

Non-violence is a non-starter —
esp. for males, + most esp. for young males.
We're ~~pred~~ predators. It plays up somewhere.
TV. "Sports".

Quite Tenant (just Dagn) on dogs:
not confused in his mind. Understood their
place in the Universe.

Some of us small creatures have to
hunt. Thoreau could do it in his head.

8/8/91

Why Should Resting Be Such Work?

Desire for country + craft + escape = fishing

By CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT

Do we work to rest, or rest to work? This chicken-egg conundrum has puzzled the architect Witold Rybczynski for many years now. And as we know from such delightful books of his as "Home: A Short History of an Idea" (1986), in which he explored the nature of what is comfortable, and "The Most Beautiful House in the World" (1989), where he investigated the elements of architecture, when Mr.

Rybczynski is puzzled by something, he starts asking questions so obvious that few people have thought to ask them before.

Now in "Waiting for the Weekend" he asks: What is rest? Why do people do it? Why do they wait for the weekend to do it? What is a weekend anyway? And how in the history of work and rest did it first come into being?

What particularly puzzles Mr. Rybczynski is the artificiality of the week of which the weekend is the longed-for climax. As he writes: "What does the week measure? Nothing. At least, nothing visible. No natural phenomenon occurs every seven days — nothing happens to the sun, the moon, or the stars. The week is an artificial, man-made interval."

To learn how weekends came into being, he explores the history of calendars and holidays, of work and play. By entertaining degrees we learn how the Sunday sabbath came to be a time for strenuous self-indulgence, and how the practice of "keeping Saint Monday," was a way of recovering from that sabbath. Eventually, Monday was traded for Saturday. Thus the weekend was born.

Mr. Rybczynski's inquiry follows a serendipitous design that reflects, at least metaphorically, the random pattern of his life. He was born in Edinburgh in 1943 of Polish parents, reared in Surrey and educated in England and Canada. He is now a professor of architecture at McGill

University in Montreal.

For instance, he approaches the ambiguities of Sunday leisureliness by examining Georges Seurat's great painting "Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte" (1886), in which the representation of a monkey on a leash may have been intended as a visual pun, "for in contemporary Parisian slang *singesse*, or female monkey, meant a prostitute."

The rich historical messages conveyed by Seurat's painting bring Mr. Rybczynski to the Industrial Revolution, an era when work hours grew longer, creating a stronger desire for time off to rest, and when the population of cities grew, creating a stronger desire for the country.

Gradually in Mr. Rybczynski's pages the modern weekend comes into focus as an interval when people typically rush away from their jobs in the city to work strenuously at playing in the country. And gradually the author arrives at a resolution to his puzzlement over the seeming artificiality of the seven-day week.

He concludes that the repeating weekly pattern of work in public and play at home must reflect some "ancient inclination, buried deep in the human psyche," to experience "the world in two distinct ways corresponding to two discontinuous modes of being: the sacred and the profane." Saturday and Sunday at home are sacred. Monday through Friday at the workplace are profane. Then, thank God, it's time for the weekend again.

"We have invented the weekend, but the dark cloud of old taboos still hangs over the holiday, and the combination of the secular with the holy leaves us uneasy. This tension only compounds the guilt that many of us continue to feel about not working, and leads to the nagging feeling that our free time should be used for some purpose higher than having fun. We want leisure, but we are afraid of it too."

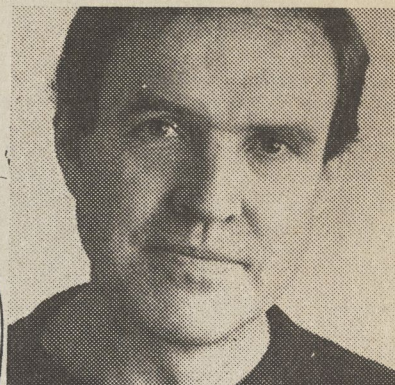
This is Mr. Rybczynski's sympathetic way of explaining why increasingly in post-industrial society people have to work so hard at playing. But there is a more critical side to his message as well. He observes that by far the lion's share of modern leisure time is spent watching television, "an inferior form of leisure," not because it's passive but because "it offers so little opportunity for reflection and contemplation."

He contrasts watching television with the 18th-century activity of silently reading to oneself, which he calls not only "one of the major cultural developments of the early modern era" but also "a milestone in the

Waiting for the Weekend

By Witold Rybczynski

260 pages. Viking. \$18.95.



Stephen Homer/Viking

history of leisure." He adds: "Solitary reading is the ideal vehicle for individual leisure. . . . Reflection, contemplation, privacy and solitude are also associated with reading books. And withdrawal. Both withdrawal from the world around one, from the cares of everyday life, and withdrawal into oneself."

Mr. Rybczynski doesn't mean to be a scold in "Waiting for the Weekend." He understands that we are all driven by compulsions. "The desire to do something well, whether it is sailing a boat — or building a boat — reflects a need that was previously met in the workplace." Now that technology has removed craft from most occupations, the weekend has become a time to fulfill our need to excel at something.

But his hidden message is clear enough. G. K. Chesterton, in one of his columns in the Illustrated London News, defined three forms of leisure: "The first is being allowed to do something. The second is being allowed to do anything. And the third (and perhaps most rare and precious) is being allowed to do nothing."

In "Waiting for the Weekend," Mr. Rybczynski laments that in their hot pursuit of leisure, too few people are learning to do nothing well.

Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 Small ice mass
- 5 Hot drink
- 10 Speaker's place
- 14 What Satan sows
- 15 "... ——— unt my feet": 119:10
- 16 Writ
- 17 P

- 29 Golfer's family
- 33 Poet
- 34 W

RUNAWAY NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER!



imate

any

★ **at portrait of
as rich and
plex as the
him."***

promises to be the
we are likely

ars to come
flawed

to Jacques-Émile Ruhlmann, the designer of the 1920's and 30's whose furniture had simple lines but was made of rare woods, ivory, shagreen and other costly materials. So is Il Massimo, whose decorating budget Mr. Metzger estimates to have been \$75,000.

In the main stateroom, the walls — bulkheads, of course — are squares of sueded buffalo hide. In the salon, the hexagonal tables are of elm burl, and the curtains a textured ribbed silk. The elm burl bulkheads are bordered in black lacquer. Counters in the

honeycomb, a structural material that is used where weight must be kept low. Mr. Metzger said he wanted the salon to look like a Chanel suit.

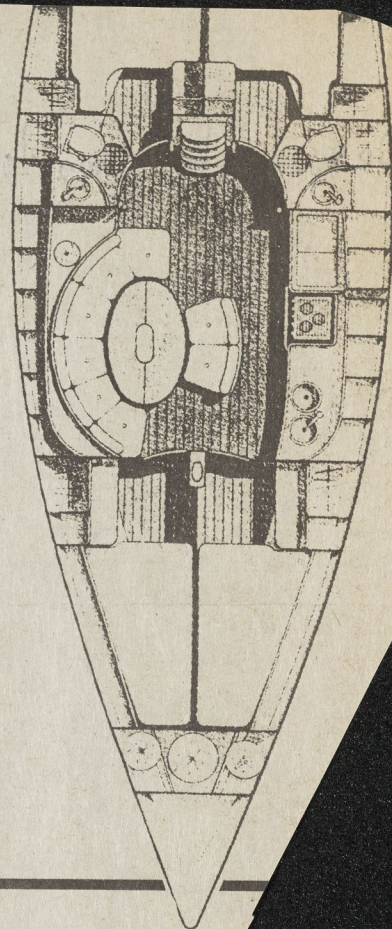
The American owner of the Virginian, a 204-foot motor vessel, wanted a gentleman's yacht with a traditional décor. What he got was a floating 18th-century English manor house with paneled cherry bulkheads; pear wood dressing tables inlaid with ebony; gilt-framed oil paintings; solid marble bathtubs; fireplaces, and a galley that can feed 300.

David Anthony Easton designed

Mr. Easton said: "As a middle-class kid growing up in York, Pa., to me a boat was a canoe, a rowboat, a motorboat. This boat feels like an apartment. It is an extravaganza, and there's an extravagant attitude that goes with it."

Mr. Easton refused to say what the boat cost, but he said the decorating budget was 5 percent of the purchase price. Suffice it to say that when he discovered that ordinary swing-arm wall lamps wiggle too much on a boat, he went to Paris, where he commissioned Enterprise Meilleur, a company that made yachting fixtures early in this century, to make new lamps from old models. For carpets he went to Woodward Grosvenor & Company in London, where he found old documents with nautical motifs like stars, sea anemones and sand dollars. The

Continued on Page B6



ABOVE LEFT Il Massimo has elm burl and buffalo suede.

ABOVE AND RIGHT All mahogany and white leather, the cabin of the Beneteau First 45f5 sailboat was designed by Pininfarina.

Airport Nice Day'



Vic DeLucia/The New York Times

...ey Malarkey" training airport employees on politeness yesterday at the Port Authority is spending \$90,000 on the program.

...st, 'Have a nice day.'"

Others said they would be nicer to the passengers were.

The most common thing is they are cursing you," said Louie Langer, a taxi dispatcher at LaGuardia Airport. "Once in a while they use a little force, but the police are nearby. Also, I'm very polite. For the record, Mr. Langer is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds.

...had been in their service. ...n't

There are some passengers who try to calm me down."

Mr. Langer and a colleague, Thomas A. Murphy, had nice and tidy explanations for why passengers' behavior is sometimes less than nice. "They're doing it to you for one reason: because you're there," Mr. Langer told the workers. "It's as simple as that. If there were a steel post there, they'd take it out on the steel post. You can't take it personally. It would raise your blood pressure 97 points."

Whether the niceness training made the airport a nicer place is an open question. The Port Authority said that some not-so-nice incidents happened while the ses-

Retirees In Search Of the Perfect Fit

By CLARE COLLINS

Ann Miller has been hard to find since she retired 10 years ago at the age of 62. Her four children claim that they need an appointment to see her, so she supplies them with an itinerary each month.

"I'm doing all the things I promised myself I would do," said Miller, a former advertising agency executive who set her sights on retirement and carefully mapped her future. "I had worked so long."

In 1973, at the age of 55, she moved to a house in Sherman Oaks. She had lived for 24 years in a two-bedroom apartment in Hollywood Hills.

Twelve years later, she moved again to a roomy condominium in the same neighborhood. She was 67 then.

"It was a great move," she said, "making it easier to find what I needed. I found a perfect fit."

perfect
are a
lust
and
re

in plastic material & sport
sport is the acceptance of ~~limits~~⁽¹⁾ rules and
(2) limitations.

We ought to have as few legal rules as possible,
though we need some to level the playing field.

All of us (or almost all past the juvenile
belle stage) do also accept some cultural or personal
restraints. Most of us, for example, in this country
seem to think that we should "graduate" to
fly-fishing for trout. I think it's a real
graduation — movement upward — because it lets
us return trout alive, if we wish.

Most of us also accept others. I'm only not
advancing technology but accept it because
the options are difficult or unavailable (just better).
I do feel better keeping at least the fly —
the part that meets the trout — natural.

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CANADA'S NORTHWEST TERRITORIES
Within reach, yet beyond belief

Leopold chides his fellow hydrologists for slavery to agency paperwork. "If you want to learn about streams, you need to spend time with them. Then, you need to measure them accurately." He lists the parameters: width, depth, velocity, discharge, slope, load, particle size, and roughness. "Then you need to relate these measurements to each other." Like a conjurer with multiple rabbits, he derives for us a set of equations that do this mathematically.

