

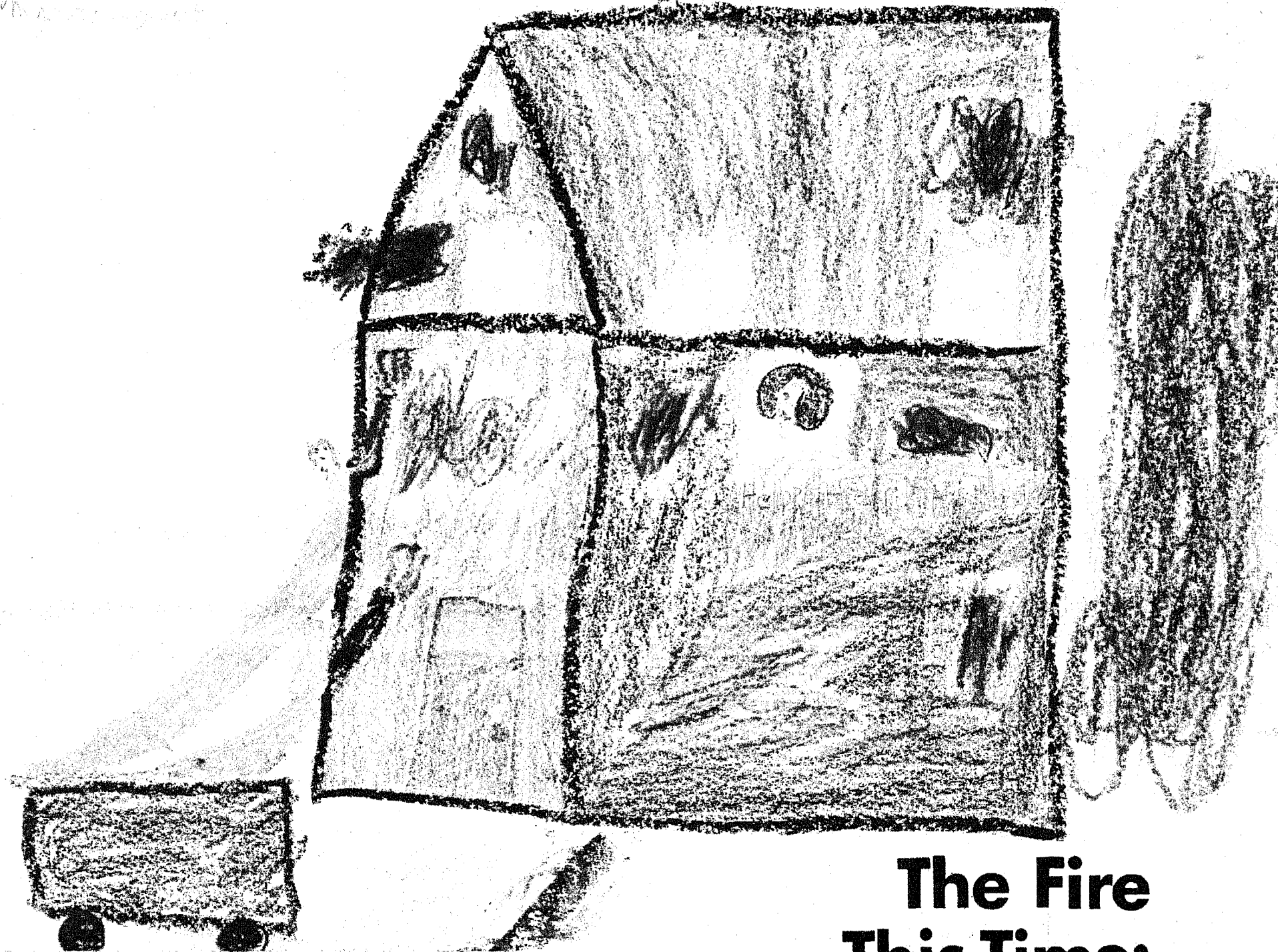
solares hill

"The highest point in Key West"

VOL. I, NO. 6

Key West, Florida

July, 1971



*Help, Help
my house on fire
Police*

**The Fire
This Time:**

**Black
Crisis
in
Key
West**

A tropical cloudburst kept the pavements cool for the intrepid pedalers in the Buckaroo Steak Ranch's First Annual Key West Bicycle Race.

Race day was Saturday, June 5, from mid-morning when the fiercely competitive tricyclists bunched at the starting-line and listened to the starter command, "Gentlemen, raise your kick stands." Until the late afternoon as the glitter of trophies lit up the smiles on the winners' faces, it was a day filled with the kind of thrills and excitement that this southernmost island won't soon forget.

Races were held for all age groups: Here are the winners in each category.

TRICYCLE		
Cubs & Midgets		Brian Dunkin
AGES 8-11		
Girls:		Christina Maske
Boys (regular):		Elton Deysher
Boys (10 speed):		Steven Frakes
INTERMEDIATE		
	(ages 12-14)	
Girls:		Tippie Knaup
Boys (regular):		James Perkins
Boys (10 speed):		Phillip Arcuni
JUNIOR		
	(ages 15-17)	
Boys (regular):		Steven Smith
Boys (10 speed):		John Woertendyke

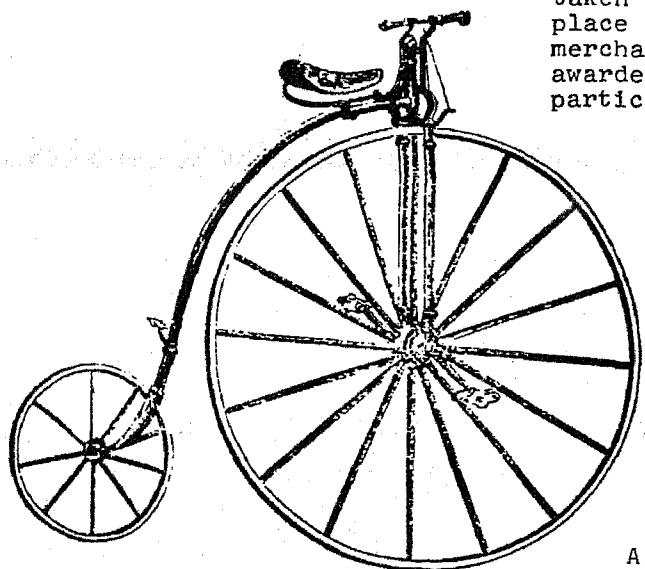
18 AND OVER		
Girls:		Nancy Driscoll
Boys (regular):		Jerry Miller
Boys (10 speed):		Michael Prewitt

In addition to the handsome trophies taken home by the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place finishers in each class, many local merchants donated prizes which were awarded in a drawing open to all race participants. Prizes were donated by:

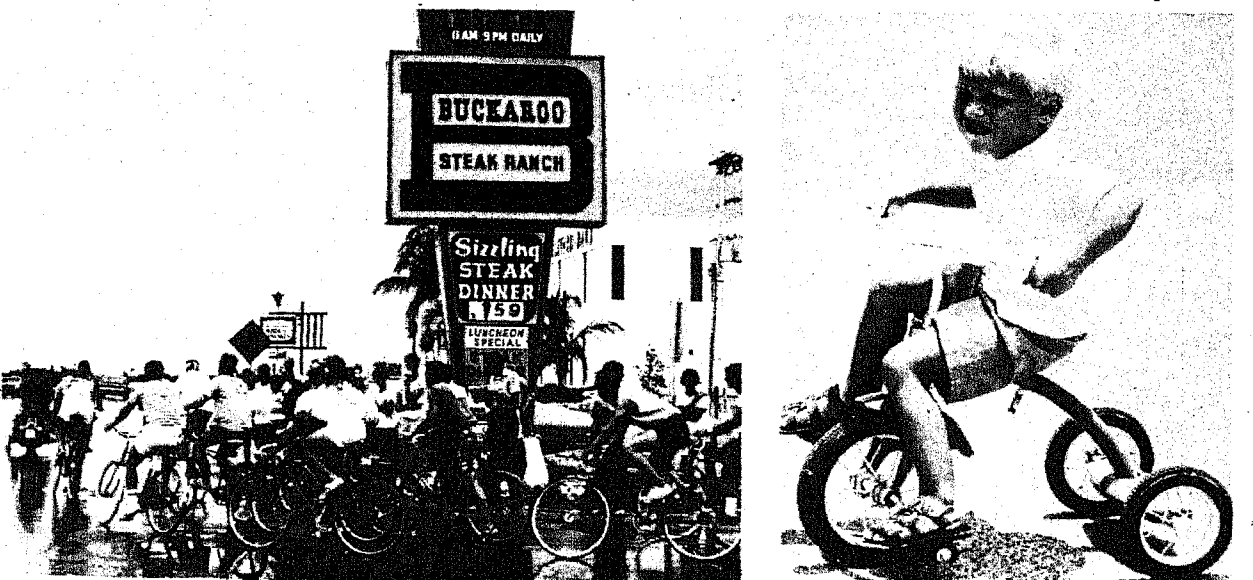
Angler Service
Armour Foods
Buckaroo Steak Ranch
Capt. Tony's Fishing Boat
Capt. Tony's Saloon
Conn's Camera Center
The Country Gent
Downtown Corp.
George Mira's Pizza Huddle
Broward Drug Store
Key West Distributors
Key West Wiggery
Sears
Searstown Barbers and
Men's Hair Styling Shop
Singer Sewing Center
Wacy's

A special note of thanks must go to Lieutenant Wm. Spencer and the rest of the Key West Police Force regulars and reserves whose efforts insured a race day without accident or other mishap.

Race Wrap Up



Below right: Brian Dunkin at the wheel. Below left: And they're off!



Children's Art

In our August issue we will dedicate the Art and Poetry page to children's art. Art work by young artists (ages 0-10) may be submitted to Solares Hill, 812 Fleming St., Key West, Florida. Please submit to us any art work you wish to be considered along with a stamped self-addressed envelop and a short biography of the artist.



Contents

2.	RACE WRAP UP
3.	EDITORIAL BLACK CRISIS IN KEY WEST
4.	QUINN INTERVIEW Interviewed by Michael Prewitt
6.	THE LONGEST SILENCE by Thomas McGuane
9.	ACE & ED MOCK TURTLE SOUP by Lyle Johnston
	FROM OUR COMMUNITY COLLEGE by Charles Peck
12.	MAGNIFICENT FRIGATEBIRD by Thurlow Weed
	POETRY by Isadore W. Bowser

ABOUT THE COVER

The Wesley House Community Center, under the direction of Ann Williams, has a Saturday recreation group each week for underprivileged children. Open to kids from the ages of three to twelve, the Saturday group spends some time each week in an arts or crafts activity.

