoon and the seas calm a bit. Whew! I pull in the trailing warps and hoist the staysail.

January 17, Day 27

It's my forty-fourth birthday today, and I'd hoped to celebrate with a nice meal, but *Jean-du-Sud* is barging along at top speed in seas whipped up by a near-gale wind and my special menu remained a project. Still, it inspired this scene.

Long shot. Camera at the front of the cabin, directed at the back. I'm in the galley, slicing an onion. I turn to the camera:

"You know the most difficult thing about this expedition? It's not making the maneuvers, or the navigating. It's not even being so alone. It's the cooking. Having to feed myself. As it is, when you're alone, you feel less motivated to make a meal just for you. But when

your pots and pans and ingredients are moving targets, then it all gets to be a big pain."

Tonight's menu: polenta and tomato sauce. That's it.

Great radio contact with Pierre. He connects me by phone patch to my father, who wishes me a happy birthday, fair winds and updates me on family news. It does me good to hear his voice. Today, I'm more inclined to feel as though I'm alone in the world, far away from everything.

January 20, Day 30

Cape Horn is at 1,023 miles, so I start to add a bit of south to my easting.

Cape Horn. Cape Hard. Cape Stiff…

When your only possessions in this lowly world are the boat you're in and everything in it, and you're about to expose it to Cape Horn, it makes you think…

No matter how often I remind myself, "*I know my boat and it's solid enough, I even reinforced the weakest points…*", I can't stop thinking that I had believed my mast would survive a knock-down. I had neglected one detail: the bolts on the lower shroud chainplates and the sea found the fault. This time, I hope I haven't forgotten anything, and the sea will spare me.

January 23, Day 33

We've entered the area affectionately known as the "Screaming Fifties" (latitude 50°18' S), but the wind is blowing at force 4 and the seas aren't too heavy. This is only the third time since leaving the Chatham Islands that I can spend time in the cockpit without getting a face full of spray.

At dusk, I identify the stars that I will be using to navigate my landfall on Cape Horn.

January 24, Day 34

Of course, good weather can't last forever. Overnight I had to take in a reef and then two, and in the end, I had to drop the mainsail.

The skies are opening up, pouring down rain, the wind's up to force 7, the seas are rough. Under working jib alone, *Jean-du-Sud* peaks at 12 knots.

January 25, Day 35

SW force 8 all day, gusts 9 to 10. Took in the mainsail, hoisted the trysail.

I filmed the maneuver with the helmet camera. I have to watch my balance with the extra weight on my head and avoid sudden movements, but changing sails was no problem. The late afternoon light bathes the crests in a golden glow that shatters into a million diamonds when they break.

I wouldn't want to be anywhere else, even in weather like this. I've finally found the rhythm of being at sea, and I feel happy. Of course, I'm a bit worried about what lies ahead. I hold my breath whenever a wave bigger than the rest hits the boat. But except for that, I feel confident and filled with a sense of abandon.

January 27, Day 37

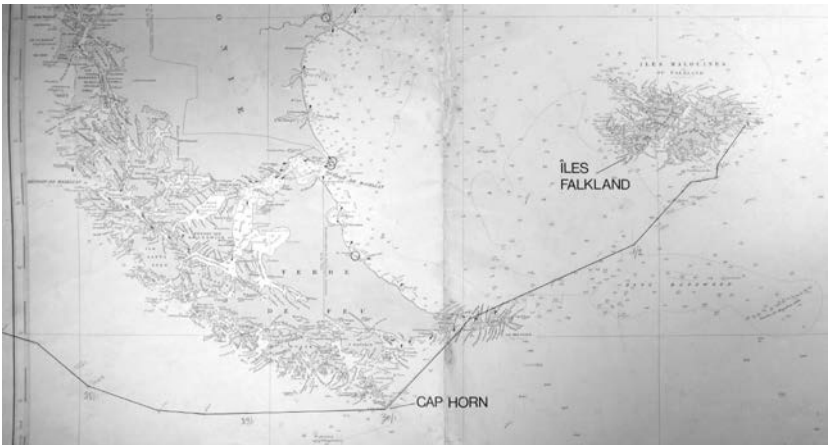
Peter (PY1ZAK), tells me from Brazil that miniskirts are back in style in Sao Paolo. I'm delighted. (In cases like this, I'm pretty easy going. I'll make any wind suit my sails.) Wind force and direction keep changing, between 3 and 6 and W to S. Occasional rain. My freshwater tanks are full.

From under the dodger, I watch the skies, my sextant at the ready in a plastic bag, waiting for a hole in the clouds. There's one! I have less than a minute, just enough time to get one sight. Not fast enough to avoid a bucket of sea, and the sextant gets wet.

350 miles to Cape Horn.

January 29, Day 39

The barometer has been rising slowly since a squall yesterday morning, so I dare sail within sight of Cape Horn and alter course to the east. If my navigation is right, I will have Ildefonso Island to the north and Diego Ramirez to the south, then Cape Horn 10 miles off.



At noon, Ildefonso Island is 48 miles ENE. Diego Ramirez is 78 miles ESE and the Horn is 114 miles east. The wind continues from the south, force 3 to 4.

Bob, an amateur radio operator from the Falklands, informs me that there is no ice off Cape Horn this year. He got this news directly from Her Majesty's army, which is naturally able to detect even the slightest floating object within hundreds of miles of the islands. I'm relieved by this news, because pilot charts indicate the possibility of ice around Cape Horn, and in the Atlantic, as far north as 45° latitude.

Bob also informs me that I've received permission to sail inside the 150-mile area surrounding the Falklands[20].

[20] TN: This was one year after the Falkland war between Britain and Argentina. On 2 April 1982, Argentina invaded the Falkland Islands, hoping to reclaim

The skies clear at dusk and I get sextant sights on Sirius, Canopus, Alpha Centauri and Achernar.

January 30, Day 40

Midnight. The barometer is still climbing and the wind has shifted to W, still force 4. Full sail!

2 a.m. An accidental gybe pulls me from my berth.

The wind has increased a notch. I have to maneuver. One reef to the main, drop the staysail and the heavy genoa, hoist the working jib.

Dawn reveals Diego Ramirez off the starboard beam.

A short time later, Hermite Island is visible through the light fog, 20° off the port beam.

5:15 a.m. I catch a glimpse of Cape Horn through the fog before it disappears. It reappears a short time later.

7 a.m. Squall from the west, force 7. I drop the mainsail to run under a poled-out jib alone. I film the maneuver with the helmet camera. Its wide-angle lens lets me capture my hands, the mainsail and Cape Horn in the same shot.

The seas are olive green. With the swell, it's easy to imagine what it would be like if the weather was really rough!

11 a.m. *Jean-du-Sud* sails into the Atlantic! Cape Horn is 3 miles to port. 4,656 miles from the Chatham Islands, in 39 days. Almost 120 miles a day. Good work, *Jean-du-Sud*!

2 p.m. Islas Barnevelt, the final danger, now aft of the beam. Heading NE towards the 15-mile wide Le Maire Strait, between Tierra Del Fuego and Staten Island.

I wonder if there isn't a prayer a sailor might have written at Cape Horn. A prayer of thanksgiving…

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sovereignty to this UK colony. This led to a brief, bitter war. British troops remain stationed on the islands today.

January 31, Day 41

6 a.m. I can see Cape Buen Suceso, at the southern entrance of Le Maire Strait.

Noon. I'm all clear, still in Le Maire Strait, apparently, but my sextant fix has me 30 miles too far east. Apparently, I sailed right through the middle of Le Maire Island! I can't figure out this mystery!

A SW tide rip adds to the NW chop, so we lurch about merrily.

February 1, Day 42

I asked Bob, the amateur radio operator from the Falklands, if it would be possible to get a parcel of film to someone, off Port Stanley, to be mailed to Montreal. He informed me that the army would send a helicopter. This would be easier than sending out a boat.

I spend the day wrapping my film spools, my sound reels and some letters in several layers of plastic, then I write a letter to the person who will be taking care of sending everything, explaining why this is so important to me. I include two $20 bills in the hopes that this will cover postage fees.

At dusk, a good star fix allows me to clear Beauchère Islet, a lone rock 40 miles offshore, right on my route to Port Stanley.

February 2, Day 43

2 a.m. I can make out Beauchère Islet to port. It's hard to gauge the distance at night, but I estimate it at about 5 miles.

11 a.m. The wind has died down and I find myself becalmed on seas as slick as oil, about 20 miles from shore.

Peter (PY1ZAK) puts me into radio contact with *Sundowner*, a yacht heading for the Falklands, from Montevideo. I have a long conversation with the mate, an American woman who can't understand why I won't stop.

The more I think about it, the fewer reasons I see for not stopping. Either way, I'll have to stop somewhere for three weeks, because the

Gulf of St. Lawrence generally isn't free of ice until early May. I'd thought about spending some time in sunny Brazil, but on further reflection, I realize it would be stupid to not take this opportunity to visit the Falklands, especially after the events of last year. It might be a long time before I have the chance to stop here again.

Besides, it's hard to resist the temptation of clean laundry, a hot shower and especially, fresh vegetables.

I'm not moving, so I have all afternoon to gaze at the islands while mulling the whole thing over. When the wind returns early evening, I head towards the entrance to Port Stanley.

February 3, Day 44

Jean-du-Sud entered Port Stanley at 9 this morning, escorted by a school of dolphins and tacking between warships, cargo ships and personnel carriers.

I drop anchor near a pier from which dinghies, whale boats and service boats come and go.

But the anchor drags, *Jean-du-Sud* drifts in the wind. I climb back on board, pull the anchor up and am astonished to find a war gun stuck between the flukes. From the pier, someone warns me not to touch it, as it might be booby-trapped. I approach and tie up alongside a small freighter. A British army officer welcomes me in impeccable French, asks me if there is anything I need, and tells me that a pyrotechnics specialist is on the way to examine the gun. It turns out it's a totally harmless Argentinian machine gun – it doesn't even have a striker. When they surrendered, soldiers threw them into the water by the hundreds. I'm even allowed to keep it as a souvenir.

Port Louis, February 24, 1983

First, I spent two weeks in Port Stanley, doing next to nothing except a bit of on-board maintenance. Since my arrival, Peter and Emily Short have taken me under their wing. Hot showers, laundry, home-cooked meals. Peter and Emily, two amateur radio operators,

had heard my conversations with Bob (I never met him – he lives in Goose Green, much further south).

At first, I was amazed by the number of amateur radio operators on the island. Almost everyone I met said they'd heard my conversations. I finally found out why: on the Falklands, there are no phones (except in Port Stanley) and everyone communicates via ham radio, usually on the 2-meter band. All you need to do to get a license is pay an authorization fee of 10 British pounds. That's it. No exam! Volker, the skipper of *Sundowner*, availed himself of this prerogative.

I rarely ate aboard *Jean-du-Sud*. Nor did I eat at restaurants, for that matter. There are two or three inns, but they're reserved for army officers or military personnel. The first few days, I was invited to eat with Peter and Emily, and when *Sundowner* arrived four days later, I sat at their table.

He is a sculptor of German descent. *Sundowner* is a Joshua, a sister ship of the famous boat Bernard Moitessier sailed one-and-a-half times around the world. He and his mate have been sailing around for a year, collecting gems, and creating beautiful jewelry.

The Falklands have a population of 1,800; 800 live in or near Port Stanley. The remaining 1000 are shepherds, living in small settlements consisting of a few houses; these settlements are spread out across the entire archipelago, which spans 130 miles east to west. From above, the coastline resembles lace.

After two weeks in Port Stanley, I left with *Sundowner* to visit Port Louis, at the bottom of Berkeley Sound, to the north of the first French settlement. We had to beat 17 miles up the sound, against a strong breeze, perfect conditions for a regatta, which *Jean-du-Sud* won hands down, in spite of being 10 feet shorter. I had been tied up at Port Louis for a full hour before *Sundowner* arrived. To be fair, the shape of the Joshua is less suited to windward work.

It feels totally different here, compared to Port Stanley. The settlement only consists of two houses, one of which is built on the foundations of the first fortress built by the French[21].

The countryside stretches as far as the eye can see, covered in tussocks. There are no trees or mountains obstructing the view, just a few hills. Sheep are grazing in pastures undulating in the wind.

I didn't shoot any film. I feel a bit guilty, but I'm on holidays, and the film never crossed my mind. Still, I tested my kites and discovered I needed at least a force 5 wind to lift the little camera.

My first attempts were in Port Stanley, from the pier. It was my first time ever flying a kite and I discovered pretty quickly that this was a bad place to start. I was right under the flight path of the helicopters, which, working as cranes, were unloading nets full of military items from freighters anchored in the harbor. I quickly put away my toy before having my knuckles rapped by an officer of Her

[21] TN: The fortress dates back to 1746, when the French explorer Louis-Antoine de Bougainville named the islands Îles Malouines, after his port of departure, Saint-Malo.

