A full-page photograph of two sea kayakers in a turbulent sea. The kayaker in the foreground is wearing a blue and white racing suit with the number 27 and a blue helmet. The kayaker behind them is wearing a pink and white racing suit with the number 27 and a white helmet. Both are holding paddles and appear to be in a race. A red flag is visible on a pole behind the kayakers. The water is dark and choppy, with white foam from the waves.

Photo: © John Kirk-Anderson 'The Press'
Report and more photos on p.7

**The Journal of the Kiwi
Association of Sea Kayakers
(N.Z.) Inc. - KASK**

No. 119 October - November 2005

**THE SEA CANOEIST
NEWSLETTER**

KASK

KASK, the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc., a network of New Zealand sea kayakers, has the objectives of:

1. promoting and encouraging the sport of sea kayaking
2. promoting safety standards
3. developing techniques & equipment
4. dealing with issues of coastal access and protection
5. organizing an annual sea kayak forum
6. publishing a bimonthly newsletter.

The Sea Canoeist Newsletter is published bimonthly as the official newsletter of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (N.Z.) Inc.

Articles, trips reports, book reviews, equipment reviews, new techniques, letter to the editor, and moments when the word 'Bugger!' was said singularly or often {referred to by some as incidents} are sought to enliven the pages of the newsletter.

Send in a plain brown envelope, or via cybermail to:

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KASK Annual Subscription

\$35 single membership
(\$105 for 3 years; \$175 for 5 years)
\$40 family membership.
\$35 overseas

A subscription form can be downloaded from the KASK website. Cheques should be made out to: K.A.S.K. (NZ) Inc. & mailed to:
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Send address changes for receiving the newsletter via email to Vanessa at: KASK.admin@xtra.co.nz

LRB3 - KASK HANDBOOK

For a copy (or trade orders) of this mother of all sea kayaking handbooks, contact Paul Caffyn, RD 1, Runanga, 7854. West Coast.

e-mail: kayakpc@xtra.co.nz

Price: \$24.00

New members: gratis

Make cheques out to KASK (NZ) Inc.

THE LRB3, or the Little Red Book 3rd. Edition, is a mammoth compilation on all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand, by many of the most experienced paddlers in the Universe. Following a brief introduction, the handbook is divided into six sections:

- Kayak, Paddle & Equipment
- Techniques & Equipment
- The Elements
- Trips and Expeditions
- Places to Go
- Resources

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THANKS

**To all the contributors, and
especially JKA for his
stunning photos.**

DEADLINE

**16 January 2006 for
material for the next
newsletter.**

EDITORIAL

COVER PHOTO

My thanks to John Kirk-Anderson for the marvellous photo coverage of the surf landings at Waimangaroa. I have penned a report, after interviewing John, with some advice on dealing with West Coast surf.

LRB4

(The Little Red Book - 4th Edition)
Planning for a fourth edition of the KASK handbook is well in hand. At the recent Wellington KASK committee meeting, a new cover design was discussed and the conclusion reached that more photos were to be included on the front and rear covers. Images that would encompass all aspects of sea kayaking in New Zealand.

Please have a hunt through your transparencies, prints and digital photos for outstanding pics, as suitable photographs are sought from KASK members for the front and rear covers. The committee informed me that the photos must be PS - politically safe - thus the wearing of a PFD is obligatory, and bright colours for the kayak and kit are preferable.

Criteria for images include same size or bigger than the current LRB3 cover pic, minimum resolution of 300dpi. Due to the antiquated phone line at the 12 Mile, and snail pace downloading of email images, I would prefer pics on a CD.

If using Photoshop, include the photographer and caption in the File Information bit of the pull down menu. Or include a Word file on the CD with this information. Full credit acknowledged in the LRB4 with gratis copies supplied.

For trannies and colour prints, I can scan and return promptly by mail.

EXPEDITION NEWS

Conrad Edwards had a brilliant trip in September, when he paddled his Nordkapp from Incheon near Seoul, to Busan in south Korea. On 14 December he heads off to paddle the Cambodian section of the Mekong River.

Congratulations to the triumphant team of Graham Charles, Marcus Waters and Mark Jones who completed the first circumnavigation of South Georgia. They were greeted at British Antarctic Survey Station on 2 November 2005 with champagne and a saxophone version of God Defend New Zealand.

Alon Ohad, who paddled around Tasmania with a mate earlier this year (report in the n/l) is currently underway on a solo mission around Stewart Island.

Andy Lukes, over many moons, completed a possible first circumnavigation of Cyprus and has penned a report for the n/l.

NATIONAL PLEASURE BOAT FORUM

On 13 December I will be attending a NPBF meeting in Auckland. This is the group that discusses and policy and regulations affecting all recreational boaties. Please get in touch with the editor if you, your club or network have any kayaking issues to be raised at the forum.

SAFE SUMMER

A long hot summer is predicted. Stay safe on the water this festive season. Remember the pod rule, and that if you start as a group, you finish as a group. If planning a longish coastal trip, skills that were fine last summer may need practical revision. Practice sessions such as bracing in surf, rolling and self and group rescues should be considered. A brush up to ensure the combat roll is 100% effective, or ensuring a paddle float rescue will work smoothly and efficiently every time.

Best paddling wishes for the festive season. And remember the editor is always keen to receive paddling reports, photos and press clippings for the newsletter.

Paul Caffyn

KASK

November 2005 President's Report

This month has been very busy for the KASK committee. We had a weekend Committee meeting in Wellington over the weekend 12–13 November. This was most successful in that we were able to plan and sort through some of the many issues that need to be worked through in order to meet the committee's current objectives. I will briefly mention some of the items that were touched on that may be of interest.

Water Safety NZ Grants

Water Safety New Zealand (WSNZ) confirmed that two of our applications for funding for the 2005-2006 financial year have been approved for Lottery Grants Funding. The first project approved for funding of \$650 was 'The Sea Incident Data Base and Report' that both Paul and Iona have been working on. In brief the project is to:

- Analyse the KASK sea kayak incident database to provide information about causal factors and injuries and

to inform best practice.

- Publish and circulate data to increase knowledge on contributing factors on sea kayak incidents and inform knowledge about risk factors to sea kayakers in New Zealand.
- maintain the database on an ongoing basis to allow regular analysis and become part of a National Incident Database facilitated by NZ Mountain Safety Council.

The second project approved, \$6,000, is printing of the LRB4, a 4th. edition of 'The KASK Handbook, A Manual for Sea Kayaking In New Zealand'. This involves revising chapter content, and adding new sections such as practical rescues, VHF radios, first aid and hypothermia. The cover will be redesigned with more photos.

Unfortunately we were not successful with funding for the 'National Sea Kayak Training Series,' to provide sea kayak skills training for the recreational sea kayaker. KASK does have a very clear commitment towards practical training and has allocated funding towards supporting training development, therefore we will be contacting clubs and networks about the best way to address this need for them. KASK is also looking

at other funding options and ways to achieve this goal.

Training

Currently it is still exciting to see that training is continuing to happen around New Zealand. For instance the Southland Sea Kayakers, led by Stanley Mulvany, has just run a sea kayak skills training weekend at Lake Monowai. There was a further stroke training session run by Wellington Sea Kayak Network, and Tauranga has had a weekend training session with instructor John Kirk-Anderson. I am sure there is lots of other training happening out there also. Also there is the Coastbusters forum happening in Auckland 17-19 March 2006, which will be another great opportunity for paddlers to network, meet paddlers from New Zealand and overseas, and share knowledge and skills. The KASK AGM will also be held at this forum late on the Saturday afternoon.

The Committee also completed an application for funding to Maritime New Zealand towards the several projects and anticipates that this will be successful as it has been previously negotiated during meetings held over the past 12 months.

Mike Wilkin at the recent WSKN training weeking. Broaching in surf blindfolded!
Instructor and photographer: John Kirk-Anderson



The KASK Pamphlet was also worked on and refined, with approval given for a new two colour edition. We are hoping to have that printed as soon as possible to catch the summer market.

Upcoming meetings

Paul Caffyn is attending 'The National Pleasure Boat Forum' on 13 December 2005 in Auckland

So now it is very much time for the committee to focus on meeting the current KASK commitments and fit some recreation in as well over the Summer.

So happy paddling all.

