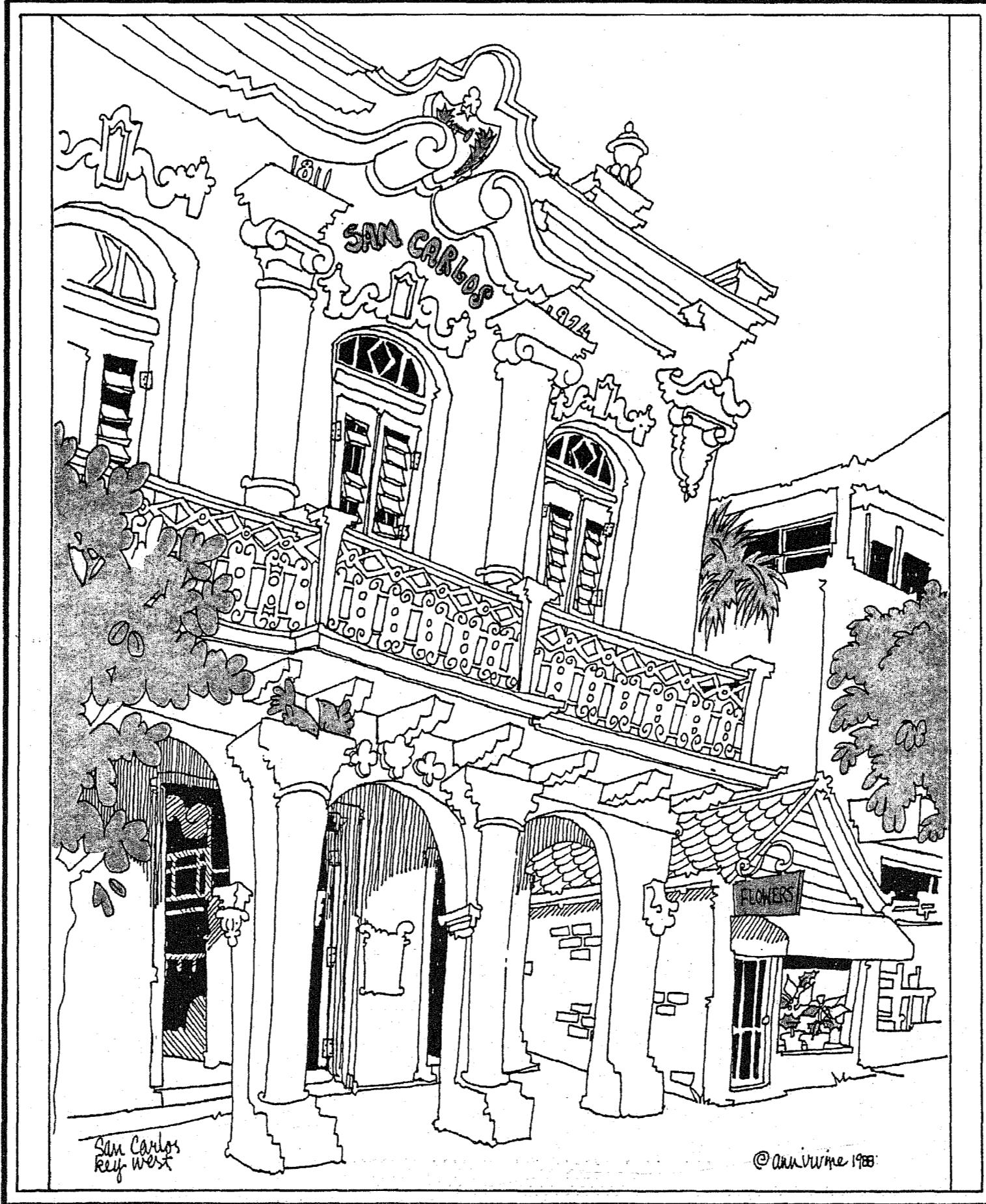


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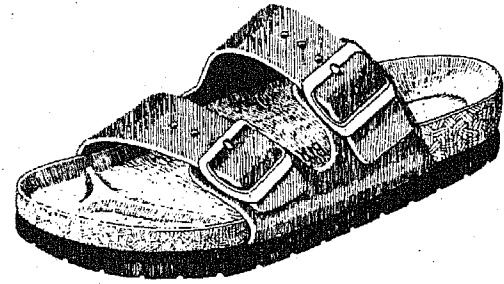
VOL. 17, NO. 1 / KEY WEST, FLORIDA / JANUARY, 1989



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With a little help from our friends

EDITORIAL

Happy 1989--

A new year, a clean slate. With the holidays over we can shake unwanted perceptions and ideas and take a fresh look at the world. Evidently some new approaches are in order. For all our technological, commercial and industrial sophistication we still haven't solved basic problems like what to do about the homeless, where to put our trash and how to manage the reef.

But take a look at the nature of these problems and it becomes obvious why they aren't solved. Who's problems are they? Accepting that they are *ours*--instead of sending them down the pike--is a first step. But then what?

All responsibility requires one common commitment--time. If every person in Key West devoted, say, two hours a month to help solve any one of our problems, what would be the effect? We don't know--yet.

In his profile of Bill Westray, writer George Halloran estimates that the environmental activist has spent over 1000 hours in meetings. That doesn't include the countless days, nights and weekends devoted to research, phone calls, reading, notes. Key West can't expect one person to carry that load forever. It just won't happen. Read "Bill Westray: Fighting the Good Fight" and find out more about this truly remarkable man and his wife and friend, Marge.

Also in January's issue we have Elliot Baron's follow-up article on leases on city-owned properties--what they are and what they could be. Bud Jacobson reports that political chattering is slow, still it never completely stops.

In the fiction department *Solares Hill* is running "The Origins of Blamelessness," a strong and important poem by George Murphy and *On South Beach*, June Keith's powerful short story. Writer Al McKee, incidentally, had a poem accepted last month by *Five A.M.*--a literary quarterly that publishes work "too touchy for other literary publications to handle."

Congratulations.

Remember the Key West Literary Seminar and the Arts Expo Craft Show take place this month. The seminar offers fine films and readings by seminar speakers at the library without charge. And, of course, the craft show is always free. See pages 11 and 32 for details.

Solares Hill wishes everybody a warm, wonderful and healthy 1989. Let's make this year the best of the decade.

Until next month--

Ann Boese

Our cover artist this month is Ann Irvine. An extremely popular Key West artist, Ann exhibits her work at Guild Hall Gallery on Duval Street.

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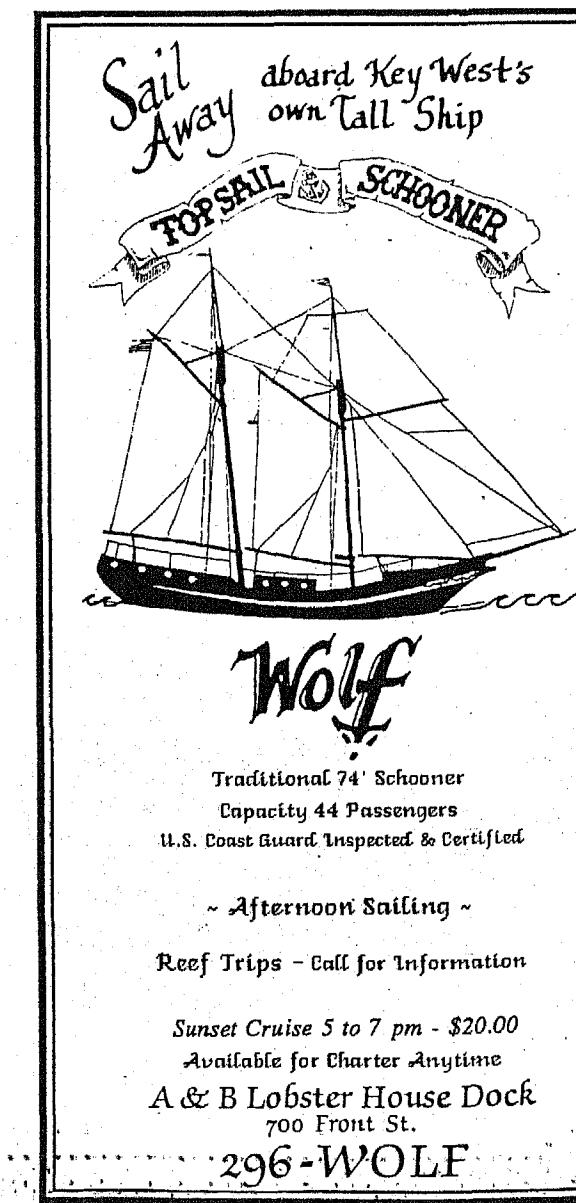
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Bill Westray: Fighting the Good Fight

The Story of a Man, a Woman and Commitment

by George Halloran

Marge Westray would rather this wasn't being written. It may well be true that her husband Bill is an irreplaceable resource, a tireless worker and an inspiration to those who actively defend our natural resources. But Marge would rather not say so in public.

She and Bill will have been married 50 years this June. And for all that time she has been the solid, quiet foundation for a man so outspoken in favor of the environment that he has been sued, harassed in public, and threatened in private.

And while Bill will happily run on about his latest battles to help save Key West or some incident from his past, you have to pry information from Marge bit by bit. She's not timid. But she is a very private woman.

That's how it was a few weeks ago when I visited the Westrays in their modest Sunset Drive home. They bought it in 1954 and have lived there ever since. Both say it was "the best thing we ever did."

When I walked in, Bill sat at a table with a stack of papers and the telephone. Marge was washing windows and hovering



With a copy of the Bill Westray Day Proclamation in hand, the honored environmentalist stands with City Commissioner Harry Powell. Photo by Doyle Bush.

nearby, ready to help if she saw fit, but happy to be playing second fiddle to a man accustomed to leading the band.

All of us knew that Bill is seriously ill with cancer. But no one made a big deal out of it -- Bill, because he still has a lot to do and is intent upon doing it; Marge, because she's been there before with both her parents and she's not one to complain about her lot. If it were up to Marge, Bill's condition would be a family secret.

Bill and Marge met on a blind date while she was a student at Lindenberge College in St. Charles, Missouri and he was a young civilian pilot working for the Navy at a nearby base in St. Louis. She told me that at first she "didn't like him at all."

But Bill was impressed enough to buzz the campus in his biplane, being careful to fly sideways so the headmaster couldn't catch his numbers and turn him in. Eventually the fly-overs had an effect, and after a year of courtship Marge agreed to marriage.

At the time, Bill was an aeronautical jack-of-all-trades. He had started as a volunteer apprentice seaman in 1937, and began tinkering with airplanes almost immediately.

"I did all the routine engine maintenance, and made any repairs to the air-frame which in those days was linen stretched over wood," Bill recalled. He also learned to sew, and began repairing, testing and

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In November of 1941, Skip, the first of three children, was born.

"Bill had earned \$54 that month packing parachutes, and I remember the hospital costs for the baby came to \$51," Marge said with a smile.

By this time Westray was a certified commercial pilot on active duty in the Naval Reserve as "station-keeper" at the tiny St. Louis airbase. He taught parachuting and survival to about 50 to 75 pilots a month and had been to survival training school himself in Lakehurst, New Jersey -- the blimp base where the Hindenberg burned.

"I'll never forget that first parachute jump," Bill said. "You had to pack your own chute and then trust your own work on the way down."

His next assignment was to fly blimp patrols along the coast to Newfoundland. A first-class petty officer, Bill was a machine-gunner on the blimps.

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Bill in a J-2 Piper Cub after his first solo flight in 1939. Photo courtesy of the Westrays.

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"Instead they sent me to Pensacola to fly submarine patrols," Bill said. "We flew the East Coast, the Florida Straits, San Juan, Jamaica -- all over the place. For the first time I got to see Key West."

"This was 1944-45 and we had been losing a ship a day. We spent a lot of time out there following oil tankers and when we were in the air they were safe. The subs were no match for aircraft."

Bill said his crew spotted the enemy a few times and dropped depth bombs. But most of his wartime duties consisted of "boring holes in the sky, day and night, sometimes flying 10 to 15 hours in a day."

The most dangerous times were during flights with student pilots. "Every student wanted to kill you and they tried every way possible -- from losing control in a dive to messing up a landing," he recalled.

The war finally ended and the following weekend Marge rejoined her husband. He was now a lieutenant, and after some retooling at Tufts University for

Bill, they began two decades of assignments all over the world.

During the late '40s they were in and out of Key West several times. "Key West was the center for all anti-sub training," Bill explained. "We flew from here to Trinidad on training missions."

One such mission, out of San Juan on May 2, 1950, nearly ended in disaster. Bill and his 10-man crew had just located the "enemy forces" during midnight maneuvers about 400 miles from port when one engine on their huge seaplane quit.

"We were flying against the wind trying to work our way back to shore, but the plane wouldn't stay up so we had to ditch," Bill recalled. "There was no moon and we couldn't see the water, but we knew the seas were about 15 feet."

"We bounced three times, tore off a float and broke the tail, but we made it down. My copilot put his arm through a window, but there were no other serious injuries and we managed to get a raft blown up and get into it." Bill went back inside the sinking aircraft to locate a missing crewman who was found while Bill was searching. Bill had to jump to reach the raft.

"The plane sank five minutes later..."

"The plane sank five minutes later," Bill continued. "We put out an S.O.S. and were located by a passing commercial flight. They called the Navy and we were picked up in just over four hours."

Bill calls that May his "month of trial," because 20 days later on a flight from Guantanamo Bay to Norfolk he was forced down again when an engine quit 200 miles from Cape Hatteras.

"We managed to limp along on one engine to Ocracoke Inlet and landed in wind blowing about 75 miles an hour. We lost our anchor, and rode out the night tucked in behind a sand bar with the remaining engine running at fast idle to keep up off the shore," Bill said. "Those are the times when you earn your flight pay."

In 1951 Bill and Marge spent a year in Monterey, California. After he finished postgraduate work there he was assigned to Washington, D.C. as a specialist in flight management. He had advanced to lieutenant.

For several years Bill flew back and forth as a trouble-shooter, solving problems at bases on the United States mainland, in the Philippines, Japan and elsewhere around the world.

One problem was the lack of sophisticated equipment at isolated airstrips, where military presence was needed in a hurry.

"I helped develop a complete advanced airbase in kit form, so to speak, loaded aboard a special ship and ready to go anywhere in the world," Bill said.

"We could put into port and have a base ready to operate, complete with radar, control tower, mess hall, the whole works, in 12 hours."

Continued on page 41



Bill and Marge in about 1948. Photo courtesy of the Westrays.

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Lest We Forget

He Who Leases Low, Laughs Loudest

by Elliot Baron

While property taxes in Key West reflect an alarming increase in assessment figures, the actual value of land here has soared even higher.

The City of Key West has major real estate holdings which, if properly managed, could produce substantial income for the city -- income which could reduce burdens on the local taxpayer. Unfortunately, the bulk of the property is tied up in long-term leases at rates that are favorable to the tenant. Favorable, in some cases, to the point of being virtually nonexistent.

Consider the city's contracts with the Chamber of Commerce and the Key West Yacht Club. The Yacht Club, for instance, pays only 8.33 cents a month for a valuable site fronting North Roosevelt Boulevard and overlooking Garrison Bight. Primary funding for this private social club does not come from annual dues or high-priced food and drink; the income is derived by subleasing, at market value, city property in the form of 66 boat slips. The city entered into that lease in 1961 for a term of 99 years.

In many cities, the Chamber of Commerce is self-supporting. But in Key

West the Chamber not only leases an historic building on Wall Street (next to Mallory Square) for next to nothing, it receives tax dollars from the Monroe County Tourist Development Council. The Chamber pays \$10 per month for its building -- a facility which could easily draw \$50,000 per year on the open market. That lease runs through September, 1995.

Consider the city's contracts with the Chamber of Commerce and the Key West Yacht Club. The yacht club pays only 8.33 cents a month for a valuable site overlooking Garrison Bight.

Then there's Flippers and O'Brien's at the Wharf. They paid the city \$4,230 last year. Their lease is good for 13 more years.

Last month, this column examined the status of the city-owned Hand Print Fabric

Building, located at the corner of Front and Simonton Streets. Currently held by the Pier House, that lease generates \$300 per month and will not expire until the year 2020. While City Commissioner Jimmy Weekley had initiated talks seeking to increase the city's rent, the Pier House broke off negotiations in August after the Florida Department of Community Affairs filed an appeal to the proposed development of the structure.

In a later interview with *Solares Hill*, Weekley explained the increases which had been discussed. He said that because the resort had paid \$1 million for the building and lease in Bankruptcy Court he had suggested an annual rent of \$24,000 to \$30,000.

He said that the Pier House countered that lower rent would be sufficient if the resort also made a substantial, one-time donation to the city. Rather than just increase revenues to the general fund, the Pier House wanted to make a gesture that indicated concern for the welfare of Key West.

Weekley said that he was asked to come up with a "wish list" of items that the city needed. "Something like a fire engine, only not as expensive as a fire engine," Weekley explained. Weekley checked with the chief

of police and fire chief to see what equipment they required. Verbal lists included a breathing apparatus for the fire department and a canine unit for the police.

But even if negotiations get back on track and the Pier House agrees to pay ten times more than the city currently collects, the rent would still be a fraction of what the city could have collected had commissioners been more aggressive in attempts to regain control of the property when Hand Print Fabrics declared bankruptcy in 1985. Using standard formulas, the city could seek an annual rent of about \$400,000.

The company's failure was announced in May of that year. But despite urging by two commissioners, months passed without the city taking any action to acquire the lease. On May 23 and 24, City Manager Joel Koford received a phone call from Commissioner Emma Cates and a written memo from Commissioner George Halloran. Both urged city staff to initiate immediate action.

Halloran's memo read:

It would seem to be in the best interests of the City if we were to initiate some contact with either the Pulitzer company as owner of Key West Hand Print Fabrics, or the trustee of the bankruptcy proceedings regarding the lease for City property at Simonton and Front Streets.

We now lease that valuable property for \$300 a month, and if we can regain control and lease it for

"We've been in the position of being criticized for making a deal that the city, maybe, should have."

**Don DeFeo
Pier House General Manager**

true value, we could bring a large amount of new revenue into the City.

The lease indicates City approval is necessary for assignment or sublease to individuals or corporations. Since the current lease extends until 2020, this would seem to be an item of extreme importance financially.

Will you please take whatever steps may be necessary at this time to protect the City's interests here?

Thank you and please keep me informed.

That October, Bankruptcy Court Judge Sidney Weaver ruled in favor of Hand Print's motion allowing the sale of the lease as an asset. Still, the city did not get involved and the lease was subsequently sold to the owners of the Pier House.

In an interview with *Solares Hill*, Pier House General Manager Don DeFeo said:

"We've been in the position of being criticized for making a deal that the city, maybe, should have. I think good business sense prevailed, but there are certain individuals who now feel they got the short end of the stick. But the people they should be criticizing are not [those at] the Pier House for buying it, but whomever, for not taking advantage of the same opportunity."

That could be the one topic on which DeFeo and former commissioner George Halloran agree. Halloran says former City Manager Joel Koford and former City Attorney Joe Allen III failed to take the initiative with the Bankruptcy Court in the early days. He points to the many months that lagged between the time he and Cates

brought the matter to the city's attention and the time a decision was made by the court. Halloran said recently: "We should have had someone in that courtroom asking the judge to consider the public's interest. Telling him, 'we want to be locked into these negotiations; give us a right of first refusal.' Instead, we weren't there."

Halloran is confident that had the city acted without delay, the outcome would have been different. "I knew we could have gotten better than what we have now -- a whole bunch of transient rooms and the same piddling rent as before."

Citing such leases and the city's poor

Continued on page 29

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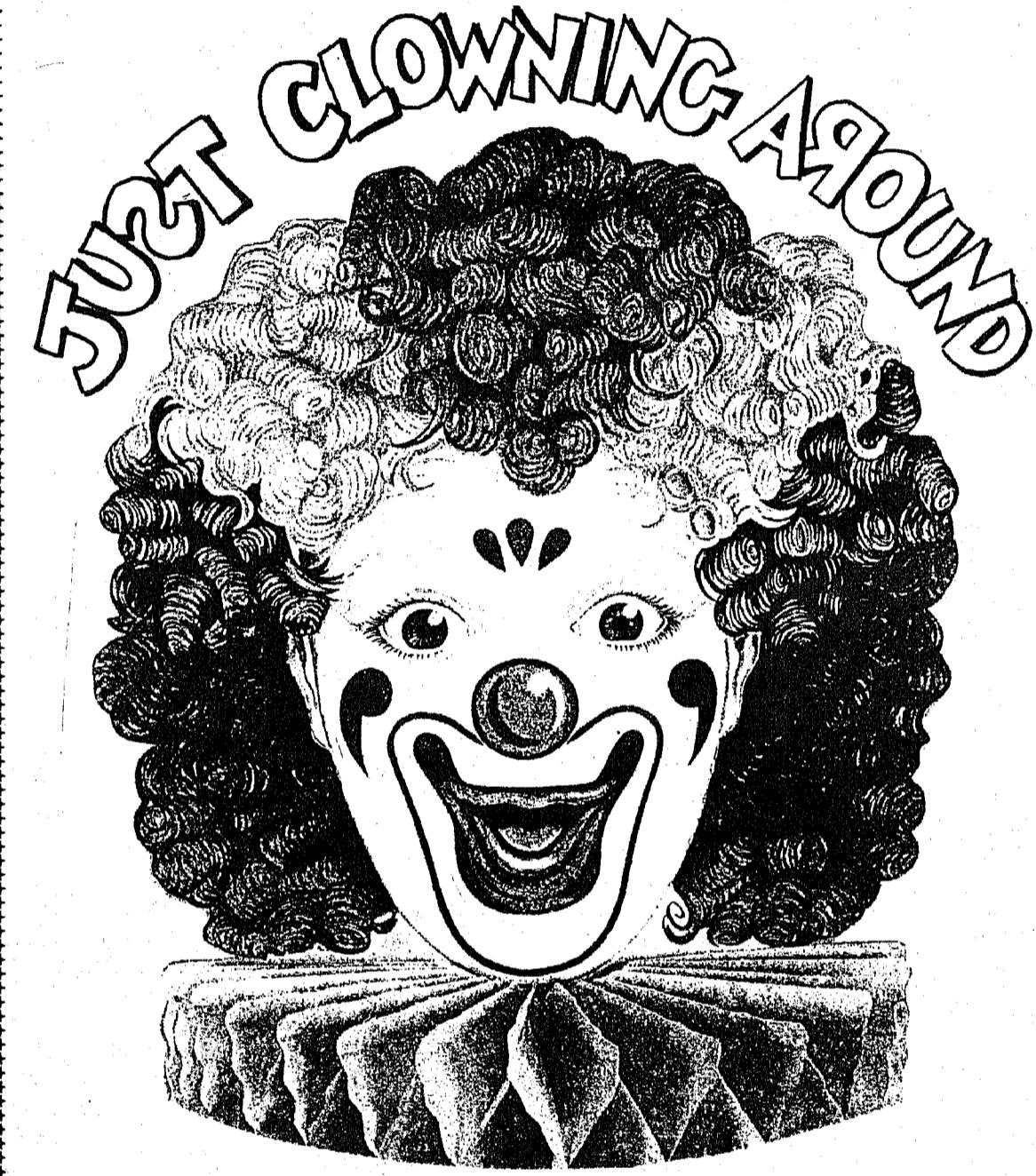
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Political Whispers from the Birdcage

by Bud Jacobson

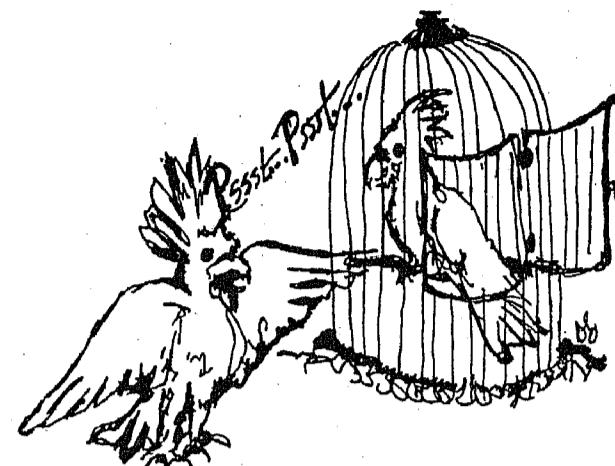
The hustings are quiet. Even a lot of the well-known rumor mills in the city and around the county are deserted in this January of 1989. There's more talk about the weather than about local politics.

