

the Lake

w i n d s u r f

Advisory

**6 Steps, Zen and
Kepler**

7 Days in Hatteras

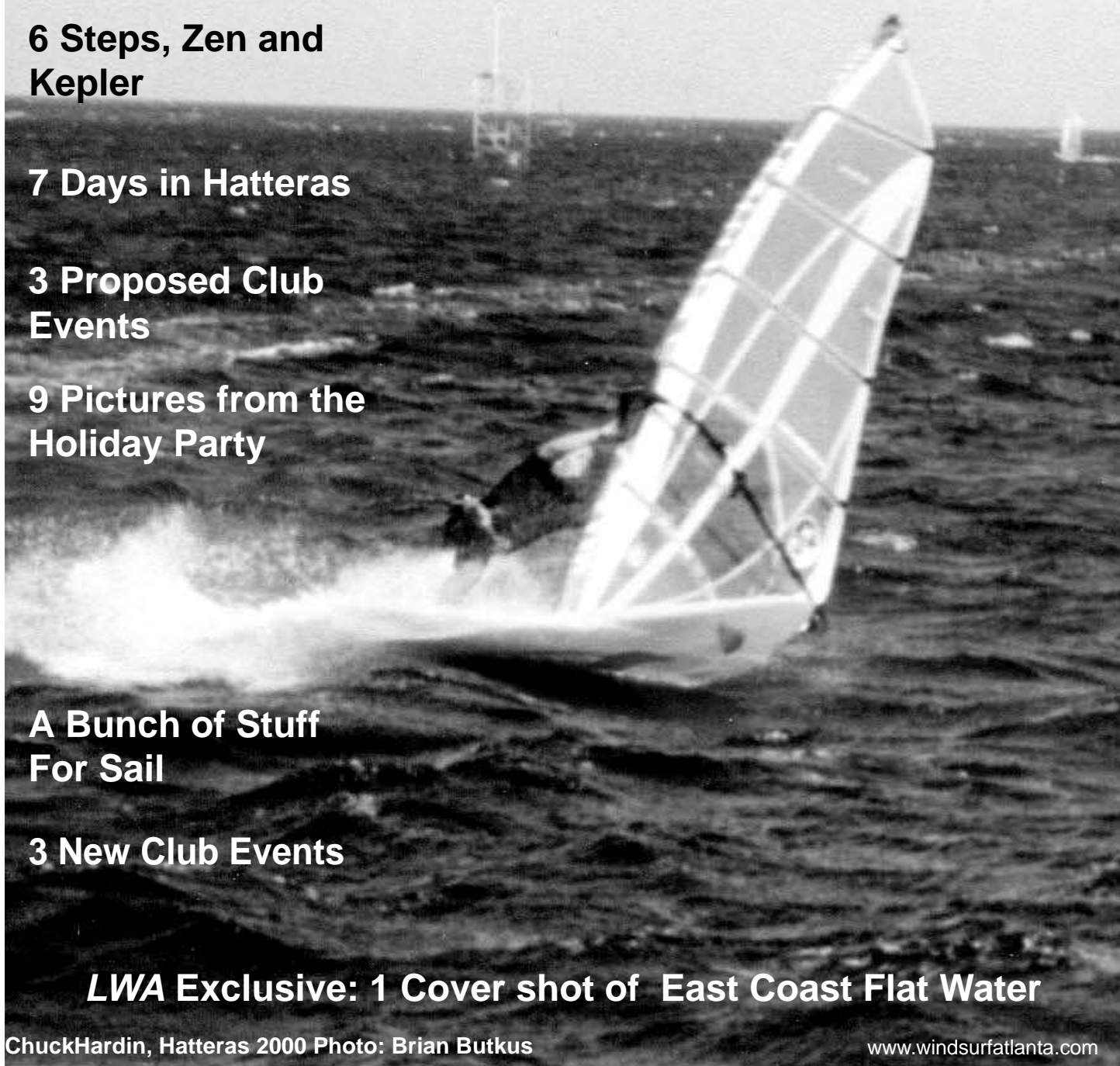
**3 Proposed Club
Events**

**9 Pictures from the
Holiday Party**

**A Bunch of Stuff
For Sail**

3 New Club Events

LWA Exclusive: 1 Cover shot of East Coast Flat Water



PRELIMINARY CLUB DATES

Based on past year's calendars. A starting place to mark your calendar and to consider volunteering and participating in particular events.

- January 9** Monthly Meeting. Brandy House Directions on front page
- January 26-Feb 4** Florida Keys Camping Trip Shell Point Sailing Club. Details below.
- February 13** Monthly Meeting. Brandy House
- February TBA (17-18?)** Iceberg Regatta Lake Lanier Sailing Club (LLYC) Possible Swap Meet
- Spring TBA** Any interest in going to Corpus? Contact Chuck Hardin whitecapws@aol.com or call 706-860-0639
- March 13** Monthly Meeting. Brandy House
- March 17-18** Spring Charity Event. Long Distance Sail
- April 10** Monthly Meeting. Brandy House
- April TBA** ABC/LLYC Inland Windsurfing Championships
- May 8** Monthly Meeting. Brandy House
- May TBA** Cape San Blas Camping Trip Directions on front page
- June 12** Monthly Meeting. Galt's Ferry, Lake Allatoona. Bring your board.
- June-July TBA** Learn to Windsurf Clinic
- June/July** Charleston Regatta. Directions on front page
- June TBA** Reggae Regatta LLYC
- July 10** Monthly Meeting. Volleyball Location TBA
- August 14** Monthly Meeting. Brandy House
- September 11** Monthly Meeting. Brandy House
- September 15/16** ABC Wind Ceremony Swap Meet
- October 9** Monthly Meeting. Brandy House
- October TBA** 22nd Annual Fall Classic/ Senior Nationals ABC/LLYC
- October TBA** ABC Hatteras Trip
- October TBA** Halloween Regatta LLYC
- November 13** Monthly Meeting. Brandy House
- November 17/18** Fall Charity Event (Triathlon?)
- December TBA** Holiday Party (No regular meeting)

Shell Point Invites You to the Keys

"If any Atlanta sailors fancy a sailing vacation in the Keys in January to get away from all of that nasty cold weather, the SPSC(Shell Point, Tallahassee) is going on its annual pilgrimage to Fiesta Key from Friday, January 26 through Sunday, February 4. Camping is \$11 per night per person in the group camping area that we have reserved. There are all of the accoutrements of civilization - two hot tubs, heated pool, restaurant/bar, hot showers, and a decent launch. If anyone wants to join us, contact Pam Hansard who is coordinating this trip."

Our Next Meetings

As always, friends, guests, kids and total strangers are welcome.

The January (1/9) and February (11/12) meetings will be at the usual location, the Brandy House, on Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m.

The Brandy House is located 4365 Roswell Rd. N. (tel: 404-252-7784). This is about 2 miles inside the Perimeter on Roswell, just past Wieuca Rd. on the left.

Meetings are the second Tuesday each month at the Brandy House unless otherwise stated.

The Atlanta Boardsailing Club's Lake Wind Advisory is copyrighted 2000 and the sole property of this organization. Unauthorized duplicators will be violated. Other windsurfing clubs, etc., however, may copy copiously- just try to spell our name rihgt. However, we've never said no when asked nicely.

Address: www.windsurfatlanta.org

The editor welcomes all articles, photos, ideas, etc.

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Death of a dot.com

In a tale that epitomizes the excesses of the long 90s bull run, windsurfatlanta.com has shut its doors, its website sits dark. The once darling of Wall Street, source of millions in paper stock gains, and former high flier has come crashing to earth in a brutal lesson in economics.

Begun as a hobby by an Atlanta boardsailers in the 1996, windsurfatlanta.com had modest beginnings as a members.aol.com site; just one of many poorly designed personal home pages with little content and annoying graphics. The brainchild of Glenn Tanner who

was quickly recognizing the importance of the internet via his own *American Girl*™ fan site, the website soon acquired a more polished look and soon began hosting annoying banner ads and cookies for doubleclick.com. It hired a former investment banker as its webmaster, overlooking the more qualified graphics and computer professionals in the club, basically because he would work for stock options. This type of short-sighted thinking was a continuing and eventually fatal characteristic.

