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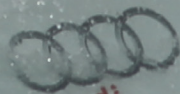
MELGES²⁰

WORLD
CHAMPIONSHIP

★ 2015 ★

SEPTEMBER 30 - OCTOBER 3

THE SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB



Audi
SAILING SERIES
MELGES²⁰

008



98 BEACH ROAD · BELEVEDERE · CA · 94920 · WWW.SFYC.ORG

It had been another long day. He leaned back too far in the chair, daring Destiny to take him over backward. She didn't, and he smiled having cheated her one last time. He didn't know it, but it wouldn't be his last opportunity to do so before the sun returned from the other side of the world to char him all over again. He stood up and went to the book closet at the opposite end of the room. He opened the stainless steel door and entered the access code. Once inside he closed the door behind him and made his way to the rear compartment. He lifted his hand, palm out and chest high, to feel for the Bio-J.D. pad that would allow him, and only him, to enter the inner chamber where the article of his attention tonight lay on a luminous blue pad. Standing in front of the article a person is quickly taken by the sense of mass it conveys despite its modest size. It is inside of a rectangular box of about 14 inches across and 8 inches deep. The box is made of a metallic material but a closer look reveals it to be made of an almost fleshy metalized film with a fine pore-like texture to it. He has never opened it and most others who know of its existence hope that he never will. It is said to contain the Law, or something like the Law. At first thought, knowing the actual text of the Law would seem to make the meaning of life here on Earth clearer and possibly even purposeful. However, after a long argument, some of the world's greatest thinkers concluded years ago that given human nature, knowledge of the true nature of the Law, no matter what it was, would quickly render life as we have known it, meaningless. Only chaos and suffering could result. Now, after decades of stewardship of the Law, he had determined his course of action and tonight and no man or petty tyrant would keep him from his rendezvous with destiny. He closed his eyes and removed the lid, setting it aside. He opened his eyes and squinted at the glare from the article. He reached in with both hands, cradled it in his palms, and lifted it out of the box. Holding it in one hand, he brushed it up and down against his shirt to shine it up a bit before raising it to his face. Opening his mouth slightly and wetting his lips, he placed it between his front teeth and, with a wet crunching sound, bit a noisy tangent through the article and chewed. Sensing a familiar flavor spreading across his tongue he decided that: Yes, sometimes an apple is just an apple... "I have come to this edge tonight for a reason". She thought as she stepped over the scupper and onto the brick knee wall. Twelve stories up and there would be no mistake about it. As if in a dream, her center of gravity moved out and over the edge of the building. The lights of the taxis and busses below swirled together with the reflections in the wet pavement and the figures of New Years Eve revelers party-bound for champagne. Above this noisy street scene, the only sound she could hear was the satiny rush of air by her ears as she slipped past the 11th floor windows. She seemed to be falling slower as she took in the smell of the air and the beauty of the lights. A peculiar lightness came over her and all of the weight that had pressed on her seemed lifted from her. Falling turned to floating. Dying became living. Some-thing resembling regret came to her now as she almost hovered by the lonely old guy's window in 7D. She had never actually met him and now wished she had. Slowly, she stretched out her long pale arms and faced the world below for a moment, and then turned towards the stars. Slowly, she rose upward. Lightness turned to stillness as she lofted back past the clothes hung out at apt 9A, and then to optimism as she passed the flowered boxes outside of 11C. Her arms still outstretched, she looked back down at the New Years Eve scene and laughed out loud. Her hair played in silly curls around her face and joy streamed down her cheeks. Her toes gently touched back onto the knee wall at the roof's edge. Eyes closed and smiling, she wrapped herself in her own arms and squeezed until she felt herself returning at last. Down from the roof now and falling awake, she turned over in her bed and smiled. She knew this would be the last time she would have this dream of falling. Falling again now, this time asleep, she pictured the faces of every person she had ever known and vowed to dream a new dream of life for a life in the new year... Slowly, the forensic pathologist peeled back the thin film of skin that covered the bloody pulp of a skull that lay before him on the examining table. Only hours earlier the stuff he was working on now was a living human being. Reduced by a speeding semi to a viscous meatloaf, the fetid pile of toad slime showed no sign of life. The only remnant that might suggest the prior inhabitant's identity was the single bugging eyeball. It seemed to twitch left and right from time to time. The pathologist looked shook it off and returned to the dissection. It was a curious sequence of events that landed this load of slop in the morgue. The lucky victim was skulking down the street with an air of aggressive paranoia when a semi-truck driver, who was digging out a wad of ear wax with a screwdriver swerved onto the sidewalk and caught our hero on the undercarriage of the cab. cab. After scraping him along screaming for 50 yards or so, our hero came loose and was pured under the balance of the 16 wheels that follow the truck cab. For most people this might have been enough, but not for our little scum-bag. He was still alive and blinking out of that cue-ball eye socket. As chance would have it, an airliner crashed moments later on the very blinking spot where he lay, thoroughly lacerated. If that wasn't enough, a passing freight train derailed and accoridianed itself onto the pulpy mess. That very train was transporting a circus car. The impact loosed a Grizzly Bear that meandered over and began lapping and chewing on our hero. For him it had been a very bad day indeed, because just then, the whole mess erupted in flames and burned for days on end. Choking back a good belly laugh, the doctor put away his scalpel and invited our hero's former