

*[Tradurre questo brano richiede non solo comprensione della lingua e buoni dizionari, ma anche alcune ricerche sul tema trattato: la pesca! Evidenziate tutte le espressioni, parole e parti che richiedono ricerche extra-linguistiche, e prendete nota delle procedure usate. La scadenza di consegna sarà la sera precedente alla prossima lezione, il 12 novembre, dove porterete i vostri testi stampati per lavorare insieme. Buon lavoro! RM]*

From *The longest silence*, by Thomas McGuane

The sport of angling used to be a genteel business, at least in the world of ideals, a world of ladies and gentlemen. These have been replaced by a new set of paradigms: the bum, the addict, and the maniac. I'm afraid that this says much about the times we live in. The fisherman now is one who defies society, who rips lips, who drains the pool, who takes no prisoners, who is not to be confused with the sissy with the creel and the bamboo rod. Granted, he releases that which he catches, but in some cases, he strips the quarry of its perilous soul before tossing it back in the water. What was once a trout – cold, hard, spotted, and beautiful – becomes "number seven". Perhaps he's the winning run in the one-fly contest, or the fish that put the Czechoslovakians across the finish line ahead of the Americans in the world championship or fly-fishing.

Angling is a situation whose dramatic values are immediately charged by their context. The angler who, to the envy of his peers, has "gone fishin'" in that mythic sense that implies a non-return, soon finds himself alone in a leaden state of malaise and ennui. The spectacle of the angler gone native – that is in the miraculous event that he hasn't staved off a coma by giving up fishing – is a study in torpor at close range, practically in laboratory conditions.

[...]

I live near the great theme park of fly-fishing, the headwaters of the Missouri, but go there less and less. I spend more time on prairie rivers with their unstable banks and mid-summer thermal problems. What do I find there besides a few fish who have been leading exceedingly private lives? I find solitude, which is not, take note, the same thing as loneliness.

[...]

I once fished a small spring creek in Gallatin County with George Anderson, a stickler for accurate casting. With George at my side, I was blazing away at a steady feeder, proud of every cast. When George said, "I see you've decided to go with the shotgun technique," I concluded I must improve. Since that day, many years ago, I have practiced. I keep a rod rigged and leaning against the house and I almost never doublehaul something into the weeping birch a hundred feet away. I frequently try to put the bit of red yarn in front of a robin's beak at thirty or forty feet. At the moment, takes per cast on robins are close to those for permit on a fly.