He inserts a few unkind words about the Army Corps of Engineers and their glory trail of dams and levees. An image comes to me: Confining a river is like nailing a snake to the earth.

We learn how river channels hold their courses through time and geologic uplift. Leopold describes an abandoned channel of the San Juan, dry for a million years, that has precisely the slope of the present channel. The Colorado north of Moab, Utah, has deeply incised the layers of sandstone that are rising along a fault at right angles to its path.

The patterns he's observed in rivers lead to a discussion of the structure of the universe itself. He touches on thermodynamics and dwells on entropy. Some of the hydrologists go glassy-eyed, but a few of us are transfigured.

He paces slowly as he talks, comfortable in boots, jeans, and a wide leather belt. His shirt is blue and green—water colors. On his belt are two leather pouches—one for pliers and knife on the right hand, while on the left, in a larger pouch with a handsome silver clasp, are a ruler, slide rule, field book, and measuring tape. He stirs his coffee with the handle of his pliers. His hair clings to the sides of his head, white at the temples, dark gray elsewhere. Under winged brows, he has an aquiline nose and measuring eyes. He looks like old portraits of Bodhidharma, who carried Buddhism from India to China, the patriarch the Japanese call Daruma and portray with fierce-eyed dolls, weighted at the base, that spring up as often as they are knocked back.

He fixes us, one by one, with a severe gaze. "Science today is domi-

nated by people who won't spend ten years doing *anything*. Promotion is based on the review of publication lists by committees who haven't read the publications. So there are a lot of one-paragraph papers, just to get into a bibliography."

In other words, publication often benefits careers more than science. "The most important scientific tool," he says, pointing a finger at heaven, "is the eraser."

"Now we'll go out and see the crick."

Wading Ditch Creek with notebook in hand, it occurs to me that Leopold has a blend of intellect and pragmatism. He can see a problem—erosion, for instance—in its broadest dimension and study it. When the specifics are nailed, he acts decisively.

Born in New Mexico, Leopold earned degrees in civil engineering, physics, and meteorology, and a Ph.D. in geology from Harvard. Starting with the U.S. Geological Survey as an engineer, he worked as chief hydrologist from 1956 to 1966. Then he conducted research for the agency until his "retirement" in 1972, when he began teaching at the University of California at Berkeley. He published benchmark books on the nature of water in the landscape, and scores of papers.

As I write this he's in Washington accepting the National Medal of Science, the nation's highest scientific honor. A few weeks ago, outside Faler's General Store in Pinedale, Wyoming, he told me he was equally happy about this year's Distinguished Career Award from the GSA.

What? The General Services Administration, purveyors of warped ax handles and left-handed monkey-wrenches?

"Geological Society of America," he replies. "Quaternary Geology and Geomorphology Division."

"Oh," I say. "That one."

Driving home from the course, Leopold describes his passion for finding out how rivers work. To control the variables, he built flumes, rivers in

An important message from PAUL NEWMAN and JOANNE WOODWARD

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Photo by Michael Fitz

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W The Wise Delight in Water

What textbooks describe as a brook, run, branch, or creek, Dr. Luna B. Leopold, dean of American hydrology, calls a "crick." He has earned the right. In field notebooks dating back to the 1930s, Leopold has collected more information on the behavior of water in rivers and streams than any-

western terrace dates from the late 1800s, a time of both overgrazing and intense rainstorms.

Leopold chalks a series of curves on the blackboard: river meanders. "A river's course," he says, "is a sequence of curves that lessens its erosive force." He shows how the wavelengths of the meanders

correspond to the width of the stream. Each bend—half a wavelength—has a radius five to seven times the width of the channel. He hands out aerial photos of the Green River and we measure and calculate, re-discovering the ratio.

Recounting his fieldwork, he seems, more than anything else, fiercely curious—not as a technologist, but like his father, Aldo, as a naturalist. As K'ung Fu-tzu (Confucius) said, "The wise delight in water." I can sense Leopold's chafing at the restraint of government and university while mastering their customs to serve his restless, lifelong inquiry. Like water and gravity, he persists.

"There is no ideal river," he says. Instead, each river draws character from the landscape it

traverses. Geology, climate, soil, and vegetation all determine its form, whether gravelly and braided or deep and meandering. Chance events are important—a fallen tree, a landslide, or a tributary flood—each creating a trout hole, a rapid, or a gravel bar. The combinations are endless, and they make each river unique. Yet the flowing water works to reduce these variations. The relationship between gravity and water tends along all possible paths toward a single balance: While no river is ideal, each tries to be.

one alive, and he seems to have it all at his blunt fingertips.

Today at a school in Grand Teton National Park he is teaching a group of Forest Service hydrologists to observe and measure stream flow. He talks about how climatic cycles change streams: During periods of higher rainfall, streams deposit sediments, while in drier times they cut down into them. Leopold explains that in the West climate changes can be read in the terraces of sand and gravel deposited by streams. The lowest and most recent

traverses. Geology, climate, soil, and vegetation all determine its form, whether gravelly and braided or deep and meandering. Chance events are important—a fallen tree, a landslide, or a tributary flood—each creating a trout hole, a rapid, or a gravel bar. The combinations are endless, and they make each river unique. Yet the flowing water works to reduce these variations. The relationship between gravity and water tends along all possible paths toward a single balance: While no river is ideal, each tries to be.



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*Old man river
Luna Leopold,
totally immersed*



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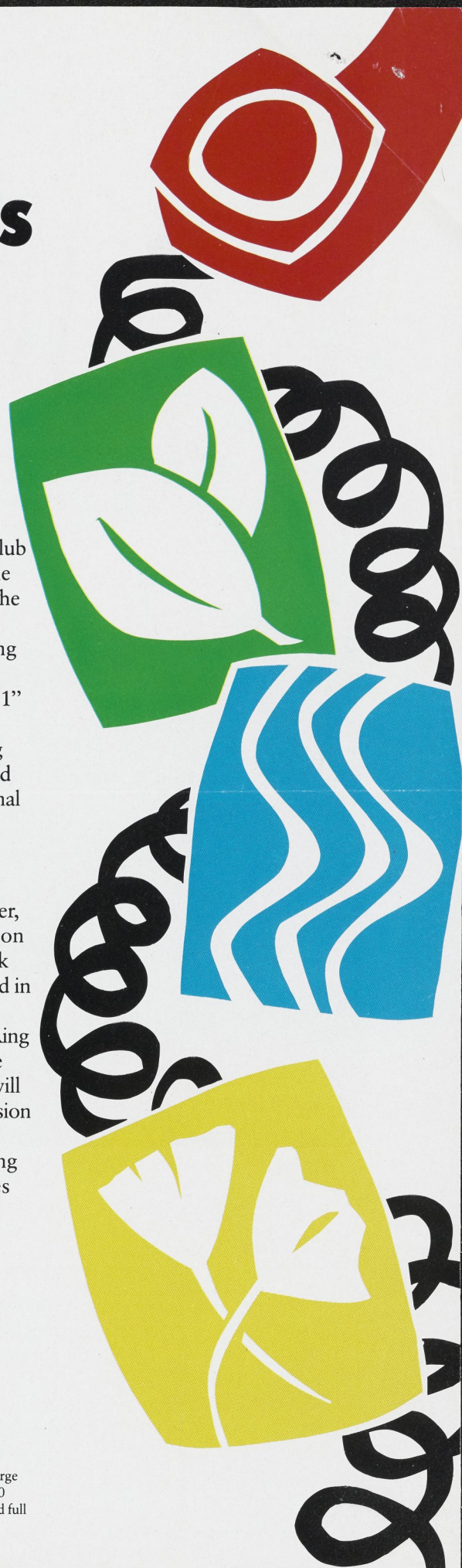
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WATER

JOHN RANDOLPH



ANDY ANDERSON PHOTO

THAT CUTTHROAT EYEBALLING US from our cover seems to peer with a fisheye inquisition into our souls. It rivets me. The fish reminds me that much of what I have observed in my fishing life has been shaped by water and the things living in and around it. My values are drenched, aqueous, water-driven, perhaps even hygroscopic. I like water.

I like it in streams most. It moves there and makes noises that voice its pleasure, impatience, and anger. It plays high up in the places where the brooks begin. Up there where the ferns grow around the rivulets and runnels it tinkles and makes small hollow roars when it plunges into pockets that smell of frog and trout. It's nice to lie on the cool banks in such places and watch for furtive shapes. The water runs white over moss. My first trout I laid on the moss, and the speckled sides, the water, the green, and the lilt of musical sounds created in me the holotype we call *fisherman*.

The water falls always and all ways. It slides and sheets across ledges. It tumbles over boulders and fans lazily across amber- and gold-colored sands. If the brook tries to trap the water, it will not be held in tight places. It shoots down waterfalls and runs white with impatience. In the woods it runs

very dark, as if the light of life had gone out of it. There, its dampness grown somber, it seems to need time to be by itself, away from sunlight and the view of others. The trout there are reclusive, too, but their backs ripple the surface of pools glimpsed far ahead. The fish are scared of *everything*, even themselves. Where they dart, they send the scary little water vees up and down the surface. There is no reason for them to be so edgy, but they always have been so, and always will be. Mortal terror is in them.

Then the brook suddenly emerges into a promising sunlit pasture. The water idly meanders. It slides into corners and piles up against a raft of drift from a recent freshet. Fish noses appear and disappear in the soft eddyline that weeps away from the pile.

The demiurge calls for a quick flick, but I cannot resist reclining on the bank to watch the leisurely feeding. Golden bubbles float on a moltenlike gilded surface. A soft whirring in the liquid air draws my attention upward. A shimmering ball of backlit airy effer-

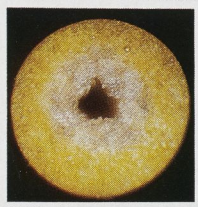
vescence dances above the stream, lowering, then rising and lowering again. An *Ephemerella* lands on my ear. I let it stay, satisfied to be just a sentient resting place near the meeting of flies and fish.

As the swarm of flies falls to the water, the fish quicken their feeding, famished wild things abandoning fear for brief food. Their rises become quick, and gluttonous and soft sucking noises echo from the pool. The fly I have can be cast to the fish from where I sit with a slight sidearm flick of the wrist.

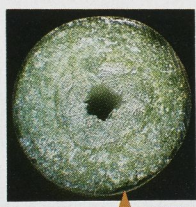
The small fly lands like thistledown and quickly disappears in a whorl of molten water, and for the first time I feel something live in the rod. At my feet the trout looks angry and surprised, as if this disturbance in its feeding is not yet perceived as life-threatening. In the net it wriggles when softly grasped. Its eye becomes globular and alarmingly large, all-seeing and terrified. Its flanks are silky with a lustrous sleekness. Out of its element, it shines with an ephemeral iridescence that will disappear quickly

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PG. 1

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*this thing's a rocket!
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*Finally, slickness
that lasts.*

*Will hold up to a
lot more use...
one tough line.*

*dramatically lower
plasticizer migration
...a major breakthrough!*

*Field testers really
picked up on increased
smoothness & accuracy*

PG. 2

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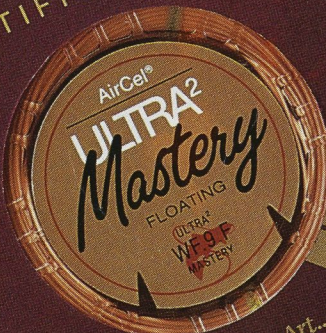
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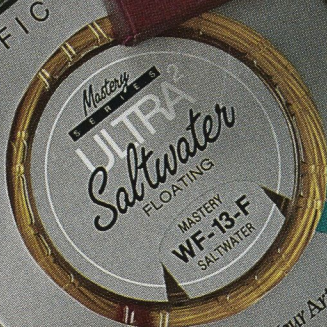


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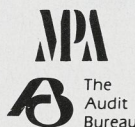
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like rainbow light if I kill it. Held briefly with its chin in the water, it shoots away, a waterborn sliver of energy captured and then released.

