

ALICE IN THE RY - ZERO TOLERANCE
BEACH BATHES - CHORUS LINES - FANTASY BO

EDITORIAL

Greetings--

With autumn and cooler weather approaching, the October *Solares Hill* is an issue of both sorrow and joy. Sorrow because, as most of you already know, Key West and the paper lost a dear and talented friend last month--Alice Terry. Gordon Lacy's eulogy and Kathleen Elgin's artwork on page 17 express feelings shared by many.

In honor of Alice, both Gordon and Vaughn Gibson are not writing their columns this month. They too will be missed. Neither is Bill Westray; he's been under the weather. We plan on healthy contributions from all our writers in November.

On a happier note, Vaughn recently was awarded an individual writer's fellowship from the State of Florida. Five thousand dollars toward, we think, finishing his novel. He said the trick to receiving funds is to apply, repeatedly. But we know that it also requires tremendous talent. Congratulations, Vaughn.

The DCA is concerned about the city's new arrangement with homeowner's over what's being termed *accessible housing*. It seems that those making 550-square-foot units available for rental will be exempt from impact fees. The question is to whom will these facilities be accessible? (Available?) Some believe the answer is--more tourists.

Elections. Again *Solares Hill* endorses Larry Meggs for Monroe County Sheriff. Voting is October 4.

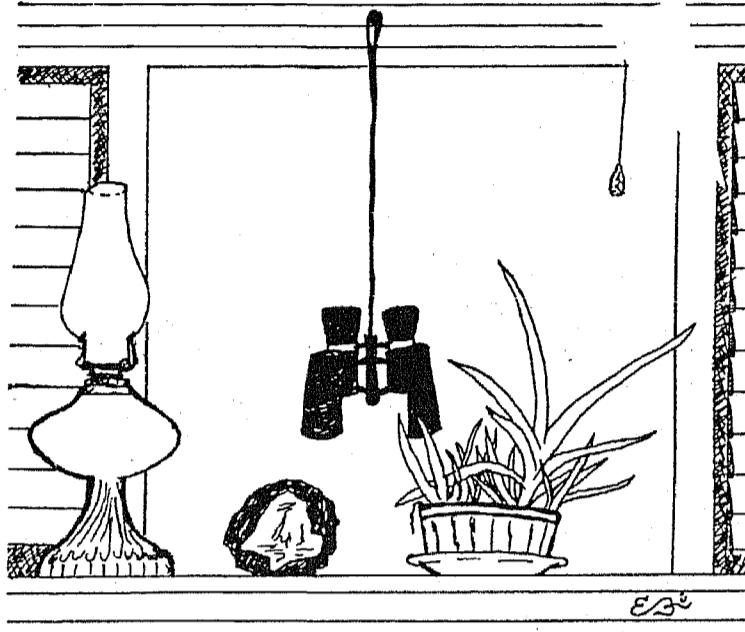
Twenty-eight more buoys were installed along the reef last month, thanks to the ever-productive people at Reef Relief. Nine are at Western Sambo, eight at Eastern Dry Rocks, ten at Rock Key and one at Sand Key. *Solares Hill* applauds the group's efforts and thanks the TDC for helping foot the bills.

We think we've got some great reading in this *Solares Hill*. Back as a regular contributor is George Halloran who tells the Simonton Street Beach story. John Leslie's profile of Captain Tony should raise a few eyebrows. And did you know that Florence Recher was once a professional dancer and performed with the famous lady of fans, Sally Rand?

Fantasy Fest is creeping up (from the past), and we've got the scoop on that plus a few outrageous photos from years before. Book reviews, Zero Tolerance, AIDS and more is covered--we hope you enjoy it.

Until next month,
Ann Boese

*Our cover art this month is "Shorebirds," a colored-pencil drawing by Alice Terry. Done in rich golds and blues, this work was presented for use to *Solares Hill* by Vaughn Gibson, Alice's husband, as a memorial gesture.*



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Captain Tony and the Saloon

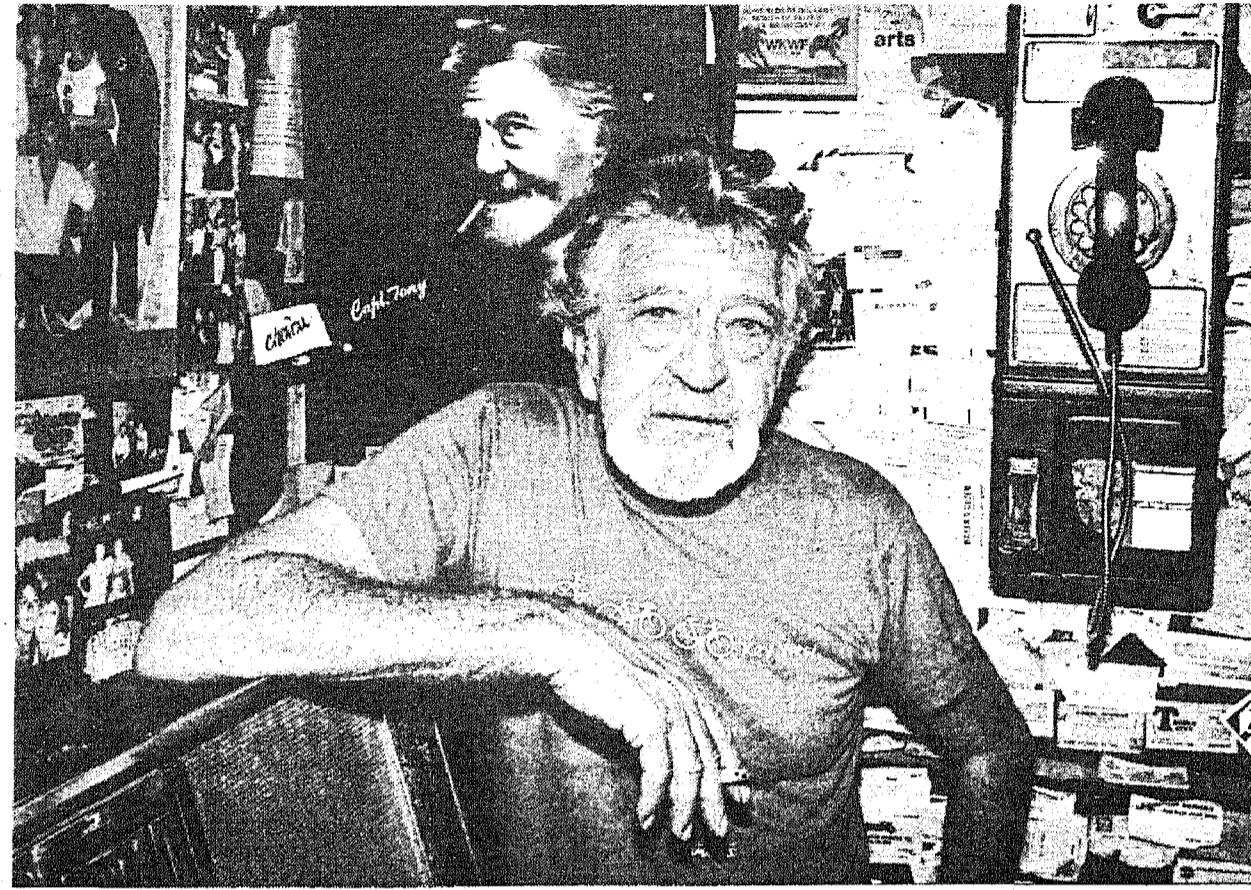
by John Leslie

What do you say about a living legend? A man who's been compared to Ernest Hemingway's fictional Key West hero, Harry Morgan, in *To Have and Have Not*. Who's been a gunrunner to Cuba. A Key West charter boat fisherman. A gambler. A three-time loser in Key West's mayoral elections. A father to the hippies. A crony to the stars. A self-confessed womanizer. A philosopher. The subject of one feature film and countless magazine articles. And our most famous barkeep since 1963 -- the captain, Captain Tony Tarracino.

After pulling himself out of the city dump in Newark, Tony drove to Miami with a blond bombshell in a pink Cadillac.

The fact is you don't have to say much. Tony's quite able, and willing, to talk for himself. Just listen:

"All you need in this world is a big ego and a tremendous sex drive -- brains don't mean shit," says the lover.



The Captain, parked in a comfortable corner of his saloon. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

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"I won't let big money push the working people off this island," says the politician.

"I'm a peasant at heart. And a hustler. I talk the way people think. They're afraid to say it, so I tell it like it is," says the promoter.

"Emotion is what life is all about," says the philosopher.

In the yellow tumble-down building on Greene Street, beneath the sign with the grouper perched atop, in through the double doors and the cavernous interior of Captain Tony's Saloon, the skinny Italian kid from the Jersey ghetto still holds forth at the age of 72.

The bar itself is a scarred wooden rectangular affair, absent of anything modern like padded bolsters or Formica tops; a young lady (always a young lady) mixes drinks and dodges the dusty paraphernalia that includes a chastity belt and a festooned skeleton hanging from the ceiling. Tony has always said the skeleton was one of his ex-wives, now wearing a stale T-shirt that states: *Support Women's Lib. Let him sleep on the wet spot.*

"I left Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1948 for health reasons," Anthony Tarracino deadpans. He was on the lam after he'd been beaten up by "a couple of the boys," as he calls the mob, when a horse-betting scam went belly up. After pulling himself out of the city dump in Newark, he drove to Miami with a blond bombshell in a pink Cadillac. When the blond and the Caddy were gone, and with 18 bucks in his pocket, he caught the bus from Miami to Homestead and

hitched a ride on a milk truck down to Key West.

When he got here he knew he and Key West belonged together. "It was like the Barbary Coast," he says. "There were wide open strip joints, gin mills and hookers everywhere." It was 4:00 a.m. and the first bar he went into was a place called the Duval Club -- the bar he would later buy -- where he had the last 15-cent beer of the night before passing out in a 1932 Plymouth.

"My dream was that someday I would make enough money that I could wear \$300 shoes and \$200 silk shirts and go to Las Vegas."

-- Captain Tony Tarracino

From the time of his arrival until he became a famous saloon owner, (*Esquire* magazine called Captain Tony's "one of the ten best saloons in North America"), Tony worked heading shrimp for a quarter a bucket and later on shrimp boats for \$100 a week. Then, he bought his first boat, the *Greyhound* -- there were eventually four of them: head boats, charter fishing boats that took as many people as Tony could crowd on for five bucks a day.

Like all legends, when the stories get repeated over the years and Hollywood is involved in their retelling, it is sometimes difficult to separate the apocryphal from the authentic. Such is the case with Tony's Cuba crossing and the attempted invasion of Haiti. With the political climate what it was in those years, the boats and the bar pulled

action. It was the crapshooter in me," Tony declares.

Six years ago Hollywood made a movie about this segment of Tony's life, called *Cuba Crossing*. Filmed in Key West and the Saloon, Stuart Whitman portrayed Captain Tony.

Then, there was Haiti, again in the late '50s. "I got involved with some mercenaries who wanted to invade Haiti and kill Papa Doc. It never happened because one of the mercenaries died in an accident with live ammunition." Papa Doc was Francois Duvalier, the cruel and repressive president-for-life of Haiti who later died and whose son became president-for-life. Known as Baby Doc, he was recently overthrown by a revolution from within

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Tony into adventures and intrigue in the Caribbean not unlike those of various American soldiers of fortune captured in Nicaragua for running guns and supplies to the Contras, some of whom were reputedly on the CIA's payroll.

"A guy paid me ten grand a trip to haul guns, ammunition and radios over to Cuba by boat in the late '50s when the U.S. was still helping Castro," Tony says. He claims to have made 10 or 12 trips there. "I didn't do it for patriotic reasons. I didn't do it for the money. I did it for the event. I liked the

"My dream was that someday I would make enough money that I could wear \$300 shoes and \$200 silk shirts and go to Las Vegas."

-- Captain Tony Tarracino

Haiti -- and without, as far as we know, the captain's help.

Tony's saloon has always served as a kind of social commentary, a testimony to the failures of human behavior as well as the successes.

Around the bar simple wooden stools with name tags, a sort of Who's Who of local and distant celebs who have either paid homage to the captain or simply gotten drunk in the place: Ted Kennedy and Truman Capote; Tennessee Williams and Mel Fisher; George Murphy and Walter Cronkite; and, of course, that son of a sailor back in Margaritaville looking for his lost shaker of salt, Jimmy Buffett.

Painted papier mache masks of pirates hang above a couple of tombstones, and a bedpan keeps company with a fire hydrant, while posters and movie bills and yellow newspaper clippings depict the history of

Continued on page 48

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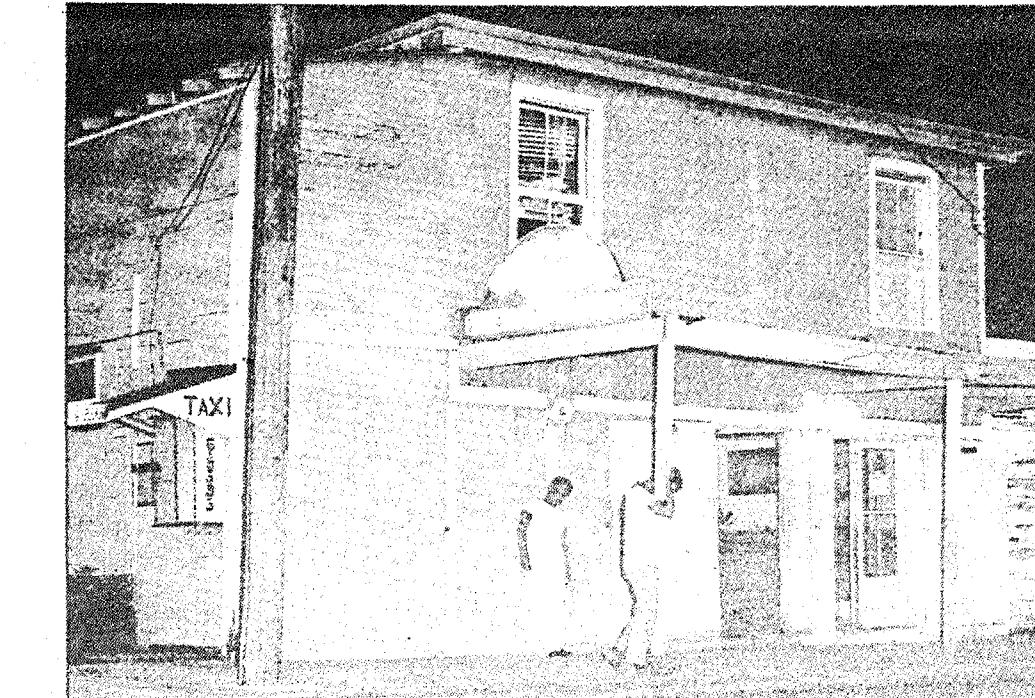
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Continued on page 48



The Duval Club, Tony Tarracino's first stop in Key West, later became the Captain's own bar. Photo from Solares Hill file.

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Simonton Street Beach: The Seven-Year War

by George Halloran

It could have been Bob Anderson. It might have been Bill Kight. I know it wasn't me. Most likely it was Joan Langley, who spotted the legal notice buried in the back pages of the *Citizen*. It was July 29, 1981, and in the fine print the city had just declared its intention to sell Simonton Street Beach so a local hotel could build a hundred more rooms.

In a way, it was a declaration of war. And before the war was ended, 4,000 Key Westers would sign up, determined to save a little sliver of Gulfside beach that was home to a few dogs and a few drifters, headquarters for the "Simonton Street Yacht Club," and a symbol to the rest of us of what was going wrong with Key West.

The date of that first legal notice to last month's ribbon-cutting spanned seven years and 40 days, and it produced enough sweat and heartache and skullduggery to fill the pages of a novel. But *don't worry! Be happy!* I'll make it a short story.

Fifty years ago they built boats on the beach property. Twenty years ago it was a favorite place to see the Gulf and Key West's waterfront. And seven years ago, the open water still caught your eye from



S.O.S. members Annie and Bob Anderson on the beach. Photo from Solares Hill file.

about the old post office on Simonton. If you were a water or boat person, it pulled you right on down to the beach. The best thing about it was you didn't have to buy a drink or rent a room to go there -- it was absolutely free.

So it was a shock to imagine another one of Key West's funky little corners replaced with a wall of concrete and a raw bar. At one time you could stand where the boat ramp is now and see open shoreline in both directions -- Brito's Boatyard was to the north, Tony's Fishmarket to the south. The Pier House was still gestating in David Wolkowsky's fertile mind, a galleon was a big boat, and the nearest Hyatt was in Miami.

A lot of people used the beach then for a lot of things. It was the logical place for boaters arriving in Key West to drop anchor and row in to town. It was a great place to swim -- deep and cool in the summer -- and if you felt Olympic you could climb Sylvia for a dive. And it was a great spot to do a little fishing or watch the sun set if you needed peace and quiet.

So when the Key West City Commission met on October 19 to vote on the sale, you can understand why there was a crowd of angry people there to speak against it. That didn't rattle commissioners -- they voted 4-1 for the sale anyway.

By this time, Anderson and company had evolved from a ragged bunch of protesters into a pretty solid core of folks who called themselves S.O.S. -- short for Save Our Shoreline. We were cranking out those cards and letters by the hundreds to the State of Florida. We had discovered the land originally was donated to the state, which then donated it to the city for recreational purposes. The property, however, carried what was called a "reverter clause." That meant if the land was ever put to commercial use, it would revert back to the state.

The city's next step was to ask the Florida Department of Natural Resources to lift the reverter clause. S.O.S. countered by demanding the DNR to hold a public hearing in Key West first. The battle was on.

The pressure worked. The DNR scheduled a hearing for November 18, and we all got ready to whoop it up. They were exciting days, spent at the shopping plazas and neighborhood grocery stores explaining the whole seedy deal to the public. Over 4,000 people signed our petition, and close to 400 packed the old convention center (now Jan McArt's) on Mallory Dock for the public hearing.

The city stood up first and gave a slide show, and as I recall a couple of politicians were booted off the stage. Then S.O.S. explained that we wanted that beach for a beach, not another hotel. The rafters (and they are beautiful rafters) were shaking from the crowd's cry of support, and the state officials went away impressed.

Let me compress the next few years. The city kept trying to sell or trade or negotiate away that land at every chance. They called the beach "blighted area" so a HUD grant could be used to build the hotel. At one point they agreed to sell the land for \$7.50 a square foot, even though the next lot was selling for \$18.00 a square foot. Once they even tried to trade off Simonton Street itself and relocate the public right-of-way half a block down Front Street.

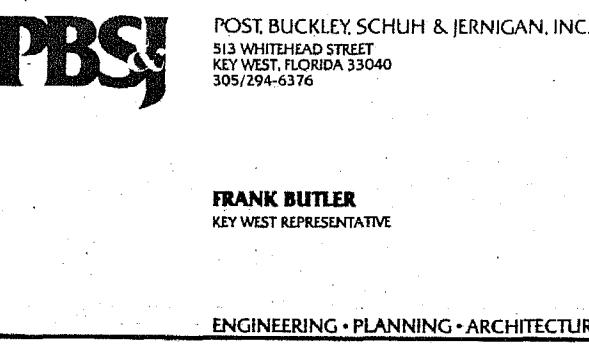
These were low days for S.O.S. We would meet at Big Bob's house and take turns getting mad, trying to figure out the next step. At times we were discouraged, but at the lowest ebb Joan's research would uncover another clue, or the phone would ring and a new convert would volunteer for the cause.

By this time we had a bankroll from donations, and were spending hundreds on newspaper and radio ads, flyers and mailouts. Anderson was writing great speeches and delivering them like Shakespearean soliloquies at city commission meetings. We spoke at clubs and at civic organizations, and a guy named John Marks (no relation to Larry) built a beautiful model of what we all thought Simonton Street Beach should look like, and we hauled that thing around town until it literally fell apart.

After that, we had some architectural plans made and Woody Bescher hauled them around until he literally fell apart. And finally, finally, finally we got city fathers to listen. We sent representatives who we thought would raise the least hackles (I was kept home on a leash) to see the commissioners and plead with them or threaten them as we thought best. I remember Richard Heyman finally announcing in public that, "I would never have voted for the sale if I had known then what I know now."

The battles turned to skirmishes, and then one day even the skirmishes stopped. The plan to refurbish the park had taken hold. The idea of selling the beach and the street faded and, in a gush of support, the city actually named S.O.S. its "coordinators" to work towards funding and completing the project.

This was definitely a high point and it seemed as though success was surely



nearby. It took awhile to realize we had been sucked into the very bureaucracy we'd been fighting. We began an interminable series of meetings with city officials, architects, grant writers, county officials, state officials and on and on. The months turned into years and yet the meetings continued.

Now and then, everything seemed to be in place. Funds to improve the boat ramp and docks had been secured from the County's Boater Improvement Fund. A state DNR grant for \$50,000 was promised. A local hotel agreed to contribute \$26,000 as part of a settlement for naughty things they had done (and that's another story).

The city itself promised \$50,000 and here we were, the coordinators, coordinating away as best we could.

