

Clicks of chance

Newport RI-based Onne van der Wal is among the most widely acclaimed sailing photographers on the planet. What is less well known is that he can also lay strong claim to being ocean racing's original onboard reporter, OBR in more modern parlance. Carol Cronin decided it was time to drop by

When Onne van der Wal first signed onto the winning *Flyer II* programme for the 1981-82 Whitbread Round the World Race his titles were engineer and bowman. The photography thing – all those subsequent iconic magazine covers, happy high-end clients and that colourful gallery in downtown Newport – was still just a hobby. But even a quick discussion with Onne reveals the personal initiative that turned all those camera clicks into such an impressive career.

This Sailor with a Camera is a perfect example of Seneca's philosophy: luck is where preparation meets opportunity.

First click

Onne was born in Holland but grew up in a small town near Cape Town. His interest in ocean racing was first sparked by the 1976-77 Whitbread fleet coming to town; 45 years later, over lunch on the sun-warmed back deck of his house, those blue eyes still light up with memories of watching them finish.

'When that race came into Cape Town I said Oh. My. God. I thought, I've got to get some miles under my belt so I can get to that level and apply.'

First, though, he had to complete an engineering certificate. 'I served my time in a machine shop. I can actually fix something, with my head in the bilge... I'm not a paper engineer from Northeastern University in Boston!' (Onne's youngest is now working toward an engineering degree... at Northeastern.)

In 1979 Onne was invited to race from Cape Town to Uruguay. 'I was the youngest guy on the boat... as well as a watch captain,' he explains. He was also the most experienced of the 10-man delivery crew who sailed the same boat back to Cape Town, much too late in the season.

Shaking his head, he mutters, 'You think you know a lot, but you don't – until it blows 80.' They broke a boom, forcing a stop in Tristan da Cunha, which triggers the first glimpse of a particular smile that could almost be called a leer. 'The girls are very hungry there,' he remembers, before



PHOTOS ONNE VAN DER WAL/FLYER

reverting to autumn gales in the Southern Ocean. 'Long story short, we survived.'

Risk, reward

In exchange for that Southern Ocean delivery the owner sent him an airline ticket to England for the northern summer racing season. Once he arrived in Cowes, though, Onne realised the ride he'd lined up was 'a pig of a boat'. At the pub that night he met an old friend who made him a better offer: joining the crew on *Sleuth*, Steve and Doris Colgate's state-of-the-art raceboat: 'flush deck, grinders, aluminium hull'. They won their class in the stormy 1979 Fastnet Race... and Onne clicked the shutter on his next opportunity. Meanwhile, the Colgates would go on to found their now legendary Offshore Sailing School – and also produce some of the best-known books on the sport.

'At the end of the series Steve and Doris came to me and said, "We've loved having

you on the boat. Why don't you come to the States as our first mate?" So I did the SORC, which in those days was massive; a full month of ocean racing. I was in heaven and loved the whole American scene.'

Following the SORC another buddy who was running a 73ft S&S design invited Onne to sign on as mate for a summer of cruising and racing in New England. 'I said, "I've seen the States." He said, "What you have seen is Florida – the back end of the United States. We're going to New England and, believe me, you will like it."' So Onne bid farewell to Steve and Doris and sailed into Newport for the very first time.

Dinner with Conny

Meanwhile, ocean racing's coconut telegraph buzzed with news: Whitbread-winning skipper Cornelis 'Conny' van Rietschoten was building a new boat for the next race. Realising he now had 'some good



Opposite: baby steps in a grown-up environment. The 1981-82 Whitbread Race (with 29 entries) and Onne van der Wal has started a new career with the event's first ever OBR now deep in the Southern Ocean and a long way from racing in Florida and New England. But, as the Norwegians always remind us, there is no bad weather only bad clothing. On a heavy-displacement yacht with wire sheets and guys hitting 25 knots down big seas, loads are exceeding anything ever seen on today's much lighter ocean racers... 'one hand for the boat and one for me'. After two big knockdowns the *Flyer* crew did occasionally back off on Leg 2 out of concerns for the rig

miles under my belt', Onne wrote Conny a letter and was invited up to Marblehead for a chat. 'So I rented a car, drove to Boston and had a wonderful dinner.'

