

WE ARE FLY FISHING

- HOW TO MAKE FANTASTIC PHOTOS WHEN ALL ALONE
- TRAVELING: A TRUE STORY
- THE PROCESS
- FREEDOM



- ORGANIZATION: TROUT POWER
- FARJO TROUT: LAGO GENERAL CARRERA



weareflyfishing.com

covid-19 - travel - edition 12: hope

CONTENTS

- 3 INTRO
- 4 SUBSCRIBE AND WIN
- 5 FISHING: FREEDOM
- 12 SHINE A LIGHT ON
- 15 USE A RUBBER
- 16 HOW TO
- 23 TRAVEL AD
- 24 THE PROCESS: JAKE SEMONS
- 29 A THOUSAND MILES AWAY
- 32 THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER
- 42 A PIECE OF XL HAVEN
- 47 LAGO GENERAL CARRERA
- 56 BOOKS THAT MATTER
- 58 THE TRAVELLER
- 66 CRUD: SWEDEN
- 70 ADVERTISING
- 71 BE SOCIAL
- 72 COPYRIGHT
- 73 NEXT ISSUE

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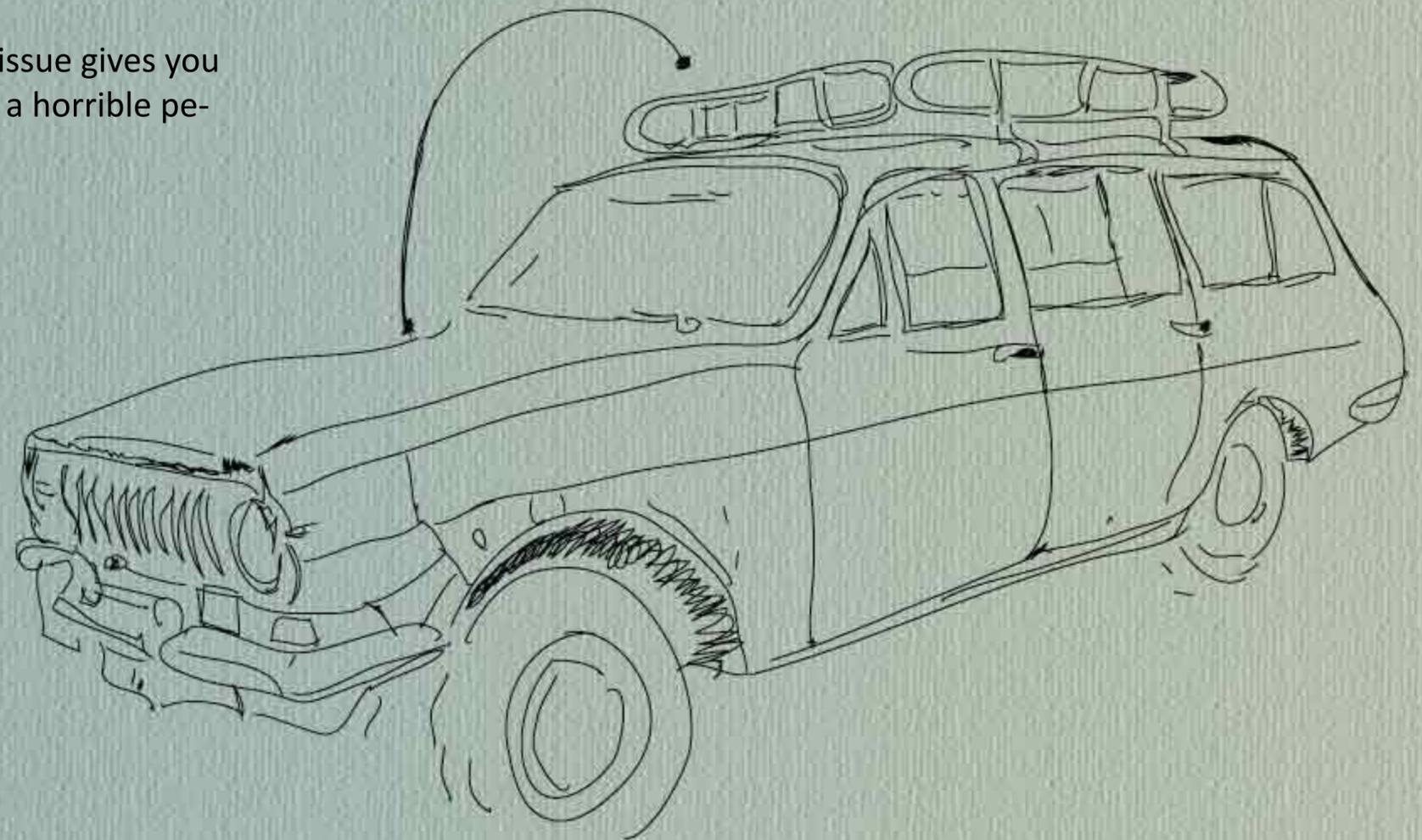
Traveling

I like to dream. Both at night and during the day. Lately I often dream about vaccines. Vaccines that make all people healthy in one fell swoop. Sometimes it really works. That's the beauty of dreams.

This issue of Weareflyfishing magazine is about travel. That, in addition to vaccines, is the main subject of my dreams.

For now, dreaming is all we have. I'm sure this issue gives you some fuel for - and I hope it is - the last part of a horrible period.

Peter Sikking



PS



We are fly fishing Magazine

SUBSCRIBE

SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE MAGAZINE
5 TIMES A YEAR



○ Álvaro G. Santillán

FISHING EQUALS FREEDOM

Looking back I realize that after more than 25 years of chasing tails, my goals and motivations have changed. I think, at least as a fly angler, I have evolved in many ways. For example over the years, fly fishing became far more than just catching fish!

Text & photography Álvaro G. Santillán



focusonthefly.com





During my early childhood, I used to head out on my bicycle to explore the streams nearby. The feeling of freedom that instilled, and the idea of going exploring, were far more appealing to me than watching tv or playing with my sister.

Time flies, as always, and a few years later, that stomping ground around my village turned into a national one, and my desire grew from fishing those local streams to fishing as many rivers in Spain as possible and catching the biggest and most difficult fish in the country. During this period I was obsessed with numbers, weights and sizes. Which makes me wonder now, wasn't I searching for other things...

A person wearing a red hooded jacket and grey waders is sitting on a large rock, looking out over a river. A campfire is burning brightly to the left of the person. The background shows a dense forest of evergreen trees under a soft, hazy sky. Two fishing rods are leaning against the rock to the right of the person.

Thinking back, the images (or memories) that first come to mind are not the ones with the biggest fish, but ones that involve other things around the fishing itself.

For me fly fishing is more than catching fish and the fish that I remember nowadays are a combination of all kinds of experiences. I think of it as a building. One containing several floors. These floors contain exploration, adventure, friendship, technical challenges etcetera, which together complete the whole building.

A comfort zone defines us as a person as well as an angler. Every time we take a step outside our comfort zone we (hopefully) become a better, more complete and more interesting fly angler and human being.

