

Retard Six Hours

4-12 April MMXII

Transatlantic crossing by MV Commander

•ISSUE 2•

TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

CONTROL STATION	Room	TEL
WHEELHOUSE	1203	100
ENG. CONTROL	301	200
CGO P	307	300
CO		400
F		500
C		102
1st		116
SHIP		300
STEVED	413	147

The cue to turn the clocks back was announced after dinner on the radio by the 1st engineer: "To all crew members and passengers of Commander. Good evening. Tonight time is retard one hour."

WORKING SPACES		
EMERGENCY GENERATOR	615	210
GALLEY	504	290
BUNKER STATION P&S	Deck 4	220
BOSUN STORE	452	280
STEERING GEAR	316	230
MACHINERY WORKSHOP	308	240
ELECTRICAL WORKSHOP	305	250
FUEL OIL STATION	Deck 4	260
BOW THRUSTER	Bow	270

PUBLIC ROOMS		
OFFICER'S DAY ROOM	908	110
SPORT/HOBBY ROOM	809	115
CREW RECREATION RM	710	124
CREW DINING ROOM	503	133
OFFICER'S DINING RM	506	135

CABINS	Room	TEL
CAPTAIN	1105	101
CHIEF OFFICER	907	103
2nd OFFICER	906	104
3rd OFFICER	905	105

CHIEF ENGINEER	1002	201
2nd ENGINEER	805	202
3rd ENGINEER	807	203
ELECTRICIAN	806	204
	808	109
BOSUN P. TABIAN JR.	703	301
AB 1 F. DIZON	705	303
AB 2 L. CABARRUBIA	706	304
AB 3 A. BINONGO	704	302
OS 1 M. ESCARLAN	807	311
OS 2 R. VILLAMAYOR	808	312
FITTER D. SOLITARIO	709	307
OILER S. ARAÑEZ	809	313
WIPER S.B. RODRIGUEZ	810	314
CH. CK V. MANUEL	604	308
M/MAN E. LIFE JR.	805	309
ENG/CDT A. BURGOS	806	310
OILER 2 O. CABISAS	707	305
D/DCT C. CAMACHO	708	306

PILOT 1	1004	106
PILOT 2	1005	107
S'CARGO/	808	109
OWNER	904	108



THE BREAKFAST

Radek Szlaga: What do you miss most on board the ship?

Honza Zamojski: Bread. Potatoes. Access to information. It pisses me off that I don't know what's going on.

R: Do you think that if you checked your email account, you'd have a hundred and something emails?

H: Most of which would be unimportant. But I'm just as afraid that I'd get some news that would be of serious importance.

R: So, you're afraid of getting bad news?

H: Yes, afraid that I'd find out that something had happened that I have no control over.

R: And what if the U.S. ceased to exist?

H: You mean what if something got screwed up? That there was nothing there for us now, so what's the sense in going?

R: Let's say that it makes sense in a different way. Or that it makes no sense at all.

H: Like with Witold Gombrowicz? Like when he arrives in Argentina, and the war breaks out, so now he can't go back to Poland, and he doesn't even want to? Well, in that case, we stay in the U.S. and start a family.

R: What if Poland - the old country - was gone?

H: The same thing: we stay in our new one, start a family, and set up a company called "5 for 2" or "Good Price." I could sell t-shirts,



THE BRIDGE

and you could become a taxi driver. Does sailing on board this ship scare you?

R: Scare me? I'm pissed off that I'm here. I'm tired of the steward who serves us food and who's always smiling. Hell, I could give a rats ass about all his "how many slices, sir?"

H: You're not afraid that something might happen to the ship itself?

R: I already have that one all thought out. I know that we won't sink in less than 15 minutes. In that time, I can make it to the starboard side, get into a rescue boat and sail away. What scares me more is how the time is slipping away; the fact that this journey is taking so long, that

I would rather be doing other things instead.

H: And what would you take with you if there was an emergency?

R: My wallet.

H: And your drawing pencils and crayons?

R: I wouldn't have time to get them.

H: How could you take just one thing?

R: I would take my wallet hoping that I'd reach land.

H: Can you swim?

R: I can, but I've almost drowned a few times. We're currently some 100 nautical miles from the nearest land, but we've been as far as 800 miles. It doesn't matter how fucking awesome a swimmer I am, or whether I have a life jacket,

I wouldn't be able to swim that distance. Besides, I'm afraid of deep water.



FIRST ENGINEER

H: Death is the same at any depth. What I can't stand is that we're in a desert, that nothing happens, that such little stimulus reaches us here, that we're not learning any new skills.
R: But we're not alone enough for

it to make us feel something deep down inside.

