

# RIGHT AFTER THE COMMA

T.N.: in the original Portuguese title, *Logo Depois Da Vírgula*, the author draws a parallel between the initial letters of the words (LDDV) and those of the expression 'the least distance of distinct vision', a detail that has been lost in the English translation.

Cesariny, Mário.  
*Pena Capital* (1957).  
Lisbon, Assírio &  
Alvim, 1999, p. 125.

*“High above the clouds lies the centre  
of our poetic mysteries:  
the irresistible desire to travel.”*

Dear Sir/Madam:

you will find here the account of a series of journeys which I began in August 2010. You will also find in the text and drawings of *Right After the Comma* (1) other earlier and later journeys which are not restricted by it and which will orbit and “de-temporalise” its central course.

From “Limiar”,  
the introduction  
to the Portuguese  
translation of  
Daumal, René. *Mount  
Analogue* (1952).  
Lisbon, Vega, 1992,  
p.18. Translated  
by Maria de Lurdes  
Júdice.

(1) OF THE REASON FOR THE CHOICE OF THE TITLE. René Daumal’s *Mount Analogue: A Tail of Non-Euclidean and Symbolically Authentic Mountaineering Adventures*, is my starting point. This journey “[...] exists entirely as though it did not exist’ and whose existence is proved by the ‘necessity’ that it exist” has occupied a special place in my personal mythology and work in recent years. I remember the exact day I first discovered the book. It was a sunny spring day, like one of those when you open the windows for the first time after a long and weary winter. A fresh breeze with a scent of rebirth ruffled the curtains. A studious silence hung over the house, and I was held fast in the clasp of what at the time was a genuine tedium<sup>1</sup>. I had no idea what to do with the tumult of desires that assailed me. I was sixteen or seventeen. I was in my mother’s study, anxiously perusing the overflowing bookshelves while she read. Repeated daily, this search had turned, little by little, into an obsessive ritual. The bookshelves were like the bark of a tree and their spines skin cells. They formed a tight and homogeneous whole in which each of the parts conveyed its contents to the others through the contact of their covers and by an internal process,

invisible to the naked eye, like the liquids in adjacent jugs. To read them, I had to momentarily stop the internal flow of significant exchanges – like performing a surgical operation – and pluck a book from the whole. I always chose the same ones, the thickest ones, as if the fact they had lots of pages could save me finally from my enveloping tedium. I browsed the two or three first pages and returned the volume to its respective place. The boredom was such – and with it the lack of meaning, the insight that there was no logic in any of this – that none of the sensations which one usually feels in the first few pages could wrench this boredom from me. Irritability can be sensed, and even with all the care in the world not to make any noise, my restlessness attracted my mother’s attention. With her usual patience, she asked me what I wanted, to which I replied “a good book to escape into”. After a slight hesitation, and a scan of the shelves, she removed a thin book with a yellowish cover on which was written in red letters at the top – RENÉ DAUMAL; in green, in the middle – LE MONT ANALOGUE; and at the bottom, separated by a horizontal magenta bar – L’IMAGINAIRE, GALLIMARD. I sat in the armchair and began to read:

“Everything I am about to tell began with a scrap of unfamiliar handwriting on an envelope. On it was written my name and the address of the *Revue des Fossiles*, to which I had contributed and through which the letter had tracked me down, yet those penned lines conveyed a shifting mix of violence and sweetness. Behind the questions I was forming in my mind about the sender and the possible contents of the message, a vague but powerful presentiment evoked in me an image of a ‘pebble in the mill-pond’. And from deep inside me the confession rose like a bubble that my life had become all too stagnant of late. When I opened the letter, I could not have told you whether it had the effect of a revitalising breath of fresh air or a disagreeable miasma.”



Daumal, René. *Mount Analogue* (1952). The Overlook Press, Peter Mayer Publishers Inc., New York, 2010, p. 29. Translated by Carole Cosman.

I read the whole book without putting it down and what happened when I reached the end was truly magical. The fact that both the ascent of the mountain (the journey) and the book ended unexpectedly with the words “in stabilising the shifting earth,” left me in suspense. Right after a comma there was silence and the mystery of a journey to come. Before the comma, there was something strange about the

second to last word, “shifting”. What had come through the open window on that spring afternoon was “a revitalising breath of fresh air” from a faraway and unknown place, never to leave again. The suspense has remained till this day and since then the book has followed me, or, to be more exact, I have followed the book wherever I go. To its ‘unfinishedness’ I have added other analogue ‘unfinishednesses’.

↗ “It is said that tedium is a disease of the idle, or that it attacks only those who have nothing to do. But this ailment of the soul is in fact more subtle: it attacks people who are predisposed to it, and those who work or who pretend they work (which in this case come down to the same thing) are less apt to be spared than the truly idle.

“Nothing is worse than the contrast between the natural splendour of the inner life, with its natural Indies and its exotic countries, and the squalor (even when it’s not really squalid) of life’s daily routine. And tedium is more oppressive when there’s not the excuse of idleness. The tedium of those who strive hard is worst of all.”

Soares, Bernardo. *The Book of Disquietude*. New York, Sheep Meadow Press, 1996, p. 287 § 488. Translated by Richard Zenith.

But before we begin, I would like to clarify one or two things:

- Rather than write a descriptive account, I opted for a kind of sketch which was gradually constructed little by little<sup>(2)</sup>. A “perpetual sketch”;

(2) In the winter of 2010, besides working on the project *Right After the Comma*, I wrote *The Treatise of the Breathless Well*. Because the idea was to write an abyssological text, I borrowed the abyssal structure from Dante’s *Inferno*: a cone-shaped well which descends to the centre

of the earth divided into steps that get progressively smaller the closer they get to the bottom. Some of these steps are divided into *Giron*, a kind of cylindrical segment where sins of every shade are dealt with in the most convenient manner. The main body of the text in *The Treatise*

of the *Breathless Well* is the well itself, which ends with the disappearance of one of the characters in a glass of water, in the letter “O” of “H<sub>2</sub>O”, to be more exact. The successive circles that ring hell are the footnotes and the *Girons* the *meta-notes* (notes about notes) and *meta-meta-notes* (notes about notes about notes). This is a text that branches out from the centre to the edges and every word chosen spawns another text and other possible directions. This, then, is what I propose.

The main text is a chronicle, a story which exposes the facts in simple narrative form and according to the order in which they happened. It is, at the same time, a *hypomnemata*: a Greek term referring to memory aids like notebooks, public records or personal notes. To this text, which thus unfolds, I added *footnotes*, commentaries and more specific texts on various themes that are like trunks, lianas, epyphytes,

branches, shortcuts, paths and bifurcations with which I crowd the body of the text, but in the opposite sense: inside out.