girlfriend out to dinner... I drive mostly back roads far from the lights in the part of the night just ahead of the dawn. It is a world between worlds, maybe the upper or maybe the lower world. You could argue about which is which, but for me, the intersection of a back road and three a.m. is a sanctuary. A vector where no God rules and a man can move freely. Just like this morning, far from the visual stench of eastbay refineries and gas station lasers, I saw the new comet low in the northeastern sky, pure and alone. It had stolen the sky from lesser stars that for centuries had only too carelessly occupied the spot. I drive on through this scene and later past four baby skunks who are following a parent into traffic. Past the deer-like street folk caught for a moment in my headlights, past dark houses and blinding semi's. Through all of this stuff I am driving, and although I am tired of driving, I keep my eyes on the road. The tank is on empty, but I never stop to refill. Maybe I'll pull over and rest, if I can just get over this hill. I'm sick and tired of driving. When, after you roll past the detritus of some poor son-of-bitch's bad judgment in the fast lane, in the dark, alone with the man, and bleeding to death in red and blue moonbeams, don't you have to wonder if the repo-man from the movie was right when he said that 'the more you drive, the stupider you become'? So how is it now that we're all out here together, dedicated road warriors, driving, jockeying for the whole-shot, and no one is certain where to or where from. Grinding down the sharp edge of our I.Q.'s like the disintegrated retreads we dodge in the lanes. Until I hear different, I'll meet you in the number one lane when I have to, and on the narrow back roads when I can. Out here, far from the lights... Hello Salvatore Dolly Pardon hymn number 24 hours in a Doris Day Caré center of the universe, as we know it. Even with large records and whey com-pa-nies have Miss Muffet sat on a blender of several shades of blue and seen grazing out on the range over the Prairie Avenue Book Stores where out past there are several more than their mothers would have us believe. Meanwhile on the international scene with outside the studi-o-my-gosh, it's with Ives, Weburn, and Krenick, together now for the first time in a concerted effortless motion to over-rule the prosecution on a point of law the size of my grandmothers little cucumber dressing in front of an open window. Never-the-lester the molester is available for a limited time to problem solve in four dimensions and run amok that can remove even the nastiest stains with Piquancy and Aplomb, the famous Danish explorers. Closer to home is where the heart wrenching is it true, time after time has a way back into the past, cut them off at the past, past-your-eyedes milking it for all it's worth, although more evidence may, or may, not be forth-coming to a theater near you? After all for one and one for after all may seem to satisfy even the heartiest appetite for that chocolately good-ness and the promise of bread. And you may ask yourself: Self, what does all this have to do with beer? In a word of wisdom to the wise from one who nose hairdo you really believe in the way back down the mountain grown coffee cop car doughnut piss anvil head life story of a veteran of foreign adven-turless women who can peel back your scalp with only a weasel? Is it any coincidence? Don't you have to wonder what it all has to do with Beer? Well? beer? Well?... In the beginning, there were ales. As far as anyone knows, the first beers made were 'top fermented', which is longhand for 'Ale'. Sometime before the 1860's, beers became popular that were made in northern Europe with a bottom fermenting yeast strain that liked the colder temperatures. Because they had to spend weeks aging before they tasted their best, they were known as 'Lager' beer. Lager is the German word for 'storage'. Since they had to sit a while, they took up more time and space and as such were harder and more expensive to make. But they were crisp and light and you could slam them down if you wanted to. Where ales are meaty, lagers are sinewy. Where ales are street, lagers are 'haute couture'. Where an ale might hit you over the head and take your wallet, lagers donate to charity and adopt stray cats. While an ale might steal your car or try to date your daughter and keep her out all night for who-knows-what purpose, a well-bred lager would offer to clean your house while you're on vacation and leave fresh scones and coffee for you when you return. Now, don't get us wrong, ales can be a lot of fun to hang out with when you're in the right mood, and if you have bail money on you. But what's wrong with livin' uptown from time to time, on a nice street, where the doormen all wear those funny uniforms, the air smells of flowers, and lagers rule the Earth... Although the table in the cafe on Grant Street at which they sat was round, the man and the woman from up north sat on opposite sides of it. Something had come between them. The sun sang it's final strains in the western sky as the cold blue song of the moon rose in pitch and even the waitress could not help these two doubting lovers. Together they read their menus separately. Two as one, one as two. Their pitiful little scene brought only cruel amusement to the bartenders with the sweat stained armpits who smoked the cheap cigars and waged on the misery of lovers like these. They had seen it all before and felt only contempt. The two wept openly now and still they could not decide whether it would be Pale Ale or I.P.A. with the entree and if there would be Gnarlywine for dessert. They all felt the loneliness of love and the tragic tyranny of beer... Well, well, well. The head brewer stood opposite the massive brewing vessels that were his to command. His mind raced through the possibilities. What is the temperature of the malt in the grist case overhead? Was the hot liquor tank up to temp? Would the ambient temperature affect the final mash temperature? Should he compensate for the delta temp by running a little higher mash-in temperature? A single degree in either direction would have a life changing effect on both the brewer and the brewee. The beer could be too sweet if a degree high, or too mild and dry if a niggling degree too low. The character of the future beer that this batch would be hung in the balance. The brewer drew a bead on the temp-probe, the mash tun waited, and

