

THE SOUTHERNMOST NEWSPAPER

# solares hill

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## PROGRESS AT THE AIRPORT

By Lee Irby

**N**orman Mailer—or Camille Paglia, who's really Norman Mailer in drag—or somebody once said that the essential search of American literature was for identity. It can be argued that our lovely island of Key West is also undergoing a similar identity crisis. From Fantasy Fest to Duval Street to Houseboat Row one can feel the paroxysms of conflict as the powers that be decide exactly what Key West is—and isn't.

The latest installment is taking place over the Key West International Airport. In the offing are major renovations, a complete overhaul of architecture, style, and image. Some say that these changes are long overdue and much needed. Others bemoan the loss of yet another old island icon to the bloodless march of progress.

"The current airport is more than adequate," claims Jim McLernan of Last Stand. "Out of town visitors like the small town feeling. We don't need a new one."

"We're talking about a 35 year-old building," counters Peter Horton, who heads up Monroe County's Community Services department. "The air conditioning stopped 20 years ago. It's antiquated."

The airport battle illustrates clearly how a notion of place becomes surreal as groups compete to win doctrinal wars of self-definition. Modernizing robs a place of its past; failure to modernize robs the coffers of cash. Reality is a preference of one or the other.

Imagine you sell institutional hot dogs by the gross in Lima, Ohio, where it's 25 degrees and you can't find the windshield scraper. You save and then take the family for a vacation in fabled Key West. The plane lands safely and your fears of a fiery death give way to glad tidings of paradise. You disembark.

In old Key West, you deplane in front of a funky building that has no air conditioning or conveyor belt system, that has the smell of the sea blowing through it as butterflies fly in and out

## Southern Ambrosia

By Peter Justin

**F**or the past ten years or so, I've been telling people that Key West was becoming a "made for television" version of itself - safe, tidy, simple, cute and predictable where it once was on edge, weathered, wired, tough and open all night.

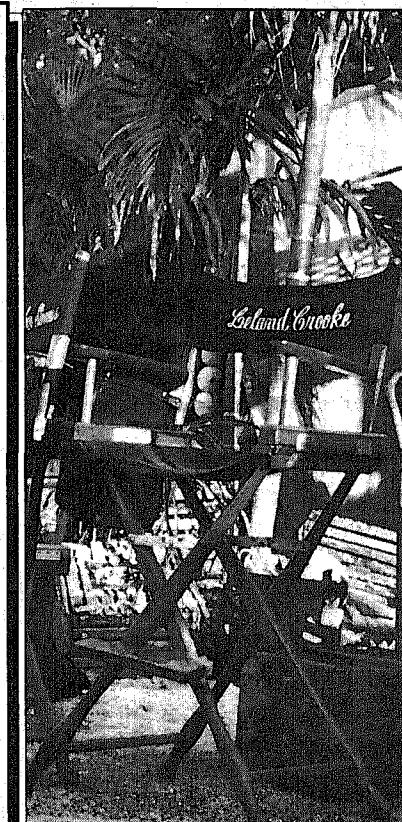
Now, as if to verify the transition, Key West has become a television show complete with wildly inappropriate story lines written by people who've never been here for characters who couldn't be more unlikely. As if this town's short on stories or characters! What about the Bubba Trial, Bum's car, the Chicken Delight Buckets, Boca Chica Time, the ex-mayor's baker's dozen, the other ex-mayor's four wheel lap dance, The Boat, The Big Fleet, The Monster, the

(Continued on page 14)

of the doors. There's a dirt-swept parking lot that doesn't cost anything—can you believe it, Doris, you park free in Key West—they said this place was different.

You really have escaped America. You really have gone somewhere different, somewhere exotic. This is not Lima or Topeka or Raleigh-Durham and the airport tells you so immediately. You've made it to the tropics.

In new Key West, you deplane in front of a sparkling 48,000 square-foot building that, once you enter, becomes Anyplace, antiseptic and life-proof, efficient and anonymous, complete with baking-hot black asphalt parking lot with attendant-in-booth waiting to take your money, just like in Lima.



But the new Key West airport's air conditioning will also prevent the computers from jamming up, as they do now when it gets too hot. One Comair employee is very glad that the terminal is getting fixed up. "You can't stand it in there in the summer," she said. "It's too hot."

The city has no say in the new terminal renovations—the airport belongs to the county. Horton is the county official in charge of getting the project done. The seeds, however, were planted in 1984, when Key West was open for business.

A major upscale destination needs a major upscale airport. One problem—the county didn't have the cash to pay for a new airport until the infrastructure sales tax passed in 1989. With

(Continued on page 10)

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## editor's note

Well. Here I am sitting in the editor's chair of Solares Hill. Yes. It is a seat I have coveted since coming to town 16 years ago.

I was in town to do some fishing, and while checking into a N. Roosevelt motel I picked up a Solares Hill in the lobby, took it to my room, and, being an unreconstructed newspaper junkie, read it from cover to cover. I was so impressed by its freshness, its boldness and its pluck that I immediately called editor Bill Huckle to tell him of my admiration. He came out to chat about newspapers - my favorite subject - and it began a long, loose friendship.

The first thing I did when I came to town was read Solares Hill and the first person I met was Bill Huckle.

Any great town must have a great newspaper; a newspaper as cheerleader, as civic booster, as watch dog, as devil's advocate, and, most crucially, as the agent for stimulating informed debate on matters of public policy.

To do this properly, a newspaper must be thoroughly rooted in its community and it must be relevant to the life of that community and to its people. This rooting keeps the paper abreast of, or better yet, ahead of the issues, and it can often save it from dunderheaded mistakes.

It is through rousing debate that we can best define and protect the best interests of Key West, and that means the business interests as well,

because we're a business, too.

Solares Hill is here to make a profit, and we, like, every other business, want to protect our investment and our future.

The only way we know to do that is to protect those things which allow us all to live and prosper here: the special nature of our town and the startlingly beautiful and seemingly endless bountiful nature has gentled in to our environs. That's the meal ticket. That's the product we have to sell. That's the present and the future. And that's what we have to protect.

You've got to give the people what they want, and every exit poll by ever state or local tourist agency shows that people want the real thing. Not the ersatz.

It is much more important for this town to be; rather than to seem. The world is full of faux vacation experiences, but that's not what the people we would like to come here want.

Experiencing the real Key West — and that includes its waters — is the marketing strategy that has legs.

Give us the real thing, not some tattered-up, ill-kempt, banal version of what we really are.

Protecting our investment by protecting our town and environment is where we'll get our issues. From Duval Street to the reef, and anything that affects them, is our baliwick. Tocinos are sounding everywhere, so our issues agenda

is full.

As the very brightest of you out there will have noticed, we redesigned the newspaper. We wanted a design that reflects our seriousness of purpose and lack of formality, that says this is a responsible journal, but not relentlessly responsible. Design is the skin of the newspaper, absolutely essential because it holds together, and gives coherence to, the blood and the bone and the gristle that are the contents. It is here where ill-tempered, myopic editors live and thrash about.

We are sure we will have vigorous disagreements with some of our friends from time to time, but we won't think them fools or charlatans because of it. We understand that people interpret identical material differently; that's why we have open debate, not why we make enemies.

We also know the town has its full quota of fools and charlatans, and those we hope to expose and afflict. We want to get in the bad guys way. We want to pop up in front of them one time and bite 'em in the butt the next. We'll try to cast a lasting shadow over them.

So, that's the mission. We want to seek and say the truth. We want to be an important newspaper; important to the town, important to our readers and important to our advertisers.

And, of course, we want to overthrow the government.

— David Ethridge

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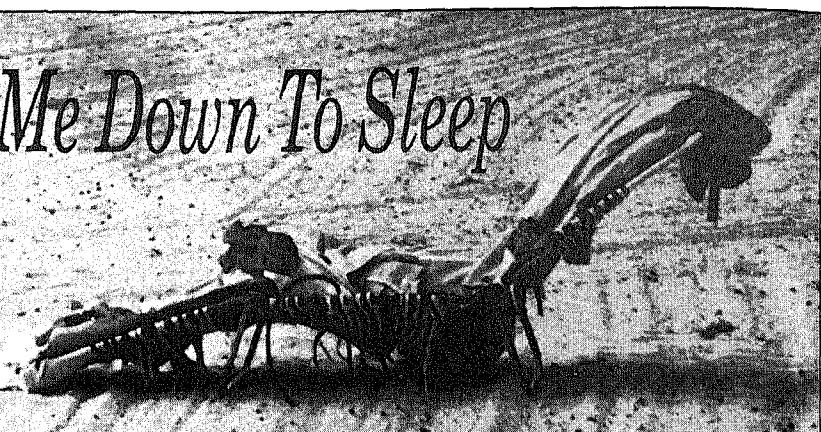
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# Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep



**A** Monroe County Judge Susan Vernon, following an order by federal Judge Clyde Atkins, ruled on November 20, 1992 that applying the current Key West curfew ordinance to deprive Cary Lowe, whose home is on the streets of Key West, of a place to be at night was unconstitutional on Rest Beach in Key West as it is in a park in Miami. Judge Vernon challenges the enforceability of ordinances which are presently the only tools available to the City of Key West to control the homeless population.

The beach curfew ordinance reads as follows: "All public beaches shall be closed during the hours of 11:00 p.m. and 7:00 a.m. No person shall

enter or remain upon any public beach during said hours. This provision shall have no application to boat ramps."

The State Attorney's office has appealed Judge Vernon's order and has advised the City to continue to arrest homeless offenders of the beach curfew until the appeal has been decided. State Attorney Kurt Zuelch believes that the circumstances of the arrest resulting in Judge Vernon's case are not consistent with the circumstances in Judge Atkins' case.

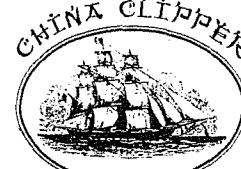
The homeless class action against the City of Miami was filed in December of 1988 and alleged that the City of Miami has a policy of arresting,

harassing and otherwise interfering with homeless people for engaging in essential, life-sustaining activities of daily life such as sleeping, standing, sitting and eating in the public places where they are forced to live. Judge Atkins' order finds that criminalizing innocent acts by persons who lack an alternative is unconstitutional and the City of Miami has been ordered to establish two "safe zones" on public property where homeless people can remain without being arrested for sleeping or eating. In choosing these zones, consideration must be given to the proximity of feeding programs, health clinics and other services. Judge Vernon specifies in her order that



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"Nothing in this ruling should be construed as a mandate to the City to provide a residence for homeless persons. On the other hand, had alternative shelter (or at least a place to sleep without harassment) been available to the Defendant, the need for this ruling would not have arisen."

Key West has a population of at least 100, and possibly as many as 400 residents who have no designated place within the city where they may stay the night without violating a law. Most of them spend their days, and nights, seeking food, a place to rest, hiding from the authorities and otherwise keeping a low profile. Society is not particularly kind to them nor are many of them particularly lovable.

These people, whose address is usually shown as "the streets of Key West", account for 15 to 20 percent of the first appearances before our judges — this means that an average of 3 people are arrested each day, booked, jailed, brought before a judge, and a public defender appointed. Theresa Westerfield, of Pretrial Services, estimates a very conservative cost to Monroe County taxpayers for each offender who is picked up on a warrant for failure to appear at \$152.60, and \$112.60 for anyone arrested for a second degree misdemeanor, such as violation of the curfew ordinance or the open container ordinance. These figures include only one day in the county jail. When the homeless come before the judge, many have already spent a day or two in jail, which the prosecuting attorney will agree is sufficient for their "crime".

During 28 days, between November 11 and December 12, 76 people were processed through

the criminal justice system for this type charge; at an average cost of \$140 per case, Monroe County taxpayers spent \$10,640 for the month, or about \$25,000 annually. These are only the simple cases; it is not unusual for these charges to snowball into more expensive adventures in the court system. The cost of cases such as H. (see sidebar) is in addition to the \$10,640 figure.

As City Manager Felix Cooper points out, the City of Key West does not have the resources to provide a shelter and other services for the homeless. Right now very little from the City's strained budget is spent on the homeless; the cost of putting homeless misdemeanor offenders in jail is borne by the county and not the city, though the majority of the offenses are violations of city ordinances, enforced by city police officers within the city limits.

There are several problems with using Monroe County jail as a homeless shelter or as a "deterrent" to the accumulation of homeless people in Key West. For some time, Monroe County has been under a federal mandate to limit its jail population. On 16 days last November, the jail "capped out" at its limit of 197 inmates and the least serious offenders were put back on the street. A day or two in the county jail doesn't particularly deter the homeless: it's a meal, a bath, a place to sleep; sending them to jail is an expensive exercise which is not addressing the problem.

The promotion of Key West as a beautiful warm place to come in the winter months lures more than the well-heeled tourists - every year we have people come to Key West to live and

## JUDGE ATKINS' ORDER

Judge Atkins' order states: In sum, class members rarely choose to be homeless. They become homeless due to a variety of factors that are beyond their control. In addition, plaintiffs do not have the choice, much less the luxury, of being in the privacy of their own homes. Because of the unavailability of low-income housing or alternative shelter, plaintiffs have no choice but to conduct involuntary, life-sustaining activities in public places. The harmless conduct for which they are arrested is inseparable from their involuntary condition of being homeless. Consequently, arresting homeless people for harmless acts they are forced to perform in public effectively punishes them for being homeless. Their effect is no different from the vagrancy ordinances which courts struck because they punish "innocent victims of misfortune" and made a crime of being "unemployed, without funds, and in a public place." ... that arresting the homeless for harmless, involuntary, life-sustaining acts such as sleeping, sitting or eating in public is cruel and unusual.'

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## Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep

work, only to find that the pay scale of most available jobs doesn't easily match the cost of available housing. Key West has an uncounted number of people who work but are forced to live in cars and in the mangroves. A good portion of the homeless population are alcoholics or drug addicts. Some are mentally ill or mentally incompetent, some physically ill, some have AIDS, some are socially dysfunctional. Father Bob Gendreau estimates 15 to 20 percent are Viet Nam vets, many suffering from post traumatic stress disorder; Mike Powell at Key West Day Labor estimates that 80 percent of the people he sees are veterans. Some of "them" are year-round residents of Key West and have their special spots; some are transients who come here because it's warm in the winter.

There are not many programs available in Key West to provide for the homeless. The kitchen at St. Mary's regularly feeds from 50 to 90 people each day from mid-October through mid-May. Mike Powell sends an average of 15 to 20 people out to work each day and does as much as he can to help people get a stake to get their lives together. The Salvation Army and people like Bill Irby help as many people as they can. There is no shelter where an indigent person can get a shower and a night's sleep.

Father Bob says federal and state funds are available to finance a shelter for the homeless, but in order to get the money available for food, counseling, alcohol and substance abuse, literary and job training, the shelter must have a location, an address, and city and county support. The Florida Keys Outreach Coalition has investigated several locations but has yet to secure city and county approval and support.

How to deal with the growing homeless population — where to put them, how to help them — is a complicated problem, not easily solved by a city or a county. It is particularly complex in a tourist town where people come, for a brief time, to forget the encroaching social chaos.

Judge Atkins' order refers to a recent first amendment challenge where a federal court in New York stated; "A peaceful beggar poses no threat to society. The beggar has arguably only committed the offense of being needy. The message one or one hundred beggars sends society can be disturbing. If some portion of society is offended, the answer is not in criminalizing those people, debtor's prisons being long gone, but addressing the root cause of their existence. The root cause is not served by removing them from sight, however; society is then just able to pretend that they do not exist a little longer."

*The city and county have, over the last two decades, moved forward on many issues only because the courts or agencies absolutely demanded it. Wouldn't it be a nice surprise if our local governments got out in front of this issue, which has so many implications for the health of our tourist economy, the best use of our tax dollars and our humanity?*

*Next issue: Who says what? Who thinks what? Where do we go?*

## STUCK IN THE LOOP

H.T. was popped for a \$32 misdemeanor over a year ago. So far, the costs of dealing with him in our criminal justice system concerning that matter is over \$600.

H.T. was given a citation for sleeping on the steps of the Old Coast Guard Building on October 31, 1991. He appeared, pleaded no contest, was fined \$32, required to serve 7 hours of community service and placed on 3 months' probation.