Alongside these writings of a plant-like morphology, I have also added the story of Honey, the drawer of circles, a fictional character who has accompanied me for some time already and who replaces me in the drawings like a double. Inspired by the desert, these texts will enclose all of the rest. All that’s missing is to know where the islands fit in, whose advantage lies in the fact that they need no sustenance and that their only link to the archipelagos and mainlands is via the tenuous thread of migratory birds, fish and the currents. These paths, like perspective lines, appeared in the alleyways of days, in chance readings, and little by little formed an entire landscape, an archipelago of deserted and solitary islands – the place where:

“[...] it is not creation but re-creation, not the beginning but a re-beginning that takes place. The deserted island is the origin, but a second origin. From it everything begins anew.”

- When mountain climbers prepare their expeditions to a summit, they usually leave a trail of “encampments” along the way to store the equipment and food which is too heavy or unnecessary for the next stages. It is these stores that allow them to reach the summit. Mountain climbers rest at these encampments for several days, like sailors in the decompression chambers of submarines, to acclimatise to the altitude and to ensure they do not suffer from “acute mountain sickness”. And after they have reached their goal, it is to these refuges that they return. Those who do return. And then there are the *porté disparu* too.

The journeys I commit are nothing more than just bits of The Journey. Right from the start, I wander nomadically between more or less impermanent “encampments”. I reach the summit and then descend again. I replenish myself and climb again. It matters little whether the summit is different or even which one it is; it is always ‘IT’. Perhaps I climb merely to enjoy a better view, for a few

This expression is borrowed from Montaigne, who, in the chapter “That to study philosophy is to learn to die” in *Essays*, refers to the “crowding” of his quotations: “... it is manifest enough, by my crowding in examples of this kind...” Montaigne, Michel de. *The Complete Essays of Michel de Montaigne* (1580). 1877, Book 1, Chapter XIX. Project Gutenberg ebook. [www.gutenberg.org/files/3600/3600-h/3600-h.html](http://www.gutenberg.org/files/3600/3600-h/3600-h.html). Translated by Charles Cotton.

Deleuze, Gilles. “Desert Islands”, *Desert Islands and Other Texts 1953-1974*. London, Semiotext(e) Foreign Agents Series, 2004, p. 12. Translated by Mike Taormina.

The change in meanings always surprises me. In general, the word ‘commit’ is used in the sense of ‘perpetrating an immoral act’, even though its root is the Latin *committere*, ‘to join, entrust’. The meaning has been totally reversed.

Foucault described it as writing about oneself as a means of self-creation.

And head notes (canopy notes).

[*Je mal aigu des montagnes*]

[missing person]

moments, from a unique viewpoint. In general, when I reach the top, the overcast sky prevents me from seeing beyond my silhouette projected onto the surface of the clouds. If I believed in what I saw, I would not continue to want to see beyond what I can see and I would give up moving. But a strange, probably internal<sup>(3)</sup> phenomenon means that I never wholly believe in what I see. The nature of things hides behind the nature of things, and so on infinitely. I dream of a true materialism: pure tautology.

(3) I call it “ipseioid”, a combination of the idea of *ipseity* (selfhood; individual identity) and *helicoid* (the movement of rotating paddles that allows them to move forwards and backwards). A kind of inner vortex

which makes us search inside and out simultaneously. I developed a theory about this which, in a work called “*ipso-facto* hard substance, largely, soft substance”, attained the summit.

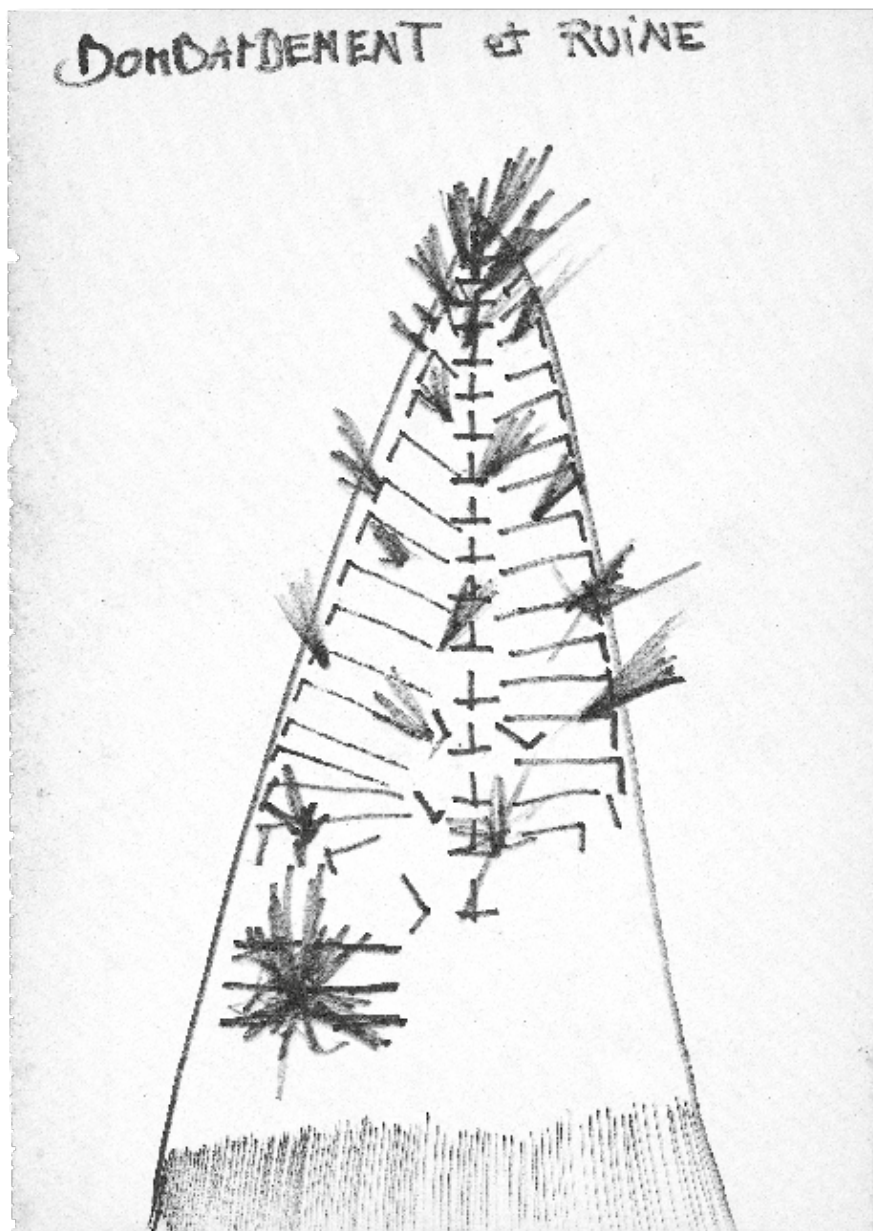
- Nine months before I was born, my father released a few solitary spermatozoa – in actual fact rather a lot – of which one – it could have been any other – landed on planet mother. That was my pre-journey. Life, with a bit of luck, begins with a synchronised orgasm. It is our Big Bang;