Far, far down the line are the city elections in the dull, dead heat of summer. Mayor Richard Heyman and two commissioners, Sally Lewis and Jimmy Weekley, will face the voters.

The lone whisper (and getting old, at that) centers on Hizzoner The Mayor: Will he move to Hawaii (some of his property has been sold and there's a slimming down of his holdings here) and open the race to one and all? Chasing that rumor is the one floating over the head of his longtime pal and political savant, former Election Supervisor Peter Ilchuk -- will he run for mayor?

There will likely be much hauling and tugging, balloon trials and testing-of-the-waters before anything even looks like it *might* happen on the political horizon.

Winner of the Hard-hearted Hanna Award (and not up for re-election) might be



stand near the bus station the winter months. When vagrants disembarked, he would, almost immediately, steer them onto the next bus headed for Miami. In the middle of *la saison* (as we call it in the art galleries) the cops would round up 20 or 30 of the wandering band and drive them to the county line where the door would open and out they'd get. Of course, a few days later, you might see the same faces around town.

One reason for much of the straying into the Duval Street district is that Caroline Street, once the southernmost skid row, got classy; the long line of beaten-up barrooms and dim street lights gave way to better restaurants and guest houses.

One of the gripes along Fleming Street, between Simonton and Whitehead, is the way unfamiliar drivers continually make the wrong turn at Simonton (or Bahama Street) and zoom merrily west on a one-way artery going east.

Maybe politicians should opt to blacken the traffic light at Duval and Fleming so it doesn't show red-yellow-green to drivers at those intersections who think it signifies an okay to turn in the wrong direction.

Not a whisper, but apparently a hard fact, is that top-level engineers and execs are

in town (they've taken long leases at a few places) to get the sewage disposal plant on Fleming Key built and in working shape. The question is: Will we live that long and be able to afford it?

Two of these people have mentioned to locals that the plant will not be on the line and working until August or September. Hmmmm.

What then about the penalty fine that the city is supposed to pay to the government?

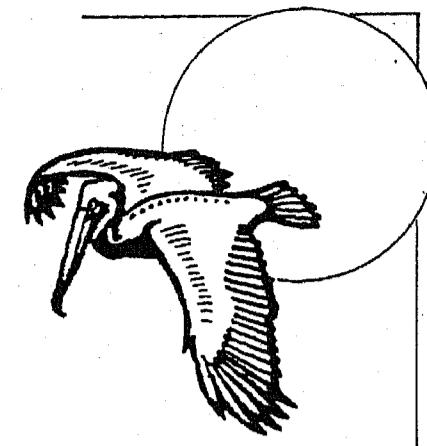
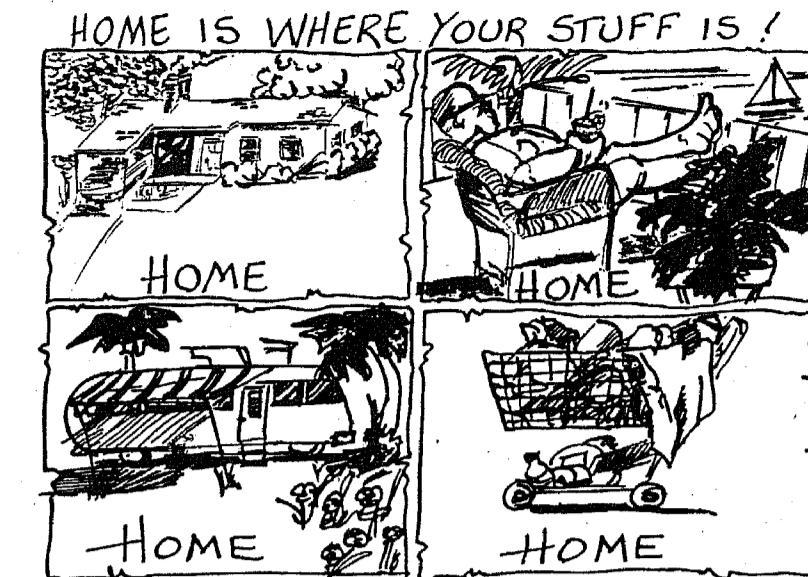
Sometime soon, maybe before the April 1 deadline set by the county commission, the Tourist Development Council (TDC), a nine-member appointed board, is supposed to stop haggling and figure out who its next administrator is going to be. Then they're supposed to tell the county commissioners.

There's a considerable bit of political scampering, according to insiders at the county building on Stock Island, because the TDC, dragging down its revenue from bed-taxes, oversees a budget in excess of \$4 million. And that can lead to influence and power among the politicians.

Even commissioners got into the act saying they would not be adverse to taking the administration, instead of naming an outsider.

Sandra Higgs, who has been the TDC administrator for the past three years, is still on the job.

The plum in this department is still up for grabs. ☐



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Tickets, \$20

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Big Pine: Big Pine Christian Center, County Road behind Coca Cola, 7:30 a.m.-6:00 p.m. 842-3404, and Big Pine Liquors, U.S. 1, 872-9822.

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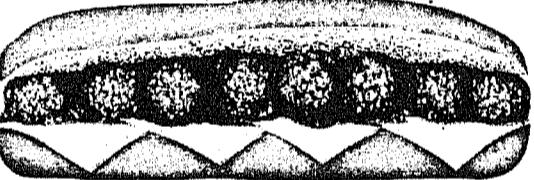
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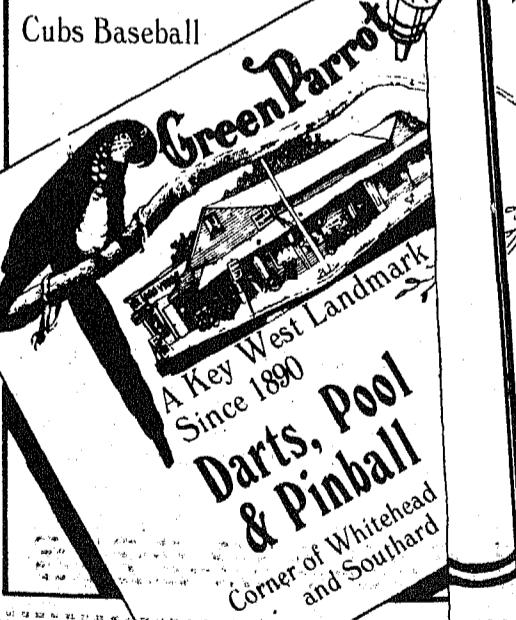
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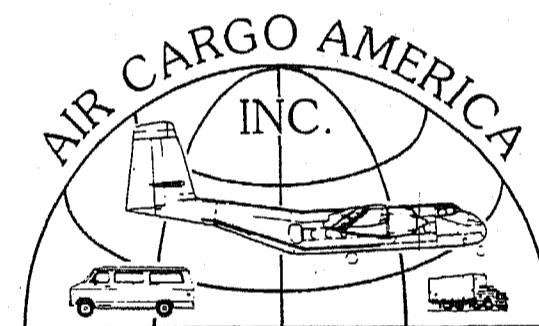
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Financing the Annex

by John Leslie

Wanted: A few good investors. Negotiations are in progress between Winthrop Financial Associates of New York and Boston, and Pritam Singh to add a major investment shot-in-the-arm to the development of Truman Annex. As of a few days after Christmas no deal had been signed.

Rumors of the impending transaction have been circulating for awhile, some going so far as to state that it was done and Pritam Singh, the Annex's current owner and self-proclaimed midwife to the \$200 million development project, had given up 60 percent of his control to the Winthrop Corporation whose portfolio of properties is listed at more than \$6 billion.

"Not true," says John Cole, spokesman for Truman Annex Corporation, who recently confirmed that while negotiations are underway "nothing has been signed, and Singh will seek the best possible deal that will allow him to maintain control of the project -- including looking at other prospective investment opportunities."

As reported in last month's *Solares Hill*, Key West's love affair with Pritam Singh has always hinged on Singh's keeping control of the Annex and his ability to develop it sensitively, without the overbuilding previous developers have suggested would be necessary to make the

investment pay off.

How do you make a \$200 million investment pay off? This is a key question, one that no one seems prepared -- or wants -- to answer. A look at projected sales figures for the residential part of the Annex alone shows how vast the problem is.

Averaging the cost of all townhouses, condos and single-family homes to be built on the Annex, and assuming that they will be 100 percent sold, the total revenue generated comes to about \$57 million. That's \$143 million short of the projected \$200 million total development cost -- a cost that will undoubtedly rise over the years as construction costs rise.

Can the commercial space -- which includes the marina, two hotels with a maximum total of 218 rooms, and retail shops -- to be built on the Annex and Sunset Island (formerly Tank Island) make up that \$143 million shortfall? Answers are hard to come by to such direct questions.

As noted here last month, Pritam Singh is highly skilled at the PR game, a willing participant in discussions of his personal vision and the aesthetics of developing the Annex, but reluctant to allow an inside look at the intricacies of his financial empire.

Is he in trouble?

John Cole, who is also Pritam's foster

father, says that the kid is under pressure. No doubt about it, but it isn't unusual; he's been under similar pressure with previous projects. "He manages somehow an incredible financial juggle," Cole says.

But he's never managed at this level. Cole himself acknowledges that it's like going from a nickel-and-dime neighborhood poker game to the high stakes games where no one is expected to sweat.

But whether you play for a dime or a thousand bucks, the process is the same; you know how to play the game, or you don't.

Rather than a card shark, Singh may operate more in the tradition of early wildcatters in the oil business, playing with someone else's money while keeping his fingers crossed.

One of the reasons he may be having to turn to new investment brokers right now is that the major banking investors who made the early loans on Truman Annex are calling in their markers.

The concern that Pritam Singh's pockets were never deep enough to allow him to purchase and develop Truman Annex while at the same time *keeping control of it*, was always a legitimate concern. He appears now at the brink of proving his negotiating skills.

Can he do it? Keep your fingers crossed.

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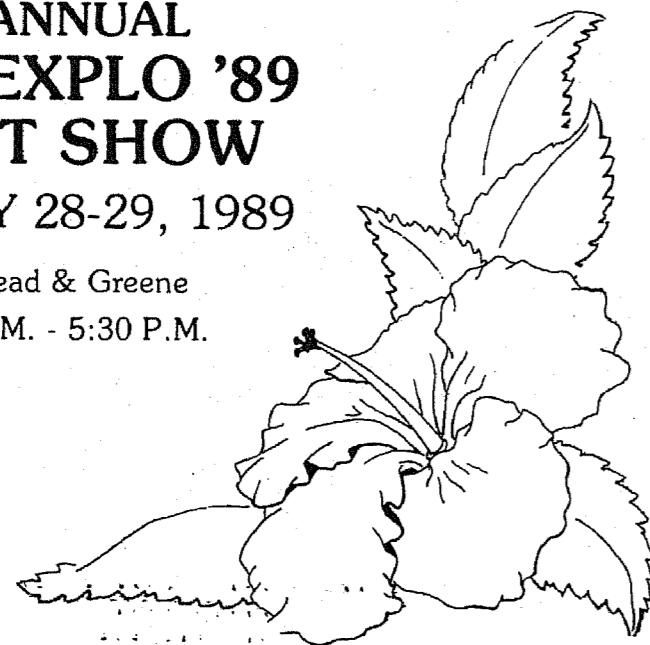
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Arts Explo Craft Show

Now in its fourth year, the Arts Explo Craft Show is on its way to becoming an event that residents and visitors look forward to each year. Staged the last weekend in January, it is the final event of Arts Explo '89, a festival that offers the Literary Seminar, Renaissance Faire, student art show, seafood festival, photography exhibit, Christmas concerts, theater, dance and film festivals.

Crafts are known as a "cottage industry" which dates back to the settling of this country. Craftspeople today are continuing a tradition as well as celebrating the occupations of their forefathers.

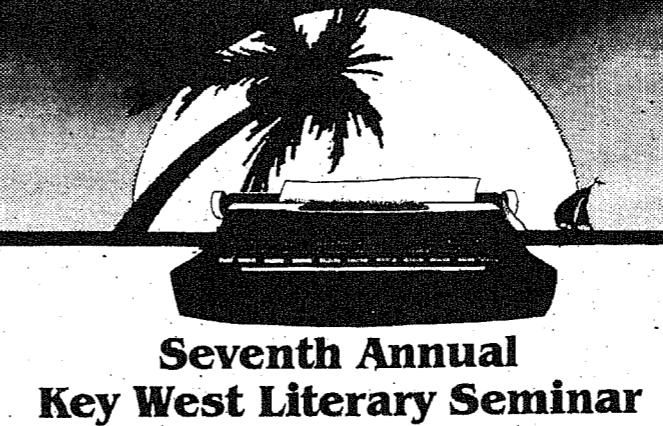
The woodworker from Michigan, the jeweler from California, the weaver of rugs from Ohio, the potter from Texas -- craftspeople come from almost every state in the Union. Exhibitors at the craft show are a diversified group coming together in Key West to show their skills in a chosen art.

Over 70 artists comprise this year's show and will be vying for \$1,000 in prize money and ribbons. Judges will be Dr. Frank Wyroba and Dr. Richard Duncan. They are on the staff of the Department of Visual Arts at Florida International University in Miami. Both are experienced jurors having served in that capacity at many outdoor art shows and gallery exhibits, in addition to their years of teaching and personal art experience.

The Key West Players, Inc., sponsors of the craft show since its inception in 1986, continues its tradition of supporting the arts in Key West. During Arts Explo '89, the Players will present the original *Denim and Diamonds*, a musical tribute to the ladies and stars of country music, conceived and directed by Jody Rae Geckler and running through January 8. For the first time in its 49 years, the Players will present a film festival from January 18 to 22. The specially selected films of Elizabeth Taylor from *National Velvet* to *Giant* will be shown at the Waterfront Playhouse.

The Arts Explo Craft Show will be on January 28 and 29 from 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. at Whitehead and Greene Streets in Old Town Key West. All are welcome; admission is free.

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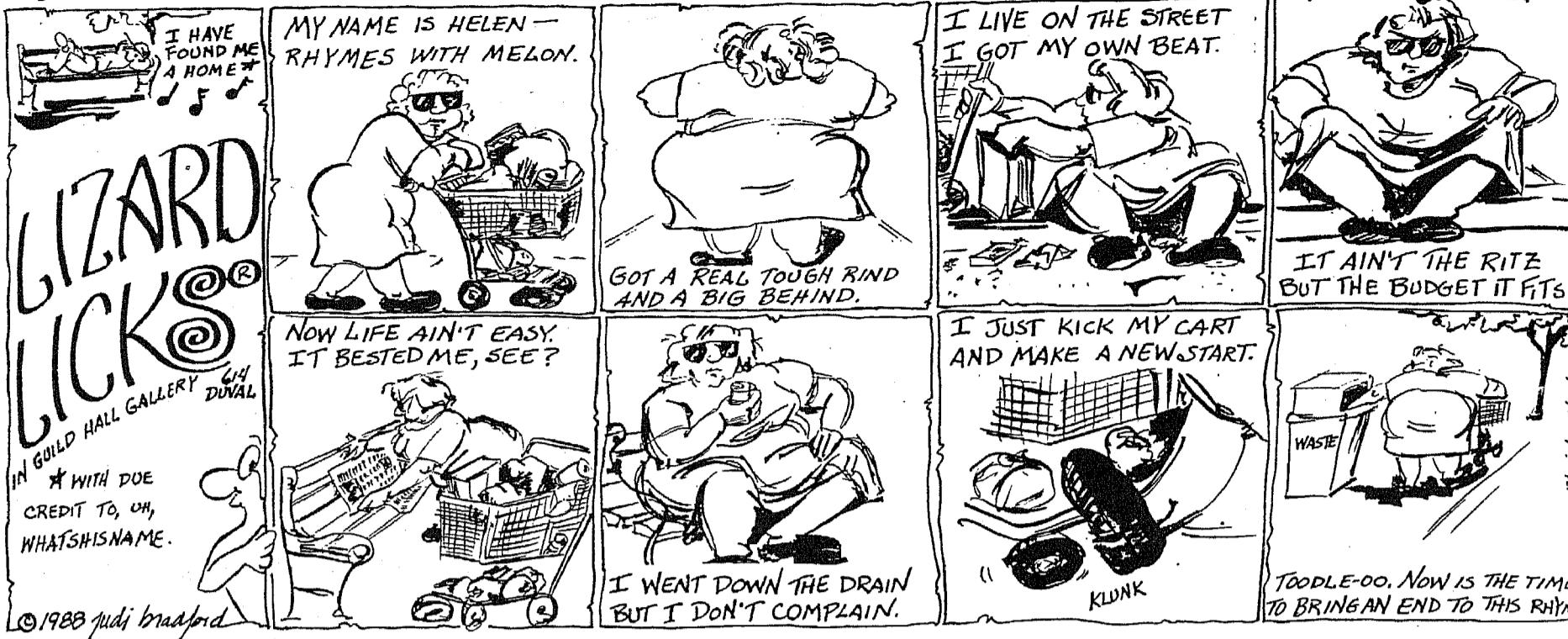
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The Origins of Blamelessness

by George Murphy

There were birds galore and atree
and days that hadn't names yet
and the rush and dash of the sea
made women wistful in their gardens, more
flamboyant than the bougainvillea in their hair,
as they closed their eyes and swayed.
And there were snakes abush and abundant
and the blush of fruit made men both lustful and
uneasy; their machetes flicked out
at the serpentine flow and flux in the brush, much,
so much like their sinuous dance, done alone,
in the hills by the sea.

And there was some man's idea of order
against all this yearning:
"Allegiant," he said, and "playful," he said.
"Efficiency expert, protector of children."
"Here, the mongoose," and opened the cage.

And, oh, how things changed. The strange
and complicated times that had merely been,
grew simpler. The brush grew feverish
with play, or say, death, uncoiled and slitherless.

Soon the mongoose, efficient defender,
grew hungry and so ate the birds
which had eaten the insects
which pollinated the fruit
which bore the blossom

which provoked the dance of serpentine dances,
the dance of water,
the flash of machete,
the passion of fruit.

The mongoose was dutiful; thus changed the dance.
The world grew, well, easier, fangless and competent.
Less wary, the men. Less fruitful, the garden.
Less ardent, the women, more untroubled then.

We did not notice enough for this took a long time.
Longer still it must have seemed to the hummingbird
whose months we call hours,
who knows the world through its tongue,
and whose tongue is where it belongs, in pleasure,
who is busier being than all else,
whose heart beats like god,
who were he wiser, more attentive,
even cared, could see all our mistakes
inch by inch as we made them.

But what of it? He speaks his tiny voice
of motion for himself, pure, and aimed
at his own sweet pursuits.

And the mongoose: Ah, poor villain.
Praise him now too, for his hunger.
He is innocence incarnate, protector of children,
whose swift and ruinous purity
is but love gone blind
over a dance he had need to consume.

(Antigua, 1987)



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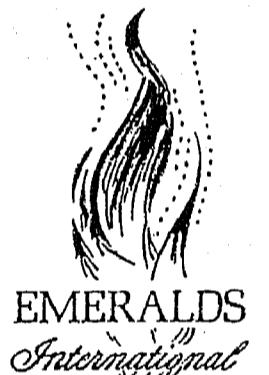
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Viva! San Carlos

by Michael P. Keating

Walking the dusty floors of the San Carlos building is sad. The quiet of its empty rooms is haunted by memories. Unfulfilled and forgotten, high hopes and desperate dreams have settled here. Yet for the first time in over two decades, sunlight streams through the windows and brings warmth to the cavernous hall. The San Carlos is under reconstruction.

"It was the dirtiest place I'd ever gone into on a job," recalls Turner Construction foreman Forest Williams. "The auditorium was deep in ... well, human dirt."

His boots scuff red clay tiles laid in the lobby 20 years ago when the San Carlos was resurrected as the Palace movie house showing *Gone with the Wind*. Forty-four years before that the floors were covered in black and white marble, rescued from an old Spanish monastery and shipped to this country.

In fact, much of the building originated outside this country. Famous local tilesetter Thomas Linares dressed the concrete walls chest-high with red and blue Majolican tiles from Seville. The tiles are glazed with a tin compound; they cast a hauntingly beautiful iridescent sheen. Other monastery tiles survive under shields of dirty plywood.

