

GUEST WRITER: PHILIP BURTON, MEMORIES OF DYLAN THOMAS, PART II, PG. 22
FRANK KAISER, SNOWSTORM OVER KEY WEST, PART VI, PG. 60

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VOL. 15, NO. 6 / KEY WEST, FLORIDA / JUNE, 1987



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FROM THE EDITOR

Hello,

Auditions will be held June 3 and 4 from 4-6 PM at the Red Barn Theatre for the world premiere of a play by Hilary Hemingway and Jeffrey Freundlich entitled *The Lost Generation*. This play was written especially for the Hemingway Days Festival.

I'm pleased to announce that the focal point of the Florida Chapter of the Nature Conservancy for early 1987 will be the Florida Keys. As they say, "We only have a few years to save the best remaining examples of wild Florida."

Two of our luxury locals hotels won outstanding awards recently. The Pier House restaurant won the prestigious Holiday Award and The Reach had the honor of receiving the 4 diamond status from the A.A.A. Congratulations to both these establishments.

Years ago the anti-High Rise drive galvanized a large number of people to fight together. This past month, unprecedented numbers of Floridians have rallied against the Department of the Interior, protesting the outrageous oil lease proposals for off our coast. These minions of the oil industry are trying to force this down our throats -- don't let them! It is a mean spirit, indeed, that would place our wondrous water environment in jeopardy for such a minimum benefit. Please turn to pages 66 and 67 for more detailed information on what this means.

Speaking of mean spiritedness, the refusal of our government to help prop up the economy of the Dominican Republic is as stupid as it is mean. These people who are (or have been) our friends are dependent on a good market for their sugar. Our country recently slashed its quota for importing sugar from them thereby throwing thousands out of work. Wouldn't

it be far, far better to help these people before dire economic situations cause unrest and upheaval? You can bet we'd send weaponry if it became necessary; why wait for disaster? Is the military industrial complex calling all the shots in our State Department?

Ex-State Representative Joe Allen will be bringing out a weekly newspaper soon. Joe has had a lot of newspaper experience in the past and I wish him good luck with his new paper.

Present State Representative Ron Saunders has been doing a good job in Tallahassee. He's articulate, intelligent, accessible and knowledgeable. Therefore, I'm very disappointed he joined our Florida lawmakers' stampede toward lunacy in watering down our gun law. As well as weakening background checks on would-be gun purchasers, it knocked out county imposed "cooling off" waiting periods that varied from 14 days in Palm Beach and 10 days in Broward to 3 days in Dade and replaced them with a 48 hour wait for people who want to buy handguns. Why?

How can it be so urgent to have a gun that a prudent wait before purchase is deemed unnecessary? Despite their continual squawking, the National Rifle Association seems to have gun laws going their way continually. Will there next be a lobby for guns for teenagers? I await a strong body of lawmakers who legislate against the promiscuous issuing of gun permits -- I imagine it will be a long wait.

Over at the Truman Annex Pritam Singh's town meetings were a great success. The town really is interested in the future of this property and inviting public input on this scale was a wise move. May the good ideas rise to the top as many of us feel they will under the direction of Pritam.

See you in August. 

Our cover artist this month is Bill Pomajzl, Sr.

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THANK YOU

Sharon Wells - A Sense of History

by Marsha Gordon

Sharon Wells was running a temperature. She also had a running nose, running eyes and was occasionally running true to form. She had made a commitment to this interview, and sick as she was, she was going to see it through.

As a community, we've come to expect that sense of commitment from Sharon Wells. If she says she'll do something, she does, even though that might make a few people look over their shoulders.

Sharon grew up as an Air Force brat having moved every three years. She has lived in areas as diverse as St. Louis, the San Fernando Valley, Pennsylvania, Tokyo, Hawaii.

Sharon first came to Key West as part of the architectural survey team from Tallahassee in 1976 to survey the Historic District. Her major at Gainesville was History and Sharon works as an Historian for the State of Florida and is assigned to Key West. Sharon is consultant, a writer, a photographer. She is a chairman of the Historic Architectural Review Commission and is Vice President of the Key West Art and Historical Society which has responsibility for East Martello Tower and the Lighthouse Museum.



Sharon Wells

We sat in Sharon's cozy living room on a rainy morning surrounded by her eclectic taste in music and art. Between sniffles, coughs and sips of orange juice we talked about what was right and what was wrong with Key West. We even talked a little bit about Sharon Wells although each time we did that her foot started to shake as though some personal alarm system was activated.

MARSHA GORDON: Do you think moving around as a child gave you the feeling of wanting to be rooted in something and so your historical juices got going?

SHARON WELLS: Yes, I think so. The longest I've ever lived anywhere is here and that's ten years.

MG: What's an historian?

SW: A historian is someone interested in

the past, in antiquity. I'm interested in both social and intellectual history, how people think, why people think, how and why people live where they do.

MG: Why do you live here?

SW: A lot of reasons. The weather, the vegetation. To me, it's a very beautiful place. I like the tropics.

MG: Is there a personal freedom here as well, do you think?

SW: I think so. I enjoy the people here. The community, the sense of small town, the localness of it.

MG: What are the important parts of your life?

SW: Oh, God, Marsha, how can you ask me that? (The warning foot shook.)

MG: Let's talk aesthetically. Obviously,

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there's music. There's art...

SW: Yes, primitive art especially is one subject which particularly fascinates me. Also I collect local art: Fred Gros, Ann Irvine, Stuart Vaughan, Haitian art. I have two very early Jack Baron works, within the first couple of years.

MG: You serve on the Historic Architectural Review Commission (HARC). How do you feel about the board and its makeup?

SW: I hope that I have made some significant contributions to the commission during my three-year tenure. To help raise community consciousness about preservation is, I think, very important. To help people realize that preservation is a positive end, aesthetically and economically, and not just a set of regulations, is very important. This current board and its predecessor have been responsible for the review and revision and standardization of the *Guidelines*, and have worked to bring them more into compliance with the Secretary of the Interior's *Standards*. The guidelines do evolve. As different issues or problems in building restoration become apparent, the commission must address them.

For instance, one of the latest issues is whether to approve the replacement of a roof with Conch shingles, or any tin roof on an historic building, with fiberglass shingles painted white. A tin roof is one of the important historic fabrics and features which helps to define our historic structures. And thus the board does not approve its replacement with a material which in

appearance and texture takes away from what is historic.

I think it's important for people with knowledge about architecture, who can read plans and who can deal with people to serve as commission members. Understanding the rules and regulations of what an architectural review commission can do and should do is paramount. The more professional people sit on the board, the better it will function.

MG: An what should HARC do?

SW: It should define what the characteristics of the historic district are and then insure that those historic characteristics are implemented in term of restoration changes or rehabilitation changes. And one of the most important duties is to help people understand why it's important to maintain what it is that is significant about this town.

MG: Is it doing all that?

SW: Yes.

MG: What isn't it doing?

SW: In my opinion, the members on the commission need to be able to give alternatives. When an application is denied, you have to give some alternative choices. The board needs members who have design or preservation experience; without that, it becomes difficult to assist the public.

MG: What's your feeling on the RDA property? Are you comfortable with what's happening?

SW: I've had several official meetings with Pritam Singh and I've had unofficial meetings and discussions with both him and his project manager. Remember, I've been

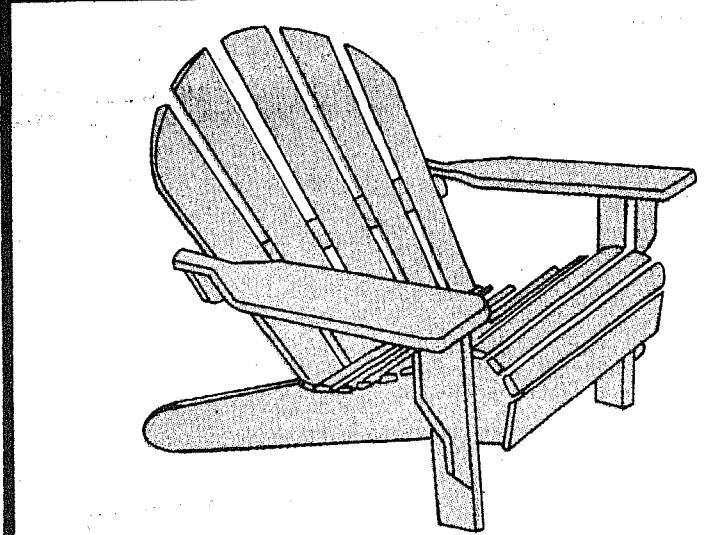
involved in that project for ten years from the preservation aspect. I'm comfortable with Pritam Singh. I think we're very fortunate to find a sensitive developer. We didn't find him, he found us. He had been to Key West and remembers what it was ten years ago before the five story hotels. He remembers it in a real positive sense. I think he has a desire to maintain a certain standard of quality and he is bound and determined to do that. I think he has the wherewithal and the vision to do that.

MG: What's your vision for the future of Key West?

SW: It troubles me. A lot of things trouble me. All the traffic which seems to be one of our major problems is not being dealt with effectively. The TDC gets millions of people to come to Key West and the streets are clogged and no one can get anywhere. I don't know exactly what the alternatives are. I would like to see fewer cars on the road, whether it means having some sort of tram system or closing off some of the streets to pedestrian walkways. I'm perfectly comfortable with the Truman Annex aspect mainly because I think there is a sense of quality there which may indeed translate to the other areas of the island such as the lower end of Duval Street. That section which has been trashed totally. Every tourist who comes to Key West goes to that area and it's really a terrible place to see.

MG: What are the good things?

SW: There are lots of good things. The Literary Seminar is very positive with the



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MG: Where in Mexico would you go?

SW: Maybe up in the mountains, Oaxaca. Probably somewhere I haven't been yet...

But once she's been there, you may be sure Sharon Wells will leave her mark. She'll be off and running somewhere.

Sharon Wells is the author of several works: *Portraits: Wooden House of Key West*, *Forgotten Legacy: Blacks in Nineteenth Century Key West*, *Solares Hill's Walking and Biking Guide to Old Key West*, and a biography of Sloppy Joe's. Her photographs can often be seen at Harrison's Gallery.

emphasis on the writers. I think the arts here are very alive and well. There are many artists who may not show in local galleries, but who are working away and indeed may be showing in New York or Paris. Key West is a fabulous place to work.

MG: If you were to focus on one problem, what would it be?

SW: The traffic. But also furthering the education of the people who live here as to what it is they have here and why it is people come here and what treasure it is. How different, from mainland, U.S.A. it is.

MG: And what is it that's so different?

SW: It's an architecture which has been implanted on a tiny little island that has historically been far away from the rest of the United States. It's always felt like a little bit of foreign America. To me, it's

becoming more and more Americanized and I hate to see that. It's really too bad the train doesn't still come.

MG: What about personal goals?

SW: I'd like to write more; spend more time in research. I'd like to do a study of the WPA period in Key West. The thirties have always intrigued me. A lot of people are still here who were here in the thirties and I'd like to do an oral history. And a publication on Papio (the folk sculptor whose junk art is at Martello). I'd like to get experts in the folk art field to comment and talk about Stanley in the realm of things.

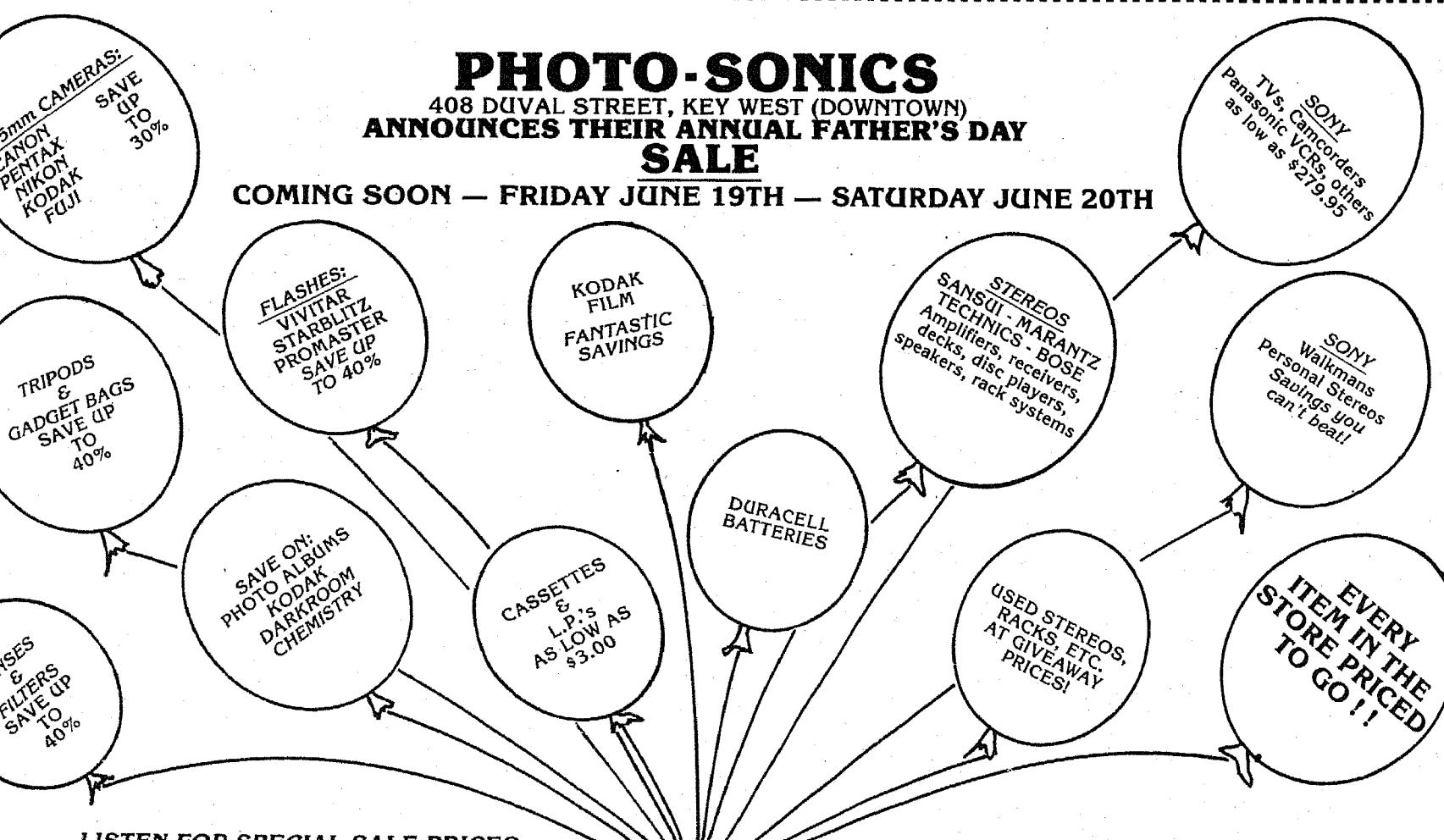
MG: Will you stay in Key West?

SW: Yes, but I'd like to buy a house in Mexico - not leave here for a while - but that would be a project, a place to go. I love all the tile, the visual aspects of a foreign land.

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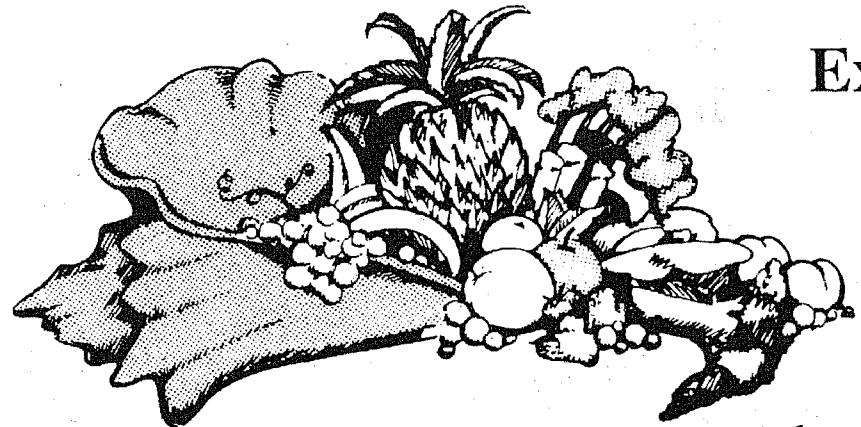


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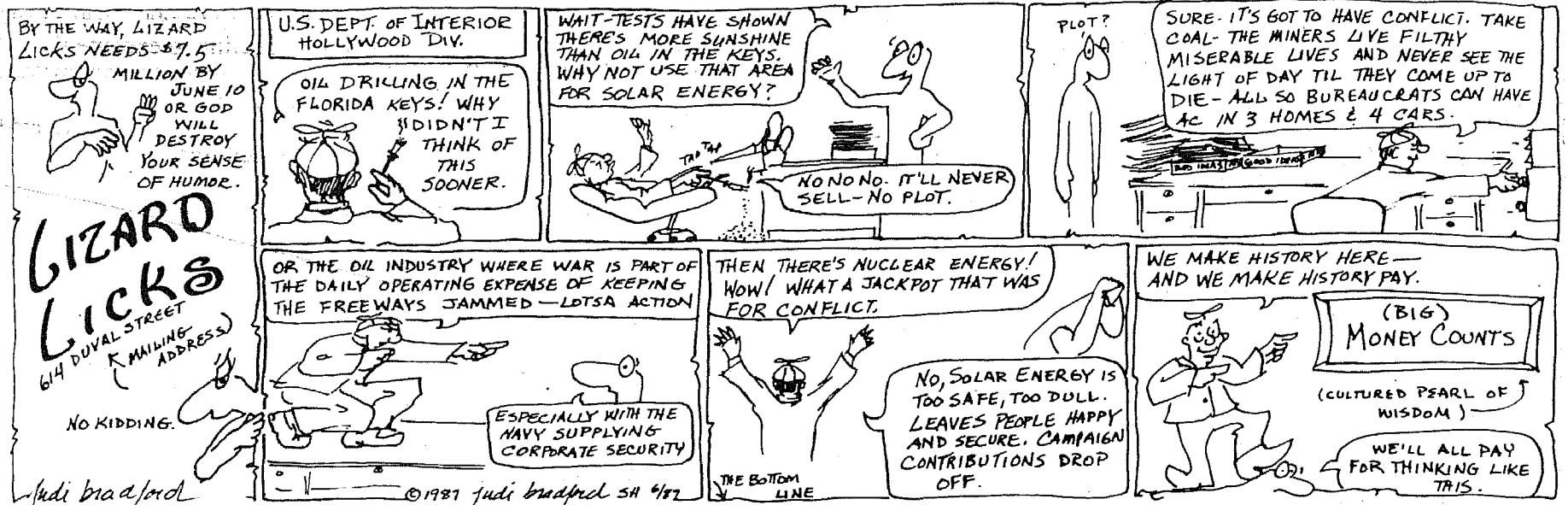
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White House Scandals

by Arthur S. Miller

Those who do not remember history, the saying goes, are doomed to repeat it. This is perhaps the key lesson to emanate from the ongoing Congressional hearings on the Iran-contra scandal. Had the officers, high and low, in the Reagan Administration remembered and heeded the lessons of Watergate, they might not now be embroiled in yet another scandal that reaches into the Oval Office itself.

Fourteen years ago I participated in the Watergate hearings, as chief consultant (mainly on constitutional law) to Senator Sam Ervin's Committee. My duties began in January 1973, before the Committee was formed, and lasted until it adjourned. It is, therefore, with a distinct sense of *deja vu* that I watch today's unfolding tale of crime and corruption in the executive branch of the federal government.

There are marked parallels between the two sets of hearings. In 1973, the nation sat glued to its television sets as the Watergate Committee slowly but inexorably uncovered a web of lies and crimes in the Nixon White House. Possibly because Americans have

become accustomed to derelictions in high governmental offices, there seems to be less interest today. The issues now, however, are even more important than in 1973. Watergate truly was a minor domestic burglary and only Nixon's involvement in a coverup -- the grand jury called him an "unindicted co-conspirator" -- brought him down. The Iran-contra affair reaches far beyond the nation's borders, and even more than in 1973 involves a constitutional square-off between Congress and the President.

Both sets of hearings opened in the famed Caucus Room. Leonard Garment, counsel for former national security adviser Robert McFarlane, was one of Nixon's lawyers. Both Senator Daniel Inouye and Howard Baker (now President Reagan's chief of staff but then a senator) were members of the Watergate Committee. Inouye now chairs the Senate's Select Committee. Baker today is Reagan's principal protector, rather like he was Nixon's in 1973. Baker was Nixon's man on the Ervin Committee, acting one way in public and another way in private (principally executive sessions of the Committee, in which I took part). Had Baker prevailed in his defense of the embattled Richard Nixon, the Watergate hearings would have been concluded by June or July 1973 -- the Nixon would not

have been forced to resign.

Like Watergate, the Iran-contra hearings have revealed a pervasive pattern of lies and corruption within the White House, even at the highest level. And like Nixon, Reagan has changed his story so often since the scandal broke last fall that it cannot validly be said that he did not know and approve of the illegalities perpetrated by staff officers. Already two men, Carl Channell and Richard Miller, have pleaded guilty to conspiracy to defraud the government; and a third, Jonathan Miller, hurriedly resigned his White House position when Robert Owen fingered him in testimony before Congress.

In 1973, John Dean was fired from his White House position, and later was given immunity from prosecution by the Ervin Committee. In November 1986, Oliver North was dismissed from his job on Reagan's National Security Council and likely will be similarly immunized when he testifies. (He has already invoked the fifth amendment's privilege against self-incrimination to keep from testifying before other Congressional committees.)

North and Admiral John Poindexter, the national security adviser, have resorted to the very Constitution they were subverting. They, of course, have a right to hide behind the fifth amendment, but they had no right whatsoever to defy Congress' Boland

Amendment. That statute prohibited direct or indirect military aid during 1984-85 to the contras.

The point is not whether the Boland Amendment contained criminal penalties. Rather, the point is that serious crimes were committed -- admittedly so, in testimony -- by officials in the Reagan White House (or close adjuncts thereto, such as the Central Intelligence Agency). Among those crimes are conspiracy to defraud the government, obstruction of justice (technically called misprision -- a federal crime), and fraud. And this is only the beginning: the hearings will continue for at least three more months.

This adds up to a constitutional crisis. President Reagan, as did Nixon, is drawing upon Machiavellian principles (although not mentioning Machiavellian), to assert a presidential prerogative to do whatever he wishes in Nicaragua. Reagan, and Howard Baker, maintain that the president was not bound by the Boland Amendment.

They are wrong, as was Nixon. They

should read the Constitution, especially that part of Article II that expressly states that the president has a duty to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed." The Boland Amendment was law in 1984 and 1985. The president was obliged to faithfully execute it. To think otherwise is to engage in nit-picking pettyfogging. As Senator Ervin often reminded executive officers, executing a statute emphatically does not mean killing it; rather, it means implementing it.

Chief Justice William Rehnquist (a Reagan appointee) agrees; at least he did in 1969 when he wrote a memorandum as assistant attorney general: "it is extremely difficult to formulate constitutional theory to justify a refusal by the President to comply with a Congressional directive to spend. It may be argued that the spending of money is inherently an executive function, but the execution of any law is, by definition, an executive function and it seems an anomalous proposition that because the Executive Branch is bound to execute the

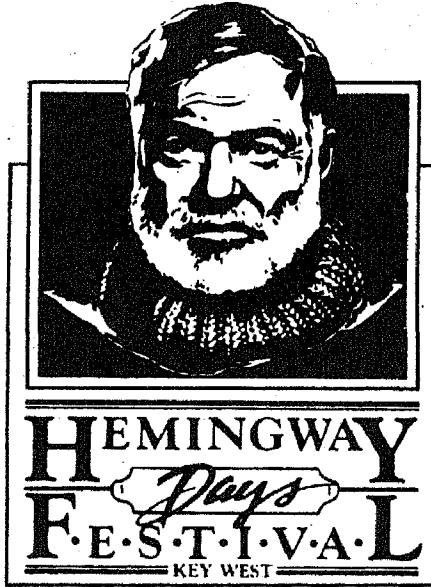
laws, it is free to decline to execute them." So it is here. It would indeed be anomalous that a Congressional directive not to spend money, directly or indirectly -- as was stated by the Boland Amendment -- could be ignored, even defied by the Chief Executive.

Another Watergate-Iran-contra parallel may be seen in the tendency to construe both scandals as strictly legal matters. It was only when Congressmen located a "smoking gun" in 1974 -- Nixon's secret tape recordings of conversations in his office, including his participation in the cover-up -- that the House of Representatives proceeded in its impeachment activity. A similar smoking gun is being searched for today.

This is wrong. The Constitution, as Woodrow Wilson once wrote, is far more than a mere lawyers' document; it is, he said, "the vehicle of the nation's life." We make a bad mistake when we confuse legality with propriety or morality. As



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Professor Sanford Levinson of the University of Texas Law School has written, there is a "specious morality of the law."

The constitutional problem today is far from new to America. Writing in 1788, James Madison, often called the "father" of the Constitution, said: "In framing a government which is to be administered by men over men, the great difficulty lies in this: you must first enable the government to oblige it to control itself." The Iran-contra affair reveals a breakdown of the Madisonian principle. The government, the executive branch, did not control itself in making arrangements to sell arms to Iran and in secretly arming the *contras*. For that matter, neither did Congress, speaking generally, up to the past few months.The Tower Commission Report, which by and large tried to label Iran-contra as a management problem attributable to Reagan's alleged "hands-off" style, has already been shown to be faulty. That Reagan did know and did approve of the efforts, by public officers (for example, Oliver North) and supposedly private citizens (the Secord and Singlaub adventures) to aid the *contras*, cannot be doubted. Whether Secord and Singlaub were agents of the White House in a technical legal sense is beside the point. By their own and others' admissions they were furthering Administration policy. Responsible officers in the Reagan Administration knew about their activities, and in fact encouraged them. Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams is an example.

Another parallel to Watergate, at least

analogously, may be perceived in the growing probability of finding scapegoats and blaming them for the fiasco. This the Nixon White House tried to do to John Dean, only to have the maneuver backfire. The prime candidates today are Oliver North and the late William Casey, former director of the CIA. Both were deeply involved in the affair. North will be called to testify, probably under a grant of immunity. Casey's participation can only be gleaned from the testimony of others.

Finally, is Ronald Reagan impeachable, as was Richard Nixon? The short answer is yes. The Constitution states: "The President, Vice President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." Said Rep. Gerald Ford when majority leader of the House of Representatives: an impeachable offense is anything the House says it is. He was correct. President Andrew Johnson was impeached by the House for violating the Tenure in Office Act -- for firing Secretary of War Edwin Stanton -- and escaped senatorial conviction by the thinnest of margins of one vote.

This is not to say that Reagan will be impeached, though Rep. Peter Rodino, chairman of the House impeachment committee in 1974, now sits on the Iran-contra committee, Congress as an institution has displayed absolutely no stomach to pursue the ultimate remedy against the President.

Let no one think that, whatever the outcome of the present-day hearings, the constitutional "system" is working properly. The system worked fourteen years ago only because of a series of accidents, the principal one being Alexander Butterfield's revelation, to a question from a Republican lawyer, that Nixon had taped conversations in the Oval Office. So it is today: Iran-contra concentrated Congress' mind only when an obscure Middle Eastern periodical published an article about sales of arms to Iran. The mass media of the United States and Congress have been caught asleep at their posts.

perspective only death could provide -- recounts occasions and events that may contribute to the story of a life others will tell more objectively, but never more

TRUMAN CAPOTE
Dear Heart, Old Buddy
JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

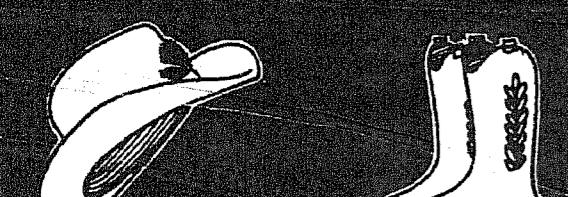
affectionately." The key word here is 'affectionately.'

Brinnin, who also wrote the memorable *Dylan Thomas in America* and *Beau Voyage; Life Aboard the Last Great Ships* is a poet and social historian. This Capote biography's style and capturing of New York, Key West, Eastern Establishment academia and Europe in the 1940's and 1950's when newly celebrated literati like Capote, Gore Vidal, Norman Mailer and Tennessee Williams were first tasting the

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new wine of their successes in those places is rich nostalgia.

Brinnin's book is a haunting picture of love and concern expended of friendships, their rewards and intermittent debits of disappointment, then a final devastating deceit in the case of Capote. The book also is a fascinating portrait of a genius whose early literary successes like *Other Voices, Other Rooms* as well as his much later classic *In Cold Blood* which firmly established the non-fiction novel seemed to bear no resemblance to the waste of talent which engulfed Capote once he became captivated, in the main, with a jaded high society and dunced it all up on TV talk shows, at the Plaza in New York and the Pier House here in Key West.

In the 1940's, when Brinnin begins his sojourn with Capote, hopeful writers in New York frequented inexpensive bars and restaurants in Greenwich Village rather than the uptown boites like Elaine's, synonymous with successful writers of today. No jockeying for "in" tables at places like the funky old San Remo on the corner of Macdougal and Bleeker Streets where this journalist first met Capote along with poets Dylan Thomas and Maxwell Bodenheim and who were living only a few doors away. Beer and wine were cheap and conversation (or so I believed) was high.

Capote was small and had a Southern languidness about him which readers of *Other Voices, Other Rooms* had had emblazoned on their minds from the bookjacket photograph of a tattersalled Capote supine on a couch. In his early

twenties then, Capote and his childlike, highpitched voice heard in the San Remo, fit the androgynous body with the sweet face, reminiscent of the nubile boy in Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice*. Everything seemed to work for Capote in those days and nights at the San Remo and in reading Brinnin's biography it comes as small titillation that Hollywood womanizers like Errol Flynn and John Garfield, according to Capote, took a sexual shine to the young literary rebel (both assignations oddly enough, according to Capote, at the same Grammercy Park address).