A man in a dark jacket and cap sits on a log in a rocky riverbed, holding a yellow cup. To his left is a grey tent. The background features a dense forest of green trees and snow-capped mountains under a golden sunset sky.

For me traveling is an exercise in humility, and often takes a certain amount of courage. It is a game in which we always have to venture into the unknown and accept that, in that area, we are all the same: inexperienced beginner. For me personally it feels like going back to my childhood. Back to a time when nothing was impossible and dreams were there to realize.

“Travel is not always pretty. It isn’t always comfortable. But that’s okay. The journey changes you. It should change you”.

Anthony Bourdain

When we evolve, our eyes will see the same things, but our mind will translate what we see differently than when we were young, because now it can see further, and also because sometimes our heart will not pump adrenaline in the same way as it did 20 years ago when we were fishing for the first time on our local stream. Because of this, we don't take anything for granted anymore and the more we see, the more we realize how valuable the small things around us are.



PS

An aerial photograph of a river scene. The top half of the image shows a rocky riverbed with clear, shallow water. The bottom half shows a gravelly bank with a canoe and a person. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

That sensation you get deep down inside when you see a new pool for the first time, or when, after wandering for several hours along a river bank, you spot this magnificent fish... If I have to describe it, it's a feeling of excitement mixed with a dash of nervousness and a slice of discovery.

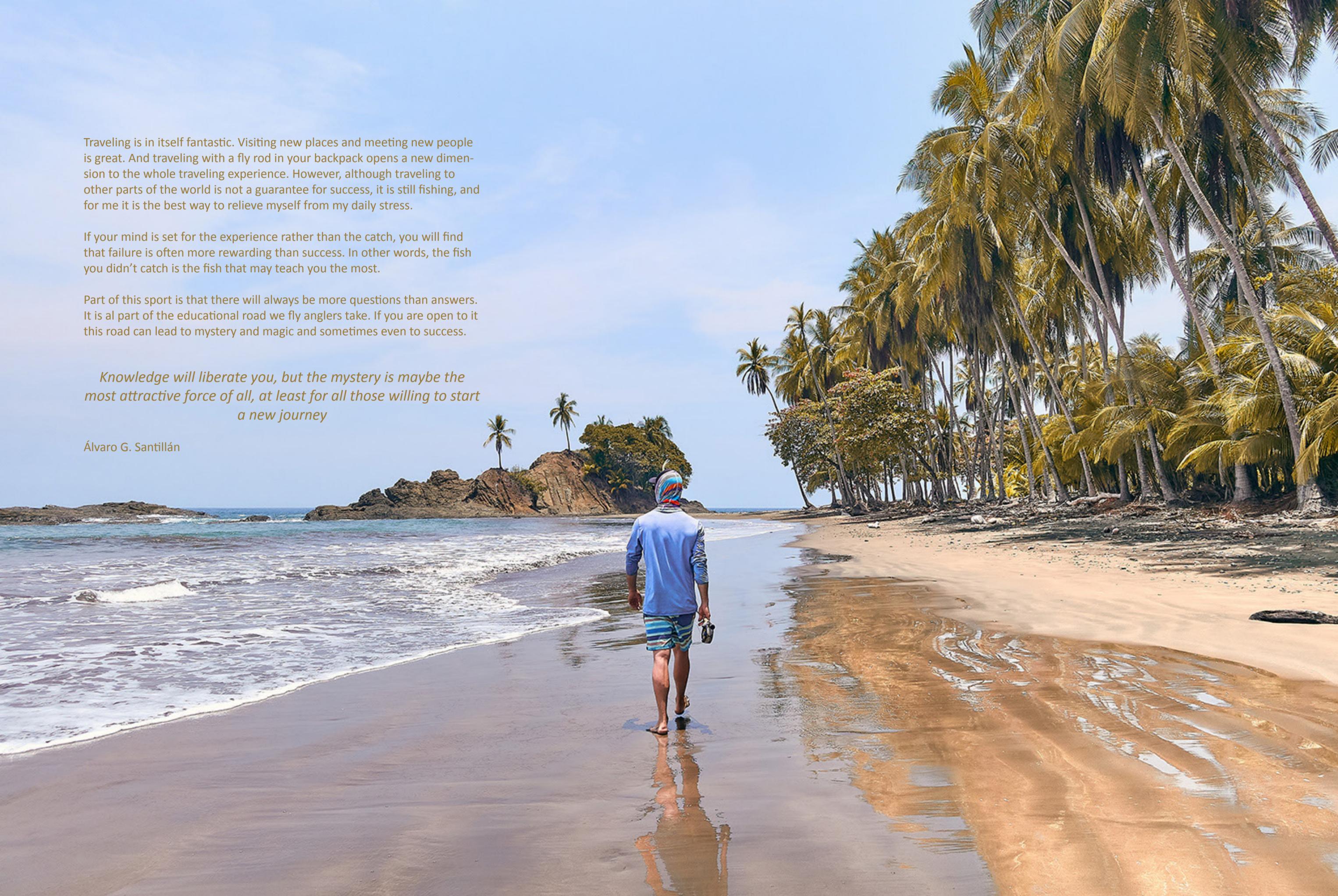
Traveling is in itself fantastic. Visiting new places and meeting new people is great. And traveling with a fly rod in your backpack opens a new dimension to the whole traveling experience. However, although traveling to other parts of the world is not a guarantee for success, it is still fishing, and for me it is the best way to relieve myself from my daily stress.

If your mind is set for the experience rather than the catch, you will find that failure is often more rewarding than success. In other words, the fish you didn't catch is the fish that may teach you the most.

Part of this sport is that there will always be more questions than answers. It is a part of the educational road we fly anglers take. If you are open to it this road can lead to mystery and magic and sometimes even to success.

Knowledge will liberate you, but the mystery is maybe the most attractive force of all, at least for all those willing to start a new journey

