

# solares hill

"The highest point in Key West"

VOL. 1, NO. 2.

Key West, Florida

March 2, 1971 - March 15, 1971

## THE COMMUNITY NEWSPAPER

People just have a way of pigeonholing something, whether it should be or not. When Solares Hill first came out, we were categorized by some people as an underground newspaper. We are a COMMUNITY newspaper. There is no way we can be classified as an underground newspaper. And yet it happened.

Well, call us what you will, Solares Hill is something that you can't easily categorize. It is everything you have ever read and nothing you have read before. The cover will change from issue to issue; the emphasis will change from issue to issue, and the tempo will change from issue to issue.

But one thing won't change, and that is our candor and openness. If that makes us an underground newspaper for some, we regret that attitude, but we won't change. We can't change. If Solares Hill can't exist in candor and openness without being compromised it would be better for it to end.

It would be impossible to go over all of the decisions, discussions, disagreements and frustrations that went into the first issue to bring it to life. They are as much a part of the paper as the pulp it's printed on. Meetings were held almost every evening: graphic concepts, business concepts, editorial concepts, formats, layouts, timetables, articles, stories.

"Whom should we appeal to?" The whole community, of course. "How do we appeal to them?" Provide a forum for community discussion and communication. A COMMUNITY newspaper. A living form where everyone can find something to like or dislike - something to absorb or ignore - something to think about or dismiss. Even something to pigeonhole or not.

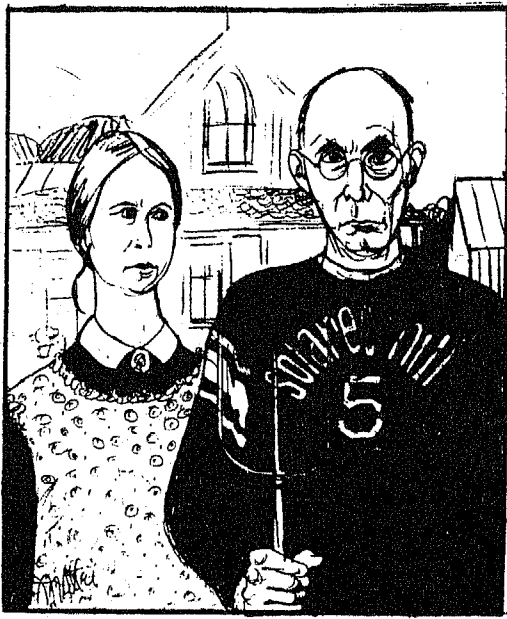
But always something here. Something Key West.



**Inside: Winifred Sands Johnson,  
Two Jamies, Many Turtles,  
and Homemade Dilly Ice Cream**

25¢

## Founding Mothers & Fathers



With apologies to Grant Wood.

WE HAD AN IDEA YOU SAID: "DO IT"

BERN & BETTY BROTHERS .....	LITTLE TORCH KEY, FLA
BILL & ELIZABETH DU FRESNE .....	MIAMI, FLA.
CAPT. EDWIN CRUSOE IV .....	MIDDLE TORCH KEY, FLA
JAMES LEO HERLIHY .....	KEY WEST, FLA.
DEFOREST MELLON JR .....	CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
POPPE .....	MONROE CO., FLA.
A BIG FISH KEEPER .....	IN THE EAST
JOHN J. QUINN, ESQ. ....	KEY WEST, FLA
PETER PELL.....	KEY WEST, FLA.
A FRIEND AND LOVER.....	OF LIFE AND THE SEA

### "FAITH OF OUR FATHERS, HOLY FAITH"

It's not too late to get in on Founding Mother - or Fatherhood. For fifty dollars you get a lifetime subscription to Solares Hill. Send check or money order payable to Solares Hill Publishing Company, 812 Fleming Street, Key West, Florida 33040.



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With a little help from our friends . .

R. Adm. & Mrs. W. F. Schlech, Bob "tailor made rubber cement" Burdine, Joan Becker, Kris, Shelley, B.C., Elizabeth & Bill, Tim, Jim Coan, Evan Rhodes, Tom & Pauline, Paul, Bookless, Bob, Paula, Dana, Joann, Rich, Mrs. Lunley, Tammie, Ray Daniels.

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## TOBER

What does Tober mean? It's a British carnival word which describes the excitement and the spirit of a special place;

Tober is the Stock Island dump on Sunday.

Tober is a sidewalk display of paintings around Mallory Square.

Tober is Nick and Andy on a Friday afternoon at Nick's Tune Up.

Tober is catching your own lobster.

Tober is an old-fashioned hand-shaking Ice Cream Social at the Solares Hill Ice Cream Parlor, Wed. afternoon, March 3, 1971.

What is Tober? It's what makes us say "That's Key West and I'm glad I'm here."

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## Commune Diary

"Maybe it's just the time of year, but maybe it's the time of man ..."

Jamie Hildebrand

Jan. 23.: Larry's father came down today and he and I went to the jail to see him. He got him out on bail and they're staying in a hotel in town. I'm going to spend the next couple of days in town to be with Larry. His father is taking him back to New York in a couple of days. This whole thing is just too much for my head.

Jan. 24.: Many of the people who were taken to the county line have returned. People are still confused and paranoid at the house. New people are still arriving, but not as numerous as before. We're back down to about 25 people. Larry came over today and we went for a long walk - not saying much - there's not much to say. I'll miss him.

Jan. 26.: Larry will be leaving tomorrow. I've decided to move up there this spring but that's a long time from now. I'm staying at the house tonight. I'm meeting Larry in the morning to spend the day with him and then all of us are going to the Airport to see him off. I don't know if I'll miss him more in the day - light or when I search for his warmth at night. I do know that I find little happiness in the house now.

Jan. 27.: He left and I didn't get to see him. I was late getting downtown. My ride wanted to stop into El Mo-cambo's so we got hung-up there for an hour. One good thing though, I got a job there and I start at 2 am this morning. But everywhere I went today, Larry had just been. Then after picking everyone up to go to the airport, we got down there and found we'd missed the flight by 5 minutes. I had thought he said 3:55 but it was really at 3:15 and we got there at 20 minutes after. I guess maybe it's better that way; I would have just cried most of the time.

Jan. 30.: The job is really pretty good; Wally, Mark and some other friends from Rockland spent the whole night there to keep me company. Pat hired Mark as another bartender so we'll keep it in the family.

The cops came out this afternoon and brought back some of the things they had confiscated. They stayed around for awhile and drank coffee and rapped. Walt told me to talk and be nice to them, but I can never trust them again. Tom left today; I'll really miss him.

Jan. 31.: Today was my niece's birthday; she was four. Also had our first wedding at the commune; Ronnie did the ceremony.

Feb. 1.: I have moved from the main house over to the Can-A-Bus, an old school bus a couple blocks from the house. I live there with Mark, Wally, Chris and Jody. Wally and I cleaned it all up and put curtains up. I think I'll be much happier here. Pat has sold out the Bar to Bali Hai Bob.

Feb. 2.: Ronnie left for New York City today. He left to make money for the commune; to ask some of his friends to buy some land. He left Goonie with me which really surprised me; he never left Goonie for more than a week. It must be very important for him to go to New York.

Feb. 3.: Called Larry and my parents today. Larry's gone back to work and seems well. My parents said it was 18 degrees in North Carolina.

I've started working the 10 am - 6 pm shift instead. It's much better on me and Wally. Now he doesn't have to sit up all night at El Mo's making sure I don't get hassled.

