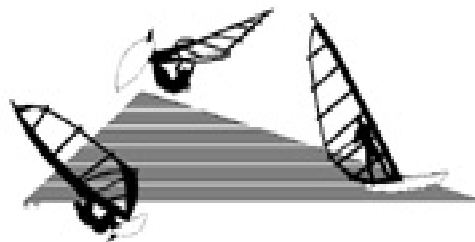


MindJibe



**Newsletter of the Triangle Boardsailing Club
Vol. 26, No. 1 February 2008**

UPCOMING EVENTS

Spring Trip Update

Once again, it's time for the TBC May trip. This time we've booked **Salvo Sunsets** in the Wind Over Waves subdivision from **May 10-17** saturday to saturday. It is a soundfront house with a capacity of 14 (5 couples & 4 singles; with some finagling it can accomodate more singles & fewer couples). The house has a long boardwalk to the water, but no canals, islands, or bulkheads to block the wind. Hot tub & cold pool available. (Cold b/c we're not paying the \$400 charge to heat it!!)

\$115 for the week, which is based on 90% capacity as per protocol. Sweet deal no matter how you look at it! For those of you who are not current members, don't forget to add the membership fee and form (located in this newsletter)! Availability is first, come first serve, so send in those checks ASAP to:

TBC
P.O. Box 662
Cary, NC 27513

For those of you who choose to go, please remember to bring your own bed linens, towels, TP & food!
Debbie 919-923-7230
Trip Coordinator & Windsurfing Addict

MINUTES FROM LAST MEETING

Approximately 15-20 members met on December 1, 2007 for the Winter meeting held at El Rodeo on Pleasant Valley Drive in Raleigh, NC. The members voted on the bylaw proposal change, and the change was approved. The bylaw will now read as follows:

Article IV. Elections of the Board of Directors, paragraph 2.

"A Nominating Committee shall consist at a minimum of two volunteers from the Board, and one volunteer from the general membership to be approved by the Club at a regular meeting at least one month prior to the election. "

The nominating committee for the new TBC board elections was approved by the members. This is comprised as follows:

i) Debbie Hage

- ii) Howard Adriance
- iii) Randy Dunn
- iv) Ernie McGrew

These fine volunteers will be working to provide candidates for the positions on the board in the upcoming elections in July.

Matt spoke on behalf of the proposal to hand off the Windtalker to the Carolina Sailing Club. This proposal drew much discussion and comments from club members.

After considerable discussion, the proposal to hand off the Windtalker to the Carolina Sailing Club was amended to add in a clause in that they must gain an agreement from the Jordan Lake rangers prior to the hand-off. This proposal was put to the vote and the motion was carried (i.e., approved).

Randy Dunn informed members that the TBC board was looking for new members, and anyone interested could speak to him.

Matt spoke about the need to locate a new quartermaster for the club equipment.

NOTICE: At present the Club has no quartermaster. The Club equipment is being stored at the home of a club member, but it is not available for members to use and will not be until someone steps forward to serve as quartermaster. Please talk to one of the former quartermasters, perhaps Mark Kernodle or Matt Prior, about the duties of the quartermaster. *Ed.*

Debbie in Savannah: The Sequel

By Debbie Hage

Tybee Windsurfing:

My prayers were answered! Everything lined up perfectly: good wind, warm weather, a day off for me, a day off for the only other windsurfer I know even remotely close to Savannah, and a wind direction that worked for a not-so-scary spot (Polk St) on Tybee Island. A miracle, really!

So I had the opportunity to conquer my fear and I sailed in direct onshore 20-35mph winds with 2 foot waves rolling in back to back (maybe 3 ft apart). Two feet doesn't sound too bad, but throw that in with frequency and a few rogue big ones (3-4'), it makes for an interesting challenge. (Don't you laugh at me, you wavesailing boys!) I started with a 5.5 and changed to a 4.5 after having my a** kicked.