The San Carlos Institute wouldn't exist today if the Cuban government hadn't ordered its construction in 1919. Most of the Institute's background, however, stems from Cubans who came to Key West to escape Spain's occupation of their island. Originally in 1871 they started the Institute as a school over on Ann Street, where the children of cigarmakers learned two histories: their own and that of their new nation.



One of the Majolican tiles lining the walls of the San Carlos. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

The community raised funds for a three-story frame building at the 516 Duval Street site in 1883. But the structure burned down three years later. A new building went up in 1889, becoming famous in this century for the appearance of performing artists like tenor Enrico Caruso and dancer Anna Pavlova. The stage was situated behind classrooms where Cuban-Americans attended school.

The San Carlos was named after Carlos Manuel de Despedes, a wealthy sugar planter who led the Ten Year War against Spanish

occupation of Cuba in 1868. During that fight for freedom, the Institute grew from schoolhouse to social club and entertainment center. And between 1881 and 1895, when martyr Jose Marti formed and fostered the Cuban Revolutionary Party from its lobby, it was called "The cradle of Cuban Independence."

The revolution was long over when the hurricane of 1919 caused extensive damage to the frame structure. The Cuban government set aside \$200,000 from a badly needed American loan to have its public works engineers supervise the construction of a new San Carlos. Built of concrete, it was the first fireproof building in Key West.

October 10, 1924, the Spanish baroque structure was dedicated as one of Key West's first public schools. At the time its bilingual programs were considered progressive. Cuba opened a consular office inside its impressive cedar doors. Opera and drama continued weekly in the grand 350-seat auditorium at the rear of the building.

Five years later the Great Depression struck town. The auditorium became the Palace movie theater, and contributions to the school dwindled. Still, determined teachers continued giving free English lessons to those willing to learn, and Spanish lessons to those anxious for a better understanding of their Cuban-American neighbors.

After this country broke diplomatic ties with Fidel Castro in 1961, Cuban funds were exhausted and the school closed. The building became a hobo stopover. The chandelier installed in the lobby for the run of *Gone with the Wind* disappeared. A bullet-pocked stone set at its entrance to honor student victims of the original revolution is missing too.

In 1984 Jan McArt offered to turn the San Carlos into a dramatic theater to "rival anything at Lincoln Center." A court fight forced her to dismiss that plan.

But mostly the drive to restore the San Carlos has come from children of Florida's Cuban emigres who fled Castro's revolution of 1959. Fifteen thousand of their parents gathered in the San Carlos on April 23, 1966, to draft a "Declaration of Freedom."

Forest Williams points out one of the 150 epoxy-filled cracks which vein the thick concrete walls. Three million dollars have been funded for restoration, most of it from the state of Florida. According to plan, a Cuban-American Heritage Museum will open later this year at the building's long-unused address. Little will be made of Castro's 30 years in Cuba. But much will be told of the history of the Cuban people who have chosen to become Americans since the San Carlos Institute was founded over 100 years ago.

Sonnets by Al McKee

Old man spoke
to a young boy
in the woods:

"You have to
be careful of
the sonnets
out here."

"How can they
hurt me?" said
the boy.
"Sonnets
are poems."

"Not in this
case. Sonnets
are fast moving
dogs that shoot
poison arrows."

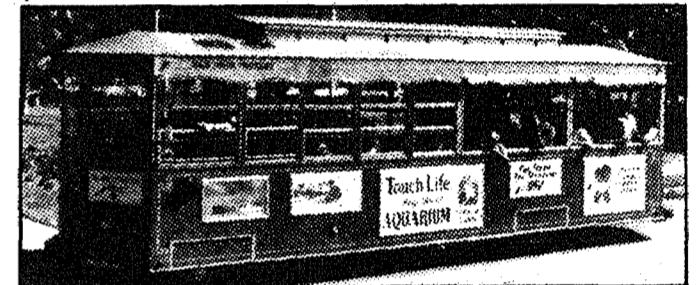
"How can they
do that?"

The old man
grinned:

"Through the holes
in the top of their
heads, of course."

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7:30 PM SHOWS

LOCATION	DEPARTURE
PIER HOUSE/1 Duval St.	6:40 PM
OLD STONE CHURCH/Eaton & Simonton	6:45 PM
SOUTH & SIMONTON STS.	6:55 PM
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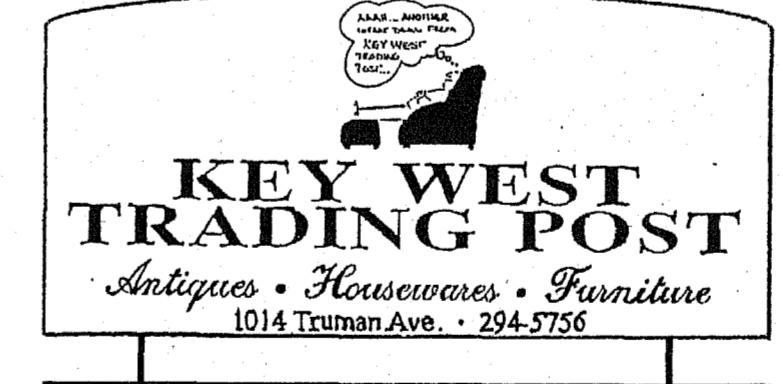
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I was truly fearful that Mother would tumble to my undercover treachery, Al Smith being very low on her Richter scale. She had such an unfathomable capacity for loyalty that the Hoover camp that I know that the fat will be in the fire.

At this time I am age five and am reading Flospy, Mopsy, Cottontail and Peter Rabbit for mental development. The corners of my imagination are beginning to fill up with the fanciful. I figure that I will be put out for adoption by a cruel gang of Democrats and will be made to change my name from Frances-Elizabeth Jones to Frances-



Elizabeth Coolidge or, worse yet, Frances-Elizabeth Hoover. These Democrat gangs who roam that path below our farm on the Pecos River will jump out upon me from behind the overhanging salt cedars.

I take a fresh corner of coyote to chew on and picture the torture. I already have a vaccination scar the size of a communion wafer and under that they most likely will tattoo that Democrat donkey.

My father passed away early, and in time I acquired a stepfather who moved the two Republicans to Fluvanna, Texas, a tiny ranching town on the Texas Panhandle. Republicanism still was the marrow of my mother's life. It was an idea quite uncommunicable to my stepfather, an awfully good egg but a yellow-dog Democrat. Consequently, the words Republican and Democrat were forbidden to be mentioned at mealtimes. Thus, the Golden Shore of Love and the Peaceful Sea of Harmony reigned on that rancho.

Heady with early rebellion, I covertly named a very good-looking paper-doll man Al Smith. Al Smith was running against Herbert Hoover for president.

I can recall lying in my room chewing on a corner of a coyote skin on my trundle bed.



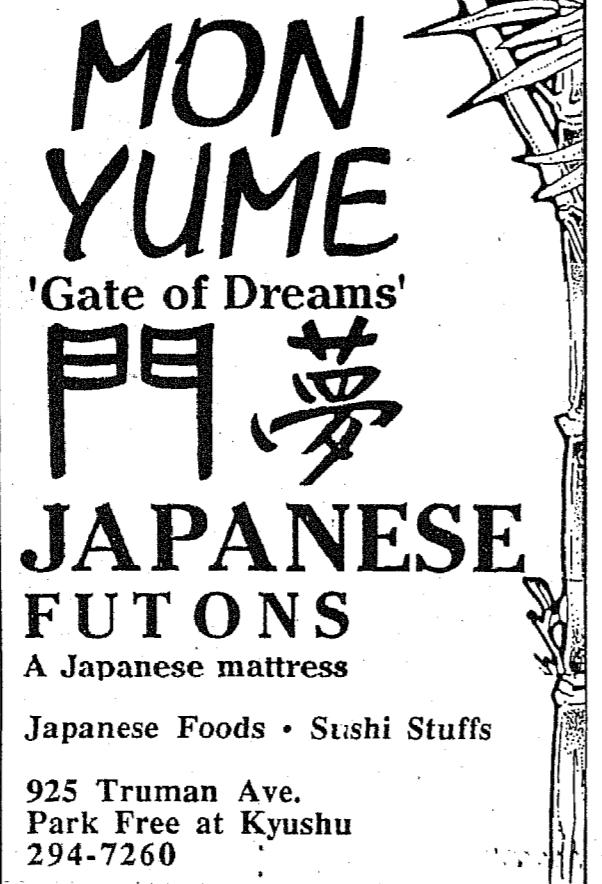
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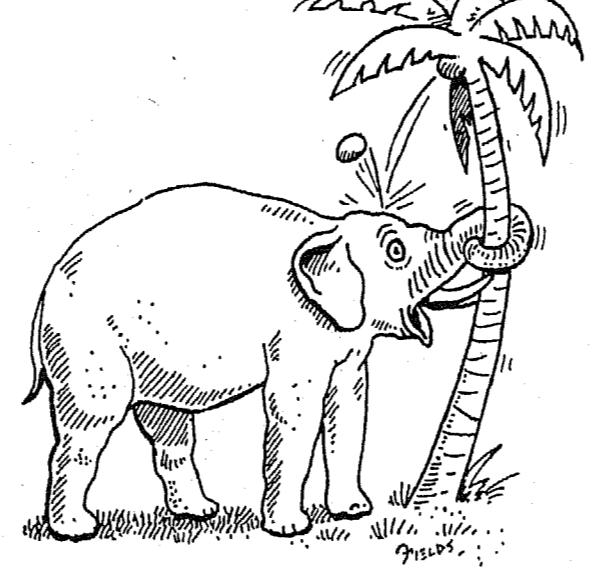
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Fluvanna, Texas became proud of my mother as a strange, remarkable lady. One, she was a Quaker. Two, she was an artist. Three, she was a Republican. When out of towners visited Fluvanna, Texas, folks drove them past our place to point out Mother. She was to Fluvanna, Texas what the Eiffel Tower is to Parisians. There was a local fellow, Abel Deere, who was rather a plant-like person. He was, well, slow. He herded for the town people a few milk cows and goats in a nearby pasture.

Fluvanna, Texas ranchers and farmers: "There are two Republicans in Scurry County -- Abel Deere and Miss Anna."

Years later, when I arrived in Key West, the girl at the Supervisor of Elections eyed me like she had unearthed something primeval. "Oh, you don't want to register Republican!" There were earnest tears in her eyes as she pleaded with me to adopt a reason-dominated political style. Well, you know me, wild horses wouldn't ...

Now I am reclining, looking at and supporting a 25-pound Marc Chagall art book, a coffee table Christmas gift. It is so hefty that it must be lifted onto me and



Now that I have rounded the corner of 60, I have seen the hazards of politics. You must, during the vicissitudes of life, become reconciled to the fact that a multiplicity of

your friends along the way are going to be Democrats. When I see that I am growing fond of a Democrat, I suppose I look like a squirrel confronting a doubtful nut.

I look back upon all the affronts endured because I stuck like a barnacle to the Republicans. A lady on an Eastern airplane 38,000 feet over Atlanta leans over and says to me, "The only way to get rid of Richard Nixon would be to put a stake through his heart at a crossroads." I cannot say that I respond more sympathetically to a school teacher who politically stands to the right of Attila the Hun. She attests, "When you describe an affluent Republican man, you say that he is rich. A Democrat is not rich. He is a poor man with money."

Now I am reclining, looking at and supporting a 25-pound Marc Chagall art book, a coffee table Christmas gift. It is so hefty that it must be lifted onto me and

lodged atop my stomach within reading range. The book's weight has misplaced the anatomy of my pelvic region which now is squeezed over, stationed slightly off to my side like a pie plate. The compelling



"When you describe an affluent Republican man, you say that he is rich. A Democrat is not rich. He is a poor man with money."

book of Chagall's work is, of course, chock-full of men with beast-head masks, a ladder to nowhere, blue-green lovers, a woman washing her feet, stone crosses, flower bouquets sprouting mid-air. And,

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there is one picture -- a lady in a purple dress floating supine up there over Chagall's Russian village. She is on an outing with her sweetheart, and the picture is named "Promenade."

I am stretched out on a green sheet which makes me feel like I am resting on a billiard table. I push off Chagall's book and finish my Republican odyssey.

Oh, of course, I can see my dear Republicans' broadness and their narrowness, their individual-tilted idealism, their paltry meannesses; I can see them without sentimentalism or gilding the lily. I simply like the classical design of Republicans.

Republicans or Democrats, best to see politics with hearty humor and tenderness for both parties, and sympathy for the joys and pains of this world. ■

On South Beach

by June Keith

Teresa was thirsty, but not thirsty enough to move. Through slit eyes, she gazed beyond the sand to the edge of the ocean, imagining it to be a mirage on some arid desert where she'd collapsed for lack of water.

Was she dreaming? Or daydreaming? The fuzzy line between consciousness and subconsciousness had grown elusive for Teresa, until her state had become neither on nor off, neither into it nor out of it, not quite happy, but not sad either -- just there, watching.

It was July, hot and dry. Teresa loved South Beach in the summertime when the only other people there were weather-worn hippies who wandered along the beach as listless as summer waves lapping weakly upon the shore.

Teresa smiled, remembering a time 20 years earlier when the hippies had arrived

like a small rag-bag army with unshaven armpits and hairy legs that drove Teresa and her friends into fits of wild giggling.

What were they called nowadays?

Her brothers, Tony and Angel, called the girls *hippies* back then. Tony had married a *hippy* girl when he was 18. The girl, whose name was Lorraine, was 16. But she had lied about her age.



from a lawyer in New York. He took the papers to the courthouse because he had wanted to do the honorable thing by the beautiful, nimble-fingered, hairy-legged Lorraine.

From the look of that letter, Tony and his mother had perceived that Lorraine's family was trying to make it seem as if Lorraine had never been to Key West, had never met Tony, had never been his wife.

Teresa envisioned the words "Tony" and "Lorraine" carved into the sand, and then she imagined a giant wave crashing onto the beach, washing the names away as if they'd never been there at all.

Tony was in prison in upstate Florida. Teresa had promised to write to him, but though she thought about him every day, she had not written. Now that he'd been gone for two years, it seemed too late to start.

Teresa thought a little about New York City as she rose from the beach and worked briefly at brushing sand from her arms and legs. Thirst propelled her now, bringing her to full consciousness. The sun was directly above her and she was anxious to move herself into an air-conditioned bar.

She pulled a turquoise Sloppy Joe's T-shirt over her head, and wondered if Lorraine would remember her if Teresa were to somehow make it to New York City. Lorraine had once told Teresa that she could make a lot of money up North because she was bilingual. At the time, Teresa had wondered how her Spanish could possibly be of any value on a farm.

But now, as she squinted against the sun, she saw herself saucily dressed in a chic, short dress right out of the pages of *Cosmopolitan*, wearing stiletto heels, sitting on a soft, stuffed leather chair with one thigh crossed demurely over the other, taking dictation in Spanish for some powerful, New York City businessman or lawyer. She imagined the man's eyes following the line of her legs, down her thighs to her knees, and then her ankles as she pretended not to notice, busily scribbling away with a sharp new pencil.

As she hoisted her leg up over the center bar of her bicycle, she sighed, remembering the mysterious language of shorthand, with its tiny squiggles and dashed curves. It had always eluded her, though she'd tried, three times, to take the course in high school and then once at the junior college.

Why couldn't Teresa Rivera learn to understand shorthand? she wondered as she pedaled her bike onto the hot asphalt of Duval Street. She was certainly bright, everybody thought that. And her Spanish was much better than passable.

Many, many times she had lied about her background to men whom she met sunbathing at the Pier House pool. She would tell them she was from Puerto Rico, or perhaps New York City. Never Key West. Never local.

Just now she couldn't remember why

she had lied.

She had perfected her Spanish in Puerto Rico, where she had once lived for two years, on the 16th floor, in a condominium on the beach, near El San Juan Hotel. She'd had a Cuban boyfriend from Miami named Alberto. He made enough money so Teresa could stay at home while he worked.

At first she liked staying home, but before long it began to bore her. Alberto and his family were what she and her mother called "old fashioned Cubans." Alberto had a plan for everything -- a pattern for living to which he expected her to adapt.

Then she met Rafael at the beach. The excitement of cheating on Alberto was explosive. Her life became a game of intrigue. She schemed to spend every possible moment with Rafael while still maintaining straight-laced Alberto's home as a perfect Cuban wife should.

Whoever it was today, she hoped he wouldn't talk too much. She liked to keep her thoughts to herself, and she didn't care much about anyone else's.

When the sun rose, she would go to her mother's for coffee. Her mother would try

to make her eat eggs or grits with cheese, but she wouldn't. If she had met someone particularly interesting the night before she would tease her mother with stories about

breathlessly if he would notice it and, if he did, what she would tell him.

Games.

Her sandaled feet pushed against the peddles of her bicycle, and she looked up to see she had arrived at her favorite bar. It was cold inside the Full Moon, cold and very dark.

She had no money, but it didn't matter much. She would drink until someone she knew came in and picked up her tab. Or maybe it would be someone she didn't know. Then, they would go on to another bar, or bedroom, or motel.

Mostly, it seemed, the best she could ever feel was the way she felt for that first little while, early in the morning, on South Beach, before it got too hot, or too crowded.

Teresa liked to lay her cheek down on a soft towel and gaze across the beach just after it had been cleaned by the county grader. When the sand was fresh and unblemished, with no letters carved into it, no castles built on top of it, no footprints pressed into it, she was reminded of a clean, new slate.

Then she thought about how easily

things got all messed up. ☐

Solares Hill--January 1988--Page 19
him -- how much money he had, where he would take her to live.

She would bathe, wash and style her hair, apply fresh make-up, and dress for the beach. Teresa was a beauty, and skilled at grooming herself. She used to repeat her routine in the late afternoon, just before dinner, but she no longer had the desire or the inclination to negotiate the line between day and night.

Mostly, it seemed, the best she could ever feel was the way she felt for that first little while, early in the morning, on South Beach, before it got too hot, or too crowded.

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What Teresa remembered about Lorraine was that she baked great cookies. They weren't the kind Teresa made, the kind you bought already made into dough and then sliced off to cook. Lorraine made hers from scratch -- chocolate chip, peanut butter and, at Christmas, thin sugar cookies baked into little angels and Santas.

Teresa thought Lorraine had been raised on a farm because she knew so much about cooking. Until Lorraine came, Teresa had never cooked anything at all -- except maybe those frozen cookies.

Lorraine had borrowed Teresa's mother's sewing machine to make short skirts and baggy shirts out of scraps of material she had bought at McCrory's Five and Dime. Teresa had to admit that Lorraine's creations were really quite chic, especially considering that they were homemade.

When Lorraine's parents finally came to Key West to get her, some six months after she had married Tony, Teresa and her mother were surprised to learn that she was from New York City, where she attended a private school for girls. Years later Teresa met a guy from New York City in a bar who had once dated a girl from that school. He said only very rich girls went there.

Tony loved his lost wife. Eventually it had stopped bothering him that she didn't shave the hair from her armpits or her legs. It was soft and pale blond, like the hair on a peach. He had begun to enjoy the downy feel of it in an erotic way right around the time that her parents came to his mother's apartment in the projects and tapped, oh so politely, at the screen door of the tiny kitchen.

But Tony never spoke to Lorraine again. He did get a letter and some papers to sign

as she hoisted her leg up over the center bar of her bicycle, she sighed, remembering the mysterious language of shorthand, with its tiny squiggles and dashed curves. It had always eluded her, though she'd tried, three times, to take the course in high school and then once at the junior college.

Why couldn't Teresa Rivera learn to understand shorthand? she wondered as she pedaled her bike onto the hot asphalt of Duval Street. She was certainly bright, everybody thought that. And her Spanish was much better than passable.

Just now she couldn't remember why

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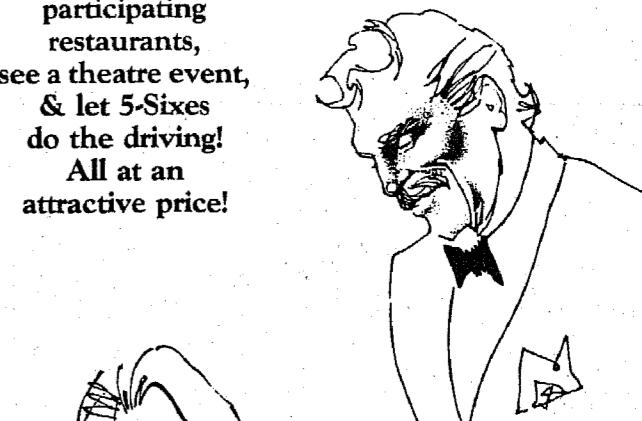


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What Can't the Cat Man Do?

by Liz Smith

Sunset, Mallory Dock. At the north end, near the boundary wall of the Ocean Key House, a large crowd is forming. Push closer and the crack of a whip can be heard above sounds of awe from the audience. Closer still and meet the intense gaze of a man, clad in leopard print shirt and tight black pants, as he stands, whip in hand, at the center of a circle of snarling beasts. A circus act, here on Mallory Dock? The whip cracks again, an animal grimaces in defiance, the crowd is respectfully hushed. But the sound that emerges from the beast is not the roar of a lion; it is the plaintive peep of a little kitty -- a house cat's meow.

Sharky, Spot, Mars and Piggy perform a scaled-down version of a big-top, big-cat act. They jump through burning hoops, they turn on the spot, they sit up on their hindquarters and they leap from stool to stool. It is a surprising sight. Those familiar with cats can attest to their aloofness and independent spirits.

Cats simply do not possess the canine desire to please, and appease, people. Anyone who has even toyed with the idea of training a domestic cat has probably abandoned the notion with alacrity. The invention of a perpetual motion machine would be an easier path to fame and fortune. Yet, here we are ...



Dominique Lefort fixes a telepathic gaze on one of his four feline performers. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

cracking the whip.

But Roudoudou dreamed of beasts other than lions and tigers. And one day his fate placed him at the window of a pet shop, gazing at a small, tabby kitten. Roudoudou was fascinated by her waving tail; she seemed alert and intelligent. Thus was the portentous appearance of Marlene.

Dominique had attempted to train two cats before Marlene, but she proved to be the turning point of his career. He worked steadily with her for six months, "acting like the mother" -- using basic stimulus-response techniques, rewarding her with food and affection, playing with her while gradually introducing routine work. He concentrated on teaching the cat "how to make an effort," gaining her attention for longer and longer intervals. At first she trained for just thirty seconds, then two minutes and gradually further and further until she "learned how to push herself."