Key Westers will have their own interests peaked by Capote's visits to some of the island's celebrated hangouts including Captain Tony's and the Pier House as well as by Capote's flamboyant approach to buying a Key West house. Brinnin also reveals how "Prince of Key West" David Wolkowsky's splendid horse-trading business acumen is not a late-flowering phenomenon. For Brinnin recounts how Wolkowski managed to trade off living quarters to Capote in a house trailer used for construction of the Pier House, which Wolkowski had just launched and still owned, for Capote's posh United Nations Plaza pad in Manhattan.

There also is Brinnin's account of how, according to Capote, the well established Ernest Hemingway was so fearful of the younger writer's rising star that Hemingway threatened Capote in a letter. The reader also discovers how true blue friend Brinnin attempts to defend Capote to Gore Vidal who was suing Capote for what Vidal

alleged as lies:

"What's all this about you bringing suit against Truman for a million dollars?" Brinnin writes.

"He's a liar," says Vidal. "Someone has to have the guts to shut him up."

"I've known him for thirty-five years," I tell him. "Not once have I caught him in a lie."

"That only tells something about you," he says. "He even lies to himself. That book of his, *Answered Prayers* -- outside those few crappy pieces of gossip in *Esquire*, it doesn't exist, never did."

Vidal's assessment of *Answered Prayers*, in which Capote was expected to savage still more of the old acquaintances he once sought and honored, of course proved correct in the end.

Brinnin also calls up his own revelations about why Capote and Tennessee Williams, then living in Key West, had been "doing the dirty dozens" on each other all their lives. He also writes of how Williams successfully insisted on having Capote's photograph dismantled at the Pier House before Williams and his party would dine there.

Through Brinnin's always gentlemanlike narrative, betrayal by Capote nevertheless is revealed by what almost amounts to, as Brinnin carefully constructs the book, the far off warning of a lonely cock crow. For instance, Brinnin writes, "Still at a point in my life where I did not know that dear friends went away, I had yet to learn that proximity is nine-tenths of friendship, absence the swamp where all gratuitous



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friendship, Brinnin almost coldly writes about how Truman had delivered the savage coup de grace to their 40 year friendship. Brinnin writes that Capote had been asked by an unnamed interviewer how well he knew John Malcolm Brinnin.

"He's never been a close friend of mine," said Truman. "He never really was a close friend of mine."

Almost too graciously Brinnin concludes from this that his dear heart, old buddy Truman Capote thus had the last word. I do not believe this and I do not believe Brinnin believes it. But readers should judge for themselves.

The final paragraphs of the book read like the sudden revelation of killer and victim at the end of a thriller. But it's the totality of Brinnin's work that stands as both hosanna and storm warning to the joys and wages of tested friendship.

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The Bougainvillea Plant

by John Leslie

On the street where I live something has happened. It happened quickly and without forewarning; and it may explain more about the changing face of Key West than the glut of hotels and condos can -- or the fight to preserve the salt ponds and exclude jet airplanes from the airport.

On the street where I live we lost a

bougainvillea plant a couple of years ago. In a town blessed with an abundance of bougainvillea this hardly seems catastrophic, but this bougainvillea was different. It bloomed year round, its blossoms the color of good burgundy wine held up to candlelight. The plant flamed and spilled forth from a shed on the corner of the street. The two, the plant and the shed, seemed to thrive in some communal

relationship -- the plant giving color to the shed and the shed providing a form for the plant. Visually, it was a little bit of heaven, as someone I know is fond of saying.

The shed was one of those dilapidated, weathered buildings made of Dade County Pine and a testimony, if one needs testimony in this town, to the durability of that wood. The shed, probably a garage at a time when cars were built to fit into something the size of a shed, didn't exactly sit square on its underpinnings, if indeed it had underpinnings besides what the bougainvillea provided. It seemed more to crouch there, leaning, planks missing from its gray pitched roof and sides, while the bougainvillea gave it a bishop's cap and cloak.

Two years ago a dump truck came and workmen cut and ripped the bougainvillea out. A day or two later the shed was gone.

Someone had bought the corner property and within six months the house -- one thought of it only as an adjunct to the shed -- began to sprout a new gable, storm windows of a variety usually seen only in the sub zero climates of the Dakotas, a picket fence and a coat of paint so thick and white it would take Herman Melville a chapter just to scratch the surface of its significance.

Where the shed had been, a spiffy new garage went up, also dazzling white, with a newly poured concrete floor and a door on caster rollers. If it doesn't have one now,

soon I expect it will have an electronic eye. For months after the completion of this "renovation" no one seemed to occupy the place. There was no for sale sign; the house and garage just sat there, blinding in their whiteness.

Then it happened. Just after Christmas people moved in. The sash windows were thrown open and yellow light, filtering through lace curtains, fell onto the street.

And one evening, biking along the street, I noticed a car pulled up onto the sidewalk, so not to block traffic on the narrow street, beside the white house where the bougainvillea had flowered. I knew the car was a Mercedes by the hood ornament. You know the one I mean, the circular chrome circumscribing three radial lines -- I think of it as a variation on the old symbol for Dr. Pepper: remember 10, 2 and 4?

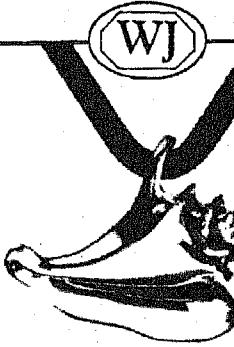
Owners don't refer to these cars by the name Mercedes, however. Instead they start at the end of the alphabet with Z and work their way to the middle, always ending with an L and putting a three digit number (or four, depending on how much over \$50,000 the car cost) after the letters.

Two men were waxing this car just like I imagine they do up north in the land of lawns -- places like Delaware or certain parts of New Jersey where they have all those corporations and lawns like golf greens that plunge and roll down hillsides to paddocks and white rail fences. And men who look like the Great Gatsby wax cars on the weekend while their women give them sultry looks through lace curtained windows.

And that was exactly what was happening on a little sidestreet here in old town (soon to become Olde Towne, no doubt).

Some of you I am sure will call this progress and call me a reactionary. I can live with that. But please do not tell the Gatsbys what salt air and storm tides will do to the underpinnings of their ZXRS6000.

I like to think that an offshoot of the thorny bougainvillea plant is inching its way around the concrete floor of the garage and may one day provide the support for that relic of a car.



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Alas Bohemia

by Daniel Banko

Sometimes the parties up on the Cape got a little out of hand, a bit disorderly, like a car without a steering wheel. You could plan a party, point a way, but sometimes the party veered and made a U-turn, doubled back on you, so to speak. Or you might be arrested for drunken driving, even though you didn't own a car, had never driven one, and didn't want one. During the summers of the early Sixties, the Provincetown cops loved to bust parties, the party goers and the party leavers. It was a part of their main enjoyment, like a major social event, filling the town hall basement with a reeling gaggle of revelers from Boston and New York or wherever. Sometimes, if the cops didn't show up at a party, it was considered a slight, as if you didn't know how to toss a party that meant a hell of a lot.

If you attended one of Norman Mailer's

parties, it was a simple thing to get arrested. Mailer and the cops didn't get along. Not one damn bit. The cops didn't much bust into Mailer's parties. They waited outside and got you there. They got you for drunken walking. You could be a senator leaving a Mailer party early and weaving away from a kind of interesting evening and the cops would bust you, handcuff you like a killer, and toss you into the back of a black-and-white. They didn't give a damn that way. Distinctions were rarely made. The august senator could call his office in the morning when he was sober and not acting-like a goddam fool.

The Provincetown police owned no devices to prove intoxication. You could be sober and dry as a walnut, but if the cops said you were drunk, you were drunk dammit! The judge who served Provincetown had the utmost faith in the officers of the town. If an officer proclaimed you drunk, you were drunk dammit! The officers didn't lie. If one went to a local attorney to protest a drunken walking or driving charge, the local attorney

broke out laughing. But the police were not really thought of as a menace. They were simply a part of the season, like a thunder shower at a picnic, a passing inconvenience. If you were a seasonal regular and had never been in the basement jail, you lacked a certain amount of esteem, like a bound-for-hell protestor failing to be clubbed.

When you tossed a party in Provincetown during the season back then, you were opening your door to most of the town and a good part of Truro and Wellfleet to boot. News of a party traveled fast and parties were adored, even though they might lead to disaster. Parties were a part of the reason of being in Provincetown and there was a party almost every night from the Fourth of July to Labor Day. If you listened, you would know where the party would be, and often you didn't have to listen. You would simply be moved along to one, like a hapless traveler on a crowded freeway being herded in a direction of someone else's choice.

The truly informed did not toss parties

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on the night of a full moon. For them, the dangers of lunar lunacies were well understood. It was best to hold back then and turn to other things, to read that novel your friend had written, or take the dog out for a long moonlit romp across the dunes on the track of O'Neill or Harry Kemp. A full moon over Provincetown is a pretty thing, though. The sky is all a shimmering silvery dome over the polished ebony of the bay with Land's End in sight, the headlands of Truro. The fishing boats lie at anchor like mysterious vessels under a wand of the unknown and there is a hush of anticipation. Not a night to toss a party, though.

Cerise the ceramist from Cincinnati had been neglecting the comingings and goings of the lunar calendar and wasn't concerned that her one big party of the season would fall under the gaze of the full moon, but then her parties were mostly quiet affairs. It was Brahms instead of Mingus or Mulligan, more wine than bourbon. She had never known a fistfight at one of her parties or a sexual reputation ruined. There might be enemies amongst her friends but they took their jousts elsewhere. Beyond just that, Cerise possessed a touchy landlady who had it in her lease that wild disturbances were not permissible and would be grounds for eviction. Cerise wasn't lion hunting but she was hoping that she might snare a few of the celebrities in town to her party. She didn't want Mailer or any of his hooligans, though, any of the wild bunch of poets from Richmond.

On the night of the moon, Cerise opened the doors of her studio for her one big party

of the season, began receiving guests, and all was just as it should be for a while. It was hazy that moment when her party veered and went out of control. It was sometime after the bars had closed, and the moon was riding above the Pilgrim Monument. With the closing of the bars, invited guests began arriving with those they had taken upon themselves to invite as if the party were as much theirs as hers and then there were those who hadn't been invited by anyone. And there didn't seem to be anything she could do about it. People simply kept arriving. The police came also, but not before things had pretty much gone to pot so that it didn't seem to matter much. People coming to her, or their, party, came from both directions, from the beach and up to her deck and from under the rose trellis by the sidewalk. Where the two flows converged there was kind of a whirlpool of joviality, with Cerise herself whirling around it like a misplaced satellite.

Cerise was next door borrowing booze and ice from her neighbors when the skinny-dipping started so that the police shouldn't have blamed her for that. They did, though. She was outside under the rose trellis saying goodnight to the Hamiltons from Montreal when the fistfight broke out between the man from CBS and the poet from Peaked Hill so that she shouldn't have been blamed for the leg that was broken off the secretary. Her landlady did, though. She didn't know who had brought the screaming jazz into her studio and put it on her turntable and cranked up the volume, but somebody had. Cerise

didn't smoke pot but she knew its smell and when she smelled it, she knew some of her, or their, guests were smoking it. Some of the town cops smoked pot and some didn't, but they all knew its smell, and they knew that people at Cerise's party had been smoking pot, but they had no way of bottling the smell to preserve it as evidence. When the drag queens began arriving from the Pilgrim House and plucking roses from the trellis, she didn't know about it until they were already inside and dancing around with her landlady's roses in their hair so that she shouldn't have been blamed for that, but she was. Cerise had an iron clad rule about loaning out her station wagon. She didn't. When the cultured-looking man she had met at the poetry reading at the public library asked if he could borrow her wagon to run out to the airport where he had some friends coming in, though, she found herself handing him the keys. It had somehow gone beyond her that the Provincetown airport closed at sundown and that she had put her poodle away in the wagon to keep it out of harm's way.

When she was released from the basement jail the next morning and then went back to report a stolen poodle and a stolen station wagon, she was told that they weren't stolen at all. Her poodle and her station wagon were out on loan, and she had to accept it that they were. The cops told her that she should sober up and stop acting like a goddam fool. The second day of her hangover, a doggy wash in Hyannis called, wanting to know when she planned to pick up her poodle. A week or so later,

she received a thank-you note from the man she had met at the poetry reading who had borrowed her wagon, informing her that everything was fine with the wagon and that it was safely parked in a slot at O'Hare in Chicago. She could pick it up any moment she wanted. The keys to the wagon and the parking receipt were in with the thank-you note. The man did not include his name or address so that Cerise could answer him back. The thank-you note came a day before she received her eviction notice.

Another of the more notable Provincetown parties was thrown by a New York Irishman named Fitzgerald who hadn't meant to throw a party at all. Or maybe he had. All of that is still moot. I had known Fitzgerald from my Village days, had seen him in and out of the MacDougal Street bars and holding forth in the White Horse Tavern over on Hudson. Fitzgerald was well-heeled with a surrounding rumor that he had something to do with the Guinness family. He didn't work and it wasn't expected of him. He owned an apartment in the Chelsea Hotel and did pretty much what he wanted. He walked his bulldog in Washington Square Park and drove a sporty MG convertible, went to the Broadway shows. He was also a literary buff, specializing in the literature of his ancestors. When Brendan Behan was in town, they toured the bars together.

Fitzgerald came to Provincetown in the early spring of '63 when the winter blues were still pretty much hard down on those of us who lived year round on the Cape. I discovered him one drizzly morning sitting over a nine-o'clock martini in the Old Colony Tap, staring out at the public library and dreaming of something. He was dreaming of a restaurant. He would call it Fitzgerald's but it would be a French restaurant. It seemed unlikely but Fitzgerald climbed on the wagon and pursued the notion, renting a vacant storefront on Commercial Street and going about turning it into a restaurant. It was a favorable location down by the post office and almost across from the mouth of the alleyway leading back to the Atlantic House. The Atlantic House was a bar and nightspot that did a tremendous volume during the summer months. Fitzgerald would serve dinner and then remain open with a sandwich menu to catch those coming out of the Atlantic House at closing. Everything seemed right.

There were those of the mystified appearing for the opening, and being denied who suspected foul play. They feared that Fitzgerald and his staff might be found trussed and slaughtered on the floor of his spanking brand new kitchen for reasons unknown. These trooped to the beach and tried the back door, but that was firmly closed and bolted also. There was talk of forcing an entry or calling the officials, but maybe it was best to simply hang around for awhile and wait and see.

Suddenly a different person, Fitzgerald turned away from Yeats and Joyce and Synge and came down on filet mignon croissants and pate forestiere, duck liver mousse. Fitzgerald kept at it and had it ready to go a few days before Memorial Day weekend. It was a pleasant spot, Fitzgerald's cafe by the bay. It had round tables and cushioned chairs, a tricolor motif with red table tops and white napkins, blue menu covers. He had hired one of the short order cooks out of the local diner to be his assistant and given him the title sous chef. Fitzgerald himself would wield the major ladle.

No one really knows what went on in Fitzgerald's soul the day set for the opening of his restaurant. It had to be something, though, a sudden distaste for it all, or a

waffling bewilderment at the task ahead. Whatever, when the two girls from Vermont he had hired as waitresses came in to set up for the opening, they found their employer stretched out on the floor of his spanking brand new kitchen, head resting on a bundle of aprons, dead asleep. They didn't know where the sous chef or dishwasher were. When they finally managed to rouse Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Fitzgerald promptly went out to where his sous chef and dishwasher were asleep on the beach and fired them for being drunk.

When Mr. Fitzgerald came back from firing his sous chef and dishwasher, he was chanting a ditty in a foreign tongue and there was a broad smile on his face. It was as if he had taken a keen enjoyment in firing his sous chef and dishwasher, as if perhaps he had hired them so that he could have that moment when he fired them. The two girls from Vermont also understood that Mr. Fitzgerald had been drinking. Passing the spanking brand new range, their employer veered away from the French onion soup and ended up bouncing off the chill box, and the girls came to believe that their employer might be going out of business before being properly in business.

Fitzgerald's opening proved a bewilderment for both the town and the tourists that Friday evening. There were lights on in Fitzgerald's, a large colorful menu on display in the window, electric candles flickered on the tables. One could hear the strains of Piaf and Lucienne from inside. There was an open sign, but the doors to Fitzgerald's were firmly closed and locked.

Although Fitzgerald had sent out a certain number of formal invitations for his opening, there was no way for those holding the invitations to enter to take advantage of the announced free buffet. It was like a Christmas present that defied being opened.

There were those of the mystified appearing for the opening, and being denied who suspected foul play. They feared that Fitzgerald and his staff might be found trussed and slaughtered on the floor of his spanking brand new kitchen for reasons unknown. These trooped to the beach and tried the back door, but that was firmly closed and bolted also. There was talk of forcing an entry or calling the officials, but maybe it was best to simply hang around for awhile and wait and see.

The watch came to an end when Fitzgerald himself showed up from down Commercial Street with the two waitresses from Vermont jammed into the front of his MG, his bulldog sprawled out across their laps. Behind them, drinking Guinness and smoking cigarettes, rode the sous chef and the dishwasher. Fitzgerald was sorry for any inconvenience. He and his staff and his dog had made a rather wayward trip to the liquor store, he was afraid, allowed time to slip past unnoticed. Could an Irish poet be excused?

For those who had lingered out of curiosity or still hopeful of the free buffet, it now appeared that there was going to be an opening after all, an opening with a poetry reading. Fitzgerald was blending the art of poetry with the art of cooking, Yeats mixed in with croque monsieur and pate de

Solares Hill - June 1987 - Page 15 campaign. It seemed an extremely sensitive way to go about things. When it became apparent that Fitzgerald was in no condition to open anything, it was thought that perhaps it would be an early party with a poetry reading. This seemed the more suitable all the way round.

Fitzgerald's open house ran for at least a week with various breaks for needed rest while the town drank up his wines and beers and emptied his chill box of its pates and cheeses. Fitzgerald offered no explanation for his switch from restauranteur to host extraordinary nor was anyone too much concerned. It was his own damn business. Ingress to the party was mainly from the beach and the back door with the sous chef and dishwasher acting as doorman and bouncer. Few were excluded or bounced, however. The cops wanted to bust Fitzgerald for acting like a goddam fool and tossing a party of such length right in the center of town, but they could discover no statute that prohibited a person from giving away that which was rightfully his. On his way out of town after finally pulling the plug on the party, Fitzgerald was busted, though. The cops got him for going thirty miles an hour in a school zone, although school had been out for a good two weeks. And, of course, there were those who had been charged for drunken walking while leaving Fitzgerald's party.

For the young in the arts, the Provincetown parties back then offered a chance to rub elbows with the successful and maybe learn a little about the dangers of their desires. There was very little snobbery. One had to be a very bad actor to be turned away from a party and even a bad actor, if he could restrain himself long enough, had a good chance of feeding himself and getting drunk on someone else's booze before being bounced. There were the struggling who mainly lived off parties and nobody cared. The Algrens of the art world had put in their time in the coldwater flats and done their bit of scuffling. Parties kept many of the clever going and then there were the gallery openings. It was a simple thing to get drunk at an opening and wander blissfully away into the night without having the slightest notion of the artist's name or reputation or what he was about. And the galleries didn't give much of a damn. A good crowd at an opening was desirable, the more the better, and better yet if the gallery were charging the artist for the amount of booze consumed. It was almost as if an intense scrambler in the arts should keep a more-or-less social calendar of coming events.

The days of the big open parties in Provincetown are mostly a thing of the past. Instead of an art colony, Provincetown has become more and more a summer resort with the artists and writers priced out. The affordable studios and rooms just aren't there anymore. But the same thing happened in Greenwich Village a long time ago. Strunsky's was gone when I found the Village in the Fifties, but there were still those coldwater flats to be found for forty or fifty dollars a month. There would be a chipped and decaying bathtub in the closet-

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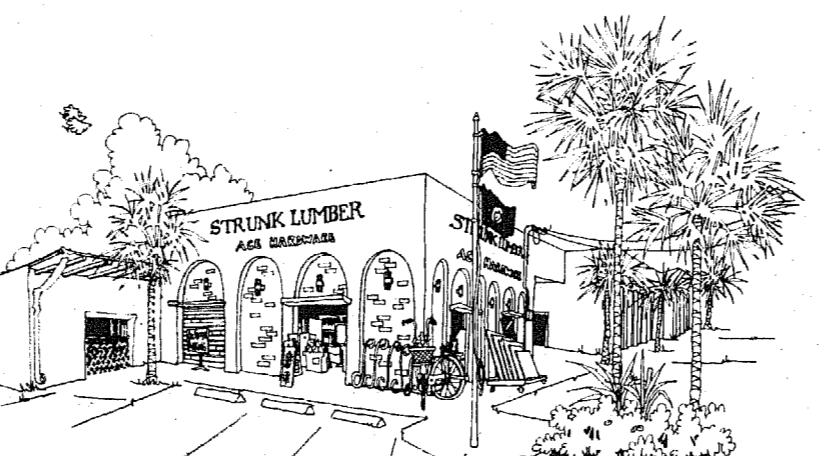
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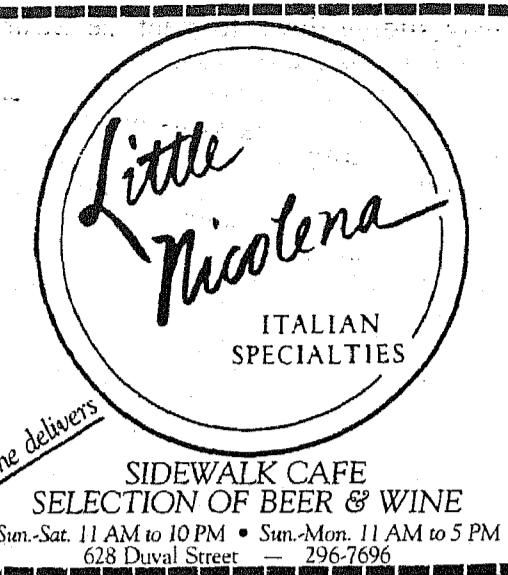
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sized room you called the kitchen and the toilet would be out in the hall and shared by many others, but Hadley and the young Ernest Hemingway used a slop jar in Paris and still invited Stein to lunch and she came. You won't find many blocks in the Village harboring those coldwater flats anymore and if you do, you can worry about the rent. The days of low rent in the Village are a thing of the long ago past.

Back then, though, if you were a newcomer and broke, couldn't even afford the fare for a coldwater flat, there was always the Mills Hotel. The Mills ran its accommodations in two ten-hour shifts every twenty-four hours. For forty cents one could bed down for ten hours and sometimes ten hours can seem like a week. You were given clean sheets when you checked in, a key, and a fresh towel for the basement showers. Your abode wasn't much more than a large shipping crate but the door locks were safe and the management kept things quiet. Many a mover in the art world moved first through the corridors of the old Mills. The outer shell of what was once the Mills now houses a huge apartment complex and I wouldn't know the tab.

There were no cruise ships into Key

West that long-ago season but there was the ferry across to Havana and its casinos and nightclubs and I liked that notion. I also liked the notion of the five-and-dime with its ninety-five cent lunches and affordable clothing close by on Duval, the Cayman Islanders coming into town under full sail and ramping their turtles into the kraals on Caroline Street. There was Santana's Grocery on Caroline with its dusty back room where the Cayman Islanders went to drink beer and show off the trinkets they had purchased at the five-and-dime. They would never have believed themselves a tourist attraction.

A draft at Sloppy Joe's was maybe a quarter then and the evenings were long and tropical and without the din and the muscle. One could hold a conversation with the successful and maybe learn a little. Most of all, Key West that long-ago season was a slumberous town, a wondrously laid-back community where a scrambling writer or artist could find that place to test his talent. Not so today, I'm afraid. Key West has priced them out. One wonders if the young Ernest and Hadley would challenge the Key West of today as a part of their moveable feast and one thinks not.

...

I don't know, I just think it behooves those communities that boast of being fine art colonies to encourage the beginners as much as possible. It's not enough to boast of those who were or are. When Provincetown finally realized that it was losing a lot of the younger artists who could no longer afford the town, there were those concerned who believed their absence was not only a loss but a betrayal of tradition. They wanted to do something about it but they didn't know what. They certainly couldn't order the landlords to lower their rents.

...

There was talk of going to the town itself to build a string of low rent studios but when that was found unlikely, a coalition of artists and business people joined together to purchase a piece of property on their own. With that in hand, they announced their intentions and went searching for grants.

...

What has emerged is the Provincetown Fine Arts Work Center. It took awhile, but now the Center offers free studios and stipends to twenty competing artists and writers each year. The length of the residence is seven months and federal and state grants pay for most of it, with corporate grants aiding the Center from time to time. It was intention that brought it to be, a community's concern for its tradition. I think such a center would be a fine thing for Key West. I know Hemingway would approve. He helped get Eliot out of that bank in London, didn't he?

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...

It had been more than a year since I set

out on my last fishing expedition. Physical

complications kept me on the beach all that

time, chewing my heart out because I

couldn't get out on the free open sea that I

longed for.

At last at sea again. Finally a seaworthy vessel came into my life which could take me out to the fishing grounds beyond the reef and return me back to home port safe.

...

I had been more than a year since I set

out on my last fishing expedition. Physical

complications kept me on the beach all that

time, chewing my heart out because I

couldn't get out on the free open sea that I

longed for. All that behind me now, I steered the boat joyfully down the snake-like channel in Boca Chica Bay, which opened up to Hawk Channel where I would cross over and head due south for my favorite fishing grounds just beyond the reef, several hundred yards past Sand Key Light to a bank known as Eyeglass Bar, that rises from two hundred feet of water to sixty or seventy feet. This is where I had

...

Besides, I inwardly wanted to be alone

— myself, the boat, the powder blue sky

and friendly white clouds, the water rushing

against the hull, the various seabirds gliding

gracefully in the wind currents above,

occasionally porpoises swimming alongside

showing their trusting grins then diving to appear on the other side of the boat.

...

A ten knot wind hardly excited the sea

and the thirty-four foot vessel cruised

smoothly through that vast wetness to the

place I wanted to be anchored down for the

night's fishing.

A great ball of orange-red sun was

The Great Fish Tail

by Bob Windisch

At last at sea again. Finally a seaworthy vessel came into my life which could take me out to the fishing grounds beyond the reef and return me back to home port safe.

been hearing from local fisherman that Mutton Snapper and Yellowtail Snapper were spawning and plentiful.

I headed the boat straight for Sand Key, feeling easy at heart and free again. I knew I needed a mate for this venture, but no one was available or willing to leave when I wanted to go. But my reckless nature urged me to get on with the trip, with or without a mate.

...

Besides, I inwardly wanted to be alone

— myself, the boat, the powder blue sky

and friendly white clouds, the water rushing

against the hull, the various seabirds gliding

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...

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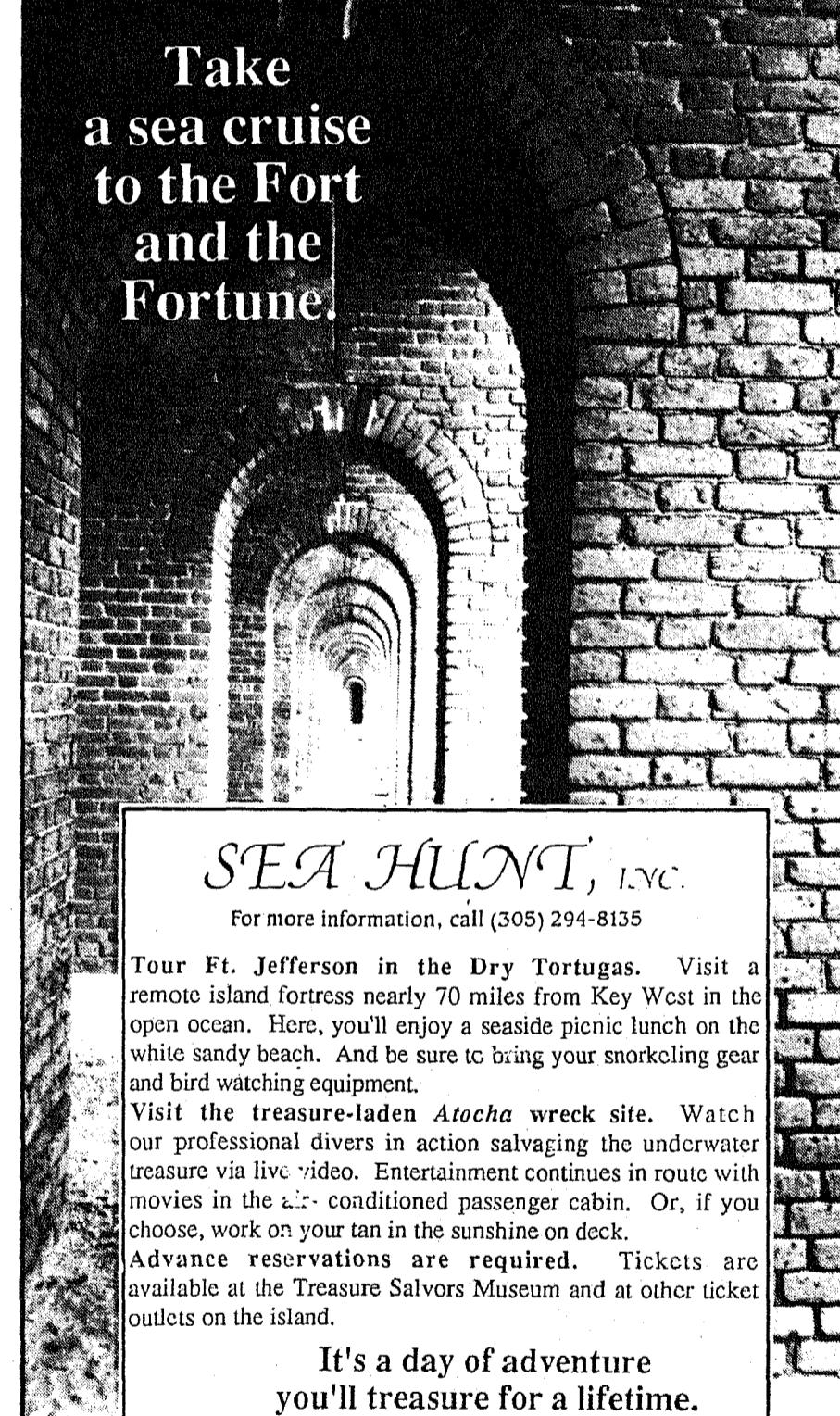
smoothly through that vast wetness to the

place I wanted to be anchored down for the

night's fishing.

