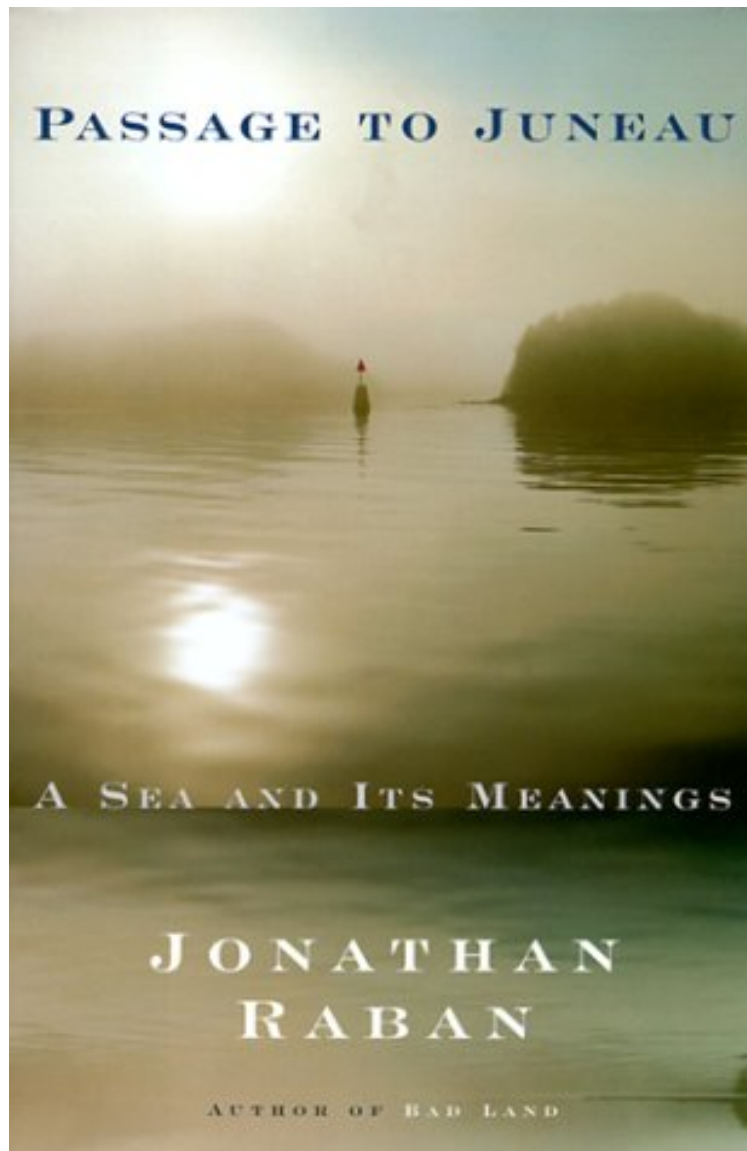


[Download free pdf] Passage to Juneau: A Sea and Its Meanings

Passage to Juneau: A Sea and Its Meanings

Jonathan Raban

*DOC | *audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF | ePub*



DOWNLOAD



+

READ ONLINE

#596863 in Books Pantheon 1999-10-12 1999-10-12 Original language: English PDF # 1 7.75 x 5.75 x 1.751,
#File Name: 0679442626448 pages Great product! | File size: 59.Mb

Jonathan Raban : Passage to Juneau: A Sea and Its Meanings before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Passage to Juneau: A Sea and Its Meanings:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. among the best of our contemporary travel writers By Jim Trefethen Jonathan Raban is, for my money, among the best of our contemporary travel writers, standing shoulder to shoulder with Paul Theroux and Bill Bryson, and Passage to Juneau only reinforces that opinion. I first read this book in 1999, when it was published, because I was looking forward to a sailing trip through the Inside Passage from Seattle

