



## DIVING: THE WHY?...

By Bhushan Mudbhary

I thought I would start this little article with looking to Oz. Particularly, I want to go back to when the first Aborigine landed on this vast continent. Remember, the Aborigines took to the sea well over 40,000 years ago. WHY?

I had heard about Dreamtime of course, even heard a dith-aree-doo. What is Dreamtime you ask(?) Aborigines believe in two forms of time; two parallel streams of activity. One is the daily objective activity, the other is an infinite spiritual cycle called the "dreamtime", more real than reality itself. Whatever happens in the dreamtime establishes the values, symbols, and laws of Aboriginal society. It was believed that some people of unusual spiritual powers had contact with the dreamtime.

We are all Aborigines. Us divers that is. We chase the Dreamtime, all of us. Which one of us hasn't looked sideways, to the depths. The enticing Blue. Where shadows lurk, promising revelations denied on land. Which one of us hasn't pushed the envelope, ever so lightly, and taken in what the watery realm has to offer. Calm ... utter calmness. The gentlest beating of the drum, the whisper. What is our Dreamtime, I think we all chase it. And we are the Bodhisatvas, we deny Nirvana, we have climbed the wall and seen the other side, and yet we come back so that we can help others to the wall,



over the wall, first, and lastly till the last blade of grass blows out the candle. Have you read the Tibetan Book of the Dead? It is said that spirits leave the body upon death, and languish for 13 days in need of food and shelter. And it is us, in our loin clothes and our shaved heads that offer water and fire to sustain the spirit until it finds its own way. So there you go, now you will never ask, so what's to see in Monterey, in these cold dark waters!

All brooding aside, I recall some *fantaboulus* dives in these waters over the last few months. Ken, who does have a blow torch and I kid you not, has offered me a personal lesson on arc welding, if I should not or

would not or could not eat green eggs and ham. So I will gladly tell, in fact in ghetto speak I will gladly snitch, on the time I had me a double. Yes, you heard right. My good back not with standing, I strapped me a double and took the stride into the drink. Ken basically pointed out the obvious fact, what's to know or learn about diving a double. You strap it on and suck on the reg, forget all that book learnin'. I took the plunge, with Jim Vallario sayin' oh no, there goes his back, but I survived. Actually once you are in the water, doubles rock. With 200 cu ft of air on your back, you feel like Bob Dole on Viagra. .honey, just turn the light off when you are done! And you do hear that sax, wail in the background, when you kick albeit slowly, and.

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The General Meeting is held the 3rd Wednesday of the month at Sinbad's, located at Pier 2, Embarcadero Street, SF, CA 94111.

Meet at 7:00pm for socializing, drinks and food  
7:30 pm for club business and entertainment.

For more information, visit <http://www.sfreefdivers.org/>.



*Der Stammtisch*

By Pierre Hurter

For those who missed out on our last meeting, we had some exceptional artwork displayed and explained for our enjoyment. Ryuijie and Camille are free divers, photographers and artistic collaborators in an attempt to bring their images of the sea to dry land. I hesitate to say photographs, because to me, the ethereal almost austere, black and white images, uncluttered by the distraction of color where more than images, they were evocations of a sense of being that I often find myself in when conditions come together and you have a Big Blue moment. If you want a sense of what they have created, take a look at their web site Kanchi or “quite place” [www.kanchiunderwater.com/index.html](http://www.kanchiunderwater.com/index.html)



Camille’s mention of the Luc Besson film, *le Grande Bleu* had me searching Netflix for a copy. Those of you who have been around awhile probably remember, *The Big Blue* with Rosanna Arquette, Jean-Marc Barr and Jean Reno, the movie came out in 1988 and loosely (very loosely) chronicles the lives of Jacques Mayol and Enzo Molinari, two early free diving champions.

The dive scenes are great, but the director’s cut is too long by an hour, by the end, you really don’t care if Jacques (Jean-Marc) cheated on Johanna (Arquette) with a dolphin or not. My two favorite snippets of dialogue are at the beginning when Enzo (Jean Reno) is paid \$10,000 for a breath hold, salvage dive, deep into the bowels of a listing ship, and rescue the pinned diver sort of operation.