A great ball of orange-red sun was

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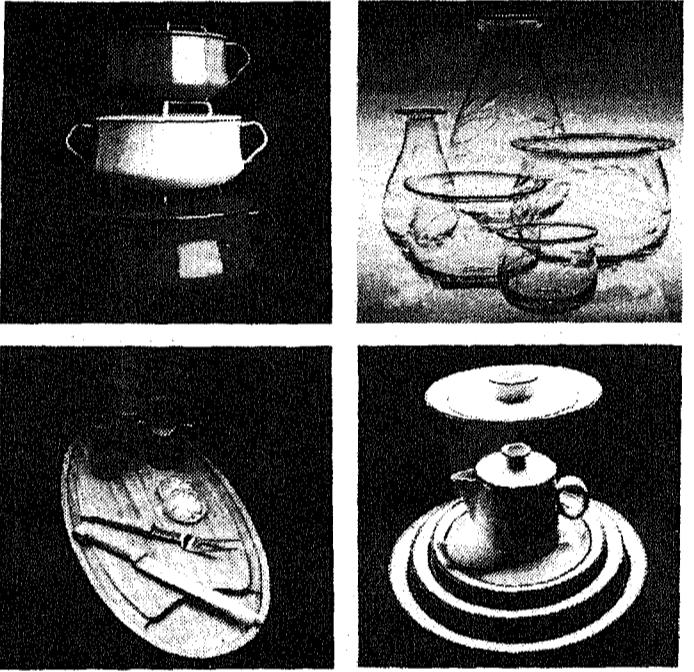
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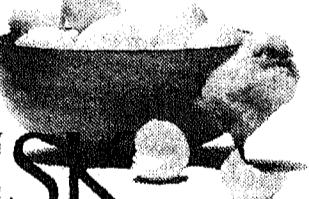


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throwing them in the chill barrel where the fish would quickly die in frozen shock in the biting, icy water.

The spectacular sun ball was hanging halfway below the western horizon and slipping out of sight. A half hour was left of the beautiful day before the grey shadow of nightness softly fell over the sea and left a quiet solitude.

In the depths below, a nightlife awakening was taking place as a new feeding cycle had begun. Smaller fish were

tightly schooling together for protection as the bigger fish emerged from the crevices of the rocks and coral to begin the nightly roving and hunting to satisfy their hunger.

Through the spyglass I could see Mutton Snapper being hauled over the side of the Cuban boat. They had chummed up a school of spawning snapper close to the surface where they were being caught with a hook only, at the end of monofilament line.

After throwing out about a dozen handfuls of chum I had my first hit. I could feel the fish nibbling around the bait and then the line stretched out and whizzed

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through the water. I gave the line a sharp tug to set the hook in the fish's mouth. The fish ran and tugged to free itself from the unexpected power of the line being hauled in hand over hand, until at last the struggling fish was alongside the boat and soon hoisted over the side to be grabbed, dehooked and tossed into the shocking chill barrel where it splashed about for a few seconds, then lay on its side.

At last, at last, I was back doing what I loved to be doing, out on the open sea and catching fish. Every problem and worry was left behind on land. I was out to sea again where I could do nothing about my land problems: the many attempts and failures, the busted dream bubbles, failed marriages, the loss of family life, the restricted visitation rights with the kids, the physical problems, the mental problems and money problems. All this was washed away from my mind like an eraser over chalk on a blackboard.

Another hit, another fish. This time it was a five-pound Yellowtail Snapper which fought a glorious battle before giving in to its icy death in the chill barrel. Its golden tail thrashed about for a good ten seconds before it rolled over in cold shock.

I kept the chum line going and fish were soon swirling behind the boat, chasing the smaller bait fish that were attracted by the stern work light. I didn't need weights or sinkers now, only a number six hook at the end of the line. I needed only to bait the hook and throw the rig overboard and let the current carry the baited hook twenty or more feet, then another hit and another fish in the

barrel. Mostly they were two- or three-pound Mutton Snapper and, now and then, a flag Yellowtail Snapper.

I heard a loud, happy chatter coming from the Cuban boat. Something exciting was going on over there. I watched through the spyglass as an old Cuban fellow lifted a large, fat Grouper over the side. The fish looked to be about three feet long. This meant that the fishermen on that boat were bottom fishing with heavy rigs for Grouper and Jewfish. A new excitement rushed through my blood. Big fish on the bottom. Fat money fish hanging around the coral caves.

The night became dark, large forms of cloud cover were flowing across the sky, allowing a few stars to glisten through from time to time. The silver crescent moon played hide-and-seek with the clouds.

The old time fishermen always said these conditions were ideal for fishing. The underwater darkness makes for good fishing because fish are limited when it comes to identifying their prey. That's what some of the old fishermen say.

I opened up the fishing gear box and got out the heavy duty bottom fishing rig designed for the big guys. Two-hundred pound test line, long stainless leaders, swivels, sinkers and a hook large enough to tear the stomach out of a shark. I reached in the chill barrel and picked out the smallest Yellowtail that I had landed, then secured the Yellowtail to the wicked looking hook, added several sinkers and lowered the money rig over the side and let it sink the seventy feet below the boat. I then secured

it to a cleat with a string from the line to the ship's bell to ding-ding it if there was action on the bottom.

The heavy line lay in the water, slack and motionless. I gave the big rig some attention for a while, then went back to catching Mutton Snapper and Yellowtail. I could catch a keeper fish about every five or ten minutes, little by little filling the chill barrel, then transferring the chilled fish to the ice chest in the cabin, making room in the chill barrel for more fresh-caught fish. It was past midnight when I figured I had at least a hundred pounds of fish in the ice chest and chill barrel. All good market fish.

The skinny moon was just about overhead when the bell clanged three times. Something was yanking on the end of my bottom rig. Quickly I hauled in my line and threw it aside, grabbed the thick two-hundred pound test line and gave it a short, quick jerk to set the hook on the bottom dweller who by now must have had my Yellowtail bait in its mouth. When I jerked to set the hook the unknown big daddy made a quick diving run. I struggled to haul in the powerful fish, but the tight line whizzed through my hands like greased lightning. When I pulled back to keep the fish from diving to its cave or under a rock the tight line cut and burned my palms and fingers, making deep, bloody creases in my fingers. I knew if the fish lodged itself under a ledge it would not be likely I would ever see it.

I wrapped the heavy line several times around my fists to keep from losing my grip. My gloves were inside the cabin and I

didn't dare try to reach them for fear that the big fish might make a sudden hard run for the bottom and shake the hook.

My adrenaline was working overtime. In the course of the action nothing entered my mind except to hold on to the great fish and try to edge it toward the surface where I could deal with bringing the brute aboard the boat. The fish would make a run to the left, then feeling the force on its jaw would turn and run to the right, always trying to gain more depth to where it might find refuge under a rock or in its cave. It ran up current, then down current, each time forcing me to give up some line, then recover it every chance I could.

I glanced up to the night sky to locate the new moon which was by now on its way to the westerly horizon. This told me that I must have been fighting my great one for at least three hours. I had lost the awareness of time. I only knew and was determined to do one thing, and that was to bring this baby home whatever the cost.

My hands were now bleeding a lot but I didn't notice the pain. Then, at last, the great fish seemed to be getting tired and I was able to haul him up about thirty feet. Then, all of a sudden, he dove straight down full speed, ripping the gained line through my hands.

I knew I wasn't strong enough to hold the fish with my hands, so I wrapped the line around my waist and twisted around three or four times to make my whole body the force to hold the fish from getting back to the bottom. The force of the line burned circles in my belly and back, then the fish

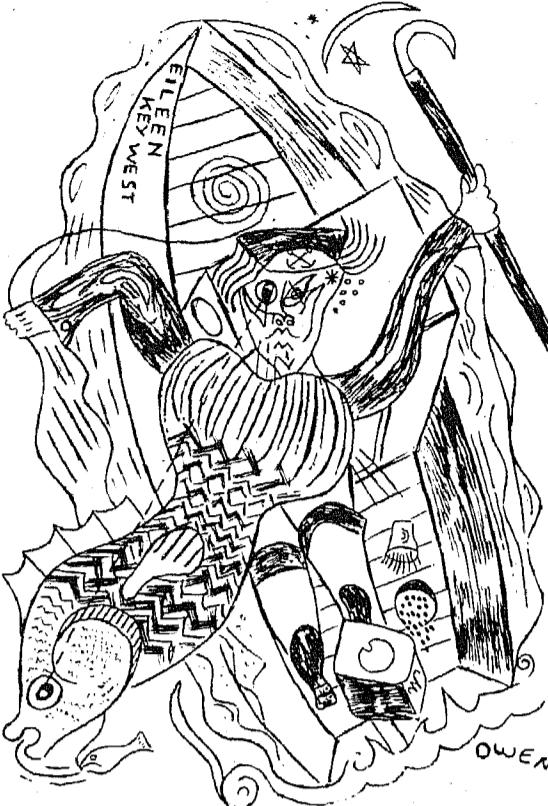
came to a standstill. I took advantage of the short lull in the battle and gulped some much needed breath into my lungs. When I felt the fish begin to struggle again I placed

meet my great foe face to face. I really wanted this fish that was tearing me to shreds, piece by piece. I never wanted a fish more than this mighty contestant. This was the fish I had to overcome!

I gained about ten more feet, then a sudden jerk and the recovered line was taken back again as he made another attempt to get to his cave. I needed a cup of coffee and a short rest for my tired and weary body and numb mind. The great fish wasn't going for coffee breaks. The strenuous tug of war resumed; at one point he almost jerked me out of the boat into his turf. I managed to brace myself again and continued to haul over my shoulder. At last I could feel the great fish beginning to give in to the pressure of my persistent hauling. Inch by precious inch, I was gaining line on him. He continued to struggle and made attempts to dive but I was able to check his dives and gain a few inches, sometimes a whole foot at a time.

I don't really know where my mind had traveled during the battle but I realized I was talking to my other self on the other end of the line. We were connected by a two-hundred pound test umbilical cord. I whispered gently; I urged; I pleaded; I gave him soothing praise. I asked the great fish to please give up the battle. I told it how much I respected its greatness and how I honored it as a great ruler of the depths. I explained that I loved him and that even great creatures such as he must sooner or later succumb to the laws of life.

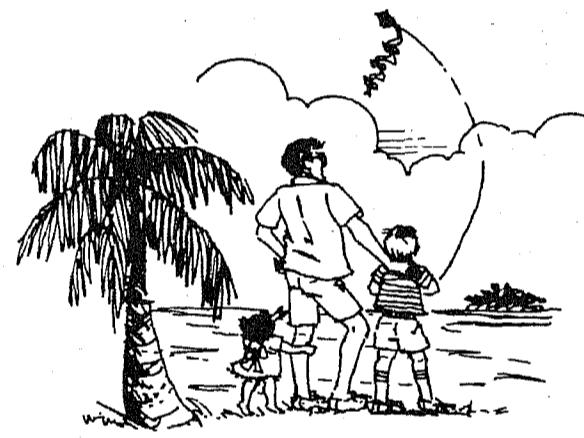
"Come to papa," I whispered, "daddy loves you, give me another foot of line,



the line over my shoulder and heaved with all the strength that was left in me.

My hands were cut and sore, my right shoulder burned where the line cut through, my back was killing me and I needed a rest very badly. I couldn't give up now; my mind was set on victory and determined to

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come up here so papa can finally see you." My shoulder was cut where the line pressed against it; my arms were numb; my brain was numb and dizzy. Again I began to haul and little by very little the great beast began to rise from the depths, struggling less as he neared the surface. My emotions overcame me and I found that I was weeping. Finally, when his enormous head broke through the surface into the night air I looked into those glasslike eyes and saw the reflection of myself weeping and sorrowful. The large eyes blinked as though to tell me I was forgiven, that he really understood. He opened his vast mouth which held the Yellowtail bait and the big hook puncturing his lower jaw. When his mouth was fully opened it was big as a basketball hoop. For just a second I thought of reaching in that great cavern of a mouth and removing the

hook to set my captive free. He was at least seven feet long and must have weighed at least three or four hundred pounds. He was the largest Jewfish I had ever seen, even in fish books!

I realized it was impossible to haul him over the side due to his great weight. My plan was to get the gaffhook in his jaw and get a rope around his tail, then place the skiff under him and dump him inside for the ride home.

I let go one hand from the line and reached across the deck to fetch the gaffpole, then bent down low over the side of the boat to set the gaff. At the very second that I was set to hook him with the gaff, the great monster let out an agonizing groan and the same instant spectacularly flipped itself upside down with great acrobatics. The powerful tail smacked me

in the face and, at the same time, its body thumped me with such terrific force that it knocked the gaffpole from my hand. It threw me backwards through the cabin door and down onto the cabin deck, knocking a pan of beans and a pot of coffee on top of me.

I thought my shoulder was broken, also a good crack to my forehead was gushing blood. I crawled back out on deck and looked over the side for my ferocious prize, only to find the Yellowtail and the big hook dangling where only a few seconds earlier the great Jewfish was captured.

I slumped down to the deck and cried out of frustration and sadness. I wiped away the tears with my bloodied, sweaty, fishslimed shirt. Dizzy and dazed, I leaned over the side and vomited, then sat down and whispered to myself and anyone who could hear me: "Thank God, thank God, the battle is finally over." The great victorious fish had escaped the tourist dinner plates. My other self had vanished into the depths.

The sliver of moon hung over the western horizon as the first rays of dawn lifted softly from the east to begin a new day. The small fleet of fishing vessels hauled in their anchors and crossed over the bar and across the reef. The giant Jewfish returned to its cave in the deep. The little fleet returned to port to collect for the night's labors. Mutton Snapper and Yellowtail fetched a fair price at the fishhouse that day.

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Memories of Dylan Thomas, Part III

by Philip Burton

"An Artists' Tribute to Dylan Thomas" at the Poetry Center in New York City. Richard Burton, Philip Burton, Paul Jenkins, David Slivka (the sculptor), John Malcolm Brinnin.

I was involved in some memorial tributes to Dylan, two in London and one in New York. On January 24, 1954, both Richard and I took part, with others, in a very moving memorial in the Globe Theatre. It consisted of readings from Dylan's work and about him. The large audience was so distinguished that someone said that a bomb on the theatre that afternoon would have wiped out London's cultural and artistic life. The occasion was particularly noteworthy for me because it was the first time Richard and I had appeared together on a stage; ten years later Dylan was to repeat the experience for us.

The day after the Globe Theatre Memorial the B.B.C. broadcast *Under Milk Wood*. We were very aware of Dylan's absence because he had expected to be the Narrator; his place was taken by Richard. Two other Burtons were also in the cast: Sybil, Richard's wife, who played Myfanwy Price, and I, who played the Rev. Eli Jenkins. I think Dylan would have been pleased with the production. The director was Douglas Cleverdon. I spent a good deal of time with him in the Control Room during rehearsals to answer some questions. We were good friends.

I was asked to arrange a reading of

Under Milk Wood at the Old Vic for Sunday evening, March 7th. I had hoped to take part in it myself, but by that time I was on tour with a new play prior to a West End opening. I did manage to be present at it because we came to London on that day on our way from Blackpool to Bournemouth. Richard was again the narrator, this time on the stage where he was having a remarkable season, especially in playing Hamlet and Coriolanus. I had persuaded Emlyn Williams to be in the cast. It was his first awareness of Dylan's work. It aroused his interest, and subsequently he asked me to let him read all the books I had by Dylan, and to tell him what I knew of the man. He became so interested that he varied his internationally famous Charles Dickens recital with one devoted to Dylan Thomas.

Ten years later, on May 24, 1964, Dylan was again responsible for my sharing a stage with Richard. This time it was the stage of the Poetry Center in New York City where Dylan himself had made memorable appearances, and where he had taken part in the reading of the first version of *Under Milk Wood* and the completed one. To quote from *Early Doors*, a book I wrote in 1969, "There are as many people now who claim friendship with Dylan Thomas as

there were pieces of the True Cross in Medieval Europe, but an undoubtedly authentic friend, and an ever present help in time of trouble, was the sculptor, David Slivka. He had made a death-mask of Dylan, and from it he had sculpted a full head in bronze. I later persuaded him to sell me one of the castings - there were only four or five - and I had given it as a wedding present to Richard and Elizabeth. It has a strange quality, a sort of life-in-death vividness. The Artists of America, but largely Paul Jenkins, had arranged to give one of the bronze heads to the National Museum of Wales. Richard was to receive the gift on behalf of the Museum, and I had been asked to arrange the program and preside at the occasion."

In addition to Richard, Paul Jenkins, David Slivka and me, on the stage were also Nancy Wickwire, who had taken part in the famous first reading of *Under Milk Wood*, and John Malcolm Brinnin, who had been responsible for Dylan's visits to America, and had been his never-failing friend in the times of Dylan's frequent difficulties.

My memories of Dylan are happily very different from those of the drunkard and scrounger I have heard and read so much about; I didn't even know the husband and



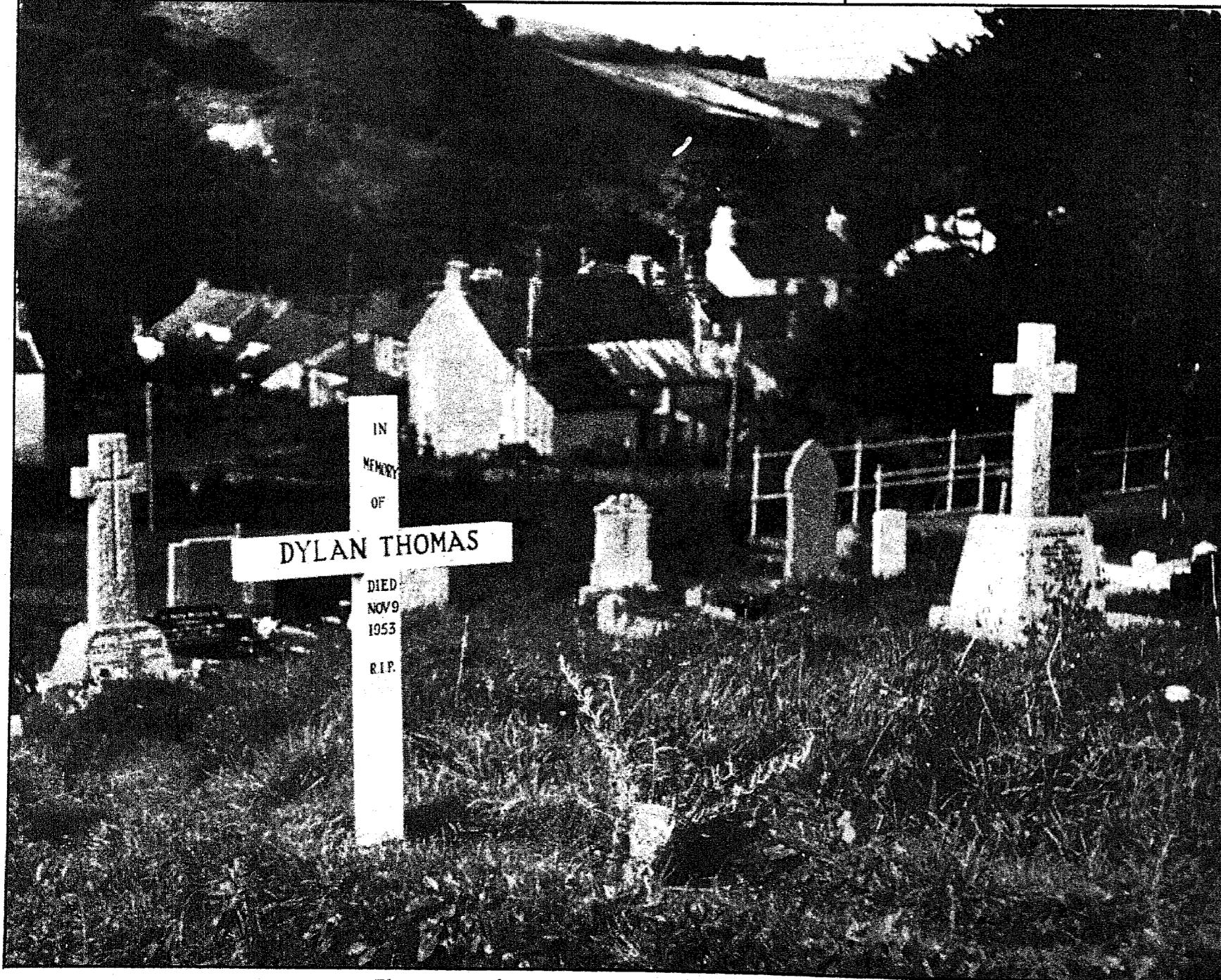
David Slivka, Philip Burton, Nancy Wickwire, and Richard Burton at the Poetry Center.

father; but I was privileged to know the poet, and I deeply regret that I was unable to be present at the ultimate tribute to him. It took place after my travelling days were over, on March 1, 1982, St. David's Day, the National Day of Wales, a fitting day for the dedication of the name of Dylan Thomas

in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. He truly belongs there, with the greatest poets who wrote in the English language. It rightly took almost fifty years after his death to assess the timeless quality of his poetry and to enshrine his name with his fellow immortals. The name, *Dylan Thomas*, is

engraved on a piece of Welsh stone in the Abbey, and underneath it are the last two lines of the poem of his I cherish most, *Fern Hill*:

*Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.*



The graveyard at Laugharne, Carmarthenshire, Wales.

Photo by Rollie McKenna ©

BOOK REVIEW

FIERCE POWER BAD FATE by Carol Munder (Nexus Press: \$15.00 at Lucky Street Gallery, 39 pp.)

by Ann Boese

In her first book, Key West Photographer Carol Munder takes readers boldly by the hand and leads them through the uncertain world of her mystic black and white images. *Fierce Power Bad Fate* is a photo-narrative — a term describing the rare partnership Munder has arranged in which text supports a surprisingly solid story in photos. And though it may be read cover-to-cover in one sitting, its impact as an experience lingers, taking on new and different auras with the swiftness and subtlety of changing mood.

Funded by a grant from The National

Endowment for the Arts, *Fierce Power Bad Fate* is "artist-made." For those uninitiated, "artist-made" means that an artist and/or author is responsible for or involved in all aspects — beginning with initial concept and ending with final press check — of a project. Thus, beyond photographs and text, Munder's intentions are reflected in the paper, type, size, color and shape of her book. The result is a creation, a work of art reaching a dimension that must be experienced to be understood and appreciated. For this reason, *Fierce Power Bad Fate* should be analyzed whole as well as for its parts. This review, however, tackles only text, photographs and graphics; and it tackles them primarily as entities, leaving the experience of summation to the readers themselves.

From a literary standpoint, *Fierce Power Bad Fate* is a detailed sketch about voodoo and zombies. It is told by a young Haitian girl who speaks in a Haitian dialect and uses intriguing Haitian words like *ba moun*,

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obeah, and *houngan*. Neither plot nor characters are well developed. Instead, the focus is the storytelling; the way the narrator passes her knowledge of voodoo and zombies along to the reader — pulling appropriate tidbits from varying points in time, expanding important parts, and making connections where possible.

Munder's ability to establish and then stay true to her narrator's voice is exceptional. It's what makes the text work. On one level, the girl's account of her experiences is a link in the endless chain of Haitian voodoo lore. On another level, tucked between testimonies of spiritual medicine and encounters with the zombi, her story reveals fundamentals of Haitian culture. We come to know the simplicity of

a life that is family oriented, where women pass stories to young girls in the marketplace, where Christianity is merging with ancient voodoo beliefs. And, more important, where external powers control fate, as is shown when the narrator talks about her conniving friend; "Sinette one time went to him (*houngan* or witch doctor) to have a ouanga love charm made. She wear it around her neck a long time before Philippe stop messing around and they got married."

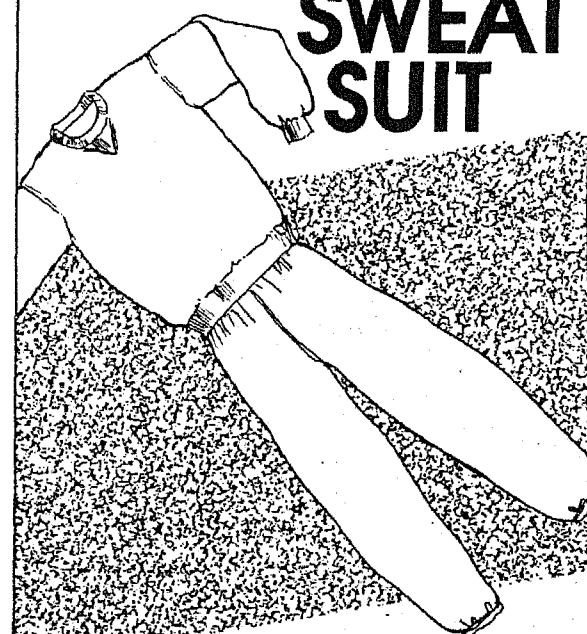
In addition, the rhythm and patterns Munder creates with language bring a realistic feel to the story. There is a kind of sing-song, back-and-forth quality to the prose that suggests familiarity between reader and narrator. But perhaps the most

impressive aspect of the writing is the subtle way in which important facts or ideas are interjected without sapping the story's main flow of energy. In the next paragraph the relationship of the last sentence to the rest of the sentences illustrates this technique.

"Back then, I had me a black and white dog. Little Bones was his name. Bones and I go over there, over here, experience many places. One time, I remember, we go past the place that lead out of town. We just seeing what we could see, when we hear this man hollering and making fearful noises. Bones and I, mostly from fear, we stand real still and this man comes running out of his house like he on fire, shouting all kinds of things that don't make sense.... Course, I can't tell nobody about this because I'm not to go past Fernand's house."

Photographs. Here Munder has captured and assembled images so rich they could almost tell the story alone. Sequentially, they give a sense of journey; the blur of motion and depth of dark angles draws the reader fast through the pages. "Soon I see the world is made up of things plain and things hidden and they most often showed themselves together," the narrator explains. And indeed Munder's photographs reveal both the obvious and the obscure, with a tendency to amplify those things that are normally hidden, or at least usually unnoticed. By shooting from unusual angles and placing equal emphasis on all subjects within a frame and not on just one focal

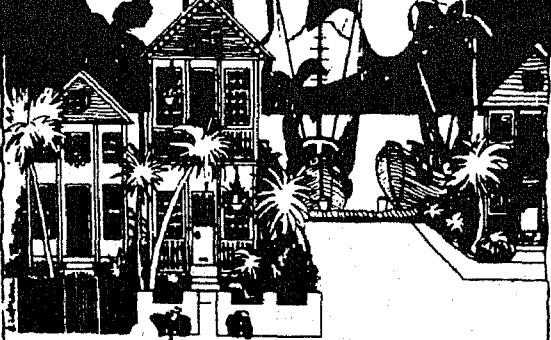
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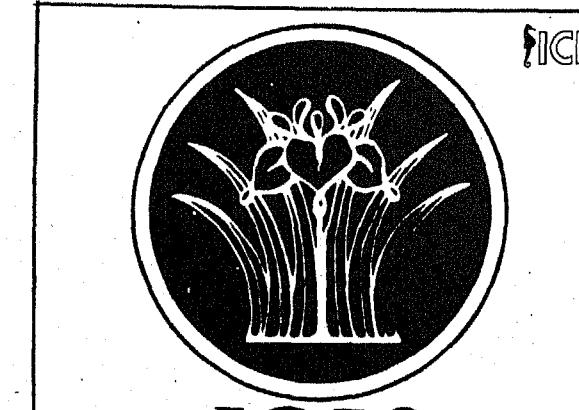
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point, Muncer allots value to relations that are ignored or meaningless in Western society. Powers of suggestion and the

It is interesting to note that all the photographs were shot with a Diana camera — a plastic unit mass — produced and sold



The cover of FIERCE POWER, BAD FATE.

impact of viewing humans and nature in new or unexpected proportions are brought to the forefront as people, nature and symbols become proximate, unified, contingent. An animal motif represented by goat, dog, donkey and snake runs throughout, and people are photographed in part or anonymously, their faces in the shadows.

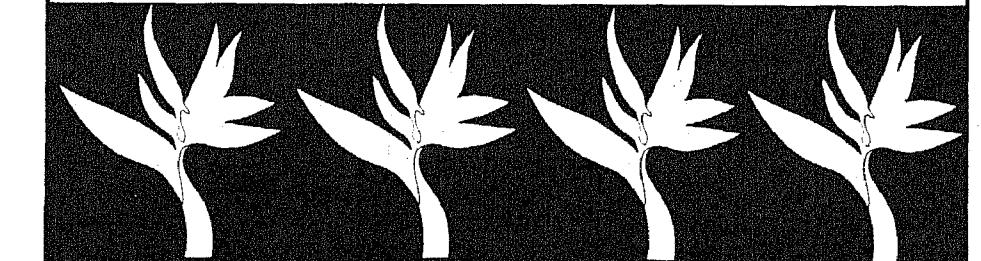
for a couple bucks in the late 60s — which yields slightly out-of-focus images. The Diana also records direct or bright light as a halo-like glow. The result is an overall ambiguity, a sense of pending danger and uncertainty, intensifying the voodoo theme.

