

Oct. 22, 1976

Left Cuttyhunk at approximately 2:00 pm. Without so much as an opinion asked, Captain Aquarius took off for the high seas. (Would an outspoken and none-the-less-unwanted opinion have made the difference? Could it have saved us? I think not.)

(As soon as the Even Song reached the open waters of the fierce and fearless Atlantic, I felt an odd fear. Not a sensational or even fully conscious fear... I only knew that the fear I felt then was the beginning of what I knew would be the end.)

(Haven't you ever wondered how YOU would react to a slow and inevitable death? Would you panic? Lose your senses? Would you sit back quietly and accept death with strength? Apathy? Well, I know! I can tell you. Yes, I know! I lived through death.)

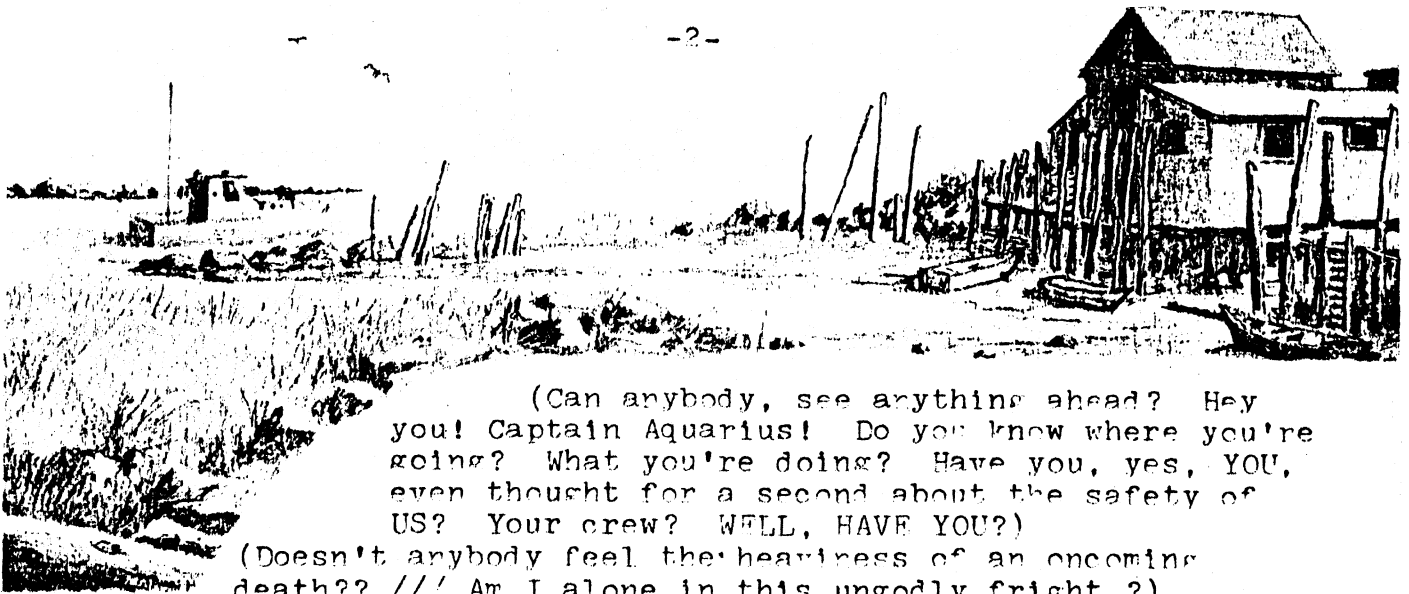
The seas seemed to envelope the Even Song. From every direction, enormous waves came crashing toward us. Monsters. Outrageous, Evil monsters, without mercy. We, the crew, had all suggested at one time or another, that we should head into land. The Monster was increasing in size, and surrounding us with all its ferocity. By now the Monster had grown into fifteen - twenty foot swells.

The sun had begun its decline. And so had the Even Song... There was just enough light to see Chip and Jim strap themselves into their safety harnesses and step by step work themselves up to the bow to secure the anchor which was about to tear the stay-sail into shreds. What sticks in my mind the most was to see the Monster toss them five feet into the air and then spread its white foaming claws into them.

By this time I had begun to feel seasick. My stomach seemed full of sickening liquids that just had to be expelled. But, throughout the thrashing, rocking, tossing and crashing, I fought the sickness, and won.

It was an impossible task to even attempt to walk unaided. If there wasn't an object to hold onto or to fall into - you found yourself spread out on the decks. There is no need to write about the damage my body went through. I see the bumps and bruises right now, and it's a sight I'll never be able to forget.

It's dark now.



bathtubs

(Can anybody, see anything ahead? Hey you! Captain Aquarius! Do you know where you're going? What you're doing? Have you, yes, YOU, even thought for a second about the safety of US? Your crew? WELL, HAVE YOU?)

(Doesn't anybody feel the heaviness of an oncoming death?? /// Am I alone in this ungodly fright?)

I see nothing right now. I'm too sick and frightened to raise my head. I'm getting wet, and hear the sounds of splashing waters about. I know it's not raining. I saw stars. I'm observant! I'm aware! My shoulders feel terribly heavy, I'm weak, yet I'm beginning to feel strength from within. Why? How can I feel strength when I know I'm going to die?

