

# Valley of the Doll

*America's favorite kid sister needed pills to fall asleep and pills to wake up.*

## JUDY GARLAND

*The Secret Life of an American Legend.*  
By David Shipman.  
Illustrated. 540 pp. New York:  
Hyperion. \$24.95.

By Camille Paglia

**T**HE glamorous, tawdry lives of Hollywood stars are the hero sagas of modern life. Born in obscurity, driven by a dream, the great stars fight their way to fame and win their dates with destiny. But fortune's wheel is ever turning: a combination of hostile external forces and swirling internal pressures transforms triumph and adulation into disaster and despair.

This classic paradigm, half Greek tragedy and half soap opera, is remarkably demonstrated in David Shipman's absorbing new biography, "Judy Garland: The Secret Life of an American Legend." Mr. Shipman, a British film historian, treats his sensational material with a sober earnestness that at first seems flat and unadventurous but that eventually wins our respect and trust. A fan of Garland's since he "fell in love with her in a record shop in Oxford in 1955," he presents her flamboyant personality with unflinching honesty, neither moralizing nor minimizing her faults. Mr. Shipman's scandal-packed book reads like the war chronicles of a laconic, unflappable battlefront correspondent, with explosions going off and casualties everywhere.

Judy Garland was born Frances Gumm in 1922 in Grand Rapids, Minn. Her father, a singer and manager of a movie theater, had left Tennessee with visions of show business. He was also, according to Mr. Shipman, a homosexual. Garland's mother, who knew of and later bitterly resented her husband's proclivities, had two daughters by him and then tried to abort Frances, the third. Garland claimed that her pushy mother took "great delight in telling rooms full of people" about these attempts to prevent the child from being born.

Camille Paglia, the author of "Sexual Personae" and "Sex, Art, and American Culture," teaches humanities at the University of the Arts in Philadelphia.



PHOTOFEST/FROM "JUDY GARLAND: THE SECRET LIFE OF AN AMERICAN LEGEND"  
Judy Garland backstage after a performance in 1962.

As "Baby Gumm," Frances made her singing debut at 2½ and brought down the house with her strangely powerful voice, out of which came her mature "belting" style. Garland said her talent was "inherited": "Nobody ever taught me what to do onstage." The Gumm moved to southern California in 1926 to promote the career of their tiny song-and-dance trio, the Gumm

Sisters. Frances was already spoiled and given to "sudden, terrible fits of temper." She rapidly turned into an androgynous tomboy, "as if," says Mr. Shipman, "she were becoming the son" her father had craved.

Before long a boom time began for child actors: Hollywood studios beat the bushes for the next Shirley Temple, who was America's panacea for the Depression. One night, George Jessel, introducing the Gumm girls, renamed them the Garland Sisters. Frances boldly took the name Judy from a Hoagy Carmichael song. Jessel later said of Judy, who had been billed as "the little girl with the leather lungs," that even at 12 she sang like "a woman with a heart that had been hurt."

Now began the period in Garland's life most familiar to us. Under contract at 13 to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, she made several films, including her first with Mickey Rooney and leading up to "The Wizard of Oz" (1939). Garland said of these years, when she shuttled between the set and the studio schoolroom, "My life was a combination of absolute chaos and absolute solitude." She was made to starve what Mr. Shipman calls her "naturally pudgy" body, and she secretly squirreled away cookies and candy bars from the studio spies watching her every move.

Garland, Mr. Shipman reports, was soon taking appetite-suppressing amphetamines, as well as Seconal prescribed by the studio doctor. She needed pills to fall asleep and pills to wake up. By 20, she was seriously addicted, in a vicious lifelong cycle that would be dramatized in Jacqueline Susann's wonderful "Valley of the Dolls," which was inspired by her. Mr. Shipman says that near the end of her life (she died in 1969) Garland was taking large quantities of alcohol and barbiturates, as well as up to 20 Ritalin tablets a day.

*Continued on page 46*

## The Book of My Enemy Has Been Remaindered

By Clive James

The book of my enemy has been remaindered  
And I am pleased.  
In vast quantities it has been remaindered.  
Like a vanload of counterfeit that has been seized  
And sits in piles in a police warehouse,  
My enemy's much-praised effort sits in piles  
In the kind of bookshop where remaindering occurs.  
Great, square stacks of rejected books and, between  
them, aisles  
One passes down reflecting on life's vanities,  
Pausing to remember all those thoughtful reviews  
Lavished to no avail upon one's enemy's book —  
For behold, here is that book  
Among those ranks and banks of duds,  
These ponderous and seemingly irreducible cairns  
Of complete stiffs.

The book of my enemy has been remaindered

Clive James is a literary critic, poet and the author of "Unreliable Memoirs" and other books. "Fame in the 20th Century," based on Mr. James's television series by the same name, will be published this month.

And I rejoice.  
It has gone with bowed head like a defeated legion  
Beneath the yoke.  
What avail him now his awards and prizes,  
The praise expended upon his meticulous technique,  
His individual new voice?  
Knocked into the middle of next week  
His brainchild now consorts with the bad buys,  
The sinkers, clinkers, dogs and dregs,  
The Edsels of the world of movable type,  
The bummers that no amount of hype could shift,  
The unbudgeable turkeys.

Yea, his slim volume with its understated wrapper  
Bathes in the glare of the brightly jacketed "Hitler's  
War Machine,"  
His unmistakably individual new voice  
Shares the same scrapyards with a forlorn skyscraper  
Of "The Kung-Fu Cookbook,"  
His honesty, proclaimed by himself and believed in by  
others,  
His renowned abhorrence of all posturing and pre-  
tense,

Is there with "Pertwee's Promenades and Pierrots —  
One Hundred Years of Seaside Entertainment,"  
And (oh, this above all) his sensibility,  
His sensibility and its hairlike filaments,  
His delicate, quivering sensibility is now as one  
with "Barbara Windsor's Book of Boobs."

Soon now a book of mine could be remaindered also,  
Though not to the monumental extent  
In which the chastisement of remaindering has been  
meted out

To the book of my enemy,  
Since in the case of my own book it will be due  
To a miscalculated print run, a marketing  
error —  
Nothing to do with merit.  
But just supposing that such an event should hold  
Some slight element of sadness, it will be offset  
By the memory of this sweet moment.  
Chill the champagne and polish the crystal goblets!  
The book of my enemy has been remaindered  
And I am glad.





Travel/Peter Conrad

## Arcadia: Last of the Head Trips

**T**HE travel book, like the novel, is a literary genre apparently without rules. Fourteen lines are mandatory in a sonnet, and a tragedy must end with someone's death, but the travel book is free from precept or precedent: it needs only to describe a journey, which writing — as the movement of language through time — automatically does. Nevertheless, the best travel books owe a secret allegiance to one of the most ancient literary genres: they all turn out to be versions of pastoral.

Pastoral is the form that depicts the paradise we have lost, the rustic simplicity of a good life in a golden age. The pastoral ideal of the classical poets, from Theocritus to Sir Philip Sidney, was irretrievably distant in time. For the travel writer, the idyll is teasingly remote in space, but can be reached by consulting the airline schedules.

This is what Datus C. Proper means by entitling his book **THE LAST OLD PLACE: A Search Through Portugal** (illustrated, 254 pp., Simon & Schuster, \$22). Europe's appendix, cramped in a sliver of land along the Atlantic coast, Portugal resists the modernization that has transformed the rest of the continent into a pseudo-American hypermarket. For Mr. Proper, a former diplomat who traveled there from Montana on a trout-fishing expedition, the country is — like Sidney's Arcadia or Shakespeare's Arden — a repository of ancient verities and virtues, populated not by oafish peasants but by noble savages. Travel is an exercise in self-criticism, and Mr. Proper treats Portugal as a reproach to his plastic homeland. Portugal's roads are bad, but its bread is good. In America, Mr. Proper regretfully notes, it is the other way around.

This comment about bread, together with Mr. Proper's quest for trout, demonstrates the closeness of "The Last Old Place" to another latter-day version of pastoral, the cookery book. A recipe lovingly recited is also an evocation of the good life and a homage to the good earth. Mr. Proper writes mouthwateringly about the sacrilegiously rich Portuguese sweets called Nuns' Bellies, made almost entirely of egg yolks, and adds: "This summarizes the difference between Portuguese and American cooking. We discard the yolks and they discard the whites." He regains a gustatory paradise when he tucks into an orange tart, which is "bittersweet like all good things. I ravished it." Afterward, Portugal has another unmodern pleasure in store: here "you nap on ironed sheets."

There is a good deal of whimsy in Mr. Proper's account, but also much wisdom. Travel makes ironists of most men, turning them into connoisseurs of incongruity. Mr. Proper, however, solemnly prefaces his chapters with quotations from the Portuguese national epic, "The Lusads," by Camões; its hymn to their heroic qualities, he implies, still holds good. Yet his account is already an elegy. The

Peter Conrad's books include the novel "Underworld" and the memoirs "Where I Fell to Earth: A Life in Four Cities" and "Behind the Mountain: Return to Tasmania."

medieval terrain of Portugal, whose economy is these days run as a joint venture with the European Community, is disappearing under shopping malls, parking lots and expressways. Its roads are now quite good, which can only mean that its bread will soon be bad.

Henry Shukman's emotional itinerary in **TRAVELS WITH MY TROMBONE: A Caribbean Journey** (248 pp., Crown, \$20) is the same as Datus Proper's. Mr. Shukman, a freelance writer and musician, leaves sodden, dispirited England in search of a Latin delight in life. Romantic travelers found this around the Mediterranean; he seeks it in the Caribbean, repeating — as he acknowledges — the voyages of Elizabethan explorers toward the mythical paradise of El Dorado. As it is for Mr. Proper, food is Mr. Shukman's approximation to the golden world: he writes lyrically about the ripe pineapples and

a ticket home to wet, safe England. He renounces a spoiled paradise, where physical beauty collides with political squalor.

That same paradox recurs in the rhetorical question asked by the American journalist John Krich, **WHY IS THIS COUNTRY DANCING?: A One-Man Samba to the Beat of Brazil** (319 pp., Simon & Schuster, \$22). The society is collapsing, the economy has already collapsed, and yet for Mr. Krich Brazil remains a sensual heaven, a subequatorial erogenous zone where, after you wade from the frothy surf, "three G-stringed muses towel you off and grab you by the elastic on your flowered boxer trunks to entice you into their lair." Like Mr. Shukman's trombone playing, Mr. Krich's research into the origin of Brazilian dances entails a search for primitive mysteries, for "old places" buried deep in the consciousness. Listening to the percussion of calypso bands, Mr. Shukman is

reminded of voodoo ceremonies and reflects that "behind all the popular beats lurk the shadows of the gods." Mr. Krich likewise discloses that the samba derives from "an Angolan fertility rite which involves the violent bouncing together of bellybuttons."

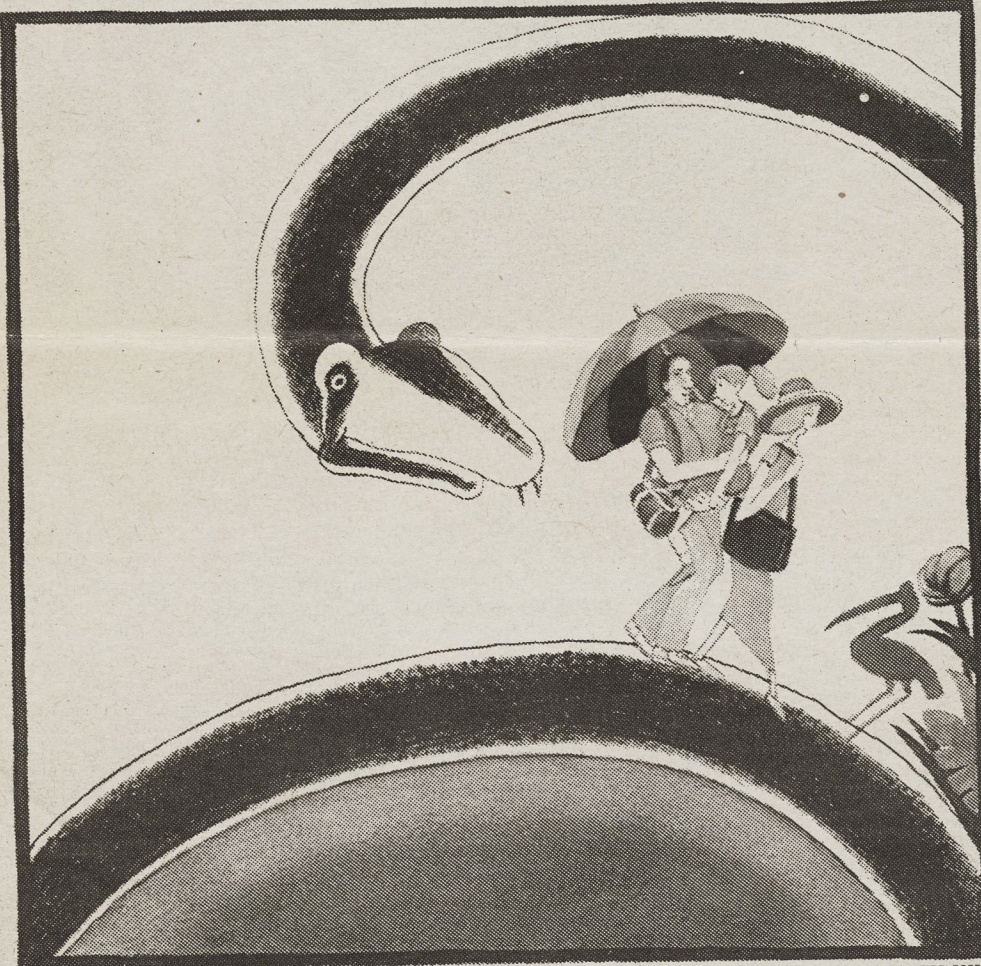
Mr. Krich's hedonism overrules his political qualms, and he forgets the need to answer the question put by his title. His motives are self-interested: his journey is the extension of an Iron John weekend in the woods, "hunting for some safe connection to the savage" — a more violently regressive form of Mr. Proper's cultural nostalgia. Mr. Krich calls himself "a new-age traveler" who uses "parts of the world" to "piece himself" together.

This new age is at least as old as the 1960's, when the ethnopharmacologist Terence McKenna set off from revolutionary Berkeley for the hashish dens of Nepal, then proceeded to the Amazonian jungle, where he grubbed up the mystic mushrooms whose mind-altering powers he celebrates in **TRUE HALLUCINATIONS: Being an Account of the Author's Extraordinary Adventures in the Devil's Paradise** (237 pp., HarperSan Francisco, \$20). Mr. McKenna

sought a cerebral equivalent of Mr. Shukman's El Dorado, vaguely defined as the "obsidian liquid" discharged during a long-ago night of drugged love in a village east of Katmandu. This concoction sounds to me like moonshine, and I suffered hallucinatory agonies of my own while reading his shrilly ecstatic prose. I prefer to put my trust in Mr. Krich: the bossa nova may supply a truer religious experience than Mr. McKenna's noxious fungi.

Because the pastoral ideal is perpetually elusive, travel books are stalked by parody and disillusion. The Irish journalist Eric Lawlor, in **LOOKING FOR OSMAN: One Man's Travels Through the Paradox of Modern Turkey** (213 pp., Vintage, paper, \$11) describes with woebegone self-mockery his accidents on the way through that country. A car knocks him over in Istanbul; rats terrorize him in a flophouse; touts pester and defraud him; his head aches and his nose runs. He misses Ararat because

Continued on page 29



ETIENNE DELLESSERT

avocados piled up in a Quito market. Mr. Proper romantically personifies his trout as river nymphs, and relishes the notion that in Portuguese the gender of the word *truta* is feminine; Mr. Shukman, younger and more sappy, records some sweaty encounters with human nymphs, including a guiltless outdoor orgy in Dominica, set in "the sylvan grotto of pastoral convention."

Sidney's Arcadian shepherds conversed in poetry and held versifying contests at their festivals. Mr. Shukman obtains entry into the rhythmic, erotic life of the Caribbean by means of his trombone, and he has his own jazzy conception of the noble savage: a calypso musician who recovers from carnival in Port of Spain, Trinidad, by "living peacefully out in the bush, he and his trumpet at one with the birds and the trees." Music cannot conceal the fact that these are the "tristes tropiques" of Claude Lévi-Strauss. Mr. Shukman's pilgrimage ends with a warning from the thuggish Colombian police, after which — since all traveling is circular — he promptly buys



# An affair with Portugal in all its peculiarities

## THE LAST OLD PLACE

By Datus Proper  
Simon & Schuster  
254 pages, \$22

By MICHAEL LEVY  
News Book Reviewer

**T**HIS IS a charming book, which befits the charming and quirky corner of Iberia called Portugal.

Part "travel" book, part historical interpretation — because history suffuses this country as it perhaps does no other — and part cultural explication, "The Last Old Place" is stuffed with aphorisms, insights and cultural one-liners.

