



THE ROGER WATERS NEW DELHI DREAM SEQUENCE

A TUBE FLY SQUID PATTERN

Words: Justin C. Witt

◀HERE▶

Tuning up the Dream Sequence with an icaro—or magic song—for Marlin. Photo: Emiliano and Sofia Luro



New Delhi, India

September 3, 20--

DEAR ROGER,
How the heck are ya? Fishing somewhere, I hope. I'm in India. We're supposed to be setting up a mahseer program on the Nepalese border, but the monsoons are holding on later than they usually do and we're having to wait them out.

This morning I woke up from a very strange dream, and you were in it. I mean *in* it. So before I forget the whole thing, I thought I'd write it down and send it to you.

Remember the guide shack out back by the marsh at Flamingo Cay? You walked over there that night after dinner and sat with us on the porch until really late. It was your birthday and unfortunately I'd beaten you on the skeet field after fishing that afternoon. I always tell people that story because even though I'd been in the skiff with you for three days I still had no idea who you were. Just some English guy named Roger, I thought. An English guy that can cast though. I'll never forget that permit you pegged on the nose at 90 feet off the north end. But when you picked up the dobro and started playing, then singing, your voice seemed a bit too familiar. I walked back over to the kitchen and asked the chef about fell over laughing: "You've had Roger Waters from Pink Floyd in your boat all this time and you didn't even know it?" If I had known, I would have been so intimidated I'd never have won shooting clays. We played guitars until late that night. You'd brought a bottle of single malt straight from Scotland and you shared it. It was great.

In this dream, I had just woken up after what—as indicated by the mess spread across the shack—had been another late night. That scrawny blonde dude who worked in the kitchen had come in to make sure everything looked all right because you were on your way there to see how I made my Swook patterns. A fly-tying lesson, if you will. Apparently, we'd been fishing

those for 'cuda and you liked them, so you'd asked Charles to have me show you how to tie them. Blondie was upset and worried about the mess, asking me to help him clean it up before you and Charles arrived. I was less enthusiastic than he was about that necessity. He wasn't exactly what you'd call frantically motivated either and, in fact, appeared to be a bit stoned. He just sort of sat back waxing on about how unhappy he expected Charles to be.

Then all of a sudden, for some reason (you know how dreams are) a raccoon dropped into a clear plastic chute/door thing that came down from the ceiling. Hard to describe that part. Apparently, I had been bothered by the sounds of raccoons in the attic for quite some time, so I took the opportunity to leap into action, grabbing a tarpon leader from the kitchen counter and jumping up there to pop open the plastic door and grab the thing by the scruff of its neck. This resulted in a lot of flipping and flopping and a sort of scream/gargle from the animal, along with another, shriller scream/gargle that came out of Blondie as he watched what was happening and curled into a fetal position against the wall. Eventually I got the thing hog-tied and set it on a bookshelf where it quieted down, apparently resigned to its fate.

That's when Charles came in, having been attracted by the noise. He was less than happy. In fact, he was enraged and began yelling at us both. "What the fuck is going on in here? Why is this place such a mess? Roger is going to be here any minute! Get this shit cleaned up now!" He charged back out and I just sighed and got to work. I helped the sobbing Blondie pick up the detritus of whatever it was that had happened the night before and throw it all into my bedroom. Then I made myself a cup of coffee. Blondie disappeared and soon I heard Charles talking as he led you up the stairs and into the space.

◀LEFT▶
*Welcome to
Your Dreams*
Mixed Media fly line,
flies, lipstick, found
images and acrylic
2021
Artwork: Chloe
Nostrant



“Glad to see you again,” Charles said. “What have you been up to, how has the fishing been, looking forward to this, blah blah blah.”

We went through the usual guide/guest greeting dance, and with that done I took a 5x5 square of blotter out of my pocket and politely asked if you would like some before we got started. You accepted graciously, and when I asked how many squares, you said you’d have three. I tore off a corner and you put it under your tongue; I tore off another corner and put it under mine. At that point it seemed only polite to offer some to Charles as well, but I don’t really think he even knew what it was we had just done. Not wanting to lose your respect, he stammered out a “Sure, sure, why not,” and I asked him how much he would like. “The same, the same,” he said. You cocked your eye at me for a second, but I gave Charles the three hits and he did what he had watched the two of us do. Then we all sat down at my fly-tying bench that looked out over the property through a big bay window in the direction of the helicopter pad.

The dream gets a little fuzzy here because it wasn’t very interesting and my dream-space mind sort of hit the 3x fast-forward button for a bit. That is, until the acid kicked in good and hard. You and I were tying the fly and enjoying the way all of the colorful materials spread across the table had become animated and liquid to the point of dripping from our fingers. Charles just sat there with an increasingly nervous look on his face, like he was trying to hold in a rotten fart that was about to escape during breakfast with the queen. Suddenly, all hell broke loose, and he jumped up from the table and began to flail about, barking and swatting at whatever demons had beset him.

We were both sympathetic at first, attempting to calm Charles down as he backed into a corner of the (by then) pink-painted room. He was having none of it; apparently equating us with the demons, he punched the air like he was being attacked by a hoard of wasps, cursing everyone in the universe from God himself to the devil. Soon enough he bolted for the door and we heard him falling down the stairs, then running across the property screaming.

“Well, he deserves it,” you said. “Charles has always been such an awful prick.”