As Roudoudou persevered and Marlene developed, the mix became more work and less play until Marlene could maintain a thirty-minute performance. Dominique credits his success to an identification with the feline psyche, not merely presentation of the edible reward. It is the bond between him and his animals that wills them to perform. Although he says he's not particularly fond of cats, Dominique

Continued on page 22

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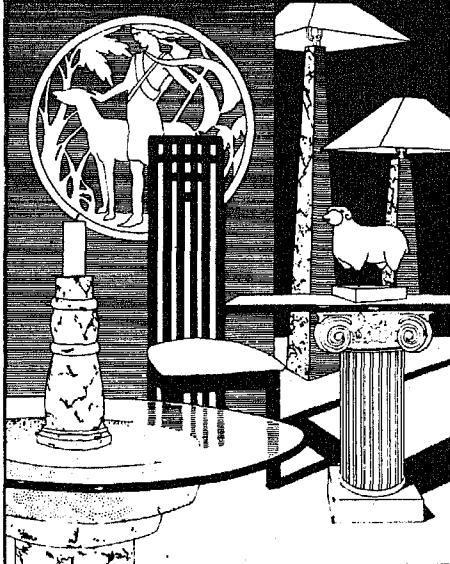
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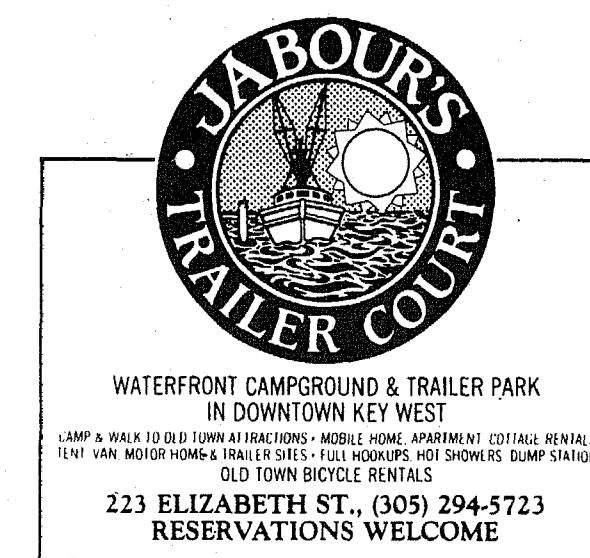
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Continued from page 20
believes that through his observation of them in their natural state he knows and understands them well. Cats are not social animals, they are highly independent and possess no intrinsic desire to be part of a team.

To be able to impose his will upon the cats, Dominique feels it is necessary "to be a cat myself." He communicates with his animals in "cat language." Physically, he uses his hand like a paw in a swift movement to gain attention; telepathically, he commands them to fulfill his goals.

"I read vibes, they are better than words or gestures," Cat Man said. During a show, this means a great amount of concentration, particularly if Dominique senses disapproval in the audience. "Then I have to fight these vibes of the people who don't want the cats to do it."

An important behavioral characteristic of cats is territoriality. In Dominique's act, each cat has its own stool which remains in a fixed position in relation to the props. Thus, the cats can quickly orient themselves in unfamiliar settings. This fixed position gives the cats security, even in a setting like Mallory Dock.

"Cats are freaked out by water," Dominique said. "Also, cats don't like to be surprised. You will surely win their respect if you can show them that you can react faster than a cat can act."

The cat trainer has developed his own cat-like reflexes to the point where he can move faster than the animals themselves. According to Dominique, "You have to show them that you are top cat."

As an observer of this extraordinary show, it is interesting to ponder just how far Dominique's self-proclaimed telepathic powers might permeate. Despite ambivalence and downright disgust on the part of defenders of animal rights, most responses range from astonishment to wild enthusiasm as Dominique puts his felines through their paces. To his detractors, Dominique asserts that these cats would not perform if they were treated less than kindly.

There does seem to be a special rapport between the two-legged animal and his four-legged friends. The cats often make contact with their human, rubbing faces against his legs, hands and head. Spot will weave his way between Dominique's feet as the two stroll the perimeter of their makeshift stage.

Since Dominique has almost the exclusive on this type of act (he believes there is a similar one in Russia), he has appeared on several TV shows, among them 20/20 and *Late Night with David Letterman*.

Still, he chose Key West's unique sunset observance as the site for polishing the performance. His theory is that if the animals can maintain their concentration in this distracting setting and entertain the often boisterous crowds, then they will be "brilliant" when he introduces them to a more formal audience.

Dominique has his sights set on a permanent position in a circus show staged in either New York or Las Vegas. Until then, he extends an open invitation to the north end of sunset to come see what the cat man do. ☐

Book Review: *Feast of Sunlight*

Chef Van Aken's Culinary Celebration of Nature

by Jeanne McClos

Feast of Sunlight, by Norman Van Aken, Ballantine, New York, 1988, 308 pages, \$22.50

Master chef Norman Van Aken has been flirting with national acclaim for several years. Formerly executive chef of Key West's award-winning Louie's Backyard, Van Aken is now chef and co-owner, with Proal Perry, of Mira -- named one of South Florida's top 12 restaurants by *South Florida Magazine*. Increasingly, members of the gourmet world request his time. But since one must travel nearly to Cuba to see him and for him to travel the restaurant must close, Van Aken has collected his recipes in *Feast of Sunlight*.

This book will delight Van Aken aficionados and tempt the uninitiated with the delicious promise of new culinary adventure. *Feast of Sunlight* offers far more than Van Aken's talent; it also shares his knowledge of and insight into food.

The 80-hour-a-week, hands-on chef long ago mastered the basic art of cooking, which affords him the freedom to work toward perfecting a style, recognizable today with just a savory mouthful. Van Aken's style stems from a natural passion for contrasts -- pitting hot against cold, spicy against sweet, cooked against raw, crunchy against smooth -- and his fascination with the French techniques of *saisissement* and *échange* ("sealing" and "exchange") or, as he translates, "shock" and "seduction." For instance, the meat in a stew has been "shocked" by searing; then it is slow-cooked with other ingredients to create a "seductive" blend of flavors.

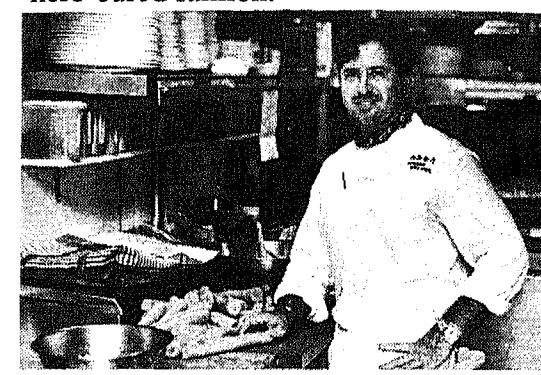
Interplaying these subtleties, Van Aken offers such provocative combinations as sautéed veal steaks with rum, plantains, and Creole mustard sauce; game bird ravioli with citrus pasta and sauce adobado; "My Short Stack" with foie gras, parsnip pancakes, and savory caramel sauce; roasted calves' liver with Madeira, country ham and sweet melon; and even a simple Caesar salad steak tartare -- Van Aken's favorite way to shed a pound or two. He writes: "It's loaded with protein, garlic, greens, and Parmesan, and these are the things that make me happy."

For his raw ingredients, Van Aken usually uses those of the region, as the book's title suggests. This includes places with ever-sunny skies and sparkling seas -- the Mediterranean, the Gulf States, Mexico, the Southwest, the Caribbean. It is not surprising, then, that seafood is dominant in Van Aken's cuisine, often in earthy combinations -- sautéed shrimp with anchos, tequila and red onion salsa or panfried grouper with Alabama oysters and conch butter sauce. More au natural treatments include his braided sashimi of red snapper and yellowfin tuna with tart herbal dressing and mixed lettuces.

Feast of Sunlight offers a bright window into Van Aken's fragrant kitchen, one that you know is overflowing with fresh foodstuffs, full and ripe and glistening, just waiting to be brought together in another of his singular celebrations of nature. ☐

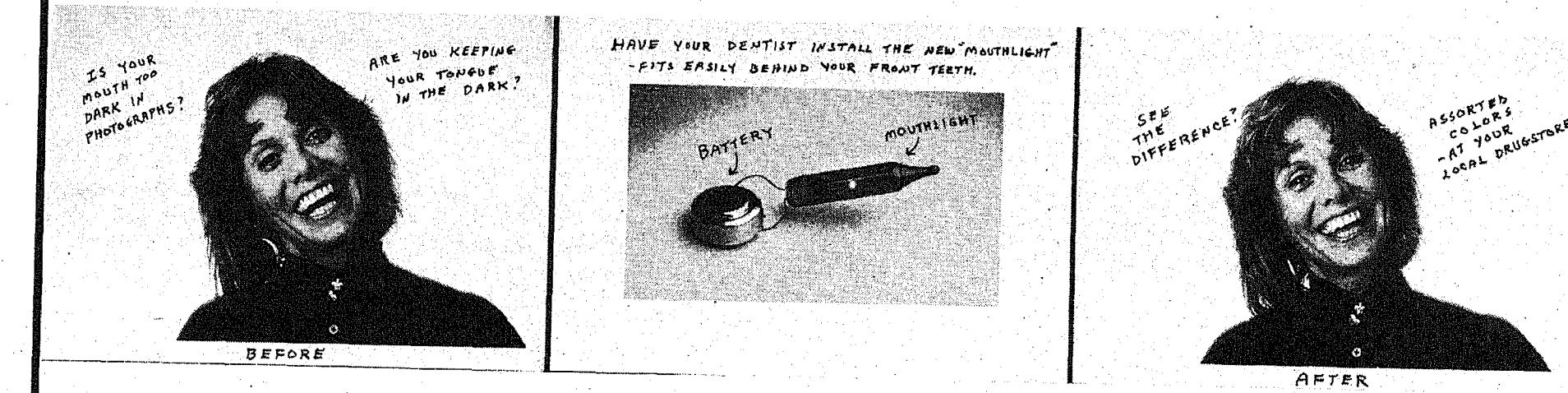
intense in flavor, for "it is at this point the diner's hunger and need for flavors are most critical. After these desires are satisfied, we would naturally be inclined toward more lightness and subtlety."

Feast of Sunlight includes a section on stocks, sauces, salsa, and salad dressings, as well as pesto, salsa, and tapenade; it also contains a discussion on the structure of a sauce and how to make it work for you. Another section details nice-to-have-on-hand items to be made on a rainy day and tucked away in the larder for later. They are those little things that make a good dish great -- roasted garlic and preserved lemons, pickled okra and ginger, chutneys of mango and apple, black pepper brioche, homemade ricotta and sausages, herb-cured salmon.



Chef Norman Van Aken in the kitchen at Mira, where even a common carrot can become a work of art. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

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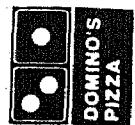
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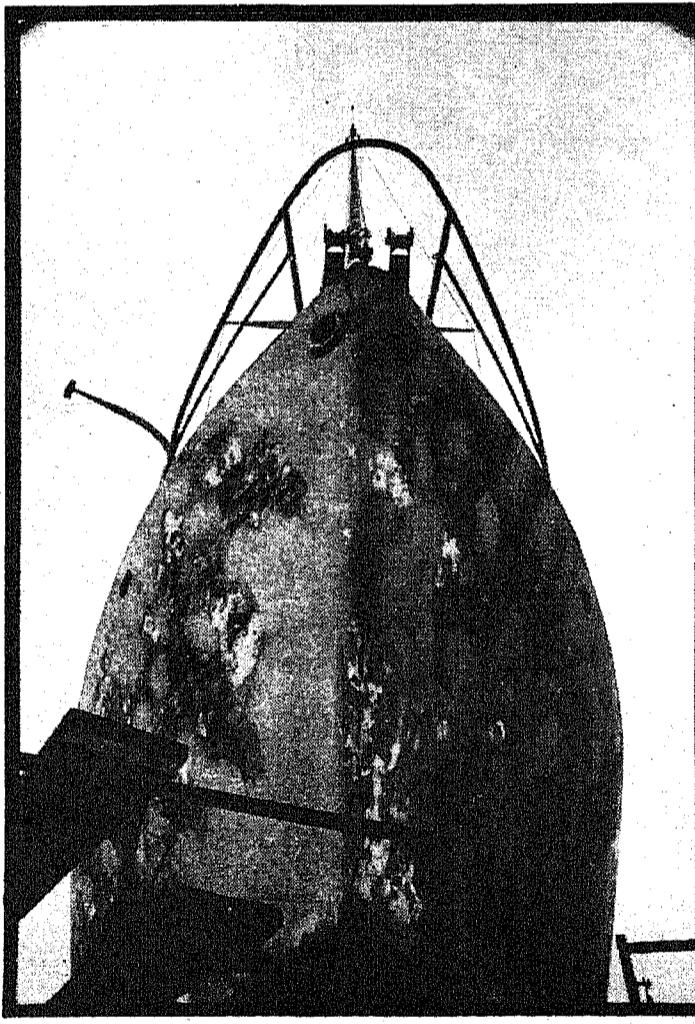


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FREDDIE KRUGER AS A BOY, FANTASY FEST '88



MING'S BOAT YARD

THE PRIVATE MASK

by Dick Burke

Street photography is hunting, pure and simple. The camera is a gun that collects rather than kills. The camera stops time which, slowly or quickly, is killing us all.

I am always searching for something that is truly worth saving. It can be sublime or ridiculous, beautiful or ugly. When I go out on the street I never know what I'll get. Sometimes I come home with little more than a tired body.

There is a restlessness in street photography that agrees with my own makeup. A lost opportunity quickly is replaced with a fresh one. I keep moving.

Today, more than in the past, life is lived on the street. The private mask most of us wear is becoming visible. Key West itself is becoming kaleidoscopic. Duval Street and Mallory Dock are extensions of the airport. Duval used to be the main drag of a small town.

Downtown is getting to be in spirit, if not appearance, like Manhattan without skyscrapers. You hear European languages everywhere. A large segment of the population changes daily, giving us a permanent settlement of strangers who are here for an experience.

More than anything else I like the way I feel when I'm smack in the middle of life with a camera and I know that sooner or later I'm going to come across something wonderful or magical or fascinating. That intuition generates an excitement that makes the drudgery that comes with photography a small price to pay.

When I began to realize that possibilities in environmental photography are unlimited, I shot photographs until I was ready to drop on the sidewalk. Sometimes I didn't know what I was searching for until I found it; sometimes that happened right after I ran out of film. Today I never run out of film. I buy pants with more pockets.

Advances in media technology have made it possible for a photograph to become a cultural icon overnight, a letter in a new larger alphabet.

Perhaps the best photograph can convey simply and easily what is beyond the power of words to express.

When I first started shooting, I shot only color. More often than not the subject turned out to be color itself. I found myself passing up wonderful shots because they weren't color. I didn't realize how much color eclipses the subject until I got into black and white. I still like some kinds of color photography -- when it's so subtle that color and black and white seem to mingle.

I spent a few years wandering through museums in San Francisco, almost every day. After awhile I was interested more in the people looking at the art than the stuff on the walls. I imagine enough of the art soaked in to give some of my photographs a classical cast, but it isn't intentional. I don't go looking for it. Then, too, some things never change. I don't think anybody alive today has emotions radically different from people who lived hundreds of years ago.

I once read an essay titled "Tragedy and the Whole Truth," by Aldous Huxley. It made me aware of how much tragedy and comedy intermingle in life, constantly shading each other.

Until August of last year I worked for Monroe County Emergency Medical Services. I had no desire to photograph highway trauma or mangled bodies though I saw many photos of it taken by others. There was never any time for it anyway. I got into photography as a specific antidote for that particular job. Black humor was one way to stay sane.

Unless you consider Fantasy Fest macabre, I don't feel that any of my photos are macabre. Fantasy Fest itself is a good time. When photos of Fantasy Fest are taken out of context they reveal the reality underlying Halloween -- the existence of the infernal, still with us though the Middle Ages are long gone. Or are they?

The photographs and prose on these pages were created by Dick Burke, who lives and works in Key West.



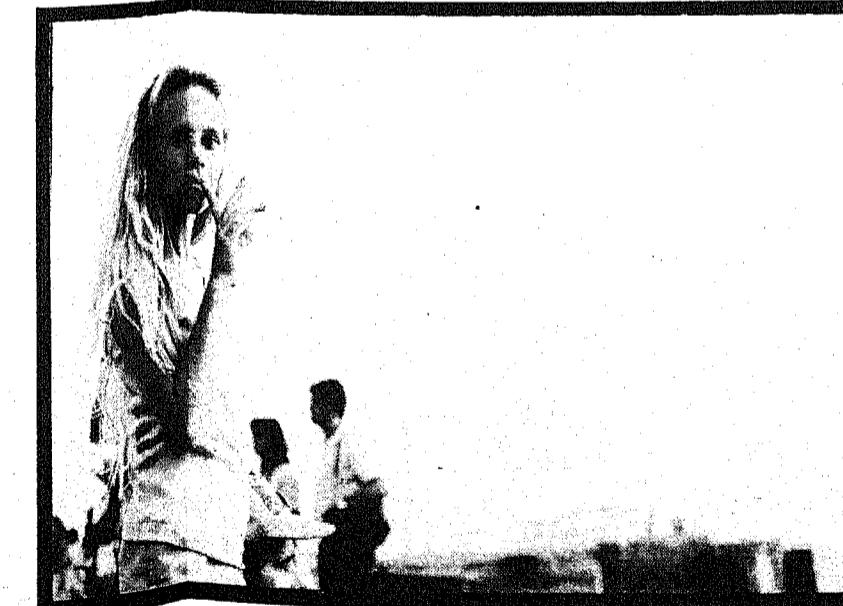
BEN AND RUSTY



SENATOR ON THE STREET, FANTASY FEST '88



WHISPERING WOMAN, FANTASY FEST '88



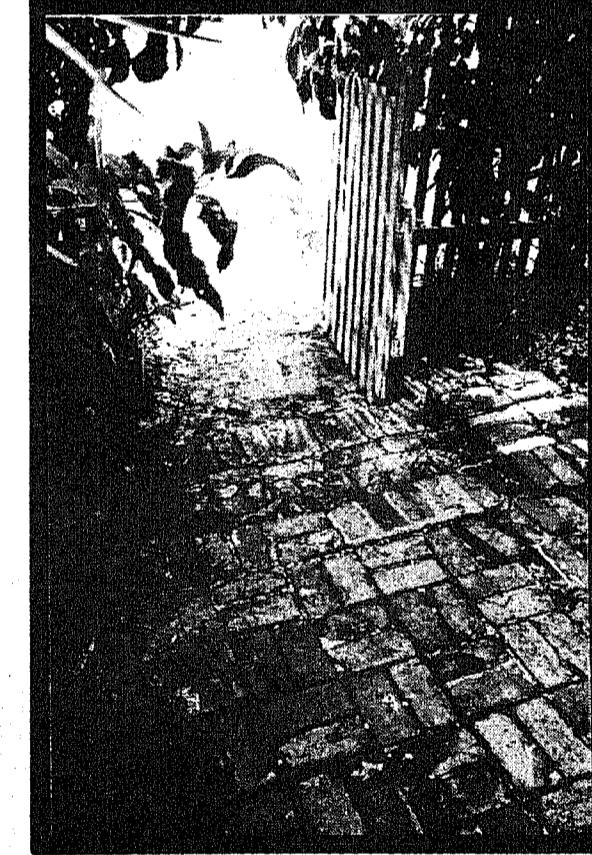
GIRL AT SUNSET



GIRL WITH CAKE



WITCH BUYING A ROLL, FANTASY FEST '88



THE GATE

Elizabeth Bishop: Poet of the Way Things Are

by Arthur Phillips

In Key West she is thought of as "one of ours." And she is, in the same way Ernest Hemingway, Wallace Stevens and Robert Frost -- all of whom lived on the island at one time or another -- are ours. From 1938 to 1943 Elizabeth Bishop inhabited a two-story conch cottage at 624 White Street. Here she wrote many of her poems and some of her prose pieces; and from here she emerged periodically on her bicycle to roam the streets and byways of her adopted home.

She liked Key West, reveled in its brightness and colors and tropical lushness. She also liked swimming and fishing and was devoted to them both. She found the island congenial, almost ready-made for her moods, and filled with interesting people. Philosopher John Dewey and primitive painter Gregorio Valdez were among her friends. In fact, even after departing her White Street home she continued until 1949 to winter here.

Some say that Elizabeth Bishop is a poet's poet, which means that she is admired by other poets for her mastery of those technical skills and nuances of which only the poet is fully aware. In her almost 40 years of poetic development she demonstrated a hold on her craft and lexicon that still startles, pleases and sometimes befuddles.



Susan Hawken and Joy Hawkins will perform in Elizabeth Bishop's *Folded Sunsets* -- a theatrically staged poetry reading conceived and directed by Peter Hooten -- at the Red Barn Theatre from January 8 through 21. Photo by Richard Wetherwax.

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Bishop is not an easy read. Whereas there is a certainty about the separate visions of Eliot or Stevens or Yeats, Bishop eludes the philosophical, even metaphysical noose. Perhaps the only thing that can be said is that, like all serious poets, Bishop is concerned with the epistemological problem of reality. In this quest to define the nature of knowledge she shares with Stevens the conviction that "the only emperor is the emperor of ice cream." In other words, to truly live in this world we must embrace its palpability with wholeheartedness and honesty.

But, like Stevens, Bishop poses the paradox of the interlocking relationship between imagination and the object imagined. The question persists of whether things are what they are in and of themselves or whether they are the product, the creature, of the apprehending mind. Perhaps, as both Stevens and Bishop imply,

...a few of her poems
are unabashed exhibits
of emotion.

they are a transaction. The idea of order, in Key West or elsewhere, is after all a human one.