Feb. 4.: They had a family meeting at the main house, so Jody, Bob and I went - a lot of bullshit. There are about three people on a super power trip, but maybe it's necessary to keep the people there together; maybe.

Feb. 6.: The kitchen at the main house has been closed off except for the kitchen crew. I consider the people at the main house only as neighbors. The Pink House is really nice - full of good vibes and beautiful people. They have a common force, yoga. That, I think, is what the main house needs, a common cause.

Feb. 10.: Big meeting at the house. The leaders were complaining that no one was making any contributions to the house for such things as water bills, rent and food. Water will be shut off tomorrow if the bill's not

paid. Rent's due on the 15th and 17¢ was collected for tomorrow's dinner. Some people are getting into candle making to sell to shops in Key West. Contributions were requested by the candle group. Bob gave them some orders to make some candles for the bar. I think I'll move to Big Coppitt.

Feb. 11.: Got a Valentine from my father - I think I'll go spend a week or so with them in April.

Feb. 12.: Got another Valentine, from my mother this time. It has been decided at the house that those who didn't want to get into candle making will be expelled from the commune. Those allowed to stay will pay a special membership fee and receive a membership card and wear special head bands. That's it. I'm moving to Big Coppitt. There's no way I can live in an atmosphere like that.

Feb. 14.: I called my parents to wish them Happy Valentine's Day, but only my grandmother was home. I called Larry and he said his trial may be sooner than expected, so, maybe I'll be seeing him soon. I'm going to move his van up here to Big Coppitt because I've heard people talking about taking parts off of it. Ronnie called up at 2 am this morning. He wants me to send him Goonie.

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# the HERLIHY interview



## PART II: Sitting Still

**SOLARES HILL:** *But let's assume that there are some people in Key West who have a consciousness that wants to change? How do you go about changing it?*

**HERLIHY:** Okay. Were you here when they painted the garbage cans?

**SOLARES HILL:** Yes.

**HERLIHY:** Well, now the trouble with the garbage can painting was this. It seems to me that the young people who painted the garbage cans weren't really painting the garbage cans for the town. Not quite as much as for themselves; that's why they were painting psychedelically. If they were painting them for the town, why didn't they ask the town how they were to be painted?

It seems to me that selfless activity that is motivated by genuine love and concern for neighbors, community, and others is the kind of behavior that can result in an expansion of consciousness. You know? I can imagine that it would not happen in most cases; but, I can imagine that it could have a chance at helping other people, and opening other people's eyes, ears, hearts and souls, perhaps. Really genuinely selfless activity.

You know, the long hairs here used to arouse my enthusiasm, but I'm taking a somewhat dimmer view of the long hairs, too. It seems to me that there's a great deal of desire for self-gratification among them, and very little dedication to anything besides "digging it." Very little interest in things beyond the self; beyond the small self. And there's a great deal of waiting for the government to do it, when it's perfectly clear that the government isn't going to do shit. The Key West government ain't going to do nothing; the county government ain't going to do nothing; the state government ain't going to do nothing; the federal government ain't going to do nothing; there ain't no government going to do nothing. People have to be shaken. You've got to say, "Baby, what makes you think the emperor's going to start wearing clothes. He's always been naked."

If anybody wants to get anything on, they'd better get it on. You know: like, just start doing it. If you want a park, then get together some money and buy the land, because nobody else is going to do it. If you want a program for preschool-age children so that they - the black ones - and, I suppose, white ones, too - can fit into this stupid edu-

cational system, then you just have to get together some money and do it.

**SOLARES HILL:** *Like a Head Start program?*

**HERLIHY:** Right. So, if anyone would be interested in helping black people, they could help them on those levels. You know - help get it together. Really do things instead of trying to get government grants. I know Merlin Curry went to the county or the city, I forget which, I think it was the city commission, and tried to get something like two thousand dollars for the re-conditioning of that swimming pool building over on Thomas Street. He tried to get that thing going, so that those empty, decaying rooms could have some function, as a community center - and they needed some books and they needed some craft equipment and they needed some help, to the tune of a couple thousand dollars. He was put off by the City Commission; told it might take a year or two. So I said, "Well, tell the city I'll lend them money at no interest for two years." And that's the last I heard about it. So, anyway, if anybody wants to help it has to be done on that level - go over there, raise the money, and do it. I have an idea for ways that you could help with a TV program, too.

**SOLARES HILL:** *What's that?*

**HERLIHY:** You go to Spottswood - he's got a local TV station - and have a Key West TV hour at least once a week and maybe once a night. You get people on and you interview them, right on TV. That's what gets people to watch - because it's local people, right? They like to see people they know interviewed and asked questions, and all that. You use the TV to arouse people's interest in getting things done.

There's a black lady over on Thomas Street that has a little house where she teaches ten or twenty preschool children. I think the kids' parents pay something like three dollars a week, or three dollars a month, I forget what, but anyway, she's just scraping through over there. Now that place needs to be painted, it needs this and that, it was written about in the paper - maybe something has come about since it was written about, but I don't know. Let's say that, just using her as an example, you have her talking on television and you could just ask Sherwin Williams or Sears and Roebuck, "will you give us six gallons of paint?" "Thank you very kindly - good, we'll go over and pick those up and we really appreciate it, and now who's going to donate the brushes?" Ask people

for things right on the television.

**SOLARES HILL:** *And that's an ideal this community could point toward? That kind of person-to-person action where you take commercial enterprises or just private people and get them working together?*

**HERLIHY:** Yes, that's it.

**SOLARES HILL:** *Want to talk about the new book, The Season of the Witch? Last spring Walter Starcke told me that much of the spirit of the book, and perhaps certain personalities or characters, grew out of the relationships you had here in Key West with younger people.*

**HERLIHY:** Since about 1965, I've been aware that there's a new breed of creature being born in the world, and it's become more and more apparent over those years that those young people are going to make staggering changes. I'm drawn to them, and vice versa. I, and these young people, have compatible interests. I've lived with them, and they've lived with me for the last several years. Key West is just one of the many places that I've been with the young people: New York, California, Colorado, and Texas - all of the country - not just Key West. As far as the characters go, they are fictional. I don't derive characters from acquaintances except unconsciously.

**SOLARES HILL:** *Could we talk specifically about this change you see in young people?*

**HERLIHY:** Mankind has been struggling on the planet Earth; let's say, that man has - just for the sake of round figures - been recognizable as man for a million years. That's a long time. He's been struggling on this planet with rather delicate equipment; we're not covered with hide - we just have skin and it's rather thin skin; our backs are not very strong; and we can't run very fast. Now we've had to make a living on a place that presents vast difficulties. We have these claws - these hands - and they grab things. And so we're good at that. Because that's what we've had to do to get through - we've had to claw and grab and claw and grab. Within the last hundred years, within the last fifty years, within the last twenty, really, we've discovered ways in which man can survive on the planet with his claws relaxed. There are different ways to do it now. We have a technology that we've never had before. Man has developed all this machinery and, since World War II, we've found ways to apply and use this machinery to really lighten man's burden; lighten it to the point where it doesn't exist. People have sat down and figured

out things to feed the great electronic brains, and the electronic brains have fed us answers about where we're at. We're in a fantastic place, man. Get this: all of the knowledge we had from beginning of recorded history to 1900, was doubled in the next fifty years. Between 1950 and 1960 we doubled that knowledge again. And then between 1960 and 1965 we doubled our knowledge again. We accumulated knowledge at this fantastic rate. Now that was what I read in 1965. I don't know what the computers have to tell us now about where we're at, but it would seem to me that if you followed that same geometric progression, what you have would be 1969 as the year of infinite knowledge. We had arrived at the place where we knew, and now we had to learn to apply. Knowledge is no longer where it's at; where it's at is use of knowledge.

