

# MindJibe



Newsletter of the Triangle Boardsailing Club

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## UPCOMING EVENTS:

### Lake Jordan Beach Clean Up

June 11, 2005. 8:00 a.m. until lunch? Suggested items: Long pants, sturdy shoes, bug spray, sun block, and work gloves. The shelter is reserved so BYO lunch.

**WindFest.** April 28-30, 2005. Contact Frisco Woods for more information:

<http://www.outer-banks.com/friscowoods/>

### Notice from the Keeper of the Email List:

Is your email address up to date? We occasionally send email announcements about upcoming Club events. We never give out your email address and we keep the emails to a minimum. To add or update your address, send an email to [randydunn@yahoo.com](mailto:randydunn@yahoo.com)

### Second House?

Randy is still looking for people for the second house for the May trip. We haven't made a decision on a house. We were hoping to get enough people to rent Carpe Diem II, since it's soundfront, but will probably go with Surfer's Delight in Rodanthe.

### A note on Learn to Windsurf

For the past couple of years Sailworld has graciously provided both excellent instruction and modern beginner equipment for our annual LTW events. And most years we have filled all the available student slots. But, despite all that, those sessions have added few if any new members to our club nor created many new sailors even outside of our club. This year we are going to try a different approach to promote both the sport and our club by leveraging the classes Dave Marshall already gives at Lake Wheeler. The details are still being worked out, but the general idea is that we will promote Dave's classes at Lake Wheeler with flyers to get as many people to sign up as possible. Then at the end of each of the classes a TBC representative will sell the students on the benefits of joining the club, especially the free use of club gear. As this plan evolves we will post more details on the TBC website. –Frank Green

### April Club Race

The first of three Club races for 2005 took place on April 9 at Jordan Lake. This was the first race at Jordan since Fall, 1999. About 12 participants raced in nearly ideal winds. Yes, even at Jordan we occasionally get ideal winds for a race. That Saturday saw winds of 14-15, gusting to the low 20s. It was sunny and no one complained about cold water. Check the comments on the chatboard and you'll see how much

people enjoyed the chance for some friendly competition. A couple of people new to racing commented on what a good experience it had been.

Between 11:30 and 3:15 we ran eight heats. Sailors were on everything from wave boards to Formula boards, 6.0 sails to 9.5. Frank Green, organizer of the event, determined by pre-race polling that people preferred an “out and back” course rather than a triangular run. The course was two times around a channel marker and an inside buoy. The outside mark was not hard to reach—assuming you had enough boat speed to plane. Frank spent hours planning, organizing and directing this event. All of us who enjoyed racing that day owe him a six pack, at least.

Mark Kernodle conducted the skippers meeting and briefed us on the rules of racing. Frank Green took care of the all-important logistics of a race. He started us off with a one-minute whistle warning, then 30 seconds, then counted down from 10 seconds to a beach start. As we crossed the finish line he recorded the position that each of us made.

Having the right gear was important, but so were 1) getting a good start, 2) avoiding “dirty wind,” and 3) not falling during the transitions, and 4) avoiding pile-ups at the marks. The conditions favored lightweights to some extent.

The event was duly and well photographed. Check out TBC photographer Paul Stackhouse’s pictures here:

<http://www.paulstackhouse.com/tbc/spring2005/>

After one race, Bill Bradstreet leads the Open fleet, Alan Johnson is ahead in the Sport fleet, and Matt Valentine heads the Novice men. (The riveting details have been posted on the TBC webpage under announcements. Thanks to Mark and Frank for keeping score and double-checking the results. It’s a science, honest to Pete.)

### **My Excellent Adventure at Falls Lake** by Matthew Prior

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 Load car                               | whistling very loudly so as not         |
| 2 Drive to Falls Lake                    | to surprise bears                       |
| 3 Rig up gear and notice                 | 14 Walk down forest path for 1 mile     |
| lack of other surfers                    | 15 Find hunter, get directed to houses  |
| 4 Surf out                               | 16 Find house/garage                    |
| 5 Surf in                                | 17 Borrow phone                         |
| 6 Surf out                               | 18 Try to call someone, anyone          |
| 7 Wind strengthens, get overpowered      | 19 Reach friend John 45 minutes later   |
| 8 Try to surf for hour but can’t hold it | 20 Greet John 1 hour later              |
| together and eventually lose             | 21 Drive to other side of lake          |
| ground (water?) against the wind         | 22 Get car                              |
| 9 Lose all strength and will to live     | 23 Drive to work                        |
| 10 See zero boats in 2 hours so give up  | 24 Work                                 |
| on rescue                                | 25 Buy friend Ilarion dinner and appeal |
| 11 Get blown to far shore                | to his sense of adventure               |
| 12 Pull gear ashore and stow in tree     | 26 Sleep                                |
| 13 Walk through dense forest for ½mile   | 27 Rise at 6 and collect Ilarion        |