The only significant weakness in Munder's generally strong book, lies in the use of graphic symbols. Found on most

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pages, these symbols seem to be an attempt at reinforcing the symbolism found in the photographs. They are interesting, detailed. But what do they mean? The key, of sorts, on the back cover, is an inconsistent smattering of Haitian French splashed with English. Recognizing no similarities to American symbols, I found them impossible to interpret. They do work, to some degree, as graphic elements.

Fierce Power Bad Fate succeeds in involving the reader in the word-of-mouth continuum of a culture. With ambiguity and dimension replacing message and moral, *Fierce Power Bad Fate* probably will reveal different secrets to different readers; tell different stories at different times. I read this book on several occasions while preparing this review, and continually I was impressed with the unadulterated talent Munder shows as a writer as well as with the obvious skill and style apparent in her photographs.

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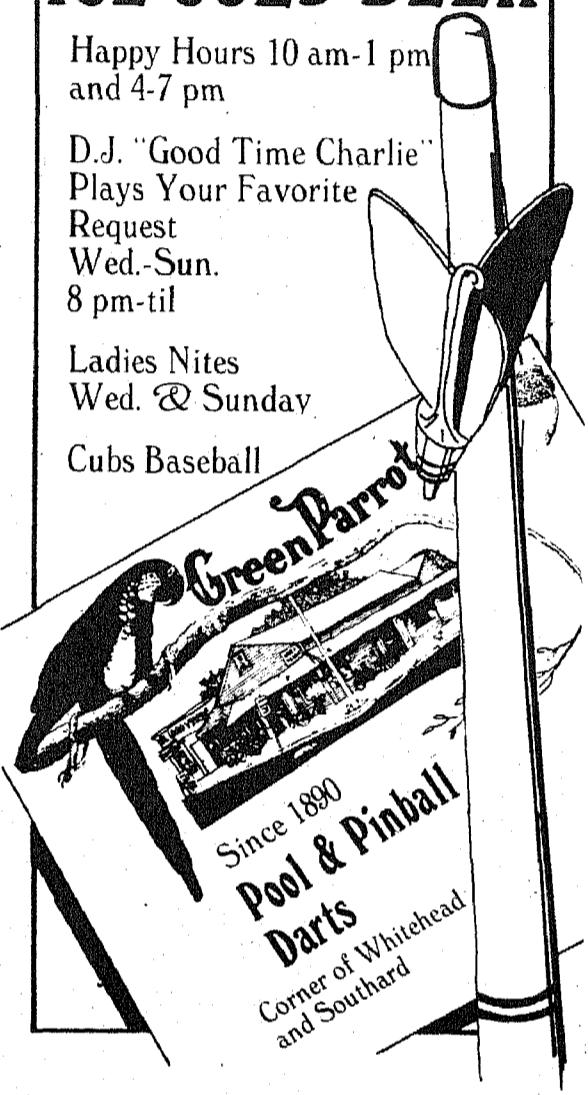
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Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!

by Helen R. Chapman

I have long been a devotee of courtroom stories, real and fictional. Not long ago, I read a fascinating book by Seymour Wishman, a criminal lawyer, entitled *Anatomy of a Jury*. The book removed all the glamour that so often attends court trials in novels and television dramas, and details the tedious process of jury selection. I was particularly interested in the perceptiveness, and occasionally the lack thereof, of the prosecuting and defense attorneys' judgement in accepting or rejecting potential

jurors.

Now I want it understood right from the start that I am not seeking glamour or drama. I simply would like to be called for jury duty. Excepting an absence of a couple of years, I have been a registered voter in Monroe County since 1973. One time I met a man from Key Largo who was in town because his wife had been called for jury duty for the third time in five years. He told me the first two times they commuted, but this time they took a motel room. The gentleman had a look of stoical resignation on his face.

I'm not sure how names are selected, but

a computer must be part of the process. I am now convinced that this computer has no "C." In the past month (as of this writing), five friends of mine have been called, for one of them the second call in six months. His last name begins with H. So yesterday I did a little research in a watering place where I was informed by yet another friend that she had gotten called. Her last name begins with D. I knew most of the clientele, so I bounced around inquiring of each whether they had ever been called for jury duty. They all had at least once, some of them several times. (I opened a can of worms with my inquiry and found myself subjected to some longwinded trial stories, but that's the price a researcher pays.) They had surnames starting with M, S, H, several B's, a couple of D's, an F and a W. No C's.

I realize, of course, that if I ever do get called and am selected, the case will probably not be more intriguing than a dog that bit a postman, or the borrowed lawnmower that never was returned to owner. Be that as it may, I would just one time in my life like to sit in a jury. I would like the chance to use my ability to analyze testimony, in addition to analyzing the lawyers. I would like a chance to weigh circumstantial evidence.

In his journal, Henry David Thoreau made the observation that "some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk." That's wonderful evidence and much easier to figure out than why there are only 25 letters on the computer. I'm getting a complex!



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Unthinkable Places

by David Kaufelt

Arabia and Mrs. Poland first meet at the box office of the Strand Theatre on Key West's Duval Street in December, 1935. The temperature has sunk to an unprecedented low of fifty-two degrees. "Lethally cold," Arabia says in her deep voice, and Mrs. Poland -- in awe, regretting her once-pink, hand-crocheted sweater -- agrees.

Arabia is wearing a black sweater trimmed in monkey fur that the Senator, her husband, bought her in Chicago in 1927, soon after their son, Nick, was born. Mrs. Poland thinks it is the most glamorous garment she has ever seen and finally, as the two women enter the damp, cavernous and empty Strand Theatre, says so.

"It suits you," Mrs. Poland, already

smitten, goes on.

"It does," Arabia agrees, and they sit together until the projectionist "deigns" to "crank up" (Arabia's words) the film.

Arabia attends the matinee as often as six times a week, depending upon the Strand's offering. Mrs. Poland, her loneliness like some irritable pet, never-to-be-appeased, begins to do so as well. Arabia is not fond of the comedians and stays home when Marx Brothers' features are shown. "You're the only woman in this town who understands me," Arabia says, pouring the black Russian tea she favors. Mrs. Poland puts her hand to the brave blue serge covering her heart, which feels as if it's about to burst inward with happiness. Yet despite these rewarding declarations, Mrs. Poland still prefers the afternoons she shares with Arabia in the Strand.

The two women, sitting in the third row of the loge, favor Joan Crawford and find themselves holding (often gloved) hands during the ineffably sad, brave moments in

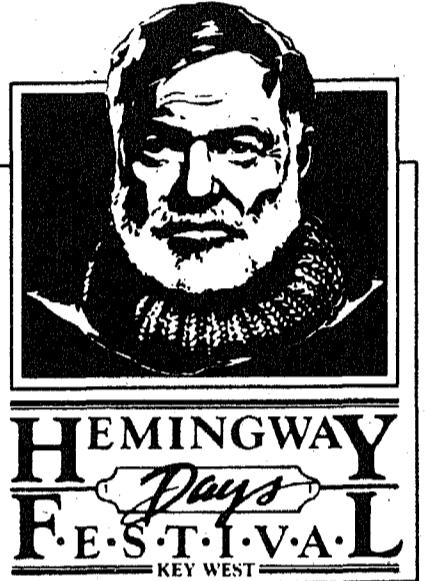
her films.

Mrs. Poland winters in a refined Key West boarding house. During what she refers to as "the season," she rents out her beloved "bayfront Sarasota mansion" to her deceased husband's brother. The money that annual sacrifice brings keeps Mrs. Poland "going" for the rest of the year.

In the summer of 1937, when Arabia's son, Nick, is ten years old, his father, the Senator, is traveling in what Arabia calls "unthinkable places." There had been talk of Nick going with him but in the end it was decided by everyone but Nick that he was too young. Nick feels deserted, but his spirits revive when he receives a luridly colored postcard featuring Hong Kong's Stanley Jail Beach. "He belongs in the Stanley Jail," Mrs. Poland says, reading it over Nick's shoulder.

Arabia, relieved by her husband's absence and mistakenly believing that Sarasota is cooler than Key West in the summer, agrees to spend July with Mrs.

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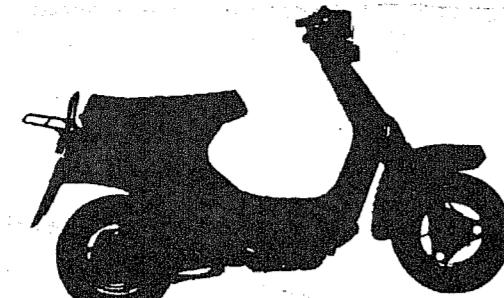
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Poland in the Sarasota bayfront mansion. "A hop, skip and a jump from the Ringling place," Mrs. Poland says, in an offhand manner. The reference is lost on Arabia who does not know who the Ringlings are. She brings Nick, who likes travel and change, and is "no trouble what-so-ever." They are accompanied by Arabia's colored maid, Betty Washington, who seems to have given her life over to Arabia and whom Mrs. Poland regards with a certain deference.

Nick, however, does not enjoy Mrs. Poland's favor. She treats him with little meannesses, calling him Nicker-less -- her only joke -- and short-changing him when serving vanilla ice cream in her wainscotted dining room.

Mrs. Poland waits, according to Betty, hand and foot on Arabia. "It's a vacation for me," Betty says, wistfully.

Arabia can be generous when it doesn't cost her anything. Mrs. Poland is consistently small. "That boy has no friends," she says, watching Nick play in the parsimonious sand in front of the house her husband, a 1929 suicide, had designed in a malange of exotic architectural styles.

"He has me," Arabia says, though neither woman quite believes that.

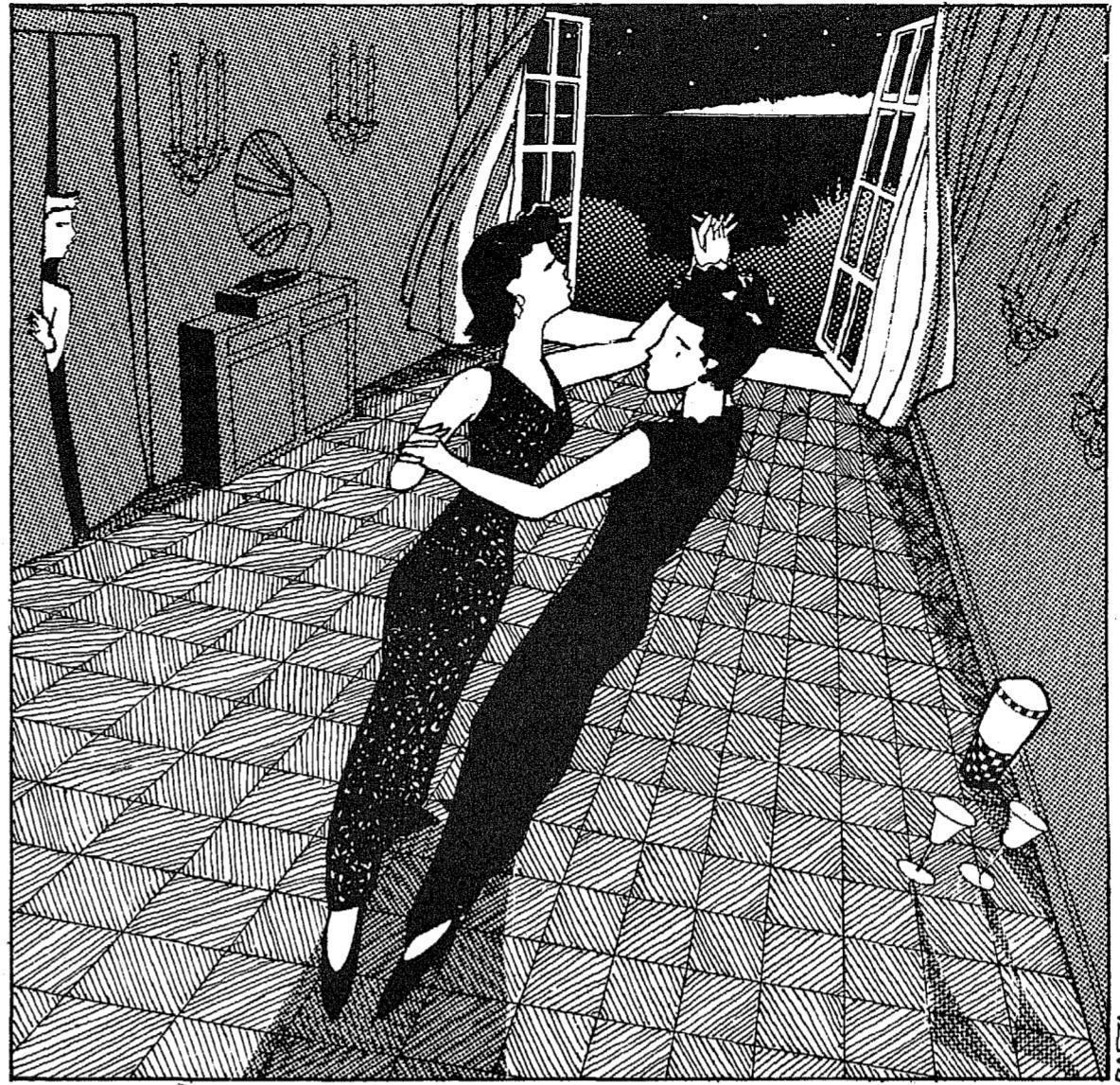
During the days, Nick often catches Mrs. Poland checking the slim pink gold watch worn on her flat wrist, counting the moments until cocktail hour. It is then Betty

takes Nick to the Victorian cupola where he is fed on fried chicken and thin cole slaw and, with a cool kiss from Betty's dark lips, put to bed. Downstairs, in the empty parquet-floored ballroom ("Ballrooms," Mrs. Poland says brightly, "are sensational because there's no need to furnish them"), Mrs. Poland and Arabia play sentimental dance records on the Victrola and drink gin martinis from a black and silver cocktail shaker. Sometimes, when she's especially happy, Mrs. Poland moves the shaker in time to the beat as if it were a musical instrument.

Nick, in his room in the cupola, the porch door open to catch the bay's breeze, listens to the music wafting up from the ballroom. He likes the words the singer, attempting Russ Columbo, croons:

*Everyone's in love but me /
No one wants me on their knee /
For I don't know how to dance /
The Pretty Baby Fox Trot /
It goes something like this . . .*

On the last night of their visit, Mrs. Poland gives Arabia what she calls an "au revoir ball." Only the two of them are invited. After he's certain it's well underway, Nick leaves his lumpy bed and tiptoes down the servants' stairs, cautiously standing in the butler's pantry, feeling gritty sand on his bare feet from the unswept linoleum as he looks through a crack of the baize door. It opens into Mrs. Poland's



ballroom which reminds him of the stage of Key West's Palace Theatre. It has the same bare bones theatricality about it. The electrified candelabra wall sconces have not been switched on -- either an economy or atmospheric measure -- and French windows open onto the bay.

The potent Sarasota moonlight illuminates the martini glasses and the black and silver shaker, abandoned at the edge of the parquetry floor. In the center of the room, dancing to "The Pretty Baby Fox Trot" are Nick's mother and Mrs. Poland. They wear ankle length black gowns. Arabia's has a jet beaded bodice that reflects the moonlight as it outlines her round bosom. Mrs. Poland's bodice is of plain black net and lies flat. Her thin brown hair is caught up in a snood. She reminds Nick of the avocados on the tree in his yard in Key West that go from green to black without ever ripening.

Mrs. Poland leads, holding Arabia in the prescribed ballroom position, taking her through the steps with only hands touching. Arabia has cultivated long fingernails in a by now passe Marlene Dietrich style. They are painted silver. Mrs. Poland's fingers are grubby and sad in comparison. As Mrs. Poland breathlessly takes his mother through a simple break, Nick sees his hostess's sharp little face in the moonlight, tiny tears streaming down her brown cheeks. Arabia's moonlike face, perfectly composed, is intent on the words of the song, the easy intricacies of the dance, herself as heroine.

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It goes something like this...

Nick closes the door and returns to the cupola. The Victrola has been rewound and the singer's lugubrious voice drifts up the servants' stairs again, keeping Nick awake with visions of Mrs. Poland's need and his mother's self-involvement.

"She feels nothing," the Senator had said, at the beginning of the summer, over breakfast, throwing a cup of tepid Cuban coffee at Arabia. Arabia had wiped her face with her cloth napkin and continued to eat

Corn Flakes with delicate dips of her silver spoon while the Senator left the room and then the house and finally Key West for that trip to "unthinkable places."

Arabia had worn the same pleased expression on her face then that she wears now, during her dance with Mrs. Poland. In later years Nick will pinpoint the night of "The Pretty Baby Fox Trot" as the one in which he began seriously to listen to his father's grief, in which he begins to realize that his father might not be the villain of the piece.



BY FRANCES ELIZABETH SIGNORELLI

Buzzing around like a mad wasp, check list, closing the Sugar Shack in Key West, our little Similar Sound cottage filled with lovely whimsy. Now hurtling along the Sunshine Parkway at Gov. Martinez' 65 mph, huge tractor trailers parting for me in my blue Volvo like the Red Sea for the Israelites. Car radio playing "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, Could save a wretch like me."

When you drive alone 1200 miles from the Key West door step to Muddy Holler, our summer mountain retreat, you shimmer somewhere outside of everyday reality. O, it has a dimension, but hardly at all the usual dimension. Your mind wheels. Keep reminding myself who I was in Key West, how others saw me. Keep referring to the visor mirror to assure there is not a birthmark on my cheek shape of a tulip or a palmetto bug. Keep "seeing" a North Carolina woman neighbor, a farm lady, who carries two eggs in the Springtime between her breasts to incubate them. Keep recalling an Atlanta man, an acquaintance, whose wife was kidnapped in '83 and they sent her toe with a swatch of her Maybelline Frosted Rose polish still on the nail. Keep visualizing 92-year-old twin sisters living for years just over the knoll in the house with the expensive copper roof. They always go out separately, and most summer flatlanders do not know they are two. I lose my head at the Tifton, Ga. Holiday Inn and drink a Cuba Libra made with diet coke and rum.

into one of my famous gourches. Until decisions are made, dislodged furniture, stacked, is shoved into one room, the pile covered with sheets of *Solares Hill*, the *Highlands Highlander* newspaper and the *Christian Science Monitor*. My dresses are hanging on a prong sticking out of the wall pointing westward toward the Southeastern Continental Divide.

Despite severe domestic architectural havoc, I am "feeling dangerously well," as George Eliot described her feelings just prior to going mad. I was reading Elisha. God said to him, "If I bring happiness upon you, give thanks, and when I bring suffering, give thanks also."

There is a pale, religious light over Muddy Holler, inclusive of a family of blue

birds, a commune of cardinals and a club of chipmunks. I sit stirring up wall colors — umber, burgundy, hunter, madder, mole and dark, rotting greens. Stirring paint, like driving 1200 miles, induces thought in a human. I suppose during such moments of space and withdrawal you can pursue your search for meaning. This search should be the primary motivation in life. What I come up with amounts to this: Admission that I am full of belief — belief in a good and divine creator. Belief in art of all kinds. Belief in creative thought. And belief in love.

Now, 'tis time to apply the amateur decorator spirit to the beautiful and the ugly things I shall mix together in my front room.

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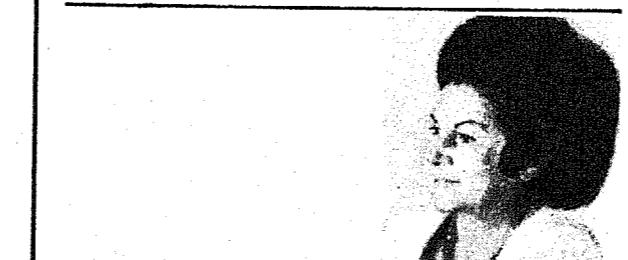


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When it's time to shift down into First, then Second gear, for the 5,000 foot climb, thoughts go to The Remodelling of Muddy Holler. Two carpenters, egged on by my roommate for a month up there, have been loose in the old cottage astride Satulah branch, with drill saws. My passion for laziness always hopefully has achieved just a sort of pleasant carelessness in house decor. Sinking heart now, suspecting my enthusiasms may expire on the threshold of Muddy Holler. A lady friend left her husband up there six weeks and upon arrival discovered he had taken to washing out his socks in the skillet. Another acquaintance went down to Ft. Lauderdale for three weeks leaving plumbers installing some fixtures under the stewardship of her husband. Why then when she entered did she discover the toilet located in the left corner of the front room? I recall she said, "God favors those he loves most with a cross to bear."

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296-3651; 3rd Tuesday, Monroe County Conference Center "Chapel" on Stock Island

BIG BROTHERS AND BIG SISTERS OF MONROE COUNTY
294-9891; 4th Thursday of each month

CORAL CITY ELKS LODGE #610
294-9109; 2nd and 4th Tuesday of each month, 8:00 PM; Elks Home

GREATER KEY WEST CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
294-2587; 2nd and 4th Wednesday of each month Noon; Various locations

HISTORIC FLORIDA KEYS PRESERVATION BOARD
292-6718; 1st Wednesday of each month, 2 PM; 500 Whitehead Street

INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF RAINBOW FOR GIRLS
296-3945; 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month, 7:30 PM; Scottish Rite Temple

KEY WEST ART AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY
296-3913, 296-6206; 4th Tuesday of each month, 3501 South Roosevelt Blvd.

KEY WEST JAYCEES
294-1366; Wednesdays, 7:00 PM; 3825 Flagler Avenue (Clubhouse)

KEY WEST ORCHID SOCIETY
296-8819; 3rd Sunday of each month

KEY WEST WOMEN'S CLUB
294-2039; 1st Tuesday of each month, 2:00 PM

KIWANIS CLUB OF KEY WEST
294-1717, 294-6546; Every Tuesday, 6:00 PM, Perry's Restaurant

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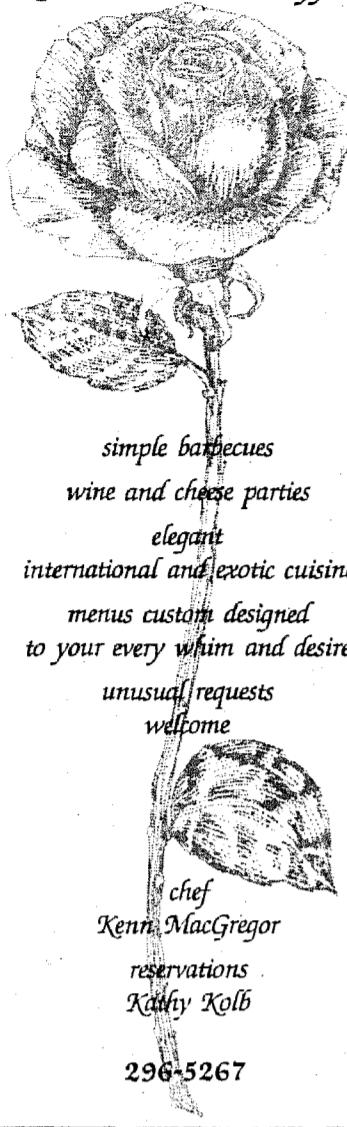
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Editorial

by Bill Westray

In August 1986 the City of Key West adopted a Growth Management Ordinance (GMO). Among other things, it provided for:

1. A growth ceiling in terms of the maximum number of dwelling units that could be accommodated by the available undeveloped land within the city; this was calculated at about 4120 housing units.

2. A growth rate in terms of number of units per year that the city's utility and support services could absorb; this was calculated at about 300 units per year.

3. A linkage between transient (hotel/motel) and regular residential (single/multiple) housing units on a 1 to 3

basis, to insure that at least 75 percent of all new housing will be for regular residents including the work force, instead of just for tourists.

4. A requirement that a percentage of units to be built be "affordable housing." This was based on a somewhat complicated formula tied to median family income. Affordable housing is defined as costing not more than 30% of the present median family income of \$21,000 per year, or \$6,300 per year for rent or mortgage payments.

Since its adoption, the GMO has proved to be a fairly effective tool from the viewpoint of the city planners, in limiting growth to reasonable, supportable limits. Even in the face of certain large developments that got approved by default by the court, or were approved by prior administrations, new developments have been limited by economic factors that generally kept them within GMO guidelines.

Perhaps the most restrictive covenant from the standpoint of some developers has been the linkage ratio of one to three



between transient and permanent housing. The city planners feel that this is a vital requirement in order to provide housing for the work force. With the very low unemployment rate of about 2.4 percent for

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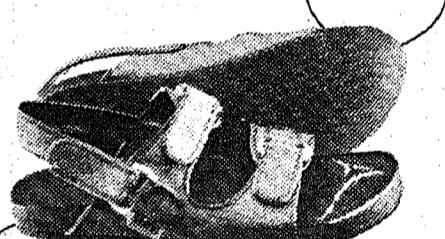
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Monroe County (essentially the hardcore unemployables), there is a distinct shortage of work force to support our tourist-oriented economy ... caused, it is believed by the planners, by the lack of affordable living accommodations.

Prospective new developers, however, find the affordable housing requirement too restrictive for their designs, and are seeking to have it waived, or watered down so as to be ineffective.

There seems to be a move afoot by a small group of special interests in the Chamber of Commerce to "dump the GMO" of the City of Key West. We hear the cry from the supporters of the so-called concrete coalition that, "we took over the county ... now we intend to take over the city." With City elections due this Fall, that is not just an idle threat. Even with GMO controls, the city is hard-pressed to keep up with service requirements. The new solid waste plant is not yet proven. The new sewer plant has quite a way to go before completion. Traffic has become impossible, and the plans coming out of the traffic committee appear to do little more than try to keep up; the traffic impact of the Truman Annex and other housing, hotel and commercial facilities still building, is yet to be felt. The CES teline is now in place, but its ultimate capacity is only 50 megawatts which does not fill peak requirements, and the utility board seems to be moving toward shutting down a lot of its old local generators without replacement. The aqueduct authority is trying to get its law changed so it can float large bond issues for future

expansion without a referendum (presently required.)

We believe that the present city commission is showing wisdom and sound direction in controlling growth through the GMO, demanding worker housing at reasonable cost, modernizing utility and other services, and maintaining the "quality of life" through preserving open space (salt ponds, beaches, low density, etc.).

We believe that the Growth Management Ordinance needs to be preserved and not weakened, and that those who would "dump the GMO" should be rejected out of hand. The answer will be at the ballot box in the coming Fall elections. We urge our readers to register to vote, to be informed, and to express their feelings at the polls.



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Nature's Way: June Jambalaya

by Alice Terry

"Summer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu" wrote the unknown
medieval poet.

Key West is once again clothed in tropical splendor. The Royal Poinciana trees flaunt their yearly display of flame-colored blossoms, appearing almost wantonly flamboyant. The reds, yellows, pinks and oranges of their blossoms spill out over roof and fence and wall. Mangos and avocados are starting to appear and indeed, everything in garden and field seems new-born, full of new life, promising future glories.

Weatherwise, what might we expect, this glorious month of June? An average daily temperature of 84.3 degrees, plus rainfall of 4.01 inches per day. Humid? Yes. Hot?

Yes, but not as warm as Chicago, which broadcasts its daily weather statistics into my house courtesy of National Public Radio and TCI. It's a fine time to be in Key West, enjoying the sunny days and cooler nights.

Don't forget the old adage: "Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun" Mid-day in the tropics is the time for lessened activity, or, ideally, a siesta. For those who don't mind supporting, handsomely, the City Electric System, staying indoors in expensive air-conditioned comfort is an option. It's your choice. My choice involves ceiling fans, window blinds

drawn against the intense mid-day light and heat, and sane hours for outdoor activities (evening and early morning.)

In the garden this month, fertilize and till the beds preparatory to setting out plants of heat-tolerant annuals for late summer and early fall blooms. Dig bulbs, corms and tubers when leaves turn brown. Allow glory-lilies to remain in place. Fertilize all trees, palms, shrubs and vines when the rains begin. Set out Chrysanthemums, and pinch to insure branching. Make cuttings of shrubs and vines, and prune vigorous shoots of shrubs for compact growth. Plant native trees and palms that you have been planning to add to your outdoor living area. Set out new lawns, or plant ground covers in shady spots where grass will not grow. Keep lawn grasses back from trees. Make summer application of fertilizer to ALL garden plants. Now. Renew mulch around trees and shrubs.

This is the time to plant late cosmos, cypress-vine, gaillardia, zinnia and morning-glory. You may also plant dahlia and the native, so-called walking iris. As you may have already discovered, this yellow iris is the only type of iris that will grow easily here. Gardenias should be about through with their blooming, so you may prune them enough to shape them handsomely. It is also a good time to pinch back your poinsettias to keep them from getting leggy.

Have you been enjoying the nighttime sounds of our tree frogs? I have, and I bet you have been, too. Have you been delighting in the flights of the swallowtail

and monarch butterflies? Add to this list of nature's "freebies" the lovely bird songs that delight us at this time of year. I used to think that Key West was bereft of bird activity, but I have concluded that I had not been tuned into our local bird sounds. I am continuing to garden with an eye as well as an ear to attracting birds and butterflies to my turf, and this is paying off handsomely in increasing activity of both butterflies and birds, as well as frogs, lizards, et al.

The abundance of local fruit can be easily viewed in the reappearance of mangos and avocados on blossom-laden trees, but don't we almost take for granted the proliferating golden and green coconuts that hang temptingly above eye level? Are you enjoying your very own ripening papayas, ready for your table a short few months after thrifitly planting seeds of a previous crop? My Barbados cherry is sporting lovely pink blossoms right now, getting ready for its next crop of edible fruit, and hopefully the passionfruit vines will produce more than their deeply lobed-leaves and exotic blossoms. The bananas, not trees, but, rather, tall herbaceous perennials, are extending sumptuous offerings of fruit and blossoms.

