

the wintertime blues...

*a mix-tape, a collaboration, a
fanzine of fly fishing and
tenkara*

price: free to good home

photograph by Jon Graham

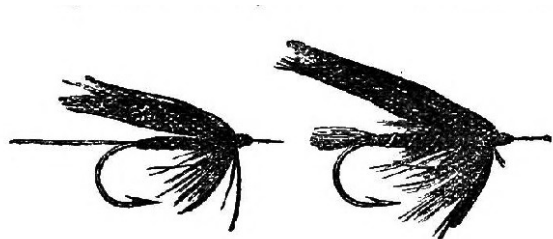




A few words about...by the collector, Anthony Naples
the wintertime blues is a one-time only project dedicated to collecting creative writing, photos, and art related to tenkara and fly fishing and publishing a one-off collaborative, pot luck dinner, mix-tape and fanzine for tenkara and fly fishing.

 **the wintertime blues is about putting something new out into the world.**

My life was changed when I read Nick Hornby's book **High Fidelity**. For anybody that loves music (or any creative thing) this book is a must read. It deals with the creative urge vs. the urge to just sit and wallow. It deals with getting it out there. It is about the change from appreciator to creator. And it is hilarious - the only book that I ever laughed out loud while reading - ever. Of course it was famously put on the silver screen by fan and actor John Cusack – the book is better (though I liked the movie too).



So here's what changed my life (this quote is from the movie - I couldn't find the exact book quote - but the idea is the same):

"You know, I guess I think I've always been a professional critic, you know, or some sort of professional appreciator or something. And I just wanted to, you know, do something new, put something new out into the world, you know, kind of really put my money where my mouth is."
-Rob Gordon, *High Fidelity*

Everything creative that I've done since then is driven by that. When I find myself stationary, not moving, not creating - I think about that quote. And I try to "put something new out into the world". Regardless of what it is. Whatever the output - I've created something new, and that is okay by me.

Of course sometimes I lack the inspiration. I just don't have any good ideas (some may say I never have any good ideas). When that attitude drags me down I think of these words by the artist **Chuck Close**:

"Inspiration is highly overrated. If you sit around and wait for the clouds to part, it's liable to never happen. More often than not work is salvation."

WORK IS SALVATION! It is true. Start writing, start painting, start whatever - and something will come out. Often it's crap. But often enough it is just what you needed to say. Through the process you have come to understand something about yourself. You have pulled something out of your brain that you didn't even know was in there. It is a miracle. **YOU HAVE PUT SOMETHING NEW OUT INTO THE WORLD.** When it happens you understand why the ancients invented the idea of the Muse.



This project was conceived of in the dead of winter. When many of us had cabin-fever or wintertime blues, because we couldn't get out and fish like we wanted to. As it happens, winter has mostly passed here in my part of this country as of this writing. The peach tree is blooming in the yard and the spring peepers are peeping. Though I hear tell that some folks out west just got another dose of snow.

The plan was to bring together some creativity. In a non-judgmental way. **I did not act as an editor - I merely acted as a condenser for the creativity.** I asked for submissions and the folks, whose work you see in the following pages submitted. I did not reject, edit or otherwise alter...This was all done for the sake of creativity. There is absolutely NO MONEY MAKING ANGLE. NO Advertisers, NO payment, NO cost to purchase. Of course if you are interested, the contributors are listed along with any blog or website that they operate.

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Thanks and enjoy,
Anthony Naples April 10, 2013

**Consider the Snowflake
by Cameron Scott**

Late April, the snow falls
for the second day in a row.
Drifts down, collects on branches.
Standing in a river I watch it fall
as it disappears on tongue
or portions of grass too wet to stick
and melts on the street
as if the blacktop still held
the collected heat of the past.
Each snowflake is a white midge
which lands soft-edged,
without hackle or hooks
and trout rise as the mountains
draw in on themselves,
hidden from the river below.



Painting by Cameron Scott

Quartz Creek

by Mike Lutes

Night shift in the ER can be raw, dirty, sad, physically draining and emotionally trying. The big tragedies in emergency medicine really shake you: the child you cannot save, telling the parents the worst news they'll ever hear, sharing their tears but knowing there is only one way you will ever understand the depth of their pain and hoping to God that you never will. But it is the little everyday tragedies that really weigh on you in this profession. The young addict with so much suffering ahead. The crying, broken woman beaten bloody by her drunken boyfriend. The old, worn out alcoholic who has burned all her bridges with no one left to love her. The World War Two vet who isn't sick, just lonely. You sit and listen to his stories again, knowing it is the only thing you can do for him.

Meanwhile, the rooms are filling up. A toddler with an ear infection is screaming. A belligerent drunk is yelling at the nurses. Someone else just needs an oxycodone refill for the weekend. When the sun rises, you know the end is near. They can keep filling your rooms, but they can't stop the clock.

By 7:00 AM, the place is mostly cleaned out. The housekeepers are emptying the overflowing garbage in the

resuscitation room, testament to just how hard you tried. Your partner shows up, clean shaven, coffee in hand, ready to relieve you from your labors. The scrubs are shed, T-shirt and hiking pants thrown on, bare feet are slipped into sandals. A quick "thank you" to the nurses and you are out the door.

The big engine turns over in the old truck and the torque rocks it side to side. Windows down. Greg Brown CD fires up. Off we go. The creek isn't far, 15 minutes and your feet will be wet. The "truck rod" is all rigged and ready.

It's been hot lately. And dry. The last time you remember it being this hot you were 14, working in a water park. But you weren't a lifeguard. You were a groundskeeper wearing a polyester polo shirt and nylon shorts, making endless laps around the concrete sweeping up trash, emptying garbage cans. You learn an important lesson: most girls aren't that interested in the guy who picks up the trash. But the kind ones will still talk to you. You come out of your thoughts long enough to notice it is starting rain. It starts to come in the windows, but you don't roll them up.

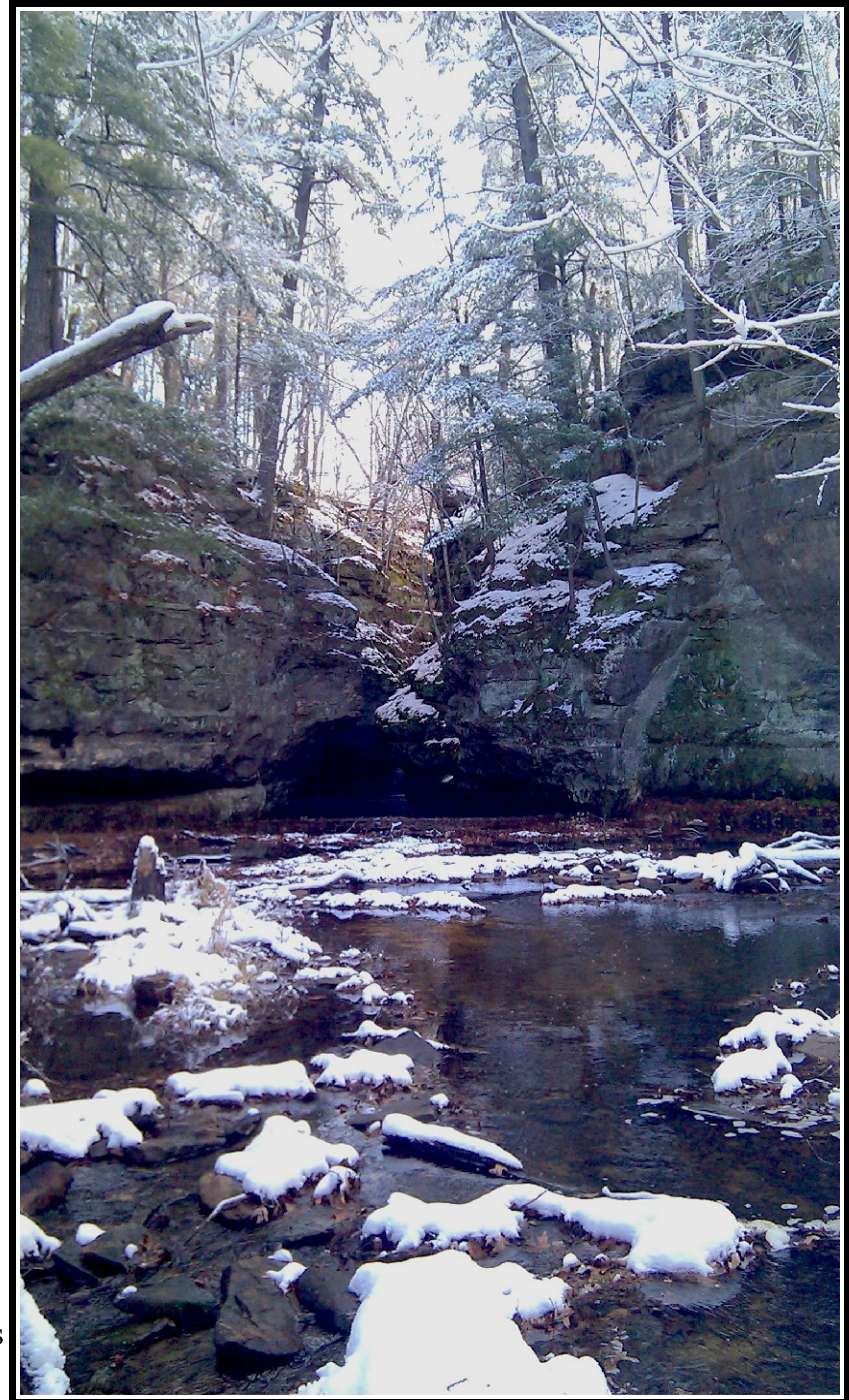
When you arrive at the creek, it is pouring. Big rain drops churn the creek. Probably not a dry fly day. You wade in the creek, and when you reach the first waist-deep pool, you are cold for the first time in three months. It is

glorious. This pool is seldom good for fishing, but you make a few casts anyway. No luck.

You wade upstream to the baptismal pool. It sits along a rock face. Pines line the opposite side of the creek. It remains deep even when the rest of the creek is low. The water is very clear. There are always fish there, but they are typically unapproachable, darting under the rock face when you get into casting position. Most days you fish it anyway just because it is a beautiful place to be.

Today, you approach from downstream. You've tied on an orange wooly bugger, figuring it will stand out in the churned water. You cast, strip and then there it is, an unmistakable hit. The hook is set and the fish is quickly pulled in. The creek is cool today, but it has been hot for weeks. No need to draw this out. You see it now, a brook trout, and a good one by the standards of this creek. You net it, pull out the barbless hook and hold it in the water. You'll never really understand them. Why are they so beautiful? Surely, they were made this way for someone or something to admire. The fish fans its tail and escapes to depths of the pool, out of sight. You stand up and look around. Then it hits you. Man has not ruined this place. So many ruined lives, ruined relationships, ruined bodies. But this place, this place is pure. The rain pours down on your head, the creek washes your feet, and the tears run down your face.