◀LEFT▶

Casey Birkholz on deck in Belize, with coiled loops waiting to catch on toes, guides, rod butts, handles and anything else within reach. Photo: Corey Kruitbosch

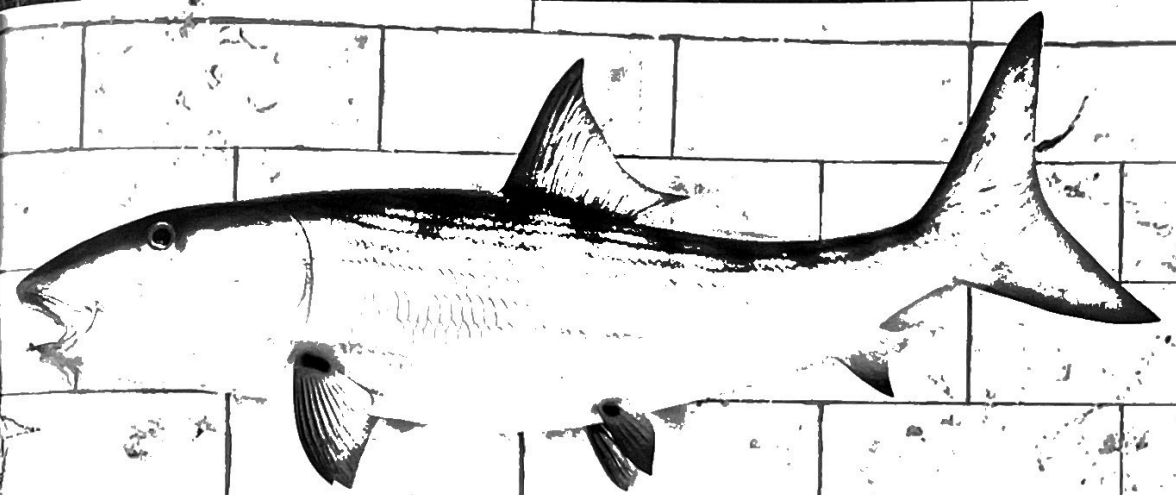
◀RIGHT▶
A tribute to Roger Waters, the man with the 90-foot permit-nose-peggin' cast
Photo Justin C. Witt

I got on the radio and called Beau, who was on the water guiding clients, and told him what had happened. A disgusted "I'm on my way" was the only response I got. We sat back down and continued to tie.

By then the entire space was so drenched in acid there was no real difference between our hands and bodies and the materials. Everything was a single living organism within which we were simply playing tricks to change the forms and manipulate the patterns for our own deceptive motives in relation to the fish that swam like blood cells through the One True Body of the Universal Organism out on the flats and far offshore in all four cardinal directions.

If you've been there, and I know some of you have, you know exactly what I mean. But the Swook in the vice wasn't quite doing the scene justice. That's where the squid came in. There are marlin in the deep stretch on the other side of the island between East Andros and Nassau, and these fish now attracted our attention. The theme of "Pink" continued and we began to conceive of a squid pattern. It took the form of a tube fly and was easily a foot long even before we put in the tail, which appeared to be another 10 or so inches of beautiful thin saddle hackles spread from the butt section by a super-wide spun deer hair head. Flash braid or something that had at one time assumed the physical structure of flash braid, but which had by that point turned into a brilliant array of animated laser lights, was wrapped up the midsection of the tube. Then another, wider stacked deer hair spreader was spun with all of the long tips trimmed except on two poles, north and south. Once we began shingling in the angel hair, these made up the squid-head planing boards (for lack of a better term or grasp of squid anatomy nomenclature) and pushed it all out into a beautiful moving profile.

All in a Row
12's



JUST ANOTHER
BONE ON

THE
WALL



Beau charged into the space, dripping sweat and heaving. "Where is he?" he said. We shrugged, but Charles could be heard screaming as he thrashed about in the marsh behind the safari tents.

"Where's the acid?" Beau asked, and after looking for a moment I found it under a bucktail on the bench. Beau snatched it and began tearing off his own.

"Maybe only one?" I suggested.

"Fuck you, kook," he barked, putting the fourth three-tab corner under his tongue before charging back down the stairs, at which point the raccoon, having somehow untied itself, waddled over and climbed the bench, seating itself in front of the vice and making it clear it would be helping us finish the squid.

Another 3x fast-forward section followed, with the three of us spending god only knows how much more time (what does "time" really even mean?) on the fly, laughing our way through jungles of crinkle flash mixed into EP fibers and the gluing on of a couple of those enormous goggle eyes I took out of my sister's craft box in high school. Last, but not least, the raccoon snipped some of the darker hair from the tip of his own tail and tied them sparsely into the tip of the squid's head, threw a whip finish on the end, and clipped the thread. We were done.

After a quick group hug around the vice, we stood at the window watching Beau and Charles pummel each other near the gun room, then enter it and emerge with two loaded 12 gauges. They rushed off into the bush, firing madly in all directions before getting tangled in the fence by the boar traps. We should have been alarmed when we heard the helicopter engine fire up on the landing pad, but it was all just...so...*beautiful*.

I'll do my best to re-create the fly this morning in the space of normal physical reality, but I'm sure it won't be the same. I'll send it to you anyway and perhaps we can get together on that deep water next winter and give it a try. Maybe we could even bring some postage?

Till then,
Justin ☞

Ed. Note: Justin Witt did indeed guide Roger Waters at Flamingo Cay and did indeed dream the above-described dream. The Roger Waters New Delhi Dream Sequence has not been put to the test in the deep water between Andros and Nassau yet, but hopefully once Roger gets the letter, we'll find out whether it works.

◀ LEFT ▶

Does it get better than turquoise flats, pastel green mangroves, and the heat-stroked exhaustion of hallucinating bonefish for days on end? Steve Duda stands sentry on the bow of a Bahamas flats boat under puffy white clouds, before and during a tug-of-war. Photo: Copi Vojta