What would become *Flyer II* was still on the drawing board and would be built at Royal Huisman in Holland. 'I felt I could talk intelligently to him about what I'd done: running the bow, trimming and driving, a lot of blue water stuff. And he says, "It sounds like you got a lot of miles, and you seem to enjoy the time offshore. But I need specialists. I have a doctor; I need a rigger. A carpenter. An electrician. An engineer..."' And I said, "You know, I'm a qualified engineer." Onne paused. 'Conny's eyes lit up and he said, "Interesting."'

After dinner Conny walked him out to his rental car and shook hands goodbye. 'I said, "So how do we leave it?" and he said, "I will see you in Holland in February."' Onne had landed his dream job, but it wouldn't start for another five months.

That autumn Onne ran a 72-footer and received a bonus from the happy owner which he spent on his very first camera, an Olympus OM-1. He says he originally thought of photography as a way to share his vagabond life with his parents, but in February 1981 when he moved to Holland to work on the partially built *Flyer II* he brought along that SLR and his two lenses.

He was the third crewmember to sign on to Conny's team; over the next six

months 150 sailors would be whittled down to a final race crew of 16.

During the long Dutch winter Onne installed all the boat's systems. 'Every time a new pump or motor came onboard I would say to the supplier, "Where's the manual? How does this work?" So I knew the whole boat, which was very clever of Conny. He put together an amazing team, like a CEO with a corporation, that's how he ran the programme. Everybody had their division.'

The crew themselves lived on a houseboat; Onne almost shivers, remembering the poor-quality clothing of the day. 'Sleeping on an unheated boat in the Netherlands in February was a good test.'

After launching they trialled both team and boat. 'Then we sailed across the Atlantic with a test crew. The whole American sailing scene loved seeing Conny's new boat, totally custom and of course very nicely executed.' The blue-white-red hull mimicked the Dutch flag snapping proudly above the transom, with the boat's name in small lettering on the topsides; the package was 'both clean and beautiful'.

Not so clean was the boat's first entry into Newport. 'Coming in here in the fog we hit Kettle Bottom Rock at 9kt with a kite up... and we stopped. That's some solid rock.' The boat was hauled to Newport Offshore for repairs, when designer German Frers also took the opportunity to add a keel shoe for extra righting moment.

SAIL Magazine knocks

Relaunched, *Flyer II* and her band of merry men headed up to Marblehead and Hood Sailmakers, to develop and complete the sail programme for the forthcoming round-the-world race. One afternoon, hanging on a mooring ball in the huge harbour, 'I hear this on the topsides'... Onne knocks on the table in front of him. 'I have a look, and it's three guys in suits and a little rowing boat; "We are the publishers of *SAIL Magazine*." I didn't know what a publisher was, so I asked. "Well, we basically run the magazine. I'm the publisher. That's the editor. And he is head of sales. Can we see your boat?" So I showed them over the whole boat, stem to stern.'

After a 45-minute tour Onne asked if he could show them some of the pictures he'd taken with his OM-1. 'It was quite a small camera so it was easy to tuck in my foul weather gear when I'd go to the top of the rig to switch out the halyards after a peel or a gybe. I'd say hold on...' his hand raises alongside his face, the eye squints and head cocks, and a forefinger presses an imaginary shutter; '... click click click. Then I'd go back down.'

He'd also found time to get that film developed. 'I had slides in a sleeve,' Onne tells me. 'And Keith Taylor [*SAIL*'s editor] says, "Holy shit, you were up there!" And I said, "Well, it's my job, you know?"'

So the next day they called and said, ▷



Van der Wal on the wheel during Leg 3 from Auckland to Mar del Plata – back into the south and with no ice gates (not even thought of in 1981) you can cut the corner as much as you want with several boats dipping into the screaming 60s in the early races. In later editions, first there was the Argos system to monitor positions – a saucepan over the aerial was quite effective – and today of course everything is there online and it is near-impossible to hide what you are doing. However, in 1981 it was for the competitors to radio in daily with position and weather; needless to say, when the occasion demanded the SSB radios could become annoyingly unreliable

“We want you to shoot for *SAIL Magazine* during the round-the-world-race.” I said, “Great, let me just check with the boss.” Because I’m the engineer and the bowman, and I’ve already got a lot on my plate, you know? The old man loved the press... so when I told Conny he says, “Perfect – let me know what else you need.” So Onne asked for another camera body and another lens. ‘And then the magazine gave me a brick of 64 Kodachrome. So that’s how the photography started.’