Photograph Mike Lutes



Your Life As a River

by the anonymous writer of the lifefliesandtrout.com

Imagine your life as a river
You begin of the earth
Pouring out of the ground from a spring
You are born
You are untouched and unpolluted
You begin to flow and travel the course before you
Slowly everything adds to you
The pebbles, dirt, and roots that you slowly wash over and touch
In good ways and bad

Your spirit increases as others flow into you
And life swims in you and moves outside of you
And you nourish all those things too
You get older and change the landscape of the world

At times your spirit is slack
And at others times your spirit rages with swelling flows
from the storms in your life
Eventually the river's rage slowly tapers off
But your path is altered
Changed from your swollen rage
But it always keeps moving on

Your life just is
Life is always moving on
Don't work too hard to be
You just are

Dams will always be thrown up in your path
Bridges will be built to bypass you
Your flow will converge with other flows
This is your life
And your spirit
And you know that it will end some day
Your life will be full of so many things
But your life will keep flowing forward
And in the distance, there will be the great sea
It is here that your spirit will flow out and mix with all the other great spirits
Your current will end
But then you will be everywhere



Photograph by lifefliesandtrout.com

An Untitled Essay
by Treven Kuhn

Sitting here on perhaps the coldest day of the year thus far, my soul and spirit hibernate. Dreaming of those warmer days. Of those sunny afternoons and misty evenings spent wet wading on the veins of mother nature. On those streams and rivers that enrich her soul and bring green life

to her eyes. Standing submerged waist deep in these waters, the warm air on my face and the cool water on my skin.... Curling my toes, clutching the pebbles and sand between them. Casting a fly to a nearby log jam, watching it dance amongst the naturals. Twirling and spinning on the swirling glasslike surface. And training my eyes to adapt to the twilight to depict the smallest rise ring from the nose of a trout. Eager to sink my fly to the emerald depths from

which she came. Elevating my rod towards the skyline swiftly, sending a explosion of mist from the waters surface into the air. Sending the loose coils of the floating line residing on the water from a soft paint stroke like residence, to a sloping tight plane from tip to lip. Allowing the magical dance between man and fish to begin. And by nature and god's grace allowing me for a moment to hold this silver, brown, dotted beauty in my hands. Fin in palm allowing the strength and magic to replenish the spirit, and with a lightning like bolt. Allowing her to twirl her body and release her flesh from my grasp, gliding off back through the current. To perhaps on day meet the man again who for a brief moment literally captured her heart. Sitting here on this frozen tundra of reality, the only thing keeping me warm are these memories. Of days I pray will return with haste.



Photograph by lifefliesandtrout.com

Tying A Contraband Tenkara Kebari by Michael Agneta

The winter blues. We all get them. Cold & snow keeping the weak and feeble (like me) inside the house and off the stream. Thoughts typically turn toward warmer days and chasing trout, but unfortunately, the typical compromise is not picking up one's rod, but rather tying a stockpile of flies to lose use come Spring.

As the author of Troutrageous! (www.troutrageous.com), and a self professed Tenkara fan, I get a lot of emails from the inquisitive asking what sort of flies I use when going Tenkara fishing. I figured I'd show you...and heck, even give you the recipe, should you feel industrious and decide that you absolutely must tie some yourself. Generous, right?

Before I get into the meat & potatoes of this "how to," I'm gonna be honest. I don't always use those fancy-pants reverse-hackle kebari flies you see all the Tenkara websites singing gospel about. Nope, I'm evil and as such shunned by the Tenkara Gods in the sky. I'm not immune to (and rather enjoy) practicing the time-honored tradition of dirty nymphing, using any sort of #16 & #18 beadheaded bastard I can get a hold of.

But that's probably not why you're reading this. Especially if you're a Tenkaraian... ummmm...Tenkaraite?...ummm...fishing Ninja. There also happens to be a bajillion websites and videos on how to tie those standard flies. So instead, lets switch it up a touch with this Tenkara-inspired fly I use with great success.



Pretty awful picture & tie, right?

So here's the deal with this un-named piece of shiitake. It's the ultimate Tenkara fly. Why? Well, first off, it's got a beadhead, so you can easily dead drift it toward the bottom, like a nymph.

On the flip side, it also has that pretty reverse hackle hair-do going on, so if you want to get all twitchy & jerky in your retrieve, there's something there to excite a fish into a strike. Drift it through riffles, then jerk it through pools. It's the best of both worlds, like a jar of Goober Grape.



Here's what you need to tie this bad boy.

- **Hook:** Size 16 Scud/Pupa, DE 2XH, 2XW, 2XS, R2-D2, C-3PO...I use these because I got them at the fly fishing show for something stupid like 25/\$1
- **Bead:** 3/32 Brass Bead. Use brass, because tungsten is for show offs
- **Thread:** Uni-Thread 8/0 in Black. You prefer purple or chartreuse? Go get 'em tiger.
- **Wire:** UTC Ultra Wire Copper
- **Body:** Peacock Herl, as every fly should have Peacock Herl if humanly possible
- **Hackle:** Grizzly, like Adams

Okay, materials in hand...all you pretty much do is tie a really lame variant of a Copper John...

- 1) Put the bead on the hook while trying not to impale your fingers in the process.
- 2) Wrap a some thread on there from head to tail and back.
- 3) Tie on the copper wire and unevenly wrap from tail to about 3/4 up the hook. Uneven wraps are key if you truly want your fly to be authentic to my pattern.
- 4) Tie in some Peacock Herl and spin it around the midsection until it's nice and bushy. The bushier the better, just like a fine mustache.
- 5) Tie in some Grizzly hackle right behind the bead. After a few wraps pull all of the fibers forward toward the front and

tie down the back so they stick out facing the hook eye.

6) Grab one of those Matarelli Whip Finishers, search for it on YouTube so you can figure out how the heck it works, then tie off the fly. Preferably twice so you don't have use glue. If the thread breaks while doing this, you're f*cked.

7) Eat a donut. With sprinkles. Life is better with sprinkles.

Once you're done, it should look something like this:



If it doesn't, it's because you're just a terrible student, and there's likely no hope for you. If that is the case, I suggest you go sell your fly tying materials on Craigslist and go buy some tenkara flies from Kiwi on TenkaraBum (www.tenkarabum.com). And while you're at it, get some bread for the Goober Grape too...because all that tying makes one hungry and my next lesson is how to make a mean PB&J.

A Perfect Moment
By Chris Kuhlow

The woods, still and quiet now begin to wake.
That I can be here in this place, for granted I will not take.

I walk below the rock that is split,
Along the flowing kill I have found a place to sit.

The water, cold and clear, quietly glides by.
In every direction the colors of a new autumn day greet the eye.

On my cheek I can feel a slight breeze.
I sit in awe of the sun's rays upon the leaves.

My senses have become alive with all that is around.
I could forever sit by this stream, there is music in it's sound.

I carefully raise my arm and cast my line.
Whether I bring a trout to hand or not it will be just fine.

But in an instant I am snapped back to my senses,
as my fly disappears and my line tenses.

It takes but seconds and a wild jewel is brought to hand.
She is released with a smile with hopes that her children will continue to
inhabit the land.

This is a perfect moment of which I have no doubt,
To live this moment is truly what life is all about.

Feb. 28, 2013

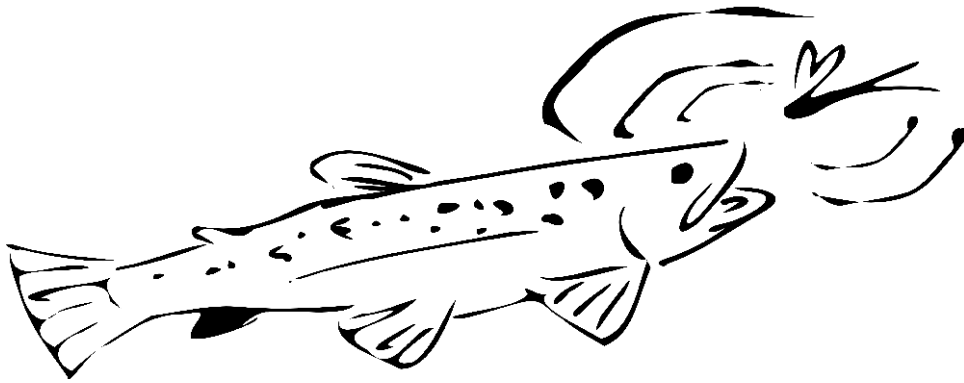


Illustration: A. Naples



Squirrels Maybe

by Justin Cober-Lake

The stream narrows almost to a point that you can jump across it. Certainly you can hop onto stones and pretty much keep your feet dry while working your way upstream. You can't call it a river by any stretch, and yet the even tinier tributaries intrigue me more. It's not sensible. This far from the parking area, the stream doesn't see any real fishing pressure. You hike a few miles, but then you have to climb down a bank to get to the river, often pushing in and backing out until you can find a way through the brush. Once you reach water, you'll likely find nothing but a trickle over some rocks, too thin even for the little mountain brook trout.

Even so, I spend a couple trips each spring pushing my way up the little inflow streams. I doubt the fishing's better on any of these, but I keep hoping that I'll uncover that one magical pool, or a series of drops and runs that hold fish. I've yet to catch anything, though, and I've often spent a couple hours without even making a cast, such as it could be. I scare off a few snakes, see a few deer, and occasionally suspect that sound in front of me is a black bear pushing through. I've watched a couple salamanders, gotten spiders in my hair, and brought ticks home, but I've rarely even unhooked my fly from its holder.

Today I'm determined to get to the place I've been unable to reach. There's a series of tall waterfalls at the top of a low ridge. The third fall empties into the main flow just under the hiking trail, and it makes a fine place for a picnic, and a reason for hikers and their dogs to turn around for the day

(leaving the best fishing all upstream from that spot). Certain that a beautiful stream lies just beyond the top of the falls, I've tried a few times to find a way up. I haven't.

The left side of the tributary is primarily loose shale, and there's no traction to be had. The right side offers an easy passage to the top of the bottom waterfall. There's a small pool there you can cast into, but I've never seen so much as a dace take a swipe at my fly. After that, the brush immediately becomes impenetrable. Even on hands and knees with my rod disassembled, I can't get through. The alternative, possible with an early enough start, would be to circle wide around, but the loop would have to be considerable, to circumvent the brush on the right and to find a way over the ravine beyond the shale on the left.

I've gotten here early, but I just look. Above the top fall, the stream could turn either direction, making a trip possibly very long, but I suspect it either goes straight or bends to my right, since as far as I can tell from satellite pictures, the ravine on the left runs for a ways. I'd have to start my circle to the right. That's what I intended to do, but the opening hundreds of yards away doesn't seem so inviting, especially since it doesn't thin out much.

I look at the shale. I think I can climb it. I find enough dirt to start out walking upright, and I pass through the sparse brush easily enough. I quickly ascend beyond decent footholds and into the shale, and that's when it gets tricky. Staying on my feet, I slide back nearly as much as I gain with every step. I switch to all fours, using my hands to add a little bit of a hold each time I slide, and to boost myself with each stride.

My rod gets in the way. I can't really use my right hand effectively. I haven't brought a rod case, so I still need to hold my short mountain stream rod even after I've broken it down. I've tried carrying it – both collapsed and assembled – in my mouth, and have discovered that either tooth pain or lip discomfort proves I couldn't find work as a retriever. When I reach a small bush, I plant one foot firmly in it and pull my net over my shoulder. With a few feet of tippet material, I lash my rod to my net and return the net to its proper spot on my back. My reel goes in a vest pocket. With both hands free, the climb is easier, but the little flicks of rock wear on my hands more quickly than I'd expected. I don't properly bleed, but by the time I reach the little landing at the top of the first waterfall, my fingers have some red speckling.

At a convenient resting point, I stop at the pool and look in it. I can't see any fish, which I expected, and which is fine. I don't want to reassemble my rod for a few casts, and I don't want to get distracted on my way up. Still, I wonder about the pool. It's deep enough and wide enough, but I've never pulled a trout out of this sort of pool. I flex my legs and turn back to the hillside.