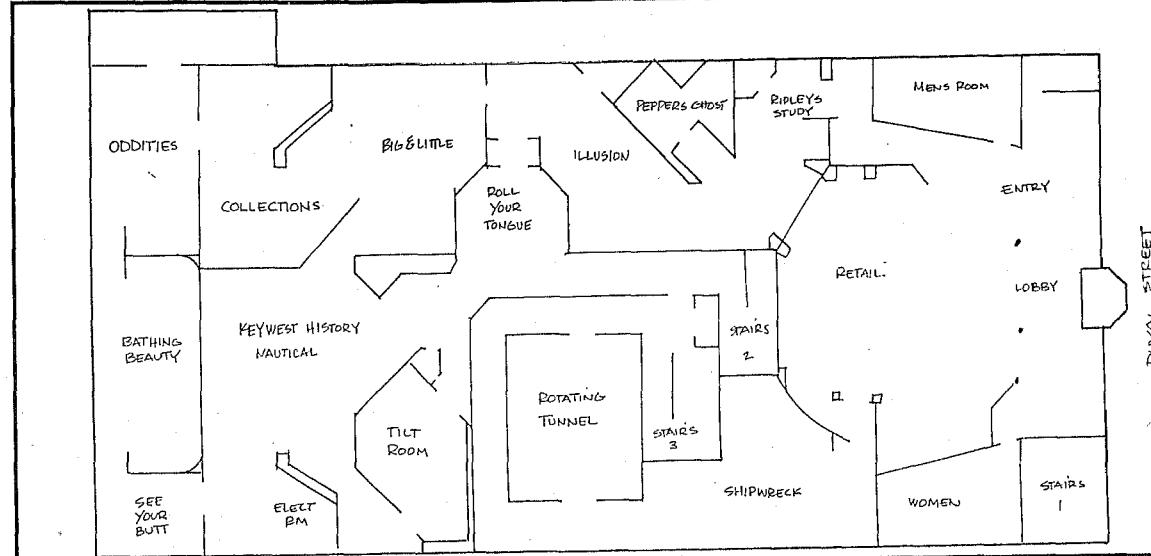
H. wasn't able to pay the fine and did not report to perform community service, which was a violation of his probation. A bench warrant was issued and he was arrested and put in jail. A public defender was appointed for him. H. was found guilty of violation of probation, his probation reinstated for an additional 6 months and he was sentenced to 10 hour of community service.

Again, he didn't pay the fine or report for community service, but instead left Key West for Miami. Another warrant was issued in Key West for violation of probation, so, when he was recently picked up in Miami on a similar charge, he was returned here on the outstanding warrant and placed in the Monroe County jail. After two days he capped out of jail and was back on the streets, still owing the original \$32 fine, 10 hours of community service and an additional \$360, representing nine months' "supervision fee" for his probation.

H. was at St. Mary's kitchen, telling the others that Wag's was hiring if a person had a bicycle to get out there. He said he would probably get a job soon, but added, "I'm a drug addict. The longest I've been able to stay clean is six months. I get a job, a place to live and then I end up getting back into drugs. First I mess up my place to live, then I mess up my job and then I'm back where I started again." For H.'s original \$32 misdemeanor for sleeping in an illegal location, the taxpayers have spent at least \$600 to date for the services of the police, jail, state attorney, public defender, court system, probation system and transportation from Miami to Key West.

Not a penny of that money went to address the circumstance of his criminal offense - having no place to sleep.

H. remains on the streets of Key West, still without a place to sleep, caught in a loop in Monroe County's criminal justice system, with yet another hearing scheduled.



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# SCIENCE

## Fights Algae, Pollution, and Itself

By Jack Lawson

Algae blooms plague Florida Bay; its explosive growth of continually dying microscopic plants, twisted and snarled into a floating scum, smothers sea grass, kills fish, and poisons mangrove stand.

And, it threatens America's only living coral reef.

Uncontrolled, the so-called "Dead Zone," a 460-square mile area of warm and extraordinarily salty water, thick with matted algae, could reach as far south as Marathon and Big Pine in as little as five years. Unchecked, algae blooms could damage the Keys' \$400 million tourist industry.

The South Florida Water Management District (SFWMD) has proposed an elegant solution — pump fresh water into Florida Bay. District officials believe that increasing the fresh water flow through the Everglades and into Florida Bay will stop, and eventually reverse, the advance of the pernicious algae.

"It won't work," say Brian LaPointe, of Big Pine Key.

LaPointe, a marine biologist with the Harbor Branch Marine Institute, and a nationally-known expert on aquatic plants, says that merely pumping unfiltered water from Dade County's canal system not only won't work, it may exacerbate the problem.

"Simply tapping the canals will introduce a thin sheet of fresh water on the surface of the bay," he said. "But this lighter water is loaded with nutrients. When it evaporates, all we've done is offer more nourishment to the algae."

And that brings us to the nub of the scientific disagreement: LaPointe believes that runoff from coastal Florida bears primary responsibility for the blooms by providing heavy doses of chemical nutrients for algae to thrive on. Other scientists believe that decreased freshwater flow into Florida Bay has greatly increased the salinity of the bay, killing much of the seagrasses and allowing the algae to prosper in its place.

All this scientific heavy breathing carries great weight, for the waters of the bay, the Keys and the reef need a fix. They need it now and it must be the right fix.

### THE HISTORICAL EVERGLADES

More than a hundred years ago, developers and engineers anxious to tame the waterlogged

Everglades, began to rearrange south Florida's natural drainage system.

Today, the major canals in South Florida's intricate canal system total almost 350 miles. Together with highways, ditches and other minor waterworks, the total amount of barriers almost completely divert the natural flow of

said, would introduce more fresh water into Florida Bay, as well as combatting salt-water intrusion into the Everglades.

"It's do-able," LaPointe said. "That's all I can say for the scheme. It sounds like a great idea. It's politically do-able, but it's only a quick fix — scientifically unsound."

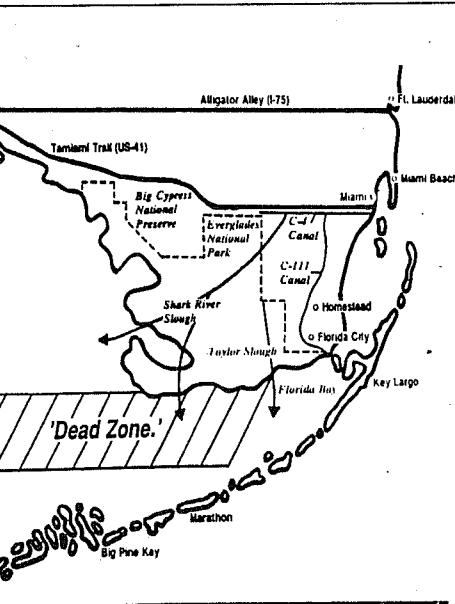
LaPointe, who has campaigned against injection wells and septic tanks in the Keys, insists that the water in C-111 is not "fresh" at all. Instead, he says, it's loaded with fertilizer runoff from the sugar plantations upstream. Water from C-111 is akin to presenting algae with a nutrient feast of tasty chemicals: nitrogen, potassium and most of all phosphorus.

"Pumping from C-111 is just adding 'dirty water' to the bay. Algae will thrive on it."

LaPointe admits that many of south Florida's problems are not local at all. Even the distant Kissimmee River Valley is considered to have a direct impact on the huge Everglades/Keys ecosystem. But LaPointe says pollution from as far north as Louisiana, Texas and even Minnesota, and as far south as Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula, is contributing to the woes of Florida Bay.

But, LaPointe stresses that Florida's coastal waters, as well as Florida Bay, would be contaminated even without help from distant states or countries. Treated waste from municipalities, for example, are saturated with chemical nutrients to such an extent that coastal eutrophication is possible in some areas.

"From Tampa Bay, around to Palm Beach, south Florida's near-shore waters are loaded with so much treated sludge, sewage, turbid solids, chemical fertilizers and other runoff, that whole



Source: Florida State University and SFWMD  
Graphic: Roberta Brown  
Algae bloom now covers almost five-hundred acres of the surface of Florida Bay, killing sea grass, mangroves and juvenile fish. Often called the "Dead Zone," this part of the estuary has measurably higher temperatures than surrounding waters, and salt content almost double that of ocean water. Unchecked, algae might spread south, through the Keys, killing the coral reef.

rainwater away from the Everglades and Florida Bay.

But Canal No. 111 is the most hungry of all. Running roughly southeast from U.S. Highway 41, C-111 dumps more than 950 billion gallons of water into the Atlantic coast north of Key Largo each year. Seven hundred billion gallons of this water once filtered through the Everglades, nourishing marshlands and wildlife before draining into Florida Bay.

Last month, Alan Millage, chairman of SFWMD's board of governors, told a symposium of marine scientists in Key West that the water managers are considering pumping water from C-111 into Taylor Slough (see map). This, he

ecosystems are at risk," LaPointe says. "That's why the gulf coast north of Tampa is seeing an increasing amount and intensity of red tide (a dinoflagellate or single-celled animal — often mistaken for a plant — which thrives on the same nutrients as does algae), and that's why we don't see any more sand dollars .. and so few shells," he says sadly. "Invertebrates can't live in these waters."

"Florida Bay is right at the bottom of this. It catches every nutrient flowing south, from Florida's coast, the Mississippi River and the Rio Grande .. everything. Look at it - it's a cul-de-sac. It catches everything. No wonder there's algae."

Then there's the Keys themselves, the closed source of pollution to the coral reef — and Florida Bay.

"Stormwater discharge is the major pathway by which land-based pollutants enter coastal waters," LaPointe says. Runoff of fertilizer from golf courses and gardens, overused insecticides and herbicides, highway debris, shipping and recreational boating all have a cumulative impact on water quality, leading to "high levels of nutrients and chlorophyll, as well as excessive turbidity."

"Beside that, there's injection wells, thousands of shallow injection wells drilled into the Keys. That's the worst problem now. But the SFWMD is in a hopeless case of political denial. They seem to think it's OK to just pump the untreated runoff or wastewater down, pollute the good groundwater, and dump it on the reef, or in Florida Bay."

Another major source of pollutants is Key West's sewage treatment plant. Phosphorous is not stripped from the waste, and that, LaPointe contends, is also having a major impact on the near-shore waters and the reef. So are thousands of leaking septic tanks. But LaPointe believes people would prefer to point the finger of blame somewhere else, and argues that some researchers and citizens' groups have made the algae in Florida Bay into a scientific fad.

"They have little data to back-up their contention that warm and extraordinarily saline water, without a nutrient source, has caused a crisis in Florida Bay," he said. "They've focused so much attention on Florida Bay, that the more immediate threat of pollution from the Keys has been overlooked."

La Pointe cites Orlando executive George Barley, head of the citizens' advisory committee for the Florida Keys National Marine Sanctuary, for politicizing the issue. Barley, with support from the White House, has publicly stated that the "main threat to the sanctuary is Florida Bay." LaPointe, while agreeing that algae blooms will degrade water quality, insists that Barley is ignoring land-based pollutants.

Not so, says Barley. Reached at his office on Christmas Eve, Barley said, in a prepared statement, that he's uncomfortable that the attention Florida Bay has received might be overshadowing the land-based pollution.

"The seagrass dieoff in Florida Bay, which scientists tell me is unprecedented, is a major part of the ecological collapse of Florida Bay. I believe the algae blooms, which started occurring west of Florida Bay in 1986/87, the same time the seagrass dieoff started, are a result of a cascading explosion of nutrients released by the dying seagrass and sediments in the denuded bottom as they are stirred up by wind or the vast schools of mullet that were attracted to them."

"The diversion of 90 percent of the historic flow of fresh water to the bay has, in the opinion of a remarkable array of scientists, been the principal cause of these events. These scientists concur that these events represent a serious threat to the marine resources of the Florida Keys."

"While this is a serious problem demanding attention ... it is not the only water quality problem in the Sanctuary we need to resolve. Land-

based pollution from the Keys, in the form of stormwater and wastewater, are equally important," Barley said.

Other experts agree with Barley's assessment that the situation in Florida Bay is critically important, and that the obvious solution is to restore the historical sheet flow of water through the Everglades.

County Commissioner Jack London, who also favors reintroduction of freshwater into the bay, said at the conference that he welcomes the participation of community leaders. Dr. Jay Zieman, a researcher at the University of Virginia, has repeatedly explained that Florida Bay is merely one part of the larger ecosystem, a sequence of diverse environments which include the Everglades, Florida Bay, the Keys (tropical barrier islands), and the coral reef itself. He stresses that the health of each part is dependent on the others.

Even SFWMD's Alan Millage, who manages water flow in the Everglades, admits that simply opening the floodgates of C-111 isn't a panacea. Much of the natural rainfall falling in the Everglades is diverted by "plumbing," he says, indicating the canal system from the eastern Everglades to the Atlantic coast.

"We need large, man-made marshes to act as a buffer to redirect this water into Florida Bay."

### MAJORIE STONEMAN DOUGLAS' VISION

After a hundred and twenty-years of tinkering with the great ecosystem it's obvious to scientists and public officials that Nature was right in the first place. And many bystanders say the whole controversy sounds like nothing more than some Eighth-Century debate about how many angels can dance on the head of a pin.

Still, there's an underlying logic in the arguments advanced by both camps: flood Florida Bay with fresh water, or eliminate the source of nutrients feeding the algae.

Regardless of which hypothesis prevails. Man is now attempting to undo the environmental damage done years ago to a fragile series of diverse environments. As always, scientists and officials differ in perception, definition, methodology and politics.

Brian LaPointe hopes the SFWMD won't shoot from the hip. There's no such thing as a simple solution to a complex problem. We can't afford to make a mistake on this one." □



### CAROLINE STREET BOOKS

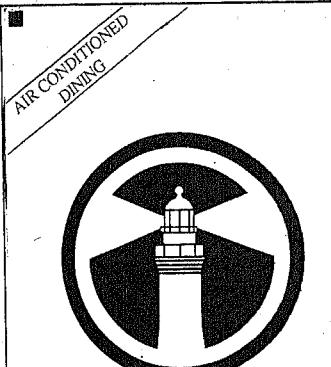
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# PROGRESS AT THE AIRPORT

(Continued from page 1)

capital improvements money, Horton knew he could secure Federal Aviation Administration matching funds and upgrade the county's airports.

"We told the commission that if we spent \$2.7 million, we could get \$14 million worth of improvements," Horton explained. The commission gave its okay in 1990.

Thus, with a complicated funding formula that takes into account both federal and state money, the county will pay \$1.2 million of the \$5.7 million terminal renovation. The new terminal will be twice as large, and resemble a railroad station five feet off the ground. "The FAA would make us replace the old one eventually," Horton said.

The \$1.2 million the county has to fork over will largely be funded through a Passenger Facility Charge, a \$3 fee that will be added to each fare. FAA approval was just received, so the fee won't take effect for a few months, Horton said.

Nothing outlandish—most airports employ this tactic to raise money, whether they need it or not. But our Comair employee says the charge will not be a welcome addition.

Then there's the parking lot. For years, locals have enjoyed dropping the conch cruiser off on the gravel and dirt without the onus of a "long-term" parking fee staring them in the face. According to

county Mayor Jack London, "long-term" in some cases meant six months or more.

So now it costs to park, like everywhere else. The pavement is black and shimmers in the heat—landscaping that one city commissioner is none too thrilled about.

"They did nothing to mitigate all the tar they laid down there," Joe Pais complained. "It's a huge, bright sunny area with no trees."

Horton said that trees would shed leaves and clog up the parking lot's \$400,000 drainage system—hence, no trees. "The groundcover will mature," he promised.

But these concerns are minor compared to the larger question of expanding the airport's runway. The current runway, according to Art Skelly, director of airports, is 4800 feet. A proposal calls for adding an additional 600 feet to the eastern end.

"It would still only be 5400 feet long," Skelly said. "That's still not long enough for jets, which need 8000 feet."

"The main reason we want to extend the runway is safety. We want to give the pilots that safety net they don't have now."

Because this issue had been a source of controversy before, the county commissioners appointed an advisory committee to report on the runway extension. Two of its members, Jim Robinson and Dan McClure, both of the environmental group Last Stand, have no illusions about where the county intends to go.

"No matter what we say, I'm sure the consultants'll find a way to justify a longer runway," Robinson said. Consultants are supplying the committee with environmental data.

The concerns about a runway extension are numerous, but can be distilled to two major problems: mangrove and wetlands damage, and the specter of jets making a comeback.

To make room for a longer runway, a great deal of damage will be done to environmentally sensitive areas. Mangroves will be ripped up and filled. An environmental assessment (EA) has not yet been completed. City Commissioner Jimmy Weekley, for one, doesn't want to see a longer runway. "We don't need that," he said, citing concerns for the mangroves.

The jets present an interesting set of circumstances. While Robinson led the charge to ban them for noise pollution—which the county refused to do—economic factors finally drove them away in favor of smaller turbo prop planes. Robinson claimed that a longer runway will enable jets to return in the form of charters. "We don't want charters flying in here," he said. "Usually they don't have spare parts and if they don't fly, what happens to the passengers? Where will they stay?"

The current airport is too small to accommodate any jet charters, but the new one? There'll be room for everyone, Robinson fears. Word on the street already says that Vintage Airways, a subsidiary of Virgin Atlantic Airways, wants to fly two jet charters per day between Orlando and Key West.

Horton also favored making the additional 600 feet of runway an "overrun" of gravel that won't help larger aircraft land. "It's the only thing everybody seems to agree with," he said.