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Payments for membership and activities should be mailed to:

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| <b>Reefer's Rap 2009</b>   |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| <b>JANUARY</b>   | <b>FEBRUARY</b>   | <b>MARCH</b>  |
| 01 - New Year's Day<br>07 - Officers Meeting<br>10 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) -<br>Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851<br><b>21 - Meeting - Sinbad's</b><br>27 - CenCal Board Meeting   | 04 - Officers Meeting<br><b>18 - Meeting - Sinbad's</b><br>19 - 22 - SF Ocean Film Festival   | 04 - Officers Meeting<br>14 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) -<br>Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851<br><b>18 - Meeting - Sinbad's</b><br>25 - CenCal Board Meeting                                 |
| <b>APRIL</b>   | <b>MAY</b>  | <b>JUNE</b>   |
| 01 - Abalone Opener - Fort Ross<br>- CenCal<br>01 - Officers Meeting<br>11 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) -<br>Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851<br><b>15 - Meeting - Sinbad's</b><br>17 - 18 - San Jose Dive Show<br>29 - CenCal Board Meeting | 06 - Officers Meeting<br>09 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) -<br>Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851<br><b>20 - Meeting - Sinbad's</b><br>27 - CenCal Board Meeting<br>30 - 31 - Scuba Show - Long<br>Beach Convention Center | 03 - Officers Meeting<br><b>17 - Meeting - Sinbad's</b><br>TBD - Abalone Closer   |
| <b>JULY</b>  | <b>AUGUST</b>   | <b>SEPTEMBER</b>  |
| 01 - Officers Meeting<br>11 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) -<br>Sat. - Pierre - 415.810.6851<br><b>15 - Meeting - Sinbad's</b>  | TBD - Abalone Opener<br>05 - Officers Meeting<br>09-11 - Channel Islands - Jim<br>Vallario - 415.566.0784<br><b>19 - Meeting - Sinbad's</b>   | 02 - Officers Meeting<br>11 - 13 - Lake Tahoe Dive???<br>19 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) -<br>Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851<br><b>16 - Meeting - Sinbad's</b><br>30 - CenCal Board Meeting |
| <b>OCTOBER</b>   | <b>NOVEMBER</b>   | <b>DECEMBER</b>   |
| 07 - Officers Meeting<br><b>21 - Meeting - Sinbad's -<br/>Officer Nominations !!!</b>  | 04 - Officers Meeting<br>14 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) -<br>Sat. - Pierre - 415.810.6851<br><b>18 - Meeting - Sinbad's -<br/>Officer Elections !!!</b><br>TBD - Abalone Closer                                   | 02 - Officers Meeting<br>02 - CenCal Board Meeting<br>12 - Cypress Sea - (3 Dives) -<br>Sat - Pierre - 415.810.6851<br><b>16 - Meeting - Sinbad's -<br/>Christmas Party ???</b>       |

**CHANNEL ISLANDS TRIP  
PEACE DIVE BOAT**

**SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY  
AUGUST 9, 10, 11, 2009**



**IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, MAKE SURE YOU ARE WAIT LISTED!!!**

1. Our intent is to do the southern Channel Islands (San Clemente, etc.).
2. **Cost per spot is \$400, (includes fuel surcharge for the southern islands).**
3. **To secure a spot**, send a \$100 deposit (per spot) to our esteemed and beloved Treasurer (Pierre Hurter, 515 Diamond Street, San Francisco, CA 94114). Receipt of check by the Treasurer adds your name to the list.
4. **Boat departs the dock at 10PM on Saturday, August 8<sup>th</sup>.**
5. Bring all of your dive gear, including one full tank. They can refill tanks with air or 32% Nitrox.
6. **Unlimited Nitrox fills cost \$75.** If you want Nitrox, bring your Nitrox certification card and a separate check for \$75.
7. The bunks have a pillow and a blanket. Anything more (sleeping bag, extra pillow, etc.) is your responsibility.
8. Boat supplies all food, snacks, drinks (non-alcoholic). Wine, beer, etc. may be brought on board, but please remember your 1<sup>st</sup> drink marks your last dive of the day.
9. For additional information, directions to the boat etc. check out their website, [www.peaceboat.com](http://www.peaceboat.com).
10. For any other questions, contact Jim Vallario at 415-566-0784 (res) or 415-819-1159 (cell).