My fantasies are of water. Drift boats glisten in lightshot rain on the Deschutes, their oars lifting viscous liquid in afternoon sun.

Glancing up the laminar flows of a spring creek in the low light, I can see the riseforms of a hundred trout. It's as if Mother Nature had unexpectedly turned to the trout and said: "Show us what it can be like in your best world. Go for it!"

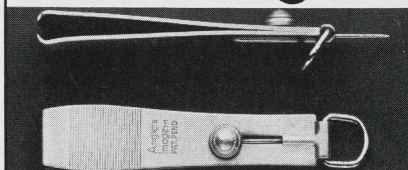
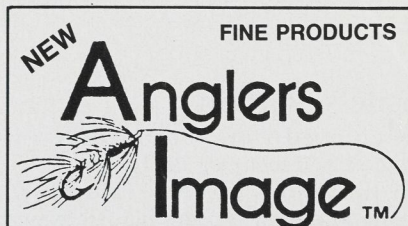
In the sheeting rains on the Skykomish my glasses drip and rivulets run down my casting arm. Wind eddies dance across the surface of the river. Where the fly was there is suddenly a whorl to define all whorls—as though water had not been given tangible form until a fish bent it—and my arms come alive.

My eyes strain to see the Wulff bobbing in whitewater on the Madison. All the energy of my body is funneled out through my eyes, watching for the drifting white on white. There! Gone! Lift! The reward is pure. Everything washes clean in trout water.

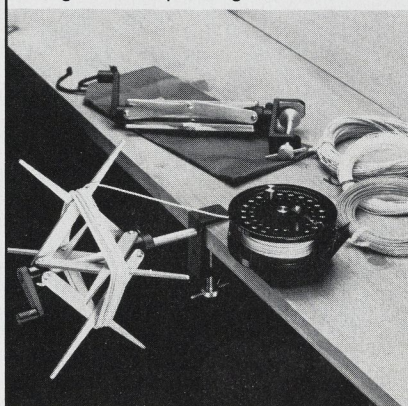
On Grindstone Lake, Oregon, a float tube holds me in a weightless envelope of water. A hatch of giant Chironomids begins with the buzzing of a million wings. I am suddenly *in* a hatch. Huge trout dorsals appear to the left and right, within touching range of my rod tip. I am immersed in a trout feeding trough. Occasionally they bump my legs in their dash for food. I take a large trout now and then, but I am mesmerized by my waterboatman view of things. I have never been *in* the action before.

In the aqua-green clean world of a New Zealand trout stream I can see huge trout doing personal things. One lunker feeds only to its left and ranges very far to explore anything adrift in its pipeline. It is at ease—happy and hungry. In such clarity I can observe its moods—its sharklike greed, its spacial jealousy, its leftward compulsion. When I finally catch the fish, its right eye is blind. Its head is deformed, blunt like the head of a bullhead. Some malignant force had dealt it a dead-man's hand, but it survived to six pounds in a Darwinian world.

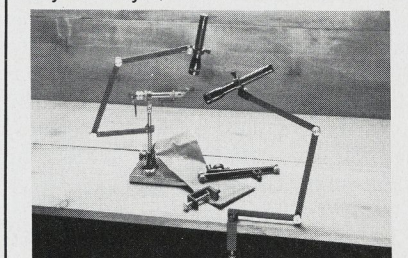
In this issue (pages 54 to 59) photographer Andy Anderson proves that the fly fisherman's view of his water world can be captured on film. Our values are drenched. We like water—trout- and insect-filled water.



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Ernie's Salmon

I enjoyed your recent piece on Patagonia (December 1991).

Your guides on the Traful were wrong in telling you the big fish was a rainbow (December 1991, page 74), and that they had you on a pool (the piece included a photograph taken from the bluff on the Arroyo Verde side) called Horseshoe. I first camped on Horseshoe with Bernie Schoenfeld in 1959, and it is the next pool down-



Ernie Schwiebert (center) caught this 19-pound landlocked Atlantic salmon on the Rio Traful on April 14, 1991 after fishing for it most of the day. His Argentine guides were Michael Eddy and Martin Jones from Estancia Arroyo Verde.

stream, just below the mouth of the Rio Minero.

There is a semicircular lava outcropping at the foot of its cliffs. It is shaped more like a croissant than a horseshoe, but it gives the Horseshoe its name.

The fish described in your story was a landlocked salmon, probably the largest ever caught on a fly—certainly the largest fly-caught fish taken on the Traful—and it is the same fish you saw in the Horseshoe.

The mouth working you observed was not nymphing, since the fish had probably arrived from Lago Traful during a February storm, judging from its tea-washed color. Such fish stop eating, just like their sea-run cousins, when their spawning time approaches. Their alimentary tracts shrink to make room for their lobes of eggs or sperm. The mouth action you saw was probably the yawning that merely accompanies development of the male kype, and its gradual distortions of the entire cranial structure.

I thought you might enjoy our photograph of the big salmon. Maine and Canada have not seen landlocks of such size for more than a half-century,

TIGHTLINES

and most were caught trolling spinners and smelt after the Civil War. It's wonderful that such genetic stocks are still found after the transplants of 1904.

I spent an entire day on my hands and knees working on the fish, hooked it at 7:30, and landed it just before 9:00. Both Argentine guides were with me the entire time, spotting from the high bluff. The fish jumped six times—not very gracefully or prettily, I'm afraid—before I finally tailed it.

We measured the fish carefully, took photographs, and let it go. It went 34½" from the nose to the tail fork and 36½" from the kype to the caudal tips. Its girth was 19" between the dorsal and anal fins, and 20½" just ahead of the dorsal.

There are three commonly used length x girth formulas. Hewitt gives one for all types of fish, and his formula tells us the fish was nearly 19 pounds. The Hutton formula is based on anadromous salmon caught on the Wye in Herefordshire, and it scores our fish between 19 and 20 pounds. The Sturdy Scale was derived from cockfish captured on the Vossa in Norway. It would rate the fish over 20 pounds; your guide's estimate was pretty much in the ballpark.

The fish in the photo was caught and released on April 14, 1991.

The pool you photographed did not have a name before we caught the fish. It was a completely new pool cut during recent winter storms. Meme' De La Riviere named the pool "Los Malcriados" while we were recording the catch in the fishing logbook at Arroyo Verde.

The story is quite funny, another story altogether, and too long for a letter. Happy New Year!

ERNEST SCHWIEBERT
Princeton, New Jersey

Supermarket Steelhead

Bad things are happening. The battle to preserve pressured stocks of fish has had an undesirable effect. People who have never heard of steelhead, who don't live where these fish live, can now buy them in the grocery store!

My mother, who lives near Washington, D.C., told me that the local Giant Grocery (one of the largest food-store chains in the D.C. area) now sells "steelhead salmon." My mom asked the clerk about it and was told it was a sea-run-trout type of salmon. The origin was not clear, whether domestic or foreign, hatchery or wild. The head, tail, and all the fins had been removed. There was no way to tell the origin of the fish. How convenient.

Bad things are happening when a treasured sportfish becomes a supermarket commodity. It seems that by focusing attention on the need to protect steelhead, we have inadvertently created a market that will now operate in conflict with efforts to protect one of the crown jewels of the Northwest.

Continued on page 8



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thus providing an incentive to save it. I'm glad to learn that the white rhino at Solio actually died of mere drowning rather than a poacher's bullets. As for Ellis Glazier's crabby missive, the *American Heritage Dictionary* defines "deliquesce" as: "to melt away or disappear as if by melting." That's precisely the image I intended. Rotting bodies get soggy.

Animal Rights

¶ One thousand cheers for Richard Conniff and his article "Fuzzy-Wuzzy Thinking about Animal Rights" (November)! Between the lines of sardonic wit is the crux of the most sensible, succinct critique of the animal rights movement yet to surface: It simply makes no natural sense. Sensible stewardship of our planet necessitates sensible interaction with animals for the good of all—not misguided reverence. Conniff gives many examples of this. Let me give another from a different walk of life.

As a research physician at the University of Pennsylvania, I am acutely aware of our debt to animals and their wise use. Lithium carbonate is a simple salt that has been used since the 1960s to treat bipolar (manic-depressive) disorder. It has been estimated that this drug has saved over \$500 million *per year* in health care costs and compromised productivity, not to mention countless lives that would otherwise have been lost to suicide. Lithium would never have been given to humans had its safety and efficacy not first been established in animals.

Sad but true: Some rodents must die so that some humans may live.

MARK S. BAUER, M.D.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

¶ I loved Conniff's beautifully written article and applaud *Audubon* for publishing it at the risk of alienating an extreme political group.

I am a wildlife biologist at Harvard University. Like most environmentalists, I find beauty in nature and its intricate relationships, most of which have taken thousands to millions of years to evolve, and many of which are necessary for our survival on the planet. Paradoxically, anyone who has spent much time doing ecological fieldwork with wild mammals can attest that nature is also violent, capriciously amoral, and completely indifferent to the needs of human beings. In their natural state the animals I work with are as tough and unkempt as

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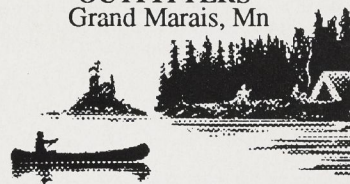
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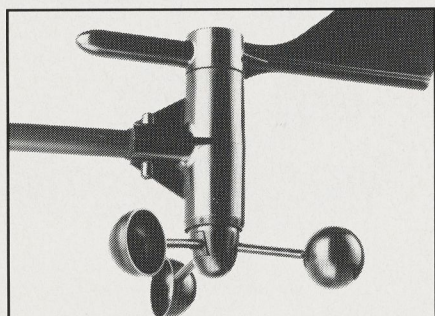
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As one personal viewpoint out of many possible voices, his would almost be tolerable. But having a track record of several safaris is simply not enough, especially when one is outfitted with such narrow cultural filters. You have chosen to serve us rantings, both against the great losses and against Africans themselves, as an authoritative word on Africa.

DAVID BLANTON
Voyagers International
Ithaca, New York

¶ I was at Solio ranch on the day that the rhino's body was found. I also spent about an hour and a half watching the Solio staff spread a huge rope across the pond and push the rhino from the center of the pond to the bank. There were even some humorous moments when a couple of Africans thought the animal could still be alive, based on bubbles it was emitting, although it hadn't moved in many hours, and the head was underwater. The animal did not die under "mysterious" circumstances, and it's unfair for Jones to imply this.

SUSAN SCHAYES
Agriculture Attaché
U.S. Embassy
Nairobi, Kenya

¶ I suggest you trade Robert Jones back to *Sports Illustrated* for an editor now and writer to be named in the future. He writes like a teenager who has just discovered modifiers and wants to be certain that he gets as many in each sentence as possible: "The obscene icing of their droppings left strange, unreadable runes of whitewash on the wrinkled, deliquescent hides of the dead elephants."

How cute. It is also obvious that he does not know the meaning of deliquescent. That writing may be okay for *Time* magazine, but you should be ashamed of allowing it in yours.