That’s also when Conny added ‘official team photographer’ to Onne’s list of duties, telling him: ‘If you’re driving or grinding or trimming, and it’s phenomenal conditions, hand off to somebody else and you go and shoot. But you’re the only one allowed to do that.’

The other guys could only take pictures when off-watch; but Onne now had permission to prioritise capturing the experience. And so was born the first OBR.

Final prep

An unsuccessful attempt at a new transatlantic record (Onne blames the navigator, not the boat) provided a chance to test out his new camera gear; another unique perspective for the time was from the end of the spinnaker pole, when he was sent to change out an after-guy or check on chafe.

Back in England, he spent the final weeks before the Whitbread start living on

the boat in Hamble, ‘up the river there... I just loved the pubs at night and so with many of the race sailors staying in the area it was a wonderful time.’

Another near-leer accompanies a few unprintable memories about pulling some of those mates out of the clutches of the British police, but during the day they were all laser-focused on boat prep. ‘We were just full on, never a day off... always fixing shit and making things.’

The crew roster was also finalised in that period. ‘We’d gone through quite a few people who the old man didn’t like,’ Onne says. ‘Conny is my hero. He’s like the Dennis Conner of the ocean-racing world. I learned so much from him.’

Though there was some turnover during the seven-month race he claims only one guy ever got fired. A crystal-clear focus helped to achieve a double victory for *Flyer II* in the 26,000-mile event, both on corrected time and line honours, to go one better than Conny’s first attempt onboard line-honours winner *Flyer I* in 1977-1978 when Lionel Péan’s little Briand 56-footer beat him to the handicap prize.

So it begins – Leg 1 Southampton to Cape Town

In August 1981 29 boats crossed the start-line off Southampton, UK for the third Whitbread Round the World Race. The following spring only 20 would complete the

marathon course: four long legs of flat-out ocean racing, separated by month-long layovers in Cape Town, Auckland, and Mar del Plata. *Flyer’s* first leg included several days of slatting and sweating in the Doldrums and then 10 days of 25kt on the nose, tacking south down the African coast.

‘Now they go the long way round around the South Atlantic High towards the Brazilian coast,’ Onne reminds me. ‘The boats are so much faster they just keep kites up and go all the way south to run into Cape Town.’

‘We went on the other side of the high, hard on the wind. It’s much shorter, and back then it was the accepted route. And of course the met info then was, shall we say, a little “thinner”. We got one weather report each day from the Met Office. And on a little printer, a single synoptic chart of pressure areas. That’s how we figured out where to go. We’d probably have taken the shorter, African coast route anyway with those boats, which most of the time went only a little faster downwind than up, but heading out west then south around the top of the high without modern weather information could also have been a big risk.’

Flyer II was first home into Cape Town and finished third on handicap, the beginnings of a trend. It was also a fantastic homecoming for Onne. ‘We were heroes. I had a nice girlfriend for a month, and it was very hard to leave.’ Again shoreside memories bring on that boyish grin. ▶



Warmer times and Van der Wal shoots the ID48 fleet in Miami in 1999. The ID48 was an early and, in retrospect, successful attempt at a big one-design capable of both regatta and distance racing – designed by Reichel-Pugh, the boats were even fitted out with a water ballast system, but this did add weight and was rarely used. They delivered very close racing, were strongly built and are still to be seen competing under IRC and ORC. *Team Seahorse* still has a prized trophy won in the class at this regatta – though later forced to grovel to ID48 manager John Bertrand for thoroughly destroying his mainsail in the final race on our expensive (and borrowed) yacht

Kodachrome couldn't be processed in South Africa so all the pictures he'd snapped en route were shipped back to the USA. Once they were safely despatched Onne 'put my overall on and helped clean the bottom of the boat'.

When *SAIL* received the photos 'it was just raves... "Holy shit, beautiful stuff, we got a cover out of it straight away!"'

And then they sent me another brick of Kodachrome and said from now on "you have to shoot 20 rolls every leg". I said, it's impossible. It's the same boat.' But those instructions helped him to develop what is now a legendary eye for the distinctive sailing shot. The 20 rolls were filled without difficulty.