Álvaro G. Santillán





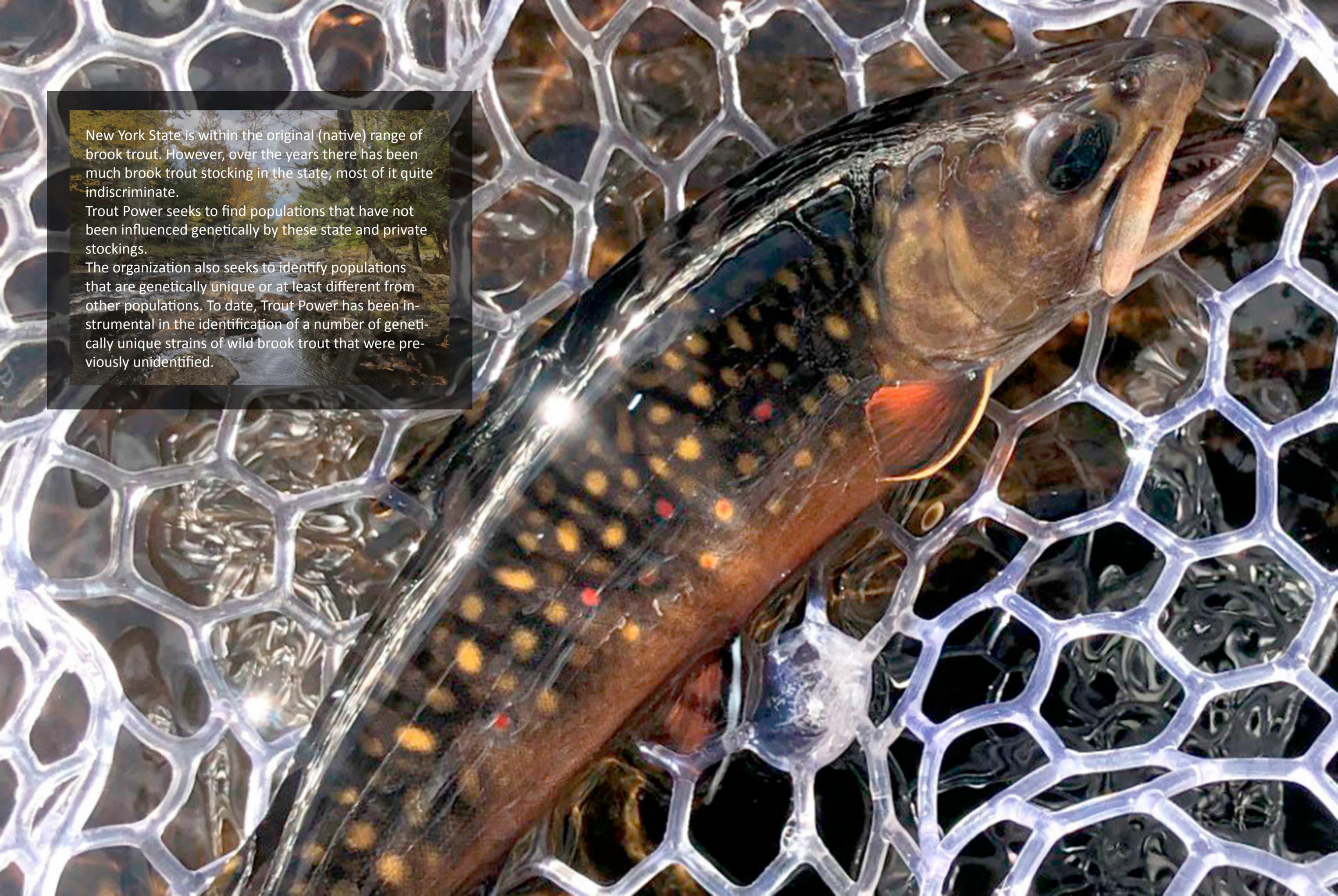
SHINE A LIGHT ON:



Trout Power is an organization that is based in upstate New York. It was founded in 2012 by Jordan Ross. The organization became a nonprofit (501 C3) organization in 2017.

The mission of Trout Power is to use citizen science and fly fishing to identify, map and monitor populations of wild and genetically unique brook trout within the Adirondack Park in New York State and surrounding areas.





New York State is within the original (native) range of brook trout. However, over the years there has been much brook trout stocking in the state, most of it quite indiscriminate.

Trout Power seeks to find populations that have not been influenced genetically by these state and private stockings.

The organization also seeks to identify populations that are genetically unique or at least different from other populations. To date, Trout Power has been instrumental in the identification of a number of genetically unique strains of wild brook trout that were previously unidentified.



What's unique about Trout Power is that it is an organization made up of volunteer fly fishing citizen scientists. Citizen science is a process where volunteer members of the public can be part of a scientific process, helping to address real-world issues. Anyone can be a citizen scientist, including you! When a watershed or specific river system is identified for study, Trout Power volunteers go into that area and fly fish to sample the trout. From each brook trout caught, a small tissue sample is taken, clipped off of the tail of the fish, which is used for DNA analysis and subsequent comparison to stocked strains. Fish are handled quickly and carefully, kept in bags to keep them wet, and all fish are released immediately after sampling.

Trout Power shows how a group of like-minded fly fishing individuals, who quickly become friends, can use fly fishing as a scientific tool. For me personally, Trout Power has shown me how fun and rewarding it is to get out and explore the unknown, especially doing so with a fly rod in your hand. You never know what gifts of nature fly fishing will show you and reward you with. Trout Power and its volunteers continue to search for more of those adventures and, as we say, to catch the power!

Chris Murphy
Trout Power President



USE A RUBBER

IN THE

HOW TO

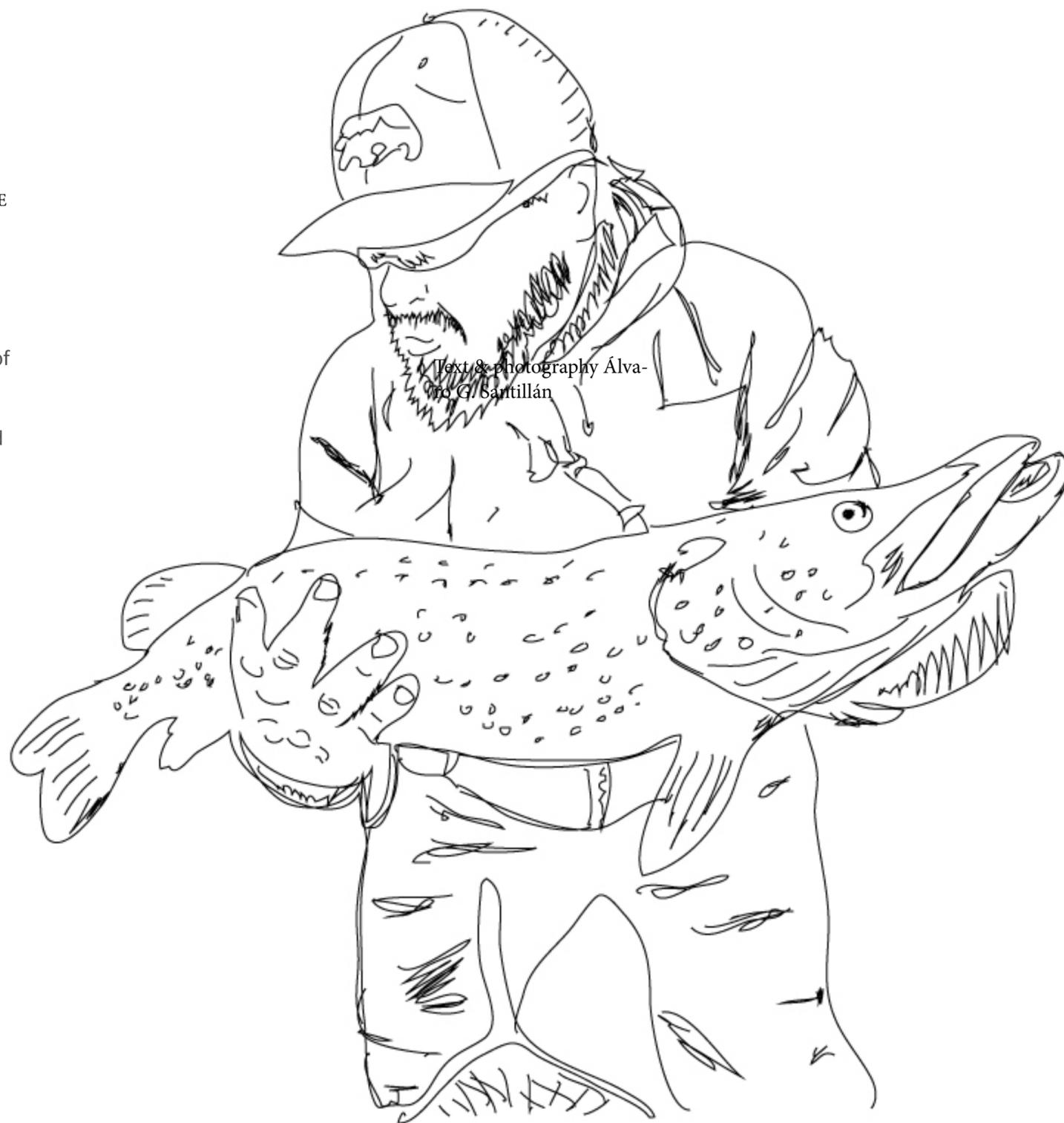
MAKE FANTASTIC PHOTOS WHEN YOU ARE ALONE