All good travel writing makes the reader yearn to visit the place described, teaches us something of its history (in this case one that few Americans ever think about) and introduces us to new sights and sounds.

In some ways any section taken at random could sum up something of the Portuguese travel experience, something of the Portuguese attitude. Take this purchase at a Lisbon bookshop:

"The salesgirl cut a piece of thin brown paper with a pair of scissors, put the paper on the counter, laid the book on it, made adjustments, and folded the wrapping with neat little corners. The fit was precise, with not a centimeter of material wasted. . . . I had forgotten that packages were treated this way in Portugal. I would have liked to buy some other book, any other, and watch the ceremony again, but was too shy."

Proper tells us about a country that knew all about the Orient long before Columbus. It was in Portugal — whose tiny population was already struggling to cope with what it had achieved in foreign trade, even empire — that Columbus learned his trade. It was Portugal that had enough on its plate and sent that entrepreneur to the arms of Isabella.

Proper's interest in Portugal

stems from his career in the U.S. State Department, which he joined in 1956, fresh out of college. "I tried to get to places where I'd enjoy working," he told me recently, "places with a lot of outdoors I could get into, mountains I could walk around."

He first met with the Portuguese in Angola "in what amounted to the 19th century" and learned the language fluently during a stint in Brazil. Finally, after serving in Washington and Ireland, he was posted to Portugal from 1981 to 1985, leaving the service in 1987 to write full time.

Proper's previous books have been on trout fishing and pheasant hunting, and while delightful passages in this volume deal with trout streams and bird dogs, he undertook this return out of love for the rugged land.

"The Last Old Place" details travels with his lawyer friend Adriano from one corner of the country to the other, poking around a huge cathedral named "battle," musing about the school of Prince Henry the Navigator that set this poor but fiercely independent country on its Renaissance travels, and detailing the small towns where goats and sheep vie for space with Citroen *deux cheveaux* on what passes for highways.

His portrait of an "economically undeveloped country with highly developed people" gives the reader a feeling for a rapidly changing country that may — after a long sleep under the tight hand of the dictator Salazar — be changing too quickly: Portugal has the fastest-growing economy in the European Community.

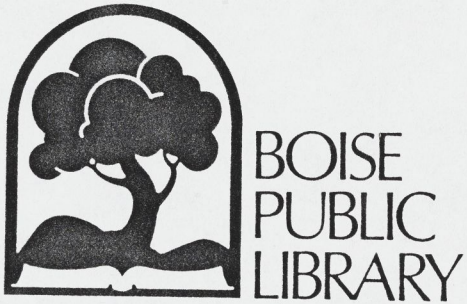
Readers who are moved to sample these simple places and pure pleasures had better do so soon — before "le weekend" is imported from France and McDonald's displaces the little roadside restaurants where fresh seafood, marvelous bread and "green soup" is served quickly and cheaply to the hungry traveler.

The Buffalo News 5/9/93

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Bisons  
Star





August 9, 1993

Datus C. Proper  
1085 Hamilton Road  
Belgrade, MT 59714

Dear Mr. Proper:

I have just finished reading *The Last Old Place* and was compelled to write to you and express my absolute pleasure in having "partaken" of the book. I found myself re-reading passages several times, as the book was one of few I have read which I savored like good food--taking small bites at a time so I could please my (mental) palate for as long as possible. Little treasures such as "a herd of goats tending a small boy" provided the kind of late night giggles that make my husband wish I wouldn't read in bed! I have shared chapter 9 with my favorite avid trout fisherman who, I am sure, will enjoy it as much as I did.

In approximately one month, I will be leaving from New Bedford, MA on a freighter that makes calls in the Azores, Madeira, and Portugal. Although this trip is being made to fulfill a life-long dream of traveling by freighter and there will be little time in each port, I have been doing some reading about the places I will visit--hence, my discovery of *The Last Old Place*. Since I am not enamored of big cities, it introduced me to some of the parts of Portugal that I hope to visit on a much longer, future trip to that country.

Thanks for a wonderful read that soothed my soul as much as a Portuguese trout stream must sooth yours!

Sincerely,

Lynn Melton  
Director



Answered 7/4/95

Annie Ludlum and Tom O'Connell  
1111 10th Avenue East #21 Seattle, Washington 98102 (206) 726-7959

May 30, 1995

Datus C. Proper  
1085 Hamilton Road  
Belgrade, Montana 59714

Dear Datus Proper -

I've just finished reading THE LAST OLD PLACE and what can I say? I love it. I'm recommending it to all my friends so they will understand why Portugal appeals to me.

I was enjoying your book from the very start, but it was the description of the smell of the bed linen that hooked me completely. A couple of years ago I ordered a (Portuguese-made) bed spread from Lands' End. It arrived wrapped in plastic. When I opened the package - whoosh - I was back in Portugal. The odor was still in the fabric and for as long as it lasted, I would breathe it in whenever possible.

Last January I was in Portugal again - and the linen still has that scent. I think maybe thyme is part of it, as well as the things you mention. Delicious.

I'll enclose a piece I wrote a while back which will probably make clear to you why I liked your book. And if your itinerary should ever bring you to Seattle, please give a call. Vinho verde from the Adega Cooperativa de Ponte do Lima, olives, and perhaps even a piece of queijo da serra await you.

Best wishes,

Annie C.



Datus  
This just in from Kirkus Reviews  
Congrats! (The claim is very nice)  
Gerr

↓  
♦ Proper, Datus C.  
THE LAST OLD PLACE:  
*A Search Through Portugal*  
Simon & Schuster (256 pp.)  
\$22.00  
Mar. 1993  
ISBN: 0-671-78226-6

A literary journey through Portugal from bottom to top, by a freelance writer with a reputation for erudite outdoor articles.

From the Algarve to Trás os Montes, Proper and old-world confrere Adriano hunt and gather pieces of Portugal. Proper, an American, had spent a couple of years there while serving in the foreign service, and he knew there was much to take in if done appropriately. Hence the leisurely, sedate pace of the pair's countrywide ramble; they have time to stop and smell the roses, time to take a good look around. Proper's eye is for the telling detail, and he finds it everywhere—in the odd snippet of anthropology or passage of history, in a sampling of wine or a mythological tale. Language, national temperament, regional cooking, architectural styles, bookstores, markets—all yield something to Proper in his search for what makes Portugal distinctive. He also finds ample opportunity to indulge in two favorite pastimes: fly-fishing for trout and shotgunning for snipe and Portuguese partridge. Here, he takes all these disparate elements and fashions them into a place-portrait of beauty and depth and originality. The writing has an oblique character, with idiosyncratic gaps and fractures. Running through the book is a humor so dry it threatens to combust spontaneously, while a faint trace of poetry gives the account the woven qualities found in a good prose poem. The time and effort of a slow, close reading are repaid in spades.

A charmer of a book, weird and wonderful. Proper is no longer the private property of the rod-and-gun club.



## NONFICTION

### FIREWORKS AT DUSK: Paris in the Thirties

Olivier Bernier. Little, Brown, \$24.95 (352p) ISBN 0-316-09275-4  
In 1930 Paris dazzled as its painters, writers, composers and designers invented modernity. But in 1935, the Great Depression had caught up with the French, Fascists and Communists fought in the streets, and war loomed as Hitler and Mussolini grew more menacing. Bernier (*Words of Fire, Deeds of Blood*) here presents a searching yet marvelously gossipy cultural history of Paris in the '30s—its last brilliant moment as a world capital. Drawing on newspapers, memoirs and eyewitness accounts, he juggles the parallel lives of Picasso, Stravinsky, Cocteau, Gide, Josephine Baker, Elsa Schiaparelli, Max Ernst, Janet Flanner and many others. Bernier offers withering profiles of a succession of incompetent, unscrupulous politicians who contributed to France's failure of will. He shows how the rage for the modern that marked the beginning of the decade gave way to alienation, anguish, befuddlement and a headlong retreat into the past. Photos. (Mar.)

### THE CONFIDENT DECISION MAKER:

How to Make the Right Business and Personal Decisions Every Time  
Roger Dawson. Morrow, \$20 (288p) ISBN 0-688-11564-0

Successful decision-making is not a talent but a "learned skill" composed of "concentrated thought" and "rapid reasoning powers," claims business consultant Dawson, author of the audiotape series *Secrets of Power Negotiating*. His predictable formula for reaching the best decisions and solutions combines analysis, synthesis and judgment and requires developing a sense of timing and ability to handle uncertainty and elements of risk. Using charts, self-evaluation tests and examples of both good and bad decisions, Dawson emphasizes setting goals and priorities, assembling essential data and evaluating alternate solutions—all of which are summarized in a 21-day-plan. (Mar.)

### THE CULTURE OF DESIRE: Paradox and Perversity in Gay Lives Today

Frank Browning. Crown, \$20 (288p) ISBN 0-517-58192-2  
In a meditative, journalistic odyssey through the gay male subculture, Browning, a former reporter for National Public Radio, probes the roots of gay rage as he joins Queer Nation protest rallies in suburban malls and talks with health-care activist Jim Corti,

who makes unauthorized drugs available to people with AIDS. Browning interviews gay men in rural Kentucky, where he grew up, and in Miami's Cuban enclave. He tours the freewheeling, resuscitated gay sexual under-grounds of Los Angeles, New York City and San Francisco. He also visits safer-sex clubs, analyzes homoerotic images in the gay press and samples the ritualized gatherings of gays at Fire Island, N.Y., and at the twice-yearly "Hollywood Boy Party" in Palm Springs, Calif. Browning, who is gay himself, maintains that most homosexuals share a core belief: "Our friends are our family." Yet he harbors doubts about whether the lifestyle of urban gays constitutes an actual culture comparable to black, Jewish or Asian-American communities. A sensitive, searching inquiry. (Mar.)

### APPROACHING ZERO: The Extraordinary Underworld of Hackers, Phreakers, Virus Writers and Keyboard Criminals

Paul Mungo and Bryan Clough. Random, \$22 (256p) ISBN 0-679-40938-6  
Entertaining but hardly comprehensive, this study offers a somewhat European angle on the "technological counterculture." The authors draw on interviews and technical literature to examine the techniques of American and British phreakers (who tap into phone systems), profile "Captain Zap"—Pennsylvanian Ian Murphy, the first American computer hacker to be prosecuted—and describe the biggest international gathering of hackers, which took place in Amsterdam in 1989. Particularly interesting is an account of how Bulgaria, a would-be high-tech power, spawned hackers and a flood of computer viruses—approximately 200 since 1988. But Clough, an English accountant who has specialized in international computer security, and Mungo, an American freelance journalist, rarely offer in-depth portraits of their subjects, nor is their treatment sufficiently thorough to lend credence to their warning that we "may no longer be able to trust technology." (Mar.)

### THE LAST OLD PLACE:

A Search Through Portugal  
Datus C. Proper, introduction by Jan Morris. Simon & Schuster, \$22 (256p) ISBN 0-671-78226-6

A former American diplomat, linguist and ardent fly fisherman, Proper (*What the Trout Said*) combines a travel journal, rich in astute, witty commentaries on Portugal and its people, with self-revealing personal recollections. The route selected by the author and his 77-year-old Portuguese companion took them, on foot and by

car, from Lisbon and the southern port of Sagres, from which Prince Henry the Navigator launched western expansion, to the northern Douro Valley, famed for its port wine. With a sure, deft touch, Proper evokes the essence of places as different as the walled city of Evora, replete with Roman-Moorish-Christian grandeur, and the inviting countryside, where they paused to sample savory fare and test the trout streams. The book offers an engaging portrait of a small country "top-heavy with history" and its hospitable though in many cases impoverished people. Illustrations. (Mar.)

### BRAVE ARE MY PEOPLE:

#### Indian Heroes Not Forgotten

Frank Waters. Clear Light, \$24.95 (180p) ISBN 0-940666-21-9

These simply written, straightforward profiles depict Native American figures whose names will be familiar to history buffs. Veteran author Waters (*Book of the Hopi*) selects 20 Indian leaders whose lives had a profound effect on settlers and their own people, from colonial times to Wounded Knee. There are notable speeches from Tecumseh, Black Hawk and Chiefs Joseph and Seattle. We meet Powhatan and Pontiac, Massasoit and Deganawi-

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Marie Long  
Humanities 213 - University of Louisville  
English Department  
Louisville, KY 40292

Datus C. Proper  
Field & Stream  
2 Park Ave.  
New York, NY 10016

July 16, 1992

Dear Datus Proper (Correct Date?)

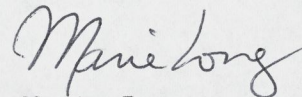
Do not ask what I, poet and English teacher, was doing reading Field & Stream.  
But it gave me the opportunity to read your piece entitled "Liberation" on  
p. 96 of the Southern Edition of your magazine.

I have never read a piece of prose more poetic, yet restrained, but filled  
with dignified and true emotion as your fourth paragraph starting "There is a  
modest claim...". I will clip this paragraph, ~~to~~ give it to my English  
Composition students to read as a model of personal statement, poetic prose,  
and sober rhetoric.

This paragraph is a short essay on personal liberation and growth, one as well  
as the other the goals I attempt to foster upon my college freshpeople (I am  
liberated from using sexist words such as freshman, man's accomplishments, etc.)

Your eventual creed of siblinghood with the "blackbird" meets with my  
personal creed of oneness with nature and one worth presenting to our urban  
youth who sometimes ~~do~~ not even know that cows produce the milk they drink.  
Thank you for your inspiring text.

Sincerely yours,



Marie Long  
600 E. Rawlings - Box 2  
Louisville, KY 40217  
(502) 637-1959



# An affair with Portugal in all its peculiarities

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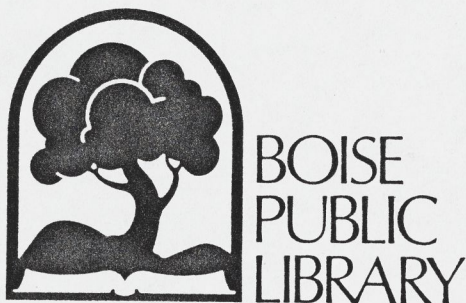
His portrait of an "economically undeveloped country with highly developed people" gives the reader a feeling for a rapidly changing country that may — after a long sleep under the tight hand of the dictator Salazar — be changing too quickly: Portugal has the fastest-growing economy in the European Community.

Readers who are moved to sample these simple places and pure pleasures had better do so soon — before "le weekend" is imported from France and McDonald's displaces the little roadside restaurants where fresh seafood, marvelous bread and "green soup" is served quickly and cheaply to the hungry traveler.

The Buffalo News 5/9/93

\$5, \$  
Availa  
(The  
Bisons  
Star





August 9, 1993

Datus C. Proper  
1085 Hamilton Road  
Belgrade, MT 59714

Dear Mr. Proper:

I have just finished reading *The Last Old Place* and was compelled to write to you and express my absolute pleasure in having "partaken" of the book. I found myself re-reading passages several times, as the book was one of few I have read which I savored like good food--taking small bites at a time so I could please my (mental) palate for as long as possible. Little treasures such as "a herd of goats tending a small boy" provided the kind of late night giggles that make my husband wish I wouldn't read in bed! I have shared chapter 9 with my favorite avid trout fisherman who, I am sure, will enjoy it as much as I did.

In approximately one month, I will be leaving from New Bedford, MA on a freighter that makes calls in the Azores, Madeira, and Portugal. Although this trip is being made to fulfill a life-long dream of traveling by freighter and there will be little time in each port, I have been doing some reading about the places I will visit--hence, my discovery of *The Last Old Place*. Since I am not enamored of big cities, it introduced me to some of the parts of Portugal that I hope to visit on a much longer, future trip to that country.

Thanks for a wonderful read that soothed my soul as much as a Portuguese trout stream must sooth yours!

Sincerely,

Lynn Melton  
Director



# Arcadia: Last of the Head Trips

**T**HE travel book, like the novel, is a literary genre apparently without rules. Fourteen lines are mandatory in a sonnet, and a tragedy must end with someone's death, but the travel book is free from precept or precedent: it needs only to describe a journey, which writing — as the movement of language through time — automatically does. Nevertheless, the best travel books owe a secret allegiance to one of the most ancient literary genres: they all turn out to be versions of pastoral.

Pastoral is the form that depicts the paradise we have lost, the rustic simplicity of a good life in a golden age. The pastoral ideal of the classical poets, from Theocritus to Sir Philip Sidney, was irretrievably distant in time. For the travel writer, the idyll is teasingly remote in space but can be reached by consulting the airline schedules.