Majesty's army. I tried again in Port Louis, and lost one of my two kites. The kite string reel had rusted and suddenly I found myself with a handle and no kite!

I'll pull up anchor tomorrow, after 21 days on the Falklands. I would have loved to spend a whole season there. People are so welcoming and the coast has so many sheltered harbors. But I have a voyage to finish.

March 1, Day 48

I thought that the conditions would get better after the Falklands, but they're worse! Since leaving Port Louis four days ago, the wind has remained between force 6 and 8 and NW and N, so forward of the beam. Today it's at 8. We're being bashed and slammed around, I'm fed up!

Emily Short gave me a few heads of lettuce from her garden, and I'd transplanted them into a crate lined with soil, hoping they would keep growing and stay as fresh as possible. I'd left the crate in the cockpit, under the dodger, thinking they'd be protected from the spray. The lettuce wilted so much I had to throw it overboard. Along with a few small onions, that was pretty much the only fresh food I could find. It was still too early in the growing season for fresh produce.

I feel lethargic. Like at the start of every passage, I have no appetite. I didn't think I'd have to regain my sea legs after just three short weeks on land.

March 3, Day 50

There is a lot of movement below decks, so I spend most of my time on my berth. I've had all the time in the world to picture this scene.

Medium shot. Camera on the cabin bulkhead, directed at my berth. I'm lying down, reading. After a few moments, I remove my pince-nez, sigh deeply, and turn to the camera:

"The image of the single-handed sailor, riveted to the spot out in the cockpit at the tiller, spending his whole day having buckets of water wash over him… Don't believe it. That ended with the invention of self-steering gear. (I spread my hands and shrug.) The only position that's halfway comfortable when the wind's blowing hard, say about force 6 or 7, is stretched out on the bunk. All I can do is read a book, or maybe sleep a little, because once you've done everything necessary to keep going, the maneuvering, the cooking, the navigation, not much left you can do, I'm afraid, without spending more effort than it's worth. So, I just stretch out. Oh, I've spent whole days in this position, in the Forties, and I'll spend more!"

I pick up my book, set my pince-nez back onto the bridge of my nose, and continue reading.

March 5, Day 52

39° latitude. As if on cue, the wind abates now that we've reached the end of the Roaring Forties. The day before yesterday, it was still force 7, it was cold, and *Jean-du-Sud* was beating into a NE chop. Today the wind is light and the sun is warm and bright, so I get rid of my clothes to soak in the sun through all my pores.

As usual, now that the wind has died down, I tackle the little jobs that have piled up: make a few stitches to the mainsail, repair a winch, inspect the film equipment, air it out, adjust the Bell-Howell viewfinder, clean up, do laundry, etc.

I've got the radio tuned in to Radio France International while I'm working, listening to Philippe Jeantot, who just reached Rio, talk about his victory in the third leg of the single-handed race around the world. Of all the challenges in this sport, this has got to be the toughest. Listening to him almost makes me feel like entering. But I know that if I was in a race, I'd be cursing the calm I'm taking advantage of today, obsessing over the miles the others are gaining while I'm trapped. Looking at it this way, I prefer cruising.

I also hear Jacques de Roux talk about the loss of his boat *Skoiern* and his dramatic rescue by another competitor, Richard Broadhead. What happened to me also happened to him. He capsized and was

dismasted. Except that he wanted to get rid of his mast. Once he started cutting the shrouds, the mast, which, until then, had posed no danger to the hull, shifted and started ramming the hull, finally sinking the boat.

I decided to go for a swim at the end of the day. But the light cast by the setting sun was so beautiful that I decided to take the helmet camera in the water with me.

So that the boat would heave-to by itself, in case there was a puff of wind (highly unlikely at this hour), I made sure the sails were trimmed flat and the helm lashed to leeward.

First, I put on my wetsuit, then a life preserver, then my floating survival vest, to make it easier to support the weight of the camera. Then I donned my flippers and got into the water. All these floating devices allowed me to bob comfortably on my back, and I paddled slowly away from the boat, towards the setting sun.

I had all the time in the world to observe *Jean-du-Sud* awash in a beautiful golden light. The sun was so low, I could see my shadow projected onto the hull. I slowly turned towards the red disk, already kissing the horizon, and then returned to the boat.

Perfect night for stargazing. The air is limpid and I spend several hours identifying the southern constellations: the two Clouds of Magellan, two galaxies orbiting ours, and the constellations linked to the Great Ship, sailing under spinnaker towards the Southern Cross among the Flying Fish and the bird of paradise.

At night's end, a waxing crescent moon rises, fiery red, Jupiter leading the way.

March 6, Day 53

The wind returns early afternoon. A light breeze that pushes me northward on a broad reach. During my time in the Forties I'd forgotten such days existed!

March 8, Day 55

The light wind turned moderate then fresh, then it headed me. I had to trim sheets! Take in a reef! Change the jib! Then a strong headwind, then near gale. Two reefs, three reefs.

The state of the sea has nothing to do with the wind. A huge NE swell hits me head on, crossed by the remnants of a SE swell that hits me starboard, creating a choppy sea lifted by the wind. I'm getting slammed around, dumped on, it's hot, it's humid, I can't ventilate because of the spray. It's hell!

March 12, Day 59

We just crossed the 30th parallel south, but if it weren't for the heat, I'd think we were still in the Roaring Forties. My days are spent taking in and shaking reefs. The wind varies between 6 and 8, still forward of the beam. It was NW, but just changed to NE. If I was any fatter, I'd get churned into butter!

This is by far the most uncomfortable part of this voyage. At least in the Forties the wind was mostly fair and it wasn't so hot!

March 16, Day 63

Periods of calm interspersed with squalls, typical of the "horse latitudes".

This area, between the trade wind and the westerlies of the Forties, was loathed by ancient mariners. Its name is due to the fact that sometimes, ships were becalmed for such a long time that they would have to ration their water by sacrificing the horses on board. The half-decomposed carcasses of the horses thrown overboard would stay near the becalmed ships for days on end.

I ate my last piece of cabbage yesterday. Except for the onions that I still have from New Zealand, this is all that was left of my fresh vegetables. I'll be sprouting seeds again.

March 17, Day 64

This is no ordinary squall. It's been going on for three hours! *Jean-du-Sud* is playing submarine, close hauled under reefed staysail and triple reefed main. I'm in my wetsuit, my harness secured, and I'm filming from the pulpit. The bow plunges into the seas, water covers the entire front deck, catapulting into the air when it hits the coach roof.

3 p.m. Exasperated, I give up and heave-to. This is when the wind decides to die down, leaving *Jean-du-Sud* yoyoing on a choppy, chaotic sea.

March 18, Day 65

The sea calmed overnight. In the morning, a delicious NE wind picks. Trade wind?

Latitude, 23° 30'S. At night, I could see the Big Dipper again, low on the horizon.

March 19, Day 66

I'd planned to fly a camera under the kite on my way back up the Atlantic, in the SE trade wind, when I would be sailing close-hauled. To launch a kite from *Jean-du-Sud*'s cockpit, I would need a good breeze blowing from forward of the beam. (If the wind was from behind, I would have to launch the kite from the bow; it would be blanketed by the sails and could never take off.) I'd asked my brother Pierre to make a light camera mount that I would attach along the string. (To ensure the camera was shooting at the boat, I just had to point it along the kite string.) But I still haven't figured out how to turn on the camera once it's airborne. I've been fiddling about with different ideas for a few days, and I've rigged up a mechanism that releases when you pull on a thread once the camera is up. If this wind holds, I'll try tomorrow.

March 21, Day 68

I tried all afternoon, but I can't seem to get the camera going at the right moment. It's almost impossible to let out the kite string and the release thread at the same time, and the camera always starts before it's in position.

March 22, Day 69

I came up with a different solution: a sheet of paper folded in the shape of a fan is clipped to the line. Pushed up the line by the wind, it bumps against a mechanism made of aluminum wire and rubber bands that triggers the camera. I worked on this all day. Tomorrow I'll find out if this was all for nothing.

March 23, Day 70

I think I have two good shots in the can: The piece of paper slid nicely up the line, released the trigger, and the camera rolled to the end of the spring. To reduce the vibration of the camera, I increased the speed to 76 frames per second.

I also shot a general view of the scene, with the Arriflex mounted at the back of the cockpit, and I added a close-up with the helmet camera. I hope I have what it takes for an interesting sequence. Sadly, that was the last of my kite filming. I got the camera back aboard, but the wind coming off the mainsail caught the kite and made it dive into the water. The string wrapped around my leg and as it paid out, it left a gash several millimeters deep on my knee, around my ankle and under my foot before I could get it untangled.

I quickly hove to, not letting the kite out of my sight, and managed to bring it back aboard, but two bamboo sticks got broken, making it useless.

March 24, Day 71

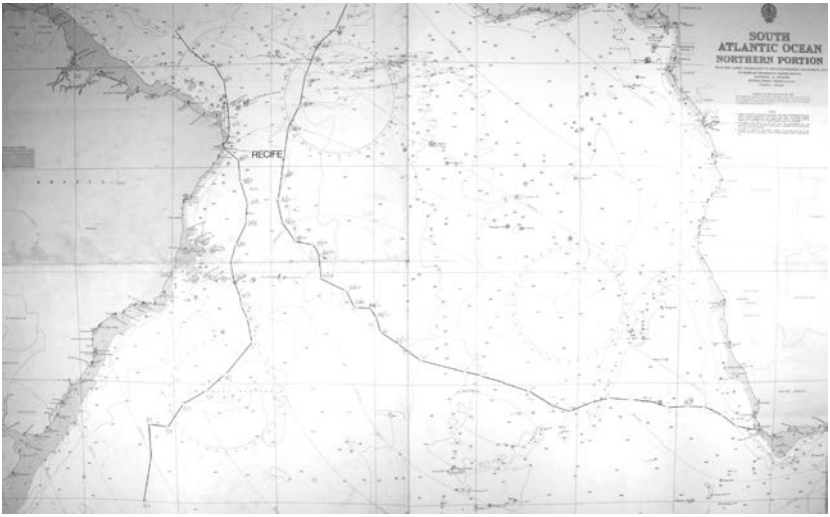
Since the Falklands, the wind has been mostly forward of the beam. Here in the trade wind, I've also been sailing as close to the wind as possible and hoped it would haul towards SE and allow me to cross the route I had followed when I sailed south. But the wind stubbornly disobeys the pilot chart, staying well north of east and I only come within 170 miles of my track on the chart. As of today, the two routes will diverge. It won't really be a voyage around the world.

March 25, Day 72

Offshore salad: sprouted alfalfa, minced onion, rehydrated vegetables, olives, cashews, cheese, vinaigrette and a few rye crackers, washed down with a mug of lukewarm tea.

I'm going to call in at Recife for some fresh produce. I didn't find much on the Falklands and I see no reason why I should deprive myself.

Recife is the easternmost city in Brazil, a detour of just 50 miles.



I'd also like to send home the footage shot from the kite and the scene I filmed from the water with the helmet camera.

March 30, Day 74

On Sunday, late morning, I sighted land. At 4 p.m., *Jean-du-Sud* was anchored across from the yacht club, where I treated myself to an excellent meal.

Monday morning, I ran my errands. First, to customs, for the entry formalities, then to the post office to mail everything I've filmed since the Falklands. The afternoon was spent looking for new film stock. Yesterday, I went to the market to load up on oranges and fresh vegetables.

This morning, Wednesday, I returned to the market to get two bamboo poles to fix the kite, and then back to customs, for the exit formalities. By 2 p.m., less than three days after coming in, *Jean-du-Sud* sailed out of Recife.

April 3, Day 77

This morning, Easter Sunday, it was fall, and this evening, it is springtime. *Jean-du-Sud* has just sailed into the northern hemisphere. We crossed the equator this afternoon at 5:45.

For a few days now, my stomach has been upset. I have heartburn, with diarrhea; I've started a treatment of Lacteol.

I must have picked up some nasty Brazilian virus, ambushed under some orange, litchi or avocado.

The wind, which had been kind enough to blow from behind the beam for a few days, just shifted to almost due north, forcing me to sail west, slightly north.

I feel like I'm sailing through a dead zone. No birds, almost no flying fish.

April 10, Day 85

The end is in sight. In a month, I'll be in Gaspé. But there's still so much work ahead!

I don't mean work on the boat. Everything is shipshape. What I'm talking about is the true purpose of this voyage. On the first leg, I realized this: the difficulty to be conquered lies deep within, it has little to do with external circumstances. I suspected it, but I think that to truly believe it, I had to find out for myself. If it's too early to determine the outcome of this second leg, maybe now would be a good time to check my position and set the route. Pilgrim sailor, what is your course?

In school, you were taught the myth of the original sin and redemption. In college, you learned about philosophy: everything is matter, everything is spirit, or everything is a bit of both. Choose your course.