Many people ask me who it is that is taking pictures of me when I'm fishing? My answer of course is "no one".

On more than 90% of my trips I am alone, and even when I am not alone, I want to have my fishing buddy in the picture with me, sharing the happiness.

Text & photography Igi Slavik

© *Igi Slavik*



HOW IT WORKS

First of all and most importantly, you need a free hand. For years now this hand has been my GorillaPod (by Joby).

Attached to my GorillaPod, secured behind my waders, my GoPro is ready to shoot.

Sometimes I use the GorillaPod for my iPhone too. Or one in a bigger size, for my SLR cameras.



GEAR UP

So my first piece of advice is: get a GorillaPod. Next: Buy a GoPro. I use my GoPro on almost every trip.

And when I do I set the 'one button control'. This works great. What also works very well is the voice-activated control. The only problem I have with that is that my pronunciation is not always adequate. Anyway the combination of GoPro and GorillaPod is my bread & butter.





Action

I simply put the GorillaPod on a stone, or wrap it around a branch, and start shooting in sequence mode.

I normally shoot 1 frame per second for 30 seconds, which gives me a total of 30 takes. This usually is sufficient to choose a good one.

Find the actor in you

These days, we are inundated with selfies. And, not to put too fine a point on it, what we are talking about here are in fact selfies. The only difference is that standard selfies are often made on a whim. Mine are just a bit more scenic, requiring a proper dose of acting.

Take a look at some examples..







Take care, ensure good light for your pictures!

ADVENTURE IS ONLY ONE CAST AWAY

travelwithcastaway.com - info@travelwithcastaway.com



○ Jake Semons

The Process

Some of my earliest memories are of hitting the road in my grandpa's old Dodge Cummins, and cruising to some new different fish hole. Slowly. Very slowly. He'd religiously drive 10 mph under the speed limit and keep blabbering about some new leech patterns he had tied up, and how he should have patented the wooly bugger. The way he told it, he invented it years before anyone else was fishing it, and he should have gotten rich off it!

He also apparently invented the 'edgie wedgie' (that gizmo that helps you do the pizza instead of the french fry on skis). I would sit there and listen, and painfully stare at the speedometer, thinking: why can't you just step on it, grandpa?

When we finally got to the spot he'd strap me up in a massive pair of leaky waders, stuff me in a float tube, hand me a rod, and tell me "just paddle and hold on to this thing tight". Looking back on it, the process of getting there was just as cool as the fishing.

The way he told it, he invented it years before anyone else was fishing it, and he should have gotten rich off it!



WATER

I've been pretty much hooked on fly-fishing for as long as I can remember. Growing up in Idaho with a family of fanatical outdoorsmen is what shaped me into what I am today.

Life revolves around water. In its frozen form you snowboard on it. When it melts, you fish it. After living in and traveling throughout the Northwestern USA up until my mid 20s, I ended up moving to Norway with my wife.

Wherever I've been, I've always found one thing to be true. Anywhere you find deep snow you'll find epic rivers with rad fish. You've just got to be willing to do some research, jump in the car and get there.



STREAMER JUNKIE

After steelhead fishing in Idaho throughout my youth, my dad and I founded ruggedcreek.com, designing our own switch rods and solid spey-oriented reels, that will stop a mad fish. To be honest I see running my own brand not only as a creative outlet for developing and producing the type of fishing gear I want to use, but equally as an excuse to get out on the water and use said gear.

I'm a streamer junkie, and in my opinion there is nothing better than that feeling when the line goes tight on a swung or a stripped fly. That sudden stop, followed by a screaming reel, just makes me feel like a little kid discovering something new for the first time. When I think about it it's those brief moments where I have zero control that I constantly search for.



Central southern Norway

Living in central southern Norway there are endless rivers to get out and explore, some just minutes away from my home in Haukeli, others a solid 2 days' drive.

For me personally it really doesn't matter much where or how far away I fish, it's more about the process. There is nothing like discovering a new potential river, doing your research, drifting it for the first time and hitting it right. When your line tightens off of the rocky outcrop you found while scouting Google Maps, you get this wild feeling of accomplishment. And the times when things don't work out just seem to add to the mystery, stoking the fire, making you need to go back for more.