This is what Datus C. Proper means by entitling his book **THE LAST OLD PLACE: A Search Through Portugal** (illustrated, 254 pp., Simon & Schuster, \$22). Europe's appendix, cramped in a sliver of land along the Atlantic coast, Portugal resists the modernization that has transformed the rest of the continent into a pseudo-American hypermarket. For Mr. Proper, a former diplomat who traveled there from Montana on a trout-fishing expedition, the country is — like Sidney's Arcadia or Shakespeare's Arden — a repository of ancient verities and virtues, populated not by oafish peasants but by noble savages. Travel is an exercise in self-criticism, and Mr. Proper treats Portugal as a reproach to his plastic homeland. Portugal's roads are bad, but its bread is good. In America, Mr. Proper regretfully notes, it is the other way around.

This comment about bread, together with Mr. Proper's quest for trout, demonstrates the closeness of "The Last Old Place" to another latter-day version of pastoral, the cookery book. A recipe lovingly recited is also an evocation of the good life and a homage to the good earth. Mr. Proper writes mouthwateringly about the sacrilegiously rich Portuguese sweets called Nuns' Bellies, made almost entirely of egg yolks, and adds: "This summarizes the difference between Portuguese and American cooking. We discard the yolks and they discard the whites." He regains a gustatory paradise when he tucks into an orange tart, which is "bittersweet like all good things. I ravished it." Afterward, Portugal has another unmodern pleasure in store: here "you nap on ironed sheets."

There is a good deal of whimsy in Mr. Proper's account, but also much wisdom. Travel makes ironists of most men, turning them into connoisseurs of incongruity. Mr. Proper, however, solemnly prefaces his chapters with quotations from the Portuguese national epic, "The Lusads," by Camões; its hymn to their heroic qualities, he implies, still holds good. Yet his account is already an elegy. The

Peter Conrad's books include the novel "Underworld" and the memoirs "Where I Fell to Earth: A Life in Four Cities" and "Behind the Mountain: Return to Tasmania."

medieval terrain of Portugal, whose economy is these days run as a joint venture with the European Community, is disappearing under shopping malls, parking lots and expressways. Its roads are now quite good, which can only mean that its bread will soon be bad.

Henry Shukman's emotional itinerary in **TRAVELS WITH MY TROMBONE: A Caribbean Journey** (248 pp., Crown, \$20) is the same as Datus Proper's. Mr. Shukman, a freelance writer and musician, leaves sodden, dispirited England in search of a Latin delight in life. Romantic travelers found this around the Mediterranean; he seeks it in the Caribbean, repeating — as he acknowledges — the voyages of Elizabethan explorers toward the mythical paradise of El Dorado. As it is for Mr. Proper, food is Mr. Shukman's approximation to the golden world: he writes lyrically about the ripe pineapples and

a ticket home to wet, safe England. He renounces a spoiled paradise, where physical beauty collides with political squalor.

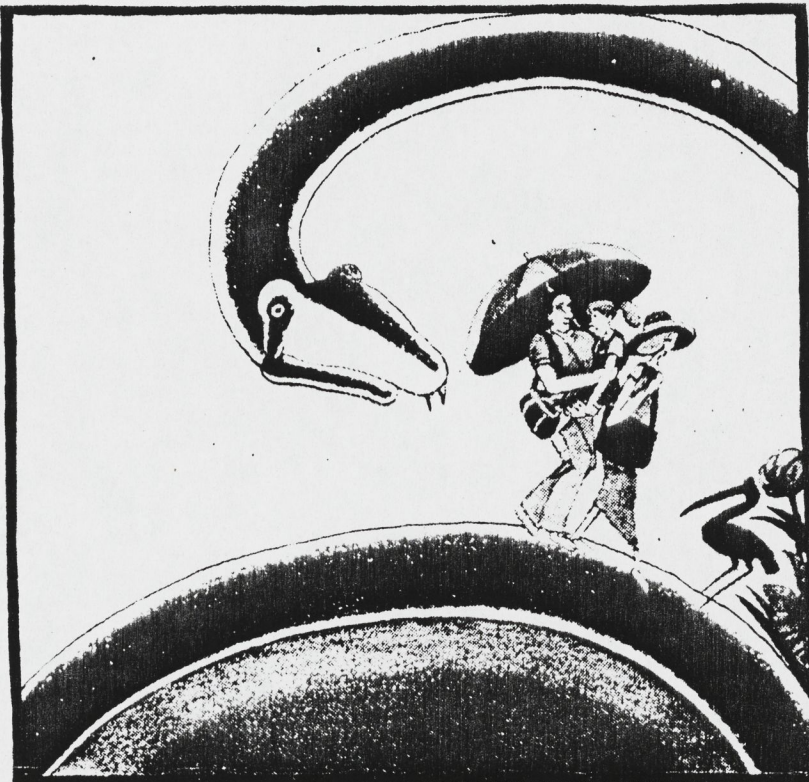
That same paradox recurs in the rhetorical question asked by the American journalist John Krich, **WHY IS THIS COUNTRY DANCING?: A One-Man Samba to the Beat of Brazil** (319 pp., Simon & Schuster, \$22). The society is collapsing, the economy has already collapsed, and yet for Mr. Krich Brazil remains a sensual heaven, a subequatorial erogenous zone where, after you wade from the frothy surf, "three G-stringed muses towel you off and grab you by the elastic on your flowered boxer trunks to entice you into their lair." Like Mr. Shukman's trombone playing, Mr. Krich's research into the origin of Brazilian dances entails a search for primitive mysteries, for "old places" buried deep in the consciousness. Listening to the percussion of calypso bands, Mr. Shukman is reminded of voodoo ceremonies and reflects that "behind all the popular beats lurk the shadows of the gods." Mr. Krich likewise discloses that the samba derives from "an Angolan fertility rite which involves the violent bouncing together of bellybuttons."

Mr. Krich's hedonism overrules his political qualms, and he forgets the need to answer the question put by his title. His motives are self-interested: his journey is the extension of an Iroquois weekend in the woods, "hunting for some safe connection to the savage" — a more violently regressive form of Mr. Proper's cultural nostalgia. Mr. Krich calls himself "a new-age traveler" who uses "parts of the world" to "piece himself" together.

This new age is at least as old as the 1960's, when the ethnopharmacologist Terence McKenna set off from revolutionary Berkeley for the hashish dens of Nepal, then proceeded to the Amazonian jungle, where he grubbed up the mystic mushrooms whose mind-altering powers he celebrates in **TRUE HALLUCINATIONS: Being an Account of the Author's Extraordinary Adventures in the Devil's Paradise** (237 pp., HarperSan Francisco, \$20). Mr. McKenna sought a cerebral equivalent of Mr. Shukman's El Dorado, vaguely defined as the "obsidian liquid" discharged during a long-ago night of drugged love in a village east of Katmandu. This concoction sounds to me like moonshine, and I suffered hallucinatory agonies of my own while reading his shrilly ecstatic prose. I prefer to put my trust in Mr. Krich the bossa nova may supply a truer religious experience than Mr. McKenna's noxious fungi.

Because the pastoral ideal is perpetually elusive, travel books are stalked by parody and disillusion. The Irish journalist Eric Lawlor, in **LOOKING FOR OSMAN: One Man's Travels Through the Paradox of Modern Turkey** (213 pp., Vintage, paper, \$11) describes with woebegone self-mockery his accidents on the way through that country. A car knocks him over in Istanbul; rats terrorize him in a flophouse; touts pester and defraud him; his head aches and his nose runs. He misses Ararat because

Continued on page 29



ETHEREAL DELUSION

avocados piled up in a Quito market. Mr. Proper romantically personifies his trout as river nymphs, and relishes the notion that in Portuguese the gender of the word *truta* is feminine; Mr. Shukman, younger and more sappy, records some sweaty encounters with human nymphs, including a guiltless outdoor orgy in Dominica, set in "the sylvan grotto of pastoral convention."

Sidney's Arcadian shepherds conversed in poetry and held versifying contests at their festivals. Mr. Shukman obtains entry into the rhythmic, erotic life of the Caribbean by means of his trombone, and he has his own jazzy conception of the noble savage: a calypso musician who recovers from carnival in Port of Spain, Trinidad, by "living peacefully out in the bush, he and his trumpet at one with the birds and the trees." Music cannot conceal the fact that these are the "tristes tropiques" of Claude Lévi-Strauss. Mr. Shukman's pilgrimage ends with a warning from the thuggish Colombian police, after which — since all traveling is circular — he promptly buys





UNIVERSIDADE DE SÃO PAULO  
CENTRO DE ESTUDOS AFRICANOS

São Paulo, 12 de março de 1993

Ilmo. Sr.  
Prof. DATUS C. PROPER  
1085 Hamilton Road  
Belgrade, MT 59714  
USA

*Caro Datus,*

Acabei de receber o seu livro "The last old place: a search on Portugal, que o editor me enviou. Muito grato. A apresentação do livro é excelente, assim como a capa, que é muito feliz. Aliás, o seu excelente texto merecia realmente uma boa apresentação. A leitura de alguns trechos fazem-me lembrar um excelente autor português, infelizmente pouco conhecido, mas que reputo dos maiores escritores da língua: Teixeira Gomes, que, aliás, foi por um breve período anterior a Salazar, presidente da Republica.

Em breve devo passar em Lisboa, depois de uma viagem de trabalho a Istambul, onde vou tratar de assunto do Mercado Comum do Mar Negro e espero comentar o seu livro com alguns amigos de Lisboa.

Continuo fazendo a minha navette diária entre o sítio de São João de Tarouca e a USP, com algumas incursões periódicas pela velha Europa e pela Africa.

Se um dia você tiver paciência de ler algum texto, qualquer dia lhe enviarei alguns papers sobre o Mercosul.

Até breve.

*Um abraço*





CABLE ADDRESS  
"PORTUGALIA"  
TELEX 234140 CTPA

*Ana Maria Osório*  
*Public Relations*

*Portuguese National Tourist Office Tel.: (212) 354-4403*  
*590 Fifth Avenue Telefax: (212) 764-6137*  
*New York, N. Y. 10036-4704 Telex: 234140 CTPA*

THE NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE  
INSTITUTO DE TURISMO DE PORTUGAL  
1575 AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10036-4704

REF

S.P.

Mr. Gary Luke  
Senior Editor/Travel Division  
SIMON & SCHUSTER CONSUMER GROUP  
1230 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, N.Y. 10020

RE: "A Search Through Portugal"

Dear Mr. Luke,

Thank you very much for sending me the book by Datus Proper, which obviously I am very curious to read. I am leaving to Portugal this weekend for a short vacation and this seems to be the ideal reading material for the flight. I will get in touch with you upon my return, and maybe we can find a way for a common promotion...

Thank you again, with my best regards.

Sincerely,

Ana Maria Osório  
Public Relations

/AMO



TELEPHONE  
(212) 354-4403  
TELEFAX  
(212) 764-6137



CABLE ADDRESS  
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PORTUGUESE NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE  
CENTRO DE TURISMO DE PORTUGAL  
590 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10036-4704

No 00202 MAR-5.1993

REF DIR

Mr. Gary Luke  
Senior Editor  
Trade Division  
SIMON & SCHUSTER  
1230 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, N.Y. 10020

Dear Mr. Luke:

I acknowledge receipt of your letter, dated February 12th, and want to thank you very much for having sent me a copy of the book THE LAST OLD PLACE: A Search Through Portugal by Datus Proper.

I do look forward to reading Mr. Proper's findings through Portugal, as I am sure they can only portray the country as a wonderful place to visit.

Thanking you for your interest in Portugal, I ask you not to hesitate to call on us whenever you feel we can be of any service to you.

Sincerely,

Jorge Felner da Costa  
Director

/IC



# An affair with Portugal in all its peculiarities

## THE LAST OLD PLACE

By Datus Proper  
Simon & Schuster  
254 pages, \$22

By MICHAEL LEVY  
News Book Reviewer

**T**HIS IS a charming book, which befits the charming and quirky corner of Iberia called Portugal.

Part "travel" book, part historical interpretation — because history suffuses this country as it perhaps does no other — and part cultural explication, "The Last Old Place" is stuffed with aphorisms, insights and cultural one-liners.

All good travel writing makes the reader yearn to visit the place described, teaches us something of its history (in this case one that few Americans ever think about) and introduces us to new sights and sounds.

In some ways any section taken at random could sum up something of the Portuguese travel experience, something of the Portuguese attitude. Take this purchase at a Lisbon bookshop:

"The salesgirl cut a piece of thin brown paper with a pair of scissors, put the paper on the counter, laid the book on it, made adjustments, and folded the wrapping with neat little corners. The fit was precise, with not a centimeter of material wasted. . . . I had forgotten that packages were treated this way in Portugal. I would have liked to buy some other book, any other, and watch the ceremony again, but was too shy."

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The Buffalo News 5/9/93

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## OUTDOOR WRITERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INC.

2017 Cato Ave., Suite 101  
State College, PA 16801-2768  
814-234-1011

Reply to: Michael Levy  
73 Fairlawn Dr.  
E. Aurora, NY 14052  
716-652-1914

May 10, 93

DEAR DATUS -

Reading the Sunway paper I happened to  
notice they'd run my review of "The Last Old  
Place" and I hope it sells a few copies  
for you here in W. N. Y. —

Best Regards,

& Tellico publisher you've got  
at least 1 reviewer who's favorably  
inclined to give you good press —

Mike

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Alameda

Arthur J. Fonseca

9/25/94

P.O. Box 645

Boyer Hot Springs, Ca. 95416

22-8-'94

Sent Localham?

Caro Senhor Profer, I thankes 12/21

Por dias sete e oito do corrente a minha esposa e eu tencionamos fazer a nossa visita anual a Bozeman, iniciada alguns anos atrás e depois seguida quando o nosso filho Mateu se empregou na serração de Belgar do.

A volta de seis anos o Mateu foi promovido, e Plum Creek levou-o para o Oeste de Montana onde agora trabalha e a cujo lugar nos dirigimos sexta feira, dia nove de setembro.

Sendo nós amantes inveterados de bons livros e de tudo o que de bom se diga de Portugal, vimos assim agradecer-lhe de todo o coração, pelo carinho, esmero, e até mesmo pela perfeição de forma literária em



que tão franca e amigavelmente o  
senhor Troper escreve do meu torrão  
natalício.

Muito agradecidos e desejosos  
d'um êxito muito bom para o seu  
livro, The Last Old Place, somos  
sinceramente,

Arthur e Vivian Fonseca

RL.

1. O livro já foi de nós recomenda-  
do aos directores do "Cabildo Club"  
da California do norte.

2. O seu endereço foi fácil de  
obter. Só tivemos que procurar na  
lista telefónica de Bozeman, Belgrade,  
etc.

3. My wife just suggested that per-  
haps I should have written in English. On  
the other hand I chose to communicate in  
Portuguese because I thought that you might  
be feeling nostalgic towards that old resist-



Cent language...

Byes Hot Springs

Arthur & Maria



24 W 571 Mallard Ct.  
Naperville, IL 60540

January 16, 1996

Mr. Datus C. Proper  
1085 Hamilton Road  
Belgrade, MT 59714

Dear Mr. Proper:

→ Is there any?  
Would you like to write a brief essay on Portuguese environmental literature? Details are in the enclosed email printouts. While bemused by the possibility, it is intrinsically ridiculous to do so not knowing Portuguese, so I will decline.

Exploring the possibility, I came across and read with delight your "The Last Old Place," and realized you were the person for the task. I hope you are complimented when I say that the book not only delights, but, after the first chapter or so, seems to have about twice the information density of the usual literary travel work (Theroux's "Oceania," for example). I would read only 50 pages or so, rather than 100-150, before replacing it with my thriller for the evening.

Anyway, I am enclosing the emails and some information on the association, whose next meeting will be in your area. Let me assure you that, while vegetarians and culture studies profs are represented, those sympathetic to hunting dominated a recent internet discussion on that topic in their list. Surprised everyone, so far as I could read beneath the genteel surface.

As for the essay, I will pass but I may well put some effort into tracing the intellectual sources of the positivist environmental discussion in the first part of "Rebellion in the Backlands." Suspect it's French geography of the Humboldt tradition. If I do, I would probably present at their next meeting.

Sincerely yours,

?  
*Jim Stebbings*

James H. Stebbings, Sc.D.

(708) 305-3688



FROM: Jim Stebbings, 75022,3263  
TO: P. D. Murphy, INTERNET:PDMURPHY@grove.iup.edu  
DATE: 12/15/95 12:55 PM

Re: Copy of: Env Lit Handbook & Portuguese Writers

I have given some thought to your totally unexpected invitation and am interested, but I think you need some more details about myself.