Commodore's Welcome



On behalf of the Flag Officers, the Board of Directors and the members of The San Francisco Yacht Club, it is my pleasure to welcome you to the 2015 Audi Melges 20 World Championship. We are the oldest yacht club on the Pacific Coast with a legacy of hosting excellent yacht racing.

The San Francisco Yacht Club has been an enthusiastic supporter of the Audi Melges 20 Fleet on San Francisco Bay since its founding days. We are honored that our club was selected as the venue for your 2014 North American and 2015 World Championship events.

The San Francisco Yacht Club's Race Council has been busy organizing the 2015 Audi Melges 20 World Championship under the leadership of Race Development Chair Angie Olson. We are fully committed to providing world-class race management through our skilled volunteer base and the expertise of our race staff. And, our management team and club staff are also eager to ensure that everyone enjoys a memorable experience at our club.

We truly hope you will enjoy the welcoming ambience and desirable climate on the deck of our clubhouse after a day of racing on San Francisco Bay. It has always been a congenial environment to share the highlights of the day with fellow competitors and to recall the excitement of the racing.

If you still have the time after racing and celebrating at The San Francisco Yacht Club, we encourage you to explore Tiburon. There are many options for great food in a casual dining environment within walking distance from the club.

For those of you with some spare time, we encourage you to visit a few nearby places that are favorites among our many visitors. San Francisco and Angel Island are accessible from Tiburon by ferry. You can also explore the coastline from Pt. Bonita to Drake's Bay, trek through the majestic redwoods of Muir Woods or enjoy the unique experience of the wine country during the fall harvest.