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 28 Drive to Creedmore   | 34 Strap all gear to board and board to mast  |
| 29 Walk down forest path for 1 mile   | 35 Hoist mast onto shoulders, head into very dense forest   |
| 30 Walk thru dense forest for 1/2 mile chatting very loudly so as not to surprise bears | 36 Try to maneuver board through thorns, board-grabbing vines and leg-swallowing holes for 45 minutes |
| 31 Walk along lakeshore for 1/8 mile chatting very loudly so as not to surprise bears   | 37 Carry board one mile down forest path  |
| 32 Find windsurfing gear in tree  | 38 Load gear into car   |
| 33 Fail to pull apart 2.9-meter mast  | 39 Feel guilt about Ilarion's shoulder pains  |

I'd like to say I learned something, but I didn't. Doing dumb things, like windsurfing alone, is the birthright of every young male, that's why our mortality rate is so high. On second thought, I guess I learned that small guys, like Ilarion, who give 100% aren't as useful as big guys, like me, who give 70% for carrying stuff.

(Matthew needs to take some heat for sailing alone in heavy weather, but I'll give him first prize for narrative economy! Just about every newbie runs into overpowering conditions and gets blown off course at some point. Many of us have wondered if something has happened to another sailor. Should we call the rangers? Windsurfers do look out for one another. Two of my windsurfing buddies even sailed across Ebenezer once to look for me! At least there were no serious injuries in Matthew's case. So, take heed, newbies, and don't sail alone; don't get too far from shore if the weather is threatening. -ed.)

### **March 12, 2005 Swap Meet**

Thanks to Dave Marshall for hosting the Spring Swap Meet. Dave went to a lot of trouble for this event. Because a bridge was out and Kelly Road was closed, Dave set up real boards along the detour with directions painted on the bottom to lead us to his place. Hope that spray paint washes off! About 12-15 people showed up to see what was for sale and to talk windsurfing. Swap meets used to be bigger events, but now there are many other places to buy gear. Even so, you can thin out your own collection of unwanted stuff and find a bargain at TBC's swap meets. Of course it's always fun to see what Dave has out in his shed. After the swap meet several sailors drove over to Jordan Lake to get in a session. -John Rutledge

### **THE WINDSURFING GURU:**

STUDENT 1: Master, what do you make of the claim that windsurfing is hard to learn?

GURU: Windsurfing is the hardest thing I've ever done in my life!

STUDENT 1: But, Guru, have you forgotten how you struggled to wrap your mind around all those enigmatic koans? How you developed painful hemorrhoids from meditating in the lotus position for hours on end? Or the cruelty of your Zen master's discipline?

GURU: You're right! Compared to all that, windsurfing is easy!

STUDENT 2: Enlightened One, surely you will admit that windsurfing is a terribly difficult sport?

Guru: It's not difficult, but it's counter-intuitive.

STUDENT 2: What is counter-intuitive? What other sports are “counter-intuitive”? Isn’t that just another way of saying that a lot of lessons will be required?  
 GURU: Well, lessons certainly won’t hurt. Is driving a car hard?

STUDENT 3: Surf-Swami, don’t you agree that windsurfing is only for an athletic elite?  
 GURU: With proper modern equipment and effective instruction, the average person can learn the basics of windsurfing in a well-organized afternoon. Mastering the sport can take a lifetime, however.

STUDENT 4: Surf-Sensei, you’ve given us three different answers to essentially the same question. What are we to believe?

GURU: Each answer is true in its own way. If it were simple and straight-forward, it wouldn’t be the Windsurfing Way, now would it?

**The Wiley Skipper’s Corner.** Professional and extreme windsurfer **Pascal Hardy** has become a Christian minister. See the web page here:

[http://www.eternalriders.com/ER\\_Riders\\_PascalHardy.html](http://www.eternalriders.com/ER_Riders_PascalHardy.html).

(Elements of this story appeared in the *NYT* on Sunday, March 13, 2005.) On this site Pascal recounts his difficult childhood in a broken family. He describes his conversion experience and his reconciliation with his mother after many years. He works with a group of young athletes called Eternal Riders. The purpose of Eternal Riders is to bring the good news of the Gospel to the radical sports community—skateboarders, kites, windsurfers, snowboarders, and others. Hardy and E. R. have founded a line of clothing called Eternal Riders International™. See their line of cool t-shirts here: <http://www.eternalriders.com/>. Ever wanted to introduce someone to the Outer Banks launches? Go here for a virtual tour of some of our best coastal launches: [http://www.windvisions.com/Hatteras/hatteras\\_launches.html](http://www.windvisions.com/Hatteras/hatteras_launches.html) Pictures of the Canadian Hole, Jockeys Ridge, and many more.