Then disaster struck. Once it was the Chamber of Commerce, led by David Horan and Frank Romano, who didn't like the idea of public restrooms and convinced first the city, then the county, and then the city again

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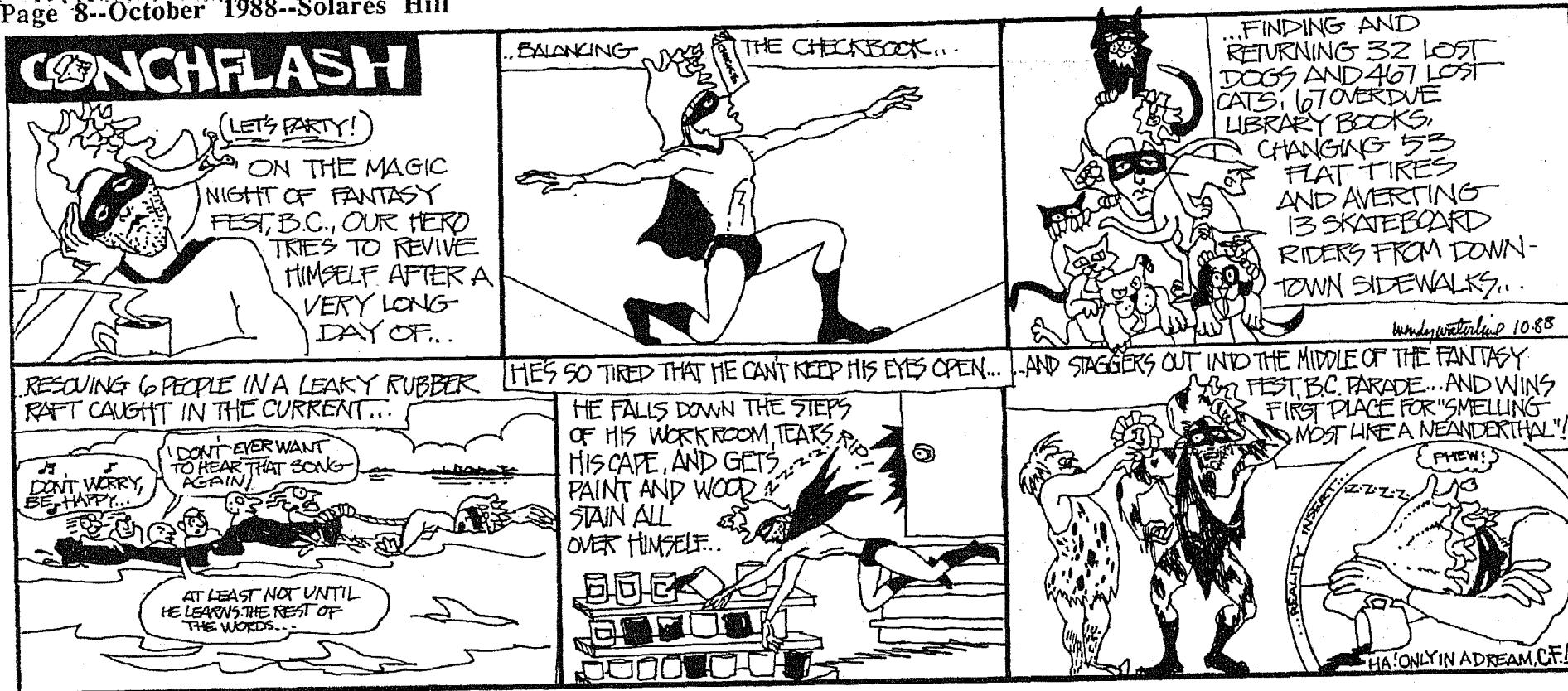


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to delay the project for months. Ed Swift orated mightily that tourists would never use the beach or the restrooms, and that locals could relieve themselves at home. Romano opined that poor folks would use the free water to wash their bodies, and scare everyone else away.

We struggled to overcome the fears, insisting the lay-about and muggers would desert a clean, well-lighted place.

Another time it was the bids which came in much too high and threatened the project's life. Months passed while we carved out parts of the refurbishment and postponed others. Finally new bids came in, still high, but in the ballpark.

Other delays were more mysterious. Papers disappeared. It was learned suddenly that permits would run out. Promises by the city's sewer contractor for in-kind services melted away (yes, it was the hated HYCON). And at times the whole area was blocked off with mountains of dirt or heavy equipment being used to stage nearby construction.

Huge buildings were built and docks installed, start to finish, on private properties next door. Yet we, the public, seemed condemned to plod on from one meeting to the next, trying to unravel the knots of paper and tangles of rules:

But we kept after it. And after seven years it somehow happened. Last month the gates were finally opened at Simonton Street Beach and the public may now enjoy a lovely little spot of freedom. Launch a boat, swim out to the raft without fear of jet skis, use the restrooms or just sit in the shade. It's all there. It works. And it was worth every minute of struggle.

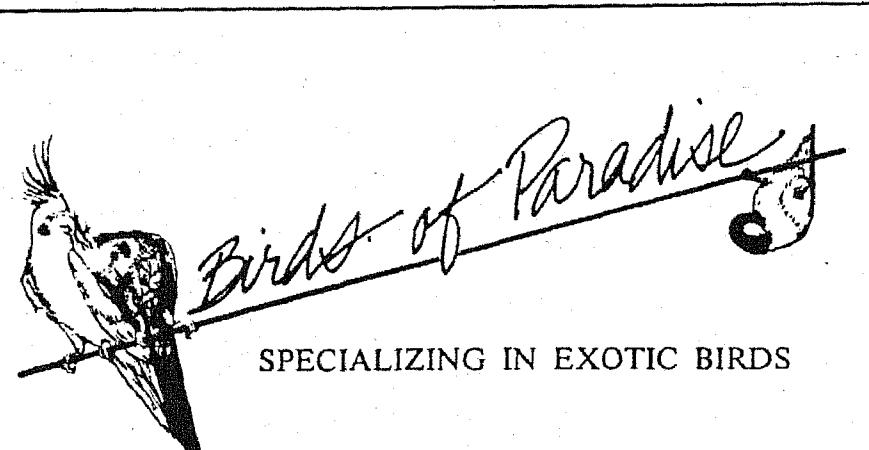
Looking back, it would have been so much easier if our city fathers had simply decided themselves, in the interest of the taxpayers, to fix up that little public beach. But they didn't, and the long fight that ensued brought changes that might never have occurred otherwise. In 1984 the city charter was revamped to prohibit the sale of

public land without a referendum. This was a direct result of the threatened sale of Simonton Beach.

Another direct result was the propulsion of myself and Harry Powell into politics. After imploring city leaders to save the beach and having sand kicked in our faces for an answer, S.O.S. decided to run a candidate of our own in 1983. When no one else would agree to run, I took the plunge and won. And for four years as a commissioner I pounded away at the beach project. By the time I left office, construction still hadn't started. In fact my opposition used that against me as a campaign issue. What cheek.

Harry was there seven years ago, too. I remember a day when we needed money desperately, and he came bouncing in with close to \$100 in small donations he'd picked up at the Green Parrot. We slapped it right down on a big ad.

Continued on page 35



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Ant-imidated

by Helen R. Chapman

It is common knowledge that every living thing on earth serves some purpose. Predators keep fauna populations in line. Herbivores keep the flora from inundating the landscape. But what, pray tell, aside from the anteater, keeps ants from inheriting the world?

The ant, in my opinion, shares its uselessness with only one other creature and that is the cockroach. A small lizard whom I have seen attack and devour a large moth shows absolutely no interest in ants. Frogs certainly don't care to be distracted from flies by a passing ant parade. Ants must have something going for them in the way of being a delicacy, but what? High protein? Low cholesterol?

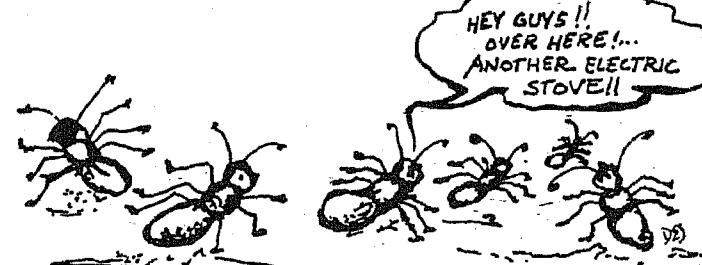
There are, unfortunately, many species of ants. I can't even cope with one! There is a type that I call the Crazies which are fascinating. They have no order, no sense of direction. They run around in a desultory fashion like a wild horde of anarchists, accomplishing nothing. I never find the Crazies in the kitchen, but only in places lacking human edibles, such as my bed, my books, my typing paper. They love typing paper, not to eat, but just to run around on crazily. But they're crafty. They're quick to escape before they get crushed under the platen. Even an anteater would bypass the Crazies disdainfully.

Ants are known to be extremely industrious and to have strong jaws. They are fond of gnawing through electrical wiring, but when they cause a short circuit, leaving your home vulnerable to conflagration, are they electrocuted? Of course not. They go merrily on their way to the next outlet. I tried taping a television show that was on one evening when I was going out. On playing it back, I found nothing but a lot of noise and garbage on the tape, but 40 billion ants came streaming out of the VCR. Now this variety is not the Crazies. This variety is the bellwether of the International League of Useless Insects. Besides devouring electrical apparatus with alacrity, they will travel 100 ant miles to a destination of one crumb on the kitchen counter. They keep close formation:

I left my wife in the cookie jar.
(Left, right, left, right)
We'll all converge on the candy bar.
(Left, right, left, right)
We've taken care of the VCR,
(Left, right, left, right)
So let's check out the Cuisinair.
(Left, right, left, right, left-right-left-right!)

One morning, about an hour after I had gotten up, I returned to the bedroom to make the bed. On the underside of my pillow I found a mass meeting taking place. They were inciting to riot.

Each ant was carrying an egg, homesteading, as it were. I have no idea how many baby ants are in one egg, or whatever that thing was that each held tightly clenched in its little jaw, but I was in no mood for research so I grabbed the Raid posthaste. I also have no



idea why they liked it under my pillow better than where they came from. Maybe they were Yuppie ants moving to the suburbs. At a later date, someone told me I had to get rid of the queen mother. This made me feel bad. I mean, I'm not the type to go around bumping off queen mothers. But apparently, in my insensitive panic, I must have let her have it. I haven't seen an ant in my bedroom since.

One day I came home to find members of the I.L.U.I. feasting in a container of mixed nuts. The troops were marching up the side, under the screw-type lid and down the inside. The lid was on so tight, I had to brace it under my arm to loosen it. But did that stop the minuscule foragers? No way! I decided I'd give them the blast of a lifetime. I put the container (plastic) in the microwave and turned it to Power 10. They scurried up the side, over the top and down to the glass shelf on the bottom where they huddled, clutching each other in fear and trembling. But did it kill them? Of course not. That laser beam will cook a roast, bake a cake, boil water, but it won't nuke the ants.

I'd like to get an anteater. I could rent it out and make a few bucks on the side. I wonder if there is Zero Tolerance on anteater smuggling ... oh, well ... quick, Henry! The Flit!

In November

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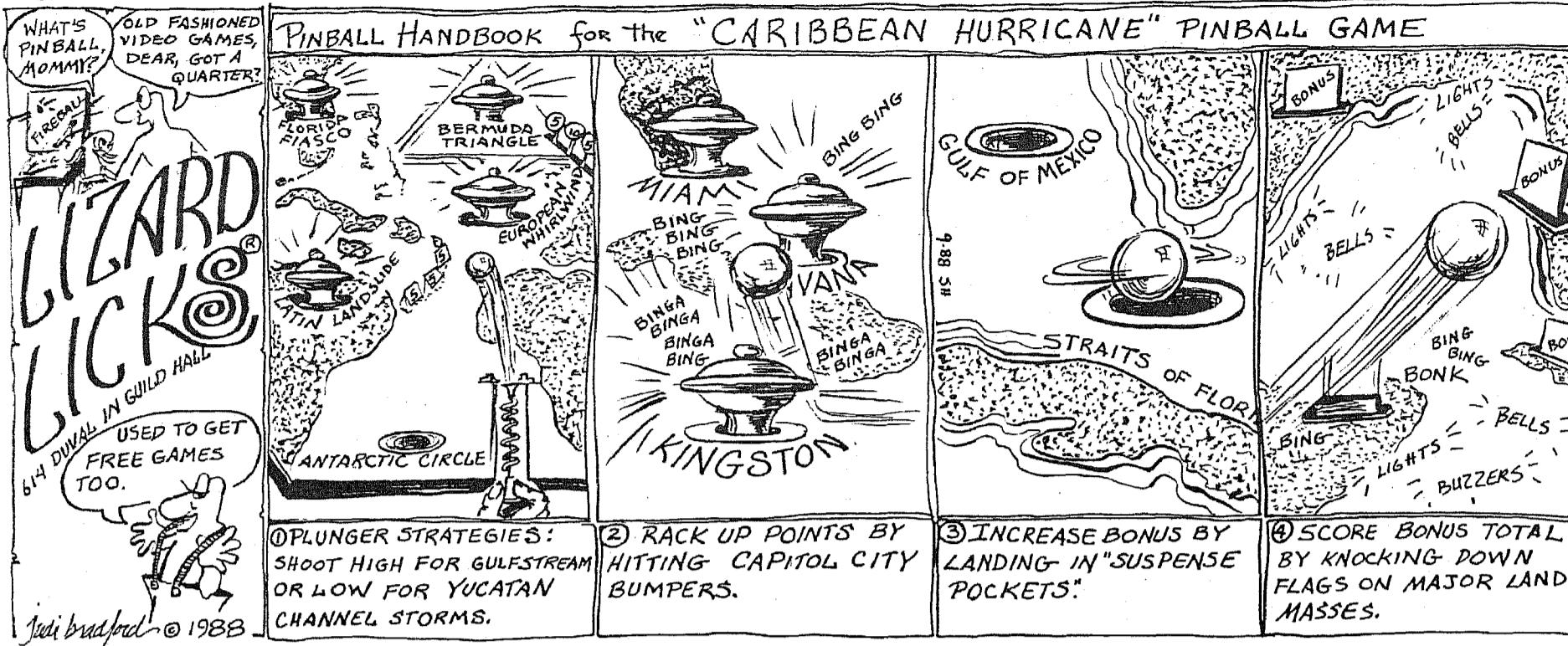
I especially want to thank *Solares Hill* for its endorsement of my candidacy and also my many friends for all their time and hard work during my campaign. My victory in the primary election proves that each and every vote counts. **THAT MEANS YOU COUNT!** If anyone reading this is not already registered to vote, you still have until OCT. 8 to register for the NOV. 8 general election.

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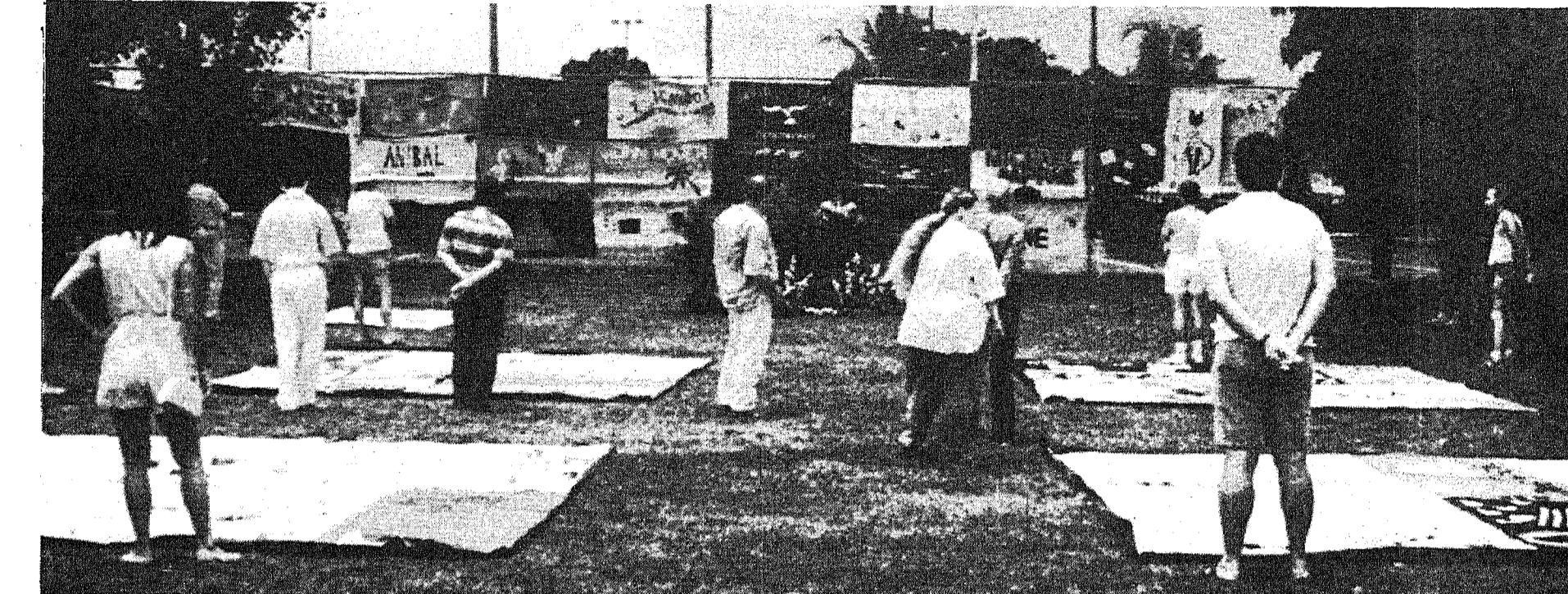
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AIDS and the Island

Locals Get a Grip on a Persistent Problem



The South Florida Names Project brought memorial quilts that honored friends and relatives who died from AIDS to Bayview Park last summer. The project was presented by Health Crisis Network in cooperation with AIDS Help here in Key West. Photo by George Leidal.

by Marion C. Robinson

A true picture of Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome (AIDS) in Key West lies somewhere between last summer's frightening reports of Sloppy Joe's co-owner James Mayer as a "typhoid Mary," spreading AIDS throughout the island, and Mayor Richard Heyman's response that media coverage is "overblown." Actually, there are two other AIDS stories here. One is about the disease itself -- what it is, how it is spread and what can be done to prevent it. The other is the way our community has risen to handle the needs of AIDS-infected persons and AIDS patients who live here.

On a per capita basis, Monroe County leads the state in AIDS cases reported since

1981 to the Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Washington, DC. The reported 130 cases here since 1981 translates to 207.5 per 100,000, almost double Dade County's 106 per 100,000, which is second on the list. But numbers may be higher. Ed Seebol, Administrator of AIDS Help, Inc., in Key West, and others working in the field, estimate from experience that only half the AIDS cases have been reported to the CDC.

One hundred and thirty cases does not sound like an epidemic. But when those cases are viewed as the surface of a deep pool of infection, the numbers are frightening.

Evidence of exposure to AIDS, which usually shows up in tests indicating the

presence of the antibody to Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV), is more difficult to pinpoint statistically. Positive results of an HIV test do not have to be reported as a communicable disease, and confidentiality is respected by physicians, hospitals and medical centers treating the patients.

Even so, the number of those testing HIV positive seems to be increasing by four or five cases per month in the county. Norene Sofranec, Director of the AIDS Education Project, 513 Whitehead Street, which performs the only anonymous HIV testing in Monroe County, has records showing that 250 blood tests for HIV were drawn by her office in all of 1987, while in the first 9 months of 1988 the number exceeds 450.

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AIDS Education is a Health and Rehabilitative Services testing site and is approved by the state. Samples drawn here run through as many as three tests -- two ELIZAs and a Western Blot -- depending on results. Testing here is anonymous; samples are identified by number, which is used to report test results, available about two weeks later. Other centers, including the Health Department and its two satellites up the Keys, keep tests confidential. This means there is a name associated with each test result, but that this information will not be released.

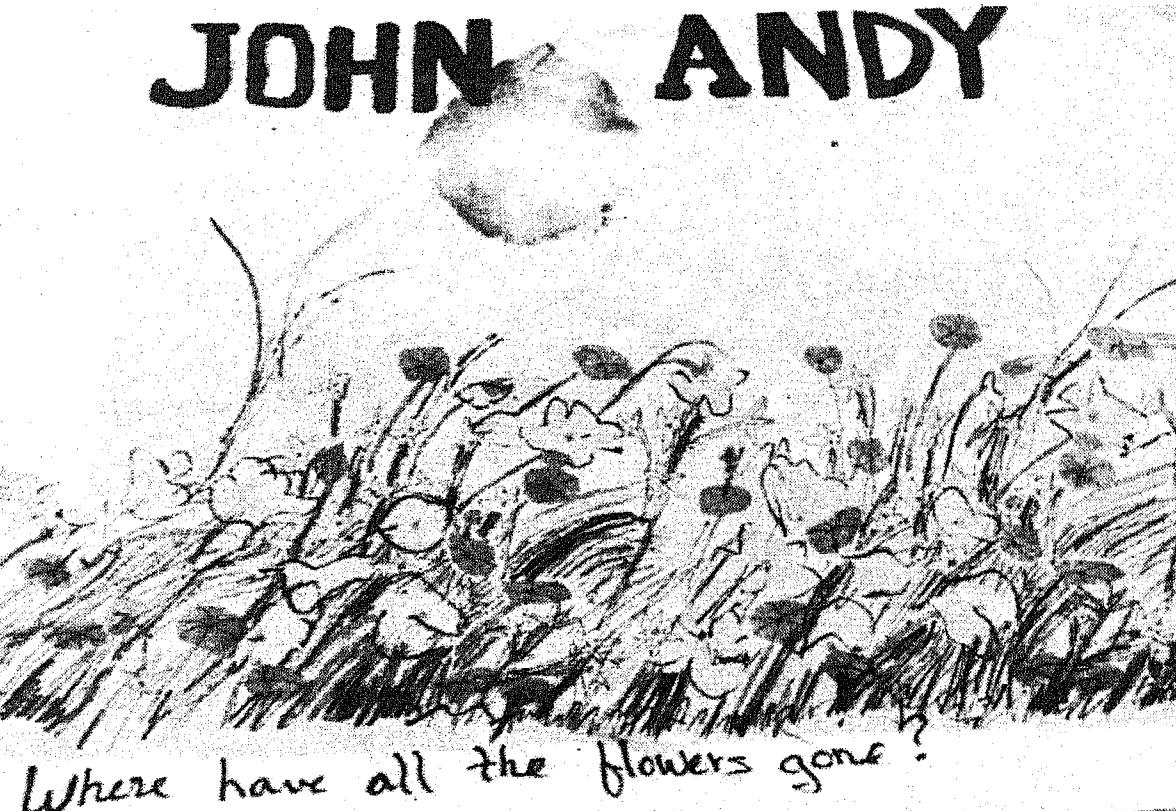
At least 60 individuals requested tests from AIDS Education as a result of the James Mayer stories on the television show 20/20 and in *People* magazine. Sofranec attributes this to a new awareness that AIDS can be spread by heterosexual contact, that it is not just a problem of the gay community.

"Of the 60 who came for tests," she says, "50 percent were males, 50 percent females. Eighty percent of them acknowledged the possibility that they had had direct or indirect contact with Mayer, either sexually or by sharing needles. They all tested negative but I recommended retesting in six months, as I do with anyone who fears they might have been exposed to AIDS."

Sofranec and others refer to literature which points to an overall decline in AIDS among gays in the U.S., while the syndrome continues to rise in the heterosexual community. Risky sexual practices (for contracting the AIDS virus) among gays have indeed been replaced with safer forms of sexual expression. Education and personal experience with persons with AIDS are probably responsible for the nationwide decline in AIDS among gays.

For anyone who fears exposure to AIDS, the AIDS Education Project is the best place to start. They offer counseling, educational material, and educational group programs about the disease. Testing is daily during selective hours. A \$20 donation is requested. Call for more information. Walk-in testing is available Mondays and Wednesdays from 3:00 to 6:30 p.m. The facility has a back door for further privacy.