On Saturday, June 19, Ann asked the children, most of whom are black, "Draw something that has been happening in your neighborhood." Several of the children responded by drawing a cherry tree and the plump, shiny red cherries they had recently found in a nearby yard.

Another scene many of the black children chose to draw was of a burning building near their homes. Solares Hill selected Marcia Smith's crayon sketch as its July cover. Marcia and her friends have been shocked by the burnings and shootings. We think it's time Key Westers shared some of Marcia's concern.

Editorial

Key West is rapidly approaching a confrontation between the blacks and the whites that, unless it is headed off, will stain this town with the blood of its' citizens. We are in a crisis now. Problems can still be worked out. If the present leaderless drift, on the part of the blacks and the whites, continues, however, people will probably die.

From the burning of Padron's, the shooting at police, the armed robbery, arrests have been made. But these acts of violence are not simply the actions of isolated lawbreakers. The young men arrested enjoy considerable support and respect from their fellow young blacks. Sifting out suspects from a police dragnet will probably slow down violent action initially in the black community, but unless the problems that caused the violence are solved, more trouble will follow.

Ours is a very disunited age. There is a growing distance between the young and the old, between black and white, between hippie and straight, even between men and women. But out of this disunity there is emerging a force of brotherhood, of black brotherhood, that is bringing the younger blacks together.

The young blacks in the U.S. are getting this general togetherness that is almost mystical, almost religious. It is not unlike a crusade of the oppressed against the oppressor—the young blacks against the white establishment—that proudly proclaims the rightness of its cause. It is no dishonor to go to jail, to badmouth the police, to burn a building, etc. Right is on the side of the oppressed, these young blacks believe.

Our age of instant communication, especially through television, makes people aware instantly of what is happening in the world. What it took the public months to find out about years ago is known within hours today. And what the young blacks are discovering is that there is very little change happening to better things for them. Many words and many promises made to the blacks have produced little action. The young blacks living in this age, this fast moving, instant happening, NOW age, want immediate action to better the conditions under which they live. Older people are more used to waiting, more patient, less urgent.

Older whites, as well as older blacks, ask "Well, what do these kids want, anyway?" Does anyone remember that most of these young people, black and white, started off peacefully pushing for necessary programs of reform? That the government of the cities, of the states, and of the nation either turned a deaf ear or made the excuse of an empty pocket to these requests? (Key West officials called off a meeting set up by black leaders to discuss the violence. No future meetings were scheduled. The city turned a deaf ear to the necessary request.) Angry and frustrated at seeing that the miseries being protested were getting worse, many of these people turned violent. That what is happening is the result of collective apathy and downright inhumaneness on the part of the people running the towns, the states, the national government. What do these young people want? They want a revolution—a revolution of CONCERN.

So many of the requests of the young people and their groups these past few years have been for good food for people, good medicine for people, good housing for people, etc. Aid to people, not to wars. This country can not seem to find the money for these human programs. Almost every day the newspapers report another program doomed or severely out back—Head Start, free school lunches for kids, etc.

PREWITT: What specific things?

TEACHER: It's happened...Police aggression; I don't think that's right. I think that is very wrong and it makes me oppressed. If somebody's dignity is hurt, that hurts mine too. Everytime black people are oppressed it hurts me too. You can feel vibrations and you can feel this hurt not because something oppressed you, but you can feel it from other people too. You understand? Anytime you hurt the dignity of black people, you're hurting your dignity too. This is the thing you can feel, see. I'm very much against this. I don't feel that blacks are really so much oppressed as to go into armed struggle. I can't go and tell my mother, "Let's shoot every white person we see." She'll object to that. I believe that its going to take togetherness to end oppression. I'm trying to preserve some brothers who feel like the only way that they can live with themselves is with a gun. There are not enough black people who feel oppressed to go out in the street with guns.

PREWITT: Is this a question of an age group or most of the people?

TEACHER: No, it's not age necessarily. Well, if you say age, there are not enough young black people who feel so oppressed that they will pick up a gun and go out in the street. I can go up to them and say, "Let's shoot every white person I see." They'll object to that. It's not realistic. I'm not saying that picking up guns and trying to get liberation is not right. I'm not saying that.

PREWITT: Do you feel oppressed living in Key West?

TEACHER: Yes, I feel very much oppressed. I'm oppressed because I hate things that are going on in this country. I hate the way things are evolving in this country.

PREWITT: But realistically it's not the thing to do?

TEACHER: Right. I think we should use another way of dealing with this society than with a gun. I'm not saying oppressed people shouldn't have guns. I think they

The effect of this maddening indifference to the needs of citizens is tearing this country apart.

If we in Key West can not solve our problems which are the same problems of this country only on a smaller scale, then I feel that there is no chance for the country to avoid bloody revolution or total repression. If we can work out our problems here, then the country will have an example to look to where people live and work together peacefully.

How do we work out our problems here?

1. Leadership is missing in this town. Our city commissioners are not facing up to the problems that exist here. Meetings should have been held between spokesmen for the young blacks, the older blacks, and the city officials. Ways should have been explored to find out what monies are available to help a town in our situation. There is an election this November. This town needs new commissioners who are aware of what is happening and are able to work out programs that will heal this town.

2. We need a good black man or men for city commissioner (s). It is vital that our black citizens have representation in the running of this town.

3. This town needs strong leadership from the black organizations in town. The most prestigious black-oriented organization in town is the N.A.A.C.P. Where have they been during this turmoil? Younger leadership or leadership more aware of and sympathetic to the problems of the young is necessary here.

4. Get some sort of communication going between the young blacks and the police fast before it is too late. Set up sensitivity programs. Invite ten young blacks to talk face-to-face with the police about the deep differences that exist between them. Set up a grievance council of several young people, black and white, to meet regularly with a couple of policemen of their choice.

5. Set up night school classes at Douglass School for drop-outs.

6. Get the Community Pool fixed up now. The city has footdragged on this program. God knows, having this pool area fixed up would help cool things and provide a healthy outlet for young energies.

7. Sponsor some well-known black speakers to come to Key West.

8. Ask your clubs to invite some of the young blacks to address your clubs. Find out what is happening and what you can do to make things better.

9. Each white club, in conjunction with a black club, should sponsor a happening this summer for the young.

10. Human Relations Council has accomplished practically nothing this past year. The Council should meet more frequently (twice a month) and get new members.

11. Ask the charter boat captains if they could take out five underprivileged kids, black and white, daily. This would be good.

12. See that the summer school program for pre-schoolers is adequately funded.

should for self-protection. But as far as being belligerent on certain things, I don't think that's the way. I don't want to jeopardize some of my brothers. But the only way we can overthrow this system is to get a bunch of oppressed people together.

PREWITT: White and black.

TEACHER: White and black, just like I told you before, I'm not going to beg any white person to come in our struggle. They should feel this way.

PREWITT: When I came here, I came here a couple years ago. I came out of Washington where most young blacks were really very hip to a "third world" kind of attitude, where all the people of the third world had to get together in a kind of a Marxist way. Violence was hip. When I came down here, the blacks I met weren't really into that stuff yet. They hadn't thought about that yet. When I met Merlin Curry, he knew a little bit about this stuff but he wasn't as militant, I didn't feel, as were some of the people that I was talking with two years ago up north. Is Key West now the kind of community where you find a lot of blacks who think the only way they're going to liberate themselves is by violence? Has that come about in the last couple of years?

MACK: It is part of the liberation.

TEACHER: Yeah I feel that the blacks here feel that way. I have a lot of confidence in the young blacks here. They really see through things and they understand.

PREWITT: This idea of violence, like the burning of a couple buildings in town and the shooting at the police car. Do these young blacks who acted feel that in Key West violence is going to be an answer? Continued on page 11

Solares Hill is a community newspaper published every two weeks, except during the tropical summer when it appears monthly, from the slopes of Solares Hill, Key West's highest peak, by Solares Hill Publishing Co., 812 Fleming St., Key West, Florida, 33040. Subscription price: \$5.00 for 26 issues.

EDITORIAL MICHAEL PREWITT ART DIRECTION JERRY MILLER
EDITORIAL "DANCING BILL" HUCKEL PHOTOGRAPHY LEE BALLARD

Pat, Cas, Ray, Ruthie, Warren, Georgia, Becky, Bill, The Dating Game VC, Jane Janet, Darlene, Mario, Sue, Ann, August Plinth, Slide-rule Sammy, Steve, Aunt Helen.

Copyright 1971. Solares Hill Publishing Company, Inc. All rights reserve

Citizen Quinn For The Defense

A Candid Conversation With Attorney And Presidential Aspirant John Quinn

Part I: The World We Give Them

SOLARES HILL: *The first thing I want to do is pick up on something you said earlier. You said your family--ranging from boys in college to Aaron, who's 7--your family is a continual source of worry and fear. The kind of a society, the kind of world they're going to grow up in is a cause of much concern for you. I wonder if you could be specific about these concerns and these fears.*

QUINN: O. K. I'll take them by age groups. I have one boy who's 21 and he will be a junior at Fredonia State Teacher's College part of the State of New York system. I have another boy who's 18 and he will be a sophomore at Vassar in the fall.

Now these two men are faced with a dilemma for which I feel at least partly responsible, because I did sire them. And by my own remission, I let things happen, along with countless other people, that make the world an almost impossible place so far as they are concerned. It's a very difficult thing for them to look forward to graduation from college, then into the army and over to Vietnam. What these people face upon graduation from college is an induction into the Service, into what has been described by any and every thinking person as an immoral war, a horrible affair.

I know my two boys are also conscious of the fact that, even if there were no war, the society into which they will be introduced upon graduation from college is a society without any relevance whatsoever to the people who make up the society. They are firmly convinced that there isn't any government in Washington that represents the people of the country. They are convinced that everything is controlled by what now has come to be referred to as the *techno-structure*. The *techno-structure* is composed essentially of 500 of the major corporations in the country. The people who operate these corporations are not elected, they are anonymous in every respect. No individual does anything at all, everything is done by committee within the *techno-structure*. And the total purpose of the *techno-structure*, as I understand it now, is to totally control the economic, the political, and the social aspects of the U. S....

SOLARES HILL: *And you're saying the techno-structure doesn't control these economic, political, and social aspects of the U. S. in the interests of the people?*

QUINN: No, because there is never any plebiscite made as to what is in the best interests of the people. Wilson, when he was Secretary of Defense under Eisenhower, made this statement: "What is good for General Motors is good for the people." He didn't say what is good for the people is good for General Motors. Now we witness everyday the consequences of this type of thinking. We witness it in the pollution that goes on, we witness it in the death vehicles that run up and down the highway. I think Mr. Nader has exposed so many things, but his effort has been ineffectual. The *techno-structure* has tremendous control over the government. When recommendations are put forward in Congress to change the construction of automobiles, by the time a bill comes through a committee and is finally legislated into law, it is so watered down that it's actually innocuous and has absolutely no effect whatsoever.