Quickly, though, its founders rode the crest of the e-business boom and soon became a household name in wind forecasting and windsurfing advice.

windsurfatlanta.com evolved into

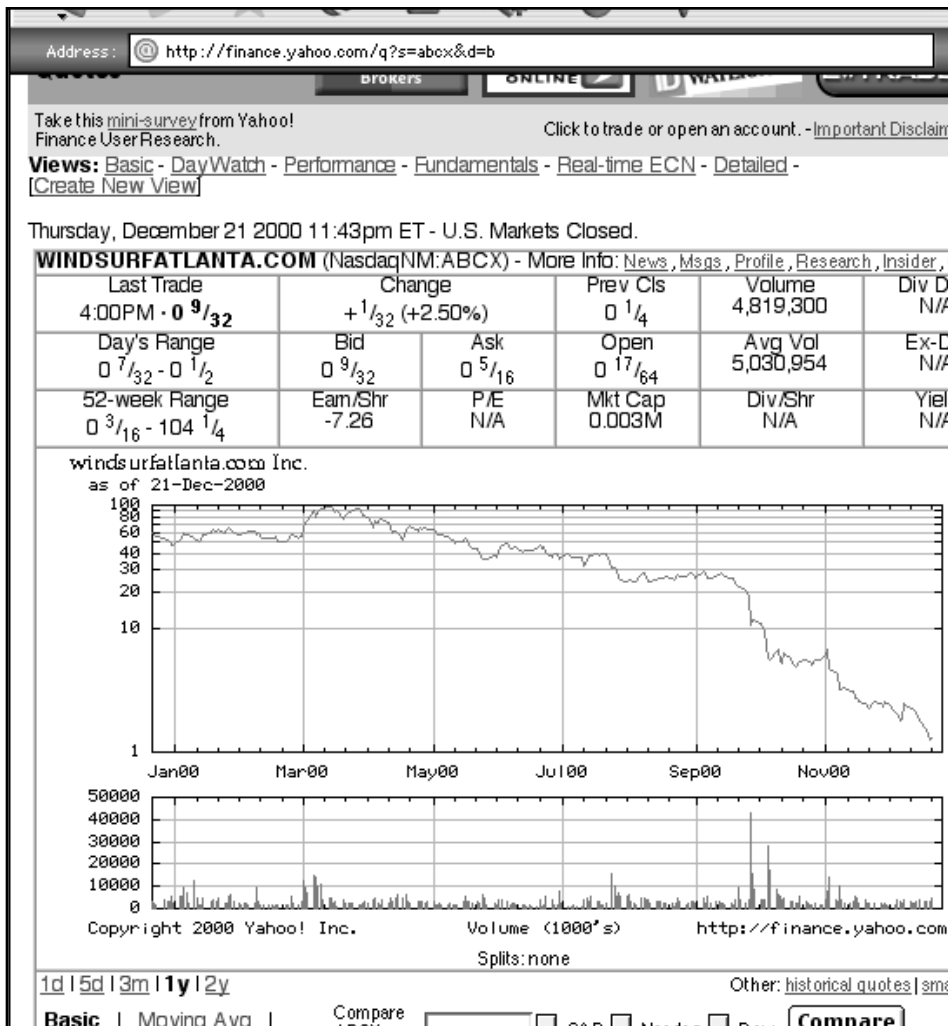


Once millionaires, these investors won't be windsurfing in Hawaii this year.

the premiere brand in these fields by mid-98 and caught the attention of venture capitalists and Wall Street underwriters. In the IPO frenzy of 1999, it went public raising \$750 million and making its club members paper millionaires overnight. Despite a business plan that did not anticipate profitability until the year 2525, investors hungered for shares and the it traded from an IPO price of \$17 to \$78 in a matter of hours. Flush with cash, the dot com began a spending frenzy that culminated in parties, regattas, trips and custom-built trailers. But all along, it was burning cash at a prodigious rate while the e-commerce side continued to mount losses. Its flawed business model, based upon unrealistic expectations, anticipated that jetskiers would click on in droves buying books, booms and used boards.

Nonetheless, the firm's apparent success attracted attention and suitors and business partners came courting. Early on, Microsoft considered a major stake to add the site to its MSN portal. AOL also considered a business combination but its attention was soon diverted to the Time Warner acquisition. Apple Computer considered blending the site's technologies into its next generation operating system but Steve Jobs felt that the site's colors clashed with recently released iMacs. Linux inventor Linus Torvald also attempted to integrate some of the site's development

The chart below isn't the profile of a World Cup downhill course but the crash of dreams



Continued on page 16

Atlanta Boardsailing Club members and friends: Brian Butkus, David Delorme, Chuck Harden, Doug King, Jerry Farr, Joyce Kelly, Sherry Beattie, Thomas Jakob, and Danny Johnson.

Our group represented the entire spectrum of skill levels, ranging from beginner (Sherry's first time ever) to lots of intermediates up to advanced.

This was my first trip to Cape Hatteras, and I can guarantee that anyone at any skill level will learn more in a week than they would over a year's time, sailing on the inland area lakes where a majority of our group live. We all vowed to come back at least three times a year, some even spoke of quitting their jobs and moving there permanently.

The house where we stayed was ideal for windsurfing, HOT TUB, hot outside shower, storage for rigged sails & boards, multi-level sun decks, walking distance to windsurfing shops, waist

Below: Joyce Kelly



The ABC Crew: Dave, Tom, Joyce, Sherry, Chuck, Brian, Danny

deep water, and great launching, Chuck even demonstrated a standing dock start for all of us to envy.

During our stay we experienced winds ranging from 8 mph (3-4, 500mg Ibuprofen and 30 minutes in the hot tub) to a good 40mph (handfuls of Ibuprofen + 5 beers, and two hours in the hot tub) and the water remained relatively flat as the wind came up. The air temperature averaged in the 70's and the water temp was in the upper 60's. We all comfortably wore shortys for the most part, but I observed several Canadians with just swimming trunks. The consistent NNE wind direction (side-onshore from our house) was ideal for our location. If you did happen to get blown downwind, all you had to do was; 1. Suck up your pride, 2. Simply wade your gear back up wind, (commonly known as the Walk of Shame) 3. Jump back on, hang on for dear life, and then watch for a lull, to attempt your next transition.

As for me, this was my first time riding a short board in heavy winds and I can assure you I had never been this fast in my life. For the most part, I

was totally out of control, but even a drawn out vote count couldn't wipe the smile off my face. It's a great feeling when you beach start (not having to uphaul) sheet in, and by the time in your in the harness and straps, your already miles from where you started, at a alarming, but exhilarating pace.

What I Learned:

Beach Start (Mastered) Very rare where I sail, you can usually only beach start on your way out, then you're in the deep.

Waterstarts (After forgetting to attach an uphaul to my rig, and falling in the channel. I would never forget this key piece of equipment when I'm sailing at home).

Planing Skills i.e. the combination turbo-face-plant, multi-looping- without-board-and-rig catapult (always remember to point your toes upon exiting the board), the Canadian dodge (do they drive like they sail?), and several unsuccessful ibe attempts.

Equipment Necessities

Weed Fin, Ding Repair, Sail Tape, Extra Battens, Ibuprofen, Neosporin, Band-Aids (body ding repair), Beer, Every size sail known to man, spare set of hands arms & legs, duct tape (for blisters) and especially gloves. Special thanks to William for the tip of the week, which was keep-

ing Vaseline on your hands to keep them moist in the salt water.

Damage Report First Prize goes to Thomas, whom after buying a used weed fin (with a stripped out barrel nut), lost control at full speed when the fin departed from the board, then broke the nose off his board during his catapult. Second Prize goes to me for breaking my universal joint and for placing a nice ding in my new board, I'm still not certain, but that ding looks very similar to my nose. At least I didn't feel it. Honorable mention goes out to Brian who broke the tailpiece on his new Dynafiber boom (which was replaced at no cost by a local Dynafiber rep).

Injury Report First Prize goes to Jerry for jumping in the water on top of his new weed fin and gashing his foot open. Second Prize goes to Chuck for trying to insert his surfboard through his kidney. Third Prize is a tie between Brian and myself for cutting our feet on some barnacles near the dock. Honorable mention for all the other participants who shared blisters on the hands, sore muscles (Hot tub saved the day), and as they all ached and moaned as I, but never once complained.

Improved

- First Place goes to Sherry for her persistence and great attitude. This was

her very first experience and we all cheered as we watched her sail for the first time. Sherry writes, "I felt like I was back in my sophomore high school French Class. What a complicated, enthralling sport windsurfing is".