Susan Cade

Report on the Water Safety NZ AGM 13 September

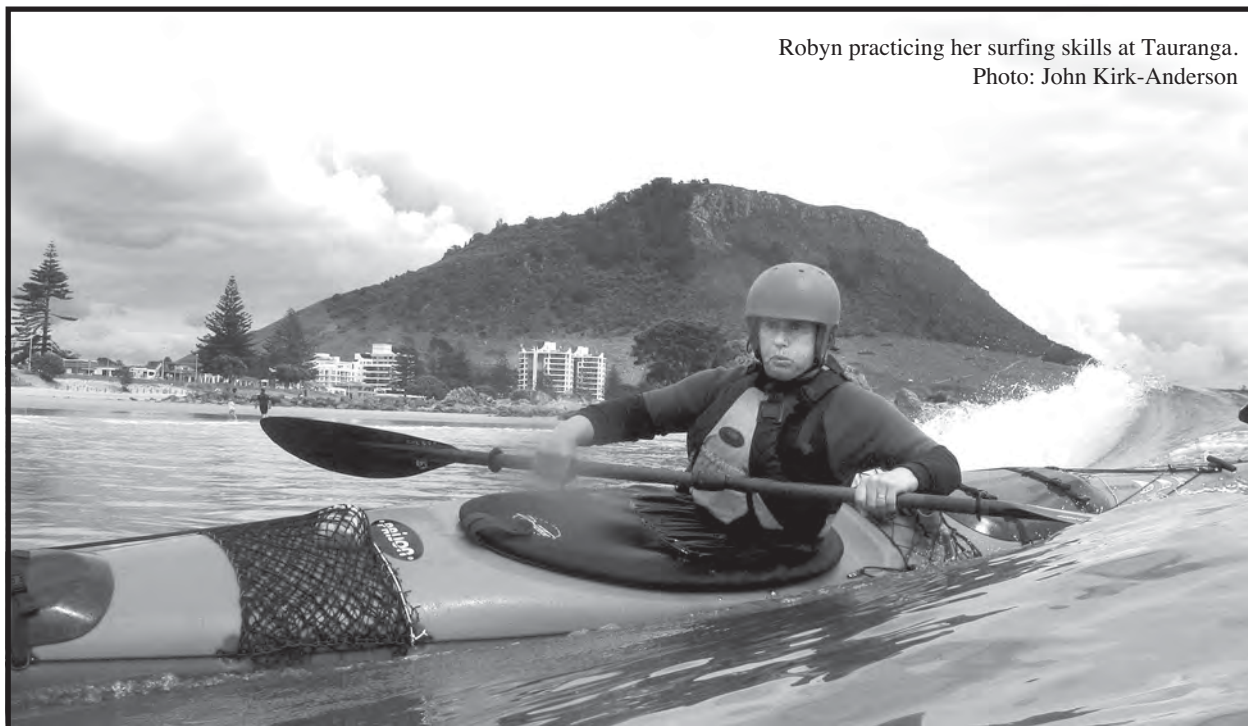
Of major note at this meeting, four formal presentations were made at this forum:

- Drowning Prevention Strategy - the Government framework
- Swim For Life
- Communications and Marketing
- Maori Water Safety.

In the last one I was interested to hear that there is twice the rate of Maoris drowning as against non-Maoris. Identified very high risk areas were in the Waikato, Bay of Plenty and Whanganui.

The emphasis really over the day was going over the AGM business and networking with other organisations. For instance one of the significant discussions was about promotion of the KASK 'A Basic guide To Safe Sea Kayaking' brochure, and a Maritime New Zealand publicity summer program to get information like this out to recreational boat and kayak users. So far it has been very positively received and supported. I was also able to present KASK's report as a member organisation of WSNZ and our current relevant projects.

Susan Cade



Robyn practicing her surfing skills at Tauranga.

Photo: John Kirk-Anderson

Tauranga Coaching Weekend by Robyn Berthelsen

Iona Bailey heard through the KASK Committee that John Kirk- Anderson was willing to coach a group of six for a weekend. We decided on October in the hope of warmer weather, and ideal conditions prevailed. The six KASK members from the Bay of Plenty all knew each other so the interpersonal banter was underway quickly.

Friday night began poolside with basic skill technique, our hips and knees were alive! Saturday morning was surfing practice with some big smiles evident, while the afternoon was spent practising rolling in the pool. The evening meal was shared, as we watched John's video tape of us in action. Sunday was stroke practice, questioning the ways we knew and completing with rescue techniques and roll finesse. I felt John's style helped people gel together as a supportive group - it was a fun time and well paced. Everyone was encouraged to extend themselves with safety in mind. The money spent was very worthwhile. I thoroughly recommend John's weekend and in his words "This is just another aspect of kayak techniques."

Robyn Berthelsen

CONSERVATION NEWS

from the newspapers

D'Urville Island

The island's stoats face extinction in the country's largest eradication programme. The D'Urville Island Stoa Eradication Charitable Trust will undertake a feasibility study next winter on how to eliminate the predators from the rugged 16,000ha island at the north-western end of the Marlborough Sounds. The island is already free of possums, feral goats, ferrets and weasels. (10/08/05)

Secretary Island

This island, in Fiordland, is close to becoming predator free. In November, DoC staff checked all the traps on the island and caught only nine stoats. Such a low capture rate indicates that there are few if any stoats left on the island which is an exciting step for survival of some of the country's most critically endangered species.

Following the removal of stoats from the island, DoC plans to reintroduce several forest bird species, including saddleback, South Island robin and yellowhead. Back in July 1995, 104 stoats were removed from the island over a two week programme undertaken by DoC staff and volunteers. On the adjacent mainland, 180 tunnel traps were established to reduce the risk of re-invasion of the island by stoats. (23/11/05)

Back in February this year, when were recovering from the arduous portage from Cliff Cove to Long Sound, we observed a wretched stoat ratting through piles of bull kelp on the beach. This was despite the fact that a trapping program had been conducted through this area. And we didn't have a bang stick to eliminate the loathsome predator.

Orca

Christchurch 'Press' photographer David Hallett took was fortunate to be sea borne for a rare sighting of killer whales off Port Levy in Banks Penin-

sula. One of his photos, of a bull half way out of the sea, and inspecting the boat was included as 'Photo of the Week' (19/11/05), but the photo which appeared on 16/11/07 shows an Orca completely airborne. Marvellous pics.

Mussel Farms

A proposed 770ha farm off D'Urville Island, from the Maori owned Wakatu Incorporation, was set back on 15 November after the Ministry of Fisheries declined the application in a preliminary decision. The proposed farm sat over productive fishing grounds and would have affected the inshore trawl fishery.

However DoC minister Chris Carter announced approval on the same day to establish New Zealand's largest mussel farm off the east coast of the Marlborough Sounds. Clifford Bay Marine Farm Ltd's 425ha development was approved on condition that the marine farm developers commissioned a three year survey to ensure the area where the farming was going to occur was not a vital nursery or breeding area for the critically endangered Hector dolphins. (16/11/05)

From the Canterbury Sea Kayak Network email newsletter:

Biosecurity Alert

Didymo, also known as 'rock snot', has been found in two catchment areas, Southland and the Buller River (see The Press, page 3, 28/9/05).

More information on didymo is available from the Biosecurity New Zealand website at:
www.biosecurity.govt.nz/pests-diseases/plants/didymo/.

Anyone who has entered this river or fishes in the tributaries of the Buller will need to treat their equipment as advised by Biosecurity New Zealand.

1. Remove obvious clumps of algae and leave these on site. Do not wash these down the sink if found later.
2. Soak and scrub all items in hot (60

degree) water or 2% solution of household bleach, or 5% solution of salt, nappy cleaner, antiseptic cleaner or household detergent.

3. If cleaning is not possible, items must be completely dry for at least 48 hours before entering any other waterways.

Go and paddle in the sea after paddling the Buller but NOT in any fresh water.

Note, seawater is about a 3% solution of salt and might not be concentrated enough (unless you heat it?) to effectively 'clean' your gear. At least the algae won't spread in the sea.

