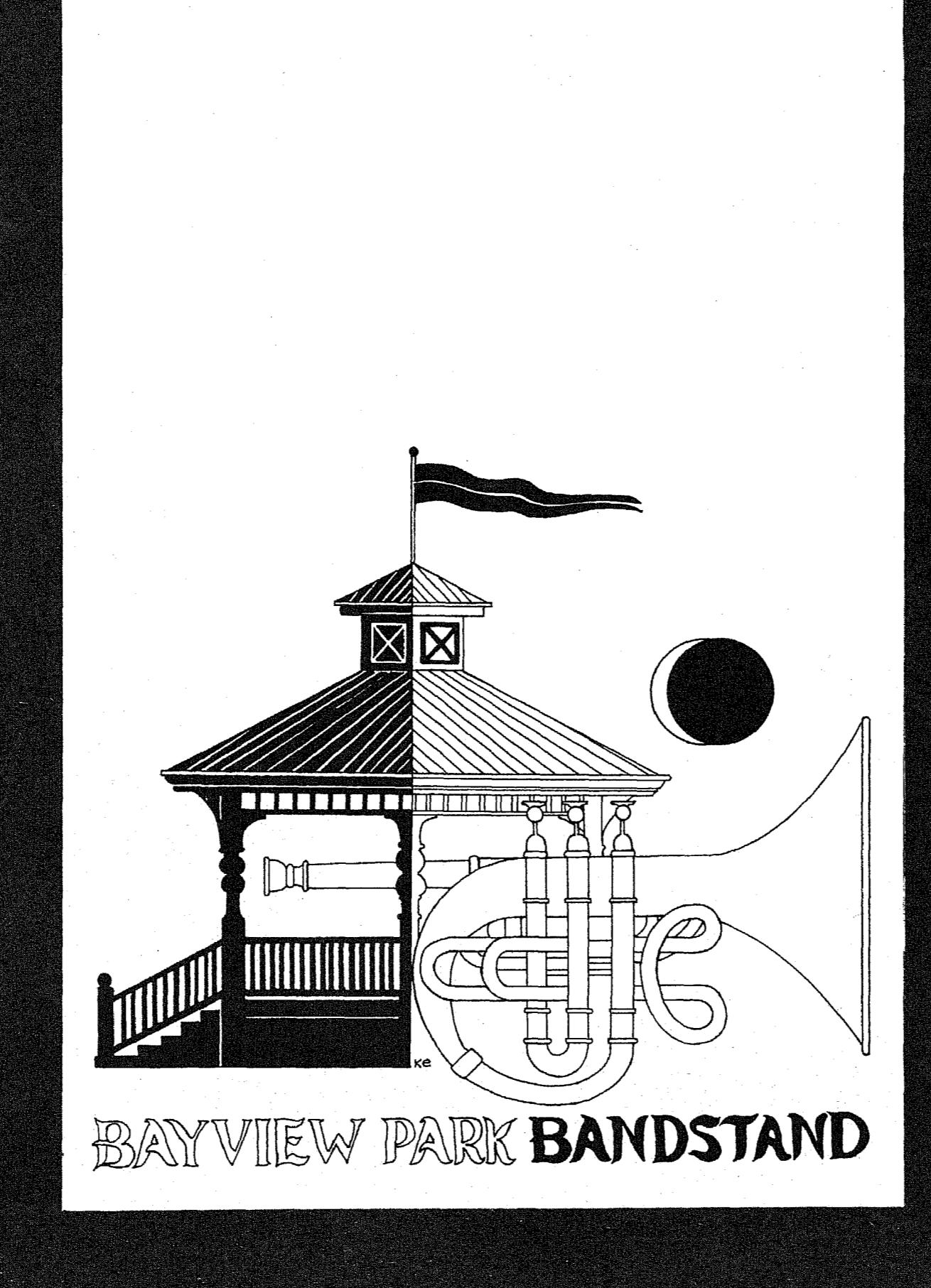


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solares hill

VOL. 17, NO. 5 • KEY WEST, FLORIDA • MAY, 1989



BAYVIEW PARK BANDSTAND

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EDITORIAL

Thirteen years ago *Solares Hill* was founded on a vision, a democratic vision of good life for all. The vision evolved, in part, in response to values that at the time were under-represented or not represented at all. Today these values are goals. We believe they serve the best interests of our entire community. Our goals are:

- to restore and maintain a healthy environment;
- to support and preserve local culture, literature, and fine arts;
- to ensure integrity in local government;
- to provide a forum for opinions that relate to these goals.

Solares Hill recognizes the importance of the tourism industry in the Florida Keys. We believe tourism is a large faction of our local culture. And we qualify the type of tourist that we favor and encourage.

Basically, it is the person who has come to the Keys and Key West to enjoy what is indigenous, what makes us unique--the reef, local art, animal and plant life, history, architecture, cuisines, festivals. It is the person who is interested in who and what we are and is here to take the time--and money--to nurture an appreciation of our existence. And it is the person who, in essence, helps to preserve it.

Solares Hill is not always the most popular kid on the block. But then again, that's not one of our goals, either. Our interests are defined by the long-term, overall, present and future effects of choices made, directions taken today. We aim to

base our analyses on history and scientific knowledge.

Personal gains aside and in the search for balance--the crucial ingredient in all life--we are constantly weighing all the aspects, constantly evaluating the big picture.

In June we will publish a special issue of *Solares Hill* which will focus on conservation. It will be informative, timely and, we hope, enlightening.

Until next month

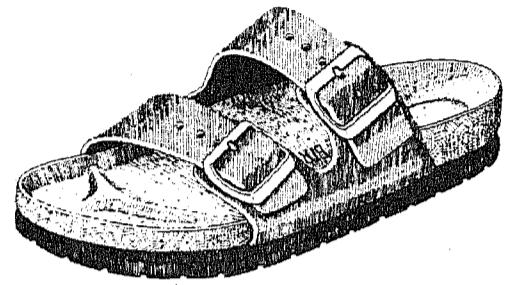
Ann Boese



Our cover art was drawn by Key West artist Kathleen Elgin. It is the logo for the Bayview Park Bandstand Project. (See Page 18 for story.) Elgin is best known for the creative posters she designs for the Red Barn Theatre.

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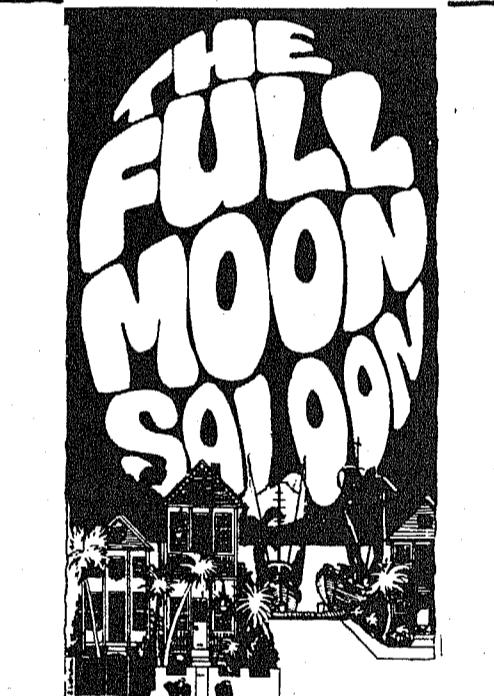
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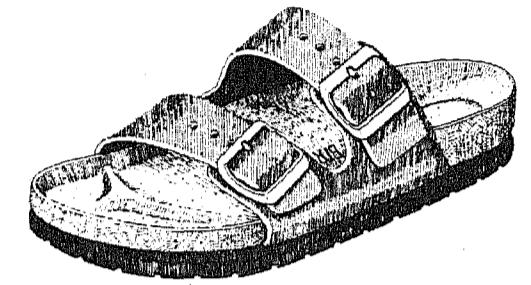
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...footprints
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Meet Connie Grabois

Recycling coordinator plans to shrink mountains into molehills

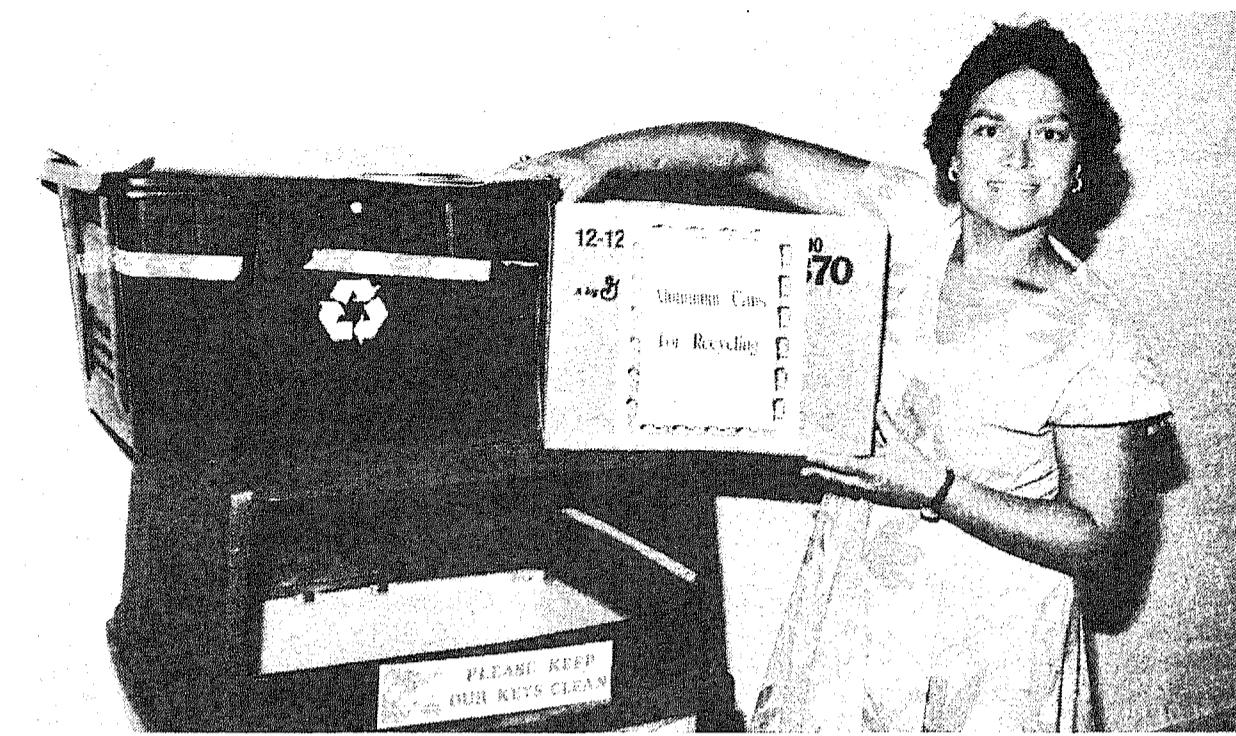
by Amy Fischer

"I hope to meet with literally thousands of people during the next year to spread the word about what people can do in their own homes to help not bury themselves in garbage," says Connie Grabois, the new Monroe County Recycling Coordinator.

Meeting Grabois, you believe she will do just that. This energetic working mother who is a self-described optimist has big plans for Monroe County's trash, namely that within five years we will meet the minimum statewide requirement of a 30-percent reduction in the solid waste stream.

Grabois has a master's degree in natural resources from Humboldt State College in California. She worked as a grant writer and program coordinator for five rural Florida counties before moving to Key West. She also worked as solid waste liaison in the planning department for Monroe County before accepting her current position. But the most exciting qualification Grabois brings to her new duties is her enthusiasm and deep-seated belief that recycling is the way of the future.

Since Grabois began work on March 27, her first priority has been to write and



Recycling: It's as easy as one, two, three. Monroe County's new recycling coordinator, Connie Grabois, shows receptacles for cans, paper and other trash, respectively.

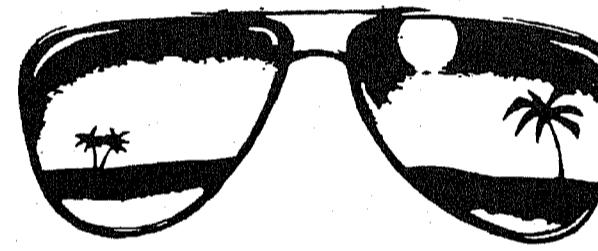
Richard Waitherman

The last week of April, an advertisement requesting proposals was prepared. The response to the ad will determine if the county will hire a private contractor to manage our curbside

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collection program, or if the county will buy the equipment and find markets for recycled goods.

According to Grabois, "If we can get someone to come in and collect curbside, preprocess the material and take it to the market and sell it, that would relieve the county of a tremendous burden."

When proposals are received they will be reviewed by the Monroe County Municipal Service District staff and the Solid Waste Task Force. If a contractor is found, county commissioners will vote to approve the contract.

Though the exact neighborhoods or routes of the program's Phase 1 and the materials to be collected cannot be determined until a contractor has been approved or the county has decided to collect curbside recyclables, it appears that a total of 5000 single-family homes in Key Colony Beach, Sombrero Beach, an Old Town subdivision of Key West, and a New Town subdivision of Key West, will be targeted. Even if this residential arm of Phase 1 is not operational by July 1, other recycling programs will be.

County government offices and the city of Key West will begin collecting computer paper and (white) office paper as soon as a market for these materials has been established. Schools will also set up collection igloos. Some teachers have already begun recycling education in their classrooms.

"We really are under a lot of pressure to get recycling going because we have a state deadline to meet: we must reduce the waste

stream 30 percent by 1992," says Grabois. "We've got to really get cracking on it. There's no chance of sitting back."

One aspect of hiring a private contractor is that they will be responsible for developing and maintaining markets, which will fluctuate greatly in the next few years due to Florida's new law.

Monroe County has no room to stockpile collected recyclables, so we have to be assured that markets do exist. Should the county choose to retain total control of the recycling program, a preprocessing site will be located next to the Monroe County Pollution Control Office in Marathon. The site is ideal in that it is zoned commercially, has excellent entrance and exit routes, is paved and has drainage.

But if a private contractor is hired, Monroe County may not need the preprocessing site. Though bids have been let for equipment and trucks, once again, decisions on purchases will hinge on whether or not a private contractor is hired. Currently there are seven private haulers in Monroe County, but only the largest, Florida Disposal, has shown interest in managing our recycling program.

With so many details of the recycling program unsettled, Grabois concentrated on one of her strong points, public relations, during her

interview with *Solares Hill*.

"Getting people excited about doing something is my main game. It's a lot of fun to get different factions all around the same table, hammer out their differences, and come out with a positive plan," she says.

Grabois favors a neighborhood participation plan using block captains and peer pressure, if necessary. Block captains will be citizens or members of civic groups who demonstrate an interest in making recycling work. Grabois feels that with education and awareness, Monroe County citizens will begin to make choices that will impact positively the solid waste crisis.

"As consumers there are things we can do that will help eliminate some of the things we just throw away today. It's time for us to change our ways again and not be a disposable society," Grabois continues. "We can choose the kind of packaging we buy things in. Where I shop for groceries partly depends on how much packaging they use. I choose a place where there's little or no packaging."

Another area of recycling requiring citizen participation is composting of yard waste. The Monroe County Recycling Program, in cooperation with the county extension service, will develop community and individual training programs on composting. *Master composters* who have completed the community training course, will help manage the compost heaps. In addition, all the landfill sites will have chippers to mulch yard waste for commercial use.

Grabois emphasizes the voluntary nature of the county's recycling program, stating that most communities begin with voluntary programs, and that most people would prefer to be asked rather than told what to do. This doesn't mean that Grabois is soft on participation. She believes the attitude regarding recycling in the Keys is positive, and she is ready to expand Phase I of the recycling program to resorts, bar/restaurants, and condos or multi-family housing.

Grabois indicates that Monroe County is far more advanced in recycling and solid waste management than many other counties in the state. But distance from markets will make our recycling program one of the most expensive in the state.

"Recycling, especially when you're starting up a program, is not a make-money proposition. At the very best it would be break-even."

In the future, Grabois sees all of Monroe County recycling voluntarily. She sees government agencies recycling mandatorily, as well as new resorts and commercial developments, especially if mandatory recycling is incorporated in their planning processes. She sees the schools with strong recycling education programs, and separation of recyclables at the schools. The county has just received grant funding for two used oil collection centers and four hazardous waste collection centers, and Grabois sees educating citizens about these wastes as an important part of the future program.

And this former high school science teacher is all set to meet the public on all levels -- to meet with citizen and professional groups, to organize classroom materials for schools, to conduct in-service training for teachers and to brief government employees on recycling programs.

"I really like working with the public on

PHASE 1 PROGRAM PLANS

Voluntary Recycling

- Residential -- 5000 single-family homes; anticipated that at least two condo/ multi-family developments be included; anticipated that neighborhoods have dropoff centers; community compost sites

- Commercial -- dumpsters with separated bins; two resorts and two bar/restaurants requested to separate recyclables; lending institutions, hospitals, etc. asked to collect and recycle white paper and computer paper

Mandatory Recycling

- City of Key West and Monroe County offices, and Monroe County schools will recycle computer paper, white paper, aluminum and cardboard;
- Navy facilities will recycle under their own directive

Yard Waste Program

- Solid waste management plan for new construction developed -- chipping yard

waste, developing a market for reuse of construction debris;

- Compost training program for private citizens in cooperation with county extension service;
- Landfill sites -- chippers used to create mulch, contract to individual organization to handle mulch;
- Abandoned vehicles -- county-wide program to remove, crush and haul vehicles licensed out to contractor

Education:

- Comprehensive public education and awareness;
- Schools kindergarten through third grade targeted;
- Civic groups, homeowners, professional groups;
- Governmental agencies;
- Public relations/communications, TV, radio, newspaper, etc.;
- Commitment from purchasers of recycled goods;
- Composting training programs

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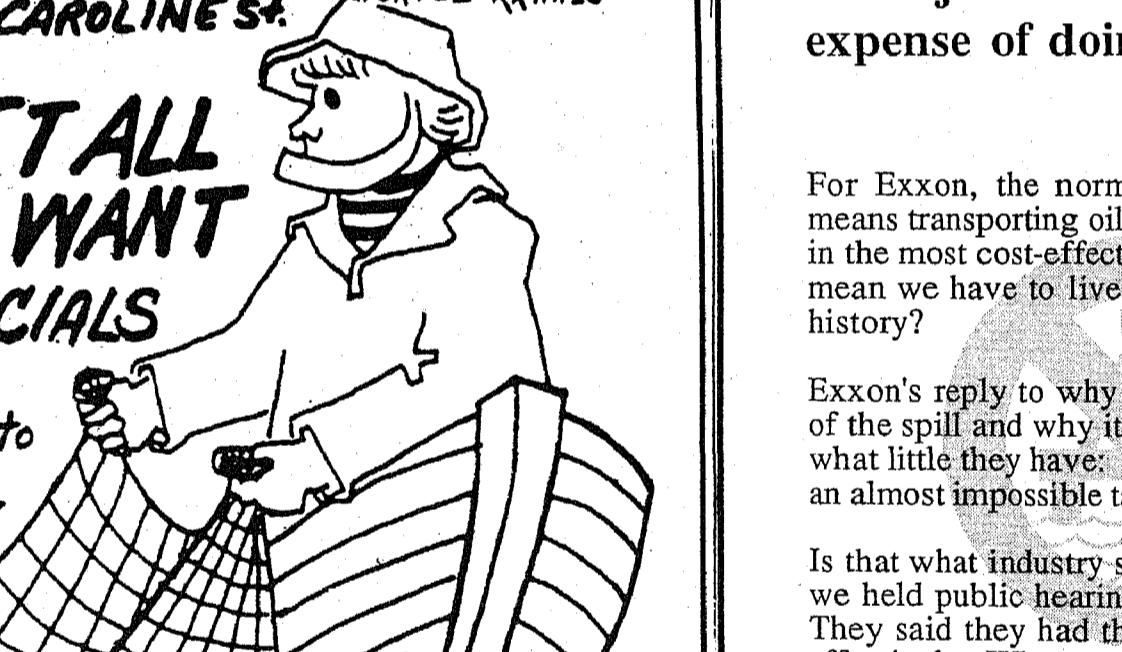
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Exxon's reply to why they have not cleaned up more of the spill and why it's taken them so long to recover what little they have: "This is a very difficult task and an almost impossible task."