"While Doug was sailing into the sunset I was upside down on an examining table telling the chiropractor that in spite of my sprained ribs, the experience was worth it...I'm just glad I have the winter to recover before my next attempt".

Keep up the good work, Sherry, and I'm certain we'll see you whizzing by very soon.

- Second Prize goes out to Joyce, who at the time we arrived, was a novice. We all witnessed her improve her way up the skill level trail after every session.

She commented, "Last week in Hatteras was pretty incredible for me too...and I know my sister Sherry is now determined to continue in this sport. Thanks for all the support, encouragement and wisecracks about my long underwear, etc. Earlier this evening I attacked my upright bass, (an instrument I've been learning unsatisfactorily for nearly a year,) with some of the attitude I used out in the Sound, and the sound I got out of it tonight was much improved! Commitment, persistence and perhaps



just trying harder stuff because you're tired of merely repeating what you already know.... I learned a thing or two last week". "

- Third Prize goes out to Dave for getting up so early every morning, and for his achievements out on the Sound.

Dave's View: "I had a blast; the weather was great; we had good wind. I learned how to waterstart and I worked on planing skills. The house was very comfortable and perfectly located. We launched right from the dock into the sound". "It helped that we had steady NNE winds all week long. We had a

The Atlanta Club watches the Wavesailing competition just up from the famous Hatteras Lighthouse





Chuck ripping it around in front of the house good group of people with a wide variety of windsurfing skills. I learned so much in just a week, I'm looking forward to my next chance to return to Hatteras".

- Fourth Prize goes to Chuck for his great instruction, organization, good prices on equipment, and for his Duck Gibe right in front of the house for all to see.
- Fifth Prize is Thomas Jakob for his endurance, he spent the most time on the water and Jerry wasn't far behind. If it weren't for Jerry's injury on Thursday this one have been hard to call. Both worked hard and spent a lot of time on the water, milking every ounce of juice the Cape served up.
- Sixth Prize is a three-way tie between Jerry, Brian and Doug. Doug's very smooth sailing seemed to really get the best out of the time he spent on the water. Jerry for his numerous jibe attempts, although Jerry is known to ven-

ture far off, we didn't get to see a whole heap of his sailing. And Brian for sailing every type board known to man. Brian is improving very fast, and he'll make the jump to advanced intermediate very soon.

Brian had this to say about his first Hatteras experience. "My thoughts on the Hatteras trip? Best vacation I think I have ever had. If I lived within 6 hours of Hatteras, I would be there darn near every weekend, and would probably lose my day job. The sailing? Phenomenal! I headed to Hatteras with two goals: 1) To learn waterstarts, 2) To work on jibes, since I rarely try them at home. Well, after the first day, I pretty much threw away my goals. Not that I didn't try, but since I was falling into water I

could stand up in, I didn't focus on my goals. Instead, I was lured into flat water cruising. I fell into a trance, sailing various boards, popping up on a plane, front strap, back strap, closing the gap. I was hooked into this!!! Now that I am back sailing at Lake Lanier, I sure wish I had spent a bit more time on my waterstarts, but heck, it was VACATION!"

It is pretty awesome to sail in Hatteras. I watched the sun set as I sailed almost every afternoon". "I don't think

Pro Alex Aguera rips the surf during the Hatteras Surf Championships



it can get better than that. On Friday, we went to watch the pros compete in the Wave Competition. I now have a great respect for those who can throw a move out there in the waves. You really don't understand how difficult wave sailing is by watching it on television. You gotta see this in person"!

Jerry Farr commented, "When I began windsurfing several years ago, I was told that Cape Hatteras was the perfect spot for beginners to practice their skills due to its shallow protected waters and steady winds. On this trip, I finally got to experience it for myself. Unlike other places I had windsurfed in the past, now I was really challenged to put all my skills into practice. Finally I was in a location where I could really work on the maneuvers that had troubled me in the past and really improve my technique. Added to this was the fun and friendships enjoyed from living with 9 other people for the week. All in all, a very good time"!

- **Last place** goes to yours truly for being the heaviest person in the group and having the most fun. I had a blast and I'll be going back to Hatteras as often as possible in the years to come. After sailing last weekend at home in 10-12mph gusty, lull winds, deep water etc, my appreciation for Hatteras is now beyond expression. Thanks everybody for the great food, excellent company and I look forward to another trip very soon.

-Danny Johnson. Photos: Brian Butkus

**We got...
BROKE, STROKED,
SMOKED,
CHOKED, and
SOAKED...
but most of all,
STOKED!**

It was actually windsurfing heaven; it just looked like Avon on the Outer Banks, NC. By all accounts, it was a near-perfect windsurfing trip. Run this trip through the roto-mold and stamp out carbon copies -- you would take one like this every time. We were an enthusiastic, yet easy-going, cheerful group of 9 ABC'ers and friends with all brain waves synchronized on one thing -- windsurfing. Every ability, type and style had all it could handle: 2 days of 6.5 and above weather, 2 days in the 5 range, and 2 days in the 5.0 and below. All this in fair skies, 70 degree air and water. Unvarying NE winds that allowed us to sail straight out from our back door and back - literally.

Here's some highlights:

BROKE- The nose of Thomas Jakob's new board 15 inutes into first ride on the first day. Jerry Farr's blood sacrifice to the god's of Pamlico Sound from the gash in his foot via his weed fin. Chuck Hardin's back trying to surf ocean-side where he ought not be.

STROKED - All of us by manufacturers' reps such as Fred Dey of ACME Supply (Seatrend, Gaastra, Hot Sails, etc.) and name pros like Alex Aguera who had demo gear available at our beck and call during the week-long Hatteras Island Windsurfing and Kiteboarding Championships.

SMOKED - Doug King, Jerry, and others on high-speed runs 3 miles out to the "reef", a wave-humping sandbar, that



provided a sense of adventure.

CHOKED - The pro's and sponsored riders in the Hatteras Island Wave Championships at the lighthouse on one of the narliest, most epic days ever. Before a gasping crowd huddled on the dunes, many never even got outside. Several spent 30 minutes at the time in the washing machine. One said it was the most-scared he'd ever been while windsurfing.

SOAKED - The fools among us (that would be me and Brian Butkus) who went out on that same day in the sound in the 35+ winds. (This was also a JOKE.)

But most of all

STOKED... Joyce Kelly -- first time in the harness. Dave Delorme -- learned to waterstart and first fast-planing experience. Sherri Beatty -- first day windsurfing! Starboard tack preferred. Not a bad way to start out the second 50 years of one's life. Danny Johnson -- Brian Butkus -- a graduate of the Universtiy of Speed. Too fast for his own good. Chuck -- ridin' the wind again and seeing the delight on everyone's face.

-Chuck Hardin

Club Events Continued from page 14

Topics might include the following:

- How a small-hand drill can greatly improve your chances of winning.
- How to tell when your opponents fin may need a lilttle extra marine-tex. Or spot sanding on a bit of beach gravel.
- Spotting the weakest point in a daggerboard. How to see if it supports your weight.
- How Strategic Age Group Selection can put you in the winner's circle (with a Special lecture on how to get an authentic Birth Certificate next time you go windsurfing in the Dominican Republic by Atlanta Braves Rookie of the Year, Rafael Furcal).
- How a weight belt at weigh-in may be faster than one on the race course (or how 145 lb guys can sail Clydesdale)
- How a utility knife can help your sail outperform the fleet.
- How to lodge a successful protest.
- How to defend multiple protests.
- Lawyers who argue race protests on a contingency.
- Lawyers who file class action lawsuits against race committees who give adverse rulings.
- Donations to race committees and race committee fraternal organizations and, the tax implications. How to drop a twenty into the committee boat without being called over early.
- Lunch food menus and additives that induce gastro-intestinal distress. And why you should pack your own brown bag.
- Structural failure in damaged carbon components: How small nicks in carbon masts and booms can go unnoticed.

Well, you get the picture. These and many other "over the top" events are being considered for the year ahead. Many other ideas will be discussed at the club's special "Men's Night Out" at the Gold Club. Stay posted.

-Randy Falkenberg



Left: Barret Walker and Gene Mathis scoop up the buffet



Above: Tim Carter examines a gift with advice from Carl Arrigoni



Left: Fred Dey and Jennifer Brodeur



Above: Michel Krupa scores a gift



Left: Opening gifts



AboveBelow: The highlight- The White
Elephant Gift Exchange



Above: Check this out!