(1) I don't read Portuguese, although for decades I've been tempted to learn. Thus any review would have to be based on literature in translation, both Portuguese and Brazilian. May or may not be a bad idea: 3000 words is not much. If I did it, I'd probably start leaning Portuguese.

(2) It is over 3 decades since I read Portuguese literature, so actually the proposal might be more of a problem than the article. A lot of reading and catching up. Yet I do best with a goal, and am pretty good at meeting commitments. It would be interesting. And Chicago has good libraries.

(3) I am an environmental and radiation epidemiologist, not a professor of literature. Currently I do private consulting relating to radiation. My academic appointment is non-salaried (i.e. like adjunct, except rank is based on usual committee review, etc.), and is as full professor (and member of the graduate college) in the Epidemiology and Biometry Program in the University of Illinois School of Public Health at Chicago. My undergraduate degree was geography (biogeography and ecology concentration), with a strong literature, writing, and philosophy background, and I two graduate years pursuing similar interests before transferring to the Hopkins School of Hygiene. My interests have reverted to the humanities, and the one course I have taught in recent years deals with epidemiology of pre-industrial societies.

(4) With all these caveats, I find that I think a review of Portuguese literature, especially the older, could be very interesting. The Portuguese made the deliberate technological effort that resulted in the ability of Europeans to sail the oceans, rather than just the coasts, and they were the first to deliberately and routinely experience that environment, as well as the first to explore the African coasts, deal directly with Eastern civilizations, and, of course, settled Brazil and the lower Amazon. It remains true that I can't think of any other 19th century work in English (or translated from any other language) that compares with Euclides da Cunha's "Rebellion in the Backlands" for combining scientific environmental description with social history (and sympathy) and local history of a popular uprising. I was greatly impressed as an undergraduate. There is possibly also the matter that the Portuguese suffered the greatest totally natural calamity of modern times (excluding war and plague): the great Lisbon earthquake of the early 1700s. I guess I also do think it true that a clear comparison of Mediterranean and Northern European variants of modern civilization is critical to understanding environmental choices.

I hope you are not having as much trouble finding contributors for the half of the Handbook devoted to non-English writers as I think you might be having. I note that it's very difficult to raise responses regarding international, even French Canadian, writers on the ASLE listserver. But then I date from the generation when Ph.D. candidates had to be able to read two foreign languages well enough to read in their own field of interest.



Jim Stebbings ..

.....  
.....  
James H. Stebbings, Sc.D.  
Midwest Epidemiology Associates  
24 W 571 Mallard Ct.  
Naperville, IL 60540-3737  
U.S.A.

Tel: 708-305-3688  
Fax: by prearrangement  
Email: 75022.3263@compuserve.com



Vincent S. Tavares  
PO Box 440  
Redcliffe Qld 4020  
Australia

25 April 95

Mr. Datus C. Proper  
SIMON & SCHUSTER  
Simon & Schuster Building  
Rockefeller Center  
1230 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, N.Y. 10020  
USA

Ref: The last old place  
A search through Portugal

Dear Mr. Proper,

By chance I bumped in your book in the local library. I am not 100% Portuguese (I was born and grown up in one of the colonies), but definitely I am from Portuguese background (my parents are Portuguese) so, I read it.

I realized you are not completely unsympathetic towards the Portuguese but, I almost didn't recognized the country you described. For anybody that never have been in Portugal, the image they will retain is that is a country almost medieval, poorer than may be Albania or Bulgaria, inhabited by old conservative gentlemen (do tempo da outra senhora) or uneducated peasants, its hotels are neglected, the rooms never have a private bathroom (which in a country that receive 14 million tourists per year is rather surprising), the cars are old "beetles" or noisy Peugeots, a country that is dirty (what about New York?), and the list goes on. The only good thing you could find in Portugal is the food.

You have been travelling in the Portuguese backyard, where almost nobody lives, trying to find the poverty pockets, you tell some picturesque stories that probably happen before I was born (1950) (like the one of the bathing suit) and you present to the world your vision of Portugal as if you are revealing the country. As Adriano said, "is better a good enemy than a bad friend".

Every People has a vision of itself that doesn't coincide with the one the foreigners have. Probably the truth is in the middle. For sure, you would not agree with my vision of the United States.

Every Anglo-Saxon have a very distorted vision of other countries, probably because the Anglo-Saxon culture is an islanders culture.

When an Anglo-Saxon-Irish of the old British colonies (USA, Canada, Australia and NZ) write about the Mother Britannia, they write about palaces, Scottish castles, country manors or the nice B & B and perhaps about some typical pubs of country towns. That's the typical of UK!



They don't talk how London is full of litter, about the slums of London, Birmingham or Newcastle, how ugly is Manchester, or about the homeless in the big cities. They just don't "see" it.

In every American film, Americans in France never drive any of the nice models of Citroen, Peugeot or Renault. You can bet that the only car available is the old 2CV coughing along poor roads (Europeans "don't have" freeways). And all Frenchmen use berets! Italians are always portrayed as mafiosi and driving old Fiat 600. Not Ferraris, Alfa Romeos or modern Fiats. Only FIAT 600! It just happen that the sophisticated Italians have a GNP superior than UK and Italian industrialists are investing in Britain because ... the wages are cheap.

The typical of Latin countries is poverty. The poorer the better! And they show pictures of children of slums, dogs and rubbish, peasants, etc. The typical of Latin countries never is the palaces, the country manors, the nice "quintas" or "haciendas", the B & B in the country manors, the nice hotels or resorts, the achievements in design or industry, the modern life style. No, poverty - that's the typical. And in the end, they wonder how these people can have so good food.

I wonder how Americans were surprised about the old communist descriptions of USA that only could see criminality, drugs and homeless people.

For a diplomat, is surprising that your social life only moved around old conservative lawyers and peasants. For an American diplomat is surprising that you couldn't afford to sleep in better hotels or pousadas. I thought that US Government paid well to its diplomats. I was wrong! Mea culpa!

No definitely I don't recognize the Portugal you describe. I lived 14 years in Portugal and I have been there in 92 (The year your book was published). The Portugal I know is the one that have one of the highest European percentages of doctors (second to Italy). Is the country that have improved in the last decades tremendously in education and have more students finishing 12 years of education than for example Australia where I live. The Portugal I know have less inflation and unemployment than UK or Ireland. The Portugal I know is above Greece in most of the parameters and have one the highest rate of development in Europe. The Portugal I know have freeways from Braga to Setubal and modern roads connecting Spain to the seaside. The Portugal I know have more new cars than Australia. All Portuguese immigrants in Australia come surprised from their holidays with this fact. The Portugal I know have a better balance of payments than USA or Australia. The Portugal I know have much less criminality than USA or Australia. The Portugal I know is the country where we can stroll along the streets at night without fear, something I don't dare to do in my Australian suburb. If you compare OECD criminality you'll find that in the first five top countries are the Anglo-Saxon countries.

Of course I can see the bad things too, and I know Portugal still have a long way to walk in many things but, Portugal IS NOT the black picture you painted.

And of course we Europeans worry about United States. If, as you say, is that our future, God help us! A country of violence and drugs, a country that have more weapons than people, a country of racism and ethnic violence (we in Europe are trying to build a peaceful union of ethnies) and unfortunately is exporting this culture of violence to the world, a country of junk food and

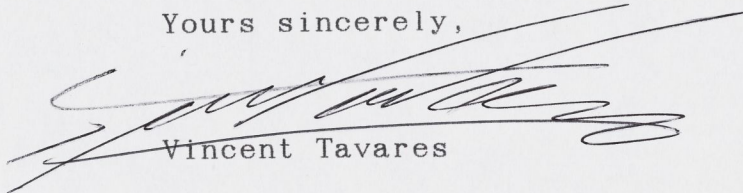


fat people, a country of bad taste and bad manners, that even don't know how to use a simple fork and knife, a country where culture is represented with such examples as Maddona or The Terminator, a country of religious fundamentalism balanced with pornography and topless bars, a country of extreme individualism and greed, where there is no conscience of family and old people are dumped in old people ghettos or nurseries, a country where people are trying to get refuge in condos with high walls and electronic surveillance, a country where everybody is suing everybody, a country that look like half of the population is gay or lesbian, a country without social security and where the social abyss between rich and poor is the highest of the modern world, if is that our future, we really need the help of God.

However .... you could have written a nice book like for example "One year in Provence" and probably getting more royalties than you are. IF you have shorted some of the stories of hunting and fishing, if you have reduced historical explanations and philosophical speculations, if you have talked more about food, furniture and houses, if you have included some nice pictures of landscapes and/or food in traditional ceramics, you could have written a nice book, because you have an interesting style, with humour, that sometimes remembered me Eca de Queiroz.

What a pity, what a waste of talent!

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Vincent Tavares', with a stylized, flowing script. The signature is written over the printed name 'Vincent Tavares'.

Vincent Tavares





April The 19<sup>th</sup>, 1995

Dear Mr. Profer,

Thank you very much for your book, which I am reading with great interest. Our mutual friend, Dr. John Baden, sent me another copy — I think I will use it as a presentation copy in Portugal, in my search for a Portuguese publisher.

Yours sincerely

João Carlos Espada



## TRAVEL

# Portugal's country houses are perfect for a six-month vacation

By Anne Ludlum  
Special to the P-I

"The guests gathered at the country house..."

Tolstoy thought that line by Pushkin was such an elegant beginning that he used it to start his draft of "Anna Karenina."

The arrival of guests at a country house can also be a lovely way to start a vacation, especially if you are the guest and the house is a centuries-old manor in northern Portugal's Lima Valley.

I lived in such a house, in the town of Ponte de Lima, for six months. My arrival there was the result of a quest for a tranquil, modestly priced, aesthetically pleasing place for a working vacation.

My husband and I had gone to Europe for a year of research and writing. Last February, we were in Spain when we both completed the bulk of our research tasks. Almost by chance, I saw a small item in a Portuguese travel brochure: "Through TURIHAB (Turismo de Habitacao), visitors are received as friends by attentive owner-hosts in splendid seigniorial mansions, elegant country houses and quiet farm chalets... they have an opportunity to take part in daily life of the community." We headed for Ponte de Lima, the TURIHAB headquarters, to investigate.

**WE FOUND** Ponte de Lima to be the quintessential ancient river town. The bridge that gives the town its name was built by the Romans during the second century B.C. It's still in use, as is the addition built when the river changed its course during the 14th century. The main street facing the river stretches for five blocks from the main plaza — with fountain, cafes, newstand and bookshop — to a promenade of magnificent plane trees reminiscent of the great walkway Van Gogh painted in Arles. As in Van Gogh's France, women wash clothes in the river and men fish from the bridge.

The town is small enough to walk through in 15 minutes but large enough to have several restaurants, a bank, dry cleaners, travel agencies, car rentals and even a movie theater. Behind a venerable watchtower, we found the open-air food market. We greeted people in our fledgling Portuguese. Vendors and customers answered cheerfully, and only the fishmongers tried to entice us to buy; even they smiled.

**AT A PHARMACY**, we asked directions and the pharmacist walked us to the right corner. As Spanish friends had predicted, we were finding Portuguese people to be *bien educados* — graciously well-mannered.

At the tourist office, we met Maria do Ceu Goncalves da Rocha Sa Lima, the vivacious young head of TURIHAB. Because it was off-season, not all 52 TURIHAB houses were open for guests, but Maria took us to four she thought might interest us.

Paco de Calheiros is a magnificently situated ducal estate, high on a hill overlooking the fertile Lima Valley. Apartments and rooms are available, and guests have the use of the tennis court and swimming pool. Paco is the designation given to a house when a king has stayed in it, so at Calheiros you might sleep in a bed royalty has used.

At Casa do Outeiro, Dona Maria Ana Abreu e Lima enthusiastically showed us the rooms and

apartments available in her house and its outlying Casa de Salgueirinho. Then she turned museum guide to take us through the medieval kitchen she has restored and equipped with period utensils and in which she sometimes cooks special dinners for guests.

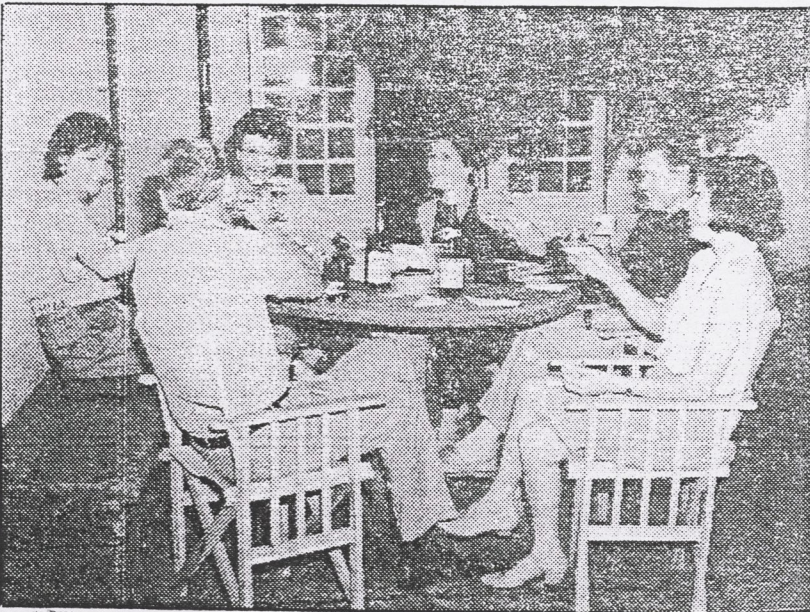
When we reached Casa de Pomarchao, a thunderstorm broke. The owners were spending the afternoon in a cozy study in the main house entertaining a cousin, a count from a nearby estate, but everyone was happy to accompany us through the pelting rain to visit the apartments in Casa do Olival, a snug cottage nestled in a field of grape vines.

The rooms at Casa do Antepaco ("Before the Paco") are in an outbuilding also — a former stable and smokehouse with an enormous fireplace. We were intrigued to see a comfortably furnished loft, which we thought we might use as our work space.

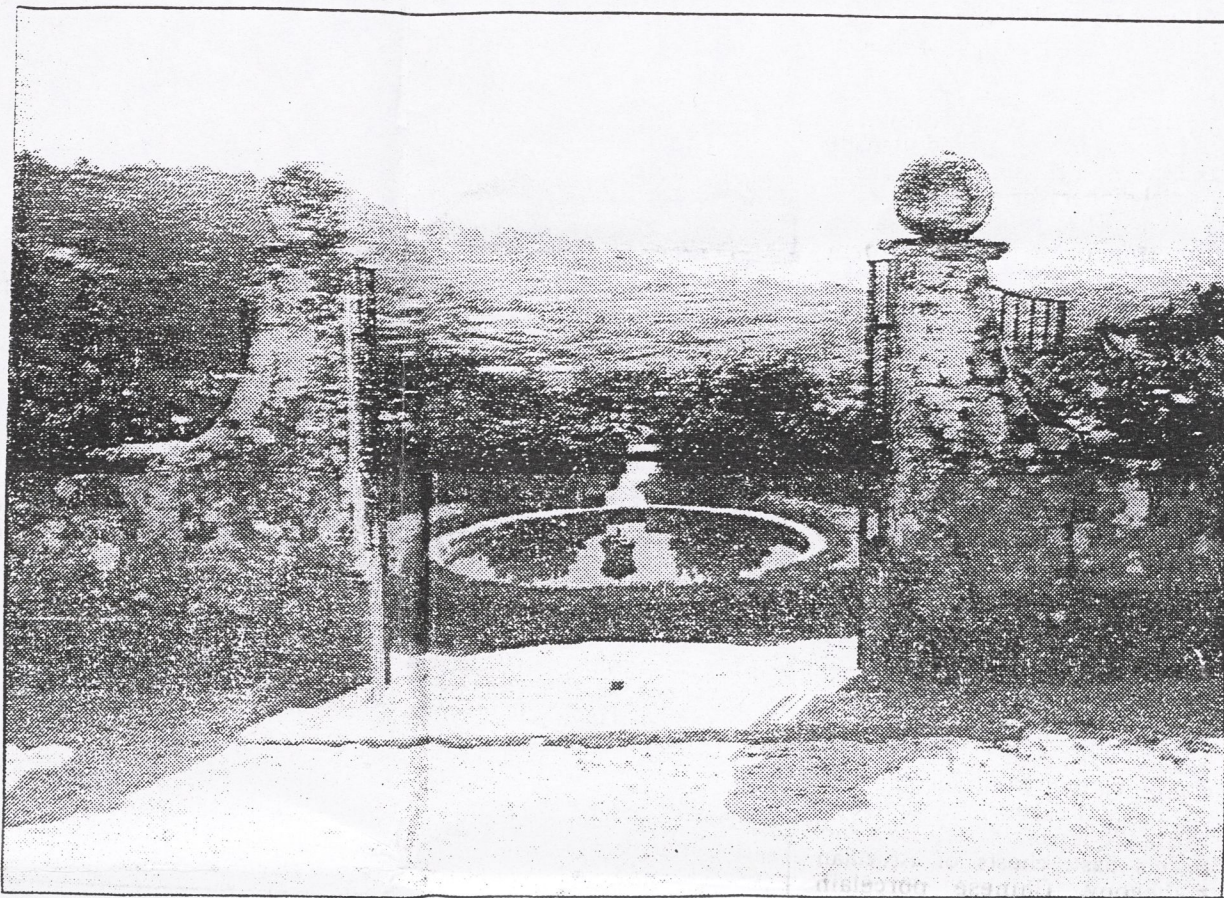
**THE FURNISHINGS** in all the houses we had visited were charming, unpretentious mixtures of "country cozy" and antiques. The antiques often reflected Portugal's past: chests of Brazilian mahogany, Chinese porcelain bowls, Indian wall hangings and rugs. The draperies were often made of the heavy, unbleached linen of the region, and the table, bed and bath linens were examples of superb local needlework. Paintings, prints, ceramics, sculpture and lamps were carefully chosen and thoughtfully placed.