Bishop has been universally praised for the graphicness, the particularity of her descriptions -- those that transcend metaphor or personification as they invoke the entire range of sensuality and where the perceived and the perceiver merge magically together. The following excerpt from "Seascape" illustrates this:

*This celestial seascape, with white herons
got up as angels
flying as high as they want and as far as
they want sideways
in tiers and tiers of immaculate reflections;
the whole region, from the highest heron
down to the weightless mangrove island
with bright green leaves edged neatly with
bird-droppings
like illumination in silver . . .*

And the particularity -- that is, the close and accurate observation -- can be seen in these lines from "The Fish":

*I admired his sullen face,
the mechanism of his jaw,
and then I saw
that from his lower lip
-- if you could call it a lip --
grim, wet, and weaponlike,
hung five old pieces of fishline,
or four and a wire leader
with the swivel still attached
with all their five big hooks
grown firmly in his mouth*

Almost prosaic, but not quite. There is something else that hangs over the lines, hangs over the whole poem and all her poems. It's something intensely subjective, almost indefinably personal. In fact, a few of her poems are unabashed exhibits of emotion. In "Roosters" she clearly resents the roosters' early morning clarion call to

action. Her feminine impatience with the machismo comes through as she traces the roosters' fate from the present to ancient Greek and biblical times:

Roosters, what are you projecting?

*You, whom the Greeks elected
to shoot at on a post, who struggled
when sacrificed, you whom they labeled*

*Very combative...
what right have you to give
commands and tell us how to live . . .*

More so than anything, however, Bishop's poems sparkle with marvelous similes and metaphors. The first two lines from "Twelfth Morning" read:

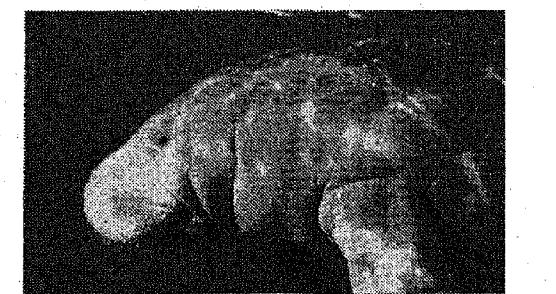
*Like a first coat of whitewash when it's wet
the thin gray mist lets everything show
through*

Or from "Florida":
*Thirty or more buzzards are drifting down,
down, down
over something they have spotted in the
swamp,
in circles like stirred-up flakes of sediment
sinking through water . . .*

Or, selected at random:
*pilings dry as matches; cracks are filled with
battered moonlight; league boots of land; the
scenery was impoverished; chalky birds;
and the sea is all a case of knives.*

Perhaps Elizabeth Bishop's poetic purpose was summed up best by her friend and fellow Pulitzer Prize winner, Robert Lowell, who said her work was "a search for the intractable." All her picture-making -- evocative pictures that they are -- seem to have one unspoken goal and that is to define the universe in the only way she knew how to define it. As Lowell also said, "She's gotten a world, not just a way of writing."

*Elizabeth Bishop's Folded Sunsets, a
poetry reading theatrically staged with
movement and light, will run this month at
the Red Barn Theatre. Peter Hooten
conceived, compiled and will direct the
dramatization performed by Susan
Hawken, Joy Hawkins and Dale Kittle.
Folded Sunsets opens January 8 at 3
p.m.; shows will continue on January 16
and 17 at 8 p.m., January 21 at 1 p.m. and
January 22 at 3 p.m. Call 296-9911 for
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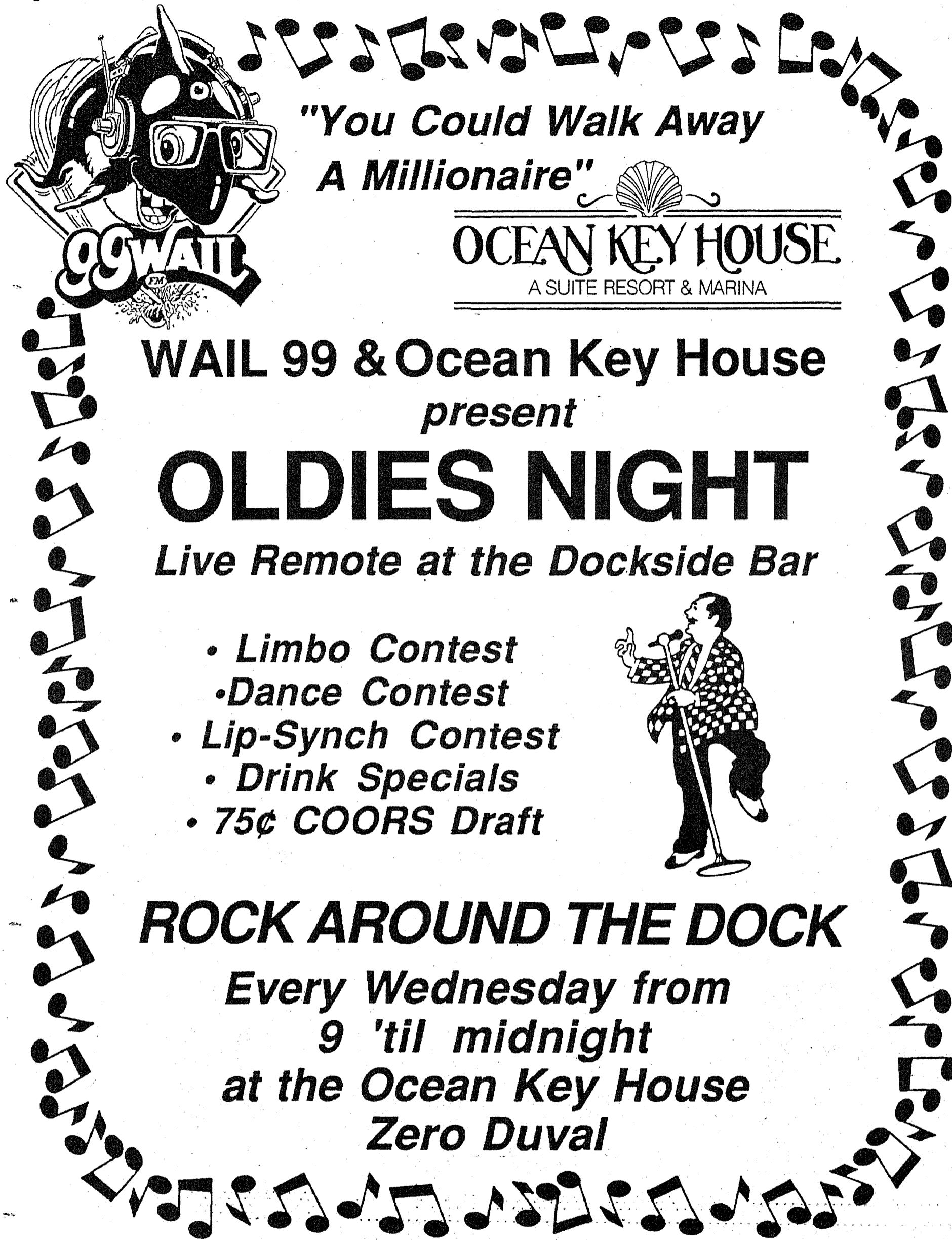


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LEST WE FORGET*Continued from page 7*

history in property management, a call for the sale of city property has been sounded by some civic leaders -- most notably Mayor Richard Heyman and Commissioner Virginia Panico. Heyman states that he doesn't believe that the city should be in the real estate business.

Others, including Commissioner Harry Powell, disagree. Powell said during annual budget hearings that he believes the city should aggressively seek ways of raising money without taxing. Recently, he restated his position: "The city should be in the business of making money wherever possible to the benefit of all its residents."

Powell said the incompetence and special interests of previous commissions resulted in the leases the city is left with today. He points to current limitations on lease length and automatic escalating clauses as protection against "bad" leases in the future.

"Today, it would be impossible for the Pier House to negotiate a 50-year lease at a fixed rent," said Powell.

Even in 1965, controversy surrounded the Hand Print lease. The city commission approved the original terms at a November meeting held barely 24 hours after the election which had put the new commissioners into office. The two tenants who occupied the premises at the time were outraged. Jack Steadman of Steadman's Boatyard and Sparky Carbonell, a marine supplier, held leases which did not expire for six months. Carbonell also claimed that when the lease expired he was entitled to a two-year option.

In an article which appeared in the *Miami Herald*, Carbonell complained that the Hand Print lease was signed without competitive bidding or official notice. Even at that time, the rent was considered too low. "Six months ago, the city told us that Hand Print was going to pay \$7,500 [a year] for the property," said Carbonell. "But all they actually offered was \$1,000 more than we're paying."

Carbonell and Steadman's leases generated \$2,200 per year for the city from half the amount of land that was to be leased to Key West Hand Print. An article in the *Key West Sun*, November 27, 1965, stated:

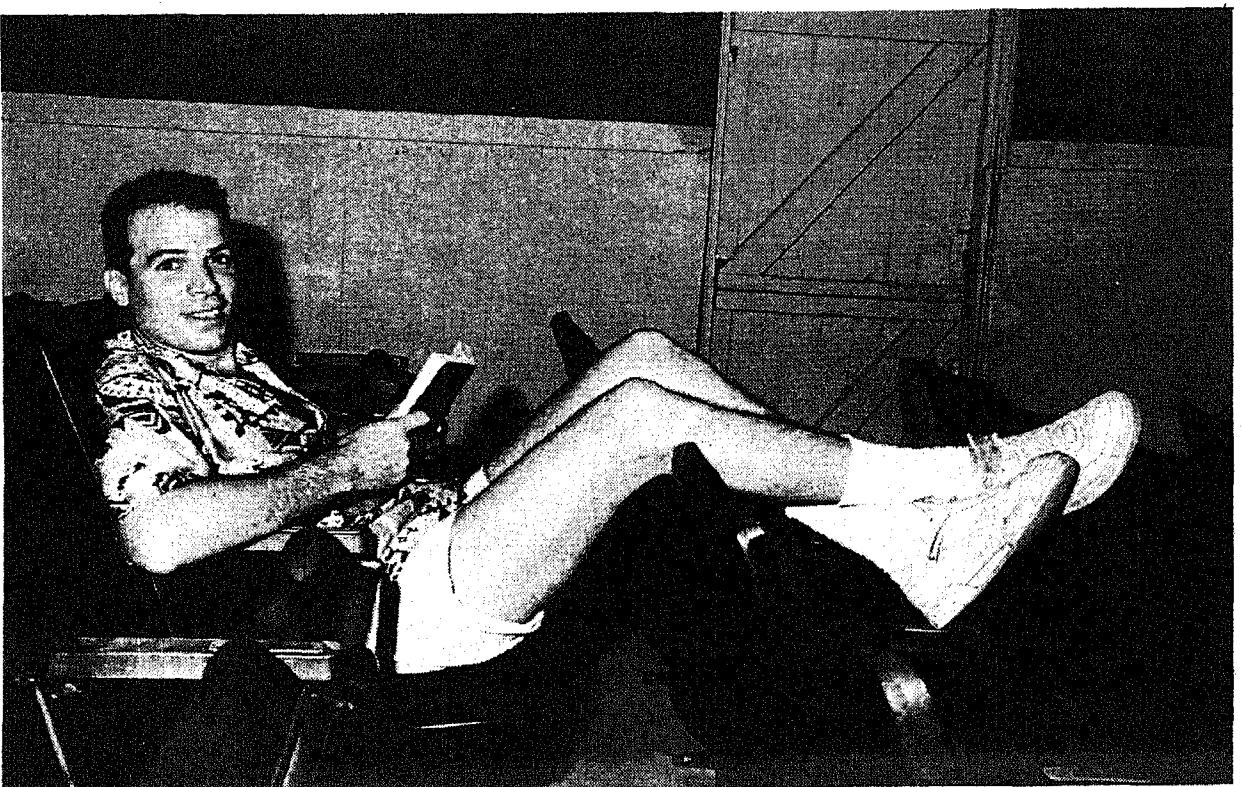
Others have taken the city to task for privately negotiating the deal rather than calling for bids. They claim

Box Office Peterson:

An Interview with the Mild-mannered Bruce

by V.K. Gibson

Bruce Peterson is one of those very familiar-looking people you run into at Fausto's. He's an actor, director and playwright; was born and raised in West Hartford, Connecticut; is one of seven children; and is now 36. His expression, when he smiles, makes one think of a lovesick otter. Over the years I've seen him perform in various productions -- The Foreigner, Bullshot Crummond, The Nerd, Beyond Therapy -- mostly at the Red Barn Theatre. But I was startled by the ingenious wit in his play, *Box Office Poison*. This quality, as it turns out, is mostly hidden behind a shy, modest personality.



The glory of being a successful actor, director and, now, playwright hasn't gone to Bruce Peterson's head. Around town he's known as a truly nice guy.
Photo by Richard Watherwax.

VKG: Do you mind if I record the interview? Some of my writing is controversial, so I make sure the quotes are exact.

BP: I'm not a very controversial person.

VKG: Would you like to be?

BP: (Nervous laughter.)

VKG: Did you go to acting school?

BP: I learned more by doing, by being in shows. I did leave college after a year to go to the American Musical and Dramatic Academy in New York. I didn't feel that I was gaining from it.

VKG: Why was that?

BP: They had a system of learning by watching other people fail. I mean, I never heard of any of these people. They were basically like I was -- actors out of work. I got my union card while I was there. I did about three seasons of children's theater out on tour, some shows with two or three hundred performances, two shows a day. That was good training.

VKG: What's the hardest thing about performing for children?

BP: You can't fool them. They don't laugh automatically the way we sometimes do.

VKG: What came later?

BP: In Atlanta I was director in a nightclub called Upstairs at Gene and Gabe's, a New York-style room above a restaurant. Music and satire. The sort of thing that existed in New York in the '50s, before television. We needed material, I knew exactly what I wanted, so I wrote it myself.

VKG: You eventually arrived in Key West.

BP: Yes, four years ago. Kelly Moore and I have been together for fifteen years. It was time to leave Atlanta and we moved for the sun. Walking off the plane, we knew...

VKG: You either love it or hate it at once.

BP: Yeah.

VKG: And now you've written *Box Office Poison*, your first full-length play?

BP: The whole writing thing is new to me. I've written sketches before.

VKG: What did you have in mind with the play?

VKG: Didn't that start with a few people producing plays on a shoestring, and it snowballed?

BP: It must have. One of the drawing points there is that they aren't full-blown productions. Attention is given to the plays themselves not the stars, stage sets and costumes.

VKG: Isn't it nice that they put money into something like that?

BP: Yes, it's something the [Monroe County] Fine Arts Council doesn't seem to be involved with.

VKG: Do you think it would be good for an arts council to produce works by budding playwrights?

BP: This last season, in just over a year, the Red Barn Theatre produced *Lost Generation*, *The Disciple*, *The Dark Wood*, my play -- new stuff. It seems like the arts council could be funding this. They could have dance scholarships for kids.

VKG: Rather than bring in known stars to do old war horse shows?

BP: At twenty-five dollars a pop.

VKG: Do you believe people would support new plays? I've heard, for instance, that as popular as *Box Office Poison* was it lost money.

BP: This summer we didn't break even, but we did well during the last run.

VKG: There's no guarantee that remakes of Broadway musicals do any better. I heard that *Fiddler on the Roof* had about six people in the audience one night.

BP: In a huge building.

VKG: Don't you think that if an arts council gets into the habit of supporting new theater it will build and generate excitement?

BP: That's what happened in Louisville. Their new plays festival became huge and put them on the map as a theater community.

I'll give you a scoop. They're thinking of breaking it in at the Terrytown Playhouse in Terrytown, New York. So my off-Broadway opening is (laughing) a little further off than I'd imagined.

VKG: Many playwrights never see their work done in any way.

BP: Right. Of course, I still don't know if anything will happen. I think schools and small theaters would be interested in doing *Box Office Poison*. It's an easy-to-do comedy.

VKG: Meanwhile, you're an actor. You were wonderful in *The Foreigner*.

BP: That was my first time working with Susan. A lot of the time on stage I'm just being myself. In *The Foreigner* I really delved into another character. I credit Susan

for that.

I also did another really fun play, *Bullshot Crummond*, for Rae [Coates]. Maybe sixteen people saw it a night. It was a B-movie parody. I played a comic villain with a bald head. I did a lot of fast changes where I'd walk behind a screen and reappear with different costumes.

VKG: Do you have a sense of where your life is going now?

BP: I have a lot more confidence in my abilities than I did a year ago. It's been a very good year, with the play. And, Michael Whalton and I won a couple of *Miami Herald* Augie Awards for home videos. I worked on the Bubbie Awards last year, which were good and silly and a big success.

Michael recently had a retreat-type meeting with his staff. He asked: "What do you want to be doing with your life a year from now, two years, three." That question had never entered my mind. Now I've got about four things going. I don't have time for the things I want to be selfish with. I'd like to write a book, a comic novel.

VKG: If you could talk to the whole town what would you say?

BP: There must be a lot of people like me out there who have wanted to write. In Key West there are so many opportunities. You've got to make yourself do it and put yourself on the line. ☐

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Literary Seminar Pursues the Short Story

by Monica Haskell

Frank Conroy, director of the noted Iowa Writer's Workshop, will join Peter Taylor, Bobbie Ann Mason, and other giants of modern literature for the Seventh Annual Key West Literary Seminar -- The American Short Story: A Renaissance -- January 12 to 15, 1989. Conroy will give a keynote address on Friday, January 13 at 9:30 a.m. at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center at Florida Keys Community College.

Writers are a part of Key West's natural resources, and the literary seminar is an unsurpassed opportunity to meet and mingle with those who have made it big, to hear their thoughts and opinions firsthand. For a reader, the chance to discover a new, terrific author is always a pleasure; and for a writer, the possibility of interesting an editor or agent in one's work is always exciting.

Join Leslie Fiedler, Rust Hills, Russell Banks, John Wideman and more writers, editors, publishers, agents, critics and scholars for an investigation into the resurgence of the American short story.

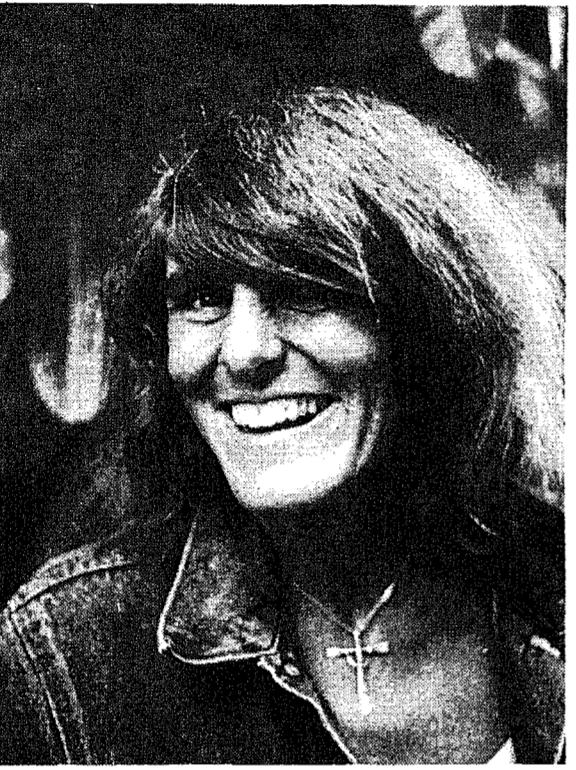
The seminar's expanded schedule of events includes a Short Story Film Festival at the Monroe County Public Library, 700 Fleming Street. Film adaptations of short stories by John Updike, Flannery O'Connor, Katherine Anne Porter, and free readings by Key West Writers Workshop staff -- Joy Williams, Rust Hills, Dave Smith and James Kirkwood -- continue through January 14.

Portraits, an exhibit by award-winning photographer Jimm Roberts, will be on display at Key West Art & Historical Society's East Martello Museum through January 20. Internationally renowned artists and authors are shown at work in their Florida studios. A gala reception is planned for Martello members and seminar guests on January 14.

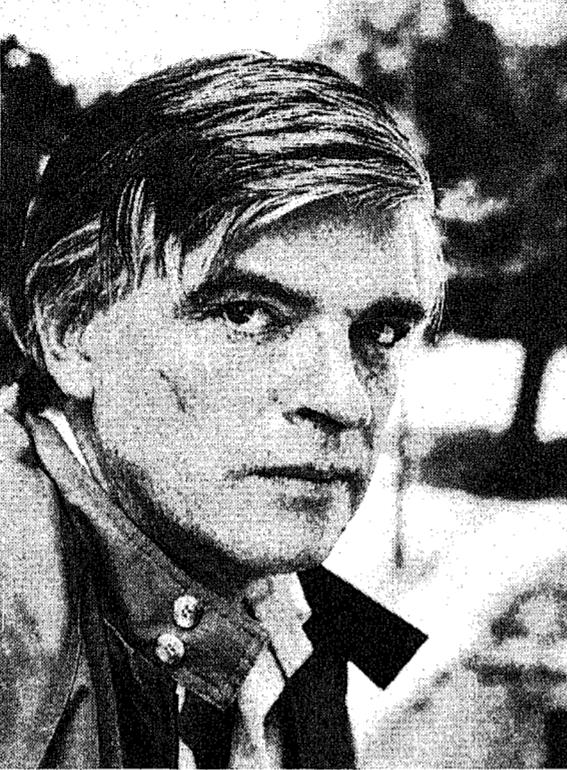
Pick up a seminar schedule at any library, the TWFAC box office, the Island Bookstore, or call 745-3640. Seminar registration is \$200 and includes all social events and transportation while enabling the seminar to bring stellar talent to Key West annually. The Writers Workshop will be January 8 through 12; there is a \$225 fee for participation. The Florida Endowment for the Humanities and the State of Florida Department of Cultural Affairs invites everyone to attend the films and readings at the library and the panels at TWFAC/FKCC at no charge.

The seminar is grateful to local sponsors, including the Monroe County Tourist Development Council, the Ocean Key House, the Hyatt, Southeast Bank and Monroe County Library Board.