Below: Gene Mathis and Lisa Wise



**December 9 at the home of Chris
Voith and Ginny Ferguson
Photos: David Wade**

By happy coincidence, Chuck Hardin emailed me an article that paralleled one that I was working on (6 Steps, etc.). He called me up and said, "If it's too mystic to include, that's okay." To which I replied, "Weirdness is our specialty."

As these essays suggest, windsurfing is one of those select activities that **can** transport us beyond the mundane.

Can is the operative word. It doesn't work for everyone; as they say at Jenny Craig: Your results may vary.

Yet, for those of us caught up in it, we find that we look at ourselves and our surroundings differently.

Read, enjoy and then give this to your parakeet. He'll know what to do with it...

carnival and William Tell as much of the activity can be done blindfolded. What is the point of shooting at a target you can't see? How do you know if you've hit the bull's eye?

It doesn't matter. The whole endeavor is an exercise in assembling the parts of shooting the arrow into a whole. The drawing of the bow, the aim and release. (Early Western students tell of spending their first year of training just holding the bow.) The blindfold releases the mind from concentrating on merely where the arrow lands into perfecting the process. The emphasis shifts from the real estate the arrow hits to the entire exercise.

Speaking of pointless, you ask, how does this particular process pertain to Pamlico Sound? Ah, my little footstrap, listen and attend.

But first consider: what is windsurfing? Most responses will be in the range from the pedestrian ("sticking a sail onto a surfboard") to the soul surfer ("freedom to carve the wind and the waves"). And that tends to mirror the range from those who consider us the trailer trash of the sailing community to those that have the 'bug' bad. Those still Hatteras waters gave yet another answer: windsurfing is. Is what? Is. No more, no less; just is.

Just "is", you say? Is this the insight we pay for in the Lake Wind Advisory? Frankly, yes. That and the admonition to bend those knees whilst jibing. And bend them some more. But, just is?

Yes, windsurfing is just "is". Its not a longboard thing, shortboard thing, racing thing, freestyle thing, wavesailing thing, or sit on the beach and whine thing. It exists without us or with us. If we adapt the Zen archers' method, each part of windsurfing becomes something to savor, enjoy, perfect and share: the trip to the lake/beach, rigging, sailing, hanging out with friends. What ultimately matters, like in most things in life, is what we make of it; what we leave behind and the memories we take.

Windsurfing and Archery

"Beginners should reflect on each and every shot. In sports there are competitors, winners and losers. This is not true in kyudo. Kyudo is based on the idea isssha, (one shot). Reflection is the most important thing. Since, in the beginning, kyudo is done at a distance of two meters, it is nothing to hit the target. One first reflects on the technique. Most beginners forget about this and think of the target too much. It is not important where the arrow goes. That is only a reflection of the accuracy of your technique and the purity of your mind."

-Kanjuro Shibata XX

Some years ago, a novel entitled "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance" made the rounds in college English Lit classrooms. I read it in my impressionable early twenties and remember little of it except that it spawned a host of imitators, including a book on windsurfing, entitled "Zen and the Art of ... etc." The poor Zen Buddhists have had a heap of misconceptions thrown at them by less than enlightened Occidentals. In that great Western tradition, I add more to the pile. In advance, I apologize to those of you with tightly held religious beliefs, I mean no disrespect to any particular theology. Heaven forbid I end up like Salman Rushdie for something that appeared in the LWA. I don't get paid **that** much.

Inevitably in any romance, whether it be with a person or something like our passion with windsurfing, the bloom comes off the rose. We notice that either a) she really does laugh too loud during movies and we no longer find it a charming distraction or b) the wind really doesn't blow as often or as consistently as we would hope. We must at that point decide whether our love will

survive this revelation. Or, to the point of this essay, whether a jetski really is lurking in our future.

A couple of years back, while staring at the still waters of Pamlico Sound, I found myself in the horns of just such a dilemma. Dragging my lovely family 600 miles to the Outer Banks (and they are called Outer for a dang good reason, like in "Outer" Space. I'm surprised that news of our successful rebellion against the English has reached there.) just to watch waters as still as summertime Lanier seemed, well, painfully pointless.

A cursory definition of Zen Buddhism will reveal something like: "...enlightenment by direct, intuitive insight" (from Random House Dictionary, my source for all things theological). Gazing at those most Georgia-like waters, I was enlightened. I didn't exactly come to any sort of divine revelation on how to tune a Harley but I started to grasp a bit this thing we call windsurfing.

My vague understanding of Zen Buddhism extends a bit past motorcycles and bad Kung-Fu movies to that of Zen archery (Kyudo). To the casual observer, this sport seems to be a mix of

THE EXALTED SPORT: Seeking the VIS-ANIMA

Our sport, windsurfing, is different from all the others. It's a higher order experience -- somehow on a different plane (no pun intended). Come on...you've experienced it, the "transcendent" quality of this sport. But how do you explain it to others -- or even to yourself? You may not want or need to explain it; the experience is plenty enough. But, if you are one of those who feel compelled to understand just what it is that makes this "transcendent" difference, there is a word that can explain it.

But to get there, you must first join me on a little historical road-trip about 400 years ago...

His name was Johannes Kepler, citizen of Wurttemberg, Germany around the year 1590. He was a frustrated, unemployed theologian who turned to teaching mathematics and astronomy to earn a living. Astronomy in those days was inseparable from astrology. He tried to predict the weather, uprisings of the peasants, invasions of the Turks; that sort of thing. Making money from prognosticating, Kepler said, was at least better than begging. Weird, he was.

However, he understood things. Kepler felt there was an incredible beauty, harmony, and intelligent structure that defined all of creation. Any routine, mundane thing might set him off into observations like the following:

When weary with writing, I was called to supper, and a salad was set before me. "It seems then," I said, "if pewter dishes, leaves of lettuce, grains of salt, drops of water, vinegar, oil and slices

of eggs had been flying about in the air from all eternity, it might at last happen by chance that there would become a salad." "Yes," responded my lovely, "but not so nice as this one of mine."

He talked like that all the time, but let's return to our story... Kepler, at age 25, wrote the first outspoken defense of the Copernican Solar System that had the planets revolving around the central sun. He felt it was the scientist's duty to display the metaphysical harmony of the universe. In this effort Kepler became obsessed with the mystery of what caused the motion of the planets. Kepler's genius lay in the fact that he was the first to attribute this force to the sun itself.

But from where did the sun gain this capability to move planets? (Gravity was unrecognized at this time; Newton came later.) An extremely spiritual person, Kepler saw the immovable sun as the source of Light, Power, and Enlightenment -- sort of an empowered agent of God. He used the Latin words vis (force) and anima (soul) to describe this capability. On this sacred foundation Kepler built his theory of forces in the universe.

See, I told you...that's the word! Vis-anima is what you feel pulling through the harness and footstraps, through the boom, when you hold the power of the wind in your hands. When you're cruising on a fully powered plane and everything is balanced, and that Greater Power takes hold of you, your soul physically connects to the Source,

the vis-anima itself -- the soul-infused motive force of the universe. We know we can't control such a Force, but we feel honored It has allowed us to ride along for awhile.

Awesome, huh? That's why we sound all weird and freaky when we try to tell the uninitiated about it. It has to be experienced. And lower sports, tied as they are to the exchange of a ball, the attempt to hit a target, the internal combustion engine, or even the omnipresent pull of gravity, just don't do it. They cannot. Only certain "exalted" sports allow one to commune with the sacred vis-anima. Windsurfing, like other sports, can provide a tremendous adrenaline rush, but; you can explain that aspect of it to anyone. Adrenaline is easy to understand.

But it's not adrenaline or endorphins we're talking here. The vis-anima is another thing altogether. A mere taste -- a glimpse of it -- seems to change one forever. It seems we're just wired that way. Something within one's soul responds...and the addiction can be instant and lasting. Some even feel they must make its pursuit a life-style. (Ever hear anybody say they had to quit work to follow the "golf life-style"?)

Trying to tell people about this experience...well, you might as well be speaking ancient Mandarin Chinese. But, now at least you have a word for it -- thanks to Johannes Kepler. I don't think Newton's Law of Gravity trumped Kepler's beautiful concepts. (After all, just where does gravity come from?)

Go forth, Grasshopper. Windsurf...and may the vis-anima be with you often.

-Chuck Hardin, US4586
(* Ok, there may be a few other sports that can meet the "exalted" criteria: hang gliding, whitewater kayaking, maybe even certain equestrian sports. So sue me me.)