Further information on Didymo and cleaning methods is available online at www.biosecurity.govt.nz/didymo

FOR SALE

1. X Factor kayak, kevlar, immaculate condition, two sets of hatch covers - the original and easier to fit neoprene - \$2,800
Contact: Pam Wakeling (07) 347 7494 (Rotorua)

2. 'Chestnut Prospector' Canadian canoe. Made in kevlar by NZ Canoe & Kayak Co, (John Dobbie). Extra flotation lockers as bow and stern. Fitting for an outboard motor. Little used. \$2,100.
Contact: Derek Wakeling (07) 347 7494 (Rotorua)

FOR SALE

'Life is the Sea' DVD, filmed and produced by Justine Jorgensen. This DVD was reviewed in KASK newsletter No. 118.
Dave Kwant, the WetWest Hokitika film festival organizer, had a box of 20 of these DVDs from the 2005 festival. I offered to sell them on behalf of Justine, and the proceeds can now go towards her travel costs from the UK to Coastbusters 2006.
Price: \$40 folding type money. It would help if you post the editor a folded self-addressed A5 size envelope, with 90¢ stamps, inside a normal size envelope.
Mail to Paul Caffyn, RD 1, Runanga 7854, West Coast.

TECHNIQUE

Adventure Racing World Championships 2005

Surf Action at Waimangaroa

by Paul Caffyn

Photographs: John Kirk-Anderson

Photographer John Kirk-Anderson was covering the race for 'The Press' and took some stunning shots of the start and finish of the first leg of the race. Following the end of the race, John called in at the 12 Mile and I gleaned the following snippets about the surf landing carnage by bribing him with lunch and cups of tea. (The cover photo on the last newsletter features John with his KASK dance troupe).

The start of the race on 7 November had been planned from Tauranga Bay, south of Cape Foulwind near Westport, but the passage of a cold front had left a south-westerly swell which closed out the bay with lines of surf. The start was moved to a gentle sandy beach on the north side of the Buller River breakwater - a great wave ski spot in summer - with the first kayak leg, on a north-east coastal course to the beach at Waimangaroa, shortened from 26 to 14km.

Conditions were: 1.5m south-westerly swell, no wind, tide low and on the make. Offshore, jet skis and IRB's ready to rescue capsized paddlers, and a medical team on the beach. John noted the leading competitors were quickly out through the surf and turned directly for Waimangaroa while other teams in doubles, who lacked surf experience and obviously had a struggle to clear the breakers, continued seawards towards Australia for some distance before turning for Waimangaroa. There were lots of capsizes, one team from the UK capsizing four times before clearing the surf.

The kayaks were all doubles. John reckoned he didn't see a single plastic

boat. Mostly lightweight kevlar or kevlar/carbon fibre in construction. The criteria in the race entry rules for the double kayaks and obligatory kit to be carried notes the following:

- kayak with a minimum waterline beam of 0.55m
- kayaks fitted with bulkheads
- full bow to stern decklines
- brightly coloured (orange or yellow) flag on whip mast, with minimum height of 1m.
- lifejackets with minimum 6.2kg buoyancy
- compass, flares, radio, EPIRB, throw rope, glo-sticks
- whitewater kayaking helmet, list of clothing and bivvy equipment, etc.

John drove to Waimangaroa and said with the tide still low, there were two or three offshore bar breaks depending on the size of the sets coming in. Team Balance Vector arrived first and timed their run in perfectly. They broached several times in front of breakers but landed without incident. Their skill level and experience in surf was most apparent according to John.

The carnage began in earnest when boats from further back down the field began arriving. Some picked their way through the surf zones only to be clobbered by bumper dumpers. Those attempting to paddle in at 90° to the waves, without broaching in front of the big breakers, executed graceful 180° endovers or loops, often with the bow paddler buried completely. The most spectacular of the endovers earned applause from the hordes of waiting photographers. At one stage there were six capsized boats in the surf with no one in them. The House of Travel team spent a long time endeavouring to swim to the beach and arrived rather battered and bruised.

Several boats were damaged, several broken completely in half, and several were lost completely, with one picked up five kilometres to the north. One manufacturer of race boats who apparently had a high proportion of boats broken, turned up at the beach and offered a repair service to teams so they could complete other paddling legs.

John, who has spent a bit of time surfing on the West Coast, on a wave ski or in his Arluk 1.8, noted that conditions were 'typical' for the coast. Those paddlers who were experienced in surf conditions came through unscathed, by timing their runs carefully and broaching in front of breakers. Those without experience came to grief in a big way.

SUMMARY OF SURF LANDING TECHNIQUE

For those not familiar with the term broaching, this technique involves turning a sea kayak side-on to a broken wave. A low brace with the paddle, into the face of the wave, is used to keep the boat upright. If the paddle is thrust into the sea on the beach side of the kayak, this acts as a brake and will flip the kayak rather quickly.

Timing of a run through West Coast surf is critical. Out the back of the breakers, it is best to stop and time the number of big waves in each set. The height of the swell and tidal conditions on the west coasts of both North and South islands dictates how many breaker zones there are to negotiate. Off the sandy beaches of both islands, there are sand or gravel bars, which run parallel to the beach, and which are occasionally broken by rip channels or gutters. John noted at Waimangaroa, a direct approach to the river mouth could have led to a smoother run into the river, but from offshore this would not have been easy to see. At low tide, the offshore bars are naturally shallower and this causes another one or two breaker zones over the bars to be negotiated.

After carefully timing the frequency of the sets, the technique is to sneak to the edge of the first breaker zone, wait for a the last wave of a set to go through, and then adopt a flailing sprint mode though the aftermath of that last broken wave, into the unbroken water before the next breaker zone.

If caught by a broken wave roaring towards you, the broach technique is put into play; turning the boat so it will be parallel to the face of breaker. Once the washing machine action of the breaker subsides, the boat is

straightened up and paddled to the rear of the next zone where the technique is repeated.

In some of John's photos, rudders are shown deployed, that is in the down position. Rudders should always be up and the deploying lines secured in deck cam cleats before entering a surf zone. Several reasons; the main one is the 18 knot speed of a broaching run can bend or damage a rudder, and if you have an out of boat experience, a deployed rudder could impart some

severe body damage.

Why broach? Well the answer is pretty clear from John's photo sequence below. With surf over a height of 1.5 - or even 1m with bumper dumpers - during a run with a kayak at 90° to the wave, that is directly towards the beach, the stern is picked up and lifted by the face of the breaker. The bow digs in at the face of the wave which imparts a rather instantaneous braking motion to the forward motion of the kayak. This leads without fail to a

very spectacular 180° stern over bow loop, or endover.

The moral to the Waimangaroa surf kayak carnage is that if you are considering an open coast trip where surf landings are anticipated, practice, practice and practice in real surf conditions before the trip.

My thanks to John Kirk-Anderson for providing the marvellous photos.
Paul Caffyn





I think this sequence
should be titled,
'Going, going..
gone!'
Photos: © John
Kirk- Anderson,
'The Press'

OVERSEAS TRIP REPORTS

Nine Years for First Solo Circumnavigation of Cyprus.....or not? Andy Lukes

Cyprus is the third largest island in the Mediterranean (after Sicily and Sardinia) with a coastline of 648 km - according to the CIA website. I reckon I may have completed the first solo circumnavigation. If true it'll also be the fastest and that's a record which will stand fornot a long time. That's because it's taken me 9 years. That's an average daily distance...non tidal so no tidal assist here of about 95m a day. Hmmm - at a speed peaking around 40cm an hour. And so a legend is born and my place in history is assured. For the more serious paddlers it actually took me 27 days over a 9 year period which is a slightly more respectable 30km/day and I'm satisfied enough with that.

Cyprus is a divided island and has been since a short and bloody civil war in 1974 which has left two opposing sides of Turkish Cypriots and Greek Cypriots unable to reach a satisfactory settlement. In the North is the self proclaimed Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus or TRNC, a state not recognised by the UN. In the South is the Republic of Cyprus and it has 2 British Sovereign Bases. Literally holding North and South apart is the United Nations Peacekeeping Force in Cyprus known as UNFICYP. Now I was in UNFICYP in 1996 and that gave me the edge over everyone else who might have wanted to paddle there because I had the connections, and a UN blue hat that got me out of a couple of fairly hairy trouble spots.

My story starts when my Regiment was sent to the island's divided capital, Nicosia, for a 6 month long UN tour of duty from June to December 1996. I was an Artillery Major, a Battery Commander of 160 men and women. As we donned the famous

blue berets of the United Nations and became familiar with our temporary new home in the once grand and now derelict Ledra Palace Hotel and settled into the new work regime it became apparent there would be an opportunity for both work and play.

