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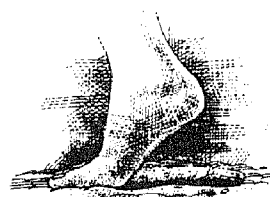
KEY WEST, FL

APRIL 1983



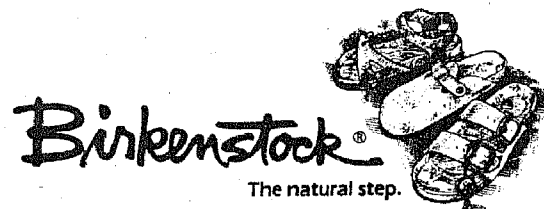
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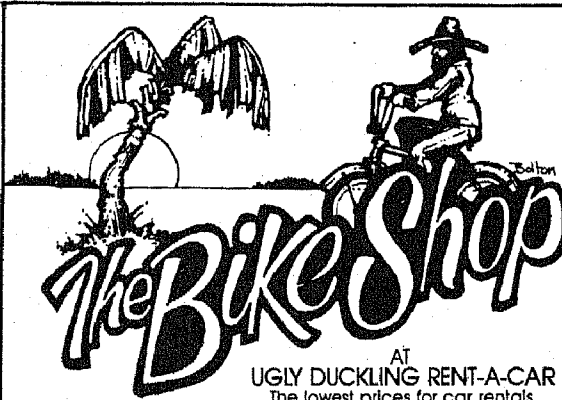


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FROM THE EDITOR

HELLO -

THIS MONTH WE have a special article on Tennessee Williams by Liz Lear. She has assembled a wonderful series of anecdotal reminiscences about him from local people. In addition to the article we have a number of photos which we are running. We would like to thank Don Pinder, Danny Stirrup, Ida Barron, Wendy Tucker and Floy Thompson for loaning us photos. I think that everyone will enjoy this piece.

ALSO THIS MONTH we are running the winning story in our first High School Short Story Contest. The winner was Mariene Ogg and she is a tenth grade student at Mary Immaculate High School.

THAT WONDERFUL PRODUCTION of "Annie Get Your Gun" at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Theatre was the biggest money maker and had the greatest local involvement of any show thus far, I understand. The next musical production will be "Hair" which, incidentally, has caused a performance conflict with the Key West Dance Theatre. They will now perform at the Waterfront Playhouse May 19-May 22 with a possible matinee on May 21.

THE 13th ANNUAL Lily Ball to benefit Easter Seals will be on April 16th at the B.O.Q. at Trumbo Point. Music will be by Fred Ames with Ginny Tucci.

JANE SAMUELS reports that: Our unprecedented winter storms are steadily destroying what is left of the Swimming Pier at the end of Reynolds Street. Rain, wind and high seas have frustrated the best efforts of Mr. Edward Stickney of the County Public Works Department to stabilize or repair it.

HE REPORTS THAT Mrs. Wilhemina Harvey, County Commissioner, has been most interested and helpful about this problem. A little extra money has been found for repairs. But Mr. Stickney is afraid "if this weather

doesn't let up, there won't be anything left to repair."

MEANWHILE, THE LARGER project to replace the pier with a new sturdy structure has been quietly going forward. As reported last month, Mr. Stickney has designed the new structure and is planning to include this project in next year's budget. Hoping to get it started sooner, and at Mrs. Harvey's suggestion, Stickney has asked his consultants to check out the possibility of securing funding by a Federal grant.

NO PROGRESS HAS been made on the suggestion of a citizen attempt to raise private funds to help meet the cost of the proposed new structure. However, Mr. Manfred Ibel, who led the effort to collect 400 signatures on a petition to have the pier restored, is back in town and indicated his willingness to lead such an effort.

THE KEY WEST Orchid Club has received an invitation to submit floral arrangements to the World Conference Orchid Show in Miami next year. This is quite a flower in their buttonhole since you have to be very, very good to be invited.

HERE IS THE schedule of Channel 5 for our local shows.

Monday at 5:30 p.m.: "Improving Human Capabilities" with Professor William Trantham 7:00 p.m.: "Page One" with Townsend Kieffer and Betty de Boer; 8:00 p.m. (1st and 3rd Mondays only): Agenda Preview of the City Commission with Tom Gregory.

Tuesday at 5:30 p.m.: "Health Dimensions" with Dr. Debbie Flynn; 7:00 p.m.: "Page One;" 8:00 p.m. "Plants in Paradise" with Kathy Wolf; 8:30 p.m.: "Gray Rainbow" with Gary Norris.

Wednesday at 5:30 p.m.: "Fitness Factory" (host to be announced); 7:00 p.m. "Page One;" 8:00 p.m.: "Theatre and Arts" with Marsha Gordon.

continued on page 32

Our cover photo of Tennessee Williams is by photographer George Daniell. The photo was loaned to us by Liz Lear.

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EDITOR.....BILL HUCKEL
EDITORIAL CONSULTANT.....BILL WESTRAY
ART DIRECTION.....SOLARES HILL DESIGN GROUP

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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

By Liz Lear

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS DOESN'T live here anymore.

Key West has lost its star resident, the world has lost one of its greatest contemporary playwrights and many of us here have lost an old and dear friend.

Controversy surrounds his death, as it did his life. There has been much press, and rumors proliferate like gnats around a stagnant pond on a hot summer's day.

It is as if he has written his last play, the opening act of which takes place in the Hotel Elysee. The play is

thing in the world was deliciously palatable. He was witty, charming and loving and cast a warm glow over everyone within his orbit. But when he was bad, he was much like that little girl with the proverbial curl and not nearly as lovable. Being a victim of his wrath was a devastating experience.

Of course, aside from everything personal, his work stands alone; the pure work of genius and that's all that ultimately matters.

A few of Tenn's many friends have been persuaded to share some of their

have loved. I could easily imagine him there, pacing out stage moves for a new play.

"It was New Year's Eve in New Orleans in 1976 when I met Tennessee; I was working on an adaptation of *Baby Doll* for the stage. On impulse I called Tenn and he invited me to bring it over for him to see, and he liked what I had done. I told him that I was very interested in producing three of his one-act plays, including *The Frosted Glass Coffin*, a black comedy about old people living in Miami in a retirement home. They have come to terms with the fact that all their friends are dying. Anyway, the play was done in Atlanta and Gainesville and was a big success.

"Tenn was pleased and invited me down to Key West to work with him on some other projects, like *Preferred Analysis Given by a Parrot*, which concerned two middle-aged ladies who went to a convention. One is overweight and the other has a bad skin problem, but they're out trying to pick up men.

"There was another, called *Some Problems for the Moose Lodge*, that ended up with the title *A House Not Meant to Stand*, his last play staged in Chicago, directed by me.

"When we were in Chicago we stayed at the Delaware Towers, in the Rush Street district. It's interesting that when he was in Europe he always stayed in first-class hotels, but in America he chose theatrical sort of places. Tenn liked the Delaware Towers because it had a kitchen and, at times, he liked to stay in and cook. On a night after rehearsals he begged me to fix Hoppin' John it was one of his favorites, a spicy stew.

"As the pot simmered he kept tasting it and saying, 'Put in more pepper, it isn't hot enough', so we kept adding pepper. Dinner was finally served, with a Caesar salad and some good Australian wine.

"Tenn took one bite and spat it out all over the table. He grabbed the wine and downed three glasses, fast. Then, he said, 'Oh, baby, there's too much pepper; I think we better send out for some Chinese food!'

"I remember another time while we were there, and the play had already opened. Tenn always got up about 4 a.m. to work. He liked to have a glass of wine, at that time, and there wasn't any in the place. He went downstairs and asked the old man at the desk if there was any store open where he could get some wine. He was told it was after-hours but there was a saloon open called Trotter's. He told Tenn to tell the bartender that the old man had sent him. Off Tenn went to Trotter's Tavern which turned out to be a seedy place filled with derelicts and street people.

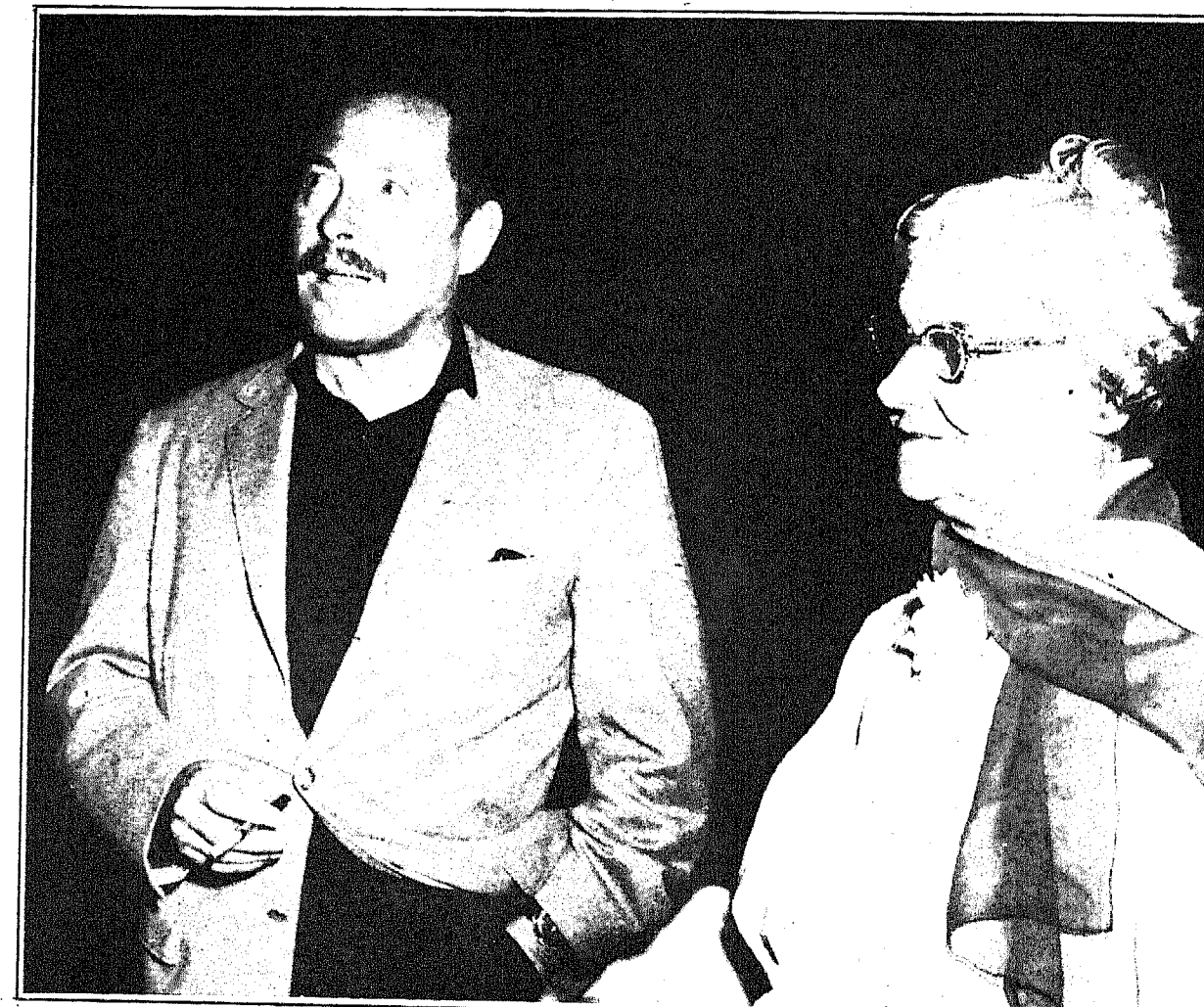


Photo courtesy of Edie Kidd

Tennessee with his mother, Miss Edwina, a number of years ago.

taking on box office smashing proportions and looks as if it will run for years. I'm sure Tenn is enjoying every moment.

THOSE OF US who knew him well experienced the complexities of his personality.

When he was happy, he was a joyous companion. He would roll his eyes and smack his lips with relish as if every-

memories of him here.

What emerges is a tender, funny, sometimes sad but always colorful miniature portrait of the man.

GARY TUCKER, DIRECTOR OF
TENNESSEE'S LAST PLAY IN CHICAGO

Gary lives in Key West in a lofty apartment that looks out into treetops. It's an exciting space that Tenn would

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"The only thing the bartender had was J&B scotch, whereupon Tenn pulled out a large wad of bills from his trenchcoat pocket, and many of them drifted to the floor as he thrust a handful at the bartender to pay for the J&B. He turned and left with his bottle, loosely stuffing the rest of the money in his pocket.

"But he left a trail of bills like breadcrumbs as he walked along the street with half the early-bird cocktail group following him down the street, picking up the money.

"He said, 'Baby, they followed me all the way home like I was a bitch in heat,' and he wrote a funny story about the incident called *A Happy Trot to Trotters*.

"Tenn felt very tender about the ladies he liked," Gary went on to say. "I remember going over to his house in Key West one day, telling him that Dorothy Raymer was in the hospital, and he insisted that we go over immediately. On the way, we stopped at a flower shop and he carefully chose a bouquet for her.

"When we arrived at Dorothy's room, we found a very old woman sitting silently in a chair by the bed; she must have been 100 years old and looked quite dead. Tennessee was terrified and didn't even want to go into the room; but we did, and he gave Dorothy the flowers while he talked to her sweetly and held her hand.

"Then we just flew out of there; he was absolutely convinced the old woman was dead."

I asked Gary if he was familiar with the Hotel Elysee in New York.

"I stayed there with Tenn, some years ago; it was the same apartment he had maintained for years. It had been Tallulah's before she died. At the time, we were working on *Tiger Tail*, which was a stepped-up version of *Baby Doll* with much more of his fascinating philosophy added to it.

"Tenn was in rehearsal with *Vieux Carré* when he suddenly decided he would go to Bermuda. I had some business to take care of in Georgia so we arranged to meet back in New York before the opening. That day Tenn wrote a poem and gave it to me.

"While I was going through boxes, photos, letters and papers the other day, I came across that poem and read it through again. It was just heart-breaking. My friend is now dead. The poem, which had been a kind of good-bye note to me before he went on holiday, now took on a whole new meaning. It was, I think, a premonition and was hand-written on Hotel Elysee stationery." With Gary's permission, we can print the poem here:

*'Why do I want to go away?
'I don't have no reason to stay.
'Do this, do that, they name the hour.
'My heart is in a tall clock tower
'And keeps striking hours that say:
'Time for you to slide away.'
'What should I do? Of course, obey!
'And there's no profit in delay.
'Never mind No. 1201'
(I think the number is thirteen)
'Going, going, almost gone --
'Done my bit and travelled on.'*

*The number of his room suite in which he ultimately died.

GENEVIEVE LEAR, ARTIST, SAILOR
AND WORLD TRAVELLER:

Genevieve, when not off to some far flung corner of the earth, lives with me in Key West. She arrived on the island when she was two years old and met Tenn when she was seven.

"We were very poor in those days and I remember that we ate many dishes that were made with ground meat, like spaghetti and meatballs, and so forth. Tenn used to come for dinner so I guess he used to like that kind of thing; around the table with us would usually be

Frank Merlo, Joey Tunnell and John Young.

"Tennessee laughed a lot and rolled his eyes dramatically. He thought I was a precocious brat but he was always very nice.

"When I was about 8, my mother married Bud, who's my stepfather. The wedding and reception took place in our apartment on the second floor of the Woman's Club. There were a lot of people there including Tennessee.

"Well, at one point my new grandmother, my mother and Tenn were sitting on the couch and I was perched on the arm next to them. Suddenly, my grandmother turned to Tenn and said, in a puzzled voice:

"Tennessee? Tennessee? Don't you sing and play guitar?"
"My poor mother went about seven shades of red, but Tennessee just burst out laughing and said:
"Yes, ma'am, I do and very good, too."

She had been thinking of Tennessee Ernie Ford!

"When I was 12 or 13, I used to love to dress in antique clothing and I would go to visit Tenn, gathering a bouquet of flowers on the way over. I'd arrive in a floppy picture hat, a long dress and trailing a feather boa--he just loved that."

EVAN RHODES,
AUTHOR:

Evan spends much of his time in Key West, when he's not off on a whirlwind book promotion tour. At present, he's in New York working on a musical show being made of one of his works.

"I met Tennessee in Key West. Jamie Herlihy introduced us. I think it was 1958. It was a lovely season, we all even made plans to take a trip to Morocco together; in fact, it became a standing joke every time we ran into

each other over the years--we'd talk about taking a trip to Morocco, of course we never did.

"I saw all of his excellent plays, though I remember seeing--oh, what was it called--you know, the one with Brian Bedford and Estelle Parsons.* Anyway, I didn't like it at all, something just wasn't right. Then, one day in 1972, Tenn had Jamie and me to lunch. Afterwards, he read the first act of that play to us. What an experience! I was entranced, it was wonderful. I finally understood what he meant by that play. "He read with such sensitivity, you know, that man could have been a great actor. He was a true genius of the theater."

*Kingdom of Earth

EDEE KIDD, ARTIST AND
GUARDIAN OF A FLAME:

When I arrived for my interview, Edee was sitting in her front porch in the company of a beautiful tortoiseshell cat. She graciously invited me into the studio to see the paintings of her late husband, Hari. I had heard a lot about the collection for years but had never seen it. During our talk, my eyes were constantly drawn back to those extraordinary paintings.

"I first met Tennessee in Chapala, Mexico. I think it was 1945. I remember that *Glass Menagerie* had just closed. Lucretia Taylor had died and at that moment Tenn hadn't wanted anyone else to do the part, so he closed the play.

"Hari Kidd and I were friends of the poet Witter Brynner. One evening while out walking we ran into Tennessee and Witter introduced us. We all proceeded to a cantina and had a wonderful evening, mostly discussing the D.H. Lawrence. It seemed that Tennessee had just been to meet Frieda Lawrence. Tenn and Hari were both acquainted with Freida so there was lots to talk about. Key West was never discussed, and at the time we had no idea where we would end up.

"When we did arrive in Key West in the late 1940's our friendship with Tennessee was renewed, and we remained friends till the time of his death.

"There are many happy memories

was always so kind and considerate.

"I remember once telling him one of Hari's stories. It was a story I never tired of hearing, and it was to me, like a child's bedtime story. Hari had




Everyone's having a great time at David Wolkowsky's apartment by Capt. Tony's in this photo taken in the early 1960's. Dorothy Raymer, David and Tennessee are identifiable but the man in the foreground is not.

of him, wonderful shared moments always to treasure. Too much to recount in a small space.

"The first years after Hari died, 1964, were very difficult for me. Tenn


been living in Majorca in the 1920's in one of those typical Mediterranean-type homes with balconies and shuttered windows that opened out onto the sea. "One night, just before bedtime,

Photo by Don Pinder



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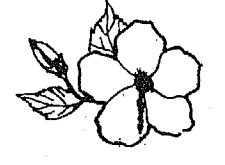
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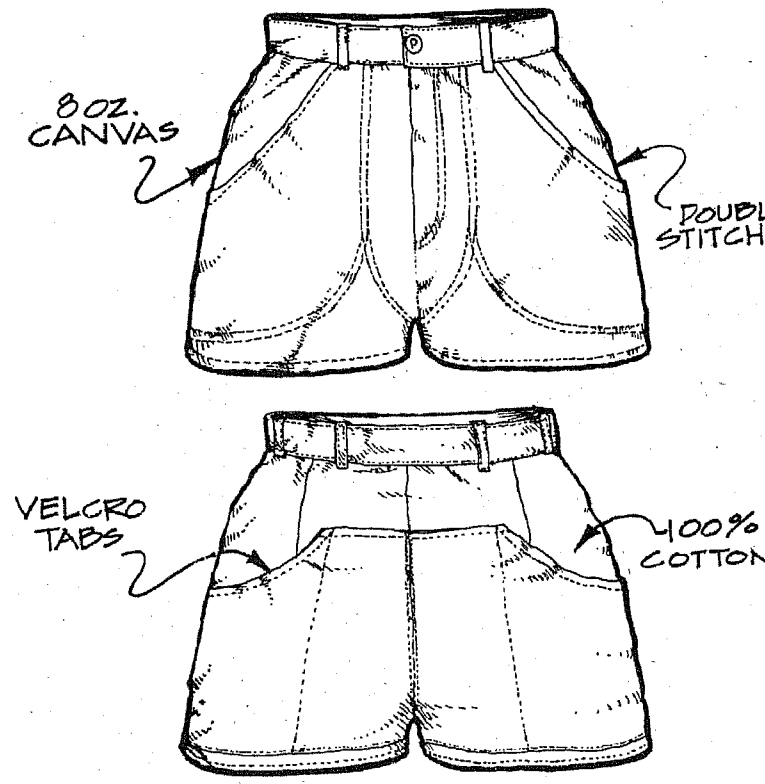
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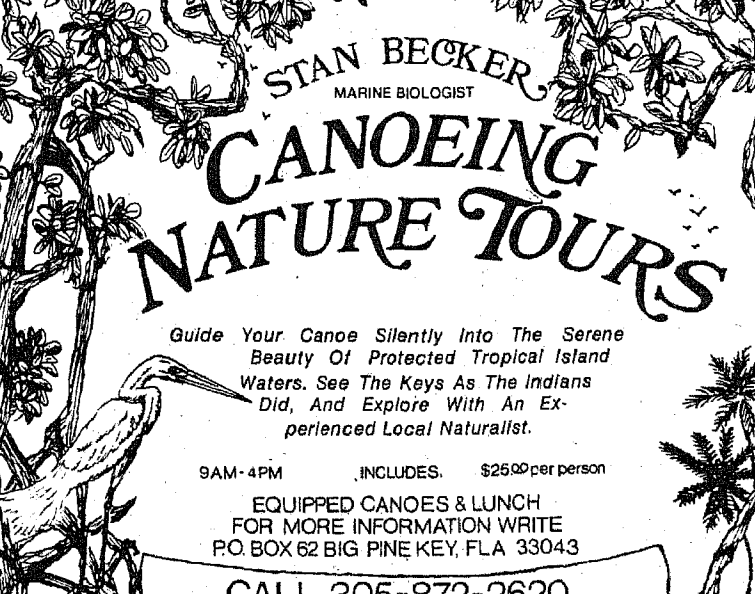
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The Night of TENNESSEE

By Timothy J. McShane

HE WAS WEARING a gray leisure suit that had the look of a formal pair of pajamas. He jabbed at the three steaks smoking over the charcoal grill.

"HOW DO YOU like yours done, baby?" he asked, and I told him.