Also from the *techno-structure* you get false advertising like crazy. You get the big gallon, the large pound and all of this nonsense. And then false advertising in many commodities that are advertised to do things that they absolutely can't do. People buy them because they're hit with them. They're hit with them on radio, they're hit with them in the newspaper, the magazines, and on television; and it's pounded at them day in and day out.

SOLARES HILL: *Has this situation, in your opinion, the number of inequities, always been the case in the U. S.? Or do you feel it's increasing in degree? In terms of your younger children, do you feel that they have something even more terrible to witness in their lifetimes?*

QUINN: Let's talk about the past first. At the time of the industrial revolution, we could have decided to produce the basic necessities for all. But we didn't. The upper classes who were in control

said, "Well, my God, if we go ahead and produce so that all of the people can have everything that they need, these people will be secure. They will have time for education. They will think and they will remove us. So don't do it. Make them work and work and as long as they worry about where the next meal is coming from, you see then we're going to be safe."

And this has been the way it's been ever since. Now there's nothing at all in today's world that would prohibit the U.S. and other industrial empires from producing for the people who are in the world. Other than that, one concept that if they do, these people then will be secure economically and once you're secure economically, you can bend your powers and your thoughts towards bettering the society in which you live. This would mean a removal of those people who control the political and economic structure of the country, presently. But, right now, today, we are producing not for the use of the people. We are producing to destroy the product that is produced. Now, we do it by building obsolescence into the product and we do it in wars. And we will continue to have wars just so long as we have the people in control who are in control right now. *Techno-structure* is so all powerful that it has direct control of every politician in Washington.

SOLARES HILL: *In other words, what we refer to when discussing the American system, as the system of checks and balances doesn't exist anymore. There is a single interest group here which essentially is dictating, it's single set of ideas in the political, the social, the economic areas in America.*

QUINN: Right. The system is nonrepresentative for the simple reason that there is no platform from which those people who are supposed to be represented can voice their wishes effectively. There just isn't any.

SOLARES HILL: *Has this system of checks and balances ever workable, was it ever working in the U. S. history?*

QUINN: There are many ways employed by people in gov't to confuse the situations. We have now if you would, the double think

about which Orwell speaks in 1984. The double think and the double speak: war is peace. We get this all the time. Mr. Nixon, when he went into Cambodia and Laos, said that this war that he was prosecuting in these countries was going to end war. It's a little hard for me to understand.

SOLARES HILL: *Let's change course a little bit. You are a defense attorney, and your profession put you right at the center of many of the tremendous conflicts, many of the tremendous controversies, which this society is going through today: drugs, race, law and order. Have your ideas about this situation in America today, that you have just expressed, come out of experiences with people, in your legal practice, or have you always had these ideas?*

QUINN: Well, I had ideas while I was in college, and I had ideas while I was in the military, during W.W. II. But when you practice as a defense lawyer, it stares you in the face. You look behind the bars, and you see some kid there, seventeen, eighteen years old, and his whole life is destroyed, see. If the society is conscious of this, it doesn't give the appearance of consciousness. Right here in Monroe County, right now, we have anywhere from fifty to sixty people in the county jail. Out of the fifty or sixty people in the county jail, I suppose that maybe as many as 75% are under twenty-one years of age. And what are they in for? They're in for drug abuse. But look at the adult population, and look at the drug abuse that it practices day in and day out. Because the drug abuse the adult population practices, is licensed by the city, the county, and the state. Because booze is a drug. As potent a drug as there is on the market, taken in sufficient quantities. How in the world can we expect young thinking people to look about them, see their folks drinking martinis, cocktails, and the like, getting themselves half stoned, and tell the child, "Now don't you use that little joint of marijuana." To me, it's absolutely ridiculous.

These young people see the total structure of the society, and they see the corrupt practices in all branches of

Government: the legislative branch, the executive branch and the judicial branch. Out of the fifty people, 50 to 75 people, that are down here in the county jail, there's not one of them who comes from a wealthy family. These people are those who are economically left out. But by far and away, the vast majority of people who steal, are those who are without. They are not all what the law and order people would have you believe. They are not criminals, because a criminal is a type of mind bent on criminality. And we just don't have that much of that.

But the system is controlled by those people who are in power to control. And this is the thing that children have such a very difficult time understanding. They don't understand the tax laws, they don't understand how millionaires can end up their fiscal year, and not pay a penny's worth of tax. They don't understand how Mr. Reagan was a multi-millionaire and didn't pay any taxes in 1970. Their father may be driving a bus, working as a mechanic. And his taxes are taken away from him before he even gets the money. He has no place to hide it, you see, they just take it from him. Now, anyone who is in a business for himself, a professional lawyer, or Doctor, you see, they're permitted to deduct from their gross income. The man in the street, he doesn't have this. He doesn't stand a chance. He may get a salary of \$150, well, his take-home pay is going to run him about \$110 to \$115, because they've already taken \$35 away from him. They have theirs. And all you have to do is check, if it were possible to check, the income tax return, by those people in society. Their society or any other part of this country, that you know to be in a high income bracket, people are paying negligible tax in comparison to what they are making and spending and enjoying. Because there are so many dodges, and it is a dodge. You may as well be concrete about what we're talking about. Because the tax laws are written by the professionals. And everybody who is in a profession and everybody who is in a major industry, they get all the advantages. They are writing the bills, they are fixing the tax laws. But

there isn't any working man's lobby in Washington.

Part II: Hat in the Ring

SOLARES HILL: *Your attempt to deal with this situation, which is in your opinion, out-of-control, is alot more dramatic than some people's. You've declared your candidacy for the presidency of the United States, and will run in the primaries in Florida and New Hampshire....*

QUINN:Yes, and other places too, if we can do it.

SOLARES HILL: *Right. Now, what led you to make this decision? And why? What do you feel that you can do, given the situation as you have just described it, try to right some of these things?*

QUINN: I've been asked, "Why don't you stay at local level or state level?" I don't have any political ambition. I have no ambition to be President of the United States. And I'm no fool in that sense, because I know damn well that in 1972, I don't have what is commonly referred to as a whore's prayer, of being successful. It's absolutely necessary now, in order to instruct this society, to take an idealistic approach. You have to, because you have to destroy the structure as it is. That's the only way you're going to change it. The structure has to be destroyed in order to restructure. Because there is no politician who's going to surrender his prerogative.

SOLARES HILL: *Well, you say that a nihilistic approach to change in government means that you've got to destroy the structures as established and as perpetuated today. Does this mean that you want to work within the political system as it's set up now, or does it mean that you've gone outside of the political system? In other words, can the American system change itself from within to respond to crises within the*

Continued on page 20

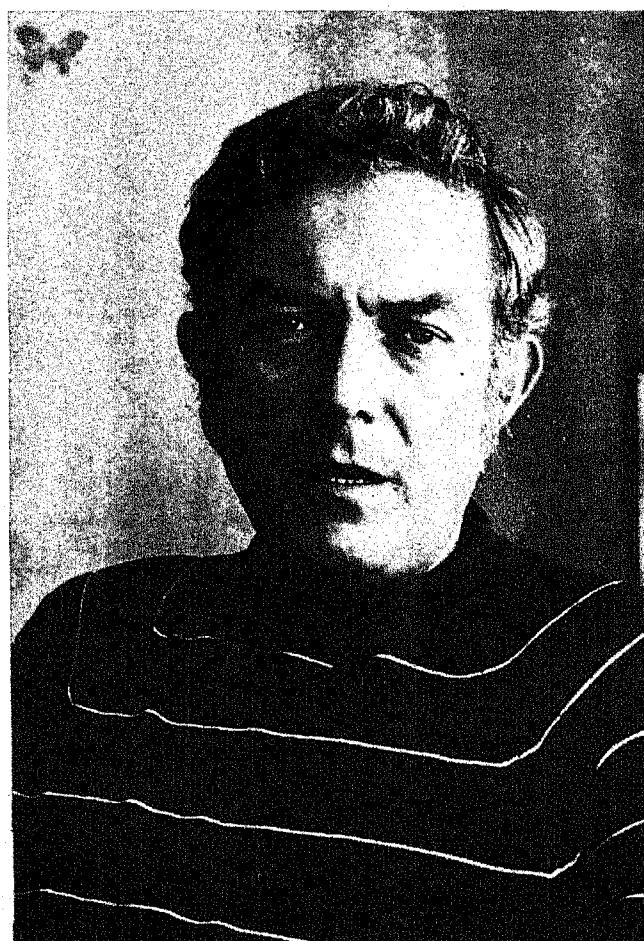
Citizen Quinn and family



"You get the big gallon, the large pound, and all of this nonsense...people buy them because they are hit with them...day in and day out.



"I know damn well that in 1972 I don't have what is commonly referred to as a whore's prayer...(but) it's absolutely necessary to take an idealistic approach.



The doublethink and doublespeak (Orwell's 1984). "When Mr. Nixon went into Cambodia and Laos, (he) said that this was going to end the war. It's a little hard for me to understand."



The Longest Silence

Thomas McGuane

There are few things in this world that Tom McGuane likes to do more than go fishing on the flats for permit. Whether this tips his hand as a dyed in the wool masochist or not, only his analyst (if he had one) or his fishing guide could say. But one thing is sure: He is a writer. McGuane has published two novels, *The Sporting Club*, 1968, and *The Bushwacked Piano*, 1971. William Eastlake, author of *Castle Keep*, describes McGuane: "He has pyrotechnic talent and uses words in an exciting way. He is the first writer to make me laugh in a long time...."

copyright ©, 1969, by Thomas McGuane

What is emphatic in angling is made so by the long silences - the unproductive periods. For the ardent fisherman, progress is toward the kinds of fishing that are never productive in the sense of the blood riots of the hunting-and-fishing periodicals. Their illusions of continuous action evoke for him, finally, a condition of utter, mortuary boredom. Such an angler will always be inclined to find the gunnysack artists of the heavy kill rather cretinoid, their stringerloads of gaping fish appalling.

No form of fishing offers such elaborate silences as fly-fishing for permit. The most successful permit fly-fisherman in the world has four catches to describe to you. The world record (23 pounds) is a three-way tie. There probably have been fewer than 50 caught on a fly since fishing for them began. No permit fisherman seems discouraged by these rarefied odds; there is considerable agreement that taking a permit on a fly is the extreme experience of the sport. Even the guides allow enthusiasm to shine through their cool, professional personas. I once asked one who specialized in permit if he liked fishing for them. "Yes, I do," he said reservedly, "but about the third time the customer asks, 'Is they good to eat?' I begin losing interest."