Here is a well-considered observation. To wit: Once the optimum conditions are attained, plant and tree will become specimens that are worthy of notice by the print media. For instance, a neighboring painter has a Heliconia plant that is truly spectacular. It was planted in a little cul-de-sac bordered by a couple of out-buildings. Claws, leaves and all, it

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matches the most lurid of any published illustration that I have seen. A white bougainvillea, lovingly gifted in a small pot one birthday-time to another creative friend some three years ago, now scampers madly over rooftops, twining now and then with adjacent gaudy blossoms of its cousins. In my own garden a white bird-of-paradise (Strelitzia nicolai Thunberg) reaches up at least sixteen feet with its large graceful leaves that are reminiscent of the banana or the traveler's palm. It has been growing a scant three years in its present shady location, having been previously carted about in a large but portable container. Twin white blossoms, huge and attention-catching, appear with great regularity.

As we head into the heat and humidity of the coming summer season, we might spend more time reflecting on the future, and less on fighting the heat, at least during mid-day hours. Now is the time to enjoy the fruits of our garden labors. This is a good time to visit our local nurseries and inspect their offerings, especially those in bloom. Let us take time to properly appreciate the splendid array of blossoms and leaves that crowds every vista. It's color, color, color. Red and oranges of poincianas and bougainvilleas, yellows of cassias, whites and reds and pinks of oleanders. (Have you seen those adjacent to the new post office?) The perfumed frangipanis are resplendent in yellow or white or pink, or, more rarely, red. (Admire the red one growing near the Senior Citizen's Center on Whitehead Street.) Don't neglect the cool lavender-blue of the jacaranda, the red of the chenille plant, the blooming gingers and hibiscus...well, I could go on and on, but I won't. Hone your senses. Luxuriate in the sights and sounds and smells.

The summer stretches out before us, beckoning with promises of not only heat and humidity, but also of beauty of surroundings, an easing of pace, and a much-needed respite, perhaps all too short. Let us gather together renewed energy and ideas and strength with which to meet next year's demands, dreams and realities.

"Summertime, and the living is easy," the song exhorts (or promises.) See you in August, for July is vacation-time for Solares Hill.

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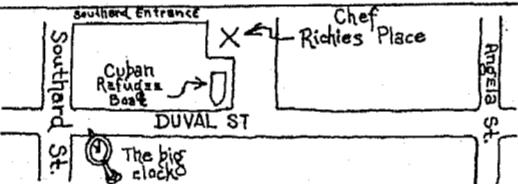
Richie (left) celebrates opening of "Boog's" new Tiki Bar with General Manager "Cowboy" (center) and Owner, "Boog" Powell (right).

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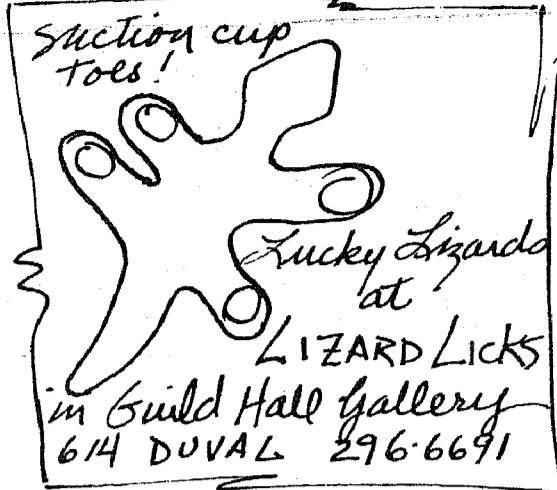


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GALLERY HOPPING

by Gordon Lacy

There's been a bit of flack about the East Martello, that most unusual and adorable of museums. It is a museum by title and not a civic center and it should certainly be a place of learning for our young people. One of the great pleasures in visiting the Whitney or MOMA or the Met is the hoards of children seated on the floor listening to their teachers. However neither the Met nor MOMA show these students' work until

they have reached a professional level, nor do they show the works of their membership. More importantly, our local artists who show regularly at East Martello, and regularly use the museum as reference and credit in their curricula vitae need it to be a showcase for professionals not amateurs. I mean, can you imagine Rollie Mac Kenna at next year's Venice Biennale of Photography dialoguing with a judge who exclaims, "Key West? Ah, I remember East Martello; Sanchez and Papio and kindergardeners' works."

At the Waterfront a very funny thing did happen on the "...Way to the Forum", an irresistibly funny burlesque in the old manner, paced toward the outer limits by



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Rae Coates and performed with relish and lots of ham by an engaging and madcap cast. I laughed more raucously than anyone in the house. No work of art this, though the Sondheim music, marvelously played by harp, piano and tympany, under the direction of Otis Clements, is funny and nuanced. Out of curiosity and perhaps a touch of gluttony, I got the movie with Mostel and Phil Silvers and stuck it on the VCR only to find that not one of cast could touch a hair on the Waterfront's collective heads and all that wonderful music was absent. I saw the waterfront version on closing night and the actors left very little set for the carpenters to strike.

Under the aegis of the Monroe County Arts Council, the Festival of the Continents got off to a more than auspicious start with Edward Villella's Miami City Ballet. I will confess that the canned music put me off for several minutes and the first piece, Balanchine's "Square Dance" is highly abstract and architectural in feeling. The troupe brought it off respectably and in the process warmed up so that the second piece, a fluffier and wittier Balanchine, drove the point home: we are dealing with highly skilled company of dancers and artists of international caliber. I had the eerie feeling that I had been transported to Paris or New York or possibly Vienna, a kidnap victim, hostage of enchanters. The second act

conclusion was a Vaughn Williams' composition with a plot that might have been Coward's "Private Lives" choreographed, and it proved to be everyone's favorite of the evening. The last act was comprised of a series of tangos, solos, duets, trios and was magical, one solo male dancer with three chairs, a mostly airborne quartet danced with precision and nonchalance. This has been my most perfect evening in Key West to date.

It is June and the galleries are going underground in regard to the public but actually working like beavers lining up next season's shows. Claire has at this writing just gotten back from ten days in Paris and the famous Monterouge show where she made numerous contacts for shows next year and even into 1989. Needless to say she has found some exciting new artists and a couple of big names. The White Street Gallery is on summer schedule, open Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays and by appointment, showing in rotation and together the works of Gregogna, Michael Haykin, Nick Lawrence, Henocque, Germont, Meinster, Simone and Soisson along with the photographs of Bertrand Penot.

Karen at the Artist Warehouse will be open as usual for all that has to do with framing needs and in the newly refurbished gallery will be showing Florence Miller's paintings, Sandford's watercolors, Peter Lescott's underwater photographs, plus her own acrylics on canvas.

Farrington's will be on their summer schedule and that means despite free parking they are closed Mondays. In June they are into a joint project with artists from the Guild giving lessons in drawing, painting and the arts in general, work with instruction, and the art supplies and materials on discount in the gallery their usual lithographers.

To continue with the Guild Gallery, they will be featuring Kimm Lempesis' large (some are 5x6) acrylics which are abstract, though based on a volcano series. Highly colored, tropical in mood and Suzanne Alexander who will continue to show her pastel hand-painted fabric pieces, some of which are representational, all patternly, watermelons and fruit.

Gingerbread too is on the summer schedule open 11:00 - 6:00 Thursday - Monday. They will feature limited editions of John Kiraly's serigraphs as well as same for Sal Salinero's lithographs. Ron Robles is a new addition to the gallery, a South West painter whose work is very architectural: drawings, adobe houses in earth colors and limited edition serigraphs. In addition, Ron Clemens' fancy ladies and new abstracts, Kay Hoppick's large and vivid flowers, Wendy Turner's detailed floral studies and freer sea scapes in pastels, Craig Biondi's varied oeuvre in oils, Jim Salem's meticulous bird and flower studies in oil, serigraphs by Eyvind Earle, who is an animator for Disney Studios, of California landscapes, seen surrealistically, Don Haywood's acrylics of local scenes, and newcomer from England, Patricia Townsend who does small and very wry oils.

On the first of June The Haitian Art

Company is re-hanging after their May sales. Ruth has a new shipment in from Haiti with many papier-mache masks, lots of the famous painted boxes and a flock of unseen paintings.

Helen Harrison of Harrison's on White St. sculpts sleek things out of various exotic woods. She has two most attractive coconuts of Texan camphor wood and is about to embark on a series of spoons in all sizes and shapes, from soup to salad. Harrison's also is showing a couple of Scotty Hillman's drawings, a new batch of Norma Sohl's artful calabashes, grown in Jamaica and fashioned into receptacles for, well you name it, soup to nuts. For fans of hand embroidery there are three examples of Guatemalan coverlets that are most fairly priced and nicely lined by Helen, and a very Calderesque mobile by Jamie Clarkson out of the '50s.

The May-June issue of Southern Accents carried a grand article on our Sandford; two pages with full-color photos on her life and work. She has already felt the impact of this in her business. Her personal philosophy of Art in everyday usage is to the fore. Looking around her atelier this morning I had a severe attack of the gimpies.

The Key West Art Center will be showing the watercolors and, with a bit of luck, a few oils of Della Vanderkloot until the 13th and from the 14th to the end of the month, Irma Quigley's ever popular watercolors of Key's scenes.

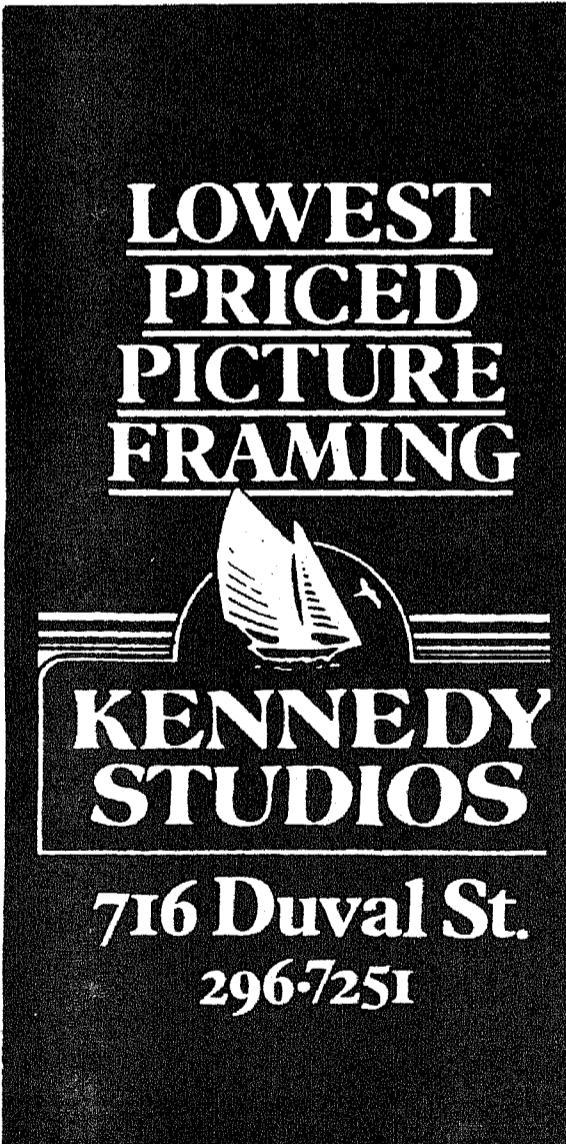
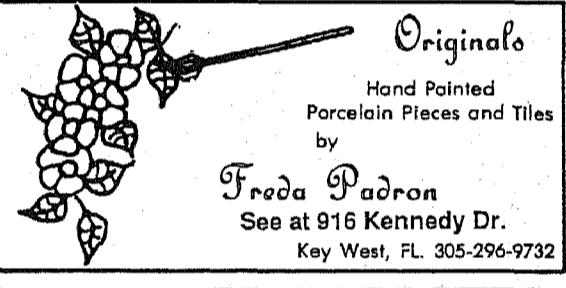
Barbara Cooper has been out of town, but Aristos will be open and showing the gallery artists as usual; Michael Shannon, Henri LaChapelle and Ester Ginat.

Last month somehow Roberta Marks suffered a typo that accused her lucite of being 'tainted', not at all what I had in mind and I hope all will be forgiven. I meant that she is using more vivid tints in her plastics, and I hasten to add that they are rich works that merit a special trip to the Lucky Street Gallery where one can also see the paintings of the Reverend Finster, those of

Jean-Louis LeBrun and the small, sometimes painted sculptures of John Martini, affordable and terribly attractive.

What I wanted to say last month about David Schofield is that SoMo is an exacting artist who reveals in meticulous drawings the places we live in, the cities, the houses, the neon signs, the drying laundry amongst which we live. The drawings can be very large; one of two and a half blocks of facades on Sixth Avenue is about six feet long. It is not particularly their value as historical documentation that is their main attraction but the subtle keynoting of light sources, the interpretation by the artist of that which is factual, his special view of his scene that touches and animates. Schofield lives here more and more, working in his studio, seldom emerging except for forays to N.Y. for subject matter and gallery showings. His shows up north are usually sellouts and for one not yet out of his twenties his career is already on the first line. He is also a passionate swimmer who works out regularly and who won the around-the-island -swim two years ago.

The Lane Gallery will be going on its summer schedule around the middle of June and will be showing the gallery artists; Tom Szuter's photos and collages, Walt Dugel's small painted wood screens in diptich, triptich and quadrtich. (This here grammar is Joe Pais', not mine.) Also featuring Jack Baron, the inimitable Scott Jones' very popular pencil drawings, the French connection, Olivier-Cattel, Alice Terry's masterly floral sequences and Vaughn Gibson's lively and often shocking oils.

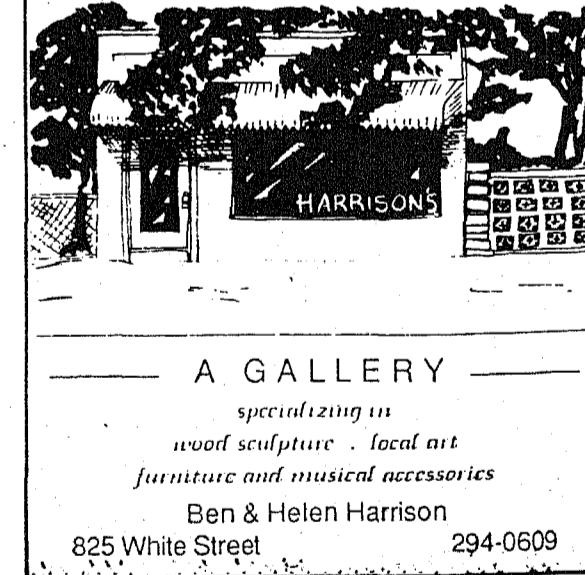


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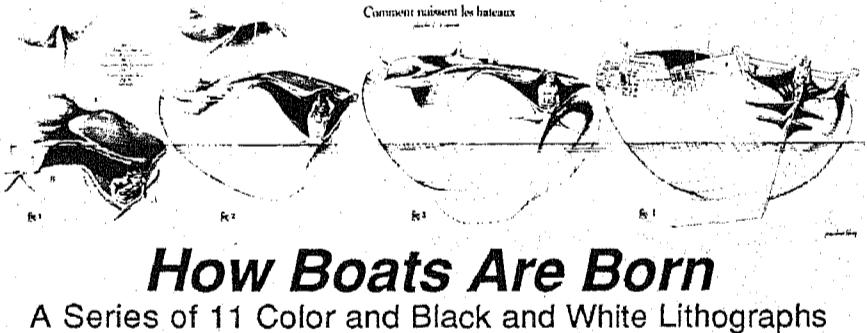
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Narcotics Anonymous Offers Hope, New Life to Addicts

Snowstorm Over Key West - Part VII

by Frank Kaiser

"My name is Charles. I'm a drug addict."

"My name is Sue Ann. I'm a drug addict and an alcoholic."

"I'm Chris, and I'm an addict."

And so it goes around the room, a room full of recovering drug addicts, pill pushers and drunks.

Just minutes ago these same people were discussing North Roosevelt traffic problems and golf scores, Pritam Singh and national politics and the latest Eddie Murphy movie. They sipped coffee, nibbled cookies, chatted and laughed.

At first glance, you might assume that this was a meeting of the Jaycees or, perhaps, a church committee sitting around tables here in this church meeting room. Look harder and you see a special feeling in this room, that of enormous caring and unconditional love.

We are at an open meeting of Narcotics Anonymous.

For most drug addicts in Key West and Monroe County, N.A. is the only long-range source of help to relieve addiction. It's a proved and effective program, utilizing techniques which have been saving lives for more than 50 years. It costs nothing. Since anonymity is the foundation of this program, what follows is a composite of the five meetings held in Key West every week which are open to anyone interested in N.A., anyone who thinks he or she may have a drug problem. Names have been changed to protect anonymity.

TO HELL AND BACK

What we're seeing here are 20-some people, most clean-cut and well-dressed, ranging in age from 17 to 60, of various races, about half of each sex — a real cross section of Key West.

What we're also seeing is an accumulated 300 years of drug abuse. Blackouts, suicide attempts, failed marriages and abandoned careers, criminal acts and prison terms, suffering and lies enough to stretch from here to hell and back.

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.

The meeting starts with a quiet time, then these words of American theologian Reinhold Niebuhr. To those around the tables it's simply "The Serenity Prayer."

In front of each person sits a small 36-page pamphlet simply entitled "Narcotics Anonymous." No nonsense, this booklet contains "the essentials that in our personal

and group experience we know to be necessary for recovery." Certain segments are regularly read at each meeting, this to remind everyone what they're doing here and to introduce the newcomer to N.A. and let him know that this is where understanding and acceptance begin.

"Who is an addict?" the pamphlet asks. "Most of us do not have to think twice about this question. WE KNOW! Our whole life and thinking was centered in drugs in one form or another - the getting and using and

Addicts working with addicts is the basis for Narcotics Anonymous. Started in the 1950s, N.A. has its foundations in the 12-step recovery program of Alcoholics Anonymous. Key West's Key Recovery Group was born in the early 1980s when a few local recovering addicts banded together to help one another and others still-suffering.

There are now six meetings weekly, more up the Keys. (See sidebar for the where and when of meetings.)

COMMON PROBLEMS, UNCOMMON SOLUTIONS

"It wasn't easy," a 33-year-old mother of two says of her recovery. "It's really hard to quit drinking and drugging. Even today, after being clean and sober for almost a year, Fridays are hard as hell for me."

Problems common to addicts are discussed. How to stay clean. How to deal with reality. How to be honest and loving and find that new and better life they know is theirs if they stay straight. You got a problem? State it. Those who have dealt successfully - or unsuccessfully - with that problem respond. As the meeting progresses it's apparent why N.A. is called a "Fellowship."

"Friday was my day," she continues. "Payday. I'd scoot over to Pearle (Trailer Park) and before I knew it, \$200 to \$300 dollars was shot on rock cocaine. Nothing was more important than getting high. Not my kids. Not my job. Nothing. Then for the next two weeks I'd be crazy, always figuring who I could con for 10 or 20 bucks for a rock or two."

Around these tables talk is from the heart. People tell what it was like using drugs, what happened, and what life is like for them today.

A 26-year-old local utilities worker named Doug explains how he's used drugs since he was 10. A progressive disease, last April his obsessive abuse of crack cocaine finally pushed him into Delphos for 30 days of treatment. (See "Delphos Offers Cocaine Addicts Hope for New Life," *Solares Hill*, May, 1987.) Two days after he got out he again smoked a rock of the deeply addictive crack cocaine.

"All of a sudden I was where I was before I stopped using," he says, "screwing people over again. Then I realized that, most of all, I was screwing myself over. The drug was boss. It wasn't any fun anymore. I was still chasing the feeling I got from the first cocaine high I ever had. I felt awful. I had to get back quick or my old thinking would take over and I might never come back. I'd die." He explains that he now goes to either an N.A. or an A.A. meeting every night. He needs them, he says, as much as he needs food and water.

George, a carpenter in his late 40s who has been sober and straight for a good many years, tells the group from his experience, "The disease is cunning and powerful — patient, too. I have to remember that every day that first drink or drug is waiting. For me, just one drink, one snort, one smoke is too many. Because once I start, a thousand will never be enough."

"No one 'graduates' from N.A.," he

says. "I try to live its program a day at a time. I don't use, I go to meetings. I say 'Let the dervishes whirl!' This program teaches me how to live through anything without drugs. It's life and death to me."

This guy means it.

WORLD'S MOST EXPENSIVE CLUB

The sincerity and apparent honesty around these tables is awesome. It's as if

Lower Keys Meetings of Narcotics Anonymous

KEY WEST

Sunday

8:30 PM
Open Topic/
Discussion
KEY RECOVERY GROUP
CLASSROOM #1
FL KEYS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
Junior College Rd., Stock Island

Tuesday

7:00 PM
Closed
Discussion
KEY RECOVERY GROUP
5th ST. BAPTIST CHURCH
2318 Fogarty & MacMillian Sts.

Wednesday

8:30 PM
Open
Discussion
FREE AT LAST GROUP
1st UNITED METHODIST
OLD STONE CHURCH
Simonton & 600 Eaton St.

Thursday

8:30 PM
Open
Discussion
NO SMOKING
FREE AT LAST GROUP
1st UNITED METHODIST
OLD STONE CHURCH
Simonton & 600 Eaton St.

Friday

7:00 PM
Open
Step
KEY RECOVERY GROUP
5th ST. BAPTIST CHURCH
2318 Fogarty & MacMillian Sts.

Saturday

1:30 PM
Open
Discussion
KEY RECOVERY GROUP
ANCHORS AWEIGH CLUB
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Monday

8:00 PM
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there were a sign at the door saying "Check your ego here." People say things here about themselves that most of us wouldn't reveal to best friends. Any newly recovering addict soon learns that you can't readily con another addict. He's been there. He knows.

Truth prevails in these rooms, and all else - job status, education, wardrobe or bank account - all else becomes insignificant here. These people are addicts, survivors of a disease which strikes millions, killing without discrimination, a disease for which there is no known cure.

Like diabetes, drug addiction is a chronic relapsing sickness. The addict can neither help be or stop being an addict. He can, however, arrest his disease. Recovery is possible when the addict stops using addictive drugs and learns to live a full and joyous life without any mind-altering substances. That's where N.A. comes in.

It's said that N.A. has the highest initiation fee of any club in the world. Although the only requirement for membership is a desire to stop using drugs, members of N.A. know too well the high cost in dollars and in pain before reaching a "bottom" and finally seeking help.

"I'd tried everything to stop using cocaine." Bob, a 32-year-old fishing boat captain shares with the group. "I tried just using on weekends. Once I stopped all together and just drank alcohol. But that wasn't the answer. That was just switching the caliber of the bullet I was shooting myself with. I couldn't stop and hated myself for being so weak-willed."

Experts now know that will power has nothing to do with the ability to stop using drugs. According to Dr. Ron Ersay, director of the Delphos 20-bed drug treatment facility at Florida Keys Memorial Hospital, using will power against drug abuse is as effective as using it against diabetes. It doesn't work. Only when the drug addict accepts powerlessness over drugs as well as powerlessness over life itself can he find recovery. The first step in the 12-step recovery program of N.A. states: "We admitted that we were powerless over our addiction, that our lives had become unmanageable." (See sidebar.)

Captain Bob continues: "It took you people around these tables and the steps of this program to bring this recovering junkie back to life. I live a day at a time, now. Today I have a choice about drugs and alcohol. I can use or not use, and today I choose not to use."

JUST CHANGE EVERTHING!

People here talk of "The Program" as if it were engraved in stone. It's simply an approach to the disease of addiction where one addict helps another, where each addict 'works' the 12 steps, where honesty, open-mindedness and willingness are important keys to success.

As the hour-long meeting progresses, many problems emerge and are discussed. One young member is angry at her in-laws. "My father-in-law could drive a rock crazy," she claims. Two days ago her anger and resentment turned to self-pity; the next thing she knew, she "found" an old marijuana joint and smoked it. The young woman is first congratulated on returning to N.A., then advised in loving and caring ways on how to work with resentments ("Don't rent your head out to anybody!"), how to embrace the First Step more firmly.

"All you have to do is change your whole personality," says Hank, a local

businessman of about 45. He exaggerates only slightly, for most recovering addicts believe that a drug addict cannot grow emotionally - or spiritually - while he's abusing drugs. Personal development is arrested almost from the time of their first drink or drug, usually sometime in their teens. Once the addict starts recovery, he is an emotional and spiritual adolescent.

After using drugs for so long to escape feelings and maintain distance in relationships, the recovering addict must learn to deal with reality of life. He must face himself and his emotions. He must learn to grow up.

"I used cocaine for nine years and never knew myself. Never even got close to myself." She identifies herself as Joanne and she can't be more than 25. "Today I have a new job, new friends and a new life. Today I'm clean and sober and I finally have the opportunity to meet and get to

A COCAINE ADDICT'S 12 STEPS TO A NEW LIFE

1. We admitted that we were powerless over our addiction, that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. We came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. We made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. We made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. We admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. We were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. We humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. We made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. We made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. We continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. We sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as a result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to addicts, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

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know me. It's a gift and I thank God for helping to keep me sober and straight today."

RESENTMENTS AGAINST GOD

God is mentioned often in these meetings and in the 12 steps. In fact, drug addiction, the devil that brought these people here in the first place, is mentioned in the First Step

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only. The other 11 are means to a better and more fulfilling life, steps which many of these people will be taking and working for the rest of their lives.

"When I first came to N.A. I was turned off by all the God talk," says 29-year-old Irene, a local private nurse. "How could they expect me to believe in a loving God when I had been to hell and back because of drugs and alcohol. Would a loving God allow me to hurt myself so?" She smiles as she remembers, "People told me to use the N.A. group as my higher power. And that worked long enough for me to start understanding drug addiction, free-will and powerlessness. Thank God, I hurt too bad to go back out and continue using."

The pamphlet *Narcotics Anonymous* states that the most dangerous attitude in recovery is indifference or intolerance toward spiritual principles. But with helplessness, emptiness and fear as the alternative, most soon embrace the Second and Third steps as lifeboats in troubled waters.

A young man named Joe-Joe talks of faith in a Higher Power. "It's like a tight rope walker asking me if I think he can cross a high wire blindfolded. I say, 'Sure, I guess.' Then he asks if I believe that he can cross the high wire blindfolded and pushing a wheelbarrow. And I again say, 'Why not?' But then he says, 'If you believe, get in the wheelbarrow!'"

According to most everyone present, only faith in a Higher Power can eliminate the desire to use drugs and permanently change lives for the better.

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Talk continues around the table. Brand-new people are encouraged just to listen, to learn that they suffer from a disease, not a moral dilemma, that they are critically ill, not hopelessly bad.

"I came to N.A. defeated, not knowing what to expect. I found people caring and willing to help, people who'd been where I'd been, who knew how terrible I felt."

"I saw a sign in front of this Duval Street restaurant saying 'Best tequilas in town' and before I even thought I had one in my hand. The salt. The lime. The cold of it all. Then, thank God, got the strength to put it down and leave. My disease tells me that I don't have a disease. Denial can kill. I know that now."

"I don't have to control everything and everybody."

"All I have is today. Yesterday is a memory that can't be changed; tomorrow may never come. I'm learning to live a day at a time."

Phrases come up like "First things first" and "Easy does it" and "Let go and let God" as these people talk about how they stay clean and sober. As one lady says, "It's a simple program for complicated people."

At the meeting's end, "Just for Today" is read from *Narcotics Anonymous*:

Just for today my thoughts will be on my recovery, living and enjoying life without the use of drugs.

Just for today I will have faith in someone in N.A. who believes in me and wants to help me in my recovery.

Just for today I will have a program. I will try to follow it to the best of my ability.

Just for today through N.A. I will try to get a better perspective on my life.

Just for today I will be unafraid, my thoughts will be on my new associations, people who are not using and who have found a new way of life. So long as I follow that way, I have nothing to fear.

A basket is passed. Most put a buck in. I seem to be the only one noticing. One of the traditions of N.A. is that each group is fully self-supporting. Coffee and rent for the room cost money.

Then there are announcements of N.A. picnics, special meetings and up-coming conventions.

Poker chips are given out. Yes, poker chips "to remind us that we're gambling with our lives," Irene explains later. Three newcomers take white chips signifying a desire to stop using and to join a new way of life. One taking a white chip is addicted to prescription drugs, another to steroids, the third to cocaine. Other chips are handed out to those with 30-, 60-, 90-days of sobriety, for six and nine months. Medallions are awarded on yearly "birthdays."

Everyone is reminded to place principles before personalities, then all gather in a circle, arms around each other, first in silent prayer for the still-suffering addict, then for the Lords Prayer.

The meeting over, hugs are exchanged all around. Welcome to the loving, hugging, accepting, nonjudgmental caring of *Narcotics Anonymous*.

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NEW AGE FORUM by Carol Shaughnessy

New Age disciplines teach us that we should strive to use our bodies and minds to their full potential. This month, our articles cover a wide range of ways to develop and expand that potential.

Popular astrologer and writer Sioux Rose offers us her insight into the Aquarian Age, and includes some fascinating material on earlier ages and their characteristics. She also introduces an ongoing column in which she will attempt to use her astrological knowledge to help solve readers' problems.

Sonia Green, whose work with AIDS patients has been a quiet but effective force for good in Key West, presents an overview of the hands-on healing powers of Reiki.

And Carol Christine gives us some tips on the proper methods of fasting and cleansing our bodies to promote better health. As well as being a colon hygienist, Carol is a teacher

of yoga and a massage therapist.

Again this month, our calendar is not as complete as we could wish. If you know of a special event that you feel should be on the calendar, please call me at 294-3602.

During the month of July Solares Hill takes a vacation, but we'll be back in August with another issue ... and another New Age Forum.

The Essential Qualities of the Aquarian Age

by Sioux Rose

Psychology, sociology, religion and ethics are shaped by the outer world and the prevailing trends, beliefs, and customs of their time frame. Astrology teaches that there is an "inter-connectedness" among all things, an especially fascinating concept if we note the strong connections between the prevailing customs of certain eras and the concurrent astrological "ages" — periods of approximately 2,300 years. To understand the essence of the present Age of Aquarius,

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it is helpful to look at former ages and discover how deep and pervasive their belief systems were.