Rena river

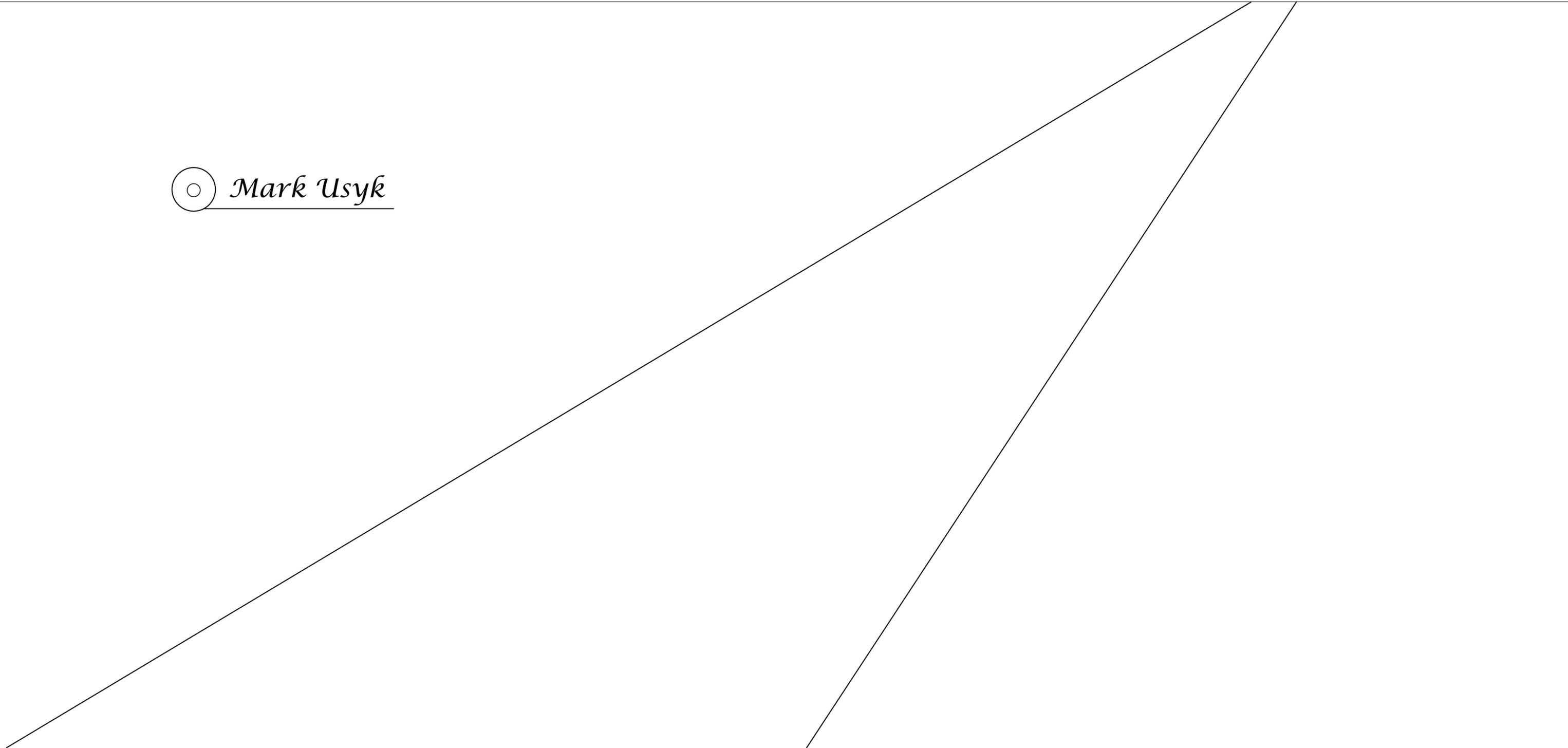
These days one of my regular pilgrimages is to the Rena in Hedmark, Norway. The consistently thick, wild, gorgeous, copper colored brown trout it produces are what I consider to be some of the coolest brown trout in the world. And Rena produces massive grayling! That is if you're into grayling... but these grayling are big and they will smash a streamer without hesitation. Rena is one of the few tailwaters in Norway and is ideal for drift fishing, with loads of subtle fish-holding structure, a massive insect life, and consistent water temperatures year round.

If you plan on making the journey to Rena you should plan on staying with [@John_Bond](#) at [@Rena_fish_camp](#). You can also get in touch with me for a guided day of drift fishing on Rena or a variety of other rivers throughout southern Norway.



A Thousand Miles Away

○ Mark Usyk



A Thousand Miles Away

I'm casting for all I'm worth, giving it all I've got. I don't know what pattern I've got tied on; I just keep casting. The fly never touches the water. I'm struggling. My fly line shoots out over a turquoise surface, the sun is bright in the sky. So bright that I'm squinting and can hardly see. My casting feels good, but the line always loses steam and I pull it back over my shoulder before it touches down to try again. I need more distance. Then I open my eyes.

It's 3:12AM.

I can still see the dream, line shooting out in front of me, in the bright sun, over the ocean. I can still feel the frustration. I tell myself I need to sleep, but I can't. Every time I close my eyes the dream comes back to me. I get up. My mind is still trying to keep me in the dream, so I sit down at my tying bench, covered in scattered feather and thread clippings. I glance over at my bookshelf and a book about tuna on the fly catches my eye. I shake my head with a questioning look. I've never opened it. Never fished for tuna. Why did I even buy it? The dream is finally starting to fade from my mind. But I'm not tired and now I don't want to go back to sleep anymore. I clamp a stainless steel hook in the vice and start opening drawers.

I'm halfway through tying a squid pattern when a roaring sound forces its way through the walls and windows. I immediately think airplane, since my mind was just picturing stepping off one into the warm Florida air. Then the light strobes through the windows, flashing yellow across the interior of the house at split second intervals. Reality hits. Snowplow. Here I sit in my own world, daydreaming at 3:20AM of a salt water flat, my 9 wt pointed out at the horizon as line shoots through the guides, the dream shattered by a rumbling and clanking plow; a steaming cup of coffee resting in its cup holder as the driver peers through the windshield over a tall yellow steel shovel. The blade scrapes ice and snow from blacktop the same way it scrapes the scene from my mind. And then it's gone, interrupting other peoples dreams further up the street, and I'm once again left to my early morning daydreams.



The squid looks good, and I place a drop of glue over the thread wraps at the eye. I wonder what it would catch. It doesn't need to catch anything here at the vice. Just my imagination, to help me forget about the snowplow as it makes another pass by the house, hitting the opposite side of the street. It doesn't bother me nearly as much on its second pass. My eyes are studying the little squid in my vice and picturing it slowly sinking and moving, pulsing with each wave as a dark shape attacks it. My line goes tight. I strip-set hard, making it a point not to set the hook as if I were trout fishing here at home. My feet slowly sink in the grainy white sand with each passing wave. A thousand miles away from that snowplow.

My Books:

Reflections of a Fly Rod and Carp Are Jerks.

I like to say they're stories about life, where fishing happens. Available on Amazon.



Photo by SALTFLYPRO.COM

THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER

I spend a lot of time in The Netherlands. Partly because I am dutch and partly because some of my family members still live here, and some of them appreciate me checking in, physically, once in a while. This, as well as some more administrative reasons, keep me here. But the urge to leave is never far away.

Text & photography Peter Sikking



Heart

Speaking only for myself – most anglers that I know do not agree with me and I will probably rub some hairs the wrong way – the fishing here is not entirely my cup of tea. If I add up all the negatives my simple conclusion is that I miss the opportunity to fish for salmonids too much. Oh, and I also am not a big fan of traditional Dutch landscapes.

I know many fellow fishermen who can wax lyrical about Dutch polder splendour, our Ruisdael clouds and our neatly carved out rivers. Unfortunately, when I look, I only see a cloudy, dull, often windy, flat, and certainly overcrowded country. And although my friends bring good argument to the table, such as the enormous variety of watersheds together with the many species you can catch on a fly rod (which I don't disagree with) I just don't feel it. My heart isn't in it.

The Netherlands is, in many ways, a great country to live in. It is relatively safe, nobody has to starve to death, and although the Dutch can be real niggers, all in all things are well organized.