You learned that you belong to the species *Homo Sapiens Sapiens*. Two Sapiens! Sapiens enough to start a war and threaten each other with atom bombs, but not enough Sapiens to explain the world in a way that satisfies you.

However, some human beings stand out from the rest and seem to act in ways that are more human than others. As though they are more conscious of what they are doing. But you tell yourself that conscience should be like intelligence – you more or less have it at birth, and you have to lead your life with what you've got. Like everyone, you are familiar with Darwin's theory of evolution, but you were told it only applies to inferior beings, not Homo Sapiens Sapiens.

One day, someone depicts the entire human experience from an evolutionary perspective. Here is the evidence you've been looking for: life is evolution! The experience doesn't end with Homo Sapiens Sapiens: human beings are constantly on the move. Matter becomes spirit. The choice is not between good and evil or matter and spirit, it's about living a life that is more or less conscious.

This discovery overwhelms your scale of values. It finally gives your life direction. Off you head, along the evolutionary path. First

you learn a meditation technique – you need gymnastics to evolve towards consciousness.

The life you were living suddenly seemed pointless. You would like to base it on something more concrete and real, true to your innermost aspirations. All you were thinking about was to sail away on your boat; to get it out of your mind, you sail away.

After a few years of tourism under sail, one thing becomes clear: You have never known the sense of complete release from your inner conflicts, as when you find yourself all alone, on your boat, at sea. So, you decide to sail solo around the world. The circumstances for pursuing your personal evolution couldn't be more favorable. To succeed, you will need to exercise a high level of competence and impeccability.

With one month of this great adventure left, where have you gotten to, pilgrim sailor?

The sailor replied, *"I've almost made it, but it took two attempts. On the first attempt, my mast lost the battle."* And the pilgrim, *"It doesn't really matter where I am at. What is important is that I continue on my course and remain vigilant."*

April 12, Day 87

On the first leg, I hardly thought about the film. I filmed spontaneously, improvising for the camera whenever there was something worth telling. Now I am more aware of the importance of conveying what is essential to the experience and how little time I have left.

But it's not easy to talk of love when you're all alone at sea on a boat. For some time, I have been thinking about the paradox. Today, I wrote this scene.

Medium shot. Camera at the back of the cockpit, aimed forward and showing *Jean-du-Sud* sailing along. After a moment, the hatch opens. I come out and scan the horizon.

"Anyone here?

I know, nobody. There never is.

In fact, the closest human being to me now is about a thousand miles from here. There isn't so much as a passing ship out here. In terms of loneliness, it's hard to beat. But I've felt even more lonely some nights back in Montreal.

Actually, all I miss is a little affection. My children, my girlfriend…Mind you, the girlfriend's more theory than fact right now. Given my present occupation, they don't stick around long.

But it doesn't matter. The capacity to love is still there. I still feel it in moments of inner peace, a sort of rush of warmth in here. Everyone I love is there."

I'll wait to shoot the scene until the weather looks like it did in the Southern Ocean.

April 13, Day 88

Since leaving the Chathams, *Jean-du-Sud* has covered 10,116 miles in 87 days, averaging 116.28 miles per day, much faster than on the first leg (just under 98 miles per day).

This time, the wind was steadier. And since the Falklands, it has mostly been forward of the beam, which proves *Jean-du-Sud* is a good close-winded sailboat.

Yesterday I found 9 flying fish on the deck, 4 of them big enough to eat. When I shook down the last reef this morning, another good-sized fish fell out from where it had been trapped in the sail. Since I didn't know how long it had been there (I took the first reef in two days ago), I thought it wiser to recycle it as bait on a fishing hook. But I was sailing too fast and it got torn off the hook before I could catch anything.

April 14, Day 89

The wind has eased and I tried fishing again, this time with an artificial lure. The helmet camera was ready, in case I got a bite.

After a moment, I noticed something going on. I quickly reeled in the line. It was a good-sized mahi mahi that fought bravely and that I had to subdue with blows from a winch handle. The cockpit was

bathed in blood. After the fight, I remembered the camera. It was probably for the better. This carnage was not a pretty sight.

Still, I decided to shoot the filleting, camera at the stern, directed at the bow, angled slightly down to show the cockpit:

"When I was reeling it in, I almost stopped to get the camera, but didn't dare, in case it got away.

This will do me good. A nice change of pace for my diet. Tonight, I'll make myself a nice dorado supper."

I get ready to cut along the spine, to filet it.

"I'll start at the other end, it's simpler."

I flip the fish over.

"It's heavy!

The color! The color's quite dull now, but it's a brilliant gold when it first comes out of the water, but it fades at once as soon as it's dead. Peculiar.

We're now about at 18 degrees latitude, about level with Guadeloupe, and we're heading for, of course, the Saint Lawrence. We should be there in three weeks, maybe.

Now we're almost through the northeast trade wind.

Well, let's get started. Where should I start? Here?"

I start cutting.

"The skin is tough..."

To finish this sequence, I then film the following, to be inserted before:

Long shot. Reverse of earlier shot. Camera at front of cockpit, directed at the stern. I throw a fishing line in the water:

"Come and get it! All you tuna, dorados, bonitos, whitefish! Breakfast is served!

I'm not moving fast, it's a good time for fishing. The trades are out of breath. We're moving north. If you ask me, they won't be with us for much longer.

I'd be very pleased to come up with some fish, if only to vary the menu. A little flying fish now and then is nice, it hits the spot, but it's hardly a banquet. One at a time, they make a meager meal."

To connect the two shots:

Long shot. Same axis as earlier, but closer. I'm sitting, my back against the stern railing, reading, in the shade of a sarong hanging horizontally between the backstay and the lifelines. I stop reading after a moment to check the tension on the two fishing lines:

"Well, nothing yet."

April 18, Day 93

The Sargasso Sea. I sail through compact banks of this algae, which floats on the surface. I have to pull the hydro-alternator out of the water often, to untangle the Sargassum[22] from the propeller.

Several times a day the sails start flapping, the boat is no longer on course. The paddle of the self-steering gear becomes inefficient when the seaweed gets wrapped around it and I have to push it down with a long tool I made that looks a bit like a long fork.

April 21, Day 96

The temperature has dropped and I have to start wearing clothes again.

This afternoon, I sighted a freighter. I ask him over the radio if he can turn on his radar. Because I'll soon be approaching Newfoundland, I'd like to test the radar detector I haven't used since leaving the Channel, as well as the new one I installed at the Chatham Islands.

The detector works, but I discover it's almost impossible to get an actual bearing on the ship: the signal remains the same regardless of the direction the antenna is pointing. Its range is three miles at most (it's a small, portable device).

Still, I'm amazed to discover that despite my good radar reflector in the second spreaders, my echo disappears from the ship's radar screen at five miles. I thought these devices could reach much further.

[22] TN: The Sargasso Sea is named after the two predominant species of brown algae found there: Sargassum natans and Sargussum fluitans.

For two days now, a large tuna has been swimming alongside *Jean-du-Sud*, but always on the side that is in the shade. In the morning it's to starboard, in the afternoon to port. I'll often see it swim away quickly, then jump to catch who knows what, before resuming its position.

April 22, Day 97

Pierre connects me by phone patch with Normand.

The reels mailed from Recife are good. The two shots from the kite are usable, but he'd like me to shoot more, to have more to choose from. I also have to redo the shot of me donning the helmet camera before entering the water. The camera filming this scene wasn't working properly.

Right after our QSO I notice the wind has dropped and the sun is setting. The perfect time to reshoot that scene.

I put on the wetsuit, the lifejacket, the helmet camera, and get into the water, under the cold gaze of the Arriflex camera on the rail.

I've been listening to Morse a lot in the last while and I managed to copy my first weather report, by recording it on tape. I had to re-play it for two hours before I could decode the whole thing.

April 24, Day 99

My transmitter has stopped working, and there's nothing I can do to get it going.

It must be a relay inside that isn't connecting. All afternoon I've been trying to find the defective part. No luck. At least Pierre won't be worried, because I'd already had a few issues with it over the past few days, except that it would start working again. Not this time. I won't be able to contact home again until I'm in VHF range, about 50 miles from shore.

April 25, Day 100

Long shot. Camera in the companionway, shooting down into the cabin, towards the table. A chart is spread out, on which I just pointed my position.

"*Hundredth day out from the Chatham Islands. Bermuda's around 300 miles to the west. I'm on the way home.*

In fact, I'm in no hurry to get back. I'm really quite happy here. I won't be overjoyed to see it end.

From the point of view of difficulty, as far as I'm concerned, this last leg could be compared to Cape Horn. The area around Nova Scotia and the banks off Newfoundland are famous for their frequent fog.

And you have to cross shipping lanes from North America to Europe. It's one of the busiest areas in the world. And the trawlers fishing here off the banks of Newfoundland are not about to give way to small craft. They have the right of way. I'll have to be careful…

Then there's Sable Island, also named the Graveyard of the Atlantic. Sixty miles or so of shoals right on my route. I have to make a big detour."

April 26, Day 101

Grey weather, high seas, fresh winds. *Jean-du-Sud* is running before the wind under a single poled-out working jib. The weather's like it was in the Forties - the perfect time to shoot the sequence about love that I wrote two weeks ago. No downtime at studio *Jean-du-Sud*!

No more Sargassum. It couldn't be soon enough!

April 27, Day 102

My beautiful kite was lost at sea!

I had replaced the broken bamboo sticks, but one must have been heavier. When I tried to launch it, it took off sideways and then hit the water.

I hove-to immediately. I was able to sail back to the kite twice, but I missed each time. I was not quick enough between the tiller and the rail. By the time I made my third attempt, I'd lost sight of it. It's nowhere to be seen, even from the top of the mast.

The weather was nice, as was the wind, and I wanted to shoot more footage from the kite, as Normand had requested. But this time, the wind was from the NW, *Jean-du-Sud* was on starboard tack. In the trade wind, we were on port tack, so there's no way that any shot taken here could be cut into what I'd already filmed. I had to re-shoot the whole scene.

I had been looking for a reason to climb up the mast with the helmet camera for some time now.

Since I'd filmed the first scene, in which the kite fell into the water, I finished the sequence using a subjective shot in which I climb up the mast, do a slow 360° scan of the horizon, then climb back down.

April 28, Day 103

Canadian Coast Guard weather bulletin, broadcast in Morse by Radio Halifax: "*…The iceberg, growler and radar target positions are based on estimated drift. Date of sighting is in parentheses*

following position. Estimated position of all known ice: Newfoundland coast at 4740 N 5720 W to 4445 N 5605 W...

I'd been debating whether to enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence via the very wide Cabot Strait, or the Strait of Canso, south of Cape Breton Island, which shortens my route by 150 miles. Since I am already surrounded by fog, I have decided to enter the Gulf of St. Lawrence through Canso Strait. The approach is a little trickier to deal with, but I prefer the rocks off the coast to offshore ice.

April 29, Day 104

The tuna is still swimming alongside, in the shadow cast by *Jean-du-Sud*. I tried to get an underwater shot by partially submerging the Bell-Howell camera, tightly wrapped in plastic. But as soon as the camera enters the water, the tuna flees with a few quick movements of its fins, keeping a respectful distance until the camera is out of the water.

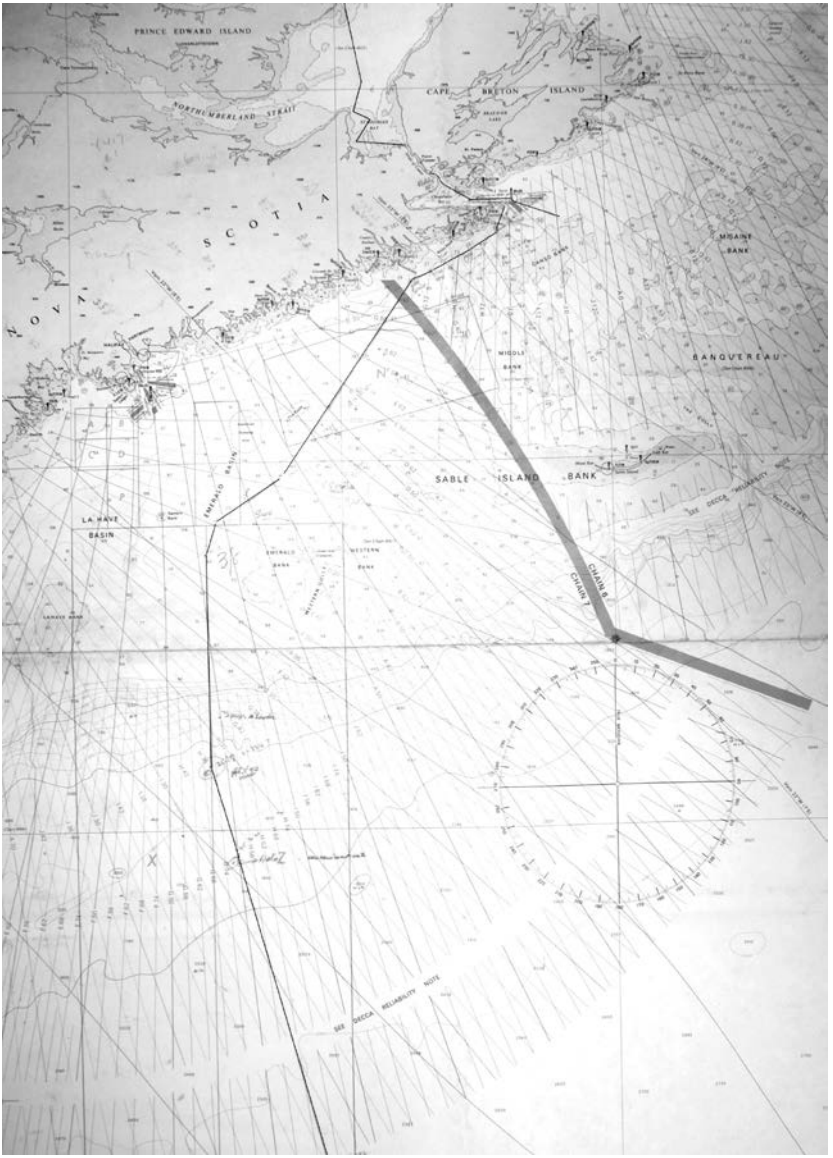
May 1, Day 106

When I woke up, the wind shifted to SW, force 4: I gybed. The water turned green over the course of the morning. We're getting closer to the continental shelf.