Around prowled some fluffy cats and some sleek ones. The chirping of little birds could be heard from the gazebo, and there was the translucent glow from the swimming pool.

IF YOU LISTENED closely you could hear Tennessee Williams humming to himself. A soft, high humming, while his movements were slow and his whole body seemed to drawl.

"THERE SHOULD BE some wine glasses in one of those cupboards," he said, motioning toward the kitchen. "I say 'should be' because the place has been ransacked." And then he laughed.

"Luckily Tennessee finds this sort of thing funny," Dotson Radar said.

But it was not funny to be out of wine. Tennessee sent Dotson off to Big Daddy's for some more.

"ARE YOU IN love?" Tennessee asked.

"Yes," I said.

"They ransacked the house" he said. "We had to fit it out with new glasses, everything."

I nodded.

"And they killed my caretaker, you know."

"I read about it."

"It was in the newspaper?"

"Yes."

BUT THESE WERE two separate incidents, weren't they? And wasn't there a trunk full of forgotten Key West manuscripts that turned up like buried treasure?

"Did you bring one of your stories to read?" Tennessee Williams asked me.

"Yes."

"EVERYONE WRITES HERE, you know, in this house. We're all writers.

Would you put the corn in when the water starts to boil?"

That was something I could do. Writing a story I was not so sure. Reading it to Tennessee Williams....

HE HAD CALLED one day while I was working as reference librarian at the library on Fleming Street. I was used to arbitrating wagers made in various watering holes and gin mills around town. But this was even more serious it seemed.

"THIS IS TENNESSEE Williams," he said, and damned if he didn't sound just like him. "I have your letter here. We've never met, have we?"

"Uh, no."

"I'm having dinner tonight with a friend. Would you care to join me?"

"Yeah!"

"At my house. Do you know the address?"

"Sure."

"And bring your story."

IMAGINE THAT. A complete stranger. I must remember to be kind. In return.

Tennessee cut his steak and salted it with the phoney salt required by his heart problem. He hummed between bites. He did not converse.

"YOU'LL HAVE TO excuse Tennessee," Dotson said. I wondered why. Was he going away? "He's very tired," Dotson said. "He just opened a play in New York."

"Oh."

"Why do you write short stories?" Dotson wondered. "There's no market for them. Not even Esquire is interested in them anymore."

"I can't help it if they come out that way."

"He's shy," Dotson said.

"Don't be shy, baby," Tennessee said.

"Children's plays."

"I don't like children's plays," Tennessee said.

"Wait a minute," Dotson said. "Are you straight?"

"Yeah."

DOTSON LOOKED AT Tennessee in mock horror. "Did you hear that, Tennessee?"

Tennessee went on eating.

"You've got to go easy on Tennessee," Dotson said. "He's got a bad heart."

"Everybody's straight," Tennessee said. "He just hasn't met the right boy yet."

"EVERYONE IS NOTHING until you love them" is what Tennessee said in "The Rose Tattoo". I prefer to think that's what he meant.

"Do you play poker?" Tennessee asked.

"Sure."

DOTSON CLEARED THE table. There were mint cookies for dessert. Tennessee pried one open. He took out one of the pills he was taking for his heart. He broke the capsule open and sprinkled the contents onto the cookie. Then he put the cookie back together and ate it.

"It's amazing what's happening in Iran now," Dotson said. "The Shah still plans to go back. I'm for him too. He made a lot of very progressive changes there, stopped being gary from being a felony."

"They don't seem real pleased with him over there," I said.

"What do you think, Tennessee?"

"It's too far away."

*

I CALLED MY partner Bub Mowry and asked him to join us for poker.

"Yeah, I'm over here at Tennessee's," I said.

"Oh, you are, are you?" Bub said.

"Yeah. He wants to know if you want to come over and play poker."

"He means for money, right?"

"I guess so."

"Well that's a helluva note. Does he expect to take our money or vice versa?"

"It's all in the cards."

Bub came right over.

WE PLAYED CARDS around a table in the front room.

"I wish we could play some music, Tennessee said. "I would love to hear a beautiful concerto now."

BUT THE PLACE had been ransacked. There was nothing to do but drink and play cards. Or so it seemed. It was funny.

"Deuces and one-eyed jacks are wild," Tennessee said solemnly, looking over the top of his glasses. "And nines, you know."

"What the hell," Bub said. He had lost about five dollars.

I HAD WON about five dollars. It didn't matter. I started losing and pretty soon I was down five dollars too. Then ten. It was a helluva note. But we didn't care. Tennessee was happy. He was winning. But he didn't care either.

"WHERE ARE YOU from?" Tennessee asked Bub.

Bub told him.

"Chicago," Tennessee repeated, and he seemed to travel some where or some time in his mind. In a little while he came back. "Do you know Studs Terkel?"

I know of him," Bub said. "I used to go out with a girl who was his secretary."

Dotson shook his head.

"A nice man," Tennessee said. But he drinks too much."

We nodded.

"MY BROTHER'S RUNNING for governor, you know."

"That's right," I said stupidly.

"Isn't he a fool?"

You had to admit it seemed pretty foolish.

"My brother Dakin is a complete fool!"

"Tennessee doesn't like his brother," Dotson said.

We gathered that.

"I hate him," Tennessee said, and he laughed. "He is an ignoramus."

We all laughed at that.

THE CARD GAME withered away due to lack of funds of the part of two of the contestants.

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"Read your story, baby," Tennessee said. It seemed a good idea before any more drinks made the rounds.

TIME SEEMED TO stand still. Bub helped me read the dialogues. Then it was over.

"It's good," Dotson pronounced. "There's no self-indulgence in it."

"No," Tennessee said. "None."

"That's when you can tell someone is a pro, when there's no self-indulgence."

"Not a shred," Tennessee said. There was a pause. "I like it," Tennessee added, bless his heart. "Send it to Antaeus or Partisan Review. And you, baby," he said to Bub, "what

nice reading! Would you like to read something else for me, baby?"

"Sure," Bub said.

"What should he read, Dotson?"

TENNESSEE HAD COME to life. Dotson did not seem sure what to make of it. Before Tennessee appeared to be off in his own world, equal parts stupefied and stupefying. Now he was a moving mystery, an ambulatory myth.

HE WAS OFF looking through books on the shelves, in the bedroom next to the painting he was about to finish, his lips moving, the words of poetry and of his own plays partly voiced. The simple task itself reminded me of me at the library. But this took place on Tennessee's planet.

DOTSON GOT UP to lend a hand. Then he gave up exasperated, saying, "Ten, haven't you got a single book of your collected works in this house?" Then to us, "He's only lived here since 1949."

"Chance Wayne," he said, "And I shall read the Countess."

TENNESSEE'S VOICE AS the Countess was lush, low and seductive. It was also wise, pointed, wry and curious. It seemed to be soft and yet sharp.

Bub played hard-edged, thrown off balance but with a hint of anger.

THEY WERE FASCINATING. And they were fascinating each other.

Tennessee closed the book.

"What have you done?" Tennessee asked.

BUB TOLD HIM about our plays, about the ensemble in Chicago, about building sets, acting for kids, being fed up with the theater games adults played and their power plays, leaving and coming to Key West, and now, meeting him.

TENNESSEE PICKED UP the telephone. He tried several numbers but there was no answer.

"It's late," Dotson said.

Tennessee tried another number.

"Busy," he said. "I must tell someone about this boy!"

"WE HAVE A lot of things to do in the next few days," Dotson said. "We're expecting guests, and then Tennessee has to fly to the coast for an opening."

"Oh yes," Tennessee said. "You know the boy in that play is really beautiful."

"Yes he is," Dotson said.

"Thank you for dinner, Tennessee," I said.

It was his pleasure, he said.

"Goodbye, Tennessee," Bub said.

"Goodbye, baby."

"Take care," said Dotson.

*

OUTSIDE BUD SAID, "How much?"

"Eight bucks," I said.

"Nine," he said. "Seventeen bucks for an evening with Tennessee Williams. Not bad."

"Plus, I got dinner," I gloated.

"Not bad," Bub said. "Not bad."

WE RODE DOWN Duncan in the cool night air.

"Think we'll hear from him again?"

I thought about it.

"No."

*

A FEW DAYS later Tennessee and Dotson were ambling along Duval Street around Duval Street around midnight, "happily drunk," as Tennessee put it, singing the hymn "In the Garden", when

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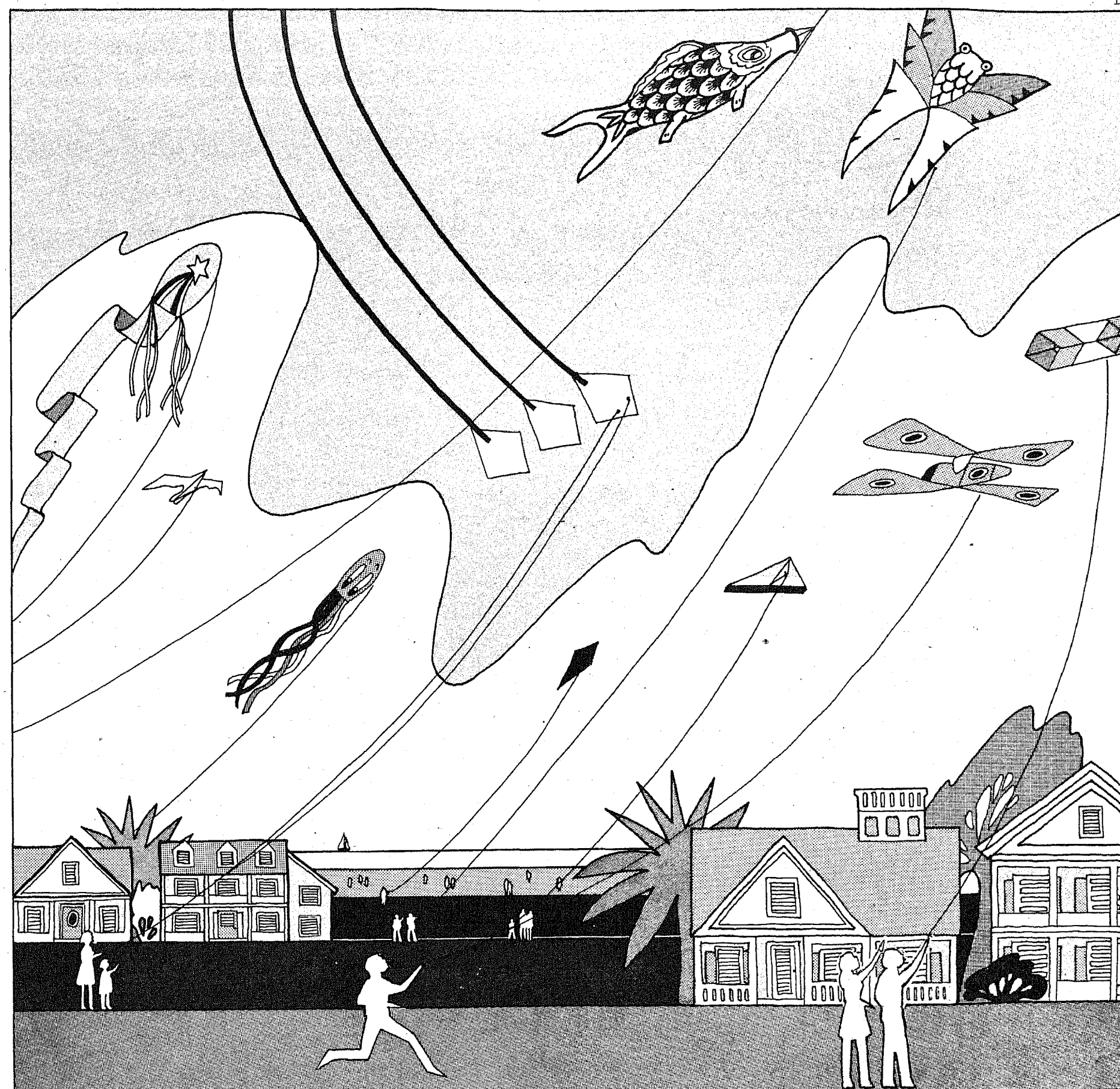
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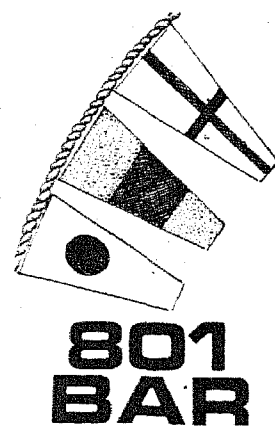
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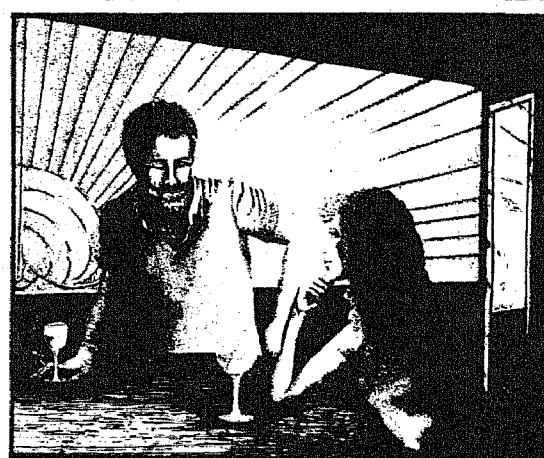
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DUVAL ST., KEY WEST



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wrap up your
business day ...
meet old friends
and
make new friends.

ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT HOUR 5 to 7

three or four punks blocked their way.

"I am not in the habit of retreat," Tennessee informed them, whereupon they promptly pushed Dotson down. Tennessee went tumbling after.

SO MUCH FOR the kindness of strangers, at least in this instance.

"I have tough bones," Tennessee said afterward. "I am uninjured."

He used to say he was cursed with longevity.

Was this a gay issue?

THERE WAS NOTHING very gay about it," said Tennessee. "Except for us, of course; we were slightly drunk."

Dotson was indignant.

"I'm very nervous here," he said. "I get the same sense here as in the gutter areas of New York."

AND I HAD thought all their streets had gutters. But this was for the benefit of the media, of course. At the airport. They were making that trip to the coast for the opening.

WE NEVER DID hear from Tennessee again. I wrote him letters, hand-delivered notes and spoke with whomever was minding his house, I sent him tickets to plays, but there was never any reply.

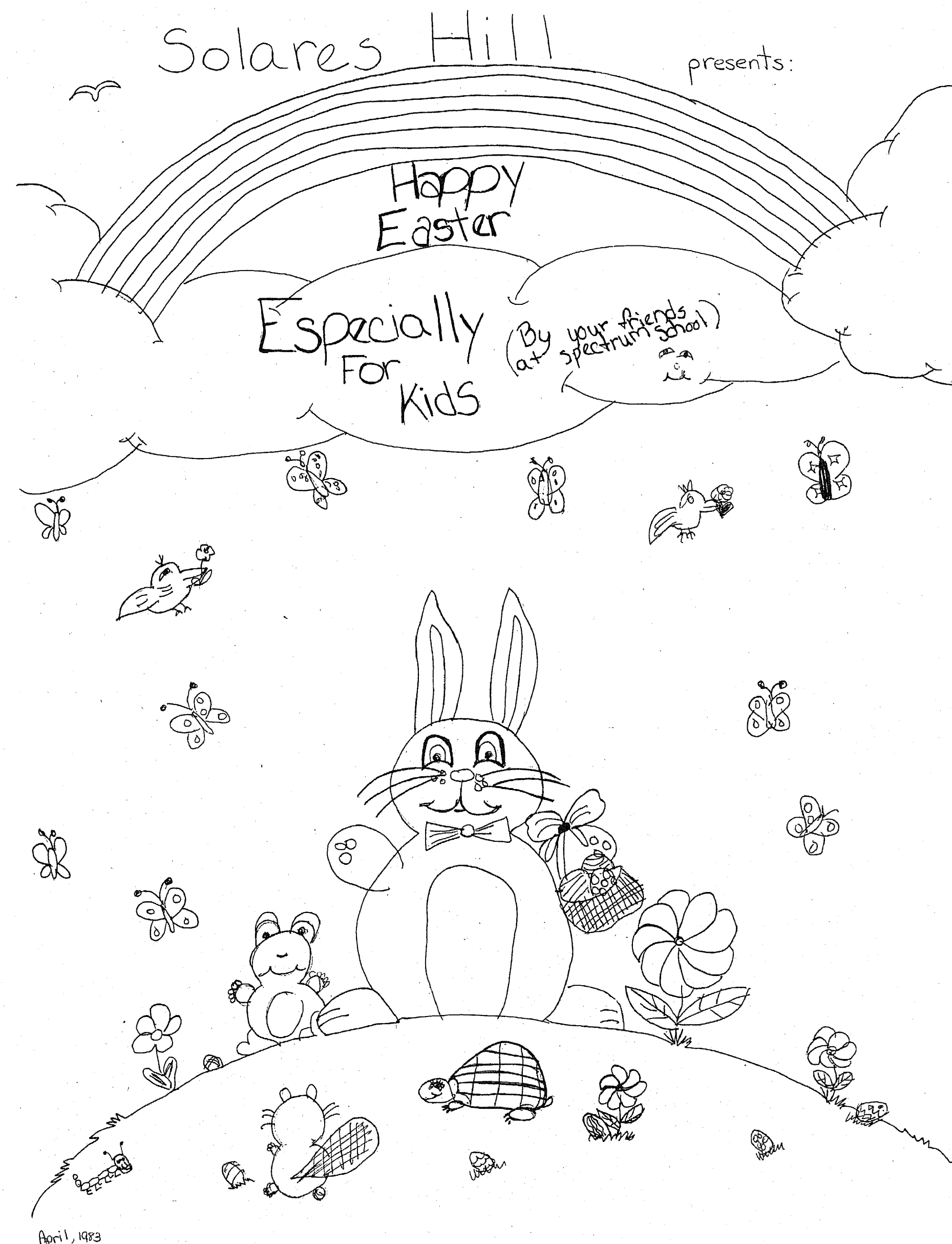
WE WANTED A chance to win our money back, sure, and we wanted a helluva lot more too. We wanted his friendship with no strings attached. We wanted too much. We all did. But some took while others merely wanted.

Now he's gone.

NANCY AND I wanted to have him over for dinner sometime. Nancy wanted to bake him a quiche, which he would have loved I am certain. He knew where we lived. Next to the cemetery. He had said to me that night, "A pleasant little cemetery, as cemeteries go."

BUT OUR EXPECTATIONS were not realistic. Nor were they meant to be. He gave us "truth in the pleasant disguise of illusion." And that should have been enough.

Maira
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SENTENCE BUILDING

Choose at least one word from each column and use your words in a sentence. Make as many different sentences as you can. For example: The fat prince went flying over the lovely purple flowers.

NOUNS	ADJECTIVES	VERBS
clown	lazy	went
birds	silly	fixed
teacher	short	cooking
plane	friendly	pushed
town	intelligent	flows
city	clever	acts
flowers	purple	grows
animal	fat	catches
prince	lovely	sneezed
brook	slippery	

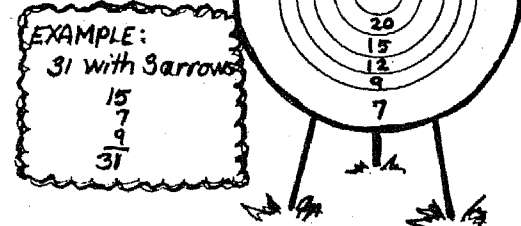
Truck diagram showing: Noun (verb) Adjective

SURE SHOT

Make a list showing how you can score:

- A. 48 using 4 arrows
B. 44 using 3 arrows
C. 69 using 4 arrows
D. 34 using 3 arrows
E. 72 using 4 arrows
F. 64 using 4 arrows

G. Bonus: What would your score be with one arrow in each section?



The Mermaids and the Mermen

by Ninanya J.A. Dent age 10
Spectrum School

Long, long ago there were mer-people, the first people on this earth. They were very different from us humans. They had tails like fish, their hands and ears were different too. They ate sea plants and knew everything about the sea. Soon lands started to form, and a new plant came into the sea. One ate it and liked it, so they all ate all of that kind of plant. One of the families had disappeared, but no one noticed it, until the plant was all gone. The name of the plant was the sea apple. One of the mermaids said, "We did not save any for the others." The ones that ate the plant turned into humans. When the others saw the plant they ate it and turned into human too. They swam to the shore. They wandered around until they found their friends. When they saw each other they said, "Where are we?" One day while they were looking around they saw a strange man and he taught them about the land. The land grew and grew and soon after (about 5 years), on the day of the fifth year, the land became as the world is now. The End

If you have any stories, poems, games or pictures you'd like to share, please send them to:
Spectrum School
10 Ave F Big Coppitt
Key West, Fla. 33040

DOUBLE TROUBLE

On a separate sheet of paper rewrite this story correcting the 27 homonym mistakes. Be sure to write the right answers!



Won day too children took a walk two the park. The son was shining, sew they decided to stop buy a store too get sum food four a picnic lunch. The store was having a sail on ham and other kinds of meat, sew they each bought a sandwich and a peace of cake. On the weigh to the park the children herd a noise on the rode. They turned and saw a pear of rabbits write their buy there feet. When the rabbits smelled the cent of people, the children watched they're little takes disappear write threw a whole in the ground.

- ### Top 10 Songs
1. Billie Jean - Michael Jackson
 2. Shame on the Moon - Bob Seger and The Silver Bullet Band
 3. Do You Really Want to Hurt Me? - Culture Club
 4. Hungry Like the Wolf - Duran Duran
 5. Back on the Chain Gang - The Pretenders
 6. You - Lionel Richie
 7. We've Got Tonight - Kenny Rogers and Sheena Easton
 8. Separate Ways - Journey
 9. One on One - Hall and Oates
 10. Mr. Roboto - Styx



MEMORIES KEEP BADLY: the most delicate ones fade and shrivel. Consuming being one of the massive, social, seasonal pastimes on the island, some of one's nifty, if inconsequential, memories come a-borning in Key West restaurants. Women are canny little dears and never do they forget the axiom that real prosperity is never having to prepare your own food.