When a person tests positive, Sofranec offers counseling. She has a background as a hospital health educator and has worked with chemical dependency recovery and comprehensive cancer rehabilitation



Care and attention to a person's personality was given to the quilts which ranged from artistic to whimsical. Photo by George Leidal.

programs. She is kind and warmly interested in those she tries to help. Whenever she can, she lightens the tension with a good sense of humor. Counseling focuses on the person's lifestyle, alcohol or drug problem, and individual responsibility for not transmitting the virus in the future. She advises them on how to inform sexual partners that they have tested HIV positive. If they find partner notification difficult, Sofranec offers to do it for them.

Finally, she refers them to local physicians for white blood cell screening to reveal damage to the immune system.

One of the physicians on Sofranec's list is Dr. Larry Siegel, Chairman of the Committee on AIDS and Chemical Dependency, American Medical Society on Alcoholism and Other Drug Dependencies. Last May, he was invited to address the President's Commission on HIV Disease in Washington. Among other things, he told the meeting:

"In my experience," Dr. Siegel said, "it is extremely rare to find a person with AIDS who has not had exposure to mood-altering and potentially immunosuppressive chemicals. It is equally rare to find a long-term survivor who continues to use alcohol or other mood-altering substances."

Continued on page 41

individuals reported with AIDS, as early as 1981, continue to survive."

Asked to relate this to the U.S. Surgeon General's statement that "there is no cure for AIDS," Dr. Siegel explained that the medical aspects of the syndrome may possibly be brought under control so the patients can function as if they were in remission.

AIDS Co-factors: Drugs and Alcohol

Dr. Siegel stressed that there are co-factors in becoming infected with the HIV virus and in living longer after being infected with it. "Why some individuals are able to survive for long periods of time and others go on to a rapidly fatal course is an important and intriguing enigma. Logic points to drug and alcohol use as co-factors in this disease."

"In my experience," Dr. Siegel said, "it is extremely rare to find a person with AIDS who has not had exposure to mood-altering and potentially immunosuppressive chemicals. It is equally rare to find a long-term survivor who continues to use alcohol or other mood-altering substances."

Continued on page 41

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Understanding AIDS

Several months ago, the U.S. Surgeon General's report, *Understanding AIDS*, was mailed to postal customers in Key West and the rest of the country. Key West is a temporary home for many transients, and *Solares Hill* found many here who had not seen the report. Because it is important to the health of our islanders, we have highlighted some of the report's findings and warnings.

There are two main ways you can get AIDS.

First, you can become infected by having sex -- oral, anal, or vaginal -- with someone who is infected with the AIDS virus. Second, you can become infected by sharing drug needles and syringes with an infected person.

Babies of women who have been infected with the AIDS virus can be born with the infection because it can be transmitted from the mother to the baby before or during birth.

In addition, some persons with hemophilia and others have been infected by receiving blood.

How do you get AIDS from sex?

The male homosexual population was the first in this country to feel the effects of the disease but the number of heterosexual cases is growing.

The AIDS virus can be spread by sexual intercourse whether you are male or female, heterosexual, bisexual or homosexual. This happens because a person infected with the AIDS virus can have the virus in semen or vaginal fluids. The virus can enter the body through the vagina, penis, rectum or mouth.

Risky behavior

- Sharing drug needles and syringes
- Anal sex, with or without a condom
- Vaginal or oral sex with someone who shoots drugs or engages in anal sex
- Sex with someone you don't know well (a pickup or prostitute) or with someone you know has several sex partners
- Unprotected sex (without a condom) with an infected person.

Condoms

Condoms are the best preventive measure against AIDS besides not having sex, having sex with one mutually faithful, uninfected partner and not shooting drugs. You have to use condoms every time you have sex, from start to finish.

- Use condoms made of latex rubber. Look for the word *latex* on the package
- A condom with a spermicide may provide additional protection
- Condom use is safer with a water-based lubricant. Do not use petroleum-based jelly, cold cream, baby oil or cooking shortening. These can weaken the condom and cause it to break.

You won't catch AIDS like a cold

- You won't get the AIDS virus through everyday contact with the people around you at school, in the workplace, at parties, child care centers, or stores. You won't get it by swimming in a pool.
- You won't get AIDS from mosquito bites.
- You won't get AIDS from saliva, sweat, tears, urine, or a bowel movement.
- You won't get AIDS from a kiss.
- You won't get AIDS from clothes, a telephone, or from a toilet seat. It can't be passed by using a glass or eating utensils that someone else has used.

Helping a person with AIDS

No one will require more support and more love than your friend with AIDS. Don't worry about getting AIDS from everyday contact with a person with AIDS. You need to take precautions such as wearing rubber gloves only when blood is present.

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Eat the Shark, Become the Shark

by Sandra Russell

I was employed as an island sitter on a misnamed strip of dead coral called Mahogany Key. The island rose up, thirteen miles southeast of Key West, from among the unpredictable, reef-ribbed waters where the Gulf and the Atlantic collide. A boat would drop me off and I would be left alone for five-day periods.

This was your classic desert island -- sun, salt, inescapable heat, bleached paths too hot to walk hours after the sun had set. The indigenous plant life was of the dwarfed, tortured, salt-swept variety. Only the mangroves which fringed the island offered even the illusion of moisture, though, in time, their twisted, insinuating root systems would themselves become desert islands. To a Pennsylvanian's eye, however, they appeared fresh as apple trees.

Coconut palms had been imported to the Mahogany Key estate, but were still too young to be of much practical use, in the way of either shade or coconuts.

The most sophisticated forms of animal life with which I came in contact during those white days were crustacea -- conch, crab, lobster. Creatures that evolved right there on the island, swam or flew great distances, or wore their skeletons on their sleeves, were my intimates. Though in time we came to achieve a certain harmony, the

crabs, the mosquitos and I, there were moments when I longed for the company of mammals. A dog.

Mahogany Key was an opulent mirage in an austere, difficult sea. Two magnificent structures, palaces, beckoned like sirens to the seabound, winking seductive distant promise, but revealing themselves up close as grinning skeletons dashed against the rocks of obscene maintenance costs and demands for attention. The full-time demands of a jealous lover.

Though in time we came to achieve a certain harmony, the crabs, the mosquitos and I, there were times when I longed for the company of mammals.

A dog.

Inside the palaces, great-winged fans, mutant mosquitos on an abandoned science fiction set, dangled from every ceiling. The marine phone hung on the wall of the master bedroom like a dead fruit bat in a South Pacific market stall. Even a backhoe shed its mesozoic scales among the swamp grass, as eloquent in its decay as the obsolescence of the dinosaur.

But to me, Mahogany Key and my job as island sitter was a gift, a spot where I could ripen in the jungle or the forest or the desert, training for real life on some Third World frontier.

I would awaken early, damp and

America for water provoked. I remained indoors for three days, until the sea returned.

With it came my instincts for order and productivity. I had at first wondered what I was going to do on this island, after the stimulation of over-populated, unavoidably social Key West, southernmost in the chain of islands curving like a scorpion's tail off the south Florida coast. Key West, formerly a geographical speck, became for me "The Big Island," the mainland. How much less I learned to need.

I would awaken early, damp and

swollen, swim off sleep and mosquito repellent, cautious never to venture too far from shore. The sea and I were still checking each other out -- relentless, penetrating women. Then a glass of Bustelo, ant-warfare in the kitchen, and assumption of my post at the water's edge, on the small beach outside my door, a strip of sand cozy with parentheses of mangroves. When the sun became too intense for further exposure, I would retire to the papier mache ceiling fans, the bat phone and the incongruous framed prints of fashionable French women.

The sea and I were checking each other out -- relentless, penetrating women.

The afternoons were for writing letters, recording impressions and constructing lists in the relative coolness of my glass house. Among my lists for island survival was one called "Provisions for the Outer Body":

Straw hat or visor
Sunglasses
Sunscreen (#25 for lips)
Lotion
Anti-bacterial ointment
Baking soda (teeth, sunburn, insect bites)
Insect repellent
Long loose drawstring pants, white
Long tee shirt -- cotton, rayon, silk
Long-sleeved, button-front shirt, light color
Bathing suit in case of company
Towel
Lightweight square of cloth -- has a thousand uses:
Body wrap for preserving moisture
Fishing net
Festive tablecloth
Tourniquet?

A beautiful day. Scattered cotton clouds, blue sky, tide coming in, one pelican on the pier. The pelican dives in a

flurry for a fish, then floats smugly like a northern mallard. Hardly a boat the past couple days. Mid-week, height of hurricane season, few pleasure boaters this time of year. My chaise lounge, starkly, plastically civilized against its pristine background, is positioned in the shallow surf. I lie in the chair, naked. Only my fingers, throat, ankle, and earlobe are adorned. Three of my fingers carry remnants of that other, earlier, unduly complex world, the world of imaginary fears. I had by then decided that if I were going to entertain fears, then let them be honest, uncivilized fears -- of

creatures that could eat me, or of elements that could strike me dead.

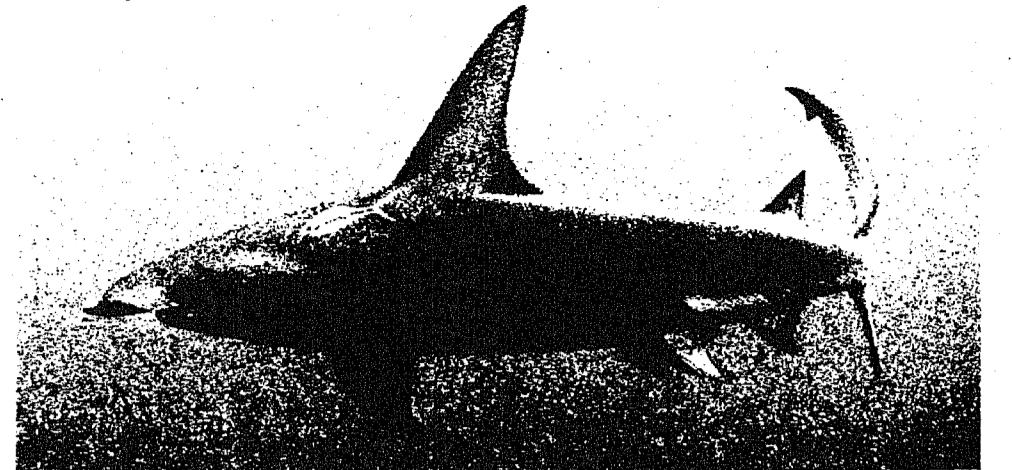
Exotic questions were asked: Why do savages adorn themselves with trinkets, while wearing little else? Answer: The more primitive the environment, the more significant jewelry becomes.

On my fingers, rings -- the platinum "heirloom," a delicate, curlicued achievement worn since childhood as an imposed tribute to a dead relative. An unscrupulous Key West jeweler had recently scraped etched gold from the face of the ring while replacing with a tiny blue stone the diamond I had lost potting plants ten years earlier. Now, blandly, like the ring's rounded top, I hoped the jeweler's life was changed by the bit of gold he filched.

One finger down, the earthier work of an anonymous Hopi, narrow silver shot with turquoise, zigzagging across my finger. A gift from my brother.

Then that ultimate symbol of civilization, the college ring, for me the emblem of a secret pride, as the first educated member of my mountain family. And that was all. The rest was savage adornment -- sun-molded thong of seagrass around an ankle, form of

DE
FOOR
STEINHEIS



aversion therapy, a fetish against ebbtide, and highly successful in accomplishing its primal purpose: the fields of seagrass never returned.

The island was approachable from almost any point, and though there was little of actual value in the house -- cheap Mexican rugs, generic hotel prints -- this austerity was not apparent from the sea. The profit-motive-school-of-fear conjured parties of pirates on barges with crowbars, hordes of demented, shipwrecked fugitives. Then there was contemplation of the *real* reason Mr. Hotelier enjoyed stranding people on his private island, a man I'd never met, full of money and the inevitable philanthropic bent.

I soon decided to take the shark by the fin: to accept surrealism as a fact of life, and to confront the unknown concretely, through a regime of nightly strolls around the island. I could incorporate the daily task

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Photograph by Chris Adair
of wheeling the garbage to the buzzards. The garbage pit had been dug in the geometrical center of the estate, where the sky was dark with perpetual circling.

I had by then developed sensitivities to the rhythms of the island -- high tide, safe sun, mosquito time. For my twilight walk, involving the circumnavigation of twenty-eight acres, timing was crucial. The terrain ranged from mangrove swamp to savannah-land, to the moonscape side of the island, the homestretch, where churning surf camouflaged unspeakable dangers.

With the sun at five o'clock, I would leave my settlement of sun-bleached boardwalks, balancing my wheelbarrow along shimmering, white, crushed coral paths. Soon the paths would end and I would enter the rustling yellow land of the cranes. Suddenly I would see them, impossibly beautiful against the falling shadows of the meadow, perfectly still, on

One of the most dreaded ordeals of my evening stroll, therefore, was crossing "The Moat." Midway between "The Point" and a

Continued on page 51

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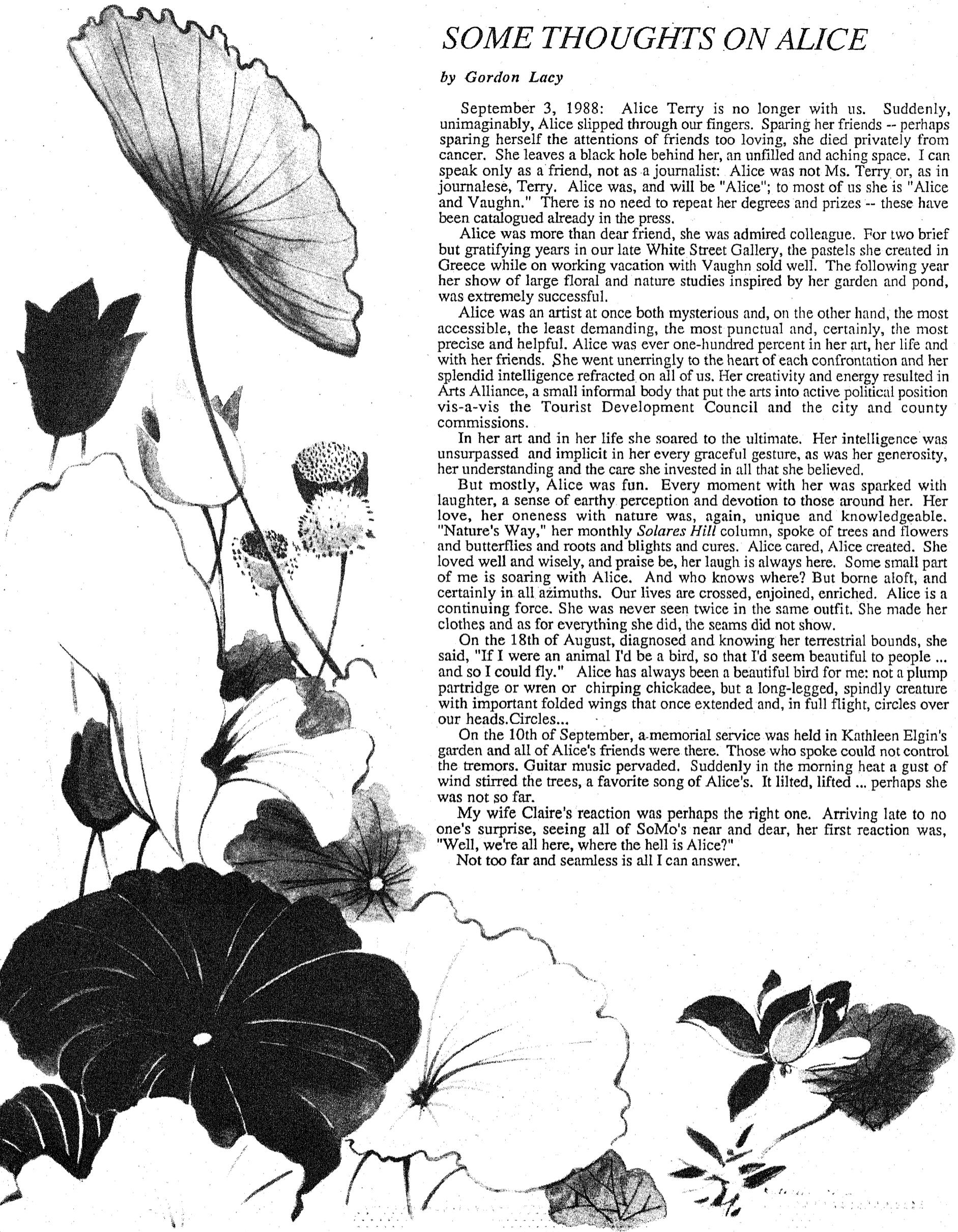
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one elegant stilt, serenity their only defense against my intrusion.

It was tough going, the savannah, sharp, dry grass as tall as my elbows. Beyond the cranes, I would stop to tilt my wheelbarrow into the lake of garbage, buzzards circling overhead, incessantly circling, incessantly waiting. I headed then with relief on to the far end of the island, "The Point," a deceptively gentle spot, young palm trees breezing above a sheltered beach of white sand. It was here at "The Point," the seas postcard blue, that the currents converged. It was here, on this smiling, innocuously sunny little stretch, that the primal nightmare would grip me, send me trembling to the more straightforward danger of my next destination, the swamps, where the sea serpents fed at twilight.



SOME THOUGHTS ON ALICE

by Gordon Lacy

September 3, 1988: Alice Terry is no longer with us. Suddenly, unimaginably, Alice slipped through our fingers. Sparing her friends -- perhaps sparing herself the attentions of friends too loving, she died privately from cancer. She leaves a black hole behind her, an unfilled and aching space. I can speak only as a friend, not as a journalist: Alice was not Ms. Terry or, as in journalese, Terry. Alice was, and will be "Alice"; to most of us she is "Alice and Vaughn." There is no need to repeat her degrees and prizes -- these have been catalogued already in the press.

Alice was more than dear friend, she was admired colleague. For two brief but gratifying years in our late White Street Gallery, the pastels she created in Greece while on working vacation with Vaughn sold well. The following year her show of large floral and nature studies inspired by her garden and pond, was extremely successful.

Alice was an artist at once both mysterious and, on the other hand, the most accessible, the least demanding, the most punctual and, certainly, the most precise and helpful. Alice was ever one-hundred percent in her art, her life and with her friends. She went unerringly to the heart of each confrontation and her splendid intelligence refracted on all of us. Her creativity and energy resulted in Arts Alliance, a small informal body that put the arts into active political position vis-a-vis the Tourist Development Council and the city and county commissions.

In her art and in her life she soared to the ultimate. Her intelligence was unsurpassed and implicit in her every graceful gesture, as was her generosity, her understanding and the care she invested in all that she believed.

But mostly, Alice was fun. Every moment with her was sparked with laughter, a sense of earthy perception and devotion to those around her. Her love, her oneness with nature was, again, unique and knowledgeable. "Nature's Way," her monthly *Solares Hill* column, spoke of trees and flowers and butterflies and roots and blights and cures. Alice cared, Alice created. She loved well and wisely, and praise be, her laugh is always here. Some small part of me is soaring with Alice. And who knows where? But borne aloft, and certainly in all azimuths. Our lives are crossed, enjoined, enriched. Alice is a continuing force. She was never seen twice in the same outfit. She made her clothes and as for everything she did, the seams did not show.

On the 18th of August, diagnosed and knowing her terrestrial bounds, she said, "If I were an animal I'd be a bird, so that I'd seem beautiful to people ... and so I could fly." Alice has always been a beautiful bird for me: not a plump partridge or wren or chirping chickadee, but a long-legged, spindly creature with important folded wings that once extended and, in full flight, circles over our heads. Circles...

On the 10th of September, a memorial service was held in Kathleen Elgin's garden and all of Alice's friends were there. Those who spoke could not control the tremors. Guitar music pervaded. Suddenly in the morning heat a gust of wind stirred the trees, a favorite song of Alice's. It lifted, lifted ... perhaps she was not so far.

My wife Claire's reaction was perhaps the right one. Arriving late to no one's surprise, seeing all of SoMo's near and dear, her first reaction was, "Well, we're all here, where the hell is Alice?"

Not too far and seamless is all I can answer.

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Book Review: *Flame Tree's Poems Flicker with the Light of Life*

by Meryl Stratford

Flame Tree, by Judith Kazantzis, 96 pages, published by Methuen Paperbacks, London.

Judith Kazantzis has wintered in Key West for several years and has given public readings of her poetry here. *Flame Tree*, recently published by Methuen Paperbacks of London, will be eagerly greeted by readers already familiar with her work. This collection, her fourth, is remarkable both for the range of its vision and the intensity of its expression. From the opening poem, "Storm at the end of a Greek summer," to the conclusion of "A summer haze over the sea," the reader is swept along on a voyage from England to Key West and back again.

"A little medley for Civil Defence" reveals at once this poet's political consciousness, as feminist, pacifist, and environmentalist. Her mastery is apparent; with such a cargo of public concerns the craft of poetry easily could have sunk in a sea of rhetoric, given a poet less gifted than Kazantzis. Her feminism is expressed variously: in a magical retelling of the Pandora myth; a satiric scuffle with Richard Wilbur's line, "all men are Noah's sons"; and a detailed study of a 17th century family portrait in the Tate Gallery.

A few poems referring to British politics may pose difficulties for American readers, but "Memorial: Voices from a Vietnam documentary" speaks directly to Americans,

and "Finally: Ethiopia" addresses all of us as citizens of the world. Historic insight is evident. "For example Owen" links the WWI death of poet Wilfred Owen with the deaths of others off the Falklands in 1982. "Flame tree," the title poem, in its account of the Amazon expedition of the famous naturalist Louis Agassiz, renders in miniature the tragic history of colonial exploitation and the approach of environmental disaster.

The scene shifts to Brooklyn, and little jolts in word choice will remind the reader that we are seeing the United States through foreign eyes. By the time we arrive in Key West the tone becomes more personal, the gaze introspective. The poet tells of an encounter with a barracuda:

*It rocks back and forth, idling,
smiling the bad conscience smile
which is a phoney... Except
for sure it scares what's larger,
white tentacled: me.*

and with roof rats:

*When the coconuts are ready,
to the annoyance of the owner
who has sat in his apartment below
with the TV and a crate of Milwaukee
all these months,
the rats drill into the shaggy heads
to suck the thin milk. Over the husks
they twine, sucking.
They spreadeagle their pink hands.*



Cover art by the author, Judith Kazantzis.

"Love Lane, Key West" and several other poems in this section are unabashedly sexual. This is a book in which what a poem means is very much a part of John Ciardi's "how a poem means." Kazantzis invites us to experience with her the multi-faceted wonder of the world in which we live.