ELLIS GLAZIER
La Paz, Mexico

Robert F. Jones replies: If the first reaction to bad news is denial, the second is obviously to hang the messenger who brought it. Most of these letters do both. But hysteria doesn't respond well to logic, so I won't attempt the unlikely.

Russell Train's fine letter expands on points made in my article by Richard Leakey, particularly that of sharing income from wildlife with local peoples,

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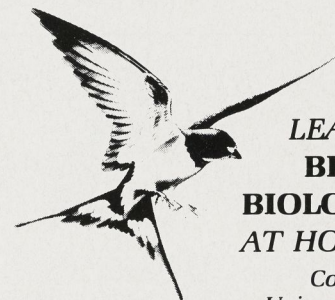
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they are charming, and as apt to eat their conspecifics as to lie down to sleep with them. They generally die of natural causes far more grisly than anything humans could dream of inflicting on them.

As the popular mythologist Joseph Campbell pointed out, "Everything you do is evil to someone." I think this is at the heart of the human moral dilemma vis-à-vis animals: If humans are to be healthy and well fed, other organisms will be exploited, be they lettuces or laboratory mice.

I wholeheartedly favor minimizing the harm and suffering we inflict on animals. However, I, too, find the arguments of animal rights activists all too simple, unenlightened, and wildly uninformed about real animals surviving in a real world.

DONNA J. HOLMES
Cambridge, Massachusetts

¶ I subscribed to *Audubon* in May, when I inherited an "environmental writer" position in addition to my work as a daily-beat reporter for our county newspaper. I've used your magazine for occasional reference since.

A week ago I picked up the November issue for my usual scan. I was hooked, but I especially enjoyed the animal rights article. I laughed out loud at Conniff's curmudgeonly courage, and wanted to shout 'Amen' to his deadly accurate comparisons of real life (and death) in the wild versus the animal lobbyists' leaps of logic.

Seeing this piece in your magazine also relieved me of another preconception: that *Audubon* is another "hug the birds and beasts" environmental group. Having covered the activities of the animal rights groups in western Pennsylvania for several months, it's refreshing to see an organization your size maintaining a grip on reality.

REBEKAH SCHREFFLER
New Brighton, Pennsylvania

¶ Well, you've done it this time: published articles sympathetic to hunting and contrary to Politically Correct animal rights. All I can say is "Thank you."

JOSEPH L. BROSK
Watertown, New York

¶ I was brought up in a hunting, trapping, farming family, and there I learned about the unnecessary pain man inflicts on animals. I resent Conniff's implication that concern for the welfare of animals is a suburbanite phi-



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losophy and that those who care about animals are ignorant of the laws of nature. I am just sorry that only two weeks ago I renewed my subscription to *Audubon*. I will not make that mistake again.

PATRICIA WILLIAMS
Hummelstown, Pennsylvania

¶ Conniff's "Fuzzy-Wuzzy Thinking About Animal Rights" was just that: his own fuzzy-wuzzy thinking about animals rights. As a college professor I've seen the harm that misquotes, quotes taken out of context, and half-truths (or half-lies) can do. As an animal rights activist who grew up in Hell's Kitchen, I'm sure I've seen more of the "real world" in one week on Tenth Avenue than Conniff has seen in his entire life. What a pity I don't fit into one of his well-worn clichés.

In a survey taken at my local animal rights meeting, it was found that 90 percent of those present contributed to environmental causes. From now on I intend to give only to those organizations who know that real progress for the environment is not made by kissing the hands of hunters and trappers.

EILEEN D. ADAMS
Bellerose, New York

¶ "Fuzzy-Wuzzy Thinking" shows the fur industry's, and Conniff's, talent in avoiding the facts. Animal rights activists, even the "extremists" like myself, do not think we should trade humans for animals. We do believe, however, that there are better ways of keeping warm than fur. Of beautifying ourselves without testing on nonhuman animals. Of curing ourselves without testing on nonhuman animals. And of eating without devouring flesh.

The obligation does exist for humans to protect nonhuman animals. Even in the Bible, do Adam and Eve run off to dress in furs? No, but in fig leaves.

While Conniff is saving the Earth, he should stop to think, "Who ruined it?" It certainly wasn't the nonhuman animals.

JAMES A. COHEN
Potomac, Maryland

¶ The next time *Audubon* tries to defend such cruelty as hunting, trapping, and fishing, remember that Rachel Carson dedicated *Silent Spring* to Albert Schweitzer, who said, "Ethics in our Western world has hitherto been largely limited to the relations of man to man. But that is a limited ethics. We need a boundless ethics which will in-

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Save

White Bears and Other Forbidden Thoughts

Study on suppression finds a paradoxical effect.

By HAROLD M. SCHMECK Jr.

WHAT happens when a person is ordered *not* to think about a white bear?

Predictably, psychologists find, it becomes difficult to think about anything else.

A research team at Trinity University in San Antonio and at the University of Texas there examined people's ability — or inability — to suppress thought. It is an issue that drew much early attention from psychoanalysts who focused on the role of thought suppression as a defense mechanism and its link to neuroses. But the Texas team said few contemporary researchers have studied it.

The thought suppression experiments are important because the phenomenon has serious implications, according to the authors: Daniel M. Wegner, Samuel R. Carter 3d and Teri L. White of Trinity, and David J. Schneider of the University of Texas. For example, studies have shown that jurors can be influenced by testimony they have been instructed to ignore and people in general can be influenced by news reports they are told are untrue.

The authors said it appeared attempts to suppress thoughts of something can lead to obsession about it. But they said people could reduce preoccupation with a thought by picking another subject as a "distracter" and concentrating on that instead.

Stream of Consciousness

The researchers tested the white-bear proposition on students who volunteered for a stream-of-consciousness experiment. The students spoke into tape recorders all the thoughts that entered their minds during a five-minute period.

Just before starting one such session, some students were instructed to avoid thinking about white bears, but to ring a bell if the thought did en-

Research on Thought Suppression

Scientists found that subjects told not to think of a white bear were unable to follow that instruction. Moreover, they found that the effort of suppression created such a preoccupation that when the subjects were freed to think about white bears, they did so at a much higher rate (top line) than those who had not previously tried to suppress the thought.

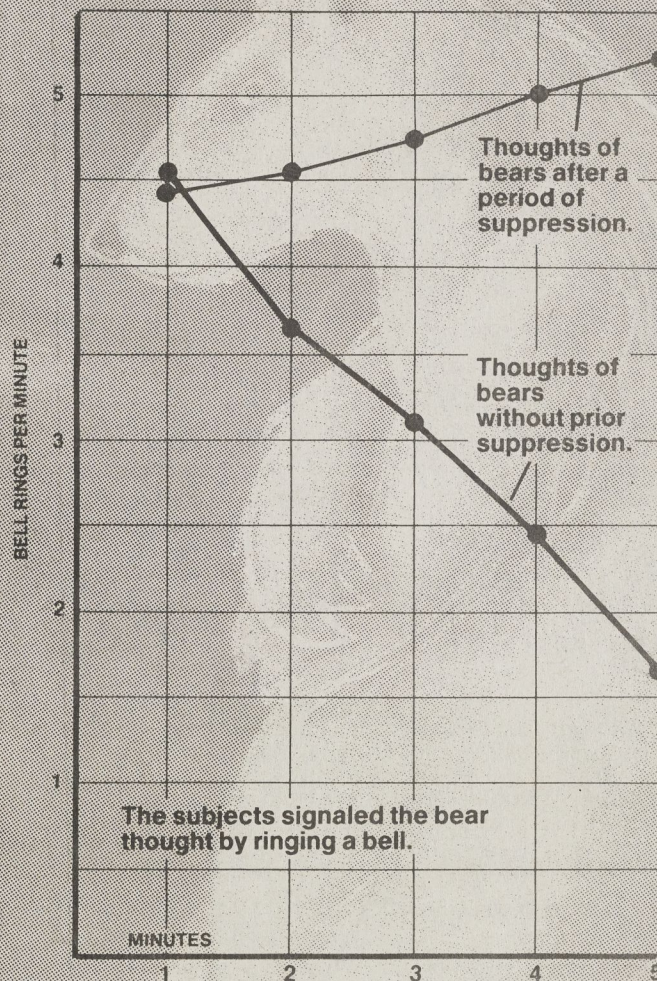


Illustration by Andrej Dudzinski; Source: Journal of Personality and Social Psychology

ter their minds despite the prohibition. They rang the bell early and often.

Later these students were instructed to think about white bears

during another five-minute stream-of-consciousness recording. They reported the bear image more often than another group, which had been instructed to think about white bears

without the anti-bear conditioning. The effort to suppress thoughts of bears was not only unsuccessful initially; once freed to think about bears, subjects thought about them more often than if they had never tried suppression.

Dostoyevsky Knew It

The psychologists noted that there was an impressive literary precedent for their choice of subjects to think about: As a child, Dostoyevsky challenged his brother not to think of a white bear, and the other child, the authors said, was "perplexed for a long time."

"It is sometimes tempting to wish one's thoughts away," they said in a report in the Journal of Personality and Social Psychology. "Unpleasant thoughts, ideas that are inappropriate to the moment, or images that may instigate unwanted behaviors each can become the focus of a desire for avoidance."

"Whether one is trying not to think of a traumatic event, however, or is merely attempting to avoid the thought of food while on a diet, it seems that thought suppression is not easy," they said.

Choosing a 'Distracter'

The authors said the effort at thought suppression had the paradoxical effect of making people preoccupied with the very thought they try to erase.

In the research, the scientists found that preoccupation with a thought could be diminished by picking another thought as a conscious "distracter."

"Quite simply," they reported, "it appears that when suppression is transformed into an active interest in a single distracter, the longer term dangers of a rebounding preoccupation with the suppressed thought may be prevented."

