





MOTORBOATING  
& SAILING

# FUTURE FLIGHT

*The 40-mph, turbine-powered Tempest 80  
is the wildest new boat afloat.*

*Story by LOUISA BLIDFEN  
Photos by FOREST JOHNSON*



**Head-off:** The Tempest 60 cruises along off North Miami (opposing spread). Her features include a dinghy lift (below) and a motorized table (below).

**A** lot of space aboard is sitting at the Tempest dock in North Miami. Its satellite dish is pointing north, maybe the crew is getting directions from the Kennedy Space Center at Cape Canaveral. I rub my eyes and look again. No—this is the boat I'm here to see, the new Tempest 60.

The yacht's superstructure is railrod, like a rocket in repose. Lounger-shaped windows and 3-D grillwork add to its futuristic look. With a urloosh of escaping air, a panoramic side door opens. Designer Adam Eklberg pops his head out and welcomes me on board. I feel like I'm in a James Bond movie, meeting clever inventor "Q." He talks fast, animatedly describing the dozens of innovations and grown-up toys on board. "I'm so proud of this baby, I don't know where to stop," he says.

Eklberg and Dick Stinson, who started





**Space station:** The 80's pilot house has dual helm consoles with redundant instrumentation.

Tempes Marine together back in 1982, have clearly let their imaginations run wild in designing and building this boat—for Simon himself. But it's clear from the outset that they have the engineering expertise to back up their fantasies.

We are standing in a pilothouse that looks more like a space shuttle's flight deck. Black ergonomic seats mounted on a stainless steel floor face the console, which holds a dizzying array of gauges, screens and colored systems lights. The turbine has its own control panel, on top.

Below it are dual helm consoles, each with full navigation instrumentation and DDEC displays. A switch directs the steering from one wheel to the other. That's no Simon can take over the helm from Captain Marc Colomb when he feels like driving—which is most of the time.

Colomb now faces up the twin 1,450-hp Deyma Diesels, visible on closed-circuit TV from the engine room. He produces a little black box, walks outside the pilothouse and plugs it in amidships. Using knobs to control the diesel, a toggle to work the bow thruster and buttons to over, he skillfully moves the yacht away from the dock. "I call it Captain Nintendo," Erdberg says happily. The unit, manufactured by CumNer Marine to Erdberg's specifications, has four ports—in the side and aft-decks, both port and starboard.

As Colomb eases the 80 out into the Intracoastal Waterway, Erdberg leads me back past a full-service galley and marble-trimmed day head to the main salon. Black, gold-flecked granite from India glazes the floor. Warm Japanese bad samurai wood veneer glows on the cabinetry. "There was no expense spared on this boat," he says.

The salon is strongly contemporary, but surprisingly restrained when compared to the yacht's science-fiction superstructure and pilothouse. Simon and Erdberg took the Tempes 80 to the limits of business—and then pulled back.

S&B, there are *Continued on page 108*

**Home movie:** The master stateroom has a projection TV mounted above the king-size berth.