### Margarita Report by Randy Dunn

Last July, after the Club sail day at Falls Lake, we had a Club party at Liz and Freddie's house. We started talking about a windsurfing trip to somewhere a little further away than Hatteras. After discussing other places like Aruba and Hawaii, we decided on Isla Margarita, Venezuela. We also decided that winter or early spring would be the best time to go. Through email, the chatboard, and the *MindJibe*, we found seven people

who wanted to go—Liz, Freddie, Debbie, Adlai, Ernie, Andy, and myself. This was my third trip to Margarita. Adlai and Andy had each been once before, but it was the first time for the others.

The worst part about Margarita was getting there, and our first day was no exception. We flew from RDU to Miami and to Caracas on American Airlines. We got into Caracas

to find it overcast and raining—not the tropical conditions we were hoping for. We were supposed to have a four-hour lay-over, then fly on the Venezuelan airline Aeropostale (that's Spanish for AirTran). It turns out that Aeropostale hasn't mastered that flying in the rain thing, so our flight was two hours late. So six hours to spend in the Caracas airport, drinking Polars (the local beer) and trying to make sense of the announcements they were making over the loudspeakers. I do speak some Spanish, but they were talking much too fast for me to make out what they were saying. At one point people started lining up for our gate, and the sign listed our flight, so we all got in line. As we were about to get on the plane, the ticket agent told us that plane was going to Barquisimeto, not Margarita. Finally our plane arrived and we made it to Margarita. It was still raining, and because it was so late, there were no taxis at the airport. No problem, we just hitched a ride with some Aeropostale employees. So we made it into El Yaque, the windsurfing beach in Margarita, at about midnight. We talked to a couple who had been there for four days and they said it had been raining and no wind for the past week. Not a great start to the trip. Okay, enough complaining.

I mentioned earlier that I've been to Margarita twice before, and there's a reason why I keep coming back. The next morning we woke up to find a beautiful sunny day and a nice breeze starting to build. We had breakfast on the hotel balcony looking out over the beach, thinking about our friends stuck back in freezing cold North Carolina. You can see Coche Island about seven miles offshore. Way in the distance you can see the mountains of mainland Venezuela that is about 20 miles away. The beach faces south, and the wind blows from the East, so the wind is side shore going from left to right facing the water. The water is shallow for several hundred yards before it gets over your head.

After breakfast, we walked downstairs to the Vela Center—located directly under our hotel. We got the tour of the “candy store”—they they have hundreds of Neil Pryde sails already rigged and hanging up, ranging in size from 7.9 down to 3.something. They also have a lot of JP-Australia boards, from 150 liters down to about 60 liters. They also have some F2 boards, including some bigger boards. The sails and boards are only a few steps from the water. The rental center opens at 10 every morning, and on week days they have a free on land clinic at 10:30 to go over things like sailing stance, waterstarts, jibes. Simona did the clinic, and she taught us valuable lessons, like “the board loves you, and the sail hates you.”

The first day was not an epic day, but we were fully powered up and planing over warm Caribbean water, while it was freezing cold back home. Actually the wind during our trip was a bit disappointing by Margarita standards. But we did sail, fully powered eight days in a row, and three of those days we ended up with 5.0 conditions. One thing I did get lots of chances to practice was jumping on port tack. Before this trip I always preferred jumping on starboard tack, and could seem to jump very well on port. At Margarita, you head out on port tack, and further outside you get large swells that can form perfect ramps. Hit them with some speed, and you can get some very nice jumps.

Vela had two types of JP boards. The bigger boards, 105 to 150 liters, were the JP XCite-Ride. To be honest, I wasn't that impressed with these boards. They seemed to be sluggish, and slow to plane at times, plus I had a lot of problems with spinout. Maybe it was the the fins on the boards, or the match-up between the sail and the fins. Don't get me wrong—I still had a lot of fun on these boards, but I found myself missing my Mistral Screamer or my AHD. The smaller JP boards, 98 liters and under, were a different story. These were the freestyle waveboards. I loved these boards, especially

the 91-liter version. They felt fast, and were great at jumping. They also felt very responsive and easy to jibe. With the 91 liter board, I made more jibes than I have ever made on so small a board.