This is a vast, and great, and extraordinary change. For a million years, the question was how to plant a carrot and how to make it come out; and then how to plant carrots by machine, and how to reap them. How to do it. So, it's interesting to me that at the same time that the knowhow arrives, there also arrives a considerable minority, a large minority of people born into the world who are very much concerned with questions like: how best to use the knowledge that we have to make life more beautiful and more fair and more equitable and more healthful and more groovy and more peaceful on the planet; rather than the gathering of knowledge and the power of knowledge.

So man has every reason now to give up the power game. It's no longer appropriate. It was appropriate to my grandfather, it was appropriate to my father's generation, it has also been appropriate to my generation. My generation are people in their forties. My generation was called upon during World War II to stop some very heavy bullshit. And we did it. And so we're bullshit stoppers. Right? Well, there's nothing like an old bullshit stopper for putting in new bullshit. However, people shouldn't be crapping on my generation for being so ornery and difficult. After all, if we weren't, Hitler would have mopped up the whole world. So of course, the rest of the world, our children, have to cope with us. And they should cope with us with love, because we couldn't help it. We were doing our best, and if we developed some bad habits along the way, well, teach us better, show us better.

So, now there are lots of ways to look at this young people thing: first, as the Flower Child impulse the reaction against war.

Secondly, astrologically, they talk about the Age of Aquarius. Well, all the people born after 1946 or '47, or whenever it was, have aquarian consciousness, so you can talk about it that way if you want to.

Thirdly, you can also talk about it as the influence of media. Buckminster Fuller tells us that people of twenty-six are the ones who are first to be brought up totally with the television set. So you can talk about it as the television phenomena, and I can certainly see that because I have a great sense of media, and of what importance it is. It seems

to me that television is a consciousness creating machine. It's for the expansion of consciousness. It's for lots of other reasons, only because it's so young. But when we find out how to use it properly, when television is fully turned over to the expansion of man's consciousness, then we're going to have the flowering of this thing that's been growing for a million years, the human person. And it's right now, in our extraordinary times, we're seeing it come into flower. And I think one of the signs is this generation that we're all trying to talk about. It is by no means the ultimate, because this generation is producing all kinds of problems, too. But it's the beginning of the real fulfillment of human potential, if you can dig what I mean. That will allow vast quantities of people to live on this tiny planet in peace and harmony. When that consciousness arrives on the planet, there won't be any problem about overpopulation, the problems will be more interior ones, the problems will be how better to groove on the crowd. And when you're going from here to the A&P, you won't try to pick the route that has fewest people. You'll try to pick the route that has the most, because they're so beautiful and you'll want to meet as many as possible. You see what I mean?

And those are the things that I think are going to come into consciousness. The young people are bringing into consciousness, in the very beginning stages, their interest in grooving. The verb to groove is one of the new verbs, and also, technologically, it's interesting isn't it? It comes from the groove in a record, doesn't it? It seems to me that one of the things this generation is teaching us is to enjoy; the science of enjoyment is being introduced; the science of grooving; the science of loving; the science of being. All these things are being expressed by vast numbers of this generation, whereas in the past they had only been expressed by isolated individuals.

**SOLARES HILL:** *Let's come down from the Piscean highlands; down to this little island. What's going to be the effect of those young people on Key West?*

**HERLIHY:** I haven't really looked



at this town since 1969. What was going on then? Oh God, do you really want to talk about what was going on in 1969? In 1969, the city was in a state of panic because long hair was new to the scene. People equated marijuana in those days with heroin. They didn't know there was a difference. They had to learn the hard way because in 1969 heroin hit this town like a ton of bricks. Heroin was here all through 1970, and as far as I know, it's still here. I don't know because I haven't looked. Last year when I was here, everytime I crept out of my locked walls, all I saw was heroin heads on Duval St. And speed freaks. Smack heads and speed freaks. So, the town learned the difference between marijuana and heroin in the last two years. Before that, in 1968 and 1969, the town was in a state of reaction due to the arrival of marijuana smoking long haired young people. And that was not a pretty picture. It hassled, it arrested it jailed, it did all kinds of ugly things to those young people. And the main reason they were using for doing those ugly things to the young people was that marijuana-smoking was taking place. But that wasn't the real reason. After all, half of the police force was blowing grass, too, and everybody knew it. Actually, the town papers were in a state of terror. They were afraid the long hairs were going to: (a) corrupt their youngsters, and (b) make the town look like something that wouldn't be very pretty to the middle class tourists from Kenosha, Wisconsin. But, I think Key West has since discovered that hard drugs got into this town not by way of the long haired hippie community. Hard drugs came in through the Mafia. Drug pushing on the Miami level, on the big city level, coming right down these Keys to do a job on high school kids. That's how the drugs got into this town; everybody knows that now, I think.

**SOLARES HILL:** *We were talking about the impact of this new breed of person on a town like this.*

**HERLIHY:** I think they scared the town; I think they scared the town like they did most of the country.

**SOLARES HILL:** *You've travelled all around the country. Now the United States has had to live with the fact that the freak, the oddball with long hair, is becoming a standard member of his generation; is becoming a norm, and the United States is having to look for a longer and longer time at this new person and this new kind of behavior. What's the reaction locally, or if you understand it more clearly from another place.*

**HERLIHY:** It seems to me that America has assimilated, has gone 75 percent of the way towards assimilating, the marijuana long haired culture. In other words, you don't have to leave home to grow hair and smoke marijuana anymore. Therefore, there isn't any hippie culture, really. The big culture has already been changed, has already been altered, I believe. Or it's in a state of being altered.

**SOLARES HILL:** *How has that young, long haired marijuana smoker, who is a resident in a middle class home, changed that home?*

*continued on p. 14*

DIARY *continued from p. 3*

Feb. 16: They fired the cook today and a new kitchen crew has taken over. Power, power - more power. I give Rockland Key one more month in existence; if it makes it longer than that, great.

Feb. 17: I wish this cold weather would stop; at least up north you have central heating.

Feb. 18: It's going to cost 21¢ a pound for Goonie to fly to Ronnie, including the weight of the crate. Goonie must weigh about 80 pounds. Feb. 19: Jody has a baby-sitting job and will get \$10.00 a week. Chris is doing odd jobs around the neighborhood so we are all now happily employed. Mark took us out for dinner tonight and we all stuffed ourselves on shrimp.

Feb. 20: Today was Wally's birthday. Jody's is Monday. Jack came by to see me today. He's trying to get a booth at the fair. I can't wait for the fair to come. It had just ended when I got down here last year - fairs are a gas.

Feb. 21: Ronnie called and he'll be leaving New York to come home the 25th. Maybe the commune can be saved yet.



## EDITORIAL

All over the U.S. young kids have taken to the open road. There is more hitchhiking across the country than at any time since the days of the depression. Often these young people stay in towns; more frequently they search out places where they can encamp together away from the cities and be close to nature. Such encampments go under the general name of communes. Such a commune has been started out at Rockland Key.

Rockland Key is not pleasing to the eye. Up-ended and rusting cars and appliances are scattered everywhere. The ground is marl-hard and the mosquitoes swarm unchecked. There are only a few houses. There are extremely limited sanitation facilities. Rockland Key is zoned for residential, single-family dwellings.

Walter and Lenny, spokesmen for the commune, say they are aware of the lack of sanitation facilities and that they have contracted to have their septic tank cleaned and fixed. "If we had a list of Health Department complaints, we would comply with what has to be done. If we had to get portable chemical toilets, we would do so," commented the commune leaders.