We extend a warm welcome to competitors and their families, friends and supporters for being part of this event. We hope that you will consider The San Francisco Yacht Club your home during this regatta. Your participation brings honor to our Club, to Corinthian sailing and to the great sport that we love.

We are looking forward to excellent sailing and keen competition on the water and to fostering friendship ashore.

Good Sailing,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Suzie".

Suzie Moore
Commodore, The San Francisco Yacht Club

Sail Number	Yacht Name	Skipper	Yacht Club	Home Port
AUS 210	Transfusion	Guido Belgiorno-Nettis	MHYC	Sydney, NSW, AUS
BRA 245	Portobello	Cesar Gomes Neto	ICSC	Miami, FL, USA
CAN 214	Grinning Streak	Rhonda Joyce	PCYC	Toronto, Ontario, CAN
CAN 222	Wild Deuces*	Paul Currie	RCYC, Toronto,	Ont, CAN
GER 4014	Pinta	Michael Illbruck	YCCS, Muncih	Bavaria, GER
ITA 23	Mascalzone Latino, Jr.	Achille Onorato	Yacht Club de Monaco	Milano, ITA
ITA 50	Fremito D'Arja	Dario Levi	Yacht Club Chiavari	London, UK
ITA 65	STIG	Alessandro Rombelli	YCML	Milano, ITA
ITA 167	Maolca	Manfredi Vianini Tolomei	Santa Margherita, Ligure	Genova, ITA
JPN 000	SP1	Yosuke Watabe	Enoshima	Suginami-ku, Tokyo, JPN
JPN 233	Swift Magic	Naoki Hirakawa	Higashi Osaka,	Osaka, JPN
JPN 287	Quetefeek	Daisuke Kimura	HMYC	Tokyo, JPN
JPN TBD	Quatre Hiro	Takahiro Kato	Minato-ku,	Tokyo, JPN
MON 81	Customly	Corrado Agusta	Yacht Club Monaco	Monaco, MON
MON 301	Raya	Matteo Marenghi Vaselli	Yacht Club Monaco	Fontvieille, MON
MON 333	Out of Reach	Guido Miani	Yacht Club Monaco	Monaco, MON
RUS 25	Versya Anatoly	Karachinskiy	Pirogovo	Moscow, RUS
RUS047	KOTYARA	Oleg Evdokimenko	Pirogovo, Moscow	Moscow, Mos. obl. , RUS
USA 14	Red Sky	Sailing Team Paul Reilly	Cedar Lake YC	Chicago, IL, USA
USA 16	Section 16	Richard Davies	Mumbles Yacht Club	Kenilworth, IL, USA
USA 17	Solas*	John Murphy	South Shore Yacht Club	Milwaukee, WI, USA
USA 133	Funner	Sid Gorham	SFYC	Belvedere, CA, USA
USA 193	Heartbreaker	Robert Hughes	Macatawa Bay YC	Ada, MI, USA
USA 196	Midnight Blue	Alexis Michas	NYYC	New York, NY, USA
USA 211	Makaira	Skip Shapiro	Richmond YC	Palo Alto, CA, USA
USA 212	Yeah Baby	Justin Smart	Waikiki YC	Malibu, Ca, USA
USA 217	Slingshot	Wes Whitmyer, Jr.	Stamford YC	Stamford, CT, USA
USA 225	Flygfisk	Tom Kassberg	SFYC	Belvedere, CA, USA
USA 226	Midlife Crisis*	Jay Golison	Alamitos Bay YC	Long Beach, CA, USA
USA 227	Manatea 20	Bob Hayward	Windjammers YC	Pacific Palisades, CA, USA
USA 228	Midnight Blue	Jason Michas	NYYC	Long Island City, NY, USA
USA 236	Pacific Yankee	Drew Freides	NYYC	Pacific Palisades, CA, USA
USA 250	Oleander	James Wilson	American YC	Rye, NY, USA
USA 280	Peshmerga	Drew Wierda	NYYC/CSSC	Holland, MI, USA
USA 311	WildMan	Liam Kilroy	SFYC	San Francisco, CA, USA
USA 414	Cinghiale	Robert Wilber	Sachem's Head YC	Stony Creek, CT, USA
USA 1315	Ninkasi	John Taylor	NYYC	Jupiter, FL, USA
USA 7676	Kuai	Daniel Thielman	Corinthian YC	Tiburon, CA, USA
USA 13131	Samba Pa Ti	John Kilroy	SFYC	San Francisco, CA, USA