We decided on Casa de Antepaco partly because we planned to be without a car and from Antepaco to the center of Ponte de Lima was a picturesque quarter-hour walk through walled lanes and over the two bridges. Also, Antepaco has heating units in the bedrooms (important for spring, fall and winter in houses with tile floors and granite walls 3 feet thick) and a kitchen, complete with a clothes washer. We often had our meals on a full-length terrace overlooking vineyards and maize fields; in summer, it is surrounded by blossoming hydrangea bushes and shaded by walnut trees.

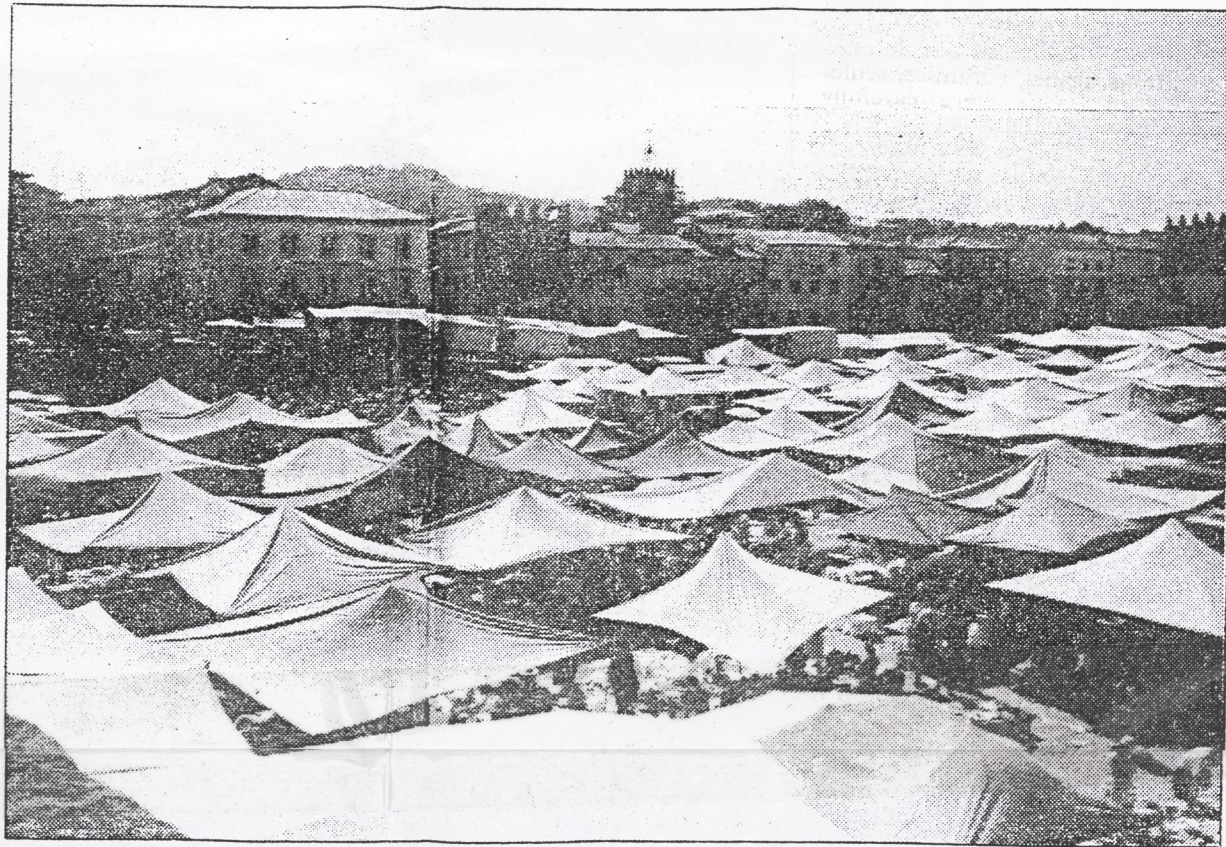
Our host was Francisco Abreu e Lima, a lawyer and former member of the national government who is presently mayor of Ponte de Lima. He and his wife, Dona Nina (she looks like a grandmotherly Gina Lollobrigida) invited us to "the big house" for dinner parties and to watch television. They were generous sources of information about Portugal.



Guests from around the world gather to talk on the terrace at Casa do Antepaco. The author, Anne Ludlum, is at center.



Paco de Calheiros, one of the guest houses in the Portuguese town of Ponte de Lima, is high on a hill overlooking the fertile Lima Valley. Paco is the designation given to a house when a king has stayed in it.



The Monday market at Ponte de Lima has been held twice a month since the year 1125.

Several of our own family members and friends visited us. Before they came, I was concerned they might be bored in a town of 5,000 people. Not to have worried. My friend Janet had to be dragged away from the big outdoor Monday market, which has been held fortnightly since 1125. The daughter of a rural sociologist, she was fascinated by the sales of cattle, sheep, goats and pigs and by stalls for hardware, furniture, clothes, shoes and fabric.

My husband's college roommate arrived during the celebration of St. John's Day, which encompasses a whole weekend. He danced in the town square until 3 a.m., ate grilled sardines and cornbread, and drank vinho verde, the fresh, slightly effervescent local wine.

One of the pleasures of life at Antepaco was getting to know our

fellow guests. A Portuguese diplomat and his Argentine wife introduced us to trilingual Trivial Pursuit. We discussed current news with Chinese lawyers from Hong Kong, exchanged backstage stories with Viennese actresses, and even reminisced about Seattle with a retired Boeing engineer from Vancouver Island.

For several weeks in the spring, I was alone at Casa do Antepaco. I found Ponte de Lima a delightful place for a woman on her own. It seemed outside of

## Where to go for information

Some facts about Ponte de Lima:

### Accommodations

Nightly rates range from \$35 for a single room in a rustic house to \$91 for an apartment for four in a palatial manor. Rooms and apartments for two range from \$39 to \$72. Breakfast, maid service and private bath are included.

For reservations or brochures, contact TURIHAB, Oficina de Turismo, Praca da Republica, 4990 Ponte de Lima, Portugal. Telephone: (58) 94 23 35/ (58) 94 27 29. Telex: 32618 PTPL.

### To get to Ponte de Lima

The easiest way is to fly to Oporto (Porto) and rent a car for the 60-mile drive to Ponte de Lima. New York, Amsterdam, London and Lisbon have direct flights to Oporto. Buses run daily from Oporto to Ponte de Lima for about \$5.

### Climate and clothes

Winter temperatures may drop to the low 40s, and in summer may reach the mid-90s. Dress is informal, slacks for women and shirt sleeves for men, but anyone older than 10 wearing shorts in town will be identified as a tourist. Most streets are rough stone, so low shoes are essential. Many local women wear clogs the year-round. Be prepared for rainstorms.

### Language

Portuguese is the national language, but in Ponte de Lima many people speak Spanish because of the proximity to Spain, as well as French and some English and German. If you speak Spanish, you will be understood, although you may have difficulty comprehending responses in Portuguese.

rampant machismo territory, and I was more than comfortable eating alone in restaurants and walking through town and country day or night.

As the grape leaves started to turn brick red in late August, we returned to Seattle. But, in accord with local custom, we drank water from the town's main fountain before we left Ponte de Lima, thus assuring our eventual return. Our country house is waiting. We'll be back.

■ Anne Ludlum is a Seattle freelance writer.



19 JUNE 1995

BOM DIA SENHOR PROPER, <sup>6/24</sup> andrews.

THANK YOU FOR MY SECOND  
JOURNEY TO PORTUGAL. THE  
FIRST WAS ONE OF UNINFORMED  
EXPLORATION. MY JOURNEY  
WITH YOU AND YOUR FRIEND  
ADRIANO CONFIRMED MY AP-  
PRECIATION DISCOVERED BY  
ASSOCIATION WITH THE BEAUTIFUL  
PEOPLE OF PORTUGAL.

YOUR "LAST OLD PLACE"  
HAS STRENGTHENED MY RESOLVE  
TO RETURN AND YOU & FRIEND  
ADRIANO WILL ADD GREATLY  
TO MY ENJOYMENT!

MUITO OBRIGADO,

Len Chaffey

4182 GLACIER LILY ST.  
LAKE OSWEGO, OR 97035



DATUS C. PROPER  
1085 HAMILTON ROAD  
BELGRADE, MONTANA 59714  
(406) 388-3345

June 19, 1995

Dear Vincent,

Got your letter today - 2 months after its date. We're never going to agree on what's good in Portugal, but I appreciate your effort in writing me. Hope I can make you feel a little better.

Fact is that we both love Portugal - but not the same Portugal. I lived 4 years in a big house with swimming pool in Cascais, but wouldn't dream of writing about it. I love the Portugal of myth & history - the ~~war~~ <sup>war</sup> one that discovered the world & won against impossible odds. I love what's left of the old Portugal, and thank goodness there's plenty of it left, if you look. I love Adriano



Portugal + thought him the perfect guide.  
I love the Portugal you walk in (not  
drive through) - the rural Portugal.  
The upscale Portugal does not interest me,  
though of course it exists. Adriano is  
part of it, but he likes to escape from  
it too.

Keep in mind that people travel,  
usually, to escape from the ordinary. I'd  
not visit a Portugal that looks like  
Los Angeles, France, or anyplace but itself.

Perhaps you thought that I was  
putting your country down. On the contrary,  
I tried to cover the best of it honestly,  
without puff but with deep affection.

Yours,

Dan



September 7, 1994

Dear Mr Proper,

About the same time I sent my note of appreciation to you for The Last Old Place I mailed copies of a 'report' to my four children telling them about my visit to Portugal. In between anecdotes of comings and goings, places stayed, things enjoyed, I mentioned your book as adding to our enjoyment of the country.

A few days later my daughter Mary (Exeter Academy '81) called saying she thought remembering a Datus Proper at school and could there be a connection. You come across in your book as a man about my own age (62) but perhaps you have a son or nephew who attended Exeter in the late '70s and early '80s. A coincidence if so.

Cordially,

D. K. Warner  
1301 Hawkins Lane  
Annapolis, Md. 21401

*Dennis*  
*Warner*



Answered 9/2/94

August 11, 1994

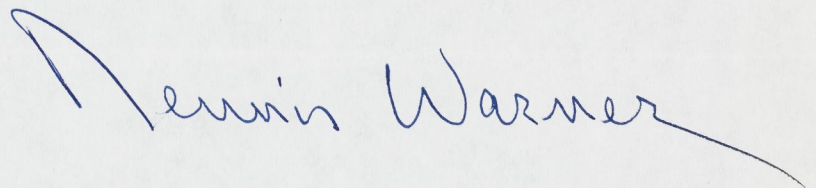
Datus Proper  
c/o Simon & Schuster  
New York

Dear Mr Proper,

Thanks for The Last Old Place. It's a wonderful book and made our recent visit to Portugal more meaningful, more interesting, and a lot more fun. We more or less followed you north from Sagres, your book well in hand. Trout fishing in the northern reaches of the country we finessed as we did The Flower of Anadia. With all the good will in the world I can't choke down a plate of 'bacalhau'. Dried, salted codfish is just that and all the fixings in the world won't make it edible. When I was growing up in North Dakota my mother would try to pass off 'lutefisk' as a culinary treat with no success.

You're a singular man, Mr Proper. A Montanan who speaks Portugese and writes like Camoes. Good for you.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "D. K. Warner". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

D. K. Warner  
1301 Hawkins Lane  
Annapolis, Md. 21401



**Debbie Goltz**

Sun, Oct 24

4556 Bannock Drive • Bozeman, MT 59715

What a wonderful book I  
just finished - Thank you for  
gathering Portugal all together.

Our son lives there in

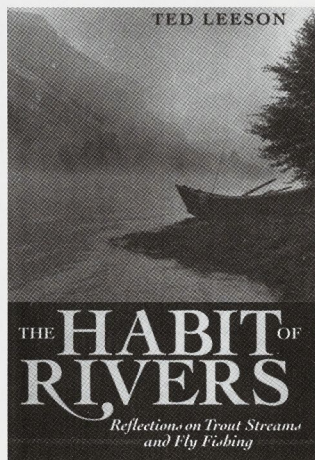
The jazz and performing departments.  
Our travels have taken us by bus



train, foot and bike--but your  
words really put the focus  
into our many visits there--  
and then --- on page 'The  
last' to find you are also  
from Bozeman. It would  
be a great pleasure to meet  
with you! Sincerely, Desbie Goltz



# The Soul of Fly-fishing Explored



## **The Habit of Rivers**

by Ted Leeson

Lyons & Burford, \$22.95

In the quiet evening hours now, I will sit in my old chair and read. Occasionally I will turn toward the bookshelves, look at the titles and remember with fondness and appreciation where they have taken me and how far I have come. These are the books I have kept over the years because they have con-

tributed in some way to my life and thinking — they have meant and mean a great deal to me and I know these cherished volumes have made me a better human being. While I have read many fine books, few possess for me the magic and inspiration to merit a place next to my old friends. Every now and then, though, a magic book does appear — a book that has me see the world in new and different ways. It teaches and inspires and is effortlessly wonderful.

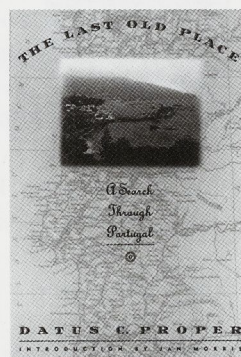
Roderick Haig-Brown once wrote, "It is a rare book that changes a life, a poor one that adds nothing to it." Ted Leeson's *The Habit of Rivers* is a rare book. To say this is merely a book about fly-fishing would be a grave error, for this is a book about philosophy and seeing, ethics and conviction. The essays are beautifully written and Mr. Leeson's talent of observation and narration is pure joy. This is a literary book on a scale of a Haig-Brown. The author quotes people you would expect to find being discussed in an English literature or philosophy class, the likes of Ezra Pound, Lao Tzu, John Steinbeck, Emily Dickinson, Herman Melville; not your usual fly-fishing crowd. In a field of literature (angling) that is often devoid of fine prose as well as any discernible talent, *The Habit of Rivers* stands as a giant.

In "The Thing with Feathers," Leeson writes eloquently about the passion of angling: "The significance of the whole experience and much of our pleasure in it stems precisely from the prospect of not attaining the object. Lovers, poets, religious madmen, and anglers seem to me to have this in common — they live for the impassioned anticipation of an uncertain thing." And in "Thy Rod and Thy Radish" he takes a critical view of a certain kind of angler: "In some hands, a river becomes a gigantic canvas on which to paint deeply unattractive self-portraits. A friend of mine calls such people 'Fishing Jocks,' for whom trout cease to be simply challenging; they become 'a challenge' and catching them becomes just another species of touchdown pass. But a river is only itself. If forced the water will mirror the like-

ness of an ego; on its own, it reflects only sky and clouds, and readily rewards those who approach it with humility and wonder."

*The Habit of Rivers* is an important and valuable book. It speaks of truths and wishes and goes far beyond the usual discussions of tippet, fly selection, fish size and locations that appear in the catalogues that are disguised as magazines. Catching a fish is an act in fly-fishing, but Ted Leeson writes about the soul and conscience of fly-fishing, and he does it beautifully.

*The Habit of Rivers* is now on my shelf — it seems right for it to be there. I was sorry to come to the end of it. I wanted it to go on, for there is so much more to discuss and learn, but like my other old friends, I'm sure I'll revisit it often, and each time come away with something new.