Dick Wells, the County Sanitation Director, said that it is impossible to recommend minimal sanitary standards without knowing how many people are going to be staying at the Rockland Key commune. He says that the numbers of people vary and often there are over a hundred people out there.

Paul Sawyer, the County Attorney, says that these people are in violation of the zoning laws. Too many people in too few houses is against the law. He said that the owners of the property could petition for a variance to have the zoning changed. He indicated, however, that it is now very expensive to set up campgrounds that will meet new, stricter sanitary requirements.

What can be done? Laws are being broken by the commune. The burden of correction rests with the commune, not the county. There are dangerous gaps in basic health

standards and there have been too many people on land zoned for single-family residences. These people, however, are not deliberate law breakers. What has created this situation is the large number of homeless travellers today.

Solares Hill believes that representatives who speak for the commune should initiate a meeting with the County Attorney, Sanitation Inspector, and a representative of the Sheriff's Department. They should be prepared to meet basic sanitation requirements and to standardize their numbers.

The commune has said that it wishes to comply with the law. We're sure that the county fathers will be able to work out with the commune a reasonable and intelligent program to be followed. For example, the members of the commune can make arrangements with the local garbage disposal company to haul away their refuse. By the time July comes there will be very few people there. The heat of the summer will have driven many away. This will give all of us time to think about ways to handle the increasingly larger number of people who come down U.S. 1 looking for a place to camp every winter.

One idea might be to approach the State with the idea of setting up an experimental fa-n. The lands between here and Homestead are not cultivated. A youth hostel could be built to house these young people who, in return for food and lodging, could do a few hours work a day.

Another idea would be to improve the existing campgrounds and build new ones. It is obvious that we have extremely limited facilities for campers. The State could set up another park and charge a reasonable rate for a camper.

This is a problem that not just Key West is facing. All over the country mass movements of young people are taking place. It is a new social phenomenon. New approaches to accommodate these people will have to be tried.



Lyle Johnston

We had remembered the invitation one morning last week while answering our telephone at dawn. It was to be another twelve-round TKO session at the City Commission meeting. The event promised to be fun only because the night's debate would center on the alleged exclusiveness of a local pre-fab igloo franchise. Our poor Maserati had been allegedly struck twice during the previous week by emergency vehicles (on their way back to "the barn," police said.) We called our old friend, "One of the Establishment," for a lift downtown.

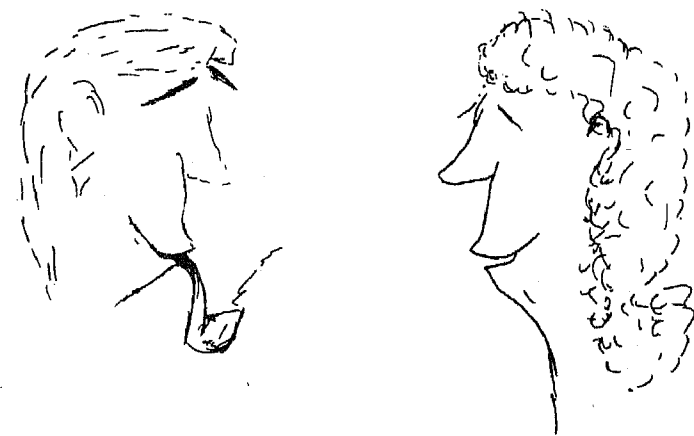
"One" arrived about seven minutes late which is no mean feat for her time schedule. We had imagined her car marooned on some side street with dozens of the so-called "hippies" blocking the road ahead. She used to say, "If they can harass the elderly out of central St. Petersburg, we can do the same to those tribal love cultists here." Actually, she was, in fact, marooned on Duval in a traffic jam of tour busses, tour trains, and loitering businessmen. "One" finally arrived at our trailer about seven minutes late which is a real feat for her '54 Chevy.

The only thing to do - what with our few minutes of leisure enroute to City Hall - was to drop into Sloppy Joe's for a bellringing blast of rum and coca-cola. But "One" remembered that the GRAZHDANKA offices of the local news pamphlet were just across the street from Sloppy's and she was sure they had people watching her. I hastily made allowances for her tacky paranoia and we opted for a coke on the rocks (called "rum and coca-cola") at Captain Tony's Saloon. But Tony's was jammed with a private party of fifty-five hairdressers from Marathon (in town for a convention, authorities report).

So onward we plodded, silently admiring the multi-toned sidewalks in the light of the famous Key West sunset. Our minds wandered to the dozens of colorful shrimp boats bobbing lightly on the Gulf waters awaiting their night's labors. Our minds wandered further to imagine tonight's gun battle in the shrimp fleet, the colorful blood bath at the peaceful intersection of history and wholesale fish prices.

We arrived at City Hall to find the Junkanos doing a warm-up for the audience. In response to what was, allegedly, a newspaper advertisement for the good of the community, seven women occupied the male chauvinist easy chairs normally occupied by the city's ruling body. It was truly a remarkable demonstration. The women all looked quite respectable (in fact, we immediately noticed their recent haircuts and well-pressed sport coats) and they finally abandoned their demonstration in order to organize a limbo contest. We got into the '54 Chevy and made a bee-line for H. Salt and a little peace and quiet.

## LOUIS AND LOUISE



The last time I went to the supermarket with Louise I wanted to make sure I got my favorite breakfast cereal. That was back in 1942, not necessarily a good year for breakfast cereals or for supermarket shopping. Those doors never open for you and as you rub your bruised nose, you pile into the line of shopping carts hot off the cash register.

You recover in time to see your wife progressing down the first aisle, pushing the cart with her body, arms outstretched, shoveling items into the carriage. By the time you catch up to her, she's on her second carriage, going up the salad dressing aisle, and you have to take over control of the first carriage. Shortly you're winded from the 20 mph pace, and you've been apologizing to all the other shoppers left in her wake.

One lady got caught up in the peanut butter section. I got around that sticky situation by handing her a jar of strawberry preserves which was teeter-tottering on top of my carriage. I had already lost two jars of mustard, on sale at 2 for 57¢, and a dozen eggs, while taking the first turn into the pickle aisle.

By the time I caught up to Louise she had reached the meat counter. There must be something psychological in meat or something. A return to Nature. Like you want to take Nature home with you, but you can't, so you take home the meat counter instead. Now I'm a good eater but in no way, shape, or form can I put away 15 lbs. of ground beef, a side of ribs, two dozen pork chops, a leg of lamb, 20 lbs. of stew meat, 5 lbs. of roast, and, of course, because it was on sale at 24¢ a lb., 32 lbs. of chicken - all wings! I better not read another article about the complaints of the Poultry Growers of America.

And wouldn't you know that the whole store is standing ready at the cash register, like an alert army, waiting for our arrival. Three people whisk our food onto a moving tongue, where, all in one operation, the stuff is weighed, counted, punched up, squashed, and packed. The smiling face of the manager is waiting at the other end to Ok. my check with professional joy. And then, in the final gasp of efficiency, my change flies out of this legalized slot machine and the cashier hands me a string of stamps to be enjoyed at home.

The bag boy loads it all into the car (I had heavy duty springs put in last year) and he pushes us off. And as the sun sets in the East, "Louis, that was fun; thank you."

Boy, is that distorted. I thought this was supposed to be a two-sided newspaper. The male always thinks we ladies anticipate each week's shopping day. Well, personally, I'm paranoid over shopping. The faster I get in and out the better it is. You're confronted with three hundred other people, all in a square foot area, along with half empty toilet tissue cartons, a toothpaste display, and a full case of super fragile extra large eggs, among other things.