- I am not an intransigent fan of the truth: I frequent it and relate to it like anybody else. In order to survive, it is better to swing between it and its opposite. I don't seek it out, but sometimes I trip over it. It has the morphology of a root, sticking out of the ground, on which my feet catch; of a stone, on which I support myself confidently, that appears stable and which suddenly trembles; of a mirage that attracts us in the desert. Truth does not need to be sought out. It is There, ever present and in its most aesthetic aspect: the absurd, which, on the surface of things, is its message. *High above the clouds lies the centre of our poetic mysteries* etc.

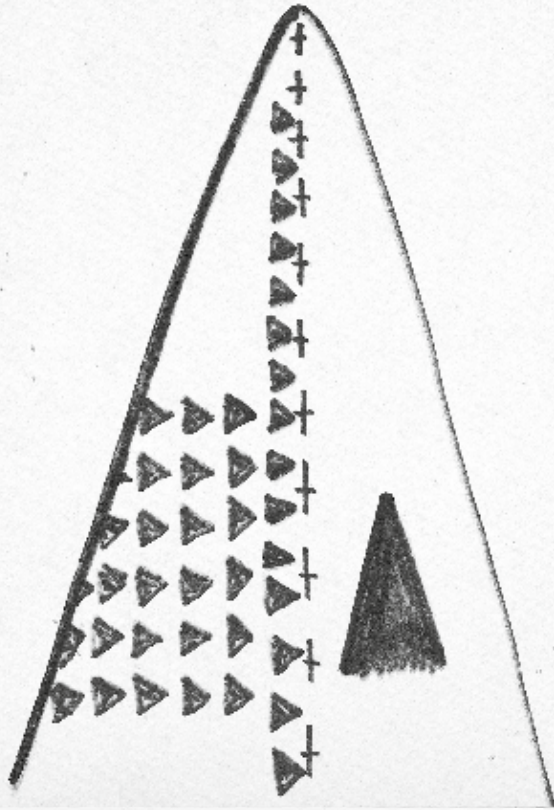
Here ends the sermon.

The journey begins.

# DOMBARDENENT et RUINE



# TENSION



“«At last the day came! I proudly carried with me in a cage a fat rock rat whom I'd easily captured and would free as I passed the place where I had killed the other one – since I had to 'repair the damage'. Alas, the extent of the damage was only about to be revealed.... I was forbidden to leave until a commission of guides had determined the causes of the catastrophe. At the end of a week, I was called before this commission, which declared that I was responsible for the disaster, and that by virtue of the first judgment I would have to repair the damage.

“«I was flabbergasted. But they explained to me how things had transpired, according to the commission's findings. Here is what they explained to me – impartially, objectively, and today I would even say kindly, but in a categorical fashion. The old rat I had killed fed chiefly on a species of wasp found abundantly in this place. But, especially at his age, a rock rat is not agile enough to catch wasps in flight; so he usually ate only the sick and the weak who dragged themselves on the ground and could barely fly. In this way he destroyed the wasps that carried defects or germs that, through heredity or contagion, would have spread dangerous illnesses in the colonies of these insects without his unconscious intervention. Once the rat was dead, these illnesses spread quickly, and by the following spring there were hardly any wasps left in the region. These wasps, gathering nectar from the flowers, ensured their pollination. Without them, a great many plants that played an important role in stabilising the shifting earth,”

Daumal, René.  
*O Monte Análogo*  
(1952). The  
overlook Press,  
Peter Meyer  
Publishers Inc.,  
New York,  
2010, pp. 98-99.  
Translated by  
Carol Cosman.

I have always liked epigraphs. Well chosen, they are like a key (4). So far, the best I have found is in *Les Amours Jaunes* by Tristan Corbières, an accursed 19<sup>th</sup>-century French poet. The first poem, written in a police station on 20 May 1873, is at the same time a preface and an ironic and acerbic self-portrait. It is called “ÇA?”. The epigraph is as follows:

“What?...

Shakespeare”

(4) Lots of people lose keys, that is, lots of keys get lost. For many years, I kept a pile of keys that I found in the street. I kept them because I could still feel their intrinsic opening power, added to the mystery of the place to which they were intrinsically linked: a door, a safe, drawers that may not exist anymore. I carried in my hands

the possibility of uncovering many secrets, of discovering hidden, inaccessible, abandoned and forgotten places, perhaps even treasure and, who knows, the corresponding map, semi-digested and illegible, on which a quickly scribbled ‘X’ marked its hiding place. Promises of journeys, of *dépaysement*<sup>72</sup>.

↗<sup>2</sup> ON “IN-COINCIDENCE”.

I had always fantasised about drawing or painting in the open air like the Impressionists. I remember as a child spending whole afternoons in front of my house **painting** landscapes of foreign mountains that slid towards a cobalt blue sea with patches of emerald green in which deep red blotches of an orange sunset were reflected. I should point out that in the scenery before me, which I looked at insistently – in imitation of the caricatured gestures of the painter who stands back and alternates, eyes half closed, between looking at his painting and observing his subject – not a single mountain, nor sea or sunset, could be seen. It was a perfectly flat field, consisting solely of horizontal layers, free of perspective, and grassy ochres and brown soil. In the background, beyond, was the edge of a forest, the green of which had turned black from the total lack of light; and a **metallic grey sky**, sad and low, covered it all. This mismatch between the landscape and what I depicted, this “in-coincidence”, came certainly from an early urge to travel or escape, from a tremendous need for *dépaysement*. This desire to imitate the open-air painters was probably inherited from my grandfather, a late Impressionist painter who, in my fertile childish mind, I could imagine strolling through nature with his magnificent beard, easel and canvases on his back; or under an oak tree painting the arid landscapes of Provence. I never met him, he died right after the Second World War, but we lived surrounded by his paintings: landscapes, two or three portraits, a few nudes and still-lives. Paintings which looked neglected, an appearance exacerbated by the dust which had accumulated on them in this house in the country, where we co-habitate with chickens, ducks, geese, magpies, sheep and goats in a scene of Eden-like promiscuity. This practice of painting outdoors coincided with my deambulatory and **peripatetic** (yet solitary) habit of walking, which I exercised daily when returning

Corbière, Tristan.  
*Les Amours jaunes*  
(1873). Paris, Gallimard, 1973,  
p. 21.

