

Sunday, October 31, 2010

Better to beg for forgiveness than to ask for permission.

Only five more days to a new moon, and with the clouds it is pitch black at night. Perfect for some night time shots of the industrial harbor. 30sec exposure, aperture 16, 85mm focal length. I like how the cranes and containers look like toys. Otherwise I am waiting for the wheels for the boom so that I can finish installing the outhaul and reefing lines. Meanwhile I am working on additional rope clutches in the cockpit. There are now 10 lines leading from the mast and the boom into the cockpit, but only 2 clutches on the starboard side and 3 on the port side. Yesterday I have removed the paint and epoxied 10mm thick aluminium plates to the deck to reinforce it. The epoxy supports a load of 350 kg/cm², which at 360cm² makes ... 126 tons. Well, theoretically. But even a fraction of that is more than enough for the lines. Tomorrow when the epoxy has dried I can sand the bases down and paint them before installing the spin lock. Tuesday I should get the missing wheels for the boom and then, well, I almost don't dare get my hopes high, but then it looks like finally all necessary work is done to go for a sail. Still a lot more I could do, like install the deck organizers (which haven't arrived yet), but nothing that I have to for a short test sail. I want to sail! But there is another reason why I'm not leaving my berth. As I have mentioned already, I should have left two weeks ago ("No, you can't stay any longer because all places are reserved for the ARC"). However there are a quite a few more empty berths around me, and I figured that while those are empty and I need electricity for the power-tools I am staying without asking for permission. It seems to work. They know I'm here, and I've been talking to the mariners about other stuff, and it seems that as long as I don't ask them 'officially' whether I can stay longer they don't mind me being here. I think it works like this: If the staff at the marina office 'officially' allows me to stay longer, but a boat comes in and they need the space, then they are in trouble. They don't want that. So they ask everybody to move out ahead of time so they don't get into trouble (the fact that for more than a month half the pontoons were empty is of no concern, because it's not their money). But if I don't ask, then it's not their fault. And so they let me stay as long as there is space, but of course not officially. It's another case of "Better to beg for forgiveness than to ask for permission" (or: It is easier to ask for forgiveness than it is to get permission). But I'm afraid that if I sail out, they don't (can't) let me back in. So I don't want to sail out while I still need the berth with electricity for the grinder and Octavio is coming every day to do small stuff to the rigging (which he didn't do right the first time and I'm beginning to find out while I "dry-test" the stuff, sigh). But I expect every day a knock on my boat or a small notice with a request to come to the marina office. Complicated, isn't it. I can tell you, it doesn't make it very easy to be patient with e.g. Octavio when I don't know how much more time I have. But I'm becoming quite good at being patient, and Octavio has become a friend and I don't want to stress him. Well, poca a poca things are working out. I'm sure everything will be done in time. There are still hurricanes forming in the Atlantic and rampaging all over the Caribbean and it's too early to sail anyway.

Posted by Axel Busch in Gudrun V at 19:31

The way it 'works' there reminds me of the way it 'works/ed' in Mexico when I lived and worked there. Adventure, adventure, adventure.

Anonymous on Nov 1 2010, 00:59

What necessary phrase... super, remarkable idea

gry zrecznosciowe

| gry dla dziewczyn

Anonymous on Nov 3 2010, 21:28