

# Hall of Fame - Hans Schaeuble

By Graham Cox

In G.R.G. Worcester's book, *The Junkman Smiles*, there is a wonderful anecdote about a number of small junks (river sampans) sailing upstream, each with its cargo of rice, their smiling skippers standing serenely at the tiller, working the wind and tide. The sampans are simple, humble boats, built with whatever materials come to hand. They do not race each other, and might fall apart if they did.

They will get there when they get there. And when they do, each will be paid the same rate, regardless of how long the passage takes. Competitiveness, that Western engine of efficiency, is alien to them. Asking them how many days a passage took would elicit a non-comprehending shrug. Their focus is on the essential, the weather, the tides, keeping their ship safe, getting there in one piece, perhaps on the beauty of the moment. Their performance is as perfect as a Zen koan.

Some Western sailors, tired of the endless drive for efficiency in yacht design, and the wet, exhausting, expensive craft this focus produced, turned to those junkmen for inspiration. A new school of yacht design emerged, pioneered most notably by Blondie Hasler, with *Jester*, where one could go cruising and stay warm and dry much of the time, provided you had the right attitude.

These aficionados do not measure efficiency in terms of speed alone, or windward efficiency. Neither are they seduced by the glamour of cost and complexity. They are more likely to exult in how much time they have for more essential pursuits, such as drinking tea, reading, or other creative activities, freed from the tyranny and exhaustion of deck work by their economical, self-tending junk rigs.

One of these aficionados, who came to junk rig already steeped in Eastern traditions, is the German writer, artist and sailor, Hans Schaeuble, or Jo as he is sometimes known, who, along with his wife, Do, has voyaged extensively throughout Europe, the Mediterranean and across the Atlantic, in small, trailable, junk-rigged vessels. Hans is a JRA veteran; his first report appeared in JRA Newsletter number 24.

According to a Chinese proverb, a small weakness can become a great strength, if you think strategically. Like the sampan skippers before him, Hans knows the vulnerability of his vessels, and prepares and sails them accordingly. This approach, in conjunction with the low-tech, low-stress junk rig, arguably makes his vessels safer than many larger vessels. On one occasion during heavy weather in the Atlantic, he was asked to stand by a large yacht in distress. Another yacht was abandoned.



*Hans with Arne Kverneland*

The smallest of Jo and Do's vessels was *Fukes Sarg*, a timber dory based on a Bavarian fishing vessel, with a lifting coachroof that gives a little more space below at anchor. This two-masted junk featured on the cover of JRA newsletter number 33, when Jo and Do trailed it to Brest for the maritime festival in 1996, where she met up with *Badger* and *Water Bear*. There were eight junk-rigged boats at the festival that year. Jo remarked at the time, that squeezing their ageing bones into *Fukes Sarg's* tiny cabin was becoming a challenge.

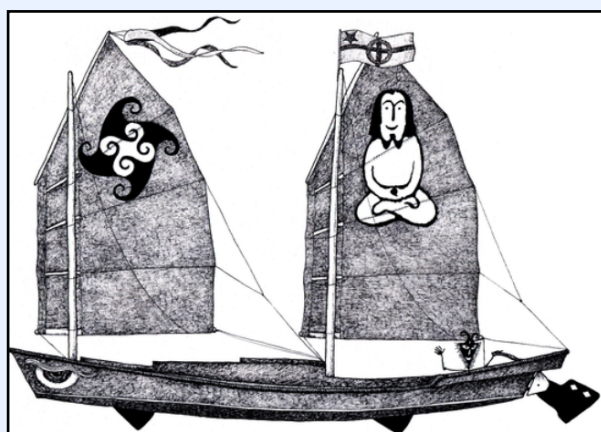


*Fukes Sarg with her lifting coachroof*

The name of the boat, by the way, means Fuke's Coffin, named after a Chinese Buddhist jester, who carried his coffin around with him in his old age. He sat in it, giving farewell speeches, then stepped out and said, "Not yet, maybe tomorrow." It was both a reminder of his mortality, to help him focus on the essential, to refresh his gratitude for existence, and the quintessential Buddhist joke. Naming the boat was also the perfect expression of Jo's humour. No doubt he chuckled many times while he and Do squeezed themselves into the narrow dory's minuscule cabin.



*Do Schaeuble aboard Fuke's Sarg*



*Jo's drawing of Fuke's Sarg showing the dual centreboards, lifting rudder and the decorated sails.*

They did have a larger boat by 1996, but had not brought it to the festival. In 1985, Jo and Do had purchased a Hunter Liberty 22, which they named *Golden Wind*, commemorating Jo's many years studying Zen Buddhism, including a long sojourn in a Japanese monastery, and travels through India and the Far East. The name is from a famous Zen koan.

*Golden Wind* had two rigs, the standard bermudan cat ketch rig, and a junk schooner rig from Sunbird



*Golden Wind I showing her painted sail*

Marine. They always used the junk rig for passage-making, due to its superior handling. In this boat they made five voyages from their home in Germany to the Greek Islands and North Africa, but by 1991 they were finding it too small.