To compensate for the fishing time I don't spend here, I travel as much as I can. The saying "the grass is always greener on the other side of the hill" is written all over my body. This periodic travelling was just enough to energize me sufficiently to get through my sedentary periods. Until the beginning of 2020 that is, when things, as we all know, rapidly went wrong.

Back to black

"You staying indoors all the time is just not healthy, why don't you just come with us for a change. We can go fish in one of the rivers or visit a lake"?

Fishing buddies, meaning well, but I couldn't bring myself to go out. Until two weeks ago. It was work-related so I had to. I stayed as close to home as possible. Took my boat but didn't bring any fishing gear. And this turned out to be a good decision. It resulted in no pressure whatsoever.

Memories

A Monday morning, a canoe, a camera and me. Result: pure stillness. Stillness I didn't expect in 2020 in this urban environment. And a lot of scents. Scents I hadn't smelled in a long time. I have to admit, these scents brought back a series of long forgotten memories. Days on the water with friends and family passing me by in slow-motion. Slowly but surely the little boy in me surfaced. How many years did I not spend here? It seemed like a different life to me.

On my way to the other side of the lake I recognized the old jetty, where we used to moor our boat. And just past the bend, where the water is a little bit deeper, so you could dive, I caught my first carp. A small one, but undeniably a carp. And almost unconsciously, I was measuring the depth in different places, just like I used to do, with a paddle.



Back to light

Two days later I was back. Enthusiastically armed with two rods, a 5-weight and an 8-weight. A floating and a slow-sinking line, and a fly box with both streamers and dry flies. After all, I didn't know what to expect after twenty years. What I could remember was that in the summer there were large carp foraging in the uppermost water layer, but we also caught many small perch. A year ago I saw (on Facebook) one of the Dutch Anglers, who had caught a 1 meter long pike. Most likely on a baitfish, and as we all know that doesn't count, but still.

In the middle of a small inlet there is a huge lily pad field, about 50 meters wide. Maybe I can stir things up a bit around here with a big streamer.

And there is something stirring. Not from below but from above: a sun-drenched rain shower patters on me and man do I feel alive! Paddling around this great green sea of lily leaves, with the sun on my back feels good. This is almost as good as travelling. It makes me feel completely detached from everything.



Uncomfortably I fish the reed edges in search for perch or pike. To be honest, I have no idea what I am doing. I intuitively do what I remember from childhood: cast as close to the reeds as possible. Three times I drift along the reeds and three times that yields nothing. Nevertheless I enjoy myself. Drifting on big water has always been one of my favourite ways to spend my (fishing) time. I return, one more time, to my starting point and drift past the promising reed patch for the fourth time, which, despite this promise, does not keep it.







At the moment it is almost impossible to travel. We are all in a lockdown. Like everybody else, I had to give up some freedom. I know it sounds terribly corny but sometimes you have to lose things to appreciate them. It took some effort to go outdoors again and to my surprise I stumbled on some childhood memories hidden in a rather nice Dutch landscape.

A PIECE OF XL HAVEN

A few years ago my wife and I sold our house to travel the world with our three young kids (two sons and a daughter). We visited 38 countries in just over a year. It was the best year of my life. While my wife led us to cities and museums, I have always pulled our family towards nature.

I find my Haven in hard to reach places far from the comforts of home. I can get everything I need from a few days off trail....except a good night's sleep.

Like most of us, I am completely spoiled by our big mattress at home. That is why sleeping on 2 inches of foam on the ground when camping with a tent, or using a traditional hammock is just no substitute. I hoped someone would figure out how to make sleeping outdoors comfortable, never thought it would be me.

One day I found myself trying to get comfortable in a camping hammock. I envisioned my head and feet lowering, so my body was on a single plane. With this spark of an idea, the wheels started turning.

After trying every other product on the market, I finally decided to roll up my sleeves and take matters into my own hands. Why stop with just a hammock? By building a full, self-contained tent I could get a great night sleep no matter the terrain.



*'I hoped someone would figure out how to make sleeping outdoors comfortable,
never thought it would be me'*



XL

The XL Haven is 15 cm wider and 5 cm longer than our original tent

A blue tarp tent is pitched in a forest. The tent is made of a light blue, crinkled fabric and is suspended between trees. It has a simple A-frame structure with a flat top. The tent is secured with black straps and orange and black webbing. The background is a dense forest of tall, thin trees with green foliage. The ground is covered in green grass and some fallen leaves. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

Haven was born out of my backyard, where I researched, designed, and experimented with ways to create the perfect tent. With the straps, stakes and guy lines a Haven can be set up just about anywhere; and best of all it lays perfectly flat.

FOLLOW HAVEN AND DEREK'S ADVENTURES

Due to Covid-19 we've done less travelling than we used to, but during my most recent Haven trip, I ask, I think, an interesting question which I think readers of this magazine may like to think about.

<https://haventents.com/blogs/finding-our-haven/24-hours-alone-the-haven-challenge>

Other than that, I had a great trip through Yellowstone last year. Packed a fly rod...

<https://haventents.com/blogs/finding-our-haven/yellowstone-backcountry>

Derek Tillotson



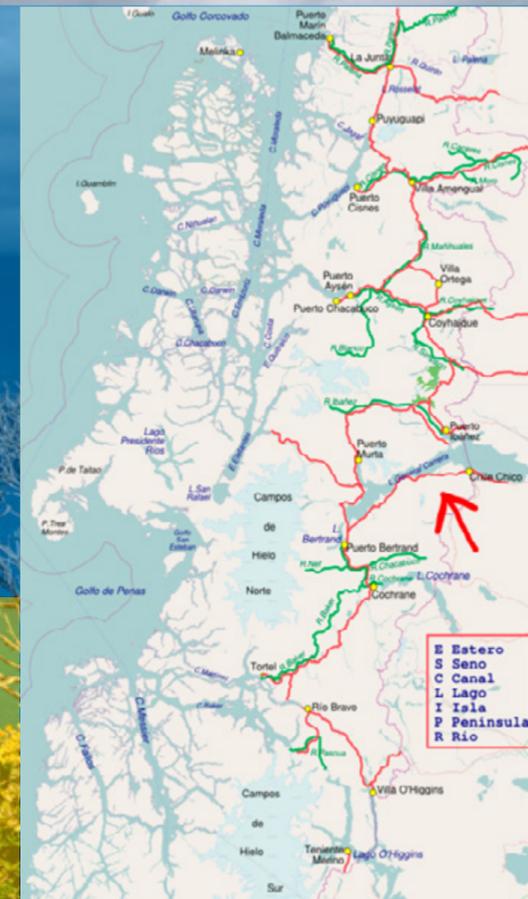
○ Juan José Ayestarán

It all started with a telephone call with an invitation to join Pepe and Paci to lake Carrera. Lago Carrera is a big lake, which holds immense trout. But as we all know, big fish are very hard to catch. Together with my cousin and sister I have been chasing fario trout for years now. This time our search for the brown trout would take us to Patagonia, to the Carretera Austral.