The climb steepens, and I move nearly on my belly, ignoring the cuts on my knuckles and scrabbling along as best I can. I have to angle away from the falls for a bit, and I come uncomfortably close to the drop at that side. It's farther than I expected and I slow my breathing. Now on my knees, I make my way back to my right, large amounts of shale giving way beneath me.

I continue for too long, sweat running in my eyes, t-shirt

soaked. I can't tell how much of the mountainside I've covered. The trail below seems far away, but the top of the falls don't seem any closer. I'm pretty sure my endeavor's pointless, but I'm not willing to give up. I wipe sweat off my cheek and push off with my left foot and stay stationary while rock bounces below me. I try again and move slightly higher on the mountain.

Hours in, I realize how ridiculous my plan is. I'm fine with that. I spent a day learning a lesson, testing myself. I'm not exactly losing against the mountain, and I feel less defeated than unfulfilled. There's something out there. I crawl over a little mound to get myself next to pool and sit. I spit dryly and finish the last of my water.

I've given up the challenge of getting up, but now I'm faced with the challenge of getting down. As soon as I take my first step, I'm going to slide. I'll be able to flail myself into new directions, but generally I'll be pointed either toward a cliff or into a waterfall. Enough scraggly branches stick up that I'll have a few things to grab, but maybe none of them will support my weight.

With not much to do and nothing else to think about, I push off my mound and start the downward scramble, face-down, the same way I came up. It's scarier than I expected, because I have even less control than I imagine. After just a few feet, I turn around into a catcher's squat and slight, almost like a skier. It would be a better plan if I'd ever skied, which I haven't.

I can kick myself into a little bit of steering, but it's a pending disaster, and I realize that what's below me is even

steeper than where I am now. I grab at some branches with no luck. I shift back just a little and one of my rod sections hits the ground with a scratching sound and I turn onto my side, scraping the outside of my thigh and forearm before righting myself. I manage to catch a thicker bush and stop.

I see a small outcropping just a few feet away, next to the falls, and I realize if I can get myself up there I can sit and make a plan, thinking that there must have been more to think about. I decide to run for it, which works about as well as it should, but I manage to get my left hand on a big stone and my right on the dirt above it. I have enough support at my feet to push off, and I hoist myself over. I'm prone on the ledge for just a moment before turning myself over for a sit.

I realize I might be here a while. I get comfortable.

I've made some progress down the mountain, but I'm probably worse off than when I was holding onto the bush a few minutes ago. I can't figure out a proper way to lower myself onto the shale from here. The bank directly below me immediately slopes into the fall, so I'd have a tough time not going for a long dunk into a shallow pool (deep enough for brook trout, but not for me). My other natural alternative would be to climb back up and to my left and re-start my descent. The problem, which I couldn't have seen before coming over here, is that there's a sharp right angle to the bank, situated above an overhang. I'd have to climb up the wet dirt next to the falls, then around the side almost immediately into the shale, and then try to clamber far enough to the left to start down again.

I can see the trail below from here, or at least roughly where it is, but I doubt anyone would notice me. If so, I'm not sure how they could help. I decide to climb, assuming that I'm far more likely to fall onto my ledge than anywhere else. As I start to go around the angle, that's what I do, slamming my left palm and left knee into the ground. It hurts. I get up.

I look down toward the trail once again. I'm not especially worried. I can't figure out a reasonable way to move in any direction, passing on the chance of jumping far enough from the falls to start a tumble down the bank. I'm not sure how hikers could help. I could alert them, but they'd likely need some climbing gear to get me down. Nothing fancy, but a rope would help. It's not too hot, and I've got an empty bottle I can probably catch some water in. Even overnight I wouldn't freeze, although if it comes to that, I might want to take my shirt off and let it dry before dark. I do take off my vest and set it on the ledge next to me.

There's no fear, but the tedium sets in. I dangle my feet over the ledge and look into the woods on the far slope, hoping for deer or bear or anything. Squirrels maybe. A few times I think about jumping, but I can't see how that would go well. My anxiety develops as I consider how embarrassing my situation is. I'm stuck on the side of a mountain without even the sense of how to fall back down it. I never even made it to where I was trying to get to, so now I'm just stuck on the side of the mountain.

I lean back on my palms and try to think. I wonder how often hikers come this far. I wait.



Photograph by Jon Graham

Living Seasonally
by Cameron Scott

Windows of current pass by like sheets of bulbous glass
as the kid I'm guiding hooks another, this time holds it

and asks if we could put it in a bucket of water
or glass tank. His sister walks back and forth on the bank

in light blue flip flops with pink starfish and white shells.
Her dad holds her cartoon Zebco and casts a small spoon.

They all lost interest hours ago except for the kid
who wants to fish until dusk. The day, like a still life,

slowly loses its iridescence. "We've got to let it go," I say.
And the kid asks why. And I watch a shadow

swimming in and out of the shallow rocks,
slowly rise. "Because...." The wind stirs and I lose track

so point to a hawk turning slowly above us
and let the trout slip away. It is difficult to imagine the end

of late summer. Waking up early, dreaming in the dusk,
in the reflected stillness of dinner when the beer gets warm

and the chicken gets cold, and somewhere there are bonfires
hotter than heartbreak, and drunks getting drunker than love.



Painting by Cameron Scott



Voodoo Trout by Anthony Naples

The Distance Between One and Zero

by Anthony Naples

The outdoor newspaper article read something like “butterball trout shaped like footballs...” The stream was in the same state – but still very far away. And pretty remote. Nothing but potato farms and starch plants (as in factories), you know the kind of place. The roadside was littered with potatoes – you could have made a meal. Can you eat the kinds of potatoes they use for starch? I guess so. I don't know. It doesn't really matter I guess.

To be fair the stream in question wasn't right in the farm country, it was a little further on where the fields decided to be forests again. Well except for where the forests had gone and got themselves clearcut, and so sometimes the woods were more like the beginnings of farm fields again. Anyway, this stream was somewhere away from the present day potato farms. Well it started back in there somewhere but of course it ended up by the farms. Did it have trout where it ran behind our motel and then down through the farms and then on to Canada? Yeah probably. But of course that's not where we fished it. We headed for the headwaters.

We made a few mistakes.

We didn't take a map, or a compass, or drinking water. Yes I know. All very foolish. But most places that I fished it was pretty hard to get lost. And we would be along a

stream so it would be impossible to get lost.

Streams have a way of leading you on. They whisper promises and sometimes they just don't deliver. It is that kind of stream that is the most dangerous. You know the water must get better just around the bend. How is it that a stream can be so deceptive? Once you've committed to hiking in a few miles, it is very hard to turn back and they know that. This stream was a master of disguise. And a plain old liar too. It managed to remain thin unfishable flat water and yet it gave off the aura of a perfect trout stream – without ever actually saying that that's what it was. It managed to be on the cusp of good water without ever actually being good water, and it did this for miles. It was like almost recognizing a long lost friend over and over again. And when you got up to the person that you're sure was this friend you'd see that it wasn't – and there wasn't even a real resemblance.

Or maybe I was just a really bad angler back then. I don't remember being so bad. But then I'm probably still terrible and just don't know it. That's why I try to fish alone – or with a only a few close confidants. I don't want my cover to be blown. Did you ever have that feeling that maybe you're insane but just don't know it. I mean you wouldn't know it would you? Maybe all of your friends and relatives are just humoring you. Smiling and nodding.

So here we were in a wide kind of vague valley, a sort of flat-ish lanscape with slightly swelling hills, but without

any real distinct landmarks. It was just the kind of place to cut cross-country without a map and compass, but that hadn't happened yet. There are moments in life when we make decisions that have dramatic consequences, decisions that cause a turning away or a turning to, or that result in a "before" and an "after", decisions that we regret, or decisions that we would have regretted if we'd decided the opposite. Yes, sometimes we get it right. This wasn't really one of those times. And yet maybe.

I caught at least one fish. Maybe a few more I don't remember for sure. But I remember catching the one that spanned the gulf between zero and one. It is hard to call a trip on which you catch no fish a success. But by catching one fish – you can call it that, a success. Not a great success – but a success in so far as you did what you set out to do. I always like to think of it this way – if I was counting on this fishing trip for subsistence, then that one fish may make the difference right? So in the battle for survival the day is a success. I got some protein. In a post-apocalyptic world, where the grocery stores have all been cleaned out, I would have scored some valuable food. Despite what the mathematicians tell us we all know that the the distance between zero and one is the longest of all distances between consecutive integers. It was a brook trout. The stream was wide and slow and and had a deeper run down the middle at this point. There was a beaver dam just above. As if out of nowhere a brook trout of about maybe 10 inches, rose and took a dry fly. I know I shouldn't anthropomorphize but that fish looked up at me

with sad eyes, as if it knew that it was participating in a charade. It had drawn the short straw. It was a sacrifice to the distance between one and zero. I think that the stream had a moment of pity and arranged the whole thing.

By the time of this "success" we had been slowly meandering with the stream for most of the day. I can't say how far we'd gone. We were thirsty, hungry and tired. With a notch on the old fly rod and having a rather low standard of success I was starting to think about dinner and something cold to drink. Things had not gone as planned and butterball trout shaped like footballs had not thrown themselves at us, or even made an appearance.

The way back along the stream was long and winding – with lots of stream side willows, deadfalls, thickets of young dense firs, and beaver dams. Surely the truck was not that far, as the crow flies – but at least few hours as the angler walks. We seemed to remember that the road paralleled the stream. The road would be a much easier walk. Easy. All we needed to do was strike out. That is all you ever need to do to get somewhere is strike out in the general direction. In this case the general direction was away from the stream. The road was through those trees, up that slope probably just out of sight. So with a vague notion of our course we set out from the stream, our only landmark, and our only clear path back, or forward, since back was now forward. Nobody likes to backtrack after all.

Some bushwhacking ensued. The sun had passed it's

zenith hours ago, and was just now starting to think about sliding below the horizon. The effect of a setting sun can be so different depending on where you are and what you're doing. I distinctly remember that feeling when I realized that the stream, which was our one sure bet to get home, was in an undetermined direction. The further we went – the further away the stream got. We knew we could always get back to the stream if we had to – but knowing it and it being true may have been two different things at this point. Too far from the stream to be really sure where it was and not sure in which direction the road lay – we were exactly lost. The location of the line between simply being “turned around” and being utterly and completely lost is not definite – it is merely a state of mind. And moving to this state can be hastened by a setting sun.

An old stone foundation and some apple trees looked promising, as did what looked like an old road. Though whether the slightly less overgrown portion of forest had ever been a road was not clear. Following it was not easy – but after some walking it did seem to be a road. The direction of travel along the road was just a guess – based on our notion of which direction was “away from the stream”. A night lost in the woods would not likely be fatal. But it would probably be miserable anyway. I guess that's another clue as to whether you are lost – when you start thinking about what a night in the woods will be like. The abandoned farmstead and its road saved us from finding out.

To be lost and then found is a wonderful feeling. It is a feeling that you don't have the pleasure of having often enough in life. Groping in the dusky half light, looking heavenward for the sun or the stars or the moon to guide you, can make a person feel small, and make the world seem appropriately large.

The overgrown farm road led us to a gravel road. Coming out of the darkening woods, we stood on the edge of the gravel road and looked right to left. The road curved gently in both directions, but you could still see a pretty long way. As often happens, there were no clues telling us which way was the best way to go. The road we were expecting to find was a paved road, this gravel road could be the same road or a different road, who could tell? Dust. A rising cloud of dust along a gravel road. A vehicle. Far to the right just before the road bent out of sight, a truck. Then it disappeared into the trees. Another road? A driveway? Please let it be a driveway. It was.