THIS WRITER, EVER alert to adventure, spotted Fidel Castro lunching at Mananitas, a top peopledom lunching terrace in Cuernavaca, Mexico. All always will not be so lucky. But, let's say that you awake one morning to find yourself again in the saddle of your own personality. You are summoned to meet an elegant lady friend at the Queen's Table. You set out relentlessly in the car through gale winds gusting at 53 mph. Windshield wipers aren't working, so you drive with your head out of the window. This lunching-out experience is exalting. This friend knows, she recognizes, the

refinements of lunching here. And she is in touch with every table. There always is a man comes over to the table and says, "Helloooo" just as though he has only just sent round to her house a large bouquet of roses and a gold chain. No idea who he is. Someone says that he was once the mayor of Palm Beach. Or Palm Springs.

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER friend, and she's content only to lunch at Henry's on all that buffet. As soon as she orders her blue rein (gin), she efficiently sweeps the rooms with a glance. Here, you encounter semi-public friends. This lady has the strength and courage to snub. Her acquaintances name her The Blade. Here, there sometimes is lunching a wonderfully aristocratic, aged gentleman from the mainland. So crumbling, so nourishing, so pocked with the years. Such age does not make him strengthless.

THERE IS A great treat at Terraza de Marti. For, this is Big Time. A car valet. And, he drives off your little red car with a flycatcher smile. Over there is Comish Richard Heyman lunching, ready to plunge into his fruit salad, greeting some of his Gingerbread Gallery clients in a rich and sensuous voice.

15
WHEN YOU TAKE lunch at The Eatery, it's Key Westy, very cozy, with a good beach scene to watch. Unless that day you decide to drop into Dennis' snack counter for its two soul-nourishing commodities - red bean soup and morning shift waitress Audrey's insults. Lunchers have been known to drive miles for these two authentic island offerings.

ONE DAY, YOU say, "I'm tired of the uniformity of restaurants". That day, it is the day to nip up to Big Coppitt's Diamond Lil's eating spot in the event that you like off-the-wall places and are crazy about Texas chili topped with cheese and onions or snappy tacos or old timey hamburgers.

ONE CAN'T GET around to all 145 island meals-out entities. And one knows that when life becomes too daily for some acquaintances, if you don't find them at Chez Emile's, you will find them at Port of Call. It would be utterly remiss to omit Sands Beach lunching place. Mildred, in an authoritative mu mu establishes you right at the lip of the ocean in a few inches of shade. You shift your chair so as not to disturb two courting ants. Little waves lick at

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"The niftiest casual clothes in the Keys..."
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your thongs. Over the sunny, topless
side, white flesh is turning on the
spit into a shade you recognize as
Picasso Blue Period. When a Snow-
bird peels off a whole sheet of skin,
he ought to leave it waving from a
stake on the beach to warn other
comers.

KEEP IN TOUCH with yourself - go
out lunching. Meet you, Claire
Restaurant over the French custard
apple whipped cream pie.

IF YOU ARE putting in your time
just letting the air pass through your
lungs and the blood just flow through
your veins, you reasonably could
expect to brighten up, lunching at
bouncery, good-time Half Shell Raw
Bar. If you can push your way in.
No kicking, please. There's a young
pal lunching there with me, sitting on
a bench, smoking her celery cigarette.
She lost the crown on a tooth, and
while poking around under the table
for it, on her knees, she met Prince
Andrew. So she thought. Half Shell
Raw Bar possesses some kind of re-
fusal against classification and
discipline, and is that why it is so
popular?

NOW, OF COURSE, that day some
go to Capt. Bob's Shrimp Dock on
Caroline Street, or to the Rooftop
Cafe, or to Razzles - as near as you
can come to a Key West sidewalk cafe
(if you except Gringo's Cantina).
Razzles is pushing savory broccoli-
cheese soup this season. Here you
may take a sighting on a county
comish. After all, he must feed,
working his fingers to the bone
looking out for your interests.

LAST MONTH, A lot of lunch dates
get lost, stumbling into Granny's
Garden Restaurant after an oblique,
backside approach through a lane and
over construction material, sharp
coral rocks cutting through their
espradrilles. Exhausted, they exclaim,
"Leave it lay where Jesus flung it!"
They are Conchs, and this is a
venerable old Conch saying. And then,
they pick up Granny's menus and say
that they are pleased. (May Granny's
Garden Restaurant rest in peace.
Memorial services as yet unannounced.)

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The Directory of Services for the Gay Community of Key West

BY BILL ROSSER

HOW DOES A gay person find help in
coping with problems in Key West? This
is a question Allan O'Hara has been
concerned about for some time. After
living in this community for several
years, he was just becoming aware of some
of the services that were available to
gay people. Therefore it was easy for him
to understand how difficult it would be
for a newcomer to discover such ser-
vices in time of need.

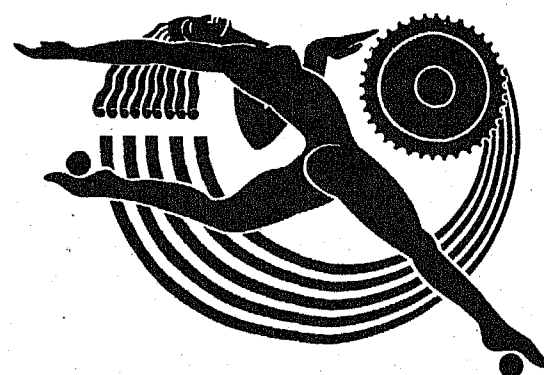
ALLAN SERVES ON the Education Com-
mittee of the Keys to the Kingdom
Metropolitan Church. As Chairman of the
Publications subcommittee he suggested
that the church assume responsibility
for filling this void by publishing a
directory. The directors of the church
readily agreed and he was selected to
spearhead this project. Thus the direc-
tory came into being.

IT IS BEING published quarterly and
is now about to appear in its first
anniversary issue. It includes sources
available for problems with alcohol,
substance abuse, crisis assistance,
health problems (physical as well as
emotional), legal problems and a variety
of other areas where one may need help
or want to get involved. It includes
notices of particular interest to the
gay community here.

COPIES OF THE directory may be
found in a variety of locations through-
out Key West (be sure to replace your
reference copy each quarter). You may
obtain a list of these locations or
request that a copy be sent to you by
writing to Allan at P.O. Box 4073, Key
West. Those listed include those who are
dedicated to full and equitable service
to gay people and have a particular
bearing on this alternative lifestyle.
If, after reading the directory, you
should have suggestions please contact
Allan with your ideas. It is your con-
tribution that makes it work.

STATE-OF-THE-ART EXERCISE FOR KEY WEST

THE BODYSHOP



COMPLIMENTARY
INTRODUCTION
333 SIMONTON
294-2828

The Iconoclast

BY JIM KOGAN

OUR OWN BUS LINE

FEDERAL LEVEL DEREGULATION in
inter-city bus service opens the way
for us to think about our own bus line.
The former monopolies--mostly
Greyhound--are no more. The big out-
fits, again mostly Greyhound, have
already cut off many routes and many
communities in Florida and other
states. At the same time. I have met
enough people--including myself--who
have had enough brushes with "hup, two,
three, four, that's not, my, job" to
suggest setting up our own bus line.

AND, AS A sound generality, a
locally owned, locally responsive
operation can be expected to serve us
better. Now let's look at how such
a business can be put together.

IT WOULD USE three vehicles--two
running and one spare/shop unit. It
should offer three trips a day, each
way--leaving each end in the morning,
to arrive before noon, after lunch to
arrive before supper and in the evening
to arrive before midnight at latest,
preferably eleven-ish.

IT WOULD BE possible for a Keys
service to take nearly an hour off the
Greyhound running time each way--use
the Turnpike and Expressways north
of Florida City that could fit in four
trips, cutting delay allowances close.

WE NEED SERVICE to Miami Airport
and downtown Miami but the hour and a
half of heavy traffic serving local
business between Miami, Coral Gables,
Perrine and Homestead just makes our
trip tedious. Miami-Florida City and
intermediate is the territory of some-
one concerned with that area. Most

bus rides are local, not national in
scope.

IN A PRACTICAL schedule, each
vehicle can make one and a half round
trips a day; one vehicle overnights in
KW and one in Miami each night. The
line would need a permanent motel room
in Miami since one driver would over-
night there every night--obviously not
the same driver every night.

THE RESULTING 21 round trips a
week would provide steady jobs for
five, perhaps six drivers with due
regard for days off, vacation relief,
etc.--all based in KW. It is probable
that vehicle maintenance would best be
done by contract in KW with some
outfit that already has a vehicle
maintenance operation. The new
business would use about 900 bus-miles
a day, with each vehicle overnight
alternate nights at the shop in KW and
the third unit available for time of
need. This work load does not suggest
a full-time shop staff but it is some
business for a local shop.

THE NEW BUSINESS might well
solicit package and mail traffic--
there are several ways to handle it
but full-time station staff are not
needed until the volume gets quite
heavy. There is no need for the
passenger fare to subsidize these
peripheral functions--much less help
maintain elaborate support facilities
elsewhere. Or "system overhead".

AND DRIVERS CAN be instructed
to accomodate the customers--after
all, any service business lives by
serving the customers and when an
outfit is full of "we don't do that"
it is not doing well. For just one
instance, there is no good reason
why a driver should refuse to sell
a round trip ticket, especially at
a place where no ticket counter is
available--as Greyhound does so
refuse.

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OUR SOUPS AND SUBS
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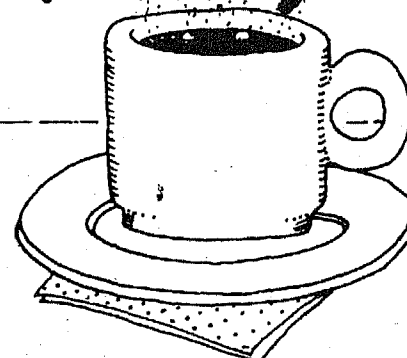
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3 Fresh baked breads
2 Homemade soups
3 Hot Vegetables
3 Desserts
Plus! A 25 Item Salad Bar
Over 40 items for only!
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"ON THE OCEAN"

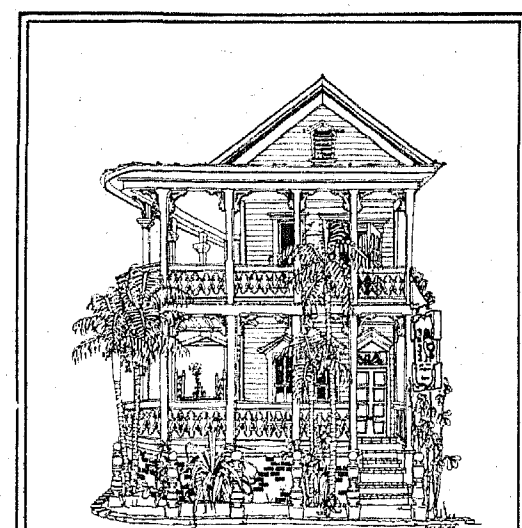
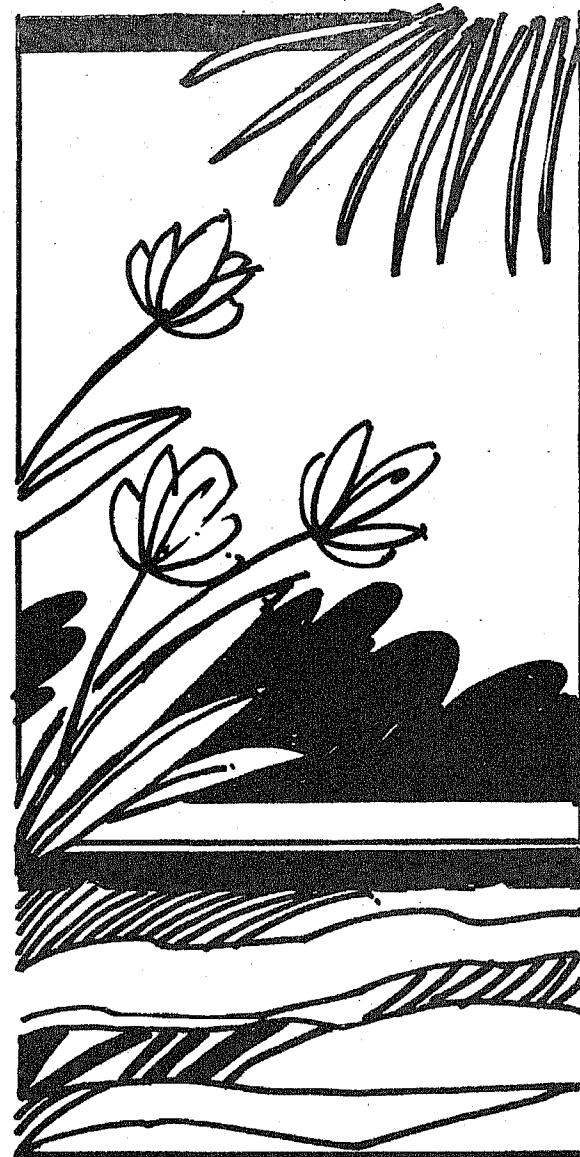
AND THERE IS no good reason why accessory services such as baggage checking should be supported by passengers who do not use them--in a phrase made famous by the Government vs. IBM cases "unbundle the services" and the customers will benefit. And we, who live in the Keys, are the customers.

AGREED, THE PRESENT service is three trips a day though not all go to the airport--though we cannot know when it will be cut by decisions taken far away by a company trying to learn how to live in a world where it has no monopoly any more. Furthermore, the fare level has to cover costs that it seems should not belong to our segment--the time spent in traffic in South Dade for instance, or the rentals on separate stations in places where local merchants can

handle the bus business on commission--and absence of stations where a rented station is not warranted and the company declines to establish a contract station.

ALL IN ALL, it seems worth while to see if some entrepreneur is interested in organizing a locally owned line--bring our business home.

(Mr. Kogan's opinions are his own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the Solares Hill management or staff.)



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Northern Italian Cuisine

Antonia's

Homemade Pasta
Veal Specialties
Local Seafood

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"a heart's delight"

An Asian Restaurant & Teahouse

Serving Pan-Asian Cuisines
Featuring Whole & Natural Foods.

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INSUFFERABLE IMAGE OF ELDERS: A Prejudiced View

BY BURT GARNETT

A VERY BAD image has been foisted upon Americans aged sixty-five years and older. This has been done by an earlier generation, many of whose members now bear the image themselves. The culprits are former tycoons in big business, government and union halls. The image-word, innocent enough in itself, is "retired." It falls upon human beings once engaged in money-earning occupations, now become--solely because of age--classified as outworn, unemployable creatures, excepting those of us who have been kept busy working without remuneration at such civic enterprises as salvage and preservation of structures of historical, educational or recreational value, and fund-raising for support of these and other worthy establishments and institutions.

THE WORD "RETIREE" is not included in the 1949 edition of my big, unabridged dictionary. To be retired, in my youth, was to be envied or admired. It meant, to be wealthy enough--through successful enterprise or inheritance--to live well or perhaps luxuriously, without any wage-earning or salaried employment. The lucky devils!

Today--in too many cases, it means a cast-off; a great many people regard

the retiree as a nuisance, a person who has to be supported by pension from former employers, or by government subsidy. He is often sneered at by affluent (or by politically "conservative") persons.

I SAY THAT this is a vicious and wholly unjustified image. A person who loses his job because he has reached age sixty-five may well be, and often is, at the height of his productive capacity. Big business often fires workers--including brain workers, idea-men or -women--because of policy. Most of the excellent work done in preserving and maintaining public facilities that local governments regard as without their jurisdiction is done by retirees and other volunteers.

"FIRE THE OLD guy to make room for a younger person who needs a job" is the urgent word often heard in hiring halls and employment offices of industrial plants. Inasmuch as proprietors, the bosses, seldom apply the sixty-five retirement rule to themselves, the idea of firing young, not entirely responsible or competent persons and giving the job to competent and responsible elderly persons can not be dismissed

with a shrug.

WE CENTENARIANS MUST not be regarded as complainers. We appreciate radio and television, frostless refrigerators, social security checks. But neither must we allow ourselves to be muffled about changes that have made living less convenient and, indeed, troublesome and depriving, not only for the aged but younger persons, too.

WE CAN'T GO to the theater, or concert halls, at night. There being no corner grocery stores, we can't buy foodstuffs--there being no stores that make deliveries--without help. Most of us are sensible about driving automobiles when we have faulty eyesight and impaired hearing--no matter how clear our minds may be. We used to be able to go to baseball games, symphony concerts, prize-fights, and such entertainments by using convenient streetcars--with transfer arrangements from one line to another. There were no parking problems. Hacks and taxis were plentiful and not too costly. There were easily-accessible markets where farmers sold their fruits, vegetables, dairy products and poultry without cellophane wrappers. Icemen delivered ice; bakers delivered fresh bread and pies and cakes; laundry wagons collected our soiled garments and delivered them clean and neatly folded.

WHY IN THE world we, in our earlier days, permitted these valuable and

pleasant services to be abolished and ourselves to be deprived of decent public transportation is an easily-answered question. We didn't think. We became so dazzled by the products of Messrs Edison, Ford, Firestone and others that we stupidly let ourselves be robbed. We meekly accepted the idea that movies projected into our houses via television and radio hook-ups would be better for us. The fun and enlightenment we got from going to opera houses was denied us unless we were taken in hand by relatives or friends or excessively costly hired attendants.

THESE THINGS COULD be restored. When a centenarian is elected president, and his common sense based upon knowledge and experience of better times is employed, we will see a restoration of public services based upon what the public wants instead of what Big Business decides the public may have.

WE SEE--ESPECIALLY in government--the need for sound judgment, knowledge of the past, and openings that we are entirely capable of filling, but we know that if we are more than sixty-five it is almost hopeless for us to try to get such jobs for ourselves.

OF COURSE, THERE are oldsters who, like youngsters, can not perform happily. (Witness the current occupant of the

White House.) But appreciation of past policies and practices, which we elders have and very few youngsters have bothered to learn, should be a constant guide for lawmakers and administrators.

HOW MANY YOUNGSTERS--persons under sixty-five--know that one hundred years ago the United States Treasury had a surplus? How many of them know that surplus was due to the fact that revenue measures enacted to pay for the costs of the Civil War were maintained in effect until the debt was paid? How many of them realize that the wiser elected officials of a century ago regarded debt as something to be paid off--especially if it were incurred because of a war?

THE ADMINISTRATIONS THROUGHOUT the Twentieth Century have failed to pay off war debts--from the Spanish-American War to the current national debt of more than three trillion dollars. How many of them do anything more than worry about the vast annual cost to taxpayers of the interest on the national debt?

I'D LIKE TO bet that an administration of thoroughly mature men and women--in executive and legislative positions--would develop and enforce laws and measures that would utilize the wealth of this nation to reduce to a sensible rate the amount

of interest paid by the government and also steadfastly extract from that wealth --no matter in whose hands it was held --sums that would return the condition of the U.S. Treasury to that of a century ago. I would equally like to bet that if it is ever done, it will be engineered by men and women of long and thoughtful experience--the "senior citizens," so-called.

WE THEN WOULD present an image such as we can and ought to make.

(Burt Garnett, newspaper man, author, social activist and prominent local citizen has been heard to remark that he may make a run for the presidency when he is 100 years old--a birthdate not so far away...ed.)

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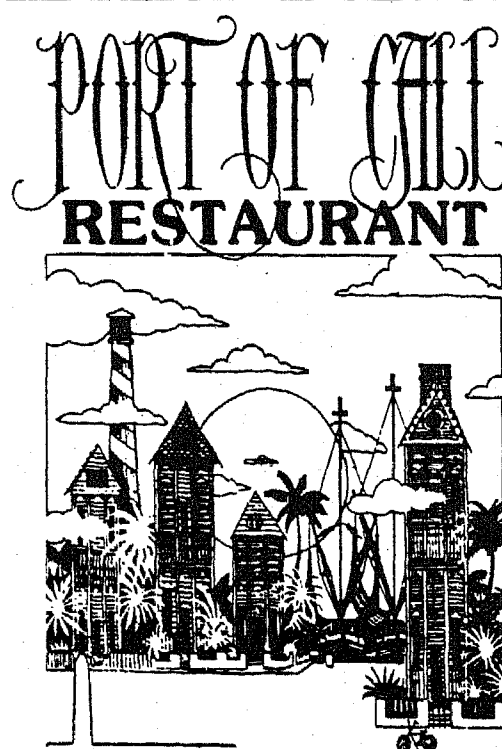


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AIDS: WHAT EVERYONE Should Know

BY ALLAN R. O'HARA

What It Is--And Is Not

AIDS (ACQUIRED IMMUNE Deficiency Syndrome) is a severe loss of the body's natural immunity against disease. This leaves victims open to illnesses that would not normally be a problem. AIDS is not a "Gay Plague." About 25% of the victims are heterosexual (straight) and although most of these are male, women, too, have become victims (as have children, hemophiliacs, Haitians and drug addicts). Until we know the cause, we all need to be aware of the progress of this disease so that we may reduce the risk to ourselves and to others.

Complications

ALTHOUGH AIDS ITSELF is not yet curable (there are no known cases where a body after a severe shutdown of its immune system returned to normal), the diseases that can attack the AIDS victim are treatable. These "opportunistic diseases" as they are called, most often include a rare form of cancer known as Kaposi's sarcoma (KS) and/or a rare form of pneumonia known as Pneumocystis carinii (PCP). There are many other diseases that can occur but these two can be life-threatening so early detection is vital.

Symptoms

THERE IS NO one symptom and no single screening test that can tell you if you have AIDS. The illnesses that occur can be diagnosed and treated. Some symptoms include: swollen glands,

sudden unexplained weight loss, fever or night sweats, persistent diarrhea, red or purplish bumps or spots (usually on the legs, feet or arms, but can occur anywhere), persistent flu-like symptoms (severe fatigue, shortness of breath).

Prevention

SINCE THE CAUSE(S) of AIDS is still unknown, there can be no definite way of knowing how to prevent it. There are some clues, and there are some practices that are known to suppress the immune system to some degree. It seems that many different sexual partners may increase the risk. Intravenous drug use, "poppers" (inhalant nitrites), and excessive use of marijuana may also suppress the immune system to some degree. Maintaining healthy nutritional and hygienic practices, and avoiding excessive use of all consciousness-altering drugs, will help the immune system do its job.

Latest Developments

THIS NEW DISEASE has been reported in most states and in many other countries. It seems to be doubling each six months in the number of victims it claims. Screenings (consisting of several tests, blood samples, history, etc.) have been conducted here in Key West by the University of Miami's School of Medicine to help identify those who may be in a high risk group so that they may take extra precautions. An additional test (called thymosin alpha-1) is now available and can be of use when used in conjunction with a compre-

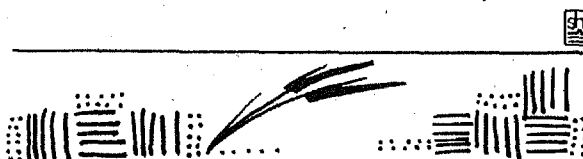
hensive screening program.