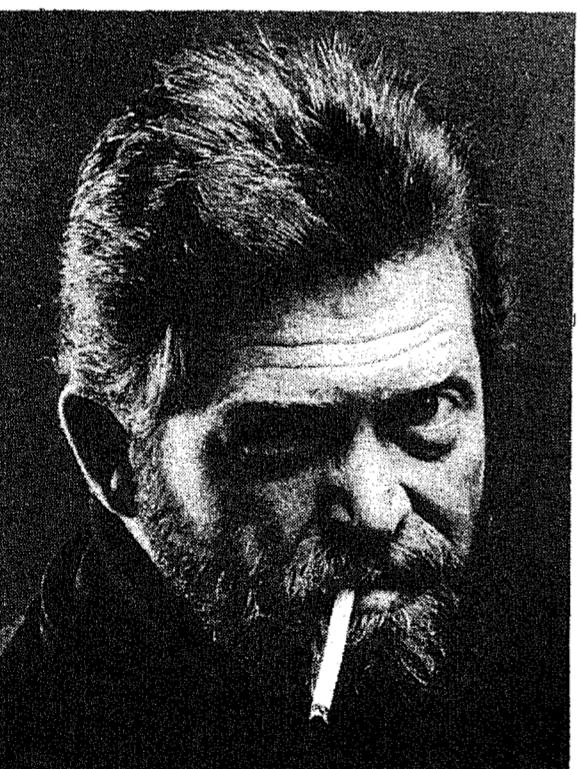
Free Seminar Events	
American Short Story Film Series	
January 9 at 3 p.m. -- <i>Jolly Corner</i> and <i>Soldier's Home</i>	
January 11 at 3 p.m. -- <i>Golden Honeymoon</i> and <i>Barn Burning</i>	
January 12 at 3 p.m. -- <i>Bernice Bobs Her Hair</i> and <i>American Short Story Introduction</i>	
January 14 at 3 p.m. -- <i>Music School</i> and <i>Displaced Person</i>	
January 15 at 7:30 p.m. -- Author of <i>A Chorus Line</i> James Kirkwood	



Author Joy Williams. Photo courtesy K.W. Literary Seminar.



Iowa Writer's Workshop Director Frank Conroy. Photo courtesy K.W. Literary Seminar.



Writer and editor George Murphy. Photo by Richard Wetherwax.



Author Doris Grumbach. Photo by Jerry Bauer.

Sweet Sounds from the Chamber

by Dr. Elwood Bear

The afterglow party at the Pier House was going well. Don DeFeo smiled upon guests whose din was as lively, if not as musical, as the Kodaly Quartet had been an hour earlier at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center. This writer was attempting to tape an interview with Kodaly spokesman and first violinist Atilla Falvay. The quartet, he said, would conclude its United States tour at New York's Carnegie Hall after departing Key West. Then home to Budapest for two concerts in December, followed by a tour of Germany. Afterwards, some new recording sessions for the Hong Kong label -- the opus 64 series by Haydn, some Mozart, and others, scheduled for release in 1989.

The evening's program had included quartets by Haydn, Beethoven, and Bartok. The first two composers' music was familiar and melodic, but it was the work by Bartok that stirred the love-hate emotions of the audience, who rarely takes a middle path as far as this composer is concerned. Bela Bartok (1881 to 1945), an Hungarian, is perhaps best played and understood by Hungarians. His atonal music pleases some, puzzles others. Arnold Steinhardt, first violinist of the famed Guarneri String Quartet, says it best: "When I first heard the Bartok Quartets I knew I was in the presence of an extraordinary creative force, even if I didn't understand it."

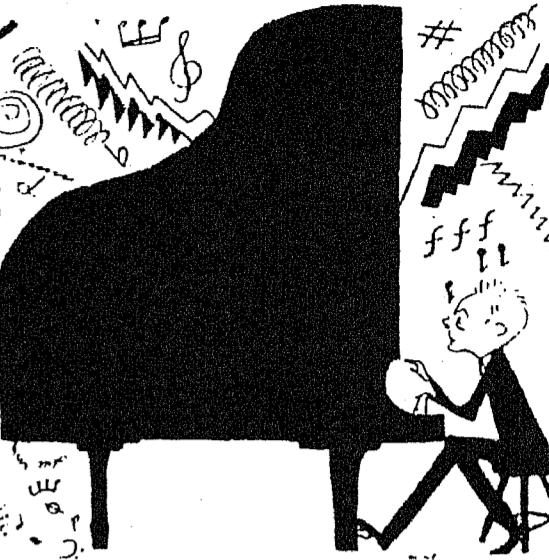
The Kodaly's playing of Bartok's Quartet No. 1 in a minor, opus 7 was a technical triumph. The TWFAC audience instinctively recognized this -- composer and artists in complete accord -- and rose to the occasion, giving the Hungarians a standing ovation. Members of this quartet (two violins, viola, cello) are all graduates of the Franz Liszt Academy in Budapest and were coached by Bartok expert Andras Mihaly.

Concertus Hungaricus, the 16-member Hungarian string orchestra, opened the Festival of the Continents celebration at St. Paul's Church on November 30 with a beautifully selected program of Rossini, Grieg, Mozart, and Tchaikovsky. Pianist Michiko Otaki made a special guest appearance for the Mozart Concerto No. 13 in C Major, K 415, playing on an electronic keyboard -- perhaps a first for a serious Mozart performance, and certainly a first for Ms. Otaki. She felt the grand at the church unsuitable for concert performance and, it seems, another piano could not be located in time. Thus the electronic synthesizer was judged the lesser of two evils. Our admiration for Ms. Otaki for keeping her composure and performing as well as the electronic keyboard would technically permit.

The Key West Council on the Arts (KWCA) has announced a gala New Year's Day concert, 1 p.m. at Casa Gato, 1209 Virginia Street, featuring lyric soprano Connie Moody with Michiko Otaki, pianist (on the Young Chang Grand), and members of the Warsaw Wind Quintet. This will be preceded by an invitational brunch for KWCA season ticket holders. On January 15 at Casa Gato the brilliant young Japanese concert violinist, Masako Yanagita, and her husband, pianist Abba Bogin, will perform. For information call 296-2682.

Two Festival of the Continents events are approaching. The Jacksonville Symphony Orchestra with a pops program -- selections from *My Fair Lady*, William Tell Overture, *Candide*, and more -- will be performed on January 14, 7 p.m. at The Reach; January 15, 2 p.m., at the Big Pine Christian Center; and January 15, 8 p.m., at Plantation Yacht Harbor.

And a new production of Puccini's *La Boheme* will be performed on February 3, 7 p.m., at the Strand Theatre in Key West. This popular opera is being supervised and restaged by Parvan Bakardjiev. Luz Morales appears as Mimi, and Michele Strano as Rudolfo. The Strand, perhaps better known as a Key West discotheque, has adequate stage and lighting facilities,



and is a pleasant setting for these events.

This writer thoroughly enjoyed the Yugoslavian Dance Company, Frula, which performed at the Strand on December 10. The Balkan folk melodies were rich and exciting. The four-piece musical accompaniment -- clarinet, violin, bass, accordian -- played superbly from the heart. One could hardly find a more colorful and energetic trio anywhere. For Festival information, telephone 296-5882.

Take Five

by Jane Phillips

For those of us who cut our musical teeth in the 50s and 60s listening to great jazz in places like the Five Spot in New York's Greenwich Village, the jam session at the Full Moon Saloon last month was a standout. Word traveled the "coconut hot line" and the saints kept marching in.

Dave Burns and Lonnie Jacobson led the way for a fabulous four hours of standard and pop tunes that kept folks in the crowded room mesmerized. Yoshitaka Uematsu, on drums, backed up Burns and Jacobson; some of the best talent in Key West sat in with the group. There were Marty Stoner on tenor sax and flute, Hank Zurlo on tenor sax, Joe Breton on alto sax, Rick Peterson on guitar and Carlos on drums.

Great vocals came from Chuck Ward, Karin Schmitt and Libby York. York, whose stylish singing is reminiscent of June Christy and Chris Conner, is back in her Key West house after returning from New York City where she's been singing with big bands and has even formed her own trio. Local businessman Chet Chetkin sang a couple songs too.

The recently formed Key West Jazz Society hopes to promote jazz like it used to



be -- in dark nightclubs and after-hour in New York and Chicago, where musicians got together after regular gigs to play for themselves.

To experience Key West jazz come to the Full Moon Saloon on January 7 (call for times) and the Casa Marina January 15 from 8 to 11 p.m.

Burns and Jacobson, with vocalist Karen Schmitt, will perform at Sheraton Key Largo New Year's Eve.

The Small Mystery Band, with singer Christine Naughton, will be at Cafe Exile on New Year's Eve.

Heavyweight Ahmad Jamal will be at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center on January 25.

Let the good times roll!

Gallery Hopping

by Gordon Lacy

You are facing a painting that interests you and it is high season and you are perhaps being jostled by a crowd. You are not sure yet you truly want want this work, but you don't want either to lose it to someone else and you feel you must decide without shilly-shallying. Let us start our perusal from a far stance, taking in the whole.

What flashes on the screen of your mind? Is there a literary reference? Does "To be or not to be," "I shall return ..." leap out and smite you? Is some odor evoked? Does it make you feel wind or rain, seasons or temperatures?

I am not proposing that we play that guessing game where one creates a portrait of someone by describing favorite animals or colors, although the reverse intuitive process is being called upon.

Does the painting at this distance conjure up any associations? Move slowly toward



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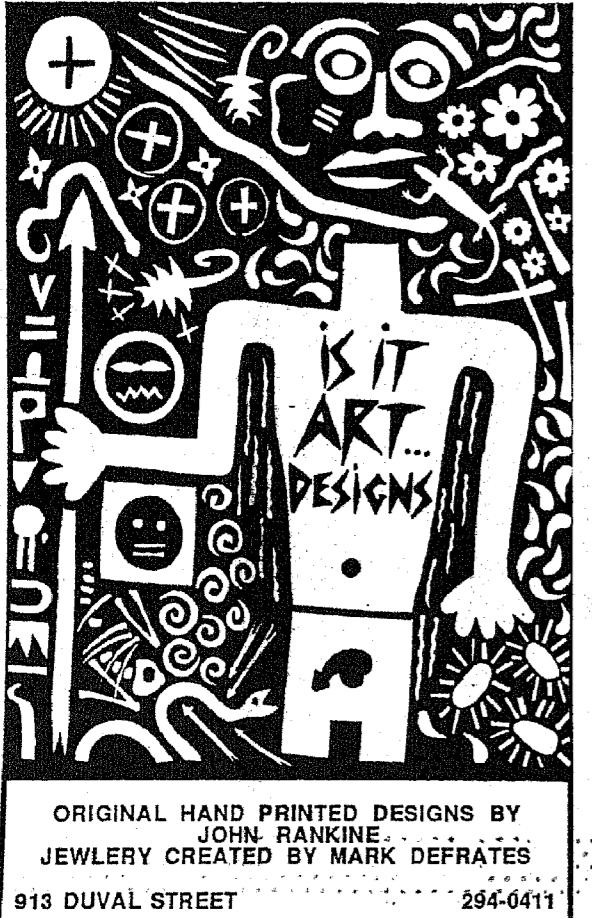
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the work and, if presbyopic, stick on your glasses. Read the title, close your eyes and try to reconstruct the painting in your mind's eye. Its image may be too complicated to present itself. Read the price. This is important; one must know the painter's (gallery's) estimation of the work in the common language of the marketplace.

Still up close, starting upper left working bookwise (you may be left-handed but most painters are not) read the painting as if it were text. Note the texture, the brush strokes, decide (or ask) what the undercoating, if any, consists of. In a simple field like gouache there is a white base of wash applied to the paper first. In oil painting there is usually an undercoating applied to the canvas—it can be most anything and in any color—to eventually enhance and give depth to the surface color. Or if gesso, a light coat of plaster absorbs and binds the pigments in a bond *a la* the early Italian muralists.

Retreat to halfway from where you started. Has your general impression changed? For me, it invariably has. It is probably at this point that one asks oneself, "Do I like it?" followed by "Is it good art?" If you are still interested, leave it entirely, look at some other paintings. Does it squeeze back into your mind while you're looking at something else? Go back and face it squarely. Is it better or not as good as you thought while you were looking at those other works?

Here I try to sit where I can see the painting from an angle. We seldom regard any painting head-on under gallery lighting for more than minutes per year. After how many rushes through the house toting in arm-groaning loads of groceries; during hurried searches for lost keys, glasses, address book; while seeing it through a glass darkly or at an angle; while standing or sitting, the TV blaring will it still retain the things that attracted you in the beginning?

Buying art is not unlike marrying. Well, reach slowly for your checkbook..

Musical chairs. Gingerbread Gallery has moved across Duval Street taking its name with it, leaving in its place the Great

Southern Gallery. New owners Kathleen and Dick Moody are knowledgeable about the arts and plan to show the finest of Florida's painters. It will be a breath of fresh air if the current show is an example: Four Views, a South Florida Cultural Consortium laid on by the Festival of the Continents and featuring our own Stuart Vaughan's visions and dreams in glittery colored pencils. Vaughan's work consists of a series of related experiences and anecdotes treated in the same manner and comprising a body of work. The French have a word for all this, *oeuvre*, which I think covers it. Technically this work is magical.

Lucky Street Gallery started its season with a party for the gallery's artists. Two small paintings of animals frisking under the sun and between palm trees in *Miami Vice* pastels by Fred Gros enchanted me; all sizes, John Martini's cut steel figures seek to please and they do just that. I was intrigued by a very poised construction, "Your Eyes Have Told Me So..." by Roberta Marks, just back from a few weeks in Switzerland. A show in Bern of her constructions merited unprecedented press in this rather phlegmatic country. Michael Haykin is represented by an ingenious sort of triptych which opens and closes in tropical notes and is complicated enough to keep the eye engaged and satisfied.

Nancy Shannon and painter husband Michael have launched their own new gallery at Land's End (near the Raw Bar) where you can watch Michael paint. He is partnered by his newly arrived brother, sculptor Bryan, who works bronze and copper into black steel. Other artists represented are Terry Gindel, Taylor Stevens, Rochelle, Lazar, Betty Fagan of the Copley Society of Boston and Robert Kennedy. The gallery is in its inception but Nancy has brave plans. This is a go-see; a lot of hard work went into it and the Shannons' enthusiasm pleases.

Barbara Cooper at Aristos will be showing some new painters this season: Tookie of Panama City who works big in oils is an award winner. Her canvases are figurative and symbolic. It's interesting and



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I look forward to seeing more.

The Guild Hall Gallery's annual Christmas party featured Ann Irvine's spritely SoMo scenes, some of which were in a new and slightly elongated perspective. Poochie has some new and wonderful cats for the wall -- wood, cut and painted; Gloria Shaw's fine ceramic studies including a flashing Santa that leaves nothing to the imagination.

Harrison's season opener, nicely hosted by Helen and Ben, showed the gallery off in a sort of warm all-over shimmer, the walls filled with color. Cricket Barnes' still-life of soft greens and purples; a small Anne Lorraine cat lying in a pastel field; three small and very good gouaches by deceased California painter Tom Oliphant; Helen Harrison's guitar fish, all face and grumpy plus her elegant and smooth coconuts; Mathew Lineberger's graceful "Stone Child"; Richard Matson's new seascapes, which seem looser than usual and which are full of the feel of wind and storm and tide. Ventriglia is showing collages of fabrics.

The county's largest gallery opened two weeks before Christmas; it had been, in its original place behind Jordon's Cafe, the smallest. The Lane Gallery opening was an enormous success and puts the art world in Key West back in the fast lane. Here we have non-tourist or souvenir stuff, art by serious questing artists presented in an immaculate modern surrounding, a boon to artists and viewers alike. Hats off to Joe Pais, Bob Chaplin and Molly Leeds. Sales were brisk, red dots leaping onto labels, which proves my pessimism premature; people will buy good art, after all. Featured were Beth Nablo's striking red abstracts which no art lover should be without, accompanied by a larger pastel piece of equal beauty.

The Florida Keys College Library has a nicely-lit white gallery wall dedicated to visual arts. Wayne Pelke did well there last month with his light sculptural works. This month it is Lawson Little's 50 color photographs of an extended tour of the Iberian Peninsula. Little captures the details and the feeling of life and I was overcome with remembrance. Yet this show is not a blockbuster; it is made up of little ordinary sights perfectly photographed and should be of great interest to all. Have you noticed

that most people who love Spain feel they invented it?

The impresario of this gallery in the library is Larry Berk, a much-published poet delighted to be here after eight years in Troy, New York. Gallery hours are Monday through Thursday, 8:00 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.; Friday, 4:30 p.m.; and Saturday, 3:00 p.m. Henri La Chapelle will lecture and present his paintings based on the Mayan civilization from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. on January 18. I have seen slides of some of this work and it is not to be missed.

East Martello's big New and Old Show was a fascinating sweep of Keys' artists' works from Audubon until now. Susan Olsen mounted an historically revealing show, and here we get into a list of names again, we start with Audubon and go through Kiraly. This marvelous show was in the upper gallery and Henry Faulkner's oils, borrowed from all over town, were shown in the lower gallery. I am not a fan of Faulkner's and find his art more camp than painting. Blue-eyed goats suggest something devious to me, the florals are unflowerlike, but what pleased me most were his three strawberry paintings. Perhaps he was hungry when he painted them or I was on seeing them.

Bill Palmer's new studio, Designs: Fine Furniture and Cabinetry, on Truman, will open this month and feature his marvelous furniture designs as well as paintings and collage by Lyder Fredrickson, Bill Bowie, and the late Fred Laros.

Making the rounds this week, I find an enormous increase in artists' use of purple. There is magenta, mauve, violet and puce everywhere, which means in two years' time the trickle-down effect assures us purple shoes and cars and wallpaper and upholstery, light switches, ladies' heels, soft drinks and birthday cakes. I did not make up this rule, I merely report it. It is gratifying in that all those posh decorators and designers out there are plugged into our visual artists.

How about a nice blue or yellow next season, guys? ☐

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BODY, MIND & SPIRIT

Editorial

What a powerhouse of transformational information we have to get ourselves ready for 1989. We celebrate this edition of Body, Mind and Spirit with the most precious resource in this world -- the ideas of people. One idea for you is to make a list of 100 things you want to be, do and have. Make the list as specific as possible.

In my own experience of a list created two years ago, I wanted to write professionally and be a media communicator. At that time I was far from realizing those experiences. Each day I visualized myself talking with ease on television and radio. I acted as if it were already true, and an opportunity soon presented itself. Now over 25 shows later, I also find myself writing for *Solares Hill*. Change is possible.

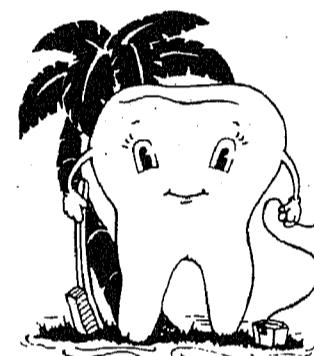
Our New Year's edition features people who are sharing their dreams with you. One such contributor is Bonnie Tynes Brown who is reinitiating her own television show. Read her selection *New Age Horizons*. And Sioux Rose continues to communicate her spiritual wisdom with "Predictions for '89" that illuminate the shadow and the light.

On the local scene, the Winter College Program, sponsored by Key Spirit Community Church, will offer in-depth courses. Check the calendar of events for scheduled classes. Key Spirit Church is also moving to Island Wellness at 530 Simonton Street, and church services will be at a new time -- Sundays at 7:30 p.m. starting January 20.



Renate Perelom, editor

Revisiting the community are Pam White and Cheryl Williams, whose psychic projections are a must for those who want specific information. They have had successful seminars and private readings in the past. Place January 5 to 10 on your calendar for seeing Pam and Cheryl at Island Wellness. Call Gary at 296-7353, or Valerie Ridenour at 294-8290 for more information.



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Star Previews of '89

by Sioux Rose

The year begins with sun in Capricorn (as always), coupled with Saturn (once in 28 years); Uranus in Capricorn (once in 84 years); and Neptune in Capricorn (once in 164 years). Clearly there is an earth emphasis. Jupiter will also be in Taurus (earth) along with Mars/Taurus after January 20. When Earth dominates, people's minds are on practical, down-to-Earth matters. There is more hard work and less "faith." People tend toward conservatism politically. In March, the faster moving planets (Sun/Moon/Mercury/Venus) pass through Pisces, a water sign, just as Mars links up with Jupiter (mid-month) in Gemini, an air sign. March is a complex month with the potential activation of new inroads (many coming from re-programming our inner selves) for the rest of the year.

ARIES

The Capricorn emphasis falls in your career sector. Capricorn is a demanding sign; if you've been just getting by where work was concerned, expect many more responsibilities in forthcoming months. It's time to push to prove yourself in a career-related dimension. Discipline is a key note for you now.

TAURUS

Economically, factors favor you in 1989 -- particularly after March. You may lunge into some new arenas in late January and have some resistance from others in February. Philosophically, you are growing a great deal now and may come to know faith in a new way.

PIRAEUS

Many planets fall in your solar fifth house of love. While you assume analysis is the path to any goal, that mode won't work with the flow of love. Like a water mammal, you'll need to get used to flowing through the watery depths of your own feelings. Creative juices long to come out, too!

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Frances R. Rouse

Solares Hill--January 1988--Page 37

receiving the equivalent of an ax job. If you're living where you've already outgrown your need to, you'll feel factors converge to push you to new abodes. Family ties (roles between family persons) will be subject to many challenging shifts. In March communications widen and you open yourself to knowledge through others.

SCORPIO

This is quite a year for being influential though your gift of gab. All the knowledge you've accumulated, combined with your natural magnetic force, point to your having quite an alchemical effect on changing others' points of view. This particularly favors writers, teachers, salespersons, promoters, advertisers and friends who care about others.

SAGITTARIUS

Factors show that you'll tremendously shift around the values you live by and that aspects of your economic base will change. You may choose to work for yourself now; or otherwise use business skills in more self-directed manners. March is confusing with a majority of mutable influences all tugging at you at once.

CAPRICORN

Your identity is changing tremendously. This awesome restructuring process is unique and rare and will last at least three years for members of your sign. It's so difficult for Capricorn to: 1) give up the past and traditional justification for everything; 2) do things which cause social disapproval. Your lesson now is "to thine own self, be true ... and all else will follow."

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There's a massive amount of force in your solar 12th house of the subconscious mind. You're being prepared through dreams, intuition and mini-revelations for a life mission. Right now you know that deep inside, answers are formulating and changing elements of your outer lifestyle with them. Trust the process; you're probably an old soul with much evolution of spirit.