The 6 Steps to Nirvana

Or, how the student stopped windsurfing and became a windsurfer

Have you ever tried to introduce a friend to windsurfing? Someone with whom you share common interests, values, activities? How many times did it work out? Do you even still speak to each other?

No, you can't introduce someone to windsurfing. You can't tempt, cajole, persuade or even threaten; for windsurfing is a calling. Either you have it or you don't. Either you have this great desire to windsurf or you withdraw at the mere sight of neoprene. People learn to play tennis. People tolerate ski lessons. But to begin windsurfing, you must have an inner drive that outweighs all else. It is not ascending a hill or mountain but more akin to hiking the Appalachian Trail. You don't "climb it because it is there." You "become" it.

Is it because windsurfing is difficult to learn? No, windsurfing has become quite easy to learn. The intolerable uphaul and fall-in cycle has faded with the advent of wider boards, lighter sails and masts and better teaching methods.

How does one find the calling? What is the path to ultimate windsurfing happiness? Let us trace the steps:

1. The Great Ignorant Unwetted Masses: "What the heck is that thing? Looks like a lot of work." Those who know nothing of windsurfing or who tried it 20 years ago and still require physical therapy for their back. They don't and can't understand the appeal of windsurfing. Most never will. The whisper of a breeze means nothing to them. The site of a whitecap signifies as much as a crack in the sidewalk. Maybe it's because they are strangers to the water, never having learned to swim. Or, it's because at a tender young age, a cold 7 iron was thrust into their hands instead of a warm boom. Perhaps one in

a thousand will look up on a windy day at the beach and notice that colorful sail skipping across the waves. One in a thousand may even imagine the beauty and grace of such a simple act. This one feels the stirring.

2. The Neophyte: "I'd like to try that." Of those who feel the stirring, maybe one in ten thousand will act. Or more likely will feel the compulsion to act. She will search the web for "Atlanta windsurf" or maybe look in the magazine section of Barnes and Noble's for something in print. If she is fortunate, she'll blunder across a caring club or have the common sense to get a lesson. If not, she rents a board during the next trip to Cancun. Thirty minutes and two skinned shins later, she'll recede to the GIUM (see above). Another may satisfy the yearning by picking up the Weekly Advertiser and finding a used Kerma Titanic, suitable in its day but heavy, unstable and without hope of replacing any broken parts. Swayed by the argument that the rig cost \$2000 in 1982, he perhaps pays a bit much. The lucky ones get a bit of good advice and either pickup something new or at least recent and serviceable. He may begin to read "Windsurfing" on a regular basis and even subscribe. But the pictures of Maui surf seem as familiar to his lake experiences as photos from the Mars Lander.

3. The budding intermediate: "I've got a windsurfer." If the neophyte avoids the pitfalls that lay like steel plates on an Atlanta street, he may actually become an intermediate. A bit of wisdom and care in acquiring suitable equipment helps. So does a bit of tenacity. As the more experienced know, it doesn't always blow on demand. The BI is caught in a no-man's land of con-

ditions. The gentle zephyrs no longer stimulate learning enough (he is typically unaware of the joys and challenges of freestyle) yet the full-on planing conditions usually invite a cold swim followed by a long walk home. With persistence, the humbling sessions may become learning experiences. But other BIs suffer a quiet defeat and stow the board in the garage where it slowly gathers dust till the spouse demands its removal.

The BI also faces other challenges. Some don't know how to balance the demands of a young family with windsurfing. They don't know the deceptions, cheats and lies necessary to preserve that most valuable of commodities- the flexible weekend. They mistakenly agree to visit in-laws despite the arrival of a front long predicted by computer models. They unwittingly agree to plant pansies on an afternoon slated for a SW 10-15 forecast. They agree to trips to Myrtle Beach's crummy windsurfing instead of Charleston's easier access and more dependable breezes.

The BI has by now subscribed to Windsurfing Magazine but remains unaware of alternatives, both in print and online. He begins the long seduction by the industry and feel the first stirrings of equipment lust. Yes, he begins to agree, newer is better, faster, higher.

4. The Intermediate: "I windsurf". Having survived the challenges of BI-dom, he windsurfs on a regular basis. Much like the enthusiastic worshiper, the intermediate takes great joy in the pomp and circumstance of the windy day session. Harness and footstrap use, waterstarts and the carving jibe begin to replace the hurdle of merely returning to the launch sometime before midnight. Sessions come on a more frequent basis, yet the Intermediate often has diffi-

culty in balancing outside responsibilities with the now urgent need to feel a planing board underfoot.

A new quiver begins to accumulate. Perhaps it was a recent model sail or board which opens the eyes to the performance gains in recent years. The lucky happen upon a good deal from the local dealer, the rest pay retail from the catalogue in Minnesota. Slowly, the garage begins to fill. First a few sails and then it accelerates as sails, fins and boards multiply almost rabbit-like.

Family and personal vacations begin to revolve around windsurfing destinations. Weekend plans are made only after consulting the Weather Channel oracles. Gear choices tend to center on "Editor's Choice" and "Highest Rated". The intermediate tends to sail underpowered and spend a too much time

having on his new stuff- going just as fast, jumping just as high and carving just as hard. But wait, how could that be? New stuff was ALWAYS supposed to be better. That's what the mag says. Hmmmm. Could it be? A sneaky suspicion begins to creep in. And after that begins the paranoia. The mags are run by the advertisers. The tests are rigged. It's all a marketing scam.

And it continues with forecasts, light wind days and just about anything wind related. The NWS says 10-20? Naw, got skunked on a forecast like that just the other day. Get out the 8.5? Naw, it just isn't a fun as the 4.7. New sail design? My old "Brand X" is just as good, plus they don't make 'em that durable anymore.

This cynicism corrodes. Annoyance with getting skunked invites plans to play golf despite a decent forecast. The USWA? "Ah, it's just for racers and I don't race." The local club? "They never do anything for me." The local scene? "The windsurfing here sucks."

Wind whiners, gear whiners and whiners in general tend to fall in this category. An innocent round of golf substitutes for the dodgy forecast. The lure of the new sport of the week beckons. Soon boards are replaced by new toys and the cycle repeats itself as the cynic is reborn as a kayaker, mountain biker, wakeboarder with little or no memory of his windsurfing past. A couple of years later, the cycle will repeat, the kayak replaced by yet another toy.

6. The windsurfer. "I am a windsurfer." The windsurfer enjoys windsurfing but even more, he is content with who he/she is and the opportunities afforded. If new gear is in the family budget, she buys wisely, usually with the advice of trusted friends or the local shop. If the

budget is tight, she knows her gear so well that she can tune it for the conditions and have a good time anyway. Magazines are read but usually after the rest of the mail. If a long trip to the lake finds little wind, she rigs up and goes out and goofs around anyway or plans an alternate activity. The opportunity to help with a clinic is never missed, if possible, and yet, the opportunity to learn from better sailors is never missed either. Windy weekends are foresaken without qualm for special family events with the knowledge that there'll always be another windy day.

He joins; the local club, USWA, local groups concerned with water quality and clubs for those interests on non-windy days. The windsurfer goofs around on light days, teaches friends in the summer, attends regattas in order to see old friends and takes time to say hello to the new face at the beach.

Paradoxically, the "windsurfer" is most at ease in mixing other recreations with windsurfing. It's not all or nothing. The bike leans against the board which leans against the clubs which are on top of the skis. Each has it's own time and place.

Like well-adjusted harness lines, the windsurfer has found that balance where nothing pushes or pulls. Windsurfing is part of a full and enriching life yet the joy of being on the water, feeling the wind and sunshine and treasuring the friendships remains ever fresh.

Luigi (Semenzato) had the most pertinent winter workout: Leave work unexpectedly, go home and throw yourself against the shower wall while gasping under the cold flow. After exiting the water, go over to the toilet and throw money down it.

-Anon. rec.windsurfing

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shlogging around until that "big" day that brings out the 4.5s. He chooses this day to rig the 6.0 because, "it's the only thing I've got" and renews his acquaintance with park downwind of launch.

5. The Cynical Phase: "This Sucks." After perhaps a few years, the surviving intermediate usually enters the cynical phase. Like the agnostic, the cynic acknowledges the possibility of windsurfing happiness but sees little evidence. Perhaps it began after completing the Consumer Credit Counseling program to pay down credit card debt associated with upgrading the entire quiver during a trip to Hatteras.