Kazantzis writes in open forms, developing an organic relationship between her experience and the evolving poems. Whatever the subject or mood, she speaks in a living language; the reader senses that she loves words and chooses them carefully, at times lyrically and occasionally with slangy exuberance. She is a painter as well -- the cover illustration is her own work -- and her writing is marked by strong visual images. A subtle use of repetition holds her poems together, sometimes the repetition of an image, often the repetition of a particular word, which met again in a different context can be striking. In

Solares Hill--October 1988--Page 19
"Barracuda" the "white" of "white tentacled: me" reappears in

*A slight eyewhite tremor inside
the mask -- a quick confession of sins
autonomic in a minute swerve.
And in "Flame tree:"*

*...The servant's hair
is a great coiffured Afro, a stately frame
to her rococo mouth and lucent
barricaded gaze.*

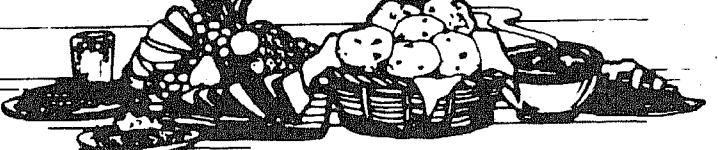
*...having,' writes Madame facing,
in her extraordinary hair standing out
all round her head the mixture
of the two races, the Indian length
combined with the Negro crispness.'*

Later the poet tells us:
*Amazonia will be collected. In short
a crisp sacrifice in the making
for the great great grandchildren
of the woman of extraordinary hair.*

The word "crisp" becomes one of the stitches, crossing itself connecting the beauty of the opening with the anger of the closing.

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Jerry



**RIGHT
FOR A
CHANGE**

Paid Political Announcement

Here is an excerpt from "Children by the lake," a memory poem, dream-like, surrealistic, in which all the senses are awake:

Under ice the water's not deep
From the air if you leaned
from your toy plane, waving
you'd see a serpentine robe
sewn into ice, edged in a rabbit's
fur trim of snow. By night
the moonbeams avert to eyes,
Alsatiens in the park, lions.
On air or by air I swing by:
my skin whips and cools.
By night the robe's
softened. I round each
dark inlet.
Holm oak, beech, hollies
cluster like mildly
talking crowds.
They converse around the swathed
limbs I'm overflying.
Days
the glassy water lies in gaol.

Susan Sontag has defined art as an "act of comprehension accompanied by voluptuousness," a phrase which aptly describes this book. Readers who love fine contemporary poetry will need no further urging. For the many serious readers of fiction and non-fiction who seldom read poetry, *Flame Tree* by Judith Kazantzis is an opportunity to sample the delights which contemporary poetry offers. ☐



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My family and I wish to express our heartfelt thanks for the wonderful show of support given my candidacy for Circuit Court Judge as evidenced by your vote September 6.

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Sincerely,

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Zero Tolerance An Historic and Constitutional Conflict

by Bud Meaker

Several boat owners from Boston hired attorneys to challenge the constitutionality of the government's random search policy to combat smuggling. One of the attorneys, James Otis, made several points regarding both the legal and moral questions involved.

He said that the right to conduct random searches without probable cause annihilates a person's right to freedom from unreasonable searches of his property. When an officer needs not explain his reason for searching he can use that power as a means of being a "tyrant in a legal manner."

Otis continued that the court system does not issue warrants to individuals, so there is "no opportunity of judging the persons to whom this vast power is delegated." Malice and revenge have been the cause for conducting searches rather than any suspicion of guilt. He illustrated this point with a specific example.

According to Otis, "It is a power that places the liberty of every man in the hands of every petty officer."

Otis and his fellow attorneys lost their case. The year was 1761. The case was called the Writs of Assistance. In the colonies these general search warrants,

which did not specify who or what was to be searched or who was authorized to conduct the search, were used to ransack homes and businesses. John Adams, the second president of the United States, who observed the trial, later remarked, "Then and there the Child Independence was born."

According to Bennett, "Zero Tolerance is an issue that the master of a boat still needs to be concerned with."

The Fourth Amendment to the Constitution limits unreasonable searches and seizures. This means that police must either obtain a warrant from a neutral magistrate or have "probable cause" that a crime has been committed before conducting a search on land.

But before searching a vessel, a boarding officer is not required to find "probable cause" according to Coast Guard policy. In October 1986 Bill Bolling and his son were arrested for obstructing justice for refusing to allow a Coast Guard boarding party to search their boat without probable cause.

His 120-foot converted Icelandic Coast Guard ship, *Albert*, had been boarded 17 times previously on a trip from Stock Island to Wilmington, North Carolina, probably because it fit the profile of a suspicious vessel.

The case received national attention in the nautical press. Fishermen and yachtsmen who feared that their vessels could be boarded and seized for the most minor violations watched the case closely. In June of 1987 the Bollings plea-bargained for a \$750 fine and limited probation, pleading guilty to misdemeanor charges.

The fact that the Bollings' sentence was relatively light did little to ease the fear of boardings and seizure. Many felt that, as a result of the Coast Guard's zeal to interdict drugs, law-abiding mariners were made to suffer unreasonably.

Lt. (jg) Danny Bennett, Public Information Officer of U.S. Coast Guard Group Key West, was in Washington at the time of Bollings arrest and admits that the searches were excessive. "I think that the Coast Guard stepped overboard and the Coast Guard acknowledged [it] - at least internally."

There is no formal policy to prevent such abuse of government power.

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In New England, for instance, there were 4,000 boardings by the Coast Guard but only four vessels were found to be carrying contraband.

Massachusetts Congressman Gerry Stubbs is Chairman of the Subcommittee on Fisheries, Wildlife, Conservation and the Environment, a committee that is instrumental in recommending the Coast Guard's budget. In an interview that appeared in the December 1987 issue of *The Yacht* magazine, he is quoted as saying that he told Admiral Paul A. Yost, Commander of the U.S. Coast Guard, "that the ratio of inconvenience to successful law enforcement seemed too high for me. When you get four drug seizures out of 4,000 boardings in New England, that ratio does not make sense in anyone's books."

In an interview in the same magazine, Rear Admiral Clyde Robbins, Coast Guard Chief of Operations, said it was possible that the boarding procedures which have led to widespread public disquiet might be changed.

If a new policy is introduced, there will be no announcement. "We wouldn't want anyone to take advantage of what might be perceived as a gap in the system," the Admiral said.

About four months later, in early April of 1988, a new Coast Guard search and seizure policy was introduced. That policy is Zero Tolerance.

While the safety of the boarding party is important, the rights of citizens must not be compromised.

Under Zero Tolerance, discovery of any amount of illegal drugs on a vessel can lead to seizure of the vessel and the arrest, if appropriate, of those on board.

One Key West shrimper, David Phelps, had his boat, catch, food, and personal possessions seized by the Coast Guard because 1/20 of an ounce of marijuana was found in the trash in the crew's quarters. Both of Phelps' crew members offered sworn statements saying Phelps knew nothing of the seeds and stems they found in an unused drawer and threw in the trash.

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The boat was eventually returned, but had suffered from abuse, including having been run aground near Marathon.

On May 24, 1988 the Coast Guard made some changes in the Zero Tolerance Policy. They include such safeguards as requiring evidence in court and proving that the master -- captain or owner -- should reasonably have known that contraband was on board. Additionally, outside the 12-mile limit, the Coast Guard must also prove exportation or the intent to import any measurable amount of illegal drugs.

According to Bennett, "Zero Tolerance is an issue that the master of a boat still needs to be concerned with."

There is absolutely no reason to believe that the founding fathers intended to have the Fourth Amendment protections stop at the water's edge.

Before an actual boarding the boarding officer may ask questions to determine whether to board and how to do so.

After deciding to board a large vessel the boarding officer musters the crew in one area under armed guard while a sweep of all man-sized compartments is conducted. Next, the master of the vessel accompanies the boarding officer for the safety and document inspection.

The boarding party should not look into compartments into which a man could not fit without probable cause, such as the smell of marijuana, a positive spray test, cigarette papers or a pipe that has tested positive for residue. With probable cause, however, the boat may be thoroughly searched, including drawers and luggage.

If enough contraband is found to test, and there is enough left for evidence and it is in a space that only the master would have access to, then the vessel is seized under the current Zero Tolerance policy.

If no contraband is found the boarding party must put the boat back the way they found it.

According to Bennett most of the boardings are simple safety and document checks and there is no search of the vessel. Under the new rules charter operators need not fear contraband that is brought aboard by passengers without the captain's

knowledge and left in public spaces on board.

In addition to the abuses of government power that James Otis cites, the *Albert* case demonstrates that the "muster and sweep" technique has a potential for abuse.

Since all crew members of the boarded vessel, including the master, are on deck, an unobserved sweep team member could plant "probable cause" or actual contraband. The Coast Guard has no program to ensure that this will not happen.

They defend "muster and sweep" as necessary for the safety of the boarding party. They cite the statistic that, worldwide, one Coast Guard officer a week

is attacked. An attack can range from a physical attack with a weapon to a verbal attack with no threat of violence. There is no breakdown on how many physical attacks occur.

While the safety of the boarding party is important, the rights of citizens must not be compromised.

The Fourth Amendment protects the public from abuses caused by unreasonable searches and seizures of property, except for those who live, work or play on the water. There is absolutely no reason to believe that the founding fathers intended to have the Fourth Amendment protections stop at the water's edge.

In 1949 during McCarthy's Red Scare, 14 USC 89 was passed giving the Coast Guard greater power to protect our coasts from communist threat. Since that time, this law has been used as a tool for drug interdiction. Although nobody would contest the need to protect our borders, using this law for seizing U.S. vessels within our borders to search for drugs goes far beyond its original intent.

As James Otis said, "An act against the Constitution is void; an act against natural equity is void; and if an act of Parliament should be made, in the very words of the petition it would be void. The executive courts must pass such acts into disuse."

U.S. Coast Guard: Reasonable Precautions

Boat owners have the responsibility to ensure that illegal drugs are not brought aboard their vessels. There are a number of actions they can take in that regard. The following suggestions are provided for bare boat charter operators, fishing boat owner/operators, recreational boat owner/operators, and those engaged in coastal trade:

1. Post a zero tolerance notice in a visible, public area on board the vessel.
2. Ensure that all advertising contains a zero tolerance statement.
3. Make zero tolerance a condition of all contracts for boat leases, rentals, and charters.
4. Have each salaried crew member sign a statement that he or she will not introduce or use illegal drugs on board.
5. Provide drug education for the crew.
6. Establish a written company policy in support of zero tolerance.
7. Report, via radio telephone, to the Coast Guard any possession or use of illegal drugs discovered on board the vessel.
8. Secure those compartments on board the vessel which are restricted to public access.
9. Inform friends and others on board your boat that any illegal drug use will not be tolerated.
10. Provide cooperation and assistance to Coast Guard and Customs officers as they carry out their boarding duties.

It is recommended that boat owners take as many of these precautionary measures as are appropriate. In the event that illegal drugs are discovered by a Coast Guard boarding party, the vessel will normally be seized. The owner/operator's efforts will, however, be considered during the administrative forfeiture proceeding.

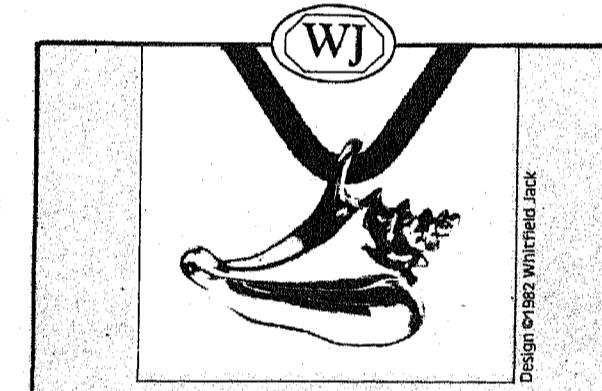
Solares Hill: Additional Precautions

1. Ask any boarding party if they have probable cause to believe a crime has been committed.
2. Do not consent to a search. State that the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution protects you from "unreasonable searches" without "probable cause."
3. Do not interfere with the boarding party in any way. According to Lt. (jg) Bennett an act as simple as glaring at a boarding party member and swearing constitutes an assault.
4. Ask to view the search of your vessel.
5. Check over your boat completely. Any flotation chamber that isn't foam-filled should have a waterproof inspection plate. According to Bennett, "the Coast Guard boarding officer shouldn't find any surprises for you." That goes for anything from secret compartments to out-of-date flares or deteriorated personal flotation devices.
6. If you think you were improperly boarded or have any complaints about the boarding, complain to the commanding officer of the Coast Guard group, base, or district, and your senator and congressman.

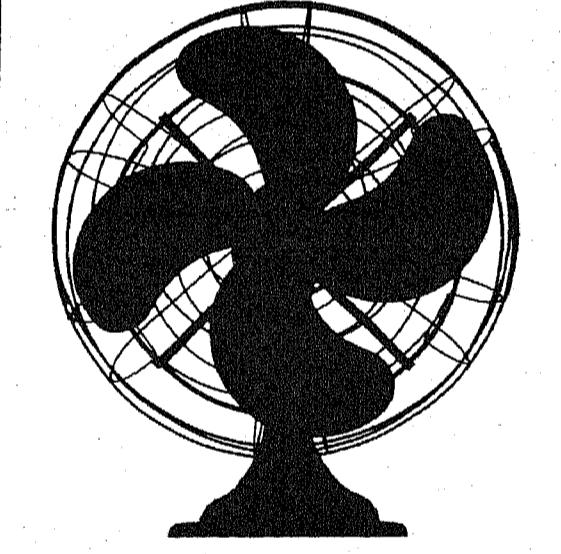
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Political Whispers from the Birdcage

by Francis X. Muldoon

This year's elections in Monroe County have been cited as "the weirdest in recent memory," by many of the longtime watchers who cluster around the halls in the courthouse and city hall. Why? There are lots of answers to that. The huge numbers of registered Republicans (most of them on the Upper Keys); the numbers of Democrats who switched to the GOP to avoid a primary fight; the apparent lack of a single hot issue to battle over; and an electorate in Monroe County which is so apathetic that only one out of three voters went to the polls in the first primary -- the election office thinks only 17 percent will take part in the second primary.

"Taxes and millage continue to go up and up, and you know, we don't even get a dozen citizens in the audience when we hold our meetings and make decisions that affect everybody," commented County Commissioner Wm. Billy Freeman. "Why aren't people interested? I don't know. But I sure hear them complain. They should come to the meetings and really sound off like they used to do."

The sheriff's race which in years past used to be one of the hottest contests in the county, looks this year like a walz in slow motion.

Democrats Larry Meggs and Frankie Hernandez will go to the mat on October 4. The winner faces Republican Allison DeFoor, former county judge, lawyer and popular community figure in the Middle and Upper Keys.



It'll be up for grabs, though, when DeFoor enters the arena for the general election in November.

No shortage of hindsight from the experts when they check the results of the first primary.

Election Supervisor Peter Ilchuk, despite of a solid base on the Keys, was narrowly shaded by Merili McCoy, wife of former mayor Sonny McCoy. She faces Harry Sawyer, Jr. in November -- not an easy run. Ilchuk drew hostile fire when he openly took part in city politics and then became embroiled in commercial ventures that weren't beloved by Key Westers. The rumor on the pike, now, is that Ilchuk might take a shot at the mayor's job in 1989 if his pal, Mayor Richard Heyman, decides to stay away from re-election in city hall.

What happened to George Halloran? More theories than mosquitos in a mangrove swamp. Friends say Halloran (who lost to Doug Jones by 83 votes for a county commission run against Democratic incumbent Gerald Hernandez) made the wrong choice when he opted to be a Republican; friends say he got into the fray too late and did not create enough steam; others claim his heart wasn't in it, getting back into politics after dropping his bid for re-election to his city hall chair.

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What now with Jones vs. Hernandez? The two men were almost on the same track in what they want to do as county officials so, as a result, there seems to be a leaning toward Hernandez over Jones, although, the Keys' vote could tip the scales in the other direction.

Over in the Mosquito District, Mike Warren, well-liked as an incumbent for 29 years, clipped his opponent, Bill Huston, in 24 of the 25 precincts. Huston, however, a new face on the racetrack, worked hard and did a creditable job. He is expected to be heard from again.

The two critical battles coming up in November bring contestants in the ring for a county commission seat and the head of the county's school system.

Onetime county commissioner and mayor of the county, Wilhelmina Harvey, acknowledged veteran and tireless politician, wants to regain her former chair. She has county-wide backing from women's groups and is immensely popular in the Key West precincts.

Fighting her for that county commission post will be retired Navy man, Jerry Bever. He has done some real estate work and was a consultant, for awhile, with the Tourist Development Council.

In the school system, Republican Dr. Shirley Freeman, wife of the sheriff,

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opposes incumbent Superintendent Bookie Henriquez. This contest has caused some head-scratching among the Conchs. The sheriff is going out of office and is working like crazy for his wife, drawing on a lot of personal popularity he has stored up on the Keys. Henriquez has not been challenged in four terms and is on the stump, constantly defending what critics have called a "high-handed" incumbency. Odds on this battle, at this time, favor an upset.

With a run in November between two guys named Dukakis and Bush, the voter turnout is forecast at 70 percent.

Too bad the public doesn't show up at county and city meetings in that number. If we had in the past, some of the things we scream about today might have been avoided.

Girl Friday

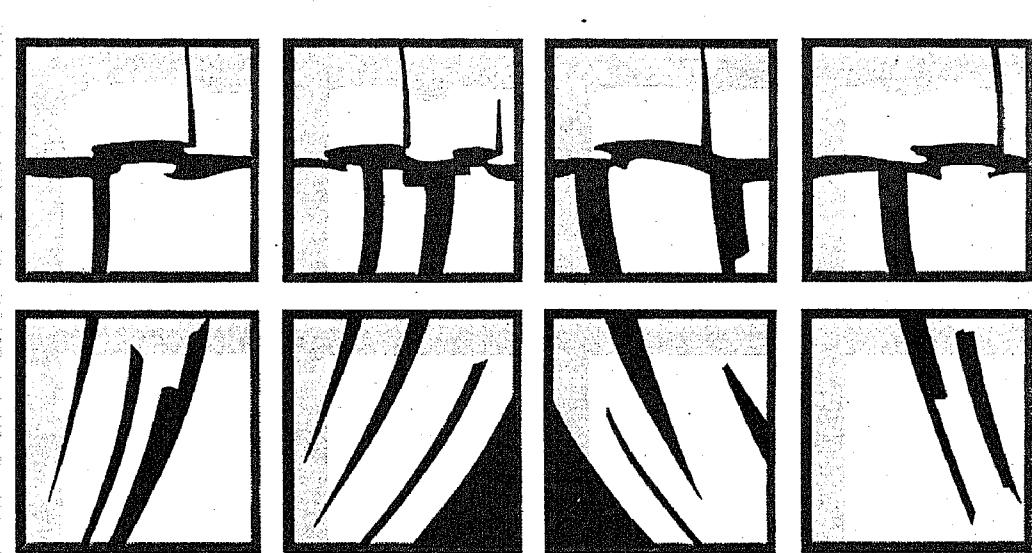
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Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Add your rumor about Jerry Bever voting to move the Monroe County Offices out of Key West to Marathon to your rumor "FLOP" file. (September *Solares Hill*, "Political Whispers from the Birdcage," page 6.)

I am concerned with controlling the cost of county government, not in adding to it by paying to build new buildings, simply to change the location of our government.

Jerry D. Bever

Candidate for County Commission
District 1

Dear Editor:

Key West's light has attracted artists for generations -- that white brilliance enriching the vibrancy of water foliage and fauna seems to have been created for the eyes of painters. Alice Terry marveled in that light, often capturing it, playing with it, loving it, sharing it, and adding her own special spark.

Alice was a bundle of creative energy. The same exuberance which enhanced her canvases permeated her entire being. She brought, not only to her immediate circle of friends and to the creative community but to all of Key West, burning love, zest, harmony, controversy, anger, joy, delicacy and bold commitment.

She was so much like those wonderful little boxes she created -- a complex assemblage of texture, shape and depth, full of wonder and laughter.



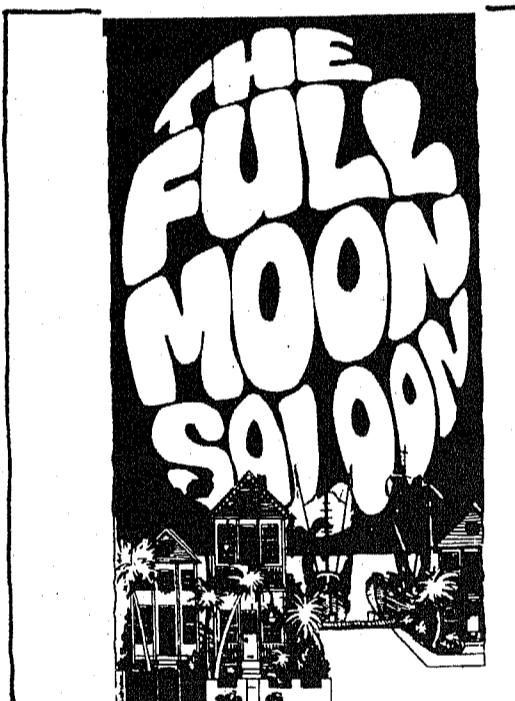
I, along with so many others she touched along the way, will miss her and that wicked smile. Key West and her many friends are poorer for having lost her presence, but richer for having known her.

Mike Stark
New Orleans

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank *Solares Hill* writer Shawn Atkins for the lovely article she wrote on Big Brothers/Big Sisters of Monroe County.