**KAYAKING SANTA CRUZ ISLAND  
(Après Channel Islands Trip)  
WEDNESDAY, 8-12-09**



For those of you who haven't had enough after three days on the Peace... or with your fellow REEFERS ...and for those of you who just don't want to go back to the "real" world yet... JUST THINK ... taking a ferry from Ventura Harbor to Santa Cruz island, offloading your (rental) kayak and spending the day paddling the island, going into caves and paddle-throughs (topside version of swim-throughs) and just generally seeing the island marine life up-close and personal? If this might appeal to you, then listen up! Here's what you have to do:

1.) Reserve a spot on the Island Packers ferry for you **and** your kayak. This should be done as soon as possible, because the ferry fills to capacity weeks, if not months, in advance and there are limited spots for kayaks. The adult fare is \$48 roundtrip, plus \$14 for your kayak. If you're fortunate enough to be 55 or older, the fare is \$44. Call them at 805-642-1393. [www.islandpackers.com](http://www.islandpackers.com).

2.) Contact Channel Islands Kayak Center at 805-644-9699 to reserve your kayak for the trip. They are located very close to where the Peace docks at Ventura Harbor and directly next door to Island Packers. The rental rate is \$35 per day. Includes back rest, paddle, life jacket and helmet (for those cave penetrations). [www.cikayak.com](http://www.cikayak.com)

Most people rent a room after disembarking from the Peace (it's so much more comfortable than sleeping in your car). Plan on bringing a cooler with your lunch and some drinks. The boat dock area on Santa Cruz has a beach, some picnic tables, restroom facilities and a camping area.

Channel Islands Kayak Center opens at 8am and you should be there when it opens. After confirming your reservation at the Kayak Center, then go next door to Island Packers and confirm your reservation with them.

The ferry departs at 9:00am and takes about an hour to get to Santa Cruz. We can return on the 4:00 or 5:00pm ferry.

Any questions or comments, please contact Jim Vallario at 415-566-0784 (res), or 415-819-1159 (cell).

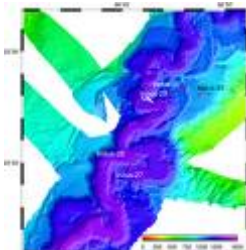
### The WHY?... from page 1

realize that you never ever need to look at your SPG, you are as they say "Oprah Rich", when it comes to gas.

Jim Vallario and I headed the Accord southward on Jan 1st and drove. The nice thing about two guys driving is you don't have the wives (sorry!) to slow it down any! We just kept going and made it to San Diego in about 8 hours flat, on highway 101. The Hyatt in La Jolla is fancy, and situated in the middle of a movie set where they might film *A Brave New World*. We thought they wouldn't let Jim in, owing to his Sicilian peasant background, but they did, actually as it turns out owing to his Sicilian peasant background, and Omerta to that ! Fuggedaboutit!

Coronado Islands ... two words. Urchin barren. Some more words.. THE LOIS ANN IS ONE FREAKIN' SLOW BOAT WITH NICE SERVICE BUT ODD FIXATION ABOUT DRY CABIN ON A DIVE BOAT! .... whew, that's off my chest! So, what else do you wanna know about our dive trip down south. Only this... The Yukon is a good and solid wreck dive. Lying on her side, with min depth at about 90 ft, the Yukon makes for a nice honest dive. Metiridiums galore on her and very well encrusted, definitely worth a visit. DIVE ABOARD THE LOIS ANN IF YOU TOO HAVE AN ODD FIXATION ABOUT SLOW BOATS THAT ARE WEIRD ABOUT DRY CABINS!

Ok, now about the doubles, great to breath, but a bitch and a half to carry. Enuf



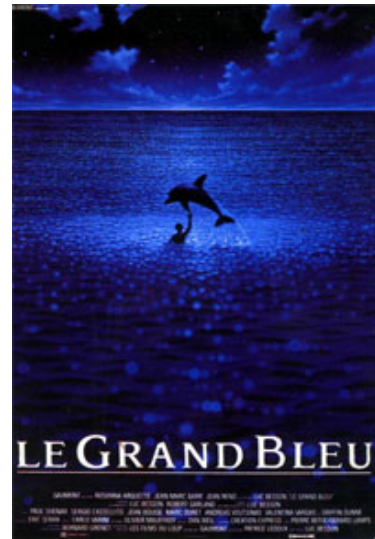
said.