My application to obtain permission to paddle in the TRNC was never really expected to work as the strict military regime in the North of the island was not an open and friendly one. Numerous 'Out of Bounds' signs and armed guards were posted throughout the countryside. The reply to my request was short and curt and 'NO' and was no surprise. So it was then time to engage with the old adage of 'What the eye don't see the heart don't grieve'. I determined to set off and meet trouble as it might occur. It didn't take long!

Armed with a bright yellow plastic Skerray I started my trip in the TRNC's Kokkina Enclave towards the west of the island. The intention was to paddle for a day or so in my days off and see how much of the North coast I could see. I would drive my shiny white UN landrover with the kayak bungied on the roof atop a borrowed sun lounger mattress and park up and then set off. After a day or 2 of paddling I would hitch hike/march back. I had no real plan of timing at the start. It was simply a pleasant way of sending my off-duty time.

My first problems started on day 2 when the (nowadays) ever- friendly Argentines in UN Sector 1 on the west side of the island set me off having looked after me superbly the evening before. I was dropped off on a beach just inside the TRNC with the intention of paddling eastwards for a day up into Morphou Bay and then scrounging a lift back to the Argentinean Base UN base and my vehicle. I should first explain that there were at that time significant sensitivities about the Maritime Security Line, in essence the no mans land (sea) between the 2 sides and it was this that got me arrested for the first time.

After pootling along in superb quiet

and still conditions with fantastic scenery I passed a small harbour and group of houses. I espied a lone figure (the military marine commander) jauntily waving his arms (ordering me to stop) at me from the balcony (the Observation Post) of an impressive looking holiday villa (the marine guardforce headquarters). Nice folk these I thought. I'm so looking forward to meeting local folk and drinking Effes (fantastic local beer) with them. A few minutes later I was startled from my drinking reverie by the roar of a high speed motor patrol boat as it hit 20 knots leaving the base. The penny then dropped and I realised I was up the proverbial creek. I turned my Skerry sideways to show I was not planning to make a run for it.

As the patrol boat drew closer I was slightly concerned to see it was crewed with very young looking sailors sporting some pretty impressive looking weaponry ranging from a sinister looking 20mm quick fire cannon in the bows to a couple of fixed machine guns each side in the waist. Just to top this off all the sailors had automatic rifles strapped to their backs - I was half expecting them to have daggers between their teeth. As the patrol boat swept past I got the distinct impression this was all show and that they were in fact very dodgy, albeit determined, sailors. This determination became abundantly apparent as they repeatedly tried to approach my bows to get hold of my kayak but kept missing.

The turbulence they set up was now getting more worrying than the threat of being shot at - the Turkish military and wild west cowboys fire warning shots. The British Army does not - too many things could go Pete Tongue (wrong). Anyway, after much faffing about I broke the deadlock by using my local linguistic skills (energetic arm waving and very loud and very slow English) and we established I would paddle to them. My bows were pounced upon by a young seaman (no shoes!) and he attached a 2" hawser through my deck lines - no chance of slipping that off then. Then without so much as a 'by your leave' they opened the throttle to full and yanked

me 90 degrees left and sped off at high speed back to the harbour with me frantically low bracing and trying to look as if this was all pretty normal.

Once in the harbour I quickly tried to become an appropriately dignified British officer, so the spray deck had to go and I was led off to see the head honcho. Well I can say he was pretty unimpressed with my story initially. My UN hat (and ID card) relaxed him a little. I learned he, like me, was a Major. I was delighted to discover that the literal Turkish translation means 'Leader of a Thousand'. Cool. So I'm a Leader of a Thousand. I nearly creased up though when he patiently explained the Turkish word. So now I'm even more thrilled to be a Bin Basher. We chilled out some more and chatted about the Bronze age settlement on the nearby island in the forbidden military area. He gave me Ade Chai (Tea of the Islands) which is bogging and I smiled a lot and drank it all down enthusiastically. I invited him up to a Regimental Dinner Night in Nicosia, and he let me go. He never came - pity really.

Well the days passed and my routine got slicker. On my 2 days off I would drive to the last take-out point and restart loaded with loads of water, a tent and a box of Army rations. Having camped on a beach somewhere I would hitch hike or rendezvous with a chum. During my 6 month tour besides doing my day job I managed to get 11 days on the water and covered nearly all the North coast. Major thrills were the superb surf at Morphou Bay on the west coast, the finding of interesting things ranging from derelict bunkers and spent ammunition cases from the 1974 war to ancient ruins and pottery. Wildlife was interesting though not especially abundant.

I was surprised (actually very startled indeed) to see a grey seal who came to have a look at me near the old Cyprus Mining Corporation works at Morphou. It was a spooky setting with derelict gantries and cranes. A couple of old rusting ships were washed up on the beach and the place was eerily quiet and the water unnatu-

rally black. I hate it when it does that. Then this flipping head pops up 10 feet in front of me. I later learned from some marine scientist fellow that there were about 6 pairs breeding around Cyprus. I only ever saw the one though.

The worst scare I had was near Kormaki point in the north west of the island; one of the most beautiful spots and almost a forgotten secret. I was on a 6 km no-land leg of the trip and as the wind picked up I put my hood up to keep the noise of the wind down a bit. This was to keep the noise down and to stop my ears from flapping, in the event the only part of me that didn't. Well it worked OK although I did it once with the car radio to keep the dying engine noise at bay and the engine seized so I won't try that again. But the hood thing did work and I sang 'I vow to thee my country' and 'whenever I feel afraid' which was nice. I modified the words to the second one. I think an improvement by including the words shhh, hitting and bricks.

Of course Cyprus is famous for its Loggerhead and Green turtles and on one memorable occasion I was surfing badly ashore, craning my neck to see what the beach was made of. The dunes looked nice but a sandy beach too would be good when I was quite put off my last few strokes by a turtle surfing ashore with me. Anyway that resulted in a mystery move by me and a less than impressive bongoslide onto the (sandy - whew) beach. Lucky too because 50 metres further up was the start of a 10km no land zone of jagged high rocks. My UN tour finished in November 1996 and I headed back to Newcastle and more normal paddling.

I was delighted to be posted back to Cyprus in 2003 where the urge to finish what I'd started took hold. This time I was more organised. I modified a plastic Skerry with a foot pump and a rudder. If you think, as I used to, that rudders are for girls and Americans then try one. They are must-have bits of kit. I fitted a very nice knee tube out of a length of old plastic drain pipe and scrounged a GPS. That's another nice to have gadget which

acts as a great personal motivator for solo paddlers. Just 1 more km. Just a bit faster. I managed to clock over 12kph on surf near Paphos. Petty there weren't more days like that. The rudder modification I did to the Skerry was a bit dodgy and I had the offer of a Dagger, and a proper rudder, for the last 5 days. The final bit of must-have kit for me is Army boiled sweets. There's just enough in a packet for 1 every _ hour for 12 hours....in fact there are 24.

Now I was more organised I did longer days, paddled faster and camped more as the desire to circumnavigate became achievable. The best wilderness scenery in the south is around the Akamas peninsular where stunning sunsets are best seen from the beach as darkness falls very quickly during summer.

A short way east of Limassol is a lovely stretch of coastline with amazing rock formations and incredibly smooth rocks which flow down to the sea in sinuous and elegant displays. With small secret coves and gloomy caves it is also a very popular naturists area although when I paddled through during early October I was highly unimpressed to find that it was occupied only by old blokes - I presume all Germans. Still the rock formations, the kingfishers and the flying fish were really very nice too.

So in sum it took me 27 days of paddling which ranged from 3 to 50km a day. For those who wish to paddle in Cyprus the best paddling is spring and autumn. Summer is a bit too hot and winter is a bit too choppy. The people North and South are incredibly friendly. Now that the South is in the EU and Turkey wants to join everyone, including the military, is much nicer than a few years ago.

I paddle solo because I have no mates - so I thought! I finished with a 45km paddle ending up where we live in Dhekelia. My wife organised loads of friends to wave me in and the local radio and newspaper were there too. I was chuffed it was a force 6 gusting 7 according to the knowledgeable sailors there because it was MUCH

smaller than a very long hour I had paddling around Kormakiti Point. And so I paddled in through the surf trying to look good and wave at the people and smile and not capsize into the quiet little harbour at the Dhekelia Officers' Club with the sun setting behind me.