[THAT?]

My parents had bought me an outdoor easel and a box of oil paints.

My walk was not silent, but rather a finely-tuned conversation with things. A peripatetic stroll.

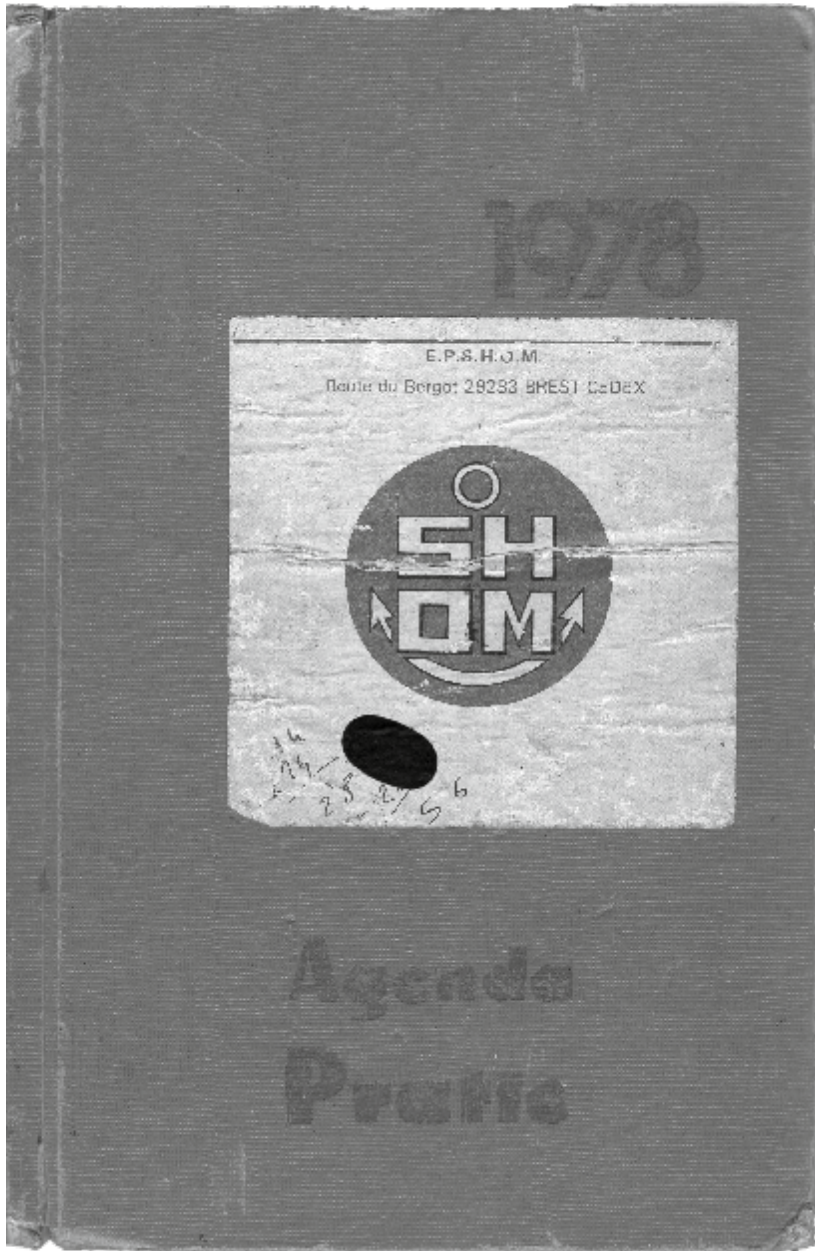
A feature of my native region during the nine months of winter that one never admits to.

The word ‘*Se dépayser*’ is particularly interesting. It means to change the usual scenery within; to remove the scenery stuck within us or in which we are stuck. I don’t think there is a word (*se payser?*) for the opposite movement.



from school on foot. The sound of my inner conversation with the objects around me – trees, pond, quagmire, turf, puddle, plants, birds and cows – coalesced with the rhythm of my steps and thoughts. Without realising the distance I had walked, I would find myself at home as if by magic, as if I had flown there. To me, “think” and “fly” are analogous. So when I think sitting down, it is as if the very essence of my body has been affected by the fervour, by a sudden commotion, a biological tumult that forces it to move, get up and walk as if disoriented in chaotic and hallucinating wanderings in the place where I happen to be. This separate and disconnected energy, suddenly released like an *accursed element*, is for the most part wasted and sacrificed to this unconnected movement which leaves me insufficient time, and insufficiently lucid, to concentrate my thoughts or even remember them. I would have to funnel this excess energy onto the blankness of a page, but, very often due to the physical inability of writing whilst walking at the desired pace, I would make mere brief notes of this deep meditations.

I don't think we ever stop thinking, but there are moments when it is as if our thoughts are infused with lethargy, curbed by an inertness.



*Logbook of the L'Évadeur*

## T H A T

## The immense detail

There is not a single inch of this planet where man has not set foot and he is proud of that. But the world has shrunk like *a magic skin* (5). An American walked on the moon, said something that immediately became famous and, probably, left his rubbish behind. And there have been other, differently travelled, journeys: Bernardo Soares took a journey while sat at his desk; H. G. Wells and the time traveller explored a future; Alfred Jarry and Dr. Faustroll (6) invented the pataphysical journey and wandered through the meandering labyrinth of a cabbage leaf; and Prof. Sogol and his team sailed and discovered the way to Mount Analogue.

“If I had the world in my hand, I’m quite sure I’d trade it for a ticket to Douradores Street.”  
Soares, Bernardo. *The Book of Disquietude*. New York, Sheep Meadow Press, 1996, p. 17. Translated by Richard Zenith.

Soares, Bernardo.  
*The Book of Disquietude*  
(1982); Wells, H.  
G. *The Time Machine*  
(1895); Jarry, Alfred.  
*Exploits and Opinions  
of Doctor Faustroll,  
pataphysician* (1911);  
Daumal, René. *Mount  
Analogue* (1952).