* Corinthian

Daily Event Schedule

Saturday, September 26

Measurement

Sunday, September 27

Measurement

Monday, September 28

Registration & Boat Checks

3 Race Practice Regatta

0830 – 1800

1200 (Organized & run by the coaches)

Tuesday, September 29

Registration & Boat Checks

RC Announcement on VHF

Practice Race

Launching Deadline

Skippers' Meeting & Opening Ceremony*

0830 – 1700 (Registration must be completed by 1700)

1000 (Regarding Practice Race)

1200 (Warning Signal)

1730

1730

Wednesday, September 30

First Warning Signal

Social & Daily Awards* Following Racing

1200 (additional races to follow ASAP)

Thursday, October 1

First Warning Signal

Social & Daily Awards* Following Racing

Annual Class Meeting

1200 (additional races to follow ASAP)

1800

Friday, October 2

First Warning Signal

Social & Daily Awards* Following Racing

1200 (additional races to follow ASAP)

Saturday, October 3

First Warning Signal

Dinner & Awards Ceremony

1200 (additional race(s) to follow ASAP)

1830

* Eleven (11) races are scheduled. The Race Committee may run fewer races at its discretion.

Special Thanks to our Sponsors



Regatta Contact Information

Class Administration

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Melges Boatworks

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Audi Melges 20 Class Local Representative

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Deputy PRO

Jeff Zarwell
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Regatta Chairman

Angie Lackey
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Tom Kassberg

(510) 541-6937
tom@flygfisk.com

The San Francisco Yacht Club

415-435-9133 (Main)
415-789-5647 (Race Office)

International Jury

Lynne Beale — CAN, Chair
Michael Gross — USA
Francisco Jauregui — MEX
Don Martin — CAN
Douglas Sloan — USA

Measurers

Egidio Babbi
David Lamere

Special Thanks

Forrest Gay — SFYC Director of Sailing
Madeline Morey — Entertainment Chair
Michelle Farabaugh — Housing Chair
Ross Tibbits, www.AllardCommunications.com — Program Production
Lisa Turner — SFYC Race Office Coordinator

Local Services

Medical Care

Marin General Hospital
250 Bon Air Road Greenbrae, CA 94904 (415) 925-7207

Pharmacies

CVS
1599 Tiburon Blvd Tiburon, CA 94920 (415) 435-3843
150 Donahue Street Sausalito, CA 94965 (415) 339-0165
759 East Blithedale Avenue Mill Valley, CA 94941 (415) 389-8891

Hardware Supplies & Sails

West Marine
192 Donahue St, Marin City, CA 94965 (415) 289-0835

North Sails

2730 Bridgeway Sausalito, CA 94965 (415) 339-3000

Goodmans Hardware

775 Redwood Highway Mill Valley, CA 94941 (415) 388-6233

Food & Beverage

Woodlands Market
550 Tiburon Blvd Tiburon/Belvedere, CA 94920 (415) 435-2822

Nugget Market

1 Blackfield Tiburon/Belvedere, CA 94920 (415) 388-2770

Safeway

110 Strawberry Village Mill Valley CA 94941 (415) 360-9016

BevMo!

2020 Redwood Highway Greenbrae CA 94904 (415) 927-1228

Banks/ATMs

Bank of America
1601 Tiburon Boulevard Tiburon, CA 94920 (415) 336-5137

Wells Fargo

1550 Tiburon Blvd, Belvedere, CA 94920 (415) 435-5275
800 Redwood Hwy, Suite 209 Mill Valley, CA 94941 (415) 380-5500