Is that what industry spokesmen told Floridians when we held public hearings about Lease Sale 116? No. They said they had the technology to clean up spills effectively. What would our reefs look like on Day 18 of a 10 million gallon oil spill? What would the mangroves look like? The beaches? Let the Alaskan spill be a lesson to us:

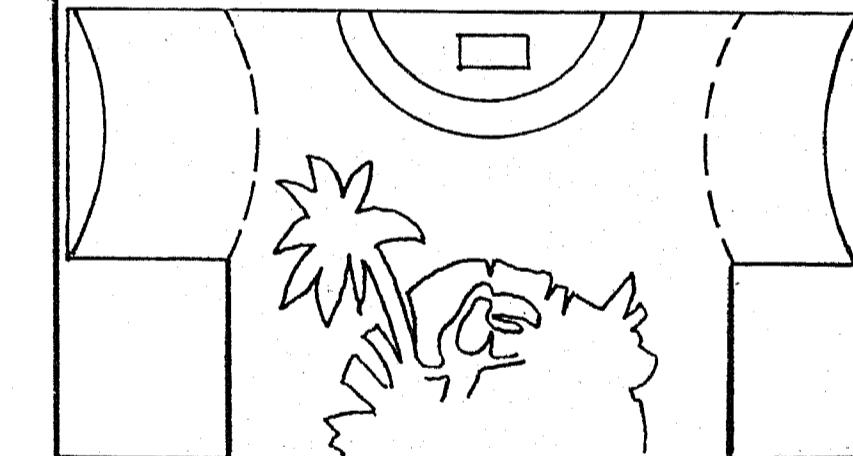
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Comment on the State of the Island

by George Halloran

A friend was complaining bitterly the other day about the Valdez oil-spill disaster. The Alaska coast along Prince William Sound has been devastated because of a private company's mistakes, he said. And now to top it off we innocent bystanders are going to have to pay for the cleanup at the gas pump. He was outraged.

I told him I was just as unhappy as he was over the deaths of thousands of sea animals and the stinking mess Exxon had created. But I reminded him of two things:

First, the notion of "innocence" is tarnished by the dependence each of us has on oil and its by-products. You drove a gas-propelled car to the store yesterday, right? You put your garbage into plastic bags and used plenty of oil-fired electricity today, right?

So unless you are spending most of your free time working to find alternative energy sources and pushing for recycling of garbage you are part of the problem, like it or not.

Second, each individual must accept a degree of personal responsibility for everything humans do on this earth.

Individuals are capable of causing more catastrophic grief than they could ever clear

up in a lifetime. From a drunken sea captain to a presidential assassin or a world leader with nuclear strike controls at his disposal, the consequences of individual activities can be enormous.

... each individual must accept a degree of personal responsibility for everything humans do on this earth.

And just as the parents of a child who knocks over a vase in a china shop are expected to take care of the damage, the human race must pay for the excess radiation from Chernobyl, the continuing losses of habitat and wildlife from acid rain, and holes in the ozone layer.

It's not only environmental mistakes we end up paying for. Look at the great savings-and-loan bailout our president has proposed. Literally billions of tax dollars will be spent to prop up banks that went bust because of human mistakes and greed.

We have an S&L right here in Key West -- First Federal Savings and Loan. Each and every Key Wester will be helping to bail this bank out of the red party because bank officers made mistakes and partly because bankers went bankrupt or walked out on loans.

We also end up paying for the mistakes of our city and county commissions. For example, the city recently approved the Village at Key West Resort, which includes a 294-space recreational vehicle lot, a 182-slip marina, a 150-seat restaurant and 60 condominium units. The project will be built next to the city dump.

Our comprehensive plan instructs city leaders to discourage such development near landfill property to avoid smoke and odor complaints and possible lawsuits in the future. If such lawsuits occur, taxpayers will pay, regardless of outcome.

The Village project is opposed by three federal environmental agencies because portions of its acreage will be dredge and fill. This process may pose serious danger to marine plants and animals living nearby. There is also concern that the project's "flushing canal" will damage the coral reef, one of the biggest tourist attractions in the Keys.

The cost to taxpayers will be enormous if even remedial action to save the reef

becomes necessary. Step 1 of this action -- our new sewer plant -- cost \$30 million.

But by a 3-to-2 vote (Lewis and Powell said no), our city commission approved the Village project. Mayor Heyman said he felt recreation vehicles would be a better alternative to plans Village developers had previously slotted for the site. These included a convention center, hotel and lots more condos. He neglected to mention that he had voted for that plan also.

At that same meeting, commissioners approved \$89,000 in new engineering costs for sewer work to enhance the Ocean Walk housing project located in the salt ponds near the end of the airport runway. Voters in a referendum chose not to buy that land, but are now obligated to spend over \$1 million in capital costs to enhance the site.

These up-front public costs for the private Ocean Walk project may double, according to various estimates, and the long-term costs of repairs, maintenance and operating expenses will continue forever.

The original costs to taxpayers would have been not more than \$2 million.

On both the above projects there were ways to avoid a vote that could be expensive for taxpayers.

The Ocean Walk project could have been finessed simply by zoning the area as incompatible for residential development. A letter last December from the Federal Aviation Administration to Airport Manager Art Skelly suggests just that:

Development of residential units in this area will result in numerous complaints and will adversely impact the airport. We suggest that Monroe County takes appropriate steps that may be available to prohibit this incompatible development.

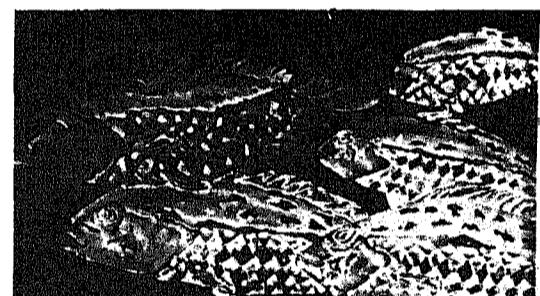
County Commissioner Gene Lytton says he knew of the letter, but did nothing because the county "doesn't control zoning of the land around the airport, the city does." He apparently failed to pass the letter on to the city commission, perhaps because the project had already been approved.

But both city and county taxpayers may end up opening their wallets on this one.

The FAA letter contends the county promised to "take appropriate action ... to restrict the use of land adjacent to or in the immediate vicinity of the airport" as a condition of receiving 85 percent federal reimbursement on airport improvement monies. These funds could be cut off, leaving locals with another huge burden if the "assurances" signed by the county are not carried out.

Voters chose not to buy that land, but are now obligated to spend over \$1 million in capital costs to enhance the site.

Mayor Heyman contends the FAA refused to make their objections to Ocean Walk known until after building permits were granted. But county assurances and FAA regulations discouraging "incompatible development" are easily available to public officials and their planners.

Carved Glass by Quirolo

 Commercial Yachts Furniture Homes
 Craig Quirolo (305) 294-1891 studio: On the Waterfront
 Foot of Grinnell Street Key West

Solares Hill--May 1989--Page 7

City Planner Art Mosely says he has been working to capacity since his assistant planner left months ago, and has had little input on the current FAA airport study though federal regulations call for the study to be done "in consultation with local planning agencies."

Meanwhile, Heyman wants to reduce city employment even further through attrition, making it even more unlikely that the commission will receive research before they are in the position to make decisions.

The vote on the Village at Key West RV park should have been tabled until the Army Corps of Engineers passes its judgement on the dredge-and-fill portions. The city has little call for reviewing such permits, and consequently no guidelines or expertise in the matter. The corps, however, is specifically charged with such reviews and has been urged by local environmental groups to hold a public hearing on the issue.

The Environmental Protection Agency, U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and National Marine Fisheries Service are already opposed to the project and have written letters to the corps saying so. One would think the city would be cautious in the face of such opposition, especially since Key West is currently in negotiation with EPA over possible fines and grant approvals for the city sewer plant.

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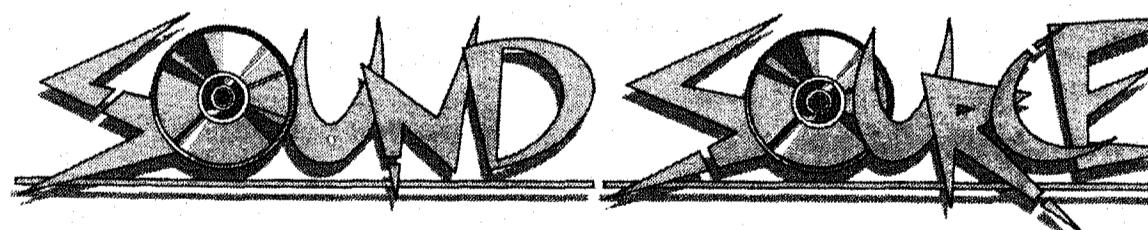
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Commissioners did attach a note saying their approval of the upland portion of the development wasn't intended to support the dredge-and-fill portions. Perhaps this was done to ward off ill effects.

At any rate, these decisions have been made, with relatively little input from the public, and some time in the future we will be asked for more taxes to pay for the consequences. Why? Because it was our city and county elected officials who made the choices. And because every action they take must be paid for one way or another by the residents of the Keys.

Commissioners have various excuses for these seemingly inexplicable votes. One favorite is that "our backs were to the wall" because of some developer's threat of a lawsuit. Another popular justification is the venerable "loopholes" in city laws. A third is the cry that "we had to because of state law."

Meanwhile, the city is suffering from the resignation of City Attorney Steve Stitt and is limping along with his assistant, Leslie Dougall, in charge of the legal department. Ancient laws remain on the books with no one actively working to update them. And sincere cooperation by our lawmakers and staff with state agencies is still sporadic at best: Art Moseley often spends precious minutes at public meetings wrangling over legal interpretations with representatives from the Department of Community Affairs.

Meanwhile, taxes rise, the cost of servicing new developments grows, and the financial pressure on average-income

residents continues to squeeze a few more families out the door each month.

Yes, the Valdez oil spill is a disaster. And yes, we will all have to pay for it. But we have disasters of smaller magnitude that

we also will be asked to pay for going on right here in the Keys, day after day.

And until enough of us say "no" to this sorry parade of human greed and weakness, it will continue. 

Do you oppose dredge and fill?

The following federal agencies have objected to the Village at Key West Resort. Letters urging these agencies to appeal if an intent to permit -- as it applies to dredge-and-fill portions of the project -- is issued by the Army Corps of Engineers may be effective in encouraging a public hearing, instituting changes in the project, and preventing dredge-and-fill activity.

Letters might discuss the importance of the wetlands and mangrove vegetation, the seagrasses and shallow water habitat, the possible dangers to our coral reef from runoff, sewage and gas and oil pollution from the marina, etc.

If you need additional information please call George Halloran at 296-6108.

National Marine Fisheries Service
3500 Dellwood Road
Panama City, FL 32407
Attn: Mark Thompson

Environmental Protection Agency
Region 4
345 Courtland St., N.E.
Atlanta, GA 30365

U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service
P.O. Box 2676
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Attn: Joe Carroll, Field Supervisor

You could also contact the Corps with your views.

Their address is:

District Engineer
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Grand Juries

What Are They? And Are They So Grand?

by Bud Jacobson

Last month the grand jury issued a final report of its inquiry into the Monroe County Tourist Development Council. Though the jury determined that no illegal activities had taken place, it made recommendations based on testimonies. Solares Hill found these recommendations fair, sensitive and insightful. We urge county commissioners to take responsibility for the management and spending of the \$5.4 million generated from bed taxes over which they have ultimate control. We encourage them to consider carefully the recommendations and act accordingly to avoid further controversy.

On a lighter note, the proceedings raised questions from readers as to what, exactly, a grand jury is. The following is a description of this citizen assemblage. --Ed.

Under Florida law, the grand jury in every county is chosen twice a year: one jury serves six months, then the next is chosen. Like the juries picked for trial duty or petit juries, the grand jury is also chosen from a venire -- a panel of prospective jurors from which a jury is chosen. Monroe County's present grand jury was selected mid-April in the courthouse.

The names of prospective jurors are

chosen randomly from computerized lists of registered voters. The mid-April court call was for 60 names in the grand jury venire, and 60 names in the *petit* jury venire.

Eighteen members are selected for service on the grand jury. They are questioned briefly by the court. A member may request to be excused for any number of reasons. The court approves or disapproves; in some cases the court will excuse a juror for reasons of its own. But once sworn in, a grand juror is expected to be available for service at any reasonable time during the six months.

The grand jury is the civilian arm of the county's highest law enforcement agency and as such is involved in criminal investigations. The investigations can involve specific crimes -- murder, arson, dope smuggling, etc. -- or it can be concerned with so-called white-collar crime -- fraud, embezzlement, illegal dipping into the public till, mismanagement of public funds, etc. Those are felony counts. The grand jury can also indict on misdemeanor counts such as malfeasance, misfeasance and nonfeasance in office, of an official.

Members of the grand jury are called into meetings by the state attorney's office. There must be 15 members to make a quorum. It takes 12 "yes" votes to certify an indictment. Their legal counsel is the

state attorney himself, or a designated member of his office. Jurors are sworn to secrecy in all their deliberations.

The use of the grand jury as part of the overall system of criminal justice has been condemned as often as it's been praised.

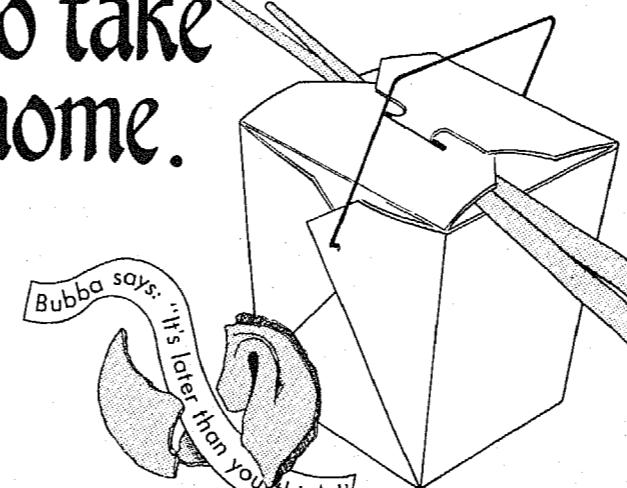
The damning comes from lawyers who are defending accused criminals. They charge that the grand jury hears and sees only one side of the case -- the one presented by the state, or government prosecutors who are trying their best to get an indictment. Occasionally, the accused may appear before the grand jury, usually with his lawyer. Then things get sticky and very legal.

The praise, of course, comes from the prosecutors who are able to construct a case against the accused, using evidence they bring to the grand jury. The system helps lay the groundwork for the eventual trial.

It is not always assured that the prosecution will get an indictment. In many cases in which public officials are under investigation, there won't be any indictment unless there is strong evidence of criminal wrongdoing. The most the grand jury can do is to issue a critical report of the official being investigated.

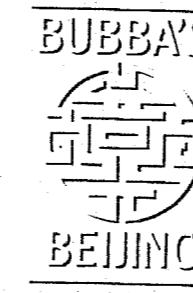
The key to the effectiveness of a grand jury is the quality, independence and diligence of the state attorney. 

Marco Polo thought
it was good enough
to take home.



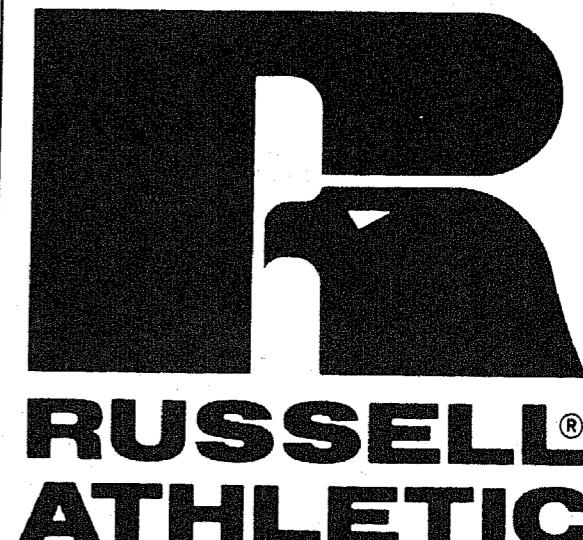
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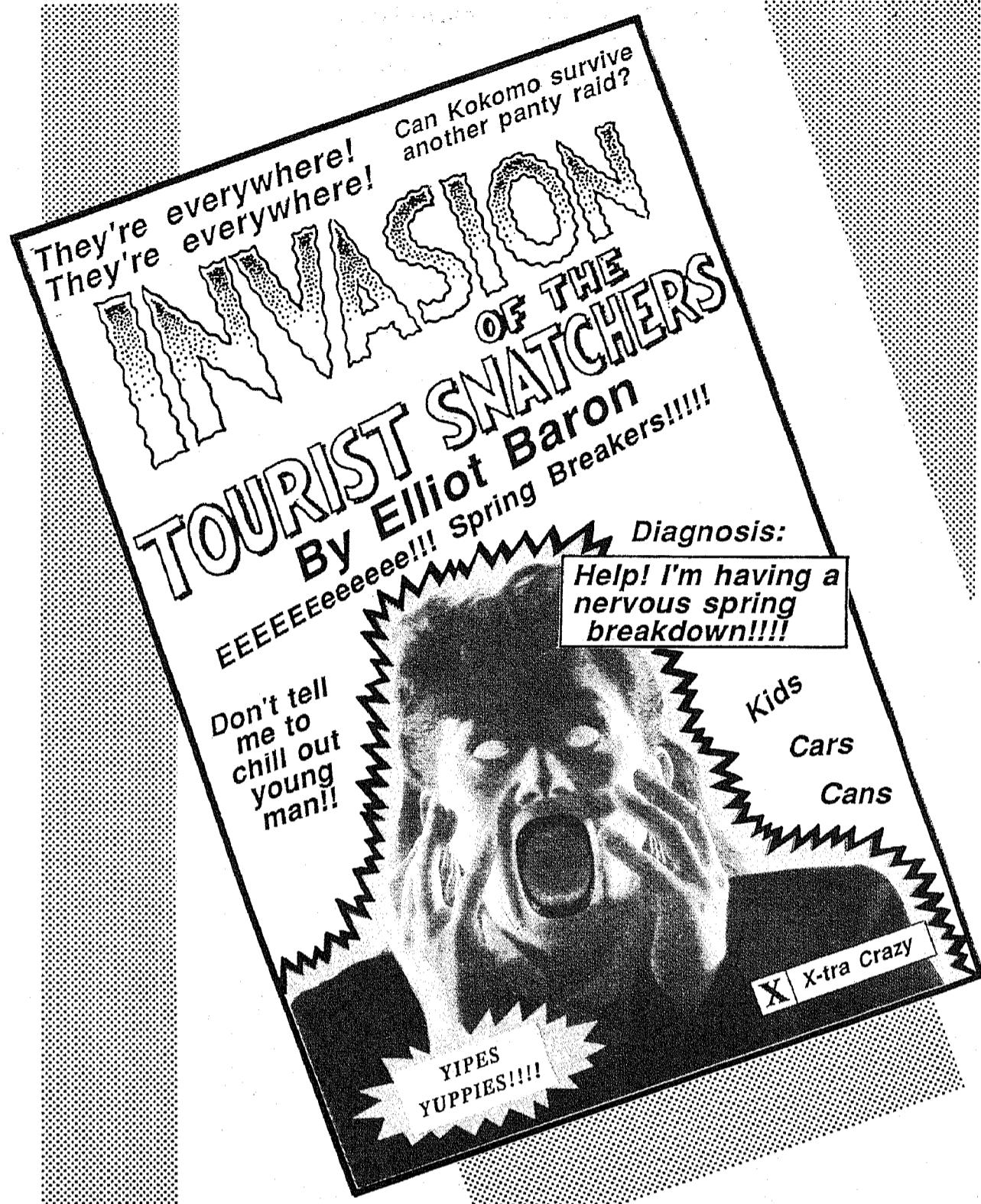
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Spring breakers: Are they the promise of a rosy economic future, or an alien threat to be eradicated before they cause the downfall of tourism in Key West? Are they just fun-loving, good-natured kids eager to spend a week and lots of cash, or are they rude, self-centered little monsters here to booze and cruise without regard for resident, environment or fellow visitor?