Leg 2: Cape Town to Auckland

Onne had already experienced the Southern Ocean, and he'd logged a ton of miles on *Flyer II*, but this was the first time the crew had really pushed their boat hard downwind. Onne remembers trying to sleep, 'thundering down these bloody waves, often doing 25-30kt.' He compares the noise to a train blasting by, deep within the London Tube. (The official leg summary states: '*Flyer* was forced to slow after two violent broaches in the Southern Ocean weakened the rigging.')

There were no ice gates in those days so the boats dipped well south. 'We saw a lot of big bergs. Snow on deck, and the Southern Lights – pretty exciting shit. And that

cold. When you had to do a peel you couldn't wear gloves because of the shackles.' But *Flyer II* did sport several innovations designed to ease sail changes... 'including being the first Whitbread racer to go with a luff groove instead of hanks'.

Out of 14 spinnakers (sic) Onne remembers the smallest one best; it was 'a chicken chute, narrow shouldered with wire luffs; balls to the wall! We always had a kite up, no matter what the breeze was'.

They also had two bloopers – and a sewing machine that slid into the main saloon table, operated by a young Grant Dalton... 'I became very good mates with Grant; you sort of click with certain people, and he and I spent hours on the rail chatting. He was on the [sewing] machine a lot. Funny, to see where Grant is today...'

It was a stressful leg for the entire crew – especially the skipper. 'The old man was driving a lot and not sleeping well. He didn't stand a watch, but he was floating – always around.' It was when Onne was sitting down below off-watch, reading and trying to stay warm, that the doctor came down 'in an absolute tizz and says "the old man's had a heart attack".' Fortunately they were able to stabilise Conny and keep him alive...

After about five or six days of rest, Onne continues: 'The old man was in good enough shape to chat. He called us all together and said, "I'm not doing so well. And nobody talk about this to anybody. When we get ashore, when we're on the

radio... we'll keep quiet.'" Conny didn't want Peter Blake (sailing his third Whitbread on *Ceramco*, their toughest line-honours competitor) to find out that 'we've got a handicapped old man onboard, because he'll push even harder'.

They did contact an Australian doctor, who told Conny he'd have to get off the boat in Auckland. 'And the old man said, "Over my dead body. If I die you throw me over the side. And that will be the first Peter Blake knows of a problem onboard: when the old man goes flying by, face down."'

Conny stayed in his bunk for the rest of the leg. The rest of the crew? 'We just kept hammering down. We knew the boat so well – he didn't have to say "time to gybe, or put a reef in, or go to a smaller kite."'

Remembering the skipper trying to bark commands from his bunk, Onne shakes his head: 'Crazy stuff. But we just beat *Ceramco* [into Auckland] – and she was a very fast boat.'

Crew revolt

Flyer II won line honours again, though Peter Blake's team took the corrected time win into their home town. Conny was in pain, and he took it out on his tired crew; Onne claims half were already planning to get off the boat as soon as they hit the dock in Auckland. When Conny refused to hire any outside help Onne reached out to Conny's girlfriend. 'I told her we were going to lose the core of our crew unless



Not the only photo from onboard *Flyer II* during the 1981-82 Whitbread Race that launched a career but certainly the one that is best known around the world and that is still most associated with that edition of the race. Taken from the end of the spinnaker pole when peeling in the Southern Ocean, at the time images like this were still very rare and usually taken on a balmy day in the Caribbean, not pounding downwind with the water temperature around zero in a racing situation where a successful recovery would be impossible. *Opposite:* here at *Seahorse* we have often featured Onne's work on our covers (including this month) but we are not the only ones...

the old man shapes up and changes his attitude.

'They're exhausted, and there's no way in hell we will go up against *Ceramco* with six new guys. A day later Conny came to me and said, "Thanks for the heads up." I remember listening to the rumble and saying to the guys, "Stick around, I think this is going to be fine." And straight away there were volunteers to help clean up the boat.'

That gave the sailors crucial time to rest – and, of course, get into a spot of trouble ashore. 'Our crew boss got pretty hammered and was walking naked through the parking lot in the hotel and we just grabbed him because we could see the blue lights. We said, "Officer, we've got this; I promise you we will lock him in the room and you won't see him again."' Another port, another shoreside memory. And another leery chuckle.

Leg 3: Auckland to Mar del Plata

On Boxing Day *Flyer II* left Auckland for a 6,000-mile battle with *Ceramco* – and a skipper who took a much less active sailing role. 'Conny sat under the hard aluminium dodger in his woolies and did his cross-words. Whenever he wanted to chat on the radio I'd fire up the engine to get the amperage up for the SSB to reach England, and he'd give our position. But he loved chatting with me in Dutch about what I was doing.'