More likely, it was the realization one day that she was having as much fun on her 3 yr old gear as the tryo was

ABC Events We Would Like to See

As everyone knows, finding new and exciting events for club members is a constant challenge for ABC, and any windsurfing club. While most of the club's events are created with the best intentions (creating some fun, helping newcomers learn, or raising money for charity), there is, in fact, a darker side to all of this. Below are some of the types of events that have been suggested to me out at the beach, when the wind is disappointing and the mood turns ugly.

Learn to Windsurf Day From Hell

Admit it, everyone has that "least favorite" in law, kid brother, boss, or smart-aleck neighbor who is totally convinced windsurfing is a easy and boring as golf or fishing. Maybe, just once, we could have an event where we "teach them the ropes" in "typical" windsurfing conditions.

Instead of easy conditions, with good instructors and appropriate equipment in the middle of summer, perhaps it might go something, like this:

- Instruction on 85 liter wave boards. "Hey, it's what the pros use. You use the same ball Tiger uses, right?."
- At least 7.5 meter race sail. "It's what they use in the World Cup. Do you want to learn to drive a Hyundai or a BMW?"
- You, not an instructor, gets to dispense the torture. I mean provide the instruction. (Megaphones will be provided so you can be heard while standing on the shore as your victim/student drifts away).
- Middle of January not July. "You don't ski in the summer do you? Of course not. You gotta go when the conditions are right."
- Offshore Winds over 20 kts. "On-shore winds? Naw, they tend to blow

our gear around. This way, everything is sheltered from the wind."

- No wetsuits provided. "You wanna look like one of those lycra freaks at the gym?"
- Special "Elian Gonzales" award for anyone who makes it back to the beach. "You already? You still have half the day to go. Get out there, you wuss."

Now wouldn't that be a fun way to introduce all of your "friends" to windsurfing. And who knows, maybe win some lifelong converts to the sport. What's more, it is becoming accepted that learning to sail on longboards in light winds is a mistake that is driving many away from the sport. In fact, recent articles in *American Windsurfer* and *Windsurfing* explained that its really easier to learn on a shortboard anyway. Besides, learning self-rescue in challenging conditions, is surely more valuable than a lame demonstration of it in the middle of July. Finally, in the winter, all those dangerous motor boats are gone – the lake is safe for windsurfers and their students.

Old For New Swap Meet/ Charity Fundraiser

Ok, maybe the first one was a little extreme (of course, windsurfing is an extreme sport). Recent polls indicate, however, that in some cases, windsurfers face less than total support at home when purchases of gear exceeds monthly income. How about a charity swap meet where you swap old gear for new. Here's how it works:

- 1) Several dealers are contacted to bring new gear to meet. Club members bring old gear.
- 2) Upon picking out the item you desire, the club buys it from the dealer.
- 3) You write a check to the club to pay

for it.

- 4) You donate your old junk to the club, whereupon it is auctioned off at the end of the day, with proceeds going to charity.
- 5) You make up a story about how you won, or got in trade this neat new sail/board/etc for your old fin/mastoot/harness line. You also casually mention that you donated \$500 to the club for the charity fundraiser. ABC club members will make up a group of stories to "authenticate" these transactions. Lies will be practiced and rehearsed for several hours over the food and drink provided.
- 6) LWA runs an article about the money raised adding a few digits as needed. Each member's generous "donation" will be highlighted in the article.
- 7) Save newsletter and submit it and any other pertinent receipts or documentation (gas mileage, lodging) to your accountant

Now what could be simpler than that? And as always, should the IRS or other snoopy people start asking too many questions, the newsletter editor will disavow any knowledge of your actions.

World Windsurfing Federation Course Racing Tactics

Another event many would like to see would be some instruction on course racing tactics that go beyond the usual "stay between your man and the mark" or "sail faster than the other guy".

Perhaps some insights into tactics and race strategy that pull no punches might be a little better in helping to really level the playing field (or at least your opposition). While most racing tips concentrate on helping you to sail faster, sometimes, it is just as good if your opponents can be made to sail slower.

Continued on page 7

Membership Roll

Thanks for Renewing!

Christian Thompson, Norcross, GA

Christian is the **first** member to pay online. Thanks!

Elizabeth and

Chris Campbell, Marietta, GA

Linda and

David Grabensteder, Cartersville, GA

Jackie Greaner and

Ed Marks, Brookhaven, GA

We have **90** individual and family memberships. We also send our newsletter out to **14 other clubs and schools**.

Join Us! Membership is still only \$20/ yr. for individuals and \$30/yr for families. Join for **2 years** and get a 10% discount on the second year (\$38 and \$57 total). Application/ Renewal Form below.

Renewed or Joined and Didn't See Your Name? Call 404-237-1431 or email accounting@windsurfatlanta.org and find out why I

wasn't an accounting major.

Attention Current Members:

Look at your **address label** for your membership expiration date. Are you expiring/expired? Stay connected. Renew now.

New Website Feature If I have your email address, you are listed on the club online directory at www.windsurfatlanta.org/memdirect.html. Also listed is your membership expiration so you can keep up with your membership. As soon as I learn a bit more Perl, we'll have everyone up there but with first initials only, to protect your privacy. If you don't want to be listed, let me know.

Pay Dues Online

You can now pay dues online via Paypal; The ABC is a "verified" account (Paypal has verified that the funds are indeed forwarded to a legitimate party). Use your credit card and save a stamp! All major credit cards accepted.

www.windsurfatlanta.org/member.html

Hey, Atlanta Boardsailing Club, Sign Me Up!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

e-mail address _____ Phone _____

Individual Membership..... \$20.00/ 38.00 (1 yr/ 2yr.)

Family Membership\$30.00/ 57.00

Junior (Under 17) Membership.... \$15.00/ 28.50

Total enclosed \$ _____

While your checkbook is open, consider joining **US Windsurfing**, windsurfing's national advocacy group and enjoy group benefits including travel discounts, insurance eligibility, a newsletter and more.. Send your name, address, phone, email to: US Windsurfing, PO Box 978, Hood River, OR 97031 along with a check for \$30.

Being fully knowledgeable of the risks of boardsailing as a sport, I agree voluntarily to assume all risks of participation in the Atlanta Boardsailing Club's activities and hold harmless those sponsoring or aiding in any events from any liability of any nature whatsoever for accident or injury to myself or my property. I agree to be bound by all rules that govern this event and general boating safety. I certify that I can swim.

Signature (or Parent/Guardian) _____

Have a question? Call 404-237-1431 or <http://www.windsurfatlanta.org>

I am/ We are interested in:

- Shortboard Sailing
- Course Racing
- Freestyle
- Sailing Clinics and Demos
- Trips to other Areas
- Parties, Cookouts, etc.
- Helping with Club Functions
- Writing articles for the News letter
- Other _____

Do you have access to a windsurfer (sailboard)?

Yes No

What Kind? _____

Please complete this form and return with check or money order payable to:

Atlanta Boardsailing Club
P.O. Box 28376
Atlanta, GA 30358

From the American Windsurfing Industry Association (AWIA)

The Team de-thrones Dunkerbeck: Kevin Pritchard World Champion

Kevin Pritchard made history Nov 15th convincingly winning the PWA Racing World Champion Title and the PWA Overall World Champion Title. This marks an end of an era for Neil Pryde and **12 time** World Champion Bjorn Dunkerbeck.

Only two people in the history of this sport have held the Professional Overall World Champion Windsurfer Title. Kevin Pritchard now joins that hall of fame alongside Robby Naish and Bjorn Dunkerbeck.

Pritchard was simply untouchable in the final on his Gaastra Nitro 2/Fiberspar combination in the slalom discipline as he totally devastated the field with bullet after bullet leaving the competition silent and bewildered.

All eyes were on Dunkerbeck to see if he could catch Pritchard. Dunkerbeck was armed with the soon to be released RS 1 racing sails from Neil Pryde and a quiver of custom F2 race boards but struggled to come even close. Kevin stormed away to log a perfect race series: Four rounds of slalom: four firsts!!

"No one even came close to Kevin today. He was just out there. Absolutely incredible to see such domination at this level." said Scott Fenton to the media at the days end.

It's a sensational finish to what has been an incredible year for Kevin Pritchard and U.S. Windsurfers. This is also the 11th time that Barry Spanier has designed the sails that have won the World Title! Scott Fenton ended the year strongly finishing 3rd Overall in the world behind Bjorn Dunkerbeck. Congratulations goes out to Micah Buzainus as well, he was in there the whole series.