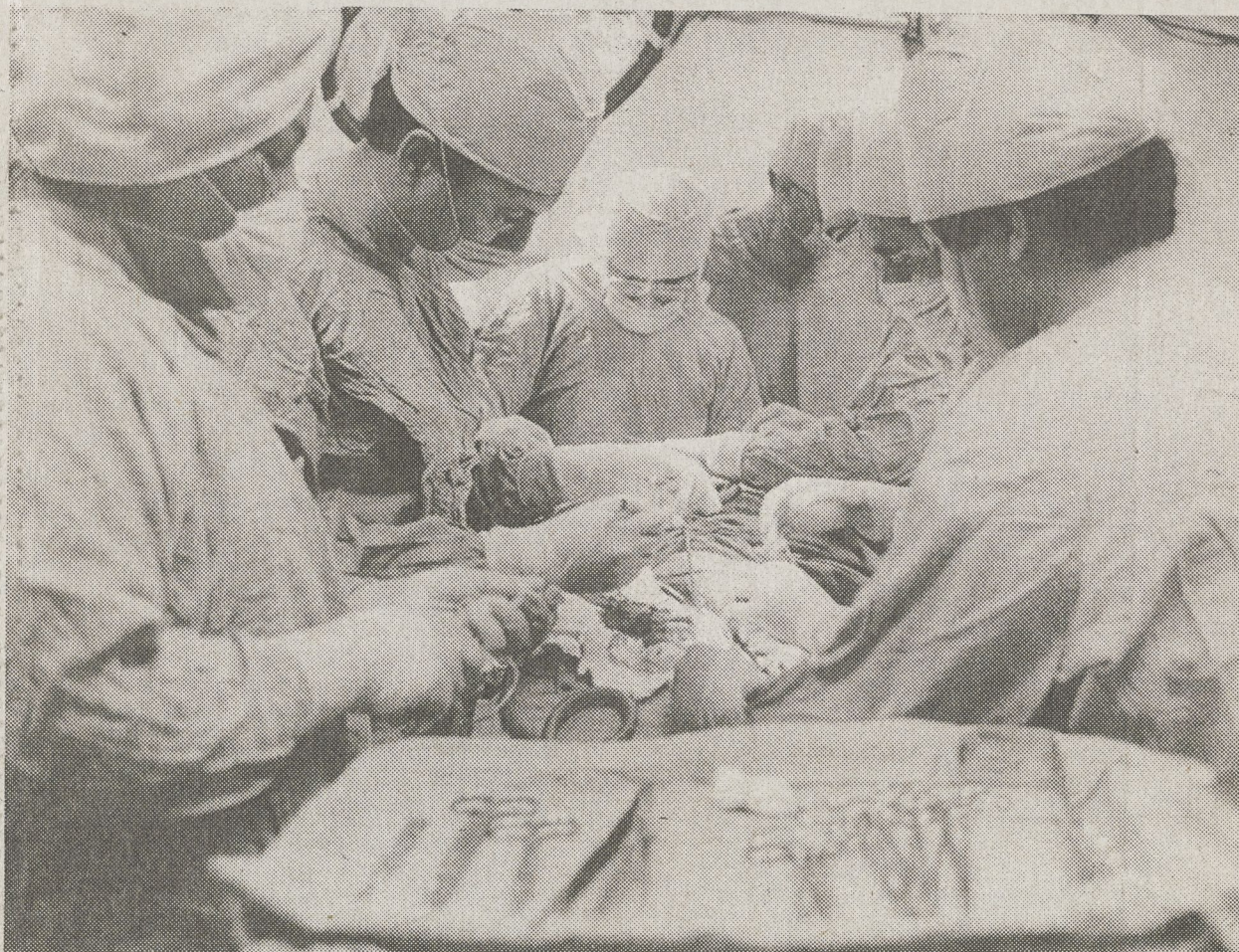
"Much more needs to be learned about the parameters of the paradoxical effects we have observed before we can suggest with any confidence that they offer a proper analog of naturally occurring processes," they said. "In the meantime, though, it seems clear that there is little to be gained in trying not to think about it."

Why fishing works.

TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1987
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Science Time

The New York Times



The New York Times/Sergio Dorantes

Doctors performing pioneering brain implant surgery on Nelson Martinez to treat his symptoms of Parkinson's Disease at the La Raza Medical Center in Mexico City.

Inside the A Day of

Medical world watches
as surgery for Parkinson's
Disease takes the spot

By LARRY ROHTER

Special to The New York Times

MEXICO CITY, July 20 — Increasingly difficult years for Nelson Martinez, a 51-year-old real estate developer from suburban Los Angeles, have been punctuated by Parkinson's disease. But when he awoke in a hospital room here on Friday at dawn, he told his wife amid tears of joy, "as if I had been dead and now have come back to life."

At 8:18 Friday morning, Mr. Martinez was taken into Operating Room No. 3 of La Raza Medical Center here in the Mexican capital. Six hours later, after undergoing a radical new surgical procedure, he was moved to a room to treat severe cases of Parkinson's, he expected to have chunks of tissue from his adrenal gland removed from inside his brain.

With that, Mr. Martinez became the 19th Parkinson's patient to undergo the procedure at the hospital. Dr. Jose Velasco moved boldly forward with a technique on the frontiers of neuroscience. And while it may now have become routine for Dr.

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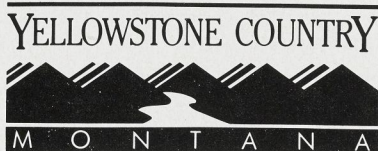
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FORUM

Fishing With Flies



IRISE TO THE DEFENSE of English fly fishing, of the "self-anointed" and self-righteous high priests of Victorian/Edwardian England," of those who "snobbishly descended to the depths of Victorian angling decadence," and other unpleasant characteristics which presumably refer to Halford and his descendants and followers today. I really do not see why we should be abused in such fashion in your Forum column ("Angling Philosophies,"

by Albert J. Cohen, December 1990), why we English should be regarded as being decadent, or self-righteous, or snobs, for no reason at all except as pawns in an American argument.

First of all I doubt very much if any of your correspondents have read Halford or his modern descendants such as Jacques or Wilson. If they had, they really could not write such nonsense about them. Secondly, your correspondents are confused on the subject of nomenclature, which is why they argue so fiercely and abuse one another. They can never agree, because

they argue from different premises.

Let me elaborate this as simply as possible. There are two types of fly fishing. One takes its name from the use of the rod, the other from whatever it is that is on the hook. These definitions are mutually incompatible. If fly fishing is determined by the use of the fly rod, then it is a completely different art, craft, sport, or pastime from fly fishing that takes its name from what is on the hook. You cannot

reconcile one to the other, which is why your correspondents have become so heated when they attempt to do so, for they inevitably fail and start abusing each other and the innocent English for "an anachronistic type of pseudo-elitism," whatever that is.

If the description of fly fishing is determined by the use of the fly rod, then clearly all types of angling are encompassed by that description. It is therefore fly fishing to fish imitation squid for shark or imitation shrimp and larvae for trout, even though shrimp, larvae, and squid are not flies.

Two ways to look at it

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Grant Fly Collection Returned to Butte

THE GEORGE F. GRANT FLY COLLECTION, which is owned by the Big Hole River Foundation, was exhibited for many years at West Yellowstone, but at Grant's request to "bring the collection home," the more than 700 hand-woven trout flies were returned to Butte on July 17 for permanent display at the Arts Chateau, 321 W. Broadway, Butte, MT. The Arts Chateau is open daily.

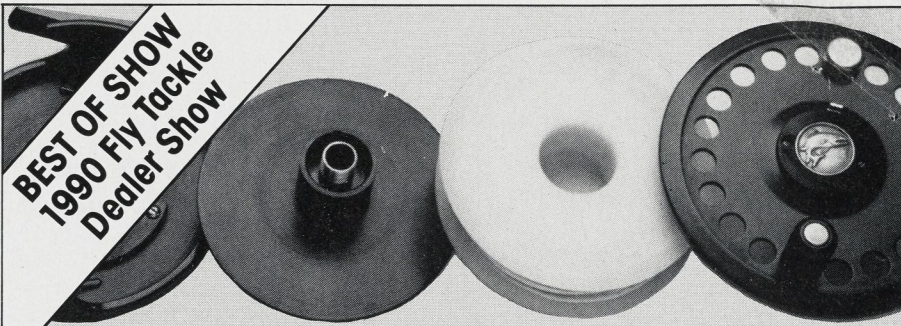
Grant is known worldwide for his unique hand-woven designs and for his contribution to fly fishing and related conservation issues. Born in Butte in 1906, George lost his job in the Great Depression and rented a cabin for \$5 a month on the Big Hole where he began living an angler's dream, fishing the river all summer, moving to Butte to tie flies in the winter. He chronicled his experiences in two books, now collectors' items, *The Master Fly-Weaver* and *The Art of the Trout Fly*.

Grant has won a host of conservation awards, and the George Grant chapter of Trout Unlimited in Butte is named in recognition of his efforts. He has played an integral role in founding and raising money for the Big Hole River Foundation, which was formed to help preserve the river's quality and to maintain it as a free-flowing stream. To date the foundation has raised over \$35,000 of its \$200,000 goal. Copies of five booklets written and published by George Grant (\$5 each booklet) and specially boxed collectors' samples of his hand-woven flies (\$10 per fly) are available for purchase at the Arts Chateau. The proceeds go to the Big Hole River Foundation. They can also be obtained from the Big Hole River Foundation, P.O. Box 3894, Butte, MT 59702, (406) 723-5952.

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They simply become flies because they are fished with a fly rod. In the same way any kind of tackle is made legitimate because of the use of the rod. You can use floats, strike indicators, bubble floats, whatever you like, and so long as you use the fly rod, you are fly fishing.

This is the first kind of fly fishing, and very admirable, effective, efficient, and pleasurable it is. But there is another kind of fly fishing that is quite distinct and quite different from the first kind and unfortunately seems to produce a kind of invert snobbery from those who take the name of their sport from the use of the rod. This is a pity, but it is not uncommon on both sides of the Atlantic.

The second kind of fly fishing depends for its definition on what is on the hook, and if in this context you say you are fishing a fly, then what you have on the hook is an imitation or suggestion of a winged insect known as a fly, and these are in general limited to imitations of olive duns and spinners, the Ephemeroptera, which in America are all called mayflies; the sedges, which you rightly call caddis; the stoneflies; and what we call black gnats, very small black flies rather similar to your Tricos.

It is quite wrong to think of those who fish these flies as being only members of fashionable and expensive clubs on the Hampshire chalk streams. They are fished throughout the whole of the British Isles. I was brought up on the spate rivers of the north of England—you call them free-stone rivers—and I fished the fly there as I do today on Devon rivers and on the Hampshire rivers. Much of what we learned came from Halford, directly or by precept or example, but no one that I knew felt this was in any way elitist or upper class or whatever words you like to use about fishing the fly. Your Theodore Gordon learned much from Halford, and I think he was the least snobbish man that ever lived.

So let us not be confused about fly fishing and abuse each other as you have been doing in Forum, and don't use absurd phrases about descending to "the depths of Victorian angling decadence" when you, through Gordon and others, have learned so much from Halford and the Victorians and the system of the dry fly that has spread worldwide.

CONRAD VOSS BARK is fly-fishing correspondent for the London *Times*.

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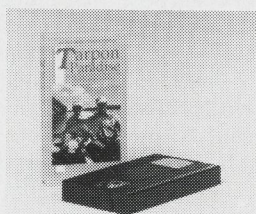
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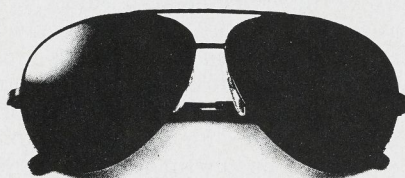
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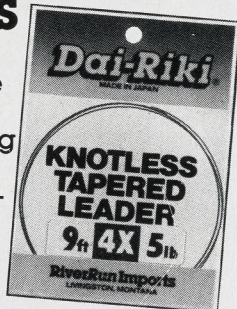
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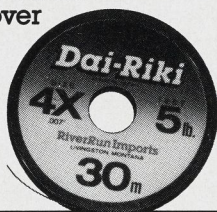
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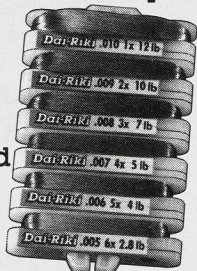
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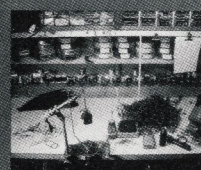


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Production Fly Tying

by A.K. BEST

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A Collection of Ideas, Notions, Hints, & Variations
on the Techniques of Fly Tying



Production Fly Tying

Production Fly Tying, by A. K. Best. Pruett Publishing Company, 2928 Pearl Street, Boulder, CO 80301, (303) 449-4919, 1989, 175 pages, \$29.95 softcover, \$39.95 hardcover.

I HAVE SAID FOR YEARS, if you want to learn to shoot pool, don't ask someone to teach you who has a beautiful home with a special room with a pool table. Instead, go to a local pool parlor and learn from someone who makes his living at it. He has to know all the tricks of the trade, or he doesn't eat well.