Bang!

I jumped on deck. We just hit a big timber, like those used for railway ties. No damage, luckily. But I think about lightly-built racing catamarans, flying along at three times the speed, hitting something like this…

In the afternoon, the wind increased to 5 and the sea turned choppy. Six knots and more, wind aft of the beam. We're flying!


PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT
CAPE BRETON ISLAND
SCOTIA
NOVA
MISAINE BANK
BANQUEREAU
MISAINE BANK
SABLE ISLAND BANK
LA HAVE BASIN
EMERALD BASIN
EMERALD BANK
WESTERN BANK
CHANNEL
SEE DECCA RELIABILITY NOTE

I got two sun sights and two moon (lower limb) this morning, and one good sun sight with two of Venus this evening.

May 2, Day 107

The wind dropped to 3 over the course of the morning, but there is still a good chop from the SW. The sea is truly green.

This afternoon, there is a halo around the sun, the barometer is falling, cirrus clouds are covering the sky from the west. A depression is coming. Thick weather in store on the banks.

Norfolk Radio predicts wind between 25 and 35 knots, confirmed by the U.S. Navy. Another six good sights from the sun today, three at day's end. The intercepts are no further apart than 5 miles: I manage to fix my position with the sextant within a three-mile radius.

Fog sets in at the end of the day. The strobe light at the top of the mast, for use in fog (lost in the dismasting but replaced at the Chatham Islands and tested before I set sail), doesn't seem to be working. Hardly the time to climb the mast to see what's going on. *Jean-du-Sud* heads blindly into the dark night, putting faith in the radar detector, but even more so, in the Magick-Byrd. If my little detector picks up a radar, I will indicate my presence with the VHF, lowering the power to 1 watt, so I only alert the ship nearby. To prepare for a possible collision, I bolt the watertight bulkhead in place to seal off the forward cabin.

May 3, Day 108

Weather's still thick, visibility under a mile. All morning I try to get a bearing with the radio direction finder on the Sable Island beacon and Sambro, at the entrance to Halifax. Their signals are weak. The continuous signal from Sable Island is easier to detect, but Sambro only comes in one minute every six, and I have to spend a long time waiting for it. By the end of the morning, I get Sable Island abeam and Sambro ahead. I reckon that I'm clear of Emerald Bank,

the westernmost danger off Sable Island. Now I can head straight for Canso. Course required: 65° true, 45° on the compass.

1 p.m. Fresh SW wind, heavy sea. Working jib alone.

3 p.m. An echo on the depth sounder. 55 fathoms. Based on my dead reckoning, this makes sense: I am approaching a small plateau.

4 p.m. For the past hour, depth was 55 fathoms, but now the sounder indicates nothing. I must have sailed past the edge of the plateau.

Second night in pea soup.

May 4, Day 109

4 a.m. First radio bearing on Country Island, which places me closer to land than I'd estimated. I'll have to keep an eye on the sounder.

7 a.m. Country Island abeam, 53 fathoms on the sounder. I can plot a fix. On the chart, the 50-fathom line is 10 miles from the coast, so I follow it. Next mark: The Cranberry Island beacon, at the entrance to Canso Strait, 30 miles ENE.

8 a.m. There's just a little southerly wind. Shook out the reefs.

11 a.m. 40 fathoms. Poled out the genoa.

Noon. Good bearing on Cranberry Island. 45 fathoms. I can maintain my course.

1 p.m. 20 fathoms.

2 p.m. 15 fathoms. If the bottom gets closer, I'll alter course to starboard.

I call Normand on the VHF, to let him know where I am. He wants to know when I'll reach Gaspé. I have to remind him that *Jean-du-Sud* is not a ship. If the wind holds and I can run before it, 48 hours (12 hours to get out of Canso Strait, 36 hours to cross the Gulf of Saint Lawrence), but if the wind is from ahead or dies, who knows?

My dear *Jean-du-Sud*, you are lucky. You almost left your bones on the rocks at the entrance to Canso Strait! It would have been my fault alone!

I was below decks, sorting out the details of my arrival with Normand. When I hung up the microphone, I climbed onto the deck. Dead ahead, less than three lengths away, I saw a rock, beaten by the swell. We were under genoa on a dead run, headed right for it. I barely had the time to disconnect the self-steering gear and come about. To beat against the wind, I had to replace the genoa with a working jib: close-hauled, I couldn't keep so much canvas.

I headed 20 miles out to sea, to wait until it clears.

This is what I should have done in the first place: wait offshore!

I figured I could safely sail into Strait of Canso with 100 feet visibility, without a detailed chart, just using a compass, a depth sounder and a little direction finder. How presumptuous! And how reckless!

Sailing directions are clear: "When coming from the south and the east, do not sail closer than 25 fathoms until the sounder indicates that the boat is north of the bank." Can I not read?!

And why did I feel it was more important to go down below and sort out details of the film, instead of keeping watch on deck, making sure my boat is safe?

That would have been quite a homecoming: *Jean-du-Sud* hung up on a rock! It still sends shivers down my spine! I think of the recent end to *Gypsy Moth*[23]. Exhausted after crossing Bass Strait, Desmond Hampton didn't hear his alarm clock. His boat slammed into rocks at Gabo Island. Twenty seconds later, *Jean-du-Sud* would have met the same fate. I deserved it as much as he did. Why one and not the other? Was it chance?

Or is this once again proof of Magick-Byrd's love (and leniency)?

May 5, Day 110

Hove-to all night and all morning. At noon, the weather offshore is still thick, but the forecast predicts clearing on land. I get back on course, after getting a few radio bearings on Cranberry Island. Required course: 5° true, 27° magnetic, 20° on the compass.

[23] Francis Chichester's former boat, on a solo round the world race.

3 p.m. A radio bearing on Arichat intersects the one from Cranberry. I can put a bit of west in my north. 310° on the compass.

4:40 p.m. Pale sun on an indistinct horizon: enough for a sextant sight. I get a position line that matches the radio bearing from Cranberry. 35 fathoms on the sounder.

5 p.m. The weather forecast was right: closer to shore, the weather is clearing. First, I see a spar buoy, then the coast, luckily right where I was expecting it. I take a compass bearing on the Cranberry Island lighthouse, which I can see now. I am at the mouth of Chedabucto Bay, clear of any dangers. I can head straight for Eddy Point, at the bottom of the bay, the entrance of Canso Strait.

8 p.m. Cerberus Rock buoy abeam. To the right, Isle Madame, and Eddy Point lighthouse right ahead. The wind is a mere sigh.

Shortly before midnight I throw in an anchor just off Eddy Point, to wait for wind and daylight, and I collapse into my bunk.

May 6, Day 111

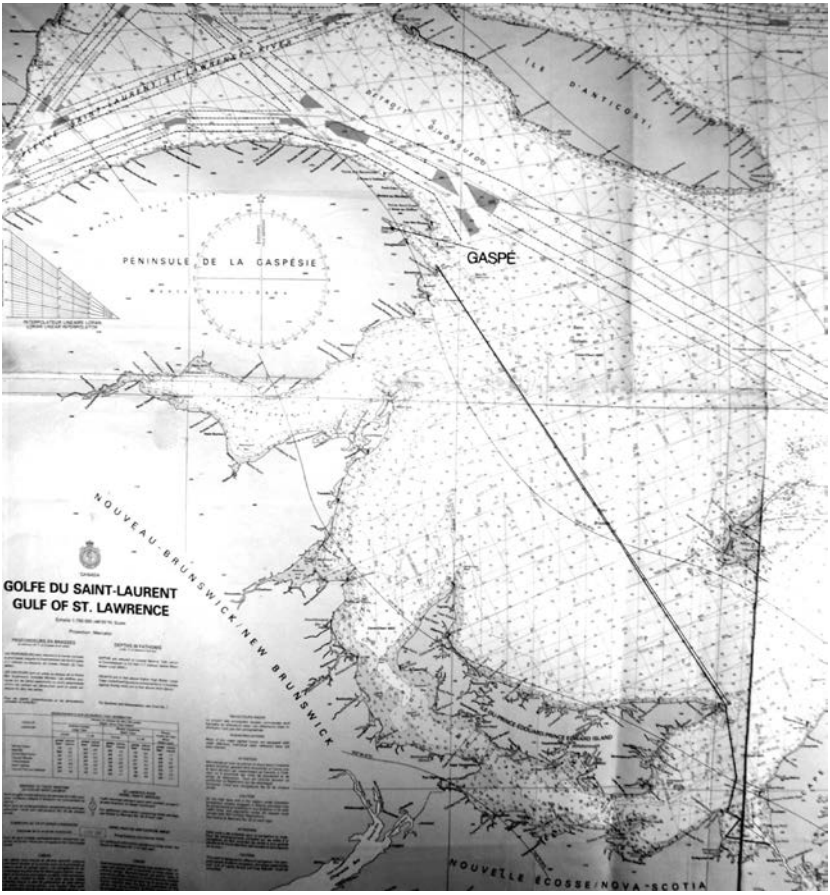
4:30 a.m. A breath of wind from the north. I hoist the anchor. The wind drops in the time it takes to maneuver.

I spend two hours off Eddy Point, waiting for the wind, barely holding my own against the current. I hail the pilot boat, who tows me at 8 knots into Port Hawkesbury, where locks will get me into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

While waiting for customs to open, I take a taxi to the local Holiday Inn and treat myself to an extravagant breakfast.

I think about the look on the Canadian customs officer's face when I tell him that I've just come from the Falklands after spending 38 days at sea and three at a port of call in Brazil.

Once the formalities are completed, I have to wait for the wind again, so I have the time to call Normand. He tells me that my brother Michel, who owns a plane, will fly him, a cameraman, an assistant and a sound man from Montreal to Gaspé. My father will be with them.



Another 200 miles to cross the Gulf of St-Lawrence and the forecast says some wind should be expected. I tell him to expect me in Gaspé three days from now. This should give me a 24-hour leeway, in case I'm becalmed or have to fight a headwind.

5:30 p.m. Moderate wind. I set sail under small genoa. Once I'm out of Canso Strait, which opens up into St. George's Bay, I'm hit by a NW headwind. I have to tack out of the bay.

The wind eases and I hoist the genoa. A squall hits, and in the course of an hour: genoa, one reef, two reefs, working jib, staysail.

The squall passes: jib, single reef. During this “sail drill”, the barometer has climbed from 1,006 to 1,017 mb!

May 7, Day 112

1 a.m. I come about in front of Cape George, at the entrance to the bay. The wind eases a bit, but stays NW.

5 a.m. Little breaths of wind from the south. I gybe. Reacher.

7 a.m. Not so much as a fart. I dare doze a bit.

11 a.m. Little southerly breeze. Spinnaker.

By afternoon, the little breeze has turned into a good SW wind that drives us at maximum speed, across Northumberland Strait, still under spinnaker. It’s a beautiful sail, on an emerald green sea, flat, sparkling under a magnificent sun. The hilly coast of Cape Breton Island is no more than a thick line on the horizon behind me; to my left, Prince Edward Island slowly comes into view. Soon I can see the red soil, adorned with golden grasses. I round East Point at the same time as the Magdalen Islands ferry, which just left the port of Souris. Only 150 miles between me and Gaspé.

In the evening, the wind picks up a bit and I take down the spinnaker, to run under a poled-out genoa, the wind still from behind.