They approached David Thomas, the designer of the Hunter Liberty, with a request to build them a custom version of the same design. Based on the same hull, the new, 23ft, *Golden Wind* has 150mm more freeboard, timber decks and coachroof, deeper bilge keels made from lead, instead of the original cast iron, and a single-masted junk rig. This rig was designed and built by Sunbird Marine, and has a carbon fibre mast, spars and battens from Carbospars. The mast pivots at the coachroof, with the heel swinging up through the anchor well, to facilitate easy raising and lowering when travelling through the European Canals. The small sail, combined with carbon spars, makes the sail easy to hoist without a winch, ideal for older sailors.



*Golden Wind II with her mast set for canal work*

The new *Golden Wind* was built carefully, with David Thomas overseeing every detail. Every time David and Jo walked into the building shed, the apprentices would shout, "no more changes!" It was a standing joke. There always were more. The boat was launched in England in late 1993, and trailed home to Germany after trial sails. Despite having less sail area than the original *Golden Wind*, she proved the faster, when the two boats met in the Black Sea a few years later. It wasn't long before Jo began to paint the sail with his trademark images.

In the top panel, he painted Christ sitting in the Lotus position, meditating like Buddha. This is an image he disseminated world-wide over many years, leaving little copies of the drawing in unexpected places. Part of his artistic vision is to build bridges between people as he travels, an idea made famous by another German sailor and author, George Dibbern, who turned his back on Nazi Germany, creating his own passport and flag, a nation of one. Jo has long admired George, and set out in his own way to perpetuate George's legacy.

Over the years the drawings have been added to, until now the sail resembles an ancient scroll. Some





One of Jo's drawings of Golden Wind's sail

drawings commemorate aspects of *Golden Wind*'s voyages; others reflect Jo's earlier explorations, so that looking up at the sail evokes memories of past passages and associations.

In 1996, the new *Golden Wind* travelled 2,500km and through 80 locks along Germany's river systems, including a visit to the Black Sea. In 1997, they voyaged south through the French Canals, which they enjoyed much more than the German ones, both on account of the warmer weather and the friendly villagers. They met Dimitri Forrestier aboard his large, self-designed junk, and admired its traditional junk aesthetics. Dimitri's designs at that time were not well known outside France. After two weeks, 130 locks, two tunnels and a river bridge, they reached Port Saint Louis in the Mediterranean.

From here they sailed around the boot of Italy, via Sicily and the Ionian Islands, through the Aegean, then up the Adriatic. One day in the Aegean, they were visited by some friendly dolphins that allowed Jo to pat them as he lay on the foredeck. They kept coming back for

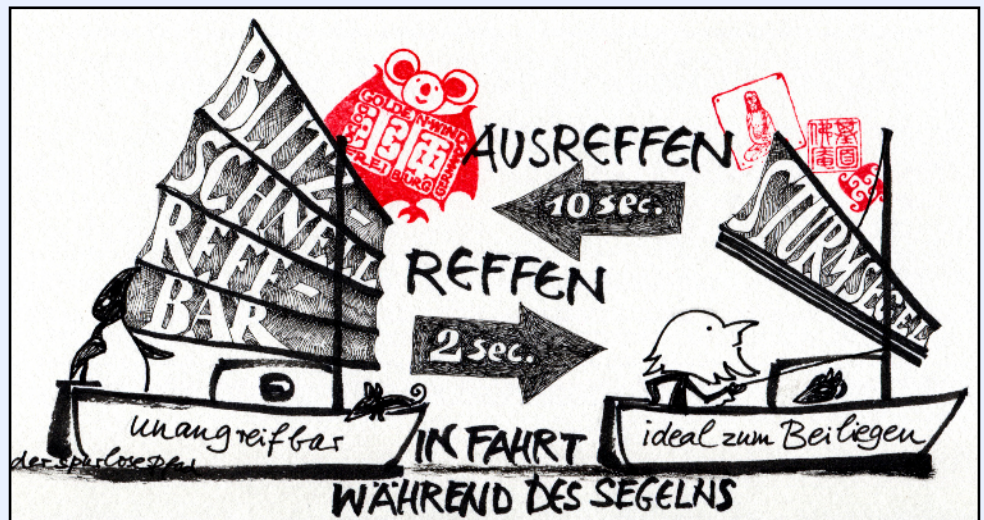
another pat, like friendly dogs. On another occasion, sailing overnight to Cyprus, a swallow alighted on board and sat on Jo's hand for many hours, twittering away at him. After a while, he began to feel that he could understand what the bird was saying. This sort of thing might sound like nonsense to land dwellers, but when you are at sea on a small boat, perception shifts.

They made long legs around Italy, twice being at sea for 8 days, riding out a storm in the Tyrrhenian Sea, hove-to for 6 hours without incident. Heaving to, merely entailed stepping out into the cockpit, pulling the traveller to windward, and tying the tiller to leeward, allowing *Golden Wind* to lie with her bows up into the seas, easily riding the waves, with the top panel of the sail operating as the perfect trysail.

This was their tenth visit to the Greek Islands over the previous 13 years. In Venice, after lowering the mast, they took *Golden Wind* through the canals, like a big gondola, much to the amusement of the Carabinieri, the local police. Then they went home to pick up the car and trailed *Golden Wind* back to Germany. They had been underway for two and a half months, had sailed 2,400 NM in the open sea, plus another 870 km in the canals, all without incident.