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HOMEOPATHY, MEDITATION & OCCULTA

Starting Monday, January 9:
6:00-7:30 p.m.--Beginning Astrology with Dr. Don (Zolar) (6 weeks)
7:45-9:30 p.m.--Homeopathy with Dr. Don (ongoing, \$5 each)

Starting Tuesday, January 10:
6:00-7:30 p.m.--Numerology with Dr. Don (6 weeks)
7:45-9:30 p.m.--Psychic Development with Dr. Don & Renate (6 weeks)

Starting Wednesday, January 11:
6:00-7:30 p.m.--Synastry with Dr. Don (6 weeks)
7:45-9:30 p.m.--Meditation with Renate (ongoing, \$5 each)

Starting Thursday, January 12:
6:00-7:30 p.m.--Mysteries of the Pendulum with Dr. Don (6 weeks)
7:45-9:30 p.m.--Psychic Healing with Don & Renate (6 weeks)

Starting Friday, January 13:
6:00-7:30 p.m.--NLP (Neurolinguistic Programming) with Renate (6 weeks)
7:45-9:30 p.m.--Occulta with Don & Renate (ongoing, \$5 each)

Call 296-3574

for information and to reserve space
All classes will be held at 1901 Seidenberg

PISCES

You need to let go of the need to be a martyr who seeks power through sympathy. Your solar 11th house, the power of the wish, is tremendously activated this year. But ruled by "two fish," in a sense, "one wish" direction activates your victim persona and the other, your persona of well being. Become conscious this year of what you're wishing for, and how. Also, in March, you receive great energies for new starts!

Conversations in Brief by Renate Perelom

Roz LoPinto is in town. She is locally known for her Centering Workshops and yoga instruction held at Island Wellness. A published author, Roz has inspirational suggestions for all of us which she shared in a recent interview. (By the way, her energy was so strong that the tape recorder would not work, a common response from mechanical devices. The recorder worked again after I left.) Roz believes it is possible to create balance and well being despite personal circumstances. Everything -- even death -- can be a catalyst for growth. Roz shares that we must learn to live inside -- to come to a place of response rather than reaction. We can move past the point of awareness to readiness; to a place that we call wisdom.

Another visiting seminar leader is Shaman Peter Calhoun who respects and ritualizes the facets of nature and believes we are beings of the earth, air, water and fire. He says our tribal nature stays within us and must be edified so that our wounded

selves can become healed. Calhoun works very much like Carl Jung, working with the shadow or wounded part of our natures in order to bring about harmony and release. Peter and his wife will return to Key West next month.

And finally, the prosperity team of Edwene Gaine and Bert Carson brought humor and truth to what we have to invest to be truly rich inside. Their presentation at Unity of the Keys brought us all in touch with the principles of that work. Their suggestions for becoming prosperous are tithing your spiritual source, forgiving yourself and others, setting specific goals, and finally, seeking and finding your divine purpose. Check the calendar of events for specifics on a seminar at Unity about the Principle of Being Human.

Starting this month, Channel 5 offers *New Age Horizons*, a new and different television show. It deals with psychic phenomena and is Bonnie Tynes' way of sharing her belief that mankind is awakening to his true Godself.

Topics include spiritual growth, creating your own reality, *A Course in Miracles*, the Seth material, UFOs, the Bermuda Triangle, pyramid power, reincarnation, automatic writing, ghosts, crystals, channeling, unexplained happenings, astral projection, Kirlian photography, Atlantis, Edgar Cayce, hypnosis, dreams, and more.

Bonnie has been involved in metaphysics for the past 16 years, and hosted the TV show *Let's Talk Metaphysics* earlier in 1988. She has studied with the Edgar Cayce study groups.

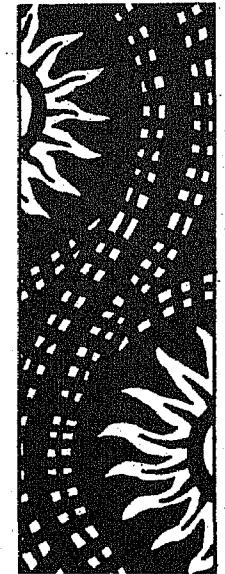
Be sure to tune in and discover your relationship to the universe. Call Channel 5 or 296-1032 for more information.

January Calendar

Jan. 3. Charles Karp is initiating his jazz dance class for the New Year. Monday and Wednesday, 5:30-7:00 p.m.; Friday, 6:30-8:00 p.m.; and Thursday, 9:30-10:45 p.m. at the Coffee Mill.

Jan. 5. Roz LoPinto is starting her second Centering class. Call 296-7353 at the Island Wellness for information and registration.

Jan. 5-10. Pam White and Cheryl Williams give psychic projections for 1989 at Island Wellness. Call 296-7353.



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SEVEN LUNA PLAZA

Jan. 8. Key Spirit Community Church moves to Island Wellness. Services are every Sunday at 7:30 p.m. Call 296-3574 or 296-7353.

Jan. 9. Beginning Astrology with Zolar -- a six-week course, 6:00-7:30 p.m. Call 296-3574.

Jan. 9. Homoeopathy -- learn how to treat yourself to health with Dr. Papon. This class is ongoing. Call 296-3574.

Jan. 10. Numerology -- learn the magic and mystery of numbers in this six-session course with Dr. Papon, 6:00-7:30 p.m. Call 296-3574.

Jan. 10. Psychic Development -- learn about psychic power, clairvoyance, ESP, proven methods. Dr. Papon and Renate, 7:45-9:30 p.m., six-session course. Call 296-3574.

Jan. 11. Synastry -- the astrology of relationships. Bring your personal chart. Dr. Papon, six-session course. 296-3574.

Jan. 11. Meditation -- experience different techniques and peace, chanting, gifts of spirit. Renate, ongoing, 7:45-9:30 p.m. 296-3574.

Jan. 12. Mysteries of the Pendulum with Dr. Papon, six-session course, 6:00-7:30 p.m. Call 296-3574.

Jan. 12. Psychic Healing, with Dr. Papon and Renate. Experience pranic, mantra, ascent, spiritual healing and other methods. Six-session course, 7:45-9:30 p.m. Call 296-3574.

Jan. 13. NLP (Neurolinguistic programming), the science of personal power and change with Renate. Proven methods, six-session course, 6:00-7:30 p.m. Call 296-5888 or 296-5990 for

p.m. Call 296-3574.

Jan. 13. The Occulta, an informal rap session on mysticism, healing, astrology, anything that can be labeled the occult, with Renate. Ongoing, 7:45-9:30 p.m., call 296-3574.

Jan. 19. Dr. Betty Patterson Yoga class, 4:30 at Island Wellness. Call 296-7353.

Jan. 21. Carol Christine presents "Keeping Healthy Through Fasting." Periodic fasting can detox body and mind. New Year start to health and weight loss to cleanse for those overindulgent in holiday feasts. Tips to fast off extra pounds. Presented at 2 p.m. at Island Wellness, 296-3444.

Jan. 21. Yoga With Carol Christine, 7:00-8:15 p.m. at Island Wellness. Call 296-7353.

Jan. 20 and 21. Human Being 888 1A given by Robin Lindahn. Call 296-5888 for information.

For Your Information

• Unity of the Keys is offering the following classes:

Jan. 20-21, Seminar and meditation on operating as a human being.

Monday Yoga with Carol Anderson at 7 p.m.

Tuesday Silent Unity Prayers at 12:30 p.m.; Mastermind Prayers at 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Silent Unity Prayers at 12:30 p.m.; Midweek Prayer Service at 7:00 p.m.

Thursday *A Course in Miracles* with Bill Lee at 6 p.m., choir practice at 7:00 p.m.

Friday Silent Unity Prayers, 12:30 p.m., meditation group with Kathi Rogers at 6:30 p.m. Call 296-5888 or 296-5990 for

Solares Hill--January 1988--Page 39
information.

Friday Meditation learning tools for modern survival, 7 p.m.

Saturday, Human Being 1A -- guidelines for operating as a human being. Ongoing Unity activities

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

• Ongoing classes at Island Wellness, 530 Simonton, 296-7353, are: Mondays:

10 a.m. -- Roz LoPinto Yoga; 12:15 p.m. -- Stillpoint Relaxation; 10 a.m. -- Gentle group encounter with Bill Schlicht; 5:30 p.m. -- Stillpoint Relaxation; 6:00 p.m. -- Monica Geers on Experiencing Hypnosis;

7:00 p.m. -- Personal Growth, ongoing group with Bill Schlicht. Tuesday: 10 a.m. -- Stress Free; 4 p.m. -- Reflexology.

Wednesday: 10 a.m. -- Roz LoPinto; 6 p.m. -- Roy Stone. Thursday: 4 p.m. -- Stress Free. Friday: 12:15 p.m. -- Stillpoint Relaxation. Saturday: 10 a.m. -- Yoga with Roz LoPinto.

• Insideout Health Foods, 529 Southard, features the latest information on health and self awareness on their bulletin board.

• Yoga taught by Ronnie Dubinski of the Yoga College, Harris School, corner of Southard and Margaret. Mon.-Fri. 8 a.m. and 6 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.; Sun. 6 p.m. For information call 292-1854.

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JANUARY CALENDAR

1/29 Jazz pianist Ahmad Jamal will perform at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center. Call 294-6232.

HEALTH & FITNESS

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

EVENTS & FUNDRAISERS

1/6-8 **Denim & Diamonds** will be performed at the Waterfront Playhouse on Mallory Square. Call 294-5015.

1/6-11 The Key West Power Squadron will accept registrants for their winter boating course to be held at Sugarloaf Fire Station. Tuition is free. Call 294-0096.

1/6-22 **From Broadway with Love** will be presented at Jan McArt's Cabaret Theatre on Mallory Square. Call 296-2120.

1/6-22 **Loot** will be presented at the Red Barn Theatre. Call 296-9911.

1/7 Agatha Christie's **Towards Zero** will be presented by the Monroe County Fine Arts Council at 7 p.m. at the Strand. Call 296-5000.

1/8-21 **Elizabeth Bishop's Folded Sunsets**, a theatrical poetry reading, will run at the Red Barn Theatre. Call 296-9911.

1/12 Key West Art Center will hold its monthly meeting at 2 p.m. at 301 Front Street. Call Henri La Chapelle at 745-2856.

1/12-15 Key West Literary Seminar -- see "Literary Seminar Pursues the Short Story" on page 32 in this issue for details. Call Monica Haskell at 745-3640.

1/14-15 Pops Concerts of the Jacksonville Symphony Orchestra will be at the Reach to benefit United Way. Call 296-3464.

1/18-22 **Elizabeth Taylor Film Festival** will be presented at the Waterfront Playhouse on Mallory Square. Call 294-5015.

1/20-21 **The Glass Menagerie** will be presented at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center. Call 294-6232.

1/21 The International Restoration Foundation Party 1989 Kickoff. Call Bill Anderson at 294-9501.

1/25-4/9 **La Cage aux Folles** will be presented at Jan McArt's Cabaret Theatre. Call 296-2120.

1/26 The North Carolina Dance Theatre will perform at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center. Call 294-6232.

1/26 US1 Radio and the Key West Citizen will cosponsor a golf tournament at the Key West Resort Golf Course to benefit the United Way of Monroe County. Call 296-3464.

1/28-29 **Arts Expo Craft Show** will run from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. at Whitehead and Greene Streets. Admission is free.

We hope our Calendar of Events will benefit planners of special events as well as those wishing to attend. We want to include all interesting events taking place in Key West and the Florida Keys, and we really do need your help. If you have an event you wish to include, please send information to: Calendar, Solares Hill, 930-C Eaton St., Key West, Florida, 33040.

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

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

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

ALWAYS HAPPENING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sun. Poetry & Jazz in the Garden at Cafe Exile, Glenna Moore reads her poetry at 10:30 p.m. every Sunday night with Phil Sampson on piano and Matsu on drums. Free.

Mon. thru Sat. Fabric Painting at Studio 37, 9 a.m. to 1 p.m., with instructor Carrie Disrud. Claudia Richard will conduct classes in German and French. Call 296-4795.

Daily The Community Pool, 300 Catherine St., is open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. The "Just Say No" Supper Club meets Mondays from 4-6 p.m. Call 292-8248.



BILL WESTRAY

Continued from page 5

Marge worked at nearby Fort Belvoir as a Grey Lady helping POWs with hand injuries returning from Korea regain use of their hands. An accomplished needlepoint artist, she taught the men to knit as part of their therapy.

"They were desperate to try, because if they could regain some function they knew they wouldn't have to face amputation," she said.

By summer of 1954 the Westrays were back in Key West. They stayed at the Santa Maria Motel, then moved to 2908 Harris Avenue, and four months later bought the house they live in today.

Marge remembers it was the last house in the subdivision to be sold. When a prior contract fell through, she rushed out to Boca Chica Naval Air Station at midday to get Bill's signature.

"My son reminded me the other day of how we sat at the kitchen table that night, counting out our war bonds to make the down payment," Marge said. "When we moved, we only had our car and a small trailer, so we hired a man with a horse and wagon to carry the refrigerator and stove."

These were relatively quiet years, and the three Westray children -- Richard Howard, Barbara Ann and William Kenneth -- attended local schools. The oldest, Richard, or "Skip" as they called him, had time to play first trombone in the Key West High School Band.

"He wasn't always that lucky," Marge said. "One year he attended four different schools from September to June."

Meanwhile, Bill, who had majored in physics in college, was getting involved with "Betty" and "Lulu" -- aliases for secret atomic weapons.

"Betty was a 30-kiloton depth bomb that was designed to sink up to 2,000 feet and destroy a submarine one mile away," Bill explained. "We had to find out if these things could sustain a thousand hours of vibration in a plane without damage, and learn how low you could fly to drop them."

Bill was the project officer, and one of his jobs was to disarm the nuclear detonator in the event of an accident. He remembers one plane that crash-landed and created a lot of tension until he could confirm there was no live weapon aboard.

Bill spent several years testing the "girls" but could not tell Marge anything specific about his work. Once the FBI came to check security among dependents in the program.

"I couldn't tell them if Betty was a blonde, brunette, or red head," Marge said. The FBI went away happy.

At least a dozen of the bombs were dropped during the testing, but only one was armed with a nuclear device and that test occurred 500 miles south of San Diego.

"At one time we had six of these bombs with nuclear warheads right here in Boca Chica," Bill said.

In 1956 the Westrays spent time in Newport, Rhode Island, while Bill attended the Naval War College researching a nuclear

airplane which was never built. In their spare time, Bill and Marge developed interests in local theater. Then they were off on another stint trouble-shooting in Washington, followed by three years in London.

Using London as a base, Bill traveled the Middle East as nuclear weapons officer cooperating with European and Asian nations to develop contingency war plans. He had three ships under his command and also became involved in planning for space vehicle recovery operations in the Indian Ocean. Meanwhile, Marge kept the family together.

Bill and I were always partners, but he was deeply involved with the Navy, and at

Solares Hill--January 1988--Page 41 acquired over 3,000 hours of flight time as a pilot and was on the last blimp flight before helping shut down the blimp station.

"I should have made captain about that time," Bill reminisced. "But my big mouth cost me the promotion. I told the brass that their nuclear plant in the Middle East wouldn't work but that I could fix it. I guess they didn't like the news."

Instead, Bill began cultivating a growing interest in the environment. The base included over 7,000 acres of pine woodlands, and Bill helped set up programs to raise pheasant, quail and deer. He also carefully controlled the harvesting of timber on government property.

In 1967 he was given his final assignment, Executive Officer of NAS in Boca Chica. He closed out a distinguished 30-year Navy career on June 30, 1969 at the age of 51.

For many, retirement is the end of an active life. For Bill Westray it was a change of gears into a new career of volunteer service to his community. Almost immediately, both Bill and Marge began adding to the many hours they already put into various local activities.

Marge had been involved with the Old Barn Theatre (now the Red Barn) on and off since the '50s while Bill was away on duty. Now she devoted more time, and took over the box office at the Waterfront Playhouse. She brought with her experience as a choreographer for Navy relief shows all over the country. Bill helped design and build the Waterfront's lighting system, and operated it during productions.

Marge joined the Key West Garden Club



Bill dressed in his aviator's leather flight gear in 1938. Photo courtesy of the Westrays.

times I had to be the mother, father, nurse, teacher and home provider for the children," she said. "I went practically everywhere Bill went, and he was never gone for months and months at a time. I knew what I was getting into when I married Bill. And I knew we weren't going to spend 40 years in a vine-covered cottage down some little lane."

In 1962 it was back to Lakehurst as comptroller and executive officer. Bill had

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Page 42--January 1988--Solares Hill and helped with the Botanical Garden on Stock Island, in addition to nurturing a tropical garden in her own yard.

Bill also took on the city pool. In 1958, the pool had been built at the corner of Catherine and Thomas Streets for the black community by the Navy after they took over a beach used by Bahama Village residents. After two years of operation and little or no maintenance it was closed for 10 years.

"A bunch of us got together and pushed for about a year and a half and finally we got it opened up again in about 1971," said Bill. "There was Marion Stevens, Willie Ward, Bill Huckel, Lang Milian and others. Everybody really worked hard to get the pool operating."

But it was Bill Westray who was the driving force behind the pool then and for the next 15 years. He learned everything there was to know about it, and spent many hours making repairs, changing the filter system and raising money from various city commissions to keep things going. He changed the atmosphere from a neglected outpost with peeling paint and no telephone to a successful public facility regularly enjoyed by residents all over the island.

Pool Supervisor Lee Thompson says Bill taught her everything she knows about the mechanics of the city pool -- from the chlorine room to the pumps and regulators and valves to making simple repairs to save the city money.

"If something needed to be done, Bill would go get his tools and do it himself if he could," Lee said. "If he needed a small part or a tool he would quite often buy it

himself rather than wait to go through channels. I remember one time he removed one of the large pumps that needed servicing. He took it out and put it back in and saved us close to \$800.

"He's still Mr. Pool as far as I'm concerned," she said.

But again, the pool was only a small portion of Bill's activities. During this same period he was using his sewing talents to make costumes for dancers at the theater, he was on the board of directors of Wesley House, and he helped found the Florida Keys Coalition -- an umbrella group comprised of conservation and pro-environmental groups from Key West to Key Largo.

He was active in politics, supporting candidates he believed would be effective defenders of the environment and running for city commission himself in 1981. After winning the primary, he was defeated in the main election by Joe Balbontin. One reason Bill believes he lost was his activist stance on issues, including his membership in the American Civil Liberties Union.

In the early '70s, City Commissioner Bill Gamble took a hard stance against long-hairs and street people. From a vantage point inside his jewelry store at Southard and Duval, Gamble would call police to have loiterers arrested.

"One day he had some young men and their girlfriends arrested and they turned out to be Navy men on leave," Bill said. "I was asked to help defend them and, together with Shelley Rothman, ACLU attorney, we got them off and proved the laws they had

been arrested under were unconstitutional." "Gamble and some of his friends never forgot it and some of them got pretty nasty with me during my campaign."

As we sat and talked, I remembered the first time I ever saw Bill. It was 1972 and he was on a ladder out on South Roosevelt Boulevard putting up a "George McGovern for President" poster. I stopped to help him and he invited me to a rally that night held in what is now the Lucky Street Gallery. There he proceeded to inspire a bunch of us to go door-to-door for McGovern.

This was a typical underdog campaign with the odds heavily against the side Bill had picked, but he had us believing McGovern could win in Key West. When the results came on election day, McGovern had been crushed. But that didn't slow Bill down. He simply turned his attention to the next problem on his list.

About this time Bill helped engineer what he considers one of his greatest victories -- an ordinance banning high-rise construction in Key West. As Bill tells it:

"A guy named Donald Berg had put in his application for several 15-story buildings out where the Hampton Inn is today. We suspected Berg was being financed from Las Vegas, and there were rumors that Bebe Rebozo was involved -- these were the big boys."

"We didn't care who they were, we just wanted to stop 'em. We organized a petition drive and put out 20,000 bumper stickers that read 'No High-Rise in The Florida Keys.' Those things went all over

the country and you still see one now and again," Bill said.

The drive was supported by a huge and diversified majority of Key Westers who signed petitions and attended rallies, finally forcing the city commission to concede. They rescinded a plan which would have allowed the high-rises, and passed the ordinance Westray drafted instead.

Bill became associated with *Solares Hill* Editor and Publisher Bill Huckel, and the two fought overdevelopment side by side. Huckel wrote editorials and assigned reporters stories about city hall sellouts. Westray was heavy on research and helped file legal briefs for lawsuits when all else failed.

In the mid-70s, in the midst of an all-out battle to stop Carl Rongo from building condominiums along Rest Beach, Bill was physically threatened, had roofing tar smeared on his house, acid thrown on his car and several tires slashed. One day two large marijuana plants mysteriously appeared in Marge's gardening shed.

"We figured someone was trying to set us up to be arrested, so we got those things out of there in a hurry," Marge said.

She said the crank calls came at all hours -- "you wouldn't believe the things they would say" -- and at one point they hired a security guard. Later Bill got out an old double-barreled shotgun and kept it leaning by the front door, loaded.

Bill said Rongo once chased him onto

the Navy base and cornered him with his oversized pickup truck. Rongo got out and approached Bill's car but backed off in a hurry when he saw a .357 magnum on Westray's lap.

For the next decade, Bill became the spearhead of dozens of skirmishes in the battle to protect the environment. His trademark was extensive research and a dogged pursuit of whatever cause was most important at the time, keeping his eye on the big picture all the while.

As chairman of the city planning commission, Bill helped to write the comprehensive plan, and over the decades attended almost every public assembly, hearing, and city and county commission meeting where an environmental issue was to be discussed. I tried to count the public and private meetings Bill must have been a part of and tallied well over 1,000 before I stopped.

Many times he was the only voice to be raised in defense of wildlife or natural habitat about to be bulldozed. When there were others, Bill had more often than not helped organize and prepare them for their appearance.

Bill inspired many of us with his never-say-die attitude. Sometimes his inspiration came whether we wanted it or not -- say at 7:45 a.m. Sunday when he would call to discuss some good news he had just read in the paper or to find out if you would be attending a meeting that afternoon.

I can't think of a single environmental issue during the last 15 years -- ranging

Solares Hill--January 1988--Page 43 from Key West parks and beaches to Port Bougainville and the North Key Largo Crocodile Refuge -- with which Bill hasn't been deeply involved.

This man never quit, never sold out, never made a dime out of the environment and never relinquished his principles. Hard work for good causes was -- and is -- his whole life.