Most locals feel one way or the other about breakers -- there's no in-between. Therefore, it's not surprising that though no one expected the magnitude of this year's spring invasion, there's little consensus as to whether or not the young and the restless should be encouraged to return.

With the better part of a year left to address that question before the next influx, an *ad hoc* committee is being formed to study how Key West should cope with the touring young. That was one of the items to come out of last month's Key West Hotel & Motel Association luncheon meeting, cleverly titled, "Is Beach Blanket Bingo Playing Russian Roulette with Key West's Future?" The featured speaker was Ina Lee, vice chairman of tourism for the Greater Fort Lauderdale Chamber of Commerce and publisher of *Travel Host Magazine*.

According to Lee, Fort Lauderdale is making a comeback as an upscale tourist destination after having abdicated its title of "Spring Break Capitol of the World." She explained that after 1985, when nearly 400,000 students crammed the beach, residents packed city hall and demanded that something be done. Four students had died in falls from balconies. The beach had become a public toilet and a symbol of drunken excess. The resultant bad publicity had stamped the city as unattractive to other tourists at other times.

Lee explained that the following year the city took extreme measures to control the crowds. A *traffic separator* was put up to keep students out of the street. That freed up police, who previously had time for little more than traffic control, to enforce local ordinances. The result: 2,500 arrests were made.

Lee claims that national media jumped on

the story with headlines like, "Fort Lauderdale erects 'a wall' against students" and "Come on vacation, leave on probation."

"What Fort Lauderdale did was kill spring break without first replacing the market," said Lee, explaining public reaction to the stories. Spring break had become a \$120-million industry and the businesses that were hurt by the resulting exodus were those that had catered exclusively to that specific market.

Lee stated that, today, after a couple of difficult years business travel is up, families are back and the beach is attracting a good segment of the European market. In fact, she said that Fort Lauderdale has just enjoyed their best year ever in total tourist business. The spring break count was down to an estimated 20,000.

"good, credible cross-section of the community" and that it will focus on the long-term, year-round effects of targeting spring break. "There's no place for politics on the task force," he continued. "It's not a political issue, it's an economic one."

DeFeo is convinced that strict law enforcement must be maintained in order to protect Key West residents. "You thought we needed police? We're going to need 10 times the number of police next year as this year," he warned.

Others in town believe that spring break is business that should definitely be encouraged. Among them is Mark Rossi, owner of Rick's Bar. Rossi said, "These are the kids that are going to be the architects, the doctors, the lawyers, the dentists" that will be able to afford to return and support the city's pricier

establishments.

Rossi agreed with DeFeo that the issue is economic. "It's an economic issue for the little guy," he stated, mentioning charter boats, small motels, grocery stores and taxi operators as among those benefiting. He went on to describe a *trickle-up* economic scenario in which higher-priced establishments shared in the wealth because locals are able to treat themselves to some of life's more expensive pleasures.

Rossi believes the task force should suggest methods of managing spring break, not destroying it. He admits that there should be planned activities, and a campaign of environmental awareness encouraging students not to trash the island. He dismissed the alleged lawlessness as being without foundation, claiming agents from the State Division of Alcohol, Tobacco and

MTV coverage could result in exponential blossoming of spring breakers in future years...

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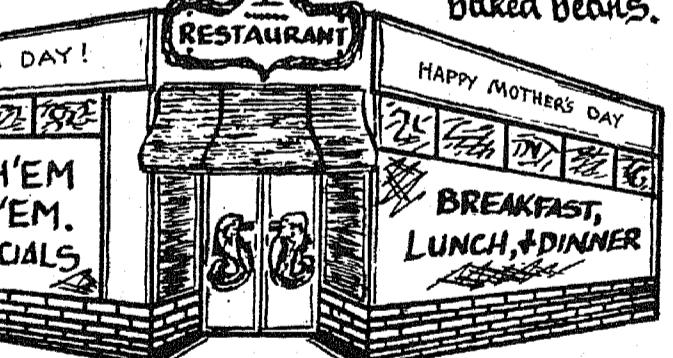
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Firearms carded 60 to 80 people nightly in his establishment and didn't issue one citation. Interestingly, he said, it was the more upscale establishments that were receiving the citations.

If the lawless issue were exaggerated, it was only somewhat. Key West Police Chief Tom Webster acknowledges that his department felt the increased burden even with the additional support provided by the Monroe County Sheriff's Department. Hundreds of fake ID's were confiscated and a number of students found themselves in the county jail.

Police Chief Tom Webster acknowledges that his department felt the increased burden...

The problem seemed far greater this year than in those past. While it had been widely reported in local print and on radio that MTV had promoted Key West as the second hottest spring break destination, behind Daytona Beach, Greg Drebin, a media relations spokesman for MTV, denied that the rock video cable broadcaster made any such endorsement. Furthermore, they were delighted with Daytona Beach as their location for "Spring Break Central," and had no intention of shifting their coverage to the Keys.

Rossi calls the MTV connection a hoax: "MTV never came to Key West, they never did a story on Key West, they didn't have a thing to do with Key West." Actually, the cable station did have a subdued corporate conference at the Reach several months ago. But it wasn't given video coverage.

Drebin's comments on the success of MTV's broadcasts from Daytona Beach, however, did point out the importance of planned recreation. Dance contests and watersports were among the activities the video giant promoted. Drebin explained: "We wanted to take the emphasis off drinking and show that there was more going on than just getting drunk and sitting in the sun."

Even so, there was plenty of drinking. Hal Lipper was one of two feature writers who covered Daytona's Spring Break for the *St. Petersburg Times*. He told *Solares Hill* that, particularly with the males, "the Number One activity is to get drunk and to lose their virginity -- if they haven't already -- not that it probably happens."

Lipper commented that while there was some property damage, "the main point was that the students weren't causing damage to each other." Lipper said he believed that the biggest danger posed by the drinking and prevailing party atmosphere is that breakers take chances they normally wouldn't. He recounted witnessing a young man nearly falling out of an open, moving convertible because so many people were packed into it. What saved his head from hitting the pavement were his legs, which were literally pinned into the passenger compartment, making a fall impossible.

Lipper also said that while there was a noticeable law enforcement presence in Daytona, police there used a much more laid-back approach than he had witnessed several years ago in Fort Lauderdale when he covered spring break there. Basically, he said, they kept traffic moving and broke up skirmishes before they became fights. Hotels, however, took extensive security measures, with guards checking keys at the door, again at the elevators, and also in the halls.

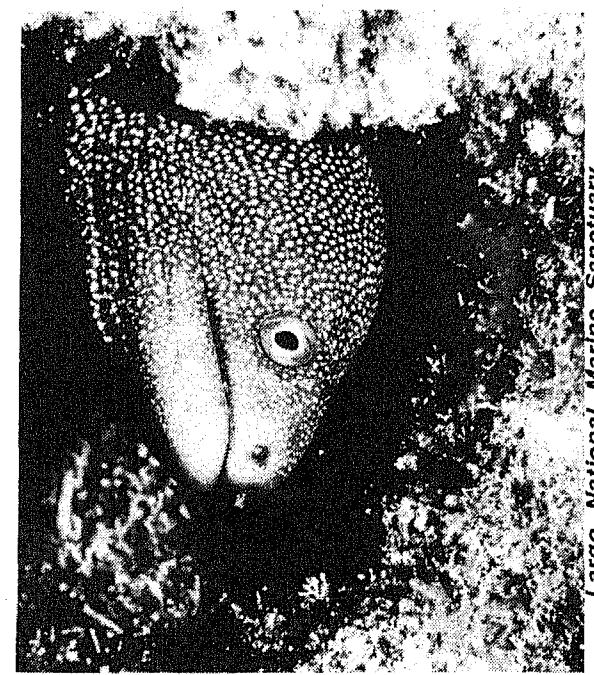
Certainly one of the greatest challenges facing the spring break task force will be to locate the additional police protection that was critical in both Fort Lauderdale and Daytona Beach's approaches to spring break. In Monroe County the sheriff's

department aided in downtown patrols this year. But Sheriff Allison DeFoer made it clear that next year, the city would be on its own.

On that issue, the city would be wise to learn whatever secret words Fort Lauderdale used in soliciting inter-agency support. Lee told the hotel/motel group that other local municipal police departments as well as the Broward County Sheriff's Department had provided the additional manpower.

Later, *Solares Hill* asked Lee if it hadn't been expensive for the city to contract all that extra labor. Her response was that there had been no expense, the help was provided voluntarily.

§



Offering thousands of dollars in prizes, the Fourth Annual National Marine Sanctuaries' Underwater Photo Contest, May 29 to September 4, will give divers a chance to show their stuff. For entry forms contact Nikons Tours and Seminars, 1-800-272-9122. Dr. Steven Kipnis of New York, won last year's competition.

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A Morning with Richard Wilbur

by Arthur Phillips

Richard Purdy Wilbur is a tall, handsome and amiable man of 68 who has just won his second Pulitzer Prize for poetry. Last year he was the Poet Laureate of the United States.

Today he is sitting in his den off Windsor Lane, an airy and private hideaway for a poet with serious work to do. He and his wife, Charlee, are preparing to embark for their summer place in the Berkshires. The fact that, despite the imminence of his departure, he grants the following interview, reveals the essential considerateness of this man.

Q: Mr. Wilbur, how did you come to be a regular resident of Key West? What lured you here and keeps you here?

A: In the middle '60s a friend, Sam Green of Wesleyan University, said to me, "You're always taking trips in January or February to the islands. You make reservations in some hotel on some island two miles from Venezuela and you spend all your money and can't stay long. Why don't you try our American tropics? Key West."

He told me what hotel to stay in and I decided to give it a try. It was about the time of the movie *Bonnie and Clyde*, I think. I fell in love with the town immediately.

There's no mystery about why I stay. The temperature, for one. Right now a great many of our friends have come down here and bought houses and apartments, and that would be another reason.

Q: Today you are probably America's most famous living poet. What is there about your work, besides its obvious excellence, that has made this happen?

A: Maybe it's because there's been a swing in popular taste away from free verse and in the direction of meter and rhyme.

Someone wrote me the other day, "How could I have been so blind to the gaiety of form?" Apparently a lot of people are feeling that way. Of course, forms mean nothing in themselves and to

write free verse doesn't make you a good-hearted liberal. I don't have anything against any other way of writing really, but I think poetry readers of American and many poets of America



A young Richard Wilbur sits among the ferns.

have, at the moment, "come back" to meter and rhyme.

Q: Your poems are remarkably impersonal. Unlike modern poets such as Sylvia Plath, Robert Lowell and Allen Ginsberg, whose personal lives and traumas figure largely in their work, your poetry seems to be primarily about the objective world and not about

Richard Wilbur. Is that a fair assessment?

A: Wallace Stevens one time said, "All poetry is autobiographical and cannot be otherwise." I think that's true, yet you would have a hard time reconstructing Stevens' private life from his poetry. I've never been much moved to make myself the central dramatic figure in my poems. It's not because my life has been so uninteresting as all that but because I have a violent love affair with the world.

Q: Would it be fair to liken your approach to poetry as Apollonian as opposed to Dionysian; that is, controlled and traditional rather than emotional and experimental?

A: Of course, every poet wants to be

everything. But if I had to vote for one I suppose it would be Apollonian, though one doesn't want to give any exciting or favorable term away to one's opposition. For example, everyone who writes free verse in American thinks he is experimental. But there's nothing experimental about writing free verse. It's been around since the Bible. Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself," remember, was published in 1855.

Q: Critics comment on your wit. How would you define this term and what part does it play in the effect of your poems?

A: I suppose *wit* means having your wits about you. In poetry it consists of word play, considerable consciousness of the multiple play of words. Paradox. Ironic use of language. As in the 17th century it can mean the exciting use of metaphor and simile. It was probably my admiration for the 17th-century metaphysicals that got me started.

I know that I am trickier than some. I always reject the notion that trickiness implies frivolity or lack of seriousness. One thing that Shakespeare taught us is that in the midst of the greatest tragedy, of the greatest seriousness, the presence of comedy and wit is not jarring at all. To the contrary it gives a kind of proof that a full consciousness has written this work, that the writer is fully aware of the world and its complexities.

Q: In the quest for the gist or thrust of your work, I always turn to your poem "O":

...for wanting this repeal
I shall go whirling a thin Euclidian reel
No hawk or hickory to true my run.

In other words, you opt for the concrete as opposed to the abstract. Do you agree with this interpretation?

A: Of course I wrote the poem 40-odd years ago, and I don't write like that now. But I know what I was talking about. Concrete as opposed to abstract, I suppose. Wallace Stevens said, "The greatest poverty is not to live in this physical world." I would go along with that.

I.A. Richards talks about poetry as the completest form of utterance. I feel this

is true. It seems to me that what you try more than anything to do in poetry is to speak with all yourself and all your awareness. It seems to me, the important thing to aim at in poetry is to express all of our awareness, all of ourselves. That's why one doesn't want abstract poetry.

Q: Unlike other lyric poets you are going strong in your later years. How do you account for this energy?

A: I have no idea. In fact I'm afraid to look into it. A lot of lyric poets -- which I guess is my category -- run out of gas in their 30s and don't have any more poems in them. For some reason -- my very slow rate of writing may be part of it -- I've been able to keep on knocking out poems from time to time. Enough so that they have added up to a fat book.

Maybe another reason for my continuing production is that I've written lots of different kinds of poetry. I've translated four Moliere plays and two of Racine's and I've written children's poetry.

Even within the poems I've published there's variety of tone. If I had been more specialized I might have run dry by now. Dumb luck, of course, may be part of it.

Q: What is the role of the poet in contemporary society? Is he "the unacknowledged legislator of the world?" If not, exactly what is his function?

A: Well, I don't think he is the unacknowledged legislator. I've never cared for that idea of Shelley's. But there is a crucial function that all poetry has. It casts the crucial character of our culture, the words of our culture. The model of experience of the poet is to see whether or not words have continuing value and vitality and truth; to keep testing our big words to see if they are still alive. The first time I ever expressed this idea, the word I thought of was

"soul." How readily can you get away with the word "soul" nowadays?

I'm not sure you can take all the important poets of the past and say they were doing that job. But in some sense I think most poetry has always worked that way.

Q: What is your opinion of the state of the poetic art in America today? How about in the future?

A: Again, there is a revived taste for form, the pleasures and uses of traditional themes. I've probably been talking too much about meter and rhyme. I don't foresee any change in the public's view or the poet's view of the scope and use of poetry; that is, if I thought we were going to have an age of long narrative poems I'd say so. But I don't see anything like that on the horizon.

Whether or not poetry is in good shape and has a public, is a difficult question to answer because you get different answers depending on what the evidence shall be. It's true that books of poetry sell better now than when I was first starting to write and publish. More books are published per year and the editions are larger. But the best evidence of the health of poetry in our society is the size of audiences at poetry readings, and the frequency of them.

A fellow in Washington said to me the other day that he attended three or four readings for every book he bought, and I imagine that may be true for many Americans. There are people all over the country giving readings to unaccountably large crowds.

I suppose there are more competent poets today than there were in the past. This would have to do now with the prevalence of verse writing classes in universities, even graduate schools. Also true of short stories.

There are some good poets around and then there are some competent poets

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around. One thing that made for the glory of the Elizabethan Period was that every other guy could write a poem.

Q: What advice do you have for young poets?

A: About all I can suggest is that they get excited about 50 or 100 poets in all kinds of places rather than to submit to one crushing influence.

O by Richard Wilbur

*The idle dayseye, the laborious wheel,
The osprey's tours, the pointblank matin sun
Sanctified first the circle; thence for fun
Doctors deduced a shape, which some called real
(So all games spoil), a shape of spare appeal,
Cryptic and clean, and endlessly spinning unspun,
Now I go backward, filling one by one
Circles with hickory spokes and rich soft shields
Of petalled dayseyes, with herehastening steel
Volleys of daylight, writhing white looks of sun;
And I toss circles skyward to be undone
By actual wings, for wanting this repeal
I should go whirling a thin Euclidian reel,
No hawk or hickory to true my run.*

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Jimmy Weekley: Commissioner Conch

by Marsha Gordon

"There used to be a playground today. Nellie Hendricks was the park director. I saw her a little while ago and we talked about how she used to keep all the kids in line. We'd anticipate her being at the park every day at 3:30 when we got out of school. She had all the equipment we needed: checkerboards, kickballs, footballs, everything."

City Commissioner Jimmy Weekley sits behind his desk in the office he shares at city hall with the three other commissioners. Weekley, the only Conch on the commission, reminisces about growing up in Key West:

"That was the biggest disappointment to us as kids, when they put that library up there. My folks liked it, but the kids sure didn't. There was still a little park at the library, and we'd play until the librarian would come out and run us off. She'd say we were disturbing people who were using the library, and we'd say you're disturbing us; you took our playground away."

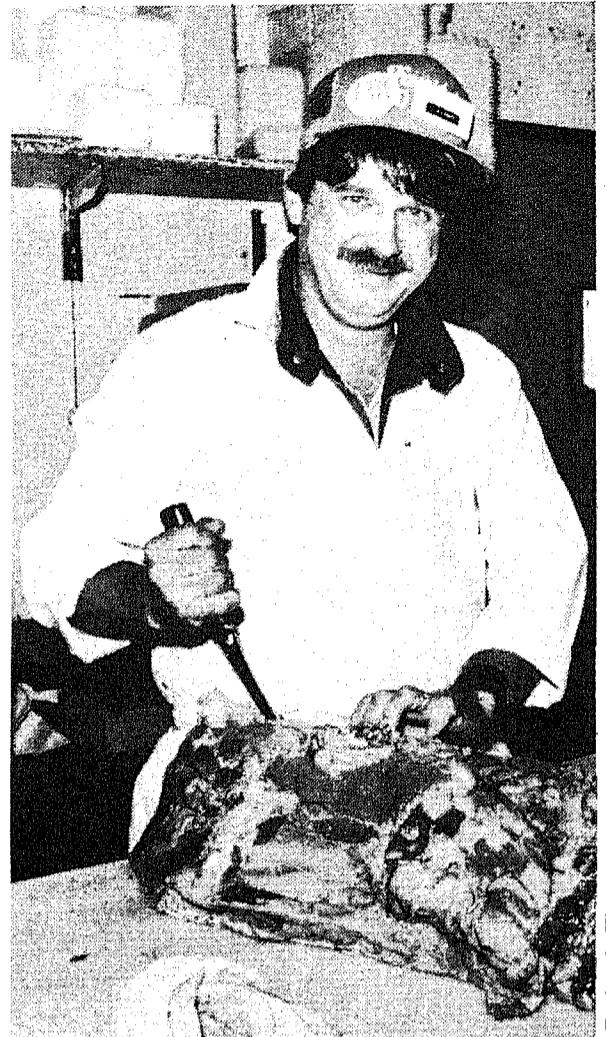
"There were a lot of kids in the neighborhood, plus my three brothers. We used to play corkball, a game I don't see kids play anymore. We'd take a cork and wrap it up with adhesive tape and we'd use a broomstick handle for a bat. You'd have two people on each team -- a pitcher and a catcher."