I suppose that sums up my evaluation of A. K. Best's book *Production Fly Tying*. A. K. is a full-time professional who makes his living at tying flies. He is also opinionated—something I find is often characteristic of people who really know what they are doing.

Of all the books that have been published on the subject the past few years, I think this is the best of the lot. I've been tying flies since the late 1940s, and many things that A. K. spells out in his book are things that I have been doing for years because they worked so well.

"You need only one pair of good hackle pliers for all your work," A. K. says—and I agree. He disagrees with many conventional tying methods—such as the way most people recommend attaching the tail to a dry fly—something else I determined for myself years ago.

This is a book written by a man who sits daily at his bench tying for groceries. I can recommend this book to beginners and especially to those who have been tying for years.

LEFTY KREH

Humphreys Onstream

On the Trout Stream with Joe Humphreys, by Joe Humphreys. Stackpole Books, Cameron and Kelker Streets, P.O. Box 1831, Harrisburg, PA 17105, (800) READ-NOW, 1989, 228 pages, \$29.95 hardcover.

IF THE MEDIUM is the message, then this transmission suffers from serious interference. Relatively recent innovations in outdoor communications such as videos and conversational audio tapes have proven viable. Consider now a video in print. That is, take several hundred stills on the water; tape-record and transcribe an appropriate monologue; then marry the two on paper. Throw in some editor's notes that demand a 5X magnifier to read and . . . the editors say, "It's a different book, something of an experiment. . . ." I agree. It's just that we disagree on the value of the result.

Joe Humphreys is an expert fly fisherman. I've had the pleasure of watching him fish, listening to his presentations, speaking to him personally, and reviewing his earlier work. As successor to George Harvey at Pennsylvania State University and as a leading instructor at fly-fishing schools, Joe has instructed thousands of neophytes in the arts and mysteries of angling with a fly. His pedagogical techniques are polished. It's my opinion that the chapter on nymph fishing in his first book, *Joe Humphreys' Trout Tactics*, provides the most complete exposition of upstream techniques with weighted nymphs available in North America. In the video medium, "Master Nymph Techniques" clearly

Continued on page 26



ROBERT SEAMANS ILLUSTRATION

Stillness

NICK LYONS

WHERE I LIVE THEY BLUDGEON you with noise. If it isn't the grinding of subway wheels—steel against steel, raucously, doing violence to your ears—it's the long thin whine of the siren, the wild beat of the hand-held radio blaring, the pounding of the jackhammer, the doing of deals.

Nor are some nearby trout streams better. Often they are crammed with clusters of people who like to be near other people who fish. There's often much shouting. Many of the shouts are convivial but loud. Many are in Latin.

I cannot understand this any more than I can understand why people would enjoy linking the worlds of fishing and competition. I happen to be a fierce competitor, and I am a fan of fiercely competitive sports, like football and boxing; but I simply cannot get fish-

ing and competition into my head at the same time: The one is personal, intense, essentially private—the other is spectacle, sometimes with a cast of hundreds.

There are the big, garish bass tournaments, of course, with flotillas of \$10,000 bass boats (bedecked with gadgets, bespeckled with gold and silver spangles), rushing out at daybreak to do battle with bass—and with each other. There are hundreds of saltwater tournaments, and walleye tournaments, and lake trout derbies; somewhere in Long Island Sound swims a bluefish with a \$20,000 bounty on his nose; the biggest and most fluke on most party boats are still worth a couple of hundred bucks as high hook. And now there are also fly-fishing tournaments. England, long home to match-fishing for coarse fish as well as refined chalkstream fishing, has either upgraded the former or

Continued on page 87

Continued from page 88

degraded the latter to include trout on a fly. After the first international tournament the winner was photographed with his slew of dead trout laid out on the grass like corpses. He'd gotten a lot of them. No doubt about that. They were big fish. He was the clear winner.

Even, somehow, if they had returned all trout as they were caught, I cannot think of a game I'd like less to play: catching trout by pound and number, where—and when—I was assigned to fish for them, for a prize, for honors, by the clock.

The clock is crucial. In fact, all trout fishing has been for me a disciplining of my inner clock. In my early years it ran haywire: I rushed and fidgeted and allowed everything and anyone I was with to control the tempo with which I fished. I kept saying I had gone to the rivers to be free of the city-clock and the city-noise, and I often found myself controlled by them 2,000 miles away. Fly fishing has been for me—along with much else—a pursuit of discipline, a pursuit of some phantom and elusive stillness, tied somehow to a stillness in the natural world and to mastery of a fluctuating series of skills and to development of character. It has been connected in my imagination to a special sort of fellowship, beside rivers and far from them, though always with fly fishing as the hinge.

Give me one good friend, with whom I can share notes and an ethic, from whom I can learn, whom I can watch (since we can't watch ourselves unless our egos rise out of our skulls and look down as we cast, which one would believe to be the case in some instances of elevated egos); let us talk quietly and fish a stretch of water together or apart; let us not talk too much, and let our words imp the happy rhythms of our fishing, slip between times casting or watching water, noiselessly. Let me row ever so slowly down a long stretch of shoreline in an old wooden rowboat, with a good friend casting a fat hairbug in against the dead-falls and lily pads, into coves of pickerelweed and to the sides of dark stumps. I can make a morning, or an evening, or any stretch of timeless time at all, doing that. That's one of the great pleasures on the water—being with a good friend; but I can't think of much as unpleasant as several long days I've spent with noisy fellows, full of braggadocio, bringing competition into everything from their brilliance with Latin terminology to endless scores with our speckled friends—last year, two weeks earlier, that very morning while downstream, out of sight.

I was alone with a Western guide once—a noisy chap who kept talking about noisy incompetent Eastern dudes who thought they knew how to fish. I was incompetent all right, but I didn't claim otherwise, so he talked to me. The fellow put me in a run to fish the dry fly upstream and then, to my astonishment, fished downstream toward me until our flies hooked. It was a day of furious emotions and the worst possible hopes on my part that he'd fall into a muskrat hole and break a leg. What happened was merely that he busted his

rod—a new early-model graphite that exploded on what I considered to be an extravagant double-haul. I practically cheered. We were miles upriver, and my emotions were not sweet as I lucked into a half-dozen good trout on Whitlock Hoppers while the poor guy pretended not to notice. Later he stewed; I merely gloated, and would have traded all the trout and certainly all my venom for a day on a barren Eastern creek, alone.

Mostly I retreat into a thick shell I've built for myself at such times and simmer in certain memories. There is one so simple that I scarcely know why it comes to mind so often—practically nothing happened.

I was fishing some popular public water in the East, and to avoid what was becoming a crunch of a crowd, on a Sunday in mid-May, I kept walking downstream until I was well beyond the last brother of the angle, half-a-mile or more in from the road, where I came to a wild patch of country protected by bramble and dead-fall. I had fished the pool before and knew it was not one of the better spots on the river, with too much slate for its floor and not enough depth for fish of any size. But I saw a 10-incher rising steadily along a far bank, and then another, a bit larger, in the tail of the pool, under an arching willow.

My immediate instinct was to pick them both off quickly, first the one in the tail. They looked to be accommodating trout.

Then where would I go? It was midmorning; I was to meet my friend at one o'clock. We had rushed up from the city early, and before we'd met the crowds, I had managed to take two small fish. The day had started fast, and I had carried my city-clock in my nerves—fishing rapidly, even carelessly. Then we had seen the crowds begin to form, and I had walked past three pools I'd wanted to fish, each with two or three fishermen in it, two of whom said there was plenty of room for another.

So I sat. I found a well-placed rock and sat stark still for an hour, watching the pool and the little wilderness around it. I saw some suckers grouped on the bottom, a couple of dace, an occasional caddisfly dancing on the surface. There were several orange trout lilies pushing through the green on the opposite bank. Now and again a swallow swooped down the alley of the river. A couple of Gray Foxes hatched and fluttered off; I noted that this was precisely at 11:31 A.M. A chipmunk came down to the mossy rock near the head of the pool, sniffed, flicked its head nervously, touched the water with its nose. The trout rose a dozen times, and I let them rise, watching their position each time, the riseform, their resting spot high in the water; on and off, they both rose the whole time I was there. The sun angled through the trees and rose higher. I sat disembodied and watched for an hour and then another hour and then still longer.

I watched and lived in another world.

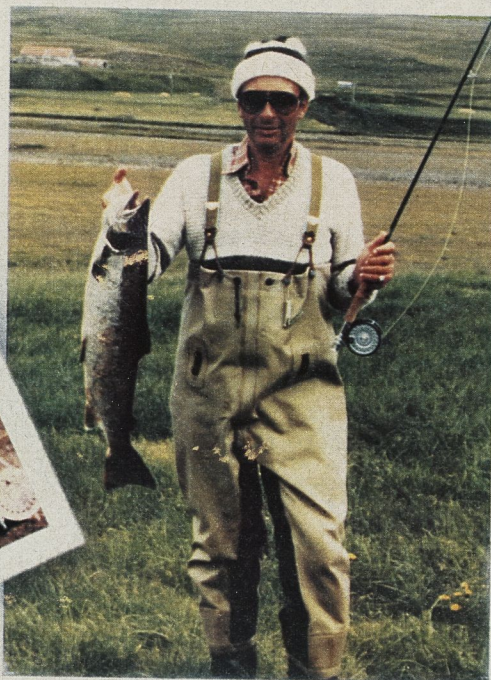
I saw no one and heard none of the cars on the highway and did not say a word.

It was beautiful.





Walter Haas with trout in Montana.



Morton Seaman with Atlantic salmon in Iceland.

Gone Off Fly-Fishing

'A delicate, demanding, athletic art.'

THE GREATEST STRATEGIC ERROR of my adult life," Paul A. Volcker said — and I felt sure, listening to his deep, booming voice, that the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board was going to talk about something momentous, like the decline of the dollar against the pfennig — "was to take my wife to Maine on our honeymoon on a fly-fishing trip." It cost him dearly, a lost decade of fishing.

Any lunatic fly-fisherman would understand the seriousness of Volcker's error and be totally unsurprised that so powerful a public figure was gut-hooked by the sport. It has long appealed to many at the upper end of the financial spectrum, and its lure seems stronger than ever. I think of such confirmed addicts as Walter A. Haas Jr., former chairman of the board of Levi Strauss & Company; Willard F. Rockwell Jr., for-

Nick Lyons, the author of four books and uncounted articles about fishing, says he would like to write less about fishing and fish more.

mer chairman of the Rockwell International Corporation; Charles R. Schwab, chairman of the discount brokerage that carries his name.

Strangely, for a sport whose gratifications are subtle and elusive, there are signs of intense interest among young and upwardly mobile executives. Presumably, some of them expect it will yield certain business advantages. Perhaps. But I think it only fair to warn them that, once they have tasted of fly-fishing, they may find their values and lives turned upside down.

ON A CHILLY, GRAY AFTERNOON LAST SUMMER, I prepared to fish a remote and exquisite spring creek in the Rockies. As I strung up my rod and put on my hip boots, I kept scanning the river, searching for the wink of light beneath the surface that signals a feeding fish, the spreading circle produced by a trout rising to take an insect from the top of the water. (I intended to fish "dry fly" — with a fly that floats — rather than with a wet fly, which imitates an underwa-

ter stage of one of the trout-stream insects. In the pecking order of fly-fishers, dry is higher, snobbier, more difficult and more fun.)