Another sleepless night. Brightly lit trawlers crisscross Bradelle Bank.

May 8, Day 113

Jean-du-Sud smells home. All night long we have been flying along at more than 6 knots. In the morning, the wind picks up even more and I have to take in two reefs, one after the other.

The wind continues at this strength all day and we maintain a speed of 6 to 8 knots. It’s cloudy most of the time, but I still manage to get a few sights on the sun.

8 p.m. I see Bonaventure Island, straight ahead. A few hours later, *Jean-du-Sud* heaves-to at the entrance of Gaspé Bay. If I get up at dawn, I should cover the remaining 20 miles as planned and arrive around 10 tomorrow morning.

May 9, 1983, Day 114

4 a.m. I drag myself out of my bunk and prepare a substantial breakfast before continuing on. As soon as I finish hoisting the sails, the wind dies completely and fog sets in. I haven't had time to take a compass bearing on Cap-des-Rosiers lighthouse and I only have a vague idea of my position. Radio beacons are no help: Cap-des-Rosiers and Miscou are on the same line, one to my left, the other to my right. I drift blindly, at the whim of unfamiliar currents.

Over the VHF I hear that Normand and the film crew have headed out on a boat and are looking for me on the radar. But the morning mist has turned into real fog, and there's nothing I can do to help them find me. I am told that two Gaspé sailboats are also out looking for me. Their owners worked all weekend long to get their boats out of winter storage and managed to launch them yesterday evening with the tide, in view of escorting me this morning.

Our game of hide and seek lasts all morning. Finally, at about 1 p.m., a breeze chases the fog away. Deliverance and homecoming!

We have to get going, there's a crowd, some have been there all morning. The boat hands throw me a towline and off we fly to Gaspé. I find myself anxiously checking the cleat holding the tow line, worried that it will be torn from the deck at any moment.

Suddenly, Normand casts me off. We are now close enough, and there's wind. While *Jean-du-Sud* sails the last few miles, he returns ashore to get some shots from Michel's plane. He's timed it all and will be back from the airport in time to film my arrival at the yacht club.

28,200 nautical miles in 282 sailing days from Saint-Malo. At 4 p.m., *Jean-du-Sud* sails into the Club Nautique Jacques-Cartier in Gaspé. I've underestimated the wind strength and *Jean-du-Sud* is running downwind at 6 knots under mainsail alone, in the narrow passageway between the jetty and a long pier. Impressed by the speed, I push the tiller a tad late. *Jean-du-Sud* comes about, wind ahead, but kills the way a little early, a few meters from the dock. A mad scramble for all to see. I throw a line, but it catches on lord knows what and ends up in the water. The club steward saves the day,

jumping into his boat to fish it out of the water. My father falls into my arms, then my brother Michel, then Normand. There's not even enough time to tie up *Jean-du-Sud* properly. I have to go to the clubhouse, sign the gold register and listen to the yacht club commodore congratulate me, welcome me and read out a telegram from Prime Minister René Lévesque. Then it's the president of the 1984 Celebration Committee, who offers me a medal commemorating the 450th anniversary of Jacques Cartier's visit.

I'm given the microphone. I improvise:

"This is truly an emotional moment. This voyage I undertook was at least to some degree my life's work, and I'm not finished. Each day becomes my life's work, but today is, naturally, an especially big one.

This journey has been, from the start, magnificent, marvelous. It taught me about many things, and permitted me to grow deeply.

This reception is very moving, and I'm very happy.

Merci. Thank you. To all of you. Each and every one."

Epilogue[24]

You asked me to talk about the values I discovered during this 282-day single-handed voyage. I spent a lot of time thinking about what I could tell you: I did not have any visions.

I had a lot of time to meditate – the phone did not ring often – but I must say I had no great revelations, nor did I reach a state of nirvana or samadhi.

Yet I have known many moments of total contentment: ends of days when the sun dove into the sea, splashing half the sky with warm light ...

The trade wind caressing naked skin (it is almost as good as caresses from a loved one) …

The simple pleasure of watching the bow of my boat slice through the surface of the sea, pushed, but also guided by an invisible force: the magic of the wind …

Or spending hours watching an albatross. These birds use the wind thousands of times better than our sailboats: you never see their wings flap; only the tips move, like a rudder. They glide for days on end. When it is calm, they land on the surface and wait for the wind…

I could go on evoking moments that I wouldn't have traded for the world, but I wouldn't be staying on the topic: those moments, even if

[24] Excerpt from a talk given on April 17, 1985 by Yves Gélinas on the values discovered on a long, solo voyage aboard *Jean-du-Sud*, at a meeting of school directors.

they have considerable value, are not discoveries. I have to look elsewhere.

On the intellectual level? In nine months of solitude, I might have had the time to construct a nice theory that I could now offer to you from the pinnacle of my recent Honorary Doctorate.

But search as I might, I found no syllogism, no proof. I can only prove that the Earth is round, but I'm afraid I am not the first.

Yet I do have this piece of advice: if you want to embark on a beautiful voyage, do not forget your Magick-Byrd. I took one with me around the world: it worked beyond my expectations.

Inside the cabin of *Jean-du-Sud*, hanging by a thread from the handrail, is a little bird woven from the fronds of the magick coconut palm. More precisely, the Special Bluewater Sailing Model of the Magick-Byrd.

After seven years of sharing my day-to-day and the trials of a circumnavigation on *Jean-du-Sud* with the Magick-Byrd, I had so many opportunities to marvel its exploits that I wouldn't part with it for anything in the world.

Since you are all nice people, I will reveal how it works and under what conditions it will attain its full Magick Power.

There are two conditions essential to the good performance of a Magick-Byrd: first, you must do your best, from the highest level of your consciousness; second, you must surrender to this greater force.

Beware: if you worry about the results of your action, you are no longer surrendering, you are no longer at the highest level of your consciousness, you are no longer in the here and now, and you lose all connection with the Magick Power.

The trap is cleverly set and I fell blindly into it. Thinking about it gives me goosebumps. I almost couldn't set sail. I'll tell you how it happened:

When I was attempting to silence my mind, and base my actions from the highest level of my consciousness, I still had this imperious desire to head out to sea for a very long time. So, every morning, I would ask myself, "What is the most effective thing I can do today to make this happen?" And I would try my best to do it, with detachment and abandon.

After two years of preparation in Plouër, France, I had done all I could do without funds. So, I flew back to Montreal and worked at raising some money. Six months of phone calls, meetings, etc., and I didn't feel as though I'd made any progress.

As time flew, I became more nervous and impatient. To take advantage of the most favorable seasons, I had planned to leave three months later and still had a great deal of work to do in France on *Jean-du-Sud*. I was so tense that I got a stiff neck.

This gave me cause to stop and think. I realized I was no longer detached. I wanted to leave. I saw that I had to change my attitude and return to this state of surrender.

The next morning, I found a solution to my problem, as if by Magick.

And the Magick-Byrd got its message across, even before we headed out to sea: "*Do your share as best you can, the rest is not your problem!"* To not worry about what lay in wait in the Roaring Forties or at Cape Horn, I took for granted that the Magick-Byrd was coherent: if He was going to allow me to leave, He was not about to let me get me lost later on.

Obviously, I had to trust my boat. I knew that I could not rely on its size: *Jean-du-Sud* would be the smallest boat to attempt this route. I could rely only on its strength.

I realized right away that if I consciously neglected the smallest detail, I could never live in the here and now.

I had to be sure of the strength of the mast, of the rigging, the portholes, sure I had not neglected the smallest of details. Otherwise, I would be in a state of constant anguish, to the resounding echo of: "I should have…"

But striving for impeccability is like traveling under sail: you move towards a destination, but you are never sure you will get there. *Jean-du-Sud* was capsized by the sea and came back up without a mast. I had underestimated the load imposed on the bolts holding the lower shroud chainplates and they snapped. It was entirely my fault, but I was true to myself, and this time, the Magick-Byrd did not hold it against me.

Between the understanding of a concept and its incarnation in daily life, the going is sometimes rough and often upwind.

I undertook this voyage in order to attain a greater degree of inner peace. I thought that I would achieve it mostly through meditation and reading.

I had taken along serious reading material on spirituality. In the end, the most important thing I learned is that knowledge has no value if it does not go beyond the mental level and is not accompanied by an effort to transform daily life.

After reading a few books, I stopped pursuing my studies: I realized that the essential is not about learning, it's about becoming; and I already had enough knowledge to keep me busy through a few circumnavigations.

So, I put my serious books away and I made an effort to sail my boat as best I could, with trust and abandon.

❖

I also experienced a new dimension of love.

I have to admit that discussing love during a single-handed circumnavigation may seem paradoxical. And I do not mean love as a platonic and disembodied sentiment. I mean this very tangible rush of warmth deep inside the heart felt when you first kiss the one you love…

This rush of warmth we experience only too rarely: when pressing yourself against the love of your life, or holding the hand of your child: you burst with energy, you could lift the whole world!

This flame of love that lifts the world can be felt thousands of miles from any human being: all you have to do is still your mind, focus on the region of the heart, and you will feel it ignite, almost imperceptibly.

By persevering in the effort of keeping it alive, I dare say that with love, it grows more tangible, and eventually warms up your whole life.

Between love and reason, the two forces that made us evolve, we have preferred reason. It is reason that we use to define ourselves:

Homo Sapiens Sapiens. Our reason led us to nuclear power and our planet owes its survival to the Balance of Power and Mutually Assured Destruction! If this balance of power is ever broken, it will be another strike in favor of reason.

What could *Homo Sapiens Amans* achieve? A being no longer defined by reason, but by love? A being who would listen to reason, of course, but would first listen to his heart?

> *"When men will live for love*
> *There will be no more misery*
> *The soldiers will be troubadours*
> *But we, we will be dead, my brother."*[25]

Raymond Lévesque[26] will forgive me. For once, I would like to belie a poet and start to live love before we die, my brothers.

As I conclude this talk on the values I discovered during this long voyage, I notice that I talked about three things:

The need to surrender to a greater force and maintain an impeccable attitude (those are the two conditions essential to the operation of the Magick-Byrd). In other words, faith and hope

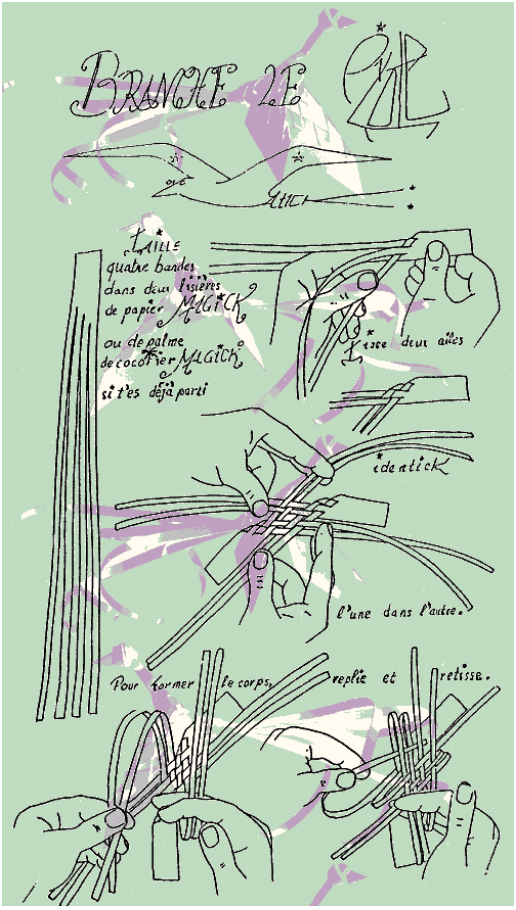
And finally, love.

This, I have heard before.

[25] TN: No official translation exists for this song. The original French lyrics read as follows:

Quand les homes vivront l'amour
Il n'y aura plus de misère
Les soldats seront troubadours
Mais nous, nous serons morts, mon frère.

[26] TN: Raymond Lévesque is a singer-songwriter from Quebec. Born in 1928, he is one of the pioneers of the chansonnier tradition in Quebec. This song was voted the best song written in the second half of the twentieth century.