During the layover Onne had picked up a 16mm film camera that he now calls 'barely adequate'. He wasn't allowed to take that camera to the top of the rig,

though, because the boss was scared it might get damaged – and they'd be left with nothing. 'Conny was very much a man who loved publicity,' Onne says.

'He always gave the newspapers their interviews and he loved the pictures I was getting. At that point I was also working with *Seahorse*, *The Telegraph*, *The Times* in London and *The New York Times*.'

It was on that second Southern Ocean leg that Onne captured his most iconic photos. 'The daylight was longer, because it was summer. We hit 30kt thundering down these long swells, 300ft apart and 30ft in height. So much momentum you'd then just roll up the back of the next one. We could do three or four waves like that.'

'Of course when you then slowed down to 15kt in a trough the loads went through the roof and she'd start to rock and roll fairly alarmingly. Just about boom in the water, but you couldn't risk that because you'd break something. Then water would start to trickle over the bow and you're like, hold on.'

'She had a very flat forefoot that you could hear slapping the waves. Just insane.' Massive arcs of spray hit the boom, which was locked in place by its big preventer; while the narrow IOR transom spouted a rooster tail. 'I got some pretty cool film, and stills too. It was very exciting.'

'You do your spell grinding, your spell trimming sheet and the pole brace on the other side. And then it was your turn to drive – that was what you dreamed of.'

After the leg finished the *The New York*

Times quoted Conny: 'We've had a day of 327 miles and out of that for three hours we didn't have a sail up because we were repairing them. So even with downtime we did six days in a row of 300-miles-plus.'

Though the official Whitbread history says that *Flyer* and *Ceramco* rounded Cape Horn only five miles apart *Flyer's* official photographer recalls that much anticipated moment as completely underwhelming; at night, with winds light enough to fly a three-quarter ounce kite. Onne also doesn't remember knowing whether *Ceramco* – or anyone else – was ahead of them (and the official record doesn't say). 'In those days you could just keep your trap shut and say "My radio was broken" when you wanted to be quiet about the breeze.'

'We were meant to check in every day, but what are they gonna do? For four or five days we kept radio silence.' It was only when they took the Argentine finish gun that 'we realised, right on! We beat them.' (*Ceramco* finished seven hours later).

Onne sent his film off for processing and then joined the younger crewmembers for 'an absolute blast chasing skirt; because none of us were married'. He shrugs, smiles. 'My sisters just hated me for that shit, but I had a mission in my life; I wanted to ocean race. And if you have steady girlfriends that doesn't work. You were heroes when you came in on those ocean racers. It's just fun and games, good times.'

Halfway through their month in Argentina Onne told Conny that he had finished his boat work. 'He says, take a



holiday. So I headed up into the Andes with the doctor, to smell the mountains and not the ocean and see all the local Aztec people – no tourists in those days.

‘We took a regular bus with goats and cats and dogs on the roof. When we got back we were buzzing and ready to go.’

Leg 4: Mar del Plata to Portsmouth

Flyer II had won line honours on all three legs so far, but to win overall they had to beat *Charles Heidsieck III* – a French boat Onne remembers as a very well-sailed Frers 65 – by a daunting 92 hours on corrected time. (*Ceramco* famously had broken their rig on the slog to Cape Town, so they weren’t a threat.)

The final climb back up the Atlantic ‘was a fairly easy leg, with a ton of reaching’, Onne says, adding with a wink that the crew had smuggled a big jug of rum onboard. ‘The old man didn’t let us drink at all, but he would sleep at night. For days on end we just thundered along in shorts, sitting up on the high side, cooking along.’

They crossed the Equator well to the west to successfully avoid the Doldrums and the final weather pattern played right into their hands.

‘As we got toward the Bay of Biscay there was a big high with a low pressure starting to form. We were reaching through that low at 14-15kt, and the guys behind us were hard on the wind in 40kt. So we were able to keep hauling the mail and snuck through, then locked the door behind us.’ That gave them enough time for one last Solent drama...

‘We were coming in past the Needles; a lot of tide. And there’s the Shingles bank. We hit that fucking thing and parked for a few hours, pissing away valuable time. It got stressful.’ They finally crossed the finish line at daybreak, ‘and then we sat in silence and watched the clock’.