So on my birthday I drove to Monterey with Tim Howe in the Accord, riding shotgun. I had sworn, to nobody in particular given I am from SF and any hostility is generally not cool if directed at any one or thing, that I would get wet, and suck on compressed air on my birthday. We boarded the Cypress Sea with Capn' Phil at the helm. May the bounties of Lord Krishna rain on him daily, since even as the swells were called in at 8ft+, the mighty Cap'n, he let out a roar, climbed the yard arm, and with his stump flailing at the heavens (you know he lost his limbs in the "war") screamed, **YOU WILL NOT DO ME, I DO YOU....** and he called upon the slaves to let out a mighty roar and the boat sail forth, with the oars biting the waves and the slaves screaming and the Captain yellin' **I WILL SUCK AT THE TEAT OF THE GREAT WHORE IN BABYLON YET!** we set out in Monterey Bay.

The seas frothed and did their worst, but mighty Phil just yelled at the elements and cursed the womb that bore the elements, an LO...we arrived at a magical place the local people called Stillwater Cove in their local tongue and they recognized us and the captain as decidedly not local, so they would have nothing to do with us. So we dove.

Fire Rock and Norm's Colon the two dive sites were so named. And they were both wonderful reefs. One of granite, the other of basalt. Canyons and wall, colors about. The water was dark, and bone chilling at best.

The kelp reached out to hug me, and the colors were familiar, and the only thing I hear screaming in my head was ... I am home, I am home, I am home, thank god I a home in this cold dark lovely water that we can dive whenever we want and whenever Capn' Phil takes on the elements and assures us the water is good, and it was, it sure was. The water was good, it will always be, in my dream, the water is always good and cold, and figures lurk in the shadows and I hear the breathing through my second stage, my Dreamtime, I hope yours too.



### Stammtisch from page 2

Once topside, check in hand he is asked by Roberto "Enzo, what are you going to do with the money?" Enso replies "Have the



car painted" Roberto, "Giuseppe will do that for 25 dollars." Enzo "Then tell him to wax it too."

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The car in question is a Fiat 500 with a trailer crammed with their dive gear. For those who have never had the joy of whizzing through narrow Italian streets in one of these, scrapping the adjoining buildings with your mirrors, try it, you'll love it. If at all possible look for an Abarth to complete the experience, *bellissimo!*

The other winning bit of dialogue is towards the end, Johanna asks "what's it like when you dive?" Jacques, "It's a feeling of slipping without falling. The hardest thing is when you're at the bottom." Johanna, "Why?" Jacques, "Because you have to find a good reason to come back up ... and I have a hard time finding one." No wonder he had relationship problems.

For diving films, I still prefer Boy on a Dolphin, the 1957 film starring Alan Ladd and Sophia Loren in her second American film as the water soaked, clingy dress wearing Greek sponge diver. Loren stars as Phaedra, a poor sponge diver on the lovely Greek isle of Hydra. While diving, she discovers an ancient brass and gold statue of a boy riding a dolphin, said to have the magical power to grant wishes. Her shiftless boyfriend wants to sell it to an unscrupulous art collector (Clifton Webb), but Phaedra wants to give it to anthropologist Jim Calder (Alan Ladd), who would return it to the Greek government. Boy on a Dolphin is one of the early classics of the babe in the wet T-shirt



underwater genre and for many of us our first introduction to diving.



Might be interesting to compile a list of favorite dive themed or related movies; almost everyone comes up with the usual suspects; The Abyss, For Your Eyes Only, Thunderball, the Deep, Into the Blue (a remake of the Deep), but there are certainly others, Manfish with Jane Russell, Creature from the Black Lagoon, Blue Water, White Death, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, The Life Aquatic with Steve Zissou or for the musically inclined Easy Come, Easy Go with Elvis Presley. Can't help but notice that there seem to be a disproportionate number of attractive women wearing wet clingy clothes in many of these films. I take that to be a sign that my particular mental bent is closely aligned with the majority of directors and producers.

One of the great things about taking a lunch hour wander in San Francisco is that you never know what you'll see. It being Friday and a beautiful day I decided to take a turn around Union Square. On my way back to the office I spied a gentlemen settled in on the sidewalk with his dog, a black and white vaguely Rottweiler looking mix, splayed out on the sidewalk with his paws stretched ahead of him, eyes shut and that occasional twitch I always imagined where the result

of canine dreams. Splayed out on his back was a gray cat, deep in that perpetual half sleep that cats are so good at, one eye, barely cocked, in case something interesting should wander by. To top the whole thing off in front of the cat, nestled in tight with his nose disappearing from sight in the cat's paws', a white rat. I took it as a sign, of what I have no idea, but a sign for sure.