During the time frame of Egyptian society with its pyramid building, we had rulership by the Age of Taurus. This 2,300-year period was marked by early agriculture, ruled by "Taurus the bull" and the realization of land ownership and possession. Since an age is also imbued

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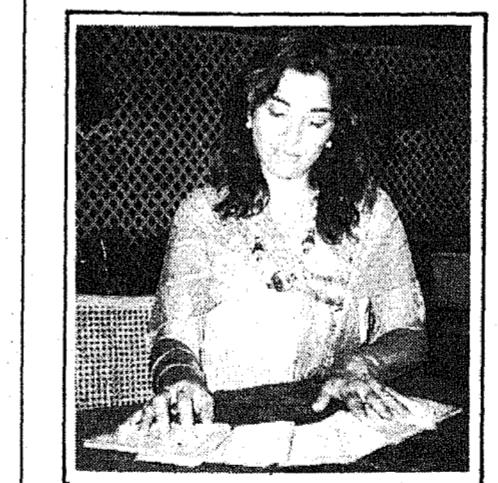
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NEW AGE
FORUM by Carol Shaughnessy

with the characteristics of its opposite sign, Aquarius) from 1939 to 1955. I believe that the souls who chose to incarnate during that period were "hell raisers" from way back. Familiar with religious intolerance, slavery, and other acts against the spirit of man, these souls learned to find strength within themselves and challenge the so-called omnipotence of institutions or authority figures. Those with Pluto in Leo follow internal truth and, as shown by many demonstrations in the 1960's, march to the beat of a different drummer. Such radical soul energy was certainly called for in order to usher in a new belief framework.

In the following Age of Aries, there was the belief in ONE God. Aries is the first sign, and believes strongly in a principle of self, oneness or unity. During this time frame there were blood sacrifices since Mars, ruler of Aries, is the god of war. Aries was symbolized by the Ram, and the ancient Hebrews had many customs that sanctified this animal and its body parts. The sign of Libra, the opposite polarity to Aries, represents codification of law. Thus during the Age of Aries Moses was given the Ten Commandments and the basis for Law was established.

Aquarius, ruled by Uranus, the planet of genius and intuition, links each individual to the Divine Mind so that problem-solving is derived from the cosmic source, which parallels Christ's words, "Not my will but THY WILL be done." Aquarius celebrates the individual and abhors conformity of any kind.

Christ, "the fisher of men," was the symbol for the Age of Pisces. Note that Christ's disciples were fishermen! During this age, the concept of suffering (crucifixion) was glamorized -- Neptune rules Pisces and represents martyrdom, among other things. Interestingly enough, during this age the opposite sign, Virgo, projected its symbolism through the belief in a Virgin Mother. Virgo is a sign particularly interested in dividing and labeling all parts, and at this time people were divided into groups and persecuted on the basis of their various faiths.

The Age of Aquarius probably began right after World War II -- astrologers differ on the exact timing. However, continuing with the belief in opposite pairing, the planet Pluto, ruler of rebirth and transformation, passed through Leo (opposite sign to

Aquarius) from 1939 to 1955. I believe that the souls who chose to incarnate during that period were "hell raisers" from way back. Familiar with religious intolerance, slavery, and other acts against the spirit of man, these souls learned to find strength within themselves and challenge the so-called omnipotence of institutions or authority figures. Those with Pluto in Leo follow internal truth and, as shown by many demonstrations in the 1960's, march to the beat of a different drummer. Such radical soul energy was certainly called for in order to usher in a new belief framework.

Aquarius' essential teaching is that there may only be ONE God, but every human being is His son or daughter -- a manifestation of that God-force. As such, regardless of sexual gender, race, creed, color, or other variables, each is created equal in God's eyes. The United States as a nation was founded by men who were far ahead of their times and understood this in saying, "All men . . . are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights..."

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Since the opposite sign to Aquarius is Leo, which represents love, the commandment of love is imperative. Aquarius teaches that if we love one another our unique difference can blend into a world society where texture is highly valued and conflict (usually the result of frustrated individualism) is at an all-time low. As an air sign, Aquarius promises that over this 2,300-year period telepathy will reach a peak -- and since we will all "read one another's thoughts," we will all become better channels of kindness, patience, and

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sorrow which is an all-too-common facet of today's life.

Sonia Green has been practicing Reiki for two years and was featured on Channel 5's "Increasing Human Capabilities," which included a video of her work. She has organized five very successful Reiki classes in Key West. Call 296-6031 for details of upcoming classes.

Cleansing for Health

by Carol Christine

Fasting is becoming a popular method for those seeking weight reduction. Weight loss, however, is only a side benefit to the body/mind cleanse you give yourself when you abstain from solid foods. Juice fasting

is the safest, most efficient way to release toxicity from the body. The intake of fresh live juices of both fruits and vegetables for seven days will allow the body's tissues to cleanse and rejuvenate. While fasting, the breakdown of tissue (known as autolysis) releases the least usable cells first. This is an important process and is why fasting has been considered an alternative procedure in working with arthritis and other degenerative diseases.

However, when assimilation (the absorption of foods) stops, an increased elimination begins. It is important to assist the body to release toxic debris on all levels in order to feel as comfortable as you can during this period. All areas of elimination can be stimulated to expedite toxic release. Dry brush massage will stimulate the skin and remove dead cells; scraping the tongue with a spoon will release excess mucus (a result of eating dairy products).

Cleansing the colon will be important as it is one of the main elimination organs. The colon, about five feet long, starts in the lower portion of the abdomen, traveling in a series of curves before exiting at the rectum. It is along these curves that matter from previous meals of modern, "civilized," highly refined diets tend to impact.

The movement of the colon as its muscular action pushes matter through is known as peristalsis, and this movement relies on bulk for its action. In fasting, as no bulk is moving through the colon, peristalsis may stop. Laxatives, which are irritating in their action, may not fully cleanse the previously impacted residue. Enemas may be used during the fast to alleviate this debris, and distilled water is recommended.

More thorough cleansing may be obtained with colonic irrigation, a gentle purified water washing of the colon using disposable tubing and performed by a licensed colon hygienist. The colonic, like an internal bath, enables the impacted hardened fecal matter to release and gently eliminate while the client remains comfortably on the treatment table.

Colon hydrotherapy, as it is also called, has been around for quite some time and is a helpful tool in preventative health care. You do not have to be fasting when taking a colonic. Chronic constipation through lack of bowel tone is improved with several treatments by its gentle stimulating action. Cold symptoms may be relieved at the first sign of congestion, as the body's excess mucus needs an avenue to eliminate which the colonic provides.

Holistic practices are geared to the individual who takes time for preventative personal health care. There are many philosophies, especially regarding health practices, and it is one's choice to try various modalities to develop one's own belief system. Given our hectic and often less than healthy modern lifestyle, a time of fasting and cleansing can be very helpful — a time for rest, contemplation, and regeneration of the body, mind, and spirit.

Carol Christine is a licensed colon hygienist, and president of the Keys Chapter of the Florida State Massage Therapy Association.

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Prediction and Astrology

by Sioux Rose

For many, it is difficult to conceptualize how starry constellations, consecrating and sculpting our moments of birth, can hold sway or predictive efficacy for our entire lifetimes. As I tell my clients over careful calculations of their birth planet positions, these numerical positions act as receiving stations. Is it a mystery to turn one's radio dial to, let's say F.M. 107, and pick up great jazz on Sunday morning? What makes music come through that numerical frequency? We take daily "magic" for granted!

The constellations act as composite nuclei of particular vibratory energies. When we speak of Jupiter, we speak of growth, positive thinking, developmental forces that flow and reward a person. When we think of Saturn, we think of challenging, restrictive forces that can bring setbacks but also the further refinement of inner perseverance, character development, and patience. Each planet acts as a guiding energy vortex, and during the course of a lifetime each planet will act on some part of one's chart — frequently many times in a rhythmic succession which, like a theme in music, repeats according to the harmonic interval inherent in the orbit of the planet. Every planet echoes a new nuance of growth so that life itself offers many lessons of many types. As Shakespeare stated, "There is a divinity that shapes our ends."

In future columns, I would like to offer my services as an "Ann Landers" might. Astrology can act as an insightful tool in recognizing the possible solutions to your dilemmas. Is it a relationship problem? The need for vocational guidance? An attempt to resolve an old anger? Send me your date, place, and time (if you know it) of birth, and your questions. According to space limitations, we will answer your letters in this column, using astrology as our Guidance.

Send questions to: Sioux Rose, c/o Solares Hill, #4 Key Lime Square, Key West, Florida 33040

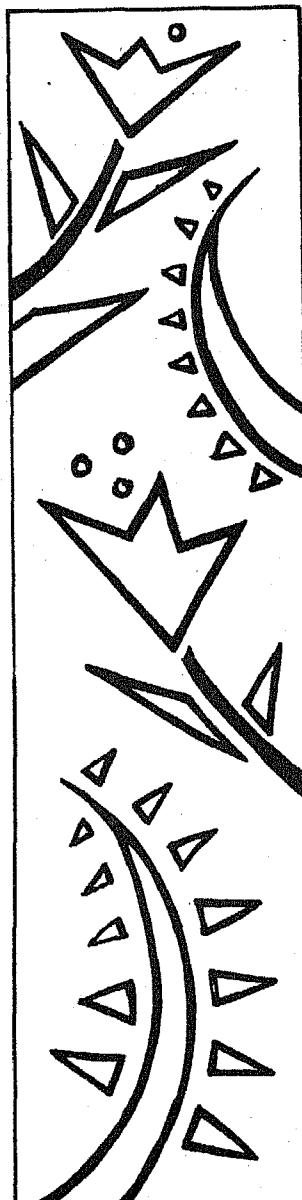
New Age Calendar: June Special Events

by Carol Shaughnessy

* The LRT will present a one-day workshop on Sondra Ray's Loving Relationships Training with Jim and Pru Collier, from 10 AM to 6 PM Saturday, June 20, at the Santa Maria Motel. Tuition is \$75.00. For more information, call Jim or Pru at 294-7470.

* The Sanctuary, at 530 Simonton Street, is offering two public forums during the month of June. June 9, at 6 PM, Joseph Farrar will facilitate a forum on environmental issues. Cost is \$3.50. June 17 at 8 PM, Minna Post-Peyser will lead a discussion of constitutional issues. For more information on either of these, call the Sanctuary at 294-7104.

* Unity of the Keys, at 3424 Duck Avenue, has announced their June schedule. Sunday, June 7, at 11 AM, Keys author Ed Hatch will be the guest presenter, speaking on *The Comforter*. Sunday, June 14, at 11 AM, the guest presenter will be Claudette Morelle, a teacher from Miami Unity and soloist with Johnny and Carlos. Her subject will be *Walk Your Talk*. On June 27, Judith Gorky will lead a *Personalized Play Workshop* from 1 PM to 4 PM at Unity, designed to help participants discover the "kid" in themselves. Judith is the creator of the *Personalized Play ... with Judith* program for locals and visitors. Cost of the workshop is \$15.00; call 296-0213 for reservations and registration information.



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 Florida Keys Community College 296-9081
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 Developmental Services 294-1059
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 LaMaze 294-1068, 294-4218
 MARC House - Detox 743-6551
 Mental Health Care Center 294-5237
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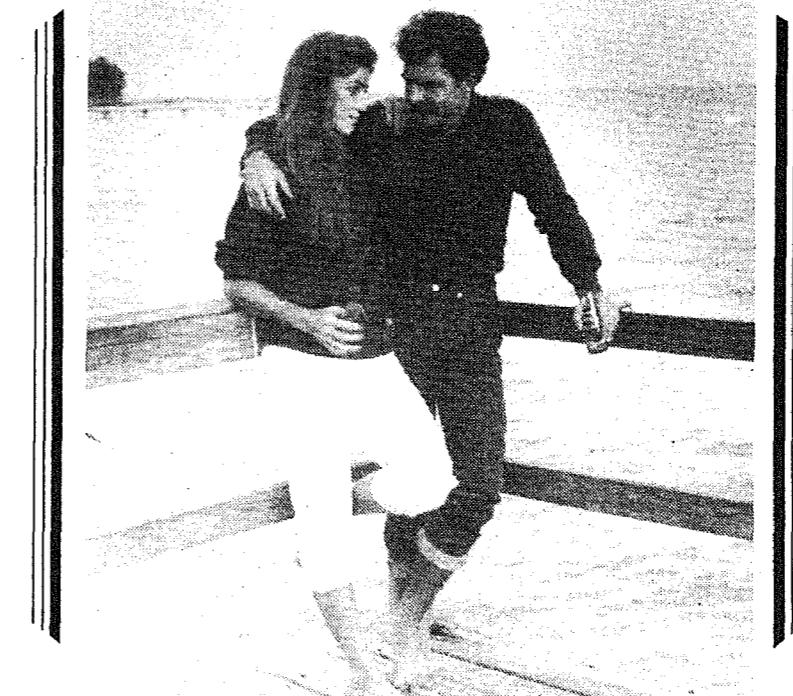
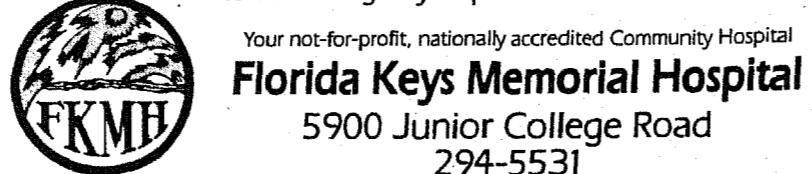
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Announcement

On Saturday, May 2, the Lower Keys Unit of the League of Woman Voters met at Perry's Restaurant for its monthly meeting.

The featured luncheon speaker was Dr. Armando J. Henriquez, Superintendent of Schools, who gave a presentation of the funding problems with the school system.

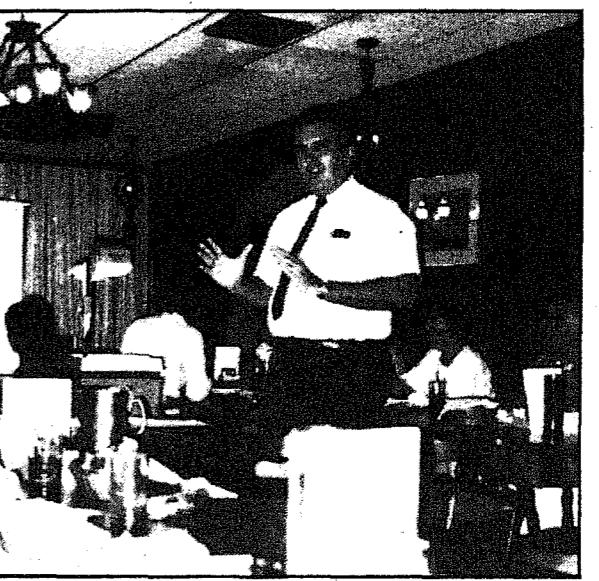
Dr. Henriquez noted that Florida Statute requires equal opportunity for all Florida students regardless of geography. The State Legislature determines the millage rate, which is then applied to the local assessment of property. Then State funds are added to make up the difference. "The higher the local assessments, the lower the State's assistance," the Superintendent stated.

"Local funding for our school system is \$21 million, with State support of only \$8.1 million. This makes Monroe County the second-highest local contributor to the school system of any of the 67 Florida Counties. Inequitable appraisal of property across the State is what's wrong," Dr. Henriquez explained.

Ervin Higgs, County Tax Assessor, joined the discussion by explaining that Monroe County is assessing property at 100% of market value. "The Department of Revenue is not doing its job in auditing

assessment rolls of other Counties," Mr. Higgs charged.

When asked about the State Lottery by



Superintendent Henriquez

League Education Chairman Julia Jackson, Dr. Henriquez replied, "We're only talking about \$400 million Statewide, which has already been spent 100 different ways. This State needs \$10-12 billion in school system capital projects over the next 10 years."

As to the "perfect formula" for financing public schools in the State, Dr. Henriquez suggested that the State increase the Sales

Tax by 2%, and do away with ad valorum taxation entirely.

Dr. Henriquez noted that the County school system now has an increasing enrollment, after a decline earlier this decade. "We expect an increase of 300-350 pupils over the next 3 years. The greatest growth will be in the Upper Keys, Key West and Sugarloaf areas," the Superintendent stated.

The League of Woman Voters is a non-partisan organization dedicated to the education and expansion of the voting electorate. Both men and women of the Keys are encouraged to join the League and attend its meetings. The next meeting of the Lower Keys Unit will be at Perry's Restaurant on Saturday, June 6, at 11:30 AM. For further information contact League Vice President June Girard at 745-3238.

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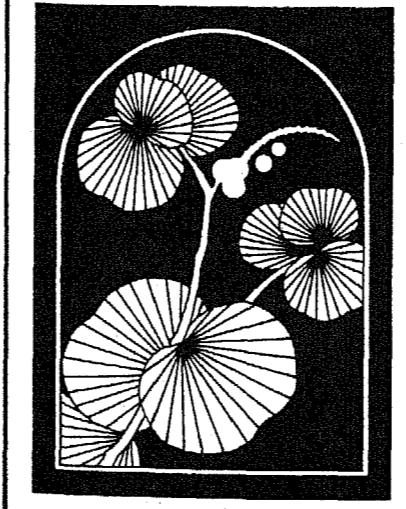
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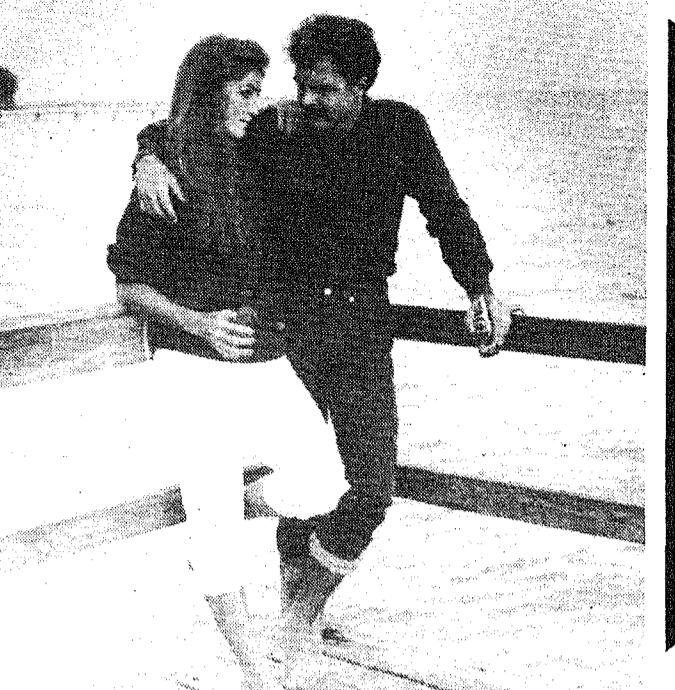
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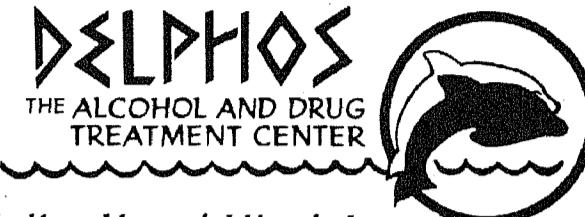
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Announcement

On Saturday, May 2, the Lower Keys Unit of the League of Woman Voters met at Perry's Restaurant for its monthly meeting.

The featured luncheon speaker was Dr. Armando J. Henriquez, Superintendent of Schools, who gave a presentation of the funding problems with the school system.

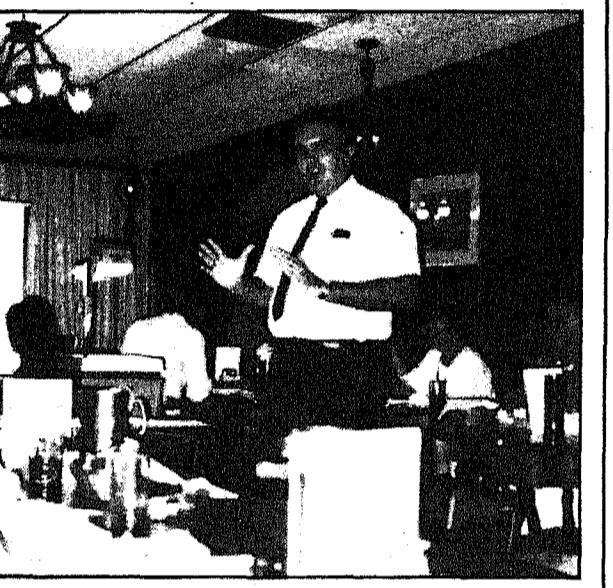
Dr. Henriquez noted that Florida Statute requires equal opportunity for all Florida students regardless of geography. The State Legislature determines the millage rate, which is then applied to the local assessment of property. Then State funds are added to make up the difference. "The higher the local assessment, the lower the State's assistance," the Superintendent stated.

"Local funding for our school system is \$21 million, with State support of only \$8.1 million. This makes Monroe County the second-highest local contributor to the school system of any of the 67 Florida Counties. Inequitable appraisal of property across the State is what's wrong," Dr. Henriquez explained.

Ervin Higgs, County Tax Assessor, joined the discussion by explaining that Monroe County is assessing property at 100% of market value. "The Department of Revenue is not doing its job in auditing

assessment rolls of other Counties," Mr. Higgs charged.

When asked about the State Lottery by



Superintendent Henriquez

League Education Chairman Julia Jackson, Dr. Henriquez replied, "We're only talking about \$400 million Statewide, which has already been spent 100 different ways. This State needs \$10-12 billion in school system capital projects over the next 10 years."

As to the "perfect formula" for financing public schools in the State, Dr. Henriquez suggested that the State increase the Sales

Tax by 2%, and do away with ad valorum taxation entirely.

Dr. Henriquez noted that the County school system now has an increasing enrollment, after a decline earlier this decade. "We expect an increase of 300-350 pupils over the next 3 years. The greatest growth will be in the Upper Keys, Key West and Sugarloaf areas," the Superintendent stated.

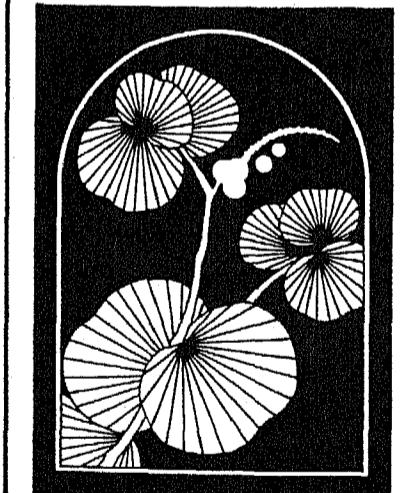
The League of Woman Voters is a non-partisan organization dedicated to the education and expansion of the voting electorate. Both men and women of the Keys are encouraged to join the League and attend its meetings. The next meeting of the Lower Keys Unit will be at Perry's Restaurant on Saturday, June 6, at 11:30 AM. For further information contact League Vice President June Girard at 745-3238.

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Florida Keys and Key West Calendar of Events

With this issue Solares Hill initiates a yearly Calendar of Events which we hope will be of benefit to planners of special events as well as to those wishing to attend. We want to include all interesting events taking place in Key West and the Florida Keys, and we need your help. If you have a future event you wish to be included in our calendar, please send information to: Kathy Roach, Solares Hill, #4 Key Lime Square, Key West, Florida 33040.

JUNE, 1987

ARTS

June 3-4: Auditions for *The Lost Generation*, Red Barn Theatre, Key West.

Thru June 13: Della Rama van der Kloot watercolor exhibit, Key West Art Center, Key West.

June 19-27: Fourth Annual Gay Film Festival, Key West. 294-5135.

WATER FUN

June 6-7: Antique & Wooden Boat Show and Nautical Marketplace, Faro Blanco, Marathon. 743-5422.

June 20: Miami-Key West, Power Boat Race, 285-9073.

June 20-21: First Annual Father's Day Dolphin Derby, Key Colony Beach. 743-0774.

JULY, 1987

July 3: National Marine Sanctuary Underwater Photography Contest Awards Ceremony, Key Largo.

July 4: Independence Day celebrations, throughout the Keys. 451-1414, 664-4503, 743-5417, 872-2411, 294-2587.

Second Annual International Festival of Hot Dogs, 6:00 PM, The Reach, Key West. 296-5000.

Fireworks, White Street Pier, Key West

July 6: Deadline for Hemingway Days Short Story Contest, P.O. Box 4045, Key West, 33041.

July 10-12: Jaycees Shark Tournament, Marathon.

July 11: Annual Island Swim, Key West. 294-4842.

July 13-19: Hemingway Days Celebration, Key West. For information on all Hemingway Days events, call 294-4440.

July 14: Hemingway Radio Trivia Quiz, FM-107, Key West. Bastille Day Party, Cafe des Artistes, Key West.

July 15-18: Hemingway Days Billfish Tournament, Key West.

July 16-18: Hemingway Look-Alike Contest, Sloppy Joe's Bar, Key West.

July 17: A Night on the Town with Papa.

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... with our Hello
to Summer Sale!
403 Greene St., Key West

Thru June: Looe Key National Marine Sanctuary and Key Largo National Marine Sanctuary Underwater Photography Contest, Big Pine Key and Key Largo. 872-4039

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

June 13: General Membership Meeting, Keys Women for Action, Hukilau, Key West. 296-9081, Ext. 263.

June 13, 17, 20, 24: Training course for volunteers to teach English as a Second Language through the Literacy Program of Monroe County, Key West library, Key West. 294-8488.

FAMILY FUN

June 6: *Cricket in Times Square* and *Rosie's Walk*, Library, Key West. 294-8488.

June 7: Summer Splash 1987, 1:00 to 4:00 PM, Bahia Honda State Park.

June 13: *The Red Balloon*, Library, Key West. 294-8488.

June 20: *Solo and Rufus M.*, Library, Key West. 294-8488.

June 23: Celebrate Summer, Library, Key West. 294-8488.

June 25: Summer Story Hour, Library, Key West. 294-8488.

June 27: *Curious George and Corduroy*, Library, Key West. 294-8488.

EDUCATIONAL

June 2: *After I Say I Do*, 12-part seminar on building strong marriages, Liberty Lighthouse Church, Marathon. 743-7305.

June 17: How to Market Your Small Business Product or Service, Florida Keys Community College, Key West. 294-8482.

ALWAYS HAPPENING

Mondays: Yoga Class, Coffee Mill Cultural Center, Key West. 294-0228.

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

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

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

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

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

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ARTS

Fishing Forecast, Features on local fishing and diving, Tournaments, Captains' Profiles, and a complete listing of:

Offshore and Back Country Fishing Charterboats

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Boat Rentals

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Skiing, Parasailing, and Windsurfing Activities

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Palate Pleaser Column, Restaurant Reviews, Personality Profiles and a Complete Listing of Restaurants:

Steaks and Seafood

Continental

French

Italian

Mexican

Cuban

Late Nite Spots

Deli/Cafes

Home Cooking

Pizza

THEATRE

Profiles on Artists, Theatre Reviews, and Complete Listings of Current and Upcoming Performances, Schedules, and Ticket Information at:

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Red Barn Theatre

Jan McArt's Cabaret Theatre

Tennessee Williams

Fine Arts Center

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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE LOWER KEYS

Just My Opinion

by Gil Ryder

I see by the papers that:

The permanent resident population of the Keys now exceeds sixty thousand persons.

The hurricane season is with us once again.

The best hurricane safety program is to completely evacuate the Keys.

It will take thirty hours to evacuate forty thousand humans.

There may not be more than twelve hours warning of a particular hurricane landfall.

Neither the Senior Citizens Center nor the Church Youth Center on Big Pine Key are now considered to be acceptable as hurricane shelters.

* * * * *

If the above items are correct, our Civil Defense people are going to have a wild time trying to evacuate 40,000 residents in 30 hours and then, somehow, trying to save the 20,000 who can't be evacuated due to the time element. Also, let's remember, all these figures pertain only to the known number of permanent residents. Will the tourists and street people be an unknown quantity? Will the Big Pine prison be

evacuated? Are the various hospitals considered a safe refuge for their bedridden patients and the necessary hospital personnel?

There are many questions and, undoubtedly, Civil Defense personnel have the answers to most of them, but the big question is, do you know what to do when you have been warned that a *major* hurricane is headed for your area?



It does not appear that a complete evacuation of the Keys will be possible, especially if, for whatever reason, the warning time drops to 15 hours or less.

In the event of a major hurricane approaching with only a short warning time, have any priorities been established, giving any particular group of residents precedence in the order of evacuation? If not, should such priorities be established?

For instance, should occupants of mobile homes be evacuated ahead of all others without regard to age, physical condition or sex?

Should the second wave of evacuees be the physically and mentally disabled, even though they live in seemingly sturdy homes? Should the second wave of evacuees include all families with children under a certain age? If so, what should that certain age be?

Should certain buildings be opened as emergency shelters even though those buildings do not meet required criteria, on the simple theory that a poor shelter is better than none?

Should owners of homes, who believe that their buildings would offer at least minimal protection of life to occupants, voluntarily open their doors to those less fortunate?

The bad feature of being a good Samaritan would be, of course, that the good Samaritan might well find himself on the wrong end of a civil suit, if the person given refuge felt that he, or she, had been in any way damaged by taking temporary refuge in the good Samaritan's home. Maybe the storm refugee tripped and fell due to lack of emergency lighting in some area. (The regular source of illumination would not be available during a hurricane.)

I believe that many vital decisions will have to be made by individuals when (not if) the Keys are subjected to the

continued on page 60

which is managed by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service of the U.S. Department of Interior.

Although public hearings on the Coastal Barrier Island Program have been completed, written comments will be accepted through June 23:

Coastal Barrier Study Group
U.S. Department of Interior
National Park Service -- 498
P.O. Box 37127
Washington, D.C. 20013-7127

Meanwhile, another division of DOI -- "... possibly with an office just down the hall" as County Commissioner Gene Lytton put it -- is targeting Keys' waters with offshore leasing programs that could put oil and gas exploration within a few miles of our shores. Keys' citizens delivered a resounding and unanimous "No!" to the DOI at the recent public hearing. But one sensed that the DOI panel had heard it all before.