How anyone can think women are bad drivers after seeing them in a supermarket, is beyond me. I think an award should be given each week to the best lady driver-shopper. My vote goes to my friend Eunice. Why, one week I was down at the end of the vegetable stand, picking through the lettuce, and looked back to see where she was.

Well, she had just taken the turn into the cookie section and was heading up toward the vegetables. Just then I could see this fantastic accident beginning. One lady was coming over from aisle 4 to aisle 5, the cookie aisle. Another was hot on Eunice's heels. A third was heading down towards her to get to the meat counter. And there were several boxes of loose tomatoes on the floor.

Well, it was one of the most spectacular things I've seen in a long time. The lady from aisle 4 took a fast right and then a quick left, the lady going down the aisles slowed up a fraction of a second. The girl behind Eunice stopped to pick up some whipped-cream coconut-covered chocolate chip cookies. And Eunice, in a fantastic bit of Troi de carriage, took a swing around the tomatoes on two wheels, quickly straightened up, slowed down a bit, and turned into the other part of the divided vegetable section only inches in front of the meat-counter-headed shopper.

I applauded in joy and gave her the head of lettuce I had selected. I've never seen anyone better than her. That was one of the few times I enjoyed shopping.

Usually, once my basket is full, I get to the fastest checkout. I'm so happy they have these fast, easy ways to get this thing over with. Once it's all in the car, I breathe a sigh of relief at least for another week.

I'm waiting for these buttons they all talk about so you can stay home and order your groceries. Well, maybe not. I would miss Eunice.



## Winifred Sands Johnson: Black Socrates

Margaret Carey, William Huckel

What kind of woman was Winifred Sands Johnson? "Be somebody" she often said and she was. In a forty-two year teaching career in Key West she influenced, changed, directed, and enriched lives of those who knew her.

She was the daughter of Lofton Sands; a legend in his own right. People today still talk about how he was the only man who could get the lights of Key West turned on after power failures at the electric plant. Particularly remembered was the time when Sands, during an evening of much drinking and merrymaking, was suddenly called on to restore the lights to Key West. "Iron" Roberts recalls that "he had one man on one side, and one man on the other side to support him, walking down to the power station but when he got there, he straightened up, opened the door and took immediate command of the electricians there and said 'pull that switch, push that button, twist that valve' and the lights went on." Winifred Sands Johnson reacted to school the way her father reacted to the power station. Her brother Ted Sands remembers "All her illnesses would pass away the moment she entered a classroom to teach."

In 1926 she first entered a classroom to teach. She was 17 years old. Her mother had died and she taught elementary grades at St. Francis Xavier to help support her brothers and sisters. At the same time she was finishing her high school through correspondence courses.

At 19 she began the first of more than thirty years teaching at Douglass School. And at that time the legend of Mrs. Winifred Sands Johnson was begun.

"I particularly remember her story telling ability," says Charles Lopez who was a student of hers in the early 1930's. "She held the undivided attention of everybody, not just a few. She held us spellbound. She used this ability to soothe the class and get them in the right head for the lesson." Always in talking about Mrs. Johnson we heard about her story telling wizardry. "I might skip some classes but never would I miss story time," tells Flo Castillo. Often she would tell detective stories often she would tell love stories and great myths. No matter what she told she made it interesting and dramatic. Gerald Fisher going back thirty years to his sixth grade class with her recalls how dramatic she was. Raymond Pottier, a member of Gerald's class, says that she would always bring life to the characters in her stories.

From the thirties up until the sixties, this same dramatic ability was used. Jonah Mack, who had Mrs. Johnson in class her last year, said "She didn't teach from a book like other teachers, but she brought her subject to life by her physical presence. When she talked about anger, she became angry. When she talked about happiness, she became happy." "It was like she was in show business," Philip Sears feels. She would act out parts of Shakespeare and Flo Castillo, like many of her students, learned to like his works. Flo says "She did Shakes-

peare so dramatically you were kept spellbound - I even got to like the Funeral Speech in Julius Caesar after not liking it."

Mrs. Johnson used her dramatic skills humorously also. "Even when people were laughing, they were learning," Philip Sears says. Mrs. Essie Granberry, a teacher, said that she would look forward to hall duty with Mrs. Johnson because she was so humorous. Flo remembers her telling the girls in her class to have a good time with the boys and to get married but to always get an education or a trade so that they would have something to fall back on if the boys walked out. As Jonah says "She was a swinging old lady."

Her personal interest in her students was extraordinary. In Philip's case he states frankly that without her faith in him he might never have received his scholarship to college. "I didn't have much confidence in my ability to get the scholarship," Philip's father spoke to her about it and she told him "Leave it to me and he'll do it." And he did. "She kept me after class to write what I had to for that scholarship and I got it."

Willie Ward's daughter was the first black girl to graduate from Key West High School. However, she experienced doubts as to whether she would make it. "Mrs. Johnson helped Freddie Maye (Ward) to graduate after she got discouraged," Willie said.

After Alfred Milton Evans, Sr. became blind, he took up an earlier interest in writing. Mrs. Johnson, who edited articles relating to the black community for a page in the Key West Citizen, often ran his articles. She was a strong, constructive critic of his work. When Mr. Evans would brood she would say to him "Don't give up!" and he didn't.

Betty Cox relates that in the early 1950's Mrs. Johnson taught typing. She personally got a job for one of her students on Duval Street. Needless to say, it wasn't easy to do but she did it.

Margaret Carey remembers being told by Mrs. Johnson that "The people across the tracks live, too" when she expressed uneasiness about attending school with white people.

She always had time for her students. Elvin McBee took a refresher course from her at night school. He states "If there was a student who didn't understand the lesson she wouldn't hold up the class explaining it to him, but would always take him or her after class to explain it." Ruby Bain would see students going into Mrs. Johnson's home after school to be tutored in Spanish, typing and music.

Always a proud woman, she pushed for the rights of black people. She stressed going to black universities and promoted black pride and scholarship. Philip says, "People weren't thinking of being black and proud then but she was stressing it then." His decision to go to Florida A&M was much influenced by her thought.

She commanded respect. Lofton "Coffee" Butler and Charles Lopez

both recalled that although some of the older boys in the school would carry on or smoke in classes, they were always well-behaved in her class.



Clayton Lopez said "It took only one talk from her to straighten me out for a whole year."

Jonah was in a militant "bag" but he said, "I didn't do anything in her class out of respect for her."

Enormously talented academically, she got her B.A. degree from Florida A&M in just two years and she got her Masters degree from Columbia University in just three summers. She taught Spanish, English, French, typing, music, reading, history, journalism, math, and literature. Her brother Ted Sands said "She never stopped striving in her profession."

Who of her students doesn't remember her saying "The key to success is determination" or "Something well-learned is never forgotten."

People in town remember what she liked. Willie Ward recalls that one of her favorite poems was "The

Footprints in the Sands of Time." Roosevelt Sands quoted some lines she loved from In Memoriam by Alfred Tennyson. Ruby Valdez believes that "The House on the Side of the Hill" was a favorite of hers. Rose Lopez says she used to love the song "Drink to me Only with Thine Eyes." The amazing thing is that people remember and remember so well.

Robert Sawyer compares Mrs. Range, the prominent black leader in Miami, to Mrs. Johnson. Clifton Lassiter felt that she "was another Miss Bethune" and Philip Sears compared her to W.E.B. du Bois and called her a "Black Socrates."