In 1998, they decided to sail across the Atlantic before they got too old (although some people they met thought they already were). One motivation was to return to the Bahamas, which Jo had visited 32 years earlier, aboard the 145ft barquentine, *Regina Maris*. The memory of the Bahamas, with its clear turquoise waters and sparkling, sandy cays, had remained luminous in Jo's mind through the intervening decades, as had the pleasures of a long tradewind passage.

In many ways, this voyage would also be the completion of a circle, for it was the *Regina Maris* voyage that has set Jo on his path through life. He had



Jo's illustration showing the ease of raising and lowering junk sails - it perfectly illustrates the top panel operating as a trysail



## Logbuch - Seiten von Spurlosen Pfad



*A page from Jo's logbook - the translation approximates to: Sides of the Trackless Path.*

left the ship in New York, had many adventures as a long-haired youth hitch-hiking through conservative 1960's rural America, and found himself in the Haight-Ashbury area of San Francisco during the summer of love, when the city was flooded with youth rebelling against authority, the Vietnam War, and conventionality.

Jo's harrowing experiences in an Arizona jail, arrested for the crime of hitch-hiking, and loathed for his long hair and German accent, affected him deeply. He found himself drawn to some gentle Buddhists in San Francisco. This led him to Japan, where he spent 5 years studying Zen in a monastery. Then he walked and hitch-hiked through many countries, including India and South America. He remains fluent in several languages.

After returning to Germany and teaming up with Do, Jo's life has been centred on his love for the sea, on living in harmony with nature, and on expressing his values through art. The choice of a small, light boat that dances its way through the waves, relying on the wisdom of her crew to work with Nature, instead of a large, heavy one, bulldozing through them, was an essential element of Jo's project. All of his voyages can be seen as metaphors for his non-confrontational philosophy.

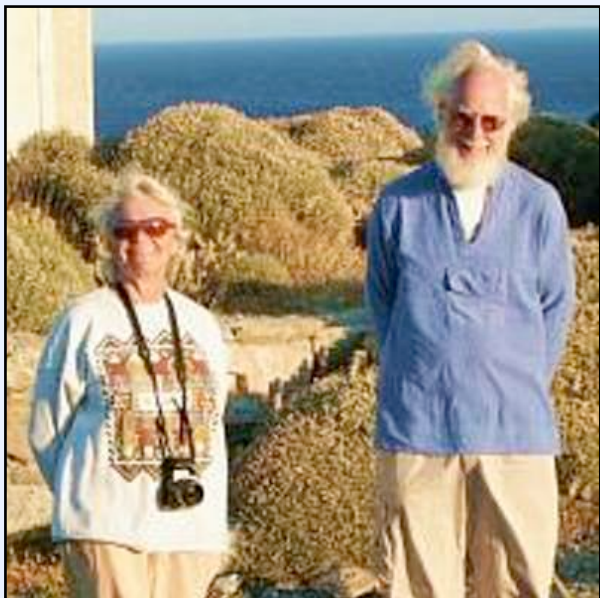
*Golden Wind* was trailed down to Port Camargue, in the South of France, in May 1998. They had hardly launched the boat before another sailor rushed over and said, "I hope you are not intending to visit the Balearic Islands in that small boat!" They replied, "Of course not," hurriedly concealing the charts of the Atlantic they had been perusing. Then they sailed to Gibraltar, Cadiz, and on to Vilamoura, in southern Portugal.

They worked on the boat every day in port, though always took time out for pleasant activities. Jo carved the famous motto, *The smaller the boat the greater the fun*, into one of the interior handrails, and also, *Sailing is sitting*. The latter was in response to the endless queries about whether the boat had standing headroom. It is an insider's joke, as sitting also refers to a form of Zen meditation.

*Golden Wind* is unlikely to sink, due to her watertight bulkhead forward of the mast and her many watertight compartments, but they also carried a liferaft as a last resort. They fitted a removable hurricane hatch over the main companionway, sealable from the inside, and screens around the cockpit roof, giving them a wet area to get in and out of oilskins and keep the cabin dry. It also made a snug place to stand watch.

The boat carried 70 gallons of water for the Atlantic passage, and was also equipped with two hand-





Jo and Do - the crew of *Golden Wind*

operated water-makers. The intake for the water-makers was fitted into the lid of the outboard motor well, and the outboard stowed in a cockpit locker. In hindsight, Jo feels this was a mistake, as it would have been better to have the motor available for emergency use. A long oar was used for mechanical propulsion, and could serve as a jury mast, with spare sails carried to fit it. There was a spare rudder aboard. A floating container carried a spare GPS, handheld VHF, EPIRB, spare batteries, and fishing gear.

In Vilamoura, they met an elderly man living alone on his small yacht, offering advice and encouragement to other sailors passing through. In his younger days he had crossed the Atlantic aboard his 20ft yacht, sailing directly from Gibraltar to the Bahamas, which made Jo think that perhaps he would do the same. After experiencing a rather harrowing passage from Port Camargue, battling fog, strong winds, errant fishing boats and ships, they needed his encouragement. They had a radar transponder, which helped, but often met ships that did not transmit a signal. Later, in the tropics, they found the transponder was no longer working.

Luckily, the Portuguese Trades gave them an easy ride out to Porto Santo and Madeira, allowing them to settle in to ocean passages. After leaving Madeira, a bolt broke on the Windpilot self-steering gear. They managed to get it fixed at Las Palmas, in the Canaries, by a helpful German engineer, and it gave them no further trouble. They were grateful it had not happened on the Atlantic crossing, forcing them to hand-steer for weeks on end. They also got this man to strengthen the rudder fittings, and feel they owe something of their success to his generosity and skill.