I never thought about it till right now – how strange we must have looked. Wearing waders, fly rods in hand. Miles from any trout stream as it turns out. I don't remember the guy even asking us about it. Perhaps he'd seen this kind of thing before. We told him where we started and asked for directions back. He laughed a little and told us we were about 20 miles, by road from there and then told us to climb into the bed of the truck.



Gyotaku (魚拓) Rainbow and Sakasa Kebari by Kirby Wilson

A Tenkara Dictionary (file under tenkara humor)

by Jason Klass

You've heard of the Urban Dictionary, right? Well, I thought it was time tenkara had one too! Actually, what follows are probably more like Sniglets but I thought it would be fun to put a name to some of the common experiences we share as tenkara anglers.

Buzzosis. An intense yearning for the sound a fly reel makes when a fish is running.

Fluorocloaking. The sudden disappearance of a fluorocarbon level line due to glare, background color, distance, or pale line color.

Fluoroholic. A person addicted to Level lines.

Flyabustering. The recurring declaration that one will switch to the one fly approach while continuing to fish a variety of patterns.

Liliandicament. The dilemma one faces upon purchasing a new rod over whether to tie a knot at the end of the lilian cord or not.

Lilianusion. The illusion that one of the segments of an extended rod is loose caused by the lilian moving back and forth when no line is attached.

Phantom Haul. An involuntary back-and-forth arm motion caused by a subconscious belief that one can double haul while using a fixed line.

Plugoflague. The ability of a rod plug to perfectly blend into the any background when dropped.

Plugplexity. A temporary state of confusion over in which pocket one has placed their rod plug.

Reelighenment. The moment one abandons all desire to attach a reel to a tenkara rod.

Sakasabsession. An obsession with converting every western fly pattern one sees into a sakasa kebari style pattern

Spoolosis. A temporary state of panic while rigging up a tenkara rod whereby one believes they have forgotten their reel.

Tagsnag. The phenomenon of the tag end of a level line becoming caught on the lilian during a back cast.

Tenkaracrat. An adherent, proponent, or supporter of Tenkara.

Tenkaracrite. A person who extols the virtues of the simplicity of tenkara, yet carries a large amount of gear while fishing.

Tenkaralanche. The phenomenon of all of the sections of a tenkara rod suddenly sliding out the back of the handle after the end cap has fallen off.

Tenkarmony. The whirring sound made by a tenkara rod while landing a fish.

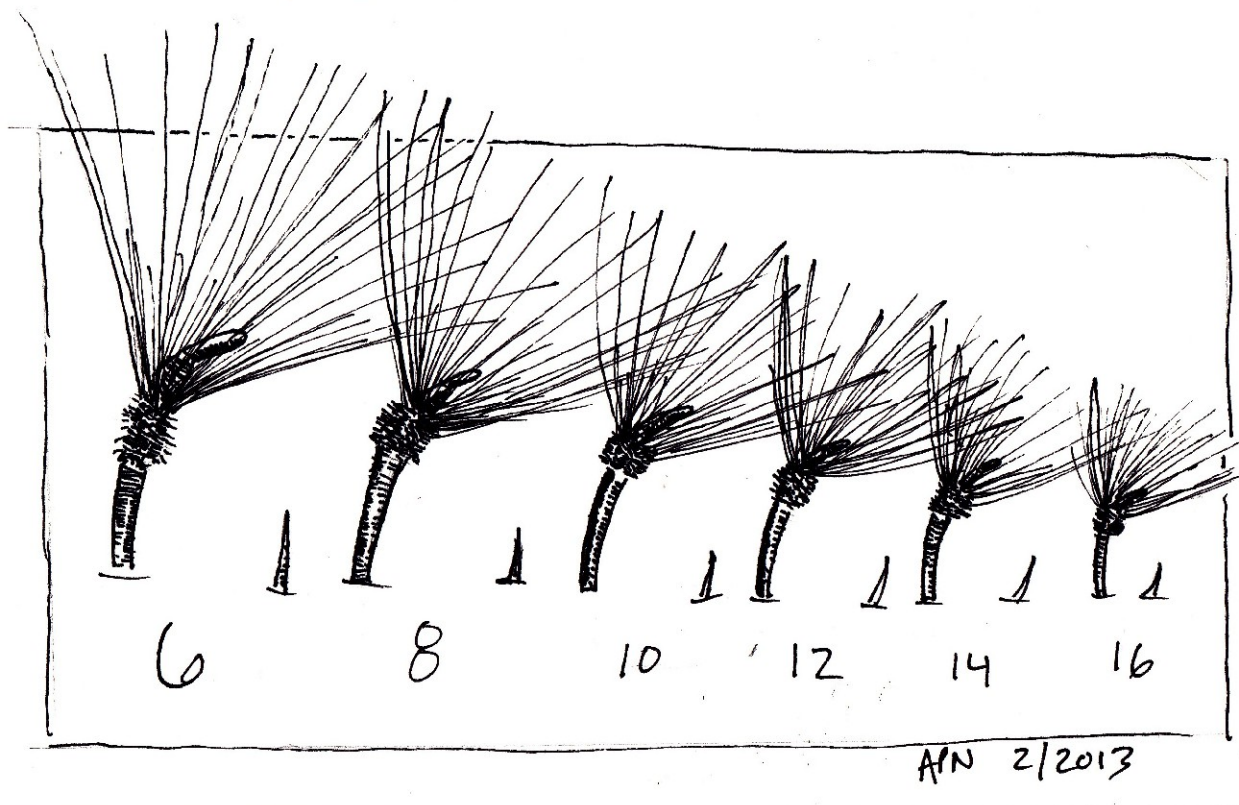
Tenkaraphobia. An fear of tenkara based on the apprehension that it might reveal one has spent too much

money on unnecessary fly fishing gear.

Tenkaraverse. The totality of everything having to do with tenkara in the universe.

Twisthead. A person obsessed with making hand furred tenkara lines. Often recognized by a lack of fingerprints on the thumb and middle finger.

Westerkara. The practice of using a tenkara rod with western terminal tackle such as split shot, strike indicators, weighted nymphs, etc.



In the Frigid Cold **by Anonymous**

I lay there in the frigid cold of a winter's dusk waiting for old man winter to embrace me and take me home. The blue light shown through the pines between a break in the trees where the stream chuckled along. The stream did not care that I was there. The mountain did not care. No one cared that I was there.

But I did not feel the chill of the cold granite cobbles sucking my heat away. The ice on my waders nor hands working like ill fitted joint only gave me a moment's pause. The thoughts that chilled me were memories of the pain, friends lost, and a job failed. I thought that if only I could fall asleep then it would be over. An end to the ever-present pain and malfunction of this body I so eagerly chose. If only I had a chance to shop around.

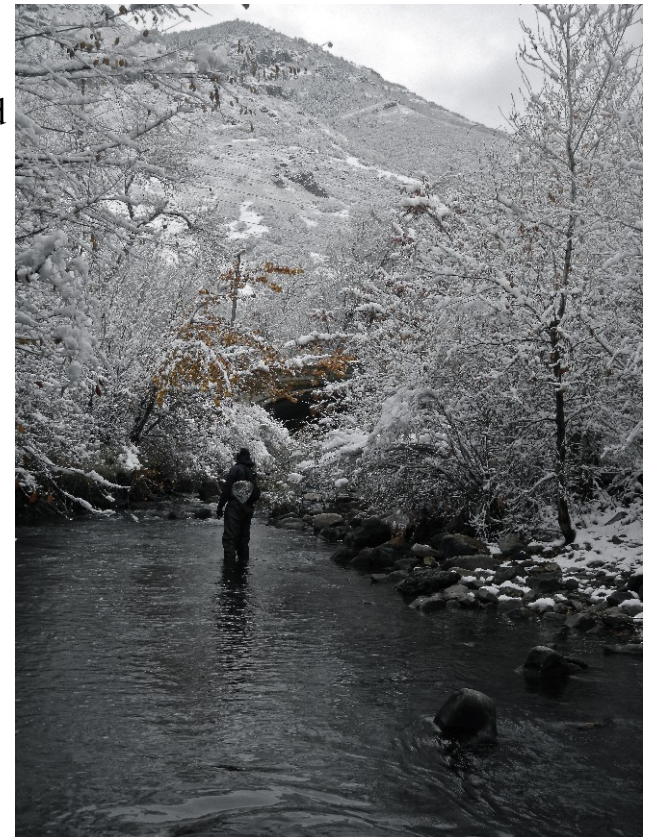
My rod hung in a tree suspended by fine tippet snarled by a grizzly pine that lunged at my fly. A fly I had tied from whatever I could find around the house – a sewing needle, dog hair, and tinsel cut from the dogs food bag. You always have to watch your back-cast here or you'll eat through flies like a trout sipping midge clusters. The fish also didn't care that I was there.

The attempt to retrieve the fly would have appeared quite comical. An under-dressed fool skating on polished cobbles with the air turning water soaked boots into a

glaze of ice. I reached up with my spare rod, made a loop of line around the wrist of branch clutching my creation and pulled. It was as if I had tied down an angry giant with floss and my line snapped clean.

With a broken line, lost fly, and ice creeping up my legs my desire to fish any longer crawled into bed and went to sleep.

And that's what I did too. I crawled onto the cobbles and roots and frozen moss and lay there, waiting for winter to put me to sleep.





The Art of Quitting My Job To Become a Full Time Tenkara Fisher of Man

**by Thomas “TJ” Ferreira
(fellow Tenkara Junkie and spreader of tenkara
enthusiam)**

As I sit here and write, old man winter is still with us here in Northern California. It is early March 2013 and a nice rainy storm with snow just up in the hills is upon us. Winter brings out those juices to write for some, while others it is a time to hibernate.

Fishing season for me, well at least Trout season, is closed here from Nov 15th until the last week of April, so I have a good almost 2 months to go before I can hit my local streams and creeks for some trout to play tenkara with. If it were not for my local pond where I can at least feel a wiggle of a “fish-on” during the winter, I am afraid I would go mad. The sunfish, bluegill, and small bass are my friends during the slow winter months.

While the colder wetter weather is keeping me inside with a little cabin fever, I have had this off-season to think of what I just got myself into just a little over 4 months ago. What would that be? Late 2012 I decided to call it a day with my own successful IT company and close it down so I could become a full time Tenkara Fisher of Man.

Here is my Crazy but True story....

Have you ever read a story or book before about people living in the Fast Lane leaving it all behind for the Simple Life? I myself have collected a few tomes over the years about just such an event others have taken and wondered if I would ever pull the trigger and do the same one day.

There is a certain romance from stories like this where one gives up their high paying job and embarks on an adventure to find simplicity. Over the years I have read many good stories and have always been fascinated with some of the simple things in life.

Who does not dream about sitting in a comfy lawn chair under a shady tree during the hot days of summer, sipping on a nice cold lemonade, with that periodic cool breeze blowing by to make it feel as though you are in heaven?

Over the years I have often had this dream and vision and figured one day I would grow a set of balls, errr I mean... gain the courage, to follow those dreams.