to Southeastern Alaska. Then I read it again just recently because I am again looking forward to this trip. Like most of Raban's books, *Passage to Juneau*, is written in two layers. The first is an account of his preparations and execution of a solo sailing trip from Seattle to Juneau, Alaska. The second level is an entertaining and well-researched historical account of the travels and travails of Capt. George Vancouver aboard HMS Discovery during his four-year exploration of the northwest coast of North America. But it isn't really a story about a routine sailing adventure similar to that undertaken by dozens of boats every sailing season, is it. It is a poignant story of a successful writer who in late middle age loses first his father (to cancer) and then his wife (to neglect and absence of common focus) and is left alone facing old age in disconsolate apprehension and confusion. The reader is given an early clue to the direction the book is about to take when Raban, early on in his voyage, meets a married couple who seem to cling to each other like the two sides of a Velcro patch and makes the mildly derisive comment, "some people are more married than others," leaving us with the feeling that he isn't very married at all. This is reinforced throughout the book by his obsessive preparations for a planned visit by his young daughter, where he is looking forward to showing her the bears, with only passing mention that his wife will be coming along also. Raban is an excellent writer who doesn't hesitate to bare his soul to the reader and does it with a refreshing lack of maudlinly and only a trace of sentimentality. He records his varying responses to his surrounding with an honest and only slightly judgmental way that lets the reader understand what is going on without feeling the need to interfere or change things. This interested-but-detached view is particularly apparent in his interactions with the members of the First Nations tribes he encounters, and in his slightly cynical take on the ceremonies he is invited to attend. It is like he is letting the reader share his view of the world through one of the portholes in his boat. *Passage to Juneau* is a recommended read for anyone interested in maritime history, for present-day sailors traveling on sailboats, and to anyone wanting a poignant yet free-from-moralizing story about the personal passage of a late-middle-aged man facing an uncertain future.

3 of 4 people found the following review helpful. This book taught me to speed read. By CornDawg I purchased this book used in paperback form; reading at a leisurely pace soon turned laborious and took 2 weeks to complete the book, some days remaining on the night stand because I hadn't the will to resume reading it. Raban has a million dollar vocabulary and turns many an impressive phrase, however, he left me with no sense of emotional connection, either with Raban or the material. The sub-plot of Captain Vancouver and crew, their original log entries, together with Raban's impressions of them, were overly descriptive, at least for someone hoping to read about a modern sailboat trip to SE Alaska. Raban lost me early on and I began skimming those passages about the time he launched into a lengthy description of sextants, magnetic compasses and modern GPS systems and the impact each instrument has had upon navigation. About my reaction to Raban, the fact is I'm selective about what I read; not that I have any difficulties reading, but because of my temperament type: an iNtuitive Feeling Perceiving (MBTI) type. Quite simply, if the author doesn't make an emotional connection with me, with few exceptions I'll abandon the book. Since this book came highly recommended by an English friend in response to a conversation we had about my dream to sail up the inside passage, I read it to the end. Jonathan Raban impressed me as an aloof, condescending facade of a man towards the people he met along the way, unless of course the people he met were his intellectual equal (few were) who could also give him something of value. Raban was not giving of himself to others in the least. His disregard for others, especially Americans, was most apparent in his dismissal of people with a more simple vocabulary than his; in particular his disdain for Captain Vancouver who used few words to describe the weather and geography and the Cap's annoyance with the crew for their overuse of the word "sublime". Note that I did relish the irony of Raban's over use of the word "labyrinth" to describe the inside passage. In the final 20 pages of the book, when his wife and daughter flew to Juneau to meet up with Raban, he had originally planned for them to sail back to Seattle together. Instead, she dropped the separation and divorce bomb on him. Had Raban made any kind of emotional connection with me through the book, I'd have wept for him, for the same happened to me 25 years ago. Instead, I applauded his wife and mumbled to myself "couldn't happen to a nicer guy". Unless of course he intended the book to reveal his character (or lack thereof) and obvious reason his wife wanted to divorce him. While reading the book, I had no doubt that Raban had actually sailed the inside passage, until the end of the book, when in Juneau Raban twice referred to a "Mildenhall" glacier. Having been there in my youth (1973), I distinctly remembered "Mendenhall" glacier. A google search brings up a few references to Mildenhall, but that appears to be a misspelling that originated on Tripadvisor. With so many passages lifted from the logs of Captain Vancouver and his crew, together with his his verbose descriptions of minutia (compasses, sextants, et al), his erroneous reference to "Mildenhall" glacier made me wonder whether Raban made the trip at all. What his book did do for me, is help clarify my own dreams of sailing. Thanks in part to Raban, I've concluded "no, I do not want to sail to Alaska". There are far too many tide and weather considerations, hidden perils and unknowns for an older man like me to make such a trip and not be a ball of nerves the entire way. What scant description I found helpful for perspective about sailing the inside passage, reminded me of the few times I was a passenger on a sailboat in Puget Sound out of Shilshole marina around Whidbey to Port Townsend. I had forgotten the many subtle annoyances of sailing, not the least of which is slow going and the need for constant attention to water, sail and steerage. While I would still enjoy boating in retirement, the expense of boat, maintenance and moorage, together with limited time and waning strength and agility, suggests I'd be better off to throw in with a friend who already owns a power boat or hire