I tried hard to ignore the current that is caused by Savannah's 12 foot change in tides, and the fact that it was headed out to sea. Every time a HUGE container ship motors by, I am reminded of how close I am to dying. I play it very safe though, and I sail close to shore with short runs. Only one of my jibe attempts is successful, but I am definitely okay with that.

About 8-10 kiteboarders came out, but only about 5 made it on the water. It WAS pretty intense...and I don't blame them. It was so great having the company, on and off the water. And the most interesting point... they thought I was doing well! And I wasn't looking good at all!! It goes to show, they don't see many windsurfers out there.

Georgia Wildlife:

The path to the beach is lined by trees and swampy waters. It's not a long walk, but visions of alligators haunt me each time I traverse this path. I hear over and over that alligators aren't in salt water....but since I don't stop to taste a sample, I'm not sure what kind of water this is. I actually chose to rig on that path, to stay out of the 35mph gusts and I have to tell you, I looked over my shoulder often. You might find that a little paranoid, but a lady was recently killed by an alligator in Savannah, so I feel I'm quite justified. It wasn't until after my sailing session that a local told me about a large alligator found on the beach not too long ago...in the very waters I just sailed in!! Fortunately, that particular alligator was carted away by some animal control entity. Thank God for small favors.

I didn't know cats frequented swampy beach areas. Weird! "Here kitty, kitty..." Oh wait! They don't move like cats. Ugh! They're raccoons! Because I'm now in a good mood after sailing, I call to them in fun. "Here raccoon..." Shit! It's coming toward me! When did raccoons start coming when they're called?? So I had to recant my call...a scream worked just fine. ☺

The Ride Home:

It is late and I'm the last one left on the beach, not because I was sailing late, mind you...but because windsurfers take a lot longer to break down than kites and my windsurfing buddy had long since gone. I choose to run down this path now, because I'm just positive that alligators feed at dusk...like the sharks. I'm still in a full wetsuit and make an executive decision to drive home like this. I make this call, mainly because I am running late to a formal party and I want to maximize time. What I forget is that the indentations from a wetsuit last quite a while. Oh well, it made for great small-talk. So the drive home is longer than expected; hitting every possible red light...and I HAVE to go to the bathroom. So my question is... Is it okay to pee in your wetsuit if you're not in the water?? ☺

CLUB TRIP ISSUES

As an aside, I gather that the Kernodles may be interested in joining future club trips if there is an elevator in the house. It sounded like some of the houses that do have elevators may be pricier and limited in bunk room capacity, but I thought I'd throw that out there. It seems like we are losing folks to other trips, so I thought I'd mention this as a possible trip recruitment idea.

THE WINDSURFING GURU

STUCK: Master, I'm stuck on a plateau. I can't seem to improve my jumping ability. I can occasionally do little chop hops, but a full-fledged jump seems beyond me.

GURU: Whatever happened to those glorious honorifics I used to receive like Surf Swami and Enlightened One? Well, no matter. Fame and reputation are not eternal. Duty calls.

STUCK: What am I doing wrong? How can I get my jump going?

GURU: I have observed you on the water.

STUCK: You've actually watched me?

GURU: As they say, His eye is on the sparrow.

STUCK: Let's talk about your delusions of grandeur some other time. What did you notice about me?

GURU: Several problems. First, you don't seem to be in harmony with wind, water and gear. You are not using the using the energy of the wave to help lift you out of the water. You're not "coiling" for the jump. More importantly, you only try to jump in conditions you find comfortable. You've got to try to jump when you're going faster in more wind that you presently find comfortable. Later on, when you really know how to jump, you can pull off a good jump on a tiny piece of chop in very little wind. Right now you need to get out of your comfort zone.

STUCK: This is bitter medicine, Guru.

GURU: Castor oil for the soul, my boy. Further, you don't effectively sheet in the sail to get airborne. And you only attempt to jump in one direction.

STUCK: Yeah, that's because I do everything better when standing on the port side of the board.

GURU: It's takes willingness to take a few risks to overcome sidedness—all of us have it. So, in short, you need to re-dedicate yourself to uncomfortable learning. I prescribe a week or two in good conditions.