Personal memories are strong. Raymond Pottier, who is gifted with a fantastic memory, remembers parties held over thirty years ago. He remembers the names of his classmates in the sixth grade and said that "she loved all her students and never showed any partiality. Some Sunday evenings the whole class would go over to her home and make ice-cream and cake and then sit on the lawn for a story after which they would eat the cake and ice-cream."

Virginia Burghoy still uses a beautiful crochet stitch she learned from Mrs. Johnson. She said "We

spent a year crocheting a beautiful bed spread sitting on her wall in the evenings."

Ruby Valdez remarked on how extremely supple she was. "Even though she was a big woman she could do anything with her body just like a yogi."

Rose Lopez says that she was also a great cook.

In 1943 she married and in 1944 her daughter Helen "Tiki" was born. She was devoted to "Tiki" and her grandchild. In 1968, "Tiki" and her child were brutally killed in N.Y. Mrs. Johnson told no one but by February of 1967 the local newspaper heard about it and printed it. The people of Key West were shocked. Everyone knew how she adored her child. As Willie Ward said "Loving her you felt her grief." Mrs. Johnson was absent from school from Feb. 1967 until April of 1967. Then she returned and continued to teach until her death in May 1968.

Her influence wasn't just with black people. Sylvia Mira, a white girl, was a student of hers at K.W. H.S. She says "She was the most fabulous teacher there. We were like her children. Even students who didn't have her for a teacher stopped by to see her. We used to wait around after school from 2:30 to 4:00 just to be able to give her a ride home."

She was a woman who put others at their ease. Willie Ward says "She was the kind of very educated person you could relax with. You didn't have to watch your verbs with her." Elsie Granberry said that "Mrs. Johnson never met a stranger."



Two well-known local teachers were influenced by her. Phyllis Allen told us "She inspired me to go on to teach and help all children." Virginia Irving prepared a longer statement. "I have thought often of this lady and her influence as a teacher. She was a knowledgeable woman with so much to offer students. On many occasions I have wondered if she could have been more liberal with her knowledge or whether she was saying this 'I'll drop this idea-thought now and what will you do about it?' Since we tend to want to accentuate the positive side of people who have come and gone I have wanted to lean toward the latter since it fitted my life style. I did take the initiative and began to explore, discover, and react."

She never seemed to get out of touch with the younger students. Charles Lopez said "She never aged; she was always young." Jonah Mack says "She was old but she was doing things that were young."

Raymond Pottier told a beautiful story about his regard for her. When he was in the sixth grade his class put on a carnival. Mrs. Johnson was the fortune-teller. He asked her if he would graduate from high school and she looked in her crystal ball and said "Yes, Raymond, you will graduate from high school." However, Raymond left high school in the 11th grade. Around ten years later he finished high school. "I finished," he said, "because I wanted her prophecy to come true."

In the words of Robert Chappell "She was really a fabulous person."



Left to Right:  
Lucille Pope  
Ruby Bain  
Anthony Walters  
Ernestine Walters  
(Standing) Mrs. Johnson  
Clyde Davis  
Caridad Davis  
Annie Roberts  
Ruby Valdez

upper left  
Mrs. Johnson  
middle left  
Rose Copea  
middle right  
Philip Sears  
lower left  
Robert Chappell  
lower right  
Elvin McBee

## WHAT YA GOT COOKIN' ?

Phoebe Coan

Here's two originals from Bernice Spencer of Caroline Street, whose husband, William, has been fishing the waters of Key West since he was a small boy.

Holding forth regally, Mrs. Spencer claims she has been eating "barrycudas" for 40 years, and her husband William, for longer. "It's the thought and the fear that it might be poisonous that makes people not eat it," she said. "It's our favorite eating fish, especially when frittered. Now if you get 'barrycudas' that's been caught on the outside waters where the fish may eat paint off ships, it wouldn't be too good, but caught on the inside waters, it would be fine." Her daughter nodded agreement.

"Debbie, go back to the bathroom," Mrs. Spencer commanded to a minute, tawny-colored doggie, who instantly obeyed. Then she mopped her brow with a huge cloth, leaned back in a throne-like manner, and revealed her original family favorites:

First clean the fish (kingfish or barracuda will do) and remove the backbone and head. Cut it up and boil with salt, garlic and a bayleaf. Drain the fish and set it aside to cool so you can pick out the remaining bones and skin. Then you will have just the "clear meat" for the patties.

Boil some Irish potatoes and "pick the fish all to pieces," and mash with the potatoes real good. (One fish will feed 7 or 8 people generously.) Then grind or chop garlic, green pepper and onions together to mix with the fish and potato mixture. (Use as many as you desire.) Then add 4 eggs and one cup of cracker meal. Mrs. Spencer recommends mixing all of these hearty ingredients with your hands as then the cook can FEEL if the mixture will be heavy enough to hold together for frying. If the mixture seems too heavy she usually adds one-half cup of cream, and to aid the frying, one-half melted stick of oleo.

The next step is patty cakes. Pat out as many patties as you can and chill them so they have a chance to stick together real good. Then fry up for those hungry folks in "real hot grease" or vegetable oil if you prefer.

The tiny doggie made another meek appearance and was again chastised back to the bathroom. Next came the inspiration for Mrs. Spencer's own special brand of dilly ice cream. I waited anxiously fighting great hunger pangs.

Mrs. Spencer uses a hand freezer to make her dilly ice cream. Five or so grandchildren gathered around, and Mrs. Spencer moved near her aquarium. This gave me the opportunity to spy the gold cushion on her easy chair which read; "reserved for world's greatest grandmother."

"Now, lots of people put eggs in it; I don't," said the world's greatest grandmother. Just get one dozen very ripe, medium-sized sapodillas (the riper the sweeter), they're gummy when green. Remove skins and seeds and mash until smooth. Then with 4 cans of Magnolia condensed milk, 4 cartons of heavy cream, blend your ingredients with a mixer. Let the ice cream-to-be sit one-half hour in the freezer. Add a little water if necessary to bring it up to the gallon size. Pack the freezer with 3 pounds of ice cream salt and crushed ice. This is really big salt and one cup of it is put all around to freeze and harden the mixture along with the crushed ice. This should bring it all up to the top of the freezer. One can use an ice cream powder to help harden the mixture, but this is not essential.

Then, with the hand freezer, turn the crank until ice cream gets so hard you can't turn the handle. Pack it down again with ice and salt and let it sit for another one-half hour. Then open your freezer and dig in. You can leave the ice cream right in the gallon can of the freezer.

All the grandchildren seemed to agree on their grandma's ice cream making abilities, the way they danced in and out. One can make any kind of fresh fruit ice cream this way. "Fresh peach," Mrs. Spencer said, "is really delicious!" Though, to me, it sounded like a dilly, dilly time with the sapodillas.

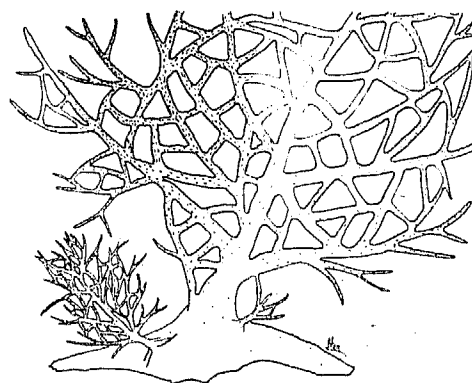
Anyone with "originals" to share, please send your address, phone number, and name of the recipe to SOLARES HILL, 812 Fleming Street, Key West; and we will make an interview appointment with the cook.