Now in my mid to later 40s and having been in the High Tech Industry since 1988, I about had it with my so-called Fast Lane Life. For 10 years from 1988 until 1998, I had your typical 9 to 5 job, where at least on weekends I could have a life outside the job. It was a High Tech job but I still had a life. Then in 1998 a new job came into my life and this job was in support of the Retail Market. As you probably know, retail never sleeps, just like New York

never sleeps, and this job became a 24/7 job where my whole life was consumed by being available at all times of the night, which included my weekends and even vacations. Since 1998 I have been on-call 24/7 and I finally had a sit-down with TJ and said, “TJ, do you realize you just lost the last 15 years of your life?”

This was a hard pill to swallow! Not only did I over-work myself being on call 24/7 for so long (when you are self employed with your own company, you work your ass off), I missed out on many simple things in life as well as not being able to take a simple weekend off to be with family.

I knew back in the late 2000s I was at a crossroads. It was either time to start expanding my own business or start exploring other options. I enjoyed what I did but cornered myself into a business that required 24/7 support, and I was growing tired of that. By expanding my own company by adding employees, it may relieve some stress from my own duties, but in reality, I knew that it would not be enough nor would I want to hire someone and put them in the same shoes as I, where they are on call 24/7. Just not fair for anyone to work 24/7. This 24/7 cycle would have to stop and I just needed a little more time to see that.

It was time to dream again and the year was 2008. In my heart stirred a desire to fish. Fishing last happened for me 30+ years ago as a kid in the 1970s and I decided it would be Fly Fishing that I would learn now in my mid years. After reading and reading and searching out gear for a

good year, I found a nice Redington 3wt Trout Series rod with my name on it. Along with this rod came all the other goodies one needs to fish with including a reel (of course), which ended up being quite costly. Little did I know then that a reel was not in my destiny at all.

After plopping down my hard earned cash for all this new found gear, not a week passed by and I saw this ad in California Fly Fisher Magazine for something called Tenkara. Rather quickly my heart raced when I read this Tenkara USA ad and it was calling my name so loudly that I knew that very second I would become a lifelong tenkara fisherman. The only problem though is that I had just spent oodles of dough on something I would never ever use. Bad timing I guess but so glad I stumbled across this ad as I look back today over my short period in the world of fly fishing.

Onto ebay went all my new unused Redington gear, which was rather nice I must say, at a fraction of what I just paid. I was so head-over-heals with what tenkara was all about, I wanted to devote the rest of my life to learning this neat method of fly fishing, an ancient form that originated in Japan, and that was introduced outside of Japan by this small company called Tenkara USA.

When I started to explore tenkara, I soon saw how much fun this method of fly fishing could be. I loved the simplicity of not using a reel, that the rod was telescopic and compacted down to a ultra short 20”, and was lite as a

feather (well almost). The history of tenkara fascinated me and I loved the story of this young man from Brazil quitting his daytime job to create Tenkara USA to sell tenkara gear. How brave was that! This excited me so much that I wanted to be part of this thing called tenkara. If this meant a life changing event, then so be it.

Dating back in my life as far back as the end of 2009, tenkara has ruled my mind for many ticking hours of the day. I purchased my 1st tenkara rod in early 2010, started to use it, and that September 2010 I caught my first trout since the 1970s. Wow, what a long dry spell that was! Well, you do know school and girls and life get in the way for many of us, right?

Then in 2011 something special happened! I received a call from Daniel Galhardo, the founder of Tenkara USA, asking if I would be interested in holding down the customer service fort for his company while he took an extended 2 month trip to Japan. How could I pass that up!

Of course this new found job meant I would be one busy dude as I already was a one man show with my own IT company, where I was already on-call 24/7 supporting my own clients. When Daniel had read about this tenkara enthusiast posting all these forum messages on the Tenkara USA forums, and this guy was on call 24/7, he knew this was the guy he needed for this task. Little did Daniel know at the time that at the end of that 2 month trip to Japan, that I would just never ask to leave when he

returned.

Back then my mind started charting the future and I saw my involvement with tenkara, this passion to fish and help others get gear to do the same, would be a driving force in my life. For a very long time I continued doing double duty not only running my own successful company, but providing customers with the best support I could in the tenkara community at the same time. I was moonlighting as a Tenkara Junkie is the way I like to look at it.

But... in all of this was one major problem, I had NO TIME TO FISH! As some Tenkara USA forum members have read about myself from past threads, that I was passionate about tenkara but my occupation prevented me from taking fishing adventures that I so badly wanted and needed. They knew I was tethered to my cell phone and computers and was often dreaming about fishing but never getting out to fish.

I made a decision back then it was time to leave the Fast Lane and regain some happiness back into my life. To Simplify if you will. To get back my weekends and nights to things more important than 1s and 0s. To me this meant quitting my fulltime job and closing down my own company to throw both feet and full body into helping promote tenkara to the world!

Now fast forward to 2013. I am no longer in the High Tech world. I am the Customer Service Director of a

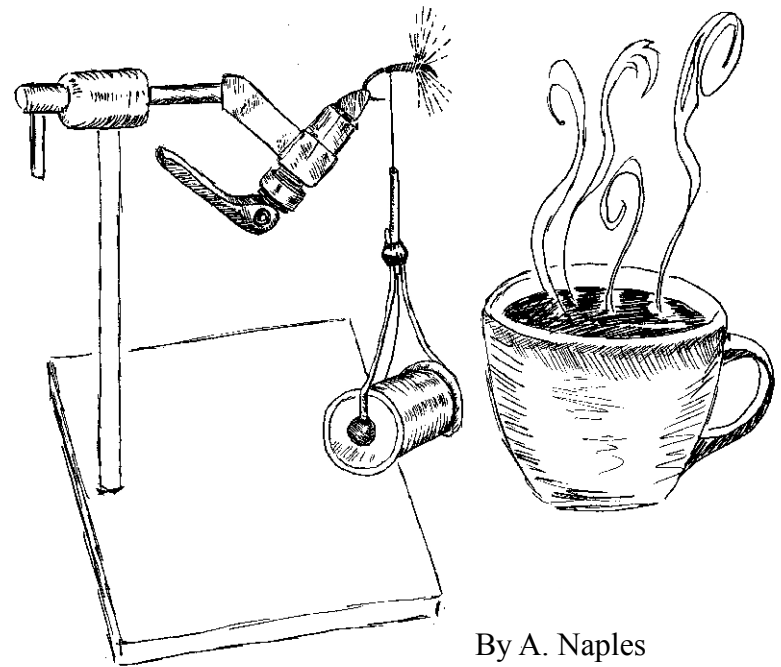
market leader in the tenkara industry. My full time job is helping others get into tenkara and making sure they get to enjoy their gear. Once I feel all of our customers are happy and enjoying themselves, then I know I get some “me time”.

I grab my trusty Tenkara USA rod and seek what I was missing just 4 simple months ago, the peacefulness of just myself and a trout having a tug-O-war in some river that has no cell phone access. Knowing I will not be disturbed ever again by a ringing cell phone at 6AM from a customer needing IT support is priceless! Unless the caller is a trout on the other end, my 24/7 cell days are over.

So today I am much happier just being a Tenkara Junkie and trying to be the best Director of Customer Service I can be. I enjoy spreading the joys of tenkara and hopefully my enthusiasm is contagious.

I will end my little story with this.... Don't wait as long as I did to pull the trigger for something you want so deeply. Indeed I am one of the crazy ones to quit a prosperous job to venture into the unknown, but one lives only once, so make your life into a piece of ART, one that you can look at day after day with a huge smile on your face. It is not too late, just do it!

Be your own painter in this thing we call life.



Fresh Catch Gyotaku (魚拓), fish as art.
Kirby Wilson

魚拓 Gyotaku (gee-oh-tah-koo) is the Japanese art of making fish prints on delicate washi paper. This art form reproduces the exact features and characteristics of the actual fish.

Dating from the mid 1800s. Gyotaku takes that freshly caught fish of yours and impresses it onto delicate washi paper using water bed ink.

The final result is a one of a kind original life sized replica of your catch. Don't be worried about the waste as the ink is washed off the fish and you can then prepare it any way you like for a fine meal.

I have a passion for fly fishing, be it the traditional western style or the ancient Japanese style of Tenkara. With that passion I have combined my art background and fishing into making a unique gyotaku art form. The joys I get out of fishing and art allows me to create some of my fine catches into works of wonderful pieces of art work.



Gyotaku (魚拓) fish print,Finland Brown by Kirby Wilson

To Catch a Trout
by lifefliestrout.com

To Catch a Trout
Pick up your rod
Cast everything behind
Your work
Your doubt

Focus on the flowing world before you
Move to its rhythm
Be one with its pace

Your doubts will wash away
As you form a natural bond
Between a wild fish
A tight line
And your life

Bring it in slow and careful
Hold the moment forever
Then holding life in your hands
Set it free
Watch it swim away

And wonder
Who caught whom



Photograph by lifefliestrout.com

Here's a story for you...
By John Vetterli

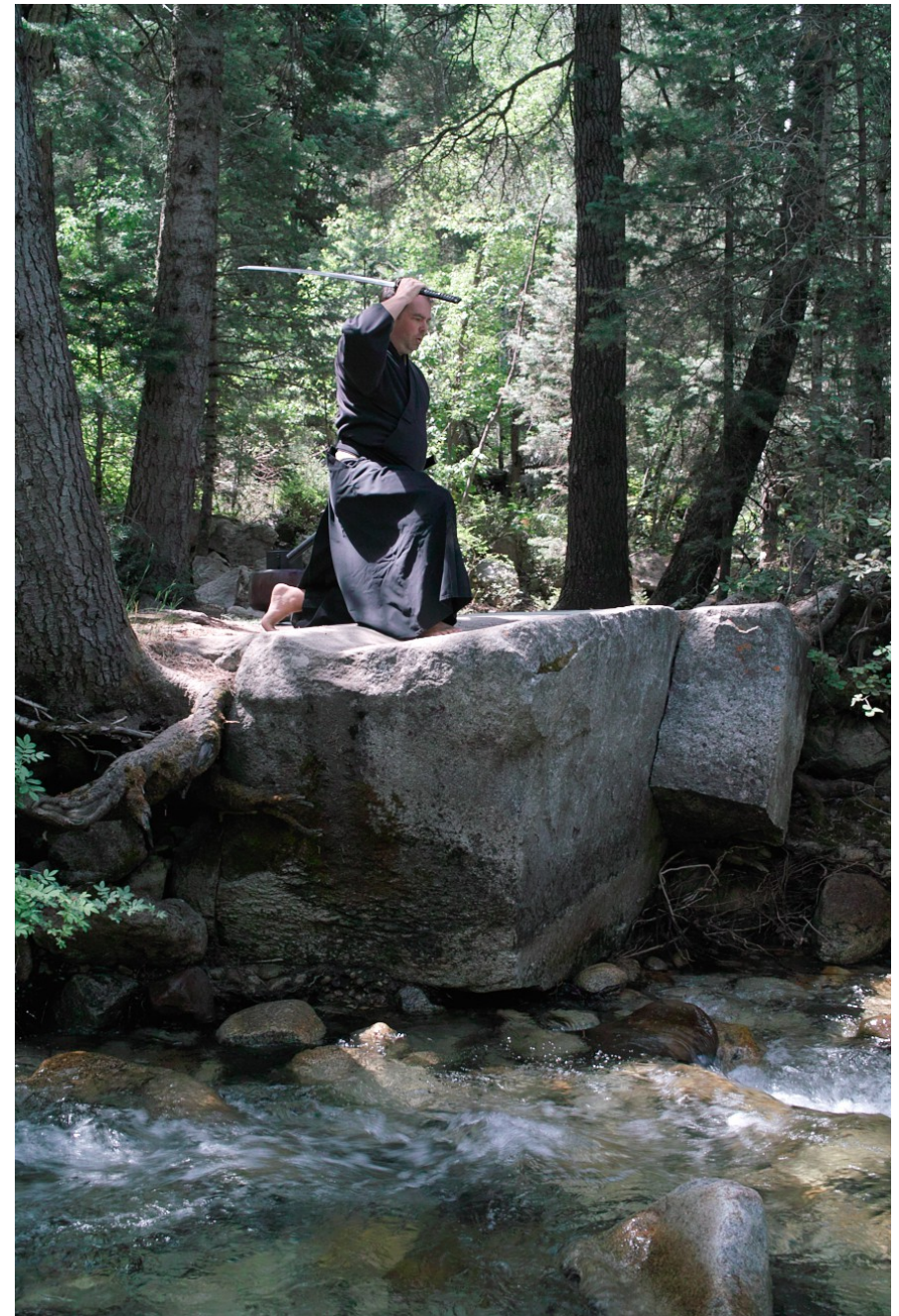
Here's a story for you.