The recognition factor is low when you catch a permit. If you wake up your neighbor in the middle of the night to tell him of your success, shaking him by the lapels of his Doctor Dentons and shouting to be heard over his million-BTU air conditioner, he may well ask you what a permit is, and you will tell him it is like a pompano and, rolling over, he will tell you he cherishes pompano like he had it at Joe's Stone Crab in Miami Beach, with key lime pie afterward. If you have one mounted, you'll always be explaining what it is to people who thought you were talking about your fishing license in the first place. In the end you take the fish off the conspicuous wall and put it upstairs where you can see it when Mom sends you to your room. It's private.

I came to it through bonefishing. The two fish share the same marine habitat, the negotiation of which in a skiff can be somewhat hazardous. It takes getting used to, to run wide open at 30 knots over a close bottom, with sponges, sea fans, crawfish traps, conchs and starfish racing under the hull with awful clarity. The backcountry of the Florida Keys is full of hummocks, narrow, winding waterways and channels that open with complete arbitrariness to basins and, on every side, the flats that pre-occupy the fisherman. The process of learning to fish this region is one of learning the particularities of each of these flats. The narrow channel flats with crunchy staghorn coral bottoms, the bare sand flats and the turtle-grass flats are all of varying utility to the fisherman, and, depending upon tide, these values are in a constant condition of change. The principal boat wreckers are the yellow cap-rock flats and the more mysterious coral heads. I was personally plagued by a picture of one of these enormities coming through the hull of my skiff and catching me on the point of the jaw. I had the usual Coast Guard safety equipment, not excluding floating cushions emblazoned *FROST-FREE KEY WEST* and a futile plastic whistle. I added a Navy flare gun. As I learned the country, guides would run by me in their big skiffs and 100-horse engines. I knew they never hit coral heads and had besides, CB radios with which they might call for help. I dwelled on that and sent for radio catalogs.

One day when I was running to Content Pass on the edge of the Gulf of Mexico, I ran aground wide open in the backcountry. Unable for the moment to examine the lower unit of my engine, I got out of the boat, waiting for the tide to float it, and strolled around in four inches of water. It was an absolutely windless day. The mangrove islands stood elliptically in their perfect reflections. The birds were everywhere - terns, gulls, wintering ducks, skimmers, all the wading birds and, crying down from their tall shafts of air, more ospreys than I had ever seen. The gloomy bonanza of the Overseas Highway, with its idiot billboard montages seemed very far away.

On the western edge of that flat I saw my first permit, tailing in two feet of water. I had heard all about permit but had been convinced I'd never see one. So, looking at what was plainly a permit, I did not know what it was. That evening, talking to my friend Woody Sexton, a permit expert, I reconstructed the fish and had it identified for me. I grew retroactively excited, and Woody apprised me of some of the difficulties associated with catching one of them on a fly. A prompt immobilizing humility came over me forthwith.

After that, over a long period of time, I saw a good number of them. Always, full of hope, I would cast. The fly was anathema to them. One look and they were gone. I cast to a few hundred. It seemed futile, all wrong, like trying to bait a tiger with watermelons. The fish would see the fly, light out or ignore it, but never, never touch it.

During the next few months, I became an active fantasizer.

The engine hadn't been running right for a week, and I was afraid of getting stranded or having to sleep out on some buggy flat or, worse, being swept to Galveston on an offshore wind. I tore the engine down and found the main bearing seal shot and in need of replacement. I drove to Big Pine to get parts and arrived about the time the guides, who center there, were coming in for the day. I walked to the dock, where the big skiffs with their excessive engines were nosed to the breakwater. Guides mopped decks and needled each other. Customers, happy and not, debarked with armloads of tackle, sun hats, oil, thermoses and picnic baskets. A few of these sporty dogs were

plastered. One fragile lady, owlsh with sunburn, tottered from the casting deck of a guide's skiff and drew herself up on the dock. "Do you know what the whole trouble was?" she dramatically inquired of her husband, a man very much younger than herself.

"No, what?" he said. She smiled and pitied him.

"Well, *think* about it." The two put their belongings into the trunk of some kind of minicar and drove off too fast down the Overseas Highway. Four hours would put them in Miami.

It seemed to have been a good day. A number of men went up the dock with fish to be mounted. One man went by with a bonefish that might have gone 10 pounds. Woody Sexton was on the dock. I wanted to ask how he had done but knew that ground rules forbid the asking of this question around the boats. It embarrasses guides who have had bad days, on the one hand, and on the other it risks passing good fishing information promiscuously. Meanwhile, as we talked, the mopping and needling continued along the dock. The larger hostilities are reserved for the fishing grounds themselves, where various complex snubbings may be performed from the semianonymity of the powerful skiffs. The air can be electric with accounts of who cut off whom, and so on. The antagonism among the skiff guides, the offshore guides, the pompano fishermen, the crawfishermen, the shrimpers, produces tales of shootings, of disputes settled with gaffs, of barbed wire strung in guts and channels to wreck props and drive shafts. Some of the tales are true. Woody and I made a plan to fish when he got a day off. I found my engine parts and went home.

One day I went out and staked the boat during the middle-incoming water of another set of new moon tides. I caught one bonefish early in the tide, a live-ly fish that went 100 yards on his first run and doggedly resisted me for a length of time that was all out of proportion to his weight. I released him after giving him a short revival session and then just sat and looked at the water. I could see Woody fishing with a customer, working the outside of the bank for tarpon.

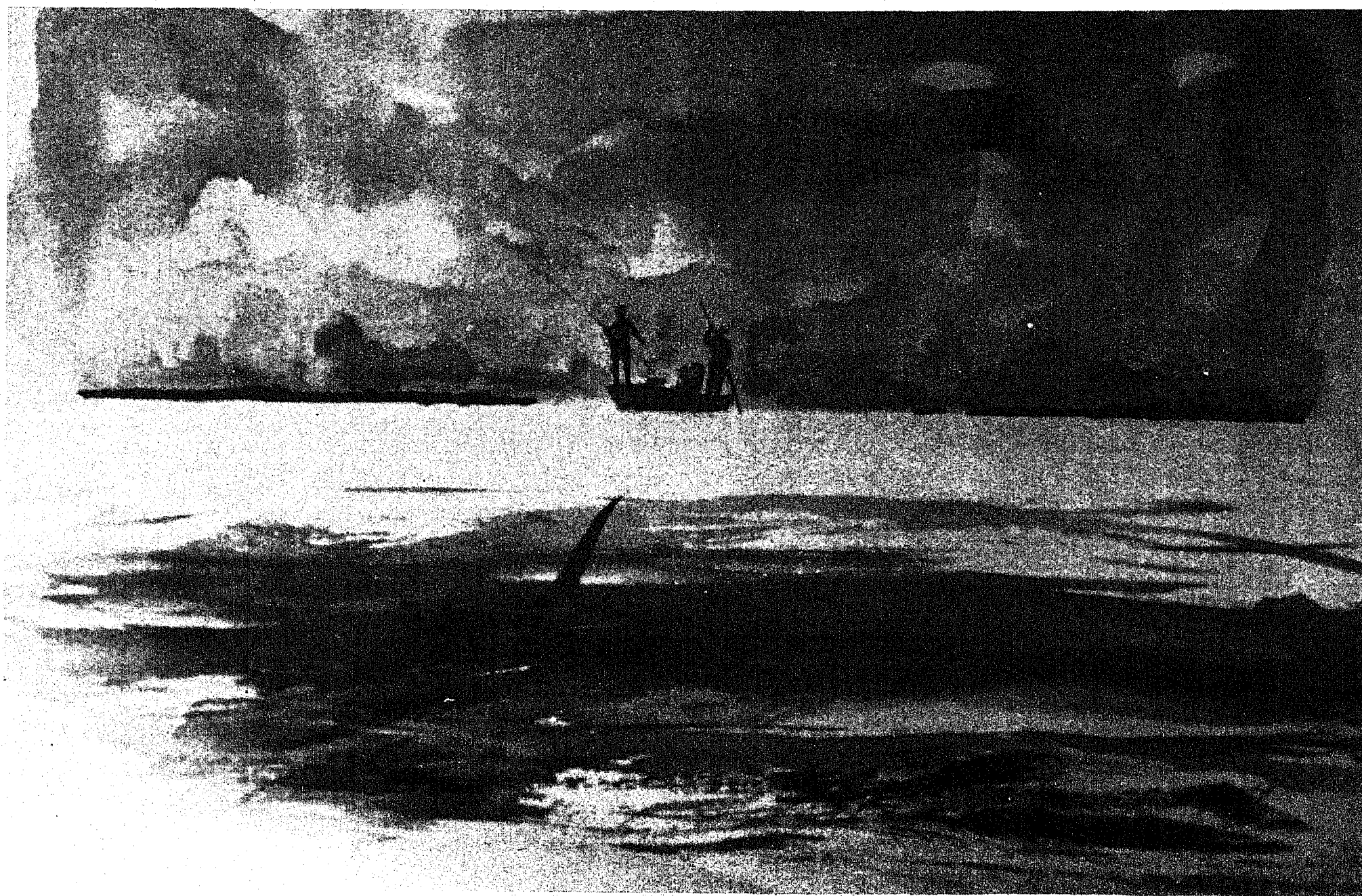
It was a queer day to begin with. The vital light flashed on and off around the scudding clouds, and there were slight foam lines on the water from the wind. The basin that shelved off from my bank was active with diving birds, particularly great brown pelicans whose wings sounded like luffing sails and who ate with submerged heads while blackheaded gulls tried to rob them. The birds were drawn to the basin by a school of mullet that was making an immense mud slick hundreds of yards across. In the sun the slick glowed a quarter of a mile to the south of me. I didn't pay it much attention until it began by collective will or chemical sensors to move onto my bank. Inexorably, the huge disturbance progressed and flowed toward me. In the thinner water the mullet school was compressed, and the individual fish became easier targets for predators. Big oceanic barracuda were with them and began slashing and streaking through the school like bolts of lightning. Simultaneously, silver sheets of mullet, sometimes an acre in extent, burst out of the water and rained down again. In time my skiff was in the middle of it.

Some moments later not far astern of me, perhaps 70 feet, a large blacktip shark swam up onto the bank and began moving with grave sweeps of its tail through the fish, not as yet making a move for them. Mullet and smaller fish nevertheless showered out in front of the shark as it coursed through. Behind the shark I could see another fish flashing unclearly. I supposed it was a jack crevalle, a pelagic fish, strong for its size, that often follows sharks. I decided to cast. The distance was all I could manage. I got off one of my better shots, which nevertheless fell slightly behind target. I was surprised to see the fish drop back to the fly, turn and elevate high in the water, then take. It was a permit.