Another task they undertook in Gran Canaria was to replace the red antifouling with black, having read that

this colour is less likely to provoke whales. It may have had the opposite effect, however, as later, en route to the Bahamas, they met a small Minke whale that appeared to develop amorous feelings for *Golden Wind*, giving Jo and Do some anxious moments.

First in Madeira and then again in Las Palmas, they began to meet other ocean voyagers, a loose-knit community of like-minded sailors of many nationalities. Meeting again in distant ports strengthened the bonds. It was one of the great pleasures of this way of life. Jo was amused to notice discernible cultural trends among these sailors. The Americans tended to be affable, the English had a delightfully dry sense of humour, the Germans were serious and industrious, the Scandinavians loved to party, and the French did their own thing. But, if anyone needed assistance, there was always somebody willing to help.

They left Gran Canaria on 29 November 1998, after much of that year's fleet had already departed. On the way to the Cape Verde islands, after an initial calm, they were caught in a fierce Harmattan, forcing them to heave-to. A large NW swell set up a vicious cross sea that hammered the boat. A large yacht nearby broke its skeg, and little *Golden Wind* was asked to stand by in case assistance was needed. Luckily, the crew of this yacht managed to stem the leak and make port unaided. There wasn't much room aboard *Golden Wind* for extra crew! At Mindelo, in the Cape Verde islands, they met two yachts that had been damaged by collisions at sea, vindicating their decision to always keep watch, unlike many crews who set their self-steering gears and retire below.

Jo points out that, not only is this unseamanlike, but these crews miss out on the beauty of the ocean around them; the night sky far away from the cities, where the stars are so luminous, and the moon turns the ocean into liquid silver. By day there were birds, dolphins, whales and ships. They saw at least 30 ships, and took avoiding action several times. Their snug, well-sheltered lookout position in the companionway reminded Jo of a small meditation hall. He joked that it could be called the mini-chapel of the perpetual lookout.

When *Golden Wind* left the Cape Verde Islands, they ran into prolonged bad weather. Jo later felt he had left his departure too late. One of the large, ARC boats was abandoned, and Jo and Do hove-to for 18 nights, sometimes sealing the hurricane hatch. The boat endured a number of severe punches that made Jo wish he'd bought the larger, stronger Vertue he'd been considering for this passage. The boom broke and he had to splint it back together, grimly hanging onto the heaving deck. He looked ironically at the motto he had earlier carved into a handrail, thinking it should perhaps read, *the smaller the boat, the greater the fear*. There was not much fun.

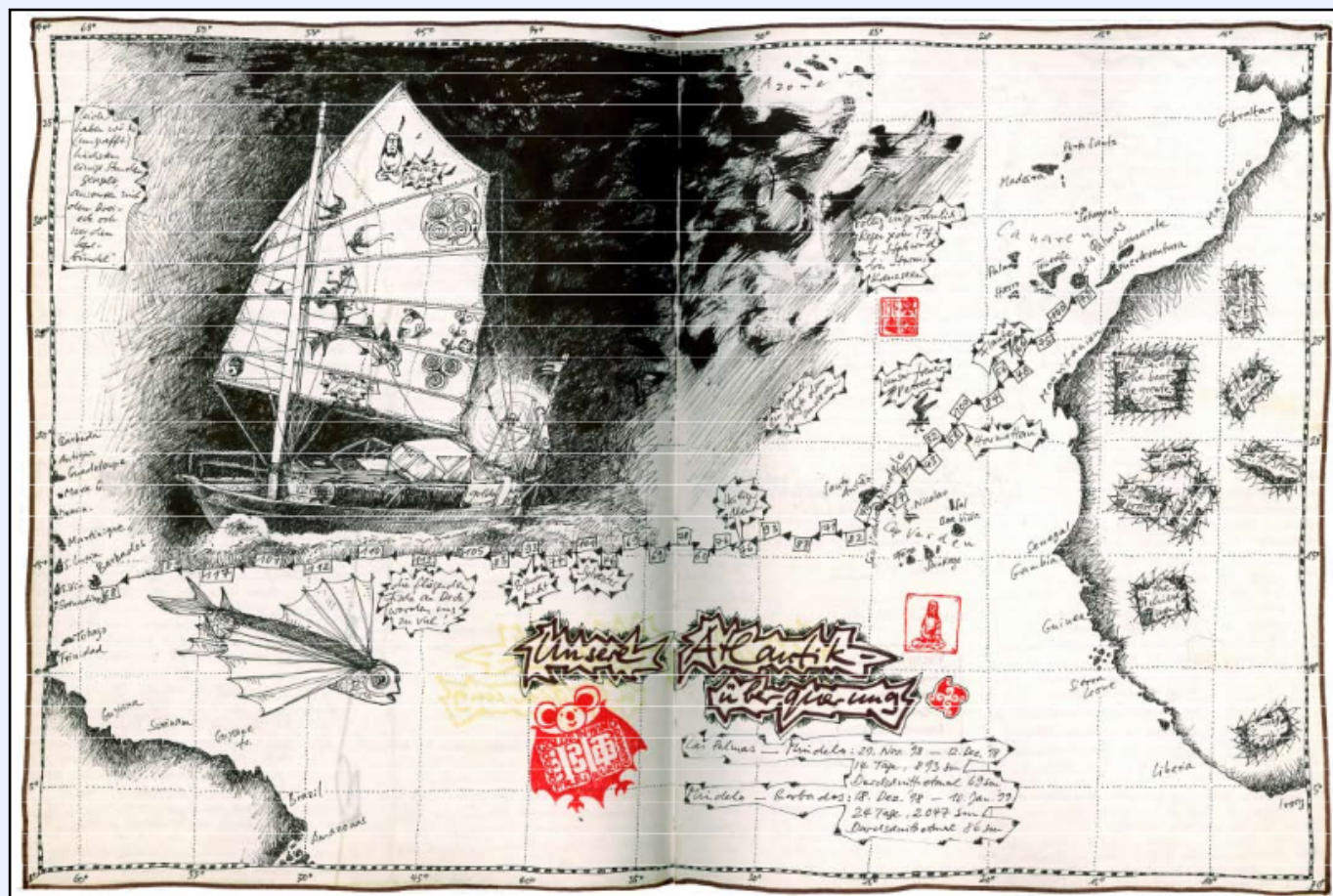
Thoughts of bypassing the Caribbean and sailing directly to the Bahamas were put aside and they set course for Barbados. They spent Christmas at sea, opening small presents from friends, including a small bottle of pine oil that made the cabin smell like they had a tree. Despite the difficult sailing, they remained focused on sharing this adventure, getting the most out of every day. They did not keep regular watches, just relieved each other when one of them grew tired, exchanging watches with a smile and gratitude for each other's company. Many boat crews, who seemed to have focused on arrival, were disgruntled after this difficult passage. Jo and Do were just delighted to be there. *Golden Wind* was a happy ship.