On the topic of signs, the next time you find yourself walking down Market Street you might notice a plaque set in the sidewalk at the southwest corner at First Street. If you stand there and look towards the Ferry Building everything you see is built on fill, much of it sunken ships abandoned when their crews went off looking for fame and fortune in the gold rush.



The matching plaque showing the old shoreline is set in the northeast corner of Market and Bush and Battery near the Mechanics Monument. History and the signs of change are everywhere. Can't help but wonder if the plaque showing the former shore line might not yet end up underwater.

These plaques can be fascinating, if you walk a little further along Market Street, between Bush and Battery on the north side and you'll see a plaque commemorating the invention of the three-reel bell slot machine. This was apparently quite an

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**Stammtisch from page 7**

achievement, at least enough to rate a brass plaque. My personal favorite is in Glen Park, the site of the first dynamite factory in the United States. On March 19, 1868, the Giant Powder Company began commercial production under exclusive license from Alfred Nobel to produce his new fangled explosive in the United States. After an explosion on November 26, 1869, destroyed the facility the company moved across the bay to Berkeley with similar results. It eventually found a final home at Point Pinole on San Pablo Bay starting the town of Giant, incorporating the Croatian community of Sobrente. The company continued to manufacture explosives there until the 1960's.

Lest you think all of my time is spent wandering around looking at sidewalks or sprawled on the couch exercising my remote texting abilities, I along with a merry band of Reef Divers managed to brave the predictions of the wave models and with Captain Phil at the helm of the Cypress Sea made our way around the point and dropped anchor in Stillwater Cove for the club's April dive.

While the other Monterey dive boats covered in the bay or never made it past the Peet's coffee shop, we managed to knock off two very nice dives in the cove. The water temperature registered a brisk 48 degrees for both our dives, but sometime during our second one the sun decided to make an appearance and the topside views were tremendous.

On the topic of temperature, I'm beginning to have my suspicions about my Suunto. It seems to me that the temperature never dips below 48 degrees no matter how much my teeth are

chattering. Maybe it's an issue with the Celsius to Fahrenheit conversion or maybe it's a clever ploy to make me think the waters are warmer than they really are. The visibility was around 20 feet for both dives, the temperature appropriate for the time and place; we had a hint of surge at the bottom. There were reports of playful seal sightings, but I think they were the result of sniffing too much defogger.

At any rate we had a good time, so much so that five of the Reefers onboard our dive signed up for May. Actually it was six, but one of our merry band neglected to check with Maid Merriam and was promptly brought to heel. No matter, we intend to be out on the seas patrolling for mermaids, pirates and whatever might come our way once again May.

Time flies and May's dive came around much faster than I thought it would. We had such a great time in April that we decided to do it again. There were fourteen folks on the boat, Jim, Norm, Tim, Gerda and me representing the Reef Divers, Mike for the Flipper Dippers and 8 hardy souls from Any Water Sports. Phil was at the helm with Josh and Correy as the able bodied deck hands, safety divers, mess mates etc..

Unlike the other boats offering charters in the Bay, we headed for the Point and beyond. Those of you who have noodled around BA Diving will have noticed that for some, conditions were "too big to get around the point." Not sure what they mean, but as usual we made it south for three great dives. Surface conditions were generally calm with wind waves in the one to two foot range.

For our first dive Gerda and I dropped down to 100 feet or so and made our way around

Pescadero Pinnacle. A little surge, but visibility was easily 30 feet. The surge eventually popped the anchor from its perch and at 15 feet we suddenly picked up a fair current, away from the boat of course. This is where doubles are not as much fun as singles, they tend to make a big sail and pull you along in the current, made it back onboard without too much drama.

For the second dive, Captain Phil tucked us in at Stillwater and after circling our dive site like cats around their food bowl we dropped anchor at Fire Rock; another great dive, visibility still good and the water a brisk 46 degrees. I've already mentioned my theory concerning Suunto's inability to display a variety of temperatures, so maybe this dive disproves the original supposition. It can register colder temperatures.

For dive three we dropped anchor at Pescadero Rocks, or at least that's what I think the site was called and since you weren't there it's as good a name as any. We dropped down at the boat to avoid the kelp and swam towards the anchor underwater. The sun was overhead by now and the effect of the sunlight streaming through the kelp was tremendous. The cathedral effect is one of my favorite things about diving in kelp. That and that vaguely dark spooky Hansel and Gretel forest feeling I get poking around within the kelp forest itself.