I set the hook sharply, and the fish started down the flat. Remembering my last episode, I kept the loose, racing line well away from the reel handle for the instant the fish took to consume it. Then the fish was on the reel. I lowered the rod tip and cinched the hook, and the fish began to accelerate, staying on top of the flat so that I could see its wildly extending wake. Everything was holding together: the hookup was good, the knots were good. At 150

top: permit
below: Fishing guide Woody Sexton

Illustrations by Francois Golden, reprinted from Sports Illustrated



yards the fish stopped, and I got back line. I kept at it and got the fish within 80 yards of the boat. Then suddenly it made a wild, undirected run, not permitlike at all, and I could see that the blacktip shark was chasing it. The blacktip struck and missed the permit three or four times, making explosions in the water that sickened me. I released the drag, untied the boat and started the engine. Woody was poling toward me at the sound of my engine. His mystified client dragged a line astern.

There was hardly enough water to move in. The prop was half buried, and at full throttle I could not get up on plane. The explosions continued, and I could only guess whether or not I was still connected to the fish. I ran toward the fish, a vast loop of line trailing, saw the shark once and ran over him. I threw the engine into neutral and waited to see what had happened and tried to regain line. Once more I was tight to the permit. Then the shark reappeared. He hit the permit once, killed it and ate the fish, worrying it like a dog and bloodying the muddy water.

Then an instant later I had the shark on my line and running. I fought him with irrational care: I now planned to gaff the blacktip and retrieve my permit piece by piece. When the inevitable cutoff came I dropped the rod in the boat and, empty-handed, wondered what I had done to deserve this.

I heard Woody's skiff and looked around. He swung about and coasted alongside. I told him it was a permit, as he had guessed from my starting up on the flat. Woody started to say something when, at that not unceremonial moment, his client broke in to say that it was hooking them that was the main thing. We stared at him as if he were a simple, unutterable bug, until he added, "Or is it?"

Often afterward we went over the affair and talked about what might have been done differently, as we had with the first permit. One friend carries a carbine on clips under the gunwale to take care of sharks. But I felt that with a gun in the skiff during the excitement of a running fish, I would plug myself or deep-six the boat. Woody knew better than to assure me there would be other chances. Knowing that there might very well not be was one of our conversational assumptions.

One morning we went to look for tarpon. Woody had had a bad night of it. He had awakened in the darkness of his room about 3 in the morning and watched the shadowy figure of a huge land crab walk across his chest. Endlessly it crept to the wall and then up it. Carefully silhouetting the monster, Woody blasted it with a karate chop. At breakfast he was nursing a bruise on the side of his head.

We laid out the rods in the skiff. The wind was coming out of the east, that is, over one's casting hand from the point we planned to fish, and it was blowing fairly stiff. But the light was good, and that was more important. We headed out of Big Pine, getting into the calm water along Ramrod Key. We ran in behind Pye Key, through the hole behind Little Money and out to Southeast Point. The sun was already huge, out of hand, like Shakespeare's "glistering phaeton." I had whitened my nose and mouth with zinc oxide and felt, handling the mysterious rods and flies, like the tropical edition of your standard shaman. I still had to rig the leader of my own rod; and as Woody jockeyed the skiff with the pole, I put my leader together. I retained enough of my trout-fishing sensibilities to continue to be intrigued by tarpon leaders with their array of arcane knots: the butt of the leader is nail knotted to the line, blood knotted to monofilament of lighter test; the shock tippet that protects the leader from the rough jaws of tarpon is tied to the leader with a combination Albright Special and Bimini Bend; the shock tippet is attached to the fly either by a perfection loop, a clinch or a Homer Rhodes Loop; and to choose one is to make a moral choice. You are made to understand that it would not be impossible to fight about it or, at the very least, quibble darkly.

We set up on a tarpon pass point. We had sand spots around us that would help us pick out the dark shapes of traveling tarpon. And we expected tarpon on the falling water, from left to right. I got up on the bow with 50 feet of line coiled on the deck. I was barefoot so I could feel if I stepped on a loop. I made a couple of practice casts - harsh, indecorous, tarpon-style, the opposite of the otherwise appealing dry-fly caper - and scanned for fish.

The first we saw were, from my point of view, spotted from too great a distance. That is, there was a long period of time before they actually broke the

circle of my casting range, during which time I could go, quite secretly but completely, to pieces. The sensation for me, in the face of these advancing forms, was as of a gradual ossification of the joints. Moviegoers will recall the early appearances of Frankenstein's monster, his ambulatory motions accompanied by great rigidity of the limbs, almost as though he could stand a good oiling. I was hard put to see how I would manage anything beyond a perfunctory flapping of the rod. I once laughed at Woody's stories of customers who sat down and held their feet slightly aloft, treading the air or wobbling their hands from the wrists. I gibbled at the story of a Boston chiropractor who fell over on his back and barked like a seal.

"Let them come in now," Woody said. "I want to nail one of these dudes, Woody."

"You will. Let them come."

The fish, six of them, were surging toward us in a wedge. They ran from 80 to 110 pounds. "All right, the lead fish, get on him," Woody said. I managed the throw. The fly fell on a line with the fish. I let them overtake before starting my retrieve. The lead fish, big, pulled up behind the fly, trailed and then made the shoveling, open-jawed uplift of a strike that is not forgotten. When he turned down I set the hook, and he started his run. The critical stage, that of getting rid of loose line piled around one's feet, ensued. You imagine that if you are standing on a coil, you will go to the moon when that coil must follow its predecessors out of the rod. This one went off without a hitch, and it was only my certainty that someone had done it before that kept me from deciding that we had made a big mistake.

The sudden pressure of the line and the direction of its resistance apparently confused the tarpon, and it raced in close-coupled arcs around the boat. Then, when it had seen the boat, felt the line and isolated a single point of resistance, it cleared out at a perfectly insane rate of acceleration that made water run three feet up my line as it sliced the water. The jumps - wild, greyhounding, end over end, rattling - were all crazily blurred as they happened, while I imagined my reel exploding like a racing clutch and filling me with shrapnel.

This fish, the first of six that day, broke off. So did the others, destroying various aspects of my tackle. Of the performances, it is not simple to generalize. The closest thing to a tarpon in the material world is the Steinway piano. The tarpon, of course, is a game fish that runs to extreme sizes, while the Steinway piano is merely an enormous musical instrument, largely wooden and manipulated by a series of keys. However, the tarpon when hooked and running reminds the angler of a piano sliding down a precipitous incline and while jumping makes cavities and explosions in the water not unlike a series of pianos falling from a great height. If the reader, then, can speculate in terms of pianos that herd and pursue mullet and are themselves shaped like exaggerated herrings, he will be a very long way toward seeing what kind of thing a tarpon is. Those who appreciate nature as we find her may rest in the knowledge that no amount of modification can substitute the man-made piano for the real thing - the tarpon. Where was I?

As the sun moved through the day the blind side continually changed, forcing us to adjust position until, by afternoon, we were watching to the north. Somehow, looking up light, Woody saw four permit coming right in toward us, head on. I cast my tarpon fly at them, out of my accustomed long-shot routine, and was surprised when one fish moved forward of the pack and followed up the fly rather aggressively. About then they all sensed the skiff and swerved to cross the bow about 30 feet out. They were down close to the bottom now, slightly spooked. I picked up, changed direction and cast a fairly long interception. When the fly lit, well out ahead, two fish elevated from the group, sprinted forward and the inside fish took the fly in plain view.

The certainty, the positiveness of the take in the face of an ungody number of refusals and the long, unproductive time put in, produced immediate tension and pessimism. I waited for something to go haywire.

I hooked the fish quickly and threw slack. It was only slightly startled and returned to the pack, which by this time had veered away from the shallow flat edge and swung back toward deep water. The critical time of loose line passed slowly. Woody unstaked the skiff and was poised to see which way the runs would take us. When the permit was tight to the reel I cinched him once, and he began running. The deep water kept the fish from making the long, sustained sprints permit

make on the flats. This fight was a series of assured jabs at various clean angles from the skiff. We followed, alternately gaining and losing line. Then, in some way, at the end of this blurred episode, the permit was flashing beside the boat, looking nearly circular, and the only visual contradiction to his perfect poise was the intersecting line of leader seemingly inscribed from the tip of my arcing rod to the precise corner of his jaw.

Then we learned that there was no net in the boat. The fish would have to be tailed. I forgave Woody in advance for the permit's escape. Woody was kneeling in the skiff, my line disappearing over his shoulder, the permit no longer in my sight, Woody leaning deep from the gunwale. Then, unbelievably, his arm was up, the black symmetry of tail above his fist, the permit perpendicular to the earth, then horizontal on the floorboards. A pile of loose fly line was strewn in curves that wandered around the bottom of the boat to a gray-and-orange fly that was secured in the permit's mouth. I sat down numb and soaring.

I don't know what this kind of thing indicates beyond the necessary, ecstatic resignation to the moment. With the beginning over and, possibly, nothing learned, I was persuaded that once was not enough.

"The Longest Silence" appeared in slightly different form in Sports Illustrated in late December, 1969. But McGuane's pursuit of the permit continues to this day. Next to his writing desk in the McGuane house on Ann Street in Key West is his tying vise. One corner of the room looks like a king-sized sea urchin; the spines are McGuane's rods. The walls bear the Francis Golden permit fishing watercolors, reprinted in this paper. Go into the water closet to relieve oneself after a series of tonic and limes, there's a McGuane color photo of a permit. "I used to have some other permit stuff," explains the host, pointing to the mounted permit over the transom, "But I didn't want to give away my obsession." "Just a nice normal weekend hobby, permit fishing." We can't stay too long; McGuane has to be at the Bight in ten minutes. He's going out to do a little fly casting. Maybe one of those permit will come along....

This day is fine.
Don't let your mind give one bad sign.

John North

CONEY ISLAND

Sandwich Shop - Juice Bar

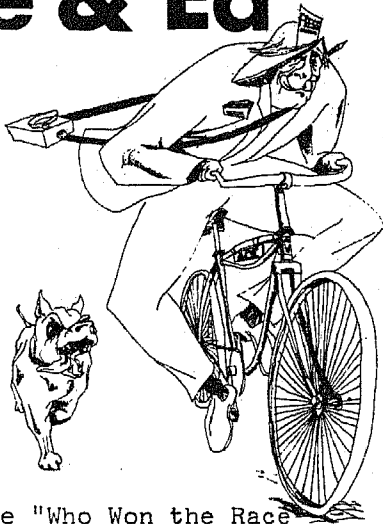
PAPAYA	PINEAPPLE
PINA COLADA	COCO-LADA
APPLE CIDER	GUAVA
FRUIT PUNCH	
ALSO	
FRESH EXTRACTED VEGETABLE JUICE	

516 Duval St.
Next door to environmental circus

The Old Anchor Inn

Duval St

Ace & Ed



From: Ace "Who Won the Race"
To: Editor, Solares Hill

Hi Sol,

The "Buckaroo Steak Ranch Annual Bike Race" was a blast, and of course, I won as I said I would. I even won a trip for two to Disney World and cash for expenses, nice huh?