Jo had always believed that well-designed, properly prepared small boats are safe at sea, but he discovered on this passage that extended passage-making in developed winds can be exhausting in such a small, light boat. He was also aware of how easy it would be to overwhelm *Golden Wind*, despite the fact that breaking seas struck her less often. They sailed cautiously, not allowing the boat to go too fast and risk a broach, and hove to early. Like the skippers of Worcester's sampans, the duration of the passage was not their greatest priority. They focused on the immediate, on staying safe, and despite hardships, were rewarded by moments of magical beauty. The endless solitude of the ocean made them more perceptive.

One day, after three weeks of relentless bad weather, Jo looked up at the sail and the Christ Buddha he had painted on the top panel winked at him. When it did it again, he took out his camera and photographed it. Later that day, the winds finally eased. When he got home and developed the film, he noticed that a lazyjack was pressing against the sail right where the Buddha's eye was, creasing the material. But when one has been at sea for a long time, or in the desert, wrapped in solitude, anything seems possible.

As they approached Barbados, the winds finally eased back to normal tradewind strength and remained that way for the rest of their cruise through the islands. They arrived without further incident, albeit battered and bruised. After a few days in the clear, turquoise waters at Barbados, anchored off the white, sandy beach, enjoying the vibrant music and verve of the people ashore, the languid tropical days took the edge off their more harrowing memories. Another variation of the motto carved into *Golden Wind's* handrail could be: *The smaller the boat, the greater the sense of achievement.*

The first thing other sailors in Barbados wanted to know was: *How many days?* It seemed a silly question to Jo. He felt like saying: *An eternity, or: Who knows?* One could argue that it has taken one's entire life to get to this place and time. Despite the hardships of the passage, the only important thing to Jo and Do was the



Jo's record of the Atlantic passage sketched in the log book.



quality of the experience. For the record, the passage took 23 days.

Jo noted that this fixation on how long the passage took parallels Westerners concern with how much things cost. People were always asking him how he financed his extensive travels. By way of contrast, when he told people in India he had spent much of his youth travelling the world, their first question was, "How can your soul endure so many experiences?"

In the end, they were pleased that they had not bypassed the Caribbean islands, finding them beautiful and interesting, despite overcrowding and officious bureaucracy. And there is plenty of it, with almost every island being a separate nation with its own officials. But things like the carnival at Martinique, the rainforest walks with spectacular mountain backdrops, the brightly painted little houses, waterfront restaurants, a fascinating fleet of yachts, and socialising with cruising friends, made this a delightful interlude. Nonetheless, they felt that the West Indies could not enchant them indefinitely. They were not seeking paradise, being primarily interested in the voyage itself; and neither did they find it.

From Barbados they sailed to Grenada, the Tobago Cays, Bequia, St Lucia, Martinique, Guadeloupe, Antigua, St Kitts, Anguilla and the Virgin Islands. At times they were bothered by sandflies, though in the outer anchorages this was less of a problem than when tucked in among the mangroves. Mosquitoes were also of concern, because some of them carried Dengue fever. *Golden Wind* has four opening portholes and a hatch in the cabin top, but at times they all had to be closed, leaving Do and Jo sweltering. The sandflies

wriggle right through mosquito screens. Still, Jo notes, compared to the Bahamas, the sandflies of the Caribbean are relatively tame.