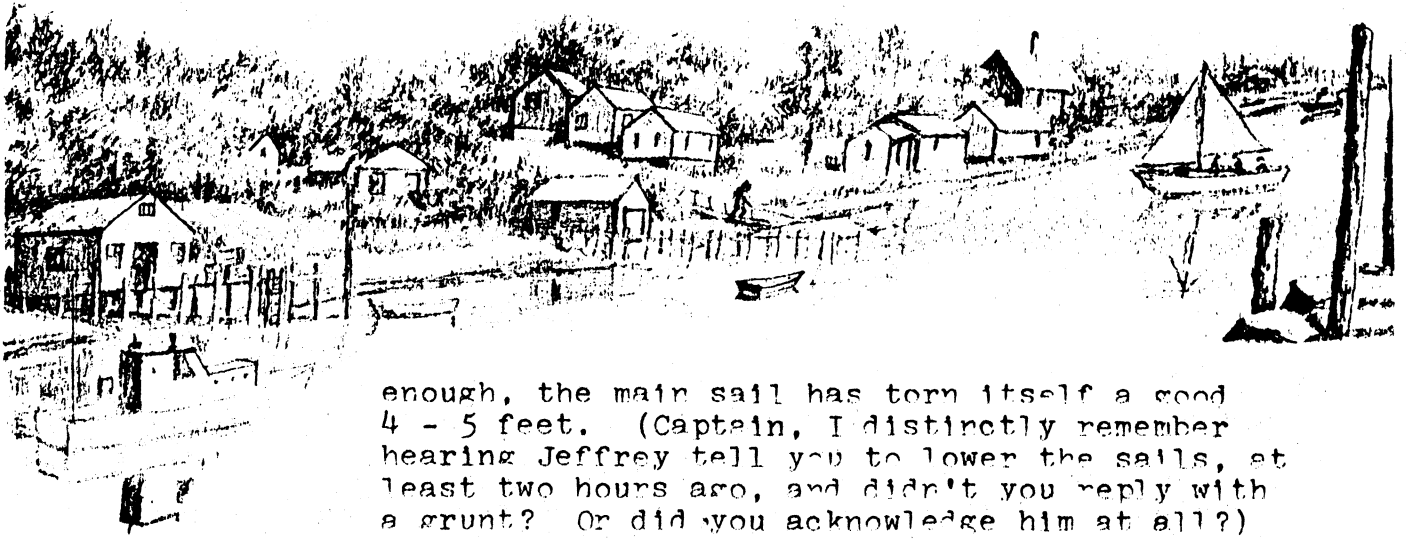
Has the Monster become enraged? Will it now throw itself into the Ever Song?

The feeling of looking up to twenty feet of angry ocean all about us is indescribable.

I'm afraid. I'm going to die. I'm really going to die. How can you expect to be saved in 130 feet of water, at night, with no land in sight, (We told you to head back, didn't we, Captain?) no bearing or proper direction to go in, no dinghy, (didn't we warn you not to leave without one? Beg you?) and last of all, no damn radio. (Captain, how many times did we tell you it was ridiculous, unsafe and outrageously dangerous to leave without its working properly?) Oh yes, Captain Aquarius, I also give you no credit.

I hear Karen yell from inside the cabin and I think - NO - what next! The Monster has begun to work itself upward. From the bathroom water began gushing up through the floorboards. Black, slimy water. Turn on the bilge-pump, Captain. You mean it's not working also?!

Meanwhile, Captain A. has discovered the water tanks in the bilges have exploded. So, here we have a new situation presenting itself. The bilges filling with water, and no means to dispose of it. Are we going to sink? Looks like I'll have to ponder over that later, for I hear the tearing of a sail. Sure



Well there

enough, the main sail has torn itself a good 4 - 5 feet. (Captain, I distinctly remember hearing Jeffrey tell you to lower the sails, at least two hours ago, and didn't you reply with a grunt? Or did you acknowledge him at all?)

I smell something burning. Captain A. lifts up the hatch, to the engine, and low and behold, it's smoke! (I can't take anymore. My prayers. Can't you hear me God? Help me please!)

I hear a scream from up at the bow. Is Jim trying to tell us we're heading straight into rocks? That's not what you're saying, is it Jim? Is it?

(Open your eyes, Monica.)

Oh yes, we have the engine racing full speed, and dead ahead are enormous rocks! They're a hundred yards away! Certainly no further. Cut the wheel, Captain A! Cut it! Damn it!

(Is that fright I see in your gorgeous, handsome, manly eyes? Do I hear a quiver in that masculine voice of yours? But Captain, you're our leader, our Commander. Don't let it be shown that YOU are afraid! I am not looking to see a panicking and selfish skipper. I guess you're not a man after all...)

(Captain, your eyes are wandering. What is it you see now?) I follow Captain A's eyes to the stern, and then upward. Jesus. The missen sail has torn itself from its track. Well, Captain, that's two sails down and two to go. Will you concede? Call it a draw? Will that tremendous ego of yours falter for one moment? Only one. Just to make you realize your game is over. The Monster has won.

The rest is of no need nor importance to speak of. After eleven full hours of incredible stress and impending death, we made it. I'm alive! God-damn it! I'M ALIVE!

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