What You Can Do To Help And To Get Help

SOME OF THE best medical minds in the country are working to solve this mystery. You can be of help by writing to your representatives and let them know that you want further funding for AIDS research. You may also contribute to research by sending funds to AIDS Medical Research Foundation of South Florida, Inc., P.O. Box 431861, Miami, Florida 33243. If you want more information about AIDS you can call toll free 1-800-221-7044. If you are a physician you may report cases to the AIDS Task Force of the Center for Disease Control (CDC) at 404-329-3472. A support group for AIDS victims will begin here in the near future. For more information contact your physician, the Directory of Community Relations at the Florida Keys Memorial Hospital, or the Help Line (6-HELP).

AN EXCELLENT DEFENSE against this threat to our wellbeing is keeping informed, being alert to the symptoms mentioned, and seeking prompt informed medical attention should one or more of these symptoms appear. We can all benefit by taking better care of ourselves; we need to become our own "best friend."

(Mr. O'Hara is a member of the Board of Advisers, AIDS Medical Research Foundation of South Florida, Inc., P.O. Box 431861, Miami, Florida 33243. His Key West address is P.O. Box 4073.)



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1983 on Key West
by Rochelle H. Dubois

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and I awake
to a waning moon
at dawn
in the garden
dwarfed by
coconut trees
the disease of
too much solitude
has lifted
like the fog
as I soak up
a flood of sun
and tropic fauna

pretending
Key West
is Tahiti.
Is it that
I am a wild plant
or flower
who requires
a kaleidoscope
of emerald green
and poincianna
to exist
all winter
wherever limbs
are cold and bare
or is there
a thief
dreaming

in these bones
or blood
that would steal
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even nature
to possess
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of truth
reflected
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and a mirage
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INCORPORATE Big Pine Key? PART III

BY GIL RYDER

THE "STUDY COMMITTEE for Incorporation", established in January 1983, is still working hard at the difficult task of gathering and collating information.

THIS IS EVIDENTLY a monumental task. Hard facts are hard to come by, the laws and regulations are not easy to understand and seem to be open to different interpretations, and there is no money to pay legal experts for professional analyses of the depths and obscurities involved.

THE COMMITTEE MEMBERS named in January are: L. Field, G. Bigelow, L. Simpson, H. Moorman, H. Staples, L. Nicholas, R. O'Brian, R. Bigelow, R. Nichols, and F. Mannillo.

THESE NAMES REALLY only represent the tip of the iceberg. Other Big Pine residents are also working, in cooperation with the named Committee members, to the extent that their time and abilities permit. A total of approximately fifty Big Pine residents are actively involved.

IT SHOULD BE clearly understood that the Committee is not working for the incorporation of Big Pine Key, neither is it working against the incorporation.

THE COMMITTEE IS purely and simply working to compile factual information concerning municipal incorporation, and ultimately to clarify that information, print it, and place it in the hands of the registered voters of Big Pine Key.

THIS IS AN arduous and time-consuming task. Residents of Big Pine Key should respect these dedicated persons who are giving so freely of their time and expertise in order that

the voters of Big Pine may make a knowledgeable and intelligent decision when, as, and if, the time comes for the voters to decide whether or not to incorporate.

THE BASIC INFORMATION gathered so far is as follows: It would probably be possible to incorporate and have no tax increase whatever, and provide no services whatever, services by the County being continued by the County.

IF THE VOTERS of Big Pine decide to incorporate, and want to participate in revenue-sharing to any degree, they must tax themselves a minimum of three (3) mills in order to reap the monetary rewards of revenue sharing.

THERE IS A time delay involved in revenue sharing. First, the City must tax themselves the 3 mills, then wait a period of time before the revenue-sharing money begins to come in. So far, there seems to be some doubt as to whether the time delay is one or two years. No one on the Committee has as yet suggested using the 3 mill tax in order to benefit from revenue-sharing.

SOME MEMBERS ARE now investigating whether or not it would be legal and feasible to have a tax of 3 mills and then turn around and give the money back to the tax payers by using the 3 mills to contract for garbage disposal and eliminate garbage bills and, in this way, be able to participate in revenue-sharing at little or no cost to the taxpayer.

THERE IS AN assumption that elected City officials would perform their duties for a salary of one dollar a year for each elected official.

THE POSSIBILITY OF a part-time City Clerk is being considered. In an interview with Paul Sipos, president of the local Chapter of AARP, Mr. Sipos said that very capable retirees would be available to handle the duties of City Clerk at about the minimum wage.

MR. SIPOS SUGGESTED that, in the event of incorporating and utilizing the service of retirees, many of those qualified would not want to work full time. With that in mind, it might be wise to consider having a City Clerk's office open 7 hours a day, five days a week, using the services of two City Clerks, each working 17½ hours a week, equalling a 35-hour week City Clerk job at, say, \$4 per hour, totalling \$7,280 a year.

AN INTERVIEW WITH an attorney produced the information that it would be possible to retain a City Attorney at about \$8,000 a year and that the City Attorney would be available for all City Commission meetings, Zoning Board hearings, etc., and would take care of run-of-the-mill legal matters. It would have to be understood that the City Attorney would not be able to represent the City in any time-consuming legal matter without extra compensation.

SEVERAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS thought that it might be possible to contract with a retired builder, architect, or engineer for Building Inspector on a fee basis, rather than salary, in that way paying only for work done.

OTHER EXPENSES WOULD include phone and light bills, office rental, stationery, stamps, and normal office supplies and equipment. Other, perhaps minor, expenses will probably be thought of by the Committee, or turn up as a surprise after incorporation, if that occurs.

THE COMMITTEE PROJECTS an estimated forty-three thousand dollars income per year from building permits. According to Lois Simpson's "History of Big Pine Key, Florida", page 147, there is about \$96.3 million of taxable real property on Big Pine Key. If Big Pine Key became a municipal corporation with a tax rate of one-half mill (½ mill) or fifty cents per thousand dollars of taxable property, that half mill rate would produce \$48,000 yearly.

ADDING THAT \$48,000 to the estimated \$43,000 from building permits would give the City \$91,000 to cover the costs of City operation. Whether or not there would be other sources of income available is still uncertain. The ninety-one thousand dollars would seem to be adequate, if the operation was kept simple.

THE CONCEPT OF incorporation was generated entirely by a desire to have protective zoning, making it impossible for monstrous apartment houses and other unacceptable structures to overwhelm the island, and to preserve and protect the existing ambience, and prevent overcrowding of any area of Big Pine Key.

IF, HOWEVER, THE voters forget the reason for incorporating, and demand more services, they will find their taxes rising in proportion to the services provided. There's no such thing as a free lunch - someone pays.

THE COMMITTEE HAS invited Mr. Dale Eakers of the Dept. of Community Affairs to meet with them. The DCA is in a position to supply much technical



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information and can also give assistance in incorporating, if the voters decide to go in that direction.

THE COMMITTEE WILL not solve the problem of whether or not to incorporate, but will only supply information to the interested parties, enabling them to decide on the direction they want to go, and, on which of the existing citizens groups should spearhead a drive for incorporation.

A SPEARHEADING GROUP could then organize a petition drive and take other steps to bring the matter before the voters. There are many steps in between, including legislative action.

IN THE FINAL analysis, the voters of Big Pine Key would make the decision. In the meantime, the Rumor Mill is working at a steady pace. Some of the rumors have been mentioned in a previous issue of Solares Hill, but more keep coming. Two of the latest are: If Big Pine incorporates, all property owners will have to pay heavy taxes to support Florida Keys Memorial Hospital.

FACT - THOSE TAXES are already being paid (2 mills in 1982) to the Lower Keys Hospital District. The millage may go up or down, according to budgetary needs, but incorporation is not a factor.

NEXT RUMOR: BIG Pine residents will have to take over all costs of the Fire Department and Ambulance Service.

FACT - TAXPAYERS IN Municipal Service Tax District #1 (Summerland and Big Pine) already pay these taxes (1/2 mill in 1982). That is fifty cents on every thousand dollars of taxable property, and incorporation

will not change that. Again, like the Hospital District, costs could go up or down for other reasons.

RUMORS USUALLY START in speculative, harmless conversation, growing and changing as they move along, and can sometimes become very frightening.

THE BEST WAY to handle them is to accept them as highly imaginative, idle amusement, have a good laugh, and then forget them.

ONLY TIME, HARD work by the Committee, and, in the long run, the will of the voters will settle the matter.

ON PHOTOGRAPHY

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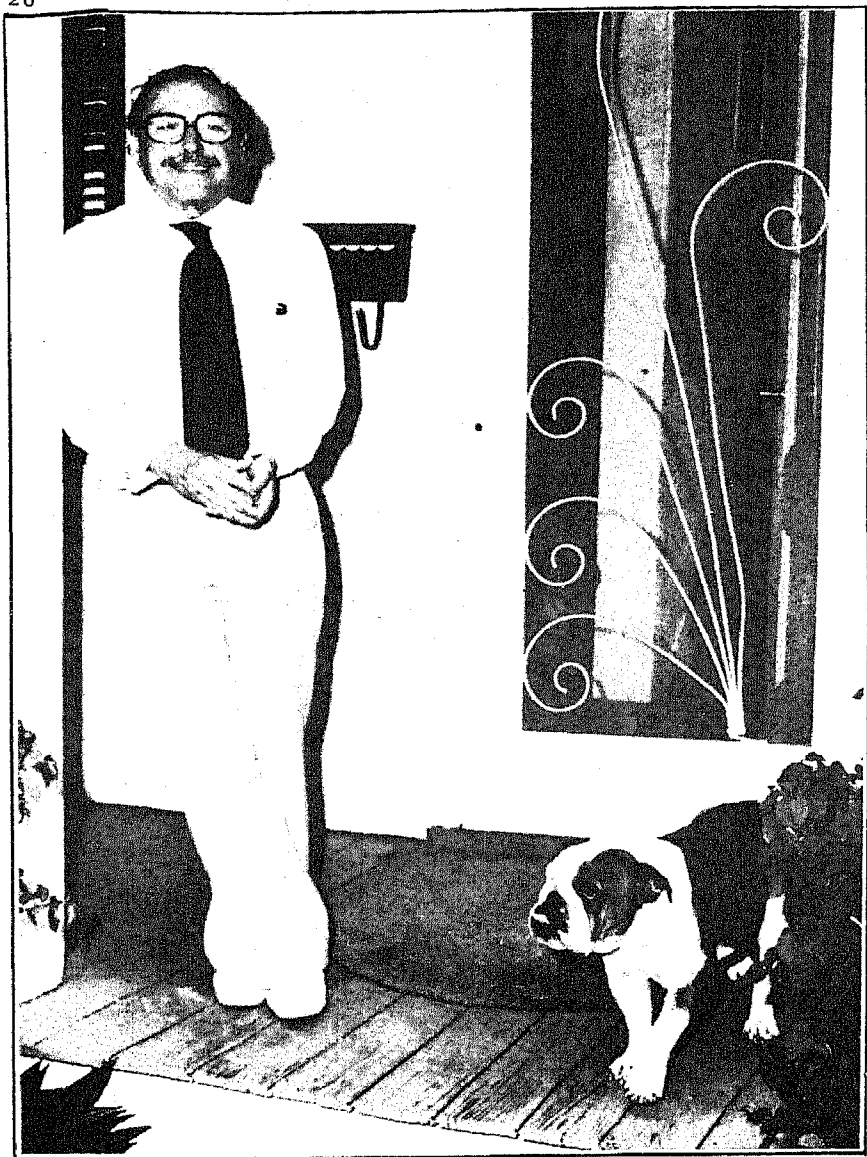


Photo by Chet Conn



Photo by Ida Barron

(above) Floy Thompson and Ruth Morrell enjoy a laugh with Tennessee.

(left) Ida Barron's cameras were being fixed so Chet Conn took this photo of a happy and relaxed Tennessee at home.



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FELINE FATALE

BY HELEN CHAPMAN

MUCH HAS BEEN written about Key West dogs, but I feel the cat population has been sadly neglected. It is evident that the cats haven't been neglecting each other, the population being the size it is. But so many are wild and shy that making their acquaintance is impossible. There are friendly exceptions, however, one of which was a tom who frequented the old Post Office Inn years ago. He never failed to greet me loudly when I passed by. He wasn't always there and on those days, I missed him. Recently a black cat befriended me on Simonton Street in the early evening. Materializing out of nowhere, she (it seemed like a she) began a game which involved trying to trip me up. That's one of cats' favorite sports. I had luck on my side because the street light was behind me and I could see her shadow approaching. I stood still while she slid around my ankles. Then as soon as she turned away, I took as many steps as I could before her shadow caught up with me again. It took me about ten minutes to go one block, but the next corner was the end of her territory. Bidding me adieu, by way of a loud meow, she ran back up the street. It was a lovely encounter.

IT TAKES A healthy ego to like cats because cats get such a charge out of making you feel like a chump. On the other hand, cats dislike being laughed at also and that is the only weapon a human has to fight back with. Take the cat lazily sunning himself on a windowsill. The epitome of serenity. Ha! The truth is he's plotting and scheming behind all that benignity. There is no clue that he might suddenly get up, stretch, and saunter over to eat your African violets. Or perhaps, having every tree in the yard at his disposal, he will start sharpening his claws on your newly-upholstered couch. When you scold him, he immediately begins washing as if it were anyone except him to whom you're speaking. And you feel like a fool which is exactly what he wanted you to feel in the first place!

The fastidiousness of cats is truly to your advantage--beats walking the dog at all times in all weather. But sometimes they carry this a bit too far, as I witnessed with a cat I once had. I'd come home from work to find a little pile covered with litter on the floor next to the box. This puzzled me as the box would never contain more than one token of his esteem. I finally caught him one day.

HE SNIFFED AT the box, considered it too messy, got into it but hung his derriere over the side, after which deed he proceeded to scratch litter out of the box to bury it. When he looked up and saw me watching, he gave me a disdainful glance which clearly said, "Well, I fixed you, didn't I?" and strolled casually away.

THE HEIGHT OF prissiness of a cat, however, was related to me by a friend who owned--oh, excuse me!--was owned by a huge Persian cat. The cat slept with her and one night my friend went to bed with a bad case of indigestion and the problem of flatulence. The cat suddenly was disturbed by an odor and jumped on my friend's back, pawing wildly at the covers in an attempt to bury it. My friend said that, although alone, she felt very embarrassed. Which, of course, was what the cat wanted her to be!

NEVER LAUGH A gift cat in the face. They're very sensitive and their small donations are meant to please. So a dead mouse is not your idea of the perfect gratuity. Never mind. The cat

thinks you'll love it. One cat I had never presented me personally with gifts--probably couldn't stand the idea of my gushing all over him in gratitude. But he left things where I could find them. Mice were common fare and were left at random in the kitchen. But birds! Periodically I would find a pile of feathers in a corner of my bedroom. I knew then that I had his full respect.

MANY PEOPLE DISLIKE cats for their independency. These are generally dog people who love to be greeted by big muddy paws on their chests and a slobbering face-licking session. I'll pass. I prefer to be ignored until I'm ready to communicate. Of course, some cat lovers carry things too far by bestowing human intelligence upon felines and

believe they know what you're thinking. Balderdash! They aren't capable of any such thing and--hey! you damn cat! Why are you burying my typewriter!

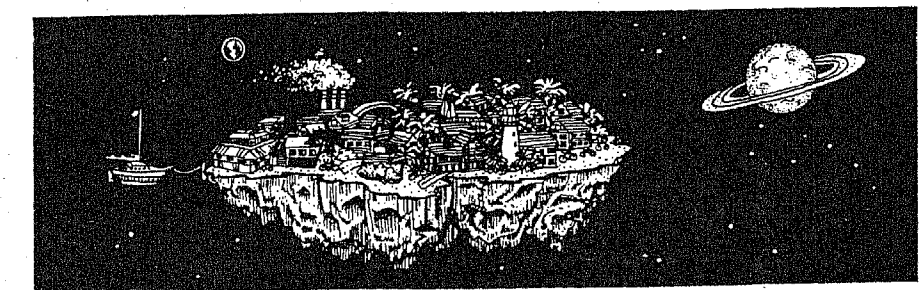


BULLETIN:

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONCH REPUBLIC, FIERCELY INDEPENDENT KEY WESTERS, BEING COMPLETELY FED UP WITH EVERYTHING, HAVE UNANIMOUSLY DECIDED TO RAISE A FINGER, POINT OUT THE FOLLY OF THE "REAL WORLD" AND TAKE THEIR PARADISE ELSEWHERE. THROUGH THE MIRACULOUSLY UNSTOPPABLE DETERMINATION THE ISLANDERS HAVE FOR MAINTAINING A CONSISTENTLY HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS, KEY WEST WILL, ON MIDNIGHT APRIL 1, 1983, RISE SLOWLY AND DISAPPEAR SILENTLY INTO A CLOUD.

THOSE WHO REMAIN BEHIND CAN KEEP OUR SHARE OF WHATEVER'S LEFT OF THE WORLD. DON'T BOTHER THE POST OFFICE WITH TRYING TO FORWARD OUR MAIL; AFTER SECEEDING FROM THE PLANET, WE WILL BE OFFICIALLY LIVING IN

KEY WEST:SPACE ISLAND®



WHATT

THIS APRIL FOOL'S SPOOF BROUGHT TO YOU BY SOLARES HILL DESIGN GROUP, CREATIVE HEADQUARTERS FOR KEY WEST: SPACE ISLAND.

Tennessee Williams

continued from page 7

JAMES KIRKWOOD,
AUTHOR AND PLAYWRIGHT:

Jimmy divides his time among Key West, New York and East Hampton.

"I met Tennessee when I first came to Key West, in the early sixties. Jimmy Herlihy introduced us; he and Tom were good friends. Funny that you should ask me when we met, because it reminds of a funny story about the last time I saw Tenn.

"It was about a year ago and I ran into Tenn at the Miami airport while en route to Key West. He came over to me, beaming, said how wonderful I looked and how nice it was to see me and do let's sit together on the plane. He settled into our seats and started to chat about the usual things, the theater, and so forth. It was a pleasant trip. Just as the plane was landing, he said:

"Saw your movie on TV the other night."

"Oh, I said, movie? What movie?"

"Midnight Cowboy," he replied.

"Oh, Tenn, I laughed, I'm not Jimmy Herlihy, I'm Jimmy Kirkwood."

"Don't be ridiculous," he said, peering over the top of his glasses.

"Now come on, tell me, what do they pay you for those TV showings."

"Tenn, honest to God, I'm Jimmy Kirkwood."

"But he just wouldn't have it--there was no way I could convince him he was in error. Finally, I said, oh, I'm not sure what they pay, quite a bit I suppose, I'd have to ask my accountant."

"One of the reasons I always loved the man was because of his great kindness to my mother, Lila Lee. He would have her over for lunch and bridge quite often. He treated her with great respect and was always the Southern gentleman when in her company."

"Another reason, was the encouragement he always gave to me and other writers. There was never any jealousy, just kindness, encouragement and always a good quote."

"You know the critics were so cruel to him and I hated them for it, especially when they made remarks like 'obviously, he's finished, dried up, etc.' What a helluva thing to say about a man whose life is his work; who gets up every day and sits at the typewriter, no matter what, he and I discussed that several times and I said to him:

"Tenn, if I could just write one play half as good as *The Glass Menagerie* I would die a happy man, and it's true. But he was never convinced; it always hurt. You know I always hoped he would write another blockbuster and have a big comeback, just to show them."

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"You know, Tom really had a wonderful sense of humor. My first day in Key West he gave me the 'Grand Tour.' We drove all around, Tom explaining the points of interest, suddenly he said: 'Look up ahead, that's the Conch Train,' (now do remember I'm Stell the tourist, I didn't even know that Conch was pronounced that way); 'see those people on the train? Well, they're the same people; when they get off the train at night they're fed and put to bed in large dormitories. In the morning they're fed again, and put back on the table.' 'Isn't that funny? You know, he almost had me believing it for a minute."

I mentioned to Ms. Adams that I thought it was wonderful that Tenn had made provision in his will for a fund to help struggling writers of promise."

"I remember once in 1952," she went on to say, "we were all together in New Orleans. We were having breakfast one morning at Brennan's. Tom said that writers should be helped as they are in Europe and Russia, that they should be spared the awful financial struggle that he had experienced in the beginning. He said he was going to make it easier for them."



Photo by Wendy Tucker

After a performance of a Williams one act play at The Affair, a restaurant that preceded Claire at that location, the playwright joined the stars, Adair Jameson and Jay Drury, for this photo.

VIOLA VEIDT, DAUGHTER OF
MOVIE ACTOR CONRAD VEIDT:

Viola's fortunes have seen many a rise and fall. Today, she is very happy living in a home on Whitehead Street with people she likes very much, and with three cats she adores."

"Oh, darling, I met Tennessee in Key West, I think it was 1946 or '47."

"He always wanted me to sing 'La Vie En Rose,' no matter where we were, in taxicabs, or wherever. The last time I saw him, he asked me to sing and I did, of course."

"Now he's gone and I hope he's finally found his 'La Vie En Rose,' that's all I can say, darling."

DICK DUANE, PRODUCER
AND NEW YORK LITERARY AGENT:

Dick and his partner, Bob Thixton, have a wonderful home in Key West which they escape to whenever they can. Unfortunately, Dick was in New York so I had only a brief interview with him over the phone."

"I met Tennessee in New York in 1955 at a big party. Jamie Herlihy was there and also Anais Nin. That night, I remember, he showed slides of his house in Key West; he just loved it and said it was on the edge of a swamp. I suppose it was in those days. There were no homes on the other side of the street, then."

"After the premiere of Jamie's movie, *All Fall Down*, Tenn threw a huge celebration party at his house and there was even an enormous cake, shaped like the book with the cover all done in frosting."

"I was a singer then and Tenn always loved to hear me sing 'Danny Boy'; even 25 years later he would still ask me to sing that song."

Asked to recall some humorous incident with Tennessee, Dick said, "I remember one evening in Key West when *The Fugitive Kind* was playing at the old Monroe Theater, long before it turned into an X-rated movie house."

"Frank Merlo, Tennessee, Tallulah Bankhead and I went to see it and after it was over we were standing out in front on Duval Street. Tallulah said, 'Tenn, you must be very upset. They turned your bad play into a terrible

movie."