The apparent dichotomy becomes clear only in terms of federal fiscal policy ... the bottom line. It is making many people in the Keys very uneasy. And it has done nothing to diminish the growing feeling that the fate of the Keys is no longer in our hands.

* * * * *

Worthy of particular note is the recent Bud Light Marathon Offshore Challenge. The entire community of Marathon is to be congratulated for successfully hosting this

continued on page 60



spending of federal money in these areas for such things as bridge and road improvements, new federally subsidized flood insurance and new mortgages from federally insured lending institutions. The Federal Government has apparently decided that it will not subsidize growth in the Florida Keys.

One small area included in the proposed

Bill Becker is
News Director
for US-1 Radio
(104.7 FM)

designation will have (in my view) a serious long-range negative effect on the Key Deer, a federally endangered species. The stretch of highway on Big Pine from St. Peter's Church to Spanish Harbor (included in the proposal) is an area of frequent Key Deer crossings ... and killings. Without federal highway assistance, expensive improvements and modifications of this section -- to somehow allow the deer to cross safely -- will be impossible. And the highway will more and more become the Black Hole for the Key Deer.

On the one hand DOI is saying that the Keys don't have to be shifting sand islands (the original definition) to be Barrier Islands. The Keys' function in protecting a sensitive marine ecosystem (Florida Bay) is enough, under new definitions. The proposed designation covers a patchwork of sparsely inhabited areas of the Keys, according to DOI definitions. It limits the

So far in 1987 there have been twenty known kills of Key Deer by vehicles, mostly on the highway. That could be as much as ten percent of the population. The mortality figures are compiled by personnel at the Key Deer National Wildlife Refuge,

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THE LOWER KEYS

continued from page 57

unbelievable power of a major hurricane. I believe also that it would be much wiser to think about those decisions now rather than when the wind is blowing 140 mph.

I do not believe that there is any possibility of totally evacuating the Keys in any presently conceivable amount of warning time. In fact, I am not too sure that all the people living 20 or 25 miles from the nearest official shelter will be able to get there once things get wild enough to convince those people of their need for emergency shelter.

I don't pretend to know the answers to the problems and I'm not too sure that anyone else does either, although I certainly hope I'm wrong about that. Time and tide (not to mention wind) will eventually settle the matter.

Over the years, a number of families have had bomb shelters or fall-out shelters constructed in their back yards, due to fear of some sort of military attack or invasion. Time has proven (so far) that those structures were unnecessary. We haven't been attacked or invaded since Pearl Harbor.

I wonder why no one has ever tried to introduce backyard hurricane shelters in proven hurricane areas. If I remember

correctly, bomb shelters were supposed to withstand the blast effect of nearby exploding conventional bombs but not a direct hit. Fall-out shelters were to protect against fall-out, not against blast of nearby exploding atom bombs.

In either case, I believe that families were expected to be able to survive in bomb or fall-out shelters for long periods of time, the time depending upon how long the area might be targeted and how long it would take for fall-out to dissipate. If the fears of the time had been realized, families may well have had to spend months in their shelters — not a pleasant prospect.

However, time spent in a backyard hurricane shelter could be comparatively brief, probably no more than 48 hours.

A nation capable of sending vehicles out of our solar system, and capable of putting a man on the moon and bringing him safely back to earth should certainly be capable of designing a comparatively small backyard structure that could survive the strongest hurricane winds and stand firmly above and against wind-driven surges of the sea.

If we can make a plane that can travel at a speed greater than the speed of sound and remain intact, we should certainly be able to produce a building that can very easily survive the worst hurricane.

Maybe we could get some enterprising

Japanese auto manufacturer to use his skills and energy to design and produce these backyard hurricane shelters for us, and save us from trying to figure out what to do in a hurricane.

Hart Throb

by Gil Ryder

*Has there ever lived a man so dead
That he never to himself has said,
"There goes a girl I'd love to bed?
My wife is fine, the kids are great,
But I want to eat from another plate.
I'm getting older -- I'll take the chance
And pay the fiddler for one fast dance!"*

Sixth Decade

Part One -- 1937

by Burt P. Garnett

Burt Garnett thinks it is smart of him to live to be nearly 100 years old, but feels that it really is due to the freedom from stress in Key West and the kindness of agreeable neighbors. He also considers himself smart to have acted like a proper stranger and that he never tried to be elected to a paying political office. Tranquility.

This piece is from the unpublished autobiography representing the first part of the decade -- 1937-1947.

The dictionary definition of "middle age" is "between youth and old age." At the golf club the male members considered themselves between youth and old age as long as they played with their usual foes on Wednesday afternoons and on weekends. I think that generally they disliked being called middle-aged, or old, but some of them didn't mind being called "old-timers," since that suggested importance or perhaps upper social rank. "Senior" tournaments were for members fifty years old or older, but age fifty didn't mean half-way between birth and death.

In my case, fifty meant getting on toward retirement. In this, I believe, I had a different attitude than most of my contemporaries. I liked the idea of retirement. Many, perhaps most, of my co-workers found the idea abhorrent and dreaded the approach of the time when they would have to surrender their desks to younger fellows.

By the time I became fifty -- in July, 1937, I began to figure; to look here and there for tricks or schemes that would, or might, make retirement possible. I even began to talk about it. I talked to my close friend, my brother-in-law, Ferris White, who had a very good job and was earning more money than my partnership was paying me. But Ferris said, "You're your own boss; you come and go as you please. Why do you want to quit?"

"I'm no more free than you are," I replied. "My partnership requires that I work, just the same as my partner is obliged -- to me -- to work. In a way he is my boss, just as, in a way, I'm his boss."

"But don't you like your work? Don't you enjoy working with your partner?"

I had to admit that I did. That I couldn't be fired, and that I enjoyed a degree of "security" such as an employee of a corporation didn't enjoy.

Ferris said, further, that he enjoyed his accomplishments. He enjoyed the pats on the back he got from co-workers and the "raises" in pay that resulted. Those, he said, don't come to a retiree.

"I don't want to retire. I hope that when I get to be sixty-five, I will not be forced to retire. Having nothing to do would bore me," he said.

After I had retired, and was writing a column called "What Price Retirement," I

BOULEVARD TRAVEL

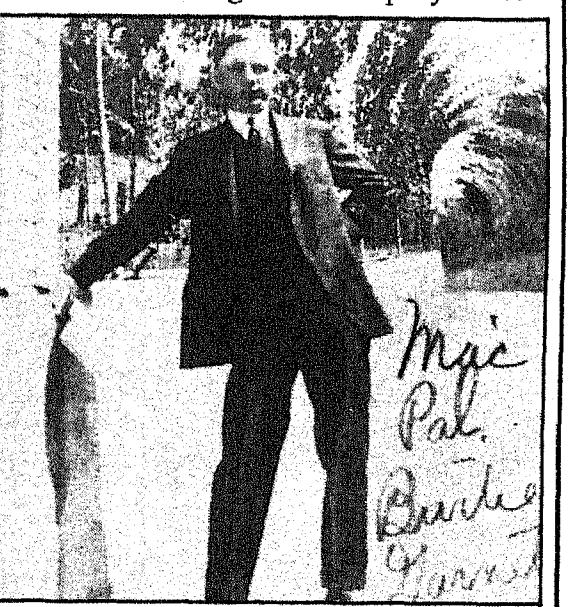
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discovered that neither of us was alone in our viewpoint. I found a lot of people -- especially retired civil servants -- shared my view and as many -- perhaps even more, who resented being forced to retire at sixty-five. Many of them petitioned Rep. Claude Pepper to work for federal legislation that would make it illegal for employers to



A young Burt Garnett

discharge employees because of age, when, they claimed, they were good, experienced workers, much more valuable workers than the young fellows who were to come in and take their jobs. The argument continues, although some headway has been made by objectors.

I wasn't able to accomplish my own retirement -- not completely -- until I was in my eighties, but I did modify my own employment to give me the principal advantages of retirement.

It was not just the desire to retire that caused me to yearn for Key West. I had seen very little of what used to be called the "Southernmost City in the United States," when John O'Rourke and I chose to go to Havana. We left the train and got aboard the ship without ever leaving the dock area, but we had an excellent view from the ship as it set-out for Havana. But my determination to go there was what I learned from Max Stern, one of the Scripps-Howard writers. He had been sent there to write a story about the WPA program for rescuing the flat-broke Southernmost City and for finding work for destitute artists, musicians, writers and actors. He told us about the empty living quarters in the U.S. Naval

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Station that could be rented for \$1 a month by people who would help promote Key West as a winter resort.

Bob Allen and his wife, Ruth Finney, and Betty and I were able to participate in this worthy cause by occupying Naval Officers' dwelling places for the month of February, 1937. The railroad had been washed out in the hurricane of 1935, but we were able to get passes aboard a seaplane plying between Coconut Grove and Key West.

From what Elmer Davis had written, what Max Stern had told us, and what we had seen from the ship when we made our visit to Cuba (in 1934), we rather hoped that Key West would be much like Papeete or some other tropical isle, with painters such as Gauguin and bullfighters visiting Ernest Hemingway.

Misses Minnie Porter Harris and Eileen Williams were representing the United States Government in rental matters and showed us to houses in the Naval Station, formerly occupied by Naval officers. We also met the lieutenant senior grade who was in charge of the otherwise shut-down navy yard. He had just come from playing tennis with Ernest Hemingway in the base recreation area. Bob asked the naval officer if Hemingway was an affable fellow and if he might welcome a call from a couple of Washington newspaper men. The officer said to us that Hemingway asked him if we seemed to be nice fellows. He also said that he worked every morning until twelve o'clock and that we'd better call after that hour. So we did and Hemingway was affable and gracious. He had worked at the Kansas City Star and knew my cousin Bernard. He also knew Bob's connection with Drew Pearson in producing the "Washington Merry-go-Round" column then appearing in many newspapers. So the talk was about journalism, mainly. Presently in came Sidney Franklin, the American bullfighter. Ernest told stories about working in Paris for the Kansas City Star and what an advantage it was to have a weekly paycheck.

He showed us a number of fine sketches and paintings which, he said, were given to him in exchange for small sums of money. Two of the sketches were by Raoul Dufy. He also showed us a striking portrait by Waldo Peirce of his young son, held on the lap of a rather portly black woman. It was all very pleasant until the arrival of

continued from page 57

event for the second year in a row. If spectator interest, race team comments and officials' reactions are any barometer, Marathon should be on the powerboat racing circuit for many years to come.

Another Middle Keys event which has grabbed national and international interest is the annual Seven Mile Bridge Run. Many of the 1500 competitors describe it as one of the most unique running events in the world. Kudos to the Marathon Runners Club for a job well done.

* * * * *

Another uniquely Keys event has also grabbed national attention: the Third Annual

Underwater Music Festival at Looe Key National Marine Sanctuary, May 17. The three-hour concert, broadcast on US-1 Radio and played on underwater speakers at the reef, received national media exposure on CNN television and Associated Press. A terrific event that is sure to get better each year.

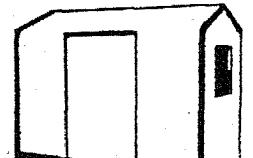
This year the Underwater Music Festival was combined with the Lower Keys Food Festival and Raft Race at Sunshine Key, forming the two-day Lower Keys Marine Exposition. The general feeling of organizers is that each of the two events is strong enough to stand on its own, and will probably be scheduled as such next year.

* * * * *

The Big Pine Athletic Association is preparing for the Second Annual "Summer Splash," Sunday, June 7, at Bahia Honda State Recreation Area. An afternoon of family fun will feature kite-flying, balloon launch of messages, sand sculpture, preschool activities, windsurfing, a shallow water snorkeling tour with marine biologists, frisbee games, tug-of-war, volleyball and parachute games. Bring your own picnic, drinks, frisbee, kite, snorkeling gear and lifejacket for windsurfing. The fun begins at 1 PM and planned activities will come to a close at 4 PM.

The Big Pine Athletic Association and continued on page 65

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Mrs. Hemingway, Pauline, who obviously was not pleased to see us. We got the idea that visitors were not welcome unless by her invitation. Bob and I were quite willing to depart when Mr. Franklin offered to drive us back to the yard in his handsome automobile.

Handsome automobiles were a some-what rare sight in Key West in 1937. Indeed, I particularly recall that Betty and Ruth were delighted to find at Wing Grocery Store on Fleming Street a head of iceberg lettuce and some broccoli also — very rare items in Key West at the time. Probably no depression-ridden city in the United States was as destitute as Key West. The railroad from the mainland had been breached by the 1935 hurricane and the depression — especially the collapse of the Florida real estate boom — left the population with little beyond fishing, a meager amount of coast-wise shipping, and taking in one another's laundry as a means of livelihood. There was a road, Florida 4, by which with two long ferry rides, automobiles could reach the once richest city in Florida.

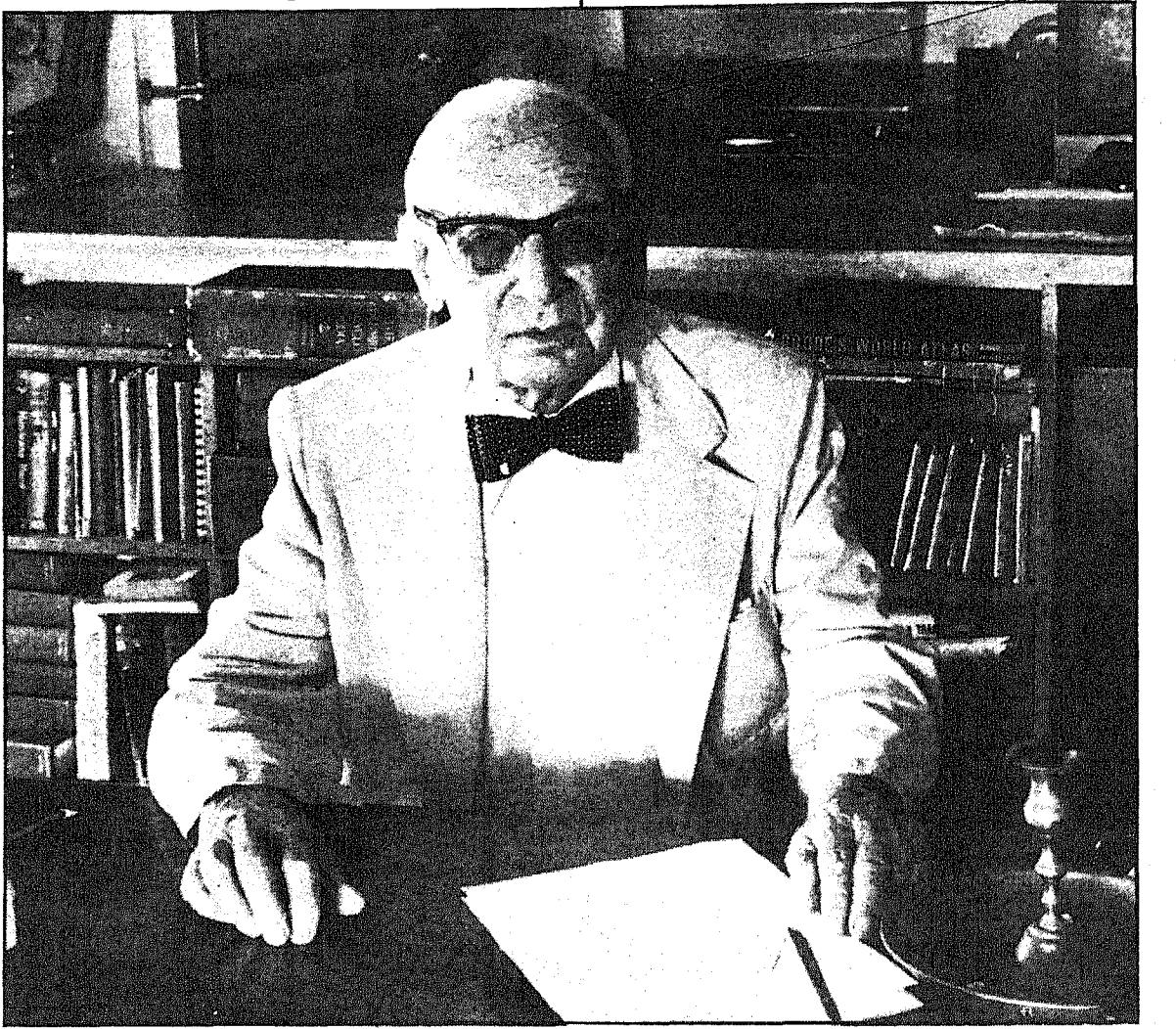
The February weather was pleasant. The Navy Yard grounds were still well-cared for and the new-to-us screw pines and Indian almond trees showing the bright green leaves of Spring, together with the red and orange colors of autumn at the same time, bolstered my conviction that the District of Columbia and Northern Virginia — pleasant as they may be in Spring and Fall — were unfit places to live for retirees. I was not thinking much about "old age" but very busy thinking about how I could convince Betty that Key West was the place for us to live. My health, I pointed out, demanded that I be in a warm and sunny place — NOT in a place where I was having at least three bouts every winter with flu, chill-blains, and putting tire-chains on the car during sleety weather.

How to make a living in Key West? Just look at the place — vacant store buildings, unpainted, dilapidated little houses where the long-gone cigarmakers used to live. Duval Street with its thin paving scarcely covering the rails over which the "Toonerville Trolley" electric cars used to provide local transport.

Start a newspaper? Get a job on the Key West Citizen? Or, perhaps, buy it? On that first visit some local business men who foresaw a good future for Key West as a tourist center, asked me to attend a luncheon meeting and they voiced their feeling that Key West needed an ambitious and forceful newspaper that would promote their interests. I disappointed them by offering the opinion that if they gave better support to the newspaper, it would meet their requirements. I got only polite applause. They knew what the town needed, but they wanted somebody from the "outside" to take up where Uncle Sam was leaving off. The Works Progress Administration's force was still active, but they well knew that they could not expect the American taxpayers to continue forever to pay Key West's bills. The city government hadn't been able to collect enough taxes to pay for the much-needed service of garbage collection

and disposal. The valiant members of the Key West Women's Club took over. They raised money to pay the costs by preparing delicious luncheons and suppers, much better than the restaurants served and at much more reasonable prices.

By 1937, when we first arrived, we were a part of a very small company of tourists. As a matter of fact, we were allowed to utilize the officer's quarters in the Naval Station because we were expected to help publicize Key West as a delightful spot



Burt in recent years

The Depression's trouble in municipalities — large and small — all over the country were aided in some respect by the New Deal. At Key West I had a chance to see just what had happened.

Key West's local officials lost no time in appealing to the Federal Government for help after the New Deal Program for aiding distressed municipalities was announced. On July 2, 1934, the City Council adopted a resolution which summarized the plight of the "Old Island", especially as to unemployment:

"Loss of the cigar industry which furnished employment for upwards of ten thousand persons;

Reduction of the Coast Guard Defense to a skeleton of less than forty officers and men;

The abandonment of Key West as a Naval Station."

The Florida Emergency Relief Administration didn't accomplish much in the way of reviving the cigar industry, upgrading the Coast Guard services, or other federal government services. The one economic program that seemed likely to restore Key West — and the Florida Keys — to a self-supporting condition was tourism.

Despite its rundown condition, Key West was a jolly place. The Casa Marina Hotel offered a degree of elegance. After our month, we returned to Washington's cold March weather and I was more-than-ever persuaded that I wanted to move to the sunny, sub-tropical weather of the Southernmost City.

for vacationers, and to help promote the construction of a highway that would replace the railroad and open the Keys to tourism — promote building hotels and other structures and "services" that would attract "winter visitors".

Among the millions of unemployed during the Great Depression, professional actors, musicians, artists and writers were vociferous in demanding relief. Many were residents of Florida and many more were delighted when they were assigned to "Work Projects" financed by the Federal Government. Key West got its share of some of their productions treasured by individuals and museums. In 1937 a group of painters was still active, under the supervision of Edward Bruce. He, "Ned" Bruce, was a good painter, himself, but he was best known as a banker and financier. He had operated for many years in the Philippine Islands and, I believe, was a personal friend of President Roosevelt, and was asked by him to help organize the relief program for artists.

Despite its rundown condition, Key West was a jolly place. The Casa Marina Hotel offered a degree of elegance. After our month, we returned to Washington's cold March weather and I was more-than-ever persuaded that I wanted to move to the sunny, sub-tropical weather of the Southernmost City.

Hot Tips

by V.K. Gibson

A couple of years ago I was privileged to serve as one of the judges for the Hemingway Short Story Competition. It was a pleasant — and enlightening! — experience. Now, I have some "tips" to share with anyone who might be interested. But first, some general comments.

The Hemingway Days celebration will take place in July and it's time for writers to prepare their entries for the Short Story Contest. This is my favorite arts event in Key West, and not only because I've managed to win several prizes over the last five years.

The celebration is a thriving commercial extravaganza, and the organizers might very well have been satisfied with only that. We're fortunate that the people in charge realized, early on, that they were exploiting a great writer's name, and that it was only fitting to support the art which made Hemingway a worldwide celebrity. Michael Whalton and his associates, and the Hemingway family, deserve our thanks.

The Contest celebrates its namesake — and rewards talent. The *reward* part is particularly important because most unknown writers receive scant compensation and recognition for the years they put into learning their craft.

The award is quite respectable: \$1,000 for first place, equal in amount to the Pulitzer Prize. In recent years the second and third prizes, formerly composed of small change and gift certificates from local merchants, have also been upgraded to nice cash awards.

Another important factor in the development of the Contest has been the high quality of its judges. A fiction competition is a sham without illustrious (and competent!) jurors. Writer Lorian Hemingway (a swell person) will coordinate the judging this year, working with Tom Jenks, senior editor of *Scribner's*, Doris Hemingway, former staff member of *Time* magazine, and other professional editors and writers.

Unlike the majority of awards to artists, the local Hemingway Competition is designed simply to reward talent, without regard for professional credentials, family connections, or sexual endowment of the entrants. The judges see the stories, *not* the authors' names.

A special addition to the event is a child's writing competition (for ages 12 and under, no charge). Also this year, a compilation of the six previous first place stories will be published, and given to all Contest entrants. The entry fee, formerly five bucks per story, is being increased to ten dollars in order to pay for this collection. I hope this increase doesn't inhibit submissions from low income (meaning most) writers.

I have faint misgivings regarding the process which picks the "cream" of the stories to be passed on to the final judging. Not that I distrust the standards and abilities of the preliminary readers. But, while I was

a judge, I found myself wondering about the stories I *wasn't* reading. It occurs to me that there must occasionally appear one of those very strange pieces which could "fall through the cracks" of the early review process.

What would be the fate, for example, of something written after Proust's *Interior Monologue*? Or piece which reflects Joyce's Bergsonian Duration? Or Durrell's relativistic Space-Time structure? Or even, God help us, the modern French theories?

My reservation is not a complaint or a plea for change, for I have no reason to expect anything but excellence from the first readers. But there remains a nagging dread of omission which, perhaps, all judges of literary contests suffer. On the other hand, I wouldn't want to wade through several hundred stories in a few weeks. Bless the readers and their tired, red eyes.

To the hot tips!

I hesitate to suggest that anyone write an experimental or a particularly original piece. It might possibly reach the finals. But once the judging room door closes something odd transpires.

A committee tends to recoil from novelty, controversy, and gut-wrenching



power. (The Pulitzer committees are legendary for passing over such greats as Faulkner, Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Steinbeck, Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Wolfe, Nabokov, on and on, in favor of mind boggling mediocrities.)

Individually, some judges will be delighted by an offbeat or challenging story. But, collectively? Usually not. Critics everywhere like to rhapsodize over originality, but when it comes to making choices they really don't care for it all that much. Unless you're a genius, and also have voodoo powers of persuasion, avoid submitting the stylistically unique story. (But, by all means write it!)

Literature, as with everything else, is subject to the vagaries of fashion. We're currently experiencing a vogue for "classical" prose, stories which have straightforward plots with all the ends neatly tied up. There are important exceptions, but for the most part the traditional forms are "in." Hemingway himself, sans fame, probably would not do well with today's editors. We can assume that our own judges are at least partially subject to, as Batman might put it, "the fickle forces of fad."

Yes, I know that much of the greatest writing of our century overturned conventional style. No matter. If you want to win a prize in the 1980's keep in simple and straightforward. Keep it *Classic*.

Now it comes down, finally, to personal tastes and prejudices. Judges are human. For example, given two stories of equal quality, one in the manner of Steven King

and another after Updike, if no judge is irrationally opposed to the horror genre (and, very likely, at least one person on the panel will be), I predict that the vote will still swing toward the serious story.

Allright, I'll define "serious." In this context it means universality of theme and a certain gravity of tone. One may laugh (seriously) but never titter. Unfortunately, even the best of us sometimes confuse universality with trends.

When I served on the panel there was a finely crafted tale of the supernatural which was grudgingly admired by a majority of the jurors. Yet it lost out to what I considered to be a less interesting piece, one which reflected a charming (if naive) sociological notion: *Little girls are sensitive; men are brutes*. (Actually, I've met some pretty barbaric little girls. And I'm talking teeth, Mister!)

You might do well with a feminist slant. And, apartheid is big nowadays (con, of course). Alternate lifestyles must reflect pathos, or be downright pathetic. Religious tales, figuratively speaking, are used as place mats until you're another Carson McCullers. Sugary love stories, melodramas of kittens with broken paws, tales which feature unliberated women happily married to chauvinists — however well written they might be — will not garner many points.

Given equal quality, and an absence of irrational prejudice, a horror story probably has the edge over a humorous story, simply because the genre is so steeped in the sort of dark vision which is related to the agonies and puzzles of our modern world. Our jurors from academe, particularly, are in thrall to the charms of the existential dilemma. (And so am I, alas.)

Still, if the comedy is really cute and fresh it may very well triumph. Actually, I seem to recall that a funny story took first prize several years ago. This happened when submissions (and probably, therefore, quality) were somewhat less, overall. The story in question was a real charmer.

We can generally expect, however, that a superior horror or comedy tale would take second or third place. You might try to write a horror story that's full of chuckles and is also "serious." But that will make it too "original," which is something I've already warned you about.

If you're cursed with wit, get rid of it. Wit, especially if it possesses elegance, annoys (some) literary judges. Most of them can't do it so it must be a cheap trick.

I happen to believe that timelessness is more important than timeliness, and that effectiveness of style transcends subject. As Picasso said, "Art is the lie which allows us to apprehend the truth." Don't expect the decisions of many judges to reflect his sentiment. There is a great fondness for stories which speak to contemporary (in the news) problems. And, in the literary arts today, a proud conservative viewpoint is often unappetizing to those who can reject your work.

Then, there is the sordid factor of sheer lung power. An aggressive, vocally *loud* juror can overwhelm several mild-mannered ones. Too bad, but that's part of the democratic system.

And now I'll abandon my somewhat flippancy and speak with the utmost sincerity. The Hemingway Short Story Competition is an excellent operation, better than most of its kind. You can expect fair and enlightened treatment from the judges. But they are human. The character and mood of the panels change from year to year. A story which receives no notice one year can win the next. It's happened.

Polish your skills, set your standards high, and strive to please yourself. Ultimately, you must recognize yourself as the best judge of your work.

Letter to the Editor

(Excerpts from a letter from the Aspen Times)

Key West is very reminiscent of Aspen in the mid-60's. Back in those "good old days" before the streets were paved, the town was inhabited by strong-minded individualists who eked out a living by hook or crook to stay here. One easy way to accomplish this was to entice tourists here to support our lifestyle. There's a fine line between doing too poor a job and doing too GOOD a job of publicizing the virtues of one's secret nest. We did too good a job, and soon found the process backfiring on us: Aspen was being focused upon as a great place to visit, a great place to MOVE to, a great place to make a lot of money developing, and we found ourselves with all these people flocking in, polluting the air

with bumper-to-bumper traffic, and putting up block-square condominiums.

Aspen's knee-jerk reaction seemed appropriate at the time, and was certainly well-intentioned. Anti-growth politicians were elected to both city and county governments (Pitkin County contains only the town of Aspen, something of a redundancy of effort), and stringent building regulations enacted. Quotas for new square footage to be erected each year, enormous acreage required for building a home in the country.

There are hidden pitfalls in this kind of control, and the effects are seen gradually. By down-zoning everything and making new building prohibitively difficult, all existing structures in Aspen became wildly inflated in value. My own house, which I had accidentally purchased a year before for \$47,000, became worth four times that amount within a year of down-zoning.

Residents who are already beginning to suspect that the good old days of Aspen were gone forever, were increasingly tempted to sell their shacks for sums beyond their wildest dreams. The people who replaced them were NOT "Aspen local types," but people with big money who intended to make more big money. Little by little, the character of the town altered because the town characters were vanishing. To me a worse devastation than the condos is the loss of the whimsy of Aspen. You used to see it everywhere -- in the ads, the signs in the shop, the letters to the editor. Now it's a dead-serious, big-money operation to keep a town thriving that is no

longer the town that became famous but someplace else, and another loss is that the great VISITORS who used to come here now go elsewhere (Key West?). (Meanwhile, needless to say, there is no place in town for our workers to live, and the ones we manage to scrape up are an angry lot who do little to add to the "tourist experience".)

Ironically, the political solutions effected in the early 70's are now bringing the problem full-circle to its starting point. As the business people pay more and more for their space and have more and more to lose in a bad season, the more they press for big highways easing the entrance to town, and big parking lots to put the tourist cars in. Every election year we come perilously closer to voting in the Full-Growth contingent, because we have changed our voting population as a result of No-Growth efforts!

It is my personal belief that once a place is the object of focus, it is doomed. The only ray of hope is to change the focus. Jamaica did this very successfully (if inadvertently) and is now trying to reverse that "fine line" with its "come back to ..." campaign. Something might be learned from this, if there is a true consensus among your citizens that Key West should be saved. This kind of attempt could only be done now, because once your residents are replaced there will be no hope.