(5) An expression meaning that something is gradually shrinking. In Balzac’s novel *The Magic Skin*, a talismanic shagreen takes control of the hero’s fate. The shagreen grants him his every wish, but in so doing shrinks, until, after his final wish, they both disappear.

“Possessing me thou shalt possess all things. But thy  
Life is mine, for God has so willed it. Wish, and  
thy wishes shall be fulfilled. But ~measure~  
thy desires, according to the life that is  
in thee. This is thy life, With each  
wish I must shrink Even as thy  
own days. Wilt thou have  
me? Take me. God  
will hearken unto  
thee. So be  
it!”

Balzac, Honoré de.  
*The Magic Skin* (1831).  
New York, Charles  
Scribner’s Sons, 1915,  
p. 21.

لو ممكنى ملكت آل كل  
ولكن همك ملكى  
واراد الله هكذا  
اطلب وستنال مطالبك  
ولكن قسم مطالبك على همك  
وفي ما هنا  
فيكل مرامك استسئزل ايامك  
أريد في  
الله يجيبك  
آمين

(6) In the famous *Exploits and Opinions of Dr. Faustroll, pataphysician*, the main character begins his journey to escape the government’s inspectors, turning his bed into a boat and sailing on the River Seine. *Mount Analogue* also begins with sailing. I always thought the phrase “to sail is necessary; to live is not necessary” mysterious and fascinating. The first time I heard it was in the song *Os Argonautas* by Caetano Veloso:

“Oh boat, my heart can take no more  
 So much torment, joy  
 My heart is not content  
 The day, the watershed, my heart, the harbour, no  
 To sail is necessary, to live is not necessary [...]”

At the time, I had not come across Fernando Pessoa’s phrase and its parallel with creation – “to live is not necessary; what is necessary is to create” – nor the phrase uttered by the Roman emperor that spawned all of this poetry – *Navigare necesse; vivere non est necesse*. According to Plutarch,

“When he was about to set sail, there was a violent wind on the sea, and the masters of the ships were unwilling to put out, but Pompeius embarking first, and bidding them raise the anchor, cried, ‘It is necessary to sail; there is no necessity to live’.”

Plutarch. *Lives*.  
 London, George Bell  
 & Sons, Vol III, 1892,  
 p. 257. Translated  
 by Aubrey Stewart.

Is THAT the unfinished chronicle of a journey located between two contradictory propositions? Between a present place, which has an end in itself, and another, disconnected from time and space, so unique that it only reveals itself in one’s imagination? THAT is a philosophical, pataphysical, physical and metaphysical journey. If, as Paul Valery suggests, nothing is deeper than skin, will THAT be turned into a sub-aquatic journey? Is THAT a mere epidermic reflection?

Valery, Paul.  
*L’Idée fixe*  
 (1932).

THAT is a *visagem*.

VISAGEM – Braz.  
 Supernatural  
 apparition; ghost.

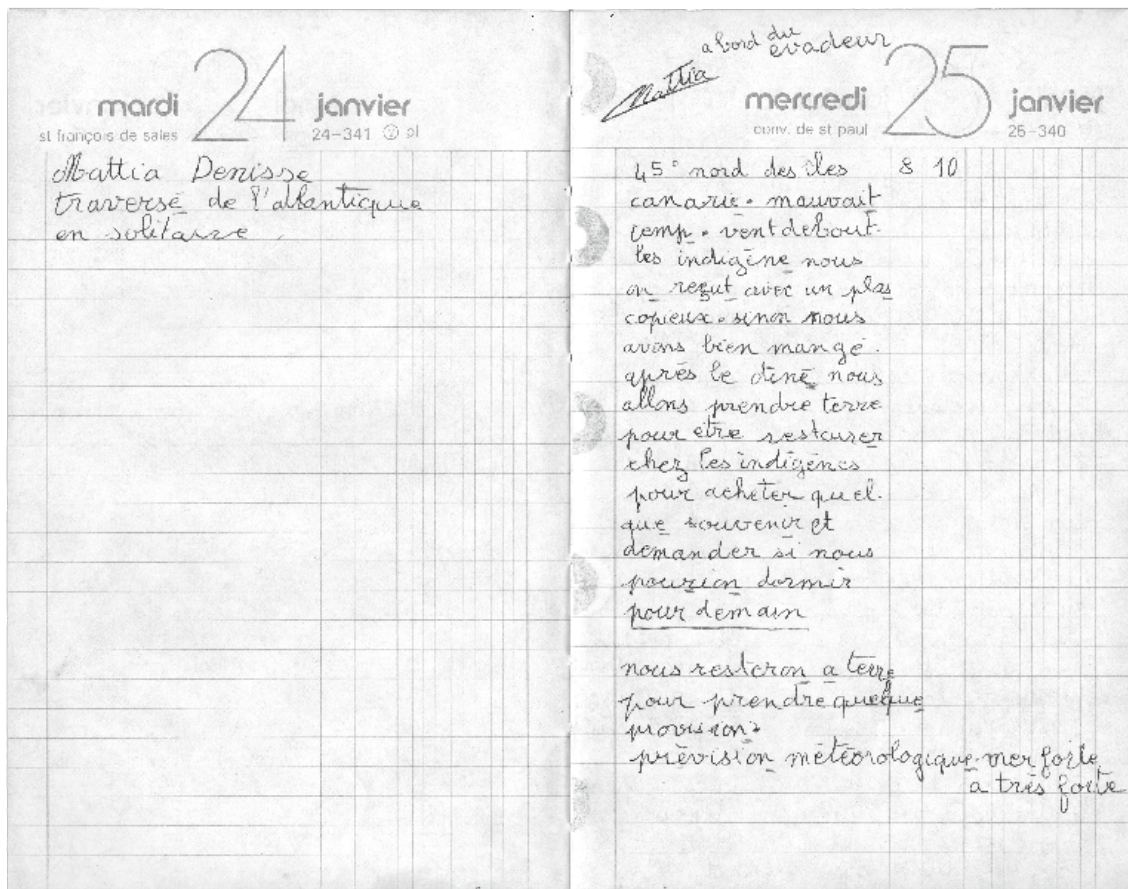
Before recounting this first journey in the forest and along the banks of the River Paraná do Mamori, I shall begin with an initiation journey.