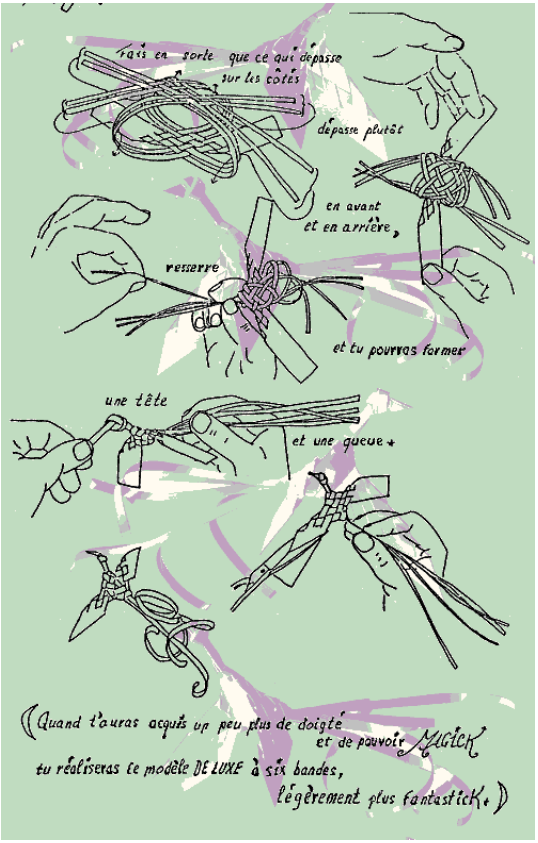
How to connect your Magick-Byrd auto pilot

Cut four strips into two strips of Magick paper or use the fronds of the magick coconut if you are already underway

Make two identick-al wings

by weaving one into the other

To make the body, fold the wings and weave them back into one another.



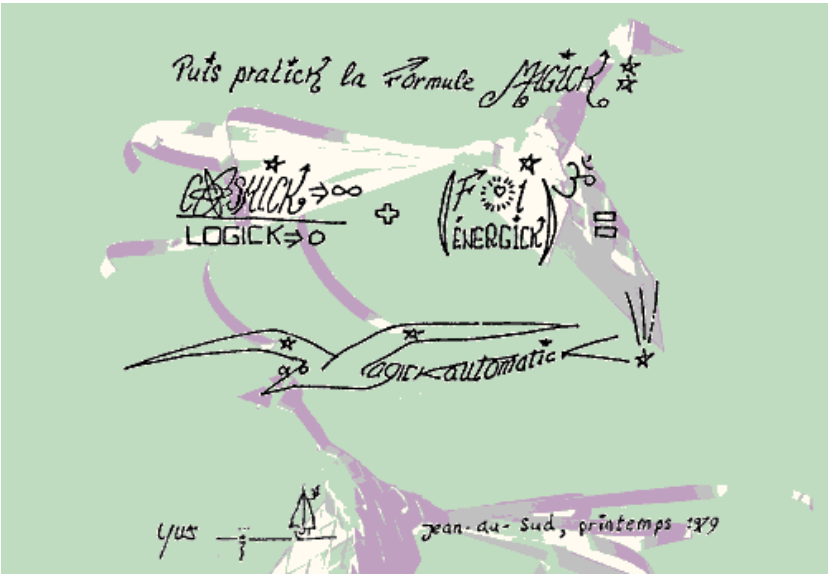
Make sure the ends stick out at each end (at the front and back)

Gently pull the strips tight

And you will have

a head and a tail

Once your fingers are more nimble and you have mastered the magick, you can make the deluxe 6-strip version – it's a bit more fan-tastick.



PRACTICK the secret magick formula

Divide infinite cosmick by finite logick - Add ener-getick faith

Get auto-matick magick

Guaranteed to Procure

Happiness *Health*
Wisdom *Longevity*

When Used According to Instructions

Instructions for Use :

1 : Suspend  *near your bed.*

2 : Every evening, before going to sleep, engage in a conversation with  *. Tell*  *about the day you had, about your health, about your problems or anything on your mind. Ask*  *for advice, ask his opinion.*

3 : Mentally listen for  *'s answers and solutions.*

4 : While you sleep,  *flies away, carrying with him your diseases, problems, hang-ups, etc., leaving you with pleasant dreams.*

5 : When used regularly,  *will make you a happy, healthy human being and you will live to be very old.*

Yves, Sept. 1975

Technical notes

Jean-du-Sud

Jean-du-Sud is an Alberg 30, hull 399, designed for racing and coastal cruising by Swedish-born American yacht designer Carl Alberg, and built in Canada by Whitby Boat Works, located on the shore of Lake Ontario. This fiberglass boat was discovered by Chesapeake Bay sailors in 1963 who wanted a one-design boat for racing. It became highly popular in the late1960s, not just in the Great Lakes, but also on the Eastern seaboard. Both the Chesapeake Bay Alberg 30 Association and the Great Lakes Alberg Association are still active and in 2013, celebrated their 50th anniversary.

If were to use one word to describe the boat, I would use the word moderate.

While it is not unduly heavy, the builder did not try to reduce the displacement much by skimping on raw materials – it was built before the energy crisis. Displacing four tons, with a length of 30'3" (9.15 m), the boat is heavier and longer than contemporary yachts, but still lighter than the traditional Norwegian cutter. On open seas, it bounces around a lot less than a lighter boat, but it doesn't have the inertia of a heavier displacement boat, which could prevent it from escaping a knock-down in high seas.

With a 4'3" (1.30 m) draft, a 8'9" (2.66 m) beam and a ballast to displacement ratio of just over one-third of its displacement, the boat is pretty tender. First, I thought this to be a shortcoming, but the more I sailed the boat, the more I realized this is a positive attribute. When the wind strengthens, all you have to do is take in a reef and the boat rights itself immediately, consistently sailing just as fast and with less strain on the sails and rigging. After 25,000 miles over the past ten years, *Jean-du-Sud* still had its original sails.

Despite this, the boat is powerful enough to sail to windward as long as sails can be carried. I left Cuxhaven, Germany, after returning from a cruise in Sweden, in a force 8 northwesterly wind (I'd been

waiting almost a week for more manageable weather and had run out of patience). It took us 24 hours to sail the 90 miles to Borkum, Holland, hard on the wind, under storm jib and with three reefs in the main. A most respectable performance for a sailboat this size.

Rig

Mainsails were still considered the boat's main engine. The Alberg 30's mast is stepped well forward of amidships and the boom is long (fortunately for me, when I had to use the boom to jury rig a mast). The mast's forward position makes the boat more stable when reaching.

The Alberg 30 is rigged with a mast scantling of approximately 3 kilos per meter, single spreaders, with a ¼" (6.4 mm) diameter head stay, a backstay, two cap shrouds, and four 3/16" (5 mm) lower shrouds. The new mast is 4.3 kg per meter. Mr. Coeudevez of Nirvana Masts had recommended a mast section of at least 5 kg/m, but agreed that I could compensate by adding a second set of spreaders, an inner forestay on which I can hoist a staysail, with two running backstays. I replaced all the shrouds with 7 mm cable.

Since I'd added a second cap shroud, I added a chainplate bolted to the hull and the bulkhead with four 8 mm bolts. I'd also used larger bolts for the backstay chainplates.

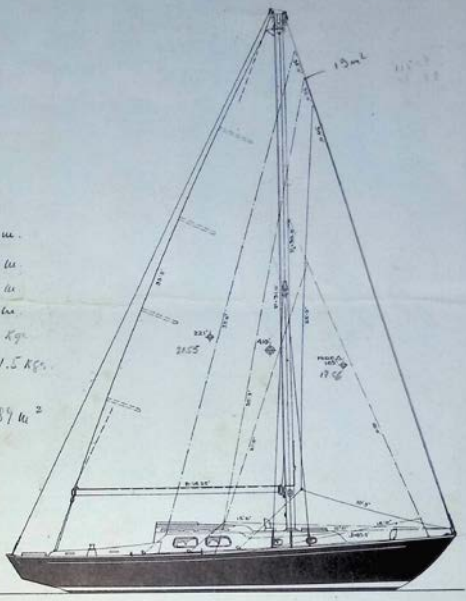
With all these changes, I thought I'd built a mast at least 10 times stronger than the old one. But I did not make any change to the lower shroud chainplates, which were fastened to their gussets inside the hull with 3 quarter-inch bolts each. I had mistakenly judged that resistance to shear of those three bolts equaled the breaking strength of a 7 mm cable. In the Chathams, I replaced them with two 8 mm and one 10 mm bolt.

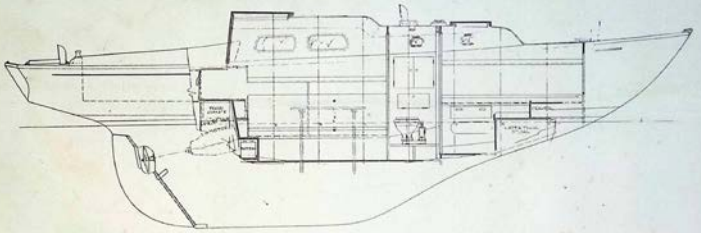
I overlooked the fact that a mast ten times stronger would exert ten times more pressure on its step and would pull ten times more on the chainplates. There were two weak links in the chain, and the sea found them.

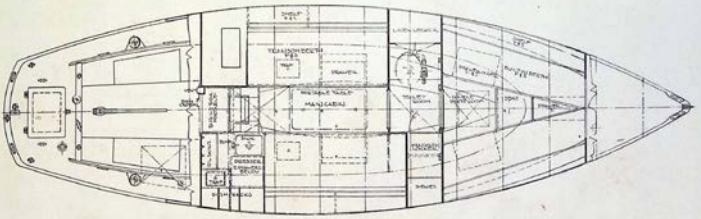
ALBERG 30

SPECIFICATIONS

L.O.A.	30'3"	9,21 m.
L.W.L.	21'8"	6,60 m
Beam	8'9"	2,66 m
Draft	4'3"	1,30 m
Ballast	3,300 lbs.	1,500 Kgs.
Displacement	9,000 lbs.	4,081.5 Kgs.
Sail Area		
Working canvas	410 sq. ft.	38.089 m²







Repairing the mast

When I returned from the Chatham Islands, I visited the Yachtspars New Zealand factory in Auckland and was relieved to find out that I would be able to do the work myself when I came back.

I had the opportunity to watch a mast being repaired and found the answers to all my questions.

I still had a 1.5-meter (5') section of the extrusion that was left from the 12 m (39') tube I had used to build the new mast, in Saint-Malo. I kept 6 inches to replace the irregular edges of the break and from the rest, I cut a sleeve: two cuts on either side of the sail track, rounded at both ends to avoid concentration of effort. The sleeve had to be at least 5 times longer than the mast section.

Yachtspars emphasized the importance of having a tight contact between the sleeve and the mast, achieved by tapping the sleeve, once it was in place, and driving bolts to pull it against the inside of the mast.

When I returned to the Chatham Islands the following October, I tackled the job, trying to follow their recommendations closely, adding a generous amount of epoxy glue and stainless steel rivets to be on the safe side[27].

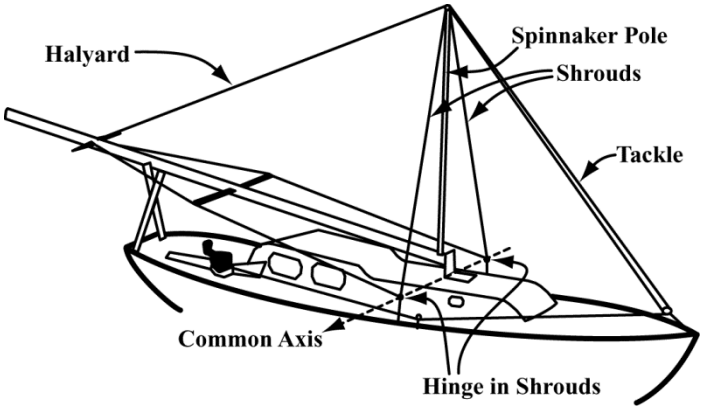
Stepping the mast

I had discovered this technique in an American magazine many years ago, used in Holland, a country of many bridges. It makes it possible to step the mast using only the spinnaker pole, and a few other arrangements, such as a hinged mast step, a hinge in the cap shrouds precisely in the same axis and a strap at the base of the mast where one end of the pole is clamped.

The pole, placed vertically above the base of the mast, is held aft with a foresail halyard and laterally with two cables acting as shrouds, made fast to the hinge in the cap shrouds. The mast - shrouds

[27] 35 years later, the mast repaired in the Chathams is still up.

and pole - shrouds form two isosceles triangles that can pivot on a common base, formed by the axis in the mast step and the hinge in the cap shrouds. To bring the mast to the vertical, all I need to do is pull on the pole with a tackle led to the bow. I use the four-part tackle of the mainsheet, led aft to a winch. The combined power of the tackle and winch makes it possible to pull the mast up without too much effort[28].



Sails

I entrusted Michel Ralys with making the sails I needed: a 19 m^2 mainsail, with hollow roach and no battens, with triple seams and three reef points, made with 360 g/m^2 cloth; a 10 m^2 staysail with two reefs; a 5 m^2 storm jib made with the same canvas; a 10 m^2 Yankee made with 340 g/m^2 cloth. I also brought a working jib, but kept the original heavy and light genoas, a spinnaker and a reacher.

For the second leg, I had the luff of the Yankee cut off at the tack, to lower the clew (it was too hard to reach when I boomed out the sail) and I ordered a new working jib (the old one was too worn and no longer effective when sailing close-hauled).