We had a great time despite the ride back around the Point being a bit edgy. It's the price you pay for going where no other boat will go. And there is no extra charge for the "E-ticket."

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."  
... George Santayana

**2009 – ANTARCTICA OR  
BUST – PART II**

By SFRD Foreign Correspondent  
Joerg Borchert

Hi all

It's been 24 days and I am finally back in Silicon Valley after 20 hours of flying from the "End of the World" as the Argentinians like to call the Southern tip of South America. It is tough to get back into the beat of the hi-tech world after such an out of world experience.

In general everything went well, but we had, unfortunately two injuries. One happened to our dive team, the good thing was that it happened a day before we came back to Ushuaia, Argentina which had pretty good medical facilities.

The ship had a doctor from Germany on board as well as three doctors on the dive team from New York (hell, they are tough) on board. Audrey, a woman from Australia, fell when a major wave hit the ship and had an open wound on her forehead which needed to be stitched. Harry Donenfeld, my friend from Hawaii, needed to be rushed by ambulance to the Ushuaia emergency room and was for 24 hours in the intensive care unit. The doctors came up with two different diagnoses which helps a lot. He is back home in Hawaii, safe and sound. Harry, all the best and see you soon on Maui.

The expedition was great; it started with glaciers and ended with glaciers. In-between it was literally cold as ice. We started in Ushuaia (capital of the province of Tierra del Fuego) with a climb to the Martial glacier to stretch the legs after the long flight. The glacier overlooks the city of

Ushuaia, the port which is the start of the crossing of the Drake Passage to the 7th continent. It ended with the glaciers of the Southern Patagonian Ice field below Cerro Torre and Cerro Fitz Roy in the Andes.

The experience of Antarctica was overwhelming; I took a lot of penguin pictures for my daughter AneBritt as promised. The scuba diving was out of this world, the icebergs underwater looking like the surface of a golf ball. There are a lot of hypothesis why they look that way, but no firm explanation so far. "Questions over questions and no answers for this simple thing we observed. By the way, this pattern did not appear on the fresh water icebergs in the lakes of Argentina where the glaciers are also calving fast.

The most amazing experience was when the calving berg hit the bottom while we were diving, you feel first the sound in your stomach, a big "Boom" and after the sound and the low frequency sound comes the upward wave. There was the fire in my soul for this experience even when I kicked my fins like hell to get away from the berg. It is cold (-1 to -2 degrees Celsius or for the Americans 28-30 degrees Fahrenheit) which is the lowest temperature at which water remains liquid and is due to the over-salinity of the water. But it is a cool experience. I dove in a dry suit with three layers underneath for up to 40 minutes and the problem which arose was with my hands. Even having the fingers protected by dry gloves did not help. I had PVC gloves with a fleece insert and I still got very cold, so cold I could not grab the rope to get into the boat at the end of dive. The Russian crew on the zodiac had to help to get me out. The crew thankfully was very helpful.

What do you see underwater you might ask yourself, why fly 20 hours to the end of the world, cross on a ship the most hostile ocean on earth and dive in 30 degree water? It is about the team (YES! we did it this year), the challenge and to experience the solitude of a very hostile environment and to recognize the fact that we as humans are very dependent on the support systems around us, might be the ship or the life support systems during diving. We saw a lot of wonderful nudibranchs, seaweed, and last but not least sea leopards, a seal which lives on penguins. Fast, sleek, playful and a serious killer, we saw several attacks. "Live and Let Die"... a popular song on the trip.

The colors of the ice are absolutely astonishing, I had the impression somebody had switched on a light in the middle of the iceberg, the blue was out of this world, and the formation and the structures inspired me to say that one of the bergs is the "Stairway to Heaven". The stars at night are very bright and without the competition of any "light pollution", the view is just out of another world.

We were very lucky and were able to visit two research stations, the American Palmer Station on Anvers Island and the Ukrainian Vernadsky Station (yes we got stamps in our passports from the US and the Ukraine). Thanks to both teams for welcoming us and hosting us in their small environment. Their research; Ukraine: Ozone layer, US: Long Term Environmental Research among others is important for mankind. I hope that the US will increase research funds for the polar program with the new administration.

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**Antarctica Part II from page 9**

Patagonia was an experience by itself. I compared notes with my best friend Wolfgang and we agree that Patagonia is much more remote than many parts in Africa we travelled together. No cell phone reception, no gas station for 350 km, no lights, the vast pampas, the never ending westerly wind from the Andes, no trees, shrubs and the open skies. ... endless. I felt small, insignificant, driving towards an endless horizon, table mountains, ñandús, guanacos, and a lot of rabbits and in the distance the summits of the Andes luring with white tops over the westerly horizon, the direction where the wind comes from.