They were amused by the names of some of the Virgin Islands, like Virgin Gorda. To Americans, it may be just another name, but to a European, calling an island a fat or pregnant virgin seems comical. The American Virgins are much like any other part of the USA, with large supermarkets, large cars, large powerboats, large cruise ships and large tourists, but the sailing between the islands is sheltered, and the distances short, making it an ideal sailing ground, apart from the overcrowding. The islands reminded them of the Aegean.

As they were heading north to the Bahamas, the winds finally eased to a light breeze, and for the first time on the voyage they made a passage with the sail fully hoisted. Initially, Jo had worried that they might not have enough sail area for a long voyage, but most of the time they had been close-reefed. This was a delightful passage, initially sailing outside the infamous Bahamian banks. They were pleased to have the benefit of GPS positions in these shallow, coral-strewn waters, which have claimed many vessels. A highlight of this passage was a profusion of whales, including the amorous Minke whale that fell in love with *Golden Wind* and followed her for many miles.

Another electronic device that was invaluable in this area was a Navtex receiver that allowed them to read weather forecasts whenever desired. America had just started using it and coverage was excellent. The anchorages of the Bahamas are often open roadsteads, and a change of weather, in particular the arrival of a

*Some of the interesting or unusual features in Jo's little boats.*



*The chart table where the log was kept up to date and drawings added.*



*Under the fold up chart table: a portable workbench and a mini sea chest.*



*Mast and sail stowed ready for low bridges.*



*The tiled mini-oven with extractor flue - Red, unglazed pots are the most durable for use in this.*

strong Norther, can spell disaster if one is caught on a lee shore.

It took a week to sail from St Thomas to Plana Cays, in delightful weather all the way, with the sea becoming calmer and more translucent every day. The boat continued to ghost along with the sail squared out, and life could not have been easier. It resembled a serene, sitting meditation, traditionally undertaken in summer, unlike the more serious meditation practices of winter, when your Zen Master is likely to suddenly confront you, maybe even strike you, in order to startle you into enlightenment. The latter meditation was more like a stormy crossing of the Atlantic, Jo mused, or the lively, turbulent sailing in the Caribbean.

Their stop at Plana Cays was cut short by a sinister-looking speedboat they found deserted on the beach. Stories of yacht crews being murdered by drug smugglers led them to make a hasty departure for Samana Cay. The entrance into the anchorage at Samana Cay is shallow and tricky. Guidebooks warn against stopping here, citing numerous wrecks, but *Golden Wind*, with her shallow bilge keels, was in her element.

They tucked themselves into a shallow, perfectly-sheltered nook behind a small island on the south side of the coral-protected bay. For two glorious weeks they beachcombed, snorkelled and watched the sun set into the ocean behind them. For the first time, they saw the legendary green flash. They mostly had the place to themselves, apart from brief visits by a motor yacht, whose crew gave them fresh fish; and from some Bahamian fishermen, who were delighted to receive two bottles of rum from Jo and Do. Jo had long mused about whether he would ever find the perfect anchorage, the place that would make him say, "This is it, let's stay here forever." Samana Cay came close to that ideal.

From there they went to San Salvador, officially the island where Columbus first landed in the new world, though that is now open to some doubt. Jo found a postcard ashore inscribed with a beautiful poem: *Sea of dreams, transient ripples in the sands of time, Life ceases to be about things that bother you.* There were two large sailing ships anchored off here, and from their crew, Jo learned that *Regina Maris* was now lying abandoned and rotting on Long Island in New York.

Rum Cay proved to be another perfect jewel of an island, followed by dreamlike Conception Island, and then Georgetown, on Great Exuma Island, where they arrived just in time for the famous Family-Island-Regatta, where the local fishing boats fiercely race each other once a year. Here they discovered that Do had to return to Germany for a few weeks. Crossing onto the shallow banks, they hurried past the Exuma Cays to Nassau. By now, they had become experts in judging depth by the colour of the water, and had no difficulty negotiating the shoals. Jo was astonished by how

much Nassau had changed in the three decades since his last visit.

From there they sailed direct to Fort Lauderdale, having to steer 50° off course to stem the Gulf Stream. Watching the high-rise buildings of Florida appear over the bows was deeply moving. In just over a year they had sailed some 7,000 miles across the open ocean, in a 23ft bilge-keeled trailer-sailer, with just one small sail for propulsion (the outboard motor was tucked away in its cockpit locker).

David Thomas, who had designed and overseen the construction of *Golden Wind*, declared the boat safe for ocean sailing, but said that it would be epic. In many ways it was, but they had completed the crossing without major incident, nursing their ship along with wisdom worthy of a Zen master, keenly attuned to the needs of the vessel and the forces of the ocean.

The US Coastguard, normally so strict in their regulation of yachts, just waved them away, declining to give them a cruising permit, or to inspect *Golden Wind* for compliance (which was lucky because her holding tank for human waste was a bucket). She was just too small to bother with.

Surrounded by large American yachts, news of their arrival soon spread like wildfire around the waterfront, and they had a constant stream of visitors. The comments were often amusing. One man told his children, "That's the boat in which that old man crossed the Atlantic." Another said, "That's the boat of this crazy man who sailed around the world." A guy knocked on the cabin, and when Jo appeared on deck, said, "I just wanted to show you where the nearest mental hospital is. That's where you belong!"

They enjoyed walking the docks, inspecting the luxurious yachts, or cruising around the canals, looking at waterfront houses. Many of the yachts moored in front of these houses had tenders bigger than *Golden Wind*. Part of their delight was in knowing that they did not need this excess. They were content with their simple boat and lifestyle.

