

# The Fly Fishing Film Tour



## Revisited

- By Troy Basso

**W**ell on March 1st the Fly Fishing Film Tour descended upon the city of Nashville. On their web page they make references to a party like atmosphere and, for those who didn't attend, they take their partying seriously! The historic Belcourt Theater was the location and by all accounts showed the tour guys that Nashville provided a venue like no other. The theaters at the Belcourt hold 400 people and ours was at full capacity. Ticket sales were finalized around 380 and with the crew hosting the event I am comfortable saying that the event filled the room to capacity.

At 6:30pm, about 30 minutes prior to the doors opening, the line to get in was a city block long and getting longer by the minute. Once the doors were opened the beer line was about three city blocks, or at least it appeared to be that long. I can confirm that the Belcourt sold out of several kinds of beer by intermission. I got the impression from the staff at the theater that they were not expecting a crowd of that magnitude or mob of that size. It was interesting to note that even though the crowd ran through adult beverages like it was New Years Eve, the lines for the bar and bath-

rooms were insane and we were packed into a full house, there was nothing but smiles on everyone's faces. I have been to a lot of events and this one had an air of comradeship and fellowship like I have never seen before.

I had never attended a film tour event before and this was a treat sure enough. Every possible demographic was well represented. Anglers both young and old, women, children, and it appeared all the fly fishing clubs were there in force. It was probably the most social and economically diverse crowd to attend a single event. By the time the film was about to start I had seen the "who's who" of the local outdoor community. There were national hunting personalities, local television show hosts, and about every fishing guide in the area. The local media were all notified of the event but choose to cover other venues, after all Nashville is such a busy place on a Monday night! Someday the Nashville media will realize that the outdoor community is a large and powerful revenue generating group.

Over the years I have noticed that the non-fly fishing anglers tend to stereotype fly fisherman as a bunch of tweed wearing,

scotch sipping, snobs. I think that this event dispels that unfair stereotype in perfect form. There were literally anglers present from every walk of life, every income bracket, and every possible profession. Overall, the Film Tour's stop in Nashville was deemed a huge success! In conversation with the events promoters I got the impression that we will be a stop for next year's tour as well!

The amount of swag, free stuff, was amazing. Shirts, DVD's, Costa Del Mar glasses, and Sage fly rods are just a sampling of the items given away. To those not familiar with fly fishing that Sage rod retailed for 600+ dollars!

In closing I feel the need to recognize a group of five guys who worked extremely hard to not only get the event to come to Nashville but to set up the Belcourt Theater and make sure we all enjoyed ourselves. The boys at Fly South, Nashville's premier fly fishing shop, are the reason this national event even considered Nashville as a venue. Jim Mauries, Jonathon Heard (Boat ride), Monroe, Nixie, and the infamous "Pumpkin" all worked hard to make this event happen. Hope to see you there next year!

## Editors Note: by Tony Smotherman

For most of you that know me understand that my outdoors background totally revolves around chasing big game all over this country. My only fishing background was the occasional farm pond fishing trip when I was a boy or the more recent "get away from it all" trout fishing trips to our very own Caney Fork River with my ultra light spinning tackle in hand. Only one time have I ever held a fly rod in my hand and that was with the coaching of my long time friends Ron Crabtree and Tony Phillips. I must say that was an experience I will remember for a long time and most of the other anglers on the river that day will to as it had to have looked like some weird circus act gone way bad. I felt sorta like I was trying to whip that fly rod into submission, just line and more line wrapping around me....wow, I'm having flash backs right now and I'm trying not to laugh myself insane right now. Either way, I did catch a fish by some sort of miracle and it was a cool feeling.