"There were basketball courts over at Harris School. We'd play football there on the blacktop -- got a little rough sometimes. We went to Mary Immaculate and we'd go there and play. There was freedom in those days to go wherever kids wanted to go."

According to Jimmy, his parents were pretty strict but there were few restrictions on what he could do. He'd go fishing down at old Mallory Square or hop on his bike and go to any of the beaches. Today, because of development, heavy traffic and the increase in crime, a lot of places Jimmy Weekley used to go have been lost to his son and the other youngsters in town. He remembers fishing off the Gulf Oil docks for snapper and getting lobster there. That's the Ocean Key House now.

"A couple of years ago, my son, Dakin, and I decided we were going fishing. Unless we went out on a boat there was nowhere on the island we could fish. The traditional fishing spots have been bought up and developed," he said sadly.

Jimmy Weekley grew up in Fausto's, one of Key West's traditions. When he and his brothers were about 10 years old, his dad started them bagging potatoes and onions for five dollars a week. Later they were bag boys and cashiers; they worked stock and produce. "I worked in every aspect of the store, but I never cut meat. I never wanted to do that," said Weekley.



One reason Commissioner Jimmy Weekley is so popular around town is his down-to-earth work ethic. Here he cuts meat at Fausto's, owned and operated by the Weekley family.

He married his high school sweetheart, a marriage that lasted two years and had two children, a son who is now attending Jimmy's alma mater and a 17-year-old daughter.

While at Florida Southern College in Lakeland, Jimmy majored in political science, with minors in history, economics and social studies. He became politically involved in the activities of Polk County, the only Florida county that supported George Wallace back in 1968. They couldn't find anyone in the county to run the McGovern presidential campaign so Weekley volunteered his services. "I had a lot of fun doing it although we didn't fare very well. It was an experience," he laughed.

Weekley traces his interest in politics back to his grandmother, Buelah Weekley. The last time his grandmother voted was Roosevelt's third term, but she liked John Kennedy; she read about him and watched him on TV whenever she could. Jimmy was an impressionable 13 then.

Weekley moved to Washington, D.C., where he worked at a couple of jobs. He handled security clearances for the FBI -- Lyndon Johnson was president and when he had a party, a list of names would be submitted for background checks. Weekley

was also a court clerk for the Washington D.C. Superior Court. He'd call the cases, swear in the witnesses, work along with the judges and keep their calendars. "I think my own political philosophy developed from helping a little bit on the Bobby Kennedy campaign in the Washington D.C. area."

Weekley had a 16-mile commute to work each day in the horror of Washington traffic. He left home each morning at 6:45 to be at his desk by nine. One day, he looked around at the carnival of cars and thought, I don't have to put up with this traffic, this is crazy. "When I got to the office I called my dad and said, 'Hey, do you have a job for me? I'd like to learn to cut meat!'"

Thanksgiving, 1975, found Jimmy Weekley back in Key West. He's been a city commissioner since 1985.

"I really wish I would have run for this office eight years ago, maybe I could have made a slight difference. Maybe I could have slowed things up a little bit. Now the Growth Management Ordinance is slowing things up but I think it's almost too late. I hate to admit that."

Weekley shook his head. "The growth of the city has forced a lot of people out of here and I see it continuing. The Conch people who have been here for generations are beginning now to voice their opinions and objections to what has been happening. They represent the philosophy that has made this island the reason a lot of people have come here."

"Bahama Village is the only area in this community that is the old Key West, and that will only be for another couple of years." He would like to legislate some means that will prevent residential units from being used for commercial ventures.

"I think accessory housing might be one of the saving graces if we can get people interested enough. This was done once before back in the late thirties, early forties during the war when there was an increase in the military for their families. A lot of people partitioned off extra rooms and were able to provide a living space. We're at that point again, I think, until we can find ways to build housing. Realistically, we have to look at Stock Island and Big Coppitt and the Lower Keys; we don't have the land in the city for moderate-priced housing."

"But how do you stop people from selling out for the big bucks?" he lamented. "I don't have problems with local home owners renovating their properties. I do have problems with the people with deep pockets who pay exorbitant prices for the property and move the family out. Once that family leaves, there is no returning. They cannot buy their way back in. I think there are a lot of people who now want to come back and they just can't do it. That is really sad because we are losing our

heritage."

What can be done?

"What we have left, we keep; we fight for it. We stand up to people and we just tell them no. One way is through zoning. We've lost approximately 250 residential units; they have been changed over to commercial use -- either transient housing or restaurants or T-shirt shops or what have you. We have to stop that. If people have property, they have the right to develop it, but I think we have the right to tell them how to develop it. And that's not taking their rights away from them. We must see that they're not over-developing and that's my concern."

When Weekley ran for the commission, he felt he was representing the people of Key West. "The people who love this place are really the underdogs. They're the ones who have been pushed around by the big money developers that have come in and practically taken their homes from them," he said.

Weekly is low key, not boisterous or verbal. He'll roll up his sleeves and do a lot of hard work to achieve what he's after. "There are times when I get frustrated or angry over something; my adrenaline flows quite heavily. I try to keep myself on a rational beam all the time without losing it. I don't want to say something to someone that I'm going to regret later. I don't look at anything that comes before the commission as anything personal.

"One week you make 50 percent of the



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people angry. The next week you make 50 percent happy and the other 50 percent angry. I'm forever looking for that compromise, that middle ground, where both sides can say they've won. I see that as the job of the commission."

What about Key West's future?

"The people who love this place are really the underdogs."

According to Weekley, we're at the top of a circle, coming back around. We've had seven or eight good years of economy. "I think we're going to see prices level off in the real estate market. We've reached a point where we cannot afford to have any more development. I think that if government changes -- if the majority of the commission opens the door for development again -- this island will be lost and we will be economically devastated."

"Down the line I see us remaining a tourist-based economy unless there is a way to find some non-pollutant industry or perhaps there'll be a strong military build-up again." He grinned a remorseful grin and said, "Of course, that would have to be out

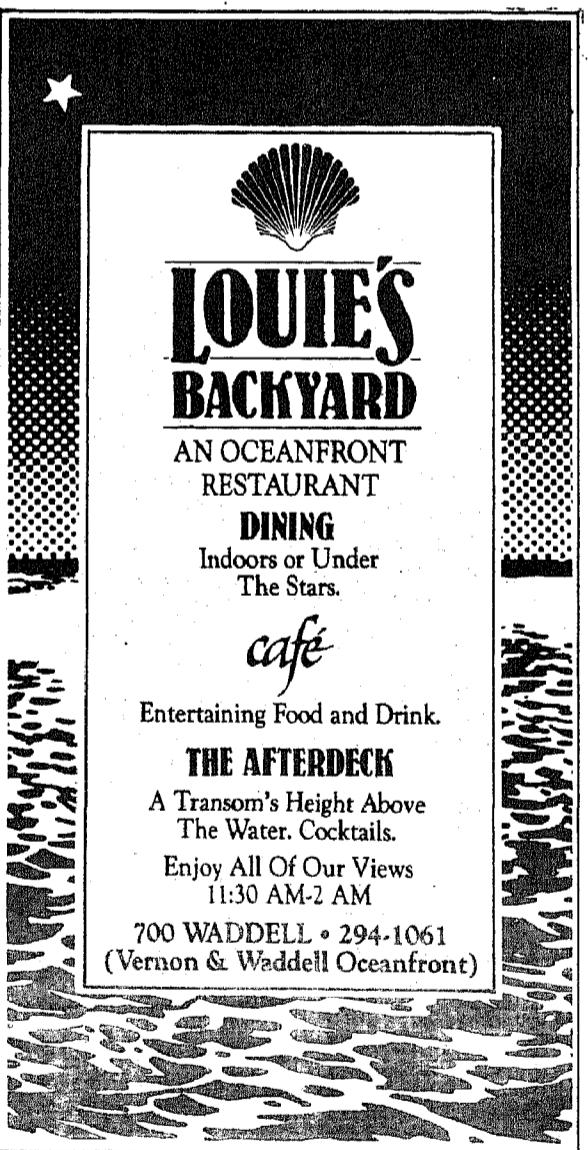
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at Boca Chica since we don't have the Truman Annex any longer."

Weekley continued, "I'd like to see the fishing industry revitalized, but then again we have to be careful. I think we took that for granted for so many years, we might have overfished ourselves. We need strong legislation from the state that gives us the opportunity to allow the fish to replenish themselves and eventually bring back the fishermen we had here."

He looks at his watch. Time is precious to city commissioners. Jimmy Weekley works between 40 and 45 hours a week at Fausto's. Commissioner Weekley works about 35 hours a week on city business. That doesn't leave much time for family. Would he run for the commission again?

"There's a lot that has to be discussed with the business and my family, including Dakin. He's old enough to be part of the decision making. And I would never have done this without Susan. She has been my biggest asset. I'm very fortunate that I married someone who is likeable, knowledgeable and willing to work by my side."

"There have been times when I've asked myself: Why am I putting myself through this? I could be back in 40-degree temperatures cutting meat and joking around with the other meat cutters. But I hope I have done some positive things for this community. When I ran I told the people I wanted to work for them and I feel that I have."



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Bayview Bandstand: This Is Space

by Anne Carlisle

At last, an oasis of space looms on Key West's ever-changing horizon. The nine-member Key West Cultural Affairs Commission chaired by Sally Lewis hopes to bring in the \$75,000 needed to build a new bandstand for Bayview Park. To that end, a Memorial Day fundraiser called "Strike Up The Band" is planned. The commission hopes to raise \$20,000 from the proceeds of a 40,000-ticket "50-50" drawing, with the other \$20,000 going to

the winner. Tickets are \$1 and may be purchased in advance from most civic organizations, including the Jaycees, or at the door.

The city has already received \$32,000 from state funds for the bandstand project, according to Representative Ron Saunders. All civic organizations, from Sons of Italy to the Jaycees, the Boy Scouts and local theaters will be entitled to use the 20- by 40-foot structure, a Victorian design created by local architect Jose Gonzalez. Though no completion date has been set, the

architectural drawings are in place.

The existing bandstand, which is dilapidated and has lost its audience space to development in the park, was built in 1923. It opened on New Year's Day in 1924 with a performance by the Key West Band and continued to host concerts until the Great Depression. Today it plays host to occasional birthday parties. But in a city where space is at a premium, there has been no place for bands or any other group to hold free concerts in the park.

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Spring '89

by June Keith

It is Easter Sunday. You are only 10 years old. We are driving through the Florida Keys. We do not observe the holiday, but a toll collector in pink bunny ears gives you three jellybeans inside a green, plastic egg. She looks so silly, in her smile and her hat. You appreciate the surprise. The ears. The candy and the egg.

The sky is very bright, I say, the water is so blue. I saw a shark, you answer, right near a sandbar, right from the car. You are so patient, reading mile markers, singing along to the radio. Your voice is a clear, perfect reed, winging high above The roar of the wheels spinning on the hot, gritty pavement.

Your eyes, your skin, your tiny, birdy, boy bones, All seem to shimmer and flutter expectantly, As if you are about to burst into some new form, Like the greening, growing buds of Springtime.

Sometimes in my dreams I see you waving back at me as you fly through an open window and into other worlds. Someday I will miss you, and the warm, pink-gold velvet of your cheeks. But not just yet, and not today, I think, As you, and I, and the tight coil of your possibilities, Travel happily together through this pretty Springtime.



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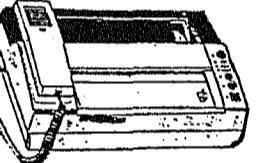
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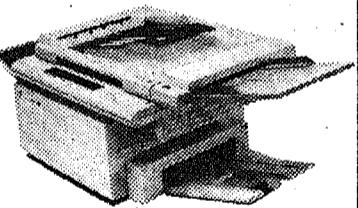


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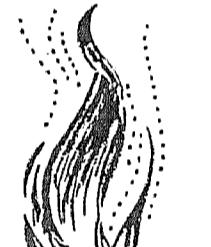
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The Perfect Day

by Ian Brockway

It was Saturday. One-thirty p.m. No homework. I had nothing planned for the afternoon so I set my mind to reading, listening to some bouncy synth rock.

I selected a book and wheeled my way down the hall. My wheelchair, now corroded and out-sized, has seen better days. I have grown six inches since last April, making both the wheelchair and myself the worse for wear. I count the days until its extinction and the wheelchair knows it.

On a day like this reading would be an exquisite pleasure, not to be missed. I peeked out a window. Blue sky was everywhere. It felt great to be alive. I was just about to venture outside when I heard my mother's voice behind me.

"Johnny, sweetie," she said. "I have a meeting at two. I shouldn't be more than an hour. I'll bring you back something good for lunch. Okay?"

My mother knows food is a fine companion for the lonely. I don't really care about the situation one way or the other. I've been left alone on various occasions. It doesn't bother me in the least, provided my basic needs are taken care of.

Today this happened to be the case: I didn't have to go to the bathroom and I had at least two hours of reading ahead. I was quite content to be alone.

At the screen door, I admired the beautiful, big, blue sky again. It was perfect. Birds were singing. Across the street several kids scurried about, playing ecstatically. Not a care in the world. Summer was here. Life was wonderful.

"What are you going to do?" my mother said, as she applied makeup to her face. She smeared her cheeks with red, then blended it in fast. She was late.

"I'm going to sit outside and read."

"I think you better wait. You can't reach the phone from out there." She brushed her strawberry hair, then said: "I'm expecting an important call. Do you want to go back to your room?"

"Oh, I'll stay out here and read a while," I said.

"Okay." Mother put on her sunglasses. They were intensely black. I couldn't see her eyes. "Goodbye, darling."

"Bye," I said. The door closed. I was left to my own devices. I occupied myself with Billy Idol's thrashing sounds, dancing by myself, in my own way, which only I understand.

Afterward, I began to read a good story about barnyard animals. Through sliding screen doors I could see kids zipping around gleefully in go-carts. The motors made a high humming noise, like a chainsaw. Other kids were running and jumping. "Mira! Mira!" someone yelled, I smiled at the harmony.

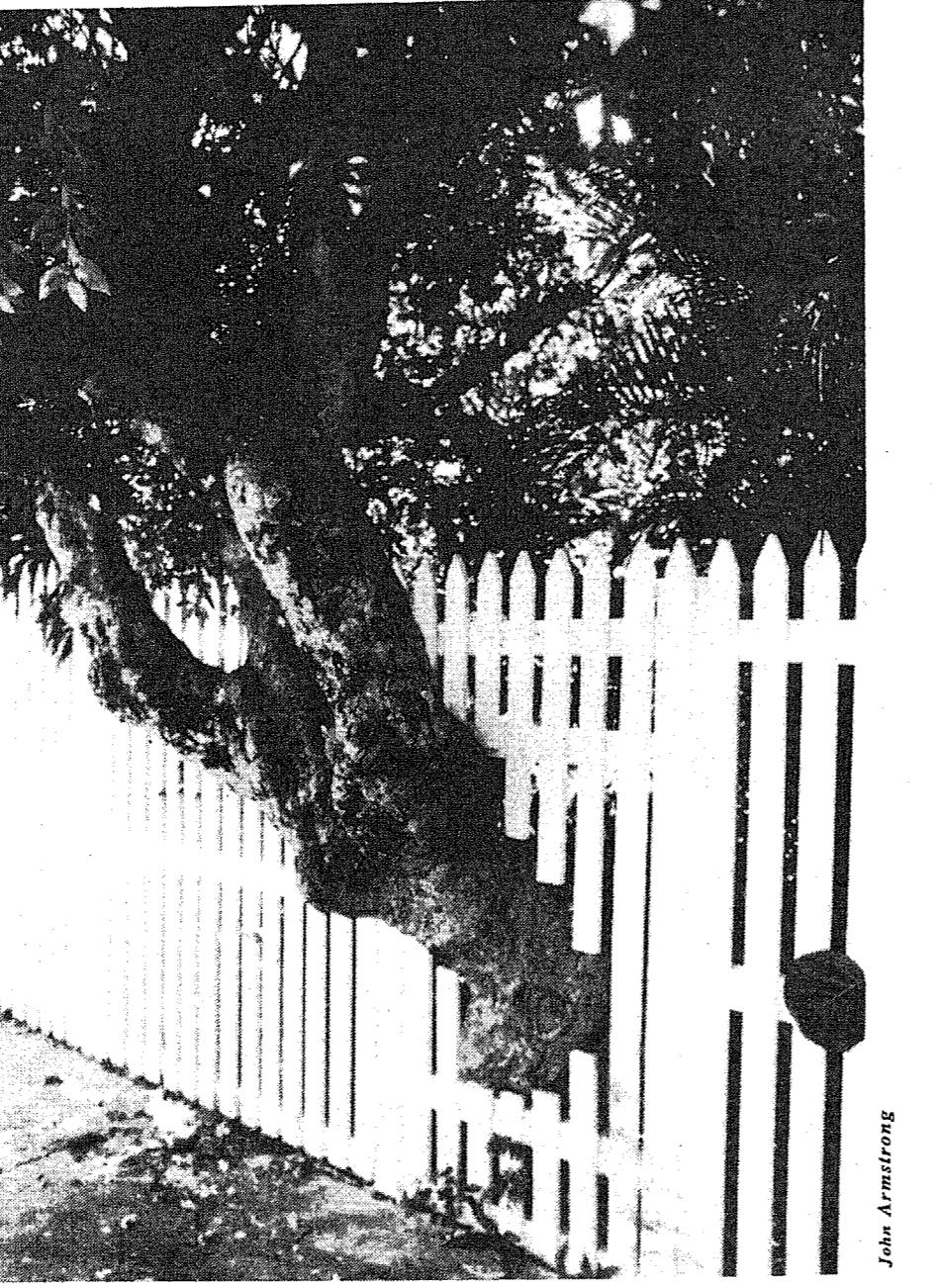
Preoccupied by the activity, I had become contorted in my chair. I began the laborious process of pushing myself back into place. But my feet could not reach the pedals. I was almost on the floor resting entirely on my back.

I cursed myself for having forgotten to put on my seatbelt. One wrong spasm or jerk and I could strike the hardwood floor, tumbling onto my head. I shivered, recalling the time my wheelchair struck a pothole. I remember the hard-packed dirt, the blunt impact of the concrete that sent a hot, burning pain through my forehead. The result was a concussion and an anxiety-ridden mother. The memory filled me with panic. Better to forget it.

I attempted to extend my rubbery legs. They shook with apprehension. I managed to sit, though barely. Then I adjusted my legs, but they scarcely moved an inch.