Not everybody. □

# THE INCUBATOR

A Caribbean Newsletter Hatching Ideas for Progress in the Florida Straits

VOLUME III, NUMBER 1 KEY WEST, FLORIDA, JANUARY, 1993 FOUR DOLLARS

## Key West Newsletter on Cuba Begins Third Year of Reporting

"I went to Cuba because I was curious; because no one agrees on its strengths; because I'd read so much about it; because it is forbidden; because it's heartbreakingly lovely; because so many people have championed it while so many others have abandoned it; because Cubans make great music and aromatic cigars; because they've thumbed their noses at their former *patrón* for more than three decades; because I'd grown weary of writing about Latin American "democracies" where forlorn illiterate *campesinos* sit on city street corners selling combs, nail clippers, and undervalued handicrafts while their malnourished barefoot youngsters turn their palms up and say "gimme" instead of learning how to hold a pencil or read a sentence; because of its rich literary tradition; because my favorite players on the Washington Senators in the 1950s were Cuban; because I'm an incurable romantic; because we still have a navy base there; because Cuban women are astute and alluring; because in the last 500 years of travel writing few cities in the world have been so effusively praised as Havana; because Teddy Roosevelt led the charge up San Juan Hill; because I liked *Our Man in Havana* and *The Old Man and the Sea*; because I got a kick out of Desi Arnaz; because I was distrustful of Cuba's bashers and its cheerleaders; because I liked the twinkle in Fidel's eyes; because I'd never been to a Communist country; because I wanted to learn to rumba; because Columbus landed there; because it has hundreds of miles of unspoiled beaches; because of its mystique."

—Tom Miller, *TRADING WITH THE ENEMY*, Atheneum, 1992.

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PAGE 11

# THE DAY THE COPS ARRESTED A PAINTING

by Bud Jacobson

The year is 1967 and Key West, like every other city in the nation, is bedeviled by the extreme emotional turmoil and flaming rhetoric stirred up by the Vietnam war.

Oldtime residents of the town, veterans of WW2 and Korea see themselves ridiculed and under attack from this new generation of war resisters, longhaired draft card burners who wear beads, preach free love, smoke dope and sleep on the beach.

"Damn hippies," muttered the Establishment.

"Peace," replied the bearded ones.

Duval Street, then, was beginning slowly to change from staid old shops and stores harking back to the '50s to a sprinkling of "new" art galleries, head shops and rock 'n roll music stores. One guy named Matchbox sold grass in small matchboxes while he loitered around the Caroline Street area.

At the corner of Greene and Duval, diagonally across from Sloppy Joe's, was one of those art galleries, the New Moon Gallery. It was run in a sort of casual fashion, among palm trees and hibiscus bushes, by Bob Windisch, Bruce Larsen and Phil Mitchell.

"They called what we were doing the Subconscious School of Art—it was kind of far, far out abstract," recalls Windisch, a well-built, medium tall man with lank black hair, black eyes and a full beard. He'd been in the Marine Corps and had seen combat service; after he returned he'd been a professional actor on Broadway and worked in movies.

"We were sitting around one afternoon, having a cold beer in the gallery and the talk got around to: is there freedom of speech in art?" Windisch said.

"Well, Bruce said yes and we carried on the argument in friendly terms, but I said I believe a painting can be busted, arrested, if the subject is objectionable," he continued.

The general atmosphere in Key West, at the time, was edgy and nervous because all the "new people" who had moved in recently were seen to resemble the war protesters whose exploits fired up the TV screen and newspapers.

Local Cuban-Americans were super patriotic and fervently anti-communist, particularly with Fidel Castro and his mob, and the Russians, milling around on an island only 90 miles south of South Beach.

"One night late we went over to the Red House for a bowl of chili, and then we decided we'd put our argument to the test," Windisch said.

To prove his point, Windisch had painted an oil on canvas about six-feet high by five-feet long, the subject of which, to put it mildly, was controversial—you could even say inflammatory.

"It was politically charged, that's for sure," he remembers.

It depicted, in stark blacks, vivid reds, blues and yellows the figure of a military gent who looked very much like Fidel holding a pitchfork

which had been plunged violently into the body of a pig draped in the American flag. Off to the side were two skeletons of Cuban peasants holding straw hats in their hands.

That same night, carrying a full load of beer and wine and spicy Cuban food, "Bruce put my painting in his car and we drove to the old Tomato League cardroom at the corner of Truman and Watson, across from the White Inn."

The evening was black and dark and nobody was on the street when they entered the old wood frame building by the side door and quietly brought the painting up to the front window of the Tomato League, facing on Truman. The window was large and they propped the painting so it could be seen clearly from the outside.

"The next morning," Windisch went on, "some Cubans in the neighborhood saw the painting and in no time a crowd gathered in front. They were talking loud, boozing and swearing at it, some of them started throwing rocks and spitting."

"Somebody called the police before the mob could erupt and maybe do a lot of damage," Windisch continued.

In minutes, the late Police Chief, Armando Perez, Jr., roared up in his high-powered squad car escorted by Lt. Frankie Caraballo on his motorbike, sporting his two pearl-handled pistols at his side. More of the cops followed close behind.

The yelling crowd, chattering in machine-gun fast Cuban slang, waving their arms and making obscene gestures at the offense in the window was quickly calmed down by Perez who spoke their lingo.

Someone had also called the Key West Citizen newspaper and chief photographer Don Pinder was dispatched along with a reporter wearing a straw hat with a PRESS card stuck in the band. It was duly reported that Perez and the boys in blue had taken Windisch's painting "into protective custody," and then called the artist for "an interview," at the police station.

"I told the chief that I was exhibiting freedom of speech, as guaranteed by the Constitution, in art, but this thing nearly caused a riot."

Perez and Windisch talked the matter over and Windisch was told "to keep this thing out of sight, we don't want to see it in public again."

Windisch covered the painting and took it from its cell, slipped out of the back of the city jail, hid it in his car and drove back to the New Moon Gallery.

That night, Larsen and Windisch spirited the fugitive painting out to Larsen's houseboat which was tied up at Steadman's Boatyard in Garrison Bight. Larsen made some money by sponging and had a small dinghy tied up astern.

He left that night for his usual sponging grounds on the north side of Sugarloaf. "But someone must have shadowed us; they knew Larsen had the painting," Windisch said.

The next day, Larsen was out poling the dinghy and bringing in sponges when he looked

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# THE MAINE/FLORIDA CONNECTION

By John Cole



John Cole cold.

weave the fabric of our family?

Maybe we'll never know the true answers to these questions, but we already know I'm the reason they are being asked. Those reasons go back a long way.

Try 50 years. In the secure surroundings of an old-money livingroom overlooking Park Avenue from a Manhattan 14th floor apartment



John Cole warm.

The southwestern coast of Maine was my residence of choice for 33 years. Any my stubborn decision to move our family there to a place none of us had ever visited has proved to be the best and wisest decision of my life. I arrived with nothing, literally, in the late winter snows of St. Patrick's Day, 1958; the car I drove here was my sister's, but it was so mortally ill she was never concerned about its return. We were a young husband, wife and much younger son and daughter.

Now there are six children and the oldest son is a year older than I was when I drove to Kennebunk in a snowstorm. Two children live and work in Maine; two live in greater Boston and get back here as often as they can; a son works in Minneapolis, but the job is a stepping-stone to a return to Maine; and a daughter works in San Francisco, but she owns a farmhouse in Alma and is planning to come home. Each of them is in good health, physically, intellectually and morally; each is doing the work he or she has chosen.

It's my view that Maine has a great deal to do with this ultimate good fortune, especially the coastal Maine that I have come to know so well. Put aside the carping, the picking at petty details, the worrying of sociological nits and consider the Maine coast in the sum of its totality as an environment for family living and you come up with what has got be one of the finest, loveliest and truest places in this nation.

So why is there a "SOLD" sign in front of our home on a quiet street in the Maine-coast town where we have lived for almost 30 years? And why are we - wife and husband - spending our time in Florida's southernmost coast instead of Maine, the state we have come to love (and for such fine reasons) so much?

Tough questions. Really tough.

Get one thing straight from the start: almost any place in Maine is a better place to live than almost any place in Florida. And any place on Maine's southwestern coast is a better place to live than any place in Florida.

So what were we doing when we jeopardized our cash flow, packed too much in the family car and made the 2600 mile drive from Brunswick to Key West. Why are

we leaving our own home (Sam and I painted the walls and ceilings and trim of every room in the place, upstairs and down, two coats) for some uncertainly financed space with little or nothing around us to speak of our lives together and the sons and daughters and grandsons who

week for a new life in Maine. It was the first time the state's name had been said to me in conversation, the first time the word "Maine" became something more than the answer to a geography of history question asked in a classroom.

The image stayed with me, wouldn't let go, never let go, not for the almost 15 years it took for me to unfasten my life from its roots and its expectations and land in Kennebunk. Which should tell you something. For whatever reasons, the images I hold of the places I want be, the places that enter my dreams and grow there, these are the places I eventually reach because I press so hard to get there. Whatever the winds, I steer my stubborn course.

The sea is another image that has been with me all my life, before Maine, before almost everything. It was the sea, not the land, that fixed the Maine coast as a destination. It was the sea that pulled me, more strongly than any tide, first from the city to the country and from the country to the Maine coast. And it is the sea that still pulls, which is why the family car slumps on its own flattened springs after its trek south through New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and finally south along the entire and arduous length of the Florida peninsula to its very end and from there along the 105 miles of the Overseas Highway to the absolute last mile, Mile Zero, where U.S. Route One begins and ends at the intersection of Truman Avenue and Whitehead Street in Key West.

It is a journey that began with Winslow Homer, another man of Maine's southwestern coast also pulled south. It was his watercolors of the Caribbean, glowing with a light we Yankees never see, his sea's luminous aquamarine, his clouds writhing with tropical winds, it was that Maine artist's watercolors of another watery world that engraved yet another image in my consciousness, an image I gathered as a schoolboy standing in the austere galleries of the Metropolitan Museum being smitten by Homer's southern seas.

They proved difficult to find. They were not there when I flew over south Florida in 1942, training for war in the air. Nor could I find them in other years when other reasons took me to the state, places like Miami Beach, Hobe Sound, Naples, Lake Wales, Sanibel and Captiva. I came from each depressed by Florida's terminal rush toward over population. It seemed that everywhere I looked cranes

DECEMBER 31, 1992

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reached for that soft sky, draglines scraped Florida's thin coral skin and highways arched above each other in concrete coils. Homer's world was nowhere to be found.

Key West, that last resort, was indeed my last resort. But, sitting in Maine, looking at a map, I thought the seas around the two-by-three-mile island, of all Florida's seas, could be the reality that certified the image I had held so close for several decades. This time I was not disappointed. For there is another world, another entire universe of solitude that lies just a short boat ride off Key West's crowded shores.

Head west out of Key West Harbor, through the shoal-water world flats fishermen call The Lakes, past Mule Key, Archer Key, Barracuda Key, Ballast Key, Man Key and Woman Key and on to Boca Grande Key and west further from there across Boca Grande's choppy channel to the Marquesas: this is where you'll find the enchantments that captivated Winslow Homer. Because these places have been protected from Man they still belong to Nature and there are few places on this continent where Nature has been so generous. Indigo channels curve and bend across pale coral flats where thin water reflects a tropical sky peopled by the remarkable cumulus Homer set in my memory.

It is this particular world within a world, this fragile, yet sensual and limpid environment, that keeps pulling me back. And it is the creatures who inhabit it: great white herons, man'o'war birds, egrets, ospreys, eagles, skimmers, terns who are masters of the azure skies above the sea, and the barracuda, snapper, permit, tarpon, needlefish, great rays and sinuous sharks who sail beneath the reflected skies. These are my company on the flats, and it is with them, the skies and the water and the soft and fragrant air that I live the dream that has been growing inside me ever since my boyhood.

Many people, some 3,000 a day, leave the rest of the nation to move to Florida. Each, I'm sure, has his and her reasons; I'm equally certain few of them are driven by dreams inspired by an afternoon at the Met, a love of the sea and a yearning to be embraced by its mysteries. It is, in the final analysis, to the governments of Florida and these United States that I should be extend my gratitude. Without the public and private efforts of the Department of the Interior, the Audubon Society and the several State of Florida agencies involved that the waters and uninhabited hammocks, keys and flats in the seas east and west of Key West have been given sanctuary status and stay as forever wild has as they are and have been. Surely, without such protection, the place would succumb to the same incredible growth that has all but doomed natural presences in so much of the rest of that bewildered state.

Almost all Florida is a place that could never tempt me to leave Maine. But given the wilderness world that heaves so gently at Key West's doorstep, and given the sultry embrace of the sub-tropical climate, a miracle that allows hibiscus to bloom in January and frangipani to bless us with its fragrance every February morning, I make my home in Key West.

If I could, I would keep homes in both places.

But then, if I were wealthy, neither Maine nor Key West might mean all that they do. For I am definitely a bit lower than a middle-income writer, and to be able to have lived in two of the planet's most exquisite environments is a blessing many folks with better budgets than mine must forego.

And besides, Maine-coast winters are for the young, the sinewed and the strong. I am saying a reluctant goodbye to the years when I could claim such attributes. Winters, those long, cleansing, purely cold Yankee winters of fractured axe handles and cherry-red woodstoves, are bright memories, made brighter, in a way, by a stroll in shorts on a mid-December morning that in Maine would cost me some frozen body parts. In Key West winters, shorts are all a migrant Downeaster needs.

And I have learned other Yankees have been here before me, each, I like to think, also a bit winter weary. Take a walk through Key West's Old Town, one of the few places built 100 years ago in Florida that has not been bulldozed, and most of the homes you see will remind you of coastal Maine: white clapboard, dark green shutters; that same Euclidean grace that blesses Portland homes built for sea captains was carried to Key West by some of the very same mariners. When we made our trip south we followed the same precedents set by those seafarers who loaded their cargo schooners and sailed south for the Keys. Like us, they loved the place they left; like us, they loved the one they sailed for.

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# Southern Ambrosia

(Continued from page 1)

World According to Joe, the Titanium Mine on Mt. Gay and the stolen battleship grey paint that, more than any pastel, is the true color of the town?

No, now at approximately \$15 million, we (along with the rest of the country) will get a chance to see oddballs (a surfer sheriff, a Rasta boatperson, a blind, black newspaper editor (not gay?), a whore with a heart of gold, and a local Cuban high roller who makes it all happen. (Where? Stock Island?). Whoop it up in a bar that specializes in alligator foods (burgers, bites, etc.) Surfers, Rastas, Gators, Key West? And then, years from now when everyone's saying they always knew it would be a hit and the show is prospering in residual heaven, everyone will remember the day the Rasta wrestled the gator while the surfer rode the Big One to Havana to save the town from Japanese speculators while the mayor went to AA to restore her sense of self-worth so that the folks down at Gumbo's Bar could get on with their plains for the big cajun cook-off. Then, if anyone has the audacity to ask if it was true that the starlet was on the phone to her agent refusing to perform a script because it wasn't what she understood her character to be, or if the script writer had ever been to Key West, or if it's true that there's no beach here, well you can just level an eyeful of bile at them and demand to know how it is that they dare question the facts of history.

One thing's for sure, the difference between a town seeming like a made-for-television movie and actually becoming one is that quite a few locals lined their pockets with production swag,



Extras and crew mill about in front of the fictional Gumbo's Bar, a bar too far.

or at least got a meal or two off the gourmet food wagon the crew lugged around. Besides, it's up against Rosanne and can't be any worse than Crisscross. In a summer of bad movies, that one was horrible? So when they come to town looking for Gumbo's Bar, just point 'em at Margaritaville 'n tell 'em Jimmy usually stops in about 2 AM and strums a few, or that Hemingway was really a crossdressing drunk whose books were written by a sixteen year old girl from Bahama Village.

In fact, ol' Peter's got an idea. Since everyone on this Island has a story that ends with the line "Only in Key West!" I think that the sporting thing to do would be for you to write down your favorite true Key West story and send it to me here at the paper.

Who knows? In a season or two, when the show moves to a better time slot, they just might decide to make the sheriff a Bubba, the Mayor an ex-run runner who sold bad maps to the CIA for the Bay of Pigs Operation, the fire chief a pot smuggler who disappears to Costa Rica, the pool attendant the son of a failed Mafiosi who was booted out when he discovered he was gay, the college professor a former hippie who became a coke dealer but gave it up when no one in the drug trade understood the nuances of The Tempest and the local millionaire an ex-chicken farmer who discovers Atualpa's ransom in gold in a Spanish wreck that sank because it was carrying the many undeclared emeralds. Then again, probably, not. Whod' believe it?