After a six-week visit to Germany, Do and Jo returned to *Golden Wind* with the intention of cruising up the Intracoastal Waterway to New York. Jo wanted to find *Regina Maris* and pay his last respects, as well as visit a Zen monastery in upstate New York where he had spent time in his youth.

They were surprised to discover that *Golden Wind* was not an ideal boat for the ICW. Sailing was often impossible, and she was too slow under power to keep up with other boats. The other boats would pass through an opening bridge and it would close again before they got there. They also spent too much time waiting for tides. It was dreadfully hot, there were daily thunderstorms, the noise and fumes of the outboard motor were unpleasant, and the endless



wakes from inconsiderate power boats cemented the misery.

They abandoned the ICW for the open sea, but it was over 100°F out there as well, with thunderstorms. Gusty squalls and the Gulf Stream combined to make sea conditions rough and uncomfortable. At St Augustine, they re-entered the ICW for another attempt. This began with more promise, with dolphins, clear water, and even times when they could sail, but by the time they reached Georgia they had had enough.

They returned to a small boatyard in St Augustine that was run by a German sailor who had settled here. They liked this city, established by the Spanish 450 years earlier, in which a strong European influence remains evident. They made friends with a sailor called Glen Moore, who was intrigued by this unassuming couple who had sailed so far in their tiny boat. He remembers that when he stepped onto the side deck to inspect *Golden Wind*, it heeled over 20°.

Pulling everything out of the boat in order to get some work done, they realised just how much needed doing. A year in the tropics and constant damp had taken their toll. On a whim, they decided to end the voyage here.

They were also influenced by meeting Robbie and Doug Smith, who had been asked, many years before, to look after troubled boys on their yacht, instead of them being sent to juvenile detention. Robbie and Doug thought they might train the boys as crew for their forthcoming world voyage, but they never left. The success of that first experience led to them founding the Safe Harbour Boys Home, now called the Safe Harbour Boys Academy (made into a film called *Safe Harbour*), one of the country's most successful early intervention programs. It inspired Jo and Do to give up aimless wandering. Do returned to practice medicine in Germany, and Jo to his design work.

They put the boat in storage until they could ship it back to Europe, and went off to become ordinary, or lazy tourists, as Jo put it. Flying to New York, they arrived in Manhattan on 5 August 1999. Jo had last seen this skyline from the yards of *Regina Maris* in June 1967. They found the old ship lying in Greenport, on the eastern tip of Long Island, in the same bay where she had moored on Jo's trip aboard her. He was heartbroken to see the grand old lady reduced to a hopeless derelict, destined to be sunk offshore, as a wreck site for divers. It felt like a farewell to his youth.

He also felt he had not sufficiently appreciated what a privilege it was to sail aboard her. Neither had he respected or understood her owner-captain's passion for his ship, or his leadership. They called him *Captain Clean*, because he endlessly set them to

scrubbing and polishing. Years later, Jo was to discover that this was elementary practice for Zen initiates, and he did a lot more scrubbing.

They also went upstate to visit the monastery founded by Jo's first Zen master. He was delighted to discover the words *Golden Wind* chiselled into a stone at the gate of the building. It is the name of a famous Zen koan, but it seemed propitious. It was also Jo's 59th birthday, and as he bowed deeply before the grave of his old master, it felt like another farewell to his youth. He had an amusing incident here. A young American initiate asked him how old he was. In his rather formal German English, Jo said, "Today I am 59." The American thought it was a koan, or Zen riddle.

From here they flew back to Germany, enjoying a long discussion about the voyage and what it had all meant. Jo, possibly tongue in cheek, thought a good summary of what he had learned might be: *The wise man stays at home*. Long ago, he had returned to the Zen monastery in Japan after an absence of several years. His old Zen Master demanded, "Why have you come back? Do you not know you can find enlightenment anywhere?"

Perhaps Jo was not yet wise enough, for in 2001 they sailed *Golden Wind* up the west coast of Norway to the Arctic Circle, meeting Arne Kverneland in Stavanger along the way, enjoying the spectacular fjords and glaciers. They continued to make annual cruises in European waters for another decade, *Golden Wind* proving to be the ideal boat for older sailors, with her light, easy-to-hoist junk sail, minimal maintenance



*Nord Kap seen beneath a golden sail.*



*Nacrøy Fjord, Gudvangen, Norway*

needs, and shallow draught, which allowed them to tuck in almost anywhere. Jo and Do later gave *Golden Wind* to JRA members, Margit and Andreas Vogt, who continue to cruise and cherish the vessel.

Andreas Vogt had sailed with Jo when they took *Golden Wind* to England, to celebrate her designer's 70th birthday in 2002, then across the Bay of Biscay and on to the Aegean Sea. It was intended that a parade of yachts, designed by David Thomas, would sail past his waterfront house on the Hamble River, but only *Golden Wind* turned up, heavily reefed, in a strong gale. It was David who suggested that Andreas would be the perfect custodian for *Golden Wind*. David had refused to take money for the design when she was built, saying she was his favourite, and he couldn't take money for her. That inspired Jo and Do to give the boat to Andreas and Margit. It was also in keeping with Jo's Free Flotsam Foundation, where he gives away his artwork, on the condition that their recipients eventually pass them on as well, and encourage others to act in similar ways.