Overall World Championship:
1st Kevin Pritchard (USA)-Gaastra
2nd Bjorn Dunkerbeck (E)-Neil Pryde
3rd Scott Fenton (NZ) -Gaastra

Race World Championship:
1st Kevin Pritchard (USA)-Gaastra
2nd Micah Buzianis (USA) -North
3rd Bjorn Dunkerbeck (E) -Neil Pryde

ed note: I think there are some profound things in this announcement.

1) Dunkerbeck was champion 12 years in a row. Not just twelve times but without interruption for injury, technological change, etc.

2) Americans were not only first in racing but 1 and 2. Micah Buzianis is sometimes the unheralded American on the World Cup. No. 2 ain't shabby.

3) Clearly, Barry Spanier can design a sail. It may be that Pritchard could have won on another designer's rig and he did have Dunkerbeck sailing his stuff for years but only once in that time was his stuff not at the front (the year after he left Pryde- I'll bet that design didn't depart from his a whole lot). ABC member Fred Dey recently spoke with Spanier and Fred remembers this rigging advice: Rig to the specs. There is a reason sailmakers bother putting the downhaul and outhaul settings on a sail. After hours, days, months of testing, that's what works. You may have to tweak a centimeter for your weight, the windspeed, etc. but not much.

I use also a free wind-speed meter. Throw a light object in the air, and estimate how many metres it travels horizontally in 1 sec. Double this number and its very close to the wind speed in knots.

-Dr.Peter I Somlo

Dot.com Continued from page 3

into his UNIX flavored OS but thought that the usual summer-time lull in wind compromised the OS's reputation for stability and dependability.

Yet, beneath the glamour and almost cosmic stock price (which reached a high of \$104 in early 2000) cracks began to appear in the veneer. Customers had access to unlimited information yet many never paid the \$20 annual membership that windsurfatlanta.com thought would underwrite it's operating losses. Despite efforts to expand into



Former windsurfatlanta.com employees line up to collect benefits

newsletter publishing, T-shirt sales and on-line equipment auctions, revenues never approached more than an average of \$200 a month. Yet the \$750 million raised in the IPO was draining away like Lake Lanier in a drought.

Finance types were brought in to organize the chaos but due to their frequent absence during cold fronts, they were ineffectual. Departures and resignations sapped membership levels. Layoffs began just months after the firm hosted lavish regattas and partys. Pink slips replaced greenbacks in pay envelopes.

After the great tech bubble burst this spring, financing dried up. Soon the cash was gone and the creditors came calling. Saddled with millions in debt with little chance of ever making a plug nickel, the lights were turned off, servers disconnected and the website went dark.

We can only say, "Good riddance."

-Jetski Monthly

Big Fins vs Shallow Water, The Early Planing Mentality...

A Sordid Story

11/6/2000 10:45:58 AM. Well, I really like my Formula 2000 from Starboard. It was windsurfing-wise a promise of a new light wind life. Heavy wind: no problem a guy can sail crap in heavy air, he's just happy it's heavy and the sailing comes after. But most of our lives are spent in the light stuff. We would make a deal with the devil for early planing, and maybe this is what happened...

But deals and doing anything for planing has its price folks. This is my story and it has changed me psychologically...

The first thing I always wondered was how the heck I would launch this barge of a board. It was big yes, but very light and shapely. After the first sail I was even tempted to bring it to bed with me. That's how far we shredders can go at times!! But the fin, ohhh the fin!!

Yes, a beautiful 55cm high-aspect black fin, with a blood red leading edge: a long phallic symbol of epic proportions. It beckoned to me, called me in my sleep. First time at the beach I would rig up, and walk to the water, proud and tall showing my 20lb barge planer with its monster fin, a phallic object to all... they were amazed... they crowded about, muttering and whispering their dismay and wonder... and I was envied..... yes me!!!!

I would plane earlier, I would go faster, I had the biggest fin.... simply put... I was more of a man. First, getting out to deep water: initially it took five minutes of walking out to deeper areas. Others would launch sooner and sail by me but I would smile widely, look at them and they would know. My smile would say to them, that I could

point higher, sail faster and plane sooner, I'd be seeing them again.... and they would be passed to windward and they would eat my wake...

But out there in the gladiatorial battleground that our lake becomes at times, where a fallen sailor unwittingly becomes a gybe mark, my enemies countered. When chasing them they would sail into shallow water. It was at this time that I started becoming paranoid. I was looking down too much, a few crashes and pitchpoles late became the gybe mark.

They would not follow me or into the Big lake they call Gitchagoome (Gitch for short winded types). They whined saying that it was too late in the season, too dangerous and the wind might drop or a component might break. And they would be in trouble. They were wimps...

But I was sailing alone. And there was no prey...

Between the lack of opposition and the fact that I could no longer gybe in front of the launch, the birdwatchers or the occasional babe (they're all babes when you pull off a real maneuver) and be a showboater... I was bemused. I needed a smaller fin. A quick call to the shop and a day later, I had it a new fin, only 27 cm long. I took my 55 cm Babe away and stuck it under my pillow.

Now I was inshore chomping at the bit, cutting upwind of other sailors 24-7!!! They were astounded! Amazed! Befuddled, they sputtered, failed and fell before me... defeated. I was gleeful again, and I laughed to the Wind Gods and gybed my Formula barge (a wide

gybe I admit, but small for a barge) around their battered bodies.

But I became too careless, there is a price to pay for such sins. I stopped looking down. The fact that the first fin was so long led me to a false belief that this new fin was short enough ... for anything.

There I was speeding along at warp velocities laughing and singing passing my fellow man with total disregard and loathing. It was then that I hit the rock pile. There was no time to act...

The board stopped dead, and I was thrown into the most massive of pitchpoles. The fin screamed its outrage for a split second and snapped.

The board shuddered and moaned like a tortured wracked soul, knowing the end was near. My feet swiveled like a hinge in the straps. The 8.5 race sail and the death grip I had on it served to propel my upper body to a speed under that of sound. The boom or mast hit the board and yanked off its nose. The tendons in my knees stretched and popped like a champagne cork, and the foam of the engine spewing was my pain. With a muffled shriek, my wide-eyed



face was spared from hitting the icy lake by monofilm, but just for a moment. As I broke thru the sail with my face and hit the water, its icy wash opened my eyes further to the fact that there is always a price to pay.

Before the sweet surcease of semiconsciousness overtook me, I had only one regret...

....That I could be an early planing God no longer.

Then came the night.

Jeff "Earl, eyewash Camonberre" Mission Island Blasters Windsurfing Club Thunder Bay

Before I begin, I wish to apologize for the lateness of this issue. The last weeks have had me lurching from one mad project to the next. As well, I was waiting for some promised pics and articles which were well worth it. (Hey, Chris, I'm still waiting for the regatta article!) A big thanks for the contributions of Danny Johnson, Brian Butkus, David Wade, Chuck Hardin, and Randy Falkenberg.

I would also like to ask for help. If you wish to be editor for a month or even longer, let me know. After 4 years of this gig, it'd be nice to get the batteries recharged. And I'm sure, you wouldn't mind a fresh perspective.

Yes, as we've been reminded, this New Year will herald the start of the actual new millenium. All I can say is thank heavens we got all that silly millenium/Y2K nonsense out of the way this past New Year. But then I guess it's easy for me to say as we finally finished the last can of Spam cached in the basement sometime in late July or early August. I really don't remember exactly.

As any hack writer does this time of year, I'm going to prognosticate a bit on events of the coming year:

1) I will annoy someone enough this year to quit the club. As invariably happens, I'll write or do something to annoy the one member of the hundred plus. It will probably go something like this: "...I find it intolerable that you've made no mention of sailing sites in Madagascar. For most of us, the only reason for paying our ABC dues is to receive the newsletter so that we can stay abreast of the new places to sail. That reason is no longer valid, so why bother?" (barely changed excerpt from an email to another club I belong to)

2) Someone will quit windsurfing, tired of the feeling of skipping across the water, carving hard into a jibe, floating above the waves in a jump, gliding

across a quiet lake or teaching someone new to the sport. On to Razor Scooters I guess.

3) We'll begin to put banner ads on the club website. Since so many dot.coms have gone bust, we don't want anyone to miss out on the annoyance.