So, there I was, preparing for a traditional Japanese tea ceremony in a beautiful mountain stream setting. We were hosting several Japanese tenkara experts on a morning fishing trip followed by a traditional tea ceremony.

After I had all the tea ceremony gear set up and the water warming to a boil, I decided to break out my katana and get in some Iaido (Classical Japanese Swordsmanship) practice in such a beautiful and peaceful setting. Iai is practiced in kimono and hakama, traditional clothing of the Samurai and coincidentally so is the tea ceremony.

I am just minding my own business waiting for the fishing party to arrive at my location, practicing my iai katas when a mountain biker rides by on a nearby trail and sees me through the trees training with my sword.

I guess I can see how this may look a little strange. A white guy dressed in classical Samurai clothing, alone in the forest, swinging a katana. This overly intrepid do-gooder, decided that I was some kind of mountain terrorist threat so they called Salt Lake County Sheriffs Department.



Probably an hour or so passed and the traditional tea ceremony was well underway. I was making tea for Eiji Yamakawa, Daniel Galhardo, and Kiyoshi Ishimura. Jason Klass and TJ were watching and taking photos when 3 or 4 police officers arrived.

Jason's story goes something like this.

Police Officer: "What's going on here?"

Jason: "We have some important guests from Japan visiting and there is a Japanese tea ceremony happening."

Police Officer: "We had a report of some lunatic waving a sword around in the forest with a big urn."

Jason: "There is the sword over there leaning against the tree. It is part of the tea ceremony."

Police Officer: "Is the sword sharp?"

Jason: "No."

Police Officer: "Ok then, have a nice day."

I guess the police officers watched for a few minutes and quietly left.

I have to give props to Jason for thinking fast on his feet. The sword is razor sharp, it is the real deal. Hand forged

by a master Japanese swordsmith. Not the junk you find at the mall cutlery shop.

The tea ceremony was a real honor and pleasure to perform for my friends in such a unique setting. I still find a lot of humor in the fact that Dr. Ishigaki, Eiji Yamakawa, Masami Tanaka, and Kiyoshi Ishimura had to travel all the way around the world to have a traditional Japanese tea ceremony in Utah, performed by a white guy trained in the classical Samurai sword arts and Urasenke Chanoyu.

Strange but true.



A Story by Adam Trahan

originally published at www.smallstreams.com ca. 1999

Lately, fly fishing and my daily life have been kept apart. Family commitments and moving have occupied my time. Living out of boxes, keeping my lovely wife happy, making sure that the children have the attention that they deserve, all of these things come first before smallstreams.com Now that I am in my new house and all the faux painting is done, the stress of signing away my life to a mortgage, the mental baggage that goes along with moving, I can relax a little, I thought. No, not yet.

It's late, really late. Living in Arizona allows me to have the window open at 3a and the distant freeway sounds come lightly hissing through the window. It's a busy city, something like the sixth largest in America. But I'm on the edge of it in my new digs, living, really living and hopefully not boring you with my life.

Picking up groceries the other day at the store, I paused at the magazine rack (I don't purchase magazines but will sometimes review them in the store) and one of my former "extreme hero's" name caught my eye in Sports Illustrated. A surfer extraordinaire and a article about him. His occupation is surfing large waves in Hawaii and his psyche was the topic of the article. Reading the article made me sad for him.

I am a bald spot away from forty. In my past, I have lived my life to the fullest skateboarding, surfing, soaring along a bank of clouds at fifteen thousand feet for many hours at a time, not even thinking of my mortality. Reading the

article about a past hero, he was saying something like, "I surf because I fear not living..." Yeah, I can relate to that, but the story slurred along to the sad song of how some people can not understand him because of not knowing how to live. How they would not know how to defend themselves against a hoodlum while they walked across the parking lot at Wal Mart, their life wasting away. Perhaps it didn't really didn't matter what I was reading, but it took me down.

Now what does all of this nonsense have to do with a surfer, a bald spot, and smallstreams.com?

Living.

You don't need to risk your life to "live." I know, I have done those things and I am here to tell you that I get as much "life" out of fishing as I did in any flight in any foil. There are a lot of you who choose to fish feathers and that is it. I have decided to invest a lot of my free time and some of that which belongs to my family in order to make a spot and "live" in it. And when I make my trips, I try to share my "life" with you guys.

Fishing in the Zoo,
and Getting Away From It...

Kona, Hawaii
by Adam Trahan

I went to Hawaii on my summer vacation...

Hmm, nope, (sometimes I feel like I am doing a homework assignment.)

The Big Island of Hawaii is a wide open paradise of fly

fishing. Offshore, inshore, the beach, all provide the fly angler opportunities to catch traditional species as well as exotic fish found nowhere else in the world...

Damn it! This ain't working.

Ok, my style.

I'm insane about fly fishing the sea. (I like this better already) Everything about it is exciting and new to me. I like casting a whole fly line to fish that can swim faster than I can sometimes drive my car. The excitement of a hard spinning reel in an exotic destination relaxes me and races my pulse at the same time. I study it nightly in Trey Combs book "Bluewater Fly Fishing" an absolute must own book if you are even slightly interested in the matter. My dear wife Laura works at USWest. She's a hard working girl who is at the top of her game. Every year USWest recognizes the employee's that excel in their job with something called "The President's Club." Last year Laura took me to Cancun for her outstanding work, this year it was The Big Island of Hawaii.

With my beautiful wife, my Tibor reels, my 4-piece Thomas & Thomas rods, Rio fly lines and flies from Ivan and Dylan, I set off to catch some adventure.

We were guests at the Hilton Waikaloa, a five star resort about thirty miles north of Kailua-Kona, one of the big time deep sea fishing mecca's of the world. The size of the Hilton is epic. It's so large that it has two forms of transportation, a lite monorail and a fleet of gondolas in a salty stream.

In that stream, there were fish everywhere.

Barracuda, jacks, some BIG fish that looked like bones.

All sorts of reef fish that looked like they were straight out of a salt water tropical aquarium. I wanted to fish in the gondola stream straight off. My wife said that I should wait until the last day, therefore, not jeopardizing the accommodations, she made me promise and it was VERY hard, especially at 3a.

Outside our room was a huge protected lagoon. Everything from sea turtles to a dolphin circus lived there. A bridge separated just where the "private" water was, and where you could fish. The fish didn't know the line, and in the mornings, this is where I would finish in my fishing adventure. About that time, the tide was going out and some bigger fish would come out of the lagoon. Some mornings there was a local guy up on the bridge throwing his net for mullet. He got something like three dollars a pound for them. At five to ten pounds each and traveling in packs of four or five, he could make some change for an hour of fishing. We talked about fly fishing. He said he saw only one guy before who had a funny basket on his side. The basket was always empty he said. You are much better but you let them go, no need for a basket.

Hawaii is wide open as far as fishing goes. I could have caught fish and sold them if I wanted. Not that I am into that. It's nearly unrestricted fishing. Unreal, so many fish. There are some rules but they're mostly for freshwater fish like the tucunare and the rainbow trout. Yes, there is trout fishing in Hawaii, but it is an attractive annoyance for me. Quickly I fell into a rhythm of fishing in the mornings before Laura woke up. I would carry the radio and she would call for me from the bed or Dan would pester me

from a business meeting, laughing, asking me "...how many now?" Those radios really are cool.

After a couple of days, the waves came up, really up. When we got there, the waves would break on one side, inside the bay. They were about two to three feet. When the swell rose, the waves broke way outside of the huge bay, all the way across and you could feel it in the ground and in the room when relaxing. On the north shore of O'ahu, it was breaking 15 to 25 feet.

Lazo wanted to go boogie boarding and I felt obliged to go with him. Lazo is cool, we hung out in Cancun last year. Loading up our day packs, we walked down the beach toward A-bay.

All of Hawaii is not sand beaches. Lava is everywhere. It's sharp and sometimes fractures and crumbles. A major hazard to fly lines when trying to manage the pile at your feet in the surf. The line will get caught under a tiny little flake and if you try to pull it up, the line will cut and abrade. Bring extra fly lines or a stripping basket if you fish around lava. I used my Patagonia Marlwalkers and they excel. Anyway, we walked the shoreline near the pounding surf looking for a place to rent boogie boards. We found one but we realized that the waves were too large. Lazo said just fish and it took me about two seconds to string up.

We found a protected pool, cast a few times and hooked into a ulua (trevally.) It ran and came unstuck. I nearly cried at the chance of landing this huge blue jack. Lazo didn't know what to think with this "great fisherman" not catching any fish. So I tried another pool, and another, the

swells freaking me out a little. The ocean would be totally flat then a HUGE set would pound in, flooding the area feet deep. Finally at the last pool, I stick a needlefish. Lazo grabs the camera and snaps a shot. I release him and on the next cast, I catch another one. I have been trying to catch needlefish in the Sea of Cortez for a couple of years now and not one has found my fly. I have been told they are a annoyance. By chance I have missed them, and still I wanted one. It took me all the way to Hawaii to get my fill of needlefish.

For fun, I drove into Kona for some tackle shopping and found Kona Tackle. I talked to them about a place that I heard called "Ocean Technology" Here was a place that was an easy hundred feet just off shore that pumped deep cold sea water from thousands of feet down to make electricity. The guy said, "Yeah bruddah, try some pink or purple feddahs." That's just what I did. On a small shelf, twelve feet above the mean sea level, I stripped out eighty or so feet of Rio Deep Sea fly line and in one back cast, shot the line out tight! Those shooting sinking heads ROCKET. The surge of the sea would come right up to the edge of my casting platform, sometimes going over without really breaking in wave and threaten to pull me in. I kept an eye out on my escape route in the sharp lava at all times. Tight rope, tight line wishes.

There was no way to land the huge jacks that were slashing at my feathers. I hooked one that screamed my reel at a forty five degree angle deep and broke off on some rock after the backing loop escaped the tip. Like a dragster that fish took off. Really exciting stuff.

The next day was my booking at Kona-Kailua marina for a deep sea charter that USWest gave to us. I had my Thomas & Thomas HS ten and twelve weight, a box of feathers from Ivan (Gerard's and my friend who makes Salt Fly) and some from Dylan. I was armed and ready. Too bad that these guys were locked in to their recipe. All of our group were cool with my flies but these two on the quarter of a million dollar boat didn't want to have fun that way. They were geared for a grander.