Sol, I realize you like to have a winner from the paper, but don't you think entering your daughter, nephew, uncle, brother-in-law, all your family and yourself, was a little tacky? I mean; I was there representing the paper and I didn't need any help, after all it was only 32.8 miles. Well anyway it was fun, steak dinner and all, even if you did stick me with the bill.

Arny, "The Winner" P.S. Thank Chief Hernandez, City Mgr. Ron Stack, the Mayor and Commissioners, Lt. Tom Gates, Lt. Wm. Spencer and all the officers for their fine assistance; especially the motorcycle policeman who gave me a tow around the third lap.

From: Editor, Solares Hill
To: Ace Pickapart

Arny,

Just 32.8 miles huh? I saw you panting and puffing after the second lap. Remember that blur you saw near the Buckaroo? Well, that was me and my bicycle. I also heard about that third lap tow you got. Besides, I was afraid your bungee the night before would cause you to lose, so I entered and won in the 10 speed class.

Sol Hill
#1 Bike Racer

P.S. The steaks were great, but Warren Goldmann says to tell you that he had trouble reading the bill as it was soaked in tears, I mean; after all, Arny, there were only 15 of us and the dinners are rather inexpensive.

From: Ace
To: Ed.

Sol,

You and I have got it made, I mean we can just sit back and let it roll in; with my latest idea we'll be very well off.

All you have to do is secure a lease agreement from the City for a small piece of Mallory Square, say 125' X 250' anywhere in the middle of the parking lot will do and we can retire young.

I figure we will build a paper stand there and sell bait and tackle as a sideline. I mean, I would be willing to pay a small percentage to the City for the rent.

Then we sub-lease the rest and just flat out retire. I figure about 20 years of this and we could buy a small island, say Big Pine Key, or Marathon, and just live off the interest. I figure it's bound to work seeing how we are public benefactors.

Retiringly,
Ace, the "Ace"

From: Editor, Solares Hill
To: Mr. Arnold A. Pickapart

Arnold,

I realize you are nuts, completely insane, a menace to navigation and an idiot, but why do you keep involving me in your schemes? I should never have listened to your ideas about Mallory Square, the headaches you would never believe.

First I thought your idea had merit, so I made the proposal and added that any money in excess of \$2000 a month, net of course, we would share 50-50 with the ci-

ty. The stares, I mean real hostility. I got when I said this; you'd believe I said something unAmerican.

No one believed me, why they even suggested I had heat exhaustion. One said I must be an anarchist and should be jailed.

I have told you it is impossible to present a good and reasonable plan for the city to make money; as they are afraid you will make some too.

In any case, Arny, you've ruined my chances for running for commissioner this round. Please don't call me, I'll call you.

Tired of it all,
Solares Hill

Mock Turtle Soup

Lyle Johnston

There are those inveterate television fans who might curse the new directions in general TV programming. But there are those, not excluding the Emmy Awards Judges, who recognize a worthy trend in quality acting, strong social satire, and more than a token few examples of good taste. To wit: "All in the Family", a half-hour of enlightened situational humor. With a narrow-minded, self-centered, bigoted but lovable father, a narrow-minded and classically simple mother, a post-bubblegum, now "socially aware" daughter and the longhair, liberal, Polish son-in-law-in-residence, the situations might all seem predictable. But atop that premise "All in the Family: superimposes off-the-wall dialogue, the occasional salty phrase, and the element of surprise to achieve a true Wednesday night pleasure.

But when new shows become so-called favorites, some of the older favorites must fall aside. Old-timers such as "Maverick" are completely gone. A few old favorites like the "Honeymooners" hang on for rebroadcast on Sunday mornings. A few old favorites like the "Ed Sullivan Show" hang on for years having long fallen into a sad demise for all to see.

The current candidate for the "Hanger On of the Season Award" is good old "Laugh In". The show skyrocketed in 1968-69 and was responsible for the accelerated stardom of folks like Judy Carne, Goldie Hawn and Lily Tomlin. But this year, even with more and more subjects available for the "Laugh In" brand of satire, the show seems to drag and to lack the immediate relevance which fostered its success. Yet, alas, in its decline, "Laugh In" has suddenly encountered airtime competition which, we believe, might even cause "All in the Family" to falter.

We speak, of course, of that popular monster, that strange video attraction which has recently baffled Nielson, Gallup and the Associated Press Polls. That extravaganza which has rendered commercial time on opposing networks worthless. We speak, of course, of the living black and white, bi-monthly comedy skit referred to as "The City Commission Meeting". A show in which seven grown men, dressed in pure establishment coats and ties, publically re-hash everything they've been talking about for the previous two weeks. We are reminded of that question, that question old as the days of Hoot Gibson - with satire so great, who needs the real thing? But let us explain:

These seven men have re-activated and unearthed many classic stage and screen maneuvers, many old and forgotten Vaudeville gags, and, better yet, the old favorite dialogues of television in the late '40s. Perhaps if we outlined some of these hard to catch highlights, your viewing time might be all that more rewarding.

Note first the *stage whisper*. The mock pretense of confiding a side comment to a neighbor in a voice just loud enough for everyone to hear the comment. Second, note the satire of such old ridiculousness as Robert's Rules of Order - a great technique. Third, don't miss the *element of surprise* similar to that used on "All in the Family". Hoots, catcalls, remarks such as "Now wait a damned minute, buddy", and "Tell him to shut his mouth," all add to the entertainment.

The most surprising fact to come out of this show is that the actors, in real

life, are actually businessmen in a small town in South Florida. The realism they project is amazing. Only one criticism: several of the "establishment" ties worn by the gents are a little too flashy for the situation. At any rate, it's pure entertainment for the family. Have a blast next Monday night and don't worry about missing "Laugh In".

From Our Community College

Charles Peck

A new effort to increase the community relatedness of our community college is underway. This effort is the Higher Education Achievement Program (H.E.A.P.) This program starts September, 1971, and is one of many projects of the Education Improvement Project of the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, Atlanta, Georgia, for more fully realizing the constitutional notion of education for all.

Who will the students be? Disadvantaged people who are twenty-one years of age or older or have a high school diploma or have passed the General Education Development (G.E.D.) test. The people for whom this program was devised are the dropped out of school and, after working and wandering, have decided they want to go back to school; the people who couldn't finish or didn't finish high school and consequently are not prepared for college level work; the people who have been out of school for such a long time they have forgotten much and want to further their education but can't because of an economic strait jacket. In general, this program is for the disadvantaged person.

H.E.A.P. is basically aimed at raising a person to college level work. A second aim (equally as important as the first) is vocational studies. This is to raise a person to the necessary educational level for learning various trades. The Community College has vocational training courses in the areas of nursing, electronics, business, appliance servicing, marine diesel and spark ignition engine repair. The courses taken under the HEAP program will offer college credits where progress is evident on the students' part. The student will be registered as a full-time FKCC student and his classes will last four to five hours altogether, each school day. The HEAP student will also be able to take one course of his own choice. The general courses of the HEAP program are: communication skills, orientation, physical education and mathematics. Instruction will be in small groups allowing a more intensive teacher-student relationship.

The projected enrollment goal is 100 students for September. It is not a matter of producing them, but rather a matter of finding them and letting them know about the opportunity. Anybody who is interested should contact Mr. O.V. Harrold at FKCC; phone 296-9081. If you know anybody who might be interested, talk to them, let them know about the program and suggest they look into it.

There are people outside of Key West who also have a direct need for the HEAP program. These people will not be able to commute back and forth for many reasons: no transportation, live too far, or just plain don't have the money. We, as a community of human beings, not only can but need to help these people. Florida law prohibits Jr. colleges from offering housing. These people need a place to live. If you have an extra room or know of someplace that may have room to rent, (reasonably, not tourist prices) contact the student personnel office at Florida Keys Community College.

Classified

Bicycles

Ray's Bike Shop 906 Truman Avenue

Pets

B&B 822 Fleming Street

Ray's Bike Shop 906 Truman Avenue

Quinn

Continued from page 5

society? Or does this mean, by your calling yourself a nihilist that you've left the political process as it exists today?

QUINN: I didn't call myself a nihilist, I said that what would have to be done would be to nihilistic.

Now, can changes be effected within the system as we know it? Now, that's like beating a dead horse. This is not possible because the system is so organized as to be preventive of change. Because those people who are in control, are not going to be removed from control. The only way that you are going to remove them is by destroying that which they are controlling. Then there is nothing for them to control. Now, when you use the word, "destroy," people immediately think that you mean physical destruction: bombs going off in government buildings and everything else. But that's not necessary. There's another way to do it. As far as the other way being successful, this would be highly speculative. It would call upon the people for a great deal of sacrifice. Don't produce and don't consume that which is produced. Don't work for them. How do you live if you don't work for them?

Now, you see, we get right back to the absolute control that they have. How do you survive if you don't work for them? The young people in the colleges are taking this later approach more seriously than they are that of a physical revolution. And they are dropping out, they are refusing to accept position within the techno-structure. They're resisting the influence of organized industry.

We keep hearing that we live in a great country, and the reason for greatness of the country is the corporation, the capitalist, the capitalist system. We don't have the capitalist system any more. So, if anything at all is going to happen, it's got to come from either a physical revolution, the use of force, or a refusal to participate. Now, if you refuse to participate, by that I mean if you refuse to lend your talents to corporate enterprise then those people who own the corporations are going to suffer from it. But as they suffer, so are those people who refuse to participate. Who refuse to produce and who refuse to consume. So you're not going to have any change in this country, until such time the people are willing to sacrifice themselves bodily in a physical revolution or sacrifice themselves by not buying that which is produced. Now, there's nothing negative about either one of those approaches, you see, so long as there's an ultimate to be gained. And that ultimate to my way of thinking, would be to have the means of production produced for everybody.

SOLARES HILL: You feel that this system can only be changed by destroying it's essential structures. But on the other hand, you feel that this is going to take some time.

QUINN: Oh, sure, it will take decades.