Tras la Fario Migratoria del Lago General Carrera

The Carretera Austral is a 1,240-kilometer road located in the southern part of Chile, which begins in Puerto Montt and ends in Villa O'Higgins. It crosses the heart of Patagonia and is the only access road to many rivers and lakes. This area attracts anglers from all over the world.





We met Pepe and Paci at Santiago airport. Each and everyone with backpacks filled with gear. After a 3-hour flight, we arrived in Balmaceda, where we rented a car and drove for 6 hours to the Baker River, where we put up our base camp. From this base camp we would plan our strategy and try to visit rivers and lakes that very few have been lucky enough to fish. All in all, we had 5 days to find our fario!

The days would be long, the weather cold, the hikes hard and irregular, often having to cope with vegetation so dense that it would not allow us to advance without using our machetes. But with good company and the chance to catch big fish, none of this mattered. It was the end of the season, when these trout start their migration upriver to spawn. If we couldn't be at the right place at the right time we would have to wait at least 6 months to get another chance. For me that was not an option. I was ready for the battle between fish and fisherman.





Our plan:

We would start at the laguna where the river starts, and then go downstream until we met the waters of Lake General Carrera.

We would set out taking the opposite route that the trout take, hoping we'd meet the fish along the line. Once we managed to find them we would stay in that very area.



When the first day ended we all had several takes but no trout in the net. We discussed our options and decided to stay, positive this was the right place. We just had to step up our game.



And late that evening we did find them. Certain that it should be only a matter of time before one of us would come in contact with a fario. We spent the first night half sleeping, half awake; once we were alerted by a mountain lion swallowing a goose just a few meters from our tents. That's when we knew this would be a very long night.

The farios started 'dating' from the second day and we were catching fish. Big wild fish that were ready to give their lives to regain their freedom. We had to use heavy fast-sinking lines and fight to the end so that the trout wouldn't throw the hook or cut our lines. Several did, but we took many others.

I was lucky enough to catch, from the center of the river, the largest trout of the expedition. After a fight that lasted almost 30 minutes, I landed a male of 7 kilos with perfect lines.



Time flies when you're having fun and much too soon we had to head back home. We had found the migratory fario but promised each other to keep their secret. Maintaining this virgin environment, only disturbed by fellow adventurous anglers with the same determination to go to much trouble in order to find them.

Juan José Ayestarán

FLY ANGLERS:

- Juan José Ayestarán
- María Paz Ayestarán
- José Andrés Ayestarán
- Rafael Barroso
- Sebastián Ayestarán
- Alejandro Herrera

My cousin with another beauty



BOOKS

THAT REALLY MATTER

FLY FISHING RUSSIA:

The Far East

Dr. Mikhail Skopets

Mikhail Skopets is one of the world's great fly-fishermen, and no one else has come close to fly-rodding the sheer number and variety of Russian rivers, lakes, and coastlines as Misha has. This is especially true of Misha's long-time home, the vast wilderness of the eastern Siberia. Fly-Fishing Russia: The Far East, is a remarkable achievement; the result of decades of travel and angling as a fisheries biologist, conservationist, and outfitter. If you plan to fly-fish this remarkable region, Misha's book is the indispensable guide. But even if a trip to the Russian Far East is not on your bucket list, Misha's book is a wonderful read, brimming with adventure tales, fascinating science, beautiful photographs, and a deep love of this remarkable land, home to many of the world's last wild places.

Fen Montaigne

The sheer amount of dedication and passion required to produce such an ambitious project is, in a word, simply inspiring. Through decades of exploration, guiding, and scientific research, Mikhail has amassed a mind-boggling amount of invaluable information — information which he has generously passed along to his fellow fly fishermen in a way that is both highly readable and entertaining. For anyone planning a trip to the Russian Far East, either to an established fly fishing lodge or to waters largely unexplored, the value of this book cannot be understated. As one who knows firsthand what it takes to compile a guidebook, I tip my proverbial hat to Mikhail for a job well done. Spasibo bol'shoye!

Barrett Mattison



WIN
THIS
BOOK

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WIN
THIS
BOOK



Author with 29 kg (64 pounds) Siberian taimen landed in the Tugur River, Far East, in June 2010

I am a Russian Fishery Biologist who has spent the last 40 years exploring the Russian Far East, a region along the Pacific coast of Northeast Asia far to the east of Siberia that is as big as the US Pacific Coast from California to Alaska. The gigantic Far East has tundra, forests, remote ocean coasts, and multitudes of lakes and rivers. It is one of the last and least accessible wild regions on the planet, and few people have explored it as I have. In the course of my job to determine which fish live here, I have discovered four species previously unknown to science. I am an avid fly-fisherman, one of the few in our region. Many of the places I have visited and fished have never been fished with a fly rod before.

This book is the condensed experience of scientific expeditions, wilderness trips, and my work as a fishing guide and tour outfitter. It details the main regions of the Russian Far East and its most interesting lakes and rivers for fly fishing. It is part travelogue, part conservation story, and part fly fishing guide. Whether you are an armchair traveler, or if you want to successfully experience these places and catch taimen, steelhead, six species of salmon, trout, lenok, char, mandarin bass, pike or any of the other species that abound here, this is the guidebook to do it.

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Fly Fishing RUSSIA: The Far East

Mikhail Skopets

Fly Fishing RUSSIA

The Far East

Dr. Mikhail Skopets

A TRUE STORY

THE TRAVELLER

I am a traveller, a rolling stone, one like the Temptations used to sing about: 'I am a rolling stone, wherever I lay my head, is my home'. That is how it is today, but it wasn't always the case; I wasn't born a travelling man, I actually hated to travel.

Text & photography by Peter Sikking



Sports car

Maybe my reluctance had something to do with the frequency which our family travelled, and probably even more with the way we did? We used to travel by foot, bike, bus, moped, boat and most of all, we travelled by car. And I especially hated travelling by car.

Because I was the only one 'left' - my youngest sister being fifteen years older than I am – the family traveled by sports car. Just take a moment and imagine the space you have in the back of a two-seater.

When we, at the end of another day of 'car mountaineering' finally stopped, I always prayed for a hotel instead of a camping. Unfortunately my parents were tent campers through and through, which meant camping most of the times.