## **The Last Old Place:**

**A Search Through Portugal**

by Datus C. Proper

Simon & Schuster, \$22

The Last Old Place is another book that has found a place on my shelf. Not ordinary travel writing, this is experience writing in the tradition of Bruce Chatwin, Isak Dinesen and Elspeth Huxley. Mr. Proper is my kind of traveler. Not content to be a mere voyeur, he immerses himself in the culture and it is clear that he loves Portugal, its history and its people. The author avoids the commercially constructed places that cater to the Hilton kind of traveler. He also avoids the folks who journey to distant lands only to seek the company of fellow countrymen who then, over drinks, complain about the food and the "natives." Mr. Proper is no such traveler and this is no such book.

Throughout *The Last Old Place*, I felt the author's adventurous spirit, endless curiosity and appreciation. This is travel literature on a very high plane and the author has placed himself in clear view for the reader. He seems to miss nothing, from conversations with his friend Adriano to the "drifting scent of fresh lemon blossoms through open windows" and the taste of fine bread that's not been wrapped in plastic.

From Mr. Proper's fine hand I could feel and taste and smell Portugal — the story-telling was so clear and lovely that at times it seemed like my own memories. I could see the fishermen and smell the salt water. I understood better, though still not well, Camoes' Cantos and I was reminded that Don Juan was killed by monks on behalf of society.

The author has the fine talent of showing us the small picture



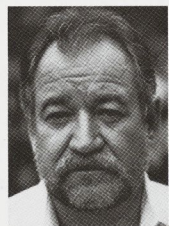
## CONTRIBUTORS



**Bob Allen** is a freelance writer and photographer specializing in action sports and adventure travel, including mountain biking and snow sports. He lives in his native Bozeman. His story on Montana mountain biking begins on Page 76.



**Judy Clayton Cornell**, who wrote the article about Kootenai Lodge (Page 56), has written about Montana history and land-use issues for several publications. She lives in Whitefish.



**James Crumley** is recognized worldwide as a master of contemporary fiction. He won the Hammett Prize for his most recent detective novel, *The Mexican Tree Duck*. He lives in Missoula, where he is within commuting distance to Charlie's Bar (Page 18).



**William Hjortsberg**, who wrote the story of his ugly encounter with a bull named Widow Maker (Page 52), is the author of seven works of fiction, including *Nevermore*, to be published in October by the Atlantic Monthly Press. His screen credits include *Legend* and *Angel Heart*, based on his novel *Falling Angel*. Hjortsberg lives in Macleod.

**Jon A. Jackson** is the author of the acclaimed Fang Mulheisen detective novels, most recently *Hit on the House* and *Deadman*.

Eating and golf, both of which he writes about in this magazine (Pages 72 and 112), are two of his passions. He lives in Corvallis.



**Judy Kinnaman** is the author of the travel book, *Southwest Montana Auto Adventures*. She has written extensively about travel and Montana artists, and

has won several awards for fiction and nonfiction writing. Her article on Deborah Butterfield begins on Page 63.

**Neil McMahon's** first story appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1979. He's the author of the novels *Next*, *After Lucifer*, *Adversary*, and *Kiss of Death*. His novel *Journeyman* (excerpted starting on Page 99) will be published by Éditions Gallimard, Paris, in 1995. He works as a carpenter in Missoula and writes when he can afford to.

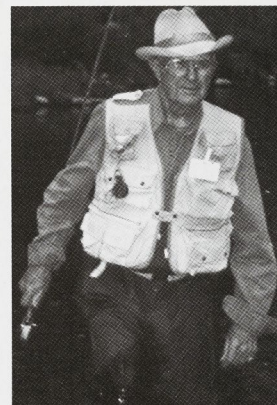


**Annick Smith** co-edited *The Last Best Place: A Montana Anthology*. She produced the film *Heartland* and was co-producer of the film *A River Runs*

*Through It*. She lives near Bonner, in the drainage of the Big Blackfoot, which she writes about starting on Page 32.



**Charles F. Waterman** is one of America's most revered outdoor writers. He lived for many years near the Paradise Valley spring creeks featured in his article, starting on Page 82. He and his wife Debie now live in Florida.



**Todd Wilkinson**, who wrote the profile of bronc rider Dan Mortensen (Page 46), is a freelance writer based in Bozeman. He knows the agony of getting thrown, having been tossed from the first mechanical bull he ever rode, after which he hurriedly retired to mountain bikes. A correspondent for *Backpacker Magazine* and *The Denver Post*, he is writing a book on America's public lands.



**Kim J. Zupan** grew up and worked ranches on the east side of the Divide, and spent a decade as a professional rough-stock rider. His story on a small-town rodeo in the early days of his riding career begins on Page 40. Zupan, who lives in Missoula, is writing a novel. One of his short stories, *The Mourning of Ignacio Rosa*, will appear in the winter issue of *Big Sky Journal*.







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A: A royal flush, \$5 speeding tickets, and 4 issues of

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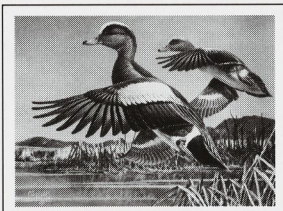
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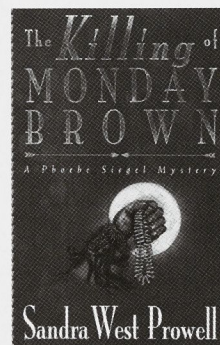


1994 Duck Stamp - American Wigeons by Roger Cruwys

Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife & Parks

Collector Stamps \$5<sup>00</sup>. Available where hunting licenses are sold or write: P.O. Box 200701, Helena, MT 59620-0701

of individual lives rather than the large abstract and often misleading picture of country. On this journey we learn about grapes and wine, about people and love and history. The story is as much about the traveler as it is about the place and it is a wonderful ride, well worth the ticket price.



### The Killing of Monday Brown by Sandra West Prowell

Walker & Company, \$19.95

Ms. Prowell follows up her first successful mystery (*By Evil Means*) with a second excellent book. In *The Killing of Monday Brown*, the author again uses clever Phoebe Siegel, a half-Jewish, half-Catholic ex-policewoman turned private investigator. Siegel lives in Billings. She is a tough yet vulnerable woman dealing with some personal unfinished business as well as a new old house that needs a lot of work.

Monday Brown is believed to be a corrupt broker and trader in Native American artifacts. It has been said that he gets some of his objects from robbing graves. Brown is believed to have been murdered, and a young Crow, Matthew Wolf, is arrested for the crime. There are a few problems, though, one being there is no body. Siegel is approached by the family of the young Crow and reluctantly gets to work at solving the mystery.

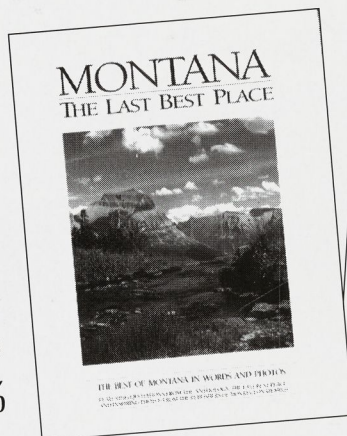
This book flew for me. Ms. Prowell's dialogue is fast and smart and great fun. I was taken through turns and twists as I followed Phoebe Siegel from sweat lodges to reservations and Montana towns. One of the appeals of this book, beyond good storytelling, is its description of people who live parallel lives, next to other cultures, never really knowing anything about each other. This cultural tension adds much to the excitement of the book.

BSJ



# BIG SKY BOOKS

**Montana:  
The Last Best Place**  
The best writing  
combined with the finest  
photography creates an  
unforgettable portrait of  
Montana. 120 pp., 10 x 13  
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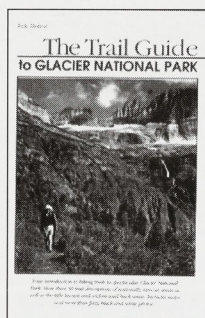
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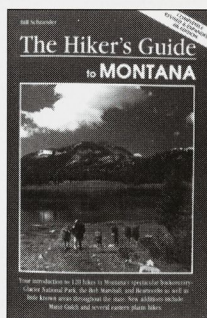
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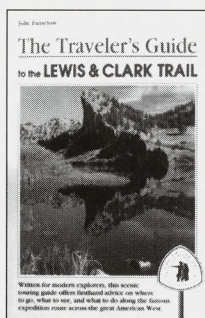
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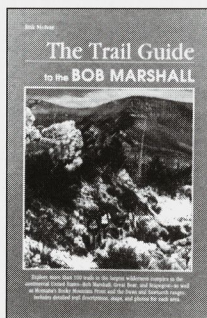
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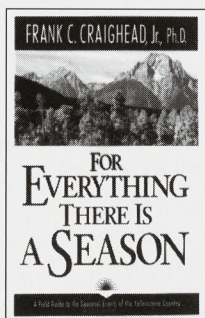
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Mrs. Titus Hall  
28 Linden Lane  
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

Answered  
3/13/94

February 24, 1994

Greetings! Winifred Hall here, your former colleague at EmbDublin, neighbor around the corner on Ailesbury Drive, one time dinner guest where you served beautiful salmon--or salmontrout--which you'd caught.

I just finished with enormous pleasure "The Last Old Place" and feel like that friend of JFK--"Datus, we hardly knew ye!" What an interesting, quirky mind you reveal in your book. I loved your fable of Oomph and Whoopee plus many other digressions.

I'm not a hunter-gatherer nor a fisherman, but I early developed a passion for poetry, travel, good food and cooking. When a teenage bride (literally) I taught myself by using books of Marcel X. Boulestin and the Vicomte de Mauduit--The Vicomte in the Kitchen--aimed at British housewives of interwar period. So I feel cheated that we never got to talk about fresh vegetables, good bread, wine, country inns. And off the beaten track adventures.

I've never been to Portugal but you have made me eager to explore. Do you know Albert Jay Nock's "Memoirs of a Superfluous Man?" He writes at length about Lisbon and its wonderful bookstores earlier in this century.

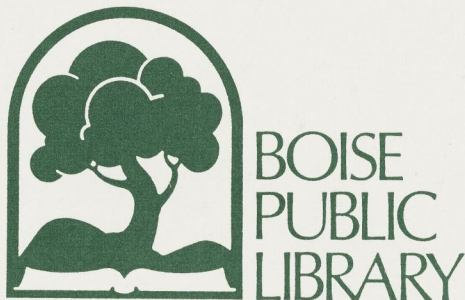


At present, I am caring for my 97 year old mother who is slowly dying of cancer. But I am able to get out to audit courses at the University which I have been doing since I retired in '81.

I did not catch any direct reference to young Datus. I hope he is doing well. Please remember me to your wife and write another book soon.

As eh,  
Quipud





3 copies

August 9, 1993

Datus C. Proper  
1085 Hamilton Road  
Belgrade, MT 59714

Dear Mr. Proper:

I have just finished reading *The Last Old Place* and was compelled to write to you and express my absolute pleasure in having "partaken" of the book. I found myself re-reading passages several times, as the book was one of few I have read which I savored like good food--taking small bites at a time so I could please my (mental) palate for as long as possible. Little treasures such as "a herd of goats tending a small boy" provided the kind of late night giggles that make my husband wish I wouldn't read in bed! I have shared chapter 9 with my favorite avid trout fisherman who, I am sure, will enjoy it as much as I did.

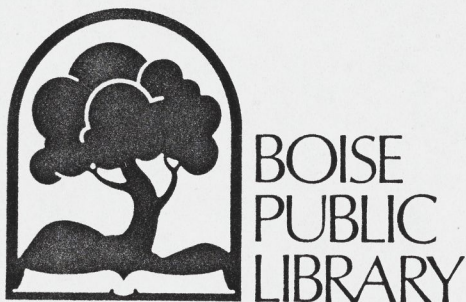
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Thanks for a wonderful read that soothed my soul as much as a Portuguese trout stream must sooth yours!

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Lynn Melton  
Director





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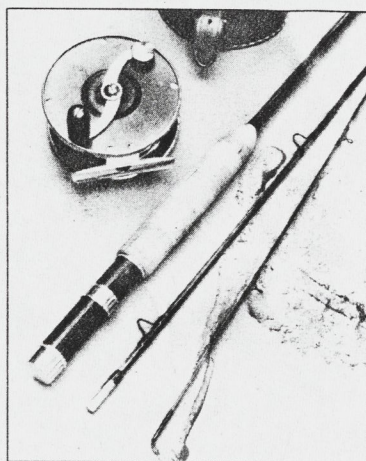
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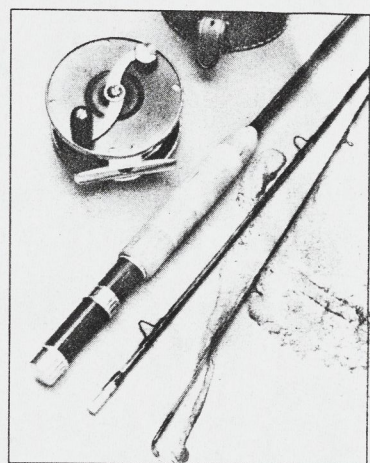
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I grew up fishing "poor"—nutrient-deficient—streams, and have mostly continued to do so, which has doubtless affected my preferences. But even if I hadn't, this book would fascinate me, for the reason that all good theoretical books do: Rosenbauer (like Datus Proper, whose biases are utterly different) gives me an intriguing framework on which to hang things I already know.

He builds through "How Trout Feed" (with the delightful description of "the famous Window" as "a subject I view with distrust and distaste") and a way of looking at trout as "carrying their territories," through indispensable comparisons of East and West, rich and poor streams (he says that on his carefully renamed Manchester Brook "Humpies, Irresistibles, Haystacks, and Ausable Wulffs will catch trout all season long"—of course!) to a more conventional but interesting chapter on reading the water, in which he codifies species differences in behavior I've suspected but never articulated.

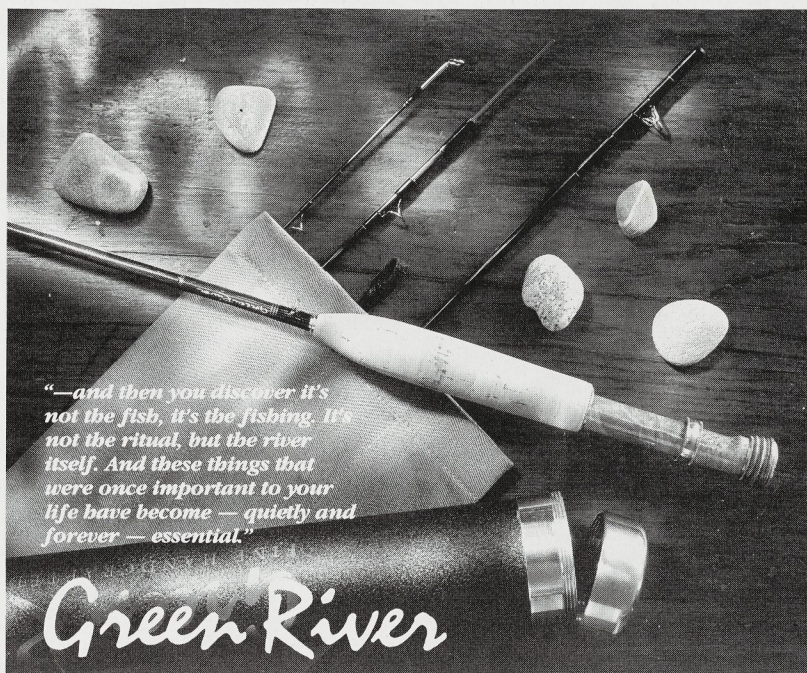
He then analyzes streamers, wets, nymphs and dries with a long chapter on each, full of original, thoughtful analysis and information. He's not even a little afraid to go in the face of conventional "wisdom," and has the experience and confidence to do so cheerfully. I don't think I've seen so much material on wet flies in any book of the last 10 years! (Rosenbauer thinks their attractiveness is due to the mixed signals they give, rather than to their close resemblance to anything.) He doubts the statistic, often repeated, that trout "do 90 percent of their feeding underwater."

And he writes, and tells stories. He can tell of looking under a dock in the village of Menemsha, on Martha's Vineyard, at three in the morning, to see two gitters and a huge striper competing for baitfish. He speaks of how, in his 20s, hooked on hatch-matching, "nymphs almost got stuck back into the corner of my brain where algebraic theorems hibernate." And he sends the book out with a wonderful anecdote: He once asked Teri Felizato, a well-traveled old fly-fishing crony of Charles Ritz from Italy, what he did when trout weren't rising, hoping for insights. Felizato "... took a long draw on a Parodi cigar, false-cast it a couple of times through the air, and said, 'In Italy you go to the osteria. In France, you find a bistro. And when in England, you head for the nearest pub.' "

Get this one. I guarantee it will teach you something. And it's more fun than any practical book since Proper's *What the Trout Said*.