Parked on the **land** in front of my house was an inhabitable van which, by force of imagination, I turned into a sailing boat in which I decided to cross the Atlantic alone. I baptised the boat *Évadeur* and this Journey represented my first serious, but very discreet, attempt to abandon reality, to add time to time and space to space. This primordial Journey (this Journey before the journeys) is the most genuine, truest or, if nothing else, least foolish starting point.

47.498024, 1.325022

Extract from the *Logbook of Évadeur*, written in 1979 in a 1978 diary:

**Tuesday 24 January**  
*St. Francis de Sales 24-341 crescent moon.*  
*Mattia Denisse*  
*solo crossing of the Atlantic*



*Aboard the évadeur*  
**Wednesday 25 January**  
*Conversion of St. Paul 25- 340*  
 8.10

*45° north of the Canaries. Bad. Wether. (x) Headwind*  
*The natives greeted us with loads of food. We ate well. After dinner*  
*we went ashore to fetch suplies, buy souveniers and ask the natives if*  
*we could sleep there untill tomorrow.*

*We stay on land to pick up provisons*  
*Wether forecast rough to very rough seas*

(X) T.N.: the logbook is littered with spelling mistakes which in places reflect a child's grasp of the language, in others a certain distraction, and in others the haste with which it was written. The errors which appear in the English translation do not necessarily correspond to those in the Portuguese text due to obvious differences between the languages. The spirit, however, has been respected as far as possible.

évadetur

jeudi 26 janvier *Matia*  
 ste paula 26-339

45° nord des îles	9	10	propre des can-
canaves: mer forte a			mer forte de
très forte.			la maines
dans l'après midi la			Bate légère
tempête se calme	7	8	dan l'après
le soir la tempête			midi et la
monte	3	11	soirée
nous sommes restés			accidenté
terre: un autre			en allant
bateau est parti			au port
pour la traversé			de l'autre
le petit mais il a			cauté de
du mal faire s'est			elle j'ai
conté car il ba dans			coupe un
la direction des courant			bateaux
dan genreux: dans			en deux:
avons passé une bonne			Il n'y a pas
nuite: j'ai allumé le			de déga dans
chauffage: tout va bien.			l'équipage
pour l'estain nous reston			mais d'arte
ici jusqu'à demain.			matériel
nous allons aller de			beaucoup de
l'autre côté de l'île			dépense.
là ou nous prendrons			3500 F
un peu plus de ravitaillement			de de qual
			a nuit.

évadeur  
 Thursday 26 January  
 Mattia  
 St. Paul 26- 339

45° north of the Canary Islands: rough to verry rough seas.  
in the afternoon the storm dies down and at night blows up again  
we stay onshore. Another boat left to make the crossing  
It was small, but it must have got its coördinites wrong cos it beaded into  
the dangerous curents  
The night went well. I tuned on the beater. Nothing to rite. For now  
well stay here until tomorrow. Were going to the other side of the iland  
to get suplies.  
Tomorrow rough seas in the moning. Sligt swell in the afternoon and  
night  
accident: on my way to the barbour on the otha side of the iland I hit  
another boat.  
None of the crewe was hurt but there was lowds of damage. 3500 francs  
x 350 in damage to pay.

PS Je <sup>essais</sup> vais me rendre au commissaire  
 die petit ou le commissaire ne veut  
 pas me croire rien qu'il soit français  
 Je vais lui expliquer que je suis  
 dans l'ambargo car je fait parti d'une  
 course transatlantique et qu'un bat-  
 teau est déjà parti et je ne lui dirait  
 surtout pas qu'il est parti dans la  
 mauvaise et que il ne risque pas de  
 gagner, car il me répondra que vous  
 en faite pas vous partirez quand les  
 bateaux arriveront. Mais tout de façon  
 je trouve de que les commissaires français  
 qui sont en dans les îles camarades n'ont  
 de comme les canards. et il n'y comprennent  
 rien du tout. Parailleurs il doivent bien  
 nager car on indigènes ma dit qu'il  
 était complètement <sup>beau</sup> car il avait une pa-  
 taogour au bord de la mer et en plus  
 une piscine. Je crois que sa chose que  
 beaucoup les indigènes sa, tout de  
 façon s'est vrai que les commissaire  
 français son EST EN PLUS  
 il n'y comprennent rien à  
 Rien sa ma choqué et aussi  
 les indigènes celui qui doit être le plus  
 choqué c'est le valeur s'il est pas  
 déjà dans de l'autre côté de l'île  
 dans la marmite des indigènes.  
 C'est vrai que sont choquant les indigé-  
 ne surtout les commissaire français  
 qui en une piscine au bord de la mer

sa moi je ne comprend. d'ailleurs  
 n'essais pas de comprendre comme a  
 l'école. et puis tout de façon il faut  
 pas que son me tracasse la tête a  
 cause de se commissaire qui a une  
 piscine au bord de la mer. bon  
 enfin passons. c'est la vie -  
 pour aujourd'hui 27 janvier 1948  
 sa suffisantes PS. d'ailleurs  
 PS d'ailleurs je ne sait pas se que  
 savent dire mon PS et fini. le PS dit  
 PS est fini. sa fait andraule de courant  
 ses PS la. tient d'ailleurs j'avais  
 oublié de vous dire que j'avais  
 trouvé se que sa veut dire PS sa veut  
 dire que se vien d'en faire un autre.

FIN

*i'm going to the harbur authority to talk to the commissioner who won't believe me despite being French I'm gonna explain that I'm in trouble cos I'm tacking part in a transatlantic race and one of the boats has already left "I won't mention that it went the wrong way and so it won't win because he'll say 'don't worry you can go when the boats arrive. But I think the French comisioners on the Canary Islands must be landlubbers. "They don't understand anything" I bet they really are landlubbers cos a native told me that he must be nuts cos he built a bath tank right by the sea and that he already had a pool". I think the natives are a bit shocked about that. But its true that the French commissioners are mad. AND TO TOP IT OFF they dont undastand anything that annoys me and the natives too. Who must be really upset is the robber, either that or hes already on the other side of the iland or bin eaten by the natives who are a bit weerd specially the frensh comisioners who have a pool right next to the sea I don't get that Im not even bothered about it, if you really want to know Not even in school. I'm not losing time with this comisioner who has a pool by the sea - bye.*

*For today 27 January 1978 enough PSs. I still PS on top of it all I don't know what this means. No more PSs<sup>of</sup> PSs. No more PSs of PSs. all of these PSs together is weird. oh, I forgot to say that I know what PS means it means I've just finished righting another one.*