[28] Since adding an electric windlass a few years ago, this process is even easier. I have used this system dozens of times to step or unstep the mast, each time I want to haul the boat.

I can take two reefs in the main and one reef in the staysail from the cockpit. The secret is to give the halyard a bit more slack than needed. When the sail is almost half way down, it becomes easy to pull the reef cringle down to the boom, even without a winch. With a main without battens, I can do this maneuver even when dead before the wind. I made sure that the mast track goes right down to the gooseneck so that I don't have to remove the sail slides from the track.

I removed the mast track from the old mast and riveted it to the new one, beside the mainsail track for the trysail. It goes past the gooseneck and right down to the deck. The trysail can remain furled on the deck, with the slides already on the track. To hoist the sail, I just have to clamp the main halyard to the head and the spinnaker sheets to the clew.

Electricity

Ten gallons of gas when you plan to sail around non-stop renders an engine useless, so I got rid of this surplus weight, and the entire electrical system was redone. Four 100 A/H batteries (Freedom, AC Delco) are used to store the electricity produced by my hydro-alternator (Ampair), which has a rotating propeller towed 15 meters astern on a 10 mm Dacron line.

I also have two small solar panels (Plastimo) mounted on the cabin top, in front of the companionway. It's not the best spot; they are often in the shadow cast by the boom, and they cannot be oriented, but this was the safest way to mount them. After all, they are a backup system.

Radio communication

To communicate with Montreal, I had an HF transceiver (Yaesu FT 707) that transmitted on frequencies reserved for amateur radio operators.

I used the backstay as an antenna using two rigging insulators (Norseman) and an antenna coupler (Yaesu FC 707). The system was

grounded through a Dynaplate bolted under the hull; all bronze seacocks were also connected to the grounding plate.

For about 4 days out of 5, the propagation was good enough to relay my message to CKMF Radio, who then broadcast it. On the second leg, the propagation continued to decrease, and the signals were not copied as easily. (Activity on the sun's surface, which varies over an 8 to 11-year cycle, ionizes the stratospheric layer, which then reflects radio signals back to earth. The peak of this cycle had been a year before I left Saint-Malo.)

Self-steering gear

Article published in *Sailing Canada* No 50, May 1988. It was first published in French in Canada in *La Revue maritime l'Escale* No 10, 1985 and in France, in *Loisirs nautiques* no 185, 1987

In the 282 sailing days of my voyage, I did not steer *Jean-du-Sud* more than one hour. My boat stayed on course with the aid of the self-steering system I designed, through the seas and gales of the Roaring Forties and in all strengths of wind, even under spinnaker, square before a very light breeze. If there was enough wind to keep the sails full, there was enough for the self-steerer. It even survived two knock-downs and a 360° capsize which dismasted *Jean-du-Sud*. Under jury rig, it was still steering! As far as I know, this is the only Hasler type (with servo-pendulum) self-steering gear that has sailed around the world on this route without ever breaking down.

I had been thinking about the design of a wind-operated self-steering system for as long as I had been cruising under sail: I have always considered that there were more interesting things to do than be stuck at the helm.

Sailing historians generally credit the French marine artist Marin-Marie for the first solution to this problem, in 1939: the main rudder of his pinnace *Arielle* was lashed, while a small auxiliary rudder, controlled by a vane, kept the boat on course. With the aid of this system, Marin-Marie was the first single-hander to cross the Atlantic under power.

This auxiliary rudder self-steerer is still in use today (Hydrovane, Auto-Helm, RVG). I tried it, and I found that its action is slow and its efficiency decreases as the seas increase. It is more difficult, but also more efficient to maintain a yacht on course with its own rudder.

If the rudder is outboard, the problem can still be solved relatively easily: in the fifties, an unknown person thought of mounting a small trim-tab, like an airplane flap, on the trailing edge of a rudder. Controlled by a windvane on the same axis, this flap supplies the

energy required to move the rudder. It is the simplest of all systems. Bernard Moitessier successfully used it on all of his boats.

When the rudder-stock passes through the hull, the problem is more complex; and *Jean-du-Sud*, like most other modern cruising yachts, happens to have such a rudder.

For the first single-handed trans-Atlantic race, in 1960, Francis Chichester replaced the mizzen of his yawl *Gipsy-Moth* with a big canvas windvane linked to the tiller with control lines. The force required to move the tiller called for a very large vane, which Chichester had to reef as the wind increased.

Blondie Hasler had a better idea. He made use of the energy produced by the movement of his folkboat *Jester* through the water. A vertical oar blade was planted in the water behind the boat. When a vane rotated this blade around a vertical axis, like a rudder, the flow of water pushed it sideways with a considerable force. Hasler used this force by connecting the blade to the tiller through a quadrant and control lines. He called this system "Servo-Pendulum". This system produced a first generation of commercial self-steerers.

I believe it was the French engineer Marcel Gianoli who thought of mounting the vane (of the self-steering system for Eric Tabarly's 1986 OSTAR trimaran *Pen-Duick IV*) on an almost horizontal axis (instead of vertical). This increased the power and sensitivity of the windvane considerably and a second generation of servo-pendulum self-steerers was created. Some of them are still popular to-day (Aries, Monitor, Fleming Sailomat).

Since then, there had been no major improvement to windvane technology. All of the existing wind-operated self-steering systems on the market use one or a combination of these solutions. At the time of preparing for my own circumnavigation, I had not seen a system that I considered capable of taking me around the world with pride or confidence. To me, they all seemed clumsy add-ons with far too much metal. I felt *Jean-du-Sud* would not appreciate it if I hung a drilling rig on its transom.

In 1975, I started to work on a self-steering system that would be more integral to *Jean-du-Sud*. I was spending the summer in the waters of Martha's Vineyard and I used Peter and Robbie Eldridge’s

small boat carpentry shop to conduct my first experiments. I did not dream, then, about sailing alone around the world, but I already felt

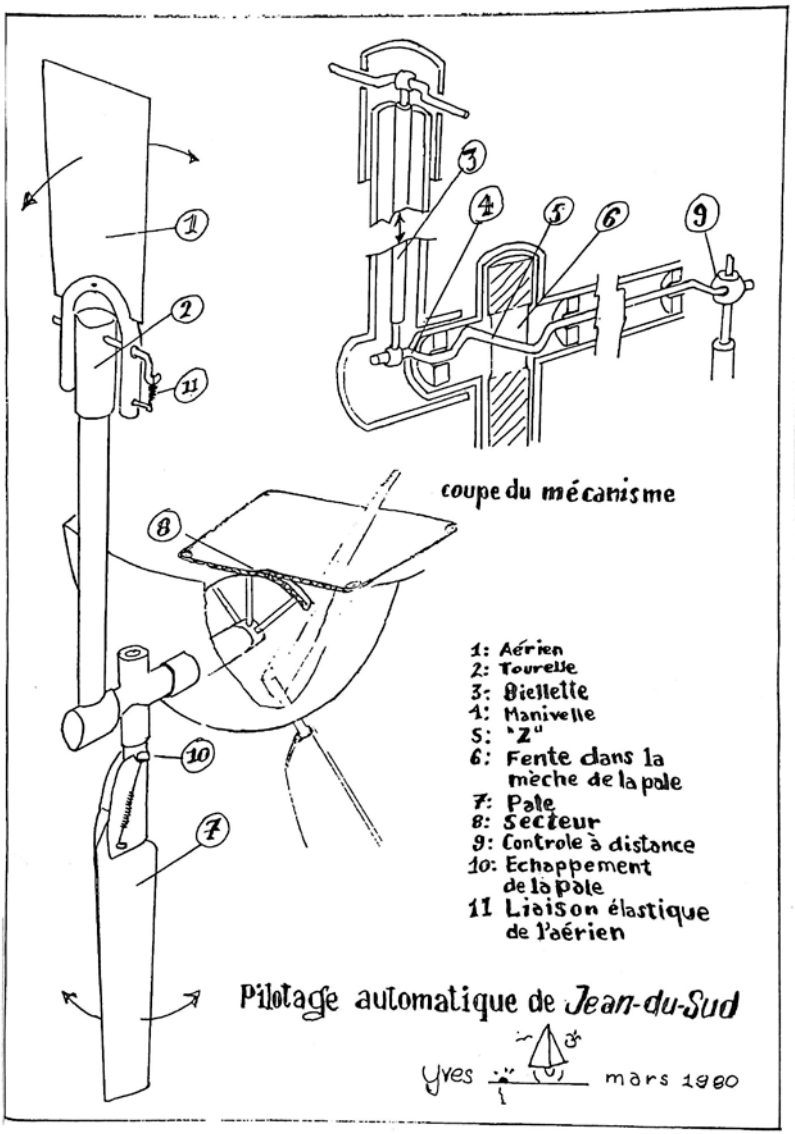
I decided that J*ean-du-Sud's* system would have a Hasler-type servo-pendulum and a Gianoli-type horizontal-axis windvane. It would be installed permanently and become an integral part of the boat. Regardless of the strength of the wind or the state of the sea, I would not have to worry about its resistance or performance. It would be discreet and would not spoil the pleasant lines of my boat. It would be sensitive enough to steer on any point of sail as soon as there is enough wind to move the boat. Finally, it would be as inexpensive and easily repaired as possible.

From then on, I always kept the problem in the back of my mind, even when I was not working at it actively. I can say now that this 5-year period, I worked the equivalent of more than one year, on a full-time basis, either at the drawing board or at building and testing prototypes. If my application of the principles discovered by Hasler and Gianoli is better, it is probably not because I am more gifted, but because I worked at it longer.

Throughout the whole design period, I had this constant preoccupation with simplifying the device. By eliminating useless metal, I achieved the advantages of less weight, simpler operation and cheaper fabrication.

In order to install a wheel steering system in a yacht, you have to punch a hole through its cockpit sole. To really integrate *Jean-du-Sud's* self- steering system to the hull, I did not hesitate to drill a hole through the transom for a horizontal tube. Another tube rotates inside this tube. Near its aft end is welded a smaller vertical tube holding the stock of the servo-pendulum; at its forward end, inside the lazarette, a steering quadrant is bolted. I can't imagine a simpler or more robust installation.

The main problem to solve, in designing this type of self-steering system, is to transform the vertical movement of a connecting rod coming from a vane, to the rotary movement of a servo-pendulum blade. Existing systems use gears, heavy and expensive to manufacture, or rods and joints, lighter but more fragile.


coupe du mécanisme
1: Aérien
2: Tourelle
3: Biellette
4: Manivelle
5: "Z"
6: Fente dans la mèche de la pale
7: Pale
8: Secteur
9: Controle à distance
10: Echappement de la pale
11 Liaison élastique de l'aérien
Pilotage automatique de Jean-du-Sud
Yves
mars 1980

The system I invented solves this problem with a single piece of bent stainless steel quarter-inch rod: first two 90° elbows form a crank (4) that transforms the movement of the rod from vertical to rotary, then in the form of a horizontal "Z" (5). The central branch of the "Z" goes through a slot (6) cut through the stock of the servo-pendulum blade.

To set the course, the turret (2) is oriented so that the apparent wind hits the vane (I) on its edge. As long as the boat stays on course, the wind pressure is equal on both sides of the vane and it stays vertical. Linked with a crank and a connecting-rod assembly (3) to the bent rod, it maintains its "Z" part (5) in a vertical plane. The slot in the stock of the blade is thus kept in the fore-and-aft plane, so the servo-pendulum blade stays vertical.

As soon as the yacht wanders off course, the wind tilts the vane. (The axis of the vane is not quite horizontal, so this tilt is greater, but remains proportional to the variation in course.) The crank and connecting-rod assembly (3) and the handle (4) rotate the "Z." which (5) is no longer in the plane of the boat's movement (but makes with it an angle also proportional to the course variation). As it passes through the slot (6), the "Z" rotates the stock, and the blade is pushed sideways by the water flowing past the hull and tilts until it is once again in the plane of the "Z". The tilt of the servo-pendulum and the rotation of the horizontal axis are thus proportional to the tilt of the vane and course variation. A quadrant bolted at the forward end of the horizontal tube, inside the lazarette (8), and connected to the tiller or wheel through control lines, turns the rudder to an angle proportional to the course variation.

I made an effort to analyze all stress-points and to design a mechanism that is highly robust, yet one capable of coming apart if an above-normal load is imposed.

The servo-pendulum blade is held locked to its stock by an elastic link that keeps two notches in its mount in contact with a pin on both sides of the stock (10). If the blade hits an obstacle, this assembly comes apart instead of breaking the blade or bending its stock.

I made two vanes: a large one, very light, for increased performance in light air and a small and stronger one, for total

dependability in heavy weather. I change to the small vane when I take a first reef.