First solo circumnavigation of Cyprus? Maybe, hopefully. Fastest - I'll bet not for long.

Andy Lukes

Biographical Note:

Andy Lukes is a British Army Major. With his email he noted:

You may recall you asked if I would write a piece for your magazine/newsletter. Well the Cyprus solo circumnavigation is now done. I'm pleased with my very modest achievement – 650 km in 27 days (spread over 9 years!) I'm hardly going to pass into canoeing legend but it is possibly a first and I'll bet now things are much quieter, militarily and politically, it will not be long before someone does it and rather quicker. It was huge fun to do and I'm a better paddler at the end of it. Although I had only a couple of hairy days I didn't get knocked over once. I'd be pleased to see anyone from NZ who wants to come to Cyprus paddling and would gladly give hints and tips – feel free to pass on my email address:

andy.lukes@cytanet.com.cy



Andy during his solo circumnavigation of Cyprus

I'll be here though for only a few more months. In March 2006 I finish this tour of duty and will go to Afghanistan for 6 months before a posting to

UK in the summer. I'm not sure if I'll get a chance to paddle much around Kandahar...but we'll see.

Circumnavigating Tasmania

by Alon Ohad

The wind was blowing strongly in our faces, powerful winds of 20–25 knots. A spray of salty water penetrated into our eyes and wet our faces. I did not feel like I was paddling in water, I felt as if I was in a sand pit. Painful shoulders, sore tendons.... it's cold and it was hard and miserable.

We were already well into the expedition. The paddling to the island of Maria should have taken 3 hours, instead it took 6. The thoughts in my head were what am I actually doing here? Why am I putting myself through this torture? How much more can I handle? The exact same thoughts are

going through Misha's mind, while he is paddling by my side. I don't know how much more I can take. During the last week we were hit hard, day after day, as if we were put to the test.

I met Misha through an Israeli sea-kayaking club. When I joined the club as a new and inexperienced kayaker, Misha was already a senior. After two years we decided to do advanced training in Wales, Britain. In hindsight, this training changed our lives. Until then we were reasonable paddlers, but never believed we could take on a real challenge. This belonged to another

league of paddlers. While staying in Wales, Nigel Dennis, one of the most senior paddlers in the world planted in our minds the idea to circumnavigate Ireland. At the end we decided to circumnavigate Tasmania, though Irish pubs sounded like a friendlier environment comparing to the famous "roaring forties" gales of the Southern Ocean. In terms of distance it is quite similar.

The preparation was not easy. An expedition as such can be very costly so in order to get financial assistance we looked for sponsors. It took us months to prepare the gear, to learn

about the challenges we were going to face and tried to prepare ourselves for every possible scenario.

The big day arrived. On 24 January, 2005, at 17:00 afternoon we took off. It was a nice day. We were alone; we took off with no cheering, only with a feeling of confusion of whether we could do it. During the first few days we were both very uptight. We argued over silly things. I guess it was mainly because of the pressure we were both under. After two days we made our first mistake. Unfortunately it wasn't the last one.

We arrived to the region of Robins Island with intentions to cross the canal between the Robins Island and Tasmania during high tide. We did not calculate the correct time of the high and low tides and as a result we paddled against the current and later were forced to get out of our kayaks and drag them in shallow water for a fair distance. Eventually we had to stop for a very early night. Here we were welcomed by giant flies that at first we ignored, but with the first sting we realized that we better defend ourselves.

Later we learnt that those flies called March flies will be following us all the way. Their sting is most unpleasant and the irritation lasts approx. five days. Most annoying was that the March fly's presence was not limited to March only; it is common most of the year. In the days to come these flies would force us to shorten our breaks. As we were heading further south more and more flies with far more aggression would greet us.

After a good night sleep at Robins Island, we took off at noon. The high tide finally enabled us to cross the shallow part of the canal. We got closer to the north western part of Tasmania heading towards the west coast of the island. The west coast is notorious for its high waves breaking on the sharp reefs which are scattered along the beach. In areas where there are no reefs only sandy beaches, the huge waves crashing on the shore could destroy yachts let alone small kayaks. This is due to the extreme

conditions of the Antarctica. The horrible storms there create enormous waves that travel over thousands of miles and crash on the Tasmanian shore with great power. One of those waves broke on us (but let's not rush the ending).

The North West point was approaching. The sea we were so afraid of was now revealed. I was excited. I haven't paddled yet in the west coast of an ocean. The west coast of Tasmania had already destroyed tens if not hundreds of boats so far. We were paddling in calm and quiet waters, sea birds around us; in the shallow water we saw stingrays floating elegantly. We got out to the open sea where the waves were a lot taller, the waves were 3 meters and the wind was slightly stronger. Suddenly, without any warning a huge wave was coming towards us, almost breaking on us. Apprehensively we moved on. The sea here was higher than anywhere else in the north. After two days of paddling we arrived to Temma, a small fishermen's village in the north west of Tasmania.

There are a few settlements in the west coast, scattered along the way to Strahan, a little tourist town in the middle of the west coast. Further south of Strahan there are hundreds of kilometres of nature reserves, without roads or people. The weather is colder, the water temperature is lower and the storms are heavier. A difficult place but breathtakingly beautiful.

In Temma we landed on a private beach of a local fisherman called Gary. He invited us into his home, where we had a hot shower; this was not a small treat considering that in the last 4 days our showers were in cold and salty water. After a good shower and a good meal (our food was always good, perhaps because we were always hungry), we sat down to chat with Gary over a glass of beer. This was a conversation we could have done without. Instead of encouraging us, he simply described the water conditions in the west coast. The peak of the conversation was when he told us that he already lost two boats in the south west cape. He described in details the

huge dampers shattering on Ocean Beach as you arrive to Strahan. The coast is 60km long and impossible to land on.

The weather forecast for the next two days was good, but in three days a big storm was expected, we still had over 130km left between Temma and Macquarie Harbour where the town Strahan was. We decided to get there at any cost, so we wouldn't get stuck on a deserted beach while the storm was raging.

We were heading for a couple of days of difficult and endless paddling. We took off on the first day and 64km later we stopped for the night. We both knew the next day was going to be even more difficult. We sat in our kayaks for 11 hours straight, not getting out even once. The blood blisters on our hands burst. Our armpits were burning and our backs were so painful that we couldn't straighten up. We were constantly hungry due to the huge efforts of paddling long distances day after day. I don't know how we did it but we bit the storm. We managed to arrive to Strahan.

Completely exhausted we rolled out of our kayaks. We had difficulties standing up straight. We looked terrible. A couple walking on the beach stopped to inquire. The horrified look on their faces when they saw our blisters explained our terrible state. In spite of our unstable physical condition we were satisfied with our achievement for the day, especially knowing we had one or two days of rest ahead of us. The two days turned into 4 long days, we could not sit and wait any longer.

Surprisingly even though we were 6 km from Strahan to the exposed beach, we could still hear the loud noise of the waves. This storm was indeed very violent; it was described on the news as the storm of the century. The waves broke the windows of the ferry connecting to Melbourne and Tasmania, 22 meters above sea level. Finally after a few days of rest, we so desperately needed, we took off again. There were 350km ahead of us and not a living soul in sight. We equipped our-

selves with food for two weeks. We got our water from the rivers and the springs.

After a day and a half of paddling we arrived to Low Rocky Point – where the south west of the island officially starts. We crossed that protruding spot very quickly. The reception of the south west wasn't very pleasant. The heavy fog forced us to navigate with a compass only. It was impossible to recognize anything on the coast line. We slowly moved on approaching the beach and the fog began to clear up to reveal the hills.

We came across a fisherman's boat hidden amongst the reefs. A short conversation with the fishermen indicated a small storm for the next day and we also topped up our water supply. We continued towards Nye Bay where we would spend the night. As the fishermen suggested we paddled carefully behind the reefs avoiding breaking waves. We crossed a section where the waves were breaking especially high and we arrived to a spot that seemed quiet; we slowed down a bit and then suddenly without any warning from nowhere, a gigantic wave rose to six meters high. The eternity of those few seconds I will never forget.