Portsmouth gave them a heroes’ welcome – and, for Onne, a more personal surprise. ‘I was down below, six in the morning, and I heard a very familiar whistle. Little did I know that my parents had secretly flown to the UK.’ He pauses

to wipe at his eyes. ‘Makes me choke up...’

Flyer II eventually took overall victory by 19 hours, also setting a new elapsed race record of just over 119 days. ‘We had done the double, handicap and line honours.’ At the prizegiving Onne was greeted enthusiastically by Prince Philip – who was handing out the trophies.

Heroes in Holland too

After a caravan holiday with his parents Onne helped deliver *Flyer II* back to Rotterdam. Apparently the rum locker had been restocked; it was ‘a cruise with much merriment. I’m surprised we never hit anything in the English Channel’.

Entering Rotterdam Harbour they were welcomed by a flotilla that included tugs spraying water into the sky. A ticker tape parade followed, along with honorary memberships in one of the biggest yacht clubs in Holland. For a guy with a Dutch passport it was a special time.

‘In the meantime I was getting all my pictures published in *SAIL Magazine*, with spread after spread.’ But one question now loomed large: where would his next big click of opportunity come from?

Blue water beckons

After the celebrations finally ended Onne took a job at Huisman’s and also went to flying school, with the goal of getting a helicopter licence for rescue work. ‘But they soon figured out I was colour blind so that was the end of my flying.’

Instead he delivered Huisman’s latest boats, always returning with long lists of potential improvements – most of which were ignored. ‘The workers were pig-headed Dutch potato farmers, and I was a young guy who wasn’t a boatbuilder. So I told Walter Huisman I was wasting his time – plus, there are no girls here.

‘It was a small little town, nothing except Huisman. I couldn’t live there. And I really missed the States.’

An invite for the 1983 Transpac returned Onne to ocean racing. Over the next few years ‘I probably racked up well over 100,000 miles’ as well as a gazillion

photos. When he adds, ‘I just love the blue water stuff,’ it’s unclear whether he’s talking about the sailing or the images he collected – because the unique intersection between the two was already developing into a speciality.

Onnesignment

‘In 1987 I called up my mom one day and said, “I want to start a new career. I’m gonna be a photographer.” And she says, “My boy, if anybody can do it, you can.”

‘She’s played a huge part in my life, still does. But what tipped it for me was Bill Schanen at *Sailing* magazine doing an eight-page story about me called *Sailor with a Camera*. So many people saw that.’

Another important milestone was taking a sales job in Newport – which earned him a precious green card. Soon Onne was clicking away full time, capturing sailing images for both commercial and editorial use. Decades later... ‘I still enjoy doing it.’

In 2001 Onne and his wife Tenley started a gallery on the Newport waterfront to show off his pictures to a retail audience. Today when he’s not working he will probably be found with his head in a bilge; a complete restoration of a Pearson 36 was documented by the local television station and now he’s bringing a classic Grand Banks trawler back to life.

It was just before the 2018 Volvo Ocean Race sailed into Newport that he first heard himself referred to as the original OBR. ‘The media team reached out to do a story about me,’ he says, smiling. ‘They all knew who I was, and what I did. In the end they ran out of time, which was a shame; it would have been fun.’

Clicking back

As the busy decades flew by Onne always kept in touch with Conny. ‘Every year at Christmas I sent him a calendar. I called him on his birthday. I told him, “Man, you just paved the way for me, for what I’m doing today. Thank you.” And he said, “Hey, you worked hard, and you helped me too. It worked both ways.” He was so gracious, an amazing man.’

When Conny died in 2013 Volvo Ocean Race OBR Sam Greenfield called Onne. ‘He said, “I want you to tell me a little about that man.” Onne shakes his head. ‘I choked up. I had to stop. It’s amazing how one man can have such an influence on your life. You don’t realise that when you’re 24 or 25, that this path you’re embarking on is going to lay the foundation for the rest of your life.’

From engineer-bowman to world-renowned marine photographer, Onne developed every opportunity towards a unique career – while also creating a new job we now consider an integral part of offshore racing. Seneca may never have clicked the shutter of an SLR but he could have been talking about this *Sailor with a Camera* when he uttered his famous statement: luck is indeed where preparation meets opportunity. □