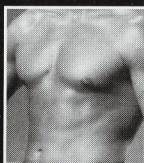
The third general how-to, Hauptman's *Finding Fish*, is the most basic of all: Not only is it not a fly-fishing book, its chapter on "lures" doesn't even mention flies. But if you fish for warmwater species in lakes and ponds, you'd best take a look at it. Hauptman states his purpose early, with a quote from W.C. Fields' *My Little Chickadee*: "Is this a game of chance?" "Not the way I play. No." He tells us that "fishing without a plan is nothing more than loosing dice" and, quite truthfully, that "to the insufficiently enlightened, fishing is a passive activity." He then

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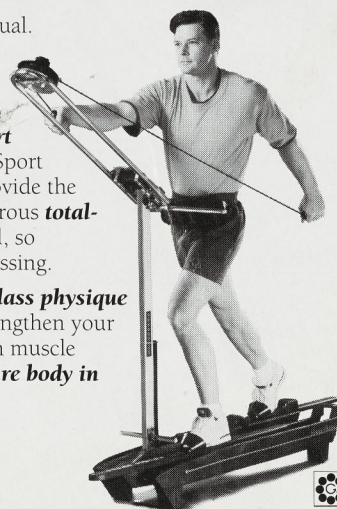
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# The Anglers' Club Bulletin

Vol. 70 #2 Winter 1992/93

nothing rises to take him. I lie on a small yellow-and-brown fly, but without much hope, and continue on. A sparrow suddenly darts from an alder and drops a little white blob in the water. Instantly a small trout leaps and lunges for it. How can I imitate that?"

In *What the River Knows* no new ways of casting are described, no new materials are introduced for flies, rods, or lines, no new fly patterns are revealed, and no trophy trout are taken. But the book has charm. Its flavor derives from the solitude of a wilderness trout stream and the resulting chance for the angler to observe and contemplate, to philosophize, and to let his mind rummage in memory's attic and even go woolgathering. And a delicious flavor it is.

Daniel James

## THE LAST OLD PLACE, A Search Through Portugal

Datus C. Proper

Simon & Schuster, New York 1992

With this book Datus Proper takes his place in the great tradition of travel writers like Robert Lewis Stevenson, Negley Farson and Paul Theroux. As a diplomat he lived and worked in Portugal and Portuguese-speaking countries for ten years. Two earlier books, *What the Trout Said* and *Pheasants of the Mind*, demonstrated his skill as a writer. Here he takes his readers with a clear eye but deep enjoyment and understanding on a tour of discovery by car and foot through Portugal, the old place. He travels with his old Portuguese friend and guide, Adriana. I recommend that you buy the book and travel with them.

In the introduction to the book Jan Morris describes Datus as "the absolute opposite of your packaged tourist" and helps explain this with the comment from Datus that "my fishing rod naturalizes me". Plainly it does, and in this book it produces the kind of reading for trout fishermen that has so generously been made available to the readers of the Bulletin with the excerpts that start in this issue.

*THE LAST OLD PLACE* has been elegantly produced, each chapter opening with a woodcut or similar illustration and a quotation from *The Lusids* and other writings.

Palmer Baker



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# New Anglers' Club Book

Nick Lyons, head of the Book committee, reports that the manuscript for *Sparse Grey Hackle: His Life, His Stories, and Angling Memories*, edited and with notes and a biographical introduction by Austin M. Francis, is now complete. The book is a compilation of previously uncollected (and some even unpublished) articles, essays and letters by the great Sparse.

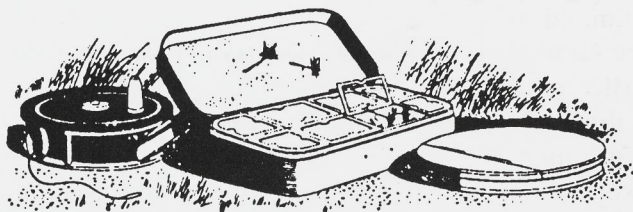
There have been a dozen previous Anglers' Club books made especially for the members, the last in 1972. All have become prized additions to angling libraries— and rarities in the sporting book market.

*Sparse Grey Hackle*, which will be handsomely produced, will be available in early fall, 1993, but subscription notices will soon be sent out to the members. The approximate cost of the regular edition will be \$85— and there may also be a deluxe edition for the most serious collectors.

Ex Libris







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## From The Editor's Fly Box

To Pushkin's lovely words, *White Nights*, Ernest Schweibert, in Part One of his three-part article about the Russian salmon fishery, has appended the words *Bright Fish*. The combination is wonderfully evocative to the poor winter-bound salmon fisherman waiting for the summer days on his northern river. Pushkin was truly mad about hunting and fishing. Schweibert is so smart to start his series with this reference. In Part One he puts the Russian fishery in historical, environmental and political perspective. Doing so, he prepares us for the working knowledge that will be brought to us later about the river systems in which, as the *Salmon Report* indicates, our members are beginning to fish. The series is a blockbuster.

The other blockbuster is our opening article, again the first of a series of three, by Datus Proper. A trout fishing excerpt from his recent book, reviewed later in this issue, the article is another example of why fishing is far and away the most literary of sports. Schweibert starts his article with Pushkin's words. Proper starts with a quotation from *The Lusiads*, by the sixteenth century Portuguese poet Camoes. How dare we, he asks, presume "*to surprise the hidden secrets of nature and of its watery element*"? Proper takes Camoes up on the dare, and so do we all when we go fishing.

The sight or thought of water - the recollection of a lake, a stream, a mighty ocean - can plainly quicken the literary urges of our members. We are seeing exceptionally good and interesting writing in the *Bulletin*, from professional authors and occasional writers alike. Robert Berls' *Rainbows of Vermeio* holds its own with any article that you will find in any of the fishing magazines. And look at its opening - "*Yes, as everyone knows, meditation and water are wedded forever*" - from Melville.

But hey, guys, what we are doing here is writing about fishing. Including bonefish on a fly, in Leonard Wrights' brief but classy *The Fish Heard 'Round the World*.

This is a good issue of the *Bulletin* with which to celebrate, as Mac Francis reminds us, Isaac Walton's 400th.

Palmer Baker





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Part one of a three part series about the Russian salmon fishery. A block buster by Ernest Schweibert, who will be the Club's speaker on this subject at the 1993 Spring Dinner. 37



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# Secrets of Nature

Datus C. Proper

*"So, you daring race .... You have come to surprise the hidden secrets of nature and of its watery element, that to no mortal, however great, however noble or immortal his deserts, have yet been revealed. Listen now to me and learn what perils have been laid up against such excess of presumption."*

Camões, *The Lusiads*, Canto Five

**T**he Mondego River plunges from Portugal's highest range, cuts through the steepest gorge, and dawdles past the oldest university. The flow sections the nation's land and people: granite and shepherds at the top, then terraces and peasants, bottomlands and farmers, streets and students, salt marshes and shipyards. This stream is to Portugal's natural history what Sagres is to its human achievements. Adriano and I wanted to drink from the Mondego's source and cower in its canyon. We were in no hurry, however. I was working up courage for the passage — a translation of *passaqem*, meaning a place on the gorge's cliffs where one passed or one didn't. Adriano the Fearless just wanted to work up to the best part gradually, enjoying the preliminaries. "I like to watch the brooks," he said. It was what he had said about the women back in the Alentejo, but for streams we got out of the car and stared without shame. Had we rushed, we might have driven from Anadia to our lodgings near the upper Mondego in three hours, but Adriano chose to spend the afternoon admiring nature.

We were not disappointed. The rocks below the bridges were round and smooth. At their bases, fringes of grass shaded the dark places that we coveted. Upstream, arms of water spread out into the hills. Two or three times Adriano told me that he had caught trout in some hidden pool. At the other crossings, we speculated that the rivulets must be big enough to fish, judging from their

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This excerpt on angling is published with permission of the author from *THE LAST OLD PLACE, A Search Through Portugal*, Simon & Schuster, New York, 1992.



topography; and then we imagined unplumbed pools protected by hidden passages. Few anglers would be man enough but we were sure that we could pass, if only life gave us time.

We parked for a drink of the Mondego up where it was small enough to spout from a fountain. On impulse I bought a cup from a peddler who was waiting by the spring for live ones. The cup was of tourist-pottery, ugly and green, with a shepherd and his Mountain Dog in relief. I baptized it in the fountain, drank from it, and kept it to help me remember the taste.

We stopped at a hotel that Adriano remembered as having been good, once. The ancient couple in the bar seemed surprised that we wanted to spend the night. On my room's wall hung a framed, faded photograph of a British ship — one of the Queens on her maiden voyage. Over the porcelain washbowl was a shelf with a drinking-glass and a water-flask. I set out to take a sponge bath (useful skill, in Portugal) but stopped when I got a close look at the flask. It was yellowed by a crust inside: mineral deposits from old plumbing. Next door Adriano said *O diabo* — The devil — which is his strongest language. I looked in and saw him standing at the washbowl, socks wetter than his face. The water had poured onto his feet from its rusted-out drain pipe when he pulled the plug.

Next day at dawn we stopped in Videmonte, but not for long. It was the village closest to the Mondego's gorge. Everything was stone: The walls of the fields, the narrow road that twisted through them, and the houses. The chapel and a few of the other buildings had coats of cement covered by paint. The house of Jose Sequeira Mendes had no such cosmetics, but it had Adriano's friends. We greeted them — briefly, because there was a long walk ahead, and we would have to hurry to get out of the canyon before dark, even in the long twilight of late May. Jose loaned his son Manuel to the expedition. Manuel stowed his staff in the car and jumped in with us.

Adriano would fish near the ford across the Mondego, he said. But first he dropped Manuel and me at the bottom of the gorge. The young man would be my guide. He was lean and strong from a stint in the army, brown fist curled around the staff.

The river was half blue, half foamy-white, and small at the bottom of its canyon. Manuel showed me the goat-trail down through the rocks. I rushed to assemble my rod and tie on a team of three Portuguese wet flies. They should have been good before



the sun warmed the water, but the trout paid no attention. I cast upstream through the pools, letting the flies drift back past me, deep. Then I fished cross-stream and watched the line swing around in the current. In desperation, I teased the top fly along the surface, the two below it serving to keep my leader straight. It is a good method for eager trout, but these weren't.

(River my love, you are cold. You shove me when you're close. You grumble when you're not. Don't push me away: Give me a fish. I've been faithful to you, in my way, so now be kind.)

I would have to move faster, Manuel said, or we would not get out by sundown. I tried jumping along the rocks like him and suddenly found myself on my back. The water cushioned my fall but I was not grateful. Somehow my whole torso had landed in the river with my legs above, on dry land. It was a position that I had never before achieved despite my acknowledged expertise at falling into rivers. Ego aside, this was not as bad as my conventional tumble because the hip-boots did not fill with water and my trunk would blow-dry soon enough. The bright side did not occur to me right away, though.

We came to an eddy that had created a little foothold for alders. A bird was dancing in them but I paid no attention, drifting my fly deep under the brush, troutless. The bird still danced. It was a desperate dance, but then I was getting desperate myself. The flutter came again and I saw that the victim was a pintasilgo (English goldfinch) of sweet song. I waded the stream, boots shipping water. The finch had tried to eat a trout-fly that someone had cast across the stream with a spinning rod. The float had caught in the alders, the line had broken, and the fly had dangled, a cruel trap. I unhooked the bird and held it for a moment to calm down, soft black and yellow body quiet in my caress, scarlet face

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looking at me. When I opened my hand the finch lay for a moment, not realizing that it was free, and then flashed off through green leaves.

Flocks of goldfinches are called charms, with good reason. My damsel in distress did not say thanks but I hoped that it was relieved not to be popped in a cage like most in Portugal.

My own line had been dangling in the current below me during the rescue operation. I waded back to shore, cleaned the flies of some flotsam they had picked up, and cast them to the upstream end of the eddy. My intention was just to get the line straightened out so that I could wind it back evenly onto the reel. Chances of catching anything after that commotion were slim. But the line twitched as it drifted under a limb and I pulled the rod tight. A strong trout flashed gold, hooked on the top fly. I trotted her downstream at once, keeping the angle between me and fish constant till she tired and slid into my net. She was a brown trout, Portuguese native of antecedents older than Adriano's. As I released her, my back began to feel warm and little glints reflected from the current. The sun was out.

\* \* \* \*

I want my Nereids shy and seductive but ardent when I catch them, like those of Camoes. In the Latin countries — and even in Germany, of all places — trout are assigned a female gender. You can, of course, find scholars who will tell you that the gender of a noun has nothing to do with sex. I do not fish for scholars. I fish for a *truta*, *la trucha*, *la truite*, *die forelle*. Englishspeakers may say of a trout "look at 'im jump!" But everybody knows that we're odd. Who else would give trout a gender suitable for making war instead of love? I am grateful to have lived in the Latin world long enough to get these matters straight.

The trout the finch gave me had a secret: mayflies. Her throat contained two of them, caught before they could fly or mate. They are called duns, in that stage, and I recognized them from their sober dress, the color of olives turning ripe. I stowed my wet-fly leader, put on a finer one, and fastened to its tip a single floating fly resembling the real thing. Then I rushed back to the fishing with no time out for contemplation. When Nereids are ready, they must not be kept waiting.

A poem from the mid-fifteenth century addresses the problems of "a man that lovith ffisshyng and ffowling both" and uses them as metaphors for the pursuit of love. It was a "pleasaunce" or



"dysporte" with rules, not constant love. There are only so many poetic words, even in English, and I suppose that the anonymous author wanted to use the best of them for his strongest passions.

\* \* \* \* \*

I knew why the trout were feeding: it was because there were mayflies to eat. I did not know why the mayflies and therefore the trout stopped all at once. Minutes after they did, however, the sun disappeared too, and Manuel told me that I must hurry to climb the bad passagem before rain made the rocks slick. I looked for excuses. It was climb or swim, though. The river rushed through a cleft between cliffs, too deep to wade.

The passage would have been easy for a rock-climber. Even some anglers would have been competent for it. I was not, but I accomplished the thing by scraping my fingertips and taking a minute interest in patterns on the rock before my nose. I did not look at the currents grumbling down below. Having passed the throat of the gorge, I descended sloping granite casually, legs barely trembling. Manuel told me to wait, urgency in his voice. I saw the viper just before his staff hit it. It was small, by comparison to a rattlesnake. I would not have killed it. I am not much afraid of snakes, but still the poisonous kind always stirs some lost emotion.

Above the passage, light-green grass grew from rocks in the Mondego, tall and lush as pampered plants in the office of a banker. I could not remember seeing so much unused forage anywhere in Portugal. Goats can go almost anywhere, but the passage had preserved paradise, or at least stopped the people taking care of the goats. The river felt lonely, my secret. Humans had trickled through it for hundreds of generations, of course. All had been tested by the passage. Hosts of this quality made such good company that I did not mind a thin, cold rain.

Fishing was slow. Mayflies seem to know that they should not leave the stream-bottom till the air-temperature is right, though how they can make such judgments is a mystery. Manuel and I moved along, he looking for vipers (which he could see better), I looking for trout (which I could see better). One has to learn to see things, you know. It is not just a matter of visual acuity.

I stood on a rock sloping into the Mondego, looking at a distant side-current that had an occasional odd quiver. There was a wink of white under water, then another a minute later. I could not see the rest of the trout, but the white had to be its mouth opening to take something drifting in the current. The something would be



nymphs: not the Nereid-kind but their namesake, immature mayflies. They had planned to hatch during the burst of sun, perhaps, and been fooled by the change in weather. Hatching is a dangerous passage, for nymphs.

This was a trout worth the full treatment. I clipped off my dry fly, lengthened the leader with a fine strand, and tied on a nymph that I had dressed for the occasion. It had an abdomen wound of two pale fibers from the tail of

a late-season pheasant. The thorax was spun of guard-hairs from a hare's ear. The thread that held the dressing together was Pearsall's silk and the hook a Partridge, strong for its size. The magic and the science were both studied, you see.

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A poem from the mid-fifteenth century addresses the problems of "a man that lovith ffishyng and ffowling both" and uses them as metaphors for the pursuit of love. It was a "pleasaunce" or "dysporte" with rules, not constant love.