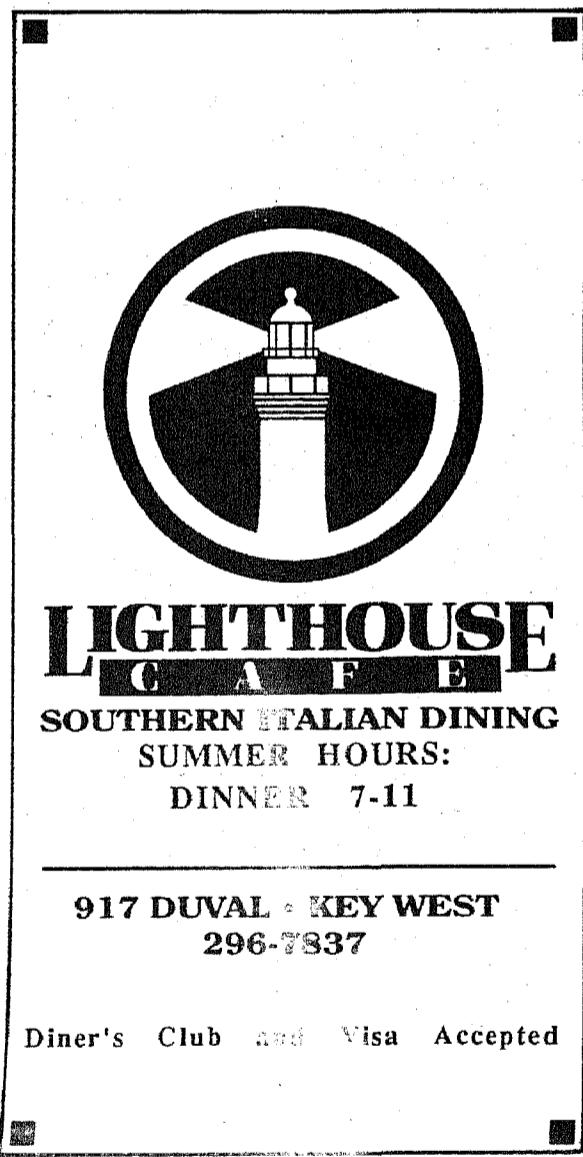
She truly captured the essence of what we are trying to do with this small agency,



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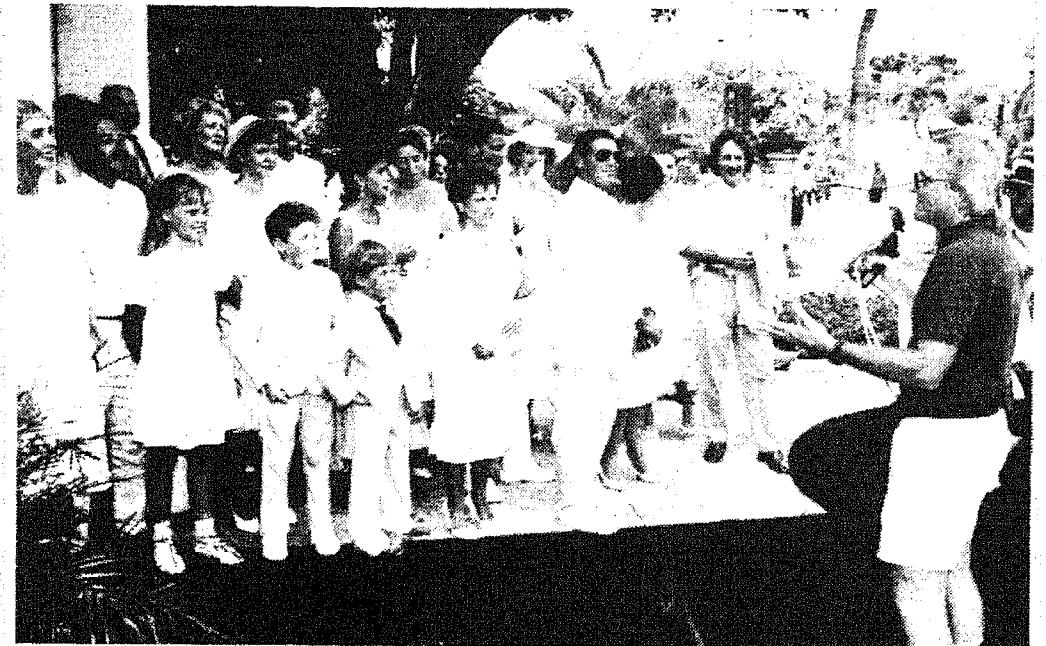
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Director John Glen coaches wedding guests outside St. Mary's Church for pre-wedding scenes. They say it takes patience and a sense of humor to work with hoards of extras. See anyone you know?

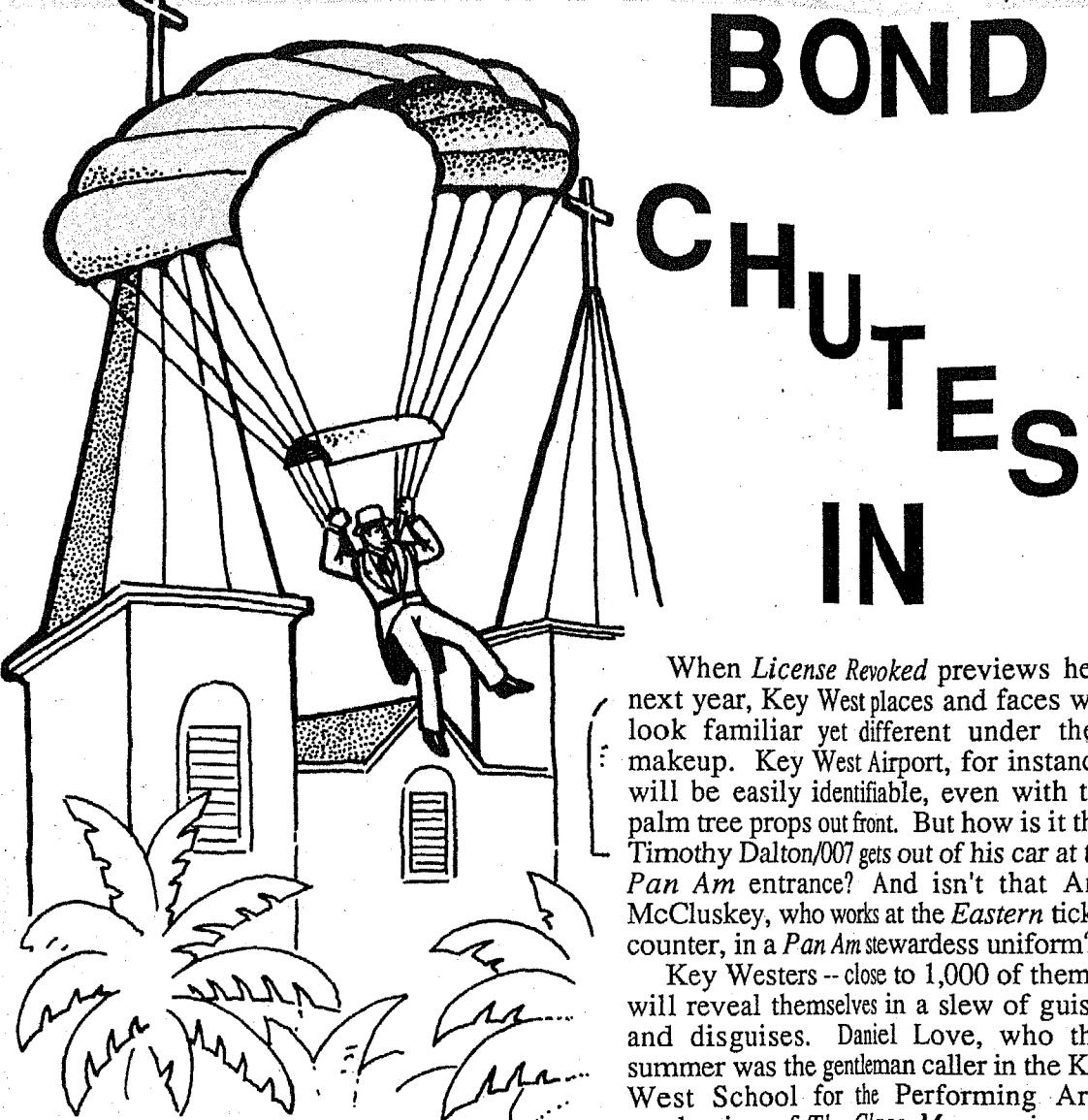


Wedding guests watch "Bond and Leiter" parachute down to the reception location, with only a red carpet to simulate the outside of the church. By watching the end of a long pole as it moves toward the ground, the extras all focus on the same spot at the same time.



One extra finds relief from the heat and the standing by while cameramen and technicians set up the next scene.

Timothy Dalton chats with photographer Douglas Kirkland whose work has been seen in Life and Look magazines, among others.



by Marion C. Robinson
Richard Watherwax, photographer

Most of the magic of the James Bond movie, recently filmed, in part, in Key West, was driven away in silver trucks labeled "Starmovers -- We Move The Motion Picture Industry." But to the discriminating eye, hundreds of "movie stars" still may be seen around town. They are waiting tables, tending bars or greeting cruise ships. Some are selling tours or crewing charter boats. Still others wear the uniforms of the police department, the Navy and Coast Guard, or Eastern Airlines.

The skill employed to create the filmed illusions impressed Richard Watherwax, Solares Hill's contributing photographer, who will be easy to recognize as the wedding photographer in *License Revoked*. Watherwax, a former New York City

advertising photographer, appreciated the film's high production standards and the exuberant costs in time and money. He described the techniques used in creating the scene where James Bond and his friend, Felix Leiter, the bridegroom, parachute to the wedding at St. Mary Star of the Sea Catholic Church:

"The scene was shot in four parts. First, two stuntmen in tuxedos jumped from a helicopter using oblong parachutes and landed on a mat beside the church. Next, metal frames were set up about 30 feet above the ground, with partially collapsed parachutes attached to them. Two construction cranes raised Bond and Leiter, both in harness, to the top of the frames where they were suddenly released to 'parachute' in. The third shot showed the helicopter, with extras looking up at it.

"Finally, the extras were asked to watch 'Bond and Leiter' land in their parachutes. Standing on a ladder, a crew member held a long stick above the group of extras. He moved it slowly to the ground in the same amount of time it took the parachutists to land. The extras watched, their heads moving with the stick as if it were a wand."

Summing up his experience as an extra, Watherwax said that under most circumstances he would never accept a job that required him to suffocate in suit and tie and shirt in 90-degree heat for \$5 an hour, \$60 a day. "But to make a movie -- absolutely."

Another Key Wester, Mackenzie Goldsborough, described the feeling on the island during the glamorous shoot: "License Revoked" took us out of the summer doldrums. We all need variety, a change of pace, and we all did something different."

Goldsborough is the night manager at the Marquesa Hotel. From the back he looks exactly like Timothy Dalton. You'll see him in the movie. He's Dalton's stand-in.

Even the Governor, Bob Martinez, made his film debut in a non-speaking part as a customs inspector at the airport. After the seventh, and final take, he was heard, off the record, to say: "Goodbye Florida, Hollywood here I come."



In addition to actors, production crew, catering service people, costumers and make-up experts, making movies involved the ever-present media. Here a newspaper photographer focuses on the hub of production activity.



Bond and Leiter drop into the wedding. What looks like a simple parachute landing is actually the composite result of stuntmen, cranes and lots of film.



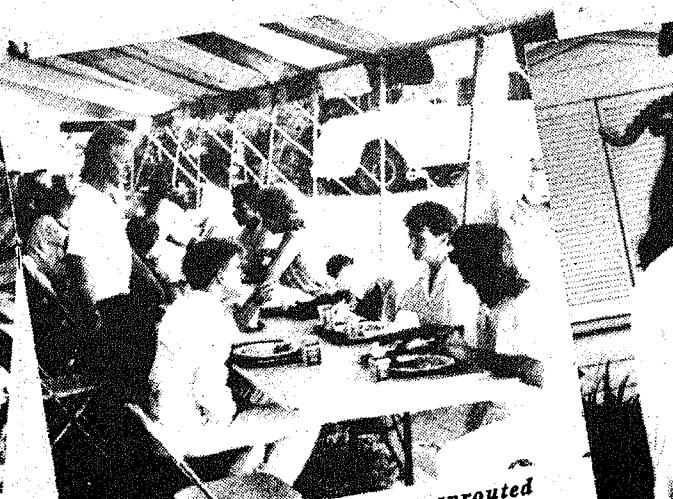
Priscilla Barnes, who plays Leiter's bride, hams it up.

Mimi McDonald and friend drink to stardom.

Double take. Extras pose for the wedding photographer, who in real life is Solares Hill contributing photographer Richard Watherwax.

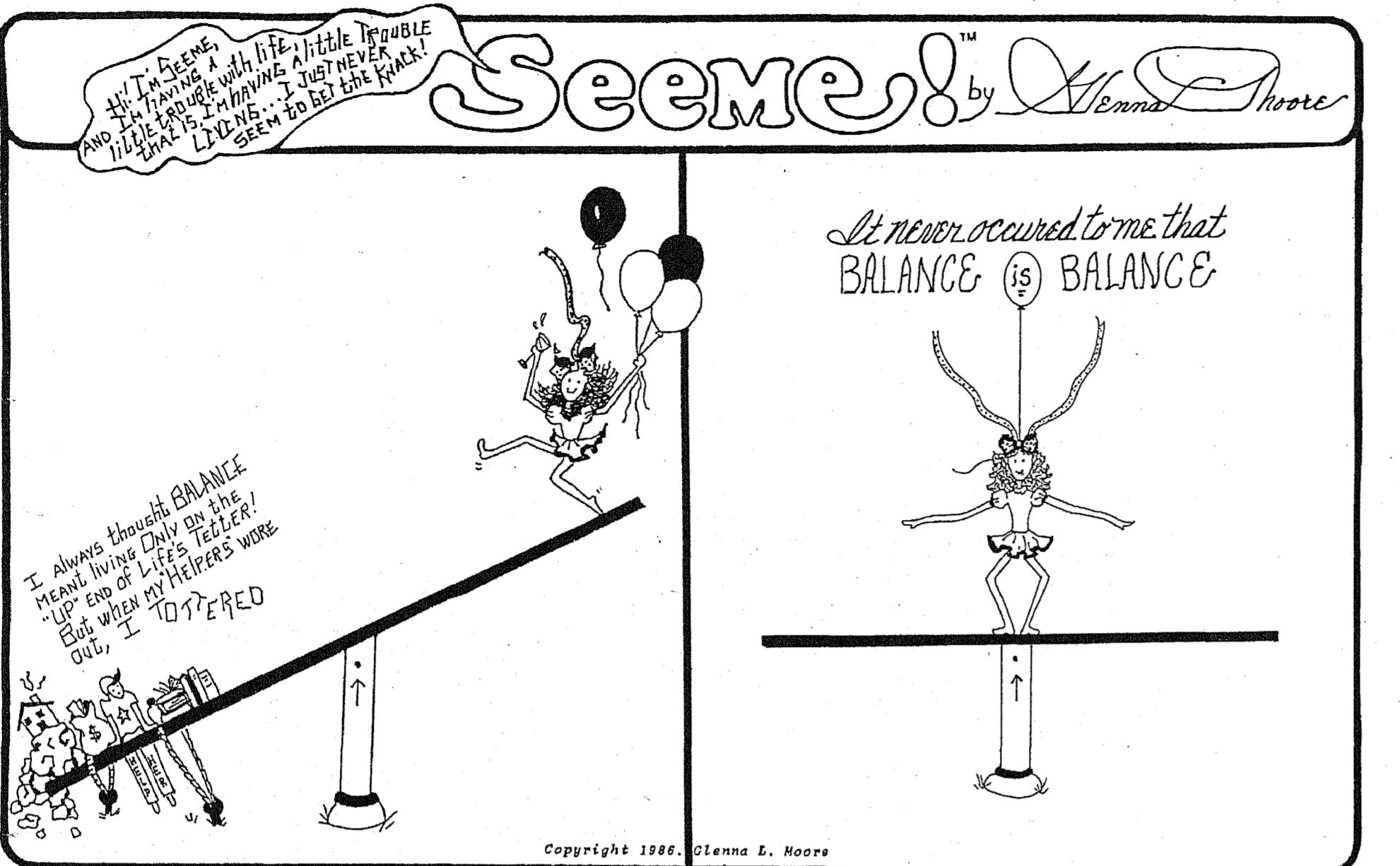


Extras wait for chalk lines at Winter Gardens on South Street. The bride's stand-in, Christy Clifford of Key West, is in shorts at right.



Chow time. Catering tents sprouted up all over Key West and as far away as the Seven Mile Bridge, following filming locations.





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One morning when I can't decide how to spend an hour, I turn to my little cat. She is very young with a pointy head and is the color of cooked meat. One of her eyes is placed a bit higher than the other. Playing with the cat could be called a bad habit, like eating between meals. Cats must be of a higher order than dogs. For, you might say of an acquaintance, "He always treats people like dogs." You wouldn't say, "He always treats people like cats."

I seat myself on the flowered sofa which is slightly dented by the shape of cat. My little cat generally keeps herself to herself. But now she peers enthusiastically at me like I am the very thing, an attitude sacred only to the afternoon playtime. Onto the floor she leaps and starts pushing around a big, black bead. My Texas second-cousin once-removed sat in the chair with the yellowcushions the day her string of jet beads snapped. I pretend to retrieve the bead. Cat bounds away, shoving the bead. When the bead rolls too far under the desk and that game is over she jumps onto my lap resting a moist cat nose against my hand. She is saying, "I know my modest worth." However, her affection is not trustworthy. Suddenly, she somersaults over, slashing her tail unhappily, reason known only to herself.

Now, she has discovered a thread to toss about. Outside, a trash can lid rattles, and around the corner darts a stringy, used-up-looking orange cat. He has undergone a mishap, and the worn, bald ring around his neck makes it appear he wears a spaghetti bow tie. Battle-scarred and unhoused, he has been left not submissive but intact from the perilous events of his life -- scrapping about dumpsters, dodging thrown pots, jumping away from moving wheels. He stands undiminished, an untamed natural force, primitive, staring boldly through our window at the sofa and me and the little cat.

... inside, a black nurse, her face pressed against the window like a black marble plate ...

My cat shivers deeply. A surge of sexual fear rips through her like an electric charge. A primary though marginal force has surfaced in the quiet region of her life. She is coddled and gentle, he steep and terrible. The stringy old cat lingers out there, though he is alien to all order and relationships. She subsides on the sofa as though she knows that his hard world is quite inadmissible to her.

I wish the old orange cat, before he retreats with his ineffable, hungry cat eyes, could be painted by that great Russian Jewish painter, Marc Chagall. His pictures amuse us so, though savvy artists find them

filled with symbols -- beast-head masks, paper crowns, Hawaiian leis, medals, illusions, images, stone crosses. A typical picture of Chagall's depicts a person with a green face playing a fiddle atop the roof, one or two odd-looking fellows lying around under the beds and an old aunt with a sore throat on the concrete block step gargling something.



Chagall would paint the brave, loner cat looking like he's been pulled backwards through the hemlock hedge; standing, feet

LET'S CHECK THE RECORDS... WHAT DO YOU EXPECT FROM YOUR SHERIFF?

	HERNANDEZ	MEGGS
ENDORSEMENTS		
★ ENDORSED BY FLORIDA'S ATTORNEY GENERAL AS MOST EXPERIENCED WITH GOOD SOLUTIONS	no	YES
- Recommended by Miami Herald as a true professional with solid credentials who promises reality	no	YES
- Recommended by the Keynoter as the "clear choice" because of years of experience in law enforcement and management, and level of education	no	YES
- Endorsed by Solares Hill Magazine as the most experienced and logical choice	no	YES
- Recommended by Upper Keys Reporter as the candidate with first hand administrative experience and progressive agenda	no	YES
EDUCATION		
★ Associates Degree - Police Administration	no	YES
* Bachelor of Science Degree - Criminal Justice	no	YES
* F.B.I. National Academy Graduate	no	YES
- National Sheriff's Executive Institute	no	YES
- National Institute of Corrections	no	YES
- Basic Police Certification	no	YES
- Supervisory Police Certification	no	YES
- Advanced Police Certification	no	YES
EXPERIENCE		
★ CERTIFIED POLICE OFFICER - STATE OF FLORIDA	no	YES
- Has personally commanded a law enforcement agency with over 300 personnel	no	YES
Note: The President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice states that Sheriffs and Police Chiefs should possess the minimum of a Bachelor's Degree.	'80-'81	'81-'88
- Served as Undersheriff	1 Yr	8 Yrs
- Has extensive management experience and training in general management, financial management, budgeting and personnel management in Monroe County Sheriff's Office	no	YES
- Assisted in Vice-President's Taskforce to Intercept Illegal Drugs	no	YES
- Undersheriff while attaining National Accreditation at Monroe County Sheriff's Office	no	YES
- Has publicly committed to fulfilling constitutional duties as Sheriff	no	YES
ISSUES		
★ As Undersheriff for the last eight years, he has supported the high standards of excellence which have ensured quality law enforcement in Monroe County	no	YES
★ HE STATED A PLAN FOR INCREASING EFFICIENCY AND CONTAINING COSTS	no	YES
- He stated a plan for assignment of deputies to specific neighborhoods to increase presence, decrease response time, increase and improve investigations, improve neighborhood communications and cooperation	no	YES
- He stated a plan committed to targeting primary crime problems of burglary, and drugs	no	YES
- He stated a plan to improve crime prevention	no	YES
- He stated a plan to improve liaison with school age adolescents by enhancing the school resource officer program	no	YES
- He stated a plan to expand inter-agency cooperation	no	YES
- He was instrumental in developing the department into a professional organization	no	YES

YOU BE THE JUDGE... WHO DO YOU WANT TO SERVE YOU AS SHERIFF AND WEAR THE STAR?
THE ONLY CLEAR CHOICE ON OCTOBER 4th IS LARRY MEGGS!!

Solares Hill--October 1988--Page 31
planted, swaying slightly like a weathered sailor on the deck of a ship; a neighbor woman slamming the door shut; a young deer limping up, one leg in a cast and a lei around its neck; and, inside, a black nurse, her face pressed against the window like a black marble plate; the flowered sofa, the cat playing with its tail and a female figure typing; overhead, hanging flossy, white clouds shaped like billy goats.

My little cat now practices conciliation, licking my arm with a rough, brisk tongue and without a covert glance out the window. O, little cat, I look into your eyes and I see such a cosmic indifference there. I know that you are somehow connected with the source of creation. You are without "that Faith that Reason knows nothing about." You can't know the great heart of the Christ Spirit. You then, of course, cannot love. O, little cat, all the information about you is not in yet. 

FANTASY FEST 1988



Gentlemen, start your chariots! Stampede the stegasauri and cue the lava Fantasy Fest, the yearly madness that could only happen in Key West, turns prehistorically hysterical with Fantasy Fest B.C.

The Southernmost City will be stepping out and stepping back in time for its annual costume bash, Fantasy Fest, October 22 to 30. "This, the tenth annual Fantasy Fest, will be the most outrageous event" stated Michael Whalton, Festival Director. "We've got a line up of incredible talent, fantastic costume competitions, great parties, and some bizarre new events."

Originally patterned after the costume parties of Mardi Gras and Carnivale celebrations, Fantasy Fest has developed its own identity for clever, tongue-in-cheek outrageousness done to an elaborate turn and wild partying that continues around the clock.