H: Have you ever had such an experience before?

R: I was in the desert once. I was also in the hospital once, but I had cigarettes. You know, I expected that during this trip it would be easier for me to reach the inner recesses of my being.

H: I had the impression as we sailed the first two days that there was some kind of metaphysics in all this, something sublime. But now everything seems so mundane.

R: We keep thinking and talking about the shitty grub we have to eat in order to not die of hunger.

H: Everything is reduced to bodily needs. You're not able to do anything because you ran out of paper glue, and we've already read everything we brought to read. Does this mean that we're addicted to information?

R: And to stationery stores.

H: And to potatoes.

R: Right, potatoes, that's true. Poles are potatoes. Do you know yet what you're going to buy when you go ashore?

H: A subway ticket. Or maybe a newspaper and something with a lot of vitamins. Like an orange or a mango.

R: Bread rolls.

H: A track suit.

R: I want a track suit, too.

H: A light gray track suit.

R: I want a gray one, too. The exact same kind.

H: A Yankees baseball cap.





I LOVE THIS GAME



I LOVE THIS GAME TOO



FIGHT THE POWER

R: Are you afraid of blacks?

H: No, but I'm afraid of people.

R: Do you wish Poland was a multi-ethnic society?

H: Yes, mainly because of the food.

The art of cooking is the foundation of every community, and when you have a culinary monoculture, the people become aggressive.

R: Do you think that mixing cultures this way has any pluses?

H: A more colorful culture does not mean a more interesting one. Metaphorically speaking, if you have lots of colored pencils, you use each of them a little. But if you have a pencil, you get lost if you use it in lots of different ways. So maybe it's the same with communities. From within, they're

nanced, but "you" – coming from the outside – you only get to eat good food.

R: Do you like food deep fried in oil?

H: I like it, but I can't eat "deep-fried" all the time, like we do here on the ship. Deep-fried cauliflower, chips, fried chicken and beans. Everything drowning in oil.

R: And will you ever board a ship again?

H: Not one that was going to sail for more than two hours. The second day on the MV Commander was the most enjoyable, but nine days is definitely too much for me. Imagine what you would go through if you had to sail for a month?