Unwillingly, a shout escaped my throat. Misha, who was 20m ahead of me prepared his paddle against the wave and started rolling over towards it in order to slow down and soften the hit. I simply prepared the paddle and leaned into the wave. My biggest fear was the reefs that were only 200m from us. A wave of that size could easily drag us to those reefs and smash the kayaks and us into pieces. We actually felt our lives were in danger. The wave broke exactly on us. The power was enormous.

I have surfed quite a bit on high seas and I have experienced strong breaks but this was exceptional. The wave was short and powerful. The paddle immediately snapped from my right hand. I was holding it in my left hand with all my strength; I nearly dislocated my left shoulder. After a few rolls in the water, like in a washing

machine spin, I felt the wave burying me further into the water. This took only seconds... then silence. Automatically I positioned the paddle ready for an Eskimo roll, waiting for the familiar feeling of the blade floating on the water so I could roll... but it did not happen. I felt how the kayak kept climbing up from the bottom of the sea. I was buried a few meters under the water.

After a relatively long period of time, when thoughts of getting out of the kayak and swimming up crossed my mind, I arrived to the surface. I rolled and looked for Misha. He was 30 meters away from me, swimming back to his kayak. He pulled out his emergency paddle that was attached to his kayak and performed a re-entry and roll. We were a lot closer to the reefs as the wave carried us for a distance of 100m. I started paddling towards him. On the way I found my hat that blew off my head and Misha's paddle that not only was pulled out of his hands, but the paddle leash was also torn from the strong wave. I also found Misha's sandal floating on the water. Lost in the wave were the sea maps of the south west of the island (but we were still left the topographic maps), Misha's sandal and a precious bottle of water. I was still shaking from the adrenaline rush and Misha was shivering from the cold. We paddled away from there fast and landed within 30 min. in Nye Bay. We dried ourselves and dressed in warm cloths. Misha who stayed only 3 minutes under the water was freezing cold. We suddenly realized how tangible the danger of Hypothermia is.

Misha and I were a bit embarrassed. Embarrassed that we got to this situation where our lives were in danger. We were embarrassed because we should never have got into this situation. This was our first lesson and a few more were lined up for us.

Inna, Misha's wife was reporting weather forecasts in short messages to our cellular phones. Needless to mention that from the time we left Strahan and through the week we had no reception. As in every expedition it is important to take some important

items for safety measures like a VHF communication system. It enables communication with the fishermen or with the coast guards if in the area. During those days with no cellular reception, we tried to contact the fishing boats and although we were only 50 meters away from one, there was no response. It was most frightening when there was no response even when we used the emergency channel (16). Finally, the only time we used our communication system was during a quarrel on the water; we were yelling at each other from a distance, neither of us was prepared to get closer, so when we got sick of shouting we decided to use our VHF. No doubt that this is a very essential item for such an expedition...

In the absence of proper weather forecast in the south west, we were forced to settle for a barometer which we had with us, a fisherman or a yacht we met on the way (there were not too many of those).

We were approaching Port Davey, one of the largest natural harbours in the world. Obviously there is no civilization but the harbour is used for a good hiding spot for yachts and fishermen sailing in the south west waters of Tasmania. The barometer dropped rapidly in the last few hours; 16 millibars within 5 hours. We saw a yacht rushing to find shelter in the harbour. We asked them what would be the anticipated weather; northern wind, 30 knots. "You should get the f#%& out of here and go down to the beach". We carried on paddling for another one and half hours until we arrived to the entrance of the harbour.

There was a moderate southern wind which slowly eased off. At the entrance to the harbour we were wondering whether we should look for shelter or to cross the bay to not waste time. Another yacht arrived, we asked them also for the expected forecast and their answer was 20 knots north-western wind. After a short contemplation we decided to cross the harbour. 30 knots wind is bearable; it isn't pleasant, but not dangerous so 20 knots should not be a problem. This was a fatal mistake.

As we were crossing the harbour, a distance of 10 km, the northern wind was getting stronger and stronger. At first we welcomed the wind from the back assisting us, but soon the wind was too strong to be helpful. The wind reached 35 knots speed. It was still possible to paddle although this kind of wind but is border line in terms of paddling.

A slightly stronger wind would not have allowed us to paddle. We were 2 or 3 kms from the corner of the bay. Around the corner we would enjoy reasonable shelter.

The wind was hitting hard, it reached 45 knots, splashing huge quantities of water towards us. The wind was getting stronger to a speed we had never experienced. Steam was spiralling up like a small tornado. The wind was threatening to turn on us. A gloomy feeling came over me. Occasionally I managed to immerse the paddle hopelessly trying to move on. After a while that seemed like an eternity we finally got to the other side of the bay.

The wind was still very strong but it at least allowed us to do some paddling. Completely exhausted from the struggle of the wind we landed on the first beach we saw. Lesson number 2: it's not enough to own a barometer, you should also believe what it reports. Another day and we are across the south western part of Tasmania.

The trauma of the day before encouraged us to get out and put an end to this nightmare of the south west of Tasmania. Looking back, the high sea that was so intimidating at first became routine and it did not worry us any more. We still had 24km to reach the corner. Our last possible landing point was located 11km from the corner. The 30 knots wind and 5 meters waves from behind were helpful. We paddled close to the amazing cliffs, the high sea so close to the cliffs made it difficult to paddle in the confused water.

The wind got stronger and shifted its direction, blowing diagonally across us. This made our paddling even harder. We had to correct the direc-

tion of the kayak as this was diverting us off course. The helmet that was placed on the back deck of the kayak caught the side wind like a sail and almost caused me to capsize. I had to take it off and put it inside the cockpit to make it easier to paddle.

We finally approached our last possible landing point. After a short hesitation we decided to continue. It meant committing ourselves to the last leg of the south west. We would not be able to turn around and paddle against such a strong wind. The wind continued to get stronger and wilder which made it very difficult for us. We arrived to the corner, the corner where Gary the experienced fisherman who knows the water very well, lost two boats with strong motors.

We paddled around the south west cape, worrying about the reefs scattered around there. We finished encircling the protruding cliff and the contrast was amazing! Silence, the sea was calm, there were no waves and lots of seals were resting on the rocks staring at us in boredom.

We finished the hardest and most challenging part of the expedition. Well, as we were led to believe. I don't know what was harder: battling with a complex and interesting sea or just simply paddling endlessly in a calm sea. We were then not quite half way through.

In the next few days we noticed a very interesting phenomenon. Whenever a wandering cloud appeared above us, it would bring complete winter with it; cold, wind and rain. The moment the cloud was gone, sun would shine as though summer returned. This phenomenon was a bit annoying because we never knew what type of clothing we should wear.

Paddling in the south part of the island was difficult not because of the conditions, those were good and not because of tiredness but because the pressure was off. The huge worry prior to our arrival to the south west of the island was now gone and all that was left was to paddle the next half of the distance without the challenge of the rough seas. Paddling the next cou-

ple of days would be relatively fast; 60km a day. The wind was strong but in our favour. We arrived at Bruny Island at dark. There were caravans and a restaurant on site but we soon found out that the restaurant was closed. We were exposed again to the amazing Tasmania hospitality. Jenny and Fred, the owners of the site invited us to their home for a pleasant homely dinner with warmth and love. The weather wasn't very promising so we had no choice but to stay for two days in Bruny. At least we were in pleasant and inviting company. The next day, frustrated from waiting around we paddled to the point that was supposed to shorten our next day by a few kilometres. We paddled 14km in difficult conditions that saved us 2-3 km all together. It was rather funny to think that after such long and hard paddling we would prefer to paddle instead of resting in every given moment.

The best day of the trip began. There was over 70 km ahead of us, crossing the Tasman Peninsula. This was just long paddling; we were mentally very well prepared so we did not suffer too much. We learned that the more prepared we were for the worse the easier it would be to cope with the difficulties. Some days that were supposed to be easy on paper, in hindsight were harder than expected. Although objectively those were not the hardest days. So in short, it's all in the mind. After crossing to Tasman Island the return was amazing.

Wild scenery of impressive rocks was revealed in front of our eyes. Further on we arrived to Cape Pillar and there was the Totem Pole, a square pillar towering 70 meters. The place represents a popular climbing site and it was amazing to watch climbers on this tall pillar. The wild beauty of this area even after 76km gave us energy to enter the caves and explore the coast line. This was literally one of the most astounding paddling we had.