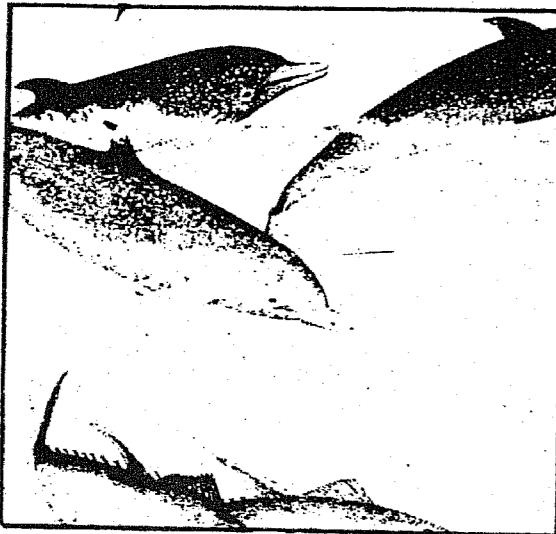
Determined partiers who want to make the rounds of all the major Fantasy Fest

galas should bring plenty of masks, costumes and stamina. Plan on attending the Masked Madness Ball, Sloppy Joe's delightfully decadent Toga Party, The Pier House elaborate Pretenders in Paradise costume competition, a Caveman Carnivale at Rick's Cafe, "In The Beginning..." Costume Party at the La Concha Hotel and the world premiere of "Prince of Central Park" at the Jan McArt Cabaret Theatre.

The week-long schedule of events gets even wilder with the addition of several new and spirited parties. The Royal Madness Party at the Strand Theater will feature a freewheeling competition for the titles of King and Queen of Fantasy Fest. The royal couple will then be crowned at the Holiday Inn Beachside's irreverent Coronation Ball. Another new party, the Masquerade March and Pagan Procession, will lead costumed revelers on a procession through Historic Old Town Key West.

Interspersed with the parties are major festival events including the Fantasy Fest

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Sam LaBudde
Marine Mammal
Biologist

In 1987 alone, 150,000 dolphin were massacred in tuna nets. This slaughter is not an incidental bycatch of tuna fishing -- the dolphin are spotted, chased down and intentionally captured.

The United States consumes 70% of all canned tuna. Please don't support the tuna industry's continued slaughter of dolphin. Albacore, or white tuna, is caught using lines and hooks. This is an alternative to chunk light tuna, which perpetuates the dolphin kills. Ask your local delis, restaurants, school cafeterias, and employers to discontinue using chunk light tuna. Contact us at Greenpeace for more information on action you can take.

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Floats with a Flair Wanted for Fantasy Fest

On Saturday, October 29, the NightTime Fantasy Parade will strut its stuff down Duval Street to the cheers of an estimated 30,000 revelers and under the watchful eye of network and cable news cameras.

Organizations can enter floats in either of two classifications: "Standard Float," or "Small Float and Decorated Auto." Standard Floats may be no more than 40-feet long, 15-feet wide, and 12-feet tall. "Small Float and Decorated Auto" entrants are limited to 25 feet in overall length, including the tow vehicle (if any).

Fantasy Fest is coordinated by Key West Tourist Development Association and advertising and promotion are partially funded by Monroe County TDC. For festival information, call 294-4440 or write P.O. Box 230, Key West, FL 33041.



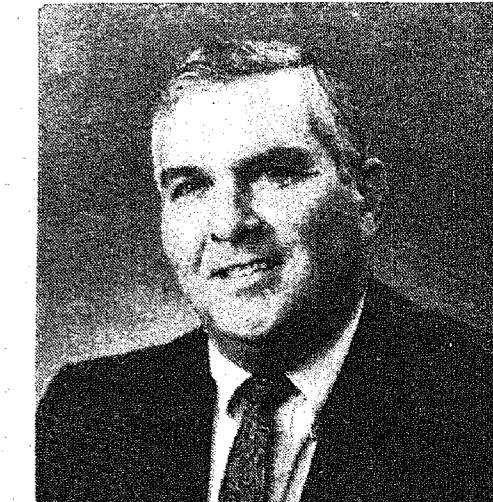
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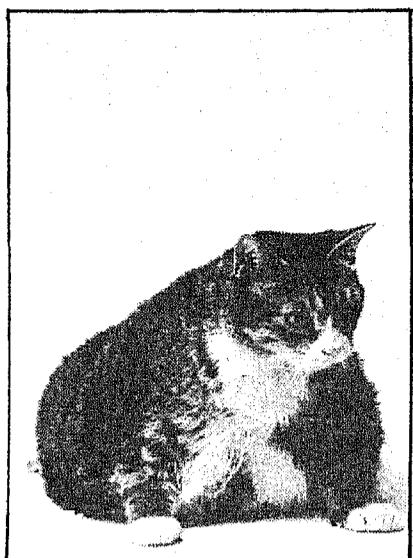
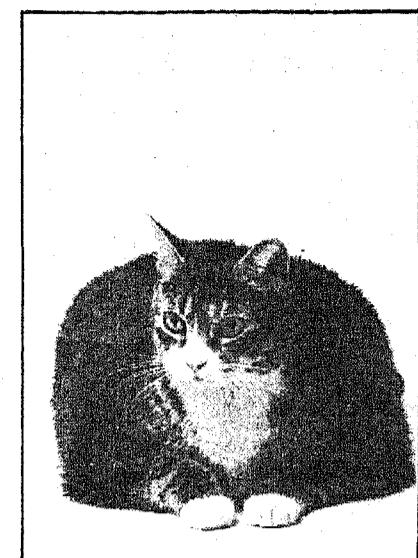
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in the following categories designed specifically for Fantasy Fest B.C.:

Blast From The Past Award -- best float depicting an ancient civilization; Fossilized Fantasy Award -- best float with a prehistoric theme; Hit or Myth Award -- best float with a mythological theme; The Big Bang Award -- best float depicting the beginning of it all; The Rites and Wrongs Award -- best depiction of a hideous pagan ritual.

Other parade float categories are: The Size Isn't Everything Award -- outstanding small float; Fantasy in Motion Award -- best animated float; Ram-A-Lam-A-Ding-Dong Award -- best musical float; Thomas A. Edison Award -- outstanding illuminated float; Sweet Charity Award -- best float by a non-profit group; Deliciously Decadent Award -- most outrageous float; and the Dueling Decibel Award -- outstanding band.

The entry fee to participate in the NightTime Fantasy Parade is \$100 for "Standard Floats," \$50 for "Small Float or

Decorated Auto," and half price for all non-profit organizations.

Any business or civic organization interested in registering a float (or requiring more information) should call parade coordinator Rita Brown at 296-1817. The deadline for entry is Wednesday, October 14.

The Search is on for King & Queen

The very first happening in a full line-up of Fantasy Fest events is the "Royal Madness" party, brand new for this year's celebration. This spirited competition for the title of King and Queen will be unleashed Saturday, October 15, and its exuberance and zaniness will set the tone for Fantasy Fest '88.

Set in a game show format, the King and Queen candidates will rack up points and prizes while being put through their paces in a competition that Royal Madness

Coordinator Bruce Peterson describes as "a cross between 'Beat The Clock' and a sobriety test." Peterson added, "The qualities we're looking for in the contestants are skill, coordination, mental alacrity, and most importantly luck."

"Royal Madness" is seeking 10 candidates each for King and Queen of Fantasy Fest. Local businesses are urged to sponsor their most exuberant employees and foolhardy friends. Once crowned, the Royal Couple will win great prizes, attend all Fantasy Fest events and, of course, lead off the NightTime Fantasy Parade.

"Royal Madness is going to be a night to remember," Peterson predicted. "We're giving away lots and lots of prizes, not just to the winners, but to all contestants and the audience as well!"

The Strand at 527 Duval Street is the setting for "Royal Madness" on Saturday, October 15. For more information, contact Bruce Peterson or Ruth Chados at 294-4440.



BEACH Continued from page 8

Harry spoke at the dedication the other day, and so did Bob Anderson and Joan Langley and Bill Kight. Harry was the only politician we allowed up on the restroom deck, and he stuck his foot in his mouth by inviting everyone up to "take a peek." They let me do the introductions, Laura Bescher cut the ribbon, and everybody kept the speeches short and sweet.

Very soon, the little bronze dedication plaque will be installed. And some afternoon when you want a cool swim, go down there and read it. It sure says a lot in a few words.

And while you're there say a little prayer for Woody and maybe another one for old Key West. Because if we ever lose the will to fight city hall when we know something's wrong, the old girl is done for. ☐

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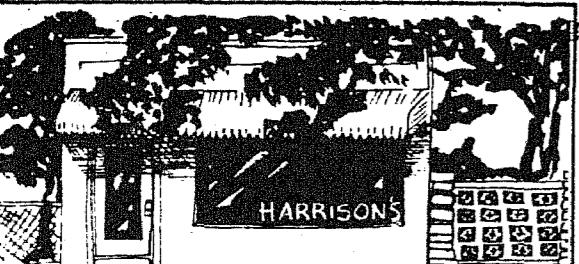
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Florence Recher: A Farther-Reaching Vision

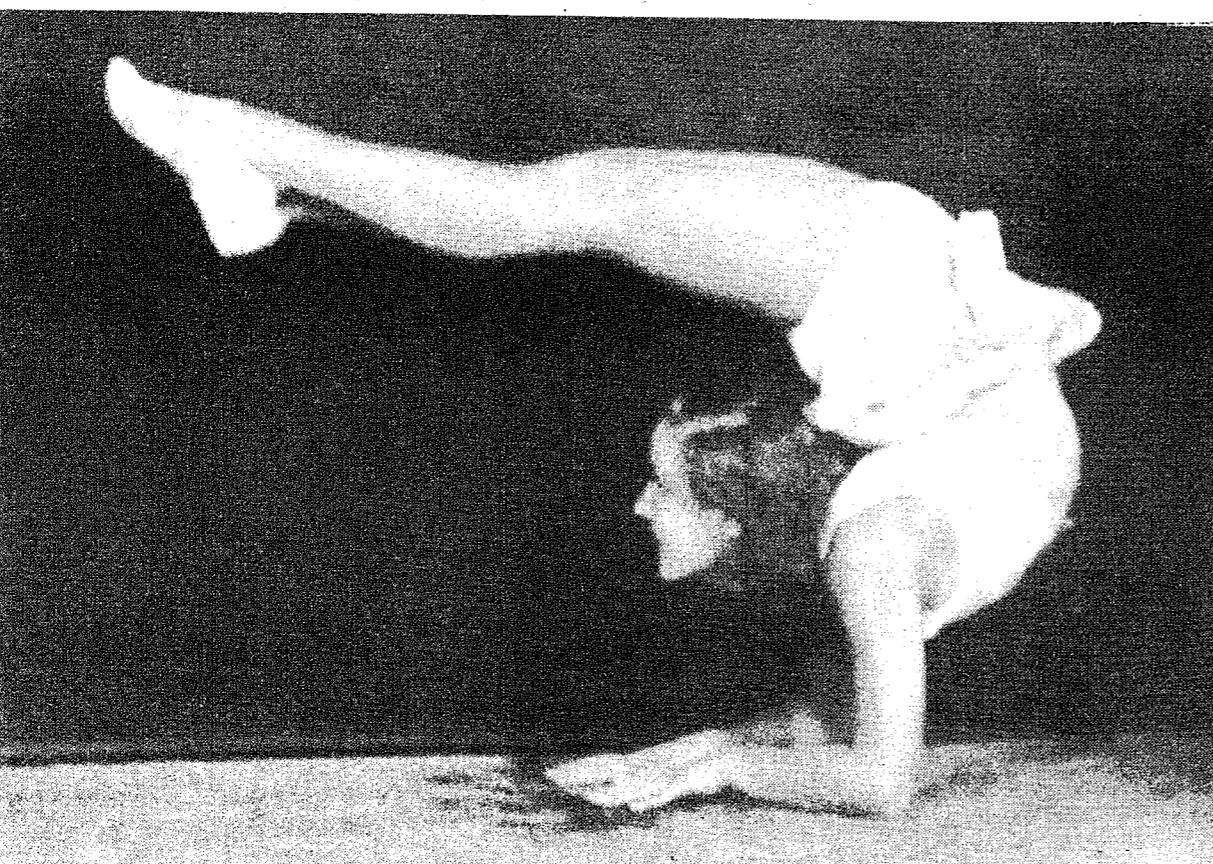
by Sandra Russell

Talking with Florence Recher about her life was as refreshing as the lime greens and white enameled lines of her Key West kitchen. Youthfully perched on a stool for the duration of the interview, Florence related the exotic details of her 74 years with modest matter-of-factness, reflecting with warmth and sometimes broad humor -- but never with sentimentality -- upon places, eras, and people who influenced the course of her life.

In 1911, a young American horse trainer named Frederick Alberts left his job at New York's Belmont Park Racetrack to work in Europe as assistant horse trainer for German banking magnate, Baron von Oppenheim. Within a year, Frederick had met and been smitten by Martha Marx who, at least ten years ahead of her time, was known to have posed for the camera in a one-piece bathing costume as early as 1910. The couple were soon married.

Florence was born at the outbreak of World War I. Her sister Violet arrived a few years later. But it was not until 1921, three years after the war had ended, that their father was permitted to leave Germany to set up a home for his family in America. Martha and the children followed a few months later to settle into the home Frederick had prepared for them on Long Island.

When Violet was seven, dance lessons were prescribed as recovery therapy for a bout of diphtheria, and Florence, then 11, prevailed upon her parents to let her study dance as well. Later, despite protests from



A 16-year-old Florence stretches to a hairpin bend. Photo courtesy of Florence Recher.



Florence Recher in Chicago in 1932.
Photo courtesy of Florence Recher.

not only her parents, but from teachers who encouraged Florence to pursue a study of art, the strong-willed child dropped out of school to launch her professional dancing career. She was 14.

During her early years in vaudeville, Florence worked with such promising young performers as Bob Hope, Eleanor Powell, Polo Negri, and Fred MacMurray when he was still playing saxophone in the orchestra pit of the 14th Street Theater. Between shows, Florence and Fred played bridge.

In 1932, Florence became one of the first members of Actors Equity. When she was not doing specialty (solo) work, she readily accepted chorus line jobs in such notable theaters as the Capitol, the Paramount, and the old Roxy, where she formed part of the nucleus of what was later to become the world-famous Rockettes.

"Within a 50-mile radius of New York, I think I worked every theater that had a stage," Florence recalls, commenting on her youthful ambition. Between jobs, she modeled hats, studied dance and swam competitively.

A good part of the dancer's teen years was spent on the road, criss-crossing the U.S. and Canada. Though she toured with a variety of road companies, the most notable of these was Sally Rand's.

"Sally -- the original fan dancer -- had a figure very similar to Marilyn Monroe's," Florence remembers, "with the most beautiful bust I have ever seen. Gorgeous! She was, after all, completely naked onstage except for her fans -- and white body makeup. She would use blue lights for a 'statuesque' effect." (Sally Rand, incidentally, was a frequent visitor to Key West in the 1930s.)

While playing Pittsburgh in 1934 as one of Sally Rand's "girls," Florence was visited by Harry Recher, whom she had then known for about a year. When Florence and Harry spontaneously decided to get married that weekend, it was Sally Rand who provided the lavish reception after the brief civil ceremony.



Harry, Florence and Sally Rand after the Recher's Pittsburgh marriage in 1934. Photo courtesy of Florence Recher.

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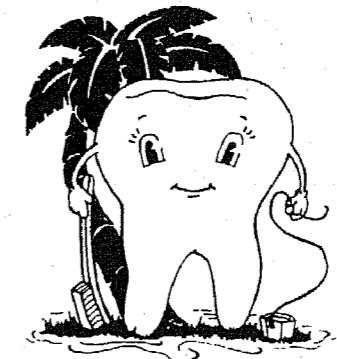
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Sally Rand's girls bloom into formation. Florence is third from the top. Photo courtesy of Florence Recher.

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"Sally was a down-to-earth woman, with a shrewd business mind," Florence recollects. "We spent a lot of time on the West Coast in those days, and Sally was already investing her money in orange groves near Los Angeles. She died about five years ago, a very wealthy woman."

Florence and Harry, following their impulsive April nuptials in Pittsburgh, retied the knot the following July back home in New York. This time, it was a large church wedding, mostly for the benefit of family. It was this "double knot," Florence maintains, that has kept her and Harry together these 54 years.

Harry, charming in his Key West livingroom, quipped that on their 51st anniversary he received a call from President Reagan awarding him the Congressional Medal of Honor, for "unusual bravery."

"It wasn't always easy," Florence admitted, "but women today have much more freedom to make it on their own. In our day, you simply figured it's got to get better because it can't get any worse. You didn't run to the divorce court at the first sign of trouble."

The young bride, nevertheless, continued her career for a short while after her marriage, but by then, vaudeville had already outlived its time. One of the few remaining options for a dancer was nightclub work.

"I hated it," Florence recalls with vehemence. "You were expected to 'mix,' to get customers to buy more drinks. I didn't drink myself, so this was rather awkward for me." She quit the business and opened a dance school on Long Island. In addition to conducting dance classes, Florence provided choreographic services to community groups for the vastly popular "amateur productions" of the day.

Florence and Harry's first son, Harry Jr., was born in 1938. At this time, Harry, Sr., was working for 50 cents an hour ...

"when it didn't rain." Second son Frederick arrived in 1941, and later came a third. Despite his status as a family man, Harry was touched with the patriotic fervor of America's entry into World War II and, as Florence relates with a 47-year residue of outrage, he enlisted in the Navy.

"Even then it wasn't easy raising a family on \$110 a month, which is the allotment I received from the government. I was forced to dip into whatever savings we had, just to meet expenses."

After the war, the Rechers borrowed money for a down payment on a house in Roslyn Heights, where they conducted the business of family life until moving to Key West 25 years later.

In the early 1960s, Florence decided to acquire her high school equivalency certificate, having quit school in ninth grade. Later, when her children had all completed their education, "Mama" con-

tinued hers. She began taking courses at the apex of higher education in America, when so many students (10,000) were enrolled at Nassau Community College on Long Island that the hangars of Roosevelt Field (where Charles Lindbergh got his start) were used for examinations.

Many of Florence's fellow students were returning Vietnam vets, for whom she often fulfilled the informal function of Mother Confessor.

"I always carried a bagful of pencils for them, and they helped me with my math. I heard more love-life stories than you can imagine. Things they couldn't tell their mothers, they told me. I didn't mind. They needed someone to talk to. It was good."

After Florence earned her associate degree in Fine Arts in 1969, she was eager to continue her education. But by that time she and Harry were preparing to move to Key West.

Continued on page 46



Florence receives Honorary Conch certificate from Wilhelmina Harvey. Photo courtesy of Florence Recher.

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Mallory Square

by Susan Papp

There's something magic
About the ocean today
It heaves and hoes
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No words can describe it
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The tinkling boat bells
Birds chirping notes

The sun before me
All golden with rays
It charms me tonight
While the ocean just plays

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AIDS *Continued from page 12*

Dr. Siegel advises his patients who think they may have been exposed to AIDS to get the HIV test every three months for a year, to stay away from drugs and alcohol, which weaken the immune system's ability to fight viruses, and to maintain a healthy diet. If the virus doesn't show up in a year of testing, it *probably* means the person has not been infected. The key word here is *probably*. There are instances in which a person testing HIV negative later tested positive and developed the symptoms of AIDS. Likewise, there are cases in which an infected person tested HIV negative but infected someone else with the virus.

In addition to Dr. Siegel (296-8593), other Key West physicians who accept patients referred by AIDS Education are: Dr. Carraway (294-6604); Dr. Garriques (294-5259); Dr. Janikas (296-8593); Dr. Manderano (294-6604); Dr. Slaff (294-6604); and Dr. Whiteside (296-8593).

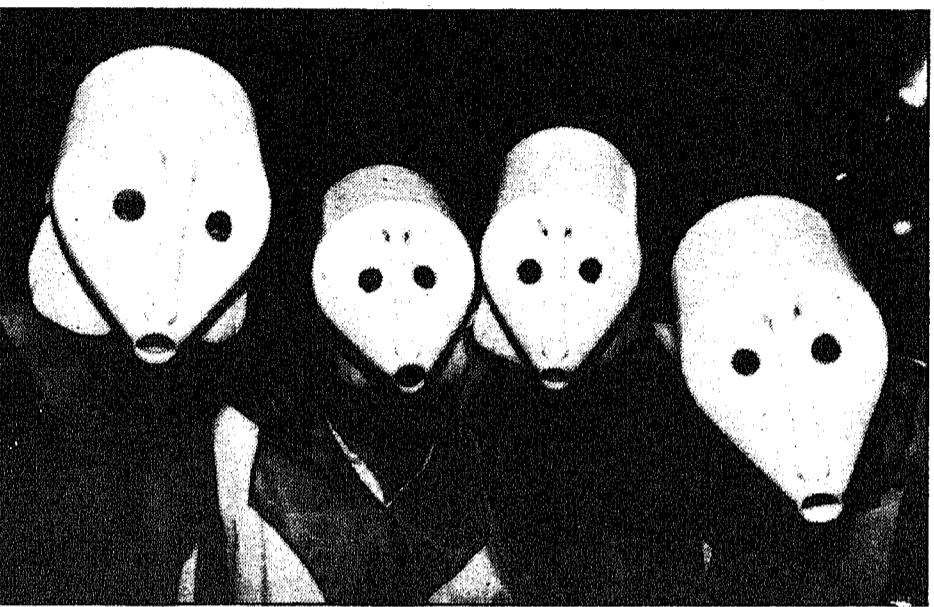
Patient Care in the Keys

The better news about AIDS in Key West is summed up by the Rev. Steven Torrence of the Metropolitan Community Church. "We're doing a wonderful job considering the resources we have. I would match the compassionate care in Key West with any city in the world." The Rev. Torrence praises, in particular, the "good nurses" at the Florida Keys Hospital Care Center, AIDS Help, AIDS Education, the Mental Health Care Center, and Hospice. He is at present counseling men and women with HIV positive, ARC (AIDS Related Complex), and AIDS. Ten of them with AIDS have died since January 1.

Ed Seebol at AIDS Help, Building 123-120-122 on Truman Annex, has primary responsibility for helping financially needy persons with AIDS/ARC to qualify for, and receive, benefits funded by the Federal Government, the State of Florida, Monroe County and Key West. Persons with AIDS (PWA) volunteers staff his office, which acts as a referral center or advocate for clients, produces a monthly newsletter, and assists PWAs or their families in any way possible. The office space for AIDS Help is donated by Pritam Singh.

Continued on page 47

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Fantasy Fest is coordinated by Key West TDA, with advertising & promotional assistance from Monroe County TDC.

FORUM

By Renate Perelom

New Age Forum Grows to Body, Mind and Spirit

One thing consistent with nature is change. If we resist change, we open ourselves up to the universe, forcing growth in our lives, relationships and work. You've probably heard the saying: "Whatever you resist will persist." The *New Age Forum* philosophy is to flow with the tide instead of rowing against it. Thus, we continue to flow with the needs of the community.