*END*



Mattia aboard the évadeur

Friday 27 January

St. Angela Merici 27-338

45° north of the canaries: rough seas in the morning 10 11 slight swell at night and in the afternoon. 5 6 the boat is fine The cooks gone. She left me a note. The note began like this: "My lovely captain". I tidied everything because she left with her things. The harbour is closed they won't let us leave. "what a mess /". They give me back the 360 francs because it wasn't my fault. The commissioner didn't believe me despite being french / I'm gong to ask for permission to leave because I'm in the transatlantic race I'm going to rejoin the race if everyone agrees. If not, Im out of here Tomorrow litle wind all day  
PS waiting to get outta of here  
another big pee-ess PS on the exta page

Mattia aboard the évadeur

Saturday 28 January

St. Thomas Aquinas 28-337

left the islands without asking the commissioner. set off must have been 12.30pm. The storm split the jibb and broke the mizzen mast. arplanes watched me all day. I ate it when planes fly over. the storm died down in the afternoon. rigged the spinnaker for the first time had to change it a few minutes later. I got really scared for a while cos I saw a plane in flames coming towards me. but I wasn't sure if it was a plane or a fireball. It's pretty scary when your alone and you see a kind of UFO fly over you. and after there were no other planes around. Then I saw my spinaker flying in the wind. I went to change it and sow it up. I had to putt up the mizzen mast. it was difficult but I managed. I checked all of the sails [spi and main sale - destroyed].

fixed the sales. the planes came back. they film me and take photograps. they are also frensh arplanes. I'm sailing at about 5 or 8 nots. that's  $1m \times 5 = 1.850 \times 5$  nots which is 9.250 kmh. I plotted my coarse on the charts. Im worried abot the wind from Brazil. what if i get there at the wrong time? I have no idea when the wind will start blowing. I can't think about it, I have to think that this is the first time I am tring to sail across the atlatic and that if I make it even if I don't win it's pretty good. I think I'm a good sailor and I can I'm able to do this by myself

MENTAL HYGIENE  
CLINIC

10 RUE DE LA GARENNE  
BLOIS

TELEPHONE: 78-03-09

—  
CONSULTATIONS

TUESDAY BY APPOINTMENT  
—

Sunday,  
29 January

Départamento de Loir-et-Cher

—  
SOCIAL HYGIENE DEPARTMENT

BLOIS, .....

*Force 8 to nine wind. The wind got calmer in the afternoon. The boat's still fine and I've had no problems. The helicopter should have come this morning but didn't turn up, but a passing trawler gave me supplies. I tied the boat to the trawler and went to eat something onboard. "lucky break!". At two, I returned to the "évadeur". I eight so much I couldn't move. I'd forgotten to say that before eating on the trawler, I found two hidden oranges, 4 walnuts and a bit of anchient cheese and some very ard sausage. I keep seeing arplanes flying around me and flying as if spying on me. Until four, there were no problems. Not a riped sail or anything. It was only at 4 that the spi tore. Rite at tea time. After mending the spinaker, I heard a scream from the water. I saw a masive animal jumping. That monster wos just what I wanted to see. It was a killer wale. When it screamed like that it made me want to cry but I soon got over it. The helicopter apeared right after that. It left me the supplies and flew of. I think Jean is sick of his arplanes. I swear at em and I think it makes em laff. I heard the shiping news and it sed I was furst and everything was fine after that.*

DISPENSARE  
D'HYGIENE MENTALE  
10, rue de la Couronne  
BLOIS  
Téléphone : 78-03-09

Damandé  
7<sup>e</sup>  
garrier

Département de Loir-et-Cher  
Service Départemental d'Hygiène Sociale

CONSULTATIONS  
Mardi et Jeudi

BLOIS, le

vent de force 8 à neuf. Le temps se calme dans l'après midi.  
 Le bateau va bien, tout y est bien installé. L'hélicoptère  
 qui devait venir ce matin n'est pas venu. Mais un châliotier  
 qui passait par la ma restaurer. J'ai attaché mon bateau  
 derrière et j'ai été au restaurant. Le coup de pot vers 2 heures  
 Je suis reparti dans l'avadeur. J'aurais tellement bien manger  
 que se ne bougrait plus. J'avais oubliés de vous dire qu'avant  
 de me restaurer dans le châliotier j'ai retrouvé dans ma cabbotte  
 deux oranges, 4 noix, un bout de fromage mauvais car il était là  
 depuis le départ de la course, et un plus je sais apprécier le fromage.  
 Il y avait de sautions très secs. Je vois toujours des avions  
 survoler me surveillent comme des espion. Jus qu'à quatre heures  
 pas de problèmes pas une volée de casse. C'est à quatre heures  
 juste que mon spi a cassé. J'erte leur du goût. Jus qu'à quatre heures  
 de remettre mon spi sans problème. J'entendis un cris aigue  
 se lever en pleine mer. Je ne sputer d'énorme l'été. C'était mon  
 aigue en pleine mer. C'est c'est c'est c'est c'est c'est c'est c'est c'est  
 aller. L'hélicoptère est arrivé juste après. J'ai mis le mar-  
 chandisent puis il est parti. Je crois que Jean et vraiment mais  
 de ses avions. Je les traite de tout les noms. Je crois que sa les amuse.  
 j'ai écouter les informations maritime et il en dit que je suis em-  
 première place. tout le reste du temps c'est bien passé.

*Mattia aboard the evadour*  
**Monday 30 January**  
 St. Martina of Rome 30-335  
 20° south of the Canary Islands