(To be continued in KASK newsletter No. 120)

BOOK REVIEW

Title: 'In the Wake of the Jomon'
Subtitle: 'Stone Age Mariners and a Voyage Across the Pacific'
Author: Jon Turk
Published: 2005
Publisher: McGraw-Hill, USA
ISBN: 0-07-144902-7
Contents: Hardback, dustjacket, 287 pages, annotated bibliography, maps and thumbnail size photos only.
Size: 160 x 235mm
Price: NZ\$ 42
Availability: CoW in ChCh, Capital Books Wgtn, Boat Books Auckland.
Reviewed by: Kerry Howe

When Paul Caffyn asked me to review this book I was very keen to do so since it involves two of my major interests – sea kayaking and early human history. It's a fair though not compelling account of a major sea kayak journey from Japan to St. Lawrence Island, Alaska, but its prehistory is little more than wild conjecture.

Turk's basic argument is that the skeleton of Kennewick Man that was found in Washington State in 1996 and dated to about 9,500 years ago came from Japan. He thus argues that the first people who settled North America were ancient peoples based in Japan – the Jomon. He further makes the claim that their mode of transport across the north Pacific was paddling hollowed out logs. All of this is simply fanciful, and very bad prehistory.

It is generally believed that humans probably first entered the Americas across the frozen Bering Strait sometime after the height of the last Ice Age 18,000 years ago. A generalised early North American human culture, termed Clovis culture, is evident by at least 12,000 years ago. But there is no evidence of exactly where its more immediate Asian/Siberian origin was, or what was the exact route (land/sea?) into the Americas, or precisely when and how it came. So far, archaeological, linguistic and genetic research has no specific answers, though there are many weird and

wonderful speculations especially by non-experts.

Kennewick Man himself has been the source of a vast amount of wild fantasy, including that he was Caucasian and came from Europe. Various groups have tied the US courts up for years all claiming ownership of the skeleton. A group of American Samoans, for example, claimed that America was first colonised by Samoans and so Kennewick Man was a Samoan and belonged to them [even though we all know that America was settled by humans at least 9,000 years before Samoa!]. A few years ago the courts sensibly ruled that Kennewick Man is ancestral to and so belongs to 5 North American Indian tribes in the locality where he was found.

But Turk is the Romantic. He has read some of the scientific literature, or so he claims, though he does admit to using a 'scattergun approach, following leads that struck ... [his] fancy.' He wanted to retrace the route of his Jomon sea kayakers as they became colonisers of America – he wanted 'to share the vibrations of that journey, to better understand my ancestors.....' You can see where this is all going – he's a kind of badly informed Indiana Jones out on a pseudo-quest for ancient knowledge and experience.

So what of his journey itself. It is a major sea kayak expedition of some 3,000 miles over two seasons across some pretty wild seas, though his voyage from northern Japan to the Kamchatka Peninsula was in a sail powered kayak with two outriggers and a keel. The journey is exciting enough with predictable bureaucratic/security difficulties with Japanese and Russian authorities, storms, dangerous wildlife, cold and exhaustion. For the voyage from Kamchatka, Turk and his companions reverted to more orthodox single hull sea kayaks since they found that their trimaran sailboats, while more stable and at times much faster, could not cover required average distances as well as paddle power due to the vagaries of the winds. The intrepid paddlers eventually made it half way across Bering Strait to St. Lawrence Island which is politically

if not geographically part of Alaska. In spite of the undoubted achievements of the voyage, the method of narration I found halting and ultimately irritating. Turk jumps from topic to topic on almost every page, from an incident on the voyage, to snippets about his own life, to meanderings about early human history and why early people went exploring, to the overriding and, for me, irritating presence of his invisible ancient vibrating Jomon travelling companions.

It is undoubtedly a marvellous sea kayak voyage but sadly one quite spoiled in the telling.

Kerry Howe
(Kerry Howe is a Massey University history professor, and author of several books including a recent sea kayak instruction manual.)

DVD REVIEW

The Kayak Roll
Produced by Performance Video
Reviewed by Susan Cade
Length: 55min
Price: \$55.00

The DVD cover states that this video, '*demonstrates and explains a smooth and effortless roll. Crystal clear underwater footage animation and explanations make this a production you will not want to miss*'

I was a bit hesitant about getting this DVD, wondering if it would match up with the above hype and was very impressed that it did, plus more. If you are like me, getting to grips with understanding of Eskimo rolling, then this is one DVD to get. This is certainly the best training Kayak training DVD I have seen, supporting from a no skill base the development of an effortless sweep roll with a torso twist. This is a safe and protected roll, protecting your shoulder and starting the boat rolling up just about as soon as you start. This roll keeps your body in

a protected position, as your torso stays near the surface and protects your shoulder by keeping your arms low and in front of your torso, one hand ending up in 'pizza position'.

Some of the concepts in, 'The Kayak Roll' which I found really helpful were, explaining the rolling knee, showing the importance of keeping your head down to keep your rolling knee engaged, the value of the torso twist and shedding the resistance with your paddle. The knee and torso muscles being the key energizers. The latter was a new understanding for me because I had had the belief, as I am sure many do, that you use the angle of the blade to help support you to get back up. I had been told about the hip flick, (well I had been doing what this meant to me!), but after watching the DVD I appreciated that there was a lot more complexity to rolling than I had understood. This training video gives clear step by step real life teaching clips and also more graphic demonstrations giving a number of perspectives to get a clear understanding.

I then realized that I had to unlearn the habits that I had learnt, that didn't work in my favour. I must admit that over the years I had developed a few of those in my ignorance through a variety of teaching and practice, however I believe in retrospect I was at times reinforcing my own understanding with a lack of knowledge base to make effective change. I needed to put into practice the techniques shown in this video.

Soon after this I had an hour's skilled tuition and had a miracle of change from the sweep deck roll to doing the sweep with torso twist, my rolling technique improved so much that I was on a real high. One of the other things I really like about 'The Kayak Roll' is the variety of instructors doing coaching and the learners who are a real variety of shapes and ages. This DVD is also designed for every skill level, from beginner to teacher. The first part is a step by step real life teaching with beautifully woven in principle instruction and then a review of each step. The second half, the diagnostic section, which has easy

navigation of diagnostics, offers solutions to help tune-up or sort out that laboured roll for quick results.

If there was a large digital display screen at the pool where you are training it would be an amazing tool to use 'The Kayak Roll' combined with digital camera to give instant feedback, the two would make training a delight. After training nights currently, on many occasions I have come home with others to review the DVD instruction and also watch and analyse our rolling training footage. As a group we are getting much more critical, as we are developing an eye for the skills we are developing.

So if you want to develop a good roll, improve your technique and learn more. I certainly recommend 'The Kayak Roll', as top billing. This DVD is fairly readily available in kayaking shops, so that probably says something too!

This video is produced and distributed by, Performance Video and Instruction Inc.
www.performancevideo.com @2003.
Presented by Dagger and Paddler magazine with support of Bomber, Kokatat, Watershed and Werner.



2006 WET WEST FILM FESTIVAL

Venue: Hokitika
Date: 5 - 8 January 2006
by Dave Kwant

The Wet West Film Festival was set up a couple of years ago and this January 2006 will be our second Festival. Our aims are pretty simple - we enjoy water and wanted to celebrate it through film. We invite film makers to submit their films to the festival for free and compete for several prizes in different categories. Last year's festival was very successful and received good reviews. We had an excellent panel of judges and to our surprise received a huge number of entries.

Patron for the 2006 festival, Paul Caf-fyn had a great idea of showing some old sea kayak movies and the idea came about that we would have a historical sea kayaking session presented by Paul, kind of like 'an evening with Paul watching his favourite movies'.

We use two venues throughout the festival, a large but slightly run down art deco theatre that seats around 300 and a small and very comfortable DVD theatre that seats around 30-40. I expect Paul will be running his session in the small DVD theatre.

You can find out more about the festival at the festival website:

www.wetwestfilmfest.com

The sea kayak session is planned for the evening of Saturday 7 January. Films to be shown include the early 1980's East Greenland kayak expedition, led by Victorian Earle Bloomfield, which attempted to retrace of the 1931 Gino Watkin's open boat trip down the south-east coast of Greenland. Justine Jorgensen's second installment of 'This is the Sea' should be here in time for the evening.