In my communication with groups and individuals about our New Age section, I have discovered that a clear shift has evolved. Various groups, organizations and individuals have felt limited by the term *New Age*. Some think New Age suggests a cross-eyed, crystal ball swinger meditating with a blue candle during the Full Moon. Others, describing themselves as *New Thought*, feel that New Age deals with the exterior of consciousness. To rely on outside factors such as astrology, crystals, channeling, the tarot and psychic readings deters one from learning true inner consciousness, growth and change. These can come only from the solitary journey of the Christ Consciousness.

It is my belief that each individual must follow his own path and no one should judge an idea, book, individual or group

that inspires someone to observe the self and, finally, to break through limited beliefs that imprison the spirit. Freedom is choice.

For myself, New Age originally described the movement in consciousness from the Piscean Age of secrecy to the Age of Aquarius -- a period of openness. This is the time to discover who we are.



Editorial

therapists, priests, ministers, rabbis, and counselors. Any group that brings value and purpose to *Body, Mind and Spirit* will be included. We ask you to participate in this column by creating more health, joy and aliveness, adding to the significance of your life and the lives of your friends.

Namaste,

Renate

Fantasy, Imagination and the Immune System

by Zolar

During the British occupation of India an unusual tale was often told of a hunchback who actually 'cured' his condition in an almost unbelievable manner!

As related, a real life princess in one of the districts had fallen in love with a prince from a neighboring regency. While she loved him a great deal, only one thing stood in the way of their happiness. He was a hunchback.

Although she told him it really didn't make any difference to her -- true love is often blind -- he was not satisfied with her words. At the instant of their last meeting, he made her promise not to marry anyone else for seven years as he had to travel 'somewhere' to see 'someone special.' She agreed to wait and off he went.

In seven years he returned to her palace and claimed her as his bride. Only this time, there was something different about his appearance. His back was perfectly straight!

Where had he gone? What had he done to cure a supposedly incurable condition?

It was only after he and his bride had lived a long life that the facts regarding this

story were made public. It is said that it was only on his deathbed that he agreed to tell the truth about his miraculous cure, and then only upon the prompting of a close friend. Were it not for this friend's persistence, we would never know how and why this story turned out as it did!

After leaving his bride-to-be, our hunchback had traveled out of India and across the mysterious mountain range known as the Himalayas. His journey was long. After many months he reached the sacred city of Lhasa in Tibet. Here he took up a residence and engaged the services of a monk-sculptor who created an exact likeness of him, but with a straight back!

Each and every day, be it sun, rain or snow, our prince sat quietly in this monastery garden contemplating the image of himself with a straight back. This he did for seven years' time.

If this story sounds like pure fiction, make-believe, the tale of an old demented monk, you are mistaken! In recent years, even the prestigious *Harvard Medical Journal* and its British counterpart, *Lancet*, have carried articles on the newest, oldest form of medicine -- psycho-immunology.

Can the mind actually create an illness like cancer? Lawrence Le Shan, a well-known psychologist, has gathered evidence suggesting the existence of an actual "cancer type personality." This person, says Le Shan, has great repressed anger, is sexually and creatively blocked, and comes from a family in which these emotions are internalized rather than expressed.

What about arthritis? Other psychologists suggest that persons afflicted with this illness are severely rigid in their thinking, unable to let go of old hurts, to change and to grow.

What about AIDS? Here, too, some experts claim a low self-worth coupled with tremendous guilt connected with being gay, if persistent in, can actually lower the immune system, thereby leading to the development of the disease.

Louise Hay, a long-time friend of this writer, has written a number of books linking various diseases with accompanying emotions. Those interested should certainly look into her writings, her tapes containing various affirmations and her basic philosophy of life.

In a nutshell, she says that it is not what you *think you are* but rather what you *believe* or *imagine* yourself to be that produces your reality, including physical health or illness.

If one is ill, they should *see* themselves hale and hearty in their mind's eye. Such a person should take time out each day to relax, meditate and actually *picture* their blood cells becoming stronger and attacking foreign bodies and entities. The more outrageous the imagination, the more likely it is to work.

Even Hitler used this technique and had phoney, composite photographs made of himself standing at the gates or city hall steps of all the cities he later conquered. This is using a great power for ill.

But you can use it for good -- your own good!

Hidden Masks

by Sioux Rose

Since this is the month of Fantasy Fest, I thought I'd use astrology to define the "hidden mask" worn by each sign. What follow are less obvious traits of the twelve zodiacal types:

ARIES

Normally manifesting great pride and a fierce independence streak, Aries secretly fear being criticized. Because of this, they build their own world and learn to enjoy privacy and independence. Although warm-hearted and often forgiving, Aries have a volatile temper (wrath of the war god Mars, planet of Aries) which is usually a response to the fear of being judged or rejected. Deep inside they enjoy and crave the company of others.

TAURUS

The success credo that pushes Taurus on to achievement and financial advancement masks their fear of "not having enough." This sign virtually lives through the senses and the absence of a comfortable place to sleep, sensory-stimulating food or warm loving arms is too much for them to bear. They work hard to offset the season of lack. At times, they seem self-possessed because their fear of lacking is great; and they sometimes ward themselves off from

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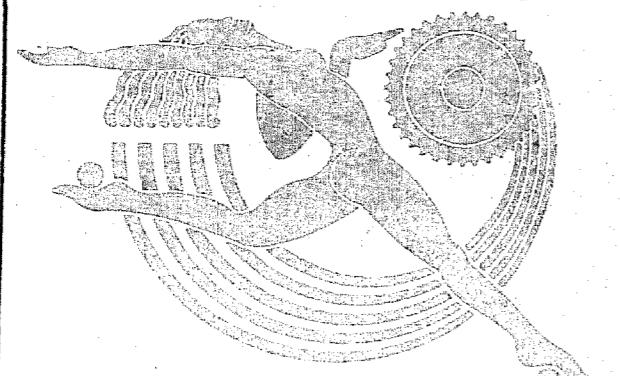
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5:30		AQUA		AQUA	AQUA	
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needing others. Their security is based on that which cannot go away.

GEMINI

Forever a talker and able to sell anyone on anything, Gemini deep inside is unconvinced of him/herself. How can a Gemini arrive at any notion and feel secure about it when the other side of the coin (or question) is not only at hand, but omnipresent? Each twin insists on its own point of view. So while Gemini's mask is that of versatile knowledge, deep within the Gemini is searching for something so profound, so universal, so without contradiction that each twin will agree.

CANCER

Usually appearing somewhat shy and retiring from worldly confusion, one would never suppose that the Cancer individual has an inner goal of notoriety, fame, recognition. Behind that shy persona is a ham, a good imitator, a teller of jokes, or an actor/actress incarnate. Many will not come forward and risk sharing their veritable rainbow of emotions with others; but within their shells lurks a love of attention -- lights, camera, action.

LEO

The proud Leo exerts him/herself in so many situations and exudes an aura of natural leadership. Borrowing from the concept of "divine right of king," the sign of the monarch presumes just that. But deep inside every ruler's heart is the nagging question, "Can the king/queen be wrong?" Therefore Leos tend to appoint (not consciously) a group of advisors. Ultimately, the Leo needs to maintain faith in the truth of his/her own heart.

VIRGO

The precision-oriented Virgo is constantly seeking the right way to do everything: from washing the car to reading a book. The inner mask suggests that for once, Virgo would like to abandon the role of perfectionist and let someone else clear the table and wash the dishes squeaky clean. Virgo would like to be disorderly, like the child whose room is a mess. Would Virgo dare to become this alter-ego messaholic? I doubt it.

LIBRA

Born under Venus, most Libras are well sculpted and have the kind of features most

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of us envy. They may be narcissistic and possess closets bulging at the seams, but are they confident that they look great? Not likely. While everyone assumes that Libra knows he/she is beautiful, Libra does not. Deep inside, Libra is vitally concerned with imagined flaws that they, and they alone, notice. Who would think Libra could be insecure?

SCORPIO

The most secretive and mysterious of all signs is difficult for others to read. Probably Scorpio's hidden mask is that they feel everyone says they are a mystery, wherein to themselves, they are as plain and direct as the light of day. Scorpio's mask is that they aren't wearing one. Everyone assumes they operate on the basis of magnetism, sexiness and intrigue. To Scorpio, there's no smokescreen, no Pluto hidden depths at all! They want to be understood.

SAGITTARIUS

The happy-go-lucky archer is the zodiac's optimist. Yet as a dual sign (like Gemini), there is the hidden mask of constant fear and doubt nagging at Sagittarius. What if I miss the mark? What if I can't hit the target my hopes direct me toward? Who would think that the world's "good sport" could entertain doubts? That's the hidden mask of Sagittarius: hoping to win, fearing loss.

CAPRICORN

The mature Capricorn is bound up with rules of social acceptability and more than any other sign regards his/her image and reputation as a precious right. But the hidden mask of Capricorn is a reckless child who would love to come out and play. Behind all the shrewd insights and hours of hard work lies a creature who would like to climb a tree, roll down a hill, or go skinny-dipping in some natural river.

AQUARIUS

Ahead of their time and born iconoclasts, Aquarians usually start fads and begin trends. They march to their own drummer and are viewed by friends (as well as the astrological community) as being total nonconformists. Yet the puzzling mask of this sign is that they would really like to be like everyone else, totally accepted. But Aquarius carries the torch to light up a new path and the old way (with its customs and traditions) won't work. For their mission, they sacrifice being like everyone else. Little do they know, everyone else is

becoming more like them -- so a new conformity is emerging!

PISCES

Elusive, the dreamer of the zodiac lives in a bubble of imaginative thoughts and impressionistic visions. Pisces is the sign of inspiration at its best and total escapism (from reality) at its worst. Most Pisces have a hidden mask of being very "down to earth." They may feel threatened by their own propensity toward interior flights of fancy and really wish they were practical like so many others who they see in the world around themselves. Yet Pisces (like Gemini and Sagittarius) represents duality, and one "fish" may indeed bear a briefcase and three-piece suit. Does that make the Pisces down to earth? Can a fish live on land?

New Wholistic Center

New on the horizon is a wholistic center in Marathon directed by Elizabeth Moren. A Touch of Paradise, 743-6604, invites you to visit them for information on nutrition, massage, meditations and classes. In the fall they will offer classes on psychic and intuitive skills. In talking with Don Proul, organizer and sailboat captain of the *Neshmet* (Egyptian for chariot), I discovered a one-day seminar on nutrition and energy and much more will be held by Douglas Graham on October 15.

New Age Calendar

At the Sanctuary, 530 Simonton, Yoga with Carol Christine on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Call 296-3444 for info.

Visit Insideout Health Foods at 529 Southard for latest information on health & self awareness on their Local Bulletin Board.

Yoga taught by Ronnie Dubinski of the Yoga College, Harris School, corner of Southard & Margaret. Mon.-Fri. 8 a.m. & 6 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.; Sun. 6 p.m. Call 292-1854 for info.

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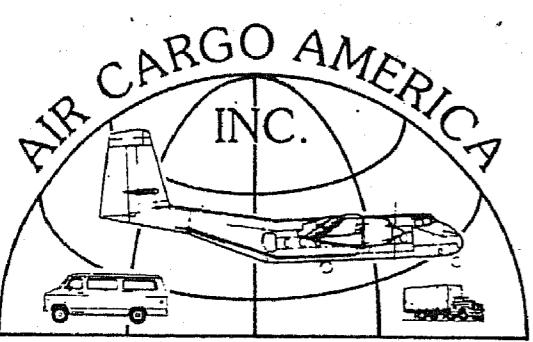
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TONY *Continued from page 5*

the bar, as well as of the couple of generations who have spent time here.

In the dry cistern a hammerhead shark gathers dust over its fiberglass body next to a plywood poster advertising "Tie One On," a small clothing business run by a woman now dead who had once leased space from Tony next to the saloon. The woman was hacked to death one evening by her husband wielding a kitchen knife on a pier in full view of the crowd who came to view sunset on Mallory Dock.

A wake was held in the saloon a few days after the tragedy.

Before Tony bought it, the bar had been owned for years by the Wolkowskys, an old Key West merchant family. At one time the building was an ice plant that doubled as a morgue in pre-air-conditioning days; it later served as the wireless telegraph station from which the first reports of the sinking of the *Maine* at Havana Harbor in 1898 were relayed. It was also at one time a whorehouse.

From 1933 to 1937 it was Sloppy Joe's bar, leased and run by Joe Russell. (It was really here that Hemingway drank and where he met his third wife, the journalist Martha Gellhorn.) When the Wolkowsky family raised the rent \$3 Joe did a moonlight flit over to Duval and Greene, where Sloppy's is today.

In the late '50s the building was condemned by the city; in 1962 David Wolkowsky, patron of the arts and self-styled architect behind several Key West businesses -- most notably the Pier House, returned to Key West from Philadelphia to begin his own restoration work. He sold the building to Captain Tony for, Tony remembers, \$35,000.

Today Wolkowsky calls Tony "the original survivor."

When Wolkowsky encouraged him to get into the bar business, Tony claimed he knew nothing more than that "there were 24 cans in a case of beer." Soon he learned there were certain advantages to running a bar over working on a fishing boat. For instance there was more time for women. He had established himself as a lover in a town that was known as a place to fish, fight or f---, later taking his girls, the lovelies who worked behind the bar, to Vegas where he could combine them with his other passion, gambling. He also began to achieve a certain celebrity status, or at least notoriety.

"Frank Sinatra was like a god to us back in those days," Tony says. "A little skinny guy who makes the big time. My dream was that someday I would make enough money that I could wear \$300 shoes and \$200 silk shirts and go to Las Vegas. It was the end of the world for me when I got a marker in Vegas. I was another Frank Sinatra. I had my own suite, and when I arrived there would be a carton of Luckies and a bottle of Cutty Sark on the table."

He wore the \$300 shoes exactly one day. They hurt his feet. And during his second Key West mayoral campaign he ran barefoot.

Tony has always been his own man. Never any spit and polish about him and because of his hippie philosophy and a penchant for supporting causes less than popular with Chamber of Commerce types, he is often regarded as a renegade, an uncomfortable image for some downtown merchants who would like to sanitize Key West.

Nevertheless the promotional value of the bar where "everybody's a star" is inestimable to the success of Key West as a tropical resort.

At the back of the bar is the stage where musicians from the not-so-great to the soon-to-be-great and the has-beens have all played at one time or another. Photographs of Key West literary stars posing with the captain and a variety of highway roadsigns adorn the back wall -- appropriately, there is a green triangle from the New Jersey Turnpike, a symbol of escape.

And there are the thousands and thousands of business cards stapled and tacked to the walls, the beams, the ceiling. It's like middle America had to pin itself to this seedy bastion of bacchanalia to show that it had somehow escaped, if only temporarily, the 9-to-5 humdrum and business lunches at the Holiday Inn.

Here men can dream about what might have been.

With three wives and having lived in sin "maybe 2,000 times," Tony claims, "There were really only ten great women in my life and they made me what I am today." From five of those women came 13 children, the eldest now 50 and the youngest, a 2 1/2-year-old son, Tony, Jr. "You can never die when you leave kids behind," he says seriously. And then, eyes twinkling: "I'm always looking for the mother of my next child."

In the men's room graffiti on the wall proclaims, "The weather is here. I wish you were beautiful."

One looks at the face of Tony Tarracino, the trademark heavy pouches under the eyes, and wonders if they have not been there since birth. It's the kind of face you seldom see in America anymore. It combines the best features of Joseph Conrad, or perhaps Bogart, and the worst of Somerset Maugham. It's a face that belongs to a stevedore, a foundryman, a fisherman -- or a bar owner. He's been described as salty and crusty, and he's all of that and more. The eyes are blue, a little watery now. The voice is still straight from the Jersey shore, laced with *dis* and *dat* and plenty of sexual references; and the cigarettes, that are as much a part of the face as the yellowing Van Dyke beard, are still Lucky Strikes -- chain-smoked.

Tony ran for mayor on a populist platform, a galvanizing force to stop the glut of condo takeovers along beach fronts beginning to draw derisive comparisons to Fort Lauderdale's urban sprawl. Tony lost by 56 votes to a man named Tom Sawyer.

It's a literary town.

Later, while the captain is telling about his first meeting with Tennessee Williams, a little old guy comes over, a ball cap shading his wizened face. "Tony how you doin'?" he asks in a thin reedy voice.

"Very good, thank you," Tony says. "You're lookin' good."

"Yeah, I'm gonna let you catch me. I'm 85 now."

"Eighty-five, God bless ya! You better start giving up sex! It isn't worth it."

"No, no. Don't say that. That's the most important thing," the guy calls going out the door.

"The guy's a great songwriter," Tony says casually. "He wrote 'Yes, we have no bananas.' And 'Barney Google with the goo goo googily eyes.' He's a New Yorker. Comes down to see me every year."

"What's his name?"

"It's either Conn or Cohen. Something like that. He played with Ziegfeld, way back. He comes in here some afternoons, tap dances on the stage."

"Sammy 'Three Coins in the Fountain' Cahn?"

"That's it."

Tony knew them all, the writers and artists, the politicians and publicists, who

sooner or later made their way to the oldest bar in Florida where they left an imprint on a barstool and the captain left an impression on them.

Regrets? There are none, says Tony. If he had it to do over again he'd do it just the same way. Does he see himself as a celebrity? No, he says. "It's just that as time goes on you develop, you get messed up in Haiti and then the Cuban revolution." The sort of things that happen in life while you're waiting for something to happen. Then you get the write-ups and the publicity.

He has been written up in such diverse publications as the *Wall Street Journal* (when he made his unsuccessful third bid for mayor) and *People* magazine (when he announced, later retracting, his candidacy in the Florida Governor's race).

At the age of 72 the question is not what makes Tony Tarracino run but rather what keeps him running.

Solares Hill--October 1988--Page '49

Tony likes to quote Jimmy Buffett quoting Captain Tony on the album *The Last Mango in Paris*, also the title song, about Captain Tony and the bar where Buffett first played as an unknown singer and songwriter.

*I went down to Captain Tony's
To get out of the heat.
And I heard a voice call out to me,
Son come have a seat.
I have to search my memory
As I looked into those eyes,
Our lives change like the weather
But a legend never dies.
I ate the last mango in Paris
I took the last plane out of Saigon,
I took the first fast boat to China,
And Jimmy there's still so much to be
done.
Still so much to be done.
"I'm the last of the old-time bar owners,"
Tony says. And quietly adds, "When I die
it's going to be the end of an era."*

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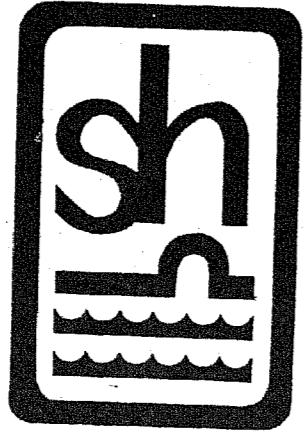
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COMPLIMENTS OF
SOLARES HILL PUBLICATIONS

solares hill publications

SHARK *Continued from page 16*

more friendly stretch of open sea was a moat where the sea serpents could safely feed at dusk. It was impossible to avoid crossing, if not the moat, the narrow channel that fed the moat. The more closely I timed the possible confrontation, the more thrilling it was.

The uncommon terror would possess me. Legs rigid as sticks, head full of tangled snakes, I would close my eyes and run for it, through the squishing grass, then heavily over the wooden planks that bridged the channel like springboard. To breathe again with the open sea, the "Gentle Stretch," bordered by flowering hibiscus, carpet of succulent purslane, sea grapes, shades of real green in which my northern spirit could take refuge.

There were always lobster traps, immovable with concrete, washed ashore. And shoes. Sneakers, mainly, tangled by their laces among the hibiscus. Women's sneakers, white and blue, some new, some sun-bleached and wind-worn. Children's shoes -- rugged, red, rubber-toed tennis shoes, double-buckled sandals, a work boot, a flip-flop. Always shoes, and always rope. Snarls of blue line, yellow line, sometimes with styrofoam buoys. Budweiser bottles, labels faded to blue and gold, reminders of America's excess.

"The Dunes!" Expanse of unplace and untime. Rolling waves, hills, mountains, of sand. A lunary wilderness with no reminder of another world except the occasional lobster trap battered ashore by

Hurricane Kate or Elena. Plunging through the dunes, shoes in hand, wind an unseen army against my face and shoulders, the austerity of this elemental battle fortifying me for the next and final leg of my journey.

In the dying sunlight, wind high, I would come to that final span of coastline, ledges of pitted limestone, roiling surf, rocks cumbersome to climb and slimed with algae, unpredictable currents, a lobster coiled here, bizarre, jeweled masks one dare not touch, grinning upward then disappearing, as taunting as *Atocha* treasure. I would race then against the rising moon, legs bleeding from chunks of seaborne coral, confrontation with the elements complete.

Once there were guests on the island. I called them "Drug Dealer," "Lawyer," and "Childhood Friend." I shared my second list with them, "Provisions for the Inner Body":

Drinking water
Nuts, unsalted (easy protein, won't aggravate thirst)

Carrots (provide green, leafy nutrients, but as easy to pack as pencils)

Apples (lighter than oranges)

Lemons or limes (lighter than oranges, cut thirst)

Baking powder

Drinking water

Stable cooking oil

Powdered milk

Flour of your choice (for sun-baked tortillas or bread. Corn meal is hearty and easy to deal with)

Drinking water

Dried fruits

Stable cooking oil

Powdered milk

Flour of your choice (for sun-baked tortillas or bread. Corn meal is hearty and easy to deal with)

Solares Hill--October 1988--Page 51

Rice (good space/weight/nutrition ratio)

Drinking water

Beef jerky if you indulge

Celebratory bottle of wine if you indulge

Drinking water

"Childhood Friend" taught me how to hunt conch. Hunting conch like hunting rabbit, not like going fishing.

My job was to spot the conch. Childhood Friend was nearly blind, even with his glasses. So we waded out during low tide, would stoop to pick the pink-shelled crustaceans from the ocean floor, then carried them ashore, four at a time.

Ashore, we would count, then hit the conch -- hard with a hammer claw between the third and fourth knuckles to break the suction, then ripped the muscular creature from its shell.

That was the day we caught the shark, a small hammerhead. The boys tied him to the pier with a length of fishing line "to teach him limitations."

The boys caught another shark, and I learned about primitive nervous systems. Beat a shark on the head, carry him dead in the sun, behead and disembowel him, his parts still flip on the pier. Eat the shark, become the shark. Its energy lingers on.

Once, a Venetian charterboat captain stopped to check on me. He wore the actual striped shirt of a gondolier, good for the charter business, no doubt, or just a terribly practical shirt. He caught me sunbathing.