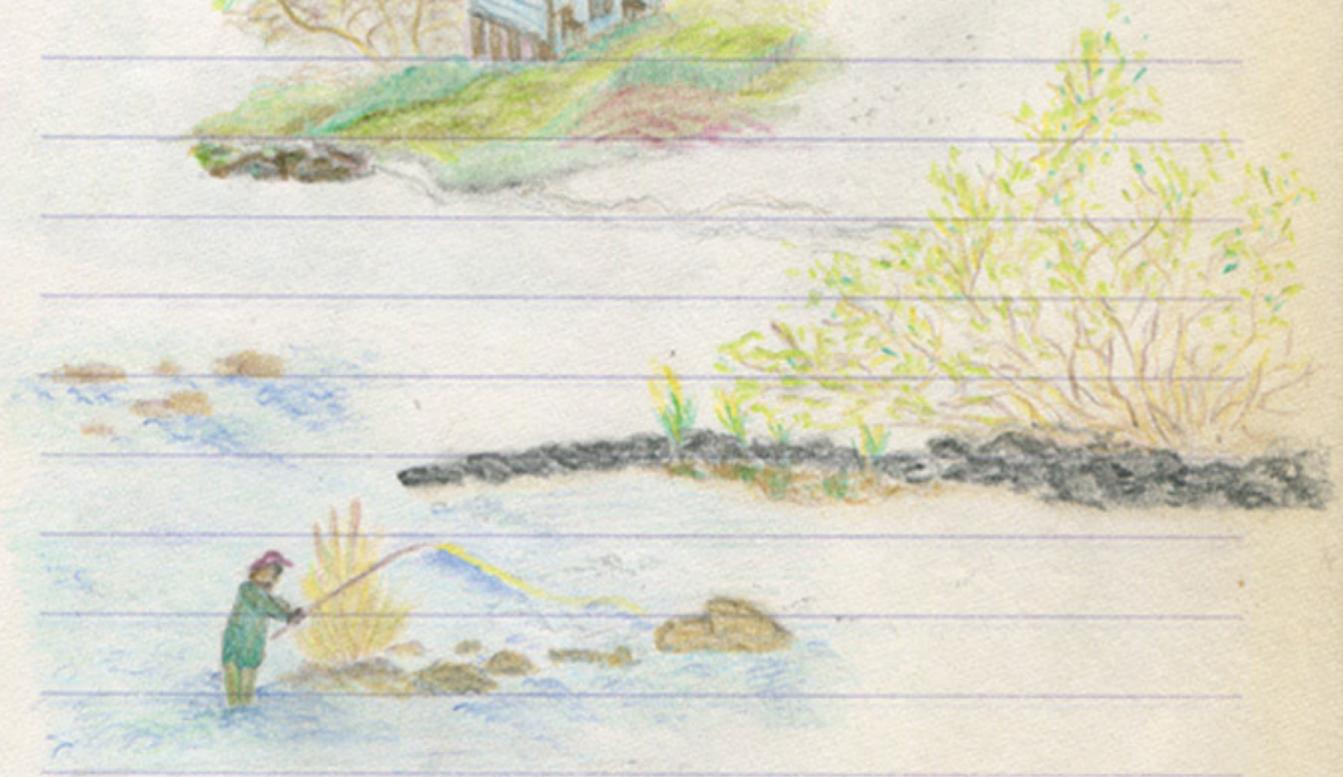
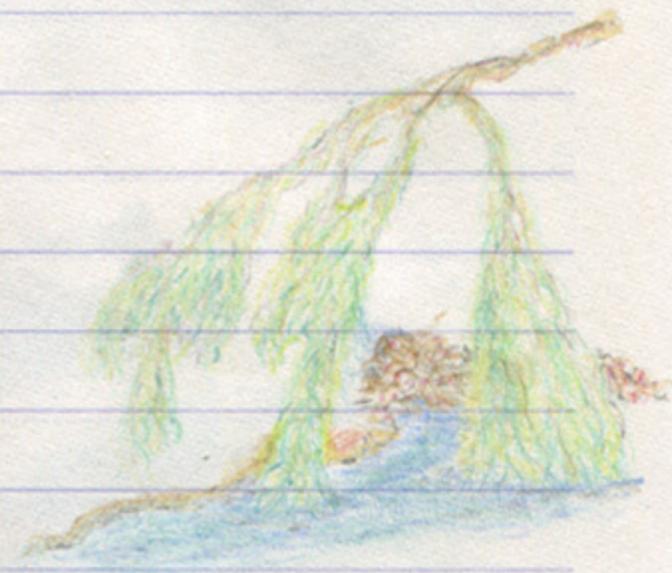
The first six years I remember we slept in this old, brownish orange tent, in which even I, as a not particular big six years old, could not stand upright. With the passing of the years, because we tended to stay in the same spot just a tiny bit longer than we used to do in those early years, a new, bigger tent was acquired. But that sports car stayed.





The Semois

It was along the borders of the Semois, in southern Belgium, already having a family of my own, that I fell in love with fly fishing. I practiced it passionately for a number of years; but then quit fishing altogether. At that time I started my own company, and this, together with family life, demanded every last bit of time I had available. I just could not find the time any more.



Club

Almost twelve years later I was commissioned to write an article about human behaviour, more precisely, about human behaviour in groups. I chose to start with behaviour in clubs; and it could have been any club - but I chose a fly fishing club not far from where I lived.

This unruly bunch of fly fishermen was not, in any way, a guideline when it came to exemplary club behaviour, and that is most likely why I decided to hang around and join the club. I learned a lot from some of the more experienced fly anglers there, but more importantly, it brought back the magic.



Magic

And this time the magic lasted. Together with my son I not only got back into fly fishing, but I also started travelling again. Remembering my own frustrations, I didn't put him in the back of a two-seater, but in a very old Volkswagen van and we started travelling across Europe from east to west until we found our Valhalla up north in Scandinavia.



I started visiting Scandinavia several times in every season, even (again) in winter. I got addicted to coastal sea trout fishing. Went off the radar for months at a time, searching for large grayling in inland Norway, and found one of the best areas in the world regarding numbers and sheer size, just next to a through road. Got hooked on pike fishing in Swedish lakes from a float tube, and I still drive thousands of kilometres to find big brown trout, arctic char and salmon in waters almost unknown ...





If I stay healthy, I probably will be travelling with a fly rod within reach until the day I die



LET THE GEAR TELL YOUR STORY
SWEDEN



Creating something from scratch, that goes against our throw-away mentality, is something that has always attracted me. After having spent more than 10 years in the fashion industry at the side of a large interest in nature and a recreational lifestyle, this kind of mentality has revealed itself more frequently for every year.

A purchase and an investment in a product are to many people two different concepts. To interpret this difference and show how investing in the right product makes a difference for both you and your surroundings, has been the driving force behind the creation of Crud.

In a world where everything is mass-produced at a rapid pace, we take pride in manufacturing our products with devotion, respect for the materials and sustainability as key words.

We create timeless gear of the highest quality that confident individuals wear with pride, and in time pass on to future generations. It is both responsible and sustainable, and above all what differentiates an investment from a purchase.

Alex Bechet: Founder



Made in Sweden

Crud is a Swedish brand based on principles that are hard to find in today's throwaway culture. Everything that we create represents a commitment to simplicity, functionality, high quality and Swedish craftsmanship.

We create gear that can stand a beating and with time develops a patina and character specific to each individual product and its owner.

Our line of backpacks, bags and accessories is designed and Made in Sweden from some of the finest natural materials available, giving you gear that will age with dignity and last a lifetime.

We know that our products aren't for everyone and it is not our ambition to mass-produce our goods either. We work with small batches and create limited amount of goods for those who appreciate high quality and a simple utilitarian design.

GÖTEBORG - SWEDEN

CRUD



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BECOME A PARTNER AND MAKE A CHANGE.....OR THE OTHER WAY AROUND

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