CALENDAR

COASTBUSTERS 2006

Date: 17 - 19 March 2006

Venue: Milford Primary School, on edge of Lake Pupuke, Milford, North Shore City, Auckland.

Website: www.coastbusters.org.nz

Registration forms downloadable from the website.

The website will be progressively updated as speakers and sessions are finalized.

Justine Jorgensen, an English paddler who paddled around Tasmania with two other English lasses early in 2005 has been invited as guest speaker. Justine also produced the 'This is the Sea' DVD which was reviewed in the last newsletter.

Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (NZ) inc.

Notice of Annual General Meeting

The 2006 Annual general meeting of the Kiwi Association of Sea Kayakers (NZ) inc. will be held late afternoon 18 March 2006 at the Coastbusters 2006 Sea Kayak Symposium.

All notices of motion/remits/apologies etc. should be forwarded to the KASK Administrator:

Vanessa Hughes, P O Box 23, Runanga, 7854, West Coast.

Email: KASK.admin@xtra.co.nz

It is a requirement of KASK's constitution for all notices of motion and remits to be in the hands of the administrator 30 days prior to the start of the meeting. The AGM will also elect officers of the association, these are, President, Safety Officer, Conservation Officer, Instruction Officer, Publications Officer, and Forum Organiser. Nominations for Officers must be submitted by members in writing, signed by proposer, seconder, and nominee prior to the AGM. Nomination forms are available from the administrator at the above address.

Make your contribution to KASK and recreational seakayaking by having your say at the AGM. A great opportunity to contribute to KASK's annual programme - have your say on issues facing the recreational sea kayaker, and to influence the future direction on national initiatives for sea kayaking like training and conservation.

Nominations are also requested for the two annual Graham Egarr Memorial paddle trophies:

- in recognition for services to sea kayaking in New Zealand
- in recognition of outstanding contributions to the KASK Newsletter

These beautifully crafted trophies were built by John Dobbie, laminated wooden blades on a stand.

Send nominations plus supporting information to the KASK Administrator.

ANNUAL SEA KAYAK PILGRIMAGE - RESCHEDULED

Date: 29 - 30 April 2006

Venue: Ratimera Bay DoC campsite, Ruakaka Bay, Queen Charlotte Sound

The November 2005 pilgrimage had to be cancelled at the last moment due to rather fresh 50 - 70 knot south-easterlies forecast through to Sunday afternoon. A tad too strong even for stalwart Vikings.

The pilgrimage is a gathering of paddlers for a formal dinner on the Saturday night, when an object of scorn and derision to sea kayakers is stoned, chanted at and then burnt. During past pilgrimages, mock ups of a river kayak and a jet ski have been sacrificed.

The phantom (alias AJ) has stipulated a dress theme for the Saturday night dinner of Vikings and Virgins.



HUMOUR

AFTERLIFE

An elderly couple made a deal that whoever died first would somehow come back to inform the other of the afterlife. Their biggest fear was that there really was no heaven.

After a long life, the husband was the first to go and, true to his word, a few weeks later as his wife sat and watched TV, she heard a ghostly voice saying, "Maude! Maude!"

"Is that you, John?" she asked as she looked in vain around the room.

The voice responded, "Yes Maude, I've come back just like we agreed."

"What's it like, John?" Maude asked.

John said, "Well, I get up in the morning and I have sex. Then I have breakfast, and after that more sex. I bathe in the sun for a while and then I have sex twice. I have lunch, then have sex pretty much all afternoon. After dinner I have sex until late at night and the next day it starts all over again."

"Oh, John," Maude said, "then surely you must be in heaven!"

"Not exactly," John said. "I'm a rabbit on a farm somewhere near Cromwell."

SPEEDING EXCUSE

Keith bought a brand new Holden Monaro. He took off down the road, pushed it up to 150 km/hr, and was enjoying the wind blowing through (thinning) hair.

"This is great," he thought and accelerated to an even higher speed. Then, he looked in his rear-view mirror, and there was a Police Car.

Problem-thought Keith, and he floored it some more, and flew down the road at over 210 km/hr to escape being stopped. He then thought, "What the hell am I doing? I'm too old for this kind of thing" and pulled over to the side of the road, and waited for the Police car to catch up with him.

The Policeman pulled in behind the Monaro and walked up on the driver's side. "Sir my Shift ends in five minutes and today is Friday the 13th. If you can give me a good reason why you were speeding that I've never heard before, I'll let you go."

The man looked back at the Policeman and said, "Last week my wife ran off

with a Policeman, and I thought you were bringing her back." The Policeman said, "Have a nice day"

CALL GIRL

I checked into a hotel on a business trip and was a bit lonely so I thought I'd get me one of those girls you see advertised in phone booths when you're calling for a taxi. I grabbed a card on my way in. It was an ad for a girl calling herself Erogonique, a lovely girl, bending over in the photo. She had all the right curves in all the right places, beautiful long wavy hair, long graceful legs all the way up to her posterior. You know the kind. So I'm in my room and figure, what the hell, I'll give her a call.

"Hello" the woman says. God, she sounded sexy.

"Hi, I hear you give a great massage and I'd like you to come to my room and give me one. No, wait, I should be straight with you. I'm in town all alone and what I really want is sex. I want it hard, I want it hot, and I want it now. I'm talking kinky the whole night long. You name it, we'll do it. Bring implements, toys, everything you've got in your bag of tricks. We'll go hot and heavy all night. Tie me up, cover me in chocolate syrup and whip cream, anything you want baby. Now, how does that sound."

She says, "That sounds fantastic, but for an outside line you need to press 9."

IN AN AUCKLAND WINZ OFFICE

A patch wearing Gang Member walks into a local Auckland WINZ office, stomps straight up to the counter and says, "Hey bro, I hate living on the dole eh. I wanna find a job."

The chap behind the counter replied, "Your timing is amazing. We have just got a job from a very wealthy man who wants a chauffeur / body-guard for his sex mad daughter. You will have to drive around in a big black Mercedes, but the suits, shirts, and ties are provided. Because there are long hours in this job, meals will be provided and you will also be required to escort the young lady on her overseas holidays. The salary package is \$200,000 a year."

The mobster picks his jaw up off the floor and says, "You're bullshitting me bro!"

The man behind the counter looks at him and replies, "Well... you started it!"

TWENTY DOLLARS

On their wedding night, the young bride approached her new husband and asked for \$20 for their first love-making encounter. In his highly aroused state, her husband readily agreed. This scenario was repeated each time they made love, for more than 30 years, with him thinking that it was a cute way for her to afford new clothes and other incidentals that she needed.

Arriving home around noon one day, she was surprised to find her husband in a very drunken state. During the next few minutes, he explained that his employer was going through a process of corporate downsizing, and he had been let go.

It was unlikely that, at the age of 59, he'd be able to find another position that paid anywhere near what he'd been earning, and therefore, they were financially ruined.

Calmly, his wife handed him a bank book which showed more than 30 years of steady deposits and interest totalling nearly \$1 million. Then she showed him certificates of deposits issued by the bank which were worth over \$2 million, and informed him that they were one of the largest depositors in the bank.

She explained that for the more than three decades she had 'charged' him for sex, these holdings had multiplied and these were the results of her savings and investments.

Faced with evidence of cash and investments worth over \$3 million, her husband was so astounded he could barely speak, but finally he found his voice and blurted out, "If I'd had any idea what you were doing, I would have given you all my business!"

That's when she shot him.

You know, sometimes, men just don't know when to keep their mouths shut.

MAILED TO



**If undelivered, please return to:
KASK , PO Box 23, Runanga, West Coast. 7854**



KASK MEMBERSHIP POLICY

Current membership fees are:

- \$35 for ordinary membership
- \$40 for family or joint membership
- \$35 for overseas membership
- new members receive a free copy of the handbook
- members should endeavour to renew by 1 August
- the KASK financial year runs 1 August to 31 July the following year
- a subscription due notice and up to two reminders are sent out with the newsletters between June and October
- if a membership renewal is not received by 30 September, membership lapses
- new members who join between 1 June and 31 July automatically get their membership credited to the following year, receiving a 14 month membership
- the KASK committee puts its emphasis confirming renewals from existing members from July to October; and promoting new KASK memberships from November to February.