A half-hour passed, and then I suddenly spotted a few golden specks on the surface. Pale Morning Duns, delicate mayflies the size of a grain of rice, were floating downriver like diaphanous little sailboats.

In a moment, two or three trout started to feed. I could see a dorsal fin or a tail slip up out of the water, sharklike, and a heavy wake as the fish moved close to the surface, and then there was the spreading circle, the "rise" that sets every fly-fisherman's heart aflutter.

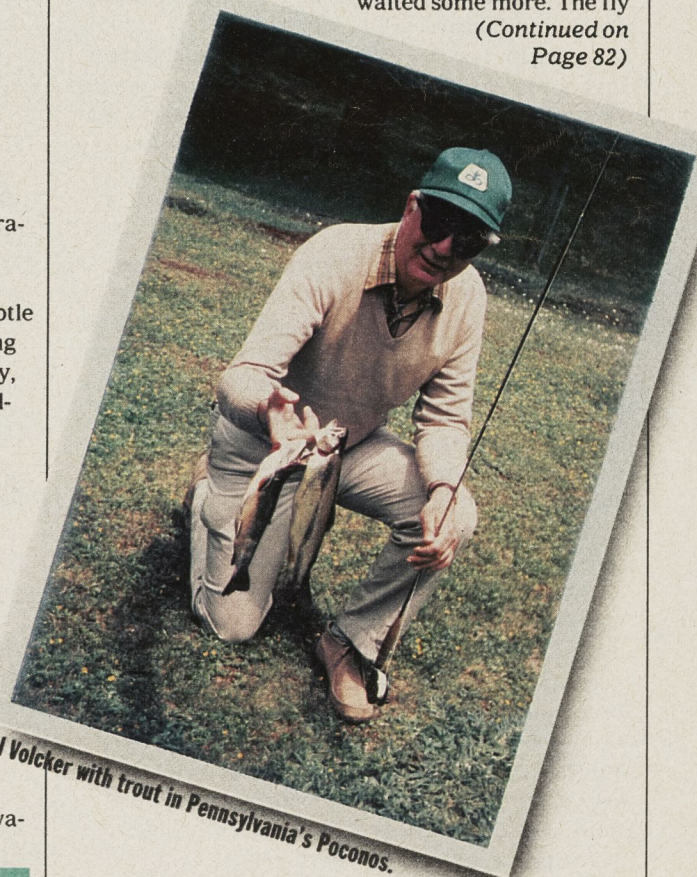
I knew the right fly but had 15 different versions of it in my fly box, each tied with slight variations in color, body material or structure that could be crucial. In this flat, diamond-clear water, the trout could examine the fly more easily before it came to lunch than in choppy, even slightly discolored water. The fly I chose was sparsely tied and would float high.

The trick now was to cast a full 60 or 70 feet and have the fly alight like thistledown, a few feet above the feeding position of the trout. Not only would it have to land in the precise spot — try tossing a dime that far with any accuracy — but it would have to land and float so naturally that the trout would mistake it for a Pale Morning Dun.

Since the fly has so little weight, you cast by throwing the line backward so the long rod bends, and then — using the flex and power of the rod — thrusting forward so that the weight of the line carries the loose line out. You can learn to do that in a couple of hours of good instruction, but it takes a lifetime to master. It's a delicate, demanding, athletic, esthetic art.

Miraculously, on that summer afternoon, I made the impossible cast. The fly fell perfectly and started an ever-so-slow float toward the spot where the trout were rising. I waited. The moment was charged with intensity. Someone could have kicked me in the kidneys; I'd have felt nothing. I leaned forward, waiting for the tiny speck of gold on the slate surface to disappear in the ring of a trout's rise. I

waited some more. The fly
(Continued on
Page 82)



Paul Volcker with trout in Pennsylvania's Poconos.

BY NICK LYONS

BY MADELON DEVOE TALLEY

World-Class Performers

Investment styles may differ, but these superstar money managers agree on a global strategy.

EUROPEANS HAVE ALWAYS DONE IT. The Japanese, bolstered by their mighty yen, have been doing it adroitly over the last decade. And now global investing has come of age in the United States, too.

"Geography is going to disappear from the investment equation," says Lawrence S. Huntington, chairman of Fiduciary Trust Company International in New York. He takes a global perspective in managing the more than \$1 billion in assets of the United Nations Joint Staff Pension Fund. Astute investors these days, he says, scrutinize industries and particular securities without regard to national borders.

Consider automobile stocks. Americans used to choose among General Motors, Ford and Chrysler — and possibly a fourth United States manufacturer, American Motors. Now they are beginning to examine the profit potential in companies like Daimler-Benz, Honda and Jaguar.

During the last two years of rampant bull markets, the big winners have been the global money managers. Among mutual funds, for example, the top-performing sector in 1986 was invested chiefly in foreign securities. Those concentrating in the Pacific Basin — Japan, Hong Kong and Singapore — had the best records of all.

International investing has become a multilane highway, in part because of a major change in buying opportunities. Twenty-five years ago, three-fourths of the world's equities were in the United States; today, the figure is less than 40 percent. The deregulation of foreign financial markets has occurred simultaneously with a shrinkage in publicly listed corporations in this country as a result of the rash of takeovers and buyouts.

Meanwhile, in the process of expanding their overseas operations, the Goliaths of Wall Street have been hiring securities analysts who can overcome one of the pitfalls of international investing — a dearth of information about foreign companies and accounting practices. And with the increase in international brokerage firms, another set of problems is evaporating for the

Madelon DeVoe Talley has been an investment manager for Dreyfus Corporation, New York State and Rothschild Inc. Her book, "The Passionate Investors," will be published by Crown next month.

individual investor: the buying, selling and taking custody of securities and collection of dividends. Most individuals, though, have been testing the waters by buying one of the 70 foreign mutual funds sold in the United States.

Money managers with stellar reputations can earn as much as rock singers or baseball stars. Among this elite are three who have won their medals in the global arena: John M. Templeton in the Bahamas, George Soros in New York, and Gilbert de Botton in London. They have different styles, ranging from eclectic fundamentalist to outright swinger, and their techniques are highly sophisticated, including hazardous short selling and currency plays.

These superstars of money management are avidly watched by the pros, who don't hesitate to put them down when they occasionally miss a call. Professional money management is not a calling for the thin-skinned or the faint of heart.

AT 74, JOHN MARKS TEMPLETON IS the dean of global investing, the most awesome long-distance runner of any public-fund manager. For 32 years, his Templeton Growth Fund, the oldest in the \$7 billion Templeton Group of funds distributed through brokers, has consistently surpassed the 10 percent average annual return of the Standard & Poor's 500-stock index.

The most conservative of this trio of wise men, Templeton has a knack for prognostication. In the 1970's, he recognized inflation as a driving force in stock markets. In the 80's, he anticipated the so-called liquidity factor, that would create a bullish momentum. (Enormous pools of money held by pension funds, and other reservoirs of cash resulting from the decline in interest rates in the United States, had nowhere to go but into the purchase of securities.)

Templeton is a global bargain hunter. "We try to find shares anywhere in the world at a remarkable price in relation to our estimate of the true value of that company," he told me during lunch by the pool at the Lyford Cay Club near Nassau, the Bahamas. He lives there in a grand seigneurial style he can afford after three decades of following his own investment strategy. Last year, he sold 25 percent of his London-based fund-management company, Templeton, Galbraith &

Hansberger, to the public for about \$120 million, netting \$60 million for his share.

As one who believes that stocks have a "true value," as distinct from their market price, Templeton is a disciple of the late Benjamin Graham, one of the Olympian figures of security analysis.

Graham sought out undervalued stocks, or "special situations." He bought shares in important companies at low price-to-earnings ratios — a diversified group of stocks selling under their net current asset value or working capital value.

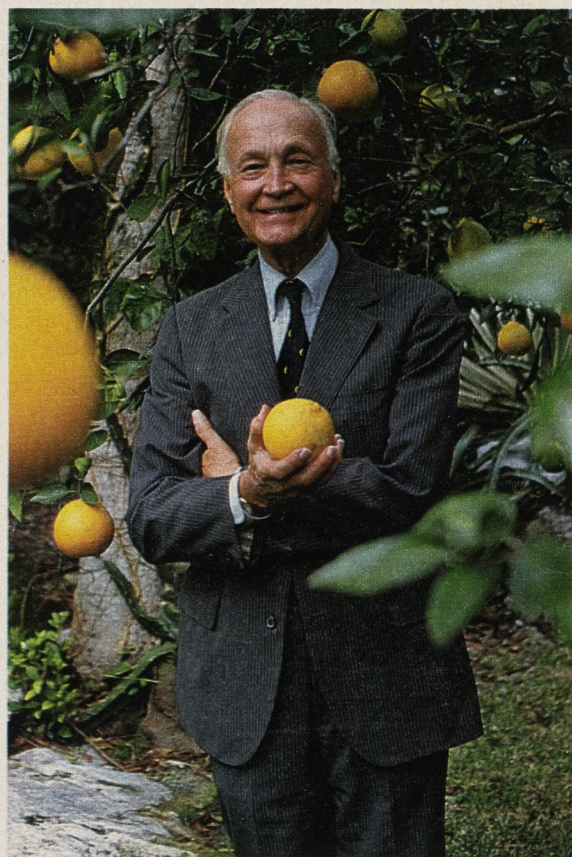
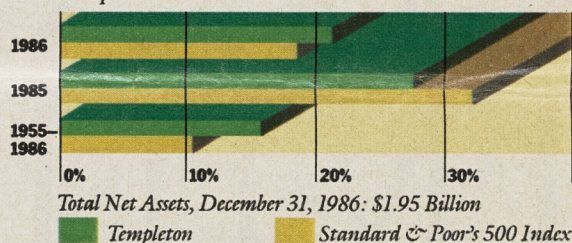
Templeton uses a greater variety of what he calls "yardsticks for value": price in relation to earnings, to potential earnings, to book value, to net working capital after subtracting debt. He also considers the prices of other stocks in the industry. "No formula works every time," he says. He focuses on earnings per share for grocery chains, and depletion of minerals for mining companies. And unlike most pure "value" investors, he buys growth companies.

Templeton says he first sighted opportunities in Japan during a tour of the world in 1936. (A graduate of Yale, he had just obtained a law degree at Oxford where he had been a Rhodes Scholar.) He recalls being profoundly impressed by the industriousness of the people, the high savings rate and the low share prices — the last a result of accounting practices that understate assets.

In 1968, Templeton took significant positions in the Tokyo stock market. He bought shares in more than a dozen rapidly growing industrial and financial-serv-

JOHN TEMPLETON

Templeton Growth Fund



TOM MC CARTHY

SOURCES: COMPANY FIGURES S&P, IBBOTSON ASSOC./CHICAGO

FISHING

Continued from Page 65

floated directly over the trout and on down the stream.

Why hadn't the fish risen? There are 30,000 fly patterns and 20 or so ways to tie each one. Was the fly tied wrong? Had I picked the wrong pattern, made of the wrong materials? There are scores of theories about what a trout sees and hence what a fly should look like. (I once lay on the bottom of a bathtub with goggles on to get a trout's-eye view, but I didn't learn much.)

An hour later, on my 27th cast and my ninth change of fly, a positively gigantic trout came directly to my imitation Pale Morning Dun (tied parachute-style, with cut wings) and headed across the pool like a torpedo, inches beneath the surface, sending up a rush of water, stopping my heart.

ACCORDING TO JOHN D. Randolph, editor of Fly Fisherman magazine, there are about 500,000 hard-core American fly-fishers, for whom the sport is a way of life. He identifies a million more as "serious" and as many as five million as "casual."