Good luck in your efforts! Can we exchange subscriptions?? If any of you want to trek up here and see the damage, talk to politicians, etc., we'll put you up.

continued from page 60

the Big Pine Key Volunteer Fire Department are joining forces to present a memorable Fourth of July for the Lower Keys. On this country's 211th birthday the BPAA is aiming to have 211 American flags flying in the greater Big Pine area. Sponsorship of a flag for your home or business is only \$10. Contact Brenda Scanlon, 872-3202, for more information. Proceeds will go to recreation activities and the Fourth of July celebration at Watson's Field.

The theme of this year's Fourth is "The Reunion of the States." Banners of the fifty states will be spread around the field. Assemble at the reunion area of your home State and find out which of your friends and neighbors hail from there as well. There will be a big barbecue with plenty to eat and drink. The opening ceremony at 5 PM will begin an evening of celebration complete with live music by Bill Blue and the Nervous Guys, jam sessions, field activities for everyone, and a spectacular fireworks show presented by the BPK Volunteer Fire Department.

* * * *

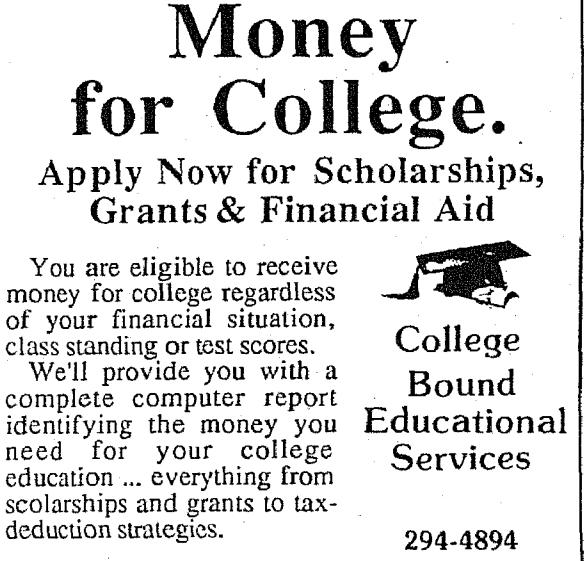
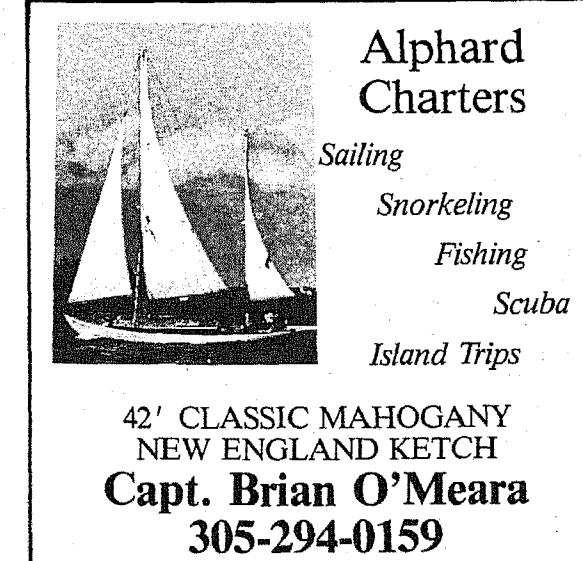
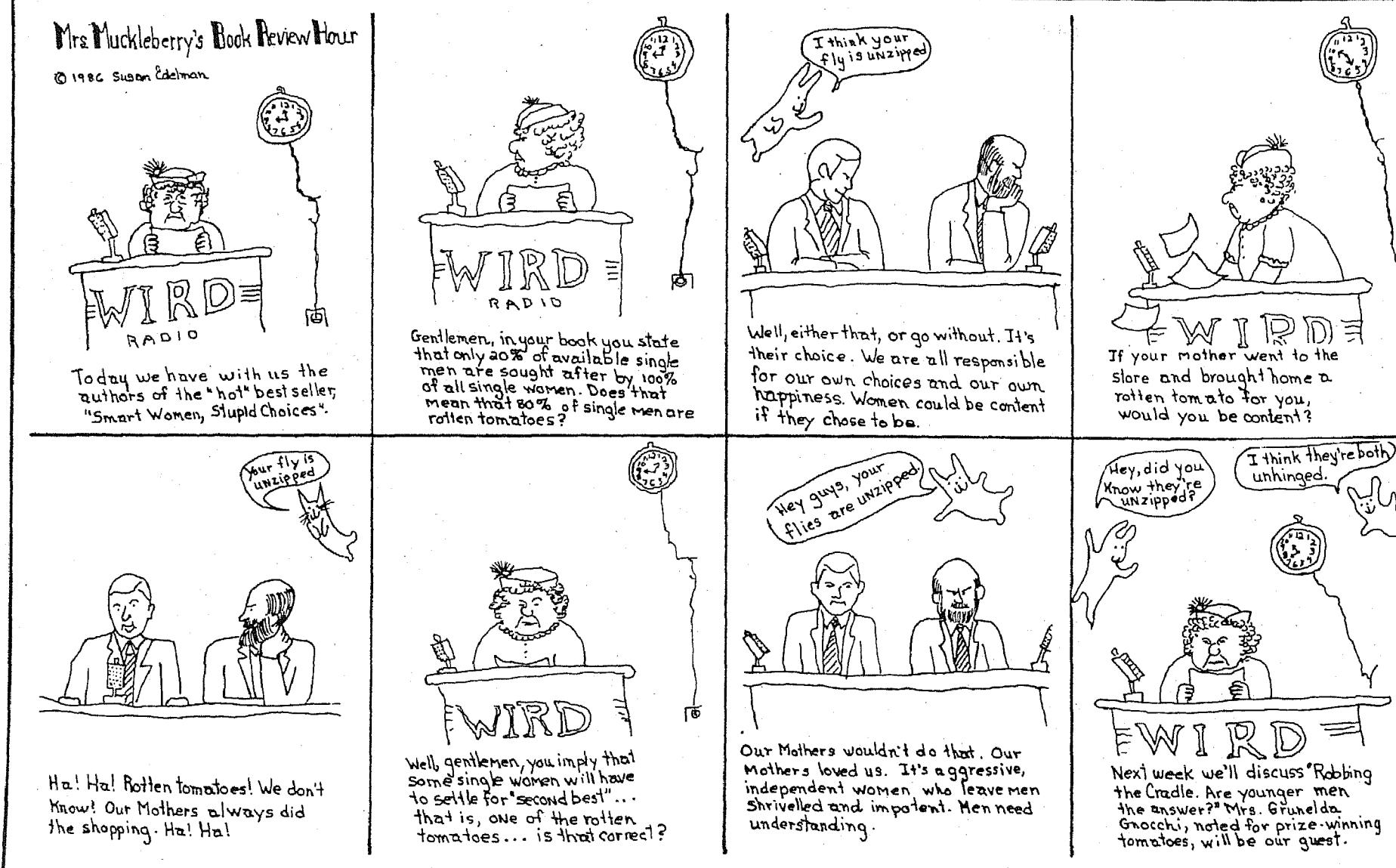
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A collective community thank-you goes to Monroe County and its Public Works Department for the much-needed and soon-to-be-completed bicycle path along Wilder Road on Big Pine Key.

* * * *

Finally, a tip of the hat to outgoing County Planning Director Charles Pattison. In covering the most far-reaching county news issue of the past two years -- the Monroe County Land Use Plan -- I have had the opportunity to observe the professionalism, competence and coolness-under-fire of this remarkable, hard-working man. He has led this county into some truly uncharted areas of land planning. And all the while he has been like the calm in the eye of the hurricane. He will be missed, and he will be difficult to replace.

Till next month ... fair winds and following seas!



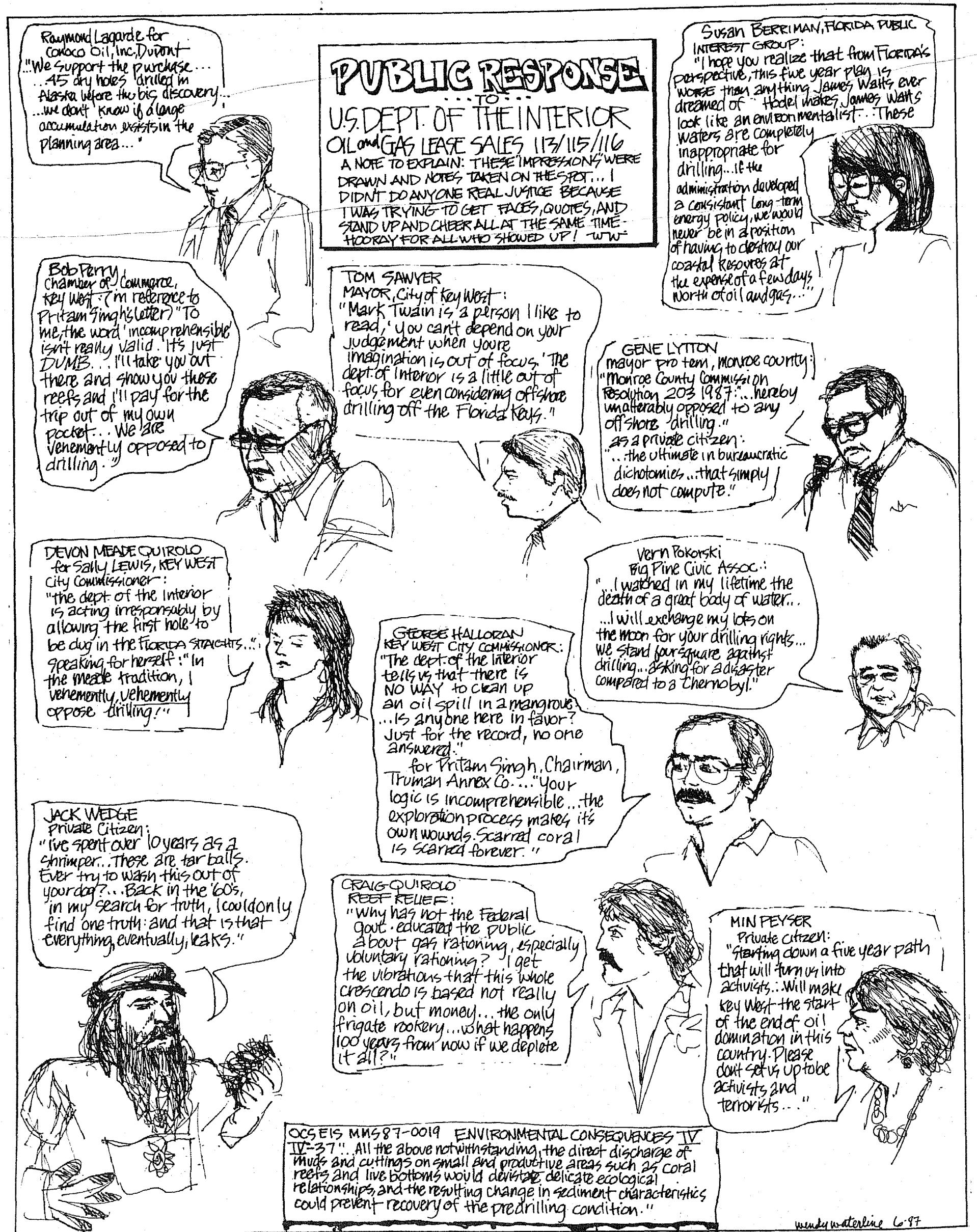
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The Dry Tortuga Oil Co.?

Talking With Craig Quirolo of Reef Relief, Inc.

by George Murphy

REEF RELIEF, INC. is our local non-profit environmental organization dedicated to the preservation of North America's only living coral barrier reef.

Less than one year old, REEF RELIEF is currently engaged in numerous projects aimed at preserving and protecting the most fragile part of our marine eco-system -- the reef -- without which, Quirolo says, "Our town would not exist as we know it."

Q: *How important is the reef and how would the town be different without it?*

A: Just the word "barrier" provides the answer: it provides us with a barrier from hurricane damage. Without a barrier reef to break the storm surge from a major hurricane, our island would be exposed to the chance of tremendous open-ocean storm conditions that could possibly annihilate the entire island.

We are the number one dive location in the entire world. More people visit our reefs than any other. The reef-users generate tens of millions of dollars annually. So, obviously, the current tourist-based economy of the area would be, to say the least, different. The reef and all of our sea grass bed areas provide the breeding grounds for over 70% of our commercial fishing industry's catch.

Q: *What is the greatest current threat to the reef?*

A: Man's impact on the reef is by far the biggest threat to it. From grappling hooks, anchors, "sewage outfall," divers stepping and grabbing, snorkelers standing and touching, lobster traps dropped onto and boats grounding into our living coral reef -- it can truthfully be said that our living coral reef is taking a beating from us every day.

Now there looms an even bigger threat to our entire marine ecosystem -- the oil industry. The Dry Tortuga Oil Co. (as I like to call the threat of oil leases) really means a dry federal budget. Next to the IRS, the federal government makes most of its money selling offshore continental shelf oil leasing tracts. We are literally up against the wall. Oil has little to do with the offshore oil leasing. The money generated from the sales, however, does.

The Reagan administration may have picked up some third world tricks ... sell everything before you leave office.

Q: *If the oil leases go through, what effect will they have on the environment?*

A: Exploration destroys lobster traps, crab traps; it plows up sea grass beds and uproots patch reef areas. It dislocates and disturbs the natural course of millions of fish. It adds congestion to our waterways and causes sediment in our "gin-clear" waters. Toxic wastes and routine oil spillage enter our waters and all of the unrecorded pollution that accompanies oil exploration will surely put an end to our

way of life as we know it to be now!

Q: *What can people do in opposition to the oil leasing program?*

A: Congress merely has the right to suggest to Donald Hodel, Secretary of the Interior, that the five-year plan for oil exploration and recovery be modified, accepted or rejected. However, pressure from Congress is the most effective way to influence the plan at this stage. We have until June 15, 1987, to be heard. After that date, Hodel prepares his final plan for release on June 26, 1987. We must notify all our friends and relatives and urge them to send letters of opposition to their Congressional delegations, and to Hodel himself at the Department of the Interior, Mineral Management Division, 18th & C Street, NW, Washington DC. 20240.

We must let our voices be heard for it's our backyard that is being threatened. Our way of life, our incomes, and our heritage is at stake here.

Q: *What else is REEF RELIEF doing?*

A: We have signed a twenty-year contract with the county to maintain sixty reef mooring buoys. They will be installed at local reef locations later this summer under funding provided by the Monroe County Boating Improvement Fund. These mooring buoys are exactly the same as those found at Key Largo Marine Sanctuary and Looe Key Marine Sanctuary.

REEF RELIEF has also agreed to initiate an ongoing educational program to make all reef users aware of the fragile beauty of the reef and how to interact with it without causing damage.

This educational obligation is an enormous task by itself.

We are at the point that REEF RELIEF needs funding to continue our activity level. We need administrative funding, educational materials funding, and mooring buoy maintenance funding.

REEF RELIEF has accomplished a lot in one year on a shoestring.

Therefore, our next project is fund-raising for REEF RELIEF. We are brain-storming now on a "Reef Relief Week." We'd like to have an entire week of various activities -- art shows, auctions, a concert, films at the library, etc. to heighten awareness of the reef and provide an opportunity to sign up REEF RELIEF memberships.

Membership is \$20.00 per year. We have ordered bumper stickers and decals for our members and are also planning a quarterly newsletter which will be distributed to all members as well as all watersports locations.

Q: *What about your affiliations with other environmental groups?*

A: The Center for Environmental Education has been very receptive and responsive to REEF RELIEF's goals and needs. They have offered us a three thousand dollar matching grant. As soon as we collect that sum locally, they will match it. In addition, they have afforded us tax-deductible status for all contributions until our own application is approved. Therefore, we are able to offer fully tax-deductible status to all contributions made to REEF RELIEF.

Greenpeace notified us of the oil exploration and recovery hearing and we immediately got involved with them in publicizing the meeting. REEF RELIEF is not a radical environmental group. We exist to represent each and every faction of Monroe County in the effort to better understand and manage our delicate living coral reef. We try to unite everyone in this non-partisan issue and have been extremely successful. Everyone, it seems, is in agreement with the coral reef management program.

For more information regarding REEF RELIEF, call 294-1891.

THE NO DRILLING EASY MAILER!

Unless Congress changes its mind by June 15th, there will be offshore oil and gas leases in the Gulf and the Straits of Florida.

The threat to our reef and fisheries is

inestimable and real.

If you don't want to see Oil Rigs off Key West,

CLIP and MAIL the following to:

1. Donald Hodel, Secretary, Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C. 20240

2. Governor Bob Martinez, The Capitol, Tallahassee, FL 32301

3. Senator Lawton Chiles, Rm. 250 Russell Senate Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20515

4. Senator Bob Graham, Dirksen Office Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20515

5. Congressman Dante Fascell, House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

6. John Percy, Mineral Management Service, Dept. of the Interior, 1201 Elmwood Pkwy., New Orleans, LA 70123

To: _____
From: _____
Re: Lease Sale 116 and the proposed five-year plan
Dear: _____

As a concerned citizen, I oppose the leasing of offshore public lands for oil exploration and drilling South of 26° North Latitude. Oil drilling is a threat to the fragile environment of the Florida Keys as well as to the livelihood of many of our citizens. I reject the concept that a maximum possible 2-DAL supply of any unrenewable oil is worth risking the destruction of our fragile eco-system.

Sincerely, _____
Signature _____

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Claire 900 Duval
Del Rio's 500 Duval

Full Moon (til 3 AM) 1202 Simonton
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Louie's Backyard (til 1 AM) 700 Waddell
Paradise Island Cafe 425 Freene

Continental
Billie's 407 Front

The Butter 1208 Simonton
Celebration 1435 Simonton
Claire 900 Duval

Gringo's 509 1/2 Duval

Key West Taco Co. Key Plaza
Pancho & Lefty's Tex-Mex Cafe 632 Olivia

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Antonia's 615 Duval

Aunt Rose's 1900 Flagler
Baiamontes 1223 White

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Pete's Fish Bar (Pier House) 41 Duval

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Turtle Kraals 101 Margaret

Cuban
B's Restaurant 1500 Bertha

Cuban Coffee Queen Cafe 512 Greene

Don's Pharmacy 1228 Simonton

El Cacique 125 Duval

El Miramar 914 Kennedy

El Siboney 904 Catherine

Jose's Cantina 800 White

La Cubanita 601 Duval

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Dickie's Rooftop Cafe 310 Front

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Full Moon 1202 Simonton

Granny's Kitchen 3214 Duck

Paradise Island Cafe 425 Greene St

Pepe's Cafe 406 Caroline

Wigs Restaurant 3830 N. Roosevelt

Pizza Hut 420 Southard

Pizza
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Dickie's Pizza 3128 Flagler & 922 Truman

Godfather's Pizza 3128 N. Roosevelt

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"What is Paradise Worth?" Essay Contest

The plan to turn the 407 wetlands acres known as the Salt Ponds into a public nature recreational area took two important steps forward in May. On May 18 the City Commission voted unanimously to allocate a portion of the annual revenue from Fort Taylor toward purchase of Salt Ponds acreage, and on May 29 the state's CARL committee placed the Salt Ponds on its purchase list.

Meanwhile, Jimmy Buffett's Friends of Florida has been working quietly toward developing community involvement in the saving of the Salt Ponds -- Buffett's vision is for the Key West Salt Ponds to be what Central Park is to Manhattan.

Now gathering momentum is the program "Is Paradise Worth a Penny?" an

effort to raise contributions from merchants, individuals and tourists for the direct purchase of Salt Ponds land. Part of the program was a recent essay contest entered by 200 Lower Keys students from the first to tenth grades, answering the compelling question, "What is Paradise Worth?" Two of the winning essays were from Maria Protopsaltis, 9, who is in the third grade at Key West's Glynn Archer Elementary School, and Joshua Petzke, also 9, a third grader at Gerald Adams. Here are their essays.

by Maria Protopsaltis
Glynn Archer Elementary School
3rd Grade

I go out on my dad's boat and I have been doing this ever since I was two years old. It used to be that the Pier House was

the largest building we saw when we came into the harbor of Key West. Now with all the building, it looks like a miniature version of Miami.

It makes me sad because Key West isn't Key West anymore. When we go out on the boat I have a chance to see things that a lot of people don't normally get the chance to see such as: flounder, pompano, crabs, beautiful shells, spanish dancers and dolphin. Seeing all of this makes me wonder what is going to happen to a lot of creatures if people don't stop building.

More and more building means more permanent people, more waste dumped into our ocean and more boat traffic. The end result will be the extinction of our resident manatees. Key Deer will end up being pushed further into dangerous highways. As it is now with all the condominiums going up on the Atlantic side of Key West, the frogs are being pushed on highways. I know motorists don't even care because I have seen too many little frogs smashed on

Help Jimmy Buffett and Domino's save the Key West Salt Ponds

NO PRESERVATIVES???

Because Domino's Pizza uses only natural ingredients, your pizza was prepared without the use of preservatives.

But sometimes, even the most natural "ingredients" need to be preserved. Such is the case with the Key West Salt Ponds.

SALT PONDS???

The Key West Salt Ponds is the only remaining undisturbed natural habitat in Key West. The 407 acres of Salt Ponds are sanctuary to many species of fish, plants and birds some of which are on the endangered list. But this sensitive breeding ground is in imminent danger of commercial development.



I WANT TO HELP! Enclosed is my donation in the amount of \$10 \$25 \$100

Donations of \$25.00 or more receive a "Help Jimmy Buffett Save The Key West Salt Ponds" T-shirt.

Please indicate size.

Name _____ T-Shirt Size: _____

Address _____ Small Medium Large XL

Mail to: Save the Salt Ponds, P.O. Box 1938, Key West, Fla. 33041
or stop by Margaritaville at Lands End Village.

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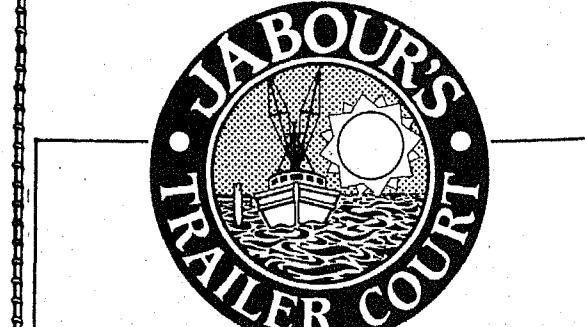
I go out on my dad's boat and I have been doing this ever since I was two years old. It used to be that the Pier House was

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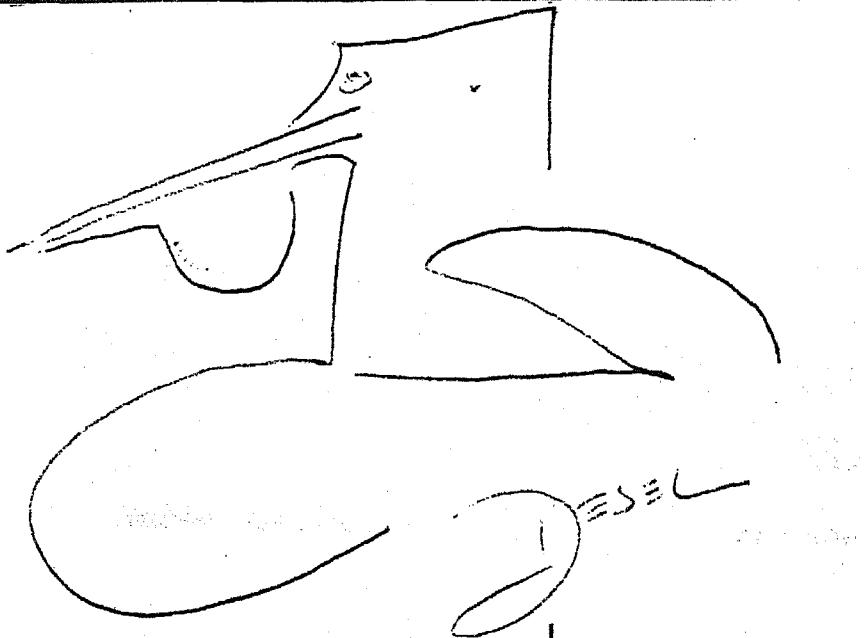
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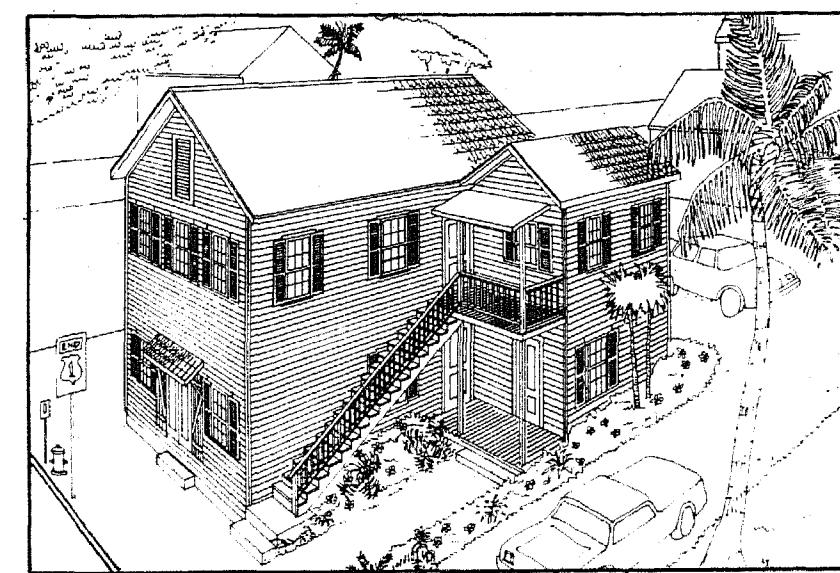
the road. It's not fair. These creatures were here before we were and they deserve a place to live too.

I think we should leave the Salt Ponds alone. They are one of the very few sanctuaries left for a lot of these animals.

by Joshua Petzke
Gerald Adams Elementary School
3rd Grade

I think the salt ponds should not become a building, concrete, or plants shouldn't be cut down and animals have to leave and DIE! And more noise because of planes. If you leave it alone it should become beautiful. All the animals like birds, fish, minnows, pelicans, cranes, seagulls, herons would be happy. The plants would be happy too. The sky would because of not pollution. I will try to pay the developer back with all allowance I ever had. It's just like the railroads when they put all that track down across the prairie and then the Indians fought because their property was ruined. But the railroads made very, very, very good use. I want to know if the buildings will be any use to us (the children of Key West). I know it was very wrong to make the railroads. Please save the salt ponds. The salt ponds are Key West's last natural source of real nature. As I said: Animals would be happy if the salt ponds were saved. If the plants get cut down some of the animals could DIE!

If I were the developer I would never



— 501 —
Whitehead Street
PROFESSIONAL OFFICES AVAILABLE For LEASE

A very special property has now become available in Key West, across from the Monroe County Courthouse and the US Post Office, at 501 Whitehead Street (US 1, Mile Marker Zero). This Classic Key West Commercial Structure has just undergone a thorough National Register Certified Historic Rehabilitation.

Leases are available for the 1,250 square foot Upper Suite as well as the 1,150 square foot Ground Level Suite... both have 3 offices and reception area. They can be combined, if needed.

The rehabilitation included all new plumbing and electric, a HVAC system that exceeds Florida Energy Code Standards, prewiring for TV, Phone and Intercom. Limited parking also available. Quality has been built in... the property needs to be seen to be fully appreciated.

Realtor participation is invited and a finder's fee will be paid. The property is owner-managed, and can be viewed by appointment only. Contact Paul Mikolay at (305) 294-5343.

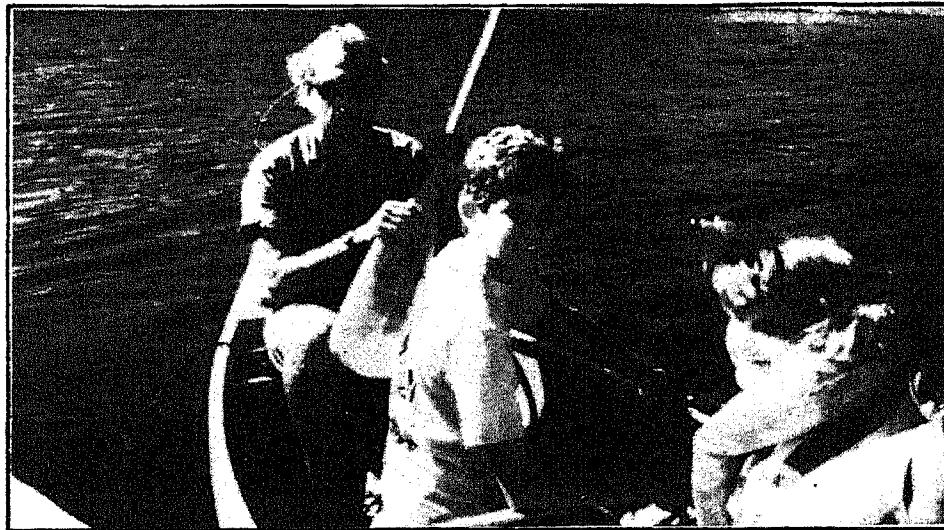


Photo by Sunshine Smith

In the canoe with Jimmy are Josh Ferris and Maria Protopsaltis.

Winners of the essay contest for each grade:
Grand Prize:
Maria Protopsaltis (Age 9) Grade 3, Glynn Archer Elementary
Joshua Petzke (Age 9) Grade 3, Gerald Adams School

First Grade - Shawna McCauley, Key West Montessori; Second Grade - Leilani Marie Wise, Gerald Adams Elementary; Fourth Grade - Sara Chappell, Stanley Switlik; Fifth Grade - Jay Grant Thompson, Poinciana; Seventh Grade - Josh Ferris, Ann Simons, Sugarloaf Middle; Tenth Grade - Chris Pardue, Key West High.

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