### STAN'S COMMENT

The delightful idea that barracuda flesh becomes poisoned when the fish eats the paint from ship bottoms must be considered as an interesting but baseless folk tale. "Barrycudas" are very selective feeders upon live fishes and just wouldn't be caught dead munching on ship bottoms. Please refer to A Sea of Questions for more on barracuda poisoning.

Stan Becker

We are an island people and our livelihoods are very closely tied to the ocean around us. The creatures of the sea, their habits and their effects on man provide many questions. I will try, through this column, to answer questions of general interest to our community. Please send your questions to Solares Hill, 812 Fleming Street, and I'll do my best to answer them here.



Is a Seafan a plant or an animal?  
Joan Becker

The Seafan is an animal belonging to the coelenterates (see letter its), the same major group or Phylum (fie' lum) as the corals, jelly fishes, hydroids, and sea anemones. The elaborately branched colonial structure of non-living material is built by the numerous little polyp animals that comprise the living portion of the colony. In the living colony, the polyps protrude from and retract into the tiny pinpoint holes which may be seen ranged along the branches of a dried Seafan.



Are barracudas dangerous to man?  
-Janet Wood

Of the three species found in our waters, only one, *Sphyræna barracuda*, the Great Barracuda, grows large enough to be potentially dangerous to swimmers. However, there is a big difference between potential and actual danger. Although the literature is filled with tales of barracuda attack, and the fish is considered highly dangerous by Bahamians, there actually are only about 30 recorded cases of attack on humans during the past 80 years or so, and of those 30 cases, only 13 have been thoroughly documented.

While the barracuda is obviously a pretty discriminating eater, and normally would never consider attacking anything the size of a man, care should be taken not to provoke the fish. As a fish-eating carnivore,

the barracuda can be fooled under conditions of poor visibility, into striking a splashing limb or a flashing, shiny object. A string of speared fish trailing from the belt of a spear fisherman is almost certain to provoke attack. Speared fishes should be brought to boat or shore as quickly as possible after capture, and held well away from one's body while swimming.

The Great Barracuda presents another potential danger to man; perhaps far more critical than that of attack on swimmers. In Florida, Cuba, and many other places in the Caribbean (with the notable exception of Puerto Rico) large barracudas have caused more cases of the severe food poisoning called ciguatera than any other fish. The Great Barracuda is a very tasty and highly regarded food fish, but it should only be eaten in its smaller sizes, preferably under two feet in length.

How do you recognize ciguatera poisoning and what is the antidote?

The most common symptoms of ciguatera are extreme muscular weakness in the lower limbs, pronounced tingling sensations in hands and feet, reversal of hot and cold sensations, and diarrhea. If these symptoms occur, ciguatera should be suspected after eating the flesh of large barracudas, moray eels or groupers of the genus *Mycteroperca*, such as the Black Grouper. Amberjacks, carangid jacks, and several snappers are high on the danger list. As a general rule, the larger the fish the more suspect as a cause of ciguatera.

There is no antidote, but a suspected case of ciguatera poisoning should be under medical supervision as quickly as possible as a severe case can be lethal.

## It's Sapodilla Time

Stan Becker.

One of our most delicious and abundant tropical fruits is now in season and available for our enjoyment.

The stately Sapodilla trees, usually planted for the fine shade they afford, are now loaded with brown fruits about the size and shape of an apple. These trees may be seen in many yards both in the City and out in the keys where they are found growing wild on uninhabited land.

While raccoons and birds eat the wild fruit, some is always available for hikers exploring the Keys, just as some fruit-bearing limbs overhang the public streets for the delight of city strollers.

The fruit has a thin brown skin of a bark-like texture, and white to

light tan flesh that has been aptly compared in texture and flavor to spiced pears.

These superb fruits should be picked while still hard, and permitted to ripen (soften) on the table. The ripened sapodillas are usually chilled and eaten whole, less the rind. However, they may also be made into pulp or juice and served chilled, made into jam, or used to flavor drinks and ice cream.

Owners of Sapodilla trees have a wonderful opportunity to make a warm and traditional gesture of hospitality by sharing the abundant fruit with neighbors, and particularly with visitors to our islands. Such fine gestures can only bring our community closer together.



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## POEMS

### THEY

After the knowledge had been applied  
they both lapsed into a Rubyat silence  
sipping rose honey from an egg shell;  
She with her pearls,

He with his fine tools  
They with their bright imaginations  
kindling the lights in many houses  
many times ago.

How could they not remember how fine they were?  
He being  
and she  
seeing  
into the light of day.

### BIRTH

It could have been  
the morning of the pimperl,ell,  
It could have been  
the afternoon of the swan,  
For all I knew  
you took my hand and  
you held it well  
and both of us were born.

A turnip fell  
head down  
to hide its turned down nose  
from the grocery marts  
of the neatly wrapped town.

phoebe coan

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HERLIHY continued from p. 5

HERLIHY: Well, I may be wrong, but I think he's made it more thoughtful, more human, more warm, more simple. I think you can say that he has forced values of that home to be more real; he has forced his parents and his neighbors to look at what he is, at what's really going on, rather than what appearances are.

SOLARES HILL: *We've talked a lot about this community, the long hairs and the short hairs, the drug culture, and your work. Now, what about James Leo Herlihy?*

HERLIHY: What about him?

SOLARES HILL: *Jamie, I get the feeling that there are some empty places for you. Times when you look at the town, your work, this talking now - as bullshit, as empty. How do you deal with that emptiness?*

HERLIHY: Well, I guess at such times - and there are such times, of course, lots of them - I make a gigantic effort to remember some of the things I've learned about emptiness. For instance, that it's not real. Feeling empty is usually just some kind of exhaustion.

SOLARES HILL: *If you can detach yourself then, and see the emptiness as exhaustion, how do you restore yourself? Do you have any techniques for getting strong again, for getting yourself together?*

HERLIHY: I consciously developed some techniques and others, they just came along because I believe that the soul is working, all the time, and the soul has the function of saving us from all the shit we can cause. What I mean is that it's the soul's job to save a man from himself. And the soul is always working. So like, if you're running through the day; and you're going at a great clip; and you're going from one hassle to another, and from one piece of bullshit to another; like, if you can't be stopped any other way, then you'll trip and fall down; your soul will arrange it for you. And then it'll hurt, and you'll have to sit still. So, it seems like if you've fallen enough, and broken your ass often enough, then you got to try and figure ways where you won't break your ass. And you try to slow down before you do that. And try to listen to your soul before you have to put your butt in a sling. So I've developed some ways of doing that. That's one reason why I have this Buddha in my room. To remind me of that.

SOLARES HILL: *The meditating Buddha. What's that mean to you?*

HERLIHY: I've got the Buddha there; and I've got the Buddha in all the rooms I live in because I'm very much aware of the transitory quality of life. I'm very much aware of that. The figure of the Buddha for some reason makes me very aware of the eternal quality of it, and I think of the Buddha in the same way that people think about Christ: as a man who was capable; who trained himself somehow; got himself together, simply to where he could love pretty

well. You know he was good at it. And I think one of the ways the Buddha got good at it was sitting still, like he's sitting still there. He just sits still, and when I see that dude sitting still it reminds me that if you're going to feel the eternal quality of life it requires sitting still to do it. It seems to me that when we're moving around, hollering and screaming about the Establishment and all that, then what we're experiencing is the transitory quality of life. The more torn up you are over what's wrong; needs fixing; and how awful it all is, and the worse you feel about that, the more you need to have some cat like the Buddha sitting in front of you to remind you that there are other things too.

