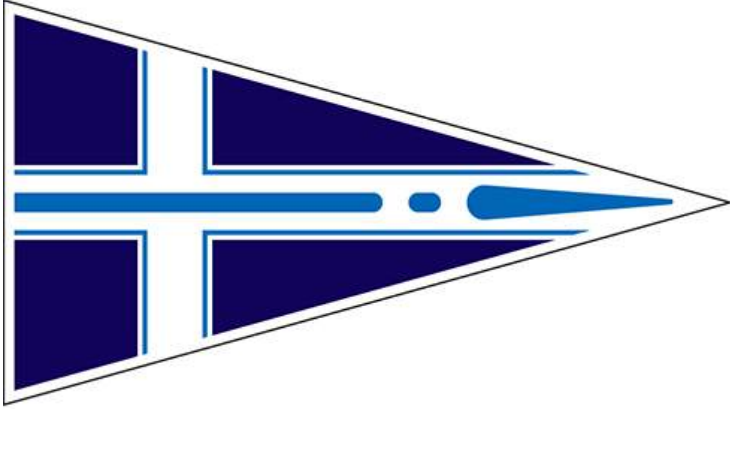




News From the Cockpit No. 424/2025

11th S&S Swan Rendez-vous

Best Maintained S&S Swan Judge

*Marciana Marina, Elba Island
17-22 June 2025*

Mr. **Juan E. Corradi*** from Newport, an estimate Member of the New York Yacht Club and former Owner of S&S Swan **38/019 Pirate** (*his trusty companion for more than 20 years on five Atlantic crossing <two singlehanded> plus a lot of cruising in the Caribbean, US East coast, Mediterranean and northern European waters*), accepted our invitation to join us in Marciana Marina and be the Judge for the "Best Maintained S&S Swan".

We know his endless knowledge on S&S Swan (*he was a close friend of Lasse Ström, who taught him all he knows*) will be a great opportunity for all of us.

Welcome onboard dear Juan!

* during the Rendez-vous he will be happy to sign copies of his book *"The Voyages of Pirate. 55,000 Ocean Miles on a Classic Swan"*, so, bring your own copy to Marciana!

Participants (provisional list**).

**** confirmed in bold**

36/007 Josian, from Italy
36/010 Isabella, from Germany
37/031 Tikka III, from Italy
38/067 Only You, from France
41/025 Lithian, from Italy
41/026 Freya, from France
41/047 Maje, from Ireland
411/034 Hironnelle, from Italy
43/045 Magia II, from Italy
43/047 Kokkola, from Italy
44/014 Four Winds, from Italy
44/016 Selene, from Italy
44/047 Solano, from France
44/056 Deneb, from Italy
47/002 Hypatia, from Italy
47/004 Dream, from Italy
47/015 My Low, from Italy
47/016 Grampus, from Italy
47/036 Lazy Duck, from Malta
47/051 Djata, from Italy
47/056 Black Tie, from Italy
47/069 Vanessa, from Italy
55/001 Pamalia, from France
57/006 Matchless, from Italy
57/025 Yellowdrama, from UK
57/037 Bianca di Navarra, from Italy
65/001 Peak, from Italy
65/035 Eve, from Australia
65/036 Evrika, from France
65/040 Une Joie de Vivre, from Brasil

Eight Bells for Pippa

Pippa Wallis b. 04/07/1960 d. 28/01/2025

Pippa and her husband Jonathan bought **Sheevra, S&S Swan 36/040** together with in 2005. After an extensive refit they cruised Scotland and the East coast of England for several years with their 4 children. She also raced with some success from the Royal Northumberland Yacht club. As the children grew, left home and headed south, **Sheevra** also migrated south and became increasingly involved in racing in the Solent and English channel. Pippa's vitality and joie de vivre together with her love and care of the old Swan made her a very popular participant at several Swan Europeans and Cowes weeks, and in the JOG fleet. Notable successes included winning their class in the Cowes Classics regatta (2016), winning the JOG class 6 offshore overall in 2018 and 2019, winning the Yachting Monthly triangle two handed race in 2018, winning the Classic yacht club of France Dartmouth to La Rochelle race in 2022, winning the JOG offshore two handed trophy overall for 2023 and completing two Fastnet races, the second in 2019 two handed with Jonathan. Her last trip in **Sheevra** was a four week cruise to South west Ireland in 2024, and her last race, second two-handed and third in class in the penultimate JOG inshore race of the 2024 season.

Pippa worked as a family doctor in the North East of England where she was much loved and respected by colleagues and patients, bought up 4 children and contributed actively to local community life. She died quite unexpectedly following a fall in deep snow whilst skiing, her other love, off-piste in Switzerland. She will be hugely missed by her family and many friends.