The rental center closes at 5:30 every day. Conveniently enough, the beach bars start their happy hour at 5:00. Our favorite drinks were the kaipirinha, made with Venezuela liquor called aguardiente, a lot of lime and sugar; and the Coco Loco, made with coffee liquor, rum, and coconut. On the days when the wind was really strong, the locals would go out then and put on a show for us. They were doing jumps, Vulcans, loops, and other freestyle tricks close to the beach. Some of the locals were people who worked in the rental places.

Another local was PWA World Freestyle champion Ricardo Campello. We got to see Ricardo sailing some, and Liz and Freddie met him on the beach and got their picture taken with him. After happy hour we would hit one of El Yaque's restaurants. The food and drinks there were very cheap, and good. One place featured an huge buffet of steaks, chicken, fish, and veggies. And for drinks, they set a big bottle of rum on the table, along with a coke, some ice and limes - it was make your own Cuba Libre. We didn't try much authentic Venezuelan food, other than Venezuelan barbecue, seafood, and empanadas that some kids were selling on the beach.

Night life in El Yaque is a bit like Hatteras – you windsurf all day, have some post-windsurfing drinks, then a big meal, and you're ready for bed. There was one late-night place in town

- the bar at Gabby's BBQ- and we went there a couple of times. But we never made it into Porlamar to check out the night life there. Actually I never left El Yaque to check out the rest of the island. It's a good-sized island, about 30 miles long and 10 miles wide at the widest point. There are several beaches on the other side of the island that cater to people who just want to lie on the beach, and even a golf course. There are mountains in the middle that reach as high as 3000 feet. Where we were the island is desert, with lots of cactus, but the mountains and the beaches on the other side are wetter.

On our last day of sailing, I had to interrupt my last session to help a sailor in distress. Sailing out, I noticed a sail floating by itself. Having been in that situation a couple times where my sail separates from my board, I know that it's no fun. So I dropped into the water, grabbed the sail, and started looking for the unfortunate sailor. Somebody else stopped just after me, and we looked down wind to see somebody swimming for their board. After they caught their board, we yelled for them to swim back towards us. As the sailor swam closer, I realized it was Debbie Hage. I helped her re-attach the sail to the board and made sure she made it into shore. Then I headed back out for a few last runs. This was another 5.0 day on that 91 liter JP board. Blasting across the water, hitting the ramps on the outside. All I could think about was "Do I really have to go back tomorrow? Can't I just move here?" After I finally came in, I grabbed a Coco Loco from the beach bar and watched the locals doing freestyle tricks as the sun set. The perfect ending to an incredible trip.

# Triangle Boardsailing Club Membership Form

*please print clearly!*

New Member: \_\_\_\_ Renewal: \_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Day: (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Eve: (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Email (optional): \_\_\_\_\_

Make Check Payable to:  
Triangle Boardsailing Club

Mail to:  
Triangle Boardsailing Club  
P. O. Box 662  
Cary, NC 27513

Dues: Single: \$15 Family: \$20

I, \_\_\_\_\_ as a member of the Triangle Boardsailing Club, do hereby acknowledge that it is impossible to eliminate all risks associated with the sport of boardsailing, and for myself, my executors, administrators, successors and assigns, waive, release and forever discharge any and all rights and claims for damages, whether they arise in tort, contract, equity or otherwise, which may accrue to me against the Triangle Boardsailing Club, its officers, directors, and members (hereinafter referred to collectively as the "TBC"), and which result from, originate and/or arise out of, directly or indirectly, my participation in TBC meetings or events, or use of TBC equipment. I do further indemnify and hold harmless the TBC against any and all liability or responsibility for any injury whatsoever, including but not limited to injury to my person or property, received, incurred, and/or arising out of, directly or indirectly, my participation in TBC events, or use of TBC equipment. My release is also given for the reproduction of any photographs taken of me or including me for use in media coverage. I understand that I am waiving rights, which may otherwise have been mine by law, and I do so of my own free will and consent.

The **Triangle Boardsailing Club** is a non-profit organization dedicated to promoting and preserving the sport of windsurfing.

#### **TBC organizes:**

Public service activities  
Club windsurfing trips to Hatteras  
Club meetings and social evenings  
Free instructional clinics  
Winter parties  
Swap meets  
Races

#### **Membership entitles you to:**

As many issues of the Club's newsletter  
*MindJibe* as are published  
Free classified ad service in *MindJibe* and on the Club webpage  
Use of club-owned equipment on a sign-up basis as available  
Refreshments at club-sponsored events

In addition, TBC owns and maintains the local Windtalker at Jordan Lake (387-5969).



**Bill Bradstreet jibing at the inside mark (photo by Paul Stackhouse)**



**John Gallagher heading back in (photo by Stackhouse)**