"Tenn threw his head back and roared with laughter."

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN,
POET AND AUTHOR:

John Malcolm lives near a small stretch of golden sand ringed by huge coral boulders. It is the perfect place for him as the ocean breeze blows through his apartment and from his little writing nook he can watch the sun rise over the sea. On the day I visited with him on his small sandy beach, the sun struggled to shine but was not quite successful."

"It was in 1943 or '44 in New York when I first met Tennessee, just before the opening of *Glass Menagerie*."

"I had done a little dance poem for Valerie Bettis; she was making her dancing debut with Paula Primus and I had never seen the piece done. I received a telegram from her saying 'come on down.' I was living in Boston at the time."

"After the show there was a party and Margo Jones was there with a very

shy young man wearing a blue serge suit. He was so quiet that he almost blended in with the wallpaper. This was Tennessee."

"The next time I ran into him, some months later, it was after the success of *Glass Menagerie*, and he was wearing a salt-and-pepper tweed suit and sporting a mile-long cigarette holder; even his voice was different. Truman Capote and I tried to analyze the sound of his voice and decided it could only be described as an 'Oxford drawl.'"

"I saw quite a bit of him in 1946 as we were both spending the summer on Nantucket. Tenn was there staying with Carson McCullers, being her muse, while she wrote *Member of the Wedding*. A whole crowd of us would go to the same little beach, spreading our blankets side by side. Tennessee was already playing the role of a pasha, holding court on his blanket--he seemed very happy then."

"Over the years I'd run into him quite often in London and various places; he and Truman were pretty good friends in those days. He would often come to the Poetry Center in New York when I was running it; he was a great fan of Edith Sitwell's, I remember, and she loved his *Camino Real*."

"I remember during that time, Carson was booked for a reading of her work and we had a buffet supper get-together before the reading. Carson said she was extremely nervous and couldn't eat, that she could only drink some bourbon."

"Well, Tennessee would not allow that; he spoke gently to her and practically spoon-fed her the entire meal."

"When we arrived at the Poetry Center, Carson said she was too terrified to go on stage alone and would I please allow Tennessee to sit up there with her. I said yes, of course."

"He sat with her, holding her hand through the whole thing; I thought it was very tender and sweet of him and of course the audience adored it. Carson was one of the waifs of the world and people responded to her and took care of her. Jane Bowles was another."

Just then, friends of John Malcolm's arrived to share the somewhat wan sunlight and the talk about Tennessee ended."

JAMES LEO HERLIHY,
NOVELIST, PLAYWRIGHT AND TEACHER:

Jamie lived in Key West for many years; he owns property here and returns from time to time, following various travels. Happily, he was in town recently and recalled some marvelous stories about Tennessee."

"For a time there in the 1960's about every newspaper and periodical carried articles about what they called 'the population explosion.' Life magazine had just done a big story; it seemed that in 1990 every person in the world would have only about a square foot of earth to stand on."

"I went over to have dinner with Tenn the night I read that, and I was just full of it, full of myself and just bursting with all this information."

"Tenn listened carefully and finally took his cigarette holder out of his mouth, blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward and said, 'Oh, baby, don't worry, nature will take care of things. That's why we have the Bomb.'"

"Another evening, at the time of the New York opening for *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel*, Tennessee took his mother to the first night. Miss Edwina, his mother, was by then in her 90's and Tenn was about 61. As everything knows, the play just didn't work."

"Afterward, Tenn took his mother back to her hotel in a cab. No one said a word. Miss Edwina gazed out of the window and after about 10 minutes, she turned to Tenn and said:

"Tom, maybe you should find another line of work."

DANNY STIRRUP,
ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNER AND MEMBER
OF AN OLD CONCH FAMILY:

Danny was born and raised here and in the course of his career in building design he introduced to the island open-beam ceilings, windowed-eave-ends, French windows and the garden deck. God bless him."

"Frank Merlo remained one of my closest friends from the time we all met in the early 1950's until his death in 1963. I stayed good friends with Tenn until things really became unbearable in the late 1960's. I was around him during the good years when he was turning out one smash hit after another. In those years, he was always in a high,

of hard raps."

"Soon, Marion came floating into the room wearing a voluminous bright orange traveling coat."

"As you know, Liz, Miss Marion was known to drink a bit. Well, to put it mildly, that morning she had already obviously had quite a few. Anyway, off we went to the airport. When we got there, they took one look at Marion and said she couldn't go, but I could. I quickly explained that she didn't drink; she only had one and that was to give her courage to get into the plane, and it had immediately made her dizzy--Marion



Don Pinder, who had been photographing Tennessee for over 30 years watches as Tennessee autographs a photo of him by Don at a showing of Don's photos in the mid 50's.

good humor and we had wonderful times, all of us."

"I remember when he was working on the screenplay for *Night of the Iguana*. MGM had rented a villa for him down in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, the scene of the film. I think the villa had once belonged to the Rosenbergs, you know, the spies. Tenn and Frank had only been down there a couple weeks when I received a phone call from Tennessee asking me to come down to Mexico, as his guest, and would I please pick up Marion Vaccaro in Miami, and bring her. I said I would."

"At 10 a.m. on the morning of our



Tennessee in Puerto Vallarta w/Marion Vaccaro and Danny Stirrup.

departure, I arrived at Marion's house in Coconut Grove, as prearranged."

"It was a grand house, situated next to Vizcaya, so you can imagine what it was like. Her mother, Mrs. Black, was still alive in those days and invited me in. Marion was nowhere in sight. Mrs. Black simply picked up an old common house broom and gave the ceiling a couple

used to call it 'the dizzy virus.' They finally let us board the plane and we took off."

"Frankie was waiting for us at the Mexican airport with a car. On the drive to the villa, Marion insisted that we stop at numerous cantinas so she could buy food to feed the many starving dogs we saw on the road."

"I had a great time down there and at one point Frank and I went to Mexico City for a few days. When we returned, we found Marion lying up in the big Chinese bed with her nakles all covered with bites. She'd been nipped by Satin, the dog that Anna Magnani had given to Frank; the dog had freaked out and bitten her."

"One day we were all in the bank in Puerto Villarta where Tenn wanted to cash some traveler's checks. There was apparently some grievous lack of communication and Tennessee suddenly tore up all the checks, into little pieces, and threw them all over the floor. I think it was about \$2,000 worth. We all stamped out of there and into the street."

"Just then a funeral hearse drove past with gold letters stenciled on the side, saying 'Quo Vadis Funerals.'"

"That's it," Tenn screeched, 'I'm going home.'"

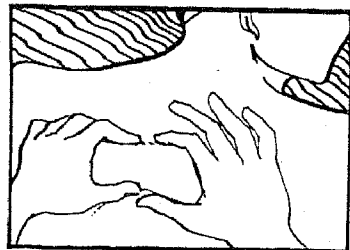
"When Tennessee and Frank were in Key West I was over at the house almost every day. Do you remember when he and Tallulah had that big falling out?"

I said I didn't."

"She was appearing in *Streetcar* at the Coconut Grove Playhouse," Danny continued, "and a lot of her gay young friends were in the audience when she suddenly started to camp it up."

"Tenn got furious. He stood there

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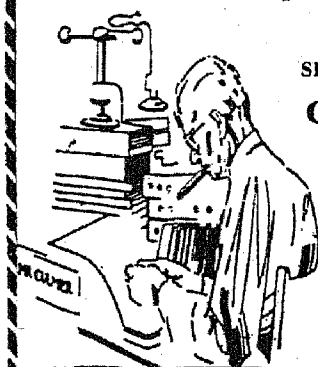
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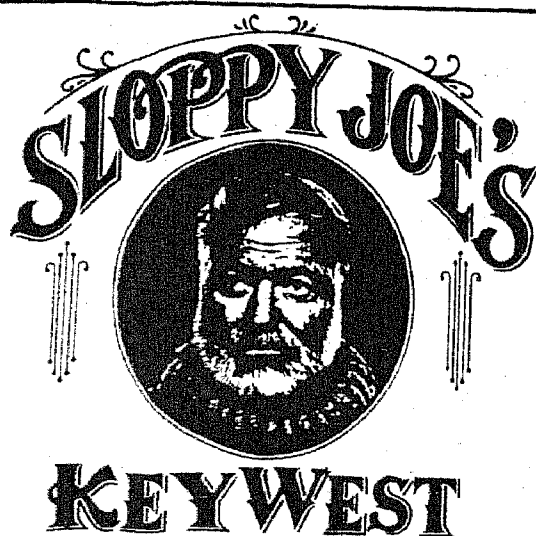
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kids just loved him. I particularly remember one to the University of Georgia, they gave him a standing ovation that went on, and on, and on. We were both just stunned. He was so pleased and it was so good for him to be with young people and get back to the source of things."



Tennessee in Puerto Vallarta

Courtesy of Danny Stirrup

I asked John if there were other special times he remembered with Tennessee.

"Oh, I remember the report on TV of the Kent State shooting and we both sat there weeping."

"And then there was one morning when he came out of his studio after working on *Out Cry*--a two-character play about a brother and sister, actors, who were locked up for eternity in a snowbound theater. Anyway, he didn't look well, at all, and I became concerned and asked him if he were sick."

"No, baby," he said, "I'm all right, it's just them--I can't make them shut up."

"Liz, even though it was a difficult six months, I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

AN EXTRAORDINARY VOICE had been silenced. Everyone who knew him or of him is shocked and saddened.

Each person deals with sadness in his individual way. For some the loss can never be reconciled. Most of us, however, will find comfort in the knowledge that as long as plays are produced, that acting as a profession continues to exist, and that language is spoken, his work will live.

PROFILE: KATHLEEN ELGIN

By V. K. Gibson

ARTIST KATHLEEN ELGIN came to Key West about eight years ago, bought a little house inside of two days, and settled down. She found her present residence three years later, a distinctive two story house on Fleming St., which has been featured several times on the *Old Island Days House and Garden Tours*.

SHE LOOKS on her participation in the tours as something of a civic duty. "So people know there's something more to Key West than Duval St. and drug busts, that people live quietly and sanely."

She's gone so far as to let visitors climb the metal spiral stairs to her huge attic studio. Unlike some artists, she doesn't even mind all the questions.

"EVERY PERSON IS different, with original thoughts and questions," she explains. "After all that's what art is---trying to transfer a feeling, an emotion, to another person."

Elgin admits to satisfaction, that she can climb the stairs to her studio and thus be insulated from even the fair distractions of Key West. She is by no means a hermit in her attic however. She takes part in community affairs. This season, for example, she donated all the poster art for the Red Barn Theater.

SHE WAS BORN in Princeton, New Jersey, and was raised in Ohio. This accounts for her "in-between" accent. She considers her Midwest upbringing a wholesome process, and is glad she didn't experience a great metropolis like New York until she was grown. There are advantages, she feels, in having the exposure to sophistication come after the foundations of character have been laid.

SO, AFTER TWO years at the Dayton Art Institute, she went to work in a stained glass studio in New York, with one of the best stained glass artists in the country at that time, Robert Metcalf. Together, they made windows for the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota, and for a church in New York, St. John the Divine.

STAINED GLASS WAS a happy medium for her. She related to its logical process: The artist went from ideas, to a drawing, to cutting glass, sometimes painting and firing it, leading it---having everything come together.

"At that time," she says, "hardly anybody was doing stained glass. You couldn't make a living."

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RELUCTANTLY LEAVING THE medium behind, she found it hard to establish a professional career in the arts.

"I got into advertising. It's the obvious way to make money, your living, as an artist. I did very well after a while. And then, I didn't like it at all; didn't like the people, the pace. So, I wanted to illustrate books."

"I'VE ALWAYS BEEN freelance, made my living as an artist since age seventeen. I worked in Manhattan, doing book illustrations, and did sixty or seventy books. I'm used to self-discipline."

She'd managed to save money, and was able to survive until making a place for herself in this competitive field. Then came the time when the use of photos began to replace art and this pushed all the artists into the rather narrow children's book specialty. The competition "became ravenous."

TO COPE, SHE taught herself to write children's instructional books, which she also illustrated. One of her best efforts is a series of twelve books called: *The Human Body*, for ages eight to twelve. One of these volumes won a First Graphics Award at an international assembly of fellow professionals and publishers.



SHE ADMITS THAT this all sounds terribly hectic, but says she was able to travel once success was achieved. She went to Europe for the first time in 1948, visiting England, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Elgin lived in Mexico, and fondly remembers the people.

HER CAREER REMAINED stimulating, and she stayed with it until, as far as she was concerned, "Publishing fell apart," because of what she calls "paperclip editors," people who didn't care enough, and adverse conglomerate influence in the industry.

IT SEEMED A good time for Elgin to tread new waters--as an artistic free spirit. Her years of training and discipline made the transition less bumpy than it might have been for someone fresh out of school, with grand ambitions to be "an artist."

KATHLEEN ELGIN IS delighted to live in Key West year-round, now. She's travelled all over the world, looking for The Place.

"And this is it."

NOTE: An exhibit of the artist's work will be featured at an upcoming show at Gingerbread Square Gallery, 901 Duval St. The exhibit will hang from April 6 through the 19th. Gallery hours are from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

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Editorial

By Bill Westray

JOHN DEGROVE New DCA Secretary
WE APPLAUD THE appointment by Governor Bob Graham of John DeGrove, Ph.D., as the new secretary of the Florida Department of Community Affairs (DCA) following the resignation of Joan Heggan as DCA Secretary in March. DeGrove has been Director of Joint Center for Environmental and Urban Problems at Florida Atlantic/Florida International Universities (FAU/FIU) at Fort Lauderdale. He had a role in drafting the original Area of Critical State Concern (ACSC) legislation back in 1971, but has been critical of how DCA has monitored and administered

ACSC for the Florida Keys since Monroe County and Key West were so designated by the Cabinet in April 1975.

THE FAU/FIU Joint Center under DeGrove recently completed opinion surveys and studies for DCA (STAR Project #81-013) analysing the impact of ACSC designation on the Florida Keys. One study was done in 1976 and the latest in 1981 and the results compared. One finding of the study was that while the elected officials of the City of Key West and Monroe County strongly opposed the ACSC designation, the citizens of the area favored it and doubted the ability of local government to deal with growth issues.

HOWEVER, IN SPITE of the

designation, a vast majority (4 to 1) of the Keys residents surveyed, felt that the quality of life in the Keys was declining because of continued growth and development. Residents felt (2 to 1) that local governments were not doing an adequate job of regulating growth and protecting the environment, with almost every application for major new development having been approved in recent years. A large majority (3 1/2 to 1) of those surveyed in 1981 believed that the designation of Critical State Concern was necessary, and a lesser majority (2 to 1) felt that the Keys will be a better place to live because of state action.

TWO POINTS WERE clear from the FAU/FIU Joint Center ACSC surveys. First, the Public viewed the state action favorably, and second, little change of opinion has occurred during the time since ACSC designation in 1975. We would hope that DCA under Dr. DeGrove would become increasingly more effective in controlling growth and protecting the environment of the Florida Keys.

continued from page 2

Thursday at 5:30 p.m.: "Porch Talk" with Emma Cates; 7:00 p.m. "Page One;" 8:00 p.m.: Key West High School Sports" with Glynn Archer.
Friday at 7:00 p.m.: "Page One."

MARGARET DENNIS, A twenty year resident of Houseboat Row, who has been battling the city over the controversial right of the houseboaters to remain moored along South Roosevelt Blvd., writes that city efforts to involve the State in this issue have proven fruitless. She says, "The fact that we have been sitting over state-owned submerged lands may be true; but all those precious lands were dredged fifty years ago for construction of Federal Highway A-1-A...Needed fill for the highway resulted in a channel directly aft of the crafts moored along the wall, automatically making the waters navigable, hence Federal waters."

SHE GOES ON, however, to say that the city should enforce its sanitation laws in the area by removing those boats without proper facilities, or requiring that they comply with standards, and leave those who are in compliance alone. This has been the Solares Hill position all along: Clean up the area by enforcing standard requirements, but don't destroy Houseboat Row. It can be a colorful adjunct to our island heritage.

CONGRATULATIONS TO DEBBIE Peterson, a very pretty young lady, who has just won her fourth Conch Blowing contest. This talented girl performs on TWO conch shells at once.

LARRY GOMEZ IS pushing for an exit road out of the Florida Keys from Big Pine Key across the Florida Bay to Everglades City in Collier County, a distance of 45 miles. He argues that we need an alternate hurricane evacuation route, another way to avoid the congestion on U.S.1, that the military could use another way to move in men and material, etc. Like many of Larry's ideas it is an interesting one and one that merits attention to determine its feasibility.

ALTON WEEKLEY'S WIFE and son "J" and John Bernreuter's daughter Barbara Bernreuter Winitzer got left out of the family listings for two of our recent stories. At Fausto's, therefore, Alton's wife Beverly and son "J" and at the Deli Restaurant, Barbara Bernreuter Winitzer are hereby officially included in their respective family groups. And we include our apologies for the omission!

WT

JANET'S SECRET ADMIRER: Fiction

BY MARLENE OGG

THE FOLLOWING STORY is the winner of Solares Hill's 1st Annual High School Short Story Contest. First prize is \$100 and publication in Solares Hill. Our winner is Marlene Ogg and she is a student at Mary Immaculate High School. 2nd prize of \$50 goes to Anna Vaccaro of Key West High School. 3rd prize was a tie and \$25 goes to Janet Diaz of Key West High School and Mark Bollong of Mary Immaculate High School. Our judges were David Ethridge, publisher of Florida Keys Magazine; Phyllis Pope, puppeteer and speech teacher at Florida Keys Community College; and Irving Weinman, an American writer now living in Great Britain.

Dear Janet:

You don't know me, but I know you. I know lots about you. Your name is Janet Treeberry. You're sixteen years old, and a junior at W. R. Thomas High School. Your best friend is Cindy Callahan, who has a brother named Mike. You're an only child which must make you feel very lonely sometimes.

Although I must keep my identity a secret from you, I will adore you from afar.

With all my heart,
Your Secret Admirer

"WHAT DO YOU think!" Janet asked. "I think he's loony," Cindy said. "He may even be dangerous." "Maybe it's someone we know," Janet suggested. "Yeah, but who?" Janet shrugged. "Somebody from school, maybe." Cindy put on her glasses, which made her look very sophisticated, and picked up the letter again. "Why don't we make a list of clues?" she said, as she pulled out a sheet of notebook paper. "He might be some kind of pervert."

"WHO'S A PERVERT?" asked Mike, entering the room. "You are, creep," Cindy said. "Not me," he said, and opened the refrigerator. He pulled out a carton of milk. "Yours truly is normal in every way."

"Except your mind, which is incapacitated," Mike said to Janet. "Bet she doesn't even know what it means." He grinned at her, and she felt her face blushing. She really liked Mike, but he never noticed her.

"DO YOU WANT to see this?" she asked.

"Don't let him, he'll tell everyone," protested Cindy.

"No he won't," Janet handed the letter to Mike. "It's just between the three of us, O.K.?"

"Sure."

After reading it Mike said, "The guy's really flipped for you. Do you know who wrote it?"

"No."

"Far out. How does it feel, having

a secret admirer?"

"I'm not sure. It kind of makes me nervous."

"If you want, I'll help you find out who wrote this letter."

"Thank you," replied Janet as she got up to leave.

AT 8:30 JANET called Cindy to see if she could go see a movie with her. They met at 9:00 in front of the movie theater. When they were seated, Cindy looked at the people in the aisles.

"Do you think he's here?"

"Who?" Janet asked.

"Your secret admirer."

"Janet looked around at the audience. "He might be," she said in a hushed voice.

CINDY POINTED TO a muscular man who had tattoos on both arms, and mean eyes that made Janet shiver.

"I sure hope not," she said quietly.

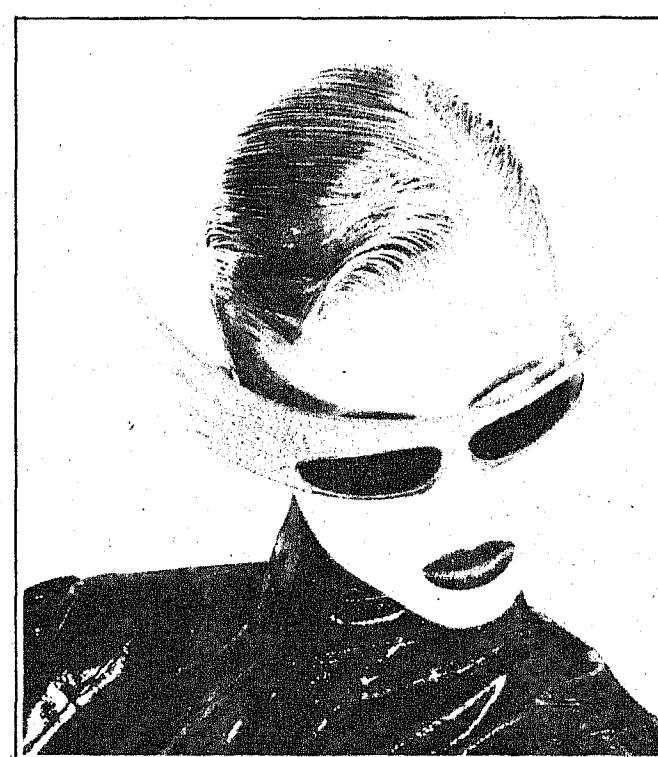
"Maybe it's that guy over there. The one holding the popcorn." Although the guy looked intelligent in his dress shirt and glasses, he was no older than ten.

WHEN THE HORROR movie was over, they waited outside for Cindy's father. Then Cindy said reluctantly, "Janet, I lied to you. My father really can't drive us home."

"Oh, great, Cindy."

"The walk will be good for us. Do you know how many calories you will burn off walking for an hour?"