Pippa

44/071 Cadeau, from Seattle to Sweden

Chapter I: Amniotic solitudes

One is always alone at sea. Otherwise you are not at sea

Sailing alone in a deserted ocean during a gale does not involve too much effort, as long as there is harmony between the wind and the sails. It is a bit like kamasutra, everything works well not when there is eccentricity but when there is harmony between the parties involved. Most of the time is spent horizontally, in an acoustic, dreamlike, and onanistic world, hoping that that harmony doesn't break down, forcing you up into the real world with its discomforts and bad temper. On 6 March 2001, Cadeau travelled determinedly towards a 'home' and a woman, at 52 degrees S latitude and 63 west, under a unique sky, a deep blue above a streak of salt, two perfect sensations to describe the cold, and the wind behaved strangely throughout the day, choosing an inexorable escalation of the level of confrontation over the usual blitzkrieg. The prospect of getting out of the sleeping bag was becoming more and more unsettling by the hour, until with darkness it became disturbing to even look at the log to see how fast Cadeau was travelling. It was difficult all but to remain in the fetal position in the sleeping bag. At around 9pm Cadeau started to overrun so I decided that if the speed passed 8 knots, it would be time to reduce canvas. It took me a good half hour to decide to look at the GPS screen. Nine knots and eight knots. Moving from the sleeping bag to the foot of the mast to lower the mainsail during a storm is comparable to getting out of the placenta behind the door of the Maracana while the penalties of a world final are being shot. I don't remember what it was like, I don't remember how long it took me or how wet I got because by now the waves were crashing over the port side with a great thump and flying past, but I do remember that the boom boom boom was in the water most of the time, and that when I returned to the cabin after lowering the mainsail and jib and hoisting the foresail the speed had dropped to nine knots, a great progress. And Cadeau continued to fly alone, all night, and all morning, but for all I knew it could have been a whole winter like the time it took to read a poem by Ungaretti, leaves lost in an ocean that at that point I hoped was really deserted, its only passenger curled up in his sleeping bag, trying to ignore those beastly blows to the side a few millimetres beyond my pillow, with the only consolation that I was flying towards someone who was waiting for me. The next morning came the time to look outside. It was a mistake. Every wave now crashed against the boat and strong mountain torrents followed the roar as it passed over the drum, which on Cadeau is structured like a horizontal guillotine. My plan was simple: estimate the time between two booms and take a quick look outside, in a thermal suit, in the middle of the walk between two waves, which had a period of about twenty seconds. On average. At the boom I waited for the stream to flow and immediately stuck my head out of the drum. Boom. Fuck. I instinctively lowered my head and hit one end of the tambourine. In pain I threw my head backwards and hit the other end of the half-closed tambourine with the back of my head, fell semi-conscious to the ground and the next torrent quickly brought me back to reality. I waited a moment and, by now soaked, looked out, but nothing I saw pleased me, from the blue-green armies, breakers crashing down on me like rows of white and green tanks hurled down bright Polish hills, to the increasingly salt-slick sky that managed to spread a November veil of maroon blue, to the cockpit full of water, to the freighter parading aft in an ocean I thought and hoped was deserted. I dried off and returned to my amniotic universe of feathers and wool. Sailing alone in a deserted ocean during a gale does not involve too much effort, provided the autopilot works. In case it doesn't work, most of the time is spent vertical, in an explosive and humid optical world, always hoping that the harmony between the wind and the sails doesn't break, because if it does, you have to put your hand on the rudder, forcing yourself to live in the real world with its violence, perfidy and horrors, far removed from the amniotic peace of the sleeping bag, the anti-roll sheet and their may of feathers and cotton. On the afternoon of the 7th of March 2001, Cadeau was always travelling determinedly towards a 'home' and a woman, at 49 degrees S latitude and 63 west, under a sky that was always deep blue, but that air of salt between us was even rougher, stranger, more disturbing. That's how the asphalt of the alpine passes must feel when they look up at the blue sky and pass over it waving salt from the snowplough. The wind had started to be less outrageous, the waves had not. In the early afternoon, Cadeau straddled a roaring sea, looking into the wind and puffing foam from his nostrils. The autopilot had stopped working. I was about 80 miles off the bow of Saunders and entertained the idea of improvising a tour de force at the helm with heroic glides towards David and Susan who would certainly refresh me and repair the autopilot, but for some reason I preferred to tighten the wind to let Cadeau sail alone and head for Puerto Deseado, nomen omen, on the Argentine coast, about 250 miles away, which I reached on the morning of 10 March. There is no trace of those days in the logbook. The notebook of shiny tissues recovered from some recess of the brain is made up of a few pages almost all in darkness, of my body lying downwind in the cockpit, my face pressed against some soggy cushion, my leg straddling the edge so as not to fall with the roll, praying that the wind would continue upwind, because upwind Cadeau goes alone, eating apples, fucking apples, me eating apples and cigarettes, and corrections at the helm, and when upwind was there I could even lie underneath, all dressed in oilskins, fractious, fractious. And just like shiny, transparent sheets I was always lying down, I have no recollection of me standing at the helm, just a mille-feuille of amoebic horizontality with the taste of camel and apples, camel and apples and salt, camel and apples and salt. And the culmination was to arrive in front of Deseado on the evening of 9 March to find a contrary current and a new gale, and to spend the whole night edging, out of that much-desired river, camel salt and scent of earth, so close, camel salt and scent of earth.



S&S Swan at PalmaVela (Palma de Mallorca)

25-29 April 2025

Palmavela is an event organized by **Real Club Nautico de Palma**, and the Organizing Authority decided to get a S&S Swan dedicated class, we are very proud to have be invited to this regatta!

Sparkman&Stephens designed Swan are, without any doubt, the best production sailing boats ever designed and built (and they are incredibly awesome!). We know the S&S Swan participating to "Palmavela" will be a fantastic addition to the already amazing group of subscribers!

Notice of Race could be downloaded [HERE](#).

S&S Swan - A Legend

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