Out came plugs the size of coke cans with hooks bigger than bracelets. In five minutes they had five rods rigged and trolling at ten miles per hour. The "captain" said that I could drag my flies if I wanted. I thought that was pretty cool of them at the time, at least they would let me troll, but when we hooked our dorado near a cargo net that had three more underneath it, I started to get pissed. They wouldn't stop, I was watching their track on my little Garmin GPS, totally random. I marked a waypoint so we could go back. There were some frigates on the surface and circling near by picking off bait fish that a school of tuna or ? had pushed up. Nope, not going there he said. I remember what the captain said to me when we got aboard. This isn't Mexico, we weren't going to fish like that, chumming, sight fishing or anything, this ain't Mexico. What a DICK I thought to myself but discounted it when he told me I could drag my fly. The dorado was winched in about two minutes pulled in on it's side, although Dan may have thought it was fifteen. The last fish he caught was a large corvina on my ten-weight, that fish took longer to land.

A little while later, we hooked a spear fish and Alex pump winded it in. It jumped twice and fought a little. Fishing this way was like hunting deer with a bazooka. Fly fishing gives the fish a fair chance. We fish with tackle that closely ranks with the fishes ability to fight, and it gives us more fight too! Anyway, Alex was stoked, so was Dan, and to tell you the truth, I was fishing weather I liked it or not with good friends. I smiled, slapped fives and everything. Fishing is where you find it, perhaps those involved did not understand the subtleties of our feathers. Upon retrospect, that boat driver could have easily cut fifteen minutes of it's motoring around trolling to visit the balled up cargo net for me, or one of those frigate bird bait fish fiestas to let me "go fishing." It would have made their customer happy. I still tipped, shouldn't have, but I did, my friends caught fish and they were happy, guess I was happy enough for them to see my manors. Next time I will happily pay out of pocket for "feather friendly people" and that will be that.

Now I am back in Phoenix, looking back on it all and thinking just how much fun Hawaii is. How I "live" through my fishing and how I put my family life in perspective. Back on the night stand goes "Bluewater Flyfishing", and I dream about my next big trip to La Paz, but first, I have trips to Rocky Point.

edit: I am now 52 years old, this story is about 12 years old. A year after it was published, I was contacted by a woman, she wanted to talk to me so I gave her my phone number. She is a triathlete and was in Kona for a race. Her husband was a fisherman and enjoyed my stories and had

printed out this one to go fishing at this place. That's how they found him, the printed story in his briefcase at the hotel.

You see, he didn't come back after telling his wife he was going fishing, she didn't know where. The police investigated the story and went there and found a rod and a fly box, it was his. The surf was way up and he was pulled out to sea, no where to go and probably drowned.

Sobering, I investigated myself, the funeral was massive, in Florida, many people attending. The clippings from Kona about the search for him or his body...

I promised the young woman that I would be careful with my stories seeing that the Internet was still sort of young and how people just assume safety.

I will never forget this moment in my life when she told me the story of her husband.



Gyotaku (魚拓) fish print, Grayling by Kirby Wilson

Heraclitus in Winter
by Cameron Scott

My hands don't work. The current
barely eddies around my numb legs,
I'm late picking her up,
and the bank is about to close.

Above the canyon I can hear the road
jammed with honking cars. Every
twenty minutes another plane
flies low overhead, searches

for runway, then peels off back
to Denver as skiers bang their heads
against plastic windows. Fly line
heavy with ice, still as a fish,

I stand frozen, legs splayed
in frost and stone, as I realize
I've made the mistake of stepping
into the same river twice.



Painting by Cameron Scott

A few Poems by Anthony Naples

Standing in a River Thinking

slipping coil of winding silver
carry me
white washed
in noise - papoosed in drifting mist

I am attached as you are
to gravity and slide
quickly from time to time,
or else
to the oblivious sea slowly

Fat with Promises (a Memory of Alaska)

She is fat with promises,
with silver lies and
with fictions in her eye.

The mountains cascade
in slippery slime
reflections on her side.

She slides onto the gravel
where we'll fillet her
and toss the carcass into the flow.

Throwing orange eggs
into the pool at our feet
we watch a storm of Dollys
appear and gorge on her dreams

Folded Fishing

My fishing was folded,
a complicated origami protein.

I found it in a pocket and unfolded it
until a stream (it still had creases)
was wriggling in my hand.

It was fragile and dog-eared, but was beyond all hope
still alive.



In Search of Tenkara **by Daniel W. Galhardo**

all photos Daniel Galhardo

text orig. published in The FlyFish Journal V3.3

I was clinging to mossy rock with half my body under a waterfall. Fifty feet below, the torrent crashed into a small basin sending mist into the air, keeping my companions soaked. Mr. Futamura, watched apprehensively. Next to him, Kumazaki, about 20 years younger than Futamura-san and slightly older than me, preferred to stare at the pool in front of him for any signs of iwana, the wild char found in the mountains of Japan. A fishing rod, small box of flies, spool of line and a spool of tippet were stowed away in my backpack. No reel required.



As it tends to happen with fishing, we lost track of time somewhere along the way and now faced the crux of the trip. It was 7 p.m. and inside this lush forest it would turn dark soon. After a full day of rappelling, swimming

through pools that cut through impassable canyons, climbing rocks and waterfalls, and of course fishing, we were all tired. The route ahead looked straightforward and within my comfort zone, the only caveat being it was a wet climb -- very wet.



My task was to climb to the top, set up an anchor and belay my partners up. Simplicity and ease sometimes have little in common here. Twenty feet from the top, features on the rock face disappeared on the drier left side and forced me closer to the waterfall, where thick moss oozed like a wet sponge. I was long past the point of no return. I pushed past the fear and focused; hands and feet, hands and feet, hands and feet. The banter between Futamura and Kumazaki suddenly stopped. All sounds, including the roaring of the waterfall, seemed to vanish.

My trip to Japan was a journey of discovery. For two

months I stayed in a small mountain village, learning everything I could about the one thing I told my friends I was going in search of: tenkara.

In reality, I already knew a lot about tenkara. Three years ago, on my first trip to Japan, I introduced myself to this traditional Japanese method of flyfishing that uses only a long rod, line and fly -- no reel. After returning from my first trip to Japan, all I could think of was tenkara. It offered a new way for me to challenge those mountain streams I love. I imagined how great it would be for backpacking and that it would be a simple, fun way to introduce people into flyfishing. There were just so many possibilities.

With little information and no gear available stateside, I took on the task of introducing tenkara to the US. Over several long months, I created Tenkara USA and since 2009 have been introducing tenkara to anglers outside of Japan. However, despite the knowledge I gained in the last three years, particularly under the tutelage of Dr. Hisao Ishigaki, the leading authority on tenkara in Japan, I knew there was much more. Tenkara is a deceptively simple form of flyfishing that holds deep historical, cultural and technical layers.

Just as the practice of metalworking appeared independently in the Fertile Crescent of the Middle East and among the Incas in South America, evidence suggests that flyfishing emerged in Europe and Japan independently of one other. Tenkara is similar to the

original mechanics of flyfishing practiced by the likes of Dame Juliana Berners and Charles Cotton, the best-known historical practitioners of fly-fishing in the West. However, anglers have practiced similar fixed-line methods in many other parts of the world like Spain, France, Italy and Poland. Yet, unlike the original Western flyfishing methods, tenkara still lives in Japan.



Flies tied by Katsutoshi Amano

One main distinction separating tenkara from Western flyfishing is its origin -- tenkara was an art of necessity for peasants, not a sport for the idle classes. While the West went to work designing fly patterns, weights, strike indicators and other gadgets to control the reach of a fly or make the activity “easier,” the typical tenkara fishermen of today adhere to the original practitioners’ thrift and reliance on skill. At the risk of seeming irrational to a

Western fly angler, most tenkara anglers rely on only one fly pattern, no matter where they fish or what is hatching. As the tenkara philosophy goes, attaining a mastery of skills and technique are more important and efficient than second-guessing fly choice.

Tenkara felt like my own personal Machu Picchu. Here was a rich but hidden mountain culture relatively unknown to the West, so unpublicized that the coastal Japanese themselves only became more aware of it in the second half of the 20th century. While researchers can find numerous Western flyfishing references going back as far as 200 AD or beyond, in Japan, records of the sport only travel back a few generations before disappearing into the forest along with the original, albeit illiterate, practitioners of tenkara.

Even the origin of the name, tenkara, is unknown. The phonetic reading of “ten kara” could give it the meaning of “from heaven”. However, the name is written in katakana characters (テンカラ), a Japanese syllabary mostly used for words of foreign or unknown origin. This leaves few clues, but opens several theories on the original meaning of the word. The most common stems from the way a fly lands, from a fish’s perspective, as if it were coming “from heaven.”

Until recently, in most parts of Japan, the method was referred to as kebari tsuru. Kebari means “haired hook” (artificial fly), and tsuru means “fishing.” In the late 1970s, as the Japanese rediscovered traditions that flirted with extinction during periods of dramatic economic

dislocation, a handful of tenkara enthusiasts began using the term tenkara exclusively to clearly differentiate the practice from other types of fly fishing. Nowadays, in the appropriate context, it’s used to describe flyfishing sans reel.



Eiji Yamakawa, Kiyoshi Ishihara and Masami Tanaka

I wasted no time getting to the mountains of Gifu prefecture, the region of Japan where tenkara possibly originated. Two friends from Tokyo met me at the airport, we loaded into a rented Nissan, and immediately headed for the mountains. The suburbs of Tokyo sprawled endlessly on both ends of the city; a sea of lights with tiny rice paddies in lieu of backyards. Mountains on the horizon appeared impenetrable, abruptly bordering the suburbs, as though the country was too small for foothills.



The seven-hour drive Southwest was a bridge between two worlds, betraying how a mountain culture could have remained unexplored within a country the size of California. Traveling at 60 miles per hour I imagined how, just 100 years ago, it would take a full day to cover what I did in 10 minutes. I could easily envision how a mountain fishing technique could survive here, unknown to the population centers on the coast and the world beyond, for so many years.

We arrived in Maze, a small mountain village of approximately 1,400 souls in the prefecture of Gifu. Kazuhiro Osaki, who goes by the name Rocky, and his wife Ikumi, would host me during my stay. For several years, Rocky and his wife have managed the Mazegawa

Fishing Center, a tourist center established on the banks of the Maze River to promote angling tourism and other activities in the area. Their home was quaint; my lodging a traditional tatami room with its typical grassy fragrance. A seat at the kitchen table provided a clear view of the mountains to the south. Being the monsoon season, sparse clouds frequently enveloped the mountains. I couldn't have asked for a more scenic location or for better hosts – it felt like a dream.



雨子 Amago, (*Oncorhynchus masou ishikawae*)

Most mornings evolved into a pleasant routine of writing and taking care of the business side of Tenkara USA while drinking a cup of coffee and enjoying the mountain views. In the afternoons I visited the fishing center and tried to uncover the different layers of tenkara through fascinating interviews and encounters with individuals who made (and continue to make) its history. In the evenings, I'd try to fish the yumazume, loosely translated

as the “evening activity period” until it got too dark to see.

Perhaps the mountain culture of tenkara has always been too rich to ever really be in risk of true extinction. Talking to some early Japanese explorers of the tradition, I wonder how close Japan came to losing tenkara.