a local guide to take us on day trips up and down the Strait of Juan de Fuca, in and around Sequim Bay, Discovery Bay, Protection island, and one day perhaps, a cruise to the San Juan Islands. By the time I was half way through the book, I'd reached my decision. One factor in my decision, which to avid boaters will betray my ignorance, is growing up in Auburn, 30 miles SE of Seattle, lakes were abundant and I fished several of them from a 12' foot row boat, or the Green (Duwamish) and White (Stuck) Rivers. Thus 90% of my boating experience is upon small lakes, where the largest wave I've ever contended with might be a foot tall. Consequently I hadn't really considered the dynamic nature of boating on the sound, much less the open ocean, the tides nor their effect in the many fjords and passages between here and Alaska, effectively turning them into temperamental bi-directional rivers twice daily. More mindful of the tide, deadheads, floating garbage, kelp, wind, waves and fickle coastal weather, commercial boat traffic, fishing boats running a blockade of gill nets, I quickly formed the mental image of trying to sail in a giant toilet while it's flushing. While the book was not an enjoyable read for me, it did give me perspective. Sailing the inside passage will for me, remain a dream. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Excellent writing! Jonathan Raban is a real upper-echelon writer ...By Willi PrittieExcellent writing! Jonathan Raban is a real upper-echelon writer and weaves an engrossing tale. I look forward to re-reading this on my upcoming sail up the inside passage. I always enjoy having works covering natural and human history for anywhere I go traveling as this increases the depth of understanding and appreciation for a new place. This work is not a guide or history per say, but many things are woven together to the craft a wonderful account of the author's own passage to Juneau.

"Raban is searching and compassionate. . . . And he is at all times eloquent." -- Richard FordFollowing the overland triumph of *Bad Land*--whose prizes included the National Book Critics Circle Award--Jonathan Raban goes to sea. The Inside Passage from Puget Sound to Alaska is winding, turbulent, and deep--an ancient, thousand-mile-long sea route, rich in dangerous whirlpools, eddies, rips, and races. Here flourished the canoe culture of the Northwest Indians, with their fantastic painted masks and complex iconography and their stories of malign submarine gods and monsters. The unhappy British ship *Discovery*, captained by George Vancouver, came through these open reaches and narrow chasms in 1792. The early explorers were quickly followed by fur traders, settlers, missionaries, anthropologists, fishermen, and tourists, each with their own designs on this intricate and haunted sea. When Jonathan Raban set out alone in his own boat to sail from his Seattle home to the Alaskan Panhandle, he wanted to decode the many riddles and meanings of the sea: in Indian art and mythology, in the journals of Vancouver and his officers and midshipmen, in poetry and painting, in the physics of waves and turbulence. His voyage began as an intellectual adventure, but he soon found himself in deeper, more ominously personal waters than he had planned. In this seaborne epic, Raban brings the past spectacularly alive and renders the present in a prose of sustained brilliance and humor. Exhilarating, panoramic, full of ideas, natural history, and mordant social observation, his journey into the wild heart of North America turns into a profound exploration of the wilderness of the human heart.