THEY STARTED WALKING, although Janet knew she would get in trouble if



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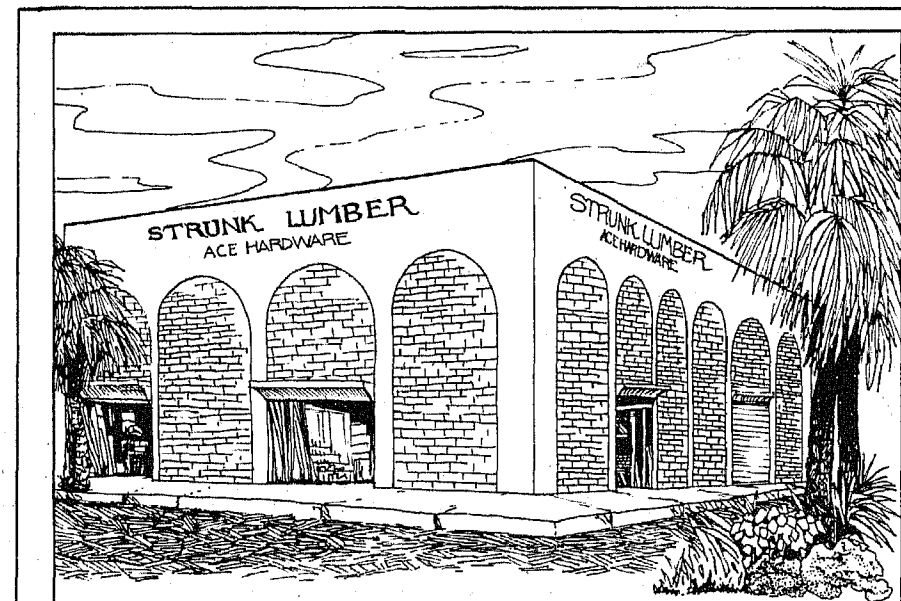
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her parents found out. As they were nearing the park Janet said, "Not through there." "What's wrong?" "We shouldn't go that way. It's not safe at night." "What's the matter, are you chicken?" Janet didn't want to go, but she did anyway.

AS THEY WALKED in silence, they listened for sounds that might signal the approach of trouble. When they had reached the basketball courts, Janet looked back. Fifty yards behind them, a dark shape ducked into the bushes. Janet could hardly speak.

"What's wrong?" Cindy asked. "I think someone's back there." "What are we going to do?" "Let's just get out of here."

"WAIT A MINUTE," said Cindy. "That could be your secret admirer." "Let's go, Cindy!" Janet and Cindy hurried along the path.

"We should really wait and see," insisted Cindy. She had turned around and saw that the man was much closer now. He was wearing dark sunglasses, a black jacket and dark pants.

"Quick," whispered Cindy, "let's hide behind here."

THEY CROUCHED DOWN behind some dark bushes. For a long time, they didn't hear anything. "I'll take a look," whispered Cindy. As she stood up to look, a face with a big grin on it appeared above the bushes. Just then, Cindy let out a piercing scream, that seemed to last forever.

When the girls finally looked up, the head removed his glasses and was standing further back.

"YOU CREEP!" Cindy screeched. "Why are you following us?" "I thought if I followed you around, I might run into Janet's secret

admirer."

"All you did was scare the heck out of us!"

"Will you stop griping so we can go home?" said Janet, as she started to laugh.

THEY CONTINUED ON their walk home. Janet wanted to get Mike's attention, but she didn't know what to say.

"Janet, the guy who wrote the letter isn't so crazy," Mike blurted out.

"Wait a minute," interrupted Cindy.

"Let's not get mushy, Mike, because I want to get home before the sun rises." They walked the rest of the way in silence. Janet wondered if Mike was finally taking notice of her. She was glad she didn't reply to Mike's comment, because she didn't know what to say. She looked up at Mike, and turned away quickly because he was looking at her.

WHEN THEY REACHED Janet's house, they exchanged goodbyes.

The next day at school Janet didn't see Mike at all. At lunch she sat at her familiar table and waited for Cindy.

"I don't believe it," Cindy said smiling. "Somebody actually asked me to go to the dance with them."

"Who?" "Freddy Chambers." "That's fantastic!" exclaimed Janet. "I wish I had someone to go with."

"Maybe Mike will ask you." "Gosh, I hope so."

AFTER SCHOOL JANET got on the bus and sat down in her usual seat.

"Hi, sugar face," smirked Glen as he sat next to Janet. Glen was overweight, ugly and a real jerk. He had been in jail for assault, or so Janet had heard.

"What?" "You're real pretty. I like you."

"Are you a weirdo or something?" Get away from me.

"Not until you go out with me."

"You're vulgar and rude."

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"What's wrong with that?" he asked, and laughed.

"I don't want to go out with you, so leave me alone."

"You don't want to get yourself hurt, do you?"

THE BUS STOPPED, and Janet got off, feeling relieved. "You don't want to get yourself hurt, do you?" That phrase kept running through Janet's mind as she walked home.

When she arrived she called Cindy.

"Hello?"

"Cindy?"

"Yes."

"This is Janet. My parents went out tonight, so why don't you come over?"

"O.K. I'll be over when I've finished dinner."

"See ya later."

"Bye."

JANET WAS ON her way to the kitchen, when the doorbell rang. She looked under the curtains, and there was Glen. Janet didn't answer, for fear of what might happen.

"I know you're in there!" shouted Glen. Just then one of the windows started to shake. Was he trying to get in? Quickly she ran into the kitchen to close the only open window in the house.

SHE GRIPPED THE edge and pulled as hard as she could. It was stuck. She looked outside and there was Glen looking in at her.

"Get out of here!" Janet shouted.

"We've got a date, Janet."

"No, we don't!"

GLEN REACHED IN and took hold of the kitchen cabinet. Janet reached up for the window and slammed it on his arm. He cried out in pain, and when he had his arm free, he ran down the street.

Ten minutes later, Cindy and Mike arrived. "I'm so glad you came, Mike."

"Should I go home then?" said Cindy, irritated.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean it that way, Cindy," said Janet.

"Wait a minute!" shouted Janet. "I

"Well, how do you mean it?" "You know Glen, don't you?"

"You mean the nut case," said Mike.

"Yeah. He rode home with me on the bus this afternoon. He kept bugging me about going out on a date with him."

"Did you?" Cindy asked.

"No!"

"Good," she replied.

"Apparently he followed me home."

"He didn't hurt you, did he?" Mike asked, concerned.

"No. I think I hurt him."

"WHAT DO YOU mean?" Cindy asked.

"He tried to get in the kitchen window, and I slammed it on his arm."

"Good, he deserved it," Mike said.

"I'm really scared. He might come back."

"I'll protect you," Cindy said sarcastically.

Janet looked at Mike, who was probably thinking of what to do next.

"Let's watch T.V.," he said.

WHEN THE FIRST commercials came on, Cindy went into the kitchen to get some cookies. As she walked back, she heard someone knocking at the door. The house suddenly seemed spooky with half the lights out.

She dropped her cookies and ran into the living room where Mike and Janet were engulfed in a scary movie.

They both turned around startled by her entrance. "Oh my gosh! Glen's here again," she said, frightened.

MIKE REACHED UP and turned the T.V. off. "You two stay in here, and I'll go see what he wants."

"Get out of here, turkey!" Glen shouted. Janet and Cindy had snuck up to the window by the front door. Glen reached in his pocket and pulled out a knife.

"Put that away," warned Mike.

"I'm calling the police," whispered Cindy to Janet.

Mike stepped forward. "Get back," threatened Glen.

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don't want you to get hurt, Mike."
"Go out with me, Janet, and everything will be fine," shouted Glen.
"O.K.! Put away your knife, Glen, then I'll go with you."
"What?" shouted Mike.
"I don't want anyone to get hurt."
"You're going to get hurt, if you go out with him."

JANET WAS HOPING desperately that the police would show up.
Cindy ran outside. "This is no time to be brave, Janet," she screamed. They all turned around to see flashing red lights a couple of blocks away.

Mike reached over to grab Janet away from Glen.

"Get away!" he screamed. The lights were at the end of the street.

MIKE SWUNG HIS fist at Glen. Glen stumbled and swung his knife, which slashed Janet in the stomach. She slumped over in pain. Glen looked horrified.

The police pulled up and grabbed Glen. He dropped the knife on the pavement.

Mike was holding Janet, and they could hear the ambulance coming. Cindy was sobbing hysterically.

When the ambulance pulled up, they placed Janet on a stretcher and took her away.

EARLY THE NEXT morning, Mike went to the hospital to see Janet. When he had reached her floor he felt nervous.

"Hi."

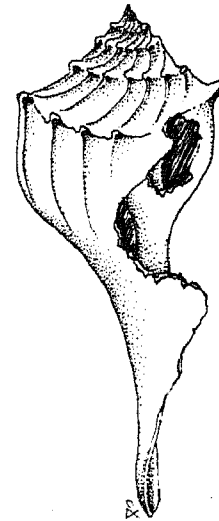
"Hi. I'm glad you came."

Not knowing what to say, he reached in his pocket and pulled out a ring. "Cindy was too upset to come," he said as he handed it to her.

She looked at it. It had "J and M. forever" inscribed on the inside.

Mike reached over to hold her, because

she was crying.
"Mike?"
"Yes."
"Remember the letter I got from my secret admirer."
"Yes."
"I wrote it."
"I'm glad," he whispered. He held her tight.



Cruising

BY DENNIS DEMRES

LATE IN THE evening on deck, laying on my stomach looking down into the sparkling galaxies of phosphorescence in the lagoon, trailing a small line through the water in spiral patterns, creating my personal super-novas of biological wonder, and watching all the while the meteor-like traces of curious fish shooting for the unbaited, unhooked line. Paradox. If I were striving to catch those fish and call them mine, how elusive they would remain. No thought, no intention, no possession, and my galaxy is filled with their wonder to observe. Joy, that's all. As Cecelia's father would say to her as a child, trekking through the woods on birdwatching expeditions, "Pay attention. It doesn't get any better than this."

HOW DID I get here? What are the forces, the efforts, the spaces, the finances involved in allowing myself to see and feel this joy, if only for brief moments at a time? Have I made it happen, or has it happened to me. Am I a "man dreaming he's a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming he's a man?" Perhaps if I go back a little bit in time, a story will unfold that will lend a certain insight to both you and me...an insight into an alternative way of living and seeing. An alternative not for everyone, but certainly for someone.

KEY WEST, LATE spring 1980. We had been pondering contingencies for quite some time now. Pursuing alternatives to the circle of rent - utilities - work today - work tomorrow - go to the store - come

back - go for a swim - what do you want to have for dinner and do this evening? A common affliction for even as uncommon a place as Key West. The rumblings of a transformation were there, and a close friend of mine, sensing our unrest, gave us our first words of advice, "It's sometimes better to do the wrong thing than to do nothing." We gathered our reflections, tallied up the "wrong things" against the "nothings", and passed over events that had brought us this far...comfortable, yet rumbling.

ISLAND LIVING. BEAUTIFUL, but sometimes crazy. Know what I mean? A beauty of Key West is that one can try and try, and no matter how hard you try, you can't avoid coming in contact with the water...that giant sanitarium, a temporary check-out from the occasional creeping crazies. Hmmm...our reflections reminded us of the good fortune and patient captains that took us aboard their vessels for sanitarium rides. Day sails to Sand Key and diving on the reef, being awakened by the phantasmagoria of swaying color and form and tuning into that seventh sense, the shark sense. The day sails grew into weekend sails to the Marquesas Islands with dolphin escorts and mangrove dinners. "Cranking winches in local races, flying spinnakers and trying to get them down when a Norther' hits in the middle of December, in the middle of the night, in the middle of the Gulf Stream, in the middle of a race to Cuba. Pickle in the middle.

HMMMM AGAIN. SAILING. Going and coming. What about being? We joined a friend for a month long passage across the Atlantic Ocean. Besides being an exciting adventure, this voyage illuminated for us the possibilities for a boat as a self contained environment. Our reflections on the tally



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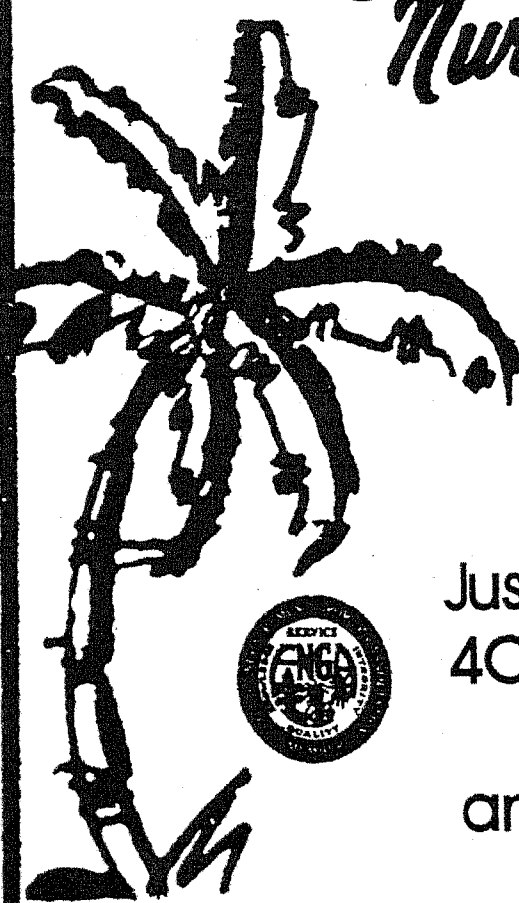
—It's Mack and Jamie in the May issue of Florida Keys Magazine. Mack Dryden writes about the road from Key West to semi-stardom in the comedy business.



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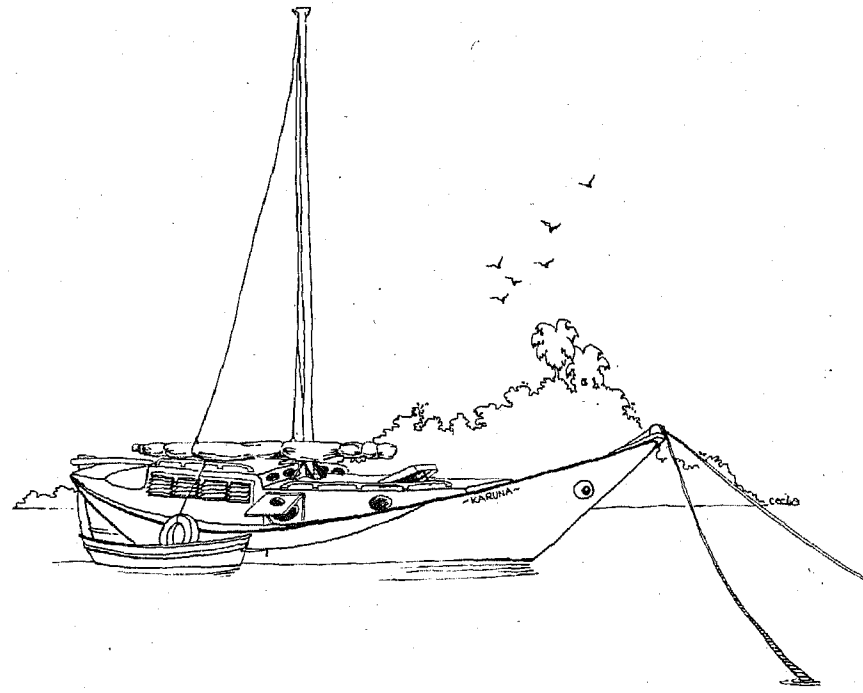
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sheet began to indicate that a water-craft could also become a home, not only to come and go with, but to be with. We sought more fuel for our by now growing enthusiasm for the "wrong thing". The subversive boating and sailing periodicals started to litter our living room, bedroom, and bathroom in direct proportion to increases in rent, utilities, and screeching tires. To buy a boat large enough to live in and call "home" became our focus.

THE NEXT QUESTION for us, and perhaps you if you have stayed with the story so far, was the question of money. How could we ever begin to entertain sail-away thoughts without having found a bale in the mangroves or committed basic insurance fraud? Plain old working and saving, boring as it may sound, had allowed us a financial stash with enough leverage to give consideration to the possibilities in our new enthusiasm. We had been working on and off with the seasons of Key West, Cecilia waitressing for the "Lazy Afternoon" and doing illustrations for "Solares Hill". I, as a wood worker, had been fortunate enough to be a part of the burgeoning renovation period of Key West's classical conch homes. That was the income, and the savings came from trying to stay healthy. Enthusiasm high, money in hand, but where was the boat?



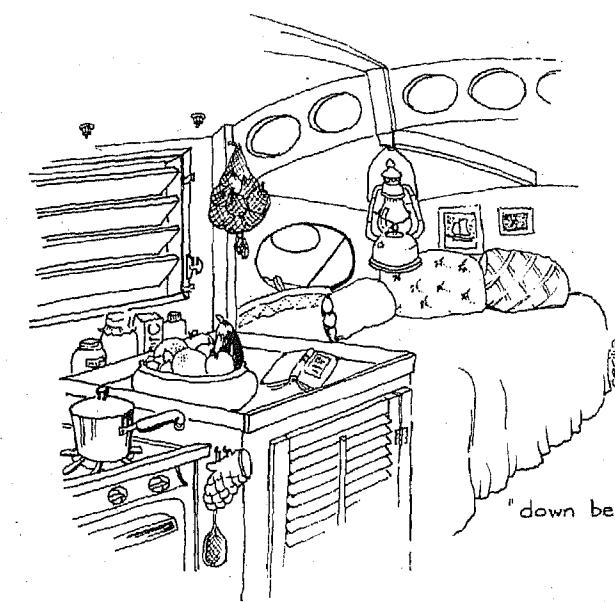
ANTICIPATING A LONG and opinion bombarded search for our ideal craft, we felt it was imperative to hit the road immediately and drive through the Keys checking out the marinas, canals and channels before our high spirits waned. If you could have seen us

coming, we could have been characterized as "ripe". Our first day of serious shopping took us as far as Ramrod Key, where, visible from the highway, sitting in a canal, sat a craft that caught our attention. It looked very odd, yet curiously familiar. We

approached politely, rather tourist like, for there appeared no "For Sale" sign. As we got closer, a head popped up from below and a recognizable "hello" beckoned us to come closer. It was Jay Cene, a peculiar man who had been building boats and surviving in the Keys for the past twenty-two years, and we were beholding his latest creation. I had met Jay a couple of years earlier, and I even had a carpenter's familiarity with one of his previous vessels. Recognizing me, he invited us onboard for a cup of coffee, and he gently took the hook out of my mouth. The boat was only weeks in the water, and Jay and his wife Gloria were still living out of cardboard boxes with tools, empty paint cans, scraps of wood, and sundry parts scattered about. In the midst of this sense of organization stumbled a spring-loaded drooling Doberman puppy with feet too large for its half-grown body. "Yes, the boat could be for sale." After all, this is what Jay did, build and sell... starting the new boat in his mind before the present one was finished, darting from project to project with a creative energy I have yet to see rivaled.

DOWN BELOW, KEEPING the concept of "home" in mind, we found that I couldn't stand erect, but Cecilia could. (That got me out of cooking,

I began to figure.) The stainless steel oven/stove, more than adequate screened ventilation, and pleasant natural light captured Cecilia immediately. I found a berth I could stretch out in and have room left over



(I'm 6'5"), which made up for the lack of standing headroom. Of plywood and fiberglass construction, the boat was 39' long with an 18' draft, ideal for the shallow backwaters of the Keys.

The design looked like the child of an illicit relationship between a New England dory and an Oriental river sampan. Strongly built with absolutely no frills, with enough simplicity to allow an interior environment to develop around our transforming needs. Not yet rigged for sail, but a 10HP outboard motor mounted on the rudder seemed to move the boat economically and adequately. How much would Jay sell for? Too much. We'd have to take a slow, ponderous ride back to Key West, keeping our eyes open along the way.

WE COULDN'T SHAKE the good feeling we had about the boat and Jay. Though it was the first one we looked at, we decided to call back the next day and make an offer commensurate with our funds. Surely he wouldn't accept, I could avoid making a decision, and the matter would be dispensed with. So I called, he accepted, I hung-up the phone, and an overwhelming childlike pang inside me screamed, "I really didn't mean it." Suddenly, all the words, all the fantasy, all the doubts, had to be put aside. We took a deep breath, and jumped into it.

WITHIN A WEEK, we brought the boat down to a canal behind a friend's house on Big Coppitt Key. Having donated or sold most of our material

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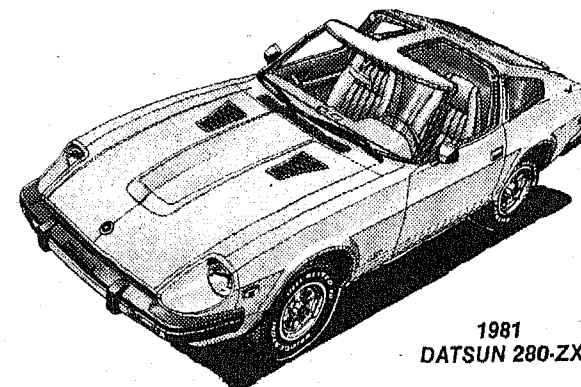
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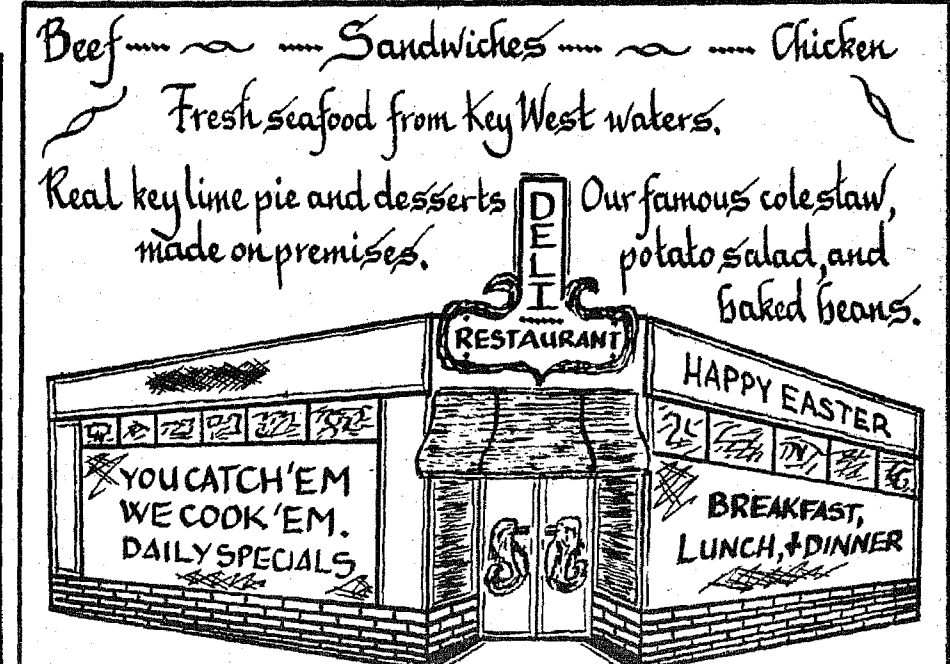
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accumulation of five years in Key West, and taking our remaining basics, the move into our new home, KARUNA, took only a few hot hours. The name KARUNA is the term for the "quality of compassion that the Buddha has for those still in the bonds of ignorance", namely, us. Cecilia continued to work at the restaurant, while I pulled out my tools, honed my scavenging antennas, and went hard at preparing KARUNA for our alternative existence.