Outside, the deep blue sky blazed. For all its perfection, it seemed ominous; the joyous Cuban neighbors menacing. "Damn it!" I hated them. I felt isolated and scared. I didn't want to be alone.

Later, after another abortive attempt, I resigned myself to bad posture. I leaned over cautiously, clutched my book. Abruptly I felt a hollow dread thud in my chest.



John Armstrong

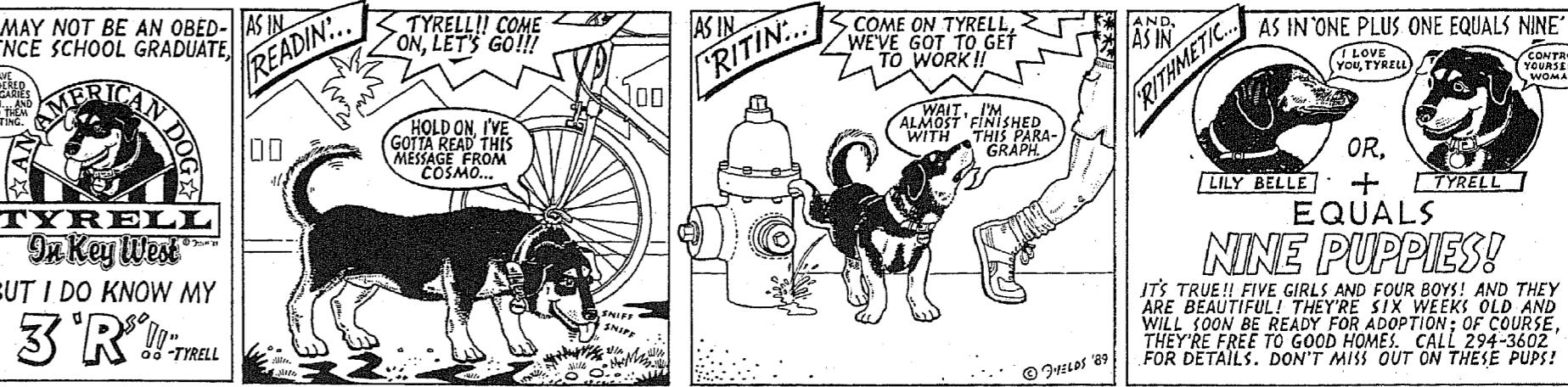
I could not get up. I was doomed.

My heart jumped and skipped. Sweat pumped from my forehead. If I could not get into a sitting position, I would eventually fall on the couch, or worse, my wheelchair would crash upon me, nailing me flat. My throat went dry. My chest constricted and tightened. I used my one good, strong arm to give me leverage -- my last hope. I moved up a few inches, but the pain was excruciating. In just a few minutes my spine had transformed into hard, inflexible plaster.

As I clawed at the handle, for one brief second I was flooded with relief. Still my arm was under terrific strain. It ached sharply and nagged at me. I was forced to let go. In a flash I was back to my pathetic condition. I squirmed and writhed. Nothing helped. I could hear the neighbor's kids yelling in the streets -- their happy outbursts intensified my unhappy predicament. I waited. The music played on.

An unmerciful pain shot through my bladder. I yelled out in short bursts: "Help! Help! Help! Help!" I was absurdly reminded of the Beatles' song I had recently heard. Then I had been in very comfortable circumstances, reading in bed under smooth, clean sheets, propped on a fluffy pillow. I yearned to be comfortable. No pressures. Zero pain. No curses. I wished to die, to slip into a peaceful nothingness.

I was fading out when the phone rang. My body tightened into a spasm. I sobbed. With every piercing tone, my brain sent up a hot signal of pain in answer. I was about to fade out again when I heard a noise. My head jerked. I realized it was only the answering machine.



I dreaded hearing my voice. It sounded so comfortable and relaxed. That voice wasn't mine. Would the person on the line sense my despair? I clenched my teeth and waited. It turned out to be somebody imploring my mother to cater. All I could do was lie there and listen to his message.

"Hi, Carol," said the lilting voice. "This is Victor. I was wondering if you would be so kind as to help out with a little get-together we're having next Sunday."

I let out a long sigh as the voice blabbed on. "You make such marvelous beef sa'tay. We would all appreciate it so much. You can call me at the Copa and we'll talk. Bye."

I took a deep breath. It hurt to let it out. I uttered a few broken sobs, cried, "Oh God!" No response. If He were up there, He

I dreaded hearing my voice. It sounded so comfortable and relaxed. The voice wasn't mine.

wasn't listening.

I managed to release my brake and drift away from the couch. My body was arched more than ever, practically lying on the armrest. Somehow I found the strength to swear. "This damn stupid chair!" I wailed. "I hate it!" Pain washed over me in hot waves, and I became flooded with tears. Time passed.

Shadows covered the deck. Someone was mowing the lawn next door. I screamed, then screamed again. The lawn mower kept grinding away. Someone else was splashing in a pool. Another guy was talking. The sounds floated in the air so clearly, yet no one heard my cries. They were preoccupied; my voice was weak.

"Sure is one helluva nice day. Huh, George?"

"Perfect."

"Great day for swimming. Want a drink?"

"Sure, Al. Whatta ya got?"

"Beer? Rum and coke?"

"I'll take a beer."

"Bud. Coors. Miller Lite."

"No Heineken?"

"You never drink Heineken, George."

"I do so!" Maybe they would fight. That might make me forget about the pain. "Okay, gimme a Bud." My stomach fell. The prospect of good entertainment was dwindling.

"No problem," Al said.

"Thanks," George said. "Just look at that blue sky -- perfect." The pain came back. The dialogue was too dull. Jesus Christ! What's wrong with people? I'm in pain. *Mira! Mira!*

"Ya wanna swim, Al?"

"How's the water?"

"Just great!"

"Why not?" Splashes ensued as I remained unnoticed. The

lawn mower started up again. I groaned, gazing blankly at the floor, where a small colony of red ants was raging. I felt myself moving. The chair shrieked. It swayed. I screamed and thrust out my hands, waiting for the initial impact. My eyes closed.

When my eyes opened, I heard the door open. My mother came barging in.

"**My** God! What's happened?"

I cried and kept on crying. I couldn't stop. "Johnny, are you all right?" She lifted me -- a rag doll -- from the floor.

"It's that chair!" I bawled. "I hate it! I hate it!"

"Shh, it's all right now." She was making an effort to be calm, but she was shaking. "How did you fall?"

"I don't know," I gasped. I wiped away tears that were mixed with red ants.

"You should have called or used the phone. Or something."

"Nobody could hear me," I said. "Outside someone was laughing. Maybe George and Al were mocking me."

"I wish you wouldn't do things like this," she said. "You know how I worry about you."

I was sweating like mad. I looked down beneath my pants. There were deep red valleys above my crotch, very sore.

"Lie still a while." She hesitated, then said, "I have some nachos for you."

"Sure," I said, rubbing my abdomen gently. It was tight and hot -- the feeling of impotence. "Can I have some water?"

A cool breeze drifted in, lifting the sweat from my body. The fan went round and round and round. Mother returned with the water. I gulped it down. It felt cold and good. I was beginning to feel better.

"What am I going to do with you?" She was smiling.

"I don't know." I felt myself smiling back, amazed at everything.

"Ready to eat?"

"I guess so."

"It's such a beautiful day." She was looking outside at the birds. "Maybe you'll want to lie outside after you eat?"

"I guess so."

George and Al were splashing again. I started laughing. "Hey George!" I yelled loudly, my head at the screen door. "It sure is one helluva perfect day!"

"Who are you talking to?" said Mother. George's voice was off in the distance now, yet it was very clear. "Hey, Al?" he said. "Did you hear something?"

"I don't know."

"I thought I heard somebody call my name."

"Beats the hell outta me. Come on inside. It's too hot."

My mother went to the door. She seemed not to hear them. I knew she would never understand.

Birds sang high in the sky. Sun poured on my face. Cubans screamed in the streets. They whined and whined and whined. My mouth said, "Let's eat."

Then my mind dwindled, evaporating in the hot, yellow sun.

Perfect. ☺

Ian Brockway lives in Key West and studies English and journalism at Florida Keys Community College. He is a contributing editor of 78 Magazine, which is published locally by Peter Whelan and focuses on blues music of the '20s and '30s.

The Lottery

by V.K. Gibson

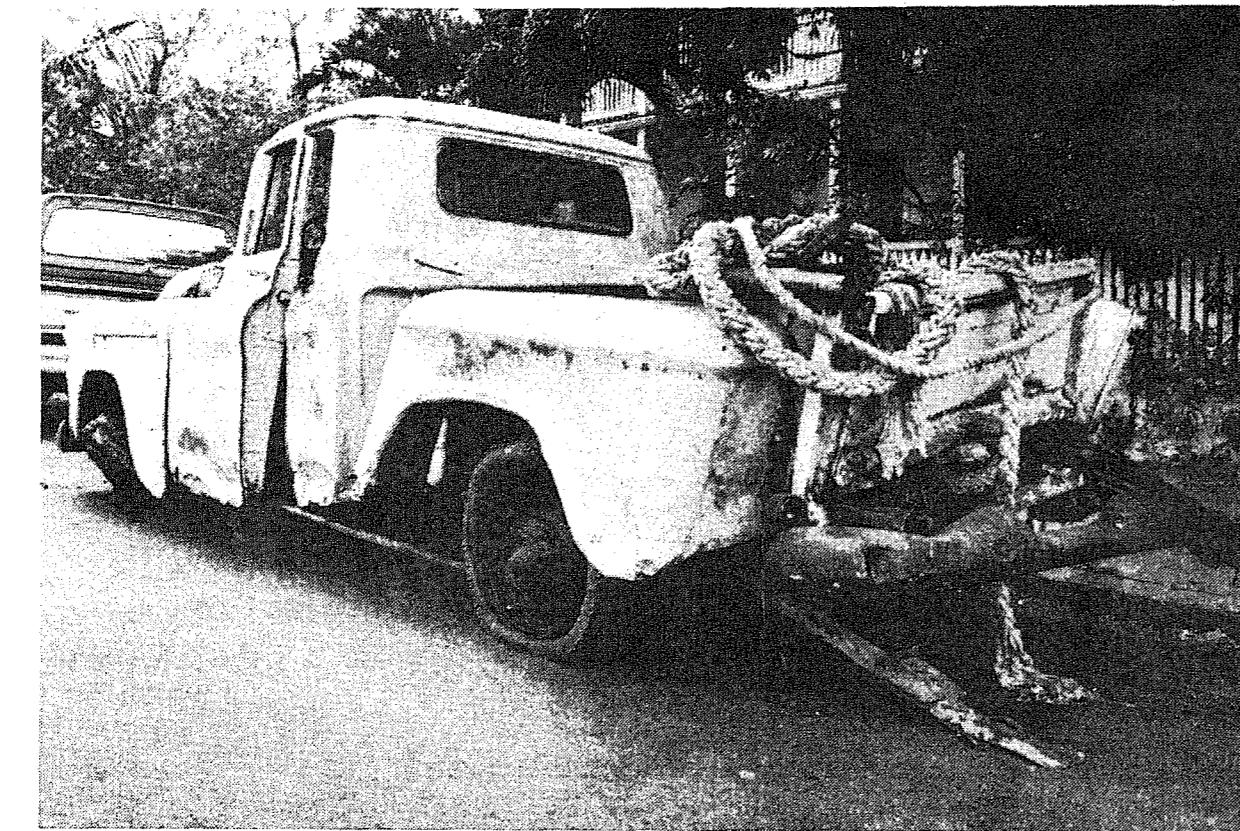
We might as well have some fun this month. And what could be more pleasant to talk about than cash flow? Oh, I know; some of us pretend to be more interested in other things, serious *cultural* things. I've noticed, though, that whenever writers and artists are gathered together they usually chat about money.

But why this subject and why now? During the last few weeks I've enjoyed the oddest dreams. In the first one I was vacuuming the floor of my house. The machine stopped working, and when I opened it up it was filled with greenbacks.

Soon after that the dreams settled down to one type: I am standing on a small, bare, putting green of an island in the middle of a serene, utterly still lake whose shores seem to merge with the sky at the horizon. As I stand there, money falls out of the sky onto the islet. This precipitation of bucks continues throughout the dream and it is quite pleasant.

Friends have urged me to rush out and buy lottery tickets. So far I've resisted this impulse, but the repetitive dreams have inspired a bit of a change in my lifestyle. I now have a hobby.

I've never had hobbies, regarding them as a waste of time.



Richard Walker

Question: Could a truck like this drive one to play the lottery?

There are productive hobbies, of course. If the woodworker ends up with less fingers than he was born with, well, he does have the charming, or at least quaint, *objets d'art* over which his heirs will no doubt fight one day. The stamp collector may end up with a valuable album, and a sticky tongue which allows him to pick up objects without using his hands. And on and on.

But why choose the study of the lottery as a hobby?

After all, I've usually been rather scornful of its victims. When I see the lines of ticket buyers on Saturday at the local convenience store, I'm tempted to suggest that they all toss their money out into the parking lot; perhaps the wind will blow all the cash to one person. There would be much more chance of that happening than of anyone winning even one of the small lottery prizes.

But as I observe the dynamics, I abandon that unkind attitude.

The lottery touches upon a very pure

form of self-interest; and self-interest is the great driving impulse of human behavior. Even the saint does what he or she does because it answers to deep-seated personal needs.

Gambling is supposed to be sinful, and that therefore introduces an element of delight: naughty is usually fun. (If I remember correctly from my Bible-reading days, gambling is not actually evil: *The lot is holy to God and is not meant for man's indulgence.*)

The gambling indulgence is only one aspect of the lottery.

There is the special slice of the American Dream, that deathless dream which promises a glorious and gaudy transmutation, or perhaps transmogrification. It's rather like quantum theory: when an electron changes orbit it does not merely coast down or up to its new position -- it is there, instantaneously.

This impulse or yearning to change positions is not limited to the poor. I know

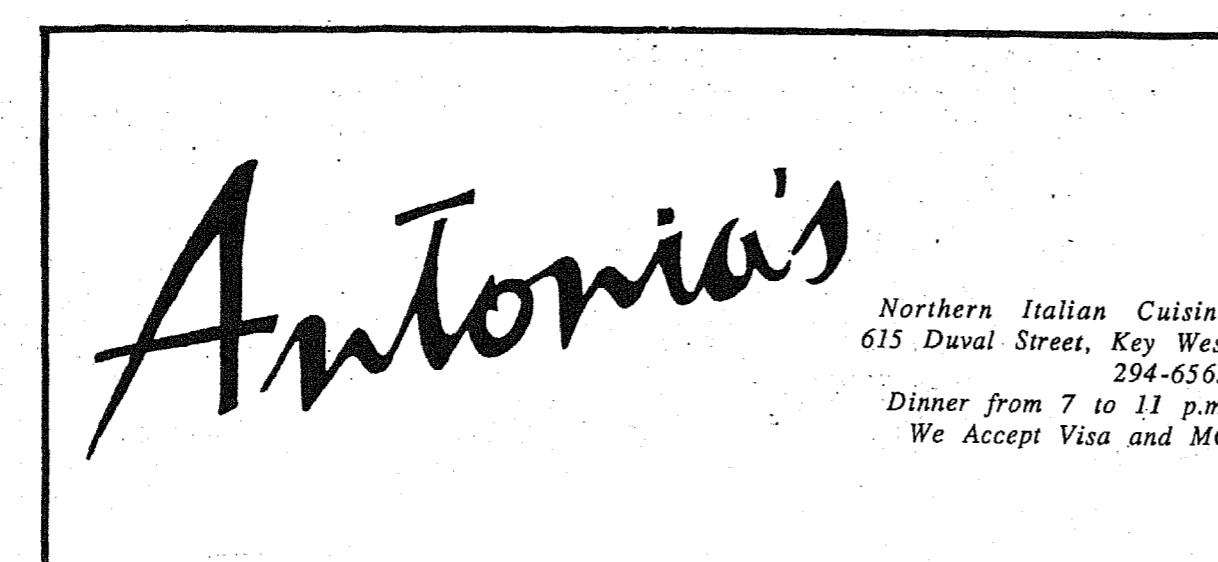
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a dear old lady, a rich woman, who buys a purseful of tickets in one swipe and who then happily spends the week waiting for announcement of her winning number. Many affluent persons play the lottery.

But there is no denying that its great appeal lies with the low-income players.

Remember the old TV show *The Millionaire*? In the show various persons from all walks of life were given \$1 million, the only restriction being that they could not tell anyone where the money came from. (Hence the all-important preservation of mystery, which equates with magic.)

How delightful it was for us to see a humble cleaning lady suddenly garbed in mink and on the way to Paris. Or the plain-looking woman who "buys" herself a handsome young husband (a racy idea back then), who, of course, falls in love with her. Or the penny-pinching man who is given the ultimatum by his wife that he must spend half the money in one week or else she divorces him.

I would really like to locate these old

shows on video tape somewhere, for they would save me a lot of trouble as I analyze the phenomenon of today's state lottery.

Today it would take 10 of \$15 million to equal the buying power of the late 1950-early-1960 windfall. The lottery, with its average grand prize payoff of \$16 million, is right in line with the classic myth of America's Golden Age -- that smug time when Japanese products were a laugh, when we produced all our own petroleum, and when we were more interested in rapid asents than soft landings.

Of course, there are taxes. In prize amounts over \$5000 the lottery managers retain 20 percent of the winnings for the IRS, and the winner still has to declare the remainder as income.

Oh, well, it's still a lot of money even if we end up giving half of it to Uncle Sam. For the purposes of the hobby, I've decided to envision a winning of at least \$30 million.

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Folks who play the game usually have some idea of how they'll spend the loot, but I suspect they really don't have a clear understanding of what will happen to them in the event of a major win.

We can more-or-less guess what transpires for the average lower-middle-class winner: a big new house, a pool, a car or two, a deluxe vacation, perhaps a fur coat, gifts to friends and family, donations to charity, and so on.

Then what? The first annual installment (one of 20) takes care of most material fantasies for most people. And then, here comes another. And another. And...

Clearly, the lottery demands higher standards, or at least a bigger scale of thinking.

It helps to have been exposed to great wealth. This happened to me during the last decade when I worked for a succession of rich families. I started out as a cook and ended up in Palm Beach as a general purpose retainer, doing what I laughingly

Continued on Page 40



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Art Circle

John Martini: The Iron Man

by Judi Bradford

Key West artist John Martini won two awards last month. The South Florida Cultural Consortium awarded him a \$2500 visual arts fellowship for his iron sculpture. And his restoration of the house at 708 William Street won an award of excellence from the Historical Florida Keys Preservation Society.

Martini has lived in Key West since 1977, working continuously on sculpture and jewelry and restoring houses. For the first couple of years he "did" jewelry and "hung out at the beach." Then he bought and restored two little houses on Galveston

Lane where he lives today. About the same time, he returned to sculpting. He had won an "Art in Public Places" award in Atlanta in 1976 and had erected a large outdoor piece before moving to Key West.

The most striking element to Martini sculptures is the iconography. John has developed an intricate system of personal images that challenges the viewer. The

characters that turn up -- Neptune, mermaids, angels, a figure with an umbrella, a group of whimsical critters -- relate to universal themes of Western culture but have a distinctly individual interpretation. They are contemporary references to mythology and primitive cultures.

Reen Stanhouse is another Key West iron sculptor who rents studio space from John in the Lincoln Theater building on Emma Street. "John works at having a personal symbolism," she says. "He reads a lot about other artists and saturates himself with what everyone is doing, what is current in the arts. He's serious about making a statement."