M/V COMMANDER

REEDEREI GEBR. WINTER GMBH & CO. KG



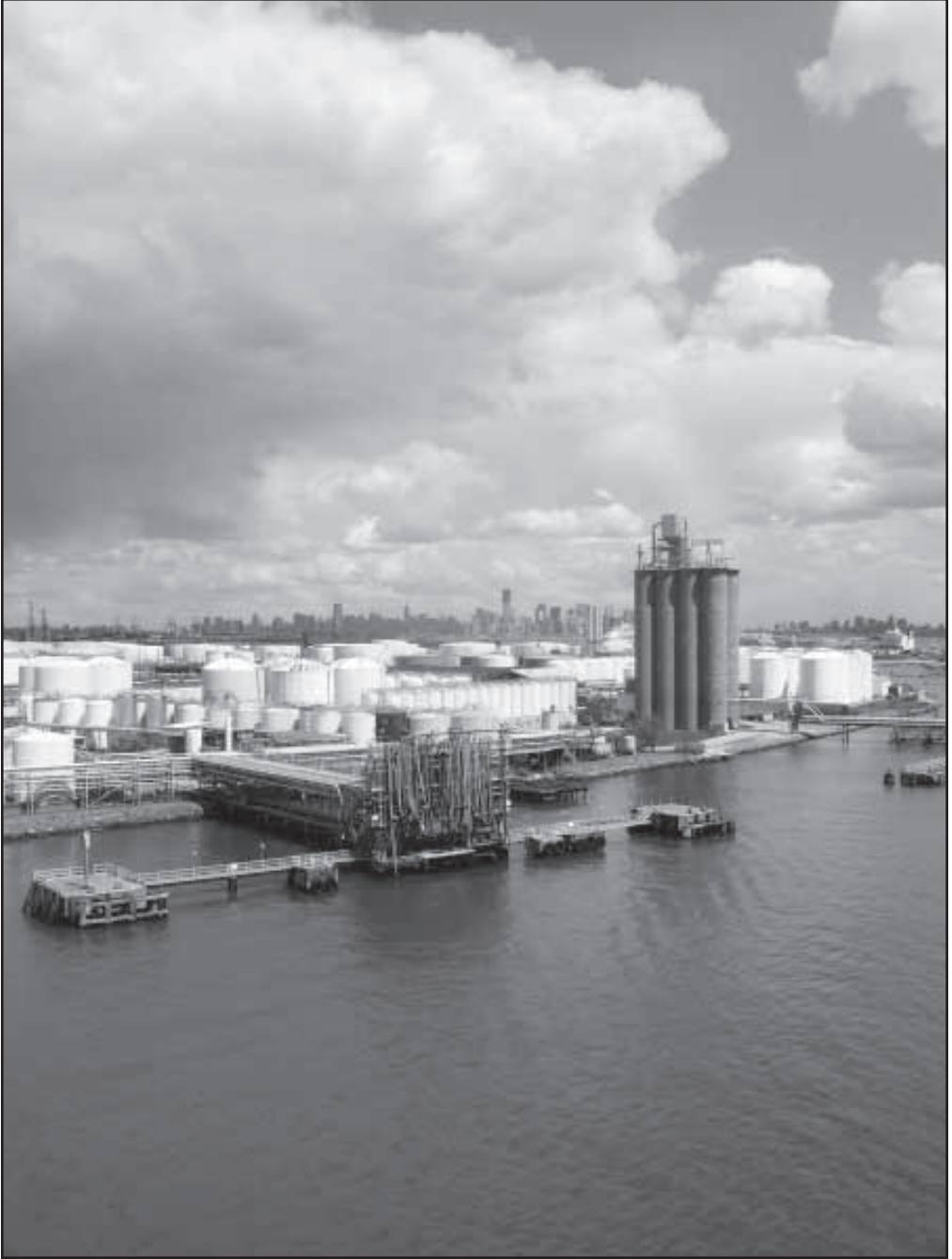
DRUG WARNING NOTICE



You have been warned !

The owners of this vessel will co-operate fully with public authorities in the criminal prosecution of anyone using or possessing illegal drugs or drug paraphernalia aboard this vessel.

" Say NO ! to drugs "





THE BLESSING

R: You'd forget you were sailing.

H: You'd forget you were alive.

R: The crew of the Kon-Tiki sailed for three months and crossed half the Pacific, but they had a parrot. Besides, Norwegians are accustomed to sailing. And what's the most interesting thing to take with you overseas?

H: Girls...

R: ...an oil lamp, pallets...

H: ...paper clips, a lecturer... It's a question of what we represent, what we can give to others. Surprisingly little, it turns out. A different kind of stupidity, a different kind of humor, a less funny kind of humor, unamusing jokes.

R: What about Polish Messianism, Prometheism, the romantic tradition. Poles have never developed any philosophical thought that was a consistent system of ideas. Are you not enchanted by the vision of our crossing the ocean with

a substantial mission, that we have a richer background than most people OVER THERE, in that civilization? That suddenly we're taking part in a model that we've always wanted to take part in?

H: For me, this transatlantic voyage is the realization of a fantasy. It's completely unnecessary, it doesn't bring anything new to what's already there. It's merely a retro-gesture, a catalyst for the work we're to do. Is there any grand idea behind it? Even if there is, no one will say it aloud.

R: We're afraid of grandiose language. We've been burned by big ideas.

H: This is a feature common to our entire generation, not just the two of us. We do alright in a group, but in reality, everyone is out for himself.

• • •

H: Do you miss anything or anyone?

R: I miss the girls. And I like to paint big pictures, but I can't do that here.

H: How many times have you puked?

R: Half. I put my finger down my throat, but not much came up, just tomatoes.

H: I've puked three times. Did you know that everyone here is Filipino?

R: They're the Poles of Asia.

MV Commander
April 10, 2012



THE KICK

It took us 9 days to cross the Atlantic Ocean on the “MV Commander” container ship (“MV” as in “motor vessel”). The “MV Commander” uses 80 000 litres of oil each day. We travelled 5500 kilometres = 3000 nautical miles = 3500 miles.

At sea I saw 4 dolphins, 1 whale, 1 orca and 1 moth, a few dozen of different species of birds: seagulls, pigeons and frigatas. I didn't notice any fish or cephalopods. At one point the most distant land mass was the Azores Islands—more than 800 nautical miles. We traveled through that isolated stretch of water at the speed of 20 knots (40 km/hour).

The crew of our vessel consisted of 20 guys from the Philippines and 2 cadets from a Marine School in Germany. Below and above the deck we carried more than 2000 cargo containers (each weighing up to 30 tons). Nobody from the crew, besides the captain, knew what was inside the containers, but helium was among the items on the list of dangerous materials. If the vessel had crashed, the rescue mission would have been ridiculously massive. We switched time zones 6 times, setting our clocks back 1 hour each time. We boarded in the Nordzee Terminal in Antwerp, docking in the New York Container Terminal in the borough of Staten Island.





NEW YORK CONTAINER TERMINAL