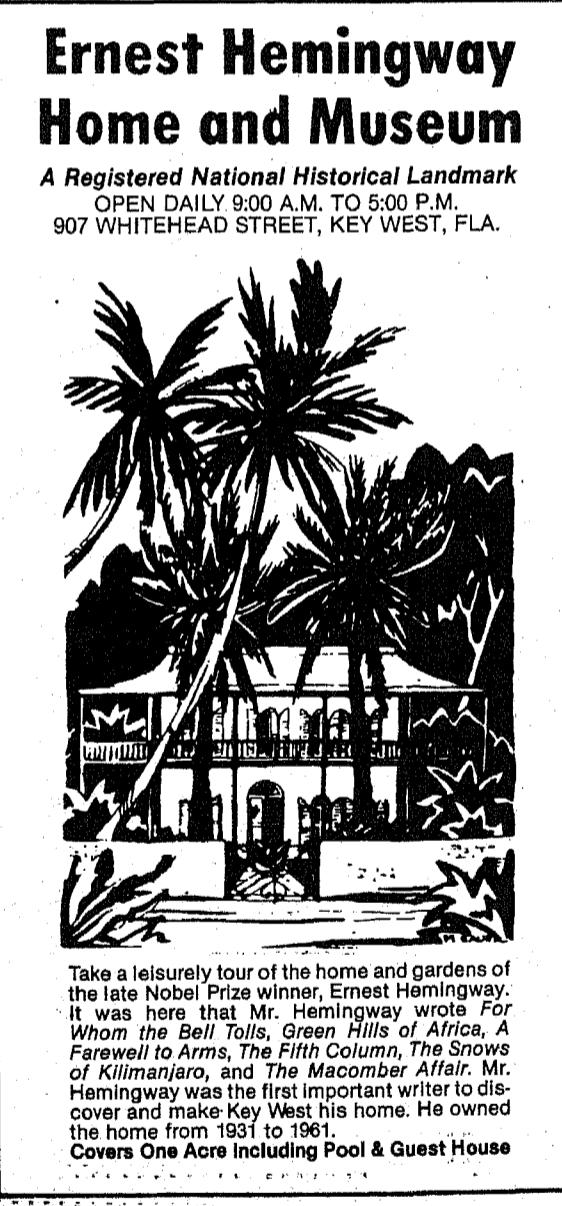
I asked Bill what advice he had for those concerned with protecting our environment, with enforcement of fair zoning laws, and with conservation of natural resources.

"If I leave you with one philosophy it is you never take the pressure off," he said. "You continue to monitor the projects, you stick together, and you never give up."

Bill's doctors recently told him to slow down, and Marge has talked him into some vacations. But as soon as they return Bill is on the phone updating the issues. And on the good days -- between the ones when he is too sick to do anything at all -- Bill throws himself right back into the battle.

As I gathered up my notes and prepared to leave, Bill got out the American flag that flew over NAS Boca Chica the day he retired. He showed it to me, and then he and Marge carefully folded the colors, moving slowly closer to each other until their hands touched.

And I wished I knew the special ingredient that went into the making of these two people's lives, so we could all share a little of it in ours. ■



Did it Ever Snow in Key West?

Yes! Well, Sort of...

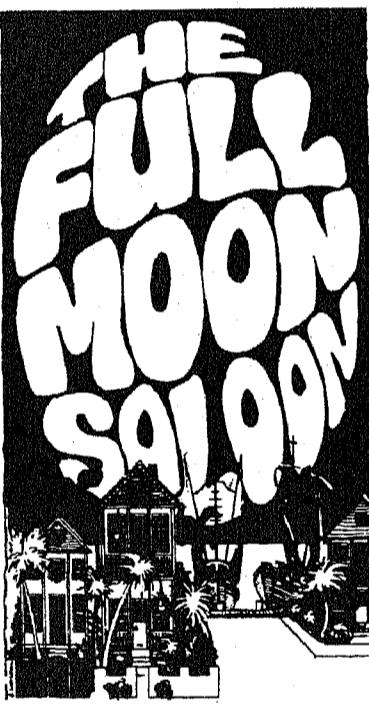
by Anatole Starlight

Now that the chilly winds of January sweep through the rickety wooden Conch houses, and all the hotels turn on the warm-air cycle for the comfort of their paying guests from the North, we are frequently asked:

Did it ever snow in Key West?

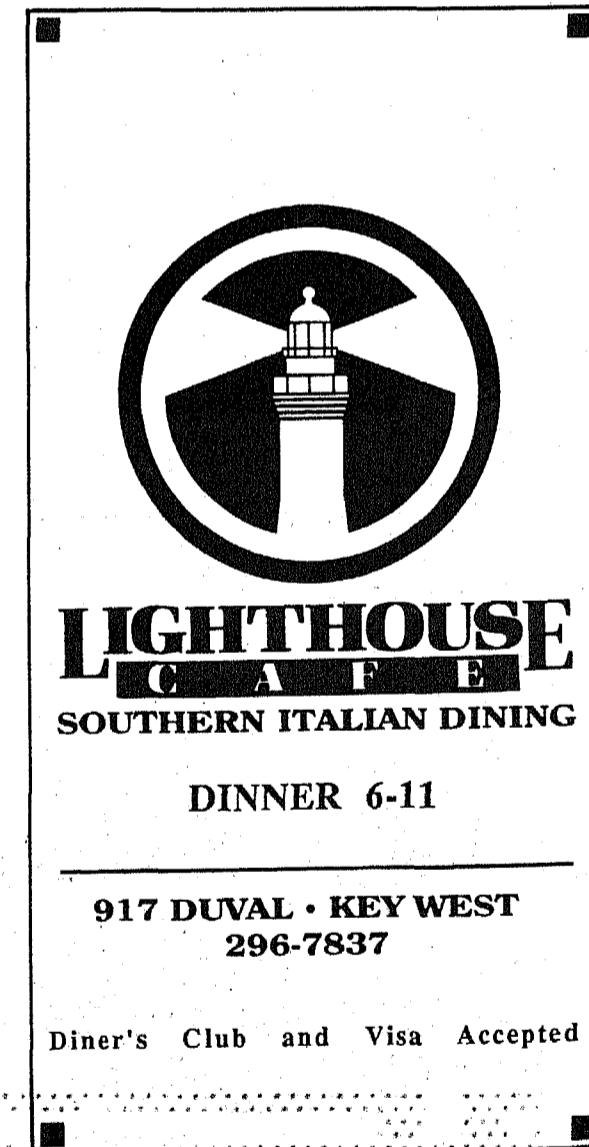
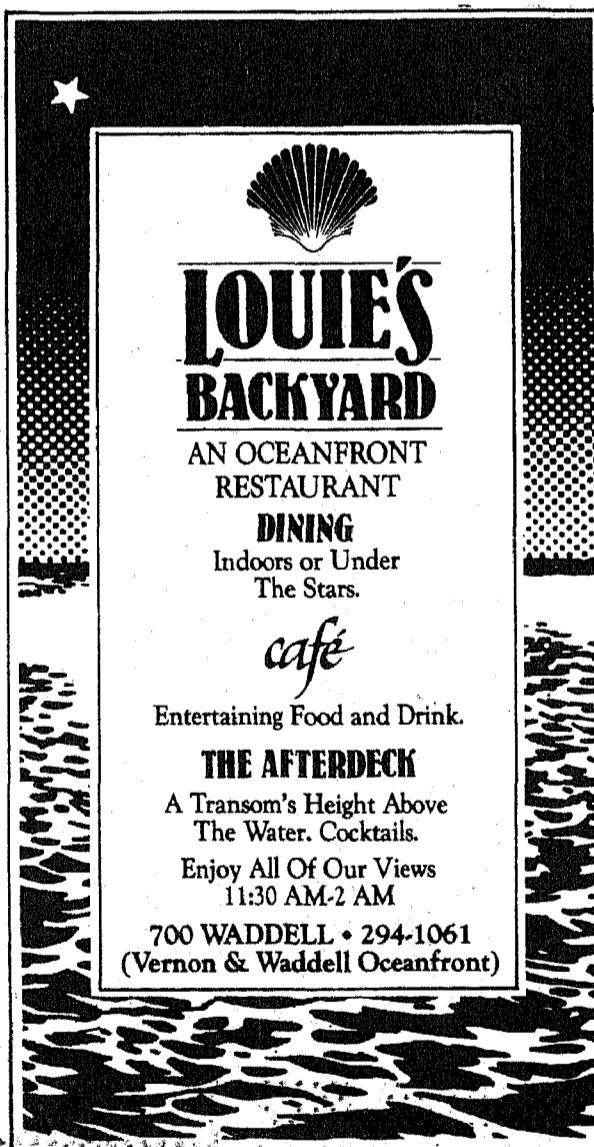
In the late 1950s came a blustery cold December when Duval Street merchants ganged up to figure out a gimmick for their annual Christmas parade down the main drag. All the regular elements were included: the Navy band from the Sonar school, the great marching band from Douglass High, floats and fancy cars from the Estenoz twins, Bevis-Lewis, skimpily clad baton twirlers from the high school, exotic dancers from the Mardi Gras, and so forth.

"But what can we do that's different?" moaned members of the Business and Professional Women's group. Leading lights in that bunch were Wilhelmina Harvey -- our dear county commissioner -- who owned a drug store and soda fountain at the corner of Fleming and Duval; Edna Miller, owner of a ladies' apparel store, Mar-Eds, a few steps from the LaConcha; and Ruth Holtsberg, wife of the owner of Herman's, a rather fancy women's shop next to the San Carlos.



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LEST WE FORGET
Continued from page 29
is allowed under city code.

But perhaps the most compelling argument for why the city should own property is exemplified by such cases as the Hand Print Factory and the Chamber of Commerce building. It's true these leases generate a fraction of the income they could. But considering the extent to which these properties have appreciated in recent years, the city hasn't done badly at all. According to the Monroe County Property Appraiser's Office, the value of the Hand Print lot increased \$360,000 in 1987 followed by an increase of almost \$480,000 in 1988.

Many have capitalized on land speculation in Key West: Ed Swift, the veritable "Landlord of Duval Street," and Mayor Heyman, who recently sold his art gallery for nearly half a million dollars, to name but two. Why shouldn't the city also take part in this lucrative field? The average taxpayer should only regret that the city fathers didn't buy up more property years ago before the prices got so high. Maybe then we wouldn't be paying taxes at all.

To sell those parcels now would be like selling blue chip stocks at a low point; it would allow someone else to realize the profits. Someday, the encumbering leases will terminate, and at that time the city will be able to enjoy not only the increasing

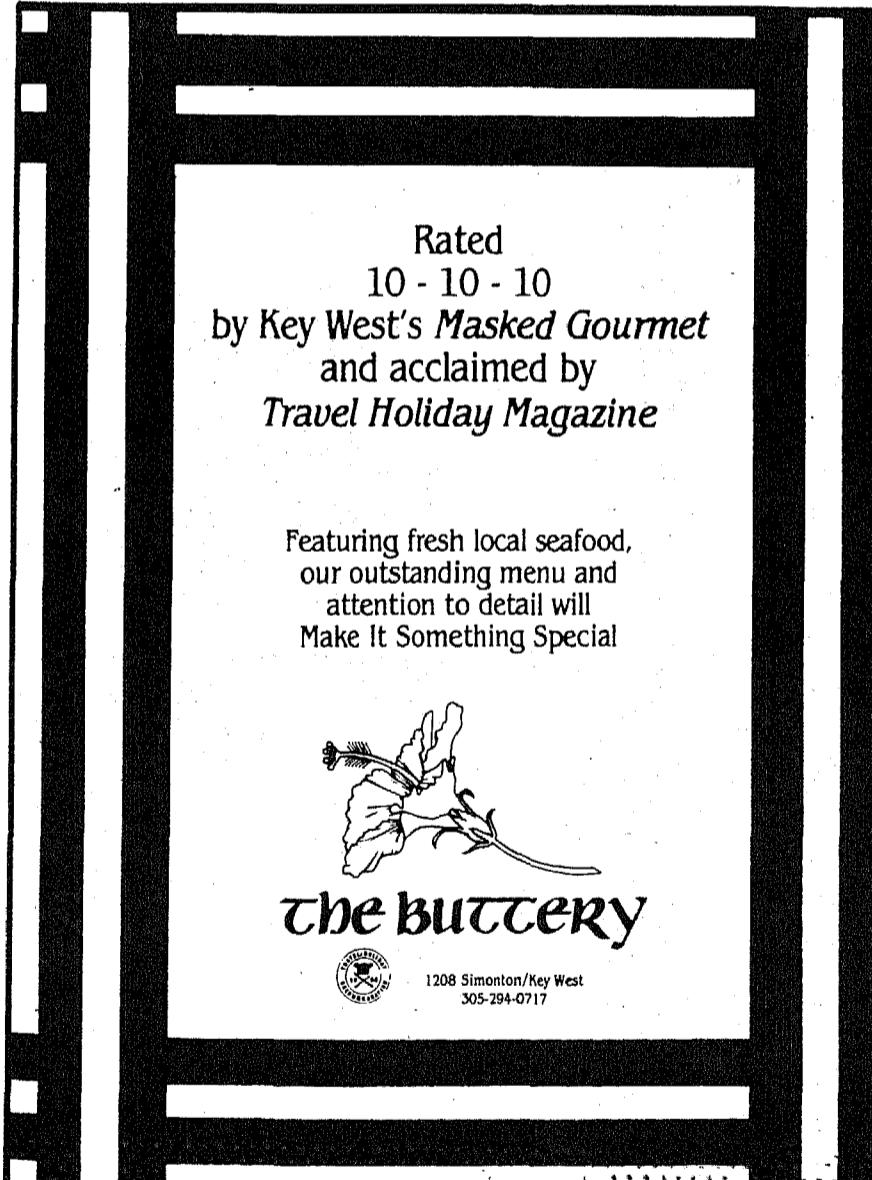
Solares Hill--January 1988--Page 45
value of its assets but also an equitable rental income to the benefit of all of its citizens.

For that to happen, the city commission must be held to greater accountability with regards to the leasing of public property. Amendments to the city code should be made to require public advertising and bidding on all city leases.

Will this commission introduce such an amendment and put an end to this longstanding misuse of public property? ☐

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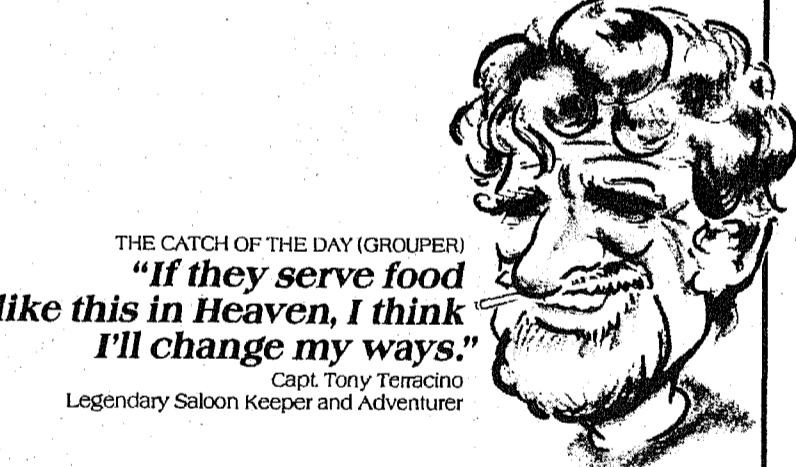
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RESTAURANT GUIDE Solares Hill Entertainment Key West

STEAKS & SEAFOOD

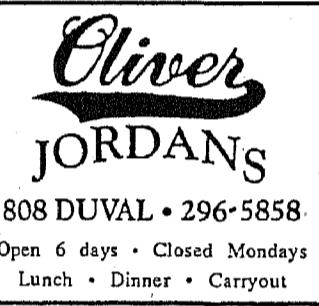
A & B Lobster House 700 Front
Angler's Seafood House 3618 N. Roosevelt
Bill's Key West Fish Market 2502 N. Roosevelt
Black Angus 3824 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
Calaloo The Reach
Capt. Bob's Shrimp Duck 2200 N. Roosevelt
Cub 908 N. Roosevelt
Danny's Fish Market 627 Duval
Emma's Seafare The Reach
Half Shell Raw Bar Foot of Margaret
Harbor Lights Garrison Bight Marina
Islander Restaurant Front & Simonton
Logan's Lobster House 1420 Simonton
Mangrove Mama's MM20, Sugarloaf Key
Martha's S. Roosevelt Blvd. (AIA)
O'Donnell's on the Water 2401 N. Roosevelt
Perry's Restaurant 300 N. Roosevelt
Pete's Raw Bar (Pier House) 1 Duval
Portside Key West 431 Front
Rusty Anchors 5th Ave. Stock Island
Turtle Kraals Foot of Margaret
Two Friends Patio Restaurant 512 Front St.



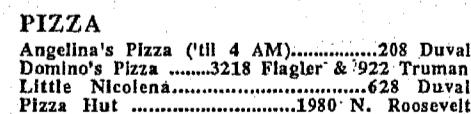
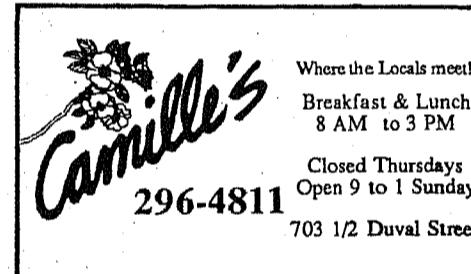
Lobster tails and pasta sampler at La Te Da's Crystal Cafe. Photo by Richard Watherwax.

CONTINENTAL

Billy's 407 Front
The Buttery 1208 Simonton
Café Louie's The Reach
Dedek's Fogarty House 227 Duval
Dickle's 320 Grinnell
Foley Square 218 Duval
Islander Restaurant Front & Simonton
Portside Key West 431 Front
The Quay 12 Duval
Queen's Table (Santa Maria) 1401 Simonton



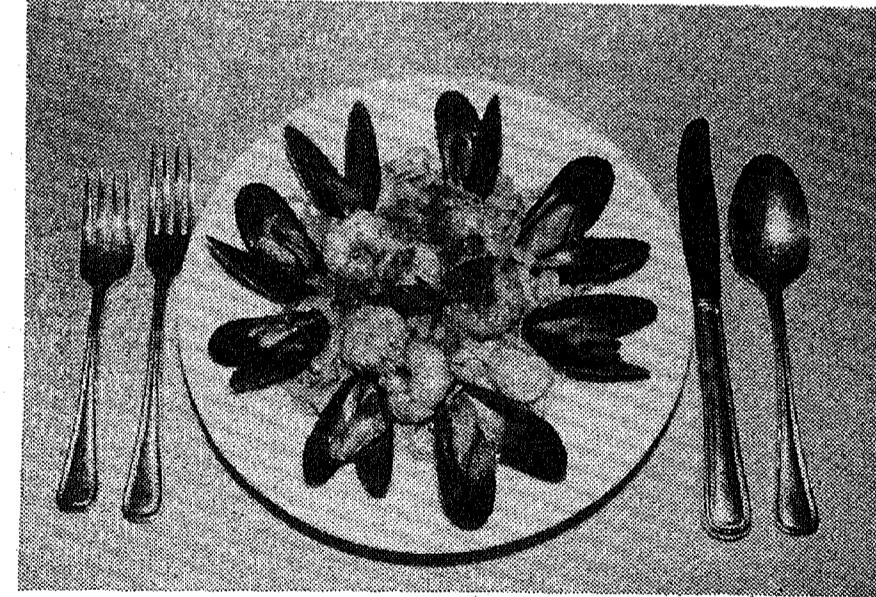
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Cuban Coffee Queen Cafe 512 Greene
Dennis Pharmacy 1229 Simonton
El Cacique 125 Duval
El Miramar 914 Kennedy
El Siboney 900 Catherine
Jose's Carolina 300 White
La Cubanita 3100 Flagler
La Lechonera 3100 Flagler Wag's Restaurant 3830 N. Roosevelt
El Mason De Pepe 1215 Duval Yesterday's 420 Southard



A scrumptious offering from Antonia's Restaurant -- Lingueine Cousteau (mussels, shrimp and Canadian sea scallops in a sauce of olive oil, vermouth, cream and fresh tomatoes with garlic). Photo by Richard Watherwax.

SANDWICH/DELI

Cafe Exile Duval at Angela
Cayo Iuuso 105 Whitehead
Key West Picture Show Cafe 400 Front St.
La Bodega 829 Simonton
Margaritaville Cafe 501 Duval
Mr. Submarine 1800 N. Roosevelt
Mickey's Deli 812 Caroline St.
Owl Food Store 906-A Kennedy Drive
Paradise Cafe Simonton & Fleming
Pic House Market 500 Front St.

LATE NIGHT

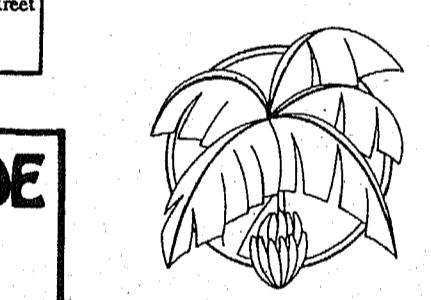
Angelina's Pizza (til 4 AM) 202 Duval
Cafe Exile (til 4 AM) Duval at Angela
The Coach Kitchen Alyson & Alice
Full Moon (til 3 AM) 1202 Simonton
Louie's Backyard (til 1 AM) 700 Waddell

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FRENCH

Cafe des Artistes 1007 Simonton
La Coperie 124 Duval
Gloria's Garden Cafe 618 Duval
Henry's (Casa Marina) Reynolds St.
Oliver Jordan's 809 Duval
La Terraza de Marti 1125 Duval
Las Terrazas 102 Southard
Little Nicolais 628 Duval
Louie's Backyard 700 Waddell
Pier House Restaurant 1 Duval
Top O' Spray 3420 N. Roosevelt
Twigs 722 Duval

ITALIAN

Antonia's 615 Duval
Aunt Rose's 190 Flagler
Baimontes 523 Eaton
Bella Città 8 Roosevelt Blvd. (AIA)
China Garden West 3324 N. Roosevelt Blvd.
Dim Sum 613 Duval St. (rear)
Portside Key West 431 Front

ORIENTAL

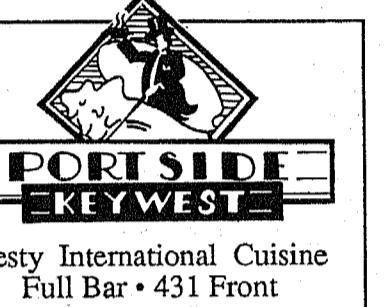
Amy's Filipino Cuisine Key Lime Square
Bella Città 8 Roosevelt Blvd. (AIA)
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Dim Sum 613 Duval St. (rear)
Portside Key West 431 Front


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