SOLARES HILL: What can you see as relevant about your political campaign, in 1972? What's it going to do? For example, I was reading tonight, that there will be 25 million first-time voters in the 1972 presidential national election. And these will be young people. Now, these young people obviously share some of your discontent with the American society as you see it. Now, is that the electorate that you're responding to? Is that the group you're responding to? Or just what is it, you are trying to do?

QUINN: I think those people that have been recently franchised to vote in a national election -- if they will register and if they will vote--they could be a very potent force in the election. But, I think that the evidence that is available demonstrates very clearly that these people do not register and do not vote, in any large number.

SOLARES HILL: So, we come back to the point again of non-production and non-consumption, which could be generalized as non-participation, in the political economy in the United States. This is what you're advocating. But you don't even have an electorate because they don't choose to participate. Therefore, why have you entered the political process of the United States as a candidate?

QUINN: I wish the young people who now have the franchise and could go down and register, would do so. And then go out and vote. I think that there's a more potent force in the country. I think that there are countless thousands of people in the country who live a daily sense of frustration, who live daily within the system, who pay and obey this system but don't want to, who would seize upon an opportunity not to do it. Now, these are the people I think will be aroused by the fact that I'm going to run. And these are the people I would look to. These are the people I would invite to take a chance. So you're going to lose your job. What's more important, your job or your country? This country is fast moving into a totalitarian state.

Part III: What We Can Do,
Here And Now

SOLARES HILL: I'd like to change the subject now, and talk a little bit about some of the things that you are doing here that will bring about changes to the

situation as it exists now. You are a defense attorney, criminal attorney for Monroe County and the court here. And you participate in this court everyday. What changes can you foresee there? What changes in structure, what changes in situation could bring a better legal system to Monroe County?

QUINN: Well, initially, I'd have to say that you would get a better system of justice in Monroe County if people who are in office, County Solicitor, the State Attorney, and the judges on the bench, would rid themselves of what I refer to as a cage syndrome. Putting people in cages accomplishes absolutely nothing at all. People try people, not at the time of trial, but try them at the time of arrest.

SOLARES HILL: You're acting now, within your profession, as a citizens committee to help plan or set up a new charter for consolidated county and city, for Key West. I know you are in favor of consolidation. I would like to know a little bit about your feeling about this issue. But also what are some other things that you feel citizens could do, in Monroe County, and in Key West, to try to change this situation and bring more power back to the public, back to the people.

QUINN: The most significant thing that any citizen can do to make a government respond, is to be aware of what the government is doing. The way to do this, is to attend the city commission meeting.

A good demonstration of this is Common Cause, which is the brain child of John Gardner, who is the formal director of the Health, Education, and Welfare Department of the United States. He now has in the neighborhood of 125 thousand members to Common Cause. And they supply information on given projects to the membership. And they encourage the membership, then, to sit on those people in government who would be responsible for the administration of a program. And they've been very successful.

SOLARES HILL: So, you think this kind of citizen's lobby, which is what Gardner referred to, is possible on a local level in Monroe County?

QUINN: Absolutely. Government can be made responsible to the people. But only the people can make government responsible. If the people are going to be apathetic, they're going to ignore what the government is doing, if they're not going to participate in counsel meetings, if they're not going to register to vote, if they're not going to vote, government is going to act willfully according to what it wants to do. They are going to do exactly as they want to do. Maybe what they want to do is good, and maybe it's not good, you see, for the citizenry.

The much heralded "Art of Well-Digging" article will appear in our August issue.

Marion Steven's
ARTISTS
UNLIMITED

The Unique Art Gallery

Keys and Caribbean
Invites you to Trip and/or Buy

221 Duval St.

Fabric
World

TELEPHONE 294-1773
613 SIMONTON ST.
KEY WEST, FLA. 33040

The Fire

Continued from page 3

TEACHER: I think that burning was to let other black people become aware of how they were being exploited here in Key West. We never controlled of our own community, never. It wasn't a thing that they say they were going to bring about changes by burning all the buildings. But it was an indication to let people know that they never had control of their own community. We've always been exploited. I know this myself, because this is how I used to get bread to eat. My mother got credit from these stores and she wasn't making too much money. I think people listened to this little incident that happened. I think it made them aware of what was happening. I don't think that there is a philosophy based on just burning all buildings to bring about a change, but they wanted to make a point that all these years they have been exploited. Even though "the man" was letting them have credit to feed them, they were still being exploited. We never controlled anything. Everything was controlled by the white man.

PREWITT: So the act of burning that store, Padron's, was an attempt by a few people to show the black community that this exploitation had to stop.

TEACHER: Sure. It wasn't a thing that they wanted to burn everything down to bring about change, this was a thing to show exploitation because you can still feel exploitation in our community now.

PREWITT: How? What kind of things?

TEACHER: I mean these young people being oppressed. It's not that they just want to fight back at people. But anytime you oppress somebody else, you're going to see repercussion.

PREWITT: This happens through the police?

TEACHER: Right. You saw repercussion from the police. I'm saying these brothers have been oppressed for a long time. These brothers have been in jail nine months out of a year and just three months of their time have been on the street and the rest of their nine months have been in jail. People can't live like that. Think about that. Let's say, have about eight months of life in the streets but you have some brothers that have been in jail for nine months out of a year and there are twelve months in a year and they've been in jail for nine months and things like that make a lot of people oppressed. They can't get a job; nobody will look at them.

PREWITT: Is getting jobs a problem here in Key West?

TEACHER: Here in Key West and everywhere. They don't rehabilitate prisoners, see. These people need help. It's the same thing as with the drug addict. I figure junkies are people too. They need help too. Sure, they'll break the habit in jail, but when they come out, they're on drugs again. Why not rehabilitate these people -- they're human too. It's just like the blacks in prison. Every time they come out they want to be welcomed to society but everybody diverts from them. They can't get a job, they don't get anything to eat; people don't say anything to them and when any little thing happens, the police pick them up and what happens? They're back in jail again. That's just like the addicts. They need to rehabilitate junkies, prisoners, and everybody else. But see, they look at these people a different way. What I'm saying is that these people are human too. I'm concerned about oppressed people. It's not the thing of white or black.

It seems like every time we get into a conversation, we bring up this thing of color. But I think anytime we liberate black people, we're going to have to liberate white. We just have this habit of bringing in color because this has been brought up in us. We are trying to divert from that now. Let's think about what is keeping us down, not just color. Poor whites are being oppressed. Mexicans are being oppressed. Cubans are being oppressed.

PREWITT: Okay, you mentioned before that this was some kind of system that was oppressing people. It really didn't have to do much with just black people, but it was a whole system. What is this system, what do you mean by that?

MACK: The system mostly consists of the rich people, pigs that are motivated by the capitalism. Nothing is done unless, let's say, private property is destroyed. Private property is more to capitalists than a human being. For example, if a group of hippies walk downtown, a thing would come out of their mouths like, "They're dirty, they're making business bad." These hippies could be patronizing these places, put money into them, but because they are hippies, the capitalists reject them.

It will always be the outward thing against the hippies and the blacks. What the blacks want to get is control over their destinies. The hippie wants to be freer and do what he wants to do regardless of what it is. But now, getting back to the young black. Myself, I'm young and I'm black. This thing, the burnings and the shootings, were a way of retaliating against these pigs, against the capitalists, and the pig forces here. And the burning was like . . . they wanted to show the public that it is necessary to get what they want even if it means going to the extreme of burning, and shooting and looting and even beating up people.

PREWITT: Okay when you say 'to get what they want' what do they want?

MACK: This is like a retaliation. It will show that if the pigs continue to oppress the blacks--like most blacks are the main objective of the pigs--like a store owner will say, "Get off them because they're going to burn us out." It was to show like an attack to stop the pigs from coming down. The shooting was like a thing where . . . it was continuous thing. You don't have to do nothing but be black, and be out there on the scene and you get arrested. Like this was our way of showing them that we wasn't going to tolerate this any more. So they turned the guns, they turned the hands of the clock, you know, back on the pigs, and let them know that they're not going to turn the other cheek.

It wasn't going to be an all out war, because that way, a black would never get old through a armed struggle. But this was part of a struggle, to let the man know that if he's going to use the guns to stop us, that we going to use the guns to stop him. Like defense. But it wasn't going to be a thing where we was going to jump into the street and shoot down a pig. The pig would have to come up to you to show that he was going to kill you, and you defend yourself from him.

Most blacks I think are concerned, about having more control over what they want to do. You have to depend on "the man" to do certain things in Key West, cause "the man" controls everything. Most of the property in the Ghetto is owned by "the man." The money is taken out of the Ghetto, but is never put back. You want to stop "the man." You can't

stop him from making the money, but you can rap to him to make him realize that if he puts part of his money back, there would be less hassle for the people. It would show that he is equal, that he's a righteous person. But when you invest something into something like into Ghetto land, if you invest property, the money you draw off the property, you never put it back, then that only shows that you were in it for the capital, and not for persons possessing the property. And when you put it back into the Ghetto, it shows that it's not only for the capital. But the way it stands now, Key West is just a capital city. If you got money, you can make it, if you don't you can't. In any situation. Say like those brothers that went to jail for unlawful assembly.

PREWITT: Now, you're speaking about the evening in the Mini park? The group of Sheriff's, Deputies and City police came and arrested twenty-four black people.

MACK: All of them was in the Mini park, and like they threw charges on them, unlawfully, but when it ended up some of the brothers had on them armed robbery and murder. And the bonds were set high, and like, wow, when you're poor, how can you afford this amount of money? To free yourself on bond. The reason I'm saying this is to like show you, if you had money, you could get out. There are alot of situations where whites are busted for grass, but they're out the next day. And like some of them don't even have to go to trial, because money talks. Where as once a black man is in there and cannot afford money to bail himself out, he'll never get out unless his trial comes. He'll serve his time. Like this way, there's no help from the white community at all helping the black man from his oppression. Because here, the white man has the capital, the black man doesn't. If this white man was a true man, I think he would help against this sort of injustice. He'd help if he saw his brothers' freedom being taken away from him through illegal processes.

PREWITT: And do you feel that most of the processes here, in the stores, looking for jobs, in the courts with the police are illegal?

MACK: The paper too.

CAREY: That's just ridiculous.

PREWITT: What about the paper?