Continued on page 53

Jimmy Buffett's
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Florida Keys and Key West Calendar of Events

We hope our Calendar of Events will benefit planners of special events as well as those wishing to attend. We want to include all interesting events taking place in Key West and the Florida Keys, and we really do need your help. If you have an event you wish to include, please send information to: Calendar, Solares Hill, #4 Key Lime Square, Key West, Florida, 33040.

October, 1988

SPECIAL EVENTS & FUNDRAISERS

3 Helpline will begin fall training classes, to be held at De Poo Hospital Conference Room from 7:00 to 10:30 p.m. All eight classes must be attended before beginning an independent shift. Call 296-0129 for information.

15 Jaycees 50th American Celebration. At the Casa Marina Ballroom, Call Alton Weekly, 294-5221 for information.

22 The American Heart Association of Monroe County will sponsor their first annual 10-kilometer Heart Walk. Registration starts at 7:30 a.m. Heart Walk will begin at Bayview Park at 8 a.m. with a Team Walk Relay taking place at the park at noon. Walkers may pick up registration forms at De Poo Hospital, Florida Keys Memorial Hospital, The Body Shop at the Reach and other locations throughout Key West. Walkers find sponsors to pledge a certain amount of money per kilometer walked. All proceeds go to the education and research of cardiovascular disease. Those walkers who raise a minimum of \$15 in pledges will receive free T-shirts with the Heart Walk logo and the logos of major sponsors. Contact Cathy Mosteller at 294-4692, ext. 411.

27 Air Show Featuring the Navy's Blue Angels. The NAS main gate at Boca Chica will be open to the public at 9 a.m. Call Michael G. Frost at 292-2434.

WATERSPORTS & TOURNAMENTS

9-15 National Power Boat Association World Series Offshore Power Boat Race. Races on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Call Pat Williams at 292-1200.

HEALTH & FITNESS

Overeaters Anonymous meets in September every Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. at De Poo Hospital, Thursday at 7:00 p.m. at Truman Annex Mental Health Center, and Sunday at 8:00 p.m. at De Poo.

Adult Children of Alcoholics group is now meeting at Holy Innocents Church, 901 Flagler. Mondays at 7 p.m. and Thursdays at 8:30 p.m. For further information call 294-8912.

Aids Help Needs three simple touchtone telephones to enable them to continue to answer calls when their phone computer shuts down. To donate call 296-6196.

Personal and Professional one on one counseling available free of charge to qualified applicants by appointment. For information call AIDS HELP at 296-6196.

Music Key 93 Radio adds nightly Jazz Program, 7 p.m. to 7 a.m.

UP THE KEYS

1-2 Plantation Key Oktoberfest. Contact Elsa Moreno, 852-4153.

10 La Leche League of Big Pine. "At home with your new baby" 9:30 a.m., at Big Pine Methodist Church on Key Deer Boulevard. Call Joanne Singleton, 972-1861.

15 A One Day Seminar with Douglas N. Graham, D.C. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Nutrition and Health. Call A Touch of Paradise at 743-6604.

27 Group Political Candidates Forum. 7 p.m. Plantation Key Courthouse. Contact Jim Rubih, 852-3385.

EVENTS AT THE REACH

1 Riot Squad. \$2 cover charge. 9-2 a.m., Reggae on Saturdays to continue.

EVENTS AT THE PIER HOUSE

4-9 Offshore. On the Sunset Deck, 6-9 p.m. No cover. 294-9541. Late Night in Havana Docks Electraglide at 10 p.m. Cover on weekends.

EVENTS AT THE CASA MARINA

3-8 Full Sail. 9-2 a.m. No cover.

COMMUNITY INTEREST

7 Floater Fest. Florida Keys Offshore Homeowners' Association is hosting a party for water people at Bayview Park. BYOB, also food, instruments and ideas -- from 1 to 5 p.m.

12 Active Parenting Class at Wesley House Community Center, 1100 Varela Street, Key West. Call Eilene Molinaux at 294-5237, ext. 28.

22-30 Fantasy Fest. Call Michael Whalton, 294-4440

29 Fantasy Fest Parade.

Big Brothers/Big Sisters of Monroe County needs volunteers in the Sugarloaf to Marathon area. Please help! Interested parties should contact Patricia Knight, Executive Director, 294-9891.

Friends of the Library now offers business memberships at the nominal, tax-deductible cost of \$20 annually. Donations should be mailed to F.O.L., c/o Key West Library, 700 Fleming St., KW, FL 33040. Please include your business name, address, and telephone number. Call 294-8488 for more information.

Small Business Counseling is now available the third Friday of each month at the Barnett Bank, Tavernier. Counselors are members of SCORE (Service Corp. of Retired Executives) a program of U.S. Small Business Administration. To make an appointment call 852-2661. For additional information call 536-5521.

ALWAYS HAPPENING

Mon. Friends of the Library Lecture Series, Key West Library. Call 294-8488 for information.

Yoga Class, Coffee Mill Cultural Center, Key West. Call 296-9982.

Tues. Sweet Adelines, Presbyterian Kirk of the Keys Church, Marathon, 7:30 PM.

Old Island Harmony Barbershop Chorus, Old Stone Church, Key West. 7:30 PM.

Wed. Pool & Dart Tournament, Big Pine Moose Lodge, Big Pine Key. 872-9313.

Thurs. Preschool Story Hour, Key West Library, 9:30 AM. 294-8488.

Key West Handprint Fashion Show, Casa Marina, Key West, 12:30 PM.

Afterschool Activities, Key West Library, 3:30 PM. 294-8488.

Card & Game Night, Senior Citizens Center, Big Pine Key. 745-3698.

Fri. Key West Handprint Fashion Show, Hukilau, Key West. 12:30 PM.

Sat. Family Films and Crafts, Key West Library, 10:00 AM. 294-8488.

SHARK Continued from page 51

I was startled, embarrassed by my nakedness. It seemed years since I had seen a man. He had often transported my predecessor, he said, back and forth to Key West, and if ever I needed a lift, please to call him.

I would race then against the rising moon, legs bleeding from chunks of seaborne coral ...

But most of the time, I was alone. I had my fantasies in this timeless place. Sometimes I would be "The Grande Dame of the Sea," having for years lived a solitary life on the island over which I presided with great wisdom. I conferred my favors on worthy sea captains and wandered among the intricate webbings of a thousand yarns.

At other times I was "The Godmother," a grande dame in her own fantastic way. Late afternoons, I would dress: loose white, straw hat. Lean and tan, I would carry my drink to "The Cafe."

"The Cafe" was a small copse of palm trees, an oasis, where flowering plants grew and where I had placed a rough-planked, sea-bleached spool: "The Cafe Table." There I would sit, cool arm thrown back, brim dragged low for mystery, smoking the last of the slim, island-brown cigarettes, and I would watch the tides -- my tides -- switch, out beyond the pier. The pier was of necessity a long one, stretching far enough out into the uncertain waters to accommodate moderate-hulled craft. Pelicans, perched on every piling, would fall away like dominoes as you approached them.

On occasion I would be accompanied by an imaginary escort, a grinning young mannequin in 1950's dinner clothes, head cocked at an effeminate angle, hair the color of cheap brown housepaint.

Together we would work on lists. "Provision for Sanity" was one such collaboration:

Snorkeling mask

Binoculars

Simple musical instrument

Pens, refills

More paper than you can use

A tedious manual project

A book that doesn't end

One that does

Sharp knife

Fishing line

Teach-Yourself-a-Foreign-Language, or invent a new one

Rolling tobacco

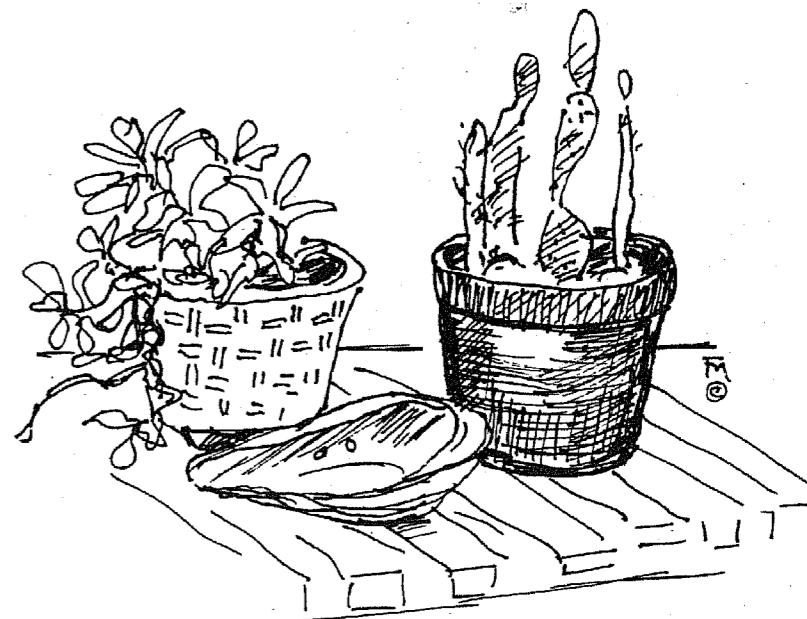
Solares Hill--October 1988--Page 53

DE FOOR

In November

SHERIFF

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tables chairs china closets endtables lamps silver jewelry

water skis candlestick holders

bedroom sets glasses tools shelves

linens baskets china closets

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STEAKS & SEAFOOD

A & B Lobster House 700 Front
 Angler's Seafood House 3618 N. Roosevelt
 Black Key West Fish Market 2502 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
 Black Angus 3824 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
 The Beach
 Capt. Bob's Shrimp Dock 2200 N. Roosevelt
 Crab Shack 908 Caroline
 Danny's Fish Market 627 Duval
 Emma's Seafare The Reach
 Half Shell Raw Bar Foot of Margaret
 Heron Lights Garfield Bight Marina
 Islander Restaurant Front St. Shores
 Logan's Lobster House 1420 Simonton
 Mangrove Mama's MM20, Sugarloaf Key
 Martha's S. Roosevelt Blvd. (A1A)
 O'Brien's the Wharf 2401 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
 Pier 1 Restaurant 3808 N. Roosevelt
 Pier's Raw Bar (Pier House) 1001 S. Duval
 Portside Key West 431 Front
 Rusty Anchor 5th Ave. Stock Island
 Turtle Kraals Foot of Margaret
 Two Friends Patio Restaurant 512 Front St.

CONTINENTAL

Billie's 407 Front
 The Buttery 1208 Simonton
 Callahan's The Reach
 Cafe at Louis's 700 Waddell
 Dekie's Fogarty House 227 Duval
 Dickie's 320 Grinnell
 Foley Square 218 Duval
 Islander Restaurant Front & Simonton
 Portside Key West 431 Front
 The Quay 512 Duval
 Queen's Table (Santa Maria) 1401 Simonton

CUBAN

B's Restaurant 1500 Bertha
 Cuban Coffee Queen Cafe 512 Greene
 Dennis Pharmacy 1229 Simonton
 El Cacique 125 Duval
 El Miramar 914 Kennedy
 El Siboney 500 Front
 Jose's Cubanita 800 White
 La Cubanita 601 Duval
 La Lechonera 3100 Flagler
 El Meson De Pepe 1215 Duval

FRENCH

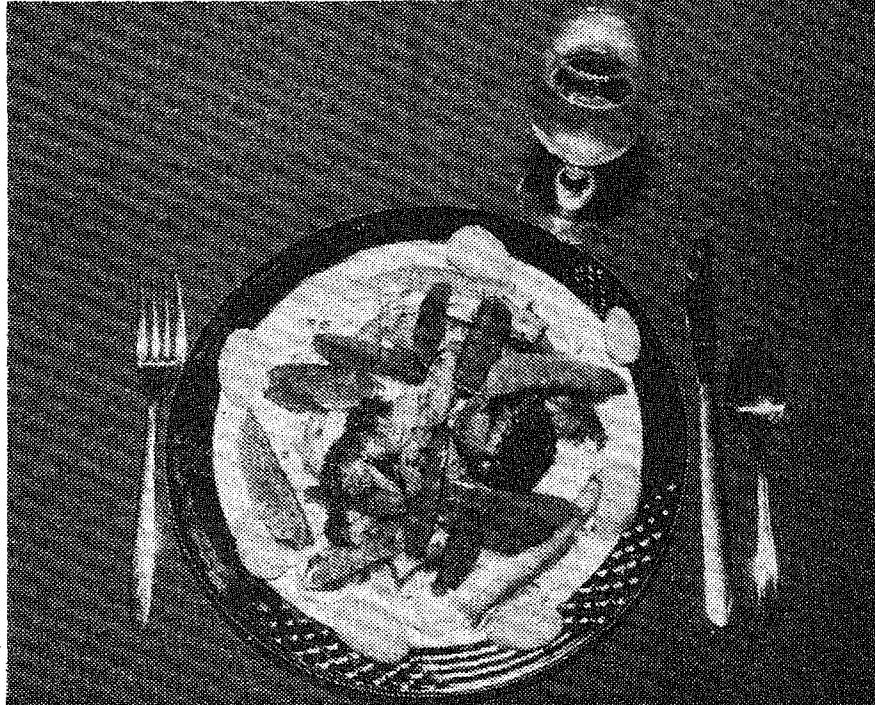
Cafe des Artistes 1007 Simonton
 La Creperie 124 Duval
 Gloria's Garden Cafe 618 Duval
 Henry's (Casa Marina) Reynolds St.
 Olive Garden 1001 S. Duval
 La Terraza de Marti 1125 Duval
 Las Palmas 1029 Southard
 Loule's Backyard 700 Waddell
 Pier House Restaurant 1 Duval
 Portside Key West 431 Front
ITALIAN
 Antonio's 615 Duval
 Aunt Rose's 1900 Flagler
 Balamontes 1223 White
 Florin's 523 Eaton
 La Trattoria 524 Duval
 Little Italy Cafe 917 Duval
 Little Nicola's 611 Duval
 Portside Key West 431 Front
 Top O' Spray 3420 N. Roosevelt
 Twigs 722 Duval

HOME COOKING

Camille's 703 1/2 Duval
 Dell Restaurant Simonton & Truman
 Diner 1008 N. Roosevelt Roosevelt
 Duval St. Deli 211 Duval
 The Eatery Buffet Restaurant 1405 Duval
 Full Moon 1202 Simonton
 Granny's Kitchen 3214 Duck
 Pepe's Cafe 806 Caroline
 Wag's Restaurant 3850 N. Roosevelt
 Yesterday's 420 Southard

MEXICAN

Chico's Mexican Food 1908 Flagler
 El Loro Verde also U.S. 1, Stock Island
 Gringo's 509 1/2 Duval
 Taco Loco 4 Charles St.
 Pancho & Lefty's Southwestern Cafe 632 Olivia



Marco Polo: Chicken Stir Fry with Oriental Vegetables in Light
 Ginger Sauce on Fettuccini noodles. Prepared by Portside's
 owner, Chef W.C. Longacre. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

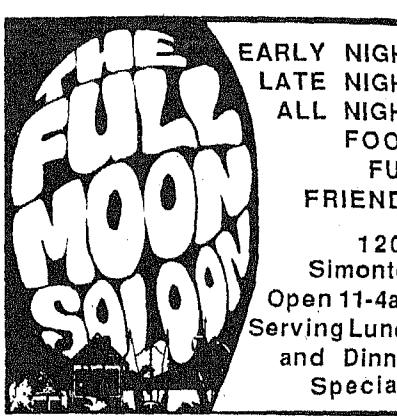


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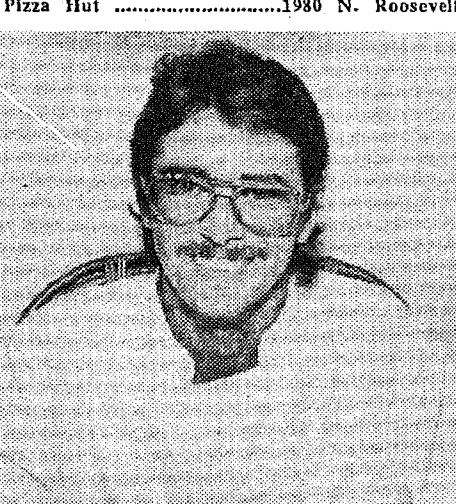


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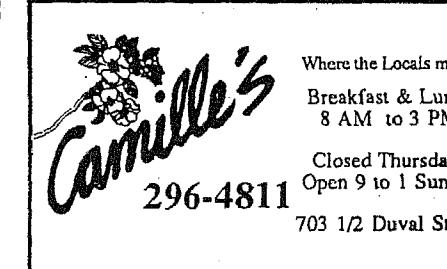
SANDWICH/DELI
 Cafe Exile Duval at Angela
 Cayo Ileus 105 Whitehead
 Key West Picture Show Cafe 400 Front St.
 La Bodega 829 Simonton
 Margaritaville Cafe 501 Duval
 Margaritaville 1001 S. Duval
 Mickey's Deli 812 Caroline St.
 Owl Food Store 712 Caroline St.
 Owl Food Store 906-A Kennedy Drive
 Paradise Cafe Simonton & Fleming
 Pier House Market 500 Front St.

LATE NIGHT
 Angelina's Pizza ('till 4 AM) 202 Duval
 Cafe Exile ('till 4 AM) Duval at Angela
 The Conch Kitchen Alyce's Alley
 Full Moon ('till 3 AM) 1202 Simonton
 Louie's Backyard ('till 1 AM) 700 Waddell

ORIENTAL
 Amy's Filipino Cuisine Key Lime Square
 Benihana S. Roosevelt Blvd. (A1A)
 China Garden West 3324 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
 Dim Sum 613 Duval St. (rear)
 Portside Key West 431 Front



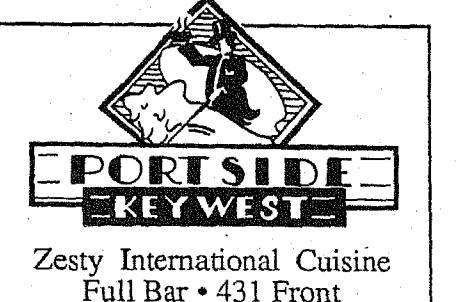
Chef Danny McHugh displays
 Rack of Lamb with Min
 Hollandaise Sauce, a specialty
 at the Buttery.
 Photo by Richard Watherwax.



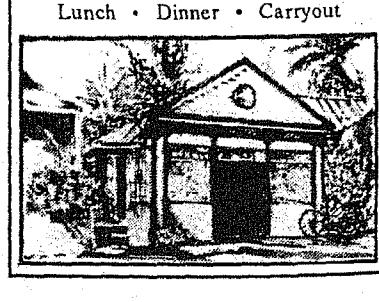
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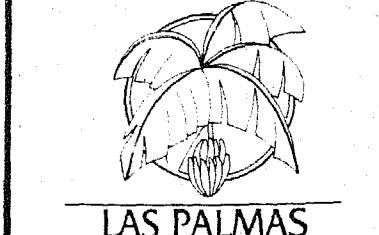
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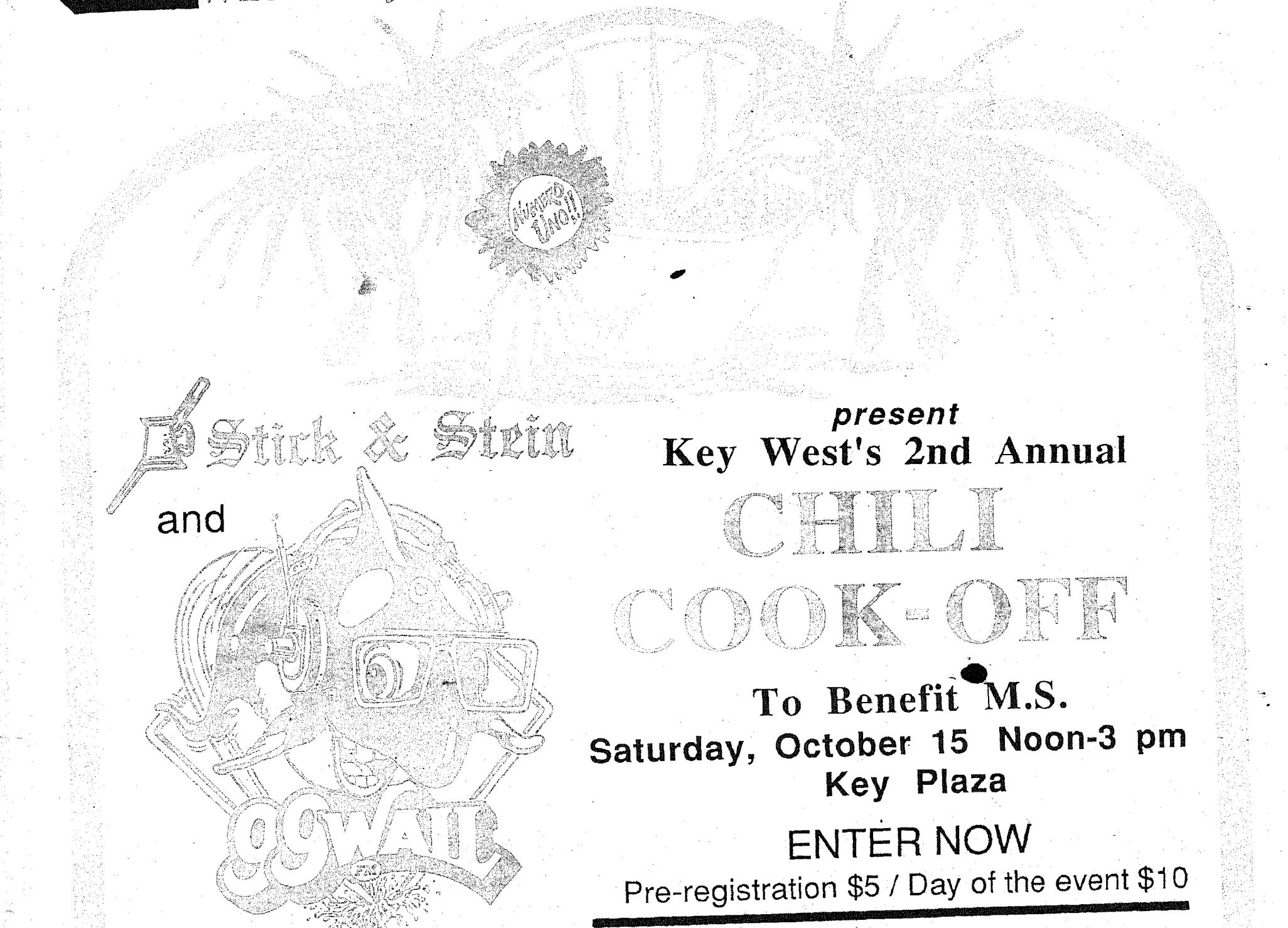
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