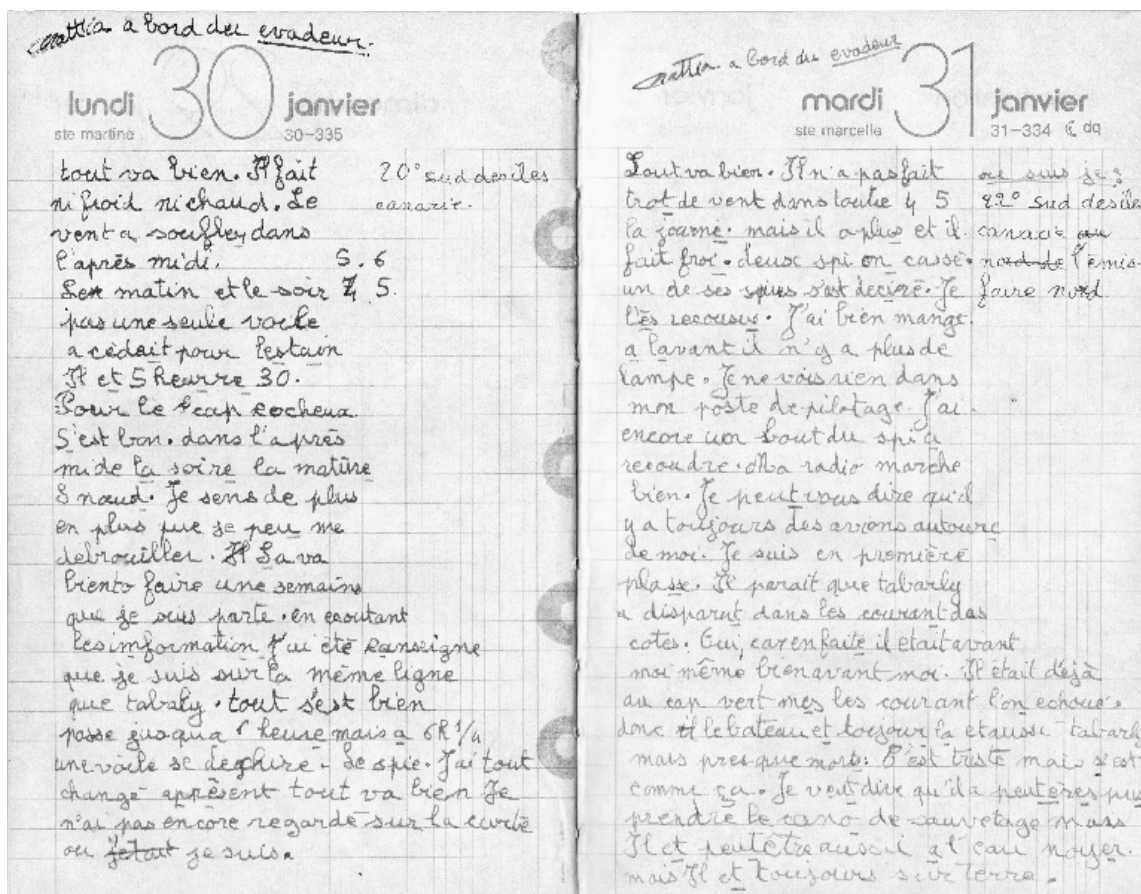
*nothing to rite about. not hot not cold. the wind blue in the after-noon. in the morning and afternoon the sales hold. It's haf past five. No porblems rounding the Cape. 8 nots in the afternoon at nite and in morning. I am sure now Ill succeed. Its nearly a week since I left. on the news it sed I wos neck and neck with Tabarly. everything was fine till 6 o'clock, but at 6.14 I ript a sail. it was the spi. I had to change everything but now its fine. I still havent checked where I was am on the chart.*

*Mattia aboard the evadour*  
**Tuesday 31 January**  
 St. Marcella 31-334

*where I am: 22° south of the Canary Islands north of the northern emisphere*  
*Nothing to rite about. Not much wind during the day. But it rained and it's cold. Two spis come loose and one got ripped. I cooked sum food. I had a good meal. theres no light up front. I cant see anything from the cockpit. I still have to sew a bit of the spi. The radio is working good. The planes keep circling abuve me. Im in first. I think Tabarly got stuck in the currants off the coast. Cos he was miles ahead of me. He was already in cape verde but the currants sunk him. so his boat is their and Tabarly too but he's at death's door: its sad but thats the way it goes. I mean, he managed to jump in the life-raft, but he could have drowned. But he's on shore.*

*Mattia aboard the évadour*  
**Friday 3 February**  
 St. Blaise 34-331

*Today was really hard. I got really cold. There was a lot of wind. I decided to do some trapezing and fell in the watter. But I managed to grab hold. The boat didnt get damaged much. Only the sails keep coming loose. They must think its funny, or something. Its still cold. I truned the heater on but it doesn't do much. Cape verde is still far away. Not as far as last week, but far nonetheless. If I don't win, it'll be hard. F chichester's boat, the Gipsy Motha, sank. He was right behind me. That is, in second place.*  
*Far away*



**Sunday 26 February**

**St. Nestor 57-308**

*The gentle wind from yesterday is now very strong*

**Monday 27 February**

**St. Gabriel Francis of Our Lady of Sorrows 58-307**

*Its gonna get dangerous tomorrow but thats alright*

**Tuesday 28 February**

**St. Raymond 59-306**

*I'm happy cos the storm didnt happen*

*Notes*

*Gale force warning off the coast of Portugal*

*Mattia aboard the évadeur*

**Wednesday 1 March**

*St. Albino 60-305*

*Wind not strong not gentel today. beaufort 5. waves futher apart  
lots of fomy waves 17 to 21m 29 to 38km/h. made good progress. set  
genoa no. 1 big sail – main sail ripped. boat speed 10 nots. all well  
onboard. made a great cake. I fixed the sails cos the spi had ripped.  
I had to climb the mast to fetch one of its corners. I feel ded alone.  
so I don't think about it I sing an old sea sailor's song. I think I've  
changed since leaving. I don't tink it's anything really. I forgot! I ate  
my cake.*

*Mattia*

*week 5*

**Thursday 9 March**

*St. Francis of Rome 68-297 new moon*

*Today's a really sad day the wind has gone on strike*

**Sunday 12 March**

*St. Justina 71-294*

*everything OK but windy and rainy*

**Monday 13 March**

*St. Rodrick 72-293*

*everything OK but windy and rainy*

*I was the furst to arrive I mean 2nd sorry! I feel like having a drink  
and then returning to France. I'll get the boat towed back and then  
I'm gonna buy another one with just a single mast. I've got enough  
money. I'm going fishing in the Atlantic. Right, Im off for a drink.  
Bye*

*monday 13 June*

*1978*

*second place in the transatlantic race. ahead of his companion  
buterflálde following behind*

*1st Tabarly*

*Mattia*

lundi 13 mars  
 st rodrigue 72-293

je suis arrivé premier lieu  
 2<sup>ème</sup>. pardon ! j'ai envi d'aller  
 voir quelque chose et de  
 repartir en France. Il y a  
 des remorqueuses qui vont m'y  
 emmener le bateau et je  
 vais en acheter un autre -  
 un, qui a un seul  
 ma. j'ai assez d'argent.  
 je pecherais en atlantique  
 bon je vais boire mon  
 coup. salut

lundi 13 juin  
 1978

arrivé 2<sup>ème</sup> de la  
 course transat.  
 avant sont compagnons  
 butterfly qui