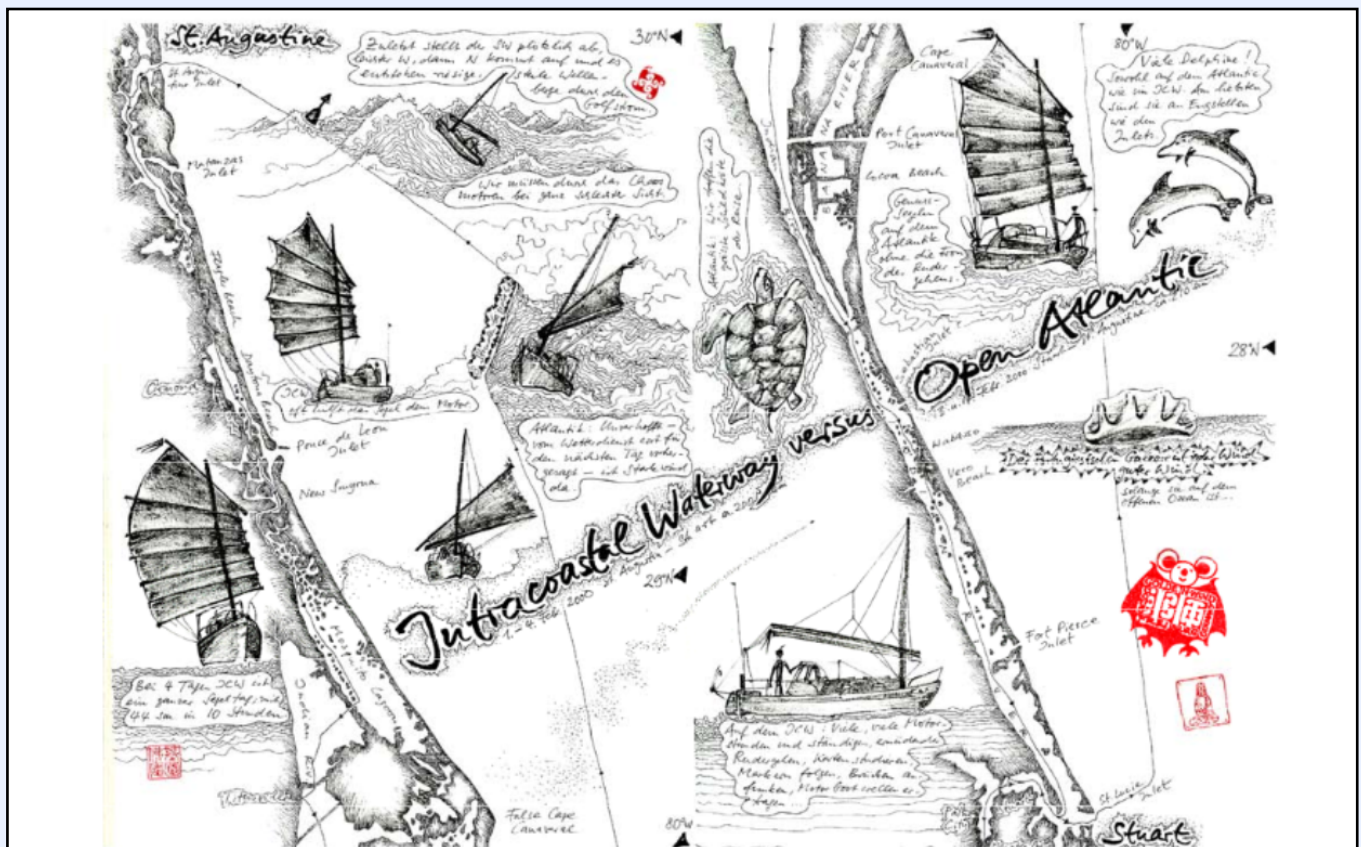
Jo and Do now sail and row *Fukes Sarg* close to home. Despite suffering a stroke in recent years, that has left him with some impairment, forcing him to give up his beloved drawing, and making reading and writing difficult, Jo continues to step out of *Fukes Sarg* at the end of a day afloat, saying, "Not yet," with a quiet smile on his face, like the Buddhist jester before him.

He sometimes signs his correspondence, *Jo Dummkopf*, laughing at his fate, or *Jo Driftwood*.

Jo had intended sailing away on *Golden Wind* eventually, like the old Polynesian navigators who paddled off over the horizon when their time came. David Lewis, in his book, *We the Navigators*, said the navigators called it *sweet burial*. Jo even drew an image of *Golden Wind* sailing away, but in the end he could not leave Do alone. Today the painting hangs on the wall at home, above a shrine filled with shells and other mementos of the sea.

Initially inspired by the quest of George Dibbern on *Te Rapunga*, whose book, *Quest*, gave so many sailors the inspiration to voyage with purpose, to build bridges between people otherwise separated by oceans and cultures, Jo, along with his wife and faithful first mate, Do, have made a unique contribution to the world of voyaging. They have also graphically demonstrated the virtues of junk rig, allowing a tiny boat, and a couple well past their prime, safely to voyage the oceans.

All artwork and photographs used in this article were supplied by Hans Schaeuble, unless otherwise indicated. Ed



Jo's comparison of the Atlantic versus the Intracoastal Waterway.