SOLARES HILL: *How are you doing at sitting still?*

HERLIHY: Oh, I'm learning. If you think I'm in bad shape now, baby, no - I learn - I've learned a good deal. I do a lot better than I used to. I used to be a lot more wrecked about how it all is than I am now. I'm not so wrecked about it all now. I can sit still better than I used to.

SOLARES HILL: *Have you established any other habits for yourself that make you catch yourself, and grab hold of that eternal?*

HERLIHY: Now give me that again.

SOLARES HILL: *Have you established any habits for yourself that allow you to grab hold of that eternal when the transitory is pressing you?*

HERLIHY: Yes, there is something else that works. This I like. This leather thong has got some rings on it that have been given me by various people. People with whom I have a good and strong and eternal relationship. This one's my godson, Micronesia Asher Tumetah Tonga Ezell, and these are various people. So like, the Catholics like to pray their beads, right? Well, I don't bother to do that. I pray my friends. I think about that dude, hold the ring and sit still, and think about that dude and the good things that passed between us, and the eternal quality of what's going on with us, and when I dig that, I pass on to the next one, you know? So that's one of the things I do to slow myself down a little. Yeah, that's one of the things, and then I keep the rings here when I'm not travelling, because the Buddha is sort of the center of all that kind of focus while I'm here.

SOLARES HILL: *Is Key West a place to come to slow down?*

HERLIHY: Oh, I can slow down anywhere. I can slow down in a motel room, you know, I can slow down anywhere if it's time to. I often keep the leather thong in my pocket and the Buddha in my room where it will remind me. I travel a lot; move around in different places and I can feel pretty much slowed down anywhere I am if I take a minute to do it.

SOLARES HILL: *When you get yourself slowed down and can see things pretty clearly, Jamie, what do you see as being the shape or tempo of your life?*

HERLIHY: Well, it's in a state of change. The only permanence is that it ain't going to be what it was ever again. But then I think that change is the name of the game. It's just that sometimes, there are some moments in your life - some months, some weeks, some periods when you are more aware of the change than other periods. Like last year, I held off change. I didn't want any because I was writing this book, and I didn't want my head changed until I got it done. So, like, there was a change going on but I was holding it off. Now, because I held that off so long, like a whole year, now even since October when I finished the book, I've been collecting all that change that was going on that I didn't let happen, see, and I'm looking at the world again. Now I have to go out and sniff this whole thing out again. I travelled 35,000 miles in the United States in 1969, and already I'm a stranger in Key West. So I'm checking it out all over again now, right? To see where the world's at, and see where I'm at, and see what I feel about now, see what I feel about everything, see how I feel about myself in relationship to the Post Office and the newspaper and the A&P, and the neighbors; you know, I got to do it all over again because I've been in hiding. So I feel like I'm in a state of strong change because of that. I studied the revolution like a sailor studies the sky,

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because I think I'm a revolutionary. Yes, that's what I am. It's funny, the revolution is the most troubling thing that's ever happened in my life. It came about around 1965; I began to fall into this incredible thing that's happening. I was drawn into it; the most disturbing thing that destroyed all; any structure that my life had was destroyed. It wrecked me in relationship to my country. You know I used to think I had a country. Now I don't; I have a world. All that shit that's been going on it's been the most disturbing thing imaginable, and yet, it's the thing that made my life really interesting. You know, I know that for the rest of my life I'll be living in a state of revolution, and it's so nice to have that clear. It really is, you know. I don't know what the hell the revolution's going to bring, but it's nice to know that's what it's going to be about; it's going to be about revolution. Old Thomas Jefferson told us that. He said if the United States of America was to succeed, it'd have to have a revolution every ten years; and it's true. We have to live in a constant state of revolution, certainly through the rest of this century, and probably into the next one, or the planet won't make it. So we will. We'll do whatever is necessary to survive on this planet. He has always responded to whatever was urgent. Always, say what you will about man, but he's always done that.

SOLARES HILL: *And he's not a dinosaur.*

HERLIHY: He's not a dinosaur, he's a man - he doesn't die out. The dinosaur did its thing before it died out. You know, it waved its big tail across the goddamned planet; it crawled on the rocks for however many eons or whatever. Man hasn't done his thing yet. Man hasn't learned the things for which he was born. (If

you want to turn the tape off, I'm just raving; it's up to you.) The thing for which man was created seems to me perfectly clear: he's a lover. That's all he does very well. And there's no other creature that does it. You know, Giraffes do whatever they do with their long necks, and mice do little things with cheese, and so forth, and man's a good lover. Cows give more milk - man's a lover.



And until he does his thing, he's not going to kill himself off. I think there will be a time when all men will get together consciously. Consciously, because man is a creature of consciousness, because consciousness is how love takes place; it has to be conscious, otherwise it's not love, otherwise it's just getting warm, or just getting the nuts off. But love is a conscious act. And man is conscious. Man has the

capacity for consciousness. He's slumbering now, mostly, but he's awakening to his consciousness. And consciousness is still love, that's all it's for. And so why would he bump himself off before he does his thing? It doesn't make sense. We don't observe that in nature. We don't see a flower that kills itself just before it blooms.

There may come a time when man consciously decides that the planet is no longer appropriate for our purposes. In which case we'll just split. Leave it to whatever other creature wants it, or whatever creature it's fit for at that point. But who knows when that will be? I don't think that's in the foreseeable future.

SOLARES HILL: *The future's pretty hard to be foreseeable about. But, I'd like to talk about it. I think, Jamie, that you are a citizen of the future. You live without a geographical home, without a territorial imperative that most of mankind has lived with in the million years that you speak of. You live without economic want and without, really, an economic consciousness which has been the basis of most of mankind's endeavors from the beginning. How does a citizen of the future find meaningful activity for himself? What does he do every day? And how does he live out the rest of his life in a meaningful way? Can that be consciously talked about?*

HERLIHY: First of all I'd like to remind you that I've spent a good deal of my life involved with economic considerations. In any case, with technology doing 80 percent of his work-a-day routine for him, the man of the future will be free to practice the science of improvement. He will be free to study his planet and transform each of its undesirable aspects, eliminating all unnecessary sufferings. One of the greatest improvements, of course, will be in his cultivation of the art of enjoyment. He will learn to live in the present. This will be the distinguishing characteristic of the man of the future. He will live less and less in the past and future, more and more in the present. And, finally, there will come a day when we will see that the earth was the kingdom of heaven all along, only we were too busy to notice.

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Monroe County Fair, Roosevelt Blvd.

From February 26 M. de Marsan Art Show, "Key West Personalities," Marion Steven's

March 2: Panque y Confiteria, Key West Woman's Club, Mallory Sq., 11am.

March 3 City Commission Meeting,, usually held on Monday - tonight, at 8pm, Courtroom, City Hall.

March 4 Bingo, Beta Omega Chapter of Beta Sigma Phi, Teen Center, Roosevelt Blvd.

March 5 Junkanoos, Island Calypso Sounds, Free, Foot of Duval St., 8-9pm.

March 5,6 Cafe Havana - Madrid Nights and Exhibition, Comparsa Committee of Key West, Community

March 6 Shrimp and Sauce Sampler, Old Island Community Restoration Foundation,  
Center, Old Mallory Sq., 9pm to 1am.

Blessing the Fleet, Seafood Industries of Key West, Mallory  
dock, 2pm.

Key Lime Tarts, Iota Iota Chapter  
of Beta Sigma Phi, Mallory Sq., 11am.

March 8 Great Books Discussion,  
Adam Smith, The Wealth  
of Nations, Library, 8pm.

March 12 Film, Siam, Sardinia  
and Lapland,  
Library, 7-8:15pm.

# MARCH ALL THE WAY UP TO

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