When asked about his symbols, Martini refers to mythology and his Catholic background. "The saints and icons were strong visuals that influenced me," he says.

Stanhouse notes a strong influence from the Black community. Not only does he listen to reggae and rap but his house and his studio are in Black neighborhoods. Martini enjoys the gospel music from an adjacent church that regularly rocks the foundations.

In his application for the fellowship, he discusses the subject further: "... my work strives for a narrative. In the 12 years I have lived in Key West, I have found my surroundings defining my work. While not especially tropical in mood, the geographic limitations on life clearly demand that sculpture be linear and vertical. There's no room to spread them out. They must reach for the sky when you live on an island..."



John Martini with two of his iron sculptures.

Carol Munder

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The evidence of the cutting torch contributes to the primitive appeal of his pieces. Stanhouse describes his technique as "vigorous." The simple visual impact of a body of his work invites the adjectives "primitive" and "stylized." It also recalls Cubism and certain fantasy symbolisms: those of Klee and Chagall, in particular.

Like the latter, there is a lightness to the characters that people Martini's family of figures: a small horse with glass-door knob eyes and a wagon wheel for a foot. "Trouble with Angels" shows two figures, one upside down and one haloed. There is a rhythm that suggests an acrobatic act at the extreme point of balance where the trick may falter unless luck prevails.

Many of the materials of his sculptures are salvaged or recycled. *Aged steel* is how he puts it. "If it starts rusty, it stays rusty," he says. An assistant brushes his pieces with wire after he has defined the image. This is the only finishing applied.

"I look for steel that looks like it is aged; old steel, structured steel with patinas, rust, whatever paint or finish it has," he explains.

For three years, John has worked in the huge Lincoln Theater building. Before that, it was the Forge building on Truman Annex. His studio is littered with found objects, materials collected from god-knows-where: steel pipes, gears, funky odds-and-ends that turn up in finished pieces or simply entertain in the studio. There is a crane device for

lifting heavy pieces and heavy equipment -- part of the steel-sculptor's toolbox.

The theater's floor slants, so all the cabinets and tables are shimmed on the downside to keep them level. It is cool and dark in the enormous room. Everything is the color of steel or rust or dust. It could be a movie set: *Where's Bogey?*

But Martini is probably best known for his Lucky Street Gallery -- named for a friend's loft studio in Atlanta. This is his third season on Duval Street, his sixth year overall. He started by showing the work of people he knew around the country.

"I had done craft shows for a number of years and gotten to know a bunch of artists," he says. "Initially we stayed away from Keys' images just to create our own atmosphere. Now we use everything." He looks for "quality. Things that fit together in terms of being contemporary and having a personal esthetic. Figurative in a contemporary sense."

In talking about the fellowship, he expressed a concern about the community and its artists. "This whole thing about one grant is overstated. Artists don't get enough support here. For instance, there are no studios available. Key West really trades on art and doesn't give anything back. One grant a year is not a major event. It's nice and I'm honored, but there ought to be more done for artists."

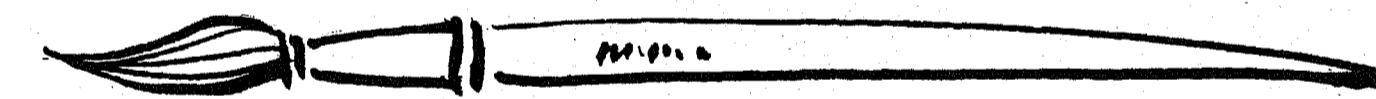
Martini's most recent work can be seen at East Martello through May 3. There are, of course, pieces at Lucky Street Gallery, and he also shows work in Palm Beach.

Soon after illustrator Judi Bradford moved to Key West 14 years ago, she and three friends started the first midtown gallery on Duval Street. Bradford graduated from East Carolina University with a degree in commercial art; and she has completed graduate work in black-and-white photography, with an emphasis on experimental darkroom techniques. She creates the five-year-old "Lizard Licks" comic strip for Solares Hill, and is a member of the Key West Guild Hall Gallery Co-op. 

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Banana Boat Batik • New ceramic work by Walt Hyla: animals, fish, lidded vessels, functional ware. Weekdays, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., weekends, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. 419B Duval St., 296-2380.

Carole Gallery • Key West primitives by the owner. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. 1100 Whitehead St., 294-5496.

East Martello Museum & Gallery • Children's Art: Annual Art & History Fair. Daily, 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. 3501 S. Roosevelt Blvd., 296-3913.

Farrington Art Gallery • Audubon and Stanley Meltzoff prints; Peter Flinch and Bob Yieldall originals. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. 711 Duval St., 294-6911.

Florida Keys Community College Library • Student photography through May 4; student sculpture and ceramics, May 12-31. Monday through Thursday, 8 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.; Friday, 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Saturday, 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. Junior College Road, Stock Island, 296-9081, ext. 202.

Gingerbread Square Gallery • Hoppock, Clemons, Kiraly and all regulars. Summer hours: Thursday through Monday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. 901 Duval St., 296-8900.

Gallerie Moderne • Abstract expressionism. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m. 516 Amelia St., 296-3156.

Great Southern Gallery • Watercolors and

acrylics by Harry Greene; watercolor by Ron Weaver; handmade books by JoAnne Schiavone. Thursday through Monday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. 910 Duval St., 294-6660.

Guild Hall Gallery • Arts and fine crafts by 16 Key West artists. Daily, 9:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. 614 Duval St., 296-6076.

Haitian Art Company • Haitian art, sculpture and papier-mâché; new work by Jn. Albert Bernard and Michel-Ange Altidore. Daily, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. 600 Frances St., 296-8932.

Harrison Gallery • New stone sculpture by Matthew Lineberger; functional fish pottery by Jim Rice; Guatemalan barbecue pit; painted floor canvases by Nancy Bender and Sherry Read. Tuesday through Saturday, noon to 5:30 p.m. 825 White St., 294-0609.

Kennedy Studios • Graphics and limited-edition prints. Daily, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. 133 Duval St., 294-5850; daily, 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., 716 Duval St., 296-7251; daily, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. 501B South St., 296-7163.

Key West Art Center • Irma Quigley, May 6-20; Maxine McMullen, May 20-June 3. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. 301 Front St., 294-1241.

Lane Gallery • Craig Biondi, *Changing Tides*, May 1 to 15. Daily, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., Sunday 1 to 4 p.m. 1000 Duval St., 294-0067.

Lucky Street Gallery • Martini iron sculpture; painted bird and fish furniture; new line of jewelry. Daily, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., Sunday, 12 noon to 5 p.m. 919 Duval St., 294-3973.

Rose Lane Antiquities • Pre-Columbian art. Daily, 12 noon to 5 p.m., and by appointment. 524 Rose Lane, 294-2270.

Michael Shannon Studio and Gallery • Original art, pottery, sculpture, limited edition prints and jewelry. Daily, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. 249 Margaret St., 294-4823.

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Political Whispers from the Birdcage

Sales, Jails and Tattletales

by Bud Jacobson

The lawyers, bless them (some would say otherwise), are about the only members of the community who get in there and mix things up. There may be a reason for that, according to well-positioned officials in the county. More and more, they say, the lawyers are the ones who run things. Take it or leave it.

A certain branch of the practice leads a lawyer into defending persons who might be accused of dastardly acts and offensive behavior. Thank God, under the banner of the US of A, innocent or guilty, we all get a shot at defending ourselves. In that very profitable game known as criminal defense, lawyers come across some pretty colorful and interesting personalities.

One of the most interesting and well-known around town in the Cuban neighborhoods, is Pepito Fernandez. Pepito is a slightly-built gentleman with a good smile, a small mustache (sometimes) and a fast delivery when business is the topic of discussion. He was respected in the bolita circles and then, apparently wanting more and better (the American Dream), he became entangled in the dope racket, back in the 70s.

Good old Pepito took the fall and drew 50 years in the federal lockup. Not what



you'd call fun time.

Pepito, after a good deal of persuasion from the government, according to his friends, testified at length against his friend the ex-deputy chief of police Raymond "Tito" Casamayor, five years ago in federal court.

Whispers trickling through lawerville along Whitehead Street have it that Pepito has been singing like a flock of canaries, recently, in Miami to federal prosecutors, as has Casamayor, and some of the lawyers -- local and from other cities -- are upset, angry and scared.

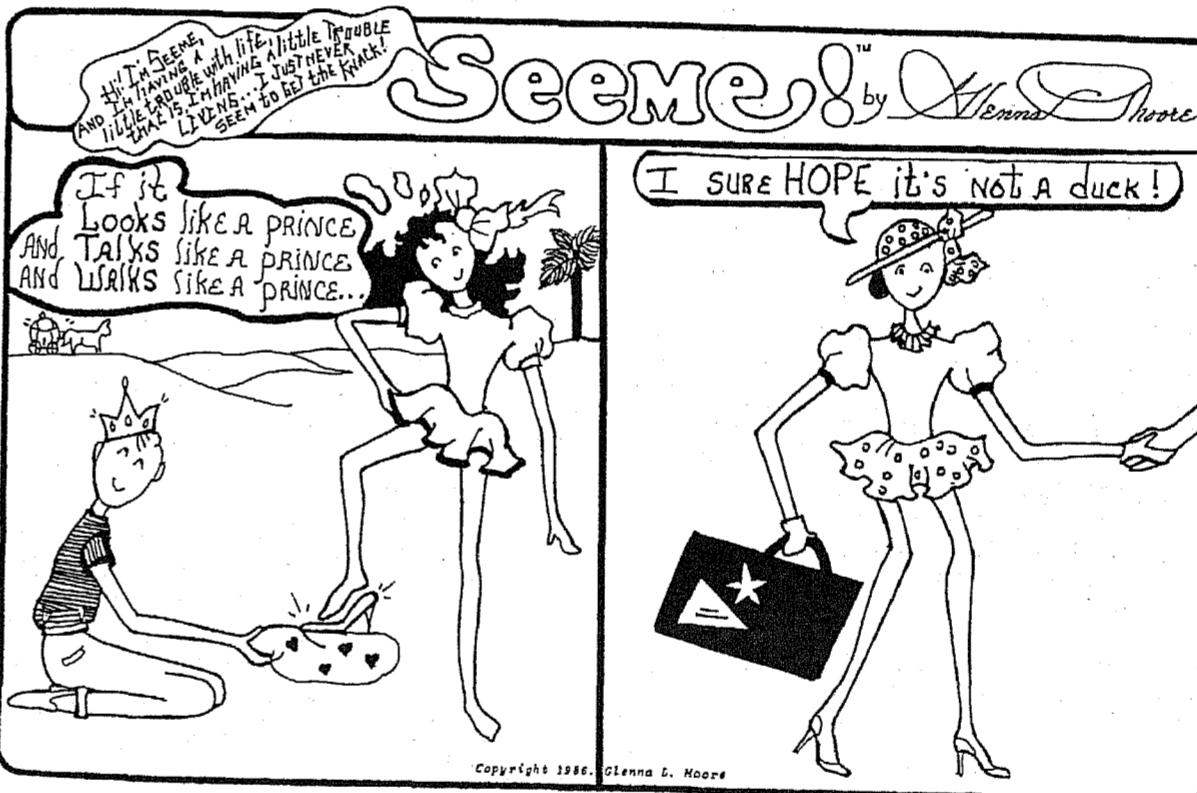
In his resume for employment, Pepito can say he's a good man in construction and the whisper is "he's got a job whenever he gets out."

Police Chief Tom Webster, on a 4-1 vote in city hall, finally got his assistant police chief (yet to be named). "I consider this a waste of time to address this in a public forum," he snapped, rather ungratefully, Uppity, to say the least.

Is it a "waste of time," ask the friends of Commissioner Virginia Panico, "to pay taxes and pay Webster's salary of \$84,000 and now pay his assistant at \$45,000? Who's he working for? Panico tried to get more cops on the street, she said, not "more chiefs behind desks." Maybe now one of these chiefs can figure out how to post a "one-way" street sign at the corner of Fleming and Simonton, and Fleming and Duval and maybe black out the traffic light at Fleming and Duval, on the east side, so that tourist drivers aren't led to believe they can drive west on Fleming. It happens every day.

There's a newly sworn-in grand jury over in the county courthouse. A number of the veteran officials are chuckling at whispers from the halls to the effect that one of the grand jurors is a seasoned Conch lawyer who, it is rumored, loves his role as a grand juror and "is going to stir the pot and give the state attorneys' office plenty to chew on."

The more the merrier, in the words of one of the leading lights in the courthouse.

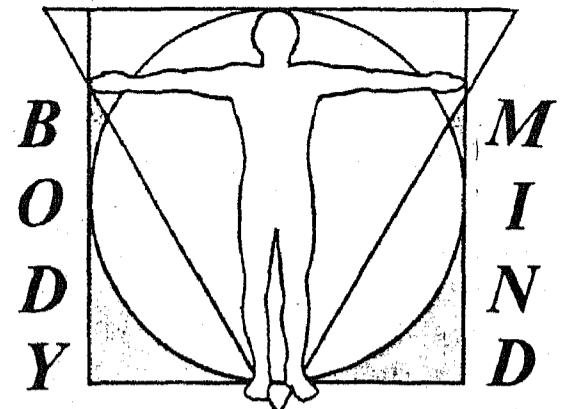


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SPiRiT

Renate Perelom, editor

Anthony Robbins once shared that success is doing whatever you want, when you want, with whomever and as much as you want. Author of *Unlimited Power*, Robbins is also a self-made millionaire several times over at the ripe age of 28. He is a master of success.

As a student of his, I know his persuasive power: it boils down to personal power -- doing whatever it takes -- through action. Personal power has nothing to do with skill, intelligence or ability. It is the courage to act from a position of integrity and conviction.

Beliefs are ideas we call reality. There are three ideas that help build a resourceful belief system. One is that action requires energy. It takes as much energy to be negative as it does to be positive. Use what supports you and go for it.

The second is that physiological motion equals emotion. Our bodies are the expressors and metaphors of our minds. Movement is life. If you feel down take a walk, move around. The level of your emotions will change.

Finally, the process of how we communicate is called mental syntax; it's the sequence of how we order our thoughts in the visual, auditory and kinesthetic modes. For example, I tend to be a very visual person, then I feel things internally followed by saying something to myself. This is my

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communication style. You have one, too. Remember it is up to us to design a life instead of making a living. It is time to walk your talk, so read the shared thoughts of contributors to our "Body, Mind and Spirit."

these types who get up there and tell everybody else how to live, or what they *should* be doing, that they have *the* answer and either you see it *their* way or lose out. I usually turn off and am unable to listen.

I had heard about Louise, and had read a little of what she had written. I had no great faith in this presentation, especially when I caught sight of those large pillows for her to sit on. I thought to myself, her disciples will probably carry her out on a golden chair, toss flower petals at us and spray the air with scented water. My attitude was bad.

So there I sat, shifting impatiently from side to side, fuming because once again I had allowed myself to be trapped. Probably surprising nobody but me, Louise walked in of her own volition. And immediately, by her manner of speaking, she put my doubts to rest. I quickly learned that Louise doesn't believe she has the only way to go. Her approach is to simply relate and share what worked for her. All you have to do is pick and choose what you feel comfortable with.

So many people have said to me, "I like Louise Hay, but you know, I don't agree with everything she says." I think Louise would be the first to concur. She doesn't expect or want everyone to agree with everything she says or does -- it's not her way.

Louise Hay's philosophy is at the forefront. Her story, briefly, is that through self-healing, she cured herself of cancer. She has written a book entitled *You Can Heal Your Life* and has become popular in the gay community with AIDS, A Positive Approach. Basically, she believes that the mind plays a key role in the healing process and that our sense of self-worth, if it is low, can weaken our systems and leave us susceptible to illness.

In New York, I had had the good fortune to attend one of Louise Hay's weekend seminars. There we were, 200 strong, sitting and waiting on the floor with our stuffed animals. That's right. -- stuffed animals.

One of Louise's beliefs is to get in touch with the child within, and at the bottom of our pre-registration forms we were asked to bring a furry friend. My newly-purchased gorilla peeked out from my backpack. I have to admit, I felt a little awkward about him at first, but have since acquired a small menagerie.

Initially, I was there as a skeptic. There's nothing that I dislike more than

A favorite story of mine is one about the late Jack Benny. One night while on his

way home, Benny was held at gunpoint by a would-be robber who uttered the words: "Your cash or your life." Benny didn't answer. He just stood there.

Becoming somewhat rattled, the robber repeated his threat, "Your cash or your life!"

Finally Benny broke the silence. "I'm thinking ... I'm thinking," he said.

As a parent of two Key West High School students, I would have to be blind, deaf and dumb not to acknowledge the widespread use of marijuana among young adults. I think it is a safe guestimate that more than 70 percent of all Key West High students have tried smoking pot at least once.

For any parent to take the attitude that this hasn't happened to *their* child, or isn't happening right now as these words are being read, is naive.

As a parent, I know about pot smoking. And as a homoeopath, I know what it does to the physical body. For those who may not be familiar with homoeopathy, this is a system of natural healing which uses minute amounts of safe, non-toxic substances derived from the vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms.

Homoeopathy is the complementary healthcare system which is used by the royal family. It was also used and endorsed by Mahatma Gandhi, Mark Twain, John D. Rockefeller and Rudyard Kipling. In recent years, the youthful Tina Turner and the legendary Dizzy Gillespie have also come out for homoeopathy.

Why do I mention it here? Simply because in homoeopathy, *Cannabis sativa* or marijuana was "proved" or tested on hundreds of healthy persons, as are all remedies appearing in its *Materia Medica*.

It produced a number of unique and unusual symptoms including asthma, headaches, cystitis and, in females, sterility and a tendency toward miscarriage.

From personal observation, its action seems most likely to adversely affect the liver and lungs.

While the God of our hearts has given us two of many of the vital organs, we have been endowed with only a single liver, which as an organ of detoxification, plays an important role in supporting and maintaining the immune system. In fact, some research would support the idea of a close connection with the function of the liver and the formation of cancer.

Personally, I have seen numerous cases in which liver functions and enzymes were affected or disturbed by habitual pot smoking. Why? Because the liver is attempting to remove the *cannabis* from the system!

When it comes to the lungs, researchers suggest a single joint may be the equivalent of smoking 16 cigarettes. I know of one case of a young New York City sales executive who made weekly, unscheduled visits to the emergency ward of various New York hospitals, due to his asthma, until he stopped "smoking."

In the finality, I really have no objection to anyone pursuing any vice they choose, as long as they do so *knowingly*. One man's meat can always become another man's poison.

As a thinking man, I object only when another's vice threatens or endangers my existence. As John Locke suggested, one man's freedom truly ends at the tip of another's nose!

When it comes to the psychological effects of smoking pot, again its "proving" produced a decided sadness and indifference. This was combined with what today's children might call an *attitude*. Besides producing a disposition to be easily frightened, pot smoking produced a personality in which the slightest contradiction gave offense.

In other words, those who smoke regularly seem to possess unusually short fuses. The slightest confrontation makes them fly off the handle. They can be gay and happy one moment, serious or enraged the next.

In short, their behavior can be extraordinarily antisocial. They may stare into space, seemingly absorbed in higher thoughts, a true New Age space cadet!

I, for one, find this kind of behavior offensive. In fact, in some strange way it may actually be limiting my freedom and touching my nose.

If you are a parent, it may even match the behavior of your child.

If you are an adult, it may even match the behavior of your lover, your husband, your wife.

If you look in a mirror, it may even be your own behavior!