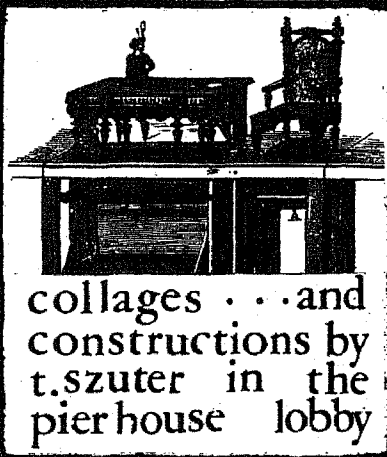
MACK: It distorts the views of the blacks. Okay, remember when everybody was picked up, the headline says, "Crack Down on Crime." Check it. "Crack Down on Crime." But if you look in the papers ever day there is a crime being committed. But in order to show the people a political side of this thing, or the goodness of the police force, here they put this title and then called us hoodlums, trouble makers, which isn't true. And like, it continues to be this way, as long as a brother goes out and steals. But not knowing why he is stealing, he's going to be marked as a hoodlum. I think every man stole once in his life. If you were down and out and you couldn't get a job, because of your background, your status, what other way is there to get ahead but to take what you want. So, they went out to take it, but none of them were caught at the time. But soon as they were picked up for unlawful assembly, they were marked as hoodlums from their past records. And that's another injustice about the paper.

TEACHER: What he was saying about this capitalist thing, it exists right here in Key West. Now, I mean the school system. You'll be a Senior this year, hey?

CAREY: Yes.

Continued on p. 12

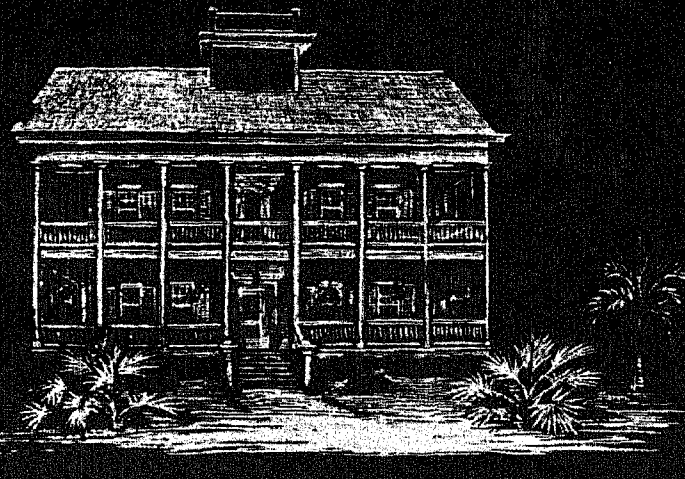
MOONDogs



The Lowe House
Nursery

HANGING BASKETS OF
BEGONIAS, FERNS, COLEUS
620 Southard St.

WHOLESALE  RETAIL



SOMEWHERE, HIDDEN IN THE WILDS OF KEY WEST, IN NO PARTICULAR PLACE, LIES A SMALL BUT STRONG SEWING MACHINE THAT ONLY DOES PART OF THE WORK.

SOME OF THE WORK IS DONE BY HAND. THAT IS, WITH A SAILMAKER'S NEEDLE AND WHITE NYLON STRING.

IT DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU BUY. ALSO IT DEPENDS ON WHAT WE HAVE FOR SALE.

THE HATS ARE HAND STITCHED. THE FLOPPY ONES AND THE ONES WITH WIRE IN THE BRIM TO LOOK LIKE A ROY ROGERS MODEL.

THE "HOIPANIS", WHICH WE CALL "MOONDogs", AND THE KNICKERS, WHICH HAVEN'T A NAME, ARE ALL STITCHED ON THE MACHINE.

THE PATCHWORKS ARE ALL DONE BY HAND. HOW ABOUT THAT FOR SOMEWHERE IN THE WILDS OF KEY WEST?

MoonDog Leatherwear--
ten or twelve colors
of cowhide suede.

Judy, Tom and Rick
296-8954
PO Box 1151

The Magnificent Frigatebird

Thurlow Weed

The Magnificent Frigatebird is an Oriental painting, which in three or four brush strokes achieves a universe of perfection, hurled soaring into the sky.

Fregata magnificens (there's no real point in translating to "splendid frigate") is about three feet long. The very narrow wings span a good seven and a half feet. A large bird, but often it's so high up as to approach invisibility.

Man o' War Bird is another name for this expert glider. And expert it is, too, tilting and soaring for what seems like hours with nary a twitch of the deeply swept-back wings.

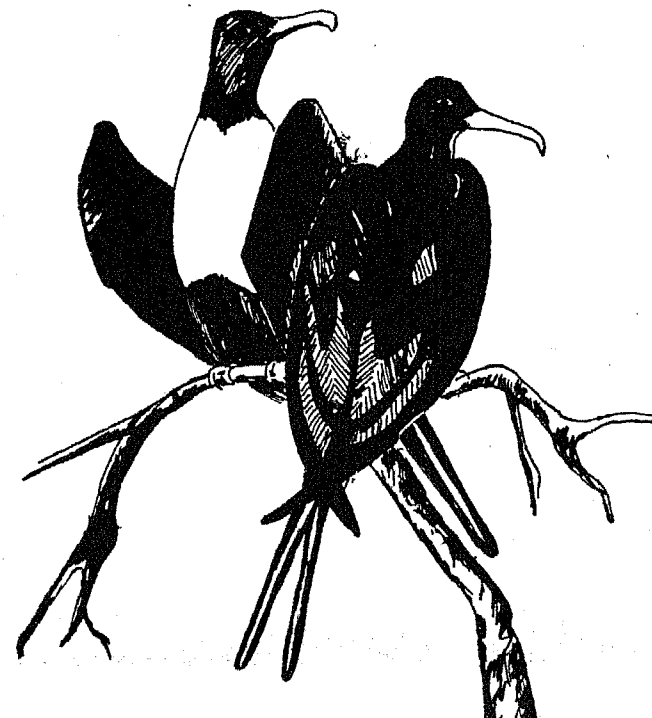
The frigatebird appears generally black, often because it's so high up that the white throat of the female or the orange one of the male cannot be distinguished. The immature bird has white underparts, which are usually evident at altitudes of less than a hundred feet. The tail is so deeply forked as to appear double.

Although it is a common bird in the Keys (just go outside and look up most any time, especially near the waterfront) it is not known to nest in U.S. waters.

Its hollow bones make it the lightest bird there is in proportion to its wingspan. This leads to the bird's most watchable characteristic, which is the effortless flight. The adjustments it makes to the air currents are so slight as to be unnoticed, even if you're watching carefully, though you'll often see the whole creature tilt if it wants to make a radical change of direction. It is common to watch a frigatebird ascend from easy viewing level, with no visible wing motion, to a height that requires observers to shade their eyes and point with extended arm.

But the frigatebird's eyesight is better than the frigatebird watcher's is. From incredible altitudes it can spot a meal and plunge upon it with icy accuracy. Its common technique is to find a gull or tern that has just scooped up a delicacy from the water. (The frigate never gets itself wet, although sometimes it picks up floating things.) The unsuspecting lesser bird suddenly finds the the empty blue sky has become a swooping black presence. He panics and drops his planned meal before having a chance to swallow it, and long before the goodie hits the water, the Man o' War has it (an incredibly maneuverable bird when it does use those wings!) and has swept up again to cruising altitude for more calm tilting and gliding.

There is a persistent rumor that frigates hover over tern colonies in order to force returning mama terns to disgorge meals planned for the babies, but it is undoubtedly only disreputable ternophiles who repeat such scandal. It is certainly never witnessed from Mallory Dock.



Frigatebird Drawing by Cas Still

Continued from p. 11

TEACHER: For many years I have watched a high school graduation out to Key West High on awards night. You will notice that all the people that get scholarships, and awards, are people with social status. It's not the people who have low income.

PREWITT: So, now, you've got a situation where it seems to me a lot of people are starting to think the way you think now.

MACK: Right.

PREWITT: And it's not only a couple of people talking, but it's a group of people. And now there have been some actions like the burning. This was a statement by a group of people, young black people to the black community, that we don't want any more of this exploitation. When did this come about? This change to a group view about the problem and what to do about it?

Peace
Peace is gone.
How long?
Peace is dead.
Oppression kills!
Peace will be born
into the hearts of men
who struggled for it.
Peace will come after time
Liberate the grassroots
and there will be peace
to be shared among us.
Power and Peace
—Jonah Mack

MACK: I believe the change is brought over by the actions of the other people. The people who are oppressing us. The change, it was a change of tactics, not a change in mind. Their minds were already set that they're being exploited. The know this, they know they were oppressed.

PREWITT: So this has brought a change in tactics? Where do the ideas come from, who is the big influence?

TEACHER: Now, see, this is the thing. I think that the young blacks are beginning to think for themselves.

MACK: Put it this way: they hear by the drum.

PREWITT: The drum?

Poems

CONESTOGA 1971

Isadore W. Bowser

Beyond the farthest reaches of our globe
The great planes fly,
Like silver lancets probe,
Disclosing to our wonder-stricken eyes
Wild lands, strange waters,
And still stranger skies.
Now, gorged with wonders,
Greedy pioneers,
We cry for farther reaches,
New frontiers,
Forgetful of that yet unbroken sod,
The mind of Man,
The purposes of God.

THE FLAG AT THE FOGARTY HOUSE

Ellis Laird

At night sometimes I sit to watch the flag

Waiting from the balcony in the blossom-scented breeze,
And seeing how it gently swells, deep-toned against the air,
August, and unmindful of any man or creed;
I know that it is borne to a greater splendor here--
Beyond all tribute of the patriot's rage--
Save for the wind, it has no heed.

But, O, what does
It spell these days;
What political fervor
Or modern craze?
A righteous pennant
That make men brag:
Love it or leave it
The American flag.
Psychedelic wonder
Of an upbeat rag,
O come on baby,
Wrap me in the flag.

When all our banners are spread against the night
And stream among the currents of pure deep air,
It will make no difference if they're starred or striped
And no proud cheer will stir them there.

Like the branches

As they receive the traveling winds:
The blossoms fall; you launch against the night.

Wave on, proud banner, fulfill the breeze.

SWIFT'S

VIVITAR MODEL RC-720
Solid State Stereo Recorder

Reg. \$179.95. Special **\$119.95**
auto shutoff

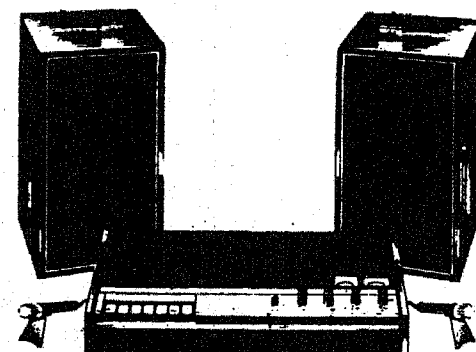
wow & flutter .3% RMS - MAX

2 air suspension 6 1/2" FASIB speakers

output 20 watts, frequency 30-12000

The best cassette sound ever heard,

with AM-FM \$159.95



423 DUVAL STREET