We, Jeff & Evan Bozanic, Lois Flynn, Don & Andre Shirley, Diane Haberstock visited the caves of Río Pinturas with their beautiful rock paintings from about 13,000 to 9,500 BC. The colors were overwhelmingly bright in an earthy color spectrum. Most of the paintings were of hands, mostly left ones, some with six fingers, the younger the paintings the more

abstract they got. I was reminded of Picasso. These caves *Cueva de las Manos*, *Río Pinturas* are on the list of UNESCO heritage sites. See <http://whc.unesco.org/en/list/936>

Getting there is not easy and I'd like to thank Lois for planning it, the Estancias (or farms) were far away and I'd also like to thank Maria and Antonio from the *Estancia Angostura* for giving us the diesel fuel for the 4x4 we were driving; we would not have made it to the next gas station. It was a very generous gesture.

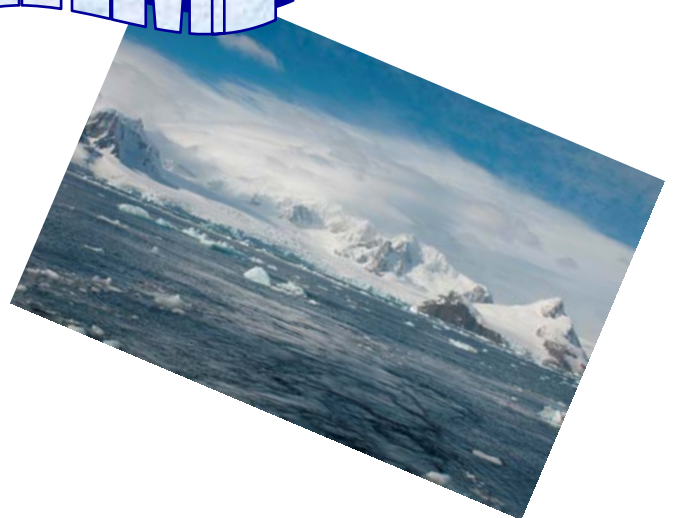
At the end of the trip I travelled by myself which was not bad. No snoring (sorry, Jeff) or muscle cramps (sorry, Harry) to interrupt my sleep. The trip ended for me with a hike to Lago Torre and the glacier which gives the lake its name. It flows from the Patagonian ice field into the lake, over towered by Cerro Torre, a rock needle a lot of climbers want to conquer as well as the Fitz Roy wall next to it. (No, mom I did no rock or ice climbing). The wind was going 40 mph and a storm was brewing, I had to fight to get forward and get to the Mirable View Point to overlook the lake,

the glacier and the Southern Patagonian Ice field. It was breathtaking in a literal sense. I had time to think at the lake and thank my dad for inspiring me to be curious. He has been for me one of the last real explorers, traveling areas of Southern Angola in Africa in the 50's that no westerner had seen before. Cutuculuca or the "man with blue eyes" is unforgotten. I am sorry that we were not able to share the impressions from this trip ... life is too short.

The ice was jagged and different in comparison to Antarctica which was much more white and "innocent". For me, Glaciers, Penguins and Pampas - complete a summary of an unforgettable experience. The theme song of the trip was "Cool Change" from the Little River Band. Tune in, and do not forget ... NEVER STOP EXPLORING.

The next expedition is already in the works. (Arctic, Pacific, Aleutians, the possibilities are endless ...) Be curious, be aware, be inspired. All the best to all of you and happy trails ... yours truly ... Joerg M. Borchert

# DREAMTIME





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**SINCE JANUARY 1<sup>ST</sup> 1973**

**ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO REEF DIVERS (SFRD):**

The *Reef Diver Times* is the official newsletter of the San Francisco Reef Divers, a not for profit community organization dedicated to safe sport diving and the preservation of our ocean resources. Membership is \$25 annually, dues payable to “SFRD”. The General Meeting is held the 3rd Wednesday of the month at Sinbad’s, located at Pier 2, Embarcadero Street, SF, CA 94111. Meet at 7:00pm for socializing, drinks and food and 7:30 pm for club business and entertainment. For more information, visit <http://www.sfreeedivers.org/>.

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