But then again, this is just one man's opinion...

For Your Information

• Unity of the Keys offers many classes, workshops and special events. Call 296-5888 for details.

• The Women's Resource Center on Truman Annex offers programs that support the community. Enjoy the morning meditations and stretch classes. Call Gazelle at 296-7924 or Midge at 296-4115.

• Ongoing classes at Island Wellness, 530 Simonton, 296-7353, are: Mondays: 10:30 a.m. -- Charles Karp Yoga; 12:15 p.m. -- Stillpoint Relaxation; 5:30 p.m. -- Stillpoint Relaxation; 7:00 p.m. -- Personal Growth, ongoing group with Bill Schlicht; 7:45 p.m. -- Homoeopathic Study Group with Dr. R. Donald Papon; 8:00 p.m. -- Reflexology Instruction. Tuesdays: 8:30 a.m. -- Yoga with Carol Anderson; 12:15 p.m. -- Stillpoint Relaxation with Gary Young; 5:30 p.m. -- Stillpoint; 7 p.m. -- Yoga with Carol Christine; 8:30 p.m. -- Meditation with Gary Young. Wednesdays: 10:30 a.m. -- Yoga with Ava Cisare; 12:15 p.m. -- Stillpoint; 5:30 p.m. -- Stillpoint; 6:30 p.m. -- Healing circle with Renate Perelom and Tom Pannes; 7 p.m. -- Jung discussion led by Roy Stone, Jr.; 8 p.m. -- Receiving Prosperity -- an exploration of consciousness. Thursdays: 8:30 a.m. -- Yoga with Carol Anderson; 12:15 p.m. -- Stillpoint; 5:30 p.m. -- Stillpoint; 7:00 p.m. -- StressFree, a class in Stress Management; 8 p.m. -- Zen Meditation with Ava Cisare. Fridays: 10:30 a.m. -- Yoga with Charles Karp; 12:15 p.m. -- Stillpoint; Saturdays: Noon -- Meditation with Gary Young.

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| 8:00 | L.I.A.* | | L.I.A.* | | | |
| 9:15 | L.I.A. | 1/4 | L.I.A. | L.I.A. | L.I.A. | L.I.A. |
| 11:00 | AQUA | | AQUA | | AQUA | L.I.A. |
| 12:15 | L.I.A. | | L.I.A. | | L.I.A. | |
| 5:15 | | WALK | | WALK | | 4:00 L.I.A. |
| 5:30 | L.I.A. & AQUA | L.I.A. | L.I.A. & AQUA | AQUA | | |
| 6:30 | L.I.A. | | L.I.A. | | L.I.A. | |

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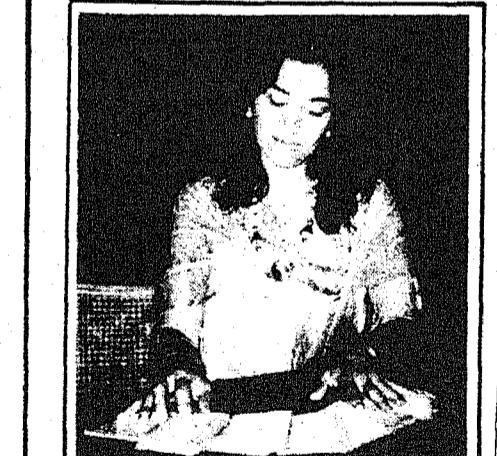
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Don't Forget To Write

by *DeeVon Quirolo*

Reef Relief is encouraging Keys citizens to write to government leaders regarding 73 offshore oil leases to be developed as soon as October, 1989. The leases are for areas of the southeastern Gulf of Mexico bordering the Florida Keys and Everglades. Some leases are as close as 25 miles from Key West.

Oil development poses a risk to the coral reefs, mangroves and seagrass beds of this area not only from the toxic drilling fluids, miles of cable and debris released during routine drilling operations, but also the undeniable risk of a major oil spill such as was recently experienced in Valdez, Alaska. Studies by the Smithsonian Institution in Panama indicate that there is no long-range recovery of ecosystems like ours when drenched with crude oil.

Reef Relief is seeking permanent protection and immediate action to extend the current congressional ban, which expires in October, on all oil development activities threatening Florida's coast.

Write to: President George Bush, 1600 Pennsylvania Ave NW, Washington, D.C. 20050; Secretary of the Interior Manuel Lujan, 18th & C Streets, NW, Rm. 2516, Washington, D.C. 20240; Governor Bob Martinez, The Capitol, Tallahassee, FL 32301; Senator Connie Mack, Hart Office Bldg. Room 902, Washington, D.C. 20510; Senator Bob Graham, Dirksen Bldg. Room 241, Washington, D.C. 20510; and Congressman Dante Fascell, Rayburn Bldg. Room 2354, Washington, D.C. 20215.

Pre-printed postcards opposing offshore oil are available at the Reef Relief office, Solares Hill Publications, and many local dive shops. If you are interested in distributing them to a club or group, please call 294-1891.

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by *Frances-Elizabeth Signorelli*

Caruso sang at the San Carlos Theatre. The next morning Caruso took the ferry to Havana for his singing engagement there.

Carmen and I both are obsessed with writing. I tap on an Olivetti typewriter, and sell some writings. We now speed along US-1. There's a toenail-sized moon up there in the Caribbean sky. At either side of the road are these generic Keys houses built up on their haunches.



The card reads: *Come and write some fiction/truth based upon your experiences in Key West.* It is signed: Professor J. Krockmal, ret., English Department, Miami University.

Behind the wheel, I glance over at Carmen, whose grandfather came to Key West, fleeing for his life from an early Cuban revolution. The overwhelming, silver-framed photograph of Carmen's grandmother hangs in the foyer of the family house where Carmen lives. In the photo, Grandmother (Abuela) sits astride a horse. She is lashing away with a bullwhip at slaves on their Cuban sugar cane plantation. Abuela as an infant was taken down to the Spanish Embassy in Havana to be registered a true Spanish citizen, as their pedigree reaches back to Salamanca, Spain.

Helen of Troy probably looked like Carmen. Hair the color of Poupon mustard swinging down to her hips. Piano scarf flung over her shoulders, scarf figured in peacock feathers. Her nails are painted with garnet-colored polish.

Though Carmen is consummately sexual looking, she does not do well with men. Can't keep her men. She testifies via telephone this morning that she has been in her room jabbing at her ex-boyfriend's portrait with a nut pick. She fixes her forget-me-not brown eyes upon me now. She says, "The point about him is that he always looks as though he has secrets." He has not shown up at her door for three weeks.

I have about decided that Carmen invests in this creative writing workshop for mental distraction.

Earlier that evening, in my trusty Volvo, I wait for Carmen in front of the bulky old Conch house painted yellow down on a lane. I muse about how Carmen lives with her numerous, blue-blooded Spanish relatives in antiquated splendor there. The 150-year-old edifice sits there taking the Gulf breezes. It was built of venerable pine, and the pine pickled probably as it was floated over from the Bahamas.

I sit there studying the gingerbread frills that decorate the porches and cupolas. The carvings of rum bottles are an idea of Carmen's great-uncle, Sebastian Ossorio, a well-known island toper and one-time successful bootlegger. Uncle Sebastian once, at the old Victoria Restaurant, arm wrestled with the great Caruso. The Victoria Restaurant was located where Sloppy Joe's bar now thrives.

There, Uncle Sebastian and Caruso sat this long time ago. Their feet were encased in black-patent opera pumps. Feet rested on the flamboyant, tiled floor. The match of strength occurred a few hours before

months of the year so that they can industriously care for him the winter months he stays here.

One enters sister, Marigold, wearing a man's suit buttoned very tight over the stomach, a white scarf around her head like a combat bandage and a cigarette tucked behind her ear.

"That's the Krockmal crest in her buttonhole," says Buelah. It looks to me like a maple leaf upside-down.

"My sister is rather dirty, but it's just absent-mindedness," Buelah adds. I glance over at Sister to see how Buelah's comment is received.

Sister Marigold is impervious. She carries a bucket of vegetables which she is readying for a meal. On her path to a chair, she knocks over an end table, dislodging framed pictures of sultry-looking infants.

Getting seated, Sister breaks a vase holding cattails and, with a neat gesture over her shoulder, she tosses a high school album through the window and clean out into an oleander bush out there. She is not blind; she simply is one of these persons who walks through objects unimpeded.

Carmen is mumbling, "I could have spent my \$145 on a couple of those bikinis." She pops three Vitamin Bs into her mouth, mouth shaped and colored like a ripe raspberry. Both of us have our notebooks at the ready. Neither has written anything down.

Buelah continues: "Brother took the scissors and cut all Sister's dresses into small squares and forced her to make a quilt for him. This followed her attending a Women's Lib meeting where they were planning how to get into Rotary Club. Saturday night, he sawed out the back of Sister's chair."

One presumes this occurred while Sister was not seated in the chair.

Sister busily is snapping green beans, putting the strings into a handy china chamber pot, handpainted with frogs all around the rim. A potato and a carrot jump out of the bucket and bounce around the gold bracelet of hearts worn on Carmen's ankle. They roll around Carmen's stiletto heels.

Here the largest raccoon I ever saw shoots through the door, contemptuously disregards Gasparilla and galumps over to the cigar humidor. This raccoon wears a crutch, having maimed a foot at a fight at a trash can. The raccoon reaches in with agile fingers, selects his cigar, licks an end and

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Frances R. Rouse



neatly fires up.

Buelah yells, "Out you go. We're in a Creative Writing Workshop." Raccoon complies, plucking a green bean from Sister's bucket on his way out.

Gasparilla, the German Shepherd, quivers indignantly.

Now, Brother, Professor Krockmal, returns from his travels. The sisters evaporate through the kitchen door. A loud, somewhat wet bang indicates that Marigold knocks off the stove burner a pot on the boil.

Professor Krockmal fixes a boiled blue eye on Carmen and me. The Professor gave up his eye in The Battle of the Bulge, World War II. Serving his country. Small talismans of his late military prowess dot his

front -- little bars and bits of striped cloth like awnings pinned to a flowered shirt.

"This was your first session of the creative writing workshop," he says. "Remember, hair only shines after brushing. The same may be said of writing style. You must work at it." Carmen and I set this down earnestly, though it sounds a tad old-timey.

Carmen stirs herself and asks, "Is your first session of the creative writing workshop always organized like this?"

Professor Krockmal says, "Sometimes I am disposed to present my sisters as models during the first orientation session."

Here a weird keening breaks out from the back of the establishment. Is it coming from the 44 children in the sun room? Or is

it from the sisters Buelah and Marigold and the pot on that floor? Live lobsters half-boiled? Now there is an unidentifiable sound emitted. A resonant klonk sound. Carmen whispers that it might possibly be a coconut falling out of a tree onto somebody's head. I begin to fantasize it's a small refrigerator being dumped onto an ornamental rug.

Professor Krockmal leaps up, grabbing a broom angled against a bookcase, and flailing it at the air.

"Hark!" he bellows. Total silence.

"There have been times," the professor continues, "when I have felt disposed to bring Alfred in on the creative writing workshop. He is a neighbor here on Summerland Key. Al is now on probation. In '33 he kidnapped an Atlanta woman and sent her toenail in an envelope to her husband. He now lives as a retiree here. Reasonably sane, if boisterous, he now and then breaks the hasp on a lovely widow's door and makes her dance around the

writing workshop plunge shall be about that admiral's wife here more than 20 years ago.

"The admiral's wife fell in love with her young ficus tree. Her husband, the admiral, always reminded me of something or someone, and I believe that someone was an embalmed pharaoh. The admiral's wife picked me up to go to the Waterfront Playhouse. Both of us had worked on scenery at that theater.

"Riding there I was asked to hold the ficus tree in his medium-sized green pot. She had bought him -- the tree, that is -- a theater seat. He sat between us in his pot at the play. Now and then the admiral's wife took a bottle of blush wine from her sizeable leather handbag, and poured a dollop onto his roots.

"One night during that time, my father answered the phone. 'No, Carmen is not here. She has gone to a play with a drunk ficus tree.'"

I lift a forkful of picadillo thoughtfully. We pay our checks.

I tiredly drive Carmen to her house. A tiny, splintered light pulses from the sprawling yellow house from up there on the widow's walk. Carmen explains that it is her great-aunt, Argentina, who has been known to grow cucumbers in shoe boxes up there in her masonette. Aunt Argentina mans the ramparts tonight. She is an elegant, dessicated-looking Spanish lady of nine decades. One hand she patriotically holds pressed over her heart.

Uncle Sebastian, standing on one leg and on a walker, looking like a skinny crane, is

taking down the Spanish flag. In deference to the land where they have lived 75 years, the US Stars and Stripes also receives midnight attention. Already is folded up the Cuban flag, a beloved, old tattered piece. They perform these rites each midnight, even though Uncle Sebastian's gout is anguish. Aunt Argentina closes the ceremony, and with a small, regal wave, salutes Carmen and me below.

As I drive out onto Simonton Street, I look back.

The ceremony of the flags and two old Spanish patricians makes a beguiling tableau. Aunt Argentina and Uncle Sebastian, man and wife, have been severely separated for 40 years. He resides somewhere in the mouse-run lower interior of the house. They come together only nightly for the flag job.

The flagpoles rear out of the widow's walk from the old yellow house. Driving away, I can imagine they look like drinking straws stuck out of lemon soda pop. ☺



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like she is in a parade,
staring straight ahead.
No one can get
her attention.**

Florida room with him. There is a great widows' outcry about this. Ask me, the widows on these Keys would cry if he stopped doing it. Al just has an awesome vocation for love."

I am turning Al over in my mind. Yes, I believe that Al shows some noteworthy hospitality to indecorous adventure.

Professor Krockmal goes on. "Tonight, Carmen and Fannie-Bessie, you have observed material such as could be a fertile spur for your writing. I expect each of you to bring me a germy tale to the second creative writing workshop. That time you will not be titillated by Buelah and Marigold. On the second Thursdays they visit the Go Cart Speedway of Key West. Buelah rides her go cart like she is in a parade, staring straight ahead. No one can get her attention. Marigold always looks her best. She possesses a real sense of occasion. Those Thursdays she wears her hat that looks like a sea gull's wings.

With few reminders, the creative writing workshop appears to have run its course. The professor apparently has another appointment. He keeps shifting about the room, changing from chair to chair. If someone cranked him, he would go into orbit.

We pick our way over oolite along the marl pathway. A couple who alight from a car with Connecticut license plates mince along looking down as though they search for the Venus de Milo's lost arms.

After the seminar, Carmen and I are back in Key West having a little Cuban meal at Le Meson de Pepe. Carmen holds a bit of fried ripe platano between her upper lip and her incisor teeth. She says, "My creative

writing workshop plunge shall be about that admiral's wife here more than 20 years ago.

"The admiral's wife fell in love with her young ficus tree. Her husband, the admiral, always reminded me of something or someone, and I believe that someone was an embalmed pharaoh. The admiral's wife picked me up to go to the Waterfront Playhouse. Both of us had worked on scenery at that theater.

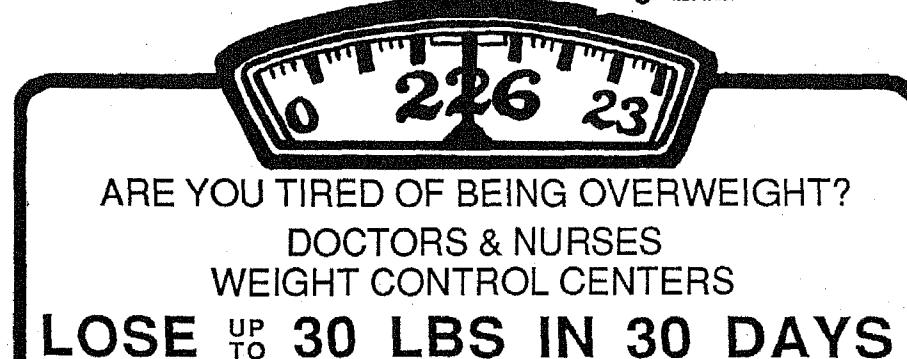
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Chamber Music Review

Arcadia Trio Draws Season to Passionate Close

by Dr. Elwood Bear

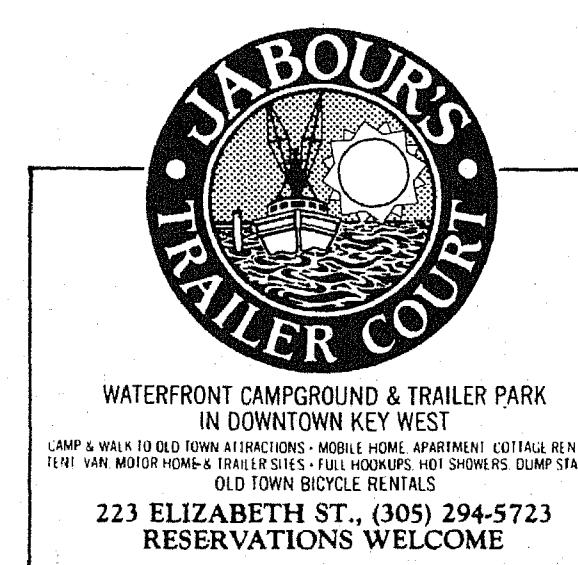
The Arcadia Trio provided an elegant conclusion to the concert season at Casa Gato on March 25 with music and performance unexcelled in the salons of Europe. In fact, the most fastidious concert goer -- and Casa Gato does have a most discriminating audience -- would be hard pressed to find fault here. These three gentlemen know their music and play with such intensity and compassion as to escalate the audience to a state of high expectation.

One senses more than education and training in the Arcadia's playing, though their credentials are impressive. Pianist Rainer Gepp, born in Mayen, Germany, studied at the Cologne Academy of Music where he is now a professor of music, and in Paris with such luminaries as Pierre Sancan and Claudio Arrau. His father was an organist, and his brother is also a musician. Mr. Gepp's playing is completely complementary to the violin and cello parts, though he is well known and has won prizes as a soloist.

Gorjan Kosuta is a Yugoslavian, born in Ljubljana. He studied in Germany and the United States. His teacher in Cologne was the prominent Yugoslav violinist Igor Ozim. As a student, Kosuta performed the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto in Washington, and took first prize in the Yugoslav Federal Competition. He also is currently a professor at the Cologne Academy of Music. His father was an amateur violinist who encouraged him to take up the instrument. Cellist Milos Mlejnik is also from Ljubljana, and studied in Cologne with Siegfried Palm. He won first prize at both the 1977 Colmar Chamber Music Competition and the 1973 Yugoslav Federal Competition. He is currently a professor of violincello at the Academy of Music in Ljubljana, and a soloist with the symphony orchestra there.

The final program at Casa Gato included works by Debussy, Schonberg and Brahms. The work by Claude Debussy (1862-1918), the Trio No. 1 in G Major, in four movements, and the Trio No. 3 in c minor, Opus 101 by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897); both exemplify the romantic motif of the late 19th century, and were rendered compassionately but with definite deliberation by the trio. The work by Arnold Schonberg (1874-1951), the Verklarte Nacht, Opus 4, composed in 1899, may not be as atonal as is much of his later works, but nonetheless is strongly dissonant. The Schonberg, and Arcadia's reading of this work, pleased many in the Casa Gato audience -- those whom I suspect know the melancholy story supposedly revealed in this work.