MindJibe is the newsletter of the Triangle Boardsailing Club. There are supposed to be five or six issues a year. EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: John Rutledge SENIOR CONSULTING EDITOR: Mark Kernodle CONTRIBUTORS: Debbie Hage, Charles Livaudais, John Rutledge PHOTOGRAPHER: sadly lacking. Please send contributions to the editor at jbr@email.unc.edu. The editor can be reached at 919-489-7863. TBC Homepage www.triangleboardsailing.com WEBPAGE MANAGER: Roger Nightingale

Flashbacks

BZZZZZ!!!! The alarm clock goes off. I struggle to awake, reach over, and beat the alarm into submission. In those first seconds of semi-consciousness a synaptic flash recalls a moment frozen in time: my friend Mark is standing on a board, hunched over in that disk-rupturing posture familiar to anyone who has seen or been a neophyte windsurfer. The board was my first, an Alpha 230, all 50 pounds of rotomolded glory. In my memory Mark is motionless on Bayou St. John, waiting for any breath of wind that might carry him back to his starting point. Water, wind, and Mark compete to see who will move first. Water and wind prevail; Mark suddenly shifts his weight, leans back, and topples into the fetid bayou. The year is 1985. We should be in school, but the truth is we rarely grace the interiors of Tulane's lecture halls. We are having the time of our lives.

Fast forward to 1987. I am a summer clerk at a downtown New Orleans law firm. Mark is an engineer living one block off the Mississippi Sound in Bay St. Louis. I spend every weekend at Mark's house. The house is a shack set on pilings to protect it from hurricanes -- there is no way it survived Katrina. It has very little furniture. Instead it is filled with windsurfing gear, bicycles, an old Christmas tree, and various mind-altering substances. Jean is in Brazil, so I am a monk for the summer. Mark, on the other hand, is dating a woman 7 years and at least 7 inches his senior. She is a wild child, a product of the Mississippi Delta, a silicone-enhanced party animal who can drink both of us under the table. However, she does not windsurf. During the day she stays on the beach and drinks all the beer while we sail for hours and hours. We learn to use a harness, get in the footstraps and plane. We sail in thunderstorms. We sail with dolphins. We even sail with the dozens of other windsurfers who congregate at the beach each day. We are having the time of our lives. It is now the end of the

summer of '87. Jean will return soon, and law school starts back in a week. My dog and I have driven to my parents' summer house on Mobile Bay—just the two of us for a week on the water. My dog loves the motorboat, but I discover that he does not care for the board. It is the last night of the trip, and we are sitting at the end of the wharf. A couple next door is trying to keep quiet while engaging in a watery tryst, but my dog hears them and barks. I decide to embark on moonlight sail. I make it out about 20 yards before the sounds of an unseen motorboat spook me, so I return to the wharf satisfied nonetheless. The dog and I watch as heat lightning dances across the sky. We are having the time of our lives.

Jump to May 1989. Mark and I are in Corpus Christi for the U.S. Open. We gawk at the pros and try to sail in a whitecap-whipped Corpus Christi Bay. We nearly drown. We buy smaller sails -- I a 5.0, Mark a 4.5. We nearly drown again. We then sit on the shore and watch as Robby Naish, Nevin Sayre, Rhonda Sanchez, Brian Talma and a host of other gods sail twice across the Bay. Even they are exhausted by the distance and the conditions. Nevin wins. Mark and I drive to Bird Island, where for the first time we sail short boards and small sails on flat water. I grimace as Mark passes me on port tack. I still can hear him shouting "No, you bastard!" as I return the favor on starboard tack. To this day I am faster on starboard tack. We race back and forth, again and again. We are having the time of our lives.