Although Randolph says his readership is steady at 98.6 percent male, there is evidence that more women are trying on the sport. Paul Volcker's wife, like mine, "won't go near it," he says, but the wife of James R. Harvey, chairman and C.E.O. of the Transamerica Corporation, the insurance conglomerate, regularly keeps her fisher husband company. Walter Haas's wife, Evelyn, has shared her considerable fly-fishing experience in a charming book for women called "Wade a Little Deeper, Dear." And lately, I have seen more and more young working women on the streams.

Thomas C. Rosenbauer, public relations director of the Orvis Company, a Vermont manufacturer of fly-fishing equipment, estimates that the number of fly-fishers is increasing by a modest but steady 10 to 15 percent a year. Just why this complex and so often frustrating sport attracts so many different kinds of people is something of a mystery. I suppose the answer varies with each of us.

For Morton Seaman, the 54-year-old president of the Seaman Furniture Company, it's the "raw excitement." When he took his company public in July 1985, Seaman says, he found himself distracted during the last tense days of negotiation, constantly worried that he'd miss a scheduled trip to Iceland for salmon-fishing. When the deal was done, he didn't wait for his check before flying off to Reykjavik.

Most fly-fishers prefer trout, because the fish is more accessible and less expensive to pursue, and because it rises to specific insects. In contrast, a week of salmon-fishing can cost a middle-income fisherman more than a month's salary, and since salmon don't feed when they enter their home rivers to spawn, you never truly know why the fish has taken the fly. For Mort Seaman, though, nothing matches Atlantic salmon. "You fish for long hours with few strikes," he says. "Then it's tremendously exciting to see

that huge fish suddenly come to your fly, to hook such a large fish on such a tiny hook, to see it leap. My heart pounds every time I see one of those salmon leap — and I always know you can blow the fight 42 ways. One salmon a day, for 14 hours of hard fishing, is a lot — and it's enough."

You might think that, when they relax, the men who run big businesses would go out of their way to avoid frustration. But the odds against success built into fly-fishing do not bother any of the men I have spoken with. What they seem to share is a pleasure in the challenge of the sport and a love of learning to do it better. James Harvey of Transamerica, for example, who has fished most of his life but has been a serious fly-fisherman for only the past five summers, considers himself "proficient" — but adds that the trout don't always agree, at least not yet. Charles Schwab, a sportsman who also skis, golfs and hunts birds, has been an avid fly-fisherman for about a decade. He says he once had a 1 handicap in golf but has slipped to a 12. As a fly-fisherman, he says, "I'd rank myself a 24, and I'd be happy to be a 12 soon."

Fly-fishing reaches out, beyond the hours on the stream, to occupy far more of one's life than other sports. "If you measure your enjoyment by how long it lasts," says Carl Navarre, publisher of the Atlantic Monthly Press, "in fly-fishing there is the anticipation while you prepare for it, perhaps fly-tying for a trip ... the trip itself, to the Arctic or Tierra del Fuego perhaps ... then studying the water once you're on it, perhaps for an hour, waiting for flies to hatch ... then the fishing itself. And then the memories."

Paul Volcker's pleasure, which may begin with that intense concentration needed while you fish — obliterating all else — also extends beyond the actual fishing to "the mystique of it all, the beautiful rods and flies, the traditions and the literature." He loves to talk about fishing books and is especially happy that fishing has attracted such fine writers. One of his favorites: "Open Season," William Humphrey's brilliant collection of sporting essays, which he got for Christmas last year.

Indeed, there is no end to the potential demands of fly-fishing. Not just books, but a half-dozen specialized magazines a month. Endless hours of debate over the architectonics of flies and even which hackles are best. (The Metz Hatchery, in Belleville, Pa., once raised chickens for food but discovered that the feathers, in the right color and texture, were worth their weight in gold to fly-tiers.) A constant search for new fishing opportunities — new trout streams, new game fish to pursue with the fly rod. Charles Ritz, the late chairman of the Ritz Hotel in Paris, once told me: "Salt-water fly-fishing is for men with hard stomachs — like sex after lunch." (He was 84 at the time.) The sweet madness can overcome an otherwise rational person, as noted by a friend who spotted me scrounging in the gutters of Manhattan's fur district for scraps of mink and nutria. They really do make excellent caddis-fly imitations.

SOME PEOPLE TRADE UP TO fly-fishing from some other form of fishing, but many arrive cold on the doorsteps of an increasing number of fly-fishing schools. The range of instruction is wide.

Lefty Kreh, one of the world's great casters, gives individual coaching, like a tennis or golf pro, often to businessmen who fly in to meet with him at his home in Maryland. He charges them \$750 to \$1,000 a day.

The Joan & Lee Wulff Fishing School is on the Beaver Kill in Lew Beach, N.Y. It puts groups of 20 students through rigorous weekends of instruction in basic casting, entomology, knot-tying, stream tactics — all for \$320 apiece, not including food and lodging. Over the years, students have included the likes of Elliot L. Richardson, the former Attorney General, and William E. Simon, chairman of the board of the Wesray Corporation.

The rosters of fly-fishing schools today are filled with young executives who, John Randolph says, "overachieved in education and overachieved in work. Now they want to overachieve in their relaxation. They're gadget-minded and technology-minded. They learn the Latin names of all the flies. They want to 'master' the stream quickly — and often do."

Once they can cast and know the difference between a Rat-Faced MacDougal and a Girdle Bug Nymph, the great diaspora begins. They have the resources to sign on with one of several dozen fly-fishing travel brokers and shoot the moon. Frontiers International, in Wexford, Pa., will book one person for a week at an exotic trout-fishing destination in Argentina for \$2,100 to \$2,700, or on a Canadian salmon river for \$1,800 to \$3,000, or on a river in Iceland or Norway for \$4,000 to \$6,000. One of the most popular destinations is Alaska because it's still wild country and you don't need much skill to catch a slew of salmon and rainbow trout.

JUST HOW MUCH BUSINESS ADVANTAGE does fly-fishing confer? Richard M. Rosbach, a partner in the brokerage house of Ingalls & Snyder and a longtime fly-fisher, replies: "Oh, perhaps a few clients or business connections." But that hasn't the slightest thing to do with why he fishes, he says, which is for "the close fellowship with a true fishing chum or two, the problems of imitating the insect a trout is feeding upon, the river sounds, the pull of the stream against your legs, the chance to climb out of the water and observe a dogtooth violet."

Businessmen make up a goodly share of the membership roster at thousands of fishing clubs across the country, and the opportunities for deal-making would seem to be unlimited. But my experience suggests that the members are far too absorbed in shaggy-fish tales and the threat to the local watershed to bother with business. That is surely so at Theodore Gordon Flyfishers, a prominent conservation club in Manhattan, and even more so at the old Anglers' Club of New York, whose motto, *Piscatoribus sacrum*, suggests (and whose bylaws mandate) that the marketplace not intrude on the fish-talk at lunches at its famous "Long Table."

Still, in the clubs and on the river, for that matter, businessmen do get to meet under the most amiable of circum-

stances and to share an enthusiasm. Chances are that Jones will remember stream-sharer Smith when he needs a widget consultant — all else being equal.

And, like so many other sports, fly-fishing can be good — some would say even necessary — for the advancement of a young executive's career. In some corporations, a banker tells me, the ability to fish well is "virtually part of the job description." There are smaller brokerage houses where 30 percent or more of the partners are serious fly-fishers. And hotbeds of executive fly-fishers exist within such larger organizations as Capital Cities/ABC, Esquire magazine, Citibank, Morgan Stanley and Salomon Brothers.

Fly-fishing can also provide an especially enticing form of ingratiation. A paper company owns a lodge on a salmon river and wants to entertain its half-dozen largest customers; an investment banker goes on a merry Alaskan junket every summer with an interchangeable group of Congressmen and industrialists.

"Everyone," an advertising executive says, "can ingratiate by taking you to the opera and dinner at Lutèce, but a private three miles on the Restigouche is simply not a duplicatable experience." Salmon are best for such purposes, he goes on. "The fish is big and exciting, it's usually expensive to pursue, and, with the proper guide to put you in the right position, even a duffer can be a hero on some waters. The clincher is that, unlike hunting, you don't even have to be messy and kill the fish — and most people today don't."

All of which represents an opportunity for Randall J. Carlson, manager of Orvis New York. Among his corporate orders last year was one for 18 complete outfits of silk underwear, chamois shirts, shoes, waders, lines, reels, rods and flies. They were shipped directly to a lodge in Alaska, all for \$15,000.

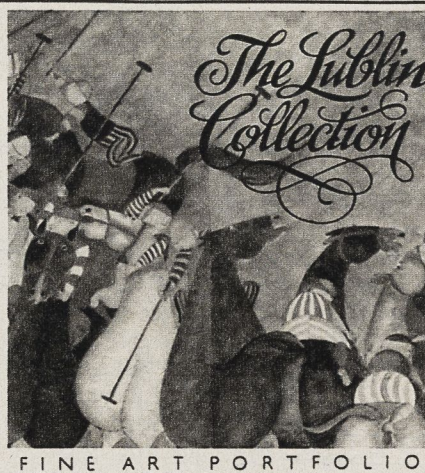
ULTIMATELY, ALL FLY-FISHERMEN overlap. Similar images link us all: the first plumes of skunk cabbage out of the brown earth ... the spectral light and the delicate green of the willows in April ... cucumber sandwiches in an old fishing hut ... the Batten Kill at dusk, when distances blur, a certain sweet chill enters the air and the surface is pocked with rising trout ... the explosion an eight-pound largemouth bass made when you cast it a hairbug as big as a bat ... a funny fish tale by John Taintor Foote or Ed Zern ... an exquisite fly tied by Art Flick or Dick Talleur ... dreams of a trout big as a muskrat that you hooked, played and, in an instant, lost.

So much of a fly-fisher's life is mingled with dreams — of new rivers to fish, new fly designs to try, new schemes to be closer to the textured world of trout. Paul Volcker tells me that he's been dreaming of buying some property in trout country when his life slows down a bit, someday — if he is strategic enough to persuade Mrs. Volcker. He would presumably endorse the view of John Buchan, the novelist and statesman: "The charm of fishing is that it is the pursuit of what is elusive but attainable — a perpetual series of occasions for hope." □

ART



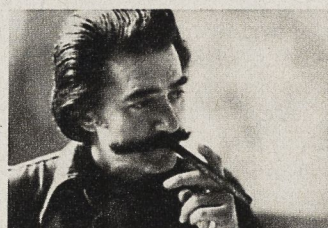
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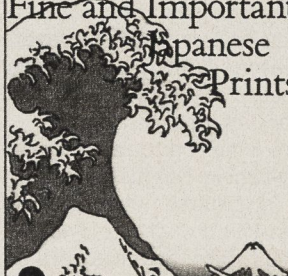
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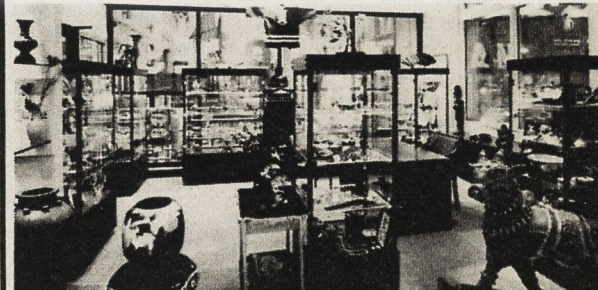
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