Eighty-nine year old Mr. Ishimaru Shotaro heard about my curiosities through the region’s social network. He came to the fishing center to meet this gaijin (foreigner) who was so interested in his tenkara. He guessed it was 1934 when he began watching a tenkara angler near his hometown of Hagiwara. He explained that approaching a stranger to ask about his techniques simply wasn’t done at the time. Keeping a subtle distance, Shotaro-san followed the angler for an entire summer, periodically going off on his own to try out the techniques he observed. This is how he learned tenkara, then taught others in the area, and is now often referred to as a tenkara meiji, or “tenkara master”. Without any records to prove otherwise, Shotaro-san may have been the first tenkara teacher in the country.

I asked him why today’s young people think that fishing is difficult, even though he taught himself the practice simply through observation – and despite the availability of books, magazines and videos. He responded simply, “There were a lot more fish back then.” Mr. Shotaro described how at that time, when the damming of the rivers that accompanied Japan’s industrialization was far from complete, he often caught 100 fish a day, with a personal record of 150, numbers common and somehow

sustainable among the professional tenkara anglers of the time.



Ishimaru Shotaro fishing tenkara

When I met him, Shotaro-san couldn’t trust his body the way he did a decade earlier. His legs started giving out three years ago and since that time, he had not visited the water. Nonetheless, one hour of talking about tenkara was just too much for him to bear. As he had done a hundred times in our conversation, every time he remembered a story about fishing and his youth, he smiled. But this smile was a different. I could tell he wanted to fish again. In a very soft voice he turned to his nearby student and said, “tsuri o shimashoo!” –“let’s go fishing”.

After helping him put on waders, his student and I assisted Mr. Shotaro into the waters of the Mazegawa. Mr. Shotaro said he wanted to fish with me, as he didn’t know if he’d ever have another chance. With a new vigor, his

casting was fluid and precise, the manipulation of the fly enticing. In a stretch of river that yielded few fish in the two months I was there, Shotaro-san got a fish to rise on his third cast.

In the early 1960s, the practice of tenkara was as mysterious as it was in the prewar period. Katsutoshi



Katsutoshi Amano

Dr. Hisao Ishigaki, my principal tenkara teacher, and Mr. Amano were instrumental in popularizing tenkara among the Japanese starting in the late 1970s when Japan, at the height of its economic boom, began to rediscover itself and its traditions. In 1985 Japan's largest TV network produced a segment on the sport giving people throughout Japan an idea of what tenkara was about. Nowadays

Amano, a name known to all Japanese tenkara practitioners, had to learn the sport exactly the same way Shotaro-san did before him. As Amano-san said, "Asking a man about his technique just wasn't done at the time; I had to 'steal' the technique from him." Ironically, given their age difference, and the fact that both are from Hagiwara, there is a good chance the man Amano-san followed and mimicked was Shotaro-san himself.

newcomers can look it up online, watch videos, and choose from a collection of books and magazines that offer lessons on knots, flies and techniques. A once secretive practice that provided employment to landless peasants is now a source of fascination to urbanized Japanese and to a growing number of participants in the US and other countries.



Dr. Hisao Ishigakio

Two months went by faster than the glimpse of a rising trout. But I was happy I found the time to fish a little on a daily basis. My worst fear was that I'd end the journey wasting a lot of time and not "finding tenkara." I feared my relatively reclusive nature would send me deep into the mountain streams searching for the soul of tenkara anglers from centuries ago, rather than seeking people who are alive and carrying on the tradition.

My fear of wasting time didn't come true. I enjoyed incredible encounters with old masters, meetings with craftsmen, a very enjoyable time with my hosts and their friends and a lot of fishing too. But I also craved adventure.



岩魚 Iwana Char (*Salvelinus leucomaenis*)

The same isolation early tenkara fisherman enjoyed was a little more difficult to achieve in modern Japan. So we took to the challenge with canyoneering shoes, neoprene wetsuits, rope and harnesses, and our tenkara kit mixing fishing with what is known as “shower-climbing”, a mix of canyoneering with climbing waterfalls. It seemed tenkara and shower-climbing were made for each other. Our portable gear didn't add weight to our packs and the telescopic rods could quickly be stowed away as we prepared to climb a waterfall. By conquering wild, pristine and remote waters, we would earn our right to practice tenkara there.

We set off on an expedition that took us to rugged tenkara-perfect mountain streams, far from the masses that leave many streams ravaged and devoid of fish. Out here, I finally felt the spirit of tenkara fishermen from eras gone by; they disappeared into the forests for weeks at a time, camping and fishing the streams, drying caught fish and finally, when the catch threatened to be too heavy to carry out, headed back to the village markets.





We planned to build a fire by the river, where we would eat a trout from it, “shioyaki-style”: only sea-salt coating the skin of the trout, a firm branch serving as a skewer. And, we would drink kotsuzake, a drink that, as I have come to appreciate, is underpinned with ceremonial and philosophical significance -- though one shouldn’t picture a neat Japanese tea ceremony.

Kotsuzake is primitive and raw. Preparing and drinking it is an act of homage to the principle of not wasting the resources nature provides. After separating them from the meat, we placed the bones of a few precious trout over the coals of the fire and lightly roasted them to bring out oils and flavor, then immersed it into the warm sake. The result is sake with subtle and tantalizing fish flavors -- all part of the Japanese mountain culture, and now a personal practice, if I must eat a trout that I catch.

A small overhanging cluster of bamboo far to the left started to seem more reasonable the longer I clung immobilized by the waterfall. I normally would never trust plants to hold my weight over a fall that could potentially kill me, but at this point, adrenaline dictated my actions. I grabbed a bamboo stalk and slowly shifted the weight off my feet. I placed my trust in a root system that was out of sight under a thin veneer of soil. Through the patch of bamboo and other vines, I finally topped the cliff, beaming in relief. Under heavy rain, I wrapped an anchor rope around an ancient tree lying across the stream. When Futamura-san reached the top, he looked down at the pool below with a nervous smile and said, “Good job, difficult climb.”





Contributors



I just want to say thanks to all the contributors. Thanks for your work and thanks for your patience. We did it. We put a new thing out into the world.

To quote Shunryu Suzuki “Nothing we see or hear is perfect. But right there in the imperfection is perfect reality.” And so it is. I'm happy that others were willing to join me in perfect reality.

So here's the list of contributors – in no intentional order – just in the order in which I could find their bios in my mess of a filing system....

Justin Cober-Lake has written primarily on pop culture in venues including *Paste*, *Stylus*, *Trouser Press*, and *The Hook*. He was the Interviews Editor at *PopMatters* for a number of years and remains a staff writer there. He's also a founding editor of *Rise Forms*.

Jon Paul Graham

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jpg684@gmail.com

I've spent much of my photographic career seeking out the beauty in things that deserve a deeper look, sustaining on a strong conviction that we won't ever truly know happiness and warmth without experiencing their foils. It's true, photographers tend to make themselves out to be world-saving, unpredictable, edgy pioneers, and I apologize if I've given that impression. Let's not get too complicated... I just want to take some nice pictures.

Mike Lutes is a devoted small stream, dry fly fisherman but he doesn't get all religious about it. He also likes Tenkara rods and catching bass and pan fish when trout fishing is not an option. His bird dog does not appreciate his fly fishing habit. He is also a dedicated father, husband and emergency physician. He resides just outside of Madison, WI.

Cameron Scott

Cameron Scott graduated from Whitman College and received an MFA in poetry from the University of Arizona. His work has appeared in various publications including High Country News, The Drake, The Fly Fish Journal and The Mountain Gazette. The winter is good for blues and steelhead.

Chris Kuhlow

I have enjoyed every aspect of being outdoors since I was a child. Hiking, camping, kayaking and the study of the natural world have always been part of how I spent my free time growing up in the Hudson Valley of New York. However, fishing has always held a special place. Like most kids, at age 5 or 6 my Dad taught me how to fish with a worm and bobber for panfish and bass at a local lake. However, as I grew older I always held a certain fascination and awe for those anglers who practiced fly fishing. It was always my goal to become part of that fraternity but the high cost of obtaining proper equipment was always a hindrance. That was the case until tenkara was introduced to the U.S. in 2009. I immediately saw the benefits of tenkara and realized that this method of fly fishing is exactly what I have wanted to do since I was a kid. I have practiced tenkara in the traditional manner as it was developed in Japan hundreds of years ago as well as nontraditional ways such as using a tenkara rod to catch juvenile bluefish in the tidal saltwater marshes of Long Island Sound. At the same time as I purchased my first tenkara rod I also became interested in tying my own flies to save money and derive some extra satisfaction in landing fish with a fly tied by my own hands. Tying flies has slowly evolved into a very enjoyable and mildly obsessive past time for me. It has even led, to a small extent, into the world of commercial fly tying. This has led to an even greater sense of satisfaction in knowing that many of flies I have tied have been successfully fished in waters across the country that I will never have the chance to fish. I currently, live on Long Island with my beautiful wife Claudia and our two little girls who are the greatest joys in our lives.

John Vetterli

Co-owner of Tenkara Guides LLC. The worlds first Certified Tenkara Guide service and the worlds first independent tenkara only professional guide service. We are not affiliated with any fly fishing shops.

Retired firefighter (22 years)
Former Police Officer

Commercial helicopter pilot

2001-2004 internationally ranked FITA Olympic Archer. Invited to 2004 US Olympic Archery Team Trials. No, I did not make the Athens Olympic team. Came real close but no cigar.

Studied Japanese martial arts continuously since 1979:

Wado Ryu Karate

Goju Ryu Karate

Muso Jikien Eishin Ryu Iaido/Iaijutsu

All Japan Kendo Federation Kendo

I also train in some traditional Japanese cultural arts:

Urasenke Chanoyu

Ikebana

I dabble in playing the Shakuhach (traditional Japanese bamboo flute)

And Tenkara, both Modern Japanese Tenkara Method and American Hybrid Tenkara Method. I prefer the Modern Japanese Tenkara Method and style so that is the type of fishing I do when not on the guide clock. Hybrid methods are used a lot in guide trip applications. Have to be very skilled in both.

2012 I became the first non-Japanese member of the Harima Tenkara fishing club in Japan.

Treven Kuhn – no bio available

Kirby Wilson is a Canadian artist living along the southern coast of Sweden in the fishing village of Råå located in Helsingborg Sweden. Kirby makes original hand prints from wild fish species. www.freshcatchgyotaku.com

lifefliesandtrout.com blogger of unknown provenance writing at lifefliesandtrout.com

Mike Agneta Thoroughly enjoying role of husband, dad, and equal-opportunity angler. Fly, spin, tenkara, it's all good. Author of trout fishing megablog (I can dream right?) troutrageous.com

Thomas “TJ” Ferreira Customer Service Director at [Tenkara USA](http://TenkaraUSA.com) and self diagnosed tenkara junkie.

Jason Klass has been fly fishing for over 20 years. He was an early adopter of Tenkara when it was first introduced to the US in 2009 and has been an avid advocate of the method ever since. Jason is the author of the blog Tenkara Talk where he posts techniques, gear reviews, and videos about Tenkara. at the popular tenkara blog tenkaratalk.com

Adam Trahan American tenkara early adopter with a long history of small stream fly fishing among many other pursuits. Adam is the founder of smallstreams.com and tenkara-fisher.com.

Anthony Naples is master of nothing, attempter of much, occasional catcher of fish, tenkara enthusiast, typer of words, thinker of too many thoughts, collector of odd bits of stream, author of blog www.castingaround.com

Daniel Galhardo is the founder of [Tenkara USA](http://TenkaraUSA.com), a fully independent, US-based company founded in 2009. Tenkara USA is the first company in the US fully dedicated to bringing the traditional method of Japanese fly-fishing, tenkara, to those in pursuit of a simpler and more effective way to fly-fish mountain streams.