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I waded till I was cross-stream from the trout and some thirty feet away. The fly was in my mouth, soaking, and it sank instantly when I cast it. The trout did not move. It did not move on the next two casts, either. On the fourth, there was the little pale wink when the fly had drifted to the right position. The line came tight just long enough for the fish to react and jerk it from my fingers. Small trout cannot do that. This one made a long, wallowing jump and ran

upstream — another thing small trout cannot manage — for the shelter of a cliff. The line angled deep and ticked twice on a rock, but the shelter that the trout found was not good enough. It came back into my net, fifteen inches long, big-jawed and not pretty. Manuel said that he had not seen a trout quite so big.

When I opined that trout are female, I was referring to those of normal size. This one was hook-jawed, a male characteristic. You admire a trout like that but you do not court it. You fight it.

The rain ended then, the breeze blew in warm gusts, and fish began rising freely, which does not happen often on the upper Mondego. I cast frantically. One small trout



made a mistake at last and I derricked it in. Its mouth contained dark specks: black gnats. I tied on an imitation and hooked a better fish, but then the rise was over, almost wasted.

Never mind. We were through the narrowest part of the gorge by then, able to walk along the banks in places, and Manuel wanted to keep moving. We heard bells up above us on the canyon walls. Then we heard high, laughing voices: children trying to drive goats where they did not want to be driven. I would have laughed too but big boys don't just break out giggling with no reason.

\* \* \* \*

Wilderness is a thing in the mind, nobly savage. I want it.

It is the last illusion I am allowed, because humans didn't work out, Lord knows, and the animals I tried to ennoble were even more ridiculous. (There was a nature-faking film, one more of a long line, in which father bear reared his offspring. In nature, that cub would have made a couple of good meals.) I want the real thing, beautiful, red in tooth and claw. I enjoy it even in bed, covers over my head. Maybe that is how I enjoy it most.

The Mondego's gorge feels right. It keeps most people out and lets me in. It gives me running water and trout. The trout are the better for having adapted to me over millennia. The laughing and tinkling of bells are also echoes across the ages.

In America, we like to pretend that there is wilderness ruled only by the balance of nature. In fact nature knows no balance and if she did, we humans would have altered it before now. Calling a place wilderness is nevertheless convenient because it lets us duck decisions on management. If it were not wilderness by law, somebody would find a way to get up the gorge with engines — jet-boats or helicopters or something. He would drive an off-road vehicle over the goat trails to the rim. Anyone trying to stop him would be accused of violating democratic freedoms. We are a new, all-or-nothing civilization. It takes an old one to build wilderness from half-measures.

I would like to tell you that the gorge of the Mondego is safe. In fact it is known locally as the *sítio da barragem*, place of the dam, because for years the engineers have been wanting to plug it up and flood it. Maybe the European Community will loan them enough money for the job.



---

# Rainbows of Vermejo

Robert H. Berls

*"Yes, as everyone knows, meditation and water are wedded forever."*

Herman Melville

Driving south from Denver to New Mexico, the front range of the Rockies is a mirage on the horizon. The mountains become real in southern Colorado, squeezing you through the Raton Pass until you ease out into the somnolent town of Raton, New Mexico. Just beyond town you turn west, up hill, for 40 miles into the Sangre de Cristo range. The mountains are as beautiful as their name sounds (Latin has a predilection for such appellations—reminding me of an Italian white wine called *Lacryma Christi*; the name is enough to put you off it. Anyhow, I'll bet it's bitter. ) After running out of paved road, then crunching off gravel onto dirt, you wonder—on your first trip—if you missed something in those directions. Just when you decide you're lost you arrive at Vermejo Park ranch headquarters; 400,000 acres of alpine forest, range and meadow.

What one goes to Vermejo for is the superlative lake fishing for trout, mostly rainbows, but also browns, brooks, and rainbow-cutthroat hybrids. And that's only on the dozen lakes you can reach by road at 8,000 to 10,000 feet. There are several so-called glacier lakes above timberline requiring a long hike over scree slides and snow fields, but they are among the last redoubts of the Rio Grande Cutthroat, and they run big up there I'm told.

What took me back to Vermejo are the damselfly and capering sedge hatches—big flies for big trout. At Vermejo you can fish wet, damp, or dry, and that means you not your flies. You can wade and cast to the edges of the weed beds, or take one of the boats provided at each lake and drift over the aquatic gardens casting as you go. You can anchor a comfortable casting distance outside the big, surface beds of potamogeton when the caperers are hatching or egg-laying and let the trout come to you—which they will obligingly do. Or you can fish damp, an approach I was introduced



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Palmer Baker



# FIELD & STREAM

Field & Stream Magazine  
187 Great Road #C-1  
Acton, MA 01720  
(508) 635-0857

William G. Tapply  
Contributing Editor

February 24

Dear Datus:

I'd intended to wait until I finished THE LAST OLD PLACE before writing to thank you for having them send me a copy. But I'm enjoying it so much, and trying to mete out small doses of it so I can properly savor it, that I figured I might as well drop you a note now.

Yes. Good book. Glad you kept the hunting in it. I hope it gets the recognition and sales it deserves.

I've been going 'round with the New York publishers (a less rational world I cannot imagine) for the past year before finally finding one who I think might handle my novels properly (though I remain skeptical). Meanwhile, I've been working on a kind of memoir for Nick Lyons (the only voice of reason in the entire city of New York), writing a sort of travelogue of my own (I just spend time at Walden Pond -- what's traveling is time, while I remain essentially stationary), collaborating on a suspense/thriller/romance sort of thing, and generally trying to make a living and remain marginally sane. Neither is easy.

Are you going to the F&S shindig in May? Hope to see you there. My summer Montana plans are not set yet, but I expect to be in your neck of the plains toward the end of June. When I know, I'll let you know, in the hope that you and I might cast a fly together.

I'm honored to share a place on the masthead with you. You're a helluva writer.

Best,

Bill



Copies of Putney to:

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David  
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Carol



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add Ron Cobby  
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October 6, 1992

Mr. Gary Luke  
Simon & Schuster  
1230 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, NY 10020

Dear Gary,

My contribution to reviewer's list herewith.

add:  
Frishman



## Portugal -- Review Copies

My knowledge is confined to magazines and readers interested in the outdoors -- and even in that area, there are big gaps. I can't help with the broader market (travel magazines and such).

### Publications & Editors

Mr. Duncan Barnes, Editor  
Field & Stream  
2 Park Avenue  
New York, NY 10016

Ms. Margaret Nichols  
Managing Editor  
Field & Stream  
2 Park Avenue  
New York, NY 10016

Mr. Slaton White  
Assistant Managing Editor  
Field & Stream  
2 Park Avenue  
New York, NY 10016

Mr. David Foster, Editor  
Gray's Sporting Journal  
Box 1207  
Augusta, Georgia 30903-1207

Mr. John Hewitt  
Senior Editor  
Gray's Sporting Journal  
Box 1207  
Augusta, Georgia 30903-1207

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Sporting Classics Magazine  
1111 Broad St.  
Camden, SC 29020

Mr. Jim Casada  
Sporting Classics Magazine  
1111 Broad St.  
Camden, SC 29020

Ms. Margot Page, Editor  
The American Fly Fisher  
Box 42  
Manchester, VT 05254



Mr. Silvio Calabi, Editor  
Fly Rod & Reel  
Roxmont, Route 1  
Rockport, ME 04856

Mr. John Barsness, Editor  
Game Journal  
640 Hwy. 12 East  
Townsend, MT 59644

Mr. Tom Pero, Editor  
Trout Magazine  
Box 6225  
Bend, OR 97708

Mr. Bill Buckley, Editor  
Shooting Sportsman  
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Mr. John Randolph, Editor  
Fly Fisherman Magazine  
6405 Flank Drive  
Harrisburg, PA 17112

Mr. Steve Smith, Editor  
Game & Gun Magazine  
Box 968  
Traverse City, MI 49684

Mr Gary LaFontaine  
Greycliff Publishing Company  
Box 166  
Deerlodge, MT 59772

Mr. Russ Chatham  
Clark City Press  
109 W. Callender  
Livingston, MT

Mr. Nick Lyons  
342 West 84th St.  
New York, NY 10024

Outside Magazine  
attn. Greg McNamee  
1165 N. Clark St.  
Chicago, Ill. 60610

Mr. Edouard Desrochers, Editor (2 copies requested)  
Exonians in Print  
Phillips Exeter Academy  
Exeter, NH 03833



Mr. Bob Wilbanks  
Stover Publishing  
1901 Bell Ave., Suite 4  
Des Moines, Iowa 35098

Ms. Gail Schontzler  
Bozeman Daily Chronicle  
Box 1188  
Bozeman, MT 59715

Esquire's reviewer

Smithsonian's reviewer

Writers & Reviewers

Mr. Steve Bodio  
Box 709  
Magdalena, NM 87825

Mr. Tom McIntyre  
10221 Downey Avenue  
Downey, CA 90241

Jim Harrison  
(personal address if you have one)

Mr. John Thorne  
(writer -- somewhere in NYC)

Paul Therot

Robert Hughes

Mr. John McPhee  
475 Drake's Corner Road  
Princeton, NJ 08540

Mr. Verlyn Klinkenborg  
Box 790  
Housatonic, Mass. 01236

Mr. Michael Rothschild, Director  
Bionomics Institute  
2173 Francisco Blvd., Suite C  
San Rafael, CA 94901

Mr. Bill Tapply  
187 Great Road #C-1  
Acton, Mass. 01720



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Washington, D.C. 20015

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The Baker Co. Inc.  
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New York, NY 10022

Mr. Herbert Wellington Jr.  
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Locust Valley, NY 11560

Amb. Richard J. Bloomfield  
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Cambridge, Mass. 02140

Mr. John Baden  
FREE  
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Seattle, WA 98105

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Centro de Estudos Africanos  
Universidade de São Paulo  
C.P. 8105  
São Paulo  
Brazil

Mr. David Quammen  
414 S. 3rd Avenue  
Bozeman, MT 59715

Mr. Michael Levy  
The Buffalo News  
Box 100  
Buffalo, NY 14240

Mr. Robert H. Bates  
153 High St.  
Exeter, NH 03833

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Piping Rock Road  
Locust Valley, NY 11560

Mr. Jack Heddon  
13 Hawthorn Close  
Honiton, Devon EX14 8LS  
England



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Partridge of Redditch Ltd.  
Mt. Pleasant, Redditch  
Worcs. B97 4JE, England

The Book's Hero

Mr. Adriano de Seabra Cancela  
Av. Gago Coutinho 75  
1700 Lisbon  
Portugal



15 Feb '93

answered 3/1/93

Dear Datus:

Thank you so very much for your book, and letter. When I read in the Introduction that it was likened to Doughty and Chatwin, I knew I would like it! (Incidentally, it was your great friend Sid Heff who introduced me to Doughty). I've read about half of it and you certainly get the flavor of the country - and its food! We will never be able to feed you again, except with Gorton's frozen codfish cakes with a salt sauce. I wouldn't even dare to pass you an olive. Ours are all pitted, & stuffed with almond or pimientos - good only in Martinis.

Re your letter and fishing: I believe that I will have to revise my belief in the importance of color - restrict it not only to O'Dell Creek but even to only certain hatches - notably the P.M.D. & Green Drake. Our P.M.D.'s are distinctly light olive, and yellow just doesn't work. G.D. imitations have to be a drab dark olive. Anything else gets only splashy refusals. My fondness for LTE hooks stems from Darbee's Allcocks - he saved all of his #13's for me! Re color of lines: Goddard convinces me that dark lines are better, but I fish better with light, very visible lines, so will not change. Besides, I believe in very long leaders so convince myself that line color doesn't matter much.

You must be a very good linguist. I majored in linguistic science at Princeton, but Portuguese always seemed very forbidding to me.





For 4 yrs. I helped the Professor write a Lithuanian dictionary - now I couldn't recognize one word of it.

Craig Matthews' new book has an excellent section on caddis. I think that I miss some good fishing with pupae in the film, and with egg-layers.

Best regards and many thanks. We will give many copies away as presents. Now, write another fishing book!

Kerb

DRAWING BY S.A. NEFF, JR.

THE PISCATORIBUS PRESS ©1987



Answered 3/3/93

16 February 1993

Dear Datus:

The Last Old Place is a wonderful book - full of texture and endless curiosity. I'd read three sections, as you know, and admired them hugely; seeing them fitted into the whole, and the entire book. I admire it all even more. What a splendid piece of work!

Thanks for asking Mary Larsen to call me about the new house. It's just the kind of thing we're looking for - but, alas, almost double what we'd like (in our dreams!) to pay. Meanwhile, I've leased a house at Varney Bridge for five weeks, from mid-June until late July. It faces Sphinx Mountain, which Mari has been working into her Mont St. Victoire these past years at Herb Wellington's.

I'm much looking forward to the time in Montana and hope to see something of you then.

Bravo on your book!

Best,

N..h



Gary Luke

Dates — What publication 2/19

Another great review.  
This one will also help  
library sales. — 6.



Booklist  
(a review publication)

PER.MR1{Sim}

**Proper, Datus C.** The Last Old Place: A Search through Portugal. Mar. 1993. 256p. index. illus. Simon & Schuster, \$22 (0-671-78226-6). Galley.

914.6904'44 Portugal—Description and travel // Portugal—Social life and customs  
[OCLC] 92-22628

Ah, Portugal! Land of Prince Henry the Navigator and Nuno Alvares; *bacalhau* and *fihos*; *pelourinhos* and *Dia*. Most everyone has at least heard of the noble prince, human symbol of the Age of Discovery and inhabitant of many world history textbooks. But how many know about Nuno Alvares, the "El Cid" of Portugal, epitome of chivalry that the Spaniard wasn't? *Fihos* are doughnuts sans holes, everything our oversweet, greasy, holey ersatz doughnuts aren't. Translated, *bacalhau* means codfish. Always salt-cured in Portugal, it was once cheap; now it's almost as expensive as lobster. "And worth it," says the author. *Pelourinhos* (pillories) are no longer in use; many, however, serve now as tourist attractions, being pleasingly ornate. "Hard to chew as leather steaks," an unfolded *O Dia* on a man's breakfast table alerts the world that he is a serious man who recalls with reverence the halcyon days of decent government in Portugal. The aforementioned are but tidbits spilled from the banquet of Proper's delightful travel narrative, an erudite ramble through one of Europe's most underappreciated countries. But not for long! Armchair travelers will want to join the author and his Portuguese friend, Adriano, as they amble through historic sites, eateries, trout streams, and more. Then they'll know why Portugal is fast becoming Europe's hottest travel destination. —Richard Paul Snyder





Phillips Exeter Academy

The Library

Edouard L. Desrochers  
Assistant Librarian and Academy Archivist

Mr. Datus C. Proper  
1085 Hamilton Road  
Belgrade, MT 59714-8307

February 12, 1993

Dear Mr. Proper:

I have just received a copy of The Last Old Place: a Search Through Portugal from Simon & Schuster. Thank you very much for arranging to have the book sent to me. I will be more than happy to list it in my next "Exonians In Print" column. Look for it in the Summer 1993 issue of The Bulletin.

We are always grateful to receive copies of alumni/ae publications. I have given the book to Jacquelyn H. Thomas, Academy Librarian, for the Alumni/ae Authors Collection in the Library.

Sincerely,

*Edouard L. Desrochers*  
Editor, Exonians In Print

*Thank you for your book. I am fond of travel books,  
and memoir and books which involve fly fishing, which I  
have never done just read about. I look forward to reading  
your book and eventually traveling to Portugal.*

*Sincerely,  
Jacquelyn H. Thomas*



Call Nora Gallagher

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Datus —

1/11/93

Patagonia would run about 250 words  
of your deathless prose, at \$1.00 a word.  
It seems good advertising to me — for you.  
Or they'd pay in barter goods — you could  
order \$500 or maybe \$600 worth of their  
vastly overpriced gear\*. Up to you.

yours,

Knox

\* (50% discount — which might parlay into  
a lifetime privilege. Gallagher admires  
your prose — and your profile, )





# S I M O N & S C H U S T E R

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Simon & Schuster Consumer Group  
1230 Avenue of the Americas  
New York, NY 10020  
212-698-7000

October 1, 1992

Dear Datus,

I wanted to take this opportunity to introduce myself to you and let you know that I, and my associate Deanne Shashoua, will be working together on the publicity for your book. We are currently coordinating our galley mailings for media that need to see your book as early as possible (including publications that review books and have long lead times). If you have any names of additional people that should see an advance copy (ie.- personal media contacts) please let me know of them as soon as possible.

We will solicit the appropriate areas for interviews and publicity in your region closer to the publication date. I'll be structuring our overall efforts and Deanne will be working directly with you most of the time, but I just wanted to say if there is anything she or I can do for you in the meantime, please let me know.

Best Wishes,

(Mr.)

Seale Ballenger  
Senior Publicist  
212/698-7277  
fax - 212/698-7336