.com British-born Jonathan Raban sets out on a passage from Seattle to Juneau in a small boat that is more a waterborne writing den, and as usual with the brilliant Raban, this journey becomes a vehicle for history and heart-stopping descriptions that will make readers want to hail him as one of the finest talents who's picked up a pen in the 20th century. The voyage through the Inside Passage from Washington's Puget Sound to Alaska churns up memories and stirs up hidden emotions and Raban dwells on many, including the death of his father and his own role of Daddy to his young daughter, Julia, left behind in Seattle. More than just a personal travelogue, however, *Passage to Juneau* deftly weaves in the stories of others before him--from Indians whom white men formerly greeted with baubles set afloat on logs, to Captain Vancouver, who risked mutiny on his ship when he banned visits with prostitutes, some of whom offered their services for bits of scrap metal. Pressed into every page are intimate descriptions of life at sea--the fog-shrouded coasts, the crackly radio that keeps him linked to the mainland, the salty marine air, and the fellow sailors who are likewise drawn by a life of tossing on water. While Raban successfully steers his boat to the desired port, readers ultimately discover that this insightful, talented sage is in fact emotionally in deep water and may not fully be captain of his own life. --Melissa RossiFrom Publishers WeeklyAs he recounts fishing a rain jacket he'd mistaken for a corpse out of cold Pacific waters, Raban wryly confesses that "gallivanting around the world in a small boat is a continuing education in one's limitless capacity for self-delusion." Sailing up the Inland Passage, the protected waterway that serves as a great nautical freeway between Puget Sound and Alaska, Raban (British expat and chronicler of the American experience) sounds its history in a clever, always curious, yet increasingly morose voice. It's a lengthy journey over vast territory, and Raban struggles to maintain a streamlined narrative. He finds himself at turns landlocked by fog, skimming across water that is incredibly deep, cold and oddly "greasy," intrigued by the "floating junkyard" brought by the tide and anchoring at once prosperous timber and fishing communities. In his NBCC Award-winning *Bad Land*, Raban composed a moving portrait of desert homesteaders in Montana and North Dakota from the intimate stories of several families. Here, although his journey is his narrative vehicle, the subject is definitely Raban himself, as explorer, traveler and man. He keeps the most intimate company with ghosts: his companions include the cruel Captain George Vancouver, who mapped the coast in the 1790s; the shipwrecked poet

Shelley; the Indians and settlers who peopled the landscape. He also writes of his daughter and (increasingly estranged) wife, who remain back in Seattle, and of his father, whose illness and death in England interrupt and recast Raban's journey. A compelling meditation courses beneath the surface commotion of the book as Raban seeks solace (and himself) in the movement of the sea with its deadheads, whirlpools, unpredictable tides, submerged mountains and stony shores capped with evergreen wool. First serial to the New Yorker; 9-city author tour. (Nov.) Copyright 1999 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal Fans of Raban's chronicles of America's history (including the National Book Critics Circle Award-winning *Bad Land*) will find another side of the author in this introspective and quite personal new work. Long fascinated by the Inside Passage (the protected waterway that runs from Washington State up to Alaska), Raban casts off in his 35' ketch from his home port in Seattle to follow in the wake of generations of salmon fishermen. He draws a rather dark portrait of the region as he fills out its history, through the cranky journals of Captain Vancouver and others, and meditates on the beautiful but threatening and lonesome landscape, with its struggling communities, submerged mountains, tricky waters, and names like Deception Pass and Desolation Sound. When his trip gets interrupted by his father's death, and he finds himself increasingly cut off from his young daughter and wife (by a series of broken phones in economically depressed ports of call and by emotional distance), Raban's journey becomes an extremely personal one. Although the end result is a bit overlong, this is ultimately a fascinating and informative read. Recommended for public libraries. A Rebecca Miller, "Library Journal" Copyright 1999 Reed Business Information, Inc.