This third-generation system offers a double integration: it is not only more integral to the hull, it also integrates all steering modes: if I want to use an electric autopilot, I simply remove the vane and connect the forward end of the rod, which I made to emerge in front of the quadrant, to a small electric autopilot, which drives the servo-pendulum. Since this autopilot supplies only the information (the servo-pendulum provides the power), the smallest autopilot on the market can steer even a large boat with a minimum expense of power.

Before I left for my voyage around the world, I had already put ashore the factory-installed wheel steering, the tiller being all I need for the few times I would need to steer manually

I must admit I was a little worried about possible wear of the rod as it passes through the slot and rubs stainless on stainless. This was the only criticism a mechanical engineer had made of my system. I was pleasantly surprised, after 28,000 miles, to find no apparent wear.

The shooting of With Jean-du-Sud Around the World

Article published (in French) in *Format Cinema*, no 47, Jan. 1986

Note: This was before digital cameras were invented.

As soon as I decided to work at preparing this single-handed non-stop voyage from Saint-Malo, in France, to Gaspé, Québec, the other way around the world by way of the Roaring Forties and Cape Horn, I also tried to find out how I could share the most intense moments with those I love.

It just so happens that I grew up and spent 15 years of my professional career in the field of the performing arts, first in theatre, then in television and finally cinema, working as an actor, director, or production manager, often in more than one of those functions simultaneously.

I'd had the pleasure of seeing *Voyage au bout de la mer*, the unforgettable film that Bernard Moitessier brought back from his *Long Way*. However, this left me hungry for more: the sound track of the film was made after he came back. I saw that in order to convey as faithfully as possible what the single-hander experiences, recording sound would be as important as shooting pictures. If, in addition to shooting subjective images as Moitessier did, if I spoke simply to a camera and described the various events as though I was talking to a sailing buddy, I could probably give viewers the impression that they are sailing with me aboard *Jean-du-Sud*. I wanted to make a film that I could project on a theatre screen, or on TV, so this ruled out using video equipment. I would shoot 16 mm film, with sync sound. And I was sure there would be enough events during the voyage to hold the viewer's attention for an hour and a half, the normal length of a feature-length film.

I believed, naïvely enough, that the funding I would find for the film would also allow me to equip *Jean-du-Sud* for the voyage. After

a few months spent in Montréal trying to reach a production agreement, I had to face reality: I would consider myself lucky if I raised enough money to purchase some film and equipment.

The voyage itself had to be financed separately: in exchange for messages broadcast daily from *Jean-du-Sud*, the Montréal radio station CKMF and other stations on the Radio-Mutuel network provided what I needed to equip and provision the boat.

From the start, Robert Roy, responsible for external production and Philippe Lorrain, responsible for film purchasing at the French network of Radio-Canada, were in favor of the project: Mr. Lorrain, a sailor himself, knew me as such and Mr. Roy knew me as an actor and filmmaker. I do not remember which one of the two said that if a Quebecer attempted such an adventure, he should be encouraged and given the benefit of the doubt.

Most difficult was finding a producer who would stake his reputation and financial responsibility in such a risky venture. With the help of Yves Michon, I was able to convince Jacques Pettigrew to engage his production company. Before starting Ciné-Groupe, he had shot *Cap au Nord*, a film narrating the voyage of the 35-foot cutter *JE. Bernier II* through the North-West Passage.

Thanks to the obstinate support of Jean Roy, the National Film Board of Canada lent us the film and sound equipment: two Arriflex 16 S cameras, one case of lenses, one Nagra tape recorder and some microphones. The Arriflex is a quite robust camera, but I saw right away that I could not use it in heavy weather. Even if I tried protecting it with plastic bags, its electric motor would not withstand being doused in seawater for very long. I persisted in asking Ciné-Groupe for a weather-proof camera, and at the Cape of Good Hope rendezvous, they brought a small, robust, spring-driven Bell-Howell, that I could dare bring topside in heavy weather. After this, I used the Arriflex only for sync sound shots. Almost all hand-held shots were done with the Bell-Howell.

For shots with sync sound, the Arriflex could be mounted in different places on the boat. In fact, I ended up using only four positions, two on deck and two below: at both ends of the cockpit and at both ends of the cabin, on the same side. I was afraid that repetition

of the same angles would bring monotony, but the different conditions of weather, sea, light or the subject itself were different enough from one scene to the other to avoid any sense of repetition.

Camera support for the first leg was quite crude: a piece of aluminum tubing fastened to the stern pulpit or to a bulkhead, on which another short tube was articulated. To hold the camera, I simply had a bolt welded to a vise-grip: the bolt was screwed into the base of the camera, locked in position with a locking nut and the vise-grip would bite the aluminum tube.

I was trying to come up with a way to shoot scenes from outside of the boat. As I was walking past a shop that sold kites, I had an idea: I went in and asked if a kite would be powerful enough to fly a small camera; the owner showed me an American magazine about kites; an article about a meeting of amateurs of aerial kite photography mentioned Lucien Gibeault, a photographer from Valleyfield, Québec. I contacted him and it turned out that he had found at this meeting that he was among the most experienced on the subject. He told me everything he'd learned and gave me two beautiful kites of his fabrication. I already had the ideal camera for this: a small Kodak Ciné-Magazine, weighing only two pounds, which my father had purchased the year I was born for shooting home movies.

I had no film to waste: I left with only 17 hundred-foot reels; this all we could afford. Furthermore, if I wanted to do a second take, I had to bring the camera inside to reload, and re-do the framing from the start; consequently, almost all the scenes in the first leg were done in a single take. I used 36 reels in total; once edited, Part One is 1800 feet, which makes for a 2:1 ratio only.

Nearing the Island of Madeira, I met another yacht, which, contrary to me, was stopping there and I was able to give him my first six exposed reels to mail to Montreal. Once processed, they reassured those who still doubted my ability to shoot good footage with synchronous sound, alone aboard a boat, and proved there could a film after all. Two rendezvous, one at the Cape of Good Hope and one in Australia, were organized to exchange the film I had shot for fresh stock and to shoot complementary scenes.

When I was setting up the jury mast after being dismasted, I had the idea of a small helmet camera: I would have liked to shoot the scene, but had my hands full already. If I had a small camera with a wide-angle lens, I could shoot anything, even sail changes in heavy weather.

During the first leg, I spent almost no time thinking about the film: I shot spontaneously, when light was good and there was something worth sharing. As soon as the film was back in the can, I tried to forget about it and re-discovered what I had shot when I screened my footage after I had flown back from the Chatham Islands, following the dismasting of *Jean-du-Sud*.

Normand Allaire had already started working on editing the film and I saw right away I could trust him completely: he gave the film a structure both poetic and dramatic, pushing friendship as far as joining me at the Chatham Islands to shoot the last images of the refit and the second departure of *Jean-du-Sud*.

Filming this second leg was very different: I had edited Part One and become conscious of the need not to repeat myself and further synthesize the essential of the experience. I wrote some scenes ahead of time, carefully choosing each word, in an effort to transmit as precisely as possible what I was going through, and then I delivered them to the camera.

This time, I had much better equipment at my disposal: first a small camera mounted on a helmet, protected from salt spray, with a 5.9 mm lens that gave it a very wide field of view, with the added advantage of a depth of field from 18 inches to infinity. With this camera on my head, I could shoot whatever I wanted. I was even able to film from the water or the masthead with the camera on my head.

I had a waterproof bag made for the Bell-Howell, and a camera mount that allowed me to come back to the same framing after I had reloaded the camera. We also spent a lot of energy building a gimbaled mount stabilized by a gyroscope that was supposed to keep the horizon almost stable while the boat was moving up and down in the foreground. But the seas of the Roaring Forties were stronger than the inertia of the gyroscope and I could not use the mount.

To record sound on the second leg, I used a small Sony Walkman Professional cassette recorder (WM-D6), with a small lapel microphone (ECM-16T, also by Sony). Besides being high fidelity and very compact, this recorder had a quartz motor that was practically synchronous with the camera. My film stock allowance was more generous and I shot more film, but not more than a ratio of 4:1.

I had judged that to fly a kite from the cockpit of *Jean-du-Sud* and have a wind as strong as possible, the wind should come from forward of the beam (if it came from behind, I would need to fly the kite from the forward deck and blanketed by the sails, it would never take off). Consequently, I had decided from the start that I would play with my kite on my way back, as I would be sailing up the Atlantic close-hauled in the Southeast trades. The technique is as follows: the kite is launched and about 50 meters of line are let out (if the wind is light, a second kite is launched on the same line). If the kite flies nicely, the next step can be considered; otherwise, more line is let out. The camera is then attached; to ensure that it is pointing in the right direction, it is oriented along the line, which points to the boat.

I had overlooked the problem of triggering the camera and after experimenting with various methods, I came up with the solution of a sheet of paper folded in the shape of a fan, clipped around the line; pushed up by the wind, it came into contact with a mechanism made with aluminum wire and rubber bands that triggered the camera. I attenuated possible jerks by accelerating camera speed to 76 frames/second.

When I did the shooting, and then when I worked on the editing, I made an effort to communicate as faithfully as possible what I was going through. I have seen *With Jean-du-Sud Around the World* a few

hundred times since then, always with as much pleasure. The magic of cinema revives this wonderful experience that changed my life. I do not know what pleasure my film brings to other viewers, but I hope that at least it does not belie those two verses of the song by Gilles Vigneault from which I named by boat:

When Jean-du-Sud recounted his travels,
We fancied ourselves his sailors

Original preface in French

Vous décrire en détail le pourquoi, le comment,
La motivation profonde, la raison principale
Sur des mots quotidiens, de la prose ordinaire ?
Bien difficile : l'essentiel s'explique mal.

Sur l'aile d'un poème, on pourrait l'évoquer.
(C'est connu : mots comptés expriment davantage.)

Quel bonheur d'en avoir trouvé un tout écrit
Et qui convient parfaitement à cet usage.
Depuis quinze ans je sais qu'il est écrit pour moi.

On y voit le travail d'un poète authentique.
Regardez : les vers sont mesurés, césurés,
Rimés (rimes alternant : masculines, féminines).
Strophes égales… De la graine de classique !
C'est *Jean-du-Sud*, paroles de Gilles Vigneault.
(Sur son père, avoue-t-il, il aurait pris modèle.
Son père que « était pêcheur de son état ».)

Quand Jean-du-Sud s'était mis dans la tête
D'aller chasser sur l'île Anticosti
Le swell dans l'large annonçait un'tempête
Mais Jean-du-Sud était déjà parti
Appareille…
Mets deux ris dans la voile
On march'ra sur les étoiles…
De mer !

Quand Jean-du-Sud est v'nu s'mouiller dans l'large
Tout le monde savait qu'il n'avait pas d'poisson
Qui pouvait faire autant caler sa barge.
Les femm's disaient qu'il avait d'la boisson.
Dans la baie…

Y'a du rhum d'la Jamaïque
Des gallons, p'is des barriques …
De vin !

Quand Jean-du-Sud se mêlait d'fair' la pêche,
I's'en allait sur les bancs d'Mosquaro.
Avait-i' l'goût d'manger d'la morue fraîche :
Chargeait toujours jusqu'au dernier carreau.
La voil'roug' …
S'en vient sur sa mizaine
Est icitt' pour un'dizaine….
de jours !

Pour évoquer encore mieux l'essentiel,
J'oserai insérer entre les strophes
Quelques vers de mon cru.
Vous les reconnaîtrez à ceci : ils sont libres.
(Quoi ! Je ne me sens pas encore assez poète
Pour écrire des rimes !)

Quand Jean-du-Sud disait : « La mer est grande.' »
Dans ses yeux bleus y'avait comme un matin
Parc'qu'i'faisait aussi la contrebande
Des illusions de paradis lointain…
Capitaine…
Méfie-toi des mirages
Des bateaux sur les nuages ….
Dans l'ciel !

Capitaine méfie-toi des mirages :
Seul en mer, plus personne à tromper !
Ce paradis lointain
Est-il une illusion,
Ou faudra-t-il aller aussi loin
Le chercher au fin fond de toi-même ?

Quand Jean-du-Sud nous contait ses voyages,
On avait l'impression d'êt'ses mat'lots
I'nous parlait en r'gardant les nuages

Qui dessinaient les îl's nouvell's dans l'eau
Serr' l'écoute …
Sur les hauts-fonds ça casse
Faut dériver dans la passe …
Du nord.

Mais oui ! Bien sûr ! Si je contais ce long voyage,
Je prendrais à mon bord autant de matelots
Qu'il y a d'êtres que j'aime et qui m'aiment aussi !

Etait tout seul à bord de son Mât d'hune
(C'était comm'ça qu'on app'lait son voilier.)
Il n'était pas rendu l'aut'bord d'la dune
P'is on l'pensait à l'anse aux Madriers.
Capitaine…
A la voile et aux cordages
Il était son équipage …
Tout seul !

Tout seul
Et c'est vrai :
La mer est grande !

Si je veux équipage avec moi nuit et jour
Suffira de le dire à vous tous, mes amours !

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