Among those in the audience at Casa Gato were the eight members of the Munich Concertino, who had performed the previous evening at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center. It would be more accurate to say that seven of the eight members had performed, as the clarinet player, Werner Mittelbach, had his instruments stolen from his hotel room in Mobile, Alabama while he slept. It was not just a matter of running out and acquiring another clarinet, the disappointed but



Jazz Review

Betty Carter: Look What She's Got!

by Christine Naughton

Jazz is improvisation and each piece should be a little different every time you touch it.

-- Betty Carter

She grew up in Detroit and began singing professionally after she won an amateur contest at the Paradise Theatre. During her career she has appeared and/or recorded with a plethora of jazz stars including Miles Davis, Charlie Parker, Max Roach, Lionel Hampton, Ray Charles and Tommy Potter. Betty Carter has pioneered an improvisational style that is beautiful, brave and unmistakably her own.

Key West was treated to an unforgettable musical evening on April 14 when George Brashears and W. Lee Bell presented Betty Carter in concert at Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center.

The show opened with her rhythm section -- Darrell Grant on piano, Torus Mateen on bass and Troy Davis on drums -- performing two selections which featured solos by Mateen, in the first tune, and Davis in the second. Both musicians exhibited a command of their instruments and a range of interpretation that belied their tender years. Neither Mateen nor Davis looks older than 21. "I like to pick 'em young," Betty Carter said later, "that way they can keep up with me." Indeed, Mateen's bass solo was fast-fingered, crisp and accurate, while Davis' exciting drum solo whipped the crowd into frenzied applause not once, but twice, but three times.

And then the star appeared, looking her healthy, wonderfully earthy self. She began with a slow, tender rendition of "The Man I Love." It was vintage Betty Carter -- warm, rich lower-register notes drawing out perfectly enunciated lyrics into long phrases over the changes played lovingly by Grant, with some beautiful bowed bass work by Mateen. Ms. Carter began to weave her particular spell, bending backward and extending an arm, balancing on tip-toe. The audience sighed and settled back to savor the rest of the concert like a good meal.

Great tune followed great tune in a wide selection of jazz standards, Ms. Carter's

own compositions and some more obscure pieces -- including "Where or When," with a fine piano solo by Grant; "What A Little Moonlight Can Do"; "Dearly Beloved"; "Tight"; "What's New"; and "Movin' On." Ms. Carter included several lovely ballads, among them Burke and Van Heusen's "Imagination," Haynes' "Make It Last," and a beautiful Cole Porter ballad, "Every Time We Say Goodbye."

Although Ms. Carter is now afforded the freedom and respect she deserves from her fellow musicians, it was not always so. During the course of the evening, she had a few things to say between numbers. "My peers haven't always understood what I do, how I hear. But I've stuck to it all along." Amen! She also shared some recent successes and sang a song about finally finding love. "Things do change if you live long enough," she said.

Although a tour and album with Ray Charles in the late 1950s garnered her some popularity, Ms. Carter received scant recognition outside jazz circles until this year when she won a Grammy Award for Best Female Jazz Vocalist with her song, "Look What I Got!" She chose "Look What I Got!" as her final number, ending the evening on a triumphant and positive note.

It was heartening to see a strong turnout of enthusiastic fans for Betty Carter's concert at Tennessee Williams. No one in the business is more deserving of praise and support. ■



Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center

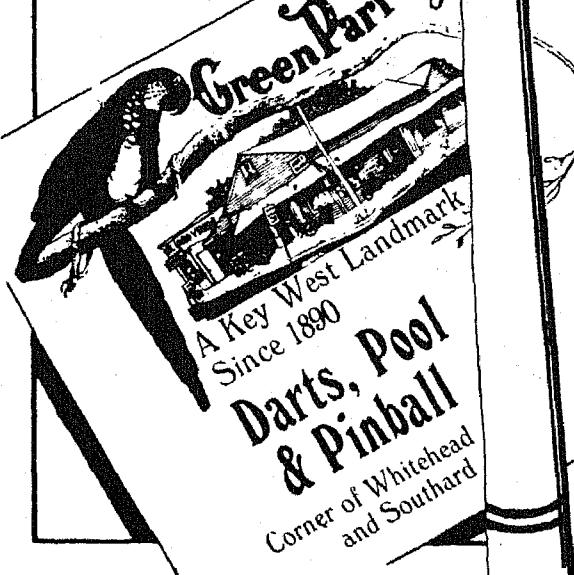
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MARKING TIME

Curtains & Culture

4/27-5/21 • The Red Barn Theatre presents *Telemachus Clay*, a Hollywood fable by Lewis John Carline, directed by Carole MacCartee. Wednesday to Sunday, 8 p.m., 296-9911.

4/26-5/7 • *The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940*, a spoofy whodunit by John Bishop, directed by George Gugliotti, at Waterfront Playhouse. Wednesday to Sunday, 8:30 p.m., 294-5015.

4/30 • Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center hosts the *Penderecki String Quartet*, 8 p.m. Ticket includes "Afterglow" party at La Te Da. Call Lee Bell, 294-6232.

4/25-5/7 • *Papa*, starring William Hindman as Ernest Hemingway in the hit play by John deGroot, held over again at Jan McArt's Cabaret Theatre, Tuesday to Sunday, 8:30 p.m., 296-2120.

5/31 • *The Blackwood Brothers* Southern gospel singing group will perform at 7:30 at Grace Lutheran Church, 2713 Flagler Ave. Free.

Common Good

4/29 • Red Cross Blood Drive at Tavernier Elks Lodge, MM 92 1/2, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

5/20 • *Armed Forces Day Celebration*, Key West Navy Band concert, booths and demonstrations, Naval Air Station helicopter show. From 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Lt. Stan Cook, 292-4313.

4/29 • *Conch Republic Days Bed Race, Blessing of the Fleet*, 10 a.m. "U.S. Oh No Show," noon. 5K Sunset Run, 6 p.m. *Bubbi Awards*, 8 p.m. Fireworks, 10 p.m.

4/30 • *Conch Republic Days Kite Festival*, 11 a.m. Windsurfing Regatta, 1 p.m. Salt Pond Nature Tours, 2 p.m.

4/29-30 • *Historic Key West Cemetery Tours*, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

5/2 • *May Day Celebration*, Bahia Honda State Recreational Area. Snorkeling, guided nature walk, history talk, slide show, from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., 872-2353.

Fun for Funds

4/21-5/7 • *Keys Classic Release Tourney*, to benefit American Mental Health Fund, \$1200 entry per team, \$50,000 top prize. Final fishoff May 6-7. Entries from OceanSide Marina.

5/13 • *Bike-a-Thon*, for American Cancer Society, Peary Court, 8:30 a.m. to noon.

5/14 • *Harry Chipchase Fund Benefit* to raise scholarship money for a local black music student. Variety show and dance at VFW Hall on Emma St. at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$7.50, \$8.50 at the door. Call 294-1646 or 294-8882.

5/19 • *Caribbean Night at the Ramada Inn Poolside*, to benefit the Special Olympics. Roast pig dinner will be served for \$3, raffle tickets to win a St. Thomas vacation and more on sale at Ramada Inn, Conn's Camera and Cards, Photosonics and First State Bank. Festivities begin at 5:30, 294-4988.

Always Happening

5/29 • Looe Key National Marine Sanctuary Fourth Annual NMS Underwater Photography Contest, Billy Causey, 872-4039.

Angela St., 6 p.m. Always open to the public. Televised on Channel 5, 292-8200.

Adult Children of Alcoholics meets at Holy Innocents Church, 901 Flagler St. Mondays at 7 p.m., Thursdays at 8:30 p.m. 294-8912. AIDS Help needs volunteers to support AIDS-related clients. One-on-one counseling available free of charge to qualified applicants by appointment. 296-6196.

Guardianship of Monroe County helps disabled adults and elderly residents in decision-making. To volunteer or for more information call Elizabeth Covino, HRS at 292-6728; Betty Campbell at Florida Keys Memorial Hospital, 294-5531; or Liz Kern at Hospice, 294-8812.

Youth Church Training Class at Fifth Street Baptist Church meets each Sunday, May 7 to 28 at 6 p.m.

Sweet Adelines, Presbyterian Kirk of the Keys Church, Marathon, Tuesday at 7:30 p.m.

Old Island Harmony Barber Shop Chorus, Old Stone Church, Key West, Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m.

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

Monroe County Library, Fleming St., offers Preschool Story Hour on Thursdays (except May 11) 9:30 a.m., Saturday movies 10 a.m. 294-8488.

Community Pool, 300 Catherine St., open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

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

Just Say No supper club meets Mondays from 4 to 6 p.m. 292-8248.

Anchors Aweigh Club, Alcoholics Anonymous and Narcotics Anonymous meetings daily. 404 Virginia St., 296-7888.

Small Business Counseling third Friday of each month, available at Barnett Bank, Tavernier. To make an appointment, 852-2661. Counselors are members of Service Corp. of Retired Executives (SCORE).

If you have an event you wish to include in the Calendar, please send your information by the 15th of the month to Solares Hill, 930-C Eaton Street, Key West, Florida 33040.

Conch Republic Bed Race

Combining the intensity of grand prix racing with the zaniness of a three-ring circus, the Seventh Annual Miller Lite/FM 107 Conch Republic Anniversary Bed Race thunders down Duval Street in Old Town Key West on a wheel and a prayer at 10 a.m. Saturday, April 29.

The event celebrates Key West's secession from the United States in April 1982, a protest to border patrol roadblocks stopping traffic in the Upper Keys, ostensibly searching for drugs and illegal aliens.

"Last year one of the most unusual beds entered was an entry called 'Bed from Japan,'" said Joe Russo, general manager of Key West radio station FM 107 and ringmaster of the event. "It was made out of oyster shells, but none of the racers was Japanese. In fact, they were all Hispanic."

The rules for the one-third mile race, according to Russo, are simple. All beds must have at least four wheels with no mechanical steering devices and four pushers as well as one rider. King size beds are not permitted.

And while many of the entries are on the humorous side some entrants take the race extremely seriously.

"Some people spend weeks designing and fabricating their beds," said Russo. "A few days before the race you'll see people running time trials in their own parking lots. What began as a silly event has turned out to be blood 'n guts for some contenders."

Noguchi Garden Exhibit

Until May 1, Key Westers can learn more about the Noguchi Sculpture Garden proposed for construction on the 1.6-acre site in front of the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center. They can do so by visiting an exhibit at the East Martello Museum which will run daily, 9:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

The exhibit, in addition to featuring works of prominent South Florida sculptors, includes photographs of Noguchi projects and installations around the world. A model and prose description of the proposed garden are also on display.

The project has been placed on the priority list for \$75,000 in funding by the Florida Department of State, Division of Cultural Affairs Challenge Grant Program. It is the only project in Monroe County to achieve this status.

Locally, over \$65,000 have been raised in cash and pledges.

Edward Davis Lewis, of Gladwynne, Pennsylvania, a protege of Noguchi, will be the project architect. Noguchi died on December 30, 1988; he was 84.

For information call George Brashears, director of the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center, at 294-6232.

Marathon Offshore Race

The Bud Light Marathon Offshore Challenge, the first race of the 1989 national offshore season, scheduled for noon on Saturday, April 29, is expected to attract some 70 boats, according to Race Director John Carbonell. This is the fourth year Bud Light has sponsored the event.

Four different classes of American Power Boat Association national circuit boats -- superboat, open, pro-stock and stock -- as well as Union International Motonautique II and APBA Sportsman entries plan to compete.

Among those expected to compete is 1988 World Cup Superboat Champion and Miami Vice television star Don Johnson along with Johnson/Wellcraft teammates Gus Anastasi and Bill Sirois.

Race headquarters will be situated at Sombrero Resort and wet pits at Faro Blanco Marine Resort. For additional information, contact the Marathon Chamber of Commerce at (305) 743-5417.

Church School Classes

Key West Unitarian Universalism now offers church school classes on Sundays at the same time as regular services, 10 a.m. at the Key West Woman's Club, 319 Duval Street, Key West.

This education program is geared to function with any number of children of any age from two years on up.

Additional information may be obtained by calling 296-7619, evenings. Car pools from the Lower Keys have been organized, with Shirley Burns, 872-9867, and Ruth Dreamdigger, 745-1218, handling arrangements.

Helpline Training Classes

If you think you're a caring, dedicated person -- prove it! Helpline invites you to become a volunteer phone counselor. Training classes will teach you to help people help themselves when they have nowhere else to turn. Twenty-four hours every day, Helpline provides information, referral and crisis intervention immediately, confidentially, anonymously and free of charge to all of Monroe County.

After 40 hours of training, Helpline asks only four hours a week of volunteer commitment. During training classes participants will learn to be non-judgmental and enhance communication and listening skills. Other areas covered are crisis intervention, domestic abuse, rape, suicide prevention, child abuse, parental stress, substance abuse, elderly concerns, alternative lifestyles, bereavement and stress management.

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Help AIDS Help

Under a Health Resources Services Administration sub-contract, AIDS Help, Inc. is now able to assist all AIDS, ARC and HIV-positive residents of Monroe County.

The new services available to all HIV infected people include: counseling, support groups, case management, information, referral, help in filing social service agency forms, AZT information, applying for benefits, services of our volunteer program, recreational and social activities.

AIDS Help, Inc. has clients from Key West to Key Largo. All services are confidential. Call 296-6196 Monday through Friday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Raft Race and Food Festival

Sunshine Key Camp Resort at Mile Marker 39 will play host to the Lower Keys' Food Festival and Raft Race on Saturday, May 20, from 10 a.m. to dusk.

Sponsored by the Lower Keys Chamber of Commerce, the event is free to spectators. Entry in the raft race is \$7 per crew member, advanced registration; \$10 day of the race.

All kinds of competitors -- from serious kayakers to comical contestants -- are expected to take to the waters for the annual raft races. Outfitted in every kind of craft imaginable -- some serious, some outrageously rigged and barely afloat -- competitors will vie for trophies in several divisions. This year's most serious challenge kicks off at 10 a.m. with a six-mile marathon. Later in the afternoon, a three-mile race and a 1000-yard dash offer the chance for intense rivalry among rafters, canoers, and kayakers. "Goofy" craft take to the water at noon to determine the zaniest-costumed crew, most unique craft and hard luck craft.

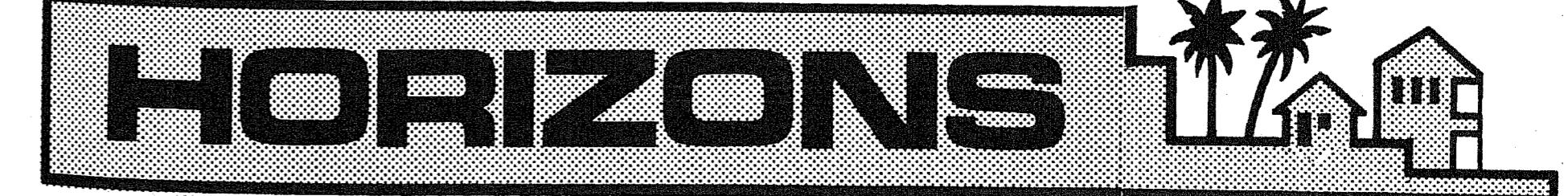
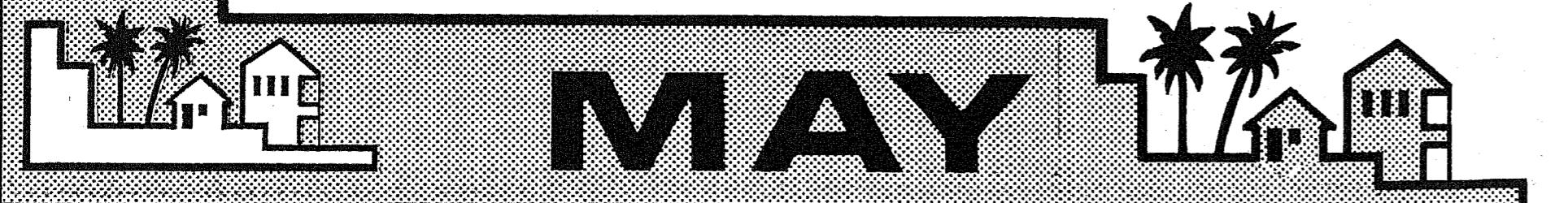
Two live bands will play reggae and rock throughout the day, and sideshows, including a volleyball tournament and dunking contest, will offer other diversions.

Raffle prizes include a two-night stay at 1800 Atlantic, swimming with dolphins, a Dry Tortugas trip, snorkel trips and a sunset cruise for six.

For more information, or to sponsor a raft, call 1-872-3580.

Bites of Spring

The Fourth Annual Conch Republic Kickoff Fishing Tournament, Saturday and Sunday, April 29 and 30, is Key West's warm-up to the seven-month Key West Fishing Tournament. The event features fishing Saturday and Sunday with lines in the water at 8:30 a.m., out by 3:30 p.m. Four \$500 cash prizes will be awarded for largest fish in the following categories -- billfish, dolphin, barracuda (20-pound-weight minimum) and tarpon (100-pound-weight minimum). Catch-release awards will be featured. Forms are available at any Key West tackle shop or marina. For information call 296-0575 or 296-8673.



Lottery

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called "anything too tough for the maids or beneath the dignity of the butler."

Let's peer into that household:

Residential land in Palm Beach now sells for about a million per half acre, if you can find it. The estate where I worked covered 19 acres on the ocean. The house was Mediterranean in style, two stories high, and over 300 feet in length. Roughly calculating, I estimate the interior area at over 40,000 square feet. I'll describe one of the many rooms:

The drawing room could enfold Casa Gato mansion, roof and all. It contained grown palm trees as ornamentation. On the fireplace mantle sat a clock which was worth more than the Calvin Klein house. On the walls were paintings by major French Impressionists. I could not even guess what these things would bring in today's market.



My employer's income was around \$85,000 a day, or \$30 million per year. These people had cleverly sheltered their wealth and paid almost no taxes.

I know this because there were no secrets in that house. Every scrap of paper tossed away was later fished out of the waste basket, read by one of the staff, and discussed at the table among the other 19 servants. Privacy for the family and their guests was virtually nonexistent.

One of my favorite memories is of accidentally catching the lady of the house, a famous socialite, in her underwear when she inadvertently went down a wrong hall in one of the guest wings. ("Robe, Madam?")

During this time I acquired much material for future writing.

It also exposed me to cuisine of a sort which is scarcely imaginable to people used to, well, the best of what we have here. The head chef of the household was described in the *New York Times* as "one of the 10 greatest chefs in the world." He and I were friendly, and quite often I enjoyed his magical creations, with enlightening commentary.

All this has allowed me a certain perspective. I'm no longer very impressed by people who have money, though I admire and enjoy those who have style and generosity -- especially the latter.

That sort of knowledge may be dangerous to my hobby. Maybe it's best to be naive, or "unspoiled"? Oh, well, it's too late for me. Even if I were to win the lottery, I would never quite forget that the smallest fortune on the Forbes 400 list is \$200 million, or 20 times the average lottery payoff.

Perhaps they should reserve the prizes for those who enjoy an innocent, child-at-Christmas attitude?

Still, wealth by chance or fate is ever more endearing than wealth by inheritance or tycoons. How very American it is.

The lottery is such a nice hobby. There is no end to the psychological speculation. How would your friends react? And all those distant relations coming out of the woodwork! The endless good causes demanding patronage and making you feel like a jerk if you don't fork out. What of the neighbors who do not win? Plenty of congenial slaps on the back from them at first -- but would the congratulations eventually acquire a hostile ring? And ...

Hmmmm.

A YELLOW TAG SALE

Five Thousand Square Feet of U.P.S.-Friendly, Post-Rattan, Late 20th Century Furniture, Lighting and Home Accessories.