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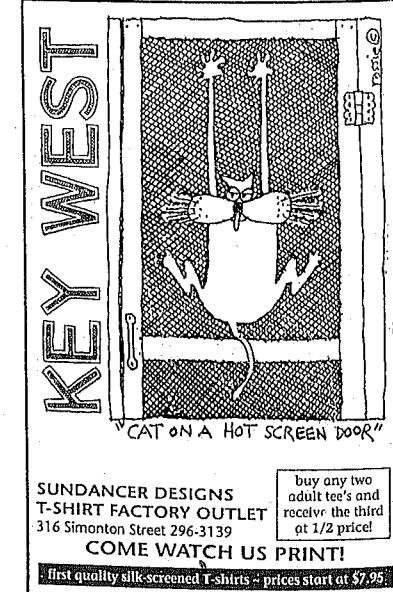
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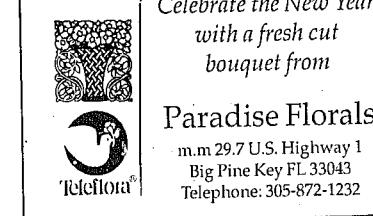
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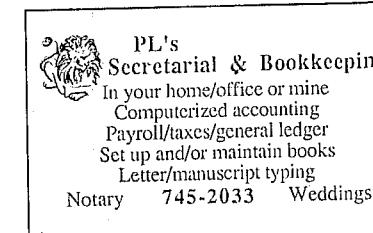
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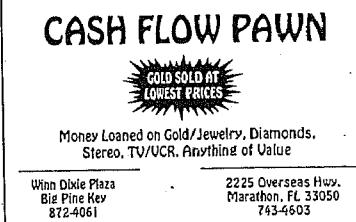


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# comments & correspondence

## RUINING A CHRISTMAS PARADE

**O**n Saturday night, December 5th my kids, Jack (5) and Mary (3,) pulled on their matching Christmas sweat shirts and we drove from Sugarloaf to Key West giggling, singing and howling every Christmas carol we could remember. The kids couldn't hold still because they were on their way to their first live parade, an event sponsored by the Lower Keys Ministerial Guild. I explained that it would not be like the parades on t.v., no giant balloons or famous people. They didn't care ... we were going to see a real live parade.

And live it was. The Key West High School Band trumpeted past, we talked to a grinning deputy on his decorated and flashing motorcycle and Mrs. Claus and angels threw candy to the kids.

The tiny parade was perfect ... it was a joyous, sparkling and wholesome night.

Then children dressed in costumes started handing out presents for Right To Life. Parades are always a little fuzzy in retrospect. But these kids looked to be between five and ten years old and they were running around the floats handing presents, all gift wrapped and cheerful, to the beaming children lining Duval Street. The packages were handed directly to children. It was obvious the adults in the crowd were not supposed to be given any. Our friends, Jonathan and Justin, who are three and four, each received one of the gifts, so did their 12 year old baby sitter.

When the parade was over, Jonathan and Justin unwrapped their presents. Their father said, "what's in there?" The boys just said, "some tiny, tiny, tiny ugly little baby doll".

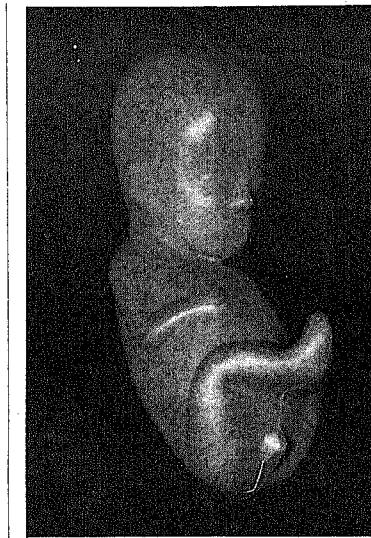
The boys and their baby sitter had been given a gift wrapped, plastic fetus.

That's right, the children were given life sized, pre-born baby boys with a bulbous head, skinny arms, closed eyes, no mouth and protruding testicles. The doll is an inch and half long and came with a card stating that his name is Doug and he's an 11-12 week old fetus. "He squints, swallows and can make a fist, ... he is sensitive to heat, touch, light and noise."

Dozens of these packages were handed to children. It seems Right to Life wanted to rob my children of Christmas joy. Apparently celebrating the birth of Christ wasn't enough, so they pulled this tasteless and pathetic prank. It's not their message that is so bothersome but their method of sending it through and to children.

As a mother, it is easy for me to see that these pro-life advocates think unborn children are more important than mine. They have given obvious priority to pre-born babies at the expense of Jack and Mary, Jonathan and Justin. They want to fight for their cause, which they feel is a moral one, and trample all over my children and their feelings about a Christmas parade.

—Diana Latham



The abortion issue has turned into a war, an adult war. I don't understand how the Right To Life group uses the joyous celebration of Christ's birth to throw my children, and their own, into the trenches of an adult war. Babies should not be made to fight their parent's war.

There has been precious little commentary about the horrific behaviour of Right To Life though so much noise was made over Fantasy Fest. At least, as a parent, I knew exactly what to expect from Fantasy Fest, so I kept my kids at home. How can I protect them from this sort of thing at a Christmas parade? You never asked for permission before giving my children a plastic fetus. How would you feel if your four year old was given a gift wrapped condom.

Gary Redwine, the minister of the Big Coppitt First Baptist Church, organized this Christmas Parade. He was fully aware of Right To Life's decision to give the fetuses to the children. He gave them permission. The Chamber of Commerce and various churches which were involved had no idea these gifts were to be handed out.

Actually, it doesn't matter who knew ahead of time. There isn't anything anyone could say that might justify such behaviour.

If Right to Life wants to make a point, it should have the courage to confront adults rather than hiding behind their own children. Why let the kids do your dirty work? If you want to keep your identity hidden try a white sheet. Of course, most of us want to hide our identity when our actions are shameful.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

In Volume 17, Number 19, of November 19, 1992 edition of Solares Hill, an article by Jack Lawson quoted me without ever consulting me. The article, entitled "Development and the Public Trust" made a factually inadequate attempt to outline the construction plans in the Navy's housing development at Peary Court.

In his tabloid style of writing, Mr. Lawson falsified a statement in which I supposedly said that one of our crews was drilling in Peary Court to "test for soil pollution." The statement was obviously fabricated to sensationalize typical soil borings that are required at many preconstruction sites. This article was composed in such a fashion to lead your readers to believe that the Navy's failure to immediately produce records of testing for unknown pollutants somehow prompted their employment of our company to perform subsurface investigation. Nothing could be further from the truth.

We were hired to determine underlying limestone formations beneath the Peary Court Site. Our findings were used to assist both the contractor and FDER in determining the proper injection zone for stormwater. We believe our contribution in this subsurface study, along with actions of our employers, represent a responsible effort to insure water quality in the Florida Keys.

Layne Environmental Services is a division of Layne, Inc., the largest drilling company in North America. Although we are involved in environmental drilling, the majority of Layne's work is associated with geotechnical, irrigation, dewatering, injection and supply well projects. In this particular project we were contracted by Caddell Construction Company, Inc., to conduct soil sampling and rock coring for characterization of the subsurface in the Peary Court neighborhood prior to any construction. The implications of Mr. Lawson's fraudulent statement could be damaging to Caddell Construction, the Navy and their housing development.

Further, Layne could suffer repercussions based on this statement in the form of lost clientele. We expect a retraction of the falsified quote, a formal public apology, and would hope that the editor of Solares Hill would scrutinize the work of the support staff more closely in the future.

— Mr. Timothy L. Dehen

*Editor's Note: Mr. Lawson's phone bill indicates a brief call to Layne, Inc. at 3:32 p.m., on November 12. Mr. Lawson stands by his story.*

# comments & correspondence

## 510 GREENE STREET

on approving a Joint Stipulated Settlement Agreement with the Department of Community Affairs regarding the city's comprehensive plan that will guide growth to year 2010. The resolution passed 5-0.

The issue was a "monster" (Wardlow's term) called TDRs, or transferable development rights. In short, if you own 10 acres of the Salt Pond, or any environmentally sensitive area in Key West, you can only build one unit per acre there, or 10 units total.

Such was the case at the December 15 meeting, when Bethel caused a stir on the eve of the Key West Bight bond issuance by revealing that an additional \$750,000 might be required to ease the troubled minds of future bondholders. The source of their anxiety was Hurricane Andrew; seems that the financial community was a little reluctant to shell out \$18.5 million for a project that might be blown clear across to Texas.

In essence, to make the bonds more marketable, a hurricane surcharge was to be levied.

Since the bonds were scheduled to be floated on the coming Thursday, this news was decidedly an unwelcome distraction. If the commission voted against issuing the bonds, all bets on the Bight were off.

Commissioner Joe Pais was less than thrilled at the idea of paying more money on the Bight. He pointed out that some \$189,000 had already been spent, and the deal still hadn't closed. Bethel urged the commission "not to rush into anything," a position Pais agreed with.

Commissioner Jimmy Weekley argued that with 75% voter approval, they weren't rushing. "The people have told us to get this done," he said.

City Manager Felix Cooper pointed out that interest rates had dipped, and it was time to strike.

The crucial vote belonged to Mayor Dennis Wardlow, who could've sided with Bethel and Pais for restraint. He didn't. "The window is there," he said. "We can't stop. The time is now."

The commission voted unanimously to approve the resolution authorizing the bonds to be issued.

According to Assistant City Manager Ron Herron, the bonds were a big hit in New York. "Almost half the bonds had been sold the first day," he said. "Because of that, Prudential Baché agreed to underwrite the rest of the bonds." The interest rates: 6.25% on the non-taxable, 7.32% on the taxable—numbers that Herron said he was pleased with.

What about that pesky \$750,000, you ask? Herron explained that, due to the good interest rates, the city now will only need an additional \$192,000 for the "debt service reserve" (i.e. hurricane surcharge)—but not until 1996.

The bottom line: the city will owe \$403,000 on its Bight debt in the first year, but will also take in a million dollars in rent. A half million for the city! A happy ending!

### COMP PLAN PASSES OR DOES IT?

At the same meeting were discussions about possibly developing residential units in the Bight. They took place during the deliberations

If there are any losers in the comp plan, it would have to be real estate agents, who face a comatose condo market and a new zoning map which will prevent small guesthouses from cropping up in Old Town neighborhoods.

These small guest houses are often profitable, tastefully decorated, and charming. The idea of taking an old conch house and turning it into an Eden House lures many to our island. Consequently, property values increase with the transient-rental use.

Take away that option, and watch the property values drop! Several real estate agents predict disaster for themselves. "I've got several properties now that aren't moving because you can't make them guesthouses or rent them out in the future," one agent said. "People can't afford them as second homes. They need the income."

Another agent said that the city will also get bruised by the fall in property values. "They won't collect as much in ad valorem taxes," she said.

Make no mistake, this comp plan will change the way this island conducts its business.

The best part is, the city can put it to bed—hopefully—and move on to other important topics. The county, however, with a couple deadwood commissioners, seems headed to some political Armageddon, without enough neural ammo.

— By Lee Irby

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About twenty years ago, in a gallery on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, a first year graduate student just back from a year in Europe, braved the impeccable snobbery and claustrophobic atmosphere of Madison Avenue to get a glimpse of twenty Cornell Boxes. Alone in the gallery, under the disdainful eye of the proprietor who was correctly certain

## "Silence Within The Traveller"

*A Note on Elizabeth Bishop*



By Bud Navero

that the gallery-goer wasn't about to drop any serious change, the grad student peered into the waking dreams or lingering hopes or unhatched schemes of God's workbench, or whatever it was that was occurring in that two foot square by two inch deep collage of colored glass and light. Suddenly, a very striking cou-

ple appeared at his side. The woman, a tall blond beauty with fabulous clothes and large diamonds, turned to the curator and asked, "May I see this one?" He was there in a flash, assuring her that it was a great choice. "Look" he said, "it's a classic. It's got the parrot. The drawer opens. Everything!" "How much?" asked the husband. "Two hundred thousand" replied the agent. "For that?" he asked in amazement. "Oh, it's worth it, sir. I assure you." "It is, honey" the wife added. As he opened his check book, shaking his head, he caught a glimpse of the graduate student shaking his head and leaving. Whole lot'a shakin' goin' on.

At about the same time, there was an Independent Filmmakers Festival in Lower Manhattan to protest the Vietnam War. Amidst the screenings of agit-prop diatribes, porn shock Yippie love quakes and self-mutilation, Ken Jacobs screened a three minute film called Airshaft or Lightshift or something. The entire film consisted of the time lapse light changes on a potted plant in a window - the fragile and fleeting phenomenon of Light. It was roundly booted because it lacked a "political stand". Understandably, the artist thought that its gestural metaphor, its evocation of Creation, its universality, made it purely political in the best sense of the word.

When asked to define poetry, William Carlos Williams said "Only the quality of the emotion endures."

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William Buckley once bemoaned the dropping of the Latin Mass by the Catholic Church by suggesting that "English isn't a language you pray in." It was probably the first thing I'd ever heard him say with which I agreed. The ongoing desanctification of awe and mystery, the omnipresent fifteen minute slam dance of fame, the marketing of miracles and the circulation of People magazine, all conspire against the ability of art and culture to assume their rightful position in the lives of people, robbing many of the genuine pleasure of learning and discovering.

The 11th Annual Key West Literary Seminar will present scholars and writers from a diversity of cultures and backgrounds to discover and celebrate the life, language and imagination of Elizabeth Bishop. With all the poetic activity in America in the 20th century, it is initially inexplicable that a poet of her power would escape wider fame. I say initially for a variety of reasons. In her poem, "Visits to St. Elizabeth's", she notes

This is the time  
of the tragic man  
that lies in the house of Bedlam

Indeed, modern poetry is an American driven maelstrom of theories, movements, manifestoes, innovations, personalities, cliques, and metamorphoses rubbing elbows with the art world for a final word on the



definition of imagination. Oftentimes, it seems that poets do more theorizing than actualizing; more schmoozing than refocusing vision. In Elizabeth Bishop's work, one is overwhelmed by the shifting intelligence of her eye and mind. She appears to be equally adept at immersing herself in rural

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Brazil or a "Cold Spring" where:

The bull-frogs are sounding,  
slack strings plucked by heavy thumbs.

There is a deeply felt accumulation of activity present in much of her work, almost as if an alien eye were noting the activity of colors and shapes in a discrete series of observations. There is much of "deep image" here, allowing the life of the objectified world to speak through its sheer occasion. It is a form of emotional collage and derives much of its casual inscrutability from her habit of absenting herself from her own work.

Unlike so many of her contemporaries, there are no references to International Communism, the Civil Rights Movement, the Vietnam War, sexual liberation or rediscovered cultural roots. What is there then? Charles Olson described America as a "complex of occasions" and that would seem to suit Elizabeth Bishop. That doesn't mean that she avoided taking issue with the world. It does mean that the issue she took was rooted in the timeless and universal verities of erosion, death, rebirth, and an ongoing disquietude with the meaning of it all. One tends to think of Robert Creeley and Samuel Beckett walking a beach with her or scouting a landscape - each noting the fleeting image of loss in the retreating tide, the tentativeness of human relationships, the mutability of even the very best intentions and

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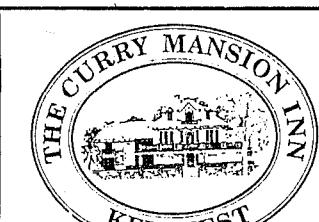
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## "Silence Within The Traveller"

the uses of writing as art orchestrating language in successive waves of observation and nuance. While others may have been louder or more blatant, more decisively in one corner or another, she extends and refines her field of inquiry, chiding herself in "Going to the Bakery" for saying "Good Night" from force of habit, "Oh, mean habit! Not one word more apt or bright?" This is the poet's restless yearning to "make it new", to re-mythologize the language by seeing in it new forms of possibility.

In a recent conversation with John Malcolm Brinnin, he spoke of Bishop's sense of presence, her ability to feel the actual world without merely feeling her own needs and activities within it. In fact, there is something deeply hidden and, one suspects, deliberately so, in her work. There are scrims and layers of emotion guarding the heart from the world as it simultaneously protects the world from the heart's emotional excesses. This also makes it particularly appropriate time to address her work. After the autobiographical ego-orgy of the Seventies and Eighties, her work has a mature, measured feel to it. The urgency to let it all hang out is thwarted by the inappropriateness of doing so as well as the impossibility of doing so. There's always more. There are Objects & Apparitions interchanging in the mind of a girl peering into Joseph Cornell's boxes; there's light shifting and fleeing along the contours of a language, translated, in this case, from Octavio Paz, for Joseph Cornell:

A comb is a harp strummed by the glance of a little girl born dumb.

In the stubborn light, the insanity, death and pain gain only their fair measure of respect. No more. They're outlasted and beaten by the record of the quality of the emotion.

That, and the tough humility willing to accept that Life is a beautiful, mysterious thing even if one's own path within it is fraught with disappointment and closely guarded optimism.