The next year I discover cold water. Jean and I make a summer-long detour to Hood River before our move to North Carolina. Hood River is in its windsurfing heyday—cars, boards and wetsuits shine bright in Day-Glo pinks and yellows. Everyone is infused with the thrill of a sport in its prime. We stay for 6 weeks at a B&B called Lincoln Street Lodging, which overlooks the mighty Columbia. When the wind does not cooperate we scale Mt. Hood, tour apple orchards, explore waterfalls and play frisbee. When the wind does blow we windsurf. I learn that I don't like cold water. Jean learns to waterstart at the Hook. Jean sails an 11' board that straddles the river swells -- I can read "Masterclass" on its bottom when nose and tail are suspended by waves. We utilize 4.0 and 3.4 sails that reject all input from our tie-on booms. We could joust with the lengths of mast sticking out from the sail tops. We are the definition of kooks. We are having the time of our lives.

It is almost twenty years later. I am knee deep in a mirror-flat Pamlico Sound. In my hand is a rope tied to a windsurfer. On the windsurfer is my son, who urges me to pull him faster and faster. I want him to learn to sail, but he just wants to be towed. So I tread through the water, huffing and puffing, trying to remember at what age my uncle had his first heart attack. I think it was 44. I am 44. But my son's smile is a better tonic than any 81 mg aspirin or omega-3 fatty acid, and I continue to pull. After all, we are having the time of our lives. Charles Livaudais

ON BEING TEMPORARILY INCAPACITATED

Here's my recent medical adventure (also chronicled in detail on the chatboard). On January 2 of this year I had arthroscopic surgery on my right rotator cuff to repair a torn ligament. The surgery went well—the surgeon is real athlete and an occasional windsurfer

himself—but I had to wear a sling for about three weeks. I couldn't do much of anything that I enjoy. No windsurfing, no racquetball, no biking. (But I could do online Scrabble against a robot, mousing left-handedly, and made the most of that.) We got hooked on

Dexter and _Six Feet Under_ and spent more time in front of the tube.

Being temporarily incapacitated and unable to windsurf made me reflect on my attitudes and behavior. When it looked windy outside, I would wonder how strong the wind was blowing, but then I had to remind myself that the question was completely academic because there was no way I could get on the water—I can't even load my truck. Not for months. In a way this was liberating: I didn't have to agonize about whether I REALLY wanted to windsurf or not, or whether the chance of a good session was worth the risk of burning through several hours of annual leave. Or what the water temperature was a Jordan Lake. Or whether the water at Falls Lake is deep enough to sail. In fact, the drought seemed like an injury to Nature that paralleled my own discomfort. I wanted the water to be like it used to be.

One thing I couldn't get out of my mind: suppose this was not just a temporary thing? What if I never could windsurf again? That was a very sobering thought. What would I replace it with? Windsurfing is truly a thing like no other and cannot be replaced by anything. I definitely need something to obsess

about, and memorizing the three-letter words in Scrabble isn't much of a thrill.

Not being able to actually windsurf made me less interested in reading rec.windsurfing or the Daily Dose dot de. I didn't even check in on the TBC chatboard as often as usual. If I couldn't do it, I wouldn't be much interested in just reading about it or watching it.

People were very sympathetic towards me. They congratulated me on my ability to drive a stick shift with only my left hand. I can't complain. I didn't feel miserable or abandoned by family and friends in my misfortune. At the same time I did reflect on other windsurfers I know who have been similarly incapacitated by illness, pain, or surgery. I realized I had not really gone out of my way to express sympathy, solidarity, or even to inquire how they were doing. The least that friendship demands. It's just another example of my empathy-deficiency—and dread of making telephone calls. But clearly this is a lack that needs to be addressed. Just about all my windsurfing buddies are interesting far beyond the topic of windsurfing. But we live in a culture where people have tons of "friends," but few intimate, life-long or really close friends. Nothing is going to fix that.

IMAGINE A REALLY COOL BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH IN THIS SPOT.

Triangle Boardsailing Club Membership Form

New Member: ____ Renewal: ____

Name: _____

Street Address: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Phone Day _() _____ Eve: () _____

Email (optional): _____

<p>Make Check Payable to: Triangle Boardsailing Club</p> <p>Mail to: Triangle Boardsailing Club P. O. Box 662 Cary, NC 27513</p>
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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; parties; swap meets; races.



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

Triangle Boardsailing Club
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Cary
NC 27513

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