4) The mainstream windsurfing community still won't figure out what the heck to do with kiteboarding. Will there be more defections from windsurfing's ranks? Will the lines actually catch a passing boat (or motorist)? Are the sports branches of the same activity or separate? Who knows? And more importantly, who cares?

5) The newsletter editor will finally get off his duff and put a proper picture of Anna Kournikova on the cover. Following protest from certain quarters over this exploitation of the female body image, the editor will put a proper picture of Matt Damon on the cover. Following protest from other quarters over this

exploitation of the male body image, the editor will put a proper picture of his mixed breed dog on the cover. Following protest from the cat next door...

6) I will windsurf next fall. Has anyone heard my tales of woe this fall? Let us just say that I sailed in planing conditions as many times in August (both inland) as I have since.

7) The windsurfing industry will back off it's "light is right" marketing thrust after too many customers get tired of having to swim their gear back. (Yes, there is a story here- see picture below. Yes, it was covered by warranty but warranties are a bit secondary when you have over a mile swim ahead of you.)

8) In a move to improve windsurfing safety, the Army Corps of Engineers will move Aqualand closer to Van Pugh, thus shortening the swim across.

9) I'll actually get a newsletter out on time.

10) Yeah, right.



The editor shows Garrison Smith the 3rd piece of his two piece mast. Photo: David Wade

For Sail

201- Boards & Rigs

2000 Mistral Score V99 mint condition \$700.00. 2000 Mistral Wave Score V78 mint condition \$700.00, both with board bag. Fiberspar Reflex 3000 Mast 460cm 30% Carbon, Neil Pryde CK35 430cm 35% Carbon IMCS 21 Like New \$135.00. 1990 16' Hobie Cat, w trailer \$1025.00 w/o trailer \$550.00, all new rigging and tramp, ready to sail. Call 256-259-2610 or e-mail danny_johnson@ovalstrapping.com

1996 IMCO with fin - perfect condition - used in Olympic Trials - \$600 8' 10" Naish custom board with fin - Harold Iggy signature board - 90 liters - very good shape- \$250 7.4 IMCO sail - like new - \$200. 6.3 Naish Nalu RAF sail- perfect cond.- \$250. 9.5 Aerotech Course Race sail - new mylar panels - v.g.c. - \$250. Dynafiber carbon mast - 3 piece with padded bag - 500 - 560 cm.- v.g.c- perfect for big sails - \$250. Fiberspar carbon jumbo boom - 220-260 cm - v.g.c. w/ adjustable outhaul system - new head and adjusters - \$250. Dan Burch 404 876-0007 or pager 404 837-0007

For Sale - 1998 Mistral Screamer 278. Good Condition asking \$500
Gilson Teichholz 404-504-9968 (home), 770-396-2528 (work)

8' 8" Basset Custom Slalom Board \$300. (4.0-5.5 sail range, ultra light weight, great looking yellow/white color scheme!) Kirk Schneider 404-252-9000

1999 HiFly Maxx - 305 cm, 162 liter transition board with centerboard. 70 cm wide, excellent condition with

straps and fin. Extremely durable construction - \$500. Aerotech 7.5 IYRU \$100. Contact Randy Falkenberg 770-379-0505 or randacf@aol.com

Longboard suitable for beginners: Mistral Competition w/ mast, extension, Chinook small-grip boom, Choice of sails. \$250. Sail: North Pyro 7.0 exc. cond. \$225. Assorted Masts and sails, cheap. Chris Pyron 404-525-7190.

Sail: Ezzy Transformer 6.6, w/ PowerOn Head, red, g.c. lots of range. \$150 David Wade 770-978-7660.

Beginner Longboard - Original WindSurfer. Very stable, perfect for beginners. Includes complete beginner rig with small training sail. plus extras. All for just \$150. David DeLorme at 770 614-4801, delorme@snt.bell-south.com

Lightweight Hotsails Maui Gridlock 5.0 for only \$100, Neil Pryde 4.0 Combat wave \$75. Call Mark Woodman @ 770-338-1903

8'6" Angulo wave board, good condition, great handling wave board. \$300. Scott Spreen 770-740-0042

Sails: '98 North IQ 8.2 \$250 '97 IQ 6.2 \$150; fast, rangy-replace that junk 5.6 you've been sailing); William Fragakis 404-237-1431

311- Local Shops

WindSense: Demo Boards (with fin & straps)
Mistral Screamer 260 - \$550.
Naish 8'7" - \$725.
Vision 130 - \$1100.
Masts - Fiberspar 430/25/21 Quick Tip 3200 - \$205 / QT

3200 - 460/25/25 - \$230.
Booms - Any size Chinook aluminum - \$145.

Harness Lines - Dakine Adjustable - \$30.

Neoprene -NP Cup 5/4 Medium (men) - \$205.

No authorized shop will beat WindSense! Prices on new Mistral, F2, Neil Pryde, Chinook, DaKine and Fiberspar products. Please leave a message at 770-888-1584 or email trcarter@ga.prestige.net

WHITECAP WINDSURFING: (www.whitecapwindsurfing.com) The holidays came and went and you didn't get those windsurfing gifts?

Well, if you want a job done right, you got to do it yourself. Get accessorized from the list below...

Cold gloves / hoods -- \$22

Windmeters (analog) -- \$47

board bags -- \$75 up

W.H. or HPL booms -- \$123.

DaKine seat harness -- \$55

W.H. "GSX" seat harness -- \$89

Adj. lines, W.H./DK, -- \$33

Reactor bars -- \$27

W.H. "Feetbelt" straps - \$16.50/ ea.

videos (instructional to extreme; call me) -- \$24

Gear bags, Da Kine -- \$45 up

...and, of course, the big stuff like masts, sails, and boards by the top

lines like F2, North, Aerotech, Star Board, Neil Pryde, and more, more, more!

Chuck Hardin: 706-860-0639 or email whitecapWS@aol.com

Windstar (F2, North, Gaastra, Seatrend, DaKine) 404-256-0803 windstar@mind-spring.com

'98 NP 6.1 MPR \$145; '98

Combats 5.3, 4.7, 4.2, 3.7 @ \$95,

4.7. '97 NP NR Wave 5.6 \$95.

Various Used Chinook/ HPL

Booms \$50. '99 F2 264 Wave 96 ltr B & J w/ fin, call. '00 F2 Thommen Race 155 widestyle w/ warranty \$990 (\$1600 msrp)

411- Instruction

SOUTHWIND SAILBOARDING Quality instruction - beginner to advanced intermediate, for individuals and small groups. Chris Pyron - 404-525-7190 or 404-784-0287.

678- Employment Opportunities

Windsurfing club seeks newsletter editor on temporary or permanent basis. Current editor would like break after 4 years. Position offers training, support and even hardware if needed. Contact editor@windsurf-atlanta.org

911- Editor's Note

Ads must be renewed every three months. Please let me know when you buy/sell something. We want to keep these as fresh as possible.

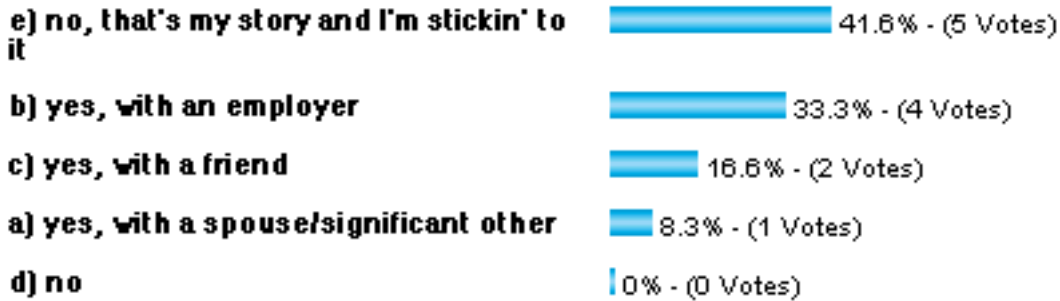
Ads free to ABC members, found items and beginner boards under \$500 complete.

Last Month's ABC Monthly Poll

Below are the results to our previous poll. Thanks to the 12 participants who took part in this poll.

- [Click Here](#) to view our current opinion poll and the Bulletin Board Page
- [Back to ABC Home](#)

Previous Poll Topic: **Have you ever been less than truthful in order to go windsurfing? (Multiple votes okay on this one)**



Total Votes: 12

The Atlanta Boardsailing Club
P.O. Box 28376
Atlanta, GA 30358



Vann's Tavern during recent low lake levels