EVERYONE HAS OPINIONS. People who own boats have decrees. Sifting through the opinions and decrees of well wishers and detractors became a confusing ordeal. (Remember the name? I'm still ignorant.) After a few initial experiences of adding something to the boat, having someone come by and say, "That will never work", taking it off, having someone else come by and say, "That will never work", putting it back on, etc., I soon learned why boating people have opinions and decrees: to defend themselves from other boat owners with opinions. My defense became, "Keep it simple, and let's get underway."

WITHIN A FEW weeks, KARUNA was ready, and we pretended likewise. Having talked up a storm about the whole matter, we realized there was no squeezing out now. Amidst private fanfare of blowing horns and taking photos, we eased out of the Big Coppitt canal on a sultry July afternoon and headed up the backside of the Keys.... a couple of hundred dollars in our pockets and destination unknown.

THE FIRST DAY underway is more important for what it symbolizes than for how far one gets. Putting away the tools (though the work is never finished), taking off the dock lines, closing a chapter and starting a new one, has a magical way of making all the previous events seem eons away. About

ten miles up the Keys, we found our first anchorage in the lee of Bill Finks Key, put out two anchors and toasted to what was to become our first lesson in the promiscuousness of nature. The clear afternoon was coming to a close with a wall of clouds as dark as

evening itself steadily creeping our way. The weather broadcast a special warning for mariners. A severe squall was approaching. Suddenly, strong gusts of wind, blinding rain, and simultaneous lightning and thunder descended upon us. KARUNA thrashed about in a disinterested fashion as Cecilia and I peered out the portholes as if Jack Benny's "Rochester" had just seen a ghost. Throughout the night we pounded and swung on our anchor rode, and as suddenly as the squall had appeared, by day break it just as suddenly disappeared. A second lesson learned: "It will pass."

THE BRAVADO of the morning. "Got through that one. No problem." Continuing confidently on our way, with cormorants on the mangrove branches, watchful and hesitant... quivering feet as we approach. Winding through the shallows, often poling our way as we discover new cuts and passes made possible with our slight draft. Across Big Spanish Channel, tucking in behind Little Pine Key, our second night anchorage proved the advantage of screens. "Is that smoke rising above these mangroves?" No, mosquitos. Diving below, quickly closing the companionway doors as a rearing squad-

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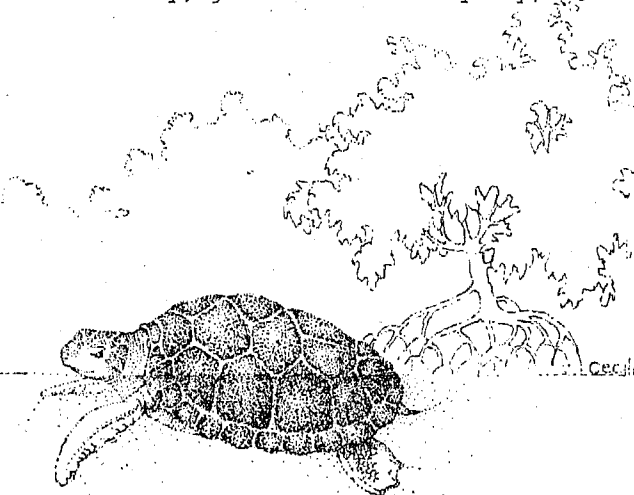
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ron of mosquitos engulfed KARUNA, turning the screens black. "The bloods in here, bubba, too bad." Decree number two: Screens are a must for Florida cruising.

THE NEXT DAY found us doing a slalom across Lobster Pot Bay, more commonly known as Mosher Channel and the Seven Mile Bridge. Managing not to get a line from a lobster trap marker entangled around our prop, we safely made what was for KARUNA her first "big crossing". Anchoring off Bamboo Key, just west of Grassy Key,



we startled a slumbering turtle. They still are spotted in the Keys. Right next to the highway, if one were to sit still long enough, that supposed rock off in the shallows may just start moving about. Whizzing down the highway had been the extent of our previous myopic exposure to the Middle Keys. Water travelling was beginning to open for us a new perspective of the fragile yet determined nature of such a unique part of the world. Our senses were slowly waking,

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tuning in....wonder what we were not seeing.

GETTING TO FEEL the rhythm now. Taking our time, moving with the weather, waking with the sun, naked dives overboard into the clear water. Eating simply, no refrigeration, fresh fish, grains, rice, sprouts, Key limes in water. Rowing ashore for that first cold beer in days to take the edge off of feeling so healthy. Walking through the community of Islamorada like a child in an amusement park, agawak at all the goodies on the store shelves and people zipping and zinging about, doing their thing as we take the time to let our new waterborne perceptions be flooded with the energy of people, candy wrappers and fluorescence. A starlighted row in the dingy back out to KARUNA, and we remark to each other how loud the stillness at anchor can be.

AS WE CONTINUED on, signs appeared telling us we were entering "Everglades National Park - A Protected Area". Passing through Dusenbury Creek, an approach to Blackwater Sound west of Key Largo, another late afternoon black squall line headed our way. We edged the boat stern-first into a small tributary of the creek, tied lines to the mangrove branches and comfortably sat below as rustling leaves pitter-pattered on deck as the darkness whisked over the tree tops. Late in the evening a small boat passed by in the main creek, then returned slowly. A spotlight was put on the boat, and as I went naked on deck to investigate, I noticed that a wildlife ranger was just slipping his gun back into his holster. "Thought a flying saucer had landed", he half-jokingly stated. Our interior light projects forward through a series of oval ports, and the eerie glow from such a large craft tucked in the bushes made the officer a bit leery. "Yes sir,

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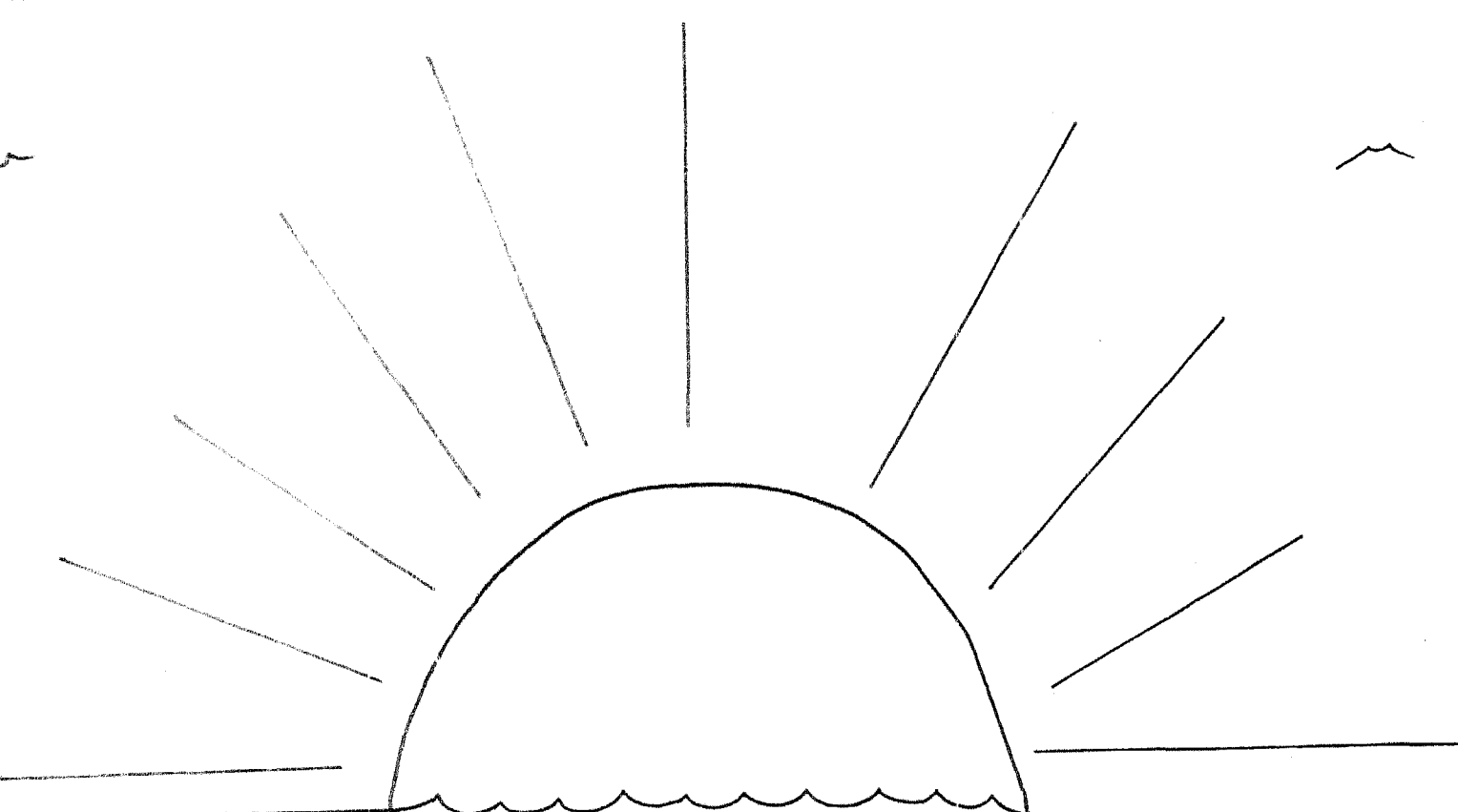
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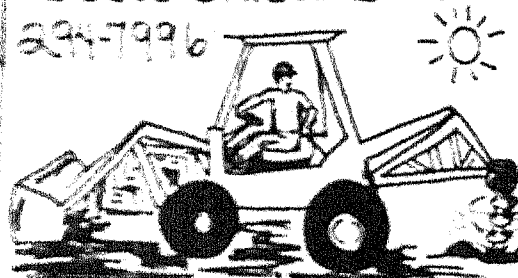


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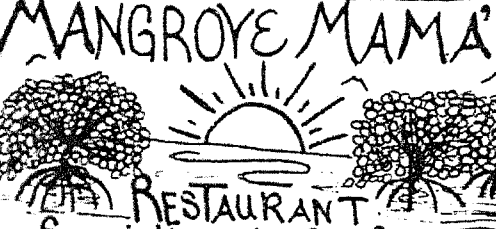


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continued from page 42

operation. After being locked through, we were often invited into the control station for conversation and a demonstration of their responsibilities. They proved to be humorous local informants and yarn spinners, particularly while we sat at the bottom of Port Mayaea Lock breathing love bugs in the still air, while the tenders chatted away in the breeze at the top of the lock.

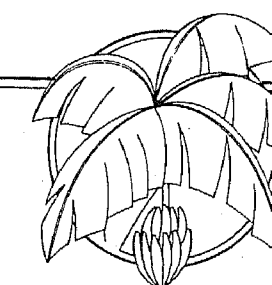
ALONG THE SOUTH shore of Lake Okeechobee, through Moorhaven and into the Caloosahatchee River, resplendent with overhanging Spanish moss and preying alligators. We tied up at a public dock just past Ortena Lock, in company of a tiny sailboat. On board lived Charlie, a retired and disabled Estonian merchant seaman. On a meager pension, Charlie lived between cans of beans and public facilities. He slept long hours to avoid the day, but when he eventually came out of his tiny cabin, he generously shared his recollections of Bombay, Rio, Capetown and other far off romances of the past. Charlie and I would go ashore and sit under a shade tree and while away the hottest part of the day playing chess. In five long games in five days, Charlie modestly took delight in capturing the title of "Chess Champion of Ortena Lock".

CECILIA AND I left Charlie and Ortena with somber and paradoxical reflections. We could feel and see the old man's loneliness, yet were envious of his earlier adventures; happy in that we brought activity and conversation into his week, and sad in that our leaving contributed to his solitude. "The world knows that the few are more than the many", wrote Tagore. We wondered about how many more Charlies we would encounter.

OUT THE CALOOSAHATCHEE to Ft. Myers and across to Sannibel Island, dodging tug boats and barges along the way. It was now the middle of October,

and the evenings were becoming noticeably cooler. Being considerably north of Key West was apparent, not only with the temperature, but also by the changing geography. The coral was gone, replaced with long stretches of beach, the Barrier Islands. Mangroves thinned out, wind whistling pine trees and moss drenched Cypress became more visible. The water was murkier, ostensibly from rain water run-off from the land. Manatee manifested themselves daily. We were entering a vast new area for exploration. Sannibel, Captiva, Cayo Costa, and on up the west coast, each barrier island distinct in itself.

BUT OUR FUNDS were running low. We began speculating on our work possibilities, a thought that no matter how hard we tried, would not go away. To remain "cut loose" was a deliberate ideal, and we were dipping daily into the resourcefulness of our wits to continue that ideal. However, there exist advantages in our ideal that create exciting prospects, not stressful concerns, and we basked in a sense of security new to both of us. We were not unlike turtles, carrying our shelter with us. Practically speaking, our home was paid for and we had no debts. Utility bills in the form of propane for cooking were negligible. All of my tools, and all of Cecilia's pens, pencils and watercolors were onboard. Superfluous things in life come sharply into focus when contrasted with the feelings of good health, high spirits, and joy in being more intimate with this water planet earth we experienced. And besides, the mullet were jumping and my cast net was ready. We were confident that between us work would appear. We were also confident that a different kind of end was coming to our story. An end reminiscent once again of the Indian poet, Tagore: "True end is not in reaching of a limit, but in a completion which is limitless."



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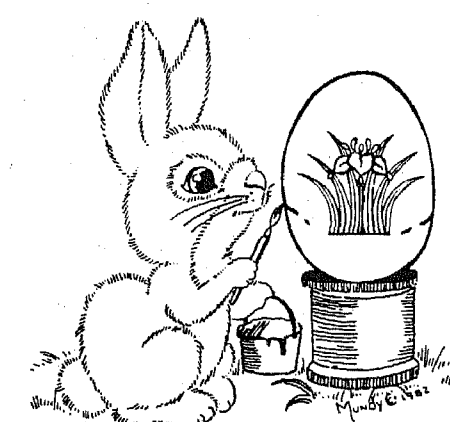


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A literary tour of the home and gardens of the late Nobel Prize Winner, Ernest Hemingway. The home was built in Spanish Colonial style of native rock hewn from the grounds with furnishings, rugs, tiles, chandeliers brought by the Hemingways from Spain, Africa and Cuba. Luscious, exotic plants and trees are from all over the world. It was here that Mr. Hemingway wrote *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *Green Hills of Africa*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *The Fifth Column*, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, and *The Morning After*. Mr. Hemingway was the first important writer to discover and make Key West his home. He owned the home from 1923 to 1961.

Covers One Acre including Pool and Guest House
Bring Your Camera
For further information contact Services Division, 907 Whitehead St.

PRIVATE USE AND THE PUBLIC GOOD

by Colleen McGee

WITH THE PHASE enlargement of the Key West Historic Preservation District, Key Westers have more reason than ever to familiarize themselves with the regulations concerning rehabilitation and construction in the area of Old Town. The old Island Restoration Commission has jurisdiction over any changes made to buildings and grounds that are visible from the street, but many people aren't aware of the scope of that mandate.

THERE HAVE BEEN continuing problems with misunderstandings and misinterpretations of the

regulations for construction in this area. A typical example is the current situation at 516 William. Enid Badler, the new owner, also runs Russell House, a guest house that has won an award from the Historic Key West Preservation Board for the rehabilitation work done there. However, that award raised questions about Ms. Badler's compliance with OIRC procedures since she had not obtained a permit for the work.

MS. BADLER IS trying to renovate an old house, but work had been started prior to her

requesting approval of the plans from the OIRC. Her plans included a 12 by 26 foot swimming pool in the front yard. A permit was obtained from the City by the pool company who had started bulldozing trees and damaged a wall before a stop work order was issued when it was discovered that appropriate permits had not been granted by the OIRC or the Tree Commission (which protects endangered tropical trees.) Ms. Badler obtained a spot on the next OIRC agenda to present her plans for the renovation.

MEANWHILE THERE WAS also a question about the use of the building. Originally the house had had apartments in it, but the renovation was for a guesthouse. Ms. Badler either had to change the plans for the guest house or obtain

a use variance from the Board of Adjustment.

WHEN CONTACTED, THE City Building Inspector Jimmy Elwood said that the original permit for the pool work had been issued to the pool company after he had made a phone call to the Chairman of the OIRC, Clay McDaniels. On first impression they both agreed that the pool was OK, but after they discovered where the pool would be they realized that Ms. Badler needed to get permission from the OIRC for the work, since OIRC guidelines forbid non-traditional lawn and garden treatments such as concrete lawns, patios and circular drives in front of the houses.

AT THEIR MEETING on March 28, the OIRC discussed Ms. Badler's plans and decided to deny her a permit to build



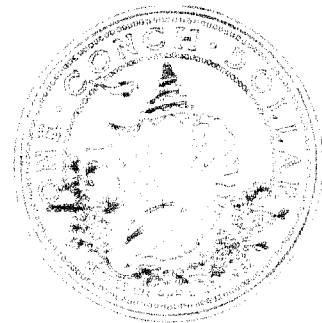
Looking down on 516 William after it had been bulldozed in the front yard.

the pool. At this time, she cannot proceed with her plans to open the type of guesthouse she wanted, nor can she construct a swimming pool in front as she wanted.

MS. BADLER, MORE than many people, was already aware of the necessity to obtain permits for work done in Old Island area, since the problem had been brought to her attention when she was selected for the Historic Preservation award. However, with the expansion of the Historic Preservation District, there will also be a need for others to have more awareness and a better understanding of the OIRC regulations so that property owners know ahead of time what they can and cannot plan when renovating a building. Intentions and concept are clearly not enough when the plans fail to meet the Board's requirements.

THE BURDEN FALLS not only on property owners; the City also needs tighter procedures that will insure that permits are not issued without all the documentation necessary. With the

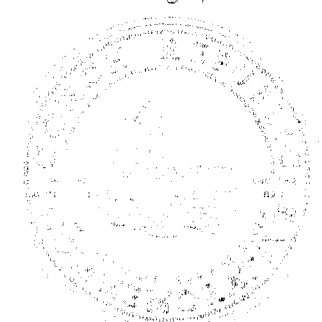
continued on page 50



Conch Coin Company, in keeping with the spirit and tradition of The Conch Republic, has designated The Conch Dollar, a one ounce .999 fine pure silver coin commemorating the secession of Key West and the Florida Keys from the Union on April 23rd, 1982.

County Mayor Jerry Hernandez in an official proclamation has designated the Conch Republic Commemorative Dollar as the official coin of the realm in Monroe County—The Conch Republic.

These beautiful coins may be purchased at Conch Coin Company, opened from 10 until 6:30 days per week.



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Key West, Florida 33040
(305) 294-5300

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Love Richard's Battery
present

The Fountains

Monday & Thursday Date Night
Buy one entrée and the other is on the house
(for every two people)

Tuesday and Friday
1/2 price menu all night 6:00 - 11:00

Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday
All you can eat \$14.95
~ Seafood Extravaganza ~
Seafood au Gratin, Mussels Vinaigrette,
Shrimp Scampi and Fried Scallops
~ For the Landlubber ~
Chicken Languedoc, Roast Prime Rib,
Beef Bourguignon with Vegetables
Fettuccine Primavera

Early Special every night 6:00 - 7:30
1/2 price menu excluding lobster and filet

Entertainment nightly beginning at 6:00

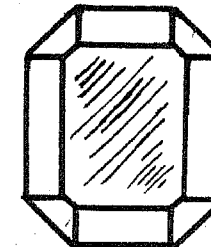
Featuring
Coffie Butler Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8:00

Open daily 6:00 - 11:00 p.m.
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Recipient, Award of Excellence for Preservation

1108 Duval ~ Key West
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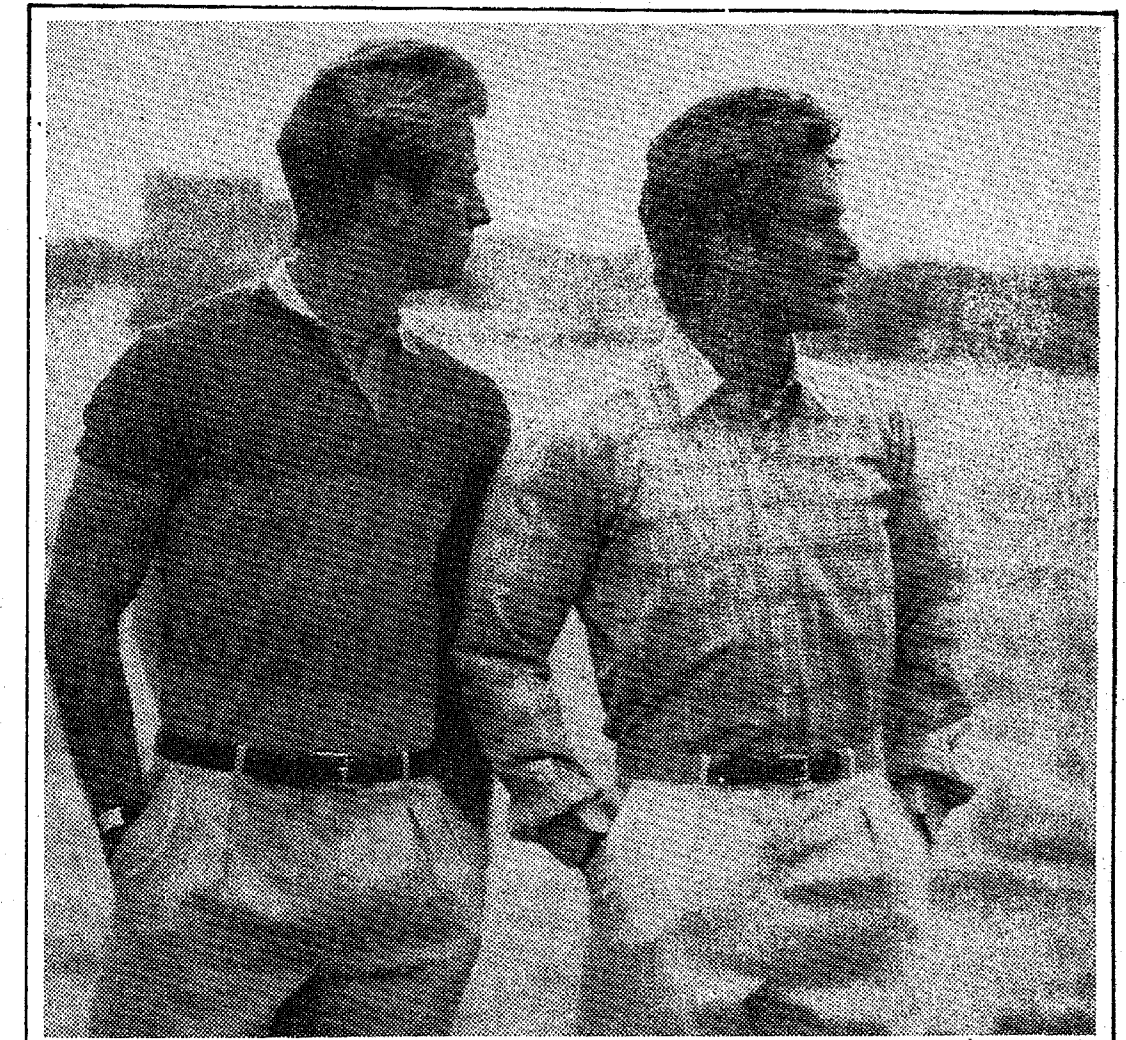
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COLOURS...ALEXANDER JULIAN



A collection of furnishings instantly recognizable because of its luxurious fabrications, its inspired colorations, its modern expression of total ease. It's these three facets, coupled with the designer's sense of wit and his respect for tradition, that have made Colours by Alexander Julian such a vital life force in the scheme of men's furnishings today.

Here, just a representation of the top-drawer quality in store from Colours by Alexander Julian. From left to right: pique knit color-blocked shirt in assorted colors, in cotton. S to XL; \$30. Graphic check sportshirt, with full cut, straight regular collar and button cuffs. Yellow/teal/grey/purple cotton and polyester, for S to XL; \$30.

—HESTER HOUSE LTD.—

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FRONT ENTRANCE

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needlework shop

Annual Store SALE

April 26 - May 6
don't miss it!

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Key Plaza

As near as your
phone for Bridal gifts

IT COSTS NO MORE...
IT'S JUST NICER AT

WM. GAMBLE JEWELER
600 Duval Street

MEMBER NATIONAL BRIDAL SERVICE

LIVE!
AND IN COLOR!

Helio Graphics

Featuring the finest variety
of hand-painted creations
under the sun...

clothing - interiors

check it out!
814 Fleming

**KEY WEST'S
HOROSCOPE**
BY ZIMMER, CRITZ

Sun in Aries, after 20 in Taurus.
Venus in Taurus after 12 in Gemini.
Mercury in Aries, after 7 in Taurus.
Saturn in Scorpio, retrograde.
Jupiter in Sagittarius, retrograde.

Mars in Aries after 5 in Taurus.
Uranus in Sagittarius, retrograde.
Neptune in Sagittarius, retrograde.
Pluto in Libra, retrograde.
North Node in 29° Gemini.

THE NEW MOON on April 13 in
Aries is in the 11th hour sector
of the Key West chart, the placement
of the natal Pluto. There will be
much activity behind the scenes -
rumors, gossip and innuendos.
Friendships will be strained, and
loyalties will be tested. This
aspect will finally clear the air
in many areas.

OUR CO-RULER Mercury is in
opposition to Saturn in the 12th
house. This is also an aspect
that shows much activity in "behind
the scenes" maneuvering. This will
be a great month for the gossip and
rumor mills.

THE FULL MOON on April 27 in
Scorpio makes a favorable aspect
to the Key West chart. The sector
ruling employment, health and
hygiene will be stimulated.

OUR RULING PLANET Saturn is in
retrograde motion in the sign of
Scorpio. Plans that were initiated
in December of 1982 will be revived.
Creative juices are flowing and the
city continues to move forward in
many areas. Improvements are
apparent.

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NATURE'S
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Health Food Store in Key West
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EVERYONE...**

Unique statues
& sculptures
Unusual
collectables
Exclusive
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Objets d'art
Fine jewelry

IF YOU LIKED
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YOU'LL LOVE
COMPLEMENTS

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423 Front Street, 294-3900
Open daily 10-6, most evenings 'til 9 p.m.

AMUSEMENTS by TOM SCHMITT and
GEORGE GUGLEOTTI

APRIL MEANS SPRINGTIME, Easter,
Oscars, taxes and for Key West,
spring means the weather (we hope!)
will be warmer and less erratic, the
frangipani and royal poinciana will
bloom and season will end, but one
look at what's happening around
town will show you that it ain't
necessarily so!

GETTING UNDERWAY AT the
Waterfront Playhouse in Mallory
Square is Garson Kanin's comedy
classic "Born Yesterday" directed
by veteran Jack Clarke and starring
Adair Jameson in the role of Billie
Dawn, the not so dumb but beautiful
blond. "Born Yesterday" will run
from April 4 thru April 9. Tickets
are \$5.00 and performances are at
8:30. For reservations and
information call the Waterfront
box office at 294-5015.

ON APRIL 7, the Red Barn Theatre
will present Harold Pinter's "Betrayal."
Roy Scheider, who starred in "Betrayal"
a few seasons ago on Broadway, served
in an advisory capacity on this pro-
duction, which is directed by Richard
Magesis. "Betrayal" stars Susan
Hawkins (fresh from directorial duties
on the Barn's comedy hit, "Loose Ends")
and will play for three weekends,
Thursday thru Monday, from April 7 to
April 25.

ALSO THIS MONTH, the Barn will
begin preparations for their final
blockbuster show and the 2nd Annual
Show Biz Ball at East Martello Towers.
For reservations and information call
the Red Barn box office at 296-9911.

IT'S A BUSY month at the Tennessee
Williams Fine Arts Center. Final
performances of Tennessee Williams,
"Vieux Carre" are on April 1 and 2.
The Chamber Music Series follows
this with an April 4 presentation of
the internationally known Medici
Quartet. On April 8, the incomparable
Eartha Kitt performs in concert. This
is a Founder's Members Only night.

The film musical series will
present, on April 25, the original
film of "Showboat" starring Irene
Dunne, Helen Morgan and Paul Robeson.
On April 28, the musical "Hair" will
open. Directed by Rae Coates, (who
was responsible for "Godspell" earlier
this season), this production of the
60's musical is being updated to show
its relevance to our times. Free
transportation to all TWAC events is
available via the Old Town Trolley.
For reservations and information call
the TWAC box office at 294-6363.

SEE YOU NEXT month!!



KEY WEST 620 Duval • 294-3426 7 & 9 PM \$3.50

Picture Show **Picture Show** **Picture Show**

APRIL 1983

Polyester

THE STARS: Divine and
Tab Hunter

THE COMEDY:
"More honest laughs
than 'Alphaville'"
-Lew Busby

THE GIMMICK:
Filmed in COORAMA
...Smiling is Believing!

THE REVIEWS:
"Wonderous!"
"Hip!" "Hilarious!"

Polyester

APRIL 3-9 7pm & 11pm

CHAN IS MISSING

"Deliciously
sleazy...
DON'T
MISS IT!"
-Carrie Rickey,
Village Voice

APRIL 3-9 9pm

Polyester

KLAI SKINSKI ISABELLE ADJANI
NOSFERATU THE VAMPIRE

APRIL 10-16 7pm

PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK

"Everything begins and
ends at exactly the right
time and place." Miranda
speaks those words just
before she leads three
friends to ascend Hanging
Rock, a geological forma-
tion in Australia. The
three mysteriously disap-
pear, as does the middle-
aged teacher chaperoning
the girls. One girl is later
found alive, but she has
no recollection of what
happened. As director
Peter Weir probes the
enigmatic puzzle, he
dissects the stilling
repression of Victorian
Australia.

APRIL 10-16 9pm

**Pink
Flamingos**

DIRECTED BY
JOHN WATTS

STANDING
DIVINE

APRIL 10-16
11pm ONLY!

**QUEST
FOR FIRE**

APRIL 17-23 7pm

Montenegro

Susan Anspach
Erland Josephson
Dusan Makavejev's
"UNCUT VERSION"

APRIL 24-30 7pm

**THE GREAT
SANTINI**

APRIL 17-23 9pm

HAROLD and MAUDE

APRIL 22-24
29-1
11pm Only!

missing.

Not since "Midnight Express"
has a motion picture
so vividly captured
the hearts and minds
of moviegoers
everywhere.

APRIL 24-30 9pm

**Thanks
America!**

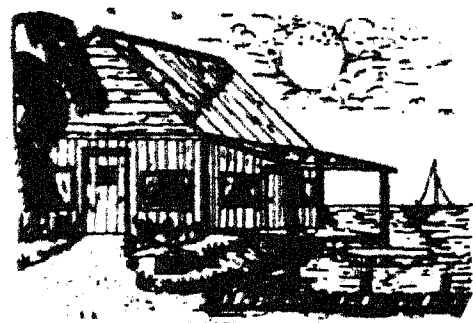
You've made
an underdog
the winner!

**THE GREAT
SANTINI**

THE GREAT SANTINI IS GREAT THE BEST PICTURE OF 1980

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My childhood dream was to live in a home
That looked out on the open sea

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expansion of the Historic District, more people will be applying for permits to do work on protected buildings and without full public reviews and well-publicized procedures, there are sure to be more misunderstandings in the future.

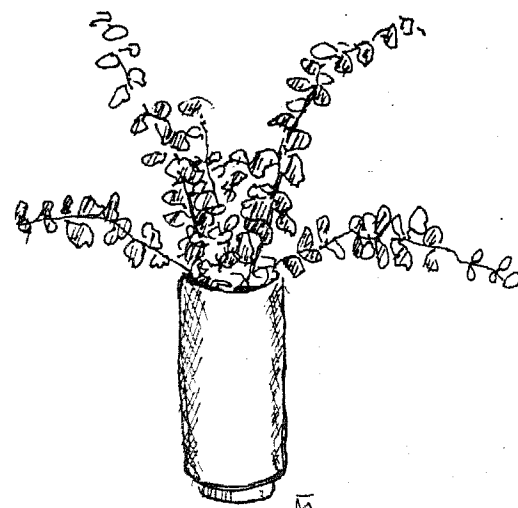
IN THIS CASE, residents of the neighborhood petitioned the Board and were able to convey their sense that that proposed plans would not be in harmony with the existing neighborhood. Hopefully, Ms. Badler will work with the city and the board to develop appropriate plans that will meet all the criteria and regulations. But Ms. Badler is not solely responsible for the problems. She is a typical example of a property owner who has apparently failed to obtain all the proper permits prior to beginning work and thus became entangled in stop work orders and halted in the midst of a project.

IT IS VERY clear that both

the city and OIRC must strive to enforce their own guidelines and building codes with the necessary cooperation from property owners in the historic district. Indeed, as it states in the OIRC guidelines: "The best architectural guidelines are only as effective as the public enforcement and private compliance efforts that are generated."

"Only support from individuals and commitment from city officials will maintain the rich architectural heritage of Key West."

This is even more important now that the size of the historic district has been doubled and is now the largest historic preservation district in the S. E. United States.



POOR BOY'S CORNER
TRUMAN SANDWICH SHOP
1100 TRUMAN AVENUE
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with GRITS - TOAST - COFFEE
\$1.50
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One Coffee Per \$1.00

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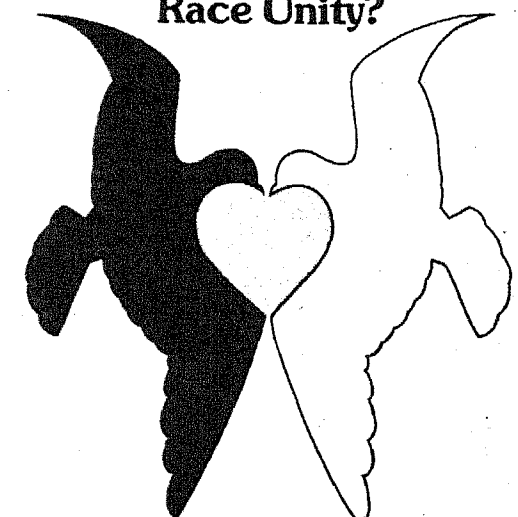
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What do you feel about
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"Close your eyes to racial differences
and welcome all with the light of oneness."

All around the world
members of the Bahá'í Faith are
spreading the principle of race unity
one heart at a time.
Won't you join us?

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I dared to wear
something provocative
but comfortable.
It could have been
something he said.
It could have been
the Piña Colada.
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PRIVATE PROPERTY WEEK

JOIN IN THE CELEBRATION with the
KEY WEST BOARD OF REALTORS for PRIVATE
PROPERTY WEEK April 10 - 16th.

"The Strength of a
Nation Lies in the
Homes of Its People."
- Abraham Lincoln



Private Property Week
April 10-16

THIS YEAR THE Key West Board of Realtors is trying to involve the whole city in its annual celebration of National Private Property Week. If the President of the United States, the Governor of the State of Florida, and the Mayor of Key West (and Prime Minister of the Conch Republic) all stand up and proclaim this week to be of National awareness import, then WE, the citizens of Key West, can certainly do something terrific to express our gratitude and pride in the Right to own property.

ALREADY ADVERTISED SINCE early March, the Key West Board of REALTORS together with the merchants of Luani Plaza and other Key West businesses, banks, etc., is sponsoring a Photo

Contest (both black & white color categories) and an elementary school Poster Art Contest. The photos and posters will be on display from April 13th to the 16th. On Saturday, the 16th at 4:00 p.m. the judges: Ken Spector, Jim Brogdon and Richard Heyman, will award the prizes. First prizes for the photo contests are two two-day trips for two to Disney World and/or Epcot Center. The prizes for the Poster contest will be gift certificates of \$25, \$15 and \$10 at a toy store.

THERE WILL BE other things HAPPENING at the Plaza as well; a voter's registration table, a Blood Pressure Unit, and hopefully balloon-folk and clowns too.

TO KEEP YOU on your awareness-toes, there will be two T.V. panel discussions concerning private property and the rights of individuals, zoning and how property taxes are being used. You can see these on our local Channel 5 on a show called "PAGE ONE", from 7:00 to 8:00 p.m. on a weekday night (as yet unspecified). One will be aired the week before PPW and the other during the week itself. You are asked to listen and call in comments and/or questions during the latter portion of the show.

THE LAST AND most important event planned for this week of celebration is a city wide LITTER CLEAN-UP campaign. The Boy Scouts of America, the Girl Scouts and the Brownies too, various groups of students from Key West High School, representing the future custodians of our right to property, will be out on the streets of Key West on Saturday A.M. the 16th, picking up bottles and cans and litter of all kinds. We ask and encourage all of you who believe in a more beautiful city and aren't afraid to get

your hands dirty, to come out that morning and help us tidy up after the litter-bugs!! Even if you just do your own street, or take a bag with you when you take a walk or walk your dog, you will be doing something to forestall "THE TAKEOVER OF THE SLOBS", and perhaps it could become a part of your daily routine. We can't go on saying "let the other guy do it" or "that's what we pay taxes for." Taxes go just so far and there are other things that should take priority over the incredible expense of cleaning up after Litter-Bugs! Public property is ours to cherish too. For those of us who don't own, it's the only property we have! Come on out and join with those who CARE!

Palma Christies Antiques
Period Furnishings
Decorative Items
Zugak Tiles

20% off red tag sale
month of April
316 (Rear) Simonton
Ice House Alley #1
(305) 294-6814
Betty deBoer / Owner / Dealer

Slow drifting on a cool blue sky
 out colorfully by masts; a high
 seems spoken to blue
 patches. Seafaring crew
 teases, boats the
 close faded eyes.

Sails folded, drowsing mast on mast.
 Breeze stirs bright flags, saluting past
 yachting stories. Deep
 quieting waves keep
 boats asleep.
 (Flags stand fast.)

By Carol Shaughnessy

Lie, lash out and depart
 or smile, embrace
 and drift apart.
 Whatever the procedure
 your boat will leave
 a lonely trailing wake
 that does not fade.

by Nancy Bruff Gardner

QUALITY NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE

THE NATIONALLY KNOWN SHIRLEY GADOL COLLECTION
 IS NOW IN KEY WEST AT FACTORY PRICES

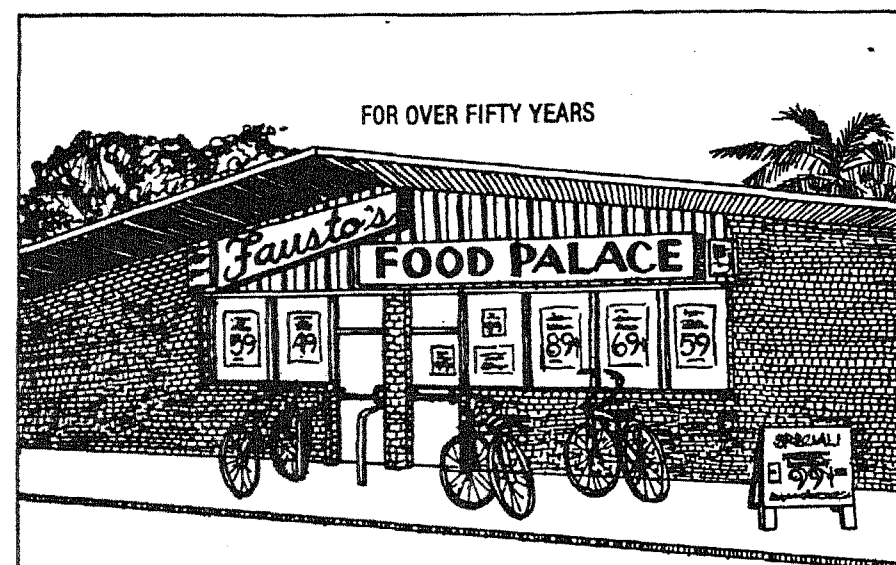


The Gadols are the Originators
 and Manufacturers of beautiful
 embroideries designed for the
 Florida Keys

- Wrap and A-Line Skirts and Coordinates
- Shorts, Slacks, Jackets, Cover-Ups.
- Tennis and Golf Skirts with very
 Attractive embroidered animated
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Gadol's Factory Store, Kino Plaza 294-7491
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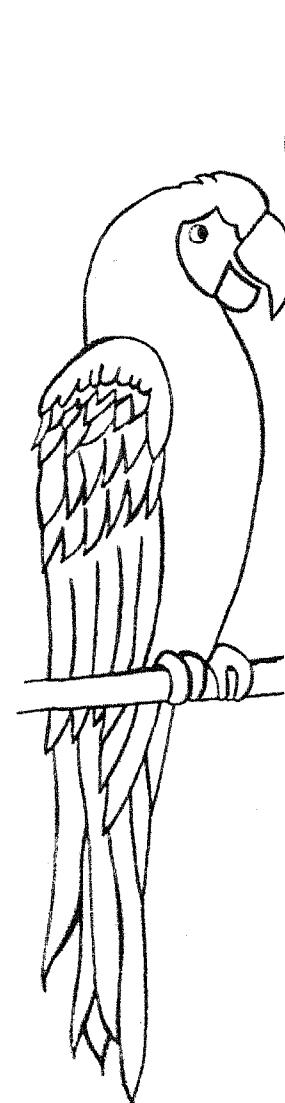
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 Parking Available

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 in sunglasses
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 Old Town

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 Linda Patchett & Michael "Tucker" Saunders
 Opticians

THE WINDY PASS

Come walk with me
 into the green wind of life,
 and please hold my hand,
 Tell me what I need to know.
 I cavort with gypsies
 and climb great pines,
 to see squirrels squatting, far below
 on the green grass
 of this monopoly board where we play
 at being...
 And should the wind whisper promises and
 miracles
 as we sway back and forth
 bending,
 rocking-

yielding
 to the sound of the waves as they lull
 by this rocky coast;
 Then, branch out your love to mine!
 Do not judge me for the holes we are all
 meant to have
 in order to be wiser....
 It is the friendships help mend, in this
 painful time.
 You will not be disappointed if
 our open end
 seeks the windy pass
 for more air, more light,
 more love.

Phoebe R. Coan

Spare Changes offers you this Spare Change Coupon

VALUED AT \$1.00
 for any purchase under \$10, or

VALUED AT \$2.00
 for any purchase from \$10 to \$20, or

VALUED AT \$5.00
 for any purchase over \$20.

Cut out and bring down to
 Spare Changes, 507 Duval
 OFFER GOOD THRU APRIL, 1983

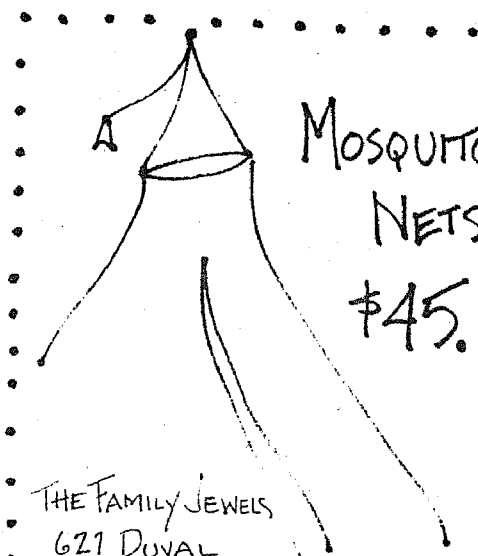
The Perfectly Affordable Key West Gift



Key West Shrimp Mug - \$15.00

Classes in Ceramic Handbuilding
 Sat. 10-11 & 1-2 at Guild Hall

Barbara Bauer
 Key West Porcelain
 Guild Hall Gallery • 614 Duval • 296-6076



MOSQUITO
 NETS
 \$45.

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DIRECTED BY RAE COATES • MUSICAL DIRECTION BY STUART PARKER
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS FINE ARTS CENTER
APRIL 28, 29, 30, MAY 5, 6, 7

RESERVATIONS: 294-6363 OR BON JOAN'S (622-B DUVAL)

FREE TRANSPORTATION ON THE OLD TOWN TROLLEY 7:30 PICKUP AT THE PIER HOUSE — 8:00 PICKUP AT THE CASA MARINA
 TICKETS FOR THE APRIL 30 AND MAY 7 PERFORMANCES ARE TAX-DEDUCTIBLE. PROCEEDS BENEFIT THE FKCC SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

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assortment inc.

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KHAKE, ESPECIALLY BRITISH KHAKE, GOES WITH EVERYTHING