In the realm of literary discourse, a discussion of Elizabeth Bishop is primary investigation, it's the invention of a language with which to grasp what is, in fact, quite elusive. In her longer poems, the mind unfold as a palimpsest, layers of emotion emerging to amplify or mute that which has preceded it. She is at all times deft and muscular in an emotional terrain littered with wounds and scars. As she says of Cornell (via Paz):

the opposite of History, creator of ruins, out of your ruins you have made creations

John Malcolm Brinnin is to be congratulated for refusing to allow this discussion to remain in silence. Thanks to his vision and persistence, Key West will host a literary seminar of enduring literary significance. □

## THE 11TH ANNUAL KEY WEST LITERARY SEMINAR *The Poetry Of Elizabeth Bishop*

THURSDAY — JANUARY 7

REGISTRATION at Ocean Key House, Seminar Hospitality suite, Zero Duval Street.

LITERARY WALKING TOURS: By reservation: 305-293-9291. Meet outside the Elizabeth Bishop House, 624 White Street.

WELCOME: By David Ethridge, Seminar President.

OCTAVIO PAZ: *A Dialogue with John Malcolm Brinnin*. Close friends of Elizabeth Bishop discuss her life and work.

FRIDAY — JANUARY 8

NORTH AND SOUTH: *The place of Elizabeth Bishop in her time and after*. Barbara Page, moderator; Lorrie Goldensohn, Elizabeth Hardwick and Alice Quinn.

THE INFLUENCE OF ELIZABETH BISHOP: *An exploration by poets of a younger generation*. J.D. McClatchy, moderator; Frank Bidart, Lloyd Schwartz, Elizabeth Spires, and Mary Jo Salter.

RECEPTION: Meet the poets at the Pier House Havana Docks Deck.

SATURDAY — JANUARY 9

INTIMATIONS OF GENIUS: *Elizabeth Bishop Among Friends*. A discussion led by her editor and publisher, Robert Giroux.

ELIZABETH BISHOP: *A Reading in Tribute* by Anthony Hecht, James Merrill, Mark Strand and Richard Wilbur.

ART EXHIBIT: Original watercolors by Elizabeth Bishop and photographs by Rollie McKenna at the East Martello.

SUNDAY — JANUARY 10

COFFEE with the Friends of the Library and the Old Island Restoration Foundation at the Wrecker's Museum, 322 Duval Street.

LITERARY WALKING TOURS: By reservation: 305-293-9291. Meet outside the Elizabeth Bishop House, 624 White Street.

### OTHER ACTIVITIES

Just before the seminar, the former Key West home of Elizabeth Bishop will be added to the national register of Literary Landmarks. A commemorative plaque will be installed on January 4, 1993, at 11:30 a.m. Bishop lived in the clapboard Conch house at 624 White Street, from 1938 to 1946. The national register is maintained by the Friends of Libraries USA Literary Landmarks Program, affiliated with the American Library Association. The home will remain privately owned. It is not open to the public.

A reading list will be prepared and distributed to attendees, local libraries and bookstores in advance, as well as on site.

Tape recordings of the proceedings will be available.

# Butterflies Are Not Free

By Judi Bradford

Ever feel like life is fluttering by? Meet Sam Trophia, the butterfly man. For fifteen years he has been eyeball to complex eyeball with the most beautiful and exotic creatures on earth.

As a teenager in New York state Trophia got interested in insect migration research. Before you know it he was tagging Monarchs for the University of Toronto (one of his Monarchs was later recorded in South Carolina). From that adventure on, he has been a complete butterfly nerd. "Yes, it's true," he says.

His whole life is butterflies. Stepping into his reality is like coming out of your familiar cocoon into a different world. His days are filled with mounting into acrylic frames the iridescent creatures that he imports from butterfly farms around the world. "It's very peaceful, working with them," he says in a voice serene enough to convince.

The wall displays he creates range from a single butterfly to a full ballet of 50 or so. There are orange and black Monarchs; shimmering blue Morphos, fluorescent green Bird Wings, blue

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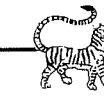
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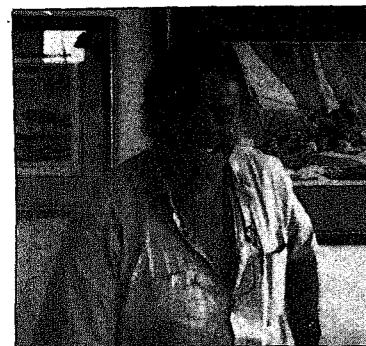
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flies butterflies. They are not only beautiful of themselves; Trophia's arrangements recreate the choreography the lepidopterans demonstrate in their flight—that happy chaos of silent wings.

The shop is a phenomenon this resort at the end of the road needs. While you're there, catch the video of the life cycle of butterflies from eggs and pupae through mating. □



By Tom Glennon

## BOB KENNEDY: ARTIST & ENTREPRENEUR

The sound from the Sloppy Joe's amplifiers across the street was so pounding that Bob Kennedy, artist, entrepreneur, disciple of Jack Kerouac, put on a bathrobe, walked across the street and pulled the plug at 2:30 in the morning.

That was in 1975 and was the first story Kennedy related as we sat in his home above the art gallery at 1130 Duval.

Some years ago Sean Connery appeared in a film entitled, "A Fine Madness." It was about a poet who railed against a society which categorized poets as odiferous, usually stoned, strange folk who seduced college girls and belonged in coffee houses. Kennedy reminds me of the protagonist in the film. He has the fine madness.

He also perches atop the horns of a dilemma of his own making, but more of that later.

In 1966, inspired by Kerouac, he went "On the Road," no doubt to the relief of his instructors at the Rhode Island School of Design. He bummed Rt. 66 when it was an adventure and, at one point, went to Mexico because there was more traffic ahead in that direction. Properly coiffed in long hair, beard, and drawn by the uninhibited lifestyle of southern California, he ended up, naturally enough, in Venice. "It was my first exposure to the scene. It was wild and wonderful, gritty, drugs, booze, congo drums, black, white, gay, straight, you name it."

The artist in him was soaking up another American phenomena, the 60s. "We were down to our last \$1.75 and one of my buddies went out and bought a barracuda with it. We were starving and it was full of bones. I hated it and him. We were always waiting for a \$100 check which had bounced to at least eight general post office boxes in different cities. Don't remember if we ever got it."

Trying to shed light on his past, he handed me what appeared to be bookmarks with biographical data on his wife and himself. His said, among other things, "A native of Boston, Kennedy has gathered inspiration and experience traveling throughout the Caribbean, Florida, Mexico and the South West with his sketchbook and watercolors." Saccharine words to obscure a spirit on the move.

But "beserker" Celt or not, there is a canny businessman in this artist. The Kennedy Gallery is one of 16 and another 35 are franchised to use the clan Kennedy name. He has been the guiding genius in this development.

and seems proud, if a bit confused, by the achievement. This is the same guy who was sketching the locals in Sloppy Joe's for twenty bucks a pop back in 1975.

Kennedy is one of the top-selling graphic artists in this nation. With his pen and ink drawings he is also a chronicler of our life and times. We met when I was doing a profile on Mario Sanchez for WPBT ch. 2 in Miami. In an interview he expressed awe at Sanchez's work. I will return the compliment, for when introduced to his gallery, I was particularly impressed with boat and water scenes. To my surprise, they were his. During our first meeting, he had not mentioned he was an artist.

The gallery itself belongs in the tropics as el Prado belongs in Madrid or Le Louvre in Paris. It is full of light and air and color and the stirrings of artists of every conceivable school or inclination. It is not crowded, an abomination in a gallery. It is beautifully designed with art and people in mind.

Few artists can do land or seascapes well; those who do must immerse themselves in the

land or water, feel their strengths and changing moods. The Hudson school artists did it magnificently and Winslow Homer had few peers. There was the suggestion of Homer in Kennedy's work and I said so.

"Homer is so overlooked, so ignored," he said. "His seascapes are brilliant, stirring. People down here know about Audubon but they should grasp, should feel Homer." Reminded that Homer was also a superb Civil War artist, he jumped up and grabbed a book of Homer illustrations.

He switched tack immediately to say that there would be a new Kennedy Gallery in the Bahamas, surprising since it's well known that the Bahamian government is loathe to encourage off-islanders in retail trade.

In this case, however, they were welcomed, since Kennedy promised he intended to enlist local artists and would publish works by Bahamians.

There was another abrupt course change when wife Michele Kennedy brought up the story of the town dump. Kennedy was heard to



Artists Bob and Michele Kennedy stand in front of their famous van. Their gallery at 1130 Duval is one of 16 they own, and another 35 are franchised to use the Kennedy name.

say that the dump could well be turned into a thing of beauty, a la Gully Jimson's painted building walls in the "Horse's Mouth."

According to the story, Kennedy said that perhaps four great heads could be carved on the surface of the dump to make it resemble, somewhat, Mount Rushmore. He suggested Captain Tony, Ernest Hemingway, Tennessee Williams and Mel Fisher. The psychology of rumor being what it is, National Public Radio called to get more information and Newsweek apparently ran it as a straight story. Kennedy was vastly amused, others were not, but the legend kept growing.

Michele chuckled quietly at the memory. This beautiful mother of two is his anchor and is a gifted artist in her own right. Her work is rich, lush in strong color and technique and she is selling well. Her formal training includes study at the State University of New York at New Paltz, the School of Visual Arts in NYC, the Boston Museum and Fenway Studios in Boston, renowned as a pre-imminent school of contemporary Impressionism.

In a stroll through the downstairs gallery, (incidentally, two years ago this building was a car body shop) I was aware of the influence of Marc Chagall and Van Gogh on some of the foreign artists. Her influences come from within and she has exhibited at the Copley Society and Newman Gallery in Boston.

She met Kennedy as a sales representative. He remembers her looking sexy in a striped knit suit, and asked her out after some preliminary sparring. When she showed up for the big date, he had been drinking all afternoon and was out of it. Somehow he straightened out and was charming for the date. Try it sometime.

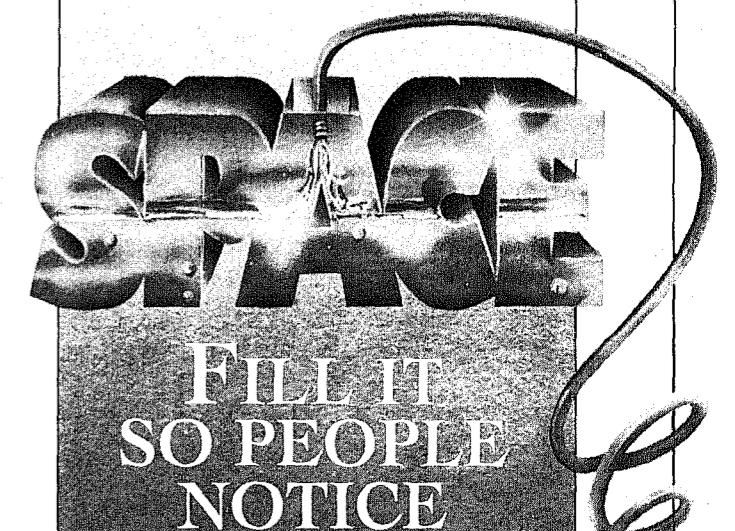
Despite all the warning bells they got together. "I knew he was no good for me, but gotta' confess I was attracted. I thought he was a complete con artist. Look what happened!" With that she glanced toward their two young children. She looked quietly amazed.

During the course of the interview you sensed within Kennedy a dichotomy. This is the

guy with the long hair and beard who bummed all over the country, sold sketches in saloons for whatever he could get, chased women and experiences, gulped down life like a vin ordinaire. He seems to have an uncanny business sense, according to Michele and intuits styles and trends before they happen.

In a word, Bob Kennedy is an extraordinarily successful man. He has a charming, gifted wife, a young son who exhausts him, a baby daughter on whom he dotes and a rich talent which he deprecates. His watercolors and sketches are wonderful experiences. Look at the curling lip of that wave or the movement of a sailboat in the chop. □

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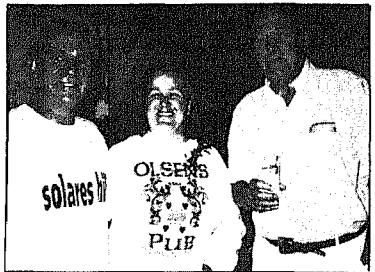
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# on the town

The talk of the town just had to be the smashing party tossed by the newly formed partnership at Solares Hill - Richard French, Frank Taylor and David Ethridge. Any party where you have three bars on two levels, a constant flow of tasty tid-bits, and a conch chowder mix of literati, politicians, media people, actors, artists and not-soplain folks is bound to be a success. This reception from 5 to 8 pm lasted 'til midnight. The setting was the stunning home of Gay and Richard French (who are not French but English!). You may remember this house as



Left to Right: Eric Grah, Joy Hawkins, and Errol Etienne.



David Kaufelt, Susan Olsen and Richard Wilbur at the holiday and meet the new owners party for Solares Hill.

the former home of actor Roy Scheider, who lived there before the soot from City Electric drove him out of town, but that's another story. Spotted in this considerable crowd were Pulitzer Prize winning poet Richard Wilbur, author Nancy Friday, former Wall Street Journal editor, Norman Pearlstein, Monroe County Mayor Jack London, Elaine London, Key West Mayor Dennis Wardlow, Bill Manville, Suzie Salowe, Joy Hawkins, Lynn and David Kaufelt, Rich Crossland, Diane Zolotow, Sharon Wells, Vicki Roush, Michael Whalton, Susan Hawken, Don DeFeo, Jimmy



Monroe County Mayor Jack London and Key West Mayor Dennis Wardlow.

Weekley, Susan Olsen, DeeVon and Craig Quirolo, Ann and John Dickenson, Kathleen Elgin, Liz Kern, Jim McLernan, Errol Etienne, George Murphy, Ann Carlisle, Virginia Panico, Richard Watherwax, Cricket Barnes - like the conga line at the Junior Prom - the list is endless. Probably those who were having the best

Anne McKee, David Kaufelt and Gay French at the Solares Hill party.



Monroe County Mayor Jack London and Key West Mayor Dennis Wardlow.

and Michael Gallagher were thrilled. Kudos also went to Louis' Backyard, Pier House Restaurant, Ocean Club, Café Marquesa, Half Shell Raw Bar, Nicola, Antonia's, Camilles, Café des Artistes, El Cacique, El Siboney and Flamingo Crossing for serving "the islands finest ice cream" Chef King not only stars in the Palm Grill kitchen but made the cover of "South Florida" magazine as one of the "Hottest New Chefs." More national attention - Ellen Bigger, 15 year old Monroe County teenager made news when President Bush named her the 970th Point of Light. She was honored for her efforts to make her community drug-free.

A very special party was given by painter

Helen Colley and architect Michael Miller at their charming Old Town Conch house. The champagne sparkled and so did the conversation as guests enjoyed a sumptuous holiday feast - just like down home with all the fixin's, including Helen's great turkey dressing. Among the guests were John Malcolm Brinnin (before you attend the Literary Seminar read his "Letter from Key West For Elizabeth Bishop" in George Murphy's Key West Reader page 85), John Martini and Carol Munder, Roberta Marks, Judith Gaddis and Duke Rood, Liz Leer, and Deems Webster, Suzie Salowe



Frank Taylor, Sharon Wells, and Don DeFeo.

and Bill Manville, Helen and Ben Harrison, Paul Gibson, Lynn and John Mercer, Liz Birmingham, Ellis Amburn and Rollie McKenna (where else but Key West could I get a famous photographer to allow me to photograph her!)

The Monroe County Personnel Association had its holiday party at the John Doyle home. It's easy to see why Gib Peters was elected Chairman. His motto is "We're going to have fun." Other new officers are Karen Dutton, Sherree Scribner and Beth Doyle.



Photographer Rollie McKenna, writer Bill Manville and designer Suzie Salowe pictured at Colley/Miller party.

Survival in the Keys ... We hear Dora and Baxter Gentry have their own bomb shelter at their Palm Tree Estate. Wonder if it's large enough for a cocktail party? The Sugarloaf Shores crowd, headed by homeowners association president John Turner and wife Adeline,

love to entertain. (Speaking of bombs, the rumor around town is that the best thing about the new Fox T.V. series, Key West, is the scenery. Executive Producer Allan Marcil was all smiles as he was proclaimed "Honorary Conch" by Monroe County Commissioner Wilhelmina Harvey as wife Jody looked on.



Host Chapin Leinbach welcomes guest Ann Dickinson to his holiday party at Great Southern Gallery.

Selling Christmas trees instead of properties were MARC volunteers from the Realtors Association Kirk Rynearson, Laurie McChesney, Ed Kolesar, Doris Aubie, Carol Sawyer, Frank Duke, Lucy Malarz, Lila Williams, Diane Myerson, Joanne Tarantino and Lucy Page.

Signs of the Keys ... Lazy Jake's sign "Open unless closed." Jake, self-proclaimed as "Florida's oldies beach bum," is up in Miami, but he hasn't been forgotten. The narrow roadway in front of his old hammock shop has been unofficially named "Lazy Jake Way." He was kind to people and animals. We miss him ...

Two of our islands nicest, gentle people, Chapin Leinbach and Richard Cassidy, entertained old and new friends in the lovely gardens of the Great Southern Gallery. Kathleen and Dick Moody helped see that all the guests had a wonderful time. Party goers include Nancy and Colin Jameson, Joe Vianna, Pat Lamerdin, Paco Archillo, Molly Leeds, Kay Maunsbach and Carolyn and Jerry Cash.

Congratulations to jazz pianoman Dave Burns and bride Barbara. They met at The Top and have been making beautiful music together ever since. Dave plays at Conchabamba.

Who says Key West never had a frost! Ask our two top retailers about a dinner party they gave where two very talented lady guests decidedly did not hit it off - no air conditioning needed!

Hope all the frostiness in your life is in your glass — Happy New Year.

— By Jane Phillips

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## A New Year's Thought

I will live today but once.  
Any good therefore  
that I may do,

or any kindness I may show

to any living being,  
let me do it now.

Let me not delay or forget it,  
for I shall not  
pass this way again.

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## art circle

It's a split ticket at Martello Museum this month. Beginning January 7, a show of the paintings of Elizabeth Bishop will be on view along with photographs of Bishop by Rollie McKenna.

Bishop, who died in 1979, is the focus of this year's Literary Seminar. To poetry scholars she is known for her well-honed observations and often painterly style. Her paintings were a private expression given to friend rather than published, but they share that bright awareness of detail that can serve as symbolism. Her poem "Roosters" has the fowl "...screaming Get up! Stop dreaming!" Her painting of a vase with flowers presents an unpretentious bunch of field daisies and other wild flowers in a paint can. It's a charming little statement on simplicity.

Her phrases carried markedly visual concepts. She described the seed of the papaya: "the necks set so they stand up like seedpearls on stiff silk." Her paintings present the same kind of image.



Bishop paintings await hanging in the back room of East Martello Museum.

The sixteen paintings are all miniatures, the largest measuring 12" x 9", and most about half that size. They seem offhand. Most are watercolor on artist's drawing paper.

Bishop travelled extensively and one can picture her packing her typewriter and lightweight onion skin for her writing and a small watercolor kit for leisure time. No one is as practical as a seasoned traveller. Why pack two kinds of paper? "There will be a slip of something available at my destination," you can hear her thinking, "or I'll just paint on my typing paper."

In a tiny landscape, Bishop's houses have something in common with Grandma Moses' flattened perspectives, as though to convert the three-dimensional structures to two-dimensional drawing, the buildings were just unfolded and splattered down. It could lead one to call the paintings primitive or naive. However, look at those trees — and that water! There is some simple but sophisticated brushwork happening. Evergreens are defined with horizontal lines

wiggling into conifer shape and a light chop on the lake is represented with rhythmic pattern.

or on onion skin typing paper. A pencil drawing appears on hotel stationery. Only a couple are

## art circle

She can deftly wrap the stripes of a comforter over the edge of a bed and give us an idea of the softness of a mattress — and then contrast that with the solidity of the headboard.

Bishop became fascinated with Gregorio Valdez, a true primitive painter, while in Key West and wrote an essay about him. You will see two of his works in the Martello show. The essay "was very revealing about her as an artist," says Bill Benton, curator of the show. "She is extremely sophisticated and shows she really knows the art world when she's talking about him." He quotes her, "These primitive pictures are dangerous to imitate and yet they have to be imitated." Benton believes she was a deliberate primitive. "I think this was a stance she took," he says, adding, "It wasn't an unpopular stance at the time." He points to the borrowing of primitive techniques by Matisse and Picasso. "It was in the air and I'm sure she knew it."

Many of the little paintings remind the viewer of Matisse. A cozy chair in the corner of a room, a chandelier and its shadow. Her colors are much more subdued than the impressionist pace-setter but her themes have a similar simplicity.

Her Key West subjects include a delightful rendering of Harris School with its flowering hedge. Kites are flying overhead and a blue conch shell leans against the tree. Another painting of tombstones in the cemetery brings to con-

sciousness the shade of a blooming poinciana tree on a hot summer day.

This was a time of simple pleasures in Key West. Bishop lived on White Street during World War II. It was a sailor town with a bustling importance in the war. It was also during the time Key West was the poorest city per capita in the nation (after being the wealthiest at the turn of the century). The town had declared bankruptcy just a few years before Bishop moved in, and was so broke that the government considered evacuating all the residents to another area.

It may have been just that quality Bishop found appealing. In her letters she said she "liked Florida because it was so wild or so dilapidated that it seems about to become wild again." It reminded her of her early childhood in a Nova Scotia village. She liked the Cuban touches — paper flowers, blue sitting rooms, colored streamers decorating a ceiling — and commented on them in her correspondence.

The other part of the show are the photographs of Bishop by famed photographer Rollie McKenna. McKenna graduated from Vassar half a dozen years behind Bishop, and one of her first professional assignments was photographing Bishop in 1951 in New York. "She didn't like New York," says McKenna, "She got out rather quickly."

She didn't like the photos either. She felt they

made her look to "fat-faced". McKenna attributes the roundness to the asthma medication Bishop always took. "But the criticism didn't daunt me," McKenna adds. "I just went on."

Several years later, McKenna, who lives in Key West, visited Bishop and her companion, Lota, in Brazil. McKenna was travelling with Henry-Russell Hitchcock on an assignment from the Museum of Modern Art to document "the flowering of modern architecture in post-war Latin America." It was a rugged itinerary and she found herself ill and exhausted. She took refuge at Bishop's house in Samambaia. While there, she photographed Bishop, Lota, their house, and "Tobias the Cat and Sammy the Toucan".

McKenna's black and white photographs are poetry in themselves. The subjects look perfectly at ease with the camera. Indeed the technology is completely unobtrusive. You feel you're having an idle moment with Bishop in complete privacy.

As is often the case with black and white photography, the emotional impact is powerful. There is a strong bond with the subject that is focussed by McKenna's framing and composition.

Together, the photographs and the paintings offer an interesting insight into two talented and intelligent women. Don't miss this presentation which will hang until February 7.

—Judi Bradford

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# art calendar

## ART AT YO SAKE

Lovers of Japanese culinary skills are no doubt already aware of the show of new acrylic painting by Mervyn Aronoff at Yo Sake Restaurant.

Aronoff is a longtime student of zen arts and studied sumi-e, traditional brush and ink painting on rice paper, with contemporary master Toshio Kawai.

In a personal adaptation of the technique, Aronoff interprets visual experiences for the western eye, emphasizing oriental composition and perspective. Reminiscent of Japanese woodblock prints, Aronoff's paintings portray geisha women, samurai and zen artists in Key West locales observing a widow's walk, moon watching or arranging flowers. It's a difficult merging of two cultures that is achieved with delicate grace.

**GODDESSES** — Athena, goddess of war and wisdom, will be hosting the first full moon celebration of the new year on January 8, from 7 to 10 p.m.; performance at 8:30 p.m. In the Temple, an interpretive multimedium artistic journey into the ancient forces of the feminine including portraits, sculpture, performance art and art services. 717 Duval Street in the courtyard. 292-5058.

**GRAND COLLECTION** — Paintings, Asian antiques, ancient artifacts, tribal arts, jewelry. Daily, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Friday and Saturday, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. 810 Duval St. 292-1331.

**GREAT SOUTHERN GALLERY** — Intricate patterns of Lon Michaels on canvas. Art classes start now: Jim Salem, acrylics; Sandford, watercolors; Jonathan Williams, oils and life drawing with models in the garden. Daily, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. 910 Duval St. 294-6660.

**GUILD HALL GALLERY** — Eighteen key's artists in a cooperative featuring the island's widest variety of arts and fine crafts. Daily, 9:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m. and often later. 614 Duval St. 296-6076.

**HAITIAN ART COMPANY** — Spirit flags, papier mache, paintings, wood sculpture, metal cut-outs by Haitian artists. Daily, 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. We will be open until 9 p.m. December 18-25. 600 Frances St. 296-8932.

**HARRISON GALLERY** — Works by Norman Aberly, Nancy Bender, Marc Caren, Bill Ford, Wendy Gell, Helen Harrison and Susan Thayer. Daily, noon to 5:30 p.m. except Sunday and Monday or ring the bell. 825 White St. 294-0609.

**HIGH TIDE** — Oil paintings and prints with local flavor and also local artists. Affordable prices from \$5 to \$300. Packing and shipping available. Daily, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. 826 Duval St. 293-0331.

**ISLAND ARTS** — Artist cooperative and consignment shop with a unique selection of local arts, crafts and painted objects. Monday through Sunday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., sometimes later. 1128 Duval Street. 292-9909.

**ISLAND WELLNESS** — "Conch Fritters" by visiting New Mexico artist Joyce Mechelin Centofanti. Paintings by Jeff Wheeler. Daily, 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. and by chance. 530 Simonton St. 296-7353.

**JOY GALLERY** — Works of Lucie Bilodeau, Jim Warren, Irma Quigley and Douglas Greenwood. Open 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m., sometimes later. 429 Caroline at the corner of Duval. 296-3039.

**KALYPSO** — A new gallery featuring the work of Carrie Disrud, Suzanne Pereira and Jean Disrud. Painted fabric garments, quilts, artwork. Jewelry of painted paper and beads, silver and semi-precious stones and collage. Daily except Wednesday, 10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. 609 Whitehead Street. 296-0977.

**KENNEDY GALLERY** — Peter Ofbinski outrageous animals. Amanda Watt vibrant colorful acrylics. Also, Abyszek mixed media and Tom Joris sculpture. Oil paintings by Michele Kennedy. Watercolor streetscapes by Robert Kennedy. Daily, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., maybe later. 1130 Duval St. 294-5997.

**KENNEDY STUDIOS** — Graphics, limited edition prints. Daily, 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. 133 Duval St. 294-5850; 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., 511 Duval St. 294-8564; and 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. at 306 Front St. 293-0999.

**GINGERBREAD SQUARE GALLERY** — New John Kiraly limited edition serigraphs. Thursday through Monday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Closed Tuesday, Wednesday. 1207 Duval St. 296-8900.

**KEY WEST ART CENTER** — Paintings by member artists. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sunday 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. 301 Front St. 294-1241.

# art calendar

a.m. to 10 p.m. 711 Duval St. 292-1655.

**SIGN OF SANFORD** — Watercolors, handpainted rugs, fabrics and bags. Preparing rugs and silk hangings for a show in Boca Raton. Approximate hours 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. "When the door's open, I'm open." Closed Sunday. Located at the handpainted awning, 328 Simonton St. 296-7493.

STUDIO

227 — Small active gallery of local artists, featuring island images. Custom framing using archival and museum techniques. Also professional restorations. Call about clay classes.

Monday through Saturday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 227 Petronia St. 294-7141.

**SUNSET ARTS AND CRAFTS** — Selected work by local artists and craftsmen—many Mallory Square

vendors at the Sunset Celebration. Daily, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., often later. 414 Greene St. 296-7920.

**TAR HEEL TRADING CO.** — Functional and decorative work from many of America's best-known craftsmen. Porcelain and silk jewelry, heirloom toys and puppets, inlaid wood boxes, pottery, fused glass and porcelain figurines. Daily, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. 802 Duval St. 294-8589.

**TIBBINS PIP GALLERY** — A working gallery featuring local artists. Hours by appointment temporarily. 1311 Pine Street. 294-0671.

**WHITEHEAD STREET POTTERY** — Stoneware, porcelain, Raku vessels. Daily, except Tuesday, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. 1011 Whitehead St. 294-5067.

—Judi Bradford



## Exceptional Properties



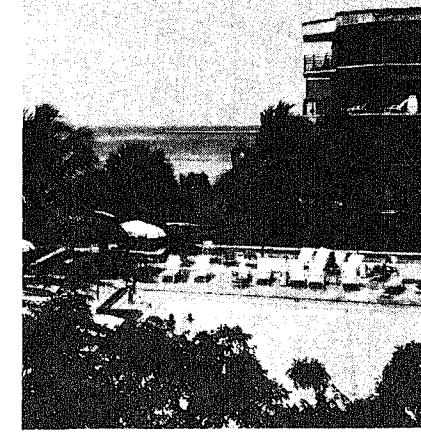
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## key's kitchen

"K yushu is the only real Japanese restaurant in town", says Masa Funahashi. "Yosake is owned by Italians." This from a Japanese who is doing well at The Thai Garden with Key West latest food fad, of the cuisine of the Kingdom of Siam.

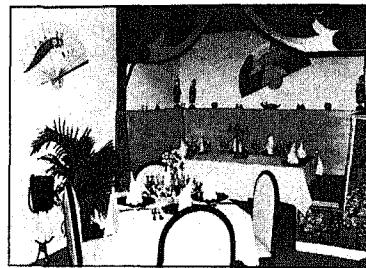
Then there is Surita Suripant, about to open what he claims to be our first Thai only restaurant at the old La Bodega on the corner of Simonton and Olivia. At La Te Da, Siri Svasti is busy producing his own distinctive mixture of Thai-come-French creations. And, trusted favorite Dim Sum has a Thai dish or two on the card. The sorely tested taste buds of the Rock are in danger of suffocation under mountains of imported bean sprouts, stuffed wonton and rivers of red and green curry.

Although La Te Da started all this, beating Kyushu's Thai Garden opening by days, Funahashi believes he has little to fear from the competition. "I can only handle so many people" he says. "I have a little tiny restaurant and local people love it. My chefs are a real find. They would compete favorably in Miami or New York." He claims Suripant was a neighbor across the street when he ran his previous restaurant in Fort Lauderdale, and is amused by his arrival in Key West. Svasti is less complimentary, claiming that the Bodega site was purchased as long ago as April of this year. At the time he was a partner in the enterprise but dropped out "because it was taking so much time to get going". Suripant opened on December 27th. According to Masa Funahashi, that's a postponement of a couple of weeks from the previously scheduled December 15th.

Meanwhile, over at La Te Da, behind a truly breathtaking seasonal façade, a combination of Candyland meets the Good Ship Lollipop, Siri Svasti exudes confidence. He's having a ball mixing French and Thai influences'. And very pretty it sounds. How about a boneless chicken breast marinated in red curry and coconut milk, grilled and served with fruited cucumber relish and deep-fried basil leaves? Or stuffed cheese wonton? This is a mixture of cream cheese, chili paste and goat cheese wrapped in wonton skin, deep-fried and served with guacamole. Then there are mussels, steamed in a galangal and lime broth with just a touch of chili and fresh cilantro.

Tempted?

The current sadness is that this fare is available only in the evening. The Thai influence has yet to make its mark on "the only brunch all-day, every-day menu in Old Town". Svasti claims good figures for the slower months of the year. His aim, he says, is to produce unusual and affordable food that gets away from the standard Key West fare. Worthy stuff.



The Thai Garden at Kyushu

That's the news story. How does all this taste and cost. The "New Bodega" had yet to announce a menu or serve a meal at press time, so we'll have to get to that as and when. Surita Suripant says we are asked to the opening party.

The Thai Garden at Kyushu is decorated and disguised to look like a separate restaurant. The intelligent will, however, note the use of the same front door. Here, the sheer number of items on the menu suggest this must be value for money. But dollar for dollar the prices more or less equal La Te Da's predictably lavish presentation. Chef's Noi and Tong Poon (Tom to all) produce a pretty tasty dinner. With a choice of sixty dishes on take out, the influence seems to owe something to Peking as well as Bangkok. Funahashi says he's packing in locals who come time and again.

Dim Sum has always and probably will always serve some of the best tasting, best value food in town. Suffice it to say their Thai contributions are right up to the mark and of the standard we have come to expect from this little hideaway behind Antonia's.

But right now La Te Da is picking up all the prizes. And it really ain't overly expensive. It just

looks and feels that way. And that's a just fine combination for a town that's often higher on style than bank balance. Eating the Thai Beef Salad (tossed with cucumber, onion, red and green peppers, celery, tomatoes and toasted rice in a spicy lime dressing) is, for \$6.95, a fine experience. The beautiful people are thrown in for free.

Welcome back La Te Da. Duval Street needs more like you. We missed you while you was gone.

Finally all national cuisines suffer some in translation as they reach these shores. For the real thing try the Moeng Thai Cafe. You'll have to travel; it's buried in a teeming back street somewhere on the left bank of that big, wide and muddy river in old Bangkok. Here, for the price of a scooter-rickshaw ticket, they serve a sensational Tod Mun Pla. Fried Hot Fish Balls to you. From the back of a well worn and stained envelope is how they is how they fix it for four:

Take four peeled and chopped garlic cloves, twenty peppercorns, four finely chopped coriander roots, a pinch of sugar and three dried chillies. Throw them in a food processor and make a thick paste. Take one and a half pounds of skinned fish fillets and add them to the paste, a little at a time. The result should be a paste that is smooth in texture. Now add a tablespoon each of plain flour and soy sauce. Shape the mixture into twenty or so balls about one inch in diameter. Heat five tablespoons of vegetable oil in a wok or deep frying pan and fry the fish balls a few at a time, until brown all over. Remove from the pan with a slotted spoon, drain and arrange on a serving dish.

Accompany this with half a cucumber peeled and thinly sliced in a separate dish. Mix a teaspoon of vinegar, two tablespoons of water, a teaspoon of sugar, two green shallots (peeled and finely chopped) and one small carrot, peeled and grated. Sprinkle this mixture over the cucumber.

Serve the fish balls piping hot with the cucumber salad as a cool side dish.

All the necessary ingredients should be found right here in Key West. Try the Waterfront Market or Faustos first.

In Thailand they drink a lot of iced tea with this sort of food. A personal view says a cold Corona is better.

Bon Appetit..

— Richard Day

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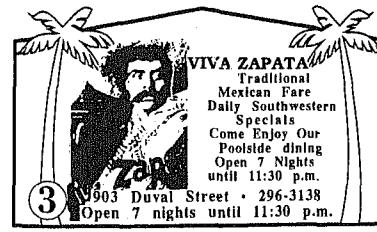
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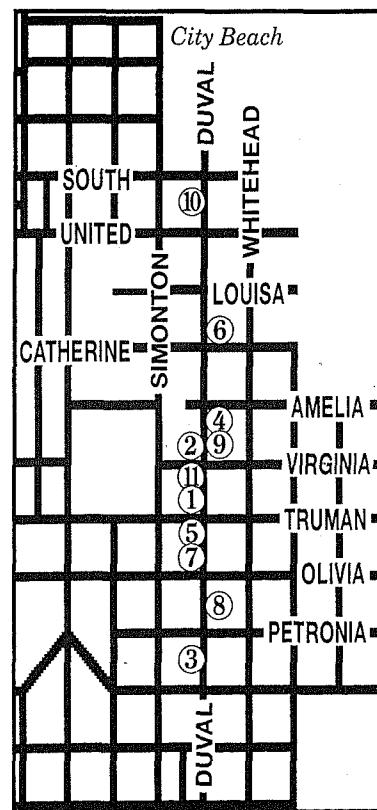
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# restaurant directory

**ANTONIA'S RESTAURANT**, 15 Duval Street. Excellent Northern Italian cuisine in friendly, elegant atmosphere. Dinner served from 7 to 11 p.m., nightly. Visa, Mastercard. 294-6565.

**ASIA CHINESE RESTAURANT**, 221 Duval Street. Dine outdoors on our rooftop deck or backyard patio or in air conditioned comfort in Key West's newest Chinese Restaurant. Chef Ming from Hong Kong offers 20 years of experience in Far East Cuisines. Lunch specials from \$4.95. Open daily from 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m. Carry out and free delivery available. Major credit cards accepted. 292-0090.

**BILL'S KEY WEST FISH MARKET AND RESTAURANT**, 2502 N. Roosevelt Boulevard. A local favorite serving the finest local seafood from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m., daily. Tuesday through Thursday, all-you-can-eat fish or fried clams. Fish market open 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. 296-5891.

**CASABLANCA CAFE**, 900-904 Duval Street. A tropical inn serving imaginative Caribbean-style cuisine, fresh local seafood, stone crab claws (in season), shrimp, and such mainstays as prime rib, steaks and pasta. Dine in a lush, tropical setting. Also located on the grounds is Bogart's Irish Pub, which boasts the largest selection of imported and domestic beers on draft. Open at 6 p.m., daily. 296-0815.

**CRAB SHACK**, 908 Caroline Street across from Land's End Village. Fresh seafood served from 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m., daily. Peel-your-own spicy steamed shrimp every day. Widest variety of crab dishes on the island. We also cook your catch as you like it. For the landlubber, charbroiled steak and prime rib. Blue plate specials nightly. Dine indoors and out. 294-9658.

**EL LORO VERDE**, 404 Southard Street. More than a Mexican restaurant, El Loro Verde presents innovative yet authentic variations of both Mexican and Caribbean dishes. Popular for its "cafe" atmosphere, El Loro Verde now features a full liquor bar in its new dining room. 296-7298.

**FLAMINGO CROSSING**, 1105 Duval Street. The locals' favorite dessert spot features freshly-made-daily ice creams, sorbets, honey yogurts, sundaes and shakes. Also enjoy Florida Keys Finest Key Lime Pie in a tropical garden setting. Open daily from noon to 11 p.m. and midnight Friday and Saturday. 296-6124.

**HALF SHELL RAW BAR**, Land's End Village, foot of Margaret Street. Serving lunch and dinner til? Freshest shrimp, fish and lobster direct from their own fish market at the shrimp docks. Cash only. 294-7496.

**JERRY'S OYSTER BAR & GRILL**, 1114 Duval Street. Serving lunch and dinner daily. Specializing in Oysters Moscow or Rockefeller plus raw or steamed. Much more than an oyster bar, offering chicken, baby back ribs, New York strip steak, combo platters, sampler platters, kabobs, appetizers, salads, soups, sandwiches and desserts. 294-7061.

**JIMMY BUFFETT'S MARGARITAVILLE CAFE**, 500 Duval Street. Opens 11 a.m. for lunch, dinner, and late night rock and roll, starting at 10:30 p.m. Serving fresh seafood, meats, salads & Key West favorites: Conch chowder/fritters, squid rings and the famous Cheeseburger in Paradise. 292-1435.

**LARRY'S ICE CREAM & YOGURT**, 1075 Duval

Street within Duval Square. Open seven days and nights. Truly gourmet ice cream in scrumptious flavors and custom mixed fresh fruit frozen yogurt. Experience a variety of treats inside and out including original Key West smoothies and coladas. 294-2301.

**LOUIE'S BACKYARD**, 700 Waddell on the Atlantic Ocean. Featuring international cuisine in a restaurant ranked among South Florida's best. Dining inside or outdoors on the water. Enjoy cocktails on the Afterdeck Bar. Open from 11:30 a.m. to 2 a.m. 294-1061 for dining reservations.

**MANGO'S**, 700 Duval Street. Great island cuisine with a Caribbean flavor, local seafood and vegetarian dishes. Daily hours are breakfast, 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.; lunch, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Happy Hour, 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. with tropical drinks and munchies; dinner, 6 p.m. til midnight. Outdoor seating on Duval. Large inside dining room. All major credit cards. 292-4606

**MANGROVE MAMA'S**, mile marker 20 on Sugarloaf Key. Featuring natural and local seafood served in an old 1919 "Flagler building" or outside under the banana trees. Enjoy the wine bar with a large selection of wines by the glass. Open from 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m. For dining reservations and entertainment schedule, call 745-3030.

**OCEAN CLUB RESTAURANT & LOUNGE**, at the Reach Resort, Simonton at the beach. Dine under the stars and enjoy gourmet cuisine prepared with Caribbean flair. French pastries baked daily. Serving breakfast, lunch and dinner daily, and a Sunday Brunch that many say is "without a doubt the best on the island." Dine oceanfront or indoors. Visit our new piano lounge open Tuesday through Sunday. All major credit cards accepted. 296-5000.

**PERRY'S OF THE FLORIDA KEYS**, 3800 North Roosevelt Blvd. and in Key Largo. Open seven days. Featuring local seafood, prime rib, salad bar, key lime pie. "Where friends meet to eat and drink." All major credit cards accepted. 294-8472.

**PT'S LATE NIGHT BAR & GRILL**, 920 Caroline Street. Number one locals spot. Large portions and small prices. Grilled dolphin, smoked baby back ribs, chicken, steak fajitas, best prime rib in town, fried alligator. Large screen TVs. Food served until 3 a.m., cocktails until 4 a.m. Visa, MC. 296-4245.

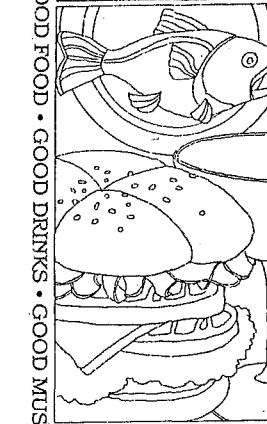
**ROOFTOP CAFE**, 310 Front Street, in the heart of Old Town offering rooftop and indoor seating. Breakfast 9 a.m. to 11 a.m., lunch 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., daily. Dinner until 11 p.m. Live entertainment weekends. 294-2042.

**LIGHTHOUSE CAFE**, 917 Duval Street. Specializing in wonderful Southern Italian and seafood dishes, served in a beautiful garden setting or cozy indoor dining room. Open for dinner 7 to 11 p.m. Reservations suggested. Diner's Club, Visa. 296-7837.

**SAVANNAH**, 915 Duval Street. Fine Southern home cooking featuring Dixie delectables like mouth-watering fried chicken, cornbread, collard greens, fresh fish, and unbeatable mashed potatoes. Dine in a grand old conch house or outside in a tropical garden setting. Open for dinner daily at 6:30 p.m. 296-6700.

**SHALOM KEY WEST**, 601 Duval Street (3 doors off Duval on Southard). Key West's only Glatt Kosher restaurant, specializing in vegetarian and authentic

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# aisle seat

## RED BARN THEATER

If you don't have a good time at Bad Habits, check your pulse - it may be later than you think! The latest Red Barn production is a sparkling holiday present featuring some of our most talented actors playing their best roles to date.

Congratulations to director Richard Magesis. He has tuned the action so well in this zany script that you forget it all takes place on a relatively small stage. Instead of a traffic jam, he comes up with a wild game of wheel chair checkers interspersed with some nimble chase scenes.

The award-winning play was written by Terrence McNally. It made the move from Off-Broadway to the Booth Theatre in 1974. But there's nothing dated about this version. It fits right in with the 90s lifestyles, where recovery is the in thing.

The play is set in two different sanitariums where patients are trying to recover from their "bad habits." Act I is set at Dunelawn and Act II at Ravenswood. Each has its own cast of characters with the actors playing dual roles.

Dr. Pepper (Tom Murtha) runs Dunelawn.



Left to right: Frank Speiser, Dorian Beach and Gordon E. Mackey featured in *Bad Habits* at the Red Barn Theatres.

smoking and Beefeater in martinis. He's aided by Otto (Frank Speiser) who clicks his heels together at the drop of an olive.

The scene begins as two newlyweds arrive for treatment. They are the Pitts - April (Paula Jo Chitty) and Roy (Art Nicholas). Every resort, and maybe every sanitarium, has a couple like this — loud and obnoxious. If you're squeamish

about four-letter words this is the part where you hold your ears. Enter Dolly Scupp (Jessica Steele) who is there for a visit with hubby, Harry (Joe DeLuca). These two are killing each other, but not with kindness.

Another twosome having relationship problems are a couple of fey bluebloods, Hiram Spane (Gordon E. MacKey) and Francis Tear (Michael Mulligan). Their scenes are priceless and possibly the most bizarre you'll ever see. Nothing is sacred as these patients rant about premature ejaculation, Welsh corgies, casting agents, electric eels and Mel Gibson.

The insanity begins again in Act II at Ravenswood where the spellbinding Dr. Toynbee (Tom Murtha) is in charge. This character is so saintly he practically levitates on stage. A beatific

smile graces his serene face as he floats along followed by a radiant glow. Treatment here consists of zapping the inmates with tranquilizers and lining them up in their wheel chairs facing the sun. Dr. Toynbee's staff includes Nurse Benson (Paul Jo Chitty), a character who makes Nurse Ratched seem kindly, and adorable fledgling Nurse Hedges (Dorian Beach). Bruno

**THE RED BARN THEATRE PRESENTS**

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**THE RED BARN THEATRE PRESENTS**

# Bad Habits

BY TERRENCE McNALLY  
DIRECTED BY RICHARD MAGESIS  
An Insane Comedy  
DECEMBER 16 - JANUARY 17

*Curtain 8 p.m.* BOX OFFICE: 296-9911  
319 DUVAL STREET, REAR

# aisle seat

(Frank Speiser) is the gardner who is dying to trim Miss Hedges. The patients are Mr. Blum (Joe DeLuca), a man with a penchant for garterbelts; Mr. Ponce (Gordon E. MacKey), a rubber-necked rummy; Mr. Yamador (Art Nicholas), a man consumed with a desire for flesh (and fingernails!); and Hugh Gumbs (Michael Mulligan), whose habit is so vile it can only be whispered in Dr. Toynbee's ear. His presence takes the starch out of Nurse Benson and her uniform. "Bad Habits" is broad comedy at its best with a terrific cast.

Set Designer Gary McDonald has used his magic powers to create a marvelous workable set and the costumes by Victoria Blacksin and Jessica Steele are perfect.

The Red Barn Theatre is located at 319 Duval Street. For reservations call 296-9911.

## ST. PAULS CHURCH

In its ninth year, "Christmas At St. Pauls" has become a cherished tradition filling the church to capacity each season. Concert co-ordinators Anne McKee and Susan Hawken gathered together a marvelously varied group of talented people to perform. Their words, music and songs rang out in an unforgettable evening of shared joy. From the moment the Fabulous Spectrelles gave their breathy introduction for "Winter Wonderland" to the glorious "Silent

Night" sung by Jacqueline Williams, it was a night to remember.

## SAN CARLOS INSTITUTE

For many of us the Christmas season wouldn't be complete without a performance of the "Nutcracker Suite". Written by Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky, the first performance took place exactly one hundred years ago in St. Petersburg, Russia with Czar Alexander III in attendance. In Key West this year we were treated to a capsule version "Nutcracker in a Nutshell" by The Ballet School choreographed by Denise Plouffe. It was a delight -beautifully staged and costumed with enchanting special effects. The dancers were well rehearsed and gave a thoroughly enjoyable performance. The production captured all the magic of the Christmas Eve fantasy. Paul Vitali was striking Herr Drossel-Meyer and Shanel Pazo and Rebecca Rogan gave fine performances as Clara and Fitz. The "Snow Forest" was especially lovely and "The Land of Sweets" offer many treats. We hope this will be a tradition. Adding to the festivities, the program included caroling by St. Mary's Star of the Sea Church Choir with Steve Wright conducting, and Music of the Florida Keys performed by the Cuban Conch Band, directed by Buddy Chavez.

— Jane Phillips

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# WATERFRONT PLAYHOUSE

## The Murder Room

A Mystery Farce  
by Jack Sharkey

Directed by  
Carole MacCartee

DEC. 22,23,25,26,27  
& DEC. 30 - JAN. 3

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**THE FLORIDA KEYS  
& KEY WEST**

# calendar of events

**NOW THAT THE FOX NETWORK** has filmed its last "Key West" series episode (or maybe not) (see story page 1) and we've somehow managed to survive the holiday scurry to find something interesting to buy on Duval Street among the barrage of overpriced t-shirts, we can all get on with the more serious business of being seen at this season's cultural events.

**DURING THE NEXT TWO WEEKS** you'll have a chance to rub shoulders with a gathering of literary notables at our annual Key West Literary Seminar; sip fine wines by candlelight at a Vintner's dinner; hear a resounding sunset choral presentation; see a duo of totally bonkers Terrence McNally plays. Sounds pretty splashy for such a far-away island in the sun, doesn't it?

For specific details of when and where, check the events listed below.

**DECEMBER 30** — January 3. Final performances of The Murder Room at Waterfront Playhouse, Mallory Square at 8 p.m. \$12. 294-5015. Carole MacCartee, whose eye and ear for detail is razor-sharp, directs a cast of wicked suspects in a witty and sophisticated mystery farce.

**CONTINUING TIL JANUARY 7** — Bad Habits. Red Barn Theatre, 319 Duval Street 8 p.m. \$15. 296-9911. A cast of real dippos appear in a duo of satirical plays by Obie winner Terrence McNally. Just by coincidence, events take place in two highly questionable sanitaria. Who better to direct such madness than mad Richard Mageski?

**JANUARY 1** — New Years Day Fireworks. On the beach at the Pier House, One Duval Street at 9 p.m. Sponsored by Rotary and major hotels. Rockets blast off; fireballs light the sky — just what we all need to assuage the headache or heartache of the night before.

**JANUARY 2** — U.S. Naval Academy Choral Presentation on Mallory Docks at 5:30 p.m. Come hear a rousing performance by a chorus of young men and young women singing against the backdrop of "Punk Island," which will never (hooray) house a Ritz Carlton.

**JANUARY 4** — Literary Landmark Celebration. 624 White Street 11:30 a.m. The Key West poet, Elizabeth

Bishop, lived in the romantic, shuttered, Bahama-style house on White Street from 1938 to 1946. Today, the public is invited to join members of the international press and members of Key West's literary elite at a dedication ceremony during which a commemorative plaque designating the house as a literary landmark will be installed on the now-historic residence. Afterwards, the current tenants can return to their private lives.

**JANUARY 4, 5, 11, 12** — Frank Speiser Performs at the Rooftop Cafe, 310 Front Street at 9 p.m. Theatre wiz Frank Speiser does a crackerjack impersonation of Lenny Bruce and none of the incandescent comedians wicked view of life is omitted.

**JANUARY 6** — Boat Building Classes, sponsored by the Key West Rowing Club. Sign-up at the club's historic boathouse at Land's End Marina. Classes meet

Wednesday evening from 6 to 10 p.m. and Saturday morning from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. \$400 per person.

By the end of the 6 week session you'll know everything you need to know to build your own 13 foot Beetle Cat. The boat built by the class will be available for students use when not being used as a club rental. Now is that an enterprising scheme or what?

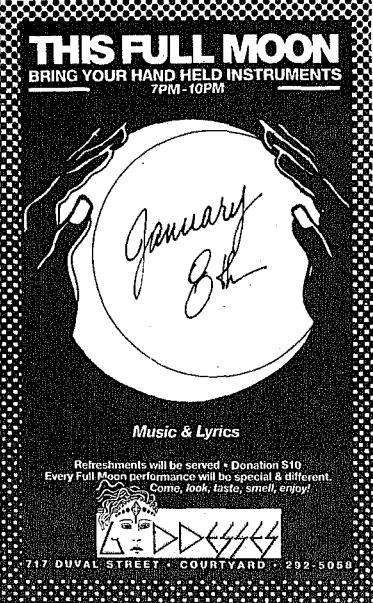
**JANUARY 6 AND 7** — Session 1 Pre-Literary Seminar Poetry Workshop. Pier House Caribbean Spa at One Duval Street. \$214. 293-9291 for possible last minute registration. Participants will benefit from readings, group discussions, and individual poetry evaluations by J.D. McClatchy, Lloyd Schwartz and Elizabeth Spires. A second session takes place January 10 and 11 following the Literary Seminar.

**JANUARY 7 TO JANUARY 10** — Key West Literary Seminar. (See page 20). The poetry of Elizabeth Bishop which will be explored by an impressive list of contemporary poets.

**JANUARY 9 AND 10** — Boca Grande Race. Hosted by the Key West Sailing Club, with headquarters on Sailboat Lane by Steadman's Boatyard. Boats of all sizes are invited to join a vigorous race out to Boca Grande on Saturday followed by an overnight rendezvous with requisite partying, and a leisurely cruise back to homeport on Sunday.

— Judith Gaddis

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# gigs

**T**wo of Key West's best musical minds have recently released new recordings: Leanna Collins' Simple Way To Be, and Matthew Jampol's Classic Lullabyes.

Co-produced by Collins, Lonnies Jacobson and Woody Allen, and recorded and mixed by Dan Simpson at Private Ear Studios, Simple Way To Be is a chocolate mousse: upbeat, cool and jazzy, smooth and sweet.

Jacobson and Allen also lend their considerable playing abilities to the effort. As a matter of fact, the dazzling assemblage of musicians is straight out of a singer's dream. A partial listing includes mainstream luminaries Kenny Drew, Jr., Peter Balin, Roger Guth and Steve Gilmore, along with the finest of our local players, including Tim McAlpine, Dave Burns, Paula Jo Chitty and Marty Stonely. The stellar cast makes for a multi-textured, deeply satisfying collection, liberally sea-

soned with excellent solos.

Collins plays acoustic guitar on several cuts, and the lady's fine voice shines brightly throughout. There are many highlights, not the least of which are the original compositions by Collins with collaborator Nancy Awsumb. One of these, the title tune which closes Side B, is the pick of the bunch. Its gently rolling changes and touching lyrics are set in a delicate arrangement, sparse in comparison with the rest. Also especially tasty are "Bad News," a funky body mover on Side A, "Head Over Heels," an original by G. Rutledge that opens Side B, and "Watch Me," an intriguing number with spooky overtones on Side B.

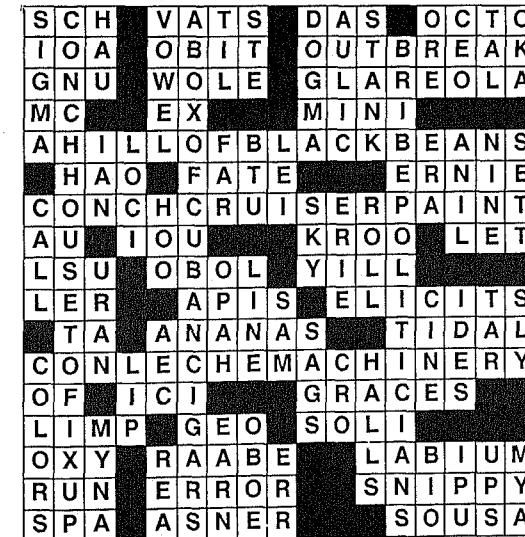
Jazz standards are represented by Cole Porter's "Night and Day," and the lesser heard Burke and Webster's gorgeous minor blues, "Black Coffee."

As for Pop, Lennon and McCartney's "Fool On the Hill" is also given a lovely treatment on Side B.

Overall, Collins has a winner in Simple Way To Be. It is available on CD and cassette.

Classical guitarist Matthew Jampol's cassette tape, Classic Lullabyes, is a beautiful bouquet of gentle melodies, lovingly dedicated to the child in every heart. Woven among such immediately recognized airs as "Rockabye Baby," "Brahms Lullabye," and "Silent Night" are more obscure children's tunes from around the world, including "Spanish Lullabye," "Tum Balalayka" and "Winkum, Winkum." The most frizzled ear can find solace here.

In addition to being a hugely gifted musician, Jampol is seriously disciplined. Here, as always, his guitar work is precise and clean. Presumably because this is a children's grouping, Jampol's dynamics are especially serene and sensitive. In several passages, his strings sound eerily like human voices in chorus.



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## gigs

It's difficult to pick out highlights from this tape; Jampol's playing throughout sounds pretty darned flawless to these ears. And each piece contains the inherent beauty that creates a classic; obviously, there is no throwaway material.

Jampol exhibits great warmth in these pieces, a quality sometimes dwarfed elsewhere by his technical mastery of the instrument. This lovely enhancement is in particular evidence in "Twinkle Twinkle," and "Brahms Lullabye."

"Tum Balalayka" is an absorbing piece, dark and rich, as though Jampol were giving voice to a couple of Russian peasant women describing their

lives. Each speaks, and sometimes their voices intertwine. The last notes are bright, as though they ended their narration with laughter.

Classic Lullabies, gently played by Matthew Jampol, is available on cassette tape. This reviewer will vouch for the fact that, played at an appropriate volume for a horizontal yet extremely wakeful preschooler, it does the trick.

— Christine Naughton

*In last issue we incorrectly credited the photograph of Christine Cordone. The photo was by Images by Alison.*

## almanac

## A BRIEF PREVIEW OF KEY WEST NATURAL ACTS

January 1 - January 14

Well, this is truly a new year. Not only has Capt. Bill Somers of the charter sloop Relevance provided me with a brand new set of tide tables (with adjustments for backcountry places like Snipe Key), current fluctuations and moon phases (of which, more later) but with this issue, Solares Hill comes to you with a set of new names on the masthead. These fresh recruits include my publisher and editor, so comment from this quarter on the changes at the top will be tactfully restrained. Based on past experience, however, I can say without qualification that your favorite weekly will continue to be lively and informative. As for other modifications, like you, I'll just have to wait and see. I do, however, as always, have high hopes. I was born a romantic optimist, and it's too late to change now.

As for the data: Like its predecessors through the centuries, January, 1993, will be, on average, this island's chilliest month. It would not only be impolitic to say "coldest" but it would also be inaccurate. Temperatures will range from highs in the low seventies to "lows" in the upper sixties. If you tell your friends from Maine or Minnesota that here this is considered cold, you had better make sure you tell them over the phone, on a long-distance call. If you tell it to them across the dinner table, they are likely to laugh you out of the room and then spend an evening describing the true meaning of cold. It is a lecture that lacks credibility when hibiscus blooms at your door.

January's rainfall averages one-hundredth of an inch more than December's, and even those with memories as doughy as mine will recall that last month's rainfall was limited, to say the least. The puddle across our street that was a fixture right through October and most of November has been gone so long that the cracked mud it left behind has long since dried up, turned to dust and vanished in the season's prevailing north-easterly winds. There will be more of those winds during January, and they can be counted on to salt the bay with whitecaps more often than not. This is, after all, the season when board sailors leave Hood River for Smathers beach and the

waters off Mount Trashmore.

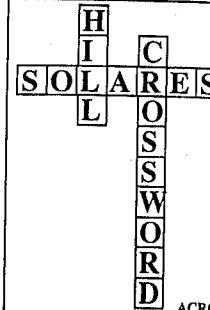
As the moon waxes toward full on the eighth, tides begin to gain momentum. From the seventh through the tenth, there will be some notably low minus tides, most occurring just before dawn. Speaking of which, Old Sol is still suffering from his post-equinoctial dysfunctions. He's about paralyzed there on the southeastern and southwestern horizons and will stay that way until almost the end of the month. Sunrise for the first two weeks varies by just one minute: 7:12 to 7:13; sunsets, however, pick up a bit more daylight, moving from 5:50 to 6:00. By month's end, however, the sun regains his momentum and you'll be able to say the days are truly getting longer.

And what do I hope this New Year brings? I'm glad you asked that question. Because, speaking for Key West and its hundreds of thousands of visitors, I would like to see the Pier B gates at the Truman Annex unlocked, at least during the day. As I have noted here previously, on the west side of the pier between the two fingers that point south, submerged pile of rocks, rubble and coral heads creates a kind of mini-reef that attracts many kinds of fish. Anyone standing on the west edge of the pier can look down and see Key West's unique underwater life. I've seen barracuda, nurse sharks, permit, mullet, mahua, needlefish, gray snapper, sergeant major, tarpon, houndfish, jack crevalle, blue runner, spanish mackerel and cero mackerel, pinfish, grunt and several kinds of brilliantly hued wrasse. There are more species, I'm certain, but I've listed the ones I'm sure of.

As far as I know, and I've circumbiked the edges of this island more than once, it's the only spot in Key West where above-water fish watching is as good. Not everyone, I know, is fascinated by this sort of natural act, but those of us who are very much miss its loss. From the start, and after the change in ownership, Truman Annex officials have promised that the pier would be open. It is not, not yet anyway. Let's hope this encouraging New Year will put an end to those broken promises.

Then, perhaps in 1994 we can hope underwater lights will be installed and the pier will be open at least part of the night. What an underwater sight that would be.

— John Cole

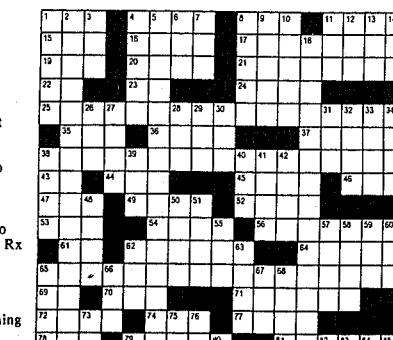


## IF BUBBA WON THE LOTTERY...

Curious Conch cravings

by Brooks - Solution on page 3

35 Tenth part of a **don** 69 From **70 Here, in Haute-Garonne**  
36 Destiny 71 Favors 72 **Saggy**  
37 Cartoonist **Bushmiller** 74 **Inexpensive US car**  
38 Kind of job **Bubba would buy** 77 **Alone (Comb. form)**  
43 **H<sub>2</sub>O: 1964 campaign slogan** 78 **Oxygen (Comb. form)**  
44 Promise to pay 79 **German poet**  
45 Australian 81 **Lip**  
46 Marsupial, for short 86 **Escape**  
47 Lease 87 **Boner**  
48 Shreveport 88 **Curt**  
49 One sixth of a drachma 89 **Caribbean**  
52 Ale, in Scotland 90 **Entertainer Ed Street feature**  
53 Irish God of the sea 91 **Composer John**  
54 Genus of bee 92 **Entertainer Ed Street feature**  
55 Genus of bird 93 **Composer John**  
56 Draws out 94 **Front**  
57 Between dad and za 95 **Indigo shrub**  
58 Previous spouse 96 **Baseball team**  
59 Skirt type, for short 97 **Food fish**  
60 Bubba would buy for his 98 **Nuclear regulator**  
61 Arabic letter, for sum 99 **Opposite of a put**  
62 Pineapple genus 100 **Realtor's real estate investment**  
63 Subject to frequent flooding 101 **Street feature**  
64 Bubba would buy for his 102 **Opposite of a put**  
65 Bubba's capital 103 **Up: various commotion**  
66 Nicotine Jones 104 **King: early TV series**  
67 Until 105 **Until**  
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7 Female Saint (abbr.) 7 **Female Saint (abbr.)**  
8 Belief 9 **Pertaining to royal court**  
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12 Corp. honcho 13 **Like this, in Rx**  
14 Bulgarian measure 15 **Bad Bubba would**  
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16 **Bad Bubba would** 17 **Centers**  
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19 **Bad Bubba would** 20 **Hawaiian wreath of flowers**  
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## PROGRESS AT THE AIRPORT

By Lee Irby

Norman Mailer—or Camille Paglia, who's really Norman Mailer in drag—or somebody once said that the essential search of American literature was for identity. It can be argued that our lovely island of Key West is also undergoing a similar identity crisis. From Fantasy Fest to Duval Street, to Houseboat Row one can feel the paroxysms of conflict as the powers that be decide exactly what Key West is—and isn't.

The latest installment is taking place over the Key West International Airport. In the offing are major renovations, a complete overhaul of architecture, style, and image. Some say that these changes are long overdue and much needed. Others bemoan the loss of yet another old island icon to the bloodless march of progress.

"The current airport is more than adequate," claims Jim McLernan of Last Stand. "Out of town visitors like the small town feeling. We don't need a new one."

"We're talking about a 35 year-old building," counters Peter Horton, who heads up Monroe County's Community Services department. "The air conditioning stopped 20 years ago. It's antiquated."

The airport battle illustrates clearly how a notion of place becomes surreal as groups compete to win doctrinal wars of self-definition. Modernizing robs a place of its past; failure to modernize robs the coffers of cash. Reality is a preference of one or the other.

Imagine you sell institutional hot dogs by the gross in Lima, Ohio, where it's 25 degrees and you can't find the windshield scraper. You save and then take the family for a vacation in fabled Key West. The plane lands safely and your fears of a fiery death give way to glad tidings of paradise. You disembar-

## Southern Ambrosia

By Peter Justin

For the past ten years or so, I've been telling people that Key West was becoming a "made for television" version of itself—safe, tidy, simple, cute and predictable where it once was on edge, weathered, wired, tough and open all night.

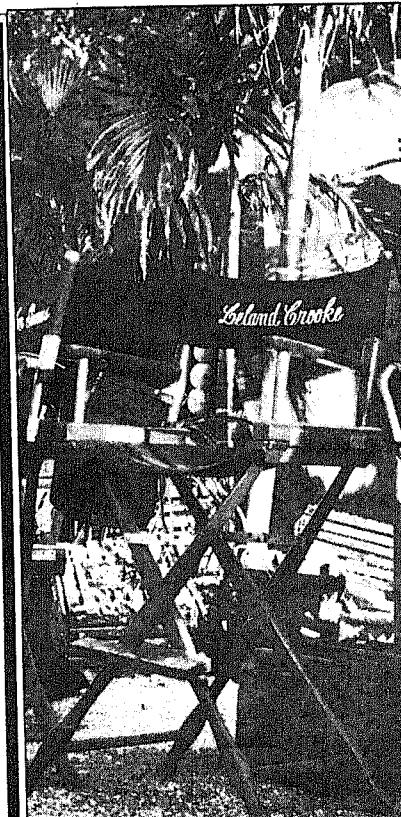
Now, as if to verify the transition, Key West has become a television show complete with wildly inappropriate story lines written by people who've never been here for characters who couldn't be more unlike-ly. As if this town's short on stories or characters! What about the Bubba Trial, Bum's car, the Chicken Delight Buckets, Boca Chica Time, the ex-mayor's baker's dozen, the other ex-mayor's four wheel lap dance, The Boat, The Big Fleet, The Monster, the

(Continued on page 14)

of the doors. There's a dirt-swept parking lot that doesn't cost anything—can you believe it, Doris, you park free in Key West—they said this place was different.

You really have escaped America. You really have gone somewhere different, somewhere exotic. This is not Lima or Topeka or Raleigh-Durham and the airport tells you so immediately. You've made it to the tropics.

In new Key West, you deplane in front of a sparkling 48,000 square-foot building that, once you enter, becomes Anyplace, antiseptic and life-



But the new Key West airport's air conditioning will also prevent the computers from jamming up, as they do now when it gets too hot. One Comair employee is very glad that the terminal is getting fixed up. "You can't stand it in there in the summer," she said. "It's too hot."

The city has no say in the new terminal renovations—the airport belongs to the county. Horton is the county official in charge of getting the project done. The seeds, however, were planted